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Versions. An Idyll in English and Greek

W. H. D. Rouse

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quas (sc. naves) sui quisque commodi fecerat is not explained. In 1957 *perdiderimus* is a mistaken measurement, and few will follow Professor Lane in writing *pōntem mōntem*. The last example under 1845 is more simply classified at 1853, and the abl. of route (1376) belongs somewhere after 1377. Misprints are very rare, but *dissimilimus* occurs at 1998. The index, which I have had occasion to use a good deal, is very full and accurate.

I wish in closing to repeat my conviction of the great value of Professor Lane's work for Stylistic teaching, and even more for its actual translations, which exhibit, in an uncommon degree, control of both Latin and English idioms.

EDWIN W. FAY.

AUSTIN,
UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS,
April 10, 1900.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE NEW EDITION OF PAULY'S *ENCYCLOPAEDIA*.

IN No. 1 of the *Classical Review*, 1900, p. 76, Dr. J. E. Sandys writes in a notice of my article 'Die thrakische Chersonesos,' in Vol. III. of Pauly-Wissowa's *Real Encyclopaedia*, Col. 2279:—'We find mention of the speech of Demosthenes on Halonnesus, whereas the extant speech bearing that name is now . . . assigned to Hegesippus, although Demosthenes is known to have taken part in the debate.'

If Dr. Sandys had read the col. 2245 in

my article he would have found that in the twelfth line I have expressly declared that the speech related as a Demosthenic one is of a pseudo-demosthenic origin. Among the chronological data, however, I had to remark that in 343 a speech of Demosthenes was really spoken, of which Libanios expressly says *ῥηθείς*.

DR. L. BÜRNCHNER.

MUNICH, June 16th, 1900.

VERSIONS.

AN IDYLL IN ENGLISH AND GREEK.

O WHAT a pain is love! how shall I bear it?
She will inconstant prove, I greatly fear it.
She so torments my mind that my strength
faileth,

And wavers with the wind as a ship saileth:
Please her the best I may, she loves still to
gainsay:

Alack and well-a-day! Phillada flouts me.

At the fair yesterday she did pass by me,
She looked another way and would not spy
me:

I woo'd her for to dine, but could not get
her;

Will had her to the wine—he might intreat
her,

With Daniel she did dance, on me she looked
askance,

Oh! thrice unhappy chance; Phillada flouts
me.

Fair maid! be not so coy, do not disdain me!
I am my mother's joy; sweet! entertain me!

ἂ δυσέρως μὲν ἔρωσ' πῶς μιν φέρω; ἂ Γαλάτεια
μή τι παλιντράπελος δειδῶ μάλα· νῦν ἀνὴρ γὰρ
οἴστρω θυμὸν ἔμον καὶ τὸ σθένος ἐξαλαπάσδει.
εἰκὴ ναὺς τις ὅπως φέρομαι πνοιαῖσι θαλάσσης.
σαίνω γ' ὅττι μάλιστα· τί δὲ πλέον; οὐ δέχεται
δῆ·

φεῦ κακοδαιμονίας. τᾷ δ' οὐ μέλει, οὐ μὰ Δι'
οὐδέν.

χθιζὴ μὲν παρέβα με πανηγύρει ἀντιάσασα
οὐδ' ἔθελεν ποθορῆμεν· ἐπεὶ δ' ἐκάλεν ποτὶ
δείπνον

ἔπτυσ' ἀνανυμένα, ξείνιζε δέ μιν Διοκλείδας
οὐκ ἀέκοισαν ἑκόν· ἂ δ' αὖ Δανάου προκαλεῖν-
τος

ὀρχεῖται κῆμ' εἶδε τάλαν τάλαν ὄμμασι λοξοῖς·
φεῦ κακοδαιμονίας· τᾷ δ' οὐ μέλει οὐ μὰ Δι'
οὐδέν.

μή τὸ τόσον χάριεσσα κόρα διαθρύπτεο, μή μιν
ᾧδε καταφρονέοις· τᾷς ματρός γ' εὔχομαι ἦμεν
χάρμα· τὸ δ' ᾧ μέλιτος γλυκερωτέρα, αἰθ' ἀπιτάλ-
λοις

καὺτὰ τὸν φιλέονθ'· ἂ γὰρ τοι ἐπὶν θάνη εὐθὺς

She'll give me when she dies all that is fitting ;
 Her poultry and her bees, and her goose sitting,
 A pair of mattress beds, and a bag full of shreds ;
 And yet, for all this guesdes, Phillada flouts me.

She hath a clout of mine, wrought with blue Coventry,
 Which she keeps for a sign of my fidelity ;
 But, faith, if she flinch, she shall not wear it ;
 To Tib, my t'other wench, I mean to bear it.
 And yet it grieves my heart so soon from her to part ;
 Death strike me with his dart ! Phillada flouts me.

Thou shalt eat crudded cream all the year lasting,
 And drink the crystal stream pleasant in tasting,
 Whig and whey whilst thou lust, and ramble-berries,
 Pie-lid and pastry crust, pears, plums and cherries ;
 Thy raiment shall be thin, made of a weevil's skin—
 Yet all's not worth a pin : Phillada flouts me.

Fair maiden ! have a care, and in time take me ;
 I can have those as fair, if thou forsake me :
 For Doll the dairy-maid laughed at me lately,
 And wanton Winifred favours me greatly.
 One throws milk on my clothes, t'other plays with my nose :
 What wanting signs are those ! Phillada flouts me.

I cannot work nor sleep at all in season :
 Love wounds my heart so deep, without all reason.
 I gin to pine away in my love's shadow,
 Like as a fat beast may penned in a meadow.
 I shall be dead, I fear, within this thousand year :
 And for all that my dear Phillada flouts me.

ANON.

δωσέῃ ἐμὴν πάνθ' ὅσσα πρέπει, κῶρνίχια πολλὰ
 χήνά τ' ἐπ' ὤζουσιν τραφεράν, δωσέῃ δὲ μελίσσας
 οὐκ ὀλίγας· παρ' ἐμὴν δὲ δύο στιβάδες παράκειν-
 ται,

ἔστι δὲ καὶ σάκκος πέπλων τ' ἀποτίλματα,
 πλούτω

θησαυρός· τᾷ δ' οὐ τήνων μέλει οὐ μὰ Δι' οὐδέν.
 ῥᾶγος ἔχει τι λαβοῖσ' ἀπ' ἐμεῦ πολυποίκιλον
 ὄλον

πορφυρέον, τὸ δ' ἔχουσα λέγει μέγα φίλτρον
 ἔρωτος

τῶμ' ἔχειν· ἀλλ' αἶ κ' ἀπατᾷ με, κακαὶ φρένες,
 ἢ μὲν

οὔτι φορησέῃ τήνῳ, βία δ' Ἀμαρυλλίδι δωσῶ
 ἀρπάξας, ἐπεὶ ἔστιν ἑτέραν τοι ἀμέλγειν· ὁμῶς δὲ
 λυπεῖ τὰν κραδίαν με διαζευχθῆμεν ἀπ' αὐτᾶς
 ὥς ταχέως· αἰθ' ὦν ταχέως κατατοξευθεῖν
 τῷ θανάτῳ βέλει· τᾷ δ' οὐ μέλει οὐ μὰ Δι'
 οὐδέν.

τουτέῃ ἐπῆγανον πακτὰν παρέχοίμ' κ' ἔδωδαν·
 ἔστιν ψυχρὸν ὕδωρ, ποτὸν ἀμβρόσιον παρὰ
 κρίνας,

ἔστ' ὁρὸς αἶ κ' ἐθέλῃς, ἔστ' ἄμπελος ἂ γλυκύκαρ-
 πος,

ἔντ' ὄγχναι μαλακαὶ βράβυλοι τε καὶ ἄλλα
 ὀπώρα,

πὰρ πέλανοι κείνται παντοῖοι ἐπὶ πλαθάνοισιν,
 εἶμα μάλα λεπτὸν περιέσσεται, οἷον ἀράχνης·
 πάντα μάταν· τᾷ δ' οὐ τήνων μέλει οὐ μὰ Δι'
 οὐδέν.

φράζεο δ' ὥς βέντιστα· τί μ' οὐκ ἔφθασσας
 ἀκοίταν

δεξαμένα ; Γαλάτειαν ἴσως καὶ καλλίον' ἄλλαν
 εὐρησῶ· καὶ γὰρ Δολιάς μ' ἐγέλασεν ἰδοῖσα
 πρᾶν ποκα, χά Κλεαρίστα ἐμὴν χάριν οὐκ ἀνα-
 νεύει·

ἂ μὲν ἐπιρρίπτει χλαίνα γάλα, χά Κλεαρίστα
 μόσχῳ γανροτέρα ψῆ μοι τὰν ρίνα, φιλεῖ δὲ
 συμπαισδὲν παῖσδοντι· τὰ δ' οὐ τεκμήρια πολλὰς
 ἔστι φιλοφροσύνας ; τᾷ δ' οὐ μέλει οὐ μὰ Δι'
 οὐδέν.

οὐκέτι τοῖς ἀγροῖς ἐργάζομαι, οὐκέτι κνώσσω·
 κεντεῖ ἔρως κραδίαν· πᾶ τὰς φρένας ἐκπεπότα-
 μαι ;

τάκομαι οἶμοι ἐγών, κατατάκομαι ἀεροφοίτας
 βῶς ἐνὶ κάπῳ ὅπως εὐερκέει, καὶ μάλα δεῖδω
 μὴ τι κίχη θάνατός με τριακοσίων ἐνιαυτῶν·
 ὦ γλυκερά Γαλάτεια, τί τιν μέλει ; οὐ μὰ Δι'
 οὐδέν.

W. H. D. ROUSE.