

[Theocritus]

Pan-Pipes

The bride of No-one, the long-time web-ravelling mother of Strife-far-off  
gave birth to the swift driver of the beast-nurse of secret-born stone's stead

not Shaggy-head, him whom once the bull-bred nourished, but him  
who flamed with love for, π-lacking, a shield-edge in front of the heart

Whole by his name, two-raced, he who possessed a passion  
for speech's aery breath-nourished offspring, the voice-begotten

who for the Muse, for the violet-crowned, contextured  
a shrill-voiced wound, memorial of fire-roaring desire

who quenched the host, like-sounding to the  
grandfather-slayer, and drove it out from Tyria

him, this, the beloved of wallet-wearers  
prize, the Paris-named gives, Simichidas

clay-mortal-treader, o goad of the  
quarrel-goad, your heart with this

Οὐδενὸς εὐνάτειρα Μακροπτολέμοιο δὲ μάτηρ thief-bred, but unfathered  
μαίας ἀντιπέτροιο θοὸν τέκεν ἰθυντῆρα coffer-shanks, be rejoiced

οὐχὶ Κεράσταν ὄν ποτε θρέψατο ταυροπάτωρ sweetly now hymn  
ἀλλ' οὐ πειλιπέδεις αἶθε πάρος φρένα τέρμα σάκους the voiceless maid

οὔνομ' Ὀλον, δίζων, ὅς τᾶς μέροπος πόθον Fair-voiced  
κούρας γηρυγόνας ἔχε τᾶς ἀνεμώδεος ungazed on

ὅς Μοῖσα λιγὺ πᾶξεν ἰοστεφάνω  
ἔλκος, ἄγαλμα πόθοιο πυρισμαράγου

ὅς σβέσεν ἀνορέαν ἰσαυδέα  
παπποφόνου Τυρίας τ' ἐξήλασεν

ᾧ τότε τυφλοφόρων ἐρατὸν  
πῆμα Πάρις θέτο Σιμιχίδας

ψυχὰν ἄ, βροτοβάμων  
στήτας οἴστρε Σαέττας

κλωποπάτωρ, ἀπάτωρ  
λαρνακόγυιε, χαριεῖς

ἀδὺ μελίσδοις  
ἔλλοπι κούρα

Καλλιόπα  
νηλεύστῳ