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For Greek, Latin, and Arabic
Literature
FRAGMENTS

OF THE

GREEK COMIC POETS.
FRAGMENTS
OF THE
GREEK COMIC POETS.

With Renderings in English Verse.

Frederick Iphthig
BY F. A. PALEY, LL.D.,
Translator of "Greek Wit," etc., etc.

"Versibus exponi tragicis ras comica non vult:
Interdum tamen et vocem Comedia tollit."
Horace.

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PREFACE.

Some thousands of verses, attributed by Athenæus, Stobæus, and others who have preserved them, to the many poets of the Old, the Middle, and the New Comedy, never come within the range of school reading in this country. But many of them are extremely witty; and as they represent the best periods of the Attic language and stage, vis. from the age of Pericles till some time after the death of Alexander the Great, the neglect of them is a weak point in our classical education. To bring a selection from them to the notice of English readers is almost like the opening of a new mine, or restoring to cultivation land that has been long lying waste.

Of these poets, Antiphanes, of the "Middle," and Menander, of the "New," seem to have been most famous. From the latter especially Plautus and Terence were indebted for not a few of their plays. More than seven hundred "monostichs," or single verses, alphabetically arranged, have come down to us under the name of Menander, though not all of them are genuine.
We have in this interesting collection of the Comic fragments from the writings of about one hundred and fifty poets, a combination of the wise, the witty, the satirical, the sententious, the epigrammatic; and the application of some of them to the circumstances of our own times is striking. In translating them, the employment of rhyme makes the exact rendering often impossible; but the general spirit is preserved, while the claims of English readers rather than of classical scholars have been consulted.

The "Old Comedy," of which Aristophanes is the chief representative, had this great fault, that it revelled in immorality and made sport of depravity. The influence of the Socratic teaching, and the schools of Sophists and philosophers, did much to correct this terrible abuse, by which the Comic stage had become an incentive to unrestrained vice. It is to the credit of Menander and the New Comedy that it rarely offends.

The edition used in making these extracts is the Editio Minor of the "Fragmenta Comicorum Graecorum," by Augustus Meineke, in two octavo volumes, together containing some 1,300 pages (Berlin, 1847). To these reference is made by the figures, the marginal number of the fragment being subjoined to each extract, but not that of the drama from which it was taken, and which is supplied in Meineke's edition.

It is well to repeat, that the translations here given
were made mainly with the view of introducing a school of Attic wit, by no means familiar even to scholars, to ordinary English readers. Hence the "point" is attended to rather than the form of expression, and some of the pieces may justly be regarded in the light of a paraphrase rather than as a translation, properly so called.

Nevertheless, as the Publishers have decided to print along with them the Greek text, which is almost identical with that of Meineke, it is hoped that translations in rhyming verse will be found near enough to give a ready help in correctly interpreting the original. And the Greek text, it is believed, will be judged to have an independent value for more advanced students, as a selection, if only a small one, from a form of Attic poetry of the best age, which is in the hands of very few, and which appears indeed to be practically unknown in English classical courses, though it might with great advantage be allowed its proper place in them. Why should Aristophanes be read in the schools while Menander is wholly neglected? Such a selection, perfectly unobjectionable in morality, not difficult as a lesson in Greek, and highly entertaining in itself, assuredly would form a valuable enlargement of the subjects now commonly recommended and set by Lecturers.

This little book therefore is intended alike for the School-room and the Drawing-room. It is hoped it may find its way into both.
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FRAGMENTS

OF THE

GREEK COMIC POETS.
PHERECRATES.

Ἐγὼ κατεσθίω μόλις τῆς ἡμέρας πένθ᾽ ἡμεδίμυ, ἓν βιαζόμαι. Б. μόλις;
ὡς ὁλιγόσιτος ἦσθ᾽ ἄρ', ὃς κατεσθίεις
τῆς ἡμέρας μακρὰς τρυπῶν συτία.

(Fr. 1.)

Ἐκ τοῦ βαλανείου γὰρ διέφθος ἐρχομαι,
ἐτρὰν ἕχουσα τὴν φάρυγα. Б. δώσω πιέων.
A. γλάσχρον τὲ μονστὶ τὸ σίαλον νὴ τὼ θεώ.
B. λαβῶν κεράσω σοι τὴν κοτωλίσκην; Ἀ. μηδαμῶς
μικράν γε. κινεῖται γὰρ εὐθὺς μοι χολή,
ἐξ οὔτερ ἔπιον ἐκ τοιαύτης φάρμακον.
eis τὴν ἐμὴν νῦν ἔχειον τὴν μείξονα.

(Fr. 67.)
"I SCARCELY eat a hundred loaves a day."
You scarcely eat! Pray, what is that you say?
Truly, in bread you very little do,
Who eat each day what serves a longboat's crew!

PARBOILED I leave this bath; my throat is dry,
My windpipe steamed, to spit I vainly try.
   B. Take a small cup.

   A. Too small don't let it be;
Your minim dose it frightens me to see.
I once drank poison from a "minim" cup:
Here's mine, of larger size; and fill it up!
ΗΕΡΜΙΠΠΟΣ.

Έκείνος ἦστι στρογγύλος τὴν ὄψιν ὡς πονηρόν, ἕτερος δὲ ἔχων περιέρχεται κύκλῳ τὰ πάντα ἐν αὐτῷ, ἡμᾶς δὲ τίκτει περιτρέχων τὴν γῆν ἀπαξάπασαν· ὁνομάζεται δὲ ἐνιαυτός, ὅπις δὲ περιφερῆς τελευτὴν οὐδεμίαν οὔδ' ἀρχὴν ἔχει, κυκλῶν δ' ἀεὶ τὸ σῶμα οὐ παύσεται δὲ ἡμέρας ὀσμηρᾶ τροχάζων.

(Fr. 1.)

Τὴν μὲν διάλεκτον καὶ τὸ πρόσωπον ἀμφίων ἔχειν δοκεῖς, τὰ δ' ἐνδον οὐδὲν διαφέρεις δράκοντος.

(Fr. 2.)
HERMIPPUS.

ROUND in its form and rolling like a ball,
Aye moving, in itself containing all,¹
And thence called Round-about, he gives us birth,
And runs his course to visit all the earth.
A ring no end and no beginning knows;
So day by day the year whirls on without repose.

MILD as a lamb you seem in voice and face;
But in your heart the dragon finds a place.

¹ έπαυρος, "year," was fancifully derived from in έαυρ. To this Virgil refers, Georg. ii. 402, "Atque in se sua per vestigia volvitur annus." Here it is identified with the sun.
Κράτιστος οὖτος ἐγένετ' ἀνθρώπων λέγειν·
ὅποτε παρέλθοι δ', ὡσπερ ἀγαθοὶ δρομῆς
ἐκ δέκα ποδῶν ἦρει λέγων τοὺς ῥήτορας.
Β. ταχὺν λέγεις μὲν, πρὸς δὲ γ' αὐτοῦ τῷ τάχει
5 πειθῶ τις ἐπεκάθιξεν ἐπὶ τοὺς χείλεσιν.
οὕτως ἐκήλει, καὶ μόνος τῶν ῥήτορων
tὸ κέντρον ἐγκατέλειπε τοὺς ἄκροωμένους.

(Fr. 94.)

'Αντὶ ποικίλου
πυκνῶν ἠχοντ' ἀλοντία κάρα τε καὶ
tρίβων'. ὦτ' ἡ μέντοι νεώτερος, κρόκης
πέντε στατήρας εἶχε, ναὶ μᾶ τὸν Δία,
νῦν δὲ ρύπου γε δύο τάλαντα ῥφίδως.

(Fr. 257.)
EUPOLIS.

A statesman,\(^1\) who in speaking all surpassed
And far out-distanced like a runner fast.
Once past them, none could catch him; "yards
a-head
His word-flow keeps," in all debates 'twas said.
Not merely eloquence, but more, a charm
Sat on his lips, wild passions to disarm.
The only man who could the influence bring
To make men feel,—and leave behind the sting.

Unwashed, unkempt, in shabby cloak arrayed,
Behold the man who erst fine robes displayed!
Our prig, when young, paid five pounds for a shirt;
But now he wears five hundred pounds of dirt!

\(^1\) Pericles, the G. O. M. of Athens.
'Ω μώρε, μωρε, ταῦτα πάντ' ἐν τῷ ἔντον μὲν ἄργων αὐτῶν ἐν τῷ γηθῶ ἀπαλλαγέντα τῶν κατ' ἀγορὰν πραγμάτων, κεκτημένον ζενγάριον οἰκεῖον βοῶν, 5 ἐπεὶ ἀκούειν προβατιών βληχωμένων τρυγὸς τῇ φωνῇ εἰς λεκάνην ὥθομενης, ὀψὶν δὲ χρῆσθαι σπινθίοις τε καὶ κίχλαις, καὶ μὴ περιμένειν ἐξ ἀγοράς ἱχθύδια τριταία πολυτίμητα, βεβασανομένα 10 ἐπ' ἱχθυόπωλου χειρὶ παραγομωτάτη.

(Fr. 381.)

ARISTOPHANES.
ARISTOPHANES.

O foolish friend! what makes true comfort hear:
All that you sigh for, I'm enjoying here.
Little know you what pleasure it doth give
Free from town-cares on one's own farm to live;
For plough and wain two little steers to keep,
To hear the voices of the bleating sheep
Or sound of must that gurgles from the vat,
Then sup on ortolans and thrushes fat;
Nor wait till flabby fish, some three days old,
The market sends, at thrice its value sold
By weight that's guessed at in the salesman's hand,
And heavier made than when it came to land.
Τῶν γὰρ τετραπόδων οίδεν ἀποκτείνειν ἐδει ἡμᾶς τὸ λοιπόν, πλὴν ὑών. τὰ γὰρ κρέα ἡμῶν ἔχουσιν, κοιδέν ἂφ' ὅσ γίνεται πλὴν ὑστερίχες καὶ πηλὸς ἡμῶν καὶ βοή.

(Fr. 27.)

Ἅν γὰρ ἀποθάνῃ εἰς τις πονηρός, δυ' ἀνέφυσαν ῥήτορες· οἴδεις γὰρ ἡμῖν Ἰόλεως ἐν τῇ πόλει, δοσις ἑπικαίσει τὰς κεφαλὰς τῶν ῥήτόρων. κεκολλόπευκας τοιγαροῦν ῥήτωρ ἔσει.

(Fr. 181.)
PLATO COMICUS.

HENCEFORTH no four-legged creature should be slain,
Except the pig; of this the reason's plain.
Its use—unless for food—man vainly seeks;
It only gives him bristles, dirt, and squeaks.

We're swamped with "public men";¹ for one scamp dead,¹
Two louder talkers, greater scamps, instead
Spring up like Hydra's heads: the more's the pity
We have no Iolaus² in the city
To singe the necks from which these pests arise,
In whom foul lives alone secure the prize.

¹ The nearest equivalent to "rhetor."
² The assistant of Hercules.
METAGENES.

'Ο μὲν ποταμὸς ὁ Κράθις ἥμιν καταφέρει μάζας μεγάλας αὐτομάτας μεμαγμένας,
δ' ὁ ἄλλος ὀθεῖ κύμα ναυστῶν καὶ κρεών ἱφθῶν τε βατίδων εἰνυμένων αὐτόσε.
5 τὰ δὲ μικρὰ ταυτὶ ποιάμεν ἐνεπευθεῖν ἴνα τευθίσων ὅπεταὶ καὶ φάγροις καὶ καράβοις,
ἐνεπευθεῖ δ' ἄλλασι καὶ περικόμμησιν, τῇ δὲ ἀφάση, τῇ δὲ ἀναγκώις,
τεμάχη δ' ἀνωθέν αὐτομάτα πεπνυμένα
10 εἰς τὸ στόμα ἐπετείνε, τὰ δὲ παρ' αὐτῶ τῷ πόδε,
-ἀμυλοὶ δὲ περιγάζοντον ἥμιν ἐν κύκλῳ.

(Fr. 6.)
METAGENES.

This river Crathis rolls us down
Huge buns of self-made dough, baked brown;
One other stream, the Sybaris hight,¹
Bears on its current, pleasing sight!
Relays of loaves and hunks of meat,
Plaice plunging, ready cooked to eat,
While lesser streamlets all about
Run with baked squids and crabs and trout;
With sausages or mince-meats rare,
Here crisp-fried smelts, prime herrings there.
Into your mouth dressed collops tumble
Or at your feet in glorious jumble;
Sponge-cakes on every side abound,
Like neighbours closely grouped around.

¹ The luxurious life of a Sybarite is fantastically described.
THEOPOMPUS.

Χώρει σὺ δεύρο, Θηρικλέοις πιστὸν τέκνον
gενναίον εἶδος, ὄνομά σου τί θόμεθα;
ἀρ’ εἶ κάτοπτρον φύσεως ἢν πλήρες δοθῆς;
οὐδὲν ποτ’ ἄλλο. δεύρο δὴ γεμίσω σ’ ἐγώ.

5 γραῦ Θεολύτη, γραῦ. B. τί με καλεῖς σὺ φιλτατε; 
A. ἢ’ ἀσπάσωμαι δεύρο παρ’ ἐμὲ Θεολύτη,
παρὰ τὸν νέον ξύνδουλον οὔτωσι, καλῶς.
B. Σπυνθήρ τάλας, πειρᾶς με. A. ναὶ, τοιοῦτο τι
φιλοτησίαν δὲ τήνδε σοι προπίσμαι·
10 δέξαι, πιυύσα δ’ ὑπόσων αὐν σοι θυμὸς ὑ,
παράδοσ τὸ λοιπὸν.

(Fr. 32.)
THEOPOMPUS.

COME here, fair cup, of Thericlean¹ skill
The genuine product, take what name you will.
"Nature's Reflector," filled with clear, bright wine,
The guest will call you in whose hand you shine.
That's the right name for you. Come, let me fill you.
Hi! Dame Theolytê, just come here, will you?
That I may greet you, come and sit by me;
I'm your young fellow-slave, Theolytê!
We're old and young; so come, all right, you know!

Th. You're a gay spark² to tempt me.

S. Hold now, so!

Now here is your health first; here, take a sip;
And when you've wetted as you like your lip,
Hand me the rest.

¹ Thericles was a noted ceramic artist.
² A good-looking young slave, with the appropriate name of Spinther ("spark"), is coaxing the old housekeeper "to try just a drop."
ANTIPHANES.

Κρέας δὲ τίνος ἤδιστ' ἂν ἐσθίοις; τίνος;
B. εἰς εὐτελείαν. τῶν προβάτων μὲν οἷς ἐν μὴ ἔρια μήτε τυρός, ἄρνος, φίλτατε.
tῶν δ' αἰγιδίων κατὰ ταῦθ' ἂ μὴ τυρόν ποιεῖ,
ἐρέσον διὰ τὴν ἐπικαρπίαν γὰρ τῶν ἀδρῶν
tαῦτ' ἐσθίων τὰ φαῦλ' ἄνεχομαι.

(Fr. 20.)

Τὰς σηπίας δὸς πρῶτον. Ἰράκλεις ἀναξ,
ἀπαντὰ τεθολόκασιν. οὐ βαλεῖς πάλιν
eἰς τὴν θάλατταν καὶ πλυνεῖς; μὴ φωκί σε,
Δωρίας, ἀλούτον σηπίας εἰληφέναι,

(Fr. 26.)

Πενθεῖν δὲ μετρίως τοὺς προσήκοντας φίλους:
oὐ γὰρ τεθνάσων, ἀλλὰ τὴν αὐτὴν ὅδον,
ἤν πᾶσιν ἔλθεῖν ἐστ' ἀναγκαίως ἔχον,
προεληλύθασιν. εἶτα χήμεις ὅστερον
ANTIPHANES.

What meat do you like best?

B. Whatever's cheap,

Lamb more than mutton; for your full-grown sheep
Grows wool, gives milk for cheese. Kid I prefer
To full-sized she-goat; there is cheese in her.
My diet thus I make on young and tender,
Not from such flocks as after-profits render.

But first let's have the squids; but look! alack,
By Hercules! here's everything made black!
Back to their native brine let them be tossed;
Cook swears squids caught uncleaned are labour lost.

Weep not, though loss of friends be sore;
They are not dead, but gone before,
Gone by the road which all must tread;
And when we follow those who led,


ANTIPHANES.

εἰς ταύτη καταγωγεῖον αὐτοῖς ἥξομεν,
καὶ τὸν ἄλλον συνδιατρύπωτες χρόνον.

(Fr. 53.)

'Επεῖ δὲ τούτ' οὐκ ἔστι, κακοδαίμων σφόδρα
ὁστις γαμεῖ γυναῖκα, πλὴν ἐν τοῖς Σκύθαις:
ἐκεῖ μόνον γὰρ οὐχὶ φύετ' ἄμπελος.

(Fr. 56.)

'Αλλὰ ταύτη λάμβανε,
παρθένε, τὰ μῆλα. B. καλά γε. A. καλὰ δὴν, ὥθει
νεωστὶ γὰρ τὸ σπέρμα τούτ' ἀφιγμένον
5 εἰς τὰς Ἀθήνας ἔστι παρὰ τοῦ βασιλέως.
B. παρ' Ἑσπερίδων, ψυχὲν γε. A. νὴ τήν Φωσφόρον,
phiaτὸ τὰ χρυσά μῆλα ταύτ' εἶναι. B. τρία
μόνον ἔστιν. A. ὀλέγον ἔστι τὸ καλὸν πανταχοῦ
καὶ τίμιον.

(Fr. 58.)
ANTIPHANES.

To the same bourn we too shall come,
To share with them a common home.¹

Wives are bad property, I'd have you know,—
Except in countries where grapes do not grow.

Here! take these apples, girl!

B. Beauties, indeed!

A. Yes! only lately Athens got the seed
From the great king!²

B. I thought the daughters three
Of Hesperus sent them.

A. Yes, by Hecate!
The "golden apples" they are called.

B. Not more
Than three are here; I wish I had a score!

A. Because they are few they need not be despised;

Beauty is rare, and should be ever prized.

¹ This would make a beautiful and touching epitaph.
² Citrons from Persia are meant, according to Athenæus, p. 84.
Α. Καὶ μὴν ἐστιάσω τῆμερον ὑμᾶς ἐγώ· σὺ δὲ ἀγοράσεις ἡμῖν λαβών,
Πίστι, ἀργύριον. Π. ἄλλως γὰρ οὐκ ἐπισταμαι χρηστῶς ἀγοράζειν. Α. φράζε δὴ, Φιλούμενε,
5 ὁψὶ τιν χαίρεις; Φ. τᾶσι. Α. καθ’ ἕκαστον λέγε, ἰχθὺν τίν ἡδέως φάγοις ἂν; Φ. εἰς ἀγρόν ἠλθεν φέρων πότ’ ἰχθυσπόλης μανίδας καὶ τρυγλίδας, καὶ νὴ Δὲ ἠρέσεν σφόδρα ἡμῖν ἀπασίν. Α. εἰτα καὶ νῦν εἰπέ μοι,
10 τούτων φάγοις ἂν; Φ. κἂν τις ἄλλος μικρὸς ἢ τοὺς γὰρ μεγάλους τούτους ἀπαντᾶς νεόμικα ἀνθρωποφάγους ἰχθῦς. Α. τί φής, δὲ φίλτατε, ἀνθρωποφάγους; τῶς; Π. δὲν γ’ ἂν ἀνθρωπος φάγοι, δὴλον δέ. ταῦτα δὲ ἐστὶν Ἐκάτης βρώματα
15 ἄ φησιν οὕτως, μανίδας καὶ τρυγλίδας.

(Fr. 68.)
ANTIPHANES.

A. You dine with me to-day. Slave Trusty, take
This purse; provisions get and ready make.

Slave (aside). I'm no great hand at shopping, but
I'll try
On this occasion something nice to buy!

A. Say now, friend Philo, what's most to your
taste.

Ph. Mine? Everything!

A. Not further words to waste,
Can you eat fish? Tell me what kinds you like.

Ph. Well, one day to our farm a man brought pike
And dace,¹ and very much he pleased us all.

A. And could you eat these now?

Ph. Any, if small.

Your big fish are man-eaters, to my mind.

A. How man-eaters?

Slave. Why, fishes of the kind

¹ Common and cheap sea-fish are named, but of species
unknown to us. The guest seems to speak ironically in say-
ing they were "very good."
'Ο γὰρ παράσιτος ἔστω, ἄν ὅρθως σκοπῆς,
κοινωνὸς ἀμφότερος, τῆς τύχης καὶ τοῦ βίου.
οὐδεὶς παράσιτος εὖχητ' ἄτυχεν τοὺς φίλους,
tοῦν καὶ τὸν ἑνῶς ἑυτυχεῖν δὲ πάντας εὐτυχεῖν ἄεὶ.

5 ἔστω πολυτελῆς τῷ βίῳ tis, οὐ φθονεῖ,
μετέχειν δὲ τούτων εὐχετ' αὐτῷ συμπαρῶν.
καστίν φίλος γενναῖος ἀσφαλής θ' ἁμα,
οδ μάχεσθε, οδ παρορεσθε, οὐχὶ βάσκανος,
ὁργὴν ἐνεγκεῖν ἀγαθὸς· ἄν σκόπητη, γελᾶ·

10 ἐρωτικὸς, γελοῖος, Ἰλαρὸς τῷ τρόπῳ,
τὰλιν στρατιώτης ἀγαθὸς εἰς ὑπερβολὴν,
ἄν ὅ τὸ συτάρχημα δείπνων εὑρεῖτε.

(Φρ. 81.)

Οὐδεὶς πότοτε
διὰ διέστη' ἀπέθαν' ἀποθανεῖν πρόθυμος ὡν,
τοὺς γλυκομένους δὲ ξῆν καταστῇ τοῦ σκέλους,
ἀκοντας ὁ Χάρων ἐπὶ τὸ πορθμεῖον τ' ἀγεὶ
ANTIPHANES.

A man may eat! But these that master boasts,
Your pike and dace, serve but to feed the ghosts.¹

THE parasite who shares your luck and table
Prays that to feed him you may long be able!
Not jealous he, nor envious of good living,
So long as you a share to him are giving!
A hearty friend, and safe, and not pugnacious,
Meek, patient at a snub, at jokes sagacious,
Loving and laughing, merry in his manner,
Glad e'en to fight—under a rich man's banner!

NONE ever die who wish; 'tis those that gloat
On life that Charon hurries to his boat,
Seized by the leg, dragged off against their will,
E'en while of food and drink they take their fill.

¹ "Food for Hecate," i.e. offerings on platters laid in the cross-roads or on tombs. (The slave is ridiculing his master's meanness.)
συνζωμένους καὶ πάντ’ ἔχοντας ἀφθόνως.
ο ὂ δέ λεμός ἀστιν ἀθανασίας φάρμακον.

Γείτον ἐστὶ τις
cάτηλις. οὕτω εὖθὺς, ὅταν ἐλθὼ ποτὲ
διψῶσα, μόνος οἶδ' ὡς γ' ἐμοὶ κεράννυτοι,
οὖθ' ὑδαρίς οὐτ' ἀκρατον. οἶδα ὅ' ἐγὼ ποτὲ
πιούσα.

'Ω γῆρας, ὃς ἀπασών ἀνθρώπους εἶ
ποθεινόν, ὃς εὑδαμον, εἰθ' ὅταν παρῆς,
ἀχθηρόν, ὃς μοχθηρόν, εὖ λέγει τέ σε
οὐδείς, κακῶς δὲ πᾶς τις ὃς σοφὸς λέγει.

'Ἀτοπά γε κηρύττουσιν ἐν τοῖς ἱχθύσιν
κηρύγμαθ', οὐ καὶ νῦν τις ἐκεκράγει μέγα
μέλιτος γλυκυτέρας μεμβράδας φάσκων ἔχειν.
εἰ τοῦτο τοιοῦτ' ἐστίν, οὐδὲν καλύει
5 τοὺς μελιτοπώλας αὐτ' λέγειν βοῶν θ' ὅτι
πωλοῦσι τὸ µέλι σαπρότερον τῶν µεµβράδων.

(Fr. 86.)

(Fr. 24.)

(Fr. 94.)

(Fr. 124.)
Those who to immortality aspire
Short fare soon serves to cure of their desire.

I have a vintner near who keeps a shop,
The only man who, when I want a drop,
Mixes my grog to suit my special taste;
Not neat,—nor letting water run to waste.

Old age, how all men pray for thee! and yet
When old age comes, how soon that prayer forget!
A dreary burthen is that length of days
Which wise men shun, the foolish only praise.

Strange in the fishmarket the crier's call,
"Sprats, sweet as honey, here! Smell, taste, come all!"
Is't so? The honey-sellers then, methinks,
Should cry, "Fine honey here! like sprats it stinks!"
Εἰς ἔστιν ἢ γένοιτ' ἄν ἢδ' ὑμν. τέχνη,
ἡ πρόσωδος ἄλλη τοῦ κολακεύειν εὐφυὸς;
ὁ χωγράφος πονεῖ τι καὶ πικραίνεται,
ὁ γεωργὸς ἐν ὅσοις ἢστὶ κινδύνους πάλιν.

5 πρόσεστι πᾶσιν ἐπιμέλεια καὶ πόνος.
ἡμῖν δὲ μετὰ γελώτος ὁ βίος καὶ τρυφής.
οὐ γὰρ τὸ μέγιστον ἐργὸν ἢστὶ παιδία,
ἀδρὸν γελάσαι, σκώψαι τιν', ἐκπείν πολὺν,
όχι ἢδ', ἐμοὶ μὲν μετὰ τὸ πλούτειν δεύτερον.

(ν')

(Fr. 144.)

Καὶ τὰλλα δεινοὺς φαινι τοὺς Ἀλγυπτίους
εἶναι τὸ νομίσαι τ' ἱσόθεον τὴν ἐγχελίν,
πολὺ τῶν θεῶν γὰρ ἢστι τιμωτέρα:
τῶν μὲν γὰρ εὐδαιμόνιοιν ἢσθ' ἡμῖν τυχεῖν,

5 τούτων δὲ δραχμάς τοιλάχιστον δώδεκα
ἡ πλέον ἀναλῶσαιν ὀσφρέσθαι μόνον.
οὔτως ἢσθ' ἁγιόν παντελῶς τὸ θηρίον.

(Fr. 146.)
No trade more pleasant is, no art,
Than ours who play the flatterer’s part.
The painter overworked gets cross,
Your farmer learns his risk by loss;
While care and pains each workman takes,
"Laugh and get fat" our motto makes.
Fun, laughter, banter, drink, I hold
Are life's chief pleasures—next to gold.

NOTHING has Egypt's cunning better shown
Than making eels a worship of its own.
Of Egypt's piety one striking feature
Is, that no god they honour like this creature.
By prayers we get from heaven all we ask;
To get an eel as cheap would be a task!
Such special holiness it has, 'tis well
If you can buy for half-a-crown the smell!
'Επὶ χρήμασιν δὲ ὑν ἐμπορὸς φρονεῖ μέγα,  
δὲν ἐστὶ πάντων ἐνίοτ' ἀνέμος κύριος.

(Fr. 150.)

Οὐκ ἐστιν οὔδεν θηρίον τῶν ἱχθύων  
ἀτυχέστερον· τῷ μὴ γὰρ ἀποχρῆν ἀποθανεῖν  
ἀυτοῖς ἀλοίπῳ, έτεκα κατεθυμαθέρεοι  
eἰθὺς ταφήναι, παραπλῆκται ἄθλιοι

5 τοῖς ἱχθυοπώλαις τοῖς κακῶς ἀπολογμένοις  
σήπονθ', ἐωλοὶ κείμενοι δυ' ἡμέρας  
ἡ τρεῖς· μόλις δ' εάν ποτ' ἄνηθ'ν τυφλὸν  
λάβωσ', ἔνωκαν τῶν νεκρῶν ἀναίρεσιν  
τοῦτω· κομίσας δ' εξέβαλεν εἰθὺς οἶκας,  
10 τὴν πείραν ἐν τῇ μιᾷ τῆς ὀσμῆς λαβών.

(Fr. 160.)
ANTIPHANES.

THOUGH profits large to rich shipowners fall,
The wind it is that really owns it all.

No creature's so unlucky as a fish!
When caught, to die at once it well might wish,
And in the stomach snugly buried lie;
But now on salesman's slab left high and dry
More stale it gets, until some greedy ass
Who has no eyes to see, shall chance to pass.
To him the festering corpses to remove
The right is given¹ (for something more than love).
He brings them home, but straightway from him throws
His parcel, when its odour meets his nose.

¹ The removal of the slain under treaty from a battlefield is alluded to.
Σὺ δ' ἄλλα πέμπεις. Β. τούτο μὲν σοι πείσομαι·
καὶ γὰρ ἔπαγγελμα, ὃ θεοί, τὸ σχῆμα πως
τῆς κύλικος ἐστιν ἄξιον τε τοῦ κλέους
τοῦ τῆς ἐορτῆς. οὐ μὲν ἦμεν ἄρτι γὰρ
5 ἐξ ἀξιομασίων κεραμεῶν ἐπίνομεν·
τούτω δὲ, τέκνοι, πολλὰ κἀγαθ' οἱ θεοί
τῷ δημιουργῷ δοέν, δὴ ἐποίησέ σε,
τῆς συμμετρίας καὶ τῆς ἀφελείας οὖνεια.

(Fr. 162.)

Ταῖς εὐτελείαις οἱ θεοὶ χαίροντι γὰρ·
τεκμήριον δὲ ὅταν γὰρ ἐκατόμβας τινὲς
θύσαιν, ἐπὶ τούτως ἄπασιν ἱεράτους
. . . πάντων καὶ λιβανωτὸς ἐπετέθη,
5 ὡς τᾶλλα μὲν τὰ πολλὰ παραναλούμενα
δαπάνην μακαίαν οὐδ' αὐτῶν εἶνεκα,
τὸ δὲ μικρὸν αὐτὸ τοῦτ' ὀρεστὸν τοῖς θεοῖς.

(Fr. 163.)
A. Here, take a drink.

B. I can't refuse a trial;

A well-shaped beaker this, there's no denial,
A credit to the maker and the dinner!
But where I lately dined, as I'm a sinner!
I'd no such generous host as you to thank,
While from small clayen crocks our wine we drank.
From your designer what I like I've got:
Bless him for making such a shapely pot!

Surely the gods are pleased at mortals' thrift.
Here's a whole hecatomb, some rich man's gift,
Who, having cared so many pounds to spend,
Adds just a puff of incense at the end.
Thus blood and bones as offerings are vain:
Something more cheap Jove's favour can obtain.
'Εγὼ τέως μὲν φόμην τὰς Γοργόνας
eίναι τι λογοποίημα, πρὸς ἀγοράν δ' ὅταν
ἐλθὼ πεπίστευκ' ἐμβλέπων γὰρ αὐτόθι
toῖς ἠχθινοπόλαις, λίθινος εἰδὸς γύνομαι,
ὡστε' ἔξ ἀνάγκης ἔστ' ἄποστραφέντι μοι
λαλεῖν πρὸς αὐτούς· κἂν ἰδὼ γὰρ ἠλίκον
ἀχθών ὅσου τιμῶσι, πήγγυμαι σαφῶς.

(Fr. 165.)

Εὐθυνὸς δ' ἔχων
σανδάλια καὶ σφραγίδα καὶ μεμυρισμένος
tῶν πραγμάτων οὐκ οἶδ' ὦ τι ἠλογιζετο' Φοινικιδης δὲ Ταυρίας θ' ἀδείπτατος,
5 [ἀνδρεὶς πάλαι ὑψοφάγοι1 τοιοῦτοί τινες,] οἷοι καταβροχθίζειν ἐν ἀγορᾷ τὰ τεμάχη,
ὅρωντες ἐξεπιθυμησκόν ἐπὶ τῷ πράγματι,
ἐφερὸν τε δεινὸς τὴν ἀνοψίαν πάνω.

1 Perhaps ἄνδρες πολυφάγοι (if the verse is genuine),
ANTIPHANES.

I used to think Medusa's head a fable;
But when I go to market, well I'm able
To think it true. While there I stroll alone,
The sight of fishmongers turns me to stone!
So, if I want some fish, I turn away,
And ask, with head averted, "What's to pay?"
The slice I want indeed is far from large;
Yet I feel stiff at the huge price they charge.

Be-tinged and sandalled, redolent of scent,
Euthynus¹ on some business seemed intent.
Young Phoenix, Taureas, favourite of all,²
Who guzzle every fish upon the stall,
Saw what was done,³ and shuddered at the clearance,
Bewailed the market's desolate appearance,

¹ "The poet is giving a list of the principal fish-eaters."—
² Athenæus.
³ Ironical.
⁴ Viz. by rival buyers.
κύκλους δὲ συναγείροντες ἔλεγον ἂν τάδε,
10 ὡς οὐ βιωτόν ἦστιν οὐδὲ ἀνασχέτων
τῆς μὲν θαλάττης ἀντιποιοεῖσθαι τινας
ὑμῶν ἀναλίσκειν τε πολλὰ χρήματα,
ὅψοι δὲ μηδὲν μήποτε ἐσπλεῖν μηδὲ γρῦ.
τί οὖν δόφελος τῶν νησιαρχῶν ἦστι; δει
15 νόμῳ κατακλείσαι τούτο, παραπομπὴν ποιεῖν
τῶν ἰχθύων. νυνὶ δὲ Μάτων συνήρτακεν
τοὺς ἄλλας, καὶ Διογείτων νῆ Δία
ἀπαιτάς ἀναπέτεικεν ὡς αὐτὸν φέρειν,
καὶ δημοτικὸν γε τούτο δρά τοιαύτα φλών.

(Fr. 189.)

Τὸν τρόπον μὲν οἰσθά μοι
ὅτι τὸφος οὐκ ἔνεστιν, ἄλλα τοῖς φίλοις
τοιοῦτοι τίς εἶμι, τύπτεσθαι μύδρος,
tύπτειν κεραυνός, ἵκτυφλόν τιν’ ἀστραπῆ,
5 φέρειν τιν’ ἄρας ἄνεμος, ἀποπνῆξαι βρόχος,
And thus to knots of citizens addressed
Their griefs: "Your lives are fishless and unblest!
You call the sea your own, you keep a fleet,
Taxes you pay,—and get no fish to eat!
None comes in here. Why island-stations pay,
If fish-boats get no convoy to our bay?
By law the market no one should forestall;
Now Mato has caught up the fishers all,
And Diogeiton bribes them first to bring
To him their cargoes; 'tis a shabby thing!
Sure one who boasts a stomach so capacious
By plundered townsfolk must be called rapacious.'

You know my way; no nonsense is there in it.
To help a friend I'm ready any minute;
To stand thumps I'm an anvil; blows to deal
A thunderbolt that stuns you with its peal
A lightning flash the dazzled eye to blind:
A noose to choke; to snatch away, a wind;
ANTIPHANES.

θύρας μοχλεύειν σεισμός, εἰσπηδᾶν ἄκρις,
δειπνεῖν ἄκλητος μυῖα, μὴ ἔσελθεῖν φρέαρ,
ἀγχειν, φονεύειν, μαρτυρεῖν, ὅσ' ἄν μόνον
τύχῃ τις εἰπὼν, ταῦτ' ἀπροσκέπτως ποιεῖν

10 ἁπαντα. καὶ καλοῦσι μ' οἱ νεώτεροι
διὰ ταῦτα πάντα σκηπτόν ἀλλ' οἶδιεν μέλει
τῶν σκωμμάτων μοι τῶν φίλων γὰρ ὃν φίλος
ἐργοσὶ χρηστὸς οὐ λόγοι ἐφιν μόνον.

(Fr. 194.)

"Οστὶς ἄνθρωπος δὲ φύς
ἀσφάλες τι κτῆμι' ὑπάρχειν τῷ βίῳ λογίζεται,
πλείον ήμαρτηκέν· ἦ γὰρ εἰσφορά τις ἤρπακεν
tάνδοθεν πάντ', ἦ δίκη τις περιπεσῶν ἀπώλετο,
5 ἢ στρατηγῆςας προσώφλεν, ἢ χορηγὸς αἴρεθεῖς
ἰμάτια χρυσᾶ παρασχὼν τῷ χορῷ ῥάκος φορεῖ,
ANTIPHANES.

An earthquake's shock, dislodging bar and pin,\(^1\)
A door to open; to come bouncing in,
A grasshopper; to dine without invite,
A fly; a well, to sink you out of sight;
To murder, strangle, be your witness, do
Whatever's bid, without reluctance too,
Be what it may! So by the young I'm called
A "son of thunder." But I'm not appalled
By their vain jokes and scoffs; to serve a friend
In word and deed I always make my end.

NOTHING is really safe: nay, do not wonder.
You think your goods secure; no greater blunder.
Here's "income-tax," who calls to strip you bare;
Costs of a lawsuit take another share;
A captaincy brings debts; or you've been chosen\(^2\)
'To buy fine robes for actors by the dozen,

\(^1\) The bar (\(\mu\omicron\chi\lambda\omicron\dot{\alpha}\)) was secured to the door-post by a pin or peg (Thuc. ii. 4).
\(^2\) \(\textit{Via. as "choragus,}" an expensive theatrical office imposed on the wealthier class.\)
Αντιφάνης.

ἡ τριηραρχῶν ἀπήγειτ' ἢ πλέων ἡλικέ ποι,
ἡ βασίζων ἢ καθεύδων κατακέκοψθ' ὑπ' οἴκετῶν.
οὐ βέβαιον οἴδεν ἐστὶ, πλὴν ὃς ἂν καθ' ἡμέραν

10 εἰς ἐαυτόν ἠδέως τις εἰσαναλίσκων τύχῃ.
οὐδὲ ταῦτα σφόδρα τι καὶ γὰρ τὴν τράπεζαν
ἀρπάσαι
κειμένην ἂν τις προσελθῶν ἀλλ' ὅταν τὴν ἔνθεσιν
ἐντὸς ἕδη τῶν ὀδόντων τυχάνης κατεσπακώς,
τούτ' ἐν ἀσφαλεί νόμιζε τῶν ὑπαρχόντων μόνον.

(Fr. 202.)

'Εν τῇ Κύπρῳ φής, εἰπέ μοι, διήγετε
πολὺν χρόνον; Β. τὸν πάνθ' ἦσα ἢν ὁ πόλεμος.
And so wear rags yourself; to fit a galley
You're named:⁠¹ go, hang at once! no need to
dally.
Suppose you sail: your ship is made a prize;
Your walk, your slumber, treacherous slaves sur-
prise;
In fact, there's nothing safe! Good cheer alone
That each day brings seems certainly your own.
Yet even that to affirm I'm hardly able;
Some thief may come and carry off your table!
Your food alone is quite safe when you pull it
Between your teeth right down into the gullet!

A. Did you stay long in Cyprus?
   B. All the while
The war went on.

¹ *i.e.* nominated as "trierarch," also a costly public burden.
Α. ἐν τίνι τόπῳ μάλιστα; λέγε γάρ. |Β. ἐν Πάφῳ.
οὗ πρᾶγμα τρυφερόν διαφερόντως ἦν ἱδεῖν
5 ἄλλως τ' ἀπιστον. Α. ποιον; Β. ἐφραίζετο
ὑπὸ τῶν περιστερῶν, ὃπ' ἄλλου δ' οὐδενός,
δειπνῶν ὁ βασιλεύς. Α. πῶς; εἶσας τάλλα γάρ
ἐρήσομαι σε τούτο πῶς; Β. ἠλέηψε τὸ
ἐκ τῆς Συρίας ἦκοντι τοιούτῳ μέριφ
10 καρποῦ σύχνος οὗν φασὶ τὰς περιστερὰς
τρώγειν. διὰ τὴν ὀσμὴν δὲ τούτου πετόμεναι
παρῆσαν, οἷα τ' ἦσαν ἐπικαθιζόμενον
ἐπὶ τὴν κεφαλῆν παῖδες δὲ παρακαθήμενοι
ἐσώβοιν. ἐπαίρουσα δὲ μικρόν, οὐ πολύ,
15 τοῦ μητρὸς ἑκείνη μήτε δεύρο παντελῶς,
οὕτως ἀνεφωτίξουσα, ὡς τε σύμμετρον
αὐτῷ τὸ πνεύμα, μὴ περίσσειρον, ποιεῖν.

(Fr. 203.)
ANTIPHANES.

A. And where did you beguile
The weary time? Tell me.

B. At Paphos; there
A most refined contrivance filled the air
With wondrous fragrance!

A. How was that?

B. The king
Was fanned at dinner by the flapping wing
Of many a dove: no courtier at his side
The grateful coolness to his seat supplied.

A. How was it? how? for this I fain would hear.
All other subjects now may disappear.

B. He used a special scent, from Syria brought,
Made of a fruit by flocks of pigeons sought.
Drawn by the smell they flew in numbers round,
Perched on his head, or lighted on the ground,
While boys sat by to scare them: thus they flew
Up here, down there, not far, and perched anew,
And so created, as they moved along,
A breeze just suiting him, and not too strong.
Τῶν ταδή μὲν ὡς ἀπαξ τις ξεῦγος ἡγαγεν μόνον,
σπάνον ἢν τὸ χρῆμα, πλείους δεισὶ νῦν τῶν ὀρτύγων
χρηστὸν ἄνθρωπον δ᾿ ἐὰν τις ἕνα μόνον ξητῶν ἴδη,
ὅπετ′ ἐκ τούτου πονηροὺς πέντε παιδας γεγονύτας.

(Antiphanes. Fr. 204.)

Ἀρείη τὸ προῖκα τοῖς φίλοις ὑπηρετεῖν.
Β. λέγεις ἐσεσθαι τὸν Τιθύμαλλον πλουσίουν
eἰσπράξεσαι γὰρ μισθὸν ἐκ τοῦ σοῦ λόγου
παρ᾿ οἷς ἐδείπνει προῖκα σύλλεξιν συχνήν.

(Fr. 210.)

Οὐ δεινόν ἐστι προσφάτους μὲν ἀν τύχῃ
παλῶν τις ἰχθὺς, συγαγόντα τὰς ὀφρίς
τοῦτον σκυθρωτάζοντα τῷ Ἰμίῳ προσλαλέων,
ἐὰν σαπροὺς κομίδῃ δὲ, παίζειν καὶ γελῶν
τοῦναυτῖν γὰρ πᾶρ ἐδε τούτους ποιεῖν
τὸν μὲν γελῶν, τὸν δ᾿ ἐτερον οἰμώξειν μακρά.

(Fr. 218.)
WHEN first the peacock came, in single pair,
Though common now as quails, the bird was rare.
So if by search one worthy man you find,
Be sure he'll leave five scampish sons behind.

"TRUE virtue serves a friend, nor looks for pay."

B. Then Tithymallus will be rich some day:
Oft, "without pay," he dined upon his friends;
For such kind thought they'll make him good
amends.¹

This salesman has fresh fish; he frowns, looks cross,
Is surly; here's another, suffering loss
With stale on hand; but he will laugh and grin,
Crack jokes to you, droll anecdotes begin.²
Sure, both false parts are playing all the while:
Twas his to mourn,³—the honest man's to smile.

¹ *Viz.* as the gods reward "true virtue." But the joke on "without pay" is better than the logic.
² *Viz.* to put you in good humour and induce you to buy.
³ *I.e.* the cheat to be punished, which is the comic meaning of "mourn," "cry, Oh dear!" etc.
Γεγάμηκε δήπου. Β. τι σού λέγεις; ἀληθῶς γεγάμηκεν, ὃν ἐγὼ ζῶντα περιπατοῦντά τε κατέλιπον;

(Fr. 221.)

Τοῦ γὰρ τις ἄλλοι πρὸς θεῶν ἄν εἶνεκα εὐξαίτω πλουτεῖν εὐπορεῖν τε χρημάτων, ἢ τοῦ δύνασθαι παραβοηθεῖν τοῖς φίλοις, σπείρειν τε καρπὸν Χάριτος ἡδονῆς θεῶν; 5 τοῦ μὲν πιεῖν γὰρ καὶ φαγεῖν τὰς ἡδονὰς ἔχομεν ὠμολαος· οὐχὶ τοῖς λαμπροῖς δὲ δεῖπνοι τὸ πεινὴν παύεται.

(Fr. 229.)

Κρύψαι, Φειδία,
ἀπαντὰ τάλλα τις δύναις ἄν πλὴν δυνών, οἶνον τε πίνων εἰς ἔρωτα τ' ἐμπεσάνων.
ἀμφότερα μηνύει γὰρ ἀπὸ τῶν βλεμμάτων καὶ τῶν λόγων ταῦθα διότε τοὺς ἀρνομένους μάλιστα τούτους καταφανεῖς ποιεῖ.

(Fr. 237.)
MARRIED? He's done for! Ah! I had misgiving.
And yet I only lately left him living.

Why should we pray that Heaven may riches send,
But to have means and will to help a friend,
And sow the seeds which on another's part
That sweetest crop will yield, a grateful heart?
We all can feel the pleasures of the table,
But to make starving cease we are not able
By our fine dinners.

Two states there are that we can always prove,—
If one's in liquor, and if one's in love.
Both words and looks these two conditions show;
By these if the denial's false we know.
Βίος θεῶν γάρ ἐστιν ὅταν ἔχῃς ποθέν
tάλλότρια δικίπενν μὴ προσέχων λογίσμασιν.
Μακάριος δὲ βióς δεί δὲ δὲι καινὸν πόρον
eὑρεῖν ὅταν μάσημα ταῖς γυνάθοις ἔχο.

(Fr. 248.)

Εγὼ γυναίκι δ' ἐν τι πιστεύω μόνον,
ἐπάν ἀποθάνῃ μὴ βιώσεσθαι πάλιν,
tὰ δ' ἀλλ' ἀπιστῶ πάνθ᾽ ἐως ἂν ἀποθάνῃ.

(Fr. 281.)

Τί φῆς; λαθεῖν ξητῶν τι πρὸς γυναῖκ' ἀρα
ἐρείς τὸ πράγμα; καὶ τι τοῦτο διαφέρει
ἡ πᾶσι τοῖς κήρυξιν ἐν ἀγορᾷ φράσατι;

(Fr. 284.)

Ὀ δὲ πλοῦτος ἡμᾶς, καθάπερ ιατρὸς κακός,
pántas βλέποντας παραλαβὼν τυφλοὺς ποιεῖ.

(Fr. 290.)
'Tis life in paradise to find a host
To dine with, where you've not to count the cost.
And so new shifts to try I shall not pause,
To get a bite that's toothsome for my jaws.

One single thing I trust a woman saying,
To other statements no attention paying:
"When I am dead, I won't return to grieve you."
Till death takes place, in naught else I'll believe you.

What! when you court concealment, will you tell
The matter to a woman? Just as well
Tell all the criers in the public squares!
'Tis hard to say which of them louder blares.

Wealth, like the quacks who sore eyes seeing find,
Takes us clear-sighted, but it leaves us blind.
ΑΝΤΙΦΑΝΕΣ.

Σφόδρ' ἐστὶν ἡμῶν ὁ βίος οἶνῳ προσφερής:
ὅταν ἥ το λοιπὸν μικρὸν, ὁξὺς γίνεται.
πρὸς γὰρ τὸ γῆρας ὠσπερ ἵργαστήριον
ἀπαντα τάνθρωπεια προσφοιτά κακά.

(Fr. 299.)

Οὐκείονον μοι γῆρας ὡς κακὸν μέγα,
οὐ μὴ τυχόντες θάνατος ἐσθ' ἡ ξημία,
οὐ πάντες ἐπιθυμοῦμεν, ἂν ὡς ἠλθῇ ποτὲ,
ἀνωμαθῇ οὖτως ἐσμὲν ἀχάριστοι φύσει.

(Fr. 300.)

Οἴδεις τὰ πατριά πτω γέρων κατεδήκωκεν,
ἅλλ' οἶδε κατεμάρανεν, οὐδ' ἐλύσατο
πορνίδιον, οὐδ' θυροκοτὼν ὀφλὲν δίκην.
οὕτω τὸ γῆρας σωφρονοῦν οὐκ ἐνυχεῖ.

(Fr. 303.)
ANTIPHANES.

Life's just like wine: when little yet remains,
Sour it becomes; and all the aches and pains
That flesh is heir to in old age combine,
And fast in chains our energies confine.

You taunt me with old age, and say 'tis bad.
To escape means death; the price to pay is high!
This privilege men always wish they had,
And yet abuse it most ungratefully.

Do old men ever guzzle all their wealth,
Spend it in wantonness, or keep by stealth
A mistress, or to knock at doors make bold?
Sad, to be sober just because you're old!
ANAXANDRIDES.

'O to skolion eirion ekeinos, dosis h, to men iugiainein prouton os ariston h, onomasesn orbos, deuteron δ' einaiv kalon, tritou de ploutein tou', dras, emaineto; metà tìn iugiaian gar to ploutein diaferei kalos de peinwv estin aiychravn thriov.

(Fr. 17.)

Toyn xwigráfwn men hè kalh cheiourghia en tois pínaxi kremamén thamáchetai, aíthi de semwos ek loptadou arстатetai, apò tou tageínov τ' eðhês afaínetai.

5 epl tína δ' òdh allh tèchnh, ò chrísti sth, ta stómatata tôn neostérown katalakaièt, hè
ANAXANDRIDES.

He who composed the ditty, "Health is best,
Good looks come next, then money," and the rest,
Right in the first, in the other two was wrong.
None but a madman could have made that song!
Next after "health" comes "wealth"; your hand-

some face,

When pinched by famine, loses all its grace.

Painters the eye to please aspire;
Hung up, their art we all admire.
Not so the fisherman's; his skill
Is prized in many a toothsome grill
On charger to the feast despatched,
Or hissing from the gridiron snatched.
What other art young men will turn
So eagerly their mouths to burn,
ΑΝΑΧΑΝΔΡΙΔΕΣ.

οὔσιμός ἐστι δακτύλων τοιούτοις
ἡ πυγμός, δὲν μὴ ταχὺ δύνηται καταπείν;
ἀλλ' οὐ μόνη γὰρ τὰς συνοικίας ποιεῖ
10 εὐφόρος ἁγορά; τὸς δὲ συνκινεῖ βροτῶν,
φρυκτοίς καταλαβὼν ἢ κορακίνους ὁνίους
ἡ μανίζῇ; ὁραίον δὲ μειρακύλλιον
ποιαίς ἐπιφανείς, ἢ λόγοις ἀλώσκεται
τίσιν, φράσον γὰρ, ἄν τις ἀφέλη τὴν τέχνην
15 τὴν τῶν ἀλιέων; ἢ δὲ γὰρ δαμάζεται,
ἐφθοῖς προσώποις ἱχθύων χειρομένην,
ἀγονοῦ ἐπ' αὖτὰ τὰ στόματ' ἅριστου πύλας,
ἀσύρμβολον κλίνειν τ' ἀναγκάζει φύσιν.

(phasis 33.)

Οὖκ δὲν δυναίμην συμμαχεῖν ὑμῖν ἐγὼ·
οὕθ' οἱ τρόποι γὰρ ὀμονοιοῦ· οὕθ' οἱ νόμοι
ἡμῶν, ἀπ' ἀλλήλων δὲ διέχουσιν πολὺ.

1 A conjecture for ὑπ' αὖτὰ τὰ σώματ'.
ANAXANDRIDES.

Or set more fingers morsels ramming,
When hasty swallowing makes a jamming?
How many banquets must depend
On prime fish that the markets send?
What guest will dine with you who finds
The shops show none but common kinds?
Good-looking lads you coax in vain
By words, or try by spells to gain,
Unless the fisher's art comes in,
And "boiled cod's head" consent should win!
'Tis that which opens wide the gate
To mouths that for a dinner wait,
And empty-handed ¹ men are able
To share the pleasures of the table.

I CANNOT help you, really! in our ways,
Practice, and laws such difference each displays.

¹ Without bringing their contribution to the feast.
βούν προσκυνείς, ἐγὼ δὲ θύω τοῖς θεοῖς·
5 τὴν ἔγχελυν μέγιστον ἤγεί δαίμονα,
ήμαι δὲ τῶν δύσων μέγιστον παρὰ πολὺ.
οὐκ ἐσθείεις ἕι, ἐγὼ δὲ γ' ἠδομαί
μᾶλιστα τούτοις: κύνα σέβεις, τύπτω δ' ἐγώ,
tοῦφον κατεσθίονσαι ἤνικ' ἄν λάβω.
10 τοὺς ἱερέας ἐνθάδε μὲν ὀλοκλήρους νόμος
eίναι, παρ' ὅμων δ', ὥς ἔοικεν, ἀπηργεῖονους.
τὸν αἰέλοπον κακὸν ἔχοντι ἢ ἔρωστ', ἔγνω,
κλάεις, ἐγὼ δ' ἄδικτ' ἀποκτείνας δέρω.
δύναται παρ' ὅμων μυγαλῆ, παρ' ἐμοὶ δὲ γ' οὖ.

(Γρ. 39.)

"Οστὶς γαμεῖν βουλεύειν', οὐ βουλεύεται ὁ ἄρτος, διότι βουλεύεται χοῦν γαμεῖ.
πολλῶν κακῶν γὰρ ἐστὶν ἀρχὴ τῷ βίῳ.
ἡ γὰρ πένθος δὲν τὴν γυναῖκα χρήματα
5 λαβών ἔχει δέσποιναν, οὐ γυναῖκ' ἐτι,
γὰς ἐστι δούλοις' καὶ πένθος ἢν αὖ λάβῃ 1

1 So Grotius. Perhaps καὶ πένθος ἢ καὶ λαβών—δούλοις αὐτῷ
γίνεται.
ANAXANDRIDES.

You worship cows; I at the altar slay them:
Eels you adore, and highest honours pay them;
We pay still greater honour to eel pies!
You won't eat pig, while pork I don't despise:
A dog you reverence; I beat and thump
When from my steak he carries off a lump:
You see a cat in torture, in a minute
Tears flow; well, I delight to kill and skin it:
A shrew-mouse, I'm assured, it is your wont
To say your prayers to; on my word, I don't!

A man who doubts if he should marry,
Or thinks he has good cause to tarry,
Is foolish if he takes a wife,
The source of half the plagues in life!
A poor man to a rich wife sold
Exchanges liberty for gold.
If she has nothing, then, 'tis true,
There is a different ill to rue;
μηθεν  φερομένην, δούλος οὗτος γίνεται: 
δει γάρ το λουτήν ἄνθε ενός τρέφειν δύο. 
ἀλλ' ἔλαβεν αἰσχράν' οὐ βιωτόν ἐστ' ἔτι, 
τὸ οὐδ' εἰσοδος τὸ παράπαν εἰς τὴν οἰκίαν. 
ἀλλ' ἔλαβεν ὀραίαν τις οὗδεν γίνεται 
μᾶλλον τι τοῦ γῆμαντός ἢ τῶν γειτόνων; 
ὡστ' οὐδαμῶς κακοῦ γ' ἁμαρτεῖν γίνεται.

(Fr. 52.)

Χαλεπῇ, λέγω σοι, καὶ προσάντης, ὦ τέκνον, 
ὅδος ἐστιν, ὡς τὸν πατέρα ἀπελθεῖν οἰκαδε 
παρ' ἀνδρός, ἢτις ἐστι κοσμία γυνη. 
δ' γάρ διάωλος ἐστιν αἰσχύνην ἔχων.

(Fr. 56.)
For now he has, with all his need,
Two mouths instead of one to feed.
Perhaps she's ugly; married life
Thenceforth is never-ending strife!
Perhaps she's pretty; then your boast
Is made by all your friends their toast.
Does ugly, handsome, poor, or rich,
Bring most ill luck?—I know not which.

One course in life there is that's hard to roam,
Back from a husband's to a father's home;
And every decent wife should fear to tread it;
The "homeing heat" wins nothing but discredit.
ΕΥΒΟΥΛΟΣ.

Τις ἢν ὁ γράφας πρῶτος ἀνθρώπων ἀρα
ἡ κηροπλαστήρας "Ερωθ" ὑπόπτερον;
ὡς οὖδὲν ἤδει πλὴν χελιδόνας γράφειν,
ἀλλ’ ἦν ἀπείρος τῶν τρόπων τῶν τοῦ θεοῦ.
5 ἔστιν γὰρ οὕτε κούφος, οὕτε βάδιος
ἀπαλαγήναι τῷ φέροντι τὴν νόσον,
βαρὺς δὲ κομιδῆς: πῶς ἂν οὖν ἔχοι πτερά
tοιοῦτο πρᾶγμα; λήρος, εἰ καφησέ τε.

(FR. 43.)

Τρεῖς γὰρ μόνοις κρατήρας ἔγκεραννὼν
τοῖς εἰ φρονοῦσι· τῶν μὲν ὑγείας ἕνα,
ὅν πρῶτον ἐκπίνοντι, τὸν δὲ δεύτερον
ἔρωτος ἱδονῆς τε, τὸν τρίτον δ’ ὑπον,
5 δὲ ἐκπιέντες οἱ σοφοὶ κεκλημένοι
οίκαδε βαδίζωνος. δὲ δὲ τέταρτος οὐκ ἔτι
ἡμέτερος ἐστ’, ἀλλ’ ὑβρεος· δὲ δὲ πέμπτος βοῆς.
EUBULUS.

He who first drew or modelled Love with wings
Might paint a swallow; but how many things
In Love are different from a bird! Not light
To him who bears the weight, nor quick in flight,
Unmoved the imp upon his shoulders sits.
How can a thing have wings that never flits?

For sober folk three bowls alone I mix,
For health, cheer, sleep; the order thus I fix.
The first they toss off; that's for stomach's sake.
The next, for love and pleasure, all may take.
The third, the few who are with wisdom blessed;
It sends them home to bed, to take their rest.
The fourth's no longer mine: 'tis "drinkers' bowl."
A fifth they call for; then they shout and howl.
ANAXILAS.

ἐκτὸς δὲ κώμων ἔβδομος ὁ ὑπωπίων
ὁ δὲ ὄγδοος κλητήρος ὁ ὁ ἐνατος χολῆς
τὸ δέκατος δὲ μανίας, ὡς τε καὶ βάλλειν ποιεῖν
tολὺς γὰρ εἰς ἐν μικρὸν ἄγγειον χυθεὶς
ὑποσκελίζει μᾶστα τοὺς πεπωκότας.

(Fr. 94.)

ANAXILAS.

Ἀπιστότερος εἰ τῶν κοχλιῶν πολλῷ πάνυ,
ὁ περιφέρονος ὑπ᾽ ἀπιστίας τὰς οἰκίας.

(Fr. 34.)
The sixth sends forth the party for a lark.
The seventh, to fight and bear the drunkard's mark.
Law-suits the eighth. The ninth breeds furious talking;
The tenth, to rave and lose the power of walking.¹
Small though the bowl, much wine, if poured in neat,
The head at first affects, and last the feet.

ANAXILAS.

What! move your goods because you fear attack!
So the snail moves his house upon his back.

¹ I suggest (from the context) σφάλλειν πόλας for βδελλεῖν ποιεῖ, which would mean, "it makes them pelt each other with the cups."
ARISTOPHON.

Κακῶς κακῶς γένοιτο δ’ ὧμμας δεύτερος
θυτήσων ὁ μὲν γὰρ πρῶτος οὐδὲν ἡδίκει
οὔτω γὰρ εἰδὼς οὕτως οἶον ἦν κακὸν
ὐλάμβανεν γυναῖκας· ὁ δ’ ὑστερον λαβὼν
εἰς προσπότον εἰδὼς αὐτῶν ἐνέβαλεν κακόν.

(Fr. 5.)
ARISTOPHON.

BAD luck to him who second came to wed!
The first I blame not; home a wife he led
Not knowing what a curse a wife might prove,
What deadly feuds oft spring from miscalled love.
But he who married next, in haste unwise
Rushed to his fate with fully opened eyes.
ALEXIS.

Δέγεται γὰρ λόγος ὑπὸ τῶν σοφιστῶν, μὴ πέτεσθαι τὸν θεόν τὸν "Ερωτα, τοὺς δ' ἐρωτας' αἰτίαν δ' ἔχειν ἐκεῖνον ἄλλως, ἡγοηκότας δὲ τοὺς γραφεῖς ἦχοντα πτέρυγας αὐτὸν ζωγραφεῖν.

(Fr. 20.)

"Ο πρῶτος εἰπὼν ὅτι σοφιστής οὐδὲ εἰς ἔμφυσην οὐδὲν ἔσθει, σοφὸς τις ἦν. ἕγω γὰρ ἦκεν νῦν ἀγοράσας οὐδὲ ἐν ἔμφυσην. ἤχος ἐπιμάχην τεθνηκότας 5 μεγάλους· κρεάδι' ἄρνος ἐστὶ πίνος οὐ χῶντος· οὐχ οἶον τε γὰρ. τί ἄλλο; καὶ ἤπατιν ὁπτὸν προσέλαβον. τοῦτων έάν δείξῃ τις ἡ φωνὴ τι ἡ ψυχὴν ἔχον, ἀδικεῖν ἄμολογῷ καὶ παραβαινεῖν τὸν νόμον."

(Fr. 27.)
ALEXIS.

Your Sophists say, it is not Love almighty
That roams on wings, but lovers that are flighty.
Love wrongly bears the blame; 'twas one who knew
Nought of his ways who first winged Cupids drew.

"Flesh that hath life eat not," Pythagoras said.
I don't: those big fish from the shop were dead.
I eat fat lamb,—but not alive, of course;
Baked liver too is sometimes a resource.
If voice or life in collops can be shown,
Then I'm a cannibal, I'm bound to own
Ἀπαντά τὰ ξητοῦμεν ἐξευρήσκεται,
 ἃν μὴ προαποστῆς μηδὲ τὸν πόνον φύγῃς;
 ὅπου γὰρ εὑρήκασιν ἄνθρωποί τινες
 μέρος τὶ τῶν θεῶν τοσοῦτο τῷ τόπῳ
 5 ἀπέχοντες, ἀστρων ἐπιτολάς, δύσεις, τροπάς,
 ἐκλεψιν ἥλιον, τὶ τῶν κοινῶν κάτω
 καὶ συγγενικῶν δύνατ' ἢν ἄνθρωπον φυγεῖν;

(Fr. 29.)

Πρῶτον μὲν εἰ πνεύσει βαρρᾶς ἡ νότος
 ἐν τῇ θαλάττῃ λαμπρός, ἰχθὺς οὐκ ἂν ἦν
 οὐδενὶ φαγεῖν· νυνὶ δὲ πρὸς τοῖς πνεύμασιν
 τούτοις Φάλλους προσγέγονε χείμων τρέτος:
 5 ἐπὰν γὰρ ἐκνεφίας καταγίγοισας τῆς
 ἐς τὴν ἀγοράν, τοῦ σῶμας σφέρεται
 φέρων ἀπαν τὸ λῃσθέν, ὡστε γίνεται
 ἐν τοῖς λαχάνοισ τὸ λοιπὸν ἡμῖν ἡ μάχη.

(Fr. 44.)
ALEXIS.

All things they search for those who have the mind
To persevere by toil and pains may find.
Yon distant orbs that in the heavens shine,
Their risings, settings, ruled by hand divine,
The planets’ paths, the sun’s eclipse, we know:
How much more common movements\(^1\) here below!

Of old, if north or south wind swelled the sea,
Not one fish in the market would there be.
Now rushes on us hurricane the third:
Phayllus comes, and all the market’s stirred,
As down he swoops to snatch up all that’s caught;
By us the battle over leeks is fought.\(^2\)

\(^1\) *I.e.* the ordinary facts and incidents of life.
\(^2\) *We*, the poorer folk, have nothing left to quarrel about except the prices of greengrocery.
Ομοιότατος ἄνθρωπος οἶνος τὴν φύσιν
tρόπων τίν' ἐστὶ. καὶ γὰρ οἶνον τὸν νέον
πολλή 'στ' ἀνάγκη καὶ τὸν ἄνδρ' ἀποζέσαι
πρῶτον ἄφυβρύσαι τ', ἀπανθήσαντα δὲ
5 σκληρὸν γενέσθαι, παρακμάσαντα δ' ἐν λέγω
τούτων ἀπάντων, ἀπαρθήντα τὴν ἀνω
tαύτην ἄνοιαν ἐπιπολάζουσαν, τότε
πότιμον γενέσθαι καὶ καταστήναι πάλιν,
ἤδην τ' ἀπασι τοῦπιλοιπὸν διατελέων.

(Fr. 49.)

'Αεὶ δὲ καὶ ζωντ' ἐστὶ καὶ τεθνηκότα
tαύτ' ἡ βαλάττῃ πολέμι' ἡμῶν θηρία.
ἀν ἀνατραπῇ γὰρ πλοῖον, εἴδ' ὡς γίνεται,
ληφθῇ νέων τις, καταπετώκασ' εἰθέως.'
5 αὐτοῖ τ' ἐπάν ληφθὼς ὑπὸ τῶν ἄλλων,
tεθνεώτες ἐπιτρίβουσι τοὺς ὀνομένους.
τῆς οἰκίας γὰρ εἰσὶν ἡμῶν ὄνοιοι,
ὁ πριάμενος τε πτωχὸς εἰθ' ἀποτρέχει.

(Fr. 75.)
MAN is most like new wine; froth, gas, and bubble
In time subside and cease to give us trouble.
The crisis past, the ferment turned to scum,
The heat evolved in working overcome,
When wine and man their quiet states regain,
Both pleasant are, both pleasant will remain.

LIVING and dead the monsters of the deep
As foes to man their evil influence keep.
A boat's capsized: a shark is close, and swallows
The wretch who helpless in the breakers wallows.
He's caught by fish; but when they're caught by us,
Dead though they be, they put us in a fuss:
So dear are they to buy, we've lost our all
If once we stop to higgle at a stall.
ΑΛΕΞΙΣ.

"Όστις ἀγοράζει πτωχὸς ὥν ὄψιν πολύ,
ἀποροφεῖν τὰ τὰλλα πρὸς τοὺς εὐπορεῖ,
τῆς νυκτὸς οὗτος τοῖς ἀπαντῶντας πουεῖ
γυμνοῦς ἀπαντᾶ, εἰτ', ἐπάν τις ἐκδυθῇ,
5 τηρεῖν ἐνθὲν εὖθὺς ἐν τοῖς ἰχθύσιν·
ὁ ἄν ὁδὴ πρώτων πέντε καὶ νέων
παρὰ Μικάωνος ἐγχέλεις ἀνοῦμεν,
ἀπάγειν λαβόμενον εἰς τὸ δεσμωτήριον.

(Fr. 77.)

Καὶ γὰρ ἐπὶ κάμον . . . ἀνθρώπων ὅρῳ
πλῆθος προσιόν, ὡς τῶν καλῶν τε καταβῶν
ἐνθάδε συνόντων· μὴ γένοιτό μοι μόνῳ
νύκτωρ ἀπαντήσαι καλῶς πεπραγόσων
5 ὑμῖν περὶ τῶν βαλλομένων· οὖ γὰρ ἂν ποτε
θοιμάτιον ἀπενέγκαιμι μὴ φύσας πτερά.

(Fr. 105.)

Οὐ γέγονε μετὰ Σόλωνα κρείττων οὖδὲ εἰς
Ἀριστονίκου νομοθέτης· τὰ τ' ἄλλα γὰρ
νεομοθέτηκε πολλὰ καὶ παντοῦ δὴ,
A MAN who buys much fish, though poor he be,
While other trades his custom never see,
Takes to the highway, passers by waylays,
And strips their backs a market-toll to raise.
Thus robbed, they early to the market hie,
And on the fish-stalls keep a watchful eye.
There if a shabby youth on eels intent
They note, the right man straight to gaol is sent.

A DRUNKEN party coming up! To evade them I
must try.
My sole chance now to keep my cloak is having
wings to fly.

NEXT after Solon, sure I never
Knew any lawgiver so clever,
Or who has passed such useful clauses
As this, which best of all the laws is,—
νυνὶ τε καὶνὸν εἰσφέρει νόμον τινὰ
5 χρυσῶν, τὸ μὴ πωλεῖν καθημένους ἐτὶ
toûs ἰχθυοπώλας, διὰ τέλους δὲ ἐστηκότας·
eîς εἰς νέωτα φησὶ γράψειν κρεμαμένος·
καὶ βάττον ἀποσέμψουσι τοὺς ἀνουμένους,
ἀπὸ μηχανῆς πωλοῦντες ὅσπερ οἱ θεοὶ.

(FRS. 124, 125.)

Νὴ τὴν Ἀθηνᾶν, ἀλλ᾽ ἐγὼ τεθαύμακα
τοὺς ἰχθυοπώλας, τῶν ποτ᾽ οὐχὶ πλοῦσιοι
ἀπαντᾷ εἰσὶ λαμβάνοντες βασιλικοὺς
φόρους· μόνον οὐχὶ δεκατεύουσι γάρ
τὰς οὐσίας ἐν ταῖς πόλεσι καθήμενοι,
οἷς δὲ ἀφαιροῦνται καθ᾽ ἐκάστην ἡμέραν.

(FR. 195.)
ALEXIS.

A golden rule indeed, "No sitting
In fish-shops while they sell," permitting,
But every one henceforth commanding
To "make a final bargain standing."
Next year, he says, he will enact—
Such sales still quicker to transact,—
That they shall trade in chains suspended,
As gods swing when a play is ended.¹

Oft have I wondered how it comes to pass
That all fish-salesmen do not kings surpass
In wealth and fortune; tribute day by day
They've only to receive, and none to pay.
The towns no tithing on their incomes take,
While yet whole incomes they from gourmands
make.

¹ As Athena, Apollo, etc., are suspended over the stage at
the conclusion of a tragedy.
ἐγὼ γὰρ, εἰ μὲν εὗ τις ἡ κακῶς
φῆσει με κρίνειν οὐκ ἔχομι ἂν σοι φράσαις
ἔγνωκα δ' ὅτι ὦτως ἐπισκοπούμενος,
εἰναι μανιάδη πάντα τὰνθρώπων ὅλως,
5 ἀποδημίας δὲ τυχάνειν ἢμᾶς ἂεί
toὺς ζωντας, ὡσπερ εἰς πανῆγυρίν τινα
ἀφειμένους ἐκ τοῦ θανάτου καὶ τοῦ σκότους
eἰς τὴν διατριβὴν εἰς τὸ φῶς τα τοῦθ' ὃ δὴ
ὁδῶμεν. ὃς δ' ἄν πλείστα γελάσῃ καὶ πῆ
tοὺς Ἁφροδίτης ἀντιλάβηται τὸς χρόνον
10 καὶ τῆς Ἁφροδίτης ἀντιλάβηται τὸν χρόνον
tοῦτον ἄφεται, καὶ τῦχε γ' ἔρανον τινός,
πανῆγυρίας ἤδς τ' ἀπήλθεν οἶκαδε.

(Fr. 216.)

Τοῦτο γὰρ νῦν ἑστι σοι
ἐν ταῖς Ἁθήναις ταῖς καλαίς ἐπιχώριοιν
ἀπαντες ὄρχουν' ἐθύδας ἄν οἶνου μόνων
ἀμήν ἰδούσιν. Β. συμφοράν λέγεις ἄκραν.
5 Ἁ. φαίνεται δὲ ἐν εἰσαγώγοις εἰσελθὼν ἀφνώ.
καὶ τοῖς μὲν ἄγενείοις ἵσως ἐπεστί τις
I may be wrong, my view of life is this:
Mere craze are those pursuits which some call bliss.
Life is a visit to another sphere,
A change to brightness and to pleasure here
From death and darkness, social joys to share,
While mutual ties and friendships can ensnare.
Who laughs and drinks, and Love's feasts has not lost,
Goes back, and has enjoyed his visit most.

The custom holds in Athens the divine
For guests to dance at the mere sniff of wine.
    B. Dear me! that's bad.
    A. You'd say so, if you went
And joined a company on drink intent.
In quite young men perhaps 'tis not so bad;
Some pleasure from their movements may be had;
χάρως ἄλλῳ ἔπαυ δὴ τὸν γόητα Θεόδωτον,
ἡ τὸν παραμασίνην ἰδὼ τὸν ἀνάσιον
βασκιζόμενον τὰ λευκὰ τ' ἀναβάλλονθ' ἄμα,
ιὸ ξύστ' ἄν ἀνατήξαμ' ἐπὶ τοῦ ἐὖλου λαβὼν.

(Fr. 217.)

'Αεὶ γ' ὦ Χαίρεφὼν τιν' εὑρίσκει τέχνην
καὶ νῦν πορίζεται γε τὰ δεῖπνα ἀσύμβολα.
ὅπου γάρ ἦστιν ὁ κέραμος μισθώσιμος
ὁ τοῖς μαγείροις, εἴδος εἴ ἐσθινοῦ
5 ἔστηκεν ἔλθων· καὶ ἰδὴ μισθοῦμεν
εἰς ἐστίαιν, τοῦ μαγείρου πυθόμενος
τὸν ἔστιώντα, τῆς θύρας χασμωμένης
ἀν ἐπιλάβηται, πρῶτος εἰσέλθθεν.

(Fr. 252.)
But that old wizard Thody\(^1\) to see skipping,
With that lewd scamp with hand in each dish dipping,\(^3\)
With leer affected his white vest adjusting,—
To see their antics really is disgusting!
Such dancing dummies I should like to take,
And make them sit upright upon a stake.

\[\text{Old Chaerephon some trick is always trying,}\]
\[\text{As now, to dine without his share supplying,}\(^3\)
\[\text{Early he goes to shops which cooks beset,}\]
\[\text{To whom by contract crockery is let,}\]
\[\text{And when he sees one choosing dishes, “Say,”}\]
\[\text{He cries, “what house do you cook for to-day?”}\]
\[\text{So, when the door’s left gaping, he contrives}\]
\[\text{To slip in as the first guest that arrives.}\]

\(^{1}\) Theodotus.
\(^{2}\) \textit{i.e.} the parasite (nameless).
\(^{3}\) Athenian dinner-parties were often like our picnics, each
guest bringing his contribution to the meal.
ALEXIS.

'Ως ἐστι κατακείσθαι πρὸ δείπνου συμφορά·
οὔτε γὰρ ὥσπερ δῆπουθεν οὐδέν ἐν λάβοι,
οὔθ' ἐν λέγῃ τις οὐδαμῶς μᾶθομεν ἄν··
ὁ νοῦς γὰρ ἐστὶ τῆς τραπέζης πλησίον.

(Fr. 268.)

Οὐδέν γ' ἔσεϊ ἄνθρωπος οἷος τῆς φύσιν·
ὁ μὲν ἄπογηράσκων ἄγαθής γίνεται,
οἶνον δὲ τὸν παλαιότατον σπουδάζομεν·
ὁ μὲν δάκνει γὰρ, ὁ δ' ἐλαροῦς ἡμᾶς ποιεῖ.

(Fr. 270.)
ALEXIS.

To lie down, pending dinner, is absurd:
You cannot sleep, you cannot hear a word;
At least, to understand you are less able
Just when your thought is closer to the table.

In wine and man this difference appears:
The old man bores you, but the old wine cheers.
Men do not, like your wine, improve by age;
The more their years, the less their ways engage.
AXIONICUS.

"Οτε τοῦ παρασιτεῖν πρῶτον ἡράσθην μετά
Φιλοξένου τῆς Πτερνοκόπιδου νέος ἐτ' ὁν, πληγᾶς ὑπέμενον κονδύλων καὶ τρυβλίων ὅστων τε τὸ μέγεθος τοσαύτας ὦστε μὲ
5 ἐνίοτε τοῦλάξιστον ὅκτω τραύματα
έχειν· ἐλυσιτελεῖ γάρ· ἦττων εἰμὶ γάρ
tῆς ἡδονῆς. ἔπειτα καὶ τρόπον τινά
tὸ πρᾶγμά μοι λυσιτελές εἶναι νενόμικα.
οὗν φιλερής τίς ἔστι καὶ μάχεται τί μου
10 μετεβαλόμενη πρὸς τοῦτον, ὅσα τ' εἴρηκέ με
κακῶς ὑμολογών εινθέως οὐ βλάπτομαι.
πονηρός ὅν τ' εἶ χρηστός εἰναι φησὶ τις,
ἐγκωμίας τοῦτον ἀπέλαβον χάριν.
AXIONICUS.

WHEN first I played the parasite at table,
Being young, to stand rough treatment I was able,
Hard blows from fists, hard peltings with the
    platters,
Hurled bones that bruise, and every bolt that batters.
Sometimes eight wounds upon me I could show!
Not all in vain; for better now I know.
Of dining out I've given up the pleasure,
And found a dodge that's turned out quite a
    treasure.¹
When that old Gradgrind at me snarls and snaps,
I'm none the worse for saying, "True, perhaps."
When other rogues of their own virtues dream,
I stoop to praise; their virtues are my theme.

¹ *Viz.* to become flatterer and complaisant 'friend' in place of parasite.
γλαύκου βεβρωκὼς τέμαχος ἐφθόν τῆμερον
15 αὖριον ἐκλογ τούτ' ἐχὼν οὐκ ἀχθομαι.
κοινοῦς ὁ τρόπος ἐστὶν ἡ φύσις τέ μου.

(Fr. 6.)

Οὕτω γὰρ ἐπὶ τοῖς μέλεσι τοῖς Εὐριπίδου
ἀμφο νοσοῦν, ὡστε τάλλ' αὐτοῖς δοκεῖν
εἶναι μέλη γιγγραντὰ καὶ κακῶν μέγα.

(Fr. 4.)
AXIONICUS.

And in return, of course, I look for pay;
For such my nature is, and such my way.
And if I dine to-morrow off cold mutton,
To-day well feasted,—I don't care a button.¹

Euripides they both admire,
And say his strains are full of fire.
All other music, on my life!
They think mere squeakings of a fife.

¹ He seems to mean that he gets a good dinner now and then as a return for his flattery.
ΤΙΜΟΚΛΕΣ.

'Αγορὰν ἱδεῖν εὐφόρων εὔποροντι μὲν ἥδιστον, δὲ ἀπορή τις ἀθλιώτατον.
ὁ γοῦν Κόρυδος ἄκλητος, ός ἐμοὶ δοκεῖ,
γενόμενος ὄψωνει παρ' αὐτὸν οἴκαδε.

5 ἢν δὲ τὸ πάθος γελοῖον· οἴμοι τέτταρος
χαλκοῦς ἔχων ἄνθρωπος, ἐγχέλαις ὀρῶν
θύνεια νάρκας καράβους ἥμωδια.
καὶ ταῦτα πάντα μὲν περιέλθων ἤρετο
ὀπόσον, πυθόμενος δ' ἀπέτρεχε εἰς τὰς μεμβράδας.

(Πρ. ΙΙ.)
TIMOCLES.

A well-stored fish-shop is a sight,
If purse be heavy; not, if light.
As Corydus with no one dined,
To a home-catering resigned
He went to market, asked the prices;
"A beauty that! This very nice is!"
Looked at eel, crab, torpedo, tunny,
Then ended with a purchase funny!
Four halfpence only had he; these
Were not enough his taste to please;
"What for this small one?—Too dear that!
And so went off and bought a sprat."
XENARCHUS.

Οἱ μὲν ποιηταὶ λήρος ἔστιν· οὐδὲ ἐν καὶνὸν γὰρ εὑρίσκοντον, ἄλλα μεταφέρει ἐκαστὸς αυτῶν ταῦτ᾽ ἀνω τε καὶ κάτω. τῶν δὲ ἱσθυοπολῶν φιλοσοφώτερον γένος οὐκ ἐστιν οὐδὲν οὐδὲ εὐάλλον ἀνόσιον. ἔπει γὰρ αὐτοῖς οὐκέτι ἐστὶν ἐξουσία βαίνειν (ἀπείρηται δὲ τούτο τῷ νόμῳ), εἰς τις θεοίς ἐχθρὸς ἀνθρώπου πάνυ εἰρηνομένους ὡς εἰδε τοὺς ἱσθύους, μάχην ἐποίησα ἐν αὐτοῖς ἕκεπίτηδες ἐν πάνυ Ἰὸςαν δὲ πληγαῖ, καγρίαν δὲ εὐλοφέναι δύος καταπίπτει καὶ λυποχυχεῖν δοκῶν ἐκεῖνο μετὰ τῶν ἱσθύων. βοῶς δὲ τις, ὥσπερ ὥσπερ. δὲ εὐθὺς ἔξαρα πρόχουν.

15 τῶν ὁμοτέχνων τις τοῦ μὲν ἁκρή παντελῶς κατέχεε, κατὰ τῶν ἱσθύων δὲ ἀπαξάπην. εἶπον γ᾽ ἃν αὐτοῖς ἀρτίως ἐλωκέναι.

(FR. 7.)
XENARCHUS.

Your poets are mere fools, for nothing new
Can they devise; they merely change the view.
Now in the fishmonger, if rogue he be,—
And rogue he is,—there's true philosophy.
The law prohibits "watering of fish";
But one to watch them drying did not wish.
So "Here's a fight!" the clever rascal bawls;
In the sham shindy one man fainting falls
Just where the fish lay. "Water, water, here!
Help, help! he's dying of a wound severe!"
A shopman in the trick has pitcher ready,
And promptly pours a deluge long and steady.
The wounded man gets just the smallest dash;
Down on the slab the torrent falls full splash,
And makes once more the dull, dry fish to shine,
As if they just had left their native brine.
PHILEMON.

Λυώρριος δὲ παρατεθέντος καράβου,
ὡς εἶδεν αὐτόν "χαῖρε πάππα φιλτατε"
εἰπὼς—Β. τί ἐποίει; Ἄ. τὸν πατέρα κατήσθειν. 

(Fr. 41.)

"Ον οὐδὲ εἰς λέγηθεν οὐδὲ ἐν ποιῶν,
οὐδὲ αὐ τοιῶν, οὐδὲ πεποιηκὼς πάλαι,
οὐτε θεὸς οὐτ' ἀνθρωπος, οὗτός εἰμ' ἐγώ,
'Αήρ, δόν ἂν τις δνομάσει καὶ Δία.
5 ἐγὼ δ', ὁ θεὸς 'στιν ἔργον, εἰμὶ πανταχοῦ,
ἐνταῦθ' ἐν 'Αλθήναις, ἐν Πάτραις, ἐν Σικελίᾳ,
ἐν ταῖς πόλεσι πάσαισι, ἐν ταῖς οἰκίαις
πάσαις, ἐν ὑμῖν πάσιν' οὐκ ἔστιν τόπος,
οὗ μῆ 'στιν 'Αήρ: ὁ δὲ παρῶν ἄπανταχοῦ
10 πάντ' ἐξ ἀνάγκης οἴδε πανταχοῦ παρῶν.

(Fr. 84.)
PHILEMON.

"Hail, father!" when a crab was served, Agyr-rhius said; and rather
Than such a prize should wasted be, preferred to
eat his father.

I am that Being who to every deed,
Divine or human, at all times gives heed.
Past, present, future, round, above, below,
As Air or Zeus, 'tis mine alike to know.
At Athens, Patræ, Sicily, here, there,
I, as a god should be, am everywhere.
In all the cities and in every home,
In every spot where man is free to roam,
There Air finds entrance. Surely he who goes
In all directions all that happens knows!
Τί ποτε Προμηθείς, διὰ λέγοντι ήμαῖς πλάσαι καὶ τάλλα πάντα ζώα, τούτις μὲν θηρίους ἔδωκας ἔκάστης κατὰ γένος μίαν φύσιν; ἀπαίτεις οἱ λέοντες εἰσὶν ἄλκιμοι, δειλοὶ πάλιν ἐξῆς πάντες εἰςὶν οἱ λαγοί. οὐκ ἐστιν ἀλώπης ἢ μὲν εἰρων τῇ φύσει ἢ δὲ αὖθεκαστος, ἄλλῳ ἐὰν τρυσμφίας ἀλώπηκας τις συναγάγῃ, μίαν φύσιν ἀπαξαπασάνει δύσει τρόπου θ' ἐνα.

Πολύ γ' ἐστὶ πάντων ζῴων ἄθλος τατον ἄνθρωπος, εἰ τις ἔξετάξοι κατὰ τρόπουν τὸν γὰρ βίων περίεργον εἰς τὰ πάντα ἔχων ἀπορεῖ τὰ πλείστα διὰ τέλους πονεῖ τ' αἰώνιο. καὶ τοῖς μὲν ἄλλοις πάσιν ἡ γῆ θηρίους ἐκοῦσα παρέχει τὴν καθ' ἡμέραν τροφήν, αὕτη πορίζοντι, οὗ λαβοῦσα πάνυ μόλις.
PHILEMON.

Why did Prometheus, when he formed of clay
Man and all creatures, as the poets say,
Why did he give to beasts, each in his kind,
One nature which in all the race we find?
All lions are courageous; every hare
Will run and leave her form, if danger's there.
'Tis not as if this fox in craft were great,
This slow, that sharp, all varying in rate:
Put thirty thousand foxes in one spot,
You won't find some have cunning, some have not.
But in the human race one always finds
As many bodies, just so many minds.

MAN of all creatures far most wretched is;
Right reasoning proves it: all the world is his,
And all its produce; yet to toil and slave,
While other creatures free subsistence have,
And kindly earth will yield them all they ask
For their own needs, is his unceasing task.
* ἦμῖν δὲ, κατὰ χρέος κεφάλαιον ἐκτίνει
τὸ σπέρμα, τοὺς τόκους δ᾿ ἀνευρίσκονοι ἀεὶ
πρόφασιν τῷ αὐχμὸν ἢ πάχνῃ ἀποστερεῖ.
καὶ δὴ τυχῶν μὲν διὰ τὸ παρέχειν πράγματα
μόνους ἐστιν καὶ τοιεῖν τάνω κάτω
ταῦτην παρ᾽ ἦμῶν λαμβάνει τιμωρίαιν.

(Fr. 86.)

Μεῖξω τὰ κακὰ ποιοῦσι πολλοὶ, δέσποτα,
αὕτοι δὲ αὐτοῦς ἢ πέφυκε τῇ φύσει.
οἷον τέθηκεν νύσς ἢ μήτηρ των,
ἡ νὴ Δὴ ἄλλων τῶν ἀναγκαῖων γέ τε.
5 ἂν μὲν λάβῃ τοῦτ’ “ἀπέθανεν, ἀνθρωπος γὰρ ἦν,”
τοσοῦτο γέγονε τὸ κακὸν ἦλικον περ ἦν.
ἐὰν δὲ “ἀβίωτος ο βίος, οὐκ ἐτ’ ἰδομαί,
ἀπόλλωλ,” εὖ ἐαυτῷ τοῦτ’ εὰν σκοπῇ, κακά
πρὸς τοὺς κακοῖς οὐτοῦ ἐτερὰ συλλέγει.
10 ὁ δὲ τῷ λογισμῷ πάντα παρ’ ἐαυτῷ σκοπῶν
τὸ κακὸν ἀφαιρεῖ τάγμαθον δὲ λαμβάνει.

(Fr. 87.)
PHILEMON.

In vain he ploughs and sows, and hopes to get
From grateful earth some profit on the debt;
She pays the principal,¹ but more refuses;
A drought, a frost, the interest excuses.
Perhaps, as by man alone the earth is teased,
She takes this way of showing she's displeased.

By their own fault men often make bad worse
Than Nature left it. In that solemn hearse
A son or mother's carried to the grave,
Some friend, the dearest relative we have.
If one but said, "A man is born to die,"
His tears, resigned and patient, he would dry.
But if he frantic cries, "All joys are past!
My life is gone! This sight of him's the last!"
Let him think well; these griefs are his own making;
He makes bad worse by good and bad mistaking.
There's good in all things: wiser thinkers would
Discount the evil and accept the good.

¹ The amount of the seed sown, but no more.
'Αεί τὸ πλούτευν συμφοράς πολλὰς ἔχει,
φθόνον τ’ ἐπηρειάν τε καὶ μίσος πολύ,
πράγματά τε πολλὰ κάνοχλήσεις μυρίας,
πράξεις τε πολλὰς συλλογάς τε τοῦ βίου.
5 ἐπείτα μετὰ ταῦτ’ εἰδὼς εὑρέθη θανὼν,
ἄλλοις καταλείψας εἰς τρυφὴν τὴν οἰσίαν.
δὲν πένεσθαι μᾶλλον ἥδεως ἔχω,
ἔχειν τε μέτρια καμέριμνον ἕνων βίων,
καὶ μὴ ἔχειν πλούτον με μήτε πράγματα.
10 πᾶς γὰρ πένης ὃν μεγάλα κερδαίνει κακά.

(Fr. 89.)

"Ω τρισμακάρια πάντα καὶ τρισόλβια
tὰ θηρῖ, οἷς οὐκ ἔστιν θερίς
tούς τούς λόγος·
οὖν εἰς ἔλεγχον οὐδὲν αὐτῶν ἔρχεται,
οὖν ἄλλο τοιοῦτ’ οὐδέν ἐστ’ αὐτοῖς κακὸν
5 ἑπακότων, ἦν δ’ ἐν εἰσθενὲς φύσιν
ἐκαστὸν, εἰδὼς καὶ νόμον ταύτῃ ἔχει.
ἡμεῖς δ’ ἀβίωτον ζῷον ἀνθρωποῦ βίων
δουλεύωμεν δώξαισιν, εὑρόντες νόμον,
Wealth ever brings its ills, and those not few.
Some envy, some abuse and hate it too.
Trouble, annoyance, meet one without end,
Extortions here, there gifts to help a friend,
Who, as you soon find out, has left a will
To make some other rich man richer still.
Thus modest means, with life devoid of care,
Are better far than with the rich to share
Wealth's high estate, with all its plagues and pains.
Your poor man's evils may to him be gains.

Happy the animals! They do not bother
Their heads about this question and another;
None make inquiries, none need take the trouble
To prove that black is white, or single double.
No self-inflicted woes, no cares have they;
All their own nature, their own laws obey.
We mortals live a life not worth the living,
To laws and politics attention giving,
προγόνωσιν, ἐκγόνωσιν. οὐκ ἔστ' ἀποτυχεῖν
10 κακοῦ, πρόφασιν δ' ἀεὶ τιν' ἐξευρύσκομεν.

(Fr. 90.)

'Ανὴρ δίκαιος ἐστιν οὖς ὁ μὴ ἀδικῶν,
ἀλλ' ὅστις ἀδικεῖν δυνάμενος μὴ βούλεται:
οὐδ' ὁς τὰ μικρὰ λαμβάνειν ἀπέσχετο,
ἀλλ' ὁς τὰ μεγάλα καρτερεῖ μὴ λαμβάνων,
5 ἔχειν δυνάμενος καὶ κρατεῖν ἀξημίως:
οὐδ' ὃς γε τὰ ταῦτα πάντα διατηρεῖ μόνον,
ἀλλ' ὅστις ἄδολον γνησίαν τ' ἔχων φύσιν
εἶναι δίκαιος καὶ δοκεῖν εἶναι θέλει.

(Fr. 92.)

'Εγὼ τὸν ἄγρον ἵατρὸν ἐξελήθειν ἔχων:
τρέφει γὰρ οὗτος ὅσπερ ἀρρωστοῦντά με,
σιτάρια μικρὰ προσφέρων οἷον θ' ὅσον
ὄνειν, λαχάνων τ' ἀεὶ τι καὶ νή τὸν Δία
5 τὰ πετραία ταῦτ' ὄψηρία, πάππαριν, θύμον,
PHILEMON.

For sons providing, pedigrees unwinding,
Yet some excuse for worry always finding.

Not "honest" he who weakly does no wrong,
But he who will not do it when he's strong;
Nor he who timidly resists small gains,
But who from great, though safely held, abstains;
Nor who from rules of casuists derives
Pedantic virtue, but who ever strives,
With disposition guileless and sincere,
Honest to be, not merely to appear.

My farm, I've now found out, my needs supplies,
As to a patient whom to cure it tries:
A bit of bread, just wine enough to smell,
Some greenery, my doctor's bill to swell
And make a relish,—capers, leeks, a store
Of tough asparagus,—and nothing more,
PHILEMON.

ἀσπάραγον, αὐτὰ ταῦτα· καὶ δεδοικα μὴ λίαν ἀπισχυαῖνων με ποιήσῃ νεκρόν.

(Fr. 94.)

Ὡς εὐφνὲς ξύὸν κοχλίας νῦ τὸν θεόν.
ὅταν πονηρὰ περιπέσῃ τῷ γείτονι,
τὸν οἶκον ἄρας εἰς ἄτερον πορεύεται,
νέμεται δὲ ἀμέριμνος τοῖς κακοῖς φεύγων ἄει.

(Fr. 104.)

Τί ποτ’ ἐστὶν ἄρα διότι βούλεται μ’ ἱδεῖν;
ἡ καθαπερ οἱ νοσοῦντες ἀλγοῦντες σφόδρα,
τὸν λατρῶν ἄν ἱδωσιν, οὐκ ἀλγοῦν’ ἐτί,
οὕτως, ἐπάν τις τυγχάνῃ λυποῦμενος,
ἡττὸν ὀδυνάται, φίλον ἐὰν παρόντι ἰδῇ;

(Fr. 109.)

Τῇ γῇ δανεῖζειν κρεῖττον ἐστὶν ἡ βροτοῖς,
ἡτοι τόκους δίδωσιν οὐ λυπομένη.

(Fr. 145.)
Grown on the rocks;¹ and now I'm in a fright
The cure will kill by diet that's too light.

A happy creature is your snail indeed!
Just where he pleases he can live and feed.
And if a neighbour gives him any bother,
With house on back he moves off to another.

Why does he want to see me? Is it
As sufferers, on the doctor's visit,
Are oft relieved from sharpest pains,
And each his wonted ease regains,
That so a visit from a friend
Brings grief from troubles to an end?

Better that land should borrow² than a friend;
To ask for interest does not land offend.

¹ Montani asparagi. Juv., Sat. xi. 69.
² I.e. seed and labour.
Τι ἐστιν ὁ θεὸς οὐ θέλει σε μανθάνειν·
ἀσεβείσ τὸν οὐ θέλοντα μανθάνειν θέλων.

(Fr. 186.)

Θεὸν νόμιζε καὶ σέβον, ξήτει δὲ μὴ
πλείον γὰρ οὐδὲν ἄλλο τοῦ ξήτειν ἔχεισ.
εἰτ' ἐστιν εἰτ' οὐκ ἐστι μὴ βουλὸν μαθεῖν,
ὡς οὔτα τούτον καὶ παρόντι αἰεὶ σέβου.

(Fr. 112.)

Δικαιώτατον κτήμ' ἐστίν ἄνθρωπος ἀγρός·
διὸ ἡ φύσις δεῖ ταῖς γὰρ ἐπιμελῶς φέρει,
πυρός, ἠλαῖον, οἶνον, ἴσχαδας, μέλι·
τὰ δ' ἄργυρωματ' ἐστιν η τε πορφύρα
eἰς τοὺς τραγῳδοὺς εὐθεῖα', οὐκ εἰς τὸν βίον.

(Fr. 115.)

Πολλάκις ἔχων τις οὐδὲ τάναγκαὶ νῦν
αἱροῦν ἐπλούτησ', ὡστε χάτεροις τρέφειν.
PHILEMON.

GOD will not that His nature you should know.
To seek this is irreverence to show.

BELIEVE in God, revere Him; but beware
Of asking what He wills not to declare.
Whether He is or is not, do not try
To learn: adore Him as God ever nigh.¹

THE fairest profits land to man doth yield;
All that he needs he gets him from the field:
Wheat, oil, wine, honey, figs, each tree and herb.
Purple and plate make actors² look superb.

ONE who can scarcely feed himself to-day
Gets rich to-morrow, and could feed a score:

¹ An interesting comment on the ancient agnosticism, and the Αγνωστος Θεός of Acts xvii. 23.
² I.e. are fit only for the stage. Literally, "your silver trinkets and purple are well suited to tragic actors, not for (real) life."
ΦΗΛΕΜΟΝ.

Θησαυρὸν εὑρὼν σήμερον τοις αὐριον
ἀπαντα τὰκ τῆς οἰκίας ἀπώλεσεν.

(Fr. 116, 117.)

Μὴ νοθέτει γέροντ' ἀμαρτάνοντά τιν'.
δένδρον παλαιὸν μεταφτυεύειν δύσκολον.

(Fr. 151.)

Οἱ φιλόσοφοι ξητούσι ως ἀκήκοα,
περὶ τούτο τ' αὐτοὺς πολὺς ἀναλοῦται χρόνος,
τί ἐστιν ἁγαθὸν, καὶδὲ εἰς εἰρηκὴ ποι
τί ἐστιν. ἀρετὴν καὶ φρόνησιν φασι, καὶ
5 λέγουσι πάντω μᾶλλον ἢ τί ταγαθὸν.
ἐν ἅγρῳ διατρίβουν τῇ τε γῆν σκάπτων ἐγὼ
νῦν εὑρὼν εἰρήνη ἑτεῖν. ὃ Ζεὺς φίλτατε,
τῆς ἐπαφροδιτοῦ καὶ φιλανθρώπου θεοῦ.
γάμου, ἑορτᾶς, συγγενεῖς, παῖδας, φίλους,
10 πλοῦτον, ὕγειαν, σίτου, οἶνον, ἱδρυίν,
αὕτη δίδωσι: ταύτα πάντ' ἂν ἐκλίπῃ,
τέθνηκε κοινῆ πᾶς ὁ τῶν ζωίτων βίος.

(Fr. 67.)
Another finds a treasure on the way;
To-morrow all he found is gone,—and more.

Preach not, when frailties in old men you see:
Old stumps are not transplanted easily.

Philosophers, I hear, much time will spend
In seeking what "good" is; and yet no end
Seems near: some "virtue," others "wisdom," say;
But what "the good" is ignorance display.
I've found it out by living on my farm;
There I can dig in peace without alarm.
Peace! what a kindly, gentle goddess she!
What festive doings in her reign we see!
Feasts, marriages, relations, children, friends,
Health, wealth, bread, wine, delight that never ends;
If such joys fail, with nothing left instead,
The very life of those who live is dead.
"Η τοῦ ποιητῶν ἐστὶν ἄνθρωπου φύσις
to σύνολον· oὐ γὰρ ἂν ποτ’ ἐδεήθη νόμον.
Ολει τι τῶν ἄλλων διαφέρειν θηρίων
ἄνθρωπον; οἴδε μικρὸν ἄλλα σχήματιν
πλάγι’ ἐστὶ τάλλα, τούτῳ δ’ ὄρθων θηρίων.

(Φρ. 2, 3.)

Οὐκ ἂν λαλῆ τις μικρῶν, ἐστὶ κόσμος,
οἴδ’ ἂν πορεύηται τις εἰς τὴν γῆν βλέπων·
δ’ ἡλίκον μὲν ἡ φύσις φέρει λαλῶν,
μηδὲν ποιῶν δ’ ἁσχημον, οὕτος κόσμος.

(Φρ. 5.)

'Εμοὶ γὰρ ἐστὶ κύριος μὲν εἰς ἄνὴρ,
tούτων δὲ καὶ σοῦ μυρίων τ’ ἄλλων νόμος,
ἐτέρων τυραννοῦντων φόβος·
δοῦλοι βασιλέων εἰσίν, δ’ βασιλεὺς θεῶν,
5 δ’ θεὸς ἀνάγκης. πάντα δ’, ἄν σκοπῆς, ἄλως
ἐτέρων πέφυκεν ἤττον’, ἄν δὲ μείζονα,
tούτως ἀνάγκη ταῦτα δουλεύειν ἀεὶ.1

(Φρ. 31.)

1 Ι.ε. τὰ ήττα δουλεύει τοῖς μείζοις.
Most men are bad by nature; form alone
And shape from other creatures makes them known.
Man walks erect; the beasts go on their paws;
If man were good, he would require no laws.

Nor talking little, nor a gait demure
With eyes cast down, good morals doth assure;
He who talks modestly as suits his years,
With modest action, good to all appears.

My master calls me his; but him, and all,—
Myself and thousands more,—the laws enthrall.
By tyrants some are held; themselves by fear;
Kings rule on earth, but from the heavenly sphere
Gods direct kingly actions day by day;
But gods themselves Necessity obey.
Look round; in everything the law's the same;
The stronger o'er the weaker mastery claim.
ΜΕΝΑΝΔΡΟΣ.

"Εργον εύρεῖν συγγενῆ
πάντως ἔστων· οδὴ εἰς γὰρ ὁμολογεῖ
αὑτῷ προσήκειν τὸν βοηθείας τινὸς
δεόμενον· αἰτεῖσθαι γὰρ ἁμα τι προσδοκᾷ.

(Fr. 7.)

Ο πρῶτος εὕρων διατροφήν πτωχῆς τέχνην
πολλοὺς ἐποίησεν ἀθλίους· ἀπλοῦν γὰρ ἦν
τὸν μὴ δυνάμενον ξῆν ἀλήτως ἀποθανεῖν.

(Fr. 19.)

Πάντας μεθύσονς τοὺς ἐμπόρους
ποιεῖ τὸ Βυζάντιον· ἐλην ἐπίνομεν
τὴν νύκτα διὰ σὲ καὶ σφόδρα ἄκρατῶν μοι δοκῶ·
ἀνίσταμαι γοῦν τέτταρας κεφαλὰς ξῆν.

(Fr. 67.)
MENANDER.

Few poor men have relations; 'tis a task
To find the kinsmen of the class who ask.
For, once allow the claim, in troops they come,
With hat in hand, "Is Mr. A. at home?"

Who taught the beggars' art, by alms to live,
To thousands lasting wretchedness did give.
For if in poverty in vain we try
Ourselves to keep, 'tis simpler far to die.

That wine of yours to queer sensations leads!
I thought, this morning, I had got four heads.
ОУ δΕΙ δΙΑΒΩΛΗΣ ΚΑΤΑΦΡΟΝΕΙΝ, ΟΥΔ' ΆΝ ΟΦΟΔΡ' ή
ΨΕΥΘΗΣ' ἘΠΙΣΤΑΙΤ' ΑΙΔΩΝΕΝ ΑΥΤ'Ν ΤΙΝES,
ΔΕ ΟΥΣ ΦΙΛΩΤΣΕΩΣΑΙ ΤΑ ΤΟΙΑΥΤ' ΩΡΘ'Σ ΈΧΕΙ.

(FR. 88.)

'ΑΓΡΩΝ ΕΙΣΕΒΘΕΣΤΕΡΟΝ ΓΕΩΡΓΕΙΝ ΟΥΔΕΝΑ
ΟΙΜΑΙ' ΦΕΡΕΙ ΓΑΡ ΌΣΑ ΘΕΟΙΣ ΑΝΘΗ ΚΑΛΑ,
ΚΙΤΤΟΝ, ΔΑΦΝΗΝ ΚΡΙΘΑΣ Θ' ΕΙΝ ΣΠΕΙΡΩ, ΠΑΝΩ
ΔΙΚΑΙΟΣ ΩΝ ΑΠΕΘΩΧ' ΩΣΑΣ ΩΝ ΚΑΤΑΒΑΛΩ.

(FR. 96.)

'ΑΓΑΘΩΝ ΤΙ ΜΟΙ ΓΕΝΟΙΤΟ, ΠΟΛΥΤΙΜΟΙ ΘΕΟΙ-
ΙΨΟΔΟΙΜΕΝΟΙ ΤΟΝ ΗΜΑΝΤΑ ΓΑΡ ΤΗΣ ΔΕΞΙΑΣ
ΕΜΒΑΔΟΣ ΑΠΕΡΡΗΣ'. Β. ΕΙΚΟΤΩς, Ω ΦΛΗΜΑΦΕ,
ΣΑΠΡΟΣ ΓΑΡ ΖΗΝ, ΟΥ ΔΕ ΜΙΚΡΟΛΟΓΟΣ ΑΡ' ΟΥ ΘΕΛΩΝ
ΚΑΙΝΑΣ ΠΡΙΑΣΘΑΙ.

(FR. 11O.)

'Ω ΦΙΛΤΑΤΗ ΖΗ ΜΗΤΕΡ, ΩΣ ΣΕΜΝΟΝ ΟΦΟΔΡ' ΕΙ
ΤΟΙΣ ΝΟΥΝ έΧΟΝΣΙ ΚΤΗΜΑ ΠΟΛΛΟΥ Τ' ΑΞΙΟΝ.
ΩΣ ΔΗΤ' έΧΡΗΝ, ΕΙ ΤΙΣ ΠΑΤΡΙΘΑΝ ΠΑΡΑΛΑΒΩΝ
MENANDER.

DESPISE not idle gossip: some there are
Who strive to make bad worse; of such beware.

My farm is "truly pious"! All such things
As please the gods in fruits or flowers it brings.
Most honest too; for barley when I sow,
It says, "Take back precisely what I owe." ¹

SAVE me, ye gods, from ill luck's stroke!
The latchet of my right shoe broke,
An evil omen! may it end
In good, and no new woe impend!
"Well, it was rotten; make no bother;
You were too mean to buy another."

I WOULD that he who eats up his estate
Might all his life be voyaging at sea.

¹ I.e. it returns me no profit.


γήν καταφάγοι, πλεῖν τούτον ἦδη διὰ τέλους,
καὶ μηδε ἐπιβαίνειν γῆς, ἢν οὖτως ἤσθετο
οἱ παραλαβῶν ἁγαθῶν οὐκ ἐφείσατο.

(Fr. 338.)

Διαφέρει Χαιρέφωντος οὐδὲ γρῦ
ἀνθρωπος οὐσίς ἑστίν, δις κληθεῖς ποτὲ
eis ἑστιάσαι δωδεκάποδος,1 ὡριμος
πρὸς τὴν σελήνην ἔτρεχε τὴν σκιὰν ἰδὼν
διὸς ὑστερίζων, καὶ παρῆν ἀμὴ ἡμέρα.

(Fr. 353.)

Ἀπολεῖ με τὸ γένος. μὴ λέγε, εἰ φιλεῖς ἐμὲ,
μὴτερ, ἐφ᾽ ἐκάστῳ τὸ γένος. οἷς ἂν τῇ φύσει
ἀγαθῶν ὑπάρχῃ μηδὲν οἰκεῖον προσόν,
ἐκεῖς καταφεύγουσιν, εἰς τὰ μνήματα
5 καὶ τὸ γένος, ἀριθμοῦσιν τῇ τούτο πάππου ὅσοι.
οὐδὲν δ᾽ ἐχουσί πλεῖον, οὐδὲ ἐρεῖς ὅτι
οὐκ εἰσὶ πάπποι; πῶς γὰρ ἐγέννοι ἃν ποτε;
eἰ μὴ λέγειν δ᾽ ἐχουσί τούτους διὰ τινα

1 I.e. "at noon" (by the dial).
So would he learn, dear mother Earth, how great
His folly, and how much he owes to thee.

“\textit{We dine—pray, mind! a little after noon,}
Timed by the dial; do not cause delay.”
Not to be late, he counted \textit{by the moon},
Set off at night, and came at break of day.

Don’t talk of birth and family; all those
Who have no natural worth on that repose.
Blue blood, grand pedigree, illustrious sires
He boasts of, who to nothing more aspires.
What use long ancestry your \textit{pride} to call?
One must have had them to be born at all!
And those who have no pedigree to show,
Or who their grandsires were but scantly know,
τόπου μεταβολὴν ἢ φίλων ἐρημίαν,

10 τὶ τῶν λεγόντων εἰσὶ δυσγενέστεροι;

δὲ ἂν εὖ γεγονός ἦ τῇ φύσει πρὸς τάγαθα,

κἂν Ἀλθίως ἤ, μήτερ, ἐστὶν εὐγενῆς.

(Fr. 519.)

"Απαντά τὰ ἐφ᾽ ἐστὶ μικαριώτερα

καὶ νοῦν ἔχοντα μᾶλλον ἀνθρώπου πολὺ.

τὸν ἄνων ὅραν ἔξεστι πρῶτα τούτοις.

οὐτὸς κακοδαίμων ἐστὶν ὄμολογοιμένως.

5 τούτῳ κακῶν δὲ αὐτῶν οὐδὲν γίνεται,

ἀ δὲ ἡ φύσις δεδωκεν αὐτὰ ταῦτ' ἔχει.

ἡμεῖς δὲ χωρὶς τῶν ἀναγκαίων κακῶν

αὐτοὶ παρ' αὐτῶν ἔτερα προσπορίζομεν.

λυπούμεθ' ἂν πτάρη τις, ἂν έπη κακῶς

10 ὁργίζομεθ', ἂν ἦδη τις ἐνύπνιον σφόδρα

φοβούμεθ', ἂν γλαύξ ἀνακράγη δεδοίκαμεν,

ἀγωνία, δόξαι, φιλοτιμία, νόμοι,

ἀπαντά ταῦτ' ἐπὶ θετε τῇ φύσει κακά.

(Fr. 520.)
From change of homes or lack of friends at need,
And so have lost all record of their breed,
Are not more "low-born" than your men of blood;
A nigger's well-born, if he makes for good!

_All_ brutes created,—count them if you can,—
More happy are and have more sense than man.
See! here's a donkey first; all say, Poor thing!
And yet no troubles from himself do spring.
He only bears the hard lot that nature gave;
But we besides self-centred evils have.
Should some one sneeze, we're vexed; if words
are said
That sting, we're angry; a bad dream we dread;
A hooting owl will fill us with affright!
Such follies make not nature's burden light,
For thus we are weighted with imported ill;
Laws, strifes, and party views our cup of misery
fill.
'Ο πάντα βουληθείς ἂν ἀνθρώπος πονεῖν πάντ' ἂν γένοιτο: πλούσιος τρόπον τινά: πάλιν φιλόσοφος τινι μαθῆσαι χρώμενος: τὸ σώμα ὅγιανεν τινὰ δίαιταν προσφέρων. 5 πλὴν ἐν τι τῶν πάντων ἀδύνατον ἢν ἂρα εὑρεῖν, δε' οὐ τρόπον τις οὐ λυπήσεται. οὐ γὰρ τὸ μὴ πράττειν κατὰ νοῦν ἔχει μόνον λύπην, παρέχει δὲ φροντίδας καὶ τάγαθα. (Fr. 527.)

Μετάκιν, οὐ μοι κατανοεῖν δοκεῖς ὅτι ὑπὸ τῆς ἱδίας ἑκαστα κακίας σήμεται, καὶ πάντα τὰ λυμαίνωμεν' ἔστιν ἑνδοθεν. οἶον ὃ μὲν ἱός, ἃν σκοπῆς, τὸ σιδήριον, 5 τὸ δ' ἰμάτιον οἷς σήμεω, ὃ δὲ θρύψ τὸ ἔχειν. δὲ δὲ τὸ κάκιστον τῶν κακῶν πάντων, φθάνος φθισικὸν πεποίηκε καὶ ποιήσει καὶ ποιεῖ, ψυχῆς ποιητῆς δυσγενής παράστασις. (Fr. 528.)
TAKE but the trouble, and you may succeed
In all you try for, and get all you need.
No doubt, your first desire is for wealth;
Well! there are ways to riches, wisdom, health.
Buy this, learn that, take food that suits: from grief
Alone, alas! you cannot find relief.
Not only thwarted hope our patience tries,
Our very blessings bring anxieties.

YOUNG man, look round you, and mark well, I pray,
How each thing suffers by its own decay.
Rust spoils the iron, moths your garments fret,
E'en grubs destroy the timber they beset.
So envy, that worst canker, saps the heart
Diseased, and makes it play the low-bred\(^1\) part.
It kills, a secret prowler on our peace,
Has ever killed, to kill will never cease.

\(^1\) Reading δυσερής for δυσεβής, "godless" or "impious," the point of which is not clear. The poet seems to say that envy destroys all fair judgment and generous appreciation of conduct and motive in others.
Εἰπερ τὸν ἀδικοῦντ᾽ ἀσμένως ἡμύνετο ἐκαστὸς ἡμῶν καὶ συνηγωνίζετο,
ἳς νομίζων ἰδιὸν ἔστω τὸ γεγονός ἀδίκημα, καὶ σωστράττομεν ἄλληλοις πυκνῶς.
5 οὐκ ἢν ἐπὶ πλεῖον τὸ κακὸν ἡμῖν ηὔξετο τὸ τῶν πονηρῶν, ἄλλα παρατηροῦμενοι καὶ τυχχάνοντες ἦς ἐδει τιμωρίας ἦτοι σπάνιοι σφόδρ᾽ ἢν ἦσαν ἢ πεπαμένοι.

(Fr. 531.)

"Ἐνεγκ᾽ ἀτυχίαν καὶ βλάβην εὐσχημόνως.
τούτ᾽ ἔστων ἄνδρας νοῦν ἔχοντος, οὐκ ἄνω ἀνασπάσας τις τὰς ὁφρὺς οἴμοι λαλεῖ,
ἄλλ᾽ ὅσ τὰ γ᾽ αὐτοῦ πράγματ᾽ ἐγκρατῶς φέρει.

(Fr. 547.)

Κἂν σφόδρα σαφῶς εἰδῆς τι, τὸν κρύπτοντα σε μυθέασ᾽ ἐλέγξῃ δύσκολον πράγμα ἐστὶ γὰρ
ἀ λανθάνειν τις βούλεται ταύτ᾽ εἰδέται.

(Fr. 562.)
MENANDER.

If each not less severe on crime should be,
And thought my wrongs touched him as well as me;
If all indignant were, and took a part
To put down villainy with all their heart;—
This pest would never spread. A watchful eye
And ready retribution we must try
For guilt: thus let it be our common care,
If not to stop, at least to make it rare.¹

Bear with good grace ill luck and wrong.
'Tis not good sense, nor courage strong,
To knit your brow and cry Oh, dear!
But to face these without a tear.

Press not a friend his secret to reveal,
Nor seek to know what he would fain conceal.
More, if he chose, you're sure that he could say;
Facts to extort is no kind part to play.

¹ The tyranny of "national leagues" had not been invented when this wise advice was given!
"Οταν ἄτερός σου μηδὲ ἐν πλέον δεδή,
δέξαι τὸ μόριον τοῦ λαβεῖν γὰρ μηδὲ ἐν
tὸ λαβεῖν ἕπατον πλέον ἰσται σου πολύ.

(Ε. 563.)

Οδὴν διαβολῆς ἐστιν ἐπιπονώτερον,
tὴν ἐν ἄτερῳ γὰρ κειμένην ἀμαρτίαν
δεῖ μέμψιν ἰδίαν αὐτὸν ἐπάναγκες λαβεῖν.

(Ε. 568.)

'Εμὲ δ' ἀδικεῖτο πλουσίος καὶ μη πένης.
ῥῶν φέρειν γὰρ κρείττονων τυραννίδα.

(Ε. 586.)

'Εάν κακῶς μου τὴν γυναῖξ' οὔτω λέγης,
tὸν πατέρα καὶ σὲ τούς τε σους ἕγω πλυνώ.

(Ε. 591.)

'Ὁ συνιωτορῶν αὕτῳ τι, κἂν ἢ θρασύτατος,
ἡ σύνεσις αὐτὸν δειλότατον εἶναι ποιεῖ.

(Ε. 605.)
MENANDER.

If stingy donors have no more to spare
For distribution, take the allotted share,
And be content; to get less than you ought
For you is better than the getting nought.

Scandal from self-sought toil is never free;
At ease the slanderer can never be.
From other's shoulders, when a fault lies there,
He shifts it, and the load himself must bear.

Your petty tyrant's insolence I hate;
If wrong is done me, be it from the great.

If you continue to abuse my wife,
I'll slang your father, friends, and—your own life.

The bravest man a trifle may appal,
For "conscience doth make cowards of us all."
Τῷ ψεύδος ἴσχὺν τῆς ἀληθείας ἔχει
ἐνίοτε μεῖζον καὶ πιθανωτέραν δυναμὶ.

(Fr. 596.)

Οὔτ' ἐκ χερῶς μεθέντα καρπερὸν λίθον
μᾶλλον κατασχεῖν, οὔτ' ἀπὸ γλώσσης λόγον.

(Fr. 607.)

"_ESTIN δὲ μήτηρ φιλότεκνος μᾶλλον πατρός·
ἡ μὲν γὰρ αὐτῆς οἴδειν νῦν, ὃ δὲ οίσεις.

(Fr. 631.)

Οὐδέποτε ἄληθὲς οἴδεις οὐδ' νῦν πατὴρ
εἰὼθ' ἀπευλεῖν οὔτ' ἐρῶν ἐρωμένη.

(Fr. 636.)

"_Ο_ προκαταγινώσκων δὲ πρὶν ἀκούσαι σαφῶς
αὐτὸς πονηρός ἔστι πιστεύοις κακῶς.

(Fr. 609.)

"Οστις στρατηγεὶς μὴ στρατιώτης γενόμενος,
οὖτος ἑκατομβῆς ἐξάγει τοῖς πολεμίωσ.

(Fr. 613.)
A lie has often, I have known before,
More weight than truth, and people trust it more.

A stone your hand has flung you can't recall,
Nor words of malice that your tongue lets fall.

More love a mother than a father shows:
He thinks this is his son; she only knows.

Fathers' and lovers' threats no truth have got.
They swear dire vengeance,—but they mean it not.

He who decides before he knows the case
In full, in holding wrong belief is base.

Captains who soldiers' practice do not know
Lead hecatombs for slaughter to the foe.
Νῦν δὲ ἔρπτι ἀπὶ οἴκων τῶντες τὴν γυναῖκα γὰρ τὴν σώφρον ὅπει δὲ τὰς τρίχας ἐξαιθᾶς ποιεῖν.

(Fr. 652.)

Κρεῖττον γὰρ ἔστιν, ἂν σκοπή τις κατὰ λόγον, μὴ πόλλα ἀπόδως, ὀλίγα δὲ ἡδέως ἔχειν, πενιάν τ᾽ ἀληθὸν μᾶλλον ἢ πλοῦτον πικρόν.

(Fr. 579.)

Τὸ γαμεῖν, ἐὰν τις τὴν ἀλήθειαν σκοπή, κακὸν μὲν ἔστιν, ἄλλ᾽ ἀναγκαῖον 'κακὸν.

(Fr. 624.)

Οὐκ ἔστιν οὐδὲν ἀθλιώτερον πατρὸς, πλὴν ἐτερος ἂν ἢ πλειόνων παιδῶν πατήρ.

(Fr. 629.)

Γαμεῖν κεκρικότα δεῖ σε γυνώσκειν, ὅτι ἀγαθὸν μέγ᾽ ἔχεις, ἄν λάβῃς μικρόν κακόν.

(Fr. 621.)
Be off! these shams of golden tresses spare;
No honest woman ever dyes her hair.

Better to have, if good you rightly measure,
Little with joy than much that brings not pleasure,
Scant means with peace than piles of anxious
treasure.

Marriage, if truth be told (of this be sure),
An evil is—but one we must endure.

Wretched is he that has one son; or, rather,
More wretched he who of more sons is father.

Think this, on marriage when your mind is set:
If the harm is small, 'tis the chief good you'll get.
Τὰ μεγάλα κέρδη ῥαθὼς ἢ πλουσίους
toὺς παραβάλως πλέοντας ἢ νεκροὺς ποιεῖ.

Δούλω γενομένω, δούλε, δουλεύων φοβοῦν
ἀμνηστοιγ γὰρ ταύρος ἄργησας ξυγοῦ.

*Ἀν καλὸν ἐχει τις σώμα καὶ ψυχῇ κακῆν,
καλὴν ἐχει ναὶν καὶ κυβερνήτην κακῶν.

Μυστήριον σου μὴ καταίτη πῷ φίλῳ,
κοῦ μὴ φοβηθής αὐτὸν ἐχθρὸν γενόμενον.

Ο λοιδορῶν τὸν πατέρα δυσφήμῳ λόγῳ
τὴν εἰς τὸ θεῖον ἐκμελετῇ βλάσφημαν.

Ο τῶν γεωργῶν ἢδονῆν ἐχει βίος,
ταῖς ἐλπίσεις τάλγεινα παραμυθουμένος.
MENANDER.

Great gains, to those who ocean's dangers brave,
Bring fortune quickly, or a watery grave.

Slave not for one who has been himself a slave;
Steers, loosed from ploughs, of toil small memory have.

A handsome person, with perverted will,
Is a fine craft that's handled without skill.

Let not a friend your cherished secrets hear;
Then, if you quarrel, you've no cause for fear.

Who makes a father's faults his odious theme,
Against the gods is learning to blaspheme.

A farmer's life is pleasure mixed with pain
The loss he ever cheers by hope of gain.
'Ως κρείττον ἐστι δεσπότου χρηστοῦ τυχεῖν ἢ ζῆν ταπεινῶς καὶ κακῶς ἐλεύθερον.

(Fr. 698.)

'Ὁ μὴ γέλωτος ἄξιος κἀν ἢ γέλως, αὐτοῦ γέλωτος πέφυκε κατάγελως.1

(Fr. 700.)

Νόμος φυλαχθεῖς οὐδὲν ἐστιν ἢ νόμος, ὁ μὴ φυλαχθεῖς καὶ νόμος καὶ δήμος.

(Fr. 670.)

"Οταν λέγησ μὲν πολλά, μανθάνῃς δὲ μὴ, τὸ σὸν διδάξαι τοῖμον οὐ μαθὼν ἔσει.

(Fr. 1004.)

'Εάν ἐγὼ φῶ νῦν ἕχειν βακτηρίαν χρωτήριν, τί μοι σεμνότερον ἐσται τὸ ἐύλον; ἄληθες εἶναι δὲὶ τὸ σεμνόν, οὐ κενόν.

(Fr. 1005–1007.)

1 Perhaps κατάγελως πέφυκε δὴ.
Better a kindly master’s slave to be,
Than poor and abject, boasting you are free.

A joke without a point, inane and bald,
Itself a joke on joking may be called.

To say that law is only law is rash.
Break it; you’ll find that it can ply the lash.

When you speak long, but to hear me decline,
You are teaching me your view, not learning mine.

If I should say, “This stick is made of gold,”
Would you believe it just because you’re told?
The stick you prize not higher from my word:
Tall talk that is not true becomes absurd.
DIPHILUS.

"Ω μακάρι, ἀτυχεῖν θύγητος ὥν ἐπίστασον,
ἵν' αὐτὰ τάναγκαλα δυστυχῆς μόνον,
πλεῖώ δὲ διὰ τὴν ἀμαθίαν μὴ προσλάβης.

(Fr. 4.)

"Ωταν μὲ καλέσῃ πλούσιος δεῖπνον ποιῶν,
οὐ κατανοῶ τὰ τρίγλυφ' οὖθε τὰς στέγας,
οὖθε δοκιμάζω τοὺς Κορινθίους κάδους,
ἀτενίς δὲ τηρῶ τοῦ μαγείρου τὸν καπνὸν.

5 κἂν μὲν σφιδρὸς φερόμενος εἰς ὀρθὸν τρέχῃ,
γέγηθα καὶ χαίρω τι καὶ πτερύγτομαι:
ἀν δὲ πλάγιος καὶ λεπτὸς, εἰδέως νοῶ
ὅτι τούτῳ μοι τὸ δείπνον ἄλλ' οὐδ' ἄμι' ἔχει.

(Fr. 58.)
DIPHILUS.

Learn, mortal, learn thy natural ills to bear:
These, these alone thou must endure; but spare
A heavier load upon thyself to bring
By burdens that from thine own follies spring.

When I am asked by some rich man to dine,
I mark not if the walls and roofs are fine,
Nor if the vases such as Corinth prizes,—
But solely how the smoke from cooking rises.
If dense it runs up in a column straight,
With fluttering heart the dinner-hour I wait.
If, thin and scant, the smoke-puffs sideway steal,
Then I forebode a thin and scanty meal.
O οίκ έστι βίος δε οὐχὶ κέκτηται κακά,
λύτας, μερίμνας, ἀρταγάς, στρέβλας, νόσους
τούτων ὁ θάνατος καθάπερ ἱατρὸς φανεῖ
ἀπέλυσε τοὺς ἑχόντας ἀναπαύσασι ἔπνψ.
(Fr. 86.)

"Ἡν οὖδ' ὁ πατὴρ ἐφελησεν οἴδεπωποτε,
παρ' ἂς τὸν ἄρτον ἢ κύων οὐ λαμβάνει,
μέλαινα δ' οὕτως ὡστε καὶ τοιεῖν σκότος.
(Fr. 87.)
DIPHILUS.

There is no life that hath not many an ill,
Griefs, losses, cares, disease, new torments still,
From which death only, that physician blest,
Sets free the sufferer and gives him rest.

So plain is she, her father shuns the sight:
She holds out bread; no dog will take a bite.
So dark is she, that entering a room
Night seems to follow her, and all is gloom.
ΑΠΟΛΛΟΔΟΡΟΣ.

'Ἀπραγμόνως ζῆν ἤδυ· μακάριος βίος
cαὶ σεμνός, ἂν ἦ μεθ' ἐτέρων ἀπραγμόνων·
ἐν θηρίως δὲ καὶ πιθήκως ὅταν δὲι
ἐναι πιθήκων. ὃ ταλαιπώρου βίον.

(Fr. 1.)

"Οτε μειράκιον ἦν, τοὺς ἀώρους ἥλεον,
νυνὶ δ' ὅταν γέροντος ἐκφορᾶν ἔδω,
κλάω· πρὸς ἐμὲ γάρ ἐστι τοῦτ', ἐκεῖνο δ' οὖ.

(Fr. 4.)

Μὴ καταφρόνει, Φιλάν', ἐθῶν γεροντικῶν,
οῖς ἐνοχος, εἰς τὸ γῆρας ἄν ἔλθης, ἔσει.
ἀλλὰ μέγα τοῦτ' οἱ πατέρες ἡλιττύμεθα·
ἐμὲας μὲν ὀνειδίσατ', εάν τι μὴ ποιῇ
5 ὁ πατὴρ προθύμως, Οὐ γέγονας αὕτος νέος;
τῷ δὲ πατρὶ πρὸς τὸν νῦν, ἂν ἄγνωμονή,
οὐκ ἐστιν εἰπέων, Οὐ γέγονας αὕτος γέρων;

(Fr. 7.)
APOLLODORUS.

Sweet is a life apart from toil and care;
Blessed lot, with others such repose to share!
But if with beasts and apes you have to do,
Why, you must play the brute and monkey too!

In youth I felt for the untimely doom
Of offspring carried to an early tomb.
But now I weep when old men's death I see:
That moved my pity; this comes home to me.

Seek not, my son, an old man's ways to spurn;
To these in old age you yourself will turn.
Herein we fathers lose a point you gain;
When you of "father's cruelty" complain,
"You once were young," we tauntingly are told.
We can't retort, "My son, you once were old."
Öů πανταχοῦ Φρίξ εἰμι· του ζῆν ἂν ὁρῶ
κρεῖττον τὸ μὴ ζῆν, χρῆσομαι τῷ κρεῖττονι.
(Fr. 6.)

Μισῶ τύχην συνούσαν ἀτυχεῖ σώματι·
ὅστις γὰρ εὐπόρων, παρὸν ζῆν ἡδέως,
κακῶς διάγει, τί ἂν τις ἀλλ' ἢ τῇ τύχῃ
μὲν ἑκατοτο, διὸτι δυστυχεῖ συνδυστυχεῖ.
(Fr. 15.)

Οὐκ οἶδ' ὅτι πέποθας ἀργυρῷ, πάτερ·
ὁ καιρὸς ἦ τυχῶν τοῖς μὲν οὐ κεκτημένους
ἐδωκε, τῶν κεκτημένων δ' ἀφεῖλετο.
(Fr. 16.)
I am no coward; if I think to die
The better course, the better course I'll try.

luck with unlucky persons should not dwell;
Here's one who's wealthy, and who might live well:
If he does not, Dame Fortune he may blame;
If he is unlucky, she is just the same.

You trust to money, father! You should know,
With times and seasons riches come and go.
PHILIPPIDES.

Οὐ χαλεπόν ἔστι τῷ κακῷ διακειμένῳ
eἰπέν τιν' ἑσθήντα "μὴ κακῶς ἔχε;"
πόκτη τ' ἑπιτιμᾶν οἴδεν ἔργων μαχημένῳ,
αὐτὸν μάχεσθαι δ' οὐκ ἐτ' ἐστὶ βάδιον.
ἕτερον τι τὸ λέγειν ἔστι τοῦ πεπονθέναι.

(Fr. 15.)

Αἰσχρὰν γυναῖκ' ἐγγαμος, ἀλλὰ πλούσιαν.
κάθενδ' ἁγνῶς ηδέως μασώμενος.

(Fr. 29.)
PHILIPPIDES.

'Tis easy, while at meals you take your fill,
To say to sickly people, Don't be ill!
Easy to blame bad boxing at a fight,
But not so for oneself to do it right.
Action is one thing, talk another quite.

Yours fortune differs as to bed and board;
Your wife—if ugly—can good fare afford.
HEGESIPPUS.

'Επίκουρος ὁ σοφὸς ἀξιώσαντός τινος
eἰπεὶν πρὸς αὐτὸν ὃ τι ποι' ἐστὶ τάγαθον,
ὁ δὲ τέλος ξητοῦσιν, εἶπεν ἦδονήν.
eῦ γ', ὃ κράτιστ' ἄνθρωπε καὶ σοφώτατε,
τοῦ γὰρ μασαίθαι κρείττον οὐκ ἐστ' οἴδε ἐν
ἀγαθόν· πρόσεστεν ἦδονή γὰρ τάγαθον.

(Fr. 2.)

ὅταν ἐν περιδείπνῳ τυγχάνω διακοινών,
ἐπάν τάχιστ' ἔλθωσιν ἐκ τῆς ἐκφορᾶς,
tὰ βάπτ' ἔχοντες, τοῦπίθημα τῆς χίτρας
ἀφελῶν ἐποίησα τοὺς δακρύσσας γελῶν.

5 τοιοῦτος ἐνδοθεν τις ἐν τῷ σῶματι
dιεδραμε γαργαλισμὸς ὃς ὀντων γάμων.

(Fr. 1.)
HEGESIPPUS.

Say, Epicurus, what does man most prize?
"Pleasure." Well said, most learned and most wise!
No greater good than eating can one find,
Where Good and Pleasure are in one combined.

TALK of your cooks! why, when a funeral's over,
And lunch is called for, off I whisk my cover,
And such a steam arises from the pot,
That you would think their tears they'd all forgot
For such a savoury odour fills the air,
As if a marriage-feast were stewing there.
ΕΥΦΡΩΝ.

Ἐγὼ μαθητής ἐγενόμην Σωτηρίδου,
δε ἀπὸ θαλάττης Νικομήδει δώδεκα
δόδων ἀπέχοντι πρῶτοι ἡμέραν ποτὲ
ἀφύης ἐπιθυμήσαντι χειμῶνος μέσου
5 παρέθηκε νὴ Δί' ὡστε πάντας ἀνακαραγεῖν.

Β. πῶς δὲ δυνατὸν τούτʼ ἐστι; Ἀ. θῆλειαν λαβὼν
γογγυλίδα, ταύτην ἐτεμε λεπτὰ καὶ μακρά,
τὴν ὅσυν αὐτῆς τῆς ἀφύης μμούμενον·
ἀποζέσας δ’, ἔλαιον ἐπιχέας, ἡλιας
10 δοὺς μουσικώς, μήκενος ἐπιπάσας ἀνω
κόκκους μελαινῆς τοὺς ἀριθμὸν δώδεκα,
περὶ τὴν Σκυθίαν ἔπαυε τὴν ἐπιθυμίαν.
καὶ Νικομήδης, γογγυλίδα μασώμενος,
ἀφύης τὸτ’ ἔλεγε τοὺς φίλοις ἐγκώμιον.

15 οὐδὲν ὁ μάγειρος τοῦ ποιητοῦ διαφέρει·
ὁ νοῦς γὰρ ἄστιν ἐκατέρῳ τούτων τέχνη.

(FR. II.)

9-11. I have inserted δὲ, and read τοῖς for τῶν.
EUPHRON.

I was a pupil of Soterides;
King Nicomedes\(^1\) he first learnt to please,
Who longed for fish when no fish could be had;
The sea was miles away, the season bad,
Yet he would dine off whiting! So at table
Whiting to serve that cunning chef proved able.
"What, whiting?" cried the guests. How did he
do it?
He got a juicy turnip, and to stew it
In long thin strips, cut into shape like fish,
With salt and oil, essayed, twelve to the dish.
Thus served, in black seeds of the poppy drenched,
That Scythian passion for "fresh fish" it quenched,
King Nicomedes and his friends inviting
To praise the flavour of a turnip-whiting!
Your true cook differs nothing from a poet;
For both have mind, and both—make it their trade
to show it.

\(^{1}\) King of Bithynia.
CLEARCHUS.

Εἰ τοῖς μεθυσκομένοις ἐκάστης ἡμέρας
ἀλγεῖν συνεβαίνει τὴν κεφαλὴν πρὸ τοῦ πιεῖν
τὸν ἄκρατον, ἢμῶν οὐδὲ εἰς ἐπινεῦν ἄν.

νυνὶ δὲ πρῶτον τοῦ πόνου τὴν ἡδονὴν
προλαμβάνοντες ἐστεροίμεν τάγαθον.

(Fr. 3.)
CLEARCHUS.

If daily drinkers felt the headache first,
Before the tasting, few would feel athirst!
But now, alas! comes pleasure first, then pain,
Too late to teach that Abstinence is gain.
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