

EROS THE RUNAWAY

(Moschus, Idyllium I.)

In great distress fair Cypris cried:

“ If any hath seen mine Eros straying
Upon the highway wandering wide,
And me he tells, for the betraying
The informer shall rewarded be
With one of Cypris’ choicest kisses;
His who the truant brings to me
Not a mere kiss but more than this is.

“ Now ken the boy’s fame’s everywhere,
Amid a crowd you’d surely know him,
In colour he’s indeed not fair
But like to fire—Ah! that would slay him.
His eyes are keen and fiery red,
His wicked, smooth tongue often screening
(Though seeming fair his words are said)
With subtle lies his real meaning.