

POSIDIPPUS, EPIGRAMS
Pap. Mil. Vogl. VIII 309
Translations

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Lithika

AB 1 (I 2-5)

The Indus Hydaspes

□□□□.

...

□□□□.....] slender Zen[- - -]

Translated by E. Kosmetatou

AB 2 (I 6-9)

[.....] lies a horn ...

□□□□.....] by Cronius going (?) ...

[.....] for wine to be poured ...

□□□□.....] from the depths (of river?) Indus ...

Translated by E. Kosmetatou and B. Acosta-Hughes

AB 3 (I 10-13)

[.....] radiating this in which a phiale (?)

□□□□.....] the liquid light of the gaze grasps

... thrice twined in form; you ...

□□□□h a feast, lady [- - -]

Translated by E. Kosmetatou and B. Acosta-Hughes

AB 4 (I 14-19)

... the gray ...

□□□□. of Darius's finger ...

... like the moon ...

□□□□. by the lamp at night.*

The Persian stone, a gift, mounted in gold

□□□□Mandene suspended from her lovely arm.

*I 17: Perhaps "night light" as we cannot tell the form of the adjective (B. Acosta-Hughes).

Translated by E. Kosmetatou

AB 5 (I 20-23)

Timanthes carved this starry lapis lazuli,
□□□□ soft Persian stone with golden flecks
for Demylus, and in return for a gentle kiss,
□□□□ gave it as a gift to dark-haired Nikaia of Kos.

Translated by M. Lefkowitz
(From Diotima: Women & Gender in the Ancient World, www.stoa.org)

AB 5 (I 20-23)

Timanthes carved this starry lapis lazuli,
□□□□ gold-speckled Persian half-stone,
for Demylus; in exchange for a soft kiss,
□□□□ dark-haired Nicaea of Cos accepted the erotic gift.

Translated by D. Schur

AB 5 (I 20-23)

Timanthes carved the starry sapeiron,
□□□□ his gold-dusted Persian semi-stone,
For Demylos. In return for a gentle kiss, the dark-haired
□□□□ Coan Nikaie received it as a lovely gift.

Translated by M. Smith

AB 6 (I 24-29)

Of this stone, admired by all, boasts Herus;
□□□□ his sparkling beryl bears an Iris, whom Cronius
incised; well-mounted to a golden necklace
□□□□ for Niconoe the cube has come as gift
to rest - a new delight - on the girl's chest
□□□□ under her breast, a sweet gleam.

Translated by E. Kosmetatou and B. Acosta-Hughes

AB 7 (I 30-35)

Rolling golden stones down from Arabia to the sea,
the river with its wintry torrents swiftly carried (?)
the stone with a color like honey; this the hand of Cronius
carved. Set in soft gold the stone
sets on fire Nikonoe's necklace with its piercings, for the light
of honey shines against the white skin of her breast.

Translated by M. Lefkowitz
(From Diotima: Women & Gender in the Ancient World, www.stoa.org)

AB 7 (I 30-35)

Rolling the yellow debris from the Arabian mountains,
the storm-swollen river carries swiftly to the sea
this honey-colored stone, which the hand of Kronios
carved. Bound fast with gold for sweet
Nikonoe it blazes as a necklace chain, so that on her breast
is honeyed radiance gleams together with her fair skin.

Translated by P. Bing
(From "From Posidippus on Stones: The First Section of the New Posidippus Papyrus.")

AB 7 (I 30-35)

Out of the Arabian mountains rolling the fallen yellow stones,
the storm-rushing river brought swiftly to the sea
the stone, honey-like, which the hand of Kronios
carved. This stone, bound with gold for delicate Nikonoe,
flames as an inlaid necklace, as on her breast
is honey-sweet light shines along with her white skin.

Translated by M. Smith

AB 8 (I 36-41-II 1-2)

No woman's neck has ever worn this sardion,
[...]
[...] for woman's finger, yet it was destined for a gold chain
the handsome stone that bears Darius, -and a chariot under him
[...] carved stretches a span long- light coming
from within. It holds its own against Indian rubies
[...] when put to test, with rays of even luster.
Its perimeter is three spans round; this, too, is a wonder
[...] that a watery cloud does not run through the wide mass!

Translated by E. Kosmetatou and B. Acosta-Hughes

AB 9 (II 3-6)

You chose for seal, Polycrates, a bard
[...] singing to the lyre at your feet
... and your hand
[...]. possession.

Translated by E. Kosmetatou

AB 10 (II 7-16)

... cylinder
[...].
... mountain stream
[...].
... of a craftsman
[...].
... through them
[...].
... Nabataean
[...]. king of Arabian horsemen.

Translated by E. Kosmetatou and B. Acosta-Hughes

AB 11 (II 17-22)

Not a stone shining all in silver, but a Persian
[...] shell that was washed up to the sea-shore.
Its name is mother of pearl. It has in hollow incision
[...] engraved figures of Agla[...]
[...] mass [.....] of wax
[...] preserving the hollow engraving.

Translated by E. Kosmetatou and B. Acosta-Hughes

AB 12 (II 23-28)

Its origin the sea, a shell, ... but when bound
by art it is considered a semi-precious gem
... of an emerald
- - -] bound ... a vessel
... in gold ... so long that it would bear
plain engraving ...

Translated by E. Kosmetatou

AB 13 (II 29-32)

This is a cunning stone. When oiled,
lustre, a miracle of mirage, follows its entire mass.
Yet when it is drying, presently a Persian engraved [lion]
shows brilliant stretching against the lovely sun.

Translated by E. Kosmetatou and B. Acosta-Hughes

AB 13 (II 29-32)

This is a crafty stone. First, when it is rubbed with oil,
light runs around the entire mass, marvel of illusion.
Then, when the mass is dry, a carved Persian lion
ashes sharply, stretching to the beautiful sun.

Translated by M. Smith

AB 14 (II 33-39)

The horse Pegasos has been well-carved
in sky-blue chalcedony by a craftsman using both hand and mind.
For Bellerophon fell into the Aleian plain of the Cilicians,
but the steed flew up into the dark air.
For this reason he molded the creature riderless,
still trembling under the reins, on this airy stone.

Translated by K. Gutzwiller
(From Gutzwiller, K.J. 1995. "Cleopatra's ring." GRBS 36: 383-398.)

AB 14 (II 33-39)

With skill and design the craftsman carved well
□□□□his horse Pegasus on sky-blue chalcedony.
Bellerophon fell into the Alerian plain of the Cilicians,
□□□□but this horse climbed up into the dark blue sky.
To show this he depicted the horse without a rider
□□□□still trembling from the bit, on the skyline stone.

Translated by K. Gutzwiller

(From Gutzwiller, K.J. 1998. Poetic Garlands. Hellenistic Epigram in Context. Berkeley, 29-30.)

AB 15 (II 39-III 1-7)

Not a river sounding at its banks, but
□□□□heavy-bearded head of a dragon once
bore this stone thickly foaming; and the incised chariot on it
□□□□was carved by the vision of a Lynceus,
like a finger-nail's spot. For a chariot can be seen modeled
□□□□upon it, but on the surface you cannot see projections.
It is indeed a wonder of his toil, how the cutter
□□□□did not ruin his eyes with straining.

Translated by B. Acosta-Hughes and E. Kosmetatou

AB 15 (II 39-III 1-7)

No river rolled this stone onto its banks, but at one time
□□□□the well-bearded head of a snake held it,
streaked with white. The chariot engraved upon it,
□□□□resembling a white mark on a nail, was carved
by the eyes of Lynceus. For after an imprint is taken
□□□□the chariot is seen, but on the surface you do not see any projections.
In which fact resides a great marvel of labor,
□□□□how the craftsman while straining did not damage his eyes.

Translated by M. Smith

AB 16 (III 8-13)

An ever breaking Arabian torrent broke from the mountains
This grizzled crystal and rolled it to the surging sea-shore,
a massive piece; for this we, foolish men,
do not subject it to the test of gold.
Were it of rarer origin its gleam
would be treasured like the lovely sun.

Translated by E. Kosmetatou

AB 17 (III 14-19)

Reflect how this stone that the Mysian Olympus
nearthed is marvellous in two ways:
one side deftly attracts the opposing iron
Just like a magnet, the other side repels it,
which is both counteractive and a wonder: how one
and the same stone emulates the course of two.

Translated by E. Kosmetatou and B. Acosta-Hughes

AB 18 (III 20-27)

Come and recline by me, the nine of you, ...
for I three ...
together with the slave wine-pourer ... give (?)
easily a six-spouted ... amphora;
look there: the one is five feet long thick; the other ...
The next one stretches three spans ... fatter
... square ... in length ...
and to the one of the six ..., to the other ...

Translated by E. Kosmetatou

AB 19 (III 28-41)

Do not calculate how many waves
[?] carried this rock far from the raging sea.
Poseidon shook it fiercely and [having broken it off]
[?] with one powerful [wave] cast out this rock
[?] plethra in size, shoving it towards ...,
[?] this rock more wild than the door-stone of Polyphemus.
Polyphemus could not have lifted it, the love-sick goatherd
[?] who often dived with Galatea;
nor does this round boulder (?) belong to Antaios (??), but this marvel
[?] of the sea of Caphareus is the work of the trident.
Poseidon, stay your great hand and do not bring a mighty wave
[?] from the sea against the defenceless coast;
having raised a rock of twenty-four cubits from the deep
[?] easily would you lay waste in the sea a whole island.

Translated by R. Hunter

AB 20 (IV 1-6)

As long ago you struck Helike with a wave
[?] and brought down the whole city with its crags to the sand,
and as you would have risen up against Eleusis
[?] is a violent (?) hurricane,
had not Demeter kissed your hand, so now, Geraistian lord,
[?] keep the land of Ptolemy and the coasts, together with the islands,
unshaken.

Translated by R. Hunter

AB 20 (IV 1-6)

Once in the past, raising a single wave, you hurled Helike
[?] crags and all into the dunes.
As a hurricane, a hundred times strong, you would have likewise struck Eleusis
[?] had not Demeter kissed your hand.
But now, Geraistian Lord, preserve the land of Ptolemy,
[?] is coasts and islands unshaken.

Translated by E. Kosmetatou

Oiônoskopika

AB 21 (IV 8-13)

To a ship when launched at sea
☐☐☐☐ay a falcon always mighty appear, not the shearwater
of unclean wing. This bird is an ill omen
☐☐☐☐s it dives into the deep. But may it soar ... completely.
As if from an Ionian oak, Timon, may the swift-winged falcon rush forth
☐☐☐☐br your ship departing.

Translated by E. Kosmetatou and B. Acosta-Hughes

AB 22 (IV 14-19)

May the lovely cowherd bird appear to the farmer,
☐☐☐☐ guardian and beneficial to have around the crops.
But to us who aim to travel the Egyptian sea
☐☐☐☐ay the Thracian crane lead the halyards,
a favorable omen for the helmsman, the bird who [goes over]
☐☐☐☐arge waves and keeps upon the high plains.

Translated by E. Kosmetatou and B. Acosta-Hughes

AB 23 (IV 20-23)

The sight of soaring shearwater diving into the deep,
☐☐☐☐fisherman, cherish as a good omen;
and cast down the many-hooked night-line and launch your hunting net
☐☐☐☐and baskets; you'll never come away without prey.

Translated by E. Kosmetatou and B. Acosta-Hughes

AB 24 (IV 24-29)

Make haste, when you perceive the Theban black bird, fisherman;
☐☐☐☐On trusting the shearwater ...
..... himself (?)
☐☐☐☐Archytas did not ...;
for to the shore, weathered by waves, the excellent bird came,
☐☐☐☐ sign for luck in chase, not unmarked by the others.

Translated by E. Kosmetatou and B. Acosta-Hughes

AB 25 (IV 30-35)

An old man is a good omen for wayfarers and well met
and for sea travellers; and to him that marriage seeks
let there be a crown-bearer priest or one well regarded
among youths and children.
How bleakly does your father, or your kindred, meet you, bride,
but well met are your husband's brother and his father.

Translated by E. Kosmetatou and B. Acosta-Hughes

AB 26 (IV 36-39)

To acquire a house-slave the dusky heron is a sign most excellent,
whom Asterie the seer summons to her holy rites;
heeding this omen, Hieron obtained one slave for the fields
and one for the house with propitious foot.

Translated by E. Kosmetatou

AB 27 (IV 40-V 1-5)

When seeking the birth of children this is a sign most excellent:
the vulture receives no messages from the god,
nor does it sit in council with the mighty eagle, but it appears
complete, the consummate omen of all:
a vulture foretelling a child will make him a sweet-spoken public speaker
sitting in council and agile in war.

Translated by E. Kosmetatou

AB 28 (V 6-11)

If a wailing wren at a crossroads encounters
a man about to join consuming Ares,
that mortal will never come back home; but may he entrust
his journey to another war;
for Timoleon from Phokaia making light of this omen
returned from war but much lamented.

Translated by E. Kosmetatou and B. Acosta-Hughes

AB 29 (V 12-15)

It is a danger sign when a man observes larks and goldfinches
together in one and the same place. Their joint appearance spells trouble.
This is how Euelthon saw them. Evil-minded robbers killed him,
and of all people, a wayfarer near Sidene in Aiolis.

Translated by A. Henrichs

AB 30 (V 16-19)

If a xoanon sweats what great trouble it spells for a citizen
and what a blizzard of spears it signifies!
But he who invokes a perspiring god will deflect fire
from the folds and crops of his unfortunate enemies.

Translated by E. Kosmetatou and B. Acosta-Hughes

AB 30 (V 16-19)

When a statue sweats, what great trouble presents itself
for the male citizen and what a great snow storm of spears.
But summon the sweating god, whoever will divert fire
from upon the folds and reed huts of his enemies.

Translated by S. Stephens

AB 31 (V 20-25)

An eagle and lightning coming from the clouds at the same time
are favorable omens for victory in war,
For the Argead kings Athena, in front of her temple
brought forth her foot from the lead.
A similar sign appeared to Alexander when he brought fire upon
the innumerable armies of the Persians.

Translated by E. Kosmetatou and B. Acosta-Hughes

AB 31 (V 20-25)

An eagle coming from the clouds and, simultaneously,
flashes of lightning are auspicious omens of victory in war
for the Argead kings. But Athena in front of her temple
temple moving her foot out from the lead
appeared as such a sign to Alexander, when he bred fire
for the innumerable armies of Persians.

Translated by S. Stephens

AB 32 (V 26-31)

To Antimachos hurrying to the Illyrian army
slave brought out his armor and cinctures,
but slipping at the house's stone inner courtyard
he took a fall; Antimachos's heart was overturned
by the forewarning of the servant, who forthwith returned
bringing the heavy hero from the battle as light ashes.

Translated by E. Kosmetatou

AB 33 (V 32-39)

The Arkadian Aristoxeinios dreaming a dream much grander
than himself - the fool! - desired grandeur:
he believed that, being the bridegroom of Athena, he slept a night
with Olympian Zeus's palace, in a gold chamber.
Upon arising at dawn he joined the ranks of battle
having the courage of Athena in his heart.
But Ares put to sleep this contender of the gods
and the false bridegroom vanished to the realm of Hades.

Translated by E. Kosmetatou

AB 34 (VI 1-4)

From this very hill that is seen from all sides
Damon from Telmessos, good in bird augury
from his forefathers proclaims; but come here
and ask for Zeus's prophetic utterance and signs.

Translated by E. Kosmetatou and B. Acosta-Hughes

AB 35 (VI 5-8)

The seer Thracian hero Strymon, pledged to the crow,
□□□□ was the premier master of the birds.
Alexander received this sign from him: for thrice he overcame
□□□□ the Persians having received predictions from his crow.

Translated by E. Kosmetatou

Anathematika

AB 36 (VI 10-17)

To you, Arsinoe, this linen cloth from Naukratis
is dedicated, to waft with its folds, with which,
dear lady, in a dream you wished to wipe off
your sweet sweat, upon putting an end to your busy toils.
So you appeared, o brother-loving lady, the point of a spear
in hand, a hollow shield on your arm.
The maiden Hegeso, a Macedonian, when bidden
dedicated this white cloth to you.

Translated by E. Kosmetatou and B. Acosta-Hughes

AB 36 (VI 10-17)

Arsinoe, to you is dedicated this bregma of linen from Naucratis
with folds to be caught by the wind, with which you,
dear lady, in a dream wished to wipe your sweet sweat,
after ceasing from your sharp toils.
You appeared, Philadelphus, holding a spear in your hand,
lady, and with a hollow shield on your arm.
The girl, Hêgêsô, a Macedonian in lineage, at your request,
dedicated this white strip.

Translated by S. Stephens

AB 37 (VI 18-25)

Arsinoe, to you this lyre made to sing by the bard's hand
in Arionian dolphin brought
... of the wave but when (?) ...
he ... crosses the high sea
many ... and changeful with a ...
voice ... nightingale.
But accept the dedication, brother-loving one, which he made,
offerings of the temple-guardian.

Translated by E. Kosmetatou and B. Acosta-Hughes

AB 38 (VI 26-29)

Epikratis thus dedicated me to Arsinoe when from a phiale
[] she first drank the water of freedom.
And she said , rejoice, guardian of freedom
[] and accept [this phiale] as a gift from Epikratis.

Translated by E. Kosmetatou and B. Acosta-Hughes

AB 39 (VI 30-37)

Both when you are about to cross the sea by ship and fasten the ropes
[] from the land, greet Arsinoe Euploia, invoking the lady
from the temple, which the son of Boescus,
[] the Samian admiral Callicrates built
especially for you, o sailor. Another man, wishing good passage
[] invokes this goddess,
for whether on land or the divine sea,
[] you'll find her attentive to your prayers.

Translated by E. Kosmetatou and B. Acosta-Hughes

AB 39 (VI 30-37)

When you are about to cross the sea in a ship and fasten a cable
[] from dry land, give a greeting to Arsinoe Euploia,
summoning the lady goddess from her temple, which Samian Callicrates,
[] the son of Boiskos, dedicated especially for you, sailor,
when he was nauarch. Even another man in pursuit of a safe passage
[] often addresses this goddess,
because whether on land or setting out upon the dread sea
[] you will find her receptive to your prayers.

Translated by S. Stephens

AB 40 (VI 38-39-VII 1-2)

Place your deposit in my mouth for Leto, don't be afraid
[] give if, being a wolf, I gape;
Lykos dedicated me as a treasure, but you ...
[] ask ...

Translated by E. Kosmetatou

AB 41 (VII 3-8)

From the eagle's talons ... the tortoise

□□□□ from above ... head

... being half-dead

□□□□.

... of the tortoise

□□□□..

Translated by E. Kosmetatou and B. Acosta-Hughes

Epitymbia

AB 42 (VII 10-13)

Hekate ...
[unclear]es ...
still safe ... from ...
[unclear]oble blood of both, of good birth.

Translated by E. Kosmetatou and B. Acosta-Hughes

AB 43 (VII 14-19)

Nicostrate came to the dwellings of the blessed, to the sacred rites
[unclear]f the initiates and the pure fire before the house of Triptolemus.
Again the ... of Rhadamanthys
[unclear]. Aeacus ... her to the house and gates of Hades,
she who had seen the [crowd] of her children; in this way
[unclear]he harbour of sad old age is always softer for mankind.

Translated by B. Dignas

AB 43 (VII 14-19)

Nicostrate came to the holy rites of the sacred initiates
[unclear]nd to the pure fire of the hearth of Triptolemus,
and the kindness of Rhadamanthys
[unclear]nd Aeacus [welcomed] her into the home and gates of Hades
.... she ... who had seen [the crowd] of her children.
[unclear]his for mankind is always the gentlest harbor for sad old age.

Translated by M. Lefkowitz

(From Diotima: Women & Gender in the Ancient World, www.stoa.org)

AB 44 (VII 20-23)

Pella and the Bacchants were lamenting the youngest (?)
[unclear]f twelve children, a ... young girl,
"Alas", three times, since Fate led the servant of Dionysus,
[unclear]niko, down from the Bassauric mountains.

Translated by B. Dignas

AB 44 (VII 20-23)

For the youngest of twelve children, a ... maiden, [the city of] Pella
and the Bacchants have wept, alas, three times,
since Fate has led Nico, the servant of Dionysus,
down from the Bassaric mountains.

Translated by M. Lefkowitz
(From Diotima: Women & Gender in the Ancient World, www.stoa.org)

AB 45 (VII 24-29)

C... of Marathos [in Phoenicia] took her hands ...
from the loom only in her old age.
She was eighty years old, but able to weave
delicate weft with the shrill shuttle.
May the pious woman be happy after her labors, she
who in her pure life saw the harvest of five daughters!

Translated by M. Lefkowitz
(From Diotima: Women & Gender in the Ancient World, www.stoa.org)

AB 45 (VII 24-29)

Only in old age did C.....a of Marathos remove
her own hands from the loom.
Though eighty years old she could still weave
fine thread with the shrill shuttle.
May now the pious woman rest from her toils, having in
life that knew no rest seen the fifth harvest of daughters.

Translated by E. Kosmetatou and B. Acosta-Hughes

AB 46 (VII 30-35)

An old woman, I, Batis, spent my old age with infants,
as a servant hired by Athenodice of Phocaea.
I taught them to prepare wool, and varied yarns
for their headbands, and the weaving of hair-nets;
and then they were already going to the threshold of their bridal chambers,
when they buried me, the old woman who instructed them in these
mysteries.

Translated by M. Lefkowitz
(From Diotima: Women & Gender in the Ancient World, www.stoa.org)

AB 46 (VII 30-35)

An aged serving-woman, I, Batis, have grown old a servant of infants,
I was hired by the Phokaian Athenodike.
I taught them how to spin the wool and twine
I wove intricate threads for headbands and plaited hair-nets.
When about to enter their bridal-chambers, these selfsame girls
I buried me, the staff-bearing old woman.

Translated by E. Kosmetatou and B. Acosta-Hughes

AB 47 (VII 36-39, VIII 1-2)

This tomb holds Onasagoratis, who saw children
and generations of children in succession,
four times twenty in number. These eighty children
I cared for her when she was old, by their hands and their hearts (?).
This woman, one hundred years old, the blessed daughter of Onasa,
I was placed by the citizens of Paphos in these ashes consumed by fire.

Translated by M. Lefkowitz
(From Diotima: Women & Gender in the Ancient World, www.stoa.org.)

AB 47 (VII 36-39, VIII 1-2)

This grave holds Onasagoratis, who took care of children
and of a string of children's generations,
four times twenty in number. One of these children
I raised with hands and heart when truly aged.
The Paphians laid fire-devoured dust upon this
100 year-old happy daughter of Onasa.

Translated by E. Kosmetatou and B. Acosta-Hughes

AB 48 (VIII 3-6)

Goddess Themis, this tomb is a sufficient resting-place
for wise Bithynis, a slave of worthy masters,
for I did not strive for freedom, but I was well rewarded,
and I have this memorial that is more enduring than liberty.

Translated by M. Lefkowitz
(From Diotima: Women & Gender in the Ancient World, www.stoa.org)

AB 48 (VIII 3-6)

This is sufficient grave for wise Bithynis, a slave,
[] Themis, of good masters.
For I did not struggle for freedom but was well rewarded:
[] have this stele which is far superior to liberty.

Translated by E. Kosmetatou

AB 49 (VIII 7-12)

Philaenium thus with her pipes ...
[] placed unfortunate Hegedice in this tomb,
eighteen years old, with great sorrow ...
[] the shrill shuttles [have fallen] from the loom ...
the golden voice of the girl ...
[] remains in this dark chamber.

Translated by M. Lefkowitz

(From Diotima: Women & Gender in the Ancient World, www.stoa.org)

AB 49 (VIII 7-12)

So did Philainion with her flute ...
[] place, poor Hegedike ...
an eighteen year-old girl, much lamented. The shrill
[] shuttles ... straightway from the loom.
... For the girl's golden mouth
[] remains in this gloomy chamber.

Translated by E. Kosmetatou

AB 50 (VIII 13-18)

A dark cloud came upon this city, when Eetion
[] placed his daughter below this marker and mourned her,
calling upon his child Hedeia; Hymenaeus knocked at the door
[] not of her marriage chamber, but of this tomb.
This is a sorrow shared in the city. But let the tears
[] and lamentations of those citizens suffice.

Translated by M. Lefkowitz

(From Diotima: Women & Gender in the Ancient World, www.stoa.org)

AB 50 (VIII 13-18)

A dark cloud came through the city, when Aetion
placed his daughter under this stele and groaned aloud,
calling upon Hedeia, his child, on whose tomb's entrance,
Hymenaios knocked, not that of her bed-chamber.
The ... city shares his pain, but let
the tears and sighings of those citizens suffice.

Translated by E. Kosmetatou and B. Acosta-Hughes

AB 51 (VIII 19-24)

"Weep and follow, stretch out your hands to the gods."
This is what the women of Karyai said of Telephia,
at her tomb ... and in the spring ... bearing ...
of the purple pasture, sing of the girl
swift as the wind, and bound to your tears,
let the songs of Sappho be sung, divine verses.

Translated by M. Lefkowitz
(From Diotima: Women & Gender in the Ancient World, www.stoa.org)

AB 51 (VIII 19-24)

"Follow in tears, your arms stretch to the gods!"
And this spontaneously you'll say, Carian women,
to the young girl, Telephia before whose grave you lie (?);
But in the spring assembled bearing branches
from purple glen, sing of the swift-footed girl and to your tears
in [Sappho's] songs, divine verses.

Translated by E. Kosmetatou

AB 52 (VIII 25-30)

Timon who set up this sundial to measure
the hours, now he lies there at its foot;
Aste, the daughter that he left behind, takes care of it, o traveller,
for as long as there is hope that she can read the hours.
But, maiden, come to old age; beside this tomb
for years and years measure the lovely sun.

Translated by E. Kosmetatou

AB 53 (VIII 31-34)

Calliope, you lie here, thus; your friends weep for you,
[] maiden, and for the sad night festival,
in which you - to your mother the fairest image
[] sent by heavenly Aphrodite - fell from a high roof.

Translated by M. Lefkowitz
(From Diotima: Women & Gender in the Ancient World, www.stoa.org)

AB 53 (VIII 31-34)

Calliope, so here you lie; maiden, your girlfriends
[] weep for you and for that earlier sad night festival
when you, your mother's fairest joy
[] from Heavenly Aphrodite, fell from a roof.

Translated by E. Kosmetatou and B. Acosta-Hughes

AB 54 (VIII 35-38)

Earth, you are drenched with tears. For her brothers have buried
[] with fire Myrtis, ten years old and unfortunate,
of Cyrenean descent. But [her father?] Nicanor, alive and ignorant
[] of her death has gone to other boundaries of the earth ...
(2 verses missing).

Translated by M. Lefkowitz
(From Diotima: Women & Gender in the Ancient World, www.stoa.org)

AB 54 (VIII 35-38)

Earth, you are wetted with tears; for her brothers
[] with fire buried the poor ten-year old Myrtis,
of Cyrenean blood. But Nicanor, then alive and ignorant
[] of her death, was going to other boundaries of the earth ...
(2 verses missing)

Translated by E. Kosmetatou and B. Acosta-Hughes

AB 55 (X 1-6)

Everything that was Nicomache's, her playthings
and the Sapphic talking upon talking at dawn,
Fate has come and taken away prematurely.
The city of the Argives has lamented the poor girl's death,
a shoot raised by the arm of Hera. Alas, the beds of the bridegrooms
who hoped to marry her have remained cold.

Translated by M. Lefkowitz
(From Diotima: Women & Gender in the Ancient World, www.stoa.org)

AB 55 (IX 1-6)

All Nikomache's possessions, her playthings and Sappho's songs
that lasted until dawn, all these has Fate, untimely, come
to take away. The unfortunate virgin
the city of Argos mourned from every corner,
a young shoot raised under Hera's protection. Alas then, the beds
of hopeful bridegrooms have remained cold.

Translated by E. Kosmetatou and B. Acosta-Hughes

AB 56 (IX 7-14)

Five times during childbirth Eleutho raised her bow
beside your bed, but in the sixth childbirth
you died, and your infant child perished
on the seventh day while pursuing
your swelling breast. A tear was shed for you
both by the two caretakers of your tomb.
Lady of Asia, the gods will care for your five children,
and you also are caring for one child on your lap.

Translated by M. Lefkowitz
(From Diotima: Women & Gender in the Ancient World, www.stoa.org)

AB 56 (IX 7-14)

Five times had Eleutho raised her bow during childbirth,
standing next to your bed, o noble lady;
after the sixth childbirth you perished, and your child
expired after seven days, while seeking
your still swollen breast. A tear was shed for you,
by the caretakers of your grave; but, Asian lady,
the gods will now care for your five children,
while you, too, hold a sixth upon your knees.

Translated by E. Kosmetatou

AB 57 (IX 15-22)

When Philonis was giving birth to a child a savage snake
coiled over her head, a dark
scaly thing; blazing fire ...
stretched itself toward her neck,
and she reached out her hand to hide her child in her robes ...
and her limbs gave way in fear.
You suffered grievously from the portent, lady, but your son
survived and has in time turned gray.

Translated by M. Lefkowitz

(From Diotima: Women & Gender in the Ancient World, www.stoa.org)

AB 57 (IX 15-22)

When Philonis was giving birth to a child, a frightful snake,
scaled in black, coiled thus
over her head; and blazing fire from its eyes
stretched now towards the base of her neck;
and she stretched out her hands to enfold her child at her breast,
her limbs were weak with fear ...
You suffered the final fate, lady, from the portent, but your son
survived and with time has a gray head.

Translated by E. Kosmetatou and B. Acosta-Hughes

AB 58 (IX 23-28)

When Protis came to her bridal bed ...
[] but she came no longer ... to the maidens' banquets,
after playing the Boeotian nome ... but she lived
[] with her husband for ... decades,
and having seen her children happy with husbands,
[] with a favorable wind she went off to the home of the pious.

Translated by M. Lefkowitz
(From Diotima: Women & Gender in the Ancient World, www.stoa.org)

AB 58 (IX 23-28)

When Protis came to her bridal bed, [a cithara player]
[] from her mother, no longer did she attend
the maidens' banquets playing the Boiotian nome,
[] but she lived with her husband [five] decades filled with love,
... and having seen her daughters thrive, with husbands [of equal age]
[] with favorable wind she left for the land of the pious.

Translated by E. Kosmetatou and B. Acosta-Hughes

AB 59 (IX 29-34)

Fortunate Menestrate, as you grew happily old,
[] you saw the whole eighth [decade of years] ...
and two generations of children set up a fitting tomb
[] for you. You have the holy blessings of the gods.
Dear lady, share the great [benefit] of a shining old age
[] with those who pass by your holy grave.

Translated by M. Lefkowitz
(From Diotima: Women & Gender in the Ancient World, www.stoa.org)

AB 59 (IX 29-34)

Happy Menestrate, having grown old ...
[] you saw an entire eighth [decade] of years
and two generations of your children set up
[] well-deserved grave for you. You have the holy favor
of the gods. Dear old lady, share of your rich old age
[] with those who pass by your holy grave.

Translated by E. Kosmetatou and B. Acosta-Hughes

AB 60 (IX 35-40)

Mnesistratos, uttering this prayer, has just now gone the road
from pyre down to Hades;
"Do not shed tears for me, my children, but following ancestral rites
may welcome dust upon your cold dead father;
for from mortal clime at sixty, not truly aged
but still a nimble man, I come to the land of the pious.

Translated by E. Kosmetatou and B. Acosta-Hughes

AB 61 (X 1-6)

By my tomb stop your feet, and address the well-aged
Aristippus - for here he lies dead-
look upon the unwept stone; set as light weight
upon him who is under the earth.
For him his children buried, a possession most dear
an old man who saw one more generation born to his daughters.

Translated by E. Kosmetatou and B. Acosta-Hughes

Andriantopoiika

AB 62 (X 8-15)

Imitate these works of art, and race past, yes do, sculptors,
the rules of long ago for making large statues.
If the ancient hands of a sculptor, either Hagelaides,
who was long before the old art of Polycleitus,
or the rigid forms of Didymides were to enter the field,
there would be no reason for Lysippus' new works
to be set out here for trial. But if then it's necessary,
let also the contest of new arts take place ...

Translated by Kathryn Gutzwiller

AB 62 (X 8-15)

Imitate these works, and run past the long-standing
rules for these large statues, sculptors.
Even if the ancient hands of (?) or Agelaides
the craftsman of the very old style before Polyclitus
or the rigid sculptures of Didymides(?) had come into
the field, there would be no reason to lay out here
the novelties of Lysippus for the sake of a test.
(?)Then if it is necessary and the contest of
craftsmen of the new style falls(?)

Translated by Alex Sens

AB 63 (X 16-25)

This bronze statue just like Philitas in every way was accurately
held by Hecataeus even down to the toenails.
By pursuing a standard of what's human in both size and texture
he mixed in no part of the form from heroes.
But with his whole art he modeled the deep-thinking old man,
by employing a straight rule of truth.
He's like to one about to speak, with such character he's adorned,
living, though an old man made of bronze.
On the command of Ptolemy, both god and king, the Coan man
dedicated here for the sake of the Muses.

Translated by Kathryn Gutzwiller

AB 63 (X 16-25)

Hecataeus formed this bronze equal to Philitas in
every respect carefully down to the tips of the nails.
He followed closely in size and shape the one
discerning (?) in human terms, and mixed in nothing
from the form of heroes. But he copied the very
careful elder with all his skill, have the straight
measure of truth. And the old man seems like one
about to speak, with so much character is he depicted,
breathing (?), though made of bronze. So by the order
of Ptolemy, god as well as king, was the man dedicated for the sake of the Muses.

Translated by Alex Sens

AB 63 (X 16-25)

Hecataeus has formed this bronze likeness of Philitas
accurate in every respect to the tips of the fingers.
Following dimensions proper to man in size and form,
he has incorporated no aspect of the heroic,
but fashioned the old man accurately with all his skill,
adhering to the proper canon of the truth. He (Philitas)
is represented as a man about to speak with such realism
that he seems alive, just like an old man, although
he is bronze. In this way by order of Ptolemy, both god and king,
was the Coan man dedicated for the sake of his talent (?).

Translated by Susan Stephens

AB 64 (X 26-29)

Praise, if you please, that bronze Idomeneus of Cresilas.
How precisely he made it, we see well.
Idomeneus cries out, "Run, my good Meriones, since for a long
time you've been immobile with molded [...]"

Translated by Kathryn Gutzwiller

AB 64 (X 26-29)

Willingly praise that bronze Idoneneus
ἴδωνος of Cresilas. How precisely he made it, we saw well.
Idomeneus cries: "Good Meriones, run!
ἴδωνος. having been long immobile.

Translated by Alex Sens

AB 65 (X 30-33 [=API 119=HE 3150-3])

Lysippus, Sikyonian sculptor, daring hand, learned artisan,
ἴδωνος your bronze statue has the look of fire in its eyes,
that one you made in the form of Alexander. The Persians deserve
ἴδωνος to blame. We forgive cattle for fleeing a lion.

Translated by Kathryn Gutzwiller

AB 65 (X 30-33 [=API 119=HE 3150-3])

Lysippus, Sikyonian sculptor, bold hand,
ἴδωνος lever/fierce craftsman, the bronze, you know, which
you put over the form of Alexander has a
ἴδωνος look of fire in its eyes. The Persians are not at all
blameworthy: it is forgivable for cattle to flee a lion.

Translated by Alex Sens

AB 65 (X 30-33 [=API 119=HE 3150-3])

Lysippus, sculptor of Sicyon, bold hand,
ἴδωνος cunning craftsman, its glance is of fire that bronze
though didst cast in the form of Alexander. No longer
ἴδωνος do we blame the Persians: cattle may be pardoned for flying before a lion.

Translated by W.R. Paton
(From LOEB Greek Anthology V; XVI 119)

AB 66 (X 34-37)

...] the heifer ... capable of drawing (a plow)
ἴδωνος.] and worth much silver (?)
...] hand, a wise thing, he unexpectedly saw
ἴδωνος.] but Myron made it.

Translated by Kathryn Gutzwiller

AB 67 (X 38-XI 5)

Observe from nearby ... of the rim ...

How great was the labor of Theodorus' hand.

For you will see bands, reins, the ring for the horses' bit,

the bit's axle, and the charioteer's face and finger tips.

And you will see well ... of its size, but you could see

fly ... sitting upon this

Translated by Kathryn Gutzwiller

AB 68 (XI 6-11)

The Rhodians wanted to set up a Helios twice so large,

but the Lindian Chares assured them

that no artist would ever set up a larger-than-life statue

bigger than this one. If that revered Myron stopped

at the limit of four cubits, Chares was the first with skill

to make a bronze image [equal] to the size of the earth.

Translated by Kathryn Gutzwiller

AB 68 (XI 6-11)

The Rhodians wanted to make the enormous (?) Sun

twice this size, but Chares of Lindus set it down that

No craftsman would make a statue even bigger than this one.

If that venerable Myron reached a limit

Of four cubits, Chares was the first with his art

to forge in bronze a figure ... [the size?] of the earth ...

Translated by Alex Sens

AB 69 (XI 12-15)

I am wearing a covering of bronze [...]

Tydeus [...]

If you touch [...], Myron will

be placed upon me [...]

Translated by Kathryn Gutzwiller

AB 70 (XI 16-19)

And the [...] of Polycleitus ... of all

□□□□eshy and [...]

all upon Alexander's [...] of

□□□□ysippus' hands [...]

Translated by Kathryn Gutzwiller

Hippika

AB 71 (XI 21-24)

Aithon, my single horse [won victory]
and so was I crowned during the same Pythian games;
twice I, Hippostratus, was heralded victor
my horse, as well as I, o lady Thessaly.

Translated by E. Kosmetatou and B. Acosta-Hughes

AB 72 (XI 25-28)

Behold the splendor of the colt, how it draws in breath
with every stroke of heel and gallops at full stretch
as though running the Nemean race; for Molycus it brought
the celery chaplet crown on winning with its head's extreme inclination.

Translated by E. Kosmetatou and B. Acosta-Hughes

AB 73 (XI 29-32)

At once from the starting line at Olympia I ran thus
with no need of whip nor thrust (?)
a sweet weight for speed (?) ... they crowned
rygaios with an olive branch ...

Translated by E. Kosmetatou

AB 74 (XI 33-39-XII 1-7)

In Delphi when this foal competed in the four-horse race
swiftly it arrived at the finish, racing against a Thessalian chariot,
winning by a nod. Then there was great uproar among the charioteers
before the Amphictyonic judges, Phoebus.
They cast their short staffs to the ground, for by lot
they believed that victory ought to be awarded.
But then the horse on the right side nodded to the ground
with open heart (?), herself the staff she drew up,
an excellent female among males; whereupon the myriads roared
in one commingled voice
to proclaim a great wreath for her; in a crowded assembly then
Callicrates, a man from Samos, the laurel crown won.
And to the Brother-Loving gods he dedicated the lifelike image of that contest
here: the chariot and the charioteer in bronze.

Translated by E. Kosmetatou

AB 75 (XII 8-11)

We four mares carried off the victory in a chariot
that was driven in the presence of Zeus Charioteer,
Pisans, we won one more Olympic crown
for (?) ... the Lacedaemonean.

Translated by E. Kosmetatou

AB 76 (XII 12-15)

This famed Arabian horse extends at full stretch as it gallops on the tips
of his hooves, winning a victory for Etearchus.
Having won in the Ptolemaia, and Isthmia, and Nemea twice,
he does not wish to shun the crowns of Delphi.

Translated by E. Kosmetatou

AB 76 (XII 12-15)

He races ahead fully stretched and hardly touching the ground with the tip of his hooves
is this glorious Arabian horse wins prizes for Etearchus;
having won at the Ptolemaia, the Isthmia and twice at the Nemea,
he does not want to miss a Delphic victory.

Translated by N. Papalexandrou

AB 69 (XII 16-19)

With a chariot ... accomplished (?) I won three times in the Olympic games
□□□□. not inconsiderable cost (?)
... supplies (?) ...
□□□□and if for glory it suffices, I have no other need.

Translated by E. Kosmetatou

AB 78 (XII 20-33)

Tell, you poets, of my glory, if you sometimes like
□□□□b say what is known, that my renown is of ancient origin.
For with the chariot my forefather Ptolemy won victory
□□□□pon driving the horses in Pisa's hippodrome,
and the mother of my father Berenike. With the chariot again
□□□□hy father gained victory, king, son of a king,
with the same name as his father. And Arsinoe gained all
□□□□hree victories together from the same session.
Holy family of women ...
□□□□. virginal ...
These glories with the chariot Olympia looked upon from one house
□□□□and sons of sons bearing away the prize.
Sing, Macedonians, of Berenike's crown, the ruler queen,
□□□□onquered with the full grown four-horse chariot.

Translated by M. Fantuzzi

AB 78 (XII 20-33)

Tell of my glory, all you poets, ... to speak
Tell of what is well known, because my fame has an ancient lineage.
My ancestor Ptolemy [I] won [an Olympian victory]
with his chariot when driving his horse at the stadium at Pisa,
and so did my father's [Ptolemy II Euergetes] mother Berenice [I], and again
my father won, a king
who took his name from a king. Arsinoe won all
three chariot races in one contest ...
the holy family of women
a maidenly...
saw these [glories] in chariot racing from one house
and the prize-winning children of children.
Sing, Macedonians, of the crown Berenice [II]
won with her successful chariot.

Translated by M. Lefkowitz
(From Diotima: Women & Gender in the Ancient World, www.stoa.org)

AB 78 (XII 20-33)

Recount, oh ye poets, my glory, if ever it pleases you
tell of what is known, as my renown is ancient;
for with the chariot my forefather Ptolemy won
driving his horses through the stadion of Pisa,
and Berenice, my father's mother. With the chariot again
my father scored victory, a king descended from a king,
named after his father. And in a single competition
Arsinoe scored all three victories for harnessed races;
I now honor the holy family of my father ...
of women ... virginal ...
These victories from a single house Olympia saw
and the children's children were heralded victors with their chariots.
Sing, Macedonians, of Berenice's crown who conquered
with the full-grown four-horse chariot.

Translated by E. Kosmetatou

AB 79 (XII 34-39)

The maiden queen with her chariot, yes, Berenice,
[] [] [] [] has won all the crowns for chariot races in the games,
from you, Zeus of Nemea. By the speed of her horses
[] [] [] [] her chariot left behind the many drivers.
And like ... with slack reins the horses
[] [] [] [] came to the judges of the Argolid.

Translated by M. Lefkowitz

(From Diotima: Women & Gender in the Ancient World, www.stoa.org, see link above.)

AB 79 (XII 34-39)

A virgin the queen with her chariot, aye, Berenice,
[] [] [] [] carries off all victorious crowns for chariot-racing
at your games, Nemean Zeus. By the speed of her horses, her chariot
[] [] [] [] left many charioteers far behind, whenever she turned;
her horses running under the rein [like meteors]
[] [] [] [] came first before the Argive judges.

Translated by E. Kosmetatou

AB 80 (XIII 1-4)

...
[] [] [] [] . of the crown
..., o Nemean Zeus
[] [] [] [] . only for this girl.

Translated by E. Kosmetatou

AB 81 (XIII 5-8)

... Dorian chaplet leaves
[] [] [] [] . one head
...
[] [] [] [] . twice in victorious chariot.

Translated by E. Kosmetatou

AB 82 (XIII 9-14)

An Isthmian victory ... Berenice's
□□□□. of the stadium ..
the Macedonian .. daughter with her father Ptolemy
□□□□ was admired by the holy water of ... Peirene,
and you alone, queen, proclaimed in the Isthmus
□□□□ how many times your house was victorious.

Translated by M. Lefkowitz
(From Diotima: Women & Gender in the Ancient World, www.stoa.org)

AB 82 (XIII 9-14)

... of Berenice
□□□□. the horse at the stadium,
the [multi-crowned] Macedonian daughter was admired
□□□□ by the holy water of the Peirean Acrocorinth,
with Ptolemy, her father; for you alone, queen, proclaimed
□□□□ at the Isthmus your house so many times victorious.

Translated by E. Kosmetatou

AB 83 (XIII 15-18)

This dazzling Thessalian single horse which won three victories
□□□□ at Olympia, was dedicated a sacred monument to the Skopadai
The first and only horse this one; challenge it, for thrice I won
□□□□. at the Alpheios, the Iamids are my witness.

Translated by E. Kosmetatou

AB 84 (XIII 19-22)

You were the first Olympic victor who washed this, your swift horse
□□□□ in the Alpheios river, Thessalian Phylopidas,
.. a large hall was later decorated with wreaths
□□□□. first more divine Graces.

Translated by E. Kosmetatou

AB 85 (XIII 23-26)

This victorious horse, exalted for its speed I, Amyntas
I have brought from my own herd
to you, Pisan Zeus, and I did not make an end of
my Thessalian fatherland's ancient fame for horses.

Translated by E. Kosmetatou and B. Acosta-Hughes

AB 86 (XIII 27-30)

... he boldly galloped on; for indeed this horse
won four times in the Nemean single race
and twice in the Pythian stadium, Messenian Aithon,
and he brought me the crown, Eubotas, on both occasions.

Translated by E. Kosmetatou and B. Acosta-Hughes

AB 87 (XIII 31-34)

When we were still horses, people of Pisa,
we gained the Olympian crown of Berenike the Macedonian,
the crown that has the glory much spoken of,
with which we took away Kyniska's long-lasting kydos.

Translated by M. Fantuzzi

AB 87 (XIII 31-34)

When we were still the horses of Macedonian Berenice,
people of Pisa, we brought her the crown of Olympic victory,
which has well-known fame, and with it
we took away the ancient glory of Cynisca in Sparta.

Translated by M. Lefkowitz
(From Diotima: Women & Gender in the Ancient World, www.stoa.org)

AB 88 (XIII 35-XIV 1)

We alone were the first three kings to win at Olympia

□□□□h chariot-racing, my parents and I

I am one, of the same name as Ptolemy, and son of Berenice

□□□□f Eordean descent - my parents (the other) two.

I have added to the great glory of my father, but my mother,

□□□□ woman, won a victory in the chariot races - this, a great feat.

Translated by E. Kosmetatou and B. Acosta-Hughes

Nauagika

AB 89 (XIV 3-6)

This empty tomb shedding a tear demands back the head of Lysicles and
[] blames the gods for what the first voice of the Academy (Polemon)
suffered [and the first voice of the Academy blames the gods for what he (Lysicles or
Polemon) suffered], and as for him, in some place the headlands and the grey
[] wave [?of the sea confine him.

Translated by Richard Thomas

AB 90 (XIV 7-10)

... destroyed Archeanax .. /. as he was swimming in the Aegean Sea
[] towards ? rugged Skyros, looking on this side and that for land ; but
a pair of sea stades is longer than wide plains.

Translated by Richard Thomas

AB 91 (XIV 11-14)

You should think about it four times and, if ever you sail the waves,
[] don't be quick to become a traveller on the Euxine, seeing this empty
tomb of Doros, coming close to which you are far from me; and I am held
[] by the sea shore.

Translated by Richard Thomas

AB 91 (XIV 11-14)

Take thought four times, even you who in the past have sailed the waves,
so that you not too quickly become a sea-traveler of the Euxine,
As you look at this empty tomb of Dorus. If you remain here beside it
you'll be far from me, imprisoned in the sandy depth of the sea.

Translated by Kathryn Gutzwiller
(From Gutzwiller, K.J. 1998. Poetic Garlands. Hellenistic Epigram in Context. Berkeley, 29.)

AB 92 (XIV 15-18)

At the ship's destruction every sailor colleague was destroyed together,
but for ?-eis there was (almost was) escape by his ?swimming; for
. for the beach ... a god ... (him) swimming ...

Translated by Richard Thomas

AB 93 (XIV 19-24)

Wherever you hold worthy Pythermos, black earth, -- for he perished in
the season of cold Capricorn -- cover him lightly; but if it is you, father of
the sea, who conceals him, set him undefiled on the bare sand of Cumae, in
plain sight, and, as is necessary, give back the corpse to his native land,
lord of the sea.

Translated by Richard Thomas

AB 94 (XIV 25-28)

When I died in a shipwreck Leophantos took the trouble to mourn for me
and bury me, even though he was in a hurry, in that he was abroad and
travelling; but I am ?too small (?Mr. Small) to return great gratitude to
Leophantos.

Translated by Richard Thomas

Iamatika

AB 95 (XIV 30-37)

Like this bronze which, drawing shallow breath up over
its bones, scarcely gathers life into its eyes,
such were the ones he used to save from disease, that man who discovered
how to treat the dreadful bite of the Libyan asp,
Medeios, son of Lampon, from Olynthos, to whom his father
gave all the panacea of Asclepius' sons.
To you, O Pythian Apollo, in token of his craft
he dedicated this shriveled frame, the remnant of a man.

Translated by Peter Bing

AB 95 (XIV 30-37)

Like this brazen one, who takes a thin breath on his bones
and hardly draws together some life in his eyes,
such were those that Medeios, son of Lampon, from Olynthos
saved from illness, as he discovered the cure from the dreadful bites
of the Libyan asp. To him his father bestowed
the all-healing power of the Asklepiads.
To you, o Pythian Apollon, as tokens of his skill,
he dedicated this skeleton, the relic of a man.

Translated by Nassos Papalexandrou

AB 96 (XIV 38-XV 2)

Antichares came to you, Asclepius, with two canes,
dragging his step along the path.
And sacrificing to you, he rose up on both feet
and escaped his long-time bed.

Translated by Peter Bing

AB 97 (XV 3-6)

In payment to you for curing his sickness, Asclepius, Koan
soses dedicates a silver libation bowl,
he whose six-year illness, together with the sacred disease,
divinity, you came and wiped away in a single night.

Translated by Peter Bing

AB 98 (XV 7-10)

Archytas had kept the deadly bronze for six years in his thigh
□□□□..... a festering wound,
when painless [he beheld you gracious], Paean.
□□□□So after the dream being cured [he escaped] his great toil.

Translated by Peter Bing

AB 99 (XV 11-14)

Asklas the Cretan, deaf and unable to hear either
□□□□the [crash] of the surf or clatter of winds,
suddenly because of his vows for Asclepius went home
□□□□man about to hear conversations even through brick walls.

Translated by Peter Bing

AB 100 (XV 15-18)

When Zenon had to sleep that gentle sleep,
□□□□h blindness for the twenty fifth summer,
at age eighty he was cured. But glimpsing
□□□□the sun only twice, he beheld oppressive Hades.

Translated by Peter Bing

AB 101 (XV 19-22)

The noblest man, Asclepius, prays for moderate wealth -
□□□□our power is great to bestow it when you wish -
and he prays for health: remedies both. For these appear to be
□□□□towering citadel for human conduct.

Translated by Peter Bing

Tropoi

AB 102 (XV 24-27)

Why have you stopped near me? Why don't you let me rest,
[] questioning who I am and of what family and what country?
Near my tomb keep going! I am Menoitios, son of Philarchus
[] from Crete, of few words, as happens to one who is in a foreign land.

Translated by L. Rossi

(From Rossi, L. 2001. *The Epigrams Ascribed to Theocritus: A Method of Approach*.
Hellenistica Groningana 5. Leuven.)

AB 102 (XV 24-27)

Why have you stopped to look at me? Why haven't you let me sleep,
[] asking who I am, where I come from or to what people I belong?
Go past my tomb! I am Menoitios, the son of Philarchos,
[] Cretan, a man of few words as one would be in a foreign land.

Translated by M.W. Dickie

(From Dickie, M.W., "A New Epigram by Posidippus on an Irritable Dead Cretan,"
Bulletin of the American Society of Papyrologists 32 (1995), 5-12.)

AB 102 (XV 24-27)

Why did you stop near me like that? Why didn't you let me sleep,
[] asking who I am and whence and where born?
Go past my tomb. I am Menoitios son of Philarchos,
[] Cretan, a man of few words inasmuch as being in a foreign land

Translated by A. Sens

AB 103 (XV 28-31)

In breach of custom, you didn't even ask me from where I come,
[] and you walk by: not even who I am, or from what family.
Come on then, take a good look at me lying here in peace: I am the son
[] of Alcaeus, Soses of Cos, the same sort, friend, as you.

Translated by D. Obbink

AB 103 (XV 28-31)

You didn't even ask, for custom's sake, what land I'm from;
[unclear]o, nor who I am; nor descended from whom. You just walk by.
Come on, [look at] me [lying] peacably. I'm the son
[unclear]f Alkaios, Soses of Kos, [alive once, same] as you.

Translated by P. Bing

AB 104 (XV 32-35)

Be good enough to stop; it shall be worth your while; I only ask a trifle,
[unclear]hat you may know [someone] from Eretria.
But if you gradually move away, learn, my friend, that you see
[unclear]ne who studied with Menedemos, Father Zeus, a wise man.

Translated by E. Kosmetatou

AB 105 (XV 36-38-XVI 1)

Pronounce his name, for under this monument the old man
[unclear]es, who missed five years from a hundred,
an Adramytean man: "Son of Timanthes, Adramytean
[unclear]lessed Battus, ... "

Translated by E. Kosmetatou

AB 106 (XVI 2-5)

Tell ...
[unclear]farewell, Hegesa...
for hers this ...
[unclear]letters ...

Translated by E. Kosmetatou

AB 107 (XVI 6-9)

I lie in ...
[unclear]or ...
stranger, to ...
[unclear]riend (?), greet ...

Translated by E. Kosmetatou and B. Acosta-Hughes

AB 108 (XVI 10-13)

When well known (?) ...

□□□□.

of the dead ...

□□□□arewell excellent (?) ...

Translated by E. Kosmetatou

AB 109 (XVI 14-17)

How ...

□□□□silence ...

...

□□□□old ...

Translated by E. Kosmetatou

New, Unidentified

AB 110 (XVI 19-22)

□□□□ Spring the Zephyr ...

...

□□□□.

to shrink from (?) and ...

Translated by E. Kosmetatou

AB 111 (XVI 23-26)

Everything ...

□□□□.

...

□□□□.

Translated by E. Kosmetatou