
Euripides
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FROM THE BOOKS OF
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BEQUEATHED BY
HIS SISTER, JENNIE DAVIS
EURIPIDES

IV
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Work</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>ION</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HIPPOLYTUS</td>
<td>157</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MEDEA</td>
<td>279</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ALCESTIS</td>
<td>399</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
INTRODUCTION

The life of Euripides coincides with the most strenuous and most triumphant period of Athenian history, strenuous and triumphant not only in action, but in thought, a period of daring enterprise, alike in material conquest and development, and in art, poetry, and philosophic speculation. He was born in 480 B.C., the year of Thermopylae and Salamis. Athens was at the height of her glory and power, and was year by year becoming more and more the City Beautiful, when his genius was in its first flush of creation. He had been writing for more than forty years before the tragedy of the Sicilian Expedition was enacted; and, *felix opportunitate mortis*, he was spared the knowledge of the shameful sequel of Arginusae, the miserable disaster of Aegospotami, the last lingering agony of famished Athens. He died more than a year before these calamities befell.
INTRODUCTION

His father was named Mnesarchides, his mother Kleito. They must have been wealthy, for their son possessed not only considerable property (he had at least once to discharge a "liturgy,"¹ and was "proxenus," or consul, for Magnesia, costly duties both), but also, what was especially rare then, a valuable library. His family must have been well-born, for it is on record that he took part as a boy in certain festivals of Apollo, for which any one of mean birth would have been ineligible.

He appeared in the dramatic arena at a time when it was thronged with competitors, and when it must have been most difficult for a new writer to achieve a position. Aeschylus had just died, after being before the public for 45 years: Sophocles had been for ten years in the front rank, and was to write for fifty years longer, while there were others, forgotten now, but good enough to wrest the victory from these at half the annual dramatic competitions at least. Moreover, the new poet was not content to achieve excellence along the lines laid down by his predecessors and already marked with the stamp of public approval. His genius was original, and he

¹ Perhaps the expense, or part-expense, of equipping a war-ship.
INTRODUCTION

followed it fearlessly, and so became an innovator in his handling of the religious and ethical problems presented by the old legends, in the literary setting he gave to these, and even in the technicalities of stage-presentation. As originality makes conquest of the official judges of literature last, and as his work ran counter to a host of prejudices, honest and otherwise, it is hardly surprising that his plays gained the first prize only five times in fifty years.

But the number of these official recognitions is no index of his real popularity, of his hold on the hearts, not only of his countrymen, but of all who spoke his mother-tongue. It is told how on two occasions the bitterest enemies of Athens so far yielded to his spell, that for his sake they spared to his conquered countrymen, to captured Athens, the last horrors of war, the last humiliation of the vanquished: - After death he became, and remained, so long as Greek was a living language, the most popular and the most influential of the three great masters of the drama. His nineteenth-century eclipse has been followed by a reaction in which he is recognised as

1 "He was baited incessantly by a rabble of comic writers, and of course by the great pack of the orthodox and the vulgar."—MURRAY.
INTRODUCTION

presenting one of the most interesting studies in all literature.

In his seventy-third year he left Athens and his clamorous enemies, to be an honoured guest at the court of the king of Macedon. There, unharassed by the malicious vexations, the political unrest, and the now imminent perils of Athens, he wrote with a freedom, a rapidity, a depth and fervour of thought, and a splendour of diction, which even he had scarcely attained before.

He died in 406 B.C., and, in a revulsion of repentant admiration and love, all Athens, following Sophocles' example, put on mourning for him. Four plays, which were part of the fruits of his Macedonian leisure, were represented at Athens shortly after his death, and were crowned by acclamation with the first prize, in spite of the attempt of Aristophanes, in his comedy of The Frogs, a few months before, to belittle his genius.

His characteristics, as compared with those of his two great brother-dramatists, may be concisely stated thus:—

Aeschylus sets forth the operation of great principles, especially of the certainty of divine retribution, and of the persistence of sin as an ineradicable plague-
INTRODUCTION

taint. He believes and trembles. Sophocles depicts great characters; he ignores the malevolence of destiny and the persistent power of evil: to him “man is man, and master of his fate.” He believes with unquestioning faith. Euripides propounds great moral problems: he analyses human nature, its instincts, its passions, its motives; he voices the cry of the human soul against the tyranny of the supernatural, the selfishness and cruelty of man, the crushing weight of environment. He questions: “he will not make his judgment blind.”

Of more than 90 plays which Euripides wrote, the names of 81 have been preserved, of which 19 are extant—18 tragedies, and one satyric drama, the Cyclops. His first play, The Daughters of Pelias (lost) was represented in 455 B.C. The extant plays may be arranged, according to the latest authorities, in the following chronological order of representation, the dates in brackets being conjectural: (1) Rhesus (probably the earliest); (2) Cyclops; (3) Alcestis, 438; (4) Medea, 431; (5) Children of Hercules, (429-427); (6) Hippolytus, 428; (7) Andromache, (430-424); (8) Hecuba, (425); (9) Suppliantis, (421); (10) Madness of Hercules, (423-420); (11) Ion, (419-416); (12) Daughters of Troy, 415; (13) Electra, (413);
INTRODUCTION

(14) Iphigeneia in Taurica, (414–412); (15) Helen, 412; (16) Phoenician Maidens, (411–409); (17) Orestes, 408; (18) Bacchanals, 405; (19) Iphigeneia in Aulis, 405.

In this edition the plays are arranged in three main groups, based on their connexion with (1) the Story of the Trojan War, (2) the Legends of Thebes, (3) the Legends of Athens. The Alcestis is a story of old Thessaly. The reader must, however, be prepared to find that the Trojan War series does not present a continuously connected story, nor, in some details, a consistent one. These plays, produced at times widely apart, and not in the order of the story, sometimes present situations (as in Hecuba, Daughters of Troy, and Helen) mutually exclusive, the poet not having followed the same legend throughout the series.

The Greek text of this edition may be called eclectic, being based upon what appeared, after careful consideration, to be the soundest conclusions of previous editors and critics. In only a few instances, and for special reasons, have foot-notes on readings been admitted. Nauck's arrangement of the choruses has been followed, with few exceptions.

The translation (first published 1894–1898) has been revised throughout, with two especial aims,
INTRODUCTION

closer fidelity to the original, and greater lucidity in expression. It is hoped that the many hundreds of corrections will be found to bring it nearer to the attainment of these objects. The version of the *Cyclops*, which was not included in the author's translation of the Tragedies, has been made for this edition. This play has been generally neglected by English translators, the only existing renderings in verse being those of Shelley (1819), and Wodhull (1782).
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ARGUMENT

In the days when Erechtheus ruled over Athens, Apollo wrought violence to the king's young daughter Creusa. And she, having borne a son, left him, by reason of her fear and shame, in the cave wherein the God had humbled her. But Apollo cared for him, and caused the babe to be brought to Delphi, even to his temple. Therein was the child nurtured, and ministered in the courts of the God's house. And in process of time Erechtheus died, and left no son nor daughter save Creusa, and evil days came upon Athens, that she was hard bestead in war. Then Xuthus, a chief of the Achaean folk, fought for her and prevailed against her Euboean enemies, and for guerdon of victory received the princess Creusa to wife, and so became king-consort in Athens. But to these twain was no child born; so, after many years, they journeyed to Delphi to inquire of the oracle of Apollo touching issue. And there the God ordered all things so that the lost was found, and an heir was given to the royal house of Athens. Yet, through the blind haste of mortals, and their little faith, was the son well-nigh slain by the mother, and the mother by the son.
ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΡΑΜΑΤΟΣ ΠΡΟΣΩΠΑ

ΕΡΜΗΣ
ΙΩΝ
ΧΟΡΟΣ ΘΕΡΑΠΑΙΝΙΔΩΝ ΚΡΕΟΤΣΗΣ
ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
ΞΩΤΟΣ
ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ
ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ ΚΡΕΟΤΣΗΣ
ΠΤΟΛΕΜΑΙΟΣ ΘΡΩΝ ΠΡΟΦΗΤΙΣ
ΑΘΗΝΑ
DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Hermes, the messenger of the Gods.

Ion, son of Apollo and Creusa.

Creusa, Queen of Athens, Daughter of Erechtheus, and wife of Xuthus.

Xuthus, an Achaean chief, king-consort of Athens.

Old Servant (of Erechtheus formerly, then of Creusa)

Servant (of Xuthus).

Pythia, the Prophetess of the temple.

Athena, Patron-goddess of Athens.

Chorus, consisting of Handmaids attendant on Creusa.

Attendants, priests, guards, and Delphian citizens.

Scene: At Delphi, in the fore-courts of the temple of Pythian Apollo, who is called also Phoebus, and Loxias. The great altar of sacrifice stands in the centre.
ΙΩΝ

ΕΡΜΗΣ

Ατλας, ὁ σαλκέοις νάτους οὐρανῶν
θεῶν παλαιῶν οἰκών ἐκτρίβων, θεῶν
μᾶς ἔφυσε Μαίαν, ἢ 'μ' ἐγείνατο
Ἐρμήν μεγάλητο Ζηνί, δαιμόνων λάτρεωι.
ἣκώ δὲ Δελφῶν τήρητε γῆν, ἵν' ὀμφαλὸν
μέσον καθίζων Φοίβος ὑμνώδει βροτοῖς
τά τ' άντα καὶ μέλλοντα θεσπίζων ἀεί.
ἔστιν γὰρ οὐκ ἁσμός Ἐλλήνων πόλις,
τῆς χρυσολόγχου Παλλάδος κεκλημένη,
οὐ παῖδ' 'Ερεχθέως Φοίβος ξευξεῖν γάμως
βία Κρέουσαν, ἐνθα προσβόρροις πέτρας
Παλλάδος ὑπ' ὀχθῶ τῆς Ἀθηναίων χθονὸς
Μακρὰς καλοῦσι γῆς ἂνακτες 'Ατρίδος.
ἀγνῶς δὲ πατρί, τῷ θεῷ γὰρ ἦν φίλον,
γαστρὸς διήνεγκ' ὄγκοι· ὅς δ' ἦλθεν χρόνως,
τεκόν' ἐν οἴκοις παῖδ' ἀπήνηεκεν βρέφος
eἰς ταύτῳ ἄντρων οὐπερ ἡμιάσθη θεῷ
Κρέουσα, κάκτιθσιν ὡς θανούμενον
κοῦλης ἐν ἀντίπηγος εὐτρόχῳ κύκλῳ,
προγόνων νόμῳ σάζουσα τοῦ τε γηγενοῦς
'Ερεχθονίου· κεῖνῳ γὰρ ἦ Δίός κόρη
φρουρὶ παραξεύξασα φύλακε σώματος
δισω ὄρακοτε, παρθένους Ἀγλαυρίσι.
ION

Enter HERMES.

HERMES

Atlas, whose brazen shoulders wear the base
Of heaven, the ancient home of Gods, begat
Of a certain Goddess\(^1\) Maia, which bare me,
Hermes, heaven's messenger, to Zeus most high.
Now to this Delphian land I come, where Phoebus
Hath at earth's navel his prophetic seat,
Revealing things that are and things to be.

There is a famous city of the Greeks,
There Phoebus forced Erechtheus' child Creusa,
Where the north-facing rocks, beneath the Mount
Of Pallas in the Athenian land, are called
The Long Cliffs by the lords of Attica.
Naught knew her sire—for this was Phoebus'
will—
The burden 'neath her heart; but in due time
She travailed in his halls, and brought the babe
Unto the selfsame cave wherein the God
Had humbled her, and left it there to die
In the fair-rounded hollow of an ark,
Still keeping the tradition of her race
And earth-born Erechthonius, by whom
Zeus' Daughter set for warders of his life
Two serpents, ere to the Agrauleid maids

\(^1\) Pleione, daughter of Ocean.
ΙΩΝ

dίδωσι σώζειν· οθεν Ἐρεχθείδαις ἔτι
νόμος τις ἔστιν ὡφειν ἐν χρυσηλάτοις
τρέφειν τέκν. ἀλλ' ἣν εἰχε παρθένος χλιδὴν
τέκνῳ προσάψας ἐλπιν ὡς θανομένῳ.
καὶ μ' ὁν ἀδελφός Φοῖβος αἰτεῖται τάδε·
ὁ σύγγον', ἐλθὼν λαὸν εἰς αὐτόχθονα
κλεινὸν Ἀθηνῶν, οἴσθα γὰρ θεάς πολιν,
λαβὼν βρέφος νεογνὸν ἐκ κοίλης πέτρας
αὐτῷ σὺν ἀγγει σπαργάνοισι· θ' ὅτι ἔχει
ἐνεγκε Δελφῶν τὰμὰ πρὸς χρηστήρια
καὶ θές πρὸς αὐταῖς εἰσόδους δόμων ἐμὼν.
τὰ δ' ἄλλ', ἐμὸς γὰρ ἔστιν, ὡς εἰδής, ὁ παῖς,
ἡμῖν μελίσσει. Δοξία δ' ἐγὼ χάριν
πρᾶσσων ἀδελφό πλεκτὸν ἑξάρας κύτωσ
ἡγεγκα καὶ τὸν παιδα κρηπίδων ἐπὶ
tίθημι ναοῦ τοῦτ', ἀναπτύξας κύτωσ
eἰλικτὸν ἀντιπηγος, ὡς ὀρφόθ' ὁ παῖς.
κυρεί δ' ἀμ' ἵππεύνουτος ἡλιοῦ κύκλῳ
προφήτης εἰςβαίνουσα μαντείων θεοῦ.
ὑφιν δ' προσβαλοῦσα παιδί νηπίῳ
ἐθαύμασ' εἰ τῖς Δελφίδων τλαῖη κόρη
λαβραίον ὕδων εἰς θεοῦ ῥίψαι δόμων,
ὑπὲρ δ' θυμέλας διορίσαι πρόθυμος ἦν.
οίκτρῳ δ' αφήκεν ὡμότητα, καὶ θεὸς
συνεργὸς ἦν τῷ παιδί μὴ 'κπεσεῖν δόμων.
τρέφει δ' ἐν θαβοῦσά· τὸν σπείραντα δὲ
οὐκ οἴδε Φοῖβον οὐδὲ μητέρ' ἃς ἕφυ.
ὁ παῖς τε τούς τεκόντας οὐκ ἐπίσταται.
νέος μὲν οὖν ὁν ἀμφί βωμίους τροφᾶς
ἡλατ' ἀθύρων· ὡς δ' ἀπηνδρώθη δέμας,
Δελφοὶ σφ' ἔθεντο χρυσοφυλακα τοῦ θεοῦ
ταμαν τε πάντων πιστῶν, ἐν δ' ἀνακτόροις
She gave the babe to nurse. For this cause there
The Erechtheids use to hang about their babes
Serpents of gold. Yea, broidery from her robe
She tied to her babe, and left him, as for death.
Then did my brother Phoebus ask me this:
"Go, brother, to the earth-born folk of Athens
The glorious,—for thou know'st Athena's burg,—
And from the rock-cleft take a babe new-born,
With cradle and with swaddling-bands withal,
And bear to Delphi, to mine oracle,
And set him at my temple's entering-in.
All else be mine: for this—that thou mayst
know,—
Is my son." For a grace to Loxias
My brother, took I up the woven ark,
And bare, and on the basement of this fane
I set him, opening first the cradle's lid
With-woven, that the boy might so be seen.
And, as the sun drove forth his chariot, passed
A priestess into the prophetic shrine,
Who, casting eyes upon the wordless babe,
Marvelled that any Delphian maid should dare
Into the God's house fling her child of shame,
And o'er the holy pale in zeal had thrust;
But pity banished cruelty: yea, the God
Wrought that the boy be not cast forth his fane.
So took she him and nursed, nor knew the sire
Was Phoebus, nor the reckling's mother knew;
Nor knows the boy who brought him into life.
So did the youngling round the altars sport
That fed him. When to manhood waxed his
frame,
The Delphians made him treasurer of the God,
And trusted steward of all; and in the fane
ΙΩΝ

θεοῦ καταζη δευρ' ἄει σεμνὸν βίον.
Κρέουσα δ' ἡ τεκοῦσα τὸν νεανίαν
Εὐδοχο γαμεῖται συμφορᾶς τοιάσδ' ύπο.
ἡν ταῖς 'Ἀθήναις τοῖς τῆς Χαλκωδοντίδαις,
οί γήν ἔχουσι Εὐβοίδα, πολέμιοι κλύδων
ὅν συμπονῆσας καὶ ξυνεξελόνων δορὶ
γάμων Κρεοῦσης ἄξιωμ' ἐδέξατο,
ούκ ἐγγενής ὄνων, Αἰώλου δὲ τοῦ Διὸς
γεγος Ἀχαιός χρόνια δὲ σπείρας λέχη
ἀτεκνός ἐστι, καὶ Κρέουσα' διὶ εἰνεκά
ἡκουσι πρὸς μαντεῖ.'Ἀπόλλωνος τάδε,
ἐρωτὶ παίδων. Δοξίας δὲ τὴν τύχην
eἰς τούτ ἐλαύνει, κοῦ λεληθην, ὡς δοκεῖ.
δίωσε γὰρ εἰσελθόντι μαντεῖον τόδε

Εὐσφυγ τὸν αὐτοῦ παιδα, καὶ πεφυκέναι
κεῖνον σφε φήσει, μητρὸς ὡς ἐλθὼν δόμους
γνωσθῇ Κρεοῦσῃ, καὶ γάμοι τε Δοξίου
κρυπτοι γένωνται παῖς τ' ἔχῃ τὰ πρόσφορα.
"Ἰωνα δ' αὐτὸν, κτίστορ' Ἀσιάδος χθονός,
ὅνομα κεκληθαί θῆσθαι καθ' Ἑλλάδα.
ἀλλ' εἰς δαφνώδη γύαλα βῆσομαι τάδε,
τὸ κραυθέν ὡς ἄν ἐκμάθω παιδὸς πέρι.
ὁρῶ γὰρ ἐκβαίνοντα Δοξίου γόνων
tόνδ', ως πρὸ ναοῦ λαμπρὰ θῇ πυλώματα
dάφνης κλάδοισίν. ὅνομα δ', οὐ μέλλει τυχεῖν,
'Ἰων' ἐγὼ σφε πρῶτος ὄνομάζω θεῶν.

ΙΩΝ

ἀρματα μὲν τάδε λαμπρὰ τεθρίππων
ἥλιος ἥδη λάμπει κατὰ γήν,
ἀστρα δὲ φεύγει πῦρ τοῖδ' ἀπ' αἰθέρος
ION

He liveth to this day a hallowed life.
But she, Creusa, that had borne the lad,
Was wed to Xuthus, by such hap as this:
A surge of war 'twixt Athens rose and them
That in Euboea hold Chalcidice;
Then on their side he fought, and smote their foes,
And for his guerdon won Creusa's hand—
An alien, yet Achaean born, and son
Of Aeolus son of Zeus. But, after years
Of wedlock, childless are they, for which cause
To this shrine of Apollo have they come,
Yearning for seed. Now Loxias guides their fate
Hereto, nor hath forgotten, as might seem.
He shall give Xuthus, when he entereth,
His own child, saying to him, "Lo, thy son,"
That the lad, coming home, made known may be
Unto Creusa, Loxias' deed abide
Unknown, and so the child may have his right.
And Ion shall he cause him to be called
Through Greece, the founder of an Asian realm.
Now to yon hollow bay-embowered I go
To watch how destiny dealeth with the lad.
For yonder see I Loxias' child come forth
To make the temple-portals bright with boughs
Of bay. And by the name that he shall bear,
ION, do I first name him of the Gods. [Exit.

Enter Ion, followed by a throng of Delphian worshippers.

ION

Lo, yonder the Sun-god is turning to earthward his splendour-blazing
Chariot of light;
And the stars from the firmament flee from the fiery arrows chasing,
ΙΩΝ

eἰς νῦχθ' ιεράν,
Παριησιάδες δ' ἄβατοι κορυφαῖ
καταλαμπόμεναι τὴν ἡμερίαν
ἀψίδα βροτοῦσι δέχονται.
σμύρνης δ' ἄνυδρου καπνὸς εἰς ὅρφονς
Φοίβου πέτεται.

90
θάσσει δὲ γυνὴ τρίποδα ζάθεον
Δελφίς, ἀείδουσ' Ἐλλησί βοάς,
ἀς ἄν Ἀπόλλων κελαδήσῃ.
ἀλλ', ὦ Φοίβου Δελφῶι θέρατες,
τὰς Κασταλίας ἀργυρειδεῖς
βαίνετε δίνας, καθαράς δὲ δρόσοις
φαιδρυνάμενοι στείχετε ναοῦς:
στόμα τ' εὐφήμου φρουρεῖτ' ἀγαθόν,
φήμας τ' ἀγαθᾶς
toῖς ἔθελουσιν μαντεύεσθαι
γλῶσσης ιδίας ἀποφαίνειν.

100
ἡμεῖς δὲ, πόνους οὓς ἐκ παιδὸς
μοχθοῦμεν ἅνε, πτόρθουσι δάφνης
στεφεσίν θ' ιεροῖς ἑσόδους Φοίβου
καθαρᾶς θήσομεν, ύγραῖς τε πέδουν
ρανίσιν νυτέροιν, πτηνῶν τ' ἀγέλας,
αἰ βλάπτουσιν βέμμ' ἀναθήματα,
tόξουσιν ἐμοῖς φυγάδας θήσομεν:
ὡς γάρ ἀμήτωρ ἀπάτωρ τε γεγώς
toῖς θρέψαντας
Φοίβου ναοὺς θεραπεύω.

110
ἀγ' ὦ νεθθαλές ὦ
καλλίστας προπόλευμα δάφνας,
ὡς τὰν Φοίβου θυμέλαιν
σαίρεις, ὕπο ναοῖς

στρ.

12
ION

To the sacred night:
And the crests of Parnassus untrodden are flaming
and flushed, as with yearning [daylight returning
Of welcome to far-flashing wheels with the glory of
To mortal sight.
To the roof-ridge of Phoebus the fume of the incense
of Araby burning

As a bird taketh flight. [Maiden 90
On the tripod 'most holy is seated the Delphian
Chanting to children of Hellas the wild cries, laden
With doom, from the lips of Apollo that ring.
Delphians, Phoebus's priesthood-train,
Unto Castaly's silvery-swirling spring
Pass ye, and cleanse with the pure spray-rain
Your bodies, or ever ye enter his fane.
Set a watch on the door of your lips; be there heard
Nothing but good in the secret word
That ye murmur to them whose hearts be stirred 100
To seek to his shrine, that they seek not in vain.
And I in the toil that is mine—mine now, [bough,
And from childhood up,—with the bay's young
And with wreathèd garlands holy, will cleanse
The portals of Phoebus; with dews from the spring
Will I sprinkle his pavement, and chase far thence
With the shaft from the string
The flocks of the birds: the defilers shall flee
From his offerings holy. Nor mother is mine
Neither father: his temple hath nurtured me,
And I serve his shrine.

Come, branch in thy freshness yet blowing, (Str.)
God's minister, loveliest bay,
Over the altar-steps glide:
In the gardens immortal, beside
ΙΩΝ

κήπων ἐξ ἀθανάτων,
이는 δρόσοι τέγγουσ' ιερά,
†τὰν ἀέναον παγὰν
ἐκπροιεῖσαι

μυρσίνας, ιερὰν φόβαν
ὁ σαίρω δάπεδον θεοῦ
παναμέριος ἀμ' ἀλίουν
πτέρυγι θοα

λατρεύων τὸ κατ᾽ ἡμαρ.
ὁ Παιὰν ὁ Παιάν,
εὐαίων εὐαίων
ἐἰς, ὁ Λατοὺς παῖ.

καλὸν γε τὸν πόνον, ὁ
Φοιβε, σοὶ πρὸ δόμων λατρεύω

τιμῶν μαντεῖον ἔδραν
κλεινὸς δ' ὁ πόνος μοι
θεοίσων δούλων χέρ' ἐχειν,
οὐ θυατοῖς ἀλλ' ἀθανάτοις:
εὐφάμους δὲ πόνους μοχθεῖν
οὐκ ἀποκάμω.

Φοιβός μοι γενετῷρ πατήρ.

τὸν βόσκοντα γὰρ εὐλογῶ,
τὸ δ' ὀφέλμον ἐμοὶ πατέρος

δύναμι λέγω,

Φοίβου τοῦ κατὰ ναὸν.
ὁ Παιὰν ὁ Παιάν,
εὐαίων εὐαίων
ἐἰς, ὁ Λατοὺς παῖ.

ἀλλ' ἐκταύσω γὰρ μόχθουσ
δάφνας ὅλκοις,
ION

His temple, hath burgeoned thy pride,
Where the sacred waters are flowing
Through a veil of the myrtle spray,
A fountain that leapeth aye
O'er thy tresses divine to pour.
I wave thee o'er Phoebus' floor
As the sun's wing soars sudden-glowing.
Such service is mine each day.
O Healer, O Healer-king,
Let blessing on blessing upring
Unto Leto's Son as I sing!

'Tis my glory, the service I render (Ant.)
In thy portals, O Phoebus, to thee!
I honour thy prophet-shrine.
Proud labour is mine—it is thine!
I am thrall to the Gods divine:
Not to men, but Immortals, I tender
My bondage; 'tis glorious and free:
Never faintness shall fall upon me.
For my father thee, Phoebus, I praise,
Who hast nurtured me all my days:
My begetter, mine help, my defender
This temple's Phoebus shall be.
O Healer, O Healer-king,
Let blessing on blessing upring
Unto Leto's Son as I sing!

But—for now from the toil I refrain
Of the bay-boughs softly trailing,—
χρυσέων δ' ἐκ τευχέων ρίψω
γαίας παγάν,
ἀπ' ἀποχεύονται
Κασταλίας δίναι,
νοτέρον ὕδωρ βάλλων,
ὅσιος ἀπ' εἴνας ὄν.
εἰθ' οὕτως αἰεὶ Φοίβῳ
λατρεύων μὴ παυσάμαιν,
ἡ παυσάμαιν ἀγαθά μοίρα.

ἐα ἔα·
φοιτῶσ' ἣδη λείπουσίν τε
πτανω Ἐρυμνασοῦ κόλτας·
αὐτῷ μὴ χρίσμπτειν θρηνοῖς
μηδ' εἰς χρυσάριας οἶκους.
μάρφω σ' αὖ τόξοις, ὦ Ζηνὸς
κήρυξ, ὁρνίθων γαμφηλαῖς
ἰσχὺν νικῶν.

οδε πρὸς θυμέλας ἄλλος ἔρέσσει
kύκνος· οὐκ ἄλλα
φοινικοφάνη πόδα κινήσεις·
oυδὲν σ' ἀ φόρμινγξ έ Φοίβου
σύμμολπος τόξων ῥύσαιτ' ἄν·
πάραγε πτέρυγας,
λίμνας ἐπίβα τᾶς Δηλιάδος·
αιμάξεις, εἰ μὴ πεῖσει,
tᾶς καλλιφθόγγους ἱδάς.

ἐα ἔα·
tίς ὃδ' ὠρνίθων καὶ νὸς προσέβα·
μὸν ὕπο θρηνοῖς εὐναίας
καρφηράς θήσων τέκνοις;
ION

From the pitchers of gold shall I rain
The drops from the breast unfailing
Of the earth that spring
Where the foambell-ring
Round Castaly's fount goeth sailing.
It rains, it rains from my fingers fast,
From the hands of the undefiled wide-cast.
O that to Phoebus for ever so
I might render service, nor respite know,
Except unto happier lot I go!

Flights of birds are seen approaching.

Ho there, ho there!
Even now are they flocking, the fowl of the air,
On Parnassus forsaking each crag-hung lair.
Touch not, I warn ye, the temple's coping,
Nor the roofs with the glistening gold slant-sloping.
Ha, my bow shall o'ertake thee again from afar,
Zeus' herald, whose talons victorious war
On the birds that strongest are.

Lo, yonder the pinion-oars come rowing
Of another, a swan, to the altar:—away!
Speed hence thy feet in the dawn rose-glowing;
Else Phoebus's lyre, that accordeth its lay
To thy notes, from death shall redeem not thee.
Waft onward thy wings of snow:
Light down on the Delian mere oversea,
Lest the blood-rush choke, if thou do not so,
Thy sweet throat's melody.

Ha, what new fowl cometh hitherward winging?
Under our coping fain would he build
A nest for his young from the stubble-field?
ΙΩΝ

ψαλμοὶ σε ἐφέσουσιν τῶν.
où πέσει; χωρῶν δίνας
tὰς Ἀλευρίου παιδούργει
ἡ νάπος Ἰσθμίουν,
ὡς ἀναθήματα μὴ βλάπτηται
ναοὶ θ' οἱ Φοίβουν.

κτείνειν δ' ὑμᾶς αἰδοῦμαι
tοὺς θεῶν ἀγγέλλοντας φάμας
θυατοῖς: οἷς δ' ἐγκεκαίκαί μόχθοις,
Φοίβῳ δουλεύσω, κοῦ λῆξω
tοὺς βόσκοντας θεραπεύων.

ΧΟΡΟΣ α'
oùκ ἐν ταῖς ξαθείαις Ἀθα-
ναίς εὐκλίονες ἦσαν αὖ-
λαί θεῶν μόνον, οὐδ' ἀγνι-
άτιδες θεραπεῖαν:
ἀλλὰ καὶ παρὰ Δοξίᾳ
τῷ Δατοῦσ διδύμων προσώ-
pων καλλιβλέφαρον φῶς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ β'

ἰδοῦ τάνδ', ἀθρησοῦν,
Λεμναῖον ὕδραν ἐναιρεῖ
χρυσάεις ἄρπαις ὁ Δίὸς παῖς·
φίλα, πρόσιδ' ὄσσοις.

ΧΟΡΟΣ α'
ἀθρῶ. καὶ πέλας ἀλλος αὖ-
tοῦ πανὸν πυρίφλεκτον αἰ-
ρεὶ τίς· ἀρ' ὅς ἐμαύσι μυ-
θεύτηται παρὰ πήναις
ION

It shall hold thee aloof, my bow's fierce singing!
Wilt thou heed not? Away, let thy nurslings hide
Where the swirls of Alpheius coil and slide,
Or mid Isthmian glens and groves,
That the offerings undefiled may abide,
And the temples that Phoebus loves.

Loth were I to slaughter such as ye,
Which bear unto mortals the augury
Of the Gods: but a burden is laid upon me:
I am Phoebus' thrall, and I will not refrain
My service to them that my life sustain.

Enter chorus of Creusa's Handmaids. They move to
right and left, admiring the sculptures on the walls
of the temple. Members of Chorus chant in
turn:—

CHORUS 1

Not in Athens alone then, the city divine,
Stand courts of the Gods, with line on line
Of stately columns; nor service is thine
There only, O Highway-king.
Lo here, how in Loxias' holy place
The son of Latona hath splendour and grace
Of a twofold-gleaming temple-face.

CHORUS 2

Ah, look thou, behold this thing—
How with golden scimitar Zeus' Son here
Slayeth the hydra of Lerna's mere:
Dear, one glance hitherward fling!

CHORUS 1

I see it:—and lo, where another anigh
Is uplifting a flame-wrapped torch on high!
Who is it—who? On my broidery
Is the hero's story told?
ΙΩΝ

ἀσπιστὰς Ἰόλαος, ὅς κοινοῦσι αἱρόμενοι πόνοις Δίῳ παιδὶ συναντλεῖ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ γ'
καὶ μὰν τὸν ἅθρησον πτερούντως ἐφεδρον ἵππουν τὰν πῦρ πνέουσαν ἐναίρει τρισώματον ἀλκάν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ α'
παντὶ τοι βλέφαρον διόκω σκέψαι κλόνον ἐν τείχεσί λαίνοισι Γιγάντων.

ΧΟΡΟΣ δ'
ὡδε δερκόμεθ', ὦ φίλαι,†

ΧΟΡΟΣ ε'
λεύσεις οὕν ἐπ' Ἐγκελάδῳ γοργοπόν πάλλουσαν ἵτυνν;

ΧΟΡΟΣ ς'
λεύσω Παλλάδ', ἐμὰν θεόν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ ζ'
τί γάρ, κεραυνὸν ἀμφίπτυρον ὃβριμον ἐν Διὸς ἐκηβόλουσι χερσίν;

ΧΟΡΟΣ ς'
ὅρῳ, τὸν δάιμον Μίμαντα πυρὶ καταθαλοί.

ΧΟΡΟΣ θ'
καὶ Βρόμιος ἄλλον ἀπολέοισι κισσίνοισι βάκτροις ἐναίρει Γὰς τέκνων ὁ Βακχεὺς.
ION

Is it not Iolaüs, the warrior there,
Who had part in the dread emprise, and a share
In the burdens that Zeus's scion bare?

CHORUS 3
Lo, lo, this other behold
Who rideth a winged horse, dealing death
To a dragon that vomiteth fiery breath,
   A monster of shape threefold.

CHORUS 1
O yea, mine eyes turn swiftly on all . . . .
But O, see there on the marble wall
The battle-rout of the giant horde!

CHORUS 4
Yea, friends, we be gazing thitherward.

CHORUS 5
Dost mark who there on the stricken field
O'er Enceladus waveth her Gorgon-shield?

CHORUS 6
Pallas, my Goddess!—I see her stand!

CHORUS 7
Lo, lo, where the bolt flame-flashing
Gleameth in Zeus' far-hurling hand
In resistless rush down-crashing.

CHORUS 8
I see:—upon Mimas his foe is the brand
With its blasting wildfire dashing.

CHORUS 9
And the earth-born there—no battle-wand
Is the ivy-encircled thyrsus-rod
That slays him, of Bromius, Reveller-god.
ΙΩΝ

ΧΟΡΟΣ ι'
σέ τοι τόυ παρά ναὸν αυ- 
δῶν θέμις γυάλινων ὑπερ- 
βήναι λευκῷ ποδὶ βηλῶν; ¹

ΙΩΝ
οῦ θέμις, ὡ ξέναι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ ια'
οὔδ' ἂν ἐκ σέθεν ἂν πυθοίμαν αὐθάν;

ΙΩΝ
τίνα τήνδε θέλεις;

ΧΟΡΟΣ ια'
ἀρ' ὄντως μέσον ὁμφαλὸν 
γάς Φοῖβου κατέχει δόμος;

ΙΩΝ
στέμμασι γ' ἐνδυτὸν, ἀμφ' ἰ' ὑγρόνει.

ΧΟΡΟΣ ιβ'
oūtō kai φάτις αὐθά.

ΙΩΝ
εἰ μέν εὐθύσατε πέλανον πρὸ δόμων 
καὶ τι πυθέσθαι χρῆσθε Ἰοῖβου, 
πάρτ' εἰς θυμέλασ, ἐπὶ δ' ἀσφάκτοις 
μήλοις δόμων μὴ πάρτ' εἰς μυχόν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ ιγ'

ἔχω μαθοῦσα:
θεοῦ δὲ νόμον οὗ παραβαίνομεν' 
ἀ δ' ἐκτός, ὥμα τέρψει.

ΙΩΝ
πάντα θεᾶσθ', ὡ τι καὶ θέμις, ὀμμασί.

¹ Hermann: for ποδὶ γ' of MSS.
ION

CHORUS 10 (addressing ION)
Sir,—thou by the fane,—I would speak unto thee:
    Prithee say, if with bare feet lawful it is
That the threshold we pass of the sanctuary.
    ION
Nay, strangers, forfended is this.
CHORUS 11
Yet haply a thing I would learn wouldst thou show?
    ION
What is this that thou cravest to know?
CHORUS 11
Is it so, that the walls of Phoebus rise
Even there, where Earth's mid-navel lies?
    ION
Yea: and with wreaths is it hung, and watched by
the Gorgon-eyes.
CHORUS 12
Ay, rumour hath published it so.
    ION
If a cake ye have cast on the forecourt's altar-fire,
And if there b'ought that of Phoebus ye fain would
inquire,
Draw nigh to the altar-steps: into the inner fane
Pass none, but with bloodshed of sheep for the
sacrifice slain.
CHORUS 13
All this understand I aright:
We would trespass on naught by the God's law
hidden:
Enough is without for our feast of sight.
    ION
Let your eyes gaze on upon all unforbidden.
ΙΩΝ

ΧΟΡΟΣ ἄρ
μεθείσαν δεσπόται
με θεοῦ γύαλα τάδ' εἰσιδεῖν.

ΙΩΝ

δημαί δὲ τίνων κλήξεσθε δόμων ὑπὸ
ΧΟΡΟΣ ἄρ
Παλλάδος ἐνοικα τρόφιμα μέλαθρα
τῶν ἐμῶν τυράννων·
παρούσας δ' ἀμφὶ τάσδ' ἐρωτᾶς.

ΙΩΝ

γενεαίότης σοι, καὶ τρόπων τεκμήριον
τὸ σχῆμα ἐχεις τόδ', ἣτις εἰ ποτ' ὦ γύναι.
γυνὴ δ' ἄν ὡς τὰ πολλὰ γ' ἀνθρώπου πέρι
tὸ σχῆμα ἰδὼν τις εἰ πέφυκεν εὐγενής.

240 ἔα·
ἀλλ' ἐξεπληξας μ', ὃμιμα συγκλήσασα σὸν
dακρύος θ' ὑγράνασε εὐγενῆ παρήδαι,
ὡς εἶδες ἄγνα Δοξίου χρηστήρια.
tί ποτὲ μερίμνης εἰς τὸδ' ἦλθες ὦ γύναι;
οὐ πάντες ἄλλοι γύαλα λεύψοντες θεοῦ
χαίρουσιν, εὕταὐθ' ὅμιμα σὸν δακρυρροεὶ;

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

ὡς ἔλευ, τὸ μὲν σὸν οὐκ ἀπαίδευτος ἐχεῖ
eἰς θαυμάτα· ἐλθεῖν δακρύων ἔμων πέρι·
εὐχὴ δ' ἱδούσα τούσδ' Ἀπόλλωνος δόμους
μυήμαν παλαιὰν ἀνεμετρησάμην τινὰ·
οἷκοι δὲ τὸν νοῦν ἔσχον ἐνθάδ' οὖσά περ.
ὡς τλῆμονες γυναῖκες· ὡς τολμήματα
θεῶν· τί δήτα; ποι δίκην ἀνοίσομεν,
eἰ τῶν κρατοῦντων ἄδικίαις ὀλούμεθα;

ΙΩΝ

τί χρῆμ' ἀνερμήνευτα δυσθυμεῖ, γύναι;
ION

CHORUS 14
Our lady had given us leave,—“Upon all
These shrines,” hath she said, “may ye gaze.”

ION
And the servants ye name you of what lord’s hall?

CHORUS 15
In Pallas’s dwelling-place
Is the mansion of princes that nurtured me;—
But of whom thou inquirest, lo, here is she.

Enter CREUSA.

ION
High birth is thine, and carriage consonant
Thereto, O lady, whoso’er thou be.
Yea, in a man oftentimes may one discern,
Marking his bearing, strain of gentle blood. 240
Ha, thou dost move me strangely!—down-dropt
eyes,
And noble cheeks all wet with rain of tears,
At sight of Loxias’ pure oracle!
How cam’st thou, lady, ’neath such load of care?
Where all beside, beholding the God’s shrines,
Rejoice, a fountain is thine eye of tears.

CREUSA
Stranger, I count it not discourtesy
That thou shouldst marvel touching these my tears.
But, looking on Apollo’s dwelling-place,
I traversed o’er an ancient memory’s track: 250
Afar my thoughts were, and my body here.
Ah, wrongs of women!—wrongful-reckless deeds
Of Gods! For justice where shall we make suit,
If ’tis our Lords’ injustice crushes us?

ION
Lady, for what veiled grief art thou cast down?
ΙΩΝ

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

οὐδέν· μεθήκα τῷα· τάπτε τῶδε δὲ ἐγώ τε συγὼ καὶ σὺ μὴ φρόντις ἔτι.

ΙΩΝ

τίς δ' εἶ; πόθεν γῆς ἡλθες; ἐκ πολύν πατρὸς πέφυκας; ὅνομα τί σε καλεῖν ἡμᾶς χρεὼν;

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

Κρέονσα μὲν μοι τούνομ', ἐκ δ' Ἐρεχθέως πέφυκα, πατρὶς γῆ δ' Ἀθηναίων πόλις.

ΙΩΝ

ὦ κλεινὸν οἰκοῦσ', ἀττυ γενναίων τ' ἀπο τραφείσα πατέρων, ὡς σε θαυμάξω, γύναι.

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

tοσαῦτα κεύτυχοῦμεν, ὦ ξέν', οὐ πέρα.

ΙΩΝ

πρὸς θεῶν ἀληθῶς, ὡς μεμύθευται βροτοῖς,

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

τί χρήμα ἑρωτᾶς, ὦ ξέν'; ἐκμαθεῖν θέλω.

ΙΩΝ

ἐκ γῆς πατρὸς σου πρόγονος ἐβλαστεῖν πατήρ;

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

'Ἐρεχθόνιος γε· τὸ δὲ γένος μ' οὐκ ὠφελεί.

ΙΩΝ

ἡ καὶ σφ' Ἀθάνα γῆθεν ἐξανειλετο;

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

εἰς παρθένους γε χεῖρας, οὐ τεκοῦσά νυν.

ΙΩΝ

dίδωσι δ', ὡσπερ ἐν γραφῇ νομίζεται;

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

Κέκροπος γε σφέξειν παισῆν οὐκ ὀρφεμον.

ΙΩΝ

ἡκουσα λύσαι παρθένους τεῦχος θεᾶς.
ION

CREUSA
Naught: I have sped my shaft: as touching this,
Nothing I say, nor thou conjecture aught.

ION
Who art thou? What thy country? Of what sire
Wert born? What name is meet we name thee by?

CREUSA
Creusa I, of King Erechtheus born:
The Athenians' city is my fatherland.

ION
O dweller in a glorious burg, and sprung
Of noble sires!—blest I account thee, lady.

CREUSA
Thus far, nor farther, stranger, goes my weal.

ION
Ah, is it true, the legend told to men—

CREUSA
What wouldst thou, stranger, ask? I fain would learn.

ION
That from the earth thy father's grandsire sprang?

CREUSA
Yea, Erichthonius:—me his birth avails not.

ION
And did Athena take him forth the earth?

CREUSA
Yea, in her maiden arms: no mother she.

ION
And gave it, as the pictured legend tells—

CREUSA
To Cecrops' daughters to be nursed unseen.

ION
The maids unsealed, I heard, Athena's ark.
ΙΩΝ

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
touγαρ θανούσαι σκόπελον ἡμαξαν πέτρας.

ΙΩΝ
eιν.
tί δαι τόδ' ἂρ' ἄληθες ἢ μάτην λόγος;

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
tί χρῆμ' ἐρωτᾶς; καὶ γὰρ οὐ κάμω σχολῆ.

ΙΩΝ
πατὴρ Ἐρεχθεὺς σὰς ἔθυσε συγγόνους;

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
ἐτλη πρὸ γαίας σφάγια παρθένους κτανεῖν.

ΙΩΝ
σὺ δ' ἐξεσώθης πῶς κασιγνήτων μόνη;

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
βρέφος νεογνύν μητρὸς ἢν ἐν ἀγκάλαις.

ΙΩΝ
πατέρα δ' ἄληθῶς χάσμα σὸν κρύπτει χθονός;

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
πληγαὶ τριαίνης ποντίου σφ' ἀπώλεσαν.

ΙΩΝ
Μακραὶ δὲ χῶρος ἐστ' ἐκεῖ κεκλημένος;

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
tί δ' ἰστορεῖς τόδ'; ὡς μ' ἀνέμυσας τινος.

ΙΩΝ
tιμὴ σφε Πύθιος ἀστράπαι τε Πύθιαι;

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
tιμῇ—τί τιμῇ; 1 μῆποτ' ὠφελόν σφ' ἱδεῖν.

ΙΩΝ
tί δὲ; στυγεῖς σὺ τοῦ θεοῦ τὰ φίλτατα;

1 Hermann: for MSS. τιμῇ τιμῇ.
ION

CREUSA
Then hurled themselves down blood-sprent cliffs to death.

ION
Ah, so!
And this—true is it, or an idle tale?

CREUSA
What wouldst thou ask? My leisure serveth me.

ION
Thy sisters did thy sire Erechtheus slay?

CREUSA
He endured to sacrifice them for his land.

ION
How wast thou only of thy sisters saved?

CREUSA
A babe new-born in mother's arms was I.

ION
And did earth yawning verily hide thy sire?

CREUSA
The Sea-god's trident smote him and destroyed.

ION
The Long Cliffs—is a place so named therein?

CREUSA
Why dost ask this?--thou wak'st a memory.

ION
Phoebus with Pythian lightnings honours them.

CREUSA
Honours them, quotha! O to have seen them never!

ION
What?—hatest thou the God's haunt well-beloved?
ΙΩΝ

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
οὐδέν ξύνοιδ' ἀντροισιν αἰσχύνην τινά.

ΙΩΝ
πόσις δὲ τίς σ' ἔγημ' Ἀθηναῖων, γύναι;

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
οὐκ ἀστός, ἀλλ' ἐπακτὸς ἐξ ἀλλῆς χθονός.

ΙΩΝ
tίς; εὐγενῆ νῦν δεῖ πεφυκέναι τινά.

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
Ἐσνθος, πεφυκὼς Αἰόλου Διός τ' ἀπο.

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
καὶ πῶς ξένως σ' ὅν ἔσχεν οὐσαν ἐγγενῆ;

Εὐβοῖοι Ἀθηναῖς ἔστι τις γείτων πόλις.

ΙΩΝ
ὁροὺς ὑγροῖσιν, ὃς λέγουσ', ὠρισμένη.

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
tαύτην ἐπερεῖ Κεκροπιδαίως κοινῷ δορί.

ΙΩΝ
ἐπίκουρος ἔλθων; κἀτα σὸν γαμεῖ λέχος;

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
φερνάς γε πολέμου καὶ δορὸς λαβῶν γέρας.

ΙΩΝ
σὺν ἀνδρὶ δ' ἥκεις ἡ μόνη χρηστήρια;

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
σὺν ἀνδρὶ. σηκοῖς δ' ἐνστρέφει Τροφωνίου.

ΙΩΝ
πότερα θεατής ἡ χάριν μαντευμάτων;

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
κεῖνον τε Φοίβου θ' ἐν θέλων μαθεῖν ἐπος.

ΙΩΝ
καρποῦ δ' ὑπερ γῆς ἦκετ', ἡ παῖδων πέρι;
ION

CREUSA
Naught.—I and that cave know a deed of shame.

ION
And what Athenian, lady, is thy lord?

CREUSA
No citizen. An outland alien.

ION
Who?—sooth, of princely birth must he have been.

CREUSA
Xuthus, the seed of Aeolus and Zeus.

ION
How might an alien win thee, native-born?

CREUSA
A neighbour state, Euboea, Athens hath;—

ION
Sundered by watery marches, as they tell.

CREUSA
This smote he, spear-ally of Cecrops' sons.

ION
Their war-aid?—and thereafter won thine hand?

CREUSA
His dower of battle, guerdon of his spear.

ION
With thy lord com'st thou hither, or alone?

CREUSA
With him. He lingereth at Trophonius' cave.

ION
To gaze thereon, or for an oracle?

CREUSA
One thing of him and Phoebus would he learn.

ION
For increase of the land, or sons, come ye?
ΙΩΝ

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
ἀπαιδεῖς ἔσμεν, χρόνι ἐχοῦτ' εὔνηματα.

ΙΩΝ
οῦδ' ἔτεκές οὐδὲν πώποτ', ἀλλ' ἀτεκνὸς εἶ;

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
ὁ Φοῖβος οἶδε τὴν ἐμὴν ἀπαιδίαν.

ΙΩΝ
ὁ τλῆμον, ὡς τὰλλ' εὐτυχοῦσ' οὐκ εὐτυχεῖσ.

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
σὺ δ' εἶ τίς; ὡς σου τὴν τεκοῦσαν ἀλβίσσα.

ΙΩΝ
tοῦ θεοῦ καλοῦμαι δούλος εἴμι τ', ὡ γυναί.

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
ἀνάθημα πόλεως, ἡ τινος πραθείς ὑπο;

ΙΩΝ
οὐκ οἶδα πλὴν ἐν' Λοξίου κεκλήμεθα.

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
ἡμεῖς σ' ἀρ' αὕθις, ὡς ἐν', ἀντοικτείρομεν.

ΙΩΝ
ὡς μὴ εἰδόθ' ἕτις μ' ἔτεκεν ἐξ ὁτου τ' ἔφυν.

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
ναοῦσι δ' οἰκεῖς τοιοίδ' ἡ κατά στέγας;

ΙΩΝ
ἀπαν θεοῦ μοι.δῶμ', ἵν' ἄν λάβῃ μ' ὑπνός.

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
παῖς δ' ᾧν ἀφίκου ναὸν ἡ νεανίας;

ΙΩΝ
βρέφος λέγουσιν οἱ δοκούντες εἰδέναι.

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
καὶ τίς γάλακτι σ' ἔξηθεψε Δελφίδων;

ΙΩΝ
οὐπώποτ' ἐγνων μαςτὸν ἡ δ' ἔθρεψε με—
ION

CREUSA
Childless we are, who have been wedded long.

ION
Never hast thou borne issue, barren all?

CREUSA
Phoebus doth know what childlessness is mine.

ION
Blest in all else, sad heart, unblest in this!

CREUSA
And who art thou? Blessed the womb that bare thee!

ION
Lady, the God's thrall I am called, and am.

CREUSA
Some city's offering?—or in slave-mart sold?

ION
I know but this—I am called Loxias' thrall.

CREUSA
I then in turn, O stranger, pity thee.

ION
As one that never sire nor mother knew.

CREUSA
Dwellest thou in this temple, or a house?

ION
The God's wide halls be mine when I would sleep.

CREUSA
A child, or stripling, cam'st thou to the fane?

ION
A babe was I, say they who best should know.

CREUSA
And who of Delphi's daughters gave thee suck?

ION
Never I knew the breast. Mine only nurse—
ΙΩΝ

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

320. τίς, ὁ ταλαίπωρ'; ὡς νοσοῦσ' ἦρον νόσους.
ΙΩΝ
Φοίβου προφήτες, μητέρ' ὡς νομίζομεν.
ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
eἰς δ' ἀνδρ' ἀφίκου τίνα τροφήν κεκτημένος;
ΙΩΝ
βωμοὶ μ' ἐφερβὸν οὐπιῶν τ' ἄει ἔνοσ.
ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
tάλανώ ε' ἡ τεκοῦσα· τίς ποτ' ἢν ἄρα;
ΙΩΝ
ἀδίκημα τοῦ γυναικὸς ἐγενόμην ἵσως.
ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
ἐχεῖς δὲ βίοτον; εὐ γὰρ ἤσκησαί πέπλοις.
ΙΩΝ
tοῖς τοῦ θεοῦ κοσμούμεθ', ᾧ δουλεύομεν.
ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
οὐδ' ἥξας εἰς ἔρευναν ἔξευρεῖν γονάς;
ΙΩΝ
ἐχώ γὰρ οὐδέν, ὥ γύναι, τεκμήριον.
ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
φεῦ:

330. πέπονθε τίς σῇ μητρὶ ταύτ' ἄλλη γυνή.
ΙΩΝ
tίς; εἰ πόνου μοι ξυλλάβοι, χαίρομεν ἄν.
ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
ἡς εἰνεκ' ἦλθον δεύρο πρὶν πόσιν μολεῖν.
ΙΩΝ
ποῖον τι χρήζουσ'; ὡς ὑπουργήσω, γύναι.
ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
μάντευμα κρυπτῶν δεομένη Φοίβου μαθείν.

34
ION

CREUSA
Who, child of sorrow? I find my wound in thine!

ION
Was Phoebus’ priestess: her I count my mother.

CREUSA
How nurtured hast thou come to man’s estate?

ION
The altars fed me: each chance stranger gave.

CREUSA
Woe is thy mother! Ah, and who was she?

ION
I am record haply of a woman’s wrong.

CREUSA
And hast thou wealth?—for rich is thine attire.

ION
Of Him is mine adorning, whom I serve.

CREUSA
But on thy birth’s track hast thou never pressed?

ION
Ah, lady, clue hereunto have I none.

CREUSA
(Sighs.) There’s one was even as thy mother wronged.

ION
Who?—would she share my burden, glad were I.

CREUSA
For her sake came I, while delays my lord.

ION
And what thy quest? Lady, mine help is thine.

CREUSA
Craving a secret oracle of Phoebus.
ΙΩΝ

λέγοις ἂν ἡμεῖς τάλλα προξενήσομεν.
ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ
ἀκούε δὴ τὸν μῦθον ἄλλ' αἰδούμεθα.
ΙΩΝ
οὐ τὰρα πράξεις οὐδέν' ἄργος ἡ θεός.
ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ
Φοίβῳ μυγὴναί φησί τις φίλων ἐμῶν.
ΙΩΝ
Φοίβῳ γυνὴ γεγὼσα; μὴ λέγ', ὦ ξένη.
ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ
καὶ παιδᾶ γ' ἔτεκε τῷ θεῷ λάθρᾳ πατρώς.
ΙΩΝ
οὐκ ἔστιν ἄνδρὸς ἀδικίαν αἰσχύνεται.
ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ
οὐ φησιν αὐτῇ καὶ πέπουθεν ἄθλια.
ΙΩΝ
τί χρήμα δράσασ', εἰ θεῷ συνεζύγη;
ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ
τὸν παῖδ' ὅν ἔτεκεν ἐξέθηκε δωμάτων.
ΙΩΝ
ὁ δ' ἐκτεθείς παῖς ποῦ 'στιν; εἰσορᾷ φάος;
ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ
οὐκ οἴδειν οὐδείς. ταῦτα καὶ μαντεύομαι.
ΙΩΝ
εἰ δ' οὐκέτ' ἔστι, τίνι τρόπῳ διεθῆρῃ;
ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ
θῆρας σφε τὸν δύστημον ἐλπίζει κτανεῖν.
ΙΩΝ
ποίω τὸδ' ἐγνωχρωμένη τεκμηρίω;
ION

ION
Speak it: myself will undertake for thee.

CREUSA
Hear then the story:—but ashamed am I.

ION
Shame shall not help thy strait,—a deedless Goddess!

CREUSA
She saith—my friend—that Phoebus humbled her.

ION
Phoebus!—a woman! Stranger, say not so.

CREUSA
She bare the God's child, and her sire knew naught. 340

ION
Never!—a man's crime this, and hers the shame.

CREUSA
No!—herself saith. She hath suffered griefs beside.

ION
Suffered?—for what sin wrought—this bride of heaven?

CREUSA
The son she bare she cast forth from her halls.

ION
Where is her cast-out child? Doth he see light?

CREUSA
None knows. For this I seek the oracle.

ION
But, if he be no more, how perished he?

CREUSA
Wild beasts, she troweth, slew the hapless babe.

ION
And by what token knew she this had been?
ΙΩΝ

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

350 ἐλθοῦσ' ἐν αὐτὸν ἐξέθησ', οὐχ ἡγήρ ἐτι.
ΙΩΝ ἦν δὲ σταλαγμὸς ἐν στίβῳ τις αἵματος;
ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ οὐ φησὶν καίτοι πόλλῃ ἐπεστράφη πέδουν.
ΙΩΝ χρόνος δὲ τῆς τῷ παιδὶ διαπεπραγμένῳ;
ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ σοὶ ταῦτον ἡβης, εἴπερ ἦν, εἰχ' ἀν μέτρον.
ΙΩΝ οὐκοῦν ἐτ' ἄλλου ὑστερον τίκτει γόνον;
ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ ἄδικεὶ νῦν ὁ θεὸς; οὐ τεκοῦσα δ' ἄθλια.
ΙΩΝ τί δ', εἰ λάθρα νῦν Φοῖβος ἐκτρέφει λαβών;
ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ τὰ κοινὰ χαίρων οὐ δίκαια δρὰ μόνος.
ΙΩΝ οἴμοι προσφὸδὸς ἡ τύχη τῷ μόρι πάθει.
ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ καὶ σ', ὦ ξέν', οἴμαι μητέρ' ἄθλιαν ποθεῖν.
ΙΩΝ καὶ μή γ' ἐπ' οἰκτόν μ' ἔξαγ' οὐ 'λελησμέθα.
ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ συγώς πέραινε δ' ὅν σ' ἀνιστορῶ πέρι.
ΙΩΝ οἶσθ' οὖν ὁ κάμνει τοῦ λόγου μάλιστά σοι;
ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ τί δ' οὐκ ἐκείνη τῇ ταλαιπώρῳ νοσεῖ;
ΙΩΝ πῶς ὁ θεὸς ὁ λαθείν βούλεται μαντεύσεται;

38
ION

CREUSA
She came where she had left him, and found not.

ION
And blood-gouts—were there any on the track?

CREUSA
Nay, saith she: yet she traversed oft the ground.

ION
How long the time since this child's taking-off?

CREUSA
Living, he had had the measure of thy years.

ION
And hath she borne no offspring after this?

CREUSA
Still the God wrongs her: childless grief is hers.

ION
What if in secret Phoebus fostereth him?

CREUSA
Unjust!—alone to enjoy what he should share.

ION
Ah me! her heart-strings are attuned to mine!

CREUSA
For thee yearns some sad mother too, I ween.

ION
Ah, wake not thou mine half-forgotten grief.

CREUSA
I am dumb: whereof I question thee, say on.

ION
Seest thou where lies the weakness of thy plea?

CREUSA
Ah, hapless one, wherein is she not weak!

ION
How should the God reveal, that he would hide?
ΙΩΝ

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
εἶπερ καθὶζει τριποδα κοινὸν Ἑλλάδος.

ΙΩΝ
αἰσχύνεται τὸ πράγμα· μὴ ἥξελεγχὲ νῦν.

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
ἀλγύνεται δὲ γ' ἡ παθοῦσα τῇ τὺχῃ.

ΙΩΝ
οὐκ ἔστιν ὡστὶς σοι προφητεύσει τάδε.
ἐν τοῖς γὰρ αὐτοῦ δῶμασιν κακὸς φανεῖς
Φοῖβος δικαίως τὸν θεμιστεύοντα σοι
δράσειν ἂν τι πῇμʼ ἀπαλλάσσου, γύναι
τῷ γὰρ θεῷ τάναντι οὐ μαντεύεσον.
εἰς γὰρ τοσοῦτον ἀμαθίας ἔλθωμεν ἂν,
εἰ τοὺς θεοὺς ἄκοντας ἐκπονήσωμεν
φράξειν ἃ μὴ θέλουσιν ἡ προβομίοις
σφαγαίσι μῆλων ἡ δι’ οἰωνῶν πτεροῖς.
ἀν γὰρ βία σπεύδωμεν ἄκοντων θεῶν,
ἀνόνητα ἕκτημεσθα τὰγάθ’, ὡ γύναι·
ἀ δ’ ἄν διδῶσ’ ἐκόντες, ὥφελούμεθα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
πολλαί γε πολλοῖς εἰσὶ συμφοραὶ βροτῶν,
μορφαὶ δὲ διαφέρουσιν. ἐν δ’ ἄν εὐτυχὲς
μόλις ποτ’ ἐξεύροι τὶς ἀνθρώπων βίο.

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
ὡς Φοῖβε, κάκει κανθάδ’ οὐ δικαιος εἰ
εἰς τὴν ἀπούσαν, ἢς πάρεισιν οἱ λόγοι.
σὺ δ’ οὔτ’ ἔσωσας τὸν σὸν δὲ σώσαι σ’ ἐχρῆν,
οὔθ’ ἱστοροῦσῃ μητρὶ μάντις ἄν ἔρεις,
ὡς εἰ μὲν ὑσκετ’ ἔστιν, ὅγκωθ’ τάφῳ,
εἰ δ’ ἔστιν, ἔλθῃ μητρὸς εἰς ὅψιν ποτὲ.

1 Stephens: for MSS. ἄκοντα,
ION

CREUSA
How not?—his is the nation's oracle.

ION
His shame the deed is. Question not of him.

CREUSA
O yea, the sufferer in her lot may pine!

ION
There's none will ask the God of this for thee. For, in his own halls were he villain proved,
Vengeance on him who brought thee that response
Would Phoebus justly wreak. Ah lady, go:
We must not seek his shrine to flout the God.
For lo, what height of folly should we reach
If in the Gods' despite we wrest their will,
By sacrifice of sheep on altars, or
By flight of birds, to tell what they would veil.
Could we of force wring aught from Gods full loth,
Profitless blessings, lady, should we grasp;
But what they give free-willed are boons indeed.

CHORUS
Strange chances many on many mortals fall,
And manifold their forms. Ye scarce shall find
One happy lot in all the life of men.

CREUSA
O Phoebus, there and here unjust art thou
Unto the absent one whose plea is here.
Thou shouldst have saved thine own, yet didnt not
save;
Nor heeds the Seer the mother's questioning,
That, if her babe live not, his tomb may rise,
Or, if he live, that she may see his face.
390 ἀλλ' ὄνν, ἐὰν γὰρ χρή τάδ', εἰ πρὸς τὸν θεοῦ κωλυόμεθα μὴ μαθεῖν ἄ βούλομαι. ἀλλ', ὁ ξέν', εἰσορῶ γὰρ εὔγενῆ πόσιν Ἐσθοῦν πέλας δὴ τόνδε, τὰς Τροφωνίου λιπόντα θαλάμας, τοὺς λελεγμένους λόγους σίγα πρὸς ἄνδρα, μὴ τιν' αἰσχύνῃ λάβω διακονοῦσα κρυπτά, καὶ προβή λόγος ὅν τε ἦπερ ἡμεῖς αὐτὸν ἔξειλησομεν. τὰ γὰρ γυναικῶν δυσχερῆ πρὸς ἄρσενας, κἂν ταῖς κακαῖσιν ἄγαθαι μεμηγμέναι μισούμεθ' οὖτω δυστυχεῖς πεφύκαμεν.

400 ΞΟΤΘΟΣ

πρῶτον μὲν ὁ θεὸς τῶν ἐμῶν προσφεδεγμάτων λαβὼν ἀπαρχάς χαρέτω, σύ τ', ὃ γύναι. μῶν χρόνιος ἐλθὼν σ' ἐξέπληξ' ὀρρωδία ;

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

οὐδέν γ'· ἀφίκου δ' εἰς μέριμναν. ἀλλὰ μοι λέξουν, τί θέσπισμυ' ἐκ Τροφωνίου φέρεις, παίδων ὅπως νῦν σπέρμα συγκραθήσεται ;

ΞΟΤΘΟΣ

οὐκ ἥξίωσε τοῦ θεοῦ προλαμβάνειν μαντεύθαμ', ἐν δ' οὖν εἶπεν· οὐκ ἄπαιδα με πρὸς οἶκον ἤξειν οὐδὲ σ' ἐκ χρηστηρίων.

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

410 ὃ πότνια Φοίβου μῆτερ, εἰ γὰρ αἰσίως ἔλθοιμεν, ἀ τε νῦν συμβόλαια πρόσθεν ἦν ἐς παίδα τὸν σὸν, μεταπέσοι βελτίωνα.

ΞΟΤΘΟΣ

ἐσται τάδ'. ἀλλὰ τῖς προφητεύει θεοῦ ;

1 Reiske : for MSS, ἀλλ' ἐὰν χρή.
ION

Yet must I let this be, if by the God
I am barred from learning that which I desire.
But, stranger,—for I see my princely lord,
Xuthus, anigh us yonder, who hath left
Trophonius’ crypt,—of this that we have said
Speak to my lord naught, lest I get me shame
For handling secrets, and the tale fall out
Not after our unravelling thereof.
For woman’s lot as touching men is hard;
And, since the good are with the bad confused,
Hated we are:—ill-starred we are from birth.

Enter Xuthus.

XUTHUS

First, to the God the firstfruits of my greetings:
All hail to him, and hail to thee, my wife.
Hath my late-lingering thrilled thee with dismay?

CREUSA

Nay, ’tis but care that meets thee. Tell to me
What answer from Trophonius bringest thou,
How we shall have joint issue, thou and I?

XUTHUS

He took not on him to forestall the word
Of Phoebus. This he said—nor thou nor I
Childless shall wend home from the oracle.

CREUSA

Queen, Phoebus’ mother, grant our home-return
Prosperous: all our dealings heretofore
Touching thy son, to happier issue fall!

XUTHUS

This shall be. Who is His interpreter?
ΙΩΝ

Ημεῖς τά γ' ἔξω, τῶν ἔσω δ' ἄλλοις μέλει,
οὐ πλησίον θάσσουσι τρίτοδος, ὦ ξένε, Δελφῶν ἀριστής, οὐς ἐκλήρωσεν πάλος.

ΞΟΣΟΣ
καλῶς· ἔχω δὴ πάνθ' ὅσων ἐχρήζομεν.
στείχωμ' ἂν εἴσω καὶ γάρ, ὦς ἔγω κλῦν,
χρηστήριον πέπτωκε τοῖς ἐπίλυσι
κοινὸν πρὸ ναοῦ· βούλομαι δ' ἐν ἡμέρα
τῇ', αἰσία γάρ, θεοῦ λαβεῖν μαντεύματα.
σὺ δ' ἀμφί βωμός, ὦ γύναι, δαφνηφόροις
λαβοῦσα κλῶνας, εὐτέκνους εὐχοὺ θεοῖς
χρησμοὺς μ' ἐνεγκείνει εὖ Ἀπόλλωνος δόμων.

ΚΡΕΟΣΕΑ
ἐσται τάδ', ἐσται. Δοξίας δ' ἐὰν θέλῃ
νῦν ἄλλα τὰς πρὶν ἀναλαβεῖν ἁμαρτίας,
ἀπας μὲν οὐ γένοιτ' ἀν εἰς ἡμᾶς φίλος,
ὅσον δὲ χρῆζει, θεοὶ γὰρ ἐστι, δεξομαι.

ΙΩΝ
τί ποτε λόγοις ἡ ἐξένη πρὸς τὸν θεὸν
κρυπτοῖς ἄει λοιδορόο' αἰνήσεται,
ἡτοι φιλοῦσα γ' ἂς ὑπερμαντεύεται,
ἡ καὶ τι συγώ' ὁν σωπάσθαι χρεών;
ἀτὰρ θυγατρὸς τῆς Ἐρεχθέως τι μοι
μέλει; προσήκει γ' οὖνδε. ἄλλα χρυσείας
πρόχοισιν ἐλθῶν εἰς ἀπορρατήρια
δρόσον καθήσω. νοοθετεῖς δὲ μοι
Φοῖβος, τί πάσχει· παρθένους βία γαμῶν
προδίδωσι, παῖδας ἐκτεκνοῦμενοι λάθρᾳ
θυησάκοντας ἀμέλει. μὴ σὺ γ'. ἀλλ' ἐπεὶ κρατεῖς,
ἀρετὰς δίωκε. καὶ γὰρ ὅστις ἄν βροτῶν
κακὸς πεφύκη, ξημιούσιν οἱ θεοί.
ION

ION
Without, I; others for the things within,
Stranger, which nigh unto the tripod sit,
The Delphian lords, in order of their lot.

XUTHUS
'Tis well: now know I all I sought to know.
I will pass in; for, as I hear it told,
Before the temple hath been slain for strangers
A general victim. I would fain this day—
This day fair-omened—gain the God's response.
Thou to the bay-crowned altars bear the boughs,
My wife, and pray the Gods that I may win
Promise of fair sons from Apollo's fane.

CREUSA
Yea, this shall be. [Exit xuthus to inner Temple.
If Loxias consent
Now at the last to atone for olden wrongs,
Not wholly will he show himself my friend,
Yet, since he is God, whate'er he grants I take.
[Exit.

ION
Why doth this stranger rail upon the God
In riddles of dark sayings evermore?
For love of her for whom she seeks the shrine?
Or keeping back a thing she must not speak?
Yet with Erechtheus' daughter what have I
To do? She is naught to me. But I will go
Unto the lavers, with the golden ewers
To pour in water-dews. Yet must I plead
With Phoebus—what ails him? He ravisheth
Maids, and forsakes; begetteth babes by stealth,
And heeds not, though they die. Do thou not so!
Being strong, be righteous. For what man soe'er
Transgresseth, the Gods visit this on him.
ΙΩΝ

πῶς οὖν δίκαιον τοὺς νόμους ὑμᾶς βροτοῖς
γράψαντας αὐτούς ἀνομίαν ὄφλισκάνειν;
εἰ δ᾽—οὐ γὰρ ἔσται, τῶ λόγῳ δὲ χρῆσομαι—
δίκαιοι βιαίων δώσετ' ἀνθρώποις γάμων,
σὺ καὶ Ποσειδών Ζεὺς θ᾽ ὃς ὀφρανοῦ κρατεῖ,
ναῦσι τίνοτε ἀδίκίας κενώσετε.

τὰς ἡδονὰς γὰρ τῆς προμηθίας πάροις
σπεύδοντες ἄδικεῖτ', οὐκέτ' ἀνθρώποις κακοὺς
λέγειν δίκαιον, εἰ τὰ τῶν θεῶν καλὰ
μιμούμεθ', ἀλλὰ τοὺς διδάσκοντας τάδε.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

σὲ τὰν ἔδινων λοχών
ἀνειλείθυμαν, ἔμαν
Ἄθαναν ἰκετεύω,
Προμηθεΐ Τιτάνι λοχευ-
θείσαν κατ' ἄκροτάτας
κορυφὰς Διός, ὃ μάκαιρα Νίκα,
μόλε Πόθιον οἶκον,
Ὀλύμπου χρυσέων θαλάμων
πταμένα πρὸς ἁγιασ.
Φοῖβησι ένθα γάς
μεσσόμφαλος ἐστία
παρὰ χορευόμενῳ τρίποδι
μαντεύματα κραίνει,

σὺ καὶ παῖς ἂ Δατογενῆς,
δύο θεαὶ δύο παρθένοι,
καςίγηται σεμναὶ τοῦ Φοῖβου.

ἰκετεύσατε δ’, ὃ κόραι,
τὸ παλαιὸν Ἐρεχθέως
ION

How were it just then that ye should enact
For men laws, and yourselves work lawlessness?
For if—it could not be, yet put it so—
Ye should pay mulct. to men for lawless lust,¹
Thou, the Sea-king, and Zeus the Lord of Heaven,
Paying for wrongs should make your temples void.
For, following pleasure past all wisdom’s bounds,
Ye work unrighteousness. Unjust it were
To call men vile, if we but imitate
What Gods deem good:—they are vile who teach us this.

[Exit.

CHORUS

My Queen, at whose birth-tide was given (Str.)
Of the Lady of Travail-pang
    No help, hear, Pallas, my prayer,
    Whom the crown of a God’s head bare
By Prometheus the Titan riven
    When the Daughter of Zeus forth sprang;

Come, Victory-queen, to the dwelling
    Pythian, speeding thy wing
    From Olympus’ chambers of gold
    To the streets that the World’s Heart hold,
    Where the bodings of Phoebus are told,—
Yea, brought to pass in the telling,—
    At the tripod that dances enring.

Draw nigh at mine invocation,
    Thou and Artemis, Virgins twain,
    Phoebus’s sisters divine,
    Join your intercessions with mine,
    That Erechtheus’ ancient line

¹ The fine for violence to a virgin was, by Solon’s laws, a thousand drachmas.
ΙΩΝ

γένος ευτεκνίας χρονίου καθαροῖς
μαντεύμασι κύροσαι.

ὑπερβαλλούσας γὰρ ἔχει
θνατοῖς εὐδαιμονίας
ἀκίνητον ἀφορμάν,
τέκνων οἷς ἂν καρποτρόφοι
λάμπωσιν ἐν θαλάμωις
πυτρίοισι νεάνιδες ἤβαι,
διαδέκτωρα πλοῦτον
ός έξοντες ἐκ πατέρων
ἐτέρους ἐπὶ τέκνους.

ἀλκὰ τε γὰρ ἐν κακοῖς
σύν τ᾽ εὐνυχίαις φίλοιν,
δορί τε γὰ πατρία φέρει
σωτήριον αὐγάν.  

ἐμοὶ μὲν πλοῦτον τε πάρος
βασιλικῶν τ᾽ εἶεν θαλάμων
τροφαὶ κήδειοι κεδυών γε τέκνων.
τὸν ἄπαιδα δ᾽ ἀποστυγῶ
βίον, ὦ τε δοκεῖ ψέγω.

μετὰ δὲ κτεάνων μετρίων βιοτὰς
εὐπαιδὸς ἐχοίμαν.

ὁ Πανὸς θακήματα καὶ
παραυλίζουσα πέτρα
μυχώδεσι Μακραῖς,
ἰνα χοροὺς στείβουσι ποδοῖν
Ἀγραύλου κόραι πρίγγοι
στάδια χλοερὰ πρὸ Παλλάδος

1 Herwerden: for MSS. ἀλκάν.
ION

Through the light of a clear revelation
Fair offspring at last may attain.

'Tis a treasure whose seals are unbroken,
'Tis a joy that surpasseth the lot
Of the many, when stalwart and tall
Shines fair in a father's hall

The presence of sons, to betoken
A line that shall perish not;

Sons, that, when death bringeth severance,
Shall receive to pass on to their seed
The wealth that their sires' hands hold:
Yea, by these be our sorrows consoled,
And a joy within joy they enfold,
And their spear flasheth light of deliverance
In the hour of the fatherland's need.

Ah, far above golden treasure
Or than princely halls do I praise
Dear children to cherish—mine own!
Mine horror were life all lone:
Who loveth it, wit hath he none:

But give to me substance in measure,
And children to brighten my days!

O haunts of Pan's abiding,
O sentinel rock down-gazing
On the Long-cliff caves dim-glimmering,
Where, with shadowy feet in the dance soft-sliding,
Agraulus' daughters three go pacing
O'er the lawns by Athena's fane dew-shimmering
ιων

ναῶν, συρήγγων
υπ’ αἰῶλας ἰαχᾶς
500 ὕμων, ὅτ’ ἀναλίως
συρίζεις, ὦ Πάν,
tοῖς σοῖς ἐν ἀντροῖς,
ίνα τεκόυσά τις
παρθένος, ὦ μελέα, βρέφος
Φοίβω, πτανοῖς ἔξωρισε θοίναν
θηρσί τε φοινίαν δαίτα, πικρῶν γάμων
ὑβρών. οὔτ’ ἐπὶ κερκίσιν οὔτε λόγους
φατίν ἁίνιν εὐνυχίας μετέχειν
θεόθεν τέκνα θνατοῖς.

ιων

510 πρόσπολοι γυναίκες, αἰ τῶν ἀμφὶ κρηπίδας
dόμων
θυνδόκων φρούρημ’ ἔχουσαι δεσπότην φυλάσσετε,
ἐκκλέοιτ’ ἦδη τὸν ἱερὸν τρίποδα καὶ χρηστήριον
Ἑοῦθος, ἢ μίμηει κατ’ οἴκον ἰστορῶν ἀπαίδιαν;

χορος
ἐν δόμωις ἐστ’ ὃ ξέν’ οὕτω δῶμ’ ὑπερβαίνει
tόδε.
ὡς δ’ ἐπ’ ἐξόδοισιν οὖν τὸν ἀκούομεν πυλῶν
dούπον, ἐξίοντα τ’ ἦδη δεσπότην ὅραν πάρα.

χορηγος
ὡ τέκνων, χαῖρ’ ἢ γὰρ ἀρχὴ τοῦ λόγου πρέπουσά
μοι.

500 ἁίρομεν. σὺ δ’ εὐ φρόνει γε, καὶ δ’ ὅντ’ εὐ
πράξομεν.
ION

In moonlight, while upward floats
A weird strain rising and falling,
Wild witchery-wafting notes,
O Pan, from thy pipes that are calling
Out of thy sunless grots!¹

Ah, a maid-mother there most woe-forlorn
Cast Phoebus’s child for a banquet gory—
Bitter outrage’s fruit!—by the birds to be torn
And the beasts. Nor in woven web nor in story
Ever heard I of happiness blent with the glory
Of Gods’ seed woman-born.

Enter ION.

ION

Bower-maidens, ye which keeping watch the altar-
steps beside [forth abide, 510
Of the incense-clouded fane, your master’s coming-
Say, hath Xuthus left by this the holy tripod and
the shrine, [childless line?
Or within yet lingering asks he touching that long-

chorus

In the temple is he, stranger, treads not yet the
threshold-stone.
List, a sound at yonder portal—through the porch-
way passeth one:— [for eyes to see.
Lo, where now he cometh forth—our master, plain
Enter XUTHUS: attempts to embrace ION.

XUTHUS

Joy to thee, son!—fitting prelude this is of my
speech to thee.

ION

Joy is mine: but thou, control thee; then were twain
in happy case.

¹ The daughters of Agraulus (cf. ll. 22-24, 271-4) haunted
after death the scene of their suicide.
ΙΩΝ

ΕΟΤΕΟΣ
δὸς χερὸς φίλημα μοι σής σώματός τ' ἀμφιπ-
tυχάς.

ΙΩΝ
520 εὖ φρονεῖς μέν; ἡ ο' ἐμηνε θεοῦ τις, ὃ ξένη, βλάβη;

ΕΟΤΕΟΣ
σωφρονῶ, τὰ φίλταθ' εὐρών εἰ φιλεῖν ἐφίεμαι.

ΙΩΝ
παῦε· μὴ ψαύσας τὰ τοῦ θεοῦ στέμματα ῥήξ ἔχει χερὶ.

ΕΟΤΕΟΣ
ἀψομαι· κοῦ ῥυσιάζῳ, τὰμὰ δ' εὐρίσκω φίλα.

ΙΩΝ
οὐκ ἀπαλλάξει, πρὶν εἰσω τὸξα πλευμόνων λαβεῖν;

ΕΟΤΕΟΣ
ὡς τί δὴ φεύγεις με σαυτοῦ γνωρίσας τὰ φίλτατα;

ΙΩΝ
οὐ φιλῶ φρενοῦν ἀμοῦσους καὶ μεμηνότας ξένους.

ΕΟΤΕΟΣ
κτείνε καὶ πίμπρη· πατρός γὰρ, ἴνι κτάνης, ἔσει
fonoú̇s.

ΙΩΝ
ποῦ δὲ μοι πατὴρ σὺ; ταῦτ' οὖν οὗ γέλως κλύειν
ἐμοί;

52
ION

XUTHUS
Let me kiss thine hand, and let me fold thy form in mine embrace!

ION
Stranger, hast thy wits?—or is thy mind distraught by stroke of heaven?

XUTHUS
Right my wit is, if I long to kiss my best-beloved regiven.

ION
Hold—hands off!—the temple-garlands of Apollo rend not thou!

XUTHUS
Clasp thee will I!—no man-stealer; but I find my darling now.

ION (starting back, and fitting an arrow to his bow).
Wilt not hence, or ever thou receive my shaft thy ribs within?

XUTHUS
Wherefore dost thou fle? I, who hast learnt to know thy nearest kin?

ION
Naught I love to admonish aliens mannerless and sense-berest.

XUTHUS
Slay—then burn me;¹ for a father's heart thine arrow shall have cleft.

ION
Thou my father! Is not this a laughter-scoff for me to hear?

¹ It being the sacred duty of the son to lay the father's corpse upon the pyre.
ΙΩΝ

ξεωθος
οὐ τρέχων ὁ μῦθος ἀν σι τὰμὰ σημάνειν ἀν.
ΙΩΝ
καὶ τί μοι λέεις;
ζεωθος
πατήρ σος εἰμι καὶ σὺ παῖς ἐμὸς.
ΙΩΝ
τὸς λέγει τάδ';
ζεωθος
ὅς σ' ἔθρεψεν ὅντα Δοξίας ἐμόν.
ΙΩΝ
μαρτυρεῖς σωτήρ.
ζεωθος
τὰ τοῦ θεοῦ γ' ἐκμαθῶν χρηστηρία.
ΙΩΝ
ἔσφαλς αἰνιγμ' ἀκούσας.
ζεωθος
οὐκ ἂρ' ὅρθ' ἀκούομεν.
ΙΩΝ
ὁ δὲ λόγος τῶν ὀου Φοῖβου;
ζεωθος
τὸν συναντήσαντά μοι—
ΙΩΝ
τὰ ἑπτὰ συναντήσων;
ζεωθος
dόμων τῶν ἔξιντο τοῦ θεοῦ—
ΙΩΝ
συμφορᾶς τίνος κυρήσαι;
ζεωθος
παῖδ' ἐμὸν πεφυκέναι.
ΙΩΝ
σὸν γεγῶτ', ἡ δῶρον ἄλλων;
54
ION

XUTHUS
Nay, the eager-hurrying word shall show thee all my meaning clear.

ION
Ay, and what wilt tell?

XUTHUS
Thy father am I, and thou art my son.

ION
Who the voucher?

XUTHUS
Loxias, who reared the child that I have won.

ION
Thou art thine own witness.

XUTHUS
Nay, the God's own oracle I heard.

ION
Hearest riddles and misreadest.

XUTHUS
Then mine ears can hear no word.

ION
What was this, the word of Phoebus?

XUTHUS
That the man who met my face—

ION
Met thee—met thee?

XUTHUS
As I came from out Apollo's holy place—

ION
Ay, and what should be his fate?

XUTHUS
My true-begotten son is this.

ION
Born thy son, or given of others?
ΙΩΝ

ἐσωθεσσ
δόρων, ὄντα δ' εξ ἐμοῦ.
ΙΩΝ
πρῶτα δὴ εἰμοὶ ἐξυνάπτεις πόδα σον;
ἐσωθεσσ
οὐκ ἃλλῳ, τέκνῳ.
ΙΩΝ
ἡ τύχη πόθεν ποθ' ἤκει;
ἐσωθεσσ
dόο μίαν θαυμάζομεν.
ΙΩΝ
ἐα. τίνος δὲ σοι πεφυκα μυτρός;
ἐσωθεσσ
οὐκ ἔχω φράσαι.
ΙΩΝ
οὐδὲ Φοῖβος εἶπε;
ἐσωθεσσ
tερφθεῖς τοῦτο, κεῖν' οὐκ ἥρομην.
ΙΩΝ
γῆς ἄρ' ἐκπέφυκα μυτρός;
ἐσωθεσσ
οὔ πέδου τίκτει τέκνα.
ΙΩΝ
πώς ἀν οὖν εἶην σός;
ἐσωθεσσ
οὐκ οἶδ', ἀναφέρω δ' eis τὸν θεόν.
ΙΩΝ
φέρε λόγων ἀψωμεθ' ἃλλων.
ἐσωθεσσ
tαύτ' ἄμεινον, ὡ τέκνων.
ΙΩΝ
ἥλθες εἰς νόθον τι λέκτρον;
56
ION

XUTHUS
Given—and born from me he is.
ION
So on me thy foot first stumbled?
XUTHUS
Yea, my son, on none beside.
ION
Ay, and whence this happy chance?
XUTHUS
We marvel both it should betide.
ION
Ha, what mother bare me to thee?
XUTHUS
Sooth, thereof can I say naught. 540
ION
Neither Phoebus told?
XUTHUS
For joy of this thing, that I never sought.
ION
Ah, a child of mother Earth!
XUTHUS
Nay, children spring not from the sod.
ION
How then thine am I?
XUTHUS
I know not: I refer it to the God.
ION
Come, to reasonings rather turn we.
XUTHUS
Better so, my son, in sooth.
ION
Hadst thou ever part in lawless love?
ΙΩΝ
ἐστῶσ
μωρία γε τοῦ νέου.
ΙΩΝ
πρὶν κόρην λαβεῖν Ἑρεχθέως;
ἐστῶσ
οὐ γὰρ ὑστερῶν γε πώ.
ΙΩΝ
ἄρα δῆτ᾽ ἐκεῖ μ᾽ ἐφυσας;
ἐστῶσ
τῷ χρόνῳ γε συντρέχει.
ΙΩΝ
κάτα πῶς ἀφικόμεσθα δεῦρο,
ἐστῶσ
ταῦτ᾽ ἄμηχανῶ.
ΙΩΝ
διὰ μακρὰς ἐλθῶν κελεύθουν;
ἐστῶσ
τούτῳ κάμ᾽ ἀπαίωλά.
ΙΩΝ
Πυθίαν δ᾽ ἠλθεῖς πέτραν πρὶν;
ἐστῶσ
εἰς φανάς γε Βακχίου.
ΙΩΝ
προξένων δ᾽ ἐν του κατέσχες;
ἐστῶσ
ὅσ με Δελφίσιν κόραις —
ΙΩΝ
ἐθιάσευσ᾽, ἢ πῶς τάδ᾽ αὐδᾶς;
ἐστῶσ
Μαινάσιν γε Βακχίου.
ΙΩΝ
ἐμφρον᾽ ἢ κάτοικον ὄντα;
58
ION

XUTHUS
Mid follies of my youth.

ION
Ere Erechtheus' daughter wed thee?

XUTHUS
Since, to her have I been true.

ION
Haply then didst thou beget me?

XUTHUS
Time is consonant thereto.

ION
Were it so, how came I hither?

XUTHUS
Nay, I cannot fathom it.

ION
Long the journey for a babe!

XUTHUS
This too o'erpasseth all my wit.

ION
Hast thou seen ere this the Pythian Rock?

XUTHUS
At Bacchus' festal rite. 550

ION
Lodging with a Public Host?

XUTHUS
Yea; and with Delphian girls by night—

ION
Made initiate—this thy meaning?

XUTHUS
They were maidens Bacchanal.

ION
Sober, or of wine o'ercome?
ΙΩΝ

ἑοτεος
Βακχίου πρὸς ἰδοναίς.

ΙΩΝ
τοῦτ᾽ ἐκεῖν᾽ ἧν ἐσπάρημεν.

ἑοτεος
ὁ πότμος ἐξήρεν, τέκνον.

ΙΩΝ
πῶς δ᾽ ἀφικόμεσθα ναοίς;

ἑοτεος
ἐκβολον κόρης ἴσως.

ΙΩΝ
ἐκπεφεύγαμεν τὸ δούλον.

ἑοτεος
πατέρα υἱν δέχον, τέκνον.

ΙΩΝ
τῷ θεῷ γοῦν οὐκ ἀπιστεῖν εἰκός.

ἑοτεος
ἐν φρονεῖσ ἀρα.

ΙΩΝ
καὶ τῇ βουλόμεσθά γ᾽ ἄλλο—

ἑοτεος
νῦν ὅρᾶς ἀ χρή σ᾽ ὀρᾶν.

ΙΩΝ
ἡ Διὸς παιδὸς γενέσθαι παῖς;

ἑοτεος
ὁ σοί γε γίγνεται.

ΙΩΝ
ἡ θίγω δῆθ᾽ οἷ μ᾽ ἐφυσαν;

60
ION

XUTHUS
Of Bacchus' joys did this befall.

ION
This is my begetting's story!

XUTHUS
Fate, my son, hath found it out.

ION
Yet, how came I to the fane?

XUTHUS
The maiden cast thee forth, I doubt.

ION
So, I 'scape the taint of servdom.¹

XUTHUS
Son, thy father now receive.

ION
'Tis the God: I may not doubt him.

XUTHUS
Yea, 'tis wisdom to believe.

ION
What thing higher can I wish for—

XUTHUS
Now thou seest clear and true

ION
Than the fatherhood of Zeus?

XUTHUS
O yea, by birth is this thy due.²

ION
Shall I clasp him, my begetter?

¹ Only free-born Delphian women could take part in the "Orgies."
² Xuthus being descended from Zeus.
ΙΩΝ

ΕΟΤΕΟΣ
πιθόμενος γε τῷ θεῷ.
ΙΩΝ

χαίρε μοι, πάτερ,
ΕΟΤΕΟΣ
φίλου γε φθέγμα ἐδεξάμην τόδε.
ΙΩΝ

ἡμέρα θ' ἡ νῦν παροῦσα.
ΕΟΤΕΟΣ

μακαριών γ' ἔθηκέ με.
ΙΩΝ

ὅ φίλη μῆτερ, πότ' ἄρα καὶ σὸν ὄψομαι, δέμας;
νῦν ποθῶ σε μᾶλλον ἥ πρὶν ἦτες εἰ ποτ' εἰσίδειν.
ἀλλ' ἰσως τέθηκας, ἥμεις δ' οὐδέν ἀν δυναίμεθα.
ΧΟΡΟΣ

κοιναὶ μὲν ἠμῶν δωμάτων εὔπραξίαν·
ὅμως δὲ καὶ δέσποιναν εἰς τέκν' εὐτυχεῖν
ἐβουλόμην ἀν τούς τ' Ἑρεχθέως δόμους.
ΕΟΤΕΟΣ

ὅ τέκνου, εἰς μὲν σὴν ἀνεύρεσιν θεὸς
570 ὀρθῶς ἐκράνε, καὶ συνήψ' ἐμοὶ τε σέ,
σὺ τ' αὖ τὰ φίλταθ' ἦπρεσ οὐκ εἰδῶσ πάρος.
ὅ δ' ἡξας ὀρθῶς, τούτο καὶ' είχει πόθος,
ὅπως σὺ τ', ὅ παῖ, μητέρ' εὐρήσεις σέθεν,
ἐγὼ θ' ὀποίας μοι γυναικὸς ἔξεφυς.
χρόνῳ δὲ δόντες ταῦτ' ἰσως εὐρομεν ἂν.
ἀλλ' ἐκλιπὼν θεού δάπεδ' ἀλητείαν τε σὴν
580 εἰς τὰς Ἀθηνας στείχε κοινόφρων πατρί,
οὗ σ' ἄβλιον μὲν σκῆπτρον ἀναμένει πατρός,
pολὺς δὲ πλοῦτος· οὐδὲ θάτερον νοσῶν
dυνὼν κεκλήσει δυσγενῆς πένης θ' ἄμα,
ἀλλ' εὐγενῆς τε καὶ πολυκτήμων βίου.
ION

XUTHUS
If with Phoebus thou comply. 560

ION
Hail to thee, my father!

"XUTHUS
Joyfully I welcome this thy cry.

ION
Hail the day that sees our meeting!

XUTHUS
Happy man it maketh me.

ION
Ah, beloved mother, when thy visage also shall I see?
More than ever now I long to see thee, who thou be soe'er. 570
[should be my prayer.]
Ah, but thou perchance art dead, and all in vain

CHORUS
Ours too the house’s happy fortune is:
Yet fain were I our queen were also blest
With offspring, and Erechtheus’ ancient line.

XUTHUS
My son, as touching thy discovery
The God spake sooth, and so joined thee and me.
Thou hast found thy dearest, erst to thee unknown.
For thy just yearning, this is also mine,
That thou mayst find thy mother, O my son,
And I, the woman of whose womb thou art.
This shall we find forth haply, left to time.
Now, leave the God’s floor, and thine homeless state:
To Athens come, with thine heart even as mine.
There waiteth thee thy father’s sceptred bliss,
And much wealth. None shall cast into thy teeth
One of these taunts, base birth or poverty.
High-born art thou, a mighty man of wealth.
ΙΩΝ

σιγᾶς; τί πρὸς γῆν ὅμμα σὸν βαλὼν ἔχεις εἰς φρονίδας τ' ἀπῆλθες, ἐκ δὲ χαρμονίς πάλιν μεταστάς δείμα προσβάλλεις πατρί;

ΙΩΝ

οὐ ταῦτὸν εἶδος φαίνεται τῶν πραγμάτων πρόωθεν οὖν τῶν ἔγγυθεν θ' ὁρωμένων. ἐγὼ δὲ τὴν μὲν συμφορὰν ἀσπάζομαι, πατέρα σ' ἀνευρὼν ὑπὸ δὲ γυνώσκω πέρι ἀκουσον. εἶναι φασι τὰς αὐτόχθονας κλεινάς 'Αθηνας οὐκ ἐπείσακτον γένος, ἵν' εἰςπεσοῦμαι δύο νόσω κεκτημένος, πατρός τ' ἐπακτοῦ καυτὸς ὑπὸ νοθαγενῆς. καὶ τοῦτ' ἔχων τοὺνειδος, ἀσθενής μὲν ὑπ' ὅν, ὦ [ὁ μηδὲν οὖν καξ'] 1 οὐδένων κεκλησομάι. ἠν δ' εἰς τὸ πρῶτον πόλεος ὁρμηθεὶς ξυγὸν χητῶ τοις εὖναι, τῶν μὲν ἀδυνάτων ὑπὸ μισησόμεθα. λυπρὰ γὰρ τὰ κρείσσονα. ὄσωι δὲ χρηστοὶ δυνάμενοι τ' εἰναι σοφοὶ συγωσι καὶ σπεύδουσιν εἰς τὰ πράγματα, γέλωτ' ἐν αὐτοῖς μωρίαν τε λήψομαι οὐχ ἱσυχάζων εἰς πόλει ψόγου πλέας. τῶν δ' αὐδοκοῦντων 2 χρωμένων τε τῇ πόλει εἰς ἀξίωμα βᾶς πλέον φουρησομαι ψῆφοισιν. οὕτω γὰρ τασδ', ὦ πάτερ, φιλεί. οί τὰς πόλεις ἔχοντες καξιώματα τοῖς ἀνθαμίλλους εἰς το πολεμώτατοι. ἐλθόντω δ' ἐς οἰκον ἀλλότριον ἐπηλὺς ὅν γυναίκα θ' ὡς ἀτεκνο, ἡ κοινομένη τὰς συμφορὰς σοι πρόσθεν, ἀπολαχοῦσα νῦν αὐτὴ καθ' αὐτὴν τὴν τύχην οὐσει πικρῶς,

1 Scaliger and Valckenaer : lacuna in MSS.
2 Wecklein : for MSS. λογίων
ION

Silent?—Now wherefore earthward droops thine eye,  
And thou art deep in thought, and from thy joy  
Art changed, and strikest dread into thy sire?

I ON

The face of things appeareth not the same  
Far off, and when we scan them nigh at hand.  
So do I greet with gladness this my lot  
Who find a sire: howbeit hear what burden  
Weighs on my soul. The glorious earth-born state,  
Athens, men say, hath naught of alien strain.  
I shall thrust in, stained with a twofold taint—  
An outland father, and my bastard self.  
And, bearing this reproach, nor strong in friends,  
"Nobody" shall be called—"Nobody's Son."  
Then, if I press to Athens' highest ranks,  
And seek a name, of dullards shall I win  
Hatred; for jealousy ever dogs success.  
Good men, whose wisdom well could helm the state,  
Who yet hang back, who never speak in public,  
To them shall I be laughing-stock and fool,  
Who, in a town censorious, go not softly.  
And statesmen who have made their mark, mid whom  
I seek repute, will hedge me in, and check  
By the assembly's votes. 'Tis ever so;  
They which sway nations, and have won repute,  
To young ambitions are the bitterest foes.

Then, coming to a strange house, alien I,  
And to a childless lady, who hath shared  
With thee her sorrow heretofore, but now  
Shall bear in bitterness her reproach alone,
ΙΩΝ

πῶς δ᾿ οὐχ ἵπτ᾿ αυτῆς εἰκότως μισήσομαι,
ὁταν παραστῶ σοὶ μὲν ἐγγύθεν ποδός,
ἡ δ᾿ οὖσ᾿ ἀτεκνὸς τὰ σὰ φίλ᾿ εἰσορὰ πικρῶς;
κατ᾿ ἡ προδόους σὺ μ᾿ ἐσ δάμαρτα σὴν βλέπης,
ἡ τὰμὰ τιμῶν δῶμα συνχέας ἔχης;
ὀσας σφαγὰς δὴ φαρμάκων τε θανασίμων
γνωικεῖς εὑρὸν ἀνδράσω διαφθοράς.
ἄλλως τε τὴν σὴν ἁλοχον οἰκτείρω, πάτερ,
ἀπαίδα γηράσκουσαν; οὐ γὰρ ἄξια
πατέρων ἂν ἐσθλῶν ὑσ᾿ ἀπαιδία νοσεῖν.
τυραννίδος δὲ τῆς μάτην αἰνουμένης
τὸ μὲν πρόσωπον ἤδυ, τὰν δόμουις δὲ
λυπηρά: τίς γὰρ μακάριος, τίς εὐτυχῆς,
ὁστὶς δεδοκὼς καὶ παραβλέπον βίον
ἀιώνα τείνει; δημότης ἄν εὐτυχῆς
ζῆν ἄν θέλομι μᾶλλον ἡ τύραννος ὃν,
ὅ τοὺς ποιηροὺς ἤδουν ϕίλους ἔχειν,
ἐσθλοὺς δὲ μισεῖ καθανεῖν φοβούμενος.
ἐἴποις ἄν ὡς ὁ χρυσὸς ἕκνικα τάδε.

πλουτεῖν τε τερπνού· οὐ ϕιλῶ ψόγους κλίειν
ἐν χερσὶ σάζων ὄλβον οὐδ᾿ ἔχειν πόνους;
εἰ δ᾿ ἔμουγε μέτρια μὴ λυπουμένῳ.
ἄ δ᾿ ἐνθάδ᾿ εἴχον ἀγάθ᾿ ἀκουσον μου, πάτερ;
ἀτὴν φιλιτάτην μὲν πρῶτον ἄνθρωποις σχολῆν,
ὄχλον τε μέτριον, οὐδὲ μ᾿ ἐξέπληξ’ ὅδοῦ
ποιηρῶς οὔδεις· κείνω δ᾿ οὐκ ἀνασχετῶν,
εἴκεν ὁδὸν χαλῶντα τοῖς κακίσιμω.
θεῶν δ᾿ ἐν εὐχαῖς ἡ λόγοισιν ἡ βροτῶν,
ὑπηρετῶν χαίρουσιν, οὐ γοωμένοις.
καὶ τοὺς μὲν ἐξέπεμπον, οἱ δ᾿ ἥκουν ἐνοι,
ὡςθ᾿ ἡδὺς ἄει καινὸς ὄν καινοῖσιν ἡ.
δ᾿ δ᾿ εὐκτῶν ἀνθρώπωσι, κἂν ἀκουσιν ἡ.
ION

How shall I not, with reason, have her hate,
When by thy knee I stand, she on thy love
Looketh with bitter eyes of childlessness,—
When thou must cast me off and cleave to her,
Or honour me, and wreck thine household’s peace?
How oft the dagger and the deadly bowl
Have women found to slay their lords withal!
Nay, father, more—I pity this thy wife
Who grows grey childless. 'Tis not worthy her,
Sprung from proud sires—this curse of childlessness.

And sovranty, so oft, so falsely praised,‘
Winsome its face is, but behind the veil
Is torment. Who is happy, fortunate who,
That, fearing violence, glancing aye askance,
Weareth out life? Nay, rather would I live
Happy-obscure, than be exalted prince,—
One who must joy to have for friends the vile,
Who hates the good, and ever dreads to die.
“Ah,” thou wilt say, “gold overbears all this,
And wealth is sweet.” Would I clutch lucre—

groan

Under its load, with curses in mine ears?
Nay, wealth for me in measure, sorrowless.

But, father, hear what blessings here were mine:—
First, leisure, dearest of delights to men:
Friendly the folk; no villain jostleth me
Out of the path: it galls the very soul
To yield the pass, and vail to baser men.
My life was prayer to Gods, converse with men,
Ministrant unto joy and not to grief,
Welcoming coming, speeding parting guests,
A new face smiling still on faces new.
And that which men, though loth, must ask in prayer,
ΙΩΝ

dίκαιον εἶναι μ’ ὁ νόμος ἡ φύσις θ’ ἀμα
παρείχε τῷ θεῷ. ταῦτα συννοούμενος
κρείσσω νομίζω τὰνθάδ’ ἢ τάκει, πάτερ.
ἐά δ’ ἐμαυτῷ ζήν’ ἵσθη γὰρ ἡ χάρις,
μεγάλοισι χάρειν σμικρά θ’ ἢδέως ἐχειν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
καλῶς ἔλεξας, εὔπερ οὕς ἔγω φίλῳ
ἐν τοῖς σοῖς εὐτυχῆσουσιν λόγοις.

ΕΟΤΕΟΣ

650
παῦσαι λόγων τῶν’, εὐτυχεῖν δ’ ἐπίστασο
θέλω γὰρ οὐπέρ σ’ ἕρρον ἄρξασθαι, τέκνου,
κοινῆς τραπέζης δαίτα πρὸς κοινὴν πεσόν,
θύσαι θ’ ἁ σοι πρὶν γενέθλι’ οὐκ ἡθύσαμεν.
καὶ νῦν μὲν ὡς δὴ ἔξενοι ἁγῶν σ’ ἐφέστιον
δείπνουσι τέρψων. τῆς δ’ Ἀθηναίων χθονὸς
ἀξω θεατὴν δῆθεν, ως οὐκ ὄντ’ ἐμόν.
καὶ γὰρ γνωάικα τὴν ἐμῆν οὐ βουλομαι
λυπεῖν ἀτεκνοῦν οὕσαι αὐτὸς εὐτυχῶν.

660
χρόνῳ δὲ καίρὸν λαμβάνων προσάξομαι
δάμαρτ’ ἐὰν σε σκῆπτρα τὰμ’ ἔχειν χθονὸς.
’Ιωνα δ’ ὀνομάξω σε τῇ τύχῃ πρέπον,
’θούνεκ’ ἲδύτων ἔξιστε μοι θεοῦ
ἳχνος συνήψας πρῶτος. ἀλλὰ τῶν φίλων
πλήρωμ’ ἄθροίσας βουθύτω σὺν ἡδονή
πρόσεπτε, μέλλων Δελφίδ’ ἐκλπεῖν πόλιν.
ἄμιν δὲ σιγάν, δμοίδες, λέγω τάδε,
ἡ θάνατον εἰπούσαισι πρὸς δάμαρτ’ ἐμῆν.

ΙΩΝ

670
στείχοιμ’ ἀν’ ἐν δὲ τῆς τύχης ἀπεστ’ μοι
εἰ μὴ γὰρ ἡτίς μ’ ἐτέκεν εὐρήσω, πάτερ,
ἀβίστων ἦμιν’ εἰ δ’ ἐπευξασθαί χρεών,
ION

Uprightness, use and nature bred in me
For Phoebus' service. Thinking on all this,
Father, I more esteem things here than there.
Mine own life let me live. Content with little
Hath charm no less than joy in great estate.

CHORUS
Well hast thou said, so be that those I love
In these thy words may find their happiness.

XUTHUS
Of this no more: but learn to bear thy fortune.
For, where I found thee, there would I begin,
By making thee a solemn public feast,
And thy birth-sacrifice, not offered yet.
Now to the feast as my guest bringing thee,
I'll make thee cheer; then to the Athenians' land
Bring thee as one that travelleth, not as mine.
For, sooth, I have no heart to vex my wife
With mine own bliss, while she is childless still.
And I shall find a time to bring my queen
To suffer thee to take my sceptred sway.

Ion 1 I name thee, of that happy chance
In that, as forth Apollo's shrine I came,
First lighted I on thee. Now all thy friends
To this glad feast of sacrifice gather thou,
To bid, as leaving Delphi soon, farewell.
You, handmaids, I command, speak not hereof.
Death—if ye say to my wife anything!

ION
I go: yet to my fortune one things lacks:
For, save I find her who gave life to me,
My life is naught. If one prayer be vouchsafed,

1 "law, "coming," because met at his coming forth.
ΙΩΝ

ἐκ τῶν Ἀθηνῶν μὲν ἡ τεκοῦσ’ εἶν γυνή,
ός μοι γένηται μητρόθεν παρρησία.
καθαρὰν γὰρ ἦν τις εἰς πόλιν πέσῃ ξένος,
καὶ τοῖς λόγοις ἄστος ἦ, τό γε στόμα
δοῦλον πέπαται κοῦκ ἔχει παρρησίαν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

όρω δάκρυνα καὶ πενθίμους
ἀλαλαγάς στεναγμάτων τ’ εἰσβολάς,
ὅταν ἐμὰ τύραννος εὐπαιδίαν
πόσιν ἔχουν’ εἰδῆ,

αὐτὴ δ’ ἀπαίς ἦ καὶ λελεμμένη τέκνων.
τίν’, ὦ παῖ προμαντὶ Δατοὺς ἔχρη-
σας ύμνοδίαν;
πόθεν ὁ παῖς ὀδ’ ἀμφὶ ναοὺς σέθεν
τρόφιμος ἔξεβα, γυναικῶν τίνος;
οὐ γὰρ με σαίνει
θέσφατα, μὴ τίν’ ἔχῃ δόλον.
δειμαίνω συμφορὰν
ἐφ’ ὁ ποτε βάσεται.

ἀτοπος ἀτοπα γὰρ παραδίδωσί μοι
τάδε θεοῦ φήμα.
ἔχει δόλον τῦχαν θ’ ὁ παῖς
ἄλλων τραφεῖς ἔξ αἱμάτων.
τίς οὖ τάδε ξυνοίσεται;

φίλαι, πότερ’ ἐμὰ δεσποίνα
τάδε τορώς ἐσ’ οὖς γεγονήσομεν,
πόσιν, εὖ ὦ τὰ πάντ’ ἔχουσ’ ἐλπίδων
μέτοχος ἦν πλάμων;
νῦν δ’ ἡ μὲν ἔρρει συμφοραῖς, ὃ δ’ εὐτυχεῖ,
πολιῶν εἰσπεσοῦσα γῆρας, πόσις δ’
ION

Of Athens' daughters may my mother be,
That by my mother may free speech be mine.
The alien who entereth a burg
Of pure blood, burgher though he be in name,
Hath not free speech; he bears a bondman's tongue.

[Exeunt Xuthus and Ion.

CHORUS

O vision of tears, and of fierce heart-burning (Str.)
Breaking forth into shrieks and the onrush of sighing,
When my lady beholdeth her chieftain returning
In glory of fatherhood—know eth that yearning
Of childlessness waiteth her, hunger undying!

Seer-son of Latona, what strain hast thou chanted?
Whence came he, the waif in thy temple-porch lying?
Thy fosterling—yea, but a mother yet wanted!
And the oracle stirreth mine heart to defying
Of its tones with the whisper of treachery haunted.

I fear whereunto it will grow,
This fate thou hast caused us to know:
Too strange for my credence it is.

Child fathered of fortune and treason!
Child alien of blood!—it were reason
That all should cry yea unto this.

Friends, shall I bear to my lady the story? (Ant.)
Shall I speak in her ear, her lord's baseness revealing?
Whom she counted her all and in all—heretofore he
Had share in her dreams of a yet-coming glory.

Now in woe is she wel med, but his heart hath
found healing,
[strewing!
That he flouts the dear tresses and eld's silver-
ΙΩΝ

ατίετος φίλων.
μέλεος, δ’ θυραῖος ἐλθῶν δόμους
μέγαν ἐς ὅλβον ούκ ἔσωσεν τύχας.
ὄλοιτ’ ὠλοῖτο
πότιμιον ἐξαπαθῶν ἐμάν’
καὶ θεότιν μή τύχοι
καλλίφλογα πέλανον ἐπὶ
πυρὶ καθαγρίσας· τὸ δ’ ἐμὸν εἰσεται

710

türraunos ἢ φίλα φίλον.¹
ηδὴ πέλας δείπνων κυρεί
παῖς καὶ πατήρ νέος νέων.

i’w deirάδες Παρνασσοῦ πέτρας  ἐπὶ ὤδ.
ἐχουσαί σκόπελον οὐράνιον θ’ ἔδραν,
ίνα Βάκχιος ἀμφυτύρους ἀνέχων πεύκας
λαυγηρὰ πηδὰ νυκτιπόλοις ἀμα σὺν Βάκχαις.
μή τί ποτ’ εἴς ἐμὰν πόλιν ἕκοιθ’ ὁ παῖς,
νέαν δ’ ἀμέραν ἀπολιπὼν θάνοι.
στενομένα γὰρ ἄν πόλις ἔχοι σκῆψιν
ζευκίκον εἰσβολάν.
ἄλης ὁ πάρος ἀρχαγός ὦν
Ἐρεχθέους ἀναξ.

ΚΡΕΟΣΧΑ

ὁ πρέσβυ παῖδαγώγη Ἕρεχθέους πατρὸς
τοῦμοι ποτ’ ὄντος, ἡμίκ’ ἤν ἐτ’ ἐν φαίε,
ἐπαιρε σαυτὸν πρὸς θεοῦ χρηστήρια,
ὡς μοι συνησθῆσε, εἴ τι Δοξίας ἀναξ
θέσπισμα παῖδων εἰς γονᾶς ἐφθέγξατο.

730

σὺν τοῖς φίλοις γὰρ ἴδυ μὲν πράσσειν καλὸς·
ὁ μὴ γένοιτο δ’, εἴ τι τυγχάνοι κακὸν,

¹ Bayfield: for MSS. τυραννίδος φίλα.
ION

O caitiff and outlander, he that came stealing
On the wealth of a house he saved not from undoing!—[dealing—
Who would cozen my lady with treacherous
False one, away to thy ruin, thy ruin!
    O'er the consecrate cake he shall lay
Mid your altar-flames, Gods, let them play
    Unavailingly! Ah but my queen
Shall know that I hold her the dearer!
Lo this strange feast draweth nearer
    When the sire's strange son shall be seen.

Heights of Parnassus, rock-ridges upbearing (Epode)
The watchtower crags and the cloudland dome,
Where Bacchus, uptossing the pines flame-glaring,
Leaps mid his Bacchants through darkness that roam,

May never yon boy to my city come faring!
    Be his birth-day the day of his doom!
For in sooth should our city be hard bestead
If an alien host to her hearths shall be led.
Suffice us Erechtheus, the kingly head
    Of the Ancient Home!

Enter Creusa and old servant, climbing the ascent
to the Temple.

CREUSA
Thou reverend child-ward of my sometime sire
Erechtheus, while he walked yet in the light,
Bear up, and press to yon God's oracle,
That thou mayst share my joy, if Loxias King
A boding-pledge of sons hath uttered forth.
'Tis sweet with friends to share prosperity:
And if—which God forbid—if ill befall,

1 By perpetuating the race of true-born Erechtheids.
ΙΩΝ

εἰς ὄμματ' εὖνοι φωτὸς ἐμβλέψαι γλυκῦ.
ἔγω δὲ σ', ὅσπερ καὶ σὺ πατέρ' ἐμὸν ποτε,
δέσποιν' ὅμως οὐς ἀντικηδεύω πατρός.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

ὁ θύγατερ, ἄξι' ἄξιων γεννητόρων
ἡθη φυλάσσεις κοι καταλαγόνας ἔχεις
tοὺς σους παλαιός ἐκγόνους αὐτόχθονας.
ἐλχ' ἐλκε πρὸς μέλαθρα καὶ κόμβη με.
αἰτείναι τοι μαντεύα· τοῦ γῆρως δὲ μοι
συνεκπονοῦσα κώλου ίατρός γενοῦ.

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

ἐπούν υμώ· ἰχνος δ' ἐκφύλασσ' ὅπου τίθης.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

ιδοῦ.
tο τοῦ ποδῶς μὲν βραδύ, το τοῦ δὲ νοῦ ταχῦ.

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

βάκτρῳ δ' ἐρείδου περιφερῇ στίβουν χθονός.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

καὶ τούτο τυφλόν, ὅταν ἐγὼ βλέπω βραχῦ.

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

ὁρθῶς ἐλέξας· ἀλλὰ μὴ πάρεις κόπῳ.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

οὐκοῦν ἐκών γε· τοῦ δ' ἀπόντος οὐ κρατῶ.

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

γυναίκες, ἰστῶν τῶν ἐμῶν καὶ κερκίδος
dούλευμα πιστῶν, τίνα τύχην λαβῶν πόσις
βέβηκε παίδων ὄντων εἰνεχ' ἤκομεν,
σημήνατ' εἰ γὰρ ἄγαθά μοι μηνύσετε,
οὐκ εἰς ἀπίστους δεσπότας βαλεῖς χαρᾶν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἰὼ δαίμον.
ION.

'Tis sweet to gaze in eyes of sympathy.
Now thine old loving tendance of my sire
I, though thy lady, render back to thee.

OLD SERVANT
My daughter, spirit worthy of noble sires
Thou keepest, and thou hast not put to shame
Thine old forefathers, children of the soil.
Draw, draw me towards the shrines, and bring me on.
Steep is the god-ward path: be thou physician
Unto mine age, and help my toiling limbs.

CREUSA
Follow: take heed where thou dost plant thy feet.

OLD SERVANT
Lo there!
Slow is the foot, still by the mind outstripped.

CREUSA
Try with thy staff the ground: lean hard thereon.

OLD SERVANT
Blind guide is this when mine eyes serve so ill.

CREUSA
Sooth said: yet yield not thou to weariness.

OLD SERVANT
I would not, but my lost strength I command not.

CREUSA
Women, which do leal service at my loom
And shuttle, show what fortune hath my lord
Found touching issue, for which cause we came.
For, if ye speak good tidings unto me,
Your queen shall not forget the debt of joy.

CHORUS
Ah fate!
ΙΩΝ

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ
τὸ φροίμον μὲν τῶν λόγων οὐκ εὐτυχές.
ΧΟΡΟΣ
ἰὼ τλὰμον.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ
ἀλλ’ ἡ τι θεσφάτοισι δεσποτῶν νοσῶ;
ΧΟΡΟΣ
εἶλεν· τί δρῶμεν, θάνατος ὃν κεῖται πέρι;

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
τὸς ἢδε μούσα, χῶ φόβος τίνων πέρι;
ΧΟΡΟΣ
εὔπωμεν ἢ συγώμεν; ἢ τί δρῶσομεν;

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
εἴφ’· ὡς ἔχεις γε συμφορὰν τιν’ εἰς ἔμε.
ΧΟΡΟΣ
εἰρήσεται τοι, κεῖ θανεῖν μέλλω διπλῇ.
οὐκ ἔστι σοι, δέσποιν’ ἐπ’ ἀγκάλαις λαβεῖν
τέκν’ οὐδὲ μαστῷ σὺ προσαρμόσαι ποτὲ.

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
ὁμοί, θάνοιμι.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ
θύγατερ—

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
ἂς τάλαιν’ ἐγὼ συμφορᾶς.
ἐλαβον, ἐπαθον ἄχος ἀβίοτον, φίλαι.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ
dιοιχόμεσθα, τέκνον.

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
αιαὶ αἰαὶ·
διαντάιος ἐτυπεν ὀδύνα με πλευ-
μόνων τῶν’ ἔσω.
ION

OLD SERVANT (aside).
No happy-boding prelude of their speech!

CHORUS
Ah hapless!

OLD SERVANT (aside)
Ha, sinks mine heart for my lords’ oracle!

CHORUS
What shall we do when death is in the path?

CREUSA
What means this strain, and wherefore is your fear?

CHORUS
Speech?—silence?—what is it that we should do?

CREUSA
Speak: something ye keep back that toucheth me.

CHORUS
Thou shalt be told,—yea, though I die twice over.
’Tis not for thee, my queen, in arms to fold
Children, nor press them ever to thy breast.

CREUSA
Ah, would I might die!

OLD SERVANT
Daughter—

CREUSA
Ah wretch!—ah me for my misery!
I have gotten sore hurt, my friends: what is life
unto me?

OLD SERVANT
Undone—thou and I!

O child!

CREUSA
Ah me, ah me! for the anguish-dart
Hath pierced me through, and hath plunged deep
into mine heart.
ΙΩΝ

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ
μήπως στενάξης,
ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
ἀλλὰ πάρεισι γόοι.
ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ
πρὶν ἂν μάθωμεν—
ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
ἀγγελίαν τίνα μοι;
ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ
eἰ ταύτα πράσσον δεσπότης τῆς συμφορᾶς
κοινωνῶς ἔστιν, ἢ μόνη σὺ δυστυχεῖς.
ΧΟΡΟΣ
κείνῳ μὲν, ὦ γεραιέ, παῖδα Λοξίας
ἔδωκεν, ἵδια ὅ εὐτυχεῖ ταύτης δίχα.
ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
τόδε ἐπὶ τῷ δεκακόν ἄκρον ἐλακεῖ ἐλακεῖς
ἄχος ἐμοὶ στένειν.
ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ
πότερα δὲ φῦναι δεί γυναικὸς ἐκ τινὸς
τῶν παιδὸν ὅν εἰπας, ἢ γεγυῖτ' ἔθεσπισεν;
ΧΟΡΟΣ
ἡδὴ πεφυκότ' ἐκτελὴ νεανίαν
δίδωσιν αὐτῷ Λοξίας' παρῇ ὃ ἐγώ.
ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
πῶς φῆς; ἀφατον ἀφατον ἀναύδητον
λόγον ἐμοὶ θροεῖς.
ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ
κάμοιγε. πῶς δ' ὁ χρησμὸς ἐκπεραινεῖται
σαφέστερον μοι φράζε, χώστις ἐσθ' ὁ παις.
ΧΟΡΟΣ
ὁτ' ξυπνητήσειεν ἐκ ναοῦ συθεῖς
πρῶτῳ πόσις σός, παιδ' ἔδωκ' αὐτῷ θεός.
ION

OLD SERVANT

Nay, moan not yet—

CREUSA

But wailings the soul of me fill!

OLD SERVANT

Ere we shall learn—

CREUSA

What tidings remain for me still? 770

OLD SERVANT

If in the same calamity our lord
Have part, or thine alone misfortune be.

CHORUS

Ancient, to him hath Loxias given a son,
And private joy is his, unshared of her.

CREUSA

Ah sorrow on sorrow, for crown of sorrow, and woes
for my sighing!

OLD SERVANT

But of some woman must he yet be born,
This child?—or did the God proclaim, him born?

CHORUS

Already born—nay more, a stripling grown
Doth Loxias give him. I was there, and heard.

CREUSA

How sayest thou?—nameless, unspeakable things in
mine ears art thou crying—

OLD SERVANT

And mine. But how works out the oracle?
More clearly tell me: who the lad is, tell.

CHORUS

Whomso thy lord should first meet as he passed
From the God's fane, the God gave him for son.
ΙΩΝ

КРЕОΥΣΑ
οτοτοτοι· το δ' ἐμὼν ἄτεκνον ἄτεκνον ἐλαβεν
ἀρα βλοτον, ἐρημία δ' ὀρφανοὺς
dόμους οἰκήσω.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ
τις οὖν ἔχρησθη; τῷ συνήψ' ἵχνος ποδὸς
πόσις ταλαίνης; πώς δὲ ποὺ νῦν εἰσιδών;

ΧΟΡΟΣ
οיסθ', ὁ φίλη δέσποινα, τὸν νεανίαν
δις τόνδ' ἐσαίρε ναὸν; οὗτος ἐσθ' ὁ παῖς.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ
ἀν ὦγρον ἀμπταῖνη αἰθέρα πόρσω γαί-
ας Ἐλλανίας, ἀστέρας ἐσπέρους,
oἶνον οἶνον ἄλγος ἐπαθον, φίλαι.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ
όνομα δὲ ποῖον αὐτὸν ὄνομάζει πατήρ;
oίσθ', ἢ σιωπῇ τούτ' ἀκύρωτον μένει;

ΧΟΡΟΣ
'Ιων', ἐπείπερ πρῶτος ἦντησεν πατρί.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ
μητρὸς δ' ὅποιας ἐστίν;

ΧΟΡΟΣ
οὐκ ἔχω φράσαι.
φρούδος δ', ἢν εἰδῆς πάντα τὰ π' ἐμοῖ, γέρον,
pαιδὸς προθύσων ξένω καὶ γενέθλια,
σκηνὰς ἐς ἱερὰς τής δε λαθραίως πόσις,
κοινὴ εὐνάψων δαίτα παιδὶ τῷ νέῳ.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ
δέσποινα, προδεδομέσθα, σὺν γάρ σοι νοσῶ,
tοῦ σοῦ πρὸς ἀνδρὸς, καὶ μεμηχανήμενως
ὑβριζόμεσθα δωμάτων τ' Ἑρεχθέως

80
ION

CREUSA
Ah me! ah me!—and my weird
Of barrenness, barrenness grieveth my life!—
desolation—oppressed
Shall I live on, living in childless halls!

OLD SERVANT
Who was the child foretold? whom met he first,
Our sad queen’s lord? How saw he him, and where?

CHORUS
Rememberest thou, O dear my queen, the youth
That swept the temple’s floor? That son is he.

CREUSA
Oh to flee on the wings of a bird
Through the ocean of air, and from Hellas afar to
the stars of the west!
Such pain on me, friends, such anguish falls!

OLD SERVANT
And what name hath his father given to him?
Know’st thou? Or bideth this unsaid, unsaid?

CHORUS
Ion, since he was first to meet his sire.

OLD SERVANT
His mother, who?

CHORUS
Thereof can I say naught.
My lady’s spouse hath stol’n—that all my tale
Be known of thee—into the festal tent,
To sacrifice for welcoming and birth,
And spread a public feast for this new son.

OLD SERVANT
Betrayed, Queen, are we—for thy pain is mine—
Of this thy lord; by treason-stratagems
Insulted; from Erechtheus’ palace-halls
εκβαλλόμεσθα· καὶ σοῦ οὗ στυγών πόσιν λέγω, σὲ μέντοι μάλλον ἢ κεινὸν φιλῶν· ὄστις σε γήμας ξένος ἐπεισελθὼν πόλιν καὶ δώμα καὶ σὴν παραλαβὼν παγκηρίαν, ἄλλης γυναίκος παῖδας ἐκκαρπούμενος λάβρα πέφηνεν· ὡς λάθρα δ', ἐγὼ φράσω· ἐπεί σ', ἀτεκνὸν ἦσθετ', οὐκ ἐστέργει σοι ὁμοίως εἶναι τῆς τύχης τ' ἱσον φέρειν, λαβὼν δὲ δούλα λέκτρα νυμφεύσας λάθρα τὸν παῖδ' ἐφυσεν, ἐξενωμένον δὲ τῷ Δελφῶν δίδωσιν ἐκτρέφειν· ὁ δ' ἐν θεοῦ δόμωσιν ἄφετος, ὡς λάθοι, παιδεύτεται. νεανίαν δ' ὡς ἤσθετ' ἐκτεθραμμένον, ἐλθείν σ' ἐπεισε δεύρ' ἀπαιδίας χάριν. καθ' ὁ θεός οὐκ ἐψεύσατ', οδε δ' ἐψεύσατο πάλαι τρέφων τὸν παῖδα, κἀπλεκεν πλοκας τοιάσδ'· ἀλώνις μὲν ἀνέφερ' εἰς τὸν δαίμονα, ἠλθὼν δὲ καὶ τὸν χρόνον ἀμύνεσθαι θέλων τυραννικ' αὐτῶ περιβαλεῖν ἐμμελίς γῆς. καῖνον δὲ τοῦνομ' ἀνὰ χρόνον πεπλασμένον, Ἰων, ἰόντι δῆθεν ὅτι συνήντετο.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
οίμοι, πανούργους ἄνδρας ὡς ἄει στυγῶ, οἳ συντιθέντες τάδικ' εἶτα μηχαναῖς κοσμοῦσι, φαύλου χρηστόν ἄν λαβεῖν φίλον θέλοιμι μάλλον ἢ κακὸν σοφώτερον.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΟΓΟΣ
καὶ τῶν ἀπόντων ἐσχατον πείσει κακὸν· ἀμήτορ', ἀναρίθμητον, ἐκ δοῦλης τινὸς γυναίκος, εἰς σὸν δώμα δεσποτὴν ἄγεων. ἀπλοὺν ἀν ἰγναρ τὸ κακὸν, εἶ παρ' εὐγενοὺς μητρός, πιθὼν σε, σὴν λέγον ἀπαιδίαν,
ION

Cast forth! And this I say, as hating not
Thy lord, but better loving thee than him,
Who came a stranger to thy burg and home,
Wedded thee, and received thine heritage,
And of another woman gat him sons
Clandestine: this "clandestine" will I prove:—
Knowing thee barren, he was not content
To share thy fortune, to partake thy lot,
But took a slave to his clandestine bed,
Begat this son, from Athens sent him, gave
Unto some Delphian's fostering: for concealment
Was he reared in the temple, consecrate.

Then, when he knew the stripling fully grown,
He drew thee hither by the hope of sois.
So, not the God hath lied, but this man lied,
Rearing so long the lad, weaving such plots.
Detected here, he would cast it on the God:
But, safe in Athens, he would set her crown
Upon him, guarding 'gainst the chance of time.
But this new name's misdated forgery!
Ion—set eye on him then first, forsooth!

CHORUS

Ah me! how evermore I loathe the knave
That plotteth wrongs, and then with stratagem
Tricks forth! Be mine the friend of simple soul
Yet honest, rather than the craftier villain.

OLD SERVANT

And a worse ill than all this must thou know,
To take into thine house for lord thereof
A slave's brat, motherless, of none account!
'Twere but one ill, if from a free-born womb,
With thy consent, pleading thy barreness,

a 2
IΩΝ

'ἐσφάκιον' οἶκους· εἰ δὲ σοι τὸδ' ἦν πυκρῶν,
tῶν Αἴολου μιν χρῆν ὁρεχθῆναι γάμων.
ἐκ τῶνδε δεῖ σε δὴ γυναικεῖόν τι δρᾶν·
ἡ γὰρ ξίφος λαβοῦσαν ἡ δόλῳ τινὶ
ἡ φαρμάκοισι σὸν κατακτῆναι πόσιν
καὶ παιδὰ, πρὶν σοι θάνατον ἐκ κείμων μολεῖν.
[εἰ γὰρ γὰρ ἄφησεις τοῦδ', ἀπαλλάξει βίον·
δυνών γὰρ ἐχθροῖν εἰς ἐν ἐλθόντων στέγοις,
ἡ θάτερον δεὶ δυστυχεῖν ἡ θάτερον.]

850 ἐγὼ μὲν οὖν σοι καὶ συνεκπονεῖν θέλω,
καὶ συμφωνεῖν παῖδ' ἐπεισελθὼν δόμοις
οὐ δαίθ' ὑπλίζει, καὶ τροφεῖα δεσπόταις
ἀποδοὺς θανεῖν τε ζῶν τε φέγγος εἰσορᾶν.
ἐν γὰρ τι τοῖς δούλοισιν αἰσχύνην φέρει,
τοῦνομα· τὰ δ' ἄλλα πάντα τῶν ἐλευθέρων
οὐδὲν κακῶν δούλος, ἀστις ἐσθλὸς ἦ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
καίγω, φίλη δέσποινα, συμφορὰν θέλω,
κοινούμενη τὴν' ἡ θανεῖν ἡ καλῶς.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ
δ' ψυχά, πῶς συγάσω;
πῶς δὲ σκοτίας ἀναφήνω
εὐνάς, αἰδοὺς δ' ἀπολειφθῶ;
τι γὰρ ἐμπόδιον κώλυμ' ἔτι μοι;
πρὸς τίν' ἄγωνας τιθέμεσθ' ἀρετῆς,
οὐ πόσις ἡμῶν προδότης γέγονεν;
στέρομαι δ' οἴκων, στέρομαι παῖδων,
φρονθαί δ' ἐλπίδες, ἄς διαθέσθαι
χρῆξουσα καλῶς οὐκ ἐδυνήθην,
συγώσα γάμους,
συγώσα τόκους πολυκλαύτους.

870 ἀλλ' οὐ τὸ Δίως πολύαστρον ἔδος
ION

He found an heir. Or, if this liked thee not,
He ought to have sought a wife of Aeolus' race.
Now, something worthy of woman must thou do—
Grasp thou the sword, or by some wiliness
Or poison slay thine husband and his son,
Ere treacherous death shall come from them to thee.
For, if thou flinch, 'tis thou shalt lose thy life:
For, when two foes beneath one roof be met,
This one or that one must the victim be.
Willing am I with thee to share this work,
To enter the pavilion, slay the lad
Where he prepares the feast:—repaying so
My lords their nurture, let me die or live!
There is but one thing bringeth shame to slaves,
The name: in all beside no slave is worse
Than free men, so he bear an upright soul.

CHORUS

I too, dear mistress, I consent to share
Thy fate,—or death, or honourable life.

CREUSA

O, how keep silence, my soul?
Yet how shall I dare to unroll
Deeds hidden of darkness, and cast the shame behind
me? [bind me?
Yet what thing remaineth to fetter me, what thing to
With whom can I stand in virtue's glorious strife?
Hath not mine husband a traitor been shown to his
wife?
I am wholly of home bereft, am of children bereft:
Of the hopes unavailing I cherished not one is left,
Who dreamed I should order all things well,
Yet naught of that bridal of horror tell,
Naught of the birth amid tears that befell.
Now nay—by the palace of Zeus star-brightened,
καὶ τὴν ἐπ’ ἐμοῖς σκοπέλοισι θεὰν λίμνης τ’ ἐνύδρου Τριτωνιάδος πῶς ἀκτάν,
οὐκέτι κρύψω λέχος, ὡς στέρνων ἀπονησάμενη ῥᾶς ἔσομαι.
στάζουσι κόραι δακρύοισιν ἐμαί, ψυχὰ δ’ ἀλγεῖ κακοβουληθεῖσ’ ἐκ τ’ ἀνθρώπων ἐκ τ’ ἀθανάτων,
οὐς ἀποδείξῳ λέκτρων προδότας ἀχαρίστους.

880

ὁ τὰς ἐπταφθόγγου μέλπων κυθάρας ἐνοπᾶν, ἀτ’ ἀγραύλωις κέρασιν ἐν ἀψύχοις ἀχεῖ μουσάν ύμνοις ευαχήτους,
σοὶ μομφάν, ὦ Δατοὺς παῖ, πρὸς τάνδ’ αὐγὰν αὐθάσω.

890

ἡλθές μοι χρυσῷ χαίταν μαρμαίρων, εὐτ’ εἰς κόλπους κρόκεα πέταλα φάρεσιν ἔδρευσον ἀνθίζειν χρυσανταυγῆ.

λευκοῖς δ’ ἐμφύσ καρποῖσιν χειρῶν εἰς ἀντρού κοίτας κρανγάν’ Ὡ μᾶτέρ μ’ αὐδώσαν θεός ὀμενυνέτας ἄγες ἀναιδεία.

Κύπριδι χάριν πράσσων.

tίκτω δ’ ἀ δύστανός σοι κούρον, τὸν φρίκα ματρὸς εἰς εὐναν βάλλω τὰν σάν,

900

ἀνα μὲ λέχεσι μέλεα μέλεος ἐξεύξω τὰν δύστανον.
ION

By the watchtower crag where my Goddess's
throne is,
By the holy shore of the mere Tritonis
Full-brimming mid Libya's plain,
Mine outrage no more will I hide, that lightened
My bosom may be of its pain.
Mine eyes are a fountain of tears fast-welling,
And mine heart is betrayed and anguish-riven,
Betrayed of lovers on earth, in heaven!
I will speak it, that thankless name forth telling,
And the tale of the traitor to love shall be given. 880

Lord of the seven-voiced lyre, who attunest the cry of
its strings, [note sings
Under whose fingers the lifeless awaketh, a sweet
From the horn of the ox of the field, the chant of the
Muses outrings—

Child of Latona, I cry to the Sun—I will publish
thy shame! [the flowers as I came
Thou, with thy tresses a-shimmer with gold, through
Plucking the crocuses, heaping my veil with their
gold-litten flame, 890

Cam'st on me, caughtest the poor pallid wrists of mine
hands and didst hale
Unto thy couch in the cave,—"Mother! mother!" I
shrieked out my wail,—
Wroughtest the pleasure of Cypris: no shame made
the god-lover quail.

Wretched I bare thee a child, and I cast him with
shuddering throe [a bride-bed of woe.
Forth on thy couch where thou forcedst thy victim, 900
Lost—my poor baby and thine! for the eagles
devoured him:—and lo,
ΙΩΝ

οἶμοι μοι· καὶ νῦν ἔρρει
πτανοῖς ἄρτασθεὶς θοῖνα
παῖς μοι καὶ σὸς τλάμων,
σὺ δὲ κιθάρα κλάζεις
παιάνας μέλπων.

ωῆ, τὸν Δατόους αὐνδῷ,
δὲ ὠμφὰν κληροῖς
πρὸς χρυσέους θάκους καὶ
γαίας μεσσηρείς ἕδρας,
εἰς οὖς αὐνδὰν καρύξων·
iὸ κακὸς εὐνάτωρ,
δὲ τῷ μὲν ἐμῷ νυμφεύτω
χάριν οὗ προλαβὼν
παὶδε, εἰς οἴκους οἰκίζοις·
ό δ᾽ ἐμὸς γενέται καὶ σὸς ἀμαθῆς
οἰώνοις ἔρρει συλαθεῖς, [οἰκεῖα]
σπάργανα ματέρος ἔξαλλάξας.
μισεῖ σ᾽ ἡ Δάλος καὶ δάφνας
ἔρνεα φοίνικα παρ᾽ ἄβροκόμαν,
ἐνθα λοχεύματα σέμν᾽ ἐλοχεύσατο
Δατῶ Δίοισί σε καρποῖς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οἶμοι, μέγας θησαυρὸς ὡς ἀνοίγνυται
κακῶν, ἐφ᾽ οἷς πᾶς ἄν ἐκΘάλοι δάκρυ.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

ὁ θύγατερ, οὐκτοῦ σὸν βλέπων ἐμπίπταμαι
πρὸσωπον, ἔξω δ᾽ ἐγενόμην γνώμης ἐμῆς·
κακῶν γὰρ ἄρτι κῦμ᾽ ὑπεξαντλῶν φρενί,
πρύμνηθην αἰρεὶ μ᾽ ἄλλο σῶν λόγων ὑπο,
οὐς ἐκβαλοῦσα τῶν παρεστῶτων κακῶν
μετῆλθες ἄλλων πημάτων κακὰς ὠδοὺς.

88
ION

Victory-songs to thy lyre dost thou chant! Ho, I
call to thee, son
Born to Latona, Dispenser of Boding, on gold-
gleaming throne
Midmost of earth who art sitting:—thine ears shall
be pierced with my moan!

Ah, ravisher-bridegroom thou!
What ailed thee to give to my spouse—
Requiting no service, I trow!—
A son to be heir to his house?
But my baby and thine, O heartless, was taken
For a prey of the eagles: long ere now
Were the swaddling-bands of his mother forsaken.

Thy Delos doth hate thee, thy bay-boughs abhor thee,
By the palm-tree of feathery frondage that rose
Where in sacred travail Latona bore thee
Unto Zeus for the fruit of her thrones.

CHORUS

Ah me, what mighty treasure-house is opened
Of sore affliction whereat all shall weep!

OLD SERVANT

Ah daughter, gazing on thy face I fill
With pity: yea, my mind is all distraught.
For, while one surge of ills yet drowns my soul,
High rolls astern another from thy words.
For, soon as thou hadst told thy present ills,
Thou followedst the dark track of other woes.
ΙΩΝ

τί φής; τίνα λόγον Δοξίου κατηγορεῖς;
ποῖον τεκεῖν φής παῖδα; πού θεῖνα πόλεως
θηρσίν φίλον τύμβευμ, ἀνελθὲ μοι πάλιν.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ
αἰσχύνομαι μὲν σ', ὃ γέρων, λέξω δ' ὁμος.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ
ὡς συστενάζειν γ' οἴδα γενναίως φίλοις.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ
ἀκονε τοῖνυν ὦσθα Κεκροπίας πέτρας
πρόσβορρον ἄντρον, ὃς Μακρᾶς κυκλήσκομεν;

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ
οἶδ', ἐνθα Πανὸς ἄδυτα καὶ βωμοὶ πέλας.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ
ἐνταῦθ' ἀγώνα δεινόν ἠγωνίσμεθα.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ
τίν' ὡς ἀπαντᾷ δάκρυα μοι τοῖς σοῖς λόγοις.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ
Φοίβῳ ξυνῆψ' ἀκουσά δύστηνον γάμον.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ
ἐθύγατερ; ἄρ' ἢν ταῦθ' ἣ γ' ὡςθόμην ἐγώ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ
οὐκ οἶδ'. ἀληθῆ δ' εἰ λέγεις, φαίνεμεν ἄν.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ
νόσου κρυφαίαν ἡνίκ' ἐστενες λάβαρα;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ
τότ' ἢν ἂ νῦν σοι φανερὰ σημαίνω κακά.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ
κάτ' ἐξέκλεψις πῶς 'Απόλλωνος γάμους;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ
ἔτεκον ἀνάσχου ταύτ' ἐμοῦ κλύων, γέρων.
ION

What say'st thou? What dost lay to Loxias' charge?
What child hast borne? In Athens where didst cast
him
To gladden a living grave?—tell yet again.

CREUSA
Ancient, I blush before thee, yet will tell.

OLD SERVANT
To weep with friends that weep, full well I know.

CREUSA
Hear then:—the Rocks of Cecrops knowest thou,
The Long Cliff named?—the northward-facing cave?

OLD SERVANT
I know: Pan's shrine and altars stand thereby.

CREUSA
Even there I agonized in that dread strife—

OLD SERVANT
What?—lo, how start my tears to meet thy words!

CREUSA
With Phoebus linked sore loth in woeful bridal.

OLD SERVANT
Ah daughter, was it this myself had marked?

CREUSA
Had marked?—If sooth thou sayest, I will tell.

OLD SERVANT
Thy secret sighing as with hidden pain?

CREUSA
Yea; then befell the ills I now lay bare.

OLD SERVANT
And how didst thou conceal Apollo's rape?

CREUSA
I travailed—bear to hear my tale, old friend!—
ΙΩΝ

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΟΓΟΣ
ποῦ; τίς λοχεύει σ'; ἡ μόνη μοχθεὶς τάδε;
ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
μόνη κατ' ἄντρων οὔπερ ἐξεύχθην γάμοις.
ΠΑΙΔΑΓΟΓΟΣ
950 ὁ παῖς δὲ ποῦ 'στιν, ἵνα σὺ μηκέτ' ἃπαισ;
ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
tέθυηκεν, ὡ γεραιέ, θηρσῶν ἐκτεθεῖς.
ΠΑΙΔΑΓΟΓΟΣ
tέθυηκ'; Ἀπόλλων δ' ὁ κακὸς οὐδὲν ἤρκεσεν;
ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
οὐκ ἤρκεσ'. Ὅδοι δ' ἐν δόμοις παιδεύεται.
ΠΑΙΔΑΓΟΓΟΣ
tις γάρ νιν ἐξέθηκεν; οὐ γὰρ δὴ σὺ γε.
ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
ἡμεῖς, ἐν ὀρφυχ σπαργανώσαντες πέπλοις.
ΠΑΙΔΑΓΟΓΟΣ
οὔδὲ ἔσυνηδεί σοί τις ἐκθέσιν τέκνου;
ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
αἱ ἔμφοραι γε καὶ τὸ λανθάνειν μόνον.
ΠΑΙΔΑΓΟΓΟΣ
καὶ πῶς ἐν ἄντρῳ παῖδα σὸν λυπεῖν ἔτλης;
ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
πῶς δ', οἴκτρα πολλὰ στόματος ἐκβαλούσ' ἔπη.
ΠΑΙΔΑΓΟΓΟΣ
φεῦ.
960 τλῆμων σὺ τόλμης, ὁ δὲ θεὸς μᾶλλον σέθεν.
ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
eἰ παῖδά γ' εἴδες χείρας ἐκτείνοντά μοι.
ΠΑΙΔΑΓΟΓΟΣ
μαστὸν διώκοντ' ἢ πρὸς ἀγκάλαις πεσεῖν;
ION

OLD SERVANT
Who tended thee? . . . . alone in trial's hour!

CREUSA
Alone within the cave that saw my rape.

OLD SERVANT
And the boy, where?—that thou no more be childless. 950

CREUSA
Dead is he, ancient,—unto beasts cast out.

OLD SERVANT
Dead?—and Apollo, traitor! helped thee naught?

CREUSA
Helped not. The child is nursed in Hades' halls.

OLD SERVANT
Who cast him forth? Not thou—O never thou!

CREUSA
Even I. My vesture darkling swaddled him.

OLD SERVANT
Nor any knew the exposing of the child?

CREUSA
None—Misery and Secrecy alone.

OLD SERVANT
How couldst thou leave thy babe within the cave?

CREUSA
Ah how?—O pitiful farewells I moaned!

OLD SERVANT
Poor heart of steel!—O God's heart harder yet! 960

CREUSA
Ah, hadst thou seen the babe's hands stretched to me!

OLD SERVANT
Seeking the breast, the cradle of thine arms?
ΙΩΝ

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
ἐνταῦθ’, ἵν’ οὖκ ἂν ἄδικ’ ἐπασχεν ἐξ ἐμοῦ.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ
σοὶ δ’ ἐσ’ τὶ δόξ’ εἰσῆλθεν ἐκβαλεῖν τέκνον;

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
ὡς τὸν θεὸν σώσοντα τὸν γ’ αὐτοῦ γόνον.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ
οἶμοι, δόμων σῶν ὁλβὸς ὡς χειμάξεται.

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
τί κράτα κρύψας, ὁ γέρον, δακρυρροεῖς;

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ
σὲ καὶ πατέρα σὸν δυστυχοῦντας εἰσορῶν.

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
τὰ θυρτὰ τοιαῦτ’· οὐδὲν ἐν ταύτῳ μένει.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ
μὴ νῦν ἔτ’ οἴκτων, θύγατερ, ἄντεχώμεθα.

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
τί γὰρ με χρὴ δρᾶν; ἀπορία τὸ δυστυχεῖν.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ
τὸν πρῶτον ἄδικήσαντά σ’ ἀποτίνου θεὸν.

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
καὶ πῶς τὰ κρείσσων θυρτός οὐσ’ ὑπερδράμω;

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ
πίμπρη τὰ σεμνὰ Λοξίου χρηστήρια.

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
δέδοικα· καὶ νῦν πτημάτων ἀδην ἔχω.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ
τὰ δυνατὰ νῦν τόλμησον, ἀνδρὰ σὸν κτανεῖν.

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
αἰδούμεθ’ εὐνὰς τὰς τόθ’ ἥνικ’ ἐσθλὸς ἦν.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ
σὺ δ’ ἄλλα παῖδα τὸν ἐπὶ σοὶ πεφηνότα.

970
ION

CREUSA
Where he lay not, and so had wrong of me.

OLD SERVANT
And in what hope didst thou cast forth the babe?

CREUSA
That the God yet would save him—his own child.

OLD SERVANT
Ah me, what tempest wrecks thine house’s weal!

CREUSA
Why dost thou, ancient, veil thine head, and weep?

OLD SERVANT
Seeing calamity, thy sire’s and thine.

CREUSA
’Tis man’s lot: naught continueth at one stay.

OLD SERVANT
Cling we no more to wailings, daughter, now.

CREUSA
What must I do?—so helpless misery is.

OLD SERVANT
Avenge thee on the God who wronged thee first.

CREUSA
How?—I, a mortal, triumph o’er the strong?

OLD SERVANT
Set thou the torch to Loxias’ holy shrine.

CREUSA
I fear:—even now I have enough of woes.

OLD SERVANT
Then dare the thing thou canst: thine husband slay.

CREUSA
I cannot—for old love and loyalty’s sake.

OLD SERVANT
The boy, at least, thus foisted upon thee.
ἩΝ

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
πῶς; εἰ γὰρ εἰῆ δυνατόν ὡς θέλοιμι γ' ἀν.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΟΓΟΣ
ξιφηφόροις σοὺς ὤπλισασ' ὀπάονας.

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
στείχομ' ἂν· ἄλλα ποῦ γενήσεται τόδε;

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΟΓΟΣ
ἰεραίσιν ἐν σκηναῖσιν, οὐ θοινᾶ φίλους.

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
ἐπίσημον ὁ φόνος, καὶ τὸ δούλου ἀσθενές.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΟΓΟΣ
ὡμοί, κακίζει· φέρε, σὺ νυν βούλευε τι.

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
καὶ μὴν ἔχω γε δόλια καὶ δραστήρια.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΟΓΟΣ
ἀμφοῖν ἂν εἶν τοῖν τοῦτο ὑπηρέτης ἐγώ.

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
ἀκούε τούνων· οἴσθα γηγενὴ μάχην;

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΟΓΟΣ
οἶδ', ἢν Φλέγρα Γίγαντες ἔστησαν θεοῖς.

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
ἐνταῦθα Γοργόν ἔτεκε Γῆ, δεινὸν τέρας.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΟΓΟΣ
ἡ παισίν αὐτῆς σύμμαχον, θεῶν πόνον;

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
ναί· καὶ νῦν ἔκτειν' ἡ Δίως Παλλὰς θεά.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΟΓΟΣ
ἀρ' οὐτὸς ἐσθ' ὁ μῦθος ὅν κλῶ πάλαι;

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
ταύτης Ἀθάνα δέρος ἐπὶ στέρνοις ἔχει.
ION

CREUSA
How?—would 'twere possible!—how fain would I!

OLD SERVANT
With daggers arm the servants of thy train.

CREUSA
I will go straight:—but when to strike the blow?

OLD SERVANT
In the pavilion, where he feasts his friends.

CREUSA
Murder in public—and by weakling thralls!

OLD SERVANT
Woe! thine heart fails. Do thine own plotting now.

CREUSA
Ha, mine is secret guile and triumph sure.

OLD SERVANT
Yea, both?—then will I be thy minister.

CREUSA
Hear then:—thou knowest of the Earth-born War?

OLD SERVANT
Yea, giants stood in Phlegra 'gainst the Gods.

CREUSA
There Earth brought forth the Gorgon, monster dread—

OLD SERVANT
To help her sons, and press the Gods full hard?

CREUSA
Yea, and Zeus' Daughter, Goddess Pallas, slew it.

OLD SERVANT
Meseems I heard this legend long ago—

CREUSA
How on her breast Athena bore its skin.
ἸΩΝ

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΟΓΟΣ

ἡν αἰγίδ᾽ ὄνομαξουσι, Παλλάδος στολήν;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τὸδ᾽ ἔσχεν ὄνομα θεῶν ὁτ᾽ ἦξεν εἰς δόρυ.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΟΓΟΣ

ποιόν τι μορφῆς σχῆμ᾽ ἔχουσαν ἀγρίας;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

θώρακ᾽ ἐχίδνης περιβόλοις ὁπλισμένοι.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΟΓΟΣ

τί δήτα, θύγατερ, τούτῳ σοὶς ἔχθροίς βλάβος;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

Ἐρυχθόνιον οἰσθ᾽ ἢ οὖ; τί δ᾽ οὖ μέλλεις, γέρον;

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΟΓΟΣ

δὲν πρῶτον ύμῶν πρόγονον ἔξανήκε γῆ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τούτῳ δὲδωσι Παλλάς ὄντι νεογόνω—

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΟΓΟΣ

τί χρήμα; μέλλου γάρ τι προσφέρεις ἔτος.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

dισσοὺς σταλαγμώνις αἵματος Γορгоνίς ἀπο.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΟΓΟΣ

ἰσχύν ἔχοντας τίνα πρὸς ἀνθρώπου φύσιν;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τὸν μὲν θανάσιμον, τὸν δ᾽ ἀκεσφόρον νόσων.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΟΓΟΣ

ἐν τῷ καθάψας ἁμφὶ παιδὶ σώματος;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

χρυσοίζῃ δεσμοῖς ὁ δὲ δίδωσι ἐμφὶ πατρί.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΟΓΟΣ

κείνου δὲ καθθανόντος εἰς σ᾽ ἄφικετο;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ναὶ· κατὶ καρποῦ γ᾽ αὐτ᾽ ἐγὼ χερὸς φέρω. 98
ION

OLD SERVANT
Ay, named the Aegis, Pallas's array?

CREUSA
Of Gods named, from her battle-eager charge.

OLD SERVANT
What was the fashion of its grisly form?

CREUSA
A breastplate fenced with ring on ring of snakes.

OLD SERVANT
But, daughter, how shall this thing harm thy foes?

CREUSA
Knowest thou Erichthonius?—thou must.

OLD SERVANT
First father of your line, whom earth brought forth?

CREUSA
To him gave Pallas in his hour of birth—

OLD SERVANT
What?—thy word falters in the utterance.

CREUSA
Two drops of blood—of that same Gorgon's blood.

OLD SERVANT
What power have they upon the life of man?

CREUSA
For death one, one for healing of disease.

OLD SERVANT
And hung them on the child—wherein enclosed?

CREUSA
A golden clasp. He gave it to my sire.

OLD SERVANT
And, when Erechtheus died, to thee it passed?

CREUSA
Yea; and I bear it ever on my wrist.
ΙΩΝ

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

πῶς οὖν κέκρανται δίπτυχοι δώρον θεᾶς;
ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
κούλης μὲν ὅστις φλεβὸς ἀπέσταξεν φόνῳ—
ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ
τί τέδε χρήσθαι; δύνασιν ἐκφέρει τίνα;
ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
νόσους ἀπείρηγε καὶ τροφὰς ἔχει βίον.
ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ
ὁ δεύτερος δὲ ἀριθμὸς ὅν λέγεις τί δρᾶ;
ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
κτείνει, δρακόντων ἴσον ὅν τῶν Γοργώνος.
ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ
eἰς ἐν δὲ κραθέντι αὐτὸν ἡ χωρίς φορεῖς;
ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
χωρίς· κακῷ γὰρ ἐσθλοῦν οὐ συμμίγνυται.
ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ
ὁ φιλτάτη παι, πάντ' ἔχεις ὅσων σε δεῖ.
ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
τούτῳ θανεῖται παῖς· σὺ δ' ὁ κτείνων ἔσει.
ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

ποῦ καὶ τί δράσας; σὸν λέγεις, τολμᾶν δ' ἐμόν.
ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
ἐν ταῖς Ἀθήναις, δῶμι ὅταν τούμων μόλη.
ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

οὐκ εὖ τὸδ' ἐποιεῖ καὶ σὺ γὰρ τοῦμων ψέγεις.
ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
πῶς; ἄρ' ὑπείδου τοῦδ' ὃ καμ' ἐσέρχεσαι;
ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ
σὺ παῖδα δοξείς διολέσαι, κεί μὴ κτενεῖς.
ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
ὀρθῶς· φθονεῖν γὰρ φασὶ μητρινὰς τέκνας.
ION

OLD SERVANT
How is the Goddess' gift twofold ordained?

CREUSA
Each drop that welled in death from the hollow vein—

OLD SERVANT
To what serves this? What virtue beareth it?

CREUSA
Averts diseases, fostereth the life.

OLD SERVANT
The second thou hast named—what doeth it?

CREUSA
Slayeth: 'tis venom of the Gorgon's snakes.

OLD SERVANT
Mingled in one, or several, dost thou bear it?

CREUSA
Several: good with evil blendeth not.

OLD SERVANT
O child, O dearest, thou hast all thy need!

CREUSA
Hereby the lad shall die, the slayer thou.

OLD SERVANT
Where?—by what deed? Thou tell, and I will dare.

CREUSA
In Athens, when he cometh to mine home.

OLD SERVANT
Ill rede is thine—as mine was in thy sight.

CREUSA
Ha, doth thine heart's misgiving jump with mine?

OLD SERVANT
Thou shouldst be murderess held, though innocent.

CREUSA
Even so—the old tale of stepdame's jealousy.
ΙΩΝ

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ
αὐτοῦ νῦν αὐτὸν κτεῖν', ἵνα ἀρνήσει φόνους.

ΚΡΕΟΣΑ
προλάξυμαι γοὺν τῷ χρόνῳ τῆς ἡδονῆς.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ
καὶ σὸν γε λήσεις πόσιν ἄ σε σπεύδει λαθεῖν.

ΚΡΕΟΣΑ
οἶσθ' οὖν ὃ δρᾶσον; χειρὸς ἐξ ἐμῆς λαβῶν
χρύσωμ', Ἀθάνας τόδε, παλαιῶν ὄργανον,
ἐλθὼν ἢ ἡμῖν βούθυτει λάβρα πόσις,
δειπνῶν ὅταν λήγωσι καὶ σπονδάς θεοῖς
μέλλωσι λείβειν, ἐν πέπλοις ἔχων τόδε
κάθεσ βαλῶν εἰς πῶμα τῷ νεανία,
ἰδία δὲ, μή τι πάσι, χωρίσας ποτὸν
τῷ τῶν ἐμῶν μέλλοντι δεσπόζειν δόμων.
κάνπερ διέλθη λαμών, οὕτωθ' ἤχεται
κλεινὰς Ἀθήνας, κατθανῶν δ' αὐτοῦ μενεῖ.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ
σὺ μὲν νῦν εἴσω προξένων μέθες πόδα:
ἡμεῖς δ' ἔφ' ὅ τετάγμεθ' ἐκπονήσωμεν.
ἀγ', ὦ γεραιὲ ποὺς, νεανίας γενοῦ
ἐργοις, κεί μή τῷ χρόνῳ πάρεστι σοι.
ἐξθρόνω δ' ἔπ' ἀνδρα στείχη δεσποτῶν μέτα,
καὶ συμφόνευε καὶ συνεξαίρει δόμων.
τὴν δ' εὐσέβειαν εὐνυχοῦσι μὲν καλὸν
τιμᾶν' ὅταν δὲ πολεμίων δρᾶσι κακὸς
θέλη τις, οὗδεὶς ἐμποδὼν κεῖται νόμος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
Εἰνοδία θύγατερ Δάματρος, ἅ τῶν ἡστ. α' νυκτιπόλων ἐφόδων ἀνάσσεις,

102
ION

OLD SERVANT
Here slay him, then: so shall avail denial.

CREUSA
At least I shall the sooner taste that joy.

OLD SERVANT
Nor thy lord know thy knowledge of his secret.

CREUSA
Know'st then thy part? Receive thou from mine hand
Athena's golden vial, wrought of old.
Go where my lord holds this false sacrifice;
And, in the banquet's pause, when men will pour
Wine to the Gods, this have thou 'neath thy cloak,
And swiftly drop into the stripling's cup,—
That for his drinking, not the general bowl,—
Even his who seeks to lord it o'er mine house.
If once it pass his lips, ne'er shall he come
To glorious Athens: here shall he stay—dead.

OLD SERVANT
Unto thine host's house now withdraw thy foot;
And I through mine appointed task will toil.
Come, aged foot, for deeds must thou grow young,
Though this be not by time vouchsafed to thee.
On, with thy mistress on, against the foe!
Help her to slay and cast him forth her home.
Fair faith?—O yea, fair faith for fortune fair:
But, when ye would wreak vengeance on your foes,
There is no law that lieth in the path.

[Exeunt CREUSA and OLD SERVANT.

CHORUS

Goddess of Highways, Demeter's Daughter,¹
Queen of the nightmare darkness-ranger,

¹ Hekate, goddess of sorcery and secret poisoning. She haunted places where roads crossed each other, and at night sent up demons and phantoms from Hades.
καὶ μεθαμερίων ὁδῶσον δυσθανάτων κρατήρων πληρώματ', ἐφ' οἷοι πέμπει πότνια πότνι, ἐμὰ χθονιας
Γοργοὺς θαλαμώμων ἀπὸ σταλαγμῶν τῶν Ἕρεχθειδῶν
δόμων ἐφαπτομένων,
μηδὲ ποτ' ἄλλος ἄλλων ἀπ' οίκων πόλεως ἀνάσσωι
πλὴν τῶν εὐγενετῶν Ἕρεχθειδῶν.

ei δ' ἀτελῆς θάνατος σπουδαί τε δεσποίνας, ἀντ. α'
τοῖς καἱροῖς ἀπεις τόλμας,
τοῦ νῦν φέρετ' ἐλπίς, ἡ θηκτόν ξίφος ἡ
λαμμῶν εἶξάψει βρόχων ἀμφὶ δειρήν, πάθεσι πάθεα δ' ἐξανύτουσι
εἰς ἄλλας βιότον κάτεισι μορφάς.

1 ἀρχοντας ἀλλόδαπον
ξῶσά ποτ' ὀμμάτων ἐν φαεννᾶς ἀνέχοιτ' ἄν αὐγαίς
ἀ τῶν εὐπατρειδῶν γεγόσῴ οἴκων.

αἰσχύνομαι τῶν πολύμνων

στρ. β'
θεῶν, εἰ παρὰ καλλιχόροις παγαῖς
λαμπάδα θεωρόν εἰκάδων

1 Scaliger: for MSS. δαμῶν.
ION

Guide thou the hand that for noontide slaughter
Shall fill up the chalice, my lady's avenger,
Which beareth the venom-gouts that fell
From the neck of the Gorgon, the fiend of hell,
My lady's greeting-gift to the stranger
That usurpeth Erechtheus' royal sway,
That an alien of alien strain in our Athens never
may reign,
But the noble Erechtheids—none save they! (Ant. 1)

But—the death unaccomplished?—the deed un-
abetteth
Of the hour, and my mistress's purposes ended,
And the hopes that upbore her?—remains the
sword whetted;
Remaineth the neck in the death-noose sus-
And, by agony ending the agony-strife,
Shall she pass to the life beyond this life.
For never this queen from kings descended
Shall endure that the splendour-light of her 1070
[the ancient hall
No, not while she liveth, should fall on the shame of
Ruled by the upstart of alien line.

Shame for the God oft-chanted 1 (Str. 2)
In hymns, if he, 2
Beside the fountains haunted
Of dances, see

1 Dionysus, worshipped in the Eleusinian Mysteries with
Demeter and Persephone. The 20th of Boëdromion was
ushered in by a vast torch-light procession in which those
newly initiated, who had kept vigil in the temple, joined.
2 Ion, whose presence, as that of an alien by blood, would
be profanation, yet whose initiation could, as a matter of
policy, not be avoided.
ΙΩΝ

ὁψεται ἐννύχιος ἀντπνος ὦν,
ὅτε καὶ Δίὸς ἀστερωπὸς
ἀνεχόρευσεν αἰθήρ,

χορεύει δὲ σελάνα
καὶ πεντήκοντα κόραι

Νηρέος, αἴ κατὰ πόντον
ἀενάων τε ποταμῶν
δύνας χορευόμεναι,
τὰν χρυσοστέφανον κόραιν
καὶ ματέρα σεμνών

ὡς ἐλπίζει βασιλεύσεως
ἀλλον πόνοιν εἰσπεσόν
ὁ Φοίβειος ἀλάτας.

ὁρᾶθ’ ὅσιν δυσκελάδοισιν
κατὰ μοῦσαν ἱοντες ἄειδεθ’ ὑμνοῖς
ἀμέτερα λέχεα καὶ γάμους
Κύπριδος ἀθεμῖτους ἀνοσίους,
ὁσὸν εὐσεβιὰ κρατοῦμεν
ἀδικον ἄροτον ἀνδρῶν.

παλίμφαμος ἀοίδα
καὶ μοῦσ’ εἰς ἄνδρας ἵτω
δυσκέλαδος ἄμφι λέκτρων.
ION

With eyes long held from sleep
That Twentieth Dawn upleap,
See the torch-river’s sweep, ere darkness flee,

When dances heaven star-glancing
  Adoringly,
When the white moon is dancing,
  And ’neath the sea .
The Nereids’ dance enrings
The eternal river-springs,
And their full chorus sings Persephone

Gold-crowned, and our Earth-mother—
  Awful is she !—
Shall he press in, that other,
  To sovranity ?
Shall not his hopes be foiled ?—
Where kings and heroes toiled,
  [fee ?
Shall that proud realm be spoiled, a vagrant’s

Mark—ye whose strains of slander  (Ant. 2) 1090
  Scourge evermore
Woman in song, and brand her
  Wanton and whore,—
How high in virtue’s place
We pass men’s lawless race,
Nor spit in viper-lays your venom-store ;

But let the Muse of taunting
  On men’s heads pour
Her indignation, chanting
  Her treason-lore ;
Sing of the outraged maid ;
Tell of the wife betrayed
By him who hath displayed his false heart’s
  core,—

107
ΙΩΝ

dείκνυσι γὰρ ὁ Διὸς ἐκ παιδῶν ἀμνηστύναν,
οὐ κοινὰν τεκέων τύχαν οὐκοισι φυτεύσας
dεσποίνα· πρὸς δ' Ἀφροδίταν ἄλλαν θέμενος χάριν
νόθου παιδὸς ἐκυρσεν.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ ΚΡΕΟΤΣΗΣ
κλεινὴν, γυναίκας, ποῦ κόρην Ἐρεχθέως
dεσποιναν εὕρω; πανταχῇ γὰρ ἀστεως
ζητῶν νῦν ἐξέπλησα κούκ ἔχω λαβεῖν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
τί δ' ἔστων, ὥς ἕνυδουλε; τής προδυμία
ποδῶν ἔχει σε, καὶ λόγους τίνας φέρεις;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ ΚΡΕΟΤΣΗΣ
θηρώμεθ' ἀρχαὶ δ' ἀπιχώριοι χθονὸς
ζητούσιν αὐτὴν, ὡς θάνη πετρομένη.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
οἴμοι, τί λέξεις; οὕτω που λελήμμεθα
κρυφαῖον εἰς παῖδ' ἐκπορίζουσαι φόνον;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ ΚΡΕΟΤΣΗΣ
ἐγνως· μεθέξεις δ' οὐκ ἐν ὑστάτοις κακοῦ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
ὅφθη δὲ πῶς τὰ κρυπτὰ μηχανήματα;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ ΚΡΕΟΤΣΗΣ
τὸ μὴ δίκαιον τῆς δίκης ἡσσώμενον
ἐξηύρεν ὁ θεός, οὐ μανθήναι θέλων.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
πῶς; ἀντιάξω σ' ἰκέτως ἐξειπεῖν τάδε.
πεπυσμέναι γὰρ εἰ θανεῖν ἡμᾶς χρεῶν,
ὁδιον ἄν θύμοιμεν, εἴθ' ὅραν φάσο.
ION

This son of Zeus,¹ who flouted
A queen’s heart, sore
With childless hunger, scouted
Troth-plight of yore:
Her right aside he thrust,
And mocked a nation’s trust
For one that to his lust this bastard bore!

Enter servant in haste.

SERVANT

Where, damsels, shall I light upon our mistress,
Erechtheus’ daughter? All throughout the town
Seeking her have I ranged, and find her not.

CHORUS

What is it, fellow-thrall? What hot-foot haste
Possesseth thee? What tidings bearest thou?

SERVANT

We are hunted! Yea, the rulers of the land
Are seeking her, that she may die by stoning.

CHORUS

Ah me! what say’st thou? Are we taken then
Plotting the secret murder of yon lad?

SERVANT

Yea, thou wilt share the doom—nor thou the last.

CHORUS

How were the hidden stratagems laid bare?

SERVANT

The essay of right to vanquish wrong the God
Discovered, lest his temple be defiled.

CHORUS

How?—suppliant I beseech thee, tell it out.
For, knowing all, if I indeed must die,
Death should be easier—yea, or sweeter life.

¹ Xuthus, descended through Aeolus from Zeus.
ΙΩΝ

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ ΚΡΕΟΤΣΗΣ
ἐπεὶ θεοῦ μαντείων φιχετ’ ἐκλιπτὼν
πόσις Κρεούσης, παιδὰ τὸν καινὸν λαβῶν
πρὸς δεῖπνα θυσίας θ’ ἂς θεοῖς ὠπλίζετο,
ἀκόλουθος μὲν φιχετ’ ἐνθα πῦρ πηδᾷ θεοῦ
βακχείων, ὡς σφαγαῖοι Διούνισος πέτρας
δεύσειε δισσάς παῖδός ἀντ’ ὀπτηρίων,
λέξας· σὺ μὲν νῦν, τέκνον, ἀμφίτρειος μένων
σκηνὰς ἀνίστη τεκτόνων μοχθήμασιν.

1130 θύσας δὲ γενέταις θεοῖσιν ἥν μακρὸν χρόνον
μένω, παροῦσι δαίτες ἐστωσαν φίλως.
λαβῶν δὲ μόσχους φιχεθ’· ὡ δὲ νεανίας
σεμνῶς ἄτοιχονευ περιβολὰς σκηνωμάτων
ὁρθοστάταις ἱδρυθ’· ἡλίου βολάς
καλῶς φυλάξας, οὔτε πρὸς μέσας φλογὸς
ἀκτῖνας, οὔτε αὗ πρὸς τελευτώσας βίου,
πλέθρον σταθμῆςας μὴκοσ εἰς εὐγωνίαν,
μέτρημ’ ἐχουσαν τούν μέσῳ γε μυρίων
ποδῶν ἁριβοῦν, ὡς λέγουσιν οἱ σοφοὶ,

1140 ὡς πάντα Δελφῶν λαὸν εἰς θοίκην καλῶν.
λαβῶν δ’ υφάσμαθ’ ἱερὰ θησαυρῶν πάρα
κατεσκίαζε, θαῦματ’ ἀνθρώπως ὁρᾶν.
πρῶτον μὲν ὀρφὼς πτέρυγα περιβάλλει πέπλων
ἀνάθημα Δίου παιδός, οὐς Ἡρακλῆς
’Αμαζόνων σκυλεύματ’ ἤνεγκεν θεῶ.
ἐνὴν δ’ ὑφανταὶ γράμμασιν τοιαίδ’ υφαί.
Οὐρανὸς ἀθροῖζον ἁστρ’ ἐν αἰθέρος κύκλω.
’ ἱππός μὲν ἠλαυν’ εἰς τελευταῖαν φλόγα
’ Ἡλίος, ἑφέλλων οἰμπρόν Εσπερίου φάος.

1150 μελαγμεσπέλος δε Νῦξ ἀσείρωτον ζυγοῖς
ὀχημ’ ἐπαλλελόν· ἁστρα δ’ ὠμάρτει θεᾶ.
Πλειάδας μὲν ἦει μεσοπόρου δ’ αἰθέρος,
ION

SERVANT

Soon as Creusa's lord had left the fane
Of Phoebus, taking his new son with him
For that thanksgiving-feast and sacrifice,
Xuthus went up to where the Wine-god's fire
Leaps heavenward, to make wet with victims' blood
Dionysus' twin rocks for the son new-found;
And spake, "Abide now, son, and set thou up
A wide-embracing tent by craftsmen's toil.
If, sacrificing to the Birth-gods, long
I tarry, feast thy friends assembled there."

So took the calves and went. And now the youth
The unwalled pavilion's compass solemnly
With tall masts reared, with good heed lest the sun
Should dart therein his shafts of midnoon-flame;
Or the slant javelin-gleams of dying day.
A hundred feet he meted out foursquare,—
Having for compass of its space within
Ten thousand, as the cunning craftsmen say,—
As bidding to the feast all Delphi's folk.
With sacred tapestries from the treasuries
He screened it, marvellous for men to see.
First with a canopy of shawls he ceiled it,
The offering of Zeus' son, which Hercules
Brought to the God, the Amazonian spoils.

Therein were webs of woven blazonry:—
Heaven shepherding his stars in folds of air:
His steeds the Sun drave to their goal of fire,
After him drawing the bright Evening Star.
And sable-vestured Night with team of twain
Upfloated; and the stars companioned her.
The Pleiad swam her mid-sky path along,
ΙΩΝ

ὁ τε ξυφήρης Ὄμρων· ὑπερθε δὲ Ἀρκτος στρέφουσ' οὐραία χρυσήρει πόλυ χάλις δὲ παυσέλθη τοιόντις ἀνώ μηνός διχήρης, Τάδες τε ναυτίλους σαφέστατον σημεῖαν, ἢ τε φωσφόρος Ἑώς διώκουσ' ἀστρα. τοῖχοις δ' ἔπτι ἠμπισχεῖν ἄλλα βαρβάρων ἱφάσματα, εὐηρέτμους ναύς αὐτίας Ἐλληνίσιν, καὶ μικρόθερας φῶτας, ἱππείας τ' ἄγρας, ἐλάφων λεώντων τ' ἀγρίων θηράματα. κατ' εἰσόδους δὲ Κέκροπτα θυγατέρων τέλας σπείραισιν εἰλίσσοντ', Ἀθηναίων τινὸς ἀνάθημα· χρυσέους τ' ἐν μέσῳ συσσιτίῳ κρατήρας ἔστησ'. ἐν δ' ἄκροις βας τοσί κήρυξ ἄνειπε τοῖν θέλοντ' ἐγχωρίων ἐς δαίτα χωρεῖν. ὅς δ' ἐπηληρώθη στέγη, στεφάνως κοσμηθέντες εὐόχθουν βορρᾶς

ψυχήν ἐπλήρουν. ὅς δ' ἀνείαν ἦδονήν, σκηνής 1 παρελθών πρέσβεις εἰς μέσον πέδουν ἔστη, γέλων δ' ἐθηκε συνδεύσοντος πολύν, πρόθυμα πράσσοων' ἐκ τ' ηγ' κρωσσῶν ὅδωρ χεροῖν ἐπεμψε νύπτρα, κάζεθυμα 

σμύρνης ἱδρώτα, χρυσέων τ' ἐκκωμάτων ἦρχα, αὐτὸς αὐτῷ τόνδε προστάξας πόνον. ἔπει δ' ἐς αὐλούς ἦκον ἐς κρατήρα τε κοινόν, γέρων ἐλεξομ' ἀφαρτάζειν χρεῶν οἱνῃρα τεύχη σμικρά, μεγάλα δ' εἰσφέρειν, ὅς θᾶσσον ἐλθωσ' οὐδ' ἐς ἦδονας φρενῶν.

ἡν δ' ἐν ψερόντων μόχθος ἄργυρον κλάτοις χρυσέως τε φιάλας· ὁ δὲ λαβὼν ἐζαίρετον, ὅς τῷ νέῳ δή δεσπότῃ χάριν φέρων,

1 Barnes: to supply lacuna in MSS.
And sword-begirt Orion; and, above, [sphere.
The Bear’s tail wheeled around the gold-gemmed
The Moon’s full circle of the parted month
Shot silver shafts: the Hyads, surest sign
To shipmen; and the Light-uplifter, Dawn,
Chasing the star-rout. And upon the walls
Draped lie yet other orient tapestries:
Galleys with oars that charged on ships of Greece, 1160
Monsters half-brute, steeds flying in the chase,
Huntings of stags and lions of the wold.
At the doors Cecrops coilèd spire on spire
Amidst his daughters—some Athenian’s gift
Of worship. In the banquet’s midst he set
The golden bowls. Forth stately pacing then
A herald cried, “What Delphian will soe’er,
Come to the feast!” And when the tent was
thronged,
With garlands crowned they satisfied their souls
With plenteous meat. And when they would no more, 1170
An old man entered in, and in their midst
Stood, and his busy zeal oft stirred to mirth
The banqueters. He drew from drinking-ewers
Water for cleansing hands; for incense burnt
Balsam of myrrh, and of the golden cups
Took charge—yea, laid this office on himself.
But when the flutes ’gan play, and mazer-bowls
Were mixed, the greybeard spake, “Take hence
forthright
These tiny wine-cups—ample beakers bring,
That my lords’ hearts the sooner may be merry.” 1180
Then toiled we bearing goblets silver-chased
And golden; and he took a chosen one,
As rendering worship to his new-made lord,
ΙΩΝ

ἐδωκε πλήρες τεῦχος, εἰς οἶνον βαλὼν ὁ φασί δοῦναι φάρμακον δραστήριον δέσποιναν, ὡς παῖς ὁ νέος ἐκλήτοι φάος· κούδεις τάξι ἤδειν ἐν χεροῖν ἔχοντι δὲ σπονδάς μετ' ἄλλων παιδὶ τῷ πεφηγότι βλασφημίαν τις οἰκετῶν ἐφθέγξατο· ὁ δ', ὡς ἐν ἱερῷ μάντεσιν τ' ἐσθλοῖς τραφεῖς, οἰνών έθετο, κάκελευσί ἄλλων νέον κρατήρα πλεροῦν· τὰς δὲ πρὶν σπονδάς θεοῦ δίδωσι γαία, πᾶσι τ' ἐκσπένδειν λέγει. συγή δ' ὑπήλθεν. ἐκ δ' ἐπίμπλαμεν δρόσου κρατήρας ίεροὺς Βυβλίνου τε πώματος. καὶ ταῦτα μόχθῳ πτημοὶ εἰσπίπτει δόμους κώμος πελείων· Δοξίου γὰρ ἐν δόμοις ἀτρέστα ναίουσ' ὡς δ' ἀπέστεισαν μέθυ, εἰς αὐτὸ χείλη πώματος κεχρημέναι καθείσαν, ἐλκυν δ' εὐπτέρους ἐς αὐχένας. καὶ ταῖς μὲν ἄλλαις ἀνοσοῖς ἢν λοιβή θεοῦ· ἢ δ' ἐξετ' ἐνθ' ὁ καίνος ἔσπεισεν γόνος, ποτοῦ τ' ἐγεύσατ', εὐθὺς εὐπτέρου δέμας ἐσεισε καβάκχευεν, ἐκ δ' ἐκλαγεῖ ὑπὰ ἀξίουτον αἰάξουσ' ἐθάμβησεν δὲ πᾶς θουνατόρων ὁμλος ὑμνουσός πόνους· θυνήσκει δ' ἀπασπάρουσα, φωνικοσκελεῖς χηλᾶς παρείσα. γυμνὰ δ' ἐκ πέπλων μέλη ὑπὲρ τραπεζῆς ἥ' ὁ μαντεύτως γόνος, βοά δ' τίς µ' ἐμελλέει ἀνθρώπων κτανεῖν; σήμαις, πρέσβυς σῇ γὰρ ἡ προθυμία, καὶ πώμα χειρὸς σῇς ἐδεξάμην πάρα. εὐθὺς δ' ἐφευνά γραίαν ὄλεος λαβών, ἐπ' αὐτοφόρῳ πρέσβυν ὡς ἔχονθ' ἐλοι.
ION

And gave the chalice brimmed, first casting in
The drug death-working, which our mistress gave,
Men say, that her new son might leave the light.
None marked;—but as the god-discovered heir
Raised with the rest the God's cup in his hand,
He heard some servant speak a word unmeet.
He, temple-reared, perfect in bodement-lore,
Held it for ominous, bade fill up with wine
Another bowl; that first drink-offering
He cast to earth, and bade all do the like.
Then fell a hush. With water brimmed we up
And Bybline wine the sacred mixing-bowls.

Then midst our toils a flight of doves dropt down
In the pavilion; for in Loxias' halls
Unfrayed they dwell, and when men spilled the
wine,
The thirsty innocents dipped their beaks therein,
And drew it down their dainty-feathered throats.
And none the God's libation harmed—save one,
Which lighted where the new heir spilled the wine.
She sipped the drink—her dainty-feathered frame
Quivered and staggered: an unmeaning scream¹
She shrilled of anguish: marvelled all the throng
Of banqueters to see her agonies.
One fierce convulsion—the pink claws uncramped;
And she was dead. That child of prophecy
Bared of his cloak his limbs, leapt o'er the board,
Shouting "Who goeth about to murder me?"
Old man, declare!—thine was the eager zeal,—
Yea, from thine hand did I receive the cup!"
He clutched his withered arm, he searched him o'er
To take the ancient in the very fact.

¹ The ordinary note of the bird was significant in augury.
ΙΩΝ

όφθη δὲ καὶ κατείπ’ ἀναγκασθεὶς μόνης
tόλμας Κρεούσης πώματός τε μηχανάς.
θεὶ δ’ εὐθὺς ἐξὼ συλλαβὼν θοινάτορας
ὁ πυθόχρηστος Δοξίου νεανίας,
κἂν κοιράνησι Πυθικοὶς σταθεὶς λέγειν.
ὡ γαῖα σεμνῆ, τῆς Ἐρεχθέως ὕπο
ξένης γυναικὸς φαρμάκοις θυήσκομεν.
Δελφῶν δὲ ἀνακτεῖς ὦρισαν πετρορριφῇ
θανεῖν ἐμὴν δέσποιναν οὐ ψήφῳ μιᾶ,
τὸν ἱερὸν ὡς κτείνουσαν ἐν τ’ ἀνακτόρους
φόνον τιθείσαν. πᾶσα δὲ ἥπτεὶ πόλις
τὴν ἅθλιως σπεῦσασαν ἅθλιαι ὡδὸν
παίδων γὰρ ἔλθοος’ εἰς ἔρον Φοῖβου πάρα,
τὸ σῶμα κοινὴ τοῖς τέκνοις ἀπώλεσεν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὖκ ἐστ’ οὖκ ἐστὶν θανάτοιν
παρατροπὰ μελέα μοι.
ϕανερὰ γὰρ φανερὰ τάδ’ Ἦδη
σπονδᾶς ἐκ Διονύσου
βοτρύων θῶς ἐχίδνας
σταγόσι μιγνυμένας φόνῳ,
ϕανερὰ θύματα νερτέρων,
συμφοραὶ μὲν ἐμὸ βίῳ,
λεύσιμοι δὲ καταφθοραὶ δεσποίνα.
τίνα φυγάν πτερόεσσαν ἢ
χθονὸς ὑπὸ σκοτίων μυχῶν
ποτευθῶ, θανάτου λεύσιμον ἄταν
ἀποφεύγουσα, τεθρίππων
ὡκίσταν χαλάν ἐπιβάσ’,
ἡ πρύμνας ἐπὶ ναῶν;
οὖκ ἐστὶ λαθεὶν, οτε μὴ χρῆζων
θεὸς ἐκκλέπτει.
ION

Detected, tortured, scarce even then he told
Creusa's desperate deed, the poison-plot.
Straightway, the feasters with him, hurries forth
The stripling given by Loxias' oracle,
Before the Pythian nobles stands, and cries,
"O hallowed land, by poison is my death
Sought of Erechtheus' child, the alien dame!"
Then Delphi's lords by general vote decreed
That from the precipice hurled my queen should die,
As compassing a priest's death, planning murder
Within the precinct. All the city seeks her
Who sped on wretched mission wretchedly.
Drawn by desire of babes to Phoebus' fane,
She hath lost her life and children therewithal.

CHORUS

There is no hiding-place from death for me,

    None: woe is me, it is the end!
All is laid bare for all men's eyes to see—

    The cup, the murder-blend
Of gouts of viper-blood swift for life's quelling,

    Mid Bacchus' clusters shed;
Drink-offering—yea, to them in darkness dwelling,

    Gods of the dead.

Ruin is my life's portion—ah, her doom!

    Stones raining death upon my queen!
Oh had I wings, or could but plunge to gloom

    Under the earth, to screen
Mine head from horror of the stones down-beating!

    Oh, borne on four-horsed car,
To hear the hurrying hoofs!—to see waves fleeting

    Astern afar!

There is no hope,—except a God befriending

    Should snatch us from men's sight.
ΙΩΝ

tί ποτ’, ὃ μελέα δέσποινα, μένει
ψυχή σε παθεῖν; ἄρα θέλουσαι
δρᾶσαι τί κακὸν τοὺς πέλας αὐταὶ
πεισόμεθ’, ὡσπερ τὸ δίκαιον;

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

1250 πρόσπολοι, διωκόμεσθα θανασίμους ἐπὶ σφαγάς,
Πυθία ψήφω κρατηθεῖσ’, ἐκδοτος δὲ γίγνομαι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἰσμεν, ὃ τάλανα, τὰς σάς συμφοράς, ἵν’ ἐι
τύχης.

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

ποὶ φύγω δῆτ’; ἐκ γὰρ οἶκων προύλαβον μόνις
πόδα,
μὴ θανεῖν πλωτῇ δ’ ἀφύγμαι διαφυγοῦσα πολε-
μίους.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ποὶ δ’ ἄν ἄλλος’ ἥ π’ βωμόν;

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

καὶ τί μοι πλέουν τόδε;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἰκέτων οὐ θέμις φονεύειν.

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

τῷ νόμῳ δέ γ’ ὀλλυμαι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

χειρία γ’ ἀλούσα.

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

καὶ μὴν οἶδ’ ἀγωνισταί πικροῖ
δεῦρ’ ἐπείγονται ξυφήρεις.

118
ION

O hapless queen, upon thy life what ending
Of agony shall light!
O God! is justice' sword on us descending,
Who thought to smite?

Enter CREUSA in haste.

CREUSA
Maidens, I am chased: the blood-hounds are upon
my track to slay;
For the Pythian vote hath doomed me, given me up
to be their prey!

CHORUS
Hapless queen, we know it, know the ruin over-
shadowing thee.

CREUSA
Whither fly? What refuge? Scarce from forth the
house my feet could flee
Ere the death rushed in. Through throngs of foe-
men slipt I stealthily.

CHORUS
What thy refuge save the altar?

CREUSA
How shall this avail my need?

CHORUS
Impious 'tis to slay the suppliant.

CREUSA
Yet the law my death decreed.

CHORUS
Ay, but first their hands must hold thee.

CREUSA
Lo, the swords!—they come, the feet
Of the ministers of death!
ΙΩΝ

ΧΩΡΟΣ

"ίζε νυν πυρᾶς ἐπὶ.

ἡν θάνης γὰρ ἐνθάδ’, οὖσα, τοῖς ἀποκτείνασί σε
1260 προστρόπαιον ἀλὰ τήσεις: οἰστέον δὲ τὴν τύχην.

ΙΩΝ

ὅ ταυρόμορφον ὅμμα Κηφισοῦ πατρός,
1270 οἶαν έχιδναν τὴνδ’ ἐφυσάς ἢ πυρὸς
dράκοντ’ ἀναβλέποντα φοινίαν φλόγα,
ἣ τόλμα πᾶσ’ ἐνεστιν, οὐδ’ ἦσσων ἐφυ
Γοργοὺς σταλαγμῶν, οἰς ἐμελλέ με κτανεῖν.
λάξυσθ’, ἵν’ αὐτῆς τοὺς ἀκηράτους πλόκους
ῥόμης καταξήνωσι Παρνασσοῦ πλάκες,
ὅθεν πετραίον ἀλὰ δισκηθήσεται.
1280 ἔσθλοῦ δ’ ἐκυρρα δαίμονος, πρὶν ἐς πολιν
μολεῖν Ἀθηνῶν χυτὸ μητρυλὰν πεσεῖν.
ἐν συμμάχοις γὰρ ἀνεμετρησάμην φρένας
tὰς σάς, ὅσον μοι πῆμα δυσμενῆς τ’ ἐφυς:
ἐϊσω γὰρ ἀν με περιβαλοῦσα δικτύων
ἀρδήν ἀν ἐξέπεμψας εἰς Ἂδιον δόμοις.
αλλ’ οὕτε βωμός οὕτ’ Ἀπόλλωνος δόμος
1290 σώσει σ’. ὦ δ’ οίκτος ὁ σος ἐμοὶ κρείσσων πάρα
καὶ μητρὶ τῆμη: καὶ γὰρ εἰ τὸ σῶμά μοι
ἀπεστιν αὐτῆς, τοῦνομ’ ὦκ ἀπεστὶ πω.
ἰδεῖθε τὴν πανούργον, ἐκ τέχνης τέχνην
οἶαν ἐπλεξέ: βωμὸν ἐπτηξέν θεοῦ,
ὡς οὐ δίκην δόσουσα τῶν εἰργασμένων.

120
ION

CHORUS
Upon the altar take thy seat;
For, if here they slay thee, shall thy blood to heaven
    for vengeance call
On the murderers.

[CREUSA seats herself on the altar, grasping
    it with her hands.

So:—and now to bear what fate soe’er befall. 1260

Enter ION with armed men, followed by a crowd.

ION
O form bull-shapen of her sire Cephisus,¹
What viper of thy blood is this, or what
Dragon up-glaring murderous flame of fire!
Full of all hardihood, not less fell she is   [death.
Than Gorgon’s blood, wherewith she sought my
Seize her!—Parnassus’ jagged terraces
Shall card the dainty tresses of her hair,
When quoitwise down the rocks she shall be hurled.
O grace of fortune, ere to Athens town
I came, and fell beneath a stepdame’s power, 1270
Begirt with friends I sounded thy soul’s depths,
Knew thee my bane, and measured all thine hate!
For, had thy nets ensnared me in thine home,
Me with one fling thou hadst hurled to Hades’ halls.
Nay—not the altar, not Apollo’s house
Shall save thee!  Ruth for thee!—rather for me
And for my mother:—though she be afar
In body, ever her name is in mine heart.
See her, vile monster!  Webs on webs of guile
She weaves!  At Phoebus’ altar hath she crouched, 1280
As though she should not suffer for her deeds!
Beckons to the guards, who advance irresolutely.

¹ Praxithea, Creusa’s mother, was grand-daughter of this
River-god.
ΙΩΝ

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
ἀπεννέπω σε μὴ κατακτείνειν ἐμὲ
ὑπέρ τ' ἐμαυτῆς τοῦ θεοῦ θ' ἐν ἔσταμεν.

ΙΩΝ
τί δ' ἐστὶ Φοίβῳ σοί τε κοινὸν ἐν μέσῳ;
ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
ιερὸν τὸ σῶμα τῷ θεῷ δίδωμ' ἔχειν.

ΙΩΝ
κατ' ἐκτανεῖς σὺ φαρμάκοις τὸν τοῦ θεοῦ;
ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
ἀλλ' οὐκέτι ἡσθα Δοξίου, πατρὸς δὲ σοῦ.

ΙΩΝ
ἀλλ' ἐγενόμεσθα, πατρὸς ἀπονείαν1 λέγω.
ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
οὐκουν τότ' ἡσθα; νῦν δ' ἑγώ, σὺ δ' οὐκέτι εἰ.

ΙΩΝ
οὐκ εὐσεβής γε' τάμα δ' εὐσεβή τότ' ἦν.
ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
ἐκτείνα σ' οὖντα πολέμιον δόμοις ἐμοῖς.

ΙΩΝ
οὕτωι σὺν ὅπλοις ἠλθον εἰς τὴν σὴν χθόνα.
ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
μάλιστα κατίμπρας γ' Ἐρεχθέως δόμους.

ΙΩΝ
ποίοισι πανοίς ἢ πυρὸς ποία φλογί;
ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
ἐμελλες οἰκεῖν τάμ', ἐμοῦ βία λαβών.

ΙΩΝ
πατρός γε γῆν διὸντος ἦν ἐκτήσατο.
ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
τοῖς Αἴολου δὲ πῶς μετῆν τῆς Παλλάδος;

1 Seidler: for δ' οὖσιαν of MSS.
ION

CREUSA
I warn thee, slay me not—for mine own sake,
And the God's sake, upon whose floor we stand!

ION
Phoebus—and thou? What part hast thou in Phoebus?

CREUSA
Myself I give to the God, a sacred thing.

ION
Thou sacred?—who didst poison the God's child'

CREUSA
Thou Loxias' child!—his never, but thy sire's.

ION
His I became while father I had none.

CREUSA
Ay, then:—now, I am his, thou his no more.

ION
Blasphemer!—his? His reverent child was I.

CREUSA
I did but seek to slay mine house's foe.

ION
I came not sword in hand against thy land.

CREUSA
No?—Thou wouldst set Erechtheus' halls aflame.

ION
Yea? With what brands or with what flame of fire?

CREUSA
In mine house wouldst thou dwell, take mine by force.

ION
Take?—my sire gives the land that he hath won.

CREUSA
What part have Aeolus' sons in Pallas' land?
ΙΩΝ

ΙΩΝ

ὁπλοίσιν αὐτήν, οὐ λόγοις ἔρρυσατο.

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

ἐπίκουρος οἰκήτωρ γ’ ἀν οὐκ εἶναι χθονός.

ΙΩΝ

καπείτα τοῦ μέλλειν μ’ ἀπέκτεινες φόβῳ;

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

ὡς μὴ θάνοιμί γ’, εἰ σὺ μὴ μέλλων τύχοις.

ΙΩΝ

φθονεῖσ ἀπαίς οὖσ’, εἰ πατήρ ἔξηύρε με.

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

σὺ τῶν ἀτέκνων δῆτ’ ἀναρπάσεις δόμους;

ΙΩΝ

ἡμῖν δὲ γ’ ἀλλὰ πατρικὴς οὐκ ἦν μέρος;

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

ὁσ’ ἀσπίς ἐγχοξ θ’ ἤδε σοὶ παμπησία.

ΙΩΝ

ἐκλείπει βωμόν καὶ θεηλάτους ἐδρας.

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

τὴν σὴν ὅπου σοι μητέρ’ ἔστι νοῦθέτει.

ΙΩΝ

σὺ δ’ οὐχ υφέξεις ξημίλαι, κτείνουσ’ ἐμὲ;

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

ἡν γ’ ἐντὸς ἀδύτων τῶνδε με σφάξαι θέλης.

ΙΩΝ

τὶς ἡδονὴ σοι θεοῦ βανεῖν ἐν στέμμασι;

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

λυπήσομεν τίν’, ὅν λευτήμεσθ’ ὑπ’.

ΙΩΝ

φεῦ.

dεινόν γε, θυντοῖς τοὺς νόμους ὡς οὐ καλῶς ἔθηκεν ὁ θεὸς οὐδ’ ἀπὸ γνώμης σοφῆς.

1310

124
ION

ION
He was her saviour—and with arms, not words.

CREUSA
Should allies in possession take the land!

ION
Fearing what might await thee, thou wouldst slay me? 1300

CREUSA
Ay, lest thou haply wait not, but slay me!

ION
Childless, dost grudge my father finding me?

CREUSA
What, shalt thou seize all childless parents’ homes?

ION
Had I no part at least in my sire’s wealth?

CREUSA
His wealth!—a shield and spear. Take that thine is.

ION
Hence!—leave the altar and the hallowed seat!

CREUSA
Lesson thy mother, wheresoe’er she be.

ION
Shalt thou not suffer, who wouldst murder me?

CREUSA
Yea—if thou dare to slay me mid the shrines.

ION
What joy hast thou mid Phoebus’ wreaths to die? 1310

CREUSA
So shall I trouble Him who troubled me.

ION
Out upon this!
Shame, that a God ordained unrighteous laws
For mortals, statutes not in wisdom framed!
ΙΩΝ

τοὺς μὲν γὰρ ἄδικους βωμοὺς οὖν ἵζειν ἔχρην, ἀλλὰ ἐξελαύνειν οὔδὲ γὰρ παῦειν καλὸν θεῶν πονηρὰν χείρα· τοῦτο δ᾿ ἐνδικοὶ ἱερὰ καθίζειν, ἄστις ἡδικεῖτ', ἔχρην, καὶ μὴ πί τάυτὸ τοῦτ᾿ ἵοντ᾿ ἐχεῖν ἴσον τὸν τ᾿ ἐσθλὸν ὅντα τὸν τε μὴ θεῶν πάρα.

ΠΤΕΙΑ

1320 ἐπίσχεσ, ὡ παι· τρίποδα γὰρ χρηστήριον λποῦσα θρυγκοῦ τοῦδ᾿ ὑπερβάλλω πόδα Φοῖβου προφήτης, τρίποδος ἀρχαῖον νόμον σώζουσα, πασῶν Δελφίδων ἐξάιρετος.

ΙΩΝ

χαῖρ', ὡ φίλη μοι μήτερ, οὐ τεκουσά περ.

ΠΤΕΙΑ

ἀλλ᾿ οὖν ἔλεγόμεσθ᾿· ἡ φάτις δ᾿ οὐ μοι πικρά.

ΙΩΝ

ἡκούσας ὡς μ᾿ ἐκτείνειν ἤδε μηχαναῖς ;

ΠΤΕΙΑ

ἡκούσα· καὶ σὺ γ᾿ ὀμῶς δὲν ἀμαρτάνεις.

ΙΩΝ

οὐ χρὴ με τοὺς κτείνοντας ἀνταπολλύναι ;

ΠΤΕΙΑ

προγονοῖς δάμαρτες δυσμενεῖς αἰ σοῦ τοῦτο ποτε.

ΙΩΝ

1330 ἡμεῖς δὲ μητριναῖς γε πάσχοντες κακῶς.

ΠΤΕΙΑ

μὴ ταῦτα· λείπον τερά καὶ στείχων πάτραν—

ΙΩΝ

τί δὴ με δράσαι νουθετούμενον χρεών ;
ION

Never should crime have altar-sanctuary,
But hounding thence. Unmeet it is that hands
Sin-stained should touch the Gods: but righteous men,
Whoso is wronged, should claim their sanctuary,
And not the good and evil come alike
Hither to win the same boon of the Gods.

Enter the PYTHIA, bearing a cradle, the contents of
which are concealed by a wrapping which partially
envelopes it.

PYTHIA

Forbear, my son. The seat of prophecy
I leave, and step across this temple-fence,
Priestess of Phoebus, chosen of Delphi’s daughters
To guard his tripod’s immemorial use.

ION

Hail, dear my mother, though thou didst not bear me.

PYTHIA

So was I called; nor did the name mislike me.

ION

Hast heard of yonder woman’s plot to slay me?

PYTHIA

I heard: yet is thy ruthlessness all wrong.

ION

Shall I not pay death-wage to murderers?

PYTHIA

To stepsons from of old have wives been foes.

ION

Yea, I withal of stepdames have foul wrong.

PYTHIA

Ah hush! Thou leav’st the fane, thou fairest hóme—

ION

What must I do then at thy counselling?
ΙΩΝ

ΠΤΕΙΑ
καθαρὸς Ἀθήνας ἔλθ᾽ ὑπ᾽ οἰωνῶν καλῶν.

ΙΩΝ
καθαρὸς ἀπας τοι πολεμίους ὅς ἂν κτάνη.

ΠΤΕΙΑ
μὴ σὺ γε παρ᾽ ἡμῶν δ᾽ ἐκλαβ᾽ οὐς ἔχω λόγους.

ΙΩΝ
λέγοις ἂν εὔνους δ᾽ οὐσ᾽ ἐρεῖς ὅσ᾽ ἂν λέγης.

ΠΤΕΙΑ
ὁρᾶς τὸδ᾽ ἄγγος χερὸς ὑπ᾽ ἀγκάλαις ἐμαῖς;

ΙΩΝ
ὁρῶ παλαιὰν ἀντίπηγ᾽ ἐν στέμμασιν.

ΠΤΕΙΑ
ἐν τῇ ἔσε αὐτῷ ἐλάβον νεόγονον βρέφος ποτέ.

ΙΩΝ
τί φης; ὁ μύθος εἰσενήνεκται νέος.

ΠΤΕΙΑ
συγῇ γὰρ εἶχον αὐτῇ νῦν δὲ δείκνυμεν.

ΙΩΝ
πῶς οὖν ἐκρύπτες τόδε λαβοῦσ᾽ ἡμᾶς πάλαι;

ΠΤΕΙΑ
ὁ θεός σ᾽ ἐβούλετ᾽ ἐν δόμοις ἔχειν λάτριν.

ΙΩΝ
νῦν δ᾽ οὐχὶ χρήζει; τῷ τόδε γνῶναι με χρή;

ΠΤΕΙΑ
πατέρα κατειπὼν τῆςδε σ᾽ ἐκπέμπει χθονὸς.

ΙΩΝ
οὐ δ᾽ ἐκ κελευσμῶν ἢ τόδεν σφῆςεις τάδε;

ΠΤΕΙΑ
ἐνθύμον μοι τότε τίθησι Δοξίας—

ΙΩΝ
τί χρῆμα δράσαι; λέγε, πέραινε σοὺς λόγους.
ION

PYTHIA
With clean hands and fair omens go to Athens.

ION
Clean are the hands of whoso slays his foes.

PYTHIA
Nay, nay!—but hear the tale I bring to thee.

ION
Speak: it shall come of love, whate'er thou say.

PYTHIA
Seest thou this chest here cradled in mine arms?

ION
I see an ancient ark with fillets dight.

PYTHIA
In this I found thee once, a new-born babe.

ION
What say'st thou? Strange the story hither brought! 1340

PYTHIA
Yea, I kept silence. I reveal it now.

ION
Why hide from me so long this found of thee?

PYTHIA
The God would have thee minister in his house.

ION
Nor needeth now? How shall I know it so?

PYTHIA
Showing thy sire, he sends thee forth the land.

ION
Thou, by commandment kepest thou these things?

PYTHIA
On that day Loxias put it in mine heart—

ION
To do what deed? Say on, tell out the tale.
Ioân

πτεια
σώσαι τόδ’ εὐρημ’ εἰς τὸν ὄντα νῦν χρόνου.

Ioân

ἐχει δέ μοι τί κέρδος ἢ τίνα βλάβην;

πτεια
ἐνθάδε κέκρυπται σπάργαν’ οἷς ἐνήσθα σὺ.

Ioân

μητρὸς τάδ’ ἡμῖν ἐκφέρεις χρήματα;

πτεια
ἐπεὶ γ’ ὁ δαίμων βούλεταιν πάροιδε δ’ σὺ.

Ioân

ὁ μακαρίων μοι φασμάτων ἡδ’ ἡμέρα.

πτεια
λαβών νῦν αὐτὰ τὴν τεκούσαν ἐκπόνει.

Ioân

πᾶσαν δ’ ἐπελθὼν ’Ασιάδ’ Ἑὐρώπης θ’ ὤρους;

πτεια

γνώσει τάδ’ αὐτός. τοῦ θεοῦ δ’ ἐκατί σε ἔθρεψά τ’, ὦ παῖ, καὶ τάδ’ ἀποδίδωμι σοι, ἃ κείνος ἀκέλευστὸν μ’ ἐβουλῆθη λαβείν σώσαι θ’. ὅτον δέ γ’ εἰνεκ’, οὐκ ἔχω λέγειν. ἦδει δὲ θυτῶν οὕτως ἄνθρωπων τάδε ἐχοντας ἡμᾶς, οὐδ’ ἵν’ ἴν κεκρυμμένα. καὶ χαίρ’ ἵσον γὰρ σ’ ὡς τεκοῦσ’ ἀσπάζομαι. ἀρξαί δ’ ὅθεν σῆν μητέρα ζητεῖν σε χρή πρῶτον μὲν εἰ τις Δελφίδων τεκοῦσά σε εἰς τούσδε ναοὺς ἐξέθηκε παρθένοις, ἔπειτα δ’ εἰ τις Ἑλλάς: ἐξ ἡμῶν δ’ ἔχεις ἀπαντά Φοῖβου θ’, ὃς μετέσχε τῆς τυχῆς.
ION

PYTHIA
To keep this treasure-trove against this hour.

ION
What profit or what hurt hath this for me?

PYTHIA
This hides the swaddling-bands that wrapped thee then.

ION
My mother!—clues be these for finding her?

PYTHIA
Yea, 'tis the God's will now—not heretofore.

ION
O day of blessed revelations this!

PYTHIA
Take them—rest not until thou find thy mother.

ION
How?—search all Asia through, search Europe's bounds?

PYTHIA
Thou shalt not err, thou. For the God's own sake I nursed thee, boy: these give I back to thee, Which his unspoken will then made me take And guard. Why thus he willed I cannot tell: But none of mortal men was ware that I Had these, nor hidden in what place they lay. Farewell . . . for as a mother kiss I thee. 

Turns to go, but resumes—
Where thou shouldst seek thy mother, there begin—First, did a Delphian bride unwedded bear And cast thee forth upon these temple-steps? Then, any maid of Greece? . . . So hast thou all Of me, and Phoebus, partner in thy fortune. [Exit.
ΙΩΝ
ιον

φεῦ φεῦ· κατ' ἀσσόν ὡς ἕγρον βάλλω δάκρυ,
ἐκείσε τοῦ νοῦν δούς, δὲ ἡ τεκοῦσά με
κρυφαία νυμφευθεῖσ' ἀπημπόλα λάθρα
καὶ μαστόν οὐχ ὑπέσχεν· ἀλλ' ἀνώνυμος
ἐν θεοὺ μελάθροις εἶχον οἰκέτην βίον.
τὰ τοῦ θεοῦ μὲν χρηστά, τὸν δὲ δαίμονος
βαρέα· χρόνον γὰρ ὃν μ' ἐχρῆν ἐν ἀγκάλαις
μητρὸς τρυφῆσαι καὶ τι τερφήναι βίον,
ἀπεστερήθηνα φιλτάτης μητρὸς τροφῆς.
τλήμων δὲ χῆ τεκοῦσά μ', ὡς ταῦτα πάθος
πέπωθε, παιδὸς ἀπολέσασα χαρμονάς.
καὶ νῦν λαβῶν τὴν' ἀντίπηγ' οἰσωθ' θεφ'
ἀνάθημ', ἵν' ἐφρω μηδὲν ὃν οὐ βούλομαι.
εἰ γὰρ με δούλη τυγχάνει τεκοῦσά τις,
εὑρεῖν κάκιον μητέρ' ἢ συγώντ' εὰν.
ὡ Φοίβε, ναοῖς ἀνατίθημι τῆνδε σοῖς
καίτοι τί πᾶσχω; τοῦ θεοῦ προθυμία
πολέμῳ, τὰ μητρὸς σύμβολ' ὃς σέσωκέ μοι.
ἀνοικτέον τὰδ' ἐστί καὶ τολμητέον.
τὰ γὰρ πεπρωμὲν οὐχ ὑπερβαίνην ποτ' ἄν.
ὡ στέμμαθ' ἱερά, τὶ ποτέ μοι κεκεύθατε,
καὶ σύνεδθ', οἷς τὰμ' ἐφρονρήθη φίλα;
ἵον περίπτυγμ' ἀντίτηγος εὐκύκλου
ὡς οὐ γεγρήκα' ἐκ τῶν θεηλάτου,
εὐρώς τ' ἀπεστι πλεγμάτων· ὃ δ' ἐν μέσῳ
χρόνος πολὺς δὴ το小さいθεσαυρίσμασιν.

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

τί δῆτα φάσμα τῶν ἀνελπίστων ὅρῳ;

ΙΩΝ

σίγα σὺν πολλὰ καὶ πάροιθεν οἰσθα μοι.

132
ION

Ah me, mine eyes are drowned in streaming tears,
As leaps my thought to that day when the bride
Betrayed, who bare, by stealth to thralldom sold me,
Nor ever suckled me: but nameless all
In the God’s court I lived a servant’s life.
Kind was the God’s part, but my fortune’s hand
Heavy; for while I should of right have lain
Soft in a mother’s arms, and known life’s joy,
Of a sweet mother’s care was I bereft.

O hapless she who bare me, who hath suffered
Like me, hath lost the joys of motherhood!
But this ark will I bear unto the God;
An offering—lest I find aught I would not.
For, if perchance a slave-girl gave me birth,
’Twere worse to find a mother than let be.
Phoebus, I offer this unto thy fane... What ails me? Lo, I fight against the favour
Of Him who saved for me my mother’s tokens!
This must I open, face what must be faced;
For never can I overstep my doom.

Ah, sacred fillets, what have ye hid for me,
O bands wherein mine heart’s desire was kept?
Lo, the enwrapping of the ark’s fair curve,
How by a miracle it waxed not old;
The osier-plaitings mouldless!—yet long time
Since then hath o’er these treasure-relics passed.

CREUSA

What, O what vision see I, past all hope!

ION

Peace!—for thou canst be silent—as the grave.
ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

οὐκ ἐν σιωπῇ τάμα· μή με νοεθέτει.

κάτω γὰρ ἀγγος οὐξέθηκ' ἐγὼ ποτε

σε γ', ὁ τέκνου μοι, βρέφος ἐτ' οὖνα νήπιον,

Κέκροπος ὦ ἀντρα καὶ Μακρᾶς πετρηρεφεῖς.

λείψω δὲ βωμόν· τόνδε, κεῖ θανεῖν με χρή.

ΙΩΝ

λάξυσθε τήνδε· θεομανῆς γὰρ ἦλατο

βωμοῦ λιποῦσα ξόανα· δεῖτε δ' ὦλενας.

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

σφάζοντες οὐ λήγοιτ' ἀν' ὡς ἀνθέξομαι

καὶ τήσδε καὶ σοῦ τῶν τε σῶν κεκρυμμένων.

ΙΩΝ

tάδ' οὐχὶ δεινά; ῥυσίάξομαι λόγῳ.

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

οὐκ, ἀλλὰ σοῖς φίλοισιν εὐρίσκει φίλος.

ΙΩΝ

ἐγὼ φίλοι σός; κατά μ' ἔκτεινες λάθρα;

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

παῖς γ', εἰ τόδ' ἐστὶ τοῖς τεκοῦσι φιλτατον.

ΙΩΝ

παύσαι πλέκουσα· λήψομαι σ' ἐγὼ καλῶς.

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

εἰς τοὺθ ἱκοῖμην, τοῦδε τοξεύω, τέκνου.

ΙΩΝ

κενῶν τόδ' ἀγγος ἦ στέγει πληρωμά τι;

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

σὰ γ' ἐνυθ', οἰσί σ' ἐξέθηκ' ἐγὼ ποτε.

ΙΩΝ

καὶ τόνυν' ἀυτῶν ἔξερεῖς πρὶν εἰσίδειν;

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

κἂν μὴ· φράσω γε, κατθανεῖν ἱφίσταμαι.
ION

CREUSA
Not for me silence! Teach not me my part!
I see the ark wherein I set thee forth,—
Thee, O my child, my babbling baby then,—
In Cecrops' cave, beneath the Long Cliff's brow!
This altar will I leave, yea, though I die.

[Flings her arms round his neck.

ION
Seize her!—she hath been driven god-distraught
To leave the carven altar! Bind her arms.

CREUSA
Slay on—spare not—for I will cling, will cling
To this, thee, and thy tokens hidden there.

ION
Foul outrage! I am kidnapped by her tongue!

CREUSA
No, no!—but found, O love, of her that loves!

ION
I thy beloved—whom thou wouldst slay by stealth!

CREUSA
Yes—yes! my son! Is aught to parents dearer?

ION
Cease!—I shall take thee mid thy webs of guile.

CREUSA
Take me?—ah take! I strain thereto, my child.

ION
Void is this ark, or somewhat doth it hide?

CREUSA
Yea, that which wrapped thee when I cast thee forth.

ION
Speak out and name them ere thine eyes behold.

CREUSA
Yea, if I tell not, I submit to die.
ΙΩΝ

λέγε. ὡς ἔχει τι δεινὸν ἡ τόλμη γέ σου.

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
σκέψασθ' ὁ παῖς ποτ' οὖν' ὑφασμ' ὑφην' ἐγώ.

ΙΩΝ
ποῖον τί; πολλὰ παρθένων ὑφάσματα.

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
οῦ τέλεσον, οἶον δ' ἐκδίδαγμα κερκίδος.

ΙΩΝ
μορφὴν ἔχου τίν'; ὡς με μὴ ταύτη λάβης.

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
Γοργών μὲν ἐν μέσοις ἦτριοι πέπλων.

ΙΩΝ
ὁ Ζεῦ, τὸς ἡμᾶς ἐκκυνηγετεῖ πότιμος;

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
κεκρασπέδωται δ' ὁφεσιν αἰγίδος τρόπων.

ΙΩΝ

ιδοῦ.

τὸ δ' ἐσθ' ὑφασμα· θέσφαθ' ὡς εὑρίσκομεν.

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
ὁ χρόνιον ἵστων παρθένευμα τῶν ἐμῶν.

ΙΩΝ

ἐστιν τι πρὸς τῷ δ', ἡ μόνῳ τῷ ἐυτυχείς;

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

δράκοντες· ἀρχαίον τι παγχρύσῳ γένει.

δόρημ' Ἄθανας, ἦ τέκν' ἐντρέφειν λέγει. 'Ερεχθονίον γε τοῦ πάλαι μμῆματα.

ΙΩΝ

τί δρᾶν, τί χρῆσθαι, φράξε μοι, χρυσώματι;

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

δέραια παιδὶ νεογόνῳ φέρειν, τέκνον.
ION

Say on:—'tis passing strange, thy confidence!

CREUSA

See there the web I wove in girlhood's days.

ION

Its fashion?—girls be ever weaving webs.

CREUSA

No perfect work; 'twas but a prentice hand.

ION

The pattern tell:—thou shalt not trick me so.

CREUSA

A Gorgon in the mid-threads of a shawl.

ION (aside)

O Zeus, what weird is this that dogs our steps?

CREUSA

'Tis fringed with serpents—with the Aegis-fringe.

ION

Lo, here the web! (lifts and spreads it forth.)

How strangely find we here the oracle!

CREUSA

O work of girlhood's loom, so long unseen!

ION

Is there aught else?—or this thy one true shot?

CREUSA

Serpents, an old device, with golden jaws—

Athena's gift, who biddeth deck babes so—

Moulded from Erichthonius' snakes of old.

ION

What use, what purpose, tell me, hath the jewel?

CREUSA

A necklace for the new-born babe, my child.
ΙΩΝ

ένεισιν οἶδε· τὸ δὲ τρίτον ποθῶ μαθεῖν.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ
στέφανον ἑλαίας ἀμφέθηκα σοι τότε,
ἡν πρῶτ’ Ἀθάνα σκόπελον ἐξηνέγκατο,
ὅς, εἰπερ ἐστιν, σοῦποτ’ ἐκλείπει χλόην,
θάλλει ὁ ἑλαίας ἐξ ἀκηράτου γεγώς.

ΙΩΝ

ὁ φιλτάτη μοι μήτερ, ἀσμενὸς σ’ ἱδῶν
πρὸς ἀσμένης πέπτωκα σὰς παρηίδας.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ
ὁ τέκνον, ὃ φῶς μητρὶ κρείσσον ἥλιον—
συγγενώσηται γὰρ ὁ θεός—ἐν χεροῖν σ’ ἔχω,
ἀελπτον εὐρημ’, ἵνα κατὰ γὰρ εὐερῶν
χθόνιον μετὰ Περσεφόνας τ’ ἐδόκονα ναίειν.

ΙΩΝ

ἄλλ’, ὃ φίλη μοι μητέρ, ἐν χεροῖν σέθεν
ὁ καθανών τε κοῦ θανῶν φαντάζομαι.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ
ἵω ἓω, λαμπρὰς αἰθέρος ἀμπτυχαί,
τῖν’ αὐτὰν αὐσω, θοάσω; πόθεν μοι
συνέκυρο’ ἀδόκητος ἡδονά; πόθεν
ἐλάβομεν χαράν;

ΙΩΝ

ἐμοὶ γενέσθαι πάντα μᾶλλον ἂν ποτε,
μήτερ, παρέστη τῶνθ, ὅπως σὸς εἰμ’ ἐγώ.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ
ἐτὶ φόβῳ τρέμω.

ΙΩΝ

μῶν οὐκ ἔχειν μ’ ἔχουσα;
ION

ION
Even these be here. The third I long to know.

CREUSA
A wreath of olive set I on thee then:
Athena brought it first unto our rock.
If this be there, it hath not lost its green,
But blooms yet, from the sacred olive sprung.

ION
Mother!—dear mother!—glad, O glad, I fall,
Beholding thee, on thy cheeks gladness-flushed.

CREUSA
Child!—light to mother better than the sun—
The God will pardon—I have thee in mine arms,
Unhoped treasure-trove!—as a dweller in Hades, so
thought I of thee,
An abider mid nether-gloom shades with Persephone.

ION
Ah no, dear mother mine; within thine arms
Revealed is he that liveth and was dead.

CREUSA
Ho ye, ye unfoldings of ether, ye sunlit expanses,
In what cry shall I peal out my rapture? O whence
unto me     ![strange chances
Came it, this sweetness undreamed of? By what
Such bliss do I see?

ION
Naught were so strange, but I had looked for that,
O mother, rather than to know me thine.

CREUSA
Still I tremble with dread—

ION
Lest holding thou hold me not?
ΙΩΝ

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
τὰς γὰρ ἐπίδας
ἀπέβαλον πρόσων.
ιὼ γύναι, ποθεν πόθεν ἐλαβες ἐμὸν
βρέφος ἐς ἀγκάλας;
τίν' ἀνὰ χέρα δόμους ἔβας Λοξίου;

ΙΩΝ
θείον τόδ'· ἀλλὰ τάπιλουπα τῆς τύχης
εὐδαιμονοῦμεν, ὡς τὰ πρόσθε δυστυχῆ.

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
téknon, ouk ἀδάκρυτος ἐκλοχεὺει,
γόης ἔς ματρὸς ἐκ χερῶν ὄριζεν·
νῦν ἐς γενειάσιν παρὰ σέθεν πνέω
μακαριωτάτας τυχοῦσ' ἡδονᾶς.

ΙΩΝ
toumòn λέγουσα καὶ τὸ σὸν κοινὸς λέγεις.

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
ἀπαίδες οὐκέτ' ἐσμὲν οὐδ' ἀτέκνοι·
δῶμ' ἐστιοῦται, γὰρ ὃ ἔχει τυράννους·
ἀνηβὰ δ' Ἕρεχθευς,
ὁ τε γηγενέτας δόμος οὐκέτι νύκτα
déρκεται, ἄελιον δ' ἀναβλέπει λαμπάσιν.

ΙΩΝ
μῆτερ, παρὸν μοι καὶ πατήρ μετασχέτω
τῆς ἡδονῆς τῆςδ' ἦς ἑδωχ' ὑμῖν ἐγώ.

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
1470 οἶ τέκνον, τί φής; οἶον οἶον ἀνελέγχομαι.
ION

CREUSA

I had seen hope flee
So long agone!
O prophetess, whence and O whence to thine arms
came he,

My little one?
Upborne by what hand unto Loxias' halls was he sped?

ION

A miracle: but through our lot to be
May we be happy as our past was sad.

CREUSA

At thy birth-travail, O my child, was there many a
tear:
Thou wert torn from the arms of thy mother with
And now on thy cheeks is my breath: my darling is

known!
The uttermost bliss of the Blessèd, lo, now have I

ION

Thou speakest for mine heart and thine, as one.

CREUSA

No more are we childless, no more unto barrenness
banned:
The home hath the hearth-glow again, and her
The strength of his youth doth Erechtheus renew:
The house of the Earth-born Race no longer to night-
ward shall gaze,
But the sun's beam cleaveth its darkness through.

ION

Mother, my sire is here: let him too share
This happiness which I have given to you.

CREUSA

O child, child, what sayest thou?—must the shame
be laid bare of thy mother?
ΙΩΝ

πῶς εἶπας;

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
ἀλλοθεν γέγονας, ἀλλοθεν.

ΙΩΝ
οὐμοὶ νόθον με παρθένευμ' ἔτικτε σὸν;

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
οὐχ ὑπὸ λαμπτάδων οὐδὲ χορευμάτων
ὑμέναιος ἐμός,
tέκνον, ἔτικτε σὸν κάρα.

ΙΩΝ
αἰαὶ· πέφυκα δυσγενῆς, μῆτερ, πόθεν;

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
ἴστω Γοργοφόνα—

ΙΩΝ
tί τοῦτ' ἔλεξας;

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
δ' σκοπέλως ἐπ' ἐμοῖς
τὸν ἐλαιοφυὴ πάγον θάρσει—

ΙΩΝ
λέγεις μοι δόλια κοῦ σαφῆ τάδε.

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
παρ' ἀγδόνιον πέτραν Φοίβῳ—

ΙΩΝ
tί Φοίβου αὐδᾶς;

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
κρυπτόμενον λέχος ἡμύνασθην.

ΙΩΝ
λέγ'· ὡς ἔρεις τι κεδνὸν εὐτυχές τε μοι.

142
ION

ION
What is this thou hast said?
CREUSA
Of another thou camest—oh, of another!
ION
Woe's me! a bastard?—child of maiden's shame?
CREUSA
No torches were gleaming, no raiment outstreaming
   In the dance, my child, for the bridal bed
   Which brought to the birth thy dear-loved head!
ION
Alas! base-born am I?—O mother, whence?
CREUSA
Be witness the Gorgon-slaying Maid—
ION
What is this?—what meaneth the word thou hast said?
CREUSA
Who hath set on my watch-tower crags her throne
   On the hill with her olives overgrown,—
   Dark sayings are these, and I cannot interpret the thing.
CREUSA
Unto Phoebus beside the rock where the nightingales sing—
ION
What should of Phoebus by thee be said?
CREUSA
In a bridal from all men hid was I wed.
ION
Say on: glad tidings this and fortune fair!
ΙΩΝ

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ
δεκάτῳ δὲ σε μηνὸς ἐν
κύκλῳ κρύφιον ὄδωρ᾽ ἔτεκον Φοιβῷ.

ΙΩΝ

ὦ φίλτατε ἐπούσι᾽, εἰ λέγεις ἐτήτυμα.

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

παρθένια δ᾽ ἐμοῦ ματέρος
σπάργαν᾽ ἀμφίβολα σοι τάδ᾽ ἐν-
ήψα, κερκίδος ἐμᾶς πλάνους.
γάλακτι δ᾽ οὐκ ἐπέσχον, οὐδὲ μαστῷ
τροφεῖα ματρὸς οὐδὲ λουτρὰ χειρῶν,
ἀνὰ δ᾽ ἀντροῦ ἔρημον οἰκὸν ὁµὲν
γαµφήλαις φόνευμα θοίναμά τ´ εἰς
Αἰδαν ἐκβάλλει.

ΙΩΝ

ὦ δεινὰ τλάσα μῆτερ.

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

ἐν φόβῳ καταδεδέεσα σὰν
ψυχαν ἀπέβαλον, τέκνον
ἐκτεινά σ᾽ ἀκονοῦ.

ΙΩΝ

ἐξ ἐµοῦ τ´ οὐχ ὅσὶ ἐθνησκες.

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

ἰῶ· δειναὶ μὲν τότε τύχαι,
δεινὰ δὲ καὶ τάδ᾽ ἐλισσόµεσθ᾽ ἐκεῖθεν
ἐνθάδε δυστυχίαισιν
ἐυτυχίαισιν τε πάλιν,
μεθίσταται δὲ πτεύματα.
μενέτω· τὰ πάροιθεν ἄλις κακά· νῦν δὲ
ἐγένετό τις οὐρος ἐκ κακῶν, ὃ παῖ.

1 Barnes: for MSS. ἐµᾶς.
ION

CREUSA
And the months swept round, till the tenth month came,
And I bare unto Phoebus a child of shame.

ION
O happy words, if this thou say'st be true!

CREUSA
And these, these mother's swathing-bands
About thee cast, my maiden hands
Wrought, my loom's skill-less fashionings.
Not to thy lips for suck I gave
The breast, nor with mine hands did lave;
But forth into a lonesome cave,
A banquet-spoil for swooping wings,
To Hades thee thy mother flings.

ION
O mother, what horror to do, to dare!

CREUSA
I was thrall unto terror—I flung away
Thy life, my baby: I steeled me to slay,
    When mine heart was moaning "Spare!"

ION
And of me nigh slain!—foul horror it were!

CREUSA
O fearful chances of that dark day,
And of this withal! We are tossed to drift
    On the surge of calamity hither and thither:
Yet anon do the winds of heaven shift,
    And behold, we are gliding through summer weather!
[suffice.
Oh may it last!—for the ills overpast should surely
Fair winds, my son, now are wafting us on, after stormy skies.

VOL. IV.
ΧΟΡΟΣ

1510 μηδείς δοκείτω μηδέν άνθρώπων ποτὲ ἀελπτον εἶναι πρὸς τὰ τυγχάνοντα νῦν.

ΙΩΝ

1520 ὡ μεταβαλούσα μυρίως ἦδη βροτῶν καὶ δυστυχήσαν καθὼς αὐ πράξαι καλῶς,
Τύχη, παρ’ οίνων ἠλθομεν στάθμην βίου,
μητέρα φονεύσαι καὶ παθεῖν ἀνάξια.

φεῦ.

ἀρ’ ἐν φαενναίς ἧλιον περιπτυχαίς ἔνεστι πάντα τάδε καθ’ ἡμέραν μαθεῖν;
φίλουν μὲν οὖν σ’ εὔρημα, μήτερ, ἡπρομεν,
καὶ τὸ γένος οὐδέν μεμπτόν, ὡς ἦμιν, τόδε;
τὰ δ’ ἄλλα πρὸς σε βούλομαι μόνην φράσαι.

1530 δεῦρ’ ἐλθ’· ἐς οὖς σοι τοὺς λόγους εἰπεῖν θέλω
καὶ περικαλύψαι τοὺς πράγμασι σκότον.

ὁρα σὺ, μήτερ, μὴ σφαλεῖσ’ ἀ παρθένοις
ἐγγύνεται νοσήματ’ εἰς κρυπτοὺς γάμους,
ἐπειτα τὰ θεῷ προστίθης τὴν αἰτίαν,
καὶ τούμον αἰσχρόν ἀποφυγεῖν πειρωμένη.

Φοίβῳ τεκεῖν με φῆς, τεκυοῦσ’ οὐκ ἐκ θεοῦ.

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

μὰ τὴν παρασπίζουσαν ἄρμασιν ποτὲ
Νίκην Ἁθάναν Ζημὶ γηγενεῖς ἔπι.

1540 οὐκ ἔστιν ὅστις σοι πατὴρ θητῶν, τέκνων,
ἀλλ’ ὅσπερ ἐξέβρεψε Δοξίας ἀναξ.

ΙΩΝ

πῶς οὖν τὸν αὐτὸ παιδ’ ἔδωκ’ ἄλλῳ πατρί,
ἔοιθον τε φησὶ παῖδα μ’ ἐκπεφυκέναι;

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

πεφυκέναι μὲν οὖχι, δωρεῖται δὲ σε
αὐτοῦ γεγότα· καὶ γὰρ ἂν φίλος φίλω
δοιή τὸν αὐτῶν παῖδα δεσπότην δόμων.
ION

CHORUS
Let none e'er deem aught in the lot of man
Past hope, who marketh what to-day befalls.

ION
O Fortune, thou that shiftest countless mortals
Unto misfortune, and anon to weal,
How nearly to this pass we came, that I
Should slay my mother, should of her be slain!
Ah strange!
Yet—midst the bright embraces of the sun
Somewhere do such things day by day befall?
Sweet, mother, is my treasure-trove of thee;
And this my birth, I find no fault therein.

Yet somewhat would I say to thee apart.
Come hither: I would speak it in thine ear,
And fold about with darkness that thy past.
See to it, mother, lest thy steps have slipped,
As maids infatuate yield to love—to shame,
And upon Phoebus now thou chargest this,
And, striving to escape the shame of me,
Dost name the God my sire, who sire was none.

CREUSA
No!—by Athena, Lady of Victory, who
At Zeus' side chariot-borne with Giants fought,
No mortal man was sire to thee, my son,
But he which reared thee, Loxias the King.

ION
How gave he then his own son to another,
And named me Xuthus' true-begotten son?

CREUSA
Nay, not begotten; but his gift art thou,
Sprung from himself,—as friend to friend should give
His own son, that his house might have an heir.
ΙΩΝ

ο θεός ἀληθῆς, ἡ μάτην μαντεύεται,
ἐμοὶ ταράσσει, μῆτερ, αἰκότως φρένα.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

akash dê vun âm' ἐσῆλθεν, ὁ τέκνον·
1540 εὐεργετῶν σε Δοξίας ἐς εὐγενῆ,
δόμου καθίζει· τοῦ θεοῦ δὲ λεγόμενος,
οὐκ ἔσχες ἀν ποτ' οὔτε παγκλήρους δόμους
οὔτ' δόμοια πατρός. πῶς γάρ, οὐ γ' ἐγὼ γάμους
ἐκρυπτον αὐτή καί σ' ἀπέκτεινον λάθρα ;
ὁ δ' ὡφελῶν σε προστίθησ' ἄλλῳ πατρί.

ΙΩΝ

οὐχ ὀδε φαύλως αὐτ' ἐγὼ μετέρχομαι,
ἀλλ' ἱστορήσω Φοίβον εἰσελθὼν δόμους,
eit' eimê θνητοῦ πατρὸς eite Δοξίου.
ἐα· τίς οἴκων θυνοδόκων ὑπερτελής
1550 ἀντήλιον πρόσωπον ἐκφάινει θεῶν ;
φεύγωμεν, ὁ τεκοῦσα, μὴ τὰ δαιμόνων
ὑπώμεν, εἰ μὴ καιρός ἐσθ' ἡμᾶς ὀράν.

ΑΘΗΝΑ

μη̣ φεύγετ· οὐ γὰρ πολεμίαν με φεύγετε,
ἀλλ' ἐν τ' Ἀθήναις κἀνθάδ' οὕσαν εὐμενῆ.
ἐπώνυμος δὲ σῆς ἀφικόμην χθονός,
Παλλάς, δρόμῳ σπεύσασ' Ἀπόλλωνος πάρα,
δὲ εἰς μὲν ὄψιν σφίξω μολεῖς ὦν κῆζοιν,
μὴ τῶν πάρουθε μέμψις εἰς μέσον μόλη,
ἡμᾶς δὲ πέμπει τοὺς λόγους ὑμῖν φράσαι,
1560 ὡς ἤδη τίκτει σ' ἔξ' Ἀπόλλωνος πατρός,
δίδωσι δ' οἷς ἔδωκεν, οὐ φύσασί σε,
ἀλλ' ὡς κομίζῃ σ' οἴκον εὐγενέστατον.
ἐπεὶ δ' ἀνεφχθ' πράγμα μηνυθέν τόδε,
θανεῖν σε δείσας μητρὸς ἐκ βουλευμάτων

148
ION

ION
Is the God true?—or doth his oracle lie?
Mother, my soul it troubleth: well it may.

CREUSA
Hear now what cometh to my mind, my son;
Of kindness Loxias giveth thee a place.
In a proud house: hadst thou been called his son,
Thou hadst had none inheritance thereof;
Nor a sire's name:—how couldst thou, when myself
Still hid his rape, yea, by thy secret death?
Thee for thy good to another sire he gives.

ION
Nay, not thus lightly on the quest I press.
I will ask Phoebus, entering his fane,
"Am I of Loxias, or a mortal sire?"

ATHENA appears above the temple in her chariot.
Ha! high above the incense-breathing house.
What God reveals a face that fronts the Sun?
Let us flee, mother, lest we gaze on Gods,
Except in season meet for that great vision.

ATHENA
Fly not; no foe am I that ye should flee,
But, as in Athens, here am gracious-willed.
I come from thy land—land that bears my name:
I Pallas from Apollo speed in haste,
Who deigned not to reveal him to your sight,
Else must he chide you for things overpast,
But sendeth me to tell to you his words:—
Thee this queen bare, begotten of Apollo:
He gives to whom he gave, not that they got thee,
But for thy bringing home to a princely house;
Then, when the matter was laid bare and told,
Fearing lest thou shouldst of her plot be slain,
ΙΟΝ

καὶ τῆνδε πρὸς σοῦ, μηχαναίς ἐρρύσατο.
ἐμελλε δ' αὐτὰ διασωπήσας ἄναξ
ἐν ταῖς Ἀθηναῖς γυναικεῖς ταύτην τε σήν,
σὲ θ' ὡς πέφυκας τῆςδε καὶ Φοίβου πατρός.
ἀλλ' ὡς περαίνω πράγμα, καὶ χρησμοὺς θεοῦ,
ἐφ' οἷσιν ἐξευξ' ἀρματ', εἰσακουσάτον.
λαβοῦσά τόνδε παῖδα Κεκροπίαν χθόνα
χώρει, Κρέοσκα, κεῖς θρόνονς τυραννικοὺς
ίδρυσον· ἐκ γὰρ τῶν Ἑρακλείως γεγοῦς
dίκαιος ἄρχειν τῆς ἐμῆς ὃδε χθονός.
ἔσται δ' ἀν Ἑλλάδ' εὐκλεής· οἱ τοῦδε γὰρ
παῖδες γενόμενοι τέσσαρες βίςτης μᾶς,
ἐπώνυμοι γῆς κατιφυλίου χθονός
λαῶν ἔσονται, σκόπελον οἱ ναίους ἐμὸν.
Γελέων μὲν ἔσται πρῶτος· εἰτα δεύτερος

“Οπλητες Ἀργαδῆς τ', ἐμῆς τ' ἀπ' αὐγίδος
ἐν φίλοιν ἔξουσι' Αἰγικορῆς, οἱ τῶνδε δ' αὐ
παῖδες γενόμενοι σὺν χρόνυ πεπρωμένῳ
Κυκλάδας ἐποικήσουσι νησίας πόλεις
χέρσους τε παράλοις, δ' σθένος τήμης χθονὶ
dίδωσιν· ἀντίπτορα δ' ἥπειροι δυὸν
πεδία κατοικήσουσιν, Ἀσιάδος τε γῆς,
Εὐρωπίας τε· τοῦδε δ' ὅνυματος χάριν
'Ιωνε ὄνομασθέντες ἔξουσιν κλέος.
Ξουθ' δὲ καὶ σοὶ γίγνεται κοινὸν γένος,
Δώρως μὲν, ἐνθευν Δώρως ὑμνηθῆσαι
πόλεις· κατ' αἰνι Πελοπίαν δ' ὁ δεύτερος
'Αχαιός, ὃς γῆς παραλίαις Ρίου πέλας
τυραννὸς ἔσται, κάπισθησαίται
κεῖνον κεκλῆσαι λαὸς ὄνουμ' ἐπώνυμος.
καλὸς δ' Ἀπόλλων πάντ' ἔπραξε· πρῶτα μὲν
ION

And she of thee, saved thee by that device.
Now the God would have kept the secret hid
Until in Athens he revealed her thine,
And thee the son of her and Phoebus born.

But—to make end and tell his oracles,
For which I yoked my chariot, hearken ye.
Take this thy son and go to Cecrops’ land,
Creusa, and on thrones of sovereignty
Seat him; for, of Erechtheus’ lineage sprung,
Worthy he is to rule o’er mine own land.
Famed shall he be through Hellas; for the sons
Born to him, even four from this one root,
Shall give their names unto the several tribes
Of the land’s folk which dwell upon mine hill.

Geleon the first shall be; the second tribe
Hopletes; Argades the third: the fourth,
One tribe, of my shield named Aegicores.
And their sons in the fulness of the time
Shall found them cities in the Cyclad Isles,
And seaboard realms, for strength unto my land.
Yea, they shall people either mainland’s plains
On either side the strait, of Asia-land
And Europe: and because of thy son’s name
Ionians shall be named, and win renown.

From Xuthus too and thee a seed shall spring,
Dorus, of whom shall Doris song-renowned
Arise: the second goeth to Pelops’ land,
Achaeus; o’er the seaboard shall he reign
Nigh Rhion, and the people of his name
Among the nations shall be sealed therewith.
Well hath Apollo all things done: for, first,
ΙΩΝ

άνοσον λοχεύει σ', ὡστε μὴ γνῶναι φίλους· ἐπεὶ δ' ἐτικτες τόνδε παίδα καπέθου ἐν σπαργάνοις, ἀρπάσαντ' ἐς ἀγκάλας Ἔρμην κελεύει δεύρο πορθμεύσαι βρέφος, ἐθρεψε τ' οὐδ' εἰσαεν εκπνεύσαι βίον. νῦν οὖν σιώπα, παῖς ὁδ' ὃς πέφυκε σός, ἵν' ἡ δόκησις Ἐσόθον ἡδέως ἔχῃ, σύ τ' αὐτ' τὰ σαυτῆς ἀγάθ' ἔχουσ' ἰης, γύναι. καὶ χαίρετ'· ἐκ γὰρ τῆς' ἀναψυχῆς πόνων εὐδαιμον' ὑμῖν πότιον ἐξαγγέλλομαι.

ΙΩΝ

ὁ Διὸς Παλλᾶς μεγίστου θύγατερ, οὐκ ἀπιστία σοὺς λόγους ἐνδεξομεσθα· πείθομαι δ' εἰναι πατρὸς Λοξίου καὶ τῆςδε· καὶ πρὶν τούτο δ' οὖκ ἀπιστον ἦν.

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

tάμα νῦν ἄκουσον· αἰνῶ Φοίβον οὐκ αἰνοῦσα πρίν,

1610 οὔνεχ' οὖ ποτ' ἡμέλησε παιδὸς ἀποδίδωσι μοι. αἴδε δ' εὐνοιον πῦλαι μοι καὶ θεοῦ χρηστήρια, δυσμενὴ πάροιθεν δυντα. νῦν δὲ καὶ ῥόπτρων χέρας ἡδέως ἐκκρηκμάμεσθα καὶ προσευκέτω πῦλας.

ΑΘΗΝΑ

ἡνεσ' οὔνεκ' εὐλογεῖς θεῶν μεταβάλομοι· ἂει γὰρ οὖν χρόνια μὲν τὰ τῶν θεῶν πως, εἰς τέλος δ' οὖκ ἀσθενή.

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

ὁ τέκνων, στείχωμεν οἴκους.
ION

He gave thee health in travail; so none knew:
And, when thou hadst borne this child, and cast
him out
In swaddling-bands, bade Hermes in his arms
Snatch him away, and hither waft thy babe;
And nurtured him, nor suffered him to die.
Now therefore say not that this lad is thine,
That Xuthus in his phantasy may joy,
And thine the substance, lady, be of bliss.
Farewell ye: after this relief from woes
I bring you tidings of a happy lot.

ION

Pallas, Daughter of the Highest, child of Zeus, we
will receive [believe
These thy words with no unfaith, but Loxias do I
Sire to me, and her my mother:—never was this
past belief.

CREUSA

Hear me: Phoebus praise I, whom I praised not in
mine hour of grief, [now restores.
For that whom he set at naught, his child, to me he. 1610
Lovely is his oracle, and fair to me these temple-
doors,
Hateful though they were aforetime. Now unto the
As I bid his gates my blithe farewell, with loving
hands I cling.

ATHENA

Well dost thou to turn to praises of the God: so is it
still—
Slow the Gods’ hands haply are, but mightily at last
fulfil.

CREUSA

Homeward let us pass, my son.
ΙΩΝ

ΑΘΗΝΑ
στείχεθ', ἔψομαι δ' ἐγώ.
ΙΩΝ
ἀξία γ' ἡμῶν ὀδουρός.
ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ
καὶ φιλουσά γι' πτόλην.
ΑΘΗΝΑ
εἰς θρόνους δ' ἵζου παλαιούς.
ΙΩΝ
ἀξίον τὸ κτήμα μοι.
ΧΟΡΟΣ
ὡ Διὸς Δητοὺς τ' Ἀπολλων, χαῖρ' ὅτω δ' ἐλαύνεται
1620 συμφοραίς οἶκος, σέβονται δαίμονας θαρσεών
χρεών,
eἰς τέλος γὰρ οἱ μὲν ἐσθλοὶ τυγχάνουσιν ἂξιων,
oἱ κακοὶ δ', ὥσπερ πεφύκασ', οὕποτε ἐν πρά-
ξειαν ἀν.
ION

ATHENA
Pass on: myself shall following come.

ION
Best way-warden art thou!

CREUSA
Thou who holdest dear our city-home

ATHENE
Seat thee on the ancient throne.

ION
A goodly heritage is mine.

CHORUS
Zeus' and Leto's Son Apollo, hail! Let him to
powers divine
Render homage undismayed, whose house affliction's
buffets smite:
For the good at last shall overcome, at last attain
their right;
But the evil, by their nature's law, on good shall
never light.

[Exeunt in procession to marching music.]
HIPPOLYTUS
ARGUMENT

HIPPOLYTA, Queen of the Amazons, bore to Theseus, king of Athens and Troezen, a son whom he named from her, Hippolytus. Now this youth grew up of all men most pure in heart, reverencing chiefly Artemis the Maiden, Goddess of the Chase, and utterly contemning the worship of Aphrodite. Wherefore the wrath of the Queen of Love was kindled against him, and she made Phaedra, his father’s young wife, mad with love for him; and although she wrestled with her malady, and strove to hide it in her heart, till by the fever of it she was brought nigh to death’s door, yet in the end it was revealed, and was made destruction to her and to Hippolytus also.
ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΡΑΜΑΤΟΣ ΠΡΟΣΩΠΑ

ΑΦΡΟΔΙΤΗ
ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ
ΧΟΡΟΣ ΚΤΩΝΗΓΩΝ
ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ
ΧΟΡΟΣ ΤΡΟΙΖΗΝΙΩΝ ΓΥΝΑΙΚΩΝ
ΤΡΟΦΟΣ
ΦΑΙΔΡΑ
ΘΗΣΕΤΣ
ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
ΑΡΤΕΜΙΣ
DRAMATIS PERSONAE

APHRODITE (or CYPRIS), the Queen of Love.

HIPPOLYTUS, son of THESEUS and HIPPOLYTA Queen of the Amazons.

PHAEDRA, daughter of MINOS king of CRETE, and wife of THESEUS.

NURSE OF PHAEDRA.

THESEUS, king of ATHENS and TROEZEON.

ARTEMIS, Goddess of Hunting.

SERVANT OF HIPPOLYTUS.

MESSENGER, henchman of HIPPOLYTUS.

CHORUS, composed of women of TROEZEON.

CHORUS of huntsmen.

Attendants and handmaids.

SCENE: Before the palace of THESEUS at TROEZEON, where THESEUS dwelt, being self-exiled for a year from ATHENS, to expiate the shedding of the blood of kinsmen who had sought to dethrone him.
Πολλή μὲν ἐν βροτοίσι κούκ ἀνώνυμος θεᾶ κέκλημαι Κύπρις, οὐρανοῦ τ’ ἔσω· ὅσιοι τε πόντου τερμῶν τ’ Ἀτλαντικῶν ναίοσιν εἰσῳ φῶς ὀρῶντες ἥλιον, τοὺς μὲν σέβοντας τὰμὰ πρεσβεύων κράτη, σφάλλω δ’ ὅσιοι φρονοῦσιν εἰς ἥμας μέγα. ἐνεστὶ γὰρ ἰὰ νὰν θεῶν γένει τόδε, τιμωμένου χαίρουσιν ἀνθρώπων ὑπὸ. δεῖξο δὲ μῦθον τῶν ἀλήθειαν τάχα: ὁ γὰρ με Θησέως παῖς, Ἀμαζώνος τόκος Ἰππόλυτος, ἀγνὸς Πιθέως παιδεύματα, μόνος πολιτῶν τῆς γῆς Τροιζηνίας λέγει κακίστην δαιμόνων πεφυκέναι, ἀναίνεται δὲ λέκτρα κού ψανεί γάμων· Φοῖβοι δ’ ἀδελφῆν Άρτεμις Δίὸς κόρην τιμᾶ, μεγίστην δαιμόνων ἡγούμενοι. χλωράν δ’ ἀν’ ὕλην παρθένῳ ἄνων ἄει κυσιν ταχείας θῆρας ἐξαιρεὶ χθονός, μεῖξω βροτείας προσπεσῶν ὀμειλίας. τούτοις μὲν νῦν οὐ φθονῶ· τί γὰρ με δεί; ἀ δ’ εἰς ἐμ’ ἡμάρτηκε, τιμωρήσομαι Ἰππόλυτον ἐν τῇ ὑμέρᾳ· τὰ πολλὰ δὲ πάλαι προκόψατ’, οὐ πόνου πολλοῦ με δεὶ.
HIPPOLYTUS

Enter APHRODITE

APHRODITE
Mighty on earth, mighty in heaven, am I
Cypris the Goddess named, a glorious name.
And of all dwellers 'twixt the Pontic Sea
And Atlas' bourn, which look on the sun's light,
I honour them which reverence my power,
But bring the proud hearts that defy me low.
For even to the Gods this appertains,
That in the homage of mankind they joy.
And I will give swift proof of these my words:
For Theseus' son, born of the Amazon,
Hippolytus, pure-hearted Pitheus' ward,
Sole mid the folk of this Troezenian land
Sayeth that vilest of the Gods am I;
Rejects the couch; of marriage will he none,
But honours Phoebus' sister Artemis,
Zeus' child, and counts her greatest of the Gods;
And through the greenwood in the Maid’s train
still
With swift hounds sweeps the wild beasts from the
earth,
Linked with companionship too high for man.
Yet this I grudge not: what is this to me?
But his defiance of me will I avenge
Upon Hippolytus this day: the path
Well-nigh is cleared; scant pains it needeth yet.
ИППОЛЮТΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ἐλθόντα γάρ νῦν Πιθήκας ποτ’ ἐκ δόμων
σεμνῶν ἐσ’ ὄψιν καὶ τέλη μυστηρίων
Πανδίωνος γῆν, πατρὸς εὐγενῆς δάμαρ
ἰδούσα Φαίδρα καρδίαν κατείχετο
ἐρωτὶ δεινὸ τοῖς ἐμοὶς βουλεύμασι.
καὶ πρίν μὲν ἔλθειν τῆδε γῆν Τροιζηνίαν,
πέτραν παρ’ αὐτὴν Παλλάδος κατόψιον
γῆς τῆς δε ναὸν Κύπριδος ἐγκαθίσατο,
ἐρώτ’ ἔρωτ’ ἐκδημοῦν Ἰσπολύτῳ δ’ ἔπι
tὸ λοιπὸν ὄνομαξεν ἱδρύσατι θεάν,
ἐστεὶ δὲ Θησεὺς Κεκροπίαν λείπει χθόνα,
μίασμα φεύγων αἶματος Παλλαντιδῶν,
καὶ τήνδε σὺν δάμαρτι ναυστολεῖ χθόνα,
ἐναννίαν ἐκδημοῦν αἰνέσας φυγῆν,
ἐνταῦθα δὴ στένουσα κάκτηπεληγμενη
κέντροι ἐρωτὸς ἡ τύλαιν’ ἀπόλλυται
συγῆ’ σύνοιδε δ’ οὔτις οἴκετων νόσουν.
ἀλλ’ οὔτι ταύτῃ τόνδ’ ἔρωτα χρή πεσείν’
δεῖξω δὲ Θησεῖ πρόγμα, κάκφανησται.
καὶ τὸν μὲν ἢμῖν πολέμου νεανίαν
κτενεί πατήρ ἀραίων, ὡς ὁ πόντιος
ἀνὰς Ποσειδῶν ὤπασεν Θησεῖ γέρας,
μηδὲν μάταιον εἰς τρὶς ἐξισασθαι θεῷ.
ἡ δ’ εὐκλεῆς μὲν, ἀλλ’ ἄμως ἀπόλλυται,
Φαίδρα· τὸ γὰρ τῆς’ οὐ προτιμήσω κακὸν
τὸ μὴ οὐ παρασχεῖν τοὺς ἐμοὺς ἐχθροὺς ἐμοὶ
dίκην τοσαίτην ὡστ’ ἐμοὶ καλὸς ἔχειν.
ἀλλ’, εἰσορῷ γὰρ τὸνδε παῖδα Θησεῶς
στείχοντα θῆρας μόχθον ἐκλελουπτά, Ἰσπολύτουν,
ἐξω τῶνδε βήσομαι τόπων.
πολὺς δ’ ἀμ’ ἀυτῷ προσπόλων ὀπισθόποις
κόμοις λέλακεν Ἀρτέμιν τιμῶν θεάν

164
HIPPOLYTUS

For, as from halls of Pittheus once he sought
Pandion's land, to see and to be sealed
In the Great Mysteries, Phaedra, high-born wife
Of his own father, saw him; and her heart
In fierce love was enthralled by my device.

She, ere she came to this Troezenian land,
Hard by the Rock of Pallas, which looks down
On this land, built to me a shrine, for love
Of one afar; and for Hippolytus' sake
She named it "Love Fast-anchored," for all time.
But since from Cecrops' land forth Theseus passed,
Fleeing the blood-guilt of the sons of Pallas,
And unto this shore with his wife hath sailed,
Submitting unto exile for one year,
Thenceforward, sighing and by stings of love
Distraught, the hapless one wastes down to death
Silent: her malady no handmaid knows.
Ah, but not so shall this love's issue fall.
Theseus shall know this thing; all bared shall be:
And him that is my foe his' sire shall slay
By curses, whose fulfilment the Sea-king
Poseidon gave to Theseus in this boon—
To ask three things of him, nor pray in vain.
And she shall die—O yea, her name unstained,
Yet Phaedra dies: I will not so regard
Her pain, as not to visit on my foes
Such penalty as is mine honour's due.

But,—forasmuch as Theseus' son I see
Yonder draw near, forsaking hunting's toil,
Hippolytus,—forth will I from this place.
Ha, a great press of henchmen following shout,
Honouring with songs the Goddess Artemis!
ΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ὑμνοισιν οὐ γὰρ οἶδ’ ἀνεφγεμένας πύλας
"Αἰδοῦ φάος τε λοίσθιον βλέπων τόδε.

ΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

ἐπεσθ’ ἄδοντες ἐπέσθη
tὰν Διὸς οὐρανίαν

60 Ἀρτεμίν, ἄ μελόμεσθα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ ΚΤΥΝΗΓΩΝ

πότνια πότνια σεμνοτάτα,
Ζαῦνος γένεθλον,
χαΐρε χαΐρέ μοι, ὦ κόρα
Δατοῦς Ἀρτεμί καὶ Διὸς,
καλλίστα πολύ παρθένον,
ἀ μέγαν καὶ οὐρανῶν

65 ναιεὶς εὐπατέρειαν αὐλῶν,
Ζαῦνος πολύχρυσον οἶκον.

χαΐρε μοι, ὦ καλλίστα
callísta tōn kató" Ὀλυμποῦ

παρθένων, Ἀρτεμί.

ΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

σοὶ τόνδε πλεκτὸν στέφανον ἐξ ἀκηράτου
λειμῶνος, ὦ δέσποινα, κοσμήσας φέρω,
ἐνθ’ οὐτε ποιμὴν ἄξιοι φέρβειν βοτὰ

70 οὐτ’ ἥλθε πω σίδηρος, ἀλλ’ ἀκηράτον
μέλισσα λειμῶν’ ἤρενον διέρχεται
Αἰδῶς δὲ ποταμίαις κηπευεὶ δρόσοις.

ὁσοὶς διδακτὸν μηδὲν, ἀλλ’ ἐν τῇ φύσει

75 τὸ σωφρόνειν εἰληχεῖν εἰς τὰ πάνθ’ ὀμῶς,
tοῦτοι δρέπεσθαι, τοὺς κακοῖς ProcAddress’ οὐ θέμις.

ἀλλ’ ὦ φίλη δέσποινα, χρυσέας κόμης
ἀνάδημα δέξαι χειρὸς εὐσεβοῦς ἄπο.

μόνῳ γάρ ἔστι τοῦτ’ ἐμοὶ γέρας βροτῶν,

80 σοὶ καὶ ξύνειμι καὶ λόγοις σ’ ἀμείβομαι,
HIPPOLYTUS

He knows not Hades' gates wide flung for him,
And this day's light the last his eyes shall see.  

[Exit.

Enter HIPPOLYTUS and ATTENDANT HUNTSMEN.

HIPPOLYTUS

Follow on, follow on, ring out the lay
Unto Artemis high enthroned in the sky, 60
Zeus' child, in her keeping who hath us aye.

CHORUS OF HUNTSMEN

O Majesty, Daughter of Zeus, dread Queen,
I hail thee, Artemis, now,
O Leto's Daughter, O Zeus's child,
Loveliest far of the Undefiled!
In that great Home of the Mighty Father,
The palace of Zeus, mid the glory-sheen
Of gold—there dwellest thou.
O Fairest, to theeward in greeting I call,
Artemis, fairest of Maidens that gather
In Olympus' hall!

HIPPOLYTUS

For thee this woven garland from a mead
Unsullied have I twined, O Queen, and bring.
There never shepherd dares to feed his flock,
Nor steel of sickle came: only the bee
Roveth the springtide mead undesecrate:
And Reverence watereth it with river-dews.
They which have heritage of self-control
In all things, purity inborn, untaught, 80
These there may gather flowers, but none impure.
Now Queen, dear Queen, receive this anadem
From reverent hand to deck thy golden hair;
For to me sole of men this grace is given,
That I be with thee, converse hold with thee,
ΠΙΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

κλύων μὲν αὐθήν, ὁμμα δ’ οὖχ ὅρῶν τὸ σῶν. τέλος δὲ κάμψαιμ’ ὀσπερ ἤρξάμην βίου.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

ἀνὰξ, θεούς γὰρ δεσπότας καλεῖν χρεῶν, ἄρ’ ἀν τί μον δέξαιο βουλεύσαντος εὗ;

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

καὶ κάρτα γ’ ἢ γὰρ οὐ σοφοὶ φαίνοιμεθ’ ἂν.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

οἰσθ’ οὖν βροτοῖσιν δ’ καθέστηκεν νόμος;

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

οὐκ οἶδα· τοῦ δὲ καὶ μ’ ἀνιστορεῖς πέρι;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

μεσεῖν τὸ σεμνὸν καὶ τὸ μὴ πᾶσιν φίλον;

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

ὁρθῶς γε· τίς δ’ οὐ σεμνὸς ἀχθεινὸς βροτῶν;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

ἐν δ’ εὐπροσηγόροισιν ἔστι τις χάρις;

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

πλείστη γε, καὶ κέρδος γε σοὶ μόχθω βραχεῖ.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

ἡ κἂν θεοῦσι ταύτων ἐλπίζεις τόδε;

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

eὑπερ γε θυντοὶ θεῶν νόμοισι χρώμεθα.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

πῶς οὖν σὺ σεμνὴν δαίμον’ οὐ προσευεῖσις;

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

τίν’; εὐλαβοῦ δὲ μὴ τι σοῦ σφαλῇ στόμα.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

τήνδ’ ἡ πύλαισι. σαίσ ἐφέστηκεν Κύπρις.

168
HIPPOLYTUS

Hearing thy voice, yet seeing not thy face.
And may I end life's race as I began.

SERVANT

Prince,—Masters may we call the Gods alone—
Wouldst thou receive of me good counselling?

HIPPOLYTUS

Yea surely: else were I fool manifest.

SERVANT

Knowest thou then the stablished wont of men?—

HIPPOLYTUS

Not I thy drift: whereof dost question me?

SERVANT

To hate the proud reserve that owns few friends.

HIPPOLYTUS

Rightly: what proud man is not odious?

SERVANT

And in the gracious is there naught of charm?

HIPPOLYTUS

Yea, much, and profit won with little pains.

SERVANT

And deem'st thou not this same may hold with

Gods?

HIPPOLYTUS

Yea, if men live by laws derived from Gods.

SERVANT

Why not then greet a Goddess worshipful?

HIPPOLYTUS

Whom?—have a care thy lips in no wise err.1

SERVANT

Even Cypris, there above thy portal set.

1 "The Worshipful Goddesses" was the peculiar title of
the Eumenides, whom it was ill-omened to name.
ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΛΦΟΡΟΣ

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ
πρόσωθεν αὐτὴν ἀγνὸς ὅν ἀσπάζομαι.
ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ
σεμνὴ γε μέντοι κάπισθημος ἐν βροτοῖς.
ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ
アルバム ἄλλος θεῶν τε κἀκράπωπων μέλει.
ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ
eὐδαιμονοῖς νοῦν ἔχων ὅσον σε δεῖ.
ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ
οὐδεὶς μ᾿ ἀρέσκει νυκτὶ θαυμαστὸς θεῶν.
ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ
tιμαίσων, ὦ παῖ, δαιμόνων χρῆσθαι χρεῶν.
ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ
χωρεῖτ᾿, ὅπαδοί, καὶ παρελθόντες δόμους
σῖτων μέλεσθε· τερπνόν ἐκ κυναγίας
τράπεζα πλήρης· καὶ καταψήχεων χρεῶν
ἵππους, ὅπως ἄν ἀρμασὶ ἀείμας ὑπο
βορᾶς κορεσθεὶς γυμνάσω τὰ πρόσφορα·
τὴν σὴν δὲ Κύπριων πόλλα ἐγὼ χαίρειν λέγω.
ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ
ἡμεῖς δὲ—τοὺς νέους γὰρ ὦ μυθέου—
φρονοῦντες οὕτως ὃς πρέπει δούλως λέγειν,
προσευξόμεθα τοῖσι σοῖς ἀγάλμασι,
δέσποινα Κύπρι. χρή δὲ συγγνωμήν ἔχειν,
εἰ τις σ’ ύφ’ ἤβης σπλάγχνου ἐντούν φέρων
μᾶται βάζει· μὴ δοκεί τούτον κλίειν
σοφωτέρους γὰρ χρή βροτῶν εἶναι θεοῦς.
ΧΟΡΟΣ
ὡκεανοῦ τις ὑδωρ
στάζουσα πέτρα λέγεται
βαπτάν κάλπισι ρύταν

στρ. α’
HIPPOLYTUS

HIPPOLYTUS
From far I greet her, who am undefiled.

SERVANT
Worshipful is she, glorious among men.

HIPPOLYTUS
Of Gods, of men, each maketh still his choice.

SERVANT
Now prosper thou;—be needful wisdom thine!

HIPPOLYTUS
No God who hath night-homage pleaseth me.

SERVANT
Guerdons of Gods, my son, ought men to use.

HIPPOLYTUS
Depart, mine henchmen, enter ye the halls,
And set on bread. The full board welcome is
When hunting's done. And one must groom mysteeds,
That I may yoke them to the chariot-pole,
Being full of meat, and breathe them in the race.
But to thy Cypris wave I long farewell.

[Exit.

SERVANT
But we—who must not tread in steps of youth—
With whispered humbleness most meet for thralls
Make supplication to thine images,
Queen Cypris. It beseems thee to forgive,
If one that bears through youth a vehement heart
Speak folly. Be as though thou hearest not;
For wiser Gods should be than mortal men.

[Exit. 120

Enter chorus of Troezenian Ladies.

CHORUS

(St. 1)
A rock there is, wherefrom, as they tell, the springs
of the heart of the Ocean well,
Whence the rifts of the crags overbeetling send
ΠΡΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

παγὰν προϊείσα κρημνῶν,
όθι μοί τις ἳν φίλα,
πορφύρα φάρεα
ποταμία δρόσῳ
tέγγουσα, θερμᾶς δ' ἐπὶ νυτὰ πέτρας
εὐάλιον κατέβαλλ'· οὖθεν μοι
πρότα φάτις ἦλθε δέσποινας.

130

τειρομέναν νοσερὰ
κοίτᾳ δέμας ἐντὸς ἐχειν
οἰκὼν, λεπτὰ δὲ φάρη
ξανθὰν κεφαλὰν σκιάζειν.
τριτάτων δὲ νυν κλύω
τάνδε κατ' ἀμβροσίον
στόματος ἀμέραν
Δάματρος ἀκτᾶς δέμας ἀγνὸν ἵσχειν,
κρυπτῷ πάθει θανάτου θέλουσαν
κέλσαι ποτὶ τέρμα δύστανον.

140

ἡ σὺ γ' ἔνθεος, ὦ κουρά,
eἰτ' ἐκ Πανὸς εἴθ' Ἐκάτας
ἡ σεμνὸν Κορυβάντων
φοιτᾶς, ἡ ματρός ὁρείας;
σὺ δ' ἀμφὶ τὰν πολὺθηρον
Δίκτυναν ἀμπλακίας
ἀνίερος ἀθύτων πελάνων τρύχει;
φοιτᾶ γὰρ καὶ διὰ λίμνας
χέρσου θ' ὑπέρ πελάγους
δίναις ἐν νοτίαις ἄλμας.

150

ἡ πόσιν, τὸν Ἐρεχθειδᾶν
ἀρχαγὸν, τὸν εὐπατρίδαν,

1 Metzger; for σὺ γὰρ of MSS.
HIPPOLYTUS

For the plunging urns their founts outstreaming:
Even there did I light on a maiden, my friend,
As she drenched the mantles purple-gleaming
In the riverward-glittering spray,
And spread the dye of the Tyrian shell on the rocks
where glowing the sunbeams fell.
  Hers were the lips that I first heard say
  How wasteth our lady away:

(Anth. 1)

For a tale they told of a fevered bed, of the feet that
forth of her bower ne’er tread,
Of the dainty-woven veil that is cast
For a darkness over the tresses golden.
Yea, and by this hath the third day past [holden
That the queen from her fair young lips hath with-
The gift of the Lady of Corn,
Keeping her body thereof unfed, as though ’twere
pollution to taste of bread,
  With anguish unuttered longing forlorn
  One haven to win—death’s bourn.

O queen, what if this be possession (Str. 2)
Of Pan or of Hecate?—
Of the Mother of Dindymus’ Hill?—
Or the awful Corybant thrill?
Or hath Artemis found transgression
Of offerings unrendered in thee? [here?—
Hath the hand of the Huntress been
For she flasheth o’er mountain and mere,
And rideth her triumph-procession
Over surges and swirls of the sea.

(Anth. 2)

Or thy princely lord, in whose leading
Be the hosts of Erechtheus’ race,
ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ποιμαίνει τις ἐν ὦικοις
κρυπτὰ κοίτα λεχέων σῶν;
ἡ ναυβάτας τις ἔπλευσεν
Κρήτας ἐξορμὸς ἀνήρ
λιμένα τὸν εὐξεινότατον ναύταις,
φάμαν πέμπτων βασιλεία,
λύπα δ’ ὑπὲρ παθέων
εὐναία δέδεται ψυχά;

160

φιλεῖ δὲ τὰ δυστρόφῳ γυναικῶν ἔπωδ.
Άρμονία κακὰ δύστανος
ἀμηχανία συνοικεῖν
ὠδίνων τε καὶ ἀφροσύνας.
δι’ ἔμας ήξεν ποτε νηδύος ἀδ’ αὐρα.
τὰν δ’ εὐλοχον οὐραιάν
τόξων μεζέουσαν ἄντεν
Ἀρτέμιν, καὶ μοι πολυζήλωτος ἁεὶ
σὺν θεοίς φοιτᾷ.

170

ἀλλ’ ἢδε τρωφὸς γεραιὰ πρὸ θυρῶν
τήνδε κομίζουσ’ ἐξῳ μελάθρων
στυγνών δ’ ὀφρύων νέφος αὐξάνεται.
τί ποτ’ ἐστὶ μαθεῖν ἔραται ψυχή,
τί δεδήληται
dέμας ἀνάλοχον βασιλείας.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ὁ κακὰ θυγήτων στυγεραὶ τε νόσοι.
τί σ’ ἐγὼ δράσω; τί δὲ μὴ δράσω;
τόδε σοι φέγγοις λαμπρῶν, ὡδ’ αἰθηρ.
ἐξῳ δὲ δόμων ἡδὴ νοσερᾶς
180
dέμυνα κοίτης.
HIPPOLYTUS

Hath one in his halls beguiled,
That thy couch is in secret defiled?
Or hath some sea-trafficker, speeding
From Crete over watery ways
To the haven where shipmen would be,
Brought dolorous tidings to thee
That hath bowed thee with anguish exceeding
On thy bed through thy soul's prison-days

(Epode)

Or shall this be the discord mournful, weirdly haunting,
That oftentimes jarreth and jangleth the strings
'Tis the shadow of travail-throes nigh, a delirium spirit-daunting:
[have felt it shiver:
Yea, I have known it, through mine own bosom
But I cried to the Queen of the Bow, to the Helper
in travail-throe for refuge fleeing;
And by grace of the Gods she hearkeneth ever my fervent request, she is there to deliver.

But lo, through the doors where cometh the grey-haired nurse
Leading the stricken one forth of her bowers:
On her brows aye darker the care-cloud lowers.
My spirit is yearning to know what is this strange curse,
Wherefore the queen's cheek ever is paling,
And her strength is failing.

Enter PHAEDRA, NURSE, AND HANDMAIDS.

NURSE

O afflictions of mortals, O bitter pain!
What shall I do unto thee, or refrain?
Lo here is the light of the sun, the sky:
Brought forth of the halls is thy bed; hereby
Thy cushions lie.
ΠΙΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

δεύρο γὰρ ἐλθεῖν πᾶν ἔπος ἦν σοι·
tάχα δὲ εἰς θαλάμους σπεύσεις το πάλιν.
tαχὺ γὰρ σφάλλει κούδενι χαίρεις,
οὐδὲ σ’ ἀρέσκει τὸ παρόν, τὸ δʼ ἀπὸν
φίλτρον ἤγει.

κρείσσον δὲ νοσεῖν ἢ θεραπεύειν·
tὸ μὲν ἐστὶν ἀπλοῦν, τῷ δὲ συνάπτει
λύπη τε φρενῶν χερσίν τε πόνος.
pᾶς δ’ ὅδυνηρὸς βίος ἀνθρώπων,
κοῦκ ἔστι πόνοιν ἀνάπαυσις.

ἀλλ’ ὁ τι τοῦ ἥν φίλτρον ἄλλο
σκότος ἀμπίσχων κρύπτει νεφέλαις.
δυσέρωτε δὴ φαινόμεθ’ οὕτε
tοῦδ’, ὃ τι τοῦτο στίλβει κατὰ γῆν,
δὴ ἀπειροσύνην ἄλλου βιότου
κοῦκ ἀπόδειξιν τῶν ὑπὸ γαλας·
μῦθοις δ’ ἄλλως φερόμεσθα.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

ἀσιστεῖ μου δέμας, ὦρθοῦτε κάρα·
λέλυμαι μελέων συνέσμα, φίλαι.

λάβετε’ εὐπήχεις χεῖρας, προπόλοι.
βαρὺ μοι κεφαλᾶς ἐπίκρανον ἐχειν·
ἀφελ’, ἀμπετάσιον βοστρυχον ἡμοῖς.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

θάρσει, τέκνον, καὶ μη ἀλλεπὼς
μετάβαλλε δέμας.

ῥῶν δὲ νόσου μετά θ’ ἱσυχίας
καὶ γενναίου λήματος οἴσεις·
μοχθεῖν δὲ βροτοῖσιν ἀνάγκη.
HIPPOLYTUS

Hitherward wouldst thou come; it was all thy moan:
Yet aback to thy bowers wilt thou fret to be gone.
Thou art soon disappointed, thou joyest in naught,
What thou hast cannot please thee; a thing far-sought

Thy fancy hath caught.

Better be sick than tend the sick:
Here is but one pain; grief of mind
And toil of hands be there combined.
O'er all man's life woes gather thick;

Ne'er from its travail respite is.
If better life beyond be found,
The darkness veils, clouds wrap it round;
Therefore infatuate-fond to this

We cling—this earth's poor sunshine-gleam:
Naught know we of the life to come,
There speak no voices from the tomb:
We drift on fable's shadowy stream.

PHAEDRA

Uplift ye my body, mine head upraise.
Friends, faint be my limbs, and unknit be their bands.

Hold, maidens, my rounded arms and mine hands.

Ah, the coif on mine head all heavily weighs:
Take it thence till mine hair o'er my shoulders strays!

NURSE

Take heart, my child, nor in such wild wise
Toss thou thy body so feveredly.
Lighter to bear shall thy sickness be,
If thine high-born courage in calm strength rise:
For the doom of sorrow on all men lies.
ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΩΡΟΣ

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

αιαί.
pῶς ἄν δροσέρας ἀπὸ κρηνίδος
καθαρῶν υδάτων πῶμ' ἀρναίμαν,
ὑπὸ τ' ἀιγείρους ἐν τε κομήτῃ
λειμώνι κλιθεῖσ' ἀναπαυσάμαιν.

210

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ὡ παί, τὶ θροεῖς;
οὐ μὴ παρ' ἰχλῳ τάδε γηρύσει
μανίας ἐποχὸν ῥίππουσα λόγον;

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

πέμπτε μ' εἰς ὅρος· εἶμι πρὸς ὦλην
καὶ παρὰ πεύκας, ἵνα θηροφόνοι
στεῖβουσι κύνες
βαλιαῖς ἐλάφοις ἐγχριμπτόμεναι·
πρὸς θεῶν, ἔραμαι κυσθ' θωύξαι
καὶ παρὰ χαίταιν ξανθὰν ῥάγαι
Θεσσαλὸν ὀρπακ', ἐπίλογχου ἔχουσ'
ἐν χειρὶ βέλος.

220

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

tί πότ', ὡ τέκνου, τάδε κηραίνεις;
tί κυνηγεσίων καὶ σοὶ μελέτη;
tί δὲ κρηναίων νασμῶν ἔρασαι;
πάρα γὰρ δροσέρα πύργοις συνεχῆς
κλιτύς, ὅθεν σοι πῶμα γένοιτ' ἀν.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

dέσποιν' ἄλας Ἀρτεμὶ Λῆμνας
καὶ γημνασίων τῶν ἱπποκρότων,
eἰθὲ γενοῦμαι ἐν σοῖς δαπέδους,
pώλους Ἐνέτας δαμαλιζομένα.

230

178
HIPPOLYTUS

PHAEDRA
Oh but to quaff, where the spray-veil drifteth
O'er taintless fountains, the dear cool stream!
Oh to lie in the mead where the soft wind lifteth
Its tresses—'neath poplars to lie and dream!

NURSE
My child, my child, what is this thou hast cried?
Ah, speak not thus, with a throng at thy side,
Wild words that on wings of madness ride!

PHAEDRA
Let me hence to the mountain afar—I will hie me
To the forest, the pines where the stag-hounds follow
Hard after the fleet dappled hinds as they fly me!
Oh, I long to cheer them with hunter's hollo,—
Ah God, were I there!—
And to grasp the Thessalian shaft steel-gleaming,
And to swing it on high by my hair outstreaming—
My golden hair!

NURSE
What wouldst thou, my darling, of suchlike things?
Will naught save the hunt and the hounds content?
And why art thou yearning for fountain-springs?
Lo, nigh to thy towers is a soft-sloped bent
With streams for thy drinking dew-besprent.

PHAEDRA
Lady of Limne, the burg looking seaward,
Of the thunder of hoofs on the wide race-courses,
Oh for the plains where the altars to theeward
Flame, there to be curbing the Henetan horses!
ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ
τί τόδ' αὖ παράφρων ἔρριψας ἔπος; νῦν δὴ μὲν ὄρος βᾶσι' ἐπὶ θῆρας πόθου ἐστέλλου, νῦν δ' αὖ ψαμάθοις ἐπ' ἀκυμάντοις πώλων ἔρασαι. τάδε μαυτέλας ἄξια πολλῆς, ὡς τις σε θεῶν ἀνασειράξει καὶ παρακόπτει φρένας, ὥ παί.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ
δύσταυος ἴγω, τί ποτ' εἰργασάμαν; ποῖ παρεπλάγχθην γνώμας ἀγαθᾶς; ἐμάνην, ἔπεσον δαίμονος ἄτα. φεύ φεῦ, τλάμων.
μαῖα, πάλιν μου κρύψον κεφαλάν' αἰδούμεθα γὰρ τὰ λελεγμένα μοι. κρύστερο κατ' ὅσον δάκρυς βαίνει, καὶ ἐπ' αἰσχύναν δῶμα τέτραπται. τὸ γὰρ ὀρθοῦται γνώμαν ὑδύνα, τὸ δὲ μαυτόμενον κακὸν ἀλλὰ κρατεῖ μὴ γιγνώσκοντ' ἀπολέσθαι.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ
250
κρύπτω. τὸ δ' ἐμὸν πότε δὴ θάνατος σώμα καλύψει; πολλὰ διδάσκει μ' ὀ πολὺς βίοτος· χρῆν γὰρ μετρίας εἰς ἀλλήλους φιλίας θυητούς ἀνακίρμασθαι, καὶ μὴ πρὸς ἀκρον μυελὸν ψυχῆς, εὐλυτα δ' εἶναι στέργηθρα φρενῶν ἀπὸ τ' ὁσασθαι καὶ ξυνεῖναι. τὸ δ' ὑπερ δισσῶν μίαν ὁδίνειν ψυχῆν χαλεπὸν βάρος, ὦς κάγω τῇσδ' ὑπεραλγῶ.
HIPPOLYTUS

NURSE

What speech in thy frenzy outflinging thou?
   The mountain-ward path then fain hadst thou taken
On the track of the beasts: and thou yearnest now
   For the steeds on the sea-sands wave-forsaken!
Of a surety the lore of a seer we lack
To tell what God, child, reineth thee back,
And scourgeth thy spirit from reason's track.

PHAEDRA

O hapless I—what is this I have done?
   Whitherward have I wandered from wisdom's way?
I was mad, by a God's curse overthrown.
   Oh ill-starred—well-a-day!
Dear Nurse, veil over mine head once more;
   For I blush for the words from my lips that came.
Veil me: the tears from mine eyes down pour,
   And mine eyelids sink for shame.
For anguish wakes when re-dawneth the mind:
Though a curse be madness, herein is it kind,
That the soul that it ruins it striketh blind.

NURSE

I veil thee:—ah that death would veil
   Me too!—with many a lesson stern
The years have brought, this too I learn—
Be links of mortal friendship frail!

Let heart-strings ne'er together cling,
   Nor be indissolubly twined
The chords of love, but lightly joined
For knitting close or severing.

Ah weary burden, where one soul
   Travails for twain, as mine for thee!
ΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

βιότου δ' ἀπρεκεῖσ ἐπιτηδεύσεις
φασὶ σφάλλειν πλέον ἡ τέρπειν,
tῇ θ' ἅγιεια μᾶλλον πολεμεῖν.
oὔτω τὸ λίαν ἢσσον ἐπαινῶ
tοῦ μηδὲν ἀγάν-
καὶ ἐνυμφήσουσι σοφοὶ μοι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

γύναι γεράια, βασιλίδος πιστὴ τροφῆ
Φαίδρας, ὅρῳ μὲν τάςδε δυστήνους τύχας,
ἀσημα δ' ἤμων ἤτις ἔστιν ἡ νόσος·
σοῦ δ' ἂν πυθέσθαι καὶ κλύειν βουλοῖμεθ' ἂν.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

οὗκ οἴδ' ἔλεγχουσ'· σῦ γὰρ ἐννέπειν θέλει.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὔδ' ἤτις ἄρχῃ τῶνδε πημάτων ἕφι·

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

eἰς ταῦτον ἠκεῖν· πάντα γὰρ σιγᾶ τάδε.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὡς ἀσθενεῖ τε καὶ κατέξανται δέμας.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

πῶς δ' οὗ, τριταῖαν οὔσ' ἄσιτος ἡμέραν·

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πότερον ὑπ' ἄτης ἢ θανεῖν πειρωμένη·

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

θανεῖν· ἅσιτεῖ δ' εἰς ἀπόστασιν βίου.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

θαυμάστων εἰπας, εἰ τάδ' ἔξαρκει πόσει.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

κρύπτει γὰρ ἢδε πῆμα κού φῆσιν νοσεῖν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὁ δ' εἰς πρόσωπον οὐ τεκμαίρεται βλέπων;

280 270
HIPPOLYTUS

Ruin, not bliss, say they, shall be
Care's life-absorbing heart-control.

Yea, that way sickness, madness, lies.
Therefore "the overmuch" shall be
Less than "the naught-too-much" for me:
So say I: so shall say the wise.

CHORUS
Thou grey-haired dame, queen Phaedra's loyal nurse,
In sooth I mark her lamentable plight,
Yet what her malady, to us is dark.
Fain would we question thee and hear thereof.

NURSE
I know not, though I ask: she will not tell.

CHORUS
Nor what was the beginning of these woes?

NURSE
The same thy goal: naught sayeth she of all.

CHORUS
How strengthless and how wasted is her frame!

NURSE
No marvel, being three days foodless now.

CHORUS
Madness is this, or set resolve to die?

NURSE
To die: she fasteth to make end of life.

CHORUS
Strange is thy tale, if this content her lord.

NURSE
Nay, but she hides her pain, nor owns she ails.

CHORUS
Should he not guess?—one glance upon her face?

183
ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΩΡΟΣ

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ἐκδήμος ὦν γὰρ τῆς ἄναγκης τυγχάνει χθονὸς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

σὺ δ' οὐκ ἀνάγκη προσφέρεις, πειρωμένη νόσον πυθέσθαι τῆς ἁλύπου καὶ δέλτην φρενῶν;

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

εἰς πᾶν ἀφύγματι κοῦδέαν εἰργασμαί πλέον· οὖ μὴν ἀνήσω γ' οὐδὲ νῦν προθυμίας, ὥς ἄν παροῦσα καὶ σὺ μοι ξυμμαρτυρήσα αἰένας δυστυχοῦσί δεσποταῖς. ἀγ', ὁ φίλη παῖ, τῶν πάροιθε μὲν λόγων λαθώμεθ' ἄμφω, καὶ σὺ Θ' ἢδών γενοῦσται συννήμων λύσασα καὶ γνώμης ὁδὸν, ἐγώ θ' ὁποίος σοι μὴ καλῶς τὸ θ' εἰπόμην μεθείσ' ἐπ' ἄλλον εἴμι βελτίων λόγων. κεῖ μὲν νοσεῖς τι τῶν ἀπορρήτων κακῶν, γυναῖκες αἶδε συγκαθιστάναι νόσον· εἴ δ' ἐκφορός σοι συμφορὰ πρὸς ἀρτενας, λέγ', ὡς ιατροὶς πράγμα μηνυθῇ τὸδε. εἶνε σιγᾶς; οὖκ ἔχρην σιγᾶν, τέκνων, ἀλλ' Ῥ οι ὠλέγγχειν, εἰ τι μὴ καλῶς λέγω, ἤ τοῦσιν εὐ λέξθείσι συγχωρεῖν λόγωι.

290

φθέγξαι τι, δεύρ' ἀθρήσων· ὁ τάλαιν' ἐγώ. γυναῖκες, ἀλλὼς τόνδε μοχθοῦμεν πόνους, ἒσον δ' ἀπέσμεν τῷ πρίν οὕτε γὰρ τότε λόγωι ἐτέγγεθ' ἤδε νῦν τ' οὗ πείθεται. ἀλλ' ἰσθί μνέτιοι—προς τάδ' αὐθαδέστερα γίγνον θαλάσσης—εἰ θαυμαί, προδοῦσα σοὺς παίδας πατρῴων μὴ μεθέξουτας δόμων, μὰ τὴν ἀναστάν ἵππιαν Ἀμαζόνα, ἢ σοῖς τέκνοισι δεσποτὴν ἐγείνατο νόθον φρονοῦντα γνησίον, οἰσθά τιν καλῶς, Ἰππόλυτοι, —

300

184
HIPPOLYTUS

NURSE
Nay, absent is he from this land of late.

CHORUS
But thou—dost not constrain her, strive to learn
Her malady and wandering of her wit?

NURSE
All have I tried, and naught the more availed.
Yet will I not even now abate my zeal:
So stand thou by and witness unto me
How true am I to mine afflicted lords.

Come, darling child, the words said heretofore
Forget we both; more gracious-souled be thou:
Thy lowering brow, thy wayward mood, put by;
And I, wherein I erred in following thee,
Refrain, and unto wiser counsels seek.
If thy disease be that thou mayst not name,
Lo women here to allay thy malady.
But if to men thy trouble may be told,
Speak, that to leeches this may be declared.
Ha, silent?—silence, child, beseems thee not.
Or thou shouldst chide me if I speak not well,
Or unto pleadings wisely uttered yield.
One word!—look hitherward! . . . . ah, woe is me!

Women, we toil and spend our strength for naught,
And still are far as ever: of my words
Unmelted was she then, nor hearkeneth now.

Howbeit know thou—then be waywarder
Than is the sea,—thy death shall but betray
Thy sons, who shall not share their father's halls—
No, by that chariot-queen, the Amazon,
Who bare to thy sons a bastard over-lord,—
Not bastard-thoughted,—well thou knowest him,
Hippolytus—
ΠΠΟΛΥΣΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ
οίμοι.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ
θυγγάνει σέθεν τόδε;

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ
ἀπώλεσάς με, μαία, καί σε πρός θεῶν
tοῦδ᾽ ἀνδρὸς αὐθίς λισσομαι συγὰν πέρι.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ
ὁράς; φρονεῖς μὲν εὖ, φρονοῦσα δ᾽ οὐ θέλεις
παιδάς τ᾽ ὄνησαι καὶ σὸν ἐκσώσαι βίον.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ
φιλῶ τέκν᾽ ἄλλη δ᾽ ἐν τύχῃ χειμάζομαι.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ
ἀγνᾶς μὲν, ὦ παῖ, χεῖρας αἵματος φορεῖς;

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ
χεῖρες μὲν ἀγναῖ, φρήν δ᾽ ἔχει μίασμά τι.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ
μῶν ἔξ ἐπακτοῦ πημονῆς ἐχθρῶν τινῶς;

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ
φίλος μ᾽ ἀπόλλυσ᾽ οὐχ ἐκούσαν οὐχ ἐκὼν.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

Θησεύς τιν ἡμάρτηκεν εἰς σ᾽ ἀμαρτίαν;

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ
μὴ δρῶσ᾽ ἔγωγ᾽ ἐκείνου ὀφθείην κακῶς.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ
τί γὰρ τὸ δεινὸν τοῦθ᾽ ὃ σ᾽ ἔξαιρει θανεῖν;

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ
ἐὰ μ᾽ ἀμαρτεῖν οὐ γὰρ εἰς σ᾽ ἀμαρτάνω.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ
οὐ δὴ ἐκούσα γ᾽, ἐν δὲ σοί λελείψομαι.
HIPPOLYTUS

PHAEDRA
Woe's me!

NURSE
It stings thee, this?

PHAEDRA
Thou hast undone me, nurse: by heaven, I pray,
Speak thou the name of this man nevermore.

NURSE
Lo there!—thy wit is sound: yet of thy wit
Thou wilt not help thy sons nor save thy life!

PHAEDRA
I love them: other storms of fate toss me.

NURSE
Sure, thine are hands, my child, unstained with blood?

PHAEDRA
Pure be mine hands: the stain is on my soul.

NURSE
Not, not of sorcery-spells by some foe cast?

PHAEDRA
A friend's blow this, unsought of him or me.

NURSE
Hath Theseus wrought against thee any sin?

PHAEDRA
May I be found as clear of wrong to him!

NURSE
What then is this strange thing that deathward
drives thee?

PHAEDRA
Let be my sin! Not against thee I sin.

NURSE
Of my will, never! On thine head my failure!

[Clings to PHAEDRA's hands.

187
ΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ
tί δράς; βιάζει χειρός εξαρτωμένη;
ΤΡΟΦΟΣ
καὶ σῶν γε γονάτων, καῦ μεθήσομαι ποτὲ.
ΦΑΙΔΡΑ
κάκ’, ὃ τάλαινα, σοὶ τάδ’, εἰ πεύσει, κακά.
ΤΡΟΦΟΣ
μεῖζον γὰρ ἡ σοῦ μὴ τυχεῖν τί μοι κακὸν;
ΦΑΙΔΡΑ
ὄλει: τὸ μέντοι πράγμ’ ἐμοὶ τιμήν φέρει.
ΤΡΟΦΟΣ
κάπειτα κρύπτεις χρήσθ’ ἰκνουμένης ἐμοῦ;
ΦΑΙΔΡΑ
ἐκ τῶν γὰρ αἰσχρῶν ἔσθλα μηχανώμεθα.
ΤΡΟΦΟΣ
οὐκοῦν λέγουσα τιμωτέρα φανεῖ;
ΦΑΙΔΡΑ
ἀπελθε πρὸς θεῶν δεξιάς τ’ ἐμῆς μέθες.
ΤΡΟΦΟΣ
οὐ δῆτ’, ἐπεὶ μοι δῶρον οὐ δίδως ὁ χρήν.
ΦΑΙΔΡΑ
dόσω· σέβας γὰρ χειρός αἰδοῦμαι τὸ σῶν.
ΤΡΟΦΟΣ
συγκρι’ ἀν Ἰδη· σὸς γὰρ οὐντεῦθεν λόγος.
ΦΑΙΔΡΑ
ὡ τήμον, οἶον, μῆτερ, ἡράσθης ἔρον,
ΤΡΟΦΟΣ
ὅν ἐσχε ταῦρον, τέκνον, ἢ τί φῆς τόδε;
HIPPOLYTUS

PHAEDRA
Violence to me!—to mine hand clingest thou?

NURSE
Yea, and thy knees—nor ever will let go!

PHAEDRA
Thy doom, unhappy, shouldst thou hear in mine.

NURSE
What darker doom for me than losing thee?

PHAEDRA
Death! Ah, but mine own death shall be mine honour!

NURSE
Still dost thou hide it, when I pray thy good?

PHAEDRA
Yea, for I fashion out of evil good.

NURSE
If then thou tell me, more shall be thine honour.

PHAEDRA
For God's sake hence away: let go mine hand.

NURSE
No!—while thou grantest not the boon my due.

PHAEDRA
I will, in reverence of thy suppliant hand.

NURSE
I am dumb: henceforth thy part it is to speak.

PHAEDRA
O hapless mother!—what strange love was thine!

NURSE
Love for the bull, my child?—or what wouldst name?

1 Pasiphaë, of whose unnatural passion the Minotaur was born.
ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ
σύ τ’, ὦ τάλαν’ ὦμαίμε, Διονύσου δάμαρ,
ΤΡΟΦΟΣ
tέκνον, τί πάσχεις; συγγόνους κακορροθεῖς;
ΦΑΙΔΡΑ
tρίτη τ’ ἐγὼ δύστηνος ὡς ἀπόλλυμαι.
ΤΡΟΦΟΣ
ἐκ τοῦ πέπληγμαν: ποὶ προβήσεται λόγος;
ΦΑΙΔΡΑ
eκείθεν ἡμεῖς οὐ νεωστὶ δυστυχεῖσ.
ΤΡΟΦΟΣ
οὐδὲν τί μᾶλλον ὦδ’ ἢ βούλομαι κλύειν.
ΦΑΙΔΡΑ
φεῦ:
πῶς ἂν σύ μοι λέξειας ἀμέ χρὴ λέγειν;
ΤΡΟΦΟΣ
οὐ μάντις εἰμὶ τάφανὴ γνώναι σαφῶς.
ΦΑΙΔΡΑ
tί τοὐθ’, ὦ ἰη λέγουσιν ἀνθρώπους, ἔραν;
ΤΡΟΦΟΣ
ἡδιστον, ὦ παι, ταύτων ἀλγεινόν θ’ ἀμα.
ΦΑΙΔΡΑ
ἡμεῖς ἃρ’ ἡμεν θατέρῳ κεχρημένοι.
ΤΡΟΦΟΣ
τί φής; ἐραῖ, ὦ τέκνον, ἀνθρώπων τίνος;
ΦΑΙΔΡΑ
ὀστις πόθ’ οὐτός ἐσθ’, ὦ τῆς Ἁμαξόνος.—
ΤΡΟΦΟΣ
Ἰππόλυτον αὐδᾶς;
ΦΑΙΔΡΑ
σοῦ τάδ’, οὐκ ἐμοῦ κλύεις.
HIPPOLYTUS

PHAEDRA
And thou, sad sister, Dionysus' bride!

NURSE
What ails thee, child?—dost thou revile thy kin?

PHAEDRA
And I the third—how am I misery-wrecked!

NURSE
I am 'wildered all—whereunto tend thy words?

PHAEDRA
To the rock that wrecks us all, yea, from of old.

NURSE
None the more know I that I fain would know.

PHAEDRA
Ah, couldst thou say for me what I must say!

NURSE
No seer am I to interpret hidden things.

PHAEDRA
What mean they when they speak of this—to love?

NURSE
The sweetest thing, my child—the bitterest too.

PHAEDRA
For me, the second only have I proved.

NURSE
What say'st thou?—child, thou Lovest—oh, what man?

PHAEDRA
Whate'er his name—'tis he—the Amazon's—

NURSE
Hippolytus!

PHAEDRA
Thou sayest it, not I.

1 Ariadne, who, for Theseus' sake, was traitress to her father.
ΠΠΩΛΟΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

οίμοι, τί λέξεις, τέκνου; ὃς μ’ ἀπώλεσας.
γυναῖκες, οὐκ ἀνασχέτ’, οὐκ ἀνέξομαι
ξῶσ’. ἐχθρῶν ἡμαρ, ἐχθρῶν εἰσορῶ φάος.
ῥίγω, μεθήσω σώμ’, ἀπαλαχθήσομαι
βίον θανοῦσα, χαίρετ’ οὐκέτ’ εἰμ’ ἐγώ.
οἱ σώφρονες γὰρ οὐχ ἐκόντες, ἀλλ’ ὅμως
κακῶν ἑρώσθην. Κύπρις οὐκ ἄρ’ ἦν θεός,
ἀλλ’ εἶ τι μεῖζον ἀλλο γίγνεται θεός,
ἡ τήνδε κάμε καὶ δόμους ἀπώλεσέν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἄιες ὁ, ἐκλυνεις ὁ
ἀνήκουστα ταῖς
τυράννου πάθεα μέλεα θρεωμένας.
ὅλοιμαν ἔγωγε, πρίν σαῦν, φίλα,
κατανύσαι φρενῶν. ἰὼ μοι, φεῦ φεῦ.
ὁ τάλαινα τῶν ἀλγέων
ὁ πόνοι τρέφοιτε βροτοῖς.
ὅλωλας, ἐξέφηνας εἰς φάος κακά.
τὶς σε παναμέριος ὅδε χρόνος μένει;
τελευτάσεται τι καίνον δόμοις.
ἀσημα δ’ οὐκέτ’ ἐστὶν οἱ φθίνει τύχα.
Κύπριδος, ὁ τάλαινα παῖ, Κρησία.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

Τροιζήνηαι γυναίκες, αἰ τὸδ’ ἐσχάτων
οἰκεῖτε χώρας Πελοπίασ προοίμιοιν,
ἡδὴ ποτ᾽ ἀὐπνος νυκτὸς ἐν μακρῷ χρόνῳ
θυετῶν ἐφράντωσ’ ἢ διέφθαρται βίος.
καὶ μοι δοκοῦσιν οὐ κατὰ γνώμης φύσιν
πράσσεσιν κάκιον, ἐστὶ γὰρ τὸ γ’ εὐ φρονεῖν
πολλοῦσιν, ἀλλὰ τὴν ἀθρητεύον τόδε;
τὰ χρήστ’ ἐπιστάμεσθα καὶ γιγνώσκομεν,
HIPPOLYTUS

NURSE

Woe, child! What wilt thou say? Thou hast dealt me death!
Friends, 'tis past bearing. I will not endure
To live. O hateful life, loathed light to see!
I'll cast away, yield up, my frame, be rid
Of life by death! Farewell, I am no more.
The virtuous love—not willingly, yet love
The evil. Sure no Goddess Cypris is,
But, if it may be, something more than God,
Who hath ruined her, and me, and all this house.

CHORUS

(Str. to 669-79)

Hast thou heard?—the unspeakable tale hast thou hearkened,
The wail of my lady's anguish-throe?
O may I die, ah me! ere I know,
Dear lady, a spirit as thine so darkened.
O misery-burdened, O whelmed in woe!
O troubles that cradle the children of men!
Undone!—all's bared to the daylight's ken.
Ah, weariful season for thee remaining!
Dark looms o'er the household the shadow of doom.
Plain now where the star of thy love is waning,
O hapless daughter of Crete's proud home!

PHAEDRA

Trozezenian women, ye which here abide
Upon the utmost march of Pelops' land,
Oft sleepless in the weary-wearing night
Have I mused how the life of men is wrecked.
'Tis not, meseems, through inborn folly of soul
They fare so ill,—discretion dwells at least
With many,—but we thus must look hereon:
That which is good we learn and recognise,
ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

οὐκ ἐκπονοῦμεν ὅ', οἱ μὲν ἀργὰς ὑπο, οἱ ὅ ἡδονὴν προθέντες ἀντὶ τοῦ καλοῦ ἄλλην τιν' ἐἰσὶ, ὅ ἡδοναὶ πολλαὶ βίου, μακρὰ τε λέσχαι καὶ σχολῆ, τερπνῶν κακῶν, αἰδώς τε. δισσαὶ ὅ εἰσί', ἡ μὲν οὐ κακή, ἡ ὅ ἄχθος οἴκων. εἰ ὅ ὁ καιρὸς ἦν σαφῆς, οὐκ ἂν δῦ ἡσθήν ταῦτ' ἔχοντε γράμματα. ταῦτ' οὖν ἔπειδὴ τυγχάνων φρονοῦσ' ἐγώ, οὐκ ἔσθ' ὅποιοι φαρμάκων διαφθερεῖν εἴμελλον, ὡστε τούμπαλιν πεσεῖν φρενῶν.

λέξω δὲ καὶ σοι τῆς ἐμῆς γνώμης ὄδὸν· ἐπεὶ μ' ἐρως ἔτρωσεν, ἐσκόπουν ὅπως κάλλιστ' ἐνέγκαιμι' αὐτὸν. ἡρξάμην μὲν οὖν ἐκ τούδε, σιγῶν τῆς καὶ κρύπτειν νόσου. γλώσσῃ γὰρ οὐδὲν πιστῶν, ἡ θυραία μὲν φρονήματ' ἀνδρῶν νουθετεῖν ἐπίσταται, αὐτή ὅ υφ' αὐτῆς πλεῖστα κέκτηται κακά. τὸ δεύτερον δὲ τὴν ἄνοιαν ἐὰν φέρειν τῷ σωφρονεῖν ὑκώσα προονοσάμην. τρίτον δ', ἐπειδὴ τοισὶδ' οὐκ ἐξήμυτον Κύπρῳ κρατίσας, καταβαίνων ἐδοξεῖ μοι κράτιστον, οὐδεὶς ἄντερει, θουλευμάτων.

ἐμοὶ γὰρ εἰθ' μῆτε λανθάνειν καλὰ μῆτ' αἰσχρὰ δρώσῃ μάρτυρας πολλοὺς ἔχειν. τὸ δ' ἔργον ἥδη τὴν νόσου τε δυσκλεὰ, γυνὴ τε πρὸς τοῖς δ' οὖσ' ἐγκυωμακοῦν καλῶς, μίσημα πάσιν. ὥς ὀλοίτο παγκάκως ἦτις πρὸς ἄνδρας ἢξατ' αἰσχύνειν λέχη πρώτη θυραίως. ἐκ δὲ γενναίων δόμων τὸδ' ἢξε θηλείασθι γίγνεσθαι κακῶν. ὅταν γὰρ αἰσχρὰ τοῖς ἐσθλοῖσιν δοκῇ, ἢ κάρτα δοξεῖ τοῖς κακῶις γ' εἶναι καλά.
HIPPOLYTUS

Yet practise not the lesson, some from sloth,
And some preferring pleasure in the stead
Of duty. Pleasures many of life there be;
Long gossip, idlesse,—pleasant evils they;
And sense of shame—twofold: no ill the one,
But one bows homes to ruin. Were men’s choice
clear,
These twain had never borne the selfsame names.

Forasmuch then as I knew this before,
No philtre-spell was like to change mine heart
To make me fall away from this my faith.
Thee will I tell the path my reason trod;—
When love’s wound smote me, straight I cast about
How best to bear it; wherefore I began
Thenceforth to hush my moan, to veil my pang.
For the tongue none may trust, which knoweth well
To lesson rebel thoughts of other men,
Yet harboureth countless evils of its own.
Then did I take thought nobly to endure
My folly, triumphing by self-control.

Lastly, when even so I naught availeth
To o’ermaster Love’s Queen, I resolved to die
As of all counsels best—let none gainsay!
For be it mine to do not good unseen,
Nor ill before a cloud of witnesses.
I knew the deed, the very pang, was shame.
Well knew I too what ’tis to be a woman—
None trust, none love us! Curses upon her
Who showed the way the first to shame the couch
With alien men! Ah, ’twas from princely homes
That first this curse on womankind had birth.
For, when the noble count their shame their good,
The lowly sure will hold it honourable.
ΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

μεσό δὲ καὶ τὰς σώφρονας μὲν ἐν λόγοις,
 λάθρα δὲ τὸλμας οὐ καλὰς κεκτημένας.
αἱ τωσ ποτ', ὁ δέσποινα ποντία Κύπρι,
βλέπουσιν εἰς πρόσωπα τῶν ξυνευμέτων
οὐδὲ σκότον φρίσσουσι τῶν ξυνεργάτην
τέραμά τ' οἴκων μὴ ποτε φθογγῇ ἀφῆ.
ημᾶς γὰρ αὐτὸ τοῦτ ἀποκτείνη, φίλαι,
ὡς μῆποτ' ἄνδρα τὸν ἔμοι αἰσχύνασ' ἀλώ,
μη παίδας οὐς ἔτικτον' ἀλλ' ἐλεύθεροι
παρρησία θάλλοντες οἴκοιεν πόλιν
κλεινῶν 'Αθηνῶν, μητρὸς εἶνεκ' εὐκλεείς.
δουλοὶ γὰρ ἄνδρα, κἀν θρασύπλαγχος τις ἤ,
ὅταν ξυνειδῆ μητρὸς ἡ πατρὸς κακά.
μόνον δὲ τούτῳ φας ἀμμαλλάσσαι βίω,
γνώμην δικαίων κάγαθην, στφ παρή.
κακοὺς δὲ θυντῶν ἐξέφην', ὅταν τύχῃ,
προθείς κάτοπτρον ὡστε παρθένῳ νέα
χρόνος· παρ' οἰσι μῆποτ' οφθείην ἐγώ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

φεῦ φεῦ, τὸ σώφρον ὡς ἀπανταχοῦ καλῶν,
καὶ δόξαν ἐσθλήν ἐν βροτοῖς καρπίζεται.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

dεσποιν', ἐμοὶ τοι συμφορὰ μὲν ἄρτιώς
ἡ σή παρέσχε δειλῶν ἔξαιρην φόβον·
νῦν δ' ἐνυσσῷμαι φαῖλος οὐσα· κἀν βροτοῖς
αἱ δεύτερα ποις προντίδες σοφώτεραι.
οὐ γὰρ περίσσον οὐδὲν οὐδ' ἔξω λογον
πέτοιμας· ὀργαὶ δ' εἰς σ' ἐπέσκηψαν θεάσ.
ἐρᾶς—τὶ τούτο θαύμα;—σὺν πολλοῖσι βροτῶν
καπεῖτ' ἔρωτος εἰνέκα ψυχὴν ὅλεις;
οὐ τάρα λύει τοῖς ἐρώσι τῶν πελας,
ὅσοι τε μέλλουσ', εἰ θανεῖν αὐτοῖς χρεών·

196
HIPPOLYTUS

And O, I hate the continent-professed
Which treasure secret recklessness of shame.
How can they, O Queen Cypris, Sea-born One,
Look ever in the faces of their lords,
Nor shudder lest their dark accomplice, night,
And their own bowers may utter forth a voice?

Me—friends, 'tis even this dooms me to die;
That never I be found to shame my lord,
Nor the sons whom I bare: but free, with tongues
Unfettered, flourish they, their home yon burg
Of glorious Athens, blushing ne'er for me.
For this cows man, how stout of heart soe'er,
To know a father's or a mother's sin.
And this alone can breast the shocks of life,
An honest heart and good, in whomso found:
But in his hour Time lifts his mirror, and shows
The vile his vileness there, as a girl sees
Her face. With such may I be never found.

CHORUS

Lo now, how fair is virtue everywhere,
Which yieldeth fruit of good repute mid men!

NURSE

Queen, thine affliction, suddenly revealed
But now, wrought in me terrible dismay.
Yet I discern my folly now. 'Tis strange
How second thoughts for men are wisest still.
Thine is the common lot, not past cool weighing:
The Goddess's passion-bolts have smitten thee.
Thou lov'st—what marvel this?—thou art as many—
And lo, for love's sake wouldst fling life away!

Sooth, 'twere small gain for them which love their fellows,
Or yet shall love, if help be none save death.
ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

Κύπρις γὰρ οὐ φορητός, ἦν πολλῇ ρυῇ·
ἡ τὸν μὲν εἰκονὶ καίσυχὴ μετέρχεται,
ὅν δ' ἀν περισσόν καί φρονοῦνθ' εὑρή μέγα,
τούτον λαβούσα—πῶς δοκεῖς;—καθύβρισεν.
φοιτᾶ δ' ἂν αἴθερ', ἔστι δ' ἐν θαλασσίῳ
κλύδωνι Κύπρις, πάντα δ' ἐκ ταύτης ἔφυ·
ἡδ' ἐστίν ἡ σπείρουσα καί διδούσ' ἔρων,
οὐ πάντες ἐσμέν οἱ κατὰ χθὸν' ἔκγονοι.
ὁσοι μὲν οὖν γραφάς τε τῶν παλαιτέρων
ἐχουσιν αὐτοῖ τ' εἰσὶν ἐν μούσαις ἀει,
ἴσασι μὲν Ζεὺς ὡς ποτ' ἡράσθη γάμων
Σεμέλης, ἱσασι δ' ὡς ἀνήρπασέν ποτε
ἡ καλλιφεγγὴς Κέφαλον εἰς θεοὺς "Εὼς
ἐρωτὸς εἰνεκ'. ἀλλ' ὄμως ἐν οὐρανῷ
ναίουσι κοῦ φεύγουσιν ἐκποδῶν θεοὺς,
στέργονοι δ', οἴμαι, συμφορὰ νυκώμενοι.
σὺ δ' οὐκ ἀνέξει; χρῆν σ' ἐπὶ ρητοῖς ἅρα
πατέρα φυτεύειν ἡ πί δεσπόταις θεοῖς
ἀλλοισιν, εἰ μὴ τούσδε γε στέρχεις νόμους.
πόσους δοκεῖς δὴ κάρτ' ἔχοντας εὖ φρενῶν
νοσοῦνθ' ὀρῶν τας λεκτρα μὴ δοκείν ὀρᾶν;
πόσους δὲ παισὶ πατέρας ἡμαρτηκόσι
συνεκκομίζειν Κύπριν; ἐν σοφοίσι γὰρ
τάδ' ἔστι θητῶν, λαυθάνει τὰ μὴ καλά.
οὐδ' ἐκπονεῖν τοι χρὴν βίον λιὰν βροτοὺς·
ὑδὲ στέγνη γάρ, ἡς κατηρφεῖς δοκοί, 1
κανῦν ἀκριβῶσει ἂν· 2 εἰς δὲ τὴν τύχην
πεσοῦντ' ὅσον σὺ πῶς ἂν ἐκνευσάι δοκεῖς;
Ἀλλ' εἰ τὰ πλεῖον χρηστὰ τῶν κακῶν ἔχεις,
ἀνθρώπος οὐσα κάρτα γ' εὐ πράξεις ἂν.

1 Seidler: for MSS. δόμωι.
2 Musgrave: for MSS. καλῶς ἀκριβῶσει. 198
HIPPOLYTUS

For Cypris crusheth, swooping in her might;
Yet gently stealeth she on whoso yield.
But whom she findeth wayward, arrogant-souled,
She graspeth, mocketh, past imagining.
Through air she roveth, in the ocean-surge
Is Cypris; all things have their birth of her.
'Tis she that sows love, gives increase thereof,
Whereof all we that dwell on earth are sprung.

Whoso have scrolls writ in the ancient days,
And wander still themselves by paths of song,
They know how Zeus of yore desired the embrace
Of Semele; they know how radiant Dawn
Up to the Gods snatched Cephalus of yore,
And all for love; yet these in Heaven their home
Dwell, neither do they flee the face of Gods,
Content, I trow, to be love's vanquished ones.

Thou—wilt not yield? Thy sire by several treaty
Thee should have gotten, or with other Gods
For lords, if thou wilt bow not to these laws.
How many men, think'st thou, and wise men they,
Knowing their beds dishonoured, shut their eyes?
How many a father in his son's transgression
Playeth love's go-between?—the maxim this
Of wise men, that dishonour be not seen.
Why should men toil to over-perfect life?
Lo, even thine hall's roof-beams the craftsman's rule
Can make not utter-true. How thinkest thou,
Who art plunged in fate's deep sea, to swim to land?
Tush—if more good than evil is in thee,
Who art but human, thou shalt do full well,
ΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ἀλλ’, ὁ φίλη παῖ, λήγε μὲν κακῶν φρενῶν, λήξον δ’ ύβρίζουσ’. οὐ γὰρ ἄλλο πλὴν ύβρις τάδ’ ἔστι, κρείσσω δαμόνων εἰναί θέλειν· τόλμα δ’ ἐρώσα· θέσ’ ἐβουλήθη τάδε. νοσοῦσα δ’ εὖ πως τὴν νόσουν καταστρέφου. εἰσιν δ’ ἐπωδαί καὶ λόγοι θελκτήριοι· φανήσεται τι τήσδε φάρμακαν νόσου.

η τάρ’ ἄν ὅγε γ’ ἀνδρεῖς ἔξειρωσαν ἄν, εἰ μη γυναικεῖς μηχανάς εὑρήσομεν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

Φαίδρα, λέγει μὲν ἦδε χρησιμότερα πρὸς τὴν παροῦσαν συμφοράν, αἶνῳ δὲ σέ. οὐ δ’ αἰνός οὗτος δύσχεροτερός λόγων τῶν τῆσδε καὶ σοὶ μᾶλλον ἄλγιων κλύειν.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

τοῦτ’ ἔσθ’ ὃ θυντῶν εὐ πόλεις οἰκουμένας δόμους τ’ ἀπόλλυσ’, οἱ καλοὶ λίαν λόγοι. οὐ γὰρ τι τοῦσιν ὅσι τερπνὰ χρή λέγειν. ἄλλ’ ἔξ οτού τις εὐκλεής γενήσεται.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

τὶ σεμνομυθεῖς; οὐ λόγων εὑσχημόνων δεῖ σ’, ἀλλὰ τάνδρος—ός τάχος δυοιστέον, τὸν εὐθὺν ἐξειπόντας ἀμφί σοῦ λόγον. εἰ μὲν γὰρ ἦν σοι μή ’π’ συμφοραῖς βίος τοιαύτης, σώφρων δ’ οὐ’ εἰς ἐπιγρανες γνυν, οὐκ ἄν ποτ’ εὖν ἐνεχ’ ἡδονής τε σῆς προσῆγον ἄν σε δεύρο· νῦν δ’ ἀγών μέγας σώσαι βίον σόν, κοῦκ ἐπιφθονόν τόδε.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

ὡ δεινὰ λέξασ’, οὐχὶ συγκλῆσεις στόμα, καὶ μη μεθῆσεις αὐθις αἰσχίστους λόγους;
HIPPOLYTUS

Nay, darling, from thy deadly thoughts refrain,
And from presumption—sheer presumption this,
That one should wish to be more strong than Gods.
In love, flinch not; a God hath willed this thing.
In pain, victorious wrestle with thy pain.
Lo, charms there be, and words of soothing spell.
Some cure for this affliction shall appear.
Sooth, it were long ere men would light thereon,
Except we women find devices forth.

CHORUS

Phaedra, she speaketh words that more avail.
For this thine imminent plight: yet thee I praise.
But haply this my praise shall gall thee more
Than those her words, and harsher sound to thee.

PHAEDRA

This is it which doth ruin goodly towns
And homes of men, these speeches over-fair.
It needeth not to speak words sweet to ears,
But those whereby a good name shall be saved.

NURSE

Out on thine high-flown talk! No fair-tricked speech
Will stead thee, but a lover!—'tis high time
To strip disguise off, speak plain truth of thee.
For, were thy life not in such desperate case,
Or thou a woman strong in self-control,
Never for thy lust's sake and pleasure I
To this would bring thee: but we must fight hard
Now for thy life, and void of blame is this.

PHAEDRA

Speaker of horrors!—wilt not seal thy lips?
Wilt not refrain from utter-shameful words?
ΠΙΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

500
αἰσχρ', ἀλλ' ἀμέινω τῶν καλῶν τάδ' ἐστὶ σοι. κρείσσουν δὲ τούρχον, εἴπερ ἐκσώσει γέ σε, ἢ τούνομ' φ' σὺ καθανεῖ γαυρομένη.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

καὶ μή σε πρὸς θεῶν, εὖ λέγεις γάρ, αἰσχρὰ δὲ, πέρα προβῆς τῶν· ὡς ὑπείραγμα μεν εὖ ψυχήν ἔρωτι, γάισχρὰ δ' ἢν λέγης καλῶς, εἰς τούδ' ὁ φεύγω νῦν ἀναλωθήσομαι.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

· εἰ τοι δοκεῖ σοι, χρήν μὲν οὐ σ' ἀμαρτάνειν· εἰ δ' οὖν, πιθοῦ μοι· δευτέρα γὰρ ἡ χάρις. ἐστίν κατ' οίκους φίλτρα μοι θελκτήρια ἐρωτος, ἥλθε δ' ἀρτί μοι γνώριμης ἔσω, ἄ σ' οὔτ' ἐπ' αἰσχροῖς οὔτ' ἐπὶ βλάβη φρενῶν παύσει νόσου τῆς', ἡν σὺ μὴ γένη κακή.

dει δ' ἐξ ἐκείνου δὴ τι τοῦ ποθομένου σημεῖον, ἡ λόγον τίν' ἢ πέπλων ἀπὸ λαβεῖν, συνάψαι τ' ἐκ δυνῶν μίαν χάριν.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

πότερα δὲ χριστῶν ἥ ποτ' τὸ φάρμακον;

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

οὐκ οἶδ'· ὀνασθαί, μὴ μαθεῖν βούλουν, τέκνον.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

dέδοιχ' ὅπως μοι μὴ λίαιν φανῆς σοφῆ.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

πάντ' ἄν φοβηθεῖσ' ἵσθι· δειμαίνεις δὲ τί; ·

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

μὴ μοί τι Ὀησέως τῶνδε μηνύσης τόκφρ.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ἐξασον, ὃ παῖ· ταύτ' ἐγὼ θήσω καλῶς. μόνου σὺ μοι, δέσποινα ποντία Κύπρι,
HIPPOLYTUS

NURSE
Shameful—yet better than the good for thee.
Better this deed, so it but save thy life,
Than that name, whose proud vaunt shall be thy
death.

PHAEDRA
No, by the Gods!—foul words are thy fair words!—
No farther go: I have schooled mine heart to endure
This love: but if thou plead shame's cause so fair,
I shall be trapped in that sin which I flee.

NURSE
If such thy mind, thine heart should not have sinned:
But now—obey me:—'tis the one hope left:—
I have within some certain charms to assuage
Love: 'twas but now they came into my thought.
These, not with shame, nor hurt unto thy mind,
Shall lull thy pang, so thou be not faint-hearted.
Howbeit there needs of him thou yearnest for
Some token, or a word, or fragment caught
From vesture, so to knit two loves in one.

PHAEDRA
A salve, or potion, is this charm of thine?

NURSE
I know not: be content with help, not knowledge.

PHAEDRA
I fear lest over-cunning thou shalt prove.

NURSE
Then know thyself all fears. What dreadest thou?

PHAEDRA
Lest thou show aught of this to Theseus' son.

NURSE
Let be, my child: this will I order well.
Only do thou, Queen Cypris, Sea-born One,
ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

συνεργός είης. τάλλα δ' ο'I' έγω φρονώ
τούς ἐνδον ἡμῶν ἀρκέσει λέξαι φίλοις.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

'Ερως 'Ερως, ὁ κατ' ὀμμάτων
στάξεις πόθον, εἰσάγων γλυκεῖαν
ψυχῇ χάριν οὖς ἐπιστρατεύσῃ,
μὴ μοί ποτὲ σὺν κακῷ φανείς
μηδ' ἀρρυθμὸς ἔλθοις.

οὔτε γὰρ πυρὸς οὔτ' ἀστρων ὑπέρτερον βέλος,
οἴον τὸ τᾶς 'Αφροδίτας
ήσιν ἐκ χερῶν
'Ερως ὁ Δίος παῖς.

άλλως ἄλλως παρά τ' 'Αλφέῳ
Φοίβου τ' ἐπὶ Πυθίοις τεράμωνς
βούταν φόνον 'Ελλάς αἳ' ἀέξει:
'Ερωτα δὲ τὸν τύραννον ἄνδρῶν,
τὸν τᾶς 'Αφροδίτας

540
φιλτάτων θαλάμων
κληδούχων, οὐ σεβίζομεν,
πέρθοντα καὶ διὰ πάσας
ιόντα συμφορᾶς
θνατοῖς, ὥσταν ἔλθη.

τάν μὲν Οἰχαλία
πῶλον ἄξυγα λέκτρων
ἀνανδρον τὸ πρὶν καὶ ἀνυμφὸν, οἴκων

204
HIPPOLYTUS

Work with me. Whatso else I have in mind
Shall it suffice to speak to friends within.

[Exit Nurse.

CHORUS

O Eros, O Eros, how melts love’s yearning (Str. 1)
From thine eyes, when thy sweet spell witcheth
the heart
[thy might!
Of them against whom thou hast marched in
Not me, not me for mine hurt do thou smite,
My life’s heart-music to discord turning.
For never so hotly the flame-spears dart,
Nor so fleet are the star-shot arrows of light,
As the shaft from thy fingers that speedeth its
flight,
[burning,
As the flame of the Love-queen’s bolts fierce-
O Eros, the child of Zeus who art!

In vain, O in vain by Alpheus the river (Ant. 1)
And in Phoebus’s Pythian shrine hath the land
Of Hellas the blood of her oxen outpoured.
But Eros, but Love, who is all men’s lord,
Unto whom Aphrodite is wont to deliver
Her keys, that the doors be unsealed by his hand
Of her holy of holies, we have not adored,
Though he marcheth through ruin victory-ward,
Though he raineth calamity forth of his quiver
On mortals against his on-coming that stand.

(Str. 2)

For I call to remembrance Oechalia’s daughter,¹
Who, ere Love ’neath his tyrannous car-yoke had
brought her,
[hasted,
Had been spouseless and free—overseas how she

¹ Iole, to win whom Hercules sacked Oechalia.
ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΩΡΟΣ

ζεύξασ’ ἀπ’ εἰρεσία,¹ δρομάδα
tὰν Ἀιδὸς² ὡστε Βάκχαν,
σὺν αἷματι, σὺν καπνῷ
φονίως θ’ ὑμεναίοις,
Ἄλκμήνας τόκω Κύπρις ἐξέδωκεν
ὁ τλάμων ὑμεναίων.

ὁ Θήβας ἱερὸν
τεῖχος, ὁ στόμα Δήρκας,
συνείποιτ’ ἂν ἄ Κύπρις οἶον ἔρπει.
βροντά γὰρ ἀμφιπύρῳ τοκάδα
τὰν Διογόνου Βάκχου
νυμφευσαμέναν πότῳ
φονίῳ κατηύνασεν.
δεινὰ γὰρ πάντα γ’ ἐπιπνεῖ, μέλισσα δ’
οία τις πεπόταται.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ
συγήσατ’, ὁ γυναῖκες ἐξειργάσμεθα.
ΧΟΡΟΣ
τί δ’ ἔστι, Φαίδρα, δεινὸν ἐν δόμοισι σοῖς;
ΦΑΙΔΡΑ
ἐπίσχετ’ αὐὴν τῶν ἔσωθεν ἐκμάθω.
ΧΟΡΟΣ
συγὼ τὸ μέντοι φροίμιον κακὸν τὸδε.
ΦΑΙΔΡΑ
ιὼ μοι, αἰαῖ αἰαῖ.
ὁ δυστάλαια τῶν ἐμῶν παθημάτων.
ΧΟΡΟΣ
τίνα θροεῖς αὐδὰν; τίνα βοῶς λόγον;
ἐνιπετε τίς φοβεῖ σε φάμα, γύναι,
φρένας ἐπίσσωντος.

¹ Matthiae : for ἀπειρεσίαν of MSS.
² Musgrave : for νάτος or αἶθος of MSS.

206
HIPPOLYTUS

When Cypris the dear yoke of home had parted,
Like a bacchanal fiend out of hell that had darted,
And with blood, and with smoke of a palace
flame-wasted,
[chanting,
And with death-shrieks for hymns at her bridal-feast
By Love's Queen to the son of Alcmena was granted—
Woe, woe for the joys of espousal she tasted!

And ye, O ye ramparts of hallowed Thebe, (Ant. 2)
And ye lips wave-welling of Dirce, might ye be
Witness how dire was the Love-queen's coming,
When a slumber that knoweth not waking was given
Of her spells by the flame-enfolded levins.
To the mother of Zeus' seed Bacchus: for dooming 560
Of death had she blent with the bride-chant's singing.
O, the Dread One breatheth on all life, winging
Softly her flight as a bee low-humming.

[Voices within]

PHAESDRA
Hush ye, O hush ye, women! . . . . Lost am I!

CHORUS
What is this dread thing, Phaedra, in thine halls?

PHAESDRA
Peace!—let me hear the voice of them within.

CHORUS
I am dumb: an ominous prelude sure is this.

PHAESDRA
Ah me! ah me! alas!

CHORUS
O wretched, wretched!—ah, mine agonies!

What cry dost thou utter? What word dost thou
shriek? [speak! 570

What voice through thy soul thrills terror?—O
ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ
ἀπωλόμεσθα. ταίσθ' ἐπιστάσαι πύλαις ἀκούσαθ' οίος κέλαδος ἐν δόμοις πίνει.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
σὺ παρὰ κλῆθρα. σοι μέλει πομπίμα φάτις δωμάτων.

580 ἐνεπε δ' ἐνεπέ μοι, τί ποτ' ἔβα κακῶν;

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ
ὁ τῆς φιλίππου παίς 'Αμαζόνος βοᾶ Ἰππόλυτος, αὐδῶν δεινά πρόσπολον κακά.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
ἂναν μὲν κλύω, σαφὲς δ' ὡν κέων γεγονεῖ δ' ὡν ὑπέδρα διὰ πύλαις ἐμολευ ἐμολε σοι βοᾶ.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ
καὶ μὴν σαφῶς γε τὴν κακὸν προμνήστηκαν, τὴν δεσπότου προδοῦσαι ἐξαυτῆς λέχος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
ὁμοὶ ἐγὼ κακῶν· προδέδοσαι, φίλα.
τί σοι μήσομαι;
τὰ κρυπτὰ γὰρ πέφηνε, διὰ δ' ἀλλυσαι.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ
αἰαί, ἐ ἐ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
πρόδοτος ἐκ φίλων.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ
ἀπώλεσέν μ' εἰποῦσα συμφορὰς ἐμᾶς, φίλως, καλῶς δ' οὖ τήνδ' ἰωμένη νόσον.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
πῶς οὖν; τί δράσεις, ὃ παθοῦσ' ἄμήχανα;

1 Murray: for ἔχω γεγονεῖν.
HIPPOLYTUS

PHAEDRA
I am undone! O stand ye by these doors,
And hear what clamour clasheth in the house.

CHORUS
Nay, thou art thereby: sped forth is the cry from
the palace for thee.
O tell me what horror rushed out—tell it me!

PHAEDRA
The son of the Amazon, Hippolytus,
Shouts, hurling fearful curses at mine handmaid.

CHORUS
Yea surely a noise do I hear, yet to me naught sound-
eth clear:
But to thee through the doors there came, there came
A shout of anger, a cry of shame.

PHAEDRA
Ah clear—ah clear!—yea, pandar of foul sin,
Traitress to her lord's bed, he calleth her.

CHORUS
Woe! Thou art betrayed, belovèd one!
What shall I counsel? Thy secret is bared: thou art
wholly undone.

PHAEDRA
Woe's me! ah woe!

CHORUS
From the hand that loved came the traitor's blow.

PHAEDRA
She hath undone me, telling mine affliction:
Her love sought by my shame to heal my pain.

CHORUS
What wilt thou do, O thou in desperate plight?
ΗΠΙΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ
ούκ οίδα πλήν ἐν, κατθανεῖν ὅσον τάχος
tῶν νῦν παρώντων πημάτων ἄκος μόνον.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ
ὡ γαῖα μὴτερ ἡλίου τ' ἀναπτυχαί,
οἶων λόγων ἀρρητον εἰσήκουσι ὅπα.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ
σίγησον, ὦ παῖ, πρίν τιν' αἰσθήσθαι βοής.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ
οὐκ ἐστ' ἀκούσας δεῖν' ὅπως σιγήσομαι.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ
ναὶ πρὸς σε τῆς σῆς δεξιῶς εὐωλένου.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ
οὐ μὴ προσούσεις χείρα μηδ' ἄψει πέπλων;

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ
ὡς πρὸς σε γονάτων, μηδαμῶς μ' ἔξεργάσῃ.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ
τι δ', εὐτερ ὡς φής μηδὲν εὑρήκας κακόν;

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ
ὁ μῦθος, ὦ παῖ, κοινὸς οὐδαμῶς ὃδε.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ
τά τοι καλ' ἐν πολλοῖσι κάλλιον λέγειν.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ
ὡ τέκνων, ὄρκους μηδαμῶς ἀτιμάσῃς.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ
ἡ γλῶσσ' ὄμωμοχ', ἡ δὲ φρῆν ἀνώμοτος.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ
ὡ παῖ, τί δράσεις; σοῦς φίλους διεργάσει;

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ
ἀπέπτυσ'· οὔδείς ἄδικος ἐστί μοι φίλος.
HIPPOLYTUS

PHAEDRA
No way save one I know—straightway to die—
The one cure for the ills that compass me.

Enter HIPPOLYTUS, followed by the NURSE.

HIPPOLYTUS
O mother Earth, unveilings of the sun,
What words unutterable have I heard!

NURSE
Hush, O my son, ere one have heard thy cry.

HIPPOLYTUS
I have heard horrors—should I hold my peace?

NURSE
Yea, I beseech thee by thy fair right hand.

HIPPOLYTUS
Hence with thine hand!—touch not my vesture thou.

NURSE
Oh, by thy knees, do not—ah, slay me not!

HIPPOLYTUS
How, if thou hast said no wrong, as thou dost say?

NURSE
No tale is this, my son, for all men's ears.

HIPPOLYTUS
Tush, a fair tale is fairer told to the world.

NURSE
My son, thine oath!—dishonour not thine oath.

HIPPOLYTUS
My tongue hath sworn: no oath is on my soul.

NURSE
O son, what wilt thou do?—wilt slay thy friends?

HIPPOLYTUS
Avaunt the word!—no villain is my friend.
ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ
σύγγενοθ’ ἀμαρτεῖν εἰκὸς ἀνθρώπους, τέκνον.

620 Ὁ Ζεῦ, τί δὴ κίβδηλον ἀνθρώπους κακὸν γυναικας εἰς φῶς ἥλιον κατόκισασ; εἰ γὰρ βρότειον ἥθελες σπεῖραι γένος, οὐκ ἐκ γυναικῶν χρήν παρασχέσθαι τόδε, ἀλλ’ ἀντιδύντας σοῖς ἐν ναοῖς βροτοῦς ἡ χρυσών ἡ σίδηρου ἡ χαλκοῦ βάρος πάλιν πρίασθαι σπέρμα, τοῦ τιμήματος τῆς ἀξίας ἐκαστόν ἐν δὲ δώμασι ναίειν ἑλευθεροσθεὶ τῆλειών ἀτέρ; [νῦν δ’ εἰς δόμους μὲν πρῶτον ἁξέσθαι κακὸν μέλλοντες ὀξβοῦν δωμάτων ἐκτείνομεν.]

630 τοῦτο δὲ δὴ ὅλου ὡς γυνὴ κακὸν μέγα· προσθεῖς γὰρ ὁ σπειρας τε καὶ θρέψας πατὴρ φεραὶς ἀπόκωσ’, ὡς ἀπαλλαχθῇ κακοῦ· ὁ δ’ αὐ λαβὼν ἄτηρὸν εἰς δόμους φυτῶν γέγονε κόσμου προστίθεσις ἀγάλματι καλὸν κακίστω καὶ πέπλοισιν ἐκπονεὶ δύστηνος, ὀξβοῦν δωμάτων ὑπεξελθόν.

640 ἔχει δ’ ἀνάγκην, ὅστε κηδεύσας καλοὶς γαμβροῖς χαῖρων σώζεται πικόνων λέχως, ἡ χριστὰ λεκτρα, πενθέρους δ’ ἀνωφελεῖσ λαβῶν πιέζει τῶγαθό τὸ δυστυχεῖ. ῥᾴστον δ’ ὅτε τὸ μηδὲν, ἀλλ’ ἀνωφελής εὐθείᾳ κατ’ οἶκον ἱδρυται γυνή.

σοφὴν δὲ μισῶν· μὴ γὰρ ἐν γ’ ἐμοὶς δόμοις εἰς φρονοῦσα πλεῖον ἡ γυναῖκα χρή. τὸ γὰρ πανοῦργον μᾶλλον ἐντίκτει Κύπρις ἐν ταῖς σοφαῖσιν· ὡ δ’ ἀμῆχανος γυνή

1 625–6 are generally rejected as spurious.
HIPPOLYTUS

NURSE
Forgive, son: men are men, they needs must err.

HIPPOLYTUS
Why hast thou given a home beneath the sun,
Zeus, unto woman, specious curse to man?
For, were thy will to raise a mortal seed,
This ought they not of women to have gotten,
But in thy temples should they lay its price,
Or gold, or iron, or a weight of bronze,
And so buy seed of children, every man
After the worth of that his gift, and dwell
Free in free homes unvexed of womankind.

But now—soon as we go about to bring
This bane to the home, we hurl to earth its weal.
Hereby is woman proved a grievous curse—
He, who begat and reared her, banishes,
Yea, adds a dower, to rid him of his bane;
While he which taketh home the noisome weed
Rejoices, decks with goodly bravery
The loathly image, and tricks out with robes,—
Filching away, poor wretch! his household's wealth.
He may not choose: who getteth noble kin
With her, content must stomach his sour feast:
Who getteth a good wife, but worthless kin,
Must muffle up the evil 'neath the good.

Happiest who wins a cipher, in whose halls
A brainless thing is throned in uselessness.
But the keen-witted hate I: in mine house
Ne'er dwell one subtler than is woman's due;
For Cypris better brings to birth her mischief
In clever women: the resourceless 'scapes
ΙΠΠΟΔΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

γνώμη βραχεία μωρίαν ἀφηρέθη.

χρὴν δ' εἰς γυναικα πρόσπολον μὲν οὐ περάν, ἀφθονγα δ' αὐταῖς συγκατοικίζειν δάκη θηρῶν, ἵν' εἴχον μήτε προσφωνεῖν τινα μήτε ἐξ ἐκείνων φθέγμα δέξασθαι πάλιν. νῦν δ' αἰ μὲν ἔνδον δρῶσιν αἰ κακά κακὰ βουλεύματ', ἔξω δ' ἐκφέρουσι πρόσπολοι. ὥς καὶ σὺ γ', ἡμῖν πατρός, ὦ κακὸν κάρα, λέκτρων ἀθόκτων ἠλθείς εἰς συναλλαγάς· ἀγὼ ρυτοῖς νασμοῖσιν ἐξομόρξομαι, εἰς ωτα κλύζων. πῶς ἂν οὖν ἐην κακός, ὃς οὐδ' ἀκόουσας τοιάδ' ἀγνεύειν δοκ.; εὖ δ' ἵσθι, τούμον σ' εὐσεβείς σώζει, γύναις εἰ μὴ γὰρ ὀρκοὺς θέων ἀφρακτὸς ἠρέθην, οὔκ ἂν ποτ' ἔσχον μὴ οὐ τάδ' ἔξειπτεν πατρί. νῦν δ' ἐκ δόμων μὲν, ἔστ' ἂν ἐκδημός χθονὸς Θησεύς, ἀπείμη σύγα δ' ἔξομεν στόμα. θεάσομαι δὲ σὺν πατρός μολὼν πολί τῶς νῦν προσόψει καὶ σὺ καὶ δέσποινα σῇ τῇ σῆς δὲ τόλμης εἶσομαι γεγενεμένος.

ὀλοισθε. μισόν δ' οὔποτ' ἐμπλησθὸςοιμαί γυναικας, οὐδ' εἰ φησί τίς μ' ἀεὶ λέγειν· ἀεὶ γὰρ οὖν πῶς εἰςι κακεῖναι κακὰ. ἦ νῦν τις αὐτάς σωφρονεῖν δεδαξάτω, ἦ καμ' ἐώτω ταῖσδ' ἐπεμβαίνειν ἀεί.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τάλανες ὡ κακοτυχεῖς

γυναικῶν πότμοι.

τίν' αὖ νῦν τέχναν ἔχομεν ἡ λόγους

σφαλείσαι κάθαμα λύειν λόγον;

214
HIPPOLYTUS

That folly by the short-weight of her wit.
Handmaids should ne’er have had access to wives,
But brutes, with teeth, no tongue, should dwell
with them,
That so they might not speak to any one,
Nor win an answering word from such as these.
But now the vile ones weave vile plots within,
And out of doors their handmaids bear the web:
As thou hast come, foul quean, to tender me
Commerce in mine own father’s sacred couch!—
Words that with fountain-streams I’ll wash away,
Sluicing mine ears. How should I be so vile,
Who even with hearing count myself defiled?
Woman, I fear God: know, that saveth thee.
For, had I not by oaths been trapped unawares,
I had ne’er forborne to tell this to my sire.
Now from mine home, while Theseus yet is far,
I go, and I will keep my lips from speech.
But—with my father I return, to see
How thou wilt meet his eye, thou and thy mistress,
And so have taste of thy full shamelessness.

Curse ye! My woman-hate shall ne’er be sated,
Not though one say that this is all my theme:
For they be ever strangely steeped in sin.
Let some one now stand forth and prove them chaste,
Or leave me free to trample on them ever. [Exit.

CHORUS

(ANT. TO 362-72)

O drear dark doom that on women hath lighted!
By what cunning of pleading, when feet once
trip,
Shall we loose the accuser’s iron grip?

215
ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

ἐτύχομεν δίκας· ἵω γὰ καὶ φῶς.
πᾶ ποτ’ ἐξαλύξω τύχας;
πῶς δὲ πῆμα κρύψω, φίλαι;
τὶς ἂν θεῶν ἀρωγὸς ἢ τὶς ἂν βροτῶν
πάρειδρος ἢ ἐνεργὸς ἄδικων ἔργων
φανεῖ; τὸ γὰρ παρ’ ἡμῖν πάθος
παρὼν δυσεκπέτρατον ἐρχεται βίον.
κακονυχεστάτα γυναικῶν ἐγὼ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

680

феυ φευ· πεπρακτάι, κοῦ κατώρθωνται τέχναι,
δέσποινα, τῆς σῆς προσπόλου, κακῶς δ’ ἔχει.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

wód παγκακίστη καὶ φίλων διαφθορέων,
οὐ’ εἰργάσω με. Ζεὺς σε γεννήτωρ ἐμὸς
πρόρριζον ἐκτρίφσειν οὐτάσας πυρί.
οὐκ εἴπον, οὐ σῆς προονοσάμην φρενός,
σιγάν ἐφ’ ὦσι νῦν ἐγὼ κακύνομαι;
σὺ δ’ οὐκ ἀνέσχον· τον γὰρ οὐκέτ’ ἐνκλεεῖς
θανούμεθ’. ἀλλὰ δεῖ με δὴ καίνων λόγων.
οὕτως γὰρ ὄργῃ συντεθημένος φρένας
ἐρεῖ καὶ θ’ ἡμῶν πατρὶ σὰς ἀμαρτίας,
ἐρεῖ δὲ Πιθεὺ τῷ γέροντι συμφόρας,
πλήσει δὲ πᾶσαν γαῖαν ἀνεκλήντων λόγων.
ὄλοι καὶ σὺ χώστις ἄκοντας φίλους
πρόθυμος ἔστι μὴ καλῶς εὐεργετεῖν.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

690
dὲσποιν’, ἔχεις μὲν τὰμα μέμψασθαι κακά·
tὸ γὰρ δάκνουν σου τὴν διάγνωσιν κρατεῖ;
ἐχὼ δὲ καγὼ πρὸς τάδ’, εἰ δέξεις, λέγειν.
ἐθρεψά σ’ εὔνους τ’ εἰμί· τῆς νόσου δὲ σοι
ζητοῦσα φάρμαχ’ ἦρον οὐχ ἁβουλόμην.
HIPPOLYTUS

PHAEDRA
O earth, O sun, I am justly requited!
Through the snares of calamity how shall I slip?
How, friends, shall I cloke my woe, how hide?
What God or what man shall stand forth on my side,
Shall consent in my sin to be made partaker?
For all life’s anguish, and all life’s shame
Are upon me, and whelm like a shipwrecking breaker!
Most accurst of my fate among women I am.

CHORUS
Woe, woe! ’Tis done. Queen, it hath naught availed, 680
Thy bower-maid’s device: ’tis ruin all.

PHAEDRA
Vilest of vile! destroyer of thy friends!
How hast thou ruined me! May Zeus my sire
Smite thee with flame, blast thee to nothingness!
Did I not tell thee— not divine thy purpose?—
To speak not that whereby I am now dishonoured?
But thou wouldst not forbear. I shall not now
Even die unshamed! (A pause)
Some new plea must I find.
For yonder boy with soul keen-edged with wrath
Shall to his sire accuse me of thy sin,
Shall tell to agèd Pittheus my mischance,
Shall blaze the shameful tale through every land.
Curses on thee, and whoso thrusteth in
To do base service to unwilling friends!

NURSE
Mistress, thou mayst revile mine evil work,
For rankling pain bears thy discernment down:
Yet somewhat might I answer, wouldst thou hear.
I nursed thee, loved thee, sought for thy disease
A healing balm,—and found not that I would.
ΠΙΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

700 ei δ' ευ γ' ἐπτραξαί, κάρτ' ἂν ἐν σοφοῖσιν ἦ. πρὸς τὰς τύχας γὰρ τὰς φρένας κεκτήμεθα.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

ἡ γὰρ δίκαια ταῦτα κάξαρκοιντά μοι, τρώσασαν ἡμᾶς εἴτα συγχωρεῖν λόγοις;

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

μακρηγοροῦμεν· οὐκ ἐσωφρόνουν ἐγώ, ἀλλ' ἔστι κάκ τώνδ' ὡστε σωθῆ ναι, τέκνον.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

παύσαι λέγουσα· καὶ τὰ πρὶν γὰρ οὐ καλῶς παρηγεσᾶς μοι κἀπεχείρησας κακά.

ἀλλ' ἐκποδὼν ἀπελθε καὶ σαυτῆς πέρι φρόντις· ἐγὼ δὲ τὰμὰ θήσομαι καλῶς.

710 υμεῖς δὲ, παῖδες εὐγενεῖς Τροιζήμαι, τοσόνδε μοι παράσχετ' ἐξαιτουμένη, σιγῇ καλύπτειν ἀνθάδ' εἰσηκούσατε.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

δμυμμι σεμνὴν Ἀρτεμίν Διὸς κόρην, μηδὲν κακῶν σῶν εἰς φάος δείξειν ποτέ.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

καλῶς ἔλεξας. ἐν δὲ † προστρέπουσα† ἐγὼ ηὔρηκα δὴτα τῆς ὁ συμφορᾶς ἄκος, ὡστ' εὐκλεᾶ μὲν παῖσι προσθεῖναι βίον, αὐτὴ δ' ὄνασθαι πρὸς τὰ νῦν πεπτωκότα.

720 οὐ γὰρ ποτ' αἰσχυνώ γε Κρησίους δόμους, οὐδ' εἰς πρόσωπον Θησέως ἀφίξομαι αἰσχροῖς ἐπ' ἐργοῖς εἰνεκα ψυχῆς μιᾶς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

μέλλεις δὲ δὴ τὶ δράν ἀνήκεστον κακὸν;

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

θανείν· ὁπως δὲ, τοῦτ' ἐγὼ βουλεύσομαι.
HIPPOLYTUS

Had I sped well, right wise had I been held;
For, as we speed, so is our wisdom’s fame.

PHAEDRA

Ha! is this just?—should this suffice me now,
To have stabbed me, and then close in strife of words?

NURSE

We waste the time in speech. I was not wise.
Yet even from this there is escape, my child.

PHAEDRA

Peace to thy talk. Thy counsel heretofore
Was shame, and mischief thine endeavour was.
Hence from my sight: for thine own self take thought.
I with my needs will deal—and honourably.

[Exit Nurse.

But ye, O Troezen’s daughters nobly born,
Grant to my supplication this, but this—
With silence veil what things ye here have heard.

CHORUS

I swear by reverend Artemis, Zeus’ child,
Never to bare to light of thine ills aught.

PHAEDRA

Thou hast well said. Now, as I muse, I find
One refuge, one, from this calamity,
So to bequeath my sons a life of honour,
And what I may from this day’s ruin save.
For never will I shame the halls of Crete,
Nor will I meet the face of Theseus ever,
For one poor life’s sake, after all this shame.

CHORUS

Ah, wilt thou do a deed of ill past cure?

PHAEDRA

Die will I. How—for this will I take thought.
ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

εὐφήμος ἱσθι.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ
καὶ σὺ γ’ εὐ με νουθέτει.
ἐγὼ δὲ Κύρη, ἦπερ ἐξόλλυσί με,
ψυχῆς ἀπαλαχθείσα τῇ ἐν ἡμέρᾳ
tέρψῳ πικροῦ δ’ ἐρωτος ἠσσηθῆσομαι.
ἀτὰρ κακών γε χάτερφ γενήσομαι
θανοῦσ’, ἵν’ εἰδῇ μὴ π’ τοῖς ἐμοῖς κακοῖς
ὑψηλοῦς εἶναι’ τῆς νόσου δὲ τῆς δέ μοι
κοινὴ μετασχὼν σωφρονεῖν μαθήσεται.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἡμιβάτοις ὑπὸ κευθμῶσι γενοίμαν, στρ. α’
ἲνα με πτεροῦσαν ὄργην
θεὸς εἰνὶ ποταναῖς ἀγέλαις θείη
ἀρθείν δ’ ἐπὶ πόντιον
κύμα τὰς Ἀδριηνᾶς
ἀκτὰς Ηριδανοῦ θ’ ὤδωρ’
ἐνθα πορφύρεον σταλάσσουσ’
eἰς οἴδμα πατρὸς τριτάλαιναι
κόραι Φαέθοντος οἴκτω δακρύων
τὰς ἠλεκτροφαῖες αὐγάς.

'Εσπερίδων δ’ ἔπι μηλόσπορον ἀκτὰν ἀντ. α’
ἀνύσαιμι τὰς ἄοιδῶν,
ἵν’ ὁ ποντομέδων πορφυρέος λίμνας
ναῦτας οὐκέθ’ ὀδὸν νέμει,
σεμνὸν τέρμονα κύρων
οὐρανοῦ, τὸν Ἀτλάς ἑχει,
κρηνάε τ’ ἀμβρόσιαι χέονται
Ζανὸς μελάθρων παρὰ κοῖταις,
ἵν’ ἀ βιόδωρος αὐξεί ξαθέα
χθῶν εὐδαιμονίαν θεοῖς.

220
HIPPOLYTUS

CHORUS

Ah hush!

PHAEDRA

O yea, advise me wisely thou!
But I shall gladden Cypris my destroyer
By fleeting out of life on this same day,
And vanquished so by bitter love shall be.
Yet in my death will I become the bane
Of one beside, that he may triumph not
Over my woes, and, taking of my pain,
His share, may learn sound wisdom's temperance.

[Exit PHAEDRA.

CHORUS

Under the arched cliffs O were I lying, (Str. 1)
That there to a bird might a God change me,
And afar mid the flocks of the winged things flying
Over the swell of the Adrian sea [ing,
I might soar—and soar,—upon poised wings dream-
O'er the strand where Eridanus' waters be,
Where down to the sea-swell purple-gleaming
The tears of the Sun-god's daughters are streaming,
Of the thrice-sad sisters for Phaëthon sighing,
Star-flashes of strange tears amber-beaming!

(Ant. 1)

O to win to the strand where the apples are growing
Of the Hesperid chan ters kept in ward,
Where the path over Ocean purple-glowing
By the Sea's Lord is to the seafarer barred!
O to light where Atlas hath aye in his keeping
The bourn twixt earth and the heavens bestarred,
Where the fountains ambrosial sunward are leaping
By the couches where Zeus in his halls lieth sleeping,
Where the bounty of Earth the life-bestowing
The bliss of the Gods ever higher is heaping:

221
ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ο λευκόπτερες Κρησία
πορθμεῖς, ᾧ διὰ πόντιον
κῦμ ἀλλικτυτον ἀλμας
ἐποίρευσας ἐμὰν ἀνασσαν
ἄλβιων ἀπ’ οἴκων,
κακονυμφοτάταν ὑνασιν.
ἡ γὰρ ἀπ’ ἀμφοτέρων
ἄ Κρησίας ἐκ γὰς δύσορνις
ἐπτατ’ ἐπὶ κλεινὰς Ἀθῆνας,
Μυκῆνοι δ’ ἀκταῖσιν ἐκδή-
ςαντο πλεκτὰς πεισμάτων ἀρ-
χὰς ἐπ’ ἀπείρου τε γὰς ἐβασαν.

ἀνθ’ ὁν οὖχ ὀσίων ἔρω-
των δεινὰ φρένας Ἀφροδί-
τας νόσω κατεκλάσθη.
χαλεπὰ δ’ ὑπέραντλος οὖσα
συμφορὰ, τεράμων
ἀπὸ νυμφιδίων κρεμαστῶν
ἀψεται ἀμφὶ βρόχου

λευκὰ καθαρμόξουσα δείρα,
δαίμονα στυγνῶν καταδε-
σθεῖσα, τὰν τ’ εὐδοξὸν ἀνθαῖ-
ρουμένα φάμαν, ἀπαλλά-
σουσά τ’ ἀληθείνον φρενῶν ἔρωτα.

ΘΕΡΑΠΑΙΝΑ (Ησάθεαν)

ιὸν ἱοῦ.
βοηθομεῖτε πάντες οἱ πέλας δόμων
ἐν ἄγχοναῖς δέσποινα, Θεσέως δάμαρ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

φεῦ φεῦ, πέπρακται. βασιλὶς οὐκέτ’ ἔστι δὴ
γυνῇ, κρεμαστοὶς ἐν βρόχοις ἦρτημένη.

222
HIPPOLYTUS

(Str. 2)

O white-winged galley from Crete’s far shore,
Whose keel over deep-sea surges speeding,
Through their flying brine and their battle-roar,
Onward and onward my lady bore,
From a bliss-fraught palace a princess leading
To the joy of a bridal of woe exceeding!—
For, a bird ill-boding, thy sail flitted o’er
With the curse of the Cretan land unto Athens’
glorious strand,
Till the seafarers lashed to the beach Munychian
the hawser-band,
And sprang unto earth’s firm floor.

Wherefore, with love-pangs all unblest (Ant. 2)
For her gift, entered in Aphrodite, wringing
Her heart-strings asunder, a fearful guest.
Like a wrecked ship sinking, disaster-oppressed
Over her bride-bower’s rafters flinging
The noose, shall she cast the coil close-clinging
Round the neck that was whitest and loveliest,
Because that with shuddering shame she shrank from
a loathed name,
And she chose, in its stead, the stainless renown of
a wife’s fair fame,
And, for anguish of love, heart-rest.

[A cry within]

Run to the rescue, all ye nigh the house!
In the strangling noose is Theseus’ wife, our mistress!

CHORUS

Woe! Woe! ’Tis done! No more—no more is she,
The queen—in yon noose rafter-hung upcaught!
ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ΘΕΡΑΠΑΙΝΑ

780 οὐ σπεύσετ‘; οὐκ οἴσει τις ἀμφιδέξιον σίδηρον, ὡς τὸδ’ ἄμμα λύσομεν δέρης;

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ α’

φίλαι, τί δρόμεν; ἢ δοκεῖ περὰν δόμους
λῦσαι τ’ ἀνασσαν ἔξ’ ἐπισπαστῶν βρόχων;

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ β’

τί δ’; οὐ πάρεισι πρόσπολοι νεανίαι;
τὸ πολλὰ πρόσσειν οὐκ ἐν ἄσφαλεῖ βίον.

ΘΕΡΑΠΑΙΝΑ

790 ὀρθώσατ’ ἐκτείνοντες ἅθλιον νέκυν,
πικρῶν τὸδ’ οἰκούρημα δεσπόταις ἑμοῖς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

δλωλεν ἡ δύστηνος, ὡς κλύω, γυνή;
ηδὴ γὰρ ὡς νεκρὸν νῦν ἐκτείνουσι δὴ.

ΘΗΣΕΤΣ

γυναῖκες, ἵστε τίς ποτ’ ἐν δόμους βοή;
ηχὴ βαρεία προσπόλων μ’ ἀφίκετο.
οὐ γὰρ τί μ’ ὡς θεωρῶν ἄξιοί δόμος
πύλαις ἁνοίξας εὐφρόνως προσεννέπειν.
μῶν Πιθέως τι γῆρας εἰργασται νέον;
πρόσω μὲν ἣδη βίωτος, ἀλλ’ ὅμοις ἔτ’ ἄν
λυπηρὸς ἥμιν τούσδ’ ἄν ἐκλίπτοι δόμους.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

790 οὐκ εἰς γέροντας ἦδε σοι τείνει τύχη,
Θησεῖν νεοὶ θανόντες ἀλγυνοῦσί σε.

ΘΗΣΕΤΣ

οἴμοι· τέκνων μοι μὴ τι συλλάται βίος;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

800 ξώσιν, θανοῦσθης μητρὸς ὡς ἀλγιστά σοι.

ΘΗΣΕΤΣ

τί φής; δλωλεν ἄλοχος; ἐκ τίνος τύχης;
HIPPOLYTUS

[Cry within.]
O haste!—will no one bring the steel two-edged,
Wherewith to loose this cincture of her neck?

SEMI-CHORUS 1
What shall we do, friends? 'Deem ye we should pass
The doors, and from the halter loose the queen?

SEMI-CHORUS 2
Wherefore? Are no young handmaids at her side?
The busy meddler treadeth perilous paths.

[Cry within.]
Uncram the limbs, streak out the hapless corpse.
Bitter house-warding this is for my lords!

CHORUS
Dead is the woeful lady, by that cry:
Even now they streak her as a corpse is streaked.
Enter THESEUS.

THESEUS
Women, know ye what means this cry within?
A dolorous shriek of handmaids reached mine ears;
Nor deigns the house to open doors and greet me
Blithely, as from the oracle come home.
Hath aught untoward happed to Pittheus' eld?
Well-stricken in years is he, yet dole were ours
If haply fare his feet from these halls forth.

CHORUS
Not to the old pertains this thy mischance,
Theseus: the young have died, for grief to thee.

THESEUS
Woe!—is a child's life by the spoiler reft?

CHORUS
They live, their mother dead—alas for thee!

THESEUS
What say'st thou?—dead—my wife? By what mishap?
ΧΟΡΟΣ

βρόχον κρεμαστὸν ἀγχόνης ἀνήψατο.

ΘΗΣΕΤΣ

λύπη παχυωθεῖσ’ ἢ ἄπο συμφορὰς τίνος;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

tοσούτον ἵσμεν· ἀρτι γὰρ καὶ ὁ δόμοις,

ΘΗΣΕΤΣ

αἰαί· τί δήτα τοῖσ’ ἀνέστεμμαι κάρα

πλεκτοῖσι φύλλοισιν, δυστυχῆς θεωρὸς ὡν;

χαλάτε κλῆθρα, πρόσπολοι, πυλώματων,

ἐκλυεθ’ ἄρμοις, ὡς ἰδὼ πικρὰν θέαν

γυναικὸς, ἢ με καθανοῦν’ ἀπώλεσεν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἰὼ ἵω τάλανα μελέων κακῶν·

ἔπαθες, εἰργάσω

tοσοῦτον ὡστε τούσδε συγχέαι δόμοις.

αἰαί τόλμας, βιαίως θανοῦ,

ἀνοσίω τε συμφορᾷ, σᾶς χερὸς

πάλαισμα μελέως.

τίς ἀρα σὰν, τάλαιν’, ἀμαυροὶ ξώναν;

ΘΗΣΕΤΣ

ὡμοι ἐγὼ πόνων· ἐπαθόν, ὡ πόλις,

τὰ μάκιστ’ ἐμῶν κακῶν. ὡ τύχα,

ὡς μοι βαρεία καὶ δόμοις ἐπεστάθης,

κῆλης ἀφράστος ἐξ ἀλαστόρων τινῶς.

κατακοῦνα μὲν οὖν ἀβίωτος βίου·

κακῶν δ’ ὡ τάλας πέλαγος ἐισορὸ
tοσοῦτον ὡστε μῆποτ’ ἐκνευσαι τάλιν,

μὴ ν’ ἐκτερᾶσαι κῦμα τήσδε συμφορὰς.
HIPPOLYTUS

CHORUS
The strangling noose about her neck she coiled.

Theseus
By grief's touch frozen, or of what affliction?

Chorus
No more I know, for to thine halls but now,
Theseus, I came, o'er these thine ills to mourn.

Theseus
Woe! with these wreathèd leaves why is mine head
Crowned—ill-starred harbinger of oracles?
Shoot back the bolts, my servants, of the doors:
Loose bars, that I may see this bitter sight,
My wife, who hath destroyed me by her death.

_The palace is thrown open, and the corpse of Phaedra disclosed, with her handmaids grouped round it._

Chorus
Woe for thy misery! Woe for thine ills, who hast
suffered and wrought
Such a thing as in ruin shall whelm thine home!
Ah for thy desperate deed, who by violence unhallowed hast sought
[wrestler hast caught! Death, who with hand despairing the all-quelling
Who shroudeth thy life, O hapless, in gloom?

Theseus

(STR.)

Ah me for my woes!—I have suffered calamity, great,
O my people, beyond all other!—O foot of fate,
How hast thou heavily trampled me and mine,
Unlooked-for blight from some avenging fiend—

Nay, but destruction that blasteth my life evermore!
On a sea of disaster I look, on a sea without shore,
So vast, that never can I swim thereout,
Nor ride the surge of this calamity.
ΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

tína lógon tálas, tína túχan séthev
baróptotmou, γύναι, προσαυδῶν túχw;
δρως γάρ ὡς τις ἐκ χερῶν ἄφαντος εἰ,
pηδημ' ἐς "Αἰδον κραυτυν ὄρμησασά μοι.
aiāi aiai, mélea mélea tāde pāthη.
prósowthēn de pōthen ānakomízomai
túχan daimōnωn
amplakíaisi tōn pāroibēn tīnos.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ou soi tād', dnavx, hlyvēn mōorph kakkā
polłow met' āllwōn δ' òlēsas kēdunōn lēchos.

ΘΕΣΕΙΣ

tō kата gās thēlω, tō kата gās kνēfhas ἀντ.
metoukeīn skōtōw thānōn ὁ plámuw,
tīs sīs sterentheiōs philtάtēs òmilibēs.
apōlesas γάρ μάllωn ἢ kαtēphīso.

840 ἓtīnos klōw; pōthen thānasimōs túχa,
gūnai, sān ēba tālaiw kardiav; ἓ
eипοi tis ān tō prαxhēn, ἢ mātēn ōchλōn
stēgei túrapanw dōma prōspōlōw ēmōn;
ōmōi mōi séthev ** ** ** **
mēleos, oīon eīdōn āllōs dōmōw,
oū tlpōw oūde ῥητōw āll' āpōlōmēnh
ērēmos oīkos, kai tēk' ὅρφανεύεται.
ēlīpes elīpes, ὁ fīla
γυναικῶν ārīsta th' ótopsas ēforā

850 fēγgōs āelīov te kai
υνκτōs āsterōttōn sēlas.
HIPPOLYTUS

What word can I speak unto thee?—how name, dear wife,[thy life?
The doom that on thee hath descended and crushed
Like a bird hast thou fleeted from mine hands,
And with swift leap hast rushed to Hades’ halls.
Never sorrow of sorrows was like unto mine.
On mine head have I gathered the load
Of the far-off sins of an ancient line;
And this is the vengeance of God.

CHORUS

Not to thee only, king, this grief hath come;
With many more a dear wife’s loss thou sharpest.

THESEUS

(In.

In the darkness under the earth—ah me, to have died,
That in blackness of deep gloom under the earth I might hide,
Who am reft of thy most dear companionship!
Oh, thou hast dealt worse death than thou hast suffered!
Of whom shall I hear whence came it, the deadly stroke
Of doom, that the heart of thee, my belovèd, broke?
Will none speak what befell?—or all for naught
Doth this my palace roof a menial throng?
Woe’s me, my belovèd, stricken because of thee!
Ah, for the grief of mine house, for the travail I see,
Past utterance, past endurance!—lost am I:
Mine house is desolate, motherless my babes.
O my darling, my wife, thou art gone, thou art gone,
O best upon whom the light
Looketh down of the all-beholding sun,
Or the splendour of star-eyed night!
ΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ
τάλας, ὁ τάλας· ὅσον κακὸν ἔχει δόμος.
δάκρυσί μου βλέφαρα
καταχυθέντα τέγγεται σὰ τύχαι:
τὸ δὲ ἐπὶ τῷ ἐπὶ κῆμα φρίσοσι πάλαι.

ΘΗΣΕΤΣ

καὶ εἰ.
τί δὴ ποθῇ ἢδε δέλτος ἐκ φίλης χερὸς
Ἡρτημένη; θέλει τι σημήναι νέον;
ἀλλ’ ἡ λέξους μοι καὶ τέκνων ἐπιστολάς
ἐγραψεν ἡ δύστηνος ἐξαιτουμένη;
θάρσει, τάλανα: λέκτρα γὰρ τὰ θησεώς
οὖκ ἔστι δῶμα θ’ ἢτις εἰσεῖσιν γυνῇ.
καὶ μὴν τύποι γε σφενδόνης χρυσηλάτου
τῆς οὐκέτι οὕσης τῆς δὲ προσαίνουσα μὲ.
φέρ’, ἐξελίξας περίβολος σφραγισμάτων
ἰδὼ τί λέξαι δέλτος ἢδε μοι θέλει.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

φεῦ φεῦ· τὸδ’ αὐ νεοχμὸν ἐκδοχαῖς
ἐπιφέρει θέσις κακῶν. ἐμοὶ γ’ ἀν’ σου
ἀβιότος βίου τύχα πρὸς τὸ κραυθέν εἰς τυχεῖν.
δολομένους γάρ, οὐκέτ’ ὄντας λέγω,
φεῦ φεῦ, τῶν ἐμῶν τυράννων δόμους;
ὁ δαίμον, εἰ πῶς ἐστι, μὴ σφήλης δόμους,
αὐτουμένης δὲ κλύθι μου, πρὸς γάρ τινος
οίων ὅστε μάντις εἰσορῶν κακοῖς.

ΘΗΣΕΤΣ

οἶμοι· τὸδ’ οἴου ἀλλο πρὸς κακῶς κακῶν,
οὐ τλητῶν οὐδὲ λεκτῶν. ὁ τάλας ἐγὼ.

1 Paley’s suggestion for MSS. μὲν.
HIPPOLYTUS

CHORUS
Alas for thee, and thine house's burden of ill!
With ruth for thy fate running o'er do mine eyes
the tear-drops pour:
[Aside] But for woe which must follow I shudder
and shudder still.

THESEUS
Ha!
What is this tablet, what, to her dear hand
Fastened? Would'st fain speak some word unsaid?
Now hath she writ, unhappy one, to pray
Touching my marriage or my children aught?
Fear not, lost love: the woman is not born
Shall lie in Theseus' couch, or tread his halls.
Lo, how the impress of the carven gold
Of her that is no more smiles up at me!
Come, let me uncoil the seal's envelopings,
And see what would this tablet say to me.

CHORUS
Woe, woe! How God bringeth evil following hard
on the track
Of evil! I count for living unmeet
The lot of a life such as this, as on deeds that are
wrought I look back: [but in ruin and wrack
For the house of my lords standeth not any more,
I behold it hurled from its ancient seat.
Ah God, if this may be, wreck not the house,
But hearken my beseeching, for I trace,
Seer-like, an evil omen from his face.

THESEUS
Ah me!—a new curse added to the old,
Past utterance, past endurance! Woe is me!
ΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τί χρήμα; λέξον, εἰ τί μοι λόγου μέτα.

ΘΗΣΕΤΣ

βοᾷ βοᾷ δέλτος ἀλαστα. πᾶ φῦνῳ
βάρος κακῶν; ἀπὸ γὰρ ὅλομενος οὐχομαι,
οἶνον οἶνον εἶδον ἐν γραφαῖς μέλος
φθεγγόμενον τλάμων.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

αἰαί, κακῶν ἀρχηγῶν ἐκφαίνεις λόγον.

ΘΗΣΕΤΣ

τόδε μὲν οὐκέτι στόματος ἐν πύλαις
καθέξω δυσεκπέρατον, ὀλοῦν
κακῶν· ἵδω πόλις.

Ἰππόλυτος εὐνῆς τῆς ἐμῆς ἐτήλῃ θυγαῖν
βία, τὸ σεμνὸν Ζηνὸς ὅμη' ἀτιμάσας.
ἀλλ' ὃ πάτερ Πόσειδόν, ὃς ἐμοὶ ποτε
ἀρᾶς ὑπέσχον τρεῖς, μιᾷ κατέργασαι
τούτων ἐμὸν παίδ', ἡμέραν δὲ μὴ φῦγοι
τήνδ', εἰτερ ἡμῖν ὀπασάς σαφεῖς ἄρας.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀναξ, ἀπεύχου ταῦτα πρὸς θεῶν πάλιν·
γνώσει γὰρ αὖθις ἀμπλακών. ἐμοὶ πιθοῦ.

ΘΗΣΕΤΣ

οὐκ ἔστιν· καὶ πρὸς γ' ἕξελὼ σφε τήσδε γῆς,
δυοῖν δὲ μοίραιν θατέρα πεπλήξεται·
ἡ γὰρ Ποσειδών αὐτῶν εἰς "Αἰδοὺ πύλας
θαύμοντα πέμψει τὰς ἑμὰς ἄρας σέβων,
ἡ τῆς ἑώρας ἐκπεσόν ἀλώμενος
ξένην ἐπ' ἀλαν λυπρὸν ἀντλήσει βίον.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ μὴν ὅξ' αὐτῶς παῖς σῶς εἰς καιρὸν πάρα,
Ἰππόλυτος. ὁργὴς δ' ἐξανεῖς κακῆς, ἀναξ
Θησεύ, τὸ λόφστον σοίσι βούλευσαι δόμοις.
HIPPOLYTUS

CHORUS
What is it? Speak, if I may share the tale.

THeseus
It shrieketh,—ah, horrors the tablet outshrieketh!
O how can I flee
My burden of woes! I am utterly ruin-sped!
What incantation of curses is this I have read
Graved on the wax—woe's me!

CHORUS
Alas! thou utterest speech that heralds ill.

THeseus
No more within my lips' gates will I pen
The horror that chokes utterance—O my people,
Hippolytus hath dared assail my bed
With violence, flouting Zeus's awful eye! . . . . .
Father Poseidon, thou didst promise me
Three curses once. Do thou with one of these
Destroy my son: may he not 'scape this day,
If soothfast curses thou hast granted me.

CHORUS
Oh, for the Gods' sake, King, recall this prayer!
Thou yet shalt know thine error: yield to me.

THeseus
Never! Yea, I will drive him from the land;
And, of two dooms, with one shall he be scourged:—
Either Poseidon, reverencing my prayers,
Shall slay and speed him unto Hades' halls,
Or, banished from this land, a vagabond
On strange shores shall he drain life's bitter dregs.

CHORUS
Lo, where thy son's self comes in season meet,
Hippolytus: refrain thy wrath, O king
Theseus, and for thine house the best devise.
ИППОЛЯТОС ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ИППОЛЯТОС
краяной ἀκούσας σής ἀφικόμην, πάτερ,
σπουδῇ τὸ μέντοι πράγμα ἐφ᾽ ὃ τὰ νῦν στένεις
οὐκ οἶδα, βουλομένα δ᾽ ἂν ἐκ σέδεν κλύειν.
ἐὰν, τί χρήμα; σὴν δάμαρθ’ ὅρῳ, πάτερ,
νεκρῶν μεγίστου θαύματος τὸ δ’ ἄξιον
ἡν ἀρτίως ἔλειπον, ἡ φάος τὸδε
οὐπω χρόνον παλαιὸν εἰσεδέρκετο.
τί χρήμα πάσχει; τῷ τρόπῳ διόλλυται,
πάτερ, πυθέσθαι βούλομαι σέδεν πάρα.
συγᾶς; σωτῆς δ’ οὐδὲν ἐργον ἐν κακοῖς.
ἡ γὰρ ποθοῦσα πάντα καρδία κλύειν
καὶ τοῖς κακοῖς λίχνος οὐσ’ ἀλίσκεται.
οὐ μὴν φίλους γε κατὶ μᾶλλον ἡ φίλους
κρύπτειν δίκαιον σάς, πάτερ, δυσπραξίας.

ΘΕΣΕΙΣ
ὁ πάλλ’ ἀμαρτάνοντες ἀνθρώποι μάτην,
τί δὴ τέχνας μὲν μυρίας διδάσκετε
καὶ πάντα μηχανᾶσθε κάζευρίσκετε,
ἐν δ’ οὐκ ἐπίστασθ’ οὐδ’ ἐθηράσασθ’ πω,
φρονεῖν διδάσκειν οἶς ων’ οὐκ ἔνεστι νοὺς;

ИППОЛЯТОΣ
δεινὸν σοφιστήν εἶπας, ὡστὶς εὖ φρονεῖν
τοὺς μὴ φρονοῦντας δυνατός ἐστ’ ἀναγκάσαι.
ἀλλ᾽ οὐ γὰρ ἐν δέουντι λεπτουργεῖς, πάτερ,
δέδοικα μὴ σου γλῶσσο ὑπερβάλῃ κακοῖς.

ΘΕΣΕΙΣ
ϕεῦ, χρήν βροτοῖσι τῶν φίλων τεκμήριον
σαφὲς τι κεῖσθαι καὶ διάγωσιν φρενῶν,
ὡστὶς τ’ ἀληθῆς ἐστιν ὃς τε μὴ φίλος.
δισσάς τε φωνᾶς πάντας ἀνθρώπους ἔχειν,
τὴν μὲν δικαίαν, τὴν δ’ ὅπως ἐτύγχανεν,
HIPPOLYTUS

Enter HIPPOLYTUS.

HIPPOLYTUS

Father, I heard thy crying, and I came
In haste: yet for what cause thou makest moan
I know not, but of thee I fain would hear.
Ha! what is this? Father, thy wife I see
Dead!—matter this for marvel passing great.
But now I left her, who upon this light
Looked, it is not yet a long season since.
What hath befallen her? How perished she?
Father, I fain would learn it from thy mouth.
Silent! In trouble silence naught avails.
The heart that yearns to know all cares of thine
Fain shall be found to prove thy troubles too.
Sure, from thy friends—yea, and thy more than
friends,
Father, it is not right to hide thy griefs.

THESEUS

O men that oft times err, and err in vain,
Why are ye teaching ever arts untold,
And search out manifold inventions still,
But one thing know not, no, have never sought it,
To teach them wit, in whom no wisdom dwells?

HIPPOLYTUS

A cunning sage were this, endued with power
To force them to be wise who are witless all!
But—so ill-timed thy speculations are—
Father, I fear thy tongue for grief runs wild.

THESEUS

Out! There should dwell in men some certain test
Of friendship, a discerner of the heart,
To show who is true friend and who is false.
Yea, all men should have had two several voices,
One honest, one—as chance or interest swayed;
ΔΙΠΟΛΟΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

930 ὡς ἡ φρονοῦσα τάδικ' ἐξηλέγχετο πρὸς τὴς δικαίας, κοῦκ ἀν ἦπατώμεθα. ἸΠΠΟΛΟΥΤΟΣ ἀλλ' ἦ τις εἰς σὸν οὐς μὲ διαβαλὼν ἔχει φίλων, νοσούμεν δ' οὐδὲν δύνες αἴτιοι; ἐκ τοι τέπληγμαι· σοὶ γὰρ ἐκπλησσοῦσί με λόγοι παραλλάσσοντες ἐξέδροι φρενῶν.

 ThetaΣEu

fév tēs βροτείας—ποὶ προβήσεται;—φρενός; τὶ τέρμα τόλμης καὶ θράσους γενήσεται; εἰ γὰρ κατ' ἀνδρός βίοτον ἐξογκόωσεται, ὁ δ' ύστερος τοῦ πρόσθεν εἰς ὑπερβολὴν πανούργος ἔσται, θεοίσι προσβάλειν χθολί ἄλλην δεήσει γαϊάν, ἢ χωρήσεται τοὺς μὴ δικαίους καὶ κακοὺς πεφυκότας. σκέψασθε δ' εἰς τόυτ', ὡστις ἕξ ἐμοῦ γεγος ἡσχυνε τὰμά λέκτρα κάξελγχεται πρὸς τῆς θανοῦσης ἐμφανῶς κάκιστος ὃν. δείξον δ', ἐπειδὴ γ' εἰς μίασμ' ἐλήλυθας, τὸ σῶν πρόσωπον δεῦρ ἐναντίον πατρί. σὺ δὴ θεοίσιν ὡς περισσὸς ὃν ἀνὴρ ἔσσει; σὺ σώφρων καὶ κακῶν ἀκήρατος; οὐκ ἀν πιθοίμην τοῦσι σοῖς κόμποις ἐγὼ θεοίσι προσθεὶς ἀμαθίαν φρονεῖν κακῶς. ἦδη νῦν αὐχεῖ καὶ δ' ἀλφύχου βορᾶς σῖτοις κατῆλεν', Ὁρφέα τ' ἀνακτ' ἔχον βάκχευεν πολλῶν γραμμάτων τιμῶν καπνοὺς· ἐπεὶ γ' ἐλήλυθης. τοὺς δὲ τοιούτους ἐγὼ φεύγειν προφωνῷ πᾶσιν θηρεύουσί γὰρ σεμνοῖς λόγοισιν, αἰσχρὰ μηχανώμενοι.
HIPPOLYTUS

That so the traitor voice might be convict
Before the honest, nor we be deceived.

HIPPOLYTUS

How?—to thine ear hath some friend slandered me,
That I the innocent am in evil case?
Astonied am I, for thy words amaze me,
Thus wandering wide astray from reason's throne.

THESEUS

Out on man's heart!—to what depths will it sink?
Where shall assurance end and hardihood?
For if it swell with every generation,
And the new age reach heights of villainy
Above the old, the Gods must needs create
A new earth unto this, that room be found
For the unrighteous and unjust in grain.
Look on this man, who, though he be my son,
Hath shamed my couch, and shall be manifest proved
Most vile, by testimony of the dead.

HIPPOLYTUS covers his face in horror.

Nay, show thy face—since thou hast come to this,
This foulness,—look thy father in the face!
Dost thou with Gods—O thou no common man!—
Consort? Art thou the chaste, the stainless one?
I will not trust thy boasts, for so should I
Impute to Gods unwisdom's ignorance.
Now vaunt, ay now!—set out thy paltry wares
Of lifeless food:¹ take Orpheus for thy king:
Rave, worship vapourings of many a scroll:
For ah, thou'rt caught! I warn all men to shun
Such hypocrites as this; for they hunt souls
With canting words, the while they plot foul sin.

¹ Abstinence from animal food was a feature of the ascetic doctrines attributed to Orpheus, as of those of Pythagoras.
ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΩΡΟΣ

tέθνηκεν ἦδε· τοῦτό σ’ ἐκσώσειν δοκεῖσ; ἐν ταύτῃ ἀλάσκει πλείστων, ὦ κάκιστε σὺν
ποίοι γὰρ ὄρκοι κρεῖσσονες, τίνες λόγοι
τίσδ’ ἂν γένοιτ’ ἂν, ὥστε σ’ αἰτίαν φυγεῖν;
μεσεῖν, σε φήσεις τήνδε καὶ τὸ δὴ νόθον
τοῖς γνησίοισι πολέμιοι πεφυκέναι·
κακὴν ἂρ’ αὐτὴν ἐμπορον βίου λέγεις,
εἰ δυσμενεία σῇ τὰ φίλτατ’ ὀλεσεν.
ἀλλ’ ὡς τὸ μόρον ἀνδράσιν μὲν οὐκ ἔνι,
γυναῖξι δ’ ἐμπέφυκεν; οἴδ’ ἐγὼ νέους
οὐδὲν γυναικῶν ἄντας ἀσφαλεστέρους,
ὅταν ταράξῃ Κύπρις ἠβόωσαν φρένα·
τὸ δ’ ἀρσεν αὐτοῦ ὠφελεῖ προσκείμενον.
νῦν οὖν τὶ ταῦτα σοὶς ἄμελλόμαι λόγοις
νεκροῦ παρόντος μάρτυρος σαφεστάτου;
ἐξερει γαίας τίσδ’ ὅσον τάχος φυγας,
καὶ μήτ’ Ἀθήνας τὰς θεοδήμητους μόλης,
μήτ’ εἰς ὅρους γῆς ἡς ἐμὸν κρατεῖ δόρυ.
εἰ γὰρ παθῶν γε σοὶ τὰδ’ ἡσσηθήσομαι,
οὐ μαρτυρήσει μ’ Ἰσθμιος Σίνις ποτὲ
κτανεῖν ἐαυτόν, ἀλλὰ κομπάξει πάντην,
οὐδ’ αἰ ραλάσσῃ σύννομοι Σκειρώνιδες
φήσουι πέτραι τοὺς κἀκεῖσ μ’ εἰναι βαρών.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
οὐκ οἴδ’ ὅπως εἰποι’ ἄν εὐτυχεῖν τινα
θυητών· τὰ γὰρ δὴ πρῶτ’ ἀνέστραπται πάλιν.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ
πάτερ, μένος μὲν ἐξοστασίς τε σῶν φρενών
δεινῆ· τὸ μέντοι πράγμ’ ἔχον καλοὺς λόγους,
eἰ τις διαπτύξεις, οὐ καλὸν τόδε.
ἐγὼ δ’ ἀκομφός εἰς ὄχλον δοῦναι λόγον,
HIPPOLYTUS

Dead is she: thinkest thou this saveth thee?
Hereby thou art most convicted, basest thou!
What oaths, what protestations shall bear down

Thrusts tablet into HIPPOLYTUS' hand.

This, for thine absolution of the charge? . . . .
Now, what is thy defence?—"She hated me:
Bastard and true-born still are natural foes?"
Fools' traffic this in life—-to fling away
For hate of thee the dearest thing she owed!
Or—say'st thou?—"Frailty is not in men,
But in the blood of women." Youths, I have proved,
Are no whit more than women continent,
When Cypris stirs a heart in flush of youth:
Yet all the strength of manhood helpeth them.

But wherefore thus contend against thy pleas,
When there the corpse lies, witness faithful and
true?

Hence from this land, an exile, with all speed.
Never come thou to god-built Athens more,
Nor any marches where my spear hath sway:
For if 'neath thy mishandling I sit still,
Never shall Isthmian Sinis testify
That I slew him, but name it idle vaunt;
Nor those Scironian Rocks that skirt the sea
Shall call me terrible to evil-doers.

CHORUS

I dare not name of mortals any man
Happy, for lo, the first is made the last.

HIPPOLYTUS

Father, thy rage and strong-strained fury of soul
Are fearful: yet, fair-seeming though the charge,
If one unfold it, all unfair it is.
I have no skill to speak before a throng:
ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

eἰς ἡλικιὰς δὲ κωλύγους σοφῶτερος.
ἐχει δὲ μοίραν καὶ τὸδ’ οἱ γὰρ ἐν σοφοὶς
φαύλοι παρ’ ὥχλῳ μονοκωτεροὶ λέγειν.
ὡς δ’ ἀνάγκη, συμφορᾶς ἀφυγμένης,
γλῶσσαν μ’ ἀφεῖναι. πρῶτα δ’ ἀρξομαι λέγειν
ὅθεν μ’ ὑπήλθες πρῶτον ὡς διαφθερῶν
οὐκ ἀντιλέξοντ’. εἰσορᾶς φάος τὸδε
καὶ γαῖαιν· ἐν τοῖσδ’ οὐκ ἑνεστ’ ἀνήρ ἐμοῦ,
οὐδ’ ἦν σὺ μη φῆς, συμφρονεστέρος γεγώς.
ἐπίσταμαι γὰρ πρῶτα μὲν θεους σέβειν,
ἵλους τε κρησθαὶ μὴ ἄδικεν πειρωμένοις,
ἀλλ’ οἶνον αἰώνις μὴ ἐπαγγέλλειν κακὰ
μὴ τ’ ἀνυπουργεῖν αὐχρὰ τοῖς χρωμένοις·
οὐκ ἐγκελασθῆς τῶν ὁμιλοῦντων, πάτερ,
ἀλλ’ αὐτὸς οὐ παροῦσι καγῆς ὁμ’ ἕλεος.
ἔνος δ’ ἄθικτος, δ’ με νῦν ἐλείον δοκεῖς·
λέχους γὰρ εἰς τὸδ’ ἡμέρας ἀγνὸν δέμας.
οὐκ οἶδα πράξειν τῇδε πλὴν λόγῳ κλύσων
γραφὴν τε λεύσων· οὐδὲ ταῦτα γὰρ σκοπεῖν
πρόθυμος εἰμι, παρθένον ψυχὴν ἔχομαι.
καὶ δὴ τ’ σώφρον τοῦμον ὅ πείθει σ’ ἵσως·
δεὶ δὴ σε δείξαι τῷ τρόπῳ διεφθάρῃ.
πότερα τὸ γίγνεθε σῷ ἐκαλλιστεύετο
πασῶν γυναικῶν; ἢ σῶν οἰκήσεων δόμων
ἐγκλήμαν εὐνήν προσλαβὼν ἐπήλπισα;  
μάταιος ἄρ’ ἡ, κούδαμοι μὲν σὺν φρενῶν.
ἀλλ’ ὡς τυραγγεῖν ἢδ’ τούσι σώφρονι;
ἡκιστά γ’, εἰ μὴ τὰς φρένας διέθισε
θυητῶν ὦσοισιν αὐδάνει μοναρχίᾳ.
ἐγὼ δ’ ἀγώνας μὲν κρατεῖν Ἐλληνικοὺς
πρῶτος θέλοιμ’ ἂν, ἐν πόλει δὲ δεύτερος
σὺν τοῖς ἀρίστοις εὐτυχεῖν αἰεὶ φίλοις.
HIPPOLYTUS

My tongue is loosed with equals, and those few.
And reason: they that are among the wise
Of none account, to mobs are eloquent.
Yet needs I must, now this mischance hath lighted,
Unrein my tongue. And first will I begin
Where thou didst first assail, as thou wouldst crush me,
And I find no reply. See'st thou yon sun
And earth?—within their compass is no man—
Though thou deny it—chaster-souled than I.
For I have learnt, first, to revere the Gods,
Then, to have friends which seek to do no wrong,
Friends who think shame to proffer aught of base,
Yea, or to render others shameful service.
No mocker am I, father, at my friends,
But to the absent even as to the present:
In one thing flawless,—where thou think'st me
trapped,—
For to this day my body is clean of lust.
I know this commerce not, save by the ear
And sight of pictures,—little will have I
To look thereon, who keep a virgin soul.
Yet, grant my virtue wins not thy belief,
Sure 'tis for thee to show whereby I fell.
Wilt say this woman's form in grace outshone
All women?—that I hoped thy state to inherit
By winning for mine own thine heiress-queen?
Vain fool were I—nay rather, wholly mad!
" But Power can tempt," might one say, "even the
chaste."
Nay verily!—save the lust of sovereignty
Poison the wit of all who covet it.
Fain would I foremost victor be in games
Hellenic, and be second in the realm,
And with pure-hearted friends be happy still.
ΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

πράσσειν γὰρ εὖ πάρεστι, κίνδυνός τ᾽ ἀπόνι
κρείσσων δίδωσι τῆς τυραννίδος χάριν.
ἐν οὔ λέξεκαί τῶν ἐμῶν, τὰ δ᾽ ἀλλ᾽ ἔχεις·
ei μὲν γὰρ ἦν μοι μάρτυς οἷς εἰμυ ἐγὼ,
καὶ τῆς ὀργῆς φέγγος ἤρων ἅρμονιν,
ἐργοίς ἂν εἴδες τοὺς κακοὺς διεξομιν.

νῦν δ᾽ ὀρκίον σοι Ζήνα καὶ πέδων χθονὸς
όμωμι τῶν σῶν μήποθ᾽ ἀψασθαι γάμων
μὴ δ᾽ ἄν θελῇς μηδ᾽ ἄν ἐννοιαν λαβεῖν.
η τὰρ᾽ ὀλοίμην ἀκλεής ἀνώνυμος,
ἀπολεῖς ἄοικος, φυγᾶς ἄλπτευν ἤθονα,
καὶ μὴς πόντος μῆτε γῆ δέξαιτο μου
σάρκας θανόντος, εἰ κακὸς πέφυκ᾽ ἀνήρ.
ei δ᾽ ἦδε δεμαίνουσ᾽ ἀπώλεσεν βίον
οὐκ οἴδ᾽ εμοὶ γὰρ οὐ θέμις πέρα λέγειν.
ἐσωφρόνησε δ᾽ οὐκ ἐχοῦσα σωφρονεῖν,
ἡμεῖς δ᾽ ἔχοντες οὐ καλῶς, ἐχρώμεθα.

ΧΟΡΟΧ
ἀρκουσαν εἰπας αἰτίας ἀποστροφήν,
ὁρκοὺς παρασχὼν, πίστιν οὐ σμικράν, θεῶν.

ΘΗΣΕΙΧ
ἀρ᾽ οὐκ ἔπιθος καὶ γόης πέφυκ᾽ ὁδε,
ὅτι τὴν ἐμὴν πέποιθεν εὐρογησία

ψυχὴν κρατήσειν τὸν τεκόντ᾽ ἀτιμάσας

ΠΠΟΛΑΤΤΟΧ
καὶ σοῦ γε κάρτα ταῦτα θαυμάξω, πάτερ·
ei γὰρ σὺ μὲν παῖς ἥσθ᾽, εγὼ δὲ σῶς πατήρ,
ἐκτεινά τοί σ᾽ ἄν κοῦ φυγαίς εξημέον,
eἰπέρ γυναικὸς ἡξίους ἐμῆς θυγείων.

ΘΗΣΕΙΧ
ὡς ἄξιον τόδ᾽ εἰπας. οὐχ οὕτω θανεῖ,
ἀσπερ σὺ σαυτῷ τόνδε προθηκάς νόμον.
HIPPOLYTUS

For there is true well-being, from peril far,
Which giveth sweeter joys than sovereignty.
So hast thou all my counterpleas, save one:—
Could I that witness call who knows mine heart,
And, pleading, face thy dead wife's living face,
By deeds shouldst thou search out and know the
wicked:
But now—by Zeus Oath-warden, by Earth's plain,
Swear I, I ne'er attempted couch of thine,
No, nor had wished it, nor had dreamed thereof.
God grant I perish nameless, fameless all,
Cityless, homeless, exile, vagabond
On earth,—may sea nor land receive my corpse
When I am dead, if I be this vile thing!
Now if through fear she flung away her life
I know not. More I cannot sinless say.
Her honour by dishonour did she guard:
I, in a sore strait, cleave to honour still.

CHORUS

Thou hast said enough to turn this charge from thee,
Tendering the oath of Gods, the awful pledge.

THESEUS

Juggler with words and trickster is he not,
Who thinks by his unruffled calm to outface
My mood, when his own father he hath shamed?

HIPPOLYTUS

Nay, but I marvel, father, at this in thee;—
For, if my son thou wert, and I thy sire,
I had slain thee: exile should not be thy mulct,
If on my wife thou hadst dared to lay a hand.

THESEUS

Good sooth, well said: yet not so shalt thou die—
Not by the doom thou speakest for thyself!
ΠΙΠΟΛΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

tαχὺς γὰρ Ἀιδῆς βάστως ἀνδρὶ δυστυχεῖ: ἀλλ’ ἐκ πατρῴας φυγᾶς ἀλητεύων χρονός ἔξνην ἐπ’ αἰαν λυπρον ἀντλήσεις βίων. μηθὸς γὰρ οὐτός ἐστιν ἀνδρὶ δυσσεβεῖ.

ΠΙΠΟΛΤΟΣ

οὐμοι, τί δράσεις; οὐδὲ μηνυτὴν χρόνον δέξει καθ’ ἡμῶν, ἀλλὰ μ’ ἔξελας χρόνος;

ΘΕΣΕΤΣ

πέραν γε πόντου τερμάτων τ’ Ἀτλαντικῶν, εἰ πως δυναίμην, ὡς σοῦ ἐχθαῖρο κάρα.

ΠΙΠΟΛΤΟΣ

οὐδ’ ὄρκον οὐδὲ πίστιν οὐδὲ μάντεων φήμας ἔλεγξας ἀκριτων ἐκβαλεῖς με γῆς;

ΘΕΣΕΤΣ

ἡ δέλτος ἦδε κλῆρον οὐ δεδεγμένη κατηγορεῖ σου πιστά’ τούς δ’ ὑπὲρ κάρα φοιτῶντας ὄρνεις πόλλ’ ἐγὼ χαίρειν λέγω.

ΠΙΠΟΛΤΟΣ

ὁ θεός, τί δήτα τούμον οὐ λύω στόμα, ὅστις γ’ ύφ’ ὕμων, οὕς σεβῶ, διόλλυμαι; οὐ δῆτα: πάντως οὐ πίθομ’ ἀν οὕς με δεῖ, μάτην δ’ ἀν ὄρκους συνχέαιμ’ οὕς ἀμοσα.

ΘΕΣΕΤΣ

οὐμοι: τὸ σεμνὸν ὡς μ’ ἀποκτείνει τὸ σὸν. οὐκ εἰ πατρῴας ἐκτός ὡς τάχιστα γῆς;

ΠΙΠΟΛΤΟΣ

ποὶ δήθ’ ὁ τλήμων τρέψομαι; τίνος ἔξων δόμους ἐσειμ’ τῇ ἐπ’ αἰτία φυγῶν;

ΘΕΣΕΤΣ

ὅστις γυναικῶν λυμεῶν ήδεται ἔξους κομίζων καὶ συνοικούρος κακῶν.
HIPPOLYTUS

Ay, easiest for the wretched is swift death.
But from the home-land exiled, wandering
To strange soil, shalt thou drain life's bitter dregs;
For this is meet wage for the impious man.

HIPPOLYTUS

Woe's me!—what wilt thou do? Wilt not receive
Time's witness in my cause, but banish now?

THESEUS

Beyond the sea, beyond the Atlantic bourn,
If this I could; so much I hate thy face.

HIPPOLYTUS

Nor oath, nor pledge, nor prophet's utterance
Wilt test, but cast me forth the land untried?

THESEUS

This tablet, though it bear no prophet's sign,
Accuseth thee, nor lieth: but the birds
That roam o'erhead—I wave them long farewell.

HIPPOLYTUS (aside)

O Gods, why can I not unlock my lips,
Who am destroyed by you whom I revere?
No!—whom I need persuade, I should not so,
And all for naught should break the oaths I swore.

THESEUS

Faugh!—how it chokes me, this thy saintly mien!
Out from thy fatherland! Straightway begone!

HIPPOLYTUS

Unhappy! whither shall I flee?—what home
Of what friend enter, banished on such charge?

THESEUS

Of whoso joys in welcoming for guests
Defilers of men's wives, which dwell with sin.
ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

αἰαὶ· πρὸς ἡπαρ δακρύων τ' ἐγγὺς τόδε,
εἰ δὴ κακὸς γε φαίνομαι δοκῶ τέ σοι.

ΘΗΣΕΤΣ

τότε στενάζει καὶ προσγυνώσκειν σ' ἑχρῆν,
ὁτ' εἰς πατράφαν ἀλοχον ὑβρίζειν ἑτλη.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

ὡ δῶματ', εἰθε φθέγμα γηρύσαισθέ μοι
καὶ μαρτυρῆσαι' εἰ κακὸς πέφυκ' ἀνήρ.

ΘΗΣΕΤΣ

εἰς τοὺς ἄφωνους μάρτυρας φεύγεις σοφῶς·
τὸ δ' ἔργον οὐ λέγον σε μηνύει κακόν.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

φεῦ·

εἰθ' ἤν ἔμαυτὸν προσβλέπειν ἐναντίον
στάνθ', ὡς ἐδάκρυοι' οἷα πάσχομεν κακά.

ΘΗΣΕΤΣ

πολλῷ γε μᾶλλον σαυτὸν ἥσκησας σέβειν
ἡ τοὺς τεκόντας δοσὶ δρᾶν, δίκαιος οὖν.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

ὡ δυστάλαινα µήτερ, ὡ πικραὶ γοναὶ·
μηδεῖς ποτ' εἴη τῶν ἐμῶν φίλων νόθος.

ΘΗΣΕΤΣ

οὐχ ἔλεξεν αὐτὸν, δµῶς· οὔκ ἀκούστην
πάλαι ξενοῦσθαι τόνδε προούνεποντά µε;

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

κλαῖων τις αὐτῶν ἀρ' ἐμοῦ γε θίξεται·
οὐ δ' αὐτὸς, εἰ σοι θυμός, ἔξωθει χθονός.

ΘΗΣΕΤΣ

δράσω τάδ', εἰ µὴ τοῖς ἐμοῖς πείσει λόγοις·
οὐ γὰρ τις οἰκτός σῆς µ' ὑπέρχεται φυγής.
HIPPOLYTUS

Alas! this stabs mine heart well-nigh to weeping,
If I be published villain, thou believe it!

THESEUS
Then shouldest thou have moaned and taken thought,
When thou dar'dst outrage thine own father's wife!

HIPPOLYTUS
O halls, could ye but find a voice for me,
And witness if I be a wicked man!

THESEUS
Wisely thou fleest to speechless witnesses!
This deed, though it speak not, declares thee vile.

HIPPOLYTUS
Ah, to stand face to face and see myself,
That for the wrongs I suffer I might weep!

THESEUS
Yea, 'tis thy wont to gaze on thy perfections
More than to render parents righteous honour.

HIPPOLYTUS
Ah, hapless mother!—ah, my bitter birth!
Base-born be never any that I love!

THESEUS
Will ye not hale him hence, thralls?—heard ye not
Long since his banishment pronounced of me?

HIPPOLYTUS
Who layeth hand on me of them shall rue!
Thou thrust me from the land, if such thy mood.

THESEUS
That will I, an thou wilt not heed mine hest.
No pity for thine exile visits me. [Exit theseus.
ΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

1090 ἀραρεν, ὡς ἔοικεν· ὃς τάλας ἑγό·
ὡς οἶδα μὲν ταῦτ', οἶδα δ' οὖν ὅπως φράσω.
ὁ φιλτάτη μοι δαιμόνων Δητοὺς κόρη
σύνθακε συγκύναγε, φευξόμεθα δὴ
kλεινᾶς Ἀθήνας. ἀλλὰ χαίρετ', ὥς τόλιος
καὶ γαί· ἔρεχθέως· ὃς πέδου Τροιζήμων,
ὡς ἐγκαθηβάν πόλις ἐξεις ευδαίμονα,
χαῖρ· ὅστατον γάρ σ' εἰσορῶν προσφέγγομαι.
ἐτ', ὃ νέοι μοι τήσδε γῆς ὁμήλικες,
προσείπαθ' ἡμᾶς καὶ προπέμψατε χθονὸς·
1100 ὡς οὐποτ' ἄλλον ἀνδρα σωφρονέστερον
ὁψεσθε, κεὶ μὴ ταῦτ' ἐμῷ δοκεῖ πατρί.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

στρ. α'

ἡ μέγα μοι τὰ θεῶν· μελεθήμαθ', ὅταν φρένας
ἐλθῃ,

λύπας παραιρεῖ·
ξύνεσιν δὲ τιν' ἐλπίδι κεύθων
λειτόμαι ἐν τε τύχαις θνατῶν καὶ ἐν ἐργασίῳ
λεύσομαι·
ἀλλα γὰρ ἀλλοθεν ἀμείβεται,
μετὰ δ' ἵσταται ἀνδράσιν αἰῶν
1110 πολυπλάνητοι αἰέι.

ἀντ. α'

eἴθε μοι εὐξαμένα θεόθεν τάδε μοῖρα παράσχοι,
tύχαν μετ' ὀλβον
καὶ ἀκήρατον ἄλγεσθι θυμόν.
δόξα δὲ μὴ τ' ἀτρεκής μὴ τ' αὐ παράσημος ἐνείης
ῥάδια δ' ἰθεα τοῦ αὐρίου
μετάβαλλομένα χρόνον αἰεὶ
βίον συνευτυχοῦν.
248
HIPPOLYTUS

HIPPOLYTUS
So then my fate is sealed. Ah, woe is me! 1090
I know the truth, yet know not how to tell it.
Dearest of Gods to me, O Leto’s Child,
Companion, fellow-huntress, I shall flee
Athens the glorious. Farewell, City and Land
Of old Erechtheus! O Troezenian plain,
How many pleasant paths of youth hast thou!
Farewell: I see thee, hail thee, the last time.
Come, O ye youths, mine age-mates in this land,
Speak parting word: escort me from this soil:
For never shall ye see a chaster man,
Albeit this my sire believeth not. 1100
[Exit.

CHORUS

(Str. 1)
When faith overfloweth my mind, God’s providence
all-embracing [but to know!"
Banisheth griefs: but when doubt whispereth “Ah
No clue through the tangle I find of fate and of life
for my tracing:
There is ever a change and many a change,
And the mutable fortune of men evermore sways
to and fro
Over limitless range. 1110

(Ant. 1)
Ah, would the Gods hear prayer!—would they grant
to me these supplications— [of pain,
A lot with prosperity sweet, and a soul unshadowed
And a faith neither fixed foursquare on the flint,
nor on sandy foundations!
Quick-shifting my sail to the coming breeze
Of the morrow, so may I fleet, ever voyaging life’s
wide main
Over stormless seas.
ΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

στρ. β'

1120 οὐκέτι γὰρ καθαρὰν φρέν' ἔχω τὰ παρ' ἐλπίδα λεύσσων,
ἐπεὶ τὸν Ἐλλανίας
φανερότατον ἀστέρ' Ἀθάνασ
εἴδομεν εἴδομεν ἐκ πατρὸς ὀργᾶς
ἀλλὰν ἑπ' αἰαν ἴμενον.
ὦ ψάμαθοι πολιητίδος ἀκτᾶς
dρυμὸς τ' ὀρεῖος, δῆθι κυνῶν
ὡκυπόδων μέτα θῆρας ἐναιρεῖν

1130 Δίκτυνναν ἄμφι σεμνάν.

ἀντ. β'

οὐκέτι συζυγίαν πῶλων Ἐνετᾶν ἐπιβάσει
tὸν ἄμφι Λίμνας τρόχον
κατέχων ποδὶ γυμνάδος ἵππου.
μοῦσα δ' ἄνυνος ὑπ' ἄντυγι χορδάν
λῆξει πατρὸφων ἀνὰ δόμων' ἀστέφανοι δὲ κόρας ἀνάπαυλαι
Λατοὺς βαθεῖαν ἀνὰ χλόαν.

1140 νυμφιδίων δ' ἀπόλωλε φυγᾷ σὰ
λέκτρων ἄμελλα κούραις.

ἐγὼ δὲ σὰ δυστυχία δάκρυσι διοίσω
πότμων ἀποτμοῦν· ὡ τάλαινα.
mâter, ἔτεκες ἀνόνατα· φεῦ,
μανῶθεοίσιν.
iō idō συζύγιαι Χάριτες,
HIPPOLYTUS

(Str. 2)  
My mind is a fountain troubled; I see things all undreamed:
   For the Star of Athens, that beamed
   The brightest withal in Hellas-land,
   We have seen him driven to an alien strand,
   By the wrath of a father have seen him banned.
   Ah, cityward sands, ye shall wait him in vain,
   And ye mountain woods, where streamed
   'Twixt the oaks the pack on the wild boar's track
   In dread Dictynna's hunter-train,
   Till the quarry was slain.

(Ant. 2)  
Nevermore shall he harness the Henetan horses and leap on his car,
   O'er the race-course of Limne afar
   To speed the courser's feet of fire:
   And the songs, that once 'neath the strings of the lyre
   Slept never, shall cease in the halls of his sire.
   Ungarlanded Artemis' bowers shall be
   In the greenwood depths that are.
   By thine exile have perished the sweet hopes cherished
   Of our maids, and their gentle rivalry
   In love for thee.

(Epode)  
For thy woeful fate shall I pass amid tears fast-flowing
A fortuneless fortune. O mother evil-starred,
   This day thy birth-joy effaces!
   I am wroth with the Gods:—O Graces
   Aye linked in loving embraces,

251
ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

τί τὸν τάλαν’ ἐκ πατρίας γὰς
τὸν οὐδὲν ἄτας αἰτιοῦ
πέμπτετε τῶν’ ἀπ’ οἶκων;

καὶ μὴν ὀπαδὸν Ἰππολύτου τὸν’ εἰσορῷ
σπουδὴ σκυθρωτὸν πρὸς δόμους ὀρμῶμενον.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
ποῖ γῆς ἄνακτα τῆς Ἡσέα μολῶν
eὔρομ’ ἄν, ὁ γυναῖκες; εἴπερ ἔστ’, ἔμοι
σημήνατ’ ἀρα τῶν’ δωμάτων ἐσω;

ΧΟΡΟΣ
οὗ’ αὐτὸς ἔξω δωμάτων πορεύεται.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
 CDDL, μερίμνης ἄξιον φέρω λόγον
σοι καὶ πολίταις ο thói’ Ἀθηναίων πόλιν
ναίουσι καὶ γῆς τέρμονας Τροίζηνας.

ΘΗΣΕΤΖ

τί δ’ ἔστι; μῶν τις συμφορὰ νεωτέρα
diσσάς κατείληθ’ ἀστυνείτωνας πόλεις;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
Ἰππολύτοσ οὐκέτ’ ἔστιν, ως εἰπεῖν ἔπος;
dέδορκε μέντοι φῶς ἐπὶ σμικρᾶς ῥοπῆς.

ΘΗΣΕΤΖ

πρὸς τοῦ; δι’ ἔχθρας μῶν τις ἴν ἀφιγμένοι,
ὅτου κατήσχων ἄλοχον ὡς πατρὸς βία;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
οἰκεῖος αὐτὸν ὀλέσ’ ἀρμάτων ὄχος
ἀραὶ τε τοῦ σοῦ στόματος, ὅς σὺ σῇ πατρὶ
pόντου κρέοντι παιδὸς ἥρασω πέρι.

ΘΗΣΕΤΖ

ὁ Θεὸς Πόσειδόν θ’, ως ἀρ’ ἵσθ’ ἔμος πατήρ
ὁρθῶς, ἀκούσας τῶν ἐμῶν κατευγμάτων.
HIPPOLYTUS

Why do ye suffer that he from his land should be going,
From his home, who hath nowise earned a doom so
bitter-hard?  

But lo, I see Hippolytus’ henchman nigh
Hasting unto the halls with clouded brows.
Enter messenger.

MESSENGER

Where should I go and find this country’s king,
Theseus, ye women?  If ye know, declare
Straightway to me.  Within these halls is he?

CHORUS

Lo yonder where he cometh forth the halls.
Enter Theseus.

MESSENGER

Theseus, I bring a sorrow-kindling tale
To thee and all the citizens which dwell
In Athens and the bounds of Troezen-land.

THESEUS

What now?  Hath some disaster unforeseen
Fallen on these two neighbour-citied states?

MESSENGER

Hippolytus is no more!—so may one say,
Though yet a little space he seeth light.

THESEUS

Of whom slain?  Hath one met him in his wrath,
Whose wife he had outraged, even as his sire’s?

MESSENGER

His proper chariot-team hath dealt him death,
And thy mouth’s curses, which thou didst call down
From the Sea’s Lord, thy father, on thy son.

THESEUS

O Gods!  Poseidon! how thou wast indeed
My father, who hast heard my malison!
ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

πῶς καὶ διώλετ', εἰπὲ· τῷ τρόπῳ Δίκης ἔπαισεν αὐτὸν ῥόπτρον αἰσχύναντ' ἐμὲ;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ἡμεῖς μὲν ἀκτῆς κυμοδέγμονος πέλας ψήκταισιν ἵππων ἐκτενίζομεν τρίχας κλαίοντες· ἥλθε γάρ τις ἀγγέλος λέγων ὡς οὐκέτ' ἐν γῇ τῇ ἀναστρέψαν πόδα Ἱππόλυτος, ἐκ σοῦ τλήμονας φυγὰς ἔχων. ὁ δ' ἥλθε ταυτὸν δακρύνων ἐχὼν μέλος ἥμων ἐπ' ἀκταις· μυρία δ' ὀπισθόπους φίλων ἄμε ἐστείχ' ἡλίκων ὀμήγημις.

χρόνῳ δὲ δήποτ' εἰπ' ἀπαλλαχθεὶς γάρ· τί ταυτ' ἄλω; πειστέον πατρὸς λόγοις. ἐμτύναθ' ἱππός ἀρμασί ζυγήφορος, δμῶες· πόλεις γὰρ οὐκέτ' ἔστων ἢ δὲ μοι. τοῦνθένδε μέντοι πᾶς ἀνήρ ἠπείγετο, καὶ θάσσων ἡ λέγοι τις ἐξηρτυμένας πώλουσ παρ' αὐτὸν δεσπότῃν ἐστήσαμεν.

μάρτπτε καὶ χερσὶν ἡνίας ἀπ' ἀντιγος, αὐταῖσιν ἀρβύλαισιν ἀμόσας πόδας.

καὶ πρὸτα μὲν θεοῖς εἰπ' ἀναπτύξας χέρας· Ζεῦ, μηκέτ' εἰην, εἰ κακὸς πέφυκ' ἀνήρ· αἰσθούτο δ' ἡμᾶς ὡς ἀτιμάζει πατήρ ἦτοι θανόντας ἢ φάος δεδορκότας.

καὶ τὸν' ἐπῆγε κέντρον εἰς χεῖρας λαβὼν πώλοις ὁμαρτῇ πρόσπολοι δ' ἐφ' ἀρμάτος πέλας χαλινῶν εἰπόμεσον δεσπότῃ τὴν εὐθὺς Ἀργος κατιδαυρίας ὄδον. ἐπεὶ δ' ἔρημον χώρον εἰσεβάλλομεν, ἀκτής τε ἐστὶν τοῦτέκειμα τῆς γῆς πρὸς πόντον ἡδὴ κειμένα Σαρωνικόν.

ἔνθεν τε ἡ χῶρ χθόνιος ως βροντῇ Διὸς.

254
HIPPOLYTUS

How perished he? In what way did the gin
Of justice snap on him who wrought me shame?

Messerger
We, hard beside the beach that greets the surf,
With combs were smoothing out his horses' manes
Weeping: for word had come to us to say
That no more in this land Hippolytus
Might walk, of thee to wretched exile doomed.
Then came he, bringing the same tale of tears
To us upon the strand: a countless throng
Of friends his age-mates following with him came.
But, ceasing at the last from moan, he cried:
"Why rave I thus? I must obey my sire.
Harness the horses to the chariot-yoke,
My thralls: this city is no more for me."

Then, then did every man bestir himself.
Swifter than one could say it were the steeds
Harnessed, and by our lord's side set we them.
Then the reins caught he from the chariot-rail,
And in the car's foot-rests set firm his feet,
But to the Gods first stretched his hands and cried:
"Zeus, may I die if I a villain am!
May my sire know that he is wrongdoing me,
When I am dead, if not while I see light!"
Then in his hand he took the scourge and smote
At once the steeds. We henchmen by the car
Fast by the reins attended on our lord
Towards Argos straight and Epidauria.

And, as we entered on a desert tract,
Beyond this Troezen's border lies a beach
Sloping full down to yon Saronic Sea.
There from earth's womb a noise like Zeus's thunder

255
摆下 弟弔司 无新

1210 καπετιν ἀνοιδήσαν τε καὶ πέριξ ἀφρον πολύν καχλάζουν ποντίῳ φυσήματι χωρεί πρὸς ἀκτάς, οὗ τέθρηντός ἢν ὄχος. αὐτῷ δὲ σὺν κλύδων καὶ τρικυμία κὺμ ἔξεθηκε ταύρον, ἀγριον τέρως, οὗ πάσα μὲν χθῶν φθέγματος πληρουμένη φρυκώδες ἀντεθέγγυτε, εἰσορῶσι δὲ κρεῖσσον θέαμα δεργμάτων ἐφαίνετο. εὐθὺς δὲ πῶλος δευνὸς ἐμπίπτει φόβος· καὶ δεσπότης μὲν ἐπικοίοσιν ἦθεσι πολὺς ξυνοικῶν ἠρπασ' ἦνας χερών, ἐλκεὶ δὲ, κώπην ὡστε ναυβάτης ἀνήρ, ἵμασιν εἰς τοὺπισθεν ἀρτήσας δέμασ· αἱ δ' ἑνδακοῦσαι στόμα πυργενὴ γναθμοῖς βία φέρουσιν, οὕτι ναυκλήρου χερός οὐθ' ἱπποδέσμων οὔτε κολλητῶν ὅχων μεταστρέφονται. κεῖ μὲν εἰς τὰ μαλθακὰ γαλαζ' ἔχων οἰκας εὐθύνι οἴκον, προὐφαίνετ' εἰς τοῦμπροσθεν, ὡστ' ἀναστρέφειν, ταύρος, φόβῳ τέτρωρον ἐκμαίνων ὅχου· εἰ δ' εἰς πέτρας φέροντο μαργώσαι φρένας, συγὴ πελάξων ἀντυγι ξυπείπετο εἰς τοῦθ' ἦως ἔσφηλε κανεχαίτσεν, ἅψίδα πέτρῳ προσβάλων ὁχήματος. 256
HIPPOLYTUS

Made muffled roaring, a blood-curdling sound.
Then the steeds lifted head and pricked the ear;
And thrilled through us most vehement dismay
Whence might the sound be. To the sea-lashed
    shores
Then glanced we, and a surge unearthly saw
Up-columned to the sky, that from my sight
Shrouded was all the beach Scironian;
Veiled was the Isthmus and Asclepius’ Crag.
Then swelling higher, higher, and spurtling forth
All round a cloud of foam and sea-blown spray,
Shoreward it rusheth, toward the four-horse car.
Then from the breaker’s midst and hugest surge
The wave belched forth a bull, a monster fierce,
With whose throat-thunder all the land was filled,
And echoed awfully, as on our gaze
He burst, a sight more dread than eyes could bear.
Straightway wild panic falleth on the steeds:
Yet their lord, wholly conversant with wont
Of horses, caught the reins in both his hands,
And tugs, as shipman tugs against the oar,
Throwing his body’s weight against the reins.
But on the fire-forged bits they clenched their teeth,
And whirled him on o’ermastered, recking not
Of steering hand, or curb, or strong car’s weight.
And if, yet holding to the chariot-helm,
Toward the smooth ground he strove to guide their
    course,
Aye showed that bull in front, to turn them back,
Maddening with fright the fourfold chariot-team.
If toward the rocks they rushed with frenzied heart,
Fast by the rail in silence followed he
On, till he fouled and overset the car,
Dashing against a rock the chariot-felly.
ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

σύμφωνα δ' ἦν ἀπαντᾷ· σύριγγες τ' ἀνω τροχῶν ἐπῆδων ἀξώνων τ' ἐνήλατα.
αὐτὸς δ' ὁ τλήμων ἡνίαισιν ἐμπλακεῖσις
dεσμὸν δυσεξήνυστον ἔλκεται δεθεῖς,
σποδούμενος μὲν πρὸς πέτρας φίλοιν κάρα,
θραύσων δὲ σάρκας, δεινὰ δ' ἔξαυσθων κλώειν·
στήτ', ὃ φάτναισι ταῖς ἐμαῖσ τεθραμμέναι,
μὴ μ' ἐξαλείψῃ· ὃ πατρὸς τάλαιν ἀρά.
τίς ἄνδρ' ἀριστον βοῦλεται σώσαι παρῶν;
πολλαί δὲ βουληθέντες ὕστερφ ποδὶ
ἔλειπόμεσθα. χὼ μὲν ἐκ δεσμῶν λυθεῖς
tρητῶν ἱμάντων οὐ κάτοιδ' ὅτῳ τρόπῳ
tίπτει, βραχὺν δὴ βίοτον ἐμπνέουν ἐτε·
ὑπτοι δ' ἐκρυφθεν καὶ τὸ δυστηνόν τέρας
tαύρου λεπάσας οὐ κάτοιδ' ὅποιν χθονὸς.
δοῦλος μὲν οὖν ἔγγυε σῶν δόμων, ἀναξ,
ἀτὰρ τοσοῦτον γ' οὐ δυνῆσομαι ποτε
tὸν σὸν πιθέςθαι παίδ' ὅπως ἔστιν κακός,
οὐδ' εἰ γυναικῶν πᾶν κρεμασθείη γένος,
καὶ τὴν ἐν Ἰδὴ γραμμάτων πλησείες τις
πεύκην, ἐπεὶ νῦν ἐσθλὸν ὄντ' ἐπίσταμαι.

ΧΩΡΟΣ
αἰαί· κέκραντας συμφορὰ νέων κακῶν,
οὐδ' ἐστὶ μοίρας τοῦ χρεῶν τ' ἀπαλλαγή·

ΘΕΣΕΙΣ
μίσει μὲν ἄνδρος τοῦ πεπονθότος τάδε
λόγοις ἡσθήν τοίσδε· νῦν δ' αἰδούμενος
θεοὺς τ' ἐκεῖνον θ', οὖνεκ' ἐστὶν ἐξ ἐμοῦ,
οὐδ' ἠδομαι τοῖσδ' οὔτ' ἐπάχθομαι κακοῖς.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
πῶς οὖν; κομίζειν, ἢ τί χρὴ τοῦ ἀθλίου
δράσαντας ἧμᾶς σῇ χαρίζεσθαι φρενί;
HIPPOLYTUS

Then all was turmoil: upward leapt in air
Naves of the wheels and linchpins of the axles.
And he, unhappy, tangled in the reins,
Bound in indissoluble bonds, is haled
Dashing his head against the cruel rocks,
Rending his flesh, outshrieking piteous cries—
"O stay, ye horses nurtured at my cribs,
Destroy me not!—ah, father's curse ill-starred!
Will no one save an utter-innocent man?"
Ah, many willed, but far behind were left
With feet outstripped. Loosed from the toils at last
Of clean-cut reins,—I know not in what wise,—
He falls, yet breathing for short space of life.
Vanished the steeds and that accursed monster,
The bull, mid rock-strewn ground, I know not where.

Thral am I verily of thine house, O king;
Howbeit so foul a charge—I never can
Believe it of thy son, that he is vile,
Not though all womankind should hang themselves,
Though one should fill with writing every pine
In Ida:—he is righteous, this I know.

CHORUS

Woe for accomplishment of new disaster!
No refuge is there from the doom of fate.

THESEUS

For hatred of the man who thus hath fared,
Glad for this tale was I: but now, for awe
Of heaven, and for that he is yet my son,
Glad for this judgment am I not, nor grieved.

MESSENGER

How then?—must we bear yonder broken man
Hither?—or in what wise perform thy pleasure?
ΠΙΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

φρόντις· ἔμοις δὲ χρώμενος βουλεύμασιν
οὐκ ὡμός εἰς σὸν παῖδα δυστυχοῦντ' ἔσει.

ΘΕΣΕΙΣ
κομίζετ' αὐτόν, ὡς ἰδὼν ἐν ὀρμασί
tὸν τὰμ' ἀπαρνηθέντα μὴ χρᾶναι λέχη
λόγοις τ' ἐλέγξω δαιμόνων τε συμφοραῖς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
σὺ τὰν θεῶν ἀκαμπ-
tον φρένα καὶ βροτῶν
ἀγείς, Κύπρι. σὺν δ'

1270

ὁ ποικιλόπτερος ἀμφιβαλῶν
ϖυκυτάτω πτερῶν
ποτᾶται πλὶ γαῖαν εὐαχρῆτον θ'
ἀλμυρῶν ἐπὶ πόντου.

θέλγει δ' Ἐρως, ὁ μαυρομένα κραδία
πτανὸς ἐφορμάση
χρυσοφαῖς,
φύσων ὀρεσκόων
σκυλάκων πειαγίων θ' ὡςα τε γὰ τρέφει,
tὰν "Αλιος αἰθόμενος δέρκεται,

1280

ἀνδρας τε' συμπάντων δὲ
βασιληίδα τιμάν, Κύπρι,
tῶνδε μόνα κρατύνεις.
HIPPOLYTUS

Bethink thee: if my counsel thou wilt heed,
Harsh to thy stricken son thou wilt not be.

THESEUS

Bear him, that I may see before mine eyes
Him who denied that he had stained my bed,
By words and heaven's requital to convict him.

[Exit messenger.

CHORUS

Love, under thy dominion unbending hearts bow low—
Gods' hearts, and hearts of mortals; when, flashing
through thy portals
On glory-gleaming pinion, flits Eros to and fro,

Love, under thy dominion unbending hearts bow low.

Gold-glittering wings wide-soaring, they rain down
witchery:

[phant sailing,
O'er maddened hearts prevailing, o'er earth trium-
O'er music of the roaring of spray-bemantled sea,

Gold-glittering wings wide-soaring, they rain down
witchery.

He kindleth with his yearning all things of earth-
born race:

[he filleth:
The mountain's whelps he thrilleth, the ocean's brood
Where'er the sun's eye burning down looketh on
earth's face,

[born race.
He kindleth with his yearning all things of earth-

They bend—all, all are bending, Love-queen, beneath
thy hand!

[royal
O crowned brows, whom loyal vassals acclaim sole-
By spells all-comprehending in sky and sea and land;

They bend—all, all are bending, Love-queen, beneath
thy hand!

261
ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ΑΡΤΕΜΙΣ

σὲ τὸν εὐπατρίδαν Ἀιγέως κέλομαι παῖδ', ἔτακοῦσάν·

Δητούς δὲ κόρη σ' Ἀρτεμίς αὐδῶ.

Θησεῦ, τί τάλας τοίῳς συνήδει,

παῖδ' οὐχ ὁσίως σὸν ἀποκτείνας,

ψευδείς μῦθοι ἀλόχου πεισθεὶς

ἀφανή; φανερὰν δ' ἔσχεθες ἄτην.

πῶς οὖχ ὑπὸ γῆς τάρταρα κρύπτεις

δέμας αἰσχυνθεῖς,

ἡ πτηνὸς ἀνω μεταβὰς βίοτον

πήματος ἐξω πόδα τοῦ ἀνέχεις;

ὡς ἐν γ' ἀγαθοῖς ἀνδράσιν οὐ σοι

κτητὸν βίοτον μέρος ἔστιν.

άκουε, Θησεῦ, σὼν κακῶν κατάστασιν·

καίτοι προκόψω γ' οὐδέν, ἀλγυνὼ δὲ σε.

ἀλλ' εἰς τὸδ' ἦλθον, παιδὸς ἐκδεῖξαι φρένα

tοῦ σοῦ δικαίων, ὡς ὑπ' εὐκλείας θάνη,

καὶ σῆς γυναικὸς· οἶστρον ἢ τρόπον τινὰ

γενναίϊτητα· τῆς γὰρ ἐχθρίσις ἁθὲν

ἡμῖν, ὅσαις παρθένοις ἡδονῆ,

δητείσα κέντροις παιδὸς ἡράσθη σέθεν.

γνώμῃ δὲ μνᾶς τὴν Κύπριν πειρωμένη

tροφοῦ διώλετ' οὖχ ἐκούσα μηχαναῖς,

ἡ σφ' δ' ὄρκων παιδὶ σημαίνει νόσον.

ὁ δ', ὦσπερ ὑπνό καίκαιος, οὐκ ἐφέσπετο

λόγοισιν, οὐδ' αὗ πρὸς σέθεν κακούμενος

ὄρκων ἀφεῖλε πίστιν, εὐσεβῆς γεγοῦς.

ἡ δ' εἰς ἐλεγχοὺς μὴ πέσῃ φοβουμένη

ψευδεῖς γραφᾶς ἐγγαθ' καὶ διώλεσε

ὁδοίστι σὸν παῖδ'. ἀλλ' ὀμοσ' ἔπεισε σε.
HIPPOLYTUS

Enter ARTEMIS, veiled in a nectar-breathing cloud.

ARTEMIS

Thou high-born scion of Aegeus, I call upon thee:
Theseus, give ear unto me.
It is Artemis, Leto's Daughter, that nameth thy name:
Why dost thou joy in thy shame, [moved
Who hast murdered thy son unrighteously, thereto
By the lies of thy wife unproved? [found.
Ruin and wrack in the sight of the sun hast thou
How wilt thou hide underground
Thy dishonour in hell, or upsoaring mid clouds, veil there
Thy life of remorse and despair?
For the part that was erstwhile thine in the good man's lot,
Behold, it is not.
Theseus, hear thou the posture of thy woes:—
Yet have I no help for thee, only pain;
But I have come to show the righteousness
Of thy son, that in fair fame he may die,
And thy wife's fever-flame,—yet in some sort
Her nobleness. She, stung by goads of her
Whom we, who joy in purity, abhor
Most of all Gods, was lovesick for thy son.
Her reason fought her passion, and she died
Through schemes wherein she had no part: her nurse
Told under oath-seal to thy son her pangs:
He, even as was righteous, would not heed
The tempting; no, nor when sore-wronged of thee
Broke he the oath's pledge, for he feared the Gods.
But she, adread to be of sin convict,
Wrote that false writing, and by treachery so
Destroyed thy son:—and thou believedst her!

263
ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ΘΗΣΕΤΣ

οίμοι.

ΑΡΤΕΜΙΣ

δάκνει σε, Θησευ, μύθος; ἄλλ᾿ ἔχ᾿ ἡσυχος, τούνθεν᾿ ἀκόυσας ὡς ἂν οἰμώξης πλέον.
ἀρ’ οἰσθα πατρὸς τρεῖς ἀρᾶς σαφεὶς ἔχων;
ὅν τὴν μίαν παρείλε, ὦ κάκιστε σύ, εἰς παῖδα τὸν σών, ἐξον εἰς ἐχθρὸν τινα.
πατήρ μὲν οὖν σοὶ πόντιον φρονῶν καλῶς
ἐδώδχ᾿ ὀσοντπρο χρήν, ἐπεὶπερ ἤνεσεν

1320

σὺ δ’ ἐν τ’ ἐκείνῳ κἂν ἔμωι φαινει κακός,
δι’ οὐτε πίστιν οὔτε μάντεων ὅπα
ἐμεῖνας, οὐκ ἢλεγξας, οὐ χρόνῳ μακρῷ
σκέψιν παρέσχες, ἀλλὰ θάσσων ἢ σ’ ἐχθρήν
ἀρᾶς ἐφήκαις παιδὶ καὶ κατέκτανες.

ΘΗΣΕΤΣ

δέσποιν’, ὀλοίμην.

ΑΡΤΕΜΙΣ

δεῖν ἐπραξας, ἄλλ᾿ ὅμως
ἐτ’ ἐστὶ σοὶ καὶ τῶνδε συγγνώμης τυχεῖν.
Κύπρις γὰρ ἤθελ’ ὡστε γίγνεσθαι τάδε,
πληροῦσα θυμόν. θεοῖσα δ’ ὃδ’ ἔχει νόμος

1330

ὑδεῖς ἀπαντὰν βούλεται προθυμία
τῇ τοῦ θέλοντος, ἀλλ’ ἀφιστάμεσθ’ ἀεί.
ἐπεὶ σάφ’ ἰσθι, Ζήνα μὴ φοβουμένη
οὐκ ἄν ποτ’ ἦλθον εἰς τὸ δ’ αἰσχύνης ἐγὼ
ὡςτ’ ἀνδρα πάντων φίλτατον βροτῶν ἐμοὶ
θανείν ἔσαι. τῇ δὲ σὴν ἀμαρτίαν
τὸ μὴ εἰδέναι μὲν πρῶτον ἐκλύει κάκης,
ἐπειτα δ’ ἡ θανοῦσ’ ἀνήλωσεν γυνὴ
λόγων ἐλέγχους ὡστε σὴν πεῖσαι φρένα.
μάλιστα μὲν νων σοὶ τάδ’ ἔρρωγεν κακά,
HIPPOLYTUS

THESEUS

Ah me!

ARTEMIS

Is it torture, Theseus?—Nay, but hear me out,
That hearing all thou mayst the more lament.
Thy sire's sure curses three—rememberest them?
One hast thou thus misused, O villain thou,
Against thy son, which might have quelled a foe!
Thy sire the Sea-king, in his love's despite,
Gave as he needs must, seeing he had pledged him:
Yet wicked in his eyes and mine art thou,
Who wouldst not wait for proof, nor prophet's voice,
Nor yet make inquisition, nor let time
Slowly reveal all, but with criminal haste
Didst hurl the curse upon thy son, and slay.

THESEUS

Queen, ruin seize me!

ARTEMIS

Deep thy sin: but yet
Even thou for this mayst win forgiveness still:
For Cypris willed that all this should befall
To glut her spite. And this the Gods' wont is:—
None doth presume to thwart the fixed design
Willed by his fellow: still aloof we stand.
Else be thou sure that, but for dread of Zeus,
I never would have known this depth of shame,
To suffer one, of all men best beloved
Of me, to die. But thy transgression, first,
Thine ignorance from utter sin redeems;
Then, by her death thy wife made void all test
Of these her words, and won thy credence so.
Now, most on thee this storm of woe hath burst;
ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

λύπη δὲ κάμοι· τοὺς γὰρ εὐσεβεῖς θεοῖς
θυσίσκοντας οὐ χαϊροῦσι· τοὺς γε μὴν κακοὺς
αὐτῶς τέκνοις καὶ δόμοις ἐξολυμεν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
καὶ μὴν ὁ τάλας ὅδε δὴ στείχει,
σάρκας νεαρὰς ξανθῶν τε κάρα
διαλυμανθείς. ὦ πόνος οἰκῶν,
οίου ἐκράνθη δίδυμον μελάθροις
πένθος θεόθεν καταληπτῶν.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

αιαί αιαί·
δύστηνος ἑγὼ, πατρὸς ἔξ ἀδίκον
χρησμοῖς ἀδίκοις διελυμάθην.

ἀπόλωλα τάλας, οἶμοι μοι.
διὰ μον κεφαλῆς ἁσσουσὶ ὄδυναί,
κατὰ δὲ ἐγκέφαλον πηδᾶ σφάκελος.
σχέσ, ἀπειρηκὸς σῶμ' ἀναπαύσω.
ἐ ἐ·

ὁ στυγνὸν ὄχημ' ἵππειον, ἐμῆς
βόσκημα χερός,
διὰ μ' ἐφθειρας, κατὰ δ' ἐκτεινας.
φεῦ φεῦ· πρὸς θεῶν, ἀτρέμας, δμῶς,
χροᾶς ἐλκῶδους ἀπτεσθε χερωῖν.

τίς ἐφέστηκεν δεξιὰ πλευροῖς;
πρόσφορά μ' αἴρετε, σύντονα δ' ἔκετε
tὸν κακοδαίμονα καὶ κατάρατον

266
HIPPOLYTUS

Yet grief is mine: for when the righteous die
The Gods joy not. The wicked, and withal
Their children and their homes, do we destroy.

CHORUS

Lo, lo, the stricken one borne
Hitherward, with his young flesh torn
And his golden head of its glory shorn!
Ah, griefs of the house!—what doom
Twofold on thine halls hath come
By the Gods' will shrouded in sorrow's gloom!

Enter bearers with HIPPOLYTUS.

HIPPOLYTUS

Woe, woe for a son
By the doom of his sire
All marred and undone!
Through mine head leapeth fire
Of the agony-flashes, and throbbeth my brain like a
hard-stricken lyre.

Let me rest—ah forbear!—
For my strength is sped.
Cursèd horses, ye were
Of mine own hands fed,
Yet me have ye wholly destroyed, yet me have ye
stricken dead!

For the Gods' sake, bear
Me full gently, each thrall!
Thou to right, have a care!—
Soft let your hands fall;
Tenderly bear the sore-mangled, on-stepping in
time, one and all,

The unhappy on-bearing,
And cursèd, I ween,
ΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

πατρὸς ἀμπλακίαις. Δεῦ Δεῦ, τάδε ὀρᾶς;
ὁ δ' ὁ σεμνὸς ἐγὼ καὶ θεοσέπτωρ,
ὁ δ' ὁ σωφροσύνη πάντας ὑπερσχὼν
προύπτουν ἐς" Ἀιδην στείχω κατὰ γῆς,
ὁλέσας βίοτον μοχθόνς ὄ ἀλλως
tής εὐσεβίας
eἰς ἀνθρώπους ἐπόνησα.

1370
αἰαὶ αἰαὶ:
καὶ νῦν οὖν μὲ ὀὖν βαίνει.
μέθετε με τάλανα:
καὶ μοι Θάνατος Παιὰν ἔλθοι.

1380
προσαπόλυτε μὲ ὄλλυτε τὸν δυσδαί-
µονά. µ' ἀµφιτόµον λόγχας ἔραµαι
diaµοιρᾶσαι,
διὰ τ' εὐνάσαι τὸν ἐµὸν βίοτον.
ὁ πατρὸς ἐµὸν δύστανος ἀρά·

παλαιῶν προγεννητόρων
ἐξορίζεται κακῶν οὐδὲ μέλλει,
ἔµολε τ' ἐπ' ἐµὲ
τί ποτε τὸν οὐδὲν ὄντ' ἐπαίτιον κακῶν;
ἰὼ μοι, τί φῶ;

1390
πῶς ἀπαλλάξῳ βιοτὰν
ἐµὰν τοῦ δ' ἀναλητοῦ πάθους;
εἴθε µε κοιµῆσε ὁν δυσδαίµον
"Ἀιδον µέλαινα νύκτερός τ' ἀνάγκα.

ΑΡΤΕΜΙΣ

ὁ τλῆµον, οἷα συµφορὰ συµεζύγης·
tὸ δ' εὐγενές σε τῶν φρενῶν ἀπώλεσεν.
HIPPOLYTUS

Of his father’s own erring:—
    Ah Zeus, hast thou seen?
Innocent I, ever fearing the Gods, who was wholly
heart-clean

Above all men beside,—
    Lo, how am I thrust
Unto Hades, to hide
    My life in the dust!
All vainly I reverenced God, and in vain unto man
was I just.

Let the stricken one be!—
    Ah, mine anguish again!—
Give ye sleep unto me,
    Death-salve for my pain,
The sleep of the sword for the wretched—I long, oh
I long to be slain.

Dire curse of my father!—
    Sins, long ago wrought
Of mine ancestors, gather:
    Their doom tarries not,
But the scourge overfloweth the innocent—wherefore
on me is it brought?

Ah for words of a spell,
    That my soul might take flight
From the tortures, with fell
    Unrelentings that smite!
Oh for the blackness of Hades, the sleep of Necess-
ity’s night!

ARTEMIS

Unhappy, bowed ’neath what disaster’s yoke!
Thine own heart’s nobleness hath ruined thee.
ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

ἔα·
οὐ θείον ὠδής πνεῦμα· καὶ γὰρ ἐν κακοῖς
ὅν ἥσθόμην σου κανεκοφίσθην δέμας·
ἔστ' ἐν τόποισι τοισδ' Ἀρτεμίς θεά;

ΑΡΤΕΜΙΣ

ὁ τλήμον, ἔστι, σοὶ γε φιλτάτη θεών.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

ὁρᾶς με, δέσποιν', ὡς ἔχω, τὸν ἄθλιον;

ΑΡΤΕΜΙΣ

ὁρῶ· κατ' ὄσσων δ' ὦ θέμις βαλεῖν δάκρυ.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

οὐκ ἔστι σοι κυναγός οὐδ' ὑπηρέτησ,

ΑΡΤΕΜΙΣ

οὐ δήτ' ἀτάρ μοι προσφιλής γ' ἀπόλλυσαι.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

οὐδ' ἱππονόμας οὐδ' ἀγαλμάτων φύλαξ.

ΑΡΤΕΜΙΣ

1400

Κύπρις γὰρ ἡ πανούργος ὄδ' ἐμήσατο.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

ὁμοὶ φρονῶ δὴ δαίμον' ἡ μ' ἀπώλεσε.

ΑΡΤΕΜΙΣ

τιμῆς ἐμέμφηθα, σωφρονοῦντι δ' ἤχθετο.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

tρεῖς οὔτας ἡμᾶς ὀλεσ', ἥσθησαι, Κύπρις.

ΑΡΤΕΜΙΣ

πατέρα γε καὶ σε καὶ τρίτην ξυνάορον.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

φύμωξα τοῖνυν καὶ πατρὸς δυσπραξίας.

ΑΡΤΕΜΙΣ

ἐξηπατήθη δαίμονος βουλεύμασιν.
HIPPOLYTUS

HIPPOLYTUS
Ah, perfume-breath celestial!—mid my pains
I feel thee, and mine anguish is assuaged.
Lo in this place the Goddess Artemis!

ARTEMIS
Yea, hapless one, of Gods best friend to thee.

HIPPOLYTUS
O Queen, seest thou my plight—the stricken one?

ARTEMIS
I see—but tears are to mine eyes forbid.

HIPPOLYTUS
None now shall hark thine hounds, nor do thee service—

ARTEMIS
Ah no! Yet dear to me thou perishest.

HIPPOLYTUS
Nor tend thy steeds, nor guard thine images.

ARTEMIS
This all-pernicious Cypris hath contrived—

HIPPOLYTUS
Ah me! what Goddess blasts me now I know!

ARTEMIS
Jealous for honour, wroth with chastity.

HIPPOLYTUS
Three hath one hand destroyed; I see it now.

ARTEMIS
Thy father—thee—thy father's wife the third.

HIPPOLYTUS
Yea, and I wail my father's misery.

ARTEMIS
By plots of deity was he beguiled.
ΗΠΙΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΠΟΡΟΣ

ΗΠΙΟΛΥΤΟΣ

ὁ δυστάλας σὺ τήσεις συμφορᾶς, πάτερ.

ΘΗΣΕΤΣ

ἄλωλα, τέκνον, οὐδὲ μοι χάρις βίου.

ΗΠΙΟΛΥΤΟΣ

στενῶ σὲ μᾶλλον ἡ μὲ τῆς ἀμαρτίας.

ΘΗΣΕΤΣ

εἰ γὰρ γενοίμην, τέκνον, ἀντὶ σοῦ νεκρός.

ΗΠΙΟΛΥΤΟΣ

ὁ δῶρα πατρὸς σοῦ Ποσειδῶνος πικρά.

ΘΗΣΕΤΣ

ὡς μήποτ’ ἐλθεῖν ὤφελ’ εἰς τοῦμον στόμα.

ΗΠΙΟΛΥΤΟΣ

τί δ’, ἐκτανεῖς τὰν μ’, ὡς τότ’ ἦσθ’ ὄργισμένος.

ΘΗΣΕΤΣ

δόξης γὰρ ἴμεν πρὸς θεῶν ἐσφαλμένοι.

ΗΠΙΟΛΥΤΟΣ

φεῦ:

εἰθ’ ἐν ἀραίον δαιμοσίν βροτῶν γένος.

ΑΡΤΕΜΙΣ

ἐασον· οὐ γὰρ οὐδὲ γῆς ὑπὸ ζόφον

θεᾶς ἄτιμοι Κύπριδος ἐκ προθύμιας

ὁργαὶ κατασκήψουσιν εἰς τὸ σὸν δέμας

σῆς εὐσεβείας καγαθῆς φρενὸς χάριν.

ἐγὼ γὰρ αὕτης ἄλλον ἐξ ἐμῆς χερὸς

ὅς ἂν μᾶλιστα φίλτατος κυρῆ βροτῶν

τόξοις ἀφύκτοις τοῖσδε τιμωρήσοιμαι.

σοὶ δ’, ὡς ταλαιπωρ’, ἀντὶ τῶν τῶν κακῶν

τιμᾶς μεγίστας ἐν πόλει Τροιζνία

δῶσω· κόραι γὰρ ἄξυγες γάμων πάρος

κόμας κεροῦνται σοι, δι’ αἰώνος μακροῦ

πένθη μεγίστα δακρύων καρπομένῳ.
HIPPOLYTUS

HIPPOLYTUS
Ah father, woe is thee for this mischance!

THESEUS
I am slain, my son: no joy have I in life!

HIPPOLYTUS
More than myself I mourn thee for thine error.

THESEUS
Would God I could but die for thee, my son!

HIPPOLYTUS
Ah, bitter gifts of that Sea-god, thy sire!

THESEUS
Ah that the word had never passed my lips!

HIPPOLYTUS
Wherefore?—thou wouldst for wrath have slain me still.

THESEUS
Yea, for the Gods had caused my wit to stumble.

HIPPOLYTUS
Oh that men's curses could but strike the Gods!

ARTEMIS
Let be: for even in the nether gloom
Not unavenged shall be the stroke that fell
Upon thy frame through rage of Cypris' spite,
For thy pure soul's and for thy reverence' sake.
For upon one, her minion, with mine hand—
Whoso is dearest of all men to her—
With these unerring shafts will I avenge me.
And to thee, hapless one, for these thy woes
High honours will I give in Troezen-town.
Ere their espousals shall all maids unwed
For thee cut off their hair: through age on age
Full harvests shalt thou reap of tears of grieving.
ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ἀεὶ δὲ μουσοποιῶς εἰς σὲ παρθένων ἔσται μέριμμα, κοὐκ ἀνώνυμος πεσὼν ἔρως ὁ Φαίδρας εἰς σὲ σιγηθῆσεται. σὺ δ’, ὃ γεραιὸν τέκνον Αἰγέως, λαβὲ σὸν παῖδ’ εἰς ἀγκάλαισι καὶ προσέλκυσαι ἄκων γὰρ ὥλεσάς νυν’ ἀνθρώποισι δὲ θεῶν διδόντων εἰκὸς ἐξαμαρτάνειν. καὶ σοί παραινῷ πατέρα μὴ στυγείν σέθεν, Ἐπτόλυτ’. ἔχεις γὰρ μοίραν ἢ διεσθάρης. καὶ χαίρ’ ἐμοί γὰρ οὐ θέμις φθιτοὺς ὅραν οὐδ’ ὅμμα χραίνειν θανασίμοισιν ἐκπνοαῖς ὅρῳ δὲ σ’ ἢ ὅτι τούδε πλησίον κακοῦ.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

1440 χαίρουσα καὶ σὺ στείχε, παρθέν’ ὀλβία: μακράν δὲ λείπες ράδιως ὀμιλίαν. λύω δὲ νεῖκος πατρί χρήζονς σέθεν καὶ γὰρ πάροιδε σοῖς ἐπειθὸμην λόγοις. αἰαί, καὶ δ’ ὃσον κιγχάνει μ’ ἢδη σκότος: λαβοῦ, πάτερ, μου καὶ κατόρθωσον δέμας.

ΘΗΣΕΤΖ

ὁμοί, τέκνου, τί δρᾶς με τὸν δυσδαίμονα;

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

ὅλωλα καὶ δὴ νερτέρων ὅρῳ πύλας.

ΘΗΣΕΤΖ

ἡ τὴν ἐμὴν ἀναγνον ἐκλιπὼν φρένα; 1

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

οὐ δῆτ’, ἐπεὶ σε τοῦδ’ ἐλευθερῷ φόνου.

ΘΗΣΕΤΖ

τί φῆς; ἀφίης αἰματός μ’ ἐλεύθερον;

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

τὴν τοξοδαμον παρθένον μαρτύρομαι.

1 Some MSS. have χέρα;
HIPPOLYTUS

Ever of thee song-waking memory
Shall live in virgins; nor shall Phaedra's love
Forgotten in thy story be unhymned.
But thou, O son of ancient Aegeus, take
Thy child into thine arms, and fold him close.
Not of thy will thou slewest him, and well
May men transgress when Gods are thrusting on.
Thee too I charge, Hippolytus—hate not
Thy father: 'tis by fate thou perishest.
Farewell: I may not gaze upon the dead,
Nor may with dying gasps pollute my sight:
And now I see that thou art near the end.

[Exit ARTEMIS.

HIPPOLYTUS

Farewell to thy departing, Maiden blest.
Light falls on thee long fellowship's severance!
Lo, I forgive my father at thy suit,
As heretofore have I obeyed thy word.
Ah, o'er mine eyes even now the darkness draws!
Take, father, take my body and upraise.

THESEUS

Ah me! what dost thou, child, to hapless me?

HIPPOLYTUS

I am gone—yea, I behold the gates of death!

THESEUS

Wilt leave me—and my conscience murder-stained?

HIPPOLYTUS

No, no! I do absolve thee of my death.

THESEUS

How say'st thou?—dost assoil me of thy blood?

HIPPOLYTUS

I call to witness Bow-queen Artemis.
ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ΘΕΣΕΤΩ
δ' φίλταθ', δ' γειναίος ἐκφαίνει πατρί.
ΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ
τοιώνδε παῖδων γυνσίων εὐχου-τυχεῖν.
ΘΕΣΕΤΩ
ὡμοί φρενὸς σῆς εὐσεβοῦς τε κἀγαθῆς.
ΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ
δ' χαίρε καὶ σύ, χαίρε πολλά μοι, πάτερ.
ΘΕΣΕΤΩ
μή νυν προδῆς με, τέκνον, ἀλλὰ καρτέρει.
ΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ
κεκαρτέρηται τὰμ', ὅλωλα γάρ, πάτερ·
κρύψαν δὲ μου πρόσωπον ὡς τάχος πέπλοις.
ΘΕΣΕΤΩ
ὡ κλείν' Ἀθηνῶν Παλλάδος θ' ὀρίσματα,
οἶνον στερηθεσθ' ἀνδρός. δ' τλῆμων ἐγὼ·
ὡς πολλά, Κύπρι, σῶν κακῶν μεμνήσομαι.
ΧΟΡΟΣ
κοινὸν τὸδ' ἀχος πᾶσι πολίταις
ἥλθεν ἁελπτοῦς.
πολλῶν δακρύων ἐσται πίτυλος·
tῶν γάρ μεγάλων ἀξιοπεπεθεῖς
φημαι μᾶλλον κατέχουσιν.

ográfos, oías ἔλαχες τιμάς,
'Ἰππόλυθ' ἥρως, διὰ σωφροσύνην.
οὐποτε θητοῖς
ἀρετῆς ἀλλή δύναμις μελίζων·
ἡλθε γάρ ἢ πρόσθ' ἢ μετόπισθεν
τῆς εὐσεβίας χάρις ἐσθλή.
HIPPOLYTUS

Theseus
Dearest, how noble show'st thou to thy sire!

HIPPOLYTUS
Pray to have such sons—sons in wedlock born.

Theseus
Woe for thy reverent soul, thy righteous heart!

HIPPOLYTUS
Father, farewell thou too—untold farewells!

Theseus
Forsake me not, my son!—be strong to bear!

HIPPOLYTUS
My strength is overborne—I am gone, my father.
Cover my face with mantles with all speed.  [Dies.

Theseus
O bounds of Athens, Pallas' glorious realm,
What hero will be lost to you!  Woe's me!
Cypris, how oft shall I recall thy wrong!

Chorus
On the city hath lighted a stroke without warning,
   On all hearts desolation.
Rain down, O ye fast-dropping tears of our mourning!
When the mighty are fallen, their burial-oblation
   Is the wail of a nation.1

Exeunt omnes.

1 1462–66 allude to the death of Pericles, which happened shortly before the representation of this play. The poet in fact changed, to meet the occasion, the original ending, which ran thus:—

O blest one, what honours have fallen to thee,
O hero, because of thy chastity;
Never shall aught be more of worth
Than virtue unto the sons of earth;
For soon or late on the fear of God
Goodly reward shall be bestowed.

[Stobaeus, Florilegium.]
MEDEA
ARGUMENT

When the Heroes, who sailed in the ship Argo to bring home the Golden Fleece, came to the land of Colchis, they found that to win that treasure was a deed passing the might of mortal man, so terribly was it guarded by monsters magical, even fire-breathing bulls and an un-sleeping dragon. But Aphrodite caused Medea the sorceress, daughter of Aetes the king of the land, to love Jason their captain, so that by her magic he overcame the bulls and the dragon. Then Jason took the Fleece, and Medea withal, for that he had pledged him to wed her in the land of Greece. But as they fled, Absyrtus her brother pursued them with a host of war, yet by Medea’s devising was he slain. So they came to the land of Iolcos, and to Pelias, who held the kingdom which was Jason’s of right. But Medea by her magic wrought upon Pelias’ daughters so that they slew their father. Yet by reason of men’s horror of the deed might not Jason and Medea abide in the land, and they came to Corinth. But there all men rejoiced for the coming of a hero so mighty in war and a lady renowned for wisdom unearthly, for that Medea was grandchild of the Sun-god. But after ten years, Creon the king of the land spake to Jason, saying, “Lo, I will give thee my daughter to wife, and thou shalt reign after me, if thou wilt put away thy wife Medea; but her and her two sons will I banish from the land.” So Jason consented. And of this befell things strange and awful, which are told herein.
ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΡΑΜΑΤΟΣ ΠΡΟΣΩΠΑ

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ
ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ
ΜΗΔΕΙΑ
ΧΟΡΟΣ ΓΥΝΑΙΚΩΝ
ΚΡΕΩΝ
ΙΑΣΩΝ
ΑΙΓΕΔΟΣ
ΑΙΓΕΛΕΟΣ
ΠΑΙΔΕΣ ΜΗΔΕΙΑΣ
DRAMATIS PERSONAE

NURSE OF MEDEA'S CHILDREN.
CHILDREN'S GUARDIAN. ¹
MEDEA.
CHORUS OF CORINTHIAN LADIES.
CREON, King of Corinth.
JASON.
AEGEUS, King of Athens.
MESSENGER.
CHILDREN OF MEDEA.

The Scene is in front of Jason's House at Corinth.

¹ Pedagogue.—A trusted servant, responsible for keeping the boys out of harm's way: he was present at their sports, accompanied them to and from school, and never let them be out of his sight. A similar institution is familiar to Englishmen resident in India.
ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

Εἴθ’ ὁφελ’ Ἀργοὺς μὴ διαπτάσθαι σκάφος
Κόλχων ἐς αἰαν κυανέας Συμπληγάδας,
μηδ’ ἐν νάπαισι Πηλίου πεσεῖν ποτε
τμηθείσα πεύκη, μηδ’ ἔρετμῶσαι χέρας
ἀνδρῶν ἀριστέων οὗ τὸ πάγχρυσον δέρος
Πελία μετήλθον, οὐ γὰρ ἀν δέσποιν’ ἐμὴ
Μήδεια πύργους γῆς ἐπλευρ’ Ἰωλκίας
ἔρωτι θυμὸν ἐκπλαγεῖσ’ Ἰάσονος,
οὐδ’ ἀν κτανεὶν πείσασα Πελιάδας κόρας
πατέρα κατώκει τήνδε γῆν Κορινθίαν
ἐξὶν ἀνδρὶ καὶ τέκνοις, ἀνδάνουσα μὲν
φυγὴ πολιτῶν ὁν ἀφίκετο χόνα,
αὐτὴ τε πάντα ξυμφέρουσ’ Ἰάσονος;
ἢπερ μεγίστη γίγνεται σωτηρία,
ὅταν γυνὴ πρὸς ἄνδρα μὴ διχοστατῆ.
νῦν δ’ ἔχθρα πάντα, καὶ νοσεῖ τὰ φίλτατα.
προδοὺς γὰρ αὐτοῦ τέκνα δεσπότων τ’ ἐμὴ
γάμοις Ἰάσων βασιλικοῖς εὐνάξεται,
γῆμας Κρέοντος παίδ’, ὅς αἰσυμμαχὸν ἥχονός;
Μήδεια δ’ ἡ δύσσηνος ἡτιμασμένη
βοᾷ μὲν ὅρκους, ἀνακαλεῖ δὲ δεξιὰς
πίστιν μεγίστην, καὶ θεοὺς μαρτύρεται
οίας ἁμοιβὴς ἐξ Ἰάσων κυρεῖ.
κεῖται δ’ ἄσιτος, σῶμ’ ὤφεῖσ’ ἀληθόσι,
MEDEA

Enter nurse of Medea’s Children.

NURSE

Would God that Argo’s hull had never flown
Through those blue Clashing Rocks to Colchis-land,
Nor that the axe-hewn pine in Pelion’s glens
Ever had fallen, nor filled with oars the hands
Of hero-princes, who at Pelias’ hest
Quested the Golden Fleece! My mistress then,
Medea, ne’er had sailed to Iolcos’ towers
With love for Jason thrilled through all her soul,
Nor had on Pelias’ daughters wrought to slay
Their sire, nor now in this Corinthian land
Dwelt with her lord and children, gladdening
By this her exile them whose land received her,
Yea, and in all things serving Jason’s weal,
Which is the chief salvation of the home,
When wife stands not at variance with her lord.

Now all is hatred: love is sickness-stricken.
For Jason, traitor to his babes and her,
My mistress, weddeth with a child of kings,
Daughter of Creon ruler of the land.
And, slighted thus, Medea, hapless wife,
Cries on the oaths, invokes that mightiest pledge
Of the right hand, and calls the Gods to witness
What recompense from Jason she receives.
Fasting, with limbs in grief’s abandonment
ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

τὸν πάντα συντήκουσα δακρύοις χρόνον,
ἐπεὶ πρὸς ἀνδρὸς ἦσθε· ἡ δικημένη,
οὔτ' ὃμι· ἑπαρκεύν· οὔτ' ἀπαλλάσσουσα γῆς
πρόσωπον· ὡς δὲ πέτρος ἡ θαλάσσιος
κλύδων ἀκούει νοεθευμένη φίλων·
ἡν μὴ ποτε στρέψασα πάλλεικον δέρην
αὐτὴ πρὸς αὐτὴν πατέρ· ἀποιμώξῃ φίλον
καὶ γαῖαν οὐκος θ', οὔς προδοῦς· ἀφίκετο
μετ' ἀνδρὸς οὐς σφε νῦν ἀτιμάσας ἔχει.
ἐγνωκε δ' ἡ τάλαινα συμφορᾶς ὑπὸ
οἶον πατρός μή ἀπολείπεσθαι χθονὸς.
στυγεί δὲ παῖδας οὐδ' ὅρώ· εὐφραίνεται.
δέδοικα δ' αὐτὴν μή τι βουλεύσῃ νέον
βαρεία γὰρ φρήν, οὔτ' ἀνέξεται κακός
πάσχουσ'· ἐγόντα τήνδε, δειμαίνω τέ νυν,
[μὴ θηκτὸν ὧση φάσγανον δι' ἡπατος,
συγὴ δόμους εἰσβάει, ἵν' ἐστρωται λέχος,
ἡ καὶ τύραννον τὸν τε γήμαντα κτάνη
καπείτα, μείζων συμφοράν λάβῃ τινά.
] δεινὴ γάρ· οὔτοι ράδιως γε συμβαλὼν
ἐχθραν τῆς αὐτῆς καλλίνικον οἶσται.
ἀλλ' οἴδε παῖδες ἐκ τρόχων πεπαμένοι
στείχουσι, μητρὸς οὔδεν ἐννοούμενοι
κακῶν· νέα γὰρ φροντίς οὐκ ἀλγείν φιλεῖ.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

παλαιὸν οἶκων κτήμα δεσποίνης ἐμῆς,
τί πρὸς πύλαισι τὴν ἄγουσ' ἐρημίαν
ἐστηκας, αὐτὴ θρεμένη σαυτῇ κακά;
πῶς σοῦ μόνη Μήδεια λείπεσθαι θέλει;

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

tέκνων ὑπαδὲ πρέσβυ τῶν Ἴασονος,
χρηστοῖσι δούλοις ξυμφορὰ τὰ δεσποτῶν

286
MEDEA

Flung down, she weeps and wastes through all the days
Since first she knew her lord's wrong done to her,
Never uplifting eye, nor turning ever
From earth her face. No more than rock or sea-wave
Hearkeneth she to friends that counsel her;
Saving at whiles, when, lifting her white neck,
To herself she wails her father once beloved,
Her land, her home, forsaking which she came
Hither with him who holds her now contemned.
Alas for her! she knows, by affliction taught,
How good is fatherland unforfeited.
She loathes her babes, joys not beholding them.
And what she may devise I dread to think.
Grim is her spirit, one that will not brook
Mishandling: yea, I know her, and I fear
Lest to her bridal bower she softly steal,
And through her own heart thrust the whetted knife,
Or slay the king and him that weds his child,
And get herself some doom yet worse thereby;
For dangerous is she: who begins a feud
With her, not soon shall sing the triumph-song.
But lo, her boys, their racing-sport put by,
Draw near, all careless of their mother's wrongs,
For the young heart loves not to brood in grief.

Enter CHILDREN'S GUARDIAN, with boys.

CHILDREN'S GUARDIAN
O ancient chattel of my mistress' home,
Why at the gates thus lonely standest thou,
Thyself unto thyself discoursing ills?
How wills Medea to be left of thee?

NURSE
O grey attendant thou of Jason's sons,
The hearts of faithful servants still are touched
ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

κακῶς πίνοντα καὶ φρευῦν ἀνθάπτεται.
ἐγὼ γὰρ εἰς τοῦτ’ ἐκβέβηκ’ ἀλγηδόνος,
ὡς’ ὑμερὸς μ’ ύπήλθε γῆ τε κούρανῳ
λέξαι μολύσῃ δεῦρο Μηδεῖας τυχας.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΟΓΟΣ
οὖπω γὰρ ἡ τάλανα παύεται γόων;

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ
ζηλῶ σ’ ἐν ἀρχῇ πῆμα κοῦδέπω μεσοὶ.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΟΓΟΣ
ὡ μῶρος, εἰ χρῆ δεσπότας εἰπεῖν τὸδε·
ὡς οὐδέν οίδε τῶν νεωτέρων κακῶν.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ
τί δ’ ἐστιν, ὃ γεραίε; μὴ φθόνει φράσαι.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΟΓΟΣ
οὐδέν· μετέγνων καὶ τὰ πρόσθ’ εἰρημένα.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ
μὴ, πρὸς γενείου, κρύπτε σύνδουλον σέθεν·
συγῆν γὰρ, εἰ χρῆ, τῶν δὲ θήσομαι περί.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΟΓΟΣ
ἡκουσά του λέγοντος οὐ δοκῶν κλύειν,
πεσοῦν προσελθῶν, ἐνθα δὴ παλαιταῖοι
θάσσουσι, σεμνῶν ἀμφὶ Πειρήνης ὕδωρ,
ὡς τοῦσδε παῖδας γῆς ἐλᾶν Κορινθίας
σὺν μητρὶ μέλλοι τῆςδε κούρανος χθονὸς
Κρέων. ὁ μέντοι μῦθος εἰ σαφῆς ὃδε
οὐκ οίδα· βουλοίμην δ’ ἀν οὐκ εἴναι τὸδε.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ
καὶ ταῦτ’ Ἰάσων παῖδας ἐξανέζεται
πάσχοντας, εἰ καὶ μητρὶ διαφορὰν ἔχει;

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΟΓΟΣ
παλαιὰ καὶ νὸν λείπεται κηδευμάτων,
κοῦκ ἐστ’ ἐκεῖνος τοῦσδε δώμασιν φίλος.

288
MEDEA

By ill-betiding fortunes of their lords.
For I have sunk to such a depth of grief,
That yearning took me hitherward to come
And tell to earth and heaven my lady's plight.

CHILDREN'S GUARDIAN
Ceaseth not yet the hapless one from moan?

NURSE
Cease!—her pain scarce begun, far from its height!

CHILDREN'S GUARDIAN
Ah fool!—if one may say it of his lords—
Little she knoweth of the latest blow.

NURSE
What is it, ancient? Grudge not thou to tell me.

CHILDREN'S GUARDIAN
Naught: I repent me of the word that 'scaped me.

NURSE
Nay, by thy beard, hide not from fellow-thrall—
Silence, if need be, will I keep thereof.

CHILDREN'S GUARDIAN
I heard one saying—feigning not to hear,
As I drew near the old stone seats, where sit
The ancients round Peirene's hallowed fount,—
"Creon, this land's lord, is at point to banish
Mother and sons from soil Corinthian."
Howbeit, if the tale I heard be true
I know not: fain were I it were not so.

NURSE
Will Jason brook such dealing with his sons,
Though from their mother he be wholly estranged?

CHILDREN'S GUARDIAN
Old bonds of love are aye outrun by feet
Of new:—no friend is he unto this house.
ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ
ἀπωλόμεσθ’ ἀρ’, εἰ κακὸν προσοίσομεν νέον παλαιάς, πρὶν τόδ’ ἔξηντιληκέναι.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΟΓΟΣ

80
άταρ σύ γ’, οὐ γὰρ καιρὸς εἰδέναι τόδε δέσποιναν, ἥσυχαζε καὶ σύγα λόγον.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ὁ τέκν’, ἀκούεθ’ οἶς εἰς ὑμᾶς πατήρ;
ὅλωτο μὲν μὴ δεσπότης γὰρ ἐστ’ ἐμός:
άταρ κακὸς γ’ ὅν εἰς φίλους ἀλίσκεται.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΟΓΟΣ

90
τίς δ’ οὐχὶ θυντὸν; ἄρτι γηγνώσκεις τόδε,
ὡς πᾶς τις αὐτὸν τοῦ πέλας μᾶλλον φίλει,
οί μὲν δικαίως, οἱ δὲ καὶ κέρδους χάριν,
εἰ τούσδε γ’ εὐνής εἰνεκ’ οὐ στέργει πατήρ.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ἲτ’, εὖ γὰρ ἐσται, δωμάτων ἕσω, τέκνα.
σύ δ’ ὡς μάλιστα τούσδ’ ἐρημώσας ἔχε,
καὶ μὴ πέλαζε μητρὶ δυσθυμομένη.
ἡδη γὰρ εἴδον ὅμως νῦν ταυρομένην
τοῖσδ’ ὡς τι δρασείουσαν οὐδὲ παύσεται
χόλου, σάφ’ οἶδα, πρὶν κατασκήψαι τινα.
ἐξερούς γε μέντοι, μὴ φίλους, δράσειε τι.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

95
ἰὼ,
δύστανος ἐγὼ μελέα τε πόνων,
ἰὼ μοί μοι, πῶς ἄν ὀλοίμαν;

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

τόδ’ ἐκεῖνο, φίλοι παῖδεσ’ μήτηρ
κινεί κραδίαν, κινεὶ δὲ χόλον.

100
σπεύδετε θᾶσσον δῶματος εἴσω,
καὶ μὴ πελάσητ’ ὄμματος ἐγγύς,
MEDEA

NURSE
Ruined we are then, if we add fresh ill
To old, ere lightened be our ship of this.

CHILDREN'S GUARDIAN
But thou—for 'tis not season that thy lady
Should know—keep silence, and speak not the tale.

NURSE
Hear, babes, what father this is unto you!
I curse him—not: he is my master still:
But to his friends he stands convict of baseness.

CHILDREN'S GUARDIAN
What man is not? Hast learnt this only now,
That no man loves his neighbour as himself?
Good cause have some, with most 'tis greed of gain—
As here: their sire for a bride's sake loves not these.

NURSE
Pass in, dear children, for it shall be well.
But thou, keep these apart to the uttermost:
Bring them not nigh their mother angry-souled.
For late I saw her glare, as glares a bull,
On these, as 'twere for mischief; nor her wrath,
I know, shall cease, until its lightning strike.
To foes may she work ill, and not to friends!

MEDEA (behind the scenes)
O hapless I! O miseries heaped on mine head!
Ah me! ah me! would God I were dead!

NURSE
Lo, darlings, the thing that I told you!
Lo the heart of your mother astir!
And astir is her anger: withhold you
From her sight, come not nigh unto her.
ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

μηδὲ προσέλθητ’, ἀλλὰ φυλάσσεσθ’ ἄγριον ἤδος στυγερὰν τε φύσιν
φρενὸς αὐθάδους.

ιτε νῦν χωρεῖθ’ ὡς τάχος εἰσω.
δῆλον δ’ ἄρχής ἐξαιρομένον
νέφος οἰμωγῆς ὡς τάχ’ ἀνάψει
μείζουν θυμόν· τί ποτ’ ἐργάσεται

μηδεία

ψυχὴ δηχθεῖσα κακοῖσιν;

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

αιαὶ,
ἐπαθον τλάμων ἐπαθον μεγάλων
beros ὀδυρμῶν ὁ κατάρατοι
παίδες ὀλοισθε στυγερᾶς ματρὸς
σὺν πατρί, καὶ πάς δόμος ἔρροι.

ιό μοι μοι, ιὸ τλήμων.
τὶ δὲ σοι παίδες πατρὸς ἀμπλακίας
μετέχουσιν; τί τούσδ’ ἔχθεις; οἴμοι,
tέκνα, μὴ τι πάθηθ’ ὡς ὑπεραλγῶ.
δεινὰ τυράννων λήματα καὶ πως

120 ὄλιγ’ ἄρχόμενοι, πολλὰ κρατοῦντες,
χαλεπῶς ὀργὰς μεταβάλλουσιν.
τὸ γὰρ εἰθίσθαι ξῆν ἐπ’ ἵσοισιν
κρείσσον· ἐμοὶ γοῦν, εἰ μὴ μεγάλως,
ὀχυρῶς γ’ εἰὴ καταγγέσκειν.
MEDEA

Haste, get you within: O beware ye
Of the thoughts as a wild-beast brood,
Of the nature too ruthless to spare ye
In its desperate mood.

Pass ye within now, departing
With all speed. It is plain to discern
How a cloud of lamenting, upstarting
From its viewless beginnings, shall burn
In lightnings of fury yet fiercer.
What deeds shall be dared of that soul,
So haughty, when wrong’s goads pierce her,
So hard to control?

[Exeunt children with guardian.

MEDEA (behind the scenes)

Woe! I have suffered, have suffered, foul wrongs that
may waken, may waken
Mighty lamentings full well! O ye children
accursed from the womb,
Hence to destruction, ye brood of a loathed one for-
saken, forsaken! [blackness of doom!
Hence with your father, and perish our home in the

NURSE

Ah me, in the father’s offences
What part have the babes, that thine hate
Should blast them?—forlorn innocences,
How sorely I fear for your fate!
How terrible princes’ moods are!—
Long ruling, unschooled to obey,—
Unforgiving, unsleeping their feuds are:
Better life’s level way.

Be it mine, if in greatness I may not,
In quiet and peace to grow old.
ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

tων γὰρ μετρίων πρώτα μὲν εἴπεῖν
tοῦνομα νικᾶ, χρῆσθαι τε μακρῷ
λῷστα βροτοίσιν· τὰ δὲ ὑπερβάλλοντ᾽
oūdēna kaiρὸν dūnatai θυντοῖς·
meiζους δ᾽ ἄτας, ὅταν ὀργισθῆ
130 δαίμων, oἴκois ἀπέδωκεν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
ἐκλυον φωνάν, ἐκλυον δὲ βοῶν
tᾶς δυστάνου
Κολχίδος, οὐδὲ πω ἦπios· ἀλλά, γεραία,
λέξουν ἐπ᾽ ἀμφιπτύλου γὰρ ἔσω μελάθρου γόνον
ἐκλυον·
oūdē συνήδομαι, ὃ γύναι, ἀλγεσι δῶματος,
ἐπεὶ μοι φίλον κέκρανται.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ
οὐκ eἰσὶ δόμων· φροῦδα τάδ᾽ ἦδη.
140 τὸν μὲν γὰρ ἔχει λεκτρα τυράννων,
ἡ δ᾽ ἐν θαλάμωις τήκει βιοτὰν
dἐσπονα, φίλων οὐδενὸς οὐδὲν
παραθαλπομένη φρένα μύθοις.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

aiai,
diὰ μοὺ κεφαλᾶς φλὸξ οὐρανία
βαίν· τί δὲ μοὶ ζην ἔτι κέρδος;
feύ feύ· θανάτῳ καταλυσαίμαν
βιοτὰν στυγερὰν προλιποῦσα.
294
MEDEA

Sweeter name than "The Mean" shall ye say not,
And to taste it is sweetness untold.
But to men never weal above measure
Availed: on its perilous height
The Gods in their hour of displeasure
The heavier smite.

Enter chorus of Corinthian Ladies.

CHORUS
I have hearkened the voice of the daughter of Colchis,
the sound of the crying
Of the misery-stricken; nor yet is she stilled. Now
the tale of her tell,
Grey woman; for moaned through the porch from
her chamber the wail of her sighing;
And I cannot, I cannot be glad while the home in
affliction is lying,
The house I have loved so well.

NURSE
Home?—home there is none: it hath vanished away:
For my lord to a bride of the princes is thrall;
And my lady is pining the livelong day [say
In her bower, and for naught that her friends' lips
On her heart may the dews of comfort fall.

MEDEA (behind the scenes)
Would God that the flame of the lightning from
heaven descending, descending,
Might burn through mine head!—for in living
wherein any more is my gain?
Alas and alas! Would God I might bring to an
ending, an ending,
The life that I loathe, and behind me might cast
all its burden of pain!
ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

άιες, ὦ Ζεῦ καὶ γὰ καὶ φῶς,
ἀχὰν οἶλαν ἀ δύστανος

150 μέλπει νύμφα;
τίς σοὶ ποτὲ τὰς ἀπλάτου
κοίτας ἔρος, ὦ ματαία,
σπεύσει θανάτου τελευτάν;
μηδὲν τὸδε λίσσου.
εἰ δὲ σὸς πόσις
καὶνὰ λέξῃ σεβίζει,
κείνῳ τὸδε μὴ χαράσσου
Ζεῦς σοι τάδε συνδικήσει. μὴ λίαν
tάκου δυρομένα σὸν εὐνάταν.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

160 ὁ μεγάλα Θέμι καὶ πότνι Ἀρτεμι,
λεύσσεθ' ὁ πάσχω, μεγάλοις ὥρκοις
ἐνδησαμένα τὸν κατάρατον
πόσιν; ὅν ποτ' ἐγὼ νύμφαν τ' ἐσίδοιμι
αὐτοῖς μελάθροις διακναομένους,
οἳ γ' ἔμε πρόσθεν τολμῶσ' ἄδικεῖν.
ὁ πάτερ, ὅ πόλις, ὅν ἀπενάσθην
αἰσχρῶς τὸν ἐμὸν κτείνασα κάσιν.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

κλῦεθ' οἵα λέγει κατιβοάται
Θέμιν εὐκταίαν Ζηνά θ', ὅς ὥρκων

170 θυνητοῖς ταμίας νενόμισται;
MEDEA

CHORUS

O Zeus, Earth, Light, did ye hear her,  \(\text{Str.}\)
How wailéth the woe-laden breath
Of the bride in unhappiest plight?
What yearning for vanished delight,
O passion-distraught, should have might
To cause thee to wish death nearer—
The ending of all things, death?
Make thou not for this supplication!
If thine husband hath turned and adored
New love, \(\text{that estranged he is,}\)
O harrow thy soul not for this:
It is Zeus that shall right thee, I wis.
Ah, pine not in over-vexation
Of spirit, bewailing thy lord!

MEDEA \(\text{(behind the scenes)}\)

O Lady of Justice, O Artemis’ Majesty, see it, O see it—\(\text{[lasting who tied}\)
Look on the wrongs that I suffer, by oaths ever-
The soul of mine husband, that ne’er from the curse
he might free it, nor free it
From your vengeance! O may I behold him at last, even him and his bride,
Them, and these halls therewithal, all shattered in ruin, in ruin!—\(\text{[despite!}\)
Wretches, who dare unprovoked to do to Medea
O father, O city, whom erst I forsook, for undoing, undoing,
And for shame, when the blood of my brother I spilt on the path of my flight!

NURSE

Do ye hear what she saith, and uplifteth her cry
Unto Themis and Zeus, to the Suppliant’s King,
Oath-steward of men that be born but to die?
ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

οὐκ ἔστιν ὡς ἐν τίνι μικρῷ
deśpoina χόλου καταπαύσει.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πῶς ἂν ἐς ὄψιν τὰν ἀμετέραν
ἐλθοῖ μύθων τ' αὐταθέντων
déxait' ὁμφάν,
eἰ πῶς βαρύθυμον ὄργαν
καὶ λήμα φρενῶν μεθείη.
mήτοι τὸ γ' ἕμοιν πρόθυμον
φίλοισιν ἀπέστω.

180

ἀλλὰ βᾶσά νυν
dévro πόρευσον οἴκων
ἐξώ, φίλα καὶ τάδ' αὐδα.
σπεύδον πρὶν τι κακῶσαι τοὺς εἶσω.
pένθος γὰρ μεγάλως τόδ' ὀρμᾶται.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

dráσω τάδ'· ἀτὰρ φόβος εἰ πείσω
deśpoinan ἐμήν·
móχθου δὲ χάριν τήνδ' ἐπιδώσω.
καὶ τοι τοκάδος δέργμα λεαίνης
ἀποταυροῦται δμωσίν, όταν τις
μύθοι προφέρων πέλας ὀρμηθῆ.

190

σκαῖοις δὲ λέγων κοῦδέν τι σοφοὺς
tοὺς πρόσθε βροτοὺς οὐκ ἂν ἀμάρτως,
οὔτινες ήμνοις ἐτί μὲν θαλάς
ἐτί τ' εἰλαπίναις καὶ παρὰ δείπνοις
ὕροντο βίον τερπνὰς ἄκοις·

298
MEDEA

O my lady will lay not her anger by
Soon, making her vengeance a little thing.

CHORUS

(An.)

If she would but come forth where we wait her,
If she would but give ear to the sound
Of our speech, that her spirit would learn
From its fierceness of anger to turn,
And her lust for revenge not burn!

O ne'er may my love prove traitor,
Never false to my friends be it found!

But go thou, and forth of the dwelling
Thy mistress hitherward lead:
Say to her that friends be we all.
O hasten, ere mischief befall
The lords of the palace-hall;
For her grief, like a tempest upswelling,
Resistless shall ruin-ward speed.

NURSE

I will do it: but almost my spirit despaireth
To win her: yet labour of love shall it be.
But my queen on her thralls as a mad bull glareth,
Or a lioness couched mid her whelps, whose dareth
With speech to draw near her, so tameless is she.

He should err not, who named the old singers in
singing
Not cunning, but left-handed bards, for their lays
Did they frame for the mirth-tide, the festal in-bringing
Of the wine, and the feast, when the harp-strings are ringing
To sweeten with melody life's sweet days.
ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

στυγίος δέ βροτῶν οúdeis λύπας
ηὕρετο μούση καὶ πολυχόρδους
φδαῖς παύειν, ἕξ δὲν θάνατοι
dειναὶ τε τύχαι σφάλλουσι δόμους.

καίτοι τάδε μὲν κέρδος ἀκείσθαι
μολπαίσι βροτοῦ; ἵνα δ' εὐδειπνοι
daítes, τί μάτην τείνουσι βοήν;
tὸ παρὸν γὰρ ἐχει τέρψιν ἀφ’ αὐτοῦ
dαιτὸς πλήρωμα βροτοῖσιν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἰαχάν ἂιον πολύστονον γόων,
λυγυρὰ δ’ ἄχεα μογερὰ βοᾶ
τὸν ἐν λέχει προδόταν κακόνυμφον
θεοκλυτεῖ δ’ ἀδικα παθοῦσα
τὰν Ζανὸς ὀρκίαν Θέμων,
ἀ νυν ἔβασεν

'Ελλάδ' ἐσ' ἀντίπορον
δι’ ἄλα νύχιον ἑφ’ ἀλμυρὰν
πόντου κλῆδ’ ἀπέραντον.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

Κορίνθιαι γυναῖκες, ἔξηλθον δόμων,
μὴ μοι τὶ μέμψησθ’ οἶδα γὰρ πολλοῖς βροτῶν
σεμνοὺς γεγότας, τοὺς μὲν ὀμμάτων ἄπο,
toûs δ’ ἐν ϑυραῖοις· οἱ δ’ ἀφ’ ἡσύχου ποδὸς
dύσκλειαν ἐκτῆσαντο καὶ ῥαθυμίαν.
δίκη γὰρ οὐκ ἔνεστιν ὀρθαλμοῖς βροτῶν,

220 ὅστις πρὶν ἀνδρὸς σπλάγχνοι ἐκμαθεῖν σαφῶς
στυγεὶ δεδορκώς, οὐδὲν ἡδικημένος.
MEDEA

But the dread doom of mortals, the anguish heart-rending— [peace,
Never minstrel by music hath breathed on them Nor by song with his harp-notes in harmony blending;
Albeit thereof cometh death’s dark ending Unto many a home that is wrecked by these.

And yet were it surely a boon to bring healing Of sorrow to mortals with song; but in vain Mid the fulness of feasting ring voices clear-pealing, And the banquet itself hath a glamour, concealing From mortals their doom, flinging spells over pain. [Exit nurse.

CHORUS

I have heard it, the sigh-laden cry of the daughter Of Colchis, the woe-shrilling anguish of wailing For the traitor to love who with false vows caught her [assailing
Who in strength of her wrongs chideth Heaven, The Oath-queen of Zeus, who with cords all-prevailing [water, Forth haled her, and brought her o’er star-litten Where the brine-mists hover o’er Pontus’ Key, Unto Hellas far over the boundless sea.

Enter MEDEA.

MEDEA

Corinthian dames, I have come forth my doors Lest ye condemn me. Many I know are held Mis-proud—some, since they shrink from public gaze; Some, from their bearing to their fellow-men; Some quiet lives for indolence are defamed; For justice dwells not in the eyes of man, Who, ere he hath discerned his neighbour’s heart, Hates him at sight, albeit nowise wronged.
ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

χρή δε ξένου μεν κάρτα προσχωρεῖν πόλει; ουδ' ἄστων ἤνεος ὁστίς αὐθάδης γεγοὶς πικρὸς πολίταις ἐστὶν ἀμαθίας ὤτο. ἐμοὶ δ' ἀελπτὼν πράγμα προσπεσόν τόδε ψυχὴν διέφθαρκ'. οἴχομαι δὲ καὶ βίον χάριν μεθείσα κατθανεῖν χρήξω, φίλαι. ἐν φ' γὰρ ἴν μοι πάντα γνωσκεῖν καλῶς, κάκιστος ἀνδρῶν ἐκβάλετ' ὦ μύσο πόσιν.

230 πάντων δ' ὅσ' ἐστ' ἐμψυχα καὶ γνώμην ἔχει γνωσικές ἐσμεν ἀθλιώτατον φυτον' ὅς πρῶτα μὲν δεὶ χρημάτων ὑπερβολή πόσιν πρίασθαι δεσπότην τε σώματος λαβεῖν' κακοῦ γὰρ τοῦτο γ' ἀλγιοι κακῶν κἂν τῷ ἀγῶν μέγιστος, ἥ κακῶν λαβεῖν ἡ χρηστόν. οὐ γὰρ εὐκλεεῖσ ἀπαλλαγαί γνωσικέω, οὐδ' οἴον τ' ἀνόημαθαι πόσιν. εἰς καὶ καὶ ἡ ἦθα καὶ νόμους ἀφυγμένην δεὶ μάντιν εἶναι, μή μαθοῦσαν οἴκοθεν, ὅτι μάλιστα χρήστηται συνευνύτη.

240 κἂν μὲν τάδ' ἡμῶν ἐκπονομένασιν ευ πόσις ἐυνοική μὴ βία φέρων ξυγόν, ξηλωτὸς αἰών' εἰ δὲ μη, θανεῖν χρεων. ἀνέφη δ', οταν τοῖς ἐνδον ἀχθηταί ξυνών, ἦξοι μολῶν ἔπαυσε καρδίαν ἅσης, ἡ πρὸς φίλον τιν' ἡ πρὸς ἥλια τραπεῖσ' ἡμῶν δ' ἀνάγκη πρὸς μίαν ψυχὴν βλέπειν. λέγουσι δ' ἡμᾶς ὡς ἀκίνδυνον βίον ξώμεν κατ' ὄικους, οἶ δὲ μάραναί δορί' κακῶς φρονούντες. ὡς τρὶς δὲν παρ' ἀστίδα στήναι θέλοιμ' ἄν μᾶλλον ἡ τεκεῖν ἀπαξ.
MEDEA

A stranger must conform to the city's wont;
Nor citizens uncondemned may flout their fellows,
Like mannerless churls, a law unto themselves.

But me—the blow ye wot of suddenly fell
Soul-shattering. 'Tis my ruin: I have lost
All grace of life: I long to die, O friends.
He, to know whom well was mine all in all,
My lord, of all men basest hath become!
Surely, of creatures that have life and wit,
We women are of all unhappiest,
Who, first, must buy, as buys the highest bidder,
A husband—nay, we do but win for our lives
A master! Deeper depth of wrong is this.
Here too is dire risk—will the lord we gain
Be evil or good? Divorce?—'tis infamy
To us: we may not even reject a suitor!\(^1\)

Then, coming to new customs, habits new,
One need be a seer, to know the thing unlearnt
At home, what manner of man her mate shall be.
And if we learn our lesson, if our lord
Dwell with us, plunging not against the yoke,
Happy our lot is; else—no help but death.
For the man, when the home-yoke galls his neck,
Goes forth, to ease a weary sickened heart
By turning to some friend, some kindred soul:
We to one heart alone can look for comfort.

But we, say they, live an unperilled life
At home, while they do battle with the spear—
Unreasoning fools! Thrice would I under shield
Stand, rather than bear childbirth-peril once.

\(^1\) A Greek girl's husband was chosen for her by her parents.
ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

άλλ' οὐ γὰρ αὐτὸς πρὸς σὲ καὶ 'ήκει λόγος·
σοὶ μὲν πόλις γὰρ ἔστι καὶ πατρὸς δόμοι
βίον τ' ὄνησις καὶ φίλων συννοισία,
ἐγὼ δ' ἔρημος ἄπολις οὐς' ὑβρίζομαι
πρὸς ἀνδρός· ἐκ γῆς βαρβάρου λειψμένη,
οὐ μητέρ', οὐκ ἀδελφόν· οὐχὶ συγγενή
μεθορμίσασθαι τῆς δ' ἔχουσα συμφορᾶς.
τοσοῦτον οὖν σου τυχόνειν βουλήσομαι,
ἡν μοι πόρος τις μηχανή τ' ἐξευρεθή
πόσιν δίκην τῶν ἀντιτίσσασθαι κακῶν
[τὸν δόντα τ' αὐτῷ θυγατέρ' ἢ τ' ἐγήματο],
σιγάν. γυνὴ γὰρ τάλλα, μὲν φόβου πλέα,
κακὴ δ' ἐσ᾽ ἄλκην καὶ σίδηρον εἰσορᾶν.
ὅταν δ' ἐσ᾽ εὐθὺν ἡδικημένη κυρῆ,
οὐκ ἔστων ἀλλὰ φρήν μιαφονωτέρα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

δράσω τάδ'. ἐνδίκως γὰρ ἐκτίσει πόσιν,
Μῆδεια. πενθεῖν δ' οὐ σε θαυμάζω τόχας.
ὁρῶ δὲ καὶ Κρέοντα τήσδ' ἀνακτὰ γῆς
στείχουτα, καίνων ἁγγελον βουλευμάτων.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

σὲ τὴν σκυθρωπὸν καὶ πόσει θυμομένην,
Μῆδειαν, ἔπον τήσδε γῆς ἔξω περάν
φυγάδα, λαβοῦσαν δισσά σὺν σαυτῇ τέκνα,
καὶ μή τι μέλλειν· ὡς ἐγὼ βραβεύς λόγου
tοῦδ' εἰμί, κούκ ἀπειμὶ πρὸς δόμους πάλιν,
πρὶν ἂν σε γαῖας τερμόνων ἐξω βάλω.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

αἰαί· πανώλης ἡ τάλαιν ἄπόλλυμαι.
ἐχθροὶ γὰρ ἐξίσαι πάντα δὴ κάλων,
κούκ ἔστων ἄτης εὐπρόσοιστος ἐκβαςίς.
MEDEA

But ah, thy story is not one with mine!
Thine is this city, thine a father’s home,
Thine bliss of life and fellowship of friends;
But I, lone, cityless, and outraged thus
Of him who kidnapped me from foreign shores,
Mother nor brother have I, kinsman none,
For port of refuge from calamity.
Wherefore I fain would win of thee this boon:—
If any path be found me, or device,
Whereby to avenge these wrongs upon mine hus-
band,
On her who weds, on him who gives the bride,
Keep silence. Woman quails at every peril,
Faint-heart to face the fray and look on steel;
But when in wedlock-rights she suffers wrong,
No spirit more bloodthirsty shall be found.

CHORUS
This will I; for ’tis just that thou, Medea,
Requite thy lord: no marvel thou dost grieve.
But I see Creon, ruler of this land,
Advancing, herald of some new decree.

Enter Creon.

CREON
Black-lowering woman, wroth against thy lord,
Medea, forth this land I bid thee fare
An exile, taking thy two sons with thee;
And make no tarrying: daysman of this cause
Am I, and homeward go I not again
Ere from the land’s bounds I have cast thee forth.

MEDEA
Ah me! undone am I in utter ruin!
My foes crowd sail pursuing: landing-place
Is none from surges of calamity.

VOL. IV.
ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

280 ἑρήσομαι δὲ καὶ κακῶς πάσχουσ᾽ ὦμως,
tίνος μ᾽ ἔκατι γῆς ἀποστέλλεις, Κρέον;

ΚΡΕΩΝ
dέδοικά σ', οὐδέν δεὶ παραμπέχειν λόγους,
μὴ μοί τι δράσης παίδ᾽ ἀνήκεστον κακῶν.
συμβάλλεται δὲ πολλὰ τούδε δεὶματος·
σοφὴ πέφυκα καὶ κακῶν πολλῶν ἵδρυς,
λυπεῖ δὲ λέκτρων ἄνδρος ἐστερημένη.
κλύω δ' ἀπειλεῖν σ', ὡς ἀπαγγέλλουσί μοι,
tὸν δόντα καὶ γήμαντα καὶ γαμομέαν
dράσειν τι. ταύτ' ὦν πρὶν παθεῖν φυλάξομαι.

290 κρείσσον δὲ μοι νῦν πρὸς σ' ἀπεχθέσθαι, γύναι,
ἡ μαλθακισθένθ' ὑστερον μεταστένειν.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

φεῦ φεῦ·
oὐ νῦν με πρῶτον, ἄλλα πολλάκις, Κρέον,
ἐβλαψε δόξα μεγάλα τ' εἰργασται κακά.
χρὴ δ' οὕποθ' ὦστες ἀρτίφρων πέφυκ' ἀνήρ
παίδας περισσώς ἑκδιδάσκεσθαι σοφοῦς·
χωρὶς γὰρ ἄλλης ἢς ἔχουσιν ἄργιας
φθόνον πρὸς ἀστῶν ἀλφάνουσινδυσμενή.
σκαιοῖς μὲν γὰρ καίνα προσφέρων σοφὰ
dόξεις ἄχρείος κού σοφὸς πεφυκέναι·

300 τῶν δ' αὖ δοκοῦντων εἰδέναι τι ποικίλον
κρείσσον νομοθεῖς λυπρὸς ἐν πόλει φανεῖ.
ἐγὼ δὲ καύτη τήσει κοινωνό τύχης.
σοφὴ γὰρ οὕσα, τοῖς μὲν εἰμ' ἐπίθονοι,
τοῖς δ' ἡσυχαία, τοῖς δὲ θατέρου τρόπου,
τοῖς δ' αὖ προσάντης' εἰμί δ' οὐκ ἄγαν σοφή.
σὺ δ' αὖ φοβεῖ με· μὴ τι πλημμελέσ πάθης;
οὐ χῶ δ' ἔχει μοι—μὴ τρέσης ἤμας, Κρέον—
ὡστ' εἰς τυράννους ἄνδρας ἐξαμαρτάνειν.
MEDEA

Yet, howso wronged, one question will I ask—
For what cause, Creon, dost thou banish me?

CREON

I fear thee—need is none to cloak my words—
Lest thou wreak curseless vengeance on my child.
And to this dread do many things conspire:
Wise art thou, cunning in much evil lore;
Chased art thou, of thine husband's couch bereft:
I hear thou threatenest, so they bring me word,
To wreak on sire, on bridegroom, and on bride
Mischief. I guard mine head ere falls the blow.
Better be hated, woman, now of thee,
Than once relent, and sorely groan too late.

MEDEA

Not now first, Creon,—many a time ere now
Rumour hath wronged and wrought me grievous harm.
Ne'er should the man whose heart is sound of wit
Let teach his sons more wisdom than the herd.
They are burdened with unprofitable lore,
And spite and envy of other folk they earn.
For, if thou bring strange wisdom unto dullards,
Useless shalt thou be counted, and not wise:
And, if thy fame outshine those heretofore
Held wise, thou shalt be odious in men's eyes.
Myself too in this fortune am partaker.
Of some my wisdom wins me jealousy,
Some count me spiritless; outlandish some;
Unsocial some. Yet no deep lore is mine.
And thou, thou fear'st me, lest I work thee harm.

Not such am I—O Creon, dread not me—
That against princes I should dare transgress.

x 2
ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

τί γὰρ σὺ μ’ ἡδίκηκας; ἐξέδου κόρην
ὄτῳ σε θυμός ἤγεν. ἀλλ’ ἔμοι πόσιν
μοι ὅδ’ οἶμαι, σωϕρονῶν ἔδρας τάδε.
καὶ νῦν τὸ μὲν σὸν οὐ φθονῶ καλῶς ἔχειν.
nυμφεύετ’, εὗ πράσσοιτε τήνδε δὲ χθόνα
εἵτε μ’ οἰκεῖν καὶ γὰρ ἡδικημένοι
συγκηρύσθηκα, κρείσσονοι νικώμενοι.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

λέγεις ἄκουσαι μαλθάκ’, ἀλλ’ εἰσοφ φρενῶν
ὀρρῳδία μοι μή τι βουλεύσῃς κακόν,
τόσῳ δὲ γ’ ἤσσον ἢ πάρος πέποιθά σοι.
γυνῇ γὰρ ὡξύθυμος, ὡς δ’ αὐτός ἀνήρ,
μᾶν ψυχαίσσειν ἡ σωπηλὸς σοφός.
ἀλλ’ ἔξιθ’ ὡς τάχιστα, μη λόγους λέγει.
ὡς ταῦτ’ ἀραρε, κοῦκ ἔχεις τέχνην ὅπως
μενεῖς παρ’ ἡμῖν οὐσα δυσμενῆς ἐμοὶ.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

μή, πρὸς σε γονάτων τῆς τε νεογάμου κόρης.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

λόγους ἀναλοίς: οὐ γὰρ ἀν πείσαις ποτέ.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ἀλλ’ ἐξελάς με κούδεν αἰδέσει λυτάς;

ΚΡΕΩΝ

φιλῶ γὰρ οὐ σὲ μᾶλλον ἢ δόμους ἔμοις.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ὡς πατρίς, ὡς σου κάρτα νῦν μνεῖαν ἔχω.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

πλὴν γὰρ τέκνων ἐμοιγε ϕίλτατον πόλις.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

φεῦ φεῦ, βροτοῖς ἔρωτες ὡς κακῶν μέγα.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ὅπως ἀν, οἶμαι, καὶ παραστῶσιν τύχαι.
MEDEA

How hast thou wronged me? Thou hast given thy child
To whomso pleased thee. But—I hate mine husband; 310
So, doubtless, this in prudence hast thou done.
Nay, but I grudge not thy prosperity.
Wed ye, and prosper. But in this your land
Still let me dwell: for I, how wronged soe'er,
Will hold my peace, o'ermastered by the strong.

CREON

Soft words to hear!—but in thine inmost heart,
I fear, thou plottest mischief all the while;
And all the less I trust thee than before.
The vehement-hearted woman—yea, or man—
Is easier watched-for than the silent-cunning. 320
Nay, forth with all speed: plead me pleadings none;
For this is stablished: no device hast thou
To bide with us, who art a foe to me.

MEDEA (clasping his feet)
Nay,—by thy knees, and by the bride, thy child!

CREON

Thou wastest words; thou never shalt prevail.

MEDEA

Wilt drive me forth, respecting naught my prayers?

CREON

Ay: more I love not thee than mine own house.

MEDEA

My country! O, I call thee now to mind!

CREON

Ay, next my children, dear to me is Corinth.

MEDEA

Alas! to mortals what a curse is love!

CREON

Blessing or curse, I trow, as fortune falls.
ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

Ζεῦ, μὴ λάθοι σε τῶν ὃς ἀϊτίος κακῶν.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
ἐρπ’, ὧ ματαία, καὶ μ’ ἀπάλλαξον πόνων.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ
πονοῦμεν ἡμεῖς κοῦ πόνων κεχρήμεθα.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
τάχ’ ἐξ ὑπαδῶν χειρὸς ὠσθήσει βλα.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ
μὴ ὅθτα τοῦτό γ’, ἀλλὰ σ’ αἴτωμαι, Κρέον—

ΚΡΕΩΝ
ὄχλον παρέξεις, ὡς ἔσκες, ὧ γύλαι.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ
φευξούμεθα· οὐ τοῦθ’ ἴκετευσα σοῦ τυχεῖν.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
τί δ’ αὖ βιάζει κοῦκ ἀπαλλάσσει χθονός;

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

μίαν με μεῖναι τήνδ’ ἐλαιν ἡμέραν
καὶ ἐπιπερᾶναι φροντίδ’ ἢ φευξούμεθα,
πασίν τ’ ἀφορμῆν τοῖς ἐμοίς, ἐπεὶ πατήρ
οὐδὲν προτιμᾶ μηχανήσασθαι τέκνοις.

οἰκτειρε ὅ’ αἴτωμ’ καὶ σὺ τοι παῦδων πατήρ
πέφυκας· εἰκὸς δ’ ἐστὶν εὔνοιαν σ’ ἑχειν.
τούμον γὰρ οὐ μοι φροντίς, εἰ φευξούμεθα,
κεῖνος δὲ κλαίων συμφορὰ κεχρημένονς.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ἠκιστα τούμον λῆμ’ ἐφι τυραννικόν,
αιδούμενος δὲ πολλὰ δὴ διεφθορά·
καὶ νῦν ὄρῳ μεν ἔξαμαρτάνων, γύλαι,
ὅμως δὲ τεῦξει τούδε· προοίμητοι δέ σοι,
εἰ σ’ ἡ πιούσα λαμπτὰς ὤψεται θεῶ
καὶ παῖδας ἐντὸς τῆς δὲ τερμόνων χθονός,
MEDEA

ZEUS

Zeus, Zeus, forget not him who is cause of this!

CREON

Hence, passionate fool, and rid me of my trouble.

MEDEA

Troubled am I; new troubles need I none.

CREON

Soon shalt thou be by servants’ hands thrust out.

MEDEA

Nay—nay—not this, O Creon, I implore!

CREON

So, woman, thou, it seems, wilt make a coil.

MEDEA

I will flee forth:—not this the boon I crave.

CREON

Why restive then?—why bid not Corinth of thee?

MEDEA

Suffer me yet to tarry this one day,
And somewhat for our exile to take thought,
And find my babes a refuge, since their sire
Cares naught to make provision for his sons.
Compassionate these—a father too art thou
Of children—meet it is thou show them grace.
Not for myself I fret, if I be banished:
For them in their calamity I mourn.

CREON

My spirit least of all is tyrannous.
Many a plan have my relentings marred:
And, woman, now I know I err herein,
Yet shalt thou win this boon. But I forewarn thee,
If thee the approaching Sun-god’s torch behold
Within this country’s confines with thy sons,
ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

θανεὶ. λέλεκται μῦθος ἀψευδῆς ὁδε.
νῦν δ', εἰ μένειν δεῖ, μᾶλλον ἐφ' ἡμέραν μίαν
οὐ γὰρ τι δράσεις δεινῶν ὃν φόβος μ' ἔχει.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

dύστανε γύναι,
φεῦ φεῦ, μελέα τῶν σῶν ἄχεων.
ποῖ ποτὲ τρέψει; τίνα προξεύειν
ἡ δόμον ἡ χθόνα σωτήρα κακῶν
ἐξευρήσεις;
ὡς εἰς ἀπορὸν σε κλύδωνα θεός,
Μήδεια, κακῶν ἐπόρευσε.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

κακῶς πέπρακται πανταχῇ τίς ἀντερεῖ;
ἀλλ' ὅτι ταύτῃ ταύτα, μὴ δοκεῖτε πω.
ἐτ' εἰσ' ἀγώνες τοῖς νεωστὶ νυμφίοις,
καὶ τοῖς κηδεύσασιν οὐ σμικροὶ πόνοι.
δοκεῖς γὰρ ἂν με τόνδε ὑπεύθυν ποτε,
εἰ μὴ τι κερδαίνουσαν ἡ τεχνημένη;
οὐδ' ἂν προσείπον οὐδ' ἂν ἡψάμην χερῶν.
ὸ δ' εἰς τοσοῦτον μωρίας ἀφίκετο,
ὡστ' ἔξων αὐτῷ τάμ' ἔλειν βουλεύματα
γῆς ἐκβαλόντι, τίνυδ' ἀφίκεν ἠμέραν
μείναι μ', ἐν ἣ τρεῖς τῶν ἐμῶν ἐχθρῶν νεκροὺς
θῆσω, πατέρα τε καὶ κόρην πόσιν τ' ἐμῶν.
πολλὰς δ' ἔχουσα θανασίμως αὐτοῖς ὀδοὺς,
οὐκ οἶδ' ὅποια πρώτον ἐγχειρῶ, φίλαι,
πότερον ὑφάσω δῶμα νυμφικὸν πυρί,
ἡ θηκτὸν ὁσω φάσγανον δι' ἦπατος,
συγῆ δόμους εἰσβαζ' ἐν' ἐστρωται λέχος.
MEDEA

Thou diest:—the word is said that shall not lie.
Now, if remain thou must, remain one day—
Too short for thee to do the deeds I dread. [Exit.

CHORUS

O hapless thou!
Woe's me for thy misery, woe for the trouble and
anguish that meet thee!
Whitherward wilt thou turn thee?—what welcoming
hand mid the strangers shall greet thee?
What home or what land to receive thee, deliver-
ance from evils to give thee,
Wilt thou find for thee now?

How mid surge of despair to o'erwhelm thee in ruin
God's hand on thine helm
Hath steered, O Medea, thy prow!

MEDEA

Wronged—wronged by God and man! Who shall
gainsay?
But is it mere despair?—deem not so yet.
Bridegroom and bride grim wrestlings yet await;
Nor troubles light abide these marriage-makers.
Dost think that I had cringed to yon man ever,
Except to gain some gain, or work some wile?
Nor word nor touch of hand had I vouchsafed him!

But to such height of folly hath he come,
That, when he might forestall mine every plot
By banishment, this day of grace he grants me
To stay, wherein three foes will I lay dead,
The father, and the daughter, and mine husband.
And, having for them many paths of death,
Which first to take in hand I know not, friends—
To fire yon palace midst their marriage-feast,
Or to steal softly to their bridal-bower, [knife.
And through their two hearts thrust the whetted

313
ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ἀλλ’ ἐν τί μοι πρόσαντες· εἰ ληφθήσομαι δόμους ὑπερβαίνουσα καὶ τεχνομένη, θανοῦσα θῆσο τοῖς ἑμοῖς ἐχθροῖς γέλων.

κράτιστα τὴν εὐθείαν, ἢ πεφύκαμεν σοφαὶ μάλιστα, φαρμάκοις αὐτοὺς ἔλειν. εἰεν’
καὶ δὴ τεθνάσι τίς με δέξεται πόλις;
τίς γὴν ἀσυλον καὶ δόμους ἐχεγγύους ἥλιος παρασχὼν ῥύσεται τοῦμὸν δέμας;
οὐκ ἐστὶ. μείνασθ’ οὖν ἔτι σμικρὸν χρόνον,
ἡν μὲν τις ἡμῶν πῦργος ἀσφαλὴς φανῆ,
δόλῳ μέτειμ τόνδε καὶ σιγῇ φόνον·
ἡν δ’ ἐξελαύνῃ ξυμφορά μ’ ἀμήχανος,
αὐτή ξίφος λαβοῦσα, κεὶ μέλλω θανεῖν,
κτείνω σφε, τόλμῃς δ’ εἶμι πρὸς τὸ καρτερὸν.

οὐ γὰρ μὰ τὴν δέσποιναν ἢν ἔγω σέβω
μάλιστα πάντων καὶ ἔνεργῶν εἰλόμην,
Ἐκάτην μυχοίς ναίονσαν ἐστίας ἐμῆς,
χαίρων τις αὐτῶν τοῦμὸν ἀλγυνεὶ κέαρ.
πικρόυς δ’ ἔγω σφι καὶ λυγροὺς θῆσο γάμους,
πικρόν δὲ κῆδος καὶ φυγὰς ἐμὰς χθονός.

ἀλλ’ εἰα· φείδου μηδὲν δ’ ἐν ἐπίστασαι,
Μήδεια, βουλεύουσα καὶ τεχνωμένη·
ἐρπ’ εἰς τὸ δεινὸν· νῦν ἄγων εὐφυχίας.
ὅρας ἀ πάσχεις; οὔ γέλωτα δεῖ σ’ ὀφλεῖν
tοίς Σισυφείοις τοῖς τ’ Ἰάσωνος γάμους,
γεγώσαν ἐσθλοῦ πατρὸς Ἡλίου τ’ ἀπο.
ἐπίστασαι δὲ· πρὸς δὲ καὶ πεφύκαμεν
γυναίκες, εἰς μὲν ἐσθλ’ ἀμηχανώταται,
κακῶν δὲ πάντων τέκτωνες σοφώταται.
MEDEA

Yet one thing bars the way—if I be found
Crossing the threshold of the house and plotting,
Die shall I mid the mocking laughter of foes.

Best the sure path, wherein my nature's cunning
Excels, by poisons to destroy them—yea.
Now, grant them dead: what city will receive me,
What host vouchsafe a land of refuge, home
Secure, and from the avenger shield my life?
There is none. Tarried, then a little space,
If any tower of safety shall appear,
These deaths by guile and silence will I compass;
But if misfortune drive me desperate forth,
Myself will grip the sword,—yea, though I die,—
Aud slay, and dare the strong hand's reckless deed.

Ah, by the Queen of Night, whom I revere
Above all, and for fellow-worker chose,
Hecate, dweller by mine hearth's dark shrine,
None, none shall vex my soul, and rue it not.
Bitter and woeful bridal will I give them,
Bitter troth-plight and banishing of me.

Up then!—spare naught of all thy sorcery-lore,
Medea, of thy plotting and contriving;
On to the dread deed! Now is need of daring.
Look on thy wrongs: thou must not make derision
For sons of Sisyphus, for Jason's bride,—
Thou, sprung from royal father, from the Sun!
Thou know'st the means. I prove me woman indeed!
Men say we are most helpless for all good,
But of dark deeds most cunning fashioners.
ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

410 ἀνω ποταμῶν ἱερῶν χωροῦσι παγαί, στρ. α' καὶ δίκαι καὶ πάντα πάλιν στρέφεται.
ἀνδράσι μὲν δόλαι βουλαί, θεῶν δ' οὐκέτι πίστις ἀραρε.
τὰν ἄ' ἐμᾶν εὐκλειαν ἔχειν βιοτὰν στρέψουσι φάμαι.
ἔρχεται τιμὰ γυναικεῖῳ γένει·
420 οὐκέτι δυσκέλαδος φάμα γυναῖκας ἔξει.

ἀντ. α'

μοῦσαι δὲ παλαιγενέων λήξουσ' ἀοιδὰν
tὰν ἐμᾶν ὑμνεύσαι ἀπιστοσύναν.
οὐ γὰρ ἐν ἄμετέρᾳ γνώμῃ λύρας
ὁπασεθεσπὶν ἀοιδὰν
Φοίβος, ἀγήτωρ μελέων· ἐπεὶ ἀντ-ἀχθος' ἀν ὑμνον
ἀρσέων γένυς· μακρὸς δ' αἰῶν ἔχει
430 πολλά μὲν ἄμετέραν ἀνδρῶν τε μοῖραν εἰπεῖν.

στρ. β'

σὺ δ' ἐκ μὲν οἴκων πατρίων ἐπλευσας
μαυνομένα κραδίας, διδύμας ὑρίσασα πόντου
πέτρας· ἐπὶ δὲ ξένα

ναιείς χθονί, τᾶς ανάνδρου

κοίτας ὑλέσασα λέκτρον,

tάλανα, φυγὰς δὲ χώρας

ἀτιμὸς ἐλαύνει.
MEDEA

CHORUS

(Str. 1.)
Upward and back to their fountains the sacred rivers
are stealing;
Justice is turned to injustice, the order of old to
The thoughts of the hearts of men are treachery
wholly, and, reeling
[become a delusion.
From its ancient foundations, the faith of the Gods is
Everywhere change!—even me men's voices hence-
forth shall honour;
My life shall be sunlit with glory; for woman the
old-time story
[be upon her.
Is ended, the slanders hoary no more shall as chains
(Ant. 1)
And the strains of the singers of old generations for
shame shall falter,
[faithlessness ever.
Which sang evermore of the treason of woman, her
Alas, that our lips are not touched with the fire of
song from the altar
Of Phoebus, the Harper-king, of the inspiration-
giver!
[ringing
Else had I lifted my voice in challenge of song high-
Unto men: for the roll of the ages shall find for
the poet-sages
[their singing.
Proud woman-themes for their pages, heroines worthy
(Str. 2)
But thou from the ancient home didst sail over
leagues of foam,
[sawwest disparth, 430
On-speed by a frenzied heart, and the sea-gates
The Twin Rocks. Now, in the land
Of the stranger, thy doom is to waken
To a widowed couch, and forsaken
Of thy lord, and woe-overtaken,
To be cast forth shamed and banned.

317
ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

βέβακε δ’ ὄρκων χάρις, οὐδ’ ἐτ’ αἰδῶς ἀντ. β’ Ἐλλάδι τὰ μεγάλα μένει, αἰθερία δ’ ἀνέπτα. σοὶ δ’ οὐτε πατρὸς δόμοι, δύστανε, μεθορμίσασθαι μόχθων πάρα, σῶν τε λέκτρων ἅλλα βασίλεια κρείσσων δόμοισιν ἐπέστα.

ΙΑΣΩΝ

οὐ νῦν κατείδουν πρῶτον, ἄλλα πολλάκις, τραχείαν ὀργὴν ὡς ἀμήχανον κακόν. σοὶ γάρ παρόν γὰν τήνδε καὶ δόμους ἔχειν κούφως φερούσῃ κρεισσόνων βουλεύματα, λόγων ματαίων εἶνεκ’ ἐκπεσεὶ χθόνος. κάμοι μὲν οὐδὲν πρᾶγμα· μὴ παύσῃ ποτὲ λέγουσ’ Ἰάσων ὡς κάκιστος ἐστ’ ἀνήρ· ἃ δ’ εἶς τυράννους ἐστὶ σοὶ λευγεμένα, πᾶν κέρδος ἤγου ξημουμένη φυγῇ. καγὼ μὲν ἄδει βασίλεων θυμομένων ὀργὰς ἀφήρουν καὶ σ’ ἐβουλώμην μένειν· σοὶ δ’ οὐκ ἄνεις μωρίας, λέγουσ’ ἄδει κακῶς τυράννους· τούγαρ ἐκπεσεὶ χθόνος. ὃμως δὲ κάκ’ τῶν ὦκ ἀπειρηκῶς φίλοις ἦκω, τὸ σὺν δὲ προσκοπούμενον, γυναί, ὡς μὴ’ ἀχρήμων σὺν τέκνους ἐκπέσης μὴ’ ἐνδεχ’ τοῦ· πόλλ’ ἐφέλκεται φυγῇ κακὰ ἐξὶν αὐτῇ. καὶ γάρ εἰ σὺ με στυγεῖς, οὐκ ἀν δυναίμην σοι κακῶς φρονεῖν ποτε.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ὁ παγκάκιστε, τούτο γὰρ σ’ εἰπεῖν ἑχω γλώσσῃ μέγιστον εἰς ἀνανδρίαν κακών, ἡλθες πρὸς ἡμᾶς, ἡλθες ἑχθιστος γεγώς.
MEDEA

(Act 2)
Disannulled is the spell of the oath: no shame for
the broken troth [flight hath it ta'en.
In Hellas the wide doth remain, but heavenward its
No home of a father hast thou
For thine haven when trouble-storms lower.
Usurped is thy bridal bower
Of another, in pride of her power,
Ill-starred, overqueening thee now.

Enter JASON.

JASON
Not now first, nay, but oftentimes have I marked
What desperate mischief is a froward spirit.
Thou mightest stay in Corinth, in these halls,
Bearing unfractiously thy rulers' pleasure,
Yet for wild whirling words banished thou art.
Me they vex not—cease never, an thou wilt,
Clamouring, "Jason is of men most base!"
But, for thy railing on thy rulers, count it
All gain, that only exile punisheth thee.
For me—I have striven long to appease the wrath
Of kings incensed: fain would I thou shouldst stay.
But thou rein'st not thy folly, speaking still
Evil of dignities; art therefore banished.
Yet, for all this, not wearied of my friends,
With so much forethought come I for thee, lady,
That, banished with thy babes, thou lack not gold,
Nor aught beside; for exile brings with it
Hardships full many. Though thou hatest me,
Never can I bear malice against thee.

MEDEA
Caitiff of caitiffs!—blackest of reproaches
My tongue for thine unmanliness can frame—
Com'st thou to me—dost come, most hateful proved

319
μηδεία

[θεώσ τε κάμοι παντί τ' ἀνθρώπων γένει:] ὁπτοι θράσος τόδ’ ἐστίν οὐδ’ εὐτολμία, φίλους κακῶς δράσαντ’ ἐναίτιον βλέπειν, ἀλλ’ ἡ μεγίστη τῶν ἐν ἀνθρώπως νόσων πασῶν, ἀναίδει’ εὗ δ’ ἐποίησας μολὼν, ἐγὼ τε γὰρ λέξασα κοψιδήσομαι ψυχήν κακῶς σε, καί σὺ λυπησεί κλύων.

ἐκ τῶν δὲ πρώτων πρώτων ἀρξομαι λέγειν. ἐσωσά σ’, ὡς ἤσασθ’ Ἐλλήνως ὅσον ταύτων συνεισέβησαν Ἀργάφων σκάφος, πεμφθέντα ταύρων πυρπυρῶν ἑπιστάτην ξενύλαισι καὶ σπεροῦσαν ἑανάσιμον γῆν· δράκοντά θ’, ὃς πάγχρυσον ἀμπέχων δέρας σπείραις ἐσφέζε πολυπλόκοις ἄντυνος ὧν, κτείνασ’ ἄνέσχησαν σοί φάος σωτήριον.

αὐτῇ δὲ πατέρα καὶ δόμους προδοῦσ’ ἐμοὺς τὴν Πηλιώτιν εἰς Ἰωλκὸν ἱκόμην σὺν σοί, προβόμος μᾶλλον ἢ σοφωτέρα. Πελίαν τ’ ἀπέκτειν’, ὡσπερ ἀλγιστὸν θανεῖν, παιδῶν ὑπ’ αὐτοῦ, πάντα δ’ ἔξειλον δόμουν. καὶ ταῦθ’ ὑφ’ ἡμῶν, ὃ κάκιστ’ ἄνδρῶν, παθῶν προῦδωκας ἡμᾶς, καὶνά δ’ ἐκτὴσω λέχη, παίδων γεγονόντων εἰ γὰρ ᾦθ’ ἀπαις ἐτὶ, συγγνωστὸν ἢ σοί τοῦτ’ ἔρασθησαι λέχους. ὅρκων δὲ φρούνι πίστις, οὐδ’ ἔχω μαθεῖν εἰ θεοῦς νομίζεις τοὺς τὸτ’ οὐκ ἄρχειν ἐτὶ, ἢ καὶνὰ κεῖσθαι θέσμι’ ἀνθρώποις τὰ γίνει, ἔτει σύνοισθα γ’ εἰς ἐμ’ οὐκ εὐρόκος ὁμ. φεῦ δεξία χείρ ἢς σὺ πόλλ’ ἐλαμβάνον, καὶ τῶν ῥε γονάτων, ὡς μάτην κεχρώσμεθα

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1 Some MSS. have φόβον, “I cast out all thy (or their) fear.”

320
MEDEA

To heaven, to me, to all the race of men? This is not daring, no, nor courage this,
To wrong thy friends, and blench not from their eyes, But, of all plagues infecting men, the worst,
Even shamelessness. And yet 'tis well thou cam'st,
For I shall ease the burden of mine heart
Reviling thee, and thou be galled to hear.
And with the first things first will I begin.
I saved thee: this knows every son of Greece
That stepped with thee aboard thine Argo's hull,
Thee, sent to quell the flame-outbreathing bulls
With yoke-bands, and to sow the tilth of death.
The dragon, warder of the Fleece of Gold,
That sleepless kept it with his manifold coils,
I slew, and raised deliverance-light for thee.
Myself forsook my father and mine home,
And to Iolcos under Pelion came
With thee, more zealous in thy cause than wise.
Pelias I slew by his own children's hands—
Of all deaths worst,—and dashed their house to ruin.
Thus dealt with, basest of all men, by me,
For a new bride hast thou forsaken me,
Though I had borne thee children! Wert thou
childless,
Not past forgiving were this marriage-craving.
But faith of oaths hath vanished. I know not
Whether thou deem'st the olden Gods yet rule,
Or that new laws are now ordained for men;
For thine heart speaks thee unto me forsworn.
Out on this right hand, which thou oft wouldst clasp,—
These knees!—I was polluted by the touch
ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

κακοῦ πρὸς ἀνδρὸς, ἐλπίδων δ’ ἡμάρτομεν.
ἀγ’, ὦς φίλω γὰρ ὅντι σοι κοινωσομαι,
δοκοῦσα μὲν τί πρὸς γε σοῦ πράξειν καλῶς;
όμως δ’ ἐρωτηθεὶς γὰρ αἰσχίων φανεῖ.

νῦν ποῖ τράπωμαι; πότερα πρὸς πατρὸς δόμους,
οὐς σοὶ προδοῦσα καὶ πάτραν ἀφικόμην;
ἡ πρὸς ταλαίνας Πελιάδας; καλῶς γ’ ἂν οὖν
dέξαιντο μ’ οἶκοι οὖν πατέρα κατέκτανον.
ἐχει γὰρ οὕτωι τοῖς μὲν οἰκοθέν φίλοις
ἐχθρα καθέστηχ’, οὐς δὲ μ’ οὐκ ἔχρην κακῶς
dράν, σοὶ χάριν φέρουσα πολεμίους ἑχω.

τοιγάρ με πολλαίς μακαρίαν Ελληνίδων

ἔθηκας ἀντί τόνδε θαυμαστόν δὲ σε
ἔχω πόσων καὶ πιστῶν ἡ τάλαιν’ ἐγώ,
εἰ φεύξομαι γε γαίαν ἐκβεβλημένη,
φίλων ἔρημος, σὺν τεκνοίς μόνη μόνοις·
καλὸν γ’ οὐείδος τῷ νεωστὶ νυμφίῳ,
πτωχοίς ἀλάσθαι παίδας ἢ τ’ ἔσωσά σε.

ὁ Ζεὺς, τί δὴ χρυσοῦ μὲν ὅς κίβδηλος ἢ
tεκμήρι’ ἀνθρωποίσιν ὦπασας σαφή,
ἀνδρῶν δ’ ὅτῳ χρή τὸν κακὸν διειδέναι,
οὕδεις χαρακτήρ ἐμπέφυκε σώματι;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

δεινὴ τις ὅργῃ καὶ δυσίατοσ πέλει,
ὅταν φίλοι φίλοισι συμβάλωσ’ ἔριν.

ΙΑΣΩΝ

dei μ’, ὥς έοικε, μὴ κακὸν φύναι λέγειν,
ἀλλ’ ὅστε ναὸς κεδυνὸν οἰακοστρόφον
ἀκροισὶ λαίψους κρασπέδοις ὑπεκδραμεῖν
tὴν σὴν στόμαργον, ὦ γῆνα, γλωσσαλγίαν.

ἐγὼ δ’, ἐπεὶ σὴν καὶ λίαν πυργοῖς χάριν,
Κύπριω νομίζω τῆς ἐμῆς ναυκληρίας

322
MEDEA

Of a base man, thus frustrate of mine hopes! Come, as a friend will I commune with thee— Yet what fair dealing should I hope from thee?— Yet will I: questioned, baser shalt thou show. Now, whither turn I?—to my father's house, My land?—which I betrayed, to flee with thee! To Pelias' hapless daughters? Graciously Their father's slayer would they welcome home! For thus it is—a foe am I become To mine own house: no quarrel I had with those With whom I have now a death-feud for thy sake.

For all this hast thou made me passing-blest Midst Hellas' daughters! Oh, in thee have I— O wretched I!—a wondrous spouse and leal, Since from the land cast forth I pass to exile Forlorn of friends, alone with children lone. A proud reproach for our new bridegroom this— "In poverty his babes, his saviour, wander!" O Zeus, ah wherefore hast thou given to men Plain signs for gold which is but counterfeit, But no assay-mark nature-graven shows On man's form, to discern the base withal?

CHORUS

Awful and past all healing is that wrath When they that once loved clash in feud of hate.

JASON

Needs must I be not ill at speech, meseems, But, like the careful helmsman of a ship, With close-reefed canvas run before the gale, Woman, of thy tempestuous-railing tongue. I—for thy kindness tower-high thou piles:— Deem Cypris saviour of my voyaging,
ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

σώτειραν εἶναι θεῶν τε κάνθρωπον μόνην.
σοι δ’ ἔστι μὲν νοῦς λεπτός—ἀλλ’ ἐπίφθονος
λόγος διελθεῖν, ὡς Ὤρως σ’ ἡμάγκασε
tόξοις ἄφυκτοις τοῦμον ἐκσώσαι δέμας.
ἀλλ’ οὐκ ἀκριβῶς αὐτὸ θήσομαι λίαν;
ὄπη γὰρ οὐν ὄνησας, οὐ κακῶς ἔχει.
μείζω γε μέντοι τῆς ἐμῆς σωτηρίας
eἰλήφας ἢ δέδωκας, ὡς ἐγὼ φράσω.

530

πρῶτον μὲν Ἐλλάδ’ ἀντὶ βαρβάρου χθονὸς
γαίαν κατοικεῖς καὶ δίκην ἐπίστασαι
νόμοις τε χρῆσθαι μὴ πρὸς ἰαχύσω χάριν.
pάντες δὲ σ’ ἱσθοῦντ’ οὐσαν Ἑλληνες σοφῶν,
kαὶ δόξαν ἐσχάξει· εἰ δὲ γῆς ἐπ’ ἐσχάτοις
ὁροιαν ἤκεις; οὐκ ἂν ἦν λόγος σέθεν.
εἰ γ’ ἐμοιγε μήτε χρυσὸς ἐν δόμοις
μὴ’ Ὀρφέως κάλλιον ὑμνήσαι μέλος,
eἰ μὴ πάσης ἡ τύχη γένοιτο μοι

tοσαῦτα μὲν σοι τῶν ἐμῶν πόλιν πέρι
ἐλεξ’· ἀμιλλαν γὰρ σὺ προοθηκας λόγων.

540

δ’ εἰς γάμους μοι βασιλικοὺς ὄνειδισας,
ἐν τόδε δεῖξω πρώτα μὲν σοφὸς γεγώσ,
ἐπεῖτα σόφρων, εἴτα σοι μέγας φίλος
καὶ παῖσί τοῖς ἐμοίσιν· ἀλλ’ ἔχ’ ἔναγχος.
ἐπεὶ μετέστην δεύρ’ Ἰωλκίας χθονὸς
πολλάς ἐφέλκων συμφορὰς ἀμηχάνους,
tί τοῦδ’ ἄν εὐρήμ’ ἦρον εὐπρέπεστον
ἡ παῖδα γῆμα βασιλέως φυγάς γεγώσ;
οὐχ, ἃ σὺ κνίξει, σὸν μὲν ἐχθαίρων λέχος,
καυνής δὲ νύμφης ἰμέρω πεπληγμένος,

550

οὐδ’ εἰς ἀμιλλαν πολύτεκνον σπουδὴν ἐχων·
ἀλλ’ ὡς, τὸ μὲν μέγιστον, οἰκοίμενον καλῶς
MEDEA

Her, and none other or of Gods or men.
Thou art subtle of wit—nay, but ungenerous
It were to tell how Love, by strong compulsion
Of shafts unerring, made thee save my life.
Yet take I not account too strict thereof;
For, in that thou didst save me, thou didst well.
Howbeit, more hast thou received than given
From my deliverance, as my words shall prove:—
First, then, in Hellas dwell'st thou, in the stead
Of land barbaric, knowest justice, learnest
To live by law without respect of force;
And all the Greeks have heard thy wisdom's fame.
Renown is thine; but if on earth's far bourn
Thou dwelledst yet, thou hadst not lived in story.
Now mine be neither gold mine halls within,
Nor sweeter song be mine than Orpheus sang,
If my fair fortune be to fame unknown.

Thus far of my great labours have I spoken,—
This challenge to debate didst thou fling down:—
But, for thy railings on my royal marriage,
Herein will I show, first, that wise I was;
Then, temperate; third, to thee the best of friends
And to my children—nay, but hear me out.

When I came hither from Iolcos-land
With many a desperate fortune in my train,
What happier treasure-trove could I have found
Than to wed—I, an exile—with a princess?
Not—where it galls thee—loathing couch of thine,
And for a new bride smitten with desire,
Nor eager I to multiply mine offspring:—
Suffice these born to me: no fault in them:
But that—this chiefly—we might live in honour,
ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

καὶ μὴ σπανιζόμεθα, γυγνώσκων ὦτι
πένητα φεύγει πᾶς τις ἐκποδῶν φίλος,
pαίδας δὲ θρέψαμ' ἄξιος δόμων ἐμῶν,
σπείρας τ' ἀδελφοὺς τοίς ἐκ σέθεν τέκνοις,
εἰς ταύτο θείην, καὶ ξυναρτήσας γένος,
eὐδαιμονοῖν. σοὶ τε γὰρ παῖδων τί δεῖ,
ἔμοι τε λύει τοίς μέλλουσιν τέκνοις
tὰ ζῶντ' ὑνησία. μῶν βεβούλευμαι κακῶς;
οὐδ' ἀν σὺ φαίης, εἰ σε μὴ κυίζοι λέχος.

ἄλλ' εἰς τοσούτων ἦκεθ' ὅστ' ὀρθομένης
eὐνής γυναικές πάντ' ἐχειν νομίζετε,
ἡ δ' αὐ γένηται ἑμφορά τις εἰς λέχος,
tὰ λῆστα καὶ κάλλιστα πολεμώτατα
tίθεσθε. χρήν ἂρ' ἀλλοθεν ποθεν βροτοὺς
παίδας τεκνοῦσθαι, θήλυ δ' οὐκ εἴναι γένος·
χοῦτως ἀν οὐκ ἦν οὐδὲν ἄνθρώπωις κακόν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

'Ιάσον, εὗ μὲν τούσδ' ἐκόσμησας λόγους·
ομοῖο δ' ἐμοιγε, κεὶ παρὰ γνώμην ἐρῶ,
δοκεῖς προδοῦς σὴν ἄλοχον οὖ δίκαια δράν.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ἡ πολλὰ πολλοῖς εἴμι διάφορος βροτῶν.
ἐμοὶ γὰρ ὅστις ἁδικος ὃν σοφὸς λέγειν
πέφυκε, πλείστην ζημίαν ὀφλισκάνει·
γλώσσῃ γὰρ αὐχῶν τάδικ' εὗ περιστελεῖν,
τολμαὶ πανουργεῖν· ἐστὶ δ' οὐκ ἄγαν σοφός.

ὡς καὶ σὺ μὴ νυν εἰς ἐμ' εὐσχῆμων γένη
λέγειν τε δεινός· εὗ γὰρ ἐκτενεῖ σ' ἐπτος.
χρήν σ', εἶπερ ἦσθα μὴ κακῶς, πεῖσαντά με
γαμεῖν γάμον τόνδ', ἀλλὰ μὴ σιγῇ φίλων.

326
MEDEA

And be not straitened,—for I know full well 560
How all friends from the poor man stand aloof,—
And I might nurture as beseems mine house
Our sons, and to these born of thee beget
Brethren, and, knitting in one family all,
Live happy days. Thou, what wouldst thou or 570
children?

But me it profits, through sons to be born
To help the living. Have I planned so ill?
Not thou wouldst say it, save for jealousy's sting.

But ye—ye women—so unreasoning are
That, wedlock-rights untrespassed-on, all's well;
But, if once your sole tenure be infringed,
With the best, fairest lot are ye at feud
Most bitter. Would that mortals otherwise
Could get them babes, that womankind were not,
And so no curse had lighted upon men.

CHORUS

Words, Jason, words, tricked out full cunningly!
Yet to me—though I speak not to thy mind—
Unjust thou seem'st, betraying thus thy wife.

MEDEA

Not as the world thinks think I oftentimes;
Nay, to my thought, a villain's artful tongue
Doubles the hurt his villainy doth to him:
So sure his tongue can gloze the wrong, he grows
Reckless in sin—a mere fool's wisdom this.

Then be not thou, as touching me, fair-seeming
And crafty-tongued: one word shall overthrow thee:
Thou shouldst, wert thou not base, have wed this
bride
With my consent, not hid it from thy friends.
ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ΙΑΣΩΝ
καλῶς γ', ἁν, οἴμαι, τόδ' ὑπηρέτεις λόγῳ,
εἰ σοι γάμον κατείπον, ἢτις οὔδε νῦν
τολμᾶς μεθείναι καρδίας μέγαν χόλον.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ
οὐ τούτο σ' εἶχεν, ἄλλα βάρβαρον λέχος
πρὸς γῆρας οὐκ εὐδοξὸν ἐξέβαινε σοι.

ΙΑΣΩΝ
εἰ νῦν τόδ' ᾦσθι, μὴ γυναικὸς εἶνεκα
γῆμαι με λέκτρα βασιλέων ἃ νῦν ἔχω,
ἀλλ' ὅσπερ εἴπον καὶ πάρος, σῶσαι θέλων
σέ, καὶ τέκνοις τοῖς ἐμοῖς ὀμοσπόρους
φύσαι τυράννους παίδας, ἔρμα δώμασι.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ
μὴ μοι γένοιτο λυπρὸς εὐδαίμων βίος
μηδ' ὀλβος ὡστὶς τὴν ἐμὴν κνίζοι φρένα.

ΙΑΣΩΝ
οἶσθ' ὡς μετεύξει καὶ σοφωτέρα φανεῖ;
τὰ χρηστὰ μὴ σοι λυπρᾶ φαινέσθω ποτε,
μηδ' εὑτυχοῦσα δυστυχής εῖναι δόκει.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ
ὑβρίζ', ἐπειδὴ σοι μὲν ἐςτ' ἀποστροφή,
ἔγω δ' ἔρημος τὴνδε φευξοῦμαι χθόνα.

ΙΑΣΩΝ
αὐτῇ τάδ' εἶλον· μηδὲν ἄλλον αἰτῶ.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ
τί δρῶσα; μῶν γαμοῦσα καὶ προδοῦσά σε;

ΙΑΣΩΝ
ἀρᾶς τυράννοις ἀνοσίους ἀρωμένη.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ
καὶ σοῖς ἀραιά γ', οὕσα τυγχάνω δόμοις.
MEDEA

JASON
Ay, this my purpose nobly hadst thou helped,
Had I a marriage named, who even now
Canst not refrain thy heart's exceeding wrath!

MEDEA
Not this thine hindrance, but the alien wife
No crown of honour was as eld drew on.

JASON
Now know this well—not for the woman's sake
I wed the royal bride whom I have won,
But, as I said, of my desire to save
Thee, and beget seed royal, to my sons
Brethren, and for mine house a tower of strength.

MEDEA
No prosperous life 'neath sorrow's cloud for me,
Nor weal, with thorns aye rankling in mine heart!

JASON
Know'st how to change thy prayer, and wiser
May thy good never seem to thee thy grief;
Nor in fair fortune deem thy lot misfortune.

MEDEA
O yea, insult! Thou hast a refuge, thou;
But desolate I am banished from this land.

JASON
Thyself hast chosen this: blame none beside.

MEDEA
I?—sooth, by wedding and betraying thee!

JASON
By cursing princes with an impious curse.

MEDEA
Ay—and to thine house hast thou found me a curse!
ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ΙΑΣΩΝ

ώς ού κρινοῦμαι τῶνδέ σοι τὰ πλείονα.

ἀλλʼ εἳ τι βούλει παίσιν ἡ σαντῆς φυγῇ
προσωφέλημα χρημάτων ἐμῶν λαβεῖν,
λέγʼ. ὥς ἔτοιμος ἀφθόνῳ δοῦναι χερὶ
ξένοις τε πέρπευν σύμβολʼ, οὐ δράσουσί σʼ εὐ.
καὶ ταῦτα μὴ θέλουσα μωρανεῖς, γύναι·
λήξασα δʼ ὀργῆς κερδανεῖς ἀμείνονα.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

οὕτʼ ἀν ξένοις τοῦσι σοῖς χρησάμεθʼ ἂν,
οὕτʼ ἀν τι δεξαίμεσθα, μὴθʼ ἦμιν δίδον·
κακοῦ γὰρ ἀνδρὸς δῶρʼ ὄνησιν οὐκ ἔχει.

ΙΑΣΩΝ

ἀλλʼ οὗν ἐγὼ μὲν δαίμονας μαρτύρομαι,
ὡς πάνθ’ ὑπονυγείν σοι τε καὶ τέκνοις θέλω·
σοὶ δʼ οὐκ ἀρέσκει τἀγάθʼ, ἀλλʼ αὐθαδίᾳ
φίλους ἀπωθεῖ· τογὰρ ἄλγυνεὶ πλέον·

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

χώρει· πόθῳ γὰρ τῆς νεοδμῆτον κόρης
ἀρεῖ χρονίζων δωμάτων ἐξώπιοι·
νῦμφευ· ἵσως γάρ, σὺν θεῷ δʼ εἰρήσεται,
γαμεῖσ τοιοῦτον ὡστε σʼ ἄρνείσθαι γάμον.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἐρωτεῖς ὑπὲρ μὲν ἄγαν
ἐλθόντες οὐκ εὐδοξίαν
στρ. αʼ οὐδʼ ἀρετάν παρέδωκαν
ἀνδράσιν· εἰ δʼ ἄλις ἐλθοῦ

Κύπρισ, οὐκ ἄλλα θεὸς εὐχαρις οὔτως·
μήποτʼ, ὡ δέσποιν’, ἐπʼ ἔμοι
κρυσέων τόξων ἐφείης
ἵμερο χρίσασ’ ἀφυκτον οἰστόν.
MEDEA

JASON
With thee no more I wrangle touching this.
But if, or for the children or thyself,
For help in exile thou wilt take my gold,
Speak: ready am I to give with hand ungrudging,
And send guest-tokens which shall find thee friends.
If this thou wilt not, foolish shalt thou be:
Refrain wrath, and advantaged shalt thou be.

MEDEA
Thy friends!—nothing will I of friends of thine.
No whit will I receive, nor offer thou.
No profit is there in a villain’s gifts.

JASON
In any wise I call the Gods to witness
That all help would I give thee and thy sons;
But thy good likes thee not: thy stubborn pride
Spurns friends: the more thy grief shall therefore be.

[Exit.

MEDEA
Away!—impatience for the bride new-trapped
Consumes thee loitering from her bower afar!
Wed: for perchance—and God shall speed the word—
Thine shall be bridal thou wouldst fain renounce.

CHORUS

(Str. 1)
Love bringeth nor honour nor profit to men when it cometh restraining
Not its unsancted excess: but if Cypris, in measure
Her joy, cometh down, there is none other Goddess so winsome as she.
Not upon me, O Queen, do thou aim from thy bow
all-golden
[—not on me!
The arrow desire-envenomed that none may avoid
ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

στέγοι ἃντ. α' δέ με σωφροσύνα, ἄντ. α'
δώρημα κάλλιστον θεῶν
μηδὲ ποτ' ἀμφιλόγους ὀρ-
γας ἀκόρεστα τε νείκη
θυμὸν ἐκπλήξαστ' ἐτέροις ἐπὶ λέκτροις
προσβάλοι δεινὰ Κύπρις, ἀ-
πτολέμους δ' εὐνὰς σεβίζουσ' ὀξύφρων κρίνοι λέχη γυναικῶν.

640 ὁ πατρίς, ὁ δῶματα, μὴ στρ. β'
δὴ τ' ἀπολίς γενοίμαν
tὸν ἀμηχανίας ἔχουσα
dυσπέρατοι αἰῶν,
οἰκτροτάτων ἀχέων.
θανάτῳ θανάτῳ πάρος δαμείην ἀμέραν τάνδ' ἐξανύσασα· μό-
650 χθών δ' οὐκ ἀλλος ὑπερθεν ἡ γάς πατρίας στέρεσθαι.

εἴδομεν, οὐκ ἐξ ἐτέρων ἀντ. β'
μὴθον ἔχω φράσασθαι:
σὲ γὰρ οὐ πόλις, οὐ φίλων τις
ἀκτισεν παθοῦσαν
δεινότατον παθέων.

660 ἄχαριστος ὅλοιθ' ὅτι πάρεστι
μὴ φίλων τιμᾶν καθαρὰν ἀνοί-
ξαντα κλῆδα φρενῶν· ἐμοὶ
μὲν φίλων οὐποτ' ἔσται.

ΑΙΓΕΤΣ
Μήδεια, χαῖρε· τοῦδε γὰρ προοίμιον
cάλλιον οὐδεὶς οἴδε προσφωνεῖν φίλους.

1 Wecklein: for MSS. στέργοι, "befriend me."
MEDEA

(ANT. 1)

But let Temperance shield me, the fairest of gifts of
the Gods ever-living: [unforgiving,
Nor ever with passion of jarring contention, nor feuds
In her terrors may Love’s Queen visit me, smiting
with maddened unrest
For a couch mismated my soul; but the peace of the
bride-bed be holden [bonds that be best.
In honour of her, and her keen eyes choose for us

(STR. 2)

O fatherland, O mine home,
Not mine be the exile’s doom!
Into poverty’s pathways hard to be trod may my feet
not be guided!
Most piteous anguish were this.
By death—O by death ere then may the conflict of
life be decided,
[land divided—
Ended be life’s little day! To be thus from the home-
No pang more bitter there is.

(ANT. 2)

We have seen, and it needeth naught
That of others herein we be taught:
For thee not a city, for thee not a friend hath
compassionated
When affliction most awful is thine.
But he, who regardeth not friends, accursed may he
perish, and hated, [hapless-fated—
Who opes not his heart with sincerity’s key to the
Never such shall be friend of mine.

Enter aegeus.

aegeus

Medea, joy to thee!—for fairer greeting
None knoweth to accost his friends withal.
ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ω χαίρε καὶ σὺ, παῖ σοφοῦ Παιδίωνος,
Αἰγεῦ. πόθεν γῆς τῆς ἐπιστρωφῆ πέδου;

ΑΙΓΕΤΣ
Φοῖβου παλαιῶν ἐκλιπτῶν χρηστήριον.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ
τί δ' ὀμφαλὸν γῆς θεσπυφδόν ἐστάλης;

ΑΙΓΕΤΣ
παῖδων ἐρευνῶν σπέρμ' ὁπως γένοιτό μοι.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ
πρὸς θεῶν, ἀπαῖς γὰρ δεῦρ' ἀεὶ τείνεις βίον;

ΑΙΓΕΤΣ
ἀπαίδεσ ἐσμὲν δαίμονός τινος τύχη.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ
δάμαρτου οὐσις, ἡ λέχους ἀπειρος ὦν;

ΑΙΓΕΤΣ
- οὐκ ἐσμὲν εὐνης ἄξυγγες γαμηλίου.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ
τί δήτα Φοῖβος εἰπέ σοι παίδων πέρι;

ΑΙΓΕΤΣ
σοφώτερ' ἢ κατ' ἄνδρα συμβαλεῖν ἐπη.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ
θέμις μὲν ἡμᾶς χρησμὸν εἰδέναι θεοῦ;

ΑΙΓΕΤΣ
μάλιστ', ἐπεί τοι καὶ σοφῆς δείται φρενός.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ
τί δήτ' ἔχρησε; λέξουν, εἰ θέμις κλύειν.

ΑΙΓΕΤΣ
ἀσκοὺ με τὸν προὺχοντα μὴ λύσαι πόδα,

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ
πρὶν ἄν τί δράσης ἢ τίν' ἐξίκει χθόνα;
MEDEA

Joy to thee also, wise Pandion's son,
Aegeus. Whence art thou journeying through this
land?

AEGEUS
Leaving the ancient oracle of Phoebus.

MEDEA
Why didst thou fare to earth's prophetic navel?

AEGEUS
To ask how seed of children might be mine.

MEDEA
'Fore Heaven!—aye childless is thy life till now?

AEGEUS
Childless I am, by chance of some God's will.

MEDEA
This, with a wife, or knowing not the couch?

AEGEUS
Nay, not unyoked to wedlock's bed am I.

MEDEA
Now what to thee spake Phoebus touching issue?

AEGEUS
Deep words of wisdom not for man to interpret.

MEDEA
Without sin might I know the God's reply?

AEGEUS
O yea—good sooth, it asks a wise wit most.

MEDEA
What said he? Say, if sin be not to hear.

AEGEUS
"Loose not the wine-skin's forward-jutting foot"—

MEDEA
Till thou shouldst do what thing, or reach what land?
ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ΑΙΓΕΤΞ
πρὶν ἂν πατρῴαν αὖθις ἔστιν μόλω.
ΜΗΔΕΙΑ
σὺ δ’ ὡς τί χρῆζων τῇ δὲ ναυστολεισ χθόνα;
ΑΙΓΕΤΞ
Πιτθεύς τις ἐστὶ γῆς ἀναξ Τροιζηνίας.
ΜΗΔΕΙΑ
παῖς, ὡς λέγουσι, Πέλοπος εὐσεβέστατος.
ΑΙΓΕΤΞ
tοῦτῷ θεῷ μάντευμα κοινώσαι θέλω.
ΜΗΔΕΙΑ
σοφὸς γὰρ ἀνήρ καὶ τρίβων τὰ τοιάδε.
ΑΙΓΕΤΞ
κάμοι γε πάντων φίλτατος δορυξένων.
ΜΗΔΕΙΑ
ἀλλ’ εὐτυχοῖς καὶ τύχους ὁσων ἔραθ.
ΑΙΓΕΤΞ
tί γὰρ σὸν ὅμμα χρῶς τε συντέτηχ’ ὅδε;
ΜΗΔΕΙΑ
Αἰγεῦ, κάκιστος ἐστὶ μοι πάντων πόσις.
ΑΙΓΕΤΞ
tί φῆς; σαφῶς μοι σὰς φράσον δυσθυμίας.
ΜΗΔΕΙΑ
ἀδικεῖ μ’ ἱάσων οὐδὲν ἐξ ἐμοῦ παθῶν.
ΑΙΓΕΤΞ
tί χρῆμα δράσας; φράξε μοι σαφέστερον.
ΜΗΔΕΙΑ
γυναῖκ’ ἐφ’ ἥμιν δεσπότιν δόμων ἔχει.
ΑΙΓΕΤΞ
ἡ που τετόλμηκ’ ἔργον αἰσχιστὸν τόδε;
ΜΗΔΕΙΑ
σάφ’ ἵσθ’· ἀτίμοι δ’ ἔσμεν οἱ πρὸ τοῦ φίλοι.
MEDEA

AEGEUS
"'Till to the hearth ancestral back thou come."

MEDEA
And thou, what wouldst thou sailing to this shore?

AEGEUS
There is one Pittheus, king of Troezen he,—

MEDEA
A man most pious, Pelops' son, they say.

AEGEUS
To him the God's response I fain would tell.

MEDEA
Yea—a wise man, who hath much skill therein.

AEGEUS
Yea, and my best-beloved spear-ally.

MEDEA
Now prosper thou, and win thine heart's desire.

AEGEUS
Why droops thine eye?—why this wan-wasted hue?

MEDEA
Aegeus, of all men basest is mine husband.

AEGEUS
What say'st thou? Clearly tell me thine heart's pain.

MEDEA
He wrongs me—Jason, never wronged of me.

AEGEUS
What hath he done? More plainly tell it out.

MEDEA
Another wife he takes, his household's queen.

AEGEUS
Ha! hath he dared in truth this basest deed?

MEDEA
Yea: I am now dishonoured, once beloved.
ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ΑΙΓΕΤΣ
πότερον ἐρασθεῖς, ἢ σὼν ἐχθαίρων λέχος;
ΜΗΔΕΙΑ
μέγαν γ' ἐρωτα· πιστὸς οὐκ ἔφυ φίλοις.
ΑΙΓΕΤΣ
ἵτω νυν, εἴπερ ὡς λέγεις ἐστὶν κακός.
ΜΗΔΕΙΑ
ἀνδρῶν τυράννων κῆδος ἡράσθη λαβεῖν.
ΑΙΓΕΤΣ
δίδωσι δ' αὐτῷ τίς; πέραινέ μοι λόγον.
ΜΗΔΕΙΑ
Κρέων, δι ἂρχει τήσδε γῆς Κορινθίας.
ΑΙΓΕΤΣ
συγγνωστὰ μὲν τὰρ' ἦν σε λυπεῖσθαι, γύναι.
ΜΗΔΕΙΑ
ὀλωλα· καὶ πρὸς γ' ἐξελαύνομαι χθονός.
ΑΙΓΕΤΣ
πρὸς τοῦ; τόδ' ἄλλο καίνον αὖ λέγεις κακόν.
ΜΗΔΕΙΑ
Κρέων μ' ἑλαύνει φυγάδα γῆς Κορινθίας.
ΑΙΓΕΤΣ
ἐὰ δ' Ἰάσων; οὐδὲ ταύτ' ἐπήνεσα.
ΜΗΔΕΙΑ
λόγῳ μὲν οὖχί, καρτερεῖν δὲ βούλεται.
ἀλλ' ἀντομαὶ σε τῆ σδὲ πρὸς γενεάδος
gονάτων τε τῶν σὼν ἱκεσία τε γήγομαι,
οὐκτερον οὐκτερόν με τὴν δυσδαίμονα,
καὶ μὴ μ' ἔρημον ἐκπεσοῦσαν εἰσίδης,
δέξαι δ' χώρα καὶ δόμοις ἐφέστιν.
οὐτωσ ἔρως σοὶ πρὸς θεῶν τελεσφόρος
γένοιτο παῖδων, καυτὸς ὀλβίος θάνωις.
MEDEA

AEGEUS
Another love was this?—or hate of thee?

MEDEA
Love?—deep and high his love is!—traitor in love!

AEGEUS
Away with him, if he be base as this!

MEDEA
His love was for affinity with princes.

AEGEUS
Who giveth him his daughter? Tell me all.

MEDEA
Creon, who ruleth this Corinthian land.

AEGEUS
Sooth, lady, reason was that thou shouldst grieve.

MEDEA
'Tis death to me! Yea, also am I banished.

AEGEUS
Of whom? A monstrous wrong thou namest now!

MEDEA
Creon from Corinth driveth me an exile.

AEGEUS
Doth Jason suffer this?—I count it shame!

MEDEA
In pretence, no—yet O, he bears it well!
But I beseech thee, lo, thy beard I touch,—
I clasp thy knees, thy suppliant am I now:—
Pity, O pity me the evil-starred,
And see me not cast forth to homelessness:
Receive to a hearth-place in thy land, thine halls.
So by heaven's blessing fruitful be thy love
In children, and in death thyself be blest.
ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

εὐρημα δ' οὐκ οίσθ' οἶον πῦρκας τόδε
παῦσω δὲ σ' ὑπ' ἀπαιδα καὶ παιδων γονάς
σπειραί σε θήσω τοιάδ' οίδα φάρμακα.

ΑΙΓΕΣ

πολλῶν ἐκατ' τήνδε σοι δούναι χάριν,
γύναι, πρόθυμος εἰμι, πρῶτα μὲν θεῶν,
ἐπείτα παιδῶν δὲν ἐπαγγέλλει γονᾶς:
eἰς τούτο γὰρ δὴ φρούδος εἰμι πᾶς ἐγώ.
[οὐτω δ' ἐχει μοι σοῦ μὲν ἐλθούσης χθόνα,
πειράσομαι σοι προξενεῖν δίκαιος ὅν.]
τόσον γε μέντοι σοι προσημαίνω, γύναι:
ἐκ τῆς μὲν γῆς οὐ σ' ἄγειν θουλήσομαι:
αὐτῇ δ' ἑάνπερ εἰς ἐμούς ἐλθῆς δόμους,
μενεῖς ἀσύλος κοῦ σε μὴ μεθώ τινι.
ἐκ τῆς δ' αὐτῆ γῆς ἀπαλλάσσου πόδα:
ἀναίτιος γὰρ καὶ ξένοις εἶναι θέλω.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ἐσται τάδ' ὑπαί πίστις εἰ γένοιτό μοι
tούτων, ἔχοιμ' ἀν πάντα πρὸς σέθεν καλῶς.

ΑΙΓΕΣ

μῶν οὖ πέποιθας; ἢ τί σοι τὸ δυσχερές;

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

πέποιθα. Πελίον δ' ἐχθρός ἐστί μοι δόμος.
Κρέων τε τούτως δ', ὥρκιοις μὲν ξυγιέις,
ἀγουσιν οὖ μεθεὶ' ἀν ἐκ γαίας ἐμὲ·
lόγοις δὲ συμβάσει, καὶ θεῶν ἀνόμοις,
φιλος γένοι ἄν κἀπικηρυκεύμασι
tάχ' ἀν πῖθοιο. τάμα μὲν γάρ ἀσθενή,
τοῖς δ' ὀλβοῖς ἐστὶ καὶ δόμοις τυραννικός.

1 Wytenbach: for MSS. οἰκ.
MEDEA

Thou know'st not what good fortune thou hast found;
For I will end thy childlessness, will cause
Thy seed to grow to sons; such charms I know.

AEGEUS

For many causes am I minded, lady,
This grace to grant thee: for the Gods' sake first;
Then, for thy promise of a seed of sons;
For herein Aegeus' name is like to die.
But thus it is—if to my land thou come,
I will protect thee all I can: my right
Is this; but I forewarn thee of one thing—
Not from this land to lead thee I consent;
But, if thou reachest of thyself mine halls,
Safe shalt thou bide; to none will I yield thee.
But from this land thou must thyself escape;
For even to strangers blameless will I be.

MEDEA

So be it. Yet, were oath-pledge given for this
To me, then had I all I would of thee.

AEGEUS

Ha, dost not trust me?—or at what dost stumble?

MEDEA

I trust thee; but my foes are Pelias' house
And Creon. Oath-bound, thou couldst never yield me
To these, when they would drag me from the land.
Hadst thou but promised, to the Gods unpledged,
Thou mightest turn their friend, might'st lightly yield
To herald-summons. Strengthless is my cause:
Wealth is on their side, and a princely house.
ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ΑΙΓΕΤΣ
πολλὴν ἐλεξας ἐν λόγοις προμηθίαιν· ἀλλ' εἰ δοκεῖ σοι, δρᾶν τάδ' οὐκ ἀφίσταμαι· ἐμοὶ τε γὰρ τάδ' ἐστὶν ἀσφαλέστατα, σκηφτὶν τιν' ἐχθροῖς σοῖς ἔχουντα δεικνύναι, τὸ σὸν τ' ἀραρε μᾶλλον ἐξηγοῦ θεοὺς.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ
δὲ μνὺ πέδου Γῆς πατέρα θ' Ἡλιον πατρὸς τούμον, θεῶν τε συντιθέντε ἄπαν γένος.

ΑΙΓΕΤΣ
τί χρήμα δράσειν ἢ τί μὴ δράσειν; λέγε.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ
μὴ τ' αὐτός ἐκ γῆς σὴς έμ' ἐκβαλεῖν ποτε, μὴ τ' ἄλλος ἢν τις τῶν ἐμὸν ἐχθρῶν ἄγειν χρήζῃ, μεθῆσειν ζῶν ἐκουσίω τρόπῳ.

ΑΙΓΕΤΣ
δὲ μνὺ Γαίαν Ἡλίον θ' ἄγινον σέβας θεοὺς τε πάντας ἐμμενεῖν ἀ σου κλῶν.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ
ἀρκεῖ· τί δ' ὁρκῷ τῷ δ' μὴ 'μμένων πάθους;

ΑΙΓΕΤΣ
ἀ τοῖς δυσσεβοῦσι γίγνεται βροτῶν.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ
χαίρων πορεύον· πάντα γὰρ καλῶς ἔχει. κὼς πόλιν σὴν ὡς τάχιστ' ἀφίξομαι, πράξασ' ἀ μέλλω καὶ τυχοῦσ' ἀ βούλομαι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
ἀλλὰ σ' ὁ Μαίας πομπαῖος ἀναξ
πελάσειε δόμοις, ὧν τ' ἐπίνοιαν

1 Porson: MSS. vary between λαμπρὸν φῶς and φῶς.
MEDEA

AEGEUS
Foresight exceeding, lady, in thy words.
Yet, if this be thy will, I draw not back.
Yea, for myself is this the safest course,
To have a plea to show unto thy foes;
And firmer stands thy cause. The Oath-gods name.

MEDEA
Swear by Earth’s plain, and by my father’s father,
The Sun, and join the Gods’ whole race thereto.

AEGEUS
That I will do or not do—what? Say on.

MEDEA
Never thyself to cast me forth thy land,
Nor, if a foe of mine would hale me thence,
To yield me willingly up, while thou dost live.

AEGEUS
By Earth, the Sun’s pure majesty, and all
The Gods, I swear to abide by this thou hast said.

MEDEA
Enough. For broken troth what penalty?

AEGEUS
The worst that scourgeth God-despising men.

MEDEA
Pass on thy way rejoicing: all is well.
I too will come with all speed to thy burg,
When mine intent is wrought, my wish attained.

[Exit AEGEUS.

CHORUS
Now the Scion of Maia, the Wayfarer’s King,
Bring thee safe to thine home, and the dream of
thine heart,
ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

σπεύδεις κατέχων πράξειας, ἐπεὶ
γενναίος ἄνηρ,
Ἀιγεύ, παρ’ ἐμοὶ δεδόκησαι.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ὦ Ζεῦ Δίκη τε Ζηνός Ἠλίου τε φῶς,
νῦν καλλινικοὶ τῶν ἐμῶν ἔχθρῶν, φίλαι,
γενησόμεσθα κεῖσ ὁδὸν βεβήκαμεν
νῦν ἔλπις ἔχθροις τοὺς ἐμοὺς τίσειν δίκην.
οὕτως γὰρ ἄνηρ ἢ μάλιστ’ ἐκάμωμεν
λιμὴν πεφανταῖ τῶν ἐμῶν βουλευμάτων.
ἐκ τοῦ ἀναψόμεσθα πρυμνήτην κάλων,
μολόντες ἁστὺ καὶ πόλισμα Παλλάδος.

ηδὴ δὲ πάντα τὰ μᾶ ς θυσία θυσία
λέξω. δέχοντας ἀνθρωπομήνον λόγοι,
πέμψας ἐμῶν τιν’ οἰκετῶν Ἰάσονα
εἰς ὅψιν ἔλθειν τὴν ἐμὴν αἰτήσομαι
μολόντι δ’ αὐτῷ μαλθακοὺς λέξω λόγους,
ὡς καὶ δοκεῖ μοι ταῦτα, καὶ καλῶς ἔχει
gάμους τυράννων οὐς προδοὺς ἡμᾶς ἔχει
cαι κύμφορ’ ἐλναι καὶ καλῶς ἐγνωσμένα
παίδας δὲ μείναι τοὺς ἐμοὺς αἰτήσομαι,
οὕν ὡς λίπω σφε πολεμίας ἐπὶ χθόνος
ἔχθροί σα παίδας τοὺς ἐμοὺς καθυβρίσαι,
ἀλλ’ ὡς δόλοις παίδα βασιλέως κτάνω.
πέμψω γὰρ αὐτοῦς δώρ’ ἔχοντας ἐν χεροῖν,
νύξφη φέροντας, τὴν δὲ φεύγειν χθόνα,
λεπτὸν τε πέπλου καὶ πλόκον χρυσήλατον
κάνπερ λαβοῦσα κόσμον ἀμφίθη χροῖ,
κακῶς ὁλεῖται πᾶς θ’ δὲ ἄν θύγη κόρης
τοιοῦτο θρίσω φαρμάκοις δωρήματα.

ἐνταῦθα μὲν δὴ τοῦ ἀπαλλάσσω λόγον
ζημωξά δ’ οἶκον ἐργον ἐστ’ ἐργαστέον

344
MEDEA

The sweet visions that wing thy feet, mayst thou bring
To accomplishment, Aegeus, for now this thing
Hath taught me how noble thou art.

MEDEA

O Zeus, Zeus’ daughter Justice, Light of the Sun!
Over my foes triumphant now, my friends,
Shall we become: our feet are on the path.
Now is there hope of vengeance on my foes.
For this man, there where my chief weakness lay,
Hath for my plots a haven in storm appeared.
To him my bark’s stern-hawser make I fast,
To Pallas’ burg and fortress when I go.
And all my plots to thee will I tell now;
Nor look I that my words should pleasure thee:—
One of mine household will I send to Jason,
And will entreat him to my sight to come;
And soft words, when he cometh, will I speak,
Saying, “Thy will is mine,” and, “It is well”;
Saying, his royal marriage, my betrayal,
Is our advantage, and right well devised.
I will petition that my sons may stay—
Not for that I would leave on hostile soil
Children of mine for foes to trample on,
But the king’s daughter so by guile to slay.
For I will send them bearing gifts in hand
Unto the bride, that they may not be banished,
A robe fine-spun, a golden diadem.
If she receive and don mine ornaments,
Die shall she wretchedly, and all who touch her;
With drugs so dread will I anoint my gifts.
Howbeit here I pass this story by,
And wail the deed that yet for me remains.
ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

tουντευθεν ήμιν' τέκνα γάρ κατακτενώ
τάμ', ούτις ἐστιν ὡστις ἐξαιρήσεται:
δόμον τε πάντα συγχέασ', Ἰάσωνος
ἐξειμι γαίας, φιλτάτων παίδων φόνον
φεύγουσα καὶ τλαο' ἔργον ἀνοσιώτατον.
oύ γάρ γελάσθαι τλητόν ἐξ ἐχθρῶν, φίλαι.
ἐνω' τι μοι ζῆν κέρδος; οὔτε μοι πατρίς
οὔτ' ὀίκος ἐστιν οὔτ' ἀποστροφὴ κακῶν.
ημάρτανον τὸθ' ἣνίκ' ἐξελίμπανον
δόμον πατρίδος, ἀνδρὸς Ὕληνος λόγοις
πεισθεῖς', δὲ ήμῖν σὺν θείο τίσει δίκην.
oύτ' ἐξ ἐμοῦ γάρ παίδας οὔφεται ποτὲ
ζώντας τὸ λοιπὸν οὔτε τῆς νεοξύγου
νύμφης τεκνώσει παῖδ', ἐπεὶ κακῆν κακῶς
θανεῖν σφ' ἀνάγκη τοῖς ἐμοσίᾳ φαρμάκοις.
μηδείς με φαύλην καθενή νομιζέτω
μηδ' ἡσυχαίαν, ἄλλα θατέρου τρόπον,
βαρείαν ἐχθροῖς καὶ φίλοισιν εὔμενη.
τῶν γάρ τοιούτων εὐκλεέστατος βίος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
ἐπείπερ ήμῖν τόνδ' ἐκοίνωσας λόγον,
σὲ τ' ὄφελεῖν θέλωσα, καὶ νόμοις βροτῶν
ξυλλαμβάνουσα, δράν σ' ἀπευνεπῶ τάδε.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ
οὔτε ἐστίν ἄλλως: σοι δὲ συγγράμμη λέγειν
tάδ' ἐστί, μή πάσχουσαν ὡς ἐγὼ κακῶς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
ἄλλα κτανεῖν σὸν παῖδε τολμήσεις, γιναι;

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ
οὔτω γάρ ἄν μάλιστα δημιαίη πόσις.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
σὺ δ' ἄν γένουι γ' ἄθλιωτάτη γυνή.
MEDEA

To bring to pass; for I will slay my children,
Yea, mine: no man shall pluck them from mine hand.
Then, having brought all Jason's house to wrack,
I leave the land, fleeing my dear babes' blood,
And having dared a deed most impious.
For unendurable are mocks of foes.
Let all go: what is life to me? Nor country
Nor home have I, nor refuge from mine ills.
Then erred I, in the day when I forsook
My father's halls, by yon Greek's words beguiled,
Who with God's help shall render me requital.
For never living shall he see henceforth
The sons I bare him, nor shall he beget
A son of his new bride, that wretch foredoom'd
In agony to die by drugs of mine.
Let none account me impotent, nor weak,
Nor spiritless!—O nay, in other sort,
Grim to my foes, and kindly to my friends.
Most glorious is the life of such as I.

CHORUS
Since thou hast made me partner of this tale,—
Wishing to help thee, and yet championing
The laws of men, I say, do thou not this!

MEDEA
It cannot be but so: yet reason is
That thou say this, who art not wronged as I.

CHORUS
Woman, wilt have the heart to slay thy sons?

MEDEA
Yea: so mine husband's heart shall most be wrung.

CHORUS
But thou of wives most wretched shouldst become.
ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

820 ἵτω· περισσοὶ πάντες οὖν μέσῳ λόγοι.

825 ἀλλ' εἰδο χώρει καὶ κόμμις ᾿Ιάσωνα·

830 εἰς πάντα γὰρ δὴ σοὶ τὰ πιστὰ χρώμεθα.

λέξις δὲ μηδὲν τῶν ἐμοὶ δεδογμένων,

835 εἰπέρ φρονεῖς εὐ δεσπόταις γυνῇ τ' ἐφυς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

840 Ἐρεχθείδαι τὸ παλαιὸν ὀλβίοι στρ. α'

845 καὶ θεῶν παίδες μακάρων, ἱερᾶς

χώρας ἀπορθήτου τ' ἀποφερβόμενοι

κλεινοτάταν σοφίαν, ἀεὶ διὰ λαμπροτάτου

καίνοιτες ἀβρῶς αἰθέρος, ἔνθα ποθ' ἄγνας

850 ἐννέα Πιερίδας Μοῦσας λέγουσι

ζαυθαν ᾿Αρμονίαν φυτεύσαι·

τοῦ καλλινάου τ' ἀπὸ Κηφισοῦ ῥοᾶς ἀντ. α'

855 τὰν Κύπριν κληξουσιν ἀφυσαμένων

χώραν καταπνεῦσαι μετρίας ἀνέμων αὖρας·

860 ἀεὶ δ' ἐπιβαλλομένων

χαίταισιν εὐώδη ῥοδέων πλόκου ἄνθεων

τὰ σοφία παρέδρους πέμπτειν ἐρωτας,

παντοίας ἀρετὰς ξυνεργούσ.

865 πῶς οὖν ἱερῶν ποταμῶν στρ. β'

870 ἡ πόλις ἡ φίλων

πόμπιμος σε χώρα
MEDEA

So be it: wasted are all hindering words.
But ho! [enter nurse] go thou and Jason bring to me—
Thou whom I use for every deed of trust,
And look thou tell none aught of mine intent,
If thine is loyal service, thou a woman.

[Exeunt MEDEA and NURSE.

CHORUS

O happy the race in the ages olden (Str. 1)
Of Erechtheus, the seed of the blest Gods' line,
In a land unavaged, peace-enfolden,
Aye quaffing of Wisdom's glorious wine,
Ever through air clear-shining brightly
As on wings uplifted pacing lightly,
Where Harmonia, they tell, of the tresses golden,
Bare the Pierid Muses, the stainless Nine.¹

(Ant. 1)

And the streams of Cephisus the lovely-flowing
They tell how the Lady of Cyprus drew,
And in Zephyr-wafts of the winds sweet-blowing
Breathed far over the land their dew.
And she sendeth her Loves which, throned in glory
By Wisdom, fashion all virtue's story;
And over her hair is she throwing, throwing,
Roses in odorous wreaths aye new.

Re-enter MEDEA. (Str. 2)

How then should the hallowed city,
The city of sacred waters,
Which shields with her guardian hand

¹ Another interpretation is equally admitted by the Greek—"‘Grew, sown by the Muses, the stainless Nine."

349
ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

τὰν παιδολέτειραν ἔξειν,
τὰν οὖχ ὅσιαν μετ᾽ ἄλλων;
σκέψαι τεκέων πλαγάν,
σκέψαι φόνον οἶον αἴρει.
μὴ, πρὸς γονάτων σε πάντως
πάντῃ σ’ ἱκετεύομεν,
tέκνα φονεύσης.

πῶθεν θράσος ἂν φρενὸς ἡ
χειρὶ τέκνοις σέθεν
καρδίᾳ τε λήψει, ἂν
dεινὰν προσάγουσα τόλμαν;

πῶς δ’ ὡμματα προσβαλούσα
tέκνοις ἁδακρυν μοῖραν
σχῆσεις φόνου; οὐ δυνάσει,
pαίδων ἰκετᾶν πιτυντῶν,
tέγξαι χέρα φοινίαν
τλάμοιν θυμὸν.

ΙΑΣΩΝ

ἡκὼ κελευσθείσης· καὶ γὰρ οὖσα δυσμενής
οὐ τὰν ἀμάρτως τούδε γ’, ἀλλ’ ἀκούσομαι
tί χρήμα βούλει καινὸν ἐξ ἐμοῦ, γύναι.
MEDEA

All friends that would fare through her land,
Receive a murdereress banned,
Who had slaughtered her babes without pity,
A pollution amidst of her daughters? 850

In thine heart’s thoughts set it before thee—
To murder the fruit of thy womb!
O think what it meaneth to slay
Thy sons—what a deed this day
Thou wouldst do! By thy knees we pray,
By heaven and earth we implore thee,
Deal not to thy babes such a doom!

(Ant. 2)

O whence, and O whence wilt thou gain thee
Such desperate hardihood
That for spirit so fiendish shall serve,
That shall strengthen thine heart, that shall nerve
Thine hand, that it shall not swerve
From the ruthless deed that shall stain thee
With horror of children’s blood?

O how, when thine eyes thou art turning
On thy little ones, wilt thou refrain
The motherhood in thee, to feel
No upwelling of tears? Canst thou steel
Thy breast when thy children kneel,
To crimson thine hand, with unyearning
Heart for thy darlings slain?

Enter JASON.

JASON
I at thy bidding come: albeit my foe,
This grace thou shalt not miss; but I will hear
What new thing, lady, thou dost wish of me.
ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

'Ιάσον, αιτούμαί σε τῶν εἰρημένων συγγνώμων εἶναι· τὰς δ’ ἐμὰς ὅργας φέρειν εἰκός σ’, ἑπεί μὴν πόλλ’ ύπειργαστάται φίλα. ἐγὼ δ’ ἐμαυτή διὰ λόγου ἀφικόμην, κάλοιδώρησα· σχετλία, τί μαίνομαι καὶ δυσμεναίνω τοίσι βουλεύουσιν εὐ, ἔχθρα δὲ γαίας κοιράνοις καθίσταμαι πέσει θ’, δς ἡμῖν δρὰ τὰ συμφορώτατα, γήμας τύραννον καὶ κασιγνύτους τέκνους ἐμοῖς φυτεύων; οὐκ ἀπαλλαχθήσομαι θυμοῦ; τί πάσχω, θεῶν πορίζοντων καλῶς; οὐκ εἰς μὲν μοι παῖδες, οἶδα δὲ χθόνα φεύγοντας ήμᾶς καὶ σπανίζοντας φίλων; ταῦτ’ ἐνυφοῦσα’ ἡσθόμην ἀβουλιάν πολλὴν ἔχουσα καὶ μάτην θυμομενήν. νῦν οὖν ἐπαίνω· σοφρονεῖν τέ μοι δοκεῖς κῆδος τόδ’ ἡμῖν προσλαβὼν, ἐγὼ δ’ ἄφρων, ἦ χρῆν μετείναι τῶντες τῶν βουλευμάτων καὶ ξυμπεραίνειν καὶ παρεστάναι λέχει νύμφην τε κηδεύουσαν ἢδεσθαι σέθεν. ἀλλ’ ἐσμέν οἷον ἐςμεν, οὖκ ἐρώ κακόν, γυναῖκες· οὐκοῦν χρῆν σ’ ὀμοιούσθαι κακοίς οὐδ’ ἀντιτείνειν νήπι ἀντὶ νηπίων. παριέμεσθα, καὶ φαμεν κακῶς φρονεῖν τότ’, ἀλλ’ ἀμεινον νῦν βεβούλευμαι τόδε. ὁ τέκνα τέκνα, δεῦτε, λείπετε στέγας, ἐξέλθετ’, ἀσπάζοντεβ καὶ προσεῖτατε πατέρα μεθ’ ἡμῶν, καὶ διαλλαχθήθ’ ἀμα τῆς πρόσθεν ἔχθρας εἰς φίλουσ μητρὸς μέτα· σπονδαὶ γὰρ ἡμῖν καὶ μεθέστηκεν χόλος. λάβεσθε χειρὸς δεξιὰς· οἴμοι κακῶν.
MEDEA

Jason, I ask thee to forgive the words
Late-spoken. Well thou mayest gently bear
With my wild mood, for all the old love's sake.
Now have I called myself to account, and railed
Upon myself—"Wretch, wherefore am I mad?
And wherefore rage against good counsellors,
And am at feud with rulers of the land,
And with my lord, who works my veriest good,
Wedding a royal-house, to raise up brethren
Unto my sons?. Shall I not cease from wrath?
What aileth me, when the Gods proffer boons?
Have I not children? Know I not that we
Are exiles from our own land, lacking friends?"
Thus musing, was I ware that I had nursed
Folly exceeding, anger without cause.
Now then I praise thee: wise thou seem'st to me
In gaining us this kinship, senseless I,
Who in these counsels should have been thine
ally,
Have furthered all, have decked the bridal couch,
And joyed to minister unto the bride.
But we are—women: needs not harsher word.
Yet shouldst thou not for evil render evil,
Nor pit against my folly folly of thine.
I yield, confessing mine unwisdom then,
But unto better counsels now am come.
Children, my children, hither: leave the house;

[Enter CHILDREN.

Come forth, salute your father, and with me
Bid him farewell: be reconciled to friends
Ye, with your mother, from the hate o'erpast.
Truce is between us, rancour hath given place.
Clasp ye his right hand. Woe for ambushed ills!

VOL. IV.
ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

900 ὃς ἐννοοῦμαι δὴ τι τῶν κεκρυμμένων.
ἀρ’, ὃ τέκν’, οὕτω καὶ πολὺν ξώντες χρόνον
φίλην ὄρεξετ’ ὤλένην; τάλαιν’ ἐγὼ,
ὡς ἀρτίδακρυ’s εἶμι καὶ φόβου πλέα.
χρόνος δὲ νεῖκος πατρὸς ἐξαιρουμένη.
ήνων τέρειναν τήν’ ἐπλησα δακρύων.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
καμοὶ κατ’ ὀσσῶν χλωρῶν ὑρμήθη δάκρυ'
καὶ μὴ προβαίη μεῖζον ἢ τὸ νῦν κακὸν.

ΙΑΣΩΝ
αἰνῶ, γυναῖ, τάδ’, οὖδ’ ἐκεῖνα μέμφομαι
εἰκὸς γὰρ ὑγίας θῆλυ ποιεῖσθαι γένος,
†γὰμους παρεμπολῶντος ἀλλοίους, πόσει.†
ἀλλ’ εἰς τὸ λόγον σὸν μεθέστηκεν κέαρ,
ἐγὼς δὲ τὴν νικῶσαν ἀλλὰ τῷ χρόνῳ
βουλὴνν γυναικὸς ἔργα ταῦτα σώφρονος.
ἀμὴν δὲ, παιδεσ. οὐκ ἄφροντίστως πάτηρ
πολλὴν ἑθηκε σὺν θεοὶς προμηθίαν.

οἶμαι γὰρ ὑμᾶς τῆς θεὸς Κορινθίας
τὰ πρῶτα ἥκον οὕτω κασινητῶς ἔτη.
ἀλλ’ αὐξάνεσθε ταῦτα δ’ ἔξεργάζεται
πάτήρ τε καὶ θεῶν ὅστις ἐστὶν εὐμενῆς.

920 ἰδοὺ δ’ ὑμᾶς εὐτραφεῖς ἥβης τέλος
μολόντας, ἔχθρῶν τῶν ἐμῶν ὑπερτέρους.
αὕτη, τί χλωροὶς δακρύοις τέγγεις κόρας,
στρέψασα λευκὴν ἐμπαλιν παρῆδα,
κοὐκ ἀσμένη τὸν’ ἐξ ἐμοῦ δέχει λόγον;

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ
οὐδέν’ τέκνων τῶν’ ἐννοομένη πέρι.

ΙΑΣΩΝ
θάρσει νυν’ εὐ γὰρ τῶν’ ἐγὼ θήσω πέρι.
MEDEA

I am haunted by the shadow of hidden things!
Ah children, will ye thus, through many a year
Living, still reach him loving arms? Ah me,
How swift to weep am I, how full of fear!
Feuds with your father ended—ah, so late!—
Have filled with tears these soft-relenting eyes.

CHORUS
And from mine eyes start tears of pale dismay.
Ah, may no evil worse than this befall!

JASON
Lady, I praise this mood, yet blame not that:
'Tis nothing strange that womankind should rage
When the spouse trafficketh in alien marriage.
But now to better thoughts thine heart hath turned,
And thou, though late, hast seen which policy
Must win: a prudent woman's part is this.
And for you, children, not unheedfully
Your sire hath ta'en much forethought, so help
heaven.
For ye, I ween, in this Corinthian land
Shall with your brethren stand the foremost yet.
Grow ye in strength: the rest shall by your sire,
And whatso God is gracious, be wrought out.
You may I see to goodwill stature grown,
In manhood's prime, triumphant o'er my foes.
Thou, why with wan tears thus bedew thine eyes,
Turning away from them thy pallid cheek?
Why hear'st thou not with gladness this my speech?

MEDEA
'Tis naught; but o'er these children broods mine heart.

JASON
Fear not: all will I order well for them.
ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

δράσω τάδ’ ούτοι σοις ἀπιστήσω λόγοις.
γυνή δὲ θήλυ κατὶ δακρύσωι ἔψυ.

ΙΑΣΩΝ

τί δὴ, τάλαινα, τοῖσ’ ἐπιστένεις τέκνοις;

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ἐτίκτων αὐτούς· ζῆν δ’ ὃτ’ ἔξηχον τέκνα,
εἰσῆλθε μ’ ὀίκτος εἰ γενήσεται τάδε.
ἀλλ’ ὄντερ εἶνεκ’ εἰς ἔμοις ἥκεις λόγους,
τὰ μὲν λέεικται, τῶν δ’ ἐγὼ μνησθήσομαι.
ἐπεὶ τυράννοις γῆς μ’ ἀποστείλαι δοκεῖ,—
κάμοι τάδ’ ἔστι λόστα, γυνώσκω καλῶς,
μὴ τ’ ἐμπόδων σοι μῆτε κοιράνους χθονὸς
ναίειν, δοκὼ γὰρ δυσμενῆς εἶναι δομοῖς,—
ἡμεῖς μὲν ἐκ γῆς τῆς ἀπαίρομεν φυγῇ,
παῖδες δ’ ὅπως ἀν ἐκτραφῶσι σῇ χερί,
αἰτοῦ Κρέοντα τὴν ἀμ. θεύνῃ χθόνα.

ΙΑΣΩΝ

οὐκ οἶδ’ ἂν εἰ πείσαιμι, πειράσομαι δὲ χρῆ.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

σὺ δ’ ἀλλὰ σῆν κέλευσον αἰτεῖσθαι πατρὸς
γυναῖκα παῖδας τήν ὑδέ μὴ φεύγειν χθόνα.

ΙΑΣΩΝ

μάλιστα, καὶ πείσειν γε δοξάζω σφ’ ἐγώ.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

eπερ γυναίκῶν ἔστι τῶν ἄλλων μία.
συλλήψομαι δὲ τοιδέ σοι κἀγὼ πόνου
πέμψω γὰρ αὐτῇ δώρ’ ἄ καλλιστεύεται
τῶν νῦν ἐν ἀνθρώποισιν, οἴδ’ ἐγώ, πολύ,
λεπτὸν τε πέρπλον καὶ πλόκον χρυσῆλατον
παῖδας φέρομεν. ἀλλ’ ὅσον ταχὸς χρεών
κόσμον κομίζειν δεύρῳ προσπόλοις τινά.

356
MEDEA

I will be brave—will not mistrust thy words;
But woman is but woman—born for tears.

JASON

Why, hapless one, dost thou sigh over these?

MEDEA

I bare them. When thou prayedst life for them,
Pity stole o'er me, whispering, "Shall this be?"
But that for which thou cam'st to speech of me
In part is said; to speak the rest is mine:
Since the king pleaseth forth the land to send me,—
Yea, for me too 'tis best, I know it well,
That I bide not, a stumblingblock to thee
And the land's lords, whose house's foe I seem,—
Lo, from this land I fare to exile forth:
But, that my sons by thine hand may be reared,
Entreat thou Creon that they be not banished.

JASON

Prevail I may not, yet must I essay.

MEDEA

Nay then, thy bride bid thou to pray her sire
That thy sons be not banished from this land.

JASON

Yea surely; and, I trow, her shall I win.

MEDEA

If of her sister women she is one.
I too will bear a part in thine endeavour;
For I will send her gifts outrivalling far
In beauty aught in these days seen, I know,
A robe fine-spun, a golden diadem;
Our sons to bear them. Now must an attendant
With all speed hither bring the ornaments.

[Handmaid goes.]
ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

εὑδαιμονήσει δ’ οὖχ ἐν ἄλλα μυρία, ἀνδρός τ’ ἀρίστου σοῦ τυχοῦσ’ ὀμευνέτον κεκτημένη τε κόσμον ὃν ποθ’ "Ηλιος πατρὸς πατήρ δίδωσιν ἐκγόνους ὅις. λάξυσθε φερνᾶς τάσσε, παῖδες, εἰς χέρας καὶ τῇ τυράννῳ μακαρίᾳ νύμφῃ δότε φέροντες: οὕτω δῶρα μεμπτα δέξεται.

ΙΑΣΩΝ

τί δ’, ὦ ματαία, τῶνδε σὰς κενοῖς χέρας; δοκεῖς σπανίζειν δῶμα βασιλικὸν πέπλων, δοκεῖς δὲ χρυσοῦ; σῶζε, μή δίδου τάδε. εἰπέρ γὰρ ἡμᾶς ἄξιοι λόγου τινὸς γυνή, προθήσει χρημάτων, σάφ’ οἶδ’ ἐγώ.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

μη’ μοι σὺν πείθειν δῶρα καὶ θεοὺς λόγος χρυσοῦς δὲ κρείσσων μυρίων λόγων βροτοίς; κείνης ὁ δαίμων, κεῖνα νῦν αὑτεῖ θεοῦ; νέα τυραννεῖ τῶν δ’ ἐμῶν παιδῶν φυγάς ψυχῆς ἀν ἀλλαξάμεθ’ οὐ χρυσοῦ μόνον. ἀλλ’, ὦ τέκυ’, εἰσελθόντε πλουσίους δόμους πατρὸς νέαν γυναῖκα, δεσπότων δ’ ἐμὴν, ἰκετεύετ’, ἐξαιτεῖσθε μὴ φεύγειν χθόνα, κόσμου διδόντες—τοῦδε γὰρ μάλιστα δεῖ—εἰς χεῖρ’ ἐκείνην δῶρα δέξασθαι τάδε. ιδ’ ὡς τάχιστα: μητρὶ δ’ ὧν ἐρὰ τυχεῖν εὐάγγελοι γένοιοσθε πράξαντες κάλως.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

νῦν ἐλπίδεσ οὐκέτι μοι παιδῶν ζῶας, στρ.α οὐκέτη: στείχουσι γὰρ ἐς φόνου ἡδή.
MEDEA

Blessings shall hers be, not one, but untold,
Who winneth thee for lord, a peerless spouse,
Who owneth ornaments which once the Sun,
My father’s father, to his offspring gave!

Enter handmaid with casket.
Take in your hands, my sons, these bridal gifts,
And to the happy princess-bride bear ye
And give—my gifts she shall not lightly esteem!

JASON

But, fond one, why make void thine hands of these?
Deem’st thou a royal house hath lack of robes,
Or gold, deem’st thou? Keep these and give them not.
For, if my wife esteems me aught, my wish
Will she prefer to treasures, well I wot.

MEDEA

Nay, speak not so: gifts sway the Gods, they say.
Gold weigheth more with men than countless words.
Hers fortune is; God favoureth now her cause—
Young, and a queen! Life would I give for ransom
Of my sons’ banishment, not gold alone.
Now, children, enter ye the halls of wealth.
Unto your sire’s new wife, my lady-queen,
Make supplication, pray ye be not exiled,
And give mine ornaments—most importeth this,
That she in her own hands receive my gifts.
Haste ye, and to your mother bring glad tidings
Of good success in that she longs to win.

[Exeunt Jason and children.

CHORUS

(St. r)

Now for the life of the children mine hope hath
been turned to despairing.
No hope any more! On the slaughterward path
even now are they faring!'
MΗΔΕΙΑ

dέξεται νύμφα χρυσέων ἀνάδεσμων
dέξεται δύστανος ἀταν.

980 ξανθὰ δ’ ἀμφὶ κόμα θῆσει τὸν Ἰαίδα
κόσμουν αὐτὰ χερῶν.

πείσει χάρις ἀμβρόσιος π’ αὐγὰ πέπλουν ἀντ. ἀ’
χρυσότευντον τε στέφανον περιθέσθαι
νερτέροις δ’ ἣδη πάρα νυμφοκομήσει.
τοῖον εἰς ἔρκον πεσεῖται
καὶ μοῖραιν θανάτου δύστανος. ἀταν δ’
οὐχ ὑπερφεύξεται.

990 σὺ δ’, ὁ τάλαν, ὁ κακόνυμφε
κηδεμὼν τυράννων,
παιδὸν οὐ κατειδώς
ὅλεθρον βιοτὰ προσάγεις, ἀλόχῳ
τε σὰ στυγερὸν θάνατον.
δύστανε μοίρας, ὅσον παροίχει.

μεταστένομαι δὲ σὸν ἄλγος,
ὡ τάλαινα παίδων
μᾶτερ, ὃ φονεύσεις
τέκνα νυμφιδίων ἐνεκεν λεχέων,

1000 ἀ σοὶ προλιπὼν ἀνόμως
ἄλλῃ ξυνοικεῖ πόσις συνεύρω.

360
MEDEA

The bride shall receive it, the diadem-garland that beareth enfolden
Doom for the hapless mid glittering sheen:
And to set the adorning of Hades about her tresses golden
She shall take it her hands between.

(Ant. 1)

For its glamour of beauty, its splendour unearthly,
shall swiftly persuade her
To bedeck her with robe and with gold-wrought crown: she shall soon have arrayed her
In attire as a bride in the presence of phantoms from Hades uprisen;
In such dread gin shall her feet be ta’en:
In the weird of death shall the hapless be whelmed, and from Doom’s dark prison
Shall she steal forth never again.

(Str. 2)

And thou, wretch, bridegroom accurst, who art fain of a princely alliance,
Blasting thou bringest—unknowing, un-thinking!—
Of life on thy sons, and thy bride shall to foul death plight her affiance.
[sinking!]

How far from thy fortune of old art thou

(Ant. 2)

And amidst my lamentings I mourn for thine anguish,
O hapless mother
Of children, who makest thee ready to slaughter
Thy babes, to avenge thee on him who would lawlessly wed with another,
Would forsake thee to dwell with a prince’s daughter,
ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΟΓΟΣ
δέσποιν', ἀφεῖνται παῖδες οἴδε σοὶ φυγῆς,
καὶ δόρα ύμμη βασιλῆς ἀσμένη χεροῖν
ἐδέξατ' εἰρήνη δὲ τάκειθεν τέκνοις.
ἐκα.
τί συγχυθεῖον ἔστηκας ἡμίκ' εὔτυχεῖς;
τί σὴν ἐστρεφας ἔμπαλιν παρηίδα,
κοῦκ ἀσμένη τόνδ' ἕξ ἐμοῦ δέχει λόγον;

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

αἰαὶ.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΟΓΟΣ
τάδ' οὐ ἄνωφδα τοῦσιν ἔξηγγελμένοις.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

αἰαὶ μάλ' αὖθις.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΟΓΟΣ

μῶν τιν' ἀγγέλλων τύχην
οὐκ οἶδα, δόξης δ' ἐσφάλην εὐαγγέλου;

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ἡγεῖλας οἴ' ἡγεῖλας· οὐ σὲ μέμφομαι.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΟΓΟΣ

τί δὴ κατηφεῖς ὅμμα καὶ δακρυρροεῖς;

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

πολλὴ μ' ἀνάγκη, πρέσβυν ταύτα γὰρ θεοὶ
κἀγὼ κακῶς φρονοῦσ' ἐμηχανησάμην.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΟΓΟΣ

θάρσει· κάτει τοι καὶ σὺ πρὸς τέκνων ἔτι.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ἄλλους κατάξω πρὸςθεν ἢ τάλαιν' ἐγώ.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΟΓΟΣ

οὗτοι μόνῃ σὺ σῶν ἀπεξύγῃς τέκνων.
κοῦφως φέρειν χρὴ θυητὸν ὅντα συμφορᾶς,

362
Enter CHILDREN'S GUARDIAN, with CHILDREN.

CHILDREN'S GUARDIAN

Mistress, remission for thy sons of exile!
Thy gifts the princess-bride with joy received
In hand; and there is peace unto thy sons.
Ha!
Why dost thou stand confounded mid good hap?
Now wherefore turnest thou thy face away,
And dost not hear with gladness this my speech?

MEDEA

Woe's me!

CHILDREN'S GUARDIAN

This cry is to the tidings not attuned.

MEDEA

Woe yet again!

CHILDREN'S GUARDIAN

Can I have brought ill hap
Unwitting—erred in deeming these glad tidings?

MEDEA

As they are, are thy tidings: thee I blame not.

CHILDREN'S GUARDIAN

Why down-drooped is thine eye? Why flow thy tears?

MEDEA

Needs must they, ancient; for these things the Gods
And I withal—O fool!—have ill contrived.

CHILDREN'S GUARDIAN

Fear not: thy children yet shall bring thee home.

MEDEA

Others ere then shall I send home—ah me!

CHILDREN'S GUARDIAN

Not thou alone art severed from thy sons.
Submissively must mortals bear mischance.
ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

δράσω τάδ', ἀλλὰ βαίνε δωμάτων ἔσω
καὶ παισί πόρσου ὅλα χρή καθ' ἆμέραν.
ὡς τέκνα τέκνα, σφῶν μὲν ἔστε δὴ πόλις
καὶ δῶμ', ἐν ὃς λιπόντες ἄθλιαν ἐμὲ
οἰκήσετ' ἀεὶ μητρώς ἐστερημένου.
ἐγὼ δ' ἐσ ἀλλην γαῖαν εἶμι δὴ φυγάς,
πρὶν σφῶν ὄνασθαι καπίδειν εὐδαίμονας,
πρὶν λέκτρα καὶ γυναίκα καὶ γαμήλιους
εἰνας ἀγήλαι λαμπάδας τ' ἀνασκεθεῖν.
ὡς δυστάλαια τῆς ἐμῆς αὐθαδίας
ἀλλος ἄρ' ύμᾶς, ὡς τέκν', ἔξεθρεψάμην,
ἀλλος δ' ἐμόχθουν καὶ κατεξάνθην πόνοις,
στερρᾶς ἑνεγκόυσ' ἐν τόκοις ἀλγηδόνας.
ἡ μὴν ποθ' ἢ δύστηνοις εἴχον ἐπίδιας
πολλάς ἐν ύμω, γηροβοσκήσειν τ' ἔμε
καὶ καθανοῦσαν χερσὶν εὐ περιστελεῖν,
ξηλωτὸν ἀνθρώπωσιν' νῦν δ' ὄλωλε δὴ
γλυκεία φροντίσ'. σφῶν γὰρ ἐστερημένη
λυπρὸν διάξω βίοτον ἀλγεινόν τ' ἐμοί.
ὑμεῖς δὲ μητέρ' οὐκέτ' ὄμμασιν φίλοις
عظσθ', ἐς ἄλλο σχῆμ' ἀποστάντες βίοιν.

φεῦ φεῦν' τί προσδέρκεσθε μ' ὄμμασιν, τέκνα;
tί προσγελάτε τὸν πανύστατον γέλων;
αιάτ' τί δράσω; καρδία γὰρ οἴχεται,
γυναίκες, ὃμμα φαιδρὸν ως εἶδον τέκνων.
οὐκ ἀν δυναίμην' χαίρετο βουλεύοματα
tὰ πρόσθεν' ἄξω πάιδας ἐκ γαίας ἐμοῖς.
tί δὲι με πατέρα τῶν τοῖς τούτων κακοῖς
λυποῦσαν αὐτὴν διὰ τόσα κτάσθαι κακά;
οὐ δὴτ' ἔγωγε. χαίρετο βουλεύοματα.
καίτοι τί πάσχω; βούλομαι γέλωτ' ὄφλειν

364
MEDEA

This will I: but within the house go thou,
And for my children's daily needs prepare.

[Exit CHILDREN'S GUARDIAN.

O children, children, yours a city is,
And yours a home, where, leaving wretched me,
Ye shall abide, for ever motherless!
I shall go exiled to another land,
Ere I have joyed in you, have seen your bliss,
Ere I have decked for you the couch, the bride,
The bridal bower, and held the torch on high.
O me accurst in this my desperate mood!
For naught, for naught, my babes, I nurtured you,
And all for naught I laboured, travail-worn,
Bearing sharp anguish in your hour of birth.
Ah for the hopes—unhappy!—all mine hopes
Of ministering hands about mine age,
Of dying folded round with loving arms,
All men's desire! But now—'tis past—'tis past,
That sweet imagining! Forlorn of you
A bitter life and woeful shall I waste.
Your mother never more with loving eyes
Shall ye behold, passed to another life.
Woe! woe! why gaze your eyes on me, my darlings?

Why smile to me the latest smile of all?
Alas! what shall I do? Mine heart is failing
As I behold the light in my sons' eyes!
Women, I cannot! farewell, purposes
O'erpast! I take my children from the land.
What need to wring their father's heart with ills
Of these, to gain myself ills twice so many?
Not I, not I! Ye purposes, farewell!
Yet—yet—what ails me? Would I earn derision,
ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

1050 ἐχθροὺς μεθείσα τοὺς ἐμοὺς ἀζημοὺς;
tολμητέον τάδ’. ἀλλὰ τῆς ἐμῆς κάκης,
tὸ καὶ προέσθαι μαλθακοὺς λόγους φρενί.
χωρείτε παῖδες εἰς δόμους; ὅτω δὲ μὴ
θέμις παρεῖναι τοὺς ἐμοῖς θύμασιν,
αὐτῷ μελήσει: χεῖρα δ’ οὐ διαφθερῶ.
ἀ ᾳ.

1060 μὴ δήτα, θυμέ, μὴ σὺ γ’ ἐργάσῃ τάδε:
ἐσων αὐτούς, ὦ τάλαν, φείσαι τέκνων·
ἐκεῖ μεθ’ ἡμῶν ζῶντες εὐφρανοῦσι σε.
μὰ τοὺς παρ’ “Αιδῆ νερτέρους ἀλάστορας,
οὔτοι ποτ’ ἐσται τοῦθ’ ὅπως ἐχθροῖς ἐγὼ
παῖδας παρῆσο τοὺς ἐμοὺς καθυβρίσαι.
[πάντως σφ’ ἀνάγκη κάθανεῖν ἐπεὶ δὲ χρή,
ἡμεῖς κτενούμεν οὐπερ ἔξεφὺσαμεν.]
πάντως πέπρωται ταῦτα, κακὸν ἐκφεύξεται.
καὶ δὴ π’ ἐκρατεί στέφανος, ἐν πέπλοισι δὲ
νῦμφῃ τύραννος ὠλυται, σάφ’ οἶδ’ ἐγὼ.

1070 ἀλλ’, εἶμι γὰρ δὴ τὴλημονεστάτην ὀδὸν,
καὶ τούσδε πέμψῳ τὴλημονεστέραν ἔτι,
pαῖδας προσεπείν βουλόμαι. δότ’, ὦ τέκνα,
δότ’ ἀστάσασθαι μητρὶ δεξιὰν χέρα.

1080 ὁ φιλτάτη χείρ, φίλτατον δε μοι στόμα
καὶ σχῆμα καὶ πρόσωπων οὐγενεῖς τέκνων,
eὐδαιμονίην, ἀλλ’ ἐκεῖ: τὰ δ’ ἐνθάδε
πατὴρ ἀφείλετ’ ὁ γλυκεῖα προσβολή,
ὁ μαλθακὸς χρῶς πνεύμα θ’ ἤδιστον τέκνων.
χωρείτε χωρεῖτ’. οὐκὲτ’ εἶμι προσβλέπειν
οὰ τ’ ἐς ὑμᾶς, ἀλλὰ νικῶμαι κακοῖς.
καὶ μανθάνω μὲν οἷα δρᾶν μέλλως κακά:
θυμὸς δὲ κρεῖσσον τῶν ἐμῶν βουλευμάτων,
δόστερ μεγίστων αἰτίους κακῶν βροτοῖς.
MEDEA

Letting my foes slip from mine hand unpunished? I must dare this. Out on my coward mood
That let words of relenting touch mine heart!
Children, pass ye within. [Exeunt children.

Now, whoso may not

Sinless be present at my sacrifice,
On his head be it: mine hand faltereth not.
Oh! oh!
O heart, mine heart, do not—do not this deed!
Let them be, wretched heart, spare thou my babes!
There dwelling with me shall they gladden thee.
No!—by the nether fiends that dwell with Hades,
Never shall this betide, that I will leave
My children for my foes to trample on!

They needs must die. And, since it needs must be,
Even I will slay them, I, who gave them life.
All this is utter doom:—she shall not 'scape!
Yea, on her head the wreath is; in my robes
The princess-bride is perishing—I know it!
But—for I fare on journey most unhappy,
And shall speed these on yet unhappier—
I would speak to my sons. [Re-enter children.

Give, O my babes,

Give to your mother the right hand to kiss.
O dearest hand, O lips most dear to me,
O form and noble feature of my children,
Blessing be on you—there!—for all things here
Your sire hath stolen. Sweet, O sweet embrace!
O children's roseleaf skin, O balmy breath!
Away, away! Strength faileth me to gaze
On you, but I am overcome of evil. [Exeunt children.

Now, now, I learn what horrors I intend:
But passion overmastereth sober thought;
And this is cause of direst ills to men.
ΜΗΔΕΙΑ
ΧΟΡΟΣ
πολλάκις ἦδη
diὰ λεπτοτέρων μύθων ἐμολοῦν
cαι πρὸς ἀμύλλας ἦλθον μείζους
ἡ χρῆ γενεὰν θῆλυν ἐρευνᾶν
άλλα γὰρ ἐστὶν μοῦσα καὶ Ἦμων,
ἡ προσομιλεῖ σοφίας ἐνεκεν
πάσαις μὲν οὖν παύρον δὲ γένος—
μίαν ἐν πολλαῖς εὐροῖς ἄν ἱσως—
οὐκ ἀπόμουσον τὸ γυναικῶν.

καὶ φημὶ βροτῶν οὐτινὲς εἰσιν
πάμπαν ἀπειροὶ μηδὲ ἐφύτευσαν
παῖδας, προφέρειν εἰς εὐτυχίαν
tῶν γειναμένων.
oὶ μὲν ἄτεκνοι δι’ ἀπειροσύνην
eἰθ’ ἦδι βροτοῖς εἴτ’ ἀνιαρὸν
παῖδες τελέθουσ’ οὐχὶ τυχόντες
πολλῶν μόχθων ἀπέχονται:
oἰςὶ δὲ τέκνων ἐστὶν ἐν οἴκοις
γυναικῶν βλάστημ’, ἐσορῷ μελέτῃ
κατατρυχομένους τὸν ἀπαντα χρόνον
πρῶτον μὲν ὅπως θρέψουσι καλῶς
βιοτῶν θ’ ὀπόθεν λείψουσι τέκνοις:
ἐτὶ δ’ ἐκ τούτων εἴτ’ ἐπὶ φλαύροις
εἴτ’ ἐπὶ χρηστοῖς
μοχθοῦσι, τὸδ’ ἐστὶν ἄδηλον.

1 Elmsley: for MSS. παύρον δὲ ἦ (or τι) γένος.
MEDEA

CHORUS

I

Full oft ere this my soul hath scaled
   Lone heights of thought, empyreal steeps,
   Or plunged far down the darkling deeps,
Where woman's feeblner heart hath failed:—

Yet wherefore failed? Should woman find
   No inspiration thrill her breast,
   Nor welcome ever that sweet guest
Of Song, that uttereth Wisdom's mind?

Alas! not all! Few, few are they,—
   Perchance amid a thousand one
   Thou shouldst find,—for whom the sun
Of poesy makes an inner day.

II

Now this I say—calm bliss, that ne'er
   Knew love's wild fever of the blood,
   The pains, the joys, of motherhood,
Passeth all parents' joy-blent care.

The childless, they that never prove
   If sunshine comes, or cloud, to men
   With babes—far lie beyond their ken
The toils, the griefs, of parent-love.

But they whose halls with flowerets sweet
   Of childhood bloom—I mark them aye
Care-fretted, travailing alway
To win their loved ones nurture meet.
ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ἐν δὲ τὸ πάντων λοίσθιον ἦδη
πᾶσιν κατερῶ θυντοίσι κακῶν·
kαὶ δὴ γὰρ ἄλις βιωτόν θ’ ήὗρον,
σῶμα τε ἐς ἡβην ἐνυθε τέκνων
χρηστοὶ τε ἐγένοντ’ εἰ δὲ κυρήσει
δαίμων οὐτος, φροῦδος ἐς’ Ἀιδὴν
θάνατος προφέρων σώματα τέκνων.
pῶς οὖν λύει πρὸς τοὺς ἄλλους
τήνδ’ ἔτι λύπην ἀνιαροτάτην
παίδων ἐνεκεν
θυντοίσι θεοὺς ἐπιβάλλειν;

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

φίλαι, πάλαι δὴ προσμένουσα τὴν τύχην
καραδοκῶ τάκειθεν οἱ προβῆσεται.
καὶ δὴ δέδεορκα τόνδε τῶν Ἰάσυνος
στείχοντ’ ὑπαδῶν· πνεῦμα δ’ ἤρεθισμένον
δείκνυσιν ὡς τι καὶ νῶν ἀγγελεῖ κακῶν.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ὁ δεινὸν ἔργον παρανόμως εἰργασμένη
Μηδεία, φεύγε φεύγε, μῆτε ναίων
λυποῦσ’ ἀπήνην μῆτ’ ὅχον πεδοστίβη.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

tί δ’ ἄξιον μοι τῆςδε τυγχάνει φυγῆς;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

δλωλεν ἡ τύραννος ἀρτίως κόρη
Κρέων θ’ ὁ φύσας φαρμάκων τῶν φῶν ὑπο.
MEDEA

III

One toils with love more strong than death:
Yet—yet—who knoweth whether he
A wise man or a fool shall be
To whom he shall his wealth bequeath?

But last, but worst, remains to tell:
For though ye get you wealth enow,
And though your sons to manhood grow,
Fair sons and good:—if Death the fell,

To Hades vanishing, bears down
Your children's lives, what profit is
That Heaven hath laid, with all else, this
Upon mankind, lone sorrow's crown?

MEDEA

Friends, long have I, abiding fortune's hap,
Expected what from yonder shall befall.
And lo, a man I see of Jason's train
Hitherward coming: his wild-fluttering breath
Proclaimeth him the herald of strange ills.

Enter MESSENGER.

MESSENGER

O thou who hast wrought an awful deed and lawless,
Flee, O Medea, flee, nor once leave thou
The sea-wain, or the car that scours the plain.

MEDEA

Now what hath happed that calleth for such flight?

MESSENGER

Dead is the princess even now, and dead
Creon her father, by thy poison-drugs.
ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

κάλλιστον εἶπας μῦθον, ἐν δ’ εὐεργέταις τὸ λυπῶν ἦδη καὶ φίλοις ἐμοῖς ἐσεὶ.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

τί φῆς; φρονεῖς μὲν ὅρθὰ καὶ μάνει, γύναι,

ητὶς τυράννων ἔστίαν ἦκισμένην
χαίρεις κλύουσα καὶ φοβεῖ τὰ τοιάδε;

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ἐχώ τι κἀγὼ τοῖς γε σοῖς ἐναντίον
λόγοις εἰπεῖν. ἄλλα μὴ στέρχου, φίλος,
λέξον δ’ ὅπως ὁλοντο’ διὸς τόσον γὰρ ἂν
τέρψειας ἡμᾶς, εἰ τεθύνασι παγκάκως.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ἐπεὶ τέκνων σῶν ἦλθε δίστυχος γονὴ
σὺν πατρὶ καὶ παρῆλθε υμφικοῦς δόμους,
ἤσθημεν ο’περ σοῖς ἐκάμνουμεν κακοῖς
δομές: δ’ οἶκων δ’ εὐθύς ἦν πολὺς λόγος
σὲ καὶ πόσῳ σῶν νεῖκος ἐσπείρασί τὸ πρῶν.
κυνεῖ δ’ ὁ μὲν τις χείρ’, ὁ δὲ ἔπνιων κάρα
παῖδων’ ἐγὼ δὲ καίτος ἡδονῆς ὑπὸ
στέγας γυναικῶν σὺν τέκνοις ἄμ’ ἐστόμην,
δέσποινα δ’ ἢν νῦν ἀντὶ σοῦ θαυμάζομεν,
πρῶν μὲν τέκνων σῶν εἰς ἐσίδειν ἔξωσαίδα,
πρόθυμον εἰχ’ ὀφθαλμὸν εἰς Ἰάσονα·
ἐπεὶ δέντοι προὐκαλύψατ’ ὄμματα
λευκῆν τ’ ἀπεστρεφ’ ἐμπαλὼν παρηῖδα,
pαῖδων μυσαχθείσ’ εἰσόδους· πόσις δὲ σὸς
ὅργας ἀφῆρει καὶ χόλον νεάνιδος
λέγων τάδ’; οὐ μὴ δυσμενὴς ἐσεὶ φίλοις,
pαῦσει δὲ θυμοῦ καὶ πάλιν στρέψεις κάρα,
φίλους νομίζουσ’ οὖσπερ ἂν πόσις σέθεν,
dέξει δὲ δῶρα καὶ παραλθῆσει πατρὸς
MEDEA

MEDEA
A glorious tale thou tellest: thou henceforth
Art of my benefactors and my friends.

MESSENGER
What say'st? Of sound mind art thou, and not mad,
Who, hearing of the havoc of the hearth
Of kings, art glad, and hast no fear for this?

MEDEA
O yea: I too with words of controversy
Could answer thee:—yet be not hasty, friend,
But tell how died they: thou shouldst gladden me
Doubly, if these most horribly have perished.

MESSENGER
When, with their father, came thy children twain,
And passed into the halls for marriage decked,
Glad were we thralls who sorrowed for thy woes;
And straightway buzzed from ear to ear the tale
Of truce to old feuds 'twixt thy lord and thee.
One kissed the hand, and one the golden head
Of those thy sons: myself by joy drawn on
Followed thy children to the women's bowers.
Now she which had our worship in thy stead,
Ere she beheld thy chariot-yoke of sons,
Aye upon Jason turned her yearning gaze.
But then before her eyes she cast her veil,
And swept aback the scorn of her white neck,
Loathing thy sons' approach; but now thy lord,
To turn the maiden's wrath and spite aside,
Thus spake: "Nay, be not hostile to thy friends:
Cease from thine anger, turn thine head again,
Accounting friends whomso thy spouse accounts.
Their gifts receive, and plead thou with thy sire

373
ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

φυγάς ἀφεῖναι παισὶ τοῖς', ἐμὴν χάριν; ἡ δ' ὡς ἑσείδε κόσμον, οὐκ ἦν σχέτω, ἀλλ' ἦνει ἀνδρὶ πάντα· καὶ πρὶν ἐκ δόμων μακρὰν ἀπείναι πατέρα καὶ παίδας σέθεν, λαβοῦσα πέπλους ποικίλους ἦμπτροχετο, χρυσοῦν τε θεία στέφανον ἀμφὶ βοστρύχως λαμπρῷ κατόπτρῳ σχηματιζέται κόμην, ἄψυχον εἰκὼ προσγελῶσα σώματος. κάπετ' ἀναστάτω ἐκ θρόνων διέρχεται στέγασι, ἄβρον βαίνουσα παλλεύκῳ ποδί, δόρῳ υπερχάρουσα, πολλὰ πολλάκις τένοντ' ἐς ὅρθον ὄμμασι σκοπομένῃ. τούθεν ἴδειν μέντοι δεινὸν ἣν θεάμ 'ιδεῖν χροῖν γὰρ ἀλλάξασα λεχρία πάλιν χωρεῖ τρέμουσα κώλα, καὶ μόλις φθάνει θρόνωσιν ἐμπεσοῦσα μὴ χαμαί πεσεῖν. καὶ τὶς γεραιὰ προσπόλων, δόξασά που Ἡ Πανός ὕργας ἡ τινὸς θεῶν μολεῖν, ἀνωλόλυξε, πρὶν γ' ὁρὰ διὰ στόμα χωροῦντα λευκὸν ἄφρον, ὀμμάτων τ' ἀπὸ κόρας στρέφουσαν, αἰμά τ' οὐκ ἐνὸν χροῖεἰτ' ἀντίμολον ἦκεν ὀλυνύχης μέγας κωκυτόν. εὐθὺς δ' ἡ μὲν εἰς πατρὸς δόμους ὁρμήσεω, ἡ δὲ πρὸς τὸν ἀρτίως πόσιν, φράσουσα νῦμφης συμφοράς· ἅπασα δὲ στέγῃ πυκνοῖσιν ἐκτύπει δρομήμασιν. ἡ δ' ἀν ἐλκῶν κόλον ἐκπλέθρον δρόμου ταχὺς βαδιστὴς τερμώνων ἀνθήπτετο. ἡ δ' ἔξω ἀναύδου καὶ μύσαντος ὀμματος δεινὸν στενάξασ' ἡ τάλαιν ἡγεῖρετο· διπλοῦν γὰρ αὐτῇ πῆμ' ἐπεστρατεύετο. χρυσοῦς μὲν ἀμφὶ κρατὶ κείμενος πλόκος

374
To pardon these their exile—for my sake.”
She, when she saw the attire, could not refrain,
But yielded her lord all. And ere their father
Far from her bower with those thy sons had gone,
She took the rich-wrought robes and clad herself,
Circling her ringlets with the golden crown,
And by a shining mirror ranged her tresses,
Smiling at her own phantom image there.
Then, rising from her seat, adown the halls
She paced with mincing tread of ivory feet,
Exulting in the gifts, and oftentimes
Sweeping her glance from neck to ankle-hem.
But then was there a fearful sight to see.
Suddenly changed her colour: reeling back
With trembling limbs she goes; and scarce in
time
Drops on the couch to fall not on the ground.

Then a grey handmaid, deeming peradventure
That frenzy was of Pan or some God sent,
Raised the prayer-cry, before she saw the foam
White-frothing from her lips, or marked how rolled
Her eyeballs, and her face’s bloodless hue;
Then a long cry of horror, not of prayer,
She shrilled forth. Straight to her father’s chambers
one
Darted, and one unto her new-made spouse,
To tell the bride’s affliction: all the roof
Echoed with multitudinous-hurrying feet.
And a swift athlete’s straining limbs had paced
By this the full length of the furlong course,
When she from trance all speechless of closed eyes
In anguish woke with horrible-shrilling shriek;
For like two charging hosts her torment came:—
The golden coil about her head that lay
ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

θαυμαστὸν ἦτι νᾶμα παμφάγου πυρὸς·
πέπλοι δὲ λεπτοὶ, σῶν τέκνων δωρήματα,
λεπτὴν ἔδαπτον σάρκα τῆς δυσδαίμονος.
φεύγει δ’ ἀναστᾶσ’ ἐκ θρόνων πυρομένη,
σεῖουσα χαίτην κρατά τ’ ἄλλοτ’ ἄλλοσθε,
ῥίψαι θέλουσα στέφανον ἀλλ’ ἀραρότως
σύνδεσμα χρυσὸς εἰχε, πῦρ δ’, ἐπεὶ κόμην
ἔσεισε, μᾶλλον διὸς τόσως τ’ ἐλάμπετο.
πίνυε δ’ ἐς οὖδας συμφορά νικωμένη,
πλὴν τῷ τεκόντι κάρτα δυσμαθής ἰδεῖν
οὔτ’ ὀμμάτων γὰρ δῆλος ἦν κατάστασις
οὔτ’ εὐφνεῖς πρόσωποι, ἄλμα δ’ ἐξ ἀκρον
ἔσταζε κρατὸς συμπεθυμένον πυρὶ.

σάρκες δ’ ἀπ’ ὅστεων ὡςτε πεύκων δάκρυ
γναθμοὺς ἀδῆλους φαρμάκων ἀπέρρεον,
δεινὸν θέαμα: πάσι δ’ ἦν φόβος θυγείων
νεκροῦ· τῷ θηρίῳ γὰρ εἰχομεν διδασκάλον.
πατὴρ δ’ ὁ τλῆμων συμφορᾶς ἀγνωσία
ἄφινω παρελθὼν δῶμα προσπίνην νεκρῷ·
ἀμωξε δ’ εὐθὺς, καὶ περιπτύξας δέμας
κυνεὶ προσαναθὼν τοιάδ’ ὃ δύστηνε παῖ,
τίς σ’ ὧδ’ ἀτίμως δαιμόνων ἀπόλεσε;
τίς τὸν γέροντα τύμβου ὁρφαίνου σέθεν
τίθησιν; οἶμοι, συνθάνοιμι σοι, τέκνων.
ἐπεὶ δὲ θρήνων καὶ γόνων ἑπαύσατο,
χρήζων γεραιῶν ἐξαναστήσαι δέμας
προσείχεθ’ ὡςτε κισσὸς ἐρνεσίν δάφνης
λεπτοῦσι πέπλοις, δεινὰ δ’ ἦν παλαιόσματα·
ὁ μὲν γὰρ ἠθέλ᾽ ἐξαναστήσαι γόνυ,
ἡ δ’ ἀντελάξυτ’ ἐὰν δὲ πρὸς βλαν ἂγοι,
σάρκας γεραιῶς ἐσπάρασσ’ ἀπ’ ὅστεων.
χρόνῳ δ’ ἀπέσβητ’ καὶ μεθήχ’ ὁ δύσμορος

1 Scaliger: for ἀπίστη.
MEDEA

'Gan spurt a marvellous stream of ravening fire:
The delicate robes, the gift thy children brought,
Had fangs to gnaw her delicate tortured flesh!

Upstarting from her seat she flees, all flame,
Shaking her hair, her head, this way and that,
To cast from her the crown; but firmly fixed
The gold held fast its grip: the fire, whene'er
She shook her locks, with doubled fury blazed.

Then agony-vanquished falls she on the floor,
Marred past all knowledge, save for a father's eyes.
No more was seen her eyes' imperial calm,
No more her comely features; but the gore
Dripped from her head's crown flecked with blended fire.

The flesh-flakes from her bones, like the pine's tears,
'Neath that mysterious drug's devourings melted,—
Dread sight!—and came on all folk fear to touch
The corpse: her hideous fate had we for warning.

But, ignorant of all, her wretched sire,
Suddenly entering, falls upon her corpse,
And straightway wailed and clasped the body round,
And kissed it, crying, "O my hapless child,
What God thus horribly hath thee destroyed?
Who maketh this old sepulchre bereft
Of thee? Ah me, would I might die with thee!"

But when from wailing and from moans he ceased,
Fain would he have upraised his aged frame,
Yet clave, as ivy clings to laurel boughs,
To the filmy robes: then was a ghastly wrestling;
For, while he strained to upraise his knee, she seemed
To upwrithe and grip him: if by force he haled,
Torn from the very bones was his old flesh.
Life's light at last quenched, he gave up the ghost,
ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ψυχήν· κακοῦ γὰρ οὐκέτ' ἦν ὑπέρτερος.
κεῖται δὲ νεκροὶ παῖς τε καὶ γέρων πατὴρ
πέλας, ποθεινὴ δακρύοιι κυμφορά.
καί μοι τὸ μὲν σὸν ἐκποιῶν ἐστὼ λόγου
γνώσει γὰρ αὐτὴ ζημίας ἀποστροφῆν.
τὰ θυτέτα ὅ νῦν πρῶτον ἥγομαι σκιάν,
οὔδ' ἀν τρέσαι εἴπομι τοὺς σοφοὺς βροτῶν
δοκοῦντας εἶναι καὶ μεριμνῆτας λόγων,
τούτους μεγίστην ζημίαν ὀφλισκάνειν.
θυτέτων γὰρ οὐδεὶς ἐστὶν εὐδαίμων ἀνήρ.
ὁ μὲν ὑπὲρμεντος εὐτυχέστερος

Ἄλλου γένοιτ' ἂν ἄλλος, εὐδαίμων δ' ἂν οὖ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἔστεχ' ὁ δαίμων πολλὰ τῆ' ἐν ἡμέρᾳ
κακὰ ξυνάπτευν εὐδίκως Ἴασονι.
ὡς τᾶμον, ὡς σου συμφοράς οἰκτελομεν,
κόρη Κρέοντος, ἦτες εἰς' Ἀιδον δόμους
οἶχει γάμων ἐκατ' τῶν Ἴασονος.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

φίλαι, δέδοκται τοῦργον ὡς τάξιστά μοι
παῖδας κτανοῦση τῆς' ἀφορμασθαι χθονος,
καὶ μὴ σχολὴν ἄγουσαν ἐκδοῦναι τέκνα
ἀλλ' ἐν ὀπλίζου, καρδία. τῷ μέλλομεν
τὰ διεινα κάναγκαία μὴ πράσσειν κακά;
ἀγ', ὁ τάλαινα χεῖρ ἐμή, λαβὲ ἔιφος,
λάβ', ἔρπε πρὸς βαλβίδα λυπηρὰν βίον,
καὶ μὴ κακισθῆς μηδ' ἀναμνησθῆς τέκνων,
ὡς φίλταθ', ὡς ἔτικτες· ἄλλα τινὲς γε
λαθοῦ βραχείαν ἡμέραν παῖδων σέθεν,
MEDEA

Ill-starred, down-sinking 'neath destruction's sea.
There lie the corpses, child by grey old sire
Clasped;—such affliction tears, not words, must
mourn.
And of thy part no word be said by me:—
Thyself from punishment wilt find escape.
But man's lot now, as oft, I count a shadow,
Nor fear to say that such as seem to be
In wit most keen of men, most subtle of speech,
Even these pay heaviest penalty of all;
For among mortals happy man is none.
In fortune's flood-tide might a man become
More prosperous than his neighbour: happy?—no!

[Exit.

CHORUS

Fortune, meseems, with many an ill this day
Doth compass Jason,—yea, and rightfully.
But O the pity of thy calamity,
Daughter of Creon, who to Hades' halls
Hast passed, because with thee would Jason wed!

MEDEA

Friends, my resolve is taken, with all speed
To slay my children, and to flee this land,
And not to linger and to yield my sons
To death by other hands more merciless.
They needs must die: and, since it needs must be,
Even I will give them death, who gave them life.
Up, gird thee for the fray, mine heart! Why loiter
To do the dread ill deeds that must be done?
Come, wretched hand of mine, grasp thou the sword;
Grasp!—on to the starting-point of a blasted life!
Oh, turn not craven!—think not on thy babes,
How dear they are, how thou didst bear them: nay,
For this short day do thou forget thy sons,
ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

κάπετεια θρήνει. καὶ γὰρ εἰ κτενεῖς σφ’, ὀμως
φίλοι γ’ ἐφυσαν—δυστυχῆς δ’ ἐγὼ γυνή.

ΧΩΡΟΣ

ιὼ Γά τε καὶ παμφαής

ἀκτὶς Ἀελίου, κατίδετ’ ἰδετε τὰν
ὁλομέναν γυναῖκα, πρὶν φοινίαν
τέκνοις προσβαλεῖν χέρ’ αὐτοκτόνου
σὰς γὰρ ἀπὸ χρυσέας γονᾶς
ἐβλαστεῖν, θεοῦ δ’ αἴματι πίνειν
φόβος ὑπ’ ἀνέρων.

ἀλλὰ υἱν, φάος διογενῆς, κάτειρ-

γε, κατάπαυσον, ἔξελ’ οἶκον τάλαι-

ναν φοινίαν τ’ Ἐρινῦν ὑπ’ ἀλαστόρων.

μάταν μόχθος ἔρρει τέκνων,

ἄρα μάταν γένος φίλων ἔτεκες, ὧ
κυνεᾶν λυποῦσα Συμπληγάδων
πετράν ἀξιωτάταν εἰσβολάν.

δειλαία, τί σοι φρενῶν βαρὺς
χόλος προσπίνει καὶ δυσμενῆς
φόνος ἀμείβεται;

χαλεπὰ γὰρ βροτοῖς ὀμογενῆ μά-

σματ’ ἐπὶ γαῖαν αὐτοφόντας συνῷ-

δὰ θεόθεν πίνειν’ ἐπὶ δόμοις ἄχην.

380
MEDEA

Thereafter mourn them. For, although thou slay,
Yet dear they are, and I—am wretched, wretched!

[Exit MEDEA.

CHORUS

(Str.)

O Earth, O all-revealing splendour
Of the Sun, look down on a woman accurst,
Or ever she slake the murder-thirst
Of a mother whose hands would smite the tender
Fruit of her womb.
Look down, for she sprang of thy lineage golden:
Man's vengeance threatens—thy seed are holden
'Neath the shadow of doom!
But thou, O heaven-begotten glory,
Restrain her, refrain her: the wretched, the gory
Erinys by demons dogged, we implore thee,
Snatch thou from yon home!

(Ant.)

For naught was the childbirth-travail wasted;
For naught didst thou bear them, the near
and the dear,
O thou who hast fled through the Pass of Fear,
From the dark-blue Clashing Crag's who hast hastened

Speeding thy flight!
Alas for her!—wherefore hath grim wrath
stirred her
Through depths of her soul, that ruthless murder

Her wrongs must requite?
For stern upon mortals the vengeance falleth
For kin's blood spilt; from the earth it calleth,
A voice from the Gods, and the slayers appalleth
On whose homes it shall light.
ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ΠΑΙΣ α'
οίμοι, τί δράσω; ποί φύγω μητρὸς χέρας;
ΠΑΙΣ β'
oύκ οἶδ', ἀδελφέ φίλτατ' ὀλλύμεσθα γάρ.

ΧΟΡΩΣ
ἀκούεις βοῶν ἀκούεις τέκνων;
iω τλᾶμον, ὦ κακοτυχεῖς γύναι.
pαρέλθω δόμους; ἀρῆξαι φόνον
dοκεῖ μοι τέκνοις.

ΠΑΙΣ α'
ναι, πρὸς θεῶν, ἀρῆξαι· ἐν δέουτι γάρ.
ΠΑΙΣ β'
ὡς ἔγγος ἦδη γ' ἐσμὲν ἀρκύων ξίφους.

ΧΟΡΩΣ
tάλαυν', ὡς ἄρ' ἦσθα πέτρος ἢ σίδα-
1280
ρος, ἅτις τέκνων διν ἔτεκες
ἀροτον αὐτόχειρι μοῖρα κτενεῖς.
μίαν δὴ κλών μίαν τῶν πάρω
γυναῖκ' ἐν φίλοις χέρα βαλεῖν τέκνοις,
'Ἰνδ' μανεῖσαν ἐκ θεῶν, ὃθ' ἡ Διὸς
dάμαρ νιν ἐξέπεμψε δωμάτων ἄλη.
πίτνει δ' ἀ τάλαυν' ἐς ἅλμαν φόνῳ
τέκνων δυσσεβεῖ,
ἀκτῆς ὑπερτείνασα ποντίας πόδα,
dυοῖν τε παῖδοιν συνθανοῦσ' ἀπὸλλυται.
MEDEA

[CHILDREN’s cries behind the scenes]

CHILD 1
What shall I do?—how flee my mother’s hands?

CHILD 2
I know not, dearest brother. Death is here!

CHORUS
Ah the cry!—dost thou hear it?—the children’s cry!
Wretch!—woman of cursèd destiny!
Shall I enter? My heart crieth, “Rescue the children from murder nigh!”

[They beat at the barred doors.

CHILD 1
Help!—for the Gods’ sake help! Sore is our need!

CHILD 2
The sword’s death-net is closing round us now!

[Silence within. Blood flows out beneath the door. The women shrink back.]

CHORUS
Wretch! of what rock is thy breast?—of what steel is the heart of thee moulded,
That the babes thou hast borne, with the selfsame hands that with love have enfolded
These, thou hast set thee to slay?
Of one have I heard that laid hands on her loved ones of old, one only,
Even Ino distraught of the Gods, when Zeus’ bride drave her, lonely
And lost, from her home to stray;
And she fell—ah wretch!—on the brink as she stood
Of the sea-scaur: guilt of children’s blood
Dragged downwards her feet to the salt sea-flood,
And she died with her children twain.

1280

383
ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

1290 τί δὴ τ' οὖν γένοιτ' ἂν ἔτι δεινὸν; ὁ γυναικῶν λέχος πολύπονον ὅσα βροτοῖς ἐρεξας ἦδη κακά.

ΙΑΣΩΝ

γυναικείς αἰ τῆς ἐγγύς ἔστατε στέγης, ἀρ' ἐν δόμοισιν ἥ τὰ δεῖν εἰργασμένη Μηδεία τοισίδ', ἢ μεθέστηκεν φυγῇ; δεῖ γὰρ νῦν ἦτοι γῆς σφε κρυφθῆναι κάτω, ἡ πτηνὸν ἀραι σῶμ' ἐς αἰθέρος βάθος, εἰ μὴ τυράννων δώμασιν δώσει δίκην.

πέποιθ' ἀποκτείνασα κοιράνοις χθονὸς ἄθροφος αὐτή τώῳ δε φεύξεσθαι δόμων; ἀλλ' οὐ γὰρ αὐτής φροντίδ' ἡς τέκνων ἐχωκείνη μὲν οὐς ἔδρασεν ἔρξουσιν κακῶς, ἐμῶν δὲ παιδῶν ἤλθουν ἐκσῶσων βίον, μὴ μοὶ τι δράσσωσι τι προσήκοντες γένει, μητρὸν ἐκπράσσοντες ἀνόσιον φόνον.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὁ τλήμον, οὐκ οἰσθ' οἱ κακῶν ἐξήλυθας, Ἰάσον οὗ γὰρ τοῦσ' ἂν ἐφθέγξω λόγους.

ΙΑΣΩΝ

τί δ' ἐστιν; ἥ που κἂν' ἀποκτεῖναι θέλει; ΧΟΡΟΣ

παιδὰς τεθνάσι χειρὶ μητρὼν πέθεν.

ΙΑΣΩΝ

1310 οὖμοι τί λέξεις; ὡς μ' ἀπώλεσας, γυναι. ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὡς οὐκέτ' ὄντων σῶν τέκνων φροντίζε δὴ.
MEDEA

What ghastlier horror remains to be wrought?
O bride-bed of women, with anguish fraught,
What scathe upon mortals ere now hast thou brought,

What manifold bane!

Enter JASON, with SERVANTS.

JASON

Women, which stand anear unto this roof—
Is she within the halls, she who hath wrought
Dread deeds, Medea, or in flight passed thence?
For either must she hide her 'neath the earth,
Or lift on wings her frame to heaven's far depths,
Or taste the vengeance of a royal house.
How, trusts she, having murdered the land's lords,
Scatheless herself from these halls forth to flee?

Yet not for her care I, but for my sons.
Whom she hath wronged shall recompense her wrong:

But I to save my children's life am come,
Lest to my grief the kinsmen of the dead
Avenge on them their mother's impious murder.

CHORUS

Wretch, thou know'st not how deep thou art whelmed
in woe,
Jason, or thou hadst uttered not such words.

JASON

What now?—and is she fain to slay me too?

CHORUS

Thy sons are dead, slain by the mother's hand.

JASON

Ah me!—what say'st thou?—thou hast killed me,
woman!

CHORUS

Thy children are no more: so think of them.

385
ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ΙΑΣΩΝ
ποὺ γάρ νυν ἐκτειν’, ἐντὸς ἢ ἐξώθεν δόμων;

ΧΟΡΩΞ
πύλας ἀνοίξας σῶν τέκνων ὦψει φόνον.

ΙΑΣΩΝ
χαλάτε κλήδας ὡς τάχιστα, πρόσπολοι,
ἐκλυνθ’ ἀρμούς, ὡς ἵδω διπλοῦν κακόν,
τοὺς μὲν θανόντας, τὴν δὲ τίσωμαι φόνῳ.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

τὶ τάσσει κινεῖς κάναμοχλεύεις πύλας,
νεκροὺς ἐρευνῶν καμὲ τὴν εἰργασμένην;
παῦσαι πόνου τοῦ ἐὶ δ’ ἐμοὶ χρείαν ἔχεις,
λέγ’ ἐὶ τι βούλει, χειρὶ δ’ οὐ ψαύσεις ποτὲ.
τοιὸνδ’ ὁχήμα πατρὸς Ἡλίος πατήρ
dίδωσιν ἦμῖν, ἐρεμα πολεμίας χερὸς.

ΙΑΣΩΝ

ὁ μῦσος, ὁ μέγιστον ἑχθίστῃ γύναι
θεοῖς τε κάμοι παντὶ τ’ ἀνθρώπων γένει,
ἤτει τέκνοισι σοὶς ἐμβαλεῖν ξίφος
ἐτλῆς τεκοῦσα κἀ’ ἀπαιδ’ ἀπώλεσας·
καὶ ταῦτα δράσασ’ ἥλιον τε προσβλέπεις
cαι γαῖαν, ἔργον πλάσα δυσσεβέστατον.
ὁλοὶ’ ἐγὼ δὲ νῦν φρονῶ, τότ’ οὐ φρονῶν
ὅτ’ ἐκ δόμων σε βαρβάρου τ’ ἀπὸ χθονὸς
"Ελλην’ ἐς οἶκον ἡγόμην, κακὸν μέγα,
pατρός τε καὶ γῆς προδότιν ἡ σ’ ἑρέφατο.
tὸν σὸν δ’ ἀλάστορ’ εἰς ἐμ’ ἐσκήψαν θεοῖ
κτανοῦσα γὰρ δὴ σὸν κασίν παρέστιον,
tὸ καλλίπρωφον εἰσέβης Ἀργοὺς σκάφος.
ἡρξὼ μὲν ἐκ τοιῶνδε νυμφευθεῖσα δὲ
MEDEA

JASON
How?—slew them? Where?—within, without, the halls?

CHORUS (pointing to pavement before doors)
Open, and thou shalt see thy children’s corpses.

JASON
Burst in the bolts with all speed, serving-men—
Force hinges!—let me see this twofold horror,—
The dead, and her,—and in her blood avenge me!

MEDEA appears above the palace roof in a chariot drawn by dragons.

MEDEA
Why shaketh thou these doors and wouldst unbar,
Seeking thy dead and me who wrought the deed?
Cease this essay. If thou wouldst aught of me,
Say what thou wilt: thine hand shall touch me never. 1320
Such chariot hath my father’s sire, the Sun,
Given me, a defence from foeman’s hand.

JASON
O thing abhorred! O woman hatefullest
To Gods, to me, to all the race of men,
Thou that couldst thrust the sword into the babes
Thou bar’st, and me hast made a childless ruin!
Thus hast thou wrought, yet look’st thou on the sun
And earth, who hast dared a deed most impious?
Now ruin seize thee!—clear I see, who saw not
Then, when from halls and land barbarian
To a Greek home I bare thee, utter bane,
Traitress to sire and land that nurtured thee!
Thy guilt’s curse-bolt on me the Gods have launched;
For thine own brother by his hearth thou slewest
Ere thou didst enter fair-prowed Argo’s hull.
With such deeds thou begannest. Wedded then
ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

παρ’ ἀνδρὶ τῇδε καὶ τεκοῦσά μοι τέκνα, εὑρῆς ἔκατι καὶ λέχους σφ’ ἀπώλεσας. οὐκ ἔστων ἦτις τοῦτ’ ἀν Ἑλληνὶς γυνὴ ἔτη ποθ’, διὶ γε πρόσθεν ἡξίουν ἐγὼ γῆμαι σε, κῆδος ἔχθρον ἄλεθριον τ´ ἐμοί, λέαιναν, οὐ γυναῖκα, τῆς Τυρσηνίδος Σκύλλης ἔχουσαν ἀγριωτέραν φύσιν. ἂλλ’ οὐ γὰρ ἂν σε μυρίοις ὀνείδεσι δάκοιμ. τοῖνδ᾿ ἐμπέσυκε σου θράσος· ἔρρ’, αἰσχροτοικὲ καὶ τέκνων μιαφόνε. ἐμοὶ δὲ τὸν ἐμὸν δαιμόνι αἰάζείν πάρα, ὅς ούτε λέκτρων νεογάμων ὄνησομαι, οὐ παῖδας οὗς ἐφυσα κἀξεθρεψάμην ἐξω προσεπείν ζῶντας, ἂλλ’ ἀπώλεσα.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

μακρὰν ἂν ἐξετείνα τοῖσδ’ ἐναντίον λόγουσίν, εἰ μὴ Ζεὺς πατὴρ ἡπίστατο  οἱ’ ἐξ ἐμοῦ πέπονθασ οία τ´ εἰργάσω· σὺ δ’ οὐκ ἐμελλες τὰμ’ ἀτιμάσας λέχη τερπνῶν διάζειν βίοτον ἐγγελλὼν ἐμοί, οὐδ’ ἡ τύραννος οὐδ’ ὁ σοι προσθεὶς γάμως Κρέων ἀνατί τῆσδε μ’ ἐκβαλεῖν χθονός. πρὸς ταῦτα καὶ λέαινα, εἰ βούλει, κάλει καὶ Σκύλλαν ἢ Τυρσηνόν θηκέσσεν πέδουν.† τής σῆς γὰρ ὡς χρὴ καρδίας ἀνθηψάμην.

ΙΑΣΩΝ

καυτὴ γε λυπεῖ καὶ κακῶν κοινωνὸς εἰ.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

σάφ’ ἵσθι· λύει δ’ ἄλγος, ἤν σὺ μὴ ἰγγελάς.

ΙΑΣΩΝ

ὁ τέκνα, μητρὸς ὡς κακῆς ἐκύρσατε.

† Reading doubtful: σπέος and πόρον have been proposed.
MEDEA

To this man, and the mother of my sons,
For wedlock-right’s sake hast thou murdered them.
There is no Grecian woman that had dared
This:—yet I stooped to marry thee, good sooth,
Rather than these, a hateful bride and fell,
A tigress, not a woman, harbouring
A fiercer nature than Tyrrhenian Scylla.
But—for untold revilings would not sting
Thee, in thy nature is such hardihood:—
Avaunt, thou miscreant stained with thy babes’
   blood!
For me remains to wail my destiny,
Who of my new-wed bride shall have no joy,
And to the sons whom I begat and nurtured
Living I shall not speak—lost, lost to me!

MEDEA

I might have lengthened out long controversy
To these thy words, if Father Zeus knew not
How I have dealt with thee and thou with me.
’Twas not for thee to set my rights at naught,
And live a life of bliss, bemocking me,
Nor for thy princess, and thy marriage-kinsman,
Creon, unsathed to banish me this land!
Wherefore a tigress call me, an thou wilt,
Or Scylla, haunters of Tyrrhenian shore;
For thine heart have I wrung, as well behoved.

JASON

Ha, but thou sorrowest too, dost share mine ills!

MEDEA

O yea: yet grief is gain, so thou laugh not.

JASON

O children mine, what miscreant mother had ye!
ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ω παιδε, ως ολεσθε πατρφα νόσφ.

ΙΑΣΩΝ
ούτοι νυν ήμη δεξιά σφ’ ἀπώλεσεν.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ
ἀλλ’ ὑβρις ο’ τε σοὶ νεοδμῆτες γάμοι.

ΙΑΣΩΝ
λέξους σφε γ’ ἥξιωσας εἴνεκα κτανείν;

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ
σμικρὸν γυναικὶ πήμα τοῦτ’ εἶναι δοκεῖσ.

ΙΑΣΩΝ
ήτις γε σώφρων’ σοὶ δὲ πάντ’ ἔστιν κακά.

1370
οἴδ’ οὐκέτ’ εἰσί’ τοῦτο γάρ σε δῆξεται.

ΙΑΣΩΝ
οἴδ’ εἰσίν, οἶμοι, σφ’ κάρα μμάστορες.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ
ἰσασίω δόστις ἢρξε πημονῆς θεοί.

ΙΑΣΩΝ
ἰσασί δητα σήν γ’ ἀπόπτυστον φρένα.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ
στυγεῖ· πικρὰν δ’ βάξων ἔχθαίρω σέθεν.

ΙΑΣΩΝ
καὶ μὴν ἔγω σὴν’ ράδιοι δ’ ἀπαλλαγαί.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ
πῶς οὖν; τί δράσω; κάρτα γὰρ κάγω θέλω.

ΙΑΣΩΝ
θάψαι νεκροὺς μοι τούσδε καὶ κλαύσαι πάρες.

390
MEDEA

O sons, destroyed by your own father's lust!

JASON

Sooth, 'twas no hand of mine that murdered them.

MEDEA

Nay, but thine insolence and thy new-forged bonds.

JASON

How, claim the right for wedlock's sake to slay them!

MEDEA

A light affliction count'st thou this to a wife?

JASON

A virtuous wife:—in thy sight naught were good!

MEDEA

These live no more: this, this shall cut thine heart! 1370

JASON

They live—ah me!—avengers on thine head.

MEDEA

The Gods know who began this misery.

JASON

Yea, verily, thy spirit abhorred they know.

MEDEA

Abhorred art thou: I loathe thy bitter tongue.

JASON

And I thine:—yet were mutual riddance easy.

MEDEA

How then?—what shall I do?—fain would I this.

JASON

Yield me my dead to bury and bewail.
ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ
ού δήτ', ἔπει σφᾶς τῇ δ' ἐγὼ θάψι χερί, 
φέρονς' ἐς Ἦρας τέμενος Ἀκραίας θεοῦ, 
ὡς μή τις αὐτοῦς πολεμίων καθυβρίη,
τύμβους ἀναστῶν· γῇ δὲ τῇ δ Σισύφου 
σεμνὴν ἐφοτήν καὶ τέλη προσάψαμεν
τὸ λοιπὸν ἀντὶ τούτῳ δυσσεβοῦς φόνου.
αὐτὴ δὲ γαίαν εἴμι τὴν Ὂρεθέως,
Ἄγει συνοικήσουσα τῷ Πανδίονος.
σὺ δ', ὁσπερ εἰκός, κατθανεὶ κακὸς κακῶς,
Ἀργοὺς κάρα σὺν λειψάνῳ πεπληγμένος,
πικρᾶς τελευτᾶς τῶν νέων¹ γάμων ἰδὼν.

ΙΑΣΩΝ

ἀλλὰ σ' Ὄρυνυς ὀλέσειε τέκνων
φοινία τε Δίκη.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

τὶς δὲ κλύει σου θεὸς ἢ δαίμων,
τοῦ ψευδόρκου καὶ ξευναπάτου;

ΙΑΣΩΝ

φεῦ φεῦ, μυσαρὰ καὶ παιδολέτορ.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

στείχε πρὸς οίκους καὶ θάττ' ἀλοχον.

ΙΑΣΩΝ

στείχω, δισσῶν γ' ἁμορος τέκνων.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

οὕτῳ θρηνεῖς· μένε καὶ γῆρας.

ΙΑΣΩΝ

ὡ τέκνα φίλτατα.

¹ Weil: for MS. ἐμῶν.
MEDEA

MEDEA
Never: with this hand will I bury them,
To Mountain Hera's precinct bearing them,
That never foe may do despite to them,
Rifling their tomb. This land of Sisyphus
Will I constrain with solemn festival
And rites to atone for this unhallowed murder.
But I—I go unto Erechtheus' land,
With Aegeus to abide, Pandion's son.
Thou, as is meet, foul wretch, shalt fouly die,
By Argo's wreckage smitten on the skull,
Who hast seen this new bridal's bitter ending.

JASON
Now the Fury-avenger of children smite thee,
And Justice that looketh on murder requite thee!

MEDEA
What God or what spirit will heed thy request,
Caitiff forsworn, who betrayest the guest?

JASON
Avaunt, foul thing by whose deed thy children have
died!

MEDEA
Go hence to thine halls, thence lead to the grave
thy bride!

JASON
I go, a father forlorn of the two sons reft from his
home!

MEDEA
Not yet dost thou truly mourn: abide till thine old
age come.

JASON
O children beloved above all!
ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ
μητρίς γε, σοὶ δ’ οὐ.
ΙΑΣΩΝ
cάπειτ’ ἐκανες;
ΜΗΔΕΙΑ
σὲ γε πημαινοῦσ’.
ΙΑΣΩΝ

ὁμοί, φιλίου χρήζω στόματος
παίδων τὸ τάλας προσπτύζασθαι.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

νῦν σφε προσανδάς, νῦν ἀσπάζει,
tότ’ ἀπωσάμενος.

ΙΑΣΩΝ

δός μοι πρὸς θεῶν
μαλακοῦ χρωτὸς ψαῦσαι τέκνων.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

οὐκ ἐστὶν μάτην ἔτος ἔρριπται.

ΙΑΣΩΝ

Σεῦ, τάδ’ ακόμεις ὡς ἀπελαυνόμεθ’,
οἶα τε πάσχομεν ἐκ τῆς μυσαρᾶς
καὶ παιδοφόνου τῆς δε λεαίνης;
ἀλλ’ ὅπόσον γοῦν πάρα καὶ δύναμαι
τάδε καὶ θηνῶ κάπιθεάζω,

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

μαρτυρόμενος δαίμονας ὡς μοι
tέκνα κτείνας’ ἀπωκωλύεις
ψαῦσαι τε χεροῖν θάψαι τε νεκροὺς,
οὐς μήποτ’ ἐγὼ φύσας ὀφελον
πρὸς σοῦ φθιμένους ἐπιδέσθαι.
MEDEA

MEDEA
Of their mother beloved, not of thee.

JASON.

Yet she slew them!

MEDEA
That thou mightest fall in the net that
thou spreadest for me.

JASON
Woe's me! I yearn with my lips to press
My sons' dear lips in my wretchedness.

MEDEA
Ha, now art thou calling upon them, now wouldst
thou kiss,
Who rejectest them then?

JASON
For the Gods' sake grant me but this,
The sweet soft flesh of my children to feel!

MEDEA
No—wasted in air is all thine appeal.

JASON
O Zeus, dost thou hear it, how spurned I am?—
What outrage I suffer of yonder abhorred
Child-murderess, yonder tigress-dam?
Yet out of mine helplessness, out of my shame,
I bewail my beloved, I call to record
High heaven, I bid God witness the word,
That my sons thou hast slain, and withheld
me,
That mine hands may not touch them, nor bury
their clay!
Would God I had gotten them never, this day
To behold them destroyed of thee!

395
ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πολλῶν ταμίας Ζεῦς ἐν Ὄλυμπῳ,
πολλὰ δ’ ἁέλπτως κραίνουσι θεοὶ·
καὶ τὰ δοκηθέντ’ οὐκ ἐτελέσθη,
τῶν δ’ ἀδοκήτων πόρον ἥπερ θεός.
τοιόνοι’ ἀπέβη τόδε πράγμα.
MEDEA

CHORUS
All dooms be of Zeus in Olympus; 'tis his to reveal them.
Manifold things unhoped-for the Gods to accomplish bring.
And the things that we looked for, the Gods deign not to fulfil them;
And the paths undiscerned of our eyes, the Gods unseal them.
So fell this marvellous thing.

[Exeunt omnes.]
ALCESTIS
ARGUMENT

Apollo, being banished for a season from Olympus, and condemned to do service to a mortal, became herdman of Admetus, King of Pherae in Thessaly. Yet he loathed not his earthly taskmaster, but loved him, for that he was a just man, and hospitable exceedingly. Wherefore he obtained from the Fates this boon for Admetus, that, when his hour of death should come, they should accept in ransom for his life the life of whosoever should have before consented to die in his stead. Now when this was made known, none of them which were nearest by blood to the king would promise to be his ransom in that day. Then Alcestis his wife, the daughter of Pelias King of Iolcos, pledged her to die for him. Of her love she did it, and for the honour of wifehood. And the years passed by, and the tale was told in many lands; and all men praised Alcestis, but Admetus bore a burden of sorrow, for day by day she became dearer to him, a wife wholly true, a mother most loving, and a lady to her thralls gentle exceedingly. But when it was known by tokens that the day was come, Admetus repented him sorely, but it availed not, for no mortal may recall a pledge once given to the Gods. And on that day there came to the palace Apollo to plead with Death for Alcestis' sake; and a company of Elders of Pherae, to ask of her state and to make mourning for her. And when she was dead, ere she was borne forth to burial, came Hercules, son of Zeus, in his journeying, seeking the guest's right of meat and lodging, but not knowing aught of that which had come to pass. Of him was a great deliverance wrought, which is told herein.
ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΡΑΜΑΤΟΣ ΠΡΟΣΩΠΑ

ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝ
ΘΑΝΑΤΟΣ
ΧΟΡΟΣ
ΘΕΡΑΠΑΙΝΑ
ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ
ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ
ΕΤΜΗΛΟΣ
ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ
ΦΕΡΗΣ
ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ
DRAMATIS PERSONAE

APOLLO.
DEATH.
CHORUS, composed of Elders of Pherae.
HANDMAID.
ALCESTIS, daughter of Pelias, and wife of Admetus.
ADMETUS, King of Pherae.
EUMELUS, son of Admetus and Alcestis.
HERCULES.
PHERES, father of Admetus.
SERVANT, steward of the palace.
Guards, attendants, handmaids, and mourners.

The scene throughout is in front of the palace of Admetus at Pherae.
ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΑΠΟΔΑΩΝ

"Ω δόματ' Ἀδμήτει', ἐν οἷς ἔτην ἔγω
θῆσαν τράπεζαν αἰνέσαι θεός περ ὄν.
Ζεὺς γὰρ κατακτᾷς παῖδα τὸν ἐμὸν αἴτιος
Ἀσκληπιόν, στέρνοισιν ἐμβαλὼν φίλογα·
οὐ δὴ χολωθεῖς τέκτονας Δίου πυρὸς
κτείνῳ Κύκλωπας· καὶ με θητεύειν πατὴρ
θυητῷ παρ' ἀνδρὶ τῶν ἄποιν' ἡνάγκασεν.
ἐλθὼν δὲ γαῖαν τὴν ἐβουφορβοῦν ξένῳ,
καὶ τῶν ἐσωθὸν οἶκον εἰς τὸ δ' ἡμέρας.
ὄσίον γὰρ ἀνδρός ὅσιος ὅν ἐτύγχανον,
παιδὸς Φήρητος, ὅν θανεῖν ἐρρυσάμην,
Μοῖρας δολῶσας· ἤνεσαν δὲ μοι θεάι
"Ἀδμητὸν ἁδην τὸν παραυτίκ' ἐκφυγεῖν,
ἀλλον διαλλάξαντα τοῖς κάτω νεκρόν.
πάντας δ' ἐλέγξας καὶ διεξελθὼν φίλους,
pατέρα γεραιάν θ' ἰ σφ' ἐτίκτε μητέρα,
οὐχ ἦπερ πλὴν γυναικὸς ὅστες ἦθελε
θανεῖν πρὸ κείνου μήδ' ἐτ' εἰσορὰν φῶς·
ἢ νῦν κατ' οἶκους ἐν χερὸν βαστάζεται
ψυχορραγοῦσα· τῆδε γὰρ σφ' ἐν ἡμέρᾳ
θανεῖν πέπρωται καὶ μεταστήναι βίον.
ἔγω δὲ, μὴ μιασμά μ' ἐν δόμως κίχην,
λείπω μελάθρων τῶν δε φελτάτην στέγην.
ἡδη δὲ τῶνδε Θάνατον εἰσορὸ πέλας,
ALCESTIS

Enter APOLLO.

APOLLO

Halls of Admetus, hail! I stooped my pride
Here to brook fare of serfs, yea I, a God!
The fault was fault of Zeus: he slew my son
Asclepius—hurled the levin through his heart.
Wroth for the dead, his smiths of heavenly fire,
The Cyclopes, I slew; for blood-atonement
Allfather made me serf to a mortal man

To this land came I, tended mine host’s kine,
And warded still his house unto this day.
Righteous myself, I found a righteous man,
The son of Pheres: him I snatched from death,
Cozening the Fates: the Sisters promised me—
“Admetus shall escape the imminent death
If he for ransom gives another life.”
To all he went—all near and dear,—and asked
Father and grey-haired mother who gave him
life;
But, save his wife, found none that would consent
For him to die and never more see light.
Now in his arms upborne within yon home
She gaspeth forth her life: for on this day
Her weird it is to die and fleet from life.
I, lest pollution taint me in their house,
Go forth of yonder hall’s belovéd roof. [Enter death.
Lo, yonder Death;—I see him nigh at hand,
ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ιερὴ θανόντων, ὃς νῦν εἰς Ἄιδον δόμους
μέλλει κατάξειν· συμμέτρως δ' ἀφίκετο,
φρουρῶν τὸδ ἦμαρ ὃ θανεῖν αὐτὴν χρεὼν.

ΘΕΑΝΑΤΟΣ

ἀ ἄ.

τί σὺ πρὸς μελάθρους; τί σὺ τῆδε πολεῖς,
Φοῖβ'; ἀδικεῖς αὐ τιμᾶς ἐνέρων
ἀφοριζόμενος και καταπαύων.
οὐκ ἤρκεσε σοι μόρον Ἀδμήτων διακολύσαι, Μοίρας δολίῳ
σφήλαντι τέχνη; νῦν δ' ἐπί τῆδ' αὖ
χέρα τοξῆρῃ φρουρεῖς ὀπλίσας,
ἡ τὸδ' ὑπεστή πόσιν ἐκλύσασ' αὐτὴ προθανεῖν Πελίου παῖς.

ΑΠΟΛΔΩΝ

θάρσει· δίκην τοι καὶ λόγους κεδνοὺς ἔχω.

ΘΕΑΝΑΤΟΣ

τί δήτα τόξων ἔργου, εἰ δίκην ἔχεις;

ΑΠΟΛΔΩΝ

σύνηθες ἀεὶ ταῦτα βαστάζειν ἐμοί.

ΘΕΑΝΑΤΟΣ

καὶ τοῦσδέ γ' οὐκος ἐκδίκως προσώφελεῖν.

ΑΠΟΛΔΩΝ

φίλου γὰρ ἀνδρός συμφοραὶς βαρύνομαι.

ΘΕΑΝΑΤΟΣ

καὶ νοσφιεῖς με τοῦδε δευτέρου νεκροῦ;

ΑΠΟΛΔΩΝ

ἀλλ' οὐδ' ἐκεῖνον πρὸς βίαν σ' ἀφειλόμην.

ΘΕΑΝΑΤΟΣ

πῶς οὖν ὑπὲρ γῆς ἐστὶ κού κάτω χθονός;
ALCESTIS

Priest of the dead, who comes to hale her down
To Hades' halls —well hath he kept his time,
Watching this day, whereon she needs must die.

DEATH
Ha, thou at the palace! Wilt not make room,
Phoebus?—thou wrestest the right yet again:
Thou removest the landmarks of Gods of Gloom,
And thou makest their honours vain.
Did this not suffice thee, to thwart that doom
Of Admetus, when, all by thy cunning beguiled
Were the Fates, that thou now must be warding the
wife
With thine hand made ready the bowstring to
strain,
Though she pledged her from death to redeem with
her life
Her lord,—she, Pelias' child?

APOLLO
Fear not: fair words and justice are with me.

DEATH
Justice with thee!—what needeth then the bow?

APOLLO
This?—'tis my wont to bear it evermore.

DEATH
Yea, and to aid yon house in lawless wise.

APOLLO
Mine heart is heavy for my friend's mischance.

DEATH
What, wilt thou wrest from me this second corpse?

APOLLO
Nay, not that other did I take by force.

DEATH
Not?—why on earth then?—why not underground?
ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝ

dάμαστ' ἀμείψας, ἥν σὺ νῦν ἥκεις μέτα.

ΘΑΝΑΤΟΣ

cάπαξομαί γε νερτέραν ὅπο χόνα.

ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝ

λαβὼν ἵθ', oun γὰρ οἶδ' ἂν εἰ πείσαιμι σε.

ΘΑΝΑΤΟΣ

cτείνειν  γ' ὅν ἄν χρῆ;  τοῦτο γὰρ τετάγμεθα.

ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝ

οὖκ, ἄλλα τοῖς μέλλονσι θάνατον ἐμβαλεῖν.

ΘΑΝΑΤΟΣ

ἐξω λόγον δὴ καὶ προθυμίαν σέθεν.

ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝ

ἐστ' oun ὁπως Ἠλκηστίς εἰς γῆρας μόλοι;

ΘΑΝΑΤΟΣ

οὖκ ἐστιν· τιμαῖς κάμε τέρπεσθαι δόκει.

ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝ

οὗτοι πλέον γ' ἂν ἢ μίν ψυχήν λάβοις.

ΘΑΝΑΤΟΣ

νέων φθινόντων μείζον ἄρνυμαι γέρας:

ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝ

καὶ γραῦς ὀληται, πλουσίως ταφήσεται.

ΘΑΝΑΤΟΣ

πρὸς τῶν ἐχόντων, Φοῖβε, τὸν νόμον τίθης.

ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝ

πῶς εἴπας; ἀλλ' ἡ καὶ σοφὸς λέληθας ὕν;

ΘΑΝΑΤΟΣ

ὁνοῖντ' ἂν ὅς πάρεστι γηραιοὺς θανεῖν.

ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝ

οὖκον δοκεῖ σοι τήνδε μοι δοῦναι χάριν;

ΘΑΝΑΤΟΣ

οὐ δὴ· ἐπίστασαι δὲ τοὺς ἐμοὺς τρόπους.
ALCESTIS

APOLLO
She was his ransom, she for whom thou comest.

DEATH
Yea, and will hale her deep beneath the earth.

APOLLO
Take her and go: I trow I shall not bend thee—

DEATH
To slay the victim due?—mine office this.

APOLLO
Nay, but to smite with death the ripe for death.

DEATH
I grasp thine argument—and thine earnestness!

APOLLO
And may Alcestis never see old age?

DEATH
Never:—should I not love mine honours too?

APOLLO
'Tis soon or late,—thou canst but take one life.

DEATH
Yet mine the goodlier prize when die the young.

APOLLO
Though she die old, rich obsequies still are thine.

DEATH
Lo, Phoebus making laws to shield the rich!

APOLLO
How say'st thou?—thou a sophist unawares!

DEATH
Would wealth not buy the boon of dying old?

APOLLO
So then thou wilt not grant this grace to me?

DEATH
Nay surely—dost not know my wonted way?

409
ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝ

ἐχθροὺς γε θυντοὶς καὶ θεοῖς στυγομένους.

ΘΕΑΝΑΤΟΣ

οὐκ ἂν δύναοι πάντ' ἐχεῖν ἃ μὴ σε δεῖ.

ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝ

ἡ μὴν σὺ παύσει καίπερ ἁμῶς ὥν ἄγαν·
τοῖος Φέρητος εἰσὶ πρὸς δόμους ἀνήρ,
Εὐρυσθέως πέμφαντος ἢππειν μέτα
δχήμα Θρήκης ἐκ τόπων δυσχειμέρων,
ὡς δὴ ξενοθεῖσα τοῦ ὅ ἐν Ἀδμήτου δόμοις
βία γυναίκα τήν δὲ σ' ἐξαιρήσεται.

κοῦθ' ἡ παρ' ἡμῶν σοι γενήσεται χάρις
δράσεις ἂν ὁμοίως ταῦτ', ἀπεχθήσει τ' ἐμοί.

ΘΕΑΝΑΤΟΣ

πόλλ' ἂν σὺ λέξας οὐδὲν ἂν πλέοιν λάβοις.
ἡ δ' οὖν γυνὴ κάτεισιν εἰς Ὁλιόν δόμους.
στείχῳ δ' ἐπ' αὐτήν, ὡς κατάρξωμαι ξίφειν
ἰερὸς γὰρ ὁ οὗτος τῶν κατὰ χθονὸς θεῶν
ὁτου τόδ' ἐγχος κρατός ἁγνίσῃ τρίχα.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ α'

τί ποθ' ἡσυχία πρόσθεν μελάθρων;
τί σεσίγηται δόμοι Ἀδμήτου;

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ β'

ἀλλ' οὐδὲ φίλων πέλας οὐδείς,
ἄστις ἂν εἰποὶ πότερον φθιμένην
βασίλειαν χρὴ πεπθείνυν, ἡ ἕως'
ἐτι φῶς λεύσσει Πελών τόδε παῖς
Ἀλκηστίς, ἐμοὶ πᾶσι τ' ἄριστῃ
dόξασα γυνὴ
πόσιν εἰς αὐτῆς γεγενήσθαι.
ALCESTIS

APOLLO
Hateful to mortals this, and loathed of Gods.

DEATH
All things beyond thy rights thou canst not have.

APOLLO
Surely thou shalt forbear, though ruthless thou,
So mighty a man to Pheres’ halls shall come,
Sent of Eurystheus forth, the courser-car
From winter-dreary lands of Thrace to bring.
Guest-welcomed in Admetus’ palace here,
By force yon woman shall he wrest from thee.
Yea, thou of me shalt have no thank for this,
And yet shalt do it, and shalt have mine hate.

[Exit APOLLO.

DEATH
Talk on, talk on: no profit shalt thou win.
This woman down to Hades’ halls shall pass.
For her I go: my sword shall seal her ours:
For consecrated to the Nether Gods
Is every head whose hair this sword hath shorn.

[Exit DEATH.

Enter CHORUS, dividing to right and left, so that the sections answer one another till they unite at l. 112.

HALF-CHORUS 1
What meaneth this hush afront of the hall?
The home of Admetus, why voiceless all?

HALF-CHORUS 2
No friend of the house who should speak of its plight
Is nigh, who should bid that we raise the keen
For the dead, or should tell us that yet on the light
Alcestis looketh, and liveth the Queen,
The daughter of Pelias, noblest, I ween—
Yea, in all men’s sight
Most leal to her lord of all wives hath she been.
ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ α'
κλύει τις ἕ στεναγμοῦ ἕ
χειρῶν κτύπουν κατὰ στέγας
ἡ γόον ὡς πεπραγμένων;
οὐ μᾶν οὐδὲ τις ἄμφιπόλων
στατιζεται ἄμφί πῦλας.
eἰ γὰρ μετακύμως ἄτας,
ὡ Παιάν, φανείης.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ β'
oὐ τὰν φθιμένης γ' ἐσιώπων.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ α'
νέκυς ἡδῆ.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ β'
oὐ δὴ φρουδός γ' ἐξ οἰκων.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ a'
πόθεν; οὐκ αὐχώ. τί σε θαρσύνει;

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ β'
pῶς ἄν ἔρημον τάφον Ἄδμητος
κεδυῆς ἄν ἐπραξε γυναικὸς;

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ a'
pυλῶν πάροιθε δ' οὐκ ὅρῳ
πηγαίον ὡς νομίζεται
χέρνιβ' ἐπὶ φθιτῶν πῦλαις,
χαίτη τ' οὕτως ἐπὶ προθύροις
tομαῖος, ἄ δὴ νεκύων
πένθει πίνυει· οὐ νεολαία
dουπεῖ χεῖρ γυναικῶν.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ β'
καὶ μὴν τόδε κύριον ἡμαρ—
ALCESTIS

HALF-CHORUS 1
Or hearest thou mourning or sighing (Str. 1)
Or beating of hands,
Or the wail of bereaved ones outcrying?
No handmaid stands
At the palace-gate. [bird flying 90
O Healer, appear for the dying, appear as a bright
'Twixt the surges of fate!

HALF-CHORUS 2
She lives!—were she dead, they had raised the keen.

HALF-CHORUS 1
Nay, a corpse is all that was once a queen.

HALF-CHORUS 2
But not forth of the doors is the death-train gone.

HALF-CHORUS 1
Whence cometh thine hope, which I boast not mine own?

HALF-CHORUS 2
Would the King without pomp of procession have
yielded the grave the possession
Of so dear, of so faithful an one?

HALF-CHORUS 1
(Ant. 1)
Nor the cup in the gateway appeareth,
From the spring that they bear
To the gate that pollution feareth,
Nor the severed hair
In the porch for the dead,
Which the mourner in bitterness sheareth, neither
beating of hands one heareth
On maiden's head.

HALF-CHORUS 2
Yet surely is this the appointed day—
ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

HMIXORION α'
ti to'de avdo's;

HMIXORION β'
di xre' sefe mouleiv kata' gaia's.

HMIXORION α'
edigese psukh'is, edigese de' frena'ou.

HMIXORION β'
xre' twv agath'ou diaknavomenev pnevthein ostiti
xrestos ap' arxh'is nevomistai.

XOROΣ

all' oude' nankhoriav

esb' opoi tis aias

steilas, h Lukiav

eit' epi tases anydrhou's

'Ammoniadas edras

dus'tanou paralysai

psukh'v' monos gar' apotomos

plathen thev' ed' epi' escharaiv

ouk exw epi' tin

mholothtan porevthv.

monos de' an, ei' fofis to'di' hyn

ant. β'

omasaiv dedorou's

Foibou pa'ves, prolipous'

hilev edras skotious

"Aida te' pula's."
ALCESTIS

HALF-CHORUS 1
Ah! what wilt thou say?

HALF-CHORUS 2
Whereon of her doom she must pass to the tomb.

HALF-CHORUS 1
With a keen pang's smart hast thou stabbed mine heart.

HALF-CHORUS 2
It is meet, when the good are as flowers plucked away,
    That in sorrow's gloom
Should the breast of the old tried friend have part.

CHORUS
Though ye voyage all seas,
    Ye shall light on no lands,
Nor on Lycia's leas,
    Nor Ammonian sands,
Whence redemption shall come for the wretched, or loosing of Death's dread bands.

Doom's chasm hard by
    Yawns fathomless-deep.
What availeth to cry
    To the Gods, or to heap
Their altars with costly oblations, to plead with the slaughter of sheep?

Ah, once there was one!—
    Were life's light in the eyes
Of Phoebus's son,
    Then our darling might rise
From the mansions of darkness, through portals of Hades return to our skies;
ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

διαθέντας γὰρ ἀνίστη, πρὶν αὐτὸν εἶλε διόβολον πλῆκτρον πυρὸς κεραυνίου. νῦν δὲ τίν' ἔτι βίον ἐλπίδα προσδέχωμαι;

πάντα γὰρ ἢδη τετέλεσται βασιλεύσι, πάντων δὲ θεῶν ἐπὶ βωμοῖς αἰμόρραντοι θυσίαι πλήρεις, οὐδ' ἐστὶ κακῶν ἄκος οὐδέν.

ἀλλ' ἢδ' ὅπαθών ἐκ δόμων τις ἐρχεται δακρυρροοῦσα· τίνα τύχην ἀκούσωμαι; πενθεὶν μὲν, εἰ τι δεσπόταις τυχάνει, συγγνωστόν· εἰ δ' ἐτ' ἐστὶν ἐμψυχος γυνή εἰτ' οὖν ὀλωλεύν εἰδέναι βουλοίμεθ' ἂν.

ΘΕΡΑΠΑΙΝΑ
καὶ ζώσαν εἶπεῖν καὶ θανοῦσαν ἔστι σοι.

XΟΡΟΞ
καὶ πῶς ἀν αὐτὸς καθάνοι τε καὶ βλέποι;

ΘΕΡΑΠΑΙΝΑ
ἡδη προωπῆς ἔστι καὶ ψυχορράγει.

XΟΡΟΞ
prowadzi, οἶας οἶος ὥν ἁμαρτάνεις.

ΘΕΡΑΠΑΙΝΑ
οὕπω τώδ' οἶδε δεσπότης, πρὶν ἀν πάθη.

XΟΡΟΞ
ἐλπὶς μὲν οὐκέτ' ἔστι σφίξοσθαι βίον;

ΘΕΡΑΠΑΙΝΑ
πεπρωμένη γὰρ ἡμέρα βιάζεται.
ALCESTIS

For he raised up the dead,
Ere flashed from the heaven,
From Zeus' hand sped,
That bolt of the levin.
But now what remaineth to wait for?—what hope of her life is given?

No sacrifice more
Unrendered remaineth;
No God, but the gore
From his altars down-raineth;
Yet healing is none for our ills, neither balm that the spirit sustaineth.

[Enter HANDMAID.

But hither cometh of the handmaids one,
Weeping the while. What tidings shall I hear?
For all afflictions that befall thy lords
Well mayst thou grieve; but if thy lady lives
Or even now hath passed, fain would we know.

HANDMAID
She liveth, and is dead: both mayst thou say.

CHORUS
Ay so!—how should the same be dead and live?

HANDMAID
Even now she droopeth, gasping out her life.

CHORUS
O stricken king—how noble a queen thou losest!

HANDMAID
His depth of loss he knows not ere it come.

CHORUS
And hope—is no hope left her life to save?

HANDMAID
None—for the day foredoomed constraineth her.
ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ
ούκοιν ἐπ' αὐτῇ πράσσεται τὰ πρόσφορα;
ΘΕΡΑΠΑΙΝΑ
κόσμος γ' ἐτοιμος, φ' σφε συνθάψει πόσις.
ΧΟΡΟΣ

150 ἵστω νυν εὐκλεῆς γε καθανουμένη
γυνή τ' ἀρίστη τῶν υφ' ἡλίῳ μακρῷ.
ΘΕΡΑΠΑΙΝΑ
πῶς δ' οὐκ ἀρίστη; τίς δ' ἐναντίωσεται;
τί χρή γενέσθαι τὴν ὑπερβεβλημένην
γυναῖκα; πῶς δ' ἀν μᾶλλον ἐνδείξατι τις
πόσιν προτιμῶ, ἢ θέλουσ' ὑπερθανεῖν;
καί ταύτα μὲν δὴ πᾶσ' ἐπίσταταί πόλις;
δ' ἐν δόμωις ἐδρασε θαυμάσει κλύων.
ἐπεὶ γὰρ ἦσθεθ' ἠμέραν τὴν κυρίαν
ήκουσαν, ὑδαί ποταμίοις λευκὸν χρόα
ἐλούσατ', ἐκ δ' ἐλούσα κεδρίνων δόμων
ἔσθητα κόσμον τ' εὐπρεπῶς ἡσκήσατο,
καὶ στὰσα πρόσθεν 'Εστίας κατημάτω
δέστου', ἐγὼ γὰρ ἐρχομαι κατὰ χθονός,
πανύστατον σε προσπίτευνα' αἰτήσομαι,
tέκν' ὀρφανεύσαι τάμα, καὶ τῷ μὲν φίλην
σύζευξον ἀλοχον, τῇ δὲ γενναῖον πόσιν.
μὴ δ' ὅσπερ αὐτῶν ἢ τεκοῦσ' ἀπόλυμαι
θανεῖν ἀώρους παίδασ, ἀλλ' εὐδαίμονας
ἐν γῇ πατρίδα τερπνῶν ἐκπλήσσαι βίον.
170 πάντας δὲ βωμοὺς οὐ κατ' Ἀδμήτου δόμους
προσήλθε καξέστεψε καὶ προσημάζο, πτόρθων ἀποσχίζουσα μυρσίνης φόβην,
ἀκλαυστός ἀστένακτος, οὐδὲ τυπιῶν
κακὸν μεθοστή χρωτὸς εὐειδῆ φύσιν.
καπείτα θάλαμον εἰσπεσοῦσα καὶ λέχος,
ALCESTIS

CHORUS
Are all things meet, then, being done for her?

HANDMAID
Yea, ready is her burial-attire.

CHORUS
Let her be sure that glorious she dies
And noblest far of women 'neath the sun.

HANDMAID
Noblest?—how not?—what tongue will dare gain-say?
What must the woman be who passeth her?
How could a wife give honour to her lord
More than by yielding her to die for him?
And this—yea, all the city knoweth this;
But what within she did, hear thou, and marvel.
For when she knew that the appointed day
Was come, in river-water her white skin
She bathed, and from the cedar-chests took forth
Vesture and jewels, and decked her gloriously,
And before Vesta's altar stood, and prayed:
"Queen, for I pass beneath the earth, I fall
Before thee now, and nevermore, and pray:—
Be mother to my orphans: mate with him
A loving wife, with her a noble husband.
Nor, as their mother dieth, so may they,
My children, die untimely, but with weal
In the home-land fill up a life of bliss."
To all the altars through Admetus' halls
She went, with wreaths she hung them, and she
Plucking the while the tresses of the myrtle,
Tearless, unsighing, and the imminent fate
Changed not the lovely rose-tint of her cheek.
Then to her bower she rushed, fell on the bed;
ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ἐνταῦθα δὴ ἡ ὅκρυσε καὶ λέγει τάδε· ὁ λέκτρον, ἐνθα παρθένει ἔλυσ' ἐγὼ κορεύματ' ἐκ τοῦ ἀνδρός, οὐ θυ̲σκον πέρι, χαίρ· οὐ γὰρ ἐχθαίρω σ' ἁπώλεσας δὲ μὲ μόνην προδούναι γὰρ σ' ὁκνοῦσα καὶ πόσιν
θυ̲σκον. σὲ δ' ἀλλή τις γυνή κεκτήσεται,
σώφρων μὲν οὐκ ἂν μᾶλλον, εὐτυχῆς δ' ἰσως.
κυνεὶ δὲ προσπίτνουσα, πάν δὲ δέμνιον
ὁθαλμοτέγκτω δεύτερα πλημμυρίδι.
ἐπεὶ δὲ πολλών δακρύων εἴχεν κόρον,
στείχει προωνήσει ἐκπεσοῦσα δεμνίων,
καὶ πολλά θαλάμων ἐξισαία ἐπεστράφη
kάρπυσεν αὐτὴν αὖθις εἰς κοίτην πάλιν.
πάιδες δὲ πέπλων μητρὸς ἐξηρτημένοι
ἐκλαιοῦν· ἢ δὲ λαμβάνουσ' ἐσ ἀγκάλας
ἡπτάξετ' ἄλλοτ' ἀλλοπ, ὡς θανουμένη.
πάντες δ' ἐκλαιον οὐκέτα καὶ στέγας
δεσποιναν οἰκτείρουτες. ἢ δὲ δεξίαν
προὔτειν' ἐκάστῳ, κούτις ἂν οὐτω κακῶς
ἐν ὁ προσείητε καὶ προσερήθη πάλιν.
τοιαύτ' ἐν οἴκοις ἐστίν Ἀδμήτου κακᾶ.
καὶ καθηαϊόν τ' ἂν οὐλητ', ἐκφυγὼν δ' ἵσε,
τοσ'oτοῦν ἀλγος, οὐ ποτ' οὐ λελησται.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἡ που στενάξει τουσιδ' Ἀδμήτου κακῶος;
ἐσθλής γυναικός εἰ στερηθήναι σφε χρή;

ΘΕΡΑΠΙΑΙΝΑ

κλαίει γ' ἀκοιτε ἐν χεροῖν φίλην έχων,
καὶ μὴ προδοῦναι λύσεται, τάμηχανα
ζητών· φθίνει γὰρ καὶ μαραίνεται νόσῳ,
παρεµένη δὲ, χειρός ἀθλιον βάρος,
ὁμοὶ δὲ κα 生命周期 σμικρὸν ἐμπνεόσθ' ἔτι
ALCESTIS

And there, O there she wept, and thus she speaks:
"O couch, whereon I loosed the maiden zone
For this man, for whose sake I die to-day,
Farewell: I hate thee not. Me hast thou slain,
Me only: loth to fail thee and my lord
I die; but thee another bride shall own,
Not more true-hearted; happier perchance."
Then falls thereon, and kisses: all the bed
Is watered with the flood of melting eyes.
But having wept her fill of many tears,
Drooping she goeth, reeling from the couch;
Yet oft, as forth the bower she passed, returned,
And flung herself again upon the bed.
And the babes, clinging to their mother's robes,
Were weeping; and she clasped them in her
arms,
Fondling now this, now that, as one death-doomed.
And all the servants 'neath the roof were weeping,
Pitying their lady. But to each she stretched
Her right hand forth; and none there was so
mean
To whom she spake not and received reply.
Such are the ills Admetus' home within.
Now, had he died, he had ended; but, in 'scaping,
He bears a pain that he shall ne'er forget.

CHORUS

Doth not Admetus groan for this affliction
Of such a noble wife to be bereft?

HANDMAID

Ay, weeps, and clasps his dear one in his arms,
And prays, "Forsake me not!"—asking the while
The impossible, for still she wanes and wastes,
Drooping her hand, a misery-burdened weight;
But yet, albeit hardly breathing still,
ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

βλέψαι πρὸς αὐγὰς βούλεται τὰς ἥλιους, ὡς οὖντ' αὕθης, ἄλλα νῦν πανύστατον
[ἀκτίνα κύκλων θ' ἥλιου προσόψχεται.] ἄλλοι εἰμί καὶ σὺν ἁγγελῶ παρουσίαν
οὐ γάρ τι πάντες εὐ φρονοῦσι κοιράνοις,
ὡστ' ἐν κακοίσιν εὐμενεῖς παρεστάναι.
σὺ δ' εἰ παλαιὸς δεσπότας ἐμοὶς φίλος.

XOROS α'

ιὼ Ζεῦ, τίς ἀν πᾶ πόρος κακῶν
γένοιτο καὶ λύσις τύχας ἀ πάρεστι κοιράνοις;

XOROS β'

ἐξεισὶ τις; ἡ τέμω τρίχα,
καὶ μέλανα στολμὸν πέπλων
ἀμφιβαλῶμεθ' ἡδη;

XOROS γ'

dήλα μέν, φίλου, δήλα γ', ἄλλα ὠμὸς
θεοῖσιν εὐχώμεσθα· θεῶν
γὰρ δύναμις μεγίστη.

XOROS δ'

ἀναξ Παιάν,
ἐξευρε μηχανάν τιν' Ἀδμήτῳ κακῶν.

XOROS ε'

πόριζε δὴ πόριζε· καὶ πάρος γὰρ
τοῦτ' ἐφεύρεσ τούτο,1 καὶ νῦν
λυτήριος ἐκ θανάτου γενοῦ,
φόνιον δ' ἀπόπαυσον "Αἰδαν.

1 Hermann : for MSS. τοῦτ' ἐφεύρεσ, καὶ νῦν.
ALCESTIS

To the sun's rays fain would she lift her eyes,
As nevermore, but for the last time now
Destined to see the sun's beam and his orb.
But I will go and make thy presence known:
For 'tis not all that love so well their kings
As to stand by them, in afflictions loyal.
But from of old my lords were loved of thee.  [Exit.

[Nine members of the chorus chant successively:—

CHORUS 1

O Zeus, for our lords is there naught but despair?
No path through the tangle of evils, no loosing of chains that have bound them?

CHORUS 2

No tidings?—remaineth but rending of hair,
And the stricken ones turned to the tomb with the garments of sorrow around them?

CHORUS 3

Even so—even so! yet uplift we in prayer
Our hands to the Gods, for that power from the days everlasting hath crowned them.

CHORUS 4

O Healer-king,
Find thou for Admetus the balm of relief, for the captive deliverance!

CHORUS 5

Vouchsafe it, vouchsafe it, for heretofore
Hast thou found out a way; even now once more
Pluck back our belovèd from Hades' door,
Strike down Death's hand red-reeking with gore!
ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ σ’
παπαύ φεύ, παπαύ φεύ’ ἵω ἵω.
ὡ παῖ Φέρητος, οἳ ἐπρα-ξας δάμαρτος σᾶς στερεῖς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ σ’
ἀρ’ ἄξια καὶ σφαγᾶς τάδε,
καὶ πλέον ἡ βρόχῳ δέρην
οὐρανίῳ πελάσσαι;

ΧΟΡΟΣ η’
τὰν γὰρ οὐ φίλαν ἄλλα φιλτάταν
γυναῖκα κατθανοῦσαν εἰν
ἀματὶ τὸδ’ ἐπόγει.

ΧΟΡΟΣ θ’
ἰδού ἰδού,
ἡ’ ἐκ δόμων δὴ καὶ πόσις πορεύεται.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
βόασον ὃ, στέναξον, ὃ Φεραία
χθὼν, τὰν ἀρίσταν
γυναῖκα μαραίνομέναν νόσῳ
κατὰ γὰς χθόνιον παρ’ Ἀιδαν.
οὐποτε φήσῳ γάμον εὐφραίνειν
πλέον ἡ λυπεῖν, τοῖς τε πάροιθεν
τεκμαιρόμενος καὶ τάσδε τύχας
λεύσομεν βασιλέως, ὡστις ἀρίστης
ἀπλακὼν ἀλόχου τῆδ’ ἀβιώτον
τὸν ἐπειτα χρόνον βιοτεύσει.
ALCESTIS

CHORUS 6
Woe’s me! woe’s me!—let the woe-dirge ring!
Ah, scion of Pheres, alas for thy lot, for love’s long severance!

CHORUS 7
For such things on his sword might a man not fall,
Or knit up his throat in the noose ’twixt the heaven
and the earth that quivereth?

CHORUS 8
For his dear one—nay, but his dearest of all
Shall he see on this day lying dead, while her spirit
by Lethe shivereth.

CHORUS 9
O look!—look yonder, where forth of the hall
She cometh, and he at her side whose life by her
life she delivereth.

CHORUS, UNITED
Cry, Land Pheraean, shrill the keen!
Lift up thy voice to wail thy best
There dying, and thy queenliest
Slow wasting to the Gates Unseen!

Tell me not this, that wedlock brings
To them that wed more bliss than woe.
I look back to the long-ago:
I muse on these unhappiest things.

Lo, here a king—he forfeiteth
The truest heart, the noblest wife;
And what shall be henceforth his life?
A darkened day, a living death.
ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

"Αλιε καὶ φάος ἀμέρας,
ουράνιαι τε δίναι νεφέλας δρομαίουν.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

όρῳ σὲ κάμε, δύο κακῶς πεπραγότας,
ούδὲν θεοὺς δράσαντας ἀνθ᾽ ὅτου θανεῖ.

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

γαῖά τε καὶ μελάθρων στέγαι

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ἐπαίρε σαυτήν, ὦ τάλαινα, μὴ προδῷφις,
λίσσου δὲ τοὺς κρατοῦντας ὀἰκτείραι θεοὺς.

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

όρῳ δίκωπον ὀρῶ σκάφος [ἐν λίμνα],

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

νεκύων δὲ πορθμεῖς

Εχων χέρ' ἐπὶ κοντῷ Χάρων

Μ᾽ ἦδη καλεῖ· τί μέλλεις;

ἐπείγον· σὺ κατείργεις.

τάδε τοί με σπερχόμενος ταχύνει.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

οίμοι, πικράν γε τήνδε μοι ναυκληρίαν

Ελεξας. ὦ δύσδαιμον, οία πάσχομεν.

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ἄγει μ᾽ ἄγει μὲ τίς—οὔχ ορᾷς;—

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

νεκύων ἐς ἀυλὰν

ὑπ᾽ ὀφρύσι κυαναυγέσι

426
ALCESTIS

Enter female attendants supporting ALCESTIS, accompanied by ADMETUS and CHILDREN.

ALCESTIS

O Sun, and the day's dear light,  
And ye clouds through the wheeling heaven in the race everlasting flying!

ADMETUS

He seeth thee and me, two stricken ones,  
Which wrought the Gods no wrong, that thou shouldst die.

ALCESTIS

O Land, O stately height  
Of mine halls, and my bridal couch in Iolcos my fatherland lying!

ADMETUS

Uplift thee, hapless love, forsake me not,  
And pray the mighty Gods in ruth to turn.

ALCESTIS

I see the boat with the oars twin-sweeping,  
And, his hand on the pole as in haste aye keeping,  
Charon the Ferryman calleth, "What ho, wilt thou linger and linger?  
Hasten,—'tis thou dost delay me!" he crieth with beckoning finger.

ADMETUS

Ah me! a bitter ferrying this thou namest!  
O evil-starred, what woes endure we now!

ALCESTIS

One haleth me—haleth me hence to the mansion  
Of the dead!—dost thou mark not the darkling expansion

427
ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

βλέπων πτερωτὸς Ἀιδας.
tί ρέξεις; μέθες. οἶαν
όδον ἂ δειλαιοτάτα προβαινῶ.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

οίκτραν φίλοισιν, ἐκ δὲ τῶν μάλιστ' ἐμοὶ
καὶ παισίν, οἷς δὴ πένθος ἐν κοινῷ τόδε.

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

μέθετε μέθετε μ' ἦδη.

κλίνατ', οὖ σθένω ποσίν

πλησίον Ἀιδας:

σκοτία δ' ἐπ' ὅσοις νὺς ἐφέρπει.

tékna tékν', οὐκέτι δὴ

οὐκέτι μάτηρ σφῶν ἐστιν.

χαίροντες, ὅ τέκνα, τὸδε φάος ὀρφῶν.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

οἶμοι· τόδ' ἔπος λυπρὸν ἀκοῦω
καὶ παντὸς ἐμοὶ θανάτου μεῖζον.

μὴ πρὸς σε θεῶν τλῆς με προδούναι,

μὴ πρὸς παιδῶν οὗς ὀρφανεῖς,

ἀλλ' ἄνα, τόλμα:

σοῦ γὰρ φθιμένης οὐκέτ' ἀν εἴην

ἐν σοὶ δ' ἐσμὲν καὶ ξῆν καὶ μὴ·

σὴν γὰρ φιλίαν σεβόμεσθα.

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

Ἀδμηθ', ὅρᾶς γὰρ τὰμα πράγματ' ὡς ἔχει,

λέξαι θέλω σοι πρὶν θανεῖν ἡ βούλομαι.

ἔγω σε πρεσβεύουσα κάντι τῆς ἐμῆς

ψυχῆς καταστήσασα φῶς τὸδ' εἰσορᾶν,

θυήσκω, παρόν μοι μὴ θανεῖν ὑπὲρ σέθειν,

ἀλλ' ἄνδρα τε σχεῖν Θεσσαλῶν ἢ ἦθελον,

καὶ δῶμα ναίειν ὀλβιον τυραννίδι,
ALCESTIS

Of the pinions of Hades, the blaze of his eyes 'neath their caverns out-glaring?
What wouldst thou?—Unhand me!—In anguish and pain by what path am I faring!

ADMETUS

Woeful to them that love thee: most to me
And to thy babes, sad sharers in this grief.

ALCESTIS

Let be—let me sink back to rest me: (Epode)
There is no strength left in my feet.
Hades is near, and the night
Is darkening down on my sight.
Darlings, farewell: on the light
Long may ye look:—I have blessed ye
Ere your mother to nothingness fleet.

ADMETUS

Ah me! for thy word rusheth bitterness o'er me,
Bitterness passing the anguish of death!
Forsake me not now, by the Gods I implore thee.
By the babes thou wilt orphan, O yield not thy breath!
Look up, be of cheer: if thou diest, before me
Is nothingness. Living, we aye live thine,
And we die in thy death; for our hearts are a shrine
Wherein for thy love passing word we adore thee!

ALCESTIS

Admetus;—for thou se'est all my plight,—
Fain would I speak mine heart's wish ere I die.
I, honouring thee, and setting thee in place
Before mine own soul still to see this light,
Am dying, unconstrained to die for thee.
I might have wed what man Thessalian
I would, have dwelt wealth-crowned in princely halls;
ἈΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

οὐκ ἡθέλησα ζῆν ἀποσπασθεῖσα σου
σὺν παιδὶ όρφαινοις. οὐδ’ ἐφεισάμην
ηθῆς ἔχουσα δῶρ’, ἐν οἷς ἐτερπόμην.
καίτοι σ’ ὁ φύσας χῇ τεκοῦσα προὸδοσαν,
καλῶς μὲν αὐτοῖς καθανεῖν ἣκον βίου,
καλῶς δὲ σώσαι παιδα κεύκλεως θανεῖν.
μόνος γὰρ αὐτοῖς ἥθηα, κούτις ἐλπὶς ἤν
σοὶ καθανόντος ἀλλα φιτόσειν τέκνα.
καγὼ τ’ ἂν ἔξων καὶ σὺ τὸν λοιπὸν χρόνον,
κοῦκ ἂν μονωθεῖς σῇς δάμαρτος ἑστενες
καὶ παῖδας ὑρφάνενες. ἀλλὰ ταῦτα μὲν
θεών τις ἔξεπραξεν ὡς’ οὕτως ἐχειν.
ἐλευ’ σὺν νῦν μοι τόνδ’ ἀπόμνησαι χάριν’
aιτήσομαι γὰρ σ’ ἀξίαν μὲν οὕποτε’
ψυχῆς γὰρ οὐδέν ἐστι τιμιότερον
δίκαια δ’, ὡς φήσεις σὺν τούσδε γὰρ φιλεῖς
οὐχ ἦσον ἣ γὼ παῖδας, εἴπερ εὐ φρονεῖς’
tοῦτος ἀνάσχου δεσπότας ἐμῶν δόμων,
καὶ μὴ ’πινήμης τοῦσδε μητρινὰν τέκνοις,
ητὶς κακίων οὖς’ ἔμοι γνω’ φθόνῳ
τοῖς σοίσι κάμοῖς παισὶ χειρα προσβαλεῖ.
μὴ δήτα δράσης ταῦτά γ’, αἰτοῦμαι σ’ ἐγώ.
ἐχθρὰ γὰρ ἢ ’πιοῦσα μητρινὰ τέκνος
τοῖς πρόσθ’, ἐχίδνης οὐδέν ἡπιωτέρα.
καὶ παῖς μὲν ἄρσου πατέρ’ ἔχει πυργὸν μέγαν,
ἀν καὶ προσεῖπε καὶ προσερήθη πάλιν’
οὐ δ’, ὁ τέκνον μοι, πῶς κορευθῆσει καλῶς;
ποίας τυχοῦσα συζύγου τῷ σῷ πατρί;
μὴ σοὶ τιν’ αἰγαχρὰν προσβαλοῦσα κληδόνα
ηθῆς ἐν ἀκμῇ σους διαφθείρῃ γάμους,
οὔ γὰρ σε μήτηρ οὔτε νυμφεύσει ποτὲ
οὔτ’ ἐν τόκοισι τοῖς σοίσι θαρσυνεῖ.
ALCESTIS

Yet would not live on, torn away from thee,
With orphaned children: wherefore spared I not
The gifts of youth still mine, wherein I joyed.
Yet she that bare, he that begat, forsook thee,
Though fair for death their time of life was come;
Yea, fair, to save their son and die renowned.
Their only one wert thou: no hope there was
To get them sons thereafter, hadst thou died.
So had I lived, and thou, to after days:
Thou wert not groaning, of thy wife bereaved,
Thy children motherless. Howbeit this
Some God hath brought to pass: it was to be.
So be it. Remember thou what thank is due
For this,—I never can ask full requital;
For naught there is more precious than the life,—
And justly due; for these thy babes thou loveth
No less than I, if that thine heart be right.

Suffer that they have lordship in mine home:
Wed not a stepdame to supplant our babes,
Whose heart shall tell her she is no Alcestis,
Whose jealous hand shall smite them, thine and mine.

Do not, ah, do not this—I pray thee, I!
For the new stepdame hateth still the babes
Of her that's gone with more than viper-venom.
The boy—his father is his tower of strength
To whom to speak, of whom to win reply;
But, O my child, what girlhood will be thine?
To thee what would she be, thy father's yoke-mate?
What if with ill report she smirched thy name,
And in thy youth's flower marred thy marriage-hopes?
For thee thy mother ne'er shall deck for bridal,
Nor hearten thee in travail, O my child,

431
ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

παρούσ', ἵν' οὐδὲν μητρὸς εὐμενέστερον.

320 δεῖ γὰρ θανεῖν με' καὶ τὸδ' οὐκ ἐς αὐριον
οὐδ' εἰς τρίτην μοι μηνὸς ἔρχεται κακῶν,
同业 αὐτικ' ἐν τοῖς μηκότ' οὐσὶ λέξομαι.
χαίροντες εὐφραίνοντες καὶ σοι μέν, πόσι,
γυναῖκ' ἀρίστην ἔστι κομπάσαι λαβεῖν,

330 υμῶν δὲ, παῖδες, μητρὸς ἐκπεφυκέναι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

θάρσει πρὸ τοῦτον γὰρ λέγειν οὐχ ἄξομαι·
δράσει τάδ', εἴπερ μὴ φρενῶν ἀμαρτάνει.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ἐσται τάδ' ἔσται, μὴ τρέσης; ἔπει σ' ἐγὼ
καὶ ξῶσαι εἶχον καὶ θανοῦσ' ἐμὴ γυνὴ

340 μόνη κεκλῆσει, κούτις ἀντὶ σοὶ ποτε
τόνδ' ἄνδρα νῦμφη Θεσσαλίς προσφοβάγαξεται.
οὐκ ἔστων οὖτως οὔτε πατρὸς εὐγενοὺς
οὔτε εἰδὸς ἄλλως ἐκπρεπεστάτη γυνή.

αλλ' δὲ παῖδων, τῶνδ' ὁμησιν εὐχομαι
θεοίς γενέσθαι· σοῦ γὰρ οὐκ ὠνήμεθα.

350 οὖσω δὲ πέρθος οὐκ ἔτησιν τὸ σόν,
ἀλλ' ἔστ' ἀν αἰών οὖν ἀντέχῃ, γύναι,
τυγών μὲν ἢ μ.' ἐτικτεν, ἐχθαῖρων δ' ἐμὸν
πατέρα· λόγῳ γὰρ ἦσαν οὐκ ἔργῳ φίλοι.

ΣΟΦΗ

σὺ δ' ἀντιδοῦσα τῆς ἐμῆς τὰ φίλτατα
ψυχῆς ἔσωσας. ἀρά μοι στένειν πάρα
τοιαύτῳ ἀμαρτάνοντι συξύγων σέθεν;

340 παύσω δὲ κώμους συμπτῶν θ' ὀμιλίας
στεφάνους τε μουσών θ' ἢ κατεῖχ' ἐμοὺς δόμους.
οὺ γὰρ ποτ' οὔτ' ἰδοῖν τρίτην θύγομ' ἐτι
οὔτ' ἰδοῖν νομίζῃ· νομίζῃς καὶ κατεῖχ' ἐμοὺς.
ALCESTIS

There, where naught gentler than the mother is.
For I must die; nor shall it be to-morn,
Nor on the third day comes on me this doom:
Straightway of them that are not shall I be.
Farewell, be happy. Now for thee, my lord,
Abides the boast to have won the noblest wife,
For you, my babes, to have sprung from noblest mother.

CHORUS

Fear not; for I am bold to speak for him:
This will he do, an if he be not mad.

ADMETUS

It shall, it shall be, fear not: thou alone
Living wast mine; and dead, mine only wife
Shalt thou be called: nor ever in thy stead
Shall bride Thessalian hail me as her lord.
None is there of a father so high-born,
None so for beauty peerless among women.
Children enough have I: I pray the Gods
For joy in these—lost is our joy in thee!
Not for a year's space will I mourn for thee,
But long as this my life shall last, dear wife,
Loathing my mother, hating mine own sire,
For in word only, not in deed, they loved me.
Thou gav'st in ransom for my life thine all
Of precious, and didst save. Do I not well
To groan, who lose such yokefellow in thee?
Revels shall cease, and gatherings at the wine,
Garlands, and song, which wont to fill mine house.
No, never more mine hand shall touch the lyre:
Nor will I lift up heart to sing to flute
Of Libya: stolen is life's joy with thee.
Fashioned by craftsmen's cunning hands, thy form
ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

εἰκασθέν ἐν λέκτροισιν ἐκταθῆσεται,
ὅ προσπεσοῦμαι καὶ περιπτύσσων χέρας
όνομα καλῶν σὸν τὴν φίλῃν ἐν ἀγκάλαις
δόξω γυναῖκα καλπερ οὐκ ἔχων ἔχειν,
ψυχρὰν μὲν, ὃμαι, τέρψιν, ἀλλὰ ὅμως βάρος
ψυχῆς ἀπαυτλοίην ἀν· ἐν δ᾽ ὀνείρασι
φοιτῶσά μ᾽ εὐφραίνοις ἂν ἥδυ γὰρ φίλοις
κάν νυκτὶ λεύσσεων, ὡτιν ἂν παρῇ χρόνου.
eἰ δ᾽ Ὅρφεώς μοι γλώσσα καὶ μέλος παρῆν,
ὡς ἡ κόρην Δήμητρος ἡ κεῖνης πόσιν
ὑμνοις κηλήσαντὰ σ᾽ ἔξ "Αιδον λαβεῖν,
κατῆλθον ἂν, καὶ μ᾽ οὖθ᾽ ὦ Πλούτωνος κῦν
οὐθ᾽ οὐπὶ κῶπη ψυχοπομπὸς ἀν Χάρων
ἐσχον, πρὸν εἰς φῶς σὸν καταστήσαι βίων.
ἀλλ᾽ οὖν ἐκεῖσε προσθόκα μ᾽, ὅταν θάνω,
καὶ δῶμ᾽ ἑτοίμαζ᾽, ὡς συνυκήσουσά μοι.
ἐν ταῖσιν αὐταῖς γάρ μ᾽ ἑπίσκηψιν κέδροις
σοὶ τοῦσδε θείναι πλευρά τ᾽ ἐκτείναι πέλας
πλευροῖσι τοῖς σοῖς· μηδὲ γὰρ θανόν ποτὲ
σοῦ χωρίς εἰην τῆς μόνης πιστῆς ἐμοί.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
καὶ μὴν ἐγὼ σοι πένθος ως φίλος φίλω
λυπρὸν συνοίσω τῆςδε· καὶ γὰρ ἀξία.

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ὁ παῖδες, αὐτοὶ δὴ τάδ᾽ εἰσηκουσάτε
πατρὸς λέγοντος μὴ γαμεῖν ἀλλὰν τινὰ
γυναῖκ᾽ ἐφ᾽ ὑμίν μηδ᾽ ἀτιμάσειν ἐμέ.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ
καὶ νῦν γέ φημι, καὶ τελευτήσω τάδε.

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ἐπὶ τοῦσδε παίδας χειρὸς ἐξ ἐμῆς δέχομαι.
ALCESTIS

Imaged, shall lie as sleeping on a bed,
Falling whereon, and clasping with mine hands,
Calling thy name, in fancy shall mine arms
Hold my beloved, though I hold her not:—
A drear delight, I wot: yet shall I lift
The burden from my soul. In dreams shalt thou
Haunt me and gladden: sweet to see the loved,
Though but as fleeting phantoms of the night.

But, were the tongue and strain of Orpheus mine,
To witch Demeter’s Daughter and her lord,
And out of Hades by my song to win thee,
I had fared down; nor Pluto’s Hound had stayed
me,
Nor Spirit-wafter Charon at the oar,
Or ever I restored thy life to light.
Yet there look thou for me, whenso I die:
Prepare a home, as who shall dwell with me.
For in the selfsame cedar chest, wherein
Thou liest, will I bid them lay my bones
At thy side: never, not in death, from thee,
My one true loyal love, may I be sundered!

CHORUS

Yea, I withal will mourn, as friend with friend,
With thee for this thy wife, for she is worthy.

ALCESTIS

My children, ye yourselves have heard all this,
Have heard your father pledge him ne’er to wed
For your oppression and for my dishonour.

ADMETUS

Yea, now I say it, and I will perform.

ALCESTIS

On these terms take the children from mine hand.
ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ
dékōmaî filon ge dârōn ek filhēs xerōs.

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ
sū vûn genov touîsō ãnt' ëmou mhîtēr têknois.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ
polhê µ' anâgkh, sou γ' ápesterhmenos.

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ
ō tékν', óte zên chrîn µ', ãpterxomai kâtw.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ
oímou, tî drásow dêta sou mouâuménon;

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ
chrônos malaξei s' oudeñ èst' ó kaththánwv.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ
âgou me sîn soî, prôs theôv, âgou kâtw.

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ
ârkoumew ëmeis òi prothêskontes sêthun.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ
ō daîmon, oîas suξûgou µ' ãpostereîs.

ΑΛΚΠΣΤΙΣ
kai mhîn skoteinôn ðîma mou bârûnetai.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ
âpowlômhn âr', ëi me ðî leîfheis, gûnai.

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ
ôs oukèt' oustán oudeñ ãn lêgois émê.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ
ôrhou próswpon, mh lîphs páïdas sêthun.

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ
ou dêθ' èkoûsâ γ', allâ xhîrret', ò tékna.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ
bîlèfoun prôs âutouîs bîlèfoun.
ALCESTIS

ADMETUS
I take them—precious gift from precious hand.

ALCESTIS
Thou in my stead be a mother now to these.

ADMETUS
I must, I must—they are bereft of thee!

ALCESTIS
Darlings, when most I need to live, I die.

ADMETUS
Ah me!—what shall I do, forlorn of thee?

ALCESTIS
Thy wound shall time heal:—nothingness are the dead.

ADMETUS
Take me, ah take me with thee to the grave!

ALCESTIS
Suffice it that one dies—she dies for thee.

ADMETUS
O Fate, of what a wife dost thou bereave me!

ALCESTIS
Dark—dark—mine eyes are drooping, heavy-laden.

ADMETUS
Oh, I am lost if thou wilt leave me, wife!

ALCESTIS
No more—I am no more: as naught account me.

ADMETUS
Uplift thy face: forsake not thine own children!

ALCESTIS
Sore loth do I—yet O farewell, my babes!

ADMETUS
Look on them—look!
ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

οὐδέν εἰμὶ ἐτι.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

τί δρᾶς; προλείπεις;

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

χαῖρε.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ἀπωλόμην τάλας.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

βέβηκεν, οὐκέτ’ ἔστιν Ἱῃμήτου γυνή.

ΕΤΜΗΛΟΣ

ιὼ μοι τύχας. οὐκέτ’ ἔστιν, ὦ πάτερ, ὦ ἄλιφ.

προλιποῦσα δ’ ἀμόν βίον

ωρφάνισεν τλάμων.

ἰδε γὰρ ἢδε βλέφαρον

καὶ παρατόνους χέρας.

υπάκουσον ἂκουσον, ὦ μάτερ, ἀντιάξω

σ’ ἐγώ, μάτερ, ἐγώ

καὶ ποτὲ σοίσι πίτνων στόμασιν νεοσσόσ.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

τὴν οὐ κλύουσαν οὐδ’ ὅρῶσαν. ὥστ’ ἐγὼ

καὶ σφῶ βαρεία συμφορᾶ πεπλήγμεθα.

ΕΤΜΗΛΟΣ

νέος ἐγὼ, πάτερ, λείπομαι φίλας

μονόστολος τε ματρός· ὦ σχέτλια δὴ παθὼν

438
ALCESTIS

ALCESTIS
Nothing am I henceforth. 390

ADMETUS
Ah, leav'st thou us?

ALCESTIS
Farewell. [Dies.

ADMETUS
O wretch undone!

CHORUS
Gone,—gone! No more she lives, Admetus' wife!

EUMELUS
(Str.)

Woe for my lot!—to the tomb hath my mother descended, descended! [the sun
Never again, O my father, she seeth the light of
In anguish she leaves us forsaken: the story is ended, is ended, [motherless life is begun.
Of her sheltering love, and the tale of the
Look—look on her eyelids, her hands drooping nerveless! O hear me, O hear me! 400
It is I—I beseech thee, my mother!—thine own little, own little bird! [me, so near me;
It is I—O, I cast me upon thee—thy lips are so near
Unto mine am I pressing them, mother!—I plead for a word—but a word!

ADMETUS
With her who heareth not, nor seeth: ye
And I am stricken with a heavy doom.

EUMELUS
(Anth.)

And I am but a little one, father—so young, and forsaken, forsaken, [shall be mine!
Forlorn of my mother—O hapless! a weariful lot
ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

έγω ἔργα * * σὺ τε,
σύγκασι μοι κοῦρα,
* * * * συνέτλας;
* * * * ὁ πάτερ.
ἀνόνατ' ἀνόνατ' ἐνύμφευσας, οὐδὲ γῆρως
ἐβας τέλος σὺν τὰδ'.
ἔφθιτο γὰρ πάρος,
oιχομένας δὲ σοῦ, μᾶτερ, ὀλωλεν οἶκος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

'Αδμητ', ἀνάγκη τάσδε συμφορᾶς φέρειν
οὐ γὰρ τι πρῶτος οὐδὲ λοισθίος βροτῶν
γυναικὸς ἑσθλής ἦμπλακες· γύρωσκε δὲ
ὡς πάσιν ἡμῖν καθθανεὶν ὀφείλεται.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ἐπίσταμαι γε, κοῦκ ἄφων κακὸν τόδε
προσέπτατ'· εἰδὼς δ' αὐτ' ἐτειρόμην πάλαι.
ἀλλ', ἐκφορὰν γὰρ τούδε θήσομαι νεκροῦ,
πάρεστε καὶ μένοντες ἀντηχήσατε
παιάνα τῷ κάτωθεν ἁστόνουθ' θεῷ.
πάσιν δὲ Θεσσαλοῖσιν ὃν ἔγῳ κρατῶ
πένθους γυναικὸς τῇδε κοινοῦσθαι λέγω
κορᾶ ξυρῆκει καὶ μελαμπέπλω στολῇ.
τέθριππά θ' οὐ ξεύγυνουσθε καὶ μονάμπυκας
πώλουσι, σιδήρῳ τέμνετ' αὐχένων φόβην.

αὐλῶν δὲ μῇ κατ' ἁστυ, μῇ λύρας κτύπος
ἔστω σελήνας δῶδεκ' ἐκπληρουμένας·
oὐ γὰρ τιν' ἄλλον φίλτερον θάψω νεκρὸν
tοῦδ' οὐδ' ἀμείνον' eἰς ἐμ' ἀξία δὲ μοι
τιμῆς, ἔπει τέθυνκεν ἄντ' ἐμοῦ μόνη.

440
ALCESTIS

And thou, little maiden, my sister, the burden hast taken, hast taken,
Which thy brother may bear not alone, and a weariful lot shall be thine.
O father, of long-living love was thy marriage uncherished, uncherished:
Thou hast won not the goal of old age with the love of thy youth at thy side;
For, or ever she came to the fulness of days, she hath perished, hath perished;
And the home is a wreck and a ruin, for thou, O my mother, hast died!

CHORUS

Admetus, this affliction must thou bear.
Not first of mortals thou, nor thou the last
Hast lost a noble wife; and, be thou sure,
From us, from all, this debt is due—to die.

ADMETUS

I know it: nowise unforeseen this ill
Hath swooped on me: long anguished I foreknew it.
But—for to burial must I bear my dead—
Stay ye, and, tarrying, echo back my wail
To that dark God whom no drink-offerings move.
And all Thessalians over whom I rule
I bid take part in mourning for this woman
With shaven head and sable-shrouding robe.
And ye which yoke the cars four-horsed, or steeds
Of single frontlet, shear with steel their manes.
Music of flutes the city through, or lyres,
Be none, while twelve moons round their circles out:
For dearer dead, or kinder unto me
I shall not bury: worthy of mine honour
Is she, for she alone hath died for me.

[Exit with attendants bearing in the corpse.]
ἈΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὦ Πελίου θύγατερ,
χαίρονσά μοι εἰν 'Αίδα δόμοισιν
tὸν ἀνάλιον οἶκον οἰκετεύοις.
ἴστω δ' Ἀίδας ὁ μελαγχαίτας θεὸς ὃς τ' ἐπὶ κόπτῃ

440

πηδαλίῳ τε γέρων
νεκροπομπὸς Ἰζεί,
pολὺ δὴ πολὺ δὴ γυναῖκ' ἀρίσταν
λίμναν Ἀχεροντίαν πορεύ-ς

450

σας ἐλάτα δικώπτῃ.

πολλά σε μουσοπόλοι

ἀντ. α'

μέλψονσι καθ' ἔπτατονόν τ' ὀρείαν
χέλυν ἐν τ' ἀλύρωις κλέοντες ὕμνοις,
Σπάρτα, κύκλος ἀνίκα Καρνείου περινύσσεται ὡς

μήνος, ἀειρομένας

παυνύχων σελάνας,

46

λυπαραῖσι τ' ἐν ὀλβίαισ Ἀθάναις.

tοίαν ἔλιπες θανούσα μολ-

πὰν μελέων ἄοιδοίς.

452

εἴθ' ἐπ' ἐμοὶ μὲν εἰη,

dυναῖμαν δὲ σε πέμψαι

στρ. β

φάος ἐξ Ἀίδα τεράμων

Κωκυτοῦ τε ῥεέθρων

ποταμία νερτέρα τε κόπτα.

46

σὺ γάρ, ὦ μόνα, ὡ φίλα γυναικῶν,

σὺ τὸν αὐτὰς

ἐτλας πόσιν ἀντὶ σᾶς ἀμείρτας

ψυχὰς ἐξ Ἀίδα. κούφα σοι

χθῶν ἐπάνωθεν πέσοι, ὑμναί.

eἰ δὲ τι

καίνον ἔλοιπο λέχος πόσις, ἥ μάλι ἂν ἔμουγ' ἂν εἰη

στυγηθεῖσι τέκνοις τε τοῖς σοῖς.

442
ALCESTIS

CHORUS

O Pelias' daughter, I hail thee: (Str. 1)
   I wave thee eternal farewell
To thine home where the darkness must veil thee,
   Where in Hades unsunned thou shalt dwell.
Know, Dark-haired, thy grey Spirit-wafter
   Hath sped not with twy-plashing oar
Woman nobler, nor shall speed hereafter
   To Acheron's shore.

For the seven-stringed shell, or for pæan (Ant. 1)
   Unharped, shall thy fame be a song,
When o'er Sparta the moon Carnean
   High rideth the whole night long.
And in Athens the wealthy and splendid
   Shall thy name on her bards' lips ring;
Such a theme hast thou left to be blended
   With the lays that they sing.

O that the power were but in me, (Str. 2)
   From the chambers of Hades, to light,
And from streams of Cocytus, to win thee
   With the oar of the River of Night!
O dear among women, strong-hearted
   From Hades to ransom thy lord!
Never spirit in such wise departed.
   Light lie on thee, Lady, the sward!
And, if ever thine husband shall mate him
   Again with a bride in thy stead,
I will loathe him, his children shall hate him,
   The babes of the dead.

443
ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ματέρος οὐ θελούσας
πρὸ παιδὸς χθονὶ κρύψαι
dέμας, οὐδὲ πατρὸς γεραιοῦ,
* * * * * *
δὲν ἔτεκον δ', οὐκ ἐτλαν ρύεσθαι
470 σχετλὼ, πολιάν ἐχοντε χαίταν.
σὺ δ' ἐν ἥβα
νέα προθανοῦσα φωτὸς οἴχει.
tοιαύτας εἰς μοι κύροσαι
συνδυάδος φιλίας ἄλοχον· τοῦτο γὰρ
ἐν βιόσφ σπάνιον μέρος· ἡ γὰρ ἀν ἐμοιγ' ἄλυτος
dι' αἰώνος ἀν ξυνεῖς.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

ξένου, Φεραίας τῆςδε κωμῆται χθονός,
'Αδμητον ἐν δόμοισιν ἄρα κιγχάνω;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἐστ' ἐν δόμοισι παῖς Φήρητος, Ἡράκλεις.
ἀλλ' εἶπε χρεία τίς σε Θεσσαλῶν χθόνα
480 πέμπει, Φεραίον ἀστυ προσβῆναι τόδε.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

Τιμυθίφ πράσσω τίν' Εὑρυσθεί πόνον.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ ποὶ πορεύει; τῷ προσέξεινξαι πλάνω;

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

Θρηκὸς τέτρωρον ἄρμα Διομήδους μέτα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πῶς οὖν δυνῆσει; μῶν ἀπειρος εἰ ξένου;

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

ἀπειρος· οὕτω Βιστόνων ἦλθον χθόνα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐκ ἔστιν ὅπως δεσπόσαι σ' ἄνευ μάχης.

444
ALCESTIS

When his mother would not be contented (Ant. 2)
   To hide her for him in the tomb,
Nor his grey-haired father consented,
   Unholpen he looked on his doom. [not,
Whom they bare—the hard-hearted !—they cared
   Though hoary their locks were, to save !
Thou art gone, for thy great love spared not
   Thy blossom of youth from the grave.
Ah, may it be mine, such communion
   Of hearts !—’tis vouchsafed unto few :—
Then ours should be sorrowless union
   Our life-days through.

Enter HERCULES.

HERCULES

Strangers, who dwell in this Pherean land,
Say, do I find Admetus in his home ?

CHORUS

Hercules, in his home is Pheres’ son.
Yet say, what brings thee to Thessalian land,
That thou shouldst come to this Pherean town ?

HERCULES

A toil for King Eurystheus, lord of Tiryns.

CHORUS

And whither journeyest ? To what wanderings
   yoked ?

HERCULES

For Thracian Diomedes’ four-horsed car.

CHORUS

How canst thou ? Sure he is unknown to thee!

HERCULES

Unknown : Bistonian land I never saw.

CHORUS

Not save by battle may those steeds be won.
ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

ἀλλ' οὐδ' ἀπειτεῖν τοὺς πόνους οἶον τ' ἐμοί.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

κτανὼν ἄρ' ἦξεις ἣ θανῶν αὐτοῦ μενεῖς.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

οὐ τὸνδ' ἀγῶνα πρῶτον ἄν δράμοιμ' ἐγὼ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τί δ' ἂν κρατήσας δεσπότην πλέον λάβοις;

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

πῶλους ἀπάξῳ κοιράνῳ Τιμυνθίῳ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐκ εὑμαρὲς χαλινὸν ἐμβαλεῖν γυνάθοις.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

eἰ μή γε πῦρ πυέουσι μυκτήρων ἄπο.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀλλ' ἄνδρας ἀρταμοῦσι λαίψηραις γυνάθοις.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

θηρῶν οἰρείων χόρτων, οὐχ ἵππων λέγεις.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

φάτνας ἕδοις ἂν αἴμασιν πεφυρμένας.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

tίνος δ' ὁ θρέψας παῖς πατρὸς κομπάξεται;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

Ἅρεος, ξαχρύσου Θρηκίας πέλτης ἄναξ.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

καὶ τόνδε τοῦμοι δαῖμονος πόνον λέγεις,

σκληρὸς γὰρ ἀεὶ καὶ πρὸς αἵτως ἑρχεται,

εἰ χρῆ με παιοῦν οὐς Ἅρης ἐγείνατο

μάχην συνάψαι, πρῶτα μὲν Λυκάονι,

αὐθίς δὲ Κύκνῳ, τόνδε δ' ἑρχομαι τρίτων

ἀγῶνα πῶλοις δεσπότη τε συμβαλῶν.
ALCESTIS

HERCULES
Yet flinch I may not from the appointed toils.

CHORUS
Thy life or his—a triumph or a grave.

HERCULES
Not this the first time I have run such course.

CHORUS
What profit is it if thou slay their lord?

HERCULES
Those steeds shall I drive back to Tiryns’ king.

CHORUS
Hard task, to set the bit betwixt their jaws.

HERCULES
That shall I, if their nostrils breathe not fire.

CHORUS
Yea, but with ravening jaws do they rend men.

HERCULES
Go to—thus mountain-wolves, not horses, feast.

CHORUS
Nay, thou canst see their cribs besprent with gore.

HERCULES
Whom boasteth he for father, he that reared them?

CHORUS
Ares, the lord of Thracia’s golden shields.

HERCULES
Thou say’st: such toil my fate imposeth still,
Harsh evermore, uphillward straining aye,
If I must still in battle close with sons
Gotten of Ares; with Lycaon first,
And Cycnus then; and lo, I come to grapple—
The third strife this—with yon steeds and their lord.
ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ἀλλ’ οὕτως ἦστιν ὃς τὸν Ἀλκμήνης γόνον τρέσαντα χεῖρα πολεμίων ποτ’ ὄψεται.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
καὶ μὴν ὥδ’ αὐτὸς τήσδε κοίρανος χθονὸς Ἄδμητος ἔξω δωμάτων πορεύεται.

ἈΔΜΗΤΟΣ
χαῖρ’, ὥ Διὸς παῖ Περσέως τ’ ἀφ’ αἵματος.

ἩΡΑΚΛΗΣ
Ἅδμητε, καὶ σὺ χαίρε, Θεσσάλων ἀναξ.

ἈΔΜΗΤΟΣ
θέλομ’ ἂν εὔνουν δ’ ὄντα σ’ ἐξεπίσταμαι.

ἩΡΑΚΛΗΣ
τί χρῆμα κουρά τῇδε πενθίμωρ πρέπεις;

ἈΔΜΗΤΟΣ
θάπτειν τιν’ ἐν τῇδ’ ἡμέρα μέλλω νεκρόν.

ἩΡΑΚΛΗΣ
ἀπ’ οὖν τέκνων σῶν πημονὴν εἰργοὶ θεός.

ἈΔΜΗΤΟΣ
ζῶσιν κατ’ οἴκους παῖδες οὐς ἐφυο’ ἐγὼ.

ἩΡΑΚΛΗΣ
πατὴρ γε μὴν ὡραῖος, εἴπερ οἶχεται.

ἈΔΜΗΤΟΣ
κάκεινος ἐστὶ χὴ τεκοῦσα μ’, Ἡράκλεις.

ἩΡΑΚΛΗΣ
οὐ μὴν γυνὴ γ’ ὀλωλεν Ἄλκηστισ σέθεν;

ἈΔΜΗΤΟΣ
διπλοῦς ἐπ’ αὐτῇ μύθος ἦστι μοι λέγειν.

ἩΡΑΚΛΗΣ
πότερα θανατοῦσης εἴπας ἡ ζώσης πέρι;

ἈΔΜΗΤΟΣ
ἐστιν τε κούκετ’ ἦστιν, ἀλγύνει δέ με.

520

510
ALCESTIS

But the man lives not who shall ever see
Alcmena's son flinch from a foeman's hand.

CHORUS
Lo, there himself, the ruler of the realm,
Admetus, cometh forth his palace-hall.
Enter Admetus.

ADMETUS
Joy to thee, sprung from Zeus' and Perseus' blood!

HERCULES
Admetus, joy to thee, Thessalia's king!

ADMETUS (aside)
Joy?—would 'twere mine! (aloud) Thanks!—thy
good heart I know.

HERCULES
Wherefore for mourning shaven show'st thou thus?

ADMETUS
This day must I commit to earth a corpse.

HERCULES
Now heaven forfend thou mourn'st for children dead!

ADMETUS
In mine home live the babes whom I begat.

HERCULES
Sooth, death-ripe were thy sire, if he be gone.

ADMETUS
He liveth, and my mother, Hercules.

HERCULES
Surely, O surely, not thy wife, Admetus?

ADMETUS
Twofold must be mine answer touching her.

HERCULES
Or hath she died, say'st thou, or liveth yet?

ADMETUS
She is, and she is not: here lies my grief.
ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ
οὐδὲν τι μᾶλλον οἶδ᾽ ἁσθμα γὰρ λέγεις.
ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ
οὐκ οἶσθα μοῖρας ἢς τυχεῖν αὐτὴν χρεών;
ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ
οἶδ᾽ ἀντὶ σοῦ γε καθθανεῖν ύφειμένην.
ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ
πῶς οὖν ἔτ᾽ ἐστιν, εἰπερ ἤνεσεν τάδε;
ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ
ἀ, μὴ πρόκλαι ἄκοιταν, εἰς τὸ δ᾽ ἀμβαλοῦ.
ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ
τέθυκχ᾽ ὁ μέλλων, κοῦκέτ᾽ ἐσθ᾽ ὁ καθθανών.
ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ
χωρὶς τὸ τ᾽ εἶναι καὶ τὸ μὴ νομίζεται.
ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ
σὺ τήδε κρίνεις, Ἡράκλεις, κείνη δ᾽ ἐγώ.
ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ
τί δῆτα κλαίεις; τὶς φίλων ὁ καθθανών;
ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ
γυνὴ· γυναικὸς ἀρτίως μεμνήμεθα.
ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ
οἴθνείος ἢ σοὶ συγγενῆς γεγῳσά τις;
ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ
οἴθνείος, ἄλλως δ᾽ ἦν ἀναγκαία δόμοις.
ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ
πῶς οὖν ἐν οἴκοις σοῖσιν ὠλεσεν βίουν;
ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ
πατρὸς θανόντος ἐνθάδ᾽ ἀρφανεύετο.
ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ
φεῦ.
eἰθ′ ἡὕρομέν σ᾽, "Ἀδμητε, μὴ λυπούμενον.

530

450
ALCESTIS

HERCULES
Nothing the more I know: dark sayings thine.

ADMETUS
Know'st not the fate to which she is foredoomed?

HERCULES
I know she pledged herself to die for thee.

ADMETUS
How lives she then, if she to this consented?

HERCULES
Mourn not thy wife ere dead: abide the hour.

ADMETUS
One doomed is dead; the dead hath ceased to be.

HERCULES
Diverse are these—to be and not to be.

ADMETUS
This, Hercules, thy sentence: that is mine.

HERCULES
But now, why weep'st thou? What dear friend is dead?

ADMETUS
A woman—hers the memory we mourn.

HERCULES
Some stranger born, or nigh of kin to thee?

ADMETUS
A stranger born: yet near and dear to us.

HERCULES
How died a stranger then in house of thine?

ADMETUS
An orphan here she dwelt, her father dead.

HERCULES
Would I had found thee mourning not, Admetus.
ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ὁς δὴ τί δράσων τόνδ’ ὑπορράπτεις λόγον;

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

ξένων πρὸς ἄλλων ἐστίαν πορεύσομαι.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

οὐκ ἔστιν, ὁνεῖξ· μή τοσόνδ’ ἐλθοι κακόν.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

λυπουμένοις ὄχληρος, εἰ μόλοι, ξένως.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

τεθνᾶσιν οἱ θανόντες· ἄλλ’ ἢ’ ἑ’ εἰς δόμους.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

αἰσχρὸν παρὰ κλαίονσι θεοῦσθαι φίλοις.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

χωρὶς ξενώνες εἰσίν οἱ σ’ ἐσάξομεν.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

μέθες με, καὶ σοι μυρίαν ἔξω χάριν.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

οὐκ ἔστιν ἄλλου σ’ ἄνδρός ἐστίαν μολείν.

ηγοῦ σὺ τῶδε δωμάτων ἐξωπίους

ξενώνας οἶχας, τοῖς τ’ ἐφεστῶσιν φράσον

σῖτων παρεῖναι πλῆθος· ἐν δὲ κλῆσατε

θύραις μεσαίλους· οὐ πρέπει θοινωμένους

κλῖνει στεναγμῶν οὐδὲ λυπεῖσθαι ξένους.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τί δράς; τοιαύτης συμφορᾶς προσκειμένης,

’Αδμητε, τολμᾶς ξενοδοκεῖν; τί μῶρος εἶ;

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ἀλλ’ εἰ δόμουν σφε καὶ πόλεως ἀπήλασα

ξένων μολόντα, μᾶλλον ἂν μ’ ἐπηνειασα;

οὐ δὴτ’, ἑπεί μοι συμφορὰ μὲν οὐδὲν ἂν

μείων ἐγένετ’, ἀξεινώτερος δ’ ἐγώ.
ALCESTIS

ADMETUS
Ay so?—what purpose lurketh 'neath thy word?

HERCULES
On will I to another host's hearth-welcome.

ADMETUS
It cannot be: may no such grief befall!

HERCULES
A burden unto mourners comes the guest.

ADMETUS
Dead are the dead:—but enter thou mine house.

HERCULES
'Twere shame to banquet in the house of weeping.

ADMETUS
Aloof the guest-halls are where we will lodge thee.

HERCULES
Let me pass on: so earn my thanks untold.

ADMETUS
Unto another's hearth thou canst not go.
[To an attendant] Ho thou, lead on: open the guest-halls looking
Away from these our chambers. Tell my stewards
To set on meat in plenty. Shut withal
The mid-court doors: it fits not that the guests,
The while they feast, hear wailings, and be vexed.  

[Exit HERCULES.

CHORUS
What dost thou?—such affliction at the door,
And guests for thee, Admetus? Art thou mad?

ADMETUS
But had I driven him from my home and city
Who came my guest, then hadst thou praised me more?
Nay, verily: mine affliction so had grown
No less, and more inhospitable were I!
ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

καὶ πρὸς κακοῖςιν ἄλλο τοῦτ᾿ ἀν ἦν κακὸν,
δόμουσα καλεῖσθαι τοὺς ἐμοὺς κακοζέουσας.
αὐτὸς ὃ ἤριστον τοῦδε τυγχάνω ξένου,
560 ὅταν ποτ’ Ἀργοὺς διψίαν ἔλθω χθόνα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πῶς οὖν ἐκρυπτεῖς τὸν παρόντα δαῖμονα,
φίλου μολόντος ἀνδρός, ὥς αὐτὸς λέγεις;

ΛΔΜΗΤΟΣ

οὐκ ἂν ποτ’ ἡθέλησεν εἰσελθεῖν δόμοις,
eἰ τῶν ἐμῶν τι πημάτων ἐγνώρισε.
καὶ τῷ μὲν, ὦμα, δρών τάδ’ οὐ φρονεῖν δοκῶ,
οὐδ’ αἰνέσει μὲ τὰμὰ δ’ οὐκ ἐπίσταται
μέλαθρ’ ἀπωθεῖν οὐδ’ ἀτιμάζειν ξένους.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

στρ. α’

ὡς πολύζεινος καὶ ἑλεύθερος ἀνδρός ἂεὶ ποτ’ οἶκος,
σὲ τοι καὶ ὁ Πύθιος εὐλύρας Ἀπόλλων
570 ἡξίωσε ναίειν,
ἐτλα δὲ σοὶσι μηλονόμας
ἐν δόμοις γενέσθαι,
δοχμαίν διὰ κλιτύνων
βοσκήμασι σοὶσι συρίζων
ποιμνίτας ὑμεναίους.

ἀντ. α’

σὺν δ’ ἐποιμαίνοντο χαρᾷ μελέων βαλλαὶ τε λύγκες,
ἐβα δὲ λυποῦσ’ ὁθρυνός νάπαν λεόντων
580 ἀ δαφοινὸς ἱλα·
χόρευσε δ’ ἀμφὶ σὰν κιθάραν,
Φοῖβε, ποικιλόθριξ
νεβρὸς ύψικόμων πέραν
βαίνουσ’ ἐλατᾶν σφυρή κούφω,
χαίρουσ’ εὐφρονι μολπᾶ.

454
ALCESTIS
And to mine ills were added this beside,
That this my home were called “Guest-hating Hall.”
Yea, and myself have proved him kindliest host
Whene’er to Argos’ thirsty plain I fared.

CHORUS
Why hide then the dread Presence in the house,
When came a friend? Thyself hast named him friend.

ADMETUS
Never had he been won to pass my doors,
Had he one whit of mine afflictions known.
To some, I wot, not wise herein I seem,
Nor will such praise: but mine halls have not learnt
To thrust away nor to dishonour guests.

CHORUS

(Str. 1)

Halls thronged of the guests ever welcome, O
dwelling
Of a hero, for ever the home of the free,
The Lord of the lyre-strings sweet beyond telling,
Apollo, hath deignèd to sojourn in thee.
Amid thine habitations, a shepherd of sheep,
The flocks of Admetus he scorned not to keep,
While the shepherds’ bridal-strains, soft-swelling
From his pipe, pealed over the slant-sloped lea.

(ANT. 1)

And the spotted lynxes for joy of thy singing
Mixed with thy flocks; and from Óthrys’ dell
Trooped tawny lions: the witchery-winging
Notes brought dancing around thy shell,
Phoebus, the dappled fawn from the shadow
Of the tall-tressed pines tripping forth to the meadow,
Beating time to the chime of the rapture-ringing
Music, with light feet tranced by its spell.
ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

τοιγάρ πολυμηλοτάταν
ἐστίαν οἰκεῖ παρὰ καλλίναον

590 Βοιβίαν λίμναν ἀρότοις δὲ γυνᾶν
καὶ πεδίων δαπέδοις
ὁρον ἀμφί μὲν ἀελίου κνεφαίαν
ιππόστασιν αἰθέρα τὰν Μολοσσών [ὀρέων] τίθεται,
pόντιον δ’ Ἀιγαίων’ ἐπ’ ἀκτὰν
ἀλίμενον Πηλίον κρατύνει.

καὶ νῦν δόμον ἀμπετάσας
δέξατο ξείνου νοτερῷ βλεφάρῳ,
tὰς φίλας κλαίων ἀλόχου νέκυν ἐν
dώμασιν ἀρτιθανή.

τὸ γὰρ εὐγενὲς ἐκφέρεται πρὸς αἰδῶ.
ἐν τοῖς ἀγαθοῖσι δὲ πάντ’ ἐνεστὶν σοφίας. ἡγαμαὶ
πρὸς δ’ ἐμὰ ψυχὰ θάρσος ἦσται
θεοσεβὴ φώτα κεδνὰ πράξειν.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ἀνδρῶν Φεραίων εὐμενής παρουσία,
νέκυν μὲν ἢδη πάντ’ ἔχοντα πρόσπολοι
φέρουσιν ἄρδην εἰς τάφον τε καὶ πυράν
ὑμεῖς δὲ τὴν θανούσαν, ὅσ νομίζεται,

610 προσείπατ’ έξοιύσαν ὅστάτην ὀδόν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ μὴν ὁρῶ σὺν πατέρᾳ γηραιῷ ποδὶ
στείχοντ’, ὀπαδοὺς τ’ ἐν χεροῖν δάμαρτι σῇ
κόσμου φέροντας, νερτέρων ἀγάλματα.

ΦΕΡΗΣ

ὣς κακοῦσι σοῦσι συγκάμμων, τέκνων
ἔσθλῆς γάρ, οὐδεὶς ἀντερεῖ, καὶ σώφρονος
ALCESTIS

(Str. 2)

Wherefore the flocks of my lord unnumbered
By the Boebian mere fair-rippling stray:
Where the steeds of the sun halt, darkness-cumbered,
By Molossian mountains, far away
The borders lie of his golden grain,
And his rolling stretches of pasture-plain;
And the havenless beach Aegean hath slumbered
Under Pelion long 'neath the peace of his sway.

(Ani. 2)

And now, with the tears from his eyes fast-raining,
Wide hath he opened his doors to the guest,
While newly his heart 'neath its burden is straining,
For the wife that hath died in his halls distressed.
For to honour's heights are the high-born lifted,
And the good are with truest wisdom gifted;
And there broods on mine heart bright trust unwaning
That the god-reverer shall yet be blest.

ADMETUS

O kindly presence of Pheraean men, [servants
This corpse even now, with all things meet, my
Bear on their shoulders to the tomb and pyre.
Wherefore, as custom is, hail ye the dead,
On the last journey as she goeth forth.

CHORUS

Lo, I behold thy sire with aged foot
Advancing : his attendants in their hands
Bear ornaments to deck the dead withal.

Enter PHERES with attendants bearing gifts.

PHERES

I come in thine afflictions sorrowing, son :
A noble wife and virtuous hast thou lost,

457
ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

γυναικὸς ἡμάρτηκας. ἀλλὰ ταῦτα μὲν
φέρειν ἀνάγκη καῖπερ ὑπα τύσφορα.
ἀνέχον δὲ κόσμον τόνδε, καὶ κατὰ χθονὸς
ἰτω· τὸ ταῦτης σῶμα τιμᾶσθαι χρεὼν,
ἠτίς γε τῆς σῆς προῦθανε ψυχής, τέκνοιν,
καὶ μ’ οὔκ ἀπαίδ’ ἔθηκεν οὐδ’ εἶασε σοῦ
στερέντα γῆρα πενθίμω καταφθίνειν,
πάσας δ’ ἔθηκεν εὐκλεέστερον βίον
γυναιξίν, ἔργον τλᾶσα γενναίον τόδε.
ὁ τόνδε μὲν σώσας’, ἀναστήσασα δὲ
ἡμᾶς πίνυντος, χαίρε, κάν’ Ἀιδοῦ δόμοις
ἐν σοι γένοιτο. φημὶ τοιοῦτοις γάμοις
λύειν βροτοῖς, ἡ γαμεῖν οὖκ ἄξιον.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

οὔτ’ ἡλθες εἰς τόνδ’ ἐξ ἐμοῦ κληθεὶς τάφον,
οὔτ’ ἐν φίλοισι σήν παρουσίαν νέμω.
κόσμον δὲ τὸν σὸν οὐποθ’ ἢδ’ ἐνδυσέται.
οὐ γάρ τι τῶν σῶν ἐνδεχὴς ταφῆσεται.
τὸτε εὐναλγείν χρῆν σ’ ὧτ’ ὀλλύμην ἐγώ.
σὺ δ’ ἐκποδῶν στὰς καὶ παρεῖς ἄλλῳ θανεῖν
νέφω γέρων ὅν, τόνδ’ ἀπομώξει νεκρόν;
οὐ’ ήθο’ ἄρ’ ὀρθῶς τοῦτο σῶματος πατήρ;
οὐδ’ ἡ τεκεῖν φάσκουσα καὶ κεκλημένη
μήτηρ μ’ ἔτικτε; δουλίον δ’ ἀφ’ αἴματος
μαστῷ γυναικὸς σῆς ὑπεβλήθην λάθρα;
ἐδείξασα εἰς ἔλεγχον ἐξελθὼν ὅς εἶ,
καὶ μ’ οὐ νομίζω παίδα σὸν πεφυκέναι.
ἡ τάρα πάντων διαπρέπεις ἀψυχία,
ὅσ’ τηλικόσ’ δ’ ὃν κἀπ’ τέρμ’ ἤκουν βίον
οὐκ ἥθελησασι οὐδ’ ἐτόλμησας θανεῖν
tοῦ σοῦ πρὸ παιδὸς, ἀλλὰ τήνδ’ εἰάσατε
γυναῖκ’ οἴκειαν, ἥν ἐγὼ καὶ μητέρα.
ALCESTIS

None will gainsay: yet these calamities
We needs must bear, how hard to bear soever.
Receive these ornaments, and let her pass
Beneath the earth: well may the corpse be honoured
Of her who for thy life's sake died, my son;
Who made me not unchilded, left me not
Forlorn of thee to pine in woeful eld.
In all her sisters' eyes she hath crowned her life
With glory, daring such a deed as this.
O saviour of my son, who hast raised us up
In act to fall, all hail! May bliss be thine
Even in Hades. Thus to wed, I say,
Profiteth men—or nothing-worth is marriage.

ADMETUS

Not bidden of me to her burial comest thou,
Nor count I thine the presence of a friend.
Thine ornaments she never shall put on;
She shall be buried needing naught of thine.
Thou grieve!—thou shouldst have grieved in my
death-hour!
Thou stood'st aloof—the old, didst leave the young
To die:—and wilt thou wail upon this corpse?
Wast thou not, then, true father of my body?
Did she that said she bare me, and was called
Mother, not give me birth? Of bondman blood
To thy wife's breast was I brought privily?
Put to the test, thou showedst who thou art,
And I account me not thy true-born son.
Peerless of men in soulless cowardice!
So old, and standing on the verge of life,
Thou hadst no will, no heart hadst thou to die
For thine own son! Ye let her die, a woman
Not of our house, whom I with righteous cause
ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

πατέρα τ' ἀν ἐνδίκως ἀν ἠγοίμην μόνην.
καὶ τοις καλάν γ' ἀν τόνδ' ἀγών' ἠγοῖμοι
τοῦ σοῦ πρὸ παιδὸς καθανόν, βραχὺς δὲ σοι
πάντως ὃ λοιπὸς ἦν βιώσιμος χρόνος.
[καγώ τ' ἀν ξέων χῆδε τῶν λοιπῶν χρόνου,
κοῦκ ἀν μονοθεῖς ἐστενον κακοῖς ἐμοῖς.]
καὶ μὴν ὃ ἄνδρα χρῆ παθεῖν εὐδαίμονα
πέποθασα· ἤβησας μὲν ἐν τυραννίδι,
παῖς δ' ἦν ἐγώ σοι τῶνδε διάδοχος δόμων,
ὡστ' ὅπε ἀτεκνὸς καθανόν ἄλλος δόμον
λείψεϊν ἐμελλές ὀρφανὸν διαρπάσαι.
οὐ μὴν ἐρεῖς γε μ' ὡς ἀτιμάξων τὸ σὸν
γῆρας θανεῖν προδωμάκα σ', ὅστις αἰδόφρων
πρὸς σ' ἡ μάλιστα· καντὶ τῶνδε μοι χάριν
tούδε καὶ σὺ χή τεκοῦσ' ἡλλαξάτην.
τουγαρ φυτεύων παίδας οὐκέτ' ἀν φθάνοις,
οὐ γηροβοσκήσουσι καὶ θανόντα σε
περιστελοῦσι καὶ προβήσονται νεκρόν.
οὐ γὰρ σ' ἐγωφε τῆ' ἐμ' θάψω χερί·
tέθνηκα γὰρ δὴ τούτη σ'. εἰ δ' ἄλλου τυχὺν
σωτήρος ἀγας εἰςορῶ, κείνου λέγω
καὶ παιδά μ' εἰναι καὶ φίλου γηροτρόφου.
μάτην ἄρ' οἱ γέροντες εὐχοῦσαι θανεῖν,
γῆρας ψέγοντες καὶ μακρὸν χρόνον βίου
ἡν δ' ἐγγὺς ἔλθη θάνατος, οὐδεὶς βούλεται
θυσίσκειν, τὸ γῆρας δ' οὐκέτ' ἔστ' αὐτοῖς βαρύ.
ΧΟΡΟΣ
παῦσασθ', ἀλις γὰρ ἡ παροῦσα συμφορά,
ὡ παῖ· πατρὸς δὲ μὴ παροξύνῃς φρένας.
ΦΕΡΗΣ
ὡ παῖ, τίν' αὐχεῖς, πότερα Λυδόν ἡ Φρύγα
κακοῖς ἐλαύνειν ἀργυρώνητον σέθεν;

460
ALCESTIS

Might count alone my mother and my father.
Yet here was honour, hadst thou dared the strife,
In dying for thy son. A paltry space
To cling to life in any wise was left.
Then had I lived, and she, through days to come,
Nor I, left lorn, should thus mine ills bemoan.
Yet all that may the fortunate betide
Fell to thy lot; in manhood’s prime a king,
Me hadst thou son and heir unto thine house,
So that thou wast not, dying, like to leave
A childless home for stranger folk to spoil.

Nor canst thou say that flouting thy grey hairs
I had giv’n thee up to death, whose reverence
For thee was passing word:—and this the thank
That thou and she that bare me render me!
Wherefore, make haste: beget thee other sons
To foster thy grey hairs, to compass thee
With death’s observance, and lay out thy corpse.
Not I with this mine hand will bury thee.
For thee dead am I. If I see the light,—
Another saviour found,—I call me son
To him, and loving fosterer of his age.
With false lips pray the old for death’s release,
Plaining of age and weary-wearing time.
Let death draw near—who hails his coming? None:
No more is eld a burden unto them.

CHORUS

O hush! Suffice the affliction at the doors.
O son, infuriate not thy father’s soul.

PHHERE

Son, whom, think’st thou—some Lydian slave or
Phrygian
Bought with thy money?—thus beratest thou?
ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ούκ οίσθα Θεσσαλόν με κάτω Θεσσαλοῦν
πατρός γεγόνεν γησαίος ἐλεύθερον;
ἀγαν υβρίζεις, καὶ νεανίας λόγους
ῥήτων ἐσ ἡμᾶς οὐ βαλῶν οὕτως ἀπει.
ἔγω δὲ σ᾽ ὀίκων δεσπότην ἐγεινάμην
κάθρεψ᾽, ὀφείλω δ᾽ ὦν ὑπερθυσκεῖν σέθεν·
οὐ γὰρ πατρόν τοῦ ἐδεξάμην νόμων,
παίδων προδυνάμειν πατέρας, οὐδ᾽ Ἐλληνικόν.
σαντῷ γὰρ εἶνε δυστυχῆς εἶτ᾽ εὐτυχῆς
ἐφος. ἃ δ᾽ ἡμῶν χρὴν σε τυχάνειν, ἔχεις.
πολλῶν μὲν ἀρχεῖς, πολυπλέθους δὲ σοι γυνὸς
λειψών. πατρός γὰρ ταῦτ᾽ ἐδεξάμην πάρα.
τί δῆτά σ᾽ ὁδικῆκα; τοῦ σ᾽ ἀποστερῶς;
μὴ θυγάτηρ ὑπὲρ τοῦ ἄνδρός, οὐδ᾽ ἔγω πρὸ σοῦ.
χαίρεις ὡρῶν φῶς: πατέρα δ᾽ οὐ χαίρειν δοκεῖς;
ἡ μὴν πολὺν γε τοῦ κάτω λογίζομαι
χρόνων, τὸ δὲ ξῆν μικρὸν, ἀλλ᾽ ὅμοις γυλυκῷ.
σὺ γοῦν ἀναιῶδος διεμάχου τὸ μὴ θανεῖν,
καὶ ξῆς παρελθῶν τὴν πεπρωμένην τύχην,
ταὐτὴν κατακτᾶς. εἰτ᾽ ἐμὴν ἄψυχιάν
λέγεις, γυναικός, ὃ κάκισθ᾽, ἡσσημένος,
ἡ τοῦ καλοῦ σοὺ προῦθανεν νεανίον;
σοφὸς δ᾽ ἐφηύρες ὡστε μὴ θανεῖν ποτε,
εἰ τὴν παροῦσαν καθαναίνειν πείσεις ἀεὶ
γυναῖχ᾽ ὑπὲρ σοῦ κατ᾽ ἄνειδίζεισ φίλοις
τοῖς μὴ θέλουσι δρᾶν τάδ᾽, αὐτὸς ὃν κακός;
σίγα. νόμῳ δ᾽, εἰ σὺ τὴν σαντοῦ φιλεῖς
ψυχήν, φιλεῖν ἅπαντας. εἰ δ᾽ ἡμᾶς κακῶς
ἐρεῖς, ἀκούσει πολλὰ κοῦ ψευδὴ κακά.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πλεῖστον λέχεται νῦν τε καὶ τὰ πρὶν κακά,
παῦσαι δὲ, πρέσβυ, παῖδα σὸν κακορροθῶν.

462
ALCESTIS

What, know' st thou not that I Thessalian am,
Sprung from Thessalian sire, free man true-born?
This insolence passeth!—hurling malapert words
On me, not lightly thus shalt thou come off!

Thee I begat and nurtured, of mine house
The heir: no debt is mine to die for thee.
Not from my sires such custom I received
That sires for sons should die: no Greek law this.
Born for thyself wast thou, to fortune good
Or evil: all thy dues from me thou hast.
O'er many folk thou rulest; wide demesnes
Shall I leave thee: to me my father left them.
What is my wrong, my robbery of thee?
For me die thou not, I die not for thee.
Thou joy'st to see light—shall thy father joy not?
Sooth, I account our time beneath the earth
Long, and our life-space short, yet is it sweet.
Shamelessly hast thou fought against thy death:
Thy life is but transgression of thy doom
And murder of thy wife! My cowardice!—
This from thee, dastard, by a woman outdone
Who died for thee, the glorious-gallant youth!

Cunning device hast thou devised to die
Never, cajoling still wife after wife
To die for thee!—and dost revile thy friends
Who will not so—and thou the coward, thou?
Peace! e'en bethink thee, if thou lovest thy life,
So all love theirs. Thou, if thou speakest evil
Of us, shalt hear much evil, and that true.

CHORUS

Ye have said too much, thou now, and he before.
Refrain, old sire, from railing on thy son.
ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ
Λέγε, ὡς ἐμοῦ λέγαντος· εἰ δ' ἀλγεῖς κλύων τάληθες, οὐ χρῆν σ' εἰς ἐμ' ἔξαμαρτάνειν.

ΦΕΡΗΣ
σοῦ δ' ἀν προθνήσκων μᾶλλον ἔξημάρτανον.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ
tαυτὸν γὰρ ἦβωντ' ἀνδρα καὶ πρέσβυν θανεῖν;

ΦΕΡΗΣ
ψυχῇ μιὰ ξῆν, οὐ δυοῖν ὄφειλομεν.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ
cαὶ μὴν Διὸς γε μείζονα ξύφης χρόνον.

ΦΕΡΗΣ
ἀρὰ γονεύσων οὔδὲν ἐκδικον παθῶν;

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ
μακρὸν βίου γὰρ ἰσθόμην ἐρωτά σε.

ΦΕΡΗΣ
ἀλλ' οὖ σὺ νεκρόν γ' ἀντί σοῦ τόνδ' ἐκφέρεις;

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ
σημεία τῆς σῆς, ὃ κάκιστ', ἄψυχιας.

ΦΕΡΗΣ
οὕτω πρὸς ἡμῶν γ' ὀλετ'. οὐκ ἔρεις τόδε.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ
φεῦ·
eἰθ' ἀνδρὸς ἔλθως τοῦτε γ' εἰς χρείαν ποτέ.

ΦΕΡΗΣ
μνήστευε πολλάς, ὡς θάνωσι πλείονες.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ
σοὶ τούτ' ὄνειδος· οὐ γὰρ ἥθελες θανεῖν.

ΦΕΡΗΣ
φίλον τὸ φέγγος τοῦτο τοῦ θεοῦ, φίλον.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ
κακὸν τὸ λίμα κοῦκ ἐν ἀνδράσιν τὸ σῶν.

464
ALCESTIS

ADMETUS
Say on, say on; I have said: if hearing truth
Gall thee, thou shouldst not have done me wrong.

PHERES
I had done more wrong, had I died for thee.

ADMETUS
What, for the young and old is death the same?

PHERES
One life to live, not twain—this is our due.

ADMETUS
Have thy desire—one life outlasting Zeus.

PHERES
Dost curse thy parents, who hast had no wrong?

ADMETUS
Ay, whom I marked love-sick for dateless life.

PHERES
What?—art not burying her in thine own stead?

ADMETUS
A token, dastard, of thy cowardice.

PHERES
I did her not to death: thou canst not say it.

ADMETUS
Mayest thou feel thy need of me some day!

PHERES
Woo many women, that the more may die.

ADMETUS
This taunt strikes thee—'tis thou wast loth to die.

PHERES
Sweet is yon sun-god's light, yea, it is sweet.

ADMETUS
Base is thy spirit, and unmeet for men.
ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΦΕΡΗΣ
οὐκ ἔγγελας γέροντα βαστάζων νεκρόν.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ
θανεῖ γε μέντοι δυσκλεῆς, ὅταν θάνης.

ΦΕΡΗΣ
κακῶς ἀκούειν οὐ μέλει θανόντι μοι.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ
φεῦ φεῦ· τὸ γῆρας ὡς ἀναιδείας πλέων.

ΦΕΡΗΣ
ἥδ' οὐκ ἀναιδής· τὴνδ' ἐφηύρες ἀφρονά.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ
ἀπελθὲ κἀμὲ τόνδ' ἐα θάψαι νεκρόν.

730
ἀπειµ. θάγεις δ' αὐτός ὃν αὐτῆς φονεῦς,
δίκας τε δώσεις τοῖς κηδεσταῖς ἔτι.
ἡ ταρ' Ἀκαστος οὐκέτ' ἔστ' ἐν ἀνδράσιν,
εἰ μή σ' ἀδελφής αἷμα τιμωρήσεται.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ
ἐρρων νυν αὐτός χὴ ξυνοκήσασά σοι,
ἀπαίδε παιδὸς ὅντος, ὅπερ ἄξιοι,
γηράσκετ· οὐ γὰρ τῶδε γ' εἰς ταύτῶν στέγος
νείσθ'. εἰ δ' ἀπευπεῖν χρὴν με κηρύκων ὕπο
τὴν σὴν πατρφαν ἐστίαν, ἀπείτου ἄν.
ἡμεῖς δὲ, τοῖς ποσών γὰρ οἰστέον κακῶν,
στείχωμεν, ὡς ἄν ἐν πυρᾷ θώμεν νεκρόν.

740
ΧΟΡΟΣ
ἰδ' ιό. σχετλία τόλμης,
ὦ γενναία καὶ μέγ' ἀρίστη,
χαίρε· πρόφρων σὲ χθόνιός θ' Ἐρμῆς
"Αἰδης τε δέχοιτ'. εἰ δὲ τι κάκεί
-ALCESTIS-

PHERES
Not mine old corpse to the grave thou bear’st with glee!

ADMETUS
Yet, when thou diest, in ill fame shalt thou die.

PHERES
Ill fame is naught to me when I have died.

ADMETUS
Hear him! how full of shamelessness is eld!

PHERES
Not shameless she,—but senseless hast thou found her.

ADMETUS
Begone: leave me to bury this my dead.

PHERES
I go: her murderer will bury her!
Thou shalt yet answer for it to her kin.
Surely Acastus is no more a man,
If he of thee claim not his sister’s blood. [Exit.

ADMETUS
Avant, with her that kennelleth with thee!
Childless grow old, as ye deserve, while lives
Your child: ye shall not come beneath one roof
With me. If need were to renounce by heralds
Thine hearth paternal, I had renounced it now.
Let us—for we must bear the present ill—
Pass on, to lay our dead upon the pyre.

CHORUS
Alas for the loving and daring!
Farewell to the noblest and best!
May Hermes conduct thee down-faring
Kindly, and Hades to rest

467
ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ -
πλέον ἔστ' ἀγαθοῖς, τούτων μετέχουσ' Ἄιδον νύμφη παρεδρεύοις.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ
πολλοὺς μὲν ἦδη κἀποὶ παντοίας χθονὸς ξένους μολόντας οἶδ' ἐσ' Ἀδμήτου δόμους, οἷς δεῦτερα προῦθηκε'. ἀλλὰ τοῦτ' οὐτως ξένου κακίου εἰς τὴνδ' ἐστίαν ἐδεξάμην.
δή πρῶτα μὲν πενθοῦντα δεσπότην ὄργῳ εἰσῆλθε κατόλμησ' ἀμείβαισθαι πῦλας. ἐπειτα δ' οὔτι σωφρόνοις ἐδέξατο τὰ προστυχόντα ξένια, συμφοράς μαθὼν, ἀλλ' εἰ τι μὴ φέροιμεν, ὀτρυνείς φέρειν. ποτήρα δ' ἐν χείρεσι θίσσων λαβὼν πίνει μελαίνης μητρὸς εὐξώρου μέθυ, ἐως ἔθερμῃ αὐτὸν ἀμφιβάσα φλὸξ οἶνου. στέφει δὲ κράτα μυρσίνης κλάδοις ἄμουσ' ὑλακτών' δισσὰ δ' ἦν μέλη κλύειν· οἷς μὲν γὰρ ἥδε, τῶν ἐν Ἀδμήτου κακῶν οὐδεὶς προτιμῶν, οἰκέται δ' ἐκλαίομεν δέσποιναν· ὅμμα δ' οὐκ ἐδείκνυμεν ξένῳ τέγγυστες· Ἀδμήτους γὰρ ὡδ' ἐφίετο. καὶ νῦν ἐγὼ μὲν ἐν δόμοις εὐτικὲς ξένου, πανούργον κλώτα καὶ ληστικὴν τίνα, ή δ' ἐκ δόμων θέβηκεν, οὐδ' ἐφεσπόμην οὐδ' ἐξετείνα χειρ', ἀποιμώξων ἐμὴν δέσποιναν, ἤ μοι πᾶσι τ' οἰκέταισιν ἦν μήτηρ. κακῶν γὰρ μυρίων ἔρρευστο, ὀργὰς μαλάσσου' ἀνδρός. ἀρα τῶν ξένων στυγῶ δικαίως, ἐν κακοῖς ἀφεγμένον;

468
ALCESTIS

Receive thee! If any atonement
   For ills even there may betide
To the good, O thine be enthronement
   By Hades' bride!

[Exeunt omnes in funeral procession.

Enter servant.

SERVANT

Full many a guest, from many a land which came
Unto Admetus' dwelling, have I known,
Have set before them meat: but never guest
More pestilent received I to this hearth:
Who first, albeit he saw my master mourning,
Entered, and passed the threshold unashamed;
Then, nowise courteously received the fare
Found with us, though our woeful plight he knew,
But, what we brought not, hectoring bade us bring.
The ivy cup uplifts he in his hands,
And swills the darkling mother's fiery blood,
Till the wine's flame enwrapped him, heating him.
Then did he wreathe his head with myrtle sprays,
Dissonant-howling. Diverse strains were heard:
For he sang on, regardless all of ills
Darkening Admetus' house; we servants wept
Our mistress: yet we showed not to the guest
Eyes tear-bedewed, for so Admetus bade.
And now within the house must I be feasting
This guest,—a lawless thief, a bandit rogue,
While forth the house she is borne! I followed not,
Nor stretched the hand, nor wailed unto my mistress
Farewell, who was to me and all the household
A mother; for from ills untold she saved us,
Assuaging her lord's wrath. Do I not well
To loathe this guest, intruder on our griefs?
ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

οὔτος, τί σεμνὸν καὶ πεφροντικὸς βλέπεις; οὐ χρή σκυθρωπὸν τοῖς ξένοις τὸν πρόσπολον εἶναι, δέχεσθαι δ’ εὑπροσηγόρῳ φρενί.
σὺ δ’ ἂνδρ’ ἐταῖρον δεσπότου παρόνθ’ ὀρῶν, στυνγό προσώπῳ καὶ συνσφυγμένῳ δέχει, θυραίου πήματος σπουδὴν ἔχων.
δεῦρ’ ἐλθ’, ὅπως ἄν καὶ σοφώτερος γένη.
τὰ θυητα πράγματ’ ὦδας ἢν ἔχει φύσιν; οἴμαι μὲν οὐ̣ πόθεν γὰρ; ἀλλ’ ἄκοινε μοι.
βροτοῖς ἀπασι καθανεῖν ὑφείλεται,
κοῦ κ ἐστι θυητῶν ὄστις ἐξεπίσταται
τὴν αὔριον μέλλουσαν εἰ βιώσεται.
τὸ τῆς τύχης γὰρ ἀφανεῖς οἱ προβῆσθαι,
καστ’ οὔ διδακτὸν οὐ̣δ’ ἀλίσκεται τέχη.
ταῦτ’ οὖν ἀκούσας καὶ μαθῶν ἐμοὶ πάρα,
εὐφραίνει σαντῷν, πῖνε, τὸν καθ’ ἡμέραν
βίον λογίζου σοῦ, ὑπ’ ἄλλα τῆς τύχης.
τίμα δὲ καὶ τῆς πλείστου ἡδόνης θεῶν.
Κύπριων βροτοῖς εὐμενῆς γὰρ ἡ θέσ.
τὰ δ’ ἄλλα ἔσον ταῦτα καὶ πιθοῦ λόγοις
ἐμοίς εἰπε, εἴπερ ὅρθα σοι δοκῶ λέγειν.
οἴμαι μὲν. οὐκοῦν τὴν ἄγαν λύπην ἀφεῖς
πίει μεθ’ ἡμῶν τάσο’ ὑπερβάλλων τύχας,
στεφάνοις πυκνοῖς; καὶ σάφ’ οἶδ’ οὐδεύεικα
τοῦ νῦν σκυθρωποῦ καὶ ξυγεστώτως φρενῶν
μεθορμοῦτ’ σε πίτυλος ἐμπεσῶν σκύφου.
ἀντας δὲ θυητοὺς θυητὰ καὶ φρονεῖν χρεῶν,
ὥς τοῖς γε σεμνοῖς καὶ συνσφυγμένοις
ἀπασιν ἔστιν, ὡς γ’ ἐμοὶ χρὴσθαι κριτῇ,
οὗ βίος ἄληθῶς ὃ βίος, ἄλλα συμφορά.
ALCESTIS

Enter HERCULES.

HERCULES

Ho, fellow, why this solemn brooding look?
The servant should not lower upon the guest,
But welcome him with kindly-beaming cheer.
Thou, seeing here in presence thy lord's friend,
With visage sour and cloud of knitted brows
Receiv'st him, fretting o'er an alien grief.
Hither to me, that wiser thou mayst grow.
The lot of man—its nature knowest thou?
I trow not: how shouldst thou? Give ear to me.

From all mankind the debt of death is due,
Nor of all mortals is there one that knows
If through the coming morrow he shall live:
For trackless is the way of fortune's feet,
Not to be taught, nor won by art of man.
This hearing then, and learning it from me,
Make merry, drink: the life from day to day
Account thine own, all else in fortune's power.

Honour withal the sweetest of the Gods
To men, the Cyprian Queen—a gracious Goddess!
Away with other thoughts, and heed my words,
If thou dost think I speak wise words and true:
So think I. Hence with sorrow overwrought;
Rise above this affliction: drink with me,
Thy brows with garlands bound. Full well I wot,
From all this lowering spirit prison-pent
Thine anchor shall Sir Beaker's splash upheave.
What, man!—the mortal must be mortal-minded.
So, for your solemn wights of knitted brows,
For each and all,—if thou for judge wilt take me,—
Life is not truly life, but mere affliction.
ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ
ἐπιστάμεσθα ταύτα· νῦν δὲ πράσσομεν
οὕχ οία κώμοι καὶ γέλωτος ἄξια.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ
γυνὴ θυραῖος ἡ θανόνσα· μὴ λιαν
πένθει· δόμων γὰρ ξώσι τῶνδε δεσπόται.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ
τί ξώσιν; οὐ κάτοισθα τὰν δόμοις κακά;

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ
εἰ μὴ τι σός με δεσπότης ἐψεύσατο.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ
ἀγαν ἐκείνος ἐστ’ ἄγαν φιλόξενος.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ
οὐ χρῆν μ’ θυνεῖν γ’ εἰνεκ’ εὐ πάσχειν νεκροῦ;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ
ἡ κάρτα μέντοι καὶ λιαν θυραῖος ἤν.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ
μῦν ξυμφοράν τιν’ οὔσαν οὐκ ἔφραξέ μοι;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ
χαίρων ἦθ’. ἡμῖν δεσποτῶν μέλει κακά.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ
ὁδ’ οὐ θυραίων πημάτων ἀρχει λόγος.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ
οὐ γὰρ τι κωμάξουτ’ ἀν ἡχόμην σ’ ὀρὼν.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ
ἀλλ’ ἡ πέπονθα δεῖν’ ὑπὸ ξένων ἐμῶν;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ
οὐκ ἠλθὲς ἐν δέοντι δέξασθαι δόμοις;
pένθος γὰρ ἡμῖν ἔστι· καὶ κουραν βλέπεις
μελαμπέτους στολμούς τε.
ALCESTIS

SERVANT
All this we know: but now are we in plight
Not meet for laughter and for revelry.

HERCULES
The woman dead is alien-born: grieve not
Exceeding much. Yet live the household's lords.

SERVANT
Live, quotha!—know'st thou not the house's ills?

HERCULES
Yea, if thy master lied not unto me.

SERVANT
Guest-fain he is—ah, guest-fain overmuch!

HERCULES
A stranger dead—and no guest-cheer for me? 810

SERVANT
O yea, an alien—overmuch an alien!

HERCULES
Ha! was he keeping some affliction back?

SERVANT
Go thou in peace: our lords' ills are for us.

   Turns away; but HERCULES seizes him, and
       makes him face him.

HERCULES
Grief for a stranger—such words mean not that!

SERVANT
Else had I not sore vexed beheld thy revel.

HERCULES
How! have I sorry handling of mine hosts?

SERVANT
Thou cam'st in hour unmeet for welcoming,
For grief is on us; and thou see'st shorn hair
And vesture of black robes.

473
ΛΑΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

tis de' o katathavan;

μων he tekwn tis froouden he pathep geryw;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

gynhe men ouv dololenei 'Admhtou, xene.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

ti phis; expeita deta mu' exevizete;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

ydeito gar se tavdo' apowasathai domw.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

o sachelhr, olas hmpilakes xinadrou.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

apowlmestha pantes, ou keini monh.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

all heiathomev men diwvdakrurrooun kouvran te kai proswpton all' ethivhe me legwn thuraion kheidos eis tafon ferew.

bia de thymou tas'd uperbalwv tula

etinov andros en filoexeou domow prasonontos outo. kata kowmaZw kara stefanwv tukasteis; alla sou to mu f拉萨ai, kakou tesoZou domaswv proskeimewn.

pou kai sfe thappei; pou vwn eurhsw molwv;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

orhen par' olmon, h' pl Darmian ferei, tuymbov katojfei xeston ek proastion.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

o polla tlastra karidia kai cheir emh,

vwn deixe ouv pайдai s' h Tironidia 'Hlektrovnos geinev' 'Alkmhnh Dl.

dei gar me sowai thn thanaousan artitwv
ALCESTIS

HERCULES
But who hath died?
Not of the children one, or grey-haired sire?

SERVANT
Nay, but Admetus' wife is dead, O guest.
HERCULES
How say'st thou?—Ha, even then ye gave me welcome?

SERVANT
For shame he could not thrust thee from these doors
HERCULES
O hapless! what a helpmeet hast thou lost!
SERVANT
We have all perished, and not she alone.
HERCULES
I felt it, when I saw his tear-drowned eyes,
His shaven hair, his face: yet he prevailed,
Saying he bare a stranger-friend to burial.
I passed this threshold in mine heart's despite,
And drank in halls of him that loves the guest,
When thus his plight! And am I revelling
With wreathed head? O my friend, that thou shouldst say
Naught, when on thine home such affliction lay!...
Where doth he bury her? Where shall I find her?

SERVANT
By the straight path that leads Larissa-wards
Shalt see the hewn-stone tomb without the walls.
HERCULES
O much-enduring heart and hand of mine,
Now show what son the Lady of Tiryns bare,
Electryon's child Alcmena, unto Zeus.
For I must save the woman newly dead,
ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

γυναίκα κείς τόνδε αὖθις ἵδρυσαι δόμον. Ἄλκεστίν, Ἄδμητῳ θ' ὑπουργῆσαι χάριν. ἐλθὼν δ' ἀνακτὰ τὸν μελάμπτειλον νεκρὸν Θάνατον φυλάξω, καὶ νῦν εὐρήσειν δοκῶ πίνοντα τύμβου πλησίον προσφαγμάτων. κάνπερ λοχαίας αὐτὸν ἐξ ἔδρας συνθεὶς μάρψω, κύκλων δὲ περιβαλὼ χερῶν ἔμαίν, οὐκ ἔστων δὲ οὕτως αὐτὸν ἑξαφῆσεται μογούντα πλευρά, πρὶν γυναίκ' ἐμοὶ μεθῆ. ἥν δ' οὖν ἀμάρτω τῆς ἄγρας, καὶ μὴ μόλη πρὸς αἰματηρὸν πέλανον, εἰμὶ τῶν κάτω Κόρης Ἀνακτός τε ἐῖς ἀνηλίους δόμους αἰτήσομαι τε καὶ πέπουθ' ἄξειν ἄνω Ἄλκεστίν, ὡστε χερῶν ἐνθειᾶσ᾽ ἔξου, ὅσ μ' ἐῖς δόμους ἐδέξατ' οὐδ' ἀπῆλασε, καίπερ βαρεία συμφορὰ πεπληγμένος, ἐκρυπτεῖ δ' ἄν γενναῖος, αἴδεσθεις ἐμε. τῖς τούτῳ μᾶλλον Θεσσαλῶν φιλόξενοι, τῖς Ἑλλάδ' οἰκῶν; τούγαρ οὐκ ἔρει κακὸν εὐεργετήσαι φώτα γενναῖος γεγώς.

850

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ἰῶ. στυγναὶ πρόσοδοι, στυγναὶ δ' ὅψεις χήρων μελάθρων· ἰῶ μοί μοι. αἰαί. ποὶ βῶ; πᾶ στῶ; τί λέγω; τί δὲ μή; . 

πῶς ἂν ὀλοίμαν;
ἡ βαρυδαίμονα μήτηρ μ' ἔτεκεν.
ξηλῶ φθιμένους, κείνων ἔραμαι,
κεῖν' ἐπιθυμῶ δόματα ναίειν.

860

476
ALCESTIS

And set Alcestis in this house again,
And render to Admetus good for good.
I go. The sable-vestured King of Corpses,
Death, will I watch for, and shall find, I trow,
Drinking the death-draught hard beside the tomb.
And if I lie in wait, and dart from ambush,
And seize, and with mine arms' coil compass him,
None is there shall deliver from mine hands
His straining sides, ere he yield up his prey.
Yea, though I miss the quarry, and he come not
Unto the blood-clot, to the sunless homes
Down will I fare of Cora and her King,
And make demand. I doubt not I shall lead
Alcestis up, and give to mine host's hands,
Who to his halls received, nor drave me thence,
Albeit smitten with affliction sore,
But hid it, like a prince, respecting me.
Who is more guest-fain of Thessalians?
Who in all Hellas? O, he shall not say
That one so princely showed a base man kindness.

[Exit.

Enter ADMETUS, with CHORUS and ATTENDANTS,
returning from the funeral.

ADMETUS
O hateful returning!
O hateful to see
Drear halls full of yearning
For the lost—ah me!
What aim or what rest have I?—silence or speech,
of what help shall they be?
Would God I were dead!
O, I came from the womb
To a destiny dread!
Ah, those in the tomb—
ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

οὔτε γὰρ αὐγάς χαίρω προσορῶν,
οὔτ' ἐπὶ γαίας πόδα πεζεύων
tοῖν οὐμηρῶν μ' ἀποσυλήσας
"Αἰδη Θάνατος παρέδωκεν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πρόβα πρόβα. βαθὺ κεύθος οἶκων. στρ.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

αἰαί.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πέπονθας ἂξι' αἰαγμάτων.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ἔ ἔ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

δι' ὀδύνας ἔβας,
σάφ' οἶδα.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

φεῦ φεῦ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τὰν νέρθεν οὐδὲν ὧφελεῖς.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ἰῶ μοί μοι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τὸ μῆποτ' εἰσίδειν φιλίας ἀλὸχου
πρὸσωπον ἀντα λυπρόν.
ALCESTIS

How I envy them! How I desire them, and long to abide in their home!
    To mine eyes nothing sweet
    Is the light of the heaven,
    Nor the earth to my feet;
    Such a helpmeet is riven
By Death from my side, and my darling to Hades the spoiler hath given.

CHORUS
Pass on thou; and hide thee
    In thy chambers.

ADMETUS
Ah woe!

CHORUS
Wail the griefs that betide thee:
    How canst thou but so?

O God!

CHORUS
Thou hast passed through deep waters
    of anguish—I know it, I know.

ADMETUS
Woe! darkest of days!

CHORUS
No help bringeth this
    To thy love in that place.

ADMETUS
Woe!

CHORUS
Bitter it is
The face of a wife well-belovèd for ever and ever to miss.

479
ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ξηλῶ δ' ἀγάμους ἀτέκνους τε βροτῶν
μία γὰρ ψυχή, τῆς ὑπεραλγεῖν
μέτριον ἄχθος.

παιδῶν δὲ νόσους καὶ νυμφίδίους
eίνας θανάτοις κεραίζομένας
οὐ τλητὸν ὅραν, ἔξων ἀτέκνους
ἀγάμους τ' ἔναι διὰ παντὸς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
tύχα τύχα δυσπάλαιστοι ἤκειν ἄντ.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

αἰαί.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πέρας δὲ γ' οὐδὲν ἀλγῶν τίθησ.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ἐ ἔ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

βαρέα μὲν φέρειν,
δῆμως δὲ—

ΓΕΝΗΣΙΑ

φεῦ φεῦ.
ALCESTIS

ADMETUS
Thou hast stricken mine heart
Where the wound will not heal.
What is worse than to part
From the loving and leal?
Would God I had wedded her not, home-bliss with
Alcestis to feel!
O, I envy the lot
Of the man without wife,
Without child: single-wrought
Is the strand of his life:
No soul-crushing burden of sorrow, no strength-over-
mastering strife.
But that children should sicken,
That gloom of despair
Over bride-beds should thicken,
What spirit can bear,
When childless, unwedded, a man through life's calm
journey might fare?

CHORUS
Thee Fortune hath met, (Ant.)
Strong wrestler, and thrown;
Yet no bounds hast thou set—

ADMETUS
Woe's me!—

CHORUS
To thy moan.

O, thy burden is heavy!

ADMETUS
Alas!
ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ
τλαθ’ οὐ σὺ πρῶτος ὠλεσας—

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ἰὼ μοὶ μοι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

γυναῖκα· συμφορὰ δ’ ἐτέρους ἐτέρα
πιέζει φανεῖσα θνατῶν.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ὦ μακρὰ πένθη λύπαι τε φίλων
τῶν ὑπὸ γαῖαν.

τί μ’ ἐκώλυσας ρήψαι τῦμβον
τάφρον εἰς κοίλην καὶ μετ’ ἐκείνης
τῆς μέγ’ ἀρίστης κεῖσθαι φθίμενον;

900
dύο δ’ ἀντὶ μιᾶς “Αἰδης ψυχὰς
τὰς πιστοτάτας σὺν ἀν ἔσχεν, ὁμοῦ
χθονίαν λίμνην διαβάντε.”

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἐμοὶ τις ἢν
ἐν γένει, ὑ κόρος ἀξιόθρηνος
ἀλεθ’ ἐν δόμοισιν

μονόπαιρ’ ἀλλ’ ἐμπας
ἐφερε κακὸν ἄλις, ἄτεκνοι οὖν,
πολιὰς ἐπὶ χαίτας

482
ALCESTIS

CHORUS
Yet endure it: thou art not alone.
Not thou art the first
Of bereaved ones.

ADMETUS
Ah me!

CHORUS
Such tempest hath burst
Upon many ere thee.
Unto each his mischance, when the surges roll up from
Calamity’s sea.

ADMETUS
O long grief and pain
For belovèd ones passed!
Why didst thou restrain,
When myself I had cast

Down into her grave, with the noblest to lie peace-
lulled at the last?
Not one soul, but two
Had been Hades’ prey,
Souls utterly true
United for aye,
Which together o’er waves of the underworld-mere
had passed this day.

CHORUS
Of my kin was there one, (Str.)
And the life’s light failed
In his halls of a son,
One meet to be wailed, [prevailed;
His only belovèd: howbeit the manhood within him
And the ills heaven-sent
As a man did he bear,
Though by this was he bent
Unto silvered hair,
ἈΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ηδὴ προπετῆς ὡν
βιότου τε πόρσω.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ὡ σχῆμα δόμων, πῶς εἰσέλθων;
πῶς δ' οἰκήσω μεταπίπτοντος
daίμονος; οἴμοι. πολὺ γὰρ τὸ μέσον

τότε μὲν πεύκαις σὺν Πηλιάσιν
σὺν θ' ὑμεναίως ἔστειξον ἔσω,
φιλίας ἀλόχου χέρα βαστάζων

πολυάχητος δ' εἴπετο κῶμος,
τὴν τε θανοῦσαν κἀ' ὀλβίζων,
ὡς εὐπατρίδαι καὶ ἀπ' ἀμφοτέρων
ὀντες ἀριστέων σὺζυγες ἦμεν.

νῦν δ' ὑμεναίων γός ἀντίπαλος
λευκῶν τε πέπλων μέλανες στολμὸι
πέμπουσί μ' ἔσω
λέκτρων κοίτας ἐς ἐρήμους.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

παρ' εὐτυχῆ

σοὶ πότμον ἤλθεν ἀπειροκάκῳ τόδ' ἄλγος· ἄλλ' ἔσωσας
βιότον καὶ ψυχάν.
ALCESTIS

Far on in life's path, without son for his remnant of weakness to care.

ADMETUS

O, how can I tread
   Thy threshold, fair home?
How shelter mine head
   'Neath thy roof, now the doom
Of my fate's dice changeth?—ah me, what change upon all things is come!
   For with torches aflame
      Of the Pelian pine,
   And with bride-song I came
      In that hour divine,
Upbearing the hand of a wife—thine hand, O darling mine!
   Followed revellers, raising
      Acclaim: ever broke
From the lips of them praising,
   Of the dead as they spoke,
And of me, how the noble, the children of kings,
   Love joined 'neath his yoke.
But for bridal song
   Is the wail for the dead,
And, for white-robed throng,
   Black vesture hath led
Me to halls where the ghost of delight lieth couched on a desolate bed.

CHORUS

To the trance of thy bliss
   (Ant.)
Sudden anguish was brought.
Never lesson like this
   To thine heart had been taught:
Yet thy life hast thou won, and thy soul hast delivered from death:—is it naught?
ἈΔΗΣΤΙΣ

930 ἔθανε δάμαρ, ἐλπιε φιλίαιν·
tί νέου τόδε; πολλοὺς
ηδὴ παρέλυσεν
θάνατος δάμαρτος.

ΑΔΗΣΤΟΣ

φίλοι, γυναικὸς δαίμον' εὐτυχέστερον
tοῦμοι νομίζω, καίτερ οὐ δοκοῦνθ' ὀμως·
tής μὲν γὰρ οὐδὲν ἄλγος ἄφεται ποτε,
pολλῶν δὲ μόχθων εὐκλεῆς ἐπαύσατο.
ἐγὼ δ', ὅν οὐ χρήν ξῆν, παρεῖς τὸ μόρσιμον
λυπρὸν διάξω βίοτον ἄρτι μανθάνω.
pώς γὰρ δόμων τῶν εἰσόδους ἀνέξομαι;
tίν' ἂν προσεπών, τοῦ δὲ προσρηθεὶς ὑπὸ
tερπνῆς τόχουμ' ἂν εἰσόδου; ποί τρέψομαι;
ἡ μὲν γὰρ ἐνδον ἐξελὰ μ' ἐρημία,
γυναικὸς εὐνὰς εὔτ' ἂν εἰσίδω κενᾶς
θρόνους τ' ἐν οἶσιν ἵπε, καὶ κατὰ στέγας
ἀυχμηρὸν οὐδας, τέκνα δ' ἀμφι γούνασι
πύπτοντα κλαίῃ μητέρ', οἱ δὲ δεσπότων
στένωσιν οίαν ἐκ δόμων ἀπόλεσαν.

950 τὰ μὲν κατ' οἴκους τοίμῳ· ἔξωθεν δὲ με
γάμοι τ' ἐλώσι Θεσσαλῶν καὶ ξύλλογοι
γυναικοπληθεῖς· οὐ γὰρ ἐξανέξομαι
λεύσσων δάμαρτος τῆς ἐμῆς ὀμήλικας.
ἐρεῖ δὲ μ' ὅστις ἑχθρὸς ὡν κυρεὶ τάδε·
ἵν' τὸν αἰσχρῶς ἔωνθ', ὅς οὐκ ἐτήθα θανεῖν,
ἀλλ' ἂν ἐτήθη τοίμος ἀντίδος ἀψυχία
πέφευγεν' Ἀϊδὴν εἰτ' ἁνὴρ εῖναι δοκεῖ;
στυγεῖ δὲ τοὺς τεκόντας, αὐτὸς οὐ θέλων
θανεῖν. τοιάνδε πρὸς κακοίσι κληδόνα
ἔξω. τί μοι ξῆν δήτα κύδιον, φίλοι,
κακῶς κλύοντι καὶ κακῶς πεπραγότι.
ALCESTIS

Thy wife hath departed:
   Love tender and true
Hath she left:—stricken-hearted,
   Wherein is this new?
Hath Death not unyoked from the chariot of Love
full many ere you?

ADMETUS

Friends, I account the fortune of my wife
Happier than mine, albeit it seem not so.
For naught of grief shall touch her any more,
And glorious rest she finds from many toils.
But I, unmeet to live, my doom outrun,
Shall drag out bitter days: I know it now.
How shall I bear to enter this mine home?
Speaking to whom, and having speech of whom,
Shall I find joy of entering?—whither turn me?
The solitude within shall drive me forth,
Whenso I see my wife's couch tenantless,
And seats whereon she sat, and, 'neath the roof,
All foul the floor; when on my knees my babes
Falling shall weep their mother, servants moan
The peerless mistress from the mansion lost.
All this within: but from the world without
Me shall Thessalian bridals chase, and throngs
Where women gossip—oh, I shall not bear
On these, young matrons like my wife, to look!
And whatsoever foe I have shall scoff:
"Lo there who basely liveth—dared not die,
"But whom he wedded gave, a coward's ransom,
"And 'scaped from Hades. Count ye him a man?
"He hates his parents, though himself was loth
"To die!" Such ill report, besides my griefs,
Shall mine be. Ah, what honour is mine to live,
O friends, in evil fame, in evil plight?
ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἐγὼ καὶ διὰ μούσας καὶ μετάρσιος ἃξα, καὶ πλείστων ἀψάμενος λόγων κρεῖσσον οὐδὲν Ἀνάγκας ἑύρον, οὐδὲ τι φάρμακον Ἄρησσας ἐν σανίσιν, τὰς Ὀρφεία κατέγραψεν γῆρας, οὐδ’ ὅσα Φοῖβος Ἀσκληπιάδαις ἔδωκε φάρμακα πολυπόνοις ἀντιτεμῶν βροτοῦσιν.

μόνας δ’ οὔτ’ ἐπὶ βωμοῦς ἔστιν οὔτε βρέτας θεᾶς ἐλθεῖν, οὐ σφαγών κλυεῖν.

μὴ μοι, πότνια, μείζων ἐλθοίς ἢ τὸ πρὶν ἐν βίῳ.

καὶ γὰρ Ζεὺς ὃ τι νεῦσῃ,

καὶ τὸν ἐν Χαλύβδοις δαμάζεις σὺ βία σίδαρον,

καὶ σ’ ἐν ἀφύκτοις χερῶν εἶλε θεᾶ δεσμοῖς.

τόλμα δ’ οὐ γὰρ ἀνάξεις ποτ’ ἐνερθεῖν
ALCESTIS

CHORUS

I have mused on the words of the wise,
Of the mighty in song;
I have lifted mine heart to the skies,
I have searched all truth with mine eyes;
But naught more strong
Than Fate have I found: there is naught
In the tablets of Thrace,
Neither drugs whereof Orpheus taught,
Nor in all that Apollo brought
To Asclepius' race,
When the herbs of healing he severed, and out of
their anguish delivered
The pain-distraught.

There is none other Goddess beside (Ant. 1)
To the altars of whom
No man draweth near, nor hath cried
To her image, nor victim hath died,
Averting her doom.
O Goddess, more mighty for ill
Come not upon me
Than in days overpast: for his will
Even Zeus may in no wise fulfil
Unholpen of thee.
Steel is molten as water before thee, but never
releeting came o'er thee,
Who art ruthless still.

(Str. 2)

Thee, friend, hath the Goddess gripped: from her
hands never wrestler hath slipped.
Yet be strong to endure: never mourning shall bring
our belovèd returning
ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

κλαίων τούς φθιμένους ἀνώ.
καὶ θεῶν σκότιοι φθίνουσιν
παιδές ἐν θανάτῳ.

μηδὲ νεκρῶν ὡς φθιμένων χώμα νομίζεσθω
τύμβος σᾶς ἀλόχου, θεοὺς δὲ ὀμοίως
tιμάσθω, σέβας ἐμπόρων.

καὶ τις δοχμίαν κέλευθον
eμβαίνων τὸδ' ἔρειν.

τύμβος σᾶς ἀλόχου, θεοὺς δὲ ὀμοίως
tιμάσθω, σέβας ἐμπόρων.

καὶ τις δοχμίαν κέλευθον
eμβαίνων τὸδ' ἔρειν.

αὕτα ποτὲ προῦθαν ἀνδρός,
νῦν δ' ἐστὶ μάκαιρα δαίμων
χαίρ', ὡ πότνι', εὗ δὲ δοῦτης.
tοῖαί νυν προσεροῦσι φάμαι.

καὶ μὴν ὅδ', ὡς ἔοικεν, Ἀλκμήνης γόνος,
'Αδμητε, πρὸς σὴν ἐστίαν πορεύεται.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

φίλου πρὸς ἄνδρα χρή λέγειν ἐλευθέρως.
'Αδμητε, μομφὰς δ' οὐχ ὑπὸ σπλάγχνως ἔχειν

σιγῶντι. ἔγω δὲ σοὶς κακοίσιν ἥξιον

ἐγγὺς παρέστως εξετάζεσθαι φίλος.

σὺ δ' οὐκ ἐφραζὲς σὴς προκείμενον νέκυν
γυναικὸς, ἀλλὰ μ' ἐξενίζες ἐν δόμοις,

ἐκεῖνα θυραίον πήματος σπουδὴν ἔχων.

490
ALCESTIS

From the nethergloom up to the light.
Yea, the heroes of Gods begotten,
They fade into darkness, forgotten
In death's chill night.

Dear was she in days ere we lost her,
Dear yet, though she lie with the dead.
None nobler shall Earth-mother foster
Than the wife of thy bed.

Not as mounds of the dead which have died, so
account we the tomb of thy bride;
But O, let the worship and honour that we render to
Gods rest upon her:

Unto her let the wayfarer pray.
As he treadeth the pathway that trendeth
Aside from the highway, and bendeth
At her-shrine, he shall say:
"Her life for her lord's was given;
With the Blest now abides she on high.
Hail, Queen, show us grace from thine
heaven!"

Even so shall they cry.

But lo, Alcmena's son, as seemeth, yonder,
Admetus, to thine hearth is journeying.

Enter Hercules, leading a woman wholly veiled.

HERCULES

Unto a friend behoveth speech outspoken,
Admetus, not to hide within the breast
Murmurs unvoiced. I came mid thine affliction:
Fair claim was mine to rank amidst thy friends:
Thou told'st me not how lay thy wife a corpse;
Thou gavest me guest-welcome in thine home,
Making pretence of mourning for a stranger.
ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

κάστεψα κράτα καὶ θεοῖς ἐλευσάμην
σπονδᾶς ἐν οἴκοις δυστυχοῦσι τοῖς σοῖς.
καὶ μεμφομαι μὲν μέμφομαι παθῶν τάδε,
οὐ μὴ σὲ λυπεῖν ἐν κακοῖσι βούλομαι.
ἂν δὲ εἶνεχ’ ἢκω δεύρ’ ὑποστρέφας πάλιν
λέξοι. γυναῖκα τήνδε μοι σῶσον λαβῶν,
ἐὼς ἀν ἵππους δεῦρο Θηρικάς ἄγων
ἐλθὼν, τύραννον Βιστόκων κατακτανών.
πράξας δ’ δ’ μὴ τύχοιμι, νοστήσαμι γάρ,
διόδωμι τήνδε σοῖς προσπολείν δόμοις.
πολλῷ δ’ ἐκόθῳ χείρας ἠλθεν εἰς ἐμᾶς·
ἀγώνα γὰρ πάνθημον εὐρύσκω τινᾶς
τιθέντας, ἀθλητάσων ἄξιον πόνον,
ὡςν κομίζω τήνδε νυκτήρα
λαβῶν· τὰ μὲν γὰρ κύρια τοῖς νυκτῶσιν ἦν
ἵππους ἄγεσθαι, τοῖς δ’ αὐτ’ τὰ μεῖζονα
νυκτοὶ, τυγμὴν καὶ πάλην, βουφόρβια·
γυνὴ δ’ ἐπ’ αὐτοῖς ἐπετεί. ἐμπυκτύνι τὸ
αισχρόν παρεῖναι κέρδος ἢν τὸδε εὐκλεές.
ἀλλ’, ὥσπερ ἵππον, σοι μέλειν γυναῖκα χρή·
οὐ γὰρ κλοπαίαν, ἀλλὰ σὺν πόνῳ λαβῶν
ὄκκω· χρόνῳ δὲ καὶ σὺ μ’ αἰνέσεις ἵσως.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

οὔτοι σ’ ἀτέξων οὖν ἐν ἔχθροισιν τιθεὶς
ἐκρυψ’ ἐμῆς γυναίκος ἀθλίους τύχας·
ἀλλ’ ἄλγος ἄλγει τοῦτ’ ἂν ἢν προσκείμενον,
εἰ τοῦ πρός ἄλλου δόμαθ’ ὁμήθης ξένου·
ἄλις δὲ κλαλεῖν τούμον ἦν ἐμοὶ κακὸν.
γυναῖκα δ’, εἰ πως ἐστίν, αἰτοῦμαι σ’, ἀναξ,
ἄλλων τω’ ὅστις μὴ πέπουθεν ο’ ἐγὼ
σώζειν ἀνωχθ’ Θεσσαλῶν· πολλοὶ δὲ σοι
ξένοι Φεραιῶν· μή μ’ ἀναμνήσῃς κακῶν.
ALCESTIS

I wreathed mine head, I spilled unto the Gods
Drink-offerings in a stricken house, even thine.
I blame thee, thus mishandled, yea, I blame;
Yet nowise is my will to gall thy grief.

But wherefore hither turning back I come,
This will I tell. Take, guard for me this maid,
Till, leading hitherward the Thracian mares,
I come from slaughter of Bistonia's lord.
But if I fall—no, no! I must return!—
I give her then, for service of thine halls.
Prize of hard toil unto mine hands she came:
For certain men I found but now arraying
An athlete-strife, toil-worthy, for all comers,
Whence I have won and bring this victor's meed.

Horses there were for them to take which won
The light foot's triumph; but for hero-strife,
Boxing and wrestling, oxen were the guerdon;
A woman made it richer. Shame it seemed
To hap thereon, and slip this glorious gain.
But, as I said, this woman be thy care;
For no thief's prize, but toil-achieved, I bring her.
Yea, one day thou perchance shalt say 'twas well.

ADMETUS

Not flouting thee, nor counting among foes,
My wife's unhappy fate I hid from thee.
But this had been but grief uppiled on grief,
Hadst thou sped hence to be another's guest;
And mine own ills sufficed me to bewail.
Yon maid—I pray thee, if it may be, prince,
Bid some Thessalian ward her, who hath not
Suffered as I: thou hast many friends in Pherae.
Oh, waken not remembrance of my grief!
ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

οὐκ ἂν δυναίμην τήνδ’ ὅρῶν ἐν δῶμασιν ἀδάκρυς εἶναι· μὴ νοσοῦντι μοι νόσον προσθῆς· ἄλις γὰρ συμφορὰ βαρύνομαι. ποῦ καὶ τρέφοντ’ ἂν δωμάτων νέα γυνὴ; νέα γὰρ, ὡς ἐσθήτη καὶ κόσμῳ πρέπει. πότερα μετ’ ἀνδρῶν δὴ ἔνοικήσει στέγην; καὶ πῶς ἀκαρφῆς ἐν νέοισι στραφωμένη ἔσται; τὸν ἡβοῦθ’, Ἡράκλεις, οὐράδιον εἰργεῖν· ἐγὼ δὲ σοῦ προμηθέαν ἐχω. ἡ τῆς θανοῦσας θάλαμον εἰσβήγας τρέφω; καὶ πῶς ἐπεισφῶ τήνδε τῷ κείσθη λέγει; διπλῆν φοβοῦμαι μέμνην, ἐκ τε δημοτῶν, μὴ τίς μ’ ἐλέγξῃ τὴν ἐμὴν ἐνεργέτην προδότη ἐν ἄλλης δεμνίως πίπτειν νέας, καὶ τῆς θανοῦσας· ἥξει δ’ ἐμοὶ σέβεσθεν πολλὴν πρόνοιαν δεὶ μ’ ἔχειν. σὺ δ’, ὦ γύναι, ἡτίς ποτ’ εἰ σὺ, ταῦτ’ ἔχουσ’ Ἀλκήστιδι μορφῆς μέτρ’ ἵσθι καὶ προσήξαι δέμας. σύμων. κόμιζε πρὸς θεῶν ἐξ ὀμμάτων γυναίκα τήνδε, μὴ μ’ ἔλης ἤρθημένου. δοκῶ γὰρ αὕτην εἰσορῶν γυναῖχ’ ὅραν ἐμὴν’ θολοὶ δὲ καρδίαν, ἐκ δ’ ὀμμάτων πηγαί κατερρώγασιν· ὁ τλῆμων ἐγὼ, ὡς ἀρτί πένθους τούδε γεύσομαι πικροῦ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἐγὼ μὲν οὐκ ἔχομι ἂν εὐ λέγειν τύχην· χρῆ δ’, ὡς ταῖς εἰσὶ, καρπερεῖν θεοῦ δόσων.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

ei γὰρ τοσαύτην δύναμιν εἶχον ὡστε σὴν εἰς φῶς πορεύσαι νερτέρων ἐκ δωμάτων γυναίκα καὶ σοι τήνδε ποροῦναι χάριν.
ALCESTIS

I could not, seeing her mine halls within,
Be tearless: add not hurt unto mine hurt;
Burdened enough am I by mine affliction.
Nay, in mine house where should a young maid lodge?—
For vesture and adorning speak her young:—
What, 'neath the men's roof shall her lodging be?
And how unsullied, dwelling with young men?
Not easy is it, Hercules, to curb
The young: herein do I take thought for thee.
Or shall I ope to her my dead wife's bower?
How!—cause her to usurp my lost love's bed?
Twofold reproach I dread—first, from my folk,
Lest any say that, traitor to my saviour,
I fall upon another woman's bed;
Then, from my dead wife—oh, she is reverence-worthy!—

Of her must I be heedful. Woman, thou,
Whoso thou art, know that thy body's stature
Is as Alcestis, and thy form as hers.
Ah me!—lead, for the Gods' sake, from my sight
This woman! Take not my captivity captive.
For, as I look on her, methinks I see
My wife: she stirs mine heart with turmoil: fountains
Of tears burst from mine eyes. O wretched I!
Now first I taste this grief's full bitterness.

CHORUS

In sooth thy fortune can I not commend:
Yet all Heaven's visitations must we bear.

HERCULES

O that such might I had as back to bring
To light thy wife from nethergloom abodes,
And to bestow this kindness upon thee!
ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ἈΔΜΗΤΟΣ
σὰφ' οἶδα βούλεσθαι σ' ἄν. ἀλλὰ ποῦ τόδε; οὐκ ἔστι τοὺς θανόντας εἰς φάος μολεῖν.

ἩΡΑΚΛΗΣ
μὴ νυν ὑπέρβαλλ', ἀλλ' ἐναισίμως φέρε.

ἈΔΜΗΤΟΣ
ῥᾶον παραψεῖν ἡ παθόντα καρτερεῖν.

ἩΡΑΚΛΗΣ
tί δ' ἄν προκόπτοις, εἰ θέλοις ἀεὶ στένειν;

ἈΔΜΗΤΟΣ
ἐγνωκα καυτός, ἀλλ' ἔρως τις ἐξάγει.

ἩΡΑΚΛΗΣ
tὸ γὰρ φιλήσαι τὸν θανόντ' ἀγεῖ δάκρυ.

ἈΔΜΗΤΟΣ
ἀπώλεσέν με, κατί μᾶλλον ἡ λέγω.

ἩΡΑΚΛΗΣ
γυναικὸς ἐσθλὴς ἰμπλακεῖ· τίς ἀντερεῖ;

ἈΔΜΗΤΟΣ
ὡστ' ἀνδρα τόνδε μηκέθ' ἤδεσθαι βίω.

ἩΡΑΚΛΗΣ
χρόνος μαλάξει, νῦν δ' ἐθ' ἤβα σοι κακὸν.

ἈΔΜΗΤΟΣ
χρόνον λέγοις ἄν, εἰ χρόνος τὸ κατθανεῖν.

ἩΡΑΚΛΗΣ
γυνὴ σε παύσει καὶ νέου γάμου πόθοι.

ἈΔΜΗΤΟΣ
σίγησον· ὅλον εἴπας. οὐκ ἄν φῶμην.

ἩΡΑΚΛΗΣ
tί δ'; οὐ γαμεῖς γάρ, ἀλλὰ χηρεύσει λέχος;

ἈΔΜΗΤΟΣ
οὐκ ἔστιν ἢτις τῶδε συγκληθήσεται.

1080

1090

496
ALCESTIS

ADMETUS
• Fain would'st thou, well I know. But wherefore this? It cannot be the dead to light should come.

HERCULES
O'ershoot not thou the mark; bear bravely all.

ADMETUS
Easier to exhort than suffer and be strong.

HERCULES
But what thy profit, though for aye thou moan?

ADMETUS
I too know this; yet love drives me distraught. 1080

HERCULES
Love for the lost—ay, that draws forth the tear.

ADMETUS
She hath undone me more than words can tell.

HERCULES
A good wife hast thou lost, who shall gainsay?

ADMETUS
So that thy friend hath no more joy in life.

HERCULES
Time shall bring healing; now is thy grief young.

ADMETUS
Time—time?—O yea, if this thy Time be Death!

HERCULES
A young wife, new love-yearning, shall console thee.

ADMETUS
Hush!—what say'st thou?—I could not think there-on!

HERCULES
How?—wilt not wed, but widowed keep thy couch?

ADMETUS
Lives not the woman that shall couch with me. 1090
ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ
μῶν τὴν θανοῦσαν ὄφελείν τι προσδοκάς;
ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ
κεῖνην ὀποποιήρ ἐστὶ τιμᾶσθαι χρεών.
ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ
αἰών μὲν αἰῶν. μορίαν δ' ὀφλισκάνεις.
ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ
ὡς μὴ ποτ' ἀνδρα τόνδε νυμφίον καλῶν.
ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ
ἐπήνεσ' ἀλόχως πιστῶς οὖνεκ' εἰ φίλος.
ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ
θάνοιμ' ἐκεῖνην καίπερ ὅκα οὖναν προδούς.
ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ
δέχου νυν εἰσώ τήνδε γενναίων δόμων.
ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ
μή, πρὸς σε τού σπείραντος ἀντομαί Διός.
ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ
καὶ μὴν ἀμαρτήσει γε μὴ δράσας τάδε.
ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ
καὶ δρῶν γε λύπη καρδίαν δηχθήσομαι.
ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ
πιθοῦ· τὰχ' ἀν γὰρ εἰς δέον πέσοι χάρις.
ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ
φεῦ·
εἰθ' ἐξ ἀγώνος τήνδε μὴ ἱλαβήσῃ ποτὲ.
ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ
νικῶντι μέντοι καὶ σὺ συννικάς ἐμοί.
ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ
καλῶς ἔλεξας· ἢ γνὺ ὅ' ἀπελθέτω.
ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ
ἀπεισών, εἰ χρή· πρῶτα δ' εἰ χρεών ἄθρει.
ALCESTIS

HERCULES
Look'st thou that this shall profit aught the dead?

ADMETUS
I needs must honour her where'er she be.

HERCULES
Good—good—yet this the world calls foolishness.

ADMETUS
So be it, so thou call me bridegroom never.

HERCULES
I praise thee, in that leal thou art to her.

ADMETUS
I?—false to her, though dead?—may I die first!

HERCULES
Receive this woman then these halls within.

ADMETUS
Nay!—I implore thee by thy father Zeus!

HERCULES
Yet shalt thou err if thou do not this thing.

ADMETUS
Yet shall mine heart be tortured, if I do it.

HERCULES
Yield thou: this grace may prove perchance a duty.

ADMETUS
O that in strife thou ne'er hadst won this maid!

HERCULES
Yet thy friend's victory is surely thine.

ADMETUS
Well said: yet let the woman hence depart.

HERCULES
Yea—if need be. First look well—need it be?
ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

χρή, σοῦ γε μὴ μέλλοντος ὄργανευν ἐμοὶ.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

εἰδὼς τι κἀγὼ τὴν ἐχὼ προθυμίαν.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

νίκα νυν. οὐ μὴν ἀνδάνοντά μοι ποιεῖς.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

αλλ' ἔσοθ' ὃθ' ἡμᾶς αἰνέσεις. πιθοῦ μόνον.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

κομίζετ', εἰ χρή τήνδε δέξασθαι δόμοις.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

οὐκ ἀν μεθεῖν τὴν γυναῖκα προσπόλοις.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

σὺ δ' αὐτὸς αὐτὴν εἰσαγ', εἰ βούλεις, δόμοις.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

εἰς σᾶς μὲν οὖν ἐγὼ γε θήσομαι χέρας.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

οὐκ ἀν θύγομι. δώματ' εἰσελθεῖν πάρα.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

τῇ σῇ πέποιθα χειρὶ δεξιὰ μόνη.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ἀνάξ, βιάζει μ' οὐ θέλοντα δρᾶν τάδε.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

tόλμα προτείναι χείρα καὶ θυγεῖν ξένης.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

καὶ δὴ προτείνω, Γοργόν ὡς καρατομῶν.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

ἐχείς;

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ἐχω.

500
ALCESTIS

ADMETUS
Needs must—save thou wilt else be wroth with me.

HERCULES
I too know what I do, insisting thus.

ADMETUS
Have then thy will: thy pleasure is my pain.

HERCULES
Yet one day shalt thou praise me: only yield.

ADMETUS (to attendants)
Lead ye her, if mine halls must needs receive.

HERCULES
Nay, to no servants' hands will I commit her.

ADMETUS
Thou lead her in then, if it seems thee good.

HERCULES
Nay, but in thine hands will I place her—thine.

ADMETUS
I will not touch her! Open stand my doors.

HERCULES
Unto thy right hand only trust I her.

ADMETUS
King, thou dost force me, sore against my will!

HERCULES
Be strong: stretch forth thine hand and touch thy guest.

ADMETUS (turning his face away)
I do, as one who doth behead a Gorgon.

HERCULES
Hast her?

ADMETUS
I have.
ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

1120

ναί, σφιξε νυν, καὶ τὸν Διὸς
φήσεις ποτ’ εἶναι παιδα γενναῖον ἔξων.
βλέψον πρὸς αὐτήν, εἰ τι σὴ δοκεῖ πρέπειν
γυναῖκι. λύπης δ’ εὔτυχῶν μεθίστασο.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ω θεοί, τί λέξω; θαύμ’ ἀνέλπιστον τόδε;
γυναῖκα λεύσω τὴν ἐμὴν ἐτητύμως,
ἡ κέρτομος με θεοῦ τις ἐκπλήσσει χαρά;

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

οὐκ ἔστωι, ἀλλὰ τὴν ὀρᾶς δάμαρτα σήν.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ὄρα γε μή τι φάσμα νερτέρων τόδ’ ή.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

1130

οὐ ψυχαγωγόν τόνδ’ ἐποιήσῳ ἔξων.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ἀλλ’ ἢν ἔθαπτον εἰσορῶ δάμαρτ’ ἐμήν;

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

σάφ’ ἵσθ’. ἀπιστεῖν δ’ οὐ σε θαυμάζω τύχην.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

θίγω, προσείπω ζωσαν ὡς δάμαρτ’ ἐμὴν;

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

πρόσειπ’. ἔχεις γὰρ πάν ὀσονπερ ἤθελες.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ὁ φιλτάτης γυναικὸς ὁμμα καὶ δέμας,
ἔχω σ’ ἀνέλπτως, οὔποτ’ ὄψεσθαι δοκῶν.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

ἔχεις. φθόνος δὲ μὴ γένοιτό τις θεῶν.
ALCESTIS

HERCULES

Yea, guard her. Thou shalt call
The child of Zeus one day a noble guest. 1120
[Raises the veil, and discloses ALCESTIS.

Look on her, if in aught she seems to thee
Like to thy wife. Step forth from grief to bliss.

ADMETUS

What shall I say?—Gods! Marvel this unhoped for!
My wife do I behold in very sooth,
Or doth some god-sent mockery-joy distract me?

HERCULES

Not so; but this thou seest is thy wife.

ADMETUS

What if this be some phantom from the shades?

HERCULES

No ghost-upraiser hast thou ta'en for guest.

ADMETUS

How?—whom I buried do I see—my wife?

HERCULES

Doubt not: yet might'st thou well mistrust thy fortune. 1130

ADMETUS

As wife, as living, may I touch, address her?

HERCULES

Speak to her: all thou didst desire thou hast.

ADMETUS

Oh dearest!—wife!—sweet face!—belovèd form!
Past hope I have thee! Never I thought to see thee!

HERCULES

Thou hast: may no God of thy bliss be jealous.
ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ
ά τοῦ μεγίστου Ζηνόδε εὐγενές τέκνον,
eιδαμονοῦνς, καὶ σ’ ο’ φιτύσας πατήρ
σφόξιν. συ γὰρ δὴ τάμ’ ἀνώρθωσας μόνος.
πῶς τὴν ἔπεμψας νέρθην εἰς φάος τόδε;

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ
μάχην συνάψας δαμόνων τῷ κυρίῳ.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ
ποῦ τόνδε Θανάτῳ φῆς ἀγώνα συμβαλεῖν;

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ
τύμβον παρ’ αὐτὸν ἐκ λόχου μάρψας χεροῖν.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ
τί γὰρ ποθ’ ἂναυδός ἐστηκεν γυνῇ;

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ
οὔπω θέμισ οὐ τής δε προσφωνημάτων
κλύειν, πρὶν ἄν θεοῖσι τοῖς νερτέροις
ἀφαγνίσηται καὶ τρίτων μόλις φάος.
ἀλλ’ εἰςαγ’ εἰσῳ τήνδε· καὶ δύκαιος ὁ
τὸ λοιπὸν, ’Αδμήτ’, εὑσέβει περὶ ξένουσ.
καὶ χαῖρ’· ἐγὼ δὲ τὸν προκείμενον πόνον
Σθενέλου τυράννῳ παιδὶ ποροσωνὸ μολὼν.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ
μείνων παρ’ ἥμιν καὶ συνέστιος γενοῦ.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ
αὕτης τόδ’ ἔσται, νῦν δ’ ἐπείγεσθαι με δεῖ.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ
ἀλλ’ εὐτυχοῖς, νόστιμον δ’ ἐλθοὺς ὀδὸν.
ἀστοῖς δὲ πάσῃ τ’ ἐννέα πετραρχίας,
χοροῦς ἐπ’ ἐσθλαις συμφοραῖσιν ἵσταναι
βωμοῦς τε κυνάν βουθύτουσι προστροπαῖς.
ALCESTIS

ADMETUS
O scion nobly-born of Zeus most high,
Blessings on thee! The Father who begat thee
Keep thee! Thou only hast restored my fortunes.
How didst thou bring her from the shades to light?

HERCULES
I closed in conflict with the Lord of Spirits.

ADMETUS
Where, say'st thou, didst thou fight this fight with
Death?

HERCULES
From ambush by the tomb mine hands ensnared him.

ADMETUS
Now wherefore speechless standeth thus my wife?

HERCULES
'Tis not vouchsafed thee yet to hear her voice,
Ere to the Powers beneath the earth she be
Unconsecrated, and the third day come.
But lead her in, and, just man as thou art,
Henceforth, Admetus, reverence still the guest.
Farewell. But I must go, and work the work
Set by the king, the son of Sthenelus.

ADMETUS
Abide with us, a sharer of our hearth.

HERCULES
Hereafter this: now must I hasten on.

ADMETUS
O prosper thou, and come again in peace!

[Exit HERCULES.

Through all my realm I publish to my folk
That, for these blessings, dances they array,
And that atonement-fumes from altars rise.
ΑΛΚΗΣΤΗΣ

νῦν γὰρ μεθηρμόσμεσθα βελτίω βίων
tοῦ πρόσθεν· οὐ γὰρ εὐτυχῶν ἀρνήσομαι.

χορος

πολλαὶ μορφαὶ τῶν δαίμονίων,
pολλὰ δὲ ἁέλπτως κραίνονσι θεοὶ·
καὶ τὰ δοκηθέντ' οὐκ ἐτελέσθη,
tῶν δὲ ἁδοκήτων πόρον ἠφε ἥθεος.
-οἰονδ' ἀπέβη τόδε πρᾶγμα.
ALCESTIS

For now to happier days than those o’erpast
Havc we attained. I own me blest indeed.

CHORUS

O the works of the Gods—in manifold forms they
reveal them:
Manifold things unhoped-for the Gods to accom-
plishment bring.
And the things that we looked for, the Gods deign
not to fulfil them;
And the paths undiscerned of our eyes, the Gods
unseal them.
So fell this marvellous thing.

[Exeunt omnes.

END OF VOL. IV
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