Sappho and the Greek Lyric Poets

SAPPHO AND OTHERS

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Σαπφὼ καὶ οἱ λυρικοί

Translated from the Greek with AI (Claude) and edited

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Sappho and the Greek Lyric Poets · Sappho and others

Translated from the Greek with AI (Claude) and edited. Parallel-text edition, Forage, October 2026. forage.com/greek-lyric/poems

Greek text: Theodor Bergk (1812–1881), *Poetae Lyrici Graeci*, 4th ed., vols. II–III (Leipzig: Teubner, 1882), for all poets except as follows; four Sappho poems from papyri published after Bergk (marked "Suppl.") from Ernst Diehl (1874–1945), *Supplementum Lyricum*, 3rd ed. (Bonn, 1917); both public domain and transcribed for Forage from the Internet Archive scans (vol. II (archive.org/details/poetaelyricigrae02berguoft), vol. III (archive.org/details/poetaelyricigrae03berguoft), Diehl (archive.org/details/supplementumlyri00diehuoft)); transcription CC BY-SA 4.0. Pindar: Sir John Sandys (1844–1922), *The Odes of Pindar* (Loeb Classical Library, 1915), via the Perseus Digital Library (github.com/PerseusDL/canonical-greekLit), CC BY-SA 4.0. Only the verse text is given, without the apparatus; […] marks lost words or lines, square brackets letters restored by the editor. English: translated from the Greek with AI (Claude), then edited for accuracy and consistency. Not reviewed by a human specialist. Free to reuse under CC BY-SA 4.0. Margin references are to Bergk's fragment numbers ("fr."), Diehl's numbers ("Suppl."), and Pindar's odes by line ("O." Olympian, "P." Pythian); a number after a dot is the line where a passage of a longer poem begins.

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Set in Source Serif 4, with Gentium Book Plus.

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INTRODUCTION

Between about 680 and 450 BC, before tragedy and philosophy, Greek poetry was mostly short, personal and sung. Soldiers, aristocrats and choruses of girls sang to the lyre or the pipe at drinking parties, weddings, festivals and funerals, about love, war, wine, politics, old age and the gods. Almost all of it is lost. What survives are a few complete poems and many fragments, quoted by later grammarians and critics or recovered from torn papyrus found in the sands of Egypt.

This selection gathers the best known: Sappho's Hymn to Aphrodite and her poem of jealous longing, "He seems to me equal to the gods," with the papyrus poems on Anactoria and Atthis; Alcaeus' ship of state and drinking songs; Archilochus on the shield he threw away; Tyrtaeus urging Spartans to fight in the front line; Mimnermus and Solon on youth, age and justice; Alcman's song for a Spartan girls' chorus; Ibycus and Anacreon on desire; Simonides' Danae and his epitaphs for the dead of Thermopylae; and three of Pindar's victory odes. Sappho comes first, followed by Alcaeus, from the same island of Lesbos; the other poets follow in rough chronological order. Each poem keeps the number it has in the edition used, so the reader opens on Sappho fr. 1, the Hymn to Aphrodite.

The poems are shown line by line, with gaps in the text marked [...]. Fragments often begin or end mid-sentence because the ancient author who quoted them stopped there.

Sappho

Of Lesbos (around 600 BC): the Hymn to Aphrodite, "He seems to me equal to the gods," Anactoria, Atthis, weddings.

HYMN TO APHRODITE

Sappho calls Aphrodite down from heaven once more to help her win a girl who flees her.

GREEK	ENGLISH
Sappho fr. 1 Ποικιλόθρον', ἀθάνατ' Ἀφρόδιτα, παῖ Δίος, δολόπλοκε, λίσσομαί σε, μή μ' ἄσαισι μήτ' ὀνίαισι δάμνα, πότνια, θῦμον·	Immortal Aphrodite on your many-colored throne, child of Zeus, weaver of wiles, I beg you: do not crush me with anguish or with grief, lady, in my heart;
Sappho fr. 1 ἀλλὰ τυῖδ' ἔλθ', αἴποτα κἀτέρωτα τᾶς ἔμας αὔδως ἀΐοισα πήλυι ἔκλυες, πάτρος δὲ δόμον λίποισα χρύσιον ἦλθες ἄρμ' ὐπαζεύξαισα· κάλοι δέ σ' ἆγον ὤκεες στροῦθοι περὶ γᾶς μελαίνας πύκνα δινεῦντες πτέρ' ἀπ' ὠράνω αἴθερος διὰ μέσσω.	but come here, if ever at another time hearing my voice from far away you listened, and leaving your father's house of gold you came, yoking your chariot; and lovely, swift sparrows drew you over the black earth, whirling their wings thick and fast, down from the sky through the middle air.
Sappho fr. 2 αἶψα δ' ἐξίκοντο· τὺ δ', ὦ μάκαιρα, μειδιάσαισ' ἀθανάτῳ προσώπῳ, ἤρε', ὄττι δηῦτε πέπονθα κὤττι δηῦτε κάλημι, κὤττι μοι μάλιστα θέλω γένεσθαι μαινόλᾳ θύμῳ· τίνα δηῦτε Πείθω μαῖς ἄγην ἐς σὰν φιλότατα, τίς σ', ὦ Ψάπφ', ἀδικήει;	Quickly they arrived; and you, blessed one, smiling with your immortal face, asked what I had suffered this time, and why I was calling this time, and what I most wanted to happen for me in my maddened heart. "Whom now do you want Persuasion to lead into your love? Who, Sappho, is wronging you?
Sappho fr. 1.21–24 καὶ γὰρ αἰ φεύγει, ταχέως διώξει, αἰ δὲ δῶρα μὴ δέκετ', ἀλλὰ δώσει, αἰ δὲ μὴ φίλει, ταχέως φιλήσει κωὐκ ἐθέλοισα. ἔλθε μοι καὶ νῦν, χαλεπᾶν δὲ λῦσον ἐκ μεριμνᾶν, ὅσσα δέ μοι τέλεσσαι θῦμος ἰμέρρει, τέλεσον· σὺ δ' αὔτα σύμμαχος ἔσσο.	For if she flees, soon she will pursue; if she refuses gifts, she will give them; if she does not love, soon she will love, even against her will." Come to me now, too, and free me from cruel cares; whatever my heart longs to see fulfilled, fulfill; and you yourself be my ally.

HE SEEMS TO ME EQUAL TO THE GODS

Watching a girl laugh with a man, Sappho feels her tongue break, fire under her skin, near death.

GREEK	ENGLISH
Sappho fr. 31 Φαίνεταί μοι κῆνος ἴσος θέοισιν ἔμμεν ὤνηρ, ὅστις ἐναντίος τοι ἰζάνει, καὶ πλασίον ἆδυ φωνεύσας ὑπακούει καὶ γελαίσας ἰμερόεν, τό μοι μάν καρδίαν ἐν στήθεσιν ἐπτόασεν· ὡς γὰρ εὔιδον βροχέως σε, φώνας οὐδὲν ἔτ' εἴκει·	He seems to me equal to the gods, that man, whoever he is, who sits facing you and, close beside you, to your sweet voice listens, and to your lovely laughter—which, I swear, sets the heart in my breast fluttering; for the moment I look at you, no voice is left in me;
Sappho fr. 31 ἀλλὰ καμ μὲν γλῶσσα ἔαγε, λέπτον δ' αὔτικα χρῷ πῦρ ὐπαδεδρόμακεν, ὀππάτεσσι δ' οὐδὲν ὄρημ', ἐπιρρόμβεισι δ' ἄκουαι. ἀ δὲ μίδρως κακχέεται, τρόμος δὲ παῖσαν ἄγρει, χλωροτέρα δὲ ποίας ἔμμι, τεθνάκην δ' ὀλίγω 'πιδεύης φαίνομαι (ἄλλα). ἀλλὰ πὰν τόλματον, [ἐπεὶ καὶ πένητα].	but my tongue breaks, and a thin fire has suddenly run beneath my skin, my eyes see nothing at all, my ears are drumming. Sweat pours down me, trembling seizes all of me, greener than grass I am, and little short of dying I seem—another woman. But everything must be endured, [since even a poor man][1]

STARS AROUND THE MOON

The stars hide their light when the full moon shines on the earth.

GREEK	ENGLISH
Sappho fr. 34 Ἄστερες μὲν ἀμφὶ κάλαν σελάνναν αἶψ' ἀπυκρύπτοισι φάεννον εἶδος, ὄππότα πλήθοισα μάλιστα λάμπῃ γᾶν [...] [...] ἀργυρία.	The stars around the beautiful moon at once hide away their shining form whenever, at her fullest, she shines most brightly on the earth [...] [...] silvery.

THE APPLE ORCHARD

Cool water murmurs through apple branches, and sleep streams down from the leaves.

GREEK	ENGLISH
Sappho fr. 4 Ἀμφὶ δὲ ψῦχρον κελάδει δι' ὕσδων μαλίνων, αἰθυσσομένων δὲ φύλλων κῶμα καταρρεῖ.	And all around, cool water murmurs through branches of apple, and from the trembling leaves slumber streams down.

1 The last line begins a new stanza; the rest of the poem is lost.

COME, CYPRIAN

Sappho asks Aphrodite to pour nectar in golden cups at the feast.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
Sappho fr. 5	[..] Ἔλθε Κύπρι χρυσίαισιν ἐν κυλίκεσσιν ἄβρως συμμεμιγμένον θαλίαισι νέκταρ οἰνοχοεῦσα.	[...] Come, Cyprian, in golden cups, gracefully, nectar mingled with our festivities pour it for us like wine.[2]

I LOVED YOU ONCE, ATTHIS

A single line remembering an old love for Atthis.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
Sappho fr. 132	Ἠράμαν μὲν ἔγω σέθεν, Ἄτθι, πάλαι πότα.	I loved you once, Atthis, long ago.

A SMALL CHILD

Sappho recalls how young and graceless the girl once seemed.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
Sappho fr. 133	Σμίκρα μοι πάϊς ἔμμεν ἐφαίνεο κἄχαρις.	You seemed to me a small child, and graceless.

TWO MINDS

A single line: the poet does not know what to do.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
Sappho fr. 94	Οὐκ οἶδ’ ὅττι θέω· δύο μοι τὰ νοήματα.	I don’t know what to do: I am of two minds.

TOUCHING THE SKY

A single line: she does not expect to reach the sky with her arms.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
Sappho fr. 154	Ψαύην δ’ οὐ δοκίμοιμ’ ὀράνω δύσι πάχεσιν.	I don’t expect to touch the sky with my two arms.

LIKE A CHILD TO ITS MOTHER

A single line comparing herself to a child fluttering after its mother.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
Sappho fr. 155	Ὡς δὲ παῖς πεδὰ μάτερα πεπτερύγωμαι.	And like a child after its mother, I have fluttered.

THE NIGHTINGALE

A single line on the nightingale, messenger of spring.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
Sappho fr. 136	Ἦρος ἄγγελος ἰμερόφωνος ἀήδων.	Spring’s messenger, the nightingale with a voice of desire.

2 The Cyprian is Aphrodite, who was said to have come ashore on Cyprus at her birth.

BITTERSWEET

Limb-loosening Love shakes her again, a bittersweet creature no one can resist.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
Sappho fr. 130	Ἔρος δαὖτέ μ’ ὁ λυσιμέλης δόνει, γλυκύπικρον ἀμάχανον ὄρπετον.	Once again limb-loosening Love shakes me— bittersweet, irresistible, a creeping thing.

ATTHIS FLIES TO ANDROMEDA

Atthis has tired of Sappho and turns to her rival Andromeda.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
Sappho fr. 131	Ἄτθι, σοὶ δ’ ἔμεθεν μὲν ἀπήχθετο φροντίσδην, ἐπὶ δ’ Ἀνδρομέδαν πότῃ.	Atthis, you have come to hate thinking of me, and you fly off to Andromeda.

WIND ON THE MOUNTAIN OAKS

Love shakes her heart like a wind falling on mountain oaks.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
Sappho fr. 47	(Ἔρος δαῦτ’ ἐτίναξεν ἔμοι φρένας), ἄνεμος κατ’ ὄρος δρύσιν ἐμπέσων.	Love shook my heart again— a wind on the mountain falling on oaks.

MIDNIGHT

The moon and the Pleiades have set; it is midnight, and she sleeps alone.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
Sappho fr. 168b	Δέδυκε μὲν ἀ σελάννα καὶ Πληΐαδες, μέσαι δέ νύκτες, παρὰ δ’ ἔρχετ’ ὤρα, ἔγω δὲ μόνα κατεύδω.	The moon has set, and the Pleiades; it is the middle of the night, the hour goes by, and I sleep alone.

AROUND THE ALTAR

Under a full moon, women take their places as if around an altar.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
Sappho fr. 154	Πλήρης μὲν ἐφαίνετ’ ἀ σελάννα, αἱ δ’ ὡς περὶ βῶμον ἐστάθησαν.	The moon appeared full, and they took their places as if around an altar.

TO A WOMAN WITHOUT CULTURE

A woman with no share in the Muses’ roses will be forgotten after death.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
Sappho fr. 55	Κατθάνοισα δὲ κείσεαι πότα, κωὐ μναμοσύνα σέθεν ἔσσετ’ οὔτε τότ’ οὔτ’ ὕστερον· οὐ γὰρ πεδέχεις βρόδων τῶν ἐκ Πιερίας, ἀλλ’ ἀφάνης κὴν Ἀΐδα δόμοις φοιτάσεις πεδ’ ἀμαύρων νεκύων ἐκπεποταμένα.	Dead, you will lie there, and no memory of you will remain, then or later; for you have no share in the roses of Pieria; unseen in the house of Hades too you will drift among the dim dead, flown away.[3]

A GIRL OF SUCH WISDOM

No girl who ever sees the sun will have such wisdom as this one.

GREEK	ENGLISH
Sappho fr. 150 Οὐδ’ ἴαν δοκίμοιμι προσίδοισαν φάος ἀλίω ἔσσεσθαι σοφίαν πάρθενον εἰς οὐδένα πω χρόνον τοιαύταν.	I don’t think any girl who looks upon the light of the sun will ever have wisdom, at any time to come, like hers.

THE COUNTRY GIRL

Sappho mocks a rival who cannot even arrange her dress.

GREEK	ENGLISH
Sappho fr. 154 Τίς δ’ ἀγροιῶτίς τοι θέλγει νόον, οὐκ ἐπισταμένα τὰ βράκε’ ἔλκην ἐπὶ τῶν σφύρων;	What country girl bewitches your mind, one who doesn’t even know how to pull her dress down over her ankles?

SWEET MOTHER

A girl cannot work at her loom, overcome with longing for a boy.

GREEK	ENGLISH
Sappho fr. 156 Γλύκεια μᾶτερ, οὔτοι δύναμαι κρέκην τὸν ἴστον, πόθῳ δάμεισα παῖδος βραδίναν δι’ Ἀφρόδιταν.	Sweet mother, I really can’t work my loom; longing for a boy has crushed me, by slender Aphrodite’s will.

WEDDING SONG

Builders are told to raise the roof-beam high for a giant of a bridegroom.

GREEK	ENGLISH
Sappho fr. 111 Ἴψοι δὴ το μέλαθρον Ὑμήναον ἀέρρετε τέκτοντες ἄνδρες· Ὑμήναον. γάμβρος ἔρχεται ἶσος Ἄρευϊ, (Ὑμήναον) ἄνδρος μεγάλω πόλυ μείζων· (Ὑμήναον).	Raise high the roof-beam— Hymenaeus! lift it, you builders! Hymenaeus! The bridegroom is coming, the equal of Ares, Hymenaeus! far bigger than a big man. Hymenaeus![4]

THE APPLE

A bride is like the apple left on the topmost bough, out of the pickers’ reach.

GREEK	ENGLISH
Sappho fr. 105a Οἷον τὸ γλυκύμαλον ἐρεύθεται ἄκρῳ ἐπ’ ὔσδῳ ἄκρον ἐπ’ ἀκροτάτῳ· λελάθοντο δὲ μαλοδρόπηες, οὐ μὰν ἐκλελάθοντ’, ἀλλ’ οὐκ ἐδύναντ’ ἐπίκεσθαι.	Like the sweet apple reddening on the topmost bough,

3 Pieria, near Mount Olympus, was the birthplace of the Muses.
4 “Hymenaeus” was the ritual cry of wedding songs, calling on the god of marriage.

GREEK	ENGLISH
	top of the topmost: the apple-pickers forgot it— no, not forgot it: they couldn't reach it.

THE HYACINTH

A hyacinth trampled by shepherds on the mountains.

GREEK	ENGLISH
Sappho fr. 94 Οἷον τὰν ὐάκινθον ἐν οὔρεσι ποίμενες ἄνδρες πόσσι καταστείβοισι, χάμαι δ' ἐπιπορφύρει ἄνθος [...]	Like the hyacinth in the mountains that shepherd men trample underfoot, and on the ground the flower lies purple [...]

EVENING STAR

The evening star brings home the sheep, the goat and the child.

GREEK	ENGLISH
Sappho fr. 104a Ἓσπερε, πάντα φέρων, ὅσα φαίνολις ἐσκέδασ' αὔως, φέρεις οἶν, φέρες αἶγα, φέρεις ἄπυ ματέρι παῖδα.	Evening Star, bringing back everything that shining Dawn scattered: you bring the sheep, you bring the goat, you bring the child home to its mother.

BEAUTIFUL AND GOOD

Beauty is only for looking at; the good man will be beautiful too.

GREEK	ENGLISH
Sappho fr. 106 Ὁ μὲν γὰρ κάλος, ὅσσον ἴδην, πέλεται (ἄγαθος), ὁ δὲ κἄγαθος αὔτικα καὶ κάλος ἔσσεται.	The man who is beautiful is good just to look at, but the man who is good will at once be beautiful too.

VIRGINITY

A single line: a bride asks whether she still longs for her girlhood.

GREEK	ENGLISH
Sappho fr. 102 Ἦρ' ἔτι παρθενίας ἐπιβάλλομαι;	Do I still long for my virginity?

SOME SAY AN ARMY

The most beautiful thing is whatever one loves: Helen proves it, and Sappho thinks of Anactoria.

GREEK	ENGLISH
Sappho S[16] [Ο]ἳ μὲν ἰππήων στρότον οἳ δὲ πέσδων οἳ δὲ νάων φαῖσ' ἐπ[ὶ] γᾶν μέλαι[ν]αν [ἔ]μμεναι κάλλιστον, ἔγω δὲ κῆν' ὄττω τις ἔραται.	Some say an army of horsemen, some of foot soldiers, some a fleet of ships, is on the black earth the most beautiful thing; but I say it is whatever one loves.[5]
Sappho S[16] [πά]γχυ δ' εὔμαρες σύνετον πόησαι [π]άντι τ[ο]ῦτ'· ἀ γὰρ πόλυ περσκόπει[σ]α	It is perfectly easy to make this understood by everyone; for she who far surpassed

GREEK	ENGLISH
[κάλ]λος [ἀνθ]ρώπων Ἐλένα [τὸ]ν ἄνδρα [κρίννεν ἄρ]ιστον, [ὃς τὸ πᾶν] σέβας Τροΐα[ς ὄ]λεσσ[εν,] [οὐδὲ π]αῖδος οὐδὲ φ[ί]λων το[κ]ήων [οὔδεν] ἐμνάσθ〈η〉, ἀ[λλὰ] παρά[γα]γ' αὔταν [Κύπρις ἔραι]σαν.	all mortals in beauty, Helen, judged the man the best of all who destroyed all the majesty of Troy, and for neither child nor dear parents did she spare a single thought, but was led astray, in love, by the Cyprian.
Sappho Supp. 2014 [...] εὐκ]άμπτον γὰρ [...] [...] κούφως τ[... ν]οήσῃ. [τῆ]λε νῦν Ἀνακτορί[ας ὀ]ν[ε]μνά[σθ]η〈ν〉 ἀπεοίσας, [τᾶ]ς 〈κ〉ε βολλοίμαν ἔρατόν τε βᾶμα κἀμάρυ〈γ〉μα λάμπρον ἴδην προσώπω ἢ τὰ Λύδων ἄρματα κὰν ὅπλοισι [ἱππομ]άχεντας. [εὖ μὲν ἴδ]μεν οὐ δύνατον γένεσθαι [τοῦτ'] ἀν' ἀνθρώπ[οις, π]εδέχην δ' ἄρασθαι	[...] for easily bent [...] [...] lightly [...] considers. Now it has made me think of Anactoria, far away, who is gone, whose lovely walk I would rather see and the bright glancing light of her face than the Lydians' chariots and, in armor, men fighting on horseback. We know well that this cannot happen among humans; but to pray to share[6]

THE WEDDING OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE

A herald announces Hector's bride, and all Troy comes out to welcome the pair.

GREEK	ENGLISH
Sappho Supp. 2014 Κύπρο[...]αι κάρυξ ἦλθ[ε] θ[έων ...] ελε [...]θεις Ἴδαος τάδε κα[...]φ[άνε]ις τάχυς ἄγγελος· '[...] τᾶς τ' ἄλλας Ἀσίας τ[.] δε[.]αν κλέος ἄφθιτον· Ἕκτωρ καὶ συνέταιρ[ο]ι ἄγοισ' ἐλικώπιδα·	Cypr[...] a herald came running [...] Idaeus, [...] this [...] appearing, the swift messenger: "[...] and of the rest of Asia [...] undying glory: Hector and his comrades are bringing a girl with sparkling eyes[7]
Sappho Supp. 2014 Θήβας ἐξ ἱέρας Πλακίας τ' ἀπ' ἀ[ϊ]ν〈ν〉άω ἄβραν Ἀνδρομάχαν ἐνὶ ναῦσιν ἐπ' ἅλμυρον πόντον· πόλλα δ' [ἐλί]γματα χρύσια κἄμματα πορφύρ[α κ]άλα τ' αὖ τ[ρό]να, ποίκιλ' ἀθύρματα· ἀργύρ[ια τ'] ἀνάρ[ιθ]μα [ποτή]ρ[ια] κἀλέφαις·' ὥς εἶπ'· ὀτραλέως δ' ἀνόρουσε πάτ[ηρ] φίλος· φάμα δ' ἦλθε κατὰ πτόλιν εὐρύχ[oρο]ν φίλοις· αὔτικ' Ἰλιάδαι σατίναι[ς] ὑπ' ἐϋτρόχοις ἄγ[ο]ν αἰμιόνοις· ἐπ[έ]βαινε δὲ παῖς ὄχλος γυναίκων τ' ἅμα παρθενίκα[ν] τε τ[αν]ισφύρων·	from holy Thebe and ever-flowing Placia, delicate Andromache, in ships over the salt sea; and many golden bracelets, and robes of purple, and lovely embroideries too, many-colored trinkets, and countless silver cups, and ivory." So he spoke. Quickly the dear father sprang up, and the news went through the wide city to their friends. At once the Trojans, under the smooth-wheeled carriages, led the mules; and the whole throng climbed aboard, women and slender-ankled girls together;
Sappho Supp. 2014 χὠρις δ' αὖ Περάμοιο θύγ[α]τρες [ἐπήισαν.] ἵππ[οις] δ' ἄνδρες ὕπαγον ὑπ' ἄρ[ματα κάμπυλα]	and apart, in their turn, came the daughters of Priam.

5 This poem survives on a papyrus found in Egypt; the editor has restored many damaged letters.
6 Lydia was a rich kingdom in western Asia Minor, with its capital at Sardis, across the sea from Sappho's island of Lesbos.
7 A papyrus poem on the wedding of the Trojan hero Hector and Andromache; Idaeus is the herald of Troy.

GREEK	ENGLISH
π[άντ]ες ἠΐ[θ]εοι· μεγάλω[σ]τι δ[...]	And men led horses under the curved chariots,
δ[...] ἀνίοχοι φ[...]	all the young men; and grandly [...]
π[... ἔ]ξαγο[ν ...]	[...] charioteers [...]
[...]	[...] drove out [...]
[... ἴ]κελοι θέοι[ς]	[...]
[...] ἄγνον ἀόλ[λεες]	[...] like gods
[...]νον ἐς Ἴλιο[ν]	[...] holy, all together
	[...] to Ilium
Sappho Supp. 200.1 [...]τον ἐμίγνυ[το]	[...] was mingled
[...]ως δ' ἄρα πάρ[θενοι]	[...] and then the girls
[...]νεδεσ[...]	[...]
[...]	[...]
[...]	[...]
[φοίνιξ κα]ὶ κασία λίβανός τ' ὀνεδείχνυτο.	date-palm and cassia and frankincense were displayed.
γύναικε[ς] δ' [ἐ]λέλυξαν ὅσαι προγενέστερα[ι,]	And the women, all who were older, raised a shrill cry,
πάντες δ' ἄνδρ[ε]ς ἐπήρατον ἴαχον ὄρθιον	and all the men sent up a lovely, high-pitched
πά⟨ω⟩ν' ὀνκαλέοντες Ἐκάβολον εὐλύραν,	paean, calling on the Far-Shooter, lord of the fine lyre,
ὕμνην δ' Ἕκτορα κἀνδρομάχαν θεοϊκέλο[ις]	and sang of godlike Hector and Andromache.[9]

PARTING

A girl leaves Sappho in tears, and Sappho reminds her of all they shared.

GREEK	ENGLISH
Sappho Supp. 200.2 τεθνάκην δ' ἀδόλως θέλω.	Honestly, I wish I were dead.
ἄ με ψισδομένα κατελίμπανεν	She left me in tears;
πόλλα καὶ τόδ' ἔειπ[έ μοι·]	she said many things, and this, to me:
'ὤιμ' ὡς δεῖνα πεπ[όνθ]αμεν,	"Oh, how terribly we've suffered,
Ψάπφ'· ἦ μάν σ' ἀέκοισ' ἀπυλιμπάνω'.	Sappho; truly, I leave you against my will."
τὰν δ' ἔγω τάδ' ἀμειβόμαν·	And I answered her this:
'χαίροις' ἔρχεο κἄμεθεν	"Go, be happy, and remember
μέμναισθ', οἶσθα γὰρ ὤς σε πεδήπομεν,	me, for you know how we looked after you.
αἰ δὲ μή, ἀλλά σ' ἔγ[ω] θέλω	And if you don't, then I want
ὀμ⟨μ⟩ναῖσαι, [σὺ δὲ] λ[ά]θεαι	to remind you—since you forget—
ὅσ[σα μάλθακα] καὶ κάλ' ἐπάσχομεν·	of all the tender, lovely things we shared:
Sappho Supp. 200.3 π[όλλοις γὰρ στεφά]νοις ἴων	for many wreaths of violets
καὶ βρ[όδων πλο]κίων τ' ὔμοι	and of roses, braided together,
καὶ [...]παρ' ἔμοι παρεθήκαο,	and [...] you put on beside me,
καὶ π[όλλαις ὑπο]θύμιδας	and many garlands for the neck,
πλέκ[ταις ἀμφ'] ἀπάλαι δέραι	woven, around your tender throat,
ἀνθέων ἐ[ράτων] πεποημμέναις.	made of lovely flowers;
καὶ πόλλω[ι λιπάρως] μύρω[ι]	and with plenty of rich perfume,
βρενθείω β[ασιλήί]ωι	royal brenthos oil,
ἐξαλείψαο κα[λλίκομον κάρα?].	you anointed [your lovely-haired head?].[10]

8 Thebe, below Mount Placus near Troy, was Andromache's home town.
9 The Far-Shooter is Apollo; a paean was a hymn of praise sung to him.

GREEK	ENGLISH
Sappho Supplementum 22(a)	
καὶ στρώμν[αν ...]	and on a bed [...]
ἀπάλαν παρ' [...]	soft, beside [...]
ἐξίης πόθο[ν ...]	you would satisfy your longing [...]
κωὔτε τις [...]	and neither any [...]
ἶρον οὐδ' ὐ[...]	holy place nor [...]
ἔπλετ' ὄπ[π ...]	there was, where [...]
οὐκ ἄλσος [...]	no grove [...]

ATTHIS' FRIEND IN LYDIA

A girl now in Sardis outshines the Lydian women like the moon and longs for Atthis.

GREEK	ENGLISH
Sappho Supplementum 44	
[... ἀπὺ] Σαρδ[ίων]	[...] from Sardis
[... πόλ]λακι τύιδ[ε ν]ῶν ἔχοισα.	[...] often turning her thoughts this way.
ὡς πε[δε]ζώομεν, β[εβάω]ς ἔχεν	When we lived together, she thought you
σὲ θέαι ἰκέλαν Ἀριγνώτα,	the image of a goddess, Arignota,
σᾶι δὲ μάλιστ' ἔχαιρε μόλπᾳ.	and in your singing most of all she delighted.
νῦν δὲ Λύδαισιν ἐνπρέπεται γυναίκεσσιν,	But now she stands out among the Lydian women,
ὤς ποτ' ἀελίω	as sometimes, when the sun
δύντος ἀ βροδοδάκτυλος μήνα,	has set, the rosy-fingered moon,
πάντα περρέχοισ' ἄστρα, φάος δ' ἐπίσχει	outshines all the stars; and her light spreads
θάλασσαν ἐπ' ἀλμύραν	over the salt sea
ἴσως καὶ πολυανθέμοις ἀρούραις.	and the flower-filled fields alike.
Sappho Supplementum 44	
ἀ δ' ἐέρσα κάλα κέχυται, τεθάλαισι	and the lovely dew has fallen, and there bloom
δὲ βρόδα κἄπαλ' ἄνθρυσκα	roses, and tender chervil,
καὶ μελίλωτος ἀνθεμώδης.	and flowering melilot.
πόλλα δὲ ζαφοίταισ' ἀγάνας ἐπιμνάσθεισ'	And often, as she wanders to and fro, she remembers gentle
Ἄτθιδος, ἰμέρωι	Atthis, and with longing
λέπταν ποι φρένα, κῆρ ⟨δ'⟩ ἄσᾳ βόρηται.	her tender mind is consumed, and grief devours her heart.
κήθυ δ' ἔλθην ἄμμε ὄξυ βόᾳ, τὰ δ' οὐ	And she cries aloud for us to come there; and this —not
νῶντ' ἄ[π]υστα νὺξ πολύω[ς]	unheard by us—the many-eared night
γαρύε[ι δι'] ἄλος π[...]	calls out across the sea [...]

10 Brenthos was a costly perfumed oil.

Alcaeus

Of Lesbos (around 600 BC): the ship of state, the armory, tyrants overthrown, and drinking songs.

THE ARMORY

Alcaeus describes a hall hung with helmets, greaves, corslets and swords, ready for war.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
Alcaeus fr. 140	Μαρμαίρει δὲ μέγας δόμος χάλκῳ· πᾶσα δ’ Ἄρῃ κεκόσμηται στέγα λάμπραισιν κυνίαισι, καττᾶν λεῦκοι κατύπερθεν ἵππιοι λόφοι νεύοισιν, κεφάλαισιν ἄνδρων ἀγάλματα· χάλκιαι δὲ πασσάλοις κρύπτοισιν περικείμεναι λάμπραι κνάμιδες, ἄρκος ἰσχύρω βέλευς, θώρακές τε νέοι λίνω κοΐϊλαί τε κατ’ ἄσπιδες βεβλήμεναι· παρ δὲ Χαλκίδικαι σπάθαι, παρ δὲ ζώματα πόλλα καὶ κυπάττιδες· τῶν οὐκ ἔστι λάθεσθ’, ἐπειδὴ πρώτιστ’ ὑπὸ Fέργον ἔσταμεν τόδε.	The great house gleams with bronze; the whole roof is decked out for Ares with shining helmets, and down from them white horsehair crests nod, ornaments for the heads of men; bronze greaves hang on pegs round about, hiding them, shining, a defense against the strong arrow; and new corslets of linen, and hollow shields lie thrown down; beside them Chalcidian swords, beside them many belts and tunics. These we cannot forget, from the moment we first took on this work.[1]

THE SHIP OF STATE

A ship caught between waves in a storm, its sail torn and its hold flooding.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
Alcaeus fr. 208	Ἀσυνέτημι τῶν ἀνέμων στάσιν· τὸ μὲν γὰρ ἔνθεν κῦμα κυλίνδεται, τὸ δ’ ἔνθεν· ἄμμες δ’ ἀν τὸ μέσσον νᾶϊ φορήμεθα σὺν μελαίνᾳ, χείμωνι μοχθεῦντες μεγάλῳ μάλα· περ μὲν γὰρ ἄντλος ἰστοπέδαν ἔχει, λαῖφος δὲ πὰν ζάδηλον ἤδη καὶ λάκιδες μέγαλαι κατ’ αὖτο· χόλαισι δ’ ἄγκοιναι.	I can’t make out the quarrel of the winds: for one wave rolls in from this side, another from that; and we in the middle are carried along with our black ship, laboring hard in the great storm; the bilge is up around the mast-foot, the whole sail is see-through now, and there are great rents along it; and the halyards are slackening.

ANOTHER WAVE

A new, higher wave comes on, and the crew will have to bail.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
Alcaeus fr. 73	Τὸ δηῦτε κῦμα τῶν προτέρων ὄνω στείχει, παρέξει δ’ ἄμμι πόνον πόλυν	Here again comes a wave, higher than those before;

1 Chalcis, on the island of Euboea, was famous for its metalwork.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
	ἄντλην, ἐπεί κε νᾶος ἐμβᾷ νή(ατα).	it marches on, and will give us much toil bailing, once it gets into the ship's hold.

MYRSILUS IS DEAD

Alcaeus calls for drinking to celebrate the death of the tyrant Myrsilus.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
Alcaeus fr. 332	Νῦν χρὴ μεθύσθην καί τινα πρὸς βίαν πώνην, ἐπειδὴ κάτθανε Μύρσιλος.	Now we must get drunk, and every man must drink with all his might, since Myrsilus is dead.[2]

WINTER

Against the winter storm: build up the fire and mix sweet wine.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
Alcaeus fr. 338	Ὗει μὲν ὁ Ζεύς, ἐκ δ' ὀράνω μέγας χείμων, πεπάγασιν δ' ὐδάτων ῥόαι. [...] κάββαλλε τὸν χείμων', ἐπὶ μὲν τίθεις πῦρ, ἐν δὲ κίρναις οἶνον ἀφειδέως μέλιχρον, αὐτὰρ ἀμφὶ κόρσᾳ μάλθακον ἀμφι [...] γνόφαλλον.	Zeus sends rain; from the sky comes a great storm, and the running streams are frozen. [...] Beat down the storm: pile up the fire, and mix the wine unsparingly, honey-sweet, and around your temples wrap [...] a soft woolen pad.

WINE FOR TROUBLES

Grieving gets us nowhere, Bycchis; the best medicine is wine.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
Alcaeus fr. 335	Οὐ χρὴ κάκοισι θῦμον ἐπιτρέπην· προκόψομεν γὰρ οὐδὲν ἀσάμενοι, ὦ Βύκχι, φάρμακον δ' ἄριστον οἶνον ἐνεικαμένοις μεθύσθην.	We must not surrender our hearts to troubles; we'll get nowhere by grieving, Bycchis: the best medicine is to bring in wine and get drunk.

DOG DAYS

In the heat of high summer the cicada sings, and the only cure is wine.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
Alcaeus fr. 347	Τέγγε πνεύμονας οἴνῳ· τὸ γὰρ ἄστρον περιτέλλεται, ἀ δ' ὥρα χαλέπα, πάντα δὲ δίψαισ' ὑπὸ καύματος. ἄχει δ' ἐκ πετάλων Fάδεα τέττιξ, πτερύγων δ' ὕπο κακχέει λιγύραν (πύκνον) ἀοίδαν, (θέρος) ὅπποτα φλόγιον κατὰ γᾶν πεπτάμενον πάντα καταυάνῃ. ἄνθει καὶ σκόλυμος· νῦν δὲ γύναικες μιαρώταται, λέπτοι δ' ἄνδρες, ἐπεὶ καὶ κεφάλαν καὶ γόνα Σείριος ἄζει.	Soak your lungs with wine, for the star is coming round, and the season is harsh, and everything thirsts in the heat. From the leaves the cicada sounds sweetly, and from under its wings pours down its shrill song, thick and fast, when summer, spread blazing over the land, parches everything.

2 Myrsilus was tyrant of Mytilene on Lesbos and Alcaeus' political enemy.

GREEK	ENGLISH
	The thistle is in flower; now women are at their most lustful, and men are weak, since Sirius parches both head and knees.[3]

LET US DRINK

Only a finger of daylight is left: bring out the big cups and pour.

GREEK	ENGLISH
Alcaeus fr. 346 Πίνωμεν· τί τὸ λύχνον μένομεν; δάκτυλος ἀμέρα. καδ δ᾽ ἄειρε κυλίχναις μεγάλαις, αἴτ᾽ ὅτι Οἶκι λαῖς· οἶνον γὰρ Σεμέλας καὶ Δίος υἷος λαθικάδεα ἀνθρώποισιν ἔδωκ᾽· ἔγχεε κίρναις ἔνα καὶ δύο πλέαις κακ κεφάλας, ἀ δ᾽ ἀτέρα τὰν ἀτέραν κύλιξ ὠθήτω.	Let’s drink! Why wait for the lamps? Only a finger of daylight is left. Take down the big cups, my friend, the painted ones; for the son of Semele and Zeus gave wine, to make us forget our cares, to humankind. Pour it, mixing one and two, full to the brim, and let one cup push the next along.[4]

PLANT THE VINE FIRST

A single line: plant no tree before the vine.

GREEK	ENGLISH
Alcaeus fr. 347 Μηδὲν ἄλλο φυτεύσῃς πρότερον δένδριον ἀμπέλω.	Plant no other tree before the vine.

TO SAPPHO

Alcaeus wants to say something to Sappho, but shame holds him back.

GREEK	ENGLISH
Alcaeus fr. 384 Ἰόπλοκ᾽ ἄγνα μελλιχόμειδε Σάπφοι, θέλω τι Fείπην, ἀλλά με κωλύει αἴδως.	Violet-haired, holy, sweetly smiling Sappho, I want to say something, but shame holds me back.

WINE AND TRUTH

A single line: wine, dear boy, and truth.

GREEK	ENGLISH
Alcaeus fr. 366 Οἶνος, ὦ φίλε παῖ, καὶ ἀλάθεα.	Wine, dear boy, and truth.

3 The star is Sirius, the Dog Star, whose rising marked the hottest part of summer.
4 The son of Semele and Zeus is Dionysus, god of wine.

Archilochus

Soldier-poet of Paros (seventh century BC): the abandoned shield, war, wine, love and mockery.

SERVANT OF TWO MASTERS

Archilochus is both a soldier of the war god and a poet of the Muses.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
Archilochus Fragment 1	Εἰμὶ δ’ ἐγὼ θεράπων μὲν Ἐνυαλίοιο ἄνακτος, καὶ Μουσέων ἐρατὸν δῶρον ἐπιστάμενος.	I am the servant of lord Enyalius, and I know the lovely gift of the Muses.[1]

MY SPEAR

His bread, his wine and his drinking all depend on his spear.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
Archilochus Fragment 2	Ἐν δορὶ μέν μοι μᾶζα μεμαγμένη, ἐν δορὶ δ’ οἶνος Ἰσμαρικός, πίνω δ’ ἐν δορὶ κεκλιμένος.	On my spear is my kneaded barley bread, on my spear my wine from Ismarus, and I drink leaning on my spear.[2]

THE SHIELD

Archilochus left his shield behind in battle, saved his life, and does not care.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
Archilochus Fragment 5	Ἀσπίδι μὲν Σαΐων τις ἀγάλλεται, ἣν παρὰ θάμνῳ ἔντος ἀμώμητον κάλλιπον οὐκ ἐθέλων· αὐτὸς δ’ ἐξέφυγον θανάτου τέλος· ἀσπὶς ἐκείνη ἐρρέτω· ἐξαῦτις κτήσομαι οὐ κακίω.	Some Saian is delighted with my shield, which by a bush I left—a flawless piece of armor—against my will; but I myself escaped the end of death. That shield — to hell with it! I’ll get another just as good.[3]

ENDURE

Friends have drowned at sea; the gods gave endurance as the cure for grief.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
Archilochus Fragment 13	Κήδεα μὲν στονόεντα, Περίκλεες, οὐδέ τις ἀστῶν μεμφόμενος θαλίῃς τέρψεται οὐδὲ πόλις· τοίους γὰρ κατὰ κῦμα πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης ἔκλυσεν, οἰδαλέους δ’ ἀμφ’ ὀδύνῃς ἔχομεν πνεύμονας· ἀλλὰ θεοὶ γὰρ ἀνηκέστοισι κακοῖσιν, ὦ φίλ’, ἐπὶ κρατερὴν τλημοσύνην ἔθεσαν φάρμακον· ἄλλοτε δ’ ἄλλος ἔχει τάδε· νῦν μὲν ἐς ἡμέας ἐτράπεθ’, αἱματόεν δ’ ἕλκος ἀναστένομεν,	These are griefs to make us groan, Pericles, and no one in town will find fault with our mourning and take joy in feasts, nor will the city; for such men has the wave of the loud-roaring sea washed under, and swollen with pain are our lungs. But the gods, for incurable ills,

1 Enyalius is a war god, often identified with Ares.
2 Ismarus, in Thrace, was famous for its wine.
3 The Saians were a Thracian tribe.

GREEK	ENGLISH
ἐξαῦτις δ’ ἑτέρους ἐπαμείψεται· ἀλλὰ τάχιστα τλῆτε γυναικεῖον πένθος ἀπωσάμενοι.	my friend, have set strong endurance as the remedy. These ills come now to one man, now to another: now toward us they have turned, and we groan over a bloody wound, but later they will pass on to others. So, as quickly as you can, endure, and thrust aside this mourning, fit for women.[4]

GYGES’ GOLD

The speaker wants neither the wealth of Gyges nor a tyrant’s power.

GREEK	ENGLISH
Archilochus, 25	
Οὔ μοι τὰ Γύγεω τοῦ πολυχρύσου μέλει, οὐδ’ εἶλέ πώ με ζῆλος, οὐδ’ ἀγαίομαι θεῶν ἔργα, μεγάλης δ’ οὐκ ἐρέω τυραννίδος· ἀπόπροθεν γάρ ἐστιν ὀφθαλμῶν ἐμῶν.	Gyges and his gold mean nothing to me, I have never been seized by envy, nor do I resent the works of the gods, and I have no passion for great tyranny; it lies far away from my eyes.[5]

THE GENERAL

Give me not a tall, curled dandy of a general but a short, bow-legged, brave one.

GREEK	ENGLISH
Archilochus, 114	
Οὐ φιλέω μέγαν στρατηγὸν οὐδὲ διαπεπλιγμένον, οὐδὲ βοστρύχοισι γαῦρον οὐδ’ ὑπεξυρημένον, ἀλλά μοι σμικρός τις εἴη καὶ περὶ κνήμας ἰδεῖν ῥοικός, ἀσφαλέως βεβηκὼς ποσσί, καρδίης πλέος.	I don’t like a tall general, or one who swaggers with legs apart, or one proud of his curls, or one clean-shaven; but give me a short man, who looks, about the shins, bow-legged, but plants his feet firmly, full of heart.

HEART, MY HEART

Archilochus tells his heart to stand firm, rejoice and grieve in measure, and know life’s rhythm.

GREEK	ENGLISH
Archilochus, 67a	
Θυμέ, θύμ’ ἀμηχάνοισι κήδεσιν κυκώμενε, ἐνάδευ, δυσμενῶν δ’ ἀλέξευ προσβαλὼν ἐναντίον στέρνον, ἐν δοκοῖσιν ἐχθρῶν πλησίον κατασταθείς ἀσφαλέως· καὶ μήτε νικῶν ἀμφάδην ἀγάλλεο, μήτε νικηθεὶς ἐν οἴκῳ καταπεσὼν ὀδύρεο· ἀλλὰ χαρτοῖσίν τε χαῖρε καὶ κακοῖσιν ἀσχάλα μὴ λίην· γίγνωσκε δ’ οἷος ῥυσμὸς ἀνθρώπους ἔχει.	Heart, my heart, churned up by troubles past help, rise up, ward off your enemies, thrusting your chest against them, taking your stand close to the enemy’s ambush, firmly; and when you win, don’t gloat openly, nor, when beaten, slump down at home and wail; but rejoice in joys and grieve in troubles not too much: know the rhythm that holds human beings.

4 This Pericles is a friend of the poet, not the later Athenian statesman.
5 Gyges was a king of Lydia, proverbial for his wealth.

THE ECLIPSE

After Zeus turned midday to night, nothing is impossible any more.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
Archilochus, fr. 122	Χρημάτων ἄελπτον οὐδέν ἐστιν οὐδ’ ἀπώμοτον, οὐδὲ θαυμάσιον, ἐπειδὴ Ζεὺς πατὴρ Ὀλυμπίων ἐκ μεσημβρίης ἔθηκε νύκτ’ ἀποκρύψας φάος ἠλίου λάμποντος· λυγρὸν δ’ ἦλθ’ ἐπ’ ἀνθρώπους δέος. ἐκ δὲ τοῦ καὶ πιστὰ πάντα κἀπίελπτα γίγνεται ἀνδράσιν· μηδεὶς ἔθ’ ὑμῶν εἰσορῶν θαυμαζέτω, μηδ’ ὅταν δελφῖσι θῆρες ἀνταμείψωνται νομόν ἐνάλιον καί σφιν θαλάσσης ἠχέεντα κύματα φίλτερ’ ἠπείρου γένηται, τοῖσι δ’ ἡδὺ ἦν ὄρος.	Nothing now is past expecting, nothing can be sworn impossible, nothing is a wonder, since Zeus, father of the Olympians, made night out of midday, hiding the light of the shining sun; and sickly fear came over men. From then on anything may be believed, anything expected by men. Let none of you be amazed any more at what he sees, not even if wild beasts trade their pasture with the dolphins in the sea, and the sea’s roaring waves grow dearer to them than the land, while the dolphins love the hills.[6]

PIERCED BY LONGING

Longing has pierced the poet through to the bones.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
Archilochus, fr. 193	Δύστηνος ἔγκειμαι πόθῳ ἄψυχος, χαλεπῇσι θεῶν ὀδύνῃσιν ἔκητι πεπαρμένος δι’ ὀστέων.	Wretched, I lie gripped by longing, lifeless, with cruel pains, by the gods’ will, pierced through my bones.

LIMB-LOOSENING DESIRE

A single line: limb-loosening longing overpowers him.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
Archilochus, fr. 196a	Ἀλλά μ’ ὁ λυσιμελής, ὦ ’ταῖρε, δάμναται πόθος.	But limb-loosening longing, my friend, overpowers me.

MIST OVER THE EYES

Desire coiled under his heart has poured a mist over his eyes.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
Archilochus, fr. 191	Τοῖος γὰρ φιλότητος ἔρως ὑπὸ καρδίην ἐλυσθείς πολλὴν κατ’ ἀχλὺν ὀμμάτων ἔχευεν, κλέψας ἐκ στηθέων ἀταλὰς φρένας.	For such a desire for love, coiled up beneath my heart, poured a thick mist down over my eyes, stealing the tender wits from my breast.

6 The poem refers to a total eclipse of the sun, usually dated to 6 April 648 BC.

THE FOX AND THE HEDGEHOG

The fox knows many things, the hedgehog one big thing.

GREEK	ENGLISH
Archilochus fr. 201	
Πόλλ᾽ οἶδ᾽ ἀλώπηξ, ἀλλ᾽ ἐχῖνος ἓν μέγα.	The fox knows many things, but the hedgehog one big thing.

Tyrtaeus

The Spartan war poet (seventh century BC): it is a fine thing to fall fighting in the front line.

IT IS A FINE THING TO DIE IN THE FRONT LINE

Dying for one's country is fine; exile and begging are the worst disgrace.

GREEK	ENGLISH
Tyrtaeus fr. 10.1 τεθνάμεναι γὰρ καλὸν ἐπὶ προμάχοισι πεσόντα ἄνδρ' ἀγαθὸν περὶ ᾗ πατρίδι μαρνάμενον. τὴν δ' αὐτοῦ προλιπόντα πόλιν καὶ πίονας ἀγρούς πτωχεύειν πάντων ἔστ' ἀνιηρότατον, πλαζόμενον σὺν μητρὶ φίλῃ καὶ πατρὶ γέροντι παισί τε συν μικροῖς κουριδίῃ τ' ἀλόχῳ. ἐχθρὸς μὲν γὰρ τοῖσι μετέσσεται, οὕς κεν ἵκηται χρησμοσύνῃ τ' εἴκων καὶ στυγερῇ πενίῃ, αἰσχύνει τε γένος, κατὰ δ' ἀγλαὸν εἶδος ἐλέγχει, πᾶσα δ' ἀτιμία καὶ κακότης ἕπεται.	It is a fine thing to die, fallen in the front line, a good man fighting for his own country. But to leave his own city and rich fields and go begging is the most painful thing of all, wandering with his dear mother and aged father and his little children and his wedded wife. For he will be hated among those he comes to, giving way to need and hateful poverty; he shames his family, belies his splendid looks, and every dishonor and wretchedness follows him.[1]
Tyrtaeus fr. 10.11 εἰ δ' οὕτως ἀνδρός τοι ἀλωμένου οὐδεμί' ὥρη γίγνεται, οὔτ' αἰδὼς οὔτ' ὄπις οὔτ' ἔλεος, θυμῷ γῆς περὶ τῆσδε μαχώμεθα καὶ περὶ παίδων θνήσκωμεν ψυχέων μηκέτι φειδόμενοι. ὦ νέοι, ἀλλὰ μάχεσθε παρ' ἀλλήλοισι μένοντες, μηδὲ φυγῆς αἰσχρᾶς ἄρχετε μηδὲ φόβου, ἀλλὰ μέγαν ποιεῖσθε καὶ ἄλκιμον ἐν φρεσὶ θυμόν, μηδὲ φιλοψυχεῖτ' ἀνδράσι μαρνάμενοι·	If, then, a wandering man gets no regard at all, no respect, no consideration, no pity, let us fight with all our heart for this land, and for our children let us die, and spare our lives no longer. Young men, fight, standing fast beside each other, and do not lead the way to shameful flight or pan- ic, but make the heart in your breast great and strong, and do not love your lives when you fight with men;
Tyrtaeus fr. 10.21 τοὺς δὲ παλαιοτέρους, ὧν οὐκέτι γούνατ' ἐλαφρά, μὴ καταλείποντες φεύγετε, τοὺς γεραιούς· αἰσχρὸν γὰρ δὴ τοῦτο μετὰ προμάχοισι πεσόντα κεῖσθαι πρόσθε νέων ἄνδρα παλαιότερον, ἤδη λευκὸν ἔχοντα κάρη πολιόν τε γένειον, θυμὸν ἀποπνείοντ' ἄλκιμον ἐν κονίῃ, αἱματόεντ' αἰδοῖα φίλαις ἐν χερσὶν ἔχοντα — αἰσχρὰ τάγ' ὀφθαλμοῖς καὶ νεμεσητὸν ἰδεῖν — καὶ χρόα γυμνωθέντα· νέοισι δὲ πάντ' ἐπέοικεν, ὄφρ' ἐρατῆς ἥβης ἀγλαὸν ἄνθος ἔχῃ·	and the older ones, whose knees are no longer nimble, do not abandon them and run—the old men; for this is a shameful thing: that, fallen in the front line, an older man should lie out in front of the young, his head already white and his beard gray, breathing out his valiant spirit in the dust, clutching his bloody genitals in his own hands— a shameful thing for the eyes, an outrage to see— his body stripped bare. But for the young all is fit- ting, while he has the glorious flower of lovely youth;

1 Tyrtaeus composed his war elegies for Sparta in the seventh century BC.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
Tyrtaeus fr. 10.21–30	ἀνδράσι μὲν θητὸς ἰδεῖν, ἐρατὸς δὲ γυναιξίν, ζωὸς ἐών, καλὸς δ’ ἐν προμάχοισι πεσών. ἀλλά τις εὖ διαβὰς μενέτω ποσὶν ἀμφοτέροισιν στηριχθεὶς ἐπὶ γῆς, χεῖλος ὀδοῦσι δακών.	to men he is a wonder to look at, to women desirable, while he lives, and beautiful when he has fallen in the front line. But let each man take a firm stride and stand fast, both feet planted on the ground, biting his lip with his teeth.

YOU ARE THE RACE OF HERACLES

Tyrtaeus urges the Spartans to stand together, shield to shield, and close with the enemy.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
Tyrtaeus fr. 11.1–14	Ἀλλ’ Ἡρακλῆος γὰρ ἀνικήτου γένος ἐστέ, θαρσεῖτ’, οὔπω Ζεὺς αὐχένα λοξὸν ἔχει· μηδ’ ἀνδρῶν πληθὺν δειμαίνετε, μηδὲ φοβεῖσθε, ἰθὺς δ’ εἰς προμάχους ἀσπίδ’ ἀνὴρ ἐχέτω, ἐχθρὰν μὲν ψυχὴν θέμενος, θανάτου δὲ μελαίνας κῆρας ὁμῶς αὐγαῖς ἠελίοιο φίλας. ἴστε γὰρ Ἄρηος πολυδακρύου ἔργ’ ἀΐδηλα·	Come, you are the race of unconquered Heracles, so take heart: Zeus has not yet turned his head away; do not dread the mass of men, and do not panic, but let each man hold his shield straight toward the front line, counting his life his enemy, and the black spirits of death as dear as the rays of the sun. For you know the ruinous work of Ares, bringer of tears;[2]
Tyrtaeus fr. 11.15–30	εὖ δ’ ὀργὴν ἐδάητ’ ἀργαλέου πολέμου, καὶ θαμὰ φευγόντων τε διωκόντων τε γέγευσθε, ὦ νέοι, ἀμφοτέρων δ’ εἰς κόρον ἠλάσατε. οἳ μὲν γὰρ τολμῶσι παρ’ ἀλλήλοισι μένοντες ἔς τ’ αὐτοσχεδίην καὶ προμάχους ἰέναι, παυρότεροι θνήσκουσι, σαοῦσι δὲ λαὸν ὀπίσσω· τρεσσάντων δ’ ἀνδρῶν πᾶσ’ ἀπόλωλ’ ἀρετή. οὐδείς ἄν ποτε ταῦτα λέγων ἀνύσειεν ἕκαστα, ὅσσ’, ἢν αἰσχρὰ πάθῃ, γίγνεται ἀνδρὶ κακά.	you have learned well the temper of grim war, and often you have tasted both fleeing and pursuing, young men; you have had your fill of both. For those who dare, standing fast beside one another, to go into close combat and the front line, fewer of them die, and they save the people behind them; but when men tremble, all courage is lost. No one could ever finish telling, one by one, all the evils that come to a man if he suffers disgrace.[3]
Tyrtaeus fr. 11.31–40	δυσαλέον γὰρ ὄπισθε μετάφρενόν ἐστι δαΐζειν ἀνδρὸς φεύγοντος δηΐῳ ἐν πολέμῳ· αἰσχρὸς δ’ ἐστὶ νέκυς κακκείμενος ἐν κονίῃσιν νῶτον ὄπισθ’ αἰχμῇ δουρὸς ἐληλαμένος. ἀλλά τις εὖ διαβὰς μενέτω ποσὶν ἀμφοτέροισιν στηριχθεὶς ἐπὶ γῆς, χεῖλος ὀδοῦσι δακών, μηρούς τε κνήμας τε κάτω καὶ στέρνα καὶ ὤμους ἀσπίδος εὐρείης γαστρὶ καλυψάμενος·	For it is a ghastly thing to strike from behind at the back of a man fleeing in deadly war; and shameful is a corpse lying in the dust, its back driven through from behind by a spear’s point. But let each man take a firm stride and stand fast, both feet planted on the ground, biting his lip with his teeth,

2 The Spartan kings claimed descent from Heracles.
3 “Courage” here renders *aretē*, elsewhere translated “excellence.”

GREEK	ENGLISH
	his thighs and shins below, and his chest and shoulders covered by the belly of his broad shield;
Tyrtaeus 11.25 δεξιτερῇ δ’ ἐν χειρὶ τινασσέτω ὄβριμον ἔγχος, κινείτω δὲ λόφον δεινὸν ὑπὲρ κεφαλῆς· ἔρδειν δ’ ὄβριμα ἔργα διδασκέσθω πελεμίζων, μηδ’ ἐκτὸς βελέων ἑστάτω ἀσπίδ’ ἔχων. ἀλλά τις ἐγγὺς ἰὼν αὐτοσχεδὸν ἔγχεϊ μακρῷ ἢ ξίφει οὐτάζων δήϊον ἄνδρ’ ἐλέτω·	in his right hand let him brandish his mighty spear, and let him shake the terrible crest above his head; let him learn to do mighty deeds, making the enemy reel, and not stand out of range of missiles, holding his shield. But let each man close in, hand to hand, and with long spear or sword strike down and kill a man of the enemy;
Tyrtaeus 11.31–37 καὶ πόδα παρ ποδὶ θεὶς καὶ ἐπ’ ἀσπίδος ἀσπίδ’ ἐρείσας, ἐν δὲ λόφον τε λόφῳ καὶ κυνέην κυνέῃ καὶ στέρνον στέρνῳ πεπλημένος ἀνδρὶ μαχέσθω, ἢ ξίφεος κώπην ἢ δόρυ μακρὸν ἑλών. ὑμεῖς δ’, ὦ γυμνῆτες, ὑπ’ ἀσπίδος ἄλλοθεν ἄλλος πτώσσοντες μεγάλοις βάλλετε χερμαδίοις, δούρασί τε ξεστοῖσιν ἀκοντίζοντες ἐς αὐτούς, τοῖσι πανόπλοισι πλησίον ἱστάμενοι.	setting foot beside foot and pressing shield against shield, crest against crest and helmet against helmet and chest against chest, let him close with a man and fight, gripping either the hilt of his sword or his long spear. And you, light-armed men, crouching here and there under a shield, pelt them with great stones, and hurl your polished javelins at them, standing close beside the men in full armor.

TRUE EXCELLENCE

No skill or wealth makes a man good unless he stands firm in the front line.

GREEK	ENGLISH
Tyrtaeus 12.1–12 οὔτ’ ἂν μνησαίμην οὔτ’ ἐν λόγῳ ἄνδρα τιθείμην οὔτε ποδῶν ἀρετῆς οὔτε παλαισμοσύνης, οὐδ’ εἰ Κυκλώπων μὲν ἔχοι μέγεθός τε βίην τε, νικῴη δὲ θέων Θρῄϊκιον Βορέην, οὐδ’ εἰ Τιθωνοῖο φυὴν χαριέστερος εἴη, πλουτοίη δὲ Μίδεω καὶ Κινύρεω μάλιον, οὐδ’ εἰ Ταντα λίδεω Πέλοπος βασιλεύτερος εἴη, γλῶσσαν δ’ Ἀδρήστου μειλιχόγηρυν ἔχοι, οὐδ’ εἰ πᾶσαν ἔχοι δόξαν πλὴν θούριδος ἀλκῆς·	I would not mention a man or take any account of him for excellence in running or in wrestling, not even if he had the size and strength of the Cyclopes and beat Thracian Boreas in a race, not even if he were more handsome in build than Tithonus and richer than Midas and Cinyras, not even if he were more kingly than Pelops, son of Tantalus, and had the honey-voiced tongue of Adrastus, not even if he had every glory except furious valor;[4]
Tyrtaeus 12.13–20 οὐ γὰρ ἀνὴρ ἀγαθὸς γίγνεται ἐν πολέμῳ, εἰ μὴ τετλαίη μὲν ὁρῶν φόνον αἱματόεντα	for a man does not become good in war unless he can bear to look upon bloody slaughter

GREEK	ENGLISH
καὶ δηΐων ὀρέγοιτ’ ἐγγύθεν ἱστάμενος. ἥδ’ ἀρετή, τόδ’ ἄεθλον ἐν ἀνθρώποισιν ἄριστον κάλλιστόν τε φέρειν γίγνεται ἀνδρὶ νέῳ. ξυνὸν δ’ ἐσθλὸν τοῦτο πόληΐ τε παντί τε δήμῳ, ὅστις ἀνὴρ διαβὰς ἐν προμάχοισι μένῃ νωλεμέως, αἰσχρᾶς δὲ φυγῆς ἐπὶ πάγχυ λάθηται, ψυχὴν καὶ θυμὸν τλήμονα παρθέμενος, θαρσύνῃ δ’ ἔπεσιν τὸν πλησίον ἄνδρα παρεστώς·	and, standing close, reach for the enemy. This is excellence, this is the best prize among men and the finest for a young man to win. This is a common good for the city and all the people, when a man stands his ground in the front line, legs set firm, unflinching, and forgets shameful flight altogether, staking his life and his enduring heart, and, standing by the man beside him, encourages him with words;
Tyrtaeus fr. 12.29–34 οὗτος ἀνὴρ ἀγαθὸς γίγνεται ἐν πολέμῳ· αἶψα δὲ δυσμενέων ἀνδρῶν ἔτρεψε φάλαγγας τρηχείας, σπουδῇ τ’ ἔσχεθε κῦμα μάχης· ὃς δ’ αὖτ’ ἐν προμάχοισι πεσὼν φίλον ὤλεσε θυμόν ἄστυ τε καὶ λαοὺς καὶ πατέρ’ εὐκλεΐσας, πολλὰ διὰ στέρνοιο καὶ ἀσπίδος ὀμφαλοέσσης καὶ διὰ θώρηκος πρόσθεν ἐληλαμένος, τὸν δ’ ὀλοφύρονται μὲν ὁμῶς νέοι ἠδὲ γέροντες, ἀργαλέῳ τε πόθῳ πᾶσα κέκηδε πόλις·	this man becomes good in war. Swiftly he routs the ranks of hostile men, rough as they are, and by his effort checks the wave of battle; and he who falls in the front line and loses his dear life, bringing glory to his town and people and father, struck many times through his chest and his bossed shield and through his breastplate, from the front— him young and old alike lament, and the whole city grieves with painful longing;
Tyrtaeus fr. 12.35–38 καὶ τύμβος καὶ παῖδες ἐν ἀνθρώποις ἀρίσημοι καὶ παίδων παῖδες καὶ γένος ἐξοπίσω. οὐδέ ποτε κλέος ἐσθλὸν ἀπόλλυται οὐδ’ ὄνομ’ αὐτοῦ, ἀλλ’ ὑπὸ γῆς περ ἐὼν γίγνεται ἀθάνατος, ὅντιν’ ἀριστεύοντα μένοντά τε μαρνάμενόν τε γῆς πέρι καὶ παίδων θοῦρος Ἄρης ὀλέσῃ.	and his tomb and his children are pointed out among men, and his children’s children, and his line after him. Never does his noble fame perish, nor his name, but even though he is under the earth he becomes immortal, the man whom, as he fights his best, standing firm for land and children, furious Ares destroys.
Tyrtaeus fr. 12.39–42 εἰ δὲ φύγῃ μὲν κῆρα τανηλεγέος θανάτοιο, νικήσας δ’ αἰχμῆς ἀγλαὸν εὖχος ἕλῃ, πάντες μιν τιμῶσιν ὁμῶς νέοι ἠδὲ παλαιοί, πολλὰ δὲ τερπνὰ παθὼν ἔρχεται εἰς Ἀΐδην· γηράσκων ἀστοῖσι μεταπρέπει, οὐδέ τις αὐτόν βλάπτειν οὔτ’ αἰδοῦς οὔτε δίκης ἐθέλει, πάντες δ’ ἐν θώκοισιν ὁμῶς νέοι οἵ τε κατ’ αὐτόν εἴκουσ’ ἐκ χώρης οἵ τε παλαιότεροι. ταύτης νῦν τις ἀνὴρ ἀρετῆς εἰς ἄκρον ἱκέσθαι πειράσθω θυμῷ, μὴ μεθιεὶς πολέμου.	But if he escapes the doom of death that lays men low, and, victorious, wins the splendid glory of the spear, all honor him, young and old alike, and after many delights he goes down to Hades; growing old, he stands out among the citizens, and no one wants to cheat him of respect or of justice, and on the benches young men and those his own age make way for him, and older men too. Let each man now strive to reach the height of this

4 Boreas is the north wind; Tithonus, Midas, Cinyras, Pelops and Adrastus were legendary for beauty, wealth, kingship and eloquence.

GREEK	ENGLISH
	excellence with all his heart, never slackening in war.

Alcman

Choral poet of Sparta (late seventh century BC): the maiden-song for Agido and Hagesichora, and the night.

PARTHENEION

A Spartan girls' chorus tells a myth of vengeance, then praises its leaders Agido and Hagesichora.

GREEK	ENGLISH
Alcman fr. 23.1 [...]	[...]
[...] Πωλυδεύκης.	[...] Polydeuces.
οἷον οὐ Λύκαισον ἐν καμοῦσιν ἀλέγω,	I do not count Lycaethus alone among the dead,
[...] Ἐναρσφόρον τε καὶ Σέβρον ποδώκη,	[...] and Enarsphorus and swift-footed Sebrus,
Βωκόλον τε τὸν βιατάν,	and Bocolus the violent,
[...] τε τὸν κορυστάν,	and [...] the helmeted,
Εὐτείχη τε, Γάνακτα τ' ἀρήιον	and Euteiches, and the warlike lord,
[...] ἔξοχον ἡμισίων.	[...] outstanding among the demigods.[1]
Alcman fr. 23.2–10 [...] τὸν ἀγρέταν	[...] the leader
[...] μέγαν, Εὔρυτόν τε	[...] great, and Eurytus
Ἄρεος ἀν πώρω κλόνον	in the tumult of Ares,
Ἀλκωνά τε τὼς ἀρίστως	and Alcon, the best of men,
[...] παρήσομες.	[...] we shall not pass over.
[...]	[...]
[...] ἄλαστα δὲ	[...] unforgettable
ἔργα πάσον κακὰ μησαμένοι.	were the things they suffered, for they plotted evil.
ἔστι τις σιῶν τίσις.	There is a vengeance from the gods.
ὁ δ' (ὄλβι)ος, ὅστις εὔφρων	Happy is the one who, with a glad heart,
ἀμέραν (δι)απλέκει,	weaves the day through to its end,
Alcman fr. 23.11–20 [...]κ[...]ος. ἐγὼν δ' ἀείδω	[...]. But I sing
Ἀγιδῶς τὸ φῶς· ὀρῶρ'	of Agido's light. I see it
ὥτ' ἄλιος, ὄνπερ ἅμιν	like the sun, which for us
Ἀγιδὼ μαρτύρεται	Agido calls as witness
φαίνεν· ἐμὲ δ' οὔτ' ἐπαινὲν	to shine. But me, neither to praise her
οὔτε μωμήσθαι νιν ἀ κλεννὰ χοραγὸς	nor to find fault with her does our famous chorus-leader
οὐδὲ λῶσ' ἐῇ· δοκέει γὰρ ἥμεν αὔτα	permit at all; for she herself seems
ἐμπρεπὴς τώς, ὥπερ αἴ τις	as outstanding as if someone
ἐν ΒΟΤΟΙC στάσειεν ἵππον	set [among the ...] a horse,
παγὸν ἀεθλοφόρον καναχάποδα,	sturdy, a prizewinner with thundering hooves,
[...] ὑποπετριδίων ὀνείρων;	[...] of the dreams that live beneath the rock?[2]
Alcman fr. 23.20–29 ἦ οὐχ ὁρῇς; ὁ μὲν κέλης	Don't you see? The one is a racehorse
Ἐνετικός, ἁ δὲ χαίτα	from Enetia; but the hair

1 This is Alcman's maiden-song (partheneion), a choral song for Spartan girls preserved on a papyrus with gaps. It opens with the myth of the sons of Hippocoon, killed by Heracles and the twin heroes Castor and Polydeuces.

2 The word left in capitals here is unreadable in the papyrus; it is often taken to mean "among grazing herds."

GREEK	ENGLISH
τᾶς ἐμᾶς ἀνεψιᾶς Ἀγησιχόρας ἐπανθεῖ χρυσὸς ὡς ἀκήρατος, τό τ’ ἀργύριον πρόσωπον διαφάδαν — τί τοι λέγω; — Ἀγησιχόρα, μέν’ αὔτα. — ἀ δὲ δευτέρα πεδ’ Ἀγιδὼν τὸ εἶδος ἵππος εἰβήνῳ Κολαξαῖος δραμείται.	of my cousin Hagesichora blooms like pure gold, and her silver face— why spell it out plainly for you?— here she is, Hagesichora herself. And she who is second to Agido in looks will run like a Colaxaean horse against an Ibenian.[3]
Alcman fr. 23.49 ταὶ πελειάδες γὰρ ἁμίν Ὀρθίᾳ φάρος φεροίσαις νύκτα δι’ ἀμβροσίαν ἅτε σήριον ἄστρον αὐειρομέναι μάχονται.	For the Pleiades, against us, as we bring a robe to Orthia, through the ambrosial night like the star Sirius, rise up and do battle.[4]
Alcman fr. 26.4 Οὔτε γάρ τι πορφύρας τόσσος κόρος, ὥστ’ ἀμύναι, οὔτε ποικίλος δράκων παγχρύσιος, οὐδὲ μίτρα Λυδία νεανίδων [...]ων ἄγαλμα, οὐδὲ ταὶ Ναννῶς κόμαι, ἀλλ’ οὐδ’ Ἐράτα σιειδής, οὐδὲ Συλακίς τε καὶ Κλεησισήρα, οὐδ’ ἐς Αἰνησιμβρότας ἐνθοίσα, φασεῖς·	For no wealth of purple is enough to protect us, nor a spangled snake of solid gold, nor a headband from Lydia, the pride of [...] young girls, nor Nanno’s hair, nor even godlike Erata, nor Sylacis and Cleesithera; nor will you go to Aenesimbrota’s and say:
Alcman fr. 27.4 Ἀστᾰφίς τέ μοι γένοιτο καὶ ποτηνέποι Φιλύλλα, Δαμαγόρα τ’ ἐρατά τε Ἰανθεμίς, ἀλλ’ Ἀγησιχόρα με τηρεῖ. Οὐ γὰρ ἁ καλλίσφυρος Ἀγησιχόρα πάρ’ αὐτεῖ, Ἀγιδοῖ δέ παρμένει, θωστήριά θ’ ἅμ’ ἐπαινεῖ;	“If only Astaphis were mine, and Philylla would speak to me, and Damagora and lovely Ianthemis”— no, it is Hagesichora who watches over me. For is not fair-ankled Hagesichora here, staying close by Agido, and praising our festival with her?
Alcman fr. 23.82 ἀλλὰ τᾶν [...] σιοί, δέξασθ — καὶ τέλος — εἴποιμί κ’· ἅπαν μὲν αὐτά παρσένος μάταν — γλαύξ· ἐγὼν δ [...] μάλιστα ἀνδάνην ἐρῶ· πόνων γὰρ ἅμιν ἰάτωρ ἔγεντο. ἐξ Ἀγησιχόρας δὲ νεάνιδες [...] ἐρατᾶς ἐπέβαν.	But, gods, [...] of these, accept— and the end— I might say: I myself, in everything, a girl, in vain— an owl; but I [...] most of all long to please; for of our toils she has become our healer. And thanks to Hagesichora young girls have set foot on lovely [...].

3 Enetic, Colaxaean and Ibenian horses were famous breeds from distant lands; the Enetoi lived at the head of the Adriatic.
4 Orthia was a Spartan goddess, later identified with Artemis; the “Pleiades” (literally “doves”) may be a rival choir or the star cluster.

THE KINGFISHER

Too old to dance, the poet wishes he were a seabird flying with the halcyons.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
Alcman fr. 26	Οὔκ᾽ ἔτι, παρθενικαὶ μελιγάρυες ἱμερόφωνοι, γυῖα φέρειν δύναται· βάλε δὴ βάλε κηρύλος εἴην, ὅς τ᾽ ἐπὶ κύματος ἄνθος ἅμ᾽ ἀλκυόνεσσι ποτῆται νηλεγὲς ἦτορ ἔχων, ἁλιπόρφυρος εἶαρος ὄρνις.	No longer, girls with honey voices, voices of desire, can my limbs carry me. If only, if only I were a cerylus, who flies over the flower of the wave with the halcyons, with a carefree heart, the sea-purple bird of spring.[5]

NIGHT

Mountains, beasts, bees, sea creatures and birds all lie asleep.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
Alcman fr. 89	Εὕδουσιν δ᾽ ὀρέων κορυφαί τε καὶ φάραγγες, πρώονες τὲ καὶ χαράδραι, φύλλα θ᾽ ἑρπετά θ᾽ ὅσσα τρέφει μέλαινα γαῖα, θῆρές τ᾽ ὀρεσκῷοι καὶ γένος μελισσᾶν καὶ κνώδαλ᾽ ἐν βένθεσι πορφυρέας ἁλός· εὕδουσιν δ᾽ ὀϊωνῶν φῦλα τανυπτερύγων.	Asleep are the mountain peaks and the ravines, the headlands and the gullies, and the leaves, and the creeping things, all that the black earth feeds, the beasts that live on the mountains and the race of bees and the monsters in the depths of the purple sea; asleep are the tribes of the long-winged birds.

5 The cerylus was a seabird said to be carried on the wings of the halcyons (kingfishers) when it grew old.

Mimnermus

Elegist of Colophon (late seventh century BC): golden Aphrodite, and youth as brief as the leaves.

GOLDEN APHRODITE

Without golden Aphrodite life has no pleasure; old age is hateful.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
Mimnermus 1.1–2	Τίς δὲ βίος, τί δὲ τερπνὸν ἄτερ χρυσῆς Ἀφροδίτης; τεθναίην, ὅτε μοι μηκέτι ταῦτα μέλοι,	What life is there, what pleasure, without golden Aphrodite? May I die when these things no longer matter to me—
Mimnermus 1.3–12	κρυπταδίη φιλότης καὶ μείλιχα δῶρα καὶ εὐνή· οἷ' ἥβης ἄνθεα γίγνεται ἁρπαλέα ἀνδράσιν ἠδὲ γυναιξίν· ἐπεὶ δ' ὀδυνηρὸν ἐπέλθῃ γῆρας, ὅ τ' αἰσχρὸν ὁμῶς καὶ καλὸν ἄνδρα τιθεῖ, αἰεί μιν φρένας ἀμφὶ κακαὶ τείρουσι μέριμναι, οὐδ' αὐγὰς προσορῶν τέρπεται ἠελίου, ἀλλ' ἐχθρὸς μὲν παισίν, ἀτίμαστος δὲ γυναιξίν· οὕτως ἀργαλέον γῆρας ἔθηκε θεός.	secret love and honeyed gifts and bed, which are the flowers of youth, eagerly seized by men and by women. But once painful old age comes on, which makes even the handsome man ugly, bad cares always wear away at his mind, and he takes no joy in looking on the rays of the sun, but is hateful to boys and of no account to women: so grievous a thing has the god made old age.

LIKE THE LEAVES

Human youth is as brief as spring leaves, and old age and death wait beside us.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
Mimnermus 2.1–6	Ἡμεῖς δ' οἷά τε φύλλα φύει πολυανθέος ὥρῃ ἔαρος, ὅτ' αἶψ' αὐγῇς αὔξεται ἠελίου, τοῖς ἴκελοι πήχυιον ἐπὶ χρόνον ἄνθεσιν ἥβης τερπόμεθα, πρὸς θεῶν εἰδότες οὔτε κακόν οὔτ' ἀγαθόν· Κῆρες δὲ παρεστήκασι μέλαιναι, ἡ μὲν ἔχουσα τέλος γήραος ἀργαλέου, ἡ δ' ἑτέρη θανάτοιο· μίνυνθα δὲ γίγνεται ἥβης καρπός, ὅσον τ' ἐπὶ γῆν κίδναται ἠέλιος·	And we, like the leaves that the flowery season of spring puts forth, when they quickly grow in the rays of the sun— like them, for a forearm's span of time, in the flowers of youth we take our pleasure, knowing from the gods neither bad nor good. But the black Fates stand beside us, one holding the end that is grievous old age, the other that of death. Brief is youth's fruit, lasting as long as the sun spreads over the earth.
Mimnermus 2.7–14	αὐτὰρ ἐπὴν δὴ τοῦτο τέλος παραμείψεται ὥρης, αὐτίκα τεθνάμεναι βέλτιον ἢ βίοτος· πολλὰ γὰρ ἐν θυμῷ κακὰ γίγνεται· ἄλλοτε οἶκος τρυχοῦται, πενίης δ' ἔργ' ὀδυνηρὰ πέλει· ἄλλος δ' αὖ παίδων ἐπιδεύεται, ὧντε μάλιστα ἱμείρων κατὰ γῆς ἔρχεται εἰς Ἀΐδην·	But once this season comes to its end and passes, at once it is better to be dead than to live; for many evils come about in the heart: sometimes a household is ruined, and poverty does its painful work; another, again, lacks children, and longing for them

GREEK	ENGLISH
ἄλλος νοῦσον ἔχει θυμοφθόρον· οὐδέ τις ἔστιν ἀνθρώπων, ᾧ Ζεὺς μὴ κακὰ πολλὰ διδοῖ.	most of all he goes beneath the earth to Hades; another has a disease that destroys the heart; and there is no one among men to whom Zeus does not give many evils.

Solon

Athenian lawgiver and poet (around 600 BC): good order, justice, the ages of man, and a defense of his reforms.

OUR CITY

Athens will fall not by the gods' will but by its citizens' greed; good order is the cure.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
Solon fr. 4	Ἡμετέρα δὲ πόλις κατὰ μὲν Διὸς οὔποτ' ὀλεῖται αἶσαν καὶ μακάρων θεῶν φρένας ἀθανάτων· τοίη γὰρ μεγάθυμος ἐπίσκοπος ὀβριμοπάτρη Παλλὰς Ἀθηναίη χεῖρας ὕπερθεν ἔχει· αὐτοὶ δὲ φθείρειν μεγάλην πόλιν ἀφραδίῃσιν ἀστοὶ βούλονται χρήμασι πειθόμενοι, δήμου θ' ἡγεμόνων ἄδικος νόος, οἷσιν ἑτοῖμον ὕβριος ἐκ μεγάλης ἄλγεα πολλὰ παθεῖν· οὐ γὰρ ἐπίστανται κατέχειν κόρον οὐδὲ παρούσας εὐφροσύνας κοσμεῖν δαιτὸς ἐν ἡσυχίῃ.	Our city will never perish by the decree of Zeus and the will of the blessed immortal gods; for so great-hearted a guardian, daughter of a mighty father, Pallas Athena, holds her hands over it. But they themselves want to ruin the great city by their folly, the citizens, won over by money, and so does the unjust mind of the people's leaders, for whom it is in store to suffer many pains for their great arrogance; for they do not know how to restrain excess, nor how to order the present joys of the feast in quiet.[1]
Solon fr. 4.11	[...] πλουτοῦσιν δ' ἀδίκοις ἔργμασι πειθόμενοι [...] οὔθ' ἱερῶν κτεάνων οὔτε τι δημοσίων φειδόμενοι κλέπτουσιν ἐφ' ἁρπαγῇ ἄλλοθεν ἄλλος, οὐδὲ φυλάσσονται σεμνὰ θέμεθλα Δίκης, ἣ σιγῶσα σύνοιδε τὰ γιγνόμενα πρό τ' ἐόντα, τῷ δὲ χρόνῳ πάντως ἦλθ' ἀποτισομένη. τοῦτ' ἤδη πάσῃ πόλει ἔρχεται ἕλκος ἄφυκτον·	[...] and they grow rich, won over by unjust deeds, [...] sparing neither sacred property nor anything public, they steal by plunder, one from here, another from there, and they do not respect the solemn foundations of Justice, who in silence knows what is happening and what was before, and in time she comes, without fail, to exact payment. This now comes upon the whole city as a wound none can escape,
Solon fr. 4.13	εἰς δὲ κακὴν ταχέως ἦλυθε δουλοσύνην, ἣ στάσιν ἔμφυλον πόλεμόν θ' εὕδοντ' ἐπεγείρει, ὃς πολλῶν ἐρατὴν ὤλεσεν ἡλικίην· ἐκ γὰρ δυσμενέων ταχέως πολυήρατον ἄστυ τρύχεται ἐν συνόδοις, τῆς ἄδικ' ἐστὶ φίλα. ταῦτα μὲν ἐν δήμῳ στρέφεται κακά· τῶν δὲ πενιχρῶν	and it quickly falls into wretched slavery, which awakens civil strife and sleeping war, which has destroyed the lovely youth of many; for at the hands of its enemies a much-loved city is quickly worn down in conspiracies dear to the unjust.

1 Solon was the Athenian statesman and lawgiver whose reforms (594 BC) ended slavery for debt; he argued for them in verse.

GREEK	ENGLISH
ἱκνοῦνται πολλοὶ γαῖαν ἐς ἀλλοδαπήν πραθέντες δεσμοῖσί τ' ἀεικελίοισι δεθέντες, καὶ κακὰ δουλοσύνης στυγνὰ φέρουσι βίᾳ.	These are the evils that go about among the people; and of the poor many reach a foreign land, sold and bound in shameful fetters, and they bear the hateful evils of slavery by force.
Solon fr. 4.25 οὕτω δημόσιον κακὸν ἔρχεται οἴκαδ' ἑκάστῳ, αὐλειοι δ' ἔτ' ἔχειν οὐκ ἐθέλουσι θύραι, ὑψηλὸν δ' ὑπὲρ ἕρκος ὑπέρθορεν, εὗρε δὲ πάντως, εἰ καί τις φεύγων ἐν μυχῷ ᾖ θαλάμου. ταῦτα διδάξαι θυμὸς Ἀθηναίους με κελεύει, ὡς κακὰ πλεῖστα πόλει δυσνομία παρέχει, εὐνομία δ' εὔκοσμα καὶ ἄρτια πάντ' ἀποφαίνει, καὶ θάμα τοῖς ἀδίκοις ἀμφιτίθησι πέδας·	So the public evil comes home to each man, and the courtyard doors no longer care to hold it back; it leaps over the high wall and finds him all the same, even if he runs and hides in the inmost corner of his chamber. These things my heart bids me teach the Athenians: that lawlessness brings the city very many evils, but good order makes all things orderly and sound, and often puts fetters on the unjust;
Solon fr. 4.35 τραχέα λειαίνει, παύει κόρον, ὕβριν ἀμαυροῖ, αὐαίνει δ' ἄτης ἄνθεα φυόμενα, εὐθύνει δὲ δίκας σκολιὰς ὑπερήφανά τ' ἔργα πραΰνει, παύει δ' ἔργα διχοστασίης, παύει δ' ἀργαλέης ἔριδος χόλον, ἔστι δ' ὑπ' αὐτῆς πάντα κατ' ἀνθρώπους ἄρτια καὶ πινυτά.	it smooths what is rough, stops excess, dims arrogance, and withers the blossoms of ruin as they grow; it straightens crooked judgments, and arrogant deeds it calms; it stops the works of dissension, it stops the anger of grievous strife, and under it all things among men are sound and wise.

WHAT I GAVE THE PEOPLE

Solon gave the people enough power and protected the rich, holding his shield over both.

GREEK	ENGLISH
Solon fr. 5 Δήμῳ μὲν γὰρ ἔδωκα τόσον κράτος, ὅσσον ἐπαρκεῖ, τιμῆς οὔτ' ἀφελὼν οὔτ' ἐπορεξάμενος· οἳ δ' εἶχον δύναμιν καὶ χρήμασιν ἦσαν ἀγητοί, καὶ τοῖς ἐφρασάμην μηδὲν ἀεικὲς ἔχειν· ἔστην δ' ἀμφιβαλὼν κρατερὸν σάκος ἀμφοτέροισιν, νικᾶν δ' οὐκ εἴασ' οὐδετέρους ἀδίκως.	To the people I gave as much power as is enough, neither taking from their honor nor reaching for more; and those who had power and were admired for their wealth, for them too I saw to it that they suffered nothing unseemly. I stood holding my strong shield over both sides, and did not let either side win unjustly.

PRAYER TO THE MUSES

Solon prays for honest wealth and reflects on Zeus' justice and the uncertainty of human effort.

GREEK	ENGLISH
Solon fr. 13 Μνημοσύνης καὶ Ζηνὸς Ὀλυμπίου ἀγλαὰ τέκνα, Μοῦσαι Πιερίδες, κλῦτέ μοι εὐχομένῳ· ὄλβον μοι πρὸς θεῶν μακάρων δότε καὶ πρὸς ἁπάντων	Shining children of Memory and Olympian Zeus, Muses of Pieria, hear me as I pray: grant me prosperity from the blessed gods, and

GREEK	ENGLISH
ἀνθρώπων αἰεὶ δόξαν ἔχειν ἀγαθήν· εἶναι δὲ γλυκὺν ὧδε φίλοις, ἐχθροῖσι δὲ πικρόν, τοῖσι μὲν αἰδοῖον, τοῖσι δὲ δεινὸν ἰδεῖν. χρήματα δ' ἰμείρω μὲν ἔχειν, ἀδίκως δὲ πεπᾶσθαι οὐκ ἐθέλω· πάντως ὕστερον ἦλθε δίκη.	from all men always to have a good name; and so to be sweet to my friends, and bitter to my enemies, to the first a man to respect, to the second a terror to look at. Money I do long to have, but to have gained it unjustly I do not want; justice always comes in the end.
Solon fr. 13.43– πλοῦτον δ' ὃν μὲν δῶσι θεοί, παραγίγνεται ἀνδρί ἔμπεδος ἐν νεάτου πυθμένος εἰς κορυφήν· ὃν δ' ἄνδρες μετίωσιν ὑφ' ὕβριος, οὐ κατὰ κόσμον ἔρχεται, ἀλλ' ἀδίκοις ἔργμασι πειθόμενος οὐκ ἐθέλων ἕπεται· ταχέως δ' ἀναμίσγεται ἄτῃ· ἀρχὴ δ' ἐξ ὀλίγου γίγνεται ὥστε πυρός, φλαύρη μὲν τὸ πρῶτον, ἀνιηρὴ δὲ τελευτᾷ· οὐ γὰρ δὴν θνητοῖς ὕβριος ἔργα πέλει.	The wealth the gods give stays with a man, firm from the lowest base to the top; but the wealth men court through arrogance does not come in due order; won over by unjust deeds, it follows unwillingly, and ruin quickly mingles with it. Its beginning comes from something small, as with a fire: trivial at first, but grievous in the end; for the works of arrogance do not last long for mortals.
Solon fr. 13.51– ἀλλὰ Ζεὺς πάντων ἐφορᾷ τέλος, ἐξαπίνης δέ ὥστ' ἄνεμος νεφέλας αἶψα διεσκέδασεν ἠρινός, ὃς πόντου πολυκύμονος ἀτρυγέτοιο πυθμένα κινήσας, γῆν κατὰ πυροφόρον δῃώσας καλὰ ἔργα, θεῶν ἕδος αἰπὺν ἱκάνει οὐρανόν, αἰθρίην δ' αὖτις ἔθηκεν ἰδεῖν· λάμπει δ' ἠελίοιο μένος κατὰ πίονα γαῖαν καλόν, ἀτὰρ νεφέων οὐδὲν ἔτ' ἐστὶν ἰδεῖν·	But Zeus watches over the outcome of all things; and suddenly, as a wind quickly scatters the clouds, a spring wind, which churns the barren, many-waved sea to its floor, and over the wheat-bearing earth lays waste the fine tilled fields, then reaches the steep seat of the gods, the sky, and makes clear weather to be seen again; the strength of the sun shines over the rich earth, beautiful, and not a cloud is left to see:
Solon fr. 13.25– τοιαύτη Ζηνὸς πέλεται τίσις, οὐδ' ἐφ' ἑκάστῳ, ὥσπερ θνητὸς ἀνήρ, γίγνεται ὀξύχολος· αἰεὶ δ' οὔ ἑ λέληθε διαμπερές, ὅστις ἀλιτρόν θυμὸν ἔχῃ, πάντως δ' ἐς τέλος ἐξεφάνη· ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν αὐτίκ' ἔτισεν, ὁ δ' ὕστερον· εἰ δὲ φύγωσιν αὐτοί, μηδὲ θεῶν μοῖρ' ἐπιοῦσα κίχῃ, ἦλυθε πάντως αὖτις· ἀναίτιοι ἔργα τίνουσιν ἢ παῖδες τούτων ἢ γένος ἐξοπίσω. θνητοὶ δ' ὧδε νοεῦμεν ὁμῶς ἀγαθός τε κακός τε·	such is the vengeance of Zeus. Not over each single thing, like a mortal man, does he grow quick to anger; but he never fails, from first to last, to notice whoever has a sinful heart, and in the end that one is always revealed. But one pays at once, another later; and if they escape themselves, and the fate the gods send does not overtake them, it comes all the same, later: the innocent pay for those deeds, either their children or their descendants after them. We mortals, good and bad alike, think like this:
Solon fr. 13.67– δηνεύειν αὐτὸς δόξαν ἕκαστος ἔχει, πρίν τι παθεῖν· τότε δ' αὐτίκ' ὀδύρεται· ἄχρι δὲ τούτου	each holds on to the opinion he himself has, before he suffers something; then at once he la-

GREEK	ENGLISH
χάσκοντες κούφαις ἐλπίσι τερπόμεθα. χὥστις μὲν νούσοισιν ὑπ᾽ ἀργαλέῃσι πιεσθῇ, ὡς ὑγιὴς ἔσται, τοῦτο κατεφράσατο· [ἄλλος δειλὸς ἐὼν ἀγαθὸς δοκεῖ ἔμμεναι ἀνήρ, καὶ καλός, μορφὴν οὐ χαρίεσσαν ἔχων·] εἰ δέ τις ἀχρήμων, πενίης δέ μιν ἔργα βιᾶται, κτήσεσθαι πάντως χρήματα πολλὰ δοκεῖ.	ments; but until then we gape and take pleasure in empty hopes. And whoever is pressed by grievous diseases has convinced himself of this: that he will be healthy; [another, being a coward, thinks he is a good man, and handsome, though he has no graceful form;] and if someone is without means, and the works of poverty force him, he thinks he will surely acquire a great deal of money.
Solon fr. 13.43– σπεύδει δ᾽ ἄλλοθεν ἄλλος· ὁ μὲν κατὰ πόντον ἀλᾶται ἐν νηυσὶν χρῄζων οἴκαδε κέρδος ἄγειν ἰχθυόεντ᾽, ἀνέμοισι φορεύμενος ἀργαλέοισιν, φειδωλὴν ψυχῆς οὐδεμίαν θέμενος· ἄλλος γῆν τέμνων πολυδένδρεον εἰς ἐνιαυτόν λατρεύει, τοῖσιν καμπύλ᾽ ἄροτρα μέλει· ἄλλος Ἀθηναίης τε καὶ Ἡφαίστου πολυτέχνεω ἔργα δαεὶς χειροῖν ξυλλέγεται βίοτον·	Each hurries in a different direction: one wanders over the sea in ships, eager to bring gain home, the fish-filled sea, carried by grievous winds, setting no store at all by his life; another, plowing the tree-filled land, year in, year out, slaves away, one of those whose care is the curved plow; another, having learned the works of Athena and Hephaestus of many crafts, gathers his living with his two hands;
Solon fr. 13.51– ἄλλος Ὀλυμπιάδων Μουσέων πάρα δῶρα διδαχθείς, ἱμερτῆς σοφίης μέτρον ἐπιστάμενος· ἄλλον μάντιν ἔθηκεν ἄναξ ἑκάεργος Ἀπόλλων, ἔγνω δ᾽ ἀνδρὶ κακὸν τηλόθεν ἐρχόμενον, ᾧ συνομαρτήσωσι θεοί· τὰ δὲ μόρσιμα πάντως οὔτε τις οἰωνὸς ῥύσεται οὔθ᾽ ἱερά· ἄλλοι Παιῶνος πολυφαρμάκου ἔργον ἔχοντες ἰητροί· καὶ τοῖς οὐδὲν ἔπεστι τέλος·	another, taught the gifts that come from the Olympian Muses, understanding the measure of lovely wisdom; another the lord Apollo, who works from afar, has made a seer, and he recognizes the evil coming to a man from far off, if the gods stand by him; but what is fated no bird of omen and no sacrifice will ward off; others, who have the work of Paeon of many drugs, are doctors; and for them too there is no sure outcome;[2]
Solon fr. 13.61– πολλάκι δ᾽ ἐξ ὀλίγης ὀδύνης μέγα γίγνεται ἄλγος, κοὐκ ἄν τις λύσαιτ᾽ ἤπια φάρμακα δούς· τὸν δὲ κακαῖς νούσοισι κακούμενον ἀργαλέαις τε ἁψάμενος χειροῖν αἶψα τίθησ᾽ ὑγιῆ. Μοῖρα δέ τοι θνητοῖσι κακὸν φέρει ἠδὲ καὶ ἐσθλόν· δῶρα δ᾽ ἄφυκτα θεῶν γίγνεται ἀθανάτων. πᾶσι δέ τοι κίνδυνος ἐπ᾽ ἔργμασιν, οὐδέ τις οἶδεν, ᾗ μέλλει σχήσειν, χρήματος ἀρχομένου·	often from a small pain a great agony grows, and no one could relieve it by giving soothing drugs; yet another, tormented by bad and grievous diseases, he touches with his hands and at once makes healthy. Fate brings mortals bad and good alike, and the gifts of the immortal gods cannot be escaped. Risk attends every action, and no one knows

2 Paeon was the healer of the gods, later identified with Apollo.

GREEK	ENGLISH
	where it will come to rest, when a thing is just beginning;
Solon fr. 13.63–76 ἀλλ᾽ ὁ μὲν εὖ ἔρδειν πειρώμενος οὐ προνοήσας εἰς μεγάλην ἄτην καὶ χαλεπὴν ἔπεσεν, τῷ δὲ κακῶς ἔρδοντι θεὸς περὶ πάντα δίδωσιν συντυχίην ἀγαθήν, ἔκλυσιν ἀφροσύνης. πλούτου δ᾽ οὐδὲν τέρμα πεφασμένον ἀνδράσι κεῖται· οἳ γὰρ νῦν ἡμέων πλεῖστον ἔχουσι βίον, διπλασίως σπεύδουσι· τίς ἂν κορέσειεν ἅπαντας; κέρδεά τοι θνητοῖς ὤπασαν ἀθάνατοι· ἄτη δ᾽ ἐξ αὐτῶν ἀναφαίνεται, ἣν ὁπόταν Ζεύς πέμψῃ τισομένην, ἄλλοτε ἄλλος ἔχει.	but the one who tries to act well, without foreseeing, falls into great and harsh ruin, while to the one who acts badly the god gives, in everything, good fortune, a release from his folly. No limit to wealth lies revealed for men; for those of us who now have the largest living strive for twice as much: who could satisfy them all? The immortals have granted mortals gains, but ruin appears out of them, and whenever Zeus sends it to exact payment, one man has it now, another then.

THE TEN AGES OF MAN

A man's life runs in ten stages of seven years, from losing his milk teeth to death.

GREEK	ENGLISH
Solon fr. 27 Παῖς μὲν ἄνηβος ἐὼν ἔτι νήπιος ἕρκος ὀδόντων φύσας ἐκβάλλει πρῶτον ἐν ἕπτ᾽ ἔτεσιν· τοὺς δ᾽ ἑτέρους ὅτε δὴ τελέσῃ θεὸς ἕπτ᾽ ἐνιαυτούς, ἥβης ἐκφαίνει σήματα γεινομένης· τῇ τριτάτῃ δὲ γένειον ἀεξομένων ἔτι γυίων λαχνοῦται, χροιῆς ἄνθος ἀμειβομένης· τῇ δὲ τετάρτῃ πᾶς τις ἐν ἑβδομάδι μέγ᾽ ἄριστος ἰσχύν, ἥντ᾽ ἄνδρες σήματ᾽ ἔχουσ᾽ ἀρετῆς·	A boy, still a child and not yet grown, the fence of teeth that he has grown he first sheds within seven years; when the god completes another seven years for him, he shows the signs of youth coming on; in the third, while his limbs are still growing, his chin turns downy, as the bloom of his skin changes; in the fourth seven, every man is at his very best in strength, which men hold to be the signs of excellence;
Solon fr. 27 πέμπτῃ δ᾽ ὡρίου ἄνδρα γάμου μεμνημένον εἶναι καὶ παίδων ζητεῖν εἰσοπίσω γενεήν· τῇ δ᾽ ἕκτῃ περὶ πάντα καταρτύεται νόος ἀνδρός, οὐδ᾽ ἔρδειν ἔθ᾽ ὁμῶς ἔργ᾽ ἀπάλαμνα θέλει· ἑπτὰ δὲ νοῦν καὶ γλῶσσαν ἐν ἑβδομάσιν μέγ᾽ ἄριστος ὀκτώ τ᾽· ἀμφοτέρων τέσσαρα καὶ δέκ᾽ ἔτη· τῇ δ᾽ ἐνάτῃ ἔτι μὲν δύναται, μαλακώτερα δ᾽ αὐτοῦ πρὸς μεγάλην ἀρετὴν γλῶσσά τε καὶ σοφίη· τῇ δεκάτῃ δ᾽ ὅτε δὴ τελέσῃ θεὸς ἕπτ᾽ ἐνιαυτούς, οὐκ ἂν ἄωρος ἐὼν μοῖραν ἔχοι θανάτου.	in the fifth, a man should be mindful of marriage in its season and seek a line of children to come after him; in the sixth, a man's mind is trained in all things, and he no longer wants to do reckless deeds as before; in seven sevens he is at his very best in mind and tongue, and in eight: fourteen years for the two together; in the ninth he still has power, but softer for great excellence are his tongue and his wisdom; and when the god completes the tenth seven years,

GREEK	ENGLISH
	he would not be untimely if he met his portion of death.

BLACK EARTH MY WITNESS

Solon defends his reforms: he freed the land and the people from debt slavery.

GREEK	ENGLISH
Solon fr. 36.1 Συμμαρτυροίη ταῦτ’ ἂν ἐν δίκῃ χρόνου μήτηρ μεγίστη δαιμόνων Ὀλυμπίων ἄριστα Γῆ μέλαινα, τῆς ἐγώ ποτε ὅρους ἀνεῖλον πολλαχῇ πεπηγότας· πρόσθεν δὲ δουλεύουσα, νῦν ἐλευθέρα.	My witness to these things in the court of Time would be the greatest mother of the Olympian gods, best of all, black Earth, from whom I once pulled up the boundary-stones planted everywhere: a slave before, now she is free.[3]
Solon fr. 36.2 πολλοὺς δ’ Ἀθήνας πατρίδ’ εἰς θεόκτιτον ἀνήγαγον πραθέντας, ἄλλον ἐκδίκως, ἄλλον δικαίως, τοὺς δ’ ἀναγκαίης ὕπο χρησμὸν λέγοντας, γλῶσσαν οὐκέτ’ Ἀττικήν ἱέντας, ὡς ἂν πολλαχῇ πλανωμένους, τοὺς δ’ ἐνθάδ’ αὐτοῦ δουλίης ἀεικέα ἔχοντας ἤθη, δεσποτῶν τρομευμένους, ἐλευθέρους ἔθηκα· ταῦτα μὲν κράτει, ὁμοῦ βίην τε καὶ δίκην συναρμόσας, ἔρεξα καὶ διήνυσ’ ὡς ὑπεσχόμην.	And many to Athens, their god-founded fatherland, I brought back who had been sold, one unjustly, another justly, and others who, under the force of need, were citing an oracle, no longer the Attic tongue speaking, as men will who have wandered far and wide; and those right here, who had the shameful ways of slavery, trembling before their masters, I set free. These things, by my power, fitting force and justice together, I did, and I carried them through as I had promised.
Solon fr. 36.3 θεσμοὺς δ’ ὁμοίους τῷ κακῷ τε κἀγαθῷ εὐθεῖαν εἰς ἕκαστον ἁρμόσας δίκην ἔγραψα. κέντρον δ’ ἄλλος ὡς ἐγὼ λαβών κακοφραδής τε καὶ φιλοκτήμων ἀνήρ οὔτ’ ἂν κατέσχε δῆμον, οὔτ’ ἐπαύσατο, πρὶν ἂν ταράξας πῖαρ ἐξέλῃ γάλα.	Laws alike for the bad and the good, fitting straight justice to each, I wrote. Another man, had he taken the goad as I did, a man of evil counsel and greedy for possessions, would not have held the people back, nor stopped before he had stirred things up and taken the cream from the milk.

3 The boundary-stones marked land pledged against debt; Solon’s cancellation of debts removed them.

Ibycus

Of Rhegium (sixth century BC): spring gardens and the storm of desire.

SPRING

Quince trees and vines bloom in spring, but love gives Ibycus no rest in any season.

GREEK	ENGLISH
Ibycus fr. Ἦρι μὲν αἵ τε Κυδώνιαι μηλίδες ἀρδόμεναι ῥοᾶν ἐκ ποταμῶν, ἵνα παρθένων κῆπος ἀκήρατος, αἵ τ’ οἰνανθίδες αὐξόμεναι σκιεροῖσιν ὑφ’ ἔρνεσιν οἰναρέοις θαλέθοισιν· ἐμοὶ δ’ ἔρος οὐδεμίαν κατάκοιτος ὥραν, ἄθ’ ὑπὸ στεροπᾶς φλέγων Θρηΐκιος βορέας, ἄσσων παρὰ Κύπριδος ἀζαλέαις μανίαισιν ἐρεμνὸς ἀθαμβής ἐγκρατέως παιδόθεν φυλάσσει ἠμετέρας φρένας.	In spring the Cydonian quince trees, watered by the streams from the rivers, where the Maidens’ untouched garden lies, and the vine-buds, swelling under the shady shoots of the vine, flourish; but for me love lies at rest in no season; as, blazing under the lightning, the Thracian north wind, rushing from the Cyprian with parching madness, dark and fearless, masterfully, since boyhood, keeps hold of my heart.[1]

LOVE AGAIN

Love casts him into Aphrodite’s nets, and he trembles like an old racehorse.

GREEK	ENGLISH
Ibycus fr. Ἔρος αὖτέ με κυανέοισιν ὑπὸ βλεφάροις τακέρ’ ὄμμασι δερκόμενος κηλήμασι παντοδαποῖς ἐς ἄπειρα δίκτυα Κύπριδός με βάλλει· ἦ μὰν τρομέω νιν ἐπερχόμενον, ὥστε φερέζυγος ἵππος ἀεθλοφόρος ποτὶ γήραϊ ἀέκων σὺν ὄχεσφι θοοῖς ἐς ἄμιλλαν ἔβα.	Again Love, from under dark eyelids gazing at me meltingly with his eyes, with enchantments of every kind into the boundless nets of the Cyprian throws me. I tremble, I swear, at his coming, as a prize-winning horse that bears the yoke, near old age, unwilling, goes with the swift chariot into the race.

1 The “Maidens” are probably the Nymphs; Cydonian quinces are named for Cydonia in Crete.

Anacreon

Of Teos (sixth century BC): love, wine and old age, lightly sung.

TO ARTEMIS

Anacreon prays to Artemis, who watches over a city on the Lethaeus.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
Anacreon 1	Γουνοῦμαί σ', ἐλαφηβόλε, ξανθὴ παῖ Διός, ἀγρίων δέσποιν' Ἄρτεμι θηρῶν· ἥ κου νῦν ἐπὶ Ληθαίου δίνῃσι θρασυκαρδίων ἀνδρῶν ἐσκατορᾷς πόλιν χαίρουσ'· οὐ γὰρ ἀνημέρους ποιμαίνεις πολιήτας.	I implore you, deer-shooter, fair-haired child of Zeus, lady of wild beasts, Artemis, who now, I think, beside the Lethaeus' eddies, on a city of bold-hearted men look down gladly; for they are not untamed, the citizens you shepherd.[1]

TO DIONYSUS

Anacreon asks Dionysus to persuade the boy Cleobulus to accept his love.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
Anacreon 2	Ὦναξ, ᾧ δαμάλης Ἔρως καὶ Νύμφαι κυανώπιδες πορφυρέη τ' Ἀφροδίτη συμπαίζουσιν· ἐπιστρέφεαι δ' ὑψηλῶν κορυφὰς ὀρέων, γουνοῦμαί σε· σὺ δ' εὐμενὴς ἔλθ' ἡμῖν, κεχαρισμένης δ' εὐχωλῆς ἐπακούειν. Κλευβούλῳ δ' ἀγαθὸς γενεῦ σύμβουλος· τὸν ἐμὸν δ' ἔρωτ', ὦ Δεύνυσε, δέχεσθαι.	Lord, with whom Love the tamer and the dark-eyed Nymphs and purple Aphrodite play together, as you roam the high peaks of the mountains: I implore you; come to us kindly, and to a prayer that pleases you, give ear. To Cleobulus be a good counselor; make him accept my love, Dionysus.[2]

CLEOBULUS

Three lines repeating the name of the boy the poet loves.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
Anacreon 3	Κλευβούλου μὲν ἔγωγ' ἐρῶ, Κλευβούλῳ δ' ἐπιμαίνομαι, Κλεύβουλον δὲ διοσκέω.	Cleobulus I love, over Cleobulus I'm mad, at Cleobulus I gaze.

1 The Lethaeus is a river at Magnesia in Asia Minor, where Artemis had a famous temple.
2 Cleobulus is a boy loved by Anacreon, named in several of his poems.

BOY WITH A GIRL'S GLANCE

The boy does not know he holds the reins of the poet's soul.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
Anacreontea 1	Ὦ παῖ παρθένιον βλέπων, δίζημαί σε, σὺ δ' οὐ κοεῖς, οὐκ εἰδώς, ὅτι τῆς ἐμῆς ψυχῆς ἡνιοχεύεις.	Boy with a girl's glance, I'm searching for you, but you don't hear, not knowing that you are the charioteer of my soul.

THE GIRL FROM LESBOS

Love sends a girl to play, but she mocks the poet's white hair.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
Anacreontea 2	Σφαίρῃ δηὖτέ με πορφυρέῃ βάλλων χρυσοκόμης Ἔρως νήνι ποικιλοσαμβάλῳ συμπαίζειν προκαλεῖται· ἡ δ', ἐστὶν γὰρ ἀπ' εὐκτίτου Λέσβου, τὴν μὲν ἐμὴν κόμην, λευκὴ γάρ, καταμέμφεται, πρὸς δ' ἄλλον τινὰ χάσκει.	Once again with a purple ball golden-haired Love strikes me and with a girl in fancy sandals calls me out to play; but she—since she comes from well-built Lesbos—my hair, because it's white, she finds fault with, and gapes after someone else.

BREAKFAST

After a little cake and a jar of wine, the poet serenades his girl.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
Anacreontea 3	Ἠρίστησα μὲν ἰτρίου λεπτοῦ μικρὸν ἀποκλάς, οἴνου δ' ἐξέπιον κάδον, νῦν δ' ἁβρῶς ἐρόεσσαν ψάλλω πηκτίδα τῇ φίλῃ κωμάζων παϊδὶ ἁβρῇ.	I breakfasted, breaking off a small piece of thin honey-cake, and drained a jar of wine; now, delicately, the lovely harp I pluck, serenading my dear and delicate girl.

OLD AGE

Gray-haired and with little life left, the poet fears the way down to Hades.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
Anacreontea 4	Πολιοὶ μὲν ἡμὶν ἤδη κρόταφοι κάρη τε λευκόν, χαρίεσσα δ' οὐκέθ' ἥβη πάρα, γηράλεοι δ' ὀδόντες. γλυκεροῦ δ' οὐκέτι πολλὸς βιότου χρόνος λέλειπται· διὰ ταῦτ' ἀνασταλύζω θαμὰ Τάρταρον δεδοικώς. Ἀΐδεω γάρ ἐστι δεινὸς μυχός, ἀργαλέη δ' ἐς αὐτόν κάθοδος· καὶ γὰρ ἑτοῖμον καταβάντι μὴ ἀναβῆναι.	My temples are already gray and my head is white, graceful youth is no longer with me, and my teeth are old; of sweet life not much time is left any more. And so I often sob, afraid of Tartarus. For the depths of Hades are terrible, and grievous the way down to them; and it's certain that one who goes down does not come up.

DRINKING WITH MEASURE

Mix the wine with water, and drink to song, not like the Scythians.

GREEK	ENGLISH
Anacreon 63.5 Ἄγε δή, φέρ᾽ ἡμίν, ὦ παῖ, κελέβην, ὅκως ἄμυστιν προπίω, τὰ μὲν δέκ᾽ ἐγχέας ὕδατος, τὰ πέντε δ᾽ οἴνου κυάθους, ὡς ἀνυβριστί ἀνὰ δηῦτε βασσαρήσω.	Come now, bring us, boy, a bowl, so that in one long draft I can drink a toast, pouring in ten of water and five of wine, ladles, so that, without going too far, I may once again play the Bacchant.
Anacreon [fr.] 63.7 Ἄγε δηῦτε μηκέθ᾽ οὕτω πατάγῳ τε κἀλαλητῷ Σκυθικὴν πόσιν παρ᾽ οἴνῳ μελετῶμεν, ἀλλὰ καλοῖς ὑποπίνοντες ἐν ὕμνοις.	[…] Come on, let’s no longer, as now, with clatter and with whooping, practice Scythian drinking over our wine, but, to the sound of fine hymns, sip slowly.[3]

THE THRACIAN FILLY

The poet tells a skittish girl, as a filly, that he could break her in.

GREEK	ENGLISH
Anacreon 417 Πῶλε Θρηκίη, τί δή με λοξὸν ὄμμασιν βλέπουσα νηλεῶς φεύγεις, δοκέεις δέ μ᾽ οὐδὲν εἰδέναι σοφόν; ἴσθι τοι, καλῶς μὲν ἄν τοι τὸν χαλινὸν ἐμβάλοιμι, ἡνίας δ᾽ ἔχων στρέφοιμί σ᾽ ἀμφὶ τέρματα δρόμου. νῦν δὲ λειμῶνάς τε βόσκεαι κοῦφά τε σκιρτῶσα παίζεις· δεξιὸν γὰρ ἱπποσείρην οὐκ ἔχεις ἐπεμβάτην.	Thracian filly, why do you look at me sidelong and run from me without pity, and think I don’t know a thing about it? Believe me, I could fit the bit on you neatly, and, holding the reins, wheel you round the turn- ing-posts of the course. As it is, you graze the meadows, frisking lightly at play, for you have no skilled rider to mount you.

3 The Scythians, nomads north of the Black Sea, were proverbial among Greeks for drinking their wine unmixed.

Simonides

Of Ceos (around 556–468 BC): Danae in the chest, the dead of Thermopylae, and the hard task of being good.

THOSE WHO DIED AT THERMOPYLAE

The dead of Thermopylae have an altar for a grave and glory that time cannot dim.

GREEK	ENGLISH
Simonides fr. 4 [...] Τῶν ἐν Θερμοπύλαις θανόντων εὐκλεὴς μὲν ἁ τύχα, καλὸς δ' ὁ πότμος, βωμὸς δ' ὁ τάφος, πρὸ γόων δὲ μνᾶστις, ὁ δ' οἶκτος ἔπαινος· ἐντάφιον δὲ τοιοῦτον οὔτ' εὐρώς οὔθ' ὁ πανδαμάτωρ ἀμαυρώσει χρόνος. ἀνδρῶν ἀγαθῶν ὅδε σηκὸς οἰκέταν εὐδοξίαν Ἑλλάδος εἵλετο· μαρτυρεῖ δὲ καὶ Λεωνίδας Σπάρτας βασιλεύς, ἀρετᾶς μέγαν λελοιπώς κόσμον ἀέναον κλέος τε.	[...] Of those who died at Thermopylae glorious is the fortune, fine the fate; their grave is an altar; for mourning, memory; for pity, praise. Such a shroud as this neither mold nor all-conquering time will dim. This shrine of good men has taken the glory of Greece to live in it; and Leonidas bears witness too, king of Sparta, who has left behind a great adornment of excellence and everlasting fame.[1]

TO SCOPAS

It is hard to be truly good; Simonides praises anyone who does nothing shameful willingly.

GREEK	ENGLISH
Simonides fr. 8 Ἄνδρ' ἀγαθὸν μὲν ἀλαθέως γενέσθαι χαλεπὸν χερσίν τε καὶ ποσὶ καὶ νόῳ τετράγωνον, ἄνευ ψόγου τετυγμένον· ὃς ἂν ᾖ κακὸς μηδ' ἄγαν ἀπάλαμνος, εἰδώς γ' ὀνασίπολιν δίκαν ὑγιὴς ἀνήρ· οὐδὲ μή μιν ἐγώ μωμάσομαι· τῶν γὰρ ἀλιθίων ἀπείρων γενέθλα. πάντα τοι καλά, τοῖσί τ' αἰσχρὰ μὴ μέμικται.	To become a truly good man is hard, foursquare in hands and feet and mind, fashioned without blame; whoever is neither bad nor too reckless, and knows the justice that helps the city, is a sound man; I will not find fault with him; for of fools the breed is endless. All things are fine, I tell you, in which nothing shameful is mixed.[2]
Simonides fr. 8 Οὐδέ μοι ἐμμελέως τὸ Πιττάκειον νέμεται, καίτοι σοφοῦ παρὰ φωτὸς εἰρημένον· χαλεπὸν φάτ' ἐσθλὸν ἔμμεναι. θεὸς ἂν μόνος τοῦτ' ἔχοι γέρας· ἄνδρα δ' οὐκ ἔστι μὴ οὐ κακὸν ἔμμεναι, ὃν ἀμάχανος συμφορὰ καθέλῃ.	Nor does that saying of Pittacus ring true to me, though it was spoken by a wise man: "It is hard," he said, "to be good." A god alone could have that prize; but a man cannot help being bad when irresistible misfortune brings him down.

1 At Thermopylae, a coastal pass in central Greece, Leonidas, king of Sparta, and his small force died holding back the Persian army in 480 BC.

2 This poem is known from its quotation and discussion in Plato's *Protagoras*.

GREEK	ENGLISH
πράξαις γὰρ εὖ πᾶς ἀνὴρ ἀγαθός, κακὸς δ', εἰ κακῶς (τι)· καὶ τὸ πλεῖστον ἄριστοι, τοὺς θεοὶ φιλέωντι.	For every man who fares well is good, and bad, if he fares badly; and for the most part the best are those whom the gods love.[3]
Simonides fr. 577. Τοὔνεκεν οὔποτ' ἐγὼ τὸ μὴ γενέσθαι δυνατὸν διζήμενος, κενεὰν ἐς ἄπρακτον ἐλπίδα μοῖραν αἰῶνος βαλέω, πανάμωμον ἄνθρωπον, εὐρυέδους ὅσοι καρπὸν αἰνύμεθα χθονός· ἐπί τ' ὔμμιν εὐρὼν ἀπαγγελέω. πάντας δ' ἐπαίνημι καὶ φιλέω, ἑκὼν ὅστις ἔρδῃ μηδὲν αἰσχρόν, ἀνάγκᾳ δ' οὐδὲ θεοὶ μάχονται.	For this reason I will never, searching for what cannot come to be, throw my share of life away on empty, fruitless hope: a wholly blameless human being, among all of us who reap the fruit of the broad-based earth; and if I find him, I'll let you know. But I praise and love all, whoever willingly does nothing shameful; against necessity not even the gods fight.

DANAE

Adrift in a chest at sea, Danae sings her sleeping baby to rest and prays to Zeus.

GREEK	ENGLISH
Simonides fr. 575. Ὅτε λάρνακι κεῖτ' ἐν δαιδαλέᾳ, ἄνεμός τ' ἐφόρει μιν πνέων κινηθεῖσά τε λίμνα, δεῖμα προσεῖρπε τότ' οὐκ ἀδιάντοισι παρειαῖς, ἀμφί τε Περσέϊ βάλλε φίλαν χέρ', εἶπέν τ'· ὦ τέκος, οἷον ἔχω πόνον· σὺ δ' ἀωτεῖς· γαλαθηνῷ λάθεϊ κνώσσεις ἐν ἀτερπεῖ δούρατι χαλκεογόμφῳ, νυκτὶ ἀλαμπεῖ κυανέῳ τε δνόφῳ καταλείς·	When she lay in the finely wrought chest, and the blowing wind and the heaving sea carried her along, fear crept over her then, her cheeks not dry of tears, and she put her loving arm around Perseus and said: "My child, what suffering is mine! But you sleep; with a suckling's calm you slumber in this cheerless bronze-bolted wooden box, stretched out in the lightless night and the dark-blue gloom.[4]
Simonides fr. 575. ἅλμαν δ' ὕπερθεν τεᾶν κομᾶν βαθεῖαν παριόντος κύματος οὐκ ἀλέγεις, οὐδ' ἀνέμων φθόγγον, πορφυρέᾳ κείμενος ἐν χλανίδι, πρόσωπον κλιθὲν προσώπῳ. εἰ δέ τοι δεινὸν τό γε δεινὸν ἦν, καί κεν ἐμῶν ῥημάτων λεπτὸν ὑπεῖχες οὖας. κέλομαι δ', εὕδε βρέφος, εὐδέτω δὲ πόντος, εὐδέτω δ' ἄμοτον κακόν· μεταιβολία δέ τις φανείη, Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἐκ σέθεν· ὅττι δὲ θαρσαλέον ἔπος εὔχομαι νόσφιν δίκας, σύγγνωθί μοι.	The deep spray above your hair from the passing wave you do not heed, nor the wind's roar; in a purple blanket you lie, your face pressed against mine. If what is fearful were fearful to you, you would turn your small ear to my words. But I tell you: sleep, my baby, and let the sea sleep, and let our measureless trouble sleep; and may some change appear, father Zeus, from you; and if I pray a bold word, beyond what is right, forgive me."

3 Pittacus of Mytilene, counted among the Seven Sages, ruled his city around 600 BC.
4 Danae and her infant son Perseus were shut in a chest and set adrift at sea by her father Acrisius.

EPITAPH FOR THE PELOPONNESIANS AT THERMOPYLAE

Four thousand men fought three million here.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
Simonides 111	Μυριάσιν ποτὲ τῇδε τριακοσίαις ἐμάχοντο ἐκ Πελοποννάσου χιλιάδες τέτορες.	Here once against three million fought four thousand from the Peloponnese.[5]

EPITAPH FOR THE SPARTANS AT THERMOPYLAE

Tell the Spartans that we lie here, obedient to their words.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
Simonides 112	Ὦ ξεῖν’ ἀγγέλλειν Λακεδαιμονίοις, ὅτι τῇδε κείμεθα, τοῖς κείνων ῥήμασι πειθόμενοι.	Stranger, tell the Spartans that here we lie, obedient to their words.

EPITAPH FOR MEGISTIAS

A seer who foresaw his death at Thermopylae but would not leave the Spartans.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
Simonides 113	Μνῆμα τόδε κλεινοῖο Μεγιστία, ὅν ποτε Μῆδοι Σπερχειὸν ποταμὸν κτεῖναν ἀμειψάμενοι, μάντιος, ὃς τότε κῆρας ἐπερχομένας σάφα εἰδώς οὐκ ἔτλη Σπάρτης ἡγεμόνας προλιπεῖν.	This is the memorial of famous Megistias, whom once the Medes killed when they had crossed the river Spercheius — a seer, who, though he knew clearly then the doom that was coming, could not bring himself to desert the leaders of Sparta.[6]

5 Epitaph for the Greeks who held the pass of Thermopylae against the Persian army in 480 BC.
6 Megistias, a seer from Acarnania, foresaw the defeat at Thermopylae but stayed and died with Leonidas; “the Medes” are the Persians.

Pindar

Of Thebes (518–after 446 BC): victory odes for Hieron of Syracuse and Aristomenes of Aegina.

OLYMPIAN 1: FOR HIERON OF SYRACUSE

Pindar praises Hieron's Olympic win and retells the myth of Pelops, Tantalus and Poseidon.

GREEK	ENGLISH
Pindar O.1.1 ἄριστον μὲν ὕδωρ, ὁ δὲ χρυσὸς αἰθόμενον πῦρ ἄτε διαπρέπει νυκτὶ μεγάνορος ἔξοχα πλούτου· εἰ δ' ἄεθλα γαρύεν ἔλδεαι, φίλον ἦτορ, μηκέθ' ἁλίου σκόπει ἄλλο θαλπνότερον ἐν ἁμέρᾳ φαεννὸν ἄστρον ἐρήμας δι' αἰθέρος, μηδ' Ὀλυμπίας ἀγῶνα φέρτερον αὐδάσομεν·	Best is water, and gold, like blazing fire that shines out in the night, stands out above all lordly wealth; but if to sing of contests you long, my heart, do not look, beyond the sun, for any other star by day more warming and bright through the empty sky, nor shall we proclaim a contest greater than Olympia's.[1]
Pindar O.1.8 ὅθεν ὁ πολύφατος ὕμνος ἀμφιβάλλεται σοφῶν μητίεσσι, κελαδεῖν Κρόνου παῖδ' ἐς ἀφνεὰν ἱκομένους μάκαιραν Ἱέρωνος ἑστίαν, θεμιστεῖον ὃς ἀμφέπει σκᾶπτον ἐν πολυμάλῳ Σικελίᾳ, δρέπων μὲν κορυφὰς ἀρετᾶν ἄπο πασᾶν, ἀγλαΐζεται δὲ καὶ μουσικᾶς ἐν ἀώτῳ,	From there the far-famed hymn is cast around the minds of the wise, for them to sing aloud of Cronus' son, when they come to the rich and blessed hearth of Hieron, who wields the scepter of justice in flock-rich Sicily, plucking the peaks of every excellence, and is made splendid too in the finest flower of music,
Pindar O.1.16 οἷα παίζομεν φίλαν ἄνδρες ἀμφὶ θαμὰ τράπεζαν. ἀλλὰ Δωρίαν ἀπὸ φόρμιγγα πασσάλου λάμβαν', εἴ τί τοι Πίσας τε καὶ Φερενίκου χάρις νόον ὑπὸ γλυκυτάταις ἔθηκε φροντίσιν, ὅτε παρ' Ἀλφεῷ σύτο, δέμας ἀκέντητον ἐν δρόμοισι παρέχων, κράτει δὲ προσέμιξε δεσπόταν, Συρακόσιον ἱπποχάρμαν βασιλῆα. λάμπει δέ οἱ κλέος ἐν εὐάνορι Λυδοῦ Πέλοπος ἀποικίᾳ·	the kind we men often play around the friendly table. Come, take the Dorian lyre down from its peg, if the delight of Pisa and of Pherenicus has in any way brought your mind under the sweetest thoughts, when he sped beside the Alpheus, his body offering ungoaded in the race, and joined his master to victory, the Syracusan king who delights in horses. His fame shines in the colony, rich in brave men, of Lydian Pelops;[2]
Pindar O.1.25 τοῦ μεγασθενὴς ἐράσσατο γαιάοχος Ποσειδᾶν, ἐπεί νιν καθαροῦ λέβητος ἔξελε Κλωθὼ ἐλέφαντι φαίδιμον ὦμον κεκαδμένον. ἦ θαυματὰ πολλά, καί πού τι καὶ βροτῶν φάτις ὑπὲρ τὸν	with whom the mighty Earth-holder fell in love, Poseidon, after Clotho lifted him out of the pure cauldron, his shoulder gleaming, fitted with ivory.

1 An epinician (victory ode) for Hieron, tyrant of Syracuse, whose horse won the single-horse race at Olympia in 476 BC.
2 Pherenicus was Hieron's racehorse; Pisa is the district around Olympia, and the "colony of Pelops" is the Peloponnese.

GREEK	ENGLISH
ἀλαθῆ λόγον δεδαιδαλμένοι ψεύδεσι ποικίλοις ἐξαπατῶντι μῦθοι Χάρις δ', ἅπερ ἅπαντα τεύχει τὰ μείλιχα θνατοῖς, ἐπιφέροισα τιμὰν καὶ ἄπιστον ἐμήσατο πιστὸν ἔμμεναι τὸ πολλάκις· ἁμέραι δ' ἐπίλοιποι μάρτυρες σοφώτατοι.	Truly, there are many marvels, and somehow mortals' talk, too, goes beyond the true account: tales embroidered with intricate lies deceive. And Grace, who fashions everything sweet for mortals, by bestowing honor has contrived that even the incredible is credible many a time; but the days to come are the wisest witnesses.
Pindar O.1.35 ἔστι δ' ἀνδρὶ φάμεν ἐοικὸς ἀμφὶ δαιμόνων καλά· μείων γὰρ αἰτία. υἱὲ Ταντάλου, σὲ δ', ἀντία προτέρων, φθέγξομαι, ὁπότ' ἐκάλεσε πατὴρ τὸν εὐνομώτατον ἐς ἔρανον φίλαν τε Σίπυλον, ἀμοιβαῖα θεοῖσι δεῖπνα παρέχων, τότ' Ἀγλαοτρίαιναν ἁρπάσαι δαμέντα φρένας ἱμέρῳ χρυσέαισί τ' ἀν' ἵπποις ὕπατον εὐρυτίμου ποτὶ δῶμα Διὸς μεταβᾶσαι, ἔνθα δευτέρῳ χρόνῳ ἦλθε καὶ Γανυμήδης Ζηνὶ τωὔτ' ἐπὶ χρέος.	It is fitting for a man to speak well of the gods; the blame is less. Son of Tantalus, I will tell of you, unlike those before me, how, when your father called the gods to the most well-ordered feast at his beloved Sipylus, giving them a banquet in return, then the Lord of the Splendid Trident carried you off, his mind overpowered by desire, and on golden horses transported you to the highest house of wide-honored Zeus, where at a later time Ganymede also came to Zeus for the same service.[3]
Pindar O.1.46 ὡς δ' ἄφαντος ἔπελες, οὐδὲ ματρὶ πολλὰ μαιόμενοι φῶτες ἄγαγον, ἔννεπε κρυφᾶ τις αὐτίκα φθονερῶν γειτόνων, ὕδατος ὅτι σε πυρὶ ζέοισαν εἰς ἀκμὰν μαχαίρᾳ τάμον κάτα μέλη, τραπέζαισί τ', ἀμφὶ δεύτατα, κρεῶν σέθεν διεδάσαντο καὶ φάγον.	When you vanished, and men searching far and wide did not bring you back to your mother, one of the envious neighbors at once said in secret that into water boiling hard on the fire they had cut you limb from limb with a knife, and at the tables, for the last course, your flesh they shared out among themselves and ate.
Pindar O.1.52 ἐμοὶ δ' ἄπορα γαστρίμαργον μακάρων τιν' εἰπεῖν. ἀφίσταμαι. ἀκέρδεια λέλογχεν θαμινὰ κακαγόρους. εἰ δὲ δή τιν' ἄνδρα θνατὸν Ὀλύμπου σκοποὶ ἐτίμασαν, ἦν Τάνταλος οὗτος· ἀλλὰ γὰρ καταπέψαι μέγαν ὄλβον οὐκ ἐδυνάσθη, κόρῳ δ' ἔλεν ἄταν ὑπέροπλον, ἅν οἱ πατὴρ ὑπερκρέμασε καρτερὸν αὐτῷ λίθον, τὸν αἰεὶ μενοινῶν κεφαλᾶς βαλεῖν εὐφροσύνας ἀλᾶται.	For me it is impossible to call any of the blessed ones a glutton. I stand back. Loss is often the lot of slanderers. If ever the watchers of Olympus did honor any mortal man, it was this Tantalus; but to digest his great prosperity he could not, and through excess he won overwhelming ruin: the father hung over him a mighty stone, and forever longing to cast it from his head, he wanders far from joy.
Pindar O.1.62 ἔχει δ' ἀπάλαμον βίον τοῦτον ἐμπεδόμοχθον, μετὰ τριῶν τέταρτον πόνον, ἀθανάτων ὅτι κλέψαις	He has this helpless life of unending toil, a fourth labor with three others, because he stole

3 Sipylus, a mountain in Lydia, was Tantalus' seat. Ganymede was the Trojan boy whom Zeus carried off to be his cupbearer.

GREEK	ENGLISH
ἁλίκεσσι συμπόταις νέκταρ ἀμβροσίαν τε δῶκεν, οἷσιν ἄφθιτον θῆκαν. εἰ δὲ θεὸν ἀνήρ τις ἔλπεταί τι λαθέμεν ἔρδων, ἁμαρτάνει. τοὔνεκα προῆκαν υἱὸν ἀθάνατοί οἱ πάλιν μετὰ τὸ ταχύποτμον αὖτις ἀνέρων ἔθνος.	from the immortals and to his drinking companions of his own age the nectar and ambrosia he gave, by which the gods had made him immortal. If a man hopes, in doing anything, to escape a god's notice, he is wrong. Therefore the immortals sent his son back again once more among the short-lived race of men.
Pindar *O.* 1.75 πρὸς εὐάνθεμον δ' ὅτε φυὰν λάχναι νιν μέλαν γένειον ἔρεφον. ἑτοῖμον ἀνεφρόντισεν γάμον Πισάτα παρὰ πατρὸς εὔδοξον Ἱπποδάμειαν σχεθέμεν. ἐγγὺς ἐλθὼν πολιᾶς ἁλὸς οἷος ἐν ὄρφνᾳ ἄπυεν βαρύκτυπον Εὐτρίαιναν· ὁ δ' αὐτῷ πὰρ ποδὶ σχεδὸν φάνη.	And when, toward the flowering of his youth, down began to darken his chin, he set his mind on a marriage that lay ready: from her father of Pisa the glorious Hippodamia to win. Going near the gray sea, alone in the darkness, he called on the deep-thundering Lord of the Fine Trident; and to him he appeared, right there at his feet.
Pindar *O.* 1.77 τῷ μὲν εἶπε· φίλια δῶρα Κυπρίας ἄγ' εἴ τι, Ποσείδαον, ἐς χάριν τέλλεται, πέδασον ἔγχος Οἰνομάου χάλκεον, ἐμὲ δ' ἐπὶ ταχυτάτων πόρευσον ἁρμάτων ἐς Ἦλιν, κράτει δὲ πέλασον. ἐπεὶ τρεῖς τε καὶ δέκ' ἄνδρας ὀλέσαις ἐρῶντας ἀναβάλλεται γάμον θυγατρός. ὁ μέγας δὲ κίνδυνος ἄναλκιν οὐ φῶτα λαμβάνει.	He said to him: "Come, if the Cyprian's dear gifts, Poseidon, earn any thanks, fetter the bronze spear of Oenomaus, and carry me on the swiftest of chariots to Elis, and bring me to victory. For, having killed thirteen men who courted her, he keeps putting off the marriage of his daughter. Great danger does not take hold of a man without courage.[4]
Pindar *O.* 1.82 θανεῖν δ' οἷσιν ἀνάγκα, τί κέ τις ἀνώνυμον γῆρας ἐν σκότῳ καθήμενος ἔψοι μάταν, ἁπάντων καλῶν ἄμμορος; ἀλλ' ἐμοὶ μὲν οὗτος ἄεθλος ὑποκείσεται· τὺ δὲ πρᾶξιν φίλαν δίδοι. ὣς ἔννεπεν· οὐδ' ἀκράντοις ἐφάψατ' ὧν ἔπεσι. τὸν μὲν ἀγάλλων θεὸς ἔδωκεν δίφρον τε χρύσεον πτεροῖσίν τ' ἀκάμαντας ἵππους. ἔλεν δ' Οἰνομάου βίαν παρθένον τε σύνευνον·	And for those who must die, why should anyone coddle a nameless old age to no end, sitting in darkness, without a share in anything fine? No—for me this contest shall be mine to face; and you, grant me the success I long for." So he spoke, nor were the words he spoke left unfulfilled. Honoring him, the god gave him a golden chariot and tireless winged horses. He overcame the might of Oenomaus, and took the maiden to share his bed;
Pindar *O.* 1.89 τέκε τε λαγέτας ἓξ ἀρεταῖσι μεμαότας υἱούς. νῦν δ' ἐν αἱμακουρίαις ἀγλααῖσι μέμικται, Ἀλφεοῦ πόρῳ κλιθείς, τύμβον ἀμφίπολον ἔχων πολυξενωτάτῳ παρὰ βωμῷ. τὸ δὲ κλέος τηλόθεν δέδορκε τᾶν Ὀλυμπιάδων ἐν δρόμοις	and she bore him six sons, leaders of the people, eager for excellence. And now in the splendid blood offerings he has his share, lying by the stream of the Alpheus, with his much-visited tomb beside the altar thronged by strangers. And the fame shines from afar in the racecourses of the Olympic

4 Oenomaus, king of Pisa, challenged his daughter's suitors to a chariot race and killed those he overtook.

GREEK	ENGLISH
Πέλοπος, ἵνα ταχυτὰς ποδῶν ἐρίζεται ἀκμαί τ' ἰσχύος θρασύπονοι·	games, the fame of Pelops, where speed of foot contends and the bold-laboring peaks of strength;
Pindar O. 1.97 ὁ νῑκῶν δὲ λοιπὸν ἀμφὶ βίοτον ἔχει μελιτόεσσαν εὐδίαν ἀέθλων γ' ἕνεκεν. τὸ δ' αἰεὶ παράμερον ἐσλὸν ὕπατον ἔρχεται παντὶ βροτῶν. ἐμὲ δὲ στεφανῶσαι κεῖνον ἱππίῳ νόμῳ Αἰοληΐδι μολπᾷ χρή· πέποιθα δὲ ξένον μή τιν', ἀμφότερα καλῶν τε ἴδριν ἁμᾷ καὶ δύναμιν κυριώτερον, τῶν γε νῦν κλυταῖσι δαιδαλωσέμεν ὕμνων πτυχαῖς.	and the victor, for the rest of his life, has honey-sweet fair weather because of the games. But the good that comes day by day is the highest that comes to any mortal. To crown that man with a horseman's tune in Aeolian song is my task; and I am sure there is no host at all, more versed in fine things and with power more sovereign, among those now living, for me to embellish in the glorious folds of hymns.
Pindar O. 1.103 θεὸς ἐπίτροπος ἐὼν τεαῖσι μήδεται ἔχων τοῦτο κᾶδος, Ἱέρων, μερίμναισιν· εἰ δὲ μὴ ταχὺ λίποι, ἔτι γλυκυτέραν κεν ἔλπομαι σὺν ἅρματι θοᾷ κλεΐξειν, ἐπίκουρον εὑρὼν ὁδὸν λόγων παρ' εὐδείελον ἐλθὼν Κρόνιον. ἐμοὶ μὲν ὦν Μοῖσα καρτερώτατον βέλος ἀλκᾷ τρέφει· ἐπ' ἄλλοισι δ' ἄλλοι μεγάλοι. τὸ δ' ἔσχατον κορυφοῦται βασιλεῦσι. μηκέτι πάπταινε πόρσιον. εἴη σέ τε τοῦτον ὑψοῦ χρόνον πατεῖν, ἐμέ τε τοσσάδε νικαφόροις ὁμιλεῖν, πρόφαντον σοφίᾳ καθ' Ἕλλανας ἐόντα παντᾷ.	A god who is your guardian takes thought, with this as his concern, Hieron, for your ambitions; and if he does not soon desert you, I hope to celebrate a still sweeter triumph with the swift chariot, finding a helpful road of words when I come to the sunny hill of Cronus. For me, then, the Muse is nursing her mightiest arrow in strength for me; some are great in one thing, others in another. But the very highest reaches its peak in kings. Look no further. May you walk on high for the time you have, and may I keep company with victors as often, renowned for wisdom among Greeks everywhere.

PYTHIAN 1: FOR HIERON OF AETNA

The golden lyre calms Zeus' eagle; Typhon lies under Etna; Pindar advises Hieron to rule justly.

GREEK	ENGLISH
Pindar P. 1.1 χρυσέα φόρμιγξ, Ἀπόλλωνος καὶ ἰοπλοκάμων σύνδικον Μοισᾶν κτέανον· τᾶς ἀκούει μὲν βάσις, ἀγλαΐας ἀρχά, πείθονται δ' ἀοιδοὶ σάμασιν, ἀγησιχόρων ὁπόταν προοιμίων ἀμβολὰς τεύχῃς ἐλελιζομένα.	Golden lyre, shared possession of Apollo and the violet-haired Muses by right: the dancing step listens to you, the start of festivity, and the singers obey your signals whenever, quivering, you strike up the opening notes of the preludes that lead the chorus.[5]
Pindar P. 1.5 καὶ τὸν αἰχματὰν κεραυνὸν σβεννύεις ἀενάου πυρός. εὕδει δ' ἀνὰ σκάπτῳ Διὸς αἰετός, ὠκεῖαν	You quench even the spear-pointed thunderbolt of everlasting fire. And on the scepter of Zeus the

GREEK	ENGLISH
πτέρυγ' ἀμφοτέρωθεν χαλάξαις, ἀρχὸς οἰωνῶν, κελαινῶπιν δ' ἐπί οἱ νεφέλαν ἀγκύλῳ κρατί, γλεφάρων ἀδὺ κλαΐστρον, κατέχευας· ὁ δὲ κνώσσων ὑγρὸν νῶτον αἰωρεῖ, τεαῖς ῥιπαῖσι κατασχόμενος. καὶ γὰρ βιατὰς Ἄρης, τραχεῖαν ἄνευθε λιπὼν ἐγχέων ἀκμάν, ἰαίνει καρδίαν κώματι, κῆλα δὲ καὶ δαιμόνων θέλγει φρένας, ἀμφί τε Λατοίδα σοφίᾳ βαθυκόλπων τε Μοισᾶν.	eagle sleeps, letting his swift wings droop on either side, the lord of birds; and a dark-faced cloud over him, over his curved head, a sweet seal on his eyelids, you have poured; and he, slumbering, heaves his supple back, held fast by your pulsing notes. For even violent Ares, leaving far behind the harsh point of spears, warms his heart in slumber; and your shafts enchant the minds of the gods as well, through the wisdom of Leto's son and the deep-bosomed Muses.
Pindar P. 1.19 ὅσσα δὲ μὴ πεφίληκε Ζεύς, ἀτύζονται βοὰν Πιερίδων ἀΐοντα, γᾶν τε καὶ πόντον κατ' ἀμαιμάκετον, ὅς τ' ἐν αἰνᾷ Ταρτάρῳ κεῖται, θεῶν πολέμιος, Τυφὼς ἑκατοντακάρανος· τόν ποτε Κιλίκιον θρέψεν πολυώνυμον ἄντρον· νῦν γε μὰν ταί θ' ὑπὲρ Κύμας ἁλιερκέες ὄχθαι Σικελία τ' αὐτοῦ πιέζει στέρνα λαχνάεντα· κίων δ' οὐρανία συνέχει, νιφόεσσ' Αἴτνα, πάνετες χιόνος ὀξείας τιθήνα·	But all that Zeus has not loved shrinks in terror at the voice of the Muses of Pieria when they hear it, on land and on the raging sea, as does he who lies in dread Tartarus, the gods' enemy, Typhon of the hundred heads, whom once the famous Cilician cave reared; but now the sea-fenced cliffs above Cumae and Sicily press on his shaggy chest; and the pillar of heaven holds him down, snowy Etna, nurse all year round of piercing snow;[6]
Pindar P. 1.21 ταᾷ ἐρεύγονται μὲν ἀπλάτου πυρὸς ἀγνότατα ἐκ μυχῶν παγαί· ποταμοὶ δ' ἀμέραισιν μὲν προχέοντι ῥόον καπνοῦ αἴθων'· ἀλλ' ἐν ὄρφναισιν πέτρας φοίνισσα κυλινδομένα φλὸξ ἐς βαθεῖαν φέρει πόντου πλάκα σὺν πατάγῳ. κεῖνο δ' Ἀφαίστοιο κρουνοὺς ἑρπετὸν δεινοτάτους ἀναπέμπει· τέρας μὲν θαυμάσιον προσιδέσθαι, θαῦμα δὲ καὶ παρεόντων ἀκοῦσαι, οἷον Αἴτνας ἐν μελαμφύλλοις δέδεται κορυφαῖς καὶ πέδῳ, στρωμνὰ δὲ χαράσσοισ' ἅπαν νῶτον ποτικεκλιμένον κεντεῖ.	from her belch forth the purest springs of unapproachable fire out of her depths; and by day her rivers pour out a stream of smoke, blazing; but in the darkness rocks are swept by a red rolling flame down to the deep plain of the sea with a crash. It is that monster that sends up the most terrible fountains of Hephaestus: a portent marvelous to behold, a marvel even to hear of from those who have been there, how he is bound among the dark-leaved peaks of Etna and the plain, and his bed scratches and goads the whole of his back stretched against it.
Pindar P. 1.28 εἴη, Ζεῦ, τὶν εἴη ἀνδάνειν, ὃς τοῦτ' ἐφέπεις ὄρος, εὐκάρποιο γαίας μέτωπον, τοῦ μὲν ἐπωνυμίαν κλεινὸς οἰκιστὴρ ἐκύδανεν πόλιν γείτονα, Πυθιάδος δ' ἐν δρόμῳ κάρυξ ἀνέειπέ νιν	May it be, Zeus, may it be mine to please you, who rule this mountain, brow of a fruitful land, whose name the famous founder has glorified in the city next to it; and at the Pythian racecourse the herald

5 Pythian 1 celebrates Hieron's chariot victory at Delphi in 470 BC, which he had proclaimed in the name of Aetna, the new city he founded beneath the volcano.

6 Typhon, the monster who fought Zeus, was said to be pinned beneath Etna and the volcanic lands as far as Cumae near Naples.

GREEK	ENGLISH
ἀγγέλλων Ἱέρωνος ὑπὲρ καλλινίκου ἅρμασι. ναυσιφορήτοις δ’ ἀνδράσι πρώτα χάρις ἐς πλόον ἀρχομένοις πομπαῖον ἐλθεῖν οὖρον· ἐοικότα γὰρ καὶ τελευτᾷ φερτέρου νόστου τυχεῖν. ὁ δὲ λόγος ταύταις ἐπὶ συντυχίαις δόξαν φέρει λοιπὸν ἔσσεσθαι στεφάνοισί ⟨νιν⟩ ἵπποις τε κλυτὰν καὶ σὺν εὐφώνοις θαλίαις ὀνυμαστάν.	proclaimed it, announcing Hieron’s splendid victory in the chariot race. For seafaring men the first blessing, as they set out on a voyage, is that a following wind should come; for it is likely that at the end too they will meet with a better homecoming. And this saying, given these happy chances, brings the expectation that the city will in future be famous for garlands and horses and renowned for tuneful festivities.
Pindar P. 5.66–72 Λύκιε καὶ Δάλου ἀνάσσων Φοῖβε, Παρνασσοῦ τε κράναν Κασταλίαν φιλέων, ἐθελήσαις ταῦτα νόῳ τιθέμεν εὔανδρόν τε χώραν. ἐκ θεῶν γὰρ μαχαναὶ πᾶσαι βροτέαις ἀρεταῖς, καὶ σοφοὶ καὶ χερσὶ βιαταὶ περίγλωσσοί τ’ ἔφυν. ἄνδρα δ’ ἐγὼ κεῖνον αἰνῆσαι μενοινῶν ἔλπομαι μὴ χαλκοπάρᾳον ἄκοντ’ ὠσείτ’ ἀγῶνος βαλεῖν ἔξω παλάμᾳ δονέων, μακρὰ δὲ ῥίψαις ἀμεύσασθ’ ἀντίους·	Lycian Phoebus, lord of Delos, who love the Castalian spring of Parnassus, may you be willing to keep this in mind and make the land rich in good men. For from the gods come all the means for mortal excellence, and men are born wise and strong of hand and eloquent. And as for that man, I hope, in my eagerness to praise him, not to throw, as it were, the bronze-cheeked javelin outside the field, brandishing it in my hand, but with a long cast to outdo my rivals.
Pindar P. 3.44–60 εἰ γὰρ ὁ πᾶς χρόνος ὄλβον μὲν οὕτω καὶ κτεάνων δόσιν εὐθύνοι, καμάτων δ’ ἐπίλασιν παράσχοι. ἦ κεν ἀμνάσειεν, οἵαις ἐν πολέμοισι μάχαις τλάμονι ψυχᾷ παρέμειν’, ἀνίχ’ εὑρίσκοντο θεῶν παλάμαις τιμάν, οἵαν οὔτις Ἑλλάνων δρέπει, πλούτου στεφάνωμ’ ἀγέρωχον. νῦν γε μὰν τὰν Φιλοκτήταο δίκαν ἐφέπων ἐστρατεύθη· σὺν δ’ ἀνάγκᾳ νιν φίλον καί τις ἐὼν μεγαλάνωρ ἔσανεν. φαντὶ δὲ Λαμνόθεν ἕλκει τειρόμενον μεταβάσοντας ἐλθεῖν ἥρωας ἀντιθέους Ποίαντος υἱὸν τοξόταν·	If only all time would keep his prosperity and the gift of possessions on this straight course, and grant forgetfulness of his toils. Surely it would remind him in what battles of war he held his ground with an enduring soul, when they won at the gods’ hands such honor as no other Greek reaps, a proud crown of wealth. And now, following Philoctetes’ way, he has taken the field; and under necessity, as a friend, even one who was proud fawned on him. They say that from Lemnos, worn by his wound, they came to bring him over, the godlike heroes, the archer son of Poeas:[7]
Pindar P. 3.61–67 ὃς Πριάμοιο πόλιν πέρσεν, τελεύτασέν τε πόνους Δαναοῖς, ἀσθενεῖ μὲν χρωτὶ βαίνων, ἀλλὰ μοιρίδιον ἦν. οὕτω δ’ Ἱέρωνι θεὸς ὀρθωτὴρ πέλοι τὸν προσέρποντα χρόνον, ὧν ἔραται καιρὸν διδούς. Μοῖσα, καὶ πὰρ Δεινομένει κελαδῆσαι	he sacked Priam’s city and brought the Danaans’ labors to an end, walking with a feeble body, but it was fated. So may a god be Hieron’s upholder in the time that is creeping on, giving him due measure of what he desires.

7 Hieron had gone on campaign though ill; Philoctetes, the archer left on Lemnos with a festering wound, had to be brought to Troy before it could fall.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
	πίθεό μοι ποινὰν τεθρίππων. χάρμα δ' οὐκ ἀλλότριον νικαφορία πατέρος.	Muse, by Deinomenes' side as well, to sing aloud the reward for the four-horse chariot, heed me: a father's victory is no strange joy to a son.[8]
Pindar P. 1.60	ἄγε δὴ Αἴτνας βασιλεῖ φίλιον ἐξεύρωμεν ὕμνον· τῷ πόλιν κείναν θεοδμάτῳ σὺν ἐλευθερίᾳ Ὑλλίδος στάθμας Ἱέρων ἐν νόμοις ἔκτισσ'. ἐθέλοντι δὲ Παμφύλου καὶ μὰν Ἡρακλειδᾶν ἔκγονοι ὄχθαις ὕπο Ταϋγέτου ναίοντες αἰεὶ μένειν τεθμοῖσιν ἐν Αἰγιμιοῦ Δωριεῖς. ἔσχον δ' Ἀμύκλας ὄλβιοι, Πινδόθεν ὀρνύμενοι, λευκοπώλων Τυνδαριδᾶν βαθύδοξοι γείτονες, ὧν κλέος ἄνθησεν αἰχμᾶς.	Come, then, let us find a friendly hymn for the king of Aetna, for whom, with god-built freedom, that city Hieron founded under the rule of Hyllus' laws. And the descendants of Pamphylus and of the Heraclids too, who live below the slopes of Taygetus, wish to re- main forever under the ordinances of Aegimius, Dorians. Prosperous, they took Amyclae, setting out from Pindus, deeply glorious neigh- bors of the Tyndarids with their white horses, and the fame of their spears flowered.[9]
Pindar P. 1.70	Ζεῦ τέλει', αἰεὶ δὲ τοιαύταν Ἀμένα παρ' ὕδωρ αἶσαν ἀστοῖς καὶ βασιλεῦσιν διακρίνειν ἔτυμον λόγον ἀνθρώπων, σύν τοι τίν κεν ἀγητὴρ ἀνήρ, υἱῷ τ' ἐπιτελλόμενος, δᾶμον γεραίρων τράποι σύμφωνον ἐς ἀσυχίαν. λίσσομαι νεῦσον, Κρονίων, ἄμερον ὄφρα κατ' οἶκον ὁ Φοίνιξ ὁ Τυρσανῶν τ' ἀλαλατὸς ἔχῃ, ναυσίστονον ὕβριν ἰδὼν τὰν πρὸ Κύμας·	Zeus Fulfiller, may such a lot always, by the water of the Amenas, be judged by the true report of men to be the cit- izens' and the kings'. With your help a man who leads, giving charge to his son too, may honor the people and turn them to harmonious peace. I beg you, son of Cronus, nod assent, that peace- fully the Phoenician and the war cry of the Etruscans stay at home, having seen their arrogance bring groans to their ships before Cumae—[10]
Pindar P. 1.75	οἷα Συρακοσίων ἀρχῷ δαμασθέντες πάθον, ὠκυπόρων ἀπὸ ναῶν ὅ σφιν ἐν πόντῳ βάλεθ' ἁλικίαν, Ἑλλάδ' ἐξέλκων βαρείας δουλίας. ἀρέομαι πὰρ μὲν Σαλαμῖνος, Ἀθαναίων χάριν, μισθόν, ἐν Σπάρτᾳ δ' ⟨ἀπὸ⟩ τᾶν πρὸ Κιθαιρῶνος μαχᾶν, ταῖσι Μήδειοι κάμον ἀγκυλότοξοι, παρὰ δὲ τὰν εὔυδρον ἀκτὰν Ἱμέρα παίδεσσιν ὕμνον Δεινομένευς τελέσαις, τὸν ἐδέξαντ' ἀμφ' ἀρετᾷ, πολεμίων ἀνδρῶν καμόντων.	what they suffered when overcome by the leader of the Syracusans, who cast their youth from their swift ships into the sea, dragging Greece out of heavy slavery. I shall earn from Salamis the Athenians' gratitude as my wage, and in Sparta from the battles before Cithaeron, in which the Medes with curved bows were laid low, and by the well-watered shore of the Himeras by completing a hymn for the sons of Deinomenes, which they earned by their excellence, when the enemy men were laid low.[11]
Pindar P. 1.81	καιρὸν εἰ φθέγξαιο, πολλῶν πείρατα συντανύσαις ἐν βραχεῖ, μείων ἔπεται μῶμος ἀνθρώπων. ἀπὸ γὰρ κόρος	If you speak to the point, drawing the strands of many things together

8 Deinomenes, Hieron's son, had been installed as king of the new city of Aetna.
9 Hyllus (son of Heracles), Pamphylus and Aegimius were legendary founders of Dorian law; the Tyndarids are Castor and Polydeuces, the divine twins of Sparta.
10 The Amenas is the river of Aetna. "The Phoenician" is Carthage; Hieron destroyed an Etruscan fleet off Cumae in 474 BC.
11 Salamis (480 BC) and Plataea under Mount Cithaeron (479 BC) were the great victories over Persia. At Himera (480 BC) the sons of the elder Deinomenes, Hieron and his brother Gelon, defeated Carthage.

GREEK	ENGLISH
ἀμβλύνει αἰανὴς ταχείας ἐλπίδας· ἀστῶν δ' ἀκοὰ κρύφιον θυμὸν βαρύνει μάλιστ' ἐσλοῖσιν ἐπ' ἀλλοτρίοις. ἀλλ' ὅμως, κρέσσων γὰρ οἰκτιρμοῦ φθόνος, μὴ παρίει καλά. νώμα δικαίῳ πηδαλίῳ στρατόν· ἀψευδεῖ δὲ πρὸς ἄκμονι χάλκευε γλῶσσαν. εἴ τι καὶ φλαῦρον παραιθύσσει, μέγα τοι φέρεται πὰρ σέθεν. πολλῶν ταμίας ἐσσί· πολλοὶ μάρτυρες ἀμφοτέροις πιστοί. εὐανθεῖ δ' ἐν ὀργᾷ παρμένων, εἴπερ τι φιλεῖς ἀκοὰν ἁδεῖαν αἰεὶ κλύειν, μὴ κάμνε λίαν δαπάναις·	in brief, less blame from men follows. For excess wearies and blunts quick hopes; and what citizens hear weighs heavy on their secret hearts, most of all about the good fortunes of others. But still, since envy is better than pity, do not pass over fine things. Steer your people with a just rudder; forge your tongue on an anvil free of lies. If even a trivial thing flies off, it is borne as something great coming from you. You are steward of many things; many are the witnesses to be trusted for both. Abiding in a flourishing temper, if you love always to hear sweet report of yourself, do not tire too much of spending;
Pindar P. ἐξίει δ' ὥσπερ κυβερνάτας ἀνὴρ ἱστίον ἀνεμόεν. μὴ δολωθῇς, ὦ φίλος, κέρδεσιν εὐτράπλοις· ὀπιθόμβροτον αὔχημα δόξας οἷον ἀποιχομένων ἀνδρῶν δίαιταν μανύει καὶ λογίοις καὶ ἀοιδοῖς· οὐ φθίνει Κροίσου φιλόφρων ἀρετά· τὸν δὲ ταύρῳ χαλκέῳ καυτῆρα νηλέα νόον ἐχθρὰ Φάλαριν κατέχει παντᾷ φάτις, οὐδέ νιν φόρμιγγες ὑπωρόφιαι κοινωνίαν μαλθακὰν παίδων ὀάροισι δέκονται. τὸ δὲ παθεῖν εὖ πρῶτον ἄθλων· εὖ δ' ἀκούειν δευτέρα μοῖρ'· ἀμφοτέροισι δ' ἀνὴρ ὃς ἂν ἐγκύρσῃ, καὶ ἔλῃ, στέφανον ὕψιστον δέδεκται.	let out, like a helmsman, your sail to the wind. Do not be deceived, my friend, by shifty gains. The proud acclaim of fame that outlives a man alone reveals the way of life of men who are gone to chroniclers and poets alike. The kindly excellence of Croesus does not fade; but him who burned men in the bronze bull, pitiless of mind, Phalaris, hateful report holds down everywhere, nor do the lyres in the hall receive him into gentle fellowship with the songs of boys. To fare well is the first of prizes; to be well spoken of, the second share; and the man who meets with both and takes them has received the highest crown.[12]

PYTHIAN 8: FOR ARISTOMENES OF AEGINA

Pindar praises Tranquility and Aegina, and calls man the dream of a shadow.

GREEK	ENGLISH
Pindar P. φιλόφρον Ἡσυχία, Δίκας ὦ μεγιστόπολι θύγατερ, βουλᾶν τε καὶ πολέμων ἔχοισα κλαῖδας ὑπερτάτας, Πυθιόνικον τιμὰν Ἀριστομένει δέκευ. τὺ γὰρ τὸ μαλθακὸν ἔρξαι τε καὶ παθεῖν ὁμῶς ἐπίστασαι καιρῷ σὺν ἀτρεκεῖ·	Kindly Tranquility, of Justice the daughter who makes cities great, of councils and of wars holding the supreme keys, receive this honor of a Pythian victory for Aristomenes. For gentleness, both to do it and to undergo it alike, you understand, with unerring timing;[13]

12 Croesus, king of Lydia, was famed for his generous offerings; Phalaris, tyrant of Acragas, was said to roast his victims inside a bronze bull.

GREEK	ENGLISH
Pindar P. 8.21 σὺ δ', ὁπόταν τις ἀμείλιχον καρδίᾳ κότον ἐνελάσῃ, τραχεῖα δυσμενέων ὑπαντιάξαισα κράτει τιθεῖς Ὕβριν ἐν ἄντλῳ. τὰν οὐδὲ Πορφυρίων μάθεν παρ' αἶσαν ἐξερεθίζων· κέρδος δὲ φίλτατον, ἑκόντος εἴ τις ἐκ δόμων φέροι.	but you, whenever someone drives relentless rancor into his heart, harsh toward the hostile, meeting their might, you put Arrogance in the bilge. Porphyrion did not know you either when he provoked you beyond measure. Gain is dearest if one takes it from the house of a willing giver.[14]
Pindar P. 8.16 βία δὲ καὶ μεγάλαυχον ἔσφαλεν ἐν χρόνῳ. Τυφὼς Κίλιξ ἑκατόγκρανος οὔ νιν ἄλυξεν, οὐδὲ μὰν βασιλεὺς Γιγάντων· δμᾶθεν δὲ κεραυνῷ τόξοισί τ' Ἀπόλλωνος· ὃς εὐμενεῖ νόῳ Ξενάρκειον ἔδεκτο Κίρραθεν ἐστεφανωμένον υἱὸν ποίᾳ Παρνασσίδι Δωριεῖ τε κώμῳ.	Violence trips up even the boastful in time. Cilician Typhon of the hundred heads did not escape her, nor did the king of the Giants; they were laid low by the thunderbolt and the arrows of Apollo, who with kindly mind welcomed the son of Xenarces back from Cirrha, crowned with Parnassian grass and a Dorian revel.
Pindar P. 8.22 ἔπεσε δ' οὐ Χαρίτων ἑκὰς ἁ δικαιόπολις ἀρεταῖς κλεινᾶισιν Αἰακιδᾶν θιγοῖσα νᾶσος· τελέαν δ' ἔχει δόξαν ἀπ' ἀρχᾶς. πολλοῖσι μὲν γὰρ ἀείδεται νικαφόροις ἐν ἀέθλοις θρέψαισα καὶ θοαῖς ὑπερτάτους ἥρωας ἐν μάχαις· τὰ δὲ καὶ ἀνδράσιν ἐμπρέπει.	It has not fallen far from the Graces, this island of just citizens, which has laid hold of the famous excellences of the Aeacids; and it holds perfect glory from the start. For it is sung by many for having reared, in prize-winning games and in swift battles, heroes beyond all others; and it stands out in its men too.[15]
Pindar P. 8.31 εἰμὶ δ' ἄσχολος ἀναθέμεν πᾶσαν μακραγορίαν λύρᾳ τε καὶ φθέγματι μαλθακῷ, μὴ κόρος ἐλθὼν κνίσῃ. τὸ δ' ἐν ποσί μοι τράχον ἴτω τεὸν χρέος, ὦ παῖ, νεώτατον καλῶν, ἐμᾷ ποτανὸν ἀμφὶ μαχανᾷ. παλαισμάτεσσι γὰρ ἰχνεύων ματραδελφεοὺς Ὀλυμπίᾳ τε Θεόγνητον οὐ κατελέγχεις, οὐδὲ Κλειτομάχοιο νίκαν Ἰσθμοῖ θρασύγυιον·	But I have no leisure to dedicate the whole long tale to the lyre and the gentle voice, lest excess come and grate. But let what runs before my feet, your due, boy, the newest of glories, go forth, winged by my craft. For in wrestling you follow in the tracks of your mother's brothers: you do not shame Theognetus at Olympia, nor Cleitomachus' bold-limbed victory at the Isthmus;
Pindar P. 8.40 αὔξων δὲ πάτραν Μιδυλιδᾶν λόγον φέρεις, τὸν ὅνπερ ποτ' Ὀϊκλέος παῖς ἐν ἑπταπύλοις ἰδὼν υἱοὺς Θήβαις αἰνίξατο παρμένοντας αἰχμᾷ, ὁπότ' ἀπ' Ἄργεος ἦλυθον δευτέραν ὁδὸν Ἐπίγονοι.	and, increasing the clan of the Midylidae, you bear out the word which once the son of Oicles, seeing at seven-gated Thebes the sons standing fast with the spear,

13 Pythian 8 (446 BC) celebrates Aristomenes of Aegina, winner in wrestling at Delphi; Hesychia (Tranquility) is the civic peace of a well-ordered city.

14 Porphyrion was king of the Giants who rose against the gods.

15 The island is Aegina, home of the Aeacids, the heroic line of Aeacus (Peleus, Telamon, Achilles, Ajax).

GREEK	ENGLISH
ὣδ’ εἶπε μαρναμένων· φυᾷ τὸ γενναῖον ἐπιπρέπει ἐκ πατέρων παισὶ λῆμα. θαέομαι σαφὲς δράκοντα ποικίλον αἰθᾶς Ἀλκμᾶν’ ἐπ’ ἀσπίδος νωμῶντα πρῶτον ἐν Κάδμου πύλαις.	uttered in riddles, when from Argos they came on the second expedition, the Epigoni. So he spoke while they fought: “By nature the noble spirit shines out from fathers in their sons. I see clearly the dappled serpent on his blazing shield, Alcmaeon wielding it, first at the gates of Cadmus.[16]
Pindar P. 8.39–44 ὁ δὲ καμὼν προτέρᾳ πάθᾳ νῦν ἀρείονος ἐνέχεται ὄρνιχος ἀγγελίᾳ Ἄδραστος ἥρως· τὸ δὲ οἴκοθεν ἀντία πράξει. μοῦνος γὰρ ἐκ Δαναῶν στρατοῦ θανόντος ὀστέα λέξαις υἱοῦ, τύχᾳ θεῶν ἀφίξεται λαῷ σὺν ἀβλαβεῖ Ἄβαντος εὐρυχόρους ἀγυιάς. τοιαῦτα μὲν ἐφθέγξατ’ Ἀμφιάρηος. χαίρων δὲ καὶ αὐτὸς Ἀλκμᾶνα στεφάνοισι βάλλω, ῥαίνω δὲ καὶ ὕμνῳ,	And he who suffered in the earlier disaster now meets with better tidings from the bird of omen, the hero Adrastus; but at home he will fare the opposite. For alone of the Danaan host, having gathered the bones of his dead son, by the gods’ fortune he will arrive, his people unharmed, at the broad streets of Abas.” Such were the words Amphiaraus uttered. And I myself, rejoicing, pelt Alcmaeon with garlands and sprinkle him with song too,[17]
Pindar P. 8.65–71 γείτων ὅτι μοι καὶ κτεάνων φύλαξ ἐμῶν ὑπάντασεν ἰόντι γᾶς ὀμφαλὸν παρ’ ἀοίδιμον, μαντευμάτων τ’ ἐφάψατο συγγόνοισι τέχναις. τὺ δ’,Ἑκαταβόλε, πάνδοκον ναὸν εὐκλέα διανέμων Πυθῶνος ἐν γυάλοις, τὸ μὲν μέγιστον τόθι χαρμάτων ὤπασας· οἴκοι δὲ πρόσθεν ἁρπαλέαν δόσιν πενταθλίου σὺν ἑορταῖς ὑμαῖς ἐπάγαγες.	because, my neighbor and the guardian of my possessions, he met me as I was going to the famous navel of the earth, and took up prophecy with the arts born in his family. And you, Far-Shooter, who govern the all-welcoming and glorious temple in the hollows of Pytho, there the greatest of joys you granted; and at home, before, the coveted gift of the pentathlon you bestowed at your festivals.[18]
Pindar P. 8.72–77 ἄναξ, ἑκόντι δ’ εὔχομαι νόῳ κατά τιν’ ἁρμονίαν βλέπειν, ἀμφ’ ἕκαστον ὅσα νέομαι. κώμῳ μὲν ἁδυμελεῖ Δίκα παρέστακε· θεῶν δ’ ὄπιν ἄφθονον αἰτέω, Ξείναρκες, ὑμετέραις τύχαις.	Lord, with a willing mind I pray to look with some harmony on everything I approach. Beside the sweet-singing revel Justice has taken her stand; and the gods’ regard, ungrudging, I ask, Xenarces, for your fortunes.
Pindar P. 8.78–81 εἰ γάρ τις ἐσλὰ πέπαται μὴ σὺν μακρῷ πόνῳ, πολλοῖς σοφὸς δοκεῖ πεδ’ ἀφρόνων βίον κορυσσέμεν ὀρθοβούλοισι μαχαναῖς·	For if someone has won good things without long toil,

16 Amphiaraus, son of Oicles, was a seer who died in the first attack of the Seven on Thebes; the Epigoni (“Descendants”) were their sons, who took the city.

17 Adrastus led the first, failed expedition against Thebes and lost his son in the second; “the streets of Abas” are Argos, after an early king.

18 Alcmaeon had a shrine near Pindar’s house in Thebes; the “navel of the earth” is Delphi (Pytho).

GREEK	ENGLISH
τὰ δ’ οὐκ ἐπ’ ἀνδράσι κεῖται· δαίμων δὲ παρίσχει, ἄλλοτ’ ἄλλον ὕπερθε βάλλων, ἄλλον δ’ ὑπὸ χειρῶν μέτρῳ καταβαίνει. Μεγάροις δ’ ἔχεις γέρας, μυχῷ τ’ ἐν Μαραθῶνος, Ἥρας τ’ ἀγῶν’ ἐπιχώριον νίκαις τρισσαῖς, Ἀριστόμενες, δάμασσας ἔργῳ·	to many he seems a wise man among fools, arming his life with rightly counseled devices; but these things do not rest with men; a god bestows them, now throwing one man on high, now another beneath his hands he brings down, by measure. At Megara you hold a prize, and in the hollow of Marathon, and Hera’s local contest with three victories, Aristomenes, you mastered by your deeds;
Pindar P. 8.81 τέτρασι δ’ ἔμπετες ὑψόθεν σωμάτεσσι κακὰ φρονέων, τοῖς οὔτε νόστος ὁμῶς ἔπαλπνος ἐν Πυθιάδι κρίθη, οὐδὲ μολόντων πὰρ ματέρ’ ἀμφὶ γέλως γλυκὺς ὦρσεν χάριν· κατὰ λαύρας δ’ ἐχθρῶν ἀπάοροι πτώσσοντι, συμφορᾷ δεδαγμένοι.	and you fell from above on four bodies, with harm in mind, for whom no homecoming like yours, so joyful, was decided at the Pythian games, nor, when they came back to their mothers, did sweet laughter all around stir up delight; but along the back lanes, keeping clear of enemies, they slink, stung by their misfortune.
Pindar P. 8.91 ὁ δὲ καλόν τι νέον λαχὼν ἀβρότατος ἔπι μεγάλας ἐξ ἐλπίδος πέταται ὑποπτέροις ἀνορέαις, ἔχων κρέσσονα πλούτου μέριμναν. ἐν δ’ ὀλίγῳ βροτῶν τὸ τερπνὸν αὔξεται· οὕτω δὲ καὶ πίτνει χαμαί, ἀποτρόπῳ γνώμᾳ σεσεισμένον.	But he who has won some fine new thing, in his splendor, out of great hope takes flight on the wings of his manhood, having ambition greater than wealth. But in a short time mortals’ delight grows; and just so it falls to the ground, shaken by an adverse purpose.
Pindar P. 8.95 ἐπάμεροι· τί δέ τις; τί δ’ οὔ τις; σκιᾶς ὄναρ ἄνθρωπος. ἀλλ’ ὅταν αἴγλα διόσδοτος ἔλθῃ, λαμπρὸν φέγγος ἔπεστιν ἀνδρῶν καὶ μείλιχος αἰών· Αἴγινα φίλα μᾶτερ, ἐλευθέρῳ στόλῳ πόλιν τάνδε κόμιζε Διὶ καὶ κρέοντι σὺν Αἰακῷ Πηλεῖ τε κἀγαθῷ Τελαμῶνι σύν τ’ Ἀχιλλεῖ.	Creatures of a day! What is someone? What is no one? A dream of a shadow is man. But when a god-given radiance comes, a bright light rests on men, and life is sweet. Aegina, dear mother, on a voyage of freedom keep this city safe, with Zeus and lord Aeacus, with Peleus and noble Telamon, and with Achilles.