## Andronikos Palaiologos (?), Kallimachos a Chrysorrhoe

Edice: M. Pichard, Le Roman de Callimaque et de Chrysorrhoé. Paris: Les Belles Lettres, 1956.

























 ov̉k oîठ $\alpha$, кגì тoṽ $\sigma \tau \varepsilon ́ \mu \mu \alpha \tau о \varsigma ~ \tau i ́ v \alpha v ~ \delta \varepsilon \sigma \pi o ́ \tau \eta v ~ Ө \varepsilon ́ \sigma \omega \cdot ~(50) ~$





 İov̀ к $\alpha \grave{1} \chi \varrho \eta ́ \mu \alpha \tau \alpha$ то $\lambda \lambda \alpha ́, \sigma \tau \varrho \alpha \tau \eta \gamma เ \kappa \alpha i ̀ ~ \delta u v \alpha ́ \mu \varepsilon เ \varsigma ~$ к $\alpha$ ì $\tau^{\prime} \alpha \not \partial \lambda \lambda \alpha \tau \alpha ̀ ~ \phi \varepsilon \varrho o ́ \mu \varepsilon v \alpha ~ \pi \varrho o ̀ \varsigma ~ \tau \alpha ̀ \varsigma ~ \alpha ̀ v \delta \varrho \alpha \gamma \alpha \theta i ́ \alpha \varsigma ~$









 $\pi \varrho o ̀ \varsigma ~ \tau о \tilde{v} \pi \alpha \tau \varrho o ̀ \varsigma ~ \tau o u ̀ \varsigma ~ o ́ \varrho เ \sigma \mu o u ̀ \varsigma ~ к \alpha i ̀ ~ \tau \alpha ̀ \varsigma ~ \pi \alpha \varrho \alpha \gamma \gamma \varepsilon \lambda i ́ \alpha \varsigma . ~$
 $\mu \varepsilon \tau \dot{\alpha} \kappa \alpha \lambda$ ои̃ $\theta \varepsilon \lambda \eta \dot{\eta} \mu \alpha \tau о \varsigma, \mu \varepsilon \tau \dot{\alpha} \kappa \alpha \lambda \tilde{\eta} \varsigma ~ \kappa \alpha \varrho \delta i ́ \alpha \varsigma$,
 $\mu \varepsilon \tau \grave{\alpha} \pi \circ \lambda \lambda \tilde{\eta} \varsigma \kappa \alpha \tau \alpha \sigma \kappa \varepsilon v \tilde{\eta} \varsigma, \mu \varepsilon \tau \grave{\alpha} \pi о \lambda \lambda \tilde{\omega} v \dot{\alpha} \varrho \mu \alpha ́ \tau \omega \nu$


















 $\mu \varepsilon \tau \dot{\alpha} \phi \omega \sigma \sigma \alpha ́ \tau \circ v$ каі̀ $\pi о \lambda \lambda \tilde{\omega} v$ ì íò̀ $\tau \tilde{\omega} v$ фою $\tau \omega \mu \alpha ́ \tau \omega \nu$, $\mu \varepsilon \tau \dot{\alpha} \pi о \lambda \lambda \tilde{\eta} \varsigma \pi \alpha \varrho \alpha ́ \tau \alpha \xi \eta \varsigma, \kappa \alpha \mu \eta ́ \lambda \omega v \dot{\alpha} \mu \varepsilon \tau \varrho \eta \dot{\tau} \tau \omega$,











 $\pi \tilde{\omega} \varsigma \alpha \dot{\alpha} \tau \varepsilon v i ́ \sigma \omega, \pi \tilde{\omega} \varsigma$ ì $\tilde{\omega}$ к $\alpha \grave{~} \pi \tilde{\omega} \varsigma$ દ̇v $\alpha \tau \varepsilon \nu^{\prime} \sigma \omega ;$








 $\eta \dot{\eta} \mu \tilde{\alpha} \varsigma \delta^{\prime} \dot{\varepsilon} \xi \dot{\alpha} \phi \varepsilon \varsigma, \beta \alpha \sigma \lambda \lambda \varepsilon \tilde{v}, \mu \eta \delta^{\prime}$ òvo $\mu \alpha ́ \sigma \eta \varsigma ~ \pi \alpha \tilde{i} \delta \alpha \varsigma$.


 (120)








 $\kappa \alpha i ̀ ~ \tau ' ~ \alpha ̛ \lambda \lambda \alpha ~ \tau \alpha ̀ ~ \tau о \lambda v \tau \varepsilon \lambda \tilde{\eta} \kappa \alpha i ̀ \tau \tilde{\omega} v ~ \chi \varrho \eta \mu \alpha ́ \tau \omega \nu ~ \beta \alpha ́ \varrho \eta ~(130) ~$









(139)

ض̇бхט́vӨŋб

Prologue on the ways of the word. We begin the story of a man sorely tried, affectionate and capable, who was much loved.

Nothing that happens on this earth, no action, no exploit, does not partake of grief. Joy and grief are mixed, even blended together. Beauty and charm have their share of grief just as grief often has its share of joy. Fame, glory, honor, wealth, beauty, intelligence, learning, bravery, love, charm, noble appearance; the qualities that give sweet joy and pleasure-joined with them you see danger and malice, infirmities and obstacles which cause grief, not to mention the loss itself of what we long for. Desire deprived of its object shuns patience, and shows, one might say, no concern for other things. Love instils its charm into everything except separation and there alone it is filled with great bitterness. If, however, you read this tale and learn the matter of its verses you will see the working of Love's bitter-sweet pangs. Such is the nature of Love, its sweetness is not without alloy. But we must turn to our story...

The beginning of the story.

A certain foreign king, a proud monarch, master of much wealth, lord of many lands, of insufferable pride and arrogant bearing, had three fair and very dearly loved sons who inspired Love with their handsome appearance and their bearing: they were wondrous in every other way, and of manly courage. Their father, seeing them matched in bearing, in beauty, in build and every valor, divided his paternal affection equally among them. He wanted to see the first inherit his crown; the next he wanted as joint heir, and to the third he earnestly desired to hand over the rule of his empire. He judged each worthy of the crown and of power. His wish was not to prefer one before another. But he did not see it possible to transfer the empire to all three nor did he judge this expedient since it would bring disorder and a mighty tempest.

So he sat in royal state, summoned his sons, and with much affection addressed them:
'My children, adornment of my soul, flesh of my flesh, I wish to transfer and hand over to you my crown, my authority, my fame and my power. But my love for the three of you is equal; my feeling for each is the same. I do not know whom I should, by my preference, place first and make master of my crown. I do not want to transfer the empire to all of you; I want my crown and power not to be the subject of dispute but to last into the future and beyond. Sharing is bad and brings disorder. Just as sharing has no place in love, so it has no place in ruling an empire. Behold! Here is much money, here are troops in arms and whatever else is necessary for great deeds. Here are treasure, equipment and a mighty army. Depart, go, take much money and
everything else you need for support. The one who shows great military valor, strength, intelligence and proper wisdom, the one who acts in the most kingly way, and gains a great trophy with his mighty exploits, to him shall I give the command of the empire, him shall I crown and make king in my place.' No-one was dissatisfied with their father`s words or with his wishes and orders. It was with cordiality, with much affection, with goodwill and a good heart that the three immediately said farewell and set out together, with many battalions, with a mighty army, and with a vast array of arms and equipment.

And so the three set out to leave.

They went over many vast and trackless lands. Finally, to omit details, they came to a deserted region where they found a rugged and precipitous mountain which could not be scaled. The mountain reached beyond the clouds and afforded no way of ascent. It was rough and stony, dark, wild and frightening. Immediately they took counsel as to how they should proceed and what they should do. The first said, 'The mountain affords no way of ascent, so far does its height reach. You would say that its peak even reaches the heavens and that its trees stretch their branches to the same extent. So let us withdraw from this place. Let us go to some level country. Come!' Immediately on hearing this, the second said, 'I agree. I am departing from here. A mountain higher than the clouds, a place full of rocks and stones, an unscaleable peak, trees as high as the heavens! Who could climb the height of such a peak with an army and all our baggage here, with a great host and innumerable camels? If there were people living near the mountain and this vast region, the forests here would show signs of destruction or disturbance; or some trace at least of a hunter would be visible. But the mountain is deserted of human beings.'
The third said, 'I consider such action not worthy of a man. Whatever happens to me, even if I face death itself, no mountain will prove me a coward. I shall not show fear of this place. If a mountain can defeat me, and a place is enough to make me retreat, how shall I stand in battle and play a hero's part? How shall I look our father in the eye, formidable as he is? How shall I see and confront him? Have I forgotten our father's orders and counsel, that wise counsel of his? Will a mountain and lifeless nature take away my father's royal inheritance and rob me of it? O father, royal father, you have cowardly sons if they retire before battle and flee before the fighting. Hand over your empire to another, to a man not of your race or blood, a foreigner, but at least someone who is brave. Dismiss us, sire, and do not call us your children. We have the nature of women as appears from these deeds; we are afraid of woods. I feel shame before our generals and the soldiers of our army; I feel shame before their ancestral courage. And you, royal father, when you see us all in flight, escaping from I know not what, routed, defeated-to whom will you give the kingdom? Whom will you crown first? Whatever happens, I shall not look upon my father with a coward's heart, I shall not disgrace my race, nor shall I today lose the kingship from an unmanly will or from cowardice. But our army with its equipment, its battalions and
troops, our brave and costly expedition cannot climb this difficult place with its hostile mountain and thick forest. So let the army with its generals, camels, yoked oxen, its equipment and everything else today come to a halt. But let us, alone, with those arms we have, with just our horses and our reserve mounts, climb up the mountain's rocky slope like men.'

