

# **Simonides**

**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**

2004

**Publisher:**

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

## **Epitaph At Thermopylae**

Four thousand of us fought three million.  
When you visit Sparta, tell them:  
Here, the soldiers kept their word.

Simonides

## Fragment 01

WHEN, upon the well-wrought chest,  
Fiercely heat the howling wind,  
And the oceans heaving breast  
Filled with terror DanaCs mind ;  
All in tears, her arm she throws  
Over Perseus, as he lay  
O, my babe, she said, what woes  
On thy mothers bosom weigh!

Thou dost sleep with careless breast,  
Slumbering in this dreary home,  
Thou dost sweetly take thy rest,  
In the darkness and the gloom.

In thy little mantle there,  
Passing wave thou dost not mind,  
Dashing oer thy clustering hair,  
Nor fhe voices of the wind.

Yet if thou, my beauteous one!  
Felt the weight of this deep woe,  
Not unconscious would my son  
Hear his mothers sorrows now.

Yet sleep on, my babe, I pray,  
Sleep thou too, tumultuous deep  
And th unmeasured cares that stay  
On my heart,let them too sleep!

Father Jove! I ask of thee,  
Vain their evil counsels make!  
And, though bold the prayer may be,  
Right my wrongs, for Perseus sake.

Simonides