

THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY

EPIGRAMS FROM
ANTHOLOGIA PALATINA XII

SYDNEY OSWALD

[Tare, and to preserve]
homosexual only



Παιδική Μούσα

Paidikē Mousa

THE
GREEK ANTHOLOGY

EPIGRAMS FROM
ANTHOLOGIA PALATINA XII.

Translated into English Verse

by

SYDNEY OSWALD

PRIVATELY ISSUED

1914

To * * * *

THIS little book to thee I dedicate,
These ancient songs retold in halting rhyme,
The Greeks who sang them in the olden time
When Eros reigned, guessed not the present fate
Of love sublime, mistrust and scornful hate.
O come my Sweet, and let us seek a clime
Where men be pure, and it shall be no crime
To call thee friend of friends and my soul's mate.

Here in this book I will not write thy name,
For this sad world shall never know the might
Of our grand love ; so let it hidden stay,
Graved in my heart ; and though men deem it shame
That thou and I should love, the very sight
Of thy dear face shall charm their scorn away.

PREFACE

MY thanks are due to Mr. John Ellingham, without whose aid I could not have made these translations; and to Mr. J. W. Mackail for permission to use titles from his book, 'Select Epigrams from the Greek Anthology.'

SYDNEY OSWALD.

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Greek Anthology.]*

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STRATO.

STRATO.

O Ox-engendered Bee.

O OX-ENGENDERED bee, from out what place
Didst thou descry this honeyed boy of mine,
And camest—flying o'er his tender face.
Will'st thou not cease this buzzing voice of thine?

Strive not to cull with blossom-circling feet
My boy's unsullied skin ; fly thou above
Unto thy hive, thy honey-boys to greet,
Lest I should sting, who bear the sting of love.

The First Kiss.

A T even, when the hour drew nigh at which
we say farewell,
My Moeris kissed my lips, in dream or truth
I cannot tell ;
All else he said and asked, all else to me is clear,
But if he kissed my lips, in truth I cannot swear ;
But if the kiss divine were real, then this indeed
I know,
My joyous soul no more on earth can wander
to and fro.

ANTHOLOGIA PALATINA.

To Theocles.

O THEOCLES, it is not truth they tell
That Graces three at Athemenos dwell,
For five times ten leap round thy peerless face,
Stealing the souls of others with their grace.

The Bloom of Youth.

NEVER the fields, though Zephyr o'er them
sing,
So many clusters of fair blossoms show
In all the crowded splendour of the spring,
As noble boys thou, Bacchus, seest now ;
Boys born of Kypris, and whose charms, behold !
The lovely Graces with their hands did mould.

Above them all, Niceses blooms alone,
A rose that shines 'mid petals smelling sweet ;
By him let then the naked truth be known.
Like as the blossom dies o'ercome by heat ;
So when the hair his cheek invades,
The bloom of youth from off it fades.

STRATO

To Philocrates.

HIDE not thy love, fair boy! The god is strong
Our hearts to crush, our human hearts to
 maim,
So give thy kisses liberally; ere long
 Kisses from others thou thyself shalt claim.

Withered Blossoms.

BOAST not in beauty, short indeed the day
In which the roses bloom; scarce have they
 known
The sun's caress, when lo! they fade away,
And on the heap their petals dead are thrown.
Though beauty and the roses reign awhile,
The bloom of both alike shall time defile.

ANTHOLOGIA PALATINA.

To Phædon.

TILL when shall we but furtive looks exchange,
And seek to hide the kiss in secret ta'en,
And talk unmeaning things? Indeed, 'tis strange
We yoke delay unto delay again.

Why waste your youth in doubting? Ere we know,
Old age upon us craftily shall steal;
Let our frail bodies once with passion glow,
Have done with words, O Phædon, let us feel.

The Bather.

BUT yesterday, when from the bath he stept,
Young Diocles his wondrous limbs laid bare,
And standing naked, lo! he did appear
Fairer than she, who from the ocean leapt.

On Ida, years ago, when Paris deemed
It meet to judge 'twixt goddesses, and gave
The prize to her, who sprang from out the wave,
Thrice fairer e'en would Diocles have seemed.

STRATO.

Love's Constancy.

LIKE when the burning sun doth rise,
And drives the stars from out the skies,
My very soul was turned to flame,
When 'mongst the youths first Thendis came.
And still I burn and Thendis seek,
Though thick the hair upon his cheek.
E'en though the sun of youth shall wane,
To me sole light he'll e'er remain.

The Eyes of Love.

THY eyes are sparks, Lycines, god-like made,
Or rather rays, O Lord, that send forth
flame ;
To look thee in the face I cannot claim,
So fierce a fire thy eyes have on me played.

ANTHOLOGIA PALATINA.

My Advocate.

O LUCKY little book, I'll count it gain,
If after reading thee, some boy shall press
Thy pages to his cheeks, and shall caress
Thee with his dainty lips, and having ta'en
Thee 'neath his cloak, thy happy leaves shall rest
Pillowed, O joyous one, upon his breast.

Ofttimes beneath his tunic shalt thou gaze
Upon his charms, and all their wonders see,
And talk with him in private constantly ;
Then oft and loud I pray thee sing my praise.

Ganymede.

BEAR thou aloft the boy, mounting the air
divine ;
Spread out thy plumaged wings ; take care and
upwards speed ;
Mount swift, but let not fall the dainty Ganymede,
The serving-boy, who bears to Zeus the precious
wine.
Let not thy crooked talons sear his flesh ; take heed
And bear him safe, for Zeus will suffer if he bleed.

Hoarded Beauty.

IF beauty can grow old, then share it while you
 may ;
 And if it doth abide, why fear to give away
 That which you ever keep, untarnished by decay ?

The Jealous Master.

AH! be not jealous when your friends shall
 gaze
 Upon thy youthful slaves in rapt amaze,
 Or else, forsooth, keep not fair serving-boys.
 What man is proof when Love his craft employs ?
 And who 'gainst wine ? With greed all gaze upon
 Fair youths ; these are men's deeds, O Diophon.
 An if thou will'st I pray thee go from us,
 Who needs must love and drink ; and Tantalus
 And blind Tiresias to thy feasts invite.
 One can but look, the other sees but night.

ANTHOLOGIA PALATINA.

Retribution.

IF my fond love is sinful
And insult deemed by you,
Then justly were I punished
If you should love me too.

The Scornful Lover.

TILL when wilt thou preserve the scornful
brow,
Nor greetings, Mentor, unto friends allow,
To those that seek thee give but scorn again?
Dost think thou wilt for ever young remain?
Or for all time, e'en as of yore,
Thou'lt dance the Pyrrhic dance of war?
Behold the end! Thy cup of trouble fills!
The beard will come, greatest and last of ills.
And dire shall be the sorrow and the pain,
When thou shall seek and yet no lover gain.

STRATO.

To Cyrus.

NOW thou as Spring art dressed most fair,
Next Summer's tresses thou shalt wear.
Cyrus, take heed, this is the trouble,
When Autumn comes thou'lt but be stubble.

To Prometheus.

O ILL-ADVISED Prometheus, I expound
The secret of thy ever-fearful fate,
Not 'cause thou stolest fire thy limbs are bound,
But 'cause thou mad'st Jove's clay degenerate.

In making man thou didst add needless beard,
E'en boyish limbs thou, ruthless, hairy made ;
Therefore Jove's eagle with his beak hath seared
Thy flesh (that eagle which great Jove obeyed
And Ganymede bore upwards through the air).
Hateful to Jove himself is envious hair.

ANTHOLOGIA PALATINA.

The Garland Weaver.

PASSING the flower-stalls there did I perceive
A boy intent upon a wreath to weave;
Such chance I let not slip, but by him stayed,
And whispering soft I to him offer made,
'For how much will you sell to me your crown?'
Redder than rose he blushed, and looking down,
In sweet affright, he made me answer low,
'Before my Father see, I pray you go.'
As pretext garlands from the boy I bought,
Then, leaving him, my house I lonely sought;
Where round the gods did I the garlands twine
With fervent prayers the boy might soon be mine.

STRATO.

The Tell-tale Heart.

NOT e'en in thought, would I one jot reveal
Of that great joy which Thendis let
me steal,

O Son of Cronos, lo! to thee I swore.
But now my heedless heart above doth soar
Exulting in the air, and doth reveal
My wondrous fortune, which it should conceal.
O Father Zeus, since once his all he gave,
May he forgive when I for pardon crave.
Such fortune 'twere no gain to hide,
Now have I told it far and wide.

To Daphnis.

THY kisses naught avail, the love which burned
With fiery flame is all to ashes turned.
No friend of mine art thou in any wise,
Who, when I gave thee love, refused the prize.
But yet, O Daphnis, should'st thou e'er repent,
Late thou it be, I cannot but relent.

ANTHOLOGIA PALATINA.

Laudamus.

WHAT man with rosy garlands clad
Thy tender form and crowned my lad
A lover? great indeed his prize.
Thy father? then he too hath eyes.

Inconstancy.

ALL through the night my eyes have streamed
with rain
Of ceaseless tears, striving relief to gain
From that distress, which thralls my sleepless brain
Always since my dear comrade went away.

For yesterday my lover, leaving me,
Set out for Ephesus, and now if he
Return not swift and end this misery,
Alone upon my couch I cannot stay.

STRATO.

Supplication to Zeus.

IF fair Theocritus should turn
Black eyes on me ablaze with hate,
I pray thee that thy soul may burn
With rage no mortal can abate.

Should he love me, then love him too,
Aye, by the fair-haired Ganymede,
Immortal Zeus, once love you knew :
I say no more, there is no need.

Love's Immortality.

HOW shall I know if my love lose his youth,
Who never for a day hath left my sight?
He, who but yesterday was my delight.
I needs must love to-day if love be truth,
And if I love to-day, to-morrow's light
Against our love will e'en forbear to fight.

ANTHOLOGIA PALATINA.

Envious Time.

OF old, in truth, our childish lips did taste
Of pleasant kisses, culled by friendship
chaste,

And all the joys of love save one we had,
For thou wast still, Dephilus, but a lad.

But now I pray thee give me all thou hast
In thy soul's shrine ; for soon love's prime is past ;
Yea, give me all ; now in thy beauty's prime
Thou hold'st love's gifts. Beware of envious time.

The Lucky Master.

FROM out what shrine, whence comes this army
beaming bright
Of Loves? (O Friends, my eyes are dazzled with
the sight.)

Then which are slaves, and which of them are
free?

No man, methinks, of all can master be.
For greater far than mighty Zeus would he be
named

If all, not Ganymede alone, a mortal claimed.

Love's Way.

THOU lovest me in thy own self's despite ;
 In spite of thee thou art my soul's delight ;
 Easy art thou when I from thee depart,
 When I approach how difficult thou art.

Give and Take.

'GOLD for bronze' now say, and 'Give and
 take' ;
 The beautiful Sociades
 Doth play with hairy Diocles.
 Who would of roses and of brambles make
 A crown? And with the ox contrive
 To yoke the sucking lamb, and strive
 With juicy figs the fungi foul to bind?
 What givest thou, and what return dost find,
 O thoughtless one? For thus indeed
 Did Glaucus give to Diomede.

ANTHOLOGIA PALATINA.

To Menippus.

MENIPPUS, why so sad, why do I meet
Thee hast'ning by with tunic round thy feet.
That tunic formerly
Thou gathered round thy knee.
And now with downcast head thou will'st not greet
Thy former friend, though I've said naught amiss ;
I know then what thou hid'st, and lo! 'tis this,
The limbs, which once were fair,
Are dark, o'ergrown with hair.

Constancy.

THOUGH the first down of youth thy face
doth show
In dainty yellow curls upon thy cheek,
So great thy beauty, though thy beard doth grow,
I take no heed and still thy favour seek.

STRATO.

Coal-black Eyes.

I LOVE the blond, dote on the honey-brown,
Auburn I like, nor on the dark I frown :
Hazel I do not shun, but most I prize
The boys that flash on me with coal-black eyes.

Auburn Locks.

I'M lost if on a Blond I gaze,
A Honey-Brown sets me ablaze,
But if an Auburn Boy I see
Straightway I'm melted utterly.

The Portrait.

THREE happy he who painted thee, and
fortunate
The wax, which took the impression of such beauty
great.
Would that the boring of a wood-worm I might be
So coiling through the wood, at last might feast
on thee.

ANTHOLOGIA PALATINA.

O Greedy One.

ALL hail, O greedy One! All hail, since thou
dost feign
To hate all knavery, and not to seek for gain!
‘No pay I ask,’ thou said’st before,
And I believed; protest no more;
For all I know: nothing is hid: let this suffice,
I know the where, the how, the whom, and e’en
the price.

Omnes.

WHEN judging beauty none is first,
Of all I am the lover;
Though some have this and some have that,
In all I charms discover.

Fascination.

THOUGH when a lovely boy I meet
While I am strolling down the street,
I pass him by; since fair is he,
I turn again immediately.

STRATO.

Drunken Vows.

BY night, on pleasure bent, my dinner o'er,
Like to a wolf, I came before the door
Of Aristòcidus, and there I saw
His lamb-like son, and unto him I swore
To give him many gifts, and plighted troth
To him with kisses twain ; now am I loath
To disappoint the boy ; as if my oath
Of wine-bred fancy were indeed the growth.

Not Art, but Nature.

FAIR hair much brushed and many ringlets know
No power to please me, art alone they show.
But lo! the dusty grime doth bring me joy,
The grime of some palæstra wrestling boy ;
And shiny skin, all oiled from head to feet,
To me is beauty unadorned most sweet.
The too bewitching forms, in truth, I deem
Effeminate, and unattractive seem.

ANTHOLOGIA PALATINA.

The Complaisant Boy.

OH! trouble not Menèdemos by guile
To win, but give him but a passing smile,
With wand'ring eye but throw a glance upon
The boy; then without shame he'll cry, 'Lead on.'
Then no delay he'll make,
But swift he'll overtake :
Lo! swifter far, not than a tiny stream,
But than a river vast his haste will seem.

Chaste Kisses.

WHAT joy in kisses, when thou givest back,
O Hèliodòre, with full lips smack for
smack ;
But when thou givest kisses furtively
Upon the mouth tight-closed, it seems to be
As if thy waxen image gave to me
Chaste kisses in my house, apart from thee.

STRATO.

Graphicos.

WHEN bathing, Graphicos, the boards from
thee did steal

A kiss; how fierce my love, when wood thy charms
can feel.

Diodorus.

NOW art thou fair, Diodorus,
And ripe for love thou art,
E'en should'st thou wed a woman,
From thee we'll not depart.

Finis.

PERCHANCE some coming after,
Hearing my songs will say
That these were all the verses
Of love I gave away.

But 'tis for you boy-lovers
That I will write alway,
Whene'er some god shall hold me
Caught in Love's restless sway.

MELEAGER.

MELEAGER.

Love's Prisoner.

DID I not cry aloud to thee, O Soul, 'Beware!'
'Thou wilt be caught, poor lover, in the
lime-twigs's snare,

(By Kypris this I swear) if thou fly near again.'
Did I not cry aloud? Now thee the snare has
ta'en.

Why dost thou vainly gasp in bonds? Since Love
has bound

Thy wings and set thy heart on fire, and when
he found

Thee faint, he sprinkled thee with perfumes culled
by pain,

And unto thee athirst gave bitter tears to drain.

O luckless Soul, thou burnest now with fiery pain ;
And now thou dost revive and drawest breath
again.

Why weepest thou? Didst thou not know that
pitiless

Was that false Love, who breeds but wan distress
Within the soul that nurtures him? Didst thou
not know?

Behold thy foster-hire, both flame and icy snow.

ANTHOLOGIA PALATINA.

Thou wouldst it so ; then bear the pain ; now art
thou doomed
To take thy labour's wage by honey fierce con-
sumed.

Antiochus.

IN summer heat, my thirst to slake
I called my Love a kiss to take,
And on his tender lips did sate
Desire, and parching thirst abate.

O Father Zeus, dost thou not feed
Thy thirsty lips on Ganymede,
Who bears thee nectar in thy need?

So, when my kisses blushes call
From sweet Antiochus whom all
Most fair amongst the youths extol,
T'is sweetest honey of the soul.

MELEAGER.

Summer Noon.

WHEN summer first the golden corn
Of its ripe tresses scarce had shorn,
At noon, as 'long the way I hied,
Alexis walking first I spied ;
Then the twin rays of fire and love
Were poured upon me from above.
The rays of love from that boy's eyes,
The rays of heat from out the skies.
But *those* fond night has put to rest,
While *these*, in phantom form now drest,
In dreams but greater grow in zest.
Yea, Sleep, who toil from others takes,
For me but greater labour makes ;
Within the soul doth but inspire
In beauty's shape a breathing fire.

The Garden of Kypris.

GATHERING the bloom of all the fairest boys
 that be,
 Love wove this varied crown, Venus, for thee.
 A lily sweet, Diodorus, there he set;
 Asclepiades breathed an odorous violet;
 Like rose amid the thorns, Heraclitus next he
 placed,
 While Dion's form, close-clinging vine, the garland
 graced;
 A saffron crocus Theron blazed, the flame-haired
 lad,
 And, bunch of mountain-thyme, Andiades did he
 add;
 Myiscus of the girlish locks a bunch of olive made,
 While all the charms of Aretas as foliage round
 he laid;
 O holy Isle of Tyre, thrice blessèd mayst thou
 be,
 Since, like a fragrant grove, these boys all flower
 in thee.

MELEAGER.

Aristogorus.

ARISTOGORUS, lo! Ye Graces spied,
And went to greet him, and your frail
hands plied

The lad with fond embraces; now, it seems,
His very form must cast forth fiery gleams;
And all he says is sweet and seemeth right;
When silent he, his eyes cry out delight.
Let not his path be mine. Nay, 'tis no use,
For e'en as on Olympus mighty Zeus,
So now this boy his darts hath skill
To hurl afar, and wound at will.

Peerless Beauty.

ONE boy alone in all the world for me,
Yea, only one my loving eyes can see
And he, Myiscus, I love constantly.

In all the other youths no charms I find,
He is my all, to others I am blind;
Then can it be my eyes, with love afire,
Can flatter him who is my soul's desire.

The Scornful Beloved.

O THEOCLES, 'twas Kypris, queen of love,
who bade
Me worship thee ; and lo ! soft-sandalled Eros made
My bed when, naked stranger, to this land I came,
And with his reins unbreakable my heart did tame.
Would that it were my lot such constant love to
gain ;
But thou unto thy lover scornful doth remain ;
Time cannot soften thee, though when they speak
my name,
Always my comrades good my sober worth acclaim.
Be gracious, Lord, let gracious words be said,
For thee my god cruel Nemesis hath made.
From thee must issue forth the breath
That bears for me or life or death.

Love the Gambler.

STILL in his mother's lap, a little child at play
With dice, in morning light, Love played
my life away.

An Ash in the Fire.

SWEET Dawn appeared in vesture grey,
 While Damis in the doorway lay,
 And sleepless swooned his life away.
 Scarce can his breath within him stay,
 For Heraclitus passed to-day.

Beneath the splendour of his eyes
 As wax upon the fire he lies.
 Unhappy Damis, prithee rise,
 For I shed tears amid thy sighs,
 And my cleft heart for pity cries.

'Love's Gift to Death.'

CLEOBOLUS, when I shall die,
 (For what avails that I remain
 Since in the fire of boys I lie,
 A brand unto the ashes ta'en,)
 My urn with wine make drunk, I pray,
 Before it 'neath the earth you lay,
 And write he saith,
 'Love's gift to Death.'

ANTHOLOGIA PALATINA.

Antiochus and Eros.

IF Eros 'stead of wings a clamys wore
And on his back no bow or quiver bore,
But had a petasus,
Aye, but the dainty lad himself I deem
Antiochus would rosy Eros seem
And Eros be Antiochus.

Love Unassuaged.

O SOUL that weepeth sore, what has again
Enkindled in thy heart the wound of Love,
Which time assuaged? Do not, by Zeus, be ta'en
By fire that glows 'neath ashes strewn above,
O headstrong one, let what died down remain.

For soon, O lad, forgetter of thy pain,
As sure as love thy soul in flight shall see,
Upon the runaway he swift will rain
His tortures and consume thee utterly.

MELEAGER.

The Vision.

EROS, by night, in happy dreamland bore
To me, a dainty laughing lad, who wore
The clamys still, and laid him by my side;
When his fair form within my arms I tried
To clasp, the empty air my hopes denied.

Now ever must I seek him and desire
Fills all the night-time with a burning fire,
And that winged phantom in my dreams I chase.
Since, luckless soul, no more your dreams he'll
 grace,
Cease then to seek the laughing phantom face.

ANTHOLOGIA PALATINA.

Dionysus.

O LOVE-SICK ones, ye soul-beguilers all,
Who from the fire of boys still ceaseless
smart,

And ye who taste the honey sharp, I call
To pour me icy water round my heart,
Cold streams from snow scarce melted yet.

For I on Dionysus dared to gaze ;
Then, fellow-slaves, I pray ye bring me peace,
And quench this fire before its fury plays
Amid my inmost shrine : yea, bring me ease
While life is whole within me yet.

MELEAGER.

The Little Torch.

LOVE to escape in vain I tried,
For he my hiding-place had spied :
And in the ashes lit a brand :
Not bending bow, but with his hand
He wounded me, and in me cast
A scratch of fire, which growing fast
Flamed up and spread all over me.
An evil light has shone from thee,
And Phormion, the little torch
My very soul has power to scorch.

ANTHOLOGIA PALATINA.

The Billows of Kypris.

HELP me, O men! Scarce had I come ashore,
When Eros seized me and my footsteps
bore

Unto the sea of love.

Most fair to see, in guise of boy, he came,
And flashes from his eyes a fiery flame :

I follow him above

Into the sky : with ardent lips I chase
That sweetly moulded form and dainty face,

Until my lips his kiss have known.

Though I escaped from out the sharp salt sea,
On land I know a sharper misery,

On Kypris' billows helpless thrown.

MELEAGER.

In Friendship's Name.

O WINE-BIBBERS, receive one from the deep,
Who though the sea and pirates did escape,
Has swift been lost on land. Scarce did I leap
From off the ship, when lo! a dainty shape
And beauteous face I saw along the way :
And violent Eros chased and dragged me here.
Against my will my feet the tyrant play,
And lead me on for ever drawing near
To that fair boy. And thus I revel make,
Filled not with wine, but burning with love's flame.
O strangers, then give help for friendship's sake :
Help me, ye strangers, in kind Eros' name.
I, suppliant for friendship, helpless cry,
Receive me ere I perish utterly.

ANTHOLOGIA PALATINA.

The Choice.

LO! Kypris all my heart makes mad
With love for maids ; but Eros, dainty lad,
Bids me the love of youths enjoy.
Then which seek I? The mother or the son?
Lo! she, herself, declares the lad has won.
Henceforth I seek the daring boy.

For Me Alone.

LO! Beauty flashed forth sweetly ; from his eyes
The flames of love abroad he casts as fire ;
Has Eros taught the boy to win the prize
Of love with thunderbolts? Hail, then, desire
To mortals bringing beams that dazzle sight.
Shine forth, Myiscus fed with quenchless fire,
Which burns for me alone with friendly light.

MELEAGER.

Bacchus, the Betrayer.

O BACCHUS, by thyself I swear
Thy own audacity I'll wear ;
O god, who hearts of men doth lead,
Lead on, and monstrous revel breed.
Since at the birth thou fire became,
Thou lov'st the fire that bears Love's name,
And having bound my heart again
Thou leadest me, thy captive ta'en.
Faithless and traitor wast thou bred,
Thou takest care a veil to shed
So that thy orgies none may know,
But mine thou choosest all to show.

ANTHOLOGIA PALATINA

The Wound of Love.

DESIRE my heart has touched. Distraught, I
 strayed
When burning Eros finger-tips but laid
Upon my heart ; and half in jest he said,
'The old sweet wound thou hast again,
O love-sick one, by honey strong devoured.'
Since Diophantes, flower of youths, has fired
My heart afresh, and scorching love inspired,
 I cannot fly, nor yet remain.

Love's Guardians.

IF Kypris at the prow as skipper stand,
 If of my soul doth Eros take command,
 And at the helm his art employs ;
Then fierce desire may storm and ceaseless blow,
Since how to float upon the sea I know,
 The sea of many kinds of boys.

MELEAGER.

The Guilt of Love.

I PRAY you, Love, my sleepless passion still
For Heliödorus, an if you will
Do not misuse
My suppliant muse :
But if your rain of darts, that have no skill,
To wound my lad, my helpless soul shall kill,
This line I'll place upon the tomb above,
'Stranger, behold the murd'rous guilt of Love.'

The Echo.

I HATE the Cyclic poems, nor, O boy,
To tread the common road can bring me joy,
That road which hither thither all has borne ;
I hate a fickle Love ; nor water drawn
From wayside well can quench my burning thirst ;
And all things popular I hold accurst.
(O Lysanius, thou'rt fair beyond thy brothers,
Scarce said this, Echo answers—he's another's).

ANTHOLOGIA PALATINA.

Relentless Passion.

LO! I am down ; O savage god, then tread
With ruthless feet upon my neck and head.
Yea, by the gods, how heavy too thou art
To bear I know : I know thy fiery dart :
But should'st thou hurl thy firebrands once again,
My soul is spent : ashes alone remain.

The Fervent Lover.

O LOVE-SICK one, the south wind blowing fair
Bears half my soul, Andragathus, from me ;
Thrice lucky ship and fourfold blessèd air,
That wafts my lad across the happy sea.
O would I were a dolphin ; so in truth
Placed on my shoulders he might cross the sea,
And gain the isle of Rhodes, fair home of youth.

MELEAGER.

The New Love.

THAT she bore Love the Cyprian denied,
When 'mongst the youths Antiochus she
spied,
A fresh desire : O youths, ye must, forsooth,
Cherish the kindred longing for this youth.
Surely this boy within your hearts doth fire
A stronger love than Eros doth inspire.

The Flower of Cos.

TH' sculptor Praxiteles of old did make
A marble statue, which the form did take
Of Kypris' son ; behold then Love divine
In his own beauteous image did design
A breathing statue, e'en Praxiteles.

That One on earth, the Other up above
May have control of all the charms of love ;
That they may bear the sceptres of desire,
And gods and men alike may burn with fire.
Most happy then is Cos, great her renown,
Who bred this prince of youths within her town,
The new-born Love divine, Praxiteles.

ANTHOLOGIA PALATINA.

The Sun among the Stars.

AH! Delicate the boys of Tyre. Love knows
it to his heart's desire ;
But as the sun puts all the stars to shade, beside
Myiscus e'en their beauties fade.

Heraclitus and Diodorus.

THOUGH silent, Heraclitus with his eyes doth
say,
'The thunder-hurling fire of Zeus I burn away ;'
And Diodòrus must in truth confess
He melts e'en stone with his skin's soft caress.

Unhappy One, behold the eyes of One doth scorch
Thy heart with fire, as 'twere the flame of blazing
torch ;
And from the Other comes a quenchless fire,
Which burns thy soul, all blinded by desire.

MELEAGER.

Eros and Zoilus.

HAD Eros no bow, no quiver or wings,
And gave not desire these fire-darting
stings,
How, by winged Eros himself, could I say
If Zoilus were here or Eros to-day?

Beauty Snared.

BETRAYERS ye of souls and hounds of youth!
O eyes, which crafty snares from Kypris take,
Another love you've ta'en: like as forsooth
A lamb would seize a wolf, or crow a snake,
Or fire the ash below. Do what you will!
Why rain this stream of tears upon my head,
When you go willing to the pitfall still!
Roast then in beauty, and burnt through lie dead!
Well Eros knows to fan the fire he bred.

ANTHOLOGIA PALATINA.

Eros in Bonds.

WINGED Eros has been bound, ta'en captive
in the skies ;
Timareon the captor enthralled him with his eyes.

The Harbinger of Ill.

O COCK, to lovers harbinger of ill,
Now thrice accurs'd, when swift the night-
time flies
You beat your wings against your ribs and fill
The dark with screeches o'er the bed where lies
My boy's fair form, and crow exultant till
The hours of love are past and dawn draws near.
Unto the hand that fed you can you give
No kind return? By dawn itself I swear
Shrill songs to sing again you will not live.

MELEAGER.

Captive Eros.

O WHY complain, thou who hast ever tried
To rob the mind of reason with thy stings ;
And thy cruel bow and arrows thrown aside,
Put off thy double panoply of wings.
Now without doubt, O Eros, have the eyes
Of fair Myiscus scorched thy soul with fires.
The burn thou gav'st to others on thee lies,
And now fierce flame thy captive heart devours.

The Lodestar.

THE chains of life on you are cast,
Myiscus mine, which hold me fast ;
Your soul my very breath contains,
Yea, what of it to me remains :
For by your eyes, O boy, that seek
E'en to the blind of song to speak,
And by your shining brow I know
Should you but clouded glances throw
To me, I then on winter gaze ;
But Spring her brightest bloom displays,
When joyous looks to mine you raise.

ANTHOLOGIA PALATINA.

The Meed of Kypris.

WHO blends with sweet and pleasing honey
unmixed wine,
And being fair himself, who sweetly loves a youth,
E'en as Alexis loves Cleòbolus divine,
Th' immortal meed of Kypris drains in very truth.

White and Black.

CLEÒBOLUS is fair of skin,
And Sòpolis is olive brown :
And both of them I fain would win,
Who Kypris bear a flowery crown.
Ye say, O Loves, I nothing lack,
Who woven am of white and black.

MELEAGER.

The Shipwrecked Lover.

FIERCE is the wind that rages o'er the sea,
And whilst my eyes shed pleasant tears like
rain,

To thee, Myiscus, Eros beareth me,
From all my loving comrades swiftly ta'en.
I pray thee let thy heart the harbour be
Of one by Kypris shipwrecked utterly.

Theron.

LO! all the world I see, when I on Theron
gaze ;
If I regard him not, black nights become the days.

Zeus the Robber.

IF Zeus be still the same, who Ganymede
In all his youthful beauty, bore away,
As server of his wine : well then, indeed,
Myiscus hidden in my breast must stay :
Lest the dread Eagle, coming unaware,
To Zeus my dainty lad shall upwards bear.

Caridanos.

SO fair is Caridanos,
That him I'll not desire :
I know that his great beauty
Will Zeus' passion fire.
E'en now might he be bearing
To gods the luscious wine :
I will not then desire him,
I know he'll not be mine :
It is not meet contending
Against the mighty Zeus :

MELEAGER.

What then shall be my profit?
None may his love refuse.
Yet when upon Olympus
My darling boy is led,
My tears shall be love's token,
Which o'er his feet I shed.
Then shall his bright eyes give me
One sweet and tender sign,
And for a perfect moment
His lovely lips meet mine.
Ah! if, indeed, my darling
Would give me kisses chaste,
Ambrosia divinest
My hungry lips would taste.

Doubt.

I WOULD withstand e'en Zeus himself, if thee,
Myiscus mine, he fain would seize from me
To bear him wine. Yet oft doth Zeus declare,
'I will no rival be. What dost thou fear?'
But still I dread if aught comes buzzing by,
Lest Zeus should prove that even gods can lie.

ANTHOLOGIA PALATINA.

The Reveller.

LET then the die be cast, light up! Upon my
way I'll start :

What is the purpose bred of Love? Whither will
you, O Heart?

Heavy with wine, what is your aim? Aye, let me
courage take!

Is caution fled? Then light up quick, since now
I revel make.

Away with toil of wisdom grave! For what indeed
the use?

This thing alone I know, that Love o'ercame the
will of Zeus.

MELEAGER.

Laurel and Hyacinth.

TO pleasure Pan, the goat-herd king,
O pastoral pipes, no longer sing
Of Daphnis on the mountain height.
O lyre of Phœbus, cease to sound
Of Hyacinth with laurel crowned.
The Oreid maids once sought delight
With Daphnis sweet : e'en Phœbus knew
All joy his Hyacinth to view ;
But now let Dion all inspire,
Who holds the sceptre of desire.

Nemesis.

THOU saidst, by Kypris, once, what e'en no
god might say,
That Theron was not fair, and didst repeat it : yea,
Thou alway wouldst it so, and wouldst no caution
take,
Nor at the flaming thunderbolt of Zeus didst quake.
Now angry Nemesis hath set thee forth to be
A warning plain to those who chatter foolishly.

The Price of Love.

ALL pleasing is the stripling,
And gracious too is he,
And for his name Myiscus
He is most fair to me.
Fair is the boy, by Kypris,
Most fair in every way,
Thus in my heart for ever
Must his sweet image stay.
Lo! if he ever trouble,
Well Eros dost thou know
The sweet amid the bitter
In equal shares to sow.

MELEAGER.

The Crown.

LO! I, the crown, proclaim the utmost goal
E'en I the guardian of the whole
Of all these written pages: I declare
I gathered all these lyric poems here,
And bound them in one book; but still I say
'Twas Meleager who held the final sway:
With flowers he wove to Diocles a crown
E'erlasting token of the lad's renown.
Like to a dragon's back I closely bend
O'er this enlightened book and mark the end.

UNCERTAIN.

UNCERTAIN.

Unrequited Love.

I CANNOT count thee, e'en I would, a friend :
Thou dost not ask ; nor when I ask dost lend
A friendly ear to those fond hopes, which live
But on thy smiles ; nor tak'st what I would give.

Mortality.

NICANDER now is dead, the bloom is reft
From off his lovely form : not e'en is left
His beauty's name : though formerly we deemed
Him like a god, so great his beauty seemed.
O youths, I pray you list to me,
Nothing escapes mortality :
The form that once was wondrous fair
Is dark as night, o'ergrown with hair.

ANTHOLOGIA PALATINA.

Hidden Beauty.

LEAVE me my cloak, O friend, let me alone,
A wooden statue, e'en with feet of stone ;
But should you all my naked charms expose,
'Neath many thorns there blooms a matchless rose.

Beautiful Aribazos.

OPERSIAN mothers, truly ye have borne
The fairest offspring since the world's first
dawn :
But Aribazos (wondrous fair is he)
More beautiful than beauty seems to me.

UNCERTAIN.

Doritheos.

YE Loves, I pray ye judge of whom this boy
ye worthy deem :

If truly of the gods, then be it so ; I shall not try
To wrest the prize from mighty Zeus : but if,
indeed, it seem

That aught be left to mortal men, say then, ye
Loves, if I

Doritheos may win, or whom as lord ye now assign.
With one accord ye make reply, that all his charms
are mine.

But from my love he runneth constantly,
I pray ye give the boy, not words, to me.

Dionysus.

FAIR Dionysus I no longer see.

Has he been carried 'mongst the gods to
stay

To bear the luscious wine, great Zeus, to thee?

O eagle, when the lad you bore away,

And thy thick plumaged wings you spread,

Gat he no scratches from your talons dread?

ANTHOLOGIA PALATINA.

Beware.

NOW love has ceased, Antipater has kissed me,
waxing bold,
And kindled hidden fire again from out the ashes
cold.
A second time the old desire doth me his captive
hold.
O love-sick ones, I pray ye flee, lest I, when I
behold
You standing near, take fire and all in scorching
flame enfold.

The Inconstant Lover.

O DARING Eros, not to me desire for maids,
But ever the lightning of the male desire
invades
My soul, and in the toils thou alway whirlst me :
Now Damis setteth me on fire, and next I see
Fair Ismenus ; always I know great misery.
Not them alone we seek, but caught in snares we
lie,
And madly trail on all the corner of our eye.

UNCERTAIN.

To Kypris.

WHY hast thou aimed two arrows at my heart?
Why with twin sorrows must my cleft soul
smart?

The one with fire my heart doth fill,
The other drags me 'gainst my will:
I am in doubt to which I fain would turn,
But with consuming fire I ever burn.

Sweet Fate.

BY Eros has my guileless soul been caught,
Who never e'en in happy dreamland sought
To seek mad joys
In love of boys.

I have been caught. Not that I wish to sin,
But seek a look, pure and to shame akin:
Thus my soul yearns
And ever burns.

Perish the Muse's labour utterly!
For with this fire my mind flames constantly,
And bears a fate that I confess
Is sweeter far than my distress.

ANTHOLOGIA PALATINA.

Love and Hate.

LOVING my lovers gladly would I live,
If any hate me, hate will I return :
To all I either love or hate must give.
To neutral be, indeed, I cannot learn.

All or Nothing.

O MAY may my Love no lover know but
me :
But if to other suits my lad agree,
Kypris, thou know'st I would no sharer be.

Eros the Captive.

SHOUT words of joy, ye youths, for now behold
Archesilas doth Eros captive hold,
And with the zone of Kypris purple-dyed,
(Great be our joy) his rose-like hands hath tied.

UNCERTAIN.

The Shield Invincible.

OF undiluted madness have I drunk again,
And many words of folly cloud my dizzy
brain :

Since I am armed, I do not fear to take
The journey long, and still I revel make :
(For thunder what care I, and what of lightning
fear?)

As shield invincible my love I laughing bear.

Love's Light.

I AM entirely drunk, and revel make ;
My tear-washed crown I charge my boy to take.
But not at random start I on the way ;
Though swift dark comes, my lad turns night to
day.

ANTHOLOGIA PALATINA.

The Boxer.

ANTICHIS' son with fillets soft I crowned,
When in the boxing match he victory gained:
And thrice I kissed his face with blood much
 stained ;
That blood more honey-sweet than myrrh I found.

Doubt.

IN stealth I came, and by the door I stayed
Of Echidèmus, tender-aged and sweet,
And snatched a kiss ; but now am I afraid,
For in a dream he hostile came to greet
Me with a bow, and gave a cock to me,
Ill-omened bird ; and then he went away
As if in doubt, if cruel or kind to be.
In swarms of bees, in nettles, must I stay,
And seethe in fire, till he comes back to me.

UNCERTAIN.

Dositheus.

DOSITHEÛS is wondrous fair I said,
And said again the boy is passing fair;
And now once more my burning eyes have bade
My grateful lips his dainty charms declare.
No sign I carved on walls or oak or pine,
But Love has graved it in my heart for aye;
If some say no, then, by the gods divine,
They lie; alone I know 'tis truth I say.

Ye Chattering Birds.

YE chattering birds, O why disturb my rest,
While I am lying nigh the tender breast
Of my dear lad? I pray ye cease to vex:
Though, songsters by the ivy hid, the female sex
May always chatter loud, I pray that ye
Will cease your song and bring back peace to me.

Kindly Fate.

BY Hermes, when I saw the boy, I said
Not fair nor very beautiful is he ;
Scarce were these vain words spoken, when down
 sped
Avenging Fate, and straightway seized on me,
And cast me on the fire. And like great Zeus
His thunderbolts o'erwhelmed me utterly.
To please the boy or Kypris shall I choose?
This love of mine no goddess can abate ;
A thousand blessings then on kindly Fate.

UNCERTAIN.

Despair.

CEASE, ye boy-lovers, from your empty toil ;
 Insensate ones, cease ye these troubles stale ;
With quenchless hope we needless seethe and boil.
As easy 'twere the sea upon the shore to bale,
 Or number grains of sand,
 Upon the desert land,
As 'tis to cherish love for boys, who greet
Lovers with scorn, though their proud beauty be
Alike to mortals and immortals sweet.
Then listen all ! Let all give heed to me !
 Hope upon hope in vain we stored,
 But on dry land our toil lies poured.

ANTHOLOGIA PALATINA.

A God or Stone.

WHEN 'mongst the youths you lately came,
And saw a flower transcending fair ;
Then having seen, you must declare
Apollodòtus is his name.

If now the blazing flame has sown
No seeds of love ; nor has desire
Unceasing strength to overpower,
A god thou art or made of stone.

Magnetic Heraclitus.

MAGNETIC Heraclitus,
Whom loving I pursue,
Not iron to stone attracted ;
His beauty my soul drew.

UNCERTAIN.

Friendship or Hate.

O DÌODÒRUS, in a storm of spring,
My love is striving on a restless sea ;
For now thy eyes are charged with rain, and next
they fling
Glances serene abroad. and laugh most tenderly.
As one who shipwrecked on the sea's fierce whirl,
I strive to mount the waves, which o'er me swirl,
But lo! the storm drives on yet wantonly.
On friendship's rock or hate's, I pray me throw,
So in which sea I swim my heart may know.

To Adrastia.

MOST fierce distress my heart will stoutly bear,
And fetters of enduring bonds will bravely
wear.
Not now Nicander, I the darts of Eros learned,
For many times before with fierce desire I've burned.
Do thou, Adrastia, exact the penalty
From this false boy in payment for my misery,
Thou, who full well to Blessèd ones doth know
In guise of bitter fate thyself to show.

ALCEUS.

A Prayer.

O ZEUS, who Pisa guard'st, I pray thee deck
the hair

Of Peithenoras, Kypris' son, with garlands fair,
Beneath the hill of Kronos rising high.

O Lord! let not thy eagle seize my boy and speed
Into the sky, that he in place of Ganymede

As serving-boy, with wine the gods may ply.
Since ever have I laid sweet songs upon thy shrine,
Then give this lad to me : let all his love be mine.

Protarchus.

FAIR is Protarchus, but unkind. Later he'll
not deny,

For while he holds the racing torch, his youth is
running by.

ASCLEPIADES.

Youth and Time.

NOW that fine down has grown upon thy cheek,
Thou say'st ' 'Tis well,' and e'en pretend to
seek

The dark enshrouding hair, which soon shall hide
The bloom of rosy limbs which were our pride:
As if to say that dried-up stalks forlorn
Are better far than ears of standing corn.

The Burden of Youth.

NOT two and twenty years I know,
And yet of life I weary grow.
O Loves, why do you treat me so?
My very soul with fire is fed.
What will you do when I am dead?
Methinks, O Loves, that still indeed
You'll play at dice, and take no heed.

Fleeting Day.

DRINK, Asclepiades! Why dost thou moan?
Not only you has Kypris cruel despoiled,
And why these tears? Sharp Eros not alone
'Gainst you with bow and arrows toiled.
Why burn to ashes, when you still may live?
Ah! let us drink, e'er dies the fleeting day,
Of unmixed wine, which Love and Bacchus give,
Nor let us wait till daylight fades away:
Yea, let us drink with laughter in the light:
Unhappy one, a short time here we stay,
Then long we rest wrapped deep in endless night.

Love's Double.

IF wings were thine, and thou hadst bow and
arrows now,
Not Eros would be painted Kypris' son, but thou.

ASCLEPIADES.

Young Love.

WHEN Love was young and still to hunters
easy prey,
And from his mother's care had played the runaway,
He said, 'Not far from Damis' dwelling will I fly,
For him I fondly love and am loved faithfully :
I do not choose to all my charms to show,
With one alone I fain would always go.'

The Forgiveness of Eros.

OF old Archèades with love for me did burn,
But now to me, not e'en in play, the boy
doth turn,
Ah! woe is me, for Eros, honey-sweet, doth find
Swift cause for anger sharp, and looks and words
unkind :
But yet, methinks, the god not hard will e'er
remain :
Yea, soon will he relent and sweetly smile again.

ANTHOLOGIA PALATINA.

Dorcian.

DORCIAN the favourite
Of all the youths, when clad
In dainty boy's attire
Knows how to ape the lad,
And with the darts of Kypris
With love to drive them mad.
With petasus on shoulder
She comes with flashing eye,
And through the boyish clamys
Just shows the naked thigh.

Despair.

WHAT of my soul is left, if aught remain, I
pray
By Zeus, O Loves, in quietude may stay.
With thunderbolts not darts then strike at me:
To ashes dead reduce me utterly.
Aye strike! Ye Loves, aye strike! Since I am
doomed
With never-ending grief to be consumed,
If any fate of sharper taste can be,
I pray, ye Loves, to send that fate on me.

CALLIMACHUS.

Contra Mundum.

FILL up and drink to Diocles,
And drain once more from brim to lees
Ne'er Archilous drinks again
The cup which Love to him has ta'en.
O Archilous, truth declare,
The boy is fair, exceeding fair.
If others greater beauty see,
Sole judge of beauty let me be.

Wine and Wisdom.

ARCHINES, at thy door I revel made ;
If of my will, a thousand times be laid
Upon my luckless head the weight of blame ;
But, if it seems that 'gainst my will I came,
My headstrong folly, pray, condone.
'Twas unmixed wine and Eros gaining sway,
Who drew me on, yet wisdom drove away ;
Not knowing when or whose I had caressed,
The portals of your house my lips had pressed.
If that were wrong, my fault I own.

ANTHOLOGIA PALATINA.

Love's Sympathy.

UNKNOWN to us, our friend a wound had
ta'en ;

His breast was cleft with sighs once and again ;
The third cup drinking, lo ! from off his head
The garlands tumbled, and the roses shed
Their petals to the ground ; for he in truth
Was all afire with longing for the youth.
O, by the gods, I not at random guess ;
A thief I know, who thief myself confess.

Mistrust.

METHINKS, by Pan, something I cannot
name

Lies hidden here ; by Bacchus, can it be
That 'neath the ashes burns undying flame.
Embrace me not : courage deserteth me.

Ofttimes a placid stream its course may hide
Beneath a wall, and eat the stone above :
Therefore I fear lest this fair boy may glide
Into my heart and make me fall in love.

DIOSCORIDES.

Demophilus.

O KYPRIS, if Demophilus bestow
Such burning kisses on his lovers now
As when a lad to me he did allow,
Now all the bloom of youth his fair cheeks
show,
Well then, methinks (e'en as I did before),
A multitude will seek his mother's door.

The Rival of Ganymede.

SOARCHUS, Amphipòlitan, I ween
Has Eros, bane of men, so lovely made
And meet for tender sport, that had he seen
This fair boy's peerless limbs, great Zeus had bade
The boy to serve his wines; since not forsooth
Is Ganymede so honey-sweet a youth.

ANTHOLOGIA PALATINA.

To Zephyr.

SINCE beautiful he went, then beautiful restore
The acolyte, O Zephyrus, who of the winds
Blows softest o'er the land, and bring him back
before

One weary month has gone ; for soon a lover finds
The waiting long ; and one month short appears
As wearisome as are ten thousand years.

Plighted Troth.

O DRINK-OFFERINGS and frankincense, and
all

The demons mingled in the drinking bowl,
You, who have ta'en the fortress of my soul,
O much reverèd ones, I on you call
That you of all the oaths should witness bear,
Which honey-dark Athènæus did swear.

DIOSCORIDES.

Three Lovers.

THEODORUS, I had but said,
 ‘ This demon cruel my pain has eased ’ :
And scarce thy grievous yoke had fled,
When One more cruel upon me seized.
Since Aristòcrates I saw,
Yet fiercer pain must I endure.

EVENUS.

Love and Hate.

IF hate be toil, and love a labour be,
Out of two ills I fain would give to thee
Love's generous wound, which brings some good
to me.

FLACCUS.

Swift Nemesis.

LADON, though fair, inflexibly did spurn
His lovers all, denying every gift:
Scarce grown his beard and he began to burn
For a young boy—Ah! Nemesis was swift.

JULIUS LEONIDES.

Periander.

ZEUS oft his Ethiopian feasts enjoys,
Or golden-showered creeps into Danæ's bed:
But 'twould be strange (a thought by fancy bred),
If seeing Periander, king of boys,
He bore him not from earth to serve above ;
Unless the god has ceased fair boys to love.

MNASALCAS.

The Autumn Bower.

O VINE, who hastenest thy leaves to cast,
Then fearest Thou the daylight fading fast?
Abide awhile, till sweet-browed sleep shall bear
Antileon rest, beneath thy tendrils here.
For gracious sleep Thou oft before hath brought,
When Beauty from Thee anodyne hath sought.

POLYSTRATUS.

Two Loves.

A DOUBLE love inflames a single soul :
Thy eyes gaze restlessly from goal to goal.
Antiochus, the sweetest flower of youth,
Whom golden Graces fashioned fair, in truth
Thy greedy eyes have seen. Be satisfied !
Why seek to contemplate in boundless pride
Stasicrates, all sweet and tender, found,
Scion of Paphian violet crowned ?
Burn then : to lifeless ashes waste away !
O'er two such loves no soul can hold the sway.

PHYMOCLES.

The Bird of Time.

REMEMBER well, remember, the sacred word
I said.

A beauteous thing is youth, but all too quickly
sped:

The swiftest bird that flies than time is not more
fleet,

See now thy bloom already is lying 'neath thy feet.

POSIDIPPUS.

The Archer.

YEA, shoot! Loves, shoot! for here I helpless lie,
One mark for all : let not your darts glance by,
But pierce me wantonly:
For should you conquer me,
As archer then the gods your praise will sound,
Past-master 'mongst the bowmen most renowned.

The Love-sick Poet.

DESIRE the poet's soul with thorns has bound,
And fain would send it sleep, casting
around
Its sides a grievous fire and quenchless flame:
The soul that had before a solace found
In making books, now labours not for fame,
And on the grievous god he lays the blame.

POSIDIPPUS.

Love and Wine.

I AM well armed, though mortal man I be,
Against thee will I fight, and not give way ;
But Love, I beg, begin thou not with me,
For if thou comest when the wine holds sway,
Then, me betrayed thou takest easily ;
But if I in my sober senses stay,
Then may my reason claim the victory.

Libations to Love.

FULL cups of wine to Nannus and to Lydes
pour :
To prudent Antimachus one, and e'en one more
To loving Nimnermus : then mix the fifth for me :
The sixth, O Hèliödorus, we drink with thee
To him thou lov'st ; for Hesiod let the next be
ta'en :
The eighth, I said, to mighty Homer will we drain :
The ninth the Muses claim : the tenth Mnemosyne :
A full cup on the lips, Kypris, I'll drink to thee :
Then all the rest, O Loves, to you I'll drain,
As oft you will, again, again, again.

RHIANUS.

The Charms of Menecrates.

THE Seasons and the Graces oft have poured
Sweet olive oil o'er you, O fair-limbed boy.
No man by night can rest or sleep enjoy
So fair your image in his memory stored.
O peerless limbs, I pray you tell me true
The fair boy's name who is adorned by you.
And lo! the answer softly came :
Menecrates, that is my name.

Empedocles.

TRÆZEN good name as nurse enjoys,
Worthy of love the lowliest of her boys :
But over all Empèdocles more lovely glows,
As over all spring flowers excels the rose.

ANTHOLOGIA PALATINA.

In the Field Path.

SURELY, Cleònicus, it seems that you,
When 'long the narrow path you guileless came,
The lovely Graces, seeing did pursue,
And swift reward their rose-like hands did claim.
By Graces loved, in whom all Graces wed,
Welcome, dear lad, whilst you are yet afar.
Beware lest coming nigh the fire Love bred,
The asphodel dry stalk the flame may mar.

*R*EADERS, who in my written pages find
True love amid the dross, hold not aloof,
But join with me, and speak in love's behoof,
That not the strength of hate and scorn combined
Can friends divide ; and thus with equal mind
We'll worship Beauty, heedless of reproof,
In purity and calm, until the woof
Of hate be changed to garb by love designed.

Yea all, who worship at the shrine of Youth,
I bid you live pure lives, so shall no breath
Of slander from a scornful world ascend
To dim the mirror of your love ; in truth
E'en as the Theban Band strove on till death,
So be ye comrades faithful to the end.



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