

And with voluptuous languors his eyes swim
dreamily.
In flowing folds about him his robe is loosely
drawn,
Just like a careless reveller one buskin he
hath lost—
While fitted to his shrivelled foot the other he
hath on.
He in his hand upraises his harp—how he
was crossed
In love,¹ and how his amours were oft crowned
with success
He sings and of Megisteus and Bathyllus
lovely-fair:

known. He is supposed to have flourished ^ἔia the time of Pyrrhus (318-272 B.C.). He led a roving life, and at last died far from his birthplace. The Muses proved a great solace to him in his wanderings and tribulations. He wrote in the Doric dialect, and achieved celebrity and applause as an epigrammatic poet. More than a hundred of his epigrams are preserved in the Greek Anthology. His poetry, though not of a high order, is pleasing and ingenious, and characterised by good taste and creditable sentiments.

¹ This rendering is warranted if one accepts Jacobs' explanation of τὰν ἀνέρωτα, viz. "to which his unsuccessful loves are sung."