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The Greek anthology

William Roger Paton
This would mean, according to the rules of Greek grammar and syntax, that the sentence is: "καὶ τὸ ὀνοματερόν τῆς ἀρσενικῆς ματρός."
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THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY

IV
THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

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

VOLUME II.
SEPULCHRAL EPIGRAMS.
THE EPIGRAMS OF SAINT GREGORY THE THEOLOGIAN.

VOLUME III
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GREEK ANTHOLOGY

BOOK X

THE HORTATORY AND ADMONITORY EPIGRAMS

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

I

ΕΠΙΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΑ ΠΡΟΤΡΕΠΤΙΚΑ

1.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΤ

Ơ πλόος ὁραῖος καὶ γὰρ λαλαγεῦσα χειλιῶν ἤδη μέμβλωκεν, χω χαρίεις Ζέφυρος·
λειμῶνες δ’ ἀνθεῦσι, σεσίγηκεν δὲ θάλασσα
κύμασι καὶ τρηχεὶ πνεύματι βρασσομένη.
ἀγκύρας ἀνέλοιο, καὶ ἐκλύσαιο γύναια,
ναυτίλε, καὶ πλώοις πᾶσαν ἑφεὶς ὀθόνην.
ταῦθ’ ὁ Πρίηπος ἐγὼν ἐπιτέλλομαι ὁ λιμενίτας,
ὄνθερφ’, ὡς πλώοις πᾶσαν ἐπ’ ἐμπορίνην.

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

2.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΤ

Ἄκμαιὸς ῥοθίῃ νητ δρόμος, οὐδὲ θάλασσα
πορφύρει τρομερὴ φρικῇ χαρασσομένη.
ἤδη δὲ πλάσσει μὲν ὑπώροφα γυρὰ χελιῶν
οἰκία, λειμῶνων δ’ ἀβρὰ γελᾶ πέταλα.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

BOOK X

THE HORTATORY AND ADMONITORY
EPIGRAMS

1.—LEONIDAS

It is the season for sailing; already the chattering swallow has come, and the pleasant Zephyr, and the meadows bloom, and the sea with its boiling waves lashed by the rough winds has sunk to silence. Weigh the anchors and loose the hawsers, mariner, and sail with every stitch of canvas set. This, 0 man, I, Priapus, the god of the harbour, bid thee do that thou mayst sail for all kinds of merchandise.

2.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

It is the season for the ship to travel tearing through the waves; no longer does the sea toss, furrowed by dreadful fret. Already the swallow is building her round houses under the roof, and the tender leaves of the meadows smile. Therefore, ye
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tou'neka uprusaste de diabrocha peismata na'utai, 5
elkete de' aghkras fowladas ek lymewon
laifea de' evuvfēa protovizete. taut' o Prīptos
ymmn enormitas pai's enēpō bromion.

3.—ADHLON
Eis 'a'idhen idheia kathulpis, eit' apt' 'Athenōn
steixois, eite nēkvs nιseai ek Merōhs
mē se' y' aniaτω pātrhēs apotthle thānonta
pāntothen eis' o fēron eis' a'idhen ānemos.
J. A. Symonds, M. D., Miscellanies.

4.—MARKOT ARGENTARIOI
Lēsōn apt' euvρomon dolikh 'prumhśia νηōn,
euvroxa de' ekpetása laiffēa pountopōrei,
ēmpore' xeiμwνes γhρ' aπtēdramoν, ārti de' kūma
γlaukōν thēlúnei prηγγelos Zēfuros
hē' kai philōtekνos upō tρauλoi'si xeulidōν
xeilest' karphίtthn phlōdomēi tālamo'n
anthea de' antēllouisi kata' xhōna' tȧ' sū Prīptō
pe' thōmenos pāsēs āppcō nautlēs.

5.—OTIΛLOΤ
"Hē' phlōdomēusī xeulidōνes, hē' ān' oid'ma
kɔlπouvtaī malakās eis' thōna Zēfuros
hē' kai leimwνes upēr petaλων eχēantas
anthea, kai trēχw's tīγa mēmυke pōro's
xhōνουs mηrȗsthe, eφ' oλkάda fɔrtίξεsthe
aghkras, kai tān laiffos efessthe kālou's
taυt' ymmun plōwoussin ept' emporīhūn o Prīptos
ō lymeνorμίtis nautlēn γράfo'mai.
HORTATORY AND ADMONITORY EPIGRAMS

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

3.—Anonymous

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

4.—Marcus Argentarius

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

5.—Thyllus

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

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

'Ήδη μὲν Ζεφύρωι ποητόκου ύγρὸν ἀήμα
ἡρέμα λειμῶνας πίνει εἴπ' ἄνθοκόμους.
Κεκροπίδες δ' ἤχευσι· γαληναίη δὲ θάλασσα
μεδιάει, κρυρόων ἄτρομος ἐξ ἀνέμων.
ἀλλ' ἵντε θαρσαλέου, πρυμνήσια λύστε, ναῦται,
pίνατε δὲ πτερύγων λεπταλέας στολίδας.
ὁ ἵππ' ἐπ' ἐμπορίην πίσονυχι χαρέωτι Πρίηπον,
ὁ ἵππ' δὴ λιμένων δαίμονι πειθόμενοι.

7.—ἈΡΧΙΟΤ

Τούδε μὲ κυμοπλήρος ἐπὶ σκοτελοῦ Πρίηπον
ναῦται Ὄρηκίον θέντο πόρου φύλακα,
πολλάκις οἷς ἤξα ταχὺς καλέουσιν ἀρωγός,
ξεῖνε, κατὰ πρύμνης ἥδων ἄγων Ζέφυρον.
τούνεκεν οὖτ' ἀκαυσόν, ὡσπερ θέμις, οὔτ' ἐπιδεύη
εἰάρος ἀθρήσεις βωμὸν ἐμὸν στεφάνων,
ἀλλ' αἰεὶ θυρόντα καὶ ἐμπυρον' οὐδ' ἐκατόμβη
τόσσον ὧσον τιμὴ δαίμοσιν ἀνδάνεται.

8.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Βαῖος ἰδεῖν ὁ Πρίηπος ἑπαυγαλυτίδα ναῖο
χηλὴν, αἰθνίας οὔποτε ἀντιβίας,  ὁ φοῖος, ἄπους, οἷον κεῖν ἐρημαίησιν ἐπ' ἀκταῖς
ξέσειαν μογερῶν νιέες ἵχθυβόλων.
ἀλλ' ἦν τις γριπτέως με βοηθὸν ἡ καλαμευτήν
φωνὴν, πυνήσα ἵκει μείζοντερος.
λεύσσω καὶ τὰ θέοντα καὶ' ὕδατον· ἡ γαρ ἀπ' ἔργων
dαίμονες, οὐ μορφὰς γνωστὸν ἔχουσι τῦτον.

1 Perhaps aithnais syntróφos ἀμφιβλοῖς, which I render.
HORTATORY AND ADMONITORY EPIGRAMS

6.—SATYRUS

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

7.—ARCHIAS

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

8.—BY THE SAME

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

1 i.e. the swallows. 2 The Bosporus.
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9.—ΑΔΗΛΩΝ
Τὸν βραχὺν, ἰχθυβολῆς, ὑπὸ σχίνῳ με Πρίηπον
στειλάμενοι κώπαις τὰν ὀλίγαν ἀκατον,
(δίκτυ’ ἄγ’ ἀπλώσασθε,) πολὺν δ’ ἄλινηχέα βῶκα
καὶ σκάρουν, οὐ θρίσσης νόσφιν, ἀρυσάμενου,
γλαυκὸν ἐνιδρυνθέντα νάτη σημάντορα θῆρης
τίτ', ἀπ’ οὖκ ὀλίγων βαιὸν ἀπαρχόμενοι.

10.—ΑΡΧΙΟΤ ΝΕΩΤΕΡΟΤ
Πᾶνα με τόνδ’ ἱερῆς ἐπὶ λυσσάδος, αἰγιαλίτην
Πᾶνα, τὸν εὐόρμων τῇδ’ ἐφορον λιμένων,
oi γρηπῆς έθεντο· μέλω δ’ ἐγώ ἄλλοτε κύρτοις,
ἀλλοτε δ’ αἰγιαλοῦ τούδε σαγηνοβόλοις.
ἀλλὰ παράπλει, ξείνε: σέθεν ὑ’ ἐγὼ οὖνεκα ταύτης
εὐποιήσεις πέμψω πρην ὅπισθε νότον.

11.—ΣΑΤΤΡΟΤ
Εἴτε σὺ γ’ ὅρνεόφοιτον ὑπὲρ καλαμίδα παλύνας
ἐξ’ ὦρεβατέεις, εἴτε λαγοκτονείς,
Πᾶνα κάλει. Κακὶ Πᾶν λασίου ποδὸς ἴχνα φαίνει
σύνθεσιν ἀκλινέων Πᾶν ἀνάγει καλάμων.

12.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ
Τῇδ’ ὑπὸ τὰν ἄρκενθου ὑτ’ ἀμπαύνοντες, ὅδηται,
γυῖα παρ’ Ἑρμείᾳ σμικρὸν ὠδοῦ φύλακι,

1 Still called so; rather like a herring and goes in shoals.
HORTATORY AND ADMONITORY EPIGRAMS

9.—ANONYMOUS

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

10.—ARCHIAS THE YOUNGER

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

11.—SATYRUS

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

12.—ANONYMOUS

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

² There was a means of gradually lengthening the limed rod so as to reach the birds high up in the trees. I suppose it was put together like a fishing-rod.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

μὴ φύρδαν, ὅσοι δὲ βαρεῖ γόνυ κάμνετε μόχθω καὶ δίψα, δολιχὰν οἶμον ἀνυσσάμενοι.
πνοὴ γὰρ καὶ θάκος ἐύσκιος, ἢ θ’ ὑπὸ πέτρα
πίδαξ εὑνήσει γυμοβαρῆ κάματον.
ἐνδιόν δὲ φυγόντες ὁπωρινοὶ κυνὸς ἄηθμα,
ὡς θέμις, Ἐρμεῖν εἰνόδιον τίετε.

13.—ΣΑΤΡΟΤ

'Ἡ καλὸν αἰ δάφναι, καλὸν δ' ὑπὸ πυθμέσιν ύδωρ
πιδύει, πυκνὸν δ' ἀλὸς ὑποσκιάει
τηλεθάνω, ξέφυροισιν ἐπίδρομοι, ἄλκαρ ὀδίταις
δίψης καὶ καμάτων καὶ φλογὸς ἡμίων.

14.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

Εὔδια μὲν πότοις πορφύρεται, οὔ γὰρ ἄηθης
κύματα λευκαίνει φρικῆ χαρασσόμενα;
οὐκέτι δὲ σπιλάδεσσε περικλασθείσα θάλασσα
ἐμπαλιν ἀντωπός πρὸς βάθος εἰσάγεται.
οἱ ξέφυροι πυκνοῦσιν, ἐπιτρύζει δὲ χελιδῶν
κάρφεσι κολλητῶν πηξαμένη θάλαμον.
θάρσει, ναυτιλῆς ἐμπείραμε, κᾶν παρὰ Σύρτων,
κᾶν παρὰ Σικελικῆν ποντοπορῆς κροκάλην
μοῦνον ἐνορμίταο παραὶ βωμοῦσι Πρήπου
ἡ σκάρου ἢ βῶκας φλέξου ἐρευθομένους.

15.—ΠΑΤΛΟΤ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΤ

'Ἡ δὲ μὲν ξέφυροισι μεμυκότα κόλπον ἀνοίγει
εἰάρος εὐλείμων θελξίνου χάρις.
ἀρτι δὲ δουρατεύουσιν ἐπωλήσθησε κυλίνδροις
ὀλκάς ἀπ’ ἡμῶν ἐς βυθὸν ἐλκομένη.
HORTATORY AND ADMONITORY EPIGRAMS

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

13.—SATYRUS

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

14.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

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

15.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

Now the heart-entrancing spring in all the beauty of her meadows opens the closed folds of her bosom to the Zephyrs; now the ship slides down the wooden rollers, pulled from the beach into the deep. Go
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

λαίφεα κυρτόσαντες άταρβείς έξειτε, ναῦται,
πρηνύν άμοιβαίνης φόρτου ἐς ἐμπορίης.
πιστός νηνοῦ Πρίηπος, ἐπεὶ Θέτιν εὐχομαι εἶναι
ήμετέρον πατρὸς ξεινοδόκον Βρομίου.

16.—ΘΕΑΙΤΗΤΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

'Ἡδη καλλιπέτηλον ἐπ' εὐκάρποιοι λοχείαις
λήιον ἐκ ῥοδέων ἀνθοφορεῖ καλύκων.
ηδη ἐπ' ἀκρεμόνεσσιν ἵσοζυγέων κυπαρίσσων
μουσομανής τέττις θέλγηε ἀμαλλόδετην.
καὶ φιλόπα τίς ὑπὸ γείσα δόμους τεύξασα χειλιδῶν
ἐκγονα πηλοχύτοις ξεινοδοκεῖ θαλάμοις.
ὑπνῶει δὲ θάλασσα, φιλοζεύροιο γαλήνης
νηθοφοροῖς νότοις εὐδία πεπταμένης,
οὐκ ἐπὶ προμναίοις κατανύξουσα κορύμβοις,
οὐκ ἐπὶ ῥηγμῖνων ἄφρον ἐρευγομένη.
ναυτίλε, ποντομέδοντι καὶ ὀρμοδοτήρι Πριήπα
τευθίδος ἢ τρίγελς ἀνθεμόδεσσαν ἵτυν,
ἡ σκάρον αὐθήνετα παρᾷ βωμοῖς πυρῶσας,
ἄτρομος Ἰονίου τέρμα θαλασσοπόρει.

17.—ΑΝΤΙΦΙΛΟΤ

Ἀρχέλεως, λιμενίτα, σὺ μέν, μάκαρ, ἦπιοι αὐρή
πέμπτε κατὰ σταθερῆς οἰχομένην ὤθωνην
ἀχρὶς ἐπὶ Τρίτωνα: σὺ δ' ἵδον άκρα λελογχὼς
τὴν ἐπὶ Πυθείου ρύεο ναυστολίην
κεῖθεν δ', εἰ Φοίβῳ μεμελήμεθα πάντες ἀοίδοι,
πλεύσομαι εὐαεὶ θαρσαλέως Ζεφύρῳ.
HORTATORY AND ADMONITORY EPIGRAMS

forth fearlessly, ye sailors, your sails strutting with the wind, to the gentle task of loading the merchandise ye gain by barter. I, Priapus, am faithful to ships, since I boast that Thetis was the hostess of my father Bromius.¹

16.—THEAETETUS SCHOLASTICUS

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

17.—ANTIPHILUS

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

¹ Hom. II. v. 135. ² Another god.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

18.—ΑΡΓΕΝΤΑΡΙΟΤ
Γώβρυ, Διώνυσός σε καὶ ἡ φιλεράστρια Κύπρις
tέρποι, καὶ γλυκεραὶ γράμμασί Πιερίδες·
δὲν μὲν γὰρ σοφίην ἀποδρέπτεο· τῆς δὲ ἐς ἔρωτας
ἐρχεο· τοῦ δὲ φίλας λαβροπότει κύλικας.

19.—ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝΙΔΟΤ
Ἡδὺ παρειάων πρῶτον θέρος ἦματι τοῦτῳ
κείρεο, καὶ γενύων ἡθέους ἔλικας,
Γάιε· σὸν δὲ πατὴρ χερὶ δέξεται εὐκτὸν ήουλον
Λεύκιος, αὐξομένου ποιλοῦν ἐς ἠέλιον.
δωρεύται χρυσέοισιν· ἐγὼ δὲ ἱλαροὶς ἐλέγοισιν·
οὐ γὰρ δὴ πλούτῳ Μοῦσα χερειοτέρῃ.

20.—ΑΔΔΑΙΟΤ
"Ἡν τινα καλὸν ἰδῆς, εὐθὺς τὸ πρῆγμα κροτεῖσθω·
βάζε ἄ φρονεῖς· ὀρχεων δράσσεο χερσίν ὅλαις·
ἡν δὲ εἰπης, "Τίῳ σε, καὶ ἐσσομαι οἶα τ' ἀδελφὸς,"
αἰδώς σου κλείσει τὴν ἐπὶ τοῦργον ὅδον.

21.—ΦΙΛΟΔΗΜΟΤ
Κύπρι γαληναίη, φιλονύμφιε, Κύπρι δικαίων
σύμμαχε, Κύπρι Πόθων μὴτερ ἀελλοπόδων,
Κύπρι, τὸν ἡμίσπαστον ἀπὸ κροκέων ἐμὲ παστῶν,
τὸν χίοσι ψυχὴν Κελτίσι υφόμενον,
Κύπρι, τὸν ἡσύχιον με, τὸν οὐδενὶ κοῦφα λαλεῖντα,
τὸν σέο πορφυρέῳ κλυζόμενον πελάγει.
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18.—MARCUS ARGENTARIUS

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

19.—APOLLONIDES

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

20.—ADDAEUS

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

21.—PHILODEMUS

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

22.—ΒΙΑΝΟΡΟΣ
Μὴ πόδα γυμνὸν ἔρουσε δι’ ὑλάσσαν ἀταρπὸν
Αἰγύπτου χαροπῶν φεύγε διεξ ὄψιν,
ἀγρεῦ δοννακόδιφα· τὸν ἐκ χέρσου δὲ φύλαξαι
ιὸν, ὁ τοξεύειν ὄρμιν ἐπενγόμενος.

23.—ΑΤΤΟΜΕΔΟΝΤΟΣ
Νικήτης δύνασιν μὲν ἐπὶ προτόνοισιν, ἅτης
οὐάτε, πρηνείς ἀρχεῖται ἐκ μελέτης.
ἀλλ’ ὅταν ἐμπνεύσῃ, κατὰ δ’ ἱστία πάντα φέρηται,
λαῖφεα πακτώσας, μέσα μοι πελάγη,
νὰ ἄτε μυριόφορτος, ἐως ἐπὶ τέρματα μύθων
ἐλθῃ ἀκυμάντους ἕμπροσθεν εἰς λιμένας.

24.—ΚΡΙΝΑΓΟΡΟΤ
Φρὴν ἱερὴ μεγάλον Ἑνοσίχθονος, ἔσσο καὶ ἄλλοις
ἡπίη, Αἰγαῖην οἱ διέπουσιν ἄλα.
κήμοι γὰρ Θρήκι διωκομένω ὑπ’ ἅτη
ὄρεξας πρηεὶ ἀπασίω λιμένας.

25.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ
Φοίβη, Κεφαλλήνων λιμνεοσκόπε, θίνα Πανόρμου
ναίων, τρηχεῖσις ἀντιπέρην Ἰθάκης,

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

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

22.—BIANOR

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

23.—AUTOMEDON

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

24.—CRINAGORAS

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

25.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

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

² i.e. the eloquence of Nicetes. He was a rhetor of the
latter end of the first century A.D.
³ The north wind, the most favourable in summer.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

dós me de eîplwtoio pròs 'Aσίδα kúmatos èltheiv,
Peívwnos doli̇chì nēi suvneśpòmenv
kai tòv èmòn basīlēa tòv álki̇mon eû mêv èkèinw
Ilaou, eû d' èmowès àrstìnou èmetèrois.

26.—ΛΟΤΚΙΑΝΟΤ

'Ωs tebv̆nì̇zòmenos tòw sów àgαθòwv àpòlaue,
ws dè bīwsŏmenos feìdeo sówv kteà̇nov.
èstì d' ànèr soφòs oûtòs, dè àμfìw tâ̇ta Ṽο̇hsas
feìdoì kai dāpâ̇νì méтрòn èφ̆hmò̇sato.

27.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

'Ànòv̆toûs mèn ísòs kî̇seis àtò̇toûn tî povò̇sas,
oû kî̇seis dè thêu oûdè logi̇zòmenos.

28.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Tòsì mèn eu̇ prà̇ttov̆ṅ pâs o bìos brâ̇k̆h̆s è̇̇̇stîn,
tòs dè kakkòs mìa nû̇z à̇pλê̇tòs è̇stî xhrò̇nos.

29.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Où̇x o 'Ewos à̇dikei̇ merò̇tov̆n gênos, allì̇ à̇kolà̇stov̆s
ψυ̇chàs ànòv̆toûs è̇̇̇stî o 'Ewos prò̇fà̇sîs.

30.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

'Ωkei̇ai xà̇rîtes γλυκερ̆w̆terai̇ hû dè bɾadû̇ṅh,
pâsà xà̇rîs kênêh, mèdè lègọ̇tò xà̇rîs.
HORTATORY AND ADMONITORY EPIGRAMS

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

26.—LUCIAN

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

27.—By the Same

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

28.—By the Same

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

29.—By the Same

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

30.—Anonymous

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

¹ For Piso see indices to previous volumes. The date is probably A.D. 11, in which year Piso went to govern Pamphylia.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

31.—ΛΟΤΚΙΑΝΟΤ
Θυματὰ τὰ τῶν θυτῶν, καὶ πάντα παρέρχεται ἡμᾶς·
ἡν δὲ μή, ἀλλ' ἡμεῖς αὐτὰ παρερχόμεθα.

32.—[ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ]
Pολλὰ μεταξὺ πέλει κύλικος, καὶ χείλεος ἄκρου.

33.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ
'Εσθλὰ λέγειν αἰεὶ πάντας, καλὸν· αἰσχρὰ δὲ, δεινῶν,
καὶ ὃσιν τούτων ἄξιοι ὅν λέγομεν.

34.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ
Εἰ τὸ μέλειν δύναται τι, μερίμνα καὶ μελετῶ σοι·
ei δὲ μέλει περὶ σοῦ δαιμονί, σοι τί μέλει;
ουτε μεριμνήσεις δίχα δαιμόνος, ουτ' ἁμελήσεις·
ἀλλ' ἵνα σοὶ τι μέλη, δαιμονὶ τούτῳ μέλει.
A. J. Butler, Amaranth and Asphodel, p. 73.

35.—ΛΟΤΚΙΑΝΟΤ
Εὖ πράττων, φίλος εἰ θυτοῖς, φίλος εἰ μακάρεσσι,
καὶ σεν ῥηιδῶς ἐκλυνον εὐξαμένουν·
ἡν πταίσῃς, οὔδεις ἐτι σοι φίλος, ἀλλ' ἁμα πάντα
ἐχθρά, Τύχης ριπαῖς συμμεταβαλλόμενα.

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

31.—LUCIAN

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

32.—[PALLADAS]¹

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

33.—Anonymous

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

34.—PALLADAS

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

35.—LUCIAN

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

36.—By the Same

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

¹ A very ancient proverb, by some attributed to Homer.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

οὐ γὰρ ἐθ’ ὡς ἔχθρον προφυλασσόμεθ’, ἀλλ’ ἀγα-
τῶντες
ὡς φίλον, ἐν τούτῳ πλείονα βλαπτόμεθα.

37.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

'Ἡ βραδύτους βουλὴ μέγ’ ἀμείνων· ἢ δὲ ταχεία
αἰεν ἐφελκομένη τὴν μετάνοιαν ἔχει.

38.—ΔΙΟΝΤΣΙΟΤ

"Ωρη ἔραν, ὥρη δὲ γαμεῖν, ὥρη δὲ πεπαῦσθαι.

39.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Θησαυρὸς μέγας ἐστ’ ἀγαθὸς φίλος, Ἡλιόδωρε,
τῷ καὶ τηρῆσαι τούτον ἐπισταμένῳ.

40.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Μὴ ποτὲ, τὸν παρεόντα παρεῖς φίλον, ἄλλον ἑρεῖνα,
δείλων ἀνθρώπων ῥήμασι πειθόμενος.

41.—ΛΟΤΚΙΑΝΟΤ

Πλοῦτος ὁ τῆς ψυχῆς πλοῦτος μόνος ἐστὶν ἀληθῆς·
tάλλα δ’ ἔχει λύπην πλείονα τῶν κτεάνων.
tόνδε πολυκτέανον καὶ πλοῦσιον ἐστὶ δίκαιον
κλῆσειν, δι’ χρῆσαι τοῖς ἀγαθοῖς δύναται.
eἰ δὲ τὶς ἐν ψύχοις κατατήκεται, ἄλλον ἐπ’ ἄλλῳ
σωρεύειν αἰεὶ πλοῦτον ἐπενύμενοι,
οὗτος ὀποῖα μέλισσα πολυτρήτοις ἐνὶ σίμβλοις
μοχθήσει, ἐτέρων δρεπτομένων τὸ μέλι.

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

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HORTATORY AND ADMONITORY EPIGRAMS

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

37.—BY THE SAME

SLOW-FOOTED counsel is much the best, for swift counsel ever drags repentance behind it.

38.—DIONYSIUS

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

39.—ANONYMOUS

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

40.—ANONYMOUS

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

41.—LUCIAN

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

in his old age. It was preceded by the punning line, ἥν ἐχρην δύνεω, νῦν ἕρχεται ἡδονεσθαι, "Now when it was time for him to set, he begins to seek pleasure."

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GREEK ANTHOLOGY

42.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

'Αρρήτων ἔπεων γλώσσῃ σφραγίς ἐπικείσθω·
κρείσσων γὰρ μύθων ἡ κτεάνων φυλακή.

43.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

'Εξ ὅραι μόχθοις ἰκανώταταί· αἱ δὲ μετ' αὐτὰς
γράμμασι δεικνύεμαι ζητὶ λέγουσι βροτοῖς.

44.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ

'Ην ὁ φίλος τι λάβη, "Δόμινε φράτερ" έυθὺς
ἐγραψέν·
ὥν δ' αὐτ' τι λάβη, τὸ "Φράτερ" εἶπε μόνον
όνια γὰρ καὶ ταύτα τὰ ρήματα· αὐτὰρ ἔγωγε
οὐκ ἔθελω Δόμινε, οὐ γὰρ ἔχω δόμεναι.

45.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

'Ἀν μνήμην, ἄνθρωπε, λάβης, ὁ πατήρ σε τί ποιῶν
ἐσπειρέν, παύσῃ τῆς μεγαλοφροσύνης.
ἀλλ' ὁ Πλάτων σοι τῦφον ὀνειρώσσων ἐνέφυσεν,
ἀθάνατον σε λέγων καὶ φυτὸν οὐράνιον.
ἐκ πηλοῦ γέγονας· τί φρουεῖς μέγα; τοῦτο μὲν
οὖτως
εἰπ' ἂν τις, κοσμῶν πλάσματι σεμνοτέρφ.
εἰ δὲ λόγον ξητεῖς τὸν ἀληθινόν, εξ ἀκολάστου
λαγνείας γέγονας καὶ μιαρᾶς ρανίδος.

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HORTATORY AND ADMONITORY EPIGRAMS

42.—By the Same

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

43.—Anonymous

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

44.—Palladas

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

45.—By the Same

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

¹ The letters of the alphabet were used as figures: ΖΗΩ (meaning “Live”) is 7, 8, 9, 10.
² The pun is on Domine (the Latin for “Lord”) and domenai (the Greek for “to give”).
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

46.—TOY AYTOY

'Ἡ μεγάλη παίδευσις ἐν ἀνθρώποισι σιωπή·
μάρτυρα Πυθαγόρας τὸν σοφὸν αὐτὸν ἔχω,
ὅσις λαλέειν εἰδὼς, ἑτέρους ἑδίδασκε σιωπᾶν,
φάρμακον ἥσυχης ἐγκρατέας εὑρόμενος.

47.—TOY AYTOY

'Εσθιε, πίνε, μύσας ἐπὶ πένθεσιν οὐ γὰρ ἔοικεν
γαστέρι πενθήσαι νεκρῶν. Ὡμηρός ἐνθή,
καὶ γὰρ ὁμοί θάψασαν ὅλωλτα δώδεκα τέκνα
σῖτου μνησαμένην τὴν Νιάβην παράγει.

48.—TOY AYTOY

Μὴ ποτε δουλεύσασα γυνὴ δέσποινα γένοιτο,
ἐστιν παροιμικάν. τὸ δὲ ὁμοίον ἔρωτ·
μήτε δίκην δικάσειν ἀνὴρ γεγονός δικολέκτης,
μηδ' ὅταν ᾿Ισοκράτους ῥητορικότερος ἂν.
πῶς γὰρ ὁ μισθαρνείν εἰθισμένος συνήκαν ἑταῖρας
σεμνότερον, δικάσαι μὴ ῥυπαρός δύναται;

49.—TOY AYTOY

Καὶ μύριμηκι χολῆν καὶ σέρφῳ φασίν ἐνεύαι
ἐίτα χολῆν μὲν ἔχει ζῶα τὰ φαυλότατα,
ἐκκεῖσθαι δ' ἐμὲ πάσι χολῆν μὴ ἔχοντα κελεύεις,
ὅτε μηδὲ φυλόις ρήμασιν ἀνταδικεῖν
τοὺς ἐργοὺς ἀνδικοῦντας; ἀποφράξαντα δεήσει
λοιπὸν ὀλοσχοινῷ τὸ στόμα, μηδὲ πνεῖειν.

1 Hom. I. xxiv. 691.
HORTATORY AND ADMONITORY EPIGRAMS

46.—By the Same

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

47.—By the Same

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

48.—By the Same

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

49.—By the Same

They say that even ants and gnats have bile. So, while the most insignificant beasts have bile, do you bid me have no bile and lie exposed to the attacks of all the world, not even wronging by mere words those who wrong me by deeds? I have for the rest of my life to stop up my mouth with a rush² and not even breathe.

² A phrase borrowed from Aeschines, 31, 5, but there it is "to sew up," which is more intelligible.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

50.—TOY AYTOY

Τὴν Κύρκην οὐ φημὶ, καθὼς εἰρήκεν ὁ Ῥμηρός, ἀντ’ ἀνδρῶν ποιεῖν ἢ σύνα ἦ λύκους
tοὺς αὐτὴ προσιόντας· ἑταῖρα δ’ οὐσα πανοῦργας,
tοὺς δελεασθέντας πτωχοτάτους ἐποίει·
tῶν δ’ ἀνθρωπεῖων ἀποσύλλησασα λογισμῶν,
eἰτ’ ἀπὸ τῶν ἵδιων μηδὲν ἔχοντας ἔτι
ἔτρεφεν ἔνδον ἔχουσα δίκην ξύλων ἀλογίστων.
ἐμφρων δ’ ὃν Ὀδυσσέας, τὴν νεότητα φυγὼν,
οὐχ Ἔρμοῦ, φύσεως δ’ ἱδίας ἐμφύντα λογισμὸν
εἰχε γοητείας φάρμακον ἀντίπαλον.

51.—TOY AYTOY

Ὁ φθόνος οἰκτιρμοῦ, κατὰ Πίνδαρον, ἐστίν ἄμεινων
ὁι βασκαίνομενοι λαμπρὸν ἔχουσι βίον,
tοὺς δὲ λιῶν ἀτυχεῖς οἰκτείρομεν. ἀλλὰ τις εἶν
μῆτ’ ἄγαν εὐδαίμων, μῆτ’ ἐλεεινὸς ἐγώ.
ἡ μεσότης γὰρ ἀριστοῦν, ἐπεὶ τὰ μὲν ἄκρα πέφυκεν
κινδύνους ἐπάγειν, ἔσχατα δ’ οὐβρὶν ἔχει.

52.—TOY AYTOY

Εὑρει λέγων, τὸν Καυρὸν ἔφης θεόν, εὑρει, Μένανδρε,
ὡς ἀνὴρ Μουσῶν καὶ Χαρίτων τρόφιμος;
πολλάκι γὰρ τοῦ σφόδρα μεριμνήθεντος ἄμεινον
προσπεσοῦν εὐκαίρως εὑρέ τι ταυτόματον.

53.—TOY AYTOY

Εἰ τοὺς ἀνδροφόνους εὐδαίμονας ὄντας ὀρώμεν,
οὐ πάνυ θαυμάξω· τοῦ Διὸς ἔστι γέρας.
HORTATORY AND ADMONITORY EPIGRAMS

50.—By the Same

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

51.—By the Same

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

52.—By the Same

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

53.—By the Same

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

¹ As in Homer. ² Pyth. i. 85.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

τὸν γὰρ γεννήσαντα μεμηκῶς καὶ ἐκεῖνος κτείνεν ἄν, εἰ ὁ Κρόνος θνητὸς ἐτύγχανεν ὧν ἀντὶ δὲ τοῦ κτείναι σὺν τοῖς Τετήσι Κολάζει, δέσμιον, ὡς ληστήν, εἰς τὸ βάραθρον ἐνεῖς.

54.—TOY AYTOY

Οὐ ποιεῖ θάνατον μόνον ἡ φθίσις· ἀλλὰ τὸν αὐτὸν καὶ πολλὴ παχύτης πολλάκις εἰργάσατο. τοῦτο ὁ τυραννὴς Σιδώνιος Ἡρακλείας τῆς ἐν τῷ Ποντῷ μάρτυς, ὁ τοῦτο παθὼν.

55.—TOY AYTOY

"Ἀν πάνω κομπάξης προστάγμασι μὴ ὑπακούειν τῆς γαμετῆς, ληρεῖς· οὐ γὰρ ἀπὸ δρυός εὶ, οὔδ' ἀπὸ πέτρης, φησίν· ὅ θ' οἱ πολλοὶ κατ' ἀνάγκην πάσχομεν, ἡ πάντες, καὶ σὺ γυναικοκρατῇ. εἰ δ', "Οὐ σανδαλίῳ," φήσι, "τύπτομαι, οὔδ', ἀκολά-στου

οὔσης μοι γαμετῆς, χρή με μύσαντα φέρειν,"

doιλεύειν σε λέγω μετρώτερον, εἰ γε πεπρασαι σώφρονι δεσποίνῃ μηδὲ λιαν χαλεπῇ.

56.—TOY AYTOY

Οὐδὲν σωφροσύνης τεκμηρίων ἐστὶ πρόδηλον·

tois ἐμπαϊξομένους ἀνδράσι ταύτα λέγω.

οὔτε τὸ δύσμορφον πάντως ἀνύποπτον ὑπάρχει,

οὔτ' ἀκολασταίνειν πᾶσα πέφυκε καλή.

καὶ γάρ τις διὰ τὴν ὁραν τοῖς πολλά διδοῦσιν

οὖχ ἐπέται· πολλὰς δ' ἐστὶ γυναῖκας ἴδειν

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HORTATORY AND ADMONITORY EPIGRAMS

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

54.—BY THE SAME

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

55.—BY THE SAME

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

56.—BY THE SAME

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

¹ Hom. Od. xix. 162.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

οὐχὶ καλὰς τὴν ὅψιν, ὀπισιμένας ἀκορέστως,
καὶ τοὺς χρησαμένους πολλὰ χαριζομένας.
οὐκ εἰ τις συνάγει τὰς ὁφρύας, οὐδὲ γελῶσα
φαίνεται, ὃθεν μὴ τ' ἀνδράσιν ἐκτρέπεται,
σωφροσύνης πρότοσ οὕτος ἔχεγγυς· ἄλλα τις εὗροι
μαγιάδα μὲν κρύβην τὴν πάνυ σεμνοτάτην,
tὰς δ' ἰδιαρὰς καὶ πᾶσι φιλανθρώπως προσοιούσας
σώφρονας, εἰ σώφρων ἐστὶ γυνὴ τις ὅλως.
ἡλικία τοῖνυν τάδε κρίνεται; ἄλλη Ἀφροδίτης
οὐστρων εἰρήνην οὐδὲ τὸ γῆρας ἔχει.
δρκοις λοιπὸν ἀγει τε πεποίθαμεν· ἄλλα μεθ' ὄρκον
ζητεῖν ἐστὶ θεοὺς δώδεκα καὶ τ' ἑρέουν.¹

57.—TOY AYTOY

Γαστέρα μισήσειε θεὸς καὶ βρώματα γαστρός·
eῖνεκα γὰρ τοῦτων σωφροσύνα λύεται.

58.—TOY AYTOY

Γῆς ἐπέβην γυμνὸς, γυμνὸς θ' ὑπὸ γαῖαν ἀπειμί·
kαὶ τὰ μάτην μοχθῷ, γυμνὸν ὁρῶν τὸ τέλος;
W. M. Hardinge, in The Nineteenth Century, Nov. 1878,
p. 886.

59.—TOY AYTOY

Προσδοκίη θανάτου πολυόδυνος ἕστων ἀνίη,
tοῦτο δὲ κερδαιεὶ θητῶς ἀποκλύμενος.
μὴ τοῖνυν κλαύσθης τὸν ἀπερχόμενον βιότοιο·
οὐδὲν γὰρ θανάτου δεύτερον ἐστὶ πάθος.
J. A. Pott, Greek Love Songs and Epigrams, i. p. 108.

¹ In line 17 I write ἀγει for αἰει. I suggest at the end
κανοντέρους, and render so. "After swearing by the old

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

57.—BY THE SAME

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

58.—BY THE SAME

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

59.—BY THE SAME

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

twelve gods, she can get twelve new gods to forgive her for her perjury,” i.e. she can become a Christian and conciliate the Apostles.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

60.—TOY AYTOY

Πλούτεις· καὶ τὸ λοιπὸν; ἀπερχόμενος μετὰ σαυτοῦ
tὸν πλοῦτον σύρεις, εἰς σορὸν ἐλκόμενος;
tὸν πλοῦτον συνάγεις δαπανῶν χρόνον· οὐ δύνασαι δὲ
ζωῆς σωρεύσαι μέτρα περισσότερα.
J. A. Pott, Greek Love Songs and Epigrams, i. p. 109.

61.—TOY AYTOY

Φεύγετε τοὺς πλούτοντάς, ἀναιδέας, οἰκοτυράννους,
μισοῦντας πενήνθη μητέρα σωφροσύνας.

62.—TOY AYTOY

Οὐ λόγον, οὐ νόμον οἶδε Τύχη, μερόπων δὲ τυραννεῖ,
tοῖς ἰδίοις ἀλόγως ῥεῦμασι συρομένη.
mᾶλλον τοῖς ἁδίκοισι βέπει, μισεῖ δὲ δικαίους,
ὡς ἐπιδεικνυμένη τὴν ἀλογὸν δύναμιν.

63.—TOY AYTOY

Μηδὲτοι ἡμᾶς ἡμᾶς ὁ πένθος βροτὸς οὐδ' ἀποθνήσκειν·
καὶ ἡμῖν γὰρ δοκεῖν, ὡς νέκυς ἦν ὁ τάλας.
oί δὲ τύχας μεγάλας καὶ χρῆματα πολλὰ λαχόντες,
oῦτοι τὸν θάνατον πτῶσιν ἔχουσι βίον.

64.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

*Ἡ ρά γε ποῦ τὸ φρύαγμα τὸ τηλίκον; οἱ δὲ περισσοῦ
πῆ ἔβαν ἔξαιφνης ἀγχίπτοροι κόλακες;

1 "Pulling them into the coffin" (Mackail); "pulled" in my rendering would mean "driven in a hearse." If σοφός is
HORTATORY AND ADMONITORY EPIGRAMS

60.—BY THE SAME

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

61.—BY THE SAME

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

62.—BY THE SAME

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

63.—BY THE SAME

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

64.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

On a former Magistrate

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

νῦν γὰρ ἐκὰς πτόλιος φυγᾶς ψόχεο· τοῖς πρῶτοιν δὲ ὀικτροῖς τὴν κατὰ σοῦ ψῆφον ἐδωκε Τύχη.
πολλὴ σοι, κλυτοεργὴ Τύχη, χάρις, οὖνεχ' ὄμοιος πάντας αἰεὶ παῖξεις, κεῖσετι τερπόμεθα.

65.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ

Πλοῦς σφαλερὸς τὸ ξῆνι χειμαζόμενοι γὰρ ἐν αὐτῷ πολλάκις ναυηγῶν πταίσμεν ὸικτρότερα.
ην δὲ Τύχην βιότοιο κυβερνήτειραν ἔχοντες, όσ ἐπὶ τοῦ πελάγους, ἀμφίβολοι πλέομεν,
οἱ μὲν ἐπ' εὐπλοίαν, οἱ δ' ἔμπαλιν' ἀλλ' ἀμα πάντες 5
eis ἔνα τὸν κατὰ γῆς ὁμον ἀπερχόμεθα.

66.—ἈΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

Εὐτέ τις ἐκ πενίς πλούτου τύχοι ἤδε καὶ ἀρχῖς,
οὐκέτι γινώσκει, τίς πέλε τὸ πρῶτον.
ὴν ποτὲ γὰρ φιλίην ἀπανάινεται· ἀφρονέων δὲ
tέρψιν ὀλυσθηρῆς οὔ δεδόγκε Τύχης.
ἡς ποτὲ γὰρ πτωχὸς ταλαπείριος· οὔκ ἔθελες δὲ, 5
αῖτίζων ἀκόλους, νῦν ἔτεροι παρέχειν.
pάντα, φίλος, μερόπεσοι παρέχεται· εἰ δ' ἀπιθῆσεις,
ἔμπαλιν αῖτίζων μάρτυρα σαυτὸν ἔχοις.

67.—ΜΑΚΗΔΟΝΙΟΤ ΤΠΑΤΟΤ

Μνήμη καὶ Δήθη, μέγα χαίρετον· ἡ μὲν ἐπ' ἔργοις
Μνήμη τοῖς ἀγαθοῖς, ἡ δ', ἐπὶ λευγαλέοις.

R. Bland, in Collections from the Greek Anthology, 1813, p. 114; J. A. Pott, Greek Love Songs and Epigrams, ii. p. 114.
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to exile far from the city, and Fortune has made those whom you formerly pitied judges to condemn you. Great thanks to thee, Fortune, performer of glorious deeds, for that thou ever mockest all alike, and we have that to amuse us.

65.—PALLADAS

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

66.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

When a man rises from poverty to wealth and office, he no longer recognizes what he once was. For he repudiates his former friendships, and in his folly learns not how playful slippery fortune is. You were once a miserable pauper, and now you who used to "beg for a pittance" ¹ refuse it to others. My friend, everything that is man's passes away, and if you will not believe it, you will go begging again and testify to it yourself.

67.—MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL

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

¹ The phrase is Homeric (Od. xvii. 222).
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

68.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΤ

Καλὸν μὲν στυγόδεμνον ἔχειν νόσου· εἰ δ' ἀρ' ἀνάγκη, 
ἀρσενική φιλότης μὴ ποτὲ σε κλονέοι. 
θηλυτέρας φιλέειν ὄλγουν κακόν, οὐνεκα κείναις 
κυπρίδοις ὀάρους πότνα δέδωκε φύσις.

δέρκεσα τῶν ἀλόγων ζῷων γένος. ἦ γὰρ ἐκεῖνων 
οὔδεν ἀτιμᾶξει θέσμα συζυγίας.

ἀρσενι γὰρ θήλεια συνάπτεται· οἱ δὲ ἀλεγεινοὶ 
ἀνδρες ἐς ἀλλήλους ξεῖνον ἀγουσι γάμον.

69.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τὸν θάνατον τί φοβεῖσθε, τὸν ἕσυχον γενετῆρα, 
τὸν παύσαν νόσους καὶ πενίης ὀδύνας;

μοῦνον ἀπαξ θυητῶς παραγίνεται, οὔδε ποτ' αὐτῶν 
eἰδέν τις θυητῶν δεύτερον ἐρχόμενον.

αἰ δὲ νόσου πολλαὶ καὶ ποικίλαι, ἄλλοτ' ἐπ' ἄλλον 
ἐρχόμεναι θυητῶν, καὶ μεταβαλλόμεναι.

70.—ΜΑΚΗΔΟΝΙΟΤ ΤΠΑΤΟΤ

Εἰ βίον ἐν μερόπεσι Τύχης παϊζουσιν ἐταῖραι 
Ἐλπίδες ἀμβολάδην πάντα χαριζόμεναι, 
παίζομαι, εἰ βροτός εἰμι. Βροτός δ' εὗ οἶδα καὶ αὐτὸς 
θυητὸς ἐώς· δολιχαῖς δ' ἐλπίσι παιζόμενος,

αὐτός ἐκοντὶ γέγηθα πλανώμενος, οὔδε γενόμην ἔς 
κρίσιν ἱμετέρην πικρὸς Ἄριστοτέλης.

τὴν γὰρ Ἀνακρεόντως ἐνὶ πραπίδεσσι φυλάσσω 
παρφασίην, ὅτι δεῖ φροντίδα μὴ κατέχειν.
HORTATORY AND ADMONITORY EPIGRAMS

68.—AGATHIAS

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

69.—BY THE SAME

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

70.—MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL

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

¹ A Roman would have said “Cato.”
² The reference is to Anacreonta xli.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

71.—TOY AYTOY

Πανδώρης ὁ ὅρων γελῶν πίθουν, οὐδὲ γυναίκα
μέμφομαι, ἀλλ’ αὐτῶν τὰ πτερὰ τῶν Ἀγαθών.
ὡς γὰρ ἐπ’ Οὐλύμπωιο μετὰ χθονὸς ἥθεα πάσης
πωτῶνται, πίπτειν καὶ κατὰ γῆν ὀφελον.
ἡ δὲ γυνὴ μετὰ πῶμα κατωχρήσασα παρειάς
ὠλεσεν ἀγλαίνην ὡν ἐφερεν χαρίτων.
ἀμφοτέρων δ’ ἥμαρτεν ὁ υἱὸς, ὃτι καὶ αὐτὴν
γηράσκουσαν ἔχει, καὶ πίθους οὐδὲν ἔχει.

72.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ

Σκηνὴ πᾶς ὁ βίος καὶ παιγνιόν: ἡ μάθε παίξειν,
τὴν σπούδην μεταθείς, ἡ φέρε τὰς ὀδύνας.

J. H. Merivale, in Collections from the Greek Anthology,
1813, p. 110; John Hall Stevenson, Crazy Tales, title-motto;
J. A. Pott, Greek Love Songs and Epigrams, 1. p. 106.

73.—TOY AYTOY

Εἰ τὸ φέρον σε φέρει, φέρε καὶ φέρον: εἰ δ’ ἀγανακτεῖς
καὶ σαυτὸν λυπεῖς, καὶ τὸ φέρον σε φέρει.

J. A. Pott, Greek Love Songs and Epigrams, 1. p. 105.

74.—ΠΑΤΛΟΥ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΤ

Μήτε βαθυκτεάνοιο τύχης κουφίζει ροίξῳ,
μήτε σέο γυνάμψῃ φροτίς ἐλευθερίν.
πᾶς γὰρ ὑπ’ ἀσταθέσσι βίος πελεμίζεται αὖραις,
τῇ καὶ τῇ θαμνῶς ἀντιμεθελκόμενος.
ἡ δὲ ἀρετὴ σταθερὸν τί καὶ ἀτροπον, ἡς ἐπὶ μοῦνης
κύματα θαρσαλέως ποντοπόρει βιότου.

1 i.e. the escape of the Goods of life. In the older and
more usual story it is the Evils of life that were in Pandora’s
jar and escaped. Macedonius seems in the last lines to make
HORTATORY AND ADMONITORY EPIGRAMS

71.—BY THE SAME

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

72.—PALLADAS

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

73.—BY THE SAME

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

74.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

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

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

75.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ

"Ηέρα λεπταλέον μυκητρόθεν ἀμπυείοντες
ζώομεν, ἥελιον λαμπάδα δερκόμενοι,
πάντες δ' οὐκ ζώομεν κατὰ τὸν βίον ὄργανα δ' ἔσμεν,
ἀφραίς ζωογόνοις πνεύματα δεχυμένοι.
εϊ δὲ τις οὖν ὀλύμπη παλάμη σφίγξειεν ἀυτήν,
ψυχὴν συλήσας εἰς αἰδήν κατάγει.
οὕτως οὐδὲν έόντες, ἀγηνορίη τρεφόμεσθα,
πνοής ἐξ ὀλύμπης ήερα βοσκόμενοι.

76.—ΠΑΤΛΟΤ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΤ

Οὐ τὸ ξῖν χαρίσσαν ἐχει φύσιν ἀλλὰ τὸ ρίψαι
φροντίδας ἐκ στέρνων τας πολιοκροτάφους.
πλούτον ἐχειν ἐθέλω τὸν ἐπάρκην· ἢ δὲ περισσὴ
θυμὸν ἀεὶ κατέδει χρυσομανής μελέτη.
ἐνθεν ἐν ἀνθρώποις ἄρείονα πολλάκις ὅσιος
καὶ πενίην πλούτον, καὶ βιότον θάνατον.
ταῦτα σὺ γυνώσκων κραδίης ιθυμε κελεύθους,
εἰς μίαν εἰσορόων ἐλπίδα, τὴν σοφίην.

77.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ

Τίππε μάτην, ἄνθρωπε, πονεῖς καὶ πάντα ταράσσεις,
κλήρῳ δουλεύων τῷ κατὰ τὴν γένεσιν;
τούτῳ σαυτὸν ἄφες, τῷ δαίμονι μὴ φιλονείκειν·
σὴν δὲ τύχην στέργων, ἡπιχίνην ἀγάπα·
μᾶλλον ἐπ' εὐφροσύνην δὲ βιάζετε, καὶ παρὰ μοῖρην,
εἴ δυνατόν, ψυχὴν τερπομένην μετάγειν.
HORTATORY AND ADMONITORY EPIGRAMS

75.—PALLADAS

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

76.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

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

77.—PALLADAS

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

78.—TOY AYTOY

Ῥίππε γόους, μη κάμνε, πόσον χρόνον ἐνθάδε μίμων, ὡς πρὸς ἐκείνου ὅλον τὸν μετὰ ταῦτα βίον. πρὶν τοὺςν σκώληκα βαλεῖν τύμβοις τε ῥεφῆναι, μὴ δαμάσης ψυχῆν ἵναν ἐτί κρινομένην.

79.—TOY AYTOY

Νυκτὸς ἀπερχομένης γεννώμεθα ἡμαρ ἐπ’ ἡμαρ, τοῦ προτέρου βιότου μηδὲν ἔχοντες ἔτι, ἀλλοτριωθέντες τῆς ἐχθεσινῆς διαγωγῆς, τοῦ λοιποῦ δὲ βίου σήμερον ἀρχόμενοι. μὴ τοίνυν λέγε σαυτοῖν ἐτῶν, πρεσβύτα, περισσῶν 5 τῶν γὰρ ἀπελθοῦντων σήμερον οὐ μετέχεις.

80.—TOY AYTOY

Παίγνιον ἔστι Τύχης μερόπων βίος, οίκτρος, ἀλήτης, πλούτου καὶ πεινής μεσσοθί ρεμβόμενος. καὶ τοὺς μὲν κατάγονσα πάλιν σφαιρηδὸν ἀείρει, τοὺς δ’ ἀπὸ τῶν νεφελῶν εἰς ἄλθην κατάγει.

81.—TOY AYTOY

"Ω τῆς βραχείας ἡδονῆς τῆς τοῦ βίου τὴν οξύτητα τοῦ χρόνου πενθήσατε. ἡμεῖς καθεξομεσθα καὶ κοιμώμεθα, μοχθοῦντες ἢ τρωφῶντες. ὁ δὲ χρόνος τρέχει, τρέχει καθ’ ἡμῶν τῶν ταλαιπώρων βροτῶν, φέρων ἐκάστου τῶν βίων καταστροφῆν."
HORTATORY AND ADMONITORY EPIGRAMS

78.—By the Same

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

79.—By the Same

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

80.—By the Same

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

81.—By the Same

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

82.—TOY AYTOY

"Αρα μὴ θανόντες τῷ δοκεῖν ζῶμεν μόνον,
"Εὐληνες ἄνδρες, συμφορᾶ πεπτωκότες
ὀνειρον εἰκάζοντες εἶναι τόν βίον;
ἡ ζῶμεν ἡμεῖς, τοῦ βίου τεθυμκότος;

83.—TOY AYTOY

Καὶ τὸ φρονεῖν πλούτευντι περίστασις, ὄχλος,
ἀνάγκη . . .
†ζωὴ ποικιλὴ καὶ κολάκων ἀνάγκη.

84.—TOY AYTOY

Δακρυχέων γενόμην, καὶ δακρύσας ἀποθυήσως:
δάκρυσι δ’ ἐν πολλοῖς τὸν βίον εὑρον ὅλον.
ὁ γένος ἀνθρώπων πολυδάκρυτον, ἀσθενές, οἰκτρόν,
φαινόμενον ¹ κατὰ γῆς, καὶ διαλυόμενον.

85.—TOY AYTOY

Πάντες τῷ θανάτῳ τηροῦμεθα, καὶ τρεφόμεσθα
ὡς ἀγέλη χοίρων σφαξομένων ἀλόγως.

86.—TOY AYTOY

Οὔ δαφιλῶς μὲν, ἄλλ’ ὀμοὶ κάγω τρέφω
παιδας, γυναῖκα, δοῦλον, ὄρνιθας, κύνα:
κολάξ γὰρ οὐδεὶς τοὺς ἔμοις πατεῖ δόμους.

87.—TOY AYTOY

"Αν μὴ γελάωμεν τὸν βίον τὸν δραπέτην,
Τύχην τε πόρην ἰεύμασι κινομένην,
ἀδύνην ἑαυτοῖς προξενοῦμεν πάντοτε,
ἀναξίους ὀρώντες εὐτυχεστέρους.

¹ φερόμενον MS.: corr. Boissonade.
HORTATORY AND ADMONITORY EPIGRAMS

82.—By the Same

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

83.—By the Same

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

84.—By the Same

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

85.—By the Same

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

86.—By the Same

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

87.—By the Same

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

\(^1\) i.e. Pagans. \(^2\) cp. No. 90.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

88.—TOY AYTOY

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

89.—TOY AYTOY

Εἰ θεὸς ἡ Φήμη, κεχολωμένη ἔστὶ καὶ αὐτῇ Ἔλλησι, σφαλαροὶς ἔξαπατῶσα λόγους. Φήμη δ', ἀν τι πάθης, ἀναφαίνεται εὐθὺς ἀληθῆς· πολλάκι καὶ Φήμην ἐφθασεν ἡ ταχυτῆς.

90.—TOY AYTOY

'Ω τῆς μεγίστης τοῦ φθόνου πονηρίας· τὸν εὐτυχῆ μισεῖ τις, ὃν θεὸς φιλεῖ. οὔτως ἀνόητοι τῷ φθόνῳ πλανώμεθα, οὔτως ἔτοιμως μωρία δουλεύομεν. Ἐλληνες ἔσμεν ἄνδρες ἐσποδωμένοι, νεκρῶν ἔχοντες ἑπίδας τεθαμμένας· ἀνεστράφη γὰρ πάντα νῦν τὰ πράγματα.

91.—TOY AYTOY

'Οταν στυγῆ τις ἄνδρα, τὸν θεὸς φιλεῖ, οὔτως μεγίστην μωρίαν κατεισάγει· φανερῶς γὰρ αὐτῷ τῷ θεῷ κορύσσεται, χόλον μέγιστον ἐκ φθόνου δεδεγμένος, δεῖ γὰρ φιλέιν ἐκείνον, ὃν θεὸς φιλεῖ.

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

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HORTATORY AND ADMONITORY EPIGRAMS

88.—By the Same

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

89.—By the Same

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

90.—By the Same

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

91.—By the Same

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

It is hard, however, to find any connexion in thought between lines 1–4 and what follows, and I quite fail to see any point in No. 89.

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92.—TOY AITOY

Εἰς ἀρχοντα

'Επει δικάξεις καὶ σοφιστεύεις λόγοις,
κάγῳ φέρω σοι τῆς ἐμῆς ἀνδόνος
ἐπίγραμμα σεμὼν, ἄξιον παρρήσιας;
ὁ γὰρ σὲ μέλπων τῆς Δίκης ὑμνοὺς χέει.¹

93.—TOY AITOY

Βέλτερον ἔστι τύχης καὶ θλίβομένης ἀνέχεσθαι
ἡ τῶν πλουτουντῶν τῆς ὑπερηφανίας.

94.—TOY AITOY

Εἶναι νομίζω φιλόσοφον καὶ τὸν θεόν,
βλασφημίας τὸν εὐθὺς ὁ ποθούμενον,
χρόνῳ δ' ἐπανξάνοντα τὰς τιμωρίας
τὰς τῶν πονηρῶν καὶ ταλαιπώρων βροτῶν.

95.—TOY AITOY

Μισῶ τὸν ἀνδρὰ τὸν διπλοῦν πεφυκότα,
χρηστὸν λόγοις, πολέμιον δὲ τοῖς τρόποις.

96.—TOY AITOY

"Ὅταν λογισμοῖς καταμάθω τὰ πράγματα,
καὶ τὰς ἀκαίρους μεταβολὰς τὰς τοῦ βίου,
καὶ ἑυμῆ ἀπιστον τῆς ἀνωμάλου Τύχης,
πῶς τοὺς πένυτας πλουσίους ἐργάζεται,
καὶ τοὺς ἑχοντας χρημάτων ἀποροτερεῖν, ⁵

¹ So Jacobs: οὐ γὰρ σὲ μέλπων τῆς Δίκης ὑμνοὺς ἔχει MS. This would mean, if anything, “For he who sings not of thee is asleep to Justice.”
HORTATORY AND ADMONITORY EPIGRAMS

92.—BY THE SAME

To a Magistrate

Since thou givest judgments and art a subtle speaker, I bring thee too this grave epigram of my nightingale worthy of one who speaks freely; for he who sings of thee pours forth the praises of Justice.¹

93.—BY THE SAME

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

94.—BY THE SAME

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

95.—BY THE SAME

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

96.—BY THE SAME

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

¹ Referring of course to another epigram or collection of epigrams he is sending.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

tőte kat' émanton tê plánya skotoumenos
miso tâ pânta, têis ádhlías xârin.
pôif troçph gar perugénwma têis Túxhês,
têis êx ádhlou fainomênês ev têv bíph,
pórûhês yunaiocos toûs trôpous kektêmênhs;

97.—TOY AYTOY

Dîtraun êtôh xhêsas metâ grammaticês braxumóxhôn,
boulenthês nekûwos pémpomai eîs áîdhn.

98.—TOY AYTOY

Pâs tis ápâîdenos froniwmátatôs èstî sîwôwô,
tôn lógon égykîptwôn, os páthos aîschrôtatôv.

99.—TOY AYTOY

Pollaîki, Sêxôt', êsthsa teîn filôteta kai ûbrin-
kai polû koufotérh'n tîn filôteta maðw'n,
loîdorîn dé rêpousavan, êxorísðh'n filôtetos,
mekèti bastázwôn ûbrin átymotat'hn.

100.—ANTIFANOTÊS

'Anthrôpitôis ðlîgos mên o pâs xrhônos, ðn pote deilol
zômen, khin poliôw yërâs ápasi ménh-
tîs ð' akîhês kai mállhn. Òt' oûn xrhônos árîos hêmîn,
pânta xûdhn èstw, ysalîs, érws, próptôseis.
xeimwôn touîntûthen yërâs bárîs. ou'dè déka mnîw
sîtûseis: toîautî s' ekdeçêth' ðrhîtêdêh.

1 i.e. 72 years, there were 72 solidi in the pound. He
means that he had sought a seat in the Senate of some town
but in vain.

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HORTATORY AND ADMONITORY EPIGRAMS

mind by the error I hate everything owing to the obscurity of all. For how shall I get the better of Fortune, who keeps on appearing in life from no one knows where, behaving like a harlot.

97.—By the Same

Having lived a pound of years\(^1\) with toiling Grammar I am sent to Hell to be senator of the dead.

98.—By the Same

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

99.—By the Same

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

100.—Antiphanes

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

\(^2\) About fifty pounds.
101.—ΒΙΑΝΟΡΟΣ

'Ηνίδε καὶ χέρσου τὸ γεωτόμον ὀπλοῦ ἐρέσσει
cai tòn ùpouθατίαν μόσχον ἄγει δάμαλις,
βοῦταν μὲν τρομέουσα διώκτορα, τὸν δὲ μένουσα
νῆπιον, ἀμφοτέρων εὐπτοχα φειδομένη.
ισχες, ἀροτροδίανιλε, πεδώρυχε, μηδὲ διώξῃς
τὰν διπλοῖς ἔργοις διπλά βαρυνομέναιν.

102.—ΒΑΣΣΟΤ

Μήτε με χεῖματι πόντος ἄγοι θρασύς, οὐδὲ γαλήνης
ἀργῆς ἡσπασάμην τὴν πάλι νυμήμην.
aἰ μεσότητες ἄρισται. ὅπῃ δὲ τε πρήξεις ἄνδρῶν,
cai πάλι μέτροι ἐγὼ τάρκιον ἡσπασάμην.
tοὺτ' ἀγάπα, φίλε Δάμπι, κακὰς δ' ἔχαιρε θυέλ-
λας:
eἰσὶν τινὲς πρηεῖς καὶ βιότου Ζέφυροι.

103.—ΦΙΛΟΔΗΜΟΤ

Τὴν ἡ̣ προτέρουν πομήλην μήτ' ἐμβλεπε, μήτε παρέλθης
νόν ἀπαρχε δραχμῆς εἰς κολοκορδόκολα.
καὶ σύκον δραχμῆς εὖ γίνεται: ἢν δ' ἀναμείνῃς,
χίλια. τοῖς πτωχοῖς ὁ χρόνος ἐστὶ θέος.

104.—ΚΡΑΤΗΤΟΣ ΦΙΛΟΣΟΦΟΤ

Χαίρε θεὰ δέσποιν', ἄνδρων ἄγαθῶν ἄγάτημα,
Εὐτελή, κλεινῆς ἐγγονε Ὁφροσύνης:
σὴν ἀρετὴν τιμῶσιν ὅσοι τὰ δίκαι' ἄσκοις.

1 Lines 1 and 2 are hopeless.
HORTATORY AND ADMONITORY EPIGRAMS

101.—BIANOR

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

102.—BASSUS

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

103.—PHILODEMUS

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

104.—CRATES THE PHILOSOPHER

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

² An extract from Crates’ Hymn to Simplicity, the whole of which we have.
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105.—ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΤ
Χαίρει τις Θεόδωρος, ἐπεὶ θάνον· ἄλλος ἐπ' αὐτῷ χαιρήσει. θανάτῳ πάντες ὀφειλόμεθα.

106.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ
Πολλοί τοι ναρθηκοφόροι, παῦροι δὲ τε βάκχοι.

107.—ΕΤΡΙΠΙΔΟΤ
Θεοῦ μὲν οὐδές ἐκτὸς εὐτυχεὶ βρωτὸς. 
φεῦ τὼν βροτείων ὡς ἀνώμαλοι τύχαι· 
οἱ μὲν γὰρ εὐ πράσσονται, τοῖς δὲ συμφοραὶ 
σκηραὶ πάρεισι εὐσεβοῦσι πρὸς θεοὺς.

108.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ
Ζεῦ βασιλεῦ, τὰ μὲν ἔσθλὰ καὶ εὐχομένωι καὶ 
ἀνεύκτοις 
ἀμμὶ δίδου· τὰ δὲ λυγρά καὶ εὐχομένων ἀπερύκοις.

109.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ
Πᾶς λόγος ἐστὶ μάταιος ὁ μὴ τετελεσμένος ἔργῳ· 
καὶ πᾶσα πρᾶξις τὸν λόγον ἀρχῇ ἔχοι.¹

110.—ΑΙΣΧΤΛΟΤ
Οὐ χρῆ λέοντος σκύμνον ἐν πόλει τρέφειν· 
μάλιστα μὲν λέοντα μὴ πόλει τρέφειν· ἢν δὲ ἐκτραφῇ τις, τοῖς τρόποις ὑπηρετεῖν.

¹ cp. Horace's "Debemur morti nos nostraque."
² A well-known proverb quoted by Plato in the Phaedo (69c).
³ Fragments 684 and 1025.
HORTATORY AND ADMONITORY EPIGRAMS

105.—SIMONIDES

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

106.—ANONYMOUS

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

107.—EURIPIDES³

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

108.—ANONYMOUS⁴

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

109.—ANONYMOUS

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

110.—AESCHYLUS

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

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

111.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

'Ο φθόνος αὐτὸς έαυτὸν ἑοὶς βελέσσει δαμάζει.

112.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Οἶνος καὶ τὰ λοετρὰ καὶ ἡ περὶ Κύπριν ἐρωθ 
δίουτερην πέμπετι τὴν ὀδὸν εἰς ἀΐδην.

113.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Οὐκ ἐθέλω πλουτεῖν, οὐκ εὐχομαι· ἀλλὰ μοι εἰη 
ζήν ἐκ τῶν ὀλέγων μηδὲν ἔχοντα κακόν.

114.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

'Ἡ κρίσις ἐστὶ κάτω καὶ Τάυταλος· οὐδὲν ἀπιστῶ,
τῇ πενίῃ μελετῶν τὴν ὑπὸ γῆν κόλασιν.

115.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Ζήσον λογισμῷ, καὶ μενεῖς ἀνειδής.

116.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

“Οὐκ ἐστὶ γῆμας, ὅστις οὐ χείμαζεται,”
λέγουσι πάντες, καὶ γαμοῦσιν εἰδότες.

117.—ΦΟΚΤΛΙΔΟΤ

Γνῆσιός εἰμι φίλος, καὶ τὸν φίλον ὡς φίλον οἶδα,
τοὺς δὲ κακοὺς διὸλου πάντας ἀποστρέφομαι·
οὐδένα θωτεύω πρὸς ὑπόκρισιν· οὐς δ’ ᾑρα τιμῶ,
τούτους ἐξ ἀρχῆς μέχρι τέλους ἀγαπῶ.

1 Found also engraved on a stone (Corp. Inscr. No. 1935).
HORTATORY AND ADMONITORY EPIGRAMS

111.—Anonymous

Envy slays itself by its own arrows.

112.—Anonymous

Wine and baths and venereal indulgence make the road to Hades more precipitous.

113.—Anonymous

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

114.—Anonymous

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

115.—Anonymous

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

116.—Anonymous

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

117.—Phocylides

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

2 From Theognis (v. 1155) with differences.
3 Doubtless from a comic poet.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

118.—ΛΔΗΛΩΝ
Πῶς γενόμην; πόθεν εἰμὶ; τίνος χάριν ἦλθον;
ἀπελθεῖν;
πῶς δύναμαι τι μαθεῖν, μηδὲν ἐπιστάμενος;
oūdēn ἐδών γενόμην· πάλιν ἔσσομαι ὡς πάρος ἡ.
oūdēn καὶ μηδὲν τὼν μερόπων τὸ γένος.
ἀλλ' ἄγε μοι Βάκχοιο φιλήδον ἐντευ νάμα: 5
tοῦτο γὰρ ἐστὶ κακῶν φάρμακον ἀντίδοτον.
C. Merivale, in Collections from the Greek Anthology, 1833,
p. 240.

119.—ΛΔΗΛΩΝ
Σώματα πολλὰ τρέφειν, καὶ δώματα πόλ' ἀνεγείρειν
ἀτραπὸς εἰς πεινήν ἐστὶν ἐτοιματάτη.
H. Wellesley, in Anthologia Polyglotta, p. 159.

120.—ΛΔΗΛΩΝ
Πᾶσα γυνὴ φιλεῖ πλέον ἀνέρος· αἰδομένη δὲ
κεύθει κέντρον ἑρωτος, ἑρωμανέουσα καὶ αὐτή.

121.—ΡΑΡΟΤ
Οὐχ οὑτω βλάπτει μισεῖν ὁ λέγων ἀναφανδόν,
ὡσπερ ὁ τὴν καθαρὰν ψευδόμενον φιλιαν.
tὸν μὲν γὰρ μισοῦντα προειδότας ἐκτρεπομεσθα,
tὸν δὲ λέγοντα φιλεῖν οὐ προφυλασσόμεθα.
ἐχθρὸν ἐγὼ κρίνω κεῖνον βαρὺν, ὅς ποτε λάθρη
τὴν ἀπὸ τῆς φιλίας πίστιν ἔχων ἀδικεῖ. 5

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

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HORTATORY AND ADMONITORY EPIGRAMS

118.—ANONYMOUS

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

119.—ANONYMOUS

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

120.—ANONYMOUS

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

121.—RARUS

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

2 From Nonnus, Dionys. xlii. 209.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

122.—ΛΟΤΚΙΛΛΙΟΤ

Πολλὰ τὸ δαιμόνιον δύναται, κἀν ἢ παράδοξα·
τοὺς μικροὺς ἀνάγει, τοὺς μεγάλους κατάγει·
καὶ σοῦ τὴν ὀφρὺν καὶ τὸν τύφον καταπαύσει,
κἀν ποταμὸς χρυσοῦ νάματα σοὶ παρέχῃ.
οὐ θρύσο, οὐ μαλάχην ἀνεμὸς ποτε, τὰς δὲ μεγίστας 5
ἡ δρύας ἢ πλατάνους οἴδε χαμαί κατάγειν.

123.—ΑΙΣΩΠΟΤ

Πῶς τις ἄνευ θανάτου σε φύγοι, βίε; μυρία γάρ σευ
λυγρά· καὶ οὕτε φυγεῖν εὐμαρέσ, οὕτε φέρειν.
ἡδέα μὲν γάρ σου τὰ φύσει καλά, γαῖα, θάλασσα,
ἄστρα, σελήναις κύκλα καὶ ἥλιον·
tάλλα δὲ πάντα φόβοι τε καὶ ἄλγεα· κην τι πάθη
τις
ἔσθλον, ἀμοιβαίην ἐκδέχεται Νέμεσιν.

A. J. Butler, Amaranth and Asphodel, p. 79; J. A. Pott,
Greek Love Songs and Epigrams, i. p. 111.

124.—ΓΛΙΤΚΟΝΟΣ

Πάντα γέλως, καὶ πάντα κόνις, καὶ πάντα τὸ μηδέν·
pάντα γὰρ ἐξ ἄλογον ἐστὶ τὰ γινόμενα.

124α.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Φροντίδες οἱ παίδες· μέγα μὲν κακὸν, εἰ τι πάθων
eἰσι δὲ καὶ ξόντες φροντίδες οὐκ ὀλγαί.
η γαμετή, χρηστή μὲν ἔχει τινὰ τέρψιν ἐν αὐτήν,
ἡ δὲ κακῆ πικρόν τὸν βίον ἄνδρι φέρει.

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HORTATORY AND ADMONITORY EPIGRAMS

122.—LUCILIUS

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

123.—AESOP

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

124.—GLYCON

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

124a.—ANONYMOUS

Children are a trouble; it is a great evil if anything happens to them, and even if they live they are no small trouble. A wife if she be good hath something in her that delights, but a bad one brings a man a bitter life.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

125.—ΑΔΗΛΩΝ
Πράγμα μέν ἐσθ' ὁ φίλος πάνυ δύσκολον εἰσὶ δὲ πολλοὶ,
καὶ σχεδὸν οἱ πάντες, μέχρι προσηγορίας.

126.—ΑΔΗΛΩΝ
Χρησμένῳ θεράπων ὁ χρήσιμός ἐστ' ἀγαθὸν τινῷ
αὐτάρκης δὲ κακὸν τῶν ὁ πονηρότερος.¹

¹ κακῶν ἐστὶν ἀπειρότερος Brunck, and so I render.
HORTATORY AND ADMONITORY EPIGRAMS

125.—Anonymous

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

126.—Anonymous

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

THE CONVIVIAL AND SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

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

ΕΠΙΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΑ ΣΤΜΡΟΤΙΚΑ ΚΑΙ ΣΚΩΠΤΙΚΑ

1.—ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΤ

Ἐρμαίοις ἡμῖν Ἀφροδίσιος ἔξ χόας οἶνον ἀιρὼν, προσκόψας πένθος ἔθηκε μέγαν. οἶνος καὶ Κένταυρον ἀπώλεσεν· ὡς ὃφελεν δὲ χήμας· νῦν δ' ἡμεῖς τούτον ἀπωλέσαμεν.

2.—ΚΑΛΛΙΚΤΗΡΟΣ

Αἰσχυλίδα Θεόδωρε, τί μοι μεμάχηται ἀριστοῖ; οὐ διακωλύσεις; πάντες ἔχουσί λίθους.

3.—ΑΔΕΣΙΠΟΤΟΝ

Ἔθελον ἄν πλουτεῖν, ὡς πλούσιος ἦν ποτὲ Κροῖσος, καὶ βασιλεὺς εἶναι τῆς μεγάλης Ἀσίης. ἄλλ' ὅταν ἐμβλέψω Νικάνωρα τὸν σοροπηγόν, καὶ γνώ πρὸς τί ποιεῖ ταύτα τὰ γλωσσόκομα, ἀκτήν ποιο πάσσας καὶ ταῖς κοτύλαις ύποβρέξας, τὴν Ἀσίην πωλῶν πρὸς μύρα καὶ στεφάνους.

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

THE CONVIVIAL AND SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

1.—NICARCHUS

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

2.—CALLICTER

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

3.—ANONYMOUS

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

4 We cannot tell the occasion of this epigram, but Theodorus seems to be a doctor and the joke turns on “stones.”

5 So he facetiously calls the coffins.

6 Flour kneaded and soaked in wine was a common drink.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

4.—ΠΑΡΜΕΝΙΩΝΟΣ
Αὐτῷ τις γήμας πιθανὴν τῷ γείτωνι, ἰέγχει
καὶ τρέφεται· τούτῳ ἣν εὐκολος ἔργασια,
μὴ πλεῖν, μὴ σκάπτειν, ἀλλ' εὐστομάχως ἀπορέγχειν,
ἀλλοτρία δαπάνη πλούσια βοσκόμενον.

5.—ΚΑΛΛΙΚΤΗΡΟΣ ΜΑΝΤΙΣΙΟΣ
"Οστίς ἔσω πυροῦ χαταλαμβάνει οὐκ ἁγοράζων,
κείνου Ἄμαλθείας ἀ γυνᾶ ἐστι κέρας.

6.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Πτωχοῦ ἐστι γάμος κυνέα μάχα, εὐθὺ κυδομός,
λοιδορίας, πλαγαί, ζημία, ἔργα, δίκαι.

7.—ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΣ
Οὐδὲς τῇν ἱδίην συνεχῶς, Χαρίδημε, γυναῖκα
βινεῖν: ἐκ ψυχῆς τερπόμενος δύναται·
οὕτως ἡ φύσις ἐστὶ φιλόκνισος, ἀλλοτριόχρως,
καὶ ζητεῖ διόλου τὴν ξενοκυνθαπάτην.

8.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ
Μὴ μῦρα, μὴ στεφάνους λιθίναις στήλαις χαρίζοι,
μηδὲ τὸ πύρ φλέξης· ἐς κενὸν ἡ δαπάνη.
ζῶντι μοι, εἰ τι θέλεις, χάρισαι· τέφρην δὲ μεθύσκων
πηλὸν ποιήσεις, κοῦχ ὁ βανῶν πίεται.

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

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

4.—PARMENION

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

5.—CALLICTER

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

6.—BY THE SAME

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

7.—NICARCHUS

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

8.—ANONYMOUS

Bestow not scent and crowns on stone columns, nor set the fire ablaze;² the outlay is in vain. Give me gifts, if thou wilt, when I am alive, but by steeping ashes in wine thou wilt make mud, and the dead shall not drink thereof.³

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

9.—ΔΕΩΝΙΔΑ
Μὴ πάλι μοι μετὰ δόρπον, ὃτ' οὐκέτι γαστέρα πείθω,
oúdeta kal χοίρων ἀντα τίθει τεμάχη.
oúde γὰρ ἐργοπόνουσι μετὰ στάχυν ὁμβρο σὰκαιρὸς
χρῆσιμος, οὐ ναύταις ἐν λιμενὶ Ζέφυρος.

10.—ΛΟΤΚΙΛΛΙΟΤ
Τὸν τοῦ δειπναρίου νόμον οἴδατε· σήμερον ὕμᾶς,
Αἴλε, καλῶ καίνοις δόγμασι συμποσίου.
oμὲλοποιοὺς ἔρει κατακείμενος· οὕτε παρέξεις
οὐθ' ἐξεῖσ αὐτὸς πράγματα γραμματικά.

11.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Οὐκ ἦδειν σε πραγμάτων, Ἑπίκρατε, οὔδε χοραύλην,
oὐδ' ἄλλ' οὐδὲν ὄλως, ὃν χορὸν ἐστίν ἔχειν.
ἄλλ' ἐκάλουν σε μόνον· σὺ δ' ἔχων χορὸν οἰκοθεν
ηκεις
ὁρχηστῶν, αὐτοῖς πάντα διδοὺς ὅπισώ.
eὶ δ' οὔτω τούτων ἔστι, σὺ τοὺς δούλους κατάκλινον, 5
ἡμεῖς δ' αὐ τοῖς πρὸς πόδας ἐρχόμεθα.

12.—ΑΛΚΑΙΟΤ
Οἶνος καὶ Κένταυρον, Ἑπίκρατε, οὐχὶ σὲ μοῦνον,
ὡλεσεν, ἢδ' ἔρατὴν Καλλίων ἡλικίην.
ἄντως οἰνοχάρων ὁ μονόμματος, ὥσ ὑπ' ἀκίστα
τὴν αὐτὴν πέμψαις ἔξ' ᾿Αἴδεω πρόποσιν.

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

9.—LEONIDAS OF ALEXANDRIA

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

10.—LUCILIUS

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

11.—BY THE SAME

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

12.—ALCAEUS OF MESSENE

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

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

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GREEK ANTHOLOGY

13.—AMMIANOT

' HOTOS EK TON PARAPETEMPETAI, EIT', AMEOLOUNTON
HMWON, EXAIPHNEZ HZEI O PORFYREOS,
KAI TOUS MEN THAOS, TOUS D' OPTHSA, EINOUS DE
PHUSHSAS, AZEI PANTAS ES EN BARABHROV.

14.—TOY AYTOY

'EKHES EPI ZEINYAN KALTHEIS, OTE KAPIROS UPSNOI MOI,
TYLH EPEKLYNTHN GORYONOS H NIOBHES,
HNO OUSHEIS UPHENEV, APETRISSE D', H PELAKHSA
EK TON LATOMWON HZAGEN EIS TÀ PROKLOV.
EX HZ EI MΗ THATON EPTHGROTHN, PROKLOV AN MOI
THN TYLHN STHILHN H SORON EIRAGASHTO.

15.—TOY AYTOY

EI M'EN TOUS APD ALPHA M'ONOZ KEEKRIZAS KATORUSSEIN,
DOUKIE, BOULEUTAS KAI TON ADELPHON EKHEIS.
EI D', OTPER EULOGON ESTI, KATA STOUCHEION ODEYEIS,
HADH, SOLI PROLEGW, 'ORMYGENH LEOUMAI.

16. <TOY AYTOY>

KULLOS KAI LEIROS, DYO THESSALOL EGHESIMWROU.
KULLOS D' EK TOUTOI EGHESIMWROTERS.

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

13.—AMMIANUS

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

14.—BY THE SAME

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

15.—BY THE SAME

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

16.—BY THE SAME

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

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

17.—NIKARXOT

'Hv Στέφανος πτωχός κηπεύς θ' ἁμα' νῦν δὲ προ-
κόψας
πλοντεί, καὶ γεγένη' εὐθὺ Φιλοστέφανος,
tέσσαρα τῷ πρώτῳ Στεφάνῳ καὶ τὰ γράμματα
προσθείσ.
ἔσται δ' εἰς ὥρας Ἰπποκρατιππιάδης,
ἡ διὰ τὴν σπατάλην Διονυσιοπηγανόδωρος. 5
ἐν δ' ἀγορανομιᾷ παντὶ μένει Στέφανος.

18.—TOY AYTOY

Οὐκ ἐν γαστρί λαβοῦσα Φιλαίνιον Ἡλιοδώρῳ
θήλειαν τίκτει παιδ' ἀπὸ ταυτομάτου.
τοῦ δ' ἐπὶ θηλείῃ λυπουμένου, ἔξ διαλείπει
ἡματα, καὶ τίκτειν ἀρσενα παιν' ἐφατο.
οὕτως Βούβαστις καταλύεται· εἰ γὰρ ἐκάστη
τέξεται ὡς αὐτή, τὶς θεοῦ ἐστὶ λόγος; 5

19.—ΣΤΡΑΣΩΝΟΣ

Καὶ πιε νῦν καὶ ἔρα, Δαμόκρατε· οὐ γὰρ ἐς αἰεὶ
πιόμεθ', οὐδ' αἰεὶ παισὶ συνεσσόμεθα.
καὶ στεφάνοις κεφαλὰς πυκασώμεθα, καὶ μυρίσωμεν
αὐτοὺς, πρὶν τύμβοις ταύτα φέρειν ἑτέρους.
νῦν ἐν ἑμὶ πιέτω μέθυ τὸ πλέον ὀστέα ταμά· 5
νεκρὰ δὲ Δευκαλίων αὐτὰ κατακλυσάτω.

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

17.—NICARCHUS

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

18.—BY THE SAME

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

19.—STRATO

Drink and love now, Damocrates, for we shall not drink for ever or be for ever with the lads. Let us bind our heads with garlands and scent ourselves before others bear flowers and scent to our tombs. Now may my bones inside me drink all the more wine, and when they are dead let Deucalion’s flood³ cover them.

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

20.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ

Φεύγεθ’ ὅσοι λόκκας ἡ λοφύδας ἡ καμασήνας ἁδετε, ποιητῶν φύλον ἀκανθολόγων, οὐ τ᾿ ἐπέων κόσμον λελυγμυμένον ἀσκήσαντες, κρήνης ἔξ’ ἱερῆς πίνετε λιτῶν ὕδωρ. σήμερον Ἀρχιλόχοιο καὶ ἀρσενος ἤμαρ Ὁμήρου σπένδομεν· ὁ κρητήρ οὐ δέχεθ’ ὑδροπότας.

21.—ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Πρόν τὴν σαύραν Ἀγάθων ῥοδοδάκτυλον εἶχεν· νῦν δ᾿ αὐτὴν ἤδη καὶ ῥοδόπηχυν ἐχει.

22.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

"Εστι Δράκων τις ἑφηβὸς, ἀγαν καλὸς· ἀλλὰ, δράκων ὤν, πῶς εἰς τὴν τρώγλην ἄλλον ὄφιν δέχεται;

23.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ

'Ωκυμορόν με λέγουσι δαήμονες ἀνέρες ἀστρων· εἰμὶ μὲν, ἄλλοι οὐ μοι τοῦτο, Σέλευκε, μέλει. εἰς αἰδὴν μία πάσι καταίβασις· εἰ δὲ ταχίων ἰμετέρη, Μίνωθεν θάσσον ἐποψώμεθα. πῦνωμεν· καὶ ὅ γαρ ἐπήτυμον, εἰς ὅδον ἵππος οῖνος, ἑπεὶ πεζοῖς ἀτραπὸς εἰς αἰδήν.

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

20.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

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

21.—STRATO

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

22.—BY THE SAME

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

23.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

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

³ He will go by the royal road and mounted (on wine); the pedestrians are those who do not drink.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

24.—TOY AYTOY

"Ω Ἐλικών Βοιωτέ, σὺ μὲν ποτε πολλάκις ύδωρ εὐπέτες ἐκ πηγέων ἔβλυσας Ἡσιόδῳ;
νῦν δ’ ήμιν ἔθν’ ὁ κούρος ὀμόνυμος Ἀὔσωνα Βάκχον οἴνοχοικ κρήνης εξ ἀμεριμνώτερης.
βουλαίμην δ’ ἄν ἔγωγε πιεῖν παρὰ τοῦδε κύπελλον ἐν μόνον, ἡ παρὰ σεῦ χίλια Πηγασίδος.

25.—ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝΙΔΟΤ

Τπνώεις, ο’ ταῖρε: τὸ δὲ σκύφος αὐτὸ βοᾶ σε.
ἔγρεο, μὴ τέρπον μοιριδίζῃ μελέτῃ.
μὴ φείσῃ, Διόδωρε: λάβρος δ’ εἰς Βάκχον ὀλυσθῶν,
ἀχρεὶς ἐπὶ σφαλεροῦ ζωροτότες γόνατος.
ἔσσεθ’ ὅτ’ οὐ πιόμεσθα, πολὺς πολὺς: ἀλλ’ ἄγ’
ἐπείγου.
ἡ συνετὴ κροτάφων ἀπτεται ἱμετέρων.

26.—ΑΡΓΕΝΤΑΡΙΟΤ

Σφάλλομαι ἀκρήτῳ μεμεθυσμένος: ἀλλὰ τίς ἄρα
σώσει μ’ ἐκ Βρομίου γυῖα σαλεύμενον;
ὅς ἄδικον θεὸν εῦρον, οὐδείνεκεν αὐτὸς ἐγὼ σε,
Βάκχε, φέρων ὑπὸ σοῦ τάμπαλι παρφέρομαι.

27.—ΜΑΧΗΔΟΝΙΟΤ

Συρρέντοι τρηχεία μυρίπνοε, χαίρε, κονίη,
καὶ Πολλεντίνων γαῖα μελιχροτάτη,
'Αστή θ’ ἡ τριπόθητος, ἀφ’ ἂς βρομώδεα πηλὸν
φύρησαν Βάκχῳ τριξυγέες Χάριτες.

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24.—By the Same

On a cup-bearer named Helicon

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

25.—APOLLONIDES

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

26.—ARGENTARIUS

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

27.—MACEDONIUS

Rough, sweet-scented dust of Sorrento, hail, and hail, thou earth of Pollenza most honied and Asta's soil thrice desired from which the triple band of Graces knead for Bacchus the clay that is akin to
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πλούτου καὶ πενίης κοινῶν κτέαρ. οἷς μὲν ἀνάγκης σκεύος, τοῖς δὲ τρυφής χρῆσι περισσοτέρη.

28.—ΑΡΓΕΝΤΑΡΙΟΤ

Πέντε θανῶν κείσῃ κατέχων πόδας, οὐδὲ τὰ τερπνὰ ζωῆς, οὐδ’ αὐγάς ὄψεαι ἥλιον· ὁστε λαβῶν Βάκχου ζωρῶν δέπας ἐκε γεγηθῶς, Κύκλε, καλλίστην ἀγάς ἔχων ἄλοχον.

εἰ δὲ σοι ἀθανάτου σοφίας νόσος, ἵσθι Κλεάνθης καὶ Ζήμων αἴδην τὸν βαθὺν ὡς ἐμολον.

29.—ΑΤΤΟΜΕΔΟΝΤΟΣ

Πέμπτε, κάλει· πάντ’ ἐστὶν ἐτοιμά σοι. ἂν δέ τις ἔλθῃ, τί πρήξεις; σαυτῷ δὸς λόγον, Αὐτόμεδον. αὕτη γαρ λαχάνου σισαρωτέρη, ἢ πρὶν ἀκαμπῆς ζώσα, νεκρά μηρῶν πάσα δέδυκεν ἔσω.

πόλλ’ ἐπὶ σοι γελάσοουσιν, ἀνάρμενος ἂν παρα-βάλλῃ πλώειν, τὴν κόπην μηκέτ’ ἔχων ἐρέτης.

30.—ΦΙΛΟΔΗΜΟΤ

Ὁ πρὶν ἔγω καὶ πέντε καὶ ἐννέα, νῦν, Ἀφροδίτη, ἐν μόλις ἐκ πρώτης νυκτὸς ἐς ἡλίουν οἴμοι καὶ . τοῦτο κατὰ βραχῦ (πολλάκι ὤ ἡ ἡμιθανές) θνῆσκε· τοῦτο τὸ τερμέριον.

ὁ γῆρας, γῆρας, τί ποθ’ ὑπεροῦν, ἢν ἀφίκηαι, ποιήσεις, ὅτε νῦν ὅδε μαραίνομεθα;

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

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

28.—ARGENTARIUS

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

29.—AUTOMEDON

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

30.—PHILODEMUS

QUI prius ego et quinque et novem fututiones agebam, nunc, O Venus, vix unam possum ab prima nocte ad solem. And alas, this thing (it has often been half-dead) is gradually dying outright. This is the calamity of Termerus ² that I suffer. Old age, old age, what shalt thou do later, if thou comest, since already I am thus languid?

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

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31.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ
Οὐ μοι Πληξίδων φοβερὴ δύσης, οὐδὲ θαλάσσης
ώρον στυφέλῳ κύμα περὶ σκοπέλῳ,
οὐδ’ ὅταν ἀστράπτη μέγας υρανός, ὡς κακὸν ἀνδρα
tαρβέω, καὶ μύθων μνήμονας ὕδροπότας.

32.—ΟΝΕΣΤΟΤ
Μούσης νουθεσίην φιλοπαίγνων εὑρετο Βάκχος,
ἀν Σικυών, ἐν σοι κώμοι ἄγων Χαρίτων·
dῆ γὰρ ἔλεγχον ἔχει γλυκερώτατον, ἐν τε γέλωτι
κέντρον· χῶ μεθύων ἀστὸν ἐσωφρόνισεν.

33.—ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΤ
Λάθριον ἐρπηστὴν σκολιδὸν πόδα, κισσε, χορεύσας,
ἄγχεις τὴν Βρομίου βοτρυνόπαιδα χάριν·
dεσμεῖς δ’ οὐχ ἡμᾶς, Ὀλέκεις δὲ σέ· τίς γὰρ ἔλοιτ’ ἂν
κισσὸν ἐπὶ κροτάφοις, μὴ κεράσας Βρόμιον;

34.—ΦΙΛΟΔΗΜΟΤ
Δευκοίνους πάλι δῆ καὶ ψάλματα, καὶ πάλι Χίους
οἴνους, καὶ πάλι δῆ σμύρνην ἔχειν Συρίην,
καὶ πάλι κωμάζειν, καὶ ἔχειν πάλι διψάδα πόρνην
οὐκ ἑθέλω· μυσῶ ταῦτα τὰ πρὸς μανήν.
ἀλλὰ με ναρκίσσους ἀναδῆσατε, καὶ πλαγιαύλων
γεύσατε, καὶ κροκίνοις χρίσατε γυῖα μύροις,
καὶ Μυτιληναῖοι τὸν πνεύμονα τέγξατε Βάκχῳ,
καὶ σὺζεύξατε μοι φωλάδα παρθενικῆν.

1 A season unfavourable for navigation.

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31.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

I dread not the setting of the Pleiads,¹ nor the waves of the sea that roar round the stubborn rock, nor the lightning of great heaven so much as I dread a wicked man and water-drinkers who remember all our words.²

32.—HONESTUS

Bacchus, leading the rout of the Graces, instituted in thee, Sicyon, the sermons of the jolly Muse.³ Indeed, very sweet are his rebukes and in laughter is his sting. A man in his cups teaches wisdom to a clever man of the town.

33.—PHILIPPUS

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

34.—PHILODEMUS

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

² cp. the proverb μισός μνήμονα συμπέταν, "I hate a boon-companion with a good memory."
³ i.e. the Satyric drama. See Book VII. 707.
35.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Κράμβην Ἀρτεμίδωρος, Ἀρίσταρχος δὲ τάριχον, βολβίσκους δ’ ἡμῖν δῶκεν Ἀθηναγόρας, ἦπατιον Φιλόδημος, Ἀπολλοφάνης δὲ δύο μήνας χοιρείου, καὶ τρεῖς ἡσαυ ἄπ’ ἐχθὲς ἔτι. φῶν, καὶ στεφάνους, καὶ σάμβαλα, καὶ μύρον ἡμῖν λάμβανε, καὶ δεκάτης εὐθὺ θέλω παράγειν.

36.—ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΤ

Ἡνίκα μὲν καλὸς ἦς, Ἀρχεστρατε, κἀμφὶ παρεῖαῖς ὀινωπαῖς ψυχὰς ἔφλεγες ἠθέων, ἡμετέρης φιλίς ὑμῶν λόγος· ἄλλα μετ’ ἄλλων παῖσιν, τὴν ἄκμην ὡς ὅδον ἡφάνισας. ὡς δ’ ἔπετερκάζεις μιαρῇ τριχῇ, νῦν φίλον ἐλκὼν, τὴν καλάμην δωρῇ, δοὺς ἐτέροις τὸ θέρος.

37.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ

Ἡδὴ τοι φθινότωρον, Ἐπίκλεες, ἐκ δὲ Βοώτου ξώνης Ἀρκτούρον λαμπρὸν δρώσθη σέλας· ἤδη καὶ σταφυλαὶ δρεπάνης ἐπιμιμνήσκονται, καὶ τις χειμερινὴν ἀμφερέσθη καλύβην. σοὶ δ’ οὔτε χλαίνης θερμὴ κροκύς, οὔτε χιτῶνος ένυδον· ἀποσκλήσθη δ’ ἀστέρα μεμφύμενος.

38.—ΠΟΛΕΜΩΝΟΣ ΒΑΣΙΛΕΩΣ

Ἡ πτωχῶν χαρίεσσα πανοπλῆ ἄρτολάγυνος αὕτη, καὶ ὅροσφοιν ἐκ πετάλων στέφανος.
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35.—BY THE SAME

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

36.—PHILIPPUS

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

37.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

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

38.—KING POLEMO

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

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

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1 Worn especially at table by the Romans. cp. Hor. Ep. i. 13. 15.
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καὶ τοῦτο φθιμένου προάστιον ἱερὸν ὁστεῦν
ἐγκεφάλου, ψυχῆς φρούριον ἀκρότατον.
"Πινε," λέγει τὸ γλύμμα, "καὶ ἐσθιε καὶ περίκειος 5
ἀνθεὰ· τοιούτοι γινόμεθ' ἐξαπίνης."

39.—ΜΑΚΗΔΟΝΙΟΤ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ

'Εχθές μοι συνέπινε γυνή, περὶ ἦς λόγους ἔρρει
οὐχ ὑγιής. παίδες, θραύσατε τὰς κύλικας.

40.—ΑΝΤΙΣΤΙΟΤ

Εὐμένεος Κλεόδημος ἔτι βραχύς· ἀλλὰ χορεύει
σὺν παισίν βαινῷ μικρὸς ἐσ' ἐν θἰάσῳ.
ἡνίδε καὶ στυκτοίῳ δορῆν ἐξώσατο νεβροῦ,
καὶ σείει ξαυθής κισσὸν ὑπὲρ κεφαλῆς.
όνα σὺ μιν Καδμεῖε τίθει μέγαν, ὡς ἃν ὁ μύστης 5
ὁ βραχύς ἠβήτας αὐθίς ἄγοι θιάσους.

41.—ΦΙΛΟΔΗΜΟΤ

'Επτὰ τριηκόντεσσιν ἐπέρχονται λυκάβαντες,
ἡδὴ μοι βιότου σχιζόμεναι σελίδες.
ἡδὴ καὶ λευκά καὶ κατασπείρουσιν ἔθειραι,
Εαυθίππη, συνετής ἀγγελοὶ ἥλικινη.
ἀλλ' ἐτὶ μοι ψαλμός τε λάλος κόμοι τε μέλονται, 5
καὶ πῦρ ἀπλήστω τύφετ' ἐνι κραδίη.
αὐτὴν ἀλλὰ τάχιστα κορωνίδα γράψατε, Μοῦσαι,
ταῦτην ἡμετέρης, δεσπότιδες, μανής.

42.—ΚΡΙΝΑΓΟΡΟΤ

Εἰ καὶ σοι ἔδραῖος ἀεὶ βίος, οὐδὲ θάλασσαν
ἐπλως, χερσαίας τ' οὐκ ἐπάτησας ὀδοὺς,

1 Not of course that technically called os sacrum, but a skull.

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leaves, and this is the holy bone,\(^1\) outwork of a dead brain, the highest citadel of the soul. "Drink," says the sculpture, "and eat, and surround thee with flowers, for like to this we suddenly become."\(^2\)

39.—MACEDONIUS OF THESSALONICA

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

40.—ANTISTIUS

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

41.—PHILODEMUS

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

42.—CRINAGORAS

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

\(^1\) The distich has been found engraved on a gem beneath a skull and table spread with food. (Boeckh. *C.I.G.* 7298.)
\(^2\) *i.e.* Bacchus.
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ἐμπης Κεκροπίης ἐπιβήμεναι, ὁφ' ἄν ἔκελνας
Δήμητρος μεγάλας νύκτας ἰδής ἱερῶν,
τῶν ἀπὸ κήν ζωόισιν ἁκηδέα, κευτ' ἄν ἴκηαι
ἐς πλεόνων, ἔξεις θυμὸν ἐλαφρότερον.

43.—ΖΩΝΑ

Δός μοι τοὺς γαϊῆς πεπουμένου πᾶν κύπελλον,
ἄς γενόμην, καὶ υφ' ἅ κείσομ' ἀποφθίμενος.

44.—ΦΙΛΟΔΗΜΟΤ

Ἀδριον εἰς λιτήν σε καλλάδα, φίλτατε Πείσων,
ἐξ ἐνάτης ἐλκεὶ μουσοφιλής ἔταρος,
εἰκάδα δειπνίκων ἐνιαύσιον· εἰ δ' ἀπολείψεις
οὐθάτα καὶ Βρομίου χιογενή πρόποσιν,
ἀλλ' ἐτάροις ὤψει παναλθεάς, ἀλλ' ἐπακούσῃ
Φανήκων γαϊῆς πολυμ μελιχρότερα·
ἡν δὲ ποτε στρέψῃς καὶ ἐς ἡμέας ὄμματα, Πείσων,
ἀξομεν ἐκ λιτῆς εἰκάδα πιοτέρην.

45.—ΟΝΕΣΤΟΤ

Αὐτοθελῆς ἐδιστος ἀεὶ πότος· ὃς δὲ κ' ἀνάγκῃ,
ὑβριστὴς οὖν τ' ἐστι καὶ αἰνοπότη.
τὸν μὲν γὰρ γαϊὴ προχεῖ κρύφα· τὸν δ' ὑπὸ γαϊὴ
πολλάκις πρὸς Δήθης ἠγαγε πικρὸν υδόρ.
πουλυμεθεῖς χαίροιτε· τὸ δ' ὄππόσου ἠδ' ποθήναι,
μέτρον ἐμοὶ πάσης ἀρκιον εὐφροσύνης.

1 L. Cornelius Piso, Cicero's adversary. It is in the villa of the Pisos at Herculaneum that all Philodemus' works were found.
2 The birthday of Epicurus, to whose sect Philodemus and Piso belonged.
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roads of the land, yet set thy foot on the Attic soil, that thou mayest see those long nights of Demeter’s holy rites, whereby while thou art among the living thy mind shall be free from care, and when thou goest to join the greater number it shall be lighter.

43.—ZONAS

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

44.—PHILODEMUS

To-morrow, dearest Piso,¹ your friend, beloved by the Muses, who keeps our annual feast of the twentieth² invites you to come after the ninth hour to his simple cottage. If you miss udders and draughts of Chian wine, you will see at least sincere friends and you will hear things far sweeter than the land of the Phaeacians.³ But if you ever cast your eyes on me,⁴ Piso, we shall celebrate the twentieth richly instead of simply.

45.—HONESTUS

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

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

"Ανθρωποι δείλης, οτε πίνομεν· ἡν δὲ γεννηται ὄρθρος, ἐπ' ἀλλήλους θήρες ἐγειρόμεθα.

47.—ΑΝΑΚΡΕΟΝΤΟΣ

Οὐ μοι μέλει τὰ Γύγεω, τοῦ Σαρδίων ἀνακτος, οὐθ' αἱρέει με χρυσός, οὐκ αἰνεῖ τυράννους: ἐμοὶ μέλει μύροις καταβρέχειν ὑπήνην· ἐμοὶ μέλει ῥόδοισι καταστέφειν κάρηνα. τὸ σήμερον μέλει μοι· τὸ δ' αὐριον τὶς οἴδεν;

48.—ΤΟY ΑΥΤΟY

Τὸν ἀργυρὸν τορεύσας· "Ηφαίστε μοι ποίησον πανοπλίαν μὲν οὐχί, ποτήριον δὲ κοῖλον ὅσον δύνη βάθυνον. ποίει δὲ μοι κατ' αὐτοῦ μηδ' ἀστρα, μηδ' ἀμάξας, μὴ στυγνὸν Ὀρίωνα, ἀλλ' ἀμπέλους χλωσάς, και βότρυνας γελώντας, σὺν τῷ καλῷ Δυναίῳ."
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46.—AUTOMEDON OF CYZICUS

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

47.—ANACREON

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

48.—BY THE SAME

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

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

Βάκχοι μέτρων ἄριστον, ὁ μὴ πολὺ, μηδ’ ἐλάχιστον·
ἐστι γὰρ ἡ λύπης αἰτίος ἢ μανίση.
χαίρει κιρνάμενος δὲ τρισίν Νύμφαεις τέταρτος·
τῆμος καὶ θαλάμοις ἐστὶν ἐτοιμότατος·
eἰ δὲ πολὺς πνεύσειεν, ἀπέστραπται μὲν Ἐρωτας,

5

βαπτίζει δ’ ὑπὲρ γείτονι τοῦ θανάτου.

50.—ΑΤΤΟΜΕΔΟΝΤΟΣ

Εὐδαίμων, πρῶτον μὲν ὁ μηδεν ἐμὶ ὀφείλον·
ἐίτα δ’ ὁ μὴ γῆμας· τὸ τρίτον, ὅστις ἄπαις.
ἵν δὲ μανεὶς γῆμη τις, ἔχει χάριν, ἢν κατορύξη
eὐθὺς τὴν γαμετήν, προῖκα λαβὼν μεγάλην.
ταῦτ’ εἰδὼς σοφὸς ὅσθι· μάτην ὁ Ἑπίκουρον ἔσαν 5

ποῦ τὸ κενὸν ζητεῖν, καὶ τίνες αἱ μονάδες.

51.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Τῆς ὥρας ἀπόλανε· παρακμάζει ταχὺ πάντα·
ἐν θέρος ἐξ ἐρίφου τρηχὺν ἐθηκε τράγον.

52.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Παιδείῳ, Ὀρασύβουλε, σαγηνευθεὶς ὑπ’ ἔρωτι
ἀσθμαίνεις, δελφῖς ὡς τις ἐπ’ αἰγιαλοῦ
κύματος ἰμεῖρων· δρέπανον δὲ σοι οὐδὲ τὸ Περσέως
ἀρκεῖ ἀποτμῆξαι δίκτυον ὃ δέδεσαι.

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

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49.—EVENUS

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

50.—AUTOMEDON

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

51.—ANONYMous

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

52.—ANONYMous

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

* The sickle-shaped knife with which he was armed and with which he liberated Andromeda.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

53.—ΔΗΛΩΝ
Τὸ ῥόδου ἀκμάζει βαιὸν χρόνον· ἥν δὲ παρέλθῃ,
ζητῶν εὐρήσεις οὐ ρόδου, ἀλλὰ βάτον.
J. A. Pott, Greek Love Songs and Epigrams, i. p. 141.

54.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ
Γηραλέον με γυναίκες ἀποσκόπτουσι, λέγουσαι
εἰς τὸ κάτοπτρον ὅραν λείψανον ἡλικίας.
ἀλλ' ἔγω εἰ λευκὰς φορέω τρίχας, εἰτε μελαίνας,
οὐκ ἀλέγω, βιότοι πρὸς τέλος ἐρχόμενος.
εὐόδμους δὲ μύροισι καὶ εὐπετάλοις στεφάνοισι
καὶ Βρομίω παῦ φροντίδας ἄργαλέας.

55.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Δῶς πιέειν, ἵνα Βάκχος ἀποσκεδάσειε μερίμνας,
ἀψ ἀναθερμαίων ψυχομένην κραδίην.

56.—ΔΗΛΩΝ
Πάντα καὶ εὐφράινον· τί γὰρ αὖριον, ἢ τί τὸ μέλλον,
οὐδεὶς γινώσκει. μὴ τρέχε, μὴ κοπία,
ὡς δύνασαι, χάρισαι, μετάδοσι, φάγε, θυντὰ λογίζου
τὸ ζῆν· τοῦ μὴ ζῆν οὐδὲν ἄλως ἀπέχει.
πᾶς ὁ βίος τούσδε, ῥοπὴ μόνον· ἄν προλάβῃς, σοῦ,
ἀν δὲ θάνης, ἐτέρου πάντα, σὺ δ' οὐδὲν ἔχεις.
J. A. Pott, Greek Love Songs and Epigrams, ii. p. 128.

57.—ΑΓΑΘΙΩΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ
Γαστέρα μὲν σεσάλακτο γέρων εὐώδει Βάκχῳ
Οἰνοπίων, ἔμπης δ' οὐκ ἀπέθηκε δέπας.
THE CONVIVIAL EPIGRAMS

53.—Anonymous

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

54.—PALLADAS

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

55.—By the Same

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

56.—Anonymous

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

57.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

Old Oenopion had loaded his belly with sweet-
cented wine, but yet he did not lay aside the cup,
¹ This distich also occurs annexed to another in Book XII.
o. 29, q.v.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

άλλ' ἔτι διψών ἴδῃ κατεμέμφετο χειρί,
ὡς ἀπὸ κρητήρος μηδὲν ἄφυσαμεν.
oi δὲ νεόι βέγχουσι, καὶ οὐ σθένος οὐδ' ἀπ'. ἀριθμοῦ 5
tας κύκλικας γνώναι τὰς ἐτὶ πινομένας.
πίνε, γέρον, καὶ ζῇθη· μάτην δ' ἄρα θείος "Ομηρος
τείρεσθαι πολιήν ἐκ νεότητος ἔφη.

58.—MAKHΔΟΝΙΟΤ ΤΠΑΤΟΤ

Ἡθελον οὐ χρυσὸν τε καὶ ἁστεα μυρία γαίης,
oυδ' ὅσα τὰς Θήβας εἶπεν "Ομηρος ἔχειν:
ἀλλ' ἦνα μοι προχόσσα κύλις βλύσσειε λυναῖς,
χείλεος ἀνεφα νάματι λουνένου,
καὶ γεραρῶν συνέπινε λάλος χορός, οἱ δὲ περισσοὶ 5
ἀνέρες ἐργατίναι κάμπον ἐφ' ἡμερίσων.
oὔτος ἐμοὶ πολύς ὅλθος, ἅει φίλος· οὐδ' ἀλεγίζω
τῶν χρυσέων ὕπάτων, τὴν φιάλην κατέχων.

59.—TOY AYTOY

Χανδοτόται, βασιλής ἀεθλητῆρες Ἰάκχου,
ἐργα κυπελλομάχου στίσομεν εἰλαπίνης,
Ἰκαρίου σπένδουτες ἀφειδεά δῶρα Δυναίου-
ἀλλοιον μελέτω Τριτολέμοιο γέρα,
ἡχί βόες, καὶ ἄροτρα, καὶ ἱστοβοεύς, καὶ ἐχέτλη,
καὶ στάχυς, ἀρπαμένης ἰχνα Φερσεφόνης.
εἰ ποτε δὲ στομάτεσσι βαλείν τινα βρώσων ἀνάγκη,
ἀσταφίς οἰνοπόταται ἅρκιος ἢ Βρομίου.

60.—ΠΑΤΑΤΟΤ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΤ

Σπεισομεν οἰνοποτήρες ἐγερσιγιγέλωτι Δυναίφ,
ὁσομεν ἀνδροφόνον φρονίδα ταῖς φιάλαις,
THE CONVIVIAL EPIGRAMS

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

58.—MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL

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

59.—BY THE SAME

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

60.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

We wine-drinkers will pour a libation to Bacchus the awakener of laughter, with the cups we will expel
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

σιτοδόκω δ’ ἄγραυλος ἀνήρ βαρύμοχθος ιάλλοι
γαστρί μελαμπέτπλον μητέρα Φερσεφόνης:
ταυροφόνων δ’ ἀμέγαρτα καὶ αἰμαλέα κρέα δόρτων 5
θηροῖ καὶ οἰωνοῖς λείψομεν ὡμοθόροις:
οστέα δ’ αὖ νεπόδων ταμεσίχραχε χελέσει φωτῶν
eἰξάτω οἰς Ἀἴδης φίλτρος ἡλίουν:
ἡμῖν δ’ ὀλβιόδωρον ἀεὶ μέθυ καὶ βόσις ἐστώ
καὶ ποτόν: ἀμβροσίην δ’ ἄλλος ἔχειν ἑθελοί. 10

61.—ΜΑΚΗΔΟΝΙΟΤ ΤΙΠΑΣΟΤ

Χθιζὸν ἐμὸν νοσέουτι παρίστατο δήσιος ἀνήρ
ιητρός, δεπάων νέκταρ ἀπευπάμενος.
εἰπέ δ’ ύδωρ πίνειν: ἀνεμόλιος, οὐδ’ ἐδιδάχθη,
ὅτι μένος μερόπων οἶνον ὁμηρὸς ἔφη.

62.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ

Πάσι θανεῖν μερόπεσσιν ὀφείλεται, οὐδὲ τὶς ἐστὶν
αὖριον εἰ ξῆσει θυητὸς ἐπιστάμενος.
τότῳ σαφῶς, ἀνθρώπῳ, μαθῶν εὐφραίνει σειατόν,
λήθην τοῦ θανάτου τὸν Βρόμου κατέχων,
τέρπεο καὶ Παρίη, τὸν ἐφημέριον βλών ἐλκών,
τάλλα δὲ πάντα Τύχη πράγματα δὸς διέπειν. 5

63.—ΜΑΚΗΔΟΝΙΟΤ ΤΙΠΑΣΟΤ

Ἀνέρεσ, οἴσι μέμηλεν ἀπήμονος ὅργια Βάκχου,
ἐλπίσης ἡμερίδων ρίψατε τὴν πενίην.
αὐτὰρ ἔμοι κρήτῃρ μὲν ἐνὶ δέτας, ἤγχι δὲ ληνὸς
ἀντὶ πλῆθον, λιπαρὴς ἐνδιὼν εὐφροσύνης.

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man-killing care. Let toiling rustics supply their bread-tolerating bellies with the mother of black-robbed Persephone,\(^1\) and we will leave to wild beasts and birds that feed on raw flesh the copious and bloody banquets of meat of slain bulls. Let us surrender the bones of fish that cut the skin to the lips of men to whom Hades is dearer than the sun. But for us let wine the bountiful be ever food and drink, and let others long for ambrosia.

61.—MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL

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

62.—PALLADAS

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

63.—MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL

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

\(^1\) i.e. Demeter, and hence bread. \(^2\) Iliad xi. 706.
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αὐτίκα δ’ ἡμετέροιο πιθὼν κρητήρα Δυναύν
παισὶ Καναστραίοις μάρναμαι, ἣν ἔθελης.
où τρομεώ δὲ θάλασσαν ἀμείλιχον, οὐδὲ κεραυνοῦς,
pτιστὸν ἀταρβήτου θάρσος ἔχων Βρομίου.

64.—ἈΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

Ἡμεῖς μὲν πατέοντες ἀπείρονα καρπὸν Ἰάκχου
ἀμμυγα βασιχυτὴν ἐρυθῶν ἀνεπέλκομεν.
ηδὴ δ’ ἀσπετον οἴδιμα κατέρρεευ· οἶα δὲ λέμβοι
κισσόβια γλυκερῶν νῆχεθ’ ὑπὲρ ῥοθῶν,
οἷςν ἀρυσσάμενοι σχέδιον ποτὸν ἂνομεν ἡδη,
θερμῶν Νηιάδων οὐ μάλα δενόμενοι.
ἡ δὲ καλὴ ποτὶ ληνὸν ὑπερκυπτούσα Ροδάνθη
μαρμαρυγῆς κάλλους νάμα κατηγλαίσεν.
πάντων δ’ ἐκδεδομηντο θοαὶ φρένες, οὐδὲ τις ἠμέων
ἵεν, διό οὐ Βάκχῳ δάμνατο καὶ Παφίῃ.
τλῆμονες, ἀλλ’ ὦ μὲν ἐἵρπε παραὶ ποσίν ἄφθονος ἠμίν·
tῆς δ’ ἀρ’ ὑπ’ ἐλπωρῆ μοῦνον ἐπαίξομεθα.

Love in Idleness, p. 175.

<Eis γραίας>

65.—ΠΑΡΜΕΝΙΩΝΟΣ

Διμοῦ καὶ γραίης χαλεπὴ κρίσις. ἀργαλέον μὲν
πεινὴν, ἡ κοίτη δ’ ἐστ’ ὀδυνηρότερα.
πεινῶν εὐχετο γραίν· κοιμώμενος εὐχετο λιμὸν
Φίλλης· ἅ’ ἀκλήρου παιδός ἀνομαλῆν.

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

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

64.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

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

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

On Old Women (65-74)

65.—PARMENION

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

² i.e. hot water to mix with the wine.
66.—ΑΝΤΙΦΙΛΟΤ ΒΤΖΑΝΤΙΟΤ
Κήν τείνης βακόεντα πολυτμήτου παρείνης
χρώτα, καὶ ἀβλεφάρους ὅπας ἐπανθρακίης,
καὶ λευκὴν βάψης μέλαιν τρίχα, καὶ πυρίφλεκτα
βοστρύχια κροτάφους οὔλα περικρεμάσης,
οὐδὲν ταῦτα, γελοία, καὶ ἢν ἐτὶ πλείονα ῥέξης,

* * * *

67.—ΜΤΡΙΝΟΤ
Τ’ τετρηκόσι’ ἔστῖν· ἔχεις δὲ σὺ τοὺς ἐνιαυτοὺς
dὶς τόσσους, τρυφερὴ Δαι κορωνεκάβη,
Σισύφου ὁ μάμμη, καὶ Δευκαλίωνος ἄδελφη.
βάπτε δὲ τὰς λευκὰς, καὶ λέγε πάσι τατά.

68.—ΛΟΤΚΙΛΛΙΟΤ
Τὰς τρίχας, ὁ Νίκυλλα, τινὲς βάπτειν σε λέγουσιν,
ἀς σὺ μελαινοτάτας ἐξ ἀγορᾶς ἐπρίῳ.

69.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Τὰς πολιὰς βάψασα Θεμιστονόη τρικόρωνος
γίνεται ἐξαπίνης οὺ νέα, ἀλλὰ 'Ρέα.

70.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΑ ΑΛΕΞΑΝΔΡΕΩΣ
Γρηγὸν ἐγκυμε Φιλίνος, ὅτ’ ἦν νέος· ἦνικα πρέσβυς,
δοδεκέτων· Παφίη δ’ ἄριος οὐδέποτε.
τοιγὰρ ἄπας διέμεινε ποτὲ στείρων ἐς ἄκαρπα·
νῦν δ’ ἐτέροις γῆμας, ἀμφοτέρων στέρεται.

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

66.—ANTIPHILUS OF BYZANTIUM

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

67.—MYRINUS

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

68.—LUCILIUS

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

69.—BY THE SAME

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

70.—LEONIDAS OF ALEXANDRIA

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

1 A child's word, "papa." op. Mart. i. 101.
2 The mother of the gods.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

71.—NIKAPXOT

"Ηκμασε Νικονόη· κάγῳ λέγω· ήκμασε δ' αὐτῇ
ηνίκα Δευκαλίων ἀπλετον εἰδεν υδῷρ.
tαῦτα μὲν οὖν ἠμεῖς οὐκ οἰδαμεν, ἀλλ' ὅτι ταύτην
οὐκ ἄνδρα ξητείων νῦν ἔδει, ἀλλὰ τάφον.

72.—ΒΑΣΣΟΤ ΣΜΤΡΝΑΙΟΤ

'Η πολιή κροτάφουσι Κυτώταρις, ἡ πολυμυθος
γραίαι, δή ἦν Νέστωρ οὐκέτι πρεσβύτατος,
ἡ φάος ἀθρόηασ' ἐλάφου πλέον, ἡ χερὶ λαἶgetteras ἀριθμεῖσθαι δεύτερον ἀρξαμένη,
ζωεὶ καὶ λεύσουναι καὶ ἀρτίτος, οἶα τε νύμφη,
ὡστε με διστάζειν, μή τι πέπονθ' Ἀἴδης.

73.—NIKAPXOT

Γραίαι καλῇ (τὶ γάρ;) οἰσθάς δὲ ἢν νέα· ἀλλὰ τὸτ'
ἤτει,
νῦν δ' ἔθελει δοῦναι μισθὸν ἐλαυνομένη.
eὐρήσεις τεχνύτων· ὅταν δὲ πὴ, τότε μᾶλλον
eῖς δ' θέλεις αὐτῆν εὐερίτακτον ἔχεις.
πίνει γὰρ καὶ τρεῖς καὶ τέσσαρας, ἢν ἑθελήσῃς,
ἔστας, κάκ τούτον γίνετ' ἀνω τὰ κάτω·
κολλαται, κυίζει, παθικεύεται· ἦν τι διδῷ τις,
λαμβάνει· ἦν μὴ δῷ, μισθόν ἔχει τὸ πάθος.

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

71.—NICARCHUS

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

72.—BASSUS OF SMYRNA

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

73.—NICARCHUS

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

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

74.—TOY AYTOY

Τὴν δύσκωφον γραίαν, Ὄνησιμε, πρὸς Διὸς, ἔξω ἔκβαλε· πολλὰ λίθν πράγματά μοι παρέχει. ἂν αὐτῇ τυροῦς ἄπαλος εἰπὼμεν ἐνέγκαι, οὐ τυροὺς, πυροὺς δὲ ἔρχετ’ ἔχουσα νέους. πρώην τὴν κεφαλὴν ἑπόνουν, καὶ πήγανον αὐτὴν ἦτον· ἡ δ’ ἐφερεν τήγανον ὡστράκινον. ἀν ἄπων αἰτήσω, δοκον εἰσφέρει ἄν, “Δάχανὸν μοι.” εἰπὼ “δός” πεινῶν, εὐθὺ φέρει λάσανον. ὃς εὰν αἰτῶ, τὸξον φέρει· ἀν δὲ γε τὸξον, ὃς· ὅλως δ’ ὁ λέγω οὐποτ’ ἐπαισθάνεται. αἰσχρὸν τὴς γραὸς με χάριν κύρικα γενέσθαι, καὶ μελετῶν ἔξω, νυκτὸς ἐγειρόμενον.

Eis πῦκτας

75.—ΛΟΤΚΙΔΔΙΟΤ

Οὗτος ο νῦν τοιοῦτος Ὄλυμπικὸς εἴχε, Σεβαστέ, ῥίνα, γένειον, ὄφρυν, ὠτάρια, βλέφαρά· εἰτ’ ἀπογραψάμενος πῦκτης ἀπολύλεκε πάντα, ὡστ’ ἐκ τῶν πατρικῶν μηδὲ λαβεῖν τὸ μέρος· εἰκόνων γὰρ ἄδελφος ἔχων προενήμοχεν αὐτοῦ, καὶ κέκριτ’ ἀλλότριος, μηδὲν ὁμοίον ἔχων.

76.—TOY AYTOY

Ῥύγχος ἔχων τοιοῦτον, Ὄλυμπικέ, μήτ’ ἔπτε κρήνην ἔλθης, μήτ’ ἐνόρα πρὸς τι διανύῃς ὅδωρ. καὶ σὺ γὰρ, ὦς Νάρκισσος, ἴδων τὸ πρόσωπον ἐναργὲς, τεθηκῇ, μισῶν σαυτὸν ἔως θανάτου.
74.—By the Same

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

On Prizefighters (75–81)

75.—LUCILIUS

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

76.—By the Same

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

77.—TOY AYTOY

Εἰκοσέτους σωθέντος Ὠδυσσέος εἰς τὰ πατρῷα ἔγνω τὴν μορφήν Ἄργος ἰδὼν ὁ κύων ἀλλὰ σὺ πυκτεύσας, Στρατοφῶν, ἐπὶ τέσσαρας ὄρας, οὗ κυσὶν ἀγνωστος, τῇ δὲ πόλει γέγονας. ἢν ἦθελης τὸ πρόσωπον ἰδεῖν ἐς ἐσοπτρον ἐαυτοῦ, 5 "Οὐκ εἰμὶ Στρατοφῶν," αὐτὸς ἐρείς ὀμόσας.

78.—TOY AYTOY

Κόσκινον ἢ κεφαλὴ σου, Ἀπολλόφανες, γεγένηται, ἢ τῶν σητοκόπων βιβλαρίων τὰ κάτω, ὄντως μυρμήκων τρυπῆματα λοξὰ καὶ ὀρθά, γράμματα τῶν λυρικῶν Λύδια καὶ Φρύγια. πλὴν ἄφοβως πύκτευε· καὶ ἢν τρωθῆς γὰρ ἀνώθεν, 5 ταῦθ’ ὦ τ’ ἔχεις, ἔχεις· πλείωνα δ’ οὗ δύνασαι.

79.—TOY AYTOY

Πύκτης ἄν κατέλυσε Κλεόμβροτος· εἶτα γαμῆςας ἐνδοὺ ἔχει πληγόν Ἰσθμία καὶ Νέμεα, γραῦν μαχίμην, τύπτουσαν Ὀλύμπια, καὶ τὰ παρ’ αὐτῷ μάλλον ἰδεῖν φρίσσων ἢ ποτὲ τὸ στάδιον. ἂν γὰρ ἀναπνεύσῃ, δέρεται τὰς παντὸς ἀγώνος πληγάς, ὡς ἀποδῷ· κἂν ἀποδῷ, δέρεται. 5

80.—TOY AYTOY

Οἱ συναγωνισταὶ τῶν πυγμάχων ἐνθάδε ἔθηκαν Ἀπιν’ οὐδένα γὰρ πώποτ’ ἐτραυμάτισεν.
THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

77.—By the Same

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

78.—By the Same

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

79.—By the Same

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

80.—By the Same

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

1 i.e. his marital devoir.
81.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Πάσαν δ' ἔσαν Ἠλληνες ἀγωνοθετοῦσιν ἀμιλλαν πυγμῆς, 'Ανδρόλεως πάσαν ἀγωνισάμανν ἔσχον δ' ἐν Πίση μὲν ἐν ωτίον, ἐν δ' Ἐπιμαίαῖσ ἐν βλέφαρον. Πυθοὶ δ' ἀπνοοὶ ἐκφέρομαι. Δαμοτέλης δ' ὁ πατήρ καρύσσετο σὺν πολυήταις 5 ἀγαὶ μὲ σταδίων ἢ νεκρῶν ἢ κολοβῶν.

Eis δρομέας

82.—ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΤ
Πέντε μετ' ἀλλων Χάρμος ἐν Ἀρκαδίᾳ δολιχεύων, θαύμα μὲν, ἀλλ' ὑπερ έβδομος ἐξέπεσεν. "Εξ ἄνων," τάχ' ἔρεις, "πῶς ἐβδομος"; εἰς φίλος αὐτοῦ,
"Θάρσει, Χάρμε" λέγων, ἤθεν ἐν ἰματίῳ ἐβδομος οὐν οὕτω παραγίνεται· εἰ δ' ἔτι πέντε εἰχε φίλους, ἤλθ' ἀν, Ζωήλε, δωδέκατος.

83.—ΔΟΤΚΙΛΛΙΟΤ
Τὸν σταδὶ πρῶθν Ἐρασίστρατον ἡ μεγάλη γη, πάντων σειομένων, οὐκ ἐσάλευσε μόνον.

84.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Οὔτε τάχυον ἐμοῖ τις ἐν ἄντιπάλοισιν ἐπιπτεν, οὔτε βράδιον ὅλως ἔδραμε τὸ στάδιον· δίσκῳ μὲν γὰρ ὅλως οὐδ' ἤγγισα, τοὺς δὲ πόδας μου ἐξάραι πηδῶν ἵσχυνον οὐδέποτε· κυλλὸς δ' ἥκοντιξεν ἀμείνους· πέντε δ' ἀπ' ἄθλοι 5 πρῶτος έκηρύχθην πεντετριαξόμενος.

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

81.—By the Same

I, Androleos, took part in every boxing contest that the Greeks preside over, every single one. At Pisa I saved one ear, and in Plataea one eyelid, but at Delphi I was carried out insensible. Damoteles, my father, and my fellow-townsmen had been summoned by herald¹ to bear me out of the stadion either dead or mutilated.

On Runners (82–86)

82.—Nicarchus

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

83.—Lucilius

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

84.—By the Same

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

³ He pretends that this athlete had entered for the pentathlon, which consisted of wrestling, running, quoit throwing, jumping, and throwing the javelin.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

85.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Νύκτα μέσην ἐποίησε τρέχων ποτὲ Μάρκος ὀπλήτης, ὡστ' ἀποκλεισθῆναι πάντοθε τὸ στάδιον.
oi γὰρ δημόσιοι κεῖσθαι τινα πάντες ἔδοξαν ὀπλήτην τιμῆς εἶνεκα τῶν λιθῶν.
καὶ τί γὰρ; εἰς ὃρας ἡμοίγητο· καὶ τότε Μάρκος ἦλθε, προσελλεῖτον τῷ σταδίῳ στάδιον.

86.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Τὸ στάδιον Περικλῆς εἶτ' ἔδραμεν, εἶτ' ἐκάθητο, 
οὐδεὶς οἴδεν ὅλως· δαιμόνιος βραδυτῆς.
ὁ ψόφος ἦν ὑσπληγγος ἐν οὐασί, καὶ στεφανοῦτο ἄλλος, καὶ Περικλῆς δάκτυλον οὐ προέβη.

87.—ΔΟΤΚΙΛΙΙΟΤ

Τιμόμαχοι τὸν μακρὸν ὁ πεντόργυιος ἐχώρει 
οἴκος, ὑπὲρ γαίῆς πάντοτε κεκλιμένουν
στῆναι δ' εἰ ποτ' ἔχρηζεν, ἕδει τοὺς παῖδας ἀπ' ὁδήγου τὴν ὄροφῃν τρήσαι πέντε' ἐπὶ πέντε πόδας.

88.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τὴν μικρὴν παίζουσαν Ἑρώτιον ἡπτασε κώνωψ· 
ἡ δὲ. "Τί," φησί· "πάθω; Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἡ μ' ἐθέλεις";

89.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ.

Ὀ βραχὺς Ὑμογένης, ὅταν ἐκβάλῃ εἰς τὸ χαμαί τι, 
ἐλκει πρὸς τὰ κάτω τούτο δορυδρεπάνω.

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

85.—By the Same

Marcus once running in armour, went on until it was midnight, so that the course was closed on all sides; for the public servants all thought that he was one of the honorary stone statues of men in armour set up there. What happened? Why next year they opened, and Marcus came in, but a whole stadion\(^1\) behind.

86.—Anonymous

No one knows if Pericles ran or sat in the stadion race. Marvelous slowness! "The noise of the barrier's fall was in our ears\(^2\)" and another was receiving the crown and Pericles had not advanced an inch.

Chiefly on Defects of Stature (87–111)

87.—Lucilius

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

88.—By the Same

A gnat carried off little Erotion as she was playing. "What is going to happen to me?" she said, "Dost thou want me, father Zeus?" \(^3\)

89.—By the Same

Short Hermogenes when he lets anything fall on the ground pulls it down with a halberd.\(^4\)

\(^1\) Alluding to the story of Ganymede, who was carried off by an eagle to serve Zeus.
\(^2\) An absurd hyperbole. Even things on the ground are too high for him to get at.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

90.—TOY AYTOY
Τὸ πατρὶ θυμωθεῖς, Διονύσιε, Μάρκος ὁ μικρὸς, πυρῆνα στῆσας, αὐτὸν ἀπηγχώνισεν.

91.—TOY AYTOY
Ἐν καλάμῳ πῆξας ἀθέρα Στρατονικὸς ὁ λεπτὸς, καὶ τριχὸς ἐκδήσας, αὐτὸν ἀπηγχώνισεν· καὶ τὶ γάρ; οὐχὶ κάτω βρίσεν βαρὺς; ἀλλ᾿ ὑπὲρ αὐτῶν, νηνεμίας οὖσης, νεκρὸς ἀνὸ πέταται.

92.—TOY AYTOY
Γάιος ἐκπνεύσας τὸ πανύστατον ἔχθες ὁ λεπτὸς εἰς τὴν ἐκκομμῆν οὐδὲν ἀφῆκεν ὅλως· καὶ πέρας εἰς αἰδὴν καταβὰς ὀλόσπερ ὅτε ἔζη, τῶν ὑπὸ γῆν σκελετῶν λεπτότατος πέταται. τὴν δὲ κενὴν κλώνην οἱ φράτορες ἔραν ἐν’ ὁμών, ἐγγραφαίνεις ἀνὸ· “Γάιος ἐκφέρεται.”

93.—TOY AYTOY
Τῶν Ἑπικουρείων ἀτόμων ποτὲ Μάρκος ὁ λεπτὸς, τῇ κεφαλῇ τρῆσας, εἰς τὸ μέσον διέβη.

94.—TOY AYTOY
Σαλπίζων ἐπνεύσεν ὃσον βραχὺ Μάρκος ὁ λεπτὸς, καὶ κατὰ τῆς κεφαλῆς ὀρθὸς ἀπῆλθε κάτω.

95.—TOY AYTOY
Τὸν μικρὸν Μάκρωνα θέρους κοιμώμενον εὑρὼν εἰς τρώγλην μικρὸς τοῦ ποδὸς εἶλκυσε μῦς. ἐς δὲ ἐν τῇ τρώγλῃ ψιλὸς τὸν μῦν ἀποτυχίας, “Zeû πάτερ,” εἶπεν, “ἔχεις δεύτερον Ἡρακλέα.”
THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

90.—By the Same

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

91.—By the Same

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

92.—By the Same

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

93.—By the Same

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

94.—By the Same

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

95.—By the Same

A small mouse finding little Macron asleep one summer's day dragged him into its hole by his foot. But he in the hole, though unarmed, strangled the mouse and said, "Father Zeus, thou hast a second Heracles."
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

96.—NIKARXOT

'Αρκάδας οὖχ οὖτω Στυμφαλίδες, ώς ἐμὲ κίχλαι
αἱ νέκυες ξηροῖς ἤκαχον ὀσταρίοις,
"Αρτοίναι, δραχμῆς ξηρῆ δεκάς. ὦ ἐλεειναὶ
λειμώνων ἐτύμως, ἔρρετε, νυκτερίδες.

97.—AMMIANOT

Τῷ Στρατονικείῳ πόλιν ἅλλην οἰκοδομεῖτε,
ἤ τούτοις ἅλλην οἰκοδομεῖτε πόλιν.

98.—TOY AYTOY

'Εστω μητρόπολις πρῶτον πόλις, εἶτα λεγέσθω
μητρόπολις· μὴ νῦν, ἡμῖκα μηδὲ πόλις.

99.—ΛΟΤΚΙΛΙΟΤ

Τὸν λεπτὸν φυσῶντα τὸ πῦρ Πρόκλου ἤρεν ὁ καπνὸς,
καὶ διὰ τῶν θυρίδων ἔθηκεν ἀπῆλθεν ἤχων.
ἀλλὰ μόλις νεφέλη προσενήκατο, καὶ δὴ ἐκεῖνης
προσκατέβη τρωθεὶς μυρία ταῖς ἀτόμοις.

100.—TOY AYTOY

Οὐτώ κοινότατος πέλε Γαίος, ὅστ' ἐκολύμβα
τοῦ ποδὸς ἐκκρεμάσας ἢ λίθον ἢ µόλιβδον.

101.—TOY AYTOY

Ῥιπίζων ἐν ὑπνοῖς Δημήτριος 'Αρτεμιδώραν
τὴν λεπτήν, ἐκ τοῦ δώματος ἐξέβαλεν.

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

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96.—NICARCHUS

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

97.—AMMIANUS

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

98.—BY THE SAME

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

99.—LUCILIUS

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

100.—BY THE SAME

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

101.—BY THE SAME

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

² i.e. the flat roof on which people sleep in the East.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

102.—AMMIANOT, oĩ dê NIKAPХΟΤ

'Εξαίρων ποτ' ἀκαθαν ὁ λεπτακινός Διόδωρος αὐτὸς ἐτρύψησεν τῷ ποδὶ τῆς βελόνης.

103.—ΛΟΤΚΙΛΛΙΟΤ

'Εξ ἀτόμων Ἑπίκουρος ὄλον τὸν κόσμου ἔγραψεν εἶναι, τοῦτο δοκῶν, Ἀλκίμε, λεπτότατον. εἰ δὲ τὸ τ Ἰοφαντός, ἔγραψεν ἀν ἐκ Διοφάντου, τοῦ καὶ τῶν ἀτόμων πουλύ τι λεπτότέρου, ἢ τὰ μὲν ἄλλʼ ἔγραψι συνεστάναι εξ ἀτόμων ἀν, 5 ἐκ τούτου δὲ αὐτᾶς, Ἀλκίμε, τᾶς ἀτόμους.

104.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ


105.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τὸν μέγαν ἐξίτους Εὐμήκιον. ὡς δʼ ἐκάθευδεν μικρὸ ὑπʼ ὄξυβάφῳ τὰς χέρας ἐκτανύσας.

106.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

'Ἀρθεὶς ἐξ αὐρης λεπτῆς ἐποτάτο δι' αἰθρῆς Χαιρήμων, ἀχύρου πολλῶν ἐλαφρότερος.
THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

102.—AMMIANUS OR NICARCHUS

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

103.—LUCILIUS

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

104.—BY THE SAME

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

105.—BY THE SAME

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

106.—BY THE SAME

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

¹ i.e. instead of piercing his foot with the needle.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

καὶ τάχ’ ἀν ἐρροϊζητο δι’ αἰθέρος, εἰ μὴ ἀράχνη
tous πόδας ἐμπλεχθεῖς ὑπτίοις ἐκρέματο.
αὐτοῦ δὴ νύκτας τε καὶ ἧματα πέντε κρέμασθεὶς
ἐκταῖος κατέβη νήματι τῆς ἀράχνης.

107.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Αἰγείρου φύλλῳ πεφορημένῳ ἔξ ἀνέμου
πληγεῖς Χαιρήμων ὑπτίοις ἐξετάθη.
κεῖται δ’ ἢ Τιτυῷ ἐναλίγκιος, ἢ πάλι κάμπῃ,
ἀπλώσας κατὰ γῆς σῶμα τὸ καννάβινον.

108.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Κόνων δίπηχυς, ἢ γυνὴ δὲ τεσσάρων
ἐν τῇ κλίνῃ δὲ τῶν ποδῶν ἰσομένων,
σκόπει Κόνωνος ποῦ τὸ χείλος ἐρχεται.

109.—ΑΛΔΟ

Οὐδ’ ἐπικύψαι ἔχει Δημήτριος οὕδεν ὁ μικρός·
ἀλλ’ ἐρριπταί χαμαι πάντοτ’ ἐπαιρόμενος.

110.—ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΤ

Τρεῖς λεπτοὶ πρόφην περὶ λεπτοσύνης ἐμάχοντο,
tis προκριθεῖς εἰς λεπτεπιλεπτότερος.
δὲν ὁ μὲν εἰς, Ἐρμων, μεγάλῃ ἐνεδεῖξατο τέχνην,
καὶ διέδυ ραφίδος τρῆμα, λίνον κατέχων.
Δημᾶς δ’ ἐκ τρόγυλης βαίνων ἐς ἀράχνιον ἔστῃ,
ἡ δ’ ἀράχνη νήθουσ’ αὐτῶν ἀπεκρέμασεν.
Σωσίπατρος δ’ ἐβόθησεν: ‘‘Ἐμὲ στεφανῶσατ· ἐγὼ
γὰρ
ei βλέπομ’, ἦττημαι· πνεῦμα γὰρ εἰμι μόνου.’’
THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

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

107.—By the Same

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

108.—Anonymous

(By some attributed to Julian the Apostate)

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

109.—Anonymous

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

110.—Nicarchus

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

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

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111. <TOY AYTOY>

Βουλόμενος ποθ’ ὁ λεπτὸς ἀπάγχασθαι Διόφαντος,

νήμα λαβὼν ἀράχνης αὐτὸν ἀπηγχόνισεν.

Εἰς ἰατροῦς

112.—TOY AYTOY

Πρὶν σ’ ἐναλείψασθαι, Δημόστρατε, “Χαίρ’, ἱερὸν

 φῶς,”

εἰπὲ τάλας: οὕτως εὐσκοπός ἔστι Δίων.

οὐ μόνον ἐξετύφλωσεν Ὁλυμπικόν, ἀλλά δι’ αὐτοῦ

ἐικόνας ἢς εἶχεν τὰ βλέφαρ’ ἐξέβαλεν.

113.—TOY AYTOY

Τοῦ λιθίνου Διὸς ἕχθες ὁ κλινικὸς ἤψατο Μάρκος:

καὶ λίθος ὄν καὶ Ζεὺς, σήμερον ἐκφέρεται.

114.—TOY AYTOY

Ἐρμογένην τὸν ἰατρὸν ὁ ἀστρολόγος Διόφαντος

eἰπε μόνους ξοῆς ἐννέα μῆνας ἔχειν.

κάκεινων γελάσας, “Τί μὲν ὁ Κρόνος ἐννέα μηνῶν,”

φησί, “λέγει, σὺ νόει: τὰμὰ δὲ σύντομα σοι.”

eἰπε, καὶ ἐκτείνας μόνον ἢψατο· καὶ Διόφαντος

ἀλλον ἀπελπίζων, αὐτὸς ἀπεσκάρισεν.

cp. Ausonius, Ep. 73.

115.—TOY AYTOY

“Ἡν τῶν ἔχεις ἔχθρόν, Διονύσιε, μὴ καταράσῃ

τὴν Ἰσιν τοῦτῳ, μηδὲ τὸν Ἀρτοκράτην,

μηδ’ εἰ τις τυφλοὺς ποιεῖ θεός, ἀλλὰ Σίμωνα·

καὶ γνώση, τὸ θεός, καὶ τὸ Σίμων δύναται.

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111.—By the Same

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

On Physicians (112–126)

112.—By the Same

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

113.—By the Same

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

114.—By the Same

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

115.—By the Same

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

116.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Είς Ἀίδος κατέπεμψε πάλαι ποτὲ, δέσποτα Καίσαρ, ὡς λόγος, Εὐρυσθεύς τὸν μέγαν Ἡρακλέα· νῦν δ’ ἐμὲ Μηνοφάνης ὁ κλεινικός· ὥστε λεγέσθω κλεινικός Εὐρυσθεύς, μηκέτι Μηνοφάνης.

117.—ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ
Ἰητρὸς Καπίτων Χρύσην ἐνέχρισεν, ὅρωντα ὅκτω μὲν μακρὸν πῦργον ἀπὸ σταδίων, ἀνδρα δ’ ἀπὸ σταδίου, διὰ δώδεκα δ’ ὥρτυνα πηχῶν, φθείρα δ’ ἀπὸ σπιθαμῶν καὶ δύο δερκόμενον. νῦν δ’ ἀπὸ μὲν σταδίου πόλιν οὐ βλέπει, ἐκ δὲ δι- πλέθρου καλόμενον κατιδεῖν τὸν φάρον οὔ δύναται. ἵππον ἀπὸ σπιθαμίης δὲ μόλις βλέπει, ἀντὶ δὲ τοῦ πρὶν ὥρτυγος οὐδὲ μέγαν στρούθων ἰδεῖν δύναται. ἄν δὲ προσεγχρίσας αὐτὸν φθάσῃ, οὐδ’ ἐλέφαντα οὐκέτι μήποτ’ ἴδη πλησίον ἐσταότα.

118.—ΚΑΛΛΙΚΤΗΡΟΣ
Οὐν’ ἐκλυσεν Φείδων μ’, οὐθ’ ἡγατο’ ἄλλα πυρέξιας ἐμνήσθην αὐτοῦ τούνομα, καπέθανον.

119.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Ἱητρὸς τὴν γραῖν εἶτ’ ἐκλυσεν, εἰτ’ ἀπέπνιξεν, οὐδεὶς γνώσκει· δαίμόνιον τὸ τάχος. ὁ ψόφος ἢν κλιστήρος ἐν οὐάσι, καὶ στεφανοῦτο ἡ σορός, οἱ δ’ ἄλλοι τῶν φακῶν ἐντρέπισαν.
THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

116.—BY THE SAME

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

117.—STRATO

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

118.—CALLICTER

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

119.—BY THE SAME

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

¹ cp. No. 86 which this parodies. ² A funeral dish.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

120.—TOY AYTOY

'Ορθώσαι τὸν κυρτὸν ὑποσχόμενος Διόδωρον
Σωκλῆς τετραπέδους τρεῖς ἐπέθηκε λίθους
τοῦ κυρτοῦ στυβαροὺς ἐπὶ τὴν ράχιν. ἄλλα πισθεῖς
τέθηκεν, γέγονεν δ' ὀρθότερος κανόνος.

121.—TOY AYTOY

Χειρουργῶν ἔσφαξεν 'Ακεστορίδην 'Αγέλαιος.
"Ζῶν γὰρ χωλεύειν," φησίν, "ἔμελλε τάλας."

122.—TOY AYTOY

Πέντ' ἵπτος 'Αλεξίς ἀμ' ἐκλυσε, πέντ' ἐκάθηρε,
πέντ' ἱδεν ἀρρόστους, πέντ' ἐνέχρισε πάλιν.
καὶ τάσιν μία νῦξ, ἐν φάρμακον, εἰς σοροήγος,
εἰς τάφος, εἰς Ἄθης, εἰς κοπετὸς γέγονεν.

123.—HΔΤΛΟΤ

'Αγις 'Αρισταγόρην οὔτ' ἐκλυσεν, οὔτ' ἔθυγ' αὐτοῦ·
ἄλλ' ὄσον εἰσῆλθεν, κῶχετ' 'Αρισταγόρης.
ποὺ τοῖν ἀκόντος ἔχει φύσιν; ὁ σοροήγοι, 'Αγις καὶ μήτραις βάλλετε καὶ στεφάνοις.

124.—NIKARXOT

a. Ἐείνε, τί μὰν πεύθη; β. Τίνες ἐν χθονί τοῖσ' ὑπὸ τύμβοις;
a. Οὐς γλυκεροῦ φέγγους Ζώπυρος ἐστέρισεν,

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THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

120.—By the Same

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

121.—By the Same

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

122.—By the Same

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

123.—Hedylus

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

124.—Nicarchus

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

Δάμις, Ἀριστοτέλης, Δημήτριος, Ἀρκεσίλαος,
Σώστρατος, οί τ’ ὀπίσω μέχρι Παραιτονίου.
κηρύκιον γὰρ ἔχων ἕμπυνον, καὶ πλαστὰ πέδηλα, 5
ὡς Ἔρμης, κατάγει τοὺς θεραπευομένους.

125.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Ἰητρὸς Κρατέας καὶ Δάμων ἐνταφιαστῆς
κοινῆν ἀλλήλων θέντο συνωμοσίην.
καὶ ρ’ ὥ μεν οὐς κλέπτεσκεν ἀπ’ ἐνταφίων τελαμώνας
eil ἐπίδεσμευεν πέμπτε φίλῳ Κρατέας:
tὸν δ’ ἀπαμειβόμενος Κρατέας εἰς ἐνταφιάζειν 5
πέμπτεν ὅλους αὐτῷ τοὺς θεραπευομένους.

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

126.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Οὗ μήλη, τριώδοντι δ’ ἐνθλειψεν με Χαρίνος,
σπόγγον ἕχων καίνον τῶν γραφικῶν πινάκων.
τὴν μήλην δ’ ἔλκων, ἐξέσπασε τὸ βλέφαρόν μου
ριζάθεν· ἡ μήλη δ’ ἐνδον ἐμεινεν ὅλη.
ἀν δὲ δὴς ἐγχρίσῃ με, πονῶν πάλιν οὐκ ἐνοχλήσω
ὀφθαλμούς αὐτῷ· πῶς γὰρ ὁ μηκέτ’ ἔχων;

Εἰς ποιητὰς

127.—ΠΟΛΛΙΑΝΟΤ

Εἰσὶ καὶ ἐν Μούσησιν Ἑρμύς, α’ σε ποιοῦσιν
ποιητὴν, ἀνθ’ οὐν πολλὰ γράφεις ἀκρίτως.
τοῖνυν, σοῦ δέομαι, γράφε πλείονα· μείζονα γάρ σοι
εὐξασθαι ταύτης οὐ δύναμαι μανίαν.

1 On the Egyptian coast a considerable distance west of Alexandria. The cemetery of Alexandria did not of course extend so far.

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THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

light, Damis, Aristoteles, Demetrius, Arcesilaus, Sostatus, and the next ones so far as Paraetonium. For with a wooden herald's staff and counterfeit sandals, like Hermes, he leads down his patients to Hell.

125.—Anonymous

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

126.—Anonymous

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

On Poets (127–137)

127.—Pollianus

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

2 Attributes of Hermes Psychopompus; but there is some point here which eludes us.
128.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἴ μὴ χαίρω, Φλώρε, γενοίμην δάκτυλος ή πούς
εἰς τῶν σῶν τούτων τῶν κατατεινομένων.
χαίρω, νὴ τὸν κλήρον, δὴ εὐκλήρησας ἐν ἄθλοις,
ὡς περὶ χοιρείας τοῦ στεφάνου μερίδος.
τούγαρθάρσεί, Φλώρε, καὶ εὐθύμος πάλι γίνον·
οὕτω νικῆσαι καὶ δόλιχον δύνασαι.

129.—ΚΕΡΕΑΛΙΟΤ

Ποιήσης ἐλθὼν εἰς Ἰσθμία πρὸς τὸν ἀγώνα,
εὐρών ποιητάς, εἰπὲ παρίσθμι' ἐχειν.
μέλλει δ' ἐξόρμαν εἰς Πύθια· καὶ πάλιν εὐρή,
εἰπεῖν οὐ δύναται, "Καὶ παραπύθη' ἐχώ."

130.—ΠΩΛΙΑΝΟΤ

Τοὺς κυκλίους τούτους, τοὺς αὐτὰρ ἐπείτα λέγοντας,
μυσῶ, λωποδύτας ἄλλοτρίων ἔπεων.
καὶ διὰ τοῦτ' ἔλεγοις προσέχω πλέον· οὐδὲν ἐχω γὰρ
Παρθενίου κλέπτειν ἢ πάλι Καλλιμάχου.
θερὶ μὲν οὐατόειν γενοίμην, εἰ ποτὲ γράψω,
ἐξεκέλος, ἐκ ποταμῶν χλωρὰ χελιδόνια.
οἱ δ' οὕτως τὸν Ὀμηρον ἀναιδὸς λωποδυτούσιν,
ὅστε γράφειν ἡδὴ μὴν ἐκεῖδε, θεά.

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

128.—BY THE SAME

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

129.—CEREALIUS

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

130.—POLLIANUS

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

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2 Contemporary writers of epic poems.

4 So Callimachus calls a donkey.

6 Probably a quotation from Parthenius. He like Callimachus, wrote elegies.

6 i.e. the very first words of his poem.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

131.—ΛΟΤΚΙΛΛΙΟΤ
Οὔτ’ ἐπὶ Δευκαλίωνος ὕδωρ, ὥτε πάντ’ ἐγενήθη, ὡς’ ὁ καταπρήσας τοὺς ἐπὶ γῆς Φαέθων,
ἀνθρώπους ἔκτεινεν ὡςον Ποτάμων ὁ ποιητής,
καὶ χειρουργήσας ὤλεσεν Ἕρμογένης.
ὡς’ ἐξ αἰώνος κακὰ τέσσαρα ταῦτ’ ἐγενήθη,
Δευκαλίων, Φαέθων, Ἕρμογένης, Ποτάμων.

132.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Μισῶ, δέσποτα Καίσαρ, ὅσοις νέος οὐδέποτ’ οὐδεὶς
郤ρεσε, καὶ εἰπή, μὴν ἔρει δὲ θεά,
ἀλλ’ ἂν μὴ Πριάμου τῆς ἕχη χρόνον ἡμιφάλακρος,
καὶ κυρτός ἄγαν, οὐ δύνατ’ ἄλφα γράφειν.
εἰ δ’ ὅντως οὕτως τοῦτ’ ἐστ’ ἔχον, ὡς ὑπάτε Ζεῦ,
εἰς τοὺς κηλήτας ἔρχεται ἡ σοφία.

133.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Τέθυκ’ Ἕβυτυχίδης ὁ μελογράφος. οἱ κατὰ γαῖαν
φεύγετ’ ἔχουν φῶδας ἐρχεται Ἕβυτυχίδης.
καὶ κυθάρασ αὐτῷ διετάξατο συγκατακαῦδαι
δώδεκα, καὶ κύπτας εἰκοσιπέντε νόμων.
νῦν ὦμιν ὁ Χάρων ἐπελήλυθε ποῦ τις ἀπέλθη
λοιπόν, ἐσεὶ χάδην Ἕβυτυχίδης κατέχει;

134.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
’Αρχόμεθ’, Ἡμιόδωρε; ποιήματα παίζομεν οὕτω
ταῦτα πρὸς ἀλλήλους; Ἡμιόδωρε, θέλεις;
ἀσσον ἦθ’, ὡς κεν θάσσον ὀλέθρου . . . καὶ γὰρ ἔμ’
ὄψει,
μακροφλυναρητήν Ἡμιοδωρότερον.
THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

131.—LUCILIUS

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

132.—BY THE SAME

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

133.—BY THE SAME

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

134.—BY THE SAME

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

¹ From Iliad vi. 143.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

135.—TOY AYTOY

Μηκέτι, μηκέτι, Μάρκε, τὸ παιδίον, ἄλλη ἐμὲ κόπτου
τὸν πολὺ τοῦ παρὰ σοι νεκρότερον τεκνίου.
eἰς ἐμὲ νῦν ἐλέγουσι πολεὶ πάλιν, εἰς ἐμὲ θρήνους,
δήμε, τὸν στιχίνῳ σφαξόμενον θανάτῳ.
τοῦ σοῦ γάρ πάσχω νεκροῦ χάριν, οδα πάθοιεν
οἱ καταδείξαντες βιβλία καὶ καλάμους.

136.—TOY AYTOY

Οὐχ οὖτω κακοεργὸν ἔχαλκεύσαντο μάχαιραν
ἀνθρωποι, διὰ τᾶς ἐξαπίνης ἐνέδρας,
οἷον ἀκήρυκτον, Καλλιστράτης, καὶ σὺ προσελθὼν
ποιεῖς μοι φοιμικῶν ἐξαμέτρων πόλεμον.
σάλπυγδον ταχέως ἀνακλητικῶν εἰς ἀνοχαὶ γάρ
καὶ Πρίαμος κλαύσας ἡμερίων ἔτυχεν.

137.—TOY AYTOY

Ὡμοβοεῖον μοι παραθείς τόμον, Ἡλιόδωρε,
καὶ τρία μοι κεράσας ὁμοβοειότερα,
εὔθυ κατακλύζεις επιγράμμασιν. εἰ δ’ ἀσεβῆς
βεβρώκειν τινὰ βοῦν τῶν ἀπὸ Τρινακρίας,
βοῦλομ’ ἀπαξ πρὸς κύμα χανεῖν ... εἰ δ’ ἐστὶ τὸ
κύμα
ἐνθε μακρὰν, ἀρας εἰς τὸ φρέαρ με βάλε.

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

135.—BY THE SAME

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

136.—BY THE SAME

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

137.—BY THE SAME

You serve me a slice of raw beef, Heliodorus, and pour me out three cups of wine rawer than the beef, and then you wash me out at once with epigrams. If sinning against heaven I have eaten one of the oxen from Trinacria, I would like to gulp down the sea at once³—but if the sea is too far from here, take me up and throw me into a well.

³ To drown like the companions of Ulysses in punishment for eating the oxen of the Sun in the island Trinacria.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

Εἰς γραμματικοὺς

138.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

"Ἀν τοῦ γραμματικοῦ μνησθῶ μόνον Ἡλιοδώρου, εὐθὺ σολοκιξῶν τὸ στόμα μου δέδεται.

139.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Γραμματικὸν Ζηνωνίς ἔχει πώγωνα Μένανδρου, τὸν δ’ ύιὸν τούτῳ φησὶ συνεστακέναι. τὰς νύκτας δ’ αὐτῇ μελετῶν ὦ παύεται οὕτος πτώσεις, συνδέσμους, σχῆματα, συζυγίας.

140.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τούτοις τοῖς παρὰ δεῖπνων ἀοιδομάχους λογολέσχαις, τοῖς ἀπ’ Ἀριστάρχου γραμματολικριφίσιν, οἷς οὐ σκῶμμα λέγειν, οὐ πείν φίλον, ἀλλ’ ἀνάκενται νηπτυευόμενοι Νέστορι καὶ Πριάμῳ, μὴ με βάλης κατὰ λέξιν ἔλωρ καὶ κύρμα γενέσθαι. σήμερον οὐ δείπνῶ μὴν ἵνα ἀειδεθεά.

Εἰς ῥήτορας

141.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Χοιρίδιον καὶ βοῦν ἀπολώλεικα, καὶ μίαν αἴγα, δὲν χάριν εἰληφας μισθάριον, Μενέκλεις.

1 cp. No. 148 below. 2 Literally "falls." 3 Quoted from Odyssey iii. 271.
THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

On Grammarians (138–140)

138.—By the Same

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

139.—By the Same

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

140.—By the Same

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

On Rhetors (141–152)

141.—By the Same ⁴

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

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

"οὔτε δὲ μοι κοινόν τι πρὸς Ὄθρυνάδαν γεγένηται,
oú't āptáγω κλέπτας τους ἀπὸ Θερμοπυλῶν ἀλλὰ πρὸς Εὐνυχίδην ἔχομεν κρίσιν δῶστε τί ποιεῖ εὔθαδε μοι Ἐρέξης καὶ Λακεδαιμόνιοι;

πλὴν κάμοι μνήσθητι νόμου χάριν, ἡ μέγα κράξω.

""Ἀλλα λέγει Μενεκλῆς, ἀλλὰ τὸ χοιρίδιον."

142.—TOY AYTOY


143.—TOY AYTOY

Οὐ δέχεται Μάρκον τὸν ῥήτορα νεκρὸν ὁ Πλοῦτων, εἶπὼν, "Ἀρκεῖω Κέρβερος ὅδε κύων. εἰ δ’ ἐθέλεις πάντως, Ἦξιοι καὶ Μελίτωνι τῷ μελοποιητῇ, καὶ Τιτυφ μελέτα. οὐδὲν γὰρ σοῦ χείρον ἐχὼ κακόν, ἀχρίς δὲν ἑλθὼν οὔδε σολοικίζῃ Ῥοῦφος ὁ γραμματικός.”

144.—ΚΕΡΕΑΛΙΟΤ

Οὔ τὸ λέγειν παράσημα καὶ Ἄττικὰ ρήματα πέντε, εὐξῆλος ἐστίν καὶ φρονίμως μελετᾶν.

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

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

142.—BY THE SAME

After having studied "Far be it," and sphin² and thrice in each period, "Gentlemen of the jury," and "Here, usher, repeat the law for me," and "This way," and "I put it to you," and "two score," and "certain alleged," and indeed "By heaven," and "'Sdeath," Crito is an orator and teaches numbers of children, and to these phrases he will add gru³ phathii,² and min.²

143.—BY THE SAME

Pluto will not receive the rhetor Marcus when dead, saying, "Let our one dog Cerberus be enough here; but if thou wilt come in at any cost, declaim to Ixion, Melito⁴ the lyric poet, and Tityus. For I have no evil worse than thee, until the day when Rufus the gramian shall come here with his solecisms."

144.—CEREALIUS

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

² Obsolete forms.
³ ἄνια, γρῦ, "not a word," used by Demosthenes.
⁴ See No. 246.
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οὐδὲ γὰρ εἶ “κάρκαιρε,” ὧν καὶ εἴ “κοναβεῖ” τὸ τε
“σίζει”
καὶ “κελάρυζε” λέγεις, εὕθως ὁ Ὄμηρος ἔση.
νῦν ὑποκείσθαι δεῖ τοῖς γράμμασι, καὶ φράσιν
αὐτῶν
ἐίναι κοινοτέραν, ὥστε νοεῖν ὃ λέγεις.

145.—ἈΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἰκὼν ἡ Σέξστος μελετᾶ, Σέξστος δὲ σιωπᾶ.
εἰκὼν ἦν ῥήτωρ, ὁ δὲ ῥήτωρ εἰκόνος εἰκὼν.

146.—ΑΜΜΙΑΝΟΤ

‘Επτὰ σολοκίσμους Φλάκκω τῷ ῥήτορι δῶρον
πέμψας, ἀντέλαβον πεντάκι διακοσίους.
καὶ “Νῦν μέν,” φησίν, “τούτους ἄριθμοὶ σοι
ἐπέμψα,
τοῦ λοιποῦ δὲ μέτρῷ, πρὸς Κύπρον ἐρχόμενος.”

147.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

‘Ῥήτωρ ἔξαπτνήσ Ἀσιατικὸς’ οὐδὲν ἄπιστον,
καὶ τοῦτ’ ἐν Θῆβαις νῦν γέγονεν τὸ τέρας.

148.—ΛΟΤΚΙΛΛΙΟΤ

Μηδὲ λαλῶν πρώην ἐσολοίκισε Φλάκκος ὁ ῥήτωρ,
καὶ μέλλων χαίνειν, εὕθως ἑβαρβάρισεν,
καὶ τῇ χείρι τὰ λοιπὰ σολοκίζει διανεὺσιν,
κάγω ὃ ἀὐτὸν ἰδὼν—τὸ στόμα μου δέδεται.

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

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

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

145.—ANONYMOUS

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

146.—AMMIANUS

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

147.—BY THE SAME

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

148.—LUCILIUS

Flaccus the rhetor made solecisms the other day without even speaking, and when he was about to yawn at once was guilty of a barbarism, and now goes on making solecisms by signs with his hand, and I, seeing him, am tongue-tied.⁴

³ Where so many marvels had occurred. He was presumably a Theban.
⁴ cp. No. 138, where the same phrase is used. In both cases it means "I dare not open my mouth for fear of making a solecism."
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149.—ΑΔΗΛΩΝ
Αὐτὸν ὄρῳ σὲ, Μέδον, τὸν ῥήτορα. φεῦ, τί τὸ θαύμα;
steiλάμενος συγᾶς· οὗδὲν ὁμοιότερον.

150.—ΑΜΜΙΑΝΟΤ
"'Αρκαδικὸν πῖλον κατ᾽ ἐνύπνιον 'Αρκάδι δῶρον
'Ερμεὴ ῥήτωρ θήκεν 'Αθηναγόρας."
ei μὲν καὶ ῥήτωρ κατ᾽ ἐνύπνιον, οἴσομεν 'Ερμή;
ei δ᾽ ὑπάρ, ἂρκεῖτω. "Θήκεν 'Αθηναγόρας."

151.—ἈΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ
Ῥήτορος ἄδ᾽ εἰκῶν· ὁ δὲ ῥήτωρ, εἰκόνος εἰκῶν.
καὶ πῶς; οὗ λαλεῖ· οὔδέν ὁμοιότερον.

152.—ΑΜΜΙΑΝΟΤ
Εἰ βούλει τὸν παιὸν διδάξαι ῥήτορα, Παῦλε,
ὡς οὕτω πάντες, γράμματα μὴ μαθέτω.

Εἰς φιλοσόφους

153.—ΛΟΤΚΙΛΛΙΟΤ
Εἶναι μὲν Κυνικὸν σὲ, Μενέστρατε, καννυπόδητον,
καὶ ρυγοῦν οὐδεὶς ἀντιλέγει καθόλου.
ἀν δὲ παραρπάξῃ ἄρτους καὶ κλάσματ’ ἀναιδῶς,
καγὼ ράβδον ἔχω, καὶ σὲ λέγουσι κῦνα.

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

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149.—ANONYMOUS

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

150.—AMMIANUS

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

151.—ANONYMOUS

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

152.—AMMIANUS

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

On Philosophers (153–158)

153.—LUCILIUS

No one at all denies, Menestratus, that you are a cynic and bare-footed and that you are shivering. But if you shamelessly steal loaves and broken pieces on the sly, I have a stick, and they call you a dog.³

¹ cp. No. 145.
² i.e. as you are a dog (i.e. a cynic) I will beat you.
154.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Πᾶς ὁς ἄν ἢ πτωχὸς καὶ ἀγράμματος, οὐκέτι ἀλῆθει, ὡς τὸ πρῶτον, οὗτοι αἴρει φορτία μυσθαρίσουν· ἀλλὰ τρέφει πόγωνα, καὶ ἐκ τριόδου ξύλον ἀρας, τῆς ἁρετῆς εἶναι φησίν ὁ πρωτοκύων. Ἐρμοδότου τόδε δόγμα τὸ πάνσοφον· εἰ τις ἀχαλκεῖ, μηκέτι πεινάτω, θείς τὸ χιτωνάριον.

155.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Οὗτος ὁ τῆς ἁρετῆς ἀδάμας βαρύς, οὗτος ὁ πάντη πάσιν ἐπιπλήσον, οὗτος ὁ ῥυμομάχος, καὶ πόγωνα τρέφων, ἐάλω. Τί γὰρ; Ἀπρεπὴς εἴπειν ἀλλ' ἐάλω ποιῶν ἔργα κακοστομάτων.

156.—ΑΜΜΙΑΝΟΤ
Οἷς τὸν πόγωνα φρενῶν ποιητικῶν εἶναι, καὶ διὰ τὸ τοῦτο τρέφεις, φίλτατε, μυσοσάθνη. κείρον ἐμοὶ πεισθεῖς ταχέως· οὗτος γὰρ ὁ πόγων φθειρῶν ποιητῆς, οὕτι φρενῶν γέγονεν.

157.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
"Ο ἡγαθε" καὶ "μῶν οὖν" καὶ "ποί δὴ καὶ πόθεν ὁ τάν" καὶ "θαμά" καὶ "φέρε δὴ" καὶ "κομιδή" καὶ "ἰθί," καὶ στόλιον, μάλιον, πωγώνιον, ὤμον ἕξω, ἐκ τούτων ἣ νῦν εὐδοκιμεῖ σοφία.

1 The cynics went without tunics.
THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

154.—BY THE SAME

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

155.—BY THE SAME

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

156.—AMMIANUS

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

157.—BY THE SAME

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

² He is ridiculing two affectations of the philosophers of his day, the use of archaic forms of speech and that of diminutives. The cynics went bare-shouldered.

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158.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ

Αιάζει πήρη τε, καὶ Ἡράκλειον ἄριστον
βριθὺ Σινωπίτου Διογένεις ροπαλοῦ,
kai τὸ χύδην ῥυπόεντι πίνῳ πεπαλαγμένου ἐσθοσ
διπλάδιον, κρυερῶν ἀντίπαλον νυφάδων,
ὅτι τεοὺς ὁμοίοι μιαίνεται· ἦ γὰρ ο μὲν πο
οὐράνιος, σὺ δ' ἐφυς οὐν σποδιήσε κύων.
ἀλλὰ µέθες, µέθες ὀπλα τὰ µή σέθεν· ἀλλο λεόντων,
ἀλλο γενειητῶν ἔργον ὁραρε τράγων.

Εἰς μάντεις

159.—ΔΟΤΚΙΛΛΙΟΤ

Τῇ πατρί µου τὸν ἀδελφὸν οἱ ἀστρολόγοι μακρό-
γηρουν
πάντες ἐμαυτεύσανθ' ὡς ἄφ' ἐνὸς στόματος·
ἀλλ' Ἐρμοκλείδης αὐτὸν µόνος εἴπε πρόµοιρον
εἴπε δ', ὅτ' αὐτὸν ἔσω νεκρὸν ἐκοπτόµεθα.


160.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Πάντες δοσὶ τὸν Ἁρην καὶ τὸν Κρόνον ὥροθετοῦσιν,
ἀξιοί εἰσιν τυχείν πάντες ἐνὸς τυπάνου.
ὄφομαι οὐ µακρὰν αὐτοὺς τυχὸν εἴδοτας ὄντως
καὶ τί ποιεῖ ταύρος, καὶ τί λέων δύναται.

161.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Πρὸς τὸν µάντιν ὁλυµπὸν Ὄνησίµος ἦλθεν ὁ
πύκτης,
εἰ µέλλει γηρᾶν βουλόμενος προµαθεῖν.
κάκεινος, "Ναι," φησίν, "ἐὰν ἢδη καταλῦσῃς·
ἀν δὲ γε πυκτεύῃς, ὥροθετει σε Κρόνος.”

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158.—ANTIPATER

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

On Prophets (159–164)

159.—LUCILIUS

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

160.—BY THE SAME

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

161.—BY THE SAME

Onesimus the boxer came to the prophet Olympus wishing to learn if he were going to live to old age. And he said, "Yes, if you give up the ring now, but if you go on boxing, Saturn² is your horoscope."

¹ i.e. exposed to beasts in the theatre.
² The most unlucky of the planets.
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162.—NIKARHOTO

Εἰς Ῥόδον εἶ πλεύσει τις Ὄλυμπικῶν ἠλθεν ἐρωτῶν
tὸν μάντιν, καὶ πώς πλεύσεται ἀσφαλέως.
χω μάντις, "Πρῶτον μέν," ἐφη, "καὶ ἤν ἔχε τὴν
ναῦν,
καὶ μὴ χειμῶνος, τοῦ δὲ θέρους ἀνάγου.
τούτῳ γὰρ ἂν ποιήσῃ, ἥξεις κάκεισε καὶ ὄδε,
ἀν μὴ πειρατής ἐν πελάγει σε λάβῃ."

163.—ΛΟΤΚΙΛΙΟΤ

Πρὸς τὸν μάντιν Ὅλυμπον Ὅνησίμος ἥλθ’ ὁ πα-
λαστής,
καὶ πένταθες "Τλας, καὶ σταδίεις Μενεκλῆς,
tις μέλλει νικᾶν αὐτῶν τὸν ἄγωνα θέλοντες
γνώναι. κάκεινος τοῖς ἱεροῖς ἐνιδών,
"Πάντες," ἐφη, "νικάτε, μόνον μὴ τις σὲ παρέλθῃ, 5
καὶ σὲ καταστρέψῃ, καὶ σὲ παρατραχάσῃ."


164.—TOY AYTOY

Εἴπεν ἔληλυθέναι τὸ πεπρωμένου, αὐτὸς ἔαυτοῦ
τὴν γένεσιν διαθεὶς Ἀδός ὁ ἀστρολόγος,
καὶ ξῆσειν ὡρας ἐτὶ τέσσαρας. ὥς δὲ παρῆλθεν
eis pemptēn, καὶ ξῆν εἰδότα μηδὲν ἔδει,
αἰσχυνθέεις Πετόσιριν ἀπῆγγελατο. καὶ μετέωρος
θυήσκει μὲν, θυήσκε 
δ’ οὐδὲν ἐπιστάμενον.

Εἰς μικρολόγονς

165.—TOY AYTOY

Οὐ γηλήχωνι Κρίτων ὁ φιλάργυρος, ἀλλὰ διχάλκφ
αὐτὸν ἀποσφραίνει, θλιβομένου στομάχου.

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162.—NICARCHUS

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

163.—LUCILIUS

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

164.—BY THE SAME

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

On Misers (165–173)

165.—BY THE SAME

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

1 An astrological writer.
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166.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ
Πλουτεῖν φασί σε πάντες, ἐγὼ δὲ σε φημὶ πένεσθαι·
χρήσις γὰρ πλούτου μάρτυς, Ἀπολλόφανες.
ἀν μετέχῃς αὐτῶν σὺ, σὰ γίνεται· ἀν δὲ φυλάττῃς
κληρονόμοις, ἀπὸ νῦν γίνεται ἄλλοτρια.

167.—ΠΩΛΛΙΑΝΟΤ
Χαλκὸν ἔχων, πῶς οὐδὲν ἔχεις μάθε. πάντα δανείζεις·
οὕτως οὐδὲν ἔχεις αὐτός, ἵν’ ἄλλος ἔχῃ.

168.—ΑΝΤΙΦΑΝΟΤΟΣ
Ψηφίζεις, κακόδαιμον· ὁ δὲ χρόνος, ὡς τόκον, οὕτω
καὶ πολλὸν τίκτει γῆρας ἐπερχόμενος·
κοῦτε πικόν, οὕτω ἀνθοῦς ἐπὶ κροτάφους ἀναδήσας,
οὐ μῦρον, οὐ γλαφυρὸν γνοὺς ποτ’ ἐρωμένον,
τεθνήξῃ, πλούτοισαν ἄφεις μεγάλην διαθήκην,
ἐκ πολλῶν ὀβολῶν μοῦνον ἐνεγκάμενος.

169.—ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΤ
Ἐχθὲς ἀπάγχεσθαι μέλλων Δείναρχος ὁ φείδων,
Γλαύκε, δι’ ἐξ χαλκοῦς δύσμορος οὐκ ἔθανεν·
ἐξ χαλκῶν ἦν γὰρ τὸ σχοινίον· ἀλλ’ ἐδυσώνει,
εὖων ξητῶν ἄλλον ἱσως θάνατον.
τούτῳ φιλαργυρίας δεινῆς ὄρος, ὃς γ’ ἀποθυρήσκων,
Γλαύκε, δι’ ἐξ χαλκοῦς δύσμορος οὐκ ἔθανεν.
THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

166.—Anonymous

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

167.—Pollianus

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

168.—Antiphanes.

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

169.—Nicarchus

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

¹ That which it was customary to put in the corpse's mouth.

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170.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Δακρύει Φείδων ὁ φιλάργυρος, οὐχ ὡς θυνήσκει,
ἀλλ’ ὡς πέντε μνών τὴν σορὸν ἐπρίατο.
τούτ’ αὐτῷ χαράσασθε, καὶ, ὡς τότος ἐστὶν ἐν αὐτῇ,
τὸν πολλῶν τεκνῶν ἐν τι προσεμβάλετε.

171.—ΛΟΤΚΙΛΛΙΟΤ

Θυνήσκεών Ἑρμοκράτης ὁ φιλάργυρος ἐν διαθήκαις
αὐτοῦ τῶν ἰδίων ἔγραφε κληρονόμοιον.
ψηφίζων δὲ ἀνέκειτο πόσου δῶσει διεγερθέις
ιττροίς μισθοῦ, καὶ τὰ νοσῶν δαπανάν.
ὡς δ’ εὑρε πλεῖον δραχμῆν μίαν, ἥν διασωθῇ, 5
"Δυσιτελεῖ θυνήσκειν," εἶτε, καὶ ἔξετάθη.
κείται δ’ οὐδὲν ἐχων ὅβολον πλέον· οἱ δὲ τὰ κεῖνον
<χρήματα κληρονόμοι ἠρπασαν ἀσπασίως>.

172.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Γεννηθέν τέκνον κατεπόντισεν Αὔλος ὁ κυιπός,
ψηφίζων αὐτοῦ σωζομένοι δαπάνας.

173.—ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΤ

Εἶ τὸ μὲν ἐκδεδάνεικας, ὅ δὲ ἄριτε δίδως, ὅ δὲ μέλλεις,
οὐδέποτ’ εἶ τοῦ σοῦ κύριος ἄργυρίον.

Εἰς κλέπτας

174.—ΛΟΤΚΙΛΛΙΟΤ

Τὰν ἀναδυνομέναν ἀπὸ ματέρος ἄρτι θαλάσσας
Κύπρων ὀλην χρυσῆν ἐχθὲς ἐκλεψε Δίων

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THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

170.—By the Same

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

171.—Lucilius

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

172.—By the Same

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

173.—Philippus

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

On Thieves (174–184)

174.—Lucilius

Dio yesterday stole Cypris all of gold, just risen from her mother sea, and he also pulled down with
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καὶ χερὶ προσκατέσχεν ὀλοσφύρητον Ἀδωνίν,
καὶ τὸ παρεστηκός μικρὸν Ἐρωτάριον.
αὐτὸι νῦν ἔρεονοι ὅσοι ποτὲ φῶρες ἀριστοῦ.
“Οὔκετί σοι χειρῶν εἰς ἔριν ἔρχόμεθα.”

175.—TOY AYTOY

Τὸν θεὸν αὐτὸν ἐκλεψεν, ὅν ὀρκίζεσθαι ἐμελλεν
Εὐτυχίδης, εἰπὼν: “Οὐ δύναμαι σ’ ὀμόσαι.”

176.—TOY AYTOY

Τὸν πταινὸν Ἔρμᾶν, τὸν θεὸν ὑπηρέταν,
τὸν Ἀρκάδων ἄνακτα, τὸν βοηλάταν,
ἐστώτα τῶν ἡμυμασίων ἐπισκόπον,
ὁ νυκτικλέπτας Ἀδλος εἰπε βαστάσας;
“Πολλοὶ μαθηταὶ κρείσσονες διδασκάλων.”

177.—TOY AYTOY

Τὸν τῶν κλεπτῶντων μανύτορα Φοίβον ἐκλεψεν
Εὐτυχίδης, εἰπὼν, “Μὴ πάνυ πολλὰ λάλεις,
σύγκρινον δὲ τέχνην τέχνη, καὶ χείρεσι χρησμοῦς,
καὶ μάντιν κλέπτη, καὶ θεὸν Ἐὐτυχίδης;
τὸν δ’ ἄχαλινώτων στομάτων χάριν αὐτίκα πραθεῖς, 5
τοῖς ὁμησαμένοις πάν δ’ θέλεις με λέγε.”

178.—TOY AYTOY

Βουκόλε, τὰν ἁγέλαν πόρρω νέμε, μή σε Περικλῆς
ὁ κλέπτης αὐτάς βουσὶ συνεξελάσῃ.

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

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

175.—BY THE SAME

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

176.—BY THE SAME

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

177.—BY THE SAME

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

178.—BY THE SAME

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

¹ I suppose the point is, "I can't well swear by you that
I did not steal you and thus get into trouble with you for
perjury."
179.—TOY AYTOY
Εἰ πόδας εἰχὲ Δίων οὐας χέρας, οὐκέτ᾿ ἃν Ἐρμῆς πτηνὸς ἐν ἀνθρώποις, ἄλλα Δίων ἐκρίθη.

180.—AMMIANOT
Εἶδονς οὐ κρίνει Πολέμων, νώναις κατακρίνεις κἂν δὸς, κἂν μὴ δὸς, ἐστίν ὁ Ἡ Πολέμων.

181.—TOY AYTOY
᾿Ἡδεμεν, Πολέμων, Ἄντώνιον ὄντα σε πᾶντες· ἔξαπινης τρία σοι γράμματα πῶς ἐλατὲν;

182.—DIONTSIOIOT
Χοιρὶ μὲν, οὐκ Ἡδίων δὲ μὲ θυτεῖ· καὶ μὲ καλεῖτε χοιρίδιον, φανερῶς εἰδότες οὐκ Ἡδίων.

183.—ΛΟΤΚΙΛΛΙΟΤ
Τὴν γένεσιν λυποῦντα μαθῶν Κρόνον Ἡλιόδωρος, νύκτωρ ἐκ ναιοῦ χρύσεων ἢρε Κρόνον,
"Τὸς πρῶτος κακοποιῶς ἐλῆλυθε πείρασον," εἰπὼν,
"δὲσποτα, καὶ γνώσιν τῆς τύνος ἐστὶ Κρόνος·
ὅτε δ᾿ ἄλλω κακὰ τεῦχει, ἐφ᾿ ὅσον ἦπατε τεῦχει·
εὐρών μοι τιμήν, πᾶν ἀνάτειλ᾽ ὁ θέλεις."

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

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

180.—AMMIANUS

On the Ides (or "if you give") Polemon does not decide the suit, on the Nones (or "if you say 'No'" ²) he condemns you. Whether you give or don’t give, he is always Polemon.³

181.—By the same

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

182.—DIONYSIUS

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

183.—LUCILIUS

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

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

ʾEk tōn ʾEšpepēlidwv tōn tōv Dīwos ēre Mevīskos, ós tō prīn Ὡρακλέης, χρύσεα μῆλα τρία.
καὶ τὶ γάρ; ós ēalw, γέγονεν μέγα πᾶσι θέαμα,
ós tō prīn Ὡρακλέης ζωὸν κατακαίομενος.

Eis kitharōdous ἀλλὰ μὴν καὶ τραγῳδούς καὶ κωμῳδούς

185.—TOY ĀTOY

ʾΕλλήνων ἀπέλυε πόλιν ποτέ, δέσποτα Καῖσαρ,
eisēlthōn ὁσαι Naūpλion Ἡγέλοχος.
Naūplion Ἐλλήνεσσιν ἀεὶ κακόν ἢ μέγα κύμα
<νησιν ἐπεμβάλλων,> ὣς κιθαρῳδὸν ἔχων.

186.—ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΤ

Νυκτικόραξ ἄδει θανατηφόρον· ἀλλ’ ὅταν ἄση
Δημόφιλος, θυήσκει καῦτος ὁ νυκτικόραξ.

187.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΑ

Σιμύλος ὁ ψάλτης τοὺς γείτονας ἐκτάνεε πάντας
νυκτὸς ὄλης ψάλλων, πλὴν ἐνὸς Ὡριγένους.
καφὸν γὰρ φύσις αὐτὸν ἑθήκατο· τοῦνεκεν αὐτῷ
ζωὴν ἀντ’ ἀκοής δῶκε περισσοτέρην.

188.—ΑΜΜΙΑΝΟΤ

Νικήτης ἄδων τῶν ὡδῶν ἐστὶν Ἁπόλλων.
ἀν δ’ ἰάτρευῃ, τῶν θεραπευομένων.

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

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

On Singers and Actors (185–189)

185.—By the Same

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

186.—Nicarchus

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

187.—Leonidas of Alexandria

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

188.—Ammianus

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

¹ Nauplius caused the destruction of the Greek fleet on its return from Troy by exhibiting deceptive beacons.
² i.e. perdition. The god's name is often interpreted as Destroyer.
³

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189.—ΔΟΤΚΙΛΛΙΟΤ
Πέντ’ ὀβολῶν πέπρακεν Ἀπολλοφάνης ὁ τραγῳδὸς πέντε θεῶν σκευῆς, Ἡρακλέους ῥόπαλον,
Τινιφώνης τὰ φόβητρα, Ποσειδώνος τριόδοντα,
ὁπλον Ἀθηναίης, Ἀρτέμιδος φαρέτρην.
oi δὲ θεοὶ πάρ Ζηνὶ καθήμενοι ἐξεδύθησαν
eis βραχὺ σιταρίου κέρμα καὶ οὐναρίον.

Εἰς κουρέας

190.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Τὸν δασὺν Ἐρμογένην ζητεῖ πόθεν ἄρξεθ’ ὁ κουρεὺς
ekείρειν τὴν κεφαλὴν, ὅνθ’ ὄλον ὡς κεφαλὴν.

191.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
‘Ἀρες Ἀρες βροτολογεῖ, μιαίφονε, παύει, κουρεῦ,
tέμνων: οὐ γὰρ ἔχεις οὐκέτι ποῦ με τεμεῖς:
ἀλλ’ ἢδη μεταβὰς ἐπὶ τῶν μῦς ἤ τα κάτωθεν
tῶν γονάτων, οὗτός τέμνε με, καὶ παρέχω.

νῦν μὲν γὰρ μυιῶν ὁ τόπος γέμει. ἂν δ’ ἐπιμείνης,
5 ὃψει καὶ γυπῶν ἔθνεα καὶ κοράκων.

Εἰς φθονερῶς

192.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Μακροτέρῳ σταυρῷ σταυρούμενον ἅλλον ἕαυτοῦ
ὁ φθονερὸς Διορὸς ἔγγυς ἰδὼν ἑτάκη.

193.—ἈΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ
‘Ὁ φθόνος ως κακὸν ἐστὶν. ἔχει δὲ τι καλὸν ἐν αὐτῷ:
tίκει γὰρ φθονερῶν ὃμματα καὶ κραδίην.
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189.—LUCILIUS

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

On Barbers (190–191)

190.—By the Same

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

191.—By the Same

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

On Envy (192–193)

192.—By the Same

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

193.—Anonymous

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

\(^1\) From Hom. Il. iv. 1. \(^2\) Hom. Il. v. 455.
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194.—ΔΟΤΚΙΛΛΙΟΤ
Παντὶ φιλοσπῆλυγγι καὶ οὐρεοφοιτάσι Νύμφαις, καὶ Σατύροις, ἱεραὶς τ' ἐνδον Ἀμαδρυάσων, σὺν κυοὶ καὶ λόγχαις συνοφόντισι Μάρκος ... μηδὲν ἐλων, αὐτοὺς τοὺς κύνας ἐκρέμασεν.

195.—ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΤ
Γάλλων Ἀρισταγόρης ὅρχησατο· τοὺς δὲ φιλόπλους Τημενίδας οι καμὼν πολλὰ διήλθον ἐγώ. χῶ μὲν τιμηθεὶς ἀπεπέμπτο· τήν δὲ τάλαιναν Ἱρυθῆς κροτάλων εἴς φόσος ἐξέθαλεν. εἰς πῦρ ἢρων ἵτε πρῆξες· ἐν γὰρ ἀμοῦσοι καὶ κόρυδος κύκνου φθέγξετ' ἄοιδότερον.

Εἰς αὐξηΐοὺς

196.—ΔΟΤΚΙΛΛΙΟΤ

197.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Ἡθέλε δρίμης ἀγαν τὸ πρόσθ' Ἰερόωμον εἶναι νῦν δὲ τὸ ΔΡΙ μὲν ἔχει, λοις δὲ τὸ ΜΤΣ γέγονεν.

1 A eunuch priest of Rhea.
2 The Temenidae of Euripides dealt with the jealousy of their sister Hynrhyth on the part of King Temenos' sons.

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194.—LUCILIUS

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

195.—DIOSCORIDES

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

On Ugly People (196–204)

196.—LUCILIUS

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

197.—BY THE SAME

Hieronymus formerly wanted to be too drimys (strict); now he has the dri, but the mys has turned into los. The complainant here had been dancing in the pantomime the part of Hymnetho.

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

'Ερμοκράτης τας ρινος· ἐπεί, τάν ῥινα λέγοντες
'Ερμοκράτους, μικροῖς μακρὰ χαριζόμεθα.

199.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΑ

Ἰχθύν ὁ γρυπὸς Σωσίπτωλος οὐκ ἀγοράζει,
προῖκα δ’ ἔχει πολλὴν ἐξ ἀλὸς εὐβοσίην,
οὐ λίνον, οὐ κάλαμον προσώγων, τῇ ρίνῳ δὲ προσθεῖς
ἀγκιστρον, σύρει πάντα τὰ νηχύμενα.

200.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ζηνογένους οἰκὸς κατεκαίετο, πολλὰ δ’ ἐμόχθει
ἐκ θυρίδος ξητῶν αὐτὸν ὑπεκχαλάσαι;
ἰκρία συμπῆξας οὐκ ἔφθανεν· ὡσε δ’ ἐπιγνοὺς,
τὴν ρίνῳ Ἀντιμάχου κλίμακα θεῖς ἐφυγεν.

201.—ΑΜΜΩΝΙΔΟΤ

Ἀντιπάτραν γυμνὴν εἰ τις Πάρθοισιν ἔδειξεν,
ἐκτοθεν ἀν στήλῶν Ἡρακλέους ἐφυγον.

202.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Τὴν γραῦν ἐκκομίσας, φρονίμως πάνω Μόσχος ἔγημεν
παρθένου· ἡ φερνὴ δ’ ἐνδον ἔμεινεν ὅλην.
ἄξιον αἰνήσαι Μόσχον φρένας, δι’ μόνος οἶδεν
καὶ τίνα δεῖ κινεῖν καὶ τίνα κληρονομεῖν.

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198.—THEODORUS

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

199.—LEONIDAS OF ALEXANDRIA

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

200.—BY THE SAME

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

201.—AMMONIDES

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

202.—ANONYMOUS

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

¹ Probably a proverbial phrase.
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203.—ΑΛΛΟ

Ἡ δὲς Κάστορος ἔστων, ὅταν σκάπτῃ τι, δίκελλα· σάλπωγξ δ', ἀν ῥέγχη· τῇ δὲ τρύγη· δρέπανον· ἐν πλοίοις ἁγκυρα· κατασπείροντι δ' ἄροτρον· ἁγκιστρον ναύταις· ὁψοφάγοις κρεάγρα· ναυπηγοῖς σχέδυλα· γεωργοῖς δὲ πρασόκουρον· τέκτοσιν ἀξίνη· τοῖς δὲ πυλῶσι κόραξ· οὗτος εὐχρήστου σκεύους Κάστωρ τετύχηκε, ῥίνα φέρων πάσης ἀρμενον ἐργασίας.

204.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ

Ῥήτορα Μαύρον ἰδὼν ἐτεθήπεα, ῥυγχελέφαντα, χείλεσι λιτραῖοις φθόγγον ἰέντα φόνον.

Εἰς ἀπλήστους

205.—ΛΟΤΚΙΛΛΙΟΤ

Οὐδὲν ἀφῆκεν ὅλως, Διονύσιε, λείψανον Αύλῳ Ἐὐτυχίδης δειπνῶν, ἦρε δὲ πάντ' ὅπλισω· καὶ νῦν Ἐὐτυχίδης μὲν ἐχεῖ μέγα δείπνον ἐν οἰκῷ, μὴ κληθεῖς δ' Ἀύλος ἥροφαγεί καθίσας.

206.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὕτω σοι πέψαι, Διονύσε, ταῦτα γέγονεν· πάντα· νόμον δὲ χάριν, δός τι καὶ ὃδε φαγεῖν· κάγῳ κέκλημαι, κάμοι παρέθηκέ τι τούτων γεύσασθαι Πόπλιος, κάμον ἐπέστι μέρος·
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203.—Anonymous

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

204.—Palladas

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

On Gluttons (205–209)

205.—Lucilius

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

206.—By the Same

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

¹ His host. ² cp. Martial ii. 37.

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ei μὴ λεπτὸν ἵδων μὲ δοκεῖς κατακεἰσθαι ἄρωστον, 5
eἰθ᾿ οὕτως τηρεῖς, μὴ σε λαθῶν τι φάγω.

207.—TOY AYTOY

Καὶ τρώγεις ὅσα πέντε λύκοι, Γάμε, καὶ τὰ περισσά, 10
οὐ τὰ σά, τῶν δὲ περίξ, πάντα δίδως ὁπίσω.
πλὴν μετὰ τοῦ κοφίνου τοῦ πρὸς πόδας αὕριον ἔρχου,
πρίσματα καὶ σπόγγου καὶ σαρόν εὖθὺς ἔχων.

208.—TOY AYTOY

"Ἡν βραδὺς Εὐτυχίδας σταδιοδρόμος ἀλλ᾿ ἐπὶ 15
deίπνουν
ἐτρεχεῖν, ὡστε λέγειν. "Εὐτυχίδας πέταται."

209.—AMMIANOT

Κἂν μέχρις Ἡρακλέους στηλῶν ἐλθῆς παρορίζων,
γῆς μέρος ἀνθρώποις πᾶσιν ἵσον σε μένει,
κεῖσθi δ᾿ Ἰρρ ὁμοίως, ἔχων ὀβολοῦ πλέον οὔδεν, 20
εἰς τὴν οὐκέτι σὴν γῆν ἀναλυόμενος.

Eis deilous

210.—ΛΟΤΚΙΑΙΙΟΤ

"Ἀνθρακα καὶ δάφνην παραβύεται ὁ στρατιώτης
Ἀδλος, ἄποσφιγξας μῆλινα λωμάτια.

1 It looks a little as if Dionysius, the greedy guest he addresses, were a doctor.
2 So it appears we should understand "the man who stands at your feet."
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seeing that I am thin, you think I was ill when I sat down to table, and so watch me thus in case I eat something unnoticed by you.¹

207.—BY THE SAME

You eat as much as five wolves, Gamus, and you hand to your slave behind you all that is over, not only your own portion, but that of those round you. But come to-morrow with your slave's² basket, and bring sawdust and a sponge and a broom.³

208.—BY THE SAME

As a racer Eutychides was slow, but he ran to supper so quickly that they said, "Eutychides is flying."

209.—AMMIANUS

Even if thou removest thy neighbour's boundaries till thou reachest the Pillars of Heracles, a portion of earth equal to that of all men awaits thee, and thou shalt lie like Irus,⁴ with no more than an obol on thee,⁵ dissolving into the earth that is no more thine.

On Cowards (210–211)

210.—LUCILIUS

Aulus the soldier stops his ears when he sees charcoal or laurel, wrapping his yellow duds tight

² i.e. to sweep up all the fragments; he is even told to bring the sawdust which it was customary to sprinkle before sweeping. ⁴ The beggar in the Odyssey. ⁵ The obol it was customary to place in the mouth of the corpse.
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φρύσσει καὶ τὸ μάτην ἐδιον ἔλφος. ἂν δὲ ποτ’ εἴπης, “Εργοντ’,” ἐξαιτίνης ὑπτιος ἐκτέταται. οὐδενὶ δ’ οὐ Πολέμων προσέρχεται, οὐ Στρατοκλείδη.

ἀλλὰ φίλῳ χρῆται πάντοτε Δυσιμάχω.

211.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Γραπτὴν ἐν τοίχῳ Καλπούρνιος ὁ στρατιώτης, ὁς ἔθος ἔστιν, ἱδὼν τὴν ἐπὶ ναυσί μάχην, ἀσφυκτὸς καὶ χλωρὸς ὁ θοῦρος ἐξετανύσθη, “Ξωγρεῖτε,” κράξας, “Τρώες ἀρηφίλοι.” καὶ μὴ τέτρωται κατεμάνθανε, καὶ μόλις ἔγνω ξῆν, ὅτε τοῖς τοίχοις ὀμολόγησε λύτρα.

Εἰς ζωγράφου

212.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

<Τεκνίον εὐμορφον, Διόδωρε, γράφειν σ’ ἐκέλευσα.>

ἀλλὰ σὺ μοι προφερεῖς τεκνίον ἀλλότριον, τὴν προτομὴν αὐτῷ περιθεῖς κυνός· ὡστε με κλάειν πῶς μοι Ζωτυρίων ἔξ Ἐκάβης γέγονεν. καὶ πέρας ἔξ δραχμῶν Ἐρασίστρατος ὁ κρεοπώλης ἐκ τῶν Ἱσείων νῦν Ἀνουβίν ἔχω.

213.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΑ

Εἰκόνα Μηνώδοτον γράφας Διόδωρος ἔθηκεν πλὴν τοῦ Μηνώδοτον πᾶσιν ὀμοιοτάτην.

1 This is the only meaning I can elicit from this possibly corrupt couplet. The soldier is supposed to be afraid of the crackling of charcoal or laurel when lighted. Yellow was a military colour.

2 He wants no friend whose name suggests war (polemos) or
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round his head,¹ and he shudders at his own useless sword; and if you ever say, "They are coming," he falls flat on his back. No Polemo or Stratoclides will he approach, but always has Lysimachus for a friend.²

211.—By the Same

When Calpurnius the soldier saw the battle by the ships⁸ painted on a wall, as is the custom, the warrior lay stretched out pulseless and pale, calling out, "Quarter, ye Trojans dear to Ares." Then he enquired if he had been wounded, and with difficulty believed he was alive when he had agreed to pay ransom to the wall.

On Painters (212–215)

212.—By the Same

I ordered you, Diodorus, to paint a pretty child, but you produce a child strange to me, putting a dog's head on his shoulders, so that I weep to think how my Zopyrion was born to me by Hecuba.⁴ And finally I, Erasistratus the butcher, have got for six drachmae a son Anubis⁵ from the shrines of Isis.

213.—Leonidas of Alexandria

Diodorus, painting Menodotus' portrait, made it very like everyone except Menodotus.

armies (stratos), but associates with Lysimachus (deliverer from battle).³ At Troy.

⁴ Said to have been changed into a dog.

⁵ The dog-headed god worshipped together with Isis. In Ἰασέλων there is probably a pun on the Latin insicia, "sausage-meat."

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214.—ΔΟΤΚΙΛΛΙΟΤ
Γράψας Δευκαλίωνα, Μενέστρατε, καὶ Φαέθοντα,
ζητεῖς τὶς τούτων ἄξιος ἐστὶ τίνος.
τοῖς ίδίοις αὐτοὺς τιμήσομεν· ἄξιος ὄντως
ἐστὶ πυρὸς Φαέθων, Δευκαλίων δ’ ὤδατος.

215.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Εἰκοσι γεννήσας ὁ ζωγράφος Εὐτυχὸς νιὸς,
oὐδ’ ἀπὸ τῶν τέκνων οὐδὲν ὁμοίον ἔχει.

Εἰς ἀσελγεῖς

216.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Τὸν φιλόπαιδα Κράτιππον ἀκούσατε· θαῦμα γὰρ
ὐμῶν
καὶ πῶς ἀπαγγέλλω· πλὴν μεγάλαι Νεμέσεις.
tὸν φιλόπαιδα Κράτιππον ἀνεύρομεν ἄλλο γένος τι
τῶν ἔτεροζήλων. ἦλπισα τούτ’ ἄν ἐγώ;
ἦλπισα τούτο, Κράτιππε· μανήσομαι εἶ, λύκος εἴναι 5
πᾶσι λέγων, ἐφάνης ἐξαπίνης ἑρμος;

217.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Φεύγων τὴν ὑπόνοιαν Ἀπόλλοφάνης ἐγάμησεν,
καὶ διὰ τῆς ἄγορᾶς νυμφίου ἦλθε μέσης,
“Αὐριον εὖθυ,” λέγων, “ἐξω τέκνων.” εἶτα προῆλθεν
αὐριον, ἀντὶ τέκνου τὴν ὑπόνοιαν ἔχων.
THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

214.—LUCILIUS

Having painted Deucalion and Phaethon, Menestratus, you enquire which of them is worth anything. We will appraise them according to their own fate. Phaethon is truly worthy of the fire and Deucalion of the water.

215.—BY THE SAME

Eutychus the painter was the father of twenty sons, but never got a likeness even among his children.

On Lend Livers (216–223)

216.—BY THE SAME

You have heard of Cratippus as a lover of boys. It is a great marvel I have to tell you, but great goddesses are the Avengers. We discovered that Cratippus, the lover of boys, belongs now to another variety of those persons whose tastes lie in an inverse direction. Would I ever have expected this? I expected it, Cratippus. Shall I go mad because, while you told everyone you were a wolf, you suddenly turned out to be a kid?

217.—BY THE SAME

To avoid suspicion, Apollophanes married and walked as a bridegroom through the middle of the market, saying, “To-morrow at once I will have a child.” Then when to-morrow came he appeared carrying the suspicion instead of a child.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

218.—ΚΡΑΤΗΣΟΣ
Χοίριλος Ἀντιμάχου πολύ λειπεταί ἄλλε ἐπὶ πᾶσιν
Χοίριλοι Εὐφορίων εἴχε διὰ στόματος,
καὶ κατάγλωσσο ἐπόει τὰ ποιήματα, καὶ τὰ Φιλητᾶ
ἀτρεκέως ήδει· καὶ γὰρ Ὀμηρικὸς ἦν.

219.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ
Οὐ προσέχω, καίτοι πιστὸ τινες· ἄλλα μεταξύ,
πρὸς Δίος, εἰ μὲ φίλεις, Πάμφιλε, μή με φίλει.

220.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ
 Ἀλφειοῦ στόμα φεύγε· φίλει κόλποις Ἀρεθυνῆς,
πρηνῆς ἐμπίπτων ἁλμυρὸν ἐς πέλαγος.

221.—ΑΜΜΙΑΝΟΤ
Οὐχ ὅτι τὸν κάλαμον λείχεις, διὰ τοῦτο σε μισῶ,
ἄλλ' ὅτι τοῦτο ποιεῖς καὶ δίχα τοῦ καλάμου.

222.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΩΝ
Χειλῶν καὶ λειχῶν ἰσα γράμματα. ἐς τὶ δὲ τοῦτο;
λειχεῖ γὰρ χειλῶν, κἂν ἰσα, κἂν ἄνισα.

1 Choerilus of Samos, epic poet of the fifth century B.C.
2 Obscure words.
3 Such is the meaning the epigram bears on its face, but several somewhat improper puns give it the following one, reflecting not on the style but on the morals of Euphorion: Sed semper et ubique porcum (i.e. pudendum muliebre)
THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

218.—CRATES

Choerilus¹ is far inferior to Antimachus, but on all occasions Euphorion would ever talk of Choerilus and made his poems full of glosses,² and knew those of Philetas well, for he was indeed a follower of Homer.³

219.—ANTIPATER

I don’t pay any attention, although some people are to be trusted; but in the meantime, for God’s sake, if you love me, Pamphilus, don’t kiss me.

220.—ANONYMOUS

Avoid the mouth of Alphæus; he loves the bosom of Arethusa, falling headlong into the salt sea.⁴

221.—AMMIANUS

I don’t dislike you because you lick the sugar cane, but because you do this, too, without the cane.

222.—ANONYMOUS

ΧΕΙΛΩΝ (Chilon) and ΛΕΙΧΩΝ (licking) have the same letters. But what does that matter? For Chilon licks whether they are the same or not.

Euphorion habebat in ore, et poemata sua ut linguas lascivientes faciebat, et artem basiandi accurate novit, erat enim femorum amator.

⁴ Alluding to the story of the love of the river for the fountain Arethusa; but this epigram has also a scandalous meaning.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

223.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

Εἰ βινεῖ Φαβορίνος ἀπιστεῖσ· μηκέτι ἀπίστευν·
αὐτὸς μοι βινεῖν εἰπ' ἰδίῳ στόματι.

224.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ

'Εστηκός τὸ Κίμωνος ἱδὼν πέος, εἰρ' ὁ Πρίηπος·
"Οἶμοι, ὑπὸ θνητοῦ λείπομαι ἀθάνατος."

225.—ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

'Ἡ κλῖνη πάσχοντας ἔχει δύο, καὶ δύο δρῶντας,
οὔς σὺ δοκεῖς πάντας τέσσαρας· εἰσὶ δὲ τρεῖς.
ἡς δὲ πύθη, πῶς τούτο; τὸν ἐν μέσῳ δὲ ἀρίθμηε,
κοινὰ πρὸς ἀμφοτέρους ἔργα σαλευόμενον.

226.—ΑΜΜΙΑΝΟΤ

Εἰμὶ σοι κατὰ γῆς κούφη κόνις, οἰκτρὲ Νέαρχε,
ὅφρα σε ῥηδίως ἐξερύσσωσι κύνες.

227.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Θάττον ποιήσει μέλι κάνθαρος ἢ γάλα κώνωψ,
ἡ σὺ τι ποιήσεις, σκορπίος ὄν, ἀγαθόν.
οὔτε γὰρ αὐτὸς ἐκοντὶ ποιεῖς, οὔτε ἄλλον ἀφίης,
ὡς ἀστήρ Κρονικῶς πᾶσιν ἀπεχθόμενος.

228.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Μητέρα τις, πατέρ' ἄλλος ἀπέκτανεν, ἄλλος ἀδελφόν·
Πωλιανὸς τοὺς τρεῖς, πρῶτος ἀπ' Οἰδίποδος.
THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

223.—MELEAGER

Utrum futuit Favorinus ambigis; ne jam ambigas; ipse mihi dixit se futuere proprio ore.

224.—ANTIPATER

Viso erecto Cimonis pene dixit Priapus, "Hei mihi! a mortali superior immortalis."

225.—STRATO

Lectus patientes duos habet et duos agentes, quos tu putas quattuor esse; et sunt tres. Si vero interrogaris, qui hoc? bis numeram illum qui medius est communia utrisque opera agitantem.

226.—AMMIANUS

May the dust lie light on thee when under earth, wretched Nearchus, so that the dogs may easily drag thee out.

227.—BY THE SAME

Sooner shall a beetle make honey or a mosquito milk than thou, being a scorpion, shalt do any good. For neither dost thou do good willingly thyself, nor dost thou allow another to do it, hated as thou art by all like Saturn's star.

228.—BY THE SAME

One man killed his mother, another his father, a third his brother, but Polianus all three, the first since Oedipus.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

229.—TOY AYTOY

'Οψε ποθ' ἢ ποδάγρα τὸν ἑαυτῆς ἄξιον εὑρεν,
ὅν ποδάγραν πρὸ ἑτῶν ἄξιον ἦν ἐκατόν.

230.—TOY AYTOY

Μασταύρων ἄφελῶν δύο γράμματα, Μάρκε. τὰ
πρῶτα,
ἀξίωσ ἐὶ πολλῶν τῶν ὑπολειπομένων.

231.—TOY AYTOY

Θηρίων ἐὶ παρὰ γράμμα, καὶ ἀνθρωπὸς διὰ γράμμα·
ἀξίωσ ἐἰ πολλῶν, ὡν παρὰ γράμμα γράφη.

232.—ΚΑΛΛΙΟΤ ΑΡΓΕΙΟΤ

Ἀἰεὶ χρυσόν ἡσθα, Πολύκριτε· νῦν ὃ ὑπὲρκόσισ,
ἐξαπίνησ ἐγένου λυσσομανίας τὲ κακῶν—
ἀἰεὶ μοι δοκεέσ κακὸς ἔμμεναι. ὅνος ἔλεγχει
tὸν τρόπον· οὐκ ἐγένου νῦν κακὸς, ἀλλ' ἐφάνησ.

233.—ΛΟΤΚΙΛΛΙΟΤ

Φαίδρος πραγματικὸς καὶ ξυγράφος ἐρίσε Ὁρύφος
τὸς θάσσον γράψει καὶ τὸς ὀμοῦτερον.
ἀλλ' ἐν δοσφ Ὁρύφος τρίβειν τὰ χρώματ' ἐμελλεν,
Φαίδρος ἐγραψε λαβὼν εἰκονικὴν ἀποχὴν.

1 i.e. many crosses (σταυροὶ).
2 Addressed to Marcos. Take M away and it becomes
THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

229.—By the Same

Late in the day has the gout found him who deserved it, him who deserved to be gouty a hundred years ago.

230.—By the Same

Take away, Marcus, the two first letters from Mastauron, and you deserve many of what is left.¹

231.—By the Same

You are a wild beast all but a letter and a man by a letter, and you deserve many of the beasts that you are all but a letter.²

232.—Callias of Argos

You were always, Polycritus, as good as gold, but now after drinking you have suddenly become a sort of rabid curse. I believe you are always wicked; wine is the test of character; it is not now that you become wicked, but now you have been shown to be so.

233.—Lucilius

Phaedrus the man of business and the painter Rufus contended as to which of them would copy quickest and most truly. But while Rufus was about to mix his paints Phaedrus took and wrote out a renouncement of Rufus' claim faithful as a picture.³

arcos, a late form of the word arctos, "bear." He deserves many bears to tear him in pieces.

³ i.e. admirably forged. Phaedrus owed Rufus money.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

234.—TOY AYTOY

Τοὺς πόδας εἰς Κρατερὸς καὶ τὰς χέρας εἶχ' ὀλοκλήρους,
oûκ αὖ τὴν κεφαλὴν εἶχε, τοιαῦτα γράφων.

235.—ΔΗΜΟΔΟΚΟΤ

Καὶ τὸδε Δημοδόκου· Χίοι κακοὶ οὐχ ὁ μὲν, δὲ δὲ οὖν·
πάντες, πλὴν Προκλέους· καὶ Προκλῆς δὲ Χίος.

236.—TOY AYTOY

Πάντες μὲν Κίλικες κακοὶ ἀνέρες· ἐν δὲ Κίλιξιν
eῖς ἄγαθος Κινύρης, καὶ Κινύρης δὲ Κίλιξ.

237.—TOY AYTOY

Καππαδόκην ποτ' ἐχύδνα κακὴ δάκεν· ἄλλα καὶ αὐτὴ
cάθανε, γευσαμένη αἵματος ἱοβόλου.

238.—TOY AYTOY

Καππαδόκαι φαῦλοι μὲν ἀεί, ξώνης δὲ τυχόντες
φαυλότεροι, κέρδους δ' εἴνεκα φαυλότατοι.
ἡ δ' ἄρα δὶς καὶ τρὶς μεγάλης δράξωνται ἀπήνης,
dὴ ρα τὸτ' εἰς ὅφρας φαυλεπιφαυλότατοι.
μὴ, λάτομαι, βασιλεῦ, μὴ τετράκις, δφρα μὴ αὐτὸς
κόσμος ὀλισθήσῃ καππαδόκειζόμενος.

1 Demodocus of Leros lived previously to Aristotle who mentions him. There is another couplet identical with this except that the Lerians are substituted for the Chians and that the saying is attributed to Phocylides. Bentley's para-
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234.—BY THE SAME

If Craterus' feet and hands were sound, his head
was not, when he wrote such stuff.

235.—DEMODOCUS

This, too, is by Demodocus: "The Chians are bad,
not one bad and another not, but all bad except
Procles, and Procles is a Chian." ¹

236.—BY THE SAME

All Cilicians are bad men, but among the Cilicians
the only good man is Cinyras, and Cinyras is a
Cilician.

237.—BY THE SAME

An evil viper once bit a Cappadocian, but it died
itself, having tasted the venomous blood.

238.—BY THE SAME

The Cappadocians are always bad, but when they
get a belt ² they are worse, and for the sake of gain
they are the worst of all, and if once or twice they
get hold of a large carriage ³ they are as bad as bad
can be for a year. I implore thee, O King, let it
not be four times, lest the whole world slide to ruin,
becoming cappadocianised.⁴

phrase, "The Germans in Greek are sadly to seek, Except
only Hermann, and Hermann's a German," is well known.
² When they became soldiers.
³ When they hold high office.
⁴ The epigram must refer to some Cappadocian who looked
forward to a fourth term of office.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

239.—ΛΟΤΚΙΛΛΙΟΤ
Οὕτε Χίμαιρα τοιοῦτον ἐπνεί κακὸν ἢ καθ’ Ὄμηρον, οὐκ ἀγέλη ταύρων, ὥς ὁ λόγος, πυρίπνους, οὐ Δήμος σύμπασα, καὶ Ἀρτνιών τὰ περισσά, οὐδ’ ὁ Φιλοκτήτου ποὺς ἀποσηπόμενος· ὃστε σε παμψηφεί νικάν, Τελέσιλλα, Χίμαιρας, σηπεδόνας, ταύρους, ὅρνεα, Δημυάδας.

240.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Οὐ μόνον αὕτη πνεῖ Δημοστρατίς, ἄλλα δὴ αὕτης τοὺς ὁσμησαμένους πνεῖν πεποίηκε τράγον.

241.—ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΤ
Τὸ στόμα χω πρωκτὸς ταῦτόν, Θεόδωρε, σοῦ οἴξει, ὃστε διαγνώναι τοῖς φυσικοῖς καλὸν ἢν.
ἡ γράψαι σε ἔδει ποίον στόμα, ποίον ὁ πρωκτός.
νῦν δὲ λαλούντος σου <βδεῖν σ’ ἐνόμιζον ἑγώ>.

242.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Οὐ δύναμαι γυώναι, πότερον χαίνῃ Διόδωρος, ἡ βδῆσ’· ἐν γὰρ ἔχει πνεύμα κάτω καὶ ἄνω.

243.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Δουσάσμα πεπόρευται Ὄνησίμος εἰς βαλανεῖον δωδεκάτη δύστρον μηνός, ἐπ’ Ἀντιφίλου, παῖδα λιπὼν οἰκοῖς ἐπιτίθησθιν, ὅπως τοῦ τέκνων ἀλλῶν εὐρήσει λοισάμενος πατέρα.

* * * * *
ἡξεῖν δ’ εἰς ὦρας ἡμῖν γράφει· οἱ βαλανεῖς γὰρ εἰς τότε τάσσονται τὴν πυρίαν καθελεῖν.

1 The women of Lemnos, who had killed their husbands, were afflicted by Venus with an evil odour.
2 See Vergil, Aen. iii. 244.
THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

239.—LUCILIUS

Not Homer's Chimaera breathed such foul breath, not the fire-breathing herd of bulls of which they tell, not all Lemnos⁠¹ nor the excrements of the Harpies,⁠² nor Philoctetes' putrefying foot. So that in universal estimation, Telesilla, you surpass Chimerae, rotting sores, bulls, birds, and the women of Lemnos.

240.—By the Same

Demonstratis not only breathes herself the stink of a he-goat, but makes those who smell her breathe the same.

241.—NICARCHUS

Your mouth and your breech, Theodorus, smell the same, so that it would be a famous task for men of science to distinguish them. You ought really to write on a label which is your mouth and which your breech, but now when you speak I think you break wind.

242.—By the Same

I can't tell whether Diodorus is yawning or has broken wind, for he has one breath above and below.

243.—By the Same

Onesimus went to the bath to bathe on the twelfth of the month Dystrus in the year of Antiphilus, leaving at home a child at the breast, whom when he has finished bathing he will find to be the father of two other children. . . . He writes us to say he will go again next year, for the bath-men promise to take off the heat then.³

³ The joke is evidently about a bath which it took an enormous time to heat. There appears to be something missing after the second couplet.

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244.—ΑΔΗΛΩΝ

'Ηγόρασας χαλκοῦν μιλιάριον, Ἡλιόδωρε,
τοῦ περὶ τὴν Ὀράκην ψυχρότερον Ὑβρέου.
μὴ φύσα, μὴ κάμνε. μάτην τὸν καπνὸν ἐγείρεις;
eis τὸ θέρος χαλκὴν βαύκαλιν ἡγόρασας.

245.—ΛΟΤΚΙΔΙΟΥΤ

Οἱ τοῦχοι, Διόφαντε, τὰ κύματα πάντα δέχονται,
kai διὰ τῶν θυρίδων Ὀκεανός φέρεται.
dελφίνων ὧν ἀγέλαι καὶ Νηρέος ἀγλαὰ τέκνα
ἐν τῷ πλοίῳ σου νηχόμενα βλέπεται.
ἀν δ' ἀναμείνωμεν, πλεύσει τάχα καὶ τις ἐν ἡμῖν 5
οὐ γὰρ ἐνεστὶν ὕδωρ ὦκέτι τῷ πελάγει.

246.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

'Εκ ποίων ἔταμες, Διονύσιε, τὰ ξύλα ταῦτα
λατομῶν; ποίων τὸ σκάφος ἐστὶ μύλων;
ei γὰρ ἐγὼ τι νοῶ, μολίβου γένος, οὐ δρυός ἐστιν,
oúde ἐλάτης, μικροῦ ρίζοβολεῖ τὰ κάτω.
καὶ τυχὸν ἔξαπτυνξ ἔσομαι λίθος· εἶτα, τὸ χεῖρον, 5
γράψει μ', ὡς Νιόβην δράμα σαπρὸν Μελίτων.

247.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

'Η ¹ πέλαγος πλέομεν, Διονύσιε, καὶ γεγέμισται
τὸ πλοῖον παντὸς πανταχόθεν πελάγους.

¹ ei MS.: corr. Boissonade.

¹ The ship is supposed to be speaking.

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244.—Anonymous

You bought a brass boiler, Heliodorus, colder than Thracian Boreas. Don’t blow the fire, don’t put yourself out; it is in vain you stir up the smoke. What you bought was a brass wine-cooler for summer.

245.—Lucilius

The sides of the ship, Diophantes, let in all the waves, and through the ports ocean enters; and we see swimming in your ship herds of dolphins and the bright children of Nereus. But if we wait longer someone will soon be sailing inside this our ship, for there is no more water left in the sea.

246.—By the Same

From what quarry, Dionysius, did you hew these timbers? Of what mill-stones is the ship built? For if I know anything about it, it is a kind of lead, not oak or pine, and the lower part of me is nearly taking root. Perhaps I shall suddenly become a stone, and then the worst of it is Melito will write a rotten drama about me as if I were Niobe.

247.—By the Same

Of a truth, Dionysius, we the seas sail, and the ship is full of every sea from all parts. The Adriatic,

2 Like the Phaeacian ship in the Odyssey (xiii. 162) which Poseidon changed into a rock.

3 πέλαγος may be taken either as accusative or nominative. In the former case the meaning is "we sail the seas," in the latter "we, the seas, are sailing."

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ἀντλεῖται δ’ Ἀδρίας, Τυρρηνικός, Ἰσσικός, Αὐγωνião
οὐ πλοῖον, πηγὴ δ’ Ὀκεανοῦ ἔλυεν.
ὁπλίζου, Καῖσαρ: Διονύσιος ἀρχεῖται ἢ ἡ
οὐκέτι ναυκληρεῖν, ἀλλὰ θαλασσοκρατεῖν.

248.—ΒΙΑΝΟΡΟΣ

Τὸ σκάφος οὗ βυθὸς εἶλε (πόθεν βυθὸς; οὗ γὰρ
ἐπλωσεν),
οὐδὲ Νότος, πρὸ Νότου δ’ ὠλετο καὶ πελάγευς.
ηδὴ γὰρ μιν ἀπασαν ἐπὶ ξυγὰ γομφωθεῖσαν
ηλειφὼν πεύκης τῇ λυπαρῇ νοτίδι.
πίσσα δ’ ὑπερβρασθείσα πυρὸς φλογὴ τὴν ἄλλη
πιστῆν
tευχομένην γαῖη δεῖξεν ἀπιστοτέρην.

249.—ΔΟΤΚΙΛΙΙΟΤ

’Αγρὸν Μηνοφάνης ὀνυθάτω, καὶ διὰ λιμῶν
ἐκ δρυὸς ἀλλοτρίας αὐτὸν ἀπηγχώνησεν.
γῆν δ’ αὐτῷ τεθνεώτι βαλεῖν οὐκ ἔχον ἄνωθεν,
ἄλλῃ ἐτάφῃ μισθοῦ πρὸς τινα τῶν ὁμόρων.
εἰ δ’ ἔγνω τὸν ἀγρὸν τῶν Μηνοφάνους ’Επίκουρος,
pάντα γέμειν ἀγρῶν εἶπεν ἄν, οὐκ ἀτόμων.

250.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Τὸν παχῦν εὖ ἔγραψ’ ὁ ξωγράφος: ἄλλ’ ἀπόλοιτο,
eἰ δύο μισθοὺς ἄνθ’ ἐνὸς ὀψόμεθα.

251.—ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΤ

Δυσκόψῳ δύσκωφος ἐκρίνετο: καὶ πολὺ μᾶλλον
ἡ ὁ κριτῆς τούτων τῶν δύο κωφότερος.
THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

the Tyrren he Sea, the Gulf of Issa, the Aegean, are running dry. This is no ship, but a wooden fountain of ocean. To arms, Caesar! Dionysius begins already not to command a ship, but to command the seas.

248.—BIANOR

It was not the depths that took the ship (how the depths, when she had never sailed?) nor the south wind, but she perished before encountering south wind and sea. Already completely built, even as far as the benches, they were anointing her with the fat juice of the pine; and the pitch, overboiling with the flame of the fire, showed that she, who was being built to serve the sea faithfully, was less faithful to the land.¹

249.—LUCILIUS

Menophanes bought a field, and from hunger hanged himself on another man's oak. When he was dead they had no earth to throw over him from above, but he was buried for payment in the ground of one of his neighbours. If Epicurus had known of Menophanes' field he would have said that everything is full of fields, not of atoms.

250.—A N O N Y M O U S

The artist painted the fat man well, but to Hell with him if we shall look on two guzzlers instead of one.

251.—N I C A R C H U S

A stone-deaf man went to law with another stone-deaf man, and the judge was much deader than the

¹ i.e. deceived the expectations of those on the land who were building her.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

όν ὁ μὲν ἀντέλεγεν τὸ ἐνοίκιον αὐτὸν ὅφείλειν
μηνῶν πένθ᾽. ὁ δὲ ἔφη νυκτὸς ἀληλεκέναι.
ἐμβλέψας δ᾽ αὐτοῖς ὁ κριτὴς λέγει, "'Εσ τί μάχεσθε; 5
μὴ τιρ ἔσθ᾽ υμῶν· ἀμφότεροι τρέφετε."

G. C. Swayne, in The Greek Anthology (Bohn), p. 383;
J. A. Pott, Greek Love Songs and Epigrams, ii. p. 81.

252.—TOY ATOY

Εἰ μὲ φιλεῖς, μισεῖς με· καὶ εἰ μισεῖς, σὺ φιλεῖς με·
ei de me mē misēis, filtate, mē me filēi.

253.—ΛΟΤΚΙΛΛΙΟΤ

'Εκ ποίων ὁ πατήρ σε δρυῶν τέτμηκεν, Ἁρίστων,
ἡ ποίων σε μύλον κόψατο λατομῦν;
ἡ γὰρ ἀπὸ δρυὸς ἐσσὶ παλαιφάτου ἢ ἀπὸ πέτρης
ὀρχηστής, Νιόθης ἔμπνευσον ἀρχέτυπον
όστε μὲ θαυμάζοντα λέγειν, ὅτι "Καὶ σῦ τι Δητοὶ 5
ηρίσας; οὐ γὰρ ἂν ἦσα αὐτομάτως λίθοις."

254.—TOY ATOY

Πάντα καθ᾽ ἱστορίην ὄρχούμενος, ἐν τῷ μεγίστον
τῶν ἔργων παρείδων ἡμίασας μεγάλως.
τὴν μὲν γὰρ Νιόθην ὄρχούμενος, ὡς λίθος ἐστῆς,
καὶ πάλιν ὅν Καπανεύς, ἐξαπίνης ἐπεσες·
ἀλλ’ ἐπὶ τῆς Κανάκης ἄφνους, ὅτι καὶ ἕφος ἦν σοι 5
καὶ ξών ἐξῆλθες· τοῦτο παρ᾽ ἱστορίην.

1 Probably to avoid certain dues.
2 There is a play which cannot be rendered on the two meanings of philein, to love and to kiss.
3 Hom. Od. xix. 163.

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pair of them. One of them contended that the other owed him five months' rent, and the other said that his opponent had ground corn at night. ¹ Says the judge, looking at them: "Why are you quarrelling? She is your mother; you must both maintain her."

252.—BY THE SAME

If you kiss me you hate me, and if you hate me you kiss me. But if you don't hate me, dear friend, don't kiss me! ²

253.—LUCILIUS

From what oak-trees did your father cut you, Aristo, or from what mill-stone quarry did he hew you? For indeed you are a dancer "made of a venerable tree or of stone," ³ the living original of Niobe; so that I wonder and say: "You, too, must have had some quarrel with Leto, or else you would not have been naturally made of stone."

254.—BY THE SAME

You played in the ballet everything according to the story, but by overlooking one very important action you highly displeased us. Dancing the part of Niobe you stood like a stone, and again when you were Capaneus ⁴ you suddenly fell down. But in the case of Canace ⁵ you were not clever, for you had a sword, but yet left the stage alive; that was not according to the story.

¹ Who fell from the scaling-ladder struck by lightning at the siege of Thebes.
² She killed herself when her incestuous attachment to her brother, Macareus, was discovered.
255.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ
Δάφνην καὶ Νιόβην ὄρχησατο Μέμφις ὁ σιμός, ὡς ξύλων Δάφνην, ὡς λίθων Νιόβην.
R. Garnett, A Chaplet from the Greek Anthology, cxxxi.

256.—ΔΟΤΚΙΛΛΙΟΤ
Δούσθαι σε λέγουσι πολὺν χρόνου, Ἡλιοδώρα, γραίαν ἔτων ἐκατὸν μὴ καταλυμένην.
πλὴν ἔγνωκα τίνος ποιεῖς χάριν· ὡς ὁ παλαιὸς ἐλπίζεις Πελίας ἐψιμένη νεάσαι.

257.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Ἔρμογένη τὸν ιατρὸν ἰδὼν Διώφαντος ἐν ὑπνοῖς οὐκέτ’ ἀνηγέρθη, καὶ περίσσαμα φέρων.
ср. Martial vi. 53.

258.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Τῷ Πίσις μεδέοντι τὸ κρανίον Ἀδλος ὁ πύκνης, ἐν καθ’ ἐν ἄθροίσας ὀστέον, ἀντίθεται.
σωθεὶς δ’ ἐκ Νεμέας, Ζεὺς δέσποτα, σοὶ τάχα θῆσει καὶ τοὺς ἀστραγάλους τοὺς ἔτι λειτουμένους.

259.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Θεσσαλῶν ἵππων ἔχεις, Ἕρασιστρατε, ἀλλὰ σαλεύσαι οὐ δύνατ’ αὐτὸν ὅλης φάρμακα Θεσσαλίς.
ὅντως δούριον ἵππον, ἵνα Θρύγγες ἐλλικῶν ἀπαντήσῃ σὺν Δανάοις, Σκαιάς οὐκ ἀν ἐσήλθε πύλαις· ὃν στήσας ἀνάθημα θεοῦ τίνος, εἰ προσέχεις μοι, τὰς κριθὰς ποιεὶ τοῖς τεκνίοις πτισαίην.

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255.—PALLADAS

Snub-nosed Memphis danced the parts of Daphne and Niobe, Daphne as if he were wooden, and Niobe as if he were of stone.

256.—LUCILIUS

They say you spend a long time in the bath, Heliodora, an old woman of a hundred not yet retired from the profession. But I know why you do it. You hope to grow young, like old Pelias, by being boiled.

257.—BY THE SAME

Diophantus saw Hermogenes the doctor in his sleep and never woke up again, although he was wearing an amulet.

258.—BY THE SAME

Aulus the boxer dedicates to the Lord of Pisa his skull, having collected the bones one by one. And if he escapes from Nemea, Lord Zeus, he will perchance dedicate to thee also the vertebrae he still has left.

259.—BY THE SAME

You have a Thessalian horse, Erasistratus, but all the magic of Thessaly cannot make him stir; truly a wooden horse which would never have got through the Scaean gates, if all the Trojans and Greeks together had dragged it. If you take my advice, put him up as a votive statue to some god and make his barley into gruel for your children.

1 Changed into a laurel tree. 2 The Olympian Zeus.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

260.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ
Τούτο τὸ “οὐλεύειν” εἶχες πάλαι, ἀλλὰ τὸ Βήτα
οὐκ ἐπιγυνώσκω. Δέλτα γὰρ ἐγράφετο.

261.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ
Τίδος Πατρικίου μάλα κόσμος, ὅς δὲ Κύπριν
οὖχ ὁσίην ἑτάρους πάντας ἀποστρέφεται.

262.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ
Αἴθερίην διὰ νύκτα νέοι κατάγουσι Σελήνην
ἡθεοῦ Φαρίης ἄνδιχα τεμνομένην.

263.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ
Παύλῳ κωμῳδῷ κατ’ ὄναρ στὰς εἶπε Μένανδρος:
“Οὐδὲν ἐγὼ κατὰ σοῦ, καὶ σὺ κακῶς με λέγεις.”

264.—ΛΟΤΚΙΛΛΙΟΤ
Ποιήσας δαπάνην ἐν ὑπνοῖς ὁ φιλάργυρος Ἐρμων
ἐκ περιωδυνίας αὐτῶν ἀπηγχόνισεν.

265.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Εἰ μὲν ἐπ’ ἀττελάβους ἄγεται στρατός, ἡ κυνομνίας,
ἡ μύας, ἡ ψυλλῶν ἰππικῶν ἡ βατράχων,
Γάιε, καὶ σὺ φοβοῦ μὴ καὶ σὲ τὸν ἐγκαταλέξης,
ός ἄν τῆς τούτων ἄξιον ὄντα μάχης.
εἰ δ’ ἄρετῆς ἀνδρῶν ἄγεται στρατός, ἄλλο τι παîζε:
Ῥωμαίοις δ’ οὐδείς πρὸς γεράνους πόλεμος.

1 cp. No. 337.
2 Selene (Moon) was the name of a courtesan. The words may mean "bring down the half-moon by magic," but as applied to Selene they have an improper meaning.

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260.—ANONYMOUS

This Ouleuein you had long ago, but I don't recognise the "b" (bouleuein, to be a senator), for it used to be written "d" (douleuein, to be a slave).

261.—ANONYMOUS

Patricius' son is very well behaved, as he avoids all his fellows because of impure indulgence.

262.—ANONYMOUS

The young men of Alexandria bring down Selene divided in two in the ethereal night.

263.—PALLADAS

Menander, standing over the comedian Paulus in his sleep, said: "I never did you any harm, and you speak me ill."

264.—LUCILIUS

Hermon the miser, having spent money in his sleep, hanged himself from vexation.

265.—BY THE SAME

If an army is being led against locusts, or dog-flies, or mice, or the cavalry of fleas or frogs, you too should be afraid, Gaius, of someone enrolling you as being worthy of fighting with such foes. But if an army of brave men is being despatched, amuse yourself with something else; but the Romans do not fight against cranes.³

³ i.e. the Romans are not like the Pygmies, who made war on cranes, so there is no chance of their requiring your services.
266.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ψευδές ἐσοπτρον ἔχει Δημοσθενίς: εἰ γὰρ ἄληθες ἐβλέπεν, οὐκ ἄν ὅλως ἦθελεν αὐτὸ βλέπειν.

267.—ἈΔΗΛΟΝ

Κερκίδος οὖν χρήζεις ὁ λογοτικός, οὐδὲ μέλει σοι· καὶ γὰρ ἅβασκάντως ρίνα τρίτηςν ἔχεις.

268.—ΑΛΛΟ

Οὐ δύναται τῇ χειρὶ Πρόκλους τὴν ρίν’ ἀπομύσσειν· τῆς ρίνός γὰρ ἔχει τὴν χέρα μικροτέρην· οὐδὲ λέγει Ζεὺς ὁ σῶσον ἔαν πταρῆς· οὐ γὰρ ἀκούει τῆς ρίνος· πολὺ γὰρ τῆς ἀκοῆς ἀπέχει.

269.—ἈΔΗΛΟΝ

Ὁ τοῦ Δίος παις καλλίνικος Ἡρακλῆς οὐκ εἰμὶ Δούκιος, ἀλλ’ ἀναγκάζουσί με.

270.—ἈΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἰς εἰκόνα 'Αναστασίον βασιλέως ἐν τῷ Εὐρύπῳ
Εἰκόνα σοι, βασιλεύ χοσμοφόρῳ, τῆςδε σιδήρου ἀνθεσαν, ὡς χάλκου πολλοῦ ἀτιμοτέρην, ἀντὶ φόνου, πενίῆς τ’ ὀλοίης, λιμοῦ τε, καὶ ὅργης, οἷς πάντα φθείρεις ἐκ φιλοχρημοσύνης.

1 A lampoon on a statue of Hercules from which Commodus had removed the head and substituted his own, inscribing it “Lucius Commodus Hercules.”
THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

266.—By the Same

Demosthenis has a lying mirror, for if she saw the truth she would not want to look into it at all.

267.—Anonymous

You, Mathematician, don't require a measuring rod, and it is no concern of yours, for you have a nose three cubits long which no one grudges you.

268.—Anonymous

Proclus cannot wipe his nose with his hand, for his arm is shorter than his nose; nor does he say "God preserve us" when he sneezes, for he can't hear his nose, it is so far away from his ears.

269.—Anonymous

I "victorious Heracles the son of Zeus" am not Lucius but they compel me to be so.¹

270.—Anonymous

On a Statue of the Emperor Anastasius on the Euripus.²

King, destroyer of the world, they set up this iron statue of thee as being much less precious than bronze, in return for the bloodshed, the fatal poverty and famine and wrath, by which thou destroyest all things owing to thy avarice.

² A place in the Circus at Constantinople so called.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

271.—ΑΔΔΩ

'Εγγύθι τῆς Σκύλλης χαλεπὴν στῆσαντο Χάρυβδιν, ἄγριον ὁμιστὴν τούτον Ἀναστάσιον.
δείδηθι καὶ σὺ, Σκύλλα, τεαῖς φρεσί, μῆ σὲ καὶ αὐτὴν βρώξῃ, χαλκεῖνα δαίμονα κερμάτισας.

272.—ΑΔΗΛΩΝ

Εἰς κυνάδους

'Ανέρας ἠρυθνήσαντο, καὶ οὐκ ἐγένοντο γυναῖκες·
οὔτ' ἄνδρες γεγάσων, ἐπεὶ πάθον ἔργα γυναικῶν·
οὔτε γυναῖκες ἔασιν, ἐπεὶ φύσιν ἔλλαξον ἄνδρῶν.
ἀνέρες εἰσὶ γυναιξί, καὶ ἄνδράς εἰσὶ γυναῖκες.

273.—ΑΔΗΛΩΝ

Χωλὼν ἔχεις τῶν νοῦν, ὡς τῶν πόδα. καὶ γὰρ ἀληθῶς
eἰκόνα τῶν ἐντὸς σῇ φύσις ἐκτὸς ἔχει.

274.—ΛΟΤΚΙΑΝΟΤ

Εἰπέ μοι εἰρομένῳ, Κυλλήνιε, πῶς κατέβαινεν
Δολλιανοῦ ψυχῆ δῶμα τὸ Φερσέφωνῆς;
θαύμα μέν, εἰ σιγώσα· τυχόν δὲ τι καὶ σὲ διδάσκειν
ἠθελε. φεῦ, κείνου καὶ νέκνυν ἀντιάσαι.

275.—ἈΠΟΛΛΩΝΙΟΤ ΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΙΚΟΤ

Καλλίμαχος τὸ κάθαρμα, τὸ παίγνιον, ὁ ξύλινος νοῦς·
αὐτίος ὁ γράψας Αἴτια Καλλίμαχος.

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1 There must have actually been a statue of Scylla at the place.
2 Callimachus' chief poem, of which we now possess portions, was so called. I think this distich was very pro-
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271.—Anonymous

Nigh to Scylla they set up cruel Charybdis, this savage ogre Anastasius. Fear in thy heart, Scylla, lest he devour thee too, turning a brazen goddess into small change.

272.—Anonymous

On Cinaedi

They denied their manhood and did not become women, nor were they born men, as they have suffered what women do; nor are they women, since a man’s nature was theirs. They are men to women and women to men.

273.—Anonymous

Your mind is as lame as your foot, for truly your nature bears outside the image of what is inside.

274.—Lucian

Tell me, I ask you, Hermes, how did the soul of Lollianus go down to the house of Persephone? If in silence, it was a marvel, and very likely he wanted to teach you also something. Heavens, to think of meeting that man even when one is dead!

275.—Apollonius (Rhodius)

Callimachus the outcast, the butt, the wooden head! The origin is Callimachus who wrote the Origins.²

bably written by Apollonius in the margin of an alphabetical dictionary in which stood καλλυσματα το κόθαρμα. κ... το παγνιον. καλπουν ο χολινος πονς. This gives it more point.

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276.—ΔΟΤΚΙΛΛΙΟΤ

Εἰς φυλακὴν βληθείς ποτὲ Μάρκος ὁ ἀργός, έκοντι, ὁκνῶν έξελθείν, ωμολόγησε φόνον.

277.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τῆς νυκτὸς τροχάσας ἐν ύπνοις ποτὲ Μάρκος ὁ ἀργός, οὐκέτ’ ἐκοιμήθη μὴ πάλι που τροχάσῃ.

278.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἰς γραμματικὸν κερασφόρον

"Ἐξω παιδεύεις Πάριδος κακὰ καὶ Μενελάου, ἐνδοῦ ἔχων πολλοὺς σής Ἐλένης Πάριδας.

279.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὐδεὶς γραμματικὸν δύναται ποτὲ <ἀρτίος> εἶναι, ὀργὴν, καὶ μῆνιν, καὶ χόλον εὐθὺς ἔχων.

280.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ

Βέλτερον Ὅγιμονος ληστοκτόνου ἐς κρίσιν ἐλθεῖν, ἢ τοῦ χειρουργοῦ Γενναδίου παλάμας. ὃς μὲν γὰρ φονέας οἰκίως στυγέων κατατέμνει· ὃς δὲ λαβὼν μισθοὺς εἰς ἀϊδὴν κατάγει.

281.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἰς Μάγνον ιατροσοφιστήν

Μάγνος ὃτ' εἰς Ἀϊδὴν κατέβη, τρομεών Ἦδωνεὺς εἶπεν: "Ἀναστήσων ἦλυθε καὶ νέκυιας."
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276.—LUCILIUS

Indolent Marcus once, when cast into prison, confessed to a murder of his own accord, being too lazy to come out.

277.—By the Same

Lazy Marcus, having once run in his sleep, never went to sleep again lest he should chance to run once more.

278.—By the Same

On a Cuckold Grammarian

Outside you teach the woes of Paris and Menelaus, having at home plenty of Parises for your Helen.

279.—By the Same

None of the grammarians can ever be moderate, as from the very beginning he has wrath, and spite, and bile.¹

280.—PALLADAS

Better to be judged by Hegemon, the slayer of robbers, than to fall into the hands of the surgeon Gennadius. For he executes murderers in just hatred, but Gennadius takes a fee for sending you down to Hades.

281.—By the Same

On Magnus the Expert Physician

When Magnus went down to Hades, Pluto trembled and said: "He has come to set the dead, too, on their legs."

¹ Alluding to the opening of the Iliad.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

282.—ΑΛΛΟ

Τούς καταλείψαντας γλυκέρδν φάος οὐκέτι θρηνῶ, τούς δ’ ἐπὶ προσδοκίᾳ ξώντας ἀεὶ θανάτου.

283.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ

Εἰς Δαμόνικον ὑπαρχόν

Πολλοὶ πολλὰ λέγουσιν, ὅμως δ’ οὐ πάντα δύνανται ῥήμασιν ἐξειπεων ὑπόματα σῶν παθέων.
ἐν δ’ ἐπὶ σοῦ παράδοξον ἑθαυμάζαμεν καὶ ἀπιστον,
δάκρυα πῶς κλέπτων εἶχες ἐτοιμότατα.
Χαλκίδος ἐκ γαίης ἀπεχάλκισε τὴν πόλιν ἡμῶν,
κλέπτων, καὶ κλέπτων δάκρυσι κερδαλέους.

284.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἐκ γῆς Δωτοφάγων μέγας ὀρχάμος ἦλθε Δυκάων
Χαλκίδος ἐκ γαίης ἀντιοχεύομενος.

285.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Θηλυφανὲς παράδοξον ἑθαυμάσαμεν πάθος ἄλλο
ἐκλαιεν κλέπτων, κλεπτομένους ἐλεῶν,
ὅς κλέπτων ἔγγενε, καὶ ἀγγελόων ἀπεσύλα,
μηδὲν ἐξων καθαρόν, μηδὲ τὸ σῶμα ρύπου.

1 Chalcis in Euboea. Here it probably only means the Brazen land or the land of Avarice, for which the Chalcidians were famous. We need not suppose that this magistrate was a native of Chalcis. In the next epigram he is said to

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282.—Anonymous

I lament no longer those who have left the sweet daylight, but those who ever live in expectation of death.

283.—PALLADAS

On Demonicus the Prefect

Many people say many things, but yet they cannot express in words all the currents of your vices. But there is one strange and incredible thing I marvelled at in you: how, while you were stealing, you had tears ready to hand. Coming from the land of Chalcis he deprived our city of brass, stealing and stealing with profitable tears.

284.—By the Same

On the Same

From the land of the Lotophagi came the great leader Lycaon, from the land of Chalcis contrario more fututus.

285.—By the Same

On the Same

We marvelled at another strange, effeminate characteristic. He wept while stealing, pitying those he was robbing; he who, while robbing, observed ceremonial purity, and while thus affecting purity went on despoiling, a man with nothing clean about him, not even his person free of dirt.

come also from the Lotos-eaters’ land, which was placed in North Africa.

2 In the last word there is a play on Antioch. The prefect is here, I suppose, called Lycaon as being wolfish.

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286.—TOY AYTOY

Οὐδὲν γυναίκος χείρον, οὐδὲ τῆς καλῆς·
δούλου δὲ χείρον οὐδέν, οὐδὲ τοῦ καλοῦ·
χρήζεις ὡμοι οὖν τῶν ἀναγκαίων κακῶν.
εὗρον νομίζεις δούλου εἶναι δεσπότη;
καλὸς δ' ἂν εἶη δοῦλος ὁ τὰ σκέλη κλάσας.

287.—TOY AYTOY

Ὁ τὴν γυναίκα τὴν ἀμορφον δυστυχῶν,
λύχνους ἀνάψας ἔσπερας σκότος βλέπει.

288.—TOY AYTOY

Κουρεὺς καὶ ῥαφίδευς κατευνάτων ἠλθον ἁγῶνος,
καὶ τάχα νικῶσιν τὸ ξυρὸν αἱ ῥαφίδες.

289.—TOY AYTOY

"Ὤ τῆς ταχύστης ἀρπαγῆς τῆς τοῦ βίου·
ἀνὴρ δανειστής, τῶν χρόνων γλύφον τόκους,
τέθυνεν εὐθὺς ἐν δοτής καιρῷ βραχεῖ,
ἐν δακτύλοισι τοὺς τόκους σφίγγων ἔτι.

290.—TOY AYTOY

Δακτυλικὴν ψήφον τις ἔχων πέρι δάκτυλα χειρῶν
ψήφῳ τοῦ θανάτου προύλαβεν εἰς ἄιδην.
ζῆ ὃς ή ψήφος νῦν τοῦ ψηφίσιντος ἐρήμη,
ψυχῆς ἀρπαγήμης ἐνθεν ἐλαυνομένης.

1 A verse of Menander's.
2 And consequently was incapable of doing any mischief.
3 He seems to be ridiculing a barber whose razors were blunt.
4 He must have been counting out the money with his left hand and marking down the amount with his right.

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286.—By the Same

"Nothing is worse than a woman, even a good one";¹ and nothing is worse than a slave, even a good one. But still one requires necessary evils. Do you suppose a slave bears his master affection? A good slave would be he who broke both his legs.²

287.—By the Same

He who is cursed with an ugly wife sees darkness when he lights the lamps in the evening.

288.—By the Same

A barber and a tailor came to blows with each other, and soon the needles got the better of the razor.³

289.—By the Same

O swiftest ravishment of life! A money-lender, while marking down on his tablets the interest of years, died instantly in the space of a moment, still grasping his interest in his fingers.⁴

290.—By the Same

One holding in his fingers a reckoning counter for the fingers went by the counter-vote⁵ of death in double-quick time to Hades. The counter now lives bereaved of the reckoner, whose soul is rapidly driven from hence.⁶

¹ There is a play on the two senses of psephos, "vote" and "counter."
² This epigram seems to refer to the same incident as the preceding, but is very obscure. Palladas evidently uses δακτυλικὴ ψῆφος in some sense that eludes us. What, again, is the point of his saying that the counter (or vote) is alive?
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

291.—TOY ATOY

Τὶ ὥφελησας τὴν πόλιν στίχους γράφων, χρυσὸν τοσοῦτον λαμβάνων βλασφημίας, πωλῶν ἰάμβους, ὡς ἕλαιον ἐμπόρος;

292.—TOY ATOY

Εἰς τινα φιλόσοφον γενόμενον ὑπαρχὼν πόλεως ἐπὶ Βαλεντινιανὸ καὶ Βάλεντος

"Ἀντυγος οὐρανίης ὑπερήμενος, ἐς πόθον ἡλθες ἀντυγος ἀργυρέης· ἀλοχος ἀπειρέσιων· ἢσθα ποτε κρέισσων· αὐθις δ' ἐγένου πολυ χείρων, δεῦρ' ἀνάβηθι κάτω· νῦν γὰρ ἄνω κατέβης."

293.—TOY ATOY

Ἰππον ὑποσχόμενος μοι Ὄλυμπιος ἤγαγεν οὐράν, ἰδίς ὀλυνοδρανέων ἰππος ἀπεκρέματο.

294.—ΛΟΤΚΙΛΛΙΟΤ

Πλούτου μὲν πλουτοῦντος ἐχεῖς, ψυχὴν δὲ πένητος, ἢ τοῖς κληρουόμοις πλούσιε, σοι δὲ πένης.

295.—TOY ATOY

Εἴ τιν ἐχεῖς Διώνυσον ἐνὶ μεγάροις τεοῖς, τὸν κισσὸν ἀφελῶν, θριάκων φύλλοις στεφάνωσον.

1 i.e. the official carriage.
2 The last line is merely a very frigid repetition of the opinion that the philosopher (by some said to be Themistius) demeaned himself by accepting office.
THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

291.—By the Same

What good do you do to the city by writing verses, getting so much gold for your slanders, selling iambic verses as a shopman sells oil?

292.—By the Same

On a certain Philosopher who became Prefect of Constantinople in the reign of Valentinian and Valens

Thou, seated above the heavenly wheel, hast desired a silver wheel. Oh, infinite shame! Erst thou wast of higher station and hast straight become much lower. Ascend hither to the depths; for now thou hast descended to the heights.

293.—By the Same

Olympius promised me a horse, but brought me a tail from which hung a horse at its last gasp.

294.—Lucilius

Thou hast the wealth of a rich man, but the soul of a pauper, thou who art rich for thy heirs and poor for thyself.

295.—By the Same

If thou hast any Dionysus in thy house, take off the ivy from his head and crown him with lettuce leaves. 3

3 Addressed to a man who had given him bad wine. Lettuce, I suppose, because the wine was like vinegar. cp. No. 396.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

296.—ΤΙΜΩΝΟΣ

Εἰς Κλεάνθην

Τῖς δ’ οὖντος κτῖλος δıs ἐπιπωλεῖται στίχας ἀνδρῶν;
μωλυτῆς, ἐπέων λίθος 'Ἄσσιος, ὀλμὸς ἀτόλμος.

297.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἰς γυναῖκα μεθυστρίδα

α. Πῶς φιλέεις, ὦ μῆτερ, ἐμοῦ πλέον νίεος οἶνον;
δὸς πμείειν οἶνοιο, ἐπεὶ γάλα τὸ πρὶν ἔδωκας.

β. Ὡ παῖ, σὴν μὲν δίψαν ἐμὸν γάλα τὸ πρὶν ἐπαυσε—
vūn ἰθὶ πῖνε ὕδωρ, καὶ παύει δίψαν ἑσόε.

298.—ΑΛΛΟ

Δέρκεο πῶς διψῶν νίεος χέρα μητέρι τείνει·
ὴ δὲ γυνή, ἄτε πάσα γυνή, κεκρατημένη οἶνῳ,
ἐν λαγύνῳ πίνουσα, τὸδ' ἔννεπε λοξὸν ἰδοῦσα·
"Ἐκ βρόχθου ὀλίγοιο τί σοι δῶ, τέκνων ἔμειο;
ξέστας γὰρ τριάκοντα μόνους λάγυνός γ' ὅδε χωρεῖ." 5

"Μήτερ, μητρωνής χαλεπὸν τρόπον ἀντικρατοῦσα,
ἀμπέλον ἤδυτάτης τάδε δάκρυα δῶσ μοι ἀφύσσειν."

"Μήτερ ἐμῇ, δύσμητερ, ἀπηνέα θυμῶν ἔχουσα,
eἰ φιλέεις με τὸν νία, δίδου μὲ τὶ τυτθὸν ἀφύσσειν."

299.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ

Τβρίζεις· τί τὸ θαῦμα; τὶ δυσχερές; ἀλλὰ φέρω σε·
tῶν γὰρ ύβριζόντων ἡ θρασύτης κόλασις.

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THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

296.—TIMON

On Cleanthes the Philosopher

Who is this who like a ram stalks through the ranks of men, a slow-coach, an Assian mill-stone of words, a spiritless block?

297.—Anonymous

On a Tippling Old Woman

A. How is it, mother, that thou lovest wine more than me, thy son? Give me wine to drink since once thou didst give me milk. B. My son, my milk once stilled thy thirst, but now drink water and still thy own thirst.

298.—Anonymous

See how the son athirst reaches out his hand to his mother, and the woman, being a thorough woman, overcome by wine, drinking from a jar, spoke thus, looking askance: "How shall I give thee to drink, my son, from a little droppie, for this jar holds but thirty pints."

"Mother, who hast rather the harsh nature of a step-mother, give me to quaff these tears of the sweetest vine."

"Mother, evil mother, pitiless at heart, if thou lovest me, thy son, give me but a little to quaff."

299.—PALLADAS

Thou waxest wanton! What wonder? Does it distress me? No, I bear with thee. For the boldness of the wanton is their punishment.

1 These and the following verses (No. 298) seem to have been inspired by a picture.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

300.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Πολλα λαλείς, ἀνθρωπε, χαμαί δὲ τίθη μετὰ μικρόν. σίγα, καὶ μελέτα ξόνν ἐτὶ τὸν θάνατον.

301.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Ηλιος ἀνθρώπως αὐγής θεός· εἰ δὲ καὶ αὐτὸς ῥητοὶζεν φαίνων, οὐδὲ τὸ φῶς ἐπόθουν.

302.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Οὐκ ἐμέ· τὴν πενήν δὲ καθύβρισας· εἰ δὲ καὶ ὁ Ζεὺς ἦν ἐπὶ γῆς πτωχός, καῦτος ἐπασχεν ῥητιν.

303.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Εἰ πένομαι, τί πάθω; τί με μισεῖς οὐκ ἀδικοῦντα; πταίσμα τὸν ἐστὶ Τύχης, οὐκ ἀδίκημα τρόπων.

304.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Πάντες μὲν δειλοὶ καὶ ἄλαζόνες εἰςί, καὶ εἰ τί ἐν τοῖς ἀνθρώπως ἄλλα πέφυκε πάθος· ἀλλ' ὁ λογισμὸν ἔχων τῷ πλησίον οὐκ ἀναφαίνει, ἐνδοὺ ἀποκρύπτων τῇ συνέσει τὸ πάθος.
σῆς δὲ θύρα ψυχῆς ἀναπέπτταται· οὐδένα λήθεις οὐτε καταπτήσουν, οὐτε θρασυνόμενοι.

305.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Τέκνων ἀναιδείας, ἀμαθεστάτων, θρέμμα μορίς, εἰπέ, τῷ βρεθῇ μηδὲν ἐπιστάμενος;
THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

300.—By the Same

Thou speakest much, O man, but in a little thou shalt be laid on the ground. Silence' and while thou yet livest meditate on death.

301.—By the Same

The Sun to men is the god of light, but if he too were insolent to them in his shining, they would not desire even light.

302.—By the Same

Thou hast not insulted me, but my poverty; but if Zeus dwelt on earth in poverty, he himself also would have suffered insult.

303.—By the Same

If I am poor, what shall it harm me? Why dost thou hate me who do no wrong? This is the fault of Fortune, not a vice of character.

304.—By the Same

All are cowards and braggarts and whatever other fault there may be among men, yet he who has reason does not expose his fault to his neighbour, but in his wisdom hides it within. But thy soul's door is flung wide open, and it is evident to all when thou crouchest in terror or art too brazen.

305.—By the Same

Child of shamelessness, most ignorant of men, nursling of folly, tell why dost thou hold thy head high, knowing nothing? Among the grammarians
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

ἐν μὲν γραμματικοίς ὁ πλατωνικός· ἂν δὲ Πλάτωνος
δόγματι τις ζητή, γραμματικὸς σὺ πάλιν.
ἐξ ἐτέρου φεύγεις ἐπὶ θάτερον· οὕτε δὲ τέχνην
οἴσθα γραμματικὴν, οὕτε πλατωνικὸς εἰ.

306.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἀν μετ᾽ Ἀλεξάνδρειαν ἐσ’ Ἀντιόχειαν ἀπέλθης,
καὶ μετὰ τὴν Συρίην Ἰταλίας ἐπιβῆς,
τῶν δυνατῶν οὐδεὶς σε γαμήσειν· τοῦτο γὰρ αἰεὶ
οἰσμένη πηδᾶς εἰς πόλιν ἐκ πόλεως.

307.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τὸν ἔχεις τὸν Ἑρωτα, γυναῖκα δὲ τὴν Ἀφροδίτην·
οὐκ ἄδικως, χαλκεῦ, τὸν πόδα χωλὸν ἔχεις.

308.—ΔΟΤΚΙΛΛΙΟΤ

Τὸν πόδα τῇ βελόνῃ τρυπᾶν Κλεόνικος ὁ λεπτός,
αὐτὸς ἐτρύπησεν τῷ ποδὶ τὴν βελόνην.

309.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Θαρσύμαχε, πλοῦτον πολὺν ὠλεσας εξ ἐπιβουλῆς,
εἰς οὐδὲν δ᾽ ἦκεις ἀθλίως ἐξαπίνης,
φεισάμενος, δανίσας, τοκίσας τόκον, ὑδροποτήσας,
πολλάκι μηδὲ φαγόν, ὥστε τι πλεῖον ἔχειν.
ἀλλ᾽ εἰ μοι λογίσαι τὸ πείγην καὶ τότε καὶ νῦν,
οὐδὲν ἐλαττον ἔχεις ὧν τότ᾽ ἐδοξας ἔχειν.

310.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἡγόρασας πλοκάμους, φῦκος, μέλι, κηρὸν, ὀδόντας·
tῆς αὐτῆς δαπάνης ὄψιν ἂν ἡγόρασας.

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THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

thou art the Platonist, and if anyone enquire as to Plato's doctrines thou art again a grammarian. From one thing thou takest refuge in another, and thou neither knowest the Art of Grammar nor art thou a Platonist.

306.—BY THE SAME

Though you leave Alexandria for Antioch, and after Syria land in Italy, no man in power will ever wed you. The fact is you always are fancying that some one will, and therefore skip from city to city.

307.—BY THE SAME

Your son is called Eros and your wife Aphrodite, and so, blacksmith, it is quite fair you should have a lame leg.¹

308.—LUCILIUS

Lean Cleonicus, making a hole in his foot with the needle, himself made a hole in the needle with his foot.²

309.—BY THE SAME

Thrasymachus, you lost great wealth by a plot, and, poor fellow, you have suddenly come to naught after all your economising, lending, exacting interest, drinking water, often not even eating, so as to have a little more money. But if you calculate what starvation was then and what it is now, you have no less now than you then seemed to have.

310.—BY THE SAME

You bought hair, rouge, honey, wax, and teeth. For the same outlay you might have bought a face.

¹ i.e. like Hephaestus. ² cp. No. 102.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

311.—TOY AYTOY

Οὐτῶς ἦστ’ ἄργος Πανταῖνετος, ὡστε πυρέξας
μηκέτ’ ἀναστήναι παντὸς ἐδεῖτο θεοῦ.
καὶ νῦν οὐκ ἔθελοι μὲν ἐγείρεται, ἐν δέ οἱ αὐτῷ
κωφὰ θεῶν ἀδίκων οὐατα μεμφόμενος.

312.—TOY AYTOY

Οὐδενός ἐνθάδε νῦν τεθυκότος, ὁ παροδίτα,
Μάρκος ὁ ποιητὴς φιλοδόμηκε τάφον,
καὶ γράψας ἐπίγραμμα μονόστιχον, ὃδ᾽ ἐχάραξε·
" Κλαύσατε δωδεκάτη Μάξιμον ἐξ Ἐφέσου.
οὐδὲ γὰρ εἶδον ἐγώ τινα Μάξιμον· εἰς δ᾽ ἐπίδειξιν
ποιητοῦ κλαίειν τοῖς παρισίνι λέγω.

313.—TOY AYTOY

Ἀργυρῆ λιμῶ τίς, ἔς εἰλαπίνην με καλέσσας,
ἐκτανε, πειναλέους τοὺς πίνακας προφέρων.
ὄχθησας δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ἐειπον ἐν ἀργυροφεγγεῖ λιμῶ·
" Ποῦ μοι χορτασίη ὀστρακίνων πινάκων;"

314.—TOY AYTOY

Ἐξήτουν πινάκων πόθεν οὖνομα τοῦτο καλέσσω,
καὶ παρὰ σοὶ κληθείς, εὐρον ἰθεν λέγεται.
πείνης γὰρ μεγάλης μεγάλους πίνακας παρέθηκας,
ὁργάνα τοῦ λιμῶ πειναλέους πίνακας.

315.—TOY AYTOY

Εἴσεϊδεν Ἀντίοχος τὴν Δυσιμάχου ποτὲ τύλην,
κούκετι τὴν τύλην εἰσίδε Δυσίμαχος.
THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

311.—By the Same

Pantaenetus is so lazy that when he fell sick of a fever he prayed to every god never to get up again. And now he leaves his bed unwillingly, and in his heart blames the deaf ears of the unjust gods.

312.—By the Same

Though there is no one dead here now, O passer-by, Marcus the poet built a tomb here, and writing an inscription of one line as follows, engraved it: "Weep for twelve year old Maximus from Ephesus." I (says the tomb) never even saw any Maximus, but to show off the poet’s talent I bid the passer-by weep.¹

313.—By the Same

One, bidding me to a banquet, killed me with silver hunger, serving famished dishes. And in wrath I spoke amid the silver sheen of hunger: "Where is the plenty of my earthenware dishes?"

314.—By the Same

I sought whence I should say the word pinakes (dishes) was derived, and on being invited by you I found out why they are so called. For you placed before me great pinakes of great peina (hunger), famished dishes, instruments of famine.

315.—By the Same

Antiochus once set eyes on Lysimachus’ cushion, and Lysimachus never set eyes on it again.

¹ This phrase in Greek has also the sense of "to send to the deuce."
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

316.—ΑΛΛΟ
Eis ierôn pot' ágôna Mîlôn mónos ἤλθ' ó palaiosthís·
tôn d' eûthûs stefanôvûn athlotêthís ekálêi.
prosbaînôn d' ólîsithen ép' ischîon· oi d' êbhôsas
toûton mè stefanôvûn, eî mónos òn êpîseîn.
ánstas d' ën méssos ìntékraîgen "Ôkhî trî' ëstîn· 5
ën keîmai' loipôn tállâ ìe tìs balêtôw."

317.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ
'Antísastou émoi tìs ònon makróthymou êdokêveî,
tôn basstaxoménwv ðrmou ðdaiopórîs,
ûion tîs ðradutîtos ònon, pónon, ðkînon, ðneîron,
tôn anakampôntwv ýstâtîon próteron.

318.—ΦΙΛΟΔΗΜΟΤ
'Antikrátîs ðdei tâ sfaîrîkà màllon 'Arátou
póllôî, tîn ìdîn d' òûc énôei génesin.
distázîveî gâr êfî, póter' ën krîdô geganêntai
ì ðidûmîos, ì toîs ðxôusîn ãmûstêrôis.
eûrîtai ðè sâfôs ën toîs trîsî' kai gâr õxentîs
kai móros màlakôs t' ëstî kai ðphôfagôs. 5

319.—ΑΤΤΟΜΕΔΟΝΤΟΣ
'Andreakîwv déka métra fêrôn, êso kai ñu polîtîs·
ì ðè kai ðn ãgângîs, àûtòs ñ Tûiptôlemos.

1 To win the match one had to throw one's adversary three times.
2 The metrical foot antispastus was so called because it was composed of an iambus and a trochee, which have opposite movements.
THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

316.—ANONYMOUS

Milo the wrestler was once the only one who came to the sacred games, and the steward of the games called him to crown him at once. But as he was approaching he slipped and fell on his back, and the people called out: "Do not crown this man, as he got a fall when he was alone!" But he, standing up in their midst, shouted back: "Are there not three falls? I fell once; now let someone give me the other two."

317.—PALLADAS

Someone gave me a long-suffering donkey that moves backwards as much as forward their journey's haven to those who ride on it; a donkey, the son of slowness, a labour, a delay, a dream, but first instead of last for those who are retiring.

318.—PHILODEMUS

Anticrates knew the constellations much better than Aratus, but could not tell his own nativity; for he said he was in doubt whether he was born in the Ram or the Twins, or in both the Fishes. But it was clearly found to be in all three, for he is a tupper and a fool, and effeminate, and fond of fish.

319.—AUTOMEDON

If you bring ten sacks of charcoal you, too, will be a citizen, and if you bring a pig, also, you will be

3 These are puns that cannot be reproduced.
4 Here there is a play on the figure of speech hysteron-proteron, or inversion of words.
5 As µαλάκος certainly refers to δίδυμοι (= Gemini vel testiculi) I think both ὀχευτής and μωρός must refer to the Ram.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

dei de kai 'Hrakleidh uphigphtire dothinai
h kaunous krabhes, h facon, h koxlias.
taut' exe, kai ligein sauton 'Erexeia, Kekropia, Koderon,
oin k' ethelias' oudeis oudein eiptistrefetai.

320.—ARGENTARIOT

'Antigoun evsterge Filostратos: hyn de palaiostaiai
o plimwv 'Irou pennte pnevchroteros.
eure de' upo krumou glykou faramakou' antia gar schon
younat' ekoumhth, xeive, met' 'Antigounhs.

321.—PHILOPPO

Grammatikoi Mou mou styrion têkna, setes akandwv,
telkhines biblsvn, Zvnoidotov skylakes,
Kallemakhou stratwghtai, dv ois diplov ekthanwsoantes,
oin autou keiwn glwsan apostrfete,
sundesmon lypwv thrwstrateis, ois to 'myn' h 'sfin'
evade, kai xhtevn eis kynas eixe Kuklwv,
trhsoth' eis aiwna kataatyrwontes alitro
allov' es de' hmas lwn apoebesate.

322.—ANTIFANOTZ

Grammatikwn perierga genh, riqoruxa mouzhs
allotrjhs, atucheis setes akandwbatai,


1 Ancient Athenian heroes.
2 He is satirizing the facility with which the Athenians
  granted citizenship.
THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

Triptolemus himself, and to Heraclides your introducer must be given either some cabbage castocks, or lentils, or snails. Have these with you and call yourself Erechtheus, Cecrops, Codrus, whoever you like; no one minds a rap about it.2

320.—ARGENTARIUS

PHILOSTRATUS loved Antigone. He was poorer by five cubits, poor fellow, than Irus. The cold, however, taught him a sweet remedy; for tucking up his knees (with antia gonata) he slept so, stranger, with Antigone.

321.—PHILIPPUS

GRAMMARIANS, ye children of Stygian Momus, ye book-worms feeding on thorns,3 demon foes of books, dogs of Zenodotus,4 soldiers of Callimachus5 from whom, though you hold him out as a shield, you do not refrain your tongue, hunters of melancholy conjunctions who take delight in min6 and sphin6 and in enquiring if the Cyclops had dogs, may ye wear yourselves away for all eternity, ye wretches, muttering abuse of others; then come and quench your venom in me.

322.—ANTIPHANES

Idly curious race of grammarians, ye who dig up by the roots the poetry of others; unhappy book-worms that walk on thorns, defilers of the great,

3 On thorny passages of authors, as we should say.
4 The celebrated grammarian.
5 Callimachus is a difficult poet, owing to his recondite learning. 
6 Obsolete pronouns.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

τῶν μεγάλων κηλίδες, ἔτ τ᾿ Ἑρώνη δὲ κομῶντες,
pικροί καὶ ξηροὶ Καλλιμάχου πρόκυνες,
pοιητῶν λάβαι, παισὶ σκότος ἀρχημένιοις,
ἐρροῖτ', εὐφώνων λαθροδάκναι κόριες.

323.—ΠΑΛΔΑΔΑ

Ῥῶ καὶ Λάμβδα μόνων κόρακας κολάκων διορίζειν·
λοιπὸν ταυτὸ κόραξ βωμολόχος τε κόλαξ.
τοῦνεκά μοι, βέλτιστε, τὸδε ξών ἐπιφύλαξο,
eἰδὼς καὶ ξώντων τοὺς κόλακας κόρακας.

324.—ΑΤΤΟΜΕΔΟΝΤΟΣ

α. Δέξαι, Φοῖβε, τὸ δεῖπνον, ὅ σοι φέρω. β. Ἡν τις
eάση, δέξομαι. α. Εἶτα φοβῇ καὶ σύ τι, Δητοίδη;
β. Οὐδένα τῶν ἄλλων, πλὴν Ἄρριον· οὗτος ἔχει
gαρ ἀρπαγος ἵκτινον χεῖρα κραταοτέρην,
ἀκνίσοι βωμοῖο νεωκόρος· ἂν τελέσῃ δὲ
tὴν πομητὴν, ἄρας φοβῇ ἀπαντα πάλιν.
ἐν Διὸς ἀμβροσίῃ πολλῆ χάρις· εἴς γὰρ ἀν ὑμέων
ημην, εἰ λιμοῦ καὶ θεὸς ἕσθάνετο.

325.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἐχθῆς δειπνήσας τράγεων πόδα, καὶ δεκαταίων
καναβίνης κράμβης μῆλονοι ἀσπάραγον,
εἴπειν τὸν καλέσαντα φυλάσσομαι· ἔστι γὰρ ὅζυς,
καὶ φῶς ὅν χὸ τυχὼν μὴ με πάλιν καλέσῃ.

1 She was reckoned among the Alexandrian poets, and hence is mentioned here together with Callimachus.
2 i.e. not, like other crows, the dead.
THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

proud of your Erinna,¹ bitter and dry dogs set on by Callimachus, bane of poets, darkness to little beginners, away with you, bugs that secretly bite the eloquent.

323.—PALLADAS

Corakes (crows) and colakes (flatterers) are only distinguished by Rho and Lambda. Therefore a crow and a lick-spittle flatterer are the same thing. So, my good sir, beware of this beast, knowing that flatterers are crows that pick the living too.²

324.—AUTOMEDON

A. Accept, Phoebus, the supper I bring thee. B. I will accept it if someone lets me. A. Then, Son of Leto, is there something that thou too dost fear? B. No one else but only Arrius, for he, that minister of an altar that smells not of fat,³ has a more powerful claw than a robber-hawk, and once he has celebrated the procession⁴ he walks back carrying off everything. There is great virtue in Jove’s ambrosia, for I should be one of you⁵ if a god, too, could feel hunger.

325.—BY THE SAME

Having supped yesterday on a leg of an old goat and the yellow stalk, ten days old, of a cabbage like hemp, I am shy of mentioning the man who invited me; for he is short-tempered, and I am not a little afraid of his asking me again.

³ Because he carries all the meat away and never lets the altar smell of fat.
⁴ A procession accompanying a victim for sacrifice.
⁵ A mortal and liable to die of starvation.
326.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Πώγων, καὶ λάσια μηρῶν τρίχες, ώς ταχὺ πάντα
οί χρόνος ἀλλάσσει. Κόνικη, τούτ' ἐγένου.
οὐκ ἔλεγον; "Μὴ πάντα βαρὺς θέλε μηδὲ βάναυσος
εἶναι· καὶ κάλλους εἰς ἕτερος Νεμέειαμ."
ήλθες ἐσω μάνδρησ, ὑπερήφανε· νῦν ὅτι βούλει
οἶδαμεν· ἀλλ' ἔξην καὶ τότ' ἔχειν σε φρένας.

327.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ

Τὴν ξηρὴν ἐπὶ νότα Λυκαιιδά, τὴν Ἀφροδίτης
λώβην, τὴν ἐλάφου παντὸς ἀπυγοτέρην,
αἰπόλος ἕ μεθ' ὅνοικον ὅν ἄν ποτε, φασί, συνφίκει,
γοῖ, γοῖ. τοιαῦται Σιδονίων ἀλοχοί.

328.—ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΣ

Τὴν μίαν Ἐρμογένης κάγω ποτε καὶ Κλεόβουλος
ηγομεν εἰς κοινήν κύπριν Ἀριστοδίκην.
ἡς ἐλαχὸν μὲν ἐγώ πολίην ἀλα ναιέμεν αὐτός·
eis γὰρ έν, οὐ πάντες πάντα, διειλόμεθα.
Ἐρμογένης δ' ἐλαχὲ στυγερὸν δόμον εὐρώεντα,
ὑστατον, εἰς ἀφανῆ χώρον ὑπερχόμενος,
ἐνθ' ἀκται νηκών, καὶ ἔρινει ἰμερώειτε
δίνειται πνοὴ δυσκελάδων ανέμων.
Ζήνα δὲ θεὰς Κλεόβουλον, ὡς σύρανον εἰσαναβαίνειν,
τὸ ψολέον κατέχον ἐν χερὶ πῦρ, ἔλαχεν.
γῆ δ' ἔμενε ξυνὴ πάντων· ψίαθον γὰρ ἐν αὐτῇ
στρώσαντες, τὴν γραῦν ὥδε διειλόμεθα.

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326.—By the Same

Beard and rough hair on the thighs, how quickly time changes all! Connichus, is this what you have become? Did I not say, "Be not in all things harsh and discourteous; Beauty has its own Avenging Deities"? So you have come into the pen,¹ proud youth; we know that you wish for it now; but then, too, you might have had sense.

327.—Antipater of Thessalonica (?)²

Lycaenis with the dry back, the disgrace of Aphrodite, with less haunches than any deer, with whom, as the saying is, a drunken goatherd would not live. G-r-r, g-r-r! such are the wives of the Sidonians.

328.—Nicarchus

Unam Aristodicen quondam Hermogenes et ego et Cleobulus adhibuimus ad communem venerem. Hujus sortitus sum ego canum mare habitare, unus enim unum non omnia omnes divisimus; Hermogenes vero obscurum locum subiens domum ultimam situ plenam sortitus est, ubi mortuorum ripae sunt et ficus aeriae voluntur flatu raucorum ventorum. Jovem vero pone Cleobulum cui caelum (palatum) ascendere contigit ardentem in manu ignem tenentem. Terra autem mansit communis omnium, storea enim insuper illam strata, vetulam ita divisimus.

¹ i.e. as I think, “You have become tame.” Commentators interpret, “You have become like a goat.”
² Surely by the Sidonian.
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329.—TOY AYTOY

Δημώναξ, μὴ πάντα κάτω βλέπε, μηδὲ χαρίζου τῇ γλώσσῃ· δεινὴν χοίρος ἀκανθαν ἔχει.
καὶ σὺ ζῆς ἥμιᾶν, ἐν Φοινίκῃ δὲ καθεύδεις,
κούκ ὁυ ἐκ Σεμέλης μηροτραφῆς γέγονας.

330.—TOY AYTOY

Ἐκλήθην ἔχθες, Δημήτριε· σήμερον ἤλθον
dειπνεῖν. μὴ μέμψῃ, κλίμακ' ἔχεις μεγάλην·
ἐν ταύτῃ πεποίηκα πολὺν χρόνον· οὕτω ἂν ἐσώθην
σήμερον, ἀλλ' ἀνέβην κέρκου δυον κατέχου.
ἡφαι τῶν ἅστρων· Ζεὺς ἥνικα τον Γανυμήδην
ἡπασε, τηδ' αὐτὸν, φαίνετ', ἔχουν ἀνέβη.
ἐνθευ δ' εἰς Ἁθηνήν πώτ' ἄφιξαι; οὐκ ἀφύης εἰ
εὐρηκας τέχνην πῶς ἐσῇ ἄθανατος.

331.—TOY AYTOY

Εἶχε Φιλων λέμβον Σωτήριχον· ἀλλ' ἐν ἐκείνῳ
σωθήν' οὐδὲ Ζεὺς αὐτὸς ἓσως δύναται.
οὔνομα γὰρ μόνον ἦν Σωτήριχος, οἱ δ' ἐπιβάντες
ἐπλευν ἡ παρὰ γῆν, ἡ παρὰ Φερσεφόνῃ.

332.—TOY AYTOY

Οὐ πλείων, ἀλλ' ἀντλείν ἡμᾶς Εἰκανδρος ὁ πρωρεύς
eiς τὴν εἰκόσορον φαίνεται ἐμβιβασας·
οὐκ ὀλίγον γὰρ ἐνεστὶν ύδωρ ἐσω, ἀλλ' ὁ Ποσειδῶν
ἐν ταύτῃ διαπλείων φαίνεται εἰς τὸ πέραν·

1 = pudendum muliebre. For the reference to Phoenicia
see Φοινικὸς in L. and S.

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329.—By the Same

Demonax, do not always turn down your eyes, nor indulge your tongue; the pig has a formidable thorn. And you live . . . and sleep in Phoenicia, and though not Semele's son, art nourished by a thigh.

330.—By the Same

I was invited yesterday, Demetrius, and came to supper to-day. Don't find fault with me; you have a long staircase. I spent an age on it, and I should not have got safe up it to-day only I came up holding on to a donkey's tail. You touch the stars: Zeus, it seems, when he ran away with Ganymede, went up with him by this route. But from here how long will it take you to reach Hades? You are not wanting in cleverness; you have hit on a trick for being immortal.

331.—By the Same

Philo had a boat called the "Saviour," but in it perhaps not even Zeus himself can be saved. Its name only was Saviour, but the passengers sailed either close to land or to Persephone.

332.—By the Same

Icander the captain embarked us, it seems, on his twenty-oarer, not for a sail, but to bale her out. For the water in her is not little, but Poseidon seems to sail over in her to the opposite shore. It is

2 Dionysus, who was said to have come to maturity as a baby in the thigh of Zeus.
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νῦν πρῶτον ναύς ὁππαί ύδρωτική, ἀλλὰ γε [δείδω] 5
μὴ σορόν οὔσαν ἵδης τὴν πάλαι εἰκόσορον.

333.—ΚΑΛΛΙΚΤΗΡΟΣ

Φαρμακίοισι Ἡρὸδων λέπραν καὶ χουράδας αἴρει
τάλλα δὲ πάντα αἴρει καὶ δίχα φαρμακίων.

334.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Δαμαγόραν καὶ λοιμὸν ἵσοψηφον τις ἀκούσας
ἔστησα ἀμφωτέρων τῶν τρόπων ἐκ κανόνος
εἶς τὸ μέρος δὲ καθεῖλκετ ἀνελκυσθὲν τὸ τάλαντον
Δαμαγόρου, λοιμὸν δ’ εὑρεν ἐλαφρότερον.

335.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

'Ω τλήμον Κυνέγειρε, καὶ ἐν ξώοις καὶ ἀπελθῶν,
ὡς αἰεὶ κόπτῃ ρήμασι καὶ κοπίσων.
πρόσθε μὲν ἐν πολέμουσι τῇ πέσε μαρναμένη χείρ,
νῦν δὲ σ’ ὁ γραμματικός καὶ ποδός ἕστέρισεν.

336.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Τῆς Ἀσίης τὰ λάφυρα λαβὼν ἔπλευσε Καρῖνος
ἡματι χειμερίῳ, δυομένων ἐρίφων.
eῖδε καὶ Ἀδράστεια τὸ φορτίον· δς δ’ ἐφοράως
ἀχετο, καὶ πελάγους δαίμοσιν ἐγγελάσας.

1 There is a play on eikósoros and soros (coffin).
2 i.e. he is a thief.
3 Reckoning the letters as numbers, each comes to 420.
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the first time a ship with the dropsy has been seen. But I, at least, fear lest you may see what was once a long boat turn into our long home.\footnote{1}

333.—CALLICTER

Rhodo removes leprosy and scrofula by drugs, but he removes everything else even without drugs.\footnote{2}

334.—Anonymous

Someone, hearing that "Damagoras" and "pestilence" were numerical equivalents,\footnote{3} weighed the character of both from the beam of the balance. But the scale, when raised, was pulled down on Damagoras' side, and he found pestilence lighter.

335.—Anonymous

O unhappy Cynegirus,\footnote{4} how among the living and in death art thou hacked by words and axes! Formerly thy hand fell fighting in the war, and now the grammarian has deprived thee of a foot.

336.—Anonymous

Carinus,\footnote{5} after receiving the spoils of Asia, set sail on a winter's day at the setting of the Kids. Nemesis, too, saw the cargo, but he departed in her sight and laughing at the gods of the sea.

\footnote{4} A famous fighter at the battle of Marathon. The correct form of the name is Cynaegirus, the second syllable being long. The grammarian had misspelt it and made it short.

\footnote{5} If he be the emperor of this name, nothing is known of the circumstance to which this epigram alludes.
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337.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Βουλεύεις, 'Αγαθίνε, τὸ βῆτα δὲ τούτ' ἐπρίω νῦν,
eἰπέ, πόσης τιμῆς; δέλτα γὰρ ἦν πρότερον.

338.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Τὴν φωνὴν ἐνοπῆν σε λέγειν ἐδίδαξεν Ὁμήρος,
tὴν γλῶσσαν δ' ἐνοπῆν τίς σ' ἐδίδαξεν ἐχειν;

339.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Τὴν κεφαλὴν σείεις, καὶ τὴν πυγὴν ἀνασείεις,
ἐν μὲν μαίνομένου, ἐν δὲ περαινομένου.

340.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ

Ὅμοσα μυριάκις ἐπιγράμματα μηκέτι ποιεῖν
pολλῶν γὰρ μωρῶν ἐξήθραν ἐπεστασάμην.
ἀλλ' ὁπόταν κατίδω τοῦ Παφλαγόνος τὸ πρόσωπον
Πανταγάθου, στέξαι τὴν νόσον οὐ δύναμαι.

341.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Αἰνίζειν μὲν ἁριστον, ὁ δὲ ψόγος ἔχθεος ἀρχή;
ἀλλὰ κακῶς εἰπέιν, Ἀττικὸν ἐστὶ μέλι.

342.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Κήλην κηλήτου μὴ φαινομένου προτέθεικας,
μὴ μοι τὴν κῆλην' αὐτὸν ἰδεῖν δέομαι.

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337.—Anonymous

You are a senator, Agathinus, but tell me how much you paid now for the Beta, for formerly it was Delta.¹

338.—Anonymous

Homer taught you to call the voice enope, but who taught you to have your tongue enope (i.e. in foramen)?

339.—Anonymous

Cæput moves, et clunem agitas; unum furentis est, alterum vero perforati.

340.—Palladas

I swore ten thousand times to make no more epigrams, for I had brought on my head the enmity of many fools, but when I set eyes on the face of the Paphlagonian Pentagathus I can’t repress the malady.

341.—By the Same

It is best to praise, and blaming is the cause of enmity, but yet to speak ill of others is Attic honey.

342.—Anonymous

You put the ruptured man’s rupture in front of him, he himself not being visible. Don’t present me to the rupture; I want to see the man himself.

¹ See note to the similar epigram, No. 260.
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343.—ΑΛΛΩ
Σιλβανὸς δύο παίδας ἔχων, Οἶνον τε καὶ "Τπνον, οὐκέτι τὰς Μούσας, οὐδὲ φίλους φιλέειν· ἄλλος ὁ μὲν ἔκ λεχέων νυν ἐὔρροος ἐς φρένα θέλγει, ἄλλος δὲ ἐς θαλάμους ῥεγχόμενον κατέχει.

344.—ΑΛΛΩ
Εἰς Μητρόδοτον Βένετον ἐχοντα πρασίνην τράπεζαν
Μητρόδοτος στυγέων πρασίνων αἰώνιον ἀχθος, μνημοσύνην μίσους τήνδε τράπεζαν ἔχει.

345.—ΑΛΛΩ
Μητρόφανης, κύκνοψι, δασύθρις, διε πελαργε, τῇ καὶ τῇ κραδάων κεφαλὴν γεράνουσιν ὁμοίων, μηκεδανὸν καράκαλλον ὑπὲκ δαπέδου κομίζεις.

346.—ΑΤΤΟΜΕΔΟΝΤΟΣ
Μέχρι τίνος, Πολύκαρπε, κενής παράσιτε τραπέζης, λήσῃ κερματίοις χρώμενος ἄλλατροις; οὐ γὰρ ἐτ' εἰν ἀγορῇ σε βλέπω πολύν. ἄλλ' ὑποκάμπτεις ἡδη, καὶ ξητεῖς ποί σε φέρωσι πόδες. πᾶσιν ἐπαγγέλλῃ. "Κόμισαι τὸ σὸν αὐριον· ἔρχον 5 καὶ λάβες" κοῦδ' ὠμόσας, οὐκέτι πίστιν ἔχεις. Κυζικόθεν σε φέρων ἀνέμος Σαμόθραξ εἶ πέλασσεν· τοῦτο σε τού λοιποῦ τέρμα μένει βιότου.

1 The Veneti, or Blues, were one of the factions of the Circus, the others being the Greens and Whites.
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343.—Anonymous

Silvanus has two servants, Wine and Sleep; he no longer loves either the Muses or his friends, but the one flowing copiously into his head charms him from bed, and the other keeps him in his bedroom snoring.

344.—Anonymous

On Metrodotus, one of the Veneti who had a Green Table

Metrodotus, detesting the eternal burden of the Greens, has this table to keep him mindful of his hatred.

345.—Anonymous

Metrophanes, swan-faced, shock-headed, lovely stork, shaking your head this way and that like a crane's, you drag your long hood over the ground.  

346.—Automedon

How long, Polycarpus, sitting to feast at an empty table, shall you live undetected on the savings of others? I no longer see you much in the marketplace, but you now turn up side streets and try to think where your feet shall carry you. You promise all, "Come, take yours to-morrow. Come and get it": but not even if you take your oath do you continue to keep faith. "The wind bearing thee from Cyzicus brought thee to Samothrace": this is the goal that awaits you for the rest of your life.

2 There is no point appreciable by us in these derisive lines addressed to an unknown person.

3 i.e. his bank. The allusion in 1. 7, which is partly a parody of Homer, is quite obscure.
347.—ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΣ

Χαίρομαι οι περὶ κόσμου ἀεὶ πεπλανηκότες ὄμμα,
οἱ τ' ἄπ' Ἀριστάρχου σήτες ἀκανθολόγοι.
ποι γὰρ ἐμὸλ ζητεῖν, τίνας ἐδραμεν ἡλιός οἴμους,
καὶ τίνος ἢν Πρωτεύς, καὶ τὸ Ὀμυμαλών;
γινώσκοιμ' ὅσα λευκὸν ἔχει στίχον· ἢ δὲ μέλαινα
ιστορία τῆκο τοὺς Περικαλλιμάχους:

348.—ΑΝΤΙΦΑΝΟΣ

'Ω θηρῶν βροτὲ μᾶλλον ἀνήμερε, πάντα σε μισεῖ,
πατρολέτωρ· πάντη δ' ἐκδέχεται σε μόρος.
ἡν ἐπὶ γῆς φεῦγης, ἀγχοῦ λύκος· ἢν δὲ πρὸς ὤψος
δεινοβατῆς, ἀστῖς δειμ' ὑπὲρ ἀκρεμόνων.
πειράξεις καὶ Νεῖλος; ο δ' ἐν δίνας κροκόδειλον
ἐτρεφεν, εἰς ἀσεβεῖς θῆρα δικαιότατον.

349.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ

Εἴπε πόθεν σὺ μετρεῖς κόσμον καὶ πέρατα γαῖ̣ς
εξ ὀλύνης γαῖς σῶμα φέρων ὀλύνον.
σαυτὸν ἀρίθμησον πρότερον καὶ γνῶθι σεαυτόν,
καὶ τότ' ἀριθμήσεις γαῖαν ἀπειρεσίην.
εἰ δ' ὀλύνον πῆλον τοῦ σώματος ὅ τι καταριθμεῖς,
πῶς δύνασαι γνῶναι τῶν ἀμέτρων τὰ μέτρα;

350.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

Εἰς δικολόγον ἅδικοιντα

Νῆπιε, πῶς σε λέληθε Δίκης ζυγόν, οὐ νοεῖς δὲ
ἀνδράσιν οὐχ ὁσίοις ψήφον ὀφειλομένην;

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347.—PHILIPPUS

Farewell ye whose eyes ever range over the universe, and ye thorn-gathering book-worms of Aristarchus' school. What serves it me to enquire what path the Sun has run, and whose son was Proteus and who Pygmalion? Let me know works whose lines are clear,1 but let dark lore waste away the devotees of Callimachus.

348.—ANTIPHANES

O parricide, man more savage than the beasts, all things hate thee, everywhere thy fate awaits thee. If thou fliest on the land, the wolf is near; and if thou climbest high on trees, the asp on the branches is a terror. Thou makest trial of the Nile, too, but he nourishes in his eddies the crocodile, a brute most just to the impious.

349.—PALLADAS

Tell me whence comes it that thou measurest the Universe and the limits of the Earth, thou who bearest a little body made of a little earth? Count2 thyself first and know thyself, and then shalt thou count this infinite Earth. And if thou canst not reckon thy body's little store of clay, how canst thou know the measures of the immeasurable?

350.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

On a Lawyer guilty of Malpractice

Fool, how hast thou failed to notice the balance of Justice and dost not know the sentence due to

1 Lit. "white." 2 We should say "measure."
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ρήτρη πιστεύεις πυκνόφρονι, σή τε μενούη
ποικίλον αὐτήσαι μύθον ἐπισταμένη.
ἐλπίζειν ἐξεστε: Θέμων δ’ οὐκ οἴδεν ἀμείψαι
τῆς σής ἠλεμάτου πάγιαν φαντασίης.

351.—ΠΑΔΛΑΔΑ

Τῷ πτυσάνῃ πτωλοῦν τὸ κελλίον ἑχθές ἔδωκα,
καὶ φοβερῶν πῦκτην σήμερον εὔρον ἔσω.
ὡς δ’ ἔλεγον, “Σὺ τὰς εἴ; πόθεν ἦλυθες ἡμετέρον δῶ;”
πυγμαχίης κατ’ ἐμοῦ χεῖρας ἀνέσχεν ἄνω.
ψύττα δ’ ἐγὼ κατέσεω, φοβεύμενος ἄγριον ἄνδρα, 5
τὸν πτυστήν πῦκτην ἔξαπίνης ὀρῶν.
アルバムε, πρὸς πῦκτων Πολυδεύκεως ἢδὲ καὶ αὐτοῦ
Κάστορος, ικνοῦμι, καὶ Δίδος ἰκεῖσον,
τὸν πῦκτην ἀπόκρουσον, ἐμὸν χόλων· οὐ δύναμαι γὰρ
πυκτεύειν καθάπαξ μηνὸς ἐπερχομένου.

352.—ΑΓΑΘΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

Τὸν σοφὸν ἐν κιθάρῃ, τὸν μουσικὸν 'Ανδροτίωνα
εἴρετο τῇς τοιὴν κρονικατικῆς σοφίην.
“Δεξιτερὴν ὑπάτην ὅποτε πλήκτροσι δόνησας,
ἡ λατιή νήτη πάλλεται αὐτομάτως
Λεπτὸν ὑποτρίζουσα, καὶ ἀντίτυπον τερέτισμα
πάσχει, τῆς ἰδίης πλησσομένης ὑπάτης.
ὥστε με θαυμάζει πῶς ἀπνοα νεύρα ταθέντα
ἡ φύσις ἀλλήλοις θήκατο συμπάθεα.”
δς δὲ τὸν ἐν πλήκτροσιν 'Ἀριστόξεων ἀγητὸν
ὡμοσε μὴ γνώναι τὴν θεμοσύνην.
“Ἐστὶ δ’,” ἔφη, “λύσίς ἢδε τὰ νευριὰ πάντα τέ-
τυκται
ἐξ διὸς χολάδων ἄμμιγα τερσομένων.

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impious men! Thou trustest in thy subtle rhetoric and thy trained mind, which knows how to utter a fallacious argument. Thou mayest hope if thou wilt, but the play of thy vain fancy cannot change Themis.

351.—PALLADAS

I let the cell yesterday to a barley-water maker, and to-day I found a formidable pugilist in it. And when I said, "Who art thou? Whence didst thou invade my house?" he up with his hands to box with me. I went off at the double, afraid of the savage man, on seeing the brewer suddenly turned into a bruiser. But by the boxer Pollux and Castor himself, and Zeus who hearkens to suppliants, keep the boxer, my aversion, off me; for I can't have a stand-up fight at the beginning of every month.¹

352.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

Some one questioned the musician Androction, skilled in what concerns the lyre, on a curious piece of instrumental lore. "When you set the highest string on the right in motion with the plectron, the lowest on the left quivers of its own accord with a slight twang, and is made to whisper reciprocally when its own highest string is struck; so that I marvel how nature made sympathetic to each other lifeless strings in a state of tension." But he swore that Aristoxenus,² with his admirable knowledge of plectra, did not know the theoretical explanation of this. "The solution," he said, "is as follows. The strings are all made of sheep's gut dried all together.

¹ i.e. every time I call for the rent.
² A celebrated writer on music.
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τούνεκεν εἰσίν ἀδελφά, καὶ ὡς ξύμφυλα συνηχεῖ, ἐξυγγενὲς ἀλλήλων φθέγμα μεριζόμενα.
γνήσια γὰρ τάδε πάντα, μιῆς ἀτε γαστρὸς ἐόντα, 15
καὶ τῶν ἀντιτύπων κληρονομεῖ πατάγων.
καὶ γὰρ δεξίον ὃμμα κακούμενον ὅμματι λαβί
πολλάκι τοὺς ἰδίους ἀντιδίδωσι πόνους."

353.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ

'Έρμολόκου θυγάτηρ μεγάλη παρέλεκτο πιθήκῳ,
ἡ δ' ἔτεκεν πολλοὺς 'Έρμοπιθηκιάδας.
eἰ δ' Ἐλένην ὁ Ζεὺς καὶ Κάστορα καὶ Πολυδεύκην
ἐκ Λήδης ἔτεκεν, κύκνων ἀμειψάμενος,
'Έρμιόνη γε κόραξ παρελέξατο. ἡ δὲ τάλαινα
φρικτῶν δαίμονιν ἐρμαγέλην ἔτεκεν.

354.—ΑΓΑΘΙΩΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

"Αλλον Ἀριστοτέλην, Νικόστρατον, ἱσοπλάτωνα,
σκινδαλαμοφράστην αἰπυτάτης σοφίας,
τοῖα περὶ ψυχῆς τις ἀνείρετο. "Πῶς θέμας εἰπεῖν
τὴν ψυχήν; θυητήν, ἢ πάλιν ἀθάνατον;
σώμα δὲ δεῖ καλέειν, ἢ ἀσώματον; ἐν δὲ νοητοῖς
τακτέον, ἢ ληπτοῖς, ἢ τὸ συναμφότερον;"
αὐτὰρ ὁ τὰς βίβλους ἀνέλέξατο τῶν μετεώρων,
καὶ τὸ περὶ ψυχῆς ἔργον Ἀριστοτέλους,
καὶ παρὰ τὸν Φαίδωνι Πλατωνικὸν ὤψος ἐπιγνούς,
pᾶσαν ἐνησκήθη πάντοθεν ἀτρεκίνη.
εἶτα περιστέλλω τὸ τριβώνιον, εἶτα γενεῖον
ἄκρα καταψήχων, τὴν λύσιν ἐξέφερεν.

1 i.e. an ape-like man.
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So they are sisters and sound together as if related, sharing each other's family voice. For they are all legitimate children, being the issue of one belly, and they inherit those reciprocal noises. Just so does the right eye, when injured, often convey its own pain to the left eye."

353.—PALLADAS

Hermolyclus' daughter slept with a great ape¹ and she gave birth to many little ape-Hermeses. If Zeus, transformed into a swan, got him from Leda Helen, Castor, and Pollux, with Hermione at least a crow lay, and, poor woman, she gave birth to a Hermes-crowd of horrible demons.²

354.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

One enquired as follows about the soul from Nicostratus, that second Aristotle, that equal of Plato, the straw-splitter of the loftiest philosophy. "How should we describe the soul, as mortal or rather immortal? Must we call it a body or incorporeal? Is it to be classed among intelligible or apprehensible things, or is it both?" But he perused again his books of metaphysic and Aristotle's work on the Soul, and having renewed his acquaintance with Plato's sublimity in the Phaedo, armed himself from every source with the complete truth. Then, wrapping his cloak about him and stroking down the end of his beard, he gave utter-

² The epigram seems very confused. Is Hermione the same as Hermolyclus' daughter, and how did she manage to have such a variety of husbands?
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

“Εἶπερ δὲ ὅλως ἐστὶ ψυχὴς φύσις (οὐδὲ γὰρ οἶδα), ἢ θυμητὴ πάντως ἐστὶν ἢ ἀθανάτος,
σπενοφυὴς ἢ αὖλος· ὅταν δ’ Ἀχέροντα περίσσης, 15
κεῖθι τὸ νημερτές γνώσει ὡς ὁ Πλάτων.
εἰ δ’ ἐθέλεις, τὸν παῖδα Κλεόμβροτον Ἀμβρακιώτην
μιμοῦ, καὶ τεγέων σοῦ δέμας ἐκχάλασον·
καὶ κεν ἐπιγνοιώς δίχα σώματος αὐτίκα σαυτόν,
μοῦνον ὅπερ ζητεῖς τοῦθ’ ὑπολειπόμενος.” 20

355.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ

Πάντα μὲν οἶδα, λέγεις· ἀτελῆς δ’ ἐν πᾶσιν ὑπάρχεις,
γενόμενος πάντων, οὐδὲν ἔχεις ἰδιον.

356.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Εἰς σὲ καὶ ἀφενδὴς ἐψεύσατο βίβλος Ὀμήρου,
ὀπλοτέρων ἐνέπουσα μετήρα δήνεα φωτών.

357.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ

Τίδος καὶ γενετήρ δήριν φιλόνεικον ἔθεντο,
τής πλέον ἐκδαπανῶν κλήρον ἄπαντα φάγη.
καὶ μετὰ τήν βρῶσιν τήν χρηματικῆν μάλα πᾶσαν,
ὕστατον ἀλλήλους λοιπῶν ἔχουσι φαγεῖν.

358.—ΑΛΔΟ

Ῥουφινανός, Ῥοῦφος δὲν δισύλλαβος,
συνεξέτευε τοῖς κακοῖς τὰς συλλαβὰς·
οὐ λανθάνει δὲ τὴν δισύλλαβον Δίκην.
κληθήσεται γὰρ καὶ δισύλλαβος πάλιν,
Ῥοῦφος κακούργος καὶ γόης, ὡς ἦν ποτὲ. 5

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ance to the solution: "If the soul has in truth any nature (for even that I don’t know) it is in any case either mortal or immortal, either of a solid nature or immaterial; but when you have passed over Acheron, there you shall learn the precise truth like Plato. Or, if you will, imitate the boy Cleombrotus of Ambracia,¹ and let your body drop from the roof. Then you would at once recognise what you are, being without a body, and with nothing left you but the thing you are enquiring into."

355.—PALLADAS

You say "I know all things," but you are imperfect in all things. Tasting of everything, you have nothing that is your own.

356.—ANONYMOUS

The book of Homer, which never lies, lied about thee, saying the minds of young men are volatile.

357.—PALLADAS

A son and father started a competitive contest as to which could eat up all the property by spending most, and after devouring absolutely all the money they have at last each other to eat up.

358.—ANONYMOUS

Rufinianus was once Rufus in two syllables, but extended his syllables simultaneously with his crimes; but he does not escape the eye of two-syllabled Justice, for he shall again be called in two syllables Rufus the scoundrel and rascal, as he was before.

¹ See Callimachus' epigram, Bk. VII. 471.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

359.—ΑΛΛΟ

"Ω τῆς ἀπάσης δυνάμεως ὑπέρτατε,
σῶσόν με τῶν δύστηνον ἕκ παντὸς φθόνον.
θέλεις ἀκούσαι, βούλομαι κάηγω λέγειν,
τὸ γὰρ θέλημα τὴν χάριν τίκτει διπλῆν,
διπλούν τε κάλλος τῷ λόγῳ χαρίζεται
λέγοντι κόσμος, καὶ κλύνοντι σεμνότης.
φωστήρ γὰρ εἰ σὺ καὶ λόγων καὶ τῶν νόμων,
nόμοις δικάζων καὶ λόγοισι εἰκρέπτων.
αἵλουρον εἶδον χρυσίον τὸν πρύγκιπα,
ἡ βδέλλαν ὁμήν, χρυσοκόλλητον χόλον." 10

360.—ΑΛΛΟ

Νῦν ὁ στρατηγὸς Ἑρμανούβης ἔγενετο
κύων, ἀδελφοὺς συλλαβῶν Ἑρμᾶς δύο
ἀσημοκλέπτας, συνδεθέντας σχοινίω,
ψυχροὺς ἀνέρους Ταρταρίους τε δαίμονας.
οὐκ οἶδα χώρον τοῦ τρόπου κατήγορου
τρόπον δὲ χώρο τοῦ κατήγορον λέγω. 5

361.—ΑΤΤΟΜΕΔΟΝΤΟΣ

'Ἡμίονοι σύγγρηροι ἐμὴν κομέουσιν ἀπήνην,
taiσῖν Ὄμηρείως πάντα Διταῖς ἱκεῖσι,
χωλαί τε, ῥυσαί τε, παραβλώπτες τ' ὀφθαλμῶ.
'Ἡφαίστου πομπή, σκύτων δαίμονα,
οὐ ποτε γευσάμεναι, μὰ τὸν Ἡλιοῦ, οὐδ' ἐν ὀνείρῳ,
οὐ θέρεος κριθὴν, οὐκ ἔαρος βοτάνην.
tούτνεκ' ἔμεν ἐκεὶ θέου ζώοιτε κορώνης
<ἡ ἑλάφου,> κενεὶν ἥρα βοσκόμεναι.

1 If the whole really forms one epigram, the first eight lines are, of course, ironical.

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359.—Anonymous

O thou who are higher than all power, save my wretched self from all envy. Thou wouldest hear and I, too, would speak; for the wish gives birth to double pleasure, while elegance on the speaker's part and gravity on the hearer's bestow double beauty on the speech. Thou art the luminary of speech and of laws, judging by law and excelling in speech.

I saw in this prince a cat-like gold-grabber or a cruel leech, a mass of bile set in gold.1

360.—Anonymous

Now the general has become Hermanubis the dog, taking with him two brother Hermeses, stealers of silver, tied together with a rope, cold, prematurely dead demons of Tartarus.2 I know no place that accuses morals, but I say that morals accuse the place.

361.—Automedon

Two mules, equally advanced in years, adorn my carriage, in all things resembling Homer's Prayers 3: lame, wrinkled, with squinting eyes, the escort of Hephaestus,4 leathery demons who never tasted, I swear it by the Sun, even in a dream, either barley in summer or grass in spring. Therefore, as far as I am concerned, may you live as long as a crow or stag, feeding on empty air.

2 This obscure vituperation conveys very little to us. Were the two brothers members of the general's staff? That they are all called Hermeses implies that they were thieves.
3 II. i. 502.
4 Who was lame.

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362.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΤ

Ευδαίμων ὅτι τάλλα μανείς ἰρχαίος Ὀρέστας,
Δεύκαρε, τὰν ἀμάν οὐκ ἐμάνη μανήν,
οὔτ' ἔλαβ' ἐξέτασιν τῷ Φωκέος, ἄτις ἔλεγχε
τὸν φίλον, ἀλλ' ἵαί' ἐν δραμ' ἐδίδαξε μόνον.
ἡ τάχα καὶ τὸν ἑταῖρον ἀπώλεσε τοῦτο ποῆσας:
κάγῳ τοὺς πολλοὺς οὐκέτ' ἔχω Πυλάδας.

363.—ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΤ

Οὐκέτ' Ἀλέξανδρεῦσι τὰ τίμα, χω Πτολεμαίον
Μόσχος ἐν ἡθέοις λαμπάδι κύδος ἔχειν.
ὁ Πτολεμαῖον Μόσχος, ἴδω πόλις: ποῦ δὲ τὰ μητρὸς
αἴσχεα, πάνθημοι τ' ἐργασία τέγεος;
ποῦ δὲ . . . συφόρβια; τίκτετε, πόρναι,
τίκτετε, τῷ Μόσχου πειθόμεναι στεφάνῳ.

364.—ΒΙΑΝΟΡΟΣ

Οὕτως ὁ μηδέν, ὁ λυτός, ὁ καὶ λάτρις, οὕτως, ὡράτε,
ἐστὶ τινὸς ψυχῆς κύριος ἄλλοτρίης.
Lilla C. Perry, From the Garden of Hellas, p. 106.

365.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

Καλλιγένης ἀγροίκος, ὅτε σπόρον ἔβαλε γαίῃ,
οἶκον 'Αριστοφάνους ἠλθεν ἐς ἀστρολόγον,

1 Pylades, the friend of Orestes.
2 The point of the whole has not been explained, and it is unfortunate that line 4 is corrupt. The "one drama" must, I think, mean the Choephoroi. Orestes then would have offended Pylades had he introduced him into the Eumenides.
THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

362.—CALLIMACHUS

Orestes of old, Leucarbus, was happy in this, that, mad in other matters, he was not mad with my madness, nor did he have to apply the test to the Phocian, which is the trial of a friend, but taught him a part in one drama only. Perchance had he done this he would have lost his companion, and, as a fact, I no longer have most of my Pyladeses.

363.—DIOSCORIDES

Gone is the honour of the Alexandrians and Moschus, Ptolemaeus' son, has won glory among the young men in the torch-race, Moschus, Ptolemaeus' son! Woe for my city! And where are his mother's deeds of shame and her public prostitution? Where are the...? Where are the pigsties? Bring forth, ye whores, bring forth, persuaded by Moschus' crown.

364.—BIANOR

This man, a cypher, mean, yes a slave, this man look ye, is lord of some other's soul.

365.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

Calligenes the husbandman, when he had cast the seed into the land, came to the house of Aristophanes also, and Callimachus had offended his friends in some like manner.

It is scarcely probable that he means the King. The name, of course, is fairly common.

Literally, "work on the roof." The calling of a prostitute is still called "work" in Greece.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

"Είπερ ἐκείνην, εἴπερ θέρος αἰσιον αὐτῷ ἔσται, καὶ σταχὐῶν ἄφθονος εὐπορίθ.
δὲ λαβῶν ψηφίδας, ὑπὲρ πίνακός τε πυκάξων, δάκτυλά τε γνώμπτων, φθέγξατο Καλλιγένει.
"Είπερ ἐπομβρηθῇ τὸ ἀροῦριον ὡςον ἀπόχρη, μηδὲ τιν' οὐλαίην τέξεται ἀνθοσύνην,
μηδὲ πάγος ῥήξῃ τὴν αὐλακα, μηδὲ χαλάζῃ ἀκρον ἀποδρομφή δράγματος ὃρνυμένου,
μηδὲ κεμάς κείρησι τὰ λήμα, μηδὲ τιν' ἀλλήν ἥρος ἢ γαίης ὡςεται ἀμπλακίην,
ἔσθλον σοι τὸ θέρος μαντεύομαι, εὐ δ' ἀποκόψεις τοὺς στάχνας. μοῦνας δειδίθι τὰς ἀκρίδας."

366.—ΜΑΚΗΔΟΝΙΟΤ ΤΠΑΤΟΤ

Φειδώλος τις ἀνὴρ ἀφόων θησαυρὸν ὁνείρω, ἦθελ' ἀποθυήσεις, πλούσιον ὑπνον ἔχων,
ὡς δ' ἵδε τὴν προτέρην, σκιών μετὰ κέρδος ὁνείρου,
ἐξ ὑπνον πενήν, ἀντικάθευδε πάλιν.

367.—ΙΟΤΑΙΑΝΟΤ ΑΝΤΙΚΕΝΣΟΡΟΣ

"Οψιν ἐχεις στρούθῳ πανομοίον. ἢ ρά σε Κήρκη ἐς πτηνήν μετέθηκε φύσιν, κυκεώνα πιόντα;"

368.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

'Αμητός πολύς ἔστι τεὶν κατὰ δάσκιον ὡψιν,
τῷ σε χρή δραπάνουσι, καὶ οὐ ψαλίδεσσί καρήναι.

369.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

'Ασφαλεὼς οἰκήσου ἐν ἄστει, μή σε κολάψη
αἵματι Πυγμαίων ἡδομένη γέρανος.

H. Wellesley, in Anthologia Polyglotta, p. 264.

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the astrologer and begged him to tell him if he would have a favourable harvest and great abundance of corn. Taking his counters and spreading them on a tray, and bending his fingers, he said to Calligenes: “If your bit of land receives sufficient rain and produces no crop of wild flowers, if the frost does not break the furrows, if the hail does not nip off the tops of the sprouting ears, if no goat browses on the corn, and if it meet with no other injury by air or earth, I prophesy that your harvest will be excellent and you will cut the ears with success; only look out for the locusts.”

366.—MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL

A parsimonious man, laying hands on a treasure in a dream, wished to die enjoying a rich sleep. But when after the shadowy gain of the dream he awoke and saw his poverty as it was, he went to sleep again.

367.—JULIAN ANTECESSOR

You have a face just like an ostrich. Did Circe give you a potion to drink and change your nature into that of a bird?

368.—BY THE SAME

You have such a heavy crop on your hairy face that you ought to have it cut with scythes and not with scissors.

369.—BY THE SAME

To a Dwarf

Live in safety in the town, lest the stork who delights in the blood of Pygmies peck you.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

370.—ΜΑΚΗΔΟΝΙΟΤ ΤΠΑΤΟΤ
Οὐ λαλεῖ τὸ κάτοπτρον· ἐγὼ δὲ σὲ ἐπάλιν ἐλέγξω τὴν νοθοκαλλοσύνην φύκει χρισμένην.
τούτο καὶ ἡδυλύρης ποτὲ Πίνδαρος . . . ἐλέγχων,
εἰπεν ἀριστον ὕδωρ, φύκεος ἑχθρότατον.

371.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ
Μὴ με κάλει δῖσκων ἐπιτεστορα λιμοφορήνων,
βρωτών μοι φορέων τὴν κολοκυνθιάδα.
ἀργυρέην ὑλὴν οὐ τρώγομεν, ἢν παραβάλλεις,
λιμῷ κρητίζων τοὺς μελέους πίνακας.
ζήτει νηστεύοντας ἃς ἀργυρέην ἐπίδειξιν,
καὶ τότε θαυμάζῃ, κοῦφον ἄσθημον ἔχων.

372.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ
Σῶμα φέρων σκιωδέσι, ἀδερκεὶ σύμπνοον αὖρη,
μὴ ποτε θαρσήσῃς ἄγχι τινὸς πελάσαι,
μὴ τις ἔσω μυκτῆρος ἀναπνεῖσιν σε κομίσῃ.
ἀσθματος ἥρμον πολλὸν ἄφαιρότερον.
οὐ σὺ μόρον τρομεέις· τότε γὰρ πάλιν οὐδὲν
ἀμείψας
ἐσσεαι ὥσαυτός φάσμα, τόπερ τελέθεις.

373.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ
Εἰς ποιητὴν κυβεύοντα
Πάντων μουσοτόλων ἡ Καλλιότηθα θεός ἔστιν·
ἡ σὴ Καλλιότηθα Ταβλιότηθα λέγεται.

1 So Scaliger: ἀργαλίην MS.
THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

370.—MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL

The mirror does not speak, but I will expose you who daub your counterfeit beauty with rouge. Sweet-lyred Pindar, too, once censuring this, said that “Water is best,”¹ water the greatest enemy of rouge.

371.—PALLADAS

Do not invite me to witness your hunger-laden dishes, bringing me pumpkin pie to feast on. We don’t eat the solid silver you set before us, defrauding with famine fare the poor trenchers. Seek those who are keeping their fast for your display of silver, and then you will be admired for your lightly loaded plate.

372.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

As you have a body like a shadow, made of breath like the invisible wind, you should never venture to come near anyone, lest in drawing his breath he carry you into his nostrils, more feeble as you are than a breath of air. You have no fear of death, for then, without changing at all, you will again be just as you are, a ghost.

373.—PALLADAS

On a Poet playing at Dice

Calliope is the goddess of all poets: your Calliope is called Tabliope.²

¹ Ol. i. 1. ² Tabla is a draught-board.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

374.—ΜΑΚΗΔΟΝΙΟΤ ΤΠΑΤΟΤ

Τῷ ψιμύθῳ μὲν ἄεὶ λιποσαρκέα τείνε παρειήν, 5
Δασδίκη, λαοῖς ἔνδικα τινυμένην.
μὴ ποτε δ’ εὐρύνης σέο χείλεα· τίς γὰρ ὀδόντων
ὄρχατον ἐμπηχεῖσθαι φαρμακόσεντι δόλῳ;
θην χάριν ἐξέρρευσας ὅσην ἔχες· οὐκ ἀπὸ πηγῆς 1
ἀγλαίη μελέων ἐλκεται ἀενάου.
ὡς δὲ ῥόδων θαλέθεσκες ἐν εἰαρί· νῦν δ’ ἐμαράνθης,
γῆρας αὐχμηρῆς καρφομένη θέρει.

375.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

“Επταρον ἄγχι τάφοιο, καὶ ἦθελον αὐτὸθ’ ἀκούσαι
ολὰ περ ὁδισάμην, μοῖραν ἐμῆς ἀλόχου.
ἐπταρον εἰς ἄνεμους· ἀλόχου δὲ μοι οὐ τι κιχάνει
λυγρὸν ἐν ἀνθρώποις, οὐ νόσος, οὐ θάνατος.

376.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

Ῥήτορα πρὸς Διόδωρον ἀνὴρ δείλαίος ἀπελθὼν
εἰρετὸ μυν τοῖς ἀμφὶ δικαστολίθης.
“Ἡμετέρη θεράπαινα φύγεν ποτὲ· τὴν δὲ τὶς εὐρὼν,
ἀλλοτρίην τ’ εἰναι λάτριν ἐπιστάμενος,
ζεῦξεν ἐῳ θεράποντι· τέκεν δ’ ὕπο παίδας ἐκείνῳ.
καὶ τίνι δουλεύειν εἰσὶ δικαίοτεροι;”
δι’ ὅτε μερμήριξε, καὶ ἔδρακε βίβλον ἐκάστην,
ἐπίστρέψας γυρὸν ἐπισκύνουν.
“Ἡ σοί, ἢ τῷ ἐλόντι τεὶν θεράπαιναν ἄνάγκη
dουλεύειν κείνους, ὅν χάριν ἐξερεύειν,
δὲ δ’ εἰμενέντα δικαστόλον, αἵρα τ’ ἀποίσην
ψῆφον ἄρειτέρην, εἰ γε δίκαια λέγεις.”

1 ἀπὸ γαλῆς MS.: corrigendum. Scaliger.

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374.—MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL

Make your fleshless cheeks always smooth with white lead, Laodice (just, indeed, is the penalty you pay the people),¹ but never open your lips wide, for who by cosmetic fraud shall fix a row of teeth in it? You have shed all the beauty you had; loveliness of limb cannot be drawn from a perennial fountain. Like a rose you flourished in the spring; now you are withered, dried by the parching summer of old age.

375.—BY THE SAME

I sneezed near a tomb and wished to hear of what I hoped, the death of my wife. I sneezed to the winds, but my wife meets with none of the misfortunes of mankind, neither illness nor death.

376.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

An unhappy man, going to the rhetor Diodorus, consulted him about the following case. "My slave-girl ran away once and a certain man found her, and knowing her to be another man's servant married her to his own slave. She bore him children, and I wish to know whose slaves they legally are." When he had considered and looked up every book, he said, twisting his eyebrows into a semi-circle: "Those about whom you enquire must either be your slaves or those of the man who took your slave-girl. Seek a well-disposed judge and you will at once get a more favourable decision, at least if what you say is just."

¹ He puns on her name, Laos, people, and dike, justice.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

377.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ

"Ορνευν ἡσθίομεν κεκλημένοι ἀθλιον ἀνδρες ἄλλων ὦρυθων βρώματα γινόμενοι καὶ τὸν μὲν Τιτυνὸν κατὰ γῆς δύο γύτες ἔδουσιν, ἡμᾶς δὲ ξάνταις τέσσαρες αἰγυπτιοί.

378.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὐ δύναμαι γαμετῆς καὶ γραμματικῆς ἀνέχεσθαι, γραμματικῆς ἀπόρου, καὶ γαμετῆς ἀδίκου. ἀμφοτέρων τὰ πάθη θάνατος καὶ μοῖρα τέτυκται. τὴν ὅπως γραμματικὴν νῦν μόλις ἐξέφυγον οὐ δύναμαι δ’ ἀλόχου τῆς ἀνδρομάχης ἀναχωρεῖν εἰργει γὰρ χάρτης καὶ νόμος Αὐσόνιος.

379.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

Οὐ τίς ἀλοιπτήρας ἰδεῖν τέτληκεν ὀδόντας ύμετέρους, ἵνα σοὶ ἐν μεγάροις πελάσῃ εἰ γὰρ ἀεὶ βούβρωστιν ἔχεις Ἐρυσίχθωνος αὐτοῦ, ναὶ τὰχα δαρδάνεις καὶ φίλον δυν καλέεις. ἄλλ’ οὐ σεῖο μέλαθρα με δέξεται. οὐ γὰρ ἔγωγε νησομαι ύμετέρη γαστρὶ φυλαξόμενοι. εἰ δὲ ποτ’ ἐς τεδὸν όικον ἐλεύσομαι, οὐ μέγ’ ἄνυσσεν Δαριάδης Σκύλλης χάσμασιν ἀντιάσας ἄλλ’ ἐσομαι πολύτλας τις ἐγὼ πλέον, εἰ σὲ περήσω, Κύκλωπος κρυεροῦ μηδὲν ἐλαφρότερον.

380.—ΜΑΚΗΔΟΝΙΟΤ ΤΙΠΑΤΟΤ

Παρθένος εὐπατέρεια Δίκη, πρέσβειρα πολὴν, οὐ τὸν ἐν εὐσεβίᾳ χρυσὸν ἀποστρέφεται.
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377.—PALLADAS

We guests had a miserable fowl to eat and were ourselves devoured by other birds. Two vultures eat Tityus under earth and four vultures eat us alive.¹

378.—BY THE SAME

I cannot put up with a wife and with Grammar too, Grammar that is penniless and a wife who is injurious. What I suffer from both is Death and Fate. Now I have just with difficulty escaped from Grammar, but I cannot escape from this shrewish wife, for our contract and Roman law prevent it.

379.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

No one has the courage to look on your grinders so that none approach your house, for if you always have the famine of Erysichthon² himself you will even perhaps devour the friend you invite. Your halls will never see me enter them, for I am not going there to be kept for your belly. But if I ever do go to your house it was no great prowess of Ulysses to face the jaws of Scylla. Rather shall I be much more “all-daring” than he, if I manage to get past you who are no less fearful than the heart-chilling Cyclops.

380.—MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL

(A Reply to App. Plan. No. 314, which should be read first)

The high-born virgin Justice, patroness of cities, does not turn her face away from gold that is asso-

¹ It is not clear whom he means by the other birds.
² See Ovid, Met. viii. 738.
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άλλα καὶ αὐτὰ τάλαντα Δίως πάγχρυσα τελέσθη,
οἰς ταλαντεύει πάντα νόμον βιότων.
"καὶ τότε δὴ χρύσεια πατήρ ἐτίταινε τάλαντα,"
eὶ μὴ Ὀμηρεῖων ἐξελάθου χαρίτων.

381.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ

Πᾶσα γυνὴ χόλος ἔστίν· ἔχει δ' ἀγαθὰς δύω ὅρας,
τὴν μίαν ἐν θαλάμῳ, τὴν μίαν ἐν θανάτῳ.

382.—ΛΑΓΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

Κεῖτο μὲν Ἀλκιμένης κεκακωμένος ἐκ πυρετοῦ,
καὶ περὶ λαυκανίθη βραγχὰ λαρυγγισῶν,
νυσσόμενος τε τὸ πλευρὸν ἀτε ξιφέσσω τὶς ἄμυθὲν,
καὶ θαμὰ δυσκελάδοις ἀσθιμασί πνευστιῶν.

ἡλθὲ δὲ Καλλίγνωτος ὁ Κώδος, ὁ πλατυλέσχης,
τῆς παιωνιάδος πληθόμενος σοφίς,
pάσαν ἔχων πρόγνωσιν ἐν ἀλγεσιν, οὐ τι περιττὸν
ἀλλο προαγγέλλων ἢ τὸ γενησόμενον.

Ἀλκιμένους δ' ἔδοκενεν ἀνάκλισιν, ἐκ τε προσώπου
φράζετο, καὶ παλάμης ὑφαίνε/ ἐπισταμένος,
καὶ τὸ περὶ κρισίμων φαέων ἔλογς ὑπάρχει,
πάντα ἀναπεμπάζων οὐχ ἐκας Ἰπποκράτους.
καὶ τότε τὴν πρόγνωσιν ἐς Ἀλκιμένην ἀνεφώνει
σεμνοπροσωπήσας καὶ σοβαρεύουμενος.

"Εἰ γε φάρυγξ βομβεύσα, καὶ ἀγρια τύμματα
πλευρᾶς,
καὶ πυρετὸ λήξει πνεύμα δασυνόμενον,
οὐκέτι τεθνῄξει πλευρίτιδι· τούτο γὰρ ἢμῖν
σύμβολον ἐσσομένης ἐστὶν ἀπημοσύνης."
THE SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS

ciated with piety, but the very scales of Zeus with which he weighs every law of life are of solid gold. “Then did the Father hold out the scales of gold,” if thou hast not forgotten the beauties of Homer.

381.—PALLADAS

Every woman is a source of annoyance, but she has two good seasons, the one in her bridal chamber and the other when she is dead.

382.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

Alcimenes lay in bed sore sick of a fever and giving vent to hoarse wheezings from his wind-pipe, his side pricking him as if he had been pierced by a sword, and his breath coming short in ill-sounding gasps. Then came Callignotus of Cos, with his never-ending jaw, full of the wisdom of the healing art, whose prognosis of pains was complete, and he never foretold anything but what came to pass. He inspected Alcimenes’ position in bed and drew conclusions from his face, and felt his pulse scientifically. Then he reckoned up from the treatise on critical days, calculating everything not without his Hippocrates, and finally he gave utterance to Alcimenes of his prognosis, making his face very solemn and looking most serious: “If your throat stops roaring and the fierce attacks of pain in your side cease, and your breathing is no longer made thick by the fever, you will not die in that case of pleurisy, for this is to us a sign of coming freedom

1 II. ix. 69.
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θάρσει: τὸν νομικὸν δὲ κάλει, καὶ χρῆματα σαυτοῦ
eυ διαθέεις, βιότον λήγει μεριμνοτόκου,
καὶ με τὸν ἱητρόν, προρρήσιοι εἶνεκεν ἑσθῆς,
ἐν τριτάτῃ μοίρῃ κάλλιτε κληρονόμου."

383.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ

Ἡν ἄρα καὶ κάνθωσι Τύχη χαλεπῆ τε καὶ ἔσθλη,
καὶ Κρόνος ὦρονομεῖ τετραπόδων γένεσιν.
ἐξότε γὰρ καὶ τοῦτον ὄνον χαλεπῶς χρόνος ἔσχεν,
ἐξ ἀλαβαρχείς γραμματικοῦ γέγονεν.
τλῆθι φέρειν λοιπόν, κανθήλιε: γραμματικοῖς γὰρ
οὐδὲ τέλος κριθῆ, κρι δὲ μόνον λέγεται.

384.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἰ μοναχοί, τί τοσοίδε; τοσοίδε δὲ, πῶς πάλι μοῦνοι;
ὅ πλήθος μοναχῶν ψευσαμένη μονάδα.

385.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Πλαστὸν ἔχεις τὸν ἔρωτα, φόβῳ δὲ φιλεῖς καὶ ἀνάγκῃ
tοῦ δὲ φιλεῖν οὕτως οὐδὲν ἀπιστότερον.

386.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Στυγνὴν τὴν Νίκην τις ἰδὼν κατὰ τὴν πόλιν ἔχθες
ἐἶπε: "Θεὸ Νίκη, τίπτε πέπονθας ἄρα;"
ἡ δ' ἀποδυρομένη καὶ μεμφομένη κρίσιν, εἶπεν: "Οὐκ ἔγνως σὺ μόνος; Πατρικίῳ δέδομαι."

1 There is a play on Cronos (Saturn) and Chronos (Time).

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from pain. Cheer up, and summoning your lawyer, dispose well of your property and depart from this life, the mother of care, leaving to me, your doctor, in return for my good prognostic, the third part of your inheritance."

383.—PALLADAS

So for mokes, too, there is sinister and good Fortune, and Saturn rules the nativities of beasts also; for ever since evil time¹ befel this donkey, it has become a grammarian's instead of being in the alabarch's² palace. But bear it patiently henceforth, donkey; for grammarians crithe (barley) has no end, but is called only cri.³

384.—BY THE SAME

If solitaries (monks), why so many? And if so many, how again are they solitary? O crowd of solitaries who give the lie to solitude!

385.—BY THE SAME

Thy love is counterfeit and thou lovest from fear and by force. But nothing is more treacherous than such love.

386.—BY THE SAME

Yesterday a certain man seeing Victory in town sour-faced, said: "Goddess Victory, what has befallen thee, then?" But she, lamenting and finding fault with the decision, said: "Dost thou alone not know it? I have been given to Patricius." So

¹ The chief magistrate of the Alexandrian Jews.
² Cri is an epic form of crithe.
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ἡν ἄρα καὶ Νίκη πολυώδυνος, ἦν παρὰ θεσμὸν
Πατρίκιος ναότης ἤρπασεν ὡς ἀνεμον.

387.—TOY AYTOY

Πάντες ἀπαξ τρώγουσιν· ὅταν δὲ τρέφῃ Σαλαμῖνος,
οἰκαὶ ἀριστώμεν ἰδεύτερον ἐρχόμενοι.

388.—ΔΟΤΚΙΛΙΩΤ

"Αχρις ἂν ἦς ἁγαμός, Νομήμη, πάντα δοκεῖ σοι
ἐν τῷ ἔτει εἶναι τῶν ἁγάθων ἁγαθά·
eἰθέ ὅταν εἰσέλθῃ γαμετή, πάλιν εὐθὺ δοκεῖ σοι
ἐν τῷ ἔτει εἶναι πάντα κακῶν τὰ κακά.
ἄλλα χάριν τεκνίων — ἔξεις, Νομήμη, τέκνα,
χαλκὸν ἔχων· πτωχός δ' οὐδὲ τὰ τέκνα φιλεῖ.

389.—TOY AYTOY

Εἰ μὲν ζῆς ἐλάφου ταναῦχ ἡρώου, ἥ κορώνης,
ἐνεγγυμάην πλείστον πλοῦτον ἄγειρομένων·
eἰ δὲ τις ἐσεὶ βροτῶν, οὐς αὐτίκα γηρας ἱπτεῖ,
μή σε γ' ἀπερεσίων οἰστρος ἔλη κτείνων·
mή σοὶ μὲν ἀτλήτουσιν ἐν ἀλησθεν θυμὸν ὀλέσσης,
χρήσωται δ' ἄλλοι σοὶς ἀγαθοῖς ἀπόνως.

390.—TOY AYTOY

Εἰ μὲ φίλεις, ἔργῳ με φίλει, καὶ μή μ' ἀδίκησης,
ἀρχὴν τοῦ βλάπτειν τὴν φιλίαν θέμενος.

1 A statue of Victory had been adjudged to this Patricius.
2 The meaning seems to be: If rich and unmarried you
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Victory, too, was in deep grief at being illegally caught by the sailor Patricius as if she were a breeze.¹

387.—BY THE SAME

Everyone takes but one meal, but when Salaminus feasts us we go home and breakfast a second time.

388.—LUCILIUS

As long as you are unmarried, Numenius, everything in life seems to you the best of the best, but when a wife enters the house everything again in life seems to you at once the worst of the worst. "But I marry for the sake of having children," says he. You will have children, Numenius, if you have money, but a poor man does not even love his children.²

389.—BY THE SAME

If thou livest the long years of a stag or crow thou mayest be pardoned for amassing vast wealth, but if thou art one of mortal men, whom old age right soon assails, let not the furious desire of immeasurable possessions beset thee, lest thou destroy thy soul in insufferable torture and others use thy goods without toiling for them.

390.—BY THE SAME

If thou lovest me, love me indeed, and do me no evil, making friendship the beginning of injury. For will have children—people running after your money and wishing you to adopt them; but if poor and married, your children will be a source of trouble.
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πάσι γὰρ ἀνθρώπουσιν ἐγὼ πολὺ κρέσσονα φημὶ
tὴν φανερὰν ἔχθραν τῆς δολερῆς φιλίας.
φασὶ δὲ καὶ νήσσοιν ἀληθεύεσσι  χερείους
tὰς ύφαλους πέτρας τῶν φανερῶν σπιλάδων.

391.—TOY AYTOY

Μῶν Ἀσκληπιάδης ὁ φιλάργυρος εἶδεν ἐν οἴκῳ,
καὶ "Τἶ ποιεῖς, φησίν, φιλτατε μῦ, παρ' ἐμοί;"
ἡδὺ δ' ὁ μῦς γελάσας, "Μὴ δέν, φίλε, φησί, φοβηθῆς,
οὐχὶ τροφῆς παρὰ σοί χρήζομεν, ἡλλὰ μονῆς."

392.—TOY AYTOY

Μύρμηκος πτερόεντος ὑπὲρ νότου καθεσθεῖς
Ἀδραστὸς ρήτωρ τοῖν ἐλεξέν ἐπος.
"Ἰττασο, τὸν σοὶ ἔχεισ, ὃ Πήγαςε, Βελλεροφόντην,
φέρτατον ἡρώων, ἡμιθανὴ σκελετόν.

393.—TOY AYTOY

Οὐκ ἔστων θυγατρὸς μείζον βάρος· εἰ δὲ δοκεῖ σοι,
Εὐκτήμων, εἰναι κοῦφον, ἀκουσίον ἐμοῦ.
ἔστω σοι κήλη, κάμοι θυγάτηρ. λάβε ταύτην,
kαὶ δός μοι κῆλας ἀντὶ μιᾶς ἐκατόν.

394.—ΑΛΔΟ

Ποιητὴς πανάρμιστος ἀληθῶς ἔστων ἐκεῖνος,
οὕτως δειπνίζει τοὺς ἀκροασσαμένους.
ἡν δ' ἀναγινώσκη, καὶ νήστιας οἰκαδε πέμπη,
eἰς αὐτὸν τρεπότω τὴν ἴδιαν μανίν.
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I say that for all men open enmity is much better than deceptive friendship. They say, too, that for seafaring ships sunken reefs are worse than visible rocks.

391.—By the Same

Asclepiades the miser saw a mouse in his house and said: "My dearest mouse, what business have you here with me?" And the mouse said, smiling sweetly: "Fear nothing, my friend, I do not seek board with you, but residence."

392.—By the Same

Adrastus the rhetor, seating himself on the back of a winged ant, spoke as follows: "Fly, O Pegasus, thou hast thy Bellerophon." Yes indeed the most doughty of heroes, a half-dead skeleton.¹

393.—By the Same

There is no greater burden than a daughter, and if, Euctemon, you think it is a light one, listen to me. You have a hydrocele and I have a daughter; take her and give me a hundred hydroceles instead of one.

394.—By the Same

He is really the most excellent of poets who gives supper to those who have listened to his recitation. But if he reads to them and sends them home fasting, let him turn his own madness² on his own head.

¹ cp. No. 104.
² i.e. his passion for making and reciting verse.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

395.—NIKARXOT
Πορδή ἀποκτέννει πολλοὺς ἀδιέξοδος οὐσα·
πορδή καὶ σώζει τραυλόν ἱεϊσα μέλος.
οὐκοῦν εἰ σώζει, καὶ ἀποκτέννει τάλι πορδή,
τοῖς βασιλεύσιν ἵσην πορδή ἕχει δύναμιν.

396.—ΛΟΤΚΙΑΝΟΤ
Πολλάκις οἶνον ἐπεμψάς ἐμοί, καὶ πολλάκις ἔγνων
σοι χάριν, ἡδυπότῳ νέκταρι τερπόμενος.
νῦν δὲ εἴπερ με φιλεῖς, μὴ πέμψῃς· οὐ δέομαι γὰρ
οἶνου τοιούτου, μηκὲν ἔχων θρίακας.

397.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Πολλὰς μυριάδας ψηφίζων Ἀρτεμίδωρος,
καὶ μηδὲν δαπανῶν, ζῇ βίον ἠμόνων,
πολλάκις αἱ χρυσοῦ τιμαλφέα φόρτων ἐχουσαι
πολλὸν ὑπὲρ νώτου, χόρτον ἐδούσι μόνον.

398.—NIKARXOT
Τὴν κεφαλὴν βάπτων τες ἀπόλεσε τὰς τρίχας αὐτάς,
καὶ δασὺς ὃν λίαν, ϕὸν ἄτας γέγονεν.
τούτῳ βαφεῖς ἐπόησε, τὸ μηκέτι κουρέα τέμνεων
μῆτε κόμην λευκήν μῆτε μελαιομενήν.

399.—ΑΠΟΛΛΙΝΑΡΙΟΤ
Γραμματικός ποτ’ ὅψι ἐποχούμενος ἐξεκυλίσθη,
καὶ τῆς γραμματικῆς, ὡς λόγος, ἐξέπεσεν
εἴθ’ ἔξης ἔβιον κοινὸν βίον, ὡς ἰδιώτης,
ὡς ἐδίδασκεν ἅει μηδὲν ἐπιστάμενος.

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395.—NICARCHUS

A f—t which cannot find an outlet kills many a man; a f—t also saves, sending forth its lisping music. Therefore if a f—t saves, and on the other hand kills, a f—t has the same power as kings.

396.—LUCIAN

You often sent me wine and I was often grateful to you, enjoying the draught of sweet nectar. But now if you love me, don't send any, for I don't wish for such wine, not having now any lettuces.¹

397.—BY THE SAME

Artemidorus, reckoning his fortune at many times ten thousand, and spending nothing, leads the life of mules, who often, carrying on their backs a heavy and precious load of gold, only eat hay.

398.—NICARCHUS

A man, by dyeing his head, destroyed the hair itself, and his head from being very hairy became all like an egg. The dyer attained this result, that no barber now ever cuts his hair be it white or dark.

399.—APOLLINARIUS

A grammarian riding on a donkey fell off it, and, they say, lost his memory of grammar; then afterwards he led an ordinary life without any profession, not knowing a word of what he had always been

¹ i.e. to make into salad with the vinegar.
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ἀλλὰ Γλύκων ἐπαθεν τοὐναντίον ὅν γὰρ ἄπειρος 5
καὶ κοινῆς γλώττης, οὐχ ὅτι γραμματικῆς,
νῦν Διβυκοῦς κάνωνας ὁχύμενος, εἰτ’ ἀποσπάτων
πολλάκις, ἐξαίφνης γραμματικοὶ γέγονεν.

400—ΔΟΤΚΙΑΝΟΤ

"Ιλαθι, Γραμματική φυσίζω, ἴλαθι λιμοῦ
φάρμακον εὐρομένη "Μὴνιν ἄειδε θεά."
νην ἐχρῆν καὶ σοὶ περικαλλέα δωμήσασθαι,
καὶ βωμὸν θυέων μὴ ποτε δενόμενον.
καὶ γὰρ σού μεσταί μὲν ὀδοί, μεστὰ δὲ θάλασσα
καὶ λιμένες, πάντων δέκτρια Γραμματική.

401.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἰητήρ τις ἔμοι τὸν ἐόν φίλου νιῶν ἔπεμψεν,
όστε μαθεῖν παρ’ ἐμοὶ ταύτα τὰ γραμματικά.
ὡς δὲ τὸ "Μὴνιν ἄειδε" καὶ "Ἀλγεα μυρὶ ἔθηκεν"
ἔγνω, καὶ τὸ τρίτον τοίσδ’ ἀκόλουθον ἔπος
“πολλὰς δ’ ἵθιμον φυχὰς Ἀἴδι προϊαψεν,” 5
οὐκέτι μιν πέμπει πρὸς μὲ μαθησόμενον.
ἀλλὰ μ’ ἵδων ὁ πατήρ, “Σοὶ μὲν χάρις,” εἶπεν,
“ἐταίρε.”

αὐτὰρ ὁ παῖς παρ’ ἐμοὶ ταύτα μαθεῖν δύναται.
καὶ γὰρ ἐγὼ πολλὰς φυχὰς Ἀἴδι προϊάπτω,
καὶ πρὸς τοῦτ’ οὐδὲν γραμματικὸν δέομαι.”

R. Bland, in Collections from the Greek Anthology, 1813, p. 447; Translations, chiefly from the Greek Anthology, p. 58.

402.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Μηδεῖς μοι ταύτην, Ἑρασίστρατε, τὴν σπατάλην σοι
ποιήσειε θεών, ἣ σύ κατασταλάξ.
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teaching. But just the opposite happened to Glycon; for, having been ignorant of the vulgar tongue, not to speak of grammar, now, by riding on Libyan donkeys and often falling off them, he has suddenly become a grammarian.¹

400.—LUCIAN

Hail, Grammar, giver of life! Hail, thou whose cure for famine is "Sing, O goddess, the wrath"! Men should build a splendid temple to thee, too, and an altar never lacking sacrifice. "For the ways are full of thee, and the sea and its harbours are full of thee,"² Grammar, the hostess of all.

401.—By the Same

A physician sent me his dear son to be taught by me those elementary lessons. And when he had read "Sing the Wrath" and "imposed a thousand woes," and the third verse that follows these, "Many strong souls he sped to Hades," his father no longer sends him to learn from me, but on seeing me said: "All thanks to you, my friend, but the boy can learn that at home, for I speed down many souls to Hades, and for that I have no need of a grammarian."

402.—By the Same

May none of the gods, Erasistratus, create for me that luxury in which you riot, monstrously eating

¹ A development of the well-known pun, ἄν θνο̣ (ἄπο νοῦ) πέπλων.
² Parodied from the outset of Aratus' Phaenomena.

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έσθων ἐκτραπέλως στομάχων κακά, χείρονα λιμοῦ,
oia φάγοιεν ἐμῶν ἀντιδίκων τεκνία.
πεινάσαμι γὰρ αὐθίς ἐτὶ πλέον, ἦ πρὶν ἐπείνων,
ἡ χορτασθεὶν τής παρὰ σοι σπατάλης.

403.—TOY AYTOY

Εἰς Ποδάγραν

Μισόπτωχε θεά, μούνη πλούτου δαμάτειρα,
ἡ τὸ καλῶς ἤσσαι πάντως ἐπισταμένη,
ei dē kai ἀλλοτρίως ἐπιζωμένη ποσὶ χαίρεις,
πιλοφορεὶν1 τ' οἴδας, καὶ μύρα σοι μέλεται,
τέρπει καὶ στέφανος σε, καὶ Αὐσονίου πόμα Βάκχου. 5
ταῦτα παρὰ πτωχοῖς γίνεται οὐδέποτε.
tούνεκά νῦν φεύγεις πενίης τὸν ἀχάλκεον οὐδόν,
tέρπῃ δ' αὖ πλούτου πρὸς πόδας ἔρχομένη.

404.—TOY AYTOY

Οὐδέποτ' εἰς πορθμεῖον ὁ κηλήτης Διόφαντος
ἐμβαινεὶ μέλλων εἰς τὸ πέραν ἀπίνων:
τῆς κήλης δ' ἐπάνωθε τὰ φορτία πάντα τεθεικὼς
καὶ τὸν ὄνον, διαπλεῖσι σινδόν ἐπαράμενος.
ὡςτε μάτην Τρίτωνες ἐν ὕδατι δόξαν ἔχουσιν,
ei kai kηλήτης ταῦτα ποιεῖν δύναται.

405.—TOY AYTOY

Ο γυναῖκας Νίκων ὀσφραίνεται οὖν ἀριστα,
οὐ δύναται δ' εἰπεῖν οἶος ἄν ἢ ταχέως.

1 So Jacobs: ὀπλοφορεὶν MS.

1 i.e. felt bandages, but with an allusion to the felt cap of
office of the Roman flamines.
2 The point lies in these things being remedies for the gout

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plagues of the stomach worse than famine, such as I wish the children of my enemies might eat. I would starve again even more than I used to starve rather than gorge myself with the luxuries of your table.

403.—BY THE SAME

To the Gout

Goddess who hatest the poor, sole vanquisher of wealth, who ever knowest to live well, even though it is thy joy to sit on the feet of others, thou knowest how to wear felt, and thou art fond of ointments. A garland delights thee and draughts of Italian wine. These things are never found among the poor. Therefore thou fliest the brassless threshold of poverty, and delightest to come to the feet of wealth.

404.—BY THE SAME

Diophantes with the hydrocele, when he wants to cross to the other side, never gets into the ferry-boat, but putting all his packages and his donkey on the hydrocele, sails across hoisting a sheet. So that in vain have the Tritons glory in the waters if a man with a hydrocele can do the same.

405.—BY THE SAME

Crook-nosed Nicon has an admirable nose for wine, but he can’t tell quickly what it is like, for scarcely as well as luxuries, but I have no idea what is the “garland” alluded to.

3 The threshold of the gods in Homer is brazen; brassless here of course means penniless.

4 The phrase means also “to serve,” and the point of 1. 3 also seems to depend on the same double meaning.

5 More probably by Nicarchus.

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ἐν τρισὶν ὤραις γὰρ θερινᾷς μόλις αἰσθάνετ' αὐτός,
ὡς ἂν ἔχων πηχῶν ρίνα διακοσίων.
ὡς μεγάλοι μυκτήροις ὅταν ποταμὸν διαβαίνῃ,
θηρεύει τούτῳ πολλάκις ἵχθυδια.

406.—NIKAPΧΟΤ

Τοῦ γρυποῦ Νίκωνος ὅρῳ τὴν ρίνα, Μένιππε'
αὐτὸς δ' οὗ μακρὰν φαῖνεται εἶναι ἑτί.
πλὴν ἦξει, μείνομεν ὅμως· εἰ γὰρ πολὺ, πέντε
τῆς ρινὸς σταδίους, οἴομαι, οὐκ ἄπεχει.
ἀλλ' αὐτὴ μὲν, ὀρφις, προπορεύεται· ἢν δ' ἐπὶ
βουνὸν
ἐψηλὸν στῶμεν, καῦτον ἑσωφόμεθα.

407.—TOY AΤΟΥ

Τὸν λεπτὸν θακεύντα Μενέστρατον ἐδαρος ὅρη
μύρμηξ ἐξελθὼν ἐλκυσεν εἰς ῥαγάδα·
μῦρα δ' ἐπεπτάσοι αὐτὸν ἀνήρπασεν, ὡς Γαυμήδη
ἀετὸς εἰς θαλάμους οὐρανίους Κρούιδεων·
πάττεν δ' ἐκ χειρῶν μυλής, κοῦδ' ὡς θύγη γαίης,
ἐκ δ' ἀράχνης ἱστοῦ τῶν βλεφάρων κρέμαται.

408.—ΔΟΤΚΙΑΝΟΤ

Τὴν κεφαλὴν βάπτεις, τὸ δὲ γῆρας οὔποτε βάψεις,
οὔδὲ παρειάων ἐκτανύσεις ῥυτίδας.
μὴ τολύνω τὸ πρόσωπον ἀπαν ψιμύθῳ κατὰ πλαττε,
ὡςτε προσωπείον, κοῦχι πρόσωπον ἔχειν.
οὔδὲν γὰρ πλέον ἐστὶ· τί μαίνει; οὔποτε φύκος
καὶ ψύμυθος τεῦξει τὴν Ἑκάβην Ἑλένην.

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in three summer hours\(^1\) does he smell it himself, since his nose is two hundred cubits long. O what a huge nose! When he crosses a river he often catches little fish with it.

406.—NICARCHUS

I see Nicon’s hooked nose, Menippus, and it is evident that he himself is not far off. Well, he will come; let us wait all the same, for at most he is not, I suppose, more than half a mile from his nose. But it, as you see, comes on in front of him, and if we stand on a high hill we shall get a view of him too.

407.—BY THE SAME

As lean Menestratus was sitting in spring-time an ant came out and pulled him into a crevice; but a fly flew up and carried him off, just as the eagle carried Ganymede to the heavenly chamber of Zeus. He fell from the fly’s hands, but not even so did he light on the earth, but is hanging by his eyelids from a spider’s web.

408.—LUCIAN

You dye your hair, but you will never dye your old age, or smooth out the wrinkles of your cheeks. Then don’t plaster all your face with white lead, so that you have not a face, but a mask; for it serves no purpose. Why are you out of your wits? Rouge and paste will never turn Hecuba into Helen.

\(^1\) As twelve hours were counted from sunrise to sunset, summer hours were longest.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

409.—ΓΑΙΤΟΤΑΙΚΟΤ

Τετράκις ἀμφορέως περὶ χείλεσι χείλεα θείσα
Σειληνίς πάσας ἔξερόφησε τρύγας.
εὐχαίτα Δίονυσε, σὲ δ’ ὑδασιν οὐκ ἐμίνενεν
ἀλλ’ οἶος πρώτης ἠλθες ἀπ’ οἰνοπέδης,
τοῖον σε προὔπινεν ἀφειδέως, ἄγγος ἔχουσα
εἰσότε καὶ νεκύων ἠλθεν ἐπὶ ψάμαθον.

410.—ΛΟΤΚΙΑΝΟΤ

Τοῦ πωγωνοφόρου Κυνικοῦ, τοῦ βακτροπροσαίτου,
εἶδομεν ἐν δείπνῳ τὴν μεγάλην σοφίαν.
θέρμων μὲν γὰρ πρῶτον ἀπέσχετο καὶ ῥαφανίδων,
μὴ δεῖν δουλευεῖν γαστρὶ λέγων ἀρετήν.
εὐτε δ’ ἐν ὅφθαλμοῖς ἰδεῖν χιονώδεα βόλβαν
στρυφνὴν, ἡ πινοῦν ἢδη ἐκλεπτε νόον,
ἔτησεν παρὰ προσδοκίαν, καὶ ἐτρωγεὶν ἀληθῶς,
κούδὲν ἐφῃ βόλβαν τὴν ἀρετὴν ἀδικεῖν.

411.—ΑΔΕΞΙΠΟΤΟΝ

Εἰς βαλανεῖον ἐκπύρωτον

Τοῦτο τυρὰν μᾶλλον κλήζειν δεῖ, καῦ βαλανεῖον,
ἡμ ποθ’ ὁ Πηλείδης ἦς ἡ Μενούτιαδη,
ἡ τὸν Μηδείας στέφανον, τὸν ἔγειτονα Ἐρινύς
ἐν βαλάμοις Γλαύκης εἶνεκεν Αἰσιονίδου.
ϕεῖσαι μοι, βαλανεῦ, πρὸς τοῦ Διος’ εἰμὶ γὰρ ἀνὴρ
τὰ πάντα γράφων τὰ βροτῶν ἔργα καὶ ἄθανάτων,
εἰ δὲ πρόκειται σοι πολλοὺς ζωντας κατακαίειν.
ἀπτε τυρὰν ξυλίνην, δῆμε, μὴ λιθίνην.

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409.—GAETULICUS

Four times putting her lips to the lips of the jar Silenis drank up the last dregs. Fair-haired Dionysus, she defiled thee not with water, but even as thou first didst come from the vineyard she used to quaff thee generously, holding a cup even until she went to the sands of the dead.

410.—LUCIAN

We saw at supper the great wisdom of the Cynic, that bearded beggar with the staff. To begin with he abstained from pulse and radishes, saying that virtue should not be the belly's slave. But when he saw before his eyes a snow-white sow's womb with sharp sauce, a dish that soon stole away his prudent mind, he asked for some unexpectedly, and really started eating, saying that a sow's womb does no harm to virtue.

411.—ANONYMOUS

On an overheated Bath

You should call this not a bath but rather a funeral pyre such as Achilles lit for Patroclus, or Medea’s crown that the Fury set afire (?) in the bridal chamber of Glauce because of Jason. Spare me, bathman, for God's sake, for I am a man who write all the deeds of men and gods. But if it is your purpose to burn numbers of us alive, light a wooden pyre, executioner, and not a stone one.
412.—ΑΝΤΙΟΧΟΤ
Ψυχήν μὲν γράψαι χαλεπῶν, μορφῆν δὲ χαράξαι ῥάδιν: ἄλλα ἐπὶ σοὶ τοῦμπαλιν ἀμφότερον. 
τῆς μὲν γὰρ ψυχῆς τὸ διάστροφον ἔξω ἄγουσα ἐν τοῖς φαινομένοις ἡ Φύσις εἰργάσατο: 
τὸν δ' ἐπὶ τῆς μορφῆς θόρυβον καὶ σώματος οὐβρίν 5 
pῶς ἀν τις γράψαι, μηδ' ἐσιδεῖν ἑθέλων;

413.—ΑΜΜΙΑΝΟΤ
‘Ως κῆπον τεθυκώς, δεϊπνον παρέθηκεν Ἀπελλῆς, 
oίμενος βόσκειν ἀντὶ φίλων πρόβατα. 
ἡν ῥαφανίς, σέρις ἤν, τήλις, θρίδακες, πράσα, 
βολβοί, 
ὀκιμος, ἡδύοςμον, πήγαμαν, ἄσπαραγος; 
deίσας δ' εκ τούτων μή καὶ χῶρτον παραθῇ μοι, 5 
deιπνήσας θέρμους ἡμιβρεχεῖς, ἐφυγὼν.

414.—ΗΔΤΛΟΤ
Λυσιμελοὺς Βάκχου καὶ λυσιμελοὺς Ἀφροδίτης 
γεννάται θυγάτηρ λυσιμελῆς ποδάγρα.

415.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ἢ ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΤ
Τῖς σοῦ, Μεντορίδη, προφανῶς οὕτως μετέθηκεν 
τῆν πυγήν, οὕπερ τὸ στόμ' ἔκειτο πρὸ τοῦ; 
βδεῖς γάρ, κοῦν ἀναπνεῖς, φθέγγῃ δ' ἐκ τῶν καταγείων. 
θαῦμα μ' ἔχει τὰ κάτω πῶς σοῦ ἄνω γέγονεν.

416.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ
Χρήματα καὶ πόρναις παραγίνεται· οὐκ ἀλεγίζω. 
μυσεῖτω με τάλας χρυσὸς ὁ πορνοφίλας.
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412.—ANTIOCHUS

To paint the soul is difficult, to sketch the outward shape is easy, but in your case both are just the opposite. For Nature, bringing outside the perversity of your soul, has wrought so that it is a visible object; but as for the tumult of your person and the offensiveness of your body, how could one paint it when one does not even wish to look on it?

413.—AMMIANUS

Apelles gave us a supper as if he had butchered a garden, thinking he was feeding sheep and not friends. There were radishes, chicory, fennugreek, lettuces, leeks, onions, basil, mint, rue, and asparagus. I was afraid that after all these things he would serve me with hay, so when I had eaten some half-soaked lupins I went off.

414.—HEDYLUS

The daughter of limb-relaxing Bacchus and limb-relaxing Aphrodite is limb-relaxing Gout.

415.—ANTIPATER or NICARCHUS

Who, Mentorides, so obviously transferred your breech to the place where your mouth formerly was? For you break wind and do not breathe, and you speak from the lower storey. I wonder how your lower parts became your upper!

416.—ANONYMOUS

Money comes into the hands of whores too. I care not. Let wretched gold that loves whores hate me.
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417.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

'Επὶ γυναικὶ πρεσβυτέρα νέβ ἐνοχλησάσθη
"Αλλην δρῦν βαλάνιζε, Μενέσθιον· οὐ γὰρ έγγυγε
ἐκκαιρον μήλων προσδέχομαι ῥυτίδα·
ἀλλ’ αἰεὶ πεπόθηκα συνακμάξουσαν ὅπωρην.
ὡστε τί πειράζεις λευκὸν ἰδεῖν κόρακα;

418.—ΤΡΑΙΑΝΟΤ ΒΑΣΙΛΕΩΣ

'Ἀντίον ἡλίον στήσας ρίνα καὶ στόμα χάσκων,
δείξεις τὰς ὁρᾶς πάσι παρερχομένους.

419.—ΦΙΛΩΝΟΣ

Αἱ πολιαί σὺν νῷ γεραρώτεραι· αἱ γὰρ ἄτερ νοῦ
μᾶλλον τῶν πολλῶν εἰσὶν ὁνειδὸς ἑτῶν.

420.—ΑΛΔΟ

Αἱ τρίχες, ἣν συγᾶς, εἰσὶ φρένες· ἦν δὲ λαλήσῃς,
ὡς αἱ τῆς ἡβῆς, οὐ φρένες, ἀλλὰ τρίχες.

421.—ΑΠΟΛΛΙΝΑΡΙΟΤ

'Ἀν μὲν ἀπόντα λέγησ με κακῶς, οὐδὲν ἀδικεῖς με,
δὲν δὲ παρόντα καλῶς, ἵσθι κακῶς με λέγων.

422.—ΑΝΤΙΟΧΟΤ

Εἰς ἀπαίδευτον ἐπιδειξάμενον

Βῆσας, εἰ φρένας εἰχεὶ, ἀπήγχετο· νῦν δ’ ὶπ’ ἀνοίας
καὶ ζῆ καὶ πλουτεῖ, καὶ μετὰ τὴν πάροδον.

1 i.e. it is as difficult to get hold of me as to meet with a
white crow.

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417.—Anonymous

On an Elderly Woman annoying a Young Man

Shake the acorns off another oak, Menesthion; for I do not accept wrinkled apples past their season, but have ever desired fruit in its prime like myself; so why try to see a white crow? 1

418.—The Emperor Trajan

If you put your nose pointing to the sun and open your mouth wide, you will show all passers-by the time of day. 2

419.—Philo

Grey hairs are more venerable together with good sense, for when they are not accompanied by sense they are rather a reproach to advanced age.

420.—Anonymous

Your grey hairs, if you keep silent, are wisdom, but if you speak they are not wisdom but hairs, like those of youth.

421.—Apollinarius

If you speak ill of me in my absence you do me no injury; but if you speak well of me in my presence, know that you are speaking ill of me.

422.—Antiochus

On an Illiterate Man speaking in Public

Besas, if he had any sense, would have hanged himself, but now, being such a fool, he both lives and grows rich even after his appearance in public.

2 Your nose would act as the index of a sun-dial. In ἄκιν the emperor has been guilty of a false quantity.

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423.—ΕΛΛΑΔΙΟΤ
Βάπτων πάντα, βαφεῦ, καὶ χρωματίοις μεταβάλλον, καὶ πενίην βάψας, πλούσιος ἐξεφάνης.

424.—ΠΙΣΩΝΟΣ
Γαίης ἐκ Γαλατῶν μηδ’ ἄνθεα, ἦς ἀπὸ κόλπων ἀνθρώπους ὀλέτειραι Ἐρυνύες ἐβλάστησαν.

425.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ
Γινώσκειν σε θέλω, Πλακιανέ, σαφῶς, ὅτι πᾶσα ἐγχαλκος γραία πλουσία ἐστὶ σοφός.

426.—ΑΛΛΟ
Εἰς Ὥπιανὸν ἤγεμόνα πότην
Γράμμα περισσὸν ἔχεις τὸ προκείμενον ἢν ἄφελη τις τοῦτό σοι, οἰκεῖον κτήσῃ ἀπλῶς ὄνομα.

427.—ΔΟΤΚΙΑΝΟΤ
Δαίμονα πολλὰ λαλῶν ὀξύστομος ἔξορκιστὴς ἐξέβαλ’, οὐχ ὄρκων, ἀλλὰ κόπρων δυνάμει.

428.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Εἰς τί μάτην νῦττεις δέμας Ἰνδικῶν; ἵσχεο τέχνης· οὐ δύνασαι δυοφερὴν νῦκτα καθηλιάσαι.
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423.—HELLADIUS

Dyer who dyest all things and changest them with thy colours, thou hast dyed thy poverty too, and turned out a rich man.

424.—PISO

Don't expect flowers from the land of Galatia, from whose bosom sprang the Furies, destroyers of men.1

425.—ANONYMOUS

I would have you know, Placianus, that every old woman with money is a rich coffin.

426.—ANONYMOUS

On Opianus, a hard-drinking Governor

The first letter of your name is superfluous; if one takes it away you will acquire by simple means a name that suits you.2

427.—LUCIAN

The exorcist with the stinking mouth cast out many devils by speaking, not by the virtue of his exorcisms, but by that of dung.

428.—BY THE SAME

Why do you wash in vain your Indian body? Give up that device. You cannot shed the sunlight on dark night.

1 There was no legend of the Galatian origin of the Furies; he must mean the natives. 2 i.e. Pianus (pino, I drink).
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429.—TOY AYTOY

Ἐν πάσιν μεθύουσιν Ἀκινδύνος ἠθέλε νῆφειν, τοῦνεκα καὶ μεθύειν αὐτὸς ἔδοξε μόνος.

430.—TOY AYTOY

Εἴ τὸ τρέφειν πώγωνα δοκεῖς σοφίαν περιποιεῖν, καὶ τράγος εὐπώγων αἶψ’ ὄλος ¹ ἐστὶ Πλάτων.

431.—TOY AYTOY

Εἴ ταχὺς εἰς τὸ φαγεῖν καὶ πρὸς δρόμον ἀμβλύς ὑπάρχειν, τοῖς ποσὶ σου τρώγε, καὶ τρέχε τῇ στόμαι.

432.—TOY AYTOY

Ἐσβεσε τὸν λύχνων μῶρος, ψυλλῶν ὑπὸ πολλῶν δακνόμενος, λέξας: "Οὐκέτι με βλέπετε."

433.—TOY AYTOY

Ζωγράφε, τὰς μορφὰς κλέπτεις μόνον· οὔ δύνασαι δὲ φωνὴν συλήσαι χρώματι πειθόμενοι.

434.—TOY AYTOY

Ἡν ἐσίδης κεφαλὴν μαδαράν, καὶ στέρνα, καὶ ὄμους, μηδὲν ἐρωτήσῃς· μῶρον ὀρᾶς φαλακρὸν.

435.—TOY AYTOY

Θαυμάζειν μοι ἔπεισιν, ὅπως Βύτος ἐστὶ σοφιστής, οὔτε λόγον κοινὸν, οὔτε λογισμὸν ἔχων.

¹ ἀπολος MS.: corr. Unger.
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429.—By the Same

Acindynus wished to keep sober when all the others were drunk; therefore he was the only man who was thought to be drunk.

430.—By the Same

If you think that to grow a beard is to acquire wisdom, a goat with a fine beard is at once a complete Plato.

431.—By the Same

If you are quick at eating and tardy in running, eat with your feet and run with your mouth.

432.—By the Same

A fool put out the lamp when he was bitten by many fleas, saying: "You can't see me any longer."

433.—By the Same

Painter, thou stealest the form only, and canst not, trusting in thy colours, capture the voice.

434.—By the Same

If you see a hairless head, breast, and shoulders, make no enquiries; it is a bald fool that you see.¹

435.—By the Same

It strikes me as wonderful how Bytus is a sophist, since he has neither common speech nor reason.

¹ This possibly refers to a Cynic, as they used to go about with bare breasts and shoulders.
436.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Θάττον ἡν λευκοῦς κόρακας πτηνάς τε χελώνας
eύρειν, ἡ δόκιμον ρήτορα Καππαδόκην.

437.—ΑΡΑΤΟΤ
Αἰαξὶ Διότιμου, δε ἐν πέτραισι κάθηται,
Γαργαρέων παισίν βητα καὶ ἄλφα λέγων.

438.—ΜΕΝΑΝΔΡΟΤ
Κορινθίῳ πίστευε, καὶ μὴ χρῶ φίλω.

439.—ΔΙΦΙΔΟΤ
Τὸ μὲν ᾽Αργος ῥηπτικόν, οἱ δ' ἐνοικοῦντες λύκοι.

440.—ΠΙΤΤΑΚΟΤ
Μεγαρεῖς δὲ φεύγε πάντας· εἰσὶ γὰρ πικροῖ.

441.—ΦΙΛΙΣΚΟΤ
Ὁ Πειραιεὺς κάρυνον μέγ' ἐστὶ καὶ κενῶν.

442.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ
Τρίς με τυραινόμενα τοσαντάκις ἐξεδώξεν
δῆμος Ὑρεχθής, καὶ τρίς ἔπηγάγετο,
tὸν μέγαν ἐν βουλῇ Πεισίστρατον, διὸ τὸν Ὄμηρον
ἡθροισα, σποράξαν τὸ πρὸν αἰειδόμενον·
ἡμέτερος γὰρ κεῖνος ὁ χρύσεος ὡς πολητής,
eἴπερ Ἀθηναίοι Σμύρναν ἀπεκίσαμεν.
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436.—By the same
You will sooner find white crows and winged tortoises than a Cappadocian who is an accomplished orator.

437.—ARATUS
I lament for Diotimus,¹ who sits on stones repeating Alpha and Beta to the children of Gargarus.

438.—MENANDER
Trust in (?) a Corinthian and don’t make him a friend.

439.—DIPHILUS
Argos is the land of horses, but the inhabitants are wolves.

440.—PITTACUS (?)²
Avoid all Megarians, for they are bitter.

441.—PHILISCUS
The Piraeus is a big nut and empty.

442.—Anonymous
Thrice I reigned as tyrant, and as many times did the people of Erechtheus expel me and thrice recall me, Pisistratus, great in council, who collected the works of Homer formerly sung in fragments. For that man of gold was our fellow-citizen, if we Athenians colonized Smyrna.

¹ The epigram is not meant to be satirical. Diotimus was a poet obliged to gain his living by teaching in an obscure town. ² We expect the name of a comic poet.
BOOK XII

STRATO'S MUSA PUERILIS

Strato, whose name this book bears, lived probably in the reign of Hadrian. It has generally been supposed that the whole book is an anthology of poems on this peculiar subject made by him, but it seems more probable to me that Strato published merely a collection of his own poems, and that it was Cephalas or some other Byzantine who inserted into it all the poems of this nature he found in the older Anthologies. The final epigram (No. 257), which was obviously placed by Strato at the end of his collection, certainly refers only to poems by Strato himself, and the same is true of the words prefixed to the book by Cephalas. He must have derived the statement, unless it is a mere excuse for the immorality of the poems, from some one who had personal knowledge of Strato. Again, among the poems by Meleager included are eight relating to women, six of them being on women whose names end in the diminutive form (Phanion, Callistion, Thermion, Timarion, Dorcioi), which has evidently been mistaken for a masculine name. A more ludicrous blunder is the inclusion here of the pretty verses of Asclepiades (No. 50) addressed to himself. Strato himself could never have made such blunders, and they can only be attributed to a Byzantine. Of the poems thus inserted only a very few (12, 18, 24–28, 34, 35, 173) are from the Stephanus of Philippus, the remainder consisting of a large block of poems from Meleager's Stephanus and a few isolated ones from the same source (14, 22, 23, 29–33, 36–172, 230, 256–7). The arrangement under motives is very marked in these. We cannot suppose that Meleager separated the love-poems relating to boys in his Stephanus from those relating to women, as the Stephanus was not arranged under subjects at all, and we must attribute both the selection and the arrangement under motives to the Byzantines.

These homosexual attachments were a notable feature of Greek and Roman life and were spoken of frankly, since
they were not then regarded as disgraceful, being indeed rather fashionable. Readers must take this into consideration, and especially in estimating Meleager, so much of whose personal work is comprised in this book. It is noteworthy that among the most beautiful of his poems are just some of those I have mentioned addressed to girls and included by mistake here. In the rest, if I err not, we miss the distinguishing note of passion, which his other love-poems so often have. The elements of his imagery of love are all here—Love and His mother, burning arrows and stormy seas—but somewhat devoid of soul and at times disfigured by a coarseness foreign to his gentle spirit. These attachments were in his case rather a matter of fashion than of passion.¹

Strato himself is frankly homosexual. He writes good and at times pretty verse, but he is, as a rule, quite terre à terre and often very gross.

¹ There was no reason for putting No. 132 (perhaps the most exquisite of all his poems) and No. 133 in this Book.
ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ ΜΟΤΣΑ ΠΑΙΔΙΚΗ

Καὶ τίς ἂν εἴην εἰ πάντων σοι τῶν εἰρημένων τὴν γνώσιν ἐκθέμενος τὴν Στράτωνος τοῦ Χαρδίανος Παιδικῆς Μοῦσαν ἀπεκρυψάμης, ἢν αὐτὸς παίζων πρὸς τοὺς πλησίον ἀπεδείκνυτο, τέρψιν οἰκείαν τὴν ἀπαγγελίαν τῶν ἑπιγραμμάτων, οὐ τῶν νοῦν, ποιούμενος. ἔχον τοινυν τῶν ἔξης· ἐν χορεῖαις γὰρ ἡ γε σώφρων, κατὰ τῶν τραγικῶν, οὐ διαφθαρῆσεται.

1.—ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Ἐκ Διὸς ἀρχώμεσθα, καθὼς εἰρήκεν Ἄρατος· ὥμων δ’, οἱ Μοῦσαι, σήμερον οὐκ ἐνοχλῶ. εἰ γὰρ ἐγὼ παιδᾶς τε φιλῶ καὶ παιδῶν ὤμωλῶ, τούτο τί πρὸς Μοῦσας τὰς Ἐλικωνιάδας;

2.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Μὴ ξήτει δέλτουσιν ἐμαῖς Πρίαμον παρὰ βωμοῖς, μηδὲ τὰ Μηδείης πένθεα καὶ Νιόβης, μηδὲ Ἰτυν ἐν θαλάμοις, καὶ ἄδονας ἐν πετάλοις ταῦτα γὰρ οἱ πρότεροι πάντα χύδην ἐγραφοῦν ἀλλ’ ἰλαράς Χαρίτεσσι μεμυγμένοι ἤδην Ἐρώτα, καὶ Βρόμον τούτως δ’ ὀφρύς οὐκ ἐπρεπον.

3.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τῶν παιδῶν, Διόδωρε, τὰ προσθέματ’ εἰς τρία πίπτει σχῆματα, καὶ τούτων μάνθαι ἐπωνυμίας.
BOOK XII

STRATO'S MUSA PUPERILIS

And what kind of man should I be, reader, if after setting forth all that precedes for thee to study, I were to conceal the Puerile Muse of Strato of Sardis, which he used to recite to those about him in sport, taking personal delight in the diction of the epigrams, not in their meaning. Apply thyself then to what follows, for "in dances," as the tragic poet says, "a chaste woman will not be corrupted."

1.—STRATO

"Let us begin from Zeus," as Aratus said, and you, O Muses, I trouble not to-day. For if I love boys and associate with boys, what is that to the Muses of Helicon?

2.—BY THE SAME

Look not in my pages for Priam by the altar, nor for the woes of Medea and Niobe, nor for Itys in his chamber and the nightingales amid the leaves; for earlier poets wrote of all these things in profusion. But look for sweet Love mingled with the jolly Graces, and for Bacchus. No grave face suits them.

3.—BY THE SAME

Puerorum, O Diodore, vascula in tres formas cadunt, quarum disce cognomenta. Adhuc enim intactam
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

τὴν ἐτὶ μὲν γὰρ ἄθικτον ἀκμὴν λάλου ὀνόμαζε,  
kωκω τὴν φυγάν ἄρτι καταρχομένην.  
tὴν δ’ ἦδη πρὸς χείρα σαλευομένην, λέγε σαύραν.  
tὴν δὲ τελειοτήρην, οἶδας ἃ χρῆ σε καλεῖν.  

4.—TOY AYTOY

Ἄκμη δωδεκάτους ἐπιτέρπομαι· ἔστι δὲ τούτου  
χώ τρισκαίδεκας πουλὺ ποθεινότερος.  
χώ τὰ δὲ ἐπτὰ νέμον, γυλικερότερον ἀνθός Ἐρώτων·  
τερπνότερος δ’ ὁ τρύγος πεντάδος ἄρχομενος·  
ἐξετικαίδεκατον δὲ, θεῶν ἔτος· ἐξοδόματον δὲ  
kαὶ δέκατον ζητεῖν οὐκ ἐμόν, ἄλλα Διὸς.  
eἰ δ’ ἔπι πρεσβυτέρους τις ξεῖε πόθον, οὐκέτι παίζει,  
ἄλλ’ ἢ δὴ ζητεῖ· “τὸν δ’ ἀπαμειβόμενος.”

5.—TOY AYTOY

Τοὺς λευκοὺς ἄγαπῶ, φιλέω δ’ ἃμα τοὺς μελιχρώδεις  
kαὶ ξανθοὺς, στέργω δ’ ἐμπαλὶ τοὺς μέλανας.  
οὐδὲ κόρας ξανθὰς παραπεμπομαι· ἄλλα περισσῶς  
toὺς μελανοφθάλμους αἰγλοφανεῖς τε φιλῶ.

6.—TOY AYTOY

Πρωκτὸς καὶ χρυσὸς τὴν αὐτὴν ψῆφου ἔχουσιν·  
ψηφίζων δ’ ἀφελῶς τοῦτὸ ποθ’ εὑρον ἐγὼ.

7.—TOY AYTOY

Σφιγκτὴρ οὐκ ἔστιν παρὰ παρθένῳ, οὐδὲ φίλημα  
ἀπλοῦν, οὐ φυσικὴ χρωτῶς ἐὔπνοιή,"  

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STRATO'S MUSA Puerilis

lalu nuncupa, eam quae turgescere modo incipit coco,
quae vero jam ad manum agitatur, dic lacertam;
perfectior autem scis quomodo appellanda sit.

4.—By the Same

I delight in the prime of a boy of twelve, but one
of thirteen is much more desirable. He who is four-
teen is a still sweeter flower of the Loves, and one
who is just beginning his fifteenth year is yet more
delightful. The sixteenth year is that of the gods,
and as for the seventeenth it is not for me, but for
Zeus, to seek it. But if one has a desire for those
still older, he no longer plays, but now seeks “And
answering him back.”

5.—By the Same

I like them pale, and I also love those with a skin
the colour of honey, and the fair too; and on the
other hand I am taken by the black-haired. Nor do
I dismiss brown eyes; but above all I love sparkling
black eyes.

6.—By the Same

The numerical value of the letters in πρωκτὸς
(podex) and χρυσὸς (gold) is the same. I once
found this out reckoning up casually.

7.—By the Same

Apud virginem non est sphincter, non suavium
simplex, non nativa cutis fragrantia, non sermo ille

1 Common in Homer.  2 Making 1570.

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GREEK ANTHOLOGY

οὐ λόγος ἢ δύς ἐκεῖνος ὁ πορνικός, οὐδὲ ἀκέραιον
βλέμμα, διδασκομένη δ' ἐστὶ κακιστέρα.
ψυχρούνται δ' ὅπιθεν πᾶσαι τὸ γὰρ μείζον ἐκεῖνο,
οὐκ ἔστιν ποῦ θῆς τὴν χέρα πλαξομένην.

8.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἶδον ἐγώ τινα παιδὰ ἐπανθοπλοκοῦντα κόρυμβον,
ἀρτι παρερχόμενος τὰ στεφανηπλόκια·
οὐδ' ἀτρωτα παρῆλθον· ἐπιστὰς δ' ἰσχύος αὐτῷ
φημὶ "Πόσον πωλεῖς τὸν σῶν ἐμοὶ στέφανον;"
μᾶλλον τῶν καλύκων δ' ἐρυθαίνετο, καὶ κατακύφας
φησὶ "Μακρὰν χώρει, μὴ σε πατήρ ἐσίδη." 5
ὡνοῦμαι προφάσει στεφάνους, καὶ οἰκαδ' ἀπελθῶν
ἐστεφάνωσα θεοὺς, κείνων ἑπευξάμενος.

9.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

'Αρτι καλός, Διόδωρε, σὺ, καὶ φιλέουσι πέπειρος·
ἀλλὰ καὶ ἤν γῆμης, οὐκ ἀπολειψόμεθα.

10.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἴ καὶ σοι τριχόφοιτος ἐπεσκίρτησεν ζουλὸς,
καὶ τρυφεραὶ κροτάφων ξανθοφυεῖς ἐλκες,
οὐδ' οὖτω φεύγω τὸν ἐρώμενον· ἀλλὰ τὸ κάλλος
tοῦτο, καὶ πώγων, καὶ τρίχες, ἢμέτερον.

11.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

'Εχθές ἔχων ἀνὰ νύκτα Φιλόστρατον, οὐκ ἐδυνηθην,
κεῖνον, πῶς εἴπω; πάντα παρασχομένου.
ἀλλ' ἐμὲ μηκέτ' ἔχοιτε φίλοι φίλον, ἀλλ' ἀπὸ
tύργου
ῥίψατ', ἐπεὶ λίην 'Αστυναξ γέγονα.
dulcis lascivus, nec ingenuus obtutus; quae autem eruditur est pejor. Frigent vero a tergo cunctae, et, quod majoris momenti est, non est ubi ponas manum errantem.

8.—By the Same

Just now, as I was passing the place where they make garlands, I saw a boy interweaving flowers with a bunch of berries. Nor did I pass by unwounded, but standing by him I said quietly, "For how much will you sell me your garland?" He grew redder than his roses, and turning down his head said, "Go right away in case my father sees you." I bought some wreaths as a pretence, and when I reached home crowned the gods, beseeching them to grant me him.

9.—By the Same

Now thou art fair, Diodorus, and ripe for lovers, but even if thou dost marry, we shall not abandon thee.

10.—By the Same

Even though the invading down and the delicate auburn curls of thy temples have leapt upon thee, that does not make me shun my beloved, but his beauty is mine, even if there be a beard and hairs.

11.—By the Same

Yesterday I had Philostratus for the night, but was incapable, though he (how shall I say it?) was quite complaisant. No longer, my friends, count me your friend, but throw me off a tower as I have become too much of an Astyanax.¹

¹ The son of Hector, thrown from a tower by the Greeks. The pun is on Asty, a privative and στέειν (erigere).
12.—ΦΔΑΚΚΟΤ
'Αρτι γενειάζοντας και στερρός ἐρασταῖς
παιδὸς ἔφη Δάδων. σύντομος ἡ Νέμεσις.

13.—ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ
'Ἰητροῦς εὐρόν ποτ' ἐγὼ λείους δυσέρωτας,
τρίβοντας φυσικὸς φάρμακον ἀντιδότον.
oi δὲ γε φωραθέντες, "’Εχ' ἡσυχίᾳ" ἔδεουσιν.
καγὼ ἐφη "Συγω, καὶ θεραπεύσετέ με."

14.—ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΤ
Δημόφιλος τοιοῦσι διήμασιν εἰ πρὸς ἐραστὰς
χρησταί άκμαίην, Κύπρι, καθ' ἡλικίην,
ὡς ἐμὲ νῦν ἐφίλησεν ὁ νήπιος, οὐκέτι νῦκτωρ
ἡσυχα τῇ κείνου μητρί μενεῖ πρόθυρα.

15.—ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ
Εἰ Γραφικοῦ πυγαία σανὶς δέδαχ' ἐν βαλανεῖῳ,
ἀνθρώπος τὶ πάθω; καὶ ξύλον αἰσθάνεται.

16.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Μὴ κρύπτῃς τὸν ἔρωτα, Φιλόκρατε; αὐτὸς ὁ δαίμων
λακτίζειν κραδίην ἡμετέρην ἱκανός.
ἀλλ' ἱλαροῦ μετάδος τῷ φιλήματος. ἔσθ' ὅτε καὶ σὺ
αἰτήσεις τοιάνδ' ἐξ ἐτέρων χάριτα.

17.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ
Οὐ μοι θῆλυς ἔρως ἐγκάρδιος, ἀλλὰ με πυρσοὶ
ἀρσενες ἀσβέστῳ θήκαιν ὑπ' ἀνθρακίῃ.
πλειότερον τὸ δεὶ θάλπου; ὅσον δυνατώτερος ἄρσην
θηλυτέρης, τόσον χω πόθος ὄξυτερος.

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STRATO'S MUSA Puerilis

12.—FLACCUS

Just as he is getting his beard, Lado, the fair youth, cruel to lovers, is in love with a boy. Nemesis is swift.

13.—STRATO

I once found some beardless doctors, not prone to love, grinding a natural antidote for it. They, on being surprised, besought me to keep it quiet, and I said, "I am mum, but you must cure me."

14.—DIOScORIDES

If Demophilus, when he reaches his prime, gives such kisses to his lovers as he gives me now he is a child, no longer shall his mother's door remain quiet at night.

15.—STRATO

If a plank pinched Graphicus in the bath, what will become of me, a man? Even wood feels.

16.—BY THE SAME

Seek not to hide our love, Philocrates; the god himself without that hath sufficient power to trample on my heart. But give me a taste of a blithe kiss. The time shall come when thou shalt beg such favour from others.

17.—ANONYMous

The love of women touches not my heart, but male brands have heaped unquenchable coals of fire on me. Greater is this heat; by as much as a man is stronger than a woman, by so much is this desire sharper.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

18.—ΑΔΦΕΙΟΤ ΜΙΤΤΛΗΝΑΙΟΤ
Τλήμονες, οἷς ἀνέραστος ἔφυ βλος· οὔτε γὰρ ἔρχαι εὐμαρές, οὔτε ἐπιτεῖν ἔστι τι νόσφι πόθων.
καὶ γὰρ ἐγὼ νῦν εἰμὶ λίπην βραδύς· εἰ δ᾽ ἐπίδοιμι Ἐκεινόφιλον, στεροτής πτήσομαι ὄξυτερος.
τόνυκεν σοι φεύγειν γυλικῶν ἵμερον, ἀλλὰ διόκειν, πάσι λέγω· ψυχής ἐστὶν ἔρως ἀκόνη.

19.—ΑΔΗΛΩΝ
Οὐ δύναμαι σε θέλων θέσθαι φίλον· οὔτε γὰρ αἴτεῖς, οὔτε αἰτοῦντι δίδως, οὖθ᾽ α δίδωμι δέχῃ.

20.—ΙΟΤΛΙΟΤ ΛΕΩΝΙΔΑ
Ὁ Ζεὺς Ἁλθόπων πάλι τέρπεται εἰλατίναιοιν,
ἡ χρυσὸς Δανάης εἴρησεν εἰς θαλάμους
θαυμὰ γὰρ εἰ Περίανδρον ἵδων οὐχ ἠρπασε γαίης
tὸν καλὸν ἡ φιλόπαιας οὐκέτι νῦν ὁ θεός.

21.—ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ
Κλέψομεν ἄχρι τίνος τὰ φιλήματα, καὶ τὰ λαθραία
νεῦσομεν ἀλλήλους ὁμμασὶ φείδομένοις;
μέχρι τίνος δ᾽ ἀτέλεστα λαλήσομεν, ἀμβολίαισι
ζευγνύντες κενεάς ἐμπαλίν ἀμβολίαις;
μέλλοντες τὸ καλὸν δαπανύσομεν· ἀλλὰ πρὶν ἐλθεῖν ἴ
tàs φθονεράς, Φείδων, θώμεν ἐπὶ ἔργα λόγοις.

22.—ΣΚΤΘΙΟΤ
"Ἡλθέν μοι μέγα πῆμα, μέγας πόλεμος, μέγα μοι πῦρ,
"Ἡλισσος πλήρης τῶν ἐς ἔρωτ' ἐτέων,
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STRATO'S *MUSA PUERILIS*

18.—ALPHEIUS OF MYTILENE

Unhappy they whose life is loveless; for without love it is not easy to do aught or to say aught. I, for example, am now all too slow, but were I to catch sight of Xenophilus I would fly swifter than lightning. Therefore I bid all men not to shun but to pursue sweet desire; Love is the whetstone of the soul.

19.—Anonymous

Though I would, I cannot make thee my friend; for neither dost thou ask, nor give to me when I ask, nor accept what I give.

20.—JULIUS LEONIDAS

Zeus is again rejoicing in the banquets of the Ethiopians, or, turned to gold, hath stolen to Danae's chamber; for it is a marvel that, seeing Periander, he did not carry off from Earth the lovely youth; or is the god no longer a lover of boys?

21.—STRATO

How long shall we steal kisses and covertly signal to each other with chary eyes? How long shall we talk without coming to a conclusion, linking again and again idle deferment to deferment? If we tarry we shall waste the good; but before the envious ones come, Phidon, let us add deeds to words.

22.—SCYTHINUS

There has come to me a great woe, a great war, a great fire. Elissus, full of the years ripe for love,

1 Homer, *Il.* i. 423.  2 Hairs.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

αύτὰ τὰ καίρι’ ἔχων ἐκκαίδεκα, καὶ μετὰ τοῦτων πάσας καὶ μικρὰς καὶ μεγάλας χάριτας, καὶ πρὸς ἀναγνώρισαι φωνὴν μέλι, καὶ τὸ φιλήσαι χείλεα, καὶ τὸ λαβεῖν ἑυοῦ, ἀμεμπτότατον. καὶ τί πάθω; φησὶν γὰρ ὅραν μόνον· ἡ ἐγνοτιχήσω πολλάκι, τῇ κενεῇ κύπριδι χειρομαχῶν.

23.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

’Ἡγρεύθην ὁ πρόσθεν ἐγώ ποτε τοῖς δυσέρωσι κόμωις ὁιδέων πολλάκις ἐγγελάσας· καὶ μ’ ἐπὶ σοῖς ὁ πταῖνος "Ἐρως προθύροις, Μυτσκε, στῆσεν ἐπιγράψας "Σκύλ’ ἀπὸ Σωφροσύνης."

24.—ΔΑΤΡΕΑ

Εἴ μοι χαρτὸς ἐμὸς Πολέμων καὶ σῶς ἀνέλθοι, οἶος α< . . Δήλου> κοίρανε, πεμπόμενος, ῥέξειν οὐκ ἀπόφημι τὸν ὁρθροβόην παρὰ βωμοῖς ὄρνω, δυν εὐχωλαῖς ὡμολόγησα τεαῖς: εἰ δὲ τῶν ὠντων τότε οἱ πλέον ἢ καὶ ἐλάσσον ἠθοῖ ἔχουν, λέλυται τούμον ὑποσχέσιον. ἥλθε δὲ σὺν πόγωνοι. τὸδ’ εἰ φίλον αὐτὸς ἕαυτῷ εὕξατο, τὴν θυσίην πρᾶσσε τὸν εὐξάμενον.

25.—ΣΤΑΤΤΑΛΙΟΤ ΦΛΑΚΚΟΤ

Σῶν μοι Πολέμωνα μολεῖν, ὄτ’ ἔπεμπον, Ἀπόλλων ητούμην, θυσίην ὄρνων ὑποσχόμενοι. ἥλθε δὲ μοι Πολέμων λάσιος γέννων. οὐ μὰ σέ, Φοῖβε, ἥλθεν ἐμοί, πικρῷ δ’ ἐξέφυγέν με τάχει. οὐκέτι σοι θύω τὸν ἀλέκτορα. μὴ μὲ σοφίζου, κωφὴν μοι σταχύων ἀντιδίδους καλάμην.
just at that fatal age of sixteen, and having withal every charm, small and great, a voice which is honey when he reads and lips that are honey to kiss, et ad capiendum intus rem inculpatissimam. What will become of me? He bids me look only. Verily I shall often lie awake fighting with my hands against this empty love.

23.—MELEAGER

I am caught, I who once laughed often at the serenades of young men crossed in love. And at thy gate, Myiscus, winged Love has fixed me, inscribing on me "Spoils won from Chastity."

24.—TULLIUS LAUREAS

If my Polemo return welcome and safe, as he was, Lord of Delos, when we sent him on his way, I do not refuse to sacrifice by thy altar the bird, herald of the dawn, that I promised in my prayers to thee. But if he come possessing either more or less of anything than he had then, I am released from my promise.—But he came with a beard. If he himself prayed for this as a thing dear to him, exact the sacrifice from him who made the prayer.

25.—STATYLIUS FLACCUS

When I bade farewell to Polemo I prayed for him to return safe and sound to me, Apollo, promising a sacrifice of a fowl. But Polemo came to me with a hairy chin. No, Phoebus, I swear it by thyself, he came not to me, but fled from me with cruel fleetness. I no longer sacrifice the cock to thee. Think not to cheat me, returning me for full ears empty chaff.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

26.—TOY AYTOY

Εἰ μοι σωζόμενος Πολέμων ὑν ἔπεμπτον ἀνέλθοι
<φωνίζειν βωμοὺς ἀμολόγησα τεούς>.
νῦν θ' αὐτῷ Πολέμων ἀνασώζεται· οὐκὲτ' ἀφίκται,
Φοῖβε, δασὺς δ' ἦκων οὐκέτι σῶος ἐμοὶ.
αὐτὸς ἵσως σκιάσαι γέννων εὐξατο· θυέων αὐτός,
ἀντία ταϊσίν ἐμαῖς ἐλπίσιν εὐξάμενος.

27.—TOY AYTOY

Σαῖς ἰκελον προύπεμπτον ἐγὼ Πολέμωνα παρειαίς,
ην ἐλθη, θύσειν ὄρνων ὑποσχόμενος·
oὐ δέχομαι φθονεροῖς, Παιάν, φρίζομοντα γενείοις,
τοιοῦτον τλήμων εὐεκές εὐξάμενος.
oὐδὲ μάτην τίλλεσθαι ἀναίτιον ὄρνων ἐοικέν,
ἡ συντιλλέσθω, Δήμω, καὶ Πολέμων.

28.—ΝΟΤΜΗΝΙΟΤ ΤΑΡΣΕΩΣ

Κύρος κύριος ἔστι· τί μοι μέλει, εἰ παρὰ γράμμα;
oὐκ ἀναγινώσκω τὸν καλόν, ἀλλὰ βλέπω.

29.—ΑΛΚΑΙΟΤ

Πρωταρχός καλὸς ἔστι, καὶ οὐ θέλει· ἀλλὰ θελήσει
υστερον· ἡ δ' ὁρή λαμπᾷ· ἐχοῦσα τρέχει.

30.—TOY AYTOY

'Ἡ κυήμη, Νίκανδρε, δασύνεται· ἀλλὰ φύλαξαι,
μὴ σε καὶ ἡ πυγή ταυτὸ παθοῦσα λάθη·
καὶ γνῶσῃ φιλέοντος ὅση σπάνως. ἀλλ' ἔτι καὶ νῦν
τῆς ἀμετακλήτου φρόντισον ἠλικίης.

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26.—BY THE SAME

If the Polemo I parted from came back to me in safety, I promised to sacrifice to thee. But now Polemo is saved for himself. It is no longer he who has come back to me, Phoebus, and arriving with a beard, he is no longer saved for me. He perhaps prayed himself for his chin to be darkened. Let him then make the sacrifice himself, as he prayed for what was contrary to all my hopes.

27.—BY THE SAME

When I saw Polemo off, his cheeks like thine, Apollo, I promised to sacrifice a fowl if he came back. I do not accept him now his spiteful cheeks are bristly. Luckless wretch that I was to make a vow for the sake of such a man! It is not fair for the innocent fowl to be plucked in vain, or let Polemo be plucked, too, Lord of Delos.

28.—NUMENIUS OF TARSUS

Cyrus is Lord (cyrius). What does it matter to me if he lacks a letter? I do not read the fair, I look on him.

29.—ALCAEUS

Protarchus is fair and does not wish it; but later he will, and his youth races on holding a torch.¹

30.—BY THE SAME

Your leg, Nicander, is getting hairy, but take care ne clunibus idem accidat. Then shall you know how rare lovers are. But even now reflect that youth is irrevocable.

¹ As in the torch race the torch was handed on by one racer to another, so is it with the light of youthful beauty

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31.—ΦΑΝΙΟΤ

Ναί Θέμνει, ἀκρήτου καὶ τὸ σκύφος φ σεσάλευμαι,
Πάμφιλε, βαιδὸς ἔχει τὸν σὸν ἔρωτα χρόνος·
ἥδι γὰρ καὶ μηρὸς ὑπὸ τρίχα, καὶ γένυς ἦβα,
καὶ Πόθος εἰς ἐτέρην λοιπὸν ἄγει μανίνιν.
ἀλλ’ ὅτε <σοι> σπινθῆρος ἔτ’ ἵχνια βαιδὰ λέλειπται, 5
φειδωλὴν ἀπόθον. Καιρὸς Ἕρωτι φίλος.

32.—ΘΤΜΟΚΛΕΟΤΣ

Μέμνη που, μέμνη, ὅτε τοι ἐπος ἵρον εἶπον·
"Ὤρη κάλλιστων, χ’ ὥρη ἐλαφρώτατων·
ὦρην ὑδ’ ὁ τάχιστος ἐν αἰθέρι παρθάσει ὄρνις.
νῦν ἰδε, πάντ’ ἐπὶ γῆς ἄνθεα σεῦ κέχυται.

33.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

"Ἡν καλὸς Ἡράκλειτος, ὅτ’ ἦν ποτε· νῦν δὲ παρ’ ἦβην
κηρύσσαε πόλεμον δέρροις ὀπισθοβάταις.
ἀλλ’ Πολυζενίδη, τάδ’ ὅρων, μὴ γαύρα φρυάσσου·
ἔστι καὶ ἐν γλυκτοῖς φυομένη Νέμεσις.

34.—ΑΤΤΟΜΕΔΟΝΤΟΣ

Πρὸς τὸν παιδοτρίβην Δημήτριον ἐχθῆς ἐδείπνουν,
πάντων ἀνθρώπων τὸν μακαριστοτάτον.
εἰς αὐτοῦ κατέκειθ’ ὑποκόλπιος, εἰς ὕπερ ὁμον,
εἰς ἔφερεν τὸ φαγεῖν, εἰς δὲ πιεῖν ἐδίδον·
ἡ τετράς ἡ περὶ βλέπτος. ἐγὼ παίζων δὲ πρὸς αὐτὸν 5
φημὶ "Σὺ καὶ νύκτωρ, φίλτατε, παιδοτρίβεις;"

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STRATO'S *MUSA PUERILIS*

31.—PHANIAS

By Themis and the bowl of wine that made me totter, thy love, Pamphilus, has but a little time to last. Already thy thigh has hair on it and thy cheeks are downy, and Desire leads thee henceforth to another kind of passion. But now that some little vestiges of the spark are still left thee, put away thy parsimony. Opportunity is the friend of Love.

32.—THYMOCLES

Thou rememberest, I trust, thou rememberest the time when I spoke to thee the holy verse, "Beauty is fairest and beauty is nimblest." Not the fleetest bird in the sky shall outstrip beauty. Look, now, how all thy blossoms are shed on the earth.

33.—MELEAGER

Heraclitus was fair, when there was a Heraclitus, but now that his prime is past, a screen of hide
1 declares war on those who would scale the fortress. But, son of Polyxenus, seeing this, be not insolently haughty. It is not only on the cheeks that Nemesis grows.

34.—AUTOMEDON

Yesterday I supped with the boys' trainer, Demetrius, the most blessed of all men. One lay on his lap, one stooped over his shoulder, one brought him the dishes, and another served him with drink—the admirable quartette. I said to him in fun, "Do you, my dear friend, train the boys at night too?"

1 Such were used in war to defend walls.
35.—ΔΙΟΚΛΕΟΤΣ
Χαίρε ποτ’ οὐκ εἰπόντα προσεῖπτε τις. "Ἄλλ’ ὁ περισσός
κάλλει νῦν Δάμων οὐδὲ τὸ χαίρε λέγει.
ηζει τις τούτου χρόνος ἐκδικος. εἰτα δασυνθείς
ἀρξῃ χαίρε λέγειν οὐκ ἀποκρινομένοις."

36.—ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΤ ΑΔΡΑΜΤΤΙΘΝΟΤ
Νῦν αἰτεῖς, ὅτε λεπτὸς ὑπὸ κροτάφουσιν ίουλος
ἐρπει καὶ μηρώς ὄξυς ἐπεστὶ χύνος.
εἰτα λέγεις "Ἡδιον ἐμοὶ τόδε." καὶ τίς ἀν εἴποι
κρείσσονας αὐχμηρᾶς ἄσταχῶν καλάμας;

37.—ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΤ
Πυγὴν Σωσάρχου διέπλασεν Ἀμφυπολίτεω
μυελίνην παῖζων ὁ βροτολογός Ἑρως,
Ζήμα θέλων ἐρεθίζαι, ὅθουνεκα τῶν Γανυμήδους
μηρῶν οἱ τούτου πολὺ μελιχρότεροι.

38.—ΡΙΑΝΟΤ
"Ωραί σοι Χάριτέσ τε κατὰ γλυκὸν χεῦαν ἔλαιον,
ὡ πυγά· κνώσσευν δ’ οὐδὲ γέροντας έᾶς.
λέξον μοι τίνος ἐσσι μάκαιρα τῦ, καὶ τίνα παίδων
κοσμεῖς; ἂ πυγὰ δ’ εἶπε: "Μενεκράτεος."

39.—ΛΔΗΛΟΝ
'Εσβέσθη Νίκανδρος, ἀπόπτατο πᾶν ἀπὸ χροῦς
ἀνθος, καὶ χαρίτων λοιπὸν ἔτ’ οὐδ’ ὅνομα,
ὁν πρὶν ἐν ἄθανάτοις ἐνομίζομεν. ἀλλὰ φρονεῖτε
μηĎὲν ὑπὲρ θυητούς, ὃ νέοι· εἰσὶ τρίχες.
35.—DIOCLES

One thus addressed a boy who did not say good-day: "And so Damon, who excels in beauty, does not even say good-day now! A time will come that will take vengeance for this. Then, grown all rough and hairy, you will give good-day first to those who do not give it you back.

36.—ASCLEPIADES OF ADRAMYTIIUM

Now you offer yourself, when the tender bloom is advancing under your temples and there is a prickly down on your thighs. And then you say, "I prefer this." But who would say that the dry stubble is better than the eared corn?

37.—DIOSCORIDES

Love, the murderer of men, moulded soft as marrow the body of Sosarchus of Amphipolis in fun, wishing to irritate Zeus because his thighs are much more honeyed than those of Ganymede.

38.—RHIANUS

The Hours and Graces shed sweet oil on thee, and thou letest not even old men sleep. Tell me whose thou art and which of the boys thou adornest. And the answer was, "Menecrates."

39.—ANONYMOUS

Nicander’s light is out. All the bloom has left his complexion, and not even the name of charm survives, Nicander whom we once counted among the immortals. But, ye young men, let not your thoughts mount higher than beseems a mortal; there are such things as hairs.
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40.—ΑΔΗΛΩΝ
Μὴ ἱδύσῃς, ἀνθρωπε, τὸ χαλάνιον, ἀλλὰ θεώρει
οὕτως ἀκρολίθου κἀκε τρόπον ξεινοῦ.
γυμνὴν Ἀντιφίλου ζητῶν χάριν, ὡς ἐπ᾽ ἀκάνθαις
eὐρήσεις ῥοδέαν φυομένην κάλυκα.

41.—ΜΕΔΕΑΓΡΟΤ
Οὐκέτι μοι Θήρων γράφεται καλὸς, οὐδ᾽ ὁ πυραυγὴς
πρὶν ποτὲ, νῦν δ᾽ ἕδη δαλὸς, Ἀπολλόδοτος.
στέργων θῆλυν ἔρωτα· δασυντρώγλων δὲ πίεσμα
λασταύρων μελέτων ποιμέσιν αἰγοβάταις.

42.—ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΤ
Βλέψον ἐσ᾽ Ἐρμογέννην πλήρει χερί, καὶ τάχα πρήξεις
παιδοκόραξ ὄν σοι θυμός ὀνειροπολεῖ,
καὶ στυγνὴν ὄρφυων λυσεῖς τάσιν. ἦν δ᾽ ἀλεύη
ὁρφανὸν ἀγκίστρου κύματί δοὺς κάλαμον,
ἐλέξεις ἐκ λιμένος πολλὴν δρόσον. οὐδὲ γὰρ αἰδῶς
οὐδ᾽ ἐλεος δαπάνῳ κόλλοπι συντρέφεται.

43.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΤ
Ἐξθαίρω τὸ ποίημα τὸ κυκλικόν, οὐδὲ κελεύθῳ
χαίρω τις πολλοὺς ὡδε καὶ ὡδε φέρεις
μισῶ καὶ περίφοιτον ἐρώμενον, οὐδ᾽ ἀπὸ κρήνης
πῖν ώς σιγχαίνω πάντα τὰ δημόσια.
Δυσανή, σὺ δὲ ναίχι καλὸς καλὸς· ἀλλὰ πρὶν εἰπεῖν
τοῦτο σαφῶς, ἦχῳ φησί τις ""Ἀλλος ἔχει.""
STRATO'S MUSA PUERILIS

40.—Anonymous

take not off my cloak, Sir, but look on me even as if I were a draped statue with the extremities only of marble. If you wish to see the naked beauty of Antphilus you will find the rose growing as if on thorns.

41.—Meleager

I do not count Thero fair any longer, nor Apollodotus, once gleaming like fire, but now already a burnt-out torch. I care for the love of women. Let it be for goat-mounting herds to press in their arms hairy minions.

42.—Dioscorides

When you look on Hermogenes, boy-vulture, have your hands full, and perhaps you will succeed in getting that of which your heart dreams, and will relax the melancholy contraction of your brow. But if you fish for him, committing to the waves a line devoid of a hook, you will pull plenty of water out of the harbour; for neither pity nor shame dwells with an extravagant cinaedus.

43.—Callimachus

I detest poems all about the same trite stories, and do not love a road that carries many this way and that. I hate, too, a beloved who is in circulation, and I do not drink from a fountain. All public things disgust me. Lysanias, yes indeed thou art fair, fair. But before I can say this clearly an echo says, "He is another's.” ¹

¹ Echo would of course have answered ἔχει ἄλλοις τοῦ ναίχει καλὸς.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

44.—ΓΛΑΤΚΟΤ

'Hv ote pai'das êpethe palai protê dôra filêvntas órtu'x, kal raptî' saîra, kal âstrâgaloi

Nôn de lop'as kal kêrma' tâ palîuma ò' ou'den êkeîna is'xînei. Ïxteî ãllo ti, pai'doîlai.

45.—POSEIDIPPOIT

Nai vai bâlllet', 'Erontes' ègô skopôs eis âma polloi's

Kêímai. mh fêîsûs, ãfrônes. òn gâr èmè

Vôxôs, ónîmaîtôi èn âthanaîtôiou èseuse toîxotaî, òs megálhî deîspotaî is'dôkhs.

46.—ASKLHPIADOT

Oûk eî'm ou'de ëte'vn dûo kêîkosî, kal kopiôw ÿôw.

'Orontes, ti kâkouv toûto; ti me flêgète;

Èn gâr ègô ti pâtho, ti poiîsete; dîlou, 'Erontes,

òs to pâros paixèseû' ãfrônes âstragâlou's.

47.—MELLEAGROT

Matrôs ët' èn kôtîtoisèn ô vîpios órthwv pai'zôv

âstragâlou's toû'môn pneû'mî ekûbêusen 'Erons.

48.—TOY AYTOY

Kêímai. làz êpîbaine kar' avkênos, ágrie dâîmôv.

oîda se, vai mâ theûs, vai 1 barûn ònta fêrênî

Oîda kal êmptûra tôza. Bâlôn ò' ë'p' èmîn fê'vna

Pûrgûs,

ou fîlêxi's. òdî pâsa gâr èstî têfrh.

1 I write val barûn : kal barûn MS.

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44.—GLAUCUS

There was a time long, long ago, when boys who like presents were won by a quail, or a sewn ball, or knuckle-bones, but now they want rich dishes or money, and those playthings have no power. Search for something else, ye lovers of boys.

45.—POSIDIPPOS

Yea, yea, ye Loves, shoot. I alone stand here a target for many all at once. Spare me not, silly children; for if ye conquer me ye shall be famous among the immortals for your archery, as masters of a mighty quiver.

46.—ASCLEPIADES

I am not yet two and twenty, and life is a burden to me. Ye Loves, why thus maltreat me; why set me afire? For if I perish, what will you do? Clearly, Loves, you will play, silly children, at your knuckle-bones as before.

47.—MELEAGER

Love, the baby still in his mother's lap, playing at dice in the morning, played my soul away.

48.—BY THE SAME

I am down; set thy foot on my neck, fierce demon. I know thee, yea by the gods, yea heavy art thou to bear: I know, too, thy fiery arrows. But if thou set thy torch to my heart, thou shalt no longer burn it; already it is all ash.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

49.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ζωροπότει, δύσερως, καὶ σοῦ φλόγα τὰν φιλόπαιδα
κοιμάσει λάθας δωροδότας Βρόμος·
ζωροπότει, καὶ πλήρες ἀφυσσάμενος σκύφος οἶνας,
ἐκκρουσόν στυγερὰν ἐκ κραδίας ὁδύναν.

50.—ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΤ

Πῶς, Ἀσκληπιάδη, τί τὰ δάκρυα ταῦτα; τί πάσχεις;
οὐ σὲ μόνον χαλεπῇ Κύπρισ εληύσατο,
οὖδ’ ἐπὶ σοὶ μοῦνῳ κατεθήξατο τάξα καὶ ἱοὺς
πικρῶς Ἐρως. τί ξών ἐν σποδή τίθεσαι;
πίνωμεν Βάκχου ξωρὸν πόμα: δάκτυλος ἀώς·
ἡ πάλι κοιμιστάν λύχνου ἑδεῖν μένομεν;
πίνωμεν, δύσερως. 1 μετά τοι χρόνου οὐκέτι πουλὼν,
σχέτλιε, τὴν μακρὰν νυκτ’ ἀναπαυσόμεθα.

51.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΤ

Εγχει, καὶ πάλιν εἰπέ, Διοκλέος· οὐδ’ Ἀχελώος
κείνου τῶν ἱερῶν αἰσθάνεται κυάθων.
καλὸς ὁ παῖς, Ἀχελώε, λίθν καλὸς· εἰ δὲ τις οὐχὶ
φησίν—ἐπισταίμην μοῦνος ἐγώ τὰ καλά.

52.—ΜΕΛΕΛΑΓΡΟΤ

Οὐρίος ἐμπυνύσας ναῦτας Νότος, ὥ δυσέρωτες,
ἡμισύ μεν ψυχὰς ἀρπασέν Ἀνδράγαθον.

1 πίνωμεν δύσερως Καιβελ: πίνωμεν οὐ γὰρ ἔρως ΜΣ.

1 cp. Bk. V. 136, imitated from this.

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STRATO'S MUSA Puerilis

49.—By the Same

Drink strong wine, thou unhappy lover, and Bacchus, the giver of forgetfulness, shall send to sleep the flame of thy love for the lad. Drink, and draining the cup full of the vine-juice drive out abhorred pain from thy heart.

50.—ASCLEPIADES

Drink, Asclepiades. Why these tears? What aileth thee? Not thee alone hath cruel Cypris taken captive; not for thee alone hath bitter Love sharpened his arrows. Why whilst yet alive dost thou lie in the dust? Let us quaff the unmixed drink of Bacchus. The day is but a finger's breadth. Shall we wait to see again the lamp that bids us to bed? Let us drink, woeeful lover. It is not far away now, poor wretch, the time when we shall rest through the long night.

51.—CALLIMACHUS

To the Cup-bearer ¹

Pour in the wine and again say "To Diocles," nor does Aechelous ² touch the ladlefuls hallowed to him. Beautiful is the boy, Aechelous, passing beautiful; and if any say "Nay"—let me alone know what beauty is.

52.—MELEAGER

The South Wind, blowing fair for sailors, O ye who are sick for love, has carried off Andragathus, my

² The river, used for water in general; but I confess to not understanding the reference to Aechelous in l. 3. Perhaps it means "Ye water-drinkers."

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treris mákaries vàes, trís Ólbia kýmata póntou, tetráki Óxuáimow pайдoforów áneumos.
eiθ' eiθ' deilfís, òn' emois bástaktós ép' òmosis
porðmeuðeis ésíðh táv γλυκóspaida Óðou.

53.—TOY AYTOY

Eíphortoi vàes peleagìtides, ai' pórón "Ellhns
pÍeíte, kàlòn kólpois deçáménaí Bòrhén,
ìn' pòn ép' ìónonòn Kíavn katà vásón ἵðhte
Phaníon eìs xaropòn derkómeían peleagos,
tóut' éptos ánggeláite, kàlal nées, òís me kómižei
ìmeros òú vaútan, topòi de peçoporón.
ei yáρ toút' eípourt', eúanggeloi,1 aútkà kai Zeús
òúrias ðmetéraí pneúsetai eìs òðònas.

54.—TOY AYTOY

'Arneítai toû "Erwata tekeïn ò Kúpris, ïðouða
állon én ìtíðeis Ïmirou 'Antióxou.
állà, nóoi, stírgounte nóon Pódhon: ò yáρ ó kôro
eúrhñai kreísòswn òútòs "Erwòs "Erwòs.

55.—ÂDHΛON, òì ðë ARTEMWNOS

ΛητοÎd, ñû mnè ëxhêçes álìrrnton auçhêna Dìllo,
kóûre Dìòs megálou, ñèsfata pàsi lêgwn.
Kekropían ð' Òxhèdûròs, ð' deûteros 'Athída Foiðbos,
ð' kàlòn ðbrókômhs ànthos èlmaçewn "Erwòs.
ì ð' anà kûm' àrfasa kai en Ýhoví pátris 'Aðhñh 5
vûn kállleí douílhn "Ellád' úprhagýeto.

1 eúanggeloi Piccolos: ñò téloí MS. with a space after ñò.

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STRATO'S MUSA PUIERILIS

soul's half. Thrice happy the ships, thrice fortunate the waves of the sea, and four times blessed the wind that bears the boy. Would I were a dolphin that, carried on my shoulders, he could cross the seas to look on Rhodes, the home of sweet lads.

53.—BY THE SAME

Richly loaded ocean ships that sail down the Hellespont, taking to your bosoms the good North Wind, if haply ye see on the beach of Cos Phanion gazing at the blue sea, give her this message, good ships, that Desire carries me there not on shipboard, but faring on my feet.¹ For if you tell her this, ye bearers of good tidings, straight shall Zeus also breathe the gale of his favour into your sails.

54.—BY THE SAME

Cypris denies that she gave birth to Love now that she sees Antiochus among the young men, a second Love. But, ye young men, love this new Love; for of a truth this boy has proved to be a Love better than Love.

55.—ANONYMOUS, OR SOME SAY BY ARTEMON

Child of Leto, son of Zeus the great, who utterest oracles to all men, thou art lord of the sea-girt height of Delos; but the lord of the land of Cecrops is Echedemus, a second Attic Phoebus whom soft-haired Love lit with lovely bloom. And his city Athens, once mistress of the sea and land, now has made all Greece her slave by beauty.

¹ I think we must understand that he actually contemplated coming to Cos (or rather to the coast opposite) by land.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

56.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

Εἰκόνα μὲν Παρίην ξωγλύφος ἄνυσ' Ἑρωτος
Πραξιτέλης, Κύπριδος παιδα τυπωσάμενος,
νῦν δ' ὁ θεών κάλλιστος Ἑρως ἐμψυχον ἀγαλμα,
αὐτὸν ἀπεικονίσασ, ἔπλασε Πραξιτέλην·
ὅφρ' ὁ μὲν ἐν θυνατοῖς, ὁ δ' ἐν αἴθερι φίλτρα βραβεύη, 5
γῆς θ' ἁμα καὶ μακάρων σκηντροφορῶσι πόθοι.
ὁλβίστη Μερόπων ἱερὰ πόλις, ἀ θεόπαιδα
καινὸν Ἐρωτα νέων θρέψει ὑφαγεμόνα.

57.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Πραξιτέλης ὁ πάλαι ξωγλύφος ἁβρόν ἄγαλμα
ἀψυχον, μορφᾶς καφόν ἐτευξε τύπον,
πέτραν ἐνειδοφορῶν· ὁ δὲ νῦν, ἐμψυχα μαγεύων,
τὸν τριπανοῦργον Ἐρωτ' ἔπλασεν ἐν κραδία.
ἡ τάχα τούνοιχ' ἔχει ταύταν μόνον, ἔργα δὲ κρέσσων, 5
οὐ λίθον, ἀλλὰ φρενῶν πνεύμα μεταρρυθμίσας.
ἰλαος πλάσσοι τὸν ἐμὸν τρόπον, ὅφρα τυπώσας
ἐντὸς ἐμὴν ψυχὴν ναοῦ Ἐρωτος ἕχῃ.

58.—ΠΙΑΝΟΤ

'Η Τροιζῆν ἀγαθή κουροτρόφος· οὐκ ἄν ἀμάρτωσιν
αἰνήσας παίδων οὐδὲ τὸν ὑστάτιον.
τόσον δ' Ἐμπεδοκλῆς φανερώτερος, ὁδον ἐν ἄλλοις
ἀνθεσιν εἰαρινοῖς καλὸν ἐλαμψε ῥόδων.

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STRATO'S MUSA PUERILIS

56.—MELEAGER

Praxiteles the sculptor wrought a statue of Love in Parian marble, fashioning the son of Cypris. But now Love, the fairest of the gods, making his own image, hath moulded Praxiteles, a living statue, so that the one amid mortals and the other in heaven may be the dispenser of love-charms, and a Love may wield the sceptre on earth as among the immortals. Most blessed the holy city of the Meropes,¹ which nurtured a new Love, son of a god, to be the prince of the young men.

57.—BY THE SAME

Praxiteles the sculptor of old time wrought a delicate image, but lifeless, the dumb counterfeit of beauty, endowing the stone with form; but this Praxiteles of to-day, creator of living beings by his magic, hath moulded in my heart Love, the rogue of rogues. Perchance, indeed, his name only is the same, but his works are better, since he hath transformed no stone, but the spirit of the mind. Graciously may he mould my character, that when he has formed it he may have within me a temple of Love, even my soul.

58.—RHIANUS

Troezén is a good nurse; thou shalt not err if thou praisest even the last of her boys. But Empedocles excels all in brilliance as much as the lovely rose outshines the other flowers of spring.

¹ Cos.
59.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

'Αβρούς, ναὶ τὸν Ἐρωτα, τρέφει Τύρος· ἀλλὰ Ἔντοκος
ἔσβησεν ἐκλαμψας ἀστέρας ἥξιος.

60.—ΤΟΥ ΚΑΤΟΥ

'Ἡν ἐνίδω Θήρωνα, τὰ πάντα ὀρῶ· ἦν δὲ τὰ πάντα
βλέψω, τόνδε δὲ μή, τάμπαλιν οὐδὲν ὄρω.

61.—ἈΔΗΛΟΝ

'Αρφεῖ· μὴ διὰ παντὸς ολαν κατάτηκ', Ἀρίβαζε,
tὰν Κυλίδον· ἀ πέτρα θρυπτομένα φέρεται.

62.—ἈΛΛΟ

Ματέρες αἱ Περσῶν, καλὰ μὲν καλὰ τέκνα τέκεσθε·
ἀλλ’ Ἀρίβαζος ἐμοὶ κάλλιον ἦ τὸ καλὸν.

63.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

Συγῶν Ἡράκλειτος ἐν ὀμμασὶ τοῦτ’ ἐπὸς αὐτὰ·
"Καὶ Ἡρόδωρος φλέξω πῦρ τὸ κεραυνοβόλουν οὐν;
ναὶ μὴν καὶ Διῶρος ἐνὶ στέρνοις τόδε φωνεῖ·
"Καὶ πέτρον τήκω χρωτὶ χλαιωμόμενον." δύστανος,
παίδων ὃς ἐδέξατο τοῦ μὲν ἀπ’ ὀσσών 5
λαμπάδα, τοῦ δὲ πόθοις τυφόμενον γλυκῷ πῦρ.

64.—ΑΛΚΑΙΟΤ

Ζεὺς Πίσης μεδέων, Πειθήνωρα, δεύτερον ὅλα
Κύπριδος, αἰπεινῷ στέψον ὑπὸ Κρονίωρ.
STRATO'S MUSA PUERILIS

59.—MELEAGER

Delicate children, so help me Love, doth Tyre nurture, but Myiscus is the sun that, when his light bursts forth, quenches the stars.

60.—By the Same

If I see Thero, I see everything, but if I see everything and no Thero, I again see nothing.

61.—Anonymous

Look! consume not all Cnidus utterly, Aribazus; the very stone is softened and is vanishing.

62.—Anonymous

Ye Persian mothers, beautiful, yea beautiful are the children ye bear, but Aribazus is to me a thing more beautiful than beauty.

63.—Meleager

Heraclitus in silence speaks thus from his eyes: "I shall set aflame even the fire of the bolts of Zeus." Yea, verily, and from the bosom of Diodorus comes this voice: "I melt even stone warmed by my body's touch." Unhappy he who has received a torch from the eyes of the one, and from the other a sweet fire smouldering with desire.

64.—Alcaeus

Zeus, Lord of Pisa, crown under the steep hill of Cronos¹ Peithenor, the second son of Cypris. And,

¹ At Olympia.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

μηδὲ μοι οἶνοχόν κυλίκων σέθευν αἰετὸς ἃρθεὶς
μάρψας ἄντι καλοῦ, κοίρανε, Δαρδανίδοι.
eἰ δὲ τι Μουσάων τοι ἐγὼ φίλον ὅπασα δώρον,
νεύσαις μοι θέλω παιδὸς ὁμοφροσύνην.

65.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

Εἰ Ζεὺς κεῖνος ἔτ' ἐστίν, ο καὶ Γαυνυμήδεος ἀκμὴν
ἀρταξας, ἵν' ἔχῃ νέκταρος οἶνοχόν,
κήμοι τὸν καλὸν ἐστίν <ἐν> σπλάγχνουσι Μυῖσκον
κρύπτειν, μή με λάθῃ παιδὶ βαλῶν πτέρυγας.

66.—ΑΔΗΛΩΝ

Κρίνατ', Ἕρωτες, ο παῖς τίνος ἁξίους. εἰ μὲν ἄληθῶς
ἀθανάτων, ἔχετω. Ζαῦν γὰρ οὐ μάχομαι.
eἰ δὲ τι καὶ θνατὸς ὑπολείπεται, εἰπάτ', Ἕρωτες,
Δωρόθεος τίνος ἢν, καὶ τίνι νῦν δέδωκαί.
ἔν φανερῷ φωνεύσων' ἐμὴ χάρις.— ἀλλ' ἀποχωρεῖ.
μὴ ἐμετὶ πρὸς τὸ καλὸν καὶ σὺ μάταια φέρῃ.

67.—ΑΔΗΛΩΝ

Τὸν καλὸν οὖχ ὀρῶν Διονύσιον. ἀρά η' ἀναρθείς,
Ζεὺς πάτερ, ἄθανάτως> δεύτερος οἶνοχοι;
αἰετέ, τὸν χαρίεντα, ποτὶ πτερὰ πυκνὰ τινάξας,
πῶς ἐφερες; μή ποιν κύνηματ' ὄνυξιν ἔχει.

68.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

Οὐκ ἔβελω Χαρίδαμον· ο γὰρ καλὸς εἰς Δία λεύσσει,
ὡς ἦδη νέκταρ τῷ θεῷ οἶνοχῶν.

1 I take the last line to be addressed to the boy, Dorotheus, who would not abide by the verdict of the Loves, but this
STRATO'S MUSA PUERILIS

Lord, I pray thee become no eagle on high to seize him for thy cup-bearer in place of the fair Trojan boy. If ever I have brought thee a gift from the Muses that was dear to thee, grant that the god-like boy may be of one mind with me.

65.—MELEAGER

If Zeus still be he who stole Ganymede in his prime that he might have a cup-bearer of the nectar, I, too, may hide lovely Myiscus in my heart, lest before I know it he swoop on the boy with his wings.

66.—ANONYMOUS

Judge, ye Loves, of whom the boy is worthy. If truly of the god, let him have him, for I do not contend with Zeus. But if there is something left for mortals too, say, Loves, whose was Dorotheus and to whom is he now given. Openly they call out that they are in my favour; but he departs. I trust that thou, too, mayst not be attracted to beauty in vain.¹

67.—ANONYMOUS

I see not lovely Dionysius. Has he been taken up to heaven, Father Zeus, to be the second cup-bearer of the immortals? Tell me, eagle, when thy wings beat rapidly over him, how didst thou carry the pretty boy? has he marks from thy claws?

68.—MELEAGER

I wish not Charidemus to be mine; for the fair boy looks to Zeus, as if already serving the god with line is corrupt, and the whole is rather obscure. There was evidently a terrestrial rival in addition to Zeus.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

οὐκ ἔθελω· τί δὲ μοι τὸν ἐπουρανίων βασιλῆα
ἀνταθλον νίκης τῆς ἐν ἔρωτι λαβεῖν;
ἀρκοῦμαι δ’, ἣν μοῦνον ὁ παῖς ἀνίων ἐς Ὁλυμπον, 5
ἐκ γῆς νύπτρα ποδῶν δάκρυα τὰμὰ λάβῃ,
μναμόσυνον στοργῆς· γλυκὺ δ’ ὀμμασὶ νεῦμα δίνηρον
dοῖη, καὶ τί φιλημ’ ἀρπάσαι ἀκροθυγάς.
tὰλα δὲ πάντ’ ἐχέτω Ζεὺς, ὡς θέμις· εἰ δ’. ἐθελήσοι,
ἡ τάχα ποιν κηγῶ γεύσομαι ἀμβροσίας. 10

69.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Ζεῦ, προτέρῳ τέρπου Γανυμήδει· τὸν δ’ ἐμόν, ὅναξ,
Δέξαμαι δὲρκευ τηλόθεν· οὐ φθονέω.
eἰ δὲ βίῃ τὸν καλὸν ἀποίσεαι, οὐκέτ’ ἀνεκτῶς
dεσπόζεις· ἀπίτω καὶ τὸ βιοῦν ἐπὶ σοῦ.

70.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

Στῆσομ’ ἐγὼ καὶ Ζηνὸς ἐναντίον, εἴ σε, Μνίσκε,
ἀρπάζειν ἐθέλοι νέκταρος οὐνοχόν.
καίτοι πολλάκις αὐτὸς ἐμοὶ τάδ’ ἐλεξε· “Τι ταρβεῖς;
“οὐ σε βαλὼ ξήλοις· οἶδα παθὼν ἐλεείν.”
χῶ μὲν δὴ τάδε φησίν· ἐγὼ δ’, ἥν μουὰ παραπτῆ, 5
tαρβω μὴ ψεῦστις Ζεὺς ἐπ’ ἐμοὶ γέγονεν.

71.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΤ

Θεσσαλικὲ Κλεόνικε τάλαν, τάλαν· οὐ μὰ τὸν ὄξυν
ήλιον, οὐκ ἔγγων σχέτλιε, ποῦ γέγονας;
οστέᾳ σοι καὶ μοῦνον ἐτί τρίχες. ἡ ρά σε δαίμων
οὕμος ἔχει, χαλεπῆ δ’ ἦντεο θευμορίη;

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STRATO'S MUSA PUERILIS

nectar. I wish it not. What profits it me to have the king of heaven as a competitor for victory in love? I am content if only the boy, as he mounts to Olympus, take from earth my tears to wash his feet in memory of my love; and could he but give me one sweet, melting glance and let our lips just meet as I snatch one kiss! Let Zeus have all the rest, as is right; but yet, if he were willing, perchance I, too, should taste ambrosia.

69.—ANONYMOUS

Take thy delight, Zeus, with thy former Ganymede, and look from afar, O King, on my Dexandrus. I grudge it not. But if thou carriest away the fair boy by force, no longer is thy tyranny supportable. Let even life go if I must live under thy rule.

70.—MELEAGER

I will stand up even against Zeus if he would snatch thee from me, Myiscus, to pour out the nectar for him. And yet Zeus often told me himself, "What dost thou dread? I will not smite thee with jealousy; I have learnt to pity, for myself I have suffered." That is what he says, but I, if even a fly¹ buzz past, am in dread lest Zeus prove a liar in my case.

71.—CALLIMACHUS

Thessalian Cleonicus, poor wretch, poor wretch! By the piercing sun I did not know you, man. Where have you been? You are nothing but hair and bone. Can it be that my evil spirit besets you, and you have met with a cruel stroke from heaven? I see it; i.e. no eagle, but a fly.

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GREEK ANTHOLOGY

ἐγνων Εὐξίθεος σε συνήρτατε καὶ σὺ γὰρ ἐλθὼν τὸν καλὸν, ὦ μοχθήρ, ἐβλέπεις ἀμφοτέρους.

72.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

"Ἡδὴ μὲν γλυκὸς ὀρθρὸς ὦ δ’ ἐν προθύρουσιν ἀὐτνὸς Δάμες ἀποψάχη ρπεῦμα τὸ λειϑίνι ἐτὶ, σχέτις, Ἡράκλετου ἰδών ἐστὶ γὰρ ὑπ’ αὐγὰς ὀφθαλμῶν, βληθεὶς κηρὸς ἐς ἀνθρακίνη.
 ἀλλὰ μοι ἤγγει, Δάμι δυσάμμορε καύτος Ὕρωτος ἐλκος ἤχων ἐπὶ σοῖς δάκρυσι δακρυχέω.

73.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΤ

Ημωσῦ μεν ψυχῆς ἐτι τὸ πνεόν, ἥμισυ δ’ οὐκ οἶδ’ εἰτ᾽ Ἕρως εἰτ’ Ἡδῆς ἡρπάσει πλὴν ἀφανές.
ἡ ῥά τιν’ ἐς παιδῶν πάλιν φάσεο, καὶ μὲν ἀπεῖπον πολλάκι: "Τὴν δρήστιν μὴ ὑποδέχεσθε, νέοι."
†ουκισον δίφησον1 ἐκείσε γὰρ ἡ λιθόλευστος κεῖνη καὶ δύσερως οἶδ’ ὦτι ποι στρέφεται.

74.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

Ην τι πάθω, Κλεόβουλε, (τὸ γὰρ πλέον ἐν πυρὶ παῖδων
βαλλόμενων κεῖμαι λεῖψανον ἐν σποδηῆ.)
λίσσομαι, ἀκρῆτῳ μέθυσον, πρὶν ὑπὸ χθόνα θέσαι,
κάλπιν, ἐπιγράψας "Δῶρον Ἕρως Ἡδῆ." 5

75.—ἈΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΤ

Εἰ πτερά σοι προσέκειτο, καὶ ἐν χερὶ τὸξα καὶ ἵοι,
οὐκ ἀν Ἕρως ἐγράφη Κύπριδος, ἀλλὰ σὺ, παῖς.

1 δίφησον Schneider: νιφησον MS. The remainder cannot be restored. A proper name must have stood here.

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Euxitheus has run away with you. Yes, when you came here, you rascal, you were looking at the beauty with both eyes.

72.—MELEAGER

Sweet dawn has come, and lying sleepless in the porch Damis is breathing out the little breath he has left, poor wretch, all for having looked on Heraclitus; for he stood under the rays of his eyes like wax thrown on burning coals. But come, awake, all luckless Damis! I myself bear Love's wound, and shed tears for thy tears.

73.—CALLIMACHUS

It is but the half of my soul that still breathes, and for the other half I know not if it be Love or Death that hath seized on it, only it is gone. Is it off again to one of the lads? And yet I told them often, "Receive not, ye young men, the runaway." Seek for it at * *, for I know it is somewhere there that the gallows-bird,\(^1\) the love-lorn, is loitering.

74.—MELEAGER

If I perish, Cleobulus (for cast, nigh all of me, into the flame of lads' love, I lie, a burnt remnant, in the ashes), I pray thee make the urn drunk with wine ere thou lay it in earth, writing thereon, "Love's gift to Death."

75.—ASCLEPIADES

If thou hadst wings on thy back, and a bow and arrows in thy hand, not Love but thou wouldst be described as the son of Cypris.

\(^1\) Literally, "who deserves to be stoned to death."
76.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ
Εἰ μὴ τόξον Ἔρως, μηδὲ πτερά, μηδὲ φαρέτραν, 
μηδὲ πυριβλήτους εἰχέ πόθων ἄκίδας, 
οὐκ, αὐτὸν τὸν πτανὸν ἐπόμυμαι, οὔποτ' ἂν ἔγνως 
ἐκ μορφᾶς τίς ἐφ' Ζωίλος ἢ τίς Ἔρως.

77.—ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΤ Ἡ ΠΟΣΕΙΔΙΠΠΟΤ
Εἰ καθύπερθε λάβοις χρύσεα πτερά, καὶ σεν ἀπ' 
ὀμοι 
teíνοιτ' ἀργυρέων ἰοδόκος φαρέτρη, 
καὶ σταίης παρ' Ἐρωτα, φιλ', ἀγλαόν, οὐ μὰ τὸν 
Ἐρμῆν, 
oúδ' αὐτῇ Κύπρις γνώσεται ὑν τέτοκεν.

78.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ
Εἰ χλαμώδ' εἶχεν Ἔρως, καὶ μὴ πτερά, μηδ' ἐπὶ νῶτων 
tόξα τε καὶ φαρέτραν, ἀλλ' ἐφόρει πέτασον, 
ναὶ, τὸν γαύρον ἐφηβον ἐπόμυμαι, Ἀντίόχος μὲν 
ἡν ἄν Ἔρως, ὁ δ' Ἔρως τάμπαλιν Ἀντίόχος.

79.—ΑΔΗΛΩΝ
Ἀντίπατρός μ' ἐφίλησ' ἢδη λήγοντος ἔρωτος, 
καὶ τάλων ἐκ ψυχρῆς πῦρ ἄνεκαναι τέφρης: 
dis δὲ μῆς ἀκον ἔτυχον φλογός. ὡ δυσέρωτες, 
φεῦγετε, μὴ πρήσω τοὺς πέλας ἀψάμενος.

80.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ
Ψυχὴ δυσδάκρυτε, τί σοι τὸ πεπαυθέν Ἐρωτὸς 
τραύμα διὰ σπλάγχνων αὕθις ἀναφλέγεται:
STRATO'S MUSÀ PÆRILIS

76.—MELEAGER

If Love had neither bow, nor wings, nor quiver, nor the barbed arrows of desire dipped in fire, never, I swear it by the winged boy himself, couldst thou tell from their form which is Zoilus and which is Love.

77.—ASCLEPIADES OR POSIDIPPUΣ

If thou wert to grow golden wings above, and on thy silvery shoulders were slung a quiver full of arrows, and thou wert to stand, dear, beside Love in his splendour, never, by Hermes I swear it, would Cypris herself know which is her son.

78.—MELEAGER

If Love had a chlamys and no wings, and wore no bow and quiver on his back, but a petasus,¹ yea, I swear it by the splendid youth himself, Antiochus would be Love, and Love, on the other hand, Antiochus.

79.—Anonymous

Antipater kissed me when my love was on the wane, and set ablaze again the fire from the cold ash. So against my will I twice encountered one flame. Away, ye who are like to be love-sick, lest touching those near me I burn them.

80.—MELEAGER

Sore weeping soul, why is Love's wound that was assuaged inflamed again in thy vitals? No, No! for

¹ The chlamys and petasus (a broad-brimmed hat) were the costume of the ephēbi (youths of seventeen to twenty).
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

μή, μή, πρὸς σὲ Διός, μή, πρὸς Διός, ὦ φιλάβουλε, κινήσεις τέφρη πῦρ ὑπολαμμόμενον.
αὐτικά γὰρ, λήθαργε κακῶν, πάλιν εἴ σὲ φυγοῦσαν 5 λήψετ' Ἔρως, εὐρὼν δραπέτιν αἰκίσεται.

81.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ψυχαπάται δυσέρωτες, ὁσοὶ φλόγα τὰν φιλόπαιδα οἴδατε, τοῦ πικροῦ γενσάμενοι μέλιτος,
ψυχρὸν ὑδαίν ὑνίζαι,1 ψυχρόν, τάχος, ἀρτι τακείσης ἐκ χίόνοις τῇ μῆ χείτε περὶ κραδίη.
ἡ γὰρ ἠδεῖν ἐτήλῃ Διονύσιον. ἀλλ', ὅμοδουλοι, 5 πρὶν ψαίσαι σπλάγχνων, πῦρ ἀπ' ἐμεῖ σβέσατε.

82.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἐσπευσών τὸν Ἐρωτα φυγεῖν· ὁ δὲ βαιόν ἀνάψας
φανίον ἐκ τέφρης, εὐρέ μὲ κρυπτόμενον·
κυκλώσας δ' οὐ τόξα, χερὸς δ' ἀκρώνυχα δισσόν,
κυσίμα πυρὸς θραύσας, εἰς μὲ λαθὼν ἔβαλεν
ἐκ δὲ φλόγες πάντη μοι ἐπέδραμον. ὦ βραχὺ
φέγγος
λάμψαν ἐμοὶ μέγα πῦρ, Φανίον, ἐν κραδία.

83.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὐ μ' ἔτρωσεν Ἐρως τόξοις, οὐ λαμπάδ' ἀνάψας,
ὡς πάρος, αἰθομέναν θήκεν ὑπὸ κραδία;
σύγκωμον δὲ Πόθοις φέρων Κύπρυδος μυροφεγγὴς
φανίον, ἀκρον ἐμοῖς ὤμασι πῦρ ἔβαλεν
ἐκ δὲ μὲ φέγγος ἔτηξε· τὸ δὲ βραχὺ φανίον ὥφθη 5
πῦρ ψυχῆς τῇ μῆ καιόμενον κραδία.

1 Possibly μιφάδα, snow.
STRATO'S MUSA PUERILIS

God's sake, No! For God's sake, O thou lover of unwisdom, stir not the fire that yet glows under the ashes! For straightway, O unmindful of past woe, if Love catch thee again, he shall vilely use the truant he has found.

81.—BY THE SAME

Love-sick deceivers of your souls, ye who know the flame of lads' love, having tasted the bitter honey, pour about my heart cold water, cold, and quickly, water from new-melted snow. For I have dared to look on Dionysius. But, fellow-slaves, ere it reach my vitals, put the fire in me out.

82.—BY THE SAME

I made haste to escape from Love; but he, lighting a little torch from the ashes, found me in hiding. He bent not his bow, but the tips of his thumb and finger, and breaking off a pinch of fire secretly threw it at me. And from thence the flames rose about me on all sides. O Phanion,¹ little light that set ablaze in my heart a great fire.

83.—BY THE SAME

Eros wounded me not with his arrows, nor as erst lighting his torch did he hold it blazing under my heart; but bringing the little torch of Cypris with scented flame, the companion of the Loves in their revels, he struck my eyes with the tip of its flame. The flame has utterly consumed me, and that little torch proved to be a fire of the soul burning in my heart.

¹ In this and the following epigram he plays on her name, which means a little torch.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

84.—TOY AYTOY.

"Ωνθρωποι, βωθείτε τὸν ἐκ πελάγευς ἐπὶ γαῖαν ἀρτι με πρωτόπλουν ἱχνος ἑρείδαμενον ἔλκει τῇ ὥρᾳ ὁ βίαιος Ἕρως. φλόγα δ' οἶκα προφαίνων παῖδος ἡ ἀπεστρέφτει κάλλος ἐραστόν ἱδεῖν. βαίνω δ' ἱχνος ἐπὶ ἱχνος, ἐν ἀέρι δ' ἥδυ τυπῳθέν εἴδος ἀφαρτάζων χείλεσιν ἥδυ φιλῶ. ἀρά γε τὴν πικρὰν προφυγὼν ἀλα, πουλύ τι κείνης πικρότερον χέρσῳ κῦμα περώ Κύπριδος; 5

85.—TOY AYTOY

Οἰνοπόται δέξασθε τὸν ἐκ πελάγευς, ἀμα πόντον καὶ κλώτας προφυγόντ', ἐν χθονὶ δ' ὀλλύμενον. ἀρτι γὰρ ἐκ νησὸς μὲ μόνων πόλα θέντ' ἐπὶ γαῖαν ἀγρεύσας ἔλκει τῇ ὥρᾳ ὁ βίαιος Ἕρως, ἐνθάδ' ὅτου τὸν παῖδα διαστείχοντ' ἐνόησα: αὐτομάτοις δ' ἀκών ποσσὶ παχὺς φέρομαι. κομμάζω δ' οὖκ οἶνον ὑπὸ φρένα, πῦρ δὲ γεμοσθεῖς. ἀλλὰ φίλοι, ξεῖνοι, βαιον ἑπαρκέσατε, ἀρκέσατ', ὃ ξεῖνοι, καὶ Ζευς πρὸς Ἕρωτος δέξασθ οὐλύμενον τὸν φίλιας ἰκέτην. 10

86.—TOY AYTOY

'Α Κύπρις θήλεια γυναικομανὴ φλόγα βάλλει. ἄρσενα δ' αὐτὸς Ἕρως ἱμερον ἁνυσχει. ποῖ δέψω; ποτὶ παιδ' ἡ ματέρα; φαμὶ δὲ καύταν Κύπριν ἐρεῖν. "Νικᾶ τὸ θρασύ παιδάριον."

1 I conjecture ἐπέστρεψεν and render so.

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84.—By the Same

Save me, good sirs! No sooner, saved from the sea, have I set foot on land, fresh from my first voyage, than Love drags me here by force, and as if bearing a torch in front of me, turns me to look on the loveliness of a boy. I tread in his footing, and seizing on his sweet image, formed in air, I kiss it sweetly with my lips. Have I then escaped the briny sea but to cross on land the flood of Cypris that is far more bitter?

85.—By the Same

Receive me, ye carousers, the newly landed, escaped from the sea and from robbers, but perishing on land. For now just as, leaving the ship, I had but set my foot on the earth, violent Love caught me and drags me here, here where I saw the boy go through the gate; and albeit I would not I am borne hither swiftly by my feet moving of their own will. I come thus as a reveller filled with fire about my spirit, not with wine. But, dear strangers, help me a little, help me, strangers, and for the sake of Love the Hospitable receive me who, nigh to death, supplicate for friendship.

86.—By the Same

It is Cypris, a woman, who casts at us the fire of passion for women, but Love himself rules over desire for males. Whither shall I incline, to the boy or to his mother? I tell you for sure that even Cypris herself will say, “The bold brat wins.”

1 The title Xenius (Protector of strangers) was proper to Zeus. Meleager transfers it to Love.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

87.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Τλήμον Ἐρως, οὐ θῆλυν ἐμοὶ πόθου, ἀλλὰ τιν’ αἰεὶ
dινεύεις στεροῦν καύματος ἀρσενικοῦ.
ἀλλοτε γὰρ Δήμων πυρούμενος, ἀλλοτε λεύσον
᾿Ισμηνόν, δολιχοὺς αἰὲν ἔχω καμάτους.
oὐ μοῦνοι δ’ ἐπὶ τοῦτο δεδορκάμεν’ ἀλλ’ ἐπιπάντων
ἀρκεύσει πουλυμανή καιθὸν ἐφελκόμεθα.

88.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Δισσοὶ με τρύχουσι καταιγίζοντες ἔρωτες,
Εὔμαχε, καὶ δυσσαίς ένυδέδεμαι μανιαῖς.
ἡ μὲν ἔπ ‘Ασάνδρου κλῖνο δέμας, ἡ δὲ πάλιν μοι
ὀφθαλμὸς νεείς Τηλέφοον ὄξυτερος.
tυχέατ’, ἐμοὶ τοῦθ’ ἱδύ, καὶ εἰς πλάστιγγα δικαῖν
νειμάμενοι, κλήρῳ τὰμὰ φέρεσθε μέλη.

89.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Κύπρε, τί μοι τρισσοὺς ἔφ’ ἑνα σκοπὸν ήλασας ἰοὺς,
ἐν δὲ μὴ ψυχῇ τρισσῷ πέτηγε βέλη;
καὶ τῇ μὲν φλέγομαί, τῇ δ’ ἐλκομαί. ἡ δ’ ἀπονεύσω,
dιστάζω, λάβρῳ δ’ ἐν πυρὶ πάς φλέγομαι.

90.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Οὐκέτ’ ἐρῶ. πεπάλαικα πόθους τρισίν’ εἰς μὲν
ἐταίρης,
eἰς δὲ μὲ παρθενικῆς, εἰς δὲ μ’ ἔκαυσε νέουν.
καὶ κατὰ πᾶν ἡλυκα. γεγύμνασμαι μὲν, εταίρης
πεῖθων τὰς ἐκθρὰς οὐδὲν ἔχοντι θύρας.

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87.—Anonymous

Persistent Love, thou ever whirlst at me no desire for woman, but the lightning of burning longing for males. Now burnt by Damon, now looking on Ismenus, I ever suffer long pain. And not only on these have I looked, but my eye, ever madly roving, is dragged into the nets of all alike.

88.—Anonymous

Two loves, descending on me like the tempest, consume me, Eumachus, and I am caught in the toils of two furious passions. On this side I bend towards Asander, and on that again my eye, waxing keener, turns to Telephus. Cut me in two, I should love that, and dividing the halves in a just balance, carry off my limbs, each of you, as the lot decides.

89.—Anonymous

Cypris, why at one target hast thou shot three arrows, why are three barbs buried in one soul? On this side I am burning, on the other I am being dragged; I am all at a loss which way to turn, and in the furious fire I burn away utterly.

90.—Anonymous

No longer do I love. I have wrestled with three passions that burn: one for a courtesan, one for a maiden, and one for a lad. And in every way I suffer pain. For I have been sore exercised, seeking to persuade the courtesan's doors to open, the foes of
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 difficulté ἐπὶ παστάδος αἰὲν ἀυτῶν, ἐν τῷ ποθενότατον παιδί φίλημα δίδοισ. οἴμοι· πῶς εἶπο τῷ τὸ τρίτον; ἐκ γὰρ ἐκεῖνον βλέμματα καὶ κενεῖς ἐλπίδας οἶδα μόνον.

91.—ΠΟΛΤΣΤΡΑΤΟΣ

Δισσὸς ὦ Ερως αἴθει ψυχήν μίαν. ὥ τὰ περισσὰ ὀφθαλμοὶ πάντα κατοσσόμενοι, εἴδετε τὸν χρυσέαντα περίσκεπτον χαρίτεσσιν Ἀντίοχον, λεπαρὸν ἀνθεμον ἠθέων.

ἀρκεῖτω· τῷ τὸν ἡδὺν ἑπιγυάσσασθε καὶ ἀβρὸν Στασικράτη, Παφίς ἔρνος ἵστεφάνου; καίεσθε, τρύχεσθε, καταφλέξθητε ποτ' ἡδη· οἱ δύο γὰρ ψυχῆν οὐκ ἄν ἔλοιπε μίαν.

92.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

Ω προδόται ψυχῆς, παιδων κύνες, αἰὲν ἐν ἰξῷ. Κύπριδος ὀφθαλμοὶ βλέμματα χριόμενοι, ἡρτάσατ' ἄλλου 'Ερωτ', ἄρνες λύκου, οἱα κορώνη σκορπίων, ὦσ τέφρη πῦρ ὑποθαλπόμενον.

δράθ' ὦ τῷ καὶ βούλεσθε. τί μιοι νευτισμένα χείτε δάκρυα, πρὸς δ' Ἰκέτην αὐτομολεῖτε τάχος; ὄπτασθ' ἐν κάλλει, τύφεσθ' ὑποκαόμενοι νῦν, ἄκρος ἐπεὶ ψυχῆς ἐστὶ μάγειρος ὦ Ερως.

93.—ΠΙΑΝΟΤ

Οἱ παῖδες λαβύρινθος ἀνέξοδος· ἥ γὰρ ἄν ὑμμα ρύψις, ὡς ἰξῷ τοῦτο προσαμπέχεται.

1 This seems to be the meaning; had he wished to say he had kissed her once only he must have used the aorist.
him who has nothing, and again ever sleepless I make
my bed on the girl's couch, giving the child but one
thing and that most desirable, kisses. Alack! how
shall I tell of the third flame? For from that I have
gained naught but glances and empty hopes.

91.—POLYSTRATUS

A double love burns one heart. O eyes that cast
yourselves in every direction on everything that ye
need not, ye looked on Antiochus, conspicuous by his
golden charm, the flower of our brilliant youth. It
should be enough. Why did ye gaze on sweet and
tender Stasicrates, the sapling of violet-crowned
Aphrodite? Take fire, consume, be burnt up once
for all; for the two of you could never win one
heart.2

92.—MELEAGER

O eyes, betrayers of the soul, boy-hunting hounds,
your glances ever smeared with Cyris' bird-lime, ye
have seized on another Love, like sheep catching a
wolf, or a crow a scorpion, or the ash the fire that
smoulders beneath it. Do even what ye will. Why
do you shed showers of tears and straight run off
again to Hiketas? Roast yourselves in beauty, con-
sume away now over the fire, for Love is an admirable
cook of the soul.

93.—RHIANUS

Boys are a labyrinth from which there is no way
out; for wherever thou castest thine eye it is fast

2 This last line seems to me obscure, as the heart, to judge
from line 1, must be his own, not that of the beloved.
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5 ὁ τῇ μὲν γὰρ Θεόδωρος ἔγει ποτὶ πίονα σαρκὸς ἀκμὴν καὶ γυνῶν ἄνθος ἀκηράσιον.

10 τῇ δὲ Φιλοκλῆσθ᾽ χρύσεον ρέθος, ὃς τὸ καθ’ ὕψος οὐ μέγας, οὐρανὶ ὃ ἀμφιτεθηλε χάρις.

χαίρετε καλοὶ παῖδες, ἐς ἀκμαίην δὲ μόλοιτε ἡβην, καὶ λευκὴν ἀμφίεσαις κόμην.

94.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

Τερπνὸς μὲν Διόδωρος, ἐν ὀμμασί δ’ Ἡράκλειτος,

5 ἡδυπῆς δὲ Δίων, ὁδυγίς δ’ Ὀυλιάδης.

ἄλλα σὺ μὲν ψάυχοις ἀπαλόχροσος, δ’ ὃς, Φιλόκλεις,

ἐμβλεπὲ, τῷ δὲ λάλει, τὸν δὲ ... τὸ λειτομένου·

ὡς γνῆς οἷος ἐμὸς νόσος ἀφθονος· ἤν δὲ Μυίσκφ

λίχνος ἐπιβλέψῃς, μηκέτ’ ἵδοις τὸ καλὸν.

95.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἶ σὲ Πόθοι στέργουσι, Φιλόκλεες, ἡ τε μυρόπνους

Πειθώ, καὶ κάλλεος ἀνθολόγοι Χάριτες,

ἀγκάς ἑχοις Διώδωρον, ὃ δὲ γλυκὺς ἀντίως ἅδοι

Δωρόθεος, κείσθω δ’ εἰς γόνιν Καλλικράτης,

5 σὸν κέρας, Ὀυλιάδης δ’ αὐτὸ περισκυθίσαι,

δοιή δ’ ἢδυ φίλημα Φιλών, Θήρων δὲ καλήσαι,

θλίβοις δ’ Εὐδήμου τετθὸν ὑπὸ χλαμύδι.
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entangled as if by bird-lime. Here Theodorus attracts thee to the plump ripeness of his flesh and the unadulterate bloom of his limbs, and there it is the golden face of Philocles, who is not great in stature, but heavenly grace environs him. But if thou turnest to look on Leptines thou shalt no more move thy limbs, but shalt remain, thy steps glued as if by indissoluble adamant; such a flame hath the boy in his eyes to set thee afire from thy head to thy toe and finger tips. All hail, beautiful boys! May ye come to the prime of youth and live till grey hair clothe your heads.

94.—MELEAGER

Delightful is Diodorus and the eyes of all are on Heraclitus, Dion is sweet-spoken, and Uliades has lovely loins. But, Philocles, touch the delicate-skinned one, and look on the next and speak to the third, and for the fourth—etcetera; so that thou mayst see how free from envy my mind is. But if thou cast greedy eyes on Myiscus, mayst thou never see beauty again.

95.—BY THE SAME

Philocles, if thou art beloved by the Loves and sweet-breathed Peitho, and the Graces that gather a nosegay of beauty, mayst thou have thy arm round Diodorus, may sweet Dorotheus stand before thee and sing, may Callicrates lie on thy knee, istud jaculandi peritum cornu in manu tendens calefaciat Dio, decorticet Uliades, det dulce osculum Philo, Thero garriat, et premas Eudemi papillam sub chlamyde.

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ei γάρ σοι τάδε τερπνά πόροι θεός, ὃ μάκαρ, οίαν ἄρτυσες παιδῶν Ἄρωμαίκην λοπάδα.

96.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ
Οὕτι μᾶταν θυατοῖσι φάτις τοιάδε βοῶται,
ὡς "οὐ πάντα θεοὶ πᾶσιν ἔδωκαν ἔχειν."
eἰδὸς μὲν γὰρ ἄμωμον, ἐπ' ὀμμασί  ὅ ἀ περίσσαμοι
αἰδῶς, καὶ στέρνουσι ἀμφιτέθαλε χάρις,
oἰσι καὶ ἱδέουσι ἐπιδάμνασαι. ἀλλ' ἐπὶ ποσσίν
οὐκέτι τὰν αὐτάν δῶκαν ἔχειν σε χάριν.
πλὴν κρητὶς κρύψει ποδὸς ῥίχμον, ὁγαθ' Πύρρη,
κάλλει δὲ σφετέρῳ τέρψει ἀγαλλόμενον.

97.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ
Εὐπάλαμος ξανθὸν μὲν ἐρεύθεται, ἵσον "Ερωτι,
μέσφα ποτὶ Κρητῶν ποιμένα Μηριόνην·
ἐκ δὲ νῦ Μηριόνεω Ποδαλέριος οὐκέτ' ἐς 'Η-how
νεῖται. ἵδ' ὡς φθονερὰ παγγενέτευρα φύσις.
eἰ γὰρ τῷ τά τ' ἐνερῆθε τά θ' ὑψόθει ἵσα πέλοιτο,
ἡν ἂν Ἀχιλλῆος φέρτερος Αιακίδεω.

98.—ΠΟΣΕΙΔΙΠΠΟΤ.
Τὸν Μουσῶν τέττιγα Πόθος δήσας ἐπ' ἀκάνθαις
κομίζειν ἐθέλει, πῦρ ὑπὸ πλευρὰ βαλῶν·
ἡ δὲ πρὶν ἐν βίβλοις πεποιημένη ἀλλ' ἀθερίζει
ψυχή, ἀνιηρὸ δαίμονε μεμφομένη.

1 I gather that a "Roman platter" was a large dish containing various hors-d'œuvres, and not an elaborate made dish, but I find no information in dictionaries. One might render "frittura Romana," a mixed dish familiar to those who know Roman cookery.
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For if God were to grant thee all these delights, blessed man, what a Roman salad of boys wouldst thou dress.

96.—ANONYMOUS

Nor in vain is this saying bruited among mortals, "The gods have not granted everything to everyone." Faultless is thy form, in thy eyes is illustrious modesty, and the bloom of grace is on thy bosom. And with all these gifts thou vanquishest the young men; but the gods did not grant to thee to have the same grace in thy feet. But, good Pyrrhus, this boot shall hide thy foot and give joy to thee, proud of its beauty.

97.—ANTIPATER

EUPALAMUS is ruddy red like Love, as far as Meriones, the captain of the Cretans; but from Meriones onwards Podaleirius no longer goes back to the Dawn: see how envious Nature, the universal mother, is. For if his lower parts were equal to his upper he would excel Achilles, the grandson of Aeacus.

98.—POSIDIPPOS

Love, tying down the Muses' cicada on a bed of thorns, would lull it there, holding fire under its sides. But the Soul, sore tried of old amid books, makes light of other pain, yet upbraids the ruthless god.

2 Literally, "the step of thy foot," indicating that the malformation was in the actual foot, not, e.g. in the ankle.
3 The verses seem to have been sent with a present of a pair of ornamental boots.
4 He means his thighs (meros). In line 5 there is a play on Podaleirius, "lily-footed," and so pale and unlike the rosy dawn, but the joke is obscure.
5 The poet's soul.
6 i.e. a torch.
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99.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

'Ηγρεύθην υπ' 'Ερωτος ο μηδ' οναρ, ούδ' ἔμαθον πῦρ ἄρσεν ἢ ποιμαίνειν θερμὸν ὑπὸ κραδίας,
ήγρεύθην. ἀλλ' οὐ μὲ κακῶν πόθος, ἀλλ' ἀκέραιον σῦντροφον αἰσχύνη βλέμμα καθηνθράκισεν.
τηκέσθω Μουσέων ὁ πολύς βόνος· ἐν πυρὶ γὰρ νοῦς βέβληται, γυνακείς ἄχθος ἕχων ὀδύνης.

100.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἰς οὖν μὲ πόθον λιμένα ἔξων, ὁ Κύπρι, θεῖσα ὁμίχλεις, καύτη πείραν ἔχουσα πόνων;
ἡ μ' ἐθέλεις ἀτλητα παθεῖν καὶ τούτ' ἔπος εἴπειν,
"Τὸν σοφὸν ἐν Μοῦσαις Κύπρις ἔτρωσε μόνη";

101.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

Τὸν μὲ Πόθοις ἀπρωτον ὑπὸ στέρνοισι Μυῖσκος ὁμμασα τοξεῦσας, τοῦτ' ἐβόησεν ἔπος·
"Τὸν θρασὺν εἶλον ἐγώ· τὸ δ' ἐπ' ὀφρύσι κεῖνο φρύαγμα
σκηπτροφόρου σοφίας ἥν ιδείς ποσῇ πατῶ." 
τῷ δ', ὅσον ἀμπυνεύσας, τόδ' ἔφην· "Φίλε κοῦρε,
τί θαμβεῖς;
καύτον ἀπ' Οὐλύμπου Ζήνα καθείλεν Ἡρως."

102.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΤ

Ὡρευτής, Ἐπίκυδε, ἐν οὐρεσὶ πάντα λαγωνὶ
διφή, καὶ πάσῃ ἤχυια δορκαλίδοις,

1 I write πῦρ ἄρσεν: per ἄρσενα MS.
STRATO'S MUSA Puerilis

99.—Anonymous

I am caught by Love, I who had never dreamt it, and never had I learnt to feed a male flame hot beneath my heart. I am caught. Yet it was no longing for evil, but a pure glance, foster-brother of modesty, that burnt me to ashes. Let it consume away, the long labour of the Muses; for my mind is cast in the fire, bearing the burden of a sweet pain.

100.—Anonymous

To what strange haven of desire hast thou brought me, Cypris, and pitied me not, although thou thyself hast experience of the pain? Is it thy will that I should suffer the unbearable and speak this word, "Cypris alone has wounded the man wise in the Muses' lore"?

101.—Meleager

Mviscus, shooting me, whom the Loves could not wound, under the breast with his eyes, shouted out thus: "It is I who have struck him down, the over-bold, and see how I tread underfoot the arrogance of sceptred wisdom that sat on his brow." But I, just gathering breath enough, said to him, "Dear boy, why art thou astonished? Love brought down Zeus himself from Olympus."

102.—Callimachus

The huntsman on the hills, Epicydes, tracks every hare and the slot of every hind through the frost
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στίβη καὶ νυφετῶ κεχρημένος. ἢν δὲ τις εἴπη, "Τῇ, τόδε βέβληται θηρίον," οὐκ ἔλαβεν.
χοῦμος ἔρως τοιόσοδε· τὰ μὲν φεύγοντα διώκειν οἴδε, τὰ δ' ἐν μέσῳ κείμενα παρπέταται.

103.—ΑΔΗΛΩΝ

Οἴδα φιλεῖν φιλέοντας· επίσταμαι, ἢν μ' ἀδικῆ τις, μυσεῖν· ἀμφοτέρων εἰμι γὰρ οὐκ ἄδαις.

104.—ΑΔΗΛΩΝ

Οὐμος ἔρως παρ’ ἐμοὶ μενετὼ μόνων· ἢν δὲ πρὸς ἄλλους φοιτήσῃ, μισῶ κοινὸν ἔρωτα, Κύπρι.

105.—ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΤ

Μικρὸς Ἐρως ἐκ μητρὸς ἔτ’ εὐθήρατος ἀποπτάς, εξ οἴκων ψυφοῦ Δάμως ὁ πέτομαι· ἄλλ’ αὐτοῦ, φιλέων τε καὶ ἄξιωτα φιληθεῖς, οὐ πολλοίς, εὐκράς δ’ εἰς ἐνι συμφέρομαι.

106.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

Εν καλὸν οἴδα τὸ πᾶν, ἐν μοι μόνον οἴδε τὸ λίχυν ὄμμα, Μυσκὼν όραν· τάλλα δὲ τυφλὸς ἐγὼ. πάντα δ’ ἐκεῖνος ἐμοὶ φαντάζεται· ἄρ’ ἐσορώσων ὀφθαλμοὶ ψυχὴ πρὸς χάριν, οἱ κόλακες;

107.—ΑΔΗΛΩΝ

Τὸν καλὸν, δ’ Χάριτες, Διουύσιον, εἰ μὲν ἔλοιπο τὰμά, καὶ εἰς ὠρας αὐθίς ἀγοῖτε καλὸν·

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STRATO'S **MUSA PUERILIS**

and snow. But if one say to him, "Look, here is a beast lying wounded," he will not take it. And even so is my love; it is wont to pursue the fleeing game, but flies past what lies in its path.

103.—**Anonymous**

I know well to love them who love me, and I know to hate him who wrongs me, for I am not unversed in both.

104.—**Anonymous**

Let my love abide with me alone; but if it visit others, I hate, Cypris, a love that is shared.

105.—**Asclepiades**

I am a little love that flew away, still easy to catch, from my mother's nest, but from the house of Damis I fly not away on high; but here, loving and beloved without a rival, I keep company not with many, but with one in happy union.

106.—**Meleager**

I know but one beauty in the world; my greedy eye knows but one thing, to look on Myiscus, and for all else I am blind. He represents everything to me. Is it just on what will please the soul that the eyes look, the flatterers?

107.—**Anonymous**

Ye Graces, if lovely Dionysius' choice be for me, lead him on as now from season to season in ever-

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1 Horace, *Sat. i.* 2, 105 seq.
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ei δ' ἐτερον στέρξειε παρελς ἐμέ, μύρτουν ἔωλον ἔρριφθω ξηροῖς φυρόμενον σκυβάλοις.

108.—ΔΙΟΝΤΣΙΟΤ
Εἰ μὲν ἐμὲ στέρξεις, εἰς ἱσόμοιρος, Ἀκρατε, Χίῳ, καὶ Χίου πουλὶ μελιχρότερος,
ei δ' ἐτερον κρίναις ἐμέθεν πλέον, ἀμφί σὲ βαίη κώνωψ ὀξηρῷ τυφόμενος κεράμῳ.

109.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ
Ὁ τρυφερὸς Διόδωρος ἐς ἱδέως φλόγα βάλλων ἤγρευται λαμύροις ὄμμασι Τιμαρίον, τὸ γλυκύπτικρον Ἐρωτος ἔχων βέλος. ἦ τόδε καινὸν θάμβος ὀρῶ. φλέγεται πῦρ πυρὶ καιόμενον.

110.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Ἡστραφὲ γλυκν ἀκάλλος. ἰδοὺ φλόγας ὄμμασι βάλλει. ἄρα κεραυνομάχαι παῖδ' ἀνέδειξεν Ἐρως; χαῖρε Πόθων ἀκτίνα φέρων θνατόσς, Μυίσκε, καὶ λάμποις ἐπὶ γὰ' πυρὸν ἐμοὶ φίλως.

111.—ΑΔΗΛΩΝ
Πτανὸς Ἐρως, σὺ δὲ ποσσὶ ταχύς· τὸ δὲ κάλλος ὀμοῖον ἀμφοτέρων. τὸξοις, Εὐβίε, λειπόμεθα.

112.—ΑΔΗΛΩΝ
Εὐφαμείτε νέοι· τὸν Ἐρωτ' ἀγεὶ Ἀρκεσίλαος, πορφυρή δήςας Κύπριδος ἀρπεδώνῃ.
renewed beauty, but if, passing me over, he love another, let him be cast out like a stale myrtle-berry mixed with the dry sweepings.

108.—DIONYSIUS

If thou lovest me, Acratus,\(^1\) mayest thou be ranked with Chian wine, yea and even more honey-sweet; but if thou preferest another to me, let the gnats buzz about thee as in the fume of a jar of vinegar.

109.—MELEAGER

Delicate Diodorus, casting fire at the young men, has been caught by Timarion’s wanton eyes, and bears, fixed in him, the bitter-sweet dart of Love, Verily this is a new miracle I see; fire is ablaze. burnt by fire.

110.—BY THE SAME

It lightened sweet beauty; see how he flasheth flame from his eyes. Hath Love produced a boy armed with the bolt of heaven? Hail! Myiscus, who bringest to mortals the fire of the Loves, and mayest thou shine on earth, a torch befriending me.

111.—ANONYMOUS

Winged is Love and thou art swift of foot, and the beauty of both is equal. We are only second to him, Eubius, because we have no bow and arrows.

112.—ANONYMOUS

Silence, ye young men; Arcesilaus is leading Love hither, having bound him with the purple cord of Cypris.

\(^1\) The name means “unwatered wine.”

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113.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ
Καῦτος Ἕρως ὁ πτανὸς ἐν αἴθερι δέσμος ἦλω, ἀγρευθεῖς τοῖς σοῖς δόμαις, Τιμάριον.

114.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
’Ηνοῦς ἄγγελε, χαίρε, Φαεσφόρε, καὶ ταχὺς ἐλθοῖς Ὠσπερος, ἢν ἀπάγεις, λάθριος αὖθις ἄγων.

115.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ
"Ἀκρητον μανίην ἔπιον· μεθύων μέγα μύθως ἀπλισμαὶ πολλὴν εἰς ὁδὸν ἀφρωσύναν. κωμάσομαι· τί δὲ μοι βρουτέων μέλει, ἢ τί κεραυνῶν; ἢν βάλλῃ, τὸν ἐρωθ’ ὀπλοῦν ἀτρωτον ἔχων.

116.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ
Κωμάσομαι· μεθύω γὰρ ὅλος μέγα. παί, λάβε τοῦτον τὸν στέφανον, τὸν ἔμοις δάμρυσι λούμενον· μακρὴν δ’ οὐχὶ μάτην ὁδὸν ἱξομαι· ἔστι δ’ ἀωρὶ καὶ σκότος· ἀλλὰ μέγας φανὸς ἔμοι Θεμίσων.

117.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ
Βεβλήσωθω κύβος· ἀπε· πορεύσομαι. Ἡνίδε, τόλμα, οἰνοβαρές. Τίν’ ἔχεις φροντίδα; κωμάσομαι.¹ κωμάσομαι; Ποί, θυμε, τρέπη; Τί δ’ ἐρωτί λογισμός; ἀπε τάχος. Ποὺ δ’ ἡ πρόσθε λόγων μελέτη;

¹ I slightly alter the received punctuation in this line.
STRATO'S MUSA Puerilis

113.—MELEAGER

Even Love himself, the winged, hath been made captive in the air, taken by thy eyes, Timarion.

114.—BY THE SAME

Star of the Morning, hail, thou herald of dawn! and mayest thou quickly come again, as the Star of Eve, bringing again in secret her whom thou takest away.

115.—ANONYMOUS

I have quaffed untempered madness, and all drunk with words I have armed myself with much frenzy for the way. I will march with music to her door, and what care I for God's thunder and what for his bolts, I who, if he cast them, carry love as an impenetrable shield?

116.—ANONYMOUS

I will go to serenade him, for I am, all of me, mighty drunk. Boy, take this wreathe that my tears bathe. The way is long, but I shall not go in vain; it is the dead of night and dark, but for me Themison is a great torch.

117.—MELEAGER

"Let the die be cast; light the torch; I will go." "Just look! What daring, heavy with wine as thou art!" "What care besets thee? I will go revelling to her, I will go." "Whither dost thou stray, my mind?" "Doth love take thought? Light up at once." "And where is all thy old study of logic?"

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'Ερρίφθω σοφίας ὁ πολὺς πόνος· ἐν μόνον οἶδα
tοῦθ', ὅτι καὶ Ζηνὸς λήμα καθεἵλειν Ἡρως.

118.—ΚΑΔΛΙΜΑΧΟΣ

Εἰ μὲν ἐκών, Ἀρχίν', ἐπεκώμασα, μυρία μέμφου·
ei δ' ἂκεών ἦκω, τὴν προπέτειαν ὀρα·
ἀκρητος καὶ ἔρως μ' ἡνάγκασαν· ὃν ὁ μὲν αὐτῶν
εἶλκεν, ὁ δ' οὐκ εἶα σώφρονα θυμὸν ἔχειν.
ἐλθὼν δ' οὐκ ἐβόησα, τὶς ἢ τίνος, ἀλλ' ἐφίλησα
tὴν φλινήν· eι τοῦτ' ἐστ' ἀδίκημ', ἀδίκω.

119.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΣ

Ὀἴσω, ναι μὰ σὲ, Βάκχε, τὸ σὸν θράσος· ἀγέω, κῶμων
ἀρχε· θεὸς θνατὰν ἀνιόχει 1 κραδίαν·
ἐν πυρὶ γενναθεῖς στέργεις φλόγα τὰν ἐν ἑρωτεί,
kai me πάλιν δήσας τὸν σὸν ἄγεις ἰκέτην.
ἡ προδότας κάπιτος ἐφύτι· τελὰ δ' ὅργα κρύπτειν
αὐδῶν, ἐκφαίνειν τὰμὰ σὺ νῦν ἔθελεις.

120.—ΠΟΣΕΙΔΙΠΠΟΣ

Εὐσπλῶ, καὶ πρὸς σὲ μαχήσομαι, οὐδ' ἀπεροῦμαι
θυντὸς εἶων· σὺ δ', Ὁρως, μηκέτι μοι πρόσαγε.
ἡμ μὲ λάβῃς μεθύοντ', ἀπαγ' ἐκδοτον· ἀχρι δἐ νήφω,
tὸν παραταξάμενον πρὸς σὲ λογισμὸν ἔχω.

1 I write ἀνόχει: ἀνιόχει MS.
STRATOS MUSA Puerilis

"Away with the long labour of wisdom; this one thing alone I know, that Love brought to naught the high mind of Zeus himself." ¹

118.—CALLIMACHUS

If I came to thee in revel, Archinus, willingly, load me with ten thousand reproaches; but if I am here against my will, consider the vehemence of the cause. Strong wine and love compelled me; one of them pulled me and the other would not let me be sober-minded. But when I came I did not cry who I was or whose, but I kissed the door-post: if that be a sin, I sinned.

119.—MELEAGER

I shall bear, Bacchus, thy boldness, I swear it by thyself; lead on, begin the revel; thou art a god; govern a mortal heart. Born in the flame, thou lovest the flame love hath, and again leadest me, thy suppliant, in bonds. Of a truth thou art a traitor and faithless, and while thou biddest us hide thy mysteries, thou wouldst now bring mine to light.

120.—POSIDIPPUS

I am well armed, and will fight with thee and not give in, though I am a mortal. And thou, Love, come no more against me. If thou findest me drunk, carry me off a prisoner, but as long as I keep sober I have Reason standing in battle array to meet thee.

¹ The poem is in the form of a dialogue with himself.

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121.—PIANOT

'Ἡ ρὰ νῦ τοι, Κλεόνικε, δι' ἀτραπτιῶδο κιόντι στεινῆς ἤμτησαν ταῖ ξυπαραι Χάριτες·
καὶ σε ποτὶ ῥοδέασιν ἐπηχύναντο χέρεσσιν,
κοῦρε; πεποίησαι δ' ἡλίκος ἐσσὶ χάρις.
τηλὸθι μοι μάλα χαῖρε· πυρὸς δ' οὐκ ἀσφαλές ἄσσον 5
ἐρπειν αὐηρην, ἀ φίλος, ἀνθέρικα.

122.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

'O Χάριτες, τὸν καλὸν 'Αρισταγόρην ἐσιδοῦσαι ἀντίον, εἰς τρυφερὰς ἡγκαλίσασθε χέρας·
οὗνεκα καὶ μορφὰ βάλλει φλόγα, καὶ γλυκυμυθεὶ
καίρια, καὶ συγὼν ημμασι τερπνὰ λαλεῖ.
τηλὸθι μοι πλάξοιτο. τι δὲ πλέον; ὡς γὰρ Ὁλύμπου 5
Ζεὺς νέον ὄδευν ὁ παῖς μακρὰ κεραυνοβολεῖν.

123.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Πυγμῆ νικήσαντα τὸν 'Αντικλέους Μενέχαρμον
λημνίσκως μαλακοὺς ἐστεφάνωσα δέκα,
καὶ τρισσῶς ἐφίλησα πεφυρμένον αἴματι πολλῷ·
ἀλλ' ἐμοὶ ἦν σμύρνης κεῖνο μελιχρότερον.

124.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ, οἶ ὅ ΑΡΤΕΜΩΝΟΣ

Δάθρη παπταίνουτα παρὰ φληγῇ 'Εχέδημον
λάθριος ἀκρήβην τὸν χαρίεντ' ἐκυσα,
δειμαίνω1 καὶ γὰρ μοι ἐνύπνιος ἦλθε φαρέτρην
αιωρῶν,2 καὶ δοὺς φῦχετ' ἀλεκτρυνόνας,

1 I write δειμαίνω: δειμαίνων MS.
2 I write αἰωρῶν: αἰταλῶν MS.

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121.—RHIANUS

Tell me, Cleonicus, did the bright Graces meet thee walking in a narrow lane and take thee in their rosy arms, dear boy, that thou hast become such a Grace as thou art? From afar I bid thee all hail, but ah! dear, it is not safe for a dry corn-stalk to draw nearer to the fire.

122.—MELEAGER

Ye Graces, looking straight on lovely Aristagoras, you took him to the embrace of your soft arms; and therefore he shoots forth flame by his beauty, and discourses sweetly when it is meet, and if he keep silence, his eyes prattle delightfully. Let him stray far away, I pray; but what does that help? For the boy, like Zeus from Olympus, has learnt of late to throw the lightning far.

123.—ANONYMOUS

When Menecharmus, Anticles' son, won the boxing match, I crowned him with ten soft fillets, and thrice I kissed him all dabbled with blood as he was, but the blood was sweeter to me than myrrh.

124.—ARTEMON (?)

As Echedemus was peeping out of his door on the sly, I slyly kissed that charming boy who is just in his prime. Now I am in dread, for he came to me in a dream, bearing a quiver, and departed after giving

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αλλοτε μειδιόων, οτε δ' ου φίλος. ἀλλα μελισσέων 5 ἐσμοῦ καὶ κυίδης καὶ πυρὸς ἡψάμεθα;

125.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

'Ηδυ τί μοι δια νυκτὸς ἐνύπνιον ἁβρὰ γελώντες ὀκτωκαιδεκέτους παιδὸς ἐτ' ἐν χλαμύδι ἡγαγ' Ἐρως ὑπὸ χλαίναν' ἐγὼ δ' ἀπαλῶ περὶ χρωτὶ στέρνα βαλών κενεὰς ἐλπίδας ἐδρεπόμαν. καὶ μ' ἐτι νῦν θάλπει μνήμης πόθος· ὦμμασι δ' ὑπνον 5 ἀγρευτὴν πτηνὸν φάσματος αἰεν ἔχω. ὥ δύσερως ψυχή, παῦσαι ποτε καὶ δι' ὀνείρων εἰδώλωις κάλλευς κωφὰ χλαιανομένη.

126.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

'Ἡρκταί μεν κραδίας ψαύειν πόνος· ἢ γὰρ ἀλύφων ἀκρονυχεὶ ταῦταν ἐκνιό· ὁ θερμὸς Ὁρῶς· εἴπε δὲ μειδήσας· "Εξεις πάλι τὸ γλυκὸ τραύμα, ὥ δύσερως, λάβρῳ καλόμενος μέλιτι." ἐξ οὐ δὴ νέον ἔρνος ἐν ἥιθεοι Διόφαυτον 5 λεύσασιν οὔτε φυγεῖν οὔτε μένειν δύναμαι.

127.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἰνόδιον στείχοντα μεσαμβρυννὸν εἶδον Ἀλεξίων, ἄρτι κόμαν καρπῶν κειρομένου θέρεος. διπλαί δ' ἀκτίνες μὲ κατέφλεγον· αἱ μὲν Ἐρωτος, παιδὸς ἀπ' ὀφθαλμῶν, αἱ δὲ παρ' ἥλιον. ἀλλ' ἂς μὲν νυξ ἀὖθις ἐκοίμησεν· ὅς δ' ἐν ὀνείροις 5 εἰδὼλον μορφῆς μᾶλλον ἀνεφλόγησεν.

1 γράμμα MS.: corr. Graef.
STRATO'S MUSÀ PÆRILIS

me fighting cocks,¹ but at one time smiling, at another with no friendly look. But have I touched a swarm of bees, and a nettle, and fire?

125.—MELEAGER

Love in the night brought me under my mantle the sweet dream of a softly-laughing boy of eighteen, still wearing the chlamys; ² and I, pressing his tender flesh to my breast, culled empty hopes. Still does the desire of the memory heat me, and in my eyes still abideth sleep that caught for me in the chase that winged phantom. O soul, ill-starred in love, cease at last even in dreams to be warmed all in vain by beauty's images.

126.—BY THE SAME

Pain has begun to touch my heart, for hot Love, as he strayed, scratched it with the tip of his nails, and, smiling, said, "Again, O unhappy lover, thou shalt have the sweet wound, burnt by biting honey." Since when, seeing among the youths the fresh sapling Diophantus, I can neither fly nor abide.

127.—BY THE SAME

I saw Alexis walking in the road at noon-tide, at the season when the summer was just being shorn of the tresses of her fruits; and double rays burnt me, the rays of love from the boy's eyes and others from the sun. The sun's night laid to rest again, but love's were kindled more in my dreams by the

¹ Of doubtful import. These birds were common presents of lovers, but to see them in a dream betided quarrels.
² See note on No. 78.
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ἀυστόπονος δ’ ἔτεροις ἐπ’ ἐμοί πόνου ἕπνος ἐτευχέν ἐμπνοῦν πῦρ ψυχῆς κάλλος ἀπεικονίσας.

128.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Αἰπολικαὶ σύριγγες, ἐν οὐρεσὶ μηκέτι Δάφνων φωνεῖτ’, αἰγιβάτη Πανὶ χαριζόμεναι· μηδὲ σὺ τὸν στεφθέντα, λύρη, Φώβου ροφήτι, δάφνη παρθενία μέλψ’ 'Τάκινθου ἔτι. ἦν γὰρ ὁτ’ ἦν Δάφνος μὲν 'Ορειάσι,1 σοὶ δ’ 'Τάκινθος τερπνός· νῦν δὲ Πόθων σκῆπτρα Δίων ἐχέτω.

129.—ΑΡΑΣΟΤ

‘Αργείος Φιλοκλῆς Ὀργεὶ "καλὸς" αἱ δὲ Κορίνθου στῆλαι, καὶ Μεγαρέων ταῦτα2 βοῶσι τάφοι· γέγραπται καὶ μέχρι λοετρῶν Ἀμφιαράου, ὡς καλὸς. ἀλλ’ ὀλίγον3 γράμμασι κειστόμεθα· τῷ δ’ οὐ γὰρ πέτρα ἐπιμάρτυρες, ἀλλὰ ’Ῥηνὸς4 αὐτὸς ἰδὼν ἔτερον δ’ ἐστὶ περισσότερος.

130.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἶπα, καὶ αὖ πάλιν εἶπα· "Καλὸς, καλὸς" ἀλλ’ ἐτι φήσω,

ὡς καλὸς, ὡς χαρίεις ὀμμασί Δωσίθεος.

1 Ορειάσι Dilthey: ἐν οὐρεσι MS.
2 I write ταύτα (I think the correction has been previously made): ταῦτα MS.
3 I write ὀλίγον: ὀλίγοι MS.
4 ’Ῥηνὸς Maas: Ρηνεύς MS. cp. No. 93.

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STRATO'S *MUSA PUERILIS*

phantom of beauty. So night, who releases others from toil, brought pain to me, imaging in my soul a loveliness which is living fire.

128.—BY THE SAME

Ye pastoral pipes, no longer call on Daphnis in the mountains to please Pan the goat-mounter; and thou, lyre, spokesman of Phoebus, sing no longer of Hyacinthus crowned with maiden laurel. For Daphnis, when there was a Daphnis, was the delight of the Mountain Nymphs, and Hyacinthus was thine; but now let Dion wield the sceptre of the Loves.

129.—ARATUS

Philocles of Argos is "fair"\(^1\) at Argos, and the columns of Corinth and tombstones of Megara announce the same. It is written that he is fair as far as Amphiaraus' Baths.\(^2\) But that is little; they are only letters that beat us.\(^3\) For they are not stones that testify to this Philocles' beauty, but Rhianus, who saw him with his own eyes, and he is superior to the other one.

130.—ANONYMOUS

I said and said it again, "He is fair, he is fair," but I will still say it, that Dositheus is fair and has

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1 It was the habit to write or cut the name of the beloved, adding the word καλὸς (fair), on stones or trees. See the following epigram.

2 Near Oropus on the confines of Attica and Boeotia.

3 *i.e.* it is only the evidence of these inscriptions that is in favour of Philocles of Argos. The evidence of our eyes is in favour of the other.
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οὐ δρυός, οὐδ' ἐλατής ἐγχαράξαμεν, οὖν ἐπὶ τοίχου
tοῦτ' ἔποικ· ἀλλ' ἐν ἐμῇ καῦσεν Ἑρως κραδία.
eἰ δὲ τις οὐ φήσει, μὴ πείθεο. ναὶ μὰ σέ, δαίμων, 5
ψεύδετ' ἐγὼ δ' ὁ λέγων τάτρεκες οἶδα μόνος.

131.—ΠΟΣΕΙΔΙΠΠΟΤ

"Α Κύπρον, ἀ τε Κύθηρα, καὶ Ἀ Μίλητον ἐποιχνεῖς,
καὶ καλὸν Συρίης ἵπποκρότον δάπεδου,
ἐλθοί Ἰλασ Καλλιστίφ, ἢ τὸν ἔραστὴν
οὐδὲ ποτ' οἰκείων ὄσεν ἀπὸ προθύρων.

132.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

Οὐ σοι ταῦτ' ἐβόων, ψυχή; "Ναὶ Κύπριν, ἀλώσει,
ὁ δύσερως, ἵξου πυκνά προσιπταμένη."
οὐκ ἐβόων; εἰλέν σε πάγη. τι μάτην ἐνὶ δεσμοῖς
σπαίρεις; αὐτὸς Ἐρως τὰ πτερὰ σου δέδεκεν,
καὶ σ' ἐπὶ πῦρ ἔστησε, μύροις δ' ἔρρανε λιπότπουν, 5
δώκε δὲ διψώσῃ δάκρυα θερμὰ πιεῖν.

132a.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

"Α ψυχὴ βαρύμοσχε, σοῦ δ' ἄρτι μὲν ἐκ πυρὸς αἰθή,
ἀρτι δ' ἀναψύχεσ, πνεύμ' ἀναλεξαμένη.
tί κλαίεις; τὸν ἀτεγκτὸν ὅτ' ἐν κόλποις Ἐρωτα
ἐτρέφεις, οὐκ ἢ' δεις ώς ἐπὶ σοὶ τρέφετο;
οὐκ ἢ' δεις; νῦν γυνὴ καλὸν ἄλλαγμα τροφεῖων, 5
πῦρ ἁμα καὶ ψυχρὰν δεξαμένη χιόνα.
αὐτῇ ταῦθ' εἴλουν. φέρε τὸν πόνον. ἄξια πάσχεις
ὁν ἔδρας, ὅπτερ' καιομένη μέλιτι.

1 I write καῦσεν: ἵσετ' MS.
STRATO'S *MUSA Puerilis*

lovely eyes. These words we engraved on no oak or pine, no, nor on a wall, but Love burnt them into my heart. But if any man deny it, believe him not. Yea, by thyself, O God, I swear he lies, and I who say it alone know the truth.

131.—POSIDIPPOS

Goddess who hauntest Cyprus and Cythera and Miletus and the fair plain of Syria that echoes to the tread of horses, come in gracious mood to Calistion, who never repulsed a lover from her door.¹

132.—MELEAGER

Did I not cry it to thee, my soul, "By Cypris, thou wilt be taken, O thou love-lorn, that fiest again and again to the limed bough"? Did I not cry it? And the snare has caught thee. Why dost thou struggle vainly in thy bonds? Love himself hath bound thy wings and set thee on the fire, and sprays thee with scents when thou faintest, and gives thee when thou art athirst hot tears to drink.

132a.—BY THE SAME

O sore-afflicted soul, now thou burnest in the fire and now thou revivest, recovering thy breath. Why dost thou weep? When thou didst nurse merciless Love in thy bosom knewest thou not that he was being nursed for thy bane? Didst thou not know it? Now learn to know the pay of thy good nursing, receiving from him fire and cold snow therewith. Thyself thou hast chosen this; bear the pain. Thou sufferest the due guerdon of what thou hast done, burnt by his boiling honey.

¹ The epigram is a prayer by the courtesan Callistion.
133.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Διψών ὡς ἐφίλησα θέρενσ ἀπαλόχροα παῖδα,
εἴπα τότ’ αὐχμηρὰν δίψαν ἀποπροφυγών
"Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἄρα φίλημα τὸ νεκτάρεον Γαυμυήδεος
πίνεις, καὶ τόδε σοι χείλεσιν οἴνοχοεί;
καὶ γὰρ ἐγὼ τὸν καλὸν ἐν ἡδέοισι φιλήσας
'Αντίσοχον, ψυχῆς ἡδ' πέπωκα μέλι."

134.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΣ

"Ελκος ἑχων ὁ ξείνως ἑλάνθανεν ὡς ἀνιηρὸν
πνεῦμα διὰ στηθέων, εἴδες, ἀνηγάγετο,
τὸ τρίτον ἣν' ἔπινε· τὰ δὲ ρόδα φυλλοβολεύντα
τώνδρος ἀπὸ στεφάνων πάντ’ ἐγένοντο χαμαί·
ὦπτηται μέγα δὴ τί· μὰ δαίμονας, οὐκ ἀπὸ ῥυσμοῦ
εἰκάζω· φωρὸς δ' ἵχνα φῶρ ἔμαθον.

135.—ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΣ

Οἶνος ἐρωτὸς ἔλεγχος· ἐρὰν ἄρνεύμενον ἥμιν
ἡτασάν αἱ πολλαὶ Νικαγόρην προπόσεις.
καὶ γὰρ ἐδάκρυσαν καὶ ἐνύστασε, καὶ τὶ κατηφὲς
ἐβλεπε, χω σφιγχθεὶς οὐκ ἔμενε στέφανος.

136.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

"Ὀρνιθες ψίθυροι, τί κεκράγατε; μὴ μ' ἀνιάτε,
τὸν τρυφερὴ παιδὸς σαρκὶ χλαινόμενον,
ἐξόμεναι πετάλοισιν ἁγδόνες· εἴδε λάληθρον
θῆλυ γένος, δέομαι, μείνατ' ἐφ' ἡσυχίας."

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133.—BY THE SAME

In summer, when I was athirst, I kissed the tender-fleshed boy and said, when I was free of my parching thirst, "Father Zeus, dost thou drink the nectarous kiss of Ganymede, and is this the wine he tenders to thy lips?" For now that I have kissed Antiochus, fairest of our youth, I have drunk the sweet honey of the soul.

134.—CALLIMACHUS

Our guest has a wound and we knew it not. Sawest thou not with what pain he heaved his breath up from his chest when he drank the third cup? And all the roses, casting their petals, fell on the ground from the man's wreaths. There is something burns him fiercely; by the gods I guess not at random, but a thief myself, I know a thief's footprints.

135.—ASCLEPIADES

Wine is the proof of love. Nicagoras denied to us that he was in love, but those many toasts convicted him. Yes! he shed tears and bent his head, and had a certain downcast look, and the wreath bound tight round his head kept not its place.

136.—ANONYMOUS

Ye chattering birds, why do you clamour? Vex me not, as I lie warmed by the lad's delicate flesh, ye nightingales that sit among the leaves. Sleep, I implore you, ye talkative women-folk;¹ hold your peace.

¹ The nightingale was Philomela.
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137.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

"Όρθροβόας, δυσέρωτι κακάγγελε, νῦν, τρισάλαστε, ἐννύχιος κράζεις πλευροτυπῇ κέλαδον, γαύρος ὑπὲρ κοίτας, ὥστε μοι βραχύ τοῦτ ἐτι νυκτὸς ζῆν τὸν φιλεῖν, ἔπ' ἐμαῖς δ' ἄδυ γελᾶς ὀδύναις. ἀδὲ φίλα θρεπτήρι χάρις; ναὶ τὸν βαθὺν ὄρθρον, 5 ἔσχατα γηρύσῃ ταῦτα τὰ πικρὰ μέλη.

138.—ΜΝΑΣΑΛΚΟΤ

"Ἀμπελε, μήποτε φύλλα χαμαὶ σπεύδουσα βαλέσθαι δείδιας ἐσπέριον Πλειάδα δυομέναν; μεῖνον ἐπ' Ἀντιλέουτι πεσεῖν ὑπὸ τὸν γλυκὸν ὑπνοῦν, ἐς τὸτε, τοῖς καλοῖς πάντα χαρίζομένα.

139.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΤ

Εστὶ τι, ναὶ τὸν Πάνα, κεκρυμμένον, ἐστὶ τι ταύτη, ναὶ μὰ Διώνυσον, πῦρ ὑπὸ τῇ σποδίῃ· οὐ θαρσέω. μὴ δὴ με περίπλεκε· πολλάκις λήθει τοῖχον ὑποτρόφων ἡσύχιος ποταμός. τῷ καὶ νῦν δείδοικα, Μενέξενε, μὴ με παρεισδύς 5 οὕτος ὁ ἕσηγαρνης ἐις τὸν ἔρωτα βάλῃ.

140.—ΑΔΗΛΩΝ

Τῶν καλῶν ὡς ἰδόμαν Ἄρχέστρατον, οὐ μὰ τὸν Ἐρμᾶν, οὐ καλὸν αὐτὸν ἐφαν· οὐ γὰρ ἄγαν ἔδοκει. 1

1 I write τὸ· καὶ τὸ MS.

2 σιγέρης Bentley, and I render so.

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STRATO'S MUSA PUERILIS

137.—MELEAGER

Chier of the dawn, caller of evil tidings to a love-sick wight, now, thrice accursed, just when love has only this brief portion of the night left to live, thou crowest in the dark, beating thy sides with thy wings all exultant above thy bed, and makest sweet mockery over my pains. Is this the loving thanks thou hast for him who reared thee? I swear it by this dim dawn, it is the last time thou shalt chant this bitter song.

138.—MNASALCAS

Vine, dost thou fear the setting of the Pleiads in the west,¹ that thou hastenest to shed thy leaves on the ground? Tarry till sweet sleep fall on Antileon beneath thee; tarry till then, bestower of all favours on the fair.

139.—CALLIMACHUS

There is, I swear it by Pan, yea, by Dionysus, there is some fire hidden here under the embers. I mistrust me. Embrace me not, I entreat thee. Often a tranquil stream secretly eats away a wall at its base. Therefore now too I fear, Menexenus, lest this silent crawler find his way into me and cast me into love.

140.—ANONYMOUS

When I saw Archestratus the fair I said, so help me Hermes I did, that he was not fair; for he seemed not passing fair to me. I had but spoken the

¹ The season in Autumn at which the vines begin to lose their leaves.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

εἰπα, καὶ ἡ Νέμεσις με συνάρπασε, κεύθυς ἐκείμαν
ἐν πυρὶ, παῖς ἢ ἐπ’ ἔμοι Ζεὺς ἐκεραυνοβόλει.
τὸν παῖδ’ ἵλασόμεσθ’, ἢ τὰν θεόν; ἀλλὰ θεοῦ μοι
ἔστιν ὁ παῖς κρέσσων· χαίρέτω ἡ Νέμεσις.

141.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

'Εφθέγξω, ναὶ Κύπριν, ἢ μὴ θεός, ὡ μέγα τολμᾶν
θυμὲ μαθών. Θήρων σοι καλὸς οὐκ ἔφανγ’
σοι καλὸς οὐκ ἔφανγ Θήρων. ἀλλ’ αὐτὸς ὑπέστη,
οὐδὲ Δίὸς πτήξας πῦρ τὸ κεραυνοβόλον.
τουγάρο, ἰδοῦ, τὸν πρόσθε λάλον προὔθηκεν ἰδέσθαι
δεύγμα θρασυστομίῃς ἡ βαρύφρων Νέμεσις.

142.—ΡΙΑΝΟΤ

'Ἰξὺ Δεξιόνικοι ὑπὸ χλωρῆ πλατανῖστῳ
κόσσυφον ἀγρεύσας, εἶλε κατὰ πτερύγων.
χῶ μὲν ἀναστενάξαν ἀπεκώκκεν ἱερὸς ὁρις.
ἀλλ’ ἐγὼ, ὦ φίλ’ “Ερως, καὶ θαλερά Xάριτες,
εἶπν καὶ κίχλη καὶ κόσσυφος, ὡς ἄν ἐκείνουν
ἐν χερὶ καὶ φθογγῷ καὶ γλυκὸ δάκρυ βάλω.

143.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

'Ερμῆ, τοξευθεῖς ἐξέσπασε πικρῶν <οὕστον>
. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . ἐφήβῳ. 2

Κῆγὼ τὴν αὐτὴν, ξείνε, λέοντα τυχὴν.
'Αλλὰ μ’ Ἀπολλοφάνους τρύχει πόθος. Ὡ φιλάυθλε, ἐν
ἐφθασσας εἰς ἐν πῦρ οἱ δὺ ἐνηλάμεθα.

1 παῖς Pierson: πᾶς MS.
2 It seems certain that owing to an error by the copyist, a
couplet has been lost, ἐφήβῳ being the last word of the
missing line 3. I supply ὀὕστον at the end of line 1.
word and Nemesis seized me, and at once I lay in the flames and Zeus, in the guise of a boy, rained his lightning on me. Shall I beseech the boy or the goddess for mercy? But to me the boy is greater than the goddess. Let Nemesis go her way.

141.—MELEAGER

By Cypris, thou hast spoken what not even a god might, Ο spirit, who hast learnt to be too daring. Theron seemed not fair to thee. He seemed not fair to thee, Theron. But thou thyself hast brought it on thee, not dreading even the fiery bolts of Zeus. Wherefore, lo! indignant Nemesis hath exposed thee, once so voluble, to be gazed at, as an example of an unguarded tongue.

142.—RHIANUS

Dexionicus, having caught a blackbird with lime under a green plane-tree, held it by the wings, and it, the holy bird,\(^1\) screamed complaining. But I, dear Love, and ye blooming Graces, would fain be even a thrush or a blackbird, so that in his hand I might pour forth my voice and sweet tears.

143.—ANONYMOUS

"O HERMES, when shot he extracted the bitter arrow..." "And I, O stranger, met with the same fate." "But desire for Apollonches wears me away." "O lover of sports, thou hast outstripped me; we both have leapt into the same fire."\(^2\)

\(^1\) Holy because it is a singing bird.

\(^2\) The verses seem to have been a dialogue between a statue of Hermes in the gymnasium and a stranger, but owing to their mutilation it is difficult to make sense of them. It is evident from the context of No. 144 (the poems here being arranged under motives) that the god was represented as being in love.
144.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ
Τί κλαίεις, φρενοληστά; τί δ' ἀγρία τόξα καὶ ίοὺς ἔρριψας, διεύθυ ταρσὸν ἀνεὶς πτερύγων;
ἡ ρά γε καὶ σε Μυίσκος ὁ δύσμαχος ὅμμασιν αἰθεὶ; ὤς μόλις οἴ' ἔδρας πρόσθε παθὼν ἔμαθες.

145.—ἈΔΗΛΟΝ
Παιςετε, παιδοφιλαί, κενεῦν πόνον· ἵσχετε μόχθων, δύσφρονες· ἀπρήκτοις ἐλπίζει μαινόμεθα.
ἰσον ἐπὶ ψαφρὴν ἀντλεῖν ἅλα, κατὸ Διβύσσης ψάμμου ἀριθμητὴν ἀρτιάσαι ψεκάδα,
ἰσον καὶ παῖδων στέργειν πόθον, οἷς τὸ κεναυχὲς κάλλος ἐνὶ χθονίοις ἤδυ τ' ἐν ἀθανάτοις.
δέρκεσθ' εἰς ἐμ' πάντες· ὁ γὰρ πάρος ἐις κενὸν ἥμων μόχθος ἐπὶ ξηροὶς ἔκκεχυτ' αἰγιαλοῖς.

146.—ΡΙΑΝΟΤ
Ἄγρεύσας τὸν νεβρὸν ἀπώλεσα, χῶ μὲν ἀνατλας μυρία, καὶ στῆσας δίκτυα καὶ στάλκας,
σὺν κενεαῖς χείρεσσιν ἀπέρχομαι· οἱ δ' ἀμόγητοι τὰμὰ φέρουσιν, Ἐρως· οἷς σὺ γένοι βαρύς.

147.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ
"Αρπασταί· τίς τόσον ἐναίχμασαι ἄγριος εἰη;
τίς τόσος ἀντάραι καὶ πρός Ἐρωτα μάχην;
ἀπε τάχος πεύκας. καίτοι κτύπος· Ἡλιοδώρας.
βαίνε πάλιν στέρνων ἐντὸς ἐμὼν, κραδίνη.

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STRATO'S MUSA Puerilis

144.—MELEAGER

To Love

Why weepest thou, O stealer of the wits? Why hast thou cast away thy savage bow and arrows, folding thy pair of outstretched wings? Doth Myiscus, ill to combat, burn thee, too, with his eyes? How hard it has been for thee to learn by suffering what evil thou wast wont to do of old!

145.—Anonymous

Rest, ye lovers of lads, from your empty labour; cease from your troubles, ye perverse men; we are maddened by never fulfilled hopes. It is like to baling the sea on to the dry land and reckoning the number of grains in the Libyan sand to court the love of boys, whose vainglorious beauty is sweet to men and gods alike. Look on me, all of you; for all my futile toil of the past is as water shed on the dry beach.

146.—RHIANUS

I caught the fawn and lost him; I, who had taken countless pains and set up the nets and stakes, go away empty-handed, but they who toiled not carry off my quarry, O Love. May thy wrath be heavy upon them.

147.—MELEAGER

They have carried her off! Who so savage as to do such armed violence? Who so strong as to raise war against Love himself? Quick, light the torches! But a footfall; Heliodora's! Get thee back into my bosom, O my heart.¹

¹ Not finding her he fears she has been carried off, but is reassured by hearing her step.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

148.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΣ

Οίδ' ὅτι μου πλούτον κενεῖλ χέρες· ἀλλά, Μένυππε, μὴ λέγε, πρὸς Χαρίτων, τοῦμὼν ὄνειρον ἐμοὶ. ἀλγεῖν τὴν διὰ παντὸς ἔπος τὸδε πικρὸν ἄκοιὼν· ναί, φίλε, τῶν παρὰ σοῦ τοῦτ' ἀνεφραστότατον.

149.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

"Δηφθήσῃ, περίφευγε, Μενέκρατε;" εἶπα Πανήμον εἰκάδι, καὶ Δώον τῇ—τίνι; τῇ δεκάτῃ ἦλθεν ὁ βοῦς ὡτ' ἀροτρον ἐκούσιος. εὐγ' ἐμὸς 'Ερμᾶς, εὐγ' ἐμὸς· οὗ παρὰ τάς εἰκοσι μεμφόμεθα.

150.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

'Ως ἁγαθὰν Πολύφαμος ἀνεύρατο τὰν ἐπαιδαν τώραμένφι ναι Γᾶν, οὐκ ἀμαθῆς ο Κύκλωψ. αἰ Μοῖσαι τὸν ἔρωτα κατισχυνὔοντι, Φιλιππε: ἵ πανακές πάντων φάρμακον ἀ σοφία.

τοῦτο, δοκεῖ, χά λιμός ἔχει μόνον ἐς τὰ πονηρὰ τώγαθον, ἐκκόπτει τὰν φιλόπαιδα νόσον. ἔσθ' ἀμίν ὁ χάκαστάς ἀφείδεᾳ πρὸς τὸν Ἔρωτα. τοῦτ' εἶπεν "Κείρεν τὰ πτερά, παίδαριον· οὐδ' ὁσον ἀπτάραγον σε δεδοίκαμες"· αἰ γὰρ ἔπραξεν οἰκο τὸ χαλεπῶ τραύματος ἀμφότεραι.

151.—ΑΔΗΛΩΝ

Εἰ τινὰ ποὺ παίδων ἐρατώτατον ἀνθὸς ἔχοντα εἶδες, ἄδιστάκτως εἴδες Ἀπολλόδοτον.

1 i.e. what I know too well; cp. Bk. VI. 310.

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STRATO'S MUSA Puerilis

148.—CALLIMACHUS

I know my hands are empty of wealth, but, by the Graces I beseech thee, Menippus, tell me not my own dream. It hurts me to hear continually these bitter words. Yes, my dear, this is the most unloving thing in all thy bearing to me.

149.—BY THE SAME

"You will be caught, Menecrates, do all you can to escape," I said on the twentieth of Panemus; and in Loius on what day?—the tenth—the ox came of his own accord under the yoke of the plough. Well done, my Hermes! well done, my own! I don't complain of the twenty days' delay.

150.—BY THE SAME

How capital the charm for one in love that Polyphemus discovered! Yea, by the Earth, he was not unschooled, the Cyclops. The Muses make Love thin, Philippus; of a truth learning is a medicine that cures every ill. This, I think, is the only good that hunger, too, has to set against its evils, that it extirpates the disease of love for boys. I have plenty of cause for saying to Love "Thy wings are being clipped, my little man. I fear thee not a tiny bit." For at home I have both the charms for the severe wound.

151.—ANONYMOUS

Stranger, if thou sawest somewhere among the boys one whose bloom was most lovely, undoubtedly

2 The month following Panemus.
3 Hermes was the giver of good luck.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

εἰ δ' ἐσιθῶν, ὦ ξεῖνε, πυριφλέκτοισι πόθοισιν
οὐκ ἐδάμησ, πάντως ἡ θεὸς ἡ λίθος εἰ.

152.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Μάγνης Ἡράκλειτος, ἐμοὶ πόθος, οὕτοι σίδηρον
πέτρῳ, πνεῦμα δ' ἐμὸν κάλλει ἐφελκόμενος.

153.—ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΤ

Πρόσθε μοι Ἀρχεάδης ἑθλίβετο· νῦν δὲ τάλαναν
οὐδ' ὅσσον παῖζων εἰς ἐμ' ἐπιστρέφεται.
οὐδ' ὁ μελιχρὸς Ἔρως ἀεὶ γυναῖκας· ἀλλ' ἀνίησας
πολλάκις ἥδιων γίνετ' ἔρωσι θεὸς.

154.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

'Ἡδὺς ὁ παῖς, καὶ τοῦνομ' ἐμοὶ γυναῖκας ἐστι Μυίσκος
καὶ χαριέως· τίν' ἔχω μὴ σύχλη φίλειν πρόφασιν;
καλὸς γάρ, ναὶ Κύπριν, δόλος καλὸς· εἰ δ' ἀνιηρός,
oиде τὸ πικρὸν Ἐρως συγκεράσαι μέλιτι.

155.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

α. Μὴ μ' εἴπης πάλιν ὅδε. β. Τί δ' αἴτιος; αὐτὸς
ἐπεμψέ.  
α. Δεύτερον οὐν φήσεις; β. Δεύτερον. εἴπεν Ἰθι.
ἀλλ' ἔρχεται, μὴ μέλλει. μένουσι σε.  α. Πρῶτον ἐκείνους
εὐρήσω, χήξω· τὸ τρίτον οἶδα πάλαι.

1 I write ἐκείνουs : ἐκείνου MS.

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1 Meaning either a native of Magnesia (as the boy was) or the Magnesian stone, the magnet.
2 A dialogue between a slave and a boy he is sent to invite.
thou sawest Apollodotus. And if, having seen him, thou wast not overcome by burning fiery desire, of a surety thou art either a god or a stone.

152.—Anonymous

Heraclitus, my beloved, is a Magnet,\(^1\) not attracting iron by stone, but my spirit by his beauty.

153.—Asclepiades

(The Complaint of a Girl)

Time was when Archeades loved to sit close to me, but now not even in play does he turn to look at me, unhappy that I am. Not even Love the honeyed is ever sweet, but often he becomes a sweeter god to lovers when he torments them.

154.—Meleager

Sweet is the boy, and even the name of Myiscus is sweet to me and full of charm. What excuse have I for not loving? For he is beautiful, by Cypris, entirely beautiful; and if he gives me pain, why, it is the way of Love to mix bitterness with honey.

155.—Anonymous

A. Don’t speak to me again like that. B. How am I to blame? He sent me himself. A. What! will you say it a second time? B. A second time. He said “Go.” But come, don’t delay, they are waiting for you. A. First of all I will find them and then I will come. I know from experience what the third story will be.\(^2\)

I take the point of it to be that the man pretends that there will be other guests to “chaperon” the boy. The boy refuses to believe this, and declines a tête-à-tête. The point of the last words, however, is obscure.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

156.—ΑΔΗΛΩΝ

Εἰσιν ἤ χειμῶν πανείκελος, ὁ Διόδωρε,
οὐμὸς ἐρως, ἀσαφεὶς κρυφόμενος πελάγει.
καὶ ποτὲ μὲν φαίνεις πολὺν ὑετόν, ἀλλοτε δ' αὑτε
εὔδιος, ἀβρα γελών δ' ὁμμασίων ἐκκέχυσαι.
τυφλὰ δ', ὅπως ναυηγὸς ἐν σῴδεματι, κύματα μετρῶν 5
δινεῖμαι, μεγάλφ χείματι πλαζόμενος.
ἀλλὰ μοι ἡ φιλίς ἦκθες σκοτοῦν ἡ πάλι μίσους,
ὡς εἰδῶ ποτέρφ κύματι νηχόμεθα.

157.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

Κύπρις ἐμοὶ ναύκληρος, 'Ερως δ' οἶακα φυλάσσει
ἀκρον ἐχὼν ψυχῆς ἐν χερὶ πηδάλιων.
χειμαίνει δ' ὁ βαρὺς πνεύμας Πόθος, οὐνεκα δὲ νῦν
παμφύλῳ παῖδων νήχομαι ἐν πελάγει.

158.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Σοὶ με Πόθων δέσποινα θεῇ πόρε, σοὶ με, Θεόκλεις,
ἀβροπέδιλος Ἐρως γυμνὸν ὑπεστόρεσεν,
ξεῖνον ἐπὶ ξείνης, δαμάζας ἀλύτοισι χαλινοῖς.
ιμεῖρω δὲ τυχεῖν ἀκλινεῖος φυλίας.
ἀλλὰ σὺ τὸν στέργοντ' ἀπαναίνει, οὐδὲ σε θέληγε 5
οὐ χρόνος, οὐ ξυνής σύμβολα σωφροσύνης.
'Ιλαθ', ἀναξ, ἢλθηί σε γὰρ ἦλθον ὄριε Παμφύλου.
ἐν σοὶ μοι ξωῆς πείρατα καὶ θανάτου.

1 Or “a sea of boys of every tribe,” this being the original meaning of pamphylus.

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STRATO'S _MUSA PUIERILIS_

156.—Anonymous

Even like unto a storm in springtime, Diodorus, is my love, determined by the moods of an uncertain sea. At one time thou displayest heavy rain-clouds, at another again the sky is clear and thy eyes melt in a soft smile. And I, like a shipwrecked man in the surge, count the blind waves as I am whirled hither and thither at the mercy of the mighty storm. But show me a landmark either of love or of hate, that I may know in which sea I swim.

157.—Meleager

Cypris is my skipper and Love keeps the tiller, holding in his hand the end of my soul's rudder, and the heavy gale of Desire drives me storm-tossed; for now I swim verily in a Pamphylian sea of boys.

158.—By the Same

The goddess, queen of the Desires, gave me to thee, Theocles; Love, the soft-sandalled, laid me low for thee to tread on, all unarmed, a stranger in a strange land, having tamed me by his bit that grippeth fast. But now I long to win a friendship in which I need not stoop. But thou refusest him who loves thee, and neither time softens thee nor the tokens we have of our mutual continence. Have mercy on me, Lord, have mercy! for Destiny ordained thee a god; with thee rest for me the issues of life and death.

2 _i.e._ as I did when my passion made me abject.

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GREEK ANTHOLOGY

159.—TOY AYTOY

'En soi tāmā, Mnıσke, bııo prumvhsı' anıptai: 
ēv soi κai ψυχής πνεύμα τὸ λειϑδὲν ἔτι. 

ναὶ γὰρ ὅτα καὶ χοῦρε, τὰ καὶ κωφοίσι λαλεύντα 
δῆματα, καὶ μὰ τὸ σῶν φαιδρὸν ἐπισκύνιον, 

ἡν μοι συννεφες ὃμμα βάλησ ποτὲ, χείμα δέδορκα: 5 

ἡν δ' ἰλαρὸν βλέψης, ἥδ' τεθηλεν ἔαρ.

160.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Θαρσαλέως τρηχείαν ὑπὸ σπλάγχνουσιν ἀνίνη 

οἴσω, καὶ χαλεπῆς δεσμὸν ἀλυκτοπέδης. 

οὐ γὰρ τῷ, Νίκαυδρε, βολᾶς ἐδάμεν Ἑρωτὸς 

νῦν μόνοιν, ἀλλὰ πόθων πολλάκις ἡγάμεθα. 

καὶ σὺ μὲν, Ἀδρήστεια, κακὴς ἀντάξεια βουλῆς 

τίσαι, καὶ μακάρων πικροτάτη Νέμεσις.

161.—ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΤ

Δόρκιον ἡ φιλέφηβος ἑπίσταται, ὡς ἀπαλὸς παῖς, 

ἐσθαί πανδήμου Κύπριδος ὥκν βέλος, 

ἐμερον ἀστράπτουσα κατ' ὄμματος, ἢδ' ὑπὲρ ὅμων 

... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 5 

σὺν πετάσφ γυμνὸν μηρὸν ἐφαίνε χλαμύς.

162.—TOY AYTOY

Οὐπω τοξοφορῶν οὐδ' ἀγρίος, 2 ἀλλὰ νεογνὸς 

οὐμὸς 'Ερως παρὰ τὴν Κύπριν ὑποστρέφεται, 

δέλτον ἐχών χρυσήν. τὰ Φιλοκράτεσ δὲ Διαύλου 

τραυλίζει ψυχής φίλτρα κατ' Ἀντιγένους.

1 Two lines lost. 2 I write οὐδ' ἀγρίος: οὐδάριος MS.

1 The chlamys and petasus (hat) were the proper costume of the ephēbi.

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STRATO'S MUSA Puerilis

159.—By the Same

My life's cable, Myiscus, is made fast to thee; in thee is all the breath that is left to my soul. For by thy eyes, dear boy, that speak even to the deaf, and by thy bright brow I swear it, if ever thou lookest at me with a clouded eye I see the winter, but if thy glance be blithe, the sweet spring bursts into bloom.

160.—Anonymous

Bravely shall I bear the sharp pain in my vitals and the bond of the cruel fetters. For it is not now only, Nicander, that I learn to know the wounds of love, but often have I tasted desire. Do both thou, Adrasteia, and thou, Nemesis, bitterest of the immortals, exact due vengeance for his evil resolve.

161.—Asclepiades

Dorcion, who loves to sport with the young men, knows how to cast, like a tender boy, the swift dart of Cypris the Popular, flashing desire from her eye, and over her shoulders... with her boy's hat, her chlamys¹ showed her naked thigh.

162.—By the Same

My Love, not yet carrying a bow, or savage, but a tiny child, returns to Cypris, holding a golden writing tablet, and reading from it he lisps the love-charms that Diaulus' boy, Philocrates, used to conquer the soul of Antigones.²

² As the following poems show, this epigram relates to the loves of two young boys, both of whom seem to have been beloved by the poet.

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GREEK ANTHOLOGY

163.—TOY AYTQ

Εὑρεν Ἕρως τί καλός μίξει καλόν, οὐχὶ μάραγδου χρυσῶς, δὲ μὴν ἄνθει, μήτε γένοιτ' ἐν ἱσω, οὐδὲ ἐλέφαντ' ἐβένω, λευκῷ μέλαν, ἀλλὰ Κλέανδρον Ἐυβιότῳ, Πειθοῦς ἄνθεα καὶ Φιλής.

164.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

Ἡδὺ μὲν ἀκρίτῳ κεράσαι γλυκῷ νάμα μελισσῶν· ἢδὺ δὲ παιδοφυλεῖν καύτων ἑόντα καλόν, οἷα τῶν ἀβροκόμην στέργει Κλεόβουλον Ἀλεξίος· ἀθάνατον τούτω Κύπριδος οἰνόμελι.

165.—TOY AYTQ

Λευκανθῆς Κλεόβουλος· ὁ δ' ἀντία τούτε μελίχρους Σάφολις, οἱ δισσοὶ Κύπριδος ἀνθοφόροι. τοῦνεκά μοι παίδων ἔπεται πόθος· οἱ γὰρ Ἕρωτες ἐκ λευκοῦ πλέξαι· 2 φασί με καὶ μέλανος.

166.—ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΤ

Τοῦθ' ὁ τί μοι λοιπὸν ψυχῆς, ὁ τι δὴ ποτ', Ἕρωτες, τοῦτο γ' ἔχειν πρὸς θεῶν ἥσυχιν ἀφετε· ἡ μή δὴ τόξος ἐτι βάλλετε μ', ἀλλὰ κεραυνοῖς· ναὶ πάντως τέφρην θέσει με κανθρακίν. ναὶ, ναὶ, βάλλετ', Ἕρωτες· ἐνεσκληκὼς γὰρ ἀνίας, 5 εἴ οὐκείν τούτ' οὖν, εἰ γέ τι, βούλομεν ἔχειν.

1 I write ἄθ. τούτω: θαυτῶν ὑντως τὸ MS.
2 So Salmasius: πλέξειν ἐκ λευκοῦ MS.

1 There were priestesses of Aphrodite so entitled.

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STRATO'S MUSA PUERILIS

163.—By the same

Love has discovered what beauty to mix with beauty; not emerald with gold, which neither sparkles nor could ever be its equal, nor ivory with ebony, black with white, but Cleander with Eubiotus, two flowers of Persuasion and Friendship.

164.—MELEAGER

Sweet it is to mix with wine the bees' sugary liquor, and sweet to love a boy when oneself is lovely too, even as Alexis now loves soft-haired Cleobulus. These two are the immortal metheglin of Cypris.

165.—By the Same

Cleobulus is a white blossom, and Sopolis, who stands opposite him, is of honey tint—the two flower-bearers of Cypris¹. . . . Therefrom comes my longing for the lads; for the Loves say they wove me of black and white.²

166.—ASCLEPIADES

Let this that is left of my soul, whatever it be, let this at least, ye Loves, have rest for heaven's sake. Or else no longer shoot me with arrows but with thunderbolts, and make me utterly into ashes and cinders. Yea! yea! strike me, ye Loves; for withered away as I am by distress, I would have from you, if I may have aught, this little gift.

² He puns on his name (melas = black, argos = white). There certainly would seem to be a couplet missing in the middle, for "therefrom" can only mean "in consequence of my name."
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167.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ
Χειμέριον μὲν πνεύμα: φέρει δ’ ἐπὶ σοί με, Μυῖσκε,
ἀρπαστὼν κόμωις ὁ γλυκύδακρυς Ἑρως.
χειμαίνει δὲ βαρὺς πνεύμασις Πόθος, ἀλλά μ’ ἐς θρόνον
dέξαι, τὸν ναύτην Κύπριδος ἐν πελάγει.

168.—ΠΟΣΕΙΔΙΠΠΟΤ
Ναννοῦς καὶ Δύδης ἐπίχει δύο, καὶ φιλεράστουν
Μιμνέρμου, καὶ τοῦ σώφρονος Ἀντιμάχου—
συγκέρασον τὸν πέμπτον ἐμοῦ· τὸν δ’ ἔκτον ἐκάστον,
‘Ηλιόδωρ’, εἶπας, ὡστε ἐρῶν ἐτυχεῖν:
ἐβδομον Ὕμιδου, τὸν δ’ ὀγδοῦν εἶπον ‘Ομήρον,
τὸν δ’ ἐνατον Μουσῶν, Μηνησύνης δέκατον.
μεστὸν ὑπὲρ χείλους πίομαι, Κύπρι· τάλλα δ’
‘Ερωτες
νήφοντ’ οἰνωθέντ’ σούχ’ λίθην ἄχαριν.

169.—ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΤ
‘Εξέφυγον, Θεόδωρε, τὸ σῶν βάρος. ἀλλ’ δ’ σου εἶπας
‘’Εξέφυγον τὸν ἐμὸν δαίμονα πικρότατον.’
πικρότερός με κατέσχεν. ‘Ἀριστοκράτει δὲ λατρεύων
μυρία, δεσπόσυνον καὶ τρίτον ἐκδέχομαι.

170.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Σπονδή καὶ λιβανωτέ, καὶ οἱ κρητήρι μαγέντες
daίμονες, οἱ φιλής τέρματ’ ἐμῆς ἔχετε,
ὑμέας, ὁ σεμνοῖ, μαρτύρομαι, οὔς ὁ μελίχρως
κοῦρος Ἀθήναιος πάντας ἐπωμόσατο.

1 The lady-loves of whom Mimnermus and Antimachus
sung.

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167.—MELEAGER

Wintry is the wind, but Love the sweet-teared bears me, swept away by the revel, towards thee, Myiscus. And Desire's heavy gale tosses me. But receive me, who sail on the sea of Cypris, into thy harbour.

168.—POSIDIPPUS

Pour in two ladies of Nanno and Lyde and one of the lovers' friend, Mimnermus, and one of wise Antimachus, and with the fifth mix in myself, Heliodorus, and with the sixth say, "Of everyone who ever chanced to love." Say the seventh is of Hesiod, and the eighth of Homer, and the ninth of the Muses, and the tenth of Mnemosyne. I drink the bowl full above the brim, Cypris, and for the rest the Loves... not very displeasing when either sober or drunk.²

169.—DIOSCORIDES

I escaped from your weight, Theodorus, but no sooner had I said "I have escaped from my most cruel tormenting spirit" than a crueler one seized on me, and slaving for Aristocrates in countless ways, I am awaiting even a third master.

170.—BY THE SAME

Libation and Frankincense, and ye Powers mixed in the bowl, who hold the issues of my friendship, I call you to witness, solemn Powers, by all of whom the honey-complexioned boy Athenaeus swore.

² Jacobs is right, I think, in his opinion that this verse, which does not seem to be corrupt, is out of its place here.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

171.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Τὸν καλὸν, ὃς ἔλαβες, κομίσας πάλι πρὸς μὲ θεωρὸν
Εὐφραγόρην, ἀνέμων πρηύτατε Ζέφυρε,
eἰς ὀλίγων τείνας μηνῶν μέτρον· ὡς καὶ ὁ μικρὸς
μυριτής κέκριται τῷ φιλέουτι χρόνος.

172.—ΕΘΝΟΤ
Εἴ μισεῖν πόνος ἐστί, φιλεῖν πόνος, ἐκ δύο λυγρῶν
αἰροῦμαι χρηστής ἐλκυος ἔχειν ὀδύνης.

173.—ΦΙΛΟΔΗΜΟΤ
Δημῶ με κτείνει καὶ Θέρμων· ἡ μὲν ἡταίρη,
Δημονός ὁ οὖπως Κύπριν ἐπισταμένη.
καὶ τῆς μεν ψαυ̣ν· τῆς δ' οὖ θέμις. οὖ μᾶς εὔ, Κύπρι,
οὖκ οἶδ' ἦν εἰπτεῖν δεῖ μὲ ποθεωστήρην.
Δημάριον λέξω τὴν παρθένου· οὖ γὰρ ἔτοιμα
βούλομαι, ἀλλὰ ποθῶ πᾶν τὸ φυλασσόμενον.

174.—ΦΡΟΝΤΟΝΟΣ
Μέχρι τῶν πολεμεῖς μ', ὁ φιλτάτε Κῦρε; τί ποιεῖς;
τὸν σὸν Κάμβύσην οὖκ ἔλεεις; λέγε μοι.
μὴ γίνου Μήδος· Σάκας γὰρ ἐσῇ μετὰ μικρῶν,
καὶ σε ποιήσουσιν ταί τρίχες Ἀστυάγην.

175.—ΣΤΡΑΤΟΝΟΣ
*Ἡ μὴ ξηλοτύπει δούλως ἐπὶ παισίν ἕταρχουσ,
ἡ μὴ θηλυκτείς οἵνοντος πάρεξε.

1 So Kaibel: δημῶ· η MS.

1 Me dos, "give not"; cp. Bk. V. 63.

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171.—By the Same

Zephyr, gentlest of the winds, bring back to me the lovely pilgrim Euphragoras, even as thou didst receive him, not extending his absence beyond a few months’ space; for to a lover’s mind a short time is as a thousand years.

172.—EVENUS

If to hate is pain and to love is pain, of the two evils I choose the smart of kind pain.

173.—PHILODEMUS

Demo and Thermion are killing me. Thermion is a courtesan and Demo a girl who knows not Cypris yet. The one I touch, but the other I may not. By thyself, Cypris, I swear, I know not which I should call the more desirable. I will say it is the virgin Demo; for I desire not what is ready to hand, but long for whatever is kept under lock and key.

174.—FRONTO

How long wilt thou resist me, dearest Cyrus? What art thou doing? Dost thou not pity thy Cambyses? tell me. Become not a Mede,¹ for soon thou shalt be a Scythian² and the hairs will make thee Astyages.³

175.—STRATO

Either be not jealous with your friends about your slave boys, or do not provide girlish-looking cup-

¹ "Bearded"; for sakos means a beard. The names are all taken from the Cyropaedia of Xenophon.
² See No. 11.
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τις γὰρ ἀνήρ ἐσ ἔρωτ' ἀδαμάντινος; ἡ τις ἀτειρὴς
οὖν; τις δὲ καλοὺς οὐ περὶἔργα βλέπει;  
ζώντων ἔργα τάδ' ἐστίν; ὁποῦ δ' οὐκ εἰσίν ἔρωτες 5
οὐδὲ μέθαι, Διοφῶν, ἢν ἐθέλης, ἀπιθὰ-
κάκεῖ Τιμρεσίην ἢ Τάνταλον ἐς πότον ἔλκε,
τὸν μὲν ἐπ' οὐδὲν ἰδεῖν, τὸν δ' ἐπὶ μοῦνον ἴδεῖν.

176.—TOY AYTOY

Στυγνὸς δὴ τί, Μένιππε, κατεσκέπασαι μέχρι πέζης,
ὁ πρὶν ἐπ' ἵγνυθι λῶτος ἀνελκόμενος;
ἡ τί κατὼ κύψας με παρέδραμες, οὐδὲ προσειπτῶν;
οίδα τί με κρύπτεις· ἥλυθον ἃς ἔλεγον.

177.—TOY AYTOY

'Εσπερίην Μοίρας με, καθ' ἢν ὑγιαίνομεν ὄρην,
οὐκ οἴδ' εἴτε σαφῶς, εἴτ' ὄναρ, ἡσπάσατο.
ἥδη γὰρ τὰ μὲν ἀλλὰ μᾶλ' ἀτρεκέως ἐνόησα,
χωκόσα μοι προσέφη, χωκόσ' ἐπινυθάνετο·
eἰ δὲ με καὶ πεσθήκη τεκμαίρομαι· εἰ γὰρ ἄληθές, 5
πῶς ἀποθειωθέσι πλάζωμ' ἐπιχθόνιος;

178.—TOY AYTOY

'Εξεφλέγην, ὅτε Θεῦδος ἐλάμπτετο παισίν ἐν ἄλλοις,
obὸς ἐπαντέλλων ἀστράσιν ἥλιος.
τοῦνεκ' ἐτὶ φλέγομαι καὶ νῦν, ὅτε νυκτὶ λαχνοῦται·
δυόμενος γὰρ, ὡμοὶ ἥλιος ἐστίν ἐτὶ.

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bearers. For who is of adamant against love, or who succumbs not to wine, and who does not look curiously at pretty boys? This is the way of living men, but if you like, Diophon, go away to some place where there is no love and no drunkenness, and there induce Tiresias or Tantalus to drink with you, the one to see nothing and the other only to see.

176.—By the Same

Why are you draped down to your ankles in that melancholy fashion, Menippus, you who used to tuck up your dress to your thighs? Or why do you pass me by with downcast eyes and without a word? I know what you are hiding from me. They have come, those things I told you would come.

177.—By the Same

Last evening Moeris, at the hour when we bid good night, embraced me, I know not whether in reality or in a dream. I remember now quite accurately everything else, what he said to me and the questions he asked, but whether he kissed me too or not I am at a loss to know; for if it be true, how is it that I, who then became a god, am walking about on earth?

178.—By the Same

I caught fire when Theudis shone among the other boys, like the sun that rises on the stars. Therefore I am still burning now, when the down of night overtakes him, for though he be setting, yet he is still the sun.

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179.—TOY AYTOY

'Ωμοσά σοι, Κρονίδη, μηπώποτε, μηδ' ἐμοι αὐτῷ ἐξεπείν ὃ τι μοι Θεύδες ἐειπὲ λαβεῖν.
ψυχή δ' ἡ δυσάπτιστος ἀγαλλομένη πεπότηται ἥρει, καὶ στέξαι τάγαθον οὐ δύναται.
ἄλλ' ἔρεω, σύγγνωθι σύ μοι, κεῖνος δὲ πέπεισται. 5
Ζεὺ πάτερ, ἀγνώστου τίς χάρις εὐτυχίας;

180.—TOY AYTOY

Καῦμα μ' ἔχει μέγα δῆ τι· σὺ δ', ὁ παῖ, παύεο λεπτὸν
ἥρει δινεῦν δι φυγφ ἐμεῖο λίνου.
ἀλλ' τι πῦρ ἐμοῦ ἔνδον ἔχω κνάθοισιν ἀναφθέν,
καὶ περὶ σﰴ ρίπῷ µᾶλλον ἐγειρόμενον.

181.—TOY AYTOY

Ψευδέα μυθίζουσι, Θεόκλεες, ὡς ἀγαθαὶ μὲν
αἱ Χάριτες, τρισσαὶ δ' εἰσὶ κατ' 'Ορχομενόν·
πεντάκι γὰρ δέκα σεῖο περισκιρτῶσι πρὸςπα, τοξοβόλοι, ψυχέων ἀρπαγες ἀλλοτρίων.

182.—TOY AYTOY

Ταῦτα μὲ νῦν τὰ περισσὰ φιλεῖς, ὃτ' ἐρωτοὶ ἀπέσβη
πυρὸς, ὃτ' οὐδ' ἄλλος ἥδυν ἔχω σε φίλον.
μέμνημαι γὰρ ἐκεῖνα τὰ δύσμαχα· πλὴν ἔτη, Δάφνι,
dὴρ μὲν, ἄλλ' ἐχέτω καὶ μετάνοια τόπον.

183.—TOY AYTOY

Τίς χάρις, Ἡλιόδωρε, φιλήμασιν, εἰ μὲ λάβροισιν
χείλεσι μὴ φιλεῖς ἀντιβιαζόμενος,

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179.—By the same

I swore to thee, son of Cronos, that never, not even to myself, would I utter what Theudis told me I might have. But my froward soul flies high in exultation and cannot contain the good. But I will out with it: pardon me, Zeus, "He yielded." Father Zeus, what delight is there in good fortune that is known to none?

180.—By the same

I feel some burning heat; but cease, boy, from waving in the air near me the napkin of fine linen. I have another fire within me lit by the wine thou didst serve, and aroused more with thy fanning.

181.—By the same

It is a lying fable, Theocles, that the Graces are good and that there are three of them in Orcho-menus; for five times ten dance round thy face, all archers, ravishers of other men's souls.

182.—By the same

Now thou givest me these futile kisses, when the fire of love is quenched, when not even apart from it do I regard thee as a sweet friend. For I remember those days of thy stubborn resistance. Yet even now, Daphnis, though it be late, let repentance find its place.

183.—By the same

What delight, Heliodorus, is there in kisses, if thou dost not kiss me, pressing against me with
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ἀλλ’ ἐπ’ ἄκροις ἀσάλευτα μεμυκόσιν, οία κατ’ οἴκους καὶ δίχα σοῦ με φιλεῖ πλάσμα τὸ κηρόχυτον;

184.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Μὴ σπεύσῃς Μενέδημον ἐλείν δόλῳ, ἀλλ’ ἐπίνευσον ὁφρύσι, καὶ φανερῶς αὐτὸς ἑρεῖ· "Πρόσαγε.

οὐ γὰρ ἀνάβλησις· φθάνει δὲ τε καὶ τὸν ἄγοντα· οὐδ’ ἀμάρης, ποταμοῦ δ’ ἐστίν ἔτοιμοτερος.

185.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τοὺς σοβαροὺς τούτους καὶ τοὺς περιπορφυροσήμους παῖδας, ὅσους ἡμεῖς οὐ προσεφείμεθα, ἀνὴρ σὺ καὶ πέτραισιν ἐπ’ ἄκρολόφους πέπειρα ἔσθοισιν γύπες, Δήφιλε, καὶ κόρακες.

186.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

"Αχρὶ τίνος ταύτην τὴν ὁφρύα τὴν ὑπέροπτον, Μέντορ, τηρήσεις, μηδὲ τὸ χαίρε λέγων,

ὡς μελλὼν αἰώνα μένειν νέος, Ἦ διὰ παντὸς ὀρχεῖσθαι πυρίχην; καὶ τὸ τέλος πρόβλεπε. Ἡξεῖ σοι πώγων, κακὸν ἔσχατον, ἀλλὰ μέγιστον· καὶ τὸτ’ ἐπιγνώσῃ τί σπάνις ἐστὶ φίλων.

187.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Πῶς ἀναγινώσκειν, Διονύσιε, παῖδα διδάξεις, μηδὲ μετεκβήναι φθόγγον ἐπιστάμενος;

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greedy lips, but on the tips of mine with thine closed and motionless, as a wax image at home kisses me even without thee.

184.—By the Same

Study not to capture Menedemus by craft, but sign to him with your eyebrows and he will say openly, "Go on, I follow." For there is no delay, and he even "outrunneth him who guides him," ¹ and is more expeditious not than a water-channel ² but than a river.

185.—By the Same

These airified boys, with their purple-edged robes, whom we cannot get at, Diphilus, are like ripe figs on high crags, which the vultures and ravens eat.

186.—By the Same

How long, Mentor, shalt thou maintain this arrogant brow, not even bidding "good day," as if thou shouldst keep young for all time or tread for ever the pyrrhic dance? Look forward and consider thy end too. Thy beard will come, the last of evils but the greatest, and then thou shalt know what scarcity of friends is.

187.—By the Same

How, Dionysius, shall you teach a boy to read when you do not even know how to make the transition from one note to another? You have passed so

¹ Hom. Il. xxi. 262. ² Ib. 259.
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eker nēthēs metēbhēs oûtwos tachūs eis barychorðon.
phōγγon, ἀπ'  iscynotάtηs eis tāsīn ógkotātηn.
plēn ou bæskāiw· melēta mōnōn· āmfotērous de 5
kroūw, tois phōnerōis Lāmbδa kai "Alfa lége.

188.—TOY AYTOY

Ei se filōw an dikō kai touto dōkeîs ύβρin eînai,
tēn autēn kōlasin kai sū filēi me labōw.

189.—TOY AYTOY

Tis se katesteφάνωσε ρόdois ὀλου; ei mēn érastēs,
ā mākār· ei ὁ patēr, ōmmata kautōs ēxei.

190.—TOY AYTOY

"Olbios ó γράφας se, kai ὅlbios oûtos ὁ kalllei
 tô σφ νikāsθai khrōs ēpistāmēnos.
θriptōs ēgw kai sūrma tērhōνos eithē yenōimēn,
ōs ānapηδῆsas tâ ūla tauta fāγw.

191.—TOY AYTOY

Oûk ēk)tēs paîs ἱσbha; kai oud' ōnar oûtos ὁ pwγwv
̱λυθε· pwos ānēbē touto tô daimōnon,
kai triξi παντ' ēkάλυψε tâ prîn kala; fev, tî
 tô thāuma;
ēk)êtē Tρωιλος ōn, pwos ēγêvou Pρiâmos;

1 Probably, as the commentatores explain, equal to "paedica

cabo ego vos et irrumabo." There is double meaning in all

the rest of the epigram, but it is somewhat obscure and had

best remain so.

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quickly from the highest note to a deep one, from
the slightest rise to the most voluminous. Yet I
bear you no grudge; only study, and striking both
say Lambda and Alpha¹ to the envious.

188.—By the Same

If I do you a wrong by kissing you, and you think
this an injury, kiss me too, inflicting the same on me
as a punishment.

189.—By the Same

Who crowned all thy head with roses? If it was
a lover, blessed is he, but if it was thy father, he
too has eyes.

190.—By the Same

Blest is he who painted thee, and blest is this wax
that knew how to be conquered by thy beauty. Would
I could become a creeping wood-worm² that I might
leap up and devour this wood.

191.—By the Same

Wast thou not yesterday a boy, and we had never
even dreamt of this beard coming? How did this
accursed thing spring up, covering with hair all that
was so pretty before? Heavens! what a marvel!
Yesterday you were Troilus³ and to-day how have
you become Priam?

² He mentions two kinds, but we cannot distinguish
them.
³ Priam's youngest son.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

192.—TOY AYTIOY
Οὐ τέρπουσι κόμαι με, περισσότεροὶ τε κίκιννοι,
tέχνης, οὐ φύσεως ἔργα διδασκόμενοι,
ἀλλὰ παλαιοστρῖτον παιδὸς ὑπὸς ὁ ψαφαρίτης,
καὶ χροὴ μελέων σαρκὶ λιπαίνομεν.
ηδὺς ἀκαλλώπιστος ἕμως πόθος· ἤ δὲ γοῆτις
μορφῆ θηλυτέρης ἔργων ἔχει Παφίης.

193.—TOY AYTIOY
Οὐδὲ Σμυρναῖαι Νεμέσεις ὁ τι σοι 'πιλέγουσιν,
'Αρτεμίδωρε, νοεῖς: "Μηδὲν ὑπέρ τὸ μέτρον."
ἀλλ' οὕτως ὑπέροπτα καὶ ἀγρία κοὐδὲ πρέποντα
κωμῳδὸ φθέγγη, πάνθ' ὑποκρινόμενος.
μνησθήσῃ τούτων, ὑπερήφανε· καὶ σὺ φιλήσεις,
καὶ κωμῳδήσεις τὴν 'Αποκλείο μένην.

194.—TOY AYTIOY
Εἰ Ζεὺς ἐκ γαίης θυητοῦς ἐτι παῖδας ἐς αἰθήριν
ἡρπαξέν, γυλυκεροῦ νέκταρος οἰνοχόους,
αίετος ἄν πτερύγεσσιν Ἀγρίππαν τὸν καλὸν ἡμῶν
ηδὴ πρὸς μακάρων ἤγε δηικνύας.
ναὶ μὰ σὲ γάρ, Κρονίδη, κόσμοι πάτερ, ἤν ἔσα-
θρήσης,
τὸν Φρύγιον ψέξεις αὐτίκα Δαρδανίδην.

195.—TOY AYTIOY
"Ανθεσίν οὐ τόσσοις φιλοζέφυροι χλοάουσι
λειμώνες, πυκναίς εἰάρος ἀγλαῖαις,

1 Two Nemeses were worshipped at Smyrna and are often represented on the coins of that city.

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192.—BY THE SAME

I am not charmed by long hair and needless ringlets taught in the school of Art, not of Nature, but by the dusty grime of a boy fresh from the playground and the colour given to the limbs by the gloss of oil. My love is sweet when unadorned, but a fraudulent beauty has in it the work of female Cypris.

193.—BY THE SAME

Thou dost not even take to heart, Artemidorus, what the Avenging Goddesses of Smyrna¹ say to thee, "Nothing beyond due measure," but thou art always acting, talking loud in a tone so arrogant and savage, not even becoming in an actor. Thou shalt remember all this, haughty boy; thou, too, shalt love and play the part of "The barred-out lady."²

194.—BY THE SAME

If Zeus still carried off mortal boys from earth to the sky to be ministrants of the sweet nectar, an eagle would ere this have borne my lovely Agrippa on his wings to the service of the immortals. For yea, by thyself I swear it, Son of Cronos, Father of the world, if thou lookest on him thou wilt at once find fault with the Phrygian boy of the house of Dardanus.³

195.—BY THE SAME

The meads that love the Zephyr are not abloom with so many flowers, the crowded splendour of the

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¹ The title of a play by Posidippus the comic poet.
² Ganymede.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

όσσους εὐγενεῖς, Διονύσιε, παῖδας ἀθρήσεις,
χειρῶν Κυπρογενοὺς πλάσματα καὶ Χαρίτων.
ἐξοχὰ δ’ ἐν τούτοις Μιλήσιος ἦν δὲ θάλλει,
ὡς ροδὸν εὐόδμους λαμπτόμενον πετάλωις.
ἀλλ’ οὐκ οἶδεν ἵσως, ἐκ καύματος ὡς καλὸν ἄνθος,
οὕτω τὴν ὀρήν ἐκ τριχῶν ὀλλυμένην.

196.—TOY AYTOY

Ὁθαλμοῦς σπινθῆρας ἔχεις, θεόμορφε Δυνάως,
μᾶλλον δ’ ἀκτίνας, δέσποτα, πυροβόλους.
ἀντωπὸς βλέψαι βαιῶν χρόνον οὐ δύναμαι σοι: οὕτως ἁστράπτεις ὁμμασιν ἀμφότεροις.

197.—TOY AYTOY

“Καὶρὸν γυώθι” σοφῶν τῶν ἐπτά τις, εἰπε, Φίλιππε,
pάντα γὰρ ἀκμάζοντ’ ἐστὶν ἐραστότερα:
καὶ σίκους πρῶτός που ἐπ’ ἀνδήροις ὀραθεὶς
tίμιος, εἶτα συῶν βρῶμα πεπαινόμενος.

198.—TOY AYTOY

Ὡλικῆς φίλος εἰμὶ καὶ οὐδένα παίδα πρωτάσσω,
πρὸς τὸ καλὸν κρίνων: ἀλλο γὰρ ἄλλος ἔχει.

199.—TOY AYTOY

“Ἀρκιον ἥδη μοι πόσιος μέτρον: εὐσταθίη γὰρ
λύεται ἢ τε φρενῶν ἢ τε διὰ στόματος.
χῶ λύχνος ἐσχίσται διδύμην φλόγα, καὶ δίς ἀριθμέω,
pολλάκι πειράζων, τοὺς ἀνακεκλιμένους.

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spring-tide, as are the high-born boys thou shalt see, Dionysius, all moulded by Cypris and the Graces. And chief among them, look, flowers Milesius, like a rose shining with its sweet-scented petals. But perchance he knows not, that as a lovely flower is killed by the heat, so is beauty by a hair.

196.—By the Same

Thy eyes are sparks, Lycinus, divinely fair; or rather, master mine, they are rays that shoot forth flame. Even for a little season I cannot look at thee face to face, so bright is the lightning from both.

197.—By the Same

"Know the time" said one of the seven sages; for all things, Philippus, are more loveable when in their prime. A cucumber, too, is a fruit we honour at first when we see it in its garden bed, but after, when it ripens, it is food for swine.

198.—By the Same

I am a friend of youth and prefer not one boy to another, judging them by their beauty; for one has one charm, another another.

199.—By the Same

I have drunk already in sufficient measure, for both my mind's and my tongue's steadiness is relaxed. The flame of the lamp is torn into two, and I count the guests double, though I try over and
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ηδη δ' οὐκέτι μοῦνον ἐπ' οἰνοχόον σεσόβημαι, ἄλλα πάρωρα βλέπω κηπὶ τὸν ὕδροχον.

200.—TOY AITOY

Μισῶ δυσπερίληπτα φιλήματα, καὶ μαχιμώδείς φωνάς, καὶ σθεναρὴν ἐκ χερός ἀντίθεσιν καὶ μήν καὶ τὸν, ὅτ' ἐστὶν ἐν ἀγκάσιν, εὐθὺ θέλοντα καὶ παρέχοντα χύδην, οὐ πάνυ δὴ τι θέλω· ἄλλα τὸν ἐκ τούτων ἁμφοῖν μέσον, οἷον ἐκείνου τὸν καὶ μὴ παρέχειν εἰδότα καὶ παρέχειν.

201.—TOY AITOY

Εἰ μὴ νῦν Κλεόνικος ἔλευσεται, οὐκέτ' ἐκεῖνον δέξομ' ἐγὼ μελάθροις, οὐ μὰ τὸν—οὐκ ὄμοσω. εἰ γὰρ ὀνειρόν ἠδὸν οὐκ ἤλθεν, εἷτα παρεῖπ αὐρίον, οὐ παρὰ τῇν σήμερον ὀλλύμεθα.

202.—TOY AITOY

Πτηνὸς Ἔρως ἀγαγέν με δ' ἡρός, ἱρίκα, Δᾶμι, γράμμα σὸν εἰδον, ὦ μοι δεύρο μολεῖν σ' ἐλεγεν· ρίμφα δ' ἀπὸ Σμύρνης ἐπὶ Σάρδιας· ἐδραμεν ἄν μου ὕστερον εἰ Ζήτης ἔτρεχεν, ἡ Κάλαις.

203.—TOY AITOY

Οὐκ ἑθέλοντα φιλεῖς με, φιλῶ δ' ἐγὼ οὐκ ἑθέλοντα· εὐκολὸς ἢν φεύγω, δύσκολος ἢν ἐπάγω.

1 He means the constellation Aquarius, into which Gany-mede was said to have been transformed.

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over again. And now not only am I in a flutter for the wine-pourer, but I look, out of season, at the Water-pourer\(^1\) too.

\[200.—\text{By the Same}\]

I hate resistance to my embrace when I kiss, and pugnacious cries, and violent opposition with the hands, but at the same time I have no great desire for him who, when he is in my arms, is at once ready and abandons himself effusively. I wish for one half-way between the two, such as is he who knows both how to give himself and how not to give himself.

\[201.—\text{By the Same}\]

If Cleonicus does not come now I will never receive him in my house, by —. I will not swear; for if he did not come owing to a dream he had, and then does appear to-morrow, it is not all over with me because of the loss of this one day.

\[202.—\text{By the Same}\]

Winged Love bore me through the air, Damis, when I saw your letter which told me you had arrived here; and swiftly I flew from Smyrna to Sardis; if Zetes or Calais\(^2\) had been racing me they would have been left behind.

\[203.—\text{By the Same}\]

You kiss me when I don’t wish it, and you don’t wish it when I kiss you; when I fly you are facile, when I attack you are difficult.

\(^2\) The winged sons of Boreas.
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204.—TOY AYTOY

“Χρύσεα χαλκείων” νῦν εἰπάτε: “δὸς λάβε” παίζει
Σωσιάδας ὁ καλός, καὶ Διοκλῆς ὁ δασύς.
τὰς κάλυκας συνέκρινε βάτῳ, τὰς σύκα μύκησιν;
ἀρνα γαλακτοπαγή τὰς πλακίνες βοί;
οἶα δίδωσι, ἀλόγιστε, καὶ ἐμπαλιν ὀἶα κομίζῃ;
οὕτω Τυδείδης Γλαύκον ἑδωροδόκει.

205.—TOY AYTOY

Παῖς τῆς ὁλος ἀπαλὸς τοῦ γείτονος ὀὐκ ὀλίγως με
κυίζει· πρὸς τὸ θέλειν δ’ ὀυκ ἀμύητα γελά·
οὐ πλεύν δ’ ἐστίν ἐτῶν δύο καὶ δέκα. νῦν ἀφύλακτοι
ὁμφακεῖ· ἃν δ’ ἀκμάσῃ, φρούρια καὶ σκόλιπτες.

206.—TOY AYTOY

a. Ἡν τούτῳ ὑφωνής, τὸ μέσον λάβε, καὶ κατακλίνας
ζεύγνυς, καὶ πρῶσας πρόσπεσε, καὶ κάτεχε.
β. Οὐ φρονείς, Διόφαντε· μόλις δύναμαι γὰρ ἔγωγε
ταῦτα ποιεῖν· παίδων δ’ ἡ πάλη ἔσθ’ ἐτέρα.
μοχλοῦ καὶ μένε, Κῦρι, καὶ ἐμβάλλοντος ἀνάσχον· 5
πρῶτον συμμελετῶν ἢ μελετῶν μαθέτω.

207.—TOY AYTOY

Ἔχθες λουόμενος Διοκλῆς ἀνενήνυξε σαῦραν
ἐκ τῆς ἐμβάσεως τὴν Ἀναδυομένην.

1 Hom. II. vi. 236.
2 The terms are all technical ones of the wrestling school,
many of them, of course, bearing a double meaning.

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204.—BY THE SAME

Now you may say, "Golden gifts for brazen." 1 Sosiades the fair and Diocles the bushy are playing at "Give and take." Who compares roses with brambles, or figs with toadstools? Who compares a lamb like curdled milk with an ox? What dost thou give, thoughtless boy, and what dost thou receive in return? Such gifts did Diomedes give to Glaucus.

205.—BY THE SAME

My neighbour's quite tender young boy provokes me not a little, and laughs in no novice manner to show me that he is willing. But he is not more than twelve years old. Now the unripe grapes are unguarded; when he ripens there will be watchmen and stakes.

206.—BY THE SAME

A. "If you are minded to do thus, take your adversary by the middle, and laying him down get astride of him, and shoving forward, fall on him and hold him tight."  B. "You are not in your right senses, Diophantus. I am only just capable of doing this, but boys' wrestling is different. Fix yourself fast and stand firm, Cyris, and support it when I close with you. He should learn to practise with a fellow before learning to practise himself." 2

207.—BY THE SAME

YESTERDAY Diocles in the bath brought up a lizard 3 from the tub, "Aphrodite rising from the waves." 4

There are, it seems to me, two speakers, the boy's (Cyris) wrestling-master, Diophantus, and the author himself.

1 cp. No. 3.  2 Apelles' celebrated picture.
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ταύτην εἰ τις ἔδειξεν Ἀλέξανδρω τὸτ' ἐν ᾗ Ἰδη, τὰς τρεῖς ἄν ταύτης προκατέκρινε θεάς.

208.—TOY AYTOY

Εὐτυχεῖς, οὐ φθονεῖ, βιβλίδιον· ἡ ρά σ' ἀναγνώς
παῖς τις ἄναθλύσει, πρὸς τὰ γένεα τιθείς·
ἡ τρυφεροὶς σφίγξει περὶ χείλεσιν, ἢ κατὰ μηρῶν
εἰλήσει δροσερῶν, ὃ μακαριστότατον
πολλάκι φοιτήσεις ὑποκόλπιον, ἢ παρὰ δίφροις
βληθὲν τολμήσεις κεῖνα θυγεῖν ἀφόβως.
πολλὰ δ' ἐν ἧρμιτί προαλήσεις· ἀλλὰ ὑπὲρ ἦμῶν,
χαρτάριον, δέομαι, πυκνότερόν τι λάλει.

209.—TOY AYTOY

Μήτε λίπν στυγνὸς παρακέκλισο, μήτε κατηφίς,
Δίφελε, μηδ' εἴης παιδίον ἐξ ἁγέλης.
ἐστω ποινα λιμήματα, καὶ τὰ πρὸ ἔργων
παίγνια, πληκτισμοί, κυίσμα, φιλημα,1 λόγος.

210.—TOY AYTOY

Τρεῖς ἀρίθμη ους πάντας ὑπὲρ λέγω, ὅν δύο δρῶσων,
καὶ δύο πάσχουσιν. θαῦμα δοκῶ τι λέγειν.
καὶ μὴν τοῦ φευγός· δυσὶν εἴς μέσος γὰρ ὑπογραφῇ
tέρπων ἐξοπίθην, πρόσθε δὲ τερπόμενος.

211.—TOY AYTOY

Εἰ μὲν ἐφῶς ἀμύντος ἀκμῆν ὑπὲρ οὗ σ' ἐτὶ πείθω,
ὅρθως ἄν δείσαις, δεινὸν ἰσως δοκέων.

1 I conjecture κυίσματα βλήμα and render so.
STRATO'S MUSA PUERILIS

If someone had shown it to Paris then in Ida, he would have pronounced the three goddesses to be less fair than it.

208.—By the Same

Happy little book,¹ I grudge it thee not; some boy reading thee will rub thee, holding thee under his chin, or press thee against his delicate lips, or will roll thee up resting on his tender thighs, O most blessed of books. Often shalt thou betake thee into his bosom, or, tossed down on his chair, shalt dare to touch² without fear, and thou shalt talk much before him all alone with him; but I supplicate thee, little book, speak something not unoften on my behalf.

209.—By the Same

Lie not by me with so sour a face and so dejected, Diphilus, and be not a boy of the common herd. Put a little wantonness into your kisses and the preliminaries, toying, touching, scratching, your look and your words.

210.—By the Same

Tres numera cunctos in lecto, quorum duo faciunt et duo patiuntur. Miraculum quoddam videor narrare. Tamen non falsum; unus enim medius duobus inservit, delectans post, ante vero delectatus.

211.—By the Same

If you were still uninitiated in the matter about which I go on trying to persuade you, you would be right in being afraid, thinking it is perhaps some-

¹ In the form of a roll, of course; this explains several of the phrases. ² Illa tangere.
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εἰ δὲ σὲ δεσποτικὴ κοίτη πεπολήκε τεχνήτην,
tί φθονεῖς δοῦναι, ταυτὸ λαβών, ἐτέρῳ;
δὲ μὲν γὰρ καλέσας ἐπὶ τὸ χρέος, εἰτ’ ἀπολύσας,
εὔδει κύριος ὦν, μηδὲ λόγου μεταδοὺς.
 ἄλλη δ’ ἐνθα τρυφή’ παίξεις ἱσα, κοινὰ λαλήσεις,
tάλλα δ’ ἐρωτηθεῖς κούκ ἐπιτασσόμενος.

212.—TOY AYTOY

Αἰαὶ μοι τί πάλιν δεδακρυμένον, ἢ τί κατηφές,
paidión; εἶπον ἀπλῶς· μηδ’ ὀδύνα· τί θέλεις;
tὴν χέρα μοι κοίλην προσενήνυχα· ὡς ἀπόλωλα·
μισθὸν ἰσως αἰτεῖς· τοῦτ’ ἐμαθεῖς δὲ πόθεν;
οὐκέτι σοι κοπτής φίλαι πλάκες οὐδὲ μεληρὰ

213.—TOY AYTOY

Τῷ τοίχῳ κέκλωκας τὴν ὀσφύα τὴν περίβλεπτον,
Κύρι· τί πειράξεις τὸν λίθον; οὐ δύναται.

214.—TOY AYTOY

Δός μοι, καὶ λάβε χαλκὸν. ἔρεις ὅτι “Πλούσιος εἰμί.”
dώρησαι τοῖνυν τὴν χάριν, ὡς βασιλεὺς.

215.—TOY AYTOY

Νῦν ἔαρ εἰ, μετέπειτα θέρος· κάπειτα τί μέλλεις
Κύρις; βουλευσαί, καὶ καλάμη γὰρ ἐσῃ.
STRATO'S MUSA PUERILIS

thing formidable. But if your master's bed has made you proficient in it, why do you grudge granting the favour to another, receiving the same? For he, after summoning you to the business, dismisses you, and being your lord and master, goes to sleep without even addressing a word to you. But here you will have other enjoyments, playing on equal terms, talking together, and all else by invitation and not by order.

212.—By the Same

Woe is me! Why in tears again and so woe-begone, my lad? Tell me plainly; don't give me pain; what do you want? You hold out the hollow of your hand to me. I am done for! You are begging perhaps for payment; and where did you learn that? You no longer love slices of seed-cake and sweet sesame, and nuts to play at shots with, but already your mind is set on gain. May he who taught you perish! What a boy of mine he has spoilt!

213.—By the Same

You rest your splendid loins against the wall, Cyris. Why do you tempt the stone? It is incapable.

214.—By the Same

Grant it me and take the coin. You will say "I am rich." Then, like a king, make me a present of the favour.

215.—By the Same

Now thou art spring, and afterward summer, and next what shalt thou be, Cyris? Consider, for thou shalt be dry stubble too.
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216.—TOY AYTOY

Νῦν ὅρθη, κατάρατε, καὶ εὐτονος, ἡνίκα μηδὲν· ἡνίκα δ’ ἦν ἔχθεσ, οὐδὲν ὅλως ἀνέπνεις.

217.—TOY AYTOY

Ἥδη ἔπι στρατιῆς ὀρμᾶς, ἔτι παῖς ἀδαίης ὦν καὶ τρυφερὸς. τί ποιεῖς, οὔτος, ὅρα· μετάθου. οἴμοι τίς σ’ ἀνέπεισε λαβεῖν δόρυν· τίς χερὶ πέλτην; τίς κρύψαι ταύτην τὴν κεφαλὴν κόρυθι; ὁ μακαριστὸς ἐκεῖνος, ὅτες ποτὲ, καὶ ἦν Ἀχιλλεὺς 5 τοίῳ ἐνὶ κλισίῃ τερπόμενος Πατρόκλῳ.

218.—TOY AYTOY

Μέχρι τίνος σε γελῶντα μόνων, μηδὲν δὲ λαλοῦντα οὖσομεν; ἐπον ἀπλῶς ταῦτα σὺ, Πασίφιλε. αἰτώ, καὶ σὺ γελᾶς· πάλιν αἰτῶ, κοῦκ ἀποκρίνῃ· δακρύω, σὺ γελᾶς. βάρβαρε, τούτῳ γέλως;

219.—TOY AYTOY

Καὶ μυσθοῦς αἰτεῖτε, διδάσκαλοι; ὅς ἀχάριστοι ἐστέ· τί γάρ; τὸ βλέπειν παιδία μικρὸν ἵσως; καὶ τούτους λαλεῖν, ἀσπαζομένους τε φιλῆσαι; τούτῳ μόνον χρυσῶν ἀξίων σὺν ἔκατον; πεμπέτω, εἰ τίς ἔχει καλὰ παιδία· κἀμὲ φιλεῖτω, 5 μυσθοῦ καὶ παρ’ ἐμοῦ λαμβανέτω τί θέλει.

220.—TOY AYTOY

Οὐχὶ τὸ πῦρ κλέψας δέδεσαι, κακόβουλε Προμηθεῦ, ἀλλ’ ὅτι τὸν πηλὸν τοῦ Διὸς ἡφάνισας.
STRATOS MUSA PÆRILIS

216.—BY THE SAME

Nunc erecta, exsecranda, et rigida es, quum nihil adest; sed quando erat heri, nihil omnino spirabas.

217.—BY THE SAME

So soon thou rushest to the wars, still an ignorant boy and delicate. What art thou doing? Ho! look to it, change thy resolve. Alas! who persuaded thee to grasp the spear? Who bad thee take the shield in thy hand or hide that head in a helmet? Most blessed he, whoe'er he be, who, some new Achilles, shall take his pleasure in the tent with such a Patroclus!

218.—BY THE SAME

How long shall I bear with thee, thus laughing only and never uttering a word? Tell me this plainly, Pasiphilus. I entreat and thou laughest; I entreat again and no answer; I weep and thou laughest. Cruel boy, is this a laughing matter?

219.—BY THE SAME

You want payment too, you schoolmasters! How ungrateful you are! For why? Is it a small thing to look on boys and speak to them, and kiss them when you greet them? Is not this alone worth a hundred pounds? If anyone has good-looking boys, let him send them to me and let them kiss me, and receive whatever payment they wish from me.

220.—BY THE SAME

Thou art not in fetters for stealing the fire, ill-advised Prometheus, but because thou didst spoil
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πλάττων ἀνθρώπους, ἐβαλες τρίχας· ἐνθεν ὁ δεινὸς πόγων, καὶ κυήμα παισὶ δασυνομένη.
eἰτά σε δαρδάπτει Δίος αιετός, δς Γαυμμήδην ἡρπασ· ὁ γὰρ πόγων καὶ Δίος ἐστ᾽ ὀδύνη.

221.—TOY AYTOY

Στείχε πρὸς αἰθέρα δίον, ἀπέρχεο παιδα κομίζων,
αιτε, τὰς διφυείς ἐκπετάσας πτέρυγας,
στείχε τὸν άμβρον ἔχων Γαυμμήδεα, μηδὲ μεθείς
τὸν Δίος ἡδίστων οἰνοχῶν κυλίκων·
φείδεο δ' αἰμάξαι κοῦρον γαμψώνυμις ταρσῆ,
μὴ Ζεὺς ἀλγήσῃ, τοῦτο βαρυνόμενος.

222.—TOY AYTOY

Εὐκαίρως ποτὲ παιδοτρίβης, λείον προδιδάσκον,
eἰς τὸ γόνυ γνάψας, μέσσων ἐπαιδοτρίβει,
tῇ χερὶ τοὺς κόκκους ἐπαφώμενος. ἀλλὰ τυχαίοις
tοῦ παιδός χρήζων, ἦλθεν ὁ δεσπόσυνος·
δς δὲ τάχος τοῖς ποσσίν ὑποξώσας ἀνέκλινεν
ὑπτίου, ἐμπλέξας τῇ χερὶ τὴν φάρυγα.
ἀλλ' οὔκ ὃν ἀπάλαυστος ὁ δεσπόσυνος προσέειπεν·
"Παύσαι· τυγίζεις," φησί· "τὸ παιδάριον."

223.—TOY AYTOY

Τερπνῶν ὅλως τὸ πρόσωπον ἐμοὶ προσιόντος ἀπαρκεί·
οὐκέτι δ' ἔξοπιθεν καὶ παριόντα βλέπω.
οὔτω γὰρ καὶ ἄγαλμα θεοῦ καὶ νηὸν ὀρῶμεν
ἀντίον, οὖ πάντως καὶ τὸν ὀπισθόδομον.

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STRATO'S MUSA PUERILIS

the clay of Zeus. In moulding men thou didst add hairs, and hence comes the horrible beard, and hence boys' legs grow rough. For this thou art devoured by Zeus' eagle, which carried off Ganymede; for the beard is a torment to Zeus, too.

221.—By the Same

Hie thee to holy Heaven, eagle; away, bearing the boy, thy twin wings outspread. Go, holding tender Ganymede, and let him not drop, the ministrant of Zeus' sweetest cups. And take heed not to make the boy bleed with the crooked claws of thy feet, lest Zeus, sore aggrieved thereby, suffer pain.

222.—By the Same

Once a wrestling-master, taking advantage of the occasion, when he was giving a lesson to a smooth boy, cum in genu procumbere eum fecisset medium exercebat, manu baccas attractans. But by chance the master of the house came, wanting the boy. The teacher threw him quickly on his back, getting astride of him and grasping him by the throat. But the master of the house, who was not unversed in wrestling, said to him, "Stop, you are choking the boy."

223.—By the Same

His face as he approaches seems altogether delightful to me, and that suffices, and I turn not my head to look at him again as he passes. For thus do we look at the statue of a god and a temple, in front, but need not look at the back chamber too.
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224.—TOY AYTOY

Εἰς ἀγαθὴν συνέβημεν ἀταρπιτόν, ἂν ἀπὸ πρώτης
φράξεων ὁποις ἔσται, Δίφιλε, καὶ μονίμη.

ἀμφὸς γὰρ πτηνὸν τι λελόγχαμεν· ἐστὶ μὲν ἐν σοὶ
κάλλος, ἐρως δέ ἐν ἑμοὶ· καίρια δ’ ἀμφότερα.
ἀρτι μὲν ἁρμοσθέντα μένει χρόνον· εἰ δ’ ἀφύλακτα 5
μίμνετον ἀλλήλων, φύετ’ ἀποστάμενα.

225.—TOY AYTOY

Οὐδέποτ’ ἥλιον φάος ὀρθριον ἀντέλλοντος
μισθεσθαι ταῦρῳ χρή φλογέεντα κύνα,
μή ποτε καρπολόχου Δημήτερος ὑγρανθείης,
βρέξης τὴν λασίην Ἡρακλέους ἀλοχον.

226.—TOY AYTOY

Πάνωυχα μυδαλόεντα πεφυμένοις ὦματα κλαυθμῷ
ἀγρυπνῶν ἀμπαύνοι θυμῶν ἀδημονίῃ,
ἡ με κατ’ οὕν ἐκάμασσεν ἀποξενχέντος ἔταϊρον,
μουνίνον ἐπεί με λιπῶν εἰς ἑδὴν Ἁφεσον
χθιζὸς ἑβη Θεόδωρος· δει εἰ πάλι μὴ ταχὺς ἔλθοι, 5
οὐκέτι μονολοχεὶς κοῦτας ἀνεξόμεθα.

227.—TOY AYTOY

"Ἡν τινα κακό παριδείν ἔθελω καλὸν ἀντισυναντῶν,
βαιόν ὅσον παράβας εὐθὺ μεταστρέφομαι.

228.—TOY AYTOY

Παιδὰ μὲν ἡλιτόμηνον ἢ αἰφρονα καιρὸν ἀμαρτεῖν,
τῷ πείδοντι φέρει πλεῖον ὑβρισμα φίλω.

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224.—By the Same

We walk together in a good path, Diphilus, and take thou thought how it shall continue to be even as it was from the beginning. To the lot of each has fallen a winged thing; for in thee is beauty and in me love; but both are fugitive. Now they remain in unison for a season, but if they do not guard one another they take wing and are gone.

225.—By the Same

Nunquam sole oriente misceri oportet Tauro flammeum Canem, ne Cerere madefacta humectes villosam Herculis conjugem.¹

226.—By the Same

All night long, my dripping eyes tear-stained, I strive to rest my spirit that grief keeps awake—grief for this separation from my friend since yesterday, when Theodorus, leaving me here alone, went to his own Ephesus. If he come not back soon I shall be no longer able to bear the solitude of my bed.

227.—By the Same

Even if I desire to avoid looking at a pretty boy when I meet him, I have scarcely passed him when I at once turn round.

228.—By the Same

That an immature boy should do despite to his insensible age carries more disgrace to the friend who tempts him than to himself, and for a grown-up

¹ Hebe = pubes.
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ηδη δ’ εν νεότητι παρήλικα παιδικά πάσχειν, 
tφ παρέχοντι πάλιν τούτο δίς αἰσχρότερον. 
ἔστι δ’ ὃτ’ ἀμφοτέρους τὸ μὲν οὐκέτι, Μοῖρι, τὸ δ’ 
οὕπω 
ἀπρεπές, οἶδον ἐγὼ καὶ σὺ τὸ νῦν ἔχομεν.

229.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ως ἀγαθὴ θεός ἔστι, δι’ ἂν ὑπὸ κόλπουν, Ἀλεξι, 
πτύσμεν, ύστερόπτων ἀζόμενοι Νέμεσιν. 
ἡν σὺ μετερχομένην οὐκ ἐβλέπεσ, ἀλλ’ ἐνόμιζε 
ἐξεῖν τὸ φονευτὸν κάλλος ἀειχρόνων. 
νῦν δὲ τὸ μὲν διδὼλεν’ ἐλήλυθε δ’ ἡ τριχάλεπτος 5 
δαίμων’ χοί θέραπτες νῦν σε παρερχομεθα.

230.—ΚΑΛ∆ΙΜΑΧΟΤ

Τον τὸ καλὸν μελανεῦντα Θεόκριτον, εἰ μὲν ἐμ’ ἔχθει, 
τετράκι μισοῖς: εἰ δὲ φιλεῖ, φιλέως; 
ναίχι πρὸς εὐχαίτεω Γανυμήδεος, οὐράνιε Ζεῦ, 
καὶ σὺ ποτ’ ἡράσθης. οὐκέτι μακρὰ λέγω.

231.—ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Εὐκλείδη φιλέοντι πατὴρ θάνεν: ἂ μάκαρ αἰεί, 
kαὶ πρὶν ἐς ὅττι θέλων χρηστὸν ἔχων πατέρα 
kαὶ νῦν εὐφρονα νεκρόν. ἐγὼ δ’ ἔτι λάθρα παῖς; 
φεῦ μοίρης τε κακῆς καὶ πατρὸς ἄθανάτου.

232.—ΣΚΤΘΙΝΟΤ

Ὀρθὸν νῦν ἐστηκας ἀνώνυμον οὐδὲ μαραίνῃ, 
ἐντέτασαι δ’ ὡς ἂν μὴ ποτε παυσόμενον.

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youth to submit to that, his season for which is past, is twice as disgraceful to him who consents as it is to his tempter. But there is a time, Moeris, when it is no longer unseemly in the one, and not yet so in the other, as is the case with you and me at present.

229.—By the Same

What a good goddess is that Nemesis, to avert whom, dreading her as she treadeth behind us, we spit in our bosom! Thou didst not see her at thy heels, but didst think that for ever thou shouldst possess thy grudging beauty. Now it has perished utterly; the very wrathful 1 goddess has come, and we, thy servants, now pass thee by.

230.—CALLIMACHUS

If Theocritus, the beautifully brown, hate me, hate thou him, Zeus, four times as much, but if he love me, love him. Yea, by fair-haired Ganymede, celestial Zeus, thou too wert once in love. I say nothing further.

231.—STRATO

Euclides, who is in love, has lost his father. Ah, the ever lucky fellow! His father used ever to be good-natured to him about anything he wished, and now is a benevolent corpse. But I must still play in secret. Alas for my evil fate and my father's immortality!

232.—SCYTHINUS

Erecta nunc stas, O res non nominanda, neque tabescis, sed ita tensa es ut quae nunquam cessatura

1 There is a pun on τριχα, hair.
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ἀλλ’ ὅτε μοι Νεμεσηνὸς ὅλον παρέκλινεν ἐαυτόν,
πάντα δίδους ἂ θέλω, νεκρὸν ἀπεκρέμασο.
teίνεο, καὶ ρήσουν, καὶ δάκρυε: πάντα ματαίως,
oὐχ ἔξεις ἔλεον χειρὸς ἂφ’ ἡμετέρης.

233.—ΦΡΟΝΤΩΝΟΣ

Τὴν ἀκμὴν Ὄησαυρὸν ἔχειν, κωμῳδέ, νομίζεις,
oὐκ εἰδῶς αὐτὴν Φάσματος ὄξυτέρην.
pοιήσει σ’ ὁ χρόνος Μισούμενον, εἶτα Γεωργόν,
καὶ τὸτε μαστεύσεις τὴν Περικειρομένην.

234.—ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Εἰ κάλλει καυχά, γύνωσχ’ ὅτι καὶ ῥόδον ἄνθεί:
ἀλλὰ μαραθθέν ἀφινὸν σὺν κοπρίως ἑρίφη.
ἄνθος γὰρ καὶ κάλλος ἵσον χρόνον ἐστὶ λαχόντα:
tαῦτα δ’ ὀμὴ φθονέων ἐξεμάρανε χρόνος.

235.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἰ μὲν γηράσκει τὸ καλόν, μετάδος, πρὶν ἀπέλθῃ:
eἰ δὲ μένει, τί φοβῇ τοῦθ’ ὤ μενεὶ διδόναι;

236.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εὐνοῦχος τις ἔχει καλὰ παιδία: πρὸς τίνα χρῆσιν;
καὶ τούτοις βλάβην οὐχ οὐίην παρέχει.
ὁντως ὡς ὁ κύων φάτνη ρόδα, μωρὰ ἐ’ ὠλακτῶν
oὐθ’ αὕτῳ παρέχει τάγαθον, oὖθ’ ἑτέρῳ.

1 All these are titles of pieces by Menander. "The Countryman" seems to have dealt with marital jealousy, as
sirs. Verum quando Nemesenus totum se mihi acclinavit, cuncta quae volo, dans, mortua pendebas. Tendaris, rumparis, lacrimeris; omnia incassum; manus mea tui non miserebitur.

233.—FRONTO

Comedian, thou deemest that thy prime is "The Treasure," knowing not that it is swifter to depart than "The Phantom." Time will make thee "The Hated Man" and then "The Countryman," and then thou shalt seek "The Clipped Lady." ¹

234.—STRATO

If thou glorious in thy beauty, know that the rose too blooms, but withers of a sudden and is cast away on the dunghill. To blossom and to beauty the same time is allotted, and envious time withers both together.

235.—BY THE SAME

If beauty grows old, give me of it ere it depart; but if it remains with thee, why fear to give what shall remain thine?

236.—BY THE SAME

A certain eunuch has good-looking servant-boys—for what use?—and he does them abominable injury. Truly, like the dog in the manger with the roses, and stupidly barking, he neither gives the good thing to himself nor to anyone else.

did "The Clipped Lady," but I fail to see the exact point. cp. Agathias' imitation of this, Bk. V. 218.

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237.—TOY AYTOY

Χαίρε σύ, μισοπόννηρε πεπλασμένε, χαίρε, βάναυσε, ὁ πρόφην ὄμόσας μηκέτι μη διδόναι. μηκέτι νῦν ὄμόσης. ἔγνωκα γάρ, οὔδε με λήθεις; οίδα τὸ ποῦ, καὶ πῶς, καὶ τίνι, καὶ τὸ πόσον.

238.—TOY AYTOY

Ἀλλήλοις παρέχουσιν ἀμοιβαδήν ἀπόλαυσιν οἱ κύνεοι πῶλοι μειρακιευόμενοι. ἀμφαλλάξ δὲ οἱ αὐτοὶ ἀπόστροφα νωτοβατοῦνται, τὸ δρᾶν καὶ τὸ παθεῖν ἀντιπεραινόμενοι. οὐ πλεονεκτεῖται δ' οὔδ' ἄτερος. ἀλλοτε μὲν γὰρ ἵσταται ὁ προδίδους ἄλλοτ' ὀπισθε πάλιν. τούτ' ἐστὶν πάντως τὸ προσίμων· εἰς γὰρ ἀμοιβήν, ὡς λέγεται, κήθειν οἴδεν ὅνος τὸν ὄνον.

239.—TOY AYTOY

Πέντ' αἰτεῖς, δέκα δώσω· ἐέδικοσι δ' ἄντια ἔξεις. ἀρκεῖ σοι χρυσοὺς; ἡρκεσε καὶ Δανάη.

240.—TOY AYTOY

Ἡδὴ μοι πολλαι μὲν ἐπὶ κροτάφουσιν ἔθειραι, καὶ πέος ἐν μηροῖς ἀργὸν ἄποκρέμαται· ὄρχεις δ' ἀπρηκτοί, χαλεπὸν δὲ με γῆρας ἰκάνει. οἴμοι· πυγάζω καὶ οίδα, καὶ οὐ δύναμαι.

241.—TOY AYTOY

Ἀγκιστρον πεπόθκας, ἔχεις ἰχθῦν ἐμέ, τέκνον· ἔλκε μ' ὅπου βούλει· μὴ τρέχε, μὴ σε φύγω.
STRATO'S MUSA PÆRILIS

237.—By the Same

Off with thee, pretended hater of evil; off with thee, low-minded boy, who didst swear so lately that never again wouldst thou grant me it. Swear no longer now; for I know, and thou canst not conceal it from me, where it was, and how, and with whom, and for how much.

238.—By the Same

Mutuum sibi praebent voluptatem canum catuli ludentes, atque idem vicissim conversi a tergo ascenduntur, et facere et pati peragentes. Neuter vero minus aueert altero, is enim qui antea dedit rursus a tergo stat. Id est omnino prooemium, in vicem enim, quod aiunt, fricare novit asinus asinum.

239.—By the Same

You ask for five drachmas: I will give ten and you will... have twenty. Is a gold sovereign enough for you? Sovereign gold was enough for Danae.¹

240.—By the Same

Jam mihi cani sunt super temporibus capilli et mentula inter femora iners pendet, testiculi autem nihil agunt, et gravis me senecta invadit. Hei mihi! paedicare scio et nequeo.

241.—By the Same

You have made a hook, my child, and I am the fish you have caught. Pull me where you will, but don't run or you might lose me.

¹ We have the same pun in Bk. V. 31. The point of the epigram is obscure.
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242.—TOY AYTOY

Πρώην τὴν σαύραν ῥοδόδακτυλον, Ἄλκιμ', ἔδειξας·

vūn aútēn ἥδη kai ῥοδότηχυν ἔχεις.

243.—TOY AYTOY

Εἰ μὲ τὸ πυγίζειν ἀπολώλεκε, καὶ διὰ τοῦτο

†ἐκτρέφομαι ποδαγρῶν, Ζεῦ, κρεάγραν μὲ πόει.

244.—TOY AYTOY

Ἡ ἐσίδω τινὰ λευκὸν, ἀπόλιπυμαί· ἢν δὲ μελίχρουν,

κα猄μαί· ἢν ξανθὸν δ', εὐθὺς ὅλος λέλυμαι.

245.—TOY AYTOY

Πᾶν ἄλογον ζώων βινεὶ μόνον· οἱ λογικοὶ δὲ

tōn ἄλλων ζώων τοῦτ· ἔχωμεν τὸ πλέον,

πυγίζειν εὐρόντες. ὅσοι δὲ γυναιξὶ κρατοῦνται,

tōn ἄλογων ζώων οὐδὲν ἔχουσι πλέον.

246.—TOY AYTOY

Ζεῦγος ἀδελφείων με φιλεῖ. οὐκ οἶδα τίν’ αὐτῶν

dεσπόσυνον κρίνω· τοὺς δύο γὰρ φιλέω.

χῶ μὲν ἀποστείχει, ὁ δ’ ἐπέρχεται· ἔστι δὲ τοῦ μὲν

cάλλιστον τὸ παρὸν, τοῦ δὲ τὸ λειπόμενον.

247.—TOY AYTOY

Οἶον ἐπὶ Τροίη ποτ’ ἀπὸ Κρήτης, Θεόδωρε,

 IDEOGRAPHEOS θεράπουντ’ ἤγαγε Μηρίδων, χούβαρχην,
STRATO'S MUSA PUERILIS

242.—By the Same

[See Bk. XI. No. 21.]

243.—By the Same

Si paedicatio me perdidit et ob hoc podagra laboro
Jupiter fac me creagram.¹

244.—By the Same

If I see a white boy it is the death of me, and if
it be a honey-complexioned one I am on fire; but if
it be a flaxen-haired one I am utterly melted.

245.—By the Same

Omne animal rationis expers futuit modo; nos vero
qui rationis participes sumus, ceteris animalibus in hoc
praecellimus, quod paedicationem invenimus. Quot-
quot autem a mulieribus reguntur nihil plus habent
quam animales rationis expertes.

246.—By the Same

A pair of brothers love me. I know not which of
them I should decide to take for my master, for I
love them both. One goes away from me and the
other approaches. The best of the one is his pres-
ence, the best of the other my desire for him in his
absence.

247.—By the Same

Theodorus, as once Idomeneus brought from Crete
to Troy Meriones to be his squire, such a dexterous

¹ The joke is obscure.
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toīon ἔχω σε φίλον περιδέξιον. ἦ γὰρ ἐκεῖνος
ἀλλα μὲν ἦν θεράπων, ἀλλὰ δ’ ἐταιρόσυνος;
καὶ σὺ τὰ μὲν βιότοι διαγόροις ἐργα τέλει μοι;

νύκτα δὲ 1 πειρώμεν, ναὶ Δία, Μηριόνην.

248.—TOY AYTOY

Τίς δύναται γρώναι τὸν ἔρωμενον εἰ παρακμάζει,
πάντα συνὼν αὐτῷ μηδ’ ἀπολειπόμενος;

τίς δύνατ’ ὅυκ ἄρέσαι τὴν σήμερον, ἔχθες ἄρέσκων;
εἰ δ’ ἄρέσει, τί παθὼν αὐριον ὅυκ ἄρέσει;

249.—TOY AYTOY

Βουπόψη τε μέλισσα, πόθεν μέλι τοῦμόν ἰδοῦσα
παιδὸς ἐφ’ ἐναλέπν ὄψιν ὑπερτείτασαι;

οὐ παύσῃ βομβεύσα, καὶ ἀνθολόγοισι θέλουσα
ποσοῖν ἐφάρσαται χρωτὸς ἀκηροτάτον;

ἐρ’ ἐπὶ σοὺς μελίπαιδας ὅποι ποτὲ, δραπέτη, σύμ-

βλούς,
μή σε δάκω· κηνῷ κέντρον ἔρωτος ἔχω.

250.—TOY AYTOY

Νυκτερίνῳ ἔπικωμος ἤων μεταδόρπιον ὄρην
ἀρνα λύκος θυρέτροις εὗρον ἑφεσταότα,

νῦν Ἀριστοδίκου τοῦ γείτονος· ὅν περιπλεχθεῖς
ἐξεφίλουν ὄρκους πολλὰ χαριζόμενος.

νῦν δ’ αὐτῷ τί φέρων δωρήσομαι; οὐτ’ ἀπάτης γὰρ 5

ἀξίων, Ἐσπερίνης οὕτ’ ἐπιορκοσύνης.

1 I write νύκτα δὲ: νῦν δὲ γε MS.
friend have I in thee; for Meriones was in some things his servant, in others his minion. And do thou, too, all day go about the business of my life, but at night, by Heaven, let us essay Meriones.¹

248.—By the Same

Who can tell if his beloved begins to pass his prime, if he is ever with him and never separated? Who that pleased yesterday can fail to please to-day, and if he please now, what can befall him to make him displease to-morrow?

249.—By the Same

Ox-born bee, why, catching sight of my honey, dost thou fly across to the boy's face, smooth as glass? Wilt thou not cease thy humming and thy effort to touch his most pure skin with thy flower-gathering feet? Off to thy honey-bearing hive, where'er it be, thou truant, lest I bite thee! I, too, have a sting, even love's.

250.—By the Same

Going out in revel at night after supper, I, the wolf, found a lamb standing at the door, the son of my neighbour Aristodicus, and throwing my arms round him I kissed him to my heart's content, promising on my oath many gifts. And now what present shall I bring to him? He does not deserve cheating or Italian perfidy.

¹ For the pun on this name see No. 37.
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251.—TOY AYTOY
Πρόσθε μὲν ἀντιπρόσωπα φιλήματα καὶ τὰ πρὸ πείρας
eἶχομεν ὡς γὰρ ἀκμῆν, Δίφιλε, παιδάριον.

252.—TOY AYTOY
Ἐμπρήσω σε, θύρη, τῇ λαμπάδι, καὶ τὸν ἕνοικον
συμφλέξας μεθύων, εὐθὺς ἀπειμι φυγάς,
καὶ πλώσας Ἀδριανὸν ἐπ’ οὖνεπα πόντου, ἀλήτης
φωλῆσῳ γε θύραις νυκτὸς ἀνοιγομέναις.

253.—TOY AYTOY
Δεξιτερὴν ὁλίγον δὸς ἐπὶ χρόνον, οὐχ ἵνα παῦσης
(κεὶ μ’ ὁ καλὸς χλεύην ἔσχε) χοροιτυπῆς.

254.—TOY AYTOY
Εκ ποιου ναοῦ, πόθεν ὁ στόλος οὗτος Ἐρώτων,
πάντα καταστήλθων; ἄνδρες, ἀμαυρᾶ βλέπω.

τίς τούτων δοῦλος, τίς ἐλέυθερος; οὐ δύναμ’ εἰπεῖν.

ἀνθρώπος τούτων κύριος; οὐ δύναται.

εἰ δ’ ἔστιν, μεῖζων πολλῷ Δίος, ὃς Γαυμὴδην
ἔσχε μόνως, θεὸς δ’ ὃν πηλίκος; ὃς δὲ πόσους;

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251.—By the Same

Hitherto we had kisses face to face, and all that precedes the trial; for you were still a little boy, Diphilus. "But now I supplicate for them behind, that will be no longer with thee"¹ afterwards; for let all things be as befits our age.

252.—By the Same

I will burn thee, door, with the torch; and burning him who is within, too, in my drunken fury, I will straight depart a fugitive, and sailing over the purple Adriatic, shall, in my wanderings, at least lie in ambush at doors that open at night.

253.—By the Same

Give me thy right hand for a time, not to stop me from the dance, even though the fair boy made mockery of me. But if he had not been lying at the wrong time next his father, he would not, I swear, have seen me drunk to no purpose.

254.—By the Same

From what temple, whence comes this band of Loves shedding radiance on all? Sirs, my eyes are dazed. Which of them are slaves, which freemen? I cannot tell. Is their master a man? It is impossible; or if he be, he is much greater than Zeus, who only had Ganymede, though such a mighty god. While how many has this man!

¹ Hom. *Od.* xi. 66. Homeri verbis male abutitur.
255.—TOY AYTOY

Οὐδ’ αὕτῇ σ’ ἦ λέξις, ἀκοινώνητε, διδάσκει, ἐξ ἐτύμου φωνῆς ῥήμασιν ἐλκομένη; πᾶς φιλόπαις λέγεται, Διονύσιε, κού φιλοβούπαις. πρὸς τούτ’ ἄντειπεῖν μή τι πάλιν δύνασαι; Πῦθι ἀγωνοθετῶ, σὺ δ’ Ὄλυμπια: χοῦς ἀποβάλλων 5 έκκρίνω, τούτους εἰς τὸν ἀγώνα δέχῃ.

256.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

Πάγκαρτόν σοι, Κύπρι, καθήμορε, χειρὶ τρυγῆς παιδὼν ἄνθος, Ἐρως ψυχαπάτην στεφανον. ἐν μὲν γὰρ κρίνου ἢδυ κατεπλέξειν Διόδωρον, ἐν δ’ Ἀσκληπιάδην, τὸ γλυκὸ λευκὸν. ναὶ μὴν Ἡράκλειτον ἐπέπλεκεν, ὡς ἀπ’ ἀκάνθης 5 τεῖς ρόδου,1 οἴνανθη δ’ ὡς τις ἐθαλλε Δίων: χρυσάνθη δὲ κόμαις κρόκον Θήρωνα συνήψεν· ἐν δ’ ἔβαλ’ ἐρπύλλου κλώνιον Οὐλάδην, ἀβροκόμην δὲ Μυῖσκον, ἀειθαλῆς ἔρνος ἐλαίης: ἱμερτούς δ’ Ἀρέτον κλώνας ἀπεδρέπετο. 10 ὀλβιστῇ νήσῳ ἵερὰ Τύρος, ὅ το μυρωπνοὺν ἀλσὸς ἔχει παιδῶν Κύπριδος ἀνθοφόρον.

257.—TOY AYTOY

Ἀ πύματον καμπήρα καταγγέλλουσα κορωνίς, ἐρκούρος γραπτᾶς πιστοτάτα σελίσιν, φαμὶ τὸν ἐκ πάντων ἥθροισμένον εἰς ἑνα μόχθον ὑμνοθετάν ψύβας τὰν ἐνελξάμενον

1 I conjecture φο ρόδων and render so, taking the first ὄσ as = ὅσες. The bloom of Heraclitus and Dion was contemporary.

1 Which were held later in the year.
255.—By the Same

Unsociable man! does not the word itself teach you by the words from which it is truly derived? Everyone is called a lover of boys, not a lover of big boys. Have you any retort to that? I preside over the Pythian games, you over the Olympian, and those whom I reject and remove from the list you receive as competitors.

256.—MELEAGER

Love hath wrought for thee, Cypris, gathering with his own hands the boy-flowers, a wreath of every blossom to cozen the heart. Into it he wove Di- odorus the sweet lily and Asclepiades the scented white violet. Yea, and thereupon he pleated Hera- clitus when, like a rose, he grew from the thorns, and Dion when he bloomed like the blossom of the vine. He tied on Theron, too, the golden-tressed saffron, and put in Uliades, a sprig of thyme, and soft-haired Myiscus the ever-green olive shoot, and despoiled for it the lovely boughs of Aretas. Most blessed of islands art thou, holy Tyre, which hast the perfumed grove where the boy-blossoms of Cypris grow.2

257.—By the Same

I, the flourish that announce the last lap's finish, most trusty keeper of the bounds of written pages, say that he who hath completed his task, including in this roll the work of all poets gathered into one,

2 This, being a list of the boys Meleager himself knew at Tyre, cannot, as has been supposed, be the proem to a section of his Stephanus. The following epigram, on the other hand (if by Meleager), certainly stood at the end of the whole Stephanus.
ἐκτελέσαι Μελέαγρον, ἀείμνηστον δὲ Διοκλεῖ
ἀνθεσί συμπλέξαι μουσικόλοιν στέφανον.
ούλα δ' ἐγὼ καμφθείσα δρακοντείοις ἵσα νότοις,
σύνθρονος ἵδρυμαι τέρμασιν εὐμαθίας.

258.—ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Ἠ τάχα τις μετόπισθε κλύων ἐμὰ παίγνια ταῦτα,
πάντας ἑμοὺς δόξει τοὺς ἐν ἔρωτι πόνους:
ἀλλὰ δ' ἐγὼν ἀλλοισιν ἅεὶ φιλόπασιν χαράσσω
γράμματ', ἐπεὶ τις ἔμοι τοῦτ' ἐνέδωκε θεός.
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is Meleager, and that it was for Diocles he wove from flowers this wreath of verse, whose memory shall be evergreen. Curled in coils like the back of a snake, I am set here enthroned beside the last lines of his learned work.

258.—STRATO

*Perchance* someone in future years, listening to these trifles of mine, will think these pains of love were all my own. No! I ever scribble this and that for this and that boy-lover, since some god gave me this gift.
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