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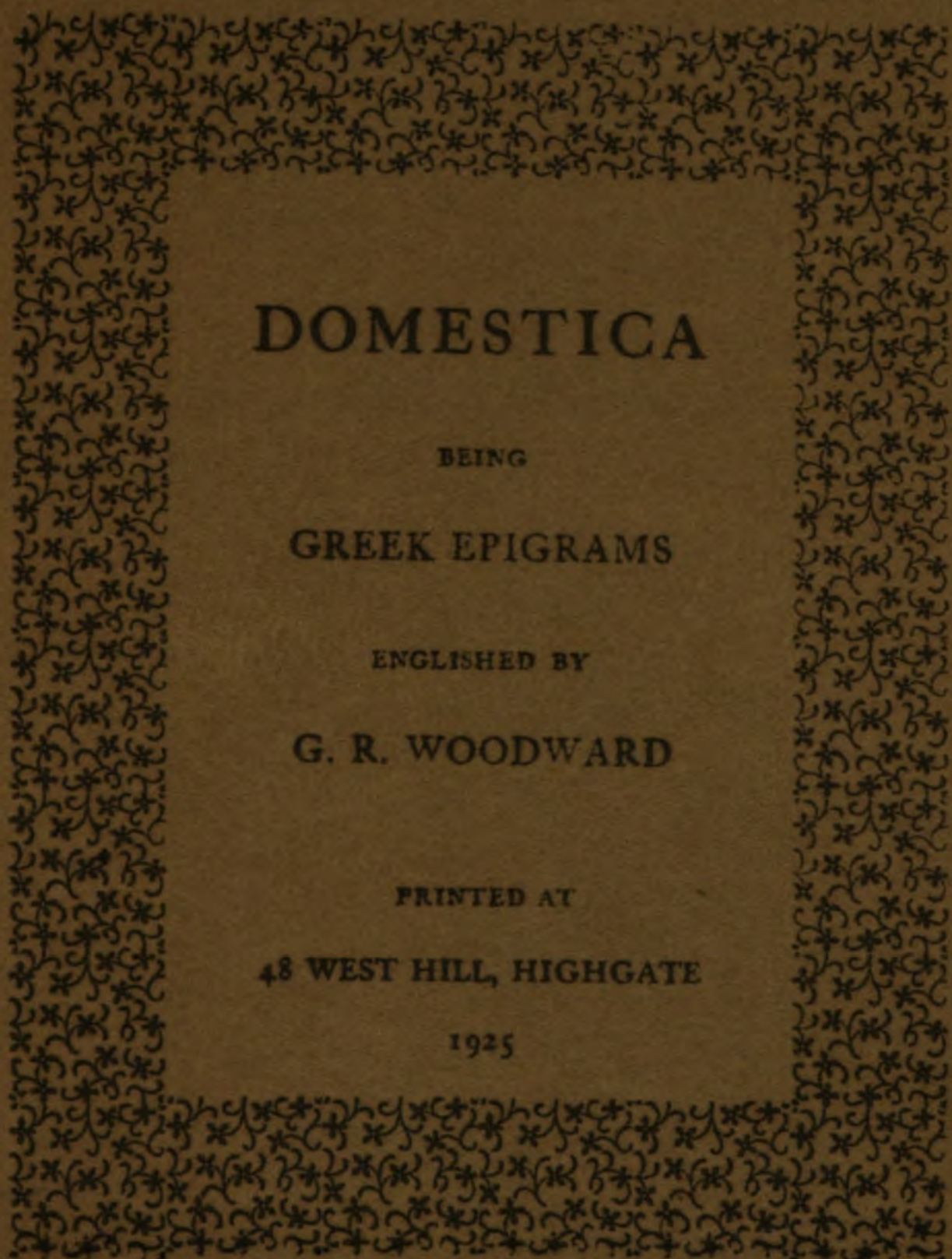
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A decorative border of small, repeating floral motifs surrounds the central text.

DOMESTICA

BEING

GREEK EPIGRAMS

ENGLISHED BY

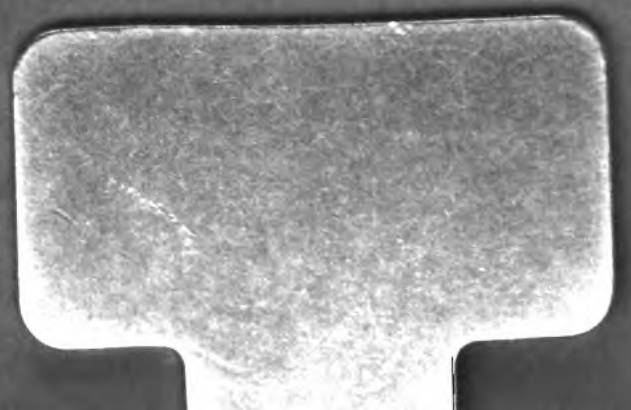
G. R. WOODWARD

PRINTED AT

48 WEST HILL, HIGHGATE

1925

29227 f. 23



DOMESTICA

BEING

GREEK EPIGRAMS

TURNED INTO

ENGLISH VERSE

BY THE REV.

G. R. WOODWARD, Mus. Doc.

AND PRINTED AT

48 WEST HILL, HIGHGATE VILLAGE

1925





IN DUTIFUL & LOVING
REMEMBRANCE OF HIS
TEACHERS IN CLASSICS
& HIS HOUSE-MASTERS
AT HARROW - ON - THE
HILL, (A. D. 1863—1868)

THE REV. B. H. DRURY,
AND C. F. HOLMES, ESQ.

*Requiem æternam dona eis, Do-
mine, et lux perpetua luceat eis.*



MVLTOSQVE PER ANNOS
STET FORTVNA DOMVS

EΥΣΕΒΙΗ

[MAKEDONIOS : ij, 649]

IN righteousness this house & home
Was, from the basis to the dome,
By Macedonius grounded :
On gold, amass'd by robber-sword,
Rest wrongly from another's hoard,
Not so this place was founded.

O'er vain ungainful labour wept
No poor man here : here none was kept
Without his due in wages :
And, as the just man guards secure
Rest after toil, so may it dure,
This righteous work, for ages !

HOME, SWEET HOME

ΧΑΙΡ' ΙΘΑΚΗ

(ANON. ix, 458)

HAil ! Ithaca. 'Tis pleasant,
My grievous labours o'er,
My sea-adventures ended,
To set foot on thy shore,
To recognize Laërtes,
Wife, only son and heir:
For love of thee hath cheer'd me.
Than native land, I swear,
Nought sweeter is there: neither
Can aught with home compare.

A FRUITFUL VINE

ΕΙΚΟΣΙ ΚΑΛΙΚΡΑΤΕΙΑ

(ANON. vij, 224)

KAllikrateia's grave, none other;
Of nine-and-twenty children mother.
Both boys and girls I brought forth many,
Yet ne'er beheld the death of any.
But so it was, and I did thrive
One hundred years and thereto five:
My hand was steady in so much
That it ne'er lean'd upon a crutch.

TIMARETA

TIMARETA

[ANON. vj, 280]

HEr tamborins, her pretty ball,
And net that bound her hair, & all
Her dolls, her dolls in cape and coat,
Timareta doth now devote,
Fore wedlock, unto Artemis
Of Limnæ; and a gift it is
From maid to maid, as meet and right.
So lay thou, Lato's daughter bright,
Thy hand o'er young Timareté,
And keep the chaste in chastity.

QVID PRO QVO

ΠΡΩΤΑΣ ΟΠΠΟΤΕ

[EURPHORION : vj, 279]

WHen Eudoxos he did shave
First his locks of beauty,
(Charm of boy-hood) these he gave
Phœbus, as in duty.

Give him, in return, renown
Ageless: and, Apollo,
May Acharnæ's ivy crown
In due season follow.

HIS CHILD'S CUP

ΧΕΙΛΟΣ ΑΝΙΚΗΤΕΙΑ

[PAVLVS SILENTIARIVS : IX, 770]

A Niketeia wets her lip,
Her golden lip, in me:
So, when she takes her bridal sip,
From my rim let it be.

A DEVOUT COUPLE

ΠΕΙΘΟΙ ΚΑΙ ΠΑΦΙΑ

(IOANNES BARBOVKALLOS : VI, 55)

TO Venus and Persuasion
This cheese and honey-comb
Is offer'd by the neat-herd
Hermophilas, whose home
Is gladdened by the flow'r-crown'd
Eurynoma. So, please,
Accept of me the honey,
And of my wife the cheese.

PATTERN NURSE

ΕΝΘΑΔΕ ΓΗ

(ANON, VI, 346)

From Pelops' isle, within this herse
Lies Diogeitos' childrens' nurse,
The best in all the universe.

(6)

EXALTED

ΜΑΝΗΣ ΟΥΤΟΣ

[ANYTE : vij, 538]

THis side the grave, 'twas but a slave :
But now, no longer nigh us,
This serf's estate is no less great
Than that of king Darius.

B. M.

ΔΜΩΙΣ

[APP. II, 328]

IN domestick service skill'd,
T'ward thy master's house well-will'd,
Much desired, in our own grave
Room is found thee, faithful slave.

YOUR SERVANT, SIR

ΛΥΔΟΣ ΕΓΩ

[DIOSKORIDES : vij, 178]

A Lydian, Lydian true, am I ;
Yet here in free-man's tomb I lie :
For thou admittedst to thy herse
Timanthes, thy man-servant nurse.
Fair fall thee, sir ! Long life to thee !
And if thou come where now I be,
In drooping age, e'en in the grave,
Good master, call me still thy slave.

(7)

KALLIKRATEIA

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ ΝΕΗ

[ANON. vij, 691]

I Am a new Alkestis, I,
And for my husband dared to die,
The worthy Zeno, whom I press'd,
And other none, agen my breast.

Him I preferr'd at heart above
Dear life and sweetest children's love :
Kallikrateia was my name,
Not undeserving wide-where fame.

BABE KLEVDIKOS

ΟΝΤΩΣ ΤΟΙ

[ANON. vij, 482]

Not yet thy hair had felt the shears,
Nor moon had journey'd full iij years,
When I around thy coffin-chest
(Thy mother Niko) beat my breast,
And Perikles thy father gave
Loud vent to grief oft o'er thy grave.
Ah! Kleudikos, as youth full-grown,
On Acheron, that shore unknown,
Return thou canst not to thine own.

INSEPARABLE

ΕΦΘΑΝΕΝ ΗΛΙΟΔΩΡΟΣ

[APOLLONIDES : vij, 378]

First the husband, then the wife,
Left, within the hour, this life :
Known as Heliódoros, he ;
Dame Diogeneia, she.

As afore, one roof o'er-head,
So now neath one slab they bed,
Fain to share alike a tomb
As an other bridal room.

NVLLI SECVNDA

ΔΕΙΛΑΙΗ

[KRINAGORAS : v, 108]

Hapless : first and last I set
To thy name this epithet.
Hapless, as true etymon
Proper of the woe-begone.
Thou art dead, my graceful wife,
Taken in thy prime of life,
Who for beauty bare the bell,
Fair in face, and soul as well.
Protè, *First*, thou wast by name,
And in character the same.
Thou in grace wert number one,
Matchless, second unto none.

GONE WEST

ΟΥΚ ΕΘΑΝΕΣ ΠΡΩΤΗ

[ANON. APP. 278]

DEAD thou art not, Protè; only
To a better country flown,
Dwelling in the Blessèd Islands,
In that much-abundant zone :
Where, adown Elysian meadows,
Gladly dost thou weave the dance,
In the midst of thornless flowrets,
Safe from ill, and all mis-chance.
There nor frost nor heat annoy thee;
There no sickness hurts thee more :
There nor thirst nor hunger harm thee :
But, thy mortal day-span o'er,
Thou not e'en desir'st it longer :
For thou livest, free from fault,
Nigh Olympus, in the purer
Sun-light of the heavenly vault.

HANDS OFF !

ΕΜΟΥ ΘΑΝΟΝΤΟΣ

[APP. II, 571]

TO thousand ills that man (by whom
My own, my wife's, my children's tomb
Is oped, or injured) I fore-doom.

WINTER ROSES

ΕΙΑΡΟΣ ΗΝΘΕΙ ΜΕΝ

[KRINAGORAS : vj, 345]

WHereas in spring we roses bloom'd of ol
Now in the depth of winter we unfold
Our purple cups, a-smiling to adorn
Thy birth-day, vigil of thy wedding-morn.
We crown the temples of the fairest bride,
Sooner than wait the sun of April-tide.

ONE EACH

Η ΠΟΥ ΣΕ ΧΘΟΝΙΑΣ

(ANTIPATROS : vij, 464)

WHen, Aretémias, thou didst land
From ship-board on Cocytus strand,
Escorting, thou a youthful wife,
A new-born babe, bereft of life,
Hale Doric matrons, long-departed,
Enquired thy fortune, tender-hearted.
Then, wiping from thy cheek the tear,
Thou told'st thy sorrow in their ear;
'When, gentles, I to twins gave birth,
One with my wedded lord on earth
I left behind, with Euphron : so.
The other bairn I bring below.'

FORGET ME NOT

ΤΙΠΤΕ ΜΑΤΗΝ

[ANON. vij, 667]

WHerefore, shedding tears in vain,
By my tomb do ye remain?
For I suffer nought a-wry,
Your lament to justify.
Cease from weeping; you I greet,
Husband dear, and childer sweet:
Fare ye well! and think on me,
Your own Amazonië.

ALL FORLORN

ΘΕΙΟΝΟΗΣ

(BIANOR : vij, 387)

I Was weeping [wo is me]
For my wife Theionoë:
But the hopes of one fair child
Eased me, else with sorrow wild.
Yet now envious Fate hath reft me
Of the babe, too, that she left me.
Persephassa, hear the prayer
Of a father in despair:
Lay this infant on the breast
Of it mother now at rest.

PULCHERIA

ΟΥΝΟΜΑ ΜΕΝ ΚΑΛΗ

[JULIAN, PREF. vij, 599]

PUlcheria, whose face enshrined
E'en yet more pulchritude of mind,
(Well call'd Pulcheria) is dead.
Ay me! The Graces' Spring is fled :
For she was Venus to her mate,
And him alone ; but separate,
As Pallas, from all other men.
What stone that wept not for her then,
When Death, who reigneth far and wide,
Kidnapt her from her partner's side ?

ALONE, OH ONE

ΝΙΚΟΠΟΛΙΝ ΜΑΡΑΘΩΝΙΣ

[ANON. vij, 340]

Within this stone lays Marathon
Nikopolis to rest :
With tears no few doth he bedew
Her marble coffin-chest.
In vain : for Oh ! what else but woe
Hath husband, left upon
This earth alone, when once his own
Dear wife is dead and gone ?

POPILIA

ΠΩΠΙΛΙΗΣ ΤΑΦΟΣ

[ANON. APP. 310]

POpilia's monument is here ;
My lord Oceanus
[In wisdom he hath never a peer]
Prepared it for me thus.
And therefore lightly lies the earth
Above me, and I must,
Good husband, sing thy sterling worth,
And blefs thee from the dust.
Forget me not ; but still, my dear
Survivor, think upon
Thy wife, and oftly shed a tear
Because of her who's gone.
Say, fir, 'Popilia is asleep.'
'Twere wrong to call her 'dead':
For good folk rest in slumber deep ;
Their grave is but a bed.

CONIVGI B. M.

ΦΙΛΗΤΩ ΤΟΔΕ

[APP. II, 227]

THis stone, to sound Philetos' praises,
His widow Abaskantis raises.

AT REST

ΚΛΑΥΔΙΟΣ ΙΗΤΗΡ

(APP. 250)

Claudius Agathemerus
Lies in this sarcophagus,
Medicine-man, endow'd with skill
Soon to cure all manner ill.

This as record, after life,
Of himself, and eke his wife
Myrtalé, amid the blest
In Elysium, both at rest.

TILL DEATH

ΥΣΤΑΤΙΟΝ ΦΩΚΑΙΑ

[DAMAGETOS : vij, 735]

Farewell ! Phokaia, ancient town,
Theäno cried, when fast adown
The valley of the shade of death
She sped, ere drawing last her breath.
'Poor me ! And thou, my wedded lord,
Apellichos, thy barque aboard !
Where now art thou upon the foam,
While I at death-door lie at home ?
Ah ! had I only died with thine
Own darling hand enclasp'd in mine !'

CON. KAR.

ΤΑΦΟΝ ΤΟΝ ΟΝΤΑ

[APP. 331]

THis tomb hard-by & altar, too, I framèd,
I Claudia, who Dechas am nick-namèd.
'Tis under ground; a sweet soul to record,
Atheniön, my chaste and dearest lord.

ROSE-THORN

ΣΟΙ ΣΟΡΟΝ

[JULIAN, PREF. vij, 605]

FOr thee, Rose, is erected
This grave, and good stone-chest;
And dole is given to poor men,
To set thy soul at rest,
By Glykeros thy husband,
For thy good service done him:
Because thine early obit
His freedom hath re-won him.

CALUMNY

ΙΣΤΩ ΝΥΚΤΟΣ

(DIODOROS : vij, 700)

May the stone-house of night,
That conceals me from sight,
And the wail-begirt rill of Cocytus,

Bear witness that I,
Here-within, did ne'er die
By the act of my husband Sir Titus.

Let your gossip go say
Whatsoever she may,
And slander the name of a brother.
Why falsely advance
That my lord gave a glance
At wed-lock again, with an other?

Blame the Sisters' decree
That hither led me :
And Paula, indeed, of Taranto,
Is not the first wife
That hath ended her life
Ere the close of the ultimate Canto.

RUTHLESS

ΑΙΔΗ ΑΛΛΙΤΑΝΕΥΤΕ

[ANON. vij, 483]

I Nexorable ruthless Death,
Why reave a babe of life and breath?
Why take Kallaischros thus?
In Perfephassa's halls below
Her play-thing, true, he 'll be : but woe
He leaves at home for us.

WEDLOCK

ΟΥΚ ΕΣΤΙ ΓΗΜΑΣ

[ANON. X, 116]

NO wedded man, not one, there is
But he endureth trouble:
So say we all; yet, knowing this,
Men seek the state that's double.

DIGAMOS

ΕΙ ΤΙΣ ΑΠΑΞ

[ANON. IX, 133]

THe widower, who woos agen,
Is like a ship-wreckt sailer, when
A second time he dares to face
The self-same parlous tidal-race.

DEO GRACIAS

ΜΗ ΜΕΜΨΗ

[KARPHYLLIDES : vij, 260]

WAy-färer, find no fault,
In passing by my vault:
Not e'en in death see I
Necessity for figh,
Sons' fons behind I leave:
To one wife did I cleave,
And grew with her grey-headed;
Three fons to wives I wedded:

Whose children on my breast
Oft-times I lull'd to rest,
But never lost, of many,
By death or sickness, any.
These did with tears lament me,
The grief-less, and they sent me
To slumber sweet and rest
I' th' country of the Blest.

FAMILY SEPULCHRE

ΑΥΤΩ ΚΑΙ ΤΕΚΕΕΣΣΙ

[ANON. vij, 228]

ANdrotion built me, while as yet in life,
A tomb to hold himself, his childer, wife.
So far, no dead man's ashes I contain;
And so for many a year may I remain!
Yet would I see, whene'er the die is cast,
The eldest step in first, the youngest last.

SPARTA

ΜΗΤΗΡ ΥΙΑ

[JVLIAN, PREF. ix, 447]

ASpartan, who, his comrades slain,
Fled home-ward from the battle-plain,
Met, at his mother's hand, his doom,
Disown'd as off-spring of her womb.
For by war-valour is true Spartan
Beknown, and not by clan or tartan.

FAMILY HISTORY

ΦΡΑΖΕ ΓΥΝΑΙ

[ANTIPATROS : vij, 164]

L Ady, say thy country, name,
And descent.' 'I Prexo came
Out of Samos over-seas ;
Daughter to Kallitelés.'
'Speak, who built thy tomb-stone thus ?'
'My wed-lord Theocritus.'
'How came death ?' 'In travail fore.'
'Agèd ?' 'Twenty & two ; no more.'
'Childless ?' 'No, fir ; for I had
Young Kallitelés, a lad
Of three winters.' 'He arrive
At old hoary age, and thrive !'
'Good luck, too, thy steps attend,
Way-man, till thy long life's end !'

CONIVGI B. M.

ΤΗΝ ΣΕΜΝΩΣ

[ANON. KAIBEL : 596]

TO Pauline his wedded wife,
Holy, and of blameless life,

In the flesh but eighteen years,
Androníkos, leech, uprears
This memorial, here on earth
His last witness to her worth.

SORROW ON SORROW

Η ΠΥΡΙ ΠΑΝΤΑ

[PHILIPPOS : ix, 254]

I Am the woeful mother
Philainion, who thrice o'er
Saw to the grave the children
Which but for fire I bore.

Then on another's travail
I buoy'd my hope : for-why
Her off-spring, at the least-way,
Would surely live, not die.

So, once fair children's parent,
I rear'd another's boy :
But this, too, heav'n forbad me,
A foster- mother's joy.

For, call'd our own, he perish'd :
And now lo! I am made
A woe, too, unto mothers
Of whatsoever grade.

A WELL-BELOVED YOUTH

ΟΥ ΤΟ ΘΑΝΕΙΝ

[APP. II, 566]

DEath is not grievous, for (God wot)
Of all mankind it is the lot.
The hardship is, ere youth's high-day,
Fore parents' eyes, to pass away.
I knew not, I, the bridal bed,
Nor Hymen chant of such as wed ;
But here I lie, who loved of yore
Well many, yet was loved by more.

IN MEMORIAM

ΣΗΜΑ ΠΑΤΗΡ

[CORP. INSCRIP. ATT. 477 B]

His father Kleoboulos
With stone doth mark the grave,
Where lieth Xenophantos
His son, the wise, the brave.

ASLEEP

ΤΑΙΔΕ ΣΑΩΝ

(KALLIMACHOS : vij, 451)

Here Saon, of Akanthos,
Old Dikon's son, doth lie
In holy sleep : the righteous,
Say never that they die.

THE OLD FOLK AT HOME

KYZIKON HN ΕΛΘΗΣ

[KALLIMACHOS : vij, 521]

IN Kyzikos an ye should be,
Seek Hippakos and Didymé :
Them shall ye find in little space,
Their clan is well-known in that place.
But bear them tidings of no joy,
That here lies Kritiäs their boy.

ΣΑΧΑ ΣΑΒΑΝΤΥΡ ΑΓΥΑ

ΛΑΤΥΠΟΣ ΑΡΧΙΤΕΛΗΣ

[PHILIPPOS : vij, 554]

WRought by a sculptor's hands (& these
His father's, poor Architelés)
For Agathánor 'mong the dead
Alas ! this tomb was fashioned.
Heigh-ho ! this stone was never made
With chisel-tool or steelen blade :
No ; dew'd with tear-drops running fast,
It melted into shape at last.
Rest, pillar, light as eagle plume !
That he may say within the tomb,
'In sooth this supr'incumbent stone
Is father's work, and his alone.'

ΤΗΝ ΚΑΤΑ ΣΑΥΤΟΝ ΕΛΑ

ΞΕΙΝΟΣ ΑΤΑΡΝΕΙΤΗΣ

[KALLIMACHOS : vij, 89]

A Stranger from Atarnè came
To Mitylenè city,
And fought Hyrradius' son, whose name
Was Pittakos the witty.

'*Beau sire,*' quod he, 'in choice of wife,
I stand in some quandary
Tween one in fortune, rank of life,
Mine equal, youthful Mary,
And Lady Jane, high-born and rich,
But wrinkled. In this dead-lock
Advise me, of the twain to which
I bet were bound in wed-lock.'

He spake : the other lift his stick,
The weapon of the agèd,
And said, 'Yon boys will tell thee quick
To whom to get engagèd :

Them follow thou.' [For at a place
Where three ways had beginning,
Some little lads at merry pace
Their peg-tops were a spinning].

The lover went without delay ;
And him the boys saluted :

‘Come, gaffer, whip the top,’ said they,
‘That best to thee is suited.’

Thereon he left the spinster, blest
With guineas, birth and paddocks;
For why him thought the counsel best
Propounded by the laddocks.

Sirs, — as the Atarnian homeward led
His better choice, — if witted,
Ye’ ll spin the top, too, when ye wed,
That best to you is fitted.

INIVSTA NOVERCA

ΣΤΗΛΗΝ ΜΗΤΡΥΙΗΣ

[ANON. ix, 67]

She, his step-mother, lay beneath
A small stone-column. With a wreath
Her step-son came: this life departed,
Perchance she were less cruel-hearted.

But no: supporting of her tomb,
The pillar fell, and seal’d his doom.
So, children all, the moral faith,
Avoid a step-dame, e’en in death.

A DEEP-SEA MESSAGE

ΝΑΥΤΙΑΟΙ Ω ΠΛΩΟΝΤΕΣ

[THEAITETOS : vij, 499]

YE boat-men sailing up and down,
Ariston of Cyrenè town,
For love of Zeus the stranger's friend,
A message by you all doth send :
Tell Memnon, his good fire, that nigh
Ikaria's rock-shore he doth lie ;
And advertize the fame that he
Was lost in the Ægeän sea.

MODEL SONS

ΟΙΔΕ ΒΙΤΩΝ

[ANON. APP. 264]

'TIs Kleobis and Biton,
Who drew their mother's car
Themselfes, as yoke of oxen,
To Hera's shrine afar :
Her did the people envy,
And call'd that mother 'blest'.
She fain gan pray the goddess
To grant, as heav'n saw best,
A guerdon for her children,
And for their pious deed.
Her boys lay down to slumber,
And, at their mother's bede,

That night the twain departed
This life ; for, in good sooth,
The best and happiest fortune
Is death in early youth.

ANTE DIEM

ΤΙΣ ΛΙΘΟΣ

[ANON. vij, 328]

WHat stone, Casander, wept not o'er thy case ?
What rock can e'er forget thy seemly face ?
Thou slain by demon envy void of ruth,
At six and twenty years, in prime of youth,
Death made thy wife a widow, and the twain
Old folk at home sad mourners, but in vain.

KENOTAPH

OYNOMA MOYNON

[APP. II, 561]

Friend, this tomb-stone doth proclaim
Nothing else beyond my name ;
For tween Lesbos, half-way home,
Lies my body neath the foam.
Soothly in her hall forlore
Oft my mother doth deplore
Eunomos with sobs and sighs,
Groans and moans, and tearful eyes.

A KENOTAPH

ΟΥ ΠΡΟΙΔΩΝ

(PERSES : vij, 539)

Not fore-seeing ill and rainy
Setting of Arcturus sign,
Theotimos, thou embarkedst
On a voyage chill, malign :
For it fent thee, o'er the Ægæan,
In thy ship of many an oar,
And with comrade veffels like her,
Scudding down to Hadès shore.

Aristodiké, thy mother,
And thy father Eupolis,
Compass but an empty grave-yard,
Weeping fore because of this.

OF MACEDON

ΟΛΒΙΑ ΤΕΚΝΑ

(THEAITETOS : vj, 357)

FAir, fair, befall you, children !
What strain are ye ? So fair
Your figures are, I wonder
What gracious name ye bear.

'My fire is Aipiorétos ;
Nikánor is my name :

My mother hight Hegéfo :
From Macedon we came.'

'And I am callèd Philè;
And this my brother dear :
Our parents' votive off'ring,
We twain are standing here.'

DE PROFVNDIS

ΛΑΙΛΑΨ ΚΑΙ ΠΟΛΥ ΚΥΜΑ

[HERAKLEIDES : vij, 392]

MIghty billow, blast of Eurús,
And the rising of Arcturus,
And thick darkness, with the torrent
Of Ægæan wave abhorrent,

These between them brought disaster
To my vessel and her master,
When the main-mast, broke a-three,
Plunged us deep within the sea.

Father, mother, wring your hands
O'er me, ship-wreckt near the sands :
For Tlesimenés, your own,
Set me up a dummy stone.

OUT OF THE DEEP

ΗΡΙΟΝ ΕΙΜΙ

(NIKAINETOS : vij, 502)

'**T**Is Biton's grave, fir way-man, this;
And, if ye reach Amphipolis,
When from Toronè forth ye pass,
Bear tidings to Nikagoras :
'Thine only son was, all along
Of blast from nor'-nor'-easter strong,
O'er-whelm'd, whenas the Kids did sink
Aneath the ocean westron brink.'

AN EMPTY GRAVE

ΗΡΙΟΝ ΟΥΚ ΕΠΙ

(PHANIAS : vij, 537)

NOt for a father, but in grief
For one, lamented much, his lief
Dear son, doth Lyfis (as 'tis just)
Upraise this mound of empty dust,
Therein entombing but a name;
Because his relicks never came
Beneath his father's hands. 'Twas thus
With hapless young Mantitheüs.

MUCH DESIRED

ΘΕΥΔΟΤΕ ΚΗΔΕΜΟΝΩΝ

[THEODORIDAS : vij, 527]

THeudotos, upon thy bier
Shed thy folk a giant tear,
Mourning for the dead; the fire
Kindled for thy hapless pyre.

Thrice untimely was thy thread
Cut by fortune, youth unwed :
To thy mother sweet thou hast
Left a sea of sorrow vast.

TRAVELLERS' REST

ΙΖΕΥ ΥΠΟ

[NIKIAS : ix, 315]

SIt and rest thy weary knees,
Traveller, neath these poplar-trees :
Hither turn; thy thirst allay
From the brooklet by the way.

Yet, when far afield, let not
This here fountain be forgot,
Set by daddy Simos nigh
Gillos' ashes, where they lie.

HER SON

ΤΙ ΠΛΕΟΝ ΕΙΣ ΩΔΙΝΑ

[DIOTIMOS : vij, 261]

WHat booteth pang of travail sore,
And birth of children, one or more ?
Her, let not her a mother be,
Her young one's death if she must see.
For for the fruitage of her womb
Bianor's mother built this tomb :
When more with nature it complies
For son to lock the mother's eyes.

PER CARITA

Ω ΠΑΡ' ΕΜΟΝ

[ASRLEPIADES : vij, 500]

TRaveller, quit mine empty grave,
And, in Chios o'er the wave,
Tell my father, an ye please,
Known as Melesagorés,
That an ill south-eastern blast
Wreckt me, cargo, sail and mast :
Of Euippos once alive,
Save his name, doth nought survive.

ROSE-BUD

ΟΥΧ ΟΣΙΩΣ

(ANON. APP. 287)

NO right hast thou, king Pluto,
To snatch and bear below,
At five-some years, a damsel
Admired by all : e'en so.

For, as in early spring-time
On stem parental shown,
Thou pick'ft a scented rose-bud
Afore 'twas fully blown.

But hither, Alexandra,
And Philtatos ! No more
For this your comely daughter
Libation-tears out-pour.

For why 'twas charming, charming,
The hue of that fair face,
Which merited in heaven
An everlasting place.

So heed the olden story ;
For she was, Hylas-wife,
Ta'en not by Death but Naiads,
To be their toy, their prize.

OF YOUR CHARITY

ΠΡΟΣ ΣΕ ΔΙΟΣ

[DAMAGETOS : vij, 540]

SIr, for love of Zeus, the stranger's
Guardian, this of thee we pray :
Go to yon Æolian city,
Thebes, and to Charinos say,
That his children, Polyneikos
And young Menis, both be dead :
Add thereto, that we are mourning,
Not because our blood was shed
By the hand of Thracian traitors,
But because our fire is left
Lying on his bed of anguish,
Agèd, of his darlings reft.

PLORAT, ORAT

ΠΟΛΛΑΚΙ ΤΩΔΕ

[ANYTE : vij, 486]

MAny a time upon this tomb
Kleino, sorrow-laden,
Doth lament the early doom
Of her child, a maiden.
Here the soul doth she accost
Of an un-wed daughter,
Her Philainis, who hath cross'd
Acheron's pale water.

ANASTASIA

ΩΡΙΟΣ ΕΙΛΕ ΣΕ

(JULIAN, PREF. vij, 60)

RIpe for the bridal chamber,
But ún-ripe for the tomb,
Wast thou, O Anastasia,
The blitheful Graces' bloom.

O'er thee thy sire, thy husband,
What bitter tears they shed!
O'er thee too [may be] weepeth
The ferrier of the dead.

For ere thou hadst completed
In wed-lock one full year,
Thou (wo is me) at sixteen
Wert laid upon thy bier.

AGED FIVE

ΤΙΜΑΝΔΡΑ ΚΥΠΑΡΗΣ

[ANON. APP. II.]

HEre Timandra's grave ye see;
(Wo's her mother Κυπαρέ)
Not yet six years old was she.

HOMONOIA

Η ΠΟΛΥ ΣΕΙΡΗΝΩΝ

[ANON. APP. 210]

Here, more tuneful far than Siren,
Here more golden, as I ween,
At a wine or banquet-party,
Than herself the Cyprian Queen,

Here the sometime merry twitt'ring
Swallow Homonoia lies,
Leaving to her Atimetos
Legacy of tears and sighs.

Dear to him was she from childhood :
But this friendship passing great,
Unforeseen of man, was scatter'd
By the ruthless hand of Fate.

GRIEF MATERNAL

ΟΙΚΤΡΑ ΔΗ

[ANDRONIKOS : vij, 281]

Luckless child, to Acheron
And his murky house thou art gone,
Dear Damokrateia, leaving,
Through thy death, thy mother grieving :
And her grey hair she in years
With new-whetted razor shears.

PAUL'S CHILD MAKEDONIA

ΛΕΚΤΡΑ ΣΟΙ

[PAVLVS SILENTIARIVS : vij, 604]

FOr thee a bier, fair maiden,
And not a nuptial bed,
Thy father and thy mother
With mournful hands have spread.

While thou hast 'scaped the errors
Of life, and travail-pains,
O'er them a cloud of sorrow
In bitter sort remains.

Ay me! for Makedonia,
At twelve, aneath the mould,
In beauty as the youthful,
In 'haviour as the old.

HER BEST

Α ΜΑΤΗΡ ΖΩΝ

[LEONIDAS : vj 355]

FOr Bacchus hath his humble drudge,
A needy mother, done
This portrait, be it but a smudge,
Of Mikythos her son.

Good Bacchus, high to honour lift
My Mikythos, and see
In this poor daub, the loving gift
Of strait'ned poverty.

PVERO REVERENTIA

ΑΙΔΗ ΟΣ ΤΑΥΤΗΣ

[ZONAS : vij, 365]

S Warthy Charon, who dost take
O'er this flood and reedy lake
Souls to Hadès, and dost ferry
Folk o'er Styx in fragile wherry,
Kinyros would have thee stretch
Hand up gang-way of thy ketch
For his son, whose feet do swim
In the shoon o'er-large for him.
Guide my lad, afeard to stand
Bare-foot on the sea-shore sand.

CHILDLESS

Α ΔΕΙΑ' ΑΝΤΙΚΛΕΙΣ

[LEONIDAS : vij, 466]

Poor Antiklés ! Poor mé too !
For, having but one son,
I lit the fire beneath him
In prime of youth un-done.
At eighteen, boy, thou diedest ;
And, for my heritage,
I go in tears lamenting
My lone forlorn old age.

In Pluto's house I'de shade me;
For sweetness there is none
For me in morn, nor splendour
From yonder nimble sun.

Poor Antiklés the hapless,
Ill-fated, heal my woe,
And out of life convey me
Along with thee below.

DOVE-COT

Η ΠΑΙΣ ΩΧΕΤΟ

[LEONIDAS : vij, 662]

THis damsel in her seventh year
Untimely went the way
Of Hadès, leaving many here
Her some-time mates at play.

She, o'er her brother's loss, gan waste
And pine away, poor thing :
Which babe at xx months had taste
Of Death, that loveless king.

Alas ! ill-fated Dove, my pet
Peristeris, who knows
How near at hand hath heaven set
For man the forest woes ?

LET WELL ALONE

TON TPIETH

[POSEIDIPPOS, OF KALLIMACHOS :
vij, 170]

WHen three winter old, one day
Archeánax, while at play,
Spied his shadow in a well,
Grasp'd thereat, and in he fell.

From the spring his mother swift
Did the dripping lad uplift :
Who so keen as she to know
Were he living, or not so ?

While the fountain undefiled
Flow'd as ever, he poor child
On his mother's knee [no breath
In him] slept the sleep of death.

BEE-STINGS

TO ΒΡΕΦΟΣ ΕΡΜΩΝΑΚΤΑ

[ANTIPATROS : ix, 302]

THe babe Hippónax ye did quell,
Heigho ! ye blushless bees,
While, after honey in the cell,
He crept on hands and knees.

Him ye destroy'd & stabb'd [for shame]
With sting on sting agen :

And if, O passer-by, we blame
The cockatrice's den,
Give ear unto Lyfidiké
And 'Myntor therewithal :
Cease praising e'en the honey-bee,
Whose sweets are mixt with gall.

BROTHER & SISTER

EIKOSI ME ZHSANTA

(ANON. APP. 153)

OF age but seven & twenty year,
Paulinos I lie buried here.
Hard by me, also under mould,
Hygeia (seven-some winters old,
My little sifter) slumbereth ;
The sweetest soul that e'er drew breath.

AGED EIGHTEEN

APTI GENEIAZONTA

[ANON. APP. 338]

A Beard just showing on my chin,
Ill fortune grabb'd me from my kin :
At eighteen years I stept below.
Ah ! mother mine, refrain from woe ;
Beat not thy breast. No doleful ditty !
Death turns away his face from pity.

THE BRIDE

ΗΔΗ ΜΕΝ ΚΡΟΚΟΕΙΣ

[ANTIPATROS : vij, 711]

NOW the saffron'd bridal bed
In the golden bower was spread
For Kleináreta, to be
Spoused and housed at Pitané.

Now her guardians, one and other,
Both Nikippos, and her mother
Demo, hoped to light the brand
At arms' length with either hand
High uplifted, when some fell
Ailment seized the damozel,
Still a maiden, whom it led
Down to Lethè's ocean-bed.

Then her mournful fellows knock'd,
Not upon the bride-door lock'd,
But on their own breasts instead
Beat they, chanting for the dead.

S. T. T. L.

ΕΦΘΑΣΘΗΣ ΔΥΣΤΑΝΕ

(ANON. APP. 347)

AH! hapless son, thou wast for-done
By baleful Fortune's darts:

(42)

Us hast thou left, of all bereft,
 Belike to break our hearts.
 Now, gentle youth, wise, soul of truth,
 The Muses, who of yore
 Did much rejoice to hear thy voice,
 Their loss, and ours, deplore.
 Thy father sighs, thy mother cries;
 For, swift to Hadès borne,
 Appearest thou as tender bough
 From stem parental torn.
 Light o'er thy head the traveller tread!
 For, Sabbion, thou above
 All men on earth, till death from birth,
 Wast gentler than the dove.

VNA DE MVLTIS

ΥΣΤΑΤΑ ΔΗ

[SIMONIDES, *or* SIMMIAS : vij, 647]

GOrgo's dying speech was this,
 While with many a tear & kifs
 Round her mother's neck she threw
 Either arm, and nearer drew :
 'Tarry thou nigh father here,
 And another daughter rear,
 Blest ayond me, if she may
 Tend thee, when thy locks grow grey.

THE MORROW

ΔΑΙΜΟΝΑ ΤΙΣ ΔΕ

[KALLIMACHOS: vij, 519]

WHat shall to-morrow bring forth, who can say?
Thee, Charmis, too, we saw but yesterday.
This morn mid tears we graved thee. Ne'er was
Such sorrow to thy father Diophôn. [known

IN MEMORIAM

ΑΝΤΙ ΣΟΙ ΕΥΛΕΧΕΟΣ

[ANYTE: vij, 649]

NO fruitful bridal chamber,
No solemn Hymen here:
But on this marble tomb-stone
Thy mother doth uprear
A virgin form, in stature
And beauty like to thee;
And we can speak with Therfis,
Though, Therfis, dead thou be.

O FORMOSE PVER

ΠΑΙΔΟΣ ΑΠΟΦΘΙΜΕΝΟΙΟ

[ANON. *Kaibel*, 477 c]

KLeitès, Menefaichmos' son:
Behold the burial-place
Of but a boy, and grieve that one
Should die, so fair of face.

MY SON, MY SON

ΔΩΔΕΚΕΘΗ

[KALLIMACHOS : vij, 453]

When Philip laid in this here chest
Nikotelés, his son,
Of twelve years, then were Philip's best
And highest hopes un-done.

BEREAVED

ΕΙΣ ΟΔΕ ΝΙΚΑΝΔΡΟΥ

[ANON. vij, 474]

Nikander's all lies in one tomb :
One morning-light hath shorn him
Of all the goodly children, whom
Lyfidiké had borne him.

DARBY & JOAN

ΕΣ ΠΟΣΙΝ ΑΘΡΗΣΑΣΑ

[JOHN, THE POET : vij, 555]

Come to my last, my fatal cord,
As I did contemplate my lord,
I blest the gods who dwell below,
And those of wedlock no less so :
These, for conserving long his life :
And those, for making me his wife.
Well, he o'er-live me many a year,
Kind father to our children dear.

DVLCE DOMVM

ΠΟΛΛΑΚΙΣ ΕΥΞΑΜΕΝΩ

(IOYLIOS POLYAINOS : ix, 9)

OFten after prayer to thee,
Father Zeus, thou hast to me
Granted ever-welcome sign
Of a smooth way o'er the brine.

Yet once more across the seas
Grant me favourable breeze,
Safe to port, wherein to close,
Anchor dropt, my sea of woes.

Native country, home, and wife
Are the joy of human life :
But excessive cares, I guess,
Are not life, but wretchedness.

HER HAND-MAIDEN

ΑΥΣΟΝΙΗ ΜΕ

(ANTIPATROS : vij, 185)

I Am an Afric maiden,
Beneath Italian loam
Interr'd beside the sea-shore,
Not far away from Rome.

The dame Pompeia rear'd me,
As daughter more than slave,

And, much in sorrow, laid me
Here in a free-man's grave,
She speeding other torches,
Too late. For lo! the fire
Was lit by Persephassa,
But not to our desire.

POLYANTHOS

ΑΙΑΖΩ ΠΟΛΥΑΝΘΟΝ

(PHAIIDIMOS : vij, 739)

TRaveller, I am lamenting
New-wed Polyanthos, whom
Aristagoré his consort
Laid untimely in a tomb.

She received his bones and ashes,
Who off Skiathos was lost,
On the wave of sea Ægæan
By ill wind and tide-way toss'd,

When to harbour at Toronè
(Gentle stranger, understand)
Fishermen, one early morning,
Drew a luckless corse to land.

DVLCIS ANIMA

ΠΡΗΥΣ ΕΛΕΥΘΕΡΙΗΝ

[PAVLVS SILENTIARIVS : vij, 606]

Sweet to look on, clad in freedom's
Habit, gentle in his ways,
Leaving but one son behind him,
One the comfort of his days,
Here lies Theodore, in mickle
Hope of bliss, as who so faith;
Blessèd in his life-time labours,
Blessèd also in his death.

INNVPΤΑ PVELLA

ΠΑΡΘΕΝΟΝ ΑΝΤΙΒΙΑΝ

[ΑΝΥΤΕ : vij, 490]

IMourn, with sorrow laden,
Antibia the maiden.
Came many a youth untó her
Parental home to woo her;
For she was fair and witty,
The glory of our city:
But baneful Fate hath roll'd away
Her lovers' hopes, be who they may.

HER HONEY-MOON

ΟΥ ΓΑΜΟΝ

[MELEAGROS : vij, 182]

POOR Kleärista, just a wife,
Lost, with her maiden zone, her life ;
For, scarcely was the founding flute
Outside the wedding-chamber mute,
When, ere day-break, the bridal bed
Became a stretcher for the dead ;
And festal torch of yesterday
Toward the tomb now lit the way.

H. M. S. S.

ΤΗΝ ΣΟΡΟΝ ΗΝ

[ANON. vij, 330]

BEhold the urn that Maxim,
While drawing vital breath,
Made for himself, to harbour
His ashes after death.

Withal he built this grave-yard
For Kalepodicé,
That, as in life, his darling
Dear wife might near him be.

ATTHIS OF KNIDOS

ΑΤΘΙΣ ΕΜΟΙ

[ANON. *Kaibel*, 204 B]

ATthis, who for me didst breathe,
And thy latest look bequeathe,
Source to me, in by-gone years,
Of delight, as now of tears,
Holy one, be-wept, why sleep
In the slumber fadsome deep?
Thou, whose head did never rest
Save upon thy spouse's breast.
Theios thou hast left forlorn,
E'en as dead; for grave-ward borne,
Gang along with thee my wife
All the good hopes of our life.

HER LAST WORDS

ΛΟΙΣΘΙΑ ΔΗ

[ANYTE : vij, 646]

THese words were Erato's, her last,
While, dew'd with tears a-falling fast,
Both hands around her fire cast.

'Father, I am no more,' she cries,
'Now fails me breath : dim shades arise
Of sombre death to scarf mine eyes.'

IN A STRANGE LAND

ΕΙ ΚΑΙ ΕΠΙ ΞΕΙΝΗΣ

[VAULVS SILENTIARIVS : vij, 560]

LEontius, thou wast buried
Upon a foreign shore,
Nor diedest near thy parents,
Who would have wept full sore ;
Yet round thy grave much people
Let tear-drops fast as rain,
Their eyes consumed with sorrow,
Not easy to refrain.

For thou wert well-belovèd
On every side, a boy
Whose fellowship was fought for,
Whose fellowship was joy.

Ah ! Destiny was cruel ;
Ah ! she was void of ruth,
Unhappy lad, to take thee,
Not sparing of thy youth.

A TOMB-STONE

ΣΑΜΑ ΤΟΔΕ

[SIMONIDES : vij, 177]

SEt here by his father's hand,
Stone o'er Spinther's tomb I stand.

SWEET KRETHIS
FOR THEE THIS
LAST WREATH IS

ΚΡΗΘΙΔΑ ΤΗΝ ΠΟΛΥΜΥΘΟΝ

(KALLIMACHOS : vij, 459)

K Rethis, full of many a story,
Bright, at play-time in her glory,
Is lamented many a while
By the girls of Samos Isle,
As the sweetest of their number,
Ever prattling. But her slumber
Here is found ; and so 't must be,
Soon or late, with every she.



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