theocritus
idyll 1
MARIA MA
A mighty fine piper you are, goatherd!
and you
a fine singer!
Will you sit and pipe? I'll watch your goat meanwhile.

let us sit down

well, piping at middle of disturb
Pan's rest, but Thyrses,
you are a skilled singer of
Daphnis sufferings.

—under the
elm facing
Priapea—
"-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, oh the inside—"
As payment for it
I had given a
goat & fine cheese

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

Come on, you
can't sing
in Hades

Where
memory
is undone.

begin, Muses. begin the Pastoral song —
nymphs, where were you

when

Daphnis

wasted

away?

Daphnis,
what torments you?

why are you pining away, Daphnis?

the girl searches everywhere for you.

yet you eye the gods with jealousy.

weeping at choruses of dancing girls.
Cruel Cypris,
Spiteful Cypris,

Adonis, too
is the right age for you,

Why not
go take another
stand near
Dionysus,
oh conquer
of Daphnis?

Why don't you
go to Anchises?

Daphnis, has cruel
love not got the better
of you?

Do you think that
all my sons
are set already?

begin, Muses, begin
again the pastoral song

forewell, ye
wolves, bears,
and jackals,
in your caves,

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

Come to Sicily!

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

forewell, river
Arthusa,
Now give me that cup, so I can pour a libation to the muses!
your song is better than a cicada's

--as for your nanny goats, do not be frisky, in case the Billy wants to see you! --

look, here's the cup!

may your lips be filled with honey, the raisin

come on, Ceuvela — you can milk her now