But I'll put up with it and not hide. Much is compelled, even unwilling.
For I was not shown tamed by an unappealing boy.
Boy love is a delight, since even the son of Cronus,
King of the gods, once came to love Ganymede,
And seizing him, brought him up to Olympus and made him
Eternal in the lovely flower of boyhood.
So, Simonides, don't wonder that even I
Was shown to be tamed by love of a comely boy.

Theognis 1353-56 (from about 550-500 BCE)
Bitter and sweet, pleasant and harsh is the love of youths,
Cyrnus, till it be achieved.
If achieved, it becomes sweet, but if a man pursues
And achieves not, it is the most grievous of all.

Theognis 1357-60 (from about 550-500 BCE)
For boy lovers a yoke lies on the neck, uncomfortable,
A difficult memory of erstwhile welcome.
For a man who toils to win a boy must lure him into love
Like a hand into a blazing fire of vine twigs.

Theognis 1369-72 (from about 550-500 BCE)
Boy love is nice to have, nice to put aside;
It is easier to be found than to achieve.
Countless ills hang on it, countless gains,
But there is some charm even in this.

Theognis 1305-10 (from about 550-500 BCE)
Knowing in your heart that the flower of lovely youth
Is briefer than a footrace, loosen my chain.
For even you, mightiest of boys, may some day be compelled
And meet the hard work of the Love Goddess,
Even as I do now with you. Beware!
A boy's wickedness may one day conquer you.

Pindar, fragment 123 S-M (from about 460 BCE)
One must pluck loves, my heart, in due season and at the proper age.
Ah! But any man who catches with his glance
The bright rays flashing from Theoxenus' eyes
And is not tossed on the waves of desire,
Has a black heart of adamant or iron
Forged in a cold flame, and dishonored by Aphrodite of the arching brow
Either toils compulsively for money
Or, as a slave, is towed down a path utterly cold
By a woman’s boldness.
But I, by the will of the Love Goddess, melt
Like the wax of holy bees stung by the sun’s heat,
Whenever I look upon the fresh-limbed youth of boys.
And surely even on the isle of Tenedos
Seduction and Grace dwell
In the son of Hagesilas.

Anacreonta 17 (uncertain date after 300 BCE)
Paint for me my friend Bathyllus
Just as I instruct.
Make his hair sleek,
Dark on the inside,
But sunny and bright at the ends.
Drawing for me the free curls
And locks of his hair, leave them
To lie as they wish, in tousled abandon.
Let a brow darker than serpents
Encircle his forehead
Soft and dewy-fresh.
Let his fierce black Gorgon eye
Be mixed with serenity,
Drawing this trait from the War God,
That from the fair Love Goddess,
That one may fear this
And hang upon hope from that.
Make his downy cheek
Like a rosy red apple;
Put in it a blush,
For you can, just like that of Modesty.
I don’t know how
You will render for me his lips,
Soft and full of Persuasion,
But let the image hold them
Chattering in silence.
After his face,
Let his ivory neck
Surpasss Adonis’.
Make his breast
And twin hands those of Hermes.
Give him the thighs of Pollux,
The belly of Dionysus.
Above his tender thighs,  
Thighs holding fire,  
Make simple modesty  
Already wanting the Love Goddess.  
You have a grudging, niggardly art,  
Since you can’t show the back side.  
That would be better.  
Why should I instruct you about the feet?  
Take as much pay as you want.  
Take down this image of Apollo  
And make it the model for Bathyllus.  
And if you ever come to Samos,  
Then draw Apollo after Bathyllus’ model.

Meleager (= Greek Anthology 12.95) (from about 100 BCE)  
If the Loves cherish you, Philocles, and myrrh-breathed Persuasion  
And the Graces who gather flowers of beauty,  
May you have Diodorus in your arm, may sweet Dorotheus  
Sing across from you, and Callicrates sit on your knee.  
May Dio give pleasure, stretching out your horn in his hand  
(That hits the spot!), and may Uliades retract its tip.  
May Philo give you a kiss, Theron chatter,  
And may you diddle Eudemus’ nipple under his cloak.  
Blessed man, if the god should give you all these delights,  
What a mixed grill of boys you would cook!

Meleager (= Greek Anthology 12.63) (from about 100 BCE)  
Heraclitus silently speaks this line in his eyes:  
“I shall set on fire even the lightening of Zeus.”  
And Diodorus says this in his breast:  
“I melt even a rock when warmed by my flesh.”  
Wretched is he who has a torch from the eyes of one,  
And from the other a sweet fire, smouldering with desire.

Strato (= Greek Anthology 12.4) (from about 130 CE)  
I delight in the prime of a twelve-year old,  
But thirteen is more desirable than this.  
He who masters twice seven has a sweeter flower of Love;  
The one beginning thrice five is more delightful still.  
The sixteenth is the year of the gods; the seventeenth  
Is not for me to seek, but for Zeus.  
But if one has desire for those yet older, no longer does he play,  
But he now seeks the one “answering him back.”
Strato (= Greek Anthology 12.5) (from about 130 CE)
I love boys who are pale, and at the same time the honey-skinned
And sandy haired; however I also cherish those who are dark.
I don’t pass over hazel eyes, but I especially love
Those with sparkling black eyes.

Strato (= Greek Anthology 12.192) (from about 130 CE)
Long hair and fretted curls give me no pleasure,
Things taught in the school of Art, not Nature.
I prefer the dusty grime of a boy fresh from the wrestling ring
And the oil-glistened hue of his limbs’ flesh.
My desire is sweet if unpretified;
Counterfeit beauty is the work of the female Love Goddess.

Strato (= Greek Anthology 12.205) (from about 130 CE)
My neighbor’s tender boy bothers me not a little.
Like one not uninitiated he laughs to show that he wants it.
He’s not more than twelve years old. Now the sour grapes are unguarded;
When they ripen, there’ll be watchmen and fences.

Strato (= Greek Anthology 12.212) (from about 130 CE)
Oh my! Why in tears again, why so downcast, little boy?
Say it simply. Don’t be pained. What do you want?
You’ve held out your hollow hand to me. Damned!
Perhaps you demand payment. Where did you learn that?
No longer are slices of cake or sweet sesame enough,
Or nuts for shooting games.
But already your mind’s set on profit. Curses on the one who taught you!
He’s robbed me of my little boy.