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THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY
II
THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

Volume I.
CHRISTIAN EPIGRAMS.
CHRISTODORUS OF THEBES IN EGYPT.
THE CYZICENE EPIGRAMS.
THE PROEMS OF THE DIFFERENT ANTHOLOGIES.
THE AMATORY EPIGRAMS.
THE DEDICATORY EPIGRAMS.

Volume III.
THE DECLAMATORY EPIGRAMS.

Volume IV.
THE HORTATORY AND ADMONITORY EPIGRAMS.
THE CONVIVIAL AND SATIRICAL EPIGRAMS.
STRATO'S MUSA Puerilis.

Volume V.
EPIGRAMS IN VARIOUS METRES.
ARITHMETICAL PROBLEMS, RIDDLES, ORACLES.
MISCELLANEA.
EPIGRAMS OF THE PLANUDEAN ANTHOLOGY NOT IN THE PALATINE MANUSCRIPT.
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Reprinted 1919.
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The genuine epitaphs (those actually engraved on tombstones) in this collection are comparatively few in number. It would be easy to draw up a list of them, but I refrain from this, as there are too many doubtful cases. Those on celebrities are of course all poetical exercises in the form of epitaphs, but a considerable number of those on unknown persons are doubtless the same. In order to appreciate the Greek sepulchral epigram as it was, we should have a selection of those actually preserved on stones. Cephalas has introduced a few copied from stones (330-335, 340, 346), but Meleager, Philippus, and Agathias drew, of course, from literary and not epigraphical sources in forming their anthologies.

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


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

Ζ

ΕΠΙΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΑ ΕΠΙΤΤΜΒΙΑ

1.—ΑΛΚΑΙΟΤ ΜΕΣΣΗΝΙΟΤ

'Ἡρών τὸν ἀοιδόν Ἰφ ἐν παιδέᾳ Ομηρον ἤκαθον, ἐκ Μουσέων γρίφον υφηνάμενον νέκταρι δ' εἰνάλιαι Νηρηίδες ἔχρισαντο, καὶ νέκυν ἀκταῖῃ θήκαν ὑπὸ σπιλάδι, ὅτι Θέτιν κύδηνε καὶ νίέα, καὶ μόθον ἄλλων ἰρών, Ἰθάκον τ' ἔργαμα Λαρτιάδεω. ὀλβίστη νήσων πόντῳ Ἰος, ὅτι κέκευθε βαιή Μουσάων ἀστέρα καὶ Χαρίτων.

2.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΤ

Τὰν μερόπτων Πειθώ, τὸ μέγα στόμα, τὰν ἵσα Μουσαίος φθεγξαμέναν κεφαλάν, ὦ ξένε, Μαιονίδεω ὁδ' ἐλαχὸν νασὶτις Ἰον σπιλάς· οὐ γὰρ ἐν ἄλλᾳ ἱερών, ἄλλ' ἐν ἑμοί, πνεῦμα θανῶν ἐλιπεν,

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

SEPULCHRAL EPIGRAMS

1.—ALCAEUS OF MESSENE

On Homer

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

2.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

On the Same

O stranger, it is granted to me, this island rock of Ios, to hold Maconides, the Persuader of men, the mighty-voiced, who sang even as the Muses. For in no other island but in me did he leave, when he died, the holy breath with which he told of the almighty not guess was: "What we caught we left, what we did not catch we bring," i.e. lice.
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ὁ εὐθύς Κρονίδαο τὸ παγκρατές, ὁ καὶ Ὁλυμπον καὶ τὰν Ἀιαντὸς ναύμαχον εἴπε βίαν, καὶ τὸν Ἀχιλλείους Φαρσαλίσιν Ἐκτορα πῶλοις ὡστέα Δαρδανικῷ δρυπτόμενον πεδίῳ.
eἱ δ’ ὀλίγα κρύπτω τὸν ταλίκον, ἵσθ’ ὅτι κεύθει καὶ Θέτιδος γαμέταν ἀ βραχύβωλος Ἰκος.

2 B.—ΑΛΛΟ

Εἰ καὶ βαιῶς ὁ τύμβος, ὁδοιπόρο, μὴ με παρέλθης, ἀλλὰ κατασπείσας, ἵσα θεοῖς σέβου.
τὸν γὰρ Πιερίδεσσι τετιμένον ἔξοχα Μούσαις ποιητὴν ἐπέων θείου Ὄμηρον ἐχώ.

3.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Ἐνθάδε τὴν ἱερὴν κεφαλὴν κατὰ γαῖα καλύπτει, ἀνδρῶν ἥρωων κοσμήτορα, θείου Ὅμηρον.

4.—ΠΑΤΛΟΤ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΥ

Ἐνθάδε Πιερίδων τὸ σοφὸν στόμα, θείου Ὅμηρον, κλεινὸς ἐπ’ ἀγχιάλῳ τύμβοις ἔχει σκοπέλῳ.
εἰ δ’ ὀλίγη γεγαινία τὸσον χάδεν ἀνέρα νῆσος, μὴ τόδε θαμβήσῃς, ὦ ἕνε, δέρκόμενος.
καὶ γὰρ ἀλητεύουσα κασιγνήτη ποτὲ Δήλος μητρὸς ἀπ’ ὁδίνων δέξατο Δητοῖθην.
BOOK VII. 2-4

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

2 B.—Anonymous

On the Same

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

3.—Anonymous

On the Same

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

4.—Paulus Silentarius

On the Same

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

5.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ, οἱ δὲ φασίν ΛΛΚΑΙΟΤ

Οὐδ’ εἰ με χρύσειον ἀπὸ ραίστηρος ὁμηρον
στήσητε φλογέως ἐν Δίως ἀστεροπαῖς,
οὐκ εἰμ’ οὐδ’ ἐσομαι Σαλαμίνιος, οὐδ’ ὁ Μέλητος
 Δμησαγόρου μὴ ταῦτ’ ὁμμασιν Ἐλλας ἵδοι.
ἀλλον ποιητήν βασανίζετε· τὰμὰ δὲ, Μοῦσαι
καὶ Χίος, Ἐλλήνων παισίν ἀείσετ’ ἐπη.

6.—ἈΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΤ

'Ἡρώων κάρυκ' ἄρετᾶς, μακάρων δὲ προφήταν,
’Ἐλλάνων βιοτὰ δεύτερον ἀέλιον,
Μουσών φέγγος ὁμηρον, ἀγήραντον στόμα κόσμου
παντός, ἀλιρροθία, ξείνε, κέκευθε κόνις.

7.—ΑΛΛΟ

Ἐνθάδε θείος ὁμηρος, δς Ἑλλάδα πᾶσαν ἀεισε,
Θῆβης ἐκγεγαδὼς τῆς ἐκατονταπῦλου.

8.—ἈΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΤ

Οὐκέτι θελγομένας, Ὁρφεῦ, δρύας, οὐκέτι πέτρας
ἀξεις, οὐ θηρῶν αὐτονόμους ἀγέλας·
οὐκέτι κοιμώσεις ἀνέμολ βρόμου, οὐχὶ χάλαζαν,
οὐ νιφετῶν συμμοί, οὐ παταγεύσαν Ἴλα.

1 To call himself yours.
2 This epigram is not meant to be sepulchral, but refers to
5.—Uncertain, by Some Attributed to Alcaeus

On the Same

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

6.—Antipater of Sidon

On the Same

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

7.—Anonymous

On the Same

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

8.—Antipater of Sidon

On the poet Orpheus, son of Oeagrus and Calliope

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

3 i.e. Egyptian Thebes, which also claimed to be his birthplace.
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9.—ΔΑΜΑΓΗΤΟΤ

'Oρφέα Θηρίκίσσι παρὰ προμολήσαν ὶΟλύμπου
τύμβος ἔχει, Μοῦσης νίεα Καλλιόπης,
ὁ δρῦς οὐκ ἀπίθησαν, ὅτε δὲν ἀμ' ἐσπετο πέτρη
ἀψυχος, θηρῶν θ' ὑλονόμων ἀγέλα,
ὁς ποτε καὶ τελετᾶς μυστηρίδας εὑρετο Βάκχου,
καὶ στὶχον ἱρώφ ξευκτον ἐτευξε ποδί,
ὁς καὶ ἀμειλίκτοι βαρὺ Κλυμένου γόμα
καὶ τὸν ἀκήλητον θυμὸν ἐθελξε λύρα.

10.—ΑΔΗΔΟΝ

Καλλιόπης 'Ορφῆα καὶ Οἰάγρου θανόντα
ἐκλαυσαν ξανθαί μυρία Βιστονίδες.
στικτοὺς δ' ἡμάξαντο βραχίονας, ἀμφιμελάνη
δευόμεναι σποδιῇ Θηρίκιον πλόκαμον.
καὶ δ' αὐταὶ στοναχεύστη πον ἐνφύρμιγγι Λυκείῳ
ἐρρηξαν Μοῦσαι δάκρυα Περίδες,
μυρόμεναι τὸν αοιδὸν ἐπωδύραντο δὲ πέτραι
καὶ δρῦς, ἂς ἔρατη τὸ πρὶν ἔθελγε λύρη.

11.—ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΤ

'O γλυκὺς Ἡρώνης οὗτος πόνος, οὐχὶ πολὺς μέν,
ὡς ἂν παρθενικαὶ εὖνεακαίδεκέτευς,
the roaring sea. For dead thou art; and the
daughters of Mnemosyne bewailed thee much, and
before all thy mother Calliope. Why sigh we for
our dead sons, when not even the gods have power
to protect their children from death?

9.—DAMAGETUS

On the Same

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

10.—Anonymous

On the Same

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

11.—ASCLEPIADES

On Erinna (inscribed on a Volume of her Poems)

This is the sweet work of Erinna, not great indeed
in volume, as being that of a maiden of nineteen,
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 Andreas, όποι πολλών δυνατώτερος, εἰ δ' Ἀίδας μοι μὴ ταχὺς ἤλθε, τίς τοι ταλίκον ἔσχ' ονόμα;
J. H. Merivale, in Collections from the Greek Anthology, 1833, p. 205; J. A. Symonds the younger, in Studies of the Greek Poets, ii. p. 305.

12.—ἈΔΗΛΟΝ

"Αρτι λοχευομένη σε μελισσοτόκου ἕαρ ὑμνων,
ἀρτι δὲ κυκνεῖο φθεγγομένη στοματι,
ἡλασεν εἰς 'Αχέροντα διὰ πλατὺ κύμα καμόντων
Μοῖρα, λυσκλώστου δεσπότις ἠλακάτης
σὸς δ' ἐπέων, Ἡρμινα, καλὸς πόνος οὐ σε γεγωνεὶ 5
φθισθαί, ἐχεῖν δὲ χοροὺς ἀμμιγα Πιερίσιν.

13.—ἌΕΩΝΙΔΟΤ, οἱ δὲ ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

Παρθενικὰν νεάοιδον ἐν ὑμνοπόλοισι μέλισσαν
'Ἡρμιναν, Μουσὸν ἄνθεα δρεπτομέναν,
"Αδας εἰς ύμεναιν ἀνάρπασεν. ἢ ρα τὸδ' ἐμφρων
ἐιπ' ἐτύμως ἀ παῖς. "Βάσκανος ἔσο', Ἁίδα."

14.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΤ

Σαπφώ τοι κεύθεις, χθὼν Αἰολί, τὰν μετὰ Μουσαίς
ἀθανάτας θνατὰν Μουσαν ἀειδομέναν,
ἀν Κύπρις καὶ 'Ερως συνάμ' ἐτραφον, ἄς μέτα Πειθὼ
ἐπλεκ' ἀείζων Πιερίδων στέφανον,
'Ελλάδι μὲν τέρψιν, σοὶ δὲ κλέος. ὁ τριέλικτον 5
Μοίραι δινέσαι νήμα κατ᾽ ἠλακάτας,
πῶς οὐκ ἐκλώσασθε πανάφθειτον ἡμαρ ἀοιδῷ
ὕφητα μησαμένα δῷρ 'Ἐλλικονιάδων;
A. Lang, Grass of Parnassus, ed 2, p 173.
but greater in power than that of many others. If Death had not come early to me, who would have had such a name?

12.—Anonymous

On the Same

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

13.—Leonidas or Meleager

On the Same

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

14.—Antipater of Sidon

On Sappho

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

Οὐνομά μεν Σαπφώ. τόσον δ’ ὑπερέσχον ἀοίδαν θηλείαν, ἀνδρῶν ὀσσον ο Μαιονίδας.

16.—PINTOT

Ὅστεα μὲν καὶ κωφὸν ἔχει τάφος οὐνομα Σαπφοῦς· αἱ δὲ σοφαὶ κεῖνης ῥύσιες ἄθανατοι.

17.—ΤΥΛΙΟΤ ΛΑΤΡΕΑ

Ἀιολικὸν παρὰ τύμβου ἱών, ξένε, μή με θανοῦσαι τὰν Μυτιληναῖαν ἐννέα, ἀοίδοπόλοιν· τόυτῳ γὰρ ἀνθρώπων ἐκαμον χέρες· ἔργα δὲ φωτῶν ἐς ταχυνήν ἔρρει τοιάδε ληθεδώνα. ἤν δὲ μὲ Μουσάων ἐτάσης χάριν, δὲν ἂφ’ ἐκάστης δαίμονος ἄνθος ἐμὴ θήκα παρ’ ἐννεάδι, γνώσεαι ὡς 'Αἰδεω σκότον ἐκφυγον· οὐδὲ τις ἐσταὶ τῆς θυρικῆς Σαπφοῦς νόσυμοι ἥλιοις.

18.—ANTIPATROT ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ

Ἄνερα μή πέτρη τεκμαίρει. λιτὸς ο τύμβος ὁφθηναι, μεγάλον δ’ ὁστεά φωτὸς ἔχει. εἰδήσεις 'Αλκμάνα, λύρης ἐλατήρα λακαίνης ἐξοχον, δὲν Μουσέων ἐννέα ἀριθμός ἔχει· κεῖται δ’ ἥπειροις διδύμοις ἐρις, εἴθ’ ὅγε Λυδός, εἴτε Λάκων· πολλαὶ μητέρες ὑμνοπόλων.
BOOK VII. 15-18

15.—ANTIPATER

On the Same

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

16.—PINYTUS

On the Same

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

17.—TULLIUS LAUREAES

On the Same

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

18.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

On Alcman

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

¹ i.e. books of verse.
19.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΤ

Τὸν χαρίεντ' Ἀλκμάνα, τὸν ὑμνητήρ' ὑμεναῖον κύκνον, τὸν Μουσῶν ἄξια μελψάμενον, τύμβος ἔχει, Σπάρτας μεγάλαν χάριν, ιείθ' ὃ γε λοίδος άχθος ἀπορρίψας οἴχεται εἰς 'Αἰδαν.

20.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

'Εσβέσθης, γηραιεῖ Σοφόκλεες, ἄνθος ἰωίδων, οἴνωπὸν Βάκχου βότρυν ἐρεπτόμενος.

21.—ΣΙΜΙΟΤ

Τὸν σὲ χοροῖς μέλψαντα Σοφοκλέα, παίδα Σοφίλλου, τὸν τραγικῆς Μούσης ἀστέρα Κεκρόπιον, πολλάκις δὲν ϑυμέλησι καὶ ἐν σκεμήσι τεθηλῶς βλαίσθος Ἀχαρνίτης κισὸς ἔρεψε κόμην, τύμβος ἔχει καὶ γῆς ὀλίγον μέρος, ἀλλ' ὁ περισσός αἴων ἀθανάτοις δέρκεται ἐν σελίσιν.

22.—ΤΟΥ ΛΥΤΟΥ

'Ηρέμ' ὑπὲρ τύμβοιο Σοφοκλέος, ἱρέμα, κισσε, ἔρπονζος, χλοεροὺς ἐκπροχέων πλοκάμους, καὶ πέταλον πάντη θάλλου ρώδου, ἡ τε φιλορρώξ ἀμπελος, ὑγρὰ πέριξ κλήματα χευαμένη, εἰνεκεν εὐεπτής πινυτόφρονος, ἢν ὁ μελιχρός ἡσκησεν ἐκ Μοῦσέων ἀμμυγα καὶ Χαρίτων.
BOOK VII. 19–22

19.—LEONIDAS (OF ALEXANDRIA?)

On the Same

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

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

20.—Anonymous

On Sophocles

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

21.—SIMIAS

On the Same

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

22.—By the Same

On the Same

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

Θάλλου τετρακόρυμβος, 'Ανάκρεον, ἀμφὶ σὲ κισσός,
ἀβρά τε λευμώνων πορφυρέων πέταλα.
πηγάς δ᾿ ἀργυρὸντος ἀναθλίβοιντο γάλακτος,
eὔόδες δ᾿ ὑπὸ γῆς ἕδυ χέοιτο μέθυ,
ὁφρα κὲ τοι σποδή τε καὶ ὡστέα τέρψιν ἀρηταί,
eῖ δὴ τις φθιμένοις χρύμπτεται εὐφροσύνα.

23 b.—ΕΙΣ ΤΟΝ ΑΥΤΟΝ

'Ω τὸ φίλον στέρξεις, φίλε, βάρβιτον, ὦ σὺν ἀοιδᾷ
πάντα διαπλώσας καὶ σὺν ἔρωτι βίον.

24.—ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ

'Ἡμεῖς πανθέλκτειρα, μεθυτρόφε, μήτερ ὀπώρας,
οὐλής ἡ σκολιὰν πλέγμα φύεις ἐλικος,
Τήνου ἡβήσειας 'Ανακρείωντος ἐπ᾽ ἀκρῆ
στήλη καὶ λεπτῷ χῶματι τοῦτε τάφου,
ὡς ὁ φιλάκρητος τε καὶ οἶνοβαρῆς φιλοκώμωις
παννύχισιν κρούων τὴν φιλοπαιδὰ χέλουν,
κήν χθονὶ πεπτηῶς, κεφαλῆς ἐφυπερᾷθε φροιτὸ
ἀγλαὸν ὀραῖων βότρυν ἀπ᾽ ἀκρημόνωι,
καὶ μιν ἀεὶ τέγγοι νοτερῇ δρόσος, ἦς ὁ γεφαιῶς
λαρότερου μαλακῶν ἐπνεεν ἐκ στομάτων.

25.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὗτος ’Ανακρείουτα, τὸν ἀφθιτον εἶνεκα Μουσέων
ὑμνοπόλον, πάτρης τύμβοις ἔδεκτο Τέω,
BOOK VII. 23-25

23.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

On Anacreon

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

23 B.—Anonymous

On the Same

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

24.—Simonides (?)

On the Same

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

25.—By the Same (?)

On the Same

In this tomb of Teos, his home, was Anacreon laid, the singer whom the Muses made deathless, who
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δς Χαρίτων πνείοντα μέλη, πνείοντα δ’ Ἱερώτων, τὸν γλυκὸν ἐς παίδων ἴμερον ἡμιόσατο.
μοῦνος δ’ εἰν Ἀχέροντι βαρύνεται, οὐχ ὦτι λείπων ἥλιον, Ἀίδης εὐθάδ’ ἐκυρεῖ δόμων.
ἀλλ’ ὦτι τὸν χαρίεντα μετ’ ἱδέοις Ἔρωτεστέα, καὶ τὸν Ἔσπεριν Ἡρώκα λέουπε πόθον.
μολπῆς δ’ οὐ λήγει μελητερέος, ἀλλ’ ἔτ’ ἐκεῖνον βάρβιτον οὐδὲ θανῶν εὐνάσεν εἰν Ἀἰδή.

26.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΥ

Ξείνε, τάφον παρά λιτὸν ’Ανακρίοιτος ἵμείβων,
ei τί τοι ἐκ βίβλων ἠλθέν εἵμων ὄφελος,
όπείσον ἐμὴ σποδὴ σπείσου γάνων, ὀφρα κεν οἷνω
ὀστεά γηθήσῃ τὰμὰ νοτιζόμενα,
ὡς ὦ Διωνύσου μεμελημένος εὐάσι κόμοις,
ὡς ὦ φιλακρήτῳ σύντροφος ἀρμονίης
μηδὲ καταφθίμενος Βάκχου δίχα τοῦτον ὑποίσω
τὸν γενεῆ μερόπων χῶρον ὀφειλόμενον.

27.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εἴης ἐν μακάρεσσι, ’Ανάκρεον, εὐχός ’Ἰώνων,
μήτ’ ἔρατῶν κόμων ἀνδίχα, μήτε λύρης:
ὕγρα δὲ δερκομένους ἐν ὀμμασιν οὐλον ἀείδοις,
αἰθύσσων λυπαρῆς ἀνθοὺς ὑπερθε κόμης,
ἡ πρὸς Εὔρυτύλην τετραμμένος, ἤ Ἔρωτεστή,
ἡ Κίκονα Ἡρηκὸς Ἔσπεριν πλοκαμόν,
ἡδὺ μέθυ βλύζων, ἀμφίβροχος ἐίματα Βάκχῳ,
ἀκρητὸν λείβων νέκταρ ἀπὸ στολίδων.
τρισσοῖς γάρ, Μούσαις, Διωνύσῳ καὶ ’Ερωτὶ,
πρέσβυν, κατεσπείσθη πᾶς ὁ τεὸς βίστος.
set to the sweet love of lads measures breathing of
the Graces, breathing of Love. Alone in Acheron he
grieves not that he has left the sun and dwelleth
there in the house of Lethe, but that he has left
Megisteus, graceful above all the youth, and his
passion for Thracian Smerdies. Yet never doth he
desist from song delightful as honey, and even in
Hades he hath not laid that lute to rest.

26.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

On the Same

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

27.—By the Same

On the Same

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

'Ω ξένε, τόνδε τάφον τόν 'Ανακρείοντός ἁμείβων, σπείσον μοι παρίών· εἰμὶ γὰρ οἴνοπότης.

29.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΤ

Εὔδεις ἐν φθιμένουσιν, 'Ανάκρεον, ἐσθλὰ πονήσας, εὔδει δ' ἡ ολυκερή νυκτιλάλος κιθάρῃ εὔδει καὶ Σμέρδις, τὸ Πόδων ἔαρ, ὡς ἐν μελίσσων βάρβιτ' ἀνεκρούν νέκταρ ἔναρμόνιον. ἥθεὼν γὰρ Ἔρωτος ἐφφυσκοπός· εἰς δὲ σὲ μοῦνον 5 τόξα τε καὶ σκολιᾶς εἶχεν ἐκηβολίας.

30.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τύμβος Ανακρείοντος· ὁ Τήϊος ἐνθάδε κύκνος εὔδει, χή παίδων ξωροτάτη μανίη. ἀκμὴν οἱ λυρόεν τι μελίζεται ἀμφὶ Βαθύλλω ἰμερα, καὶ κισσοῦ λευκὸς ὄμωδε λίθος. οὐδ' Αίδης σοι ἔρωτας ἀπέσβεσεν, ἐν δ' Ἀχέροντος 5 ὅν ὅλος ὀδύνεις Κύπριδι θερμοτέρη.

31.—ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΤ

Σμερδὴν ὧν ἑπὶ Θρηκὶ τακεῖς καὶ ἑπ' ἐσχατοῦ ὀστεὺν, κώμον καὶ πάσης κοίρανε πανυχίδος,
BOOK VII. 28–31

28.—Anonymous

On the Same

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

29.—Antipater of Sidon

On the Same

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

30.—By the Same

On the Same

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

31.—Dioscorides

On the Same

O Anacreon, delight of the Muses, lord of all revels of the night, thou who wast melted to the
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τερπνότατε Μουσήσιον Ἀνάκρεον, δ' ἤπει Βασίλισσ
χλωρῶν ὑπὲρ κυλίκων πολλάκις δάκρυν χέας,
αὐτόμαται τοι κρῆναι ἀναβλύζοιεν ἀκρήτουν,
κην μακάρων προχοαὶ νέκταρος ἀμβροσίοιν ·
αὐτόματοι δὲ φέροιεν ἵππον, τὸ φιλέστερον ἄνθος,
κῆποι, καὶ μαλακὴ μύρτα τρέφοιτο δρόσῳ
ὀφρα καὶ ἐν Δηνούς οἰνωμένος ἄβρα χορεύσῃς,
βεβληκώς χρυσέναν χεῖρας ἐπ᾽ Εὐρυπύλην.

32.—ΙΟΥΛΙΑΝΟΤ ΑΠΟ ΤΩΝ ΧΩΝ
ΔΙΓΓΙΤΟΤ

Πολλάκι μὲν τὸδ’ ἀείσα, καὶ ἐκ τύμβου δὲ βοήσω·
"Πένετε, πρὶν ταύτην ἀμφιβαλήσθε κόνιν."

33.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

α. Πολλὰ πιῶν τέθνηκας, Ἀνάκρεον. β. Ἀλλὰ
τρυφήσας·
καὶ σὺ δὲ μὴ πίνων ἱξεις εἰς Ἀἰδῆν.

34.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΤ

Πιερίκαν σάλπνηγγα, τὸν εὐαγέρων βαρὺν ὑμνῶν
χαλκευτάν, κατέχει Πίνδαρον ἀδε κόνις,
οὗ μέλος εἰσαιὼν φθέγξαιό κεν, ὡς ἀπὸ Μοῦσῶν
ἐν Κάδμου θαλάμῳς σμήνας ἀπεπλάσατο.
marrow of thy bones for Thracian Smerdies, O thou who often bending o'er the cup didst shed warm tears for Bathyllus, may founts of wine bubble up for thee unbidden, and streams of ambrosial nectar from the gods; unbidden may the gardens bring thee violets, the flowers that love the evening, and myrtles grow for thee nourished by tender dew, so that even in the house of Demeter thou mayest dance delicately in thy cups, holding golden Eurypyle in thy arms.

32.—JULIANUS, PREFECT OF EGYPT

On the Same

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

33.—BY THE SAME

On the Same

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

34.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

On Pindar

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

"Αρμενος ἦν ξεύνοισιν ἀνὴρ ὁδε καὶ φίλος ἀστοῖς,
Πίνδαρος, εὐφώνων Πιερίδων πρόπολος.

36.—ΕΡΤΚΙΟΤ

Αἰεὶ τοι λιπαρῷ ἐπὶ σήματι, διέ Σοφόκλειος,
σκηνήτης μαλακοὺς κισσῶς ἀλοῖτο πόδας,
αἰεὶ τοι βούταυσι περιστάξετο μελίσσαις
τὺμβοις, 'Τυμπτεῖφω λειβόμενος μέλιτι,
ὡς ἂν τοι ἰεή μὲν αἰεὶ γάνος 'Αθηίδι δέλτῳ
κηρός, ύπὸ στεφάνωις δ' αἰεὶν ἔχεις πλοκάμους.

37.—ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΤ

a. Τύμβος ὁδ' ἐστ', ὀνθρωπε, Σοφικλέος, ὃν παρὰ
Μουσέων
ἱρὴν παρθεσίην, ιερὸς ὄν, ἐλαχοῦ
ὅς με τὸν ἐκ Φλιοῦντος, ἐτὶ τρίβολον πατέοντα,
πρίνιον, ἐς χρύσεον σχῆμα μεθηρμόσατο,
καὶ λεπτὴν ἐνέδυσεν ἀλουργίδα· τοῦ δὲ θανόντος 5
εὐθετον ὀρχιστῇν τῇδ' ἀνέπαυσα πόδα.

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

35.—LEONIDAS

On the Same

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

36.—ERYCIAS

On Sophocles

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

37.—DIOSCORIDES

On the Same

(A statue of a Satyr is supposed to speak)

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

\(^2\) i.e. from the rude Satyric drama he evolved Attic tragedy—a very exaggerated statement.
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38.—ΔΙΟΔΩΡΟΤ

Θείος 'Αριστοφάνευς ύπερ ἐμοὶ νέκυς: εἰ τίνα πεύθη, κωμικός, ἀρχαίης μνήμα χοροστάσιης.

39.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ

Ὁ τραγικὸν φῶνημα καὶ ὀφρυνόσσαν ἀοιδὴν πυρηνᾶς στιβαρῆς πρώτος ἐν εὐπήγῃ,
Λισχύλος Εὐφορίωνος, Ἕλευσινής ἑκάς αἰής κεῖται, κυδαῖνων σήματι Τρινακρίνη.

40.—ΔΙΟΔΩΡΟΤ

Λισχύλον ἦδε λέγει ταφὶν λίθος ἐνθάδε κεῖσθαι τὸν μέγαν, οἰκείης τῇλ' ἀπὸ Κεκροπίης,
λευκὰ Γέλα Σικελίου παρ’ ὑδατα· τίς φθόνος, αἰαί, Θησείδας ἠγαθῶν ἔγκοτος αἰεὶν ἔχει;

41.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

'Α μᾶκαρ ἀμβροσίης συνέστει φίλτατε Μούσαις, χαίρε καὶ εἶν 'Αἴδεω δῶμασι, Καλλίμαχε.
B. "Blessed art thou, how excellent thy post! And the mask of a girl in thy hand with shaven hair as of a mourner, from what play is she?" A. "Say Antigone if thou wilt, or say Electra; in either case thou art not wrong, for both are supreme." ¹

38.—DIODORUS

On Aristophanes

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

39.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

On Aeschylus

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

40.—DIODORUS

On the Same

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

41.—ANONYMOUS

On Callimachus

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

¹ The Satyr would have carried the mask of Sophocles' best creation.
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42.—ΑΛΛΑ

'Α μέγα Βαττιάδαο σοφοῦ περίπνυστον ὀνειρῷ,
ἡ β' ἑτεῦν κεράων, οὐδὲ ἐλεφαντος ἦν.
τοὶ τὰ γὰρ ἀμμὶν ἑφήνας, ἄτ' οὐ πάρος ἀνέρες ἵδμεν,
ἀμφί τε ἄθανάτους, ἀμφί τε ἡμιθέους,
εντε μὲν ἐκ Αἰβύης ἀναεῖρας εἰς Ἑλικώνα
ἡγαγες ἐν μέσσαις Πιερίδεσσι φέρον
αἱ δὲ οἱ εἰρομένῳ ἀμφὶ ὁγυγίων ἱρῶν
Αἰτία καὶ μακάμων εἶρον ἄμειβόμεναι.

43.—ΙΩΝΟΣ

Χαίρε μελαμπτάλοι, Εὐρυτίδη, ἐν γυάλοισι
Πιερίας τὸν ἄεί νυκτὸς ἐχων θάλαμον·
ἲσθι δ' ὕπω χθονὸς ὡν, ὅτι σοι κλέος ἀφθητον ἐσται
ἰσον Ὅμηρειας ἀενῶις χάρισιν.

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

44.—ΙΩΝΟΣ

Εἰ καὶ δακρυόεις, Εὐρυτίδη, εἰλέ σε πῶτμος,
καὶ σε λυκορραίσται δείπνου ἐθεντο κύνες,
τὸν σκηνή μελήγηρν ἁγιόνα, κόσμον Ἄθηνῶν,
τὸν σοφῆς Μουσέων μεξάμενον χάριτα,
ἀλλ' ἐμολες Πελλαίων ὑπ' ἱρίον, ως ἄν ὁ λάτρης
Πιερίδων ναιης ἀγχόθι Πιερίδων.
BOOK VII. 42-44

42.—Anonymous

On the Actia (Origins) of the Same

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

43.—ION

On Euripides

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

44.—By the Same

On the Same

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

1 Callimachus claimed that the Muses revealed the matter of the poem to him in a dream.
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45.—ΘΟΥΚΤΔΙΔΟΤ

Μνήμα μὲν Ἐλλάς ἀπασ' Ἑυριπίδου· ὡστέα δ' ἱσχει γῇ Μακεδόνι· ἥ γὰρ δέξατο τέρμα βίου. πατρίς δ' Ἐλλάδος Ἐλλάς, Ἀθήναι· πλείστα δὲ Μούσαις τέρψας, ἐκ πολλῶν καὶ τὸν ἐπαινοῦν ἔχει.

46.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Οὐ σὸν μνήμα τὸδ' ἔστ', Ἑυριπίδη, ἀλλὰ σὺ τοῦδε· τῇ γὰρ δόξῃ μνήμα τὸδ' ἀμπέχεται.

47.—ΑΛΛΟ

'Απασ' Ἀχαϊς μνήμα σὸν, Ἑυριπίδη' οὐκοῦν ἄφωνος, ἀλλὰ καὶ λαλητέος.

48.—ΑΛΛΟ

Αἰθαλέοιο πυρὸς σάρκες ῥιπῆσι τρυφηλαί ληφθεῖσαι, νοτίην δὼσαν ἀπ' αἴθῳμενα· μοῦνα δ' ἐνεστὶ τάφῳ πολυδακρύῳ ὡστέα κωφά, καὶ πόνος εἰνοδίους τῇδε παρερχομένοις.

49.—ΒΙΑΝΟΡΟΣ

'Α Μακετις σε κέκευθε τάφου κόνις· ἀλλὰ πυρωθεῖς Ζανὶ κεραυνεῖς, γαϊαν ἀπημφίασας. τρὶς γὰρ ἐπαστράψας, Ἑυριπίδη, ἐκ Δίως αἰθὴρ ἔγνισε τὰν θνατὰν σῶματος ἱστοριᾶν.¹

¹ Bury suggests ἄρμοιαν in v. 4, and I render so.
45.—THUCYDIDES THE HISTORIAN

On the Same

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

46.—Anonymous

On the Same

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

47.—Anonymous

On the Same

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

48.—Anonymous

On the Same

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

49.—BIANOR OF BITHYNIA

On the Same

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

Την Εὐρηπίδεω μήτ’ ἔρχεο, μήτ’ ἐπιβάλλουν,
δύσβατον ἀνθρώποις οίμον, ἄοιδοθέτα.
λέιη μὲν γὰρ ἰδεῖν καὶ ἐπίρρηθος.  
ἡν δὲ τις αὐτήν
ἐισβαίνη, χαλεποῦ τρηχυτέρη σκόλοπος.
ἡν δὲ τὰ Μηδείης Αἰντίδος ἄκρα χαράξης,
ἀμνήμων κείση νέρθεν.  
ἐα στεφάνους.

51.—ἈΔΑΙΟΤ

Οὐ σε κυνῶν γένος εἰλ’, Εὐρηπίδη, οὔδε γυναικὸς
οἶστρος, τὸν σκοτής Κύπριδος ἄλλτριον,
ἄλλ’ Ἀἰδής καὶ γῆρας. ὑπαί Μακέτη ἰ’ Ἀρεθούσῃ
κεῖσαι, ἐπαρείγει τίμιος Ἀρχέλεω.
σὸν δ’ οὔ τοῦτον ἐγὼ τίθεμαι τάφον, ἄλλα τὰ
Βάκχον
βήματα καὶ σκηνᾶς ἐμβάδ’ ἐρειδομένας.

52.—ΔΗΜΙΟΤΡΓΟΤ

Ἐλλάδος εὐρυχόρου στέφανον καὶ κόσμον ἄοιδῆς,
Ἀσκραίων γενεὴν Ἡσίόδον κατέχω.

53.—ΑΔΗΛΩΝ

Ἡσίόδος Μούσαις Ἐλικώνιστι τόνδ’ ἄνέθηκα,
ὕμνῳ νικήσας ἐν Χαλκίδι θείου Ὄμηρον.
BOOK VII. 50–53

50.—ARCHIMEDES
   On the Same

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

51.—ADAEUS
   On the Same

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

52.—DEMIURGUS
   On Hesiod

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

53.—ANONYMOUS
   On an ex-voto dedicated by Hesiod

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

¹ By retouching.
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54.—ΜΝΑΣΑΛΚΟΤ

'Ασκρη μὲν πατρίς πολυλήβος, ἀλλὰ θανόντος
ὀστέα πληξίππων γῇ Μινυῶν κατέχει
'Ησιόδου, τοῦ πλείστων ἐν ἀνθρώποις κλέος ἐστίν
ἀνδρῶν κρινομένων ἐν βασάνῳ σοφίς.

55.—ΑΛΚΑΙΟΤ

Ἀκρίδος ἐν νέμει σκιερῷ νέκυν Ἡσιόδοιον
Νῦμφαι κρηνίδων λούσαν ἀπὸ σφετέρων,
καὶ τάφον ύψώσαντο· γάλακτι δὲ ποιμένες αἰγῶν
ἐρραναν, ξανθῷ μιξάμενοι μέλιτι·
τοιὴν γὰρ καὶ γῆρυν ἀπέπνευεν ἐννέα Μουσέων
ὁ πρέσβυς καθαρῶν γενσάμενοι λιβάδων.

56.—ΑΔΗΛΑΩΝ

Ἡν ἄρα Δημοκρίτοιο γέλως τόδε, καὶ τάχα λέξειν
“Οὐκ ἔλεγον γελόσων, Πάντα πέλουσι γέλως;
καὶ γὰρ ἐγὼ σοφίην μετ’ ἀπείρωνα, καὶ στίχα βίβλων
τοσσατίων, κεῖμαι νέρθε τάφοις γέλως.”

57.—ΑΛΛΟ

Καὶ τίς ἔφυ σοφὸς ὅδε; τίς ἔργον ἐρεξε τοσοῦτον,
ὅσσον ὁ παντοδαίης ἠνυσε Δημόκριτος;
BOOK VII.  54-57

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

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

56.—ANONYMOUS
   On Democritus of Abdera
   So this was the cause of Democritus' laughter, and perchance he will say, "Did I not say, laughing, that all is laughter? For even I, after my limitless wisdom and the long series of my works, lie beneath the tomb a laughing-stock."

57.—DIOGENES LAERTIUS
   On the Same
   Who was ever so wise, who wrought such a deed as omniscient Democritus, who had Death for three

1  Orchomenus.
2  For these epigrams of Diogenes see note to No. 83.
58.—ΙΟΤΑΙΑΝΟΤ ΑΠΟ ΤΠΑΡΧΩΝ ΑΙΓΤΠΙΟΤ

Εἰ καὶ ἀμειδήτων νεκύων ὑπὸ γαίαν ἀνάσσεις,
Φερσεφόνη, ψυχὴν δέχυνσο Δημοκρίτου
electronous γελώσαν, ἐπει καὶ σείο τεκόσαν
ἀχυμενήν ἐπὶ σοὶ μοῦνος ἐκαμψε γέλως.

59.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Πλούτων δέξο μάκαρ Δημοκρίτου, ὡς κεν ἀνάσσων
αἰεν ἀμειδήτων καὶ γελώσανα λάχοις.

60.—ΣΙΜΙΟΤ

Σωφροσύνη προφέρων θυντῶν ἦσει τε δικαίῳ
ἐνθάδε κέιται ἂνηρ θείος Ἀριστοκλῆς.
εἰ δὲ τις ἐκ πάντων σοφίσεις μέγαν ἐσχεν ἐπαινοῦ,
oúτος ἔχει πλείστον, καὶ φθόνον οὐ φέρεται.

61.—ΑΔΕΣΠΙΟΤΟΝ

Γαία μὲν ἐν κόλποις κρύπτει τόδε σῶμα Ἡλάτωνος,
ψυχὴ δ' ἄθάνατον τάξιν ἔχει μακάρων

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

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

58.—JULIANUS, PREFECT OF EGYPT

On the Same

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

59.—BY THE SAME

On the Same

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

60.—SIMIAS

On Plato

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

61.—ANONYMOUS

On the Same

The earth in her bosom hides here the body of Plato, but his soul has its immortal station among the supply him every day with hot loaves, and by putting the steaming bread to his nose kept himself alive until the feast was over. 2 Plato's original name

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νίου Ἀρίστωνος, τὸν τις καὶ τηλόθι μαίων τιμᾶ ἀνήρ ἀγαθὸς, θείον ἱδόντα βίον.

62.—ἈΔΛΛΟ

a. Λελετέ, τίπτε βέβηκας ὑπὲρ τάφου; ἢ τίνος, εἰπέ, ἀστερόεντα θεῶν οἶκον ἀποσκοπέεις;
β. Ψυχὴς εἰμὶ Πλάτωνος ἀποπταμένης ἐσ Ὁλυμποῦ εἰκῶν σῶμα δὲ γῆ γηγενὲς Ἀθῆς ἔχει.


63.—ἌΔΕΣΙΠΟΤΟΝ

Τὸν κύνα Διογένην, νεκυνοστόλε, δέξο με, πορθμεῦ, γυμνόσαντα βίον παντὸς ἐπισκύνιον.

64.—ἌΔΗΛΛΟΝ

a. Εἰπέ, κύον, τίνος ἀνδρὸς ἐφεστῶς σήμα φυλάσσεις;
β. Τοῦ Κυνὸς. a. Ἀλλὰ τίς ἢν οὗτος ἀνήρ ὁ Κύων;
β. Διογένης. a. Γένος εἰπέ. β. Σινωπεύς. a. Ὁς πίθον ὥστε;
β. Καὶ μάλα νῦν δὲ θανῶν ἀστέρας οἶκον ἔχει.

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

65.—ἈΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ

Διογένευς τὸδε σήμα, σοφοὶ κυνὸς, ὡς ποτε θυμῷ ἀρσεν οὐμνήτην ἐξεπονεὶ βίοτον,
blest, the soul of Ariston's son, whom every good man, even if he dwell in a far land, honours in that he saw the divine life.

62.—Anonymous

On the Same

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

63.—Anonymous

On Diogenes

O ferryman of the dead, receive the Dog Diogenes, who laid bare the whole pretentiousness of life.

64.—Anonymous

On the Same

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

65.—Antipater

On the Same

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

1 Literally "eye-brow" used like the Latin supercilium for "affectation."
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66.—ONEΣΤΟΤ

Βάκτρον καὶ πήρη καὶ διπλόου εἶμα σοφοῖο
Διογένειος βιότον φόρτος ὁ κουφότατος.
πάντα φέρω πορθμῆνι λέλοιπα γὰρ οὐδὲν ὑπὲρ γῆς.
ἀλλὰ κύον σαίνοις Κέρβερε τὸν μὲ κύνα.

67.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΤ

'Αίδεω λυπηρὰ διηκόνε, τοῦτ' 'Αχέροντος ὑδῷρ ὃς πλώεις πορθμίδι κυανή,
δέξαι μ’, εἰ καὶ σοι μέγα βριθέται ὀκρνόεσσα
βάρις ἀποφθειμένων, τὸν κύνα Διογένην.
ἀλτῆ μοι καὶ πήρη ἔφόλκια, καὶ τὸ παλαιὸν ἐσθός, χῶ φθιμένους ναυστολέων ὀβολὸς.
πάνθ’ ὃσα κὴν ξωῖς ἐπεπάμεθα, ταῦτα παρ’ Ἀδαν ἔρχομ’ ἔχων’ λείπω δ’ οὐδὲν ὑπ’ ἑλίῳ.

68.—ἈΡΧΙΟΤ

'Αἰδὸς ὁ νεκυνηγε, κεχαρμένε δάκρυσι πάντων,
ὅς βαθὺ πορθμεύεις τοῦτ’ Ἀχέροντος ὑδὸρ,
εἰ καὶ σοι βέβριθεν ὑπ’ εἰδώλοις καμὼν τὸν ὀλκάς, μὴ προλίπης Διογένη μὲ κύνα.
BOOK VII. 65-68

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

66.—HONESTUS

On the Same

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

67.—LEONIDAS

On the Same

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

68.—ARCHIAS

On the Same

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

Κέρβερε δειμαλέην ὑλακήν νεκύεσσιν ἄλλων,
ηδη φρυκαλέου δείδθι καὶ σὺ νέκυν.
Ἄρχιλόχος τέθνηκε· φυλάσσεο θυμόν ἵμβων
δρμύν, πικροχόλου τικτόμενον στόματος.
οἴσθα βοίς κείνοι μέγα σθένος, εὔτε Λυκάμβεω
νηὺς μία σοι δισσὰς ήγαγε θυγατέρας.

70.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Νῦν πλέον ἢ τὸ πάροιθε πῦλας κρατεροῦ βερέθρου
ὀμμασιν ἄγρυπνοις τρισσε φύλασσε κύνος.
εὶ γὰρ φέγγος ξέλειπον ἀλυσκάζουσαι ἱάμβων
ἄγριον Ἀρχιλόχος φλέγμα Λυκαμβιάδες,
πῶς οὐκ ἂν προλιποὶ σκοτίων πυλεώνας ἐναιλών
νεκρὸς ἀπας, φεύγον τάρβος ἐπεσβολίς;

71.—ΓΑΙΤΟΤΑΙΚΟΤ

Σήμα τόδ’ Ἀρχιλόχου παραπόντιον, ὡς ποτε πικρὴν
Μοῦσαν ἔχιδναιῳ πρῶτος ἔβαψε χόλω,
a staff, and a cloak, and a wallet, and the obol thy fare. These things that I carry with me now I am dead are all I had when alive, and I left nothing in the daylight.

69.—JULIANUS, PREFECT OF EGYPT

On Archilochus

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

70.—By the Same

On the Same

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

71.—GAETULICUS

On the Same

This tomb by the sea is that of Archilochus, who first made the Muse bitter dipping her in vipers'

¹ They hanged themselves owing to Archilochus' bitter verses on them.
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αἰμὰξας Ἐλικώνα τῶν ἤμερον. οἴδε Αυκάμβης, μυρόμενος τρισσῶν ἀμματα θυγατέρων.
ἡρέμα δὴ παράμειψον, ὀδούπορε, μὴ ποτε τοῦδε κινήσης τύμβῳ σφῆκας ἐφεξομένους.

72.—ΜΕΝΑΝ∆ΡΟΤ ΚΩΜΙΚΟΤ

Χαίρε, Νεοκλείδα, δίδυμον γένος, δὲν ὁ μὲν ὕμῶν πατρίδα δουλοσύνας ῥύσαθ', ὁ δ' ἀφροσύνας.

73.—ΓΕΜΙΝΟΤ

᾿Αντὶ τάφου λιτοὶ θές Ἑλλάδα, θές δ' ἐπὶ ταύταν δούρατα, βαρβαρικὰς σύμβολα ναυφθορίας, καὶ τύμβῳ κρήπιδα περίγραφε Περσικὸν ἂρη καὶ Ἑρέξῃ; τοῦτοις θάπτε Θεμιστοκλέα.
στάλα δ' ἀναλαμις ἐπικείσεται, ἐργα λέγουσα τὰμά: τί με σμικροῖς τὸν μέγαν ἐντίθετε;
A. J. Butler, Amaranth and Asphodel, p. 58.

74.—ΔΙΟ∆ΩΡΟΤ

Τοῦτο Θεμιστοκλεῖ ἐξενὸν ἡρίον εἰςατο Μάγινης λαὸς, ὅτ' ἐκ Μήδων πατρίδα ρυσάμενος ὀθνεῖν ὑπέδυ χθόνα καὶ λίθων. ἂθέλεν οὔτως ὁ φθόνος: αἱ δ' ἀρεταὶ μεῖον ἔχουσι γέρας.

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BOOK VII. 71-74

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

72.—MENANDER

On Epicurus and Themistocles

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

73.—GEMINUS

On Themistocles

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

74.—DIODORUS

On the Same

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

Στασίχορον, ζαπληθῆς ἀμέτρητον στόμα Μοῦσης, ἐκτερίσειν Κατάνας αἰθαλὸν δάπεδον,
οὐ, κατὰ Πυθαγόρου φυσικάν φάτιν, ἀ πρὶν Ὄμηρον
ψυχὰ ἐνι στέρνοις δεύτερον φύκισατο.

76.—ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΤ

Ἐμποτῆς λήξαντα Φιλόκριτον, ἄρτι δ’ ἀρότρον
 γενόμενον, ξείνῳ Μέμφις ἐκρυψε τάφῳ,
 ἔνθα δραμὼν Νείλοιο πολὺς ρόδος ὑδατι λάβρω
 τάνδρος τὴν ὀλύμπην βόλου ἀπημφίασε.
 καὶ ξώσε μὲν ἔφευγε πικρὴν ἀλα ὅν ἔν δὲ καλυφθείς 5
 κύμασι ναυηγὸν σχέτλιος ἐσχε τάφον.

77.—ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΤ

Οὗτος ὁ τοῦ Κείλων Σιμωνίδεω ἐστὶ σαυτήρ,
 ὅσ καὶ τεθνῆσ᾽ ξῶντ᾽ ἀπέδωκε χάριν.

78.—ΔΙΟΝΤΣΙΟΤ ΚΤΖΙΚΗΝΟΤ

Πριντερόν γῆρας σε, καὶ οὐ κατὰ νοῦς ἀμαυρὴ
 ἔσβινθεν εὐνύθην δ’ ὑπὸν ὁφειλόμενον,
 ἀκρα μεριμνήσας, Ἕρατόσθενες οὐδὲ Κυρῆνη
 μαίά σε πατρίδων ἐντὸς ἐδεκτὸ τάφων,

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

75.—ANTIPATER (OF SIDON?)

On Stesichorus

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

76.—Dioscorides

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

77.—Simonides

On Simonides (?)

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

78.—Dionysius of Cyzicus

On Eratosthenes

A mild old age, no darkening disease, put out thy light, Eratosthenes son of Aglaus, and, thy high studies over, thou sleepest the appointed sleep. Cyrene thy mother did not receive thee into the written by Simonides on the tomb of a man whose corpse he found on the shore and buried, and whose ghost appeared and forbade him to sail in a ship which was wrecked on her voyage.
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'Αγλαοῦ νιέ· φίλος δὲ καὶ ἐν ξείνῃ κεκάλυψαι
πὰρ τόδε Πρωτής κράσπεδον αἰγιαλοῦ.

79.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

a. Ὁνθρώπος, Ἡράκλειτος ἐγὼ σοφὰ μοῦνος ἀνευρεῖν
φαμί· τὰ δ᾽ ἐς πάτραν κρέσσονα καὶ σοφίσσι·
λὰς γὰρ καὶ τοκέωνας, ὥ ἐνε, δύσφρονας ἀνδρας
ὑλάκτενν. Β. Δαματρὰ θρεψαμένοις χάρισ.
a. Οὐκ ἀπ᾽ ἐμεῦ; Β. Μὴ τρηχύς. a. Ἐπεὶ τάχα
καὶ σὺ τι πεύσῃ
τρηχύτερον πάτρας. Β. Χαίρε. a. Σὺ δ᾽ ἐξ
'Eφέσου.

80.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΤ

Εἰπέ τις, Ἡράκλειτε, τεῦν μόρον, ἐς δὲ με δάκρυ
ήγαγεν, ἐμνήσθην δ᾽ ὀσσάκις ἀμφότεροι
ὅλιον ἐν λέσχη κατεδύσαμεν· ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν ποιοῦ,
ζεῖν Ἀλικαρνησεῖ, τετράπαλαι σποδήν·
αἴ δὲ τεῖα ξώουσιν ἄχρονες, ἤσιν δὲ πάντων
ἀρπακτής. Αἰδης οὐκ ἐπὶ χείρα βάλει.

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

81.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΤ

Ἐπὶ τὰ σοφῶν, Κλεόβουλε, σὲ μὲν τεκνώσατο Λίνδος;
φατὶ δὲ Σισυφία χθὸν Περίανδρον ἔχειν.

1 i.e. at Alexandria.
BOOK VII. 78–81

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

79.—MELEAGER

On Heraclitus of Ephesus

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

80.—CALLIMACHUS

On Heraclitus of Halicarnassus, the Elegiac Poet

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

81.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

On the Seven Sages

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

2 The epigram is obscure and the arrangement of the dialogue doubtful. I follow Headlam (Class. Rev. xv. p. 401).
3 The title of a book of poems.
4 Corinth.
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Πιττακόν ἀ Μιτυλήνα: Βλαντα δε δια Πριήνη·
Μίλητος δε Θαλήν, ἀκρον ἕρεισμα Δίκας·
ἀ Σπάρτα Χίλωνα· Σόλωνα δε Κεκροπίς αἰα,
pάντας ἀριζάλου σωφροσύνας φύλακας.

82.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Δωρίδος ἐκ Μοῦσης κεκορυθμένον ἁνέρα Βάκχω,
καὶ Σατύροις Σικελῶν τηδ Ἐπίχαρμον ἐκχω.

83.—ΑΛΛΟ

Τόνδε Θαλῆν Μίλητος Ἐας θρέψας ἁνέδειξεν,
ἀστρολόγων πάντων πρεσβύτατον σοφή.

84.—ΑΛΛΟ

Ἡ ὀλίγον τόδε σάμα, τὸ δε κλέος ουρανόμηκε
τοῦ πολυφρονίστου τοῦτο Θάλητος ὅρι.

85. <ΔΙΟΓΕΝΟΣ ΛΑΕΡΤΙΟΤ>

Γυμνικὸν αὖ ποτ' ἀγῶνα θεώμενον, ἥλιε Ζεῦ,
τὸν σοφὸν ἀνδρα Θαλὴν ἥρπασας ἐκ σταδίου,
αἰνεῖστι μὲν ἐγγὺς ἀπήγαγο: ἢ γὰρ ὁ πρέσβις
οὐκέθ' ὅριν ἀπὸ γῆς ἀστέρας ἦδυνατο.

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

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

82.—Anonymous

On Epicharmus

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

83.—Anonymous

On Thales

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

84.—Anonymous

On the Same

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

85.—Diogenes Laertius

On the Same

Once, Zeus the Sun, didst thou carry off from the stadion, as he was viewing the games, Thales the sage. I praise thee for taking him away to be near thee, for in truth the old man could no longer see the stars from earth. anecdotest to which they refer. These I give in such cases in the briefest possible form.

Thales died from the effect of heat and thirst while watching the games.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

86.—ΑΔΗΛΩΝ

'Η Μήδων ἀδικον παύσασ' ὑβριν ἦδε Σόλωνα
tόνδε τεκνοὶ Σαλαμίς θεσμοθέτην ἱερὸν.

87. <ΔΙΟΓΕΝΟΤΣ ΛΕΕΡΤΙΟΤ>

Σῶμα μὲν ἴπε Σόλωνος ἐν ἀλλοδαπῇ Κύπριον πῦρ,
όστα δ' ἔχει Σαλαμίς, ὃν κόμις ἀστάχυνες.
ψυχὴν δ' ἄξονες εὐθὺς ἐς οὐρανὸν ἔγαγον·
ἐὰν γὰρ
θῆκε νόμοις ἀστοῖς ἀχθεα κουφότατα.

88. <ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ>

Φωσφόρε σοὶ Πολύδευκες ἕχω χάριν, οὐνεκεν νίδος
Χίλωνος πυγμῇ χλωρὸν ἔλευν κότινοι·
ei δ' ὁ πατὴρ στεφανοῦχον ἰδὼν <téknon> ἤμυσεν
ἡσθεῖς,
οὐ νεμεσητῶν· ἐμοὶ τοίος ἦτω θάνατος.

89. <ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΤ>

Εἰνος Ἀταρνεῖτης τις ἀνείρετο Πυττακὸν οὔτω
τῶν Μυτιληναίον, παιδα τὸν Τρράδιον·
"'Αττα γέρον, δοιὸς με καλεῖ γάμος· ἢ μία μὲν δὴ
νύμφῃ καὶ πλοῦτῳ καὶ γενεῇ κατ' ἐμέ·
86.—Anonymous

On Solon

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

87.—DIOGENES LAERITIUS

On the Same

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

88.—By the Same

On Chilon

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

89.—CALLIMACHUS

On Pittacus (not Sepulchral)

A guest from Atarne thus questioned Pittacus of Mytilene, the son of Hyrrha. ⁰“Daddy grey-beard! a two-fold marriage invites me. The one bride is suitable to me in fortune and family, but

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

η δ’ ἐτέρη προβεβηκε. τί λῷον; εἰ δ’ ἄγε σὺν μοι βούλευσον, ποτέρην εἰς ύμέναιον ἄγω.”
eἰπεν. ὁ δὲ σκίτωνα, γεροντικὸν ὀπλον, ἄείρας,
“Ἡνίδ’, ἐκείνοι σοι πὰν ἔρευνσιν ἐπος.”
(οἱ δ’ ἀρ’ ὑπὸ πληγῆσι βοῖας βέμβικας ἔχοντες ἐστρεφον εὑρείῃ παίδες εἰς τριόδων)
“κεῖνων ἀρχεο,” φησί, “μετ’ ἰχνα.” χὼ μὲν ἐπέστη 
πλησίον ὁ δ’ ἐλεγον. “Ἰὴν κατὰ σαυτὸν ἔλα.”
tαῦτ’ ἀϊὼν ὁ κεῖνος ἐφείσατο μείζονος οἴκον 
δράξασθαι, παῖδων κληδόνα συνθέμενοι.
τὴν δ’ ὀλίγην ὡς κεῖνος ἐς οἶκον ἐπῆγετο νύμφην,
oὔτω καὶ σὺ γ’ ἴδων τὴν κατὰ σαυτὸν ἔλα.

90.—ΑΛΛΟ

Κλεινοῖς ἐν δαπέδωσι Πριήνης φύντα καλύπτει
ἡδὲ Βίαντα πέτρη, κόσμον Ἡσίου μέγαν.

91. <ΔΙΟΓΕΝΟΤΣ ΛΕΕΡΤΙΟΤ>

Τῇδε Βίαντα κέκενθα, τὸν ἀτρέμας ἤγαγεν Ἐρμῆς 
eἰς ’Αἰδήν, πολυφ γῆραί νυφόμενον.
eἰπε γὰρ, εἰπε δίκην ἐτάρον τινός. εἴτ’ ἀποκλινθεὶς
παῖδος ἐς ἁγκαλίδας μακρὸν ἐτείνει ὑπνον.

1 The boys were saying, each to his own top, “Drive the way that suits you” (“Go the way you like”). The same phrase means “Drive her that suits you.” “Drive” in Greek often has a coarse meaning.

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

90.—Anonymous

On Bias

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

91.—Diogenes Laertius

On the Same

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

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

Ές Σκυθίην Ἀνάχαρσις ὄτ' ἤλυθε πολλὰ μογῆσας, πάντας ἐπείθε βιοῦν ἱδέσιν ἐλλαδικοῖς· τὸν δ' ἐτι μύθον ἀκραντὸν ἐνὶ στομάτεσσιν ἔχοντα πτηνὸς ἐς ἀθανάτους ἠρτασεῖν ὡκα δόναξ.

93.—ΑΛΛΟ

Εἰς Φερεκύδην

Τῆς σοφίης πάσης ἐν ἐμοὶ τέλος· ὃν δὲ τι πάσχω, Πυθαγόρη τῷ μῷ λέγε ταῦθ', ὅτι πρῶτος ἀπάντων ἐστὶν ἀν’ Ἑλλάδα γῆν. οὗ ψεύδομαι ὃδ’ ἄγορεύων.

94.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Ἐνθάδε, πλεῖστον ἀληθείας ἐπὶ τέρμα περίῆσας οὐρανίου κόσμου, κεῖται Ἀναξαγόρας.

95.—ΔΙΟΓΕΝΟΤΣ ΛΑΕΡΤΙΟΥ

Ἡλιον πυρόεντα μύδρον ποτὲ φάσκειν ὑπάρχειν, καὶ διὰ τούτο θανεῖν μέλλειν Ἀναξαγόρας· ἀλλ’ ὁ φίλος Περικλῆς μὲν ἐρύσατο τούτου· ὁ δ’ αὐτῶν ἐξάγαγεν βιότου μαλθακίᾳ σοφίης.
BOOK VII. 92–95

92.—By the Same

On Anacharsis

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

93.—Anonymous

On Pherecydes

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

94.—Anonymous

On Anaxagoras

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

95.—DIOGENES LAERTIUS

On the Same

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

¹ Anacharsis was shot by his brother for trying to introduce Greek religious rites.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

96. <TOY AYTOY>
Πίνε νυν ἐν Δίως ὧν, ὁ Σῶκρατες· ἢ σε γὰρ οὖν καὶ σοφῶν εἶπε θεὸς, καὶ θεὸς ἢ σοφία.
πρὸς γὰρ Ἀθηναίων κόψειιον ἀπλῶς σὺ ἐδέξω, αὐτοὶ δ’ ἐξέπιον τοῦτο τεῳ στόματι.

97. <TOY AYTOY>
Οὐ μόνον ἐς Πέρσας ἄνεβη Ξενοφῶν διὰ Κύρου, ἀλλ’ ἄνοδον ξητῶν ἐς Δίως ἡτίς ἁγοῦν
παιδείης γὰρ ἐής Ἐλληνικὰ πράγματα δείξας,
ὡς καλὸν ἡ σοφίη μνῆσατο Σωκράτεος.

98. <TOY AYTOY>
Εἰ καὶ σέ, Ξενοφῶν, Κραναοῦ Κέκροπος τε πολῖται
φεύγειν κατέγραψεν τοῦ φίλου χάριν Κύρου,
ἀλλὰ Κόρινθος ἔδεκτο φιλόξενος, ἢ σὺ φιληδῶν
οὖτως ἀρέσκῃ κεῖθι καὶ μένειν ἔγνως.

99.—ΠΛΑΤΩΝΟΣ ΦΙΛΟΣΟΦΟΤ
Δάκρυνα μὲν Ἦκαβη τε καὶ Ἰλιάδεσπι γυναιξὶ
Μοῖραι ἐπέκλωσαν δὴ ποτὲ γεινομέναις.
σοὶ δὲ, Δίων, ῥέξαντι καλὸν ἐπινύκιον ἔργων
ἐαίμονες εὐρείας ἐλπίδας ἐξέχεαν.
BOOK VII. 96–99

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

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

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

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

¹ Little sense can be made of line 3. I think there is an attempt to allude to both the Cyropædia and the Hellenica.
² Both legendary kings of Athens.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

κεῖσαι δ' εὐρυχόρῳ ἐν πατρίδι τίμιος ἀστοῖς, ὃ ἐμὸν ἐκμήνας θυμὸν ἔρωτι Δίων.

100.—ΠΛΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Νῦν ὅτε μηδέν, Ἀλέξις, ὅσον μόνον εἶφ', ὅτι καλός, ὅπται, καὶ πάντῃ πᾶσι περιβλέπεται.

θυμέ, τί μημέις κυσίν ὁστέον, εἴτ' ἀνιήσει ὤστερον; οὐχ οὕτω Φαῖδρον ἀπωλέσαμεν;

101. <ΔΙΟΓΕΝΟΤΣ ΛΑΕΡΤΙΟΤ>

'Αλλ' εἰ μὴ Σπευσιππον ἐμάνθανον ὅδε θανεῖσθαι, οὔκ ἄν ἐπεισέ μὲ τις τόδε λέξαι,

ὡς ἦν οὐχὶ Πλάτων πρὸς αἶματος, οὐ γὰρ ἄθυμὼν κάθθανεν ἄν διά τι σφόδρα μικρόν.

102. <ΤΟΥ ΛΥΤΟΥ>

Χαλκῆ προσκόψας λεκάνη ποτέ, καὶ τὸ μέτωπον πληξας, ἵαχεν Ὡμό σύντονον, εἴτ' ἔθανεν,

ὁ πάντα πάντῃ Ξεισκράτης ἀνὴρ γεγώς.

1 Spensippus was Plato's nephew. Diogenes Laertius does not as a fact deny this. He committed suicide, according to
reaching hopes. But thou liest in thy spacious city, honoured by thy countrymen, Dio, who didst madden my soul with love.

100.—By the Same

On Alexis and Phaedrus (not an epitaph)

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

101.—Diogenes Laertius

On Speusippus

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

102.—By the Same

On Xenocrates

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

the story referred to, owing to being insulted by the cynic Diogenes.
103. <ANTAGOROT>

Μνήματι τῷ δε Κράτητα θεουδέα καὶ Πολέμωνα ἐννεπε κρύπτεσθαι, ξεῖνε, παρερχόμενος,
ἀνδράς ὀμοφροσύνη μεγαλητορας, ὃν ἀπὸ μῦθος ἱερὸς ἥισσεν δαιμονίον στόματος,
καὶ βίοτος καθαρὸς σοφίας ἐπὶ θείον ἐκόσμει αἰώνι ἀστρέπτοις δόγμασι πειθόμενος.

104. <ΔΙΟΓΕΝΟΤΣ ΔΑΕΡΙΤΙΟΤ>

Ἀρκεσίλαι, τί μοι τί τοσοῦτον ἀκρητον ἀφειδως ἔσπασας, ὧστε φρεινῶν ἐκτὸς ὀλισθεὶς ἔως;
oικτείρῳ σ’ οὐ τόσον ἐπεὶ θάνες, ἀλλ’ ὀτι Μοῦσας ὕβρισας, οὐ μετρίη χρησάμενος κύλικι.

105.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Καὶ σέο, Δακύδη, φατιν ἐκλυνο, ὡς ἄρα καὶ σε Βάκχος ἐλὼν ἄιδην ποσσίν ἐσυρεν ἄκροις.
ἡ σαφεὶς ἡν’ Διώνυσος ὦτ’ ἁν πολὺς ες δέμας ἑλθη, λύσε μέλη· διὸ δὴ μῆτι Λῡνεος ἕφι;

106.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

"Χαῖρετε καὶ μέμνησθε τὰ δόγματα:" τούτ’ Ἦπικουρος ὑστατον εἶπε φίλους οἴσιν ἀποθῆκεν:
θερμὴν ἐς πύελον γὰρ ἐσῆλθε, καὶ τὸν ἀκρητον ἔσπασεν, εἰτ’ ἄιδην ψυχρὸν ἐπεσπάσατο.

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

103.—ANTAGORAS
On Polemo and Crates

Stranger, as thou passest by, tell that this tomb holds god-like Crates and Polemo, great-hearted kindred spirits, from whose inspired mouths the holy word rushed. A pure pursuit\(^1\) of wisdom, obedient to their unswerving doctrines, adorned their divine lives.

104.—DIOGENES LAERITIUS\(^2\)
On Arcesilaus

Arcesilaus, why did you drink so much wine, and so unsparingly as to slip out of your senses? I am not so sorry for you because you died as because you did violence to the Muses by using immoderate cups.\(^3\)

105.—On Lacydes

And about you too, Lacydes, I heard that Bacchus took hold of you by the toes and dragged you to Hades. It is clear; when Bacchus enters the body in force he paralyses the limbs. Is that not why he is called Lyaeus?\(^4\)

106.—On Epicurus

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

\(^{1}\) 104-116 are all by him.
\(^{3}\) Lacydes died of paralysis caused by intemperance.
\(^{4}\) *i.e.* Loosener.
107.—TOY AYTOY

Μέλλων Ἐυρυμέδων ποτ' Ἀριστοτέλην ἀσεβείας γράψασθαι, Δηνοῦς μύστιδος ὑπὶ πρότοπολος, ἀλλὰ πιὸν ἀκόνιτον ὑπέκφυγε· τοῦτ' ἀκονίτι ἦν ἀρα νικήσαι συκοφάσεις ἁδίκους.

108.—TOY AYTOY

Καὶ πῶς εἴ μὴ Φοίβος ἀν' Ἑλλάδα φῦσε Πλάτωνα, ψυχὰς ἀνδρῶπων γράμμασιν ἡκέσατο; καὶ γὰρ ὁ τούτῳ γεγος 'Ἀσκληπιίδος ἔστιν ἴητηρ σῶματος, ὅς ψυχῆς ἠθανάτου Πλάτων.

109.—TOY AYTOY

Φοίβος ἐφύσε βρότοις 'Ἀσκληπιίδων ἵδε Πλάτωνα, τὸν μὲν ἵνα ψυχὴν, τὸν δὲ ἵνα σῶμα σάοις δαισάμενος δὲ γάμον, πόλιν ἐλυθεν ἤν ποθ' ἐαυτῷ ἐκτίσε, καὶ δαπέδω Ζηνὸς ἐυδρύσατο.

110.—TOY AYTOY

Ὅμως τούτῳ μάταιον ἔπος μερόπων τινὶ λέχθη, ἰόγυνυσθαι σοφίας τόξον ἁνεμένου· δὴ γὰρ καὶ Θεόφραστος ἐως ἐπόνει μὲν ἀπηρος ἦν δέμας, εἰτ' ἀνεθεὶς κάθανε πηρομελίς.

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

107.—On Aristotle

Eurymedon, the priest of Demeter, was once about to prosecute Aristotle for impiety, but he escaped by drinking hemlock. This was then, it seems, to overcome unjust slander without trouble.¹

108.—On Plato

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

109.—On the Same

Phoebus generated for mortals both Asclepius and Plato, the one to save the body, the other the soul. After celebrating a marriage he went to the city which he had founded for himself and was established in the house of Zeus.²

110.—On Theophrastus

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

Plato is said to have died after attending a wedding feast. By the "city he had founded for himself" Diogenes means the Republic.
111.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἀπετῶς ἄνηρ δέμας ἦν—εἰ μὴ προσέχῃς, ἀποχρή μοι
Στράτωνα τοῦτ’ οὖν φημὶ γε,
Δαμφαίκος οὖν ποτ’ ἐφυσεν· ἀεὶ δὲ νόσοισι παλαίων
θυμήσκει λαθών, οὐδ’ ἦσθετο.

112.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὐ μᾶ τὸν, οὐδὲ Λύκωνα παρίσομεν, ὅτι ποδαλγής
κάτθανεν· θαυμάζω τοῦτο μάλιστα δ’ ἐγώ,
τὴν οὖτος οίδαι τακρὴν ὅδον εἰ πρὶν ὁ ποσίν
ἀλλοτρίως βαδίσας ἐδραμε νυκτὶ μιᾷ.

113.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

'Ανεῖλεν ἀσπίς τὸν σοφὸν Δημήτριον
ἰὸν ἔχουσα πολὺν
ἀσμηκτόν, οὐ στίλβουσα φῶς ἀπ’ ὀμμάτων,
ἀλλ’ αἴδην μέλανα.

114.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

'Ηθέλες ἄνθρωποις λιπεῖν φύτιν, Ἡρακλείδη,
ὅς ὅτι θανὼν ἐγένοις ἱώσε ἀπασί δράκων·
ἀλλὰ διεφεύσθησε σεσοφισμένε· δὴ γὰρ ὁ μὲν θῇρ
ἡ δράκων, σὺ δὲ θῆρ, οὐ σοφὸς ὤν, ἐάλως.

1 Strato grew so thin that he died without feeling it.
2 Heraclides begged his friends to hide his body when he
111.—On Strato

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

112.—On Lyco

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

113.—On Demetrius Phalereus

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

114.—On Heraclides Ponticus

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

¹
²
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

115.—TOY AYTOY

Τόν βίον ἡσθα Ἐκυών, 'Ἀντίσθενες, ὡδε πεφυκώς, ὥστε δακείν κραδίν γῆμασιν, οὐ στόμασιν. ἄλλα ἐθανεῖς φθισικός, τάχ' ἐρεῖ τις ἵσως: τί δὲ τούτο; πάντως εἰς ἁίδην δεὶ τιν' ὀδηγόν ἔχειν.

116.—TOY AYTOY

Διόγγενες, ἅγε λέγε, τίς ἐλαβέ σε μόρος ἐς 'Αἰώνας; ἐλαβέ με κυνὸς ἁγριον ὀδάξ.

117. <ΖΗΝΟΔΟΤΟΤ>

Εκτίσασι αὐτάρκειαν, ἀφεῖς κενεαυχέα πλοῦτον, Ζήνων, σὺν πολιῷ σεμνός ἐπισκυνών· ἀρσενα γὰρ λόγον εὑρεῖς, ἐνηθλίσω δὲ προνοία, αἵρεσιν ἀτρέστου μητέρ' ἐλευθερίας. ἐΐ δὲ πάτρα Φοίνισσα, τίς ὁ φθόνος; ἢν καὶ ὁ Κάδμος ἢ κείνος, ἀφ' οὐ γραπτάν Ἑλλάς ἔχει σελίδα.

118.—ΔΙΟΓΓΕΝΟΤΣ ΛΑΕΡΤΙΟΤ

Τῶν Κυτίέα Ζήνωνα θανεῖν λόγος ὡς ὑπὸ γῆρως πολλὰ καμὼν ἐλύθη μένων ἄσιτος; ὁ δ' ὅτι προσκόψας ποτ' ἐφη χερὶ γὰν ἀλοίπας, "Ερχομαι αὐτόματος; τί δὴ καλεῖς με;" ≥

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

115.—On Antisthenes

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

116.—On Diogenes

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

117.—ZENODOTUS

On Zeno

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

118.—DIOGENES LAERTIUS

On the Same

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

119.—ΑΔΗΛΩΝ

'Ηνίκα Πυθαγόρης τὸ περικλέες εὐρετο γράμμα κεῖν', ἐφ’ οὗ κλειστῷ ἦγαγε βουθυσίην.

120.—ΣΕΝΟΦΑΝΟΤΣ

Καὶ ποτὲ μν στυφελιζομένου σκύλακος παριόντα φασίν ἐποικτεῖραι, καὶ τόδε φάσθαι ἔπος·

"Παῦσαι, μηδὲ ῥάπτιζ’, ἑπεὶ φίλου ἀνέρος ἐστὶ ψυχή, τὴν ἐγνων, φθεγξαμένης αἰών.”

121.—ΔΙΟΓΕΝΟΤΣ ΛΕΡΤΙΟΤ

Οὐ μόνος ἐμψύχων ἄπεχες χέρας, ἄλλα καὶ ἡμεῖς·

τὰς γὰρ ὀσ ἐμψύχων ἄψατο, Πυθαγόρη;

ἀλλ’ ὅταν ἐψηθῇ τι καὶ ὀπτηθῇ καὶ ἀλισθῇ

δὴ τότε καὶ ψυχὴν οὐκ ἔχον ἐσθίομεν.

122.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Διαὶ, Πυθαγόρης τὸ τόσον κυάμους ἐσεβάσθη, καὶ θάνε φουτηταῖς ἀμμίγα τοῖς ἰδίοις;

χωρίον ὦν κυάμων· ἵνα μὴ τούτους δὲ πατήσῃ

ἐξ Ἀκραγαντίων κάθαν’ ἐνὶ τριόδῳ.
BOOK VII. 119–122

119.—Anonymous

On Pythagoras

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

120.—Xenophanes

On the Same

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

121.—Diogenes Laertius

On the Same

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

122.—By the Same

On the Same

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

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

123.—TOY AYTOY

Kal σὺ ποτ', Ἑμπεδόκλεις, διερὴ φλογὶ σῶμα καθήρας
πῦρ ἀπὸ κρητῆρων ἐκπίες ἀθάνατον.
οὐκ ἔρεω δ' ὅτι σαυτὸν ἐκὼν βάλες ἐς βόου Λίτνης,
ἀλλὰ λαθεῖν ἑθέλων ἐμπέσεις οὐκ ἑθέλων.

124.—TOY AYTOY

Ναὶ μὴν Ἑμπεδόκλημα θανεῖν λόγος ὡς ποτ' ἀμάξης
ἐκπέσει, καὶ μηρὸν κλάσσατο δεξιερῶν
εἰ δὲ πυρὸς κρητῆρας ἐσφῆλατο καὶ πλε τὸ ξῆν,
pῶς ἂν ἔτ' ἐν Μεγάροις δεῖκνυτο τοῦδε τάφος;

125.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἰ τι παραλλάσσει φαέθων μέγας ἀλιος ἀστρων,
καὶ πόντος ποταμῶν μείζων ἔχει δύναμιν,
φαμὶ τοσοῦτον εἰγὼ σοφία προέχειν Ἐπίχαρμον,
ἀν πατρίς ἑστεφάνωσ' ἀδε Συρακοσίων.

126. <ΔΙΟΓΕΝΟΤΣ ΛΕΕΡΤΙΟΤ>

Τὴν ὑπόνοιαν πᾶσι μάλιστα λέγω θεραπεύειν
εἰ γὰρ καὶ μὴ δράζῃς, ἀλλὰ δοκεῖς, ἀτυχεῖς.
οὕτω καὶ Φιλόλαου ἀνείλε Κρότων ποτὲ πάτρῃ,
ὡς μν ἔδοξε θέλειν δῶμα τύραννον ἔχειν.
BOOK VII. 123–126

123.—By the Same

On Empedocles

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

124.—By the Same

On the Same

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

125.—Anonymous

On Epicharmus

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

126.—Diogenes Laertius

On Philolaus

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

1 With a play on the other meaning "bowl."
127.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Πολλάκις Ἡράκλειτον έθαυμασα, πῶς ποτὲ τὸ ζῆν ὡδε διαντλήσας δύσμορος, εἶτ’ ἔθανεν· σῶμα γὰρ ἀρδεύουσα κακῇ νόσος ὕδατι, φέγγος ἐσβέσεν ἐκ βλεφάρων καὶ σκότον ἤγάγετο.

128.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Ἡράκλειτος ἐγώ· τί μ’ ἄνω κάτω ἐλκετ’ ἀμοισοι; οὐχ ὑμῖν ἐπόνουν, τοῖς δ’ ἢμ’ ἐπισταμένους. εἰς ἐμοὶ ἀνθρώπος τρισμύριοι, οἱ δ’ ἀνάριθμοι οὐδείς. ταῦτ’ αὐδῶ καὶ παρὰ Περσεφόνη.

129. <ΔΙΟΓΕΝΟΤΣ ΔΑΕΡΤΙΟΤ>

Ἡθελες, ὦ Ζήνων, καλὸν ἢθελες, ἀνδρα τύραννον κτείνας ἐκλύσαι δουλοσύνης Ἐλέαν· ἀλλ’ ἔδαμης· δὴ γὰρ σε λαβῶν ὁ τύραννος ἐν ὅλμῳ κόψε· τί τούτο λέγω; σῶμα γὰρ, οὐχὶ δὲ σὲ.

130.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Καὶ σεῦ, Πρωταγόρη, φάτιν ἐκλυνον, ὡς ἄρ’ Ἀθηνῶν ἐκ ποτ’ ὅν καθ’ ὅδον πρέσβυς ἐδὼν ἔθανες· εἴλετο γὰρ σε φυγεῖν Κέκροπος πόλις· ἀλλὰ σὺ μέν που
Παλλάδος ἄστυ φύγες, Πλούτεα δ’ οὐκ ἔφυγες.

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BOOK VII. 127–130

127.—By the Same
On Heraclitus

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

128.—Anonymous
On the Same

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

129.—Diogenes Laertius
On Zeno the Eleatic

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

130.—By the Same
On Protagoras

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

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

131.—ΑΛΔΟ

Πρωταγόρην λόγον ὁδὲ θανεῖν φέρειν ἀλλὰ γὰρ ἵνα ἴκατο σῶμα γαῖαν, ψυχὰ δὲ ἀλτὸ σοφῶς.

132.—ΑΛΔΟ

Καὶ σέο, Πρωταγόρη, σοφίς ἵδμεν βέλος ὄξυ, ἀλλ' οὐ τιτρῶσκον, ἤοιν δὲ γλυκὺ ἀκρήμα.¹

133. <ΔΙΟΓΕΝΟΤΣ ΛΑΕΡΤΙΟΤ>

Πτίσσετε, Νικοκρέων, ἔτι καὶ μᾶλα, θύλακός ἐστιν πτίσσετ', Ἀνάξαρχος δ' ἐν Διὸς ἐστὶ πάλαι καὶ σὲ διαστείλασα γνάφως ὀλίγον τάδε λέξει ρήματα Περσεφόνη: "Ἐρρε μυλωθρὲ κακὲ." ¹

134.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

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

135.—ΑΛΔΟ

Θεσσαλὸς 'Ιπποκράτης, Κὼς γένος, ἐνθάδε κεῖται, 
Φοίβου ἀπὸ τίγης ἀθανάτου γεγαώς,

χρίμα has been suggested by Boissonade and I render so.

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BOOK VII. 131-135

131.—Anonymous

On the Same

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

132.—Anonymous

On the Same

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

133.—DIOGENES LAERITIUS

On Anaxarchus

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

134.—Anonymous

On Gorgias

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

135.—Anonymous

On Hippocrates, the Physician

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

¹ Nicocreon, the Cyprian tyrant, is said to have pounded Anaxarchus to death. Anaxarchus exclaimed, "Pound this bag (my body), but you do not pound Anaxarchus himself." This is a well-attested story.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

πλεῖστα τρόπαια νόσων στήσας ὅπλοις Ἑγείης,
δόξαν ἐλών πολλῶν οὺ τύχα, ἀλλὰ τέχνα.

136.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ

"Ἡρως Πριάμου βαιὸς τάφος: οὖν ὦτι τούτων
ἀξιός, ἀλλ' ἐχθρῶν χερσὶν ἐχωνύμεθα.

137.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Μὴ μὲ τάφῳ σύγκρινε τὸν "Εκτόρα, μηδ' ἐπὶ τῦμβῳ
μέτρει τὸν πᾶσης Ἑλλάδος ἀντίπαλον.
"Ἰλιάς, αὐτὸς Ὁμήρος ἐμοὶ τάφος, Ἑλλάς, Ἀχαιοὶ
φεύγοντες—τοῦτοι πᾶσιν ἐχωνύμεθα:
[eί δ' ὀλίγην ἄθρείς ἐπ' ἐμοὶ κόνιν, οὐκ ἐμοὶ αἴσχος:
'Ἑλλήνων ἐχθραῖς χερσὶν ἐχωνύμεθα.]

138.—ΑΚΗΡΑΤΟΤ ΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΙΚΟΤ

"Εκτόρ Ὁμηρείηςιν ἂεὶ βεβοημένε βίβλοις,
θειοδόμου τείχευς ἔρκος ἐρυμυνότατον,
ἐν σοὶ Μαιονίδης ἀνεπαύσατο: σοῦ δὲ θανόντος,
"Εκτόρ, ἐσιγήθη καὶ σελίς Ἱλιάδος.

139.—ΑΛΛΟ

"Εκτόρι μὲν Τροίη συγκάτθανεν, οὐδ' ἐτι χειρας
ἀντήρεν Δαναῶν παίσιν ἐπερχομένοις.
Πέλλα δ' Ἀλεξάνδρῳ συναπώλετο. πατρίδες ἄρα
ἀνδράσιν, οὐ πάτραις ἀνδρεῖς ἀγαλλόμεθα.

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BOOK VII. 135-139

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

136.—ANTIPATER

On Priam

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

137.—Anonymous

On Hector

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

138.—ACERATUS GRAMMATICUS

On the Same

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

139.—Anonymous

On the Same and on Alexander of Macedon

With Hector perished Troy and no longer raised her hand to resist the attack of the Danai. And Pella, too, perished with Alexander. So fatherlands glory in men, their sons, not men in their fatherlands.
140.—ΑΡΧΙΟΤ ΜΑΚΕΔΟΝΟΣ
Καὶ γενέτατο τοῦ νέρθε καὶ οὖνομα καὶ χθόνα φώνει,
στάλα, καὶ ποία κηρὶ δαμεὶς ἔθανε.—
πατήρ μὲν Πρίαμος, γὰ δ' Ἰλιον, οὖνομα δ' Ἐκτωρ,
δὲνερ, ὑπὲρ πάτρας δ' ὀλετο μαρνάμενος.

141.—ΑΝΤΙΦΙΛΟΤ ΒΤΖΑΝΤΙΟΤ
Θεσσαλὲ Πρωτεσίλαε, σὲ μὲν πολὺς ἄσεται αἰών,
Τροία ὀφειλομένου πτώματος ἀρξάμενον
σῆμα δὲ τοι πτελέσθη συνηρεφὲς ἀμφικομεύσι
Νῦμφαι, ἀπεχθομένης Ἰλίον αντιπέρας.
δένδρα δὲ δυσμύντα, καὶ ἣν ποτὶ τεῖχος ἠδοσι
Τρώϊον, αὐαλέαν φυλλοχοεύντι κόμην,
ὁσσος ἐν ἡρώεσοι τότ' ἣν χόλος, εἰ μέρος ἀκμὴν
ἐχθρὸν ἐν ἀψύχοις σώζεται ἄκρεμόσιν;

142.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ
Τύμβος Ἀχιλλῆος ῥηξίμορος, ὅν ποτ' Ἀχαιοὶ
dῶμησαν, Τρώων δεῖμα καὶ ἔσσομένων
αἰγιαλῷ δὲ νέουντεν, ἵνα στοναχήσι θαλάσσης
κυδαῖνοιτο πάϊς τῆς ἄλιας Θέτιδος.
W. M. Hardinge, in The Nineteenth Century, Nov. 1878, p. 873.

143.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ
Ἄνδρε δύω φιλότητι καὶ ἐν τεύχεσσιν ἄριστω,
χαίρετον, Ἀιακίδη, καὶ σὺ, Μενοιτιάδη.
BOOK VII. 140-143

140.—ARCHIAS OF MACEDON

On Hector

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

141.—ANTIPHILUS OF BYZANTIUM.

On Protesilaus

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

142.—Anonymous

On Achilles

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

143.—Anonymous

On Achilles and Patroclus

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

'Ηδυπής Νέστωρ Πύλιος Νηλήδος ἦρως ἐν Πύλῳ ἠγαθή τύμβον ἔχει τριγέρων.

145.—ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΤ

"Ἄδ' ἐγὼ ἂ τλάμων Ἁρετὰ παρὰ τῷδε κάθημαι Αἰαντος τύμβῳ κειραμένα πλοκάμους, θυμὸν ἄχει μεγάλῳ βεβολημένα, εἰ παρ' Ἀχαιοῖς ἂ δολόφρων Ἀπάτα κρέσσον ἐμεῖ δύναται.

146.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΤ

Σήμα παρ' Ἀιάντειον ἐπὶ Ὀιτησίων ἀκταίς θυμοβαρῆς Ἁρετὰ μύρομαι ἐξομένα, ἀπλόκαμος, πινόεσσα, διὰ κρίσιν ὅτι Πελασγῶν οὐκ Ἁρετὰ ικάνον ἐλλαχεῖν, ἀλλὰ δόλος. τεῦχεα δ' ἂν λέξειν Ἀχιλλέως οὖ Ἀρσενὸς ἀκμᾶς, 5 οὗ σκολιῶν μῦθων ἄμμες ἐφιέμεθα."

147.—ΑΡΧΙΟΤ

Μοῦνος ἐναιρομένοις ὑπέρμαχος ἀστίδα τείνας, νησὶ βαρῶν Τρώων, Αἰαν, ἐμεῖνας ἄρην· οὐδὲ σε χερμαδίων ὤσεν κτύπος, οὐ νέφος ἵσον, οὐ πῦρ, οὐ δοράτων, οὐ ξιφέων πάταγος· ἀλλ' αὐτῶς προβλῆσ τε καὶ ἐμπεδος, ὡς τις ἔρπνα 5 ἱδρυθείς, ἐτλης λαίλαπα δυσμενέων.

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BOOK VII. 144-147

144.—Anonymous

On Nestor

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

145.—Asclepiades

On Ajax

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

146.—Antipater of Sidon

On the Same

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

147.—Archias

On the Same

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

ei δέ σε μὴ τεύχεσσιν Ἀχιλλέος ὁπλίσεν Ἑλλάς,
ἀξιον ἄντ᾽ ἀρετᾶς ὅπλα τοροῦσα γέρας,
Μοιράων βουλῆσι τάδ᾽ ἡμπλακεν, ὡς ἂν ὑπ᾽ ἐχθρῶν
μὴ τινος, ἀλλὰ σὺ σῇ πότμον ἔλης παλάμη.

148.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Σῆμα τόδ᾽ Ἀιαντος Τελαμωνίου, ὃν κτάνε Μοίρα,
αὐτοῦ χρησαμένα καὶ χερὶ καὶ ξίφεῖ.
οὐδὲ γὰρ ἐν θυντοῖσι δυνήσατο καὶ μεμανία
eυρέμεναι Κλωθὼ τῶδ᾽ ἔτερον φονεά.

149.—ΔΕΟΝΤΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

Κεῖται ἐνὶ Τρούῃ Τελαμώνιος, ὥσ τινι δ᾽ ἔμπης
ἀντιβίων ὅπᾶσας εὐχος ἐοῦ θανάτον
τόσος γὰρ χρόνος ἄλλον ἑπάξιον ἀνέρα τόλμης
οὐχ εὐρῶν, παλάμη θῆκεν ὑπ᾽ αὐτοφόνῳ.

150.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Λίας ἐν Τρούῃ μετὰ μυρίων εὐχος ἄεθλων
μέμφεται ὅκι ἐχθροῖς κείμενος, ἀλλὰ φίλοις.

151.—ΑΛΛΟ

"Εκτὼρ Αίαντι ξίφος ὁπασεν, "Εκτορὶ δ" Αίας
ξωστήρο. ἀμφοτέρων ἡ χάρις εῖς θάνατος.
not give thee the arms of Achilles to wear, a worthy reward of thy valour, it was by the counsel of the Fates that she erred, in order that thou shouldst meet with doom from no foe, but at thine own hand.

148.— Anonymous

On the Same

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

149.— Leontius Scholasticus

On the Same

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

150.— By the Same

On the Same

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

151.— Anonymous

On Ajax and Hector

Hector gave his sword to Ajax and Ajax his girdle to Hector, and the gifts of both are alike instruments of death.
152.—ΑΛΛΟ

Πικρήν ἀλλήλοις “Εκτωρ χάρων ἤδε φέρασσις
Λέας ἐκ πολέμου μνήμ᾽ ἐπορον φιλῆς.
"Εκτωρ γὰρ ἱωτῆρα λαβὼν ξίφος ἐμπαλὶ δώκε·
τὴν δὲ χάρων δώρων πείρασαν ἐν θανάτῳ·
tὸ ξίφος εἰλ᾽ Ἀδαντα μεμνύτα, καὶ πάλι ξωστὴρ
eἰλκυσε Πριαμίδην δίφρα συρόμενον.
οὕτως ἐξ ἔχθρῶν αὐτοκτόνα πέμπτετο δώρα,
ἐν χάριτος προφάσει μοῖραν ἐχοῦτα μόρου.

153.—ΟΜΗΡΟΤ, οἱ δὲ ΚΛΕΟΒΟΤΑΟΤ ΤΟΤ
ΔΙΝΔΙΟΤ

Χαλκῆ παρθένος εἰμί, Μίδα δ᾽ ἐπὶ σήματι κεῖμαι.
ἔστ᾽ ἄν ύδωρ τε νάη, καὶ δένδρα μακρὰ τεθῆλη,
αὐτοῦ τῇδε μένουσα πολυκλαύτῳ ἐπὶ τύμβῳ,
ἀγγελέω παρισοῦσι, Μίδας ὅτι τῇδε τέθαπται.


154.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἰς Κόροβον

Κοινὸν ἐγὼ Μεγαρεύσι καὶ Ἰναχίδαισιν ἄθυρμα
ιδρυμαί, Ψαμάθης ἐκδίκουν οὐλομένης·
eἰμι δὲ Κῆρ τυμβοῦχος· ὡ δὲ κτείνας με Κόροβος·
κεῖται δ᾽ ὅδ᾽ ὑπ᾽ ἐμοί σοσί διὰ τρίποδα·
Δέλφις γὰρ φάμα τόδ᾽ ἐθέσπισεν, ὀφρα γενοίμαν
τᾶς κεινοῦ νύμφας σήμα καὶ ἱστορίης.

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

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152.—Anonymous

On the Same

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

153.—Homer or Cleobulus of Lindus

On Midas

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

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

154.—Anonymous

On Coroebus

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

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

Εἰς Φιλιστώνα τὸν Νικαία γελωτοποίον

Ὁ τὸν πολυστένακτον ἀνθρώπον βίον
gέλωτι κεράσας Νικαίας Φιλιστῶν
ἐνταύθα κεῖμαι, λείψανον παιντὸς βίου,
pολλάκις ἀποθανών, δὴ δ’ οὐδεπώποτε.

156.—ΙΣΙΔΩΡΟΤ ΑΙΓΕΑΤΟΤ

'Iξώ̣ καὶ καλάμοισιν ἀπ’ ἴδερος αὐτὸν ἐφερβεν
Εὐμηλος, λυτῶς, ἀλλ’ ἐν ἐλευθερίῃ.
οὐποτε δ’ ὀδυνεῖν ἐκυσεν χέρα γαστρὸς ἐκητήρ
tοῦτο τρυφίν κείνῳ, τοῦτ’ ἐφερ’ εὐφροσύνῃ.
τρις δὲ τρικοστὸν ζήσας ἐτός ἐνθάδ’ ιαύει,
pαισὶ λιπὼν ἱζὸν καὶ πτερὰ καὶ καλάμους.

157.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Τρεῖς ἔτεων δεκάδας, τριάδας δύο, μέτρον ἔθηκαν
ἡμετέρης βιοτῆς μάντιες αἰθέριοι.
ἀρκοῦμαι τούτοισιν’ ὁ γὰρ χρόνος ἄνθος ἀριστον
ηλικίας’ ἔθανεν χῶ τριγέρων Πύλιος.

158.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἰς Μάρκελλον τὸν Σιδύτην λιατρὸν

Μάρκελλον τὸδε σῆμα περικλυτοῦ ἒντήρος,
φωτὸς κυδίστοιο τετιμένου ἄθανάτουσιν,
οὐ βιβλίους ἀνέθηκεν ἐυκτιμένη ἐνὶ Ἄρμη
Ἄδριανὸς προτέρων προφερέστερος ἴγμονήων,
καὶ πάις ’Ἀδριανοῖο μέγ’ ἐξοχος ’Ἀντωνίνος,
BOOK VII. 155-158

155.—Anonymous

On Philistion the Actor of Nicaea

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

156.—Isidorus of Aegae

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

157.—Anonymous

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

158.—Anonymous

On Marcellus the Physician of Side

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

1 i.e. he had represented all kinds of life on the stage.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

159.—NIKAPXOT

'Orpheús mév kivára pleviastou géras ejleto thvthów, 
Néstov dè glóswsou ędvlovou sofíh, 
tektohýnphe ò' épéou poluvástov theiòs "Ωmýros, 
Tllephávns ò' aúlojsh, ou táfoj éstív õde.

160.—ANAKPEONTOS

Karterós ejv polémos Tlmókristos, ou tóde sáma: 
"Arhj ò' ouk ághadòwv feídetai, álla kakòwv.

161.—ANTIPIATROP SIOHNIIOT

a. 'Orvn, Dýos Krovódov diáktope, teú ñárivn ëstás 
gorjów úþper megalou tvýmbou 'Arístoménavs; 
b. 'Agyélllov meýrtpejsoin ò' óunekenv ósouj árístos 
oiwówv xenómav, tósouj ò' hýthèwv. 
déalai toj deulójíon efedhíjsojsoi péleian 
ämme ò' útréstoj õndrási terpòméva.

162.—DIOXKORIDOT

Evfrátiñv ñh kaiëve, Filównuve, ðnðë ñhynhs 
pýr ëp' ëmòv. Pérsos eimì kai èk pateórov, 
Pérsos aúthynenísh, vàl déspota: pýr ðè ñhynai 
ìmìn tòu xaléptou piçrotérou thavátoj. 
àlła periosteiìas me dìdoj ñhovì: ñhð' èpì nekròv 
lnurtà ñehs: sébomai, déspota, kai potamòùs.
BOOK VII. 158–162

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

159.—NICARCHUS

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

160.—ANACREON

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

161.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

On Aristomenes, on whose Tomb stood an Eagle

"Fleet-winged bird of Zeus, why dost thou stand in splendour on the tomb of great Aristomenes?"

"I tell unto men that as I am chief among the birds, so was he among the youth. Timid doves watch over cowards, but we delight in dauntless men."

162.—DIOSCORIDES

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

¹ The slave's name.
163.—ΑΕΩΝΙΔΟΤ

a. Τὶς τῖνος εὕσα, γύναι, Παρίην ὑπὸ κιόνα κείσαι;  
β. Πρηξὼ Καλλιτέλευς.  
a. Καὶ ποδαπῆ;  
β. Σαμίη.

a. Τὶς δὲ σε καὶ κτερεῖξε;  
β. Θεόκριτος, ὃ μὲ γονῆς ἐξεδοσαν.  
a. Θυνίσκεις δὲ εἴκ τίνος;  
β. Ἐκ τοκετοῦ.

a. Ἐὕσα πόσων ἔτεων;  
β. Δύο κείκοσιν.  
a. Ἡ δά γ' ἀτεκνος;  
β. Οὐκ, ἀλλὰ τριετὴ καλλιτέλην ἑλιτον.

a. Ζώοι σοὶ κείνος γε, καὶ ἐς βαθὺ γῆρας ἱκοῖτο.  
β. Καὶ σοί, ξεῖνε, πόροι πάντα Τῦχη τὰ καλὰ.

164.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΤ

a. Φράξε, γύναι, γενεὴν, ὄνομα, χθόνα.  
β. Καλλιτέλης μὲν  
ὁ στείρας, Πρηξὼ δ' ὄνομα, γῆ δὲ Σάμος.

a. Σῆμα δὲ τὸν ἔχωσε;  
β. Θεόκριτος, ὅ πρὶν ἀδικτα  
ἡμετέρας λύσας ἄμματα παρθενίς.

a. Πῶς δ' ἔθανες;  
β. Δοξίοσιν ἐν ἀλγεσιν.  
a. Εἰπὲ  
δὲ ποίην  
ἡλθες ἐς ἡλικίην.  
β. Δισσάκις ἐνδεκέτις.

a. Ἡ καὶ ἄπαις;  
β. Οὐ, ξεῖνε· λέλοιπα γὰρ ἐν νεότητι  
Καλλιτέλῃ, τριετῇ παῖδ' ἐτι νηπίαχον.

a. Ἐλθοι ἐς ὀλβιστήν πολίην τρίχα.  
β. Καὶ σόν,  
ὀδίτα,  
οὐριον ἰδύνοι πάντα Τῦχη βίοτον.
163.—LEONIDAS

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

164.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

A Variant of the Last

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

165.—TOY AYTOY, οἱ δὲ ἈΡΧΙΟΤ
   a. Εἰπὲ γύναι τίς ἐφυς. β. Πρηξώ. a. Τίνος ἐπλεον πατρός;
   β. Καλλιτέλευς. a. Πάτρας δ' ἐκ τίνος ἐσσί; β. Σάμου.
   a. Μνάμα δὲ σου τίς ἐτευξῇ; β. Θεόκριτος, ὡς μὲ σύνευνον
      ἡγετῷ. a. Πῶς δ' ἑδύμης; β. Ἀλγεσῖν ἐν λο-χίοις.
   a. Εἰν ἐτευξαν τίσιν εὕσα; β. Δίς ἐνδεκα. a. Παῖδα
dὲ λεῖπεις;
   β. Νηπιάχου τρισσὸν Καλλιτέλην ἐτέων.
   a. Ζωῆς τερμάθ' ἵκοιτο μετ' ἀνδράσι. β. Καὶ σέο δοιὴ
pαυτὶ Τύχη βιώτῳ τερπνόν, όδίτα, τέλος.

166.—ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΤ, οἱ δὲ ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΤ
   Τὴν γοηραῖς πνεύσασαν ἐν ὀδύνεσι Λαμίσκην
      ύστατα, Νικαρέτης παῖδα καὶ Ἐυπόλιδος,
   σὺν βρέφεσιν διδύμοις, Σαμίην γένος, αἱ παρὰ Νείλῳ
   κρύπτομουσιν Διβύης ἕόνες εἰκοσέτιν.
   ἀλλὰ, κόραι, τῇ παίδι λεχώια δώρα φέρουσαι,
      θερμὰ κατὰ ψυχροῦ δάκρυνα χεῖτε τάφον. 5

167.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ, οἱ δὲ ΕΚΑΤΑΙΟΤ ΘΑΣΙΟΤ
   'Αρχέλεω μὲ δάμαρτα Πολυξείνην, Θεοδέκτον
   παῖδα καὶ αἰνοπαθοῦς ἐνυπερ Δημαρέτης,
   ὡς εὖ ὧδεισιν καὶ μητέρα. παῖδα δὲ δαίμων
   ἐφθάσεν ὡς αὐτῶν εἰκοσίν ἱελὶνων.
   ὀκτωκαιδεκέτις δ' αὐτὴ θάνον, ἄρτι τεκοῦσα,
   ἄρτι δὲ καὶ νύμφη, πάντ' ὀλιγοχρόνους. 5

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BOOK VII. 165-167

165.—BY THE SAME, OR BY ARCHIAS

Another Variant


166.—DIOSCORIDES OR NICARCHUS

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

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

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

168.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤΟΣ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΟΤ

“Ευχέσθω τις ἐπειτα γυνὴ τόκου,” εἶπε Πολυξέω, 
γαστέρ’ ὑπὸ τρισάδων ῥηγομενή τεκέων. 
μαϊς δ’ ἐν παλάμησι χύθη νέκυς. οἱ δ’ ἐπὶ γαϊαν 
άλισθον κοῖλον ἀφρενες ἐκ λαγῶνων, 
μητέρος ἐκ νεκρῆς ζώνος γόνος. εἰς ἄρα δαίμων 
τῆς μὲν ἀπὸ ζωῆν εἶλετο, τοῖς δ’ ἐπορευ.

169.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Εἰς τὴν δάμαλιν τὴν ἰσταμένην πέραν Βυζαντίων ἐν 
Χρυσοπόλει

Ἡναχιῆς οὐκ εἰμὶ βοῶς τύπος, οὐδ’ ἀπ’ ἐμείδο 
κλήζεται αὐτωτῶν Βοστρόιροιν πέλαγος. 
κείνην γὰρ τὸ πάροιδε βαρὺς χόλος ἤλασεν" Ἡρης 
ἐς Φάρων. ἤδε δ’ ἐγὼ Κεκρῆτίς εἰμι νέκυς. 
eυνέτις ἢν ὅ ἐς Χάρητος’ ἐπλών δ’ ὅτ’ ἐπλώεν ἐκεῖνος 
τῆδε, Φιλιππείων ἀντίπαλος σκαφέων. 
Βούδιων δὲ καλεῦμαι ἐγὼ τότε’ νῦν ὃς ἐς Χάρητος 
eυνέτις ἥπειροις τέρπομαι ἀμφοτέρας.

170.—ΠΟΣΕΙΔΙΠΠΟΤ, Ἡ ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΤ

Τὸν τριετῆ παίξοντα περὶ φρέαρ ’Αρχιώνακτα 
eἴδωλον μορφᾶς κωφόν ἐπεσπάσατο. 
ἐκ δ’ ὑδατος τὸν παίδα διάβροχον ἤρπασε μάτηρ 
σκεπτομένα ζωᾶς εἰ τινα μούραν ἔχειν. 
Νύμφας δ’ οὐκ ἔμιμηνεν ὁ νήπιος, ἀλλ’ ἐπὶ γούνων 
ματρὸς κοιμαθεῖς τὸν βαθὺν ὑπνον ἔχειν.
BOOK VII. 168-170

168.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

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

169.—Anonymous

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

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

170.—POSEIDIPPUS or CALLIMACHUS

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

¹ B.C. 340.
171.—ΜΝΑΣΑΛΚΟΤ ΣΙΚΤΩΝΙΟΤ

Ἀμπαύσει καὶ τῇ δε θοὸν πτερὸν ἱερὸς ὅρνις, τάσοδ' υπὲρ ἄδειας ἐξόμενος πλατάνου· ὅλετο γὰρ Ποίμανδρος ὁ Μάλιος, οὐδ' ἐτι νεῖται ἰξὸν ἐπ' ἀγρευταῖς χενάμενοις καλάμοις.

172.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΤ

Ὁ πρὶν ἐγὼ καὶ ψῆρα καὶ ἀρπάκτειραν ἑρύκων σπέρματος, υψιπτή Βιστονίαν γέραινον, ρινοῦ χερμαστήρος ἐὕστροφα κάλα τιταῖνων, Ἀλκιμένης, πτανῶν εἳργον ἀπώθε νέφος· καὶ μὲ τὶς οὐτήσειρα παρὰ σφυρὰ διψᾶς ἔχιδνα σαρκὶ τὸν ἐκ γενύσων πικρῶν ἐνείσα χόλον ἦλιον χήρωσεν· ἴδ' ὡς τὰ κατ' αἰθέρα λεύσον τούμ ποσῶν οὐκ ἐδαίμν πῆμα κυλινδόμενον.

173.—ΔΙΟΤΙΜΟΤ, οἱ δὲ ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΤ

Αὐτόμαται δεῖλῃ ποτὶ ταύλιον αἰ βόες ἠλθον ἐξ ὅρεως, πολλὴ νυφόμεναι χιόνι

αι, Ὀηρίμαχος δὲ παρὰ δρυὶ τὸν μακρὸν εὐδε ὑπνοῦ· ἐκομιήθη δ' ἐκ πυρὸς οὐραῖον.

A. Lang, Grass of Parnassus, ed. 2, p. 160.

174.—ΕΡΤΧΙΟΤ

Οὐκέτι συρίγγων νόμιον μέλος ἀγχύθι ταύτας ἀρμόζῃ βλοθρᾶς, Θηρίμαχε, πλατάνου· οὐδὲ σεν ἐκ καλάμων κεραί βόες ἀδ' μέλισμα δέξονται, σκιερὰ πὰρ δρυὶ κεκλιμένων. ὀλεσε γὰρ πρηστήρ σε κεραύνοις· αἰ δ' ἐπὶ μάνδραν ὅψε βόες νυφετῷ σπερχόμεναι κατέβαν.
BOOK VII. 171-174

171.—MNASALCAS OF SICYON.

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

172.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

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

173.—DIOTIMUS or LEONIDAS

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

174.—ERYCIAS

On the Same

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

175.—ΑΝΤΙΦΙΔΟΣ

Οὖτω πᾶς' ἀπόλολε, γεωπόνε, βώλος ἄρτροις,
ηδη καὶ τύμβους νιωτοβατοῦσι βόες,
ἡ δ' ὑπὶς ἐν νεκύεσσι; τί τοι πλέον; ἢ πόσος οὗτος
πυρός, δι' ἐκ τέφρης, κοῦ χθονὸς ἀρπάσετε;
οὐκ αἰεὶ ξίσεσθε, καὶ ὑμέας ἄλλος ἄρώσει,
τοῖς ἀρξαμένους πᾶσι κακοσπορίης.

176.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὐχ ὅτι με φθίμενον κῆδος λίπεν, ἐνθάδε κεῖμαι
γυμνὸς ὑπὲρ γαῖης πυροφόροιο νέκυις,
tαρχύθην γὰρ ἐγὼ τὸ πρίν ποτε, νῦν δ' ἀροτήρος
χερσί σιδηρεῖν μ' ἔξεκύλισεν ὑπὶς.
ἡ δ' ῥα κακῶν θανάτων τις ἐρεί λύσιν, ὀππότ' ἐμείο,
ξείνε, πέλει παθέων ύστατον οὔδε τάφος;

177.—ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΣ

Σάμα τόδε Σπίνθηρι πατήρ ἐπέθηκε θανόντι.

178.—ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΣ ΝΙΚΟΠΟΛΙΤΟΤ

Λυδὸς εὖγ, ναὶ Λυδὸς, ἐλευθερίῳ δὲ με τύμβῳ,
δέσποτα, Τιμάνθη τὸν σὸν ἐθευ τροφέα.
ἐναῖων ἀσινὴν τεῖνοις βίον· ἢν δ' ὑπὸ γῆρως
πρὸς με μόλης, σῶς εὖγ, δέσποτα, κῆν Ἀἰδη.

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

175.—ANTIPHILUS

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

176.—By the Same

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

177.—SIMONIDES

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

178.—DIOSCORIDES OF NICOPOLIS

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

¹ The verses are supposed to be spoken by the dead man whose grave the ploughman has disturbed.
179.—ΛΔΗΛΟΝ

Σοὶ καὶ νῦν ὑπὸ γῆν, ναί, δέσποτα, πιστὸς ὑπάρχω, ὡς πάρος, εὐνοίας οὐκ ἐπιληθόμενος, ὡς με τὸ τ' ἐκ νουσου τρίς ἐπ' ἁσφαλὲς ἴγαγες ἴχνος, καὶ νῦν ἀρκούσῃ τῇ ὑπέθου καλύβη, Μάνην ἁγγείλας, Πέρσην γένος. εὐ δὲ με ῥέξας ἕξεις εὐν χρείὴ δμῶας ἐτοιμοτέρους.

180.—ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝΙΔΟΤ

'Ηλλάχθη θανάτων τεὸς μόρος, ἀντὶ δὲ σεῖο, δέσποτα, δούλος ἐγὼ στυγνοῦ ἐπλησα τάφων ἴμικα σεῦ δακρυτὰ κατὰ χθονὸς ἤρια τεῦχου, ὡς ἄν ἀποφθιμένου κεῖθi δέμας κτερίσων, ἀμφὶς ὑμ' ὠλισθεὶν γυρὴ κόνις. οὐ βαρὺς ἦμιν ἐστ' Ἀίδης: ζήσω τόν σὸν ὑπ' ἡλιον.

181.—ΑΝΔΡΩΝΙΚΟΤ

Οἰκτρὰ δὴ δυνατοῦν δόμων ἠλυθες εἰς Ἀχέροντος, Δαμοκράτεια φίλα, ματρὶ λιπόδσα γῆνο. ἀ δὲ, σέθεν φθιμένας, πολιοῦσ νεοθῆγι σιδάρῳ κείρατο γηραλέας ἐκ κεφαλᾶς πλοκάμους.

182.—ΜΕΘΕΑΓΡΟΤ

Οὐ γάμου, ἀλλ' Ἀίδαν ἐπινυμφίδιον Κλεαρίστα ἰδέσατο, παρθενίας ἀμματα λυομένα. ἀρτὶ γὰρ ἐσπέρου νῦμφας ἐπὶ δικλάσιν ἀχεῦν λωτοῖ, καὶ θαλάμων ἐπιλαταγεύντο θύρω.

1 I write so: ἀμφὶ 8' MS.
Now, too, underground I remain faithful to thee, master, as before, not forgetting thy kindness—how thrice when I was sick thou didst set me safe upon my feet, and hast laid me now under sufficient shelter, announcing on the stone my name, Manes, a Persian. Because thou hast been good to me thou shalt have slaves more ready to serve thee in the hour of need.

180.—APOLLONIDES

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

181.—ANDRONICUS

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

182.—MELEAGER

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

¹ i.e. as long as you think kindly of me Hades will be sunlit to me.
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ηὗοι δ' ὀλολυγμὸν ἀνέκραγον, ἐκ δ' Ἐμέναιος
συγαθεῖς γοερὸν φθέγμα μεθαρμόσατο;
αἰ δ' αὖταί καὶ φέγγος ἐδαδούχουν παρὰ παστῷ
πεῦκαι, καὶ φθιμένα νέρθεν ἔφαινον ὀδὸν.

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

183.—ΠΑΡΜΕΝΙΩΝΟΣ

"Ἄδης τὴν Κροκάλης ἐφθασε παρθενίνην
εἰς δὲ γόους Ἐμέναιος ἐσπαύσατο· τάς δὲ γαμοῦντων
ἐλπίδας οὐ θάλαμος κοίμησεν, ἀλλὰ τάφος.

184.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Παρθενικὴς τάφος εἰμὶ Ἑλένης, πένθει δ' ἐπ' ἀδελφοῦ
προφθιμένων διπλὰ μήτρος ἔχω δάκρυα;
μνηστήριον δ' ἐλπῶν κοίν' ἀλγεία· τὴν γὰρ ἐτ' οὐπῶ
οὐδενὸς ἢ πάντων ἐλπὶς ἔκλαυσεν ἑσώς.

185.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ

Ἀὔσονίη με Δίβυσσαν ἔχει κόνις, ἄγχι δὲ Ῥώμης
κεῖμαι παρθενικὴ τῆς παρὰ ψαμάθως·
ἡ δὲ με θρεψαμένη Πομπηίᾳ ἀντὶ θυγατρός,
κλαυσαμένη τύμβῳ θῆκεν ἔλευθερίᾳ,
πῦρ ἐτερον σπεύδουσα· τὸ δ' ἐφθασεν, οὐδὲ κατ'
eὐχήν
ἡμετέραν ἰψεν λαμπάδα Περσεφόνη.

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

183.—PARMENION

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

184.—By the Same

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

185.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

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

¹ i.e. that of the bridal chamber, not of my funeral pyre.
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186.—ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΣ

'Αρτι μὲν ἐν θαλάμωις Νικιππίδος ἦδος ἐπὶ ἕχει λωτός, καὶ γαμικοὶ ἱύμνοι 1 ἔχαιρε κρότοις. θρήνος δ' εἰς ὑμέναιον ἐκώμασεν ἡ δὲ τάλαινα, οὐπώ πάντα γυνῆ, καὶ νέκυς ἐβλέπετο. δακρυόεις Ἀίδη, τί πόσιν νῦμφης διέλυσας, αὐτὸς ἐφ' ἀρπαγήμοις τερπόμενος λέχειν;

187.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ἡ γρηγὺς Νικῶ Μελίτης τάφον ἐστεφάνωσε παρθενικῆς. Ἀίδη, τοῦθ' ὀσίως κέκρικας;

188.—ΑΝΤΩΝΙΟΤ ΘΑΛΛΟΤ

Δύσδαιμον Κλεάνασσα, σὺ μὲν γόμῳ ἐπλεο, κοῦρη, ὄριος, ἄκμαιης οἶα τ' ἐφ' ἥλικης· ἀλλὰ τεοὶς θαλάμουσι γαμοστόλοις οὐχ Ῥέμαιοι, οὐδ' Ἡρῆς εὐγής λαμπάδες ἡμτίσασιν, πένθιμος ἀλλ' Ἀίδης ἐπεκόμασεν, ἀμφὶ δ' Ἐρινὺς 5 φοίνικος ἐκ στομάτων μόρσιμον ἤκεν ὅπα· ἦματι δ' ὃ νυμφεῖον ἀνήπτετο λαμπάδι παστάς, τούτῳ πυρκαῖῃς, οὐ θαλάμων ἔτυχες.

189.—ΑΡΙΣΤΟΔΙΚΟΤ ΡΟΔΙΟΤ

Οὐκέτι δὴ σε λίγεια κατ' ἀφνεῶν Ἀλκίδος οἶκον ἄκρι μελιζομέναν ὅψεται ἄλλοις· ἥδη γὰρ λειμώνας ἐπὶ Κλυμένου πεπότησι καὶ δροσερὰ χρυσέας ἄνθεα Περσεφόνας.

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

186.—PHILIPPOS

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

187.—BY THE SAME

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

188.—ANTONIUS THALLUS

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

189.—ARISTODICUS OF RHODES

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

'Ακρίδι τὰ κατ’ ἀρουραν ἀρεὰν, καὶ δρυνοκοίτα τέττυγι ξυνοῖ τῦμβου ἐπευξὲ Μυρώ, παρθένου στάξασα κόρα δάκρυν δίσσα γὰρ αὐτᾶς παῖγμι ὁ δυσπειθὴς φύχετ' ἑχων Ἀίδας.

191.—ἈΡΧΙΟΤ

'Α πάρος ἀντίφθωγον ἀποκλάγξασα νομεῦσι πολλάκι καὶ δρυτόμοις κύσα καὶ ἰχθυβόλοις, πολλάκι δὲ κρέξασα πολύθρου, σιὰ τις ἄχω, κέρτομον ἀντωδοῖς κείλεσιν ἄρμονίαν, νῦν εἰς γὰν ἀγλωσσος ἀναῦδητός τε πεσόνσα κεῖμαι, μιμηταν ξῖλον ἀνημαμένα.

192.—ΜΝΑΣΑΛΚΟΤ

Οὐκέτι δὴ πτερύγεσσι λιγυφθόγγοισιν ἀείσεις, ἀκρί, κατ’ εὐκάρπους αὐλακας ἐξομένα, οὔδε με κεκλιμένον σκιερὰν ὑπὸ φυλλάδα τέρψεις, ξουθάν ἐκ πτερύγων ἄδυ κρέκουσα μέλος.

193.—ΣΙΜΙΟΤ

Τάνδε κατ’ εὐδεινδρων στείβων δρίος εἰρυσα χειρὶ πτώσσουσαν βρομίης οὐνάδος ἐν πετάλοις, ὀφρα μοι ευερκεὶ καναχὰν δόμῳ ἐνδοθι θεη, τερπνὰ δὲ ἀγλώσσου φθεγγομένα στόματος.
BOOK VII. 190-193

190.—ANYTE OR LEONIDAS

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

191.—ARCHIAS

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

192.—MNASALCAS

On a Locust

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

193.—SIMIAS

(Not an Epitaph)

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

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194.—ΜΝΑΣΑΔΚΟΤ

'Ακρίδα Δημοκρίτου μελεσίπτερον ἀδε θανοῦσαν ἀργυλος δολιχὰν ἀμφι κέλευθον ἔχει, ἃς καὶ, ὃτ' ἰδύσειε πανέσπερον ὠμυνὸν ἀείδειν, πᾶν μέλαθρον μολπᾶς ἵαχ' ὑπ' εὐκελάδου.

195.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

'Ακρίς, ἔμων ἀπάτημα πόθων, παραμύθιον ὑπνοῦ, ἀκρίς, ἀρουραίη Μοῦσα, λυγυπτέρυγε, αὐτοφυὲς μίμημα λύρας, κρέκε μοι τι ποθείνον, ἐγκρούοσα fίλοιο πος ἕκατο λάλους πτέρυγας, ὡς με πόνων ῥύσαι παναγρύπνου μερίμνης, ἀκρί, μιτωσαμένη φθόγγον ἐρωτοπλάνον. δῶρα δὲ σοι γήτειον ἀειθαλὲς ὀρθρινὰ δῶς, καὶ δροσερὰς στόματι σχῖζομένας ψακάδας.

196.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

'Αχήεις τέττιξ, δροσεράς σταγόνεσσι μεθυσθεῖς, ἀγρονόμων μέλπεις μοῦναν ἐρημολάλον. ἀκρὰ δ' ἐφεζόμενος πετάλοις, πριονώδεσι κῶλοις αἰθίοπι κλάξεις χρωτὶ μέλισμα λύρας. ἀλλὰ, φίλοις, φθέγγον τι νέον δευδρώδεσι Νύμφαις 5 παίγνιον, ἀντωδόν Πανὶ κρέκων κέλαδον, ὁφρα φυγὼν τὸν Ἐρωτα, μεσημβρινὸν ὑπνον ἀγρεύσω ἐνθάδ' ὑπὸ σκιερὰ κεκλιμένος πλατάνῳ.

1 According to others, Argilos is a town.

2 Literally “divided by my mouth.” He means water
BOOK VII. 194–196

194.—MNASALCAS

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

195.—MELEAGER

(This and 196 are not epitaphs but amatory poems)

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

196.—BY THE SAME

On a Cicada

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

blown out in a spray from the mouth, as I have often seen done to freshen tobacco that was dry.
197.—ΦΑΕΝΝΟΤ
Δαμοκρίτω μὲν ἐγὼ, λυγυραν ὀκὰ μοῦσαν ἐνείην ἀκρίς ἀπὸ πτερύγων, τὸν βαθὺν ἄγουν ὑπνοῦν. Δαμοκρίτως δ' ἐπ' ἐμοι τὸν ἐυκότα τύμβον, ὀδῖτα, ἐγγύθεν Ὡρωποῦ χεῦεν ἀποφθιμένα.

198.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΤ ΤΑΡΕΝΤΙΝΟΤ
Εἰ καὶ μικρὸς ἰδείν καὶ ἐπ' οὐ̇ς, ὁ παροδίτα, λαᾶς ὁ τυμβίτης ἁμιν ἐπικρέματι, αἰνοῖς, ὄνθρωπῳ, Φιλαυνίδα, τὴν γὰρ ἁοῖδον ἀκρίδα, τὴν εἴδον τῷ πρίν ἀκανθοβάτων, διπλοὺς ἡσ λυκάβαντας ἐφίλατο τὴν καλαμίτιν, καὶ μ' οὐδὲ φθιμένην ἀπανήματο, τοῦτο δ' ἐφ' ἡμῖν τῶλιγον ὀρθωσεν σάμα πολυστροφίς.

199.—ΤΤΜΝΕΩ
"Ορνευν ὁ Χάρισιον μεμελημένον, ὁ παρόμοιον ἀλκυόσιν τὸν σὸν φθόγγον ἰσωσάμενον, ὑρπάσθης, φίλε ἐλαίε: σὰ δ' ἰδθεα καὶ τὸ σὸν ἴδυ πνεῦμα σωπηραὶ νυκτὸς ἔχουσιν ὁδοὶ. J. A. Pott, Greek Love Songs and Epigrams, ii. p. 58.

200.—ΝΙΚΙΟΤ
Οὐκέτι δὴ τανύφυλλον ὑπὸ ἀκάκα κλωνὸς ἐλιχθεὶς τέρψομ' ἀπὸ ὁδανῖν φθόγγον ἑις πτερύγων. χεῦρα γὰρ εἰς ἀρετᾶν παιδῶς πέσον, ὃς με λαθραίως μάρκην, ἐπὶ χλωρῶν ἐξόμενου πετάλων.

Π.Π
197.—PHAENNUS

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

198.—LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

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

199.—TYMNES

On an unknown bird called elaeus

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

200.—NICIAS

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

Οὐκέτι δὴ χλωροίσιν ἐφεξόμενος πετάλοισιν ἀδείαν μέλπων ἐκπροχέεις ἱαχῶν· ἀλλὰ σε γηρύοντα κατήμαρεν, ἡχέτα τέττιξ, παιδὸς ἀπ’ ἥλιθιον χείρ ἀναπεπταμένα.

202.—ΑΝΤΙΗΣ

Οὐκέτι μ’ ὡς τὸ πάρος πυκναῖς πτερύγεσσιν ἐρέσσων ὀρσεῖς ἕξ εὐνής ὀρθρίως ἐγρόμενοι· ἢ γὰρ σ’ ὑπνώοντα σίνις λαθρηδον ἐπελθὼν ἐκτεινεν λαμψρ ρίμφα καθεὶς ὀνυχὰ.

203.—ΣΙΜΙΙΟΤ

Οὐκέτι ἀν’ ὑλῆν δρίος εὐσκιον, ἀγρότα πέρδιξ, ἡχήσσαν ὅς γῆρην ἀπὸ στομάτων, θηρεύων βάλιος συνομῆλικας ἐν νομῷ ὕλης· χεῦ γὰρ πυμᾶταν εἰς Ἀχέροντος ὀδὸν.

204.—ΑΡΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

Οὐκέτι πον, τλῆμον, σκοτελῶν μετανάστρια πέρδιξ, πλεκτὸς λεπταλέας οἴκος ἔχει σε λύγοις, οὐδ’ ὑπὸ μαρμαρυγῆ θαλερώπιδος Ἡρυγενεῖς ἄκρα παραιθύσσεις θαλπομένων πτερύγων. σὴν κεφάλην αἴλουρος ἀπέθρισε, τᾶλλα δὲ πάντα ἤρπασα, καὶ φθονερὴν οὐκ ἐκόρεσσε γέννων. νῦν δὲ σε μὴ κούφη κρυπτοι κόσις, ἀλλὰ βαρεία, μὴ τὸ τεῦν κείνη λείψανον ἐξερύσῃ.
BOOK VII. 201–204

201.—PAMPHILUS

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

202.—ANYTE

On a Cock

No longer, as of old, shalt thou awake early to rouse me from bed, flapping rapidly thy wings; for the spoiler¹ stole secretly upon thee, as thou didst sleep, and slew thee, nipping thy throat swiftly with his claws.

203.—SIMIANS

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

204.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

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

¹ Presumably a fox.
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205.—TOY AYTOY

Οὐκαγενῆς αἰλουρος ἐμὴν πέρδικα φαγοῦσα
ξώεν ὑμετέρως ἐλπεταὶ ἐν μεγάρισι;
οὖ σε, φίλη πέρδιξ, φθιμένην ἀγέραστον ἕασω,
ἀλλ᾽ ἐπὶ σοί κτεινῷ τὴν σέθεν ἀντιβίην.
ψυχὴ γὰρ σέο μᾶλλον ὄρινεται, εἰσόκε μέξω
ἀσσ᾽ ἐπ᾽ Ἀχιλλῆς Πύρρος ἐτευξὲ τάφῳ.

206.—ΔΑΜΟΧΑΡΙΔΟΣ ΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΙΚΟΤ
ΚΑΙ ΜΑΘΗΤΟΤ ΛΤΤΟΤ

'Ἀνδροβόρων ὁμότεχνε κυνόν, αἰλουρε κακίστη,
tῶν 'Ακταινίδων ἐσοὶ μία σκυλάκων.
κτήτορος Ἀγαθίαο τεοῦ πέρδικα φαγοῦσα,
λυπεῖς, ὥς αὐτὸν κτήτορα δασσαμένη.
καὶ σὺ μὲν ἐν πέρδιξίν ἔχεις νόον· οὐ δὲ μύες νῦν
ὄρχοῦνται, τῆς σῆς δραξάμενοι σπατάλης.

207.—ΜΕΛΕΛΓΡΟΤ

Τὸν ταχύπουν, ἔτι παῖδα συναρπασθέντα τεκούσης
ἀρτί μ᾽ ἀπὸ στέρνων, οὐκατόεντα λαγὼν
ἐν κόλποις στέργουσα διέτρεφεν ἀ γλυκερόχρως
Φαίνων, εἰρικιοῖς ἄνθεσι βοσκάμενοι.
οὔδε μὲ μητρός ἐτ᾽ εἰχε πόθος· θυμήσκω δ᾽ ὑπὸ θοίνης
ἀπλήστου, πολλῆ δαίμον παχυνόμενος.
καὶ μου πρὸς κλισίαις κρύψεν νέκυι, ὥς ἐν ὀνείροις
αἰὲν ὀράν κοίτης γειτονέοντα τάφον.
BOOK VII. 205-207

205.—BY THE SAME

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

206.—DAMOCHARIS THE GRAMMARIAN, PUPIL OF AGATHIAS

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

207.—MELEAGER

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

¹ The sacrifice of Polyxena.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

208.—ΑΝΤΗΣ ΑΤΡΙΚΗΣ

Μνὰμα τόδε φθιμένου μενεδαίου εἴσατο Δάμις
ύππου, ἐπεὶ στέρνου τούδε δαφνιών Ἀρης
τύφε, μέλαν δὲ οἱ αἵμα ταλαυρίνου διὰ χρωτὸς
ζέσο, ἐπὶ δ’ ἀργαλέα βῶλον ἔδευσε φονᾶ.

209.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ

Δυτοὐ σοι παρ’ ἀλωνι, δυναθαὶς ἐργάτα μύρμηξ,
hρίον εκ βῶλου διψάδος ἐκτισάμαν,
ὕφρᾳ σε καὶ φθίμενον Δηνίος σταχυντρόφος αὐλαξ
θέλητ, ἀροτραίη κείμενον ἐν θαλάμη.

210.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

"Ἀρτι νεγενεόν σε, χελιδονί, μητέρα τέκνων,
ἀρτι σε θάλπουσαν παῖδας ὑπὸ πτέρυγι,
αίξας ἐντοσθε νεοσσοκόμῳ καλῆς
νόσφισεν ἡδίων τετραελκτός ὄφις,
καὶ σε κυνυρομέναν ὅποτ’ ἀθρόος ἤλθε δαίξων,
ἡριτεν ἐσχαρίοι λαβρόν ἐπ’ ἁσθμα πυρός.

211.—ΤΤΜΝΕΩ

Τῇδε τὸν ἐκ Μελίτης ἄργον κύινα φησίν ὁ πέτρος
ὐσχεῖν, Εὐμήλου πιστότατον φύλακα.
Ταῦρον μιν καλέσκον, ὅτ’ ἂν ἔτη· νῦν δὲ τὸ κείνου
φθέγμα σιωπηραὶ νυκτὸς ἐχουσιν ὅδοι.
208.—ANYTE

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

209.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

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

210.—By the Same

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

211.—TYMNES

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

¹ Procne, who was changed into a swallow, was the daughter of Erichthonius.
212.—ΜΝΑΣΑΛΚΟΤ

Αἰθνίας, ἐσε, τόνδε ποδηνέμου ἔννεπε τύμβον, 
τάς ποτ' ἑλαφρώτατον χέρσος ἔθρεψε γόνυ· 
πολλάκι 1 γὰρ νάεσσιν ἱσοδρόμον ἀνυσε µᾶκος, 
ὀρνὶς ὅπως δολιχὰν ἐκπονέουσα τρίβον.

213.—ἈΡΧΙΟΤ

Πρὶν µὲν ἐπὶ χλωροῖς ἐριθηλίως ἔρνεσι πεύκας 
ἡµενος, ἢ σκιερὰς ἅρκωκοµον πίτυος, 
ἐκρεκες εὐτάρσου δι' ἵεὺς ἀχέτα µολπὰν 
τέττιξ, οἶονόµοις τερπνότερον χέλνοι. 
νῦν δέ σε, µυρµακεστὼν ὑπ' εὐνοδίοις δαµέντα, 5 
Ἄϊδος ἀπροίδης ἀµφεκάλυψε µυχός. 
ei δ' ἑάλως, συγγνωστόν, ἐπεὶ καὶ κοίρανος ὑµνῶν 
Μαιονίδας γρίφοις ἰχθυβόλων ἔθανεν.

214.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

โอκέτι παφλάξουτα διαίσσων βυθὸν ἄλμης 
δελφίς, πτοιῆσεις εἰναλίων ἀγέλας, 
οὐδὲ πολυτρήτωλ µέλος καλάµοιο χορεύων 
ὕγρων ἀναρρίψεις ἄλμα παρὰ σκαφίσιν· 
oὐδὲ σὺ γ', ἀφρηστά, Νηρήνιδας ὡς πρὶν ἀείρων 
νάτοις πορθμεύσεις Τηθύνοι εἰς πέρατα. 5 
ἡ γὰρ ἵσον πρηθών Μαλαίης ὡς ἐκκηθή, 
κύµα πολυψάµµους ὡσε σ' ἐπὶ ψαµάθους.

1 I write so: πολλαῖς MS.
BOOK VII. 212-214

212.—MNASALCAS

On a Mare

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

213.—ARCHIAS

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

214.—By the Same

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

1 i.e. like the sea-bird (albula) whose name she bore.
2 Pinus maritima.
3 See note to No. 1.
215.—ΑΝΤΙΘΕΣ ΜΕΛΟΠΟΙΟΤ

Οὐκέτι δὴ πλωτοῖσιν ἂγαλλόμενος πελάγεσσιν αὐχέν' ἀναρρίψω βυσσόθεν ὀρνύμενος,
oúde peri ἥσκαλάμοισι νεώς περικαλλέα χείλη
pouφύσσω, τάμα τερπόμενος προτομᾶ·
άλλα μὲ πορφυρά ποντῷ νοτίς δο' ἐπὶ χέρσον,
keímai de ἥδαιμων τάνδε παρ' ἦδόνα.

216.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ

Κύματα καὶ τρηχύς μὲ κλύδων ἐπὶ χέρσον ἐσυρεν
delphína, ψεινοῖς κοινῶν ὄραμα τύχης.
άλλ' ἐπὶ μὲν γαῖς ἐλέω τόπος· οἱ γὰρ ἰδόντες
εὐθὺ μὲ πρὸς τύμβους ἐστεφον εὐσεβεῖς.
nüv de tēkoúsa thálama σα διόλεσε. τίς παρὰ πόντῳ
pístis, ὅς οὐδ' ἰδίης φείσατο συντροφίας;

217.—ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΤ

Ἀρχεάνασσαν ἔχω, ταῦτ ἐκ Κολοφόνος ἔταίραν,
ἀς καὶ ἐπὶ ρυτίδων ὁ γλυκὺς ἔζετ' Ἕρως.
ἀ νεόν Ἠβης ἂνθος ἀποδρέψατες ἐρασται
πρωτοβόλου, δε' ὁσῆς ἠλθεῖτε πυρκαίης.

218.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΤ

Τὴν καὶ ἂμα χρυσῷ καὶ ἄλουργίδι καὶ σὺν Ἕρωτι
θρυπτομένην, ἀπαλῆς Κύπριδος ἄβροτεραν
Λαίδ' ἔχω, πολιήτιν ἀλιξώνοι Κορίνθου,
Πειρήνης λευκῶν φαιδροτέραν λιβάδων,
BOOK VII. 215–218

215.—ANYTE

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

216.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

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

217.—ASCLEPIADES

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

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

218.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

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

τὴν θυντὴν Κυθέρειαν, ἔφ’ ἣ μνηστήρες ἀγανοὶ πλείονες ἢ νύμφης εἶνεκα Τυνδαρίδος,
δρεπτόμενοι χάριτας τε καὶ ὑμητὴν ἀφροδίτην.
واجب’ καὶ ὑπ’ εὐώδει τύμβος ὄφωδε κρόκοι,
واجب’ ἢ Ἠτί κηώντει μῦρῳ τὸ διάβροχον ὅστευν,
καὶ λυπαρὰι θυόν τὸν πνέουσι κόμαι.
واجب’ ἢ Ἑτί καλὸν ἀμυξῆ κατὰ βέθος Ἀφρογένεια,
καὶ γοήρον λύξων ἑστονάχησεν Ἐρώς.
واجب’ ὡς οὖ πάγκοιν δούλην θέτα κέρδεσος εὐνήν,
Ἑλλὰς ἂν, ὡς Ἑλένης, τῆςδ’ ύπερ ἐσχέ πόνον.

219.—ΠΟΜΠΗΙΟΤ ΝΕΩΤΕΡΟΤ

Ἡ τὸ καλὸν καὶ πᾶσιν ἔρασμον ἀνθήσασα,
واجب’ ἢ μούνῃ Χαρίτων λείρια δρψαμένη,
οὐκέτι χρυσοχάλινον ὀρᾷ δρόμον ἰέλιοιο
واجب’ Λαῖς, ἐκοιμήθη δ’ ὤπτον ὀφειλόμενον,
واجب’ κόμοις, καὶ τὰ νέων ξηλώματα, καὶ τὰ ποθεύντων
واجب’ κμίσματα, καὶ μύστην λύχνου ἀπειπαμένη.

220.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

"Ἐρπον εἰς Ἐφύρην τάφον ἔδρακον ἀμφί κέλευθον
واجب’ Λαῖδος ἄρχαις, ὡς τὸ χάραγμα λέγει.
واجب’ δὰκρυ δ’ ἐπισπείσας, "Χαίροις, γὰναι, ἐκ ἡγὰρ ἀκοῦσ
واجب’ οὐκτείρω σὲ γ’, "ἔφην, "ἡν πάρος οὐκ ἴδομιν.
واجب’ ἄ πόσον ἤθελον νῦν ἑκαχὲς· ἄλλ’ ἢδε, Διήθην
واجب’ ναίεις, ἀγλαίην ἐν χθονὶ κατθεμένη." 5

J. A. Pott, Greek Love Songs and Epigrams, i. p. 120.

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BOOK VII. 218-220

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

219.—POMPEIUS THE YOUNGER

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

220.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

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

221.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

'Ακμαίη πρὸς ἔρωτα καὶ ἥδεα Κύπριδος ἔργα,
Πατροφίλα, κανθοὺς τοὺς γλυκεροὺς ἔμυσας:
ἐσβέσθη δὲ τὰ φίλτρα τὰ κωτίλα, χῶ μετ' ᾠδῆς
ψαλμός, καὶ κυλίκων αἱ λαμυραὶ προπόσεις.
"Αδη δυσκίνητε, τί τὴν ἐπέραστον ἐταίρην
ἥρπασας; ἂ καὶ σὴν Κύπρις ἐμηνε φρένα; 5

222.—ΦΙΛΟΔΗΜΟΤ

'Ενθάδε τῆς τρυφερῆς μαλακῶν ῥέθος, ἐνθάδε κεῖται
Τρυγόνιον, σαβακών ἀνθέμα σαλμακίδων;
ἡ καλύβη καὶ δούπος ἐνέπρεπεν, ἡ φιλοπαιγμων
στωμυλὴ, Μήτηρ ἤν ἐφιλήσε θεοῖ.
ἡ μούνη στέρξασα τὰ Κύπριδος ἠμυγναίκων
ὁργια, καὶ φίλτρων Λαίδος ἄγαμενη.
φῦε κατὰ στήλης, ἱερὰ κόνι, τῇ φιλοβάκχῳ
μη βάτον, ἀλλὰ ἀπαλὰς λευκοίων κύλικας.

223.—ΘΤΙΛΛΟΤ

Ἡ κροτάλοις ὀρχηστρίς Ἀρίστιον, ἡ περὶ πεύκας
τῇ Κυβέλῃ πλοκάμους ρήψαι ἐπισταμένη,
ἡ λωτῷ κερόειντο φορομενή, ἡ τρίσ ἐφεξῆς
εἴδυλλ ἀκρήτου χειλοποτείν κύλικας,
ἐνθάδε ὑπὸ πτελέαις ἀναπαύεται, οὐκέτι ἔρωτι,
οὐκέτι πανιχιδῶν τερπομένη καμάτοις.
κῶμοι καὶ μανία, μέγα χαίρετε· κεῖθ' ἱερὰ θρίξ;
ἡ τὸ πρὶν στεφάνων ἀνθεσί κρυπτομένη.

1 I write so: ἅμοι γυναικῶν MS. See Class. Rev. 1916, p. 48.
2 I supply so. The verse is imperfect in the MS.

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BOOK VII. 221-223

221.—Anonymous

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

222.—Philodemus

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

223.—Thyillus

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

1 Little dove.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

224.—ΔΕΣΠΩΤΟΝ
Εἴκοσι Καλλικράτεια καὶ ἐννέα τέκνα τεκόνσα, οὐδ’ ἐνὸς οὐδὲ μῆς ἐδρακόμηθα θάνατον
ἀλλ’ ἐκατὸν καὶ πέντε διηνυσάμην ἐναιπτοῦσ, σκίπωνι τρομεράν οὐκ ἐπιθείσα χέρα.

225.—ΔΕΣΠΩΤΟΝ
Ψήχει καὶ πέττην ὁ πολύς χρόνος, οὐδὲ σιδήρου
φείδεται, ἀλλὰ μην πάντ’ ὅλεκει δρεπάνη;
διὶ καὶ Λαέρταο τὸδ’ ἥρων, ὁ σχεδὸν ἀκτῆς
βαιὸν ἀπό, ψυχρῶν λεῖβεται εξ’ ὕετῶν.
οὖνομα μὴν ἥρωσ ἀεὶ νέουν: οὐ γὰρ ἀοιδᾶς
ἀμβλύνειν αἰών, κην ἐθέλη, δύναται.

226.—ΑΝΑΚΡΕΟΝΤΟΣ ΤΗΙΟΤ
Ἀβδήρων προσανύντα τὸν αἰνοβιῆν Ἀγάθωνα
τὰς ἐπὶ πυρκαῖς ἡδ’ ἐβόησε πόλις.
οὔ τινα γὰρ τοιόνδε νέουν ὁ φιλαίματος Ἀρης
ῄναρείσεν στυγερῆς ἐν στροφάλυγγι μάχις.

227.—ΔΙΟΤΙΜΟΤ
Οὐδὲ λέων ὃς δεινῶς ἐν οὐρεσιν, ὃς ὁ Μίκανος
νῖος Κριναγόρης ἐν σακέων πατάγῳ.
εἰ δὲ καλυμμ’ ὄλιγον, μὴ μέμφεοι μικρὸς ὁ χῶρος,
ἀλλ’ ἄνδρας πολέμου τλήμονας οἶδε φέρειν.

228.—ΔΕΣΠΩΤΟΝ
Αὐτῷ καὶ τεκέεσσι γυναικὶ τε τύμβου ἐδείμεν
Ἀνδροτίών: οὔπω δ’ οὐδενός εἶμι τάφος.
οὔτω καὶ μείναιμι πολὺν χρόνον: εἰ δ’ ἁρα καὶ δεῖ,
δεξαίμην ἐν ἐμοὶ τοὺς προτέρους προτέρους.

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

224.—Anonymous

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

225.—Anonymous

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

226.—Anacreon of Teos

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

227.—Diotimus

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

228.—Anonymous

Androtion built me for himself, his children and his wife. As yet I am no one's grave and so may I remain for long; but if it must be so, may I give earlier welcome to the earlier born.
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229.—ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΤ

Τὰ Πιτάνα Θρασύβουλος ἐπ’ ἀσπίδας ἤλυθεν ἀπνους, ἑπτὰ πρὸς Ἀργείων τραύματα δεξάμενος, δεικνὺς ἀντία πάντα· τὸν αἷματόεντα δ’ ὁ πρέσβυς παιδ’ ἐπὶ πυρκαϊήν Τύνην ὕστερα ἐπὶ τὶθείς.

“Δειλοὶ κλαίεσθωσαν· ἐγὼ δὲ σέ, τέκνον, ἁδακρυν 5 θάψω, τὸν καὶ ἐμὸν καὶ Ῥακεδαίμονιον.”

230.—ΕΡΤΚΙΟΤ ΚΤΖΙΚΗΝΟΤ

‘Ανίκ’ ἀπὸ πτολεμοῦ τρέσσαντα σε δέξατο μάτηρ, πάντα τὸν ὅπλιστὰν κόσμον ὀλωλεκότα, αὐτά τοῦ φονίαν, Δαμάτριε, αὐτίκα λόγχαν ἐπὶ διὰ πλατέων ὀσαμενα λαγόνοι·

“Καθάπε, μηδ’ ἐχέτω Σπάρτα ψόγου· οὐ γὰρ ἐκείνα 5
ἡμπλακε, εἰ δειλοὺς τοῦμὸν ἔθρεψε γάλα.”

231.—ΔΑΜΑΓΗΝΟΤ

‘Οδ’ ὑπὲρ Ἀμβρακίας ὁ βοαδρόμος ἀσπίδ’ ἀείρας τεθνάμεν ἢ φεύγειν εἰλετ’ Ἀμασταγόρας, νῦς ὁ Θευπόμπου. μὴ θαῦμ’ ἔχε; Δωρικὸς ἀνήρ πατρίδος, οὐχ ἢβας ὀλυμμένας ἀλέγει.

232.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ

Λύδιον οὖδας ἔχει τόδ’ Ἀμύντορα, παῖδα Φιλίππου, πολλὰ σιδηρεῖσι χερσὶ διγῶντα μάχης· οὖδὲ μιν ἀλμυρόςσα νόσος δύμων ἄγαγε Νυκτός, ἀλλ’ ὀλετ’ ἀμφ’ ἐτάρῳ σχὼν κυκλώσσσαν ἵτιν.

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229.—DIOSCORIDES

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

230.—ERYCIUS OF CYZICUS

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

231.—DAMAGETUS

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

232.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

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

233.—ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝΙΔΟΤ

Δίλως, Αὐσονίης στρατης πρόμος, ὁ χρυσέωσι στέμμασι σωρεύσας αὐχένας ὀπλοφόρους, νοῦσον ὁτ' εἰς ὑπάτην ὀλίσθανε τέρμα τ' ἀφυκτον εἴδεν, ἀριστεῖν ἡμφανες εἰς ἱδίνη· πήξε δ' ὑπὸ σπλάγχνουσιν ἐδυν ἐξίφος, εἴπε τε θυγήσκων.

"Αὐτὸς ἐκὼν ἐδάμην, μὴ νόσος εὐχος ἔχῃ."

234.—ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΤ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ

Δίλως ὁ βρασύχειρ Ἀρεός πρόμος, ὁ ψελιώσας αὐχένα χρυσοδέτοις ἐκ πολέμου στεφάνοις, τηξιμέλει νοῦσοι κεκολουμένοις, ἐδραμε θυμῷ ἐς προτέρην ἐργον ἄρσενα μαρτυρίην, ὡσε δ' ὑπὸ σπλάγχνου πλατυ φάσγανον, ἐν μόνον εἰπὼν·

""Ἀνδρας Ἀρης κτείνει, δειλοτέρους δὲ νόσος."

235.—ΔΙΟΔΩΡΟΤ ΤΑΡΣΕΩΣ

Μη μέτρει Μάγνητι τὸ πηλίκον σύνομα τύμβῳ, μηδὲ Θεμιστοκλέους ἔργα σε λαυθανέτῳ. τεκμαίρου Σαλαμίνη καὶ ὀλκασί τοῦ φιλοπατρίν· γνώσῃ δ' ἐκ τούτων μείζωνα Κεκροπῖνος.

236.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ

Οὐχὶ Θεμιστοκλέος Μάγνης τάφος· ἀλλὰ κέχωσμαι Ἐλλήνων φθονερῆς σῆμα κακοκρισίης.

1 That this is the sense required is shown by the next epigram.

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BOOK VII. 233–236

233.—APOLLONIDES

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

234.—PHILIPPUS OF THESSALONICA

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

235.—DIODORUS OF TARSIUS

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

236.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

I, this Magnesian tomb, am not that of Themistocles, but I was built as a record of the envious misjudgment of the Greeks.²

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

237.—ΑΛΦΕΙΟΤ ΜΙΤΤΑΗΝΑΙΟΤ

Οὐρεά μεν καὶ πάντων ύπὲρ τύμβοιο χάρασσε, καὶ μέσον ἀμφοτέρων μάρτυρα Δητοίδην, ἀλενάων τε βαθὺν ποταμῶν ῥόου, οἱ τοτε ρεῖθροι Ἑρέξου μυριόναν οὐχ ύπέμειναν ἰρην. ἔγγραφε καὶ Σαλαμίνα, θεομοστοκλέους ἵνα σῆμα κηρύσσει Μάγνης δήμος ἀποφθῆμένου.

238.—ΑΔΑΙΟΤ

Ἡμαθίην ὅς πρῶτος ἐσ "Ἀρεα βῆςα Φιλιττος, Αιγαίην κεῖμα βῶλον εφεσσάμενος, βέξας οἱ οὔτω βασιλεὺς τὸ πρῶτοι δὲ τὸς αὐχεὶ μεῖζον ἐμεῦν, καὶ τοῦθ' αἵματος ἥμετέρου.

239.—ΠΑΡΜΕΝΙΩΝΟΣ

Φθίσθαι Ἀλεξάνδρου ψευδής φάτις, εἴπερ ἄληθῆς Φοίβου. ἀνικήτων ἀπτεταί οὐδ' Ἀίδησ.

240.—ΑΔΑΙΟΤ

Τύμβοις Ἀλεξάνδρωι Μακεδόνος ἦν τις ἀείδη, ἦπείρους κεῖνον σῆμα λέγ' ἀμφοτέρας.

241.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΤ

Μυρία σοι, Πτολεμαῖε, πατὴρ ἔπι, μυρία μάτηρ τειρομένα θαλεροὺς ἥκισατο πλοκάμους; πολλὰ τῇθηνητὴρ ὀλοφύρατο, χερσὶν ἀμήςασ ἀνδρομάχους δνοθερὰν κρατὸς ὑπερθε κόνιν.

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

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BOOK VII. 237-241

237.—ALPHEIUS OF MITYLENE

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

238.—ADDAEUS

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

239.—PARMENION

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

240.—ADDAEUS

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

241.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

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

¹ This refers to Alexander.
² This refers to Alexander.
³ Phoebus had proclaimed him invincible.
⁴ It is not certain which of the Egyptian princes this is.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

\[ \text{ά μεγάλα δ’ Αίγυπτος ἕως ὠλόψατο χαίταιν, καὶ πλατὺς Εὐρώπας ἐστονάχθησε ὄμοσ. καὶ δ’ αὐτά διὰ πένθος ἀμαυρωθεῖσα Σελάνα ἅστρα καὶ οὐρανίας ἀτραπιτοὺς ἐλεπεν. ὤλεο γὰρ διὰ λοιμῶν ὀλας θοινήτορα χέρσου, πρὶν πατέρων νεαρὰ σκάπτρον ἐλείν παλάμας οὐ δὲ σε νῦξ ἐκ νυκτὸς ἐδέξατο. δὴ γὰρ ἀνακτὰς τοῖς οὐκ Ἀίδας, Ζεὺς δ’ ἐσ’ Ὀλυμπον ἄγει.} \]

242.—ΜΝΑΣΑΛΚΟΤ

Οἶδε πάτραν, πολύδακρυν ἐπ’ αὐχενί δεσμὸν ἔχουσαν, ὑμόμενοι, δυναθεῖν ἀμφεβάλοντο κόινων. ἀρνυνται δ’ ἀρετᾶς αἰνον μέγαν. ἀλλὰ τις ἄστών τούσ’ ἐσίδων θυάσκειν τλάτω ὑπὲρ πατρίδος.

243.—ΔΟΛΔΙΟΤ ΒΑΣΣΟΤ

Φωκίδι πάρ πέτρη δέρκευν τάφον” εἰμὶ δ’ ἐκεῖνων τῶν ποτὲ Μηδοφόνων μνήμα τριηκοσίων, οἱ Σπάρτας ἀπὸ γάς τηλοῦ πέσου, ἀμβλύνατες "Αρεα καὶ Μήδων καὶ Λακεδαιμόνιον. ἦν δ’ ἐσορῆς ἐπ’ ἐμεῖο ἑβοςτρυχον εἰκώνα θηρός, ἐννεπε: "Τοῦ ταγοῦ μνήμα Λεωνίδεω.”

244.—ΓΑΙΤΟΤΛΙΚΟΤ

Δισσά τριηκοσίων τάδε φάσγανα θούριος "Αρης ἐσπασεν Ἀργεῖων καὶ Λακεδαιμονίων, ἐνθα μάχην ἐτλημεν ἀνάψρελυν, ἄλλος ἐπ’ ἄλλω πιπτοντες: Θυρέαι δ’ ἦσαν ἀεθλα δορός.

1 Sidon.  2 i.e. a lion.  3 On the celebrated fight for Thyreae between three
Great Egypt tore her hair and the broad home of Europa groaned aloud. The very moon was darkened by mourning and deserted the stars and her heavenly path. For thou didst perish by a pestilence that devastated all the land, before thou couldst grasp in thy young hand the sceptre of thy fathers. Yet night did not receive thee from night; for such princes are not led by Hades to his house, but by Zeus to Olympus.

242.—MNASALCAS

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

243.—LOLLIUS BASSUS

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

244.—GAETULICUS

Fierce Ares drew these our swords, the three hundred from Argos and as many from Sparta, there where we fought out the fight from which no messenger returned, falling dead one upon another. Thyreae was the prize of the battle.

hundred Argives and as many Spartans. See Herod. i. 82, and NOS. 431, 432, below.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

245.—TOY AYTOY

"Ω Xρόνε, παντοίων θυντοις πανεπίσκοπε δαιμόν, άγγελος ἠμετέρων πάσι γενοῦ παθέων, ώς ίεράν σώζειν πειρόμενοι Ἐλλάδα χώρην, Βοιωτῶν κλεινοῖς θυήσκομεν ἐν δαπέδοις.

246.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΤ

"Ισσοῦ ἐπὶ προμολήσιν ἀλὸς παρὰ κύμα Κιλίσσης ἀγριον αἱ Περσῶν κείμεθα μυριάδες, ἔργον Ἀλεξίανδροι Μακηδόνος, οἳ ποτ' ἀνακτὶ Δαρείῳ πυμάτην οἶμον ἐφεσσόμεθα.

247.—ΑΛΚΛΙΟΤ

"Ἀκλαυστοι καὶ άθαπτοι, ὅδουπόρε, τῶδ' ἐπὶ τύμβῳ Θεσσαλίας τρισαλῷ κείμεθα μυριάδες, Ἡμαθίη μέγα πῆμα· τὸ δὲ θραυῦ κείνο Φιλίππον πνεύμα θοῦν ἐλάφων ῥάχει· ἐλαφρότερον.

248.—ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΤ

Μυριάσιν ποτὲ τῇδε τριήκοσίαις ἐμάχοντο ἐκ Πελοποννήσου χιλιάδες τέτορες.

249.—TOY AYTOY

"Ω ἕειν', ἀγγειλον Δακεδαιμονίοις ὅτι τῇδε κείμεθα, τοῖς κείνων ρήμασι πειθόμενοι.


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

245.—By the Same (?)

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

246.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

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

247.—ALCAEUS

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

248.—SIMONIDES

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

249.—By the Same

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

(b.c. 197), where Philip V. was defeated by Flamininus. For the king's bitter retort see Book XVI. No. 26**.

¹ On the general monument of all the Greeks who fell at Thermopylae, No. 249 being on that of the Spartans.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

250.—TOY AYTOY

'Ακμᾶς ἐστακνιάν ἐπὶ ξυροῦ 'Ελλάδα πᾶσαν ταῖς αὐτῶν ψυχαῖς κείμεθα ρυσάμενοι.

251.—TOY AYTOY

'Ασβεστος κλέος οἶδε φίλη περὶ πατρίδι θέντες κυνάεον θανάτου ἄμψεβαλοντο νέφος. οὐδὲ τεθυσι βανώντες, ἐπεὶ σφ' ἀρετὴ καθύπερθε κυδαίνουσ' ἀνάγει δῶματος ἐξ 'Αίδεων.

252.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ

Οἶδ' 'Αίδαν στέρξαντες ἐνόπλιον, οὐχ, ἀπερ ἄλλοι, στάλαιν, ἀλλ' ἀρετὰν ἀντ' ἀρετᾶς ἑλαχον.

253.—ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΤ

Εἰ τὸ καλὸς θυγήσκειν ἀρετῆς μέρος ἐστὶ μέγιστον, ἢμῖν ἐκ πάντων τούτ' ἀπένειμε Τύχη; 'Ελλάδι γὰρ σπεύδοντες ἐλευθερίην περιθείναι κείμεθ' ἀγηράτω χρώμενοι εὐλογίῃ.

254.—TOY AYTOY

Χαίρετ' ἀριστῆς πολέμου μέγα κύδος ἔχοντες, κοῦροι Ἀθηναῖων, ἔξοχοι ἵπποςύνη, οἱ ποτὲ καλλιχόρου περὶ πατρίδος ὀλέσαθ' ἥβην πλείστοις 'Ελλήνων ἀντία μαρνάμενοι.
BOOK VII. 250–254

250.—By the Same

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

251.—By the Same

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

252.—Antipater

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

253.—Simonides

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

254.—By the Same

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

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

Κρής γενεὰν Βρόταχος Γορτύνιος ἐνθάδε κεῖμαι,
οὔ κατὰ τοῦτ’ ἐλθὼν, ἀλλὰ κατ’ ἐμπορίην.

255.—ἈΙΣΧΥΛΟΣ

Κυρινὴ καὶ τούσδε μενέγχεας ὀλεσεν ἀνδρας
Μοῖρα, πολύρρημοι πατρίδα ρυμένους.
ξοὼν δὲ φθιμένων πέλεται κλέος, ο’ ποτε γυνίοις
τλήμονες Ὀσσαίαν ἀμφιέσαντο κόνιν.
C. Merivale, Collections from the Greek Anthology, 1833, p. 94.

256.—ΠΛΑΤΩΝΟΣ

Οἶδε ποτ’ Αἰγαίων βαρύβρομον οἶδα λυπόντες
'Eκβατάνων πεδίω κείμεθ’ ἐνι μεσάτω.
χαίρε, κλυτή ποτε πατρίς 'Ἐρέτρια: χαϊρετ’, Ἀθήναι
γείτονες Εὐβοίης: χαϊρε, θάλασσα φίλη.
J. A. Symonds, the younger, Studies of the Greek Poets,
vol. ii. p. 294.

257.—ἈΔΗΛΟΝ

Παιδεὶς Ἀθηναίων Περσῶν στρατὸν ἐξολέσαντες
ήρκεσαν ἀργαλένην πατρίδι δουλοσύνην.

258.—ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΣ

Οἶδε παρ’ Εὐρυμέδοντά ποτ’ ἀγλαδὺν ὀλεσαν ῥήτην
μαρνάμενοι Μῆδων τοξοφόρων προμάχοις
ἀιχμητὰ πεζώ τε καὶ ὁκυνόρων ἐπὶ νηών
κάλλιστον θ’ ἀρετής μημ’ ἐλεπον φθίμενοι.
J. H. Merivale, in Collections from the Greek Anthology,
1833, p. 66.

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BOOK VII. 254A–258

254A.—BY THE SAME

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

255.—AESCHYLUS

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

256.—PLATO

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

257.—ANONYMOUS

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

258.—SIMONIDES

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

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

259.—ΠΛΑΤΩΝΟΣ
Εὐβοϊς γένος ἐσμέν Ἐρετρικόν, ἄγχι δὲ Σοῦσων κείμεθα· φέυ, γαῖς ὄσσον ἀφ' ἡμετέρης.
L. Campbell, in G. R. Thomson’s Selections from the Greek Anthology, p. 231.

260.—ΚΑΡΦΤΑΛΙΔΟΤ
Μη μέμψη παριών τὰ μνήματά μου, παροδίτα· οὐδὲν ἔχω θρήνων ἁξίον οὐδὲ θανόν.
τέκνων τέκνα λέοιτα· μὴς ἀπέλανσα γυναικὸς συγγήρου· τρισοσίς παισίν ἔδωκα γάμους,
εξ δὲ πολλάκι παιδας ἐμοῖς ἐνεκοίμισα κόλποις, οὐδενὸς οἰμώξας οὐ νύσον, οὐ θάνατον,
οἱ με κατασπείσαντες ἀπήμονα, τὸν γλυκὸν ὑπνον κοιμᾶσθαι, χώρην πέμψαν ἐπ’ εὐσεβέων.

261.—ΔΙΟΤΙΜΟΤ
Τι πλέον εἰς ἐδίνα πονεῖν, τί δὲ τέκνα τεκέσθαι,
ἡ τέκνα εἰ μέλλει παιδῶς ὅραν θάνατον;
ηθέω γὰρ σῆμα Βιάνορι χεῦστο μήτηρ;
ἐπρεπε δ’ ἐκ παιδὸς μητέρα τοῦ δε τυχεῖν.

262.—ΘΕΟΚΡΙΤΟΤ ΒΟΤΚΟΛΙΚΟΤ
Αὐδήσει τὸ γράμμα τὶ σάμα τε καὶ τὶς ὑπ’ αὐτῷ.
Γλαύκης εἰμὶ τάφος τῆς ὀνομαζομένης.

263.—ΑΝΑΚΡΕΟΝΤΟΣ ΘΗΙΟΤ
Καὶ σὲ, Κληνορίδη, πόθος ὀλέσε πατρίδος αἰ̂ ῃ
θαρσῆσαντα Νότον λαῖλαπ τεῖμερη.
ὄρη γὰρ σε πέθησεν ἄνέγγυος· ύγρὰ δὲ τὴν σῆν
κύματ’ ἀφ’ ἱμερίν ἐκλυσεν ἡλικίην.
BOOK VII. 259–263

259.—PLATO

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

260.—CARPHYLLIDES

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

261.—DIOTIMUS

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

262.—THEOCRITUS

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

263.—ANACREON

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

\(^1\) See No. 256.
264.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΤ
Ειη ποιομηρος πλος ουριος· δυ δ' αρ' αητης, 
ος εμε, τοις Άιδεως προσπελαση λιμεσιν, 
μεμφεσθω μη λαημα κακοξενου, άλλε έο τολμαι, 
οστης αφ' ήμετερου πειςματ' ελυε ταφον.

265.—ΠΛΑΤΩΝΟΣ
Ναυηγου ταφος ειμιν. ο δ' αντιον εστι γεωργουν 
ως αλλη και γαη ξυνου ύπεστι άιδης.

266.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΤ
Ναυηγου ταφος ειμι Διοκλεως· οι δ' αναγονται, 
φευ τολμης, απ' εμοι πειςματα λυσαμενοι.

267.—ΠΟΣΕΙΔΙΙΠΠΟΣ
Ναυτιλοι, έγγις άλος τι μεθύπτετε; πολλοις άνευθε 
χωσαι ναυηγου τλημονα τημβον ύδει.
φρισω κυματος ηχου, εμον μορον. άλλα και ουτως 
χαρετε, Νικητην οηινες οικτιρετε.

268.—ΠΛΑΤΩΝΟΣ
Ναυηγον με δεδορκας. δυ οικτειρασα θελασσα 
γυμνωσαι πυματον φαρες άγδεσατο, 
άυθρωπος παλαμησιν αταρβητις μ' άπεδυσε,
τόσουν άγος τόσουν κερδεος άραμενος.
κεινο και ενδυσαίτο, και εις Άιδαο φεροιτο,
και μιν ιδου Μυνος τουμον έχοντα μακος.
264.—LEONIDAS

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

265.—PLATO

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

266.—LEONIDAS

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

267.—POSIDIPPUS

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

268.—PLATO

I whom ye look upon am a shipwrecked man. The sea pitied me, and was ashamed to bare me of my last vesture. It was a man who with fearless hands stripped me, burdening himself with so heavy a crime for so light a gain. Let him put it on and take it with him to Hades, and let Minos see him wearing my old coat.
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269.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Πλωτήρες, σώζουσθε καὶ εἰν ἄλλῳ καὶ κατὰ γαίαν ἵστε δὲ ναυηγοῦ σῆμα παρερχόμενοι.

270.—ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΣ
Τούσδε ποτ’ ἐκ Σπάρτας ἄκροθίνα Φοῖβῳ ἄγοντας ἐν πέλαγος, μία νῦξ, ἐν σκάφος ἐκτέρισεν.

271.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΣ
"Ωφελε μηδ’ ἐγένοντο θοαὶ νέες: οὐ γὰρ ἂν ἡμεῖς παίδα Διοκλείδου Σώπολιν ἐστένομεν· νῦν δ’ ὁ μὲν εἰν ἄλι ποιν φέρεται νέκυς: ἀντὶ δ’ ἐκεῖνον σῦνομα καὶ κενεὸν σῆμα παρερχόμεθα.
H. C. Beeching, In a Garden, p. 95.

272.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Νάξιος οὗκ ἐπὶ γῆς ἑθανεν Λύκος, ἄλλη ἕνι πόντῳ ναῦν ἁμα καὶ ψυχήν εἰδεν ἀπολλυμένην, ἔμπορος Αἰγίνηθεν ὄτ’ ἐπλεε· χῶ μὲν ἐν ύγρῇ νεκρός· ἐγὼ δ’ ἄλλως σῦνομα τύμβος ἑχων, κηρύσσω πανάληθες ἐπος τόδε· "Φεύγε θαλάσση 5 συμμίσγειν Ἔριφων, ναυτίλε, δυνμένων."

273.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΣ
Εὔρου μὲ τρηχεία καὶ αἰτήσεσα καταγίς, καὶ νῦξ, καὶ δυνοφερῆς κύματα πανδυσίης
BOOK VII. 269-273

269.—By the Same

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

270.—Simonides

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

271.—Callimachus

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

272.—By the Same

Lycus of Naxos died not on land, but in the sea he saw his ship and his life lost together, as he sailed from Aegina to trade. Now he is somewhere in the sea, a corpse, and I his tomb, bearing his idle name, proclaim this word of truth "Sailor, foregather not with the sea when the Kids are setting." ¹

273.—Leonidas

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

¹ i.e. Middle of November.
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ϵβλαψ’ Ωρίωνος· ἀπώλισθον δὲ βίοιο
Κάλλασσιχρος, Διβυκοῦ μέσσα θέων πελάγευς.
κάγῳ μὲν πόντῳ διενύμενος, ἵχθυσι κύρμα,
οἴχημαι· ψεύστης δ’ οὕτος ἔπεστι λίθος.

274.—ΟΝΕΣΤΟΤ ΒΤΖΑΝΤΙΟΤ

Οὗνομα κηρύσσον Τιμοκλέος, εἰς ἄλα πικρὴν
πάντη σκέπτομενη ποῦ ποτ’ ἀρ’ ἐστὶ νέκυς.
αἰαῖ· τὸν δ’ ἤδη φάγον ἵχθυες· ἢ δὲ περιοσὴ
πέτρος ἐγὼ τὸ μάτην γράμμα τορευθὲν ἐξω.

275.—ΓΑΙΤΟΤΑΙΚΟΤ

‘Α Πέλοπος νάσος καὶ δύσπλος ὠλεσε Κρήτα,
καὶ Μαλέου τυφλαὶ καμπτομένου σπιλάδες
Δύμαιος Ἀστυθάμαντα Κυδώνου. ἀλλ’ ὁ μὲν ἤδη
ἔπλησεν θηρῶν νηδύας εἰναλίων
τὸν ψεύσταν δὲ με τύμβον ἐπὶ χθονὶ θέντο. τί
θαύμα;
Κρήτες ὅπου ψεύσται, καὶ Διὸς ἐστὶ τάφος.

276.—ΗΡΗΣΙΠΠΟΤ

‘Εξ ἔλοι ἡμίβρωτον ἀνηνέγκαντο σαγηνεῖς
ἀνδρα, πολύκλαυτον ναυτίλης σκυβάλον
κέρδεα δ’ οὐκ ἐδίωξαν ἃ μὴ θέμις· ἀλλὰ σὺν αὐτοῖς
ἵχθυσι τηδ’ ὁλίγης θήκαν ὑπὸ ψαμάθω.
ὡ χθών, τὸν ναυηγόν ἔχεις ὕλου· ἀντὶ δὲ λοιπῆς
σαρκὸς τοὺς σαρκῶν γενυσαμένους ἐπέχεις.
setting aroused my ruin, and I, Callaeschrus, glided out of life as I sailed the middle of the Libyan deep. I myself am lost, whirl'd hither and thither in the sea a prey to fishes, and it is a liar, this stone that rests on my grave.

274.—HONESTUS OF BYZANTIUM

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

275.—GAETULICUS

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

276.—HEGESIPPUS

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

1 Early in November.

2 He refers to some verses of Callimachus in his Hymn to Zeus (v. 8). "Cretans are always liars" was a proverb found also in the verse quoted by St. Paul (Titus, i. 12).
277.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΣ

Τίς, ξένος ὁ ναυηγός; Λεόντιχος ἐνθάδε νεκρὸν ἐὗρε σ' ἐπ' αὐγιαλοῦ, χῶσε δὲ τὸ δε τάφῳ, δακρύσας ἐπίκηρου ἕων βίον· οὖν ἡ γὰρ αὐτὸς ἠσυχὸς, αἰθυίη δ' ἑσα θαλασσοπορεῖ.

278.—ἈΡΧΙΟΤ ΒΤΖΑΝΤΙΟΤ

Οὔδε νέκυς, ναυηγὸς εἰπὶ χθόνα Θῆρις ἐλασθεὶς κύμασιν, ἀγρύπνων λῆσομαι ἡμῶν.
ἡ γὰρ ἀληρήκτος ὑπὸ δειρᾶσιν, ἀγχόθι πόντου δυσμενέος, ξείνου χερσίν ἐκυρσα τάφουν·
αἰεὶ δὲ βρομέοντα καὶ ἐν νεκύεσσι θαλάσσῃς ὁ τλῆμων ἄτω δοὺτον ἀπεχθόμενον
μόχθων οὖν ᾧ Αἰδῆς με κατεύνασεν, ἰὼνα μοῦνο
οὔδε θανῶν λεῖν κέκλιμαι ἡσυχία.
A. Lang, Grass of Parnassus, ed. 2, p. 155.

279.—ἈΔΗΛΟΝ

Παύσαι νηὸς ἑρετμὰ καὶ ἐμβολα τῶδ' ἐπὶ τύμβῳ
αἰεὶν ἐπὶ Ψυχρῇ ξωγραφέων σποδίῃ.
ναυηγοῦ τὸ μνῆμα. τι τῆς ἐνὶ κύμασι λώβης
αὐθίς ἀναμνῆσαι τὸν κατὰ γῆς ἐθέλεις;

280.—ἸΣΙΔΩΡΟΤ ΑΙΓΕΑΤΟΤ

Τὸ χόρμα τύμβος ἑστίν· ἀλλὰ τῷ βοε
ἐπίσχες οὗτος, τὰυ ἔως τ' ἀνάσπασον
κινεῖς σποδὸν γάρ. ἐς δὲ τοιαύταν κόμων
μὴ στέρμα πυρῶν, ἀλλὰ χεῖνε δάκρυα.
BOOK VII. 277–280

277.—CALLIMACHUS

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

278.—ARCHIAS OF BYZANTIUM

Not even now I am dead shall I, shipwrecked Theris, cast up on land by the waves, forget the sleepless surges. For here under the brine-beaten hill, near the sea my foe, a stranger made my grave; and, ever wretched that I am, even among the dead the hateful roar of the billows sounds in my ears. Not even Hades gave me rest from trouble, since I alone even in death cannot lie in unbroken repose.

279.—Anonymous

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

280.—ISIDORUS OF AEGAE

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

"Απισχ,' ἀπισχε χεῖρας, ὁ γεωτόνε, καὶ ἐμφύτημεν τὰν ἐν ἡρίῳ κόμιν. αὐτὰ κέκλαυναι βῶλος· ἐκ κεκλαυμένας δὴ οὕτωι κομάτας ἀναθαλησται στάχυς.

282.—ΘΕΟΔΩΡΙΔΟΤ

Ναυγοῦ τάφος εἴμι· σὺ δὲ πλέε· καὶ γὰρ ὁθ' ἡμεῖς ἀλλύμεθ', αἱ λοιπαὶ νῆες ἐποντοπόρουν. H. Wellesley, in Anthologia Polyglotta, p. 300.

283.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΤ

Τετρηχύδα θάλασσα, τί μ' οὐκ οἴχυρὰ παθόντα τήλος' ὑπὸ ψυλῆς ἐπτυσας ἥγονος; ώς σεῦ μη' 'Αίδαο κακὴν ἐπιειμένος ἀχλὺν Φυλεὺς 'Αμφιμένενς ἀσσον ἐγειτόνεον.

284.—ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΤ

'Οκτὼ μεν πῆχεις ἀπεχε, τρηχεία τάλασσα, καὶ κύμαινε, βόα θ' ἡλίκα σοι δύναμις· ἢν δὲ τὸν Ἐυμάρεω καθέλης τάφον, ἀλλο μὲν οὐδὲν κρήγουν, εὐρήσεις δ' ὀστέα καὶ σποδιήν. R. Garnett, A Chaplet from the Greek Anthology, cx.

285.—ΓΛΑΤΚΟΤ ΝΙΚΟΠΙΛΙΤΟΤ

Οὐ κόνις οὐδ' ὀλγον πέτρης βύρος, ἀλλ' Ἐρασίππου ἢν ἑσορᾶς αὐτὴ πᾶσα θάλασσα τάφος· ὁλετο γὰρ σὺν νηῇ· τὰ δ' ὀστέα ποὺ ποτ' ἐκεῖνον πῦθεται, αἰθυνίαις γνωστὰ μόναις ἐνέπειν.
BOOK VII. 281-285

281.—HERACLIDES

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

282.—THEODORIDAS

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

283.—LEONIDAS

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

284.—ASCLEPIADES

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

285.—GLAUCUS OF NICOPOLIS

Not this earth or this light stone that rests thereon is the tomb of Erasippus, but all this sea whereon thou lookest. For he perished along with his ship, and his bones are rotting somewhere, but where only the gulls can tell.
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286.—ANTIPATROΣ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΟΤ

Δύσμορε Νικάνωρ, πολιή μεμαραμένε πόντῳ, κείσαι δὴ ξείγη γυμνὸς ἐπ’ ἥλιον, ἤ σὺ γε πρὸς πέτρησιν τὰ δ’ ὄλβια κείνα μέλαθρα φροῦδα <καὶ ἥ> πάσης ἐλπὶς ὀλωλε Τύρου. οὐδὲ τί σε κτείνον ἐρρόσατο· φεῦ, ἐλεεινε, ὠλεο μοχθήσας ἵχθυσι καὶ πελάγει. 5

287.—ANTIPATROΣ

Καὶ νέκνων ἀπρήμυντος ἀναίσει με θάλασσα Δύσων, ἐρημαίχ κρυπτῶν υπὸ σπιλάδι, στρηνὲς αἰει φουνέσα παρ’ οὕστι, καὶ παρὰ κωφὸν σῆμα. τὶ μ’, ὄνθρωποι, τῇδε παρφκίσατε, ἢ πνοῆς χήρωσε τὸν οὔκ ἐπὶ φορτίδι νηπὸ ἐμπορον, ἀλλ’ ὀλίγης ναυτίλοις εἰρεσίης θηκαμένη ναυηγόν; ὦ δ’ ἐκ πόντωι ματεύων ξωήν, ἐκ πόντου καὶ μόρον εἰλκυσάμην. 5

288.—TOY AYTOY

Οὐδετέρης ὀλος εἰμὶ θανῶν νέκνως, ἀλλὰ θάλασσα καὶ χθὼν τὴν ἄτρ ἐμεῦ μοίραν ἐχουσιν ἱσην. σάρκα γὰρ ἐν πῶς φάγον ἱχθύες· ὀστεὰ δ’ αὕτε βέβρασται ψυχρὴ τῇδε παρ’ ἥλιον.

289.—ANTIPATROΣ ΜΑΚΕΔΟΝΟΣ

Ἀνθέα τὸν ναυηγὸν ἐπὶ στόμα Πηνειῷ νυκτὸς ὑπὲρ βαἰὴς νηξόμενον θανίδος, μοῦνιος ἐκ θάμυνοι θορῶν λύκος, ἀσκοπον ἁνδρα, ἕκτανεν. ὣ γαίης κύματα πιστότερα.

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286.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

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

287.—ANTIPATER

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

288.—BY THE SAME

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

289.—ANTIPATER OF MACEDONIA

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

Λαίλαπα καὶ μανήν ὅλος προφυγόντα θαλάσσης ναυηγόν, Δίβυκαις κείμενον ἐν ψαμάθοις, ὁδὸς ἐκας ἡμῶν, πυμάτῳ βεβαρημένου ὕπνῳ, γυμνὸν, ἀτὸ στυγερῆς ὡς κύμε ναυφθορίης, ἐκθανε λυγρὸς ἔχει. τί μάτην πρὸς κύματ' ἐμόχθει, τὴν ἐπὶ γῆς φεύγων μοίραι φειλομένην;

291.—ΞΕΝΟΚΡΙΤΟΤ ΡΟΔΙΟΤ

Χαίται σοι στάξουσιν ἔθ᾽ ἡλυσμάτα, δύσμορε κούρη, ναυηγέ, φθιμένης εἰν ὕλει, Λυσιδίκης.
ἡ γάρ, ὄριομένου πόντου, δείσασα θαλάσσης ὑβριν ὑπὲρ κοίλου δούρατος ἐξέπεσες.
καὶ σον μὲν φωνεῖ τάφος οὐνομα, καὶ χθόνα Κύμην, ὅστεα δὲ ψυχροί κλῦζετ' ἐπ' αἰγιαλῶν, πικρῶν Ἀριστομάχῳ γενέτηρ κακῶν, ὥς σε κομίζων ἐς γάμον, οὕτε κόρην ἡγαγεν οὕτε νέκυν.

292.—ΘΕΩΝΟΣ ΑΛΕΞΑΝΔΡΕΩΣ

'Αλκυόσιν, Δηναίε, μέλεις τάχα· κοφᾶ δὲ μῆτηρ μύρεθ' ὑπὲρ κρυνοῦ δυρομένη σε τάφοι.

293.—ΙΣΙΩΡΟΤ ΑΙΓΕΑΤΟΤ

Οὐ χείμα Νικόφημον, οὐκ ἄστρων δύσις ἀλὸς Διβύσσης κύμασιν κατέκλυσεν ἀλλ' ἐν γαλήνῃ, φεῖ τάλας, ἀνηρέμω πλῶο πεδηθεῖς, ἐφρύγη δίφεως ὕπο.
καὶ τοῦτ' ἀμίτων ἔργων· ὁ πόσον κακῶν ναύταισιν ὣ πνεοντες ὣ μεμυκτες.
BOOK VII. 290–293

290.—STATYLLIUS FLACCUS

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

291.—XENOCRITUS OF RHODES

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

292.—THEON OF ALEXANDRIA

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

293.—ISIDORUS OF AEGAE

No tempest, no stormy setting of a constellation overwhelmed Nicophemus in the waters of the Libyan Sea. But alas, unhappy man! stayed by a calm he was burnt up by thirst. This too was the work of the winds. Ah, what a curse are they to sailors, whether they blow or be silent!
294.—ΤΤΑΛΙΟΤ ΛΑΤΡΕΑ

Γρυνεά τὸν πρέσβυν, τὸν ἀλητρύτου ἀπὸ κύμβης ξώντα, τὸν ἀγκίστροις καὶ μογέοντα λύνοις,
ἐκ δεινοῦ τρηχεία Νότου κατέδυσε θάλασσα,
ἐβρασε δ’ ἐσ κροκάλην πρώϊον ἦοια,
χεῖρας ἀποβρωθέντα. τὶς οὗ νόου ἵχθοςιν εἴποι
ἐμμεναί, οὗ μούνας, αἰς ὀλέκοντο, φάγον;

295.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΑ ΤΑΡΕΝΤΙΝΟΤ

Θῆριν τὸν τρυγέροντα, τὸν εὐάριστον ἀπὸ κύρτων
ξώντα, τὸν αἴθυνης πλείονα νηξάμενον,
ἐχθυσιλήστηρα, σαγηνά, χηραμοδύτην,
οὐχὶ πολυσκάλμου πλώτορα ναυτιλίας,
ἐμπῆς οὔτ’ Ἀρκτοῦρος ἀπώλεσεν, οὕτε κατανίγις
ἡλασε τὰς πολλὰς τῶν ἔτεων δεκάδας·
ἀλλ’ ἔθαν’ ἐν καλύβη σχοινίτιδι, λύχνοι ὅποια,
τῷ μακρῷ σβεσθείς ἐν χρόνῳ αὐτόματος.
σῆμα δὲ τούτ’ οὐ παιδεῖς ἐφήμρωσαν, οὐδ’ ὀμόλεκτρος,
ἀλλὰ συνεργατίνης ἰχθυβόλων θίασος.

A. Lang, Grass of Parnassus, ed. 2, p. 168.

296.—ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΤ ΤΟΤ ΚΗΙΟΤ

'Εξ οὗ γ’ Ἑὐρώπην ‘Ἀσίας δίχα πόντοι ἐνείμε,
καὶ πόλεμον λαὸν θοῦρος Ἀρης ἐφέπει,
νύκτα τῷ κάλλιον ἐπιχθυνίων γένετ’ ἀνδρῶν
ἐργον ἐν ἥπειρῳ καὶ κατὰ πόντον ἁμα.
οἴδε γὰρ ἐν Κύπρῳ Μήδων πολλοὺς ὀλέσαντες,
θωικῶν ἐκατόν ναῦς ἔλον ἐν πελάγει
ἀνδρῶν πληθοῦσας: μέγα δ’ ἐστεγεν Ἀσίας ὑπ’ αὐτῶν
πληγείον, ἀμφοτέρας χερσὶ κράτει πολέμου.

1 i.e. the season of Arcturus’ setting, September.
BOOK VII. 294-296

294.—TULLIUS LAUREAS

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

295.—LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

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

296.—SIMONIDES

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

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

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297.—ΠΟΛΤΣΤΡΑΤΟΤ

Τὸν μὲν μέγαν Ἀκροκόρινθον Ἀχαιίκον, Ἐλλάδος ἀστρον, καὶ διπλὴν Ἰσθμοῦ σύνδρομον ἥτονα
Λεὐκίος ἐστυφέλιδε· δοριστόητα δὲ νεκρῶν ὡστεά σωφυθείς εἰς ἐπέχει σκόπελος.
τοὺς δὲ δόμον Πριάμωι πυρὶ πρῆσαιτα Ἀχαιῶι ἄκλαυστοις κτερέων νόσφισαν Διόνδαι.

298.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Ἄιαί, τοῦτο κάκιστον, ὅταν κλαίσωι θανόντα νυμφίον ἢ νύμφην ἤνικα δ᾽ ἀμφοτέρους,
Εὐπολιν ὡς ἀγαθὴν τε Λυκαίιον, ὅπως ὑμέναιον ἐσβεσεν ἐν πρώτῃ νυκτὶ πεσόν τάλαμος,
οὐκ ἄλλῳ τόδε κύδος ἴσορροπου, ὥστε μὲν ὑιόν,
Νίκη, σὺ δ᾽ ἐκλαυσας, Θεύδικε, θυγατέρα.

299.—ΝΙΚΟΜΑΧΟΤ

"Αδ' ἔσθ᾽—ὔδε Πλάταια τί τοι λέγω;—ἂν ποτε σεισμὸς
ἐλθὼν ἐξαπίνας κάββαλε πανσυδή.
λείψθη δ᾽ αὐ μοῦνον τυθῶν γένος· οἱ δὲ θανόντες
σὰμ ἐρατὰν πάτραν κεῖμεθ' ἐφεσάμενοι.

300.—ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΤ

'Ἐνθάδε Πυθώνακτα κασίγνητον τε κέκευθεν γαϊ', ἐρατής ἠβης πρὶν τέλος ἀκρον ἰδειν.
μνήμα δ᾽ ἀποθεμένουσι πατήρ Μεγαρίστος ἔθηκεν
ἀθάνατον θυητοῖς παισὶ χαριζόμενος.
297.—POLYSTRATUS

Lucius\(^1\) has smitten sore the great Achaean Acrocorinth, the star of Hellas, and the twin parallel shores of the Isthmus. One heap of stones covers the bones of those slain in the rout; and the sons of Aeneas left unwept and unhallowed by funeral rites the Achaeans who burnt the house of Priam.

298.—ANONYMOUS

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

299.—NICOMACHUS

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

300.—SIMONIDES

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

\(^1\) Mummius, who sacked Corinth 146 B.C.
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301.—TOY AYTOY

'Ευκλέας αἰα κέκευθε, Δεονίδα, οἳ μετὰ σεῖο τῆ' ἐθανον, Σπάρτης εὐρυχόρον βασιλεῦν, πλείστων δὴ τοξῶν τε καὶ ὠκυντόδων σθένος ἵππων Μηδείων ἠνδρῶν δεξάμενοι πολέμῳ.

302.—TOY AYTOY

Τὸν αὐτὸ τις ἐκαστὸς ἀπολλυμένων ἀνιάται· Νικόδικου δὲ φίλοι καὶ πόλις ἦδε Ἡπολή.

303.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΤ

Τὸν μικρὸν Κλεόδημον ἑτὶ ζώοντα γάλακτι, ἱχνὸς ὑπὲρ τοίχων νηὸς ἐρεισάμενον, ὁ Θρήνης ἐτύμως Βορέης βάλεν εἰς ἀλὸς ὀἴδα, κύμα δὴ ἀπὸ ψυχὴν ἐσβέσευ νηπιάχου. Ἅνοι, ἀνοικτήρας τις ἐφυς θεός, ἦ Μελικέρτεω ἡλικος οὐκ Ἀίδην πικρὸν ἀπηλάσαο.

304.—ΠΕΙΣΑΝΔΡΟΤ ΡΟΔΙΟΤ

'Ανδρὶ μὲν Ἰππαίμων ὄνομ' ἦν, ἵππῳ δὲ Πόδαργος, καὶ κυνὶ Δήθαργος, καὶ θεραποντὶ Βάβης, Θεσσαλός, ἐκ Κρήτης, Μάγινας γένος, Αἴμονος νῦς· ὠλετὸ δ' ἐν προμάχοις ὀξὺν Ἄρη συνάγων.

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

301.—By the Same

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

302.—By the Same

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

303.—Antipater of Sidon

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

304.—Pisander of Rhodes

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

Much fun was made of it in Antiquity, as the complicated description of the “etat civil” of Hippaemon was maliciously interpreted as comprising the “etat civil” of the animals.
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305.—ΑΔΔΑΙΟΤ ΜΙΤΤΑΗΝΑΙΟΤ

Ὁ γριπεύς Διόστιμος, ὁ κύμασιν ὅλκαίδα πιστὴν κην χθονὶ τὴν αὐτὴν οἰκον ἔχων πενίης, νήγρετον ὑπνώσας 'Αἰδαν τὸν ἀμείλιχον ἱκτο αὐτερέτης, ἱδίᾳ νηὺ κομιξομενος: ἵνα γὰρ ἔχε ἡμῖν παραμύθιον, ἐσχεν ὁ πρέσβυς καὶ φθίμενος πύματον πυρκαῖης ὤφελος.

306.—ΑΔΕΣΧΙΟΤΟΝ

Ἀβρότοιον Ὀρήσσα γυνὴ πέλον· ἀλλὰ τεκέσθαι τὸν μέγαν Ὁ Ἑλλησιν φημὶ Θεμιστοκλέα.

307.—ΠΑΤΛΟΤ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΤ

α. Οὐνομά μοι. β. Τί δὲ τοῦτο; α. Πατρὶς δὲ μοι. β. 'Ες τί δὲ τοῦτο;

α. Κλεινοὶ δ' εἰμὶ γένους. β. Εἰ γὰρ ἀφαυροτάτου;

α. Ζήσας δ' ἐνδόξως ἐλιπον βίον. β. Εἰ γὰρ ἀδόξως;

α. Κείμαι δ' ἐνθάδε νῦν. β. Τίς τίνι ταῦτα λέγεις;


308.—ΛΟΤΚΙΑΝΟΤ

Παιδὰ μὲ πενταέτηρον, ἀκηδέα θυμὸν ἔχοιτα, νηλείης 'Αἰδῆς ἤρπασε Καλλίμαχον.

ἀλλα μὲ μὴ κλαίοις; καὶ γὰρ βιότοιο μετέσχον παύρου, καὶ παύρου τῶν βιότοιο κακὸν.

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

305.—ADDAEUS OF MITYLENE

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

306.—Anonymous

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

307.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

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

308.—LUCIANUS

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

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

310.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΣΤΟΝ

Θάψεν ὦ με κτείνας κρύπτων φόνον; εἰ δὲ με τύμβῳ
dωρεῖται, τοίης ἀντιτύχοι χάριτος.

311.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

Εἰς τὴν γυναίκα Λώτ

"Ὁ τύμβος οὗτος ἐνδου ὅυκ ἔχει νεκρόν;
ὁ νεκρὸς οὗτος ἐκτὸς ὅυκ ἔχει τάφον,
ἀλλ' αὐτὸς αὐτοῦ νεκρὸς ἐστὶ καὶ τάφος."

312.—ΑΣΙΝΙΟΤ ΚΟΤΑΔΡΑΤΟΤ

Εἰς τοὺς ἀναρεθέντας ὑπὸ τοῦ τῶν 'Ρωμαίων ὑπάτου Σύλα

Οἱ πρὸς Ῥωμαίοις δεινὸν στήσαντες "Ἀρηα
κείναι, ἀριστεῖς σύμβολα δεικνύμενοι,
οὔ γάρ τις μετὰ νότα τυπεῖς θάνειν, ἀλλ' ἄμα πάντες
ὁλοντο κρυφίως καὶ δολερῷθανάτῳ.

313.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΣΤΟΝ

Εἰς Τίμωνα τῶν μισάνθρωπον

"Ἐνθάδε ἀπορρῆξας ψυχήν βαρυδαίμονα κείμαι:
τοῦνομα δ' οὐ πεύσεσθε, κακοὶ δὲ κακῶς ὑπόλοιπος.
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BOOK VII. 309-313

309.—Anonymous

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

310.—Anonymous

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

311.—Agathias Scholasticus

On Lot's Wife

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

312.—Asinius Quadratus

On those slain by Sulla

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

313.—Anonymous

On Timon the Misanthrope

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

314.—ΠΤΟΛΕΜΑΙΟΤ

Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν Τίμωνα
Μὴ ποθεν εἰμὶ μάθης, μηδ' σύνομαι πλὴν ὅτι θυμήσκειν
τοὺς παρ' ἐμὴν στήλην ἐρχομένους ἑθέλω.

315.—ΖΗΝΟΔΟΤΟΤ, οἱ δὲ ΡΙΑΝΟΤ

Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν Τίμωνα
Τρηχείαν κατ' ἐμεῦ, ψαφαρῆ κόνι, ράμυνον ἐλίσσοις
πάντοθεν, ἣ σκολιῆς ἀγρία κώλα βάτου,
ὡς ἐπ' ἐμοὶ μηδ' ὄρνις ἐν εἰαρι κούφον ἐρείδοι
ἰχνος, ἐρημάζω δ' ἦσυχα κεκλιμένος.
ἡ γὰρ ὁ μισάνθρωπος, ὁ μηδ' ἀστοῖσι φιληθεὶς
Τίμων οὖν ὑπ' Ἀἰδη γνήσιος εἰμὶ νέκυς.

316.—ΔΕΩΝΙΔΑ ἦ ἈΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ

Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν ὁμοῖως
Τὴν ἐπ' ἐμεῦ στήλην παραμείβεο, μήτε με χαίρειν
eἰπὼν, μηδ' ὀστὶς, μὴ τίνος ἐξετάσας.
ἡ μὴ τὴν ἄνυεις τελέσαις ὅδον. ἢν δὲ παρέλθῃς
σιγῇ, μηδ' οὐτὸς ἦν ἄνυεις τελέσαις.

317.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΤ

Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν Τίμωνα

α. Τίμων (οὗ γὰρ ἐτ' ἐσσί), τί τοι, σκότος ἦ φάος,
ἑχθρόν;

β. Τὸ σκότος· ὑμέων γὰρ πλείονες εἰν Ἀἰδη.
BOOK VII. 314–317

(314—320 are on the Same)

314.—PTOLEMAEUS

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

315.—ZENODOTUS or RHIANUS

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

316.—LEONIDAS or ANTIPATER

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

317.—CALLIMACHUS

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

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

318.—TOY AUToy

Eis tôn autôn Tímowa
Mη χαίρειν εἴπης με, κακὸν κέαρ, ἀλλὰ πάρελθε ἵσον ἐμοὶ χαίρειν ἐστὶ τὸ μὴ σὲ πελάν.

319.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Eis tôn autôn Tímowa
Καὶ νέκως ὁν Τίμων ἀγριος· σὺ δὲ γ', ὁ πυλαωρὲ Πλούτωνος, τάρβει, Κέρβερε, μὴ σὲ δάκη.

320.—ΗΓΗΣΙΠΠΟΥ

Eis tôn autôn Tímowa μισέλληνα
Τίμων μισάνθρωπος ἐνοικέω· ἀλλὰ πάρελθε, οἱμώζειν εἴπας πολλά, πάρελθε μόνον.

321.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Γαία φίλη, τὸν πρέσβυν Ἀμύντιχον ἔνθεο κόλποις, πολλῶν μνησαμένη τῶν ἐπὶ σοί καμάτων. καὶ γὰρ ἄειπέταλον σοι ἐνεστήριξεν ἑλάιν πολλάκι, καὶ Βρομίου κλήμασιν ἡγιάζεσιν, καὶ Δηνοὺς ἔπλησε, καὶ ὕδατος αὐλακας ἐλκων θήκε μὲν εὐλάχανον, θήκε δ' ὀπωρόφορον. ἀνθ' ὁν σὺ πρηεία κατὰ κροτάφου πολιοῦ κείσο, καὶ εἰαρινᾶς ἀνθοκόμει βοτάνας.

322.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Κνωσίου Ἰδομενής ὅρα τάφον· αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ τοι πλησίον ἱδρύμαι Μηριώνης ὁ Μόλου.

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BOOK VII. 318-322

318.—By the Same (?)

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

319.—Anonymous

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

320.—Hegesippus

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

321.—Anonymous

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

322.—Anonymous

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

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323.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ
Εἰς δὲ ἀδελφεῖον ἐπέχει τάφος· ἐν γὰρ ἐπέσχον ἦμαρ καὶ γενεῖς οἱ δύο καὶ θανάτοι.

324.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ
"Ἄδ' ἐγὼ υ περίβωτος ὑπὸ πλακὶ τῇ δε τέθαμμαι, μοῦνφ ἐνι ξόναν ἀνέρι λυσαμένα.

325.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ
Εἰς τὸν Σαρδανάπαλλον
Τόσο' ἔχω ὁσ' ἔφαγον καὶ ἐπιον, καὶ μετ' ἔρωτον τέρπν' ἐδάμη· τὰ δὲ πολλά καὶ ὀλβια πάντα λέειτται.

326.—ΚΡΑΘΤΟΣ ΘΗΒΑΙΟΤ
Ταῦτ' ἔχω ὁσ' ἐμαθὼν καὶ ἐφρόντισα, καὶ μετὰ Μονσῶν σέμν' ἐδάμη· τὰ δὲ πολλα καὶ ὀλβια τύφος ἐμαρψεν.


327.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ
Εἰς Κάσανδρον τὸν ὅραιον ἐν Δαρίσσῃ κεῖμενον
Μὴ σύγε βουητός ἐδώ ως ἄθανατός τι λογίζον· οὐδὲν γὰρ βιότον πιστὸν ἐφημερίος,
εἰ καὶ τόνδε Κάσανδρον ἔχει σορός ἢδε θανόντα, ἀνθρωπον φύσεως ἄξιοιν ἄθανάτον.
BOOK VII. 323-327

323.—Anonymous

One tomb holds two brothers, for both were born and died on the same day.

324.—Anonymous

Beneath this stone I lie, the celebrated woman who loosed my zone to one man alone.

325.—Anonymous

On Sardanapallus

I have all I ate and drank and the delightful things I learnt with the Loves, but all my many and rich possessions I left behind.

326.—Crates of Thebes

I have all I got by study and by thought and the grave things I learnt with the Muses, but all my many and rich possessions Vanity seized on.

327.—Anonymous

On Casandros the beautiful, buried at Larissa

Do not thou, being mortal, reckon on anything as if thou wert immortal, for nothing in life is certain for men, the children of a day. See how this sarcophagus holds Casandros dead, a man worthy of an immortal nature.
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328.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Τίς λίθος οὐκ ἐδώκρυσε, σέθεν φθιμένου, Κάσανδρε; τίς πέτρος, ὃς τής σῆς λήσεται ἀγλαίης; ἀλλὰ σε νηλείης καὶ βάζκανος ᾠλεσε δαίμων ἡλικίην ὅλην ἐκκόσιν ἐξ ἑτέων, ὃς χήρην ἁλοχον βήκεν, μογηροὺς τε τοκῆας γηραλέους, στυγερῶ πένθει τειρομένους.

329.—ΑΛΔΟ

Μυρτάδα τὴν ἱεραῖς με Διωνύσου παρὰ ληνοῖς ἀφθονον ἀκρήτον σπασσαμένην κύλικα, οὐ κεύθει φθιμένην βαἰή κόνις· ἀλλὰ πῦθος μοι, σύμβολον εὐφροσύνης, τερπνὸς ἐπεστὶ τάφος.

330.—ΑΛΔΟ

Ἐν τῷ Δορυλαῖῳ

Τὴν σορόν, ἤν ἐσορᾶς, ξῶν Μάξιμος αὐτὸς ἑαυτῷ θήκεν, ὅπως ναὶ ἁπασάμενος βιότον· σὺν τε, γυναικὶ Καληποδίῃ τεῦξεν τόδε σήμα, ὃς ἴνα τὴν στοργὴν κήν φθιμένοισιν ἔχοι.

331.—ΑΛΔΟ

Εἰς Ὡρακα ἐν Φρυγίᾳ

Τύμβον ἔμοι τούτον γαμέτης δωρήσατο Φρούρης, ἀξίων ἡμετέρης εὐσεβίης στέφανον· λείτῳ δὲ ἐν θαλάμοις γαμέτου χορὸν εὐκλέα παίδων, πιστὸν ἔμοι βιότον μάρτυρα σοφροσύνης. μουνόγαμος θυήσκω, δέκα δὲ ἐν ξιώσιν ἔτι ξῶ, νυμφικὸν εὐτεκνίης καρπὸν ἀειραμένη.

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328.—Anonymous

On the Same

What stone did not shed tears at thy death, Casandros, what rock shall forget thy beauty? But the merciless and envious demon slew thee aged only six and twenty, widowing thy wife and thy afflicted old parents, worn by hateful mourning.

329.—Anonymous

I am Myrtas who quaffed many a generous cup of unwatered wine beside the holy vats of Dionysus, and no light layer of earth covers me, but a wine-jar, the token of my merrymaking, rests on me, a pleasant tomb.

330.—Anonymous

In Dorylaeum

The sarcophagus that you see was set here by Maximus during his life for himself to inhabit after his death. He made this monument too for his wife Calepodia, that thus among the dead too he might have her love.

331.—Anonymous

At Oraca in Phrygia

This tomb was given me by my husband Phroures, a reward worthy of my piety. In my husband's house I leave a fair-famed company of children, to bear faithful testimony to my virtue. I die the wife of one husband, and still live in ten living beings, having enjoyed the fruit of prolific wedlock.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

332.—ΑΛΛΟ

Εἰς Ἀκιδονίαν

Αὐνόμορον Βάκχη μὲ κατέκτανε θηροτρόφον πρίν, οὐ κρίσει ἐν στάδιοις, γυμνασίαις δὲ κλυταῖς.

333.—ΑΛΛΟ

Εἰς Ἀδριανοῦ ἐν Φρυγίᾳ

Μηδὲ καταχθονίοις μετὰ δαίμοσιν ἄμμορος εὖς ἡμετέρων δώρων, ὅν σ’ ἐπέστεικε τυχεῖν, ἀμμία, οὖνεκα Νικόμαχος θυγάτηρ τε Διώνῃ τύμβον καὶ στῆλην σὴν ἐθέμεσθα χάριν.

334.—ΑΛΛΟ

Εὐρέθη ἐν Κυζίκῳ

Νηλεῖς ὦ δαίμον, τί δὲ μοι καὶ φέγγος ἐδείξας εἰς ὀλίγων ἐτέων μέτρα μινυνθάδια; ᾗ ὅνα λυπήσῃς δι’ ἐμὴν βιότοιο τελευτὴν μητέρα δειλαίην δάκρυσι καὶ στοναχαῖς, ἤ μ’ ἐτεχ’, ἤ μ’ ἀτίτηλε, καὶ ἦ πολὺ μείξονα πατρὸς φροντίδα παιδείας ἤνυσεν ἡμετέρης; ὅσ μὲν γὰρ τυτθόν τε καὶ ὀρφανόν ἐν μεγάροις κάλλιπεν· ἤ ὅ ἐπ’ ἐμοὶ πάντας ἔτλη καμάτους. ἦ μὲν ἐμοὶ φίλου ἦνεν ἐφ’ ἀγρῶν ἡγεμονικὴν ἐμπρεπέμεν μύθοις ἀμφὶ δικασπολίας· ἀλλὰ μοι οὐ γενύων ὑπεδέξατο κούριμον ἄνθος ἥλικίης ἐρατῆς, οὐ γάμον, οὐ δαῖδας.
332.—Anonymous

At Amonia

I had an unhappy end, for I was a rearer of animals and Bacche slew me, not in a race on the course, but during the training for which I was renowned.¹

333.—Anonymous

At Hadriani in Phrygia

Mother, not even there with the infernal deities shouldest thou be without a share of the gifts it is meet we should give thee. Therefore have I, Nicomachus, and thy daughter Dione erected this tomb and pillar for thy sake.

334.—Anonymous

Found at Cyzicus

Cruel fate, why didst thou show me the light for the brief measure of a few years? Was it to vex my unhappy mother with tears and lamentations owing to my death? She it was who bore me and reared me and took much more pains than my father in my education. For he left me an orphan in his house when I was but a tiny child, but she toiled all she could for my sake. My desire was to distinguish myself in speaking in the courts before our righteous magistrates, but it did not fall to her to welcome the first down on my chin, herald of lovely prime, nor my marriage torches; she never sang the solemn bridal hymn for

¹ Bacche must have been a mare which somehow killed him while being trained.
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οὐχ ἱμέναιον άείσε περικλυτόν, οὐ τέκος εἶδε, δύσποτος, ἐκ γενεῆς λείψανον ἵματέρης, τῆς πολυθρηνήτου· λυπεῖ δὲ με καὶ τεθνεώτα μητρὸς Πωλίττης πένθος ἀεξόμενον,
Φρόντωνος γοεραῖς ἐπὶ φροντίσων, ἢ τέκε παίδα ὀκύμορον, κενενὸ χάρμα φίλης πατρίδος.

335.—ΑΛΛΟ

a. Πώλιττα, τληθὶ πένθος, εὔνασον δάκρυ. πολλαὶ βανόντας εἶδον νείης μητέρες.
β. 'Ἀλλ' οὐ τοιοῦτοι τὸν τρόπον καὶ τὸν βίον, οὐ μητέρων σέβοντας ἡδίστην θέαν.
a. Τι περισσάθα θρηνεῖς; τί δὲ μάτην ὀδύρεας; εἰς κοινὸν ᾧ Αδὴν πάντες ἦξουσι βροτοῖ.

336.—ΑΛΛΟ

Γήραι καὶ πενίη τετρυμένος, οὐδ' ὄρεγοντος οὐδενὸς ἀνθρώπου δυστυχίς ἔρανον,
τοῖς τρομεροῖς κόλοσσιν ὑπῆλυθον ήρέμα τύμβον,
εὐρῶν οἴχυρον τέρμα μόλις βιότον.
ηλλάχθη δ' ἐπ' ἐμοὶ νεκύων νόμος· οὐ γὰρ
ἳθυνσκὼν
πρώτων, ἔπειτ' ἐτάφην' ἀλλὰ ταφεῖς ἠθανον.

337.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Μή με θδῶς, κύδιστε, παρέρχεο τύμβον, ὀδίτα, σοῦσιν ἁκοιμήτως ποσσί, κελευθοπόρε·
derκόμενος δ' ἐρέευε, τίς ἢ πόλειν; Ἄρμονίαν γὰρ
γνώσεαι, ἢς γενεὴ λάμπεται ἐν Μεγάροις.
me, nor looked, poor woman, upon a child of mine who would keep the memory of our lamented race alive. Yea, even in death it grieves me sore, the ever-growing sorrow of my mother Politta as she mourns and thinks of her Fronto, she who bore him short-lived, an empty delight of our dear country.

335.—Anonymous

A. "Politta, support thy grief and still thy tears; many mothers have seen their sons dead." B. "But not such as he was in character and life, not so reverencing their mother's dearest face." A. "Why mourn in vain, why this idle lamentation? All men shall come to Hades."

336.—Anonymous

Worn by age and poverty, no one stretching out his hand to relieve my misery, on my tottering legs I went slowly to my grave, scarce able to reach the end of my wretched life. In my case the law of death was reversed, for I did not die first to be then buried, but I died after my burial.

337.—Anonymous

Do not, most noble wayfarer, pass by the tomb hurrying on thy way with tireless feet, but look on it, and ask "Who art thou, and whence?" So shalt thou know Harmonia whose family is illustrious in Megara. For in her one could observe
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πάντα γάρ, δόσα βρτστοίς φέρει κλέος, ἤνεν ἰδέσθαι, 5
eὐγενεῖν ἐρατῆν, ήθεα, σωφροσύνην.
tοῖς τυμβοῦ ἀθρησοῦν: ἐς οὐρανίας γὰρ ἀταρποὺς
ψυχῆ παπταῖνει σῶμ′ ἀποδυσαμένη.

338.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Ἄδε τοι, 'Ἀρχίου νιὲ Περίκλεους, ἡ λαίνα γὰρ
ἐστάκα στάλα, μνάμα κυναγεσίας.
πάντα δὲ τοι περὶ σάμα τετεύχαται, ἵπποι, ἄκοντες,
αἱ κῦνες, αἱ στάλικες, δίκτυ ὑπὲρ σταλίκουν,
αἰαὶ, λαίνα πάντα· περιπροχάνοις δὲ θήρες.

5 ἀυτὸς δ' εἰκοσέτας νήγρετον ὑπ'νουν ἔχεις.

339.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Οὐδὲν ἀμαρτήσας γενόμην παρὰ τῶν με τεκόντων:
γεννηθεὶς δ' οὔ τάλας ἔρχομαι εἰς 'Αιδήν.
ὁ μιξὶς γονέων θανατηφόρος· ὁ μοι ἀνάργηκς,
ἡ με προσπελάσει τῷ στυγγρῷ θανάτῳ.
οὐδὲν ἑών γενόμην· πάλιν ἔσσομαι, ὡς πάρος,
oὐδὲν.

5 οὐδὲν καὶ μηδὲν τῶν μερόπων τὸ γένος.
λοιπόν μοι τὸ κύπελλον ἀποστίλβωσον, ἑταῖρε,
καὶ λύπης ἧδουν τὸν Βρόμιον πάρεχε.

340.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εὐρέθη ἐν Θεσσαλονίκη

Νικόπολιν Μαράθωνων ἐθήκατο τῇδ' εἰνὶ πέτρη,
ομβρήσας δακρύοις λάρνακα μαρμαρένην.
ἀλλ' οὐδὲν πλέον ἔσχε· τι γὰρ πλέον ἀνέρι κύδεις
μοῦνο ὑπὲρ γαίης, οἴχομένης ἀλόχου;

A. Esdaile, Lux Juventutis, p. 79.
all things which bring fame to men, a loveable nobility, a gentle character and virtue. Such was she whose tomb you look on; her soul putting off the body strives to gain the paths of heaven.

338.—Anonymous

Here stand I, O Pericles, son of Archias, the stone stele, a record of thy chase. All are carved about thy monument; thy horses, darts, dogs, stakes and the nets on them. Alas! they are all of stone; the wild creatures run about free, but thou aged only twenty sleepest the sleep from which there is no awakening.

339.—Anonymous

(Not Sepulchral)

It was not for any sin of mine that I was born of my parents. I was born, poor wretch, and I journey towards Hades. Oh death-dealing union of my parents! Oh for the necessity which will lead me to dismal death! From nothing I was born, and again I shall be nothing as at first. Nothing, nothing is the race of mortals. Therefore make the cup bright, my friend, and give me wine the consoler of sorrow.

340.—Anonymous

Found in Thessalonica

Marathonis laid Nicopolis in this sarcophagus, bedewing the marble chest with tears. But it profited him naught. What is left but sorrow for a man alone in the world, his wife gone?
341.—ΠΡΟΚΛΩΤ
Πρόκλως ἔγω Δύκιος γενόμην γένος, ὅν Συριανὸς ἐνθάδε ἀμοιβὸν ἔης θρέψε διδασκαλίας.
ἐυνὸς δ᾽ ἀμφοτέρων οὐδε σώματα δέξατο τύμβος,
αἰθε δὲ καὶ ψυχὰς χῶρος ἐεὺς λελάχου.

342.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ
Κάτθανον, ἀλλὰ μένω σε' μενεῖς δέ τε καὶ σύ τιν'
ἀλλον,
πάντας ὅμως θυντοὺς εἰς Ἀίδης δέχεται.

W. H. D. Rouse, An Echo of Greek Song, p. 41.

343.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ
Πατέριον λυγύμνθουν, ἐπήρατον, ἐλλαχε τύμβος,
Μιλτιάδου φίλον νία καὶ Ἀττικὴς βαρυτλήτου,
Κεκροπίης βλάστημα, κλυτὸν γένος Διακιδάων,
ἐμπλευν Ἀυσσωίων θεσμῶν σοφίῆς τ' ἀναπάσης,
τῶν πισύρων ἄρετῶν ἀμαρίγματα πάντα φέροντα·

344Α.—ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΤ
Θηρῶν μὲν κάρτιστος ἐγὼ, θνατῶν δ' ὃν ἐγὼ νῦν
φρουρῶ, τῶδε τάφῳ λαίνῳ ἐμβεβαῶς.

J. A. Pott, Greek Love Songs and Epigrams, ii. p. 6.

344Β.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΤ
Ἄλλ' εἰ μὴ θυμὸν γε Λέων ἐμὸν οὖνομά τ' εἴχεν,
οὐκ ἄν ἐγὼ τύμβῳ τῶδ' ἐπέθηκα πόδας.
BOOK VII. 341–344B

341.—PROCLUS

I am Proclus of Lycia, whom Syrianus educated here to be his successor in the school. This our common tomb received the bodies of both, and would that one place might receive our spirits too.

342.—Anonymous

I am dead, but await thee, and thou too shalt await another. One Hades receives all mortals alike.

343.—Anonymous

The tomb possesses Paterius, sweet-spoken and loveable, the dear son of Miltiades and sorrowing Atticia, a child of Athens of the noble race of the Aeacidae, full of knowledge of Roman law and of all wisdom, endowed with the brilliance of all the four virtues, a young man of charm, whom Fate carried off, even as the whirlwind uproots a beautiful sapling. He was in his twenty-fourth year and left to his dear parents undying lament and mourning.

344A.—Simonides

I am the most valiant of beasts, and most valiant of men is he whom I guard standing on this stone tomb.¹

344B.—Callimachus

Never, unless Leo had had my courage and strength would I have set foot on this tomb.²

¹ Probably on the tomb of Leonidas, on which stood a lion, alluding to his name.
² On the tomb of one Leo, on which stood a lion.
345.—ΔΕΣΙΠΟΤΟΝ

'Εγὼ Φιλαμνής ἢ 'πίβωτος ἀνθρώποις ἐνταύθα γῆρα τῷ μακρῷ κεκοίμημαί.
μὴ μ', δι' ἀπαίειε ναύσα, τὴν ἄκραν κάμπτων, χλεύην τε ποιεῖ καὶ γέλωτα καὶ λάσθην.
οὐ γὰρ, μὰ τὸν Ζήν' οὐδὲ τοὺς κατώ Κοῦρος, οὐκ ἦν εἰς ἄνδρας μάχλος οὐδὲ δημώδης.
Πολυκράτης δὲ τὴν γονὴν Ἀθηναίοις,
λόγων τι παισάλημα καὶ κακὴ γλώσσα,
ἀγραψεν οὗ ἀγραψ', ἐγὼ γὰρ οὐκ οἶδα.

346.—ΔΕΣΙΠΟΤΟΝ

Τοῦτὸ τοι ἡμετέρης μνημήνιον, ἐσθλὲ Σαβίνε,
ἡ λίθος ἢ μικρῆ, τῆς μεγάλης φιλίας.
αἰεὶ ξητήσω σε' σὸν δ', εἰ θέμι, εὖ φθιμένοισί
τοῦ Δήθης ἐπ' ἐμοὶ μὴ τι πίθη ὕδατος.

Goldwin Smith, in The Greek Anthology (Bohn), xliv.

347.—ΔΕΣΙΠΟΤΟΝ

Οὔτος Ἀδειμάντων κεῖνον τάφος, οὐ διὰ βουλάς
Ἐλλὰς ἐλευθερίᾳ ἀμφέθετο στέφανον.

A. Esdaile, Lux Juventutis, p. 80.

348.—ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΤ

Πολλὰ πιῶν καὶ πολλὰ φαγών, καὶ πολλὰ κάκ' ἐπὶ
ἀνθρώπους, κεῖμαι Τιμοκρέων ʹΡόδιος.

W. Peter, in his Specimens, p. 53; W. H. D. Rouse, An
Echo of Greek Song, p. 72.

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345.—Anonymous

I Philaenis, celebrated among men, have been laid to rest here, by extreme old age. Thou silly sailor, as thou roundest the cape, make no sport and mockery of me; insult me not. For by Zeus I swear and the Infernal Lords I was not lascivious with men or a public woman; but Polycrates the Athenian, a cozener in speech and an evil tongue, wrote whatever he wrote; for I know not what it was.¹

346.—Anonymous

In Corinth

This little stone, good Sabinus, is a memorial of our great friendship. I shall ever miss thee; and if so it may be, when with the dead thou drinkest of Lethe, drink not thou forgetfulness of me.

347.—Anonymous

This is the tomb of that Adeimantus through whose counsel Greece put on the crown of freedom.²

348.—Simonides

Here I lie, Timocreon of Rhodes, after drinking much and eating much and speaking much ill of men.

¹ A certain obscene book was attributed to Philaenis.
² The Corinthian admiral at the battle of Salamis.
349.—ΑΔΗΛΩΝ

Βαιά φαγών καὶ βαια πιῶν καὶ πολλὰ νοσήσας,
οὕτε μὲν, ἀλλ’ ἔθανον. ἔρρετε πάντες ὁμοὶ.

350.—ΑΔΗΛΩΝ

Ναυτίλε, μὴ πεῦθου τίνος ἐνθάδε τύμβος ὁδ’ εἰμί,
ἀλλ’ αὐτὸς πόντου τύγχανε χρηστότερον.

351.—ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΤ

Οὐ μὰ τόδε φθιμένων σέβας ὀρκιοῦ, αἰδεὶ Δυκάμβεω,
αἰ λάχομεν στυγερὴν κληδόνα, θυγατέρες,
οὔτε τι παρθενίην ἡσχύναμεν, οὔτε τοκῆς,
οὔτε Πάρου νήσων αὐπυτάτην ἱερῶν.
ἀλλὰ καθ’ ἱμετέρης γενεῖς ρηγηλὸν ὁνείδος
φήμην τε στυγερὴν ἐβλυσέν Ἀρχύλοχος.
’Αρχύλοχον, μὰ θεοὺς καὶ δαίμονας, οὔτ’ ἐν ἀγναιὰς
eἴδομεν, οὔθ’ Ἡρῆς ἐν μεγάλῳ τεμένει.
εἰ δ’ ἦμεν μάχλοι καὶ ἀτάσθαλοι, οὐκ ἄν ἐκείνος
ἡθελεν ἐξ ἧμεῶν γυνήσια τέκνα τεκεῖν.  

352.—ΑΔΕΣΠΩΤΟΝ, οἱ δὲ ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

Δεξιτερήν Ἁἰδαὸ θεοῦ χέρα καὶ τὰ κελαινὰ
ὁμιμιμεν ἄρρητον δέμνια Περσεφόνης,
παρθένου ὡς ἐτυμον καὶ ὑπὸ χθονί. πολλὰ δ’ ὁ
πικρὸς
ἀισχρὰ καθ’ ἱμετέρης ἐβλυσε παρθενίης

1 i.e. this our tomb.
2 Archilochus had accused them of disgraceful conduct in these public places.

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349.—Anonymous

After eating little and drinking little and suffering much sickness I lasted long, but at length I did die. A curse on you all!

350.—Anonymous

Ask not, sea-farer, whose tomb I am, but thyself chance upon a kinder sea.

351.—Dioscorides

Not, by this, the solemn oath of the dead, did we daughters of Lycaemnes, who have gotten such an evil name, ever disgrace our maidenhead or our parents or Paros, queen of the holy islands; but Archilochus poured on our family a flood of horrible reproach and evil report. By the gods and demons we swear that we never set eyes on Archilochus, either in the streets or in Hera's great precinct. If we had been wanton and wicked, he would never have wished lawful children born to him by us.

352

Anonymous, by some attributed to Meleager

We swear by the right hand of Hades and the dark couch of Persephone whom none may name, that we are truly virgins even here under ground; but bitter Archilochus poured floods of abuse on

3 Archilochus is only said to have married one of them.
4 i.e. whose mystic name it was not allowed to utter.
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'Αρχίλοχος: ἐπέ τοι δὲ καλὴν φάτιν ὦν ἐπὶ καλὰ ἔργα, γυναικείων δ' ἐτραπεν ἐς πόλεμον.
Πιερίδες, τί κόρησιν ἐφ' ὑβριστήρας ἱμβούς ἐτράπετ', ὦν χ' ὁσίῳ φωτὶ χαριζόμεναι;

353.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΤ

Τῆς πολιῆς τὸδε σῆμα Μαρωνίδος, ἦς ἐπὶ τύμβῳ γλυπτὴν ἐκ πέτρης ἀυτὸς ὄρας κύλικα.
η δὲ φιλάκρητος καὶ άείλαλος ὦν ἐπὶ τέκνως μύρεται, οὐ τεκέων ἀκτείνῳ πατέριν.
ἐν δὲ τῷ αἰώνι καὶ ὑπ' ἱρίον, ὅτι τὸ Βάκχου ἄρμενον οὐ βάκχου πλήρες ἐπεστι τάφῳ.

354.—ΓΑΙΤΟΤΛΙΚΟΤ

Παίδων Μηδείης οὕτος τάφος, οὕς ὁ πυρίπνους ξάλος τῶν Γλαύκης θύμ᾽ ἐποίησε γάμων,
οῖς αἰεὶ πέμπει μειλήγματα Σισυφᾶς αἰα, μητρὸς ἀμείλικτον θυμὸν ἰλασκομένα.

355.—ΔΑΜΑΓΗΤΟΤ

Τὴν ἠλαρὰν φωνῆν καὶ τίμιον, ὡς παρίοντες,
τῷ χρυσῷ "χαίρειν" εἴπατε Πραξίτελει.
ἡν δ' ὁφνὴ Μουσέων ἱκανὴ μερίς, ἦδε παρ' οἴνῳ κρήμνος.
ὡ χαίροις "Ἀνδρε Πραξίτελες.

356.—ἌΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἰς τινα ὑπὸ ληστῶν ἀναιρεθέντα καὶ ὑπ' αὐτοῦ πάλιν
θαπτόμενον
Ζωῆν συλήσας, δωρῇ τάφου: ἄλλα μὲ κρύπτεις,
οὐ θάπτεις. τοῖον καῦτος ὄναιο τάφου.
BOOK VII. 352-356

our maidenhood, directing to no noble end but to war with women the noble language of his verse. Ye Muses, why to do favour to an impious man, did ye turn upon girls those scandalous iambics?

353.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

This is the monument of grey-haired Maronis, on whose tomb you see a wine cup carved in stone. She the wine-bibber and chatterer, is not sorry for her children or her children's destitute father, but one thing she laments even in her grave, that the device of the wine-god on the tomb is not full of wine.

354.—GAETULICUS

This is the tomb of Medea's children, whom her burning jealousy made the victims of Glauce's wedding. To them the Corinthian land ever sends peace-offerings, propitiating their mother's implacable soul.

355.—DAMAGETUS

Bid good Praxiteles "hail," ye passers-by, that cheering and honouring word. He was well gifted by the Muses and a jolly after-dinner companion. Hail, Praxiteles of Andros!

356.—Anonymous

On one who was killed by a robber and then buried by him

You robbed me of my life, and then you give me a tomb. But you hide me, you don't bury me. May you have the benefit of such a tomb yourself!
357.—ΑΛΛΟ

Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν
Κἂν μὲ κατακρύπτης, ὡς οὐδενὸς ἀνδρὸς ὀρῶντος,
ὠμα Δίκης καθορᾷ πάντα τὰ γινόμενα.

358.—ΑΛΛΟ

Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν

'Εκτανεῖς, εἰτά μ' ἐθαπτεῖς, ἀτάσθαλε, χερσὶν ἐκεῖνας
αῖς μὲ διεχρήσω· μή σε λάθοι Νέμεσις.

359.—ΑΛΛΟ

Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν

Εἰ μὲ νέκυν κατέθαπτες ἑδὼν οἰκτίρμοιν θυμῷ,
είχες ἄν ἐκ μακάρων μισθὸν ἐπ' εὔσεβίᾳ
νῦν δ' ὁτε δὴ τύμβῳ μὲ κατακρύπτεις ὁ φονεύσας,
τῶν αὐτῶν μετέχοις δυντερ ἐμοὶ παρέχεις.

360.—ΑΛΛΟ

Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν

Χερσὶ κατακτείνας τάφον ἐκτίσας, οὐχ ἵνα θάψῃς,
ἀλλ' ἵνα μὲ κρύψῃς· ταύτῳ δὲ καὶ σὺ πάθοις.

361.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Ὑπ' ἑπτὴ τόδε σήμα· τὸ δ' ἐμπαλίν ἢν τὸ δίκαιον·
ἤν δὲ δικαιοσύνης ὁ φθόνος ἀξύτερος.

362.—ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΤ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ

Ἐνθάδε τὴν ἱερὴν κεφαλὴν σορὸς ἥδε κέκευθεν
'Αετίου χρηστοῦ, ρήτορος ἐκπρεπεός.
BOOK VII. 357-362

(357–360 are anonymous variants on the same theme)

357

Though you hide me as if no one saw you, the eye of Justice sees all that happens.

358

Wretch! you killed and then buried me with those hands that slew me. May you not escape Nemesis.

359

If you had found me dead and buried me out of pity, the gods would have rewarded you for your piety. But now that you who slew me hide me in a tomb, may you meet with the same treatment that I met with at your hands.

360

Having killed me with your hands you build me a tomb, not to bury me, but to hide me. May you meet with the same fate!

361.—Anonymous

The father erects this tomb to his son. The reverse had been just, but Envy was quicker than Justice.

362.—Philippus of Thessalonica

Here the sarcophagus holds the holy head of good Aetius, the distinguished orator. To the house of
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363.—ΑΔΕΣΙΠΟΤΟΝ

Τετεμενάνης οδε τύμβος ἑὐγλύπτου ἡμέρων μεγάλου νέκυος κατὰ σῶμα καλύπτει Ζηνοδότου. ψυχῇ δὲ κατ' οὐρανόν, ἥχι περ 'Ορφεύς, ἥχι Πλάτων, ἱερον θεόδεγμον θώκον ἐφεύρεσεν. Ἡπευσ μὲν γὰρ ἐν βασιλιάδι ἀλκίμος οὗτος, κύδιμος, ἀρτιεστής, θεοεἰκέλος. ἐν δὲ ἄρα μύθοις Σωκράτεως μὴμήμα παρ' Ἀὐσονίοισιν ἑτύχθη: παισὶ δὲ καλλεύψας πατρῶιν αἰσιὸν ὀλβον, ὁμογέρου τέθυκε, λιπὼν ἀπερείσιον ἄλγος εὐγενέσσι φίλοισι καὶ ἀστεῖ καὶ πολιήταις.

364.—ΜΑΡΚΟΤ ΑΡΓΕΝΤΑΡΙΟΤ

Ἀκρίδι καὶ τέττυγι Μυρῶ τὸδε θήκατο σῆμα, λιτην ἀμφοτέροις χερσὶ βαλοῦσα κόων, ἵμερα δακρύσασα πυρῆς ἐπὶ: τὸν γὰρ ἄοιδον Ἄθης, τὴν δ' ἐτέρην ἤρπασε Περσεφόνη.

365.—ΖΩΝΑ ΣΑΡΔΙΑΝΟΤ, τοῦ καὶ ΔΙΟΔΩΡΟΤ

Αἰοθ ὅς ταύτης καλαμώδεος ὑδατι λίμνης κωπεύεις νεκύων βάριν, ἕλον ὠδύνην, τῷ Κινύρου τὴν χειρὰ βατηρίδος ἐμβαίνοντι κλῆμακος ἐκτείνας, δέξο, κελαίνε Χάρων: πλάζει γὰρ τὸν παῖδα τὰ σάνδαλα: γυμνὰ δὲ θείναι ἵμηρα δειμαίνει ψάμμου ἐπὶ ὕμνην.
BOOK VII. 362-365

Hades went his body, but his soul in Olympus rejoices with Zeus and the other gods . . . . . , but neither eloquence nor God can make man immortal.

363.—Anonymous

This tomb of polished metal covers the body of the great hero Zenodotus; but his soul has found in heaven, where Orpheus and Plato are, a holy seat fit to receive a god. He was a valiant knight in the Emperor’s service, famous, eloquent, god-like; in his speech he was a Latin copy of Socrates. Bequeathing to his children a handsome fortune, he died while still a vigorous old man, leaving infinite sorrow to his noble friends, city and citizens.

364.—Marcus Argentarius

Myro made this tomb for her grasshopper and cicada, sprinkling a little dust over them both and weeping regretfully over their pyre; for the songster was seized by Hades and the other by Persephone.

365

Zonas of Sardis, also called Diodorus

Dark Charon, who through the water of this reedy lake rowest the boat of the dead to Hades . . . reach out thy hand from the mounting-ladder to the son of Cinyras as he embarks, and receive him; for the boy cannot walk steadily in his sandals, and he fears to set his bare feet on the sand of the beach.

1 The meaning is that he died at an age when he had not yet begun to wear sandals, so these were his first pair.
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366.—ΑΝΤΙΣΤΙΟΤ

'Αφόυ προχοαί σέ, Μενέστρατε, καὶ σέ, Μένανδρε, λαίλαψ Καρπαθίη, καὶ σέ πόρος Σικελός ὄλεσεν ἐν πόντῳ, Διονύσιε· φεῦ πόσον ἄλγος Ἐλλάδι· τοὺς πάντων κρέσσονας ἀθλοφόρων.

367.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ

Αὖσονος Ἡγερίου μὲ λέγειν νέκυν, ὦ μετάντλη νύμφην ὀφθαλμοὺς ἀμβλύν κατέσχε νέφος, ὄμμασι δὲ πνοήν συναπέσβεσε μοῦνον ἱδόντος κούρην. φεῦ κεῖνης, Ἡλικε, θευμορίης· έρροι δὴ κείνο φθονερὸν σέλας, εἰθ’ Τμέναιος ἦψε μιν οὐκ ἑθέλων, εἰτ’ Ἁἴδης ἑθέλων.

368.—ΕΡΤΚΙΟΤ

'Αθήνας ἐγὼ· κεῖνη γὰρ ἐμὴ πόλις· ἐκ δὲ μ’ Ἀθηνῶν λοιγὸς Ἀρης Ἡταλῶν πρὶν ποτ’ ἐληίσατο, καὶ θέτο Ἡρωμαίων πολιτίδα· νῦν δὲ θανοῦσης ὀστέα νησαίη Κύκλως ἥμφιασε. χαίρος ἢ θρέψασα, καὶ ἡ μετέπειτα λαχώσα χθῶν μὲ, καὶ ἡ κόλποις ύστετα δεξαμένη.

369.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ

'Ἀντιπάτρου ρητήρος ἐγὼ τάφος· ῥῆλικα δ’ ἐπει ἔργα, Πανελληνίων πεύθεα μαρτυρίης. κεῖται δ’ ἀμφίρρως, Ἀθηνόθεν, εἰτ’ ἀπὸ Νείλου ἰὼ γένος· ὡς πεῖρων δ’ ὄξιος ἀμφοτέρων. ἀστεὰ καὶ δ’ ἄλλως ἐνὸς αἴματος, ὡς λόγος “Ἐλλην” κληρῳ δ’ ἡ μὲν ἀεὶ Παλλάδος, ἡ δὲ Διὸς.
BOOK VII. 366-369

366.—ANTISTIUS

To thee, Menestratus, the mouth of the Aous was fatal; to thee, Menander, the tempest of the Carpathian Sea; and thou, Dionysius, didst perish at sea in the Sicilian Strait. Alas, what grief to Hellas! the best of all her winners in the games gone.

367.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

Say that I am the corpse of Italian Egerius whose eyes when he went to meet his bride were veiled by a dim cloud, which extinguished his life together with his eyesight, after he had but seen the girl. Alas, O Sun, that heaven allotted him such a fate! Cursed be that envious wedding torch, whether unwilling Hymen lit or willing Hades.

368.—ERYCIUS

I am a woman of Athens, for that is my birthplace, but the destroying sword of the Italians long ago took me captive at Athens and made me a citizen of Rome, and now that I am dead island Cyzicus covers my bones. Hail ye three lands, thou which didst nourish me, thou to which my lot took me afterwards and thou that didst finally receive me in thy bosom.

369.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

I am the tomb of the orator Antipater. Ask all Greece to testify to his inspiration. He lies here, and men dispute whether his birth was from Athens or from Egypt; but he was worthy of both continents. For the matter of that, the lands are of one blood, as Greek legend says, but the one is ever allotted to Pallas and the other to Zeus.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

370.—ΔΙΟΔΩΡΟΤ

Βάκχῳ καὶ Μούσῃ καὶ μεμηλότα, τὸν Διοπτείθους,
Κεκροπίδην ὑπ’ ἐμοὶ, ξεῖνε, Μένανδρον ἔχω,
ἐν τυρί τὸν ὀλίγην δὲ ἔχει κόμων: εἰ δὲ Μένανδρον
dίζηιαι, δηεἰς ἐν Δίος ἡ μακάρων.

371.—ΚΡΙΝΑΓΟΡΟΤ

Γῆ μεν καὶ μήτηρ κικλήσκετο· γῆ με καλύπτει
καὶ νέκυν. οὐ κεῖνης ἤδε χερειοτέρη;
ἔσσομαι ἐν ταύτῃ δηρόν χρόνον· ἐκ δὲ με μητρὸς
ἡρπασεν ἡλίου καῦμα το θερμότατον.
κεὶμαι δ ’ ἐν ξείνῃ, ὑπ’ ἕρμαδι, μακρὰ γοηθεῖς,
Ἰναχος, εὐπειθῆς Κριναγόρου θεράπων.

372.—ΔΟΛΙΙΟΤ ΒΑΣΣΟΤ

Γαία Ταραντίνων, ἔχε μείλιχος ἀνέρος ἐσθλοῦ
τόνδε νέκυν. ἰσεύοι καὶ δαίμονες ἀμερίων·
ἡ γὰρ ἐών Θήβηθεν Ἀτύμνως οὐκέτι πρόσω
ὑμνεῖσθαν, ἀλλὰ τεῦν βόλον ὑποκύσατο·
ὄρφανικῷ δ’ ἐπὶ παιδὶ λιπών βίον, εὐνυν ἐθηκεν
ὄφθαλμῳ· κεῖνῳ 1 μὴ βαρὺς ἐσσο τάφος.

373.—ΘΑΛΛΟΤ ΜΙΛΗΣΙΟΤ

Δισσα φάη, Μίλητε, τεῖς βλαστήματα γαϊῆς,
’Ιταλίς ὀκυμόρους ἀμφεκάλυψε κόμαι;
πένθεα δε στεφάνων ἡλλάξαο· λείψανα δ’, αἰαι,
ἐδρακες ἐν βαιὴ κάλπιδι κευθόμενα.
φεῦ, πάτρα τριτάλαινα· πόθεν πάλιν ἡ πότε τοῖος
ἀστέρας αὐχησεῖς Ἑλλάδι λαμπρομένους;
1 Stadtmüller suggests ξείνη, and I render so.
BOOK VII. 370-373

370.—DIODORUS

Menander of Athens, the son of Diopeithes, the friend of Bacchus and the Muses, rests beneath me, or at least the little dust he shed in the funeral fire. But if thou seest Menander himself thou shalt find him in the abode of Zeus or in the Islands of the Blest.

371.—CRINAGORAS

Earth was my mother's name, and earth too covers me now I am dead. No worse is this earth than the other: in this I shall lie for long, but from my mother the violent heat of the sun snatched me away and in a strange earth I lie under a stone, Inachus, the much bewept and the obedient servant of Crinagoras.

372.—LOLLIUS BASSUS

Earth of Tarentum, keep gently this body of a good man. How false are the guardian divinities of mortal men! Atymnius, coming from Thebes, got no further, but settled under thy soil. He left an orphan son, whom his death deprived, as it were, of his eyes. Lie not heavy upon the stranger.

373.—THALLUS OF MILETUS

Two shining lights, Miletus, sprung from thee, doth the Italian earth cover, dead each ere his prime. Thou hast put on mourning instead of garlands, and thou seest, alas, their remains hidden in a little urn. Alack, thrice unhappy country! Whence and when shalt thou have again two such stars to boast of, shedding their light on Greece?

1 I take this literally. The name of the slave's mother was ᾠνὴ (Earth).  
2 A place in Italy not far from Tarentum.
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374.—МАРКΟΤ ΑΡΓΕΝΤΑΡΙΟΤ
Δύσμορος ἐκρύφθην πόντῳ νέκυς, ὃν παρὰ κύμα ἔκλαυσεν μήτηρ μυρία Δυσιδίκη,
ψεῦστην αὐγάξουσα κεῖνον τάφον· ἄλλα μὲ δαίμων ἄπνουν αἰθνίας θῆκεν ὁμορρόθιον.
Πυταγόρην ἐσχοῦν δὲ κατ' Ἀγαΐην ἄλα πότμον, πρυμνούχοις στέλλων ἐκ Βορέαο κάλους.
ἀλλ' οὖδ' ὡς ναύτην ἐλιπον δρόμον, ἀλλ' ἀπὸ νηὸς ἀλλην πάρ φθιμένοις εἰσανέβην ἄκατον.

375.—ΑΝΤΙΦΙΛΟΤ ΒΤΖΑΝΤΙΟΤ
Δώματά μοι σεισθέντα κατήριπτεν· ἄλλ' ἐμὸς ἀπτῶς ἦν θάλαμος, τοῖχων ὅρθα τίναξαμένων,
ois ύποφωλεύουσαν ὑπήλιθον αἱ κακόμοιροι ἀδίνες· σεισμῷ δ' ἄλλον ἔμιξα φόβων.
μαία δέ μοι λοχίων αὐτῇ φύσις· ἀμφότεροι δὲ κοινὸν ὑπὲρ γαίης εἰδομεν ἰέλιον.

376.—ΚΡΙΝΑΓΟΡΟΤ
Δείλαιοι, τί κεναῖσιν ἀλώμεθα θαρσῆσαντες ἐλπίσιν, ἄτηροι θηρόμενοι θανάτου;
ἡν ὁδε καὶ μύθοις καὶ ἥθεσι πάντα Σέλενυκος ἀρτίσος, ἄλλ' ἡβης βαιῶν ἑπαυρόμενος,
ὑστατίοις ἐν Ἡβηρσί, τόσον δίχα τηλόθι Δέσβου, κεῖται ἀμετρήτων ξείνοις ἐπὶ αἰγιαλῶν.

377.—ΕΡΤΚΙΟΤ
Εἰ καὶ ὑπὸ χθονὶ κεῖται, ὃμως ἐτὶ καὶ κατὰ πίσσαν τοῦ μιαρογλώσσου χεύατε Παρθενίου,
374.—MARCUS ARGENTARIUS

My ill-fated body was covered by the sea, and beside the waves my mother, Lysidice, wept for me much, gazing at my false and empty tomb, while my evil genius sent my lifeless corpse to be tossed with the sea-gulls on the deep. My name was Pnytagoras and I met my fate on the Aegean, when taking in the stern cables because of the north-wind. Yet not even so did I end my voyage, but from my ship I embarked on another boat among the dead.¹

375.—ANTIPHILUS OF BYZANTIUM

(Not Sepulchral)

My house collapsed with the earthquake; yet my chamber remained erect, as its walls stood the shock. There while I lay, as if hiding in a cave, the unhappy labour-pains overtook me, and another dread was mingled with that of the earthquake. Nature herself was the midwife, and the child and I both together saw the sun above the earth.

376.—CRINAGORAS

Unhappy men! why do we wander confiding in empty hopes, oblivious of painful death? Here was this Seleucus so perfect in speech and character; but after enjoying his prime but for a season, in Spain, at the end of the world, so far from Lesbos, he lies a stranger on that uncharted coast.

377.—ERYCIUS

Even though he lies under earth, still pour pitch on foul-mouthed Parthenius, because he vomited on the

¹ i.e. Charon's.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

οὔνεκα Πιερίδεσσιν ἐνήμεσε μνημία κεῖνα
φλέγματα καὶ μυσαρὼν ἀπλυσίην ἐλέγων.
ηλασε καὶ μανίης ἕπι δὴ τόσον, ὡστ' ἀγορεύσαι
πηλὼν Ὁδυσσείην καὶ βάτον Ἰλιάδα.
touγὰρ ὑπὸ ξοφίασιν Ἠρμύσιν ἀμμέσον ἦπται
Κωκυτοῦ κλοῷφ λαμόν ἀπαγχόμενος.

378.—ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝΙΔΟΤ

"Εφθανεν Ἡλιόδωρος, ἐφέσπετο δ', οὐδ' ὅσον ὄρη
ὑστερον, ἀνδρὶ φίλῳ Διογένεια δάμαρ.
ἀμφο δ', ὥς ἀμ' ἐναιον, ὑπὸ πλακὶ τυμβεύονται,
ξυνόν ἀγαλλόμενοι καὶ τάφον ὡς θάλαμον.
A. Esdaile, Lux Juventutis, p. 81.

379.—ΑΝΤΙΦΙΔΟΤ ΒΤΖΑΝΤΙΩΤ

a. Εἰπέ, Δικαιάρχεια, τί σοι τόσον εἰς ἄλα χώμα
βέβληται, μέσσον γενόμενον πελάγους;
Κυκλώπων τάδε χειρὲς εὐνυσάντο ταλάσσῃ
τείχεα· μέχρι πόσον, Γαία, βιαζόμεθα;
β. Κόσμου νῆτην δέχομαι στόλον· εὔσιδε ᾿Ρώμην
ἐγγύθεν, εἰ ταύτης μέτρον ἔχω λιμένα.

380.—ΚΡΙΝΑΓΟΡΟΤ

Εἰ καὶ τὸ σήμα λυγδίνης ἀπὸ πλακὸς
καὶ ἔστων ὀρθῇ λαστέκτονοι στάθμην,
οὐκ ἀνδρὸς ἐσθλοῦ. μὴ λίθῳ τεκμαίρειο,
Muses those floods of bile, and the filth of his repulsive elegies. So far gone was he in madness that he called the Odyssey mud and the Iliad a bramble. Therefore he is bound by the dark Furies in the middle of Cocytus, with a dog-collar that chokes him round his neck.  

378.—APOLLONIDES

Heliodorus went first, and in even less than an hour his wife, Diogenia, followed her dear husband. Both, even as they dwelt together, are interred under one stone, happy to share one tomb, as erst to share one chamber.

379.—ANTIPHILUS OF BYZANTIUM

(Not Sepulchral)

A. "Tell me, Dicaearchia, why thou hast built thee so vast a mole in the sea, reaching out to the middle of the deep? They were Cyclopes' hands that planted such walls in the sea. How long, O Land, shalt thou do violence to us?"  

B. "I can receive the navies of the world. Look at Rome hard by; is not my harbour as great as she?"

380.—CRINAGORAS

Though the monument be of Parian marble, and polished by the mason's straight rule, it is not a good man's. Do not, good sir, estimate the dead by the

1 This Parthenius, who lived in the time of Hadrian, was known as the "scourge of Homer."

2 Puteoli. The sea is supposed to be addressing the town.
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ω λάδοτε, τὸν θανόντα. κωφὸν ἡ λίθος,
tῆ καὶ ζωφώδης ἀμφιένυνται νέκυς.
κεῖται δὲ τῇ τῶλυγηπελές βάκος
Εὐνικίδαιο, σήπεται δ᾿ ὑπὸ σποδῆ.

381.—ΕΤΡΟΤΣΚΟΤ ΑΠΟ ΜΕΣΣΗΝΗΣ

Ἡ μία καὶ βιότοιο καὶ Ἄιδος ἐγαγεῖν εἰςω
ναῦς Ἰεροκλείδην, κοινὰ λαχοῦσα τέλη.
ἐτρεφεν ἱχθυβαλεύντα, κατέφλειε γεθνείωτα,
σύμπλοος εἰς ἀγρὴν, σύμπλοος εἰς Ἄιδην.
ολβιος ὁ γριπεὺς ἱδίῃ καὶ πόντον ἐπέπλευε
νη, καὶ ἐξ ἱδίῃς ἐδραμεν εἰς Ἄιδην.

382.—ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΤ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ

Ἡπείρῳ μ’ ἀποδοῦσα νέκυν, τρηχεία θάλασσα,
σύρεις καὶ τέφρης λοιπὸν ἐτί σκύβαλον.
κῆν Ἄιδη ναυηγός ἅγω μόνος, οὐδ’ ἐτί χέρσου
ἐφήνην ἐξω φρικαλέης σπιλάδος.
ἡ τύμβευε κενοῦσα καθ’ ὑδατος, ἤ παραδοῦσα
γαίῃ, τὸν κείνης μηκέτι κλέπτε νέκυν.

383.—ΤΟΥ ΛΥΤΟΥ

Ἡόνιον τόδε σώμα βροτοῦ παντλήμονος ἀθρεῖε
σπαρτόν, ἀληρραγέων ἐκχύμευον σκοπέλων.
τῇ μὲν ἐρημοκόμης κεῖται καὶ χήρος ὀδύτων
κόρση: τῇ δὲ χερῶν πενταφεῖς ὁμιχες,
πλευρά τε σαρκολιτῆ, ταρσοὶ δ’ ἐτέρωθεν ἄμοιροι
νευρῶν, καὶ κώλων ἐκλυτοὺς ἀρμονίῃ.
οὔτος ὁ πουλυμερής εἰς ἦν ποτε. φεῦ μακαριστοί,
ὁσοι ἀπ’ ὀδύνων ὕκ ἴδον ἥλιον.

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stone. The stone is senseless and can cover a foul black corpse as well as any other. Here lies that weak rag the body of Eunicides and rots under the ashes.

381.—ETRUSCUS OF MESSENE

The same boat, a double task exacted of it, carried Hieroclides to his living and into Hades. It fed him by his fishing, and it burnt him dead, travelling with him to the chase and travelling with him to Hades. Indeed the fisherman was very well off, as he sailed the seas in his own ship and raced to Hades by means of his own ship.

382.—PHILIPPUS OF THESSALONICA

Thou gavest me up dead to the land, cruel sea, and now thou carriest off the little remnant of my ashes. I alone am shipwrecked even in Hades, and not even on land shall I cease to be dashed on the dreadful rocks. Either bury me, hiding (?) me in thy waters, or if thou givest me up to the land, steal not a corpse that now belongs to the land.

383.—By the Same

Look on this corpse of a most unhappy man scattered on the beach shredded by the sea-dashed rocks. Here lies the hairless and toothless head and here the five fingers of a hand, here the fleshless ribs, the feet without their sinews and the disjointed legs. This man of many parts once was one. Blest indeed are those who were never born to see the sun!
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384.—ΜΑΡΚΟΤ ΑΡΓΕΝΤΑΡΙΟΤ

'Η Βρόμιον στέρξασα πολύ πλέον ἡ τροφὸς Ἰνώ, ἡ λάλος ἀμπελίνῃ γρηγὺς Ἀριστομάχη, ἦνικα τὴν ίερὴν ὑπέδυχ χθόνα, πᾶν τ' ἐμαράνθη πνεῦμα πάρος κυλίκων πλείστον ἐπαυρμένην, εἰπε τάδ'. "Ὡ Μινώ, πήλαι, φέρε, κάλπιν ἐλαφρὴν' 5 οἴσω κυάνεον τούς Ἀχέροντους ὕδωρ' καυτὴ παρθένιον γὰρ ἀπώλεσα," τοῦτο δ' ἐλεξε ψευδῆς, ἵν' αὐγάζῃ κὴν φθιμένοισι πίθουν.

385.—ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΤ

"Ἠρως Πρωτεσίλαε, σὺ γὰρ πρώτην ἐμμῆςας
"Ἰλιον Ἐλλαδικοῦ θυμὸν ἰδεῖν δόρατος,
καὶ περὶ σοῖς τύμβοις ὅσα δένδρα μακρὰ τέθηλε,
πάντα τὸν εἰς Τροῖῃ ἐγκεκύκικε χόλον;
"Ἰλιον ἦν ἐσίδη γὰρ ἀπ' ἀκρεμώνοις κορυφαίων,
καρφοῦται, πετάλων κόσμον ἰωνίομενα.
θυμὸν ἐπὶ Τροῖῃ πόσον ἔξεσας, ἦνικα τὴν σὴν
σώζει καὶ στελέχη μὴν ἐπ' ἀντιπάλους.

386.—ΒΑΣΣΟΤ ΔΟΛΙΟΤ

"Ἡ' ἐγὼ ἡ τοσάκις Νιώβη λίθος, ὄσσακι μήτηρ,
δύσμορος ὡς μαστῶν [θερμὸν] ἐπηξε γάλα.
ʼΑἴδεω πολὺς ὀλβὸς ἐμῆς ὁδίνοις ἀριθμός,
δ' τέκον. δ' μεγάλης λείψανα πυρκαίης.

387.—ΒΙΑΝΟΡΟΣ

Θειονόης ἐκλαιον ἐμῆς μόρον, ἀλλ' ἐπὶ παιδὸς
ἐλπίσι κουφοτέρας ἔστενον εἰς ὀδύνας.

1 i.e. condemn me. cp. Virg. Aen. vi. 492.

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384.—MARCUS ARGENTARIUS

Old Aristomache the talkative friend of the vine, who loved Bacchus much more than did his nurse Ino, when she went under holy earth, and the spirit of her who had enjoyed so many a cup had utterly faded, said "Shake, Minos, the light urn.¹ I will fetch the dark water from Acheron; for I too slew a young husband."² This falsehood she told in order that even among the dead she should be able to look at a jar.

385.—PHILIPPUS

Hero Protesilaus, for that thou didst first initiate Ilion into looking on the wrath of Grecian spears, the tall trees also that grow round thy tomb are all big with hatred of Troy. If from their topmost branches they see Ilion, they wither and cast off the beauty of their foliage. How great was thy boiling wrath against Troy, if tree-trunks preserve the spite thou didst bear thy foes.³

386.—BASSUS LOLLIUS

Here am I, Niobe, as many times a stone (sic) as I was a mother; so unhappy was I that the milk in my breast grew hard. Great wealth for Hades was the number of my children—to Hades for whom I brought them forth. Oh relics of that great pyre!

387.—BIANOR

I wept the death of my Theonoe, but the hopes I had of our child lightened my grief. But now

¹ i.e. like the daughters of Danaus, who were compelled to carry water in hell. ² cp. No. 141.
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νῦν δὲ μὲ καὶ παίδος φθονερὴ γ’ ἀπενόσφισε Μοῖρα·
φεύ. βρέφος ἐψευσθην καὶ σὲ τὸ λειπόμενον.
Περσεφόνη, τόδε πατρὸς ἐπὶ θρήνοιςιν ἀκουσον·
θὲς βρέφος ἐς κόλπους μητρὸς ἀποιχομένης.

388.—ΤΟΥ ΛΥΤΟΥ

᾿Ιχθύσι καὶ ποταμῷ Κλειτώνυμον ἔχθρος ὁμίλος
δώσεν, ἵν’ εἰς ἀκριν ἦλθε τυραννοφόνοις.
ἀλλὰ Δίκα μιν ἐθαψεν ἀποστασθείσα γὰρ ὁχὰ
πᾶν δέμας ἐς κορυφὴν ἐκ ποδὸς ἐκτέρισεν·
κεῖται δ’ οὐχ ὑδάτεσσι διάβροχος· αἰδομένα δὲ
Γὰ κεῦθει τὸν ἐὰς ὀρμον ἑλευθερίας.

389.—ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝΙΔΟΥ

Καὶ τίς δς οὐκ ἐτήλι κακὸν ἐσχατον νίεα κλαύσας;
ἀλλ’ ὁ Ποσειδίστποῦ πάντας ἐθαψε δόμος
τέσσαρας, οὐς Ἀιδαο συνήριθμον ἠρπασεν ἤμαρ,
τὴν πολλὴν παίδων ἐλπίδα κειραμένου.
πατρὸς δ’ ὀμματα λυγρὰ κατομβρηθέντα γύοισιν
ὡλετο· κοινῆ ποι νῦξ μιὰ πάντας ἔχει.

390.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ

Κυλλήνην ὅρος Ἀρκάδων ἀκούεις·
αὕτη σήμ’ ἐπίκειτ Απολλοδώρῳ.
Πίσηθέν μιν ἵνα νυκτὸς ἡρη
ἐκτείνειν Δίὸθεν πεσον κεραυνός.
τηλοῦ δ’ Λιανείς τε καὶ Βεροῖς
νικηθεῖς Δίος ὁ δρομεὺς καθεύδει.
envious fate has bereft me of the boy too. Alas my child, all that was left to me, I am cheated of thee! Persephone, give ear to the prayer of a mourning father, and lay the child in the bosom of its dead mother.

388.—By the Same

The hostile crowd threw Clitonymus to the fish and the river when he came to the castle to kill the tyrant. But Justice buried him, for the bank falling in honoured with funeral his whole body from head to foot, and he lies unwetted by the water, the earth in reverence covering him, her haven\(^1\) of freedom.

389.—APOLLONIDES

Who is there that has not suffered the extremity of woe, weeping for a son? But the house of Posidippus buried all four, taken from him in four days by death, that cut short all his hopes of them. The father's mourning eyes drenched with tears have lost their sight, and one may say that a common night now holds them all.

390.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

You have heard of Cyllene the Arcadian mountain. That is the monument that covers Apollodorus. As he journeyed from Pisa by night the thunderbolt from Zeus killed him; and far from Aeanae and Beroea\(^2\) the racer sleeps, conquered by Zeus.

\(^1\) _i.e._ the protector of her freedom.

\(^2\) Towns in Macedonia.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

391.—ΒΑΣΣΟΤ ΔΟΔΛΙΟΤ

Κλειδοῦχοι νεκύων, πάσας Ἀιδαο κελεύθους
φράγμυτε· καὶ στομίοις κλείδρα δέχοισθε, πύλαι.
αὐτὸς ἐγὼν Ἀιδαο ἐνέπω. Γερμανικὸς ἄστρων,
οὐκ ἐμὸς· οὗ χωρεῖ νῦν τόσην Ἀχέρων.

392.—ΗΡΑΚΛΕΙΔΟΤ ΣΙΝΩΠΕΩΣ

Δαίλαψ καὶ πολὺ κῦμα καὶ ἀυτολαῖ Ἀρκτοῦροιο,
καὶ σκότος, Ἀιγαίον τ’ οἴδιμα κακὸν πελάγευς,
ταῦθ’ ἀμα πάνθ’ ἐκύκησεν ἐμὴν νέα· τρικθὰ δὲ
κλασθεῖς

ιστὸς ὁμοῦ φόρτῳ κἀμὲ κάλυψε βυθὸ.

ναυγῆν κλαίοιτε παρ’ αὖμαλοῖσι, γονής,
Τλησιμένη, κωφὴν στῆσάμενοι Λίθακα.

393.—ΔΙΟΚΛΕΟΤΣ ΚΑΡΤΣΤΙΟΤ

Μὴ με κόνι κρύψητε, τί γάρ; πάλι, μηδ’ ἐτι ταῦτης
ἡώνος οὐκ ὀνοτὴν γαῖαν ἐμὸν τίθετε.
μαίνεται εἰς με θάλασσα, καὶ ἐν χέρσοιῳ με δείδον
εὐρίσκει ράχιας· οἴδε μὲ κήν Ἀιδή.

χέρσῳ ἐπεκβαίνεν εἰ ἐμεῖ χάριν ὕδατι θυμὸς,

†πάρκειμαι σταθερῇ μυμέμεν ὅς ἀταφος.

394.—ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΤ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ

Μυλεργάτας ἀνὴρ με κήν ξώᾶς χρόνοις
βαρυβρομίταν εἰχε δινητὸν πέτρον,

1 By Germanicus we should understand Tiberius’ nephew. The connection between the two couplets is not obvious, and something seems to be missing.
BOOK VII. 391–394

391.—BASSUS LOLLIUS

Ye janitors of the dead, block all the roads of Hades, and be bolted, ye entrance doors. I myself, Hades, order it. Germanicus belongs to the stars, not to me; Acheron has no room for so great a ship.¹

392.—HERACLIDES OF SINOPE

The gale and great waves and the tempestuous rising of Areturus² and the darkness and the evil swell of the Aegean, all these dashed my ship to pieces, and the mast broken in three plunged me in the depths together with my cargo. Weep on the shore, parents, for your shipwrecked Tlesimenes, erecting a cenotaph.

393.—DIOCLES OF CARYSTUS

Cover me not with dust again. What avails it? Nor continue to put on me the guiltless earth of this strand. The sea is furious with me and discovers me, wretched man, even on the surf-beaten land: even in Hades it knows me. If it is the will of the waves to mount on the land for my sake, I prefer³ to remain on the firm land thus unburied.

394.—PHILIPPUS OF THESSALONICA

The miller possessed me also during his life, the deep-voiced revolving stone, the wheat-crushing

² In the middle of September.
³ Some such sense is required. Jacobs suggested ἄρκοῦμαι, "I am content."
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πυρηφάτον Δάματρος εὐκάρπτου λάτριν,
καὶ καθανῶν στάλωσε τῶδ' ἐπ' ἡρίῳ,
σύνθημα τέχνας· ὃς ἔχει μ' ἀεὶ βαρὺν,
καὶ ζων ἐν ἔργοις, καὶ θανῶν ἐπ' ὀστέοις.

395.—ΜΑΡΚΟΤ ΑΡΓΕΝΤΑΡΙΟΤ

Οὗτος ὁ Καλλαίσχρον κενεὸς τάφος, ὅν βαθὺ χεῦμα
ἐσφηλευ Λιβυκῶν ἐνδρομέουντα πόρων,
συμφὸς ὑπ' Ὄριωνος ἀνεστρώφησε θαλάσσης
βένθος ὑπὸ στυγιρῆς οἴδιματα πανδυσίας.
καὶ τὸν μὲν διάσαντο κυκώμενον εἰν ἄλι θήρες,
κωφὸν δὲ στῆλη γράμμα λέλογχε τόδε.

396.—ΒΙΑΝΟΡΟΣ ΒΙΘΤΝΟΤ

Οἴδιποδος παίδων Θήβη τάφος· ἀλλ' ὁ πανώλης
τύμβος ἔτι ζωντων αἰσθάνεται πολέμων.
κεῖνος οὖτ' Ἀιδης ἐδαμάσσατο, κιν Ἀχέροντι
μάρμανται· κεῖνοι χῶ τάφος ἀντίπαλος,
καὶ πυρὶ πῦρ ἴλεγξαν ἐναντίον. ὦ ἐλεεινοὶ
παῖδες, ἀκοιμήτων ἀψάμενοι δορᾶτων.

397.—ΕΡΤΚΙΟΤ ΘΕΤΤΑΛΟΤ

Οὐχ ὅδε δειλαίου Σατύρου τάφος, οὐδ' ὑπὸ ταύτη,
ὡς λόγος, ἐυνηται πυρκαΐῇ Σάτυρος·
ἀλλ' εἰ ποτὲ πῦρτον ἀκοὔετε, πικρὸν ἐκεῖνον,
τὸν πέλας αἰγουόμου κλυξάμενον Μυκάλας,
κεῖνο δινήμετι καὶ ἀτρυγέτῳ ἐτὶ κεῖμαι
ὗδατι, καυσμένῳ μεμφόμενος Βορέη.

1 Literally “at the season of the swelling.”

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servant of fertile Demeter, and on his death he set me up on this tomb, an emblem of his calling. So he finds me ever heavy, in his work while he lived, and now he is dead, on his bones.

395.—MARCUS ARGENTARIUS

This is the cenotaph of Callaeschrus, whom the deep undid as he was crossing the Libyan main, then when the force of Orion at the stormy season\(^1\) of his baneful setting\(^2\) stirred the sea from its depths. The sea-monsters devoured his wave-tossed corpse, and the stone bears but this empty inscription.

396.—BIANOR OF BITHYNIA

Thebes is the tomb of the sons of Oedipus, but the all-destroying tomb feels their still living quarrel. Not even Hades subdued them, and by Acheron they still fight; even their tombs are foes and they dispute still on their funeral pyres.\(^3\) O children much to be pitied, who grasped spears never to be laid to rest.

397.—ERYCIUS OF THESSALY

This is not the tomb of poor Satyrus; Satyrus sleeps not, as they tell, under the ashes of this pyre. But perchance ye have heard of a sea somewhere, the bitter sea that beats on the shore near Mycale where the wild-goats feed, and in that eddying and desert water yet I lie, reproaching furious Boreas.

\(^2\) Early in November.

\(^3\) See No. 399 for the meaning of this.
398.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ

Οὐκ οἴδ᾽ εἰ Διώνυσον ὄνοσομαί, ἢ Δίως ὁμβρον
μέμψομ᾽ ὁλισθηροί δ᾽ εἰς πόδας ἀμφότεροι.
ἀγρόθε γάρ κατιόντα Πολύζευνον ἐκ ποτε δαιτὸς
tύμβος ἔχει γλύσχρων ἐξερπτόντα λόφον.
κεῖται δ᾽ Αἰσχόδος Σμύρνης ἐκάς. ἀλλά τις ὥρφυνης
δειμαίνοι μεθύων ἀτραπὸν ὑετίην.

399.—ΑΝΤΙΦΙΛΟΤ

Τηλοτάτῳ χεύασθαι ἐδει τάφον Οἰδιπόδαο
πασίν ὁπ' ἀλλήλων, οὐς πέρας οὐδ᾽ Λίδας·
ἀλλὰ καὶ εἰς Ἀχέροντος ἕνα πλοῦν ἥρμησατο,
枹᾽ στυγερὸς ἐξεὶ κήν φθιμένουσιν Ἀρης.
ἡνίδε πυρκαίῆς ἀνισον φλόγα· δαιομένα γὰρ
ἐξ ἔνος εἰς δισσῶν δήριν ἀποστρέφεται.

400.—ΣΕΡΑΠΙΩΝΟΣ ΑΛΕΞΑΝΔΡΕΩΣ

Τοῦτ᾽ ὀστεῦν φωτὸς πολυεργεῖος. ἢ ρά τις ἤσθα
ἔμπορος, ἢ τυφλοῦ κύματος ἰχθυβόλος.
ἀγγειλὼν θητοῖσιν ὅτι σπεύδοντες ἐς ἄλλας
ἔλπιδας εἰς τοῖν ἐλπίδα λυώμεθα.

401.—ΚΡΙΝΑΓΟΡΟΤ

Τήνδ᾽ ὑπὸ δύσβωλον θλίβει χθόνα φωτὸς ἀλιτροῦ
ὀστεὰ μισητῆς τύμβος ὑπὲρ κεφαλῆς,
στέρνα τ᾽ ἐποκριόντα, καὶ ὅνικ εὐδομόν ὀδόντων
πρίονα, καὶ κῶλων δούλιον οἰσπέδην,

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398.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

I know not whether to blame Bacchus or the rain; both are treacherous for the feet. For this tomb holds Polyxenus who once, returning from the country after a banquet, fell from the slippery hill-side. Far from Aeolian Smyrna he lies. Let everyone at night when drunk dread the rain-soaked path.

399.—ANTIPHILUS

Far from each other should the tombs of Oedipus' sons have been built, for even Hades ends not their strife. They refused even to travel in one boat to the house of Acheron, and hateful Ares lives in them even now they are dead. Look at the uneven flame of their pyre, how it separates from one into two quarrelling tongues.

400.—SERAPION OF ALEXANDRIA

This bone is that of some man who laboured much. Either wast thou a merchant or a fisher in the blind, uncertain sea. Tell to mortals that eagerly pursuing other hopes we all rest at the end in the haven of such a hope.

401.—CRINAGORAS

The tomb above his odious head crushes the bones of the scoundrel who lies in this unhappy earth; it crushes the protruding breast and the unsavoury sawlike teeth and the servilely fettered legs and
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

ἀτριχα καὶ κόρσην, Ἐυνικίδου ἦμιπύρωτα
λείψαν', ἐτι χλωρῆς ἐμπλεα τηκεδόνος.
χθῶν ὤ δυσνύμφευτε, κακοσκήνεας ἑτὶ τέφηρις
αὐνδρὸς μὴ κούφη κέκλισο, μηδ' ὀλίγη.

402.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ

Χειμερίαν νυφετόο περὶ θρηγκοῖσι τακέντοις
δῶμα πεσὸν τὴν γραύν ἐκτάνε Δυσιδίκην·
σήμα δὲ οἱ κομῆται ὀμώλακες οὐκ ἀπ' ὀρυκτῆς
γαίης, ἀλλ' αὐτὸν πῦργον ἔθεντο τάφου.

403.—ΜΑΡΚΟΤ ΑΡΓΕΝΤΑΡΙΟΤ

Ψύλλου, ὁ τὰς ποθινὰς ἐπιμισθίδας αἰεὴν ἐταίρας
πέμπτων ἐς τὰ νέων ἢδεα συμπόσια,
οὗτος ὁ θηρεύων ἀταλόφρονας, ἐνθάδε κεῖται,
αισχρὸν ἀπ' ἀνθρώπων μισθὸν ἐνεγκάμενος.
ἀλλὰ λίθους ἐτὶ τύμβου, ὀδοπόρε, μήτε σὺ βάλλε, 5
μήτ' ἄλλων πείσης· σήμα λέλογχε νέκὺς.
φεῖσαι δ' οὐχ ὃτι κέρδος ἐπήνεσεν, ἀλλ' ὃτι κοινὰς
θρέψας, μοιχεύειν οὐκ ἐδίδαξε νέους.

404.—ΖΩΝΑ ΣΑΡΔΙΑΝΟΤ

Ψυχρᾶν σεν κεφαλᾶς ἐπαμήσομαι αἰγιαλίτιν
θῶς κατὰ κρυερὸν χειμάμενος νέκυνος·
οὐ γὰρ σεν μήτηρ ἐπιτυμβία κωκύνουσα 5
εἰδὲν ἀλέξαντον σὺν μόρον εἰνάλιον·
ἀλλὰ σ' ἐρημαιοί τε καὶ ἄξεινοι πλαταμῶνες
δέξαντ' Ἀἰγαίης γείτους ἥιόνος·
ὡστ' ἔχε μὲν ψαμμίθον μόριον βραχῦ, πουλὺ δὲ δάκρυν,
ξεῖν', ἐπεὶ εἰς ὀλοῖν ἐδραμες ἐμπορίην.

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hairless head, the half consumed remains of Eunicides still full of green putrescence. O earth, who hast espoused an evil bridegroom, rest not light or thinly-sprinkled on the ashes of the deformed being.¹

402.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

On the winter snow melting at the top of her house it fell in and killed old Lysidice. Her neighbours of the village did not make her a tomb of earth dug up for the purpose, but put her house itself over her as a tomb.

403.—MARCUS ARGENTARIUS

Psyllus, who used to take to the pleasant banquets of the young men the venal ladies that they desired, that hunter of weak girls, who earned a disgraceful wage by dealing in human flesh, lies here. But cast not thou stones at his tomb, wayfarer, nor bid another do so. He is dead and buried. Spare him, not because he was content to gain his living so, but because as keeper of common women he dissuaded young men from adultery.

404.—ZONAS OF SARDIS

On thy head I will heap the cold shingle of the beach, shedding it on thy cold corpse. For never did thy mother wail over thy tomb or see the sea-battered body of her shipwrecked son. But the desert and inhospitable strand of the Aegean shore received thee. So take this little portion of sand, stranger, and many a tear; for fated was the journey on which thou didst set out to trade.

¹ cp. No. 380, an imitation of this.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

405.—ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΣ

"Ω ξεῖε, φεύγε τὸν χαλαζετή τάφον
tὸν φρικτὸν Ἰππώνακτος, οὔτε χῦ τέφρα
ιαμβιάζει Βουτάλειον ἐς στύγος,
μή πως ἐγείρῃς σφήκα τὸν κοιμώμενον,
ὅς οὐδ’ ἐν ἄδη νῦν κεκοίμηκεν χόλον,
σκάζουσι μέτροις ὀρθὰ τοξεύσας ἐπὴ.

406.—ΘΕΟΔΩΡΙΔΑ

Εὐφορίων, ὁ περισσὸν ἐπιστάμενός τι ποίησαι,
Πειραικὸς κεῖται τοῖς δ' ἐπ' ἑκάστοις
ἀλλὰ σὺ τῷ μύστῃ ῥοιήν ἢ μῆλον ἀπαρξάι,
’ ἢ μύρτων. καὶ γὰρ ξωδὸς ἑὼν ἐφίλει.

407.—ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΣ

"Ἡδιστὸν φιλέουσι νέοις προσανάκλιμ’ ἑρώτων,
Σαπφώ, σὺν Μοῦσαις ἢ Ῥά σε Πιερίη
ἡ Ἐλικῶν εὐκίσσοσ, ἵσα πνείουσαν ἐκείναις,
κοσμεῖ, τὴν Ἐρέσσῳ Μοῦσαν ἐν Ἀιολίδι,
ἡ καὶ Ἰμήν Ἰμέναιος ἔχων εὐφεγγέα πεύκην
σὺν σοὶ νυμφιδῶν ἵσταθ’ ὑπὲρ θαλάμων·
ἡ Κινύρεω νέον ἔρνος ὀδυρομένη Ἀφροδίτῃ
σύνθηρησα, μακάρων ἢρὸν ἄλογος ὀργῇ
πάντῃ, πότνιαι, χαῖρε θεῖα ἵσα· σὰς γὰρ ὁπιδᾶς
ἄθανατων ἀγομέν νῦν ἐτὶ θυγατέρας.

1 He wrote in iambics called “lame” because ending in a spondee.
BOOK VII. 405-407

405.—PHILIPPUS

Avoid, O stranger, this terrible tomb of Hipponax, which hails forth verses, Hipponax whose very ashes cry in iambics his hatred of Bupalus, lest thou wake the sleeping wasp, who not even in Hades has lulled his spite to rest, but in a halting measure launcheth straight shafts of song.

406.—THEODORIDAS

Euphorion, the exquisite writer of verse, lies by these long walls of the Piraeus. Offer to the initiated singer a pomegranate or apple, or myrtle-berries, for in his life he loved them.

407.—DIOSCORIDES

Sappho, who dost most sweetly pillow the loves of young men, thee verily Pieria or ivied Helicon honour together with the Muses; for thy breath is like to theirs, thou Muse of Aeolian Eresus. Either Hymen Hymenaeus bearing his bright torch stands with thee over the bridal couch; or thou lookest on the holy grove of the Blessed, mourning in company with Aphrodite the fair young son of Cinyras. Wherever thou be, I salute thee, my queen, as divine, for we still deem thy songs to be daughters of the gods.

2 They were all used in the mysteries.
3 Adonis.
408.—ΔΕΩΝΙΔΑ

Ατρέμα τον τύμβον παραμείβετε, μὴ τὸν ἐν ὑπνῷ πικρόν ἐγείρητε σφήκ' ἀναπαυόμενον.
ἀρτι γὰρ Ἰππώνακτος ὁ καὶ τοκέων βαύξας
ἀρτι κεκοίμηται θυμὸς ἐν ἀνυρήι.
ἀλλὰ προμηθήσασθε· τὰ γὰρ πεπυρωμένα κεῖνον
ῥήματα πημαίνειν οἶδε καὶ εἶν Ἀἰδη.

409.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ [ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ]

"Οβριμον ἀκαμάτον στίχον ἀύνεσον 'Ἀντιμάχουι,
ἀξίον ἀρχαίων ὁφρύνος ἠμθέον,
Πιερίδων χαλκευτοῦ ἐπ’ ἀκμοσιν, εἰ τορὸν οὔας
ἐλλαχες, εἰ χάλοις τὰν ἁγέλαστον ὁπα,
εἰ τὰν ἄτριπτον καὶ ἀνέμβατον ἄτραπον ἄλλοις
μαίειαι. εἰ δ’ ὑμῶν σκάπτρον ὁ Ομηρὸς ἐχει,
καὶ Ζεὺς τοιν κρέσσων Ἐνοσίχθουνος· ἀλλ’ Ἐνοσίχθων
τοῦ μὲν ἐφ’ ἡμεῖς, ἄθανάτων δ’ ὑπάτως:
καὶ ναετήρ Κολοφώνος ὑπέζευκται μὲν Ὅμηρῳ,
ἀγείται δ’ ἄλλων πλάθεος ὕμνοπόλων.

410.—ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΤ

Θέστις ὄδε, τραγικήν ὃς ἀνέπλασε πρῶτος ἀοίδην
κωμήταις νεαράς καυνότομων χαριτάς,
Βάκχος ότε τριετῆ 1 κατάγαι χορόν, ὃ τράγος ἀθλῶν
χώττικος ἢν σύκων ἄρρηγος ἀθλον ἐτοι,
οὶ δὲ μεταπλάσσουσι νέου τάδε· μυρίος αἰών
πολλὰ προσευρήσει χατέρα· τὰμὰ δ’ ἐμα.

1 Wilamowitz: τριωθ’ MS.
BOOK VII. 408–410

408.—LEONIDAS

Go quietly by the tomb, lest ye awake the malignant wasp that lies asleep; for only just has it been laid to rest, the spite of Hipponax that snarled even at his parents. Have a care then; for his verses, red from the fire, have power to hurt even in Hades.

409.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

Praise the sturdy verse of tireless Antimachus, worthy of the majesty of the demigods of old, beaten on the anvil of the Muses, if thou art gifted with a keen ear, if thou aspirest to gravity of words, if thou wouldst pursue a path untrodden and unapproached by others. If Homer holds the sceptre of song, yet, though Zeus is greater than Poseidon, Poseidon his inferior is the chief of the immortals; so the Colophonian bows before Homer, but leads the crowd of other singers.

410.—DIOSCORIDES

I am Thespis, who first modelled tragic song, inventing a new diversion for the villagers, at the season when Bacchus led in the triennial chorus whose prize was still a goat and a basket of Attic figs. Now my juniors remodel all this; countless ages will beget many new inventions, but my own is mine.
411.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Θέσπιδος εὑρέμα τοῦτο, τὰ τ’ ἀγροιώτων ἀν’ ἐλαίν παίγνια, καὶ κώμους τούσδε, τελειοτέρους
Λισχύλος ἐξύψωσεν, ὁ μὴ σμιλεύτα χαράξας
γράμματα, χειμάρρῳ δ’ οία καταρδόμενα,
καὶ τὰ κατὰ σκηνὴν μετεκαίνισεν. ὃ στόμα πάντη
5
dεξιόν, ἀρχαίων ἱσθά τις ἦμιθέων.

412.—ΑΛΚΑΙΟΤ ΜΕΣΣΗΝΙΟΤ

Πᾶσα τοι ὀίχομένῳ, Πυλάδη, κωκύτει 'Ελλάς,
ἀπλεκτον χαίταν ἐν χροὶ κειραμένα;
αὐτὸς δ’ ἀτριμίτοιο κόμας ἀπεθήκατο δάφνας
Φοῖβος, ἐὼν τιμῶν ἢ θέμις ψυμπόλον.
Μοῦσαι δ’ ἐκλαύσαντο· ῥόου δ’ ἔστησεν ἀκούνων
5
'Ἀσωπὸς γορερὼν ἡχον ἀπὸ στομάτων
ἐλληξεν δὲ μέλαθρα Διώνυσοιο χορεῖσι;
εὕτε σιδηρεῖν ὁμον ἐβης 'Λίδεω.

413.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ

Οὐχὶ βαθυστόλμων Ἰππαρχία ἔργα γυναικῶν,
τὸν δὲ Κυνόν ἔλομαν ῥωμαλέον βιοτόν·
οὔδε μοι ἁμπεχόναι περαυτίδες, οὐ βαθύπελμος
εὐμαρίς, οὐ λιπῶν εὑαδε κεκρύφαλος·
οὐλᾶς δὲ σκίπτων συνέμπορος, ἢ τε συνῳδὸς
δίπλαξ, καὶ κοίτας βλήμα χαμαίλεχεος.
5
ἀμμὶ δὲ Μαιναλίας κάρρων ἡμὰν 'Αταλάντας
tόσουν, ὅσον σοφία κρέσσουν ὀριδρομίας.

1 Hecker suggests μνῆμα, and I render so.

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411.—By the Same

This invention of Thespis and the Greenwood games and revels were raised to greater perfection by Aeschylus who carved letters not neatly chiselled, but as if water-worn by a torrent. In matters of the stage he was also an innovator. O mouth in every respect accomplished, thou wast one of the demigods of old!

412.—Alcaeus of Mesene

Pylades,¹ now thou art gone, all Hellas wails shearing her loosened hair, and Phoebus himself took off the laurels from his flowing locks, honouring his singer as is meet. The Muses wept and Asopus stayed his stream when he heard the voice of mourning. The dance of Dionysus ceased in the halls, when thou didst go down the iron road of Hades.

413.—Antipater of Sidon

I, Hipparchia,² chose not the tasks of amply-robed woman, but the manly life of the Cynics. Nor do tunics fastened with brooches and thick-soled slippers, and the hair-caul wet with ointment please me, but rather the wallet and its fellow-traveller the staff and the course double mantle suited to them, and a bed strewn on the ground. I shall have a greater name than that of Arcadian Atalanta by so much as wisdom is better than racing over the mountains.

¹ A celebrated actor. ² Wife of the Cynic Crates.
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414.—ΝΟΣΣΙΔΟΣ ΤΗΣ ΜΕΛΟΠΟΙΟΤ

Καὶ κατυρδὼν γελάσας παραμείβεο, καὶ φίλον εἰπὼν ῥήμα ἐπὶ ἐμοὶ. Ἄνθιζον εἰμὶ ὁ Συρακόσιος, Μουσάων ὀλύγη τις ἀηδονίς· ἄλλα φλυάκων ἐκ τραγικῶν ὴδιον κισσόν ἐδρευόμεθα.

415.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΣ

Βασιλίδεω παρὰ σῆμα φέρεις πόδας, εὖ μὲν ἀοιδὴν εἰδότος, εὖ δ’ οἶνῳ καίρια συγγελάσαι.

416.—ΑΛΛΟ

Εὐκράτεω Μελέαγρον ἔχω, ξένε, τὸν σὺν Ἠρωτὶ καὶ Μοῦσαις κεράσανθ’ ἑδυλόγους Χάριτας.

417.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

Νάσος ἐμὰ θρέπτειρα Τύρος· πάτρα δὲ με τεκνοὶ Ἀτθίς ἐν Ἀσσυρίοις ναιομένα, Γάδαρα·
Εὐκράτεω δ’ ἐβλαστῶν ὁ σὺν Μοῦσαις Μελέαγρος πρῶτα Μεσσηνίαν συντροχάσας Χάρισιν.
εὶ δὲ Σύρος, τὶ τὸ θάδμα; μίαν, ξένε, πατρίδα κόσμουν 5 ναίομεν· ἐν θυατοὺς πάντας ἐτίκτε Χάος.
πολυνεῖς δ’ ἐχάραξα τάδ’ ἐν δέλτοισι πρὸ τῷ βου·
γῆρως γὰρ γείτων ἐγγύθεν Ἀἴδεω.
ἀλλὰ μὲ τὸν λαλίδον καὶ πρεσβύτην προτειειπὼν
χαίρειν, εἰς γῆρας καῦτος ἱκοῖοι λάλον.
414.—NOSSIS

Laugh frankly as thou passest by and speak a kind word over me. I am the Syracusan Rintho, one of the lesser nightingales of the Muses; but from my tragic burlesques I plucked for myself a special wreath of ivy.

415.—CALLIMACHUS

This is the tomb of Callimachus that thou art passing. He could sing well, and laugh well at the right time over the wine.

416.—ANONYMOUS

I hold, stranger, Meleager, son of Eucrates, who mixed the sweet-spoken Graces with Love and the Muses.

417.—MELEAGER

Island Tyre was my nurse, and Gadara, which is Attic, but lies in Syria, gave birth to me. From Eucrates I sprung, Meleager, who first by the help of the Muses ran abreast of the Graces of Menippus. If I am a Syrian, what wonder? Stranger, we dwell in one country, the world; one Chaos gave birth to all mortals. In my old age I wrote these lines in my tablets before my burial; for eld and death are near neighbours. Speak a word to wish me, the loquacious old man, well, and mayst thou reach a loquacious old age thyself.

1 As regards culture.
2 He wrote besides his epigrams satires in which he imitated Menippus.
418.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Πρώτα μοι Γαδάρων κλεινὰ πόλεις ἐπλετο πάτρα, ἣνδρωσεν δ' ἱερὰ δεξαμένα με Τύρος:
eἰς γῆρας δ' ὀτ' ἔβην, ἀ καὶ Δία θρεψαμένα Κῶς
καὶ θετῶν Μερότων ἀστῶν ἐγγροτρόφει.
Μοῦσαι δ' εἰν ὅλῳς με, τὸν Εὐκράτεω Μελέαγρον 5
παίδα, Μειυπείοις ἱγλαϊσαν Χάρισιν.

419.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

'Ατρέμας, ὁ ξένε, βαίνε: παρ' εὐσεβέσιν γὰρ ὁ
πρέσβυς
eὐδεῖ, κοιμμθεῖς ὑπνον ὄθειλόμενον,
Εὐκράτεω Μελέαγρος, ὁ τὸν γλυκύδακρυν "Ερώτα
καὶ Μοῦσας ἱλαραίς συστολίσας Χάρισι,
ὁν θεόπαις ἣνδρωσε Τύρος Γαδάρων θ' ἱερὰ χθόν' 5
Κῶς δ' ἐρατῇ Μερότων πρέσβυν ἐγγροτρόφει.
ἀλλ' εἰ μὲν Σύρος ἔσσι, Σάλαμ· εἰ δ' οὖν σὺ γε Φοίνιξ,
Ναίδιος· εἰ δ' "Ελλην, Χαίρε· τὸ δ' αὐτὸ φράσον.

420.—ΔΙΟΤΙΜΟΤ ἈΘΗΝΑΙΟΤ

'Ελπίδες ἀνθρώπων, ἔλαφραι θεαί—οὐ γὰρ ἄν ὅδε
Λέσβον' ὁ λυσιμελὴς ἀμφεκάλυψ, 'Λίδης, 5
ὁς ποτὲ καὶ βασιλῆι συνέδραμε,—ναὶ μετ' Ἐρώτων
χαίρετε κουφόταται δαίμονες ἅθανάτων.
αὐλοὶ δ' ἀφθεγκτοι καὶ ἀπευθεῖς, οἷς ἐνέπνευσε, 5
κεῖσθ', ἐπεὶ οὐ θιάσους... οἴδ' Ἀχέρων.

1 Ptolemy Philadelphus, who was brought up in Cos; cf. Theocr. 17. 58.

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BOOK VII. 418-420

418.—By the Same

My first country was famous Gadara; then Tyre received me and brought me up to manhood. When I reached old age, Cos, which nurtured Zeus, made me one of her Meropian citizens and cared for my declining years. But the Muses adorned me, Meleager, son of Eucrates, more than most men with the Graces of Menippus.

419.—By the Same

Go noiselessly by, stranger; the old man sleeps among the pious dead, wrapped in the slumber that is the lot of all. This is Meleager, the son of Eucrates, who linked sweet tearful Love and the Muses with the merry Graces. Heavenborn Tyre and Gadara's holy soil reared him to manhood, and beloved Cos of the Meropes tended his old age. If you are a Syrian, Salam! if you are a Phoenician, Naidius! if you are a Greek, Chaire! (Hail) and say the same yourself.

420.—Diotimus of Athens

Ye Hopes of men, light goddesses—for never, were ye not so, had Hades, who bringeth our strength to naught, covered Lesbon, once as blest as the Great King—yea, ye Hopes and ye Loves too, lightest of all deities, farewell! And ye, the flutes he once breathed in, must lie dumb and unheard; for Acheron knoweth no troops of musicians.

2 The city of Cos, to distinguish it from an earlier capital of the island, was known as Cos Meropis.
3 This Phoenician word for "Hail" is uncertain. Plautus gives it as "handoni."
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421.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

Αίνωματοι

Πτανέ, τί σοι σιβώνης; τί δὲ καὶ συνὸς εὐάδε δέρμα; καὶ τίς ἔων στίλας σύμβολον ἐσοὶ τίνος; οὐ γὰρ Ἐρωτ' ἐνέπω σε—τί γὰρ; νεκύεσσι πάροικος ἴμερος; αἰάξειν ὁ θρασύς οὐκ ἐμαθεν—οὐδὲ μὲν οὖθ' αὐτὸν ταχύπουν Κρόνου· ἐμπαλὶ γὰρ δὴ

κείνος μὲν τριγέρων, σοὶ δὲ τέθηλε μέλη.

άλλ' ἀρα, ναὶ δοκεῖν γάρ, ὁ γὰς ὑπὲνερθε δοφιστὰς ἐστι· σὺ δ' ὁ πτερόεις, τούνομα τούδε, λόγος.

Λατώας δ' ἀμφικεῖς ἔχεις γέρας, ἐς τε γέλωτα καὶ σπουδάν, καὶ που μέτρον ἐρωτογράφον. ναὶ μέν δὴ Μελέαγρον ὁμώνυμον Οἰνέως νιφ ἱμβολα σημαινει ταῦτα συνκοτασίας.

χαίρε καὶ ἐν φθιμένοισιν, ἐπεὶ καὶ Μοῦσαι Ἐρωτὶ καὶ Χάριτας σοφίαν εἰς μίαν ἡμώσαο.

422.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΑ ΤΑΡΑΝΤΙΝΟΤ

Τί στοχασώμεθα σοι, Πεισίστρατε, χίον ὀρόντες γλυπτοῦν ὑπὲρ τύμβου κείμενον ἀστράγαλον;

ἡ δ' ἢ γας μὴ ὅτι Χίων; ἢ οἰκε γάρ; ἢ ῥ' ὅτι παίκτας ἴσθά τις, οὐ λίθν δ', ο' γαθή, πλειστοβόλος;

ἡ τὰ μὲν οὖθ' σύνεγγυς, ἐν ἀκρήτῳ δὲ κατέσβης Χίω; ναὶ δοκεῖ, τόδε προσηγγίσάμεν.

423.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΤ

Τὰν μὲν ἂεὶ πολύμυθον, ἂεὶ λάλον, ὃ ἔχεν, κίσσα φάσει, τὰν δὲ μέθας σύντροφον ἅδε κύλιξ,
BOOK VII. 421-423

421.—MELEAGER

An enigmatic epitaph on himself

Thou with the wings, what pleasure hast thou in the hunting spear and boar-skin? Who art thou, and the emblem of whose tomb? For Love I cannot call thee. What! doth Desire dwell next the dead? No! the bold boy never learnt to wail. Nor yet art thou swift-footed Cronos; on the contrary, he is as old as old can be, and thy limbs are in the bloom of youth. Then—yes, I think I am right—he beneath the earth was a sophist, and thou art the winged word for which he was famed. The double-edged attribute of Artemis thou bearest in allusion to his laughter mixed with gravity and perhaps to the metre of his love verses. Yea, in truth, these symbols of boar-slaying point to his name-sake, Meleager, son of Oeneus. Hail, even among the dead, thou who didst fit together into one work of wisdom, Love, the Muses and the Graces.

422.—LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

What shall we conjecture about you, Pisistratus, when we see a Chian die carved on your tomb? Shall we not say that you were a Chian? That seems probable. Or shall we say that you were a gamester and not a particularly lucky one, my friend? Or are we still far from the truth, and was your life's light put out by Chian wine? Yes, I think now we are near it.

423.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

The jay, stranger, will tell you I was ever a woman of many words, ever talkative, and the cup

1 The hunting spear.
2 The worst cast of the dice was called Chian.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

tαν Κρήσσαν δε τα τόξα, τα δ' εἰρία ταν φιλοεργον,
ἀνδεμα δ' αυ μίτρας ταν πολυκρόταφον:
τοιαύτα φταλογχαος ὁδ' ἐκρυφε Βιττίδα τύμβος
†τιμελάχραυντον νυμφιδίαιαν ἀλοχον.

ἀλλ' ἄνερ, καὶ χαίρε, καὶ οἰχομένουσιν ἐς ἄδαν
tαν αὐταν μῦθων αὕθις ὀπαζε χάριν.

424.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

α. Μαστεύω τι σευ Ἀγις ἐτι σταλίτιδι πέτρα,
Λυσιδία, γλυπτὸν τόνδ' ἐχάραξε νάουν
ἀνία γαρ και κημός, δ' τ' εὐρονιθὶ Τανάγρα
οἰωνὸς βλαστῶν, θοῦρος ἐγερσιμάχας,
οὐχ ἄδεν οὐδ' ἑπέοικεν ὑπώροφίαισι γυναιξίν,
ἀλλὰ τα τ' ἥλακατας ἔργα τα θ' ἱστοπόδων.

β. Ταν μεν ἀνεγρομέναν με ποτ' εἴρηα νυκτερος ὅρνις,
ἀνία δ' αὐδάσει δόματος ἀνίοχον.

ιππαστήρ δ' ὅδε κημός λεῖσται οὐ πολύμυθον,
οὐ λάλον, ἀλλὰ καλας ἐμπλεον ἀσύχιας.

425.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Μηθαμβει, μάστιγα Μυρούς ἐτι σάματι λεύσων,
γλαύκα, βιόν, χαροπάν χάνα, θοᾶν σκύλακα.
τόξα μεν αὐδάσει με πανευτονον ἁγέτιν οίκου,
ἀ δε κύων τέκνων γνήσια καδομέναν:
μάστιξ δ' οὐκ ὅλοιν, ξένε, δεσπότιν, οὐδ' ἁγέρωχον
δμωσὶ, κολάστειραν δ' ἐνδικον ἀμπλακίας:
χαν δε δόμων φυλακάσι μελεδήμονα· ταν δ' ἀ<ρ' ἄγρυπνον>
γλαυξ ἄδε γλαυκᾶς Παλλάδος ἀμφίπολον.
τοιονδ' ἀμφ' ἐργοισιν ἐγάθεουν· ἐνθεν ομενους
tοιάδε ἐμὰ στάλα σύμβολα τεῦξε Βιτων.
that I was of a convivial habit. The bow proclaims me Cretan, the wool a good workwoman, and the snood that tied up my hair shows that I was grey-headed. Such was the Bittis that this tomb with its stele covers, the wedded wife of . . . . But, hail, good sir, and do us who are gone to Hades the favour to bid us hail likewise in return.

424.—By the Same

A. "I seek to discover what the meaning of these carvings is that Agis made upon your stele, Lysidice. For the reins and muzzle and the bird who comes from Tanagra celebrated for its fowls, the bold awaker of battles, such are not things that please or become sedentary women, but rather the works of the spindle and the loom."  B. "The bird of the night proclaims me one who rises in the night to work, the reins tell that I directed my house, and this horse's muzzle that I was not fond of many words and talkative, but full of admirable silence."

425.—By the Same

Do not wonder at seeing on Myro's tomb a whip, an owl, a bow, a grey goose and a swift bitch. The bow proclaims that I was the strict well-strung directress of my house, the bitch that I took true care of my children, the whip that I was no cruel or overbearing mistress, but a just chastiser of faults, the goose that I was a careful guardian of the house, and this owl that I was a faithful servant of owl-eyed Pallas. Such were the things in which I took delight, wherefore my husband Biton carved these emblems on my grave-stone.
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426.—TOY AYTOY

α. Εἰπέ, λέων, φθιμένου τίνος τάφον ἀμφιβεβηκάς, βουφάγε; τίς τὰς σᾶς ἄξιοι ἢν ἄρετάς;
β. Τίδος Θευδώροιο Τελευτίας, ὃς μέγα πάντων
φέρτερος ἦν, θηρῶν ὅσουν ἐγὼ κέκρυμαι.
οὐχὶ μάταις ἐστάκα, φέρω δὲ τὶ σύμβολον ἀλκᾶς δ
ἀνέρος; ἢν γὰρ δὴ δυσμενέσσι λέων.

427.—TOY AYTOY

'Α στάλα, φέρ' ἵδω, τιν' ἔχει νέκυν. ἀλλὰ δέδορκα
γράμμα μὲν οὐδὲν πιὸ τραβέν ὑπερθέ λίθου,
ἐννέα δ' ἀστραγάλους πεπτηότας' δὲν πίσυρες μὲν
πράτοι 'Αλεξάνδρου μαρτυρέοντι βόλου,
οὶ δὲ τὸ τᾶς νεόστατος ἐφήλικος ἄνθος, "Εφιῆβον,
ἐῖς δ' ὁ γε μανυεῖ Χίον ἀφαυρότερον.
ἡ ρα τὸδ' ἀγγέλλοντι, καὶ ὁ σκάπτροις μεγαυχής
χῶ θάλλων ἵβα τέρμα τὸ μηδὲν ἔχει;
ἡ τὸ μὲν οὖν· δοκέω δὲ ποτὶ σκοποῦν ἵθ'ν ἐλάσσειν
ἴον, Κρηταιεὺς ὡς τις οἰστοβόλος.
ἡς ὁ θανῶν Χίος μὲν, 'Αλεξάνδρου δὲ λελογχῶς
οὖνμ', ἐφηβαιὴ δ' ὃλετ' ἐν ἀλικία.
ὡς εὖ τὸν φθίμενον νέον ἄκριτα καὶ τὸ κυβευθὲν
πνεῦμα δὲ ἀφθέγκτων εἰπὲ τις ἀστραγάλων.

428.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

Εἰς Ἀντίπατρον τὸν Σιδώνιον

'Α στάλα, σύνθημα τὶ σοι γοργωπὸς ἀλέκτωρ
ἐστα, καλλαῖνα σκαπτοφόρους πτέρυγι,
ποσαὶν ύφαρπάξου Νίκας κλάδου; ἄκρα δ' ἐπ' αὐτὰς
βαθμίδος προπεσῶν κέκλιται ἀστράγαλος.
BOOK VII. 426-428

426.—By the Same

A. "Tell, lion, thou slayer of kine, on whose tomb thou standest there and who was worthy of thy valour." B. "Teleutias, the son of Theodorus, who was far the most valiant of men, as I am judged to be of beasts. Not in vain stand I here, but I emblem the prowess of the man, for he was indeed a lion to his enemies."

427.—By the Same

Come let us see who lies under this stone. But I see no inscription cut on it, only nine cast dice, of which the first four represent the throw called Alexander, the next four that called Ephebus—the bloom of youthful maturity—and the one the more unlucky throw called Chian. Is their message this, that both the proud sceptred potentate and the young man in his flower end in nothing, or is that not so?—I think now like a Cretan archer I shall shoot straight at the mark. The dead man was a Chian, his name was Alexander and he died in youth. How well one told through dumb dice of the young man dead by ill-chance and the life staked and lost!

428.—Mel. Eager

On Antipater of Sidon

Tell me, thou stone, why does this bright-eyed cock stand on thee as an emblem, bearing a sceptre in his lustred wing and seizing in his claws the branch of victory, while cast at the very edge of the
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η ρά γε νικάεντα μάχα σκαπτοῦχον ἀνακτα
κρύπτεις; ἀλλὰ τί σοι παῦγινον ἀστράγαλος;
πρὸς δὲ, τί λιτὸς ὁ τύμβος; ἐπιπρέπει ἄνδρι πενι-
χρῷ,
ὄρνθος κλαγγαίς νυκτὸς ἀνεγρομένω.
οὐ δοκέω· σκάπτρον γάρ ἀναίνεται. ἀλλὰ σὺ κεύθεις
ἀθλοφόρον, νῖκαν ποσῶν ἀειράμενον.
οὐ ψαύῳ καὶ τῇδε· τί γάρ ταχύς εἰκελος ἀνήρ
ἀστραγάλῳ; νῦν δὴ τὸτρεκεῖς ἐφρασάμαν
φοίνιξ οὐ νῖκαν ἐνέπει, πάτραι δὲ μεγανχῇ
ματέρα Φοινίκων, τὰν πολύπαιδα Τύρων·
ὄρνις δ', ὅττι γεγωνὸς ἄνηρ, καὶ ποὺν περὶ Κυπρίν
πράτος κῇ Μουσαίς ποικίλος ὕμνοθέτας.
σκάπτρα δ' ἔχει σύνθημα λόγου· θυάσκειν δὲ
πεσόντα
οἶνοβρεχῇ, προπετῆς ἐννέπει ἀστράγαλος.
καὶ δὴ σύμβολα ταῦτα· τὸ δ' οὐνομα πέτρος ἀείδει,
'Αντίπατρον, προγόνων φύντ' ἀπ' ἐρωθενέων.

429.—ΑΛΚΑΙΟΤ ΜΙΤΤΑΗΝΑΙΟΤ

Δίξημαι κατὰ θυμὸν ὅτου χάριν ἅ παροδίτις
δισσάκι φί μοῦνον γράμμα λέλογχε πέτρος,
λαστύποις σμίλαις κεκολαμμένον. ἅρα γυναικὶ
tὰ χθονί κενθομένα Χιλιὰς ἦν οἴνομα;
tοῦτο γὰρ ἀγγεἴλλει κορυφούμενος εἰς ἐν ἄριθμός.
ἡ τὸ μὲν εἰς ὁρθὰν ἀτραπῶν οὐκ ἔμοιλεν,
ἀ δ' οἰκτρὸν ναίονσα τὸδ' ἥριον ἐπλετο Φιδίς;
νῦν σφιγγὸς γρίφοις Οἰδίπος ἐφρασάμην.
αἰνετὸς οὐκ δισσοῦ καμὼν αἴνιγμα τύποιο,
φέγγος μὲν ἐνυντοῖς, ἀξινετοῖς δ' ἐρεβος
base lies a die? Dost thou cover some sceptred king victorious in battle? But why the die thy plaything? And besides, why is the tomb so simple? It would suit a poor man woke up o’nights by the crowing of the cock. But I don’t think that is right, for the sceptre tells against it. Then you cover an athlete, a winner in the foot-race? No, I don’t hit it off so either, for what resemblance does a swift-footed man bear to a die? Now I have it: the palm does not mean victory, but prolific Tyre, the proud mother of palms, was the dead man’s birthplace; the cock signifies that he was a man who made himself heard, a champion too I suppose in love matters and a versatile songster. The sceptre he holds is emblematic of his speech and the die cast wide means that in his cups he fell and died. Well, these are symbols, but the stone tells us his name, Antipater, descended from most puissant ancestors.

429.—ALCAEUS OF MITYLENE

I ask myself why this road-side stone has only two phis chiselled on it. Was the name of the woman who is buried here Chilias? The number which is the sum of the two letters points to this. Or am I astray in this guess and was the name of her who dwells in this mournful tomb Phidis? Now am I the Oedipus who has solved the sphinx’s riddle. He deserves praise, the man who made this puzzle out of two letters, a light to the intelligent and darkness to the unintelligent.

1 φ stands for 500. 2 i.e. φ δίς, twice φ.
430.—ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΣ

Τίς τὰ νεοσκύλευτα ποτὶ δρυὶ τὰδε καθάψεν ἔντεα; τῷ πέλτα Δωρὶς ἀναγράφεται; πλάθει γὰρ Θυρεάτις υφ' αἰματὸς ἀδε λοχιτὰν, χάμες ἀν' Ἀργεῖων τοι δύο λειπόμεθα. πάντα νέκουν μᾶς τενε δεδουπότα, μή τις, ἕτ' ἐμπνους λειπόμενος, Σπάρτα κῦδος ἑλαμψε νόθον. ἵσχε βάσιν. νίκα γὰρ ἐπὶ ἀσπίδος ὁδε Δακώνων φωνεῖ ταθρόμβως αἰματος Ὁθρυνάδα, χώ τόδε μοιχήσας σπαίρει πέλας, ἀ πρόπατορ Ζεῦ, στύξου ἀνικάτω σύμβολα φυλόπιδος.

431.—ΛΔΗΛΟΝ, οἱ δὲ ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΣ

Οὗδε τριηκόσιοι, Σπάρτα πατρὶ, τοῖς συναρίθμους ἰναχίδαις Θυρεαῖν ἀμφὶ μαχεσάμενοι, αὐχένας οὐ στρεφαντες, ὡπ' ἱππὸς ἵχνα πρᾶτον ἀρμόσαμεν, ταύτα καὶ λίπομεν βιοτάν. ἀρσενὶ δ' Ὁθρυνάδα φόνῳ κεκαλυμμένον ὀπλον καρύσσει: "Θυρέα, Ζεῦ, Δακεδαμονίων." αἰ δὲ τις Ἀργεῖων ἐφυγεν μόρον, ἢς ἀπ' Ἀδράστον. Σπάρτα δ' οὐ τὸ θανεῖν, ἀλλὰ φυγεῖν θάνατος.

432.—ΔΑΜΑΓΗΤΟΣ

Ὤ Δακεδαμόνιοι, τὸν ἄρηίον ὑμίν ὁ τύμβος Γύλλιν ὑπὲρ Θυρέας οὕτως ἔχει φθίμενον, ἀνδρας δὲ Ἀργεῖων τρεῖς ἐκτανε, καὶ τὸδ' ἐειπτεν: "Τεθναῖν Σπάρτας ἄξια μησάμενος."

1 This refers to the celebrated fight at Thyreæ between three hundred Argives and as many Spartans. Two Argives survived at the end, who, thinking all the Spartans dead, went off to announce the victory; but the Spartan Othryadas
430.—DIOSCORIDES

Who hung the newly-stripped arms on this oak? By whom is the Dorian shield inscribed? For this land of Thyrea is soaked with the blood of champions and we are the only two left of the Argives. Seek out every fallen corpse, lest any left alive illuminate Sparta in spurious glory. Nay! stay thy steps, for here on the shield the victory of the Spartans is announced by the clots of Othryadas' blood, and he who wrought this still gasps hard by. O Zeus our ancestor, look with loathing on those tokens of a victory that was not won.¹

431.—ANONYMOUS, SOME SAY BY SIMONIDES

We the three hundred, O Spartan fatherland, fighting for Thyrea with as many Argives, never turning our necks, died there where we first planted our feet. The shield, covered with the brave blood of Othryadas proclaims "Thyrea, O Zeus, is the Lacedemonians.'" But if any Argive escaped death he was of the race of Adrastus.² For a Spartan to fly, not to die, is death.

432.—DAMAGETUS

O Spartans, the tomb holds your martial Gyllis who fell for Thyrea. He killed three Argives, and exclaimed, "Let me die having wrought a deed worthy of Sparta."

remained on the field and, according at least to this epigram, the next, and No. 526, erected a trophy and inscribed it with his blood.

² The only one of the seven Argive leaders who returned from Thebes.
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433.—ΤΤΜΝΕΩ

Τὸν παραβάντα νόμους Δαμάτριον ἔκτανε μάτηρ ἀ Λακεδαμονία τὸν Λακεδαμόνιον.

θητὸν δ' ἐν πρὸβολά θεμένα ξίφος, εἶπεν, ὢδόντα ὡξὺν ἐπιβρύκουσ', ὅλα Λάκαινα γυνά.

"Ερρε κακὸν σκυλάκευμα, κακὰ μερίς, ἔρρε ποθ' ἁδαν,

ἔρρε τὸν οὗ Σπάρτας ἄξιον οὐδ' ἔτεκον."

434.—ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΤ

Εἰς δὴ δέννυν τέμψασα λόχονς Δημαίνετη ὀκτὼ παιδας, ὑπὸ στῆλη πάντας ἔθαπτε μιᾶ.

δικρυνὰ δ' ὄφιν ἐρρήξ' ἐπὶ πένθεσιν, ἀλλὰ τὸ δ' εἶπεν μοῦνον. "Ἰω, Σπάρτα, σοὶ τέκνα ταῦτ' ἔτεκον."

435.—ΝΙΚΑΝΔΡΟΤ

Εὐπυλίδας, Ἐράτων, Χαῖρις, Λύκος, Ἀγις, Ἀλέξων,

ἐξ Ἰφικρατίδα παῖδες, ἀπωλόμεθα

Μεσσάνας ὑπὸ τεῖχος. ὁ δ' ἔβδομος ἄμμε Γλυπτός

ἐν πυρὶ θεῖς μεγάλαν ἥλθε φέρων σποδιάν, Σπάρτα μὲν μέγα κύδος, Ἀλεξίππα δὲ μέγ' ἀκθός 5

ματρὶ. τὸ δ' ἐν πάντων καὶ καλὸν ἐντάφιον.

436.—ΗΓΕΜΟΝΟΣ

Εἶποι τις παρὰ τίμβον ἰὼν ἀγέλαστος ὀδίτας τοῦτ' ἔπος. "Οὐδόκοντ' ἐνθαῦδε μυριάδας

Σπάρτας χίλιοι ἄνδρες ἐπέσχον λήματι Περσῶν, καὶ θάνον ἀστρεπτεῖ. Δώριος ἀ μελέτα."
BOOK VII. 433-436

433.—TYMNES

His Spartan mother slew the Spartan Demetrius for transgressing the law. Bringing her sharp sword to the guard, she said, gnashing her teeth, like a Laconian woman as she was: "Perish, craven whelp, evil piece, to Hell with thee! He who is not worthy of Sparta is not my son."

434.—DIOSCORIDES

Demaeneta sent eight sons to encounter the phalanx of the foes, and she buried them all beneath one stone. No tear did she shed in her mourning, but said this only: "Ho! Sparta, I bore these children for thee."

435.—NICANDER

We the six sons of Iphicratides, Eupylidas, Eraton, Chaeris, Lycus, Agis, and Alexon fell before the wall of Messene, and our seventh brother Gylippus having burnt our bodies came home with a heavy load of ashes, a great glory to Sparta, but a great grief to Alexippa our mother. One glorious shroud wrapped us all.

436.—HEGEMON

Some stranger passing gravely by the tomb might say, "Here a thousand Spartans arrested by their valour the advance of eighty myriads of Persians, and died without turning their backs. That is Dorian discipline."
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437.—ΦΛΕΝΝΟΤ

Οὐκ ἔταλας, ὃριστε Δεωνίδα, αὕτης ἰκέσθαι Ἐυρώταν, χαλεπῷ σπερχόμενοι πολέμων ἄλλ' ἐπὶ Θερμοπούλαις τὸ Περσικὸν ἔθνος ἀμύνων ἐδμάθης, πατέρων ἄξομενοι νόμιμα.

438.—ΔΑΜΑΓΗΤΟΤ

'Ωλεο δὴ πατέρων περὶ θηίδα καὶ σύ, Μαχάτα, δρμὺν ἐπὶ Αἴτωλοῖς ἀντιφέρων πόλεμον, πρωθῆβας χαλεπὸν γὰρ Ἀχαϊκὸν ἄνδρα νοῆσαι ἄλκιμον, εἰς πολιάν ὅστις ἔμεινε τρίχα.

439.—ΘΕΟΔΩΡΙΔΑ

Οὔτω δὴ Πύλιον τὸν Ἀγήνορος, ἀκριτε Μοῖρα, πρώιον ἐξ ἡβας ἔθρισας Αἰσλέων, Κῆρας ἐπισεύσασα βίον κύνας. ὁ πόποι, ἀνὴρ ὁλος ἀμειδήτῳ κεῖται ἐλωρ Ἀἰδῆ.

440.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΑ ΤΑΡΑΝΤΙΝΟΤ

Ἡρίον, οἷον νυκτὶ καταφθιμένοι καλύπτεις ὡςτέον, ὅμων, γαί', ἀμφέχανες κεφαλῆς, πολλοῦν μὲν κανθαίσων ἀρεσκομένον Χαρίτεσσι, πολλοῦν δ' ἐν μνήμῃ πᾶσιν Ἀριστοκράτεις. ὑδεὶ 'Ἀριστοκράτης καὶ μείλιχα δημολογήσαι, [στρεβλὴν οὐκ ὁφρὺν ἐσθλὸς ἐφελκόμενος; ο节水 καὶ Βάκχοιο παρὰ κρητῆρος ἄδηριν] ἰθύναι κείνην εὐκύλικα λαλήν· ο节水 καὶ ἔνεμοι τι καὶ ἐνδήμοισι προσηνέα ἔρδειν. γαϊ' ἐρατή, τοῖον ἔχεις φθίμενον.
437.—PHAENNUS

Leonidas, bravest of men, thou couldst not endure to return to the Eurotas when sore pressed by the war, but in Thermopylae resisting the Persians thou didst fall reverencing the usage of thy fathers.

438.—DAMAGETUS

In thy first youth thou didst perish too, Machatas, grimly facing the Aetolians in the portion of thy fathers. It is hard to find a brave Achaean who hath survived till his hairs are grey.

439.—THEODORIDAS

Undiscerning Fate, hounding on thy pack of demons that hunt life, thus thou hast cut off from the Aeolian youth before his time Pylius the son of Agenor. Ye gods, what a man lies low, the spoil of sombre Hades!

440.—LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

O tomb, what a man was he, the dead whose bones thou dost hide in the night: O earth, what a head thou hast engulphed! Very pleasing was Aristocrates to the flaxen-haired Graces; much is his memory treasured by all. Aristocrates could converse sweetly, without a frown, and over the wine he could guide well the convivial flow of talk; and well he knew how to confer kindness on compatriots and strangers. Such, beloved earth, is the dead who is thine.

1 The bracketed verses which I render only summarily are supplied by Planudes and probably not genuine.
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441.—ΑΡΧΙΔΟΧΟΤ
Τψηλοὺς Μεγάλιμον Ἀριστοφάνητα τε Νάξον κίονας, ὁ μεγάλη γαῖ, ὑπένεβθεν ἔχεις.

442.—ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΤ
Εὐθυμάχων ἄνδρῶν μνησώμεθα, τῶν ὁδὲ τύμβος,
οἳ θάνου εὔμηλον ρυόμενοι Τεγέαν,
αἰχμηταὶ πρὸ πόλιος, ἵνα σφίσι μὴ καθέληται
Ἐλλᾶς ἀποφθιμένου κρατὸς ἑλευθερίαν.

443.—ΤΟΥ ΛΥΤΟΥ
Τῶνδε ποτὲ στέρνοισι τανυγλόχινας ὀὐστοὺς
λούσεν φοινίσσα θύρος Ἀρης ψακάδι,
ἀντὶ δὲ ἀκοντοδόκων ἄνδρῶν μνημεία θανόντων.
ἄψυχ' ἐμψύχων, ἀδε κέκευθε κόνις.

444.—ΘΕΑΙΤΗΤΟΤ
Χείματος οἰνωθέντα τῶν Ἀνταγόρων μέγαν οἶκον
ἐκ νυκτῶν ἔλαθεν πῦρ ὑπονειμάμενον.
ὀγδώκοντα δὲ ἀριθμὸν ἑλεύθεροι ἄμμυς δούλοις
τῆς ἐχθρῆς ταύτης πυρκαίης ἑτυχον.
οὗκ εἰχον διελείν προσκηνίες ὀστέα χωρίς.
Ξυνή δ' ἤν κάλπης, ξυνα δὲ τὰ κτέρεα: εἰς καὶ τύμβος ἀνέστη: ἀτὰρ τὸν ἐκαστὸν ἐκεῖνων
οίδε καὶ ἐν τέφρῃ ῥηθίδως ῥίδης.

445.—ΠΕΡΣΩΤ ΘΗΒΑΙΟΤ
Μαντιάδας, ὁ ξείνη, καὶ Ἑυστρατος, νῖς ἔχελλου.
Δυμαιοὶ, κρανῆ κέιμεθ' ἔνι ξυλόχω, ἀγγαυλωι γενεθθεν ὀροιτύποι. οἱ δ' ἐπὶ τύμβῳ,
μανταὶ τέχνας, δουροτόμοι πελέκειας.
BOOK VII. 441-445

441.—ARCHILOCUS

Great earth, thou hast beneath thee the tall pillars of Naxos, Megatimus and Aristophon.

442.—SIMONIDES

Let us ever remember the men whose tomb this is, who turned not from the battle but fell in arms before their city, defending Tegea rich in flocks, that Greece should never strip from their dead heads the crown of freedom.

443.—BY THE SAME

Once in the breasts of these men did Ares wash with red rain his long-barbed arrows. Instead of men who stood and faced the shafts this earth covers memorials of the dead, lifeless memorials of their living selves.

444.—THEAETETUS

The secretly creeping flames, on a winter night, when all were heavy with wine, consumed the great house of Antagoras. Free men and slaves together, eighty in all, perished on this fatal pyre. Their kinsmen could not separate their bones, but one common urn, one common funeral was theirs, and one tomb was erected over them. Yet readily can Hades distinguish each of them in the ashes.

445.—PERSES OF THEBES

We lie, stranger, in the rough woodland, Mantiades and Eustratus of Dyme, the sons of Echellus, rustic wood-cutters as our fathers were; and to shew our calling the woodman’s axes stand on our tomb.
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446.—ΗΓΗΣΙΠΝΟΤ

"Ερμιονεύς ὁ ξείνος, ἐν ἀλλοδαπῶν δὲ τέθαπται, Ἡσίλος, Ἀργείαν γαῖαν ἐφεσσάμενος, ὃν ἐπὶ οἱ βαθύκολποι ἀμάσατο δάκρυσι νύμφα λειβομένα, παῖδες τ' εἰς χρόα κειράμενοι.

447.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΤ

Σύντομος ἦν ὁ ξείνος· ὁ καὶ στίχος· οὐ μακρὰ λέξω· "Θήρις Ἀρισταίον, Κρής" ἐπ' ἐμοὶ δόλιχος.

448.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΑ ΤΑΡΑΝΤΙΝΟΤ

Πραταλίδα τὸ μιμάμα Δυκαστίω, ἀκρον ἑρῶτων εἰδότος, ἀκρα μάχας, ἀκρα λινοστασίας, ἀκρα χοροιτυπίας. χθόνιοι, <Μίνωϊ τὸν ἄνδρα> τούτων, Κρηταίεις Κρήτα, παρρκίσατε.

449.—ΑΛΛΟ

Πραταλίδα παίδειον "Ερως πόθον, Ἀρτεμίς ἀγραν, Μοῦσα χορούς, "Ἀρης ἐγγυάλίξε μάχαν. πῶς οὐκ εὐαίων ὁ Δυκάστιος, ὃς καὶ ἑρωτὶ ἄρχε καὶ ἐν μολπῇ, καὶ δορὶ καὶ στάλκῃ;

450.—ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΤ

Τῆς Σαμίης τὸ μνήμα Φιλανιδίδος· ἀλλὰ προσεπεῖν τλήθι με, καὶ στίθης πλησίον, ὄνερ, ἢθι. οὐκ εἶμ' ἢ τὰ γυναῖξίν ἄναγράψασα προσάντη ἔργα, καὶ Αἰσχύλην οὐ νομίσασα θεόν·
446.—HEGESIPPOS

The stranger is Zoilus of Hermione, but he lies buried in a foreign land, clothed in this Argive earth, which his deep-bosomed wife, her cheeks bedewed with tears, and his children, their hair close cut, heaped on him.

447.—CALLIMACHUS

The stranger was brief; so shall the verse be. I will not tell a long story "Theris Aristaeus' son, a Cretan."—For me it is too long.

448.—LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

The tomb is that of Protalidas of Lycastus who was supreme in love, war, the chase and the dance. Ye judges of the under-world, yourselves Cretans, ye have taken the Cretan to your company.

449.—Anonymous

Love gave to Protalidas success in the pursuit of his boy loves, Artemis in the chase, the Muse in the dance and Ares in war. Must we not call him blest, the Lycastian supreme in love and song, with the spear and the hunting-net!

450.—DIOGEBIDES

The tomb is that of Samian Philaenis; but be not ashamed, Sir, to speak to me and to approach the stone. I am not she who wrote those works offensive to ladies, and who did not acknowledge Modesty to
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άλλα φιλαιδήμων, ναὶ ἐμὸν τάφον· εἰ δὲ τις ἤμεας 5
αἰσχύνων λαμπρὴν ἐπλασεν ἱστορὴν,
tοῦ μὲν ἀναπτύξαι χρόνος οὖν ὅμως· τὰμὰ δὲ λυγρὴν
όστεα τερφθεῖν κληδοῦ ἀπωσαμένης.

451.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΤ

Τάδε Σάων ὁ Δίκωνος Ἀκάνθιος ἱερὸν ὑπὸνον
κοιμᾶται· θυσίαςεν μὴ λέγε τοὺς ἀγαθοὺς.
J. A. Pott, Greek Love Songs and Epigrams, i. p. 36.

452.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΑ

Μεμνησθ’ Εὐβούλοιο σαόφρονος, ὁ παριόντες.
πίνωμεν· κοινὸς πᾶσι λυμὴν Ἀἰδῆς.

453.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΤ

Δωδεκάτη τὸν παιδα πατήρ ἀπέθηκε Φίλιππος
ἐνθάδε, τὴν πολλὴν ἐλπίδα, Νικοτέλην.

454.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τὸν βαθὺν οἰνοπότην Ἐρασίξενον ἦ διὸς ἐφέξης
ἀκρῆτοι προποθεῖσ’ φιλεῖ ἔχουσα κύλιξ.

455.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΑ

Μαρωνίς ἢ φίλοινος, ἢ πίθων σποδός,
ἐνταύθα κείται γρήγος, ἢς ὑπὲρ τάφον
ῥυσσότων πρόκειται πᾶσιν Ἀττικῇ κύλιξ.
στένει δὲ καὶ γὰς νέρθεν, οὐκ ὑπὲρ τέκνων,
οὐδ’ ἀνδρός, οὐς λέλοιπεν ἐνδειεῖς βίον·
ἐν δ’ ἀντὶ πάντων, οὐνεῖ’ ἢ κύλιξ χειῆ.

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be a goddess. But I was of a chaste disposition, I swear it by my tomb, and if anyone, to shame me, composed a wanton treatise, may Time reveal his name and may my bones rejoice that I am rid of the abominable report.¹

451.—CALLIMACHUS

Here Saon, son of Dicon of Acanthus, sleeps the holy sleep. Say not that the good are dead.

452.—LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

Remember temperate Eubulus, ye passers-by. Let us drink, we all end in the haven of Hades.

453.—CALLIMACHUS

Here Philippus laid his twelve-year-old son, Nicoteles, his great hope.

454.—By the Same

The cup of unmixed wine drained twice straight off has run away with Erasixenus the deep drinker.

455.—LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

Wine-bibbing old Maronis, the jar-drier, lies here, and on her tomb, significant to all, stands an Attic cup. She laments beneath the earth not for her husband and children whom she left in indigence, but solely because the cup is empty.

¹ cp. No. 345.
456.—ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΣ

Την τιτθήν Ίέρων Σειληνίδα, τήν, οτε πίνοι
ξωρόν, ὑπ' οὐδεμιῆς θλιβομένην κύλικος,
ἀγρὸν ἐντὸς ἐθηκεν, ἵνα ἡ φιλάκρητος ἐκεῖνη
καὶ φθιμένη ληνῶν γείτονα τύμβου ἔχω.

457.—ΑΡΙΣΤΩΝΟΣ

Ἀμπελίς ἡ φιλάκρητος ἐπὶ σκίπωνος ὀδηγοῦ
ἡδὴ το σφαλερὸν γῆρας ἐρειδομένη,
λαθριδίη Βάκχοιο νεοθλιβῆς ἤρ' ἀπὸ ληνοῦ
πώμα Κυκλωπεῖν πλησομένη κύλικαν
πρὶν δ' ἀρύσαι μογερὰν ἐκαμεν χέραν γραῖν δὲ
παλαιήν,
ναῦς ἀθ' ὑποβρύχιος ξωρόν ἔδυν πέλαγος,
Εὐτέρπῃ δ' ἐπὶ τύμβῳ ἀποφθιμένης θέτο σήμα
λάινον, οἰνηρῶν γείτονα θειοπέδων.

458.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΣ

Τὴν Φρυγήν Αἰσχρὴν, ἀγαθὸν γάλα, πᾶσιν ἐν ἐσθλοῖς
Μίκκος καὶ ξών ὀσσαν ἐγηροκόμει,
καὶ φθιμένην ἀνέθηκεν, ἐπεσωμένοισιν ὁρᾶσθαι
ἡ γρῆς μαστῶν ὡς ἀπέχει χάριτας.

459.—ΤΟΥ ΛΥΤΟΥ

Κρηθίδα τὴν πολύμυθον, ἐπισταμένην καλὰ παίζειν,
δίησεν Σαμίων πολλάκι θυγατέρες,
ηδίστην συνέριθον, ἀείλαλον· ἡ δ' ἀποβρίζει
ἐνθάδε τὸν πάσας ὑπνον ὀφείλόμενον.

R. Garnett, A Chaplet from the Greek Anthology, cv.
456.—DIOSCORIDES

Here lies Hiero's nurse Silenis, who when she began to drink untempered wine never made a grievance of being offered one cup more. He laid her to rest in his fields, that she who was so fond of wine should even dead and buried be near to vats.

457.—ARISTO

The tippler Ampelis, already supporting her tottering old age on a guiding staff, was covertly abstracting from the vat the newly pressed juice of Bacchus, and about to fill a cup of Cyclopean size, but before she could draw it out her feeble hand failed her and the old woman, like a ship submerged by the waves, disappeared in the sea of wine. Euterpe erected this stone monument on her tomb near the pressing-floor of the vineyard.

458.—CALLIMACHUS

On Phrygian Aeschra, his good nurse, did Miccus while she lived bestow every comfort that soothes old age, and when she died he erected her statue, that future generations may see how he rewarded the old woman for her milk.

459.—BY THE SAME

Often do the daughters of Samos miss prattling Crethis who could sport so well, their sweetest workmate, never silent; but she sleeps here the sleep that is the portion of all.
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460.—TOY AYTOY

Εἴχον ἀπὸ σμικρῶν ὀλίγων βίον, οὔτε τι δεινὸν ἰέζων, οὔτε ἀδικῶν οὐδένα. γαία φίλη,
Μικύλος εἰ τι πονηρὸν ἐπήνεσα, μήτε σὺ κούφη γίνεο, μήτ' ἄλλοι δαιμόνες, οῦ μ' ἔχετε.

461.—MELDEAGROT

Παμμήτωρ γῆ, χαῖρε· σὺ τὸν πάρος οὐ βαρὺν εἰς σὲ Ἀἰσιγένη καύτῃ νῦν ἐπέχους ἀβαρίς.

462.—DIONTΣIOT

Ἄγχιτόκον Σατύραν 'Αἴδας λάχε, Σιδώνια δὲ κρύψε κόνις, πάτρα δ' ἐστονάχησε Τύρος.

463.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΑ

Αὕτα Τιμόκλει', αὕτα Φιλῶ, αὕτα 'Ἀριστῶ, αὕτα Τιμαίθω, παῖδες 'Ἀριστόδικου, πᾶσαι ὑπ' ἄδινος πεφονεμέναι αἰς ἐπὶ τούτῳ σάμα παθὴρ στάσας κάθαν' 'Ἀριστόδικος.

464.—ANTIPATROT

"Ἡποῦ σὲ χθονίας, Ἀρετημίας, εἴ ἀκάτοιο
Κωκυτοῦ θεμέναι ἰχνος ἐπ' ἀϊόνι, οἰχόμενον βρέφος ἄρτι νέω φορέουσαν ἁγοστῷ ῥέκτειραν θαλεραι Δωρίδες εἰν ἁίδα,
pευθόμεναι τέο κήρα· σὺ δὲ βαίνουσα παρεῖας δάκρυσιν, ἀγγειάς κείν' ἀνιμαρὸν ἐποσ·
"Διπλόν ωδίνασα, φίλαι, τέκος, ἄλλο μὲν ἀνδρὶ
Εὐφρού καλλιπόμαν, ἄλλο δ' ἄγω φθιμένους."
460.—By the Same

I got a little living from my possessions, never doing any wickedness or injuring any one. Dear earth, if Micylus ever consented to any evil may neither thou be light to me nor the other powers who hold me.

461.—Meleager

Hail earth, Mother of all! Aesigenes was never a burden to thee, and do thou too hold him without weighing heavy on him.

462.—Dionysius

Satyra with child and near her time has been taken by Hades. The earth of Sidon covers her, and Tyre her country bewails her.

463.—Leonidas of Tarentum

This is Timoclea, this is Philo, this is Aristo, this is Timaetho, the daughters of Aristodicus, all dead in childbirth. Their father Aristodicus died after erecting this monument to them.

464.—Antipater of Sidon

Of a surety, Aretemias, when descending from the boat, thou didst set thy foot on the beach of Cocytus, carrying in thy young arms thy babe newly dead, the fair daughters of the Dorian land pitied thee in Hades and questioned thee concerning thy death; and thou, thy cheeks bedewed with tears, didst give them these mournful tidings "My dears, I brought forth twin children; one I left with Euphron my husband, and the other I bring to the dead."
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

465.—ΗΡΑΚΛΕΙΤΟΣ

'Α κόνις ἀρτίσκαπτος, ἐπὶ στάλας δὲ μετάπων σείουνται φύλλων ἡμιδαλείς στέφανοι· γράμμα διακρίναντες, ὅδοιπόρε, πέτρου ἵδωμεν, λευρὰ περιστέλλειν ὅστέα φατὶ τίνος.—

"Εἰς τοὺς Ἀρτέμιδας εἰμὶ πάτρα Κνίδος· Εὐφροῖος ἦλθον

εἰς λέχος· ὅδινον οὐκ ἀμορος γενόμαν.

διπύς δ' ὁμοῖ τίκτουσα, τὸ μὲν λίπον ἀνδρὶ ποδηγὸν γῆρος· ὅν δ' ἀπάγω μναμόσυνον πόσιος."

466.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΑ

'Α δεῖλ' Ἀντίκλεις, δειλῆ δ' ἐγὼ ἡ τῶν ἐν ἡβης ἀκμὴ καὶ μοῦνον παίδα πυρωσαμένην,

ὀκτωκαιδεκτής ὡς ἀπώλεο, τέκνου· ἐγὼ δὲ ὀρφάνων κλαίων γῆρας ὀδυρομένην.

βαιῆν εἰς Ἀίδος σκιερὸν δόμων· οὕτε μοι ἥδος ἦδει· οὕτ' ἥκες ἠέλιον.

ἀ δεῖλ' Ἀντίκλεις, μεμορημένε, πένθεος εἰς·

ητήρ, ξώης ἐκ με θεοσάμενος.

467.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ

Τούτῳ τοι, Ἀρτέμιδωρε, τεῦ ἐπὶ σάματι μάτηρ ἰαχε, δωδεκήτη σὸν γούσα μόρον·

"'Ωλετ' ἐμὰς ὀδύνοις ὁ πᾶς πόνος εἰς σποδὸν εἰς πῦρ,

ὁλεθ' ὁ παμμέλεος γειναμένου κάματος·

ὁλετο χαθ' ποθὶνα τέρψις σέθεν· ἐς χάρ' ἄκαμπτον, ἐς τὸν ἀνόστητον χώρον ἡβης ἐνέρων·

οὐδ' ἐς ἐφηβείαν ἥλθες, τέκος· ἀντὶ δὲ σεῖο στάλα καὶ κοφὰ λείπεται ἄμμι κόνις."

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465.—HERACLITUS

The earth is newly dug and on the faces of the tomb-stone wave the half-withered garlands of leaves. Let us decipher the letters, wayfarer, and learn whose smooth bones the stone says it covers. "Stranger, I am Aretemias, my country Cnidus. I was the wife of Euphro and I did not escape travail, but bringing forth twins, I left one child to guide my husband's steps in his old age, and I took the other with me to remind me of him."

466.—LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

O unhappy Anticles, and I most unhappy who have laid on the pyre my only son in the bloom of his youth! At eighteen didst thou perish, my child, and I weep and bewail my old age bereft of thee. Would I could go to the shadowy house of Hades! Nor dawn nor the rays of the swift sun are sweet to me. Unhappy Anticles, gone to thy doom, be thou healer of my mourning by taking me away from life to thee.

467.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

This is the lament thy mother, Artemidorus, uttered over thy tomb, bewailing thy death at twelve years of age. "All the fruit of my travail hath perished in fire and ashes, it hath perished all thy miserable father's toil for thee, and it hath perished all the winsome delight of thee; for thou art gone to the land of the departed, from which there is no turning back or home-coming. Nor didst thou reach thy prime, my child, and in thy stead naught is left us but thy grave-stone and dumb dust."
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

468.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

Οικτρότατον μάτηρ σε, Χαρίξενε, δώρον ἐς ἅδαν, ὀκτωκαιδεκάταν ἑστόλυσεν χλαμύδι.

ἡ γὰρ δὴ καὶ πέτρος ἀνέστενεν, ἀνίκ' ἀπ' οἴκων ἀλικες οἰμωγὰ σὸν νέκιν ἥχθοφόρειν.

πένθος δ', οὐχ ὑμέναιον ἀνωρύοντο γονιές.

αἰαὶ, τὰς μαστὰς ψευδομένας χάριτας,

καὶ κενεὰς ὠδίνας: ἵω κακοπάρθενε Μοῖρα,

πολλὴ γονὰς στοργὰν ἔπτυσσας εἰς ἀνέμους.

τοῖς μὲν ὁμιλήσασι ποθεῖν πάρα, τοῖς δὲ τοκεῦσι πευθεῖν, οἷς δ' ἀγνός, πευθομένους ἔλεείν.

W. G. Headlam, Fifty Poems of Meleager, xxxiv.

469.—ΧΑΙΡΗΜΟΝΟΣ

Εὐβοῦλον τέκνωσεν Ἀθηναγόρης περὶ πάντων ἥσσονα μὲν μοίρα, κρέσσονα δ' εὑλογία.

470.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

a. Εἴπον ἀνειρομένῳ τίς καὶ τίνος ἐσσί. β. Φίλαυλος Ἐυκρατίδεω. α. Ποδαπὸς δ' εὐχεια . . .

α. Ἔξησας δὲ τίνα στέργων βίον; β. Ὡ τὸν ἀρότρου, οὐδὲ τὸν ἐκ νηῶν, τὸν δὲ σοφοῖς ἐταροῦ.

a. Γῆραι δ' ἡ νοῦσῷ βίον ἐξαίπτες; β. Ἡλυθὼν "Αδαν

αὐτοθελεί, Κείων γευσάμενος κυλίκων.

1 The short cloak worn by ephebi.

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BOOK VII. 468-470

468.—MELEAGER

At eighteen, Charixenus, did thy mother dress thee in thy chlamys to offer thee, a woeful gift, to Hades. Even the very stones groaned aloud, when the young men thy mates bore thy corpse with wailing from the house. No wedding hymn, but a song of mourning did thy parents chant. Alack for the breasts that suckled thee cheated of their guerdon, alack for the travail endured in vain! O Fate, thou evil maiden, barren thou art and hast spat to the winds a mother’s love for her child. What remains but for thy companions to regret thee, for thy parents to mourn thee, and for those to whom thou wast unknown to pity when they are told of thee.

469.—CHAEREMON

Athenagores begot Eubulus, excelled by all in fate, excelling all in good report.

470.—MELEAGER

A. “Tell him who enquires, who and whose son thou art.” B. “Philaulus son of Eucratides.”
A. “And from whence dost thou say?” B. “...”
A. “What livelihood didst thou choose when alive?”
B. “Not that from the plough nor that from ships, but that which is gained in the society of sages.”
A. “Didst thou depart this life from old age or from sickness?” B. “Of my own will I came to Hades, having drunk of the Cean cup.”
A. “Wast thou

2 In Ceos old men, when incapable of work, are said to have been compelled to drink poison.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

a. Ἡ πρέσβυς; β. Καὶ κάρτα. α. Λάχοι νῦ σε βόλος ἐλαφρῇ
σὺμφωνον πινυτῷ σχόντα λόγῳ βίοτον.

471.—ΚΑΛΑΙΜΑΧΟΤ

Εἰπτας “ἡλιε, χαίρε” Κλεόμβροτος ὠμβρακιώτης
ἡλιατ’ ἀφ’ ύψηλοι τεῖχεσ εἰς ἀϊδαν,
ἄξιον οὔδεν ἰδὼν θανάτοι κακῶν, ἀλλὰ Πλάτωνος
ἐν τῷ περὶ ψυχῆς γράμμ’ ἀναλεξάμενος.

472.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΑ

Μυρίως ἦν, ἄνθρωπε, χρόνος προτοῦ, ἄχρι πρὸς ἦδο
ηλθές, χῶ λοιπὸς μυρίως εἰς ἀϊδὴν.
τίς μοῖρα ζωῆς ὑπολείπεται, ἢ ὁσον ὤςον
στυγμῇ καὶ στυγμῆς εἰ τι χαμηλότερον;
μικρῇ σεν ζωῇ τεθλιμμένην’ οὔδε γὰρ αὐτῇ
ἡδεῖ, ἀλλ’ ἔχθρου στυγνοτέρῃ θανάτου.
ἐκ τοῖς ὄνθρωποι ἀπηκριβωμένοι ὠστὸν
ἀρμονίας, ἡψιστ’ ἱέρα καὶ νεφέλας.
ἀνερ, ἵδ’ ὡς ἄχρειον, ἔπει περὶ νήματος ἄκρον
ἐνυλή ἀκέρκιστον λῶπος ἐφεξομένη
ὁδον τὸ ἄψαλα, βρίον ἀπεψιλωμένον ὀδον,
πόλλον ἀραχναίου στυγνότερον σκελέτου.
ἡοὺν ἔξ ἤρου ὦςον σθένος, ὄνερ, ἐρευνῶν
ἐν γὰρ λυτῇ κεκλιμένοις βιοτῇ
αἰὲν τούτῳ νῦν μεμυθημένος ἄχρις ὀμιλῆς
ζωῆς, ἔξ ὀδὴς ἠρμονίσαι καλάμης.

J. A. Pott, Greek Love Songs and Epigrams, i. p. 30 (part only).

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BOOK VII. 470-472

old?”  B. “Yea, very old.”  A. “May the earth that rests on thee be light, for the life thou didst lead was in accordance with wisdom and reason.”

471.—CALLIMACHUS

Cleombrotus the Ambracian saying, “Farewell, O Sun,” leapt from a high wall to Hades, not that he saw any evil worthy of death, but that he had read one treatise of Plato, that on the soul.

472.—LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

O man, infinite was the time ere thou camest to the light, and infinite will be the time to come in Hades. What is the portion of life that remains to thee, but a pin-prick, or if there be aught tinier than a pin-prick? A little life and a sorrowful is thine; for even that little is not sweet, but more odious than death the enemy. Men built as ye are, of such a frame of bones, do ye lift yourselves up to the air and the clouds? See, man, how little use it is; for at the end of the thread a worm seated on the loosely woven vesture reduces it to a thing like a skeleton leaf, a thing more loathly than a cobweb. Enquire of thyself at the dawn of every day, O man, what thy strength is and learn to lie low, content with a simple life; ever remembering in thy heart, as long as thou dwellest among the living, from what stalks of straw thou art pieced together.\(^1\)

\(^1\) i.e. of life.  \(^2\) The flesh.  \(^3\) The epigram was doubtless written under a figure of a skeleton.  Lines 11, 12 are corrupt and the sense uncertain.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

472b.—TOY AYTOY
Χειμέριον ζωὴν ὑπαλεύειν, νεῖο δ’ ἐς ὄρμον,
ὡς κῆνων Φείδων ὁ Κρίτου εἰς αἰῶν.

473.—ΑΡΙΣΤΟΔΙΚΟΥ
Δαμὸ καὶ Μάθυμα τὸν ἐν τριετήρισιν Ἡρας
Εὐφρονι λυσσατὰν ὡς ἐπύθουτο νέκυν,
ζωὰν ἀρνήσαντο, ταυτπλέκτων δ’ ὕπ’ μιτρᾶν
χερσὶ δεραίουχος ἐκρεμάσαντο βρόχους.

474.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ
Εἰς ὅπῃ Νικάνδρου τέκνων τάφος· ἐν φάος ὅὶ ὅς
ἀνυσε τὰν ἱερὰν Αὐσιδίκας γενεάν.

475.—ΔΙΟΤΙΜΟΥ
Νυμφίοιν Ἐυαγόρην ποτὶ πενθερὸν ἡ Πολυαίνοιν
Σκυλλίς ἀν’ εὐρείας ἤλθε βοώςα πύλας,
παῖδα τὸν Ἡγεμάχειον ἐφέστιον· οὐδ’ ἄρ’ ἐκεῖνη
χώρῃ πατρῴους αἴθις ἐσῆλθε δόμους,
δαιμονίῃ· τριτάτῳ δὲ κατέφθιον μηνὶ δυσαίων
οὐλομένη ψυχῆς ὑφέφροι τηκεδών.
τούτῳ δ’ ἐπ’ ἰμφοτεροίσιν πολύκλαυτον φιλότητος
ἐστηκεν λείᾳ μνήμα παρὰ τριῶδω.

476.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ
Δάκρυνα σοι καὶ νέρθε διὰ χθονός, Ἡλιοδώρα,
δωροῦμαι, στοργάς λεῖψανον, εἰς ἀίδαιν,
δάκρυα δυσδάκρυτα· πολυκλαύτῳ δ’ ἐπὶ τύμβῳ
σπένδῳ μνάμα πόθων, μνάμα φιλοφροσύνας.
BOOK VII. 472b-476

472b.—BY THE SAME

Avoid the storms of life and hie ye to the haven, to Hades, as I, Pheidon the son of Critas, did.

473.—ARISTODICUS

Demo and Methymna when they heard that Euphron, the frenzied devotee at the triennial festivals of Hera, was dead, refused to live longer, and made of their long knitted girdles nooses for their necks to hang themselves.

474.—Anonymous

This single tomb holds all Nicander's children; the dawn of one day made an end of the holy offspring of Lysidice.

475.—DIOTIMUS

Scyllis the daughter of Polyaenus went to her father-in-law's, lamenting, as she entered the wide gates, the death of her bridegroom, Evagoras the son of Hegemachus, who dwelt there. She came not back, poor widowed girl, to her father's house, but within three months she perished, her spirit wasted by deadly melancholy. This tearful memorial of their love stands on the tomb of both beside the smooth high-way.

476.—MELEAGER

Tears, the last gift of my love, even down through the earth I send to thee in Hades, Heliodora—tears ill to shed, and on thy much-wept tomb I pour them in memory of longing, in memory of affection.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

οίκτρα γὰρ οίκτρα φίλαν σε καὶ ἐν φθιμένους
Μελέαγρος
αἴλξω, κενεάν εἰς Ἀχέροντα χάριν.
αἰαί, ποῦ τὸ ποθεῖνον ἐμοὶ θάλος; ἄρπασεν ᾽Αδας,
ἄρπασεν ἀκμαίον δ' ἀνθος ἐφυρε κόνις.
ἄλλα σε γονοῦμαι, Γὰ παντρόφε, τὰν πανόδυρτον
ήρεμα σοὶς κόλποις, μάτερ, ἐναγκάλισαι.

H. C. Beeching, In a Garden, p. 99; A. Lang, Grass of
Parnassus, ed. 2, p. 189; J. A. Pott, Greek Love Songs and
Epigrams, i. p. 76.

477.—ΤΤΜΝΕΩ
Μὴ σοι τοῦτο, Φιλαινί, λίην ἑπικάρδιον ἐστω,
εἰ μὴ πρὸς Νεῖλῳ γῆς μορίῃς ἑτυχες,
ἄλλα σ' Ἐλευθέρῃς οἶδ' ἔχει τάφος: ἐστι γὰρ ἵνα
πάντοθεν εἰς αἴδην ἐρχομένοισιν ὀδός.

478.—ΔΕΩΝΙΔΟΥ
Τις ποτ' ἀρ' εί; τίνως ἁρα παρὰ τρίβον ὅστεα ταῦτα
τλήμου εν ἡμιφαεὶ λάρνακι γυμνὰ μένει;
μνήμα δὲ καὶ τάφος αἰὲν ἄμαξεύοντος ὅδιτεω
ἄξονι καὶ τροχή λιτὰ παραξέεται;
ἡδὴ σου καὶ πλευρὰ παρατριφοῦσιν ἄμαξαί,
σχέτλιε, σοὶ δ' οὐδεὶς οὐδ' ἐπὶ δάκρυ βαλεί.

479.—ΘΕΟΔΩΡΙΔΑ
Πέτρος ἐγὼ τὸ πάλαι γυνὴ καὶ ἀτριπτος ἐπιβληθής
τὴν Ἡρακλείτου ἐνδον ἐχὼ κεφαλήν;
αἴων μ' ἐτρυψεν κροκάλαις ἵσον· ἐν γαρ ἄμαξῃ
παμφόρῳ αἰξηῶν εἰνοδίη τέταμαι.
ἀγγέλλω δὲ βροτοῖσι, καὶ ἀστηλός περ ἐοῦσα,
θεῖον ὑλακτητῆν δήμου ἐχουσα κύνα.

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Piteously, piteously doth Meleager lament for thee who art still dear to him in death, paying a vain tribute to Acheron. Alas! Alas! Where is my beautiful one, my heart's desire? Death has taken her, has taken her, and the flower in full bloom is defiled by the dust. But Earth my mother, nurturer of all, I beseech thee, clasp her gently to thy bosom, her whom all bewail.

477.—TYMNES

Let not this, Philaenis, weigh on thy heart, that the earth in which it was thy fate to lie is not beside the Nile, but that thou art laid in this tomb at Eleutherna. From no matter where the road is the same to Hades.

478.—LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

Who ever canst thou be? Whose poor bones are these that remain exposed beside the road in a coffin half open to the light, the mean tomb and monument ever scraped by the axle and wheel of the traveller's coach? Soon the carriages will crush thy ribs, poor wretch, and none to shed a tear for thee.

479.—THEODORIDES

I, the stone coffin that contain the head of Heraclitus, was once a rounded and unworn cylinder, but Time has worn me like the shingle, for I lie in the road, the highway for all sorts and conditions of men. I announce to mortals, although I have no stele, that I hold the divine dog who used to bark at the commons.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

480.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΑ

"Ἡδη μεν τετριππαι ὑπεκκεκαλυμμένοι ὡστεν ἄρμονίη τ', ὄνερ, πλαξ ἐπισκεκλιμένη. ἦδη καὶ σκώληκες ὑπὲκ σοροῦ αὐγάζονται ἡμετέρης: τί πλέον γῆν ἐπιεννύμεθα; ἦ γάρ την οὕτω πρὶν ἱτὴν ὄδον ἐτμῆξαντο ἀνθρωποι, κατ’ ἐμῆς νυσσόμενοι κεφαλῆς. ἤλλα πρὸς ἐγγαῖων, 'Αἰδωνέως 'Ερμεία τε καὶ Ὅυκτός, ταύτης ἑκτὸς ἦτ' ἀτραπιτοῦ.

481.—ΦΙΛΗΤΑ ΣΑΜΙΟΣ

Α στάλα βαρὺθουσα λέγει τάδε: "Τὰν μινύωρον, τὰν μικκὰν 'Αίδας ἀρπασε Θειοδόταν." χὰ μικκὰ τάδε πατρὶ λέγει πάλιν: "Ἰσχεο λύπασ, Θειόδοτε: θνατοὶ πολλάκι δυστυχεῖς."

482.—ΑΔΗΛΩΝ

Οὐπω τοι πλόκαμοι τετμημένοι, οὔδε σελάνασ τοι τριετεῖς μηνών ἀνιοχεύντο δρόμοι, Κλεύδικε, Νικασίς ὅτε σὰν περί λάρνακα μάτηρ, τλήμουν, ἔτ' αιακτὰ πόλλ' ἐβόα στεφάνα, καὶ γενέτας Περίκλειτος· ἔτ' ἀγνώτω δ' Ἀχέροντι 5 ἡβάσεις ἦβαν, Κλεύδικ', ἀνοστοτᾶταν.

483.—ΑΔΗΛΩΝ

'Αἴδη ἀλλιτάνευτε καὶ ἀτροπε, τίππε τοι ὅυτω Κάλλασυχρον ζωᾶς νήπιον ὀρφάνισας; ἔσται μᾶν ὃ γε παῖς ἐν δώμασι Φερσεφονείοις παίγνιον· ἄλλ' οἶκοι λυγρὰ λέλοιπε πάθη.

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480.—LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

Already, Sirrah, my bones and the slab that lies on my skeleton are exposed and crushed, already the worms are visible, looking out of my coffin. What avails it to clothe ourselves with earth; for men travelling over my head have opened here a road untrodden before. But I conjure you by the infernal powers, Pluto, Hermes and Night, keep clear of this path.

481.—PHILETAS OF SAMOS

The grave-stone heavy with grief says "Death has carried away short-lived little Theodota," and the little one says again to her father, "Theodotus, cease to grieve; mortals are often unfortunate."

482.—Anonymous

Not yet had thy hair been cut, Cleodicus, nor had the moon yet driven her chariot for thrice twelve periods across the heaven, when Nicasis thy mother and thy father Periclitus, on the brink of thy lamented tomb, poor child, wailed much over thy coffin. In unknown Acheron, Cleodicus, shalt thou bloom in a youth that never, never may return here.

483.—Anonymous

Hades, inexorable and unbending, why hast thou robbed baby Callaeschron of life? In the house of Persephone the boy shall be her plaything, but at home he leaves bitter suffering.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

484.—ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΤ
Πέντε κόρας καὶ πέντε Βιώ Διδύμων τεκοῦσα ἀρτεινα, οὔδὲ μᾶς οὐδ’ ἐνὸς ἄνάσατο.
ἡ μέγ’ ἀρίστη ἑώσα καὶ εὐτεκνὸς οὐχ ὑπὸ παιδῶν, ὀδυνῶς δ’ ἐτάφη χερσὶ θανοῦσα Βιώ·

485.—ΤΟΥ ΛΥΤΟΥ
Βάλλεθ’ ύπ’ερ τῦμβον πολιά κρίνα, καὶ τὰ συνήθη τῦμπαν ἑπὶ στήλη ῥήσετ’ Ἀλεξιμένους,
καὶ περιδυνήσασθε μακρής ἀνελίγματα χαίτης.
Στυμονώθην ἄφετοι Θυιάδες ὧμφι πόλιν,
ἡ γλυκερὰ πνεύσαντος ἑφ’ ύμετέρωσιν ἥδαιμον πολλάκι πρὸς μαλακοὺς τοῦ ἕχοσε νόμους.

486.—ΑΝΣΗΣ ΜΕΛΟΠΟΙΟΤ
Πολλάκι τῶδ’ ὀλοφυνὸν κόρας ἑπὶ σάματι Κλείνα
μάτηρ ὀκύμορον παῖδ’ ἐβδοσε φίλαν,
ψυχὰν ἀγκαλέουσα Φιλαινίδος, ἀ πρὸ γάμῳ
χλωρὸν ύπὲρ ποταμόν χεῦ’ Ἀχέροντος ἐβα.

487.—ΠΕΡΣΟΤ ΜΑΚΕΔΟΝΟΣ
"Ὠλεο δὴ πρὸ γάμῳ, Φιλαινίον, οὔδὲ σε μάτηρ
Πυθιὰς ὀραίους ἤγαγεν εἰς ἀδάμους
νυμφίουν· ἀλλ’ ἔλεεινα καταδρύψασα παρείας
τεσσαρακαιδέκτιν τῶδ’ ἐκάλυψε τάφῳ.

488.—ΜΝΑΣΑΛΚΟΤ
Αἰαὶ Ἀριστοκράτεια, σὺ μὲν βαθὺν εἰς Ἀχέροντα
οὐχεάι ὀραίον κεκλιμένα πρὸ γάμων.
ματρὶ δὲ δάκρυα σὰ καταλείπεται, ἀ σ’ ἑπὶ τῦμβῳ
πολλάκι κεκλιμένα κοκύιει ἐκ ὀ κεφαλάς.

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BOOK VII. 484-488

484.—Dioscorides

Five daughters and five sons did Bio bear to Didymon, but she got no joy from one of either. Bio herself so excellent and a mother of such fine babes, was not buried by her children, but by strange hands.

485.—By the Same

Cast white lilies on the tomb and beat by the stele of Aleximenes the drums he used to love; whirl your long flowing locks, ye Thyia des, in freedom by the city on the Strymon, whose people often danced to the tender strains of his flute that breathed sweetly on your

486.—Anyte

Often on this her daughter's tomb did Cleina call on her dear short-lived child in wailing tones, summoning back the soul of Philaenis, who ere her wedding passed across the pale stream of Acheron.

487.—Perse of Macedonia

Thou didst die before thy marriage, Philaenion, nor did thy mother Pythias conduct thee to the chamber of the bridegroom who awaited thy prime: but wretchedly tearing her cheeks, she laid thee in this tomb at the age of fourteen.

488.—Mnasalcas

Alas! Aristocrateia, thou art gone to deep Acheron, gone to rest before thy prime, before thy marriage; and naught but tears is left for thy mother, who reclining on thy tomb often bewails thee.
489.—ΣΑΠΦΟΤΣ

Τιμάδος ἀδε κόνις, τὰν δὲ πρὸ γάμου θανοῦσαν
dέξατο Φερσεφόνας κυάνεος θάλαμος,
ἀς καὶ ἀποθιμένας πᾶσαι νεοθάγη σιδάρῳ
ἀλικε ἵμερταν κρατὸς ἐθεντο κόμαν.

490.—ΑΝΤΤΗΣ

Παρθένων 'Αντιβίαν κατοδύρομαι, ὃς ἐπὶ πολλοὶ
νυμφίου ἱέμενοι πατριὸς ἱκοντο δόμοιν,
κάλλευς καὶ πινυτάτος ἀνὰ κλέος· ἀλλ' ἐπὶ παντων
ἐλπίδας οὐλομένα Μοῖρ' ἐκύλισε πρόσω.

491.—ΜΝΑΣΑΛΚΟΤ

Ἀιαὶ παρθενίας ὀλοφρόνος, ὃς ἀπὸ φαιδρὰ
ἐκλασας ἀλικίαν, ἰμερόεσσα Κλεοῖ:
καδέ ς' ἀμυξάμεναι περιδάκρυνες αἰῶ' ἐπὶ τύμβῳ
λᾶς Σειρήνων ἑσταμε ἐἰδάλιμοι.

492.—ΑΝΤΤΗΣ ΜΙΤΤΑΝΗΙΑΙΑΣ

'Οχόμεθ', ὁ Μίλητε, φίλη πατρί, τῶν ἀθεμίστων
τῶν ἁνομον Γαλατὰν κύπρων ἀναινώμεναι,
παρθενικαὶ τρισσαὶ πολυπτίδες, ὃς ὁ βιατὰς
Κελτῶν εἰς ταύτην μοίραν ἔτρεψεν Ἀρης.
οὖ γὰρ ἔμειναμεν ἁμματό δυσσεβὲς οὐδ' Ὁμέναιον
νυμφίου, ἀλλ' Ἀδην κηδεμον' εὐρόμεθα.

1 This seems to be on a girl who killed herself to preserve her virginity.

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BOOK VII. 489-492

489.—SAPPHO

This is the dust of Timas, whom, dead before her marriage, the dark chamber of Persephone received. When she died, all her girl companions with newly sharpened steel shore their lovely locks.

490.—ANYTE

I bewail virgin Antibia, eager to wed whom came many suitors to her father’s house, led by the report of her beauty and discretion; but destroying Fate, in the case of all, sent their hopes rolling far away.

491.—MNASALCAS

Woe worth baleful virginity, for which, delightful Cleo, thou didst cut short thy bright youth! We stones in the semblance of Sirens stand on thy tomb tearing our cheeks for thee and weeping.¹

492.—ANYTE OF MITYLENE (?)

We leave thee, Miletus, dear fatherland, refusing the lawless love of the impious Gauls, three maidens, thy citizens, whom the sword of the Celts forced to this fate. We brooked not the unholy union nor such a wedding, but we put ourselves in the wardship of Hades.²

¹ This tale seems to be derived from some romance. According to Jerome (Adv. Jovianum, Lib. I., p. 186) the maidens were seven in number.

²
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

493.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ

Οὐ νοῦσος Ῥοδόπα τε καὶ ἥ γενέτειρα Βοῦσκα
οὐδ' ὑπὸ δυσμενέων δούρατι κεκλίμεθα:
ἀλλ' αὐταί, πάτρας ὁπότ' ἐφλεγεν ἁστυ Κορίνθου
γοργὸς Ἄρης, ἀἴδαν ἀλκιμὸν εἴλόμεθα.
ἐκτανε γὰρ μάτηρ με διασφακτήρι σιδάροφ,
οὐδ' ὁδιοῦ φειδῶ δύσμορος ἐσχε βίου,
ἳψε δ' ἐναυχενίῳ δειράν βρόχῳ· ἤς γὰρ ἠμείνων
dουλοσύνας ἀμῶν πότμος ἐλευθέριος.

494.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Ἐν πόντῳ Σώδαμοι ὁ Κρῆς θάνεν, ὁ φίλα, Νηρεῦ,
δίκτυα καὶ τὸ σὸν ἡν κείνο σύνηθες ὕδωρ,
ἰχθυβολεὺς ὁ περίσσος ἐν ἀνδράσιν. ἀλλὰ θάλασσα
οὐ τι διακρίνει χείματος οὐδ' ἀλιεῖς.

495.—ΑΛΚΑΙΟΤ ΜΕΣΣΗΝΙΟΤ

Στυγνὸς ἐπ' Ἀρκτούρῳ ναῦταις πλόος· ἐκ δὲ βορείης
λαῖλαπος Ἀσπασίως πικρὸν ἐτευξά μόρον,
οὔ στείχεις παρὰ τύμβον, ὀδοιπόρε· σῶμα δὲ πόντος
ἐκρυψ. Λύγαιω ρανώμενον πελάγει.
ἡθέων δακρυτὸς ἀπας μόρος· ἐν δὲ θαλάσσῃ
πλεῖστα πολυκλαύτου κῆδεα ναυτιλίης.

496.—ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΤ

Ἡερή Γεράνεια, κακὸν λέπας, ὠφελεν Ἂστρον
τῆλε καὶ ἐκ Σκυθέων μακρὸν ὀρᾶν Τάναϊν,
493.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

I, Rhodope, and my mother Boisca neither died of sickness, nor fell by the sword of the foes, but ourselves, when dreadful Ares burnt the city of Corinth our country, chose a brave death. My mother slew me with the slaughtering knife, nor did she, unhappy woman, spare her own life, but tied the noose round her neck; for it was better than slavery to die in freedom.

494.—Anonymous

In the sea, Nereus, died Sodamus the Cretan who loved thy nets and was at home on these thy waters. He excelled all men in his skill as a fisher, but the sea in a storm makes no distinction between fishermen and others.

495.—ALCAEUS OF MESSENE

Arcturus’ rising is an ill season for sailors to sail at, and I, Aspasius, whose tomb thou passest, traveller, met my bitter fate by the blast of Boreas. My body, washed by the waters of the Aegaean main, is lost at sea. Lamentable ever is the death of young men, but most mournful of all is the fate of travellers who perish in the sea.

496.—SIMONIDES

Lofty Gerania, evil cliff, would that from the far Scythian land thou didst look down on the Danube and the long course of the Tanais, and didst not

1 Middle of September.  
2 North of the Isthmus of Corinth.
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μηδὲ πέλας ναίειν Σκειρωνικὸν οἴδιμα θαλάσσης, ἀγκεα νυφομένης ἀμφὶ Μεθουριάδος.
νῦν δὲ ὁ μὲν ἐν πόντῳ κρυονδὸς νέκυς: οἱ δὲ βαρεῖαν ναυτιλίην κενεὶ τῇ δὲ βοῶσιν τάφοι.

497.—ΔΑΜΑΓΗΤΟΤ

Καὶ ποτὲ Θυμώδης, τὰ παρ’ ἐλπίδα κύδεα κλαίων, παιδὶ Δάκῳ κενεῦν τοῦτον ἔχενεν τάφον.
οὐδὲ γὰρ θυεῖν ἔλαχεν κόνιν, ἀλλὰ τὸι ἀκτὴ
Θυμιᾶς ἢ νύσων Ποντιάδων τὸς ἔχει:
ἐνθ’ ὅγε ποὺν πάντων κτερέων ἀτέρ ὀστέα φαίνει
γυμνὸς ἐπ’ ἀξείνου κείμενος αἰγιαλοῦ.

498.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ

Δαμῖς ὦ Νυσαιεῦς ἔλαχυ σκάφος ἔκ ποτε πόντου
Ἰονίου ποτὶ γὰν ναυστολέων Πέλοπος,
φορτίδα μὲν καὶ πάντα νεῶς ἐπιβίτορα λαῶν,
κύματι καὶ συρμῷ πλαζομένους ἀνέμων,
ἀσηθεῖς ἐσάωσε: καθεμένης δ’ ἐπὶ πέτραις
ἀγκύρης, ψυχρῶν κάθανεν ἐκ νυφάδων
ἡμύσας ὁ πρέσβυς. ὦ δ’ ὁς λιμένα γλυκὺν ἀλλοὺς
doûς, ξένε, τὸν Δήθης αὐτὸς ἔδω λιμένα.

499.—ΘΕΑΙΤΗΤΟΤ

Ναυτίλοι ὃ πλωντες, ὁ Κυρηναῖος Ἀρίστων
πάντας ὑπὲρ Ἐνύου λίσσεται ὑμμὲ Δίος,
eἰπεὶν πατρὶ Μένωνι, παρ’ Ἱκαρίας ὁτὶ πέτραις
κεῖται, ἐν Αἰγαίῳ θυμὸν ἀφεῖς πελάγει.
dwell near the waves of the Scironian sea and by the ravines of snowy Methurias.\(^1\) Now he is in the sea, a cold corpse, and the empty tomb here laments his unhappy voyage.

497.—DAMAGETUS

Thymodes too,\(^2\) on a time, weeping for his unexpected sorrow built this empty tomb for his son Lyens; for not even does he lie under foreign earth, but some Bithynian strand, some island of the Black Sea holds him. There he lies, without funeral, showing his bare bones on the inhospitable shore.

498.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

Damis of Nysa once navigating a small vessel from the Ionian Sea to the Peloponnesus, brought safe and sound to land the ship with all on board, which the waves and winds had swept out of its course; but just as they were casting anchor on the rocks the old man died from the chilling snow-storm, having fallen asleep. Mark, stranger, how having found a sweet haven for others, he himself entered the haven of Lethe.

499.—THEAETETUS

Ye sailors on the sea, Aristo of Cyrene prays you all by Zeus the Protector of strangers to tell his father Meno that he lost his life in the Aegaean main, and lies by the rocks of Icaria.

\(^1\) The only Methuriades known are small islands near Troezen.

\(^2\) Because there were other similar tombs close by.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

500.—ΔΣΚΑΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΤ

'Ω παρ' ἐμὸν στείχων κενὸν ἡρίων, εἶπον, ὀδῖτα, εἰς Χίον εὖτ' ἀν ἱκη, πατρὶ Μελησαγόρῃ, ὃς ἐμὲ μὲν καὶ νῆα καὶ ἐμπορίᾳ κακὸς Εὔρος ὠλεσεν, Εὔππου δ' αὐτὸ λέειςπτ' ὁνομα.

501.—ΠΕΡΣΟΤ

Εὐρόν χειμέριαί σε καταγίδες ἐξεκύλισαν, Φίλλι, πολυκλύστῳ γυμνὸν ἐπ' ἡϊων, οἰνηρῆς Λέσβοιο παρὰ σφυρον' αἰγίλιπτος δε πέτρου ἀλιβρέκτῳ κεῖσαι ὑπὸ πρόποδι.

502.—ΝΙΚΑΙΝΕΤΟΤ

'Ἡρίων εἰμὶ Βίτωνος, ὀδουπόρε': εἰ δὲ Τορώνην λείπων εἰς ταύτην ἔρχεαι 'Αμφίπολιν, εἰπεῖν Νικαγόρα, παίδων ὦτι τὸν μόνον αὐτῷ Στρυμονίης ἐρίφων ὠλεσε παινδυσίῃ.

503.—ΔΕΩΝΙΔΑ

α. Ἀρχαίς δὲ θινὸς ἐπεστηλωμένον ἄχθος, εἶποις ὧντιν' ἔχεις, ἢ τίνος, ἢ ποδαπόν.

β. Φιντοὺν Ἐρμιονῆα Βαθυκλέος, ὃν πολὺ κῦμα ὠλεσεν, Ἀρκτούροις λαίλατι χρησάμενοι.

504.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Πάρμις ὁ Καλλιγυνώτων ἐπακταῖος καλαμευτής, ἄκρος καὶ κίχλης καὶ σκάρου ἱχθυβολεύς,
500.—ASCLEPIADES

Wayfarer who passest by my empty tomb, when thou comest to Chios tell my father Melesagoras that the evil south-easter destroyed me, my ship, and my merchandise, and naught but the name of Euippus is left.

501.—PERSES

The wintry blasts of the east wind cast thee out naked, Phillis, on the surf-beaten shore beside a spur of Lesbos rich in wine, and thou liest on the sea-bathed foot of the lofty cliff.

502.—NICAENETUS

I am the tomb, traveller, of Bito, and if leaving Torone thou comest to Amphipolis, tell Nicagoras that the Strymonian wind at the setting of the Kids was the death of his only son.

503.—LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

A. “O stone standing a burden on the ancient beach, tell me whom thou holdest, whose son and whence.” B. “Phinto the son of Bathycles of Hermione, who perished in the heavy sea, encountering the blast of Arcturus.”

504.—BY THE SAME

Parmis, Callignotus’ son, the shore-fisher, a first class hand at catching wrasse and scaros and the

1 i.e. a September gale.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

καὶ λάβρου πέρκης δελεάρπαγος, όσα τε κοίλας
σήραγγας πέτρας τ’ ἐμβυθίους νέμεται,
άγρης ἐκ πρώτης ποτ' ὦμιλίδα πετρήσεσαν
δακνάξων, ὄλην ἐξ ἄλος ἀράμενος,
ἐφθιτ' ὀλισθηρὴ γὰρ ἕπ' ἐκ χερὸς οἶξασα
φιχετ' ἐτι στεινὸν παλλωμένη φάρυγα.
χῶ μὲν μηρίθων καὶ δοῦνακος ἀγκίστρων τε
ἔγγυς ἀπὸ πυνήθη ἦκε κυλινδόμενος,
νῦματ' ἀναπλήσας ἑπιμοίρα: τοῦ δὲ θανώντος
Γρίπων ὁ γριπεὺς τούτων ἐχώσε τάφον.

505.—ΣΑΠΦΟΤΣ

Τῷ γριπεὶ Πελάγων πατήρ ἐπέθηκε Μενίσκος
κυρτον καὶ κόπταν, μνᾶμα κακοξοῖας.
Sir C. A. Elton, Specimens of the Classic Poets, i. p. 108.

506.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΑ

Κήν γῆ καὶ πόντῳ κεκρύμμεθα: τοῦτο περισσὸν
ἐκ Μοιρέων Θάρσυς Χαρμίδου ἦνύσατο.
ἡ γὰρ ἐπ’ ἀγκύρης ἐνοχον βάρος εἰς ἄλα δύναν,
Τὴν αἰῶνα θ’ ὕγρον κῦμα κατερχόμενος,
τὴν μὲν ἐσωσ’, αὐτὸς δὲ μετατροπὸς ἐκ βυθοῦ ἔρρων 5
ἡδὴ καὶ ναύταις χείρας ὀρεγνυμένος,
ἐβρώθην: τοῖν μοι ἐπ’ ἀγριον εὗ μέγα κῆτος
ἡλθεν, ἀπέβροζεν δ’ ἀχρις ἐπ’ ὀμφαλίον.
χήμισυ μὲν ναύται, ψυχρὸν βάρος, ἐξ ἄλος ἡμῶν
ἡμαθ’., ἡμίσυ δὲ πρίστις ὀπεκλάσατο. 10
ἡμεῖ δ’ ἐν ταύτῃ κακά λείψανα Θάρσυς, ὀνερ,
ἐκρυψαν: πάτρην δ’ οὐ πάλιν ἰκόμεθα.

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perch, greedy seizer of the bait, and all fish that live in crevices and on rocky bottoms, met his death by biting 1 a rock-dwelling iulis 2 from his first catch of the day, a fish he lifted from the sea for his destruction; for slipping from his fingers, it went wriggling down his narrow gullet. So breathed he his last, rolling over in agony, near his lines, rod, and hooks, fulfilling the doom the destinies spun for him, and Gripo the fisherman built him this tomb.

505.—SAPPHO

His father, Meniscus, placed on Pelagon's tomb a weel and oar, a memorial of the indigent life he led.

506.—LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

I am buried both on land and in the sea; this is the exceptional fate of Tharsys, son of Charmides. For diving to loosen the anchor, which had become fixed, I descended into the Ionian sea; the anchor I saved, but as I was returning from the depths and already reaching out my hands to the sailors, I was eaten; so terrible and great a monster of the deep came and gulped me down as far as the navel. The half of me, a cold burden, the sailors drew from the sea, but the shark bit off the other half. On this beach, good Sir, they buried the vile remains of Tharsys, and I never came home to my country.

1 To kill it.
2 Now called "yilos," not a wrasse (as L. and S.), but a small, rather prickly rock-fish.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

507A.—ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΣ

"Ανθρωπ'\', οὐ Κροίσου λεύσεις τάφον, ἀλλὰ γὰρ ἀνδρὸς
χερνήτεω μικρὸς τύμβος, ἐμοὶ δ' ἰκανός.

507B.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὐκ ἐπίδων νύμφεια λέξη κατέβην τὸν ἀφικτον
Γόργιππος Ξανθῆς Φερσεφόνης θάλαμον.

508.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Παυσανίζων ἤτρον ἐπώνυμον, 'Αγχίτεω υίόν,
tόυδ', 'Ἀσκληπιάδην, πατρὶς ἔθαψε Γέλα,
δὲ πλείστους κρυφεραίσι μαραίνομένους ὑπὸ νοῦσοις
φῶτας ἀπέστρεψεν Φερσεφόνης θαλάμων.

509.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Σῆμα Θεόγνιδος εἰμί Σινωπέος, ὃ μ' ἐπέθηκεν
Γλαῦκος ἐταίρειης ἀντὶ πολυχρονίου.

510.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Σῶμα μὲν ἀλλοδαπὴ κεύθει κόνις· ἐν δὲ σε πόντῳ,
Κλείσθενες, Ἐὐξείνῳ μοῦρ' ἐκιχεῖ θανάτου
πλαζόμενον· γηνεκεῖ θ' ἐμελάφρονος οἰκαδὲ νόστον
ημπλακές, οὖδ' ἱκεν Χίον ἐπ' ἀμφιρύτην.


511.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Σῆμα καταφθιμένου Μεγακλέος εὑτ' ἀν ᾗδωμαι,
oἰκτείρῳ σε, τάλαν Καλλία, οἳ ἐπαθεῖς.
BOOK VII. 507a-511

507a.—SIMONIDES

Thou seest not the grave of Croesus, but a poor labourer's tomb is this, yet sufficient for me.

507b.—BY THE SAME

I, Gorgippus, without having looked on the bridal bed, descended to the chamber that none may escape of fair-haired Persephone.

508.—BY THE SAME

His city Gela buried here Pausanias, son of Anchites, a physician of the race of Asclepius, bearing a name expressive of his calling, who turned aside from the chambers of Persephone many men wasted by chilling disease.

509.—BY THE SAME

I am the monument of Theognis of Sinope, erected over him by Glaucus for the sake of their long companionship.

510.—BY THE SAME

The earth of a strange land lies on thy body, Cleisthenes, but the doom of death overtook thee wandering on the Euxine sea. Thou wast cheated of sweet, honied home-coming, nor ever didst thou return to sea-girt Chios.

511.—BY THE SAME

When I look on the tomb of Megacles dead, I pity thee, poor Callias, for what thou hast suffered.

1 Stiller of pain.
512.—TOY AYTOY

Τώνδε δι’ ἀνθρώπων ἀρετᾶν οὖν ἵκετο καπνὸς ἀιθέρα δαιμονίης εὐρυχόροι Τεγέας, οἷς βούλοντο πόλιν μὲν ἐλευθερία τεθαλυκαν παισὶ λιπεῖν, αὐτοὶ δὲ ἐν προμάχοις θανεῖν.

513.—TOY AYTOY

Φῇ ποτε Πρωτόμαχος, πατρὸς περὶ χεῖρας ἔχοντος, ἴνικ’ ἄφ’ ἰμερτὴν ἐπνεεν ἡλικίαν.
‘‘Ω Τιμηνορίδη, παιδὸς φίλου οὗ ποτε λήξεις οὔτ’ ἀρετὴν ποθέων οὔτε σαοφροσύνην.’’

514.—TOY AYTOY

Αἰδώς καὶ Κλεόδημον ἐπὶ προχορῆσι Θεαίρου αενάον στονόευτ’ ἕγαγεν εἰς θάνατον, Θρηκίων κύρσαντα λόχων πατρὸς δὲ κλεεννὸν Διφίλου αἰχμητῆς νῦν ἔθηκ’ ὄνομα.

515.—TOY AYTOY

Αἰαῖ, νοῦσε βαρεία, τί δὴ ψυχαῖσι μεγαίρεις ἄνθρωπων ἐρατῇ πὰρ νεώτητι μένειν; ἢ καὶ Τίμαρχον γλυκερῆς αἰῶνος ἀμέρσας ἥθεον, πρὶν ἰδεῖν κοουριδήν ἀλοχον.

516.—TOY AYTOY

Οἱ μὲν ἐμὲ κτείναντες ὀμόίων ἀντιτύχοιεν, Ζεὺ Ξένι’ οί δ’ ὕπο γὰν θέντες ὁναυτὸ βλου.
512.—BY THE SAME

Through the valour of these men the smoke of spacious Tegea in flames never went up to heaven. They resolved to leave to their children their city prospering in freedom and to die themselves in the forefront of the fight.

513.—BY THE SAME

Protomachus said, when his father was holding him in his arms as he breathed forth his lovely youth, "Timenorides, never shalt thou cease to regret thy dear son's valour and virtue."

514.—BY THE SAME

Shame of retreat led Cleodemus, too, to mournful death when on the banks of ever-flowing Theaerus he engaged the Thracian troop, and his warrior son made the name of his father, Diphilus, famous.

515.—BY THE SAME

Alas, cruel sickness, why dost thou grudge the souls of men their sojourn with lovely youth? Timarchus, too, in his youth thou hast robbed of his sweet life ere he looked on a wedded wife.

516.—BY THE SAME

Zeus, Protector of strangers, let them who slew me meet with the same fate, but may they who laid me in earth live and prosper.1

1 On the grave of one slain by robbers. cp. Nos. 310, 581.
517.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΣ

'Ἡδοί Μελάνιτππον ἑθάπτομεν, ἥελιον δὲ δυνόμενον Βασιλέω κάθανε παρθενικῇ αὐτοχερί: ζῷειν γὰρ, ἀδελφεῖν ἐν πυρὶ θεῖσα, οὔκ ἔτηλ. δίδυμον δ’ οἶκος ἐσείδε κακῶν πατρὸς Ἀριστίπποιο: κατήφησεν δὲ Κυρήνη πάσα, τὸν εὐτεκνὸν χήρου ἱδοῦσα δόμον.

518.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

'Αστακίδην τὸν Κρήτηα, τὸν αἰτόλον, ἤρπασε Νύμφη εξ ὀρεοῦ καὶ νῦν ἱερὸς Ἀστακίδης.
οὐκέτι Δικτάϊης ὑπὸ δρυσίν, οὐκέτι Δάφνων ποιμένες, Ἀστακίδην δ’ αἰὲν ἀεισόμεθα.

519.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Δαίμονα τίς δ’ εὑ ὁδε τὸν αὐριον, ἄνικα καὶ σέ, Ξάρμι, τὸν ὀφθαλμοῖς χθίζου ἐν ἀμετέροις, τῇ ἐτέρᾳ κλαύσαντες ἑθάπτομεν; οὐδὲν ἐκείνου εἰδὲ πατὴρ Διοφῶν χρῆμ’ ἀνιαρότερον.

520.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

'Ἡν διζή Τιμαρχῶν ἐν Ἀίδος, ὀφρα πῦθηαι ἢ τι περὶ ψυχῆς, ἢ πάλι πῶς ἔσται, δίξεσθαι φυλῆς Πτολεμαῖδος, νίεα πατρὸς Παυσανίου. δήεις δ’ αὐτὸν ἐν εὐσεβέων.

521.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Κύξικον ἢν ἔλθης, διάγοσ πόνος Ἰππακόν εὑρεῖν καὶ Διδύμην. ἀφανὴς οὐτὶ γὰρ ἡ γενείη; καὶ σφυν ἁπνηρὸν μὲν ἔρεις ἔπος, ἐμπα δὲ λέξαι τοῦ, ὅτι τὸν κεῖνων ὁδ’ ἐπέχω Κριτήν.
BOOK VII. 517-521

517.—CALLIMACHUS

It was morning when we buried Melanippus, and at sunset the maiden Basilo died by her own hand; for after laying her brother on the pyre she could not abide to live. The house of their father Aristippus witnessed a double woe, and all Cyrene stood with downcast eyes, seeing the home bereft of its lovely children.

518.—BY THE SAME

A nymph from the mountains carried off Astacides the Cretan goat-herd, and now Astacides is holy. No more, ye shepherds, beneath the oaks of Dictae shall we sing of Daphnis, but ever of Astacides.

519.—BY THE SAME

Who knows well to-morrow’s fate, when thee, Charmis, who wast yesterday in our eyes, we bewailed and buried next day. Thy father Diophon never looked upon any more grievous thing.

520.—BY THE SAME

If thou wouldst seek Timarchus in Hades to enquire anything about the soul, or about how it shall be with thee hereafter, ask for Pausanias’ son of the tribe Ptolemais, and it is in the abode of the pious that thou shalt find him.

521.—BY THE SAME

If thou comest to Cyzicus, it will be little trouble to find Hippacus and Didyme; for the family is by no means obscure. Then give them this message, grievous indeed, but fail not to give it, that I hold their Critias.
522.—TOY AYTOY

Τιμονόν, τίς δ' ἐσσὴ; μὰ δαίμονας, οὐ σ' ἄν ἐπέγνων,
εἰ μὴ Τιμοθέου πατρὸς ἐπὶν ὄνομα
στήλη, καὶ ΜήδΥμνα τὴν πόλις. ἢ μέγα φημὶ
χήρων ἀνιᾶσθαι σὸν πόσιν Εὐθυμένη.

523.—TOY AYTOY

Οὐτίνες Ἀλείοιο παρέρπτετε σὰμα Κίμωνος
Ἴστε τὸν Ἰππαῖον παίδα παρερχόμενοι.

524.—TOY AYTOY

a. Ἡ ὅ' ὑπὸ σοὶ Χαρίδας ἀναπαύεται; β. Εἰ τὸν
钬ρίμμα
τοῦ Κυρηναίου παιδα λέγεις, ὑπ' ἐμοί.
a. Ὡ̣ Χαρίδα, τί τὰ νέρθε; γ. Πολὺς σκότος.
a. Αἱ δ' ἀνοδοὶ τί;
γ. Ψεύδος. a. Ὡ̣ Ο̣ δὲ Πλούτων; γ. Μύθος.
a. Ἀπωλόμεθα.
γ. Οὗτος ἐμὸς λόγος ὕμμιν ἀληθινὸς; εἰ δὲ τὸν ἥδυν 5
βούλει, πελλαίου βοῦς μέγας εἶν αἴδη.

525.—TOY AYTOY

"Οστις ἐμὸν παρὰ σῆμα φέρεις πόδα, Καλλιμάχου μὲ
ισθι Κυρηναίου παιδα τε καὶ γενέτην.
eἰδεῖν̣ δ' ἀμφῶ κεν' ὁ μὲν κοτε πατρίδος ὀπλῶν
ἡρξεν· ὁ δ' ἥξισεν κρέσσων βασκανίς,
οὐ νέμεσις. Μοῦσαι γὰρ ὅσους ἴδον ὁμματι παιδας 5
μὴ λοξῷ πολίους οὐκ ἀπέθεντο φίλους.
BOOK VII. 522-525

522.—By the Same

Timonoe! But who art thou? By heaven I would not have recognised thee, had not thy father’s name Timotheus and thy city’s Methymna stood on the grave-stone. I know of a truth that thy widowed husband Euthymenes is in sore distress.

523.—By the Same

Ye who pass by the monument of Cimon of Elis, know that it is Hippaeus’ son whom ye pass by.

524.—By the Same

A. “Dost Charidas rest beneath thee?” B. “If it is the son of Arimmas of Cyrene that you mean, he does.” A. “What is it like below, Charidas?” C. “Very dark.” A. “And what about return?” C. “All lies.” A. “And Pluto?” C. “A myth.” A. “I am done for.” C. “This is the truth that I tell you, but if you want to hear something agreeable, a large ox in Hades costs a shilling.” (?)

525.—By the Same

Know thou who passest my monument that I am the son and father of Callimachus of Cyrene. Thou wilt have heard of both; the one once held the office of general in his city and the other sang songs which overcame envy. No marvel, for those on whom the Muses did not look askance in boyhood they do not cast off when they are grey.

1 i.e. all my hopes are gone.
526.—ΝΙΚΑΝΔΡΟΤ ΚΟΛΟΦΩΝΙΟΤ

Ζεὺς πάτερ, Ὡθρυνάδα τίνα φέρτερον ἐδρακες ἄλλον, 
ὅς μόνος ἐκ Θυρέας οὐκ ἔθελησε μολεῖν 
πατρίδ᾽ ἐπὶ Σπάρταν, διὰ δὲ ξίφος ἦλασε πλευρὰν, 
δοῦλα καταγράψας σκῦλα κατ᾽ Ἰναχίδαν;

527.—ΘΕΟΔΩΡΙΔΑ

Θεύδοτε, κηδεμόνων μέγα δάκρυνον, οἳ σε θανόντα 
κώκυσαν, μέλεον πυρσὸν ἀναψάμενοι, 
αἰνύλινε, τρισάωρε· σὺ δ᾽ ἀντὶ γάμου τε καὶ Ἥβης 
κάλλιτες ἤδιστη ματρί γόοσ καὶ ἁχη.

528.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Εὐρύσορον περὶ σήμα τὸ Φαιναρέτης ποτὲ κοῦραι 
κέρσαντο ξανθοὺς Θεσσαλίδες πλοκάμους, 
πρωτότοκον καὶ ἀποτμὸν ἀτυχόμεναι περὶ νύμφην· 
Λάρισσαν δὲ φίλην ἥκαχε καὶ τοκέας.

529.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τόλμα καὶ εἰς ἀιὼν καὶ ἐς οὐρανὸν ἄνδρα κομίζει, 
ἀ καὶ Σωσάνδρον παῖδ᾽ ἐπέβασε πυρᾶς, 
Δωρόθεον· Φθίλα γὰρ ἔλευθερον ἦμαρ ἴάλλων 
ἐρραίσθη Σηκῶν μεσσόθι καὶ Χιμέρας.

530.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ

Μούναν σὺν τέκνοις νεκυοστόλε δέξο με πορθμεῦ 
τὰν λάλον· ἀρκεῖ σοι φόρτος ὁ Τανταλίδης· 
πληρώσει γαστήρ μία σὺν σκάφος· εἰσίδε κούρους 
καὶ κούρας, Φοίβου σκῦλα καὶ Ἀρτέμιδος.

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BOOK VII. 526–530

526.—NICANDER OF COLOPHON

O father Zeus, didst thou ever see a braver than Othryadas, who would not return alone from Thyrea to Sparta his country, but transfixed himself with his sword after having inscribed the trophy signifying the subjection of the Argives.¹

527.—THEODORIDAS

Theodotus, cause of many tears to thy kinsmen, who lamented thee dead, lighting the mournful pyre, ill-fated, dead all too early, instead of joy in thy marriage and thy youth, to thy sweet mother is left but groaning and grief.

528.—By the Same

The daughters of Thessaly sheared their yellow locks at the spacious tomb of Phaenarete, distraught with grief for the luckless bride dead in her first childbirth, and her dear Larissa and her parents were stricken with sorrow.

529.—By the Same

Daring leads a man to Hades and to heaven; daring laid Dorotheus, Sosander's son, on the pyre; for winning freedom for Phthia he was smitten midway between Sekoi and Chimera.

530.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

On Niobe and her children

Thou ferry-man of the dead, receive me, who could not hold my tongue, alone with my children; a boat-load from the house of Tantalus is sufficient for thee. One womb shall fill thy boat; look on my boys and girls, the spoils of Phoebus and Artemis.

¹ cp. Nos. 430, 431.
531.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Αυτά τοι, τρέσσαντι παρὰ χρέος, ὥπασεν ἂδαν,
βαψαμένα κοίλων ἐντὸς ἀρή λαγώνων,
μάτηρ ἀ σ᾿ ἐτεκεν, Δαμάτριε· φὰ δὲ σίδαρον
παῖδος ἐού φύρδαν μεστὸν ἐχούσα φόνου,
ἀφρίον κοναβηθὸν ἐπιτρίουσα γένειον,
δερκομένα λοξαῖς, οία Λάκαινα, κόραις.

“Λείπε τὸν Εὐρώταν, ίθι Τάρταρον· ἀνίκα δειλὰν
οἴσθα φυγάν, τελέθεις οὔτ᾿ ἐμὸς οὔτε Λάκων.”

532.—ΙΣΙΔΩΡΟΤ ΑΙΓΕΑΤΟΤ

“Εκ μὲ γεωμορίας Ἐτεοκλέα πόντιος ἐλπὶς
eἰλκυσεν, ὄθνείς ἔμπορον ἐργασίας·
νότα δὲ Τυρσηνῆς ἐπάτευν ἀλὸς· ἀλλ᾿ ἀμα νη
pρηνιχθεῖς κείνης ὤδασιν ἐγκατέδυν,
ἀθρόν ἐμβρίσαντος ἀήματος. οὐκ ἄρ᾿ ἀλωὰς
αὐτὸς ἐπιπνεῖει κεῖς ὀθόνας ἀνεμος.

533.—ΔΙΟΝΤΣΙΟΤ ΑΝΔΡΙΟΤ

Καὶ Διὶ καὶ Βρομίῳ με διάβροχον οὐ μέγ᾿ ὀλισθεῖν,
καὶ μόνον έκ δοιδῶ, καὶ βροτον έκ μακάρων.

534.—ΑΤΤΟΜΕΔΟΝΤΟΣ ΑΙΤΩΛΟΤ

Ἀνθρωπε, ζωῆς περιφείδεο, μιδὲ παρ᾿ ὅρην
ναυτίλος ἵσθι· καὶ ὅς οὐ πολὺς ἄνδρι βίος.
δείλαιε Κλεόνικε, σὺ δ᾿ εἰς λιπαρὴν Θύσου ἐλθεῖν
ἡπείγειν, Κοῖλης ἐμπορὸς ἐκ Συρῆς,
ἐμπορὸς, ὃ Κλεόνικε· δύσιν δ᾿ ὑπὸ Πλειάδος αὐτὴν
ποντοπορὸν, αὐτῇ Πλειάδι συγκατέδυσ.

H. C. Beeching, In a Garden, p. 97.
BOOK VII. 531–534

531.—BY THE SAME

The very mother who bore thee, Demetrius, gave thee death when forgetful of thy duty thou didst fly, driving the sword into thy flanks. Holding the steel that reeked with her son’s blood, gnashing her teeth, foaming at the mouth, and looking askance like a Spartan woman as she was, she exclaimed “Leave the Eurotas; go to Tartarus. Since thou couldst fly like a coward, thou art neither mine nor Sparta’s.”

532.—ISIDORUS OF AEGAE

I am Eteocles whom the hopes of the sea drew from husbandry and made a merchant in place of what I was by nature. I was travelling on the surface of the Tyrrhenian Sea, but with my ship I sank headlong into its depths in a sudden fierce squall. It is not then the same wind that blows on the threshing-floor and fills the sails.

533.—DIONYSIUS OF ANDROS

It is no great marvel that I slipped when soaked by Zeus and Bacchus. It was two to one, and gods against a mortal.

534.—AUTOMEDON OF AETOLIA

Man, spare thy life, and go not to sea in ill season. Even as it is, man’s life is not long. Unhappy Cleonicus, thou wast hastening to reach bright Thasos, trading from Coelesyria—trading, O Cleonicus; but on thy voyage at the very setting of the Pleiads, with the Pleiads thou didst set.

1 i.e. rain.  
2 Beginning of November.
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535.—ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΤ

Οὐκέθ’ ὁμοῦ χιμάροισιν ἔχειν βίον, οὐκέτι ναίειν
ὸ τραγότους ὃρέων Παῦν ἑθέλω κορυφάς.
τι ὀλυκυ μοι, τί ποθεινῶν ἐν οὕρεσιν; ὁλετο Δάφνις,
Δάφνις δε ἤμετερη πῦρ ἐτεκε κραδής.
ἀστυ τὸδ休闲 ὑπαγέν δὲ τις ἄλλος ἐπ’ ἄγρυν
στελλέσθω. τὰ πάροιθ’ οὐκέτι Παῦν φίλα.

536.—ΑΛΚΑΙΟΤ [ΜΙΤΤΛΗΝΑΙΟΤ]

Οὔδε θανῶν ὁ πρέσβυς ἐφ’ ἐπιτέτροφε τύμβῳ
βότρυν ἀπ’ οἰνάνθης ἦμερον, ἄλλα βάτον,
καὶ πυγιόσσαν ἄχερδον, ἀποστύφουσαν ὅδιτῶν
χείλεα καὶ δίψει καρφαλέον φάρυγα.
ἄλλα τις Ἡπώνακτος ἐπ’ ἡν παρὰ σήμα νέται,
εὐχέσθω κωύσσειν εὐμενεύουτα νέκυν.

537.—ΦΑΝΙΟΤ [ΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΙΚΟΤ]

Ἡριῶν οὖκ ἐπὶ πατρί, πολυκλαύτου δ’ ἐπὶ παιδὸς
Λύσις ἄχει κενεὴν τήνδ’ ἀνέχοσε κόων,
οὐνομα ταρχύσας, ἐπεὶ οὐκ ὑπὸ χεῖρα τοκῆων
ἡλυθε δυστήμου λείψαυα Μαντιδέου.

538.—ΑΝΤΗΣ

Μανῆς οὖτος ἀνὴρ ἦν ξῶν ποτὲ. νῦν δὲ τεθυρκῶς
ἰσον Δαρείῳ τῷ μεγάλῳ δύναται.

J. A. Pott, Greek Love Songs and Epigrams, i. p. 24.

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535.—MELEAGER

No longer do I, goat-footed Pan, desire to dwell among the goats or on the hill-tops. What pleasure, what delight have I in mountains? Daphnis is dead, Daphnis who begot a fire in my heart. Here in the city will I dwell; let some one else set forth to hunt the wild beasts; Pan no longer loves his old life.

536.—ALCAEUS

Not even now the old man is dead, do clusters of the cultivated vine grow on his tomb, but brambles and the astringent wild pear that contracts the traveller's lips and his throat parched with thirst. But he who passes by the tomb of Hipponax should pray his corpse to rest in sleep.

537.—PHANIAS

No monument for his father, but in mournful memory of his lamented son did Lysis build this empty mound of earth, burying but his name, since the remains of unhappy Mantitheus never came into his parents' hands.

538.—ANYTE

This man when alive was Manes, but now he is dead he is as great as great Darius.

1 Probably the Messenian.  
2 A slave's name.
539.—ΠΕΡΣΟΤ ΠΟΙΗΤΟΤ

Οὐ προϊδὼν, Θεότιμε, κακὴν δύσιν υπείροιο
'Αρκτούρον, κρυπῆς ἤψαυ ναυτιλίας,
η γε, δι' Αἰγαίου πολυκληίδει θέοντα
νηφ, σὺν οὐς ἑτάροις ἤγαγεν εἰς αἰώνιν.
αἰαὶ, 'Αριστοδίκη δὲ καὶ Εὐπολις, σὺ σ’ ἑτέκοιτο, μύρονται, κενοῦν σήμα περισχόμενοι.

540.—ΔΑΜΑΓΗΤΟΤ

Πρὸς σὲ Διὸς Ευνίου γονούμεθα, πατρὶ Χαρίῳ
ἀγγειόν Θήβην, ἀνέρ, ἐπ’ Αἰολίδα
Μήμιν καὶ Πολύμικον ὀλωλότε, καὶ τόδε φαίης,
ὡς οὐ τὸν δόλιον κλαίομεν ἄμμι μόρον,
καὶ περ ὑπὸ Θρηκοῦν φθίμενοι χερὸς, ἄλλα τὸ κεῖνον
γῆρας ἐν ἀργαλέῃ κείμενον ὀρφανή.

541.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

"Εστης ἐν προμάχους, Χαρωνίδη, ὥδ’ ἀγορεύσας,
"‘Η μόρον, ἢ νίκαν, Ζεῦ, πολέμῳ δίδουν,
ηρίκα τοι περὶ Τάφρον Ἀχαίδα τῇ τότε νυκτὶ
dυσμενές θρασύζοις δήμῳ ἐθευτο πόνον,
ναὶ μὴν οὔτ’ ἄρετής σε διακριδόν Ἀλίς αἰείδει,
θερμὸν ἀνὰ ξείνην αἷμα χέαντα κόνιν.

542.—ΦΛΑΚΚΟΤ

'Εβρου χειμερίιοις ἀταλὸς κρυμβοὶ δεθέντος
κοῦρος ὀλισθηροὶς ποσοῖν ἐθραυσε πάγον,

1 In November.
2 The scene of a battle in which the Spartans defeated the
539.—PERSES

Heedless, Theotimus, of the coming evil setting of rainy Arcturus \(^1\) didst thou set out on thy perilous voyage, which carried thee and thy companions, racing over the Aegaean in the many-oared galley, to Hades. Alas for Aristodice and Eupolis, thy parents, who mourn thee, embracing thy empty tomb.

540.—DAMAGETES

By Zeus, the Protector of strangers, we adjure thee, Sir, tell our father Charinus, in Aeolian Thebes, that Menis and Polynicus are no more; and say this, that though we perished at the hands of the Thracians, we do not lament our treacherous murder, but his old age left in bereavement ill to bear.

541.—By the Same

Standing in the forefront of the battle, Chaeronidas, so spokest thou, "Zeus, grant me death or victory," on that night when by Achaean Taphros,\(^2\) the foe made thee meet him in stubborn battle strife: verily doth Elis sing of thee above all men for thy valour, who didst then shed thy warm blood on the foreign earth.

542.—FLACCUS

The tender boy, slipping, broke the ice of the Hebrus frozen by the winter cold, and as he was Messenians, but this epigram must refer to some later combat on the same spot.

\(\text{u 2}\)
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tοῦ παρασινημένου περιρραγῆς αὐχεν’ ἐκοφνεν
θηγαλέον ποταμοῦ Βιστονίου τρύφος.
καὶ τὸ μὲν ὑπάσθη δίναις μέρος· ἦ δὲ τεκουσα
λειφθὲν ὑπερθε τάφω μοῦνον ἔθηκε κάρα.
mυρομένη δὲ ταλαινα, “Τέκος, τέκος,” εἶπε, “τὸ
μὲν σου
πυρκαΐη, τὸ δὲ σου πικρὸν ἔθαψεν ὑδωρ.”

543.—ΔΕΣΙΠΟΤΟΝ

Πάντα τις ἄρισσατο φυγεῖν πλόον, ὅπποτε καὶ σῦ,
Θεύγενες, ἐν Διβυκῷ τύμβων ἔθεν πελάγει,
ἡμικα σοι κεκρυμὸς ἐπέπτατο φορτίδι νηφὸσ
οὐλον ἀνηρίθμων κεῖνο νέφος γεράνων.

544.—ΔΕΣΙΠΟΤΟΝ

Εἶπε, ποτὶ Φθίαν εὐάμπελον ἦν ποθ’ ἱκηαι
καὶ πόλιν ἄρχαλαν, ὦ ἔπε, Θαυμακίαιν.
ὡς δρυμὸν Μαλεάιον ἀναστείβων ποτ’ ἔρημον
εἴδες Λάμπωνος τόνδ’ ἐπὶ παιδὶ τάφον
Δερξία, ὦν ποτε μοῦνον ἔλον δόλω, οὐδ’ ἀναφανδόν,
κλώτες ἐπὶ Σπάρταν δὶαν ἐπειγόμενον.

545.—ΗΓΗΣΙΠΟΤ

Τὴν ἀπὸ πυρκαίης ἐνδέξια φασὶ κέλευθον
Ἑρμήν τοὺς ἀγαθοὺς εἰς Ῥαδίμανθιν ἄγειν,
ἢ καὶ Ἀριστόνοος, Χαιρεστράτου οὐκ ἀδάκρυτος
παῖς, ἡγησίλεως δῶμ’ Ἀίδος κατέβη.

1 cp. Bk. IX. No. 56.
carried away by the current, a sharp fragment of the Bistonian river breaking away cut through his neck. Part of him was carried away by the flood, but his mother laid in the tomb all that was left to her above the ice, his head alone. And, wailing, she cried, "My child, my child, part of thee hath the pyre buried and part the cruel water." 1

543.—Anonymous

One should pray to be spared sea-voyages altogether, Theogenes, since thou, too, didst make thy grave in the Libyan Sea, when that tired close-packed flock of countless cranes descended like a cloud on thy loaded ship. 2

544.—Anonymous

Tell, stranger, if ever thou dost come to Phthia, the land of vines, and to the ancient city of Thaumacia that, mounting once through the lonely woodland of Malea, thou didst see this tomb of Derxias the son of Lampo, whom once, as he hastened on his way to glorious Sparta, the bandits slew by treachery and not in open fight.

545.—HEGESIPPOS

They say that Hermes leads the just from the pyre to Rhadamanthus by the right-hand path, the path by which Aristonous, the not unwept son of Chaerestratus, descended to the house of Hades, the gatherer of peoples.

2 Pliny (N. H. x. 13) tells of ships being similarly sunk by flocks of quails alighting on them at night.
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546.—ΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ
Εἴχε κορωνοβόλον πενίης λιμηρὸν Ἀρίστων ὀργανον, ὃ πτηνάς ἱκροβόλιζε χένας, ἣκα παραστείχον δολίνην ὀδόν, οὗς ἐκεῖνας ψεύσασθαι λοξοῖς ἀμμασὶ φερβομένας. νῦν δ' ὁ μὲν εἰν αἰήν' τὸ δὲ οἱ βέλος όρφανὸν ἦχον καὶ χερός: ἡ δ' ἀγρη τύμβον ὑπερπέταται.

547.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΥ ΑΛΕΞΑΝΔΡΕΩΣ
Τὰν στάλαν ἐξάραξε Βιώνωρ οὐκ ἐπὶ ματρι, οὐδ' ἐπὶ τῷ γενέται, πότμον ὁφειλόμενοι, παρθενικα δ' ἐπὶ παιδί· κατέστενε δ', οὐχ Ῥμεναιρ, ἀλλ' Ἀίδα νύμφαν δωδεκέτιν κατάγων.

548.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
a. Τίς Δαίμων Ἀργεῖος ἐπ' ἡρίῳ; ἅρα σύναιμος ἐστὶ Δικαιοστέλους; β. Ἐστὶ Δικαιοστέλους.

549.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Πέτρος ἐτ' ἐν Σιπύλῳ Νιόβῃ θρήνοις ἀναλυζεῖ ἐπτὰ δις ὀδίνων δυρομένῃ θάνατον ἀνήζει δ' οὐδ' αἰῶνι γόσων. τί δ' ἀλαζόνα μῦθον φθέγξατο, τὸν ζωῆς ἄρταγα καὶ τεκεων;
546.—Anonymous

Aristo had his sling, a weapon procuring him a scanty living, with which he was wont to shoot the winged geese, stealing softly upon them so as to elude them as they fed with sidelong-glancing eyes. Now he is in Hades and the sling noiseless and idle with no hand to whirl it, and the game fly over his tomb.

547–550 are by Leonidas of Alexandria and are isopsephia, like Book VI. Nos. 321–329.

547

Bianor engraved the stone, not for his mother or father, as had been their meet fate, but for his unmarried daughter, and he groaned as he led the bride of twelve years not to Hymenaeus but to Hades.

548

"Who is the Argive Daemon on the tomb? Is he a brother of Dicacoteles?" (Echo) "A brother of Dicaceoteles." "Did Echo speak the last words, or is it true that this is the man?" (Echo) "This is the man."

549

Niobe, a rock in Sipylus, still sobs and wails, mourning for the death of twice seven children, and never during the ages shall she cease from her plaint. Why did she speak the boastful words that robbed her of her life and her children?
550.—ΤΟΥ ΛΥΤΟΥ

Ναυγγός γλαυκοίο φυγαν Τρίτωνος ἀπειλᾶς
'Ανθεύς Φθιώτην οὐ φύγεν αἰώνικον.
Πηνείοι παρὰ χύμα γὰρ ὁλετο. φεῦ τάλαν ὡστὶς
Νηρεῖδων Νύμφας ἐσχεν ἀπιστοτέρας.

551.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

Λητόῖος καὶ Παῦλος ἀδελφῶν ἄμφω ἔοιντε
ξυνὴν μὲν βιότον συζυγίην ἐχέτην,
ξυνὰ δὲ καὶ Μοίρης λαχέτην λίνα, καὶ παρὰ θίνα
Βοστηρίην ξυνὴν ἀμφεβάλουτο κόσιν.
οὐδὲ γὰρ ἀλλὰ λοίπων ζωεῖν ἀπανεθεὶς δυνάσθη, 5
ἀλλὰ συνετρεχέτην καὶ παρὰ Φερσεφοίην.
χαῖρετον δ' ἡλικέρω καὶ ὁμόφρονε: σηματι δ' ὑμέων
ὡφελεν ἰδρύσθαι βεομὸς Ὀμοφροσύνης.

552.—ΤΟΥ ΛΥΤΟΥ

a. Ὅ ξένε, τί κλαίεις; β. Διὰ σὸν μόρον. α. Οἰσθα
τὶς εἶμι;
β. Οὐ μᾶ τὸν ἀλλ' ἐμπῆς οἰκτρῶν ὅρῳ τὸ τέλος.
ἔσσι δὲ τὶς; α. Περίκλεια. β. Γυνὴ τίνος; α. Ἄν-
δρος ἀρίστου,
ῥήτορος, ἐξ Ἀσίης, οὕνομα Μεμνονίου. 5
β. Πῶς δὲ σε Βοστηρίη κατέχει κόνις; α. Εἰριεο
Μοῖραν,
ἡ μοι τὴλε πάτρης ξεῖνων ἐδώκε τάφον.
β. Παίδα λίπες; α. Τριέτην, δς ἐν μεγαροίσιν
ἀλῶν
ἐκδέχεται μαζῶν ἑμετέρων σταγόνα.
β. Αἴθε καλῶς ζώοι. α. Ναί, ναί, φίλοσ, εὔχεο κεῖνο,
ὀφρα μοι ἡβήςας δάκρυ φίλον σταλαίοι. 10

296
ANTHEUS, who escaped the threats of sea-green Trito, escaped not the terrible Phthian wolf. For by the stream of Peneus he perished. Unfortunate! to whom the Nymphs were more treacherous than the Nereids.¹

551.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

LETOEUS and Paulus, being two brothers, were united in life, and united in the predestined hour of their death, they lie by the Bosporus clothed in one shroud of dust. For they could not live apart from each other, but ran together to Persephone. Hail, sweet pair, ever of one mind; on your tomb should stand an altar of Concord.

552.—BY THE SAME

A. "Stranger, why mournest thou?" B. "For thy fate." A. "Dost know who I am?" B. "No, by——! but still I see thy end was wretched, and who art thou?" A. "Periclea." B. "Whose wife?" A. "The wife of a noble man, an orator from Asia, by name Memnonius." B. "And how is it that thou liest by the Bosporus?" A. "Ask Fate who gave me a tomb in a strange land far from my own country." B. "Didst thou leave a son?" A. "One of three years old, who wanders up and down the house seeking the milk of my breasts." B. "May he live and prosper." A. "Yea, yea, my friend, pray for him, that he may grow up and shed sweet tears for me."

¹ cp. No. 289.
553.—ΔΑΜΑΣΚΙΟΤ ΦΙΛΟΣΟΦΟΤ
Ζωσίμη, ἣ πρὶν ἐούσα μόνη τῷ σώματι δούλη, καὶ τῷ σώματι νῦν εὑρεν ἑλευθερίην.

554.—ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΤ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ
Λατύπος Ἀρχιτέλης Ἀγαθάνωρ παίδη θανόντι χερσὶν ὀξυραίς ἠμρολόγησε τάφον, αἰαι, πέτρον ἐκεῖνον, ὅν ὦκ ἑκόλαψε σίδηρος, ἀλλ’ ἐτάκη πυκνοῖς δάκρυσι τεγγόμενοις. φεῦ, στήλῃ φθιμένῳ κούφῃ μένε, κείνος ἵν’ εἰπῃ: "Ὅντως πατρῴη χεῖρ ἐπέθηκε λίθον."

555.—ΙΩΑΝΝΟΤ ΠΟΙΗΤΟΤ
Εἰς πόσιν ἀθρήσασα παρ’ ἐσχατίης λίνα μοίρης ἡνεσα καὶ χθονίους, ἡνεσα καὶ ξυνίους· τοὺς μέν, ὅτι ζωὸν λίπων ἀνέρα· τοὺς δ’, ὅτι τοῖον. ἀλλὰ πατὴρ μίμνου παίσιν ἐφ’ ἡμετέροις.

555b.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Τοῦτο σαφροσύνας ἀντάξιον εὑρεο, Νοστῶ· δάκρυά σοι γαμέτας σπείσε καταφθιμένα.

556.—ΘΕΟΔΩΡΟΤ ΤΟΥ ΑΝΟΤΠΙΑΤΟΤ
Νηλείνη ’Αίδης· ἐπὶ σοι δ’ ἐγέλασσε θανόντι, Τίτυρε, καὶ νεκύων θηκέ σε μιμολόγον.

557.—ΚΤΡΟΤ ΠΟΙΗΤΟΤ
Τρεῖς ἐτέον δεκάδεσ, Μαίης χρόνος· ἐς τρία δ’ ἀλλα ἐτρεχεῖν, ἀλλ’ ’Αίδης πικρῶν ἐπεμφάνε βέλος· θηλυτέρην δ’ ἠρπαξε ῥόδων καλύκεσσιν ὀμοίην, πάντ’ ἀπομαξαμένῃ ἔργα τὰ Πηνελόπης.

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553.—DAMASCIUS THE PHILOSOPHER

Zosime who was never a slave but in body, has now gained freedom for her body too.

554.—PHILIPPUS OF THESSALONICA

The mason Architeles with mourning hands constructed a tomb for Agathanor his son. Alas! alas! this stone no chisel cut, but drenched by many tears it crumbled. Thou, tablet, rest lightly on the dead, that he may say "Of a truth it was my father’s hand which placed this stone on me."

555.—JOANNES THE POET

Looking at my husband, as my life was ebbing away, I praised the infernal gods, and those of wedlock, the former because I left my husband alive, the latter that he was so good a husband. But may their father live to bring up our children.

555b.—By the Same

This, Nosto, was the reward thy virtue gained, that thy husband shed tears for thee at thy death.

556.—THEODORUS PROCONSUL

On a mime

Hades is grim, but he laughed at thy death, Tityrus, and made thee the mime of the dead.

557.—CYRUS THE POET

Maia had passed her thirtieth year and was approaching her thirty-third, when Hades cast at her his cruel dart and carried off the woman who was like a rosebud, a very counterpart of Penelope in her work.
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558.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

"Ἄδης μὲν σύλησεν ἐμῆς νεότητος ὀπώρην,
κρύψε δὲ παπποῦ χιλιάδες λίθος.
οὔνομα Ῥουφίνος γενόμην, πάϊς Ἀιθέριοιο,
μητρὸς δ᾿ ἐξ ἀγαθῆς· ἀλλὰ μάτην γενόμην.
ἐς γὰρ ἄκρον μούσης τε καὶ ἥβης ἤκουν ἑλάσσας,
φεῦ, σοφὸς εἰς ἰδίῃν, καὶ νέος εἰς ἑρεβος.
κάκως καὶ σὺ βλέπων τάδε γράμματα μακρόν, ὀδίτα·
ἅγα ἐφυς ζωὸν ἢ πάϊς ἢ πατήρ.

559.—ΘΕΟΣΕΒΕΙΑΣ

Εἶδεν Ἀκεστορίη τρία πένθεα· κείρατο χαῖτην
πρότον ἐφ᾽ Ἰπποκράτει, καὶ δεύτερον ἀμφὶ Γαληνῷ,
καὶ νῦν Ἀβλαβίων γορέφω περί σήματι κεῖται,
ἀείςωμεν μετὰ κεῖνον ἐν ἀνθρώποισι φανῆμαι.

560.—ΠΑΤΛΟΤ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΤ

Εἰ καὶ ἑπὶ ξείνης σε, Δεόντιοε, γαία καλύπτει,
εἰ καὶ ἐρίκλαιτων τῇλ ἔθανες γονέων,
πολλὰ σοι ἐκ βλεφάρων ἐχύθη περιτύμβια φωτῶν
dάκρυα, δυστλήτῳ πένθει δαπτομένων.
πάσι γὰρ ἤσθα λίπν πεθυλημένος, οἶδα τε πάντων
ἐννόος ἑών κοῦρος, ἐννόος ἑών ἑταρος.
αἰαὶ, λευγαλέη καὶ ἀμείλιχος ἐπλετο Μοῦρα,
μηδὲ τεῖς ἥβης, δύσμορε, φεισαμένη.

561.—ΙΟΤΑΙΑΝΟΤ ΑΠΟ ΤΙΠΑΡΧΩΝ ΛΙΓΓΙΩΙΟΤ

"Η Φύσις ὄντισα πολὺν χρόνου ἀνέρ' ἐτικτεν
ἀξίον εἰς ἄρετην τῶν προτέρων ἐτέων,
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558.—Anonymous

Hades spoiled the ripe fruit of my youth and the stone hid me in this ancestral tomb. My name was Rufinus, the son of Aetherius and I was born of a noble mother, but in vain was I born; for after reaching the perfection of education and youth, I carried, alas! my learning to Hades and my youth to Erebus. Lament long, O traveller, when thou readest these lines, for without doubt thou art either the father or the son of living men.

559.—Theosebeia

Three sorrows Medicine\(^1\) met with. First she shone her hair for Hippocrates, and next for Galen, and now she lies on the tearful tomb of Ablabius, ashamed, now he is gone, to shew herself among men.

560.—Paulus Silentarius

Though the earth cover thee in a strange land, Leontius, though thou didst die far from thy afflicted parents, yet many funeral tears were shed for thee by mortals consumed by insufferable sorrow. For thou wert greatly beloved by all and it was just as if thou wert the common child, the common companion of every one. Ah! direful and merciless was Fate that spared not even thy youth.

561.—Julianus, Prefect of Egypt

Nature after long labour gave birth to a man whose virtue was worthy of former years, Craterus

\(^1\)’Ακεστορία is the same as ’Ακέσω daughter of Aesculapius.
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tòν Κρατεροὖν σοφίην τε καὶ οὖνομα, τὸν καὶ ἄνεγροῖς
κινήσαντα γὼς δάκρυνον ἀντιπάλοις.
eἰ δὲ νέος τέθνηκεν, ὑπὲρτερα νῆματα Μοίρης
μέμφεο, Βουλομένης κόσμον ἀκοσμον ἔχειν.

562.—ΤΟΥ ΛΥΤΟΥ

'Ω φθέγμα Κρατεροῦ, τί σοι πλέον εἰ γε καὶ αὐθής
ἐπλεο καὶ συγής αἰτιον ἀντιπάλοις;
ζώντος μὲν γὰρ ἀπαντας ἐφώνεοι. ἐκ δὲ τελευτής
ὑμετέρης ἱδίην αὐθίς ἐδησαν ὁπα.
οὔτης γὰρ μετὰ σείδο μόρον τετληκε τανύσσαι
ὅτα λόγοις. Κρατερῷ δ' ἐν τέλος ἥδε λόγοις.

563.—ΠΑΤΑΟΤ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΤ

Συγής Χρυσέομαλλε τὸ χάλκεον, οὐκέτι δ' ἡμῖν
eἰκόνας ἀρχεγόνων ἐκτελέεις μερόπων
νεύμασιν ἀφθόγγοισιν. τεὶ δ', ὠλβιστε, σιωπὴ
νῦν στυγερὴ τελέθει, τῇ πρὶν ἐθελγόμεθα.

564.—ἈΔΕΣΙΠΟΤΟΝ

Τῇδ' ποτ' ἀκτερεῖστον ἐδέξατο γαία χανοῦσα
Λαιδίκην, δῆσων ύβριν ἀλευομένην.
σῆμα δ' ἀμαλδίνωντος ἀναιθόστοιο χρόνοιο,
Μάξιμος ἐκδηλὸν θῆκε 'Ασίης ὑπατος,
καὶ κούρης χάλκειου ἐπεὶ τύπον ἑφράσατ' ἄλλη
κεῖμενον ἀκλειῶς, τῷδ' ἐπέθηκε κύκλω.

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(strong) in name and in wisdom, whose death moved to tears even his grievous opponents. If he died young, blame the supreme decree of Fate who willed that the world should be despoiled of its ornament.\(^1\)

562.—**By the Same**

O eloquence of Craterus, what profits it thee if thou wast a cause of speech or of silence to thy adversaries? When thou didst live, all cried out in applause; but after thy death the mouths of all are sealed; for none any more would lend an ear to speeches. The art of speaking perished with Craterus.

563.—**Paulus Silentarius**

Thou art bound in brazen silence, Chryseomallus, and no longer dost thou figure to us the men of old time in dumb show.\(^2\) Now, most gifted man, is thy silence, in which we once took delight, grievous to us

564.—**Anonymous**

Here on a time the earth opened to receive Laodice,\(^3\) not duly laid to rest, but flying from the violence of the enemy. Unreckonable Time having effaced the monument, Maximus the Proconsul of Asia brought it again to light, and having noticed the girl's bronze statue lying elsewhere unhonoured, he set it up on this circular barrow.

\(^1\) The play on the two senses of "cosmos" cannot be reproduced.
\(^2\) He was a mime.
\(^3\) The daughter of Priam.
565.—ΙΟΥΛΙΑΝΟΣ ΑΠΟ ΤΗΝ ΡΧΩΝ ΑΙΤΤΙΣΙΟΤ

Αὐτὴν Θειοδότην ὁ Ξωηράφος. αἰθεὶ δὲ τέχνης ἤμβροτε, καὶ λήθην δῶκεν ὀδυρομένωις.

566.—ΜΑΚΚΔΩΝΙΟΣ ΤΠΑΤΟΤ

Γαῖα, καὶ Εἰλείθυια, σὺ μὲν τέκες, ἢ δὲ καλύπτεις· χαίρετον ἀμφοτέρας ἢνυσα τὸ στάδιον.
eἰμὶ δὲ, μὴ νοέων πόθι νίσομαι· οὐδὲ γὰρ ύμέας ἢ τίνος ἢ τίς ἐὼν οἴδα πόθεν μετέβην.

567.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

Κανδαύλου τόδε σήμα· δίκη δ’ ἐμὸν οἴτον ἱδοῦσα οὐδὲν ἀλτραίνειν τὴν παράκοιτιν ἔφη.
ἡθελε γὰρ δισσοῦσιν ὑπ’ ἀναδύσι μηδὲ φανῆμαι,
ἀλλ’ ἢ τὸν πρὶν ἔχειν, ἢ τὸν ἐπιστάμενον.
χρῆν ἄρα Κανδαύλην παθέειν κακῶν· οὐ γὰρ ἄν ἐτλή 5
deῖξαι τὴν ἱδίην ὀμμασιν ἀλλοτρίοις.

568.—ΤΟΥ ΛΥΤΟΥ

Επτά με δῖς λυκάβαντας ἐχοῦσαν ἀφήρτασε δαίμων,
ἡν μούνην Δεόμων πατρὶ Θάλεια τέκεν.
ἀ Μοίραι, τι τοσοῦτον ἀπηνέες, οὐδ’ ἐπὶ παστοὺς ἤγαγετ’ οὐδ’ ἐρατὴς ἐργα τεκνοσπορίας;
oὶ μὲν γὰρ γονέες με γαμηλίουν εἰς Ἐμέναιον
μέλλουν ἄγειν’ στυγεροῦ δ’ εἰς Ἀχέροντος ἡβήν.
ἀλλὰ θεόι, λίτομαι, μητρός γε γόους πατέρος τε παύσατε, τηκομένων εἶνεκ’ ἐμεύ φθιμένης.

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565.—JULIANUS, PREFECT OF EGYPT

The painter limned Theodote just as she was. Would his art had failed him and he had given forgetfulness to us who mourn her.

566.—MACEDONIUS CONSUL

Earth and Ilithyia, one of you brought me to birth, the other covers me. Farewell! I have run the race of each.¹ I depart, not knowing whither I go, for neither do I know who I was or whose or from whence when I came to you.

567.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

This is the monument of Candaules,² and Justice seeing my fate said that my wife committed no crime; for she wished not to be seen by two men, but wished either her first husband or him who knew her charms to possess her. It was fated for Candaules to come to an evil end; otherwise he would never have ventured to show his own wife to strange eyes.

568.—BY THE SAME

Fate carried me off but fourteen years old, the only child that Thalia bore to Didymus. Ah, ye Destinies, why were ye so hard-hearted, never bringing me to the bridal chamber or the sweet task of conceiving children? My parents were on the point of leading me to Hymen, but I went to loathed Acheron. But, ye gods, still, I pray, the plaints of my father and mother who wither away because of my death.

¹ What he means is "the race of life and death."
² See Herod. i. 11.
569.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Ναὶ λίτομαι, παροδίτα, φίλε κατάλεξον ἀκοίτη,
εὕτ' ἄν ἔμην λεύσῃς πατρίδα Θεσσαλίην.
“Κάθθαι σὴ παράκοιτος, ἔχει δὲ μιν ἐν χθονὶ τῦμβος,
αἰαί, Βουσπορίης ἐγγύθεν ἥδονος.
ἀλλὰ μοι αὐτὸθι τεῦχε κενήριον ἐγγύθι σεῖο,
ὄφρ' ἀναμιμνήσκῃ τῆς ποτὲ κουριδίης.”

570.—ἈΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Δουλκίτιοι μὲν ἀνακτεῖς ἄκρον βιότοιο πρὸς ὀλβον
ἡγαγον ἐξ ἀρετῆς καὶ κλέος ἀνθυπάτων.
ὡς δὲ φύσις μιν ἔλυσεν ἀπὸ χθονὸς, ἀθάνατοι μὲν
αὐτὸν ἐχοῦσι θεοὶ, σῶμα δὲ σηκὸς ὀδε.

571.—ΔΕΟΝΤΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

‘Ορφέος οἶχομένου, τάχα τις τότε λείπετο δούσα:
σεῦ δὲ, Πλάτων, φθιμένου, παύσατο καὶ κιθάρη;
ἥν γὰρ ἔτι προτέρων μελέων ὀλίγη τις ἀπορρόφη
ἐν σαῖς σωζομένη καὶ φρεσὶ καὶ παλάμαις.

572.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

Οὐχ ὅσιος λεχέσσειν ἐτέρπετο λάθρος ἀνήρ,
λέκτρον ὑποκλέπτων ἄλλοτρῆς ἀλόχου.
ἐξαπίνης δὲ δόμων ὀροφή πέσε, τοὺς δὲ κακοῦργους
ἔσκεπεν, ἀλλήλους εἰσέτι μισομένους.
ξυνή δ' ἀμφοτέρους κατέχει παγίς: εἰν ἐνὶ δ' ἄμφω 5
κείνται, συζυγίης οὐκέτι πανόμενοι.
Yea, I pray thee, traveller, tell my dear husband, when thou seest my country Thessaly, "Thy wife is dead and rests in her tomb, alas, near the shore of the Bosporus. But build me at home a cenotaph near thee, so that thou mayest be reminded of her who was once thy spouse."

Our princes, owing to his virtues, promoted Dulcitius to great wealth and proconsular rank; and now that Nature has released him from earth, the immortal gods possess himself, but this enclosure his body.

When Orpheus departed, perchance some Muse survived, but at thy death, Plato, the lyre ceased to sound. For in thy mind and in thy fingers there yet survived some little fragment at least of ancient music.

A certain man secretly took his pleasure in unholy intercourse, stealing the embraces of another man's wife; but of a sudden the roof fell in and buried the sinners still coupled. One trap holds both, and together they lie in an embrace that never ceases.

1 A contemporary musician.
573.—ΛΕΟΝΤΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ
Χειρεδίου τόδε σήμα, τὸν ἑττεθέν Ἀθῆς ἀρουρα
eικώνα ρητήρων τῆς προτέρης δεκάδοις,
ῥημιδίως πείθοντα δικαστούλου· ἄλλα δικαίων
οὐποτε τῆς ὀρθῆς οὐδ’ ὅσον ἐτράπετο.

574.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ
Θεσμοὶ μὲν μεμέλημεν συνήθεες Ἀγαθονίκω.
Μοῖρα δὲ δειμαίνειν οὐ δεδάκηκε νόμους·
ἀλλὰ μιν ἀριστάσασο σοφῶν ἦμερσε θεμίστων,
οὔπω τῆς νομίμης ἐμπλεον ἡλικίης.
οἴκτρα δ’ ὑπὲρ τύμβοιο καταστονάχισαν ἑταῖροι
κείμενον, οὐ θιάσου κόσμον ὀδυρόμενον.
ἡ δὲ κόμην τίλλουσα γόρφ πληκτίζετο μήτηρ,
αἰαὶ, τὸν λαγόνων μόχθοι ἐπισταμένη.
ἐμπηθ’ ὀλβίος οὔτος, ὅς ἐν νεότητι μαρανθεὶς
ἐκφυγε τὴν βιότου θᾶσσον ἀλητροσύνην.

575.—ΛΕΟΝΤΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ
Σῆμα Ῥόδης· Τυρίη δὲ γυνὴ πέλεν· ἀντὶ δὲ πάτρης
ἀκετο τήνδε πόλιν, κηδομένη τεκέων.
αὐτή ἀειμνήστοιο λέχος κόσμησε Γεμέλλου,
ὅς πάρος εὐνομίης ἱδονα θήκε πόλιν.
γρήγος μὲν μόρον εὐρεν, ὀφελλε δὲ μυρία κύκλα
ξούειν· τῶν ἁγαθῶν οὐ δεχόμεσθα κόρον.

576.—ΙΟΤΑΙΑΝΟΤ ΑΠΟ ΤΙΠΑΡΧΩΝ
ΑΙΓΓΠΙΟΤ
α. Κάθανες, δ’ Πύρρων; β. Ἐπέχω. α. Πυμάτην
μετὰ μοῖραν
φῆς ἑπέχεων; β. Ἐπέχω. α. Σκέψιν ἑπαυσε
τάφος.
573.—LEONTIUS SCHOLASTICUS

This is the tomb of Cheiredius whom the Attic land nourished, an orator the image of the ancient ten, ever easily convincing the judge, but when himself a judge never swerving a hair’s breadth from the straight path.

574.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

Agathonicus had diligently studied jurisprudence, but Fate has not learnt to fear the laws, and laying hands on him tore him from his learning in it, before he was of lawful age to practise. His fellow-students bitterly lamented over his tomb, mourning for the ornament of their company, and his mother tearing her hair in her mourning beat herself, remembering, alas, the labour of her womb. Yet blest was he in fading young and escaping early the iniquity of life.

575.—LEONTIUS SCHOLASTICUS

The tomb is Rhode’s. She was a Tyrian woman, and quitting her country came to this city for the sake of her children. She adorned the bed of Gemellus of eternal memory, who formerly was a professor of law in this city. She died in old age, but should have lived for thousands of years: we never feel we have enough of the good.

576.—JULIANUS, PREFECT OF EGYPT

A. “Are you dead, Pyrrho?”  
B. “I doubt it.”  
A. “Even after your final dissolution, do you say you doubt?”  
B. “I doubt.”  
A. “The tomb has put an end to doubt.”

1 The celebrated ten Attic orators.
2 The Sceptic philosopher.
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577.—TOY AYTOY

Ὁστὶς μὲ τριόδοιους μέσας τάρχυσε θανόντα,
λυγρὰ παθῶν τύμβου μηδ’ ὀλίγοι τύχοι,
πάντες ἐπεὶ Τίμωνα νέκων πατέουσιν οδίται,
καὶ μόροις ἄμμι μόνοις ἅμμορος ἰσυχίης.

578.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

Τὸν κρατερὸν Πανοπῆα, τῶν ἁγρευτῆρα λεόντων,
τὸν λασιοστέρων κέντορα παρδαλίων,
τύμβος ἔχειν γαλαφυρῆς γὰρ ἀπὸ χθονὸς ἔκτανε δεινὸς
σκορπίος, οὐτίσας ταρσὸν ὀρεσσιβάτην.
ἄγανές δὲ τάλαινα σίγουν τε πάρ χθονὶ κεῖται,
ἀιαῖ, θαρσαλέων παίγνια δορκαλίδων.

579.—ΛΕΟΝΤΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

Πέτρου ὀρᾶς ῥητήρος ἀεὶ γελόσαν ὀπωτὶν,
ἐξόχου εἰν ἀγοραῖς, ἐξόχου ἐν φιλίῃ.
ἐν δὲ Διονύσου θεούμενος ὀλετο μοῦνος,
ὑψόθεν ἐκ τέγεος σὺν πλεόνεσσι πεσόν.
βαιὼν ἐπικήσας, ὥσον ἡρκεσε. τοῦτον ἐγὼ γε
ἀγριον οὐ καλέω, τὸν δὲ φύσει θάνατον.

580.—ΙΟΤΑΙΑΝΟΤ ΑΙΓΓΙΤΙΟΤ

Ὅποτε με κρύψεις ὑπὸ πυθμένα νείατον αὕης
tόσον, ὥσον κρύψαι πάνσκοπον ὁμμα Δίκης.

581.—TOY AYTOY

Ἀντὶ φόνου τάφον ἄμμι χαρίζεαι, ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὸς
Everybody's iε. long enough to set his affairs in order.
BOOK VII. 577-581

577.—By the Same

May he who buried me at the cross-roads come to an ill end and get no burial at all; since all the travellers tread on Timon and in death, the portion of all, I alone have no portion of repose.

578.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

In this tomb rests strong Panopeus the lion-hunter, the piercer of shaggy-breasted panthers; for a terrible scorpion issuing from a hole in the earth smote his heel as he walked on the hills and slew him. On the ground, alas, lie his poor javelin and spear, to be the playthings of impudent deer.

579.—LEONTIAS SCHOLASTICUS

Thou seest the ever-smiling face of Peter the orator, excellent in debate, excellent in friendship. In the theatre whilst looking at the performance he fell from the roof with others and was the only one who died, after surviving a short time, sufficient for his needs.\(^1\) I call this no violent death, but a natural one.

580.—JULIANUS, PREFECT OF EGYPT

Never shalt thou hide me even in the very bottom of the earth in a manner that shall hide the all-seeing eye of Justice.\(^2\)

581.—By the Same

Thou givest me a tomb in return for murdering me, but may heaven grant thee in return the same kindness.

\(^1\) This and the following are supposed to be addressed to his murderers by a man killed by robbers. \(^{cp.}\) No. 310.
582.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Χαίρε μοι, ὅ ναυηγέ, καὶ εἰς Ἀἴδαο περίσσας
μέμφεο μὴ πόντου κύμασιν, ἀλλ' ἀνέμους.
κεῖνοι μὲν σ' ἐδάμασσαν· ἀλὸς δὲ σε μείλιχον ὕδωρ
ἐς χθόνα καὶ πατέρων ἐξεκύλισε τάφους.

583.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ
Ἄβαλε μηδ' ἐγένοντο γάμοι, μὴ νῦμφια λέκτρα·
οὐ γὰρ ἀν ὁδίνων ἐξεφάνη πρόφασις.
νῦν δ' ἡ μὲν τριτάλαια ἡμὴ τίκτουσα καθηται,
γαστρὶ δὲ δυσκόλπῳ νεκρὸν ἐνεστὶ τέκος·
τρισσῇ δ' ἀμφιλύκη δρόμον ὑψυσεν, ἐξὸτε μίμνει
τὸ βρέφος ἀπρίκτοις ἐλπίς τικτόμενον.
κούφῃ σοὶ τελέθει γαστήρ, τέκος, ἀντὶ κούνης·
αὑτὴ γὰρ σε φέρει, καὶ χθονὸς οὐ χατείεις.

584.—ΙΟΤΑΙΑΝΟΤ ΑΙΤΙΤΙΙΟΤ
Πλώεις ναυηγόν με λαβὼν καὶ σήματι χώσας·
πλῶε, Μαλειάων ἀκρα φυλασσόμενος·
αιεὶ δ' εὐπλοίην μεθέποις φίλος· ἢν δέ τι ρέξῃ
ἀλλο Τύχη, τούτων ἀντιάσαις χαρίτων.

585.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Μύγδων τέρμα βίοιο λαχών, αὐτόστολος ἤλθεν
εἰς αἴδην, νεκύων πορθμίδος οὐ χατέων.
ἡν γὰρ ἔχε ξώων βιοδότορα, μάρτυρα μόχθων,
ἂγραις εἰναλίαις πολλάκι βριθομένην,
BOOK VII. 582-585

582.—By the Same

Hail! thou ship-wrecked man, and when thou landest in Hades, blame not the waves of the sea, but the winds. It was they who overcame thee, but the kindly water of the sea cast thee out on the land by the tombs of thy fathers.

583.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

O would that marriage and bridal beds had never been, for then there would have been no occasion for child-bed. But now the poor woman sat in labour and in the unhappy recess of her womb lay the dead child. Three days passed and ever the babe remained with unfulfilled hope of its being born. The womb, O babe, instead of the dust rests lightly on thee, for it enwraps thee and thou hast no need of earth.

584.—JULIANUS, PREFECT OF EGYPT

Dost thou travel on the sea, thou who didst take up my ship-wrecked body and bury it in a tomb? Travel, but avoid Cape Malea, and mayst thou ever, my friend, find fair weather. But if Fortune be adverse, mayst thou meet with the same kindness.

585.—By the Same

Mygdon, the span of his life finished, went to Hades in his own boat, not requiring the ferry-boat of the dead. For she who was in life his support and the witness of his toil, often loaded with his
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tίνδε καὶ ἐν θανάτῳ λάχε σύνδρομον, εὕτε τελευτὴν 5
eйдето συλλήξας ὀλκάδι καιομένη.
οὕτω πιστῶν ἀνακτὶ πέλεν σκάφος, οἶκον ἄεξον
Μύγδοι, καὶ σύμπλουν ἐς βίου, ἐς θάνατον.

586.—TOY AYTOY

Οὕτι σε πόντος ὀλέσσε καὶ οὐ πνείοντες ἔήται,
ἀλλ’ ἀκόρητος ἔρως φοιτάδος ἐμπορίης.
εὕ ἔμοι γαϊς ὀλίγος βίος· ἐκ ἑ ἰαλάςσης
ἀλλοισιν μελέτω κέρδος ἀελλομάχον.

587.—TOY AYTOY

Εἰς Πάμφιλον φιλόσοφον

Χθών σε τέκεν, πόντος δὲ διώλεσε, δέκτο ὅ ὰθοκος
Πλούτης· κείθεν δ’ οὐρανῶν εἰσανέβης.
ο ὕ ως ναυηγός δέ βυθῳ θάνες, ἀλλ’ ἰνα πάντων
κλήρους ἀθανάτων, Πάμφιλε, κόσμου ἄγης.

588.—ΠΑΤΛΟΤ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΤ

Δαμόχαρις Μοίρης πυμάτην ὑπεδύσατο σιγήν.

φεῦ· τὸ καλὸν Μοῦσης βάρβιτων ἤρεμεί·
ὁλετο Γραμματικῆς ἱερὶ βάσις. ἀμφιρύτη Κῶς,
καὶ πάλι πένθος ἔχεις οἴνον ἐφ’ ἠπποκράτει.

589.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

Μηδὲν ἀπαγγείλειας ἐς Ἱ.Ἀντιόχειαν, ὀδίτα,

μὴ πάλιν οἰμώξῃ χεῦματα Κασταλίης,
prey from the sea, was his fellow-traveller in death too, when he came to his end in company with the burning boat; so faithful to her master was she, increasing his substance and travelling with him to life\(^1\) and to death.

586.—By the Same

It was not the sea which was thy end, and the gales, but insatiable love of that commerce which turned thee mad. Give me a little living from the land; let others pursue profit from the sea gained by fighting the storms.

587.—By the Same

On Pamphilus the Philosopher

The earth bore thee, the sea destroyed thee, and Pluto's seat received thee, and thence thou didst ascend to heaven. Thou didst not perish in the deep, Pamphilus, as one shipwrecked, but in order to add an ornament to the domains of all the immortals.

588.—Paulus Silentiarus

Damocharis passed into the final silence of Fate; alas! the Muses' lovely lyre is silent; the holy foundation of Grammar has perished. Sea-girt Cos, thou art again in mourning as for Hippocrates.

589.—Agathias Scholasticus

Bear not the message, traveller, to Antioch, lest again the streamlets of Castalia lament, because of a

\(^1\) i.e. to get his living. See No. 381 of which this is an imitation.
One of Justinian's generals.

The poet in these epigrams does not mention that Jus-
sudden at the age of seventeen Eustorgius left the Muse and his unfulfilled hope of learning in Roman Law, and to empty dust was changed the bloom of his youth. He lies in the tomb and instead of him we see his name and the colours of the brush.

590.—JULIANUS, PREFECT OF EGYPT

A. "Famous was Ioannes."  B. "Mortal, say."
A. "The son-in-law of an empress."  B. "Yes, but mortal."  A. "The flower of the family of Anastasius."  B. "And mortal too was he."  A. "Righteous in his life."  B. "That is no longer mortal. Virtue is stronger than death."

591.—By the Same

I am the tomb of Hypatius¹ and I do not say that I contain in this little space the remains of the great Roman general. For the earth, ashamed of burying so great a man in so small a tomb, preferred to give him to the sea to keep.

592.—By the Same

The emperor himself was wrath with the roaring sea for covering the body of Hypatius; for now he was dead he wished the last honours to be paid to him, and the sea hid him from the favour of his magnanimity. Hence, a great proof of the mildness of his heart, he honoured the distinguished dead with this cenotaph.²

tinian had Hypatius strangled and thrown into the sea as an indignity; but perhaps the poems are sarcastic rather than courtly.
593.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

Τὰν πάρος ἀνθῆσασι ἐν ἀγλαίᾳ καὶ ἀοιδᾶ,
τὰν πολυκυδίστου μνάμωνα θεσμοσύνα,
Εὐγενίαν κρύπτει χθονία κόνις: άι δ' ἐπὶ τοῦβφ
κείραντο πλοκάμους Μοῦσα, Θέμις, Παφίη.

594.—ΙΟΤΛΙΑΝΟΤ ΑΙΤΤΙΩΤ

Μημα σὸν, οὗ Θεόδωρε, πανατρικεῖς, οὐκ ἔπὶ τοῦβφ,
ἀλλ' ἐνὶ βιβλιακῶν μυριάσιν σελίδων,
αἰσιν ἀνεξώγρησας ἀπολλυμένων, ἀπὸ λήθης
ἀρπαξας, νοερῶν μόχθων ἀοιδοπόλων.

595.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Κάτθανε μὲν Θεόδωρος· ἀοιδοπόλων δὲ παλαιῶν
πληθὺς οἰχομένη νῦν θάνεν ἀτρεκέως.
πᾶσα γὰρ ἐμπνεοῦσιν συνέπνεε, πᾶσα δ' ἀπέσβη
σβενυμένου· κρύφθη δ' εἰν ἐνὶ πάντα τάφῳ.

596.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

Ναὶ μὰ τὸν ἐν γαίῃ πύματον δρόμουν, οὔτε μ' ἄκοιτις
ἐστυγεν, οὔτ' αὐτὸς Θεύδωτος Εὐγενίης
ἐχθρῶς ἐκῶν γενόμην· ἀλλὰ φόνοις ἣ τις ἄτη
ήμεας ἐς τόσσην ἤγαγεν ἀμπλακίνην.

νῦν δ' ἐπὶ Μινώθην καθαρὴν κρηπίδα μολόντες
ἀμφότεροι λευκὴν ψήφον ἑδεξάμεθα.
BOOK VII. 593-596

593.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

*On Eugenia his Sister*

The earth covers Eugenia who once bloomed in beauty and poesy, who was learned in the revered science of the law. On her tomb the Muse, Themis, and Aphrodite all shore their hair.

594.—JULIANUS, PREFECT OF EGYPT

Thy truest monument, Theodorus,¹ is not on thy tomb, but in the many thousand pages of thy books, in which, snatching them from oblivion, thou didst recall to life the labours of thoughtful poets.

595.—BY THE SAME

Theodorus died, and now the crowd of ancient poets is really dead and gone; for all breathed as long as he breathed, and the light of all is quenched with his; all are hidden in one tomb.

596.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

*On Theodotus his brother-in-law*

Nay! by this our last journey in the earth, neither did my wife hate me nor did I, Theodotus, willingly become Eugenia's enemy; but some envy or fatality led us into that great error. Now, having come to the pure bench of Minos, we were both pronounced not guilty.

¹ Seemingly a grammarian.
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597.—ΙΟΤΑΙΑΝΟΤ ΑΙΓΤΠΙΤΙΟΤ

Ἡ γλυκερὸν μέλψασα καὶ ἄλκιμον, ἢ θρόνον αὐ̂δῆς μούνη θηλυτέρης στήθεαι ῥηξαμένη,
κεῖται σιγαλένη τόσον ἔσθενε νῆματα Μοῖρας,
ὡς λυγυρὰ κλείσαι χείλεα Καλλιώτης.

598.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὔτε φύσις θήλεια, καὶ οὐ πολιοῖο καρῆνου ἀδρανὴ φωνὴς σῆς κατέλυσε βίην:
ἄλλα μόλις ξυνοίσαι νόμοις εἴξασα τελευτῆς,
φεῦ, φεῦ, Καλλιώτη, σὴν κατέλυσας ὁπα.

599.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Οὐνομα μὲν καλῆ, φρεσῆ δὲ πλέον ἢ προσώπῳ,
κάτθανεν φεῦ, Χαρίτων ἐξαπόλολεν ἔαρ.
καὶ γὰρ ἐν Παφίη πανομοίος, ἄλλα συνεύνῳ μοῦνῷ τοῖς δ' ἐτέρους Πάλλας ἐρεμονότατη.
τὰς λίθος οὐκ ἔγόσεσεν, ὥς ἐξήρπαξεν ἐκεῖνην εὐρυβίης Ἀἴδης ἀνδρὸς ἄπτ' ἀγκαλίδων;

600.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

"Ὧριος εἰχέ σε παστᾶς, ἀώριος εἶλε σε τύμβος,
εὔθαλέων Χαρίτων ἄνθος, Ἅναστασίη.
σοὶ γενέτης, σοὶ πικρὰ πόσις κατὰ δάκρυα λείψει,
σοὶ τάχα καὶ πορθμεὺς δακρυχέει νεκύων
οὐ γὰρ ὅλον λυκάβαντα διήνυσας ἀγχὶ συνεύνου,
ἄλλ' ἐκκαιδεκέτων, φεῦ, κατέχει σε τάφος.

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597.—JULIANUS, PREFECT OF EGYPT

Silent she lies, whose voice was sweet and brave, from whose bosom alone of women burst the fulness of song; so strong were the threads of Fate that they closed the tuneful lips of Calliope.

598.—BY THE SAME

Neither the weakness of thy sex, Calliope, nor that of old age, relaxed the strength of thy voice, but yielding with a hard struggle to the common law of death thou didst relax it, alas, alas!

599.—BY THE SAME

She is dead, Kale (Beautiful) by name and more so in mind than in face. Alas! the spring of the Graces has perished utterly. For very like was she to Aphrodite, but only for her lord; for others she was an unassailable Pallas. What stone did not mourn when the strong hand of Hades tore her from her husband's arms.

600.—BY THE SAME

Anastasia, flower of the blooming Graces, the marriage bed received thee in due season and the tomb before thy season. Both thy father and husband shed bitter tears for thee, and perchance even the ferry-man of the dead weeps for thee. For not even a whole year didst thou pass with thy husband, but the tomb holds thee aged alas! but sixteen.
601.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Φεύ, φεύ, ἀμετρήτων χαρίτων ἔαρ ἢδυ μαραίνει ἀμφὶ σοι ὤμοφάγον χεῖμα τὸ νερτερίων. καὶ σὲ μὲν ἤρπασε τύμβος ἀπ᾿ ἡμιώτιδος αὐγῆς, πέμπτου ἐφ᾿ ἐνδεκάτῳ πικρὸν ἄγουσαν ἐτος, σὸν δὲ πόσιν γενέτην τε κακαῖς ἀλάωσεν ἀνίαις, οἷς πλέον ἠλίου λάμπης, Ἀναστασία.

602.—ἌΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

Εὐστάθιε, γλυκερὸν μὲν ἔχεις τύπον· ἀλλὰ σὲ κηρὸν δέρκομαι, οὕδ᾿ ἔτι σοι κείνο τὸ λαρὸν ἐτος ἔξεται ἐν στομάτεσσι· τεῇ δ᾿ εὐάνθεμος ἡβη, αἰαὶ, μαψιδὴν νῦν χθονὸς ἐστὶ κόνις. πέμπτου καὶ δεκάτου γάρ ἐπιψαύσας ἐνιαυτοῦ τετράκις ἔξ μοῦνοις ἕδρακες ἥελιος· οὐδὲ τεοῦ πάπτου θρόνος ἤρκεσεν, οὐ γενετήρος ὀλβος. πᾶς δὲ τῇν εἰκόνα δερκόμενος τῇν ἄδικον Μοῖραν καταμέμφεται, οὐνεκα τοίην, ἀ μέγα νηλείης, ἐσβεσεν ἀγλαῖνη.

603.—ΙΟΤΑΙΑΝΟΤ ΑΠΟ ΤΙΠΑΡΧΩΝ ΑΙΓΓΠΙΤΙΟΤ

α. Ἀγριός ἔστι Χαρων. β. Πλέον ῥπιος. α. Ἡρ-πασεν ῥῆδη τὸν νέον. β. Ἀλλὰ νῶ ὁς τοῖς πολιοὶσειν ῥην. α. Τερπωλῆς δ᾿ ἀπέπαυσεν. β. Ἀπεστυφέλιζε δὲ μόχθων.
α. Οὐκ ἐνόησε γάμους. β. Οὐδὲ γάμων ὀδύνασ.
BOOK VII. 601-603

601.—By the Same

Alas! Alas! the winter of savage Hell nips the spring of thy countless charms; the tomb has torn thee from the light of the sun at the sad age of sixteen years, and has blinded with evil grief thy husband and thy father, for whom, Anastasia, thou didst shine brighter than the sun.

602.—Agathias Scholasticus

Eustathius, sweet is thy image, but I see thee in wax, and no longer doth that pleasant speech dwell in thy mouth. Alas, thy blooming youth is now futile dust of earth. For after reaching thy fifteenth year thou didst look only on twenty-four suns. Neither thy grandfather's high office helped thee, nor the riches of thy father. All who look on thy image blame unjust Fate, ah! so merciless, for quenching the light of such beauty.

603.—Julianus, Prefect of Egypt

A. "Charon is savage."  B. "Kind rather."  A. "He carried off the young man so soon."  B. "But in mind he was the equal of greybeards."  A. "He cut him off from pleasure."  B. "But he thrust him out of the way of trouble."  A. "He knew not wedlock."  B. "Nor the pains of wedlock."
604.—ΠΑΤΑΛΟΤ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΤ

Δέκτρα σοι ἀντὶ γάμων ἐπιτύμβια, παρθένε κοῦρη,
ἐστὶρεσαί παλάμαις πενθαλέαις γενέται.
καὶ σὺ μὲν ἀμπλακίας βιότου καὶ μόχθον Ἕλευθοὺς
ἐκφυγες· οί δὲ γών πικρῶν ἔχουσι νέφος.
δωδεκέτιν γὰρ μοῖρα, Μακηδονίη, σε καλύπτει,
κάλλεσιν ὀπλοτέρην, ἥθεσι γηραλέην.

605.—ΙΟΤΑΙΑΝΟΤ ΑΠΟ ΤΠΑΡΧΩΝ
ΑΙΓΥΠΤΙΟΤ

Σοι σορον εὐλαίγγα, ὁ Ῥόδοι, καὶ τύμβον ἐγείρει,
ῥύσια τε ψυχής δῶρα πένυσι νέμει,
ἀντ' εὐεργεσίας ἀλκερός πόσις· ὅτι θανοῦσα
ὡκύμορος κεῖνῳ δῶκας ἐλευθερίην.

606.—ΠΑΤΑΛΟΤ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΤ

Πρῆις, ἐλευθερίην ἐπτειμένος, ἡδὺς ἰδέοθαι,
ἐν βιότῳ προλιπῶν νείᾳ γηροκόμου,
tύμβον ἔχει Θεόδώρου ἐπ' ἐλπίδι κρέσσου μοίρης,
ὁλβιος ἐν καμάτοις, ὁλβιος ἐν θανάτῳ.

607.—ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ ΑΛΕΞΑΝΔΡΕΩΣ

Ψυλλὼ πρεσβυγενῆς τοῖς κληρονόμοις φθονέσασα,
αὐτὴ κληρονόμος τῶν ἱδίων γέγονεν·
ἀλλομένη δὲ τάχος κατέβη δόμον εἰς Ἀἰδαο,
taῖς δαπάναις τὸ ζῆν σύμμετρον εὐρομένη.
pάντα φαγοῦσα βίον συναπώλετο ταῖς δαπάναισιν·
ἤλατο δ' εἰς αἰδήν, ὡς ἀπεκερμάτισεν.

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BOOK VII. 604–607

604.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

Maiden, thy parents with sorrowing hands made thy funeral, not thy wedding bed. The errors of life and the labour of childbirth thou hast escaped, but a bitter cloud of mourning sits on them. For Fate hath hidden thee, Macedonia, aged but twelve, young in beauty, old in behaviour.

605.—JULIANUS, PREFECT OF EGYPT

Your sweet husband, Rhodo, builds a sarcophagus of fine marble and a tomb for you and gives alms to the poor to redeem your soul, in return for your kindness in dying early and giving him freedom.

606.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

Gentle, clothed in freedom, sweet of aspect, leaving alive a son who tended his old age, Theodorus rests here in hope of better things than death, happy in his labour and happy in his death.

607.—PALLADAS OF ALEXANDRIA

Old Psyllo, grudging her heirs, made herself her own heir and with a quick leap went down to the house of Hades, contriving to end her life and her outlay at the same time. Having eaten up all her fortune, she perished together with her spending power, and jumped to Hades when her last penny was gone.
608.—ΕΤΤΟΛΜΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ ΙΛΑΟΤΣΤΡΙΟΤ

Τίέος ὧκυμόρου θάνατον πενθοῦσα Μενίππη
κωκυτῷ μεγάλῳ πνεῦμα συνεξέχεεν,
οὐδ᾽ ἐσχεν παλύνορον ἀναπνεύσασα γοησαί,
ἀλλ᾽ αμα καὶ θρήνοι παύσατο καὶ βιότοιν.

609.—ΠΑΤΛΟΤ ΣΙΔΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΤ

Ἄττικὸς ἐς ξυνήν με παναγρέος ἐλπίδα μοίρης
θυμῷ θαρσαλέω ζῶν ἐλάχῃνε τάφουν,
παῖζον ἐξ ἀρετῆς θανάτου φόβουν. ᾿ἄλλ᾽ ἐπί δηρὸν
ἥλιος σοφίς μμυντῶ ἥλιῳ.

610.—ΠΑΛΑΑΔΑ ΑΛΕΞΑΝΔΡΙΟΤ

"Ἡρπασέ τις νύμφην, καὶ τὸν γάμον ἡρπασέ δαίμων,
ψυχῶν συλήσας τερπομένην ἀγέλην.
eἰς γάμος εἰκοσιπέντε τάφους ἐπλησε θανόντων.
πάνδημος δὲ νεκρῶν εἰς γέγονεν θάλαμος.
νύμφη Περθεσίλεια πολύστονε, νυμφίε Περθεῦ,
ἀμφοτέρων ὁ γάμος πλοῦσιος ἐν θανάτοις.

611.—ΕΤΤΟΛΜΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ ΙΛΑΟΤΣΤΡΙΟΤ

Παρθενικὴν Ἐλένην μετ᾽ ἀδελφέων ἄρτι θανόντα
dειλαίη μήτηρ κόψατο διπλασίως.
μυαστηρές δ᾽ ἐγόησαν ἰσον γόον. ἦν γὰρ ἐκάστῳ
θρήνειν τὴν μῆτω μηδενὸς ὡς ἴδιην.
BOOK VII. 608-611

608.—EUTOLMIUS SCHOLASTICUS, ILLUSTRIS

Menippe, mourning the early death of her son, sent forth her spirit together with her loud dirge, nor could she recover it to utter another wail, but at the same moment ceased from lament and from life.

609.—PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

Atticus with a bold heart dug me this tomb in his life-time, in anticipation of the common fate that overtakes all men, mocking the fear of death owing to his virtue. But long may the sun of wisdom remain beneath the sun.

610.—PALLADAS OF ALEXANDRIA

One carried off a bride and Fate carried off the wedding party, despoiling of life the merry company. One wedding sent four and twenty corpses to their graves, and one chamber became their common mortuary. Penthesilea, unhappy bride, Pentheus bridegroom of sorrow, rich in deaths was your marriage!

611.—EUTOLMIUS SCHOLASTICUS, ILLUSTRIS

In double grief her wretched mother bewailed maiden Helen dead just after her brother. Her suitors too lamented her equally, for each could mourn for her as his own who was yet no one’s.

1 Both names derived from penthos, “mourning,” and of course fictitious.
612.—ΑΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

Φευ, φευ, τήν δεκάτην Ἐλικωνίδα, τήν λυραοίδον ᾽Ρώμης καὶ Φαρίης, ἢδε κέκενυθε κόνις.

613.—ΔΙΟΓΕΝΟΤΣ ΕΠΙΣΚΟΠΟΤ ΑΜΙΣΟΤ

Ἐπὶ Διογένει αδελφόπαιδι

614.—ἈΓΑΘΙΟΤ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΤ

Ἐλλάνις τριμάκαιρα καὶ ᾧ χαρίεσσα Λάμαξις ἡστην μὲν πάτρας φέγγεα Λεσβιάδος.

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612.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

Alas! alas! this earth covers the tenth Muse, the lyric chanter of Rome and Alexandria. They have perished, the notes of the lyre; song hath perished as if dying together with Joanna. Perchance the nine Muses have imposed on themselves a law worthy of them—to dwell in Joanna’s tomb instead of on Helicon.

613.—DIOGENES, BISHOP OF AMISUS

On his nephew Diogenes

This monument of thy radiant youth, Diogenes, did thy Phrygian father erect to thee on the Euxine Sea—alas! how far from thy home. The decree of God brought thee here to die, a sorrow fore-doomed for me, thy father’s brother, who having laid thee out with my consecrated hand and with prayer, put thee to rest here beside the dancing-place of the blest.¹

614.—AGATHIAS SCHOLASTICUS

Thrice blessed Hellanis and lovely Lamaxis were the stars of their Lesbian home; and when Paches, sailing here with the Athenian ships, ravaged the territory of Mytilene, he conceived a guilty passion for the young matrons and killed their husbands, thinking thus to force them. They, taking ship across the wide Aegean main, hurried to steep Mopsopia² and complained to the people of the actions of wicked Paches, until they drove him to an evil

¹ i.e. the church. ² Athens.
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toía mén, ó koúra, peπonήκατον ἀψ δ' ἐπὶ πάτραν ἴκετον, ἐν δ' αὐτὰ κεῖσθον ἀποφθιμέναν·
ev de πόνων ἀπόνασθον, ἐπεὶ ποτὶ σὰμα συνεύνων
eudetον, ἐς κλεινὰς μνάμα σαοφροσύνας·
ύμνεύσων δ' ἐτι πάντες ὀμόφρονας ἴρωνας,
pátraς καὶ ποσίων πίματα τισαμένας.

615.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Εὐμόλπου φίλον υἱὸν ἔχει τὸ Φαληρικὸν οὐδας
Μουσαίον, φθίμενον σῶμ' ὑπὸ τὸ δὲ τάφῳ.

616.—ΑΛΛΟ

"Ὡδε Λίνου Θηβαίου ἐδέξατο γαῖα θανόντα,
Μοῦσης Οὐρανίης υἱὸν ἑὐστεφάνου.

617.—ΑΛΛΟ

Θρήικα χρυσολύρην τῆδε 'Ορφέα Μοῦσαι ἔθαψαν,
δὲ κτάνειν ὑψιμέδων Ζεὺς ψολόεις βέλει.

618.—ΑΛΛΟ

"Ἀνδρα σοφὸν Κλεόβουλον ἀποφθιμένου καταπευθεὶ
ὃδε πάτρα Λίνδος πόντῳ ἀγαλλομένη.

619.—ΑΛΛΟ

Πλούτου καὶ σοφίς πρύτανιν πατρὶς ἤδε Κόρινθος
cόλποις ἀγχίαλος γῇ Περίανδρον ἔχει.

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doom. This, ladies, ye accomplished, and returning to your country lie in it dead. And a good guerdon ye have for your pains, since ye sleep hard by your husbands, a monument of glorious virtue, and all still sing the praises of the heroines, one in heart, who avenged the sufferings of their country and of their lords.¹

615.—Anonymous

The earth of Phaleron holds Musaeus, Eumolpus’ dear son, dead under this tomb.

616.—Anonymous

Here the earth received at his death Linus of Thebes, son of the fair-wreathed Muse Urania.

617.—Anonymous

Here the Muses buried Thracian Orpheus of the golden lyre, whom Zeus, who reigneth on high, slew with his smoking bolt.

618.—Anonymous

This, his country Lindos, that glories in the sea, mourns wise Cleobulus dead.

619.—Anonymous

This, his country Corinth, that lies near the sea, holds in her bosom Periander, supreme in wealth and wisdom.

¹ This incident, like that in No. 492, is probably derived from a romance.
620.—ΔΙΟΓΕΝΟΤΣ ΛΑΕΡΤΙΟΤ
Μήποτε λυπήση σε τὸ μή σε τυχεῖν τινος, ἀλλὰ
tέρπεο πᾶσιν ὠμῶς οἶς δίδωσι θεοῖς,
cαὶ γὰρ θυμίζεςας ὁ σοφὸς Περίανδρος ἀπέσβη,
σύνεκεν οὐκ ἐτυχεν πρήξιοι ἂς ἔθελεν.

621.—ΑΔΕΣΙΠΟΤΟΝ
’Ενθάδ’ ἔγον Σοφοκλῆς στυγερὸν δόμον "Αίδος ἔσβην
κάμμορος, εἴδατι Σαρδῶφ σελίνοιο γελάσκοιν.
ὡς μὲν ἐγών, ἔτεροι δ’ ἄλλως: πάντες δὲ τε πάντως.

622.—ΑΝΤΙΦΙΛΟΤ ΒΤΖΑΝΙΟΤ
Βόρχος ὁ βουτάμην ὅτ’ ἐπὶ γλυκὺ κηρίον ἔιρπεν,
αἰγίλιπα σχοίνῳ πέτρον ἐπερχόμενος,
εἴπετο οἱ σκυλάκων τις ὁ καὶ βοσίν, ὅς φάγει λεπτὴν
σχοίνον ἀνελκομένῳ χραιμομένην μέλιττι:
κάππεσε δ’ εἰς ’Αίδαο: τὸ δ’ ἀτρυγιές ἀνδράσιν ἄλλοις 5
κεῖνο μέλι ψυχῆς ὄνιον εἰρύσατο.

623.—ΑΙΜΙΛΙΑΝΟΤ
"Ἐλκε, τάλαν, παρὰ μητρὸς δὲν οὐκετέ μαστὸν ἀμέλξεις,
ἐλκυσον ὡστάτιον νὰμα καταφθιμένης·
ἡδὴ γὰρ ξιφιέσσει λεπόπνουσ· ἀλλὰ τὰ μητρὸς
φίλτρα καὶ εἰν ἁίδη παιδοκομεῖν ἐμαθεν.

1 This poisonous herb contracted the muscles, so as to give
the appearance of grinning. We do not know who this
Sophocles was.

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BOOK VII. 620-623

620.—DIOGENES LAERTIUS

Never be vexed at not getting anything, but rejoice in all the gifts of God. For wise Periander died of disappointment at not attaining the thing he wished.

621.—Anonymous

Here I, unhappy Sophocles, entered the house of Hades, laughing, because I ate Sardinian celery. So perished I, and others otherwise, but all in some way or other.

622.—ANTIPHILUS OF BYZANTIUM

When Borchus the neat-herd went to get the sweet honey-comb, climbing the steep rock by a rope, one of his dogs who used to follow the herd followed him, and, as he was pulling himself up, bit through the thin rope which was trickling with honey. He fell into Hades, grasping, at the cost of his life, that honey which no other man could harvest.

623.—AEMILIANUS

Suck, poor child, at the breast whereat thy mother will never more suckle thee; drain the last drops from the dead. She hath already rendered up her spirit, pierced by the sword, but a mother’s love can cherish her child even in death.²

² This probably refers to a picture by Aristides of Thebes.
624.—ΔΙΟΔΩΡΟΣ

"Ερροις, Ἰωνίωιο πολυπτούχητε θάλασσα, 

νηλίσ, Ἀίδεω πορθμὲ κελαυνοτάτου, 

ἡ τόσσους κατέδεξο. τίς ἂν τεά, κάμμορε, λέξαι 

αἰσυλα, δυστήνων αἰσχον ὀπιζόμενος; 

Λιγέα καὶ Λαβέωνα σὺν ὀκυμόροισιν ἑταῖροις 

νηὲ τε σὺν πάσῃ βρύξας ἀλιρροθίη.

625.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΣ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΣ

Εἰδοτα κῆπ' Ἀτλαντα τεμεῖν πόρον, εἰδότα Κρήτης 

κύματα καὶ πόντου ναυτιλίην μέλανος, 

Καλλιγένεις Διώδωρον Ὀλύνθιον ἵσθι θανόντα 

ἐν λιμένι, πρώρης νύκτερον ἐκχύμενον, 

δαίτος ἐκεῖ τὸ περίσσον ὅτ' ἦμεν. ἀ πόσον ὤδωρ 

ὦλεσε τὸν τόσσῳ κεκριμένον πελάγει.

626.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΣ

'Εσχατιαὶ Διβύων Νασαμωνίδες, οὐκέτι θηρῶν 

ἐθνεσιν ἤπειρον νῶτα βαρυνόμεναι, 

ἡχοὶ ἐρημαίαισιν ἐπηπτύσεσθε λεόντων 

ἀργαῖς ψαμάθους ἀχρὶς ὑπὲρ Νομάδων, 

φύλον ἑπεὶ νηριθμοῦν ἐν ἵχνοπέδαισιν ἀγρευθέν 

ἐς μίαν αἰχμηταῖς Καϊσαρ ἔθηκεν ὁ παῖς: 

αἱ δὲ πρὶν ἀγραύλου ἐγκοιτάδες ἀκρώρειαι 

θηρῶν, νῦν ἀνδρῶν εἰσὶ βοηλασίαι.

1 Not the Euxine, but a part of the Thracian Sea.

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BOOK VII. 624–626

624.—DIODORUS

Out on thee, dreaded Ionian Sea, pitiless water, ferrier of men to blackest Hades, thou who hast engulfed so many. Who, with the fate of the unfortunates before his eyes, shall tell all thy crimes, ill-starred sea? Thou hast swallowed in thy surges Aegeus and Labeo, with their short-lived companions and their whole ship.

625.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

Know that Diodorus, the son of Calligenes of Olynthus, who could make his way even as far as Atlas, and knew the Cretan waters and the navigation of the Black Sea,1 died in port, falling off the prow at night, while he was spewing out the excess of the feast. Ah, how small a bit of water was fatal to him who had been proved in so vast an expanse of ocean!

626.—Anonymous

(Not Sepulchral)

Ye furthest Nasamonian wilds of Libya, no longer, your expanse vexed by the hordes of wild beasts of the continent, shall ye ring in echo, even beyond the sands of the Nomads, to the voice of lions roaring in the desert, since Caesar the son has trapped the countless tribe and brought it face to face with his fighters.2 Now the heights once full of the lairs of prowling beasts are pasturage for the cattle of men.

2 i.e. the bestiarii in the circus.
627.—ΔΙΟΔΩΡΟΤ

'Ἡμιτελὴ θάλαμον τε καὶ ἐγγύθι νυμφικὰ λέκτρα, 
κοῦρε, λυπῶν ὅλοιν οἰμον ἔβης 'Αἴδου.
Θύμιον 'Αστακίην δὲ μᾶλ' ἥκασες, ἢ σε μάλιστα 
οἰκτρὰ τὸν ἡβητὴν κόκκυν ὑθεοῦν,
Ἰππάρχου κλαίουσα κακῶν μόρον, εἶκοσὶ ποιὰς 
μοῦνον ἐπεὶ βιότου πλῆσαο καὶ πίσυρας.

628.—ΚΡΙΝΑΓΟΡΟΤ

'Ἡργήσαντο καὶ ἄλλαι ἐδώ πάρος οἴνομα νῆσοι 
ἀκλεές, ἐς δ' ἀνδρῶν ἥλθον ὀμωνυμήν.
κληθείντε καὶ ἅμμες 'Ερωτίδες· οὐ νέμεσις τοι,
'Οξείας, ταύτην κλήσιν ἀμενισμέναιν.
παίδι γὰρ, διὸ τύμβῳ Δίης ὑπεθήκατο βόλου,
οἴνομα καὶ μορφὴν αὐτῶς ἐδωκεν 'Ερως.
ὁ χθὼν σηματόεσσα, καὶ ἢ παρὰ θινὶ θάλασσα,
παίδι σὺ μὲν κούφη κεῖσο, σὺ δ' ἡσυχία.

629.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ

'Ἡ χθαμαλὴν ὑπέδως ὁ τόσος κόιν; εἰς σὲ τὶς ἄθρον,
Σώκρατες, 'Ελλήνων μέμψεται ἀκρισίην,
νῆλες, οὐ τὸν ἄριστον ἀπώλεσαν, οὔδὲ ἐν αἰδοὶ 
δόντες. τοιοῦτοι πολλάκι Κεκροπίδαι.

630.—ΑΝΤΙΦΙΛΟΤ ΒΤΖΑΝΤΙΟΤ

"Ἡδη ποὺ πάτρης πελάσας σχεδον, "Αύριον," εἶπον,
"ἡ μακρὴ κατ' ἐμον δυσπλοῖν κοπᾶσε." 
οὐπω χεῖλος ἐμμυσε, καὶ ἢν ἦσον "Αἰδί πόντος,
καὶ με κατέπρυχεν κεῖνο τὸ κούφον ἐπος.
πάντα λόγου πεφυλαξο τὸν αὔριον· οὔδὲ τὰ μικρὰ 
λύθει τὴν γλώσσης ἀντίπαλον Νέμεσιν.
627.—DIODORUS

Leaving thy bridal-chamber half prepared, thy wedding close at hand, thou hast gone, young man, down the baneful road of Hades; and sorely hast thou afflicted Thynion of Astacus, who most piteously of all lamented for thee, dead in thy prime, weeping for the evil fate of her Hipparchus, seeing thou didst complete but twenty-four years.

628.—CRINAGORAS

Other islands ere this have rejected their inglorious names and named themselves after men. Be called Erotides (Love islands), ye Oxeiai (Sharp islands); it is no shame for you to change; for Eros himself gave both his name and his beauty to the boy whom Dies laid here beneath a heap of clods. O earth, crowded with tombs, and sea that washest on the shore, do thou lie light on the boy, and thou lie hushed for his sake.

629.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

Dost thou who art so great rest in so shallow a soil? He who looks at thee, Socrates, must blame the unwisdom of the Greeks. Merciless judges! who slew the best of men, nor shamed them one jot. Such often are the Athenians.

630.—ANTIPHILUS OF BYZANTIUM

Now nearing my country I said, “To-morrow shall this wind that blew so long against me abate.” Scarce had I closed my lips when the sea became like hell, and that light word I spoke was my destruction. Beware ever of that word “to-morrow”; not even little things are unnoticed by the Nemesis that is the foe of our tongues.
631.—ΑΠΟΛΑΩΝΙΔΟΤ

"Ἡν ἄρα Μιλήτου Φοιβήτου <δρμον> ἱκησθε, λέξατε Διογένει πένθιμον ἄγγελην, πάς ὅτι οἱ ναυηγοὶ ὕπο χθονὶ κεύθεται Ἄνδρου Δίφιλος, Αἰγαίου κῦμα πιὸν πελάγευς.

632.—ΔΙΟΔΩΡΟΤ

Κλίμακος ἔξ ὀλυγῆς ὀλύγον βρέφος ἐν Διοδώρου κάπτεσεν, ἐκ δ' ἐγῇ καίριον ἀστράγαλον, δινθεὶς προκάρηνος. ἐπεὶ δ' ὑπὲρ θείον ἀνακτά ἀντόμενοι, παιδνᾶς αὐτίκ' ἔτεινε χέρας. ἄλλα σὺ νηπιάχου δμώς, κόνι, μῆπτοτε βρῖθειν ὅστεα, τοῦ διετοὺς φειδομένη Κόρακος.

633.—ΚΡΙΝΑΓΟΡΟΤ

Καὶ αὐτὴ ἤξυλυσεν ἀκρέσπερος ἀντέλλουσα μήνη, πένθος ἐὼν νυκτὶ καλυψάμενη, οὕνεκα τῇν χαρίεσσαν ὀμώνυμον εἴδε Σελίήνην ἀπνοοῦν εἰς ξοφερὸν δυνομένην αἰδην. κεῖνῃ γὰρ καὶ κάλλος ἐοῦ κοινώσατο φωτὸς, καὶ θάνατον κεῖνης μίζεν ἐδ' κυνέφει.

634.—ΑΝΤΙΦΙΔΟΤ ΒΤΖΑΝΤΙΟΤ

Νεκροδόκον κλιντὴρα Φίλων ὁ πρέσβυς ἀείρων ἐγκλιδόν, ὀφρὰ λάβοι μισθὸν ἐφημέριον, σφίλματος ἐξ ὀλίγου πεσὼν θάνεν. ἦν γὰρ ἐτοιμος εἰς αἰδην, ἐκάλει δ' ἡ πολιη πρόφασιν. ὄν δ' ἀλλοις ἐφόρει νεκυοστόλου, αὐτὸς ἐφ' αὐτῷ ἀσκάντην ὁ γέρων ἀχθοφορῶν ἔλαθεν.
631.—APOLLONIDES

If thou comest to Apollo’s harbour at Miletus, give to Diogenes the mournful message that his shipwrecked son Diphilus lies in Andrian earth, having drunk the water of the Aegean Sea.

632.—DIODORUS

A little child in Diodorus’ house fell from a little ladder, but falling head first broke the vertebra of its neck, to break which is fatal. But when it saw its revered master running up, it at once stretched out its baby arms to him. Earth, never lie heavy on the bones of the little slave child, but be kind to two-year-old Corax.

633.—CRINAGORAS

The moon herself, rising at early eve, dimmed her light, veiling her mourning in night, because she saw her namesake, pretty Selene, going down dead to murky Hades. On her she had bestowed the beauty of her light, and with her death she mingled her own darkness.

634.—ANTIPHILUS

Old Philo, stooping to lift the bier to gain his daily wage, stumbled slightly, but fell and was killed; for he was ripe for Hades, and old age was on the look out for an opportunity; and so all unawares he lifted for himself that bier on which he used to carry the corpses of others.
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635.—TOY AYTOY

Ναῦν Ἰεροκλείδης ἔσχεν σύγγηρον, ὁμόπλουν,
τὴν αὐτήν ζωῆς καὶ θανάτου σύνοδον,
πιστὴν ἱχθυβολεύτην συνέμπορον. οὕτως ἐκείνης
πώποτ' ἐπέπλωσεν κύμα δικαιοτέρη.
γῆρας ἄχρις ἔβοσκε πονεμένη· εἶτα θανόντα
ἐκτέρισεν· συνέπλω δ' ἄχρι καὶ Ἀίδεω.

636.—KRINAGOROT

Πομην ὃ μάκαρ, εἶδε κατ' οὐρεος ἐπροβάτευον
κηρώ, ποιηρον τούτ' ἀνὰ λευκόλοφον,
κροί φιλητήρι ποτ' ἐβληθημένα βάζων,
η πικρὴ βάψαι νήσχα πηδάλια
άλμη. τοιγάρ ἔδων ὑποβεύθιοι· ἀμφὶ δὲ ταῦτην
θίνα μὲ ροιβδήσας Εὔρος ἐφωρμίσατο.

637.—ANTIPATROT

Πύρρος ὁ μουνερέτης ὀλίγη νηθ λεπτὰ ματεὺσων
φυκία καὶ τριχίνης μαυίδας ἐκ καθήσης,
ηΐόνων ἀποτῆλε τυπείς κατέδουπτε κεραυνῷ.
νηθὺς δὲ πρὸς αὐγιαλοὺς ἐδραμεν αὐτομάτη
ἀγγελίην θείῳ καὶ λιγνύῃ μνησόνσα,
καὶ φράσαι Ἀργόθην ὁυκ ἐπόθησε τρόπιν.

638.—KRINAGOROT

Παίδων ἀλλαχθέντι μόρῳ ἐπὶ τούτ' ἐλεεινὴ
μήτηρ ἀμφοτέρους εἶπε περισχομένη·
"Καὶ νέκυν οὐ σέο, τέκνον, ἐπ' ἡματι τῶδε γοήσειν
ηλπίσα, καὶ ξωοίς οὐ σε μετεσσόμενον
ύψεσθαι· νῦν δ' οἱ μὲν ἐς υμέας ἡμείφθησαν
daímones, ἄψευστον δ' ἰκετο πένθος ἐμοῖ."
BOOK VII. 635–638

635.—By the Same

Hierocles' boat grew old with him, always travelled with him, and accompanied him in life and in death. It was his faithful fishing partner, and no juster boat ever sailed the waves. It laboured to keep him until his old age, and then it buried him when he was dead, and travelled with him to Hades.¹

636.—Crinagoras

O happy shepherd, would that I, too, had led my sheep down this grassy white knoll, answering the bleatings of the rams that lead the flock, rather than dipped in the bitter brine the rudder to guide my ship. Therefore I sunk to the depths, and the whistling east wind brought me to rest on this beach.

637.—Antipater of Thessalonica

Pyrrhus the solitary oarsman, fishing with his hair-line for small hakes and sprats from his little boat, fell, struck by a thunderbolt, far away from the shore. The boat came ashore of itself, bearing the message by sulphur and smoke, and had no need of a speaking keel like that of Argo.

638.—Crinagoras

The poor mother, when the expected fate of her two sons was reversed, spoke thus, clasping both of them: "Neither did I hope, my child, to weep for thee to-day, nor, my child, to see thee yet among the living. Now your fates have been interchanged, but sorrow undeniable has come to me."

¹ cp. Nos. 305, 381, 585, above.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

639.—ANTIPATROT

Πᾶσα θάλασσα θάλασσα· τί Κυκλάδας ἢ στενὸν ἔλλης
cῦμα καὶ Ὁξείας ἢλεά μεμφόμεθα;
άλλως τούνομ’ ἔχουσιν’ ἐπεὶ τί με, τὸν προφυγόντα
κεῖνα, Σκαρφαμεὺς ἀμφεκάλυψε λιμήν;
νόστιμον εὐπλοθήν ἀρωτό τις· ὡς τὰ γε πόντου
πόντος, ὁ τυμβενθεὶς οἴδεν Ἀρισταγόρης.

640.—TOY AYTOY

Ῥιγηλὴ ναύταις ἐρέφουν δύσις, ἀλλὰ Πύρωνι
πουλὸν γαληναίη χείματος ἐχθροτέρη·
vίςα γὰρ ἄπνοιῃ πεπεδημένου ἐφθασε ναύταις
ληιστέων ταχινὴ δίκροτος ἑσσυμένη·
χείμα δὲ μὲν προφυγόντα γαληναίῳ ἐπ’ ὀλέθρῳ
ἐκτανοῦν· ἀ λυγρῆς δειλὲ καχορμισίης.

641.—ANTIFIDOT

Σῆμα δυσδεκάμοιρου ἄφεγγεος ἦλιοιο,
tοσσάκης ἀγλώσσῳ φθεγγόμενου στόματι,
eὔτ’ ἀν θλιβομένου ποτὶ στενὸν ὤδατος ἀὴρ
αὐλὸν ἀποστείλῃ πνεῦμα διωλύγιον,
θῆκεν Ἀθηναῖος δῆμῳ χάριν, ὡς ἀν ἐναργῆς
eἰη κην φθονεραὶς ἦλιος νεφέλαις.

642.—APOLLONIDOT

Σύρου καὶ Δῆλου κλύδων μέσος νῦν Μενοίτην
σὺν φόρτῳ Σαμίου κρύψε Διαφανεῖος,
eἰς ὄσιον σπεύδοντα πλὸν τάχος· ἀλλὰ θάλασσα
ἐχθρῇ καὶ νοῦσῳ πατρὸς ἑπενυμένοις.
639.—ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

Every sea is sea. Why do we foolishly blame the Cyclades, or the Hellespont, and the Sharp Isles? They merit not their evil fame; for why, when I had escaped them, did the harbour of Scarphaea2 drown me? Let who will pray for fair weather to bring him home; Aristagoras, who is buried here, knows that the sea is the sea.

640.—BY THE SAME

Fearsome for sailors is the setting of the Kids, but for Pyro calm was far more adverse than storm. For his ship, stayed by calm, was overtaken by a swift double-oared pirate galley. He was slain by them, having escaped the storm but to perish in the calm. Alas, in what an evil harbour ended his voyage!

641.—ANTIPHILUS

(Not Sepulchral, but on a Water-clock)

This recorder of the invisible sun, divided into twelve parts, and as often speaking with tongueless mouth, each time that, the water being compressed in the narrow pipe, the air sends forth a sonorous blast, was erected by Athenaeus for the public, so that the sun might be visible even when covered by envious clouds.

642.—APOLLONIDES

Between Syrus and Delos the waves engulfed Menoetes of Samos, son of Diaphanes, together with his cargo. For a pious purpose was he hurrying home, but the sea is the enemy even of those who are hastening to be with their fathers in sickness.

1 See No. 628.  2 A harbour of Locris.
643.—ΚΡΙΝΑΓΟΡΟΤ

Τμνίδα τὸν Εὐάνδρον, ἔρασμον αἰὲν ἀθυρμα οἰκογενεῖς, κούρην αἰμύλου εἰναέτιν,
ήρπασας, ὦ ἄλλιστ' 'Αίδη, τί πρώρων ἐφίεις
μοίραν τῇ πάντως σειό ποτ ἑσσομένη;

644.—ΒΙΑΝΟΡΟΣ ΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΙΚΟΤ

"Τστατον ἐθρήνησε τὸν ὠκύμορον Κλεαρίστη
παίδα, καὶ ἀμφὶ τάφῳ πικρῶν ἐπανεῖ βίον;
κωκύσασα γὰρ ὅσσον ἔχανδαν μητρὸς ἀνίη,
οὐκέτ' ἐπιστρέψαι πνεύματος ἑσχε τόνος.
θηλύτεραι, τί τοσοῦτον ἐμετρήσασθε τάλαιναι
θρήνον, ἵνα κλαύσητ' ἄχρι καὶ 'Αίδεω;

645.—ΚΡΙΝΑΓΟΡΟΤ

"Ω δύστην' ὀλβοῖο Φιλόστρατε, ποῦ σοι ἐκεῖνα
σκῆπτρα καὶ αἱ βασιλέων ἄφθονοι ἐντυχίαι,¹
αἰσιν ἐπηώρησας ἂεὶ βίον; ἡ ἐπὶ Νείλῳ
. . . . δαίοις ὅν περίστος ὄροις;
οθνείοι καμάτους τοὺς σοὺς διεμοιρήσαντο,
σὸς δὲ νέκυς ψαφαρῆ κείσετ' ἐν' Ὀστρακίνῃ.

646.—ΑΝΤΤΗΣ ΜΕΛΟΠΟΙΟΤ

Δούσθια δὴ τάδε πατρὶ φίλῳ περὶ χείρε βαλοῦσα
ἐιτ' Ἑρατω, χλωροῖς δάκρυσι λειβομένα;
""Ω πάτερ, οὗ τοι ἐτ' εἰμί, μέλας δ' ἐμὸν ὄμμα
καλύπτει
ηδὴ ἀποφθιμένης κναύεος θάνατος."

¹ ἐντυχίαι MS.: I correct.
643.—CRINAGORAS

O Hades the inexorable, thou hast carried off Hymnis, Evander's daughter, ever the loveable pet of his house, the coaxing nine-year-old girl. Why didst thou send such early death to her who must one day in any case be thine?

644.—BIANOR THE GRAMMARIAN

Cleariste mourned her last for the early death of her son, and on the tomb ended her embittered life. For, wailing with all the force a mother's sorrow could give her, she could not recover force to draw her breath. Women, why give ye such ample measure to your grief as to wail even till it brings you to Hades?

645.—CRINAGORAS

O Philostratus, unhappy for all thy wealth, where are those sceptres and constant intercourse with princes on which thy fortune ever depended? Shall thy tomb be (?) by the Nile conspicuous in the region of . . . .? Foreigners have shared among them the fruit of thy toil, and thy corpse shall lie in sandy Ostracine.

646.—ANYTE

These were the last words that Erato spoke, throwing her arms round her dear father's neck, her cheeks wet with fresh tears: "Father, I am thine no longer; I am gone, and sombre death casts already his black veil over my eyes."

1 An Academic philosopher, a favourite of Anthony and Cleopatra.
2 Between Egypt and Palestine. By "foreigners" he means probably Roman soldiers.
647.—ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΤ, οἱ δὲ ΣΙΜΙΟΤ

"Γοῦτα δὴ τὰ ἔποιε ἐπὶ φίλην ποτὶ μυτέρα Γοργώ
δακρυόεσσα, δέρης χερσίν ἐφαπτομένην.
"Αὕθη μένοις παρὰ πατρὶ, τέκοις δ᾽ ἐπὶ λύφοιν μοίρα
ἀλλαν, σφ πολιφ γηραι καδεμόνα."

648.—ΔΕΩΝΙΔΑ ΤΑΡΑΝΤΙΝΟΤ

'Εσθλὸς Ἀριστοκράτης ὁτ᾽ ἀπέπλεεν εἰς Ἀχέρωντα,
εἰπ᾽ ὀλυμπορίης ἀψάμενος κεφαλῆς.
" Παίδων τις μνήματο, καὶ ἐδυνάσαντο γυναίκα,
καὶ καὶ μιν δάκνοι δυσβίοτος πενή.
ζωὴν στυλώσατο: κακὸς δ᾽ ἀστυλος ἰδέσθαι
οίκος: ὥ δ᾽ αὐ λάστον, τινέρος ἐσχαρεῖν
εὐκάρων φαῖνοιτο, καὶ ἐν πολυκαί ὅγκο
ἐμπρέποι, ἀνγάζων δαλὸν ἐπεσχάριον."

649.—ΑΝΤΗΣ ΜΕΛΟΠΟΙΟΙΤ

Ἀντὶ τοι εὐλεχέος θαλάμοι σεμνῶν θ᾽ ὑμεναίων
μάηρ στήσε τάφῳ τῷ ἐπὶ μαρμαρίῳ
παρθενικῶν, μέτρον τε τεον καὶ κάλλος ἔχοισαν,
Θερσί: ποτιφθεγκτὰ δ᾽ ἐπλεο καὶ φθιμέα.

650.—[ΦΛΑΚΚΟΤ ἦ] ΦΑΛΛΙΚΟΤ

Φεύγε θαλάσσια ἔργα, βοῶν δ᾽ ἐπιβάλλειν ἐχέτλη,
εἰ τί τοι ἢ μακρῆς πείρατ' ἵδειν βιοτής.
ἡπείρῳ γὰρ ἔκεστι μακρῶς βίοι.
εἰν ἀλλ᾽ δ᾽ ὃ ὅ πως
εὐμαρεῖς εἰς πολιήν ἀνδρὸς ἰδείν κεφαλήν.

1 ἅφστος MS. : I correct.
2 I write so : ἤπστη MS.
647.—SIMONIDES or SIMIAS

These were the very last words that Gorgo spoke to her dear mother, in tears throwing her hands round her neck: "Stay here with father and mayest thou bear another daughter, more fortunate than I was, to tend thy grey old age."

648.—LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

Good Aristocrates, as he was taking ship for Acheron, resting his doomed head on his hand, said: "Let every man seek to have children and get him a wife, even if miserable poverty pinch him. Let him support his life with pillars; a house without pillars is ill to look on. Nay! what is best, may the room where his hearth is have many fair columns, and shining with the luxury of many lights, illumine the log that burns on the hearth." 1 Aristocrates knew what was best, but, O man, he hated the evil-mindedness of women.

649.—ANYTE

Thy mother, Thersis, instead of a bridal chamber and solemn wedding rites, gave thee to stand on this thy marble tomb a maiden like to thee in stature and beauty, and even now thou art dead we may speak to thee.

650.—PHALAECUS

Avoid busying thee with the sea, and put thy mind to the plough that the oxen draw, if it is any joy for thee to see the end of a long life. For on land there is length of days, but on the sea it is not easy to find a man with grey hair.

1 Lines 6–8 are somewhat obscure. Children seem to be meant by the lights as well as by the pillars or columns.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

651.—ΕΤΦΟΡΙΩΝΟΣ

Οὖν ό τρηχὼς 'Ελαίος ἐπ' ὅστεα κεῖνα καλύπτει, οὖδ' ἡ κυάνεον γράμμα λαβοῦσα πέτρην ἀλλὰ τὰ μὲν Δολίχης τε καὶ αἵτεινής Δρακάνιοι Ἰκάριον ῥήσει κύμα περὶ κροκάλαις· ἀντὶ δ' ἐγὼ ξενίς Πολυμήδεος ἢ κενὴ χθὼν ὠγκώθην Δρυόπως διψάσιν ἐν βοτάναις.

652.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΑ ΤΑΡΑΝΤΙΝΟΤ

'Ἡχήσεσα θάλασσα, τί τὸν Τιμάρεος οὕτως πλώοντ' οὐ πολλῇ νηὶ Τελευταγόρην, ἀγρια χειμήνασα, κατεπρηνώσασα πόντῳ σὺν φῶρτῳ, λάβρον κὺμ' ἐπιχειμενήν· χὼ μὲν ποὺ καυχέσιν ἢ ἰχθυβόρους λαρίδεσσιν τεθρήνητ' ἄπνους εὐρεῖ ἐπ' αἰγιαλῷ· Τιμάρης δὲ κενὸν τέκνου κεκλαμμένον ἀθρῶν τύμβον, δακρύει παίδα Τελευταγόρην.

653.—ΠΑΓΚΡΑΤΟΤΣ

'Ὅλεσεν Αἰγαίον διὰ κύματος ἄγριος ἀρθείς Διῆ 'Επιτηρείδην 'Τάσι δυομέναις, αὐτὸν ἐὰν σὺν νηὶ καὶ ἀνδράσιν· ὃ τόδε σήμα δακρύσας κενὸν παίδω πατὴρ ἔκαμεν.

654.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΑ ΤΑΡΑΝΤΙΝΟΤ

Αἰεὶ λῃσταὶ καὶ ἀλυθόροι, οὐδὲ δίκαιοι Κρήτες· τὰς Κρητῶν οὐδὲ δικαιοσύνην· ὡς καὶ ἐμὲ πλώοντα σὺν οὖν εὐπίοιον φῶρτῳ Κρηταιεῖς ὅσαν Τιμόλυτον καθ' ἀλός, δείλαιον. κήγῳ μὲν ἀλιζώοις λαρίδεσσι κέκλαμαι, τύμβῳ δ' οὖν ὑπὸ Τιμόλυτος.
BOOK VII. 651-654

651.—EUPHORION

Craggy Elaeus doth not cover those thy bones, nor this stone that speaks in blue letters. They are broken by the Icarian sea on the shingly beach of Doliche and lofty Dracanon, and I, this empty mound of earth, am heaped up here in the thirsty herbage of the Dryopes for the sake of old friendship with Polymedes.

652.—LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

Thou booming sea, why didst thou rise in angry storm, and striking with a huge wave send headlong to the deep, cargo and all, Teleutagoras, son of Timares, as he sailed in his little ship? He, lying somewhere dead on the broad beach, is bewailed over by terns and fish-eating gulls, and Timares, looking on his son's empty tear-bedewed tomb, weeps for his child Teleutagoras.

653.—PANCRADES

At the setting of the Hyades the fierce Sirocco rose and destroyed Epierides in the Aegean Sea, himself, his ship and crew; and for him his father in tears made this empty tomb.

654.—LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

The Cretans are ever brigands and pirates, and never just; who ever heard of the justice of a Cretan? So they were Cretans who threw me unhappy Timolytus into the sea, when I was travelling with no very rich cargo. I am bewailed by the sea-gulls, and there is no Timolytus in this tomb.

1 Another name of the island Icaria.
2 A cape on this island.
3 The inhabitants of Doris.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

655.—TOY AYTOY

'Αρκεί μοι γαίης μικρή κόνις· ἡ δὲ περισσὴ ἀλλον ἐπιθλίβοι πλοῦσια κεκλιμένον στήλη, τὸ σκληρὸν νεκρῶν βάρος· εἰ με θανόντα γνώσοντ', Ἀλκανδρῷ τοῦτο τί Καλλιτέλευς;

656.—TOY AYTOY

Τὴν ὀλίγην βόλον καὶ τούτ' ὀλιγήριον, ὦνερ, σῆμα ποτίθειεξαι τλάμονος Ἀλκιμένευς, εἰ καὶ πᾶν κέκρυπται ὑπ' ὄξείης παλιούρου καὶ βάτου, ἦν ποτ' ἐγὼ δήμον Ἀλκιμένης.

657.—TOY AYTOY

Ποιμένες οἱ ταύτῃν ὁρεσὶ βάρχῳ οἴσσειείτε αἶγας κενείρους ἐμβοτέουτε οἶς, Κλειστιγρῷ, πρὸς Γῆς, ὀλίγην χάριν, ἀλλὰ προσηνή τίνοιτε, χθονίης εἶνεκα Φερσέφωνης. βληχήσαιντ· οἰεὶ μοι, ἐπ' ἄξεστοι δὲ ποιμὴν πέτρης συρίζοι πρηέα βοσκόμεναι· εἰαρι δὲ πρώτῳ λειμώνῳ ἄνθος ἀμέρσας χωρίης στεφέτω τύμβον ἐμὸν στεφάνῳ, καὶ τις ἅπ' εὐάρμοιο καταχράινοι γάλακτι οἶς, ἅμολογαῖον μαστῶν ἀνασχόμενοι, κρητίδ' υγράινων ἐπιτύμβιοι· εἰς θανόντων εἰςιν ἀμοίβαια κἀνεφιμένοι χάριτες.

658.—ΘΕΟΚΡΙΤΟΤ, οἱ δὲ ΔΕΩΝΙΔΟΤ ΤΑΡΑΝΤΙΝΟΤ

655.—By the Same

A little dust of the earth is enough for me, and may a rich and useless monument, a weight ill for the dead to bear, crush some other man in his rest. What is that to Alexander, son of Calliteles, if they know who I am or not, now that I am dead?

656.—By the Same

Salute, Sir, this little mound and modest monument of hapless Alcimenes, though it be all overgrown by the sharp buckthorn and brambles on which I, Alcimenes, once waged war.

657.—By the Same

Ye shepherds who roam over this mountain ridge feeding your goats and fleecy sheep, do, in the name of Earth, a little kindness, but a pleasant one, to Cleitagoras, for the sake of Persephone underground. May the sheep bleat to me, and the shepherd seated on the unhewn rock pipe soft notes to them as they feed, and may the villager in early spring gather meadow flowers and lay a garland on my grave. May one of you bedew it with the milk of a ewe, mother of pretty lambs, holding her udder up and wetting the edge of the tomb. There are ways, I assure you, even among the dead of returning a favour done to the departed.

658.—Theocritus or Leonidas of Tarentum

I shall discover, wayfarer, if thou honourest more the good, or if a worthless man hath as much of thy esteem. In the first case thou wilt say, "All hail to this tomb because it lies light on the holy head of Eurymedon."
659. <ΘΕΟΚΡΙΤΟΣ>

Νήπιον νίδων ἔλειπες· ἐν ἡλικίᾳ δὲ καὶ αὐτός,
Εὐφύιμεδον, τύμβου τούδε θανῶν ἔτυχες.
σοι μὲν ἔδρηθε θείοις παρ’ ἄνδράσι· τὸν δὲ πολίται
τιμησεύντι, πατρὸς μνώμενοι ὃς ἀγαθοῦ.

660.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΑ ΤΑΡΠΑΝΤΙΝΩΤ

Ξείνε, Συρακοσίως τοι ἀνήρ τόδ’ ἐφίέται Ὀρθων,
"Χειμερίας μεθύων μηδαμᾶ νυκτὸς ἵης;"
καὶ γὰρ ἐγὼ τοιούτων ἔχω μόρον, ἀντὶ δὲ ἕπολλῆς
πατρίδος θυνείαν κείμαι ἐφεσάμενος.

661.—ΤΟΥ ΛΥΤΟΥ

Εὐσθένεος τὸ μνήμα· φυσιγνώμων ὁ σοφιστής,
δεινὸς ἄπτ’ ὀφθαλμοῦ καὶ τὸ νόημα μαθεῖν.
ἐν μην ἔθαψαν ἑταῖροί ἐπὶ ξείνης ξένων ὄντα,
χύμνοθέτης ἐν τοῖς δαιμονίως φίλος ὁν.
πάντων ὃν ἐπέοικεν ἐξειν τεθνεῶθ’ ὁ σοφιστής,
καίπερ ἀκικος ἑών, εἴ’ ἀρα κηδεμόνας.

662.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΤ

‘Ἡ παῖς φίχετ’ ἀκρος ἐν ἐβθόμῳ ἢδ’ ἐνιαυτῷ
εἰς αἰθήν, πολλῆς ἡλικίας προτέρη,
δειλαίη, ποθέουσα τὸν εἰκοσάμηνον ἁδελφὸν,
νήπιον ἀστόργου γενοσάμενον θανάτου,
ἀλαί, λυγρὰ παθοῦσα Περιστήρη, ὡς ἐν ἐτοίμῳ
ἀνθρώποις δαίμων θήκε τὰ δεινυτάτα.
BOOK VII. 659–662

659.—THEOCRITUS

(On the same Tomb)

Thou hast left an infant son, but thyself, Eurymedon, didst die in thy prime and liest in this tomb. Thy abode is with the divine among men, but him the citizens will honour, mindful of his father’s goodness.

660.—LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

Stranger, a Syracusan named Orthon enjoins this upon thee: “Never go out drunk on a winter night.” For that was what caused my death, and instead of resting in my ample country I lie clothed in foreign soil.

661.—By the Same

The tomb is that of Eusthenes the sophist, who was a reader of character, skilled in discovering our thought from our eyes. Well did his companions bury him, a stranger in a strange land, and among them was a poet marvellously dear to him. So the sophist, although he was feeble, had those who took care that he should have on his death all proper honour.

662.—By the Same

The girl is gone to Hades before her time in her seventh year, before all her many playmates, hapless child, longing for her little brother, who twenty months old tasted of loveless death. Alas Peristera1 for thy sad fate! How hath Heaven decreed that the very path of men should be sown with calamities!

1 Little dove.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

663.—TOY AYTOY

'Ο μικρός τὸδ’ ἐστενξε τὰ Θραύσα.
Μήδεις τὸ μιμάρ’ ἐπὶ τὰ ὄδῷ, κῆπέγραψε Κλείτας.
ἔξει τὰν χάριν ἀ γυνά ἀντ’ εἰκείνων
ἐν τὸν κώμαν ἔθρεψε. τί μᾶν; ἔτι χρησίμα καλεῖται.

664.—ΑΛΛΟ

Ἀρχίλοχον καὶ στάθι καὶ εἰσίδε τὸν πάλαι ποιητάν,
τὸν τῶν ἱάμβων, οὗ τὸ μυρίων κλέος
διήλθε κῆπι νῦκτα καὶ ποτ’ ἄδω.
ἡ ρά νυν αἱ Μοῦσαι καὶ ὁ Δάλιος ἠγάπευν Ἀπόλλων,
ὡς ἐμμελής τ’ ἔγεντο κῆπιδέξιος
ἐπεά τε ποιεῖν, πρὸς λύραν τ’ ἀείδειν.

665.—TOY AYTOY ΑΕΩΝΙΔΟΤ

Μήτε μακρῇ δαρσέων ναυτίλλεο μήτε βαθείᾳ
νην’ κρατεὶ παντὸς δούρατος εἰς ἄνεμοις.
ὁλεσε καὶ Πρόμαχον πνοή μία, κῦμα δ’ ἐν αὐτῶς
ἄθροών ἐσ’ κοίλην ἑστυφέλιξεν ἄλα.
οὐ μὴν οἱ δαίμων πάντη κακός· ἀλλ’ ἐν γαῖῃ
πατρίδι καὶ τύμβου καὶ κτερέων ἔλαχεν
κηδεμόνων ἐν χερσίν, ἐπεὶ τρηχεία θάλασσα
νεκρῶν πεπταμένους θήκεν ἐπ’ αἰγιαλοῦς.

666.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ

Οὔτος ὁ Δειάνδροι διάπλοος, οὔτος ὁ πῶντου
πορθμός, ὁ μὴ μοῦνο τὸ φιλέοντι βαρύς·
tαδ’ Ἡρῴς τὰ πάροιδεν ἐπαύλια, τοῦτο τὸ πῦργου
λείψανον, ὁ προδότης ὃδ’ ἐπέκειτο λύχνοι.
κοινὸς δ’ ἄμφοτέρους ὃδ’ ἔχει τάφος, εἰσέτε καὶ νῦν
κεῖνῳ τῷ φθονερῷ μεμφομένους ἀνέμῳ.
BOOK VII. 663-666

663.—By the Same

Little Medeus made this tomb by the wayside for his Thracian nurse, and inscribed it with the name of Clita. She will have her reward for nursing the boy. Why? She is still called "useful." ¹

664.—Anonymous

Stand and look on Archilochus, the iambic poet of old times, whose vast renown reached to the night and to the dawn. Verily did the Muses and Delian Apollo love him; so full of melody was he, so skilled to write verse and to sing it to the lyre.

665.—Leonidas of Tarentum

Trust not in the length or depth of the ship thou voyagest in; one wind lords it over every keel. One blast destroyed Promachus, and one huge wave dashed him into the trough of the sea. Yet Heaven was not entirely unkind to him, but he got funeral and a tomb in his own country by the hands of his own people, since the rude sea cast out his body on the expanse of the beach.

666.—Antipater of Thessalonica

This is the place where Leander crossed, these are the straits, unkind not only to one lover. This is where Hero once dwelt, here are the ruins of the tower, the treacherous lamp rested here. In this tomb they both repose, still reproaching that envious wind.

¹ This epithet is occasionally found on the tombs of slaves.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

667.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Ἐν τῷ ναῷ τῆς ἀγίας Ἀναστασίας ἐν Θεσσαλόνικῃ
Τίππε μάτην γοώνυτες ἐμῷ παραμίμπετε τύμβῳ;
οὐδὲν ἔχω θρῆνον ἡξίων ἐν φθιμένοις.
λίγε γόων καὶ παῦε, πόσις, καὶ παῦδες ἐμ.ίῳ
χαίρετε, καὶ μνήμην σώζετ 'Ἀμαζονίς.

668.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΤ

Οὐδ' εἴ μοι γελóσα καταστορέσθεις Γαλήνῃ
κύματα, καὶ μαλακῆν φρίκα φέροι Ζέφυροι,
νοσβάτην ὀψεσθε: δέδοικα γὰρ οὐπ πάρος ἐτλην
κινδύνους ἀνέμοις ἀντικουρσόμενος.

669.—ΠΛΑΤΩΝΟΣ ΤΟΤ ΦΙΛΟΣΟΦΟΤ

Ἀστέρας εἰσαθρεῖς ἀστήρ ἐμός. εἴθε γενοίμην
Οὐρανός, ὡς πολλοῖς ὄμμασιν εἰς σε βλέπω.
A. J. Butler, Amaranth and Asphodel, p. 14; A. Esdaile,
Poems and Translations, p. 48.

670.—ΤΟΥ ΛΥΤΟΥ

Ἀστήρ πρὶν μὲν ἑλάμπτες ἐνὶ ζωοίσιν Ἐδώς;
νῦν δὲ θανάων λάμπτες Ἑσπερος ἐν φθιμένοις.
P. B. Shelley, "Thou wert the morning-star . . . ," Works

671.—ΔΗΗΛΟΝ, οἵ δὲ ΒΙΑΝΟΡΟΣ

Πάντα Χάρων ἄπληστε, τί τὸν νέον ἡρπασάς αὕτως
"Ἀτταλοῦ; οὗ σὸς ἱμν, καὶ θάνε γηραλέος;
BOOK VII. 667–671

667.—Anonymous

In the Church of St. Anastasia in Thessalonica

Why, lamenting in vain, do you stay beside my tomb? I, among the dead, suffer naught worthy of tears. Cease from lament, my husband, and ye, my children, rejoice and preserve the memory of Amazonia.

668.—Leonidas of Alexandria

Not even if smiling calm were to smooth the waves for me, and gently rippling Zephyr were to blow, shall ye see me take ship; for I dread the perils I encountered formerly battling with the winds.

669.—Plato

Thou lookest on the stars, my Star. Would I were heaven, to look on thee with many eyes.

670.—By the Same

Of old among the living thou didst shine the Star of morn; now shinest thou in death the Star of eve.

671.—By Some Attributed to Bianor

Ever insatiable Charon, why didst thou wantonly take young Attalus? Was he not thine even had he died old?

1 Aster (Star) is said to have been the name of a youth whom Plato admired.
672.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Ἐν Κορίνθῳ γέγραπται

Χθών μὲν ἔχει δέμας ἐσθλῶν, ἔχει κλυτὸν οὐρανὸς ἕτορ

Ἄνδρέω, ὁς Δάναοι καὶ Ἰλλυριοί δικάσσας, οὕς ὀσίων κτεάνων καθαρὰς ἐφυλάξατο χεῖρας.

673.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Εἰ γένος εὐσεβέων ζωεί μετὰ τέρμα βίοιο,

ναιετάτων κατὰ θεσμῶν ἄνα στόμα φωτὸς ἐκάστου,

Ἀνδρέα, σὺ ζωεῖς, οὐ κάθθανες· ἀλλὰ σε χῶρος ἀμβροτος ἄθανάτων ἁγίων ὑπέδεκτο καμόντα.

674.—ΑΔΡΙΑΝΟΤ

Ἀρχιλόχος τὸδε σήμα, τὸν ἐς λυσσώντας βιάμοις

ήγαγε Μαιονίδη Μοῦσα χαριζομένη.

675.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΤ

Ἄτρομος ἐκ τύμβου λύε πεῖσματα ναυηγοῦ·

χήμων ὀλλυμένων ἀλλος ἐνηπόρει.

676.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

Δούλος Ἔπεκτητος γενόμην, καὶ σῶμ ἀνάπηρος,

καὶ πενίην Ἰρος, καὶ φίλος ἄθανάτοις.

1 i.e. otherwise he would have excelled Homer in epic verse.

358
672.—Anonymous

Inscribed at Corinth

The earth holds the comely body, heaven the glorious spirit of Andreas, who, administering justice in Greece and Illyria, kept his hands clean of ill-gotten gain.

673.—Anonymous

If pious folk live after the end of this life, dwelling, as is fit, in the mouths of all men, thou, Andreas, livest and art not dead, but the divine place of the immortal holy ones has received thee after life's labour.

674.—Adrianus

This is the tomb of Archilochus, whom the Muse, out of kindness to Homer,\(^1\) guided to furious iambics.

675.—Leonidas of Alexandria

Isopsephon

Tremble not in loosing thy cable from the tomb of the shipwrecked man. While I was perishing another was travelling unhurt.\(^2\)

676.—Anonymous

I, Epictetus,\(^3\) was a slave, and not sound in all my limbs, and poor as Iris,\(^4\) and beloved by the gods.

\(^2\) Imitated from No. 282.  \(^3\) The celebrated philosopher.  \(^4\) The beggar in the *Odyssey.*
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

677.—ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΣ

Μνήμα τόδε κλεινοίο Μεγιστίου, ὃν ποτε Μήδοι
Σπερχείον ποταμὸν κτείναν ἀμειψάμενοι,
μάντιος, ὃς τότε κήρας ἐπερχομένας σάφα εἰδώς
οὐκ ἔτλη Σπάρτης ἡγεμόνας προλιπεῖν.

678.—ΑΔΕΣΠΙΟΝΟΝ

Πληρώσας στρατηγήν Σωτῆριχος ἐνθάδε κεῦμαι,
ὅλβον ἐμὼν καμάτων γλυκεροῖς τεκέσσιν ἐάσας.
ἡξα δὲ ἐν ἱππήσει, Γερήνου οἷάτε Νέστωρ.
ἐξ ἀδίκων τε πόνων κειμήλιον οὐδὲν ἔτευξα.
τούνεκα καὶ μετὰ πότμον ὁρῶ φάος Οὐλύμποιο.

679.—ΤΟΤ ΑΓΙΟΤ ΣΩΦΡΟΝΙΟΤ ΠΑΤΡΙΑΡΧΟΤ

α. Τύμβε, τίς ἡ πόθεν, ἢν δ’ ἔτι παῖς τίνος, ἔργα
καὶ ὅλβον,
μεκρός, ὃν ἐνδον ἔχεις, ἐνπεπε, κευθόμενον.
β. Οὐτὸς Ἰωάννης, Κύπριος γένος, νῦς ἐτύχθη
εὐγενέος Στεφάνου· ἢν δὲ νομεὺς Φαρίῆς.
κτήμασι μὲν πολύνδηρος ὀλων πλέον ὅν τρέφε
Κύπρος,
ἐκ πατέρος πατέρων, ἐξ όσίων τε πόνων·
ἔργα δὲ θέσκελα πάντα λέγειν, ἀπερ ἐν χθονὶ τεῦξεν,
οὐδ' ἐμοὶ ἐστί νόου, οὐδ' ἐτέρων στομάτων·
πάντα γὰρ ἄνδρα παρῆλθε φαεινοτάτας ἀρετής
δοξάντα κρατεέιν ταῖς ἀρεταῖς ἐτέρων.
τοῦ καὶ κάλλεα πάντα, τὰ πέρ πτόλις ἔλλαχεν αὕτη,
εἰσὶ φιλοφροσύνης κόσμος ἀρειστάτης.

360
BOOK VII. 677-679

677.—SIMONIDES

This is the tomb of famous Megistias the prophet, whom the Persians slew after crossing the Spercheius. Though he well knew then the impending fate, he disdained to desert the Spartan leaders.

678.—Anonymous

Having accomplished my military service, I, Soterichus, lie here, leaving to my sweet children the wealth I gained by my labours. I commanded in the cavalry, like Gerenian Nestor, and I never amassed any treasure from unjust actions. Therefore after death too I see the light of Olympus.

679.—Saint Sophronius the Patriarch

A. "Tell me, tomb, of him whom thou hast hidden within thee, who and whence he was, whose son, his profession, and substance." B. "This man was Joannes of Cyprus, the son of noble Stephanus, and he was the pastor of Alexandria. He was wealthiest of all the Cyprians by inheritance and by his holy labours; and to tell all the divine deeds he did on earth is beyond my understanding or the tongue of others; for he surpassed in most brilliant virtues even men who seemed to surpass others. All the beautiful public works which this city possesses are ornaments due to his most praiseworthy munificence."

1 The prophet who was with the Spartans at Thermopylae, Leonidas wished to send him home, but he refused to go.
680.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

'Αρχὸς Ἰωάννης Φαρίσης ἀρετῶν ἱερῶν
eὐθάδε νῦν μετὰ τέρμα φίλη παρὰ πατρίδι κεῖται: θυμίτων γὰρ λάχε σῶμα, καὶ εἰ βίον ἀφθιτὸν ἔξει, ἀθανάτους πρόξεις τε κατὰ χθόνα ἰέξεν ἀπείρους.

681.—ΠΑΛΑΔΑ ΑΛΕΞΑΝΔΡΕΩΣ

Οὐκ ἀπεδήμησας τιμῆς χάριν, ἀλλὰ τελευτῆς:
καὶ χωλός περ ἐων ἐδραμες εἰς αἰώνην,
Γέσσιε Μοιρᾶς τροχαλώτερε ἐκ προκοπῆς γὰρ
ἡς εἶχες κατὰ νοῦν, ἐξεκόπτης βιότον.

682.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Γέσσιος οὗ τέθνηκεν ἐπειγόμενος παρὰ Μοίρης:
αὐτὸς τὴν Μοῖραν προῦλαβεν εἰς αἰώνην.

683.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

"Μηδέν ἂγαν" τῶν ἑπτὰ σοφῶν ὁ σοφώτατος εἶπεν:
ἀλλὰ σὺ μὴ πεισθείς, Γέσσιε, ταῦτ' ἐπαθεῖς:
καὶ λόγιός περ ἐων ἀλογώτατον ἐσχες ὀνειδος,
ὡς ἐπιθυμήσας οὐρανίης ἀνόδουν.
οὗτω Πήγασος ἵππος ἀπώλεσε Βελλεροφόντην,
βουληθέντα μαθεῖν ἀστροβέτους κανόνας:
ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν ἵππον ἔχων καὶ θαρσάλεον σθένος ἰβης,
Γέσσιος οὐδὲ χέσειν εὐτούν ἥτορ ἔχων.
BOOK VII. 680-683

680.—By the Same

Joannes, both chief in virtue and chief priest of Alexandria, lies here after his death in his dear country. For his body was mortal, although he shall have immortal life and did countless immortal works on earth.

681-688 are by Palladas of Alexandria, and all on the same subject.

681

You did not go abroad for the sake of honour, but of death, and although lame you ran to Hades, Gessius, swifter than the Fates. For you retreated from life owing to the advancement of which you were dreaming.

682

Gessius did not die hurried by Fate, but arrived in Hades before Fate.

683

The wisest of the Seven Sages said “Naught in excess,” but you, Gessius, were not convinced of it, and came to this end. Though erudite, you incurred the reproach of the greatest lack of reason in desiring to ascend to heaven. Thus it was that Pegasus was fatal to Bellerophon, because he wished to learn the rules of motion of the stars. But he had a horse and the confident strength of youth, whereas Gessius could not screw his courage up enough even to ease himself.

They are all of course facetious. It is insinuated that Gessius’ disappointment at not getting the consulate promised him by astrologers hastened his end.
684.—TOY AYTOY

Μηδεῖς ξητήσῃ μερόπων ποτὲ καὶ θεὸς εἶναι, μηδ’ ἀρχὴν μεγάλην, κόμπου ύπερφιάλον.
Γέσσιος αὐτὸς ἐδείξε· κατηνέχθη γὰρ ἐπαρθεῖσ, θυτῆς εὐτυχίας μηκέτ’ ἀνασχόμενος.

685.—TOY AYTOY

Ζητῶν ἐξεῖπες βιοτοῦ τέλος εὐτυχίας τε, ἀρχὴν ξητῆσας πρὸς τέλος ἐρχομένην.
ἀλλ’ ἐτυχες τιμῆς, ὁ Γέσσιε, καὶ μετὰ μοῖραν σύμβολα τῆς ἀρχῆς ὑστατα δεξάμενος.

686.—TOY AYTOY

Γέσσιον ὡς ἐνόησεν ὁ Βαύκαλος ἄρτι θανόντα χωλεύντα πλέουν, τοῖν ἐλεξέν ἔπος·
“Γέσσιε, πῶς, τί παθῶν κατέβης δόμου Ἀδώς εἴσω γυμνός, ἀκήδεστος, σχήματι καινοτάφω;”
tὸν δὲ μέγ’ ὀχθήςας προσέφη καὶ Γέσσιος εὐθύς·
“Βαύκαλε, τὸ στρήνος καὶ θάνατον παρέχει.”

687.—TOY AYTOY

Τὴν Ἀρμονιακὴν ἀπάτην ὅτε Γέσσιος ἐγνώ τοῦ ἕξεικοῦ θανάτῳ ἐγγύθεν ἐρχόμενος,
tὴν ἰδίαν γνώμην κατεμέμψατο, καὶ τὸ μάθημα,
καὶ τοὺς πειθομένους ἀστρολόγους ἀλόγους.

688.—TOY AYTOY

Οἱ δύο Κάλχαντες τὸν Γέσσιον ὠλεσαν ὀρκοῖς,
tῶν μεγάλων ὑπάτων θῶκον ὑποσχόμενοι.
ὁ γένος ἀνθρώπων ἀνεμόλιον, αὐτοχώλωτον,
ἀχρὶ τέλους βιότου μηδὲν ἐπιστάμενον.
684

Let no mortal even seek to be a god also, nor pursue the pride of high office. Gessius is the proof of it, for he was first of all puffed up and then collapsed, not content with mortal felicity.

685

You sought and found the end of life and happiness, seeking an office\(^1\) tending to the highest end. But you obtained the honour, Gessius, receiving after your death the insignia of office.

686

When Baucalus saw Gessius just after his death, and lamer than ever, he spoke thus: "Gessius, what made thee descend into Hell, naked, without funeral, in new burial guise?" And to him in great wrath Gessius at once replied: "Baucalus, the pride of wealth may cause death."

687

When Gessius discovered the fraud of the oracle of Ammon not long before his death in a strange land, he blamed his own belief and that science, and those who trust in silly astrologers.

688

The two soothsayers brought death on Gessius by their oaths, promising him the consul chair. O race of men vain minded, angry with themselves, knowing nothing even until the end of life.

\(^1\) The word also means "beginning."
689.—ΔΗΛΟΝ
'Ενθάδε σώμα λέλουπεν Ἀπελλαίωνδος μέγ’ ἄριστος:
ψυχήν δ’ ἐν χείρεσσιν ἐὴν παρακάτθετο Χριστῷ.

690.—ΔΗΛΟΝ
Οὐδὲ θανῶν κλέος ἐσθλόν ἀπώλεσας ἐς χθόνα πᾶσαν,
ἀλλ’ ἐτι σής ψυχής ἀγλαὰ πάντα μένει,
ὅσο’ ἐλαχές τ’ ἐμαθές τε, φύσει μήτιν πανάριστε:
τῷ ρᾷ καὶ ἐς μακάρων νήσουν ἐβης, Πυθέα.

691.—ΑΔΕΣΙΠΩΤΟΝ
"Ἀλκηστις νέη εἰμί: θάνων δ’ ὑπὲρ ἀνέρος ἐσθλοῦ,
Ζήνωνος, τὸν μοῦνον ἐνὶ στέρνοισιν ἐδέσμην,
ὅν φῶτος γλυκερῶν τε τέκνων προοίκριν ἐμὸν ἢτορ,
οὐνομα Καλλικράτεια, βροτοῖς πάντεσσιν ἀγαστῇ.

692.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤΟ, οἱ δὲ ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΤ
ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ
Γλύκων, τὸ Περγαμηνὸν Ἀσίδι κλέος,
ὁ παμμάχων κεραυνός, ὁ πλατὺς πόδας,
ὁ καινὸς ’’Ἀτλας, αἳ τ’ ἀνίκατοι χέρες
ἐρροτντ’ τὸν δὲ πρόσθεν οὔτ’ ἐν Ἰταλοῖς,
οὔθ’ Ἐλλάδι προοίκατον, οὔτ’ ἐν Ἀσίδι,
ὁ πάντα νικῶν Ἀἴδης ἀνέτραπεν.

693.—ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝΙΟΤΟ
Γλήνων παρηονίτης ἀμφέχω χερμάς,
πυκρή κατασπασθέντα κύματος δίνη,
ὅτ’ ἵχθυάζετ’ ἐξ ἀκρῆς ἀπορρώγος·
χῶσαν δὲ μ’ ὀσσος λαῖς ἦν συνεργήτης,
Πῶσεῖδοι, οὖς σὺ σῶζε, καὶ γαληναῖν
αἰεν διδοίς ὀρμυβόλους θίνα.
689.—Anonymous

Here Apellianus, most excellent of men, left his body, depositing his soul in the hands of Christ.

690.—Anonymous

Not even in death hast thou lost on the earth all thy good fame, but the splendid gifts of thy mind all survive, all thy talent and learning, Pytheas, most highly endowed by nature. Therefore art thou gone to the islands of the blest.

691.—Anonymous

I am a new Alcestis, and died for my good husband Zeno, whom alone I had taken to my bosom. My heart preferred him to the light of day and my sweet children. My name was Callieratia, and all men reverenced me.

692.—Antipater or Philip of Thessalonica

Glyco of Pergamus, the glory of Asia, the thunderbolt of the pancration,¹ the broad-footed, the new Atlas, has perished; they have perished, those unvanquished hands, and Hades, who conquers all, has thrown him who never before met with a fall in Italy, Greece, or Asia.

693.—Apollonides

I, the heap of stones by the shore, cover Glenis, who was swept away by the cruel swirl of a wave as he was angling from a steep projecting rock. All his fellow fishermen raised me. Save them, Poseidon, and grant ever to all casters of the line a calm shore.

¹ A combination of wrestling and boxing.

367
694.—ΔΑΙΙΟΤ

Ἡν παρίης ἧρωα, Φιλοπρήγμων δὲ καλεῖται,
πρόσθε Ποτιδαίης κείμενον ἐν τριόδῳ,
eἰπεῖν οἶνον ἐπ᾽ ἔργον ἄγεις πόδας· εὐθὺς ἕκεινος
εὐρήσει σὺν σοὶ πρήξιος εὐκολίην.

695.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Ὅρας πρόσωπων Κασσίας τῆς σώφρονος.
eἰ καὶ τέθυκε, ταῖς ἀρεταῖς γνωρίζεται
ψυχὰς τὸ κάλλος μᾶλλον ἡ τοῦ σώματος.

696.—ἈΡΧΙΟΤ ΜΙΤΤΑΗΝΑΙΟΤ

Αἰωρὴ ϑήρειον ἰμασσόμενος δέμας αὖραις
τλάμον, ἀορτηθεῖς ἐκ λασίας πίτυος,
αἰωρῆ. Φοίβῳ γὰρ ἀνάρσιον εἰς ἐριν ἔστης,
πρόνα Κελαινίτην ναιετάνων, Σάτυρε.
σὲ δὲ βοῶν αὐλοῖο μελίβρομον οὐκέτι Νύμφαι,
ὡς πάρος, ἐν Φρυγίοις οὐρεῖ πευσόμεθα.

697.—ΧΡΙΣΤΟΔΩΡΟΤ

Οὗτος Ἰωάννης κρύπτει τάφος, ὡς ἐν Ἑπιδάμμων
ἀστρων ἤμων, ὥν πρὶν παῖδες ἀτριπτεῖες
εκτίσαν Ἡρακλῆος· θεῖον καὶ μέρμερος ἢρως
αἰεὶ τῶν ἅδικών σκληρῶν ἑκοπτὲ μένος.
eἶχε δὲ ἀπ᾽ εὐσέβεων προγόνων ἐρυμυδέα πάτρην
Ἀναγκόν, ὥν Φοίνιξ Κάμος ἐδείμη πόλιν.

1 The name means "busybody." 2 Marsyas.
BOOK VII. 694-697

694.—ADAEUS

(Not Sepulchral)

If thou passest by the shrine of the hero (his name is Philopragmon) that is at the cross-roads outside Potidaea, tell him on what task thou journeyest, and he at once will help thee to find a means of accomplishing it.

695.—ANONYMOUS

Thou seest the face of virtuous Cassis. Though she be dead, the beauty of her soul rather than of her visage is made manifest by her virtues.

696.—ARCHIAS OF MITYLENE

Poor Satyr who didst dwell on the hills of Celaenae, thou hangest from a leafy pine, thy beast-like body flogged by the winds, because thou didst enter on fatal strife with Phoebus; and no longer, as of old, shall we Nymphs hear on the Phrygian hills the honeyed notes of thy flute.

697.—CHRISTODORUS

This tomb covers Joannes, who was the star of Epidamnus, the city founded by the famous sons of Heracles, whence it was brought about that this active hero ever reduced the stubborn strength of the unrighteous. The renowned fatherland of his pious parents and himself was Lychnidus, a city built by Phoenician Cadmus. Thence sprung this Heli-

8 It was founded by a certain Phalius who claimed descent from the Heraclidae.
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698.—TOY AYTOY

Λυθὲν λύχνοις Ἕλικώνιος, σύνεκα Κάδμος
στοιχείοις Δαναοίς πρῶτος ἔδειξε τύπον.
εἰς ὑπάτους δ' ἀνέλαμψε, καὶ Ἡλιοροζία δικάζων,
Μούσας καὶ καθαρὴν ἐστεφάνωσε Δίκην.

699.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ

Τῇ κάρῳ ὃ νεόφοιτον ἔσ ἥρα πωτηθέντος
ἴκαρίη πικρῆς τύμβε κακοδρομίας,
ἀβάλε μήτε σε κείνος ἱδεῖν, μήτ' αὐτὸς ἀνεῖναι
Τριτῶν Ἀγαίου νότων ὑπὲρ πελάγεως.
οὐ γὰρ σοι σκεπανή τις ψφόρμισις, οὔτε βόρειον
ἐς κλῖτος, οὔτ' ἀγὴν κύματος ἐς νοτῖν.
ἐρροις, ὃ δύσπλωτε, κακὸξενε· σεῖο δὲ τῆλοι
πλώοιμι, στυγερὸς ὄσσον ἀπ' Ἀϊδεω.

700.—ΔΙΟΔΩΡΟΤ ΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΙΚΟΤ

Ἰστὼ νυκτὸς ἐμῆς, ἢ μ' ἐκρυβέων, αἰκία ταύτα
λάϊνα, Κωκυτοῦ τ' ἀμφιγύμητον ὕδωρ,
conian lamp,¹ because Cadmus first taught the Greeks letters. He attained the consulate, and administering justice in Illyria, crowned the Muses and pure Justice.

698.—By the Same
Here lies Joannes of Epidamnus, the far-shining ornament of ever brilliant consuls, who spread abroad the sweet light of the Muses, and more than others amplified the work of hospitality, having a hand that fed all, and alone among men knew not any measure to limit its gifts. He ornamented his lofty consular car with the laws of his country, making bright the works of pure justice. Ye gods! he did not live long, but at the age of only forty-two departed this life, regretted by all poets, whom he loved more than his own parents.

699.—Anonymous
Icaria, memorial of the disastrous journey of Icarus flying through the newly-trodden air, would he too had never seen thee, would that Triton had never sent thee up above the expanse of the Aegean Sea. For thou hast no sheltered anchorage, either on the northern side nor where the sea breaks on thee from the south. A curse on thee, inhospitable foe of mariners! May I voyage as far from thee as from loathly Hell.

700.—Diodorus Grammaticus
Know, thou stone palace of the Night that hides me, and thou, flood of Cocytus, where wailing is loud, it

¹ "Lychnus." There is a poor pun on Lychnidus.
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οὔτι μ’ ἀνήρ, οὐ λέγουσι, κατέκτανεν ἡς γάμον ἄλλης παπταίνων· τί μάτην οὖνομα Ῥουφιανός; ἄλλα μὲ Κῆρες ἀγούσι μεμορμέναι. οὐ μία δῆτον Παῦλα Ταραντίνη κάθανεν ὁκύμορος.

701.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

'Ιφθίμω τόδ’ ἔπ’ ἀνδρὶ φίλη πόλις ἥμνος' Ἀχαιῶν γράμμα παρ’ εὐδρον νάμασιν Ὀσκάνης.
κλαύσε δὲ μιν Νίκαια· πατήρ δ’ ἐπὶ οἱ Διομήδης λάϊνον ύψιφαθί τόνδ’ ἀνέτεινε τάφον,
δύσμορος, αἰώζων ὠλον κακόν. ἢ γὰρ ἐφίκει
νιέα οἱ τίνειν ταύτα κατοιχομένω.

702.—ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝΙΔΟΣ

'Ιχθυοθηρητήρα Μενέστρατον ὄλεσεν ἄγρη
dούνακος, ἔξαμάτης ἐκ τριχὸς ἐλκομενή, εἴδαρ ὦτ’ ἀγκίστρου φοινοῦ πλάνον ἀμφιχανοῦσα
dέξειν ἐρυθρῇ φυκίς ἐβρυξε πάγην; ἀγνυμένη δ’ ὑπ’ ὀδύντι κατέκτανε, ἄλματι λύβρῳ
eντὸς ὀλισθηρὸν δυσαμένη φαρύγων.

703.—ΜΥΡΙΝΟΤ

Θύρσις ὁ κωμῆτης, ὁ τὰ νυμφικὰ μῆλα νομεύων,
Θύρσις ὁ συρίζων Πανός ἰσον δόνακι,
ἐνδιός οὐνότης σκιερὰν ὑπὸ τὰν πίντιν εὐδεὶς.
φρουρεῖ δ’ αὐτὸς ἐλῶν ποῖμνια βάκτρων Ἑρως.
ἀ Νύμφαι, Νύμφαι, διεγέρατε τὸν λυκοθαρσῆ
βοσκόν, μὴ θηρῶν κύρμα γένηται Ἑρως.
was not my husband, as they say, who, contemplating another marriage, slew me. Why should Rufinus have that evil name for naught? But the fatal Destinies brought me here. Paula of Tarentum is not the only woman who has died before her time.

701.—By the Same

His dear city set up this inscription by the beautiful waters of Ascania¹ to the strong man Achaeus. Nicaea wept for him, and his father Diomedes erected to him this tall and glittering stone monument, lamenting; for it had been meeter for his son to pay him these honours when he died himself.

702.—Apollonides

The capture of his rod, pulled out of the sea by the six-stranded hair line, was fatal to the fisherman Menestratus; then, when the red phycis, gaping at the errant bait of the murderous hook, swallowed greedily the sharp fraud, as he was cracking its skull with its teeth, it slew him, taking a violent leap and slipping down his throat.²

703.—Myrinus

(Not Sepulchral)

Thyrsis the villager who feeds the Nymphs' flocks, Thyrsis whose piping is equal to Pan's, sleeps under the shady pine tree having drunk wine at midday, and Love takes his crook and keeps the flock himself. Ye Nymphs! ye Nymphs! awake the shepherd who fears no wolf, lest Love become the prey of wild beasts.

¹ A lake near Nicaea. ² cp. No. 504.
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704.—ΔΗΛΩΝ

'Εμοὶ δανόντος γαία μιχθήτω πυρί:
ούδὲν μέλει μοι· τὰμὰ γὰρ καλῶς ἔχει.

705.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ

Στρυμόνω καὶ μεγάλῳ πεποτισμένον 'Ελλησπόντῳ
ήριον Ἰδωνής Φυλλίδος, Ἀμφίπολι,
λοιπά τοι Αἰθωπίας Βραυρωνίδος ἵχνει νηὸν
μίμει, καὶ ποταμῷ τάμφιμάχητον ὕδωρ,
τὴν δὲ ποτ' Ἀιγείδαις μεγάλην ἐρίν ὡς ἀλιανθὲς
τρύχος ἐπ᾽ ἀμφιτέραις δερκόμεθ' ηὔσιν.

706.—ΔΙΟΓΕΝΟΤΣ

'Ἰλιγγίασε Βάκχοι ἐκπιῶν χανδὸν
Χρύσιττας, οὐδ᾽ ἐφείσατο
οὐ τῆς στοάς, οὐχ ἦς πάτρας, οὐ τῆς ψυχῆς.
ἀλλ᾽ ἠλθε δῶµι ἐς Ἀἰδεω.

707.—ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΤ

Κήρῳ Σωσιθέου κομέω νέκυιν, ὦσσον ἐν ἀστεὶ
ἀλλος ἀπ᾽ αὐθαίρων ἡμετέρων Σοφοκλῆν,
Σκύρτως ὁ πυρρογένειος. ἐκισσοφόρησε γὰρ ὄνηρ
ἀξία Φλιασίων, καὶ μὰ χοροὺς, Σατύρων·
κήμε τὸν ἐν καινοῖς τεθραμμένον ἠθεσιν ἥδη
ήγαγεν εἰς μνήμην πατρίδ' ἀναρχαίας.

1 Said to have been a favourite quotation of both Tiberiu and Nero.

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704.—Anonymous

When I am dead may earth be mingled with fire. It matters not to me, for with me all is well.¹

705.—Antipater of Thessalonica

(Not Sepulchral)

Amphipolis, tomb of Edonian Phyllis, washed by the Strymon and great Hellespont, all that is left of thee is the ruin of the temple of Brauronian Artemis and the disputed² water of thy river. We see her for whom the Athenians strove so long now lying like a torn rag of precious purple on either bank.

706.—Diogenes Laertius

Chrysippus became dizzy when he had drunk up the wine at a gulp, and sparing neither the Stoa, nor his country, nor his life, went to the house of Hades.³

707.—Dioscorides

I, too, red-bearded Scirtus the Satyr, guard the body of Sositheus as one of my brothers guards Sophocles on the Acropolis. For he wielded the ivy-bough, yea by the dance I swear it, in a manner worthy of the Satyrs of Phlius, and restoring ancient usage, led me, who had been reared in new-fangled fashions, back to the tradition of our fathers. Once

² The Athenian possession of Amphipolis was disputed by the Spartans and later by the Macedonians.
³ Chrysippus was said to have died in consequence of drinking too much at a banquet given him by his disciples.
καὶ πάλιν εἰσόρμησα τὸν ἄρσενα Δωρίδη Μούσῃ ῥυθμόν, πρὸς τ’ αὐτήν ἐλκόμενος μεγάλην ἔπτα δὲ μοι ἔρσων τύπος οὗ χερὶ καυνοτομηθεῖς τῇ φιλοκινδύνῳ φροντίδι Σωσιθέου.

708.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Τῷ κωμῳδογράφῳ, κούφη κόνι, τὸν φιλάγωνα κισσόν ὑπὲρ τύμβου ζωντα Μάχωνι φέροις ὑπὸ γὰρ ἔχεις κηρύμα παλίμπλυτον, ἀλλὰ τὶ τέχνης ἄξιον ἀρχαῖς λείψανον ἡμφίεσας. τοῦτο δ’ ὁ πρέσβυς ἐρεί: “Κέκροπος πόλι, καὶ παρὰ Νεῖλῳ ἐστιν ὃτ’ ἐν Μούσας δριμὺ πέφυκε θύμον.”

709.—ΑΛΕΞΑΝΔΡΟΤ

Σάρδιες ἀρχαῖαι, πατέρων νομός, εἰ μὲν ἐν ὕμιν ἐτρεφόμαν, κερνάς ἦν τις ἄν ἢ βακέλας χρυσοφόρος, ῥήσων καλὰ τύμπανα: νῦν δὲ μοι Ἀλκμαῖν ὁ ὕψομα, καὶ Σπάρτας εἰμὶ πολυτρίποδος, καὶ Μούσας ἔδαμν Ἐλικωνίδας, αἱ με τυράννων θῆκαν Δασκύλεωα μεῖζονα καὶ Γύγεω.

710.—ΗΡΙΝΗΣ [ΜΙΤΤΑΗΝΑΙΗΣ]

Στάλαι, καὶ Σειρῆνες ἐμαῖ, καὶ πένθιμε κρωστέ, ὁστὶς ἔχεως 'Αἰδα τὰν ὀλίγαν σποδιάν, τοῖς ἐμὸν ἐρχομένους παρ’ ἥριόν εἰπατε χαίρειν, αἱτ’ ἄστοι τελέθωντ’, αἱθ’ ἐτέρας πόλιος.

1 Sositheus was a tragic poet of the 4th century. His Satyric dramas, of which we have some fragments, were especially celebrated. The Satyric drama is said to have originated at Phlius.

2 Macho is known to us chiefly as the author of scandalous
more I forced the virile rhythm on the Doric Muse, and drawn to magniloquence . . . a daring innovation introduced by Sositheus.¹

708.—BY THE SAME

Light earth, give birth to ivy that loves the stage to flourish on the tomb of Macho² the writer of comedies. For thou holdest no re-dyed drone, but he whom thou clothest is a worthy remnant of ancient art. This shall the old man say: "O city of Cecrops, sometimes on the banks of the Nile, too, the strong-scented thyme of poesy grows."

709.—ALEXANDER

Ancient Sardis, home of my fathers, had I been reared in thee I would have been a cernus-bearer³ or eunuch, wearing ornaments of gold and beating pretty tambourines; but now my name is Alcman, and I am a citizen of Sparta of the many tripods, and have learnt to know the Heliconian Muses who made me greater than the tyrants Dascyles and Gyges.⁴

710.—ERINNA

Ye columns and my Sirens,⁵ and thou, mournful pitcher that holdest the little ash of death, bid them who pass by my tomb hail, be they citizens or from another town; and tell this, too, that I was anecdotes in verse, many of which are quoted by Athenaeus. This epigram was actually engraved on his tomb at Alexandria where he spent most of his life.

³ The cernus was a vessel used in the rites of Cybele.
⁴ Kings of Lydia.
⁵ Figures of Sirens that stood on the tomb.
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χότι με νύμφαν εύσαν ἔχει τάφος, εἴπατε καὶ τό· 5
χότι πατήρ μ’ ἐκάλει Βαυκίδα, χώτι γένος
Τηνία, ὡς εἰδὼντι· καὶ ὅτι μοι ἁ συνεταιρίς
'Ἡρν' ἐν τύμβη γράμμι' ἐχάραξε τόδε.

711.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ

'Ἡδη μὲν κροκόεις Πιτανάτιδι πίτυντο νύμφα
Κλεινάρετα χρυσέων παστὸς ἐσοθ θαλάμων,
καδεμόνες δ’ ἔλποντο διωλένιον φλόγα πεύκας
ἀψειν ἀμφοτέραις ἀνυχομενοι παλάμαις,
Δημὸ καὶ Νίκιππος· ἀφαρπάξασα δὲ νοῦσος
παρθενικὸν Δάθας ἀγαγεν ἐς πέλαγος·
ἀλγειναὶ δ’ ἐκάμουντο συνάλικες, οὐχὶ θυρέτρων,
ἀλλὰ τὸν 'Αἰδεω στερντυτῆ πάταγον.

712.—ΗΡΙΝΝΗΣ

Νύμφας Βαυκίδος ἐμμί· πολυκλαύταν δὲ παρέρπων
στάλαν τῷ κατὰ γὰς τοῦτο λέγοις 'Αἴδα·
"Βάσκανος ἐσο’, 'Αἴδα.” τὰ δὲ τοι καλὰ σάμαθ’
ἀρόντι
ὁμοτάταν Βαυκοῦς ἀγγελέοντι τύχαν,
ὡς τὰν παῖδ’, 'Τρέναιος ἐφ’ αἰς ἀείδετο πεύκαις,
ταῖσ’ ἐπὶ καδεστὰς ἐφλεγε πυρκαία·
καὶ σὺ μὲν, ὃ 'Τρέναιε, γάμων μολπαίον ἅωιδὰν
ἐς θρήνων γοερῶν φθέγμα μεθηρμόσαο.

713.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ

Παυροπηῆς 'Ἡριννα, καὶ οὐ πολύμυθος ἅωιδαῖς·
ἀλλ’ ἐλαχεῖν Μούσας τοῦτο τὸ βαίον ἐποῖος.
buried here a bride, and that my father called me Baucis, and that my country was Tenos, that they may know. Say, likewise, that my friend and companion Erinna engraved these lines on my tomb.

711.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

Already her saffron couch inside the golden wedding-chamber had been laid for Clinareta the bride of Pitana. Already her parents Demo and Nicippus were looking forward to raising on high in both hands the blazing pine-torch, when sickness carried the girl away and took her to the sea of Lethe. All sadly her girl companions instead of beating at her door beat their breasts, as is the rite of death.

712.—ERINNA

I am the tomb of Baucis the bride, and as thou passest the much bewept pillar, say to Hades who dwells below "Hades, thou art envious." To thee the fair letters thou seest on the stone will tell the most cruel fate of Bauco, how her bridegroom's father lighted her pyre with those very torches that had burnt while they sang the marriage hymn. And thou, Hymenaeus, didst change the tuneful song of wedding to the dismal voice of lamentation.

713.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

(Not Sepulchral)

Few are Erinna's verses nor is she wordy in her songs, but this her little work is inspired. Therefore
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tουγάρτοι μνήμης οὐκ ἢμβροτεν, οὐδὲ μελαίνης
νυκτὸς ὑπὸ σκιερῆ κοιλύεται πτέρυγιν.
αἱ δ' ἀναρίθμητοι νεαρῶν σωρηδὸν ἁοιδῶν
μυριάδες λῆθη, ξείνε, μαραινόμεθα.
λαύτερος κύκου μικρὸς θρόος ἢ κολοιῶν
κροσιμὸς ἐν εἰαριναίς κιδνάμενος νεφέλαις.

714.—ἈΔΕΞΙΩΣΟΝ

Ῥήμων Ἰταλίης τεναγώδεος ἀκρον ἀείδω, 5
αἰὲ Θερινακίου γενομένην ὕδατος,
οὖνεκα τὸν φιλέοντα λύρην φιλέοντα τε παιδας
"Ἰβυκον εὐφύλλῳ θῆκεν ὑπὸ πτελέη,
 geilea πολλὰ παθόντα· πολὺν δ' ἐπὶ σήματι κισσὸν
χεῦατο καὶ λευκοῦ φυταλίην καλάμουν.

715.—ΔΕΩΝΙΔΟΤ

Πολλὸν ὧπ' Ἰταλίης κεῖμαι χθονός, ἐκ τε Τάραντος
πάτρῃς· τοῦτο δὲ μοι πικρότερον θανάτου.
τοιοῦτος πλαιῶν ἄβιος βίος· ἀλλὰ με Μοῦσαι
ἐστέρξαν, λυγρῶν δ' ἀντὶ μελιχρῶν ἔχω.
ουνομα δ' οὐκ ἢμυσε Δεωνίδου· αὐτά με δῶρα
κηρύσσει Μοῦσεών πάντας ἐπ' ἡμίουσ.

716.—ΔΙΟΝΤΣΙΟΤ ΡΟΔΙΟΤ

Πρώιος, ἀλλὰ ποθεινὸς ὦσι πόλιν Ἰαλύσιοι
ναίσμεν, εἰς λῆθης πικρὸν ἔδως πέλαγος,
δρεψάμενος σοφίην ὀλίγον χρόνον· ἀμφὶ δὲ τύμβῳ
σεῖο καὶ ἀκλουτοί γλαύκες ἔθεντο γόουν,
Φαινόκριτ· οὐδὲν ὁμοιον ἐπεσσομένωσιν ἁοιδῶς
φθέγζεται, ἀνθρώπους ἄχρι φέρωσι πόδες.
fails she not to be remembered, and is not held hidden under the shadowy wing of black night. But we, stranger, the countless myriads of later singers, lie in heaps withering from oblivion. The low song of the swan is better than the cawing of jackdaws echoing far and wide through the clouds of spring.

714.—Anonymous

I sing of Rhegium, that at the point of the shoaly coast of Italy tastes ever of the Sicilian sea, because under the leafy poplar she laid Ibycus the lover of the lyre, the lover of boys, who had tasted many pleasures; and over his tomb she shed in abundance ivy and white reeds.

715.—Leonidas of Tarentum

Far from the Italian land I lie, far from my country Tarentum, and this is bitterer to me than death. Such is the life of wanderers, ill to live; but the Muses loved me and instead of sourness sweets are mine. The name of Leonidas hath not sunk into oblivion, but the gifts of the Muses proclaim it to the end of days.

716.—Dionysius of Rhodes

Too early and missed by all us who dwell in the city of Ialysus, hast thou sunk, Phaenocritus, into the sea of oblivion, after plucking for a brief time the flowers of wisdom; and round thy tomb the very owls that never shed tears lamented. No singer shall ever sing as thou didst to future generations as long as men walk upon their feet.
717.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΣΤΟΝ
Νημάδες καὶ ψυχρὰ βοαύλια ταῦτα μελίσσασις
οίμον ἐπ’ εἰαρινὴν λέξατε νισσομέναις,
ὡς ὁ γέρων Λεύκιππος ἐπ’ ἀραυπόδεσσι λαγωίς
ἐφθάτο χειμερή νυκτὶ λοχησάμενος.
σμήνεα δ’ οὐκέτι οἱ κομέειν φίλουν οἱ δὲ τὸν ἀκρης 5
γείτονα ποιμέναι πολλὰ ποθοῦσι νάπται.
A. Lang, Grass of Parnassus, ed. 2, p. 185.

718.—ΝΟΣΣΙΔΟΣ
'Ω ξείν’, εἰ τύ γε πλεῖς ποτὶ καλλίχορον Μυτιλάναν,
tὰν Σαπφῷ χαρίτων ἀνθοῦς ἐναυσαμένων,
eἶπεν, ὡς Μοῦσαισι φίλαι τήμα τε Δοκρίς γὰ
τίκτεν ᾦσαν ὅτι θ’ οἱ τοῦνομα Νοσσίδος ἴθι.

719.—ΔΕΩΝΙΔΑ ΤΑΡΑΝΤΙΝΟΤ
Τέλληνος οδὲ τύμβος: ἔχω δ’ ὑποβολέα πρέσβυν
τήνος τὸν πράτον γνοῦτα γελοιομελεῖν.

720.—ΧΑΙΡΗΜΟΝΟΣ
Κλεῦς αὐτομοκλεῖος, ὑπὲρ Θυρεᾶν δόρυ τείνας,
kάτθανες ἀμφίλογον γὰν ἀποτεμνόμενος.

721.—ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ
Τοῖς Ἀργεὶ Σπάρτηθεν ἦσαν χέρες, ἦσα δὲ τεύχη
συμβάλομεν. Θυρεάι δ’ ἦσαν ἄεθλα δορός.
ἄμφω δ’ ἀπροφάσιστα τὸν οἶκα λευκὸν ὑφέντες
οἰώνοις θανάτου λείπομεν ἀγγελίαν.

1 Unfortunately this version of the epigram is quite uncertain, as it involves considerable departures from the MS. text, itself unintelligible.

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717.—Anonymous

Ye Naiads, and ye cool pastures, tell the bees that start for their spring journeys that old Lysippus perished lying in ambush for the fleet-footed hares on a winter night. No longer does he take joy in tending the swarms, and the dells where feed the flocks miss much their neighbour of the hill.

718.—Noissis

Stranger, if thou sailest to Mitylene, the city of lovely dances which kindled (?) Sappho, the flower of the Graces, say that the Locrian land bore one dear to the Muses and equal to her and that her name was Nossis. Go!  

719.—Leonidas

I am the tomb of Tellen, and under ground I hold the old man, who was the first to learn how to compose comic songs.

720.—Chaeremon

Cleuas, the son of Etymocles, who didst wield the spear for Thyreae, thou didst die allotting to thyself the disputed land.

721.—By the Same

We from Sparta engaged the Argives equal in number and in arms, Thyreae being the prize of the spear, and both abandoning without seeking for pretexts our hope of return home, we leave the birds to tell of our death.

2 Tellen (4th century B.C.) was by profession a flute-player. Of his comic productions we know nothing.
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722.—ΘΕΟΔΩΡΙΔΑ
Δηρίφατον κλαίω Τιμοσθένη, ύπα Μολόσσου,
ξείνον ἐπὶ ξείνῃ Κεκροπίᾳ φθίμενον.

723.—ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ
'Α πάρος ἄδμητος καὶ ἀνέμβατος, ὁ Λακεδαιμον,
κατινὸν ἐπὶ Εὐρώτα δέρκει Όλένιον,
ἀσκίος· οἰωνοὶ δὲ κατὰ χθονὸς οἰκία θέντες
μύρονται· μῆλον δ᾽ ὀὐκ ἀίουσι λύκοι.

724.—ΑΝΤΘΗΣ ΜΕΛΟΠΟΙΟΙΤ
'Η ρα μένος σε, Πρόαρχ', ὀλεσ' ἐν δαί, δῶμα τε
πατρὸς
Φειδία ἐν δνοφερᾷ πένθει ἔθου φθίμενος·
ἀλλὰ καλὸν τοι ὑπερθεν ἔπος τὸδε πέτρος ἅείδει,
ὡς ἔθανες πρὸ φίλας μαρνύμενος πατρίδος.

725.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΤ
a. Αἰνιε, καὶ σὺ γὰρ ὅδε, Μενέκρατες, σὺκ ἐπὶ πουλὺ
ἡσθα· τί σε, ξείνων λῶστε, κατειργάσατο;
ἡ ῥα τὸ καὶ Κένταυρον; β. "Γ μοι πεπρωμένος
ὕπνος
ἡλθεν, ὦ δὲ τλήμων οἶνος ἔχει πρόφασιν.

726.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΑ
Ἐσπέριον κῆφον ἀπώσατο πολλάκις ὑπνον
ἡ γρηγὸς πενήνυ Πλατθὶς ἀμυνομένη.
BOOK VII. 722-726

722.—THEODORIDAS

I weep for Timotheus, the son of Molossus, slain in battle, dying a stranger on the strange Attic soil.

723.—Anonymous

(Not Sepulchral)

Lacedaemon, formerly unconquered and uninvaded, thou seest the Olenian smoke on the banks of Eurotas. No shade of trees hast thou left; the birds nest on the ground and the wolves hear not the bleating of sheep.

724.—ANYTE

Thy valour, Proarchus, slew thee in the fight, and thou hast put in black mourning by thy death the house of thy father Phidias. But the stone above thee sings this good message, that thou didst fall fighting for thy dear fatherland.

725.—CALLIMACHUS

A. "Menecrates of Aenus, you too were not long on earth. Tell me, best of friends, what caused your death? Was it that which caused the Centaur's?"

B. "The fore-ordained sleep came to me, and the unhappy wine is blamed."

726.—LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

Old Platthis often repelled from her her evening and morning sleep, keeping poverty away, and near

1 Achaean. This refers to the invasion of Lacedaemonia by the Achaeans in B.C. 189.

2 i.e. wine.

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καὶ τι πρὸς ἡλακάτην καὶ τὸν συνέριθον ἄτρακτον ἥεισεν, πολιοῦ γῆρας ἀγχίθυρος,
kātì paristídios δινεμένη ἄχρι ἐπ' ἡνός
κεῖνον Ἀθηναίης σὺν Χάρισιν δόλιχον,
ἡ ῥικυὴ ῥικνοῦ περὶ γούνατος ἄρκιον ἰστῇ
χειρὶ στρογγύλλουσ' ἱμερόθεια κρόκην.
ὀγδοκούνταέτις δ' Ἀχέρουσιον ἦγασεν ὕδωρ
ἡ καλὴ καλῶς Πλατῆς ὕφηναμένη.

727.—ΘΕΑΙΤΗΤΟΤ

Τὰν γνώμαν ἔδοκει Φιλέας οὗ δεύτερος ἄλλον
eίμεν. ὁ δὲ φθονερὸς κλαιέτω ἐσκε θάνη.
ἀλλ' ἐμπας δόξας κενεὰ χάρις; εἰν αἰθα γάρ
Μίνω Θερσίτας οὐδὲν ἀτιμότερος.

728.—ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΤ

Ἱερέῃ Δήμητρος ἐγὼ ποτε, καὶ πάλιν Καβείρων,
ἀνερ, καὶ μετέπειτα Δινδυμήνης,
ἡ γρηγὸς γενόμην, ἡ νῦν κόνις, ἣνο. . .
πολλῶν προστασία νέων γυναικῶν.
καὶ μοι τέκν' ἐγένοντο δῦ' ἄρσενα, κηπέμυς' ἐκεῖνων
eὐγήρως εἰν χερσίν. ἐρπε χαῖρων.

729.—ΤΤΜΝΕΩ

Εὐειδῆς Τριτωνίς ἐπ' οὐκ ἄγαθαῖς ἐλοχεύθη
κληδόσιν. οὐ γὰρ ἀν ὃδ' ὀλετὸ δαιμονίη
ἀρτιτόκος: τὰ δὲ πολλὰ κατήγαγεν ἐν βρέφος ἀδην
σὺν κείνῃ. δεκάτην δ' ὀυχ ὑπερῆπεν ἑω.
the door of gray old age used to sing a tune to her spindle and familiar distaff. Still by the loom until the dawn she revolved in company with the Graces that long task of Pallas, or, a loveable figure, smoothed with her wrinkled hand on her wrinkled knee the thread sufficient for the loom. Aged eighty years comely Platthis who wove so well set eyes on the lake of Acheron.

727.—THEAETETUS

Phileas seemed inferior to none in the gifts of his mind; let him who envies him go and cry himself to death. Yet but empty pleasure hath a man in fame, for in Hades Thersites is as highly honoured as Minos.

728.—CALLIMACHUS

I, the old woman who am now dust was once the priestess of Demeter and again of the Cabiri and afterwards of Cybele. I was the patroness of many young women. I had two male children and closed my eyes at a goodly old age in their arms. Go in peace.

729.—TYMNES

The omens were evil when fair Tritonis was brought to bed, for otherwise she would not have perished, unhappy girl, just after the child was born. With her this one babe brought down to Hades so much happiness, and it did not even live beyond the tenth dawn.

1 A form of imprecation.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

730.—ΠΕΡΣΟΤ

Δειλαία Μνάσυλλα, τι τοι καὶ ἐπ' ἡρίῳ οὗτος μυρομένα κούραν γραπτὸς ἐπεστὶ τύπος Νευτίμας; ἂς δὴ ποικ ἀπὸ ψυχῶν ἐρύσαντο ὡδίνες, κεῖται δ' οίᾳ κατὰ βλεφάριν ἄχλυϊ πλημμύρουσα φίλας ὑπὸ ματρὸς ἁγοστῷ αἰαί Ἀριστοτέλης δ' οὐκ ἀπάνευθε πατὴρ δεξιερὰ κεφαλὰν ἐπεμᾶςστετο. δ' μέγα δειλοί, οὐδὲ θανόντες ἐδὼ εξελάθεσοθ' ἄχέων.

731.—ΔΕΩΝΙΔΑ

"'Αμπελος ὅς ἦδη κάμακι στηρίζομαι αὐτῷ σκηπανώφ' καλέει μ' εἰς αἴδην θάνατος. δυσκόψει μή Γόργη: τί τοι χαριέστερον, ἢ τρεῖς ἢ πίσυρας ποιὰς θάλψαι ὑπ' ἡμίν;" ὃδε εἴπας οὖ κόμπῳ, ἀπὸ ζωῆς ὁ παλαιὸς ὀστατο, κῆς πλεύνων ἠλθε μετοικεσίην.

732.—ΘΕΟΔΩΡΙΔΑ

"Ωχευ ἐτ' ἀσκίτων Κινησία, Ἐρμόλα αὐτ' ἐκτίσον Ἁίδη χρεῖον ὁφειλόμενον, γύρα ἐτ' ἀρτιὰ πάντα φέρων: χρήστην δὲ δίκαιον εὑρὼν σε στέρξει παντοβίης Ἀχέρων.

733.—ΔΙΟΤΙΜΟΤ

†Αἰνόμενοι δύο γυναικεῖς ὁμήλικες ἤμεν, 'Αναξώ καὶ Κληνώ, διδυμοι παῖδεσ 'Επικράτεος. Κληνὼ μὲν Χαρίτων ἱερή, Δήμιυτρι ὑ' 'Αναξὼ ἐν ξωῇ προπολευσ'. ἐννέα δ' ἡμέλιων

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BOOK VII. 730-733

730.—PERSES

Unhappy Mnasylla, why does it stand on thy tomb, this picture of thy daughter Neotima whom thou lamentest, her whose life was taken from her by the pangs of labour? She lies in her dear mother’s arms, as if a heavy cloud had gathered on her eyelids and, alas, not far away her father Aristoteles rests his head on his right hand.1 O most miserable pair, not even in death have ye forgotten your grief.

731.—LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

"I am already supported only on a stick, like a vine on a stake; Death calls me to Hades. Stop not thy ears, Gorgus. What further pleasure hast thou in basking in the sun yet for three or four summers?" So speaking in no braggart strain the old man cast away his life and settled in the abode of the greater number.

732.—THEODORIDAS

Thou art gone, still without a staff, Cinesias, son of Hermolas, to pay the debt thou owest to Hades, in thy old age but bringing him thyself still complete. So all-subduing Aecheron finding thee a just debtor shall love thee.

733.—DIOTIMUS

We two old women Anaxo and Cleno the twin daughters of Epierates were ever together; Cleno was in life the priestess of the Graces and Anaxo served Demeter. We wanted nine days to complete

1 An attitude of mourning.
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όγδωκονταέτεις ἐτὶ λειπόμεθ' ἐς τὸδ' ἰκέσθαι τῆς μοίρης· ἐτέων δ' οὐ φθόνος ἐγεσθή.
καὶ πόσιας καὶ τέκνα φιλήσαμεν· αἱ δὲ παλαιαὶ πρώθ' ἡμεῖς οἶδημ πρήνιν ἀνυσσάμεθα.

734.—ΑΔΗΛΟΝ

† Ἡ ἔξεν οἶλατιτυείδεστι· τῷ μέρι; νέκυς ὡ πολὺ παῖδων τῶν ἀγαθῶν ἦδ' ἢ μ' ἀρχιγέρων ὁ γέρων,
ἀλλὰ φίλος γ' ὁ πρέσβυ, γένοιτο τευ άλβια τέκνα ἑλθείν καὶ λευκής ἐς δρόμον ἡλικίης.

735.—ΔΑΜΑΡΗΤΟΤ

Τοστάτιον, Φώκαια, κλυτῆ πόλι, τοῦτο Θεανὸν ἐπὶ εἰς ἀποθητον νύκτα κατερχομένην·
"Οἶμοι ἐγὼ δύστημας· Ἀπέλλιχε, ποίον, ὀμενυν, ποίον ἐπ' ὠκείη ἡ γν ἑρᾶς πέλαγος;
αὐτὰρ ἐμεῖ σχεδόθεν μόρος ἱσταται. ὡς ὀφελῶν γε χείρι φίλην τὴν σήν χείρα λαβοῦσα θανεῖν."

736.—ΔΕΩΝΙΔΑ ΤΑΡΑΝΤΙΝΟΥ

Μὴ φθείρευ, ὁυθρωπτε, περιπλάνουν βίον ἐλκών,
ἀλλὴν ἐξ ἀλλῆς εἰς χθόνι ἀλυσόμενος,
μὴ φθείρευ, κἀν εἰ σε περιστέψαντο καλῆ
ἡν θάλποι μικκῶν πῦρ ἀνακαλόμενοι,
εἰ καὶ σοι λυτῆ τε καὶ οὐκ εὐάλφιτος εἰς
φύστη ἐνι γρώνη μασσομένη παλάμαι,
ἡ καὶ σοι γλῆχων, ἡ καὶ θύμοι, ἡ καὶ ὁ πικρὸς
ἀδυμνής εἰς χόνδρος ἐποψίδιοι.

737.—ΛΔΕΞΙΠΟΤΟΝ

Ἐνθάδ' ἐγὼ ληστήρος ο τρισδεῖλαίος ἀρη
ἐδρήθην· κεῖμαι δ' οὐδενὶ κλαίομενοι.
our eightieth year. . . . . We loved our husbands and children, and we, the old women, won gentle death before them.

734.—Anonymous

This corrupt epigram seems to be partly in Doric and is evidently a dialogue. Lines 1 and 2 are quite unintelligible. It ends thus:

O old man, may thy blessed children too reach the road of gray age.

735.—Damagetus

Phocaea, glorious city, these were the last words Theano spoke as she descended into the vast night: "Alas unhappy that I am, Apellichus! What sea, my husband, art thou crossing in thy swift ship? But by me death stands close, and would I could die holding thy dear hand in mine."

736.—Leonidas of Tarentum

Vex not thyself, O man, leading a vagrant life, rolled from one land to another. Vex not thyself if thou hast a little hut to cover thee, warmed by a little fire, if thou hast a poor cake of no fine meal kneaded by thy hands in a stone trough, if thou hast mint or thyme for a relish or even coarse salt not unsweetened.

737.—Anonymous

Here I thrice unfortunate was slain by an armed robber, and here I lie bewept by none.
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738.—ΘΕΟΔΩΡΙΔΑ
Κληνίδες Κύπρου σε καὶ ἐσχαταὶ Σαλαμῖνος,
Τίμαρχ', ἱβριστής τ' ὀλεσε Δίψ ἀνεμος,
νητ' τε σὺν φόρτῳ τε· κόνιν δὲ σου ἄμφιμέλαιναν
dὲξαντ' οἰζυρό̣, σχέτλιε, κηδεμόνες.

739.—ΦΑΙΔΙΜΟΤ
Αἰάξῳ Πολύανθοι, ὃν εὐνέτισ, ὃ παραμείβων,
νυμφίον ἐν τῷ μῆνι θήκεν Ἀρισταγόρη,
dεξαμένη σποδιήν τε καὶ ὀστέα (τὸν δὲ δυσαῖς
ὀλεσεν Αἰγαλὼν κῦμα περὶ Σκίαθου),
dύσμορον ὀρθριοῦ μιν ἐπει πέκουν ἰχθυβολῆς,
ξείνε, Τοροντιών εἶλκυσαν ἐς λιμένα.

740.—ΛΕΩΝΙΔΑ
Αὕτα ἐπὶ Κρήθωνος ἐγὼ λίθος, οὐνομα κεῖνον
dηλοῦσα. Κρήθων δὲ ἐν χθονίοις σποδιά.
ὁ πρὶν καὶ Γύγη παρισεύμενος ὤλβον, ὃ τὸ πρὶν
βουπάμων, ὃ πρὶν πλοῦσιοι αἰπολίοις,
ὁ πρὶν—τὶ πλεῖον μυθεῦμαι; ὁ πᾶσι μακαρτὸς,
φεῦ, γαίῆς ὀσσῆς ὀσσὸν ἔχει μόριον.

741.—ΚΡΙΝΑΓΟΡΟΤ
Ὁθρυνάδην, Σπάρτης τὸ μέγα κλέος, ἡ Κυνέγειρον
ναῦμαχον, ἡ πάντων ἐργά κάλει πολέμων.
"Αρεος αἰχμητής Ἰταλὸς παρὰ χεύμασι Ῥήνου
cλυθέεις, ἐκ πολλῶν ἰμιθανής βελέων,
αἰετὸν ἀρπασθέντα φίλου στρατοῦ ως ἢθ ἤπ'
ἐχθροῖς,
ἀυτὸς ἀρηϑιφάτων ἀνθορεῖν ἐκ νεκύων·
τεῖνας δ' ὃς σφ' ἐκόμιζεν, ἑοῖς ἀνεσώσατο ταγώις,
μοῦνοι ἀήττητον δεξάμενος θάνατον.

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BOOK VII. 738–741

738.—THEODORIDAS

The Keys of Cyprus and the promontory of Salamis and the rude south wind destroyed thee, Timarchus, with thy ship and cargo, and thy mourning kinsmen received but the black ashes of thee, ill-fated man.

739.—PHAEDIMUS

I mourn for Polyanthus, O passer by, whom his wife Aristagora laid in the tomb, her newly wedded lord, receiving his ashes and dust (in the stormy Aegean near Sciathus he had perished) after the fishermen in the early morn had towed his corpse into the harbour of Torone.

740.—LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

I am the stone that rests on Cretho and makes known his name, but Cretho is ashes underground, he who once vied with Gyges in wealth, who was lord of many herds and flocks, who was—why need I say more? he who was blessed by all. Alas, what a little share of his vast lands is his!

741.—CRINAGORAS

Cite Othryadas, the great glory of Sparta, or Cynegeirus, the sea-fighter, or all great deeds of arms. The Italian warrior who lay by the streams of the Rhine, half dead from many wounds, when he saw the eagle of his dear legion seized by the enemy, again arose from amid the corpses of the slain and killing him who carried it, recovered it for his leaders, alone winning for himself a death that knew not defeat.

1 Some islands so called. 2 See above, No. 431. 3 The brother of Aeschylus. He fought at Marathon and Salamis.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

742.—ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝΙΔΟΤ

Οὐκέτι Τιμόκλεια τεῶν φάος ὠλεσας ὀσσων
κούρους δοιοτόκω νηδοί γειναμένη;
ὀμμασι δʹ ἐν πλεόνεσσιν ἀθρεῖς πυρθαλπες ἐχιμα
ἡλίου, προτέρης οὕσα τελειοτέρη.

743.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ

Εἴκοσιν 'Ερμοκράτεια καὶ ἐννέα τέκνα τεκοῦσα
οὐδ' ἐνὸς οὔτε μιᾶς αὐγασάμην βάνατον.
οὐ γὰρ ἀπωίστευσεν ἐμοὺς νήμας Ἀπόλλων,
οὐ βαρυτευθτὸς Ἀρτέμις εἴλε κόρας:
ἔμπαλι δʹ ἀ μὲν ἐλυσεν ἐμὰν ὦδίνα μολοῦσα,
Φοίβος δʹ εἰς ἒβαν ἄρσενας ἁγάγετο ἀβλαβέας νοῦσοις.  ἤδ' ως τίκημι δικαίως
παισίν καὶ γλώσσῃ σῶφρονι Τανταλίδα.

744.—ΔΙΟΡΕΝΟΤΣ

Ἐν Μέμφει λόγος ἐστὶ μαθεῖν ἱδίην ποτὲ μορίην
Εὐδοξοῦν παρὰ τοῦ καλλίκερω ταιρου
κούδεν ἔλεξεν πόθεν; βοῦ γὰρ λόγον οὔ πόρε φύτασι.
οὐδέ λάλον μόσχῳ "Απιδί στόμα:
ἀλλὰ παρ' αὐτοῦ λέχριος στὰς ἐλεχμίσατο στόλον,
προφανῶς τούτο διδάσκων "Ἀποδύσῃ βιοτήν
ὀσσον οὐπω." διὸ καὶ οἱ ταχέως ἢλθε μόρος, δεκάκις
πέντε καὶ τρεῖς εἰςιδόντα ποῖας.

745.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΤ

"Ἰβυκε, λυγίσται σε κατέκτανον ἐκ ποτὲ νηὸς
βάντ' ἐς ἐρημαιήν ἄστιβον ᾦνα,
ἀλλ' ἐπιβωςάμενον γεράνων νέφως, αἳ τοι ἵκοντο
μάρτυρες ἀλγιστὸν ὀλυμένῳ βάνατον."
BOOK VII. 742-745

742.—APOLLONIDES

(Not Sepulchral)

No longer, Timoclea, hast thou lost the light of thy eyes, now thou hast given birth to twin boys, but thou art now more perfect than thou ever wast, looking with more than two eyes on the burning Chariot of the Sun.

743.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

I, Hermocratea, bore twenty-nine children and have not seen the death of one, either boy or girl. For far from Apollo having shot down my sons and Artemis my daughters for me to lament, Artemis came to relieve me in childbirth and Phoebus brought my sons to man's estate unhurt by sickness. See how I justly surpass Niobe both in my children and in restraint of speech.

744.—DIOGENES LAERTIUS

They say that Eudoxus learnt his own fate in Memphis from the bull with beautiful horns. It spoke not, how could it? for nature has not given speech to cattle nor a talkative tongue to the calf Apis; but standing beside him it licked his cloak, evidently telling him this: "You will divest yourself of life." So he died shortly after, having seen fifty-three summers.

745.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

Ibycus, the robbers slew thee when from the ship thou didst land on the untrodden desert shore. But first didst thou call on the flock of cranes who came to witness that thou didst die a most cruel
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οὐδὲ μάτην ἴάχησας, ἐπεὶ ποιήτης Ἐρυνὺς
tοῦνδε διὰ κλαγῆν τίσατο σείο φόνον
Σισυφίνη κατὰ γαῖαν. ἰὼ φιλοκερδέα φύλα
ληστέων, τί θεῶν οὐ πεφόβησθε χόλου;
οὐδὲ γὰρ ὁ προπάροιθε κανῶν Ἀγισθὸς ἀοιδὸν
όμμα μελαμπέπλων ἐκφυγεν Ἑὐμενίδων.

746.—ΠΤΘΑΓΟΡΟΤ

Εἰς τάφον τοῦ Διὸς ἐν Κρήτῃ

"Ὄδε μέγας κεῖται Ζάν ὃν Δία κικλήσκουσιν.

747.—ΛΙΒΑΝΙΟΤ

Ἰουλιανὸς μετὰ Τίγρῳ ἀγάρρου ἐνθάδε κεῖται,
ἀμφότερον, βασιλεὺς τ' ἀγαθὸς κρατερός τ' αἰχμητής.

748.—ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΤ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΤ

Τῆς τόδε μουσώγληνος ἢπαν δωμήσατο Κύκλωψ
λάϊνον Ὄσουρίης χώμα Σεμιράμισος,
ἡ ποίοι χθωνὸς υἱὲς ἀνυψώσαντο Πγαντε
κεῖμενον ἐπταπόρων ἰγχόθι Πληνίδοιν
ἀκλίνες, ἀστυφέλικτον, Ἄθως ἵσον ἐρίπνα
φυρηθὲν γαῖς εὐρυπέδοιο βάρος;
δάμος ἀεὶ μακαριστός, ὃς ἀστείων Ἡρακλείης
ουρανίων [νεφέων τεῦξεν ἔπ'] ἐυρυάλων.

1 The words in brackets are added in the MS. by a later hand. They give no sense.
death. And not in vain didst thou cry out, for through the calling of the cranes the Erinyes avenged thy death in the land of Corinth. O ye race of robbers greedy of gain, why fear ye not the anger of the gods? Not even did Aegisthus, who of old slew the singer, escape the eyes of the dark-robed Furies.

746. PYTHAGORAS

Here lies great Zan whom they call Zeus.¹

747.—LIBANIUS

Julian² lies here on the further bank of the strong current of Tigris, "a good king and a valiant warrior."³

748.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON

What one-eyed Cyclops built all this vast stone mound of Assyrian Semiramis, or what giants, sons of earth, raised it to reach near to the seven Pleiads, inflexible, unshakable, a mass weighing on the broad earth like to the peak of Athos? Ever blessed people, who to the citizens of Heraclea . . .

¹ Supposed to have been written on the tomb of Zeus, in Crete.
² The emperor.
³ Homer, Ilïad iii. 279.
BOOK VIII

THE EPIGRAMS OF SAINT GREGORY
THE THEOLOGIAN

I should personally have preferred to follow the Teubner edition in omitting this book, as it forms no part of Cephalus' Anthology and merely, because all the epigrams are in the form of epitaphs, occupies this place in the Palatine MS. It has, however, been included in the Didot edition, which still remains the standard text of the Anthology,¹ and it is the rule of the Loeb Library to reproduce the standard text. The proper place for this collection of the Epigrams of St. Gregory would be in his very voluminous works.

Gregory of Nazianza was one of the great triad of Church Fathers of the fourth century (the Ἱεράρχαι as they are styled in the Orthodox Calendar). The other two, Basil and Chrysostom, were his contemporaries and friends, as will be seen from some of these epigrams. Basil especially had been his friend from his youth up, and Gregory's wife was Basil's sister (see Epigr. 164). Gregory evidently enjoyed making verses, but the epigrams make somewhat tedious reading, as there are so many on the same subject.

¹ Other epigrams of St. Gregory's which are found elsewhere in the Palatine MS. have not been included in the Didot edition.
ΕΚ ΤΩΝ ΕΠΙΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΩΝ ΤΟΤ ΑΓΙΟΤ
ΓΡΗΓΟΡΙΟΤ ΤΟΤ ΘΕΟΛΟΓΟΤ

1.—'Επιτύμβιον εἰς 'Ιωάννην καὶ Θεοδόσιον
Ενθάδε τύμβος ἔχει θεοειδέας ἁνέρας ἐσθλούς,
θείον 'Ιωάννην, τὸν πάννυ Θεοδόσιον,
ὦν ἄρετὴ πολύολβος ἐς οὐρανὸν ἀντυγγα ἤλθε,
καὶ φωτὸς μετόχους δεῖξεν ἀκηρασίον.

2.—Εἰς τὸν μέγαν Βασίλειον τὸν Κασαρείας ἐπίσκοπον
τῆς ἐν Καππαδοκίᾳ
Σῶμα δίχα ψυχῆς ζώειν πάρος ἡ ἐμὲ σεῖο,
Βασίλει, Χριστοῦ λάτρι, φίλ', ὁίόμην;
ἀλλ' ἐτλην καὶ ἐμείνα. τί μέλλομεν; οὐ μ' ἀναείρας
θῆρεις ἐς μακάρων σήν τε χοροστασίην;
μή με λίπης, μή, τύμβον ἐπόμνυμι· οὐ ποτε σεῖο
λήσομαι, οὐδὲ θέλων. Γρηγορίοιο λόγος.

3.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν Βασίλειον τὸν μέγαν
Πνίκα Βασιλίοιο θεόφρονος ἦρπασε πνεῦμα
ἡ Τριάς ἀσπασίως ἐνθευ ἐπειγομένουν,
πᾶσα μὲν οὐρανιή στρατιή γῆθησεν ἱόντι,
πᾶσα δὲ Καππαδοκῶν ἐστονάχησε πόλις
οὐκ οἶον· κόσμος δὲ μέγ' ἰαχείν· ""Ὠλετο κήρυξ,
ὡλετο εἰρήνης δεσμὸς ἀριπρεπέος."
BOOK VIII

THE EPIGRAMS OF SAINT GREGORY THE THEOLOGIAN

1.—For the tomb of the Emperor Theodosius and St. John Chrysostom

Here the tomb holds the good godlike men, divine Joannes and the most excellent Theodosius, whose rich virtue reached to the vault of heaven, and showed them partakers of the pure light.

2.—On St. Basil the Great, Bishop of Caesarea in Cappadocia

Methought, dear Basil, servant of Christ, that a body could sooner live without a soul than myself without thee. But I bore it and remained. Why do we delay? Wilt thou not lift me up on high and set me in the company of thyself and the blessed ones? Desert me not, I supplicate by thy tomb. Never, even if I would, shall I forget thee. It is the word of Gregory.

3.—On the Same

When the Trinity carried away the spirit of godly Basil, who gladly hastened hence, all the host of Heaven rejoiced at his going, and not only the whole Cappadocian city¹ groaned, but the world lamented loudly. He is gone, the herald, the bond of glorious peace² is gone.

¹ Caesarea. ² i.e. he who was a bond of peace among men.
4.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν

Κόσμος ὁλος μύθοις ὑπ' ἀντιπάλοισιν ἀεικῶς
σείεται, ὁ Τριάδος κλήρος ὀμοσθενέος·
αἰαὶ Βασιλίαν δὲ μεμυκτα χεῖλεα σιγῇ.
ἔγρευ· καὶ στήτω σοὶ λόγους σάλος
σαίς τε θυηπολήσῃ· σὺ γὰρ μόνος ἵσον ἐφήμας
καὶ βιοτον μύθῳ καὶ βιότητι λόγου.

5.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν

Εἰς θεὸς υψιμέδων· ἐνα δ' ἄξιον ἀρχιερήῃ
ἡμετέρῃ γενεῇ εἰδὲ σε, Βασίλει,
ἄγγελον ἀτρεκίς ἐριπέχεα, ὄμμα φαείνον
Χριστιανοῖς, ψυχῆς κάλλεσι λαμπόμενον,
Πόντου Καππαδοκῶν τε μέγα κλέος· εἰσέτι καὶ νῦν,
λίσσομι, ὑπὲρ κόσμου ἵστασο δῷρ' ἀνάγων.

6.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν

Ἐνθάδε Βασιλίαν Βασιλίαν ἀρχιερήῃ
θέντο με Καισαρεῖς, Γρηγορίοιο φίλον,
ὅν περὶ κήρι φιλήσα· θεός δὲ οἱ ὀλβία δοῖν
ἀλλα τε, καὶ ζωῆς ὡς τάχος ἀντιάσαι
ἡμετέρης· τί δ' ὀνειαρ ἐπὶ χθονὶ δηθύνοντα
τήκεσθ', οὐρανίς μυσώμενον φιλής;

7.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν

Τυτθον ἐτι πνείεσκες ἐπὶ χθονὶ, πάντα δὲ Χριστῷ
δῶκας ἄγων, ψυχῆν, σῶμα, λόγου, παλάμας,
Βασίλει, Χριστοῦ μέγα κλέος, ἔρμ' ἱερῆων,
ἐρμα πολυσχίστου νῦν πλέον ἀτρεκίς.
BOOK VIII. 4-7

4.—On the Same

The whole world, the inheritance of the co-equal Trinity, is shaken in unseemly wise by strife of words. Alas, the lips of Basil are closed and silent. Awake, and by thy words and by thy ministry make the tossing to cease; for thou alone didst exhibit a life equal to thy words and words equal to thy life.

5.—On the Same

There is one God who ruleth on high, and our age saw but one worthy high-priest, thee, Basil, the deep-voiced messenger of truth, the Christians’ bright eye, shining with the beauty of the soul, the great glory of Pontus and Cappadocia. Continue, I implore thee, to stand offering up thy gifts for the world.

6.—On the Same

Here the Caesareans laid me their high-priest, Basil the son of Basil, the friend of Gregory, whom I loved with all my heart. May God grant him all blessings, and especially to attain right soon to this life that is mine. What profiteth it to linger on earth and waste away, longing for a celestial friendship?

7.—On the Same

A little time didst thou still breath on earth, but gavest all thou hadst to Christ, thy soul, thy body, thy speech, thy hands, Basil, the great glory of Christ, the bulwark of the priestly order, and now even more the bulwark of the truth so rent by schism.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

8.—Eis tôn autôn

Ω μῦθοι, ὁ ξυνὸς φιλίης δόμος, ὁ φίλ' Ἀθηναί, ὁ θείου βίοτον τηλόθε συνθεσία,
tîste tòd', ὡς Βασίλειος εἴς οὐρανῶν, ὡς ποθέσκευμ, Ἐγγύριος δ' ἐπὶ γῆς χείλεσι δεσμὰ φέρων.

9.—Eis tôn autôn

Καίσαρέων μέγ' ἄεισμα, φαινάτατε ὁ Βασίλειε, βροντή σείδο λόγος, ἀστεροπή δὲ βίος:
ἀλλὰ καὶ ὡς ἔδρην ίερὴν λίπτες· ἢθελεν οὕτω Χριστός, ὅπως μίξῃ σ' ὡς τάχος οὐρανίοις.

10.—Eis tôn autôn

Βένθεα πάντ' ἐδάνης τὰ πνεύματος, ὥσα τ' ἔασι
τῆς χθονίης σοφίης· ἐμπυςον ἵρον ἐνη.

10b.—Eis tôn autôn

Ὁκτάετες λαοῖο θεοφρόνοις ἵπταν τείνας,
toúto mónon tòn σών, ὁ Βασίλει', ὀλίγον.

11.—Eis tôn autôn

Χαίροις, ὁ Βασίλειε, καὶ εἰ λίπες ἣμεας, ἠμπῆς:
Γεγοριέω τόδε σοι γράμματ' ἐπιτυμβίδιον,
μῦθος οὐ δὲν φιλέσκεσκες' ἔχοις χερός, ὁ Βασίλειε,
tῆς φιλίης καὶ σοι δῷρων ἀπευκτότατον.
Γεγορίοιος, Βασίλειε, τεῖ κόιν τήνδ' ἀνέθηκα
tòν ἑπιγραμματίων, θείε, δυσδεκάδα.

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BOOK VIII. 8–11

8.—On the Same

O converse, O friendship's common home, O dear Athens, O distant covenant we made to lead the divine life, know that Basil, as he desired, is in Heaven, but Gregory on earth, his lips chained.

9.—On the Same

O most glorious Basil, the great vaunt of Caesarea, thy word was thunder and thy life lightning. But none the less thou hast left thy holy seat; for such was the will of Christ that he might join thee early to the heavenly ones.

10.—On the Same

Thou knowest all the depths of the spirit and all that pertains to earthly wisdom. Thou wast a living temple.

10b.—On the Same

For but eight years didst thou hold the reins of the pious people, and this was all pertaining to thee that was little.

11.—On the Same

Hail, Basil, yea even though thou hast left us. This is Gregory's epitaph for thee, this is the voice thou didst love. Take from the hand that was dear to thee the gift though it be right grievous to give. Gregory dedicates to thee, divine Basil, this dozen of epigrams.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

12.—Eis tôn éanotov patéra

"Eνθ' ékatontaiéth, ζωῆς βροτῆς καθύπερθε, πνεύματι καὶ θῶκῳ τεσσαρακονταέτης, μεύλιχος, ἡδυπής, λαμπρὸς Τριάδος υποφήτης, νήδυμον ύπνον ἔχω, Γρηγορίου δέμα: ψυχὴ δὲ πτερόεσσα λάχεν θεόν. ἀλλ' ἱερῆς ἀζόμενοι κείνον καὶ τάφον ἀμφέπετε.

13.—Eis tôn auton

"Εκ με πικρῆς ἐκάλεσσε θεὸς μέγας ἀγριελαίης, ποίμνης <δ'> ἤγερενον θήκε τὸν οὐθ' οἴων ἐσχατον. ἐκ πλευρῆς δὲ θεόφρονος ὄλβον ἐνειμεν' γῆρας <δ'> ἐς λιπαρὸν ἱκόμεθ' ἀμφότεροι. ἵρὸς ἐμὸν τεκέων ἀγανώστατος: εἰ δὲ τελευτὴν ἐτλής Γρηγόριος, οὗ μέγα: θυττὸς ἕσην.

14.—Eis tôn auton

Εἴ τις ὁροὺς καθύπερθεν ἀγνῆς ὅπος ἐπλετοῦ μῦστης Μωσῆς, καὶ μεγάλον Γρηγορίου νόος, ὁν ποτε τηλόθ' ἔόντα χάρις μέγαν ἀρχιερήθα θήκατο: νῦν δ' ἱερῆς ἐγγὺς ἔχει Τριάδος.

15.—Eis tôn auton

Αὐτὸς νηὸν ἔρεψα θεῷ, καὶ δῶχ' ἱερῆ Γρηγορίου καθαρῆ λαμπόμενον Τριάδι, ἄγγελον ἀτρεκῆς ἐρυχέα, ποιμένα λαῶν, ἥθεου σοφίς ἀμφοτέρης πρύτανιν.
12.—On his own Father

Here I sleep the sweet sleep, the body of Gregory, the mild sweet-spoken glorious interpreter of the Trinity. I lived to a hundred years, more than the span of man's life, and for forty years lived in the spirit and occupied the episcopal throne. But my winged soul is with God.—Ye priests, care reverently for his tomb too.

13.—On the Same

Great God called me from the bitter wild-olive, and made me, who was not even the last of the sheep, the shepherd of the flock. From my devout rib he gave me wealth of children, and both of us reached a prosperous old age. The mildest of my sons is a priest. If I Gregory suffered death, it is no marvel; I was mortal.

14.—On the Same

If there was one Moses privileged on the mountain to hear the pure voice, there was also the mind of great Gregory, whom once God's grace called from afar and made a great high-priest. Now he dwells near the Holy Trinity.

15.—On the Same

I both built a temple to God and gave him a priest, Gregory illumined by the pure Trinity, the sonorous messenger of truth, the shepherd of the people, a youth excelling in holy and profane learning.

1 *cp. Rom. xi. 17.*

2 i.e. wife.
16.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν
Τέκνον ἐμὸν, τὰ μὲν ἄλλα πατρὸς καὶ φέρτερος εἰς, τὴν δὲ ἀγανοφροσύνην ἄξιος (οὔ τι πλέον εὐξασθαι θέμις ἐστὶν) καὶ ἐς βαθὺ γῆρας ἱκοῖο; τῷ οὖν κηδεμόνος, ὃ μάκαρ, ἀντιάσασος.

17.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν
Οὕκ ὁδις, εἰτ' ὁϊων προφερέστατος· αὐτὰρ ἐπεῖτα ποιμῆν, εἶτα πατήρ, καὶ νομέων νομέας, θυντοὺς ἀθάνατον τε θεόν μέγαν εἰς ἐν ἀγείροι, κεῖμαι Γρηγόριος Γρηγορίου γενέτης.
ὁλβιος, εὐγήρως, εὐπαίως θάνον, ἀρχιερῆς ἄρχιερεὺς τε πατήρ, Γρηγόριος· τι πλέον;

18.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν
Οὕτι μὲν ἐς πολύκαρπον ἄλωην ὠρθρίος ἤλθον, ἔμπα δὲ τῶν προτέρων πλείονα μισθὸν ἔχω Γρηγόριος, ποιμὴν τε καλὸς καὶ πλείονα ποιμὴν Χριστῶ ἀναθρέψας ἤθεσι μειλίχιοις.

19.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν
Οὐχ ὁσίς ρύζης μὲν ἐγὼ θάλος, εὐαγγέος δὲ συζυγίης κεφαλῆς καὶ τεκέων τριάδος· ποίμνης ἡγεμόνευσα ὁμόφρονος· ἐνθέν ἀπὴλθον πλήρης καὶ χθονίων κουρανίων ἐτέων.

20.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν
Γρηγόριος, τὸ δὲ θάμμα, χάριν καὶ πνεύματος αὐγλην ἐνθέν ἀειρόμενος ρύψ' ἐπὶ παιδὶ φίλῳ.

1 i.e. Bishop. 2 By the Eucharist. 3 cp. I. Cor. xi. 3.
BOOK VIII. 16-20

16.—On the Same

Mayest thou, my son, excel thy father in other things and in gentleness be worthy of him (we may not pray for more); and mayest thou reach a ripe old age, blessed man, whose lot it was to have such a guardian.

17.—On the Same

No sheep, then the first of the sheep and next their shepherd, then their father and the shepherd of the shepherds, gathering in one mortals and the immortal God, I lie here, Gregory the father of Gregory. Happy I died in hale old age, blessed in my offspring, I Gregory the high-priest and father of a high-priest. What more could I desire?

18.—On the Same

I, Gregory, came not early to the vineyard, but yet I have higher wage than those who came before me. I was a good shepherd and reared for Christ a greater flock by my gentle usage.

19.—On the Same

I am the scion of no holy root, but the head of a pious wife and of three children. I ruled over a flock united in spirit, from which I departed full of earthly and heavenly years.

20.—On the Same

Gregory, (marvellous it was) as he was taken up, cast on his dear son grace and the light of the Spirit.

4 Years passed in the priesthood and previously.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

21.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν
Τυτθὴ μάργαρος ἐστὶν, ἀτὰρ λιθάκεσσιν ἀνάσσει, τυτθὴ καὶ Βηθλέμ, ἔμπα δὲ χριστοφόρος.
ὁς δ’ ὀλίγην μὲν ἐγὼ πούμνην λάχου, ἀλλὰ φερίστην Γρηγόριος, τὴν σὺ, πάι φίλε, λίσσομ’, ἄγοις.

22.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν
Ποιμενίνη σύρπγγα τεαίς ἐν χερσίν θηκα. Γρηγόριος· σὺ δὲ μοι τέκνου ἐπισταμένως σημαίνειν· ξώις δὲ θύρας πετάσειας ἀπασίν, ἔς δὲ τάφον πατέροις ὁρίος αὐτιάσαις.

23.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν
Στράψε μὲν οἷς τὸ πάροιτεν ἐν οὐρεῖ Χριστὸς ἀμείφθη, στράψε δὲ Γρηγορίου τοῦ καθαροί νῦν, τίμος οτ’ εἴδωλων ἔφυγε ξόφον· ὃς δ’ ἐκαθάρθη, ἤσι θυηπολίας λαόν δν εἰσέτ’ ἄγει.

24.—Εἰς τὴν μητέρα ἐκ τοῦ θυσιαστηρίου προσληψθεῖσαν
Παντὸς σοι μύθοιο καὶ ἐργατὸς ἦεν ἀριστον ἡμαρ κυριακόν. πένθει πένθος ἀπαν, μῆπερ ἐμὴ, τίουσα, μόναι ὑποεικῆς ἑορταῖς. εὐφροσύνης, ἀχέων ἰστορα νηὸν ἐκείς. χῶρος ἀπας δάκρυσι τεοὶς σφεργῆξετο, μῆπερ. μούνῳ δὲ σταυρῷ πήγυντο καὶ δάκρυνα.

25.—Εἰς τὴν αὐτὴν μητέρα Νόνναν
Οὔποτε σεῖο τράπεζα θυιδόχος ἔδρακε νύτα, οὐδὲ διὰ στομάτων ἤλθε βέβηλον ἐπος. οὐδὲ γέλως μαλακῆσιν ἐφίξανε, μύστι, παρειαῖς. σιγῆς κρυφίους σεῖο, μάκαιρα, πόνους. καὶ τὰ μὲν ἐνδοθε τοῖα, τὰ δ’ ἐκτοθε πᾶσι πέφανατι. 5 τούνεκα καὶ θείῳ σῶμ’ ἀπέλειπτες ἐδει. 5
BOOK VIII. 21-25

21.—On the Same
Small is the pearl, but the queen of jewels; small is Bethlehem, but yet the mother of Christ; so a little flock was mine, Gregory’s, but of the best; and I pray, my dear son, that thou mayest lead it.

22.—On the Same
I, Gregory, put into thy hands my shepherd’s pipe. Rule over the flock skilfully my son. Open the gates of life to all, and ripe in years share thy father’s tomb.

23.—On the Same
Christ shone in the eyes of those before whom he was transfigured on the mountain and he shone in the mind of pure Gregory when he escaped the darkness of idolatry. But since he was purified, he leads his people ever by his priestly ministrations.

24.—On his Mother who was taken to God from the Altar
The Lord’s day was the crown of all thy words and deeds, my mother. Honouring as thou didst all mourning by mourning, thou didst yield thee to rejoicing but on holy days. The temple was the witness of thy joy and grief alike: all the place was sanctified by thy tears, and by the cross alone those tears were stayed.

25.—On the Same
The sacrificial table never saw thy back, nor did a profane word ever pass thy lips, nor did laughter ever sit, O God’s initiated, on thy soft cheeks. I will say naught of thy secret troubles, O blessed woman. Such wast thou within, and what thou wast outwardly was manifest to all. Therefore didst thou take leave of thy body in the house of God.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

26.—Eis τὴν αὐτήν
Πῶς ἐλύθη Νόννης καλὰ γοῦνατα; πῶς δὲ μέμυκεν χείλεα; πῶς ὀσσών οὐ προχεῖ ζιβάδας;
ἀλλοι δ’ αὖ βοῶσι παρ’ ἥριον· ἥ δὲ τράπεζα
ουκέτ’ ἔχει καρποὺς τῆς μεγάλης παλάμης.
χώρος δ’ ἐστὶν ἐρημὸς ἄγνου ποδός, οἱ δ’ ἱερῆς
ουκέτ’ ἐπὶ τρομερήν κρατὶ βαλοῦσι χέρα.
χήραι δ’ ὁρφανικοὶ τε, τι βέβετε; παρθενί᾽ δὲ
cαι γάμος εὐξυγέων, κέρσατ’ ἀπὸ πλοκάμους,

τοῖσιν ἀγαλλομένη κρατὸς φέρε πάντα χαμάζε,
tήμος ὃτ’ ἐν νηὸς ρικνοῦ ἁφήκε δέμας.

27.—Eis τὴν αὐτήν
Σάρρα σοφὴ τίοουσα φίλον πόσιν ἀλλὰ σὺ, μῆτερ,
πρῶτα Χριστιανοῦ, εἰθ’ ἱερῆ μέγαν,
σῶν πόσιν ἔσθολον ἑθηκας ἀπόπροθι φωτὸς ἑόντα.
"Ἀννα, σὺ δ’ νύι φίλον καὶ τέκες εὐχαμένη,
καὶ νηὸ μιν ἑδωκας ἄγνου θεράπτοντα Σαμουήλ.
ἡ δ’ ἐτέρη κόλποι Χριστὸν ἑδεκτὸ μέγαν.
Νόννα δ’ ἀμφοτέρων ἐλαχες κλέος· ὑστάτιον δὲ

νηὸ λισσωμένη πάρθετο σῶμα φίλον.

28.—Eis τὴν αὐτήν
Ἐμπεδόκλεις, σὲ μὲν αὐτίκ’ ἐτώσια φυσιώντα
καὶ βροτὸν Αἰτναίοιο πυρὸς κρητῆρες ἐθείζαν.
Νόννα δ’ οὐ κρητῆρας ἔσηλατο, πρὸς δὲ τραπέζῃ
τῇδε ποτ’ εὐχομένη καθαρὸν θύους ἐνθεὶν ἄερθη,
kαὶ νῦν θηλυτέρησι μεταπρέπει εὐσεβεῖσσι,
Σουσάννη, Μαριάμ τε καὶ Ανναίς, ἔρμα γυναικῶν.
26.—On the Same

How are Nonna's goodly knees relaxed, how are her lips closed, why sheds she not fountains from her eyes? Others cry aloud by her tomb, and the holy table no longer bears the gifts of her generous hands. The place misses her holy foot, and the priests no longer shall lay their trembling hands upon her head. Widows and orphans! what will ye do? Virgins and well mated couples! shear your hair... glorying in which she let fall on the ground all that was on her head, then when in the temple she quitted her wrinkled body.

27.—On the Same

Sarah was wise, honouring her dear husband, but thou, mother, didst make thy good husband, once far from the light, first a Christian and then a bishop. Thou Anna¹ didst both bear the dear son for whom thou didst pray and gavest thy Samuel to be a holy servant in the temple; but the second Anna² took to her bosom the great Christ. Nonna shared the fame of both, and at the end, praying in the church, she laid aside there her body.

28.—On the Same

Empedocles, the fiery crater of Etna received thee, a mortal puffed up with vanity. Nonna leapt into no crater, but praying by this table was taken up thence a pure victim, and now, one of the guardians of her sex, shares the glory of the pious women, Susanna, Mary and the two Annas.

¹ i.e. Hannah. ² Luke ii. 36.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

29.—Εἰς τὴν αὐτὴν

Ἡρακλῆς, Ἐμπεδότιμε, Τροφώνε, εἴξατε μύθων, καὶ σὺ γ' Ἀρισταῖον κενεαυχέος ὄφρης ἀπίστε: ὑμεῖς μὲν θυμητοὶ καὶ οὐ μάκαρες παθέσσοι: θυμῷ δ' ἀρρενί Νόννα βίον τμῆξασα κέλευθον, Χριστοφόρος, σταυροῖο λάτρει, κόσμου περίφρων, ἡλικτ' ἑπωρανίην εἰς ἀντυγκα ὡς ποθέοσκεν, τρίσμακαρ ἐν νηθ' σῶμ' ἀποδυσαμένῃ.

30.—Εἰς τὴν αὐτὴν

Γρηγόριον βοώσα παρ' ἀνθοκόμοισιν ἀλωαῖς ἡμτεο, μῆτερ ἐμή, ξείνης ἀπὸ νισσομένουι, χείρας δ' ἀμπετάσασα φίλας τεκέσσοι φίλοις, Γρηγόριον βοώσα: τὸ δ' ἔξεεν αἱμα τεκοῦσης ἀμφοτέροις ἐπὶ παισί, μάλιστα δὲ θρέμματι θηλῆς: τούνεκα καὶ σὲ τόσοις ἐπιγράμμασι, μῆτερ, ἐτίσα.

31.—Εἰς τὴν αὐτὴν

"Αλλη μὲν κλεινῇ τις ἐνοικιδίοισι πόνοισιν, ἀλλη δ' ἐκ χαρίτων ἢδε σαφροσύνης, ἀλλη δ' εὐσεβίης ἐργοις καὶ σαρκὸς ἀνίας, δάκρυσιν, εὐχωλαίς, χερσί πενητοκόμοις: Νόννα δ' ἐν πάντεσσοι ἀοίδιμος: εἴ δὲ τελευτὴν τὸτο θέμις καλέειν, κάτθανεν εὐχομένη.

32.—Εἰς τὴν αὐτὴν

Τέκνον ἐμῆς θηλῆς, ἱερὸν θάλος, ὡς ἐπόθησα, οὐχομαι εἰς ζωήν, Γρηγόρι', οὐρανίην.

1 A curious choice of names. Empedotimus was an
BOOK VIII. 29-32

29.—On the Same

Yield up your place in story, Heracles, Empe- dotimus, Trophonius and thou unbelieving pride of vainglorious Aristaeus. Ye were mortal and not blessed in your affections; but Nonna the bearer of Christ, the servant of the cross, the despiser of the world, after travelling the path of life with virile spirit, leapt to the vault of heaven, even as she desired, thrice blessed in having put off the vesture of her body in the temple.

30.—On the Same

Calling on Gregory, mother, thou didst meet us by the flowery fields on our return from a strange country, and didst reach out thy arms to thy dear children, calling ever on Gregory. The blood of the mother boiled for both her sons, but mostly for him whom she had suckled. Therefore have I honoured thee, mother, in so many epigrams.

31.—On the Same

One woman is famed for her domestic labours, another for grace and chastity, another for her pious deeds and the pains she inflicts on her body, her tears, her prayers, and her charity; but Nonna is renowned for everything, and, if we may call this death, she died while praying.

32.—On the Same

Child of my paps, holy sprout, Gregory, I go, as I longed, to the heavenly life. Much didst thou toil obscure Pythagorean Philosopher, Trophonius the builder of the Delphian temple, and Aristaeus a Cyrenaean seer.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

καὶ γὰρ πόλλ' ἐμόγησας ἐμὸν κομέων πατέρος τε γῆρας, ἓ καὶ Χριστοῦ βίβλος ἤχει μεγάλην ἀλλὰ, φίλοι, τοικέσσιν ἐφέσπεο, καὶ σε τάχιστα ἰδέζομεθ' ἠμετέροις φάεσι προφρονέως.

33.—Εἰς τὴν αυτὴν
Ψυχῇ μὲν πτερόεσσα πρὸς οὐρανὸν ἦλθε Νόννη, σώμα δ' ἄρ' ἐκ νησοῦ Μάρτυσι παρθέμεθα. Μάρτυρες, ἀλλ' ὑπόδεχθε θύσος μέγα, τὴν πολύμοχθον σάρκα καὶ ἦμετέροις αἴμασιν ἐσπομένην, αἴμασιν ἦμετέροισιν, ἐπεί ψυχῶν ὀλεθηρος δηναιούσι τόνοις κάρτος ἔπαυσε μέγα.

34.—Εἰς τὴν αυτὴν
Οὐ μόσχων θυσίην σκιοειδεά, οὐδὲ χιμάρρων, οὐδὲ πρωτοτόκων Νόνν' ἀνέθηκε θεῶ. τάυτα νόμος προτέρουσιν, ὅτε εἰκόνες· ἢ δ' ἄρ' ἐαυτὴν ἐδόκειν ὅλην βιότῳ, μάνθανε, καὶ θανάτορ.

35.—Εἰς τὴν αυτὴν
Εὐχομένη βοῶσα παρ' ἀγνοτάτησι τραπέζων Νόννα λύθη. φωνή δ' ἐδέθη καὶ χείλεα καλὰ γηραλέας. τί τὸ θαύμα; θεός θέλειν ὑμνήτειραν γλῶσσαν ἐπ' εὐφήμουσι λόγοις κληίδα βαλέσθαι καὶ νῦν οὐρανόθεν μέγ' ἐπεύχεται ἠμερίοισιν.

36.—Εἰς τὴν αυτὴν
Εὐχωλαίς καὶ πόντου ἐκοίμησε Νόννα θεουδῆς οἰς τεκέσσι φίλοισι, καὶ ἐκ περάτων συνάγειρεν ἀντολής δύσιος τε, μέγα κλέος, οὐ δοκέοντας, μητρὸς ἔρως· νοῦσον τε πικρὴν ἀποέργαθεν ἀνδρός· λισσομένη, τὸ δὲ θαύμα, λίπεν βίον ἐνδοθ' ἡμοῦ.
to tend my own and thy father's old age, and all this is written in the great book of Christ. But follow thy parents, dear, and we shall soon receive thee gladly to our splendour.

33.—On the Same

The winged soul of Nonna went to heaven, and from the temple we bore her body to lay it beside the martyrs. Receive, ye martyrs, this great victim, her suffering flesh that follows your blood—your blood I say, for by her long labours she broke the mighty strength of the destroyer of souls.

34.—On the Same

No shadowy sacrifice of calves or goats or first-born did Nonna offer to God. This the Law enjoined on men of old, when there were yet types, but learn that she sacrificed her whole self by her life and by her death.

35.—On the Same

Nonna was released as she was calling aloud in prayer by the most holy table; there the voice and the lovely lips of the aged woman were arrested. Why marvel thereat? God willed to put the lock on her hymning tongue as it was in the act of uttering words of happy omen, and now from heaven she prays aloud for mortals.

36.—On the Same

God-like Nonna stilled the sea by her prayers for her dear sons, and their mother's love gathered them from the extremes of east and west, when they thought not to return—a great glory to her. And by her prayers she dispelled her husband's grave illness, and (what a marvel!) she ended her life in the church.

1 Which is "a shadow of things to come." (Col. ii. 17).
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

37.—Εἰς τὴν αὐτὴν
Πολλάκις ἐκ μὲ νόσων τε καὶ ἀργαλέων ὀρυμαγδῶν, σειρὰς ἐν τῷ κρυπτῶν, καὶ ἀγρια κυμαίνοντος οἴδματος ἔξεσάωσας, ἐπεὶ θεὸν ἰλαον εἴχες· ἄλλα σὺν καὶ νῦν με, πάτερ, μεγάληςι λιτήσι, καὶ σὺ, τεκοῦσα, μᾶκαρα ἐν εὐχωλῆσι θανοῦσα.

38.—Εἰς τὴν αὐτὴν
Νόνναν ἐπουρανίοισιν ἀγαλλομένην φαέεσσι, καὶ ρίζης ἰερῆς πτόρθον ἀειθαλέα, Γρηγορίοις ἰερῆς ὁμόζυγα, καὶ πραπίδεσσιν εὐαγέων τεκέων μητέρα, τύμβος ἔχω.

39.—Εἰς τὴν αὐτὴν
Εὐχαί τε στοναχαί τε φίλαι καὶ νύκτες οὕπυνοι, καὶ νηοῖο πέδον δάκρυσι δενόμενον, σοὶ, Νόννα ξαθέζ, τοίην βιότοιο τελευτὴν ὅππασαν, ἐν νηῷ ψῆφον ἐλείν θανάτου.

40.—Εἰς τὴν αὐτὴν
Μοῦνη σοὶ φωνῇ περιλείπετο, Νόννα φαεινή, πάνθ᾽ ἁμυδῆς ληποῖς ἐνθεμένη μεγάλοις, ἐκ καθαρῆς κραδίης ἄγνυν θύος· ἄλλ᾽ ἀρα καὶ τὴν ὑστατήν νηῷ λείπες ἀειρομένη.

41.—Εἰς τὴν αὐτὴν
Οὐδὲ θάνει νηοῖο θυώδεος ἐκτοθὴ Νόννα, φωνῆσι δὲ προτέρην ἢρπασε Χριστὸς ἁναξ λισσομένης· πόθεν γὰρ ἐν εὐχωλῆσι τελέοσαι τόιδε βίον πάσης ἀγρότερον θυσίης.
BOOK VIII. 37-41

37.—On the Same

Often from disease and grave disturbance, and dreadful earthquake, and the wild tossing of the waves hast thou saved me, as God inclined his ear to thee. But save me now, father, by thy prayers of might, and thou, mother, blessed in that thou didst die while praying.

38.—On the Same

I am the tomb which holds Nonna glorying in celestial splendour, the evergreen sapling of a holy root, the wife of the priest Gregory and mother of pious children.

39.—On the Same

Thy prayers and the groans thou didst love, and sleepless nights, and the floor of the church bedewed with tears procured for thee, divine Nonna, such an end—to receive the doom of death in church.

40.—On the Same

Only thy voice was left to thee, shining Nonna, who didst cast all that was thine together into the great wine-vats,¹ a pure offering from a pure heart; but at the end when thou wast taken thou didst leave that too in the church.

41.—On the Same

Nonna did not even die outside the incense-breathing church, but Christ took her voice first as she was praying. For she desired to finish in prayer this life purer than any sacrifice.

¹ i.e. churches. The word was so interpreted in the heading to Ps. viii.
42.—Εἰς τὴν αὐτὴν

Νάνυν ἱερή, σὺ δὲ πάντα θεῷ βίον ἀντείνασα ὑστάτιον ψυχήν δώκας ἁγνῇν θυσίνην.
τὴδε γὰρ εὐχομένη ζωῆν λίπεσ. ἡ δὲ τραπέζα, μὴτερ ἐμή, τῷ σῷ δῶκε κλέος θανάτῳ.

43.—Εἰς τὴν αὐτὴν

Τῆςδε πατηρ μὲν ἐμὸς λάτρις μέγας ἢ τραπέζης, μήτηρ δε εὐχομένη πάρ ποσὶ λήξε βίον,
Γρηγόριος Νόννα τε μεγακλέες εὐχομ' ἀνακτὶ τοῖαν ἐμοὶ ζωὴν καὶ τέλος ἀντιάσαι.

44.—Εἰς τὴν αὐτὴν

"Πολλά, τράπεζα φίλη, Νόννης καὶ δάκρυν' ἐδέξων·
δέχυσο καὶ ψυχήν, τὴν πυμάτην θυσίνην."
εἴπε καὶ ἐκ μελέων κέαρ ἐπτάτο· ἐν δ' ἀρα μοῦνον,
παῖδ' ἐπόθει, τεκέων τὸν ἐτί λειπόμενον.

45.—Εἰς τὴν αὐτὴν

"Ενθα ποτ' εὐχομένης τόσσον νόος ἐπτάτο Νόννης,
μέσφ' ὄτε καὶ ψυχὴ ἐσπετ' ἀειρομένω.
εὐχομένης δὲ νέκυς ἱερὴ παρέκειτο τραπέζη.
γράψατ' ἐπερχομένοις θαῦμα τὸδ', εὐσεβεῖς.

46.—Εἰς τὴν αὐτὴν

Τίς θάνην ὡς θάνε Νόννα, παρ' εὐαγέσσιν τραπέζας,
τῶν ἱερῶν σανίδων χερῶν ἐφαπτομένη;
τίς λύσειν εὐχομένης Νόννης τύποιν; ὡς ἐπὶ δηρὸν
ηθελεν ἐνθα μένειν καὶ νέκυς εὐσεβέων.

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BOOK VIII. 42-46

42.—On the Same

Holy Nonna, thou who hadst offered all thy life to God, didst give him thy soul at the end as a pure sacrifice. For here thou didst depart this life in prayer, and the altar gave glory, my mother, to thy death.

43.—On the Same

My father Gregory was the distinguished servant of this table, and my mother Nonna died in prayer at its feet. I pray to the King that such a life and death may be mine.

44.—On the Same

"Many of Nonna's tears, dear table, didst thou receive; receive now her soul, her last sacrifice," so spake she, and her soul flew from her limbs. One thing alone did she lack, her son, her still surviving child.

45.—On the Same

Here the mind of Nonna in her prayers flew so often on high that at length her soul too followed it as it mounted. She fell a corpse even as she prayed at the foot of the holy table. Write this marvel, O holy men, for generations to come.

46.—On the Same

Who died as Nonna died by the pure table, touching with her hands the holy planks? Who dissolved the form of Nonna as she was praying? For she wished to tarry long here, pious even when she was a corpse.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

47.—Eis tìn autình

Ενθα ποτ' ευχομένη Νόννη θεός εἶπεν ἀνωθεν.
"Ερχομένος " ἢ δ' ἐλύθη σώματος ἁσπασίως,
χειρών ἀμφότερων τῇ μὲν κατέχουσα τράπεζαν,
τῇ δ' ἔτι λισσομένην. "Ἰλαθή, Χριστε ἀνάξ."

48.—Eis tìn autình

Ῥίζης εὔσεβεός γενόμην καὶ σὰρξ ἱερός,
καὶ μήτηρ. Χριστῷ σῶμα, βίον, δάκρυα,
πάντ' ἐκένωσα φέρονσα: τὸ δ' ἐσχατον, ἐνθὲν ἀέρθη
νηφ' γηραλέον Νόννα λιποῦσα δέμας.

49.—Eis tìn autình

Πίστις ἐνώξαται καὶ Ἰλίαν, εὖ δὲ γυναιξί
μητέρ' ἐμῆν πρώτην οἴδε τράπεζα τόδε,
ἐνθὲν ἀναμάκτοις τὺμ ὥθεσίν ἀέρθη
εἰσέτι λισσομένη σώματι Νόννα φίλη.

50.—Eis tìn autình

Οὐ νόσος, οúde σε γήρας ὁμοίῳν, οὐ σε γ' ἁνίη,
καίτερ ἡγραλέην, μήτερ ἐμή, δάμασεν
ἀλλ' ἀτρωτός, ἄκαμπτος ἁγνώς ὑπὸ ποσοὶ τραπέζη, εὐχομένη Χριστῷ, Νόνν', ἀπέδωκας ὅπα.

51.—Eis tìn autình

Δῶκε θεῷ θυσίαν 'Ἀβραὰμ πάιν, ὦς δὲ θύγατρα
κλεινὸς Ἡσθάε, ἀμφότεροι μεγάλην·
mήτερ ἐμή, σὺ δ' ἐδωκας ἁγνῶν βίον, ὦστάτιον δὲ
ψυχήν, εὐχωλής, Νόννα, φίλον σφάγιον.
BOOK VIII. 47-51

47.—On the Same

Here once God said from on high to Nonna as she was praying "Come," and gladly she was released from her body, holding the table with one hand and with the other praying "Lord Christ, have mercy upon us."

48.—On the Same

Springing from a pious root I was the flesh of and the mother of a priest. To Christ I brought my body, my life, my tears, emptying out my all; and last of all here in the church I Nonna was taken up, leaving my aged body.

49.—On the Same

Faith translated Enoch and Elias, but among women my mother first of all; the table knows this, whence dear Nonna still praying in the body was taken up together with the bloodless Sacrifice.

50.—On the Same

Neither sickness nor age, the common lot of all, nor grief subdued thee, my mother, old though thou wast, but unwounded, unbent, at the holy feet of the altar, in the act of praying, thou didst render up thy voice to Christ.

51.—On the Same

Abraham gave his son a sacrifice to God, and renowned Jephtha his daughter, a great sacrifice in each case, but thou, my mother, didst give thy holy life and finally thy soul, the dear victim of thy prayer.  

1 i.e. wife.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

52.—ELY τὴν αὐτὴν
Σάρρα φίλη, πῶς τὸν σὸν Ἰσαὰκ λίπες, ἥ ποθέουσα
tῶν Ἀβραὰμ κόλπων ὡς τάχος ἀντιάσαι,
Νόννα, Γρηγορίου θεόφρονος; ἥ μέγα θαύμα
μηδὲ θανεῖν νηὸν ἐκτοθι καὶ θυέων.

52b.—ELY τὴν αὐτὴν
Μάρτυρες, ἱλήκοιτε: μόγοις γε μὲν οὔτι χερεῖων
Νόννα φίλη, κρυπτῷ κάμφαδιο πολέμῳ
tούνεκα καὶ τοῖς κύρσευ βιότοιο τελευτῆς,
eὐχής καὶ ζωής ἐν τέλος εὐραμένη.

53.—ELY τὴν αὐτὴν
Ἡ Τριᾶς ἤν ποθέεσκες, ὅμοι σέλας, ἐν τε σέβασμα,
ἐκ νηὸν μεγάλου σε πρὸς οὐρανὸν ἣρπασε, Νόννα,
eὐχομένην. ζωῆς δὲ τέλος καθαρότερον εὑρεσ.
οὕποτε χείλεα μίξας ἀνάγμους χείλεσιν ἀγνά,
οὐδ’ ἀθέω παλάμη καθαρὰν χέρα μέχρις ἐδώδης,
μήτερ ἐμή μισθὸς δὲ λιπεῖν βίον ἐν θυέσσιν.

54.—ELY τὴν αὐτὴν
Ἄγγελος αἰγλῆς σὲ φαίνετατο ἦρπασε, Νόννα,
ἐὐθα ποτ’ εὐχομένην, καθαρὴν μελέεσσι νὼρ τε
cαι τὸ μὲν ἦρπασε σεῖο, τὸ δ’ εὐθαδε κάλλιτε νηὸ.

55.—ELY τὴν αὐτὴν
Νῆὸς ὄδ’ (οὐ γὰρ ἐλὴν Νόνναν θέμις ἦν ἐρύξαι),
ψυχής οἰχομένης, μοῦνον ἐπέσχε δέμας,
ὡς πάλιν ἐγρομένη καθαρώτερον ἐνθευ ἀερθῇ,
σώματι τῷ μογερῷ δόξαν ἐφεσσομένη.
BOOK VIII. 52-55

52.—On the Same

Dear Sarah, how didst thou leave thy Isaac? Was it, Nonna, that thou didst desire to come as quickly as might be to the bosom of Abraham, of pious Gregory? Verily a great marvel was it that thou didst not even die outside the temple and the incense.

52b.—On the Same

Favour us, ye martyrs! Dear Nonna was not inferior to you in the pains she suffered in secret and open war. Therefore she met with such an end, finishing at once her prayer and her life.

53.—On the Same

The Trinity for which thou didst long, one light and one majesty, carried thee off, Nonna, from the great church to heaven, and a purer end was thine than the common one. Never, my mother, didst thou join thy pure lips to impure ones, nor thy clean hand to a godless one so far as to join in meals with the heathen. Thou wast rewarded by dying at the place of sacrifice.

54.—On the Same

An angel of dazzling lightness carried thee off, Nonna, whilst thou wert praying here, pure in body and spirit. Part of thee he carried off and part he left in the temple.

55.—On the Same

This temple (it was not allowed to keep the whole of Nonna) only retained her body when her soul departed, so that awaking again she may be taken up on high more purely, her suffering body clothed in glory.

1 By Sarah he means Nonna, by Abraham his father, by Isaac himself.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

56.—Εἰς τὴν αὐτὴν

"Ἀλλοις μὲν Νόννης τις ἁγμῶν ἐσθλοῖσιν ἐρίζοι, εὐχωλὴς δὲ μέτροισιν ἐριζέμεν οὐ θέμις ἐστίν τέκμαρ καὶ βιότοιο τέλος λιτῆσι λυθέντος.

57.—Εἰς τὴν αὑτὴν

"Ὡς στοναχών δακρύων τε καὶ ἐνυχίων μελεδόνων· ὣς Νόννης ζαθέης τετρυμένα γυία πόνοισιν ποῦ ποτ' ἐν, νηὸς μόχθων λύσε γῆρας ἀκαμπτον.

58.—Εἰς τὴν αὕτην

α. Νόννη Φιλτατίου. β. Καὶ ποῦ θάνε; α. Ἔνι νηῷ.

β. Καὶ πῶς; α. Εὐχομένη. β. Πηνίκα; α. Γηραλέη. β. "Ὡς καλοῦ βιότοιο καὶ εὐαγέος θανάτοιο.

59.—Εἰς τὴν αὕτην

"Ἀρματι μὲν πυρόεντι πρὸς οὐρανῶν Ἡλίας ἤλθεν· Νόνναν δ' εὐχομένην πνεῦμ' ὑπέδεκτο μέγα.

60.—Εἰς τὴν αὕτην

Ἐνθάδε Νόννα φίλη κοιμήσατο τοῦ βαθὺν ὑπνοῦν, Ἴλαιος ἐσπομένη ὥς πόσι Γρηγορίῳ.

61. <Εἰς τὴν αὕτην>

Τάρβος ὀμοῦ καὶ χάρμα· πρὸς οὐρανὸν ἐνθεν ἀέρθη εὔχης ἐκ μεσάτης Νόννα λιποῦσα βιον.

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BOOK VIII. 56–61

56.—On the Same

Another of the saints might vie with the other good works of Nonna; let it be allowed to none to vie with the extent of her prayers. The end of her life which came while she was praying testifies to this.

57.—On the Same

O groans and tears and cares of the night, O limbs of holy Nonna worn with toil! Her unbent old-age was released from trouble by that temple in which she was.

58.—On the Same

A. "Nonna the daughter of Philtatius."  B. "And where died she?"  A. "In this church."  B. "And how?"  A. "Praying."  B. "When?"  A. "In old age."  B. "O excellent life and pious death!"

59.—On the Same

Elias went to heaven in a fiery chariot, and the Great Spirit took to Itself Nonna while she was praying.

60.—On the Same

Here dear Nonna fell into the deep sleep, following gladly her husband Gregory.

61.—On the Same

Terror and joy together! Hence in the middle of her prayers Nonna quitted this life and was taken up to heaven.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

62. <Εἰς τὴν αὐτήν>
Εὐχῆς καὶ βιώτου Νόννη τέλος: ἡ δὲ τράπεζα μάρτυς ἀφ᾽ ἢς ἤρθη ἀπνοος ἐξαπίνης.

63.—Εἰς τὴν αὐτήν
Νόννης ἡρίον εἰμὶ σαόφρονος, ἢ ῥα πῦλησιν ἔχριμψ' οὐρανίαις, πρὶν βιώτοιο λύθη.

64. <Εἰς τὴν αὐτήν>
Δακρύετε θυντούς, θυντῶν γένος: εἰ δὲ τις οὕτως ὡς Νόνν' εὐχομένη κάθθανεν, οὐ δακρύω.

65.—Εἰς τὴν αὐτήν
Νόννης ἀζόμενος ἀγραν βίον, ἀξεο μᾶλλον καὶ τέλος: ἐν νηῷ κάθθανεν εὐχομένη.

66. <Εἰς τὴν αὐτήν>
"Ενθα ποτ' εὐχομένη πρηνής θάνε Νόννα φαεινή· νῦν δ' ἀρ' εὖ εὐσεβέων λίσσεται ἰσταμένη.

67.—Εἰς τὴν αὐτήν
Στήλη σοι θανάτου μεληθεός ἦδε τράπεζα, Νόννα, παρ' ἡ λύθης εὐχομένη πῦματα.

67B. <Εἰς τὴν αὐτήν>
Μικρὸν ἐτι ψυχῆς ἦν τὸ πνέον· ἀλλ' ἀρὰ καὶ τὸ Νόνν' ἀπέδωκε θεῷ ἐνθα ποτ' εὐχομένη.
62.—On the Same

There was one end to Nonna's life and prayer. The table from which she was of a sudden taken lifeless testifies to it.

63.—On the Same

I am the tomb of chaste Nonna, who approached the gates of Heaven even while yet alive.

64.—On the Same

Ye mortals, weep for mortals, but for one who, like Nonna, died in prayer, I weep not.

65.—On the Same

Revering Nonna's pure life, revere even more her death. She died in the church while praying.

66.—On the Same

Here bright Nonna while praying fell prone in death, but now she stands and prays in the home of the blest.

67.—On the Same

This table is the monument of thy sweet death, Nonna, the table by which, while praying thy last, thou didst die.

67B.—On the Same

Only a little breath had her soul left, but that Nonna, praying here, rendered up to God.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

68.—Εἰς τὴν αὐτήν
Πέμψατε ἑκ νηοῦ θεοειδέα Νόνναν ἀπαντεῖς, πρέσβειραν μεγάλην πέμψατ' ἀειρομένην.

69.  Εἰς τὴν αὐτήν
"Εκ μὲ θεοῖς καθαροῖς πρὸς οὐρανὸν ἦρπασε νηοῦ Νόνναν, ἐπειγομένην οὐρανίοις πελάσαι.

70.—Εἰς τὴν αὐτήν
Νόννα ἀπανιστᾶμενη νηοῦ μεγάλοιο τὸδ' ἔκπη: "Τῶν πολλῶν καμάτων μείζονα μισθὸν ἔχω.

71.  Εἰς τὴν αὐτήν
Νόννα φίλης εὐχῆς ἱερῆι ναὶ ἔνθαδε κεῖται. Νόννα στή εὐχομένη τῇδ' ἐλύθη βιότου.

72.—Εἰς τὴν αὐτήν
"Ενθα στή εὐχομένης ψυχῆς δέμας ἔλλιπτε Νόννης: ἐνθ' ἀνηέρθη Νόννα λυποῦσα δέμας.

73.—Εἰς τὴν αὐτήν
Εκ νηοῦ μεγάλοιο θύος μέγα Νόνν' ἀπανεστή νηοῦ Νόνν' ἐλύθη: χαίρετε, εὐσεβεῖς.

74.  Εἰς τὴν αὐτήν
"Ηδε τρίπτεξα θεῷ θεοειδέα Νόνναν ἐπεμψεν.
BOOK VIII. 68-74

68.—On the Same

Escort divine Nonna from the church, all ye people, escort the grand old woman raised on high.

69.—On the Same

God from his pure temple took to heaven Nonna eager to join the heavenly ones.

70.—On the Same

Nonna rising from the great church said "I have a reward greater than all my many labours."

71.—On the Same

Here lies Nonna, victim of a pure prayer. Here Nonna while praying was released from life.

72.—On the Same

Here Nonna's soul left her body while she was praying. Hence Nonna leaving her body was taken up.

73.—On the Same

Nonna rose, a great sacrifice, from the great church. In the church Nonna died. Rejoice all ye pious.

74.—On the Same

This altar sent God-like Nonna to God.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

75.—Εὐχῇ παρὰ τῶν γονέων εἰς τὸν μέγαν Γρηγόριον
Εἴη σοὶ βίος ἐσθλὸς ἐπί εὐλογῆσιν ἀπάσαις
οὐσάτια τοκέων νιέσι γηροκόμοις.
καὶ κούφης βιότοιο τυχεῖν ὁσίας τε τελευτῆς,
οὕν ἡμετέρῳ γῆραὶ δῶκεν ἀναξ,
ἡθέων λογίων τὸ μέγα κράτος, ἂδ' ἱερήνων,
καὶ πολιής σκίτσων, Γρηγόρι', ἡμετέρης.

76.—Παρὰ τῶν γονέων
Ἄστάσιοι χθόνα τήνυδε φίλαις ὑπὸ χείρεσι παιδὸς
ἐσσάμεθ' εὐσεβέος Γρηγορίοι τοκεῖς.
ὅς καὶ γῆρας ἐθηκεν ἑοὶς μόχθοισιν ἐλαφρὸν
ἡμέτερον, καὶ νῦν ἀμφιέπει θυσίας.
ἀμπνεε γηροκόμων καμάτων, μέγα φέρτατε παίδων
Γρηγόρι', εὐαγέας Μάρτυσι παρθέμενος
σοὺς τοκέας· μισθὸς δὲ μέγαν πατέρ' ἑλαον εἶναι,
pνευματικῶν τε τυχεῖν εὐσεβέων τεκέων.

77.—Εἰς τὸν πάντων αὐτῶν τάφον
Λᾶις ὁ μὲν γενέτην τε καὶ νιέα κυδίεντας
κεύθω Γρηγορίους, εἰς λίθος ἱσα φαῖ, ἄμφιοτέρους ἱερὰς· ὁ δὲ εὐπατέρειαν ἐδέγμην
Νὸνναν σὺν μεγάλῳ νιέῃ Καισαρίῳ,
τῶς ἐδάσαντο τάφους τε καὶ νιέας· ἂ δὲ πορείῃ,
pάντες ἄνω· ζωῆς εἰς πόθος οὐρανῖς.

78.—Τῆς πρῶτος καὶ τῆς μετέπειτα ἀπήρε
Πρῶτος Καισάριος ξυνὸν ἄχος· αὐτὰρ ἐπείτα
Γοργόνιοι, μετέπειτα πατήρ φίλος· οὐ μετὰ δηρὸν
μὴτηρ. ὃ λυπρὴ παλάμη καὶ γράμματα λυπρὰ
Γρηγορίου· γράψω καὶ ἐμὸν μόρον ὑστατίον περ.

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BOOK VIII. 75-78

75.—Prayer of his Parents for Gregory the Great

Gregory, great champion of the learned youth and of the priesthood, staff of our grey years, may thy life be happy and enjoy all the blessings which fall to sons who tend their parents’ old age and mayst thou meet with an easy and holy end, even as the Lord gave to our many years.

76.—Similar

By the dear hands of our son, the pious Gregory, we are clothed in this welcome earth. He it was also who lightened our old age by his toil, and now tends us with sacrifices. Gregory, best of sons, repose from thy labour of tending our old age, now that thou hast laid thy pious parents beside the martyrs. Thy reward is to be thyself a great and kind father and to have pious spiritual children.

77.—On the tomb of all of them

One stone encloses the renowned Gregories, father and son, two equal lights, both of them priests, the other received noble Nonna with her great son Caesarius. So they separated their tombs and sons, but the journey of all is on high; one desire of eternal life fills all.

78.—Who first and who last departed this life

First died Caesarius, a grief to all, next Gorgionion, then their beloved father and not long after their mother. O mournful hand and mournful writing of Gregory! But I will write my own death also, although I am the last to die.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

79.—Eis éautòn

Πρῶτα μὲν εὐξαμένη με θεὸς πᾶρε μητρὶ φαεινὴν
δεύτερον, ἐκ μητρὸς δῶρον ἐδέκτο φίλον.
τὸ τρίτον αὐ, θυνίσκοντα μ’ ἀγνὴ ἐσόμεσε τράπεζα:
tέτρατον, ἀμφήκη μύθον ἐδωκε Λόγος:

πέμπτον, Παρθενίη με φίλοις προσπτύζατ’ ὄνειροις.
ἐκτον, Βασιλίω σύμπνοα ἱρὰ φέρον.
ἐβδομον, ἐκ βυθίων με φερέσβιοι ἠρπασε κολπων:

ογδοον εὐ νούσων ἐξεκάθηρα χέρας:
eυνατον ὀπλοτέρη Τριάδ’ ἡγαγον, δ’ ἀνα, Ὁρμη.
βεβλημαι δέκατον λάέσων ἱδὲ φίλοις.

80.—Eis éautòn

Ἐλλαῖς ἐμή, νεότης τε φίλη, καὶ ὡσσα πεπάσμην,
καὶ δέμασ, ὡς Χριστῷ εὔξατε προφρονέως.

εἰ δ’ ἱερὴ φίλον με θεὸθεότος μητέρος εὐχή
καὶ πατρός παλάμη, τίς φθόνος; ἀλλά, μάκαρ,

σοῖς με, Χριστέ, χοροίσι δέχου, καὶ κύδος ὀπάζοις

υἰεῖ Γρηγορίου σῷ λάτρῳ Γρηγορίῳ.

81.—Επὶ τῷ ἰδίῳ τάφῳ

Γρηγορίου Νόμνης τε φίλον τέκος ἐνθάδε κεῖται

τῆς ἱερῆς Τριάδος Γρηγόριοις θεράτων,
καὶ σοφίᾳ σοφίς δέδραμενως, ἡθεός τε

οἶον πλούτον ἐχων ἐλπίδ’ ἐπουρανίην.

82.—Eis éautòn

Τυθθον ἐπὶ ξέωσκες ἐπὶ χθονί, πάντα δὲ Χριστῷ

dókas ἐκών, σὺν τοῖς καὶ πτερόεστα λόγουν,

νῦν δ’ ἱερὴ μέγαν σε καὶ οὐρανιοῦ χορείης

οὐρανος ἐντὸς ἔχει, κύδιμε Γρηγορίε.
BOOK VIII. 79-82

79.—On Himself
Firstly God gave me to my glorious mother in answer to her prayers; secondly, He received me a welcome gift from her; thirdly, the holy table saved me from death: fourthly, the Word gave me two-edged speech; fifthly, Virginity enfolded me in her dear dreams; sixthly, I entered the priesthood in union with Basil; seventhly, my father saved me from the deep; eighthly, I cleansed well my hands by disease (sic); ninthly, I brought the doctrine of the Trinity, O my Lord, to New Rome; tenthly, I was smitten by stones and by friends (sic).

80.—On Himself
My Greece, my dear youth, my possessions, my body, how gladly ye yielded to Christ! If my mother's vow and my father's hand made me a priest acceptable to God, why grudge me this? Blessed Christ receive me in thy choirs and give glory to thy servant Gregory son of Gregory.

81.—On his own Tomb
Here lies Gregory, the dear child of Gregory and Nonna, the servant of the Holy Trinity, who grasped wisdom by wisdom and as a youth had no riches but the hope of heaven.

82.—On Himself
A short time didst thou dwell on earth, but didst freely give all to Christ, the winged word too. But now, glorious Gregory, heaven holds thee a high priest in the celestial choir.

1 i.e. sacred and profane.  
2 Constantinople.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

83.—Eis ēautόν
'Ek με βρέφους ἑκάλεσσε θεὸς νυχίοισιν ὁνείροις· ἦλθον ἐς σοφίης πείρατα, σάρκα λόγῳ ἡγμα και κραδίνην κόσμου φλόγα γυμνὸς ἀλύξας, ἔστην σὺν 'Λαρδόν Γρηγορίῳ γενέτη.

84.—Eis ēautόν
Πατρὸς ἐγὼ ξαθεόιο καὶ ούνομα καὶ θρόνου ἔσχον, καὶ τάφον· ἀλλὰ, φίλος, μνώεσ Γρηγορίοιν, Γρηγορίοιν, τὸν μητρὶ θεόσδοτον ὅπασε Χριστὸς φύσμασιν ἐννυχίοις, δῶκε δ' ἔρον σοφίς.

85.—Eis Καισάριον τὸν ἑαυτὸ ἀδελφόν
Σχέτλισ ἔστιν ὁ τύμβος. ἔγογγη μὲν οὕκοτ' ἐώλπειν, ὡς ρα κατακρύψει τοὺς πυμάτους προτέρους αὐτὰρ δ' Καισάριον, ἔρικυδέα νία τοκήνων, τῶν προτέρων πρότερον δέξατο· ποία δίκη;

85b.—Eis τὸν αὐτὸν
Οὐκ ἔσθ' ὁ τύμβος αὐτίως· μὴ λοιδόρει. φθόνου τόδε ἐστίν ἕργον· πῶς δ' ἤνεγκεν ἄν νέον γερόντων εἰσορῶν σοφώτερον;

86.—Eis τὸν αὐτὸν
Γρηγόριε, θυμητῶν μὲν υπείροχον ἔλλαχες νία κάλλει καὶ σοφίῃ, καὶ βασιλῆι φίλου· κρείσσονα δ' οὐκέτι πάμπαιν ἀπηλεγέος θανάτοιο. ἢ μὴν ἁϊόμην· ἀλλὰ τί φησὶ τάφοις; "Τέταλθι· Καισάριος μὲν ἀπέθανε· ἀλλὰ μέγιστον 5 νιέος εὖχος ἔχεις, νιέος ἀντὶ φίλου."
BOOK VIII. 83-86

83.—On Himself

God called me by dreams of the night from my childhood: I reached the limits of wisdom, I sanctified my flesh and heart by reason. Naked I escaped from the fire of the world and stood with Aaron my father Gregory.

84.—On Himself

Mine were the name, the throne, and the tomb of my holy father; but, friend, remember Gregory, whom Christ granted,¹ a gift from God, in visions of the night to his mother, and to whom He gave the love of wisdom.

85.—On Caesarius his Brother

The tomb is wicked. Never did I believe that it would cover the last first. But it received Caesarius, his parents' distinguished son, before his elders. What justice!

85b.—On the Same

It is not the tomb's fault. Rebuke it not. This is the work of envy. How could envy have supported seeing a young man wiser than the old.

86.—On the Same

Gregory, thou hadst a son, most excellent among mortals in beauty and wisdom and beloved by the Emperor; yet not stronger than ruthless death. I deemed it might be so indeed; but what saith the tomb? "Bear it. Caesarius is dead, but instead of your dear son you have great glory of his memory.”

¹ i.e. promised.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

87.—Εἰς τοὺς γονέας τοῦ μεγάλου Γρηγορίου καὶ Καισάριον

"Ὤριος Εἰς τάφον ἦμεν, ὅτε ἐνθάδε τούτων ἔθηκαν λᾶν ἐφ’ ἡμετέρῳ γῆραί λαοτόμοι. ἀλλ’ ἦμιν μὲν ἔθηκαν· ἔχει δὲ μιν οὐ κατὰ κόσμον Καισάριος, τεκέων ἡμετέρων πύρματος. ἔτημεν πανάπτυσμα, τέκος, τέκος· ἀλλὰ τάχιστα δέξαι ἐς ἡμέτερον τύμβον ἐπειγομένους.

88.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν Καισάριον

Τόνδε λύθον τοκεῖς μὲν ἐν τάφον ἐστίσαντο, ἐλπόμενοι γωής μοίραν ἔχειν θλίγγην. Καισάριος δ’ ὑψί πικρὴν χάριν οὐκ ἔθελοντες δῶκαν, ἐπεὶ πρότερος τούτῳ λύθη βιότου.

89.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν

Γῆρας ἐμὸν δήθυνεν ἐπὶ χθονί· ἀντὶ δὲ πατρός λᾶν ἔχεις, τεκέων φίλτατε, Καισάριε. τὸς νόμος; οἰα δίκη; θυντῶν ἀνα, πῶς τὸν ἐνευσάς; ὃ μακροῦ βιότου, ὃ ταχέος θανάτου.

90.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν

Οὐκ ἅγαμ’, οὐκ ἅγαμαι δῶρον τόδε· τύμβον ἐδέξω μοῦνον ἀφ’ ἡμετέρων, Καισάριε, κτεάνων, γηραλέων τοκεῶν πικρὸν λύθον· ὃ φθόνος οὗτος ἦθελεν. ὃ ζωῆς πῆμασι μακροτέρης.
87.—On the Parents of Gregory and Caesarius

We were ripe for the tomb, when the stone-cutters laid this stone here for our old age. But they laid it for us, and Caesarius, the last of our children, occupies it, not as was meet. My child, my child, we have suffered the greatest of misfortunes, but as soon as may be receive in thy tomb us who hasten to depart.

88.—On Caesarius

This stone was erected to be their own sepulchre by the parents who expected that they had but a small portion of life over; but against their will they did a sad favour to their son Caesarius, since he departed this life before them.

89.—On the Same

My old age lingered long on earth, and thou dearest of sons, Caesarius, occupiest the stone tomb in thy father's place. What law is this, what justice? Lord of mortals, how didst thou consent thereto? O long life, O early death!

90.—On the Same

I do not esteem, I do not esteem this gift. Of all my possessions, Caesarius, thou hast got but a tomb, the melancholy stone tomb of thy old parents. Thus did envy will. O for our life rendered longer by sorrows!
91.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν
Πᾶσαν δόσῃ σοφίᾳ λεπτῆς φρενὸς ἐν μερόπεσσιν ἄμφι γεωμετρίαν καὶ θέσιν οὐραίων,
καὶ λογικῆς τέχνης τὰ παλαιόματα, γραμματικῆν τε ἣδ᾽ ἴητορίην, ῥήτορικὴς τε μένος,
Καίσαριος πτερόωντι νόρῳ μοῦνος καταμάρψας, 5
ἀιαλ. πᾶσιν ὤμῳς νῦν κόνις ἐστὶ ὀλίγη.

92.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν
Πάντα κασιγνήτουσιν ἐως λίπες. ἀντὶ δὲ πάντων τύμβον ἔχεις ὀλίγον, κύδιμε Καίσαριε.
ἡ δὲ γεωμετρία τε, καὶ ἀστέρες ὧν θέσιν ἔγνως,
ἡ τ᾽ ἴητορίη οὐδὲν ἀκος θανάτου.

93.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν
Κάλλιμον ἐκ πατρίης σὲ μεγακλέα τηλόθ᾽ ἔοντα,
ἀκρα φέροντα πάσης, Καίσαριε, σοφίς,
πέμψαντες βασιλῆι τὸν ἔξοχον ἴητήρουν,
φεῦ, κόνιν ἐκ Βιθυνῶν δέξαμεθ᾽ αὐ σε πέδου.

94.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν
Σεἰσμῶν μὲν κρυερῶν ἐφυγες στοιόμεσαν ἀπειλήν,
ἡμίκα Νυκαίης ἀστυ μίγη δαπέδω.
νοῦσῳ δ᾽ ἀργαλείᾳ ξωῆ λίπες. ὦ νεότητος
σῶφρονος, ὦ σοφίς, κάλλιμε Καίσαριε.

95.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν
Γρηγορίοιο Νόννης τε θεούδεος νία φέριστον
tύμβοι δὲ εὐγειέτην Καίσαριον κατέχω,
ἔξοχον ἐν λογίῳσιν, ὑπείροχον ἐν βασιλῆοις,
ἀστέροπην γαίης πείρασε λαμπρομένην.
BOOK VIII. 91-95

91.—On the Same

Caesarius, who alone by his winged mind grasped the whole wisdom of man's subtle thought concerning geometry and the position of the heavenly bodies, and also the falls of the art of Logic, and Grammar too and Medicine and powerful Rhetoric, is now, alas! like all the rest, a handful of dust.

92.—On the Same

Thou didst leave all to thy brothers, noble Caesarius, and in place of all thou hast a little tomb. Geometry and the Stars whose positions thou knewest, and Medicine were no cure for death.

93.—On the Same

Beautiful Caesarius, widely famous, who hadst attained to the height of all wisdom, we sent thee, the first of physicians from thy country to the King, but received only thy ashes back from the Bithynian land.

94.—On the Same

Thou escapedst the roaring menace of the cruel earthquake when Nicaea was levelled with the ground, and didst perish by painful disease. O for thy chaste youth, and thy wisdom, lovely Caesarius!

95.—On the Same

This tomb holds noble Caesarius, the best son of Gregory and divine Nonna. He was excellent among the learned and of highest station at Court, flashing like lightning to the ends of the earth.
96.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτόν

Καίσαρίου φθιμένου χατηφησαν βασιλῆς αὐλαῖ, Καππαδόκαι δ' ἤμυσαν ἐξαπίνης· καὶ καλὸν εἰ τι λέλειπτο μετ' ἀνθρώποισιν ὀλωλείν, οἱ δὲ λόγοι σιγῆς ἀμφεβαλοῦντο νέφος.

97.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν

Εἰ τινα δένδρον ἔθηκε γόος, καὶ εἰ τινα πέτρην, εἰ τις καὶ πηγή μεῦσεν ὀδυρομένη, πέτραι καὶ ποταμοὶ καὶ δένδρα λυτρὰ πέλοισθε, πάντες Καίσαρίῳ γείτονες ἢδὲ φίλοι. Καίσαρίως πάντεσσι τετιμένος, εὐχὸς ἀνάκτων, (αἰαὶ τῶν ἄχεων) ἤλυθεν εἰς αἰών.

98.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν

Χεῖρ τάδε Γρηγορίου· κἀσιν ποθέων τὸν ἄριστον, κηρύσσω θυμητοῖς τόνδε βίον στυγέειν. Καίσαρίῳ τίς κάλλος ὁμοίος; ἢ τίς ἀπάντων τόσος ἢν τόσης ἔιλε κλέος σοφίης; οὕτως ἐπιχιθούνων· ἀλλ' ἐπτατο ἐκ βιότοιο ώς ρόδου ἔξ ἀνθέων, ὡς δρόσου ἐκ πετάλων.

99.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν

Γείτονες εὐμενέοιτε καὶ ἐν κόλποις δέχοισθε, Μάρτυρεσ, ὑμετέραις αἶμα τὸ Γρηγορίου, Γρηγορίου Νόννης τε μεγακλέος, εὐσεβίῃ τε καὶ τύμβως ἱεροῖς εἰς ἐν ἀγειρομένους.
BOOK VIII. 96-99

96.—On the Same

When Caesarius died the Emperor's court was dejected and all Cappadocia bent her head straightway. If aught of good was left among men, it is gone, and learning is clouded in silence.

97.—On the Same

If mourning made any one into a tree or a stone, if any spring ever flowed as the result of lament, all Caesarius' friends and neighbours should be stones, rivers and mournful trees. Caesarius, honoured by all, the vaunt of princes (alas for our grief!) is gone to Hades.

98.—On the Same

This is the hand of Gregory. Regretting my best of brothers, I proclaim to mortals to hate this life. Who was like Caesarius in beauty, or who was so great and so celebrated for wisdom? None among mortals; but he took wing from life, like a rose from the flowers, like dew from the leaves.

99.—On the Same

Ye neighbour martyrs, be kind and receive in your bosom the blood of Gregory, of Gregory and famous Nonna, gathered together by their piety in this holy tomb.

1 The allusions are to Niobe, to the daughters of Phaethon and to Byblis.  
2 Presumably the children.
100.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν καὶ εἰς Φιλάγριον

Κλῦθι, Ἄλεξάνδρεια. Φιλάγριος ἀλέσε μορφὴν τῆς λογικῆς ψυχῆς οὕτι χερειστέρην,
Κασάριον δὲ νέον φθόνος ἤρπασεν. οὕτοπε τοῖς πέμψεις εὐπποιοῖς ἀνθεὰ Καππαδόκαι.

101.—Εἰς Γοργόνιον τῆν ἑαυτοῦ ἀδελφῆν

Γρηγορίῳ Νόννῃς τε φίλον τέκος ἐνθάδε κεῖμαι Γοργόνιον, ζωῆς μύστις ἐποιρανίης.

102.—Εἰς Γοργόνιον

Οὐδὲν Γοργόνιον γαίη λίπεν, ὡστέα μοῦνα: πάντα δ' ἐθηκεν ἄνω, Μάρτυρες ἄθλοφοροι.

103.—Εἰς τὴν αὐτὴν καὶ εἰς Ἄλυπιον τὸν αὐτῆς ἄνδρα

Κτῆσιν ἐν σάρκας τε καὶ ὡστέα πάντ' ἀναθείσα
Γοργόνιον Χριστῶ, μοῦνον ἄφικε πόσιν
οὐ μᾶν οὔδε πόσιν δηρὸν χρόνον ἀλλ' ἀρα καὶ τὸν ἤρπασεν ἐξαπίνῆς κύδιμον Ἄλυπιον.
ὁλβιε ὀξύπιστης ἀλόχον πόσιν τοῖς ρα λοετρῶς
λύματ' ἀπωσάμενοι ἤτε παλιγγενέες.

104.—Ἐπιτάφιον εἰς Μαρτυριανῶν

Εἰ τις Τάνταλος ἐστιν ἐν ὑδασίν αὐσὸς ἀπίστοις,
εἰ τις ὑπὲρ κεφαλῆς πέτρος ἀεὶ φοβέων,
δαπτόμενον τ' ὀρνισίν ἀγηραον ἤπαρ ἀλιτροῦ,
καὶ πυρὸςις ποταμὸς, καὶ χόρος ἀθάνατος,
ταρταρεῖ τε μυχοὶ καὶ δαίμονες ἀγριόθυμοι,
ἀλλαὶ τε φθινέων τίσεις εἰν αὐδί.
ὡστὶς Μαρτυριανῶν ἀγακλέα δηλήσατο
τύμβοιν ἀνοχλίζων, δείματα πάντα φέροι.
BOOK VIII. 100-104

100.—On the Same and Philagrius

Listen, Alexandria, Philagrius has lost his beauty, a beauty not inferior to his rational soul, and envy hath carried off Caesarius yet in his youth. Never again shalt thou send such flowers to Cappadocia, the land of beautiful horses.

101.—On his Sister Gorgonion

Here I lie Gorgonion the dear child of Gregory and Nonna, a partaker in the mysteries of life eternal.

102.—On the Same

Ye triumphant martyrs, Gorgonion left naught but her bones on earth. She dedicated all on high.

103.—On the Same and her Husband Alypius

Gorgonion having dedicated to Christ her possessions, her flesh, her bones, and everything, left her husband alone, yet not for long, but Christ carried off suddenly glorious Alypius too. Happy husband of a most happy wife, ye live born again, having washed off all filth in the baptismal bath.

104.—On Martinianus

If there be any Tantalus dry-throated in the deceitful waters, if any rock above his head ever frightening him, if any imperishable liver of a sinner that is a feast for birds, if there be a fiery river and eternal darkness and depths of Tartarus and savage demons, and other punishments of the dead in Hades, may whoever injures renowned Martinianus by disturbing his tomb, suffer every terror.
105.—Κατὰ τυμβωρύχου

Οὔρεά σοι καὶ πόντος, ἀυτάσθαλε, καὶ πεδίουσι
tερπή πυροφόρους τετραπόδουν τ’ ἀγέλαις.
καὶ χρυσοῦ τάλαντα καὶ ἄργυρος, εὐγενεῖς τε
λαῖς καὶ σηρᾶν νήματα λεπταλέα,
πάντα βίος ζωοίσιν λίθοι δ’ ὀλγοι τε φίλοι τε
tοῖς φθιμένοις. σὺ δὲ μοι κάνθαδε χείρα φέρεις,
οὐδὲ σὸν αἰδόμενος, τλῆμον, τάφον, ὄν τις ὀλέσσει
ἀλλὸς σοισὶ νόμοις, χερσὶ δικαιοτέραις.

106.—Εἰς Μαρτυρίανόν

Ὑμίκα Μαρτυρίανός ἐδυ χθόνα, μητέρα πάντων,
pάσα μὲν Αὐσονίων ἑστονάχησε πόλις.
pᾶσα δὲ Σικανίη τε, καὶ εὐρέα πείρατα γαῖς
κείρατ’, ἀπ’ ἀνθρώπων οἰχομένης Θέμιδος.
ἡμεῖς δ’ ἀντὶ νυ σεῖδο τάφον μέγαν ἀμφιέπτοντες,
αἰεὶ ἐπερχομένοις δῶσομεν ὡς τι σέβας.

107.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτόν

Οἱ Χριστὸν φορέοντες ἀκούσατε, οἱ τε θέμιστας
eἰδότες ήμερίων καὶ φθιμένων ὅσιν.
pάντα λυπῶν, βασιλῆα, πάτρην, γένος, εὐχὸς
ὑπάρχων,
αιαὶ, πᾶσιν ὁμοίς νῦν κός τοις εἰμ’ ὀλγη,
Μαρτυρίανος πᾶσι τετιμένος: ἀλλ’ ἐπὶ τύμβῳ
βάλλειν ἡμετέρῳ δάκρυα, μὴ παλάμας.
BOOK VIII. 105-107

105.—Against the Violator of a Tomb

Impious man, thou hast the sea and the mountains
and rejoicest in possession of fields rich in corn and
herds of cattle, yea and talents of gold and silver
and precious stones and the silk-worm's delicate
threads. To the living everything is valuable, but
to the dead only their little but beloved grave-stones;
and thou layest hold of them too, not even rever-
encing thine own tomb, which some other will
destroy after thy example, but with juster hands.

106.—On Martinianus

When Martinianus went under Earth the mother
of all, every city in Italy groaned and all Sicily and
the broad boundaries of the land shore the head, for
Themis had departed from among mortals. But we,
tending on thy great tomb instead of thee, will hand
it on an object of reverence to future generations.

107.—On the Same

Listen, ye who bear Christ, and ye who know the
laws of living men and the respect due to the dead.
Leaving all, King, country, family, I Martinianus,
honoured by all, the pride of Prefects, am now, alas,
like all mankind, but a handful of dust. But on my
tomb shed tears and lay not hands on it.

1 As all the epitaphs on Martinianus imply that his tomb
was in danger of violation, this one is probably likewise
meant for him.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

108.—Eis tôn autôn
Μουσοπόλον, ῥητῆρα, δικαστούλον, ἀκρον ἀπαντα, τύμβος ὁ δ' εὐγενέτην Μαρτινιανὸν ἐχω, ναύμαχον ἐν πελάγεσσιν, ἄρῃον ἐν πεδίοισιν. ἀλλ' ἀποτήλε ταφου, πρὶν τι κακὸν παθέειν.

109.—Eis tôn autôn
Μὴ πόλεμον θυμένοισιν—ἀλὶς ξώοιτες, ἀλτροι—μὴ πόλεμον θυμένοι. Μαρτινιανὸς ἐγὼ ταῦτα πάσιν ξώοις ἐπιτέλλομαι. οὐ θέμις ἐστὶν τῶν ὀλίγων φθονεῖν τοὺς θυμένοις λίθων.

110.—Eis tôn autôn
"Ω Θέμι, τῆς πολλοίςειν ἐγὼ νώμησα τάλαντα ὁ φοβεραί ψυχῶν μάστιγες οὐχ ὀσίων οὕτος ὑμοίς λίθοις φέρει στοινεῖτα σίδηρον οὕτος ἐμοί. φεῦ, φεῦ. ποῦ δὲ λίθος Σισύφου;

111.—Eis tôn autôn
"Ολβιος, εὐγήρως, ἀνοσος θάνον, ἐν βασιλῆς πρότα φέρουν, ἰερῆς ἀκρον ἐχων σοφίας. εἰ τίνα Μαρτινιανὸν ἀκούτετε. ἀλλ' ἀπὸ τύμβου, μηδὲ φέρειν ἐπ᾽ ἐμοὶ δυσμενέας παλάμας.

112.—Eis tôn autôn
Χάζεο, χάζεο τήλε: κακὸν τὸν ἂθλολον ἐγείρεις, λάλας ἀνοχλίζων καὶ τάφον ἥμετερον. χάζεο. Μαρτινιανὸς ἐγὼ, καὶ ξώσιν ὅνειαρ καὶ νέκυς οὐκ ὀλίγον ἐνθάδε κάρτος ἐχω.
BOOK VIII. 108-112

108.—On the Same

This tomb holds noble Martinianus, an orator, a judge, excelling in everything, a brave warrior at sea, valiant on land. But keep far from his tomb, lest thou suffer some evil.¹

109.—On the Same

War not with the dead (the living are enough for you, ye evil-doers), war not with the dead. This I enjoin on all men. It is not right to grudge the dead their little stones.

110.—On the Same

O Themis, in whose scales I weighed justice for many, O dread scourgers of impious souls! This man attacks my grave-stones with wretched iron, this man dares do this to me! Alas! Alas¹ where is Sisyphus' rock?²

111.—On the Same

Blessed, in ripe old age, without disease I died. Heard ye never of Martinianus of high rank in the palace, supreme in sacred wisdom? But away from my tomb and lay not hostile hands on me.

112.—On the Same

Away, far away! It is an evil exploit ye attempt, heaving up the stones of my tomb. Away! I am Martinianus. The living I benefited and here dead I have no little power.

¹ He is addressing the man who contemplates violating the tomb.
² See Homer, Odyss. xi. 593.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

113.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτόν
Κατπαδόκων μέγ’ ἄεισμα, φαίντατε Μαρτυριανὲ,
σείμερα, βροτῶν γενεί, καὶ τάφον αἰώνωμεθα:
οὐς ποτέ ἐνς βασιλῆς ἐν ἔρκεσι κάρτος ὑπάρχων,
δούρι δὲ Σικανίας κτήσαο καὶ Διβύμην.

114.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτόν
"Ομνυμεν ἀθανάτοιο θεοῦ κράτος ὑψιμέδουτος,
καὶ ψυχὰς νεκύων, κύδιμε, σήν τε κόνων,
μήποτε, Μαρτυριανὲ, τεοῖς ἐπὶ χειρας ἐνέγκαι
στήλη καὶ τύμβῳ: οὐδὲ γάρ οὐδ’ ἱεροῖς.

115.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτόν
Ῥώμη καὶ βασιλῆς ἑμοὶ καὶ πείρατα γαῖς
στήλαι Μαρτυριανῷ, τάς χρόνος οὖ δαμάσειν:
ἀλλ’ ἐμπής ὀλγῷ περὶδείδια, μὴ τι πάθησι,
τάδε τάφῳ πολλῶν οὐχ ὅσιαι παλάμαι.

116.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτόν
Μαρτυριανὸς σῆμα μεγακλέος, εἰ τιν’ ἀκούεις
Κατπαδόκων Ῥώμης πρόθρονον εὐγενέων,
παντοῖοι ἀρετῆις κεκασμένοιν, ἀλλὰ κόνων περ
ἀξόμενοι στήλην καὶ τάφον ἀμφιέπειν.

117.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτόν
Οὕποτε ἐγὼ φθιμέοις ἐπέχραον, οὐδ’, ἀπὸ τύμβων
ἐργον ἐγείρα, δίκην ὁμμυμι καὶ φθιμένους·
τούνεκα μηδ’ ἐπ’ ἐμοῖσι φέρειν λάβοσι σίδηρον·
εἰ δὲ φέροις, τὴν σὴν ἐς κεφαλῆς πεσέτω.
Μαρτυριανὸς ἐγὼ τάδε λίσσωμαι: εἰ τις ἐμεῖς
κύδεος ἐστὶ χάρις, τύμβος ἄει μενέτω.
BOOK VIII. 113-117

113.—On the Same

Most distinguished Martinianus, great vaunt of Cappadocia, we mortals reverence thy tomb too, who wert once in the King’s citadel, strong among Prefects, and didst conquer Sicily and Libya by thy arms.

114.—On the Same

We swear, famous Martinianus, by the power of eternal God who ruleth on high and by the souls of the dead and thy dust, that we will never lay hands on thy monument and tomb. We never indeed lay hands on holy things.

115.—On the Same

Rome and my princes and the limits of the earth are the monuments of Martinianus which time shall not destroy. But yet I fear lest this little tomb may meet with some evil. Many have impious hands.

116.—On the Same

The tomb of renowned Martinianus. Heard ye never of the president of the noble Cappadocians in Rome, adorned with every virtue? But reverence even his dust and tend his monument and tomb.

117.—On the Same

I never insulted the dead or used tomb-stones for building, I swear by justice and the dead. Therefore bring no more iron to attack my stones, or if thou dost, let it fall on thy own head. It is I, Martinianus, who request this. If there be any gratitude for my glory, let my tomb remain for ever.

1 i.e. Constantinople, here and below.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

118.—Eis Libian την γαμετήν 'Αμφιλόχου
Eis domos, ἀλλ' ὑπένερθη τάφος, καθύπερθε δὲ σηκὸς·
túmbos deimaménois, σηκὸς ἀεθλοφόροις·
καὶ ζ' οἱ μὲν γλυκερὴν ὤδη κόινω ἀμφεβάλοντο
ὡς σὺ μάκαιρα δάμαρ 'Αμφιλόχου, Λιβία,
καλλιμέ θ' νείμων, Εὐφήμῳ· τοῦσδ' ὑπόδεχθε,
μάρτυρες ἀπρεκίης, τοὺς ἔτι λειτομένους.

119.—Eis τὴν αὐτήν
"Ωφελες, ὁ Λιβία, ζ'εϊν τεκέεσσι φιλοισιν·
ὡφελες ἄχρι πύλης γῆρας ἐμπελάσαι·
νῦν δὲ σε μοῖρ' ἐδάμασσεν ἀώριον, εἰσέτι καλήν,
eἰσέτι κουριδίοις ἀνθεῖσι λαμπρομένην.
αἰαί· 'Αμφιλόχος δὲ τεος πόσις αὕτη δάμαρτος
ἐσθλής καὶ πινυτής τλήμονα τύμβον ἔχει.

120.—Eis τὴν αὐτήν Λιβίαν
Alphai· καὶ Λιβίαν κατέχει κόης. οὕτωτ' ἐγώγη
οἱσάμην θυνήτην ἐμμεναί, εἰσορόων
εἴδος, μειλιχίην τε σαοφροσύνην τε γυναικός,
τοῖς φύλοι πασέων καίνυτο θηλυτέρων·
tούνεκα καὶ τοῖς σε τάφῳ κύδηνε θανοῦσαν
σὼν τε τριὰς τεκέων καὶ πόσις 'Αμφιλόχος.

121.—Eis Εὐφήμιον καὶ 'Αμφιλόχον αὐταδέλφους
Ἡν δύας ἦν ἱερή, ψυχῇ μία, σώματα δίσσα,
πάντα κασιγνήτω, αἷμα, κλέος, σοφίην,
niēs 'Αμφιλόχου, Εὐφήμιος 'Αμφιλόχος τε,
pāsin Kappadókais ἀστέρες ἐκφαίησι.
deinon δ' ἀμφιτέρους φθόνος ἑδράκη· τὸν μὲν ἄμερσε
ζῴης, τὸν δ' ἔλιπεν ἐμὶσυν 'Αμφιλόχου.

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BOOK VIII. 118-121

118.—On Livia, the Wife of Amphilochus

The building is one, but beneath is a tomb, above a chapel, the tomb for the builders, the chapel for the triumphant martyrs. And some of the builders have already put on sweet dust, like thee, Livia, blessed wife of Amphilochus, and thee, Euphemius loveliest of her sons. But, ye martyrs of truth, receive those who still survive.¹

119.—On the Same

Thou shouldest have lived for thy dear children, Livia, thou shouldest have reached the gate of old age, but now Fate has overcome thee before thy time, still beautiful, still shining with the flower of youth. Alas! thy husband Amphilochus in place of a good and wise wife has but a wretched tomb.

120.—On the Same

Alas! the earth holds Livia too. Never could I believe her to be mortal, when I looked on her beauty, her sweetness, her chastity, in all of which she surpassed the rest of her sex. Therefore on thy death thou hast been honoured by such a tomb at the hands of thy three children and thy husband Amphilochus.

121.—On the Brothers Euphemius and Amphilochus

It was a holy pair, one soul in two bodies, brothers in everything, blood, fame, wisdom, the sons of Amphilochus, Euphemius and Amphilochus, conspicuous in the eyes of all Cappadocia. But Envy cast a terrible glance on both and depriving one of life, left Amphilochus, but half himself, behind.

¹ i.e. may they be buried in the same blessed place.

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GREEK ANTHOLOGY

122.—Eis Eὐφήμιον

Ῥήτωρ ἐν ῥητήρσιν, ἀοιδοπόλος δὲ ἐν ἀοιδοῖς,
κῦδος ἐής πάτρης, κῦδος ἐὼν τοκέων,
ἀρτὶ γενειάσκων Εὔφήμιος, ἀρτὶ δ᾽ ἐρωτας
ἐς θαλάμους καλέων, ὥλετον: φεῦ παθέων·
ἀντὶ δὲ παρθενικῆς τύμβου λάχειν, ἡδ᾽ υμειάων
ήματα νυμφιδίων ἠμαρ ἐπῆλθε γόων.

123.—Eis τὸν αὐτὸν

Εἰκοσέτης πᾶσαν Εὐφήμιος, ὡς μίαν οὕτις,
Ἑλλάδα κ' Ἀυσοινὴν μοῦσαν ἐφιπτάμενος,
στράπτων ἀγλαῖν τε καὶ ήθεσιν ἂλθ᾽ ύπὸ γαϊαν.
αἰαί τῶν ἀγαθῶν ὥς μόρος ὡκύτερος.

124.—Eis τὸν αὐτὸν

Χρυσείης γενεής Εὐφήμιος ἤν ἐτὶ τυτθὸν
λείψανον, εὐγενέτης ἡθεα καὶ πραπίδας,
μείλιχος, ήδυπῆς, εἴδος Χαρίτεσσιν ὡμοίως·
τούνεκα καὶ θυντοῦς οὔκ ἐπὶ δὴν ἐμίγη.

125.—Eis τὸν αὐτὸν

Στράψε μεγ' ἄνθρωποις Εὐφήμιοι, ἀλλ' ἐπὶ τυτθοῦν·
καὶ γὰρ καὶ στεροπῆς οὐ μακρὸν ἐστὶ σέλας·
στράψεν ὁμοφ σοφία τε καὶ εἰδεὶ καὶ πραπίδεσσιν·
τὰ πρὶν Καππαδοκαῖς ἦν κλέα, νῦν δὲ γόος.

126.—Eis τὸν αὐτὸν

Τὸς; τίνος; ἀμφίλοχοι Εὐφήμιος ἐνθάδε κεῖται,
οὕτοι ό Καππαδοκαῖς πᾶσι διὰ στόματος·
ὔτος ὅν αἱ Χάριτες Μούσαις δόσαν· οἱ δ᾽ ὑμέναιοι
ἀμφὶ θύρας· ἠλθεὶ δ᾽ ὁ φθόνος ὡκύτερος.

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BOOK VIII. 122-126

122.—On Euphemius

Euphemius, an orator among orators, a poet among poets, the glory of his country, the glory of his parents, is dead, but just bearded, but just beginning to call the loves to his chamber. Alas for the misfortune! Instead of a virgin bride he possesses a tomb, and the day of wailing overtook the days of the bridal song.

123.—On the Same

Euphemius, but twenty years old, gathering the honey of both the Greek and Latin muse, as none else gathered that of either, in all the splendour of his beauty and virtue, is gone under earth. Alas, how swift is the death of the good!

124.—On the Same

Euphemius was a little relic of the golden age, noble alike in character and intellect, gentle, sweet of speech, beautiful as the Graces. Therefore he dwelt not long among mortals.

125.—On the Same

Euphemius shone bright among men, but for a brief season; for the flash of the lightning too is not long. He shone alike in learning, beauty and intellect. His qualities were once the glory and are now the lament of Cappadocia.

126.—On the Same

Who, and whose son? Euphemius the son of Amphilochus lies here, he who was the talk of all Cappadocia, he whom the Graces gave to the Muses. The chanters of the bridal song were at his gate, but Envy came quicker than they.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

127.—Eis τὸν αὐτὸν

"Ερνος ἀμώμητον, Μουσῶν τέκος, εἴαρ ἑταίρων,
καὶ χρύσεον Χαρίτων πλέγμα ἱστεφέων,
φῶτο ἐκ μερόπων Εὐφήμιος· οὐδ' ἐτ' ἀνίσχεν,
αἰαὶ, σοῖς θαλάμοις πυρσὸς ὑπὲρ ἦςεν Ἐρως.

128.—Eis τὸν αὐτὸν

Αἱ Χάριτες Μούσαις: "Τῇ ᾠδῷν ὑμετέρων Εὐφήμιος ἐν μερόπεσσιν.
χαὶ Μοῦσαι Χαρίτεσσιν: "Ἐπεὶ φθόνοις ἐστὶν ἀλιτρός,
τόσσον ἔχου· ἡμῖν δὲ τόδ' ὀρκιον ἐμπεδόν ἐστώ,
μηκέτ' ἀναστήσαι τοῖον μερόπεσσιν ἀγαλμα.

129.—Eis τὸν αὐτὸν

Κρήναι καὶ ποταμοί καὶ ἁλετα, καὶ λαλαγεῖντες
ὁριθεὶς λιγυρῷ καλὸν ἐπ' ἀκρεμόνων,
ἀναὰ τε μαλακὸν συρίγμασι κόμα φέρουσια,
καὶ κήποι Χαρίτων εἰς ἐν ἀγειρομένων,
κλαύσατε. ὁ χαρίεσσ' Εὐφήμιας· ὃς σε θανῶν περ
Εὐφήμιος κλεινὴν θήκατ' ἐπωνυμίην.

130.—Eis τὸν αὐτὸν

Κάλλιμος ἢθέων Εὐφήμιος, εὐποτ' ἐν γε
κάλλιμος ἐν χώροις χώρος ὅδ' ἡλύσιος·
tοῦνεκεν εἰς ἐν ἀγερθεν· ἐπεὶ ζωὴν μὲν ἔλειφεν,
οὐνομα δ' ἐν χώρῳ κάλλιπεν ἡγαθέω.

131.—Eis Ἀμφιλοχοῦν

"Ἠλυθε κ' Ἀμφιλόχοιο φίλον δέμας ἐς μέγα σήμα,
ψυχῇ δ' ἐς μακάρων φέχει ἀποτταμένη.

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BOOK VIII. 127-131

127.—On the Same

Euphemius the faultless blossom, the son of the Muses, the spring of his comrades, the golden chaplet of the violet-crowned Graces, is gone from amongst men, and woe is me, the torch that love lit shone not on thy bridal chamber.

128.—On the Same

The Graces to the Muses: "What shall we do? Euphemius the statue moulded by our hands is no longer among the living." And the Muses to the Graces: "Since Envy is so wicked, let her have this much, but let us swear a sure oath, never again to raise such a statue among men."

129.—On the Same

Springs, rivers and groves, and singing birds that twitter sweetly on the branches, and breezes whose whistling brings soft sleep, and gardens of the linked Graces, weep. O charming Euphemias,\(^1\) how Euphemius though dead has made thy name famous.

130.—On the Same

Euphemius was the most beautiful among the young men, if ever indeed there was such a one, and this Elysian place is most beautiful among places. Therefore were they united. He lost his life, but left his name to a lovely spot.

131.—On Amphilochus

Amphilochus' dear body has come too to the great tomb, but his soul flew away to the place of the

\(^1\) The place where he was buried was called so.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

πηοίς πάντα πέπασσο, μακάρτατε, βίβλον ἐὼξας πᾶσαν ὅση θυητῶν, κεῖ τις ἐποιουρινή.

γηραλέος φιλήν ὑπέδυς χθόνα· τέκνα λέοιπας κρείσσονα καὶ τοκέων· τὸ πλέον οὐ μερόπων.

132.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν

"Δομενος ἢ τῇ δαμαρτί καὶ νιέι πάρθενο σῶμα Ἀμφίλοχος, λαπαρὸν γῆρας ἀντιάσας, ὄβιος, εὐγενήτης, μύθων κράτος, ἀλκαρ ἀπάντων, πηὼν, εὐσεβέων, εὐγενέων, λογίων, καὶ μύθοιο δοτήρ περιώσιοι. ᾗ μοι’ ἐταῖρων σῶν ἔνος, ὁ φιλότης, γράμμα’ ἐπιτυμβίδιον.

133.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν

'Ω μάκαρ’, ὁ ξυνὸν πενύς ἄκον, ὁ πτερόειντες μύθοι, καὶ πηγή πᾶσιν ἀρνομένη,

ἀσθματι πάντα λίπες πυμάτω· τὸ δ’ ἀμ’ ἐσσπετο μοῦνον ἐνθεν ἀειρομένω κύδος ἀεὶ θαλέθων.

Γρηγόριος τάδ’ ἐγραψε, λόγῳ λόγον ὅν παρὰ σεῖ δ’ Ἀμφίλοχ’ ἐξεδάψ θανταχριζόμενος.

134.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν

'Ἀμφίλοχος τεθυγκεν· ἀπώλετο εἰ τι λέειππο καλὸν ἐν ἀνθρώποις, ῥητορικὴς τε μένος,

καὶ Χάριτες Μοῦσαις μεμιγμέναι ἕξοχα δ’ αὐ σὲ ἡ Διοκαισαρέων μύρατο πάτρα φίλη.

135.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν

Τυτθὸν μὲν πτολίεθρον, ἀτὰρ πολὺν ἀνέρα δῶκα βῆμασιν ἰδιδίκοις ἡ Διοκαισαρέων,

'Ἀμφίλοχον φθιμένῳ δέ συνεφθέτο καὶ πυρόεσσα ῥήτηρ, καὶ πάτρης εὐχος ἀριστοτόκου.
blest. All thy possessions were thy kinsmen's, blessed among men. Thou didst leave no book human or divine unopened. In old age thou didst descend beneath the kind earth. Thou hast left children even better than their parents. More is not for mortals.

132.—On the Same

Amphilochus in ripe old age gladly went to lie beside his wife and son. Happy he was, and noble, powerful of speech, the support of all—his relatives, the pious, the noble, the learned—lavish of excellent discourse. Lo, my friend, the epitaph written by one of thy comrades.

133.—On the Same

O blessed man, O universal healer of poverty, O winged words, O fountain from which all drew, with thy last breath thou didst leave all that was thine, and alone thy eternal good fame followed thee when thou wast taken. Gregory wrote this repaying thee by words for the skill of speech he learnt from thee.

134.—On the Same

Amphilochus is dead: if aught good were left among men it is gone, the force of eloquence is gone, the Muses mingled with the Graces and above all did thy dear native city Diocaesarea mourn for thee.

135.—On the Same

I, Diocaesarea, am a small town, but gave a great man, Amphilochus, to the Courts of Law. With him perished the fire of oratory and the boast of his native city which his birth ennobled.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

136.—Eis tôn autôn

Τὸν ρήτρην πυρόεσσαν ἐπ' ἀντιπάλοισι φέροντα, τὸν μέλιτος γλυκίων ἥθεα καὶ πραπίδας
'Αμφιλόχου κατέχω τυτθῇ κόνις, ἐκτοθὶ πάτρης, νεία Φιλτατίου Γοργονίας τε μέγαν.

137.—Eis tôn autôn

Ῥητῆρες, φθεγγοισθε' μεμυκότα χείλεα συγη
'Αμφιλόχου μεγάλου τύμβος ὃδ' ἀμφίς ἔχω.

138.—Eis tôn autôn

'Ἡρίον Ἀμφιλόχου μελήφρονος, ὃς ποτὲ ρήτρη
πάντας Καππαδόκας καίνυτο καὶ πραπίσων.

139.—Eis Νικομήδην

Οὔχεαι, ὡ Νικομήδες, ἔμὸν κλέος· ἢ δὲ συνωρίς
σὸν καθαρῆ τεκέων πῶς βίον ἔξανύσει; τίς δὲ τέλος νηώ περικάλλει χείρ ἐπιθήσει; τίς δὲ θεών ἐρμύσει φρῆν τελέην θυσίν,
σείο, μάκαρ, μιχθέντος ἐπουρανλίονιοι τάχιστα;
ὡ γενεῇ τλήμων, οἰα πάθες, μερόπων.

140.—Eis tôn autôn

Δέρκεο καὶ τύμβον Νικομήδεος, εἴ τιν' ἄκουεις,
ὅς νηῶν Χριστῶδ δειμάμενος μεγάλῳ,
αὐτὸν μὲν πρωτίστον, ἐπείτα δέ τὴν περίβωτον
dῶκεν ἄγνῃν θυσίν παρθενίν τεκέων,
φέρτερον οὐδὲν ἔχων, ἰερεὺς, γενέτης τε φεριστος.
τούνεκα καὶ μεγαλὴ ὥκα μίγη Τριάδι.
136.—On the Same

A little dust covers far from his native place Amphilochus the great son of Philtatius and Gorgonia, armed ever with fiery speech against his adversaries, but of a disposition and mind sweeter than honey.

137.—On the Same

Speak now, ye orators. This tomb contains the lips now closed of great Amphilochus.

138.—On the Same

This is the tomb of sweet-souled Amphilochus, who surpassed all Cappadocians in eloquence and intellect.

139.—On Nicomedes

Thou art gone, Nicomedes, my glory, and how shall the pure pair, thy children, pass their life? What hand shall finish the lovely church, and what mind shall render a perfect sacrifice to God, now that thou, blessed man, hast early joined the heavenly ones? O wretched race of mortals, what a misfortune is yours!

140.—On the Same

Look on the tomb of Nicomedes, if thou hast ever heard of him, who having built a temple to Great Christ, gave himself first and then the renowned virginity of his children a pure sacrifice to God, having no better to offer, the best of priests and fathers. Therefore he soon was united with the Great Trinity.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

141.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν

"Τοιαύτας ἐς βίον ἠλθες ἀοίδιμον, ἀλλὰ τάχιστα ἐνθεὶ ἀνηέρθης· τὸς τάδ’ ἐνευσε δίκη;
Χριστὸς ἀνάξ, Νικόμηδε, ὅπως σέο λαὸν ἀνωθεν ἰθύνοις τεκέων σὺν ἱερῇ δυνάδι.

142.—Εἰς Καρτέριον ἔταυρον τοῦ μεγάλου Γρηγορίου

Πὴ μελυτὼν πολύμοχθον ἐπὶ χθονί, φίλταθ’ ἔταιρων, ἠλθες ἀρπαλέως, κύδιμε Καρτέριε;
πὴ ποτ’ ἐβης νεότητος ἐμῆς οἰημα νομῶν,
ἡμος ἐπ’ ἀλλοδαπῆς μῦθον ἐμετρεομῆν,
ὅς βιότῳ μ’ ἔξησας ἀσαρκεί; ἦρ’ ἐτεὸν σοι
Χριστὸς ἀνάξ πάντων φίλτερος, ὃν νῦν ἔχεις.

143.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν

'Αστεροπὴ Χριστοῦ μεγακλέος, ἔρκος ἄριστον ἠθέων, ξωῆς ἤνιοχ’ ἠμετέρης,
μνώεο Γρηγορίῳ, τὸν ἐπλασας ὑθεσί κεδνοίς,
ἡν ὅτε ἦν, ἀρετῆς κοίρανε Καρτέριε.

144.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν

'Ω πηγαὶ δακρύων, ὃ γούματα, ὃ θυέσσιν ἀγνοτάτοις παλάμαι Χριστὸν ἀρεσσάμεναι Καρτερίοιν· πῶς λῆξεν ὁμός πάντεσσι βροτοῖσιν;
ἡθελεν ὑμνοπόλον κεῖθι χοροστασίη.

145.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν

"Ηρπασας, ὃ Νικόμηδε, ἔμοι κέαρ· ἠρπασας ὅκα Καρτέριον, τῆς σῆς σύξυγον εὐσεβίης.
141. — On the Same

Late didst thou come to glorious life, but early wert thou taken thence. What justice so decreed? It was Christ the Lord, Nicomedes, so that from heaven thou mightest rule thy people together with the holy pair, thy children.

142. — To Carterius, the comrade of Gregory the Great

Dearest of comrades, noble Carterius, how hast thou suddenly departed, leaving me full of cares on earth? How hast thou departed, thou who didst direct the rudder of my youth, when in a strange land I was composing verse, thou who wert the cause of my spiritual life. Of a surety Christ the Lord, who now is thine, is dearer to thee than all.

143. — On the Same

Lightning of glorious Christ, best bulwark of youth, charioteer of my youth, remember Gregory whom thou didst mould in moral excellence once on a time, Carterius, lord of virtue.

144. — On the Same

O founts of tears, O knees, O hands of Carterius, that appeased Christ by most pure sacrifices. How like all mortals has he ceased to be? The choir there in heaven required a hymner.

145. — On the Same

Thou hast torn from me my heart, Nicomedes, thou hast carried off too soon Carterius, the partner of thy piety.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

146.—Eis τὸν αὐτὸν

'Ω Ξώλων ξαθέων ιερὸν πέδου, οἶδον ἑρείσμα σταυροφόρων κόλποις Καρτέριον κατέχεις.

147.—Eis Βάσσον τινὰ παρὰ ληστῶν ἀποκτανθέντα

Βάσσε φίλος, Χριστῷ μεμελημένος ἐξοχον ἄλλων, τήλε τεῆς πάτρης ληύστορι χειρὶ δαμάσθης, οὐδὲ σε τύμβος ἔχει πατρῴοις· ἀλλὰ καὶ ἐμπὶς πᾶσιν Καππαδόκεσσι μέγι οὖνομα σεῖο λέειπται, καὶ στήλαι παγίων μέγ’ ἀμείνονες, αἳς ἐνιγράφθης. 5 Γρηγορίου τόδε σοι μνημήσον, ὃν φιλέσκεσ.

148.—Eis τὸν αὐτὸν

'Ως Ἀβραὰμ κόλποισι τεθεὶς ὑποδέχυσο, Βάσσε, σὸν τέκος ἀτρεκέως πνεῦματι Καρτέριον· αὐτὰρ ἔγὼν, εἰ καὶ σε τάφος σὺν πατρὶ καλύπτοι, ὑποτὶ ἄφ’ ὑμετέρης στήσομ’ ὁμοζυγίας.

149.—Eis Φιλτάτιοι

'Ηθεον μεγάλοιο μέγαν κοσμήτορα λαοὶ χθῶν ιερὴ κεῦθω Φιλτατίοιο δέμας.

150.—Eis Ευσέβειαν καὶ Βασίλισσαν

Εὐσέβιον, Βασίλισσα, μεγακλέες, ἐνθάδε κεῖνται, Ξώλων ἡγαθέων θρέμματα χριστοφόρα, καὶ Νόννης ξαθής ιερὸν δέμας. ὁστὶς ἀμείβεις τούσδε τάφος, ψυχῶν μνώεο τῶν μεγάλων.
BOOK VIII. 146-150

146.—On the Same

O holy soil of divine Xola, how strong a support of the Christians was Carterius whom thou holdest in thy bosom.

147.—On Bassus who was slain by Robbers

Dear Bassus, the special darling of Christ, far from thy home thou hast fallen by the robber’s hand; nor dost thou even rest in the tomb of thy fathers. But yet great is the name thou hast left in all Cappadocia. The columns\(^1\) in which thy name is written are far better than solid ones. This is the memorial made for thee by Gregory whom thou lovedst.

148.—On the Same

Receive, Bassus, as one lying in Abraham’s bosom, Carterius, truly thy spiritual child. But I, though the tomb holds thee and thy father, will never desert your fellowship.

149.—On Philtatius

This holy earth covers the body of Philtatius, a youth who was the great ruler of a great people.

150.—On Eusebia and Basilissa

Here lie the most noble Eusebia and Basilissa, Christian nurslings of lovely Xola, and also Nonna’s holy body. Thou who passest these tombs, remember the great souls.

\(^1\) The minds of men.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

151.—Eis Ἐλλάδιον καὶ Ἐιλάλιον αὐταδέλφους
Αἰεὶ σοι νόσος ἦν εἰς οὐρανόν, οὐδὲ ἐπὶ γαῖας ἢρείδες χθαμαλῆς ἦχινον οὐδ’ ὅλιγον,
τούνεκεν ὡς τάχος ἠλθες ἀπὸ χθονός. Ἐιλάλιος δὲ σὴν κόνιν ἀμφιέπει σὸς κάσις, Ἐλλάδιε.

152.—Eis Ἐλλάδιον
Τὸν νεαρὸν, Χριστῷ δὲ μέγαν, πολιόν τε νόημα,
χῶρος οὐδ’ ἀθλοφόρων Ἐλλάδιον κατέχων,
οὐ νέμεσις: κεῖνοις γὰρ ομολίκιν ἄλγος ἀνέτλη,
σβεννὺς ἀντιπάλου τοῦ φθονεροῦ μόθου.

153.—Eis τὸν αὐτό
Μικρὸν μὲν πνείεσκες ἐπὶ χθονὶ σαρκὸς ἀνάγκη,
πλείονα δὲ ξωῆς υψόθι μοίραν ἔχεις,
Ἐλλάδιε, Χριστῷ μέγα κλέος: εἰ δὲ τάχιστα
dεσμῶν ἐξελύθης τοῦτο γέρας καμάτων.

154.—Eis Γεώργιον
Καὶ σὺ Γεώργιοι φίλον δέμας, ἐνθάδε κεῖσαι,
ὅς πολλὰς Χριστῷ πέμψας ἀγνὰς θυσίας,
σὺν δὲ κασιγνήτη σῶμα, φρένας, ἡ Βασιλίσσα
ξυνὸν ἔχει μεγάλη καὶ τάφον ὡς βιοτον.

155.—Eis Εὐπράξιον
Χώρης τῆς ἔρημος Εὐπράξιοι ἀρχιερῆ ἢδ’ Ἀριανζαῖη ἐρχών μεγάλη κατέχων,
Γρηγόριοι φίλοι καὶ θηλικα, καὶ συνοδίτην,
tούνεκα καὶ τύμβου γείτονος ἡντίασεν.

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BOOK VIII. 151-155

151.—On the Brothers Helladius and Eulalius

Thy mind was ever in heaven, nor didst thou set foot at all on this low earth. Therefore very early hast thou gone from earth, and Eulalius thy brother tends thy dust, Helladius.

152.—On Helladius

This burial place of the martyrs holds Helladius young in years, but great in Christ and grey in thought. This is no profanation, for he suffered pains like theirs, extinguishing the attack of his envious adversary.

153.—On the Same

For a little season by the necessity of the flesh thou didst breathe on earth, but above a greater share of love is thine, Helladius, great glory of Christ. If thou wast early released from thy bonds, this was the reward of thy labours.

154.—On George

And thou dost lie here also, dear body of George, who didst render many pure sacrifices to Christ, and Basilissa the great, thy sister in body and spirit shares thy tomb as she shared thy life.

155.—On Enpraxius

This great land of Arianza contains the body of Enpraxius, high priest of the holy country, the friend and contemporary and fellow-traveller of Gregory. Therefore he lies buried near at hand.
156.—Εἰς Ναυκράτιον τὸν ἄδελφόν τοῦ μεγάλου Βασιλείων
'Ιχθυβόλον ποτ' ἔλυε λίμων βυθής ἀπὸ πέτρης
Ναυκράτιος, δίναις εὖ ποταμοῦ βρυχίας.
καὶ τὸ μὲν οὐκ ἀνέλυσεν· ὃ δ' ἔσχετο· πῶς ἀληθὰ
eἱρυσεν ἀνθ' ἀλήθης δίκτυον, εἰπέ, λόγε,
Ναυκράτιον, καθαροῦ βίου νόμον, ὡσπερ εἴσκω,
kai χάριν ἐλθέμεναι καὶ μόρον εἰς ὕδατων.

157.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν
Ναυκράτιος στροφάλυγμι θάνε φθονεροῦ ποταμοῦ,
δεσμοὶσιν βυθής ἀρκνος ἐνσχόμενος·
ὡς κε μάθης σὺ, θυμήτε, τὰ παύγια τούδε βίοιο,
ἐνθεν ἀνηέρθη πῶλος ὑδ' ἄκρα θέων.

158.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν
Ναυκράτιος πλεκτοῖο λίμων δεσμοίσιν ἐλυσθεὶς,
δεσμῶν τούδε βίου εἰς ἀληθὲς ἐλύθη.

159.—Εἰς Μαξέντιον
Αἵματος εὐγενέως γενόμην, βασιλῆς ἐν αὐλαῖς
ἐστὶν, ὁφρὺν ἀείρα κενόφρων. πάντα κεδάσσας,
Χριστὸς ἐπεί με κάλεσσε, βίου πολλαῖσιν ἀταρποῖς
ἔχως ἔρεισα πόθοις τινάγμασιν, ἀρχίς ἀνέθρω
τὴν σταθερῆν· Χριστῷ τῇ δέμας ἀλγεσὶ πολλοὶς·
kai νῦν κούφος ἀνω Μαξέντιος ἐνθεν ἀνέπτην.

160.—Εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν Μαξέντιον
Πάλλετ' ἐμοὶ κραδή, Μαξέντιε, σείο γράφουσα
οὐνομα, ὅς στυφελὴν ἠλθες ὁδὸν βιώτου,
ἀμβροτον, αἰτήσεσαι, ἀτερτέα· σεῖο, φέριστε,
ἁτρόμος οὐδὲ τάφῳ χριστιανὸς πελάει.
BOOK VIII. 156–160

156.—On Naucratius, the Brother of Basil the Great

Naucratius was once freeing his fishing-net from a sunken rock in the roaring eddies of the river. The net he did not free, but was caught himself. Tell me, O Word, how the net landed the fisherman Naucratius, an example of pure life, instead of fish. As I conjecture, both grace and death came to him from the water.

157.—On the Same

Naucratius died in the eddy of the envious river, entangled in the toils of his sunken net, so that, mortal, thou mayst know the tricks of this life, from which this fleet-footed colt was removed.

158.—On the Same

Naucratius, caught in the fetters of his net, was released from the fetters of this life by fishing.

159.—On Maxentius

I, Maxentius, was born of noble blood; I stood in the Emperor’s Court, I was puffed up by vainglory. But when Christ called me, throwing all to the winds, I walked, stimulated by love for him, in many ways of life, until I found the steadfast one. I wasted my body for Christ by many hardships, and now flew up lightly from here.

160.—On the Same

My heart trembles as it writes thy name, Maxentius, who didst traverse a hard road of life, a lonely road, and steep and dismal. No Christian, O best of men, approaches even thy tomb without trembling.

1 The river Iris, as Gregory of Nyssa tells us. He was fishing to provide food for his aged parents.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

161.—Εἰς ἑμμελίαν τὴν μητέρα τοῦ ἁγίου Βασιλείου

Ἐμμέλιον τέθυκεν τις ἐφρασεν; ἢ γε τοσοῦτων καὶ τοῖς τεκέων δῶκε φάος βιότῳ, νιέας ἵδε θύγατρας ὁμόξυγας ἡξυγεάς τε· εὐπαίς καὶ πολύπαις ἢδε μόνη μερόπων. τρεῖς μὲν τῆς ἱερῆς ἀγακλέες, ἡ δ' ἱερῆς σύξυγος. οἱ δὲ πέλας ὡς στρατὸς εὐαγέων.

162.—Εἰς τὴν αὐτὴν ἑμμελίαν

Θάμβος ἔχειν μ' ὀρόωντα τὸσον γόνον ἑμμελίῳ καὶ τοῖς, μεγάλης υνδύως ὀλβον ὅλον· ὡς δ' αὐτήν φρασάμην Χριστοῦ κτέαρ, εὐσεβὴς αἷμα, ἑμμέλιον, τὸδ' ἐφην. "Οὐ μέγα· ρίζα τόση." τοῦτο σοι εὐσεβής ἱερὸν γέρας, ὁ παναρίστη, τιμὴ σῶν τεκέων, οἷς πόθου εἰχὲς ἑνα.

163.—Εἰς Μακρίναν τὴν ἀδελφὴν τοῦ μεγάλου Βασιλείου

Παρθένου αὐγήσσαν ἔχοι κόνις, εἴ τιν' ᾠκοὺεις Μακρίναν, ἑμμελίον πρωτότοκον μεγάλης· ἡ πάντως ἀνδρῶν λάθεν ὁμματα· νῦν δ' ἐνὶ πάντων γλώσσῃ καὶ πάντων φέρτερον εὐχος ἔχει.

164.—Εἰς Θεοσέβιον ἀδελφὴν Βασιλείου

Καὶ σὺ Θεοσέβιον, κλεινής τέκος ἑμμελίῳ, Γρηγορίου μεγάλου σύξυγη ἀτρεκέως, ἐνθάδε τὴν ἱερὴν ὑπέδυς χθόνα, ἐρμα γυναικῶν εὐσεβέων· βιότου δ' ὦριος εξελύθης.
BOOK VIII. 161-164

161.—On Emmelia, the Mother of St. Basil

EMMELIA is dead; who would have thought it, she who gave to life the light of so many and such children, sons and daughters married and unmarried? She alone among mortals had both good children and many. Three of her sons were illustrious priests, and one daughter the wife of a priest, and the rest like an army of saints.

162.—On the Same

I MARVELLED when I looked on the great and goodly family of Emmelia, all the wealth of her mighty womb; but when I considered how she was Christ’s cherished possession of pious blood I said this: “No marvel! The root is so great.” This is the holy recompense of thy piety, thou best of women, the honour of thy children, with whom thou hadst one desire.

163.—On Macrina, the Sister of St. Basil

THE earth holds the glorious virgin Macrina, if ye ever heard her name, the first-born child of great Emmelia. She let herself be seen by no man, but is now on the tongues of all, and has glory greater than any.

164.—On Theosebia, the Sister of St. Basil

And thou, Theosebia, child of noble Emmelia, and in very truth spouse of great Gregory, liest here in holy soil, thou stay of pious women. Ripe in years didst thou depart this life.
165.—Εἰς Γρηγόριον τῆς μητρὸς ἄδελφών
Γρηγόριον μήτρως, ἱερεὺς μέγας, ἐνθάδε ἔθηκε
Γρηγόριος, καθαροὶς Μάρτυσι παρθέμενος,
ἡδεν, θαλέθουτα, νεόχυρον· αἴ δὲ πάροιθεν
τῆς γηροτροφίας ἐλπίδες ἦδε κόνις.

166.—Πρὸς τοὺς ἐν μαρτυρίοις τρυφώντας
Εἰ φίλον ὀρχησταῖς ἄθληματα, καὶ φίλον ἐστω
θρύψις ἀεθλοφόροις· ταῦτα γὰρ ἀντίθετα.
eἰ δ' οὖν ὀρχησταῖς ἄθληματα, οὗδὲ ἄθληταῖς
ἡ θρύψις, πῶς σὺ Μάρτυσι δώρα φέρεις
ἀργυρον, οἶνον, βρόσιν, ἐρεύγματα; ἢ ἐὰν δίκαιος
δε πληροὶ θυλάκους, ἄν ἀδικώτατος ἦ.

167.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτοὺς
Μάρτυρες, εἴπατε ἄμμων ἀληθῶς, εἰ φίλον ὑμῖν
αἰ σύνοδοι; τί μὲν οὖν ἦδιον; ἀντὶ τίνος;
τῆς ἀρετῆς· πολλοὶ γὰρ ἀμείνους ὁδε γένοιτ' ἂν,
eἰ τιμῶτ' ἀρετή. τοῦτο μὲν εὗ λέγετε.
ἡ δὲ μέθη, τὸ τε γαστρὸς ὑπάρχειν τοὺς θεραπευτὰς
ἀλλοις· ἀθλοφόρων ἐκλυσίς ἀλλοτρία.

168.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτοὺς
Μὴ ψεύδεσθ' ὅτι γαστρὸς ἐπαινεῖται εἰςιν ἄθληταί·
λαμβῶν οὐδὲ νόμοι, ὃ ἱαθοῖ, ὑμετέρων·
μάρτυσι δ' εἰς τιμὴν ἐν ἐπίσταμαι· ὑβριν ἐλαύνειν
ψυχῆς καὶ δαπανᾶν δάκρυσι τὴν πιμελήν.
BOOK VIII. 165-168

165.—On Gregory, his Mother's Brother

Gregory the high priest, laid here his nephew Gregory, yet in the first bloom of youth, entrusting him to the pure martyrs. His former hopes of being tended by him in his old age are here turned to dust.

166.—On those who feast luxuriously in the Churches of the Martyrs

If the pains of martyrdom are dear to dancers, then let luxury be dear to the martyrs, for these two things are opposite. But if neither these pains are dear to dancers, nor luxury to the martyrs, how is it thou bringest as gifts to the martyrs, silver, wine, food, belching? Is he who fills that bag his body just, even if he be most unjust?

167.—On the Same

"Tell me, martyrs, truly, if ye love the meetings?" "What could be dearer to us?" "For the sake of what?" "Virtue, for if virtue were honoured, many men would become better." "Ye are right in this, but drunkenness and enslavement to the belly is for others. Dissipation is alien to the martyrs."

168.—On the Same

Assert not falsely that martyrs are commenders of the belly. This is the law of your gullets, good people. But I know one way of honouring the martyrs, to drive away wantonness from the soul, and decrease thy fatness by weeping.

1 These meetings had of course a religious character to celebrate the festivals of the martyrs. What Gregory complains of is that festivals degenerated into festivities.
169.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς
Μαρτύρομεν, ἀθλοφόροι καὶ μάρτυρες· ὑβριν ἔθηκαν τιμᾶς ύμετέρας οἱ φιλογαστορίδαι. οὐ δὴ ἔρυγας παρέχουσ' ἀντ' ἀρετῆς τὸ γέρας.

170.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς καὶ κατὰ τυμβωρύχων
Τρισθανέες, πρῶτον μὲν ἐμὶξάτε σώματ' ἀνάγνω ἀθλοφόροις, τύμβοι δὲ θυητόλον ἀμφίς ἔχουσιν· δεύτερον αὕτε τάφους τοὺς μὲν διεπέρτατ' ἀθέσμως, αὐτοὶ σήματ' ἔχοντες ὁμοία· τοὺς δὲ ἀπέδοσθε, πολλάκι καὶ τρὶς ἐκαστον· δὲ τρίτον, ἱεροσυλεῖς μάρτυρας οὕς φιλεῖς· Σοδομύτιδες ἤξατε πηγαί.

171.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς καὶ κατὰ τυμβωρύχων
Παιδεῖς Χριστιανῶν τόδ' ἀκούσατε· οὐδὲν ὁ τύμβος· πῶς οὖν ύμετέρους χώνυντ' ἀριστρεπέας; ἄλλως ἔστιν καὶ πᾶσι γέρας τόδε, μηδε τάφοισιν βάλλειν ἄλλοτρίως δυσμενέας παλάμας. εἰ δ' ὅτι μὴ νέκυς οἴδε τὰ ἐνθάδε, τοῦτ' ἀδίκαστοι, πείθομαι, ἣν σὺ φέρης πατρὸς υβριν φθιμένου.

172.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς καὶ κατὰ τυμβωρύχων
Τυμβολέται, γάστρονες, ἐρευγόβιοι, πλατύνωτοι, μέχρι τίνος τύμβοις Μάρτυρας ἄλλοτρίως τιμᾶτ', εὑσεβεόντες ἢ μὴ θέμις; ἵσχετε λαῖμοις, καὶ τότε πιστεύσω Μάρτυσιν ἠρα φέρειν.
169.—On the Same

I testify, ye martyrs. The belly-lovers have made your worship into wantonness. Ye desire no sweet-smelling table, nor cooks. But they honour you with belching rather than righteousness.

170.—On the Same, and on Violators of Tombs

Thrice worthy of death, first ye laid beside the martyrs the bodies of impure men, and their tombs contain the bodies of pagan priests. Secondly, ye wickedly destroyed some tombs, ye who have tombs like unto them; and others ye sold, often each tomb thrice. In the third place, ye are guilty of sacrilege to those martyrs whom ye love. Come, ye fiery founts of Sodom!

171.—On the Same

Hearken to this, ye sons of Christians. The tomb is nothing. Why, then, do ye make your tombs magnificent? But this reverence is due to all, not to lay hostile hands on the tombs of others. But if this should escape punishment, because the corpse does not feel what is done to it here, I agree, if thou canst put up with an outrage done to thy dead father.

172.—On the Same

Destroyers of tombs, gluttons who live but for belching, broad-backed, how long shall ye continue to honour the martyrs by the spoils of the tombs of others, with impious piety? Contain your greed, and then I will believe ye bring what is acceptable to the martyrs.
173.—Πρὸς τοὺς ἀπὸ τῶν ἐκ τάφων λίθων ναοὺς οἰκοδομοῦντας

Τιμὴ Μάρτυσιν ἐστὶν ἀεὶ θυσίκειν βιότητι,
αἶματος οὐρανίου μυσομένους μεγάλουν,
τύμβου δὲ φθιμένους· ὅσ βήματα δ’ ἦμιν ἐγείρει
ἀλλοτρίοισι λίθοις, μηδὲ τάφοι τύχοι.

174.—Πρὸς τοὺς ἐν μαρτυρίοις τρυφῶντας

Μάρτυρες, αἶμα θεοῦ μεγάλην ἐσπείσατε λοιβὴν,
καὶ μέντοι θέοθεν ἀξία δώρ’ ἐχετε,
βήμαθ’, ὕμνους, λαοὺς, εὐχῶν σέβας. ἀλλ’ ἀπὸ
τύμβων
φεύγετε, νεκροκόμοι, Μάρτυσι πειθόμενοι.

175.—Πρὸς τοὺς αὐτοὺς

Δαίμοσιν εἰλαπίναζον, ὁσοὶ τὸ πάροιθε μεμήλει
δαίμοσιν ἥρα φέρειν, οὐ καθαρὰς θαλίας·
τοῦτον Χριστιανοὶ λύσιν εὐρομεν, ἀθλοφόροισι
στησάμεθ’ ἠμετέροις πνευματικάς συνόδους.
νῦν δὲ τι τάρβος ἔχει με· ἀκούσατε οἱ φιλόκωμοι·
πρὸς τοὺς δαίμονικοὺς αὐτομολεῖτε τύπους.

176.—Κατὰ τυμβωρύχων

Μηκέτι πηκτὸν ἀροτροῦ ἀνὴρ ἐπὶ γαϊαν ἐλαιύνοι,
μὴ πέλαγος πλῶοι, μὴ δόρυν θοῦρων ἔχοι·
ἀλλὰ φέροιν σκαπάνην τε καὶ ἀγρίουν ἐν φρεσὶ θυμόν,
ἐς τύμβους πατέρων χρυσὸν ἵστ ποθέων·
ὀππότε καὶ τοῦτόν τις ἐμὸν περικαλλέα τύμβον
σκάψειν ἀτασθαλέων εἴνεκα κερδοσύνης.

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BOOK VIII. 173–176

173.—To those who build Churches out of Stones taken from Tombs

It is paying honour to the martyrs always to die to life, remembering the great heavenly blood; but tombs are an honour to the dead. Let him who erects shrines to us out of the stones belonging to others lack himself a tomb.

174.—On those who feast in Martyrs' Churches

Martyrs, ye poured your blood a great libation to God, and from God ye have fitting reward, shrines, hymns, congregations, the honour of prayers. But ye worshippers of the dead, do as the martyrs bid you, and keep away from tombs.

175.—On the Same

In honour of the demons those who wished formerly to gain the favour of the demons celebrated impure banquets. This we Christians abolished, and instituted spiritual meetings for our martyrs. But now I am in some dread. List to me, ye revellers: ye desert us for the rites of devils.

176.—On Violators of Tombs

(The remaining Epigrams are all on the same Subject)

Let no man any longer drive a sturdy plough into the land; let him not sail the sea, nor bear a threatening spear, but with pickaxe and savage heart go to seek gold in the tombs of his fathers, now that some wicked man has dug up, for the sake of gain, this beautiful tomb of mine.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

177.—"Αλλο
'Επὶ τὰ βίοιο πέλει τάδε θαύματα· τεῖχος, άγαλμα, κήποι, πυραμίδες, νησί, άγαλμα, τάφος· ογδοον ἐσκον ἐγωγε πελάριον ἐνθάδε τύμβος, ὑψιταγής, σκοπέλων τοῦ ἀποτέλε θέων· πρώτος δ' ἐν φθιμένοις αοίδιμος, ἔργον ἀπληστον τής σής, ἀνδροφόνε, μαυρομένης παλάμης.

178.—"Αλλο
Ἡν ὅτε ἵνα τάφος οὕρεος ἄκρην πουλύς ύπερτέλλων τηλεφανής σκόπελος· νῦν δὲ με θηρ ἑτίναξεν ἐφέστιος εἴνεκα χρυσοῦ· ὥδε δ' ἑτινάχθην γείτονος ἐν παλάμαις.

179.—Κατὰ τυμβοφύρων
Τὸν τύμβοιο τόσον ληίστορα, ὅν πέρι πάντη λάων τετραπέδων ἀμφιθείσει στέφανοι, ἀξίον αὐτίκ’ ἐν, αὐτῷ ἐν σήματι θένας αὐθίς ἐπικλείσαι χάσματα δυσσβεῖ."1

180.—Κατὰ τυμβοφύρων
'Εργον ἀλιτρόν ὅπωτα, κεχηνότα τύμβον, ὀδεύων χρυσοῦ ταύτα πέλει ἔργαμα τοῦ δολίου· εἰ μὲν χρυσὸν ἔχεις, εὑρεσ κακόν· εἰ δ' ἀρα κεινὸς ἐνθεν ἐβης, κενεὶς μήςαν δυσσβην.

181.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς
Οσσάτιον παράμειψα βροτῶν βίον· οὐδ' ἄρ' ἐμελλὼν ἐκφυγέειν παλάμας γείτονος οὐλομένας, ὦς με καὶ αὑτῶν ἔοντα χαμαλ βάλε νηλεὶ θυμῷ, οὔτε θεόν δείσας, οὔθ' ὀσίν φθιμένων.

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1 (1) The wall of Babylon, (2) The statue of Zeus at

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BOOK VIII. 177-181

177

These are the seven wonders of the world: a wall, a statue, gardens, pyramids, a temple, another statue, a tomb.¹ The eighth was I, this vast tomb rising high above these rocks; and among the dead I am most celebrated, owing to the greed of thy furious hand, murderer.

178

I was once an undisturbed tomb, like a rock rising high above the mountain summit, and conspicuous from afar; but now a beast of my own house has destroyed me for the sake of gold, and thus I was demolished by the hands of my neighbour.

179

For the spoiler of so fine a tomb, with a cornice of squared stones all round it, it were a fitting fate to put him in the tomb, and close on the impious wretch the gaps he made.

180

As I journeyed I saw an impious thing, a gaping tomb. This is the work of deceitful gold. If thou didst find gold, thou hast acquired an evil, but if thou wentest away empty thou hast got thee empty impiety.

181

How long did I outlive the life of man! Yet it was not my fate to escape the destructive hands of my neighbour, who relentlessly cast me down, high as I was, fearing neither God nor the respect due to the dead.

Olympia, (3) the hanging gardens of Babylon, (4) the pyramids, (5) the temple of Diana at Ephesus, (6) the Colossus of Rhodes, (7) the Mausoleum.

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182.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς
Τὸν τύμβων κακοεργῶν ἀλάστορα φεύγετε πάντες· ἢνίδ' ὅσην σκοπεύειν ρήξατο ῥηίδιος·
οὐ μὲν ρηίδιος ἔρρηξατο· ἀλλ' ἀποτῆλε
χάζεσθε· φθιμένους ὅδ' ἂν ἀφεσάμεθα.

183.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς
Ἄλαί ὃς τι κακῶν προτισσομαί εγγύθεν ἥδη
τοῖς τε τυμβορύχοις, τοῖς τε περικτισίν,
σήματος ψυθίδεουτος ὀλωλότος· ἀλλὰ τὸν ἔχθρὸν
οἶδε δίκη· δακρύειν δ' ἡμέτερον φθιμένους.

184.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς
Μαυσωλοῦ τάφος ἐστὶ πελώριος, ἀλλὰ Κάρεσσι
τίμιος· οὕτως ἐκεῖ τυμβολέτες παλάμη·
Καππαδόκεσσιν ἐγωγε μέγ' ἔξοχος, ἀλλὰ δέδορκας
οίᾳ πάθον· στήλη γράψατε νεκροφόνον.

185.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς
Τοῖχος ἐνὶ προπόδεσσι καὶ ὄρθιος· ἐνθεὶ ἐπείτα
ὕπτιος, ἐκ λαγάνων εἰς ἐν ἀγειρομένων
τύμβος ἔην, καθύπερθε λόφον λόφος· ἀλλὰ τὶ ταῦτα;
οὐδὲν χρυσόφιλαις οὐ μ' ἐτίμαξαν ὅλον.

186.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς
Νεκρῶν νεκρὰ πέλοι καὶ μνῆματα· ὃς δ' ἀνεγείρει
τύμβον ἀριπρετεά τῇ κόμι, τοῖς πάθοι
οῦ γὰρ ἂν οὕτως ὑπηρ τὸν ἐμὸν τάφον ἐξαλάταξεν,
εἰ μὴ χρυσὸν ἔχειν ἂλπετο ἐκ νεκυῶν.

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BOOK VIII. 182-186

182

Avoid, all men, the wicked profaner of tombs. Lo! what a high tower has he broken down with ease; but retire far from him, and thus shall we please the dead.

183

Woe is me! I foresee some evil about to befall the profaners of tombs and the neighbours, now the lofty tomb has been destroyed. But Justice knows the enemy, and it is ours but to weep for the dead.

184

The tomb of Mausolus is vast, but the Carians honour it; there are no desecrating hands there. I was chief among the Cappadocians, but you see what I have suffered. Write on the stele the name of the murderer of the dead.

185

The lower courses of the tomb were perpendicular, but above this it was composed of four inclined flanks meeting in one. It was like a hill surmounting a hill. But what use was all this? It was nothing to the gold-seekers who demolished it entirely.

186

Let the monuments of the dead be dead too, and let him who erects a magnificent tomb to the dust meet with this fate. For that man would never have pillaged my tomb if he had not expected to get gold from the dead.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

187.—Eis toûs autoûs

Τîs tînos; Οûk èrëei stîhî; prô ãar òleto tûmbouv.
Τîs xrînos; 'Arxaihîs sîma tôd' èrnyasîhîs.
Τîs ðé ð' ènîrpatô; eîptë' fônîs tôdë. Xeîres ìlîtrrai
geîtovos. 'Îs tî làbhî; Xrûsov. 'Èchoi skotînîn.

188.—Eis toûs autoûs

"Ostîs èmôn parà sîma fêreis tôdà, ìsthi ìe taútà
tou neoklîrînovômou xersei páthont' ìdîkôs;
oû ãar èxhîn xrûsov tê kai ãrgynoun, ìll' èdokîbîn,
kållei marmaîrôn tososatîn lavgônîn.

189.—Eis toûs autoûs

Stîthi pêlas, kai klàouson îdôn tôde sîma thauîntos,
eîpot' èhn, ùnît ìute táfoun dhlîmounos ìndrôs:
sîma pêlw mú tûmbon ègeîreie brîtotîs ìlllos.
tî pléîon, ìe palâmaîsi filoxrûsoîn òleîtai;

190.—Eis toûs autoûs

Àîôn kai klîides ámeidîntou thauàtóîou,
kai lîbth, skotînîs bèûthea, kai nêkves,
pôs ètllî tûmbon tês èmôn ètí xeihras èneîgkîn;
pôs ètllî; fîhmênôîn kîdeîtai oud' òsîn;

191.—Eis toûs autoûs

Tétrîmavai plhîhîsîn ìeikkelîhîsîn ò tûmbos
têtrâmî', òs tîs ìníp èv ðài leugalêhî.
taútà fîla thnîtôiîsî; tô ð' aítîoun òs ìthèmîstovn
tôn nêkun oîon èxhîn, xrûsîv. àpoxîmavîn.
BOOK VIII. 187-191

187

"Who and whose son?" "The slab will not tell you, for it perished before the tomb." "What is the date?" "This is a tomb of old workmanship." "And who slew thee, for this is murder?" "The criminal hands of my neighbour." "To get what?" "Gold." "May he dwell in darkness."

188

Let whoever passes by my tomb be aware that I was injuriously treated by the new heir. I contained no gold and silver, but I looked as if I did so, glistening as I was with the beauty of so many faces.

189

Stand hard by and weep as ye look on this tomb of some dead man, if ever he existed, but which is now the tomb of an evil-doer. I am a monument proclaiming that none else should erect a tomb; for what does it serve, if it is to perish by hands greedy of gold?

190

Ages eternal, and locked portals of solemn death, and river of forgetfulness, and abysses of darkness, and ye dead, how did any man dare to lay hands on my tomb? How did he dare? Even religion does not protect the dead.

191

I, the tomb, am wounded by shameful blows; I am wounded like a man in the fierce battle. Is this what pleases mortals? And how lawless the motive! I contain but a corpse, and am stripped of my gold.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

192.—Eis toús aútoús

Πρὸς σε θεοῦ ξενίου λιτάζομαι, ὡστις ὦμείβεις
túμβον ἐμόν, φράζειν: "Τοῖα πάθοις ὁ δράσας."
oúκ οἶδ' ὤντων τύμβος ἔχει νέκνυ. ἀλλ' ἔρεω γε
dákro' ἐπισπένδων: "Τοῖα πάθοις ὁ δράσας."

193.—Eis toús aútoús

Πάντα λιπών, γαίης τε μυχοῦς καὶ πείρατα πόντον,
 ἕλθες ἔχειν ποθέων χρυσὸν ἐμοῦ νέκνος.
νεκρόν ἔχω καὶ μῆνιν ὀλωλότος: ἤν τις ἐπέλθῃ,
taút' εἰ λείη, διόσομεν ἀσπασίως.

194.—Eis toús aútoús

Εἱ σοι χρυσὸν ἐδωκά μόνῳ μόνος, οὐκ ἐφύλασσες
toúth ὀπερ εἰλήφεις; ἢ κακός ἤσθ' ἄν ἄγαν.
ei de tάφον σκάπτεις, τήν αἰδέσιμον παραθήκην,
καὶ τοῦ ἐπὶ χρυσῷ, ἄξιος, εἰπέ, τίνος;

195.—Eis toús aútoús

Τοὺς ξώντας κατόρυσσε: τί γὰρ νεκροὺς κατορύσσεις;
ἄξιοί εἰσι τάφων, οὐ σε ζήν εἰσαν ὦτω,
tῶν τῶν οἰχομένων ύβριστήν καὶ φιλόχρυσον.

196.—Eis toús aútoús

Καὶ σύ, τάλαν, παλάμησι τεαὶς ἢ μῦστιν ἐδωδὴν
dέξῃ θαρσαλέως, ἢ θεῶν ἀγκαλέσεις
χείρεσιν αἰς διόρυξας ἐμὸν τάφον; ἢ ρα δίκαιοι
οὔδὲν ἔχουσί πλέον, εἰ σὺ τάλαντα φύγοις.

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BOOK VIII. 192-196

192

"I beseech thee, who passest by my tomb, by that God who protects strangers to say, 'May the like befall thee who did it.'" "I know not who lies in the tomb, but shedding on it a tear I will say, 'May the like befall thee who did it.'"

193

Neglecting all else, the bowels of the earth and the uttermost seas, thou comest lusting to get gold from my corpse. I hold but a corpse and the wrath of the dead. If anyone attack me to rob me of these things I will give him them gladly.

194

If I had given thee gold without the cognisance of any, wouldest thou not have kept for me what thou didst receive? Otherwise thou wouldst have been very wicked. But if thou diggest up a tomb, a solemn trust, and this for the sake of gold, say of what art thou worthy?

195

Bury the living, for why dost thou bury the dead? They are worthy of burial, who thus allowed thee to live, insulter of the departed and luster after gold.

196

Wretch, shalt thou take boldly in thy hands the mystic food, or invoke God with those hands which broke into my tomb? The just, indeed, have no profit if thou dost escape the scales of Justice.
197.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς
Φησὶ Δίκη: "Τίς πίστις, ὡτ' ὠλεσας ὅν λαγόνεσοι σήμιν ἔδωκα, νέκυν, γαία φίλη, φθίμενοι;"  
"Οὐ γαίη μ' ἐτίναξεν ἀτάσθαλος ὠλεσεν ἀνήρ, καὶ φιλοκερδείης εἶνεκα. τοῦτον ἔχε."  

198.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς
Πρόσθε τάδ' ἦν ἁσυλα: θεός, νέκυς. ἀλλὰ θεὸς μὲν ἰλαος: εἰ δὲ νέκυς, ὡφθ' ὁ τυμβολέτης.  

199.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς
'Ἡ ρὰ σε διωῆσουσιν Ἐρυνύες: αὐτὰρ ἔγωγε κλαύσομ' ἀποφθιμένους, κλαύσομ' ἅγος παλάμης.  

200.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς
Δῆξατε, τυμβοχόοι, καὶ λήξατε θένθεσι χαίης κεύθειν τοὺς φθιμένους: εἴξατε τυμβολέταις.  
νεκρῶν καὶ τάδε γ' ἐστὶ σοφίσματα, ὡς φιλόχρυσον εὔροσιν παλάμην, σήματα τοῖα χέειν.  

201.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς
Τίς σ' ἀνέηκεν, ἀπληστε, τόσον κακὸν ἀντὶ τόσοιο κέρδεος ἀλλάξαι, μηδὲ παρεσταότος;  

202.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς
Στῆλαι καὶ τύμβοι, μέγα χαίρετε, σήματα νεκρῶν οὐκέτι κηγύξω μνήμασι τοὺς φθιμένους, ἵνα τὸν περὶφαντον ἐμὸν τάφον ὠλέσε γεῖτων.  
Γαία φίλη, σὺ δὲ μοι δέχυσο τοὺς φθιμένους.
BOOK VIII. 197-202

197
Quoth Justice, “What faith is there, since thou, dear earth, hast destroyed him whom I entrusted to thy womb?” “It was not the earth that disturbed me; a wicked man destroyed me, and for the sake of gain. Lay hold on him.”

198
Formerly these two were inviolate, God and the dead. God is merciful, but the destroyer of tombs will see if the dead is or not.

199
The Furies shall torture thee, but I will weep for the dead and for the guilt of thy hand.

200
Cease, ye builders of tombs; yea, cease to hide the dead in the depths of the earth. Give way before the destroyers of tombs. This is a device of the dead to erect such tombs in order that they may meet with a hand that lusts for gold.

201
Who prompted thee, insatiable man, to exchange such a crime for such a gain, and that gain non-existent?

202
Farewell ye gravestones and tombs, the monuments of the dead! I will no longer proclaim the names of the dead on their tombs now that my neighbour has destroyed my handsome tomb. Dear Earth, I pray thee to receive the dead.

1 The sense is obscure.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

203.—Πρὸς τοὺς αὐτούς
Στῆλαι, καὶ πλακόεντες ἐν οὐρέσιν, ἔργα γυγάντων, 
τύμβοι, καὶ φθιμέων ἄφθιτε μυημοσύνη, 
σεισμὸς πάντα βράσειεν, ἐμοὶς νεκύεσσιν ἄρηγον, 
οῖς ἐπὶ χεὶρ ὠλοὴ ἠλθε σιδηροφόρος.

204.—Πρὸς τοὺς αὐτούς
'Ἡνίκα τὸν περίβωτον ἐπ᾽ οὐρεος, ἀγρει Τιτάν, 
τύμβον ἀνερρήξω, πῶς ἔσιδες νέκνας, 
ὡς δ' ἔσιδες, πῶς χεῖρες ἐπὶ ὀστεά; ἢ τάχα κέν σε 
τῇ σχέδου, εἰ θέμις ἣν τοῖσδ᾽ ἑνα τύμβον ἔχειν.

205.—Πρὸς τοὺς αὐτούς
Σήματα, καὶ σποδία, καὶ ὀστέα, οἳ τε πάρεδροι 
δαίμονες, οἳ φθιμέων ναίετε τόυδε λόφον, 
tόνδ᾽ ἀλτρόν τίνυσθε, ὡς ὑμέας ἐξαλάπαξεν. 
tῶν δὲ περικτιῶν δάκρυν ὑμίν ὁσον.

206.—Κατὰ τυμβωρύχων
Τύμβοι, καὶ σκοπιαί, καὶ οὐρεα, καὶ παροδίται, 
κλαύσατε τύμβον ἐμόν, κλαύσατε τυμβολέτην. 
ἡχῶ δ᾽ ἐκ σκοπέλων πυματηγόρος ἀντιαχεῖτω 
tόνδε περικτιῶν· "Κλαύσατε τυμβολέτην."

207.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς
Κτείνετε, ληξιεσθε, κακοὶ κακοκερδέες ἄνδρει 
οὕτις ἐπισχίσσηι τὴν φιλοχρημοσύνην. 
eἰ τάδ᾽ ἔτλης, κακοεργε, κακοφρονος ἐνεκα χρυσοῦ, 
pᾶσι τεὶν ἐπέχειν ἀρπαλέουν παλάμην.

488
YE gravestones and broad tombs in the hills, the work of giants, and thou eternal memory of the departed, may an earthquake shake you all to pieces, coming to the aid of my dead, whom the destructive hand, armed with the pick, attacks.

WHEN, savage Titan, thou didst break into the famous tomb on the hill, how didst thou dare to look on the dead, and, looking on them, how to touch the bones? Verily they would have caught thee and kept thee there, if it were permitted to thee to share their tomb.

Tombs, and dust, and bones, and attendant spirits who dwell in this mound, take vengeance on the wicked man who pillaged you. How the neighbours weep for you!

Tombs, and summits, and hills, and passers by, weep for my tomb and weep for its destroyer. And may echo, that repeats the last words, cry from these neighbouring hills, "Weep for the destroyer."

SLAY and plunder, ye evil men, lovers of filthy lucre; none will check your love of money. If thou hadst the courage to do this for the sake of evil-counselling gold, venture to lay thy rapacious hand on all things.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

208.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς
Οὗτος ἔπερσεν ἐμὸν φίλιον τάφον ἐλπίδι κούφη,
ὅν μοῦνον κτεάνων ἔνθεν ἀπῆλθον ἔχων·
cαὶ τούτον τις ἀλητρὸς ἕαὶς παλάμαις ὀλέσειεν,
ἐκ δ' ὀλέσας τύμβου τῆλε βάλοι πατέρων.

209.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς
Τῆς τὸν ἐμὸν διέπερσε φίλιον τάφον, οὕρεος ἀκρῆς
τῆσδ' ἀναειρόμενον ἥλικον ὀσσάτης·
χρυσὸς ἐθηρὲ μάχαιραν ἑπ' ἀνδράσι· ἵπτο-
ληστὸν
κύμασι χειμερίοις ὀλέσε ναυσιβάτην·
cάµε χρυσὸς ἔπερσε μέγαν περικαλλέα τύμβου
ἐλπισθείς· χρυσοῦ δεύτερα πάντ' ἀδίκοις.

210.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς
Πολλάκι ναυηγοῖο δέμες κατέχωσεν ὀδίτης
κύμασι πλαζόμενον, πολλάκι θηρολέτου·
ἡδη καὶ πολέμω τις ὑπὶ ὀλέσεν· ἀλλ' ἐµὲ γείτων
χωσθέντ' ἀλλοτρίαις χερσὶν ἔπερσε τάφον.

211.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς
"Ὡ χρυσοῦ δολίοιο, πόσον κακῶν ἐπλεό θυμητοῖς·
ξῶσιν καὶ φθιμένοις χεῖρα φέρεις ἀδικῶν·
ois γὰρ ἐμὸν τύμβον τε καὶ ὀστέα δῶκα φυλάσσειν,
tῶνδ' ὑπὸ ταῖς μιαραῖς ἐξολόμην παλάμαις.

212.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς
Πάντ' ἐθηαὶσ νεκύεσοι. τὸ παῖζομεν; οὕτις ἑτ' αἴδὼς
ἐκ ξόντων φθιμένοις· δέρκεο τόνδε τάφον,
ὁν γ' ἐλπὶς χρυσοῦ διώλεσε, τόσσον ἐόντα
θαῦμα παρερχομένοις, θαῦμα περικτίοσιν.
BOOK VIII. 208–212

208

This man, in vain hope, pillaged my dear tomb, the only one of my possessions I carried away with me. Let some other sinner's hands destroy him in turn, and afterwards cast him afar from the tombs of his fathers.

209

Who pillaged my dear tomb that rose so high above this mighty mountain summit? It is gold that sharpens the sword against the life of man, and gold makes the greedy navigator to perish in the wintry seas. I, too, this great and beautiful tomb, was pillaged in the hope of gold. All other things are second to gold in the eyes of the wicked.

210

Many a traveller has buried the body of a shipwrecked man found tossing on the waves, and many a one the body of a man slain by beasts. Often has an enemy buried him whom he slew in war, but my neighbour has pillaged this tomb not the work of his own hands.

211

O deceitful gold, what an evil thou art for man! Thou raisest the hand of the wicked against both dead and living. For I perished by the accursed hands of those into whose care I bequeathed my tomb and bones.

212

All is dead for the dead. Why do we trifle? There is no shame left among the living for the dead. Look at this tomb, that was such a wonder to travellers and the neighbours, destroyed for the hope of gold.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

213.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς
Δίσσομαι ἵνα γε θάνω, ποταμῷ δέμας ἢ κύνεσσιν ῥήψατε, ἢ πυρὶ δάψατε παντοφάγῳ.
λώιον ἢ παλάμησι φιλοχρύσοισιν ὀλέσθαι.
deίδια, τόνδε τάφον τοῖα παθοῦνθ' ὀρῶν.

214.—"Αλλο
Δῆποτε Κύρος ἀναξ βασιλῆιον ὡς ἀνέφξεν τύμβου ἐπὶ χρυσῷ, γράμμα τὸ δ' εὑρε μόνον.
"Οὔγειν ἀπλήστοιο τάφους χερός." ὡς δὲ σὺ τόσσον σήμα τόδ' ὦχ ὀσίαις οίξας, ἀνερ, παλάμαις.

215.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς
:"Ος κακὸς οὐ φθιμένοισι, τάξ' ἄν φθιμένοισιν ἄριγγοι,
ὡς δ' οὐδὲ φθιμένοις, οὔποτ' ἄν οὐ φθιμένοις.
ὡς δὲ σὺ τοῖς φθιμένοισιν ἐπεὶ τάφον ἐξαλάπαξας,
οὔποτ' ἄν οὐ φθιμένοις χείρα φέροις ὀσίην.

216.—Πρὸς τοὺς αὐτούς
Μαρτύρομ' οὐδὲν ἔχω· πτωχὸς νέκυς ἐνθάδε κεῖμαι·
μὴ με τεαῖς ἀτίσῃς τυμβοφόνοις παλάμαις·
οὔδε γὰρ οὔτος ἔχειν χρυσόν τάφος, ἀλλ' ἐδαίχθη·
pάντα φιλοχρύσους ἐμβατα· φεῦγε Δίκη.

217.—Πρὸς τοὺς αὐτούς
Οἱ τύμβοι "Φθιμένοισιν ἄριξατε" εἴπον ἄπαντες,
ὥς ὁ λυστήρεις τόνδ' ἐτύνασσε τάφου.
oἱ νέκυες τύμβοισιν: "Τι βέλεμεν; ἀδίσε ἀέρθη
ὡς ἐπὶ βουκτασίῃ γαῖαιν ἀφεῖσα Δίκη."
BOOK VIII. 213-217

213

I beseech ye, if I die, throw my body into a river or to the dogs, or consume it in the all-devouring fire. That is better than to perish by hands greedy of gold. I am in dread as I look on this tomb which has met with this fate.

214

King Cyrus once, when he opened a royal tomb for the sake of gold, found only this inscription: "To open tombs is the work of an insatiable hand." So hast thou opened this great tomb with impious hands (and in vain).

215

He who is evil to the living might, perhaps, help the dead, but who helps not the dead would never help the living. So thou, since thou hast plundered the tomb of the dead, wouldst never reach out a pious hand to the living.

216

I aver I have nothing; it is a poor corpse that lies here. Do me no injury with thy tomb-slaying hands. This tomb next me never had any gold in it, but yet it was plundered. All is accessible to gold-seekers. Fly from hence, Justice.

217

The tombs all cried "Help the dead!" when the furious spoiler was breaking up this tomb. The dead cry to the tombs, "What shall we do? Justice has left the earth and flown up to heaven again, even as she did at the first slaying of oxen."
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

218.—'Omoíws

"'Hlvdenv eis 'Aíðhn tís: ó d' épptato: állos ólese dé
θónas: ó dè plékton niêî teúže dómoun. 'Oúto
'tou tóso avrí ònu dëúteron érgon erêxen,
tónde taúfon ríξas cheíresin oux òsiai.

219.—Prós touz autoús

Eî tóso avrí érgon évgeiras dloolótì, ou méga tháµma;
eî dè tóso dièpèròsas, òoídimos êsooménous.
kaî se tis èn meýalosin ìrìmìse kakaerhòis,
túµbos ònarárhêavn', ònu kai tròmèouni founìes.

220.—Prós touz autoús

Xrúsòs muên 'Podiósiwn èpékluve: sói d' âpto túmbo
xrusòn férei síðhros, òs kakón férei.
ôrùsò' ôrussse pántas: h táç' òan se tis
túmboos k' êxòleseie peßòn, nekuvessi d' ìrìgos.

221.—Eis touz autoús

Túmboos èn: vòn d' êimì nîðwv xúsìs, oukèti túmbo.
taûta filokhúsos euàde: poià díkè.

222.—'Allo

Aiài kai téfrh yènomî, kai cheíras álîtròv
ouk èfugon: xrusòv típ èreioùteron;

1 It is not known to whom he alludes.
2 In audacity.
BOOK VIII. 218–222

218

One (Orpheus) descended to Hades, a second (Daedalus) flew, another (Heracles) slew beasts, another made a woven house for his son.¹ Not second to those was the work of the man who broke down this tomb with his unholy hands.

219

If thou didst erect such a structure to the dead it is naught to marvel at, but if thou didst destroy so great a work posterity shall celebrate thee, and thou shalt be reckoned among the great criminals in having broken down a tomb that made its very murderers tremble.

220

It once rained gold on Rhodes,² and the iron that brings evil brings gold to thee from tombs. Dig them all up; perhaps some tomb will fall on thee and help the dead.

221

I was a tomb, but I am now a heap of stones no longer a tomb. Such was the pleasure of the violators. What justice is this!

222

Alas! I was burnt to ashes and escaped not the hand of the wicked. What is worse than gold?

¹ Pindar's words (Ol. vii, 34) that Zeus "rained gold" on Rhodes were at least generally understood literally, whether he meant them to be so understood or not.
223.—Πρὸς τοὺς αὐτούς

"Ἄξομαι ἀνδρομένης γενεής ὑπερ, εἰ σε τις ἔτην, τύμβε, χαμαὶ βαλέειν οὐχ ὀσίαις παλάμαις.

224.—Πρὸς τοὺς αὐτούς

Τύμβος ἐγώ, σκοπινὴ τις ἀπ’ οὐρεος· ἅλλα μὲ χεῖρες θῆκαν ἵσον δαπέδῳ· τίς τάδ’ ἀνωξε νόμος;

225.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς

Οὗτος ἐμὸς δόμος ἦν ὀλωλότος· ἅλλα σίδηρος ἦλθ’ ἐπ’ ἐμῷ τύμβῳ· σὼν δόμον ἀλλος ἔχοι.

226.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς

Τὴν σκαπάνην ἐπ’ ἀρουραν, ἐμῷ δ’ ἐπὶ σήματι βάλλειν δάκρυα, μὴ παλάμας· ήδε δίκη φθιμένων.

227.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς

Τὴν σκαπάνην ἐπ’ ἀρουραν· ἐμοῦ δ’ ἀποχάζεο τύμβου, χάζεο· οὐδὲν ἔχω πλὴν ξακότων νεκύων.

228.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς

Εἰ σ’, ἀπληστε, τάφον δηλήμονα τοῖον ἐώλπειν, πάσσαλος ἀν τῇδε καὶ τροχὸς ἐκρέματο.

229.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς

Τίπτε μ’ ἀνοχλίζεις κενεδυν τάφον; ὡστέα μοῦνα κεῦθω καὶ σποδίην τοῖσιν ἐπερχομένους.
BOOK VIII. 223-229

223

I am ashamed for the race of men if one ventured, O tomb, to cast thee down with unholy hands.

224

I was a tomb, a watch-tower on the mountain, but the hands of man laid me level with the ground. What law enjoined this?

225

This was my home after death, but iron attacked my tomb. May another possess thy home!

226

Use the mattock for husbandry, but on my tomb shed tears and lay no violent hands. That is justice to the dead.

227

Use the mattock for husbandry, but retire from my tomb. It contains naught but the wrathful dead.

228

If I had known, thou man of greed, that thou wert such a destroyer of tombs, a stake and a wheel had hung here.

229

Why dost thou disturb me, an empty tomb? I contain nothing for those who attack me but bones and dust.

497
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

230.—Eis toûs autôn
Τύμβος ἑγώ, τύμβων πανυπέρτατος· ἄλλ' ἐμὲ φέξειν, ἀδ, τινα τῶν πολλῶν, ἀνδροφόνος παλάμης ἀνδροφόνος παλάμη με διώλεσε· λήξατε τύμβων, θυητοῖ, καὶ κτερέων. δεῦτ' ἐπὶ νεκρά, κύνες· δεῦτ' ἐπὶ νεκρά, κύνες. χρυσοῦ διφήτορες ἀνδρεῖς ἵδη καὶ νεκύων χρυσολογοῦσι κόινω.

231.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτοὺς
"Ἄλλος τύμβον ἐγειρὲ, σὺ δ' ὠλεσας· ἄλλος ἐγείροι σῶν τάφον, εἰγε θέμις· ἄλλος ἔραζε βάλοι.

232.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτοὺς
"Ηδη καὶ νεκύεσσιν ἐπέχραον οἱ φιλόχρυσοι· φεύγετε ἐκ τύμβων, εἰ σθένοι, οἱ φθίμενοι.

233.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτοὺς
Τύππε μ' ἀνοχλίζεις; νεκύων ἄμενηνά κάρηνα μοῦνα φέρω· τύμβων ὅστεα πλοῦτος ἅπας.

234.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτοὺς
Δαίμονας, οἳ με ἔχουσιν, ἀλεύω· οὐτὶ γὰρ ἄλλο τύμβος ἔχω· τύμβων ὅστεα πλοῦτος ἅπας.

235.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτοὺς
Εἰ χρυσὸν δόμος ἦμεν ὅλος τάφος, ὁ φιλόχρυσε, οὐπότ' ἔδει τοῖν χεῖρα φέρειν φθιμένοις.
BOOK VIII. 230-235

230

I am a tomb surpassing all other tombs in height, but murderous hands opened me as if I had been one of the many. Murderous hands destroyed me. Cease from building tombs and celebrating funerals, ye mortals. Come to the bodies, ye dogs! Come to the bodies, ye dogs! Seekers after gold gather gold now from the dust of the dead too.

231

Another man erected the tomb, and thou didst destroy it. Let another erect thy tomb, if Heaven permits it, and another lay it low.

232

Now the gold-seekers attack the dead, too. Fly from your tombs, ye dead, if ye have the strength.

233

Why dost thou heave up my stones? I contain naught but the feeble dead. The tomb's sole riches are bones.

234

Avoid the wrath of the spirits who haunt me, for I contain nothing else; the tomb's sole riches are bones.

235

If the whole tomb were built of gold, never, ye gold hunters, should ye thus have laid hands on the dead.
236.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς
Δήθη καὶ σιγὴ νεκὺς γέρας· ὅς δ' ἀλάπαξεν,
οὗτος ἐμὸν πολλοῖς θήκεν ἄεισμα τάφον.

237.—‘Ομοίως
Πάντ' ἔχετε ζῶοντες· ἐμοὶ δ' ἀλῖγοι τε φίλοι τε
λαῖς τῷ φθιμένῳ· φείδεο τοῦ νέκυνος.

238.—Πρὸς τοὺς αὐτούς
Οὐ χρυσοῦ δόμος εἰμὶ· τί τέμνομαι; αὐτὸς ἐγώγη
τύμβος, ὃν ὀχλίζεις· πλοῦτος ἐμοῦ νέκυνες.

239.—‘Ομοίως
Τύμβος ἐγὼ κλέος ἢ περικτίωνων ἀνθρώπων
νῦν δ' εἰμὶ στήλη χειρὸς ἀλιτροτάτης.

240.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς
Εἴ λίθν φιλόχρυσον ἔχεις κέαρ, ἄλλον ὀρύσσειν
χρυσὸν· ἐμοὶ δ' οὐδέν πλὴν φθιμένων κτερέων.

241.—‘Ομοίως
Μὴ δείξης μερόπεσοι γυμνὸν νέκυν, ἢ σε γυμνώσει
ἄλλος· ο δὲ χρυσὸς πολλάκις ἐστὶν ὁναρ.

242.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς
Οὐχ ἄλις ἢ βροτοίσι βροτοῖσι ἐπὶ χειρας ἰάλλειν,
ἀλλὰ καὶ ἐκ νεκὺν σπεύδετε χρυσὸν ἔχειν;
BOOK VIII. 236-242

236

Forgetfulness and silence are the privileges of the dead. But he who despoiled me has made my tomb a theme of song for many.

237

Ye have all ye wish, ye living, but I, the dead, only my few dear stones. Spare the dead.

238

I am not a house of gold. Why am I broken? The tomb thou hackest to pieces is but a tomb. All my wealth consists of corpses.

239

This tomb was the glory of the neighbouring peoples, but is now the monument of a most wicked hand.

240

If thy hand lust too much for gold, dig up other gold. I contain nothing but the remains of the dead.

241

Show not to men the naked corpse, or another shall strip thee. Often gold is but a dream.

242

Was it not enough for men to lay hands on men, but from the dead, too, ye strive to get gold?
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

243.—'Ομοίως

‘Τμετέρως τύμβοισιν ἀρίζατε, οἱ τὸδ’ ὀρώντες σήμα δαίχθεν ὦσον. Λεύσατε τυμβολέτην.

244.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς

Τίς μὲ τὸν ἐξ αἰῶνος ἀκινήτουι σιλθοις κενθόμενον θυντοῖς δέιξε πένητα νέκυν;

245.—'Ομοίως

Τίππτε τάφον διέκερσας ἐμὸν, τάλαν; ὡς διακέρσαι σοὶ γε θεὸς βιοτὴν, ὡς φιλόχρυσον ἄγος.

246.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς

Μύθος Τάρταρος ἦν, ἐπεὶ τάφον οὐκ ἂν ἐξῆξεν οὕτως ἄνηρ. οἴμοι, ὡς βραδύποις σύ, Δίκη.

247.—'Ομοίως

‘Ὤς βραδύποις σύ, Δίκη, καὶ Τάρταρος οὐκέτι δεινὸς· οὐ γὰρ ἂν οὕτως ἄνηρ τόνδ’ ἀνέφηξε τάφον.

248.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτούς

'Ομοσα τοὺς φθιμένους, καὶ ὁμοσα Τάρταρον αὐτον, μήποτε τυμβολέταις εὕμενες ὄμμα φέρειν.

249.—'Ομοίως

Οὐρεά καὶ πρὸνες τὸν ἐμὸν τάφον ὡς τιν’ ἐταῖρον κλαύσατε· πᾶς δὲ πέσοι τῷ σφε τεμόντι λίθος.

502
BOOK VIII. 243–249

243

Come to the help of your tomb, ye who see this great tomb laid waste. Stone the despoiler.

244

Who exhibited me to men, the poor corpse hidden for ages by undisturbed stones?

245

Why hast thou, wretch, despoiled my tomb? So may God despoil thy life, accursed hunter after gold!

246

Tartarus is, then, a myth, or this man would never have opened this tomb. Alas! Justice, how slow are thy feet!

247

How slow-footed art thou, Justice, and Tartarus is no longer a terror. Or else this man had not opened the tomb.

248

I swore by the dead, and by Tartarus itself, never to look with kind eyes on despoilers of tombs.

249

Mountains and hills, weep for my tomb as for a friend. Let every stone fall on him who broke into it.
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

250.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτοὺς
Πλούσιος εἰμὶ πένης· τύμβῳ πολὺς, ἔνδον ἄχρυσος· ἂσθι καθυβρίζων νεκρὸν ἀσυλότατον.

251.—Ὅμοιος
Καὶ στῆς πυθμένος ἄχρις ἔμοις κενθμόνας ὀρύσσων, μόχθος σοὶ τὸ πέρας ὀστέα μοῦνον ἕχει.

252.—Εἰς τοὺς αὐτοὺς
Τέμνετε, τέμνετε ὅδε· πολύχρυσος γὰρ ὁ τύμβος τοῖς ποθέουσι λίθους· τάλλα δὲ πάντα κόνις.

253.—Ὅμοιος
Γαῖα φίλη, μὴ σοὶ σανόνθ’ ὑποδέχυσο κόλποι τὸν τυμβωρυχίης κέρδεσι τερπόμενον.

254.—Ὅμοιος
Ἄβριστής ἐπ’ ἐμ’ ἤλθε τὸν οὗ ζώοντα σιδηρος· καὶ χρυσὸν ποθέων εὑρε πένητα νέκυν.
BOOK VIII. 250–254

250

I am a rich poor man, rich in my tomb, but within lacking gold. Know that thou insultest a corpse that hath no booty at all for thee.

251

Even if thou stayest digging up my recesses from the bottom, the end of all thy labour will be to find but bones.

252

Break, break here; the tomb is rich in gold to them who seek stones. Otherwise it hath but dust.

253

Dear Earth, receive not in thy bosom, when dead, the man who rejoices in gain gotten from breaking into tombs.

254

The profaning steel attacked me, the dead, and seeking for gold, found but a needy corpse.
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