

750f

Er

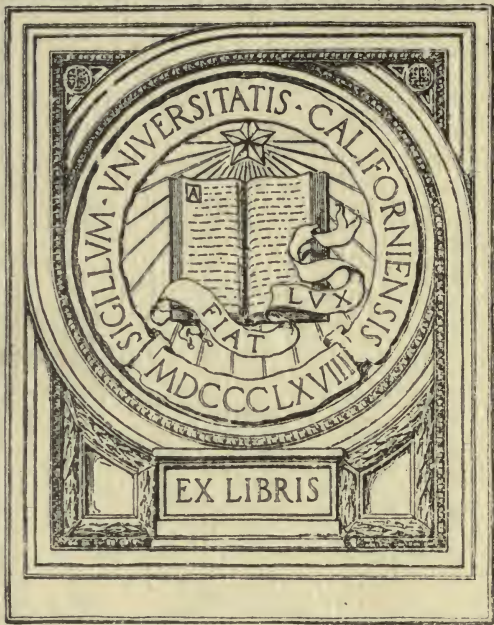
UC-NRLF



QB 293 469

QB 27421

GIFT OF  
JANE K. SATHER



250 f  
E 2





**LOVE, WORSHIP AND DEATH**



Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2007 with funding from  
Microsoft Corporation

*Anthologia graeca*

LOVE, WORSHIP AND DEATH

Some renderings from the  
Greek Anthology

BY

SIR RENNELL RODD

AUTHOR OF

'BALLADS OF THE FLEET'

'THE VIOLET CROWN,' ETC.

LONDON

EDWARD ARNOLD

1916

*All rights reserved*

UNIVERSITY OF  
CALIFORNIA

ects Sather

THE  
UNIVERSITY  
OF  
MICHIGAN



## INTRODUCTION

AMONG the many diverse forms of expression in which the Greek genius has been revealed to us, that which is preserved in the lyrics of the anthology most typically reflects the familiar life of men, the thought and feeling of every day in the lost ancient world. These little flowers of song reveal, as does no other phase of that great literature, a personal outlook on life, kindly, direct and simple, the tenderness which characterised family relations, the reciprocal affection of master and slave, sympathy with the domestic animals, a generous sense of the obligations of friendship, a gentle piety and a close intimacy with the nature gods, of whose presence, malignant or benign, the

Greek was ever sensitively conscious. For these reasons they still make so vivid an appeal to us after a long silence of many centuries. To myself who have lived for some years in that enchanted world of Greece, and have sailed from island to island of its haunted seas, the shores have seemed still quick with the voices of those gracious presences who gave exquisite form to their thoughts on life and death, their sense of awe and beauty and love. There indeed poetry seems the appropriate expression of the environment, and there even still to-day, more than anywhere else in the world, the correlation of our life with nature may be felt instinctively ; the human soul seems nearest to the soul of the world.

The poems, of which some renderings are here offered to those who cannot read the originals, cover a period of about a thousand

years, broken by one interval during which the lesser lyre is silent. The poets of the *elegy* and the *melos* appear in due succession after those of the *epic* and, significant perhaps of the transition, there are found in the first great period of the lyric the names of two women, Sappho of Lesbos, acknowledged by the unanimous voice of antiquity, which is confirmed by the quality of a few remaining fragments, to be among the greatest poets of all times, and Corinna of Tanagra, who contended with Pindar and rivalled Sappho's mastery. The canon of Alexandria does not include among the nine greater lyricists the name of Erinna of Rhodes, who died too young, in the maiden glory of her youth and fame. The earlier poets of the *melos* were for the most part natives of

‘the sprinkled isles,  
Lily on lily that overlace the sea.’

Theirs is the age of the austerer mood, when the clean-cut marble outlines of a great language matured in its noblest expression. Then a century of song is followed by the period of the dramatists during which the lyric muse is almost silent, in an age of political and intellectual intensity.

A new epoch of lyrical revival is inaugurated by the advent of Alexander, and the wide extension of Hellenic culture to more distant areas of the Mediterranean. Then follows the long succession of poets who may generally be classified as of the school of Alexandria. Among them are three other women singers of high renown, Anyte of Tegea, Nossis of Locri in southern Italy, and Moero of Byzantium. The later writers of this period had lost the graver purity of the first lyric outburst, but they had gained by a wider range of sympathy and a closer

touch with nature. This group may be said to close with Meleager, who was born in Syria and educated at Tyre, whose contact with the eastern world explains a certain suggestive and exotic fascination in his poetry which is not strictly Greek. The Alexandrian is followed by the Roman period, and the Roman by the Byzantine, in which the spirit of the muse of Hellas expires reluctantly in an atmosphere of bureaucratic and religious pedantry.

These few words of introduction should suffice, since the development of the lyric poetry of Greece and the characteristics of its successive exponents have been made familiar to English readers in the admirable work of my friend J. W. Mackail. A reference to his *Select Epigrams from the Greek Anthology* suggests one plea of justification for the present little collection of renderings,

since the greater number of them have been by him translated incomparably well into prose.

Of the quality of verse translation there are many tests: the closeness with which the intention and atmosphere of the original has been maintained; the absence of extraneous additions; the omission of no essential feature, and the interpretation, by such equivalent as most adequately corresponds, of individualities of style and assonances of language. But not the least essential justification of poetical translation is that the version should constitute a poem on its own account, worthy to stand by itself on its own merits if the reader were unaware that it was a translation. It is to this test especially that renderings in verse too often fail to conform. I have discarded not a few because they seemed too ob-

viously to bear the forced expression which the effort to interpret is apt to induce. Of those that remain some at least I hope approach the desired standard, failing to achieve which they would undoubtedly be better expressed in simple prose. And yet there is a value in rendering rhythm by rhythm where it is possible, and if any success has been attained, such translations probably convey more of the spirit of the original, which meant verse, with all which that implies, and not prose.

The arrangement in this little volume is approximately chronological in sequence. This should serve to illustrate the severe and restrained simplicity of the earlier writers as contrasted with the more complex and conscious thought, and the more elaborate expression of later centuries when the horizons of Hellenism had been vastly extended.

The interpretation of these lyrics has been my sole and grateful distraction during a period of ceaseless work and intense anxiety in the tragic years of 1914 and 1915.

R. R.



## INDEX OF AUTHORS

	PAGE
MIMNERMUS—CARPE DIEM . . . .	1
SAPPHO—	
I. A BITTER WORD . . . .	2
II. THE BELOVED PRESENCE . . . .	3
III. HESPER . . . . .	5
IV. OUT OF REACH . . . . .	6
ANACREONTICA—	
I. LOVE'S CHALLENGE . . . .	7
II. BACCHANAL . . . . .	8
III. HER PORTRAIT . . . . .	9
IV. METAMORPHOSIS . . . . .	12
V. APOLOGIA . . . . .	14
UNKNOWN—ANACREON'S GRAVE . . . .	15
SIMONIDES—	
I. ON THE SPARTANS . . . . .	16
II. ON THE ATHENIANS . . . . .	17

PLATO—	PAGE
I. A GRAVE IN PERSIA . . .	18
II. STARWORSHIP . . . . .	19
III. THE UNSET STAR . . . . .	20
IV. LAIS . . . . .	21
PERSES—A RUSTIC SHRINE . . . . .	22
ANYTE OF TEGEA—	
I. A SHRINE BY THE SEA . . . . .	23
II. THE GOD OF THE CROSS- ROADS . . . . .	24
ADDAEUS—THE ANCIENT OX . . . . .	25
ASCLEPIADES—THE PRAISE OF LOVE . . . . .	26
MICIAS—A WAYSIDE FOUNTAIN . . . . .	27
CALLIMACHUS—CAST UP BY THE SEA . . . . .	28
NOSSIS—	
I. ROSES OF CYPRIS . . . . .	29
II. RINTHO'S GRAVE . . . . .	30
LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM—	
I. ERINNA . . . . .	31
II. THE FOUNTAIN HEAD . . . . .	32
DIONYSUS—THE ROSE OF YOUTH . . . . .	33
DAMAGETUS—THEANO . . . . .	34

ARCHIAS—	PAGE
I. THE HARBOUR GOD . . . .	35
II. A GRAVE BY THE SEA . . . .	36
MELEAGER—	
I. LOVE'S QUIVER . . . .	37
II. THE CUP . . . .	38
III. ZENOPHILE . . . .	39
IV. LOVE AND DEATH . . . .	40
V. LOVE'S MALICE . . . .	41
VI. ASCLEPIAS . . . .	42
VII. HELIODORA . . . .	43
VIII. THE WREATH . . . .	44
IX. LIBATION . . . .	45
X. THE GRAVE OF HELIODORA . . . .	46
XI. HIS EPITAPH . . . .	48
CRINAGORAS—ROSES IN WINTER . . . .	50
JULIUS POLYAENUS—	
AN EXILE'S PRAYER . . . .	51
ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA—	
A GRAVE AT OSTIA . . . .	52
UNKNOWN—	
FRIENDSHIP'S EPITAPH . . . .	53

UNKNOWN—	PAGE
THE COUNCIL OF PAN . . . . .	54
BÉNITIER . . . . .	55
THE END OF THE COMEDY . . . . .	56
STRATO—THE KISS . . . . .	57
AMMIANUS—THE LORD OF LANDS . . . . .	58
ALPHEUS—MYCENAE . . . . .	59
MACEDONIUS—THE THRESHOLD . . . . .	60
NOTES . . . . .	61

MIMNERMUS

7TH CENTURY B.C.

CARPE DIEM

HOLD fast thine youth, dear soul of mine,  
new lives will come to birth,  
And I that shall have passed away be one  
with the brown earth.

# SAPPHO

7TH AND 6TH CENTURY B.C.

## I

### A BITTER WORD

DYING thou shalt lie in nothingness, nor  
after  
Love shall abide here nor memory of thee ;  
For thou hast no portion in the roses of  
Pieria ;  
But even in the nether world obscurely shalt  
thou wander  
Flitting hither thither with the phantoms of  
the dead.

Note 1

## SAPPHO

### II

#### THE BELOVED PRESENCE

BLEST as the Gods are esteem I him who  
    alway

Sits face to face with thee and watching  
    thee forgoes not

The voice that is music and the smile that  
    is seduction,

        Smile that my heart knows  
Fluttered in its chambers. For lo, when I  
    behold thee

Forthwith my voice fails, my tongue is tied  
    in silence,

Flame of fire goes through me, my ears are  
    full of murmur,

        Blinded I see naught :

Sweat breaketh forth on me, and all my  
being trembles,  
Paler am I grown than the pallor of the  
dry grass,  
Death seemeth almost to have laid his hand  
upon me.—

Then I dare all things.

Note 2



SAPPHO

III

HESPER

THOU, Hesper, bringest homeward all  
That radiant dawn sped far and wide :  
The sheep to fold, the goat to stall,  
The children to their mother's side.

## SAPPHO

### IV

#### OUT OF REACH

LIKE the apple that ripens rosy at the end  
of a branch on high,  
At the utmost end of the utmost bough,  
Which those that gather forgot till now.  
Nay, did not forget, but only they never  
might come thereby.

# ANACREONTICA

ANACREON, 6TH CENTURY B.C.

## I

### LOVE'S CHALLENGE

LOVE smote me with his jacinth wand and  
challenged me to race,

And wore me down with running till the  
sweat poured off my face,

Through breaks of tangled woodland, by  
chasms sheer to scale,

Until my heart was in my lips and at the  
point to fail.

Then as I felt his tender wings brush lightly  
round my head,

'Tis proven that thou lackest the strength  
to love,' he said.

Note 3

## ANACREONTICA

### II

#### BACCHANAL

WHEN Bacchus hath possessed me my cares  
are lulled in wine,  
And all the wealth of Croesus is not more  
his than mine :  
I crown my head with ivy, I lift my voice to  
sing,  
And in my exultation seem lord of every  
thing.  
So let the warrior don his arms, give me my  
cup instead,  
If I must lie my length on earth, why better  
drunk than dead.

## ANACREONTICA

### III

#### HER PORTRAIT

MASTER of all the craftsmen,  
Prince of the Rhodian art,  
Interpret, master craftsman,  
Each detail I impart,  
And draw as were she present  
The mistress of my heart.

First you must match those masses  
Of darkly clustered hair,  
And if such skill be in your wax  
The scent that harbours there ;  
And where the flowing tresses cast  
A warm-toned shadow, trace

A forehead white as ivory,  
The oval of her face.  
Her brows you must not quite divide  
Nor wholly join, there lies  
A subtle link between them  
Above the dark-lashed eyes.  
And you must borrow flame of fire  
To give her glance its due,  
As tender as Cithera's  
And as Athena's blue.  
For cheek and nostril rose-leaves  
And milk you shall enlist,  
And shape her lips like Peitho's  
Inviting to be kissed.  
Let all the Graces stay their flight  
And gather round to deck  
The outline of her tender chin,  
The marble of her neck.  
And for the rest—bedrape her  
In robe of purple hue,

With here and there to give it life  
The flesh tint peeping through.  
Now hold thy hand,—for I can see  
The face and form I seek,  
And surely in a moment's space  
I think your wax will speak.

Note 4

## ANACREONTICA

### IV

#### METAMORPHOSIS

IF she who, born to Tantalus,  
As Niobe we know,  
Was turned to stone among the hills  
Of Phrygia long ago ;  
If Proene by such magic change  
Was made a bird that flies,  
Let me become the mirror  
That holds my lady's eyes !  
Or let me be the water  
In which your beauty bathes,  
Or the dress which clinging closely  
Your gracious presence swathes ;



Or change me to the perfume  
    You sprinkle on your skin,  
Or let me be the pearl-drop  
    That hangs beneath your chin ;  
And if not these the girdle  
    You bind below your breast ;  
Or be at least the sandal  
    Your little foot hath pressed.

## ANACREONTICA

v

### APOLOGIA

THE brown earth drinks from heaven, and  
from the earth the tree,  
The sea drinks down the vapour, and the  
sun drinks up the sea,  
The moon drinks in the sunlight; now  
therefore, comrades, say  
What fault have you to find in me if I  
would drink as they?

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

ANACREON'S GRAVE

You that pass this place of graves  
Pause and spill a cup for me,  
For I hold Anacreon's ashes,  
And would drink as once would he.

SIMONIDES

556-467 B.C.

*THE PLATAEAN EPITAPHS*

I

ON THE SPARTANS

THESE who with fame eternal their own  
dear land endowed  
Took on them as a mantle the shade of  
death's dark cloud ;  
Yet dying thus they died not, on whom is  
glory shed  
By virtue which exalts them above all other  
dead.

## SIMONIDES

### II

#### ON THE ATHENIANS

IF to die nobly be the meed that lures the  
noblest mind,

Then unto us of all men in this was fortune  
kind.

For Greece we marched, that freedom's arm  
should ever round her fold ;

We died, but gained for guerdon renown  
that grows not old.

PLATO

429-347 B.C.

I

A GRAVE IN PERSIA

FAR from our own Ægean shore  
And the surges booming deep,  
Here where Ecbatana's great plain  
Lies broad, we exiles sleep.  
Farewell, Eretria the renowned,  
Where once we used to dwell ;  
Farewell, our neighbour Athens ;  
Beloved sea, farewell !

Note 5

PLATO

II

STARWORSHIP

THOU gazest starward, star of mine, whose  
heaven I fain would be,  
That all my myriad starry eyes might only  
gaze on thee.

PLATO

III

THE UNSET STAR

STAR that didst on the living at dawn thy  
lustre shed,  
Now as the star of evening thou shinest with  
the dead !



## PLATO

### IV

#### LAIS

I THAT through the land of Hellas  
    Laughed in triumph and disdain,  
Lais, of whose open porches  
    All the love-struck youth were fain,  
Bring the mirror once I gazed in,  
    Cyprian, at thy shrine to vow,  
Since I see not there what once was,  
    And I would not what is now.

## PERSES

4TH CENTURY B.C.

### A RUSTIC SHRINE

I AM the god of the little things,  
In whom you will surely find,  
If you call upon me in season,  
A little god who is kind.  
You must not ask of me great things,  
But what is in my control,  
I, Tychon, god of the humble,  
May grant to a simple soul.

Note 6

ANYTE OF TEGEA

4TH CENTURY B.C.

I

A SHRINE BY THE SEA

THIS is the Cyprian's holy ground,  
Who ever loves to stand  
Where she can watch the shining seas  
Beyond the utmost land ;  
That sailors on their voyages  
May prosper by her aid,  
Whose radiant effigy the deep  
Beholding is afraid.

ANYTE OF TEGEA

II

THE GOD OF THE CROSS-ROADS

I, HERMES, by the grey sea-shore,

Set where the three roads meet,

Outside the wind-swept garden,

Give rest to weary feet ;

The waters of my fountain

Are clear, and cool, and sweet.

## ADDAEUS

4TH CENTURY B.C.

### THE ANCIENT OX

THE ox of Alcon was not led to the slaughter  
when at length

Age and the weary furrow had sapped his  
olden strength.

His faithful work was honoured, and in the  
deep grass now

He strays and lows contentment, enfran-  
chised from the plough.

ASCLEPIADES

3RD CENTURY B.C.

THE PRAISE OF LOVE

SWEET is the snow in summer thirst to drink,  
and sweet the day

When sailors see spring's garland bloom  
and winter pass away.

But the sweetest thing on earth is when, one  
mantle for their cover,

Two hearts recite the Cyprian's praise as  
lover unto lover.

## MICIAS

3RD CENTURY B.C.

### A WAYSIDE FOUNTAIN

REST here beneath the poplars,  
When tired with travelling,  
And drawing nigh refresh you  
With water from our spring.  
So may you keep in memory  
When under other skies  
The fount his father Simus set  
By the grave where Gillus lies.

## CALLIMACHUS

3RD CENTURY B.C.

### CAST UP BY THE SEA

Who were you, shipwrecked sailor? The  
body that he found,  
Cast on the beach, Leontichus laid in this  
burial mound;  
And mindful of his own grim life he wept,  
for neither he  
May rest in peace who like a gull goes up  
and down the sea.



## NOSSIS

3RD CENTURY B.C.

### I

#### ROSES OF CYPRIS

OF all the world's delightful things most  
sweet is love. The rest,

Ay, even honey in the mouth, are only  
second best.

This Nossis saith. And only they the  
Cyprian loves may know

The glory of the roses that in her garden  
grow.

## NOSSIS

### II

#### RINTHO'S GRAVE

GIVE me a hearty laugh, and say  
A friendly word and go thy way.  
Rintho was I of Syracuse,  
A modest song bird of the muse,  
Whose tears and smiles together sown  
Have born an ivy all my own.

Note 7

## LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

3RD CENTURY B.C.

I

### ERINNA

THE lyric maid Erinna, the poet-bee that  
drew

The honey from the rarest blooms the  
muses' garden grew,

Hath Hades snatched to be his bride. Mark  
where the maiden saith,

Prophetic in her wisdom, 'How envious  
art thou, Death!'

Note 8

## LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

### II

#### THE FOUNTAIN HEAD

PAUSE not here to drink thy fill  
Where the sheep have stirred the rill,  
And the pool lies warm and still—  
Cross yon ridge a little way,  
Where the grazing heifers stray,  
And the stone-pine's branches sway  
O'er a creviced rock below ;  
Thence the bubbling waters flow  
Cooler than the northern snow.

DIONYSUS

2ND CENTURY B.C. (?)

THE ROSE OF YOUTH

GIRL with the roses and the grace  
Of all the roses in your face,  
Are you, or are the blooms you bear,  
Or haply both your market ware?

## DAMAGETUS

2ND CENTURY B.C.

### THEANO

THESE words, renowned Phocæa, were the  
last Theano said,

As she went down into the night that none  
hath harvested.

Hapless am I, Apellichus, beloved husband  
mine,

Where in the wide, wide waters is now that  
bark of thine?

My doom hath come upon me, and would  
to God that I

Had felt my hand in thy dear hand on the  
day I had to die.

## ARCHIAS

1ST CENTURY B.C.

### I

#### THE HARBOUR GOD

ME, Pan, whose presence haunts the shore,  
The fisher folk set here,  
To guard their haven anchorage  
On the cliff that they revere ;  
And thence I watch them cast the net  
And mind their fishing gear.  
Sail past me, traveller : for I send  
The gentle southern breeze,  
Because of this their piety,  
To speed thee over seas.

## ARCHIAS

### II

#### A GRAVE BY THE SEA

I, SHIPWRECKED Theris, whom the tide  
    Flung landward from the deep,  
Not even dead may I forget  
    The shores that know not sleep.  
Beneath the cliffs that break the surf  
    My body found a grave,  
Dug by the hands of stranger men,  
    Beside the cruel wave :  
And still ill-starred among the dead  
    I hear for evermore  
The hateful booming of the seas  
    That thunder on the shore.



## MELEAGER

1ST CENTURY B.C.

### I

#### LOVE'S QUIVER

By Heliodora's sandalled foot, and Demo's  
waving hair,  
By Dorothea's wreath of blooms unbudding  
to the air,  
By Anticlea's winsome smile and the great  
eyes of her,  
And by Timarion's open door distilling scent  
like myrrh,  
I know the god of love has spent his arrows  
winged to smart,  
For all the shafts his quiver held I have  
them in my heart.

## MELEAGER

### II

#### THE CUP

THE cup takes heart of gladness, whose  
boast it is to be  
Sipped by the mouth of love's delight, soft-  
voiced Zenophile.  
Most favoured cup! I would that she with  
lips to my lips pressed  
Would drink the soul in one deep draught,  
that is my body's guest.

## MELEAGER

### III

#### ZENOPHILE

SWEET is the music of that air, by Pan of  
Arcady,

Thou drawest from the harpstrings, too  
sweet, Zenophile ;

The thronging loves on every side close in  
and press me nigh,

And leave me scarce a breathing space, so  
whither can I fly ?

Is it thy beauty or thy song that kindles my  
desire,

Thy grace, or every thing thou art ? For I  
am all on fire.

## MELEAGER

### IV

#### LOVE AND DEATH

FRIEND Cleobulus, when I die  
Who conquered by desire,  
Abandoned in the ashes lie  
Of youth's consuming fire,  
Do me this service, drench in wine  
The urn you pass beneath,  
And grave upon it this one line,  
'The gift of Love to Death.'

## MELEAGER

v

### LOVE'S MALICE

CRUEL is Love, ah cruel, and what can I do  
more

Than moaning love is cruel, repeat it o'er  
and o'er?

I know the boy is laughing and pleased that  
I grow grim,

And just the bitter things I say are the bread  
of life to him.

But you that from the grey-green wave  
arising, Cyprian, came,

'Tis strange that out of water you should  
have borne a flame.

## MELEAGER

### VI

#### ASCLEPIAS

LIKE the calm sea beguiling with those blue  
eyes of hers,  
Asclepias tempteth all men to be love's  
mariners.

## MELEAGER

### VII

#### HELIODORA

SAY Heliodore, and Heliodore, and still say  
    Heliodore,  
And let the music of her name mix with the  
    wine you pour.  
And wreath me with the wreath she wore,  
    that holds the scent of myrrh,  
For all that it be yesterday's, in memory of  
    her.  
The rose that loveth lovers, the rose lets fall  
    a tear  
Because my arms are empty, because she is  
    not here.

## MELEAGER

### VIII

#### THE WREATH

WHITE violet with the tender-leaved nar-  
cissus I will twine,  
And the laughing lips of lilies with myrtle  
blossoms combine ;  
And I will bind the hyacinth, the dark red-  
purple flower,  
With crocus sweet and roses that are the  
lovers' dower,  
To make the wreath that Heliodore's curl-  
scented brow shall wear,  
To strew with falling petals the glory of her  
hair.



## MELEAGER

### IX

#### LIBATION

POUR out as if for Peitho, and for the  
Cyprian pour,  
Then for the sweet-voiced Graces, but all  
for Heliodore ;  
For there is but one goddess whose worship  
I enshrine,  
And blent with her beloved name I drink  
the virgin wine.

## MELEAGER

X

### THE GRAVE OF HELIODORA

TEARS for thee, Heliodore, and bitter tears  
to shed,

If all that love has left to give can reach  
thee with the dead ;

Here at thy grave I offer, that tear-drenched  
grave of thine,

Libation of my longing before affection's  
shrine.

Forlorn I mourn thee, dearest, in the land  
where shadows dwell,

Forlorn, and grudge the tribute death could  
have spared so well.

Where is the flower I cherished? Plucked  
by the god of doom ;  
Plucked, and his dust has tarnished the  
scarce unbudded bloom.  
I may but pray thee, mother earth, who  
givest all thy best,  
Clasp her I mourn for ever close to thy  
gentle breast.

## MELEAGER

XI

### HIS EPITAPH

TREAD softly, ye that pass, for here  
The old man rests his head,  
And sleeps the sleep that all men must  
Among the honoured dead.  
Meleager, son of Eucrates,  
Who linked the joyous train  
Of Graces and of Muses  
With love's delicious pain.  
From Gadara, the sacred land,  
I came and god-built Tyre,

But Meropis and pleasant Cos  
    Consoled life's waning fire.  
If thou be Syrian, say Salaam,  
    Or Hail, if Greek thou be,  
Say Naidios, if Phœnician born,  
    For all are one to me.

CRINAGORAS

1ST CENTURY B.C.

ROSES IN WINTER

IN spring it was we roses  
Were used to bloom of old,  
Who now in midmost winter  
Our crimson cells unfold,  
To greet thee on the birthday  
That shall thy bridal bring.  
'Tis more to grace so fair a brow  
Than know the suns of spring.

## JULIUS POLYAENUS

1ST CENTURY B.C.

### AN EXILE'S PRAYER

AMONG the myriad voices that seek to win  
thine ear

From those whose prayers are granted, from  
those who pray in fear,

O Zeus of Scheria's holy plain, let my voice  
reach thee too,

And hearken and incline the brow that  
binds thy promise true.

Let my long exile have an end, my toil and  
travel past,

Grant me in my own native land to live at  
rest at last!

## ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

1ST CENTURY B.C.

### A GRAVE AT OSTIA

AUSONIAN earth contains me  
That was a Libyan maid,  
And in the sea's sand hard by Rome  
My virgin form was laid.  
Pompeia with a mother's care  
Watched o'er my tender years,  
Entombed me here among the free,  
And gave me many tears.  
Not as she prayed the torch was fired,  
She would have burned for me ;  
The lamp which took the torch's place  
Was thine, Persephone.



AUTHOR UNKNOWN

FRIENDSHIP'S EPITAPH

THIS stone, my good Sabinus, although it  
be but small,

Shall be of our great friendship a witness  
unto all.

Ever shall I desire thee, and thou, if this  
may be,

Forbear to drink among the dead the lethe-  
draft for me.

Note 9

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

THE COUNSEL OF PAN

IN this green meadow, traveller, yield  
Thy weary limbs to rest :  
The branches of the stone pine sway  
To the wind from out the west ;  
The cricket calls, and all noon long  
The shepherd's piping fills  
The plane-grove's leafy shadows  
By the spring among the hills.  
Soothed by these sounds thou shalt avoid  
The dogstar's autumn fires,  
And then to-morrow cross the ridge ;—  
Such wisdom Pan inspires.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

BÉNITIER

TOUCH but the virgin water, clean of soul,  
Nor fear to pass into the pure god's  
sight :  
For the good a drop suffices. But the whole  
Great ocean could not wash the unclean  
white.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

THE END OF THE COMEDY

FORTUNE and Hope, a long adieu !

My ship is safe in port.

With me is nothing left to do,

Make other lives your sport.

Note 10

## STRATO

2ND CENTURY A.D.

### THE KISS

IT was at even and the hour in which good-  
nights are bid  
That Mœris kissed me, if indeed I do not  
dream she did.  
Of all the rest that happened there is naught  
that I forget,  
No word she said, no question of all she  
asked,—and yet  
If she indeed did kiss me, my doubt can not  
decide,  
For how could I still walk the earth had I  
been deified!

## AMMIANUS

2ND CENTURY A.D.

### THE LORD OF LANDS

THOUGH till the gates of Heracles thy land-  
marks thou extend,  
Their share in earth is equal for all men at  
the end ;  
And thou shalt lie as Irus lies, one obol all  
thy store,  
And be resolved into an earth that is thine  
own no more.

Note 11

## ALPHEUS

2ND CENTURY A.D.

### MYCENAE

THE cities of the hero age thine eyes may  
seek in vain,  
Save where some wrecks of ruin still break  
the level plain.  
So once I saw Mycenae, the ill-starred, a  
barren height  
Too bleak for goats to pasture,—the goat-  
herds point the site.  
And as I passed a greybeard said, 'Here  
used to stand of old  
A city built by giants, and passing rich in  
gold.'

Note 12

MACEDONIUS

6TH CENTURY A.D.

THE THRESHOLD

SPIRIT of Birth, that gave me life,  
Earth, that receives my clay,  
Farewell, for I have travelled  
The stage that twixt you lay.  
I go, and have no knowledge  
From whence I came to you,  
Nor whither I shall journey,  
Nor whose I am, nor who.



## NOTES

Note 1, p. 2.

In this, No. 68 of the Sappho fragments, I have followed the reading

κατθάνοισα δὲ κείσεται οὐδέ ποτα μναμοσύνα  
σέθεν  
ἔσσειτ' οὐδ' ἔρος εἰς ὕστερον·

rather than

κατθάνοισα δὲ κείσεται πότα, κὼ μναμοσύνα σέθεν.  
ἔσσειτ' οὔτε τότ' οὔτ' ὕστερον·

'Dying thou shalt lie in nothingness, nor of thee

There nor thereafter shall memory abide.'

Note 2, p. 4.

A portion of this fragment was adopted by Catullus.

Note 3, p. 7.

Anacreon's date is 563-478 B.C. It must, alas, be admitted that the poems attributed to him

are, with the exception of a few fragments, all of them dubious and most of them certainly spurious. He had a great number of imitators down to a much later time, and a considerable number of the pseudo-Anacreontic poems are preserved in an appendix to the Palatine anthology. It may be assumed that some of them reflect a portion of his spirit, and many of them are graceful in conceit and beautiful in form. The specimens here given must be classed upon the productions of his later imitators, although they are inserted in the place where in chronological order the real Anacreon would have followed.

Note 4, p. 9.

The portraiture of the Greeks was executed with tinted wax, and not with colours rendered fluid by a liquid or oily medium. The various tints and tones of wax were probably laid on with the finger tips or with a spatula.

Note 5, p. 18.

There was more than one Plato, but the great Plato is evidently referred to in the prefatory poem of Meleager as included among the poets of his anthology.

Captives from Eretria were established in a colony in Persia by Darius after the first Persian

war. The colony at Ardericca was, however, hundreds of miles from Ecbatana.

If the epigram on Lais is not attributed to the great Plato by the most competent authorities, the dates of the two famous courtesans who bore the name would not exclude the possibility of his being the author.

Note 6, p. 22.

Tychon is identified with Priapus.

Note 7, p. 30.

Rintho founded a new school of serio-comic drama about 300 B.C. The ivy was sacred to Dionysus, in whose worship the drama had its origin.

Note 8, p. 31.

Also attributed to Meleager. The phrase, *βάσκανος ἔσσι' Αἴδα*, here quoted is from Erinna's lament for Baucis, one of the rare surviving lyrics of the Rhodian poetess.

Note 9, p. 53.

The anonymous epigrams here inserted are probably not in their proper chronological places. But as they could not be definitely assigned to any date I have placed them between the two categories of B.C. and A.D.

Note 10, p. 56.

There is a Latin version of this epigram on a tomb in the pavement of a church in Rome (S. Lorenzo in Panisperna).

Inveni portum, spes et fortuna valete,  
Nil mihi vobiscum, ludite nunc alios.

Note 11, p. 58.

Irus was the beggar of the Odyssey who ran messages for the suitors of Penelope. The obol referred to is the small coin placed between the lips of the dead to pay the toll to the ferryman of Hades.

Note 12, p. 59.

It is interesting to know from the evidence of Alpheus, who visited the sites of the Homeric cities, that nearly two thousand years ago the site of Mycenae was just as it remained until the excavations of Schliemann.



THIS BOOK IS DUE ON THE LAST DATE  
STAMPED BELOW

AN INITIAL FINE OF 25 CENTS  
WILL BE ASSESSED FOR FAILURE TO RETURN  
THIS BOOK ON THE DATE DUE. THE PENALTY  
WILL INCREASE TO 50 CENTS ON THE FOURTH  
DAY AND TO \$1.00 ON THE SEVENTH DAY  
OVERDUE.

MAR 17 1935

3 Feb 51 DA

REC'D LD

AUG 14 1958

9 Apr '55 G

31 Mar '61 MM

MAR 24 1955 LD  
3 Nov '58 FG

IN STACKS

JUN

skr  
pro mit  
L.

YB 27421



370067

Reed

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

