



theocritus

idyll 1

MARIA MA





well, piping
at midday
disturbs
Pan's rest,
but Thyris,
you are a
skilled
singer of
Daphnis'
sufferings—

let us sit down

— under the
elm, facing
Priapus —



-and if you
should sing
so well, I'll
let you milk
my best
goat here-



and this
lovely cup
too - new,

rimmed
with
ivy -



- and on
the inside,
on the
inside -



as payment for it
I had given a
goat & fire cheese



I'd gladly
give it
to you, in
exchange
for your
song!



come on, you
can't sing
in trades

Where
memory
is undone.



begin, Muses, begin the Pastoral song -

nymphs, where were you

when
Daphnis

wasted

away?

DAPHNIS,
WHAT
TORMENTS
YOU?



begin

shepherds, goatherds

overheads

WHY ARE
YOU PINING
AWAY,
DAPHNIS?

THE GIRL SEARCHES
EVERYWHERE FOR YOU

YET YOU
EYE THE
GOATS WITH
JEALOUSY

WEEPING AT
CHORUSES OF
DANCING GIRLS



DAPHNIS,
HAS CRUEL
LOVE NOT
GOT THE
BETTER
OF YOU?

cruel Cypris,
Spiteful Cypris,

Why don't you
go to Anchises
?

Adonis, too
is the right
age for you,

Why not
go take
another
stand near
Diomedes,
oh conqueror
of Daphnis?

do you think that
all my sons
are set already?

begin, Muses, begin

again the pastoral song

farewell, you
wolves, bears,
and jackals,
in your caves,

Pan, O Pan,
Wherever
you are,
Come, come,

I, famed
cowherd
Daphnis,
shall no
longer be
found here.

Come
to
Sicily!

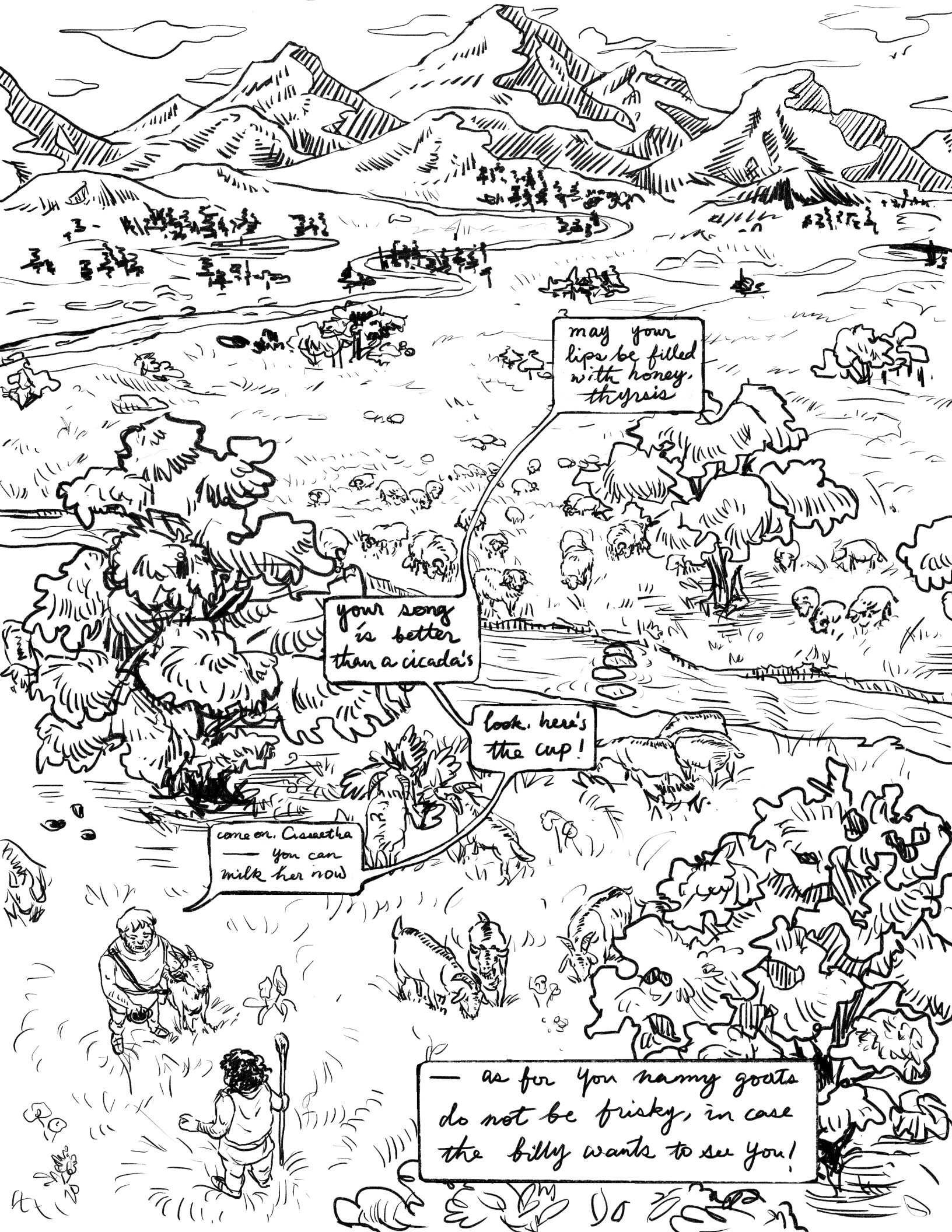
farewell,
river
Arethusa,





now give me
that cup, so
I can pour
a libation
to the Muses!





may your
lips be filled
with honey,
thyrsis

your song
is better
than a cicada's

look, here's
the cup!

come on, Cissaeetha
— you can
milk her now

— as for you narmy goats
do not be frisky, in case
the billy wants to see you!



FIN.