

<p>ΚΛΕΑΝΘΗΣ</p>	<p>καὶ ἐμὲ Ἔρως ὁ λυσιμέλης δόνει [Sappho fr. 137 D.] ἀλλὰ πολὺ εὐδαιμονέστερός εἰμι τῆς ἀμβροσίου ποιητοῦ ἢ εἰς αἰὲ μετασχῆσεται <i>βροδῶν τῶν ἐκ Πιερίας</i> [Sappho fr. 58 D.] ἐμοὶ γὰρ πάντως ἡδὺς ἐστὶν ὁ Ἔρως καὶ γλυκύτατον ἀμάχανον ὄρπετον, οὐδαμῶς δὲ γλυκύπικρόν μοι ὄν.</p>	<p>KLEANHTES</p>	<p>kaì emè Éros o <i>lysiméles</i> dónei (Sappho fr. 137 D.). allà polý eydaimonésterós eimi tês ambrosíoy poietoy hè eis aei metaskhése^{ti}tai <i>brodôn tôn ek Pierías</i> (Sappho fr. 58 D.) emoi gàr pántos hedýs estin ho Éros kaì glykýtaton amáxhanon órpeton, oydamôs dè glykýpikrón moi ón.</p>
<p>ΔΙΟΤΙΜΑ</p>	<p>ὦ ἀινιγματώδης νύξ σιγηλωτέρα οὔσα ἢ ἐκάστοτε· οὐ γὰρ ἔξεστιν ἀκούειν τοὺς τέττιγας οἱ φιλῶς ἐν πάσαις ταῖς νυξίν ὄξυ τιτίζοντες τερετίζουσιν· οὐδὲ ἄδουσιν αἱ ἀηδόνες αἱ οὕτως ἡδυμελεῖαι μελωδοῦσιν ὥστε φθονερῶς οἱ μουσικοὶ μελοποιοῦντες αὐτάς μιμεῖσθαι αἰὲ ζητοῦσιν. νῦν δὲ οὐδὲν ἐστὶν αἰεῖν.</p>	<p>DIOTIMA</p>	<p>ô ainigmatódes nýx sigelotéra oýsa è hekástote: oy gàr éxestín akoúein toýs tettígas hoi philôs en pásais taís nyxín oxý titízontes teretízousin: oydè ádoysin hai aedónes hai hoýtos hedymeleíai melodoýsin hoste phthonerôs hoi moysikoî melopoioýntes aytàs mimeísthai aei zetoýsin. nýn dè oydèn éstín aieín.</p>
<p>Kleanthes</p> <p>I'm also <i>convulsed by Eros, who disengaged the limbs</i> [Sappho fr. 137 D.]; but I'm much happier than the immortal poet, which will always share <i>the roses of Pieria</i> [Sappho fr. 58 D.]; because for me the Eros is well and truly sweet, a very sweet <i>impregnable animal</i>, which is not at all <i>bittersweet</i> to me.</p> <p>Diotima</p> <p>O mysterious night, you are more silent than ever; because it is not possible to hear the cicada, which friendly sings in all nights spikey chirp and warble; and also not the nightingales; which warbles so honey-sweet, that the musicians always get jealous, when they compose melodies, which try to imitate them. But now nothing can be heard.</p>			