

THE DEATH OF ADONIS<sup>1</sup>*(Attributed to BION)*

WHEN Cythera saw Adonis  
Cold, and lifeless as a stone is,  
Wild with grief she showered caresses  
On his wild dishevelled tresses,  
And his fairest face of faces,  
Whereon now of rose no trace is,  
While sharp pangs of grief shot through her;  
She the Loves bade bring unto her  
The wild boar which slew her lover.  
They forthwith did wander over  
All the forest till they found him,  
Then with strongest cords they bound him;  
One fair Love with zeal unflagging  
By a rope the beast kept dragging,  
Him behind another harrows  
Striking him with pointed arrows;

<sup>1</sup> This apologue, which is in the manner and metre of Anacreon, is sometimes printed with the odes.