



Theocritus

idyll 1

MARIA MA



thyraie!



a mighty
fine piper
you are,
goatherd!

and you
a fine
singer!

Will you sit
and pipe?
I'll watch your
goat meanwhile

well, piping
at midday
disturbs
Pau'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?

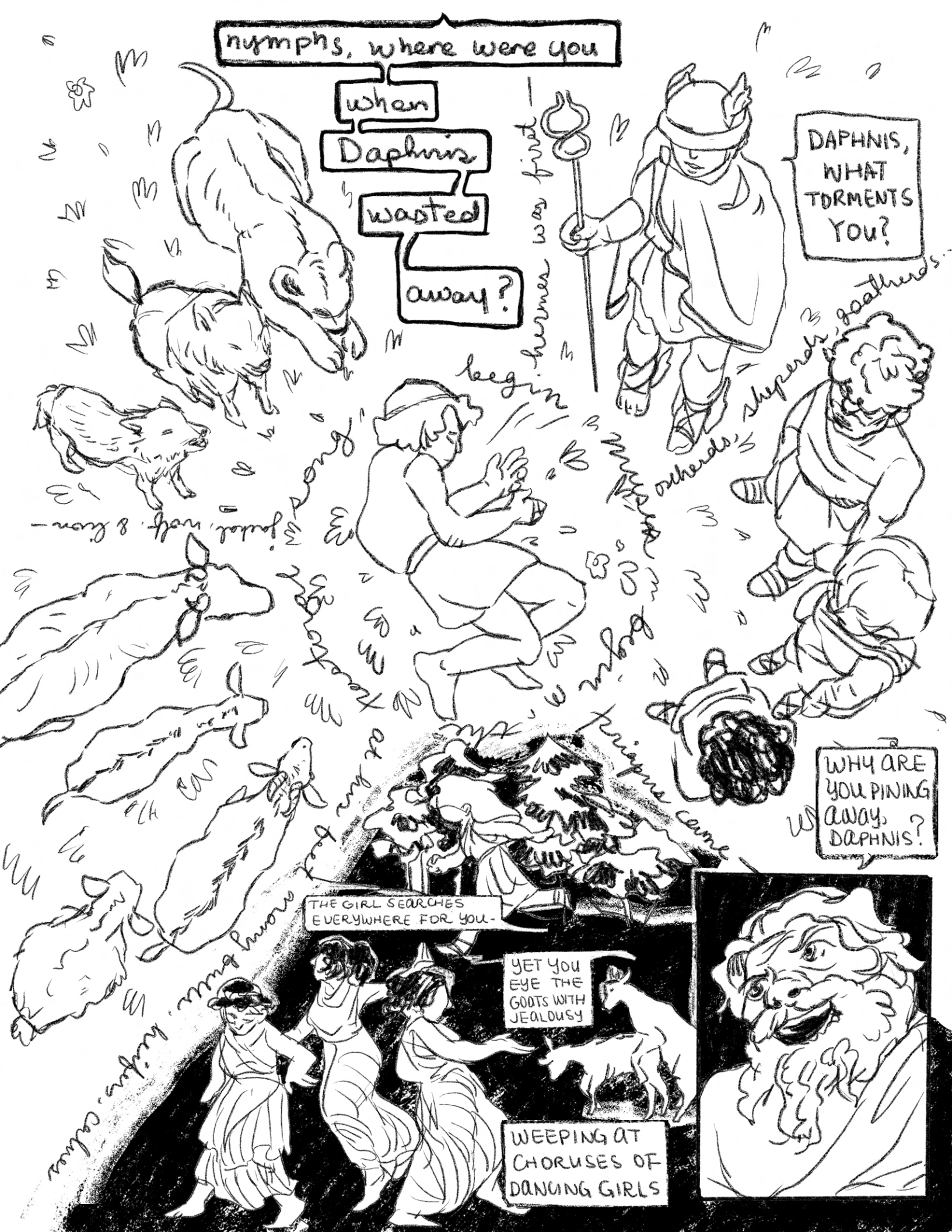
DAPHNIS,
WHAT
TORMENTS
YOU?

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



begin

hermes was first

shepherds, goatherds

overherds

trippus came

sheep

my know

hermes, calves

jackal, wolf, & lion

along

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
strand 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!

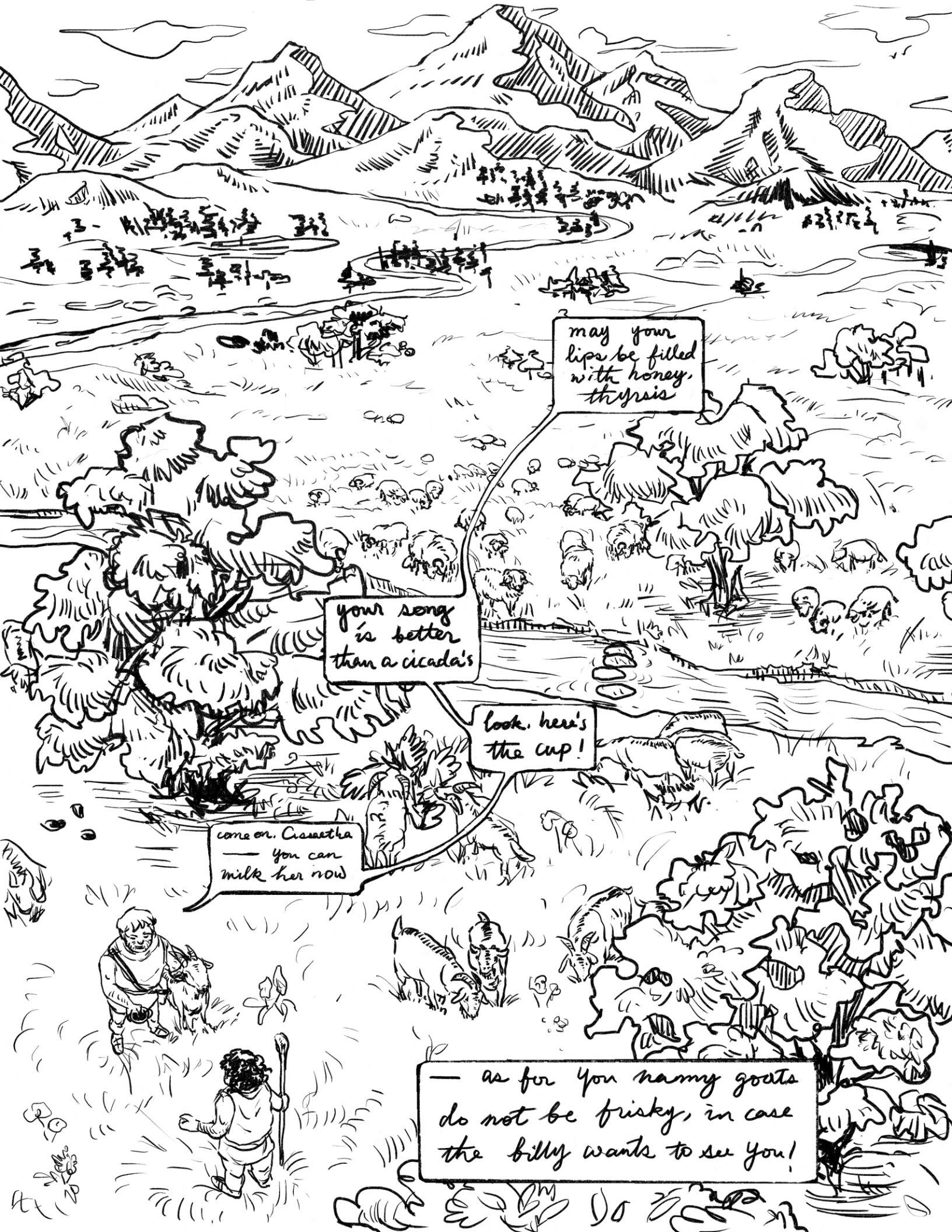
farewell,
river
Arethusa,





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





may your
lips be filled
with honey,
thyris

your song
is better
than a cicada's

look, here's
the cup!

come on, Cissaetha
— you can
milk her now

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



FIN.