§§ On the throne of many hues, Immortal Aphrodite, child of Zeus, weaving wiles: I beg you, do not break my spirit, O Queen, with pain or sorrow

but come – if ever before from far away you heard my voice and listened, and leaving your father’s golden home you came,

your chariot yoked with lovely sparrows drawing you quickly over the dark earth in a whirling cloud of wings down the sky through midair,

suddenly here. Blessed One, with a smile on your deathless face, you ask what have I suffered again and why do I call again

and what in my wild heart do I most wish would happen: “Once again who must I persuade to turn back to your love? Sappho, who wrongs you?”
If now she flees, soon she’ll chase.
If rejecting gifts, then she’ll give.
If not loving, soon she’ll love
even against her will.”

Come to me now – release me from these
troubles, everything my heart longs
to have fulfilled, fulfill, and you
be my ally. §§
Some say an army of horsemen, others say foot soldiers, still others say a fleet is the finest thing on the dark earth. I say it is whatever one loves.

Everyone can understand this—consider that Helen, far surpassing the beauty of mortals, left behind the best man of all to sail away to Troy. She remembered neither daughter nor dear parents, as [Aphrodite] led her away.

... [un]bending ... mind
... lightly ... thinks.
... reminding me now of Anaktoria gone.

I would rather see her lovely step and the radiant sparkle of her face than all the war chariots in Lydia and soldiers battling in arms.

Impossible ... to happen
... human, but to pray for a share
... and for myself
To me it seems that man has the fortune of gods, whoever sits beside you and close, who listens to you sweetly speaking

and laughing temptingly. My heart flutters in my breast whenever I quickly glance at you — I can say nothing,

my tongue is broken. A delicate fire runs under my skin, my eyes see nothing, my ears roar, cold sweat

rushes down me, trembling seizes me, I am greener than grass. To myself I seem needing but little to die.

Yet all must be endured, since . . .

[The Muses] granted me honor by the gift of their works.
Cyprus . . .
The herald came . . .
Idaios, swift messenger . . . [announced]:

“ . . .
and the rest of Asia . . . undying fame:
Hektor and his friends bring a sparkling-eyed girl
from holy Thebes and ever-flowing Plakia –
delicate Andromache – in ships on the brine
sea, and many gold bracelets, fragrant
purple robes, iridescent trinkets,
countless silver cups, and ivory.”
So he spoke. Hektor’s dear father leapt up and
the report reached friends throughout the wide city.
At once Trojan men harnessed mules
to smoothly running carriages, and a whole throng
of women and slender-ankled maidens stepped in.
Apart from them, Priam’s daughters . . .
and the unwed men yoked horses
to the chariots . . . far and wide . . .
. . . charioteers . . .

* * * [six or seven missing lines]
. . . like gods
. . . sacred gathering
hastened . . .
to Troy,
the sweet melody of reed pipe and [lyre] mingled
with the clack of castanets. The maidens sang a holy song,
[high and sweet,] and a silvery divine echo
reached the sky, laughter . . .
and everywhere through the streets . . .
wine bowls and goblets . . .
myrrh, cassia, and frankincense mixed together.
The older women all cried out “Eleleu,”
and all the men shouted high and clear
invoking Paion, the archer skilled in lyre,
and all praised Hektor and Andromache, godlike. §§

[44A]
[goldenhaired Apollo], whom Leto bore [after mingling with the cloud god], the mighty-named son of Kronos.
[Artemis] swore the [gods’] great oath:
[“By your head,] I will always be a virgin
[unwed, hunting] on [remote] mountain peaks.
Do nod in assent for my sake.”
[She asked and] the father of the blessed gods nodded yes.
Deer-Shooting [Virgin] Huntress: gods
[and mortals address her] by this mighty name.
Love [that loosener of limbs] never draws near. 10

[44B]
The splendid [gifts] of Muses . . .
and Graces make . . .
slender . . .
not forget anger . . .
for mortals. To share . . .
[45] 
as long as all of you wish

[46] 
On a soft cushion  
I will lay my body down.

[47] 
Love shook my senses,  
like wind crashing on mountain oaks.

[48] 
You came, I yearned for you,  
and you cooled my senses that burned with desire.
I simply wish to die.
Weeping she left me
and told me this, too:
We’ve suffered terribly, Sappho.
I leave you against my will.

I answered: Go happily
and remember me –
you know how we cared for you.

If not, let me remind you
* the lovely times we shared.

Many crowns of violets,
roses, and crocuses together
... you put on by my side

and many scented wreaths
woven from blossoms
around your delicate throat.

And ... with pure, sweet oil
[for a queen] ... you anointed ...

and on soft beds
... delicate ... you quenched your desire.

Not any ...
no holy site ...
we left uncovered,

no grove ... dance
... sound
... Sardis ...
often holding her thoughts here

just as ... we ...
you, like a goddess undisguised,
yet your song delighted her most.

Now she stands out among
Lydian women as after sunset
the rose-fingered moon

exceeds all stars. Moonlight
reaches equally over the brine sea
and fields of many flowers:

In the beautiful fallen dew,
roses, delicate chervil,
and honey clover bloom.

Pacing far away, her gentle heart
devoured by powerful desire,
she remembers slender Atthis.

For us to go there ... not
knowing ... often
in the midst ... she sings.

It is not easy for us to rival
the beautiful form of goddesses,
... you might have ...

* 
much ... [love]
and ... Aphrodite
... poured nectar from
a golden ...
... with her hands, Persuasion

*  
*  
*  

... the temple at Geraistos
... dear women
[99A]

... after a little ...

... children of Polyanax ...
* 

strike the strings of the lyre
that welcome the pick ...

... friendly ...
... plucking ...
*
* §

[99B]

§  Son of Zeus and [Leto]
... [come to your] rites ...
after leaving woody [Gryneia]
... oracle
***

... sing ...
... sister
so [child] ...

... wish ...
... once again children of Polyanax
I wish [to reveal] the madman.
[100] clothed her well in delicate linen

[101] To Aphrodite:
headscarves . . .
fragrant purple
[Mnasis] sent [you] from Phokaia
valuable gifts . . .

[101A] Beneath its wings, [a cicada]
pours out a high, sweet song
whenever flying over the blazing
[earth it trills aloud].

[102] §§ Sweet mother, I cannot weave –
slender Aphrodite has overcome me
with longing for a girl.
[104A] Evening Star who gathers everything
shining dawn scattered –
you bring the sheep and the goats,
you bring the child back to its mother.

[104B] Most beautiful of all the stars

[105A] The sweet apple reddens on a high branch
high upon highest, missed by the applepickers:
No, they didn’t miss, so much as couldn’t touch.

[105C] Herdsmen crush under their feet
a hyacinth in the mountains; on the ground
purple blooms …

[106] Superior as a singer from Lesbos to those of other lands.
§§ Happy groom, the marriage that you prayed for has been fulfilled – the girl you prayed for you have.

To the bride:
Your form is graceful, eyes . . . gentle, and love flows over your alluring face . . . Aphrodite has honored you above all.

Bridegroom, no other girl is like this one.

Bride:
Maidenhood, my maidenhood, where have you gone leaving me behind?

Maidenhood:
Never again will I come to you, never again.

Dear groom, to what can I fairly compare you? I can best compare you to a slender sapling.

Rejoice, bride! Rejoice, most honored groom!
May you rejoice, bride, and may the groom rejoice.

From the polished entryway

Hesperos, evening star! Hymenaios, god of marriage!

O Adonis!

Come, divine lyre, speak to me and sing!

dripping linen

I have no spiteful temper but am calm in mind.
§§ Come again, Muses, leaving the golden . . .

§§ Come now, charming Graces and Muses with lovely hair

(a)
but you have forgotten me

(b)
or you love someone else more than me

§§ Once again Love, that loosener of limbs,
bittersweet and inescapable, crawling thing,
seizes me.

Atthis, the thought of me has grown hateful to you,
and you fly off to Andromeda.
[146] For me neither honey nor bee ... 

[147] I say someone in another time will remember us.

[148] Wealth without virtue makes a dangerous neighbor, while their blend holds the pinnacle of happiness.

[149] When nightlong celebration closes their [eyes]

[150] In the house of those who serve the Muses, a dirge is not right – for us that would not be proper.

[151] while eyes, the black sleep of night