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MARTIAL  
EPIGRAMS

VOLUME III



*Edited and Translated by*  
D. R. SHACKLETON BAILEY

# MARTIAL

## EPIGRAMS

江苏工业学院图书馆

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藏书章

VOLUME III



HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS  
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS  
LONDON, ENGLAND

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*First published 1993*  
*Reprinted 2006*

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Library of Congress Catalog Card Number 92-8234  
CIP data available from the Library of Congress

ISBN 0-674-99529-5

*Printed on acid-free paper and bound by*  
*Edwards Brothers, Ann Arbor, Michigan*

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**EPIGRAMS**  
**BOOKS XI-XIV**

## LIBER XI

### 1

Quo tu, quo, liber otiose, tendis  
cultus Sidone non cotidiana?  
numquid Parthenium videre? certe:  
vadas et redeas inevolutus.

- 5 libros non legit ille sed libellos;  
nec Musis vacat, aut suis vacaret.  
ecquid te satis aestimas beatum,  
contingunt tibi si manus minores?  
vicini pete porticum Quirini:  
10 turbam non habet otiosiore  
Pompeius vel Agenoris puella,  
vel primae dominus levis carinae.  
sunt illic duo tresve qui revolvant  
nostrarum tineas ineptiarum,  
15 sed cum sponsio fabulaeque lassae  
de Scorpo fuerint et Incitato.

## BOOK XI

### 1

Where, where are you going, holiday book, dressed in purple not of every day? Is it to see Parthenius? To be sure. You would go and return unrolled. He does not read books but petitions,<sup>a</sup> and has no time for the Muses, else he would have time for his own. Do you think yourself sufficiently happy if you fall into lesser hands? Then make for the colonnade of our neighbor Quirinus.<sup>b</sup> Not Pompey, nor Agenor's girl, nor the fickle captain of the first ship<sup>c</sup> has an idler crowd. There are two or three there to unroll the bookworms breeding in my trifles, but only when the betting and gossiping about Scorpis and Incitatus is played out.

<sup>a</sup> Addressed to the Emperor.

<sup>b</sup> The temple of Quirinus near M.'s house; cf. 10.58.10.

<sup>c</sup> The references are respectively to the Porticus Pompeii (cf. 2.14.10); the Porticus Europae (cf. 2.14.15); and the Porticus Argonautarum (cf. 2.14.6). Jason is called *levis* because of his conduct to Medea.

## MARTIAL

### 2

Triste supercilium durique severa Catonis  
frons et aratoris filia Fabricia  
et personati fastus et regula morum,  
quidquid et in tenebris non sumus, ite foras.  
5 clamant ecce mei 'Io Saturnalia' versus:  
et licet et sub te praeside, Nerva, libet.  
lectores tetrici salebrosum ediscite Santram:  
nil mihi vobiscum est: iste liber meus est.

### 3

Non urbana mea tantum Pipleide gaudent  
otia nec vacuis auribus ista damus,  
sed meus in Geticis ad Martia signa pruinis  
a rigidio teritur centurione liber,  
5 dicitur et nostros cantare Britannia versus.  
quid prodest? nescit sacculus ista meus.  
at quam victuras poteramus pangere chartas  
quantaque Pieria proelia flare tuba,  
cum pia reddiderint Augustum numina terris,  
10 et Maecenatem si tibi, Roma, darent!

2.2 Fabricia *P. Wagner* : -cii βγ

6 libet . . . licet s



## BOOK XI

### 2

Gloomy brow and stern countenance of unbending Cato and Fabricia, the plowman's daughter,<sup>a</sup> and pride in its mask, and moral code, and everything that in the dark we are not: out you go. Look, my verses shout "Hurrah for the Saturnalia!" Under your rule, Nerva,<sup>b</sup> it's allowed, and it's our pleasure. You austere readers learn jerky<sup>c</sup> Santra by heart, I am not concerned with you. This book is mine.

### 3

Not alone does Rome's leisure rejoice in my Pipleis, nor do I give these pieces only to empty ears. My book is thumbed by hard centurions beside Mars' standards in Getic frosts, and Britain is said to recite my verses. What's the use? My purse knows nothing of all that. Ah, but what immortal pages could I indite, what mighty battles could I blow on Pierian trumpet, if, in restoring Augustus' divinity<sup>d</sup> to earth, the gods in their benevolence had given Rome a Maecenas too!

<sup>a</sup> Fabricius' daughters were given dowries by the senate because of his poverty. The manuscript reading *Fabricii* contravenes M.'s practice of avoiding the genitive ending in -ii. *Cybii* in 11.27.3 and 11.31.14 should not count as an exception; see Housman, 943.

<sup>b</sup> Who succeeded Domitian in October of A.D. 96, this book being published at the Saturnalia in December.

<sup>c</sup> Cf. 11.90.2.

<sup>d</sup> In the person of Nerva.

## MARTIAL

### 4

Sacra laresque Phrygum quos Troiae maluit heres  
quam rapere arsuras Laomedontis opes,  
scriptus et aeterno nunc primum Iuppiter auro  
et soror et summi filia tota patris,  
5 et qui purpureis iam tertia nomina fastis,  
Iane, refers Nervae; vos precor ore pio:  
hunc omnes servate ducem, servate senatum;  
moribus hic vivat principis, ille suis.

### 5

Tanta tibi est recti reverentia, Caesar, et aequi  
quanta Numae fuerat: sed Numa pauper erat.  
ardua res haec est, opibus non tradere mores  
et, cum tot Croesos viceris, esse Numam.  
5 si redeant veteres, ingentia nomina, patres,  
Elysium liceat si vacuare nemus,  
te colet invictus pro libertate Camillus,  
aurum Fabricius te tribuente volet,  
te duce gaudebit Brutus, tibi Sulla cruentus  
10 imperium tradet, cum positurus erit,

---

<sup>a</sup> Aeneas.

<sup>b</sup> I.e. the wealth of Troy.

<sup>c</sup> Some representation of Jupiter placed by Nerva in the temple on the Capitol. *Aeterno* = never again to be destroyed by fire.

<sup>d</sup> Juno and Minerva, the latter being "wholly his" as having sprung from his head.

<sup>e</sup> Nerva being consul for the third time. The consular

## BOOK XI

### 4

Sacred emblems and household gods of the Phrygians, which Troy's heir<sup>a</sup> chose to rescue leaving Laomedon's wealth<sup>b</sup> to the flames, and Jupiter, now for the first time depicted in everlasting gold,<sup>c</sup> and you the sister and you the daughter,<sup>d</sup> wholly his, of the supreme Father, and you, Janus, who now for the third time bring back the name of Nerva to the purple annals,<sup>e</sup> to you in piety I pray: preserve you all this our Leader, preserve the senate; let it live by its prince's code, he by his own.

### 5

Caesar, your reverence for right and justice is no less than Numa's was; but Numa was a poor man. It is a hard thing not to sacrifice morals to wealth and to be Numa when you are richer than many a Croesus. If the fathers<sup>f</sup> of old, those mighty names, were to return and the Elysian grove could be emptied, Camillus, unconquered champion of freedom,<sup>g</sup> would be your courtier, and Fabricius<sup>h</sup> would accept your proffered gold; Brutus would rejoice to be under your leadership, bloodstained Sulla when

records were kept in the temple of Janus: cf. 8.66.11. "Purple" either = consular, from the consul's purple gown, or referring to actual purple lettering in the volume; cf. 12.29.5.

<sup>f</sup> I.e. senators.

<sup>g</sup> Cf. 1.24.3.

<sup>h</sup> Who refused the presents of Pyrrhus, king of Epirus.

## MARTIAL

et te privato cum Caesare Magnus amabit,  
donabit totas et tibi Crassus opes.  
ipse quoque infernis revocatus Ditis ab umbris  
si Cato reddatur, Caesarianus erit.

### 6

Unctis falciferi senis diebus,  
regnator quibus imperat fritillus,  
versu ludere non laborioso  
permittis, puto, pilleata Roma.  
5 risisti; licet ergo, non vetamur.  
pallentes procul hinc abite curae;  
quidquid venerit obvium loquamur  
morosa sine cogitatione.  
misce dimidios, puer, trientes,  
10 quales Pythagoras dabat Neroni,  
misce, Dindyme, sed frequentiores:  
possum nil ego sobrius; bibenti  
succurrent mihi quindecim poetae.  
da nunc basia, sed Catulliana:  
15 quae si tot fuerint quot ille dixit,  
donabo tibi Passerem Catulli.

## BOOK XI

about to resign his power would hand it over to you, Magnus<sup>a</sup> would love you along with Caesar, a private citizen, and Crassus give you all his wealth. If even Cato himself, recalled from the nether shades of Dis, were to be returned to us, he would be a Caesarian.

### 6

On the sumptuous feast days of the old Scythe-bearer,<sup>b</sup> over which King Dice-box rules, methinks you allow me, cap-clad<sup>c</sup> Rome, to sport in toil-free verse. You smile. Permission granted then, I am not forbidden. Pale cares, get you far hence. Whatever comes my way, let me out with it and no moody meditation. Boy, mix me bumpers half and half, such as Pythagoras used to give to Nero, mix them, Dindymus, and not too long between them. I can do nothing sober, but when I drink, fifteen poets will come to my aid. Give me kisses, Catullian kisses.<sup>d</sup> If they shall be as many as he said, I will give you Catullus' Sparrow.<sup>e</sup>

<sup>a</sup> Pompey the Great (Cn. Pompeius Magnus).

<sup>b</sup> Saturn.

<sup>c</sup> The *pilleus*, or cap of liberty worn by manumitted slaves (cf. 2.68.4), was also generally worn at the Saturnalia. It was a symbol of license.

<sup>d</sup> Cf. Catull. 5.7–9 and 3.

<sup>e</sup> Cf. 1.7.3n. Clearly with an obscene double sense here, but that is M.'s contribution. Catullus meant no such thing, nor is M. likely to have thought he did.

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### 7

- Iam certe stupido non dices, Paula, marito,  
ad moechum quotiens longius ire voles,  
'Caesar in Albanum iussit me mane venire,  
Caesar Circeios.' iam strophæ talis abît.
- 5 Penelopæ licet esse tibi sub principe Nerva:  
sed prohibet scabies ingeniumque vetus.  
infelix, quid ages? ægram simulabis amicam?  
haerebit dominae vir comes ipse suae,  
ibit et ad fratrem tecum matremque patremque.
- 10 quas igitur fraudes ingeniosa paras?  
diceret hystericam se forsitan altera moecha  
in Sinuessano velle sedere lacu.  
quanto tu melius, quotiens placet ire fututum,  
quæ verum mavis dicere, Paula, viro!

### 8

- Lassa quod hesterni spirant opobalsama dracti,  
ultima quod curvo quæ cadit aura croco;  
poma quod hiberna maturescentia capsæ,  
arbore quod verna luxuriosus ager;
- 5 de Palatinis dominae quod Serica prelis,  
sucina virginea quod regelata manu;  
amphora quod nigri, sed longe, fracta Falerni,  
quod qui Sicaniæ detinet hortus apes;

8.1 dracti *Housman* : drauci Τβγ

---

<sup>a</sup> M. had presumably known this all along, which makes the preceding speculations inapposite. But the reader gets his surprise.

## BOOK XI

### 7

Now at least, Paula, you will not be saying to your fool of a husband, whenever you want to go to a lover at a distance: "Caesar has commanded me to go to Alba tomorrow morning. Caesar has commanded me to Circeii." The day for such a ruse has gone by. Under Nerva's rule you can be Penelope, but your itch, your old bent, won't let you. What will you do, wretched woman? Pretend a sick friend? Your husband himself will stick to his lady and accompany you to brother or mother or father. So, my clever one, what fraud are you hatching? Perhaps another of your kind might say she was hysterical and wanted to sit in the waters of Sinuessa. How much better you manage, Paula! Whenever you have a mind to go for a fuck, you prefer to tell your husband the truth.<sup>a</sup>

### 8

Perfume of faded balsam in yesterday's vases; last aroma that falls from a curving jet of saffron;<sup>b</sup> scent of apples ripening in their winter box, or of a field luxuriant with spring foliage, or of silks from our Lady's<sup>c</sup> Palatine presses, or of amber warmed in a girl's hand, or of a jar of black Falernian broken, but a long way off, or of a garden keeping Sicanian bees;

<sup>b</sup> Cf. 5.25.7n.

<sup>c</sup> The Emperor's wife.

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quod Cosmi redolent alabastra focique deorum,  
10 quod modo divitibus lapsa corona comis —  
singula quid dicam? non sunt satis; omnia misce:  
hoc fragrant pueri basia mane mei.  
scire cupis nomen? si propter basia, dicam.  
iurasti. nimium scire, Sabine, cupis.

### 9

Clarus fronde Iovis, Romani fama cothurni,  
spirat Apellea redditus arte Memor.

### 10

Contulit ad saturas ingentia pectora Turnus.  
cur non ad Memoris carmina? frater erat.

### 11

Tolle, puer, calices tepidique toreumata Nili  
et mihi segura pocula trade manu  
trita patrum labris et tonso pura ministro;  
anticus mensis restituatur honor.  
5 te potare decet gemma, qui Mentora frangis  
in scaphium moechae, Sardanapalle, tuae.

---

<sup>a</sup> He swears too eagerly, and M. withholds the name; so better not translate "you want to know too much."

<sup>b</sup> Cf. 4.1.6.



## BOOK XI

odor of Cosmus' alabaster boxes and the hearths of the gods, or of a garland just fallen from richly pomaded locks—why speak of this or that? They are not enough. Mix them all together: such is the fragrance of my boy's morning kisses. Do you wish to know his name? If it's only on account of the kisses, I'll tell you. You swear it. You are too anxious to know,<sup>a</sup> Sabinus.

### 9

Memor, illustrious in Jupiter's leaves,<sup>b</sup> fame of the Roman buskin, breathes, recalled by Apelles' art.<sup>c</sup>

### 10

Turnus brought a mighty genius to writing satires. Why not to Memor's kind of poetry? He was Memor's brother.

### 11

Boy, remove the goblets, the chased chalices of warm Nile, and with nothing to fear hand me cups worn by our forebears' lips, plain, with a close-cropped bearer to go with them; let their old-time dignity be restored to our boards. It is for you, Sardanapallus,<sup>d</sup> to drink from jewels, you who break a Mentor to make a chamber pot for your mistress.

<sup>c</sup> The art of painting.

<sup>d</sup> See Appendix B.