

The Anacreontea

Anacreon



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THE ANACREONTEA

[THE MS HAS the title: 'Convivial Half-Iambics of Anacreon of Teos and Anacreontea and Trimeters'; and at the end of the book 'End of the Convivial Poems of Anacreon'; Anacreontea may be an alternative title, Trimeters that of a section which the scribe failed to copy out.]

1

The Teian lord of minstrelsy
Hailed me gaily in a dream;
I ran and kissed him tenderly.
Old he was, but fair did seem,
Fair and fond of merriment;
Love his tottering footsteps led,
His lip of wine was redolent.
There was a garland on his head;
He snatcht it off and held it out;
It smelt of him; and (silly lout!)
I took and bound it my fool brows above;
And from that hour I've never ceased to love.

[Introductory. Probably the introduction to the book from which the oldest of the poems were selected.]

2

Comrades, give me Homer's lyre,
But change the chord of blood and fire;
[Another Introduction. Lit. without the murderous string; i.e.. eliminate the warlike element.]
'Bring cups to-day
Of laws, not wine,

Comrades, give me Homer's lyre,
But change the chord of blood and fire.

Take your tools, but make for me,
Vulcan, no silver panoply;
For what care I for war's array?
Make me the deepest cup you may.
No stars upon it, if you please,
Arcturus nor the Pleiades,

Nor yet the Wain; Orion grim,
What have I to do with him?
But grave me on ‘t the clambering vine
And the laughing clusters fine,
And, gathering them, a Maenad crew;
And make a winepress on it too,
And three gold figures treading there,
Love, Bacchus, and my fairest fair.

5

Graver famous, graver feat,
Make a cup the Spring to greet.
The season that to man hath sent
The rose, that sweetest ornament,
Pray duplicate in silver line
To make my drinking sweet and fine.
By all that's holy I adjure ye
Grave me no unfamiliar story;
But grave me Bacchus, son of Jove,
 To whom the jocund Maenad cries,
Grave me the Mystagogue of Love,
 Chantress of epithalamies;
Then Cupids (but unarmed, I pray)
And the Graces laughing gay;
Last, ‘neath leafy vine outspread
With clusters dangling overhead,
Some urchins dancing in a ring
Fit toys for Phoebus’ dallying.

6

Weaving a crown of posies
I found Love in the roses;
By th’ wings I caught him up

And popped him in the cup;
 Then took and quaffed
 It at a draught;
 And now, my heart within,
 His wings play tickle-chin.

7

“You’re old, Anacreon,’
 The ladies say; “look on
 “Your forehead in the glass, and see
 “How thin your love-locks be.

As for my hair, I wot’
Not whe’r ’tis thin or not;
But this I know, the nigher Death’s day
The more should old men play.

8

Give me not Gyges's Sardian gold;
Kings may keep their wealth untold;
But give me nard
Upon my beard,
And roses round my brow.
My care's to-day;
To-morrow tell who may.

So while the days are calm and fine,
Come and toast the God of Wine;
Let cups be tost,
Stakes won and lost,
Lest sickness come and say
‘The time is up;
Put down the festive cup.’

9

By the Gods I conjure thee,
Let me drink and drink again;
For frenzied, frenzied would I be,
O'er the blood of mother slam
Alcmaeon and the wild-footed
Orestes did their frenzy gain;
I, by taking no man's head,
But by draughts of liquor red —
Thus, thus would I be frenzied.

[illegible]

10

How shall I serve you, chattering Swallow?
 Clip your wayward wings about?
 Or Tereus follow
 And your glib tongue cut out?
 Why should your matin talk above
 Rob my sweet dreams of my love?

11

This morn I spied a peddling lout
That hawked a waxen Love about.
I went to him; ‘How much?’ I said
In his own tongue he answered
‘Ony ‘s the price that ye shall pay,
‘Gin I forget him frae this day;

'For I'm nae toyman; all I'm willin'
 'Is to rid me of a villain.'
 'Then take a shilling,' answered I,
 'A shilling for a pretty elf.'
 And now, Love, haste and make me fry,
 Or you shall melt in flames yourself.

12

'Twas Cybele the fair, 'tis said,
 That o'er the mountains raving made
 Half-woman Attis rove;
 And who by holy Clarus' hill
 Taste laurel's Phoebe's wordy rill
 Do shrieking madmen prove.
 And what shall be my madding-stuff?
 A surfeit sweeter than enough
 Of wine and myrrh and love.

13

I dearly long to love. One day
 Love bade me do 't;
 I, like a fool, said nay.
 He took his quiver gold-bedight
 And bow to boot,
 And challenged me to fight.
 Like Peleus' son cuirass I sought
 And armament
 Of shield and spear, and fought.
 He shot, I ran; his shafts all sped,
 Angered he sent
 Himself at me instead.

He pierced my inmost heart, and laid
Me wasted quite;
My buckler's useless made.
For what is outward equipage,
When he the fight
Doth still within me wage?

14

If you can count the leaves of all the trees,
The sands of all the seas,
Then will I have you Lord High
Reckoner be
Of loves to me.
First twenty loves, nay, thirty-five set down
From Athens town,
And loves in bunches then from Corinth city
(Achaean girls are pretty);
To Lesbos, Rhodes, Ionia, Caria come
And fifty score's the sum.
What? does your poor head swim? there's Syria yet,
And don't forget
Egypt, nor Crete, where all wares may be had
And Love runs mad.
Shall I add loves beyond Gadire that fall,
Ind, Bactria, and all?

15

Whence come you, Dove so dear,
Whence through the airy sphere
Your course have bent
All balm-besprent?
What is your errand here?

‘Anacreon’s business brings
‘This way my wandering wings
‘To ‘s heart’s delight,
‘Bathyllus hight,
‘Now king of all his kings.

‘Of Venus bought he me,
‘His courier to be,
‘For one poor song;
‘He says ere long
‘He’ll set his courier free.

‘E’en so, in servitude
‘I’ll stay: o’er wold and wood
‘Why vagrant it
‘On trees to sit ‘
And feed on wild-birds’ food?

‘Now, bread’s my meat in store
‘From his own hands, and more,
‘Red wine I sup
‘From out the cup
‘Where he hath supped before.

‘Then to his verse’s chime
‘I clap my wings in time;
‘And soon, when sleep
‘His eye doth steep,
‘Dream on his lyre sublime. [over]

‘Now, Sir, I’ve said my say;
‘You’ve made me prate all day;
‘No talking crow ‘Would chatter so;
‘Enough; pray go your way.’

16

Come, master of the Rhodian art
And draw the darling of my heart;

She’s absent, but your paint lay on
 To her swain’s dictation.
 Make soft and black the hair of her
 And, if brush may, to smell of myrrh;
 Make her full-face, the locks of jet
 Over ivory temples set;
 Her eyebrows neither join nor sever,
 But make (as ’tis) that selvage never
 Clearly one nor surely two;
 Her glance be fire (no mimic hue)
 Like Pallas grey, like Venus tender;
 For her cheeks and nose to render
 Mingle rose-leaves with the cream;
 And that the lip like hers may seem,
 Make it what Persuasion’s is,
 Provocation to a kiss;
 And then beneath a shapely chin
 Let every Grace fly out and in
 About a marble throat; the rest
 Be in a chastened purple drest,
 But let her flesh peep here and there
 The lines of beauty to declare.
 You’ve limned her to the life, so take your price;
 You, colours, will be speaking in a trice.

Limn me thus the lad I love:
 Sleek and shining make his hair,
 Dark beneath, sun-bright above,
 And let the love-locks free as air
 Lie as they will, disordered, there;
 Make his forehead soft as dew
 And wreath 't with brows of snaky hue;
 For 's dark eyes mix fierceness bright

With a calm and gentle light,
This from the mighty War-God brought,
That in Cytherea sought,
This to affright us when he looks,
To keep us that on tenterhooks.
Sample for his downy cheek
In a rosy apple seek;
For the blush that on it lies,
Take, as you may take, Modesty's charms;
The lip, I know not how you'll draw
With softness and persuasion fraught,
But let the silent colours be
A speaking taciturnity.

So far the face; let the neck's charms
Out-ivory Adon's breast and arms
From Mercury take; let Pollux tell ye
Where to get thighs, and Bacchus belly;
Where those tender thighs commence
Mix love with shamefast innocence.

Your art's a niggard; else it would
Add back to front, and better good.
What need to tell how's feet to make?
Enough; the fee's whate'er you'll take.

Lift yon Phoebus from his nail;
There Bathyllus' pattern is;
And if to Samos e'er you sail,
Take Phoebus' portraiture from his.

18A

Give me the Wine-God's bowl,
 Ladies; I would drink deep:
 These fever-fostering hours
 Do make me weep.

Give me the Wine-God's flowers
 My burning brow to cover;
 But what can shade the soul
 Of fevered lover?

18B

Beneath Bathyllus's shade I sit;
'Tis prettiest of trees,
And soft the dainty sprays of it
Toss on the breeze;
Beside it sweet Persuasion's brook
Goes peacefully;
What wayfarer so fair a nook
Could see and pass it by?

19

Young Love the Muses nine
Bound once in flowery twine
 & And made him Beauty's slave;
Now Venus would him free,
And ransom brings; but he
Grown used to slavery
His mistress will not leave.

20

Anacreon's wine is sweet enough,
And Sappho's sweet may be;
But add a drop of Pindar's stuff
Before you fill for me.
These three together mixed, methinks,
Would draw Gods from above;
Bacchus would quaff this drink of drinks,
Bright Venus, yea, and Love.

21

Earth drinks the brook, and tree
 The earth; and even so
 The sea the river, sun the sea,
 And moon the sun.
 Then why make ye,
 My comrades, this ado,
 If I 'ld be drinking too?

22

A stone on Phrygia's hills, they say,
Was daughter of an Argive king;
Pandion's child once passed away
 To be a swallow on the wing.
My wish it were your glass to be,
That you might ever gaze on me;
And I would be your lawny vest,
That you might aye be in me drest;
And I would turn to watery wave
That I your pretty cheek might lave;
And then I'd fain become, my dear,
A box of nard to anoint your hair;
Then pearl for throat, then silken twine
Swelling bosom to confine;
Then sandal, and pray don't forget
On your sandal foot to set.

23

Of Atreus's sons I'll sing,
Of Cadmus tell;
My lute
For all but Love is mute.

When once I changed each string,
Then lyre as well,
Fain of Alcides's might
To indite,
Love's chime alone would ring.
Ye great, farewell!
My lyre
Love only doth inspire.

24

Nature gave horns to bull and hooves to horse,
Gave lions ravening jaws, gave hares swift course,
Made fish to swim, birds fly,
Man to be wise.
Then passed she woman by?
Nay, gave her, strong as any sword or shield,
Beauty, to whose fair eyes
Both steel and flame do yield.

25

You come, dear Swallow, with each Spring,
And build and stay awhile;
Each autumn sends you on the wing
To Memphis or the Nile.
But Love, alas! within my breast
Hath got an ever-building nest;
And one chick's well-nigh fledged, and one
Unhatched, another's callow grown,
And gaping younglings ne'er give o'er
Their chirping infant cries, and more,
The lesser by the great are fed,
And all no sooner feathered
Than these with those do mate, and lay
New eggs and rear fresh broods.

What can I do? I can't away
With Love in multitudes.

26

Thebes doth your verse employ,
 Another's, frays of Troy;
 My tale shall be
 The Sack of Me.

No ships were my undoing,
 Nor horse nor foot my ruin,
 But barbarous foes
 With eyes for bows.

27

By’s mark your horse you’ll own,
 By’s hat a Parthian’s known;
 When I a lover see,
 He’s straightway known to me;
 For in his soul doth stand
 A certain little brand.

28

When beside the Lemnian fire
 Venus's spouse of iron wrought
 The arrows of desire,
 Venus the sweetest honey sought
 And dipt the arrows in it; but her boy
 With bitter gall the honey did alloy.

When great Mars with massy spear
 One day returning from the fight
 Flouted Love's puny gear,
 Quoth Love "You shall not find it light."

Mars took it, but cried out (while Venus smiled)
 ‘Take ‘t back; ’tis heavy.’
 ‘Keep it,’ said the child.

29

Woe ’tis to love not, and to love is woe;
But worst it is of woes
To love and lose.
Goes birth for aught in Love’s account? Oh no,
Nor disposition; wit,
Love tramples it.
Pelf’s all they’ll see; perish who loved it first!
For hence is lost us brother,
Father, mother;
Hence wars and murders got, and, what is worst,
Through love of pelf die we
That lovers be.

30

I dreamt I went with wings away
And fled
The little God;
And though his pretty feet were shod
With lead He caught his prey.
What means this dream? to me full plain It is:
By loves so many
Harried before nor caught by any,
By this
I'm prisoner to'en.

With rushy rod
The little God
Struck me and bid me follow
Through rivers quick
And copses thick
O'er hill I sweat and hollow.
My labouring breath
Was nigh to deaths
But with his dainty wing then
He smites my brow
And cries "How now?
&Is love so hard a thing, then?"

32

On lotus-leaves and myrtles fine
I'll lean, and the Love-lad
In apron clad
Shall stand and serve me wine.
Like wheels our running lives are sped,
And lie we shall and must
A little dust
Of bones uncemented.
Why at my grave your unguents pour?
Why vain anointment give?
While yet I live
Embalm my forehead o'er.
Bring roses, and some maiden fair;
For ere to join I go
The rout below,
I fain would banish care.

33

'Twas at the mid of night,
Whenas the Wain doth wheel
Close on Arcturus' heel,
And every mortal wight
Is sunk in slumber; then
One stood my gate beside
And knocked. 'Who's there?' I cried,
'Who rends my dreams in twain?'
Says Love ('t was he) 'Pray let
'Me in, nor send his ways
'A babe forlorn that strays
'This night so dark and wet.'
Eftsoons I fetched a light,
And opening did descry
A babe, but winged to fly
With bow and arrows dight.
By th'ingle then and there
I set him, chafed amain
His hands, and wrung the rain
From out his dripping hair.
And when he found him warm,
'Go to, let's try together'
Says he 'if this foul weather
'Hath done my bowstring harm.'
This said, he drew the string,
And straight with madding arrow
Had pierced my very marrow;
Then laughing loud took wing,
And cried as off he flew
'Rejoice, my friend, with me;
'My bow is sound, I see,
'And pain's in store for you.'

34

Sweet Cricket, here's a health to you,
While on the high tree-top you sing,
Made merry with a drop of dew,
As happy as a king.

For all the landscape hath is yours
Whatever in farm or field you see;
And all the gifts of all the Hours
You hold in simple fee.

You're friends with them that plant and sow
Because you take nor prize nor prey;
You're dear to all men, for we know
From you that it is May.

The Muses love you, pretty thing,
And great Apollo loves you too;
For they that make all musicking
Gave your sweet voice to you.

Time flies, but age can wear you not,
Deft minstrel-offspring of the sod;
Sans blood and passions blood-begot
You're more than half a God.

35

Once on a day, rose-leaves among,
 Young Love did fail to see
 A sleeping bee,
 And in the hand was stung.
 He shrieked, and running both and flying
 Sped to fair Venus's side And Mother's cried,
 "Out, out, alas! I'm dying.
 "A little snake that goes with wings
 "And as a bee is known To the simple clown,
 "Hath bit me."

‘If such things,’
His mother answered, ‘make you woe,
‘What then do you suppose
‘Can be the woes
‘Of them you harry so?’

36

If wealth of gold
Gave mortals breath,
Then I should hold It, that if
Death Should come to me,
Then I might say ‘Take your fee
‘And go your way.’
But if his years No mortal buys,
Then wherefore tears,
And wherefore sighs?
If we must die
Doth gold avail?
Rather may I
Drink good brown ale
With my best friends,
And when day ends,
Go to bed Love-shepherded.

37

One night begun with joy of wine,
‘Neath coverlet incarnadine
Methought, as nimble light and gay
I ran a goal with girls at play,
Some boys as Bacchus smooth and soft
Pierced my heart with tauntings oft
For sporting with fair maidens so.
Then I for kisses sued, and lo!

They all were fled from out my slumber's ken,
And left alone I wept to sleep agen.

38

Let's quaff the cheering wine
And praise its Lord divine.

[illegible]

Let's drink then, me and you,
And give our thoughts relief;
From pain and grief
What profit doth accrue?
No mortal man may see
Futurity; —
I'll en put cup to lip
And measures trip,
Pour balm and play my fill
With pretty girls or boys;
With all annoys
Concern himself who will.

Let's quaff the cheering wine
And praise its Lord divine.

39

An old man merry gives me joy,
 I love a dancing boy;
 If the old man dance boys among,
 Though's hair be old, his heart is young.

40

Since I am mortal made Life's path to tread,
What's past I know,
But not what's yet to go.
Cares, let me be; with you I've naught to do.
With wine I'll play,
Laugh, dance, till end of day.

41

O merry ’tis to stray
Where meads are green and gay,
And where the gentle
West Blows sweetliest,
To see the mantling vine
And ‘neath its leaves recline
With a fair maid whose breath
Love perfumeth.

42

I love old Bacchus's antic ring,
I like with lads to sweep the string
 And drink the merry night away;
But most of all I'm fain to set
Flower-de-luce for coronet
 On maidens' brows and share their play;

No murderous envy knows my heart,
I shun the caviller's random dart,
I hate the quarrel o'er the wine;
A life of feast and dance and song
With maidens fresh and maidens young,
A life of gentle joy be mine.

43

[illegible]

44

The rose below'd of Loves, the rose
Let's mingle with the wine;
Let's quaff and laugh and round our brows
The sweet-leav'd roses twine.

 For O!
'Tis darling of the Spring, the rose,

'Tis Heaven's dearest thing, the rose;
When Venus's brat with Graces three
A-dancing goes,
Around his love-locks he
Doth bind the rose.
Then ho!
Bring garlands, and the lyre shall grace
The Wine-God's holy place;
With some plump lass I'll fling my toes
Crowned with the rose, the rose.

45

When'er the wine I drink
My cares to sleep do sink.
What then of cares or tears reck I,
What reck I then of toils
And coils?
If willy-nilly I must die,
Wherefore
Over life's riddle pore?
Let's drink fair Bacchus' best,
For then our cares find rest.

46

See how at break of Spring
The Graces rosebuds fling,
See how the stilly waves repose,
See how the duck a-diving goes,
And crane takes wing.
Hot sun drives clouds away;
The fields of man look gay;
The olive-tree doth push her bud;
The fruit that pures the wine-crown'd flood

Shows leaf and spray.

47

I'm old, in sooth,
But I can outdrink youth.

If there be dancing toward I'll trip the sward
Like old Silene among his pack,
And take for sceptre (staff I lack)
The skin that holds the wine.

He that doth take delight
In fray or fight,
Let him go to; he's free to do
Cup, ho! for me; and pour into

The sweetness of the vine.
I'm old, in sooth,
But I can outdrink youth.

48

At Bacchus' entering
Cares go to bed;
I'm rich as Sardis' king,
Rare songs would sing,
With ivy crown my head;
In thought I put
The whole world underfoot.
Then drink prepare, my lad,
The wine-cup bring,
For I far rather had
Lie drunk than dead.

49

51

Nay, shun me not when you discern
 My locks of gray;
 Nor, for that you
 Are in youth's own heyday,
 My love-gift spurn;
 But see how true
 'Tis, even of posies,
 That lilies white look best 'mid roses.

52A

Why teach me laws and rules,
 And logic of the schools?
 What to me, pray,
 Are all these strings
 Of words that useless prove?
 Teach me the gentler things,
 Wine, and to play
 With golden Love.

52B

The gray hairs on my head
 Shall serve for crown;
 Bring wine, boy, mix the bowl,
 And o'er my soul
 Let stupefaction fall.
 Awhile empall
 My living corse; the dead
 Desire hath none.

53

When I young blood do see,
 My youth returns to me;

Then imp'rd am I
The dance to ply,
Then mads me Cybelè.

Bring me the roses red,
And let me wreathè my head;
I'll slough my years,
And peer with peers
Foot it comminglèd.

Fetch Bacchus' juice, and you
Shall see what age can do,
How tell his crack,
And quaff his sack,
And keep good manners too.

54

The bull which here you see,
The king of Gods must be;
A Tyrian maid he hath
On 's back; a path
His hooves do cleave him o'er
The wide sea's floor;
No bull from herd would rove,
To pass the sea, but Jove.

55

Now that the Spring
Has brought the posies,
Coy comrade, let me sing
A song of roses.

The dainty rose is this,
God's darling, mortal's joy,
The wreathèd Love-lads' bliss,

Great Venus's toy;
'Tis every buxom Grace's glory,
'Tis theme of Poesy and Story.

On wooing or winning days
By briary paths 'tis sweet
To fondle flowers that raise
Light fancy's heat;
Without the rose what would befall
The Wine-God's rite convivial?

Of Nymphs with arms rose-red,
Of Venus's roseate cheeks,
Of Dawn rose-fingerèd
The poet speaks;
But others who no poets be
Do pleasure find in this same tree.

For this the sick doth aid,
This guards the coffined corse;
'En Time by this is made
To yield perforce,
For roses old in years as well
As roses young do sweetly smell.
And now shall I
To you recall
The rose's high Original?

When wet from the blue sea
Came Venus, when Jove's head
Brought forth the War-Lady
That was Heav'n's dread,
Then too first bloomed from out the earth
This cunning work, this marvellous birth.

And that the same, once born,
Like Gods might ever live,
When Bacchus to the thorn

The rose did give,
He 'still'd Heaven's nectar o'er the tree,
And so 't has immortality.

56

The mighty God that makes
The labourer never stale,
Young lovers never fail,
Feat dancers o'er wassail,
Has come down for our sakes,
And brought that philtre fine,
That liquor anodyne,
The offspring of the vine,
Keeping it safe as yet
Enfettered in the fruit
Upon the twining shoot,
That when they take knife to 't
Mankind may never get
Or ill of body bright
Or ill of gentle sprite
Till the new vintage-rite.

57

And hath some moulder made the sea?
And hath some art in ecstasy
Poured the ocean on a dish?
And hath some brain half-devilish
Sweet Venus on the blue engraving,
Dear Genesis of peopled heaven?
Naked (but what's not to see
The waves conceal), like tangle free
Along that smooth and summer way

She brings her soft limbs into play,
And leaves a wake of plashing spray.
‘Twixt rosy breast and shapely chin
A great wave comes dividing in;
She through the furrowed calm goes shining
Lily like ‘mid violets twining.
O’er the silver surface wide,
On dolphin-revellers perched astride,
A slily-smiling vanguard ride,
Passion, Desire and Love;
While tumbling the waves above
Bow-back’d fishes, following
The laughing swimmer in a ring,
Give her frolic convoying.

58

When truant Gold away doth wing
Swift as the wind (’tis no rare thing)
I go not after him; for who
Game he hateth will pursue?
I go within, fling care to th’ breeze,
Take lute and troll love-melodies.
But when my pride takes heart of grace,
Then lo! the truant’s in his place,
And drugs my wayward wit till I
Forget the dulcet quill to ply.
Fie, faithless Gold! your cozenings fail;
The strings afford me more regale.
Love of envy and deceit,
That’s what you give man for meat;
The lute doth mix him happier cheer,
Desire of bowers and kisses dear.
Play me truant when you will;
My lyre shall be my comrade still.

Your wiles on those you're free to use
Who be no neighbours of the Muse;
With sweepers of the string like me
The Muse keeps ever company
If you would stir a leaky pot, you may,
Or take a taper to the light of day.

59

Men and maidens shoulder-high
Bring the vine's swart progeny,
Cast it in the press, and then
(Not the maidens but the men)
Tread the grape and free the wine,
To the Vintage-Lord divine
Shouting songs of jubilee
When foaming into butt they see
The jolly must, which elders taking
Trip it with old limbs a-quaking,
Trip it with gray locks a-shaking;
And if youth, when wine's caress
Doth his inmost heart possess,
Hath reluctant lass waylaid
Where she lies 'neath leafy shade,
Her soft limbs sunk in a day-sleep
Which Love suborns (lest she should keep
Wedlock waiting) to betray her,
He without or plea or prayer
His unwilling fair embraces;
For when cups do flush young faces
Bacchus plays with leg o'er traces.

60A

The quivering lute I'll play;
Contest there's none to-day,
But all who practise will
Can win the flower of skill.
With ivory point I'll chime
And cry the Phrygian rhyme,
As swan with plumage hoar
Upon Cayster's shore
Flutes to the fife breeze.
Help, Muse, an if you please,
(For tripod, bay, and song
To Phoebus do belong)
And Phoebus' love proclaim
And ineffectual flame;
For chaste it will appear
To each and every ear.
His flame did him escape
And changed her native shape
And stood a rustling tree;
And Phoebus, even he,
Pursued a maidenhead,
When Love's imaginèd
Fulfilment lo! was seen
To be a leaf of green.

60B

Why, my heart, O tell me why
This ecstatic frenzy high?
Wield some weapon an you will,
If you fain would hit to kill;
But not the bow with which Queen Love
Overcame the Gods above.
From famed Anacreon take your cue,
He's the pattern bard for you:
Pledge the fair in wine with me,

But be it wine of poesy;
We'll seek the nectar of the vine
When the sun too hot shall shine.

FRAGMENTS OF OTHER EDITIONS

61

CLEMENT OF ALEXANDRIA, *Miscellanies*: While Anacreon says:
For I would fain sing of the dainty Love so blooming with flowery garlands;
for he is the master of Gods and the subduer of men;
Euripides writes, "Love cometh not upon men alone."

62

HIPPOLYTUS AGAINST ALL the Heresies: "Is not this," he says, "the cup (called) in which my lord drinketh, and whereby indeed he divineth? This is the cup found hidden in Benjamin's sack of corn. And moreover the Greeks, he says, mention it in this wild utterance:

Bring water, bring wine, lad; make me drunken and drowsy. My cup, speaking with an unspeaking lip, tells me what is in store for me."

"This," he says, "would suffice if only men would understand it, Anacreon's mute cup that nevertheless told a secret mystery," He says that Anacreon's cup was unspeaking, the cup which Anacreon says speaks to him with an unspeaking voice, telling him what is to become of him, etc.

63

SCHOLIAST ON EURIPIDES *Hecuba*:
Why fleest thou my gray hairs?

64

GREGORY OF CORINTH [on the Ionic dialect]: These writers employ the contracted forms of the imperfects, presents, participles, and indeed nearly all parts of the circumflexed verbs, as in the Anacreontea, for instance:

For she seems to hear if one choose to speak.

65

HIMERIUS, ORATIONS [ON Hermogenes, Proconsul of Greece]: Now had I need of Teian songs, now had I need of the lyre Anacreon knew how to tune against Love when his beloved flouted him. Then should I have said to these what he said: ‘Outrageous and wicked ones, that know not whom to make the mark of your arrows’;

and maybe I should have used to them Anacreon’s threat to Love. It seems that once when he was enamoured of a fair youth, seeing him neglectful of him he tuned his lyre, and threatened that if Love would not immediately wound the lad for him, he would never again play a tune in his honour.

e.g. And I said ‘Outrageous and wicked Love, who knowest not whom to make thy mark, I call the Gods to witness that if thou wound not me the fair Bathyllus forthwith, I will never again play tune in thy honour.’