

# Choricus of Gaza, Oration 7: ΕΠΙΤΑΦΙΟΣ ΕΠΙ ΠΡΟΚΟΠΙΩ Oratio Funeris in Procopium Gazaeum / Funeral Oration for Procopius of Gaza

[Translated into Italian by A. Corcella. Converted into English by R. Pearse, 2025]<sup>1</sup>

The oration expresses sorrow when faced with the anguish of such a subject, and so pays honour to the sacred memory of my departed master, thereby repaying him to the best of my ability.

## Preface

1. What I do may perhaps seem absurd: I, who need comfort more than anyone, try to console others! It is somewhat as if I were gravely afflicted in both feet and yet presumed to lead by the hand one who is less infirm than I. Still, the deeper the distress that weighs upon me, the less—naturally—I can bear silence: this is what usually happens to one who feels immense sorrow, to the point that even when alone, he talks of his own pain with himself. Besides, I also had to avoid the charge of ingratitude, and so I struggled against tears, whose surge threatened to choke off my speech: it seemed truly impossible to remain wordless before the tomb of the man in whose school I learned to gather flowers from Attic meadows.

2. It is an ancient law that, at the funerals of those who have led a blameless life, they should receive praise as a reward and honour. But even if this custom had not yet been established, such a law ought from now on to be put into effect—not for the glory of the departed (for what fame can a speech guarantee that falls so far short of his worth?), but rather for the benefit of the living: the praise of virtuous men is a very powerful exhortation toward higher ideals.

## Life and Character

3. Now, it seems to me that Nature brought this man into human life as if to create an image of human virtue and clearly demonstrate how everyone ought to live. And Hope, for her part—she who makes everything seem right—yields before his virtues, nor can she convince us that time will ever produce a man equal to him.

4. Orphaned of his father while still a child, through the dignity and balance of his conduct he put to shame those who were raised with every care by their parents; and even though two irresistible counsellors—youth and the lack of a father—urged him toward an easy life, he showed in fact that an upright nature, even if youth or the condition of being an orphan prompt it toward wrongdoing, possesses within itself a strength that brings it back to what is right.

5. Thus he reached the gates of poetry at the age when the first rudiments of the alphabet are learned; and he came to frequent the gymnasium of Hermes when he was of the age when one still studies the works of the Muses; and the rostrum and the chorus of young men welcomed him when he was at the age when one is initiated into the mysteries of rhetoric: and it was an extraordinary

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<sup>1</sup> CPG 7518. Greek text: R. Foerster- E. Richtsteig, *Choricii Gazaei opera*, Leipzig (1929), op. VIII. pp. 109-128. Italian Translation: A. Corcella, in: E. Amato, *Rose di Gaza: Gli scritti retorico-sofistici e le Epistole di Procopio di Gaza*, (2010) pp.507-527. The divisions in the text are those of Foerster-Richtsteig, reused by Corcella. Detailed references for the allusions to earlier writers in the apparatus of Foerster-Richtsteig.

and joyous spectacle for the students to have a teacher of their own age. Nor was his youth in the eyes of his students a cause for easy contempt: they respected the young man as an elder, bowing to his learning.

6. What did the great and celebrated excellence of Pericles consist of? When he was absent, the Athenian assembly fell victim to confusion, laxity, and chaos, nor was there any order in what was done there; but when he made his appearance, the mere sight of him made the people compose themselves. His class of students, however, whether he was present or absent, you could always see maintaining the same order, for dignity was firmly rooted in them.

7. In truth, there are two elements by which the ability of a master of eloquence is judged: the ability to impress an audience with the wisdom and beauty of his speeches, and the ability to introduce young people to the mysteries of the ancient authors. For these authors, whether out of respect for the old saying, “the beautiful is difficult,” or because they did not wish to initiate the general public into their writings, or because they knew the nature of men, who do not admire what is accomplished with ease, but give honour to what is achieved with effort—well these men, for one or the other of the reasons which I have mentioned, or for all of them together, did not make their art accessible to everyone, nor is it given to just anyone, as the saying goes, to embark on this voyage. But he, by natural disposition and by virtue of painstaking study, knew how to elucidate with crystalline precision the works of all the ancients, almost as if he himself had contributed to the creative process of each author.

8. Such was his skill in exposition; and when listening to the compositions of young men? Not a word escaped him that was foreign to Attic usage, no idea strayed from its purpose, no syllable capable of spoiling the rhythm or word order contrary to that which pleases the ear. It would have been easier for Arion of Methymna or Terpander of Lesbos\*\* to miss a string vibrating out of harmony than for him to overlook a word that broke the rhythm!

\*\* Both famous musician-poets.

9. Moreover when he went to bring his fruits to the theatre—and he often did so, to awaken in the young a love for oratory—he made a profound impression on the entire select audience and drew in with his charm all who happened to be in the vicinity of the meeting place, so that the Siren on the tomb of Isocrates, which showed how that orator was accustomed to enchant everyone, would equally be well suited to his own grave.

10. In short, since, as I was saying, there are two elements of judgment one the basis of which one may legitimately be called a master of eloquence, it would have been difficult to decide for which of the two he deserved greater admiration. And you could rightly say that with him a living image of Demosthenes had come into the world.

11. For my part, if I had been permitted what is permitted to playwrights, and if the laws of rhetoric had permitted me the freedom to invent characters, I would have made Rhetoric herself appear in the form of a woman dressed in mourning garments, not with raised eyebrow and majestic step (although such may be the natural attributes of Rhetoric), but with humble bearing and a downcast spirit—and rightly so, for she has been deprived of her *thiasus*\*\*—while she raises laments fitting the sudden calamity: “What will become of me? Who can give me consolation? From where will an

Orpheus come to my aid, who with the sound of his lyre might enchants the gods of the underworld and demand, as a reward for his song, the return of this man's soul, if we are to believe what the poets sing?"

\*\* Her retinue.

12. These are words well suited to Rhetoric, now bereft of such a master, who instilled a stimulus of love in the greatest cities and inflamed them with a passion for oratory. The city on the Orontes, the mother of Libanius, desired him; and the same passion was felt by the motherland of the Phoenicians. But surpassing the love of both was the city of Caesar, which used force and used flattery, and tried to attract him with vast sums of money—the means that lovers have always used to capture their beloved—until after a long time it secured its prey, but once having him, it could not keep him: he was bound by a stronger net, his nostalgia for his native city.

13. What a splendid way to repay the debt of gratitude to the country that raised him, by preferring it to such great and beautiful cities! Yet, even without considering the distinguished virtues and architectural magnificence in which those cities take pride, each of them possesses a specific element of excellence capable of inspiring powerful affection: the city of Antiochus boasts the place that bears the name of Apollo's beloved, where there are pleasant, clear, and sweet waters, so many plane trees and even more thick and majestic cypresses, birdsong, and breezes that refresh the body. If the city of Antiochus has the grove as its attraction, the city of the Tyrians has the Graces—for so its springs deserve to be called—and the city of Caesar is cheered by a bath that is beautiful to look at and even more delightful to bathe in.

14. Despite the lure of such sirens, he remained faithful to his country. It seemed to him, and rightly, absurd that the orator of the Achaeans loved Ithaca "though it was rocky," while he should disdain a country that was beautiful in every respect, but above all superior to other cities in the virtues of its inhabitants—the truest ornament of a city.

15. But since I have mentioned the Orontes, another river has come to mind, the one that waters Egypt, and with it the city that lies near the river. There, while still a youth who had just entered the company of Hermes' athletes, he engaged in contest with a mature master who had long been composing speeches. He defeated him in that art, in which that man considered himself great, and departed wearing the crown of victory.

16. Alcibiades son of Cleinias, after defeating his peers while still young, grew conceited from victory and spoiled by the abundance of honours. He soon slackened his efforts and became a better orator than the others but inferior to his former self. But the deceased [Procopius], even though everyone rightly acknowledged his pre-eminence, and each considered it a great honour to be proclaimed second after him, continued to devote himself to study more than anyone else. If you entered his home, you would see a great quantity of books of every kind, and as he put one down, he would pick up another, never able to be without a book.

17. When I saw him already bent with age, I repeated to myself the wish that Agamemnon expressed concerning the hero of Pylos; that one of the young men might have Nestor's old age, and Nestor might instead take on the youth of the young man. Agamemnon uttered this wish for Nestor upon seeing his youthful zeal, while the son of Tydeus\*\* for his part was astonished at how he was

never weary of toil, so much so that he, a young man, reproached the old man for his excessive exertion, saying to him: “You are foolish, old man! From labour you never cease!” I confess that many times did I address the deceased with this line, or rather with part of it, for I could not bear to call him “foolish” nor accept addressing someone as “old man” whom I wished to see young.

\*\* I.e. Diomedes.

18. But here Pericles again comes to offer us another comparison. There was an occasion when, before the eyes of the entire people, Pericles displayed the worst taste and arrogance, attributing every virtue to himself: “I am an orator, I have sound judgment, I can expound what must be done in elegant form, I love my country, I despise corruption.” O most illustrious one, you nullify all these virtues by displaying such immoderate pride! The deceased never, ever uttered words of that sort. On the contrary: if praise was directed at him, he would change colour, keep his eyes on the ground, break into a sweat, and become utterly unable to speak. Only then did he become embarrassed, for modesty sealed his lips, so marked was his modesty and his reserve.

19. No man therefore was ever so stubbornly arrogant that he did not blush at the sight of him and assume a more decorous demeanour, as is told of Polemon, who, once he had seen Xenocrates, suddenly abandoned the disorderly life he had previously led, abandoning banquets, flutes, drunkenness, and excessive revelry.\*\* He displayed such dignity in following the rules and, as the saying goes, walking the straight and narrow, that when he appeared in the public square everyone immediately rose to their feet, and although they paid him the greatest honours, they felt they were giving him less than his due.

\*\* Polemon was a wealthy and debauched youth. One day while drunk he and a gang of friends burst into the school of the philosopher Xenocrates. Xenocrates was giving a lecture on temperance and moderation, and took no notice. His words and composure had such a profound effect on Polemon that he immediately renounced his former lifestyle, dedicated himself to philosophy, and eventually succeeded Xenocrates as the head (scholarch) of the Academy. Diogenes Laertius, book 4, ch. 3.

20. The Graces had scattered their charm all over his face, so that it was a joy to encounter his smile. When one spoke with him, it was a struggle to tear oneself away, and when one finally succeeded, one felt better, and indeed had become better. To offer an image of his virtues, I might say that his soul was a fountain from which the most varied waters gushed, in which the useful and delightful were blended together.

21. But perhaps someone, hearing this whole series of virtues listed, might think to himself: “This man”—that is, the deceased—“never, it seems, occupied himself with sacred texts; when would he ever have had the time, divided as he was among so many virtuous activities?” But only someone who had never known him could think this, for he was, in fact, so profoundly versed in these studies as to be in every respect, except for the priestly habit, a priest. He had studied both the doctrines of orthodoxy and those that claim to oppose them—the former learned in order to cultivate them, the latter studied in order to refute them—he had studied them to perfection.

22. Yet his knowledge of sacred teachings was not displayed outwardly; for he did not pursue these studies in order to lecture and advise others, but he demonstrated his learning through his deeds.

Many forgot that they were orphans, and for many widowhood was lightened because he was there to soften their sorrows. He never lost a battle against a vile pleasure; he persuaded many who were prey to unseemly passions to embrace temperance.

23. Moreover his diet was certainly not rich, nor did it go beyond the Spartan table. If he invited guests to dinner on a special occasion, he would serve a more lavish meal than usual, but he himself ate no more than usual, yet he would pretend to do so to encourage his guests. Nor did he spend the mealtime solely on the pleasures of the stomach, but, with conversation that was both learned and pleasant, he made the meal more enjoyable for his companions. I myself was among his guests more than once, and what I tell you I know from direct experience, not from hearsay.

24. I was about to forget one of his virtues. Those who pour all their energy into literature usually, when forced to deal with the problems of real life, act with extreme naivety and provoke the laughter of those who have real experience; he, however, proved himself no less capable than anyone specialising only in such practical arts.

25. As well as everything that has already been said, he was a tremendous help to anyone afflicted by poverty, illness, or grief. He often attended the sick and, following the example of Gorgias of Lentini, he persuaded those who sometimes resisted treatment—the sick are difficult to treat!—to accept the prescribed remedies calmly.\*\* As for the poor, he relieved their need out of his own pocket: this was wealth to him, this the gold of Midas! When someone set out on the path that is marked for us all, whether they belonged to the highest ranks in the city, or were of the middle class, or even one of the common people, as he escorted them to the tomb he honoured the deceased with tears and offered words of comfort to the relatives, giving them the same love they had received from the departed: he loved those who had lost parents like a son, he revered those who had been left without children like a father, and held dear those who had suffered such a fate like a brother.

\*\* An allusion to the words of Gorgias in Plato, *Gorgias*, 456B.

26. In public festivals we hang drapes from house to house. So if we likewise followed the custom of suspending mourning cloths in the air on days of public grief, now would be the time to spread them, struck as we are by a loss that the entire city cannot fail to feel: a man filled with learning, born by good fortune for that of letters, capable of understanding what ought to be done and brilliant in expounding it; this man, not yet arrived at extreme old age, has passed away.

## Consolation

27. So be it! Since we have listed his many virtues, let us now consider what man is by nature. Is it not clear that he is a slave to the Fates? From which there is no escape, however blameless one may be—otherwise they would have left my master free!—but they decide how far an individual has come, and how long he is destined to live, after which, without any delay, they put an end to his life. They may see the children sobbing around the sickbed, the aged mother beating her breast, the elderly father tearing out his grey beard, but none of this can arouse pity in them. You could list to them the countless deeds beautifully accomplished; not even about these do they usually feel any qualms.

28. It is for this reason, it seems, that Achilles did not ask Thetis for a longer life, nor Thetis on his behalf asked Zeus; but after she reminded the god of the favours he had done for him “in word or deed,” she asks only one thing in return for those favours: not that her son should live a long time, even though she knows, and says so, that her son is “shorter-lived than others” and that after his death she is destined to be a mother no more, but that he should not live in dishonour for the time allotted to him.

29. And if we wish to linger a little longer with the hero of Thessaly and draw from him a second example for our discourse: Hector had seized his shield after killing Patroclus; when he, moved by the desire to avenge his friend, needed new arms, he asked his mother, and his mother asked Hephaestus, to make them. And what does Hephaestus then say to Thetis? He promises to make a shield better than any other, but less strong than fate. Thus Hephaestus to the daughter of Nereus; and Apollo expressed himself similarly when he said to Croesus that not even a god can overcome fate once it is decreed.

30. The same god, when that same Croesus asked him how to live a blessed life, replied: “Know yourself, Croesus, and you will pass your life in happiness.” Therefore, if the one who knows himself is happy, according to the opinion of Apollo, and he, who accepts whatever the divinity does, does know himself, then you will be happy if you do not grieve over what has now befallen you.

31. Of course, it is no small task to ease and soften an overwhelming sorrow. You have in mind—do you not?—the image of your brother now tending the flock of young men, now gathering the city leaders to hear his speeches, now giving public performances, and now at home playing with his sister’s children—for he, so serious, did not shrink from play when the occasion called for it. You think of the hopes placed in these children: he would have instructed the two boys, he would have given a husband to the girl and adorned the wedding ceremony with the recitation of an epithalamium. You picture the baths, the temples, the friends, the disciples—those disciples whose very sight would make one weep, reduced to sheep without a shepherd. You consider that he was lively as a boy, temperate as a young man, and then wise as an adult, and gentle as an old man; or rather, he possessed all these qualities at every age, so that if there were a law requiring the weaving of a different crown for each virtue practiced, from childhood to old age—so that a boy would wear a crown of roses, a young man one of violets, and other ages other flowers—he would have received all these crowns.

32. Hence the grief that, as is natural, weighs upon you. And certainly, even when you see his portraits you weep: the painted forms bring back the image of him alive, and you are seized by a greater nostalgia for him, and perhaps you lament that the art of painting is unable to infuse its works with a voice.

33. And so every event becomes an occasion for you to remember, for those in such a state find everything a reason to weep, unable in any way to avoid thinking of the deceased and picturing him. This thought gnaws at the mind, this thought steals sleep, this thought returns, when you have with difficulty fallen asleep, in dreams.

34. But what? Will grief triumph over people of your calibre? Was it in vain that the son of Theodore\*\* warned you, “Do not rejoice too much in good fortune and do not grieve too much in adversity”? Or does the first part of this advice seem correct to you—since you are indeed moderate

in good fortune—while you ignore the rest? Yet, Xenophon believes that it is more difficult to handle the favours of fortune with moderation than to endure misfortune with equanimity.

\*\* The “son of Theodore” is Isocrates himself. Quotation from *Ad. Demonicum*, 42.

35. So, if you are capable of practicing the highest form of self-control, do not neglect the easiest! It is the noble man, tragedy says, who knows how to endure all things well. And now the hour has come that tests your spirits. I judge a man a good hunter when he faces the fiercest beasts, a skilled helmsman when he faces contrary winds. I call brave the soldier who does not abandon the ranks in times of danger; I discern who truly lives as a philosopher by how he behaves in times of difficulty. For ordinary people, let time provide relief for grief; but those who have followed the path of the Muses and savoured the divine teachings should not wait for such a remedy: the medicine of reason must come before the cure of time.

36. For what better gift can literary studies bring us? Why do we labour to learn the stories of men of ancient times? Surely not to spend our time fruitlessly, but—it seems to me—along with all the other benefits, it is so that when such things happen to us, we can bear them more easily by turning our thoughts to those who have suffered sorrows equal to ours, or even more bitter.

37. Take Harpagus the Mede. Astyages had killed his only son and, cutting the body into pieces, served it up as a meal—the son to his father! But at the sight of this, his spirit remained utterly unshaken, and he declared that whatever the king wished was acceptable to him.\*\* If, then, what the king does can be endured by an uneducated man, how much more can you endure what divinity does, you who have pursued learning.

\*\* Herodotus, *Histories* 1, 119.

38. And certainly for any man the death of a son is a more bitter sorrow than the loss of a brother, since children are, of all things, the dearest to everyone by nature. But since it sometimes happens that each person considers his own misfortune greater than the misfortunes that strike others, and you, being childless, perhaps hold this opinion and consider the death of a brother as the greatest grief, I shall come to your aid with examples perfectly suited to you.

39. Menelaus endured the death of Agamemnon, perpetrated by a woman, by his own wife! Euphorbus endured the end of his brother, a newlywed—he indeed mentions the wedding and mourns the bride left a widow—he endured it, even though he saw that the killer was Menelaus, an enemy and a “soft warrior.”\*\*

\*\* *Iliad* 18, 33-42; and 26 and 588 for Menelaus the “soft warrior.”

40. But why should I tell you how brave some male heroes were? You certainly remember that priestess whose sons, lacking the oxen that used to carry her to the temple of Hera, the goddess she served, on the day of the festival put the yoke on their own shoulders and pulled the cart carrying their mother. You remember her, and how she prayed to Hera to grant her sons the most beautiful gift a man can receive. The goddess heard her, and what did she do? She answered her prayer and granted her sons, as a gift, death. The woman endured what had happened—she, a mother who had lost two sons, both young, and who felt that she was responsible for their end. And it became clear, by Hera’s testimony, that the most beautiful gift for a man is death.

41. But I think that I am bothering you pointlessly, because you already know how to behave. I have seen you, yes, I have seen you conquer grief with your strength of spirit, and to more than one person I have held up the example of your philosophical composure in the moment that more than any other provokes tears. And this is an attitude that suits you well: without the strength of spirit that comes to you from nature and from literary studies, who could love existence so much as not to find life hateful, filled as it always is with afflictions that make death welcome to all?

42. And there is what a wise man said to the king of the Persians. Seeing him pity earthly beings because even the greatest age that men can reach is a brief span of time, that barbarian uttered words worthy of a Greek. "You Majesty, it is not the brevity of life that is frightening, but the fact that although it is short it contains all sorts of torments: by its presence bad luck afflicts those who suffer it; good fortune is a source of anxiety for fear it may cease."

43. And it seems to me that if a god were to gather all human beings in some place and ask each one to offer a picture of his own fate, and then, once everyone had spoken, ask each one again which fate they would choose, everyone would be embarrassed and silent, seeing none that one could desire.

44. This is why a certain people—they are called, if I am not mistaken, the Trausi—when a child was born, they lamented at the thought of the evils to which it was born, but when someone died they celebrated, considering how many troubles he had now been freed from.\*\* Poets and philosophers, rhetoricians and historians have always cited these examples, as if they had come to an agreement and decided among themselves to express the same opinion about the ills that afflict mankind.

\*\* An ancient Thracian tribe described by Herodotus, *Histories* 5.4.

45. But as far as it is possible for an earthly being to be happy, his fate was benign. The wiser he was than others, the happier he was, if it is true, according to Plato's definition, that wisdom is the beginning of happiness.\*\*

\*\* Not a quotation, but a summary of Plato's thinking.

46. In fact, he reached an age where he was neither untouched by old age nor forced to face the infirmity that accompanies extreme old age. And besides this he had as many sons as he had disciples, for he loved his pupils like sons. If I myself am any good and try to teach, then at his death he was, one might say, not only a father but also a grandfather.

47. His death also was worthy of his life. His body was not worn down by a long illness, and when he undertook his final journey, there was no one who did not feel it as a personal loss and did not shed fountains of tears. And his holy memory has been honoured in the ways customary for honouring the death of a priest.

48. They say that Cyrus son of Cambyses saw in a dream a figure that approached him and said, "Prepare yourself, Cyrus, the time has come to go to the great ones." Thus spoke the figure; he understood that death awaited him because he knew what "going to the great ones" meant, based on the life he had lived. I am convinced that the deceased goes to dwell in the same company as Cyrus, whether it be a pleasant place, the one the myths call the Isles of the Blessed, or whatever other reward is reserved for virtuous men.

## The Bishop will inherit his legacy

49. These arguments have served me as a medicine; and I have yet to adduce the greatest source of consolation. Even Demosthenes died, at the same age as the deceased—that Demosthenes who saved Athens with his tongue, saved Greece, he who waged an unrelenting war against Philip’s gold,\*\* who did not yield to an army of traitors, he whom a rhetorician\*\* called a living example of Hermes, patron of letters; yet he too died, and he died a violent death, and left the fortunes of Athens tossed in the storm, like a ship at the mercy of the winds and the churning of the waves.

\*\* Philip II of Macedon, father of Alexander the Great, said that “any fortress could be stormed provided there was a way up for a donkey with a load of gold.” (Cicero, *Ad Atticum* 1. 16. 12; Shackleton-Bailey, 1965).

\*\* Aelius Aristides, *Or.* 3, 663 (p.511, l.10-11 Lenz-Behr ed.)

50. But this man here, the priest, has left his country moored in a safe and spacious harbour. So the ancient adage is proved true: that there is no evil that is only evil; that something good is always mixed with it. Therefore, the priest,\*\* perfect in all things, comes to comfort the citizens for the loss that has occurred.

\*\* The “priest” here is the bishop of Gaza, who was engaged in public works. He has been identified as Marcian, also a pupil of Procopius, whose activities Choricius also celebrated in *Orations I and II*. An inscription suggests that Marcian was in office by 530 AD.

## Praise of the Bishop

51. His other good works have been extolled in the past by our great orator; and although he was accustomed to surpassing deeds with words, on that occasion for the first time a contest arose between what he said and what he did. Even the gifts with which you recently blessed the city should have been made before his death, so that they could be worthily celebrated through the services of such eloquent eloquence!

52. Now, however, who will not fall far short of the greatness of the works you have accomplished? And which should we pass over in silence, and which should we speak of? On the one hand, the city has seen its porticoes so greatly extended that it could be called, with the poet, “wide in streets”.\*\* From now on, it is possible to walk continuously through all the porticoes without getting wet, for everything that impeded passage has been removed; and thanks to you, on the other hand, the bath house is open to those who cannot easily go to every part of the city. And I foresee, in truth, that to the works already completed, others will be added, and greater ones.

\*\* A Homeric expression (*Iliad*, II, 12; 29 and passim).

53. But each of these works requires its own orator to sing its praises. I now wish to illustrate one of your deeds that relates to the present occasion. Over time, a painful tradition has developed among the women. What is it? When someone dies untimely, the impulse of grief is not enough to drive them to lament, nor is the naturally tearful disposition of women enough for them to do so. Instead they hire a woman to lead them in mournful songs, and she further inflames the hearts of the women, already inflamed by the misfortune, like oil poured onto the fire. And she who can raise the loudest laments is considered the most skilled in her art, and from the unfortunate she demands a reward paid in tears.

54. You, then, have suppressed this custom, and rightly so, judging it a miserable thing to artificially increase spontaneous grief. Placed in the hands of such a guardian, therefore, soothe your distress and pray that your country may long enjoy presence of this man, and produce citizens equal to the deceased.

### **Conclusion**

55. This homage your disciple pays you, my much-lamented friend; for he could not help but weep with the others, and offer you more than the others, he who more than the others loved you.