


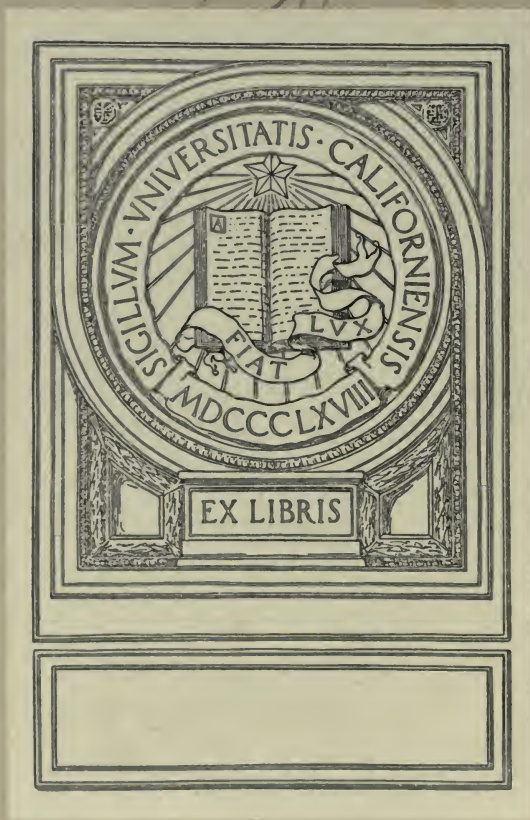
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VERSE
TRANSLATIONS
FROM GREEK
AND LATIN

ARTHUR D. INNES

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VERSE TRANSLATIONS
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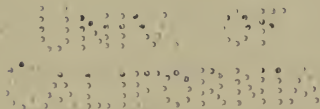
RENDERED BY

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TO THE
MEMBERS OF
THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

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1890

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P R E F A C E

THE verses, in this volume were originally written for the most part as 'fair copies' for schoolmasters who wished to help their pupils to realise that poetry may lurk concealed behind difficulties of grammar and vocabulary. I venture to hope that, as they have been found useful for that specific purpose, they may also prove of some interest to scholars in general.

Both the text and the rendering of passages here and there are doubtful. In such cases, I have not felt bound to follow the highest

M166357

P R E F A C E

authority, provided that the text or rendering adopted has reasonable support.

My thanks are due for much assistance to many friends, but especially to H. C. F. Mason (Haileybury) and R. C. Gilson (Harrow).

A. D. I.

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VERSE TRANSLATIONS

BATTLE-SONG

Ἄγετ', ὦ Σπάρτας εὐάνδρου
κοῦροι πατέρων πολιταῶν,
λαιᾶ μὲν ἔτυν προβάλεσθε,
δόρυ δεξιτέρᾳ δ' εὐτόλμως·
μὴ φειδόμενοι τᾶς ζωᾶς·
οὐ γὰρ πάτριον τᾶ Σπάρτα.

Sons of Sparta, mother of men,
Forward to the fight again !
With the left hand rear the shield,
With the right the war-spear wield :
Never spare your lives to-day !
That was never Sparta's way.

TYRTAEUS.

ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΗΡ

οὐκέτι θελγομένας, Ὀρφεῦ, δρύας, οἱ κέτι

πέτρας

ἄξεις, οὐ θηρῶν αὐτονόμους ἀγέ-

λας·

οὐκέτι κοιμάσεις ἀνέμων βρόμον, οὐχί

χάλαζαν

οὐ νιφετῶν συρμούς, οὐ παταγεῦσαν

ἄλα.

ᾧλεο γάρ· σέ δὲ πολλὰ κατωδύραντο

θύγατρεις

Μναμοσύνας, ματῆρ δ' ἔξοχα Καλ-

λιόπα.

ORPHEUS

NO more, no more thy witcheries, sweet Orpheus,
shall enthral

The oaks, the rocks, the tameless things that
roam at will the wild ;

No more to slumber shalt thou lull the
moaning of the breeze,

The hail, the sweeping snow-storms, the
babbling of the seas ;

For thou art fallen ; and grievously for thee
wept every child

Of Mem'ry, but Calliope thy mother more than
all.

CL. CLAVDIANVS

FELIX qui patruis aeuum transegit
in agris,
ipsa domus puerum quem uidet,
ipsa senem ;

qui baculo nitens, in qua reptauit
arena,
unius numerat saecula longa
casae.

Illum non uario traxit fortuna
tumultu,
nec bibit ignotas mobilis hospes
aquas :

THE YEOMAN

THRICE happy, who has passed the days
Amid the fields his fathers held,
Whose home is still, in time of eld,
The home that knew his boyhood's ways.

To-day the staff supports his frame
E'en where the infant crept of yore ;
He counts the lengthening record o'er
Of that one cottage, still the same.

The 'wilderer of fortune's hand
Have never dragged him up and down ;
Nor drinks he from a stream unknown,
A houseless stranger in the land.

CL. CLAVDIANVS

non freta mercator tremuit, non
classica miles,
non rauci lites pertulit ille
fori :

indocilis rerum, uicinae nescius
urbis,
adspectu fruitur liberiore poli.

Frugibus alternis, non consule,
computat annum,
auctumnum pomis, uer sibi flore
notat.

Idem condit ager soles, idemque
reducit,
metiturque suo rusticus orbe
diem.

THE YEOMAN

No merchant he, for seas to scare ;
No soldier, dreading trumpet calls ;
Not his within the echoing walls
The clamour of debate to bear.

Small skill in things of State has he—
He scarce has seen the town hard by ;
In unchecked sweep of air and sky
He finds his simple pleasure free.

By changing crops the years he tells,
Not by the names the consuls bore ;
He marks the autumn by her store,
The spring-tide by her blossom-bells.

The fields that saw the sunset glow,
They see the morning glory shine,
And measure out the day's decline
By the same arching sky they know.

CL. CLAVDIANVS

Ingentem meminit paruo qui ger-
mine quercum,
aequaeuumque uidet consenu-
isse nemus ;

proxima cui nigris Verona remo-
tior Indis,
Benacumque putat litora rubra
lacum.

Sed tamen indomitae uires, fir-
misque lacertis
aetas robustum tertia cernit
auum.

Erret, et extremos alter scrutetur
Iberos ;
plus habet hic uitae, plus habet
ille uiae.

EPIGRAM ii.

THE YEOMAN

The spreading oak his memory knows
 Since that slim sapling whence it grew ;
 And year by year the wood he knew
That year by year beside him grows.

Verona's walls are hard at hand—
 For him, the Indies are as near ;
 For him, though close, Benacus Mere
Is distant as the Red Gulf's strand.

Yet does his vigour nowise fail,
 The brawny thews are firmly set ;
 His children's children proudly yet
Mark their old grandsire strong and hale.

So let another roving fare,
 Explore Iberia's farthest bound ;
 He has the larger range of ground,
But this of Life the richer share.

ΑΡΙΣΤΟΦΑΝΗΣ

εἴ τις ὑμῶν, ὦ θεαταί, τὴν ἐμὴν ἰδὼν
φίσιν
εἶτα θαυμάζει μ' ὄρα·ν μέσον διεσφηκω-
μένον,
ἥτις ἡμῶν ἐστὶν ἡ 'πίνοια τῆς ἐγκεν-
τρίδος
ῥαδίως ἐγὰ διδάξω, καὶ ἄμουσος ἦ τὸ
πρὶν.
ἐσμὲν ἡμεῖς οἷς πρόσεστι τοῦτο τοῦρροπύ-
γιον
Ἄττικοι μόνοι δικαίως εὐγενεῖς αὐτό-
χθονες
ἀνδρικώτατον γένος καὶ πλεῖστα τήνδε τὴν
πόλιν

WASPS OF ATHENS

Now if there be among you one who marked
my shape, and so
Fell a-wondering as my wasp-waist so slender
he inspected,
The reason of our stings I will quickly let him
know,
Though until to-day his education may have
been neglected.
For we who wear the tails you see are sprung
of noble breed,
Rightly claiming as the sole true-born sons
of Attic soil ;
A race of mighty prowess, who gave succour in
her need

ΑΡΙΣΤΟΦΑΝΗΣ

ὠφελῆσαν ἐν μάχαισιν, ἴνικ' ἦλθ' ὁ βάρ-
 βαρος,
 τῷ καπνῷ τύφων ἄπασαν τὴν πόλιν καὶ
 πυρπολᾶν,
 ἐξελεῖν ἡμῶν μενοινᾶν πρὸς βίαν τ' ἄν-
 θρῆνια.
 εὐθέως γὰρ ἐκδραμόντες ξὺν δόρι ξὺν
 ἀσπίδι
 ἐμαχόμεσθ' αὐτοῖσι, θυμὸν ὀξίνην πεπω-
 κότες,
 στας ἀνὴρ παρ' ἀνδρ' ὑπ' ὀργῆς τὴν
 χελύνην ἐσθίων.
 ὑπὸ δὲ τῶν τοξευμάτων οὐκ ἦν ἰδεῖν τὸν
 οὐρανόν.
 ἀλλ' ὅμως ἀπωσάμεσθα ξὺν θεοῖς πρὸς
 ἐσπέραν,
 γλαῦξ γὰρ ἡμῶν πρὶν μάχεσθαι τὸν στρα-
 τον διέπτατο.
 εἶτα δ' εἰπόμεσθα, θυννάζοντες εἰς τοὺς
 θυλάκους

WASPS OF ATHENS

To the city, with the foremost, when the
stranger came to spoil.
He smothered with his clouds of smoke the
city, burning wide,
And most cruelly he craved to make havoc
of our nest ;
But armed with spear and shield, forth we
dashed to quell his pride,
And the rage that we had drunken was gall
in every breast.
With shoulder stanch to shoulder an angry lip
we gnawed,
While beyond their myriad arrows not a man
could see the sky ;
At fall of eve we drave them, by the succour of
the god,
For before the fight the Owl o'er our host was
hovering nigh.
We speared them through the breeches, as we
followed on our foes,

ΑΡΙΣΤΟΦΑΝΗΣ

οἱ δ' ἔφευγον τὰς γνάθους καὶ τὰς ὀφρῦς
κεντούμενοι·

ὥστε παρὰ τοῖς βαρβάροισι πανταχοῦ καὶ
νῦν ἔτι

μηδὲν Ἀττικοῦ καλεῖσθαι σφηκὸς ἀνδρι-
κάτερον.

VESPAE, 1071.

WASPS OF ATHENS

And thus goaded from our clenched jaws
and bended brows they fled ;
And through all the strangers' land to this day
the saying goes,
'There is nothing more courageous than an
Attic wasp to dread.'

ΚΛΕΑΝΘΗΣ

Κύδιστ' ἀθανάτων, πολυόνυμε, παγκρατῆς
αιεὶ

Ζεῦ, φύσεως ἀρχηγέ, νόμου μέτα πάντα
κυβερνῶν,

χαῖρε· σέ γάρ πάντεσσι θέμις θνητοῖσι
προσαυδᾶν.

ἐκ σοῦ γάρ γένος ἐσμέν, ὑδῆς τίμημα
λαχόντες

μοῦνοι ὅσα ζωεῖ τε καὶ ἔρπει θνήτ' ἐπὶ
γαῖαν.

τῷ σε καθυμνήσω, καὶ σὸν κράτος αἰὲν
ἀείσω.

σοὶ δὴ πᾶς ὅδε κόσμος ἐλισσόμενος περὶ
γαῖαν

πεύθεται ἢ κεν ἄγης καὶ ἐκὼν ἰπὸ σείο
κρατεῖται.

THE HYMN OF CLEANTHES

FIRST of Immortals, many-named, for aye
Almighty, Lord of all things, who dost sway
 The world with ordered governance, all hail !
Thou God, to whom of right all mortals pray.

From Thee we have our being, and the dower
Of speech, alone of things that live their hour
 And move on earth : for this my chant to
 Thee
Shall rise, and I will ever sing Thy power.

For Thee this universe revolveth still
About our earth, obedient to Thy will ;
 Even as Thou guidest ordering its course,
And Thy behest with gladness doth fulfil.

ΚΛΕΑΝΘΗΣ

τοῖον ἔχεις ὑποεργὸν ἀκινύτοις ἐνὶ χερσίν
ἀμφήκη πυρόεντα ἀεὶ ζώνοντα κεραυνόν,
τοῦ γὰρ ὑπὸ πληγῆς φύσεως πάντ' ἐρρί-
γασιν,

ἤ σὺ κατευθύνεις κοινὸν λόγον, ὃς διὰ
πάντων

φοιτᾷ μιγνύμενος μεγάλοις μικροῖς τε
φάεσσιν,

ὃς τόσσοι γεγαῶς ὕπατος βασιλεὺς διὰ
παντός.

οὔδέ τι γίγνεται ἔργον ἐπὶ χθονὶ σοῦ
δίχα, δαῖμον,

οὔτε κατ' αἰθέριον θεῖον πόλον, οὔτ' ἐπὶ
πόντῳ,

πλὴν ὅποσα ρέζουσι κακοὶ σφετέρησιν
ἀνοίαις.

THE HYMN OF CLEANTHES

So strong a servant hast Thou of Thine aim,
Grasped in Thy hands invincible, the flame
Of the forked ever-living lightning flash,
Beneath whose stroke shudders all Nature's
frame ;

Wherewith Thou dost direct the common
Word
That ever passing through all things is heard,
Mingling with greater as with lesser lights ;
And being so mighty, everywhere art Lord.

Without Thee, Spirit, there is nothing wrought
On earth, in air the heavenly region nought,
Upon the waters nothing—save the wrongs
The wicked work, by foolishness distraught.

M. VALERIVS MARTIALIS

PUELLA senibus dulcior mihi
 cygnis,
agna Galesi mollior Phalantini,
concha Lucrini delicatior stagni ;
cui nec lapillos praeferas Ery-
 thraeos
nec modo politum pecudis In-
 dicae dentem,
niuesque primas, liliumque non
 tactum ;
quae crine uicit Baetici gregis
 uellus,
Rhenique nodos, aureamque nite-
 lam ;

THE DEAD CHILD

LITTLE maiden, sweeter far to me
Than the swans are with their vaunted
 snows,
Maid more tender than the lambkins be
Where Galesus by Phalantus flows ;

Daintier than daintiest shells that lie
By the ripples of the Lucrine wave ;
Choicer than new-polished ivory
That the herds from Indian jungles gave ;

Choicer than Erythrae's marbles white,
Snows new-fallen, lilies yet unsoiled :
Softer were your tresses and more bright
Than the locks by German maidens coiled,

M. VALERIVS MARTIALIS

fragrauit ore, quod rosarium Paesti,
quod Atticarum prima mella cerarum,
quod succinorum rapta de manu gleba,
cui comparatus indecens erat pauo,
inamabilis sciurus, et frequens Phoenix ;
adhuc repenti tepet Erotion busto,
quam pessimorum lex auara Fatorum
sexta peregit hieme, nec tamen tota.
Nostros amores, gaudiumque, lususque.

v. 37.

THE DEAD CHILD

Than the finest fleeces Baetis shows,
 Than the dormouse with her golden hue :
Lips more fragrant than the Paestan rose,
 Than the Attic bees' first honey-dew,

Or an amber ball, new-pressed and warm ;
 Paled the peacock's sheen, in your compare ;
E'en the winsome squirrel lost his charm,
 And the Phoenix seemed no longer rare.

Scarce Erotion's ashes yet are cold ;
 Greedily grim fate ordained to smite
Ere her sixth brief winter had grown old—
 Little love, my bliss, my heart's delight.

ΑΡΙΣΤΟΦΑΝΗΣ

εὐλογῆσαι βουλόμεσθα τοὺς πατέρας
ἡμῶν, ὅτι
ἄνδρες ἦσαν τῆσδε τῆς γῆς ἄξιοι καὶ
τοῦ πέπλου,
οἵτινες πέζαις μάχαισιν ἐν τε ναυ-
φάρκτῳ στρατῷ
πανταχοῦ νικῶντες ἀεὶ τήνδ' ἐκόσ-
μησαν πόλιν·
οὐ γὰρ οὐδεὶς πώποτ' αὐτῶν τοὺς
ἐναντίους ἰδὼν
ῥίθμησεν, ἀλλ' ὁ θυμὸς εὐθύς ἦν
ἀμυνίας·
εἰ δέ που πέσοιεν ἐς τὸν ὠμὸν ἐν
μάχῃ τινί,
τοῦτ' ἀπεψήσαντ' ἄν, εἴτ' ἤρνοῦντο
μὴ πεπτωκέναι

THE GOOD OLD TIMES

SING we the praise of our fathers to-day ;
Worthy the land and the Mantle were
they :

Warriors battling afloat or ashore,
Everywhere triumphing, still winning
more

Fame for the City. When facing the
foe,

Never a man of them counted them—
No!

Valour was straightway in arms and
a-fire.

Did one in fighting fall flat in the
mire?

Brush off the mud, never own to the
fall !

ΑΡΙΣΤΟΦΑΝΗΣ

ἀλλὰ διεπάλαιον αὖθις. καὶ στρατη-
 γὸς οὐδ' ἂν εἷς
 τῶν πρὸ τοῦ σίτησιν ἤτησ' ἐρόμενος
 Κλεαίνετον·
 νῦν δ' ἐὰν μὴ προεδρίαν φέρωσι καὶ
 τὰ σιτία,
 οὐ μαχεῖσθαι φασιν. ἡμεῖς δ' ἄξιου-
 μεν τῇ πόλει
 προῖκα γενναίως ἀμύνειν καὶ θεοῖς
 ἐγχωρίοις.
 καὶ πρὸς οὐκ αἰτοῦμεν οὐδέν, πλὴν
 τοσουτονὶ μόνον·
 ἣν ποτ' εἰρήνη γένηται καὶ πόνων
 παυσώμεθα,
 μὴ φθονεῖθ' ἡμῖν κομῶσι μηδ' ἀπεσ-
 τλεγγισμένοις.

EQUITES, 565.

THE GOOD OLD TIMES

Back to the grip! not a man of them all
Chosen for Captain would clamour for
feeding,

Beg of Cleaenetus. Now, they're all
needing

Victuals as well as precedence—if not,
They won't go fighting, this valorous
lot!

Ah, but we count it for glory to guard
Nobly and well, for no dirty reward,
Altar and home; and no guerdon beside
Ask, but this only—if peace shall betide,
Labours be ended, don't grudge if we
wear

Love-locks, and sport quite a dandified
air.

ΕΤΡΙΠΙΔΗΣ

ὦ φίλταθ' ὡς σοι θάνατος ἦλθε δυστυχίς.
εἰ μὲν γὰρ ἔθανες πρὸ πόλεως, ἤβης
τυχῶν

γάμων τε καὶ τῆς ἰσοθέου τυραννίδος,
μακάριος ἦσθ' ἄν, εἴ τι τῶνδε μακάριον.
νῦν δ' αὐτ' ἰδὼν μὲν γνούς τε τῆ ψυχῆ,
τέκνον,
οὐκ οἶσθ', ἐχρήσω δ' οὐδὲν ἐν δόμοις
ἔχων.

δύστηνε, κρατὸς ὡς σ' ἔκειρεν ἀθλίως
τείχη πατρῶα, Λοξίου πυργώματα,
ὄν πόλλ' ἐκήπευσ' ἠ τεκοῦσα βόστρυχον
φιλήμασιν τ' ἔδωκεν, ἔνθεν ἐγγελᾶ
ὀστέων ραγέντων φόνος, ἴν' αἰσχρὰ μὴ
λέγω.

ASTYANAX

OH, it was hard, so hard for thee to die,
My darling. To have fallen before the walls
In manhood's vigour, having known the joys
Of wedlock, lived a king the mate of gods—
Why, that were happiness, if ought there be
Of happiness in the world. But now, poor babe,
Thou didst behold these things, and learn of
 them,

But know them never, never at all could'st taste
Possession of them in a home thine own.

Unhappy! how thy fathers' walls, the towers
Of Loxias, have piteously laid low
The curls thy mother tended oft and kissed—
Whence grins a carnage now of shattered bones,
And worse I will not name.

ΕΥΡΙΠΙΔΗΣ

ὦ χεῖρες, ὡς εἰκούς μὲν ἡδέϊας πατρὸς
κέκτησθ', ἐν ἄρθροις δ' ἔκλυτοι πρόκεισθέ
μοι.

ὦ πολλά κόμπους ἐβαλὸν φίλον στόμα,
ὄλωλας, ἐψεύσω μ', ὅτ' εἰσπίπτων λέχος,
ὦ μῆτερ, ἡὔδας, ἦ πολὺν σοι βοστρύχων
πλόκαμον κεροῦμαι πρὸς τάφον θ' ὀμηλί-
κων

κώμους ἀπάξω, φίλα διδούς προσφθέγματα.
σὺ δ' οὐκ ἔμ', ἀλλ' ἐγὼ σὲ τὸν νεώτερον
γραῦς ἄπολις ἄτεκνος ἄθλιον θάπτω νε-
κρόν.

ὦ μοι, τὰ πόλλ' ἀσπάσμαθ' αἶ τ' ἐμαὶ τροφαὶ
πόνοι τ' ἐκεῖνοι φροῦδὰ μοι. τί καὶ ποτε
γράψειεν ἂν σὺ μουσοποιὸς ἐν τάφῳ;
τὸν παῖδα τόνδ' ἔκτειναν Ἀργεῖοί ποτε
δείσαντες; αἰσχρὸν τοῦπίγραμμά γ' Ἑλ-
λάδι.

TROADES, 1167.

ASTYANAX

Ah, little hands,
So sweet a counterfeit of his, thy sire's,
Nerveless before me droop your fingers now.
Ah, little lips that prattled boastfully,
Ye are dumb, ye played me false, when on my
couch
Thou once didst fling thyself, and cry, 'Oh,
mother,
The plenteous locks I'll cut me off, and bring
My comrades to your tomb in companies,
With loving words!'—Not thou, not thou for me,
But I for thee,—a homeless, childless crone,
For thee, so young,—prepare the untimely grave.
Ah me, the fond caresses, all the care
And all the loving labour, gone, all gone!
What should a poet write upon thy tomb?
'This boy the Argives slew,—because they
feared!'
Black, black the shame to Hellas of that rede.

SEX. AVRELIVS PROPERTIVS

QUANDOCUNQUE igitur nostros
mors claudet ocellos,
accipe quae serues funeris acta
mei.

Nec mea tunc longa spatietur ima-
gine pompa,
nec tuba sit fati uana querela
mei,

nec mihi tunc fulcro sternatur lectus
eburno,
nec sit in Attalico mors mea nixa
toro.

THE POET'S DEATH

AND so whene'er it shall befall

That with shut eyes in death I sleep,
Hear now the rites thy care shall keep,
The service of my funeral.

The slow procession shall not wend

With waxen masks, an endless show ;
For me the trumpet shall not blow,
Vain wailing for the destined end.

Let not the couch for me that day

Be spread upon an ivory frame ;
Not such as Attalus might claim,
The bed whereon my corpse you lay.

SEX. AVRELIUS PROPERTIVS

Desit odoriferis ordo mihi lancibus,
adsint
plebei paruae funeris exequiae.

Sat mihi sat magna est si tres sint
pompa libelli,
quos ego Persephonaе maxima dona
feram.

Tu uero nudum pectus lacerata
sequeris,
nec fueris nomen lassa uocare
meum,

osculaue in gelidis pones suprema
labellis,
cum dabitur Syrio munere plenus
onyx.

THE POETS' DEATH

No savours sweet from platters rare
For me in ordered state shall rise ;
The rites that mark my obsequies
Be those that lowly folk may share.

Enough of pomp, enough for me,
These three slight books of mine to take—
The richest gift that I can make
For homage to Persephone.

But thou, but thou behind wilt press,
And smite in grief thy bosom bare ;
Nor ever wilt thou tire nor spare
To call my name for weariness.

And thou wilt print thy kiss, the last
Long kiss on lips that death has chilled,
When with its Syrian treasure filled
The onyx casket down is cast.

SEX. AVRELIVS PROPERTIVS

Deinde, ubi suppositus cinerem me fecerit
ardor,
accipiat manes paruola testa meos,

et sit in exiguo laurus super addita
busto
quae tegat extincti funeris umbra
locum ;

et duo sint versus, ' qui nunc iacet
horrida puluis,
unius hic quondam seruus amoris
erat.'

iii. 5.

THE POET'S DEATH

And when at length the kindled flame
My body shall to ashes burn,
An earthen vase, a tiny urn,
Shall hold the ghost that bore my name.

And on the scanty plot shall grow
A laurel, where had stood my pyre,
And cast its shadows where the fire
Of death long since has ceased to glow.

And brief my epitaph shall run :
' While yet he lived, who now is just
This handful of unlovely dust,
One love he served, and served but one.'

ΑΡΙΣΤΟΦΑΝΗΣ

ὅ̄ σοφώτατοι θεαταί, δεῦρο τὸν νοῦν
πρόσεχετε.

ἡδικημένοι γὰρ ὑμῖν μεμφόμεσθ' ἐν
άντιον.

πλεῖστα γὰρ θεῶν ἀπάντων ὠφελοί-
σαις τὴν πόλιν,

δαιμόνων ἡμῖν μόναις οὐ θύετ' οὐδὲ
σπένδετε,

αἵτινες τηροῦμεν ὑμᾶς. ἦν γὰρ ἦ̄ τις
ἕξοδος

μηδενὶ ζῦν νᾶ, τότε ἦ̄ βροντῶμεν ἦ̄
ψακάζομεν.

εἶτα τὸν θεοῖσιν ἐχθρὸν βυρσοδέψην
Παφλαγόνα

THE REPROOF

JUDICIOUS spectators! attention we pray.
We are hurt, and we've something reproachful
to say.
Not a god of them all gives more help to the
nation,
Yet never an offering, ne'er a libation
Comes our way—just ours, who look after you so.
Why, whene'er on some cracked expedition
you go,
We thunder or drizzle. As every one knows,
When that damned Paphlagonian tanner you
chose
For your Captain, black brows we drew down
and we scowled,

ΑΡΙΣΤΟΦΑΝΗΣ

ἤνιχ' ἤρεϊσθε στρατηγόν, τὰς ὀφρῦς
 συνίγομεν
 κάποιοῦμεν δεινά· βροντῆ δ' ἐρράγη
 δι' ἀστραπῆς·
 ἢ σελίνῃ δ' ἐξέλειπε τὰς ὄδους· ὁ δ'
 ἥλιος
 τῆν θρυαλλίδ' εἰς ἑαυτὸν εὐθέως
 συνελκύσας
 οὐ φανεῖν ἔφασκεν ὑμῖν, εἰ στρατη-
 γήσει Κλέων.
 ἀλλ' ὅμως εἴλεσθε τοῦτον. φασὶ γὰρ
 δυσβουλίαν
 τῆδε τῇ πόλει προσεῖναι, ταῦτα μέντοι
 τοὺς θεοὺς
 ἄττ' ἂν ὑμεῖς ἐξαμάρτητ' ἐπὶ τὸ
 βέλτιον τρέπειν.
 ὡς δὲ καὶ τοῦτο ξυνοίσει ῥαδίως
 διδάξομεν.
 ἦν Κλέωνα τὸν λάρον δώρων ἐλόντες
 καὶ κλοπῆς,

THE REPROOF

And made an appalling to-do: thunder
 howled,
Lightning blazed; the moon slid from her
 natural way,
And the sun drew his wick in, and vowed
 ‘not a ray
Shall be granted if Cleon be Captain,’ and
 still
You elected just him. Well, when counsels
 of ill
Possess you, they say that, whatever
 befall,
The gods turn your blunders to luck after
 all.
Now we’ll tell in a word how to turn this
 to healing;
If only this cormorant of borrowing and
 stealing,
This Cleon you seize, and if promptly you
 stock him,

ΑΡΙΣΤΟΦΑΝΗΣ

εἶτα φημώσητε τούτου τῷ ξύλῳ τὸν
αὐχένα,
αὐθις εἰς τάρχαϊον ὑμῖν, εἴ τι κάζη-
μάρτετε,
ἐπὶ τὸ βέλτιον τὸ πρᾶγμα τῇ πόλει
συνοίσεται.

NUBES, 575.

THE REPROOF

If fast in the pillory collared you lock
him,

In spite of your small aberration, once
more

The affair will bring luck to the State, as
before.

ΑΙΣΧΥΤΛΟΣ

ΧΟ. καὶ τίς τόδ' ἐξίκοιτ' ἂν ἀγγέλων
τάχος;

ΚΛ. Ἥφαιστος, Ἴδης λαμπρὸν ἐκπέμπων
σέλας.

φρυκτὸς δὲ φρυκτὸν δεῦρ' ἀπ' ἀγγάρου
πυρὸς

ἔπεμπεν. Ἴδη μὲν πρὸς Ἑρμαῖον
λέπας

Λήμνου μέγαν δὲ πανὸν ἐκ νήσου
τρίτον

Ἄθων αἶπος Ζηνὸς ἐξεδέξατο
ὑπερτελής τε (πόντον ὥστε νωτίσαι,
ἰσχὺς πορευτοῦ λαμπάδος πρὸς ἡδο-
νήν)

THE BEACON-RACE

CH. Yea? But what messenger could speed
so fast?

CLYT. The Fire-god, flaming bright on Ida's
crest ;

Beacon to beacon flashed the courier-
blaze—

Ida to Hermes' Crag in Lemnos isle :
And the great island bonfire, Athos Point
The mount of Zeus the third in order
caught,

And, towering high to skim the watery
waste

It fed the speeding glare with joyous
strength—

πεύκη, τὸ χρυσοφεγγές ὡς τις ἥλιος
 σέλας παραγγείλασα Μακίστου σκοπός·
 ὃ δ' οὔτι μέλλων οὐδ' ἀφρασμόνως ὑπνώ
 νικώμενος παρήκεν ἀγγέλου μέρος·
 ἐκάς δὲ φρυκτοῦ φῶς ἐπ' Εὐρίπου
 ῥοάς

Μεσσαπίου φύλαξι σημαίνει μολόν.
 οἱ δ' ἀντέλαμψαν καὶ παρήγγειλαν
 πρόσω

γραίας ἐρείκης θωμὸν ἄψαντες πυρί.
 σθένουσα λαμπὰς δ' οὐδέπω μαυρου-
 μένη

ὑπερθοροῦσα πεδῖον Ἀσωποῦ, δίκην
 φαιδρᾶς σελήνης, πρὸς Κιθαιρῶνος λέ-
 πας

ἤγειρεν ἄλλην ἐκδοχὴν πομποῦ πυρός.
 φάος δὲ τηλέπομπον οὐκ ἠναίνετο
 φρουρά, πλέον καίουσα τῶν εἰρημένων·
 λίμνην δ' ὑπὲρ Γοργῶπιν ἔσκηψεν
 φάος·

THE BEACON-RACE

A shining brand, that tossed the golden
beam

Sun-like to a watcher on Macistus height.
Nor tarried he, nor failed to play his part
Of messenger, o'ercome by heedless sleep.
To far Euripus' streams the beacon light
Shot with its signal to Messapius' guards :
Their answering fire still flashed the tidings
on,

Who set the high-piled heather sere ablaze ;
The mighty torch, unflagging, leaped the
plain

Of far Asopus, like a gleaming moon,
On to Cithaeron's rock, and roused once
more

A fresh successor of the news-fraught flare.
Nor did the watch their herald-flame deny,
But more than bidden heaped the warning
glow.

Across the mere Gorgopis flashed the light,

ὄρος τ' ἐπ' Αἰγίπλαγκτον ἐξικνούμενον
 ἄτρυνε θεσμόν μὴ χαρίζεσθαι πυρός.
 πέμπουσι δ' ἀνδρίοντες ἀφθόνῳ μένει
 φλογὸς μέγαν πώγωνα, καὶ Σαρωνικοῦ
 πορθμοῦ κάτοπτον πρῶν' ὑπερβάλλειν
 πρόσω

φλέγουσαν· εἴτ' ἔσκηψεν, εἴτ' ἀφίκετο
 Ἄραχναῖον αἶπος, ἀστυγείτονας σκο-
 πᾶς·

κάπειτ' Ἀτρείδων ἐς τό γε σκήπτει
 στέγος

φάος τόδ' οὐκ ἄπαππον Ἰδαίου πυρός.
 τοιοῖδε τοί μοι λαμπαδηφόρων νόμοι,
 ἄλλος παρ' ἄλλου διαδοχαῖς πληρού-
 μενοι·

νικᾷ δ' ὁ πρῶτος καὶ τελευταῖος δρα-
 μών.

τέκμαρ τοιοῦτον συμβολόν τέ σοι λέγω
 ἀνδρὸς παραγγείλαντος ἐκ Τροίας ἐμοί.

AGAMEMNON, 292.

THE BEACON-RACE

Reached Aegiplanctus, stirred them rous-
ingly

In nowise to neglect the fires ordained.

They kindle and send on with strength
undimmed

A giant beard of blaze, whose beams o'er-
leaped

The cliff that frowns on the Saronic strait.
Then, then, it darted, then at length
attained

Arachne's crag, the post hard by our town :
So lighted last here on our royal roof

The fiery heir of Ida's flame begot.

Such was the ordering of my torch-bearers,
Making the course complete, each after each ;
And the first wins, though hindmost in the
race.

Such token and such sign to you I tell,
As such to me my lord hath sent from Troy.

P. VERGILIUS MARO

TENE, inquit, miserande puer, cum laeta
ueniret,
inuidit Fortuna mihi, ne regna uideres
nostra, neque ad sedes uictor ueherere
paternas?
non haec Euandro de te promissa parenti
discedens dederam ; cum me complexus
euntem
mitteret in magnum imperium, metu-
ensque moneret
acres esse uiros, cum dura proelia gente.
At nunc ille quidem spe multum captus
inani
fors et uota facit, cumulatque altaria
donis :

PALLAS DEAD

'AH, luckless youth! when Fortune came in glee,
Was it to grudge me thee, that thou shouldst
ne'er

Behold my kingship, nor in victory

Triumphant to thy father's halls repair?

Not this the parting promise that I swear
To Evander thy old sire, when he embraced me,
With anxious warnings, how the foe that faced
me

'Is fierce, and stern the race with whom I cope;
So sent me forth to win wide empery.

He sorely now beguiled with empty hope

Perchance makes offering, piles the altars high
With many a gift; while we right mournfully

P. VERGILIUS MARO

nos iuuenem exanimum, et nil iam
caelestibus ullis

debentem uano maesti comitamur
honore.

Infelix, nati funus crudele uidebis.

Hi nostri reditus, expectatque triumphus?

Haec mea magna fides? At non Euandre
pudendis

uulneribus pulsum aspicias, nec sospite
dirum

optabis nato funus pater. Hei mihi,
quantum

praesidium Ausonia, et quantum tu
perdis, Iule.

Haec ubi defleuit, tolli miserabile
corpus

imperat, et toto lectos ex agmine mittit
mille uiros, qui supremum comitentur
honorem

intersintque patris lacrimis, solatia
luctus

PALLAS DEAD

With honours vain his lifeless son escort,
His debt discharged to all the heavenly court.

‘Thou shalt but see thy son’s most cruel lot.
Is this our coming? this the victor’s prize?
This my high troth? But not, Evander, not
Stricken with shameful wounds he meets thine
eyes,
Nor for a sterner doom the father cries,
The son unharmed. How dear a guard is gone
For thee, Ausonia, and for thee, my son!’

With tears Aeneas ended : then commands
To be uplifted high the lifeless frame ;
Picked from the hosts he sends the chosen bands,
A thousand warriors : who to guard him came,
And pay the last sad honours to his name,
And share the father’s tears—a scant relief
To that sad father due, for boundless grief.

P. VERGILIVS MARO

exigua ingentis, misero sed debita patri.
Haud segnes alii crates et molle feretrum
arbuteis texunt uirgis et uimine querno,
extractosque toros obtentu frondis inum-
brant.

Hic iuuenem agresti sublimem stramine
ponunt :

qualem uirgineo demissum pollice florem,
seu mollis uiolae, seu languentis hya-
cinthi,

cui neque fulgor adhuc, nec iam sua
forma recessit :

non iam mater alit tellus, uiresque mini-
strat.

AENEID, xi. 42

PALLAS DEAD

Some with swift hands a wicker frame enlace,
A pliant litter, of the saplings twined
Of arbutus and shoots of oak : and place
O'ershadowing leaves ; whose verdure all
enshrined

The funeral bed thus cunningly designed.
Then on the couch in woodland guise arrayed
On high the corse of that sweet youth is laid.

Even such he seemed, as some fair flower that
fell

By maiden fingers plucked and laid full low,
Some tender violet, or some drooping bell
Of the blue hyacinth ; the living glow
Still lingers—still 'the delicate grace ye know.
No more the earth her child may feed with dew,
Nor that young life that filled its veins renew.

ΑΡΙΣΤΟΦΑΝΗΣ

πολλάκις γ' ἡμῖν ἔδοξεν ἡ πόλις πεπον-
θέναι
ταυτὸν ἔς τε τῶν πολιτῶν τοὺς καλοὺς τε
καγαθοὺς
ἔς τε τὰρχαῖον νόμισμα καὶ τὸ καινὸν
χρυσίον.
οἴτε γὰρ τούτοισιν οὓσιν οὐ κεκιβδηλευ-
μένοις,
ἀλλὰ καλλίστοις ἀπάντων, ἄς δοκεῖ, νομισ-
μάτων,
καὶ μόνοις ὀρθῶς κοπεῖσι καὶ κεκωδωνισ-
μένοις
ἐν τε τοῖς Ἑλλησι καὶ τοῖς βαρβάροισι
πανταχοῦ,

COUNTERFEIT COINS

NOW the thought has often struck me that
our conduct is the same
In the matter of our citizens who bear an
honoured name,
As in dealing with the coins of olden
mintage and the new.
These, which no alloy debases, coins with-
out a peer—it's true—
None so perfect in the cutting, none like
these that ring so sound,
Search through all the lands of Hellas, all
the strangers' realms around—

ΑΡΙΣΤΟΦΑΝΗΣ

χρώμεθ' οὐδέν, ἀλλὰ τούτοις τοῖς πονηροῖς
 χαλκίοις
 χθές τε καὶ πρῶην κοπεῖσι τῷ κακίστῳ
 κόμματι,
 τῶν πολιτῶν θ' οὓς μεν ἴσμεν εὐγενεῖς καὶ
 σώφρονας
 ἄνδρας ὄντας καὶ δικαίους καὶ καλοὺς τε
 κάγαθούς,
 καὶ τραφέντας ἐν παλαίστραις καὶ χοροῖς
 καὶ μουσικῇ,
 προσελοῦμεν, τοῖς δὲ χαλκοῖς καὶ ξένοις
 καὶ πυρρῆαις
 καὶ πονηροῖς καὶ πονηρῶν εἰς ἅπαντα
 χρώμεθα
 ὑστάτοις ἀφιγμένοισιν, οἷσιν ἢ πύλις πρὸ
 τοῦ
 οὐδέ φαρμακοῖσιν εἰκῆ ῥαδίως ἐχρήσατ'
 ἄν.
 ἀλλὰ καὶ νῦν, ὠνόητοι, μεταβαλόντες τοὺς
 τρόπους,

COUNTERFEIT COINS

These we never use, preferring the atrocious
brassy crew
Cut just now or t'other morning—cut so
very vilely, too !
So whene'er we know a citizen is nobly
born and sensible,
A man of truth and honour trained in
sports and arts and graces,
We insult him, and some foreign scamp,
some brazen slave ostensible,
Some blackguard born of blackguard stock,
we plant in all the ' places ' :
All the very last arrivals we'd have felt
some hesitation
Long ago in even sacrificing rashly for the
nation.
Come, e'en now, you'd best reform, my
foolish friends, and change your ways,
Use again the useful folks. If you succeed,
it's only just ;

ΑΡΙΣΤΟΦΑΝΗΣ

χρῆσθε τοῖς χρηστοῖσιν αἴθις· καὶ κατ-
ορθώσασι γὰρ
εὐλογον· κἄν τι σφαλῆτ', ἐξ ἀξίου γοῖν
τοῦ ξύλου,
ἦν τι καὶ πάσχητε, πάσχειν τοῖς σοφοῖς
δοκίσετε.

RANAE, 718.

COUNTERFEIT COINS

And if still you fail and come to grief, yet
every wise man says
You've a gallows worth the hanging from,
at least, if hang you must!

ΕΥΤΡΙΠΙΔΗΣ

ΑΔ. φίλοι, γυναικὸς δαίμον' εὐτυχέστερον
τοῦμοῦ νομίζω, καίπερ οὐ δοκοῦνθ' ὅμως·
τῆς μὲν γὰρ οὐδὲν ἄλγος ἄψεται ποτε
πολλῶν δὲ μόχθων εὐκλεῆς ἐπαύσατο.
ἐγὼ δ' ὄν οὐ χρεὴν ζῆν, παρὲς τὸ μόρσι-
μον

λυπρὸν διάζω βίοτον· ἄρτι μανθάνω.
πῶς γὰρ δόμων τῶνδ' εἰσόδους ἀνέξομαι;
τίν' ἂν προσειπὼν, τοῦ δὲ προσρηθῆεις ὕπο,
τερπνῆς τύχοιμ' ἂν εἰσόδου; ποῖ τρέψο-
μαι;

ἢ μὲν γὰρ ἔνδον ἐξελᾶ μ' ἐρημία,
γυναικὸς εὐνχας εὖτ' ἂν εἰσίδω κενὰς
θρόνους τ' ἐν οἴσιν ἴξε, καὶ κατὰ στέγας

ADMETUS

AH, friends, I hold my wife's the happier lot,
Happier than mine, for all it seems not so.
Her shall no pain touch any more ; the praise
Is hers, who found release from many a grief.
But I, who should not live, gave fate the slip,
And must to the end drag out a dreary life.
I see it now ; it breaks upon me now.
How shall I bear home-coming—to this home ?
Whom shall I greet, or who will greet me back,
To cheer that coming home ? Where shall I
turn ?

Indoors, the desolateness will drive me forth,
Whene'er I look upon her empty couch,
Her empty chair where she was wont to sit,
The dusty floors that lack her woman's care ;

ΕΥΡΙΠΙΔΗΣ

αὐχμηρὸν οὐδας, τέκνα δ' ἀμφὶ γούνασι
πίπτοντα κλαίῃ μητέρ', οἱ δὲ δεσπότην
στένωσιν οἶαν ἐκ δόμων ἀπώλεσαν.

τὰ μὲν κατ' οἴκους τοιάδ' ἐζώθεν
δέ με

γάμοι τ' ἐλώσι Θεσσαλῶν καὶ ζύλλογοι
γυναικοπληθεῖς· οὐ γὰρ ἐξανέξομαι
λεύσσω δάμαρτος τῆς ἐμῆς ὀμίλικας.
ἐρεῖ δέ μ' ὅστις ἐχθρὸς ὦν κυρεῖ τάδε·
ἰδοῦ τὸν αἰσχυρῶς ζωνθ', ὅς οὐκ ἔτλη
θανεῖν,

ἀλλ' ἦν ἔγημεν ἀντιδοὺς ἀψυχία
πέφευγεν Ἄιδην· κατ' ἀνήρ εἶναι δοκεῖ·
στυγεῖ δὲ τοὺς τεκόντας, αὐτὸς οἶ
θέλων

θανεῖν. τοιάνδε πρὸς κακοῖσι κληδόνα
ἔξω. τί μοι ζῆν δῖτα κύδιον, φίλοι,
κακῶς κλύοντι καὶ κακῶς πεπραγότει;

ALCESTIS, 935.

ADMETUS

Whene'er the children cling about my knees,
Sobbing out 'Mother! mother!' and the folk
Bewail the wise sweet mistress they have lost.
So will it be within: and out of doors,
The people's wedding feasts, the gatherings
Where women throng, will drive me thence again.
For never shall I dare to see the face
Of dames whose years were matched with hers,
 my wife's.

And every man that bears me hard will say,
'Lo there! the wretch whose life is a reproach,
Who dared not die, but, for his coward soul,
Yielded his wedded wife in his own stead,
So balked his doom! And count you this a man?
He hates his very parents, for his dread
Of his own dying.' Other ills beside,
This is the vile repute that must be mine.
How then is life for me more enviable
With darkened name and fame, and darkened
 days?

Q. HORATIVS FLACCVS

NON ebur neque aureum
mea renidet in domo lacunar,
non trabes Hymettiae
premunt columnas ultima re-
cisas

Africa, neque Attali
ignotus heres regiam occupauit,
nec Laconicas mihi
trahunt honestae purpuras cli-
entae.

At fides et ingeni
benigna uena est, pauperemque
diues
me petit ; nihil supra

THE VANITY OF RICHES

GOLDEN ceilings, ivory fine,
Do not grace this home of mine ;
Marbles from Hymettus brought
Press not upon pillars wrought
Out of Afric's quarries far :
Not for me the splendours are
Of halls for Attalus erected
(Proved an heir all unsuspected !)
No good spinners for me ply
Threads Laconian purples dye.
Loyal heart and kindly wit
To rich guests a welcome fit
Yield, tho' I the host be poor.
Nothing ampler I implore

Q. HORATIVVS FLACCVS

deos lacesso nec potentem
amicum

largiora flagito
satis beatus unicus Sabinis.

Truditur dies die
nouaeque pergunt interire
lunae.

Tu secanda marmora
locas sub ipsum funus et
sepulcri

immemor struis domos,
marisque Baiis obstrepentis
urgues

summouere litora,
parum locuples continente ripa.

Quid quod usque proximos
reuellis agri terminos et ultra
limites clientium

salis auarus? Pellitur pater-
nos

THE VANITY OF RICHES

Of the gods, importunate ;
Nor from friendship with the great
Seek to win a richer prize :
Since my Sabine farm supplies
Bliss enough for all my needs.
Day to fleeting day succeeds ;
Still the new moons wax and wane
Till their light is gone again.
You contract for marbled floors—
Death is knocking at your doors.
Thoughtless of your tomb, you pile
Palaces, and strive awhile
To extend your barriered shore
Where the seas of Baiae roar,
Since the beach that bounds the waves
Fails of what your lacking craves.
Nay, you pluck the landmarks out
Of the neighbouring fields about ;
Skip the clients' borders o'er,
Lightly—yearning yet for more.

Q. HORATIVVS FLACCVS

in sinu ferens deos
et uxor et uir sordidosque
natos.

Nulla certior tamen
rapacis Orci fine destinata
aula diuitem manet
erum. Quid ultra tendis?

Aequa tellus
pauperi recluditur
regumque pueris, nec satelles
Orci

callidum Promethea
reuexit auro captus. Hic
superbum

Tantalum atque Tantali
genus coercet, hic leuare
functum

pauperem laboribus
uocatus atque non uocatus
audit.

ODES, ii. 18

THE VANITY OF RICHES

Wife and husband forth are thrust ;
In their arms they carry just
Gods their fathers honoured aye,
And their babes—to poverty.
Yet, though rich the owner be,
Ne'er a house so certainly
Waits him as the one decreed
By devouring Orcus' meed.
Would you pass the limit set ?
Prince and pauper, equal yet
Is the space for each prepared :
Nor by golden bribes ensnared
Did His ferryman restore
Over-wise Prometheus o'er.
Tantalus, for all his pride,
Him and all his race beside
He constraineth ; and 'tis He
Hears the poor man's litany
Craving rest from toil and tears—
Called or no, 'tis Orcus hears.

ΕΤΡΙΠΙΔΗΣ

ὅταν δὲ βορέας χιόνα Θρήκιος χέη,
δύραισι θηρῶν σῶμα περιβαλὼν ἔμον,
καὶ πῦρ ἀνάθων, χιόνος οὐδέν μοι
μέλει.

ἢ γῆ δ' ἀνάγκη κἂν θέλῃ κἂν μὴ
θέλῃ

τίκτουσα ποίαν τὰ μὰ πιαίνει βοτά.
ἀγὺ οὔτινι θύω πλὴν ἐμοί, θεοῖσι δ'
οὐ,

καὶ τῇ μεγίστῃ γαστρὶ τῆδε δαιμόνων.
ὡς τοῦμπιεῖν γε καὶ φαγεῖν τοῦφ'
ἡμέραν,

Ζεῦς οὗτος ἀνθρώποισι τοῖσι σῶφροσι,

THE CYCLOPEAN PHILOSOPHY

WHEN the North wind from Thrace brings
the snows up,
In the skins of wild beasts I wrap close up,
Poke the fire well, and care not a stiver
For the storm. And the Earth must be giver
Willy-nilly of plentiful grazing
To fatten the cattle I'm raising.
To myself I pay sacrifice solely,
Not to one of your gods—no such folly—
And my belly, the best (as you see it is)
And biggest of all the deities.
To eat all the day, and to tipple,
That's Zeus to all sensible people ;

ΕΥΡΙΠΙΔΗΣ

λυπεῖν δὲ μηδὲν αὐτόν· οἳ δὲ τοῖς νόμοις
ἔθεντο, ποικίλλοντες ἀνθρώπων βίον,
κλαίειν ἄνωγα· τὴν δ' ἔμην ψυχὴν ἐγὼ
οἳ παίσομαι δρῶν εἴ κατεσθίων τε σέ.

CYCLOPS, 329.

THE CYCLOPEAN PHILOSOPHY

And never let anything vex you.
The folk that make laws, and perplex you
With making a man's life a pother—
Be hanged to their meddling and bother.
For myself, I'll continue to treat you
As best suits myself—and to eat you.

ΕΤΡΙΠΙΔΗΣ

ΜΑ. ὦ χεῖρε, πρέσβυ, χεῖρε, καὶ διδάσκει μοι
τοιούσδε τούσδε παῖδας, ἐς τὸ πᾶν σοφοῦς,
ὡσπερ σύ· μὴδὲν μᾶλλον· ἀρκέσουσι γάρ.
πειρῶ δὲ σῶσαι μὴ θανεῖν πρόθυμος ὢν·
σοὶ παῖδές ἐσμεν· σαῖν χεροῖν τεθράμ-
μεθα.

ὄρξες δὲ κάμει τὴν ἐμὴν ὥραν γάμου
δίδουσαν ἀντὶ τῶνδε κατθανουμένην.
ὕμεῖς τ' ἀδελφῶν ἢ παροῦσ' ὁμιλία
εὐδαίμονοῖτε, καὶ γένοιθ' ὕμῖν ὄσων
ἢ μὴ πάροινεν καρδίᾳ σφαλῆσεται.
καὶ τὸν γέροντα τὴν τ' ἔσω γραῖαν
δόμων

THE SACRIFICE

FAREWELL, old friend, farewell. For these my
brothers,

Train them for my sake like thyself, in all
Wise, as thou art ; no more ; sufficeth so.
Strive to deliver them from death, kind heart—
Thy children are we, nurselings of thy hands.
I too, thou seest, can give my bridal bloom
For them, for their sakes shall go forth to die.

And you, my band of brothers, round me now,
All happiness be yours, yours all the bliss
Whereof too soon my heart shall be bereft.
Honour this aged man beside ; and her
The old dame within, Alcmena, she that bore

ΕΥΡΙΠΙΔΗΣ

τιμᾶτε, πατρός μητέρ' Ἀλκμήνην ἔμοῦ
 ξένους τε τούσδε. κἄν ἀπαλλαγῆ πόνων
 καὶ νόστος ὑμῖν εὐρεθῆ ποτ' ἐκ θεῶν,
 μέμνησθε τὴν σώτειραν, ὡς θάψαι χρεῦν·
 κάλλιστά τοι δίκαιον· οὐ γὰρ ἐνδεῆς
 ὑμῖν παρέστην, ἀλλὰ προύθανον γένους.
 τάδ' ἀντὶ παίδων ἐστί μοι κειμήλια
 καὶ παρθενείας, εἴ τι δὲ κατὰ χθονός·
 εἴη γε μέντοι μηδέν· εἰ γὰρ ἔξομεν
 κάκεϊ μερίμνας οἱ θανούμενοι βροτῶν,
 οὐκ οἶδ' ὅποι τις τρέψεται· τὸ γὰρ θανεῖν
 κακῶν μέγιστον φάρμακον νομίζεται.

HERACLIDAE, 574.

THE SACRIFICE

Our sire ; and these kind hosts : and if release
Come from your griefs, and if the gods at length
Restore you home—ah, then, remember me
Your saviour, that 'twere meet you bury me,
Bury me nobly. For I failed you not,
But for my kinsfolk yielded up my life.
For hope of babes, for flower of maidenhood
This treasure is mine—if any such, indeed,
There be for us who pass beneath the sod :
Seeing none there may be ; since if there, even
there,
Still cares await us who are set to die—
Ah ! whither shall we turn us then ? For Death
We count of griefs the cure that cannot fail.

M. VALERIVS MARTIALIS

QUID tibi nobiscum est, ludi
scelerate magister,
inuisum pueris uirginibusque
caput?

Nondum cristati rupere si-
lencia galli ;
murmure iam saeuo uerberi-
busque tonas.

Tam graue percussis incudi-
bus aera resultant,
causidicum medio cum faber
aptat equo.

THE SCHOOLMASTER

OH, what have we to do with you,
You usher—woe betide you?
The lads detest you, so they do,
The lasses can't abide you.

Before the ruddy-crested cocks
Have broke the morning silence,
Your angry growls, your thumps and knocks,
The folk may hear a mile hence.

So rings the echoing metal with
The anvil's clangs and clamours,
When on his steed of bronze the smith
Some lawyer's statue hammers.

M. VALERIVS MARTIALIS

Mitior in magno clamor furit
amphitheatro,
uincenti parmae cum sua
turba fauet.

Vicini somnum non tota
nocte rogamus ;
nam uigilare leue est, perui-
gilare graue.

Discipulos dimitte tuos ; uis,
garrule, quantum
accipis ut clames accipere ut
taceas ?

ix. 69.

THE SCHOOLMASTER

Not half so vile the row you hear
At shows from each spectator,
When howling crowds applaud some dear
Victorious gladiator.

To let us sleep the livelong night
Is more than we petition ;
Merely to wake at times were slight—
'Tis hard sans intermission.

So let them go, the girls and boys ;
O man of endless spouting,
D'you want as fee to hold your noise
What now you're paid for shouting ?

ΤΤΡΤΑΙΟΣ

Τεθνάμεναι γὰρ καλὸν ἐνὶ προμάχοισι
πεσόντα

ἄνδρ' ἀγαθὸν περὶ ἧ πατρίδι μαρ-
νάμενον.

τὴν δ' αὐτοῦ προλιπόντα πόλιν καὶ
πίονας ἀγροῦς

πτωχεύειν πάντων ἔστ' ἀνιηρότα-
τον,

πλαζόμενον σὺν μητρὶ φίλῃ καὶ πατρὶ
γέροντι

παισὶ τε σὺν μικροῖς κουριδίῃ τ'
ἀλόχῳ.

DEATH OR VICTORY

OH, Death is only Glory
When foremost in the fight
The hero falls, a-battling
For Fatherland and Right.
But when he quits his fatherland,
The fields where he was born,
And turns himself to beggary,
His lot is utter scorn.

His aged sire beside him,
And she that gave him life,
And all his little children
And his tender wedded wife ;

ΤΥΡΤΑΙΟΣ

ἐχθρὸς μὲν γὰρ τοῖσι μετέσσειται, οὓς
 κεν ἴκηται
 χρησιμοσύνη εἰκων καὶ στυγερῆ
 πενίη,
 αἰσχύνει τε γένος, κατὰ δ' ἀγλαὸν
 εἶδος ἐλέγχει,
 παισὶ δ' ἀτιμίῃ καὶ κακότης ἔπεται.

εἰ δ' οὕτως ἀνδρὸς τοι ἀλωμένου οὐ-
 δεμί' ὄρη
 γίγνεται, οὔτ' αἰδῶς οὔτ' ὄπις οὔτ'
 ἔλεος,
 θυμῷ γῆς περὶ τῆσδε μαχώμεθα καὶ
 περὶ παίδων
 θνήσκωμεν ψυχέων μηκετὶ φειδό-
 μενοι.

ὦ νέοι, ἀλλὰ μάχεσθε παρ' ἀλλήλοισι
 μένοντες

DEATH OR VICTORY

Hateful is he to all men
That meet him by the way,
Who yields himself to poverty
And sordid want a prey.
He brings dishonour on his race,
Belies the form he bears,
And all contempt and vileness
Are the portion of his heirs.

Since for the roving outcast
No reverence is in truth,
No least respect is granted,
No courtesy nor ruth—
Then march we forth high-hearted
To battle for our land,
And die to guard our children,
With our life in our right hand.

So shoulder still to shoulder
Let every gallant fight,

ΤΥΡΤΑΙΟΣ

μηδὲ φυγῆς αἰσχροῦς ἄρχετε, μηδὲ
 φόβου,
 ἀλλὰ μέγαν ποιείσθε καὶ ἄλκιμον ἐν
 φρεσὶ θυμόν,
 μηδὲ φιλοψυχεῖτ' ἀνδράσι μαρνά-
 μενοι.

τούς δὲ παλαιότερους, ὧν οὐκέτι γού-
 νατ' ἔλαφρά,
 μὴ καταλείποντες φεύγετε, τοὺς
 γεραιούς·
 αἰσχρὸν γὰρ δὴ τοῦτο μετὰ προμά-
 χοισι πεσόντα
 κεῖσθαι πρόσθε νέων ἀνδρᾶ παλαιό-
 τερον,

ἤδη λευκὸν ἔχοντα κάρη πολιόν τε
 γένειον,
 θυμὸν ἄποπνεῖοντ' ἄλκιμον ἐν κονίῃ
 αἱματόεντ' αἰδοῖα φιλαῖς ἐν χεροῖν
 ἔχοντα—

DEATH OR VICTORY

And never start a-croaking,
And never head the flight.
Rouse up great hearts and valiant,
Nor care a jot for life
When foeman faces foeman
In the crash of mortal strife.

The men of ancient prowess,
Whose limbs are stiff with years—
Oh, never fly and leave them,
A prey to coward fears.
For shame it is to look on
When foremost in the war
The veteran falls a-dying,
While the lads are fleeing far.

White-haired, grey-bearded, gasping out
His brave heart on the ground,
His bloody fingers writhing
And clutching at the wound—

ΤΥΡΤΑΙΟΣ

αἰσχροὺν τ' ὀφθαλμοῖς καὶ νεμεσητὸν
 ἰδεῖν—
 καὶ χροῖα γυμνωθέντα· νέοισι δὲ πάντ'
 ἐπέοικεν
 ὄφρ' ἐρατῆς ἤβης ἀγλαὸν ἀνθὸς
 ἔχη·
 ἀνδράσι μὲν θηητὸς ἰδεῖν, ἐρατὸς δὲ
 γύναιζίν·
 ζῶος ἑών, καλὸς δ' ἐν προμάχοισι
 πεσών.

TYRTAEUS.

DEATH OR VICTORY

Oh, sight of shame to gaze on,
Of bitter wrath and pain—
With limbs all stark and naked
He lies upon the plain.

While glows the flower of lovely youth,
The young its gifts may prize ;
To be admired by eyes of men,
Lovely in women's eyes
While life shall last—till gloriously
In front of fight he dies.

P. VERGILIVS MARO

AT pater Aeneas, audito nomine Turni,
deserit et muros, et summas deserit arces,
praecipitatque moras omnes, opera omnia
rumpit,
laetitia exultans, horrendumque intonat
armis :
quantus Athos, aut quantus Eryx, aut
ipse coruscis
cum fremit ilicibus quantus, gaudetque
nivali
uertice se attollens pater Apenninus
ad auras.
Iam uero et Rutuli certatim et Troes et
omnes

THE MEETING

FATHER Aeneas, hearing Turnus' name,
Springs from the walls, springs from the
 lofty towers,
Starts every laggard into sudden haste,
Breaks up each gang, in fierce exulting
 joy.

Horribly clang his arms—as Athos huge
Or Eryx, or himself, the giant mount
Murmurous with rustling of his holm-oaks,
 crowned
With snows atop, and joying in his crown,
Old Apennine, who heaves his head to
 heaven.

Rutulians, Trojans, sons of Italy,

P. VERGILIVS MARO

conuertere oculos Itali, quique alta
tenebant
moenia, quique imos pulsabant ariete
muros ;
armaque deposuere humeris. Stupet
ipse Latinus,
ingentes genitos diuersis partibus
orbis
inter se coiisse uiros, et cernere ferro.

AENEID, xii. 697.

THE MEETING

All stayed to stare in emulous amaze ;
Who held the rampart, as who dashed the
 ram
Against its base, their weapons dropped to
 ground.
Astonied stood Latinus' self, to see
Those men of might, born half the world
 between,
Crash in the stern arbitrament of steel.

ΗΣΙΟΔΟΣ

Φράζεσθαι δ', εὔτ' ἄν γεράνου φων-
ήν ἐπακούσης
ὑψόθεν ἐκ νεφέων ἐνιαύσια κεκλη-
γυίης,
ἢ τ' ἀρότοιό τε σῆμα φέρει καὶ χεῖ-
ματος ὄρην
δεικνύει ὀμβρηροῦ, καρδίην δ' ἔδακ'
ἄνδρὸς ἀβούτεω,
δὴ τότε χορτάζειν ἔλικας βοῦς ἔνδον
ἔόντας.
ῥηίδιον γὰρ ἔπος εἰπεῖν· 'βόε δὸς·
καὶ ἄμαξαν.'
ῥηίδιον δ' ἀπανήνασθαι· 'πάρα δ' ἔργα
βόεσσιν.'

THE FARMER'S TEXT

MARK you the day when the clang of the
crane's shrill voice you shall hear,
Crying aloft in the clouds, as he doth in the
fall of the year,
Warning of earing-time, and the winter rains
that are near :
Smiting the heart of the man who hath no oxen
at all—

Mark it, and get you fodder for each horned ox
in the stall.

Easy to say, 'Come, lend me a yoke and a
waggon, I pray';
Easy to answer, 'No ; I have work for my oxen
to-day.'

φησι δ' ἀνὴρ φρένας ἀφνειὸς πῆξασ-
 θαι ἄμαξαν,
 νύπιοσ' οὐδὲ τό γ' οἶδ'· ἑκατὸν δέ τε
 δούρατ' ἀμάξῃς,
 τῶν πρόσθεν μελέτην ἐχέμεν οἰκίῃα
 θέσθαι.
 εὔτ' ἂν δὲ πρῶτιστ' ἄροτος θνη-
 τοῖσι φανείη,
 δὴ τότε ἐφορμηθῆναι ὁμῶς διμῶές τε
 καὶ αὐτὸς
 αὔην καὶ διερῆν ἀρόων ἀρότοιο καθ'
 ὄρην,
 πρῶτ' ἄλλα σπεύδων, ἵνα τοι πλήθωσιν
 ἄρουραι.
 ἔαρι πολεῖν· θέρεος δὲ νεωμένη οὔ σ'
 ἀπατήσει.
 νειὸν δὲ σπεῖρειν ἔτι κουφίζουσιν
 ἄρουραν.
 νειὸς ἀλεξιάρη, παίδων εὐκηλή-
 τειρα.

THE FARMER'S TEXT

Saith he, the rich in schemes, 'Go to, I can
build me a wain'?

Ignorant fool, whose knowledge is nought and
his fancying vain!

Pieces there be that go to the framing a wain
five score :

See thou choose them betimes, and keep them
ready in store.

Straight when the autumn comes, and the
first of the ploughing is due,

Up and away, thyself and thy folk, while the
season is new,

Ploughing the sandy soil as the loam, that the
whole may be tilled,

Never an hour be lost, and so thy fields shall
be filled.

Turn the soil in the spring, and when summer
is come once more,

New ploughed land shall not fail, nor yield thee
a niggardly store.

ΗΣΙΟΔΟΣ

εἴχσθαι δὲ Διὶ χθονίῳ Δημήτερι
 θ' ἀγνῆ,
 ἐκτελέα βρίθειν Δημήτερος ἱερὸν
 ἀκτὴν,
 ἀρχόμενος τὰ πρῶτ' ἀρότου, ὅτ' ἂν
 ἄκρον ἐχέτλης
 χειρὶ λαβὼν ὄρπηκα βοῶν ἐπὶ νῶτον
 ἴκηαι
 ἐνδρουν ἐλκόντων μεσάβων· ὃ δὲ
 τυτθὸς ὄπισθε
 δμῶος ἔχων μακέλην πόνον ὀρνίθεσσι
 τιθείη
 σπέρμα κατακρύπτων· εὐθημοσύνη
 γὰρ ἀρίστη
 θνητοῖς ἀνθρώποις κακοθημοσύνη δὲ
 κακίστη.
 ὧδέ κεν ἀδροσύνη στάχυες νεύοιεν
 ἔραζε,
 εἰ τέλος αὐτὸς ὄπισθεν Ὀλύμπιος
 ἐσθλὸν ὀπάξει,

THE FARMER'S TEXT

New-ploughed land must be sown while the
clods are broken and light ;

Safety from harm doth it bring, and thy little
ones' quiet delight.

Pray to the Earth-lord Zeus, and the holy
Mother entreat,

So to make heavy her glory, the full-ripe ears
of the wheat.

Pray at the first of the ploughing, with hand on
the plough-tail's point,

Goading the backs of the kine, while the yoke-
thongs strain on the joint.

Armed with his hoe let the lad follow after thee,
making a toil

Hard for the fowls of the air, as he covers the
grain with the soil.

Carefulness most of all is a blessing to mortal
men,

Carelessness most of all to mortal men is a
bane.

Η Σ Ι Ο Δ Ο Σ

ἐκ δ' ἀγγέων ἐλάσειας ἀράχνια· καί
σε ἔολπα
γηθήσειν βιότου αἰρεύμενον ἔνδον
ἔόντος.

WORKS AND DAYS, 448.

THE FARMER'S TEXT

Thus shall the ears bow down with their
fatness nodding to earth,
So the Olympian grant that the ending match
with the birth,
Thus from each vessel and jar thou wilt keep
the spider-web clear ;
Thus do I promise thee joy, partaking the
garnered cheer.

Q. VALERIUS CATVLLVS

SUFFENUS iste, Vare, quem
probe nosti,
homo est uenustus et dicax et
urbanus,
idemque longe plurimos facit
uersus.

Puto esse ego illi millia aut
decem aut plura
perscripta, nec sic ut fit in
palimpseston
relata; chartae regiae, noui
libri,
noui umbelici, lora rubra,
membrana

THE POETASTER

FITZJENKYN—you know him, my
Hobson, I know—
Is 'good form' as they say, and
endowed with a flow
Of the best conversation—all cul-
ture!—and then,
The number of verses that run off
his pen!
I should think there are thousands
some dozen or so ;
And he don't turn them out cheap
and nasty—oh, no !
Small quarto—the last shape
(which couldn't be bettered) ;

Q. VALERIVS CATVLLVS

directa plumbo, et pumice
omnia aequata.

Haec cum legas tu, bellus ille
et urbanus

Suffenus unus caprimulgus aut
fossor

rursus uidetur: tantum ab-
horret ac mutat.

Hoc quid putemus esse? qui
modo scurra

aut si quid hac re tritius
uidebatur,

idem infaceto est infacetior
rure,

simul poemata attigit, neque
idem unquam

aeque est beatus ac poema
cum scribit:

tam gaudet in se, tamque se
ipse miratur.

THE POETASTER

The binding by Zaehnsdorf, in
vellum, gold-lettered ;
Handmade paper, of course, with
gilt top and rough edges—
But—Read his productions! A
yokel, a clown,
A professional trimmer of ditches
and hedges
Our elegant cultured Fitzjenkyn
is grown.
So changed, so—transmogrified!
What have we here?
Only now 'twas a wit—though
that's hardly, I fear,
A refined enough word. And no
crude country spot
Is so crude as this very same
fellow, God wot,
Once he gets to his verses—yet
never you know him

Q. VALERIVS CATVLLVS

Nimirum idem omnes fallimur
neque est quisquam
quem non in aliqua re uidere
Suffenum
possis. Suus cuique attributus
est error,
sed non uidemus manticae
quod in tergo est.

xxii

THE POETASTER

So happy as while he is scribbling
a poem.

He's so pleased and so proud of
himself all along ;

And :—

MORAL.—No doubt we're all
equally wrong,

There's no one you can't prove, in
something or other,

A Fitzjenkyn ; we've each our pet
folly, my brother,

And we don't find the beam in our
own eye a bother !

ΕΤΡΙΠΙΔΗΣ

Λαβῶν δ' ὑφάσμαθ' ἱρὰ θησαυρῶν
παρὰ
κατεσκιάζει, θαύματ' ἀνθρώποις ὄραϊν.
πρῶτον μὲν ὀρόφῳ πτέρυγα περιβάλλει
πέπλων,
ἀνάθημα Δίου παῖδος οὐς Ἡρακλέης
'Αμαζόνων σκυλεύματ' ἤνεγκεν θεῶ.
ἐνῆν δ' ὑφανταὶ γράμμασιν τοιαίδ'
ὑφαί·
Οὐρανὸς ἀθροίζων ἄστρ' ἐν αἰθέρος
κύκλῳ·
ἵππους μὲν ἤλαυν' ἐς τελευταίαν φλόγα
Ἥλιος, ἐφέλκων λαμπρὸν Ἑσπέρου
φάος.
μελάμπεπλος δὲ Νύξ ἀσείρωτον ζυγοῖς
ὄχημ' ἐπαλλεν· ἄστρα δ' ὠμάρτει θεῶ.

TAPESTRIES

FORTH of the store he drew the woven robes,
And spread them over, marvellous to view.
First, on the roof, like to a sheltering wing
He laid the tapestries, the treasure rare
Of the son of Zeus: the same that Herakles
Brought for the god, spoils of the Amazons.
There was that web, so with devices woven
As I shall tell you. Uranus was there,
Mustering the stars in the wide arch of heaven.
There Helios urged his steeds to where their
 flame
Fades: trailing after him the glow of Eve:
And Night, mirk-shrouded, drave her swaying
 car—
No traces hold her steeds, but yokes alone—
And star on star circled the goddess round.

Πλειὰς μὲν ἤξει μεσοπόρου δι' αἰθέρος,
 ὃ τε ξιφήρης Ὀρίων· ὕπερθε δὲ
 Ἄρκτος στρέφουσ' οὐραῖα χρυσήρει
 πόλω.

κύκλος δὲ πανσεληγος ἠμόντιζ' ἄνω
 μηνὸς διχίρης, Ἐάδες τε ναυτίλοις
 σαφέστατον σημεῖον, ἣ τε φωσφόρος
 Ἔως διώκουσ' ἄστρα. τοίχοισιν δ'
 ἔπι

ἤμπισχεν ἄλλα βαρβάρων ὑφάσματα,
 εὐηρέτους ναῦς ἀντίας Ἑλληνίσιν,
 καὶ μιζόθηρας φῶτας, ἱππείας τ' ἄγ-
 ρας

ἐλάφων λεόντων τ' ἀγρίων θηράματα.

ION, 1141.

TAPESTRIES

Through the mid-heaven a Pleiad sped her
flight,

And sword in hand Orion hurled ; the Bear
Her quarters wheeled above in the golden sky.

On high the orb'd moon darted her beams,
Full circle at the parting of the month.

There were the Hyades, that sailors know
Their surest sign ; and there the Morning rose
Herald of light, chasing the stars away.

And on the walls more tapestries he hung,
Wrought by the cunning of the foreign folk :
Galleys, the foes of Hellas, driven with oars ;
And monstrous things, half-woman and half-
beast ;

The mounted hunters of the stag ; the chase
Of lions fell.

M. VALERIVS MARTIALIS

EDICTUM domini deique nostri,
quo subsellia certiora fiunt,
et pueros eques ordines recepit,
dum laudat modo Phasis in theatro,
Phasis purpureis rubens lacernis,
et iactat tumido superbus ore :

Tandem commodius licet sedere,
nunc est reddita dignitas equestris ;
turba non premimur nec inquinamur ;

Haec et talia dum refert supinus,
illas purpureas et arrogantes
iussit surgere Leitus lacernas.

v. 8.

THE SNOB

LO, in the stalls our Phasis lounged to see,
And praised our lord and master's new decree
Reserving seats more strictly, so that knights
Find no mere snobs encroaching on their rights.
Phasis, resplendent in a scarlet cloak,
These swelling words with lofty accents spoke :

‘ At last a gentleman at ease may sit ;
Once more our knightly rank finds deference fit :
The Great Unwashed no longer jostle Us.’

E'en while at length outsprawled he mouthed it
thus,
That flaunting scarlet Leitus espies,
And to those splendours, ‘ Come, turn out ! ’ he
cries.

ΑΡΙΣΤΟΦΑΝΗΣ

Ἄενοι Νεφέλαι
ἀρθρωμένον φανεραὶ δροσερὰν φύσιν
εὐάγητον,
πατρὸς ἀπ' Ὀκεανοῦ βαρυαχέος
ὑψηλῶν ὀρέων κορυφὰς ἔπι
δενδροκόμους, ἵνα
τηλεφανεῖς σκοπιὰς ἀφορώμεθα,
καρπούς δ' ἀρδομένην ἱερὰν χθόνα,
καὶ ποταμῶν ζαθέων κελαδήματα,
καὶ πόντον κελάδοντα βαρύβρομον·
ὄμμα γὰρ αἰθέρος ἀκάματον σελα-
γεῖται
μαρμαρέαις ἐν ἀύγαϊς

THE CLOUDS

CLOUDS ever-fleeting are we,
And we rise into light
In our dewy forms bright
From the arms of our father, the thunderous sea,
From the deep-voiced Sea,
To the towering mountain's tree-plumed crest,
Where on far-seen summits our sight may rest ;
And we look on the holy soil
Whose moisture ripens her fruitful store,
And the sacred streams with their wild turmoil,
And the loud sea's roar.
For the eye of the sky never tires
As it beams with its twinkling fires.

ΑΡΙΣΤΟΦΑΝΗΣ

ἀλλ' ἀποσεισάμεναι νέφος ὄμβριον
ἀθανάτας ιδέας, ἐπιδώμεθα
τηλεσκόπῳ ὄμματι γαῖαν.

NUBES, 275.

THE CLOUDS

But come, let us shiver aside
From our forms that never shall die
The showery mists that around us abide,
And gaze over earth with a far-seeing eye.

ΕΤΡΙΠΙΔΗΣ

Μακρὰν ἂν ἐξέτεινα τοῖς δ' ἐναντία
λόγοισιν, εἰ μὴ Ζεὺς πατὴρ ἠπίστατο
οἷ' ἐξ ἐμοῦ πέπονθας οἶα τ' εἰργάσω.
σὶ δ' οὐκ ἔμελλες τᾶμ' ἀτιμάσας λέχη
τερπνὸν διάξειν βίοτον ἐγγελῶν ἐμοὶ,
οὐθ' ἦ τύραννος, οὐθ' ὁ σοὶ προσθεὶς
γάμους
Κρέων ἀνατὶ τῆσδέ μ' ἐκβαλεῖν χθονός.
πρὸς ταῦτα, καὶ λέαιναν εἰ βούλει,
κάλει,
καὶ Σκύλλαν, ἣ Τυρσηνὸν ᾤκησεν
πέδον,
τῆς σῆς γὰρ ὡς χρῆν καρδίας ἀνθη-
ψόμην.

MEDEA, 1351.

A WOMAN SCORNED

AT wordy length I might have met thy
words.

But God he knoweth all that I have wrought
For thee,—and all that thou hast wrought by
me.

My couch dishonoured, little hope for thee
To pass in scorn of me the careless days ;
Thee nor thy queen ; nor that ill match-
maker

Creon, to cast me out nor suffer harm.

So, call me tigress, Scylla, if thou wilt,

[Scylla that dwelt upon the Tyrrhene plain]

For my gripe wrung thy heart-strings ;
fittingly.

M. VALERIVS MARTIALIS

CUM rogo te nummos sine pignore,
non habes inquis,
idem si pro me spondet agellus
habes.

Quod mihi non credis ueteri Telesine
sodali,
credis colliculis arboribusque meis.
Ecce reum Carus te detulit; adsit
agellus.

Exsilio comitem quaeris? agellus
eat.

xii. 25.

THE FRIEND

YOU'D nothing, when on just my note of hand
I asked a loan ;

You've plenty, for a mortgage on the little farm
I own.

What, Mr. Smith ! no credit for your chum of
bygone years,

But credit for his cabbages and timber, it
appears.

What's this? run in? oh, get that Farm to see
you through—not me.

Need—'change of air'? Well, take that Farm
along for company,

ΕΤΡΙΠΙΔΗΣ

Ναῦς δ' ἕως μὲν ἐντὸς ἦν
λιμένος, ἐχώρει, στομίχ διαπερῶσα δὲ
χάβρω κλύδωνι συμπεσοῦσ' ἠπείγετο.
δεινὸς γὰρ ἐλθὼν ἄνεμος ἐξάιφνης νεῶς
ᾤθει πάλιν πρυμνήσι· οἱ δ' ἐκαρτέρουν
πρὸς κῦμα λακτίζοντες· ἐς γῆν δ' ἔμπαλιν
κλύδων παλίρρους ἦγε ναῦν. σταθεῖσα δὲ
'Αγαμέμνωνος παῖς ἠΰξ'ατ', ᾧ Λητοῦς κόρη
σῶσόν με, τὴν σὴν ἱερίαν, πρὸς Ἑλλάδα
ἐκ βαρβάρου γῆς, καὶ κλοπαῖς σύγγνωθ' ἐμαῖς.
φιλεῖς δὲ καὶ σὺ σὸν κασίγνητον, θεά,
φιλεῖν δε κάμε τοὺς ὀμαμιόνοους δοκεῖ.
ναῦται δ' ἐπευφήμησαν εὐχαῖσιν κόρης

THE FLIGHT

Now while within the harbour bounds, the ship
Sped steadily ; but as she passed the bar
She met a mighty billow, and was driven ;
For there a furious squall burst suddenly,
That hurled her hard astern. Howbeit, the crew
Strove stoutly, in hot struggle with the surge.
A second time back-swirling toward the shore
The wave swept. Then did Agamemnon's child
Stand up and pray : ' O Maid, of Leto born !
Save me, thy priestess, from the stranger's land,
Restore me to my Hellas, and forgive
That theft of mine. Thou, goddess, lovest thy
brother—
And shall not I love those that are mine own ?'
And at the damsel's prayer, the sailors raised

ΕΥΡΙΠΙΔΗΣ

παιᾶνα, γυμνάς ἐκβαλόντες ὠλένας
κώπη προσαρμόσαντες ἐκ κελεύσματος.
μᾶλλον δὲ μᾶλλον πρὸς πέτρας ἦει σκάφος·
χὼ μὲν τις ἐς θάλασσαν ὠρμήθη ποσίν,
ἄλλος δὲ πλεκτὰς ἐξάνηπτεν ἀγκύλας.
κἀγὼ μὲν εὐθύς πρὸς σὲ δεῦρ' ἀπεστάλην,
σοὶ τὰς ἐκεῖθεν σημανῶν, ἄναξ, τύχας.

IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS, 1391.

THE FLIGHT

A cheer for Amen, clapping hands to the oar
Bare from the shoulder, to the boatswain's pipe.
But near and nearer drove she toward the rocks.
Then one, feet foremost, leaped into the sea,
And one upon a rope made fast a noose ;
And I post-haste was hither sent to thee,
To tell thee all, O king, that there befell.

ΒΑΚΧΥΛΙΔΗΣ

τίκτει δέ τε θνατοῖσιν εἰράνα με-
γάλα
πλοῦτον καὶ μελιγλώσσων ἀοιδᾶν
ἄνθεα,
δαίδαλέων τ' ἐπὶ βωμῶν θεοῖσιν αἴ-
θεσθαι βοῶν
ξανθᾶ φλογὶ μῦρα τανυτρίχων τε
μήλων,
γυμνασίων τε νέοις αὐλῶν τε καὶ
κώμων μέλειν.
ἐν δὲ σιδαροδέτοις πόρπαξιν αἰθᾶν
ἄραχνᾶν ἴστοι πέλονται·

PEACE

OH, Peace is the mother of rich delight,
For she brings us wealth, and the minstrels
raise

The rare sweet notes of their honeyed lays ;
And the altars brave of the gods are bright

With the yellow glow of the limbs aflame
Of kine and of long haired goats and sheep ;
And the lads are free to wrestle and leap,
And piping and revel are all their care.

Red spiders weave their gossamer thread
O'er the steel-shod thongs of the shield on
the ledge :

ΒΑΚΧΥΛΙΔΗΣ

ἔγχεά τε λογχωτά ξίφεά τ' ἀμφάκεα
δάμναται εὐρύς·
χαλκεῶν δ' οὐκ ἔστι σαλπίγγων κτύπος·
οὐδὲ συλᾶται μελίφρων ὕπνος ἀπὸ βλε-
φάρων,
ἀμὸν ὃς θάλλπει κέαρ.
συμποσίων δ' ἔρατῶν βρίθοντ' ἀγυαί,
παιδικοὶ θ' ὕμνοι φλέγονται.

PEACE

And the rust makes spoil of the broadsword's
edge,
And blunts the point of the keen spear-head.

The bray of the brazen trump is stilled,
No more sweet sleep is snatched from our
eyes
When it warms our hearts : love songs arise,
And with lovers and comrades the ways are
filled.

Q. VALERIVS CATVLLVS

Paene insularum, Sirmio,
insularumque
ocelle, quascumque in
liquentibus stagnis
marique uasto fert uterque
Neptunus,
quam te libenter quamque
laetus inuiso,
uix mi ipse credens Thy-
niam atque Bithynos
liquisse campos et uidere
te in tuto.
O quid solutis est beatius
curis,

THE HOME-COMING

SIRMIO, the gem, the crown of isles and semi-
isles that rest

Or upon the limpid lake or rolling sea, on
Neptune's breast,

Great content and great delight are mine, to see
thee once again

Scarce assured that I have really left behind the
Thynian plain,

Left Bithynia far behind me, and in safety gaze
on thee!

Oh! the joy of troubles ended, mind from weight
of care set free,

Q. VALERIVS CATVLLVS

cum mens onus reponit, ac
peregrino
labore fessi uenimus larem
ad nostrum
desideratoque adquiescimus
lecto.

Hoc est quod unum est pro
laboribus tantis.

Salue, o uenusta Sirmio
atque ero gaude :

- gaudete uosque, o Libyae
lacus undae :
ridete quidquid est domi
cachinnorum.

xxxi.

THE HOME-COMING

When all travel-worn and weary back to our
own hearth we come,

On the pillow that we yearned for rest our head
once more at home—

Compensation sole, sufficient, for the trouble we
have borne.

Welcome, lovely isle of Sirmio! Greet your
lord on his return!

Waves of Libya gladly greet me, greet me waters
of the mere,

All the smiles and happy laughter of the home-
stead give me cheer.

ΣΟΦΟΚΛΗΣ

νῦν δ' οὐδέν εἰμι χωρὶς, ἀλλὰ πολλάκις
ἔβλεψα ταύτη τὴν γυναικείαν φύσιν,
ὡς οὐδέν ἐσμεν· αἱ νέαι μὲν ἐν πατρὸς
ἡδιστον οἶμαι ζῶμεν ἀνθρώπων βίον·
τερπνῶς γὰρ αἰ πάντας ἀνοία τρέφει.
ὅταν δ' ἐς ἡβὴν ἐξικώμεθ' ἔμφρονες,
ὠθούμεθ' ἔξω καὶ διεμπολώμεθα
θεῶν πατρῶων τῶν τε φυσάντων ἄπο,
αἱ μὲν ξένους πρὸς ἄνδρας αἱ δὲ βαρ-
βάρους,
αἱ δ' εἰς ἀήθη δώμαθ', αἱ δ' ἐπίρροθα.
καὶ ταῦτ' ἐπειδὴν ἡμέρα ζεύξῃ μίαι
χρεῶν ἐπαινεῖν καὶ δοκεῖν καλῶς ἔχειν.

TEREUS (fr. 517).

WOMAN'S LOT

BUT now, myself alone, I am nought at all.
Nay, oft in thought thus have I brooded o'er
Our woman's nature, and our woman's lot,
That we are nought. Oh, we young girls at home
Live lives the sweetest mortals may, no doubt,
Since pleasure still is fed by lack of thought.
But when we grow to womanhood and wit,
We are thrust out from the nest, trafficked away
Far from our parents and our fathers' gods,
This to a friend, this to some outlander,
This to a home with strange new ways, and this
To one contemptible. And when the bond
For a single day has yoked us, we—why, straight
We must applaud, and count it very good.

M. VALERIVS MARTIALIS

AMISSUM non flet cum sola est
Gellia patrem :
si quis adest iussae prosiliunt
lacrimae.

Non dolet hic, quisquis laudari,
Gellia, quaerit :
ille dolet uere qui sine teste
dolet.

i. 35.

THE MOURNER

GELLIA, sitting all alone,
Weeps not for her father gone ;
But if friends to see her go,
Quickly summoned tears will flow.

Gellia, 'tis but grief to feign
When you weep applause to gain ;
His the grief that 's real and deep,
Who when none is by will weep.

ΕΤΡΙΠΙΔΗΣ

Ἄρματα μὲν τάδε λαμπρὰ τεθρίππων
ἥλιος ἤδη λάμπει κατὰ γῆν
ἄστρα δὲ φεύγει πῦρ τὸδ' ἀπ' αἰθέρος
ἔς νύχθ' ἱεράν,
παρνησιάδες δ' ἄβατοι κορυφαί
καταλαμπόμεναι τὴν ἡμερίαν
ἀψίδα βροτοῖσι δέχονται.
σμύρνης δ' ἀνύδρου καπνὸς ἔς ὄρφους
Φοίβου πέτεται.

θάσσει δὲ γυνὴ τρίποδα ζάθεον
Δελφίς, ἀείδουσ' Ἑλλησι βοάς
ἄς ἂν Ἀπόλλων κελαδήσῃ.
ἄλλ' ὦ Φοίβου Δελφοὶ θέραπες,

THE MINISTER OF PHOEBUS

EVEN now the bright sun with his burning rays
Is kindling his four-horsed car to a blaze
Over the earth ; and the stars take flight
From the flame of the sky to the sacred night.
The pathless peaks of Parnassus aglow
Are catching the gleam of his arc for men ;
See the smoke of the myrrh unwatered go
Floating up to the roof of the sun-god's fane.

On the holy tripod the dame is throned,
And the Hellenes list to her cry intoned—
The Delphic priestess, who takes the word
From the mystic chant of Apollo her lord.
You Delphian servants of Phoebus, away

ΕΥΡΙΠΙΔΗΣ

τὰς Κασταλίας ἀργυροειδεῖς
 βαίνετε δίνας, καθαραῖς δὲ δρόσοις
 ἀφυδρανάμενοι στείχετε ναούς·
 στόμα τ' εὐφημον φρουρεῖν ἀγαθόν,
 φήμας τ' ἀγαθὰς τοῖς ἐθέλουσιν
 μαντεύεσθαι
 γλώσσης ἰδίας ἀποφαίνειν.

ἡμεῖς δὲ πόνους οὓς ἐκ παιδὸς
 μοχθοῦμεν αἰεὶ, πτόρθοισι δάφνης
 στέφουσιν θ' ἱεροῖς ἐσόδους Φοίβου
 καθαρὰς θήσομεν ὑγραῖς τε πέδον
 ῥανίσιν νοτερόν, πτηνῶν τ' ἀγέλας,
 αἰ βλάπτουσιν
 σεμν' ἀναθήματα, τόξοισιν ἐμοῖς
 φυγάδας θήσομεν· ὡς γὰρ ἀμήτωρ
 ἀπάτωρ τε γεγώς τοὺς θρέψαντας
 Φοίβου ναοὺς θεραπεύω.

ION, 82.

THE MINISTER OF PHOEBUS

Where the silvery eddies of Castaly play ;
Then haste to the temple, made pure with her
 spray.

Take heed that your words be the words that
 are meet,

And the speech that your lips speak still be
 discreet,

To them that are seeking the counsels divine.

And straight will I turn to the task that is mine,
And ever hath been from my childhood's days.

With sacred wreaths and with laurel sprays

The precinct of Phoebus I'll purify,

 And sprinkle the lawn with a moistening dew,

 And with my arrows the feathered crew

That foul His treasure I'll make to fly.

Since orphaned of parents I was born,

Since never a mother I knew, forlorn,

Nor father, mine is the ministry

Of the Temple of Phoebus that fostered me.

M. VALERIVS MARTIALIS

NON coenat sine apro noster, Tite,
· Caecilianus ;
bellum conuiuiam Caecilianus
habet.

vii. 59.

THE BOON COMPANION

FITZ-DOBBIN never cares to dine
Without a boar at table ; why ?
Because Fitz-Dobbin cannot shine
But in congenial company.

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