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15p

FIVE & FORTY EXAMPLES  
OF  
The Epigram Sepulchral

TURNED OUT OF GREEK INTO ENGLISH VERSE

BY THE REVEREND

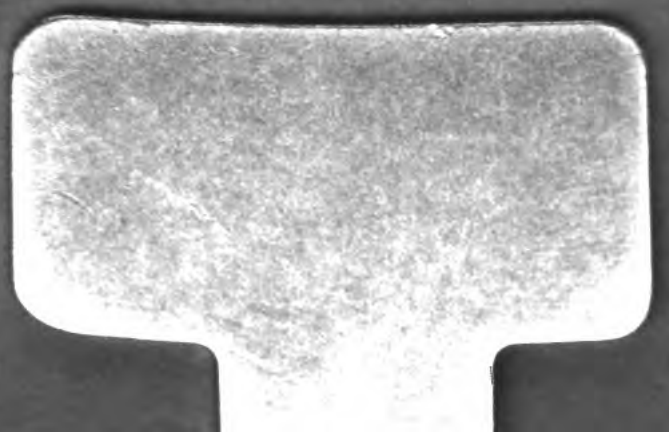
G. R. WOODWARD, M. A.

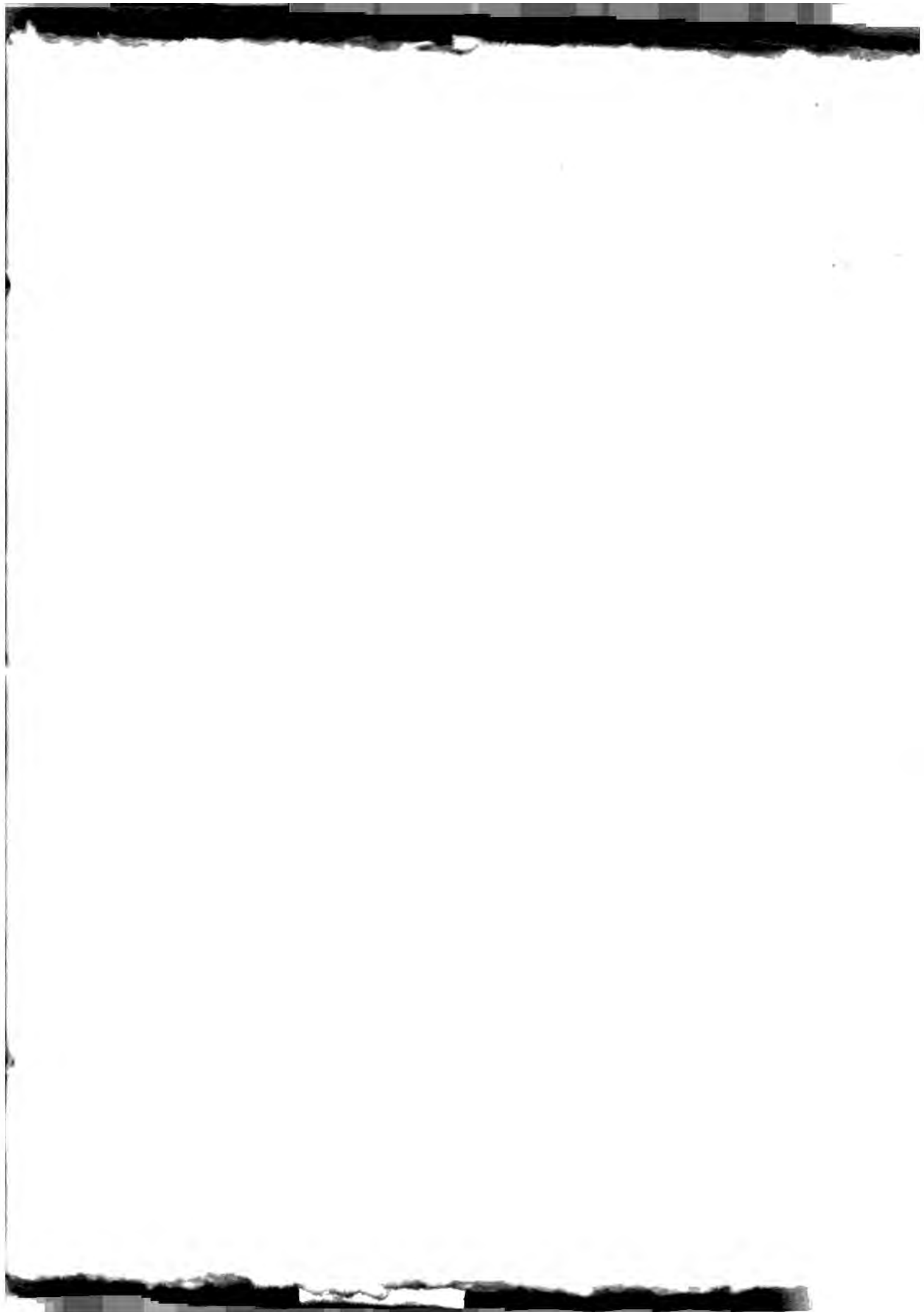
PRIVATELY PRINTED AT

48 WEST HILL, HIGHGATE VILLAGE,

1931

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## The Epigram Sepulchral

*OF BAUKIS*

ERINNA : VII, 710

**M**Y Siren-slabs, and thou, my dolesome chest,  
Wherein mine ashes [but an handful] rest,  
Greet all that pass my grave, whoe'er they be,  
Our own folk, or of other some cité.  
Add that a maiden lieth in this place :  
That father call'd me, born of Tenian race,  
His Baukis. Let them know that by my friend  
Erinna on this tomb these lines were penn'd.

**ΘΕΟΥ ΘΕΛΟΝΤΟΣ**

CORP. INSCRIP. ATT. B. 469

**H**ere is Phrasikleia laid.  
Ay shall I be call'd a maid :  
Heaven ordain'd that I should bide  
Ever virgin, never bride.



*INTEGER VITÆ*

KALLIMACHOS : vj, 347

**P**Oor was my lot, and hard my fare,  
Who injured no man whatfoe'er.  
'Tis Mikylos, that at no time  
Stood guilty of an heinous crime.

O mother earth, have I commended  
A thing that should be reprehended,  
Light neither lie thou o'er my head,  
Nor tother gods that hold me dead.

*OF ASTE*

ANON. APP. II, 243

**F**riendship's mark, doth Daphnis rear  
This to Astè, to him dear,  
While she lightly drew her breath :  
By him much desired in death.

*HOME-SICK*

PLATO : VII, 259

**E**Retrians by blood we are,  
Born of Eubœan race :  
Near Susa lie we, O how far  
From our dear native place!

*A MAN OF INFINITE PARTS*

THEAITETOS (*Diog. Laert. iv 25*)

**M**Uch Krantor pleased his fellow-man,  
But pleased the Muses more :  
His life, it measured but a span,  
Not ten years and three score.

O earth, earth, earth, dost thou enfold  
This holy wight in death ?  
Say where is he beneath the mould :  
Doth Krantor still draw breath ?

*OMNES EODEM COGIMVR*

ANON. VII, 342

**I**'M dead, but wait thee, brother :  
Thou, too, shalt wait for other :  
For Death within his portals  
Receives alike all mortals.

*S. T. T. L.*

MELEAGROS : VII, 461

**H**Ail! O Earth, our aller-mother,  
O'er Aifigenés dear head  
Lightsome lie thou, for none other,  
While upon thee, was his tread.

*MELAS*

ANON. APP. 387

**F**resh be the water from the spring  
Supplied thee by grim Hades' king:  
Melas, taken in the flower  
Of thy youth, that sweetest hour.

*FREE AMONG THE DEAD*

DAMASKIOS : VII, 553

**Z**Ofimé, who never (save  
In her body) was a slave,  
For her body, too, hath found  
Freedom now, if under ground.

*POIMANDROS*

MNASALKAS : VII, 171

**H**Ere, too, the swift will break her flight,  
And safe on yon sweet plane alight;  
For he of Melos, wont to spread  
Lime o'er bird-catching rods, is dead.

*ANTE DIEM*

BIANOR : VII, 671

**I**Nsatiated Charon, all for prey,  
Why filch young Attalos away  
So wantonly? Was he not thine,  
Defunct at ninety years and nine?

## ΦΙΛΟΣ ΟΙΚΟΣ ΑΡΙΣΤΟΣ

ADDAIOS : VII, 305

**D**iotimos' house afloat  
Was his trusty fishing-boat.  
This, when beach'd, became, know thou,  
The owner's home ; if poor, enow.  
Fa'en asleep, to wake no more,  
Plying, in his own ship, oar,  
He to ruthless Hades row'd.  
And that keel, to which he owed  
Nurture, gave this agèd fire  
Faggot for his funeral fire.

## ΕΥΘΑΝΑΣΙΑ

LEONIDAS : VII, 295

**O**ld-agèd Theris, on his lucky creel  
Dependent, better diver than the teal,  
Fish-filcher, netter, creeper into holes,  
No mariner in barque with many tholes ;  
Him not Arcturus quell'd ; not uncontroll'd  
Sirocco term'd his tens of years oft told.  
But, in his rushy cabin, and without  
A struggle, did the long-lit lamp go out.  
This tomb was not by wife or children made,  
But by his mates, they fishers, too, by trade.

*PARVA SED APTA DOMVS*

SIMONIDES : VII, 507

**G**ood fir, instead of Cræsus' tomb,  
My grave, which thou dost see,  
Is but a labourer's, with room,  
If small, enough for me.

*IS QVEM TV NEMINEM PVTAS*

BIANOR : XI, 364

**T**His man, if a nobody,  
Low-born, yea, a slave, yet he  
Is beloved, and hath control  
Of some other human soul.

*ELPIS*

ANON. APP. II, 344

**M**Y name is Elpis. Asia's queen,  
Laodicea bare me :  
When thirty summers I had seen,  
No longer Death could spare me.

*H. S. E.*

ANON. APP. II, 362

**H**ither come for merchandize,  
Sogenés hereunder lies :  
In this city on Argos coast  
Sogenés gave up the ghost.

*DYING ABROAD*

? TYMNES : VII, 477

**P**Hilainis, be not o'er-distrest  
Because thy fate was not to rest  
In death beside the Nile:  
Be Eleuthernè thine abode,  
From every where 'tis but one road  
To Hadès domicile.

**ΘΑΛΑΤΤΑ ΘΑΛΑΤΤΑ**

POSEIDIPPOS : VII, 267

**S**Hipmen, shipmen, why do ye  
Bury me hard by the sea?  
Far therefrom a simple mound  
Had sufficed the wreckt, the drown'd:  
For I shudder when I hear  
['Twas my death] the noisy mere.  
Nathless, all who pity me,  
Saith Nikéttas, Well be ye!

*HIC IACET*

ANON. APP. II, 458

**L**O! a floweret of the ground,  
Sought for, and in chaplet bound:  
Here I lie below this plinth,  
And my name is HYACINTH.

*VALE, DVLCIS ANIMA*

ANON. II, 402

**H**Im, in the matin hour of youth,  
Ere down on chin was showing,  
Eyed envious Fate, devoid of ruth,  
And fet the scythe a-mowing.

Yet left he many works behind,  
Wrought skilfully, and fightly :  
Ah! sea-green monster, how unkind  
To nip such bud, unrightly!

But thou, o'er Akylinos dead,  
Good Mother Earth, lie lightly :  
And grow, about his flank, a bed  
Of fragrant flowers and sprightly:

All such as thou neath Arab skies,  
Or Indian, generatest,  
That from his sweet remains may rise  
The earliest dew and latest,

Denoting to the gods the tomb  
Wherein their friend repofes,  
Not craving tears, but spice-perfúme,  
Drink-offerings and roses.

Untimely Fate dispatch'd the boy,  
In age no more than twenty :  
But mid the Blessed he hath joy,  
Joy well deserved, in plenty.

*OMNES EODEM COGIMVR*

ANON. X, 10

**S**Traight as bee-line is the road  
Downward to the Shades' abode :  
Or from Athens if thou start,  
Or from Meroë depart.

What if on a distant shore  
Death o'ertook thee? Fret no more :  
Box the compass as you please,  
Graveward bloweth every breeze.

*PAR NOBILE FRATRVM*

ANTIPHILOS : VII, 635

**H**Ierokleides own'd a barge :  
'Twas his comrade, care & charge,  
Peer in age, and, as a wife,  
At his side till death, through life,  
Fellow-merchant, trusty aid  
In his busy fishing trade.

Never juster ship than she  
Skimm'd the surface of the sea :  
Till he aged, her work supplied  
His support, and, when he died,  
Fuel for his pyre : and thus  
Sail'd the twain to Tartarus.



*EARLY DEATH*

JULIAN, PRÆFECT : VII, 603

- A.* **H**ard is Charon, to my mind.  
*B.* Not so; rather call him kind.  
*A.* Grabbing boy of tender age?  
*B.* But in wisdom old and sage.  
*A.* Kind to end his happy life?  
*B.* Snatching him from toil and strife.  
*A.* Ere he knew the bridal bed?  
*B.* And the thorns, of wedlock bred.

*DITTO*

SIMONIDES : VII, 515

**W**Hy, fell disease, grudge man or wife  
In lovely youth to tarry,  
Amercing Timarch of sweet life,  
Or ever he might marry?

**e. k.**

ANON. APP. 153

**T**Hrice nine years of age, no moe,  
I Paulinos came below :  
Near Hygeia now I lie,  
Sister she, and brother I.  
At decease she was but seven :  
Sweeter soul is none in heaven.

*B. M.*

KALLIMACHOS : VII, 520

**I**F thou wouldst seek Timarchos  
In Hades, for to know  
Aught of the world of spirits,  
Or what thou 'lt be below,  
Go seek, of Ptolemaïc  
Descent, Pausanias' heir,  
And him thou shalt discover  
Among the righteous there.

**MNHMONEYE MOY**

ANON. VII, 346

**T**His stone, if small, doth record bear,  
Good Sabine, what great friends we were.  
Ay shall I miss thee : and do thou,  
If Hades' law thereof allow,  
Refrain to drink, for my dear sake,  
Of water drawn from Lethè's lake.

*HOW READEST THOU ?*

THEOKRITOS : VII, 262

**R**ead. The scroll shall say o'er whom  
Built is this sepulchral room :  
I am famous Glauke's tomb.

*THE RIMACHOS*

DIOTIMOS *or* LEONIDAS : VII, 173

**O**F themselves at evenfall  
Homeward to their byre and stall  
From the hill came kine and neat,  
Dripping wet through snow and fleet.  
But Therimachos, ay me!  
In the long long sleep is he,  
Nigh an oak-tree put to bed,  
Struck by flash of lightning, dead.

*AVRI SACRA FAMES*

SIMONIDES : VII, 254

**T**Is Brotachos, of Kretan race,  
Gortyniän, my resting-place,  
Who fought no grave : contráriwise,  
Came hither but for merchandize.

*PARDON ABLE PRIDE*

ANON. IX, 65

**O**F earth the Spring-charm is green trees,  
Of heaven the starry host,  
Of Hellas Attica, and these  
Her sons our city's boast.

*FROM NIMES*

ANON. C. I. G. 6789

**F**lowers, in plenty let them wave  
O'er this newly-built grave :  
Not the bare dry bramble-thorn,  
Nor the naughty goat-beard corn,  
But narcissus fond of dew,  
Marjoram, and viola blue.  
Round thee, Vibius, all that grows,  
May it blossom as the rose.

*THE CHURL*

ANON : VII, 349

**S**cant was my drink, and scant my meat,  
Through sickness much I came,  
Till at the last I fell dead beat :  
Go fare, all ye, the same.

*DEATH AS FRIEND*

ANON. APP. II, 432

**S**weeter far to me than life,  
Death, thine advent ends my strife  
With disease and toil, without  
Mention of my foe, the gout.

*LYSIDIKE*

ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA : ix, 26

**T**He melting of mid-winter snow  
About an house-top laid it low,  
And kill'd the inmate of the fame,  
Lyfidiké, an agèd dame.

Her country neighbours made her not  
A bran-new dug-out, but her cot  
Itself was fet above her head,  
Her home when quick, her grave when dead.

*INSEPARABLE*

ANON : VII, 323

**O**Ne sepulchal urn contains  
Brother twins and their remains :  
Both on one day first drew breath,  
On the same day tasting death.

*SOLON & SALAMIS*

ANON : VII, 86

**I**N Salamis, the place that quell'd  
The Mede, that haught ill-liver,  
Here Solon first the light beheld,  
That holy great law-giver.

*A DIALOGUE*

JULIAN, PRÆFECT : VII, 576

‘**P**Yrrhon, are you dead?’ ‘I doubt it.’  
‘Dead, and own to doubts about it?’  
‘Yes, I doubt it.’ ‘Hell’s abyſm  
Puts an end to ſcepticiſm.’

*A SONG-BIRD*

C. I. G. 6261

**B**Lue-eyed Muſa, hail, all hail!  
Songſter, ſweet as nightingale.  
This wee tomb, afore his day,  
Claims thee for his ſpeechleſs prey.  
Here thou lieſt, ſtill as ſtone,  
Erſt well-gifted, erſt well-known :  
Comely Muſa, o’er thy head  
Lightly may this earth be ſpread.

*KALLIKRATES*

ANON. APP. 474

**W**Hénas but eight years had ſped  
O’er Kallikratés fair head,  
Angry Klotho cut his thread,  
Numbering him among the dead.

ON OI ΘΕΟΙ ΦΙΛΟΥΣΙΝ

C. I. G. 3847

**D**Eath is not grievous : 'tis the lot  
Of all men. But 'tis hard [God wot]  
To die when young, and leave this earth  
Ahead of them that gave us birth.

Here rest I, one who ne'er might wed,  
Ne'er see my bridal-chamber bed :  
One, loved by many heretofore,  
Gone to be loved below by more.

*THE FOWLER*

ISIDORE : VII, 156

**B**Y reed & bird-lime, from the air o'er-head  
Eumelos earn'd his scant but honest bread.  
Ne'er kiss'd he lordly hand, to fill his belly :  
Yet luxury with joy was his, I tell 'e.  
At ninety years, he sleepeth in these meads,  
Leaving his sons his bird-lime, bolts & reeds.

*PVLVIS & VMBRA SVMVS*

ANON. APP. II, 567

**M**Enelaos I am call'd;  
Herein is my body wall'd :  
But my spirit dwells in air,  
With the immortals other where.

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**Q.** But 120 copies of this booklet have been printed, whereof this bears the Number 70









