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Sophocles
The Doyle Collection

Given in memory of Edwin J. Doyle
Associate Professor of Classics, by his family.

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SOPHOCLES.
STATUE IN THE LATERAN MUSEUM, ROME.
SOPHOCLES

WITH AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY
F. STORR, B.A.
FORMERLY SCHOLAR OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

IN TWO VOLUMES
I

OEDIPUS THE KING
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS
ANTIGONE

LONDON: WILLIAM HEINEMANN
NEW YORK: THE MACMILLAN CO.
MCMXII
SOPHOCLES

STATUE IN THE LATERAN MUSEUM
Scribables
The Manual of Penmanship

London: William Heinemann
New York: The Macmillan Co.
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IN TWO VOLUMES
I

OEDIPUS THE KING
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LONDON: WILLIAM HEINEMANN
NEW YORK: THE MACMILLAN CO.
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INTRODUCTION

Salamis, one of the decisive battles of the world, which saved not only Greece but western civilization, is a connecting link between the three great Attic tragedians. Aeschylus, then in his prime, fought himself and celebrated the victory in his Persae; Sophocles, a boy of fifteen, was chosen for his beauty and musical skill as leader of the youthful choir who danced and sang a paean round the trophy; and Euripides, according to tradition, was born on the very day of the battle.

In his art, no less than in his age, Sophocles stands half way between the primitive faith and large utterance of Aeschylus, the “superman,” and the lyric pathos, “the touch of all things human,” of Euripides the Rationalist.

Of his private life, if we neglect later myth and gossip, there is little to tell. As Phrynicus wrote shortly after his death, “Thus happily ended a life without one mishap.” He was born at Colonus (495 B.C.), that deme of Athens which he afterwards immortalized in what Cicero pronounced the sweetest.
INTRODUCTION

of all lyrics, and his father Sophilus, a well-to-do Athenian (probably a master-cutler) gave him the best education of the day—in music, dancing, and gymnastics. Endowed with every gift of nature, both physical and mental, from the very first, he carried all before him. When he began to dramatize we know not, but in 468 he won the first prize, probably with the Triptolemus, a lost play, and there is no reason to doubt the story that it was awarded to him by Cimon, the successful general to whom the Archon Eponymus of the year deferred the decision.

The year 440 B.C. was to Sophocles what 1850 A.D. was to Tennyson, the grand climacteric of his life. After, and partly at least in consequence of his Antigone, which took the town by storm, he was appointed one of the ten strategi sent with Pericles to reduce the aristocratic revolt in Samos. If the poet won no fresh laurels in the field he did not forfeit the esteem and admiration of his countrymen, who conferred on him various posts of distinction, just as the age of Queen Anne rewarded Addison and Prior with secretaryships, or as the United States sent us Lowell as ambassador. He was President of the Ελληνοραμίαι or Imperial Treasurers of the tribute. After the Sicilian disaster in 413 he was viii
appointed a member of the Πρόβοσιον or Committee of Public Safety. The pretty story told by Cicero in the De Senectute of his last appearance in public in extreme old age and his triumphant acquittal by the jury is too familiar to be repeated, and is probably a fiction, but it serves as evidence of his popularity to the very end. He had seen the rise of Athens and identified himself with her glory, and he was spared by a happy death from witnessing her final fall at the battle of Aegospotami (405 B.C.).

"His life was gentle." Gentle is the word by which critics ancient and modern have agreed to characterize him. The epitaph is Shakespeare's, and Ben Jonson applies it to Shakespeare himself, but it fits even more aptly the sweet singer of Colonus, in whom "the elements were so mixed" as to form what the Greeks expressed by ἅγκολος. In the famous line of Aristophanes:

ö δ' ἁγκολος μὲν ἐνθάδ', ἁγκολος δ' ἐκεί.
Sweet-tempered as on earth, so here below.

The one aspersion on his character is that in his younger days he was a passionate lover, but the charge rests on a passage in the opening scene of the Republic of Plato which will bear a milder interpretation. When Sophocles, as there reported, expressed his satisfaction
INTRODUCTION

at escaping from a savage and tyrannous monster, he surely did not mean that he had been a libertine, but that old age had removed him from temptations to which he may never have succumbed. In all antiquity there is not a purer-minded poet, and (as in the case of Virgil and Shakespeare) we may discredit and ignore the unsavoury gossip of Athenaeus and the scandal-mongers of a later age.

Since his death the fame of Sophocles has grown and never suffered eclipse. To Aristotle no less than to Aristophanes he is the greatest of dramatists, and in the Poetics the Oedipus Rex is held up as the model of a tragedy. To Virgil who freely imitated him "the buskin of Sophocles" is a synonym for dramatic perfection. Racine and Lessing prized him no less highly, and Sophocles was the volume that Shelley carried with him to his watery grave.

The Merope of Matthew Arnold is a far-off echo of the Electra of Sophocles, and no finer or truer tribute has been paid to a poet than the sonnet in which Arnold renders his special thanks to him

"Whose even-balanced soul,
From first youth tested up to extreme old age,
Business could not make dull, nor passion wild;
Who saw life steadily, and saw it whole,
The mellow glory of the Attic stage,
Singer of sweet Colonus and its child."

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INTRODUCTION

For a discussion of the genius of Sophocles as a dramatist and a poet, his relation to his older and younger contemporary, his religious and political creed, we must be content to refer our readers to the Bibliography, but a few words may be permitted on his language as it affects the translator. Dr. Warren has pronounced Sophocles "the least translatable and the least imitable of the Greeks," and it is in the second epithet that the translator may find his best excuse for attempting the impossible. Greek critics assigned to Sophocles in his maturity "the common or middle diction," that is, a diction half way between the pomp of Aeschylus and the language of everyday prose, and Wordsworth might have taken him to illustrate the canon laid down in his Preface to "Lyrical Ballads." Coleridge might no less have chosen Sophocles to refute that canon. The words themselves are familiar in men's ears, but in Sophocles they have gained a new significance, sometimes simply from their collocation, sometimes by a reversion to their first meanings, oftener because (as in Virgil) they denote one thing and connote others. It is no paradox to say that the ease, the simplicity, the seeming transparency of the language, constitute the translator's main difficulty. In the present instance he is painfully conscious of his
INTRODUCTION

failure to preserve this simplicity and transfer these latent meanings, but he has sought to be faithful and the prospect of the text facing him has been a righteous terror. At the same time he has held as a first principle that, whatever else it is, a translation must be English, that is to say, it must be intelligible and enjoyable without a knowledge of the original.

One or two instances may be given from the Oedipus Rex. Line 67 is literally rendered by Jebb, "I have gone many ways in the wanderings of thought," but to a Greek scholar it is no less sublime than, in another style, Milton's "thoughts that wander through eternity." To convey this sublimity in another tongue is as hard as it would be to render in French "Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean." Lines 736-7 are the turning point, the climax, as it were, of the play, but in language they hardly differ from prose:—"As I heard you speak just now, lady, what wandering of the soul, what upheaval of the mind, have come upon me!"

The second point may be illustrated from a recent version of the play by an eminent Professor. He begins,

"Fresh brood of bygone Cadmus, children dear,
What is this posture of your sessions here
—Betufted on your supplicating rods?"

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INTRODUCTION

We defy any Englishman without a knowledge of the Greek to make any sense of the third line. So with the Choruses. To preserve in rhyme the correspondence of Strophe and Antistrophe (Turn and Counterturn they are here called), is at best an exhibition of tight-rope dancing.

These seven plays are all that are left to us of some 120, except in fragments and a considerable portion of a Satyric Drama, the 'Iχνευταί' or Trackers. The order in which they were composed and produced is largely a matter of conjecture. All we know for certain is that the Antigone was the first (some, however, put the Ajax before it), and the Oedipus Coloneus, produced by the poet's grandson, three years after the death of Sophocles, was the last of the seven. The following may be taken as an approximation:—Antigone, Electra, Ajax, Oedipus Rex, Trachiniae, Philoctetes, Oedipus Coloneus.

The Greek text is based on Dindorf (latest edition), but this has been carefully collated with Jebb's edition and in most cases the English has been preferred to the German editor.

It remains to express my deep obligations not only to the text but to the commentary and prose translation of the great scholar who for more than forty years honoured me with his friendship. I have not
INTRODUCTION

consciously borrowed from his rendering, but there is hardly a line in which I am not indebted to him for a fuller appreciation of the meaning and significance.

To three other life-long friends, all three rival translators of Sophocles in whole or in part, I am indebted for generous help and counsel. Sir George Young, Mr. E. D. A. Morshead, and Professor Gilbert Murray read and freely criticized my first essay which has been kept for more than the statutory nine years or Horace, and it was their encouragement that made me persevere in what has proved the pleasantest of all holiday tasks.
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III. Subsidia to study of Sophocles:—

OEDIPUS THE KING
ARGUMENT

To Laïus, King of Thebes, an oracle foretold that the child born to him by his queen Jocasta would slay his father and wed his mother. So when in time a son was born the infant’s feet were riveted together and he was left to die on Mount Cithaeron. But a shepherd found the babe and tended him, and delivered him to another shepherd who took him to his master, the King of Corinth. Polybus being childless adopted the boy, who grew up believing that he was indeed the King’s son. Afterwards doubting his parentage he inquired of the Delphic god and heard himself the weird declared before to Laïus. Wherefore he fled from what he deemed his father’s house and in his flight he encountered and unwittingly slew his father Laïus. Arriving at Thebes he answered the riddle of the Sphinx and the grateful Thebans made their deliverer king. So he reigned in the room of Laïus, and espoused the widowed queen. Children were born to them and Thebes prospered under his rule, but again a grievous plague fell upon the city. Again the oracle was consulted and it bade them purge themselves of blood-
ARGUMENT

guiltiness. Oedipus denounces the crime of which he is unaware, and undertakes to track out the criminal. Step by step it is brought home to him that he is the man. The closing scene reveals Jocasta slain by her own hand and Oedipus blinded by his own act and praying for death or exile.
ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΡΑΜΑΤΟΣ ΠΡΟΣΩΠΑ

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ
ΙΕΡΕΤΣ
ΚΡΕΩΝ
ΧΟΡΟΣ ΓΕΡΟΝΤΩΝ ΘΒΑΙΩΝ
ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ
ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ
ΑΙΓΕΛΟΣ
ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ ΔΛΙΟΤ
ΕΞΑΓΕΛΟΣ
DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Oedipus.
The Priest of Zeus.
Creon.
Chorus of Theban Elders.
Teiresias.
Jocasta.
Messenger.
Herd of Laïus.
Second Messenger.

Scene:—Thebes. Before the Palace of Oedipus.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

'Ω τέκνα, Κάδμου τού πάλαι νέα τροφή, τίνας ποθ' ἐδρας τάσδε μοι θοάζετε ἰκτηρίοις κλάδουσιν ἐξεστεμένους; πόλις δ' ὁμοῦ μὲν θυμιαμάτων γέμει, ὁμοῦ δὲ παιάνων τε καὶ στεναγμάτων· ἄγω δικαιῶν μὴ παρ' ἄγγέλων, τέκνα, ἄλλων ἀκούειν αὐτὸς ὁ δ' ἐλήλυθα, ὁ πᾶσι κλεινὸς Οἰδίπος καλούμενος. ἀλλ' ὁ γεραιέ, φράζ', ἐπεὶ πρέπων ἐφυς πρὸ τῶνδε φονεῖν, τίνι τρόπῳ καθέστατε, δείσαντες ἢ στέρξαντες; ὡς θελοντος ἄν ἐμοῦ προσαρκεῖν πᾶν· δυσάλγητος γὰρ ἄν εἰην τοιάνδε μή οὐ κατοικτήρων ἐδραν.

ΙΕΡΕΤΖ

ἀλλ' ὁ κρατύσων Οἰδίπος χώρας ἐμῆς, ὀρᾶς μὲν ἡμᾶς ἥλικοι προσήμεθα βωμοῖσι τοῖς σοῖς· οἱ μὲν οὐδέπω μακρὰν πτέσθαι σθένοντες, οἱ δὲ σὺν γῆρα βαρεῖς, ἱερῆς, ἐγὼ μὲν Ζηνός, οὗτε τ' ἀθέον λεκτοί· τὸ δ' ἄλλο φῦλον ἐξεστεμένον ἀγοραίσι θακεῖ πρὸς τε Παλλάδος δυπλοῖς ναοῖς, ἐπ' Ἰσμηνοῦ τε μαντεία σποδῆ.
OEDIPUS THE KING

Suppliants of all ages are seated round the altar at the palace doors, at their head a Priest of Zeus.
To them enter Oedipus.

OEDIPUS
My children, latest born to Cadmus old,
Why sit ye here as suppliants, in your hands
Branches of olive filleted with wool?
What means this reek of incense everywhere,
And everywhere laments and litanies?
Children, it were not meet that I should learn
From others, and am hither come, myself,
I Oedipus, your world-renownèd king.
Ho! aged sire, whose venerable locks
Proclaim thee spokesman of this company,
Explain your mood and purport. Is it dread
Of ill that moves you or a boon ye crave?
My zeal in your behalf ye cannot doubt;
Ruthless indeed were I and obdurate
If such petitioners as you I spurned.

PRIEST
Yea, Oedipus, my sovereign lord and king,
Thou seest how both extremes of age besiege
Thy palace altars—fledglings hardly winged,
And greybeards bowed with years; priests, as am I
Of Zeus, and these the flower of our youth.
Meanwhile, the common folk, with wreathèd boughs
Crowd our two market-places, or before
Both shrines of Pallas congregate, or where
Ismenus gives his oracles by fire.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

πόλις γάρ, ὥσπερ καύτος εἰσορᾶς, ἀγαν ἦδη σαλεύει κάνακουφίσαι κάρα βυθῶν ἔτ' οὐχ οὐλα τε φοινίου σάλου, φθίνουσα μὲν κάλυξιν ἐγκάρπτους χθονός, φθίνουσα δ' ἀγέλαις βουνόμοις τόκοις τε ἀγόνοις γυναικῶν· ἐν δ' ὁ πυρφόρος θεὸς σκήψας ἐλαύνει, λοιμὸς ἐχθιστος, πόλιν, ὑφ' οὐ κενοῦται δῶμα Καδμείων, μέλας δ' Αἰδης στεναγμὸι καὶ γόοις πλούτίζεται. 30
θεοῦσι μὲν νῦν οὐκ ἰσούμενον σ' ἐγὼ οὐδ' οἴδε παῖδες ἐξόμεσθ' ἐφέστιοι, ἀνδρῶν δὲ πρῶτον ἐν τε συμφοραῖς βίου κρίνοντες ἐν τε δαιμόνων συναλλαγαῖς· οἷς γ' ἐξέλυσας ἀστυ Καδμείων μολὼν σκληρᾶς αὐτοῦ δασμὸν ὃν παρείχομεν, καὶ ταῦθ' υφ' ἡμῶν οὐδὲν ἐξειδώς πλέον οὐδ' ἐκδίδαχθεῖς, ἀλλὰ προσθήκη θεοῦ λέγει νομίζει θ' ἡμῶν ὀρθώσαι βίον· νῦν τ', ὁ κράτιστον πᾶσιν Οἰδίποισι κάρα, ἰκετεύομεν σε πάντες οἴδε πρόστροφοι ἀλκήν τιν' εὑρεῖν ἡμῶν, εἰτε τοῦ θεοῦ φήμην ἀκούσας εἰτ' ἀπ' ἄνδρος οἰσιά του· ὥς τοῖσιν ἐμπείρουσι καὶ τὰς ἔμφορὰς ξώσας ὀρῶ μάλιστα τῶν βουλευμάτων. ἵθ', ὃ βροτῶν ἀριστ', ἀνόρθωσον πόλιν, ἵθ', εὐλαβήθησθ'· ὥς σε νῦν μὲν ἢδε γῇ σωτῆρα κλήζει τῆς πάρος προθυμίας· ἀρχής δὲ τῆς σῆς μηδαμῶς μεμνώμεθα

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OEDIPUS THE KING

For, as thou seest thyself, our ship of State,
Sore buffeted, can no more lift her head,
Founder ed beneath a weltering surge of blood.
A blight is on our harvest in the ear,
A blight upon the grazing flocks and herds,
A blight on wives in travail; and withal
Armed with his blazing torch the God of Plague
Hath swooped upon our city emptying
The house of Cadmus, and the murky realm
Of Pluto is full fed with groans and tears.
Therefore, O King, here at thy hearth we sit,
I and these children; not as deeming thee
An equal of the gods, but first of men;
First in the common accidents of life,
And first in visitations of the Gods.
Art thou not he who coming to the town
Of Cadmus freed us from the tax we paid
To the fell songstress? Nor hadst thou received
Prompting from us or been by others schooled;
No, by a god inspired (so all men deem,
And testify) thou didst renew our life.
And now, O Oedipus, our peerless king,
All we thy votaries beseech thee, find
Some succour, whether by a voice from heaven
Whispered, or haply known by human wit.
Tried counsellors, methinks, are aptest found 1
To furnish for the future pregnant rede.
Upraise, O chief of men, upraise our State!
Look to thy laurels! for thy zeal of yore
Our country's saviour thou art justly hailed:
O never may we thus record thy reign:—

1 Dr. Kennedy and others render "Since to men of experience I see that also comparisons of their counsels are in most lively use."
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

στάντες τ’ ες ὀρθῶν καὶ πεσόντες ύστερον. 50
 ἀλλ’ ἀσφαλεία τήνδ’ ἀνόρθωσον πόλιν·
 ὅρμιθι γὰρ καὶ τήν τότ’ αἰσθή τύχην
 παρέσχες ἡμῖν, καὶ ταῦτα ἰσός γενοῦ.
 ὡς εἴπερ ἁρξεῖς τῆς δὲ γῆς, ὡς περι κρατεῖς,
 ξίνι ἀνδράσιν κάλλιον ἡ κενής κρατεῖν
 ὥς οὐδέν ἐστιν οὔτε πύργος οὔτε ναῦς
 ἔρημος ἀνδρῶν μὴ ἴσωσικοῦντων ἐσο.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ

ὁ παῖδες οὐκτροί, γυνωτὰ κοῦκ ἀγνώτα μοι
 προσήλθεθ’ ἰμεῖροντες· εῦ γὰρ οἶδ’ ὅτι
 νοσεῖτε πάντες· καὶ νοσοῦντες, ὡς ἐγὼ
 οὐκ ἐστίν ὑμῶν ὅστις ἐξ ἴσου νοσεῖ.
 τὸ μὲν γὰρ ὑμῶν ἀλγος εἰς ἐν’ ἔρχεται
 μόνον καθ’ αὐτὸν κοῦδεν’ ἄλλον, ἡ δ’ ἐμὴ
 ψυχὴ πόλιν τέ κάμε καὶ σ’ ὅμοι στένει.
 ὡστ’ οὐχ ὑπνὸς γ’ εὐδοντά μ’ ἐξεγείρετε,
 ἄλλ’ ἵστε πολλὰ μὲν με δακρύσαντα δή,
 πολλὰς δ’ ὅδοις ἐλθόντα φροντίδος πλάνοις·
 ἦν δ’ εὖ σκοπῶν ἡμίρισκον ἰασὼν μόνην,
 ταῦτην ἔπραξα· παίδα γὰρ Μενοικέως
 Κρέοντ’, ἐμαυτοῦ γαμβρὸν, εἰς τὰ Πυθικὰ
 ἔπεμψα Φοῖβον δώμαθ’, ὡς πύθοιθ’ ὅ τι
 δρῶν ἢ τί φωνῶν τήνδε ὑσαίμην πόλιν.
 καὶ μ’ ἓμαρ ἢδ’ ἐκμετρούμενον χρόνῳ
 λυπεῖ τι πράσσει· τοῦ γὰρ εἰκότος πέρα
 ἀπεστὶ πλείῳ τοῦ καθήκοντος χρόνου.
 ὅταν δ’ ἵκηται, τηνικαύτ’ ἐγὼ κακὸς
 μὴ δρῶν ἢν εἶνα πάνθ’ ὡς’ ἀν δηλοὶ θεὸς.

ΙΕΡΕΤΣ

ἀλλ’ εἰς καλὸν σὺ τ’ εἶπας οἴδε τ’ ἱρτίως
 Κρέοντα προστείχοντα σημαίνουσι μοι.
OEDIPUS THE KING

"He raised us up only to cast us down."
Uplift us, build our city on a rock.
Thy happy star ascendant brought us luck,
O let it not decline! If thou wouldest rule
This land, as now thou reignest, better sure
To rule a peopled than a desert realm.
Nor battlements nor galleys aught avail,
If men to man and guards to guard them fail.

OEDIPUS
Ah! my poor children, known, ah, known too well,
The quest that brings you hither and your need.
Ye sicken all, well wot I, yet my pain,
How great soever yours, outtops it all.
Your sorrow touches each man severally,
Him and none other, but I grieve at once
Both for the general and myself and you.
Therefore ye rouse no sluggard from day-dreams.
Many, my children, are the tears I've wept,
And threaded many a maze of weary thought.
Thus pondering one clue of hope I caught,
And tracked it up; I have sent Menoeceus' son,
Creon, my consort's brother, to inquire
Of Pythian Phoebus at his Delphic shrine,
How I might save the State by act or word.
And now I reckon up the tale of days
Since he set forth, and marvel how he fares.
'Tis strange, this endless tarrying, passing strange.
But when he comes, then I were base indeed,
If I perform not all the god declares.

PRIEST
Thy words are well timed; even as thou speakest
That shouting tells me Creon is at hand.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΣ

όναξ Ἄπολλον, εἰ γὰρ ἐν τῷ χη γέ τῷ σωτηρί βαίν λαμπρὸς ὅσπερ ὀμματί.

ΙΕΡΕΤΕ

ἀλλ' εἰκάσαι μέν, ἥδυς· οὐ γὰρ ἀν κάρα πολυστέφης ὁδ' εἰρπε παγκάρπου δάφνης.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΣ

τάχ' εἰσόμεσθα· ξύμμετρος γὰρ ὡς κλύειν. ἀναξ, ἐμὸν κήδεμα, παί Μενοικέως, τίν' ἥμιν ἥκεις τοῦ θεοῦ φήμην φέρων;

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ἐσθλήν· λέγω γὰρ καὶ τὰ δύσφορ', εἰ τύχοι κατ' ὀρθὸν ἐξελθοῦντα, πάντ' ἀν εὐτυχεῖν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΣ

ἐστιν δὲ ποίον τούπος; οὔτε γὰρ θρασύς οὔτ' οὖν προδείσας εἰμὶ τῷ γε νῦν λόγοφ.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

εἰ τώνδε χρήσεις πλησιαζόντων κλύειν, ἔτοιμος εἰπεῖν, εἶτε καὶ στείχειν ἔσω.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΣ

ἐς πάντας αὐτά· τῶνδε γὰρ πλέον φέρω τὸ πένθος ἤ καὶ τῆς ἐμῆς ψυχῆς πέρι.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

λέγοιμ' ἀν οἶ ἢκουσα τοῦ θεοῦ πάρα. ἀνωγεν ἡμᾶς Φοῖβος ἐμφανῶς ἀναξ μίασμα χώρας, ὡς τεθραμμένον χθονὶ ἐν τῇδ', ἐλαύνειν μηδ' ἀνήκεστον τρέφειν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΣ

ποίω καθαρμῷ; τίς ὁ τρόπος τῆς ξυμφορᾶς;
OEDIPUS THE KING

OEDIPUS
O King Apollo! may his joyous looks
Be presage of the joyous news he brings!

PRIEST
As I surmise, ’tis welcome; else his head
Had scarce been crowned with berry-laden bays.

OEDIPUS
We soon shall know; he’s now in earshot range.

Enter CREON
My royal cousin, say, Menoeceus’ child,
What message hast thou brought us from the god?

CREON
Good news, for e’en intolerable ills,
Finding right issue, tend to naught but good.

OEDIPUS
How runs the oracle? thus far thy words
Give me no ground for confidence or fear.

CREON
If thou wouldst hear my message publicly,
I’ll tell thee straight, or with thee pass within.

OEDIPUS
Speak before all; the burden that I bear
Is more for these my subjects than myself.

CREON
Let me report then all the god declared.
King Phoebus bids us straitly extirpate
A fell pollution that infests the land,
And no more harbour an inveterate sore.

OEDIPUS
What expiation means he? What’s amiss?
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ. ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ἀνδρηλατούντας ἢ φόνῳ φόνου πάλιν
λύοντας, ὡς τόδ' αἷμα χειμάζου πόλιν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ

ποίον γὰρ ἄνδρος τήνδε μηνύει τύχην;

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ἡν ἡμῶν, ὃναξ, Δαίος ποθ' ἤγεμων
γῆς τῆςδε, πρὶν σὲ τῆνδ' ἀπευθύνειν πόλιν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ

ἐξοίδ' ἀκούον' οὐ γὰρ εἰσεῖδόν γέ πω.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

tούτου θανόντος υἱῶν ἐπιστέλλει σαφῶς
τοὺς αὐτοέντας χειρὶ τιμωρεῖν τινᾶς.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ

οὐ δ' εἰσὶ ποὺ γῆς; ποὺ τόδ' εὑρεθήσεται
ἰχνος παλαιᾶς δυστέκμαρτον αἰτίας;

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ἐν τῇδ' ἔφασκε γῆ. τὸ δὲ ζητοῦμενον
ἀλωτόν, ἐκφεύγειν δὲ τὰμελούμενον.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ

πότερα δ' ἐν σικὸς ἢ 'ν ἁγροῖς ὁ Δαίος
ἡ γῆς ἐπ' ἄλλης τῶδε συμπίπτει φόνῳ;

ΚΡΕΩΝ

θεωρός, ὡς ἔφασκεν, ἐκδημῶν, πάλιν
πρὸς οἴκον οὐκέθ' ἵκεθ', ὡς ἀπεστάλη.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ

οὔδ' ἄγγελός τις οὔδὲ συμπράκτωρ ὅδοι
κατεῖδ', ὅτου τις ἐκμαθών ἔχρησατ' ἄν;

ΚΡΕΩΝ

θυήσκουσι γὰρ, πλὴν εἰς τίς, ὡς φόβῳ φυγῶν
ἂν εἴδε πλὴν ἐν οὔδεν εἰχ' εἴδως φράσαι.
OEDIPUS THE KING

CREON
Banishment, or the shedding blood for blood.
This stain of blood makes shipwreck of our state.

OEDIPUS
Whom can he mean, the miscreant thus denounced?

CREON
Before thou didst assume the helm of State,
The sovereign of this land was Laïus.

OEDIPUS
So have I heard; I never saw the man.

CREON
He fell; and now the god's command is plain:
Punish his takers-off, whoe'er they be.

OEDIPUS
Where are they? Where in the wide world to find
The far, faint traces of a bygone crime?

CREON
In this land, said the god; "who seeks shall find;
Who sits with folded hands or sleeps is blind."

OEDIPUS
Was he within his palace, or asfield,
Or travelling, when Laïus met his fate?

CREON
Abroad; he started, so he told us, bound
For Delphi, but he never thence returned.

OEDIPUS
Came there no news, no fellow-traveller
To give some clue that might be followed up?

CREON
But one escaped, who flying for dear life,
Could tell of all he saw but one thing sure.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
τὸ ποίον; ἐν γὰρ πόλλ’ ἂν ἔξευροι μαθεῖν,
ἀρχὴν βραχείαν εἰ λάβοιμεν ἐλπίδος.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
ληστὰς ἔφασκε συντυχόντας οὐ μιᾶ
ῥώμη κτανεῖν νυ, ἀλλὰ σὺν πλῆθει χερῶν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
πῶς οὖν ὁ ληστὴς, εἰ τι μὴ ἔξω ἄργυρῳ
ἐπράσσετ' ἐνθένδ', ἐς τὸδ’ ἂν τόλμης ἔβη;

ΚΡΕΩΝ
dοκοῦντα ταύτ’ ἢν. 'Δαῖον δ’ ὀλωλότοι
οὐδεὶς ἄρωγος ἐν κακοῖς ἐγίγνετο.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
κακὸν δὲ ποίον ἐμποδῶν, τυραννίδος
οὔτω πεσοῦσης, εἰργε τοὺτ’ ἐξειδέναι;

ΚΡΕΩΝ
ἡ ποικιλωδὸς Σφιγξ τὸ πρὸς ποσὶν σκοπεῖν
μεθέντας ἡμᾶς τὰφανὴ προσήγετο.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ἀλλ’ ἐξ ὑπαρχῆς αὐθεις αὐτ’ ἐγὼ φανῶ·
ἐπαξίως γὰρ Φοῖβος, ἀξίως δὲ σὺ
πρὸ τοῦ θανόντος τήνδ’ ἔθεσθ’ ἐπιστροφὴν·
ὡστ’ ἐνδίκως ὄψεσθε κάμε σύμμαχον
γῇ τῇδε τιμωροῦντα τῷ θεῷ θ’ ἀμα.
ὑπὲρ γὰρ οὐχὶ τῶν ἀπωτέρω φίλων,
ἀλλ’ αὐτὸς αὐτοῦ τοῦτ’ ἀποσκεδῶ μύσος.
ὅστις γὰρ ἦν ἐκεῖνον ὁ κτανῶν, τάχ’ ἂν
καμ’ ἂν τοιαύτῃ χειρὶ τιμωροῦνθ’ ἅλοι.

κείσα προσαρκῶν ὁιν ἐμαυτοῦ ὡφελῶ.
ἀλλ’ ὡς τάχιστα, παῖδες, ὑμεῖς μὲν βᾶθρων
_iosasthe, tovironment_ικτήρας κλάδους,
OEDIPUS THE KING

OEDIPUS
And what was that? One clue might lead us far,
With but a spark of hope to guide our quest.

CREON
Robbers, he told us, not one bandit but
A troop of knaves, attacked and murdered him,

OEDIPUS
And how could robbers dare so bold a stroke,
Unless indeed they were suborned from Thebes?

CREON
So 'twas surmised, but none was found to avenge
His murder mid the trouble that ensued.

OEDIPUS
What trouble can have hindered a full quest,
When royalty had fallen thus miserably?

CREON
The riddling Sphinx compelled us to let slide
The dim past and attend to instant needs.

OEDIPUS
Well, I will start afresh and once again
Make dark things clear. Right worthy the concern
Of Phoebus, worthy thine too, for the dead;
I also, as is meet, will lend my aid
To avenge this wrong to Thebes and to the god.
Not for some far-off kinsman, but myself,
Shall I expel this poison in the blood;
For whoso slew that king might have a mind
To strike me too with his assassin hand.
Therefore in righting him I serve myself.
Up, children, haste ye, quit these altar stairs,
Take hence your suppliant wands, go summon
hither
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

άλλος δὲ Κάδμου λαὸν ὃδ' ἀθροιζέτω,
ὡς πᾶν ἐμοὶ δράσοντος· ἢ γὰρ εὐτυχείς
σὺν τῷ θεῷ φανούμεθα· ἢ πεπτωκότες.

ΙΕΡΕΤΣ
ὁ παῖδες, ἱστώμεσθα· τώνδε γὰρ χάριν
καὶ δεύρ' ἐβημεν ὅν ὃδ' ἐξαγγέλλεται.
Φοίβος δ' ὁ πέμψας τάσδε μαντείας ἀμα
σωτήρ δ' ἵκοιτο καὶ νόσου παυστήριος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὁ Δίὸς ἀδυνητές φάτι, τίς ποτε τὰς πολυ-
χρύσουν
Πυθώνος ἀγλαὰς ἔβας
Θήβας; ἐκτέταμαι φοβερὰν φρένα, δείματι
πάλλων,
ἡμε Δάλας Παιάν,
ἀμφῖ σοι ἀξόμενος τί μοι ἡ νέον
ἡ περιτελλομέναις ὅραις πάλιν ἔξανύσεις
χρέος.
εἰπὲ μοι, ὃ χρυσέας τέκνων Ἐλπίδος, ἀμβροτε
Φάμα.

ἀντ. α'

πρῶτα σὲ κεκλόμενος, θύγατερ Δίος, ἀμβροτ'
Ἀθάνα,
γαῖαν' ς τ᾽ ἀδελφὲαν
Ἀρτέμιν, ὃ κυκλόεντ' ἀγορᾶς θρόνον εὐκλέα
θάσσει,
καὶ Φοίβον ἔκαβολον, ἢδ'
τρισοὶ ἄλεξιμοροι προφάνητε μοι,
εἰ ποτὲ καὶ προτέρας ἄτας ὑπερ ὀρνυμένας
πόλει
ἡμύςατ' ἐκτοπίαν φλόγα πῆματος, ἔλθετε
καὶ νῦν.
OEDIPUS THE KING

The Theban commons. With the god's good help
Success is sure; 'tis ruin if we fail.

[Exeunt Oedipus and Creon

PRIEST

Come, children, let us hence; these gracious words
Forestall the very purpose of our suit.
And may the god who sent this oracle
Save us withal and rid us of this pest.

[Exeunt Priest and suppliants

CHORUS (Str. 1)

Sweet-voiced daughter of Zeus from thy gold-paved
Pythian shrine
Wafted to Thebes divine,
What dost thou bring me? My soul is racked and
shivers with fear.
(Healer of Delos, hear!)
Hast thou some pain unknown before,
Or with the circling years renewest a penance of
yore?
Offspring of golden Hope, thou voice immortal, O
tell me.

(Ant. 1)

First on Athenè I call; O Zeus-born goddess, defend!
Goddess and sister, befriend,
Artemis, Lady of Thebes, high-throned in the midst
of our mart!
Lord of the death-winged dart!
Your threefold aid I crave
From death and ruin our city to save.
If in the days of old when we nigh had perished, ye
drave
From our land the fiery plague, be near us now and
defend us!
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

ω πότοι, ἀνάριθμα γὰρ φέρω στρ. β' πήματα: νοσεῖ δέ μοι πρόπας στόλους, οὐδ' ἐνι φροντίδος ἔγχος φτι αἱ ἀλέξεται. οὐτε γὰρ ἔκγυνα κλυτάς χθονὸς αὔξεται οὐτε τόκοισών ἵησιν καμάτων ἀνέχουσι γυναίκες. ἄλλον δ' ἄν ἄλλῳ προσίδοις ἀπέρ εὐπτερον ὁρνίν κρείσσουν ἀμαμακέτου πυρὸς ὄρμενον ἀκτάν πρὸς ἐσπέρου θεοῦ. 170

δὲν πόλις ἀνάριθμος ὄλλυται: ἀντ. β' νηλέα δὲ γένεθλα πρὸς πέδφω θαναταφόρα κεῖται ἀνοίκτως: ἐν δ' ἀλοχοὶ πολιαῖ τ' ἐπὶ ματέρες ἀχάν παραβώμοιν ἀλλοθεν ἄλλαν λυγρῶν πόνων ἰκετήρες ἐπιστενάχουσιν. παιὰν δὲ λάμπει στοινός τα τήρυς ὅμαιλος δὲν ὑπερ, δὲ χρυσέα θύγατερ Διός, εὐώπα πέμψον ἄλκαν. 180

Αρεά τε τὸν μαλερόν, δς νῦν ἄχαλκος ἀσπίδων φλέγει με περιβόστων, ἀντιάζω παλίσσυτον δράμημα νωτίσαι πάτρας ἐπουρον, εἶτ' ἐς μέγαν θάλαμον 'Ἀμφιτρίτας εἶτ' ἐς τὸν ἀπόξενον ὄρμων Θρήκιον κλύδωνα· τελεῖν 1 γὰρ εἶ τι νῦξ ἀφῆ, τούτ' ἐπ' ἰμαρ ἔρχεται· τόν, ὁ τὰν πυρφόρῳ ἀστραπὰν κράτη νέμων, ὁ Ζεῦ πάτερ, ὑπὸ σφ' φθίσον κεραυνῷ. 190

στρ. γ' 200

1 τελεῖ MSS., τελεί Hermann.
OEDIPUS THE KING

(Str. 2)
Ah me, what countless woes are mine!
All our host is in decline;
Weaponless my spirit lies.
Earth her gracious fruits denies;
Women wail in barren throes;
Life on life downstricken goes,
Swifter than the wild bird’s flight,
Swifter than the Fire-God’s might,
To the westering shores of Night.

(Ant. 2)
Wasted thus by death on death
All our city perisheth.
Corpses spread infection round;
None to tend or mourn is found.
Wailing on the altar stair
Wives and grandams rend the air—
Long-drawn moans and piercing cries
Blent with prayers and litanies.
Golden child of Zeus, O hear
Let thine angel face appear!

(Str. 3)
And grant that Ares whose hot breath I feel,
Though without targe or steel
He stalks, whose voice is as the battle shout,
May turn in sudden rout,
To the unharboured Thracian waters sped,
Or Amphitrite’s bed.
For what night leaves undone,
Smit by the morrow’s sun
Perisheth. Father Zeus, whose hand
Doth wield the lightning brand,
Slay him beneath thy levin bolt, we pray,
Slay him, O slay!

21
OIDIPΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

ἀυτ. γ'

Δύκει' ἄναξ, τά τε σὰ χρυσοστρόφων ἀπ’ ἀγκυλὰν
βέλεα θέλωμ’ ἀν ἀδάματ’ ἐνδατείσθαι
ἀρωγὰ προσταχθέντα τάς τε πυρόφορος
'Αρτέμιδος αἴγλας, ξῖν αἰς Δύκι' δρεα διάσσει,
τὸν χρυσομίτραν τε κικλήσκω,
τᾶσ’ ἐπώνυμον γὰς,
οἰνόπα Βάκχοιν εὐιον,
Μαινάδων ὀμόστολον,
πελασθήναι φλέγοντ’
ἄγλαώτι __ __ — 1
πεύκα π’ τὸν ἀπότιμον ἐν θεοὶς θεόν.

OIDΙΠΟΤΕ

αἰτεῖς: ἃ δ’ αἰτεῖς, τάμ’ ἐὰν θέλης ἐπὶ
κλύων δέχεσθαι τῇ νόσῳ θ’ ὑπηρετεῖν,
ἀλκὴν λάβοις ἀν κανακούφισιν κακῶν,
ἀγὼ ξένος μὲν τοῦ λόγου τοῦδ’ ἐξερῶ,
ξένος δὲ τοῦ πραξθεντος’ οὐ γὰρ ἂν μακρὰν
ἰχνευον αὐτός, μὴ οὐκ ἔχων τι σύμβολον,
νῦν δ’, ὑστερος γὰρ ἁστὸς εἰς ἁστοὺς τελῶ,
ὑμῖν προφωνὸ πᾶσι Καδμεὼς τάδε:
ὁστὶς ποθ’ ὑμῶν Δάιον τὸν Λαβδάκον
κατοίδεθι ἀνδρὸς ἐκ τίνος διώλετο,
τοῦτον κελεύω πάντα σημαίνει ἐμοὶ·
κεὶ μὲν φοβεῖται, τοὐπίκλημ’ ὑπεξελείν 2
αὐτόν καθ’ αὐτόν’ πείσεται γὰρ ἄλλο μὲν
ἀστεργῆς οὐδέν. γῆς δ’ ἀπειων ἀσφαλῆς.
εἰ δ’ αὐ τὸς ἄλλον οἴδειν ἕξ ἄλλης χθονὸς
τὸν αὐτόχειρα, μὴ σωπάτω· τὸ ὕαρ

1 σύμμαχον coni. G. Wolff.
2 MSS. ὑπεξελεῖν αὐτός, corr. K. Halm.
O that thine arrows too, Lycean King,
From the taut bow's gold string,
Might fly abroad, the champions of our rights;
Yea, and the flashing lights
Of Artemis, wherewith the huntress sweeps
Across the Lycian steeps.
Thee too I call with golden-snooded hair,
Whose name our land doth bear,
Bacchus to whom thy Maenads Evoë shout;
Come with thy bright torch, rout,
Blithe the god whom we adore,
The god whom gods abhor.

Enter OEDIPUS

OEDIPUS

Ye pray; 'tis well, but would ye hear my words
And heed them and apply the remedy,
Ye might perchance find comfort and relief.
Mind you, I speak as one who comes a stranger
To this report, no less than to the crime;
For how unaided could I track it far
Without a clue? Which lacking (for too late
Was I enrolled a citizen of Thebes)
This proclamation I address to all:—
Thebans, if any knows the man by whom
Laïus, son of Labdacus, was slain,
I summon him to make clean shrift to me.
And if he shrinks, let him reflect that thus
Confessing he shall 'scape the capital charge;
For the worst penalty that shall befall him
Is banishment—unscathed he shall depart.
But if an alien from a foreign land
Be known to any as the murderer,
OIDIPOUS TYRANNOΣ

κέρδος τελώ γ'ω χ'η χάρις προσκείσεται. 
ει δ' αυ σιωπήσεσθε, καί τις ή φίλου 
δείσαι απώσει τούπος ή χαύνοι τόδε, 
άκ τώνδε δράσω, ταύτα χρή κλύειν ἐμοῦ. 
τὸν ἀνδρ' ἀπαυδῷ τούτου, οὕτως ἔστι, γης 
τῆς, ἡς ἐγὼ κράτη τε καὶ θρόνους νέμω, 
μήτ' ειδέχεσθαι μήτε προσφωνεῖν τινα, 
μήτ' ἐν θεών εὐχαίσθη μήτε θύμασιν 
κωνὸν ποιεῖσθαι, μήτε χέρνιβας νέμειν· 
οθείν δ' ἀπ' οἴκων πάντας, ός μιάσματος 
τοῦθ' ἡμῖν ἄντος, ός τὸ Πυθικὸν θεοῦ 
μαντείον ἕξεφηνεν ἄρτιως ἐμοί. 
ἐγὼ μὲν οὖν τούσδε τῷ τε δαίμονι 
τῷ τ' ἀνδρὶ τῷ θανόντι σύμμαχος πέλω· 
cατεύχομαι δὲ τὸν δεδρακότ', έιτε τις 
εἰς ὅν λέληθεν εἴτε πλείονον μέτα, 
κακὸν κακῶς νῦν ἀμορόν ἐκτρίψαι βίοιν· 
ἐπεύχομαι δ', οἴκοισιν εἰ ἔννεστιος 
ἐν τοῖς ἐμοῖς γένοιτ' ἐμοῦ συνειδότος, 
pαθεῖν ἀπερ τούσδ' ἀρτίως ἰρασάμην. 
μῶς δὲ ταύτα πάντ' ἐπισκήπτω τελεύων, 
ὔτερ τ' ἐμαυτοῦ τὸν θεοῦ τε τῆςδε τε 
γῆς ὅδ' ἀκάρπως κἀθέως ἐφθαρμένης. 
ούδ' εἰ γὰρ ἦν τὸ πρᾶγμα μήθελατον, 
ἀκάθαρτον ύμᾶς εἰκός ἡν οὕτως έαν, 
ἀνδρός γ' ἀρίστου βασιλέως τ' ὀλικλότος, 
ἀλλ' ἐξερευνᾶν· νῦν δ' ἔπει κυρῶ γ' ἐγὼ 
ἐχων μὲν ἀρχὰς ὃς ἐκείνος εἰχε πρίν, 
ἐχων δέ λέκτρα καὶ γυναῖχ' ὁμόστορον, 
κοινῶν τε παίδων κοιν' ἂν, εἰ κείνως γένος 
μή 'δυστύχησεν, ἦν ἄν ἐκπεύκοτα· 
νῦν δ' ἐς τὸ κείνου κράτ' ἐνῆλαθ' ἡ τύχη.
OEDIPUS THE KING

Let him who knows speak out, and he shall have
Due recompense from me and thanks to boot.
But if ye still keep silence, if through fear
For self or friends ye disregard my hest,
Hear what I then resolve: I lay my ban
On the assassin whoso’er he be.
Let no man in this land, whereof I hold
The sovereign rule, harbour or speak to him;
Give him no part in prayer or sacrifice
Or lustral rites, but hound him from your homes.
For this is our defilement, so the god
Hath lately shewn to me by oracles.
Thus as their champion I maintain the cause
Both of the god and of the murdered King.
And on the murderer this curse I lay
(On him and all the partners in his guilt):—
Wretch, may he pine in utter wretchedness!
And for myself, if with my privity
He gain admittance to my hearth, I pray
The curse I laid on others fall on me.
See that ye give effect to all my hest,
For my sake and the god’s and for our land,
A desert blasted by the wrath of heaven.
For, let alone the god’s express command,
It were a scandal ye should leave unpurged
The murder of a great man and your king,
Nor track it home. And now that I am lord,
Successor to his throne, his bed, his wife,
(And had he not been frustrate in the hope
Of issue, common children of one womb
Had forged a closer bond twixt him and me,
But Fate swooped down upon him), therefore I
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

άνθ' ἄν ἔγω τάδ', ὅσπερεὶ τούμοι πατρός,
ὕπερμαχοῦμαι κατὶ πάν ἀφίξομαι,
ζητῶν τὸν αὐτόχειρα τοῦ φόνου λαβεῖν,
τῷ Δαβδακείῳ παιδὶ Πολυδόρου τε καὶ
tοῦ πρόσθε Κάδμου τοῦ πάλαι τ' Ἀγήνορος.
καὶ ταῦτα τοῖς μὴ δρόσιν εὐχομαι θεοὺς
μὴτ' ἄροτον αὐτοῖς γῆς ἀνιέναι τινὰ
μὴτ' οὖν γυναικῶν παιδας, ἀλλὰ τῷ πότμῳ
τῷ νῦν φθερεῖσθαι κἀτι τοῦδ' ἐχθίων·
ὑμῖν δὲ τοῖς ἀλλοις Καδμείοις, ὅσοις
tάδ' ἔστ' ἀρέσκοιθ', ἂ τε σύμμαχος Δίκη
χοί πάντες εὐξυνείν εἰσαει θεοὶ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

δόστερ μ' ἀραῖον ἑλαβεῖς, ὅδ', ἀναξ, ἐρώ.
oὐτ' ἐκτανόν γὰρ οὕτε τὸν κτανόντ' ἐχὼ
dεῖξαι. τὸ δὲ ξήτημα τοῦ πέμψαντος ἦν
Φοῖβου τόδ' ἐπείν, οὕτως εἰργαστάι ποτε.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

dίκαι' ἐλέξας· ἀλλ' ἀναγκάσαι θεοὺς
ἀν μὴ θέλωσιν οὐδ' ἄν εἴς δύνατ' ἀνήρ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
tὰ δεύτερ' ἐκ τῶνδ' ἄν λέγοιμ' ἀμοὶ δοκεῖ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
e' καὶ τρίτ' ἐστὶ, μη' παρῆς τὸ μὴ οὐ φράσαι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀνακτ' ἀνακτί ταῦθ' ὀρῶντ' ἐπίσταμαι
μάλιστα Φοίβῳ Τειρεσίαν, παρ' οὐ τις ἄν
σκοπῶν τάδ', ἄναξ, ἐκμάθοι σαφέστατα.

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OEDIPUS THE KING

His blood-avenger will maintain his cause
As though he were my sire, and leave no stone
Unturned to track the assassin or avenge
The son of Labdacus, of Polydore,
Of Cadmus, and Agenor first of the race.
And for the disobedient thus I pray:
May the gods send them neither timely fruits
Of earth, nor teeming increase of the womb,
But may they waste and pine, as now they waste,
Aye and worse stricken; but to all of you,
My loyal subjects who approve my acts,
May Justice, our ally, and all the gods
Be gracious and attend you evermore.

CHORUS

The oath thou profferest, sire, I take and swear.
I slew him not myself, nor can I name
The slayer. For the quest, 'twere well, methinks
That Phoebus, who proposed the riddle, himself
Should give the answer—who the murderer was.

OEDIPUS

Well argued; but no living man can hope
To force the gods to speak against their will.

CHORUS

May I then say what seems next best to me?

OEDIPUS

Aye, if there be a third best, tell it too.

CHORUS

My liege, if any man sees eye to eye
With our lord Phoebus, 'tis our prophet, lord
Teiresias; he of all men best might guide
A searcher of this matter to the light.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἀλλ’ οὐκ ἐν ἄργοις οὔδ’ τοῦτ’ ἔπραξάμην.
ἐπεμψα γὰρ Κρέοντος εἰπόντος διπλοῦς
πομποὺς· πάλαι δὲ μὴ παρὼν θαυμάζεται.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ μὴν τὰ γ’ ἄλλα κωφὰ καὶ παλαι’ ἐπη.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

τὰ ποία ταύτα; πάντα γὰρ σκοπῶ λόγον.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

θανεῖν ἐλέχθη πρὸς τινῶν ὀδοιπόρων.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἡκουσα κἀγὼ· τὸν δ’ ἰδόντ’ οὐδές ὀρᾷ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀλλ’ εἰ τί μὲν δὴ δείματός γ’ ἐχει μέρος,
τὰς σὰς ἀκούων οὐ μενεὶ τοιάσδ’ ἀράς.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

φ’ μὴ ’στι δρῶντι τάρβος, οὐδ’ ἐπος φοβεῖ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀλλ’ οὐξελέγξων αὐτῶν ἔστιν· οὔδε γὰρ
τὸν θείον ἢ ἡ μάντιν ὧδ’ ἀγουσίν, φ’
τάληθες ἐμπέφυκεν ἀνθρώπων μόνῳ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἀ πάντα νωμὼν Τειρεσία, διδακτά τε
ἀρρητά τ’, οὐράνια τε καὶ χθονοστιβῆ,
πόλιν μὲν, εἰ καὶ μὴ βλέπεις, φρονεῖς δ’ ὅμως
οῖα νόσῳ σύνεστιν· ἂς σὲ προστάτη
σωτηρά τ’, ὅναξ, μοῦνον ἐξευρίσκομεν.
OEDIPUS THE KING

OEDIPUS
Here too my zeal has nothing lagged, for twice
At Creon’s instance have I sent to fetch him,
And long I marvel why he is not here.

CHORUS
I mind me too of rumours long ago—
Mere gossip.

OEDIPUS
Tell them, I would fain know all.

CHORUS
’Twas said he fell by travellers.

OEDIPUS
So I heard,
But none has seen the man who saw him fall.

CHORUS
Well, if he knows what fear is, he will quail
And flee before the terror of thy curse.

OEDIPUS
Words scare not him who blenches not at deeds.

CHORUS
But here is one to arraign him. Lo, at length
They bring the god-inspired seer in whom
Above all other men is truth inborn.
Enter TEIRESIAS, led by a boy.

OEDIPUS
Teiresias, seer who comprehendest all,
Lore of the wise and hidden mysteries,
High things of heaven and low things of the earth,
Thou knowest, though thy blinded eyes see naught,
What plague infects our city; and we turn
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

Φοίβος γάρ, εἰ τι μὴ κλύεις τῶν ἀγγέλων, πέμψαιν ἡμῖν ἀντέπεμψεν, ἐκλυσιν μόνην ἀν ἐλθεῖν τοῦδε τοῦ νοσήματος, εἰ τοὺς κτανότας Δάιον μαθόντες εὑρέθηναιμεν ἢ γῆς φυγάδας ἐκπεμψαίμεθα. σὺ νυν φθονήσας μὴ ἀπ᾿ οἰωνῶν φάτων μὴ ἢ τιν' ἀλήθιν μαντικῆς ἔχεις οδόν, ρῦσαι σεαυτὸν καὶ πόλιν, ρῦσαι δὲ ἐμέ, ρῦσαι δὲ πᾶν μίασμα τοῦ τεθνηκότος. ἐν σοὶ γὰρ ἐσμέν· ἀνδρὰ δὲ φελείν ἀφ᾿ ὃν ἔχοι τε καὶ δύνατο, κάλλιστος πόνων.

ΤΕΙΡΕΞΙΑΣ

φεῦ φεῦ, φρονεῖν ὡς δεινὸν ἐνθα μὴ τέλη λῦῃ φρονούντι· ταῦτα γὰρ καλῶς ἐγὼ εἰδὼς διώλεσ᾽· οὐ γὰρ ἀν δευρ᾽ ἱκόμην.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

τί δ᾽ ἔστιν; ὡς ἄθυμος εἰσελήλυθας.

ΤΕΙΡΕΞΙΑΣ

ἀφεῖς μ᾽ ἐς οἶκους· βάστα γὰρ τὸ σὸν τε σὺ κάγῳ διοίσῳ τοῦμον, ἢν ἐμοὶ πίθη.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

οὔτε ἐνυμῷ εἶπας οὔτε προσφίλῃ τόλει τῷδε, ἢ σ᾽ ἔθρεψε, τῇδε ἀποστερῶν φάτων.

ΤΕΙΡΕΞΙΑΣ

ὅρω γὰρ οὐδὲ σοι τὸ σὸν φῶνημ' ἵνα πρὸς καιρόν· ὡς οὖν μηδὲ ἐγὼ ταυτὸν πάθω—

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

μὴ πρὸς θεῶν φρονῶν γ᾽ ἀποστραφῆς, ἐπεὶ πάντες σε προσκυνοῦμεν οἴδ᾽ ἱκτήριοι.
OEDIPUS THE KING

To thee, O seer, our one defence and shield.
The purport of the answer that the God
Returned to us who sought his oracle,
The messengers have doubtless told thee—how
One course alone could rid us of the pest,
To find the murderers of Laïus,
And slay them or expel them from the land.
Therefore begrudging neither augury
Nor other divination that is thine,
O save thyself, thy country, and thy king,
Save all from this defilement of blood shed.
On thee we rest. This is man’s highest end,
To others’ service all his powers to lend.

TEIRESIAS

Alas, alas, what misery to be wise
When wisdom profits nothing! This old lore
I had forgotten; else I were not here.

OEDIPUS

What ails thee? Why this melancholy mood?

TEIRESIAS

Let me go home; prevent me not; ’twere best
That thou shouldst bear thy burden and I mine.

OEDIPUS

For shame! no true-born Theban patriot
Would thus withhold the word of prophecy.

TEIRESIAS

Thy words, O king, are wide of the mark, and I
For fear lest I too trip like thee . . .

OEDIPUS

Oh speak,
Withhold not, I adjure thee, if thou know’st,
Thy knowledge. We are all thy suppliants.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

ΤΕΙΡΕΚΙΑΣ
πάντες γὰρ οὐ φρονεῖτ’· ἐγὼ δ’ οὐ μὴ ποτέ
tάμ’, ὡς ἄν εἴπω μὴ τὰ σ’, ἐκφήνω κακά.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ
τί φῆς; ξυνειδῶς οὐ φράσεις, ἀλλ’ ἐννοεῖς
ἡμᾶς προδοῦναι καὶ καταφθείραι πόλιν;

ΤΕΙΡΕΚΙΑΣ
ἐγὼ οὐτ’ ἐμαυτὸν οὔτε σ’ ἀλγυρό. τί ταῦτ’
ἄλλως ἐλέγχεις; οὐ γὰρ ἂν πῦθοιο μου.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ
οὐκ, δ’ κακῶν κάκιστε, καὶ γὰρ ἂν πέτρον
φύσιν σὺ γ’ ὀργάνειας, ἐξερεῖς ποτε,
ἀλλ’ ὧδ’ ἀτεγκτος κατελεύτητος φανεῖ;

ΤΕΙΡΕΚΙΑΣ
ὁργὴν ἐμέμψω τὴν ἐμήν, τῆν σὴν δ’ ὂμοι
ναίονταν οὐ κατείδες, ἀλλ’ ἐμὲ ψέγεις.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ
τὸς γὰρ τοιαῦτ’ ἂν οὐκ ἂν ὀργίζοιτ’ ἐπη
cλύων, ἃ νῦν σὺ τὴν ἄτιμαζεις πόλιν;

ΤΕΙΡΕΚΙΑΣ
ἥξει γὰρ αὐτά, κἀν ἐγὼ συγή στέγω.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ
οὐκοῦν ἂ γ’ ἥξει καὶ σὲ χρή λέγειν ἐμοί.

ΤΕΙΡΕΚΙΑΣ
οῦκ ἂν πέρα φράσαιμι. πρὸς τάδ’, εἰ θέλεις,
θυμοῦ δι’ ὀργῆς ἦτις ἀγριωτάτη.
OEDIPUS THE KING

TEIRESIAS
Aye, for ye all are witless, but my voice
Will ne'er reveal my miseries—or thine.¹

OEDIPUS
What then, thou knowest, and yet thou willst not
speak!
Wouldst thou betray us and destroy the State?

TEIRESIAS
I will not vex myself nor thee. Why ask
Thus idly what from me thou shalt not learn?

OEDIPUS
Monster! thy silence would incense a flint.
Will nothing loose thy tongue? Can nothing melt
thee,
Or shake thy dogged taciturnity?

TEIRESIAS
Thou blam'st my mood and seest not thine own
Wherewith thou art mated; no, thou taxest me.

OEDIPUS
And who could stay his choler when he heard
How insolently thou dost flout the State?

TEIRESIAS
Well, it will come what will, though I be mute.

OEDIPUS
Since come it must, thy duty is to tell me.

TEIRESIAS
I have no more to say; storm as thou willst,
And give the rein to all thy pent-up rage.

¹ Literally “not to call them thine,” but the Greek may
be rendered “In order not to reveal thine.”
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

καὶ μὴν παρῆσοι γ’ οὐδέν, ὡς ὅργης ἔχω, ἀπερ ἔννιημ’. ἵσθι γὰρ δοκῶν ἐμοὶ καὶ ξυμφωνεῦσαι τοῦργον εἰργάσθαι θ’, ὡςον μὴ χερσὶ καίων· εἰ δὲ ἐτύγχανες βλέπον, καὶ τοῦργον ἀν σοῦ τοῦτ’ ἔφην εἶναι μόνου.

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ

ἀληθές; ἐννέπω σε τῷ κηρύγματι φιλερ προείπτας ἐμμένειν, καὶ ἧμέρας τῆς νῦν προσαυδᾶν μήτε τοῦδε μήτ’ ἐμὲ, ὡς ὀντι γῆς τῆς ἀνοσίᾳ μᾶστορι.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ

οὕτως ἀναίδως ἐξεκίνησας τὸδε τὸ ρήμα; καὶ ποῦ τοῦτο φεύξεσθαι δοκεῖς;

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ

πέφευγα· τάληθες γὰρ ἰσχύον τρέφω.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ

πρὸς τοῦ διδάχθεις; οὐ γὰρ ἐκ γε τῆς τέχνης.

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ

πρὸς σοῦ· σὺ γὰρ μ’ ἀκούς προοπέρῃς λέγειν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ

ποῖον λόγον; λέγ’ αὖθις, ὡς μᾶλλον μάθω.

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ

οὐχὶ ξυνήκας πρόσθεν; ἣ ἱππεῖρα λέγων; ¹

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ

οὐχ ὅστε γ’ εἰπέτι γνωστών ἀλλ’ αὖθις φράσον.

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ

φονέα σε φημὶ τάνδρος οὐ ξητεῖς κυρεῖν.

¹ λέγειν L., λέγων Hartung.
OEDIPUS THE KING

OEDIPUS
Yea, I am wroth, and will not stint my words,
But speak my whole mind. Thou methinks art he,
Who planned the crime, aye, and performed it too,
All save the assassination; and if thou
Hadst not been blind, I had been sworn to boot
That thou alone didst do the bloody deed.

TEIRESIAS
Is it so? then I charge thee to abide
By thine own proclamation; from this day
Speak not to these or me. Thou art the man,
Thou the accursed polluter of this land.

OEDIPUS
Vile slanderer, thou blurtest forth these taunts,
And think'st forsooth as seer to go Scot free.

TEIRESIAS
Yea, I am free, strong in the strength of truth.

OEDIPUS
Who was thy teacher? not methinks thy art.

TEIRESIAS
Thou, goading me against my will to speak.

OEDIPUS
What speech? repeat it and resolve my doubt.

TEIRESIAS
Didst miss my sense or wouldst thou goad me on?

OEDIPUS
I but half caught thy meaning; say it again.

TEIRESIAS
I say thou art the murderer of the man
Whose murderer thou pursuest.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ

ἀλλ’ οὐ τι χαίρων δίς γε πημονάς ἐρείς.

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ

εἶπω τι δήτα κάλλ’, ὦν ὀργίζῃ πλέον;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ

ὁσον γε χρήζεις· ὡς μάθην εἰρήσεται.

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ

λεληθέναι σε φημὶ σὺν τοῖς φιλτάτοις

αἰσχυσθ’ ὦμιλοῦντ’, οὐδ’ ὄραν ὦν ἐκ κακοῦ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ

ἡ καὶ γεγηθῶς ταῦτ’ ἀεὶ λέξειν δοκεῖς;

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ

εἰπερ τι ἥ’ ἐστὶ τῆς ἀληθείας σθένος.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ

ἀλλ’ ἔστι, πλὴν σοι· σοὶ δὲ τοῦτ’ οὐκ ἔστ’, ἐπεὶ 370

τυφλὸς τά τ’ ὡτα τόν τε νοῦν τά τ’ ὀμματ’ εἶ.

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ

σὺ δ’ ἀθλὸς γε ταῦτ’ ὄνειδίζων, ἃ σοι

οὕδεις ὃς οὐχὶ τῶν ὄνειδιεί τάχα.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ

μιᾶς τρέφει πρὸς νυκτός, ὧστε μήτ’ ἐμὲ

μήτ’ ἄλλον, ὡστὶς φῶς ὀρᾷ, βλάψαι ποτ’ ἂν.

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ

οὐ γάρ σε μοίρα πρὸς γ’ ἐμοῦ πεσεῖν, ὑπεὶ

ἰκανὸς Ἀπόλλων, ὦ τάδ’ ἐκπρᾶξαι μέλει.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ

Κρέοντος ἡ σοῦ ταῦτα τάξευρήματα;

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ

Κρέων δὲ σοι πῆμ’ οὐδέν, ἀλλ’ αὐτὸς σὺ σοί.
OEDIPUS THE KING

OEDIPUS
Thou shalt rue it
Twice to repeat so gross a calumny.

TEIRESIAS
Must I say more to aggravate thy rage?

OEDIPUS
Say all thou wilt; it is but waste of breath.

TEIRESIAS
I say thou livest with thy nearest kin
In infamy, unwitting of thy shame.

OEDIPUS
Think'st thou for aye unscathed to wag thy tongue?

TEIRESIAS
Yea, if the might of truth can aught prevail.

OEDIPUS
With other men, but not with thee, for thou
In ear, wit, eye, in everything art blind.

TEIRESIAS
Poor fool to utter gibes at me which all
Here present will cast back on thee ere long.

OEDIPUS
Offspring of endless Night, thou hast no power
O'er me or any man who sees the sun.

TEIRESIAS
No, for thy weird is not to fall by me.
I leave to Apollo what concerns the god.

OEDIPUS
Is this a plot of Creon, or thine own?

TEIRESIAS
Not Creon, thou thyself art thine own bane.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ω πλούτε καὶ τυραννὶ καὶ τέχνη τέχνης
ὑπερφέρονται τῷ πολυζήλῳ βίῳ,
όσοι παρ’ ἵμιν ὁ φθόνος φυλάσσεται,
εἰ τῆς δέ γ’ ἀρχής οὐνεχ’, ἣν ἔμοι πόλις
dωρητῶν, οὐκ αἰτητῶν, εἰσεχείρισεν,
ταύτης Κρέων ὁ πιστός, οὔξ ἀρχής φίλος,
λάθρα μ’ ὑπελθὼν ἐκβαλεὶν ἐμεἴρεται,
ὑφείς μάγουν τοιούτε μηχανορράφον,
δόλων ἀγύρτην, ὡστὶς ἐν τοῖς κέρδεσιν
μόνων δέδορκε, τὴν τέχνην δ’ ἔφυ τυφλὸς.
ἔπει, φέρ’ εἰπέ, ποῦ σὺ μάντις εἰ σαφῆς;
πῶς οὐκ, δὴ ἡ ῥαψοδὸς ἔνθαδ’ ἦν κύων,
ηῦδας τι τοῦσδ’ ἀστοῖσιν ἐκλυτήριον;
καίτοι τό γ’ αἰνιγμ’ οὐχὶ τοῦτοντος ἦν
ἀνδρὸς διειπτεῖν, ἀλλὰ μαντείας ἔδειν·
ἢν οὔτ’ ἀπ’ οἰωνῶν σὺ προοφάνης ἔχων
οὔτ’ ἐκ θεῶν του γυνώτον’ ἀλλ’ ἐγὼ μολὼν,
ὁ μηδὲν εἰδῶς Οἰδίπος, ἔπαινα συν,
γνώμη κυρήσας οὔδ’ ἀπ’ οἰωνῶν μαθοῦν,
ὅν δὴ σὺ πειρᾶς ἐκβαλεῖν, δοκῶν θρόνοις
παραστατήσειν τοῖς Κρεοτείοις πέλας.
κλαίων δοκεῖς μοι καὶ σὺ χω συνθεῖς τάδε
ἀγγλατῆσεις’ εἰ δὲ μὴ ’δόκεις γέρων
εἶναι, παθὼν ἔγνως ἄν οἷὰ περ φρονεῖς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἤμιν μὲν εἰκάζουσι καὶ τὰ τοῦδ’ ἔπη
ὀργῇ λελέχθαι καὶ τὰ σ’, Οἰδίπος, δοκεῖ.
δεὶ δ’ οὐ τοιούτων, ἀλλ’ ὅπως τὰ τοῦ θεοῦ
μαντεῖ’ ἀριστα λύσομεν, τόδε σκοπεῖν.
OEDIPUS THE KING

OEDIPUS
O wealth and empery and skill by skill
Outwitted in the battlefield of life,
What spite and envy follow in your train!
See, for this crown the State conferred on me,
A gift, a thing I sought not, for this crown
The trusty Creon, my familiar friend,
Hath lain in wait to oust me and suborned
This mountebank, this juggling charlatan,
This tricksy beggar-priest, for gain alone
Keen-eyed, but in his proper art stone-blind.
Say, sirrah, hast thou ever proved thyself
A prophet? When the riddling Sphinx was here
Why hadst thou no deliverance for this folk?
And yet the riddle was not to be solved
By guess-work but required the prophet's art;
Wherein thou wast found lacking; neither birds
Nor sign from heaven helped thee, but I came,
The simple Oedipus; I stopped her mouth
By mother wit, untaught of auguries.
This is the man whom thou wouldst undermine,
In hope to reign with Creon in my stead.
Methinks that thou and thine abettor soon
Will rue your plot to drive the scapegoat out.
Thank thy grey hairs that thou hast still to learn
What chastisement such arrogance deserves.

CHORUS
To us it seems that both the seer and thou,
O Oedipus, have spoken angry words.
This is no time to wrangle but consult
How best we may fulfil the oracle.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ

εἰ καὶ τυραννεῖσ, ἐξεσωτέον τὸ γοῦν
ἰὼν ἀντιλέξαι· τοῦδε γὰρ καγὼ κρατῶ.
os τι σοὶ ξῶ δούλος, ἀλλὰ Δοξία·
κρέοντος προστάτου γεγράψωμαι.
λέγω δ', ἐπειδὴ καὶ τυφλὸν μ᾽ ὀνείδισας·
οὐ καὶ δέδορκας κοῦ βλέπεις ὑν' εἰ κακοῦ,
οὐδ' ἐνθα ναίεις, οὐδ' ὅτων οἰκεῖς μέτα.
ἀρ' οἰσθ' ἀφ' ὅν εἰ; καὶ λέληθας ἐχθρὸς ὅν
τοῖς σοίσιν αὐτοῦ νέρθει κατὶ γῆς ἀνω,
καὶ σ' ἀμφιπλήξ μητρὸς τε καὶ τοῦ σοῦ πατρὸς
ἐλὰ ποτ' ἐκ γῆς τῆς δεινότους ἀρά,
βλέποντα νῦν μὲν ὥρθ', ἐπείτα δὲ σκότων.
βοής δὲ τῆς σῆς ποίος οὐκ ἔσται λιμὴν,
ποίος Κυθαιρών οὐχὶ σύμφωνος τάχα,
ὅταν καταίσθη τὸν ὑμέναιον, ὅν δόμως
ἀνορμον εἰσέπλευσας, εὐπλοίας τυχῶν;
ἀλλων δὲ πλήθος οὐκ ἐπαισθάνει κακῶν,
ἀ σ' ἐξισώσει σοί τε καὶ τοῖς σοῖσ τέκνοις.
πρὸς ταῦτα καὶ Κρέοντα καὶ τούμον στόμα
προπηλάκις· σοῦ γὰρ οὐκ ἐστιν βροτῶν
cάκιον ὅστης ἐκτρεβῆσεταί ποτε.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ

ἡ ταῦτα δὴτ' ἀνεκτὰ πρὸς τοῦτον κλέειν;
οὐκ εἰς ὀλέθρον; οὐχὶ θάσσον; οὐ πάλιν
ἀγορρος οἰκῶν τῶν ἀποστραφεῖς ἀπεῖ;

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ

οὐδ' ἵκομην ἔγωγ' ἄν, εἰ σὺ μὴ 'κάλεις.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ

οὐ γὰρ τί σ' ἡδὴ μῶρα φωνήσοντ', ἐπεὶ
σχολῆ σ' ἄν οἶκους τοὺς ἐμοὺς ἐστειλάμην.

40
OEDIPUS THE KING

TEIRESIAS
King as thou art, free speech at least is mine
To make reply; in this I am thy peer.
I own no lord but Loxias; him I serve
And ne'er can stand enrolled as Creon's man.
Thus then I answer: since thou hast not spared
To twit me with my blindness—thou hast eyes,
Yet see'st not in what misery thou art fallen,
Nor where thou dwellest nor with whom for mate.
Dost know thy lineage? Nay, thou know'st it not,
And all unwitting art a double foe
To thine own kin, the living and the dead;
Aye and the dogging curse of mother and sire
One day shall drive thee, like a two-edged sword,
Beyond our borders, and the eyes that now
See clear shall see henceforward endless night.
Ah whither shall thy bitter cry not reach,
What crag in all Cithaeron but shall then
Reverberate thy wail, when thou hast found
With what a hymeneal thou wast borne
Home, but to no fair haven, on the gale!
Aye, and a flood of ills thou guesserst not
Shall set thyself and children in one line.
Flout then both Creon and my words, for none
Of mortals shall be stricken worse than thou.

OEDIPUS
Must I endure this fellow's insolence?
A murrain on thee! Get thee hence! Begone!
Avault! and never cross my threshold more.

TEIRESIAS
I ne'er had come hadst thou not bidden me.

OEDIPUS
I knew not thou wouldst utter folly, else
Long hadst thou waited to be summoned here.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ
ημεῖς τοιοίδε τοιοίδε ἐφυμεν, ὡς μὲν σοι δοκεῖ, μῶροι, γονεῦσί δ', οὐ δὲ ἐφυσαν, ἐμφρονεῖ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΣ
ποίοισι; μεῖνον. τίς δὲ μ' ἐκφύει βροτῶν;

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ
ηδ' ἡμέρα φύσει σε καὶ διαφθερεῖ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΣ
ὡς πάντ' ἀγαν αἰνικτὰ κάσαφη λέγεις.

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ
οὐκοιν σὺ ταῦτ' ἄριστος εὐρίσκειν ἐφυς;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΣ
τοιαῦτ' ονείδις', οἷς ἐμ' εὐρήσεις μέγαν.

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ
αὕτη γε μέντοι σ' ἡ τύχη διώλεσεν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΣ
ἄλλ' εἰ πόλιν τήνδ' ἐξέσωσ', οὐ μοι μέλει.

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ
ἀπειμι τοῖνυν καὶ σὺ, παῖ, κόμιζέ με.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΣ
κομίζέτω δῆθ'. ὡς παρῶν σὺ γ' ἐμποδῶν ὀχλεῖς, συθεῖς τ' ἂν οὐκ ἂν ἀλγύνους πλέον.

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ
εἰπὼν ἀπειμ' ὅν οὐνεκ' ἤλθον, οὐ τὸ σὸν δείσας πρόσωπον' οὐ γὰρ ἔσθ' ὃποι μ' ὀλεῖς. λέγω δὲ σοι· τὸν ἄνδρα τούτον, ὃν πάλαι ζητεῖς ἀπειλῶν κανακκηρύσσων φόνον τὸν Δαίειον, οὕτως ἐστίν ἐνθάδε,

ξένος λόγῳ μέτοικος, εἰτα δ' ἐγχενής φανήσεται Θηβαῖὸς, οὔτ' ἢσθησεται τῇ ἔμφορᾳ· τυφλὸς γὰρ ἐκ δεδορκότος.
OEDIPUS THE KING

TEIRESIAS
Such am I—as it seems to thee a fool,
But to the parents who begat thee, wise.

OEDIPUS
What sayest thou—"parents"? Who begat me, say?

TEIRESIAS
This day shall be thy cradle-day, and grave.

OEDIPUS
Thou lov'st to speak in riddles and dark words.

TEIRESIAS
In reading riddles who so skilled as thou?

OEDIPUS
Twit me with that wherein my greatness lies.

TEIRESIAS
And yet this very greatness proved thy bane.

OEDIPUS
No matter if I saved the commonwealth.

TEIRESIAS
'Tis time I went. Come, boy, and take me home.

OEDIPUS
Aye, take him quickly, for his presence irks
And lets me; gone, thou canst not plague me more.

TEIRESIAS
I go, but first will tell thee why I came.
Thy frown I dread not, for thou canst not harm me.
Hear then: this man whom thou hast sought to arrest
With threats and warrants this long while, the wretch
Who murdered Laïus—that man is here.
He passes for an alien in the land
But soon shall prove a Theban, native born.
And yet his fortune brings him little joy;
For blind of seeing, clad in beggar's weeds,
καὶ πτωχὸς ἀντὶ πλουσίου ξένην ἔπι
σκήπτρῳ προδεικνύσ γαίαν ἐμπορεύσεται.
φανήσεται δὲ παισὶ τοὺς αὐτοῦ ξυνῶν
ἀδελφὸς αὐτὸς καὶ πατήρ, κἀξ ἦς ἐφυ
γυναικὸς νίος καὶ πόσις, καὶ τοῦ πατρὸς
ὀμόσπορὸς τε καὶ φονεύς. καὶ ταῦτ' ἵων
εὐσοι λογίζουν. καὶ λάβῃς ἐψευσμένον,
φάσκειν ἐμ' ἤδη μαντικῆ μηδὲν φρονεῖν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

στρ. α'

τίς ὅντιν' ἀ θεσπιέπεια Δελφὶς εἶπε πέτρα
ἀρρητ' ἀρρήτων τελέσαντα φοινίασι χερσίν;
ὅρα νῦν ἀελλάδων
ἵππων σθεναρώτερον
φυγὰ πόδα νομᾶν.
ἐνοπλὸς γὰρ ἐπ' αὐτὸν ἐπενθρόφεκε
πυρὶ καὶ στεροπαίσ ὁ Δίος γενέτας,
δειναὶ δ' ἀμ' ἐπονται
κήρες ἀναπλάκητοι.

ἀντ. α'

ἐλαμψὲ γὰρ τοῦ νυφόντως ἄρτιῶς φανείσα
φάμα Παρνασσοῦ τὸν ἀδηλὸν ἄνδρα πάντ' ἵχνεύειν.
φοιτᾷ γὰρ ὑπ' ἀγρίαν
ὑλαν ἀνά τ' ἄντρα καὶ
πέτρας ἵστοταυρος
μέλεος μελέω ποδὶ χρηεύων,
τὰ μεσόμφαλα γὰς ἀπονοσφίζων
μαντεία: τὰ δ' ἄει
ξώντα περιποτᾶται.

1 πετραιὸς ὁ ταῦρος L., corr. J. F. Martin.
OEDIPUS THE KING

For purple robes, and leaning on his staff,
To a strange land he soon shall grope his way.
And of the children, inmates of his home,
He shall be proved the brother and the sire,
Of her who bare him son and husband both,
Co-partner and assassin of his sire.
Go in and ponder this, and if thou find
That I have missed the mark, henceforth declare
I have no wit nor skill in prophecy.

[Exeunt TEIRESIAS and OEDIPUS

CHORUS

Who is he by voice immortal named from Pythia's
rocky cell,
Doer of foul deeds of bloodshed, horrors that no
tongue can tell?
   A foot for flight he needs
   Fleeter than storm-swift steeds,
   For on his heels doth follow,
Armed with the lightnings of his Sire, Apollo.
   Like sleuth-hounds too
   The Fates pursue.

(ANT. 1)

Yea, but now flashed forth the summons from
Parnassus' snowy peak,
"Near and far the undiscovered doer of this murder
seek!"
   Now like a sullen bull he roves
   Through forest brakes and upland groves,
   And vainly seeks to fly
   The doom that ever nigh
   Flits o'er his head,
Still by the avenging Phoebus sped,
   The voice divine,
   From Earth's mid shrine.
ΘΕΟΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

στρ. β'

deinà mèn ouv, deinà tarásses sofôs oíwvòthtac
ou'te dokóuvt' ou't' apofáskeuvt'. o' ti léxw ð'
aporòw.
pétopmai ð' elptísnon ou't' enbád' óròv ou't' óptisow.
tí gar ð' Låbðakídaiv
òt' ð' Pólbybou neíkos ekeiv', ou'te pàroithen pot'
egwv'
èmabon, pròs òtou ð' båsaníçwv 1 båsánw
èpò tòn épídamon fàtvv èm' Oîdipóda Låb-
dakídaiv
èpíkouros ð'dílswn ðhàntwv.

αvvt. β

álv ò mèn ouv Zeus ò t' 'Apòllòwv xunetoi kai
tà bërotòv
èidòtes: àndrov ð' òti màntis pléon ÷ 'gò
féretai,
krisíw ouc èstwv ìlathës: sofíà ð' àn sofíàv
paramé-ptwv ànàrpr.
álv ouvptv' ègwv' àn, pròin ìdòmm' ôngòv ouvptòv,
ìmebòmèvòn àn katafoàvn.
fanera ìgùr èp' àvtòv ìpèròsbò' ìlthe kòrà
poté, kai sofòs øfhè båsánw ð' ìdúpolis' tòv'
àp' èmàs
frèvòs ouvptòv' øflíswv kàklàv.

KREON
ánvres polítai, dein' èpiv ìppòsmèvòv
kathgorèiv' mou tòn tûravvnon Oîdíptovv,

1 Jebb adda båsaníçwv.

46
OEDIPUS THE KING (Str. 2)

Sore perplexèd am I by the words of the master seer.
Are they true, are they false? I know not and bridle my tongue for fear,
Fluttered with vague surmise; nor present nor future is clear.
Quarrel of ancient date or in days still near know I none
Twixt the Labdacidan house and our ruler, Polybus' son.
Proof is there none: how then can I challenge our King's good name,
How in a blood-feud join for an untracked deed of shame?

(Ant. 2)

All wise are Zeus and Apollo, and nothing is hid from their ken;
They are gods; and in wits a man may surpass his fellow men;
But that a mortal seer knows more than I know—where
Hath this been proven? Or how without sign assured, can I blame
Him who saved our State when the wingèd songstress came,
Tested and tried in the light of us all, like gold assayed?
How can I now assent when a crime is on Oedipus laid?

CREON

Friends, countrymen, I learn King Oedipus
Hath laid against me a most grievous charge,
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

πάρειμ' ἀτλητῶν. εἰ γὰρ ἐν ταῖς ξυμφοραῖς
ταῖς νῦν νομίζει πρὸς γ' ἐμοῦ πεποιθέναι
λόγοισιν εἰτ' ἐργοισιν εἰς βλάβην φέρον,
οῦτοι βίου μοι τοῦ μακραίωνος πόθος,
φέροντι τὴνδε βάξιν. οὐ γὰρ εἰς ἀπλοῦν
ἡ ζημία μοι τοῦ λόγου τούτου φέρει,
ἀλλ' ἐς μέγιστον, εἰ κακὸς μὲν ἐν πόλει,
κακὸς δὲ πρὸς σοῦ καὶ φίλων κεκλήσομαι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀλλ' ἠλθε μὲν δὴ τούτῳ τούνειδος τάχ' ἂν
ἀργῇ βιασθὲν μᾶλλον ἡ γνώμη φρενῶν.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

tούπος δ' ἐφάνθη, ταῖς ἐμαῖς γνώμαις ὅτι
πεισθεὶς ὁ μάντης τοὺς λόγους ἀφευδεῖσ λέγωι;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ηὔδατο μὲν τάδ', οἶδα δ' οὐ γνώμη τίνι.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ἐξ ὀμμάτων δ' ὀρθῶν τε καξ ὀρθῆς φρενὸς
κατηγορεῖτο τούπικλημα τούτῳ μου;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐκ οἶδ' ἂ γὰρ δρῶσ' οἱ κρατοῦντες οὐχ ὄρω.
αὐτὸς δ' ὅδ' ἥδη δωμάτων ἔξω περά.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

οὗτος σύ, πῶς δεῦρ' ἦλθες; ἦ τοσόνδ' ἔχεις
tόλμησ πρόσωπον ὡστε τάς ἐμὰς στέγας
ἵκου, φονεύς ὤν τοῦδε τάνδρος ἐμφανῶς
λυστῆς τ' ἐναργῆς τῆς ἐμῆς τυραννίδος;
φέρ' εἰτ' πρὸς θεῶν, δειλιὰν ἢ μορίαν
идῶν τίν' ἐν μοι ταῦτ' ἐβουλεύσω ποιεῖν;
ἡ τούργων ὡς οὐ γνωριοῦμι σον τόδε
OEDIPUS THE KING

And come to you protesting. If he deems
That I have harmed or injured him in aught
By word or deed in this our present trouble,
I care not to prolong my span of life,
Thus ill-reputed; for the calumny
Hits not a single blot, but blasts my name,
If by the general voice I am denounced
False to the State and false by you my friends.

CHORUS
This taunt, it well may be, was blurted out
In petulance, not spoken advisedly.

CREON
Did any dare pretend that it was I
Prompted the seer to utter a forged charge?

CHORUS
Such things were said; with what intent I know not.

CREON
Were not his wits and vision all astray
When upon me he fixed this monstrous charge?

CHORUS
I know not; to my sovereign's acts I am blind.
But lo, he comes to answer for himself.

Enter Oedipus.

OEDIPUS
Sirrah, what mak'st thou here? Dost thou presume
To approach my doors, thou brazen-faced rogue,
My murderer and the filcher of my crown?
Come, answer this, didst thou detect in me
Some touch of cowardice or witlessness,
That made thee undertake this enterprise?
I seemed forsooth too simple to perceive
The serpent stealing on me in the dark,
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

δόλῳ προσέρτον ἡ οὐκ ἀλεξούμην μαθὼν;  
ἀρ’ οὖχι μὸρον ἐστὶ τοῦγχειρημά σου,  
ἀνεύ τε πλήθους καὶ φίλων τυραννίδα  
θηρᾶν, ὃ πλήθει χρήμασιν θ’ ἀλίσκεται;

ΚΡΕΩΝ

οἰς’ ὡς πόησον; ἀντὶ τῶν εἰρημένων  
ἐγ’ ἀντάκουσον, κάτα κρῖν’ αὐτὸς μαθὼν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ

λέγειν σὺ δεινὸς, μανθάνειν δ’ ἐγὼ κακὸς  
σοῦ. δυσμενὴ γὰρ καὶ βαρῶν σ’ ἡμῆρ’ ἐμοί.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

tοῦτ’ αὐτὸ νῦν μου πρῶτ’ ἄκουσον ὡς ἔρω.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ

tοῦτ’ αὐτὸ μὴ μοι φράζ’, ὅπως οὐκ εἴ κακὸς.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

εἰ τοι νομίζεις κτῆμα τὴν αὐθαδίαν  
eἰναί τι τοῦ νου χωρίς, οὐκ ὀρθῶς φρονεῖς.  

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ

εἰ τοι νομίζεις ἀνδρὰ συγγενῆ κακῶς  
δρῶν οὐχ ὑφέξεων τὴν δίκην, οὐκ εὖ φρονεῖς.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ξύμφημα σοι ταῦτ’ ένδικ’ εἱρήσθαι. τὸ δὲ  
pάθημι ὀποίον φῆς παθεῖν, διδασκέ με.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ

ἐπειθές ἢ οὐκ ἐπειθές, ὡς χρείη μ’ ἑπὶ  
tὸν σεμνόμαντι ἄνδρα πέμψασθαι τίνα;

ΚΡΕΩΝ

καὶ νῦν ἔθ’ αὐτὸς εἰμι τῷ βουλεύματι.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ

πόσον τιν’ ἥδη δῆθ’ ὁ Λάῖος χρόνον

1 ἡ οὐκ, Spengel’s correction for MSS. κοῦκ.
OEDIPUS THE KING

Or else too weak to scotch it when I saw.
Tis thou art witless seeking to possess
Without a following or friends the crown,
A prize that followers and wealth must win.

CREON
Attend me. Thou hast spoken, 'tis my turn
To make reply. Then having heard me, judge.

OEDIPUS
Thou art glib of tongue, but I am slow to learn
Of thee; I know too well thy venomous hate.

CREON
First I would argue out this very point.

OEDIPUS
O argue not that thou art not a rogue.

CREON
If thou dost count a virtue stubbornness,
Unschooled by reason, thou art much astray.

OEDIPUS
If thou dost hold a kinsman may be wronged,
And no pains follow, thou art much to seek.

CREON
Therein thou judgest rightly, but this wrong
That thou allegest—tell me what it is.

OEDIPUS
Didst thou or didst thou not advise that I
Should call the priest?

CREON
Yes, and I stand to it.

OEDIPUS
Tell me how long is it since Laïus . . .
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

ΚΡΕΩΝ
dédrake poion érgon; ou γâr énnoâ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ
áfantaos érrei thanasímpo xeiropómati;

ΚΡΕΩΝ
makroi palaioi t' an metrthêiein xhônoi.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ
tôt' ouyn o màntis ouîs hîn en t'h tékhn;

ΚΡΕΩΝ
sofós y' ômoîos kâz ìsono timômenos.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ
émhnìsat' ouyn êmou ti t'h tôt' en xhôno;

ΚΡΕΩΝ
oukoun êmou y' èstwòtos ouûdamou pélas.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ
âll' ouk èreunan toû ktanóntos êskhete;

ΚΡΕΩΝ
parèskhomen, pwos ò oukhî; koûk hkoûsamem.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ
pwos ouyn tôd' ouîs o sofós ouk hûda tâde;

ΚΡΕΩΝ
ouk oîdâ' éf' oîs gâr mh frounô sîgân fîlò.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ
tosônde y' oîsthâ kaî légoûs an eî frounô.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
poîoun tôd' eî gâr oîdâ y', ouk ârnhôsmai.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ
ôthounêk', eî mh sôi xunhîlthe, têsô' èmâs
ouk an pot' êîpe Latôin diarphorâs.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
eî mên légei tâd', autôs oîsth' ègw de sôi
mabhêîn dikaiôw tâvth' ápêr kâmou sỳ vûn.
OEDIPUS THE KING

CREON
Since Laïus . . .? I follow not thy drift.

OEDIPUS
By violent hands was spirited away.

CREON
In the dim past, a many years agone.

OEDIPUS
Did this same prophet then pursue his craft?

CREON
Yes, skilled as now and in no less repute.

OEDIPUS
Did he at that time ever glance at me?

CREON
Not to my knowledge, not when I was by.

OEDIPUS
But was no search and inquisition made?

CREON
Surely full quest was made, but nothing learnt.

OEDIPUS
Why failed the seer to tell his story then?

CREON
I know not, and not knowing hold my tongue.

OEDIPUS
This much thou knowest and canst surely tell.

CREON
What mean'st thou? All I know I will declare.

OEDIPUS
But for thy prompting never had the seer
Ascribed to me the death of Laïus.

CREON
If so he says thou knowest best; but I
Would put thee to the question in my turn.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἐκμάνθαν' οὖ γάρ δὴ φόνευς ἀλώσομαι.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

tί δήτ' ἄδελφην τὴν ἐμὴν γῆμας ἔχεις;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἀρνησίς οὐκ ἔνεστιν ὃν ἀνιστορεῖς.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ἀρχεὶς δ' ἐκείνη ταύτα γῆσ' ἵσον νέμων;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἀν ἦ θέλονσα πάντ' ἐμοῦ κομίζεται.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

οὐκον ισούμαι σφῶν ἐγὼ δυοῖν τρίτοις;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἐνταῦθα γὰρ δὴ καὶ κακὸς φαίνει φίλος.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

οὐκ, εἰ διδοίης γ' ὡς ἐγὼ σαυτῷ λόγον. σκέψεις δὲ τοῦτο πρῶτον, εἰ τιν' ἂν δοκεῖς ἀρχεῖν ἑλέσθαι ξύν φόβοισι μᾶλλον ἢ ἀτρεστὸν εὐδοντ', εἰ τά γ' αὐθ' ἐξει κράτη. ἐγὼ μὲν οὖν οὔτ' αὐτὸς ἰμεῖρων ἐφυν τύραννος εἶναι μᾶλλον ἢ τύραννα δράν, οὔτ' ἀλλὸς ὡστὶς σωφρονεῖν ἐπίσταται. νῦν μὲν γὰρ ἐκ σοῦ πάντ' ἀνευ φόβου φέρω, εἰ δ' αὐτὸς ἦρχον, πολλὰ κἀκε ἐδρων. πῶς δήτ' ἐμοὶ τύραννος ἡδίων ἐχεῖν ἀρχῆς ἀλύπου καὶ δυναστείας ἐφυ; οὖπω τοσοῦτον ἠπατημένος κυρὸ ὡστ' ἀλλα χρῆζειν ἢ τὰ σὺν κέρδει καλά. νῦν πᾶσι χαίρω, νῦν με πᾶς ἀσπάζεται, νῦν οἱ σέθεν χρῆζοντες ἐκκαλοῦσί με· το γὰρ τυχεῖν αὐτοῖσι πάν ἐνταῦθ' ἐνι.
OEDIPUS THE KING

OEDIPUS
Question and prove me murderer if thou canst.

CREON
Then let me ask thee, didst thou wed my sister?

OEDIPUS
A fact so plain I cannot well deny.

CREON
And as thy consort queen she shares the throne?

OEDIPUS
I grant her freely all her heart desires.

CREON
And with you twain I share the triple rule?

OEDIPUS
Yea, this it is that proves thee a false friend.

CREON
Not so, if thou wouldst reason with thyself,
As I with myself. First, I bid thee think,
Would any mortal choose a troubled reign
Of terrors rather than secure repose,
If the same power were given him? As for me,
I have no natural craving for the name
Of king, preferring to do kingly deeds,
And so thinks every sober-minded man.
Now all my needs are satisfied through thee,
And I have nought to fear; but were I king,
My acts would oft run counter to my will.
How could a title then have charms for me
Above the sweets of boundless influence?
I am not so infatuate as to grasp
The shadow when I hold the substance fast.
Now all men cry me Godspeed! wish me well,
And every suitor seeks to gain my ear,
If he would hope to win a grace from thee.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

πώς δήτ' ἐγὼ κείν' ἄν λάβομι ἀφεῖς τάδε; οὔκ ἄν γένοιτο νοῦς κακός καλῶς φρονών. 600
ἀλλ' οὔτ' ἐραστής τής τῆς γνώμης ἐφυν
οὔτ' ἄν μετ' ἀλλου δρῶντος ἄν τοιῃν ποτε. καὶ τῶν ἐλεγχον τούτο μὲν Πυθώδ' ἰδὼν
πεύθου τὰ χρησθέντ' ἐι σαφῶς ἡγεῖλά σοι.
τούτ' ἀλλ', εάν με τῷ τερασκόπῳ λάβῃς
κοινῇ τι βουλεύσαντα, μὴ μ' ἀπλῇ κτάνης
ψήφῳ, διπλῇ δέ, τῇ τ' ἐμῇ καὶ σῇ, λαβών
γνώμη δ' ἀδήλῳ μὴ με χωρίς αἰτῶν.
οὐ γὰρ δίκαιον οὔτε τοὺς κακοὺς μάτνῃ
χρηστοὺς νομίζειν οὔτε τοὺς χρηστοὺς κακοὺς.
φιλον γὰρ ἔσθλον ἐκβαλείν ἵσον λέγω
καὶ τὸν παρ' αὐτῷ βίοτον, ὅν πλείστον φιλεῖ.
ἀλλ' ἐν χρόνῳ γνώσει τάδ' ἀσφαλῶς, ἔπει
χρόνον δίκαιον ἄνδρα δείκνυσιν μόνον
κακὸν δὲ κἂν ἐν ἡμέρᾳ γνώης μιᾷ.

ΧΩΡΟΣ
καλῶς ἐλέξεν εὐλαβοῦμένῳ πεσεῖν,
ἀναξ' φρονεῖν γὰρ οἱ ταχεῖς οὐκ ἁσφαλεῖς.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΣ

ὁταν ταχύς τις οὐπερβουλεύων λάθρα
χωρῆ, ταχύν δεὶ καμὲ βουλεύειν πάλιν
ἐι δ' ἡσυχάξων προσμενώ, τὰ τούδε μὲν
πεπραγμέν' ἐσται, τὰμὰ δ' ἡμαρτημένα.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

τί δήτα χρήζεις; ἡ μὲ γῆς ἔξω βαλεῖν;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΣ

ἡ κιστὰ: θυρήσκειν, οὐ φυγεῖν σε βούλομαι.

ώς ἀν προδείξῃς οἴον ἐστὶ τὸ φθονεῖν. 1

1 MSS. give 624 to Creon and 625 to Oedipus. Jebb corrects and supposes a line to have fallen out between 625 and 626.

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OEDIPUS THE KING

Why should I leave the better, choose the worse?
That were sheer madness, and I am not mad.
No such ambition ever tempted me,
Nor would I have a share in such intrigue.
And if thou doubt me, first to Delphi go,
There ascertain if my report was true
Of the god's answer; next investigate
If with the seer I plotted or conspired,
And if it prove so, sentence me to death,
Not by thy voice alone, but mine and thine.
But O condemn me not, without appeal,
On bare suspicion. 'Tis not right to adjudge
Bad men at random good, or good men bad.
I would as lief a man should cast away
The thing he counts most precious, his own life,
As spurn a true friend. Thou wilt learn in time
The truth, for time alone reveals the just;
A villain is detected in a day.

CHORUS

To one who walketh warily his words
Commend themselves; swift counsels are not sure.

OEDIPUS

When with swift strides the stealthy plotter stalks
I must be quick too with my counterplot.
To wait his onset passively, for him
Is sure success, for me assured defeat.

CREON

What then's thy will? To banish me the land?

OEDIPUS

I would not have thee banished, no, but dead,
That men may mark the wages envy reaps.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ως οὖχ υπείξων οὐδὲ πιστεύσων λέγεις;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

* * * * * *

ΚΡΕΩΝ

οὐ γὰρ φρονοῦντά σ' εὖ βλέπω.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

τὸ γούν ἐμὸν.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ἄλλ' ἐξ ἴσου δεῖ κάμον.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἄλλ' ἐφυς κακός.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

eἰ δὲ ξυνῆς μηδὲν;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἀρκτέον γ' ὅμως.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

οὕτω κακῶς γ' ἄρχοντος.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὁ πόλις πόλις.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

κάμοι πόλεως μέτεστων, οὐχὶ σοι μόνῳ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

παύσασθ', ἀνακτεῖς καιρίαν ὅ γ' ὑμῖν ὅρῳ τῆν ἐκ δόμων στείχουσαν Ἰοκάστην, μεθ' ὑς τὸ νῦν παρεστῶς νείκος εὖ θέσθαι χρεών.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ

τί τὴν ἄβουλον, ὦ ταλαίπωροι, στάσιν γλώσσης ἐπήρασθ' οὖδ' ἐπαισχύνεσθε γῆς οὕτω νοσούσης ἱδια κινούντες κακά;
OEDIPUS THE KING

CREON
I see thou wilt not yield, nor credit me.

OEDIPUS
[None but a fool would credit such as thou.]

CREON
Thou art not wise.

OEDIPUS
Wise for myself at least.

CREON
Why not for me too?

OEDIPUS
Why for such a knave?

CREON
Suppose thou lackest sense.

OEDIPUS
Yet kings must rule.

CREON
Not if they rule ill.

OEDIPUS
Ô my Thebans, hear him!

CREON
Thy Thebans? am not I a Theban too?

CHORUS
Cease, princes; lo there comes, and none too soon: Jocasta from the palace. Who so fit As peacemaker to reconcile your feud?

Enter JOCASTA.

JOCASTA
Misguided princes, why have ye upraised This wordy wrangle? Are ye not ashamed, While the whole land lies stricken, thus to voice Your private injuries? Go in, my lord;
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

ούκ εἰ σὺ τ᾽ οἴκους σὺ τε, Κρέων, κατὰ στέγας,
kαὶ μὴ τὸ μηδὲν ἄλγος εἰς μέγ᾽ οἴσετε;

ΚΡΕΩΝ
ὁμαίμε, δεινὰ μ᾽ Οἰδίποις ὁ σῶς πόσις
δρᾶσαι δικαιοὶ δυνών ἀποκρίνας κακοῖν,
ἡ γῆς ἀπώσασι πατρίδος ἢ κτείναι λαβῶν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΗ
ξύμφημω. δρώντα γάρ νυν, ὦ γύναι, κακῶς
εἶληφα τούμον σῶμα σὺν τέχνῃ κακῆ.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
μὴ νυν ὀναίμην, ἀλλ᾽ ἀραίος, εἰ σὲ τὶ
δέδρακ᾽, ὁλοίμην, ὃν ἐπαιτιᾶ με δρᾶν.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ
ὡ πρὸς θεῶν πίστευσον, Οἰδίποις, τάδε,
μάλιστα μὲν τόνδ᾽ ὦρκου αἴδεσθεὶς θεῶν,
ἐπεὶ τα κἀμὲ τούσδε θ᾽ οὐ πάρεισι σοι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
πιθοῦν θελήσας φρονήσας τ’, ἀνὰξ, λίσσομαι.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΗ
τί σοι θέλεις δῆτ᾽ εἰκάθω;

ΧΟΡΟΣ
τὸν οὐτε πρὶν νῆπιον νῦν τ᾽ ἐν ὦρκῳ μέγαν καταί.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΗ
οἰσθ᾽ οὗν ἃ χρήζεις;

ΧΟΡΟΣ
οίδα.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΗ
φράζε δὴ τί φῆς.
OEDIPUS THE KING

Go home, my brother, and forbear to make
A public scandal of a petty grief.

CREON
My royal sister, Oedipus, thy lord,
Hath bid me choose (O dread alternative!)
An outlaw's exile or a felon's death.

OEDIPUS
Yes, lady; I have caught him practising
Against my royal person his vile arts.

CREON
May I ne'er speed but die accursed, if I
In any way am guilty of this charge.

JOCASTA
Believe him, I adjure thee, Oedipus,
First for his solemn oath's sake, then for mine,
And for thine elders' sake who wait on thee.

CHORUS
(St. 1)
Hearken, King, reflect, we pray thee, be not stubborn
but relent.

OEDIPUS
Say to what should I consent?

CHORUS
Respect a man whose probity and troth
Are known to all and now confirmed by oath,

OEDIPUS
Dost know what grace thou cravest?

CHORUS
Yea, I know.

OEDIPUS
Declare it then and make thy meaning plain.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ
τὸν ἐναγή φίλον μῆτρον ἐν αἰτίᾳ
σὺν ἄφανεί λόγῳ στὶ ἄτιμον βαλεῖν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ
ἐν νυν ἐπίστω, ταῦθ' ὅταν ξητῆς, ἐμοὶ
ξητῶν ὀλέθρων ἦ φυγήν ἐκ τῆςδε γῆς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
οὐ τὸν πάντων θεῶν θεόν πρόμον
στρ. β' 660
"Αλιον ἐτελ ἀθεον ἀφιλος ὅ τι πύματον
ὁλοίμαν, φρόνησιν εἰ τάν' ἕχω.
ἀλλά μοι δυσμόρφω γὰ φθινάς
τρύχει ψυχὰν, τάδ' εἰ κακοῖς κακὰ
προσάψει τοῖς πάλαι τὰ πρὸς σφῶν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ
ὁ δ' οὖν ἵτω, κεῖ χρή με παντελῶς θανεῖν
ἡ γῆς ἄτιμον τῆςδ' ἀπωσθήναι βία.
τὸ γὰρ σὸν, οὐ τὸ τοῦδ', ἐποικίρω στόμα
ἐλείνων· οὔτος δ' ἐνθ' ἄν ἡ στυγήσεται.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
στυγνὸς μὲν εἰκὸν δῆλος εἰ, βαρύς δ', ὅταν
θυμὸν περάσῃς· αἱ δὲ τοιαύται φύσεις
αὐταῖς δικαίως εἰσὶν ἀλγισταί φέρειν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ
οὐκοὺν μ' εάσεις κάκτος εἰ;

ΚΡΕΩΝ
πορεύσομαι,
σοῦ μὲν τυχῶν ἄγνωτος, ἐν δὲ τοῖσδ' ἱσος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
ἀντ. α'
γύναι, τί μέλλεις κομίζειν δόμων τόνδ' ἔσω;
OEDIPUS THE KING

CHORUS
Brand not a friend whom babbling tongues assail;
Let not suspicion 'gainst his oath prevail.

OEDIPUS
Bethink you that in seeking this ye seek
In very sooth my death or banishment?

CHORUS
No, by the leader of the host divine! (Str. 2)
Witness, thou Sun, such thought was never mine,
Unblest, unfriended may I perish,
If ever I such wish did cherish!
But O my heart is desolate
Musing on our stricken State,
Doubly fall'n should discord grow
Twixt you twain, to crown our woe.

OEDIPUS
Well, let him go, no matter what it cost me,
Or certain death or shameful banishment,
For your sake I relent, not his; and him,
Where'er he be, my heart shall still abhor.

CREON
Thou art as sullen in thy yielding mood
As in thine anger thou wast truculent.
Such tempers justly plague themselves the most.

OEDIPUS
Leave me in peace and get thee gone.

CREON
I go,
By thee misjudged, but justified by these.

[Exit CREON.

CHORUS (Ant. 1)
Lady, lead indoors thy consort; wheresoe'er longer
here delay?
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ

μαθοῦσά γ’ ἦτις ἡ τύχη.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

dόκησις ἀγνῶς λόγων ἦλθε, δάπτει δὲ καὶ τὸ μὴ ἴδικον.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ

ἀμφοῖν ἀπ’ αὐτοίν;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ναίχι.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ

καὶ τὰς ᾗν λόγος;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἄλλας ἐμοίγ’, ἄλλας γὰς προπονοομένας, φαίνεται ἐνθ’ ἐληξεν αὐτοῦ μένειν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΣ

ὄρας ἵν’ ἤκεισ, ἀγαθὸς ὁ ἄνωμὴν ἄνηρ, τούμον παριεῖς καὶ καταμβλύνων κέαρ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀναξ, εἶπον μὲν οὐχ ἀπαξ μόνου, ἀντ. β’ ισθι δὲ παραφρόνων, ἀπορου ἐπὶ φρονίμα πεφάνθαι μ’ ἂν, εἰ σ’ ἐνοσφιζόμαν, ὅς τ’ ἐμὰν γὰν φίλου ἐν πόνοις ἀλύσουσαν κατ’ ὀρθὸν οὔρισας, ταῦτὰ τ’ εὐπομπος, ἃν γένοιο.1

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ

πρὸς θεῶν δίδαξον κάμ’, ἄναξ, ὅτου ποτὲ μὴν τοσόποτε πράγματος στήσας ἔχεις.

1 εἰ δύναιο γενοῦ MSS., ἄν γένοιο Blaydes.
OÆDIPUS THE KING

JOCASTA
Tell me first how rose the fray.

CHORUS
Rumours bred unjust suspicions and injustice rankles sore.

JOCASTA
Were both at fault then?

CHORUS
Both.

JOCASTA
What was the tale?

CHORUS
Ask me no more. The land is sore distressed; 'Twere better sleeping ills to leave at rest.

OÆDIPUS
Strange counsel, friend! I know thou mean'st me well,
And yet would'st mitigate and blunt my zeal.

CHORUS
(ANT. 2)
King, I say it once again,
Witless were I proved, insane,
If I lightly put away
Thee my country's prop and stay,
Pilot who, in danger sought,
To a quiet haven brought
Our distracted State; and now
Who can guide us right but thou?

JOCASTA
Let me too, I adjure thee, know, O king,
What cause has stirred this unrelenting wrath.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ.

ἐρῶ· σὲ γὰρ τῶν ἐς πλέον, γύναι, σέβω·
Κρέοντος, οία μοι βεβούλευκος ἔχει.

ΙΟΚΑΣΘΗ

λεγ', εἰ σαφῶς τὸ νεῖκος ἐγκαλῶν ἐρεῖς.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

fonoéa me φησὶ Δαίον καθεστάναι.

ΙΟΚΑΣΘΗ

αὐτὸς ξυνειδῶς ἢ μαθῶν ἄλλου πάρα;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

μᾶντιν μὲν οὖν κακούργην εἰσπέμψας, ἐπεὶ

τὸ γ' εἰς ἑαυτὸν πᾶν ἐλευθεροὶ στόμα.

ΙΟΚΑΣΘΗ

σὺ νυν ἀφεῖς σεαυτὸν δὲν λέγεις πέρι

ἐμοῦ 'πάκουσον καὶ μάθ' οὖνεκ' ἐστὶ σοι

βρότειον οὐδὲν ματικὴς ἔχον τέχνης.

φανὼ δέ σοι σημεία τῶνδε σύντομα. 710

χρησμὸς γὰρ ἤλθε Δαίφ ποτ', οὐκ ἔρω

Φοίβου γ' ἀπ' αὐτοῦ, τῶν δ' ύπηρετῶν ἀπο,

ὡς αὐτὸν ἐξοι μοῖρα πρὸς παιδὸς θανεῖν,

ὅστις γένοιτ' ἐμοῦ τε κἀκεῖνον πάρα.

καὶ τὸν μέν, ὄσπερ γ' ἡ φάτις, ξένου ποτὲ

λησταὶ φονεύουσι' ἐν τριπλαίς ἀμαξίτοις·

παιδὸς δὲ βλάστας οὐ διέσχον ἡμέραι

τρεῖς, καὶ νῖν ἀρθρα κεῖνος ἐνζεύξας ποδοῖν

ἐρρίψεν ἄλλων χερσὶν ἄβατον εἰς ὄρος.

κανταυθ' Ἀτόλλων οὔτ' ἐκεῖνον ἦνυσεν

fonoéa γενέσθαι πατρὸς οὔτε Δαίον

τὸ δεινὸν υφοβείτο πρὸς παιδὸς θανεῖν.
OEDIPUS THE KING

OEDIPUS
I will, for thou art more to me than these.
Lady, the cause is Creon and his plots.

JOCASTA
But what provoked the quarrel? make this clear.

OEDIPUS
He points me out as Laïus' murderer.

JOCASTA
Of his own knowledge or upon report?

OEDIPUS
He is too cunning to commit himself,
And makes a mouthpiece of a knavish seer.

JOCASTA
Then thou mayst ease thy conscience on that score.
Listen and I'll convince thee that no man
Hath scot or lot in the prophetic art.
Here is the proof in brief. An oracle
Once came to Laïus (I will not say
'Twas from the Delphic god himself, but from
His ministers) declaring he was doomed
To perish by the hand of his own son,
A child that should be born to him by me.
Now Laïus—so at least report affirmed—
Was murdered on a day by highwaymen,
No natives, at a spot where three roads meet.
As for the child, it was but three days old,
When Laïus, its ankles pierced and pinned
Together, gave it to be cast away
By others on the trackless mountain side.
So then Apollo brought it not to pass
The child should be his father's murderer,
Or the dread terror find accomplishment,
And Laïus be slain by his own son.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

τοιαῦτα φήμαι μαντικάλ διώρισαν, ὃν ἐντρέπου ὑπὸ μηδὲν· ὃν γὰρ ἀν θεὸς χρείαν ἔρευνα, ῥαδίως αὐτὸς φανεῖ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
οἷν μὲ ἀκούσαντ' ἀρτίως ἔχει, γυναι, ὕψιες πλάνημα κανακίνησις φρενῶν.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ
ποῖας μερίμνης τοῦθ' ὑποστραφεὶς λέγεις;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ἐδοξ' ἀκούσαί σοι τόδ', ὡς ὁ Λάιος κατασφαγείη πρὸς τριπλαίς ἀμαξίτοις.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ
ηὐδάτο γὰρ ταῦτ' οὐδέ πω λήξαντ' ἔχει.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
καὶ ποῦ 'σθ' ὁ χῶρος οὗτος οὖ τόδ' ἦν πάθος;

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ
Φωκίς μὲν ἡ γῆ κλῆσται, σχιστῇ ὁ ὁδὸς ἐς ταῦτῳ Δελφῶν κάτῳ Δανίλας ἄγει.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
καὶ τὸς χρόνος τοῦδ' ἐστὶν οὐξεληλυθώς;

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ
σχεδὸν τι πρόσθεν ἢ σὺ τῆδ' ἔχων χθονὸς ἱπχῆν ἐφάινο, τοῦτ' ἐκηρύχθη πόλει.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ὡ̃ Ζεῦ, τί μοι δράσαι βεβούλευσαι πέρι;

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ
τί δ' ἐστί σοι τοῦτ', Οἰδίπους, ἐνθύμοιν;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
μὴπω μὲ ἐρώτα· τὸν δὲ Λαῖον φύσιν τίν' ἦλθε φραζε, τίνα δ' ἀκμὴν ἤβης ἔχων.
OEDIPUS THE KING

Such was the prophet's horoscope. O king,
Regard it not. Whate'er the god deems fit
To search, himself unaided will reveal.

OEDIPUS
What memories, what wild tumult of the soul
Came o'er me, lady, as I heard thee speak!

JOCASTA
What mean'st thou? What has shocked and startled
thee?

OEDIPUS
Methought I heard thee say that Laïus
Was murdered at the meeting of three roads.

JOCASTA
So ran the story that is current still.

OEDIPUS
Where did this happen? Dost thou know the place?

JOCASTA
Phocis the land is called; the spot is where
Branch roads from Delphi and from Daulis meet.

OEDIPUS
And how long is it since these things befell?

JOCASTA
'Twas but a brief while ere thou wast proclaimed
Our country's ruler that the news was brought.

OEDIPUS
O Zeus, what hast thou willed to do with me!

JOCASTA
What is it, Oedipus, that moves thee so?

OEDIPUS
Ask me not yet; tell me the build and height
Of Laïus? Was he still in manhood's prime?
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ
μέγας, χνοάξων άρτι λευκανθῆς κάρα,
μορφῆς δὲ τῆς σῆς ούκ ἀπεστάτει πολύ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ
ούμοι τάλας· ἔοικ' ἐμαυτὸν εἰς ἀρὰς
δεινὰς προβάλλων ἀρτίως οὐκ εἰδέναι.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ
πῶς φής; ὅκνῳ τοι πρὸς σ' ἀποσκοποῦσ', ἄναξ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ
δεινῶς ἄθυμῳ μὴ βλέπων ὁ μάντις ἦ·
δείξεις δὲ μᾶλλον, ἢν ἐν ἑξείπης ἔτι.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ
καὶ μὴν ὅκνῳ μέν, ἀ δ' ἄν ἔρη μαθοῦσ' ἔρω.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ
πότερον ἔχωρει βαιὸς ἡ πολλοῦς έχων
ἀνδρας λοχίτας, οὗ ἄνηρ ἀρχηγήτης;

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ
πέντε ἦσαν οἱ ξύμπαντες, ἐν δ' αὐτοῖσιν ἦν
κήρυξι· ἀπήνη δ' ἦγε Δαίων μία.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ
αιαὶ, τάδ' ἦδη διαφανῆ. τις ἦν ποτε
ὁ τούσδε λέξας τοὺς λόγους ύμῖν, γύναι;

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ
οἰκεύς τις, ὅσπερ ἵκετ' ἐκσωθεῖς μόνος.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ
ἡ καὶ δόμοισι τυγχάνει ταῖνν παρῶν;

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ
οὐ δὴτ· ἄφ' οὐ γὰρ κεῖθεν ἦλθε καὶ κράτη
σὲ τ' εἰδ' ἐχοντα Δαίων τ' ὀλωλότα,
ἐξικέτευσε τῆς ἐμῆς χειρὸς θυγώς.
OEDIPUS THE KING

JOCASTA
Tall was he, and his hair was lightly strewn
With silver; and not unlike thee in form.

OEDIPUS
O woe is me! Methinks unwittingly
I laid but now a dread curse on myself.

JOCASTA
What say'st thou? When I look on thee, my king,
I tremble.

OEDIPUS
'Tis a dread presentiment
That in the end the seer will prove not blind.
One further question to resolve my doubt.

JOCASTA
I quail; but ask, and I will answer all.

OEDIPUS
Had he but few attendants or a train
Of armed retainers with him, like a prince?

JOCASTA
They were but five in all, and one of them
A herald; Laïus in a mule-car rode.

OEDIPUS
Alas! 'tis clear as noonday now. But say,
Lady, who carried this report to Thebes?

JOCASTA
A serf, the sole survivor who returned.

OEDIPUS
Haply he is at hand or in the house?

JOCASTA
No, for as soon as he returned and found
Thee reigning in the stead of Laïus slain,
He clasped my hand and supplicated me
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

άγροις σφε πέμψαι κατ' ποιμνίων νομάς, ὡς πλείστον εἴη τοῦτο ἀποπτος ἁστεώς.
κάπεμψ' ἐγὼ νῦν ἀξίοις γὰρ οὗ ἀνήρ
dούλος φέρειν ἦν τῆς δε καὶ μείζω χάριν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

πῶς ἂν μόλοι δῆθ' ἦμιν ἐν τάχει πάλιν;

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ

πάρεστιν ἀλλὰ πρὸς τί τοῦτ' ἐφίεσαι;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

dέδωκ' ἐμαυτόν, ὡ γύναι, μὴ πόλλ' ἀγαν
εἰρημέν' ἦ μοι δι' α' νυν εἰσίδειν θέλω.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ

ἀλλ' ἵξεται μὲν ἀξία δὲ ποι μαθεῖν
κάγω τὰ γ' ἐν σοί δυσφόρως ἔχοντ', ἀναξ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

κοῦ μὴ στερηθῆς γ', ἐς τοσοῦτον ἐλπίδων
ἐμοὶ βεβώτος τῷ γὰρ ἂν καὶ μείζων
λέξαιμ' ἂν ἦ σοί, διὰ τύχης τοιαύτης ἵων;
ἐμοὶ πατήρ μὲν Πόλυβος ἢν Κορίνθιος,
μήτηρ δὲ Μερόπη Δωρίς. ἡγόμην δ' ἀνήρ
ἀστών μέγιστος τῶν ἐκεί, πρὶν μοι τύχη
tοιαύτ' ἐπεστη, θαυμάσαι μὲν ἀξία,
σπουδῆς γε μέντοι τῆς ἐμῆς οὐκ ἀξία.
ἀνήρ γὰρ ἐν δεύπνοις μ' ὑπερπλησθεῖς μέθη
calēi παρ' οἴνοι, πλαστὸς ὡς εἶχν πατρὶ.
κάγω βαρυνθεῖς τῆς μὲν οὐδαν ἡμέραν
μόλις κατέσχον, θατέρα δ' ἰών πέλας
μητρός πατρός τ' ἠλεγχον' οἴ δὲ δυσφόρως
tούνειδος ἑγον τῷ μεθέντι τῶν λόγων.
κάγω τὰ μὲν κεῖνοι ἐτερπομήν, ὡμος δ' ἐκνυσ' μ' ἀεὶ τοὐθ'. ὑφείρπε γὰρ πολὺ.
OEDIPUS THE KING

To send him to the alps and pastures, where
He might be farthest from the sight of Thebes.
And so I sent him. 'Twas an honest slave
And well deserved some better recompense.

OEDIPUS
Fetch him at once. I fain would see the man.

JOCASTA
He shall be brought; but wherefore summon him?

OEDIPUS
Lady, I fear my tongue has overrun
Discretion; therefore I would question him.

JOCASTA
Well, he shall come, but may not I too claim
To share this burden of thy heart, my king?

OEDIPUS
And thou shalt not be frustrate of thy wish,
Now my imaginings have gone so far.
Who has a higher claim than thou to hear
My tale of dire adventures? Listen then.
My sire was Polybus of Corinth, and
My mother Meropè, a Dorian;
And I was held the foremost citizen,
Till a strange thing befell me, strange indeed,
Yet scarce deserving all the heat it stirred.
A roisterer at some banquet, flown with wine,
Shouted "Thou art no true son of thy sire."
It irked me, but I stomached for the nonce
The insult; on the morrow I sought out
My mother and my sire and questioned them.
They were indignant at the random slur
Cast on my parentage and did their best
To comfort me, but still the venomed barb
Rankled, for still the scandal spread and grew.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ; ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

λάθρα δὲ μητρὸς καὶ πατρὸς πορεύομαι
Πυθώδε, καὶ μ’ ὁ Φοίβος ὄν μὲν ἴκμην
ἀτιμον ἐξεπεμψεν, ἀλλὰ δ’ ἄθλα
καὶ δεινὰ καὶ δύστημα προούφηνεν λέγων, 1
ὡς μητρὶ μὲν χρείη μὲ μικρήναι, γένος δ’
ἀτλητον ἀνθρώποισι δηλώσοιμ’ ὀράν,
φονεύς δ’ ἐσοίμην τοῦ φυτεύσαντος πατρός.
κἀγὼ πακούσας ταῦτα τὴν Κορινθίαν,
ἀστρος τὸ λυπὸν ἐκμετρούμενος, χθόνα
ἐφευγον, ἔνθα μήποτ’ ὄψομην κακῶν
χρησμῶν ὀνείδη τῶν ἐμῶν τελοῦμενα.
στείχων δ’ ἰκνούμαι τούς τοὺς χώρους, ἐν οἷς
σὺ τὸν τύραννον τοῦτον ὀλυσθαί λέγεις.
καὶ σοι, γυναί, τάληθες ἔξερω. τριπλῆς
ὅτ’ ἡ κελεύθου τῆς ὁδοιπορῶν πέλας,
ἐνταῦθα μοι κήρυξ τε κάπε πολικῆς
ἀνήρ ἀπήνης ἐμβεβώς, οἶον σὺ φῆς,
ξυνητίαξον καὶ ἐκεὶ ὁδὸν μ’ ὃ θ’ ἤγεμῶν
ἀυτός θ’ ὁ πρέσβυς πρὸς βιαν ἡλαυνέτην.
κἀγὼ τὸν ἐκτρέποντα, τὸν τρωχηλάτην,
παῖδι δ’ ὄργῆς καὶ μ’ ὁ πρέσβυς ὃς ὅρα,
ὁχον, παραστείχοντα τηρήσας, μέσον
κάρα διπλοῖς κέντροις μον καθίκετο.
οὐ μὴν ἤσθη γ’ ἐτίσεν, ἀλλὰ συντόμως
σκῆπτρῳ τυπεῖς ἐκ τῆς ἑρώτ ὑπτίος
μέσης ἀπήνης εὐθὺς ἐκκυλίνδεται:
κτείνῳ δὲ τοὺς ξύμπαντας. εἰ δὲ τῷ ἔξερο
τούτῳ προσήκει Δαίον τι συγγενές,
τὸς τοῦτος γ’ ἀνδρὸς ἐστίν ἀθλιώτερος;
τὸς ἐχθροδαίμων μᾶλλον ἀν γένοιτ’ ἀνήρ;

1 MSS. προυφάνη, corr. Hermann.
OEDIPUS THE KING

So privily without their leave I went
To Delphi, and Apollo sent me back
Baulked of the knowledge that I came to seek.
But other grievous things he prophesied,
Woes, lamentations, mourning, portents dire;
To wit I should defile my mother's bed
And raise up seed too loathsome to behold,
And slay the father from whose loins I sprang.
Warned by the oracle I turned and fled,—
And Corinth henceforth was to me unknown
Save as I knew its region by the stars;—
Whither, I cared not, so I never might
Behold my doom of infamy fulfilled.
And in my wanderings I reached the place
Where, as thy story runs, the king was slain.
Then, lady,—thou shalt hear the very truth—
As I drew near the triple-branching roads,
A herald met me and a man who sat
In a car drawn by colts—as in thy tale—
The man in front and the old man himself
Threatened to thrust me rudely from the path,
Then jostled by the charioteer in wrath
I struck him, and the old man, seeing this,
Watched till I passed and from his car brought down
Full on my head the double-pointed goad.
Yet was I quits with him and more; one stroke
Of my good staff sufficed to fling him clean
Out of the chariot seat and laid him prone.
And so I slew them every one. But if
Betwixt this stranger there was aught in common
With Laïus, who more miserable than I,
What mortal could you find more god-abhorred?
Wretch whom no sojourner, no citizen
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

διν μὴ ξένων ἐξεστὶ μηδ’ ἀστῶν τινι 1 δόμοις δέχεσθαι μηδὲ προσφωνεῖν τινα, ὅθειν δ’ ἀπ’ οὐκον. καὶ τᾶδ’ οὕτως ἄλλος ἦν ἡ γὰρ π’ ἐμαυτῷ τάσδ’ ἀρὰς ὁ προστιθείς. λέχη δὲ τοῦ θανόντος ἐκ χεροῖν ἐμαῖν χραίνω, δι’ ὑπερ ὀλετ’. ἀρ’ ἐφιν κακός; ἀρ’ οὐχὶ πάς ἀναγνος; εἰ με χρὴ φυγεῖν, καὶ μοι φυγοῦντι μήστι τοὺς ἐμοὺς ἰδεῖν μηδ’ ἐμβατεύειν πατρίδος, ἡ γάμοις με δεὶ μητρός χυγήναι καὶ πατέρα κατακτανεῖν Πόλυβον, δι’ ἔξεστυσε καζέθρεψε με. ἀρ’ οὐκ ἀπ’ ὀμοῦ ταύτα δαιμονός τις ἂν κρίνων ἐπ’ ἀνδρὶ τάδ’ ἂν ὀρθοὶ λόγον; μὴ δήτα, μὴ δήτ’, ὁ θεῶν ἁγνὸν σέβας, ἱδομι ταύτην ἱμέραν, ἀλλ’ ἐκ βροτῶν βαίνην ἀφαντὸς πρόσθεν ἡ τοιάνδ’ ἰδεῖν κηλίδ’ ἐμαυτῷ συμφορᾶς ἀφιγμένην.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἡμῖν μέν, οὐκα, ταύτ’ ὄνυνρ’. ἔως δ’ ἂν οὐν πρὸς τοῦ παρόντος ἐκμάθης, ἐχ’ ἐλπίδα.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ

καὶ μὴν τοσοῦτον γ’ ἐστὶ μοι τῆς ἐλπίδος, τὸν ἀνδρὰ τὸν βοτήρα προσμεῖναι μόνον.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ

πεφασμένου δὲ τίς ποθ’ ἡ προθυμία;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ

ἐγὼ διδάξω σ’ ἢν γὰρ εὐρεθῇ λέγων σοὶ ταύτ’, ἐγωγ’ ἂν ἐκπεφευγοίην πάθος.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ

ποίον δὲ μου περισσόν ἥκουσας λόγον;

1 MSS. ϕ . . . τινα, corr. Dindorf.
OEDIPUS THE KING

May harbour or address, whom all are bound
To harry from their homes. And this same curse
Was laid on me, and laid by none but me.
Yea with these hands all gory I pollute
The bed of him I slew. Say, am I vile?
Am I not utterly unclean, a wretch
Doomed to be banished, and in banishment
Forgo the sight of all my dearest ones,
And never tread again my native earth;
Or else to wed my mother and slay my sire,
Polybus, who begat me and upreared?
If one should say, this is the handiwork
Of some inhuman power, who could blame
His judgment? But, ye pure and awful gods,
Forbid, forbid that I should see that day!
May I be blotted out from living men
Ere such a plague spot set on me its brand!

CHORUS
We too, O king, are troubled; but till thou
Hast questioned the survivor, still hope on.

OEDIPUS
My hope is faint, but still enough survives
To bid me bide the coming of this herd.

JOCASTA
Suppose him here, what wouldst thou learn of him?

OEDIPUS
I'll tell thee, lady; if his tale agrees
With thine, I shall have scaped calamity.

JOCASTA
And what of special import did I say?
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ληστάς ἔφασκες αὐτὸν ἄνδρας ἐννέπειν ὡς νῦν κατακτεῖνειαν. εἶ μὲν οὖν ἔτι
λέξει τὸν αὐτόν ἄριθμόν, οὐκ ἔγω 'κτανον'
οὗ γὰρ γένοιτ' ἂν εἶς γε τοῖς πολλοῖς ἰσος·
ei δ' ἄνδρ' ἐν, οἰόζωνον αὐδὴσει, σαφῶς
tοῦτ' ἐστίν ἢδη τούργον εἰς ἐμὲ ῥέπουν.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ
ἀλλ' ὡς φανέν γε τούπος ὤδ' ἐπίστασο,
κοῦκ ἐστίν αὐτῷ τοῦτό γ' ἐκβαλεῖν πάλιν
τόλις γὰρ ἦκουσ', οὖκ ἔγω μόνη, τάδε.
ei δ' οὖν τι κακτρέποιτο τοῦ πρόσθεν λόγου,
οὔτοι ποτ', ὁναξ', σὸν γε Λατοῦ φόνον
φανεὶ δικαίως ὃρθων, ὃν γε Λοξίας
διεὶπε χρῆμα παιδὸς ἐξ ἐμοῦ θανεῖν.
καίτοι μιν οὔ κεῖνος γ' ὁ δύστηνυς ποτε
κατέκταν', ἀλλ' αὐτὸς πάροιθεν ὀλετο.
ὡςτ' οὐχὶ μαντείας γ' ἂν οὔτε τῇδ' ἐγὼ
βλέψαιμ' ἂν εἰνεκ' οὔτε τῇδ' ἂν ὀστερον.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
καλῶς νομίζεις· ἀλλ' ὅμως τὸν ἐργάτην
πέμψων τινὰ στελοῦντα μηδὲ τούτ' ἀφής.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ
πέμψῳ ταχύνασ'. ἀλλ' ᾽ωμεν ἐς δόμους·
oūθεν γὰρ ἂν πράξαιμ' ἂν οὖν οὐ ςοί φίλον.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
eι μοι ἑκνεῖν φέροντι
μοῖρα τὰν εὔσεπτον ἄγνείαιν λόγων
ἐργον τε πάντων, ὃν νόμοι πρόκεινται
ὑψίποδες, οὐρανίαιν
di αἰθέρα τεκνωθέντες, ὃν ὁ'Ολυμπος
πατὴρ μόνος, οὔδὲ νῦν

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OEDIPUS THE KING

OEDIPUS
In thy report of what the herdsman said
Laïus was slain by robbers; now if he
Still speaks of robbers, not a robber, I
Slew him not; "one" with "many" cannot square.
But if he says one lonely wayfarer,
The last link wanting to my guilt is forged.

JOCASTA
Well, rest assured, his tale ran thus at first,
Nor can he now retract what then he said;
Not I alone but all our townsfolk heard it.
E'en should he vary somewhat in his story,
He cannot make the death of Laïus
In any wise jump with the oracle.
For Loxias said expressly he was doomed
To die by my child's hand, but he, poor babe,
He shed no blood, but perished first himself.
So much for divination. Henceforth I
Will look for signs neither to right nor left.

OEDIPUS
Thou reasonest well. Still I would have thee send
And fetch the bondsman hither. See to it.

JOCASTA
That will I straightway. Come, let us within.
I would do nothing that my lord mislikes.

CHORUS
My lot be still to lead
   The life of innocence and fly
Irreverence in word or deed,
   To follow still those laws ordained on high
Whose birthplace is the bright ethereal sky.
   No mortal birth they own,
Olympus their progenitor alone:

(Str. 1)
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

θνατὰ φύσις ἀνέρων
ἐτικτεν οὐδὲ μὴ ποτὲ λάθα 1 κατακοιμάσῃ
μέγας ἐν τούτοις θεὸς οὐδὲ γηράσκει.

ὕβρις φυτεύει τύραννον.  ἀντ. α'
ὕβρις, εἰ πολλὰν ὑπερπλησθῇ μάταν,
ἀ μὴ 'πίκαιρα μηδὲ συμφέροντα,
άκροτατον 2 εἰσαναβᾶσ'
ἀείσ φῶντον 3 ἔρουσει εἰς ἄναγκαν,
ἐνθ' οὐ ποδὶ χρησίμῳ
χρῆται. τὸ καλὸς δ' ἔχον
πόλει πάλαισμα μῆποτε λύσαι θεὸν αἰτοῦμαι.
θεὸν οὐ λήξω ποτὲ προστάταιν ἴσχων.

στρ. β'

εἰ δὲ τις ὑπέροπτα χερσίν ἢ λόγῳ πορεύεται,
δίκας ἀφόβητος οὐδὲ δαιμόνων ἐδὴ σέβων,
κακά νυν ἐλοιτο μοίρα,
δυσπότιμον χάρων χλιδᾶς,
εἰ μὴ τὸ κέρδος κερδανεὶ δικαίως
καὶ τῶν ἀσέπτων ἔρξεται
ἡ τῶν ἄθικτων θίξεις 4 ματάξων.
τις ἔτι ποτ' ἐν τοῖσ' ἀνὴρ θεῶν 5 βέλη
eὐξεται ψυχὰς ἁμύνειν;
εἰ γὰρ αἱ τοιαίδε πράξεις τίμιαι,
tί δεῖ με χορεύειν;

1 MSS. οὐδὲ μὴν ποτὲ λάθαι, corr. Elmsley.
2 MSS. ἀκροτάτον.
3 MSS. ἀπότομον, Arndt adds αἰτοῦν.
4 MSS. ξεταὶ, corr. Blaydes.
5 MSS. θυμῶ, or θυμοῦ, corr. Hermann.
OEDIPUS THE KING

Ne'er shall they slumber in oblivion cold,
The god in them is strong and grows not old.

Of insolence is bred
The tyrant; insolence full blown,
   With empty riches surfeited,
Scales the precipitous height and grasps the throne,
   Then topples o'er and lies in ruin prone;
   No foothold on that dizzy steep.
But O may Heaven the true patriot keep
Who burns with emulous zeal to serve the State.
God is my help and hope, on him I wait.

(Atn. 1)

But the proud sinner, or in word or deed,
   That will not Justice heed,
   Nor reverence the shrine
   Of images divine,
Perdition seize his vain imaginings,
   If, urged by greed profane,
   He grasps at ill-got gain,
And lays an impious hand on holiest things.
   Who when such deeds are done
   Can hope heaven's bolts to shun?
If sin like this to honour can aspire,
Why dance I still and lead the sacred choir?
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

ἀντ. β'
oῦκετι τὸν ἀθικτὸν εἴμι γὰς ἐπ’ ὀμφαλὸν σέβαιν
οὐδ’ ἐς τὸν Ἀβαῖσι ναὸν οὐδὲ τὰν Ὀλυμπίαν, 900
εἰ μὴ τάδε χειρόδεικτα
πᾶσιν ἀρμόσει βροτοῖς.
ἀλλ’, ὥς κρατύνων, εἰπερ ὄρθ’ ἀκούεις,
Σεῦ, πάντ’ ἀνάσσων, μὴ λάθοι
σὲ τὰν τε σὰν ἀθάνατον αἰεν ἀρχάν.
φθίνοντα γὰρ Δαίων παλαίφατα
θέσφατ’ ἐξαιροῦσιν ἡδη,
κούδαμον τιμᾶς Ἀπόλλων ἐμφανῆς
ἐρρει δὲ τὰ θεῖα.

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ΙΟΚΑΣΘΗ

χώρας ἄνακτες, δόξα μοι παρεστάθη
ναὸς ἱκέσθαι δαιμόνων, τάδ’ ἐν χεροῖν
στέφῃ λαβούσῃ κάπιθημιμάματα.
ἵνα γὰρ αἱρεί θυμὸν Οἰδίπον ἄγαν
λύπαισι παντοίαισιν’ οῦδ’ ὅποι ἀνήρ
ἐῖνους τὰ καὶνὰ τοῖς πάλαι τεκμαίρεται,
ἄλλ’ ἐστὶ τοῦ λέγοντος, εἰ φάβους λέγοι.
οὔτ’ οὖν παραίνεισ’ οὐδὲν ἐς πλέον πολῶ,
πρὸς σ’, ὃ Δῦκει’ Ἀπόλλων, ἀγχιστος γὰρ εἰ,
ἰκέτες ἀφίγμαι τοῦδε σὺν κατεύθυμασιν,
ὅπως λύσιν τη’ ἕμων εὐαγγὴ πόρης.
ὡς νῦν ὁκνοῦμεν πάντες ἐκπρεπληγμένον
κεῖνον βλέποντες ὡς κυβερνήητην νεώς.

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ΑΙΓΕΛΩΣ

ἀρ’ ἄν παρ’ ὕμων, ὥς ξένοι, μάθοιμ’ ὅπων
τὰ τοῦ τυράννου δώματ’ ἐστὶν Οἰδίπον;
μάλιστα δ’ αὐτὸν εἰπατ’, εἰ κάτιοσ’ ὅπων.

1 MSS. παλαιά, corr. Arndt.
OEDIPUS THE KING

(Ant. 2)

No more I'll seek earth's central oracle,
   Or Abae's hallowed cell,
Nor to Olympia bring
   My votive offering,
If before all God's truth be not made plain.
   O Zeus, reveal thy might,
King, if thou'rt named aright
Omnipotent, all-seeing, as of old;
   For Laïus is forgot;
His weird, men heed it not;
Apollo is forsook and faith grows cold.

Enter Jocasta.

JOCASTA

My lords, ye look amazed to see your queen
With wreaths and gifts of incense in her hands.
I had a mind to visit the high shrines,
For Oedipus is overwrought, alarmed
With terrors manifold. He will not use
His past experience, like a man of sense,
To judge the present need, but lends an ear
To any croaker if he augurs ill.
Since then my counsels nought avail, I turn
To thee, our present help in time of trouble,
Apollo, Lord Lycean, and to thee
My prayers and supplications here I bring.
Lighten us, lord, and cleanse us from this curse!
For now we all are cowed like mariners
Who see their helmsman dumbstruck in the storm.

Enter Corinthian messenger.

MESSENGER

My masters, tell me where the palace is
Of Oedipus; or better, where's the king.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

ΧΩΡΟΣ
στέγαι μὲν αἶδε, καῦτος ἐνδου, ὁ ἤνευ·
γυνὴ δὲ μήτηρ ἦδε τῶν κείνου τέκνων.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
ἀλλ' ὀλβία τε καὶ ξὺν ὀλβίοις ἀεὶ
γένοιτ', ἐκείνου γ' ὦσα παντελῆς δάμαρ.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ
αὐτῶς δὲ καὶ σὺ γ', ὃ ξέν'. ἀξίος γὰρ εἰ
tῆς εὐπεπέλας εἰνεκ' ἀλλὰ φράζ' ὅτου
χρήζων ἀφίξαι χῶ τι σημήναι θέλων.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
ἀγαθὰ δόμοις τε καὶ πόσει τῷ σῷ, γύναι.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ
τὰ ποία ταῦτα; παρὰ τίνος δ' ἀφυγμένος;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
ἐκ τῆς Κορίνθου. τὸ δ' ἔπος οὐξερῶ τάχα,
ἡδοιο μὲν, πῶς δ' οὐκ ἄν, ἀσχάλλοις δ' ἰσως.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ
τί δ' ἔστι; πολαν δύναμιν ὡδ' ἔχει διπλήν;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
τύραννον αὐτὸν οὐπεικόροις χθονὸς
τῆς Ἰσθμίας στῆσουσιν, ὡς ηὐδᾶτ' ἐκεῖ.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ
τί δ'; οὐχ ὁ πρέσβυς Πόλυβος ἐγκρατῆς ἔτι;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
οὐ δῆτ', ἑπεῖ νῦν θάνατος ἐν τάφοις ἔχει.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ
πῶς εἶπας; ἡ τέθυνε Πόλυβος, ὃ γέρον;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
εἰ μὴ λέγω τάληθες, ἀξιῶ θανεῖν.
OEDIPUS THE KING

CHORUS
Here is the palace and he bides within;
This is his queen the mother of his children

MESSENGER
All happiness attend her and the house,
Blessed is her husband and her marriage-bed.

JOCASTA
My greetings to thee, stranger; thy fair words
Deserve a like response. But tell me why
Thou comest—what thy need or what thy news.

MESSENGER
Good for thy consort and the royal house.

JOCASTA
What may it be? Whose messenger art thou?

MESSENGER
From Corinth I. The message wherewithal
I stand entrusted thou shalt hear anon.
'Twill please thee surely, yet perchance offend.

JOCASTA
Declare it and explain this double sense.

MESSENGER
The Isthmian commons have resolved to make
Thy husband king—so 'twas reported there.

JOCASTA
What! is not aged Polybus still king?

MESSENGER
No, verily; he's dead and in his grave.

JOCASTA
What! is he dead, the sire of Oedipus?

MESSENGER
If I speak falsely, may I die myself.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ

ὁ πρόσπολ’, οὐχὶ δεσπότη τὰδ’ ὡς τάχος μολοῦσα λέξεις; ὁ θεὼν μαντεύματα, ἵν’ ἐστέ’ τούτον Οἰδίπους πάλαι τρέμων τὸν ἀνδρ’ ἔφευγε μη κτάνου, καὶ νῦν δ לכן πρὸς τῆς τύχης ὀλωλεν οὐδὲ τοῦδ’ ὑπὸ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὁ φίλτατον γυναικὸς Ἰοκάστης κάρα, τί μ’ ἐξεπέμψω δεύρο τῶνδε δωμάτων;

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ

ἀκονε τάνδρος τοῦδε, καὶ σκότηει κλών τὰ σέμν’ ἵν’ ἤκεί τοῦ θεοῦ μαντεύματα.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

οὗτος δὲ τῆς ποτ’ ἐστὶ καὶ τί μοι λέγει;

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ

ἐκ τῆς Κορίνθου, πατέρα τὸν σὸν ἁγγελῶν ὡς ὠκέτ’ ὄντα Πόλυβον, ἄλλ’ ὀλωλότα.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

τί φής, ἔξεν’; αὐτός μοι σὺ σημάντωρ γενοῦ.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

εἴ τοῦτο πρῶτον δεῖ μ’ ἀπαγγεῖλαι σαφῶς, εὐ ἵσθ’ ἐκεῖνον θανάσιμον βεβηκότα.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

πότερα δόλωσιν ἢ νόσου ἄναλλαγή;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

σμικρὰ πάλαι σώματ’ εὔνάζει ροπή.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

νόσους ὁ τλήμων, ὡς ἐσικεν, ἔφθιτο.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

καὶ τῷ μακρῷ γε συμμετρούμενος χρόνῳ.
OEDIPUS THE KING

JOCASTA
Quick, maiden, bear these tidings to my lord.
Ye god-sent oracles, where stand ye now!
This is the man whom Oedipus long shunned,
In dread to prove his murderer; and now
He dies in nature's course, not by his hand.
Enter OEDIPUS.

OEDIPUS
My wife, my queen, Jocasta, why hast thou
Summoned me from my palace?

JOCASTA
Hear this man,
And as thou hearest judge what has become
Of all those awe-inspiring oracles.

OEDIPUS
Who is this man, and what his news for me?

JOCASTA
He comes from Corinth and his message this:
Thy father Polybus hath passed away.

OEDIPUS
What? let me have it, stranger, from thy mouth

MESSENER
If I must first make plain beyond a doubt
My message, know that Polybus is dead.

OEDIPUS
By treachery, or by sickness visited?

MESSENER
One touch will send an old man to his rest.

OEDIPUS
So of some malady he died, poor man.

MESSENER
Yes, having measured the full span of years.

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OIDIPΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΕ

φεῦ φεῦ, τί δήτ' ἄν, ὦ γύναι, σκοποῖτό τις τῆν Πυθόμαντιν ἐστίαν ἢ τοὺς άνω κλάζοντας ὄρνεις, ὃν ύφηγητῶν ἑγὼ κτενεῖν ἐμέλλον πατέρα τὸν ἐμῶν; ὃ δὲ θανῶν κεύθει κάτω δὴ γῆς. ἐγὼ δ' ὃδ' ἐνθάδε ἀφανύτος ἔγχουσ' εἰ τί μὴ τῶμφ τόθρο κατέφθιθ'. οὗτώ δ' ἀν θανῶν εἰὴ ᾧ ἐμοῦ. τὰ δ' οὖν παρόντα συλλαβῶν θεσπίσματα κεῖται παρ'' Ἀιδὴ Πόλυβος ἄξι' οὐδενός.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ

οὖκονν ἐγώ σοι ταῦτα προύλεγον πάλαι;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΕ

ηὔδας' ἐγώ δὲ τῷ φόβῳ παρηγόμην.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ

μὴ νῦν ἔτ' αὐτῶν μηδὲν ἐς θυμὸν βάλῃς.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΕ

καὶ πῶς τὸ μητρὸς σῶκ ὄκνειν λέχος με δεί;

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ

τί δ' ἂν φοβοῦτ' ἀνθρωπος φ' τὰ τῆς τύχης κρατεῖ, πρόνοια δ' ἐστίν οὐδενός σαφῆς; εἰκὴ κράτιστον ξῆν, ὅπως δύνατο τις. σὺ δ' εἰς τὰ μητρὸς μὴ φοβοῦ νυμφεύματα: πολλοὶ γὰρ ἣδ' κἀκεῖνοι ὑνείρασιν βροτῶν μητρὶ ἐξημνύσασθαι. ἀλλὰ ταῦθ' ὅτι παρ' οὖδεν ἐστὶ, ῥᾴστα τὸν βίον φέρει.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΕ

καλῶς ἀπαντα ταῦτ' ἂν ἐξείρητο σοι, εἰ μὴ κύρει ζῶσ' ἢ τεκούσα: νῦν δ' ἐπεὶ ζῇ, πάο' ἀνάγκη, κεὶ καλῶς λέγεις, ὀκνεῖν.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ

καὶ μὴν μέγας γ' ὀφθαλμὸς οἱ πατρὸς τάφοι.
OEDIPUS THE KING

OEDIPUS
Out on it, lady! why should one regard
The Pythian hearth or birds that scream i' the air?
Did they not point at me as doomed to slay
My father? but he's dead and in his grave
And here am I who ne'er unsheathed a sword;
Unless the longing for his absent son
Killed him and so I slew him in a sense.
But, as they stand, the oracles are dead—
Dust, ashes, nothing, dead as Polybus.

JOCASTA
Say, did not I foretell this long ago?

OEDIPUS
Thou didst: but I was misled by my fear.

JOCASTA
Then let it no more weigh upon thy soul.

OEDIPUS
Must I not fear my mother's marriage bed.

JOCASTA
Why should a mortal man, the sport of chance,
With no assured foreknowledge, be afraid?
Best live a careless life from hand to mouth.
This wedlock with thy mother fear not thou.
How oft it chances that in dreams a man
Has wed his mother! He who least regards
Such brainsick phantasies lives most at ease.

OEDIPUS
I should have shared in full thy confidence,
Were not my mother living; since she lives
Though half convinced I still must live in dread.

JOCASTA
And yet thy sire's death lights our darkness much.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΗΣ
μέγας, ξυνήμ' ἀλλὰ τῆς ξώσης φόβος.
ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
ποίας δὲ καὶ γυναικὸς ἐκφοβεῖσθ' ὑπερ;
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΗΣ
Μερόπης, γεραιέ, Πόλυβος ἦς φικει μέτα. 990
ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
τί δ' ἔστ' ἐκείνης ύμίν εσ φόβον φέρουν;
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΗΣ
θεύλατον μάντευμα δεινόν, ὁ ξένε.
ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
ἡ ρητόν; ἡ οὐχὶ θεμτῶν ἄλλον εἰδέναι;
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΗΣ
μάλιστα γ'. εἰπε γάρ με Δοξίας ποτὲ
χρῆναι μυγήναι μητρὶ τήματος ντ' τε
πατρὸφον αἴμα χεραὶ ταῖς ἐμαῖς ἐλεῖν.
ἂν οὐνεχ' ἡ Κόρινθος ἐξ ἐμοῦ πάλαι
μακράν ἀπρόκειτ' εὔνυχος μέν, ἄλλ' ὅμως
τὰ τῶν τεκόντων ὀμμάθ' ἡδιστὸν βλέπειν.
ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
ἡ γάρ τάδ' ὀκνῶν κείθεν ἦσθ' ἀπόπτολοις;
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΗΣ
πατρὸς τε χρῆξων μὴ φωνεύς εἰναι, γέρου. 1000
ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
τί δὴν ἐγώ οὐχὶ τούδε τοῦ φόβου σ', ἀναξ,
ἐπετέπερ εὖνοις ἡλθον, εξελυσάμην;
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΗΣ
καὶ μὴν χάρων γ' ἀν ἄξιαν λάβωσ εἵμοι.
ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
καὶ μὴν μάλιστα τούτ' αφικόμην, ὅπως
σοῦ πρὸς δόμους ἐλθόντος εὐ πράξαιμί τι,
OEDIPUS THE KING.

OEDIPUS
Much, but my fear is touching her who lives.

MESSENGER
Who may this woman be whom thus you fear?

OEDIPUS
Meropè, stranger, wife of Polybus.

MESSENGER
And what of her can cause you any fear?

OEDIPUS
A heaven-sent oracle of dread import.

MESSENGER
A mystery, or may a stranger hear it?

OEDIPUS
Aye, 'tis no secret. Loxias once foretold
That I should mate with mine own mother, and
Shed with my own hands my own father's blood.
Hence Corinth was for many a year to me
A home far distant; and I throve abroad,
But missed the sweetest sight, my parents' face.

MESSENGER
Was this the fear that exiled thee from home?

OEDIPUS
Yea, and the dread of slaying my own sire.

MESSENGER
Why, since I came to give thee pleasure, King,
Have I not rid thee of this second fear?

OEDIPUS
Well, thou shalt have due guerdon for thy pains.

MESSENGER
Well, I confess what chiefly made me come
Was hope to profit by thy coming home.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἀλλ’ οὐποτ’ εἶμι τοῖς φυτεύσασιν γ’ ὀμοῦ.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ὁ παι, καλῶς εἶ δήλος οὐκ εἶδὼς τί δρᾶς.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

πῶς, ὦ γεραιε; πρὸς θεῶν δίδασκέ με.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

εἰ τῶνδε φεύγεις οὖνεκ’ εἷς οἶκοις μολἐῖν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ταρσών γε μὴ μοι Φοῖβος ἔξελθη σαφῆς.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ἡ μὴ μίασμα τῶν φυτευσάντων λάβης;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

τοῦτ’ αὐτό, πρέσβυ, τοῦτό μ’ εἰσαεῖ φοβεῖ.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ἀρ’ οἰσθα δήτα πρὸς δίκης οὐδὲν τρέμων;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

πῶς ὦ οὐχί, παῖς γ’ εἰ τῶνδε γεννητῶν ἔφυν;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

οθούνεκ’ ἢν σοι Πόλυβος οὐδὲν ἐν γένει.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

πῶς εἶπας; οὐ γὰρ Πόλυβος ἔξεφυσέ με;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

οὐ μᾶλλον οὐδὲν τοῦδε τάνδρος, ἀλλ’ ἵσον.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

καὶ πῶς ὁ φύσας ἔξ ἵσον τῷ μηδενί;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ἀλλ’ οὐ σ’ ἐγείνατ’ οὗτ’ ἐκεῖνος οὗτ’ ἐγὼ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἀλλ’ ἀντὶ τοῦ δὴ παῖδά μ’ ὀνομάξετο;

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OEDIPUS THE KING

OEDIPUS
Nay, I will ne’er go near my parents more.

MESSENGER
My son, ’tis plain, thou know’st not what thou doest.

OEDIPUS
How so, old man? For heaven’s sake tell me all.

MESSENGER
If this is why thou dreadest to return.

OEDIPUS
Yea, lest the god’s word be fulfilled in me.

MESSENGER
Lest through thy parents thou shouldst be accursed?

OEDIPUS
This and none other is my constant dread

MESSENGER
Dost thou not know thy fears are baseless all?

OEDIPUS
How baseless, if I am their very son?

MESSENGER
Since Polybus was naught to thee in blood.

OEDIPUS
What say’st thou? was not Polybus my sire?

MESSENGER
As much thy sire as I am, and no more.

OEDIPUS
My sire no more to me than one who is naught!

MESSENGER
Since I begat thee not, no more did he.

OEDIPUS
What reason had he then to call me son?
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
δῶρόν ποτ', ἵσθι, τῶν ἐμῶν χειρῶν λαβῶν.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ
καθ' ὅδ' ὧπ' ἄλλης χειρὸς ἐστερξὲν μέγα;
ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
ἡ γὰρ πρὶν αὐτὸν ἐξέπεισ' ἀπαίδια.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ
σὺ δ' ἐμπολήσας ἡ τυχῶν¹ μ' αὐτῷ δίδως;
ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
eὐρῶν ναπαίαις ἐν Κιθαιρῶνος πτυχαῖς.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ
ἀδοιπόρεις δὲ πρὸς τί τούσδε τοὺς τόπους;
ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
ἐνταῦθ' ὅρείοις ποιμνίοις ἐπεστάτουν.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ
ποιμὴν γὰρ ἦσθα κάτι θητεία πλάνης;
ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
σοῦ τ', ὦ τέκνοι, σωτὴρ γε τῷ τότ' ἐν χρόνῳ. 1030
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ
τί δ' ἄλγος ἵσχοντ' ἀγκάλαις² με λαμβάνεις;
ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
ποδῶν ἀν ἀρθρα μαρτυρήσειεν τὰ σά.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ
οἴμοι, τί τούτ' ἄρχαιον ἐννέπεισ κακόν;
ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
λύω σ' ἱχνοτα διατοροῦ σποδοῖν ἀκμᾶς.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ
δεινὸν γ΄ ὁνειδος σταργάνων ἀνειλόμην.
ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
ὦστ' ὄνομάσθης ἐκ τύχης ταύτης δς εἰ.

¹ τεκών, MSS. corr. Bothe.
² MSS. ἐν κακοῖς or ἐν καιροῖς, corr. Kock.
OEDIPUS THE KING

MESSENGER
Know that he took thee from my hands, a gift.

OEDIPUS
Yet, if no child of his, he loved me well.

MESSENGER
A childless man till then, he warmed to thee.

OEDIPUS
A foundling or a purchased slave, this child?

MESSENGER
I found thee in Cithaeron's wooded glens.

OEDIPUS
What led thee to explore those upland glades?

MESSENGER
My business was to tend the mountain flocks.

OEDIPUS
A vagrant shepherd journeying for hire?

MESSENGER
True, but thy saviour in that hour, my son.

OEDIPUS
My saviour? from what harm? what ailed me then?

MESSENGER
Those ankle joints are evidence enow.

OEDIPUS
Ah, why remind me of that ancient sore?

MESSENGER
I loosed the pin that riveted thy feet.

OEDIPUS
Yes, from my cradle that dread brand I bore.

MESSENGER
Whence thou deriv'st the name that still is thine.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
οὐ πρὸς θεῶν, πρὸς μητρὸς ἡ πατρός; φράσον.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
οὐκ οἶδ’· ὁ δεύς δὲ ταύτ’ ἐμοῦ λέον φρονεῖ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ἡ γὰρ παρ’ ἄλλου μ’ ἔλαβες οὐδ’ αὐτὸς τυχῶν;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
οὐκ, ἀλλὰ ποιμὴν ἄλλος ἑκδίδωσί μοι.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
τίς οὗτος; ἡ κάτοικθα δηλώσαι λόγῳ;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
τῶν Δανοῦ δήποτε τις ὁνομάζετο.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ἡ τοῦ τυράννου τῆς γῆς πάλαι ποτέ;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
μάλιστα· τούτου τάνδρος οὗτος ἦν βοτήρ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ἡ κάστ’ ἔτι ξών οὗτος, ὡστ’ ἰδεῖν ἐμέ;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
ὑμεῖς γ’ ἀριστ’ εἰδεῖτ’ ἃν οὐπιχῶριοι.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ἔστιν τις ὑμῶν τῶν παρεστῶτων πέλας, ὅστις κάτοικε τῶν βοτήρ’ ἰδ’ ἐννέπει,

ΧΟΡΟΣ
οἶμαι μὲν οὐδέν’ ἄλλου ἢ τῶν ἄγρων,

1050

devil ἔτι άγρων εἰτε κἀνθάδ’ εἰσιδών;

νῦν τάδ’ οὐχ ἦκιστ’ ἃν Ἰοκάστη λέγοι.
OEDIPUS THE KING

OEDIPUS
Who did it? I adjure thee, tell me who.
Say, was it father, mother?

MESSENER
g I know not.
The man from whom I had thee may know more.

OEDIPUS
What, did another find me, not thyself?

MESSENER
Not I; another shepherd gave thee me.

OEDIPUS
Who was he? Would'st thou know again the man?

MESSENER
He passed indeed for one of Laius' house.

OEDIPUS
The king who ruled the country long ago?

MESSENER
The same: he was a herdsman of the king.

OEDIPUS
And is he living still for me to see him?

MESSENER
His fellow-countrymen should best know that.

OEDIPUS
Doth any bystander among you know
The herd he speaks of, or by seeing him
Afield or in the city? answer straight!
The hour hath come to clear this business up.

CHORUS
Methinks he means none other than the hind
Whom thou anon wert fain to see; but that
Our queen Jocasta best of all could tell.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΣ
γύναι, νοεῖς ἐκέινον, ὲντιν' ἀρτίως
μολεῖν ἐφέμεσθα; τὸνδ' οὗτος λέγει;

ΙΟΚΑΣΘ
τί δ' ὴντιν' εἶπε; μηδὲν ἐντραπῆς· τὰ δὲ
ῥηθέντα βούλου μηδὲ μεμνήσθαι μάτην.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΣ
οὐκ ἂν γένοιτο τοῦθ' ὄπως ἔγω λαβὼν
σημεῖα τοιαῦτ' οὗ φανὼ τοῦμον γένος.

ΙΟΚΑΣΘ
μὴ πρὸς θεῶν, εἴπερ τι τοῦ σαυτοῦ βλοῦ
κήδει, ματεύσῃς τοῦθ': ἀλλ' νοσοῦσ' ἐγώ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΣ
θάρσει· σὺ μὲν γὰρ οὔδ' ἐὰν τρίτης ἔγώ
μητρὸς φανὼ τρίδουλος, ἐκφανεὶ κακῆ.

ΙΟΚΑΣΘ
ὅμως πιθοῦ μοι, λᾶσσομαι· μὴ δρᾶ τάδε.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΣ
οὐκ ἂν πιθοίμην μὴ οὗ τάδ' ἐκμαθεῖν σαφῶς.

ΙΟΚΑΣΘ
καὶ μὴν φρονοῦσά γ' εὖ τὰ λυστά σοι λέγω.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΣ
τὰ λυστά τοίνυν ταὐτά μ' ἀλγύνει πάλαι.

ΙΟΚΑΣΘ
ὡ δύσποτμ', εἴθε μήποτε γνοίης ὡς εἰ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΣ
ἀξεῖ τις ἐλθὼν δεύρο τὸν βοτήρα μοι;
ταὐτὴν δ' ἐάτε πλοῦσίῳ χαίρειν γένει.

1 οὐδ' ἂν ἐκ τρίτης ἔγω, MSS. corr. Hermann.
OEDIPUS THE KING

OEDIPUS
Madam, dost know the man we sent to fetch?
Is he the same of whom the stranger speaks?

JOCASTA
Who is the man? What matter? Let it be.
'Twere waste of thought to weigh such idle words.

OEDIPUS
No, with such guiding clues I cannot fail
To bring to light the secret of my birth.

JOCASTA
Oh, as thou carest for thy life, give o'er
This quest. Enough the anguish I endure.

OEDIPUS
Be of good cheer; though I be proved the son
Of a bondwoman, aye, through three descents
Triply a slave, thy honour is unsmirched.

JOCASTA
Yet humour me, I pray thee; do not this.

OEDIPUS
I cannot; I must probe this matter home.

JOCASTA
'Tis for thy sake I advise thee for the best.

OEDIPUS
I grow impatient of this best advice.

JOCASTA
Ah mayst thou ne'er discover who thou art!

OEDIPUS
Go, fetch me here the herd, and leave yon woman
To glory in her pride of ancestry.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ

ἰού ἰοῦ, δύστηνε· τούτο γάρ σ' ἔχω
μόνων προσεύπειν, ἀλλο δ' οὕποθ' ὕστερον.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τί ποτε βέβηκεν, Οἰδίπους, ὑπ' ἀγρίας
ἀξασα λύτης ἡ γυνή; δέδοιχ' ὅπως
μή 'κ τῆς σιωπῆς τῆς δ' ἀναρρήξοι κακά.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὁποῖα χρήζει βηγνυτὼ· τούμον δ' ἐγὼ,
κεῖ σμικρὸν ἔστι, σπέρμ' ἰδεῖν βουλήσομαι.
ἀυτὴ δ' ἱσως, φρονεί γὰρ ὡς γυνὴ μέγα,
τὴν δυσγένειαν τὴν ἐμὴν αἰσχύνει.
ἐγὼ δ' ἐμαυτὸν παίδα τῆς Τύχης νέμων
τῆς εὖ διδούσης οὐκ ἅτιμασθήσομαι.
τῆς γὰρ πέφυκα μητρός· οἴ δὲ συγγενεῖς
μὴνές με μικρὸν καὶ μέγαν διώρισαν.
τοιόσον δ' ἐκφύς οὐκ ἄν εξέλθωμ' ἔτι
ποτ' ἀλλος, ὡστε μὴ 'κμαθεῖν τούμον γένος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἐπερ ἐγὼ μάντις εἴμα καὶ κατὰ γνώμαν ἴδρις,
οὐ τὸν 'Ολυμπον ἀπείρων, ὁ Κιθαιρὼν,
οὐκ ἔσει τὰν αὐρίον·
πανσέληνον, μὴ οὖ σὲ γε καὶ πατριώταν
Οἰδίπουν
cαὶ τροφὸν καὶ ματέρ' αὐξεῖν,
καὶ χορεῦσθαι πρὸς ἡμῶν, ὡς ἐπὶ ἡρα φέροντα
tοῖς ἐμοῖς τυράννοις.
ἰὴε Φοῖβε, σοὶ δὲ ταῦτ' ἀρέστ' εἰη.
OEDIPUS THE KING

JOCASTA
O woe is thee, poor wretch! With that last word
I leave thee, henceforth silent evermore.

[Exit JOCASTA.

CHORUS
Why, Oedipus, why stung with passionate grief
Hath the queen thus departed? Much I fear
From this dead calm will burst a storm of woes.

OEDIPUS
Let the storm burst, my fixed resolve still holds,
To learn my lineage, be it ne'er so low.
It may be she with all a woman's pride
Thinks scorn of my base parentage. But I
Who rank myself as Fortune's favourite child,
The giver of good gifts, shall not be shamed.
She is my mother and the changing moons
My brethren, and with them I wax and wane.
Thus sprung why should I fear to trace my birth?
Nothing can make me other than I am.

CHORUS
(Strophes)
If my soul prophetic err not, if my wisdom aught avail,

Thee, Cithaeron, I shall hail,
As the nurse and foster-mother of our Oedipus shall greet

Ere to-morrow's full moon rises, and exalt thee as is meet.
Dance and song shall hymn thy praises, lover of our royal race.

Phoebus, may my words find grace!
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

ἀντ.
tίς σε, τέκνον, τίς σ’ έτικτε ταύν μακραιώνων ἄρα
Πανός ὀρεσσιβάτα πατρὸς πελασθεῖσ’;  
ἡ σὲ γ’ εὐνάτειρά τις
Δοξίου; τῷ γὰρ πλάκες ἀγρόνομοι πᾶσαι φίλαιν·
eἰθ’ ὁ Κυλλάνας ἀνάσσων,
eἰθ’ ὁ Βακχείος θεὸς ναίων ἐπ’ ἀκρων ὅρεων σ’
eὐρήμα δέξατ’ ἐκ τοῦ
Νυμφᾶν Ἐλικωνίδων,  
αἷς πλεῖστα συμπαίξει.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

εἰ χρῆ τι κἀμὲ μὴ συναλλάξαυτά πω,
πρέσβεις, σταθμᾶσθαι, τὸν βοτήρ’ ὅραν δοκῶ,
οὐπερ πάλαι ξητούμεν· ἐν τῷ γὰρ μακρῷ
γῆρᾳ ξυνάδει τὸδε τάνδρι σύμμετρος,
ἀλλῶς τε τοὺς ἁγοντας ὁσπερ οἰκέτας
ἐγνωκ’ ἐμαυτοῖν· τῇ δ’ ἐπιστήμη σὺ μου
προὑχοις τάχ’ ἀν που, τὸν βοτῆρ’ ἰδὼν πάροι.
ΧΟΡΟΣ
ἐγνώκια γάρ, σάφ’ ἵσθι. Λαῖτον γὰρ ἤν
εἰπερ τις ἄλλος πιστὸς ὡς νομεῖς ἄνήρ.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

σὲ πρῶτον ἔρωτῳ, τὸν Κορίνθιον ξένον,
ἡ τόνδε φράζευς;
ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
τοῦτον, ὅπερ εἰσορᾶς.

1 MSS. τῶν, corr. Heimsoeth.
2 MSS. προσπελασθεῖσ’, corr. Lachmann.
3 MSS. ἡ σὲ θυγάτηρ, corr. Arndt.
4 MSS. ἐλικωνίδων, corr. Porson.
OEDIPUS THE KING

(Act.)

Child, who bare thee, nymph or goddess? sure thy sire was more than man,
    Haply the hill-roamer Pan.
Or did Loxias beget thee, for he haunts the upland wold;
Or Cyllenè's lord, or Bacchus, dweller on the hilltops cold?
Did some Heliconian Oread give him thee, a newborn joy,
    Nymphs with whom he loves to toy?

OEDIPUS

Elders, if I, who never yet before
Have met the man, may make a guess, methinks
I see the herdsman whom we long have sought;
His time-worn aspect matches with the years
Of yonder aged messenger; besides
I seem to recognise the men who bring him
As servants of my own. But you, perchance,
Having in past days known or seen the herd,
May better by sure knowledge my surmise.

CHORUS

I recognise him; one of Laïus' house;
A simple hind, but true as any man.

Enter HERDSMAN.

OEDIPUS

Corinthian, stranger, I address thee first,
Is this the man thou meanest!

MESSENGER

This is he.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
οὗτος σὺ, πρέσβυ, δεύρο μοι φόνει βλέπων ὃς' ἄν σ' ἔρωτώ. Λατοὺ ποτ' ἦσθα σὺ;
ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ
ἡ δοῦλος οὐκ ὄνητός, ἀλλ' οἴκοι τραφεῖς.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ἐργον μεριμνῶν ποίον ἡ βίον τίνα;
ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ
ποίμναις τὰ πλείστα τοῦ βίου συνειπόμην.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
χώροις μάλιστα πρὸς τίσι ξύναυλος ὃν;
ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ
ἡν μὲν Κιθαρών, ἡν δὲ πρόσχωρος τόπος.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
τὸν ἄνδρα τόνδ' οὐν οἰσθα τῇδε που μαθὼν;
ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ
τί χρήμα δρώντα; ποίον ἄνδρα καὶ λέγεις;
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
τόνδ' ὃς πάρεστιν' ἡ ξυναλλάξας τί πώ;
ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ
οὐχ ὡστε γ' εἰπεῖν ἐν τάχει μνήμης ἀπό.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
κοῦδεν γε θαύμα, δέσποτ'. ἀλλ' ἐγὼ σαφῶς ἀγνώτ' ἀναμνήσω νῦν. εὐ γὰρ οἶδ' ὦτι.
κατοικεῖσθαι, ἦμοι τῷ Κιθαρώνος τόπῳ,
ὁ μὲν διπλοῖσθαι ποιμνίοις, ἐγὼ δ' ἔνι,
ἐπλησίαζον τῶδε τάνδρι τρεῖς ὅλους
ἐξ ἦρος εἰς ἀρκτοῦρον ἐκμήνου χρόνους·
χειμῶνα δ' ἦδη ταῦτα τ' εἰς ἔπαυλ' ἐγὼ
.FindAsyncον οὐτός τ' εἰς τὰ Δαιὸν σταθμά.
λέγω τι τούτων ὃς' οὐ λέγω πεπραγμένον.
OEDIPUS THE KING

OEDIPUS
And now old man, look up and answer all
I ask thee. Wast thou once of Laïus' house?

HERDSMAN
I was, a thrall, not purchased but home-bred.

OEDIPUS
What was thy business? how wast thou employed?

HERDSMAN
The best part of my life I tended sheep.

OEDIPUS
What were the pastures thou didst most frequent?

HERDSMAN
Cithaeron and the neighbouring alps.

OEDIPUS
Then there
Thou must have known yon man, at least by fame?

HERDSMAN
Yon man? in what way? what man dost thou mean?

OEDIPUS
The man here, having met him in past times. . . .

HERDSMAN
Off-hand I cannot call him well to mind.

MESSENGER
No wonder, master. But I will revive
His blunted memories. Sure he can recall
What time together both we drove our flocks,
He two, I one, on the Cithaeron range,
For three long summers; I his mate from spring
Till rose Arcturus; then in winter time
I led mine home, he his to Laius' folds.
Did these things happen as I say, or no?
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ
λέγεις ἀληθῆ, καίπερ ἐκ μακροῦ χρόνου.

ΑΙΓΕΛΟΣ
φέρε εἴπε νῦν, τότ' οἶσθα παῖδα μοι τινὰ
doús, ὡς ἐμαυτῷ θρέμμα θρεψαίμην ἐγὼ;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ
τί δ' ἔστι; πρὸς τί τούτο τούποσ ἱστορεῖς;

ΑΙΓΕΛΟΣ
οδ' ἔστιν, ὡ τάν, κεῖνος ὡς τότ' ἦν νέος.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ
οὐκ εἰς ὀλθροῦν; οὐ σιωπήσας ἔσει;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΗΣ
ἀ, μὴ κόλαξε, πρέσβυν, τόνδ', ἔπει τὰ σὰ
deῖται κολαστοῦ μᾶλλον ἢ τὰ τοῦτ' ἔπη.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ
τί δ', ὁ φέριστε δεσποτῶν, ἀμαρτάνω;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΗΣ
οὐκ ἐννέπων τὸν παῖδ' ὅν οὔτος ἱστορεῖ.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ
λέγει γὰρ εἴδως οὔδέν, ἀλλ' ἄλλως πονεῖ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΗΣ
σὺ πρὸς χάριν μὲν οὐκ ἔρεις, κλαίων δ' ἔρεις.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ
μὴ δήτα, πρὸς θεῶν, τὸν γέροντά μ' αἰκίσῃ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΗΣ
οὐχ ός τάχος τις τοῦτ' ἀποστρέψει χέρας;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ
δύστηνος, ἀντὶ τοῦ; τί προσχρήζων μαθεῖν;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΗΣ
τὸν παίδ' ἔδωκας τῷ δ' ὅν οὔτος ἱστορεῖ;
OEDIPUS THE KING

HERDSMAN
'Tis long ago, but all thou say'st is true.

MESSENGER
Well, thou must then remember giving me
A child to rear as my own foster-son?

HERDSMAN
Why dost thou ask this question? What of that?

MESSENGER
Friend, he that stands before thee was that child.

HERDSMAN
A plague upon thee! Hold thy wanton tongue!

OEDIPUS
Softly, old man, rebuke him not; thy words
Are more deserving chastisement than his.

HERDSMAN
O best of masters, what is my offence?

OEDIPUS
Not answering what he asks about the child.

HERDSMAN
He speaks at random, babbles like a fool.

OEDIPUS
If thou lack'st grace to speak, I'll loose thy tongue.

HERDSMAN
For mercy's sake abuse not an old man.

OEDIPUS
Arrest the villain, seize and pinion him!

HERDSMAN
Alack, alack!
What have I done? what wouldst thou further learn?

OEDIPUS
Didst give this man the child of whom he asks?
ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ
έδωκεν· ὅλεσθαι δ’ ὦφελον τῇ δ’ ἧμέρᾳ.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΗΣ
ἀλλ’ εἰς τὸδ’ ἤξεις μὴ λέγων γε τούνδικοιν.
ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ
πολλῷ γε μᾶλλον, ἢν φράσω, διόλλυμαι.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΗΣ
ἀνήρ οἶδ’, ως ἔοικεν, ἐς τριβᾶς ἐλά.
ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ
οὐ δὴ τ’ ἐγὼγ’, ἀλλ’ εἶπον, ὡς δοίην, πάλαι.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΗΣ
πόθεν λαβῶν; οἶκεῖον ἢ ’ξ ἄλλου τινός;
ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ
ἐμὸν μὲν οὐκ ἐγὼγ’, ἐδεξάμην δέ του.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΗΣ
τίνος πολιτῶν τῶνδε κάκ ποίας στέγης;
ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ
μὴ πρὸς θεῶν, μὴ, δέσποπθ’, ἰστόρει πλέον.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΗΣ
ἄλωλας, εἶ σε ταῦτ’ ἔρησομαι πάλιν.
ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ
τῶν Δαίων τοίνυν τις ἢν γεννημάτων.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΗΣ
ἡ δοῦλος ἢ κείνου τις ἐγγενής γεγώς;
ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ
οἶμοι, πρὸς αὐτῷ γ’ εἰμὶ τῷ δεινῷ λέγειν.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΗΣ
κἀγὼγ’ ἀκούειν· ἀλλ’ ὄμως ἀκουστέον.
ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ
κείνου γε τοι δὴ παῖς ἐκλήξεθ’. ἡ δ’ ἔσω
κάλλιστ’ ἄν εἴποι σῇ γυνῇ τάδ’ ὡς ἐχει.
OEDIPUS THE KING

HERDSMAN
I did; and would that I had died that day!

OEDIPUS
And die thou shalt unless thou tell the truth.

HERDSMAN
But, if I tell it, I am doubly lost.

OEDIPUS
The knave methinks will still prevaricate.

HERDSMAN
Nay, I confessed I gave it long ago.

OEDIPUS
Whence came it? was it thine, or given to thee?

HERDSMAN
I had it from another, 'twas not mine.

OEDIPUS
From whom of these our townsmen, and what house?

HERDSMAN
Forbear for God's sake, master, ask no more.

OEDIPUS
If I must question thee again, thou'rt lost.

HERDSMAN
Well then—it was a child of Laïus' house.

OEDIPUS
Slave-born or one of Laïus' own race?

HERDSMAN
Ah me!
I stand upon the perilous edge of speech.

OEDIPUS
And I of hearing, but I still must hear.

HERDSMAN
Know then the child was by repute his own,
But she within, thy consort best could tell.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ή γὰρ δίδωσιν ἤδε σοι;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ
μάλιστ', ἀναξ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ως πρὸς τὶ χρείας;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ
ως ἀναλώσαμι νιν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
τεκούσα τλήμων;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ
θεσφάτων γ' ὅκνηφ κακῶν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ποίων;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ
κτενεῖν νιν τοὺς τεκόιντας ἢν λόγος.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
πῶς δῆτ' ἄφηκας τῷ γέροντι τῶδε σὺ;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ
κατοικτίσας, ὦ δέσποθ', ως ἄλλην χθόνα
dοκῶν ἀποίσειν, αὐτὸς ἐνθεῖν ἦν· ὦ δὲ
cάκ' εἰς μέγιστ' ἔσωσεν. εἰ γὰρ οὗτος εἰ
ὸν φήσιν οὗτος, ἵσθι δύσποτμος γεγώς.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ἰοῦ ἵοῦ· τὰ πάντ' ἄν ἐξήκοι σαφῆ.
ὡς φῶς, τελευταῖον σε προσβλέψαμι νῦν,
ὅστις πέφασμαι φῶς τ' ἄφ' ὅν οὐ χρῆν, ἔπει
οὐχ τ' οὐ χρῆν ὀμιλῶν, οὔς τέ μ' οὐκ ἔδει κτανών.

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OEDIPUS THE KING

OEDIPUS
What! she, she gave it thee?

HERDSMAN
'Tis so, my king.

OEDIPUS
With what intent?

HERDSMAN
To make away with it.

OEDIPUS
What, she its mother?

HERDSMAN
Fearing a dread weird.

OEDIPUS
What weird?

HERDSMAN
'Twas told that he should slay his sire.

OEDIPUS
Why didst thou give it then to this old man?

HERDSMAN
Through pity, master, for the babe. I thought
He'd take it to the country whence he came;
But he preserved it for the worst of woes.
For if thou art in sooth what this man saith,
God pity thee! thou wast to misery born.

OEDIPUS
Ah me! ah me! all brought to pass, all true!
O light, may I behold thee no more!
I stand a wretch, in birth, in wedlock cursed,
A parricide, incestuous, triply cursed.

[Exit OEDIPUS

III
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ιὼ γενεαὶ βροτῶν, οὕς ὑμᾶς ἵσα καὶ τὸ μηδὲν ξώσας ἐναριθμῶ.
τίς γάρ, τίς ἀνήρ πλέον
tὰς εὐδαιμονίας φέρει
ἡ τοσοῦτον, ὅσον δοκεῖν
καὶ δόξαν ἀποκλίναι,
tὸν σὸν τοι παράδειγμ' ἔχων,
tὸν σὸν δαίμονα, τὸν σὸν, ὡ τλάμον Οἰδίπόδα,
βροτῶν
οὐδὲν μακαρίζω.
οὕτως καθ' ὑπερβολάν
ἀντ. α'
tοξεύσας ἐκράτησε τοῦ πάντ' εὐδαίμονος ὀλβοῦ,
ὁ Ζεὺς, κατὰ μὲν φθίσας
tὰν γαμψφόνυχα παρθένον
χρησμοφόδον, θανάτων δ' ἐμῆ
χώρα πύργος ἀνέστα:
ἐξ οὗ καὶ βασιλεὺς καλεῖ
ἐμὸς καὶ τὰ μέγιστ' ἐτιμάθης, ταῖς μεγάλαι-
σιν ἐν

Θυβαίσιν ἀνάσσων.
tαῦτών δ' ἀκούειν τίς ἀθλιώτερος;
τίς ἄταις ἄγριας, τίς ἐν πόνοις
ξύνοικος ἀλλαγὰ βίου;
ιὼ κλείνοι Οἰδίπον κάρα,
ἡ στέγας λιμὴν
αὐτὸς ἤρκεσεν
παιδὶ καὶ πατρὶ θαλαμητόλφ πεσεῖν;
pώς ποτε πώς ποθ' αἴ πατρῴαι σ' ἀλοκες φέ-

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reis, τάλας,
sιγ' ἐδυνάθησαν ἐς τοσόνδε;

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OEDIPUS THE KING

CHORUS
Races of mortal man (Str. 1)
Whose life is but a span,
I count ye but the shadow of a shade!
For he who most doth know
Of bliss, hath but the show;
A moment, and the visions pale and fade.
Thy fall, O Oedipus, thy piteous fall
 Warns me none born of woman blest to call.

For he of marksmen best, (Ant. 1)
O Zeus, outshot the rest,
And won the prize supreme of wealth and power.
By him the vulture maid
Was quelled, her witchery laid;
He rose our saviour and the land's strong tower.
We hailed thee king and from that day adored
Of mighty Thebes the universal lord.

O heavy hand of fate! (Str. 2)
Who now more desolate,
Whose tale more sad than thine, whose lot more dire?
O Oedipus, discrownèd head,
Thy cradle was thy marriage bed;
One harbourage sufficed for son and sire.
How could the soil thy father eared so long
Endure to bear in silence such a wrong?
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

ἐφηύρε σ’ ἀκονθ’ ὁ πάνθ’ ὅρῶν χρόνος, ἀντ. β’
dικαζέω τ’ ἀγαμον γάμον πάλαι
tεκνοῦντα καὶ τεκνούμενον.

ἰῶ, Δαίειον ὡ τέκνον,
eἴθε σ’ εἴθε σε
μήποτ’ εἴδομαι.

δύρωμαι γὰρ ὡσπερ ἰάλεμον ¹ χέων
ἐκ στομάτων. τὸ δ’ ὄρθον εἶπεῖν, ἀνέπτυνεσά τ’ ἐκ
σέθεν

καὶ κατεκοίμασα τοῦμόν ὅμα.

ΕΞΑΙΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ὁ γῆς μέγιστα τῆσδ’ ἀεὶ τιμῶμενοι,
οὶ ἔργ’ ἀκούσεσθ’, οία δ’ εἰσόψεσθ’, ὡσον δ’
ἀρείσθε πένθος, εἰπερ ἐγγενῶς ἐτί
tῶν Δαβδακέων ἐντρέπεσθε δωμάτων.

οἴμαι γὰρ οὔτ’ ἂν Ἰστρον ὅτε Φάσων ἃν
νίψαι καθαρμῷ τήνδε τῆν στέγην, ὡσα
κεῦθεν, τὰ δ’ αὐτίκ’ εἰς τὸ φῶς φανεῖ κακὰ
ἐκόντα κοῦκ ἄκοντα. τῶν δὲ πτημονῶν
μάλιστα λυποῦσ’ αἰ φανῶσ’ αὐθαίρετοι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

λείπει μὲν οὐδ’ ἂ πρόσθεν εἴδομεν τὸ μὴ οὐ
βαρύστον εἶναι. πρὸς δ’ ἐκέινοισιν τι φῆς;

ΕΞΑΙΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ὁ μὲν τάχιστος τῶν λόγων εἰπεῖν τε καὶ
μαθεῖν, τέθυηκε θείον Ἰσκάστης κάρα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὁ δυστάλαινα, πρὸς τίνος ποτ’ αἰτίας;

¹ MSS. δύρωμαι, corr. Seidler. MSS. ὡς περίαλλα ἱαχέων,
corr. Jebb.
OEDIPUS THE KING

All-seeing Time hath caught
Guilt, and to justice brought
The son and sire commingled in one bed.
O child of Laïus' ill-starred race
Would I had ne'er beheld thy face!
I raise for thee a dirge as o'er the dead.
Yet, sooth to say, through thee I drew new breath,
And now through thee I feel a second death.

Enter SECOND MESSENGER.

SECOND MESSENGER
Most grave and reverend senators of Thebes,
What deeds ye soon must hear, what sights behold:
How will ye mourn, if, true-born patriots,
Ye reverence still the race of Labdacus!
Not Ister nor all Phasis' flood, I ween,
Could wash away the blood-stains from this house,
The ills it shrouds or soon will bring to light,
Ills wrought of malice, not unwittingly.
The worst to bear are self-inflicted wounds.

CHORUS
Grievous enough for all our tears and groans
Our past calamities; what canst thou add?

SECOND MESSENGER
My tale is quickly told and quickly heard.
Our sovereign lady queen Jocasta's dead.

CHORUS
Alas, poor queen! how came she by her death?
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

ΕΞΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

αὐτῇ πρὸς αὐτῆς. τῶν δὲ πραχθέντων τὰ μὲν ἀλγιστῇ ἀπεστιν' ἡ γὰρ ὁψις ὦ πάρα.

ὅμως δ', ὅσον γε κάν ἐμοὶ μνήμης ἐνι, πεύσει τὰ κείνης ἄθλιας παθήματα.

ὅπως γὰρ ὀργή χρωμένη παρῆλθ' ἐσῳ θυρῶνος, ἵπτ' εὑθὺ πρὸς τὰ νυμφικὰ

λέχη, κόμην σπόσ' ἀμφιδεξίοις ἀκμαῖς.

πῦλας δ', ὅπως εἰσῆλθ', ἐπιρράξασ' ἐσῳ καλεί τὸν ἦδη Δάιον πάλαι νεκρόν,

μνήμην παλαιῶν σπερμάτων ἔχουσ', ὡφ' ὄνθ�οι μὲν αὐτὸς, τὴν δὲ τίκτουσαν λίποι
toûs oîsîn aŭtŏu ðústekevon pайдουργίαν.

γοάτο δ' εὐνάς, ἐθα δύστηνος διπλοῦσ

ἐξ ἀνδρὸς ἀνδρὰ καὶ τέκνε' ἐκ τέκνων τέκνω.

χῶπως μὲν ἐκ τῶν δ' οὐκέτ' οἶδ' ἀπόλλυται

βῶδω γὰρ εἰσέπαισεν Οἰδίποις, ὡφ' οὐ

οὐκ ἦν τὸ κείνης ἐκθέασασθαί κακῶν,

ἀλλ' εἰς ἐκεῖνον περιπολούντ' ἐλεύσομεν.

φοιτά γὰρ ἡμᾶς ἔγχος ἐξαιτῶν πορεῖν,

γυναῖκα τ' οὐ γυναῖκα, μητρῶν δ' ὅπου

κίχοι διπλήν ἀρουραν οὗ τε καὶ τέκνων.

λυσοῦντι δ' αὐτῷ δαμόνων δείκνυσι τις

οὐδείς γὰρ ἀνδρῶν, οἱ παρῆμεν ἐγγύθεν.

δεινῶν δ' ἀὕσας ὡς ὕφηγητοι τῶν

πῦλας διπλαῖς ἐνήλια, ἐκ δὲ πυθμένων

ἐκλίνε κοιλα κλῆθρα κύμπιπτει στέγη.

οὐ δὴ κρεμαστὴν τὴν γυναῖκ' ἐσείδομεν,

πλεκταῖσιν αἰώρασιν ἐμπεπλεγμένην.¹

¹ L. πλεκταῖς ἐώραις ἐμπεπληγμένην· ὥδε | ὅπως δ', ὄρα μὴ

corr. Weeklein.

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OEDIPUS THE KING

SECOND MESSENGER
By her own hand. And all the horror of it,
Not having seen, thou can' st not apprehend.
Nathless, as far as my poor memory serves,
I will relate the unhappy lady's woe.
When in her frenzy she had passed inside
The vestibule, she hurried straight to win
The bridal-chamber, clutching at her hair
With both her hands, and, once within the room,
She shut the doors behind her with a crash.
"Laïus," she cried, and called her husband dead
Long, long ago; her thought was of that child
By him begot, the son by whom the sire
Was murdered and the mother left to breed
With her own seed, a monstrous progeny.
Then she bewailed the marriage bed whereon
Poor wretch, she had conceived a double brood,
Husband by husband, children by her child.
What happened after that I cannot tell,
Nor how the end befel, for with a shriek
Burst on us Oedipus; all eyes were fixed
On Oedipus, as up and down he strode,
Nor could we mark her agony to the end.
For stalking to and fro "A sword!" he cried,
"Where is the wife, no wife, the teeming womb
That bore a double harvest, me and mine?"
And in his frenzy some supernal power
(No mortal, surely, none of us who watched him)
Guided his footsteps; with a terrible shriek,
As though one beckoned him, he crashed against
The folding doors, and from their staples forced
The wrenchèd bolts and hurled himself within.
Then we beheld the woman hanging there,
A running noose entwined about her neck.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

ό δ’ ώς ὄρα νυν, δεινὰ βρυχηθεῖς τάλας
χαλά κρεμαστὴν ἀρτάνην. ἐπεὶ δὲ γῆ
ἐκεῖνο τὸ λήμμαν, δεινὰ δ’ ἦν τάνθενδ’ ὅραν.
ἀποσπάσας γὰρ εἰμάτων χρυσηλάτους
περόνας ἀπ’ αὐτῆς, αἰσιν ἐξεστέλλετο,
ἀρας ἔπαισεν ἀρθρα τῶν αὐτοῦ κύκλων,
αὐδῶν τοιαύθ’, ὀθούνεκ’ οὐκ ὄψωντό νυν
οὐθ’ ο’ ἐπασχεν οὐθ’ ὅποι’ ἔδρα κακά,
ἀλλ’ ἐν σκότῳ τὸ λοιπὸν οὐς μεν οὐκ ἔδει
ὄψοιαθ’, οὐδ’ ἔξχρηξαν οὐ γνωσθοῖσα.
τοιαύθ’ ἐφυμὼν πολλάκις τε κοῦχ ἀπαξ
ήρασσ’ ἐπαίρων βλέφαρα. φοίνιαί δ’ ὁμοῦ
γλήναι γένει ἐτεγγον, οὐδ’ ἀνίσασαν
φόνον μυδῶσας σταγόνας, ἀλλ’ ὁμοῦ μέλας
ὁμβρος χαλάζης αἰματοῦς ἔτεγγετο.
τάδ’ ἐκ δυοὶν ἔρρωγεν, οὐ μόνον κάτα,
ἀλλ’ ἀνδρὶ καὶ γυναικὶ συμμυηὶ κακὰ.
ὁ πρὶν παλαιὸς δ’ ἄλβος ἦν πάροιδε μὲν
ἄλβος δικαίως· νῦν δὲ τῆδε θῆμερα
στεναγμός, ἄτη, θάνατος, αἰσχύνη, κακὸν
ο’ ἐστὶ πάντων ὅνόματ’, οὐδὲν ἐστ’ ἀπόν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

νῦν δ’ ἐσθ’ ὦ τλῆμων ἐν τὶνι σχολῇ κακοῦ;

ΕΞΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

βοὰ διοίγενεν κλέθρα καὶ δηλοῦν τινα
tοῖς πάσιν Καδμείοισι τὸν πατροκτόνον,
tὸν μητέρ’—αὐδῶν ἄνδρι’ οὐδὲ ῥητά μοι,
ὡς ἐκ χθονὸς ρήσου εαυτὸν οὐδ’ ἔτι
μενῶν δόμοις ἀραῖος, ὡς ἡράσατο.

1 MSS. κακά, corr. Otto.
OEDIPUS THE KING

But when he saw her, with a maddened roar
He loosed the cord; and when her wretched corpse
Lay stretched on earth, what followed—O 'twas
dread!
He tore the golden brooches that upheld
Her queenly robes, upraised them high and smote
Full on his eye-balls, uttering words like these:
"No more shall ye behold such sights of woe,
Deeds I have suffered and myself have wrought;
Henceforward quenched in darkness shall ye see
Those ye should ne'er have seen; now blind to those
Whom, when I saw, I vainly yearned to know."

Such was the burden of his moan, whereto,
Not once but oft he struck with hand uplift
His eyes, and at each stroke the ensanguined orbs
Bedewed his beard, not oozing drop by drop,
But one black gory downpour, thick as hail.
Such evils, issuing from the double source,
Have whelmed them both, confounding man and wife.
Till now the storied fortune of this house
Was fortunate indeed; but from this day
Woe, lamentation, ruin, death, disgrace,
All ills that can be named, all, all are theirs.

CHORUS
But hath he still no respite from his pain?

SECOND MESSENGER
He cries, "Unbar the doors and let all Thebes
Behold the slayer of his sire, his mother's —"
That shameful word my lips may not repeat.
He vows to fly self-banished from the land,
Nor stay to bring upon his house the curse
Himself had uttered; but he has no strength
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

ρώμης γε μέντοι καὶ προηγητοῦ τινος
dεῖται· τὸ γὰρ νόσημα μείζον ἦ φέρειν.
dείξει δὲ καὶ σοὶ· κλήθρα γὰρ πυλῶν τάδε
dιοίγεται· θέαμα δ’ εἰσόψει τάξα
tοιοῦτον οἶνον καὶ στυγοῦντ’ ἐποικτίσαι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὁ δεινὸν ἰδεῖν πάθος ἀνθρώποις,
ὅ δεινότατον πάντων ὡς ἔγω
προσέκυψε ἡδῆ· τὶς σ’, ὣς τλῆμον,
προσέβη μανία; τὶς ὁ πνεῦμας
μείζονα δαίμων τῶν μακίστων
πρὸς σ’ δυσδαίμονι μοίρᾳ;
φεῦ φεῦ, δύσταν·
ἀλλ’ οὖδ’ ἐσιδεῖν δύναμαι σε, θέλων
πόλλ’ ἀνερέσθαι, πολλαὶ πυθέσθαι,
πολλὰ δ’ ἀθρήσαι·
tοίαν φρίκην παρέχεις μοι.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

αἰαὶ αἰαὶ, δύστανος ἐγὼ,
ποί γὰς φέρομαι τλάμων; πᾶ μοι
φθογγὰ διαπωτᾶται φοράδην;
ἰῶ δαίμον, ἵν’ ἐξῆλλου.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἐς δεινὸν οὖδ’ ἀκοστῶν οὖδ’ ἐπόψιμον.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἰῶ σκότου

στρ. α’
νέφος ἐμὸν ἀπότροπον, ἐπιπλόμενον ἄφατον,
ἀδίματόν τε καὶ δυσούριστον ὅν.
οίμοι,

1 MSS. διαπέταται, corr. Musgrave.
2 ὅν added by Hermann.
OEDIPUS THE KING

Nor one to guide him, and his torture's more
Than man can suffer, as yourselves will see.
For lo, the palace portals are unbarred,
And soon ye shall behold a sight so sad
That he who most abhorred would pity it.

Enter Oedipus blinded.

CHORUS

Woeful sight! more woeful none
These sad eyes have looked upon.
Whence this madness? None can tell
Who did cast on thee his spell,
Prowling all thy life around,
Leaping with a demon bound.
Hapless wretch! how can I brook
On thy misery to look?
Though to gaze on thee I yearn,
Much to question, much to learn,
Horror-struck away I turn.

OEDIPUS

Ah me! ah woe is me!
Ah whither am I borne!
How like a ghost forlorn
My voice flits from me on the air!
On, on the demon goads. The end, ah where?

CHORUS

An end too dread to tell, too dark to see.

OEDIPUS

(Dist. 1)

Dark, dark! The horror of darkness, like a shroud,
Wraps me and bears me on through mist and cloud.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

οίμοι μάλ' αὖθις· οίδον εἰσέδυν μ' ἁμά κέντρων τε τῶν οἰστρημα καὶ μνήμη κακῶν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
καὶ θαύμα γ' οὐδὲν ἐν τοσοίοτερ πῆμασιν διπλὰ σε πενθεῖν καὶ διπλὰ φορεῖν κακά.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἰῶ φίλοις, ἀντ. α'
σὺ μὲν ἐμὸς ἐπίπολος ἐτι μόνιμος· ἔτι γὰρ ὑπομένεις με τὸν τυφλὸν κηδεύων.

φεῖ φεῦ.

οὐ γὰρ μὲ λήθεις, ἀλλὰ γιγνώσκω σαφῶς, καίπερ σκοτεινός, τὴν γε σήν αὐθὴν ὀμωσ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὁ δεινὰ δράσας, πῶς ἔτηης τοιαῦτα σὰς ὤψεις μαρὰναι; τῖς σ' ἐπῆρε δαιμόνων;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

'Απόλλων τάδ' ἢν, 'Απόλλων, φίλοι, στρ. β'

ὁ κακὰ κακὰ τελῶν ἐμὰ τάδ' ἐμὰ πάθεα.

ἐπαίσε δ' αὐτόχειρ νυν οὔτις, ἀλλ' ἐγὼ τλάμων.

τὶ γὰρ ἐδει μ' ὀραῖν,

ὁτῳ γ' ὀρώντι μηδὲν ἦν ἰδεῖν γλυκύ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἡν τάδ' ὀπωσπερ καὶ σὺ φύς.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

τὶ δῆτ' ἐμοὶ βλεπτὸν ἢ στερκτὸν ἢ προσήγορον

ἐτ' ἐστ' ἄκουειν ἡδονᾶ, φίλοι;

ἀπάγετ' ἐκτόπιον ὁ τι τάχιστα μὲ,

ἀπάγετ', ὁ φίλοι, τὸν μέγ' ὀλέθριον

τὸν καταρατότατον, ἐτὶ δὲ καὶ θεοῖς ἐχθρότατον βροτῶν.

1 Λ τὸν ὀλέθριον μέγαν, corr. Erfurdt.
AH ME, AH ME! WHAT SPASMS ATHWART ME SHOOT,
WHAT PANGS OF AGONISING MEMORY!

CHORUS

NO MARVEL IF IN SUCH A PLIGHT THOU FEEL'ST
THE DOUBLE WEIGHT OF PAST AND PRESENT WOES.

OEDIPUS

(ANT. 1)

AH FRIEND, STILL LOYAL, CONSTANT STILL AND KIND,
THOU CAREST FOR THE BLIND.
I KNOW THEE NEAR, AND THOUGH BEREFT OF EYES,
THY VOICE I RECOGNISE.

CHORUS

O DOER OF DREAD DEEDS, HOW COULDEST THOU MAR
THY VISION THUS? WHAT DEMON GOADED THEE?

OEDIPUS

(STR. 2)

APOLLO, FRIENDS, APOLLO, HE IT WAS
THAT BROUGHT THESE ILLS TO PASS;
BUT THE RIGHT HAND THAT DEALT THE BLOW
WAS MINE, NONE OTHER. HOW
HOW COULD I LONGER SEE WHEN SIGHT
BROUGHT NO DELIGHT?

CHORUS

ALAR! 'TIS AS THOU SAYEST.

OEDIPUS

SAY, FRIENDS, CAN ANY LOOK OR VOICE
OR TOUCH OF LOVE HENCEFORTH MY HEART REJOICE?
HASTE, FRIENDS, NO FOND DELAY,
TAKE THE TWICE CURSED AWAY
FAR FROM ALL KEN,
The man abhorred of gods, accursed of men.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ
δείλαιε τοῦ νοῦ τῆς τε συμφορᾶς ἦσον,
ὦς σ’ ἠθέλησα μηδὲ γ’ ἂν γυναῖ ποτε.¹

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ὁλοιθ’ ὡστὶς ἦν, ὃς ἀγρίας πέδας ἀντ. β’
μονάδ’ εἰποδίας ἐλυσ’ μ’ ἀπό τε φόνου
ἐρυτο κάνεσθειν, οὐδὲν εἰς χάριν πράσσων.
tότε γὰρ ἂν θανῶν
οὐκ ἡ φίλοισιν οὖδ’ ἐμοὶ τοσόνδ’ ἄχος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
θέλοντι κάμοι τοῦτ’ ἂν ἦν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
οὐκοιν πατρός γ’ ὄν φονεύς
ἡλθον οὐδὲ νυμφίος
βροτοῖς ἐκλήθην οὖν ἐφυν ἁπο.
νῦν δ’ ἄθεος μὲν εἰμ’, ἀνοσίαν δὲ παις,
ὁμολεχὴς δ’ ἅφ’ ὃν αὐτὸς ἐφυν τάλας.
eἰ δέ τι πρεσβύτερον ἐτι κακοῦ κακόν,
tοῦτ’ ἐλαχ’ Οἰδίπους.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
οὐκ οἶδ’ ὡστὶς σε φῶ βεθουλεύσθαι καλώς;
κρείσσων γὰρ ἵσθα μηκέτ’ ὃν ἦ ξῦν τυφλὸς.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ὡς μὲν τάδ’ οὐχ ὡδ’ ἐστ’ ἄριστ’ εἰργασμένα,
μή μ’ ἐκδίδασκε, μηδὲ συμβούλευ’ ἐτι.
ἐγὼ γὰρ οὐκ οἶδ’ ὃμμασιν ποίοις βλέπων
πατέρα ποτ’ ἂν προσείδουν εἰς “Αἰδοὺ μολὼν
οὐδ’ αὐ τάλαινεν μητέρ’, οἶν ἐμοὶ δυοῖν
ἐργ’ ἐστὶ κρείσσον’ ἀγχόνης εἰργασμένα.
ἀλλ’ ἡ τέκνων δῆτ’ ὄψις ἦν ἐφίμερος,

¹ L. ὃς σ’ ἠθέλησα μηδὲ ἀναγγέλειν ποτε, corr. Hermann.
² νομάδος MSS.: Jebb conjectures, without adopting, μονάδ’.
OEDIPUS THE KING

CHORUS
O thy despair well suits thy desperate case.
Would I had never looked upon thy face!

OEDIPUS
My curse on him whoe'er unrived (Ant. 2)
The waif's fell fetters and my life revived!
He meant me well, yet had he left me there,
He had saved my friends and me a world of care.

CHORUS
I too had wished it so.

OEDIPUS
Then had I never come to shed
My father's blood nor climbed my mother's bed;
The monstrous offspring of a womb defiled,
Co-mate of him who gendered me, and child.
Was ever man before afflicted thus,
Like Oedipus.

CHORUS
I cannot say that thou hast counselled well,
For thou wert better dead than living blind.

OEDIPUS
What's done was well done. Thou canst never shake
My firm belief. A truce to argument.
For, had I sight, I know not with what eyes
I could have met my father in the shades,
Or my poor mother, since against the twain
I sinned, a sin no gallows could atone.
Aye, but, ye say, the sight of children joys

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ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

βλεστοῦσ' ὁπως ἔβλαστε, προσλέύσειν ἐμοὶ; οὐ δήτα τοῖς γ' ἐμοίσιν ὀφθαλμοῖς ποτε ὀυδ' ἄστυ γ' οὐδὲ πύργος οὐδὲ δαμόνων ἀγάλμαθ' ἱερά, τῶν ὁ παυτλήμων ἔγω κάλλιστ' ἀνήρ ἔς ἐν γε ταῖς Θηβαις τραφεῖς ἀπεστέρησ' ἐμαυτόν, αὐτὸς ἐννέπων ὠθεῖν ἀπαντασ τὸν ἀσεβή, τὸν ἐκ θεῶν φανέντ' ἀναγινοὺ καὶ γένους τοῦ Δαυι. τοιάνδ' ἐγὼ κηλίδα μηνύσας ἐμην ὀρθοῖς ἔμελλον δημασιν τούτους ὅραν; ἦκιστά γ' ἀλλ' εἰ τῆς ἄκουσεν ἐτ' ἦν πνηγής δι' ὁτῶν φραγμός, οὐκ ἂν ἐσχόμην τὸ μὴ ἀποκλήσαι τοῦτον ἄθλιον δέμας, ἵν' ἡ τυφλός τε καὶ κλύων μηδέν τὸ γὰρ τὴν φροντίδ' ἐξω τῶν κακῶν οἰκεῖν γλυκύ. ἰὼ Κιθαιρών, τί μ' ἐδέχομαι; τί μ' οὐ λαβὼν ἐκτενῶς εὐθύς, ὡς ἐδείξα μῆτοτε ἐμαυτόν ἀνθρώποισιν ἐνθέν ἡ γεγώς; ὃ Πόλυβε καὶ Κόρινθε καὶ τὰ πάτρια λόγω παλαιά δώμαθ', οἴον ἄρα με κάλλιος κακῶν ὕπουλον ἐξεθρέψατε· ἵν' γὰρ κακὸς τ' ὁν κάκ κακῶν εὐρίσκομαι. ὃ τρεῖς κέλευθοι καὶ κεκρυμμένη νάπη ὀρυμός τε καὶ στενωπός εὖ τριπλαῖς ὀδοῖς, αἱ τοῦτον ἄλμα τῶν ἐμῶν χειρῶν ἀπὸ ἐπίτετε πατρός, ἄρα μου μέμνησθ' ἐτι οἱ ἔργα δράσας ύμων εἰτα δεῦρ' ἱὼν ὁποί' ἐπραγμον ἄθις; ὃ γάμοι γάμοι, ἐφύσαθ' ἡμᾶς, καὶ φυτεύσαντες πάλιν ἄνειτε ταύτον¹ σπέρμα, κἀπεδείξατε

¹ MSS. ταύτων, corr. Jebb.
OEDIPUS THE KING

A parent's eyes. What, born as mine were born?
No, such a sight could never bring me joy;
Nor this fair city with its battlements,
Its temples and the statues of its gods,
Sights from which I, now wretchedst of all,
Once ranked the foremost Theban in all Thebes,
By my own sentence am cut off, condemned
By my own proclamation 'gainst the wretch,
The miscreant by heaven itself declared
Unclean—and of the race of Laius.
Thus branded as a felon by myself,
How had I dared to look you in the face?
Nay, had I known a way to choke the springs
Of hearing, I had never shrunk to make
A dungeon of this miserable frame,
Cut off from sight and hearing; for 'tis bliss
To bide in regions sorrow cannot reach.
Why didst thou harbour me, Cithaeron, why
Didst thou not take and slay me? Then I never
Had shown to men the secret of my birth.
O Polybus, O Corinth, O my home,
Home of my ancestors (so wast thou called)
How fair a nursling then I seemed, how foul
The canker that lay festering in the bud!
Now is the blight revealed of root and fruit.
Ye triple high-roads, and thou hidden glen,
Coppice, and pass where meet the three- branched
ways,
Ye drank my blood, the life-blood these hands spilt,
My father's; do ye call to mind perchance
Those deeds of mine ye witnessed and the work
I wrought thereafter when I came to Thebes?
O fatal wedlock, thou didst give me birth,
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

πατέρας, ἀδελφοῦς, παιδας, αἶμ' ἐμφύλιον, νῦμφας, γυναικὰς μητέρας τε, χωπόσα
αὔχιστ' ἐν ἀνθρώπουσιν ἔργα γίγνεται.

アルバム οὐ γὰρ αὐθάν ἔσθ' ἄ μηδε δράν καλόν,
ὅπως τάχιστα πρὸς θεῶν ἔξω μὲ ποι
καλύπτα· ἡ φονεύσατ' ἡ βαλάσσιον
ἐκρίψατ', ἐνθα μὴ ποτ' εἰσόψεσθ' ἐτι.

ιτ', ἀὔχιστα· ἀνδρὸς ἀθλίου θυγείν.

πίθεσθε, μὴ δείστητε· τὰμὰ γὰρ κακὰ
οὐδεὶς οἶς τε πλὴν ἐμοὶ φέρειν βροτῶν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

アルバム ὁν ἐπαιτεῖς εἰς δέον πάρεσθ' ὅδε
Κρέων τὸ πράσσειν καὶ τὸ βουλεύειν, ἐπεὶ
χώρας λέεισται μοῦνος ἀντὶ σοῦ φύλαξ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

οἴμοι, τι δήτα λέγομεν πρὸς τόνδ ἔπος;
τῖς μοι φανεῖται πίστις ἐνίκος; τὰ γὰρ
πάροι πρὸς αὐτὸν πάντ' ἐφεύρημαι κακὸς.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

οὐχ ὡς γελαστής, Οἰδίπος, ἐλήλυθα,
οὐδ' ὡς ὁνειδῶν τι τῶν πάροι κακῶν.

アルバム εὶ τὰ θυντῶν μὴ κατασκόψασθ' ἐτι
γένεθλα, τὴν γοῦν πάντα βόσκουσαν φλόγα
αιδεῖσθ' ἄνακτος Ἦλιου, τοιώδ' ἄγος
ἀκάλυπτον οὕτω δεικνύναι, τὸ μὴ τῇ
μὴ ὁμβροὶ ἵππος μὴ τῇ φῶς προσδέξεται.

アルバム ὡς τάχιστ' ἐς οἴκον ἐσκομίζετε·
τοῖς ἐν γένει γὰρ τάγγευνή μάλισθ' ὤραν
μὸνοις τ' ἄκουειν εὐσεβῶς ἔχει κακά.

1 πείθεσθε, MSS. Elmsley, corr.
OEDIPUS THE KING

And, having borne me, sowed again my seed,
Mingling the blood of fathers, brothers, children,
Brides, wives and mothers, an incestuous brood,
All horrors that are wrought beneath the sun,
Horrors so foul to name them were unmeet.
O, I adjure you, hide me anywhere
Far from this land, or slay me straight, or cast me
Down to the depths of ocean out of sight.
Come hither, deign to touch an abject wretch;
Draw near and fear not; I myself must bear
The load of guilt that none but I can share.

Enter CREON.

CREON

Lo, here is Creon, the one man to grant
Thy prayer by action or advice, for he
Is left the State's sole guardian in thy stead.

OEDIPUS

Ah me! what words to accost him can I find?
What cause has he to trust me? In the past
I have been proved his rancorous enemy.

CREON

Not in derision, Oedipus, I come
Nor to upbraid thee with thy past misdeeds.

(To bystanders)
But shame upon you! if ye feel no sense
Of human decencies, at least revere
The Sun whose light beholds and nurtures all.
Leave not thus nakedly for all to gaze at
A horror neither earth nor rain from heaven
Nor light will suffer. Lead him straight within,
For it is seemly that a kinsman's woes
Be heard by kin and seen by kin alone.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
πρὸς θεῶν, ἐπείπερ ἔλπιδος μὸ ἀπέσπασας,
ἀριστος ἔλθων πρὸς κάκιστον ἀνδρ' ἐμὲ,
πιθοῦ τί μοι πρὸς σοῦ γὰρ οὐδ' ἐμοὶ φράσω.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
καὶ τοῦ με χρείας ὡδὲ λιπαρεῖς τυχεῖν;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ῥιψόν με γῆς ἐκ τῆς ὁσον τάχισθ', ὅπου
θυντῶν φανοῦμαι μηδενὸς προσήγορος.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
ἐδρασ' ἀν εὖ τοῦτ' ἵσθ' ἂν, εἰ μὴ τοῦ θεοῦ
πρῶτιστ' ἔχρηζον ἐκμαθεῖν τί πρακτέον.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ἀλλ' ἢ γ' ἐκείνου πᾶσ' ἐδηλώθη φάτις,
τὸν πατροφόντην, τὸν ἀσεβὴ μ' ἀπολλύοι.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
οὕτως ἐλέξθη ταῦθ'. ὅμως δ' ἣν ἕσταμεν
χρείας, ἀμεινόν ἐκμαθεῖν τί δραστέον.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
οὕτως ἄρ' ἀνδρὸς ἄθλιον πεύσεσθ' ὑπέρ;

ΚΡΕΩΝ
καὶ γὰρ σὺ νῦν τὰν τῷ θεῷ πίστιν φέροις.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
καὶ σοὶ γ' ἐπισκήπτω τε καὶ προστρέψομαι,
τῆς μὲν κατ' οίκους αὐτῶς διν θέλεις τάφον
θοῦ· καὶ γὰρ ὅρθως τῶν γε σῶν τελεῖς ὑπὲρ·
ἐμοὶ δὲ μὴποτ' ἀξιωθήτω τόδε
πατρόφον ἄστιν ζῶντος οἰκητοῦ τυχεῖν,
ἀλλ' ἐα με ναίειν ὄρεσιν, ἔνθα κλήζεται

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OEDIPUS THE KING

OEDIPUS
O listen, since thy presence comes to me
A shock of glad surprise—so noble thou,
And I so vile—O grant me one small boon.
I ask it not on my behalf, but thine.

CREON
And what the favour thou wouldst crave of me?

OEDIPUS
Forth from thy borders thrust me with all speed;
Set me within some vasty desert where
No mortal voice shall greet me any more.

CREON
This had I done already, but I deemed
It first behoved me to consult the god.

OEDIPUS
His will was set forth plainly—to destroy
The godless parricide; and I am he.

CREON
Yea, so he spake, but in our present plight
'Twere better to consult the god anew.

OEDIPUS
Dare ye inquire concerning such a wretch?

CREON
Yea, for thyself wouldst credit now his word.

OEDIPUS
Aye, and on thee in all humility
I lay this charge: let her who lies within
Receive such burial as thou shalt ordain;
Such rites 'tis thine, as brother, to perform.
But for myself, O never let my Thebes,
The city of my sires, be doomed to bear
The burden of my presence while I live.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ.

οὖμος Κιθαρών οὗτος, ὅν μήτηρ τῇ μοι πατήρ τῇ ἐθέσθην ζωῦτε κύριον τάφου, ἵν᾽ ἔξε ἐκείνων, οὐ μὴ ἀπωλλυτὴν, θάνω.
καὶ τοι γοῦστον γ' οἴδα, μήτε μ' ἄν νόσον μήτ᾽ ἀλλ᾽ πέρασι μηδὲν. οὐ γὰρ ἄν ποτε θυμήσκων ἑσώθην, μὴ πι τῷ δεινῷ κακῷ.
ἀλλ᾽ ἡ μὲν ἡμῶν μοῦρ᾽ ἑποιπέρ εἰσ᾽, ἵτω. παίδων δὲ τῶν μὲν ἀρσένων μὴ μοι, Κρέων, προσή μεριμνάν ἄνδρες εἰς τ', ὅστε μὴ ἐπάνω ποτὲ σχεῖν, ἐνθ' ἄν ὄσι, τοῦ βίου ταῖν ὧν ἀνθίαν οἰκτραίν τε παρθένου ἐμαῖν, αἰν οὔποθ' ἡ μὴ χωρὶς ἑστάθη βορᾶς τράπεζ' ἀνευ τοῦ ἄνδρός, ἀλλ᾽ ὡσον ἐγὼ ψαύομι, πάντων τῶν ἀεὶ μετεκέντην
ἄλλοι μέλεσθαι καὶ μάλιστα μὲν χερῶν ψαύσαί μ' ἐασον κάποκλαῦσασθαί κακά.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

λέγεις ἔγιο γὰρ εἰμ' ὁ πορσύνας τάδε, γνοὺς τὴν παροῦσαν τέρψιν, ἢ σ' ἔχειν πάλαι.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἀλλ' εὐτυχοίς, καὶ σε τῆς τῆς τῆς ὁδοῦ δαίμων ἀμεινον ἢ μὲ φρούρὼς τὺχοι.
ὁ τέκνα, ποὺ ποτ' ἐστε; δεῦρ ἵτ', ἐλθετε ὁς τὰς ἄδελφας τάσιτς τὰς ἔμας χέρας,
OEDIPUS THE KING

No, let me be a dweller on the hills,
On yonder mount Cithaeron, famed as mine,
My tomb predestined for me by my sire
And mother, while they lived, that I may die
Slain as they sought to slay me, when alive.
This much I know full surely, nor disease
Shall end my days, nor any common chance;
For I had ne'er been snatched from death, unless
I was predestined to some awful doom.
    So be it. I reckon not how Fate deals with me.
But my unhappy children—for my sons
Be not concerned, O Creon, they are men,
And for themselves, where'er they be, can fend.
But for my daughters twain, poor innocent maids,
Who ever sat beside me at the board
Sharing my viands, drinking of my cup,
For them, I pray thee, care, and, if thou wiltst,
O might I feel their touch and make my moan.
Hear me, O prince, my noble-hearted prince!
Could I but blindly touch them with my hands,
I'd think they still were mine, as when I saw.
What say I? can it be my pretty ones
Whose sobs I hear? Has Creon pitied me
And sent me my two darlings? Can this be?

CREON

'Tis true; 'twas I procured thee this delight,
Knowing the joy they were to thee of old.

OEDIPUS

God speed thee! and as meed for bringing them
May Providence deal with thee kindlier
Than it has dealt with me! O children mine,
Where are ye? Let me clasp you with these hands,
A brother's hands, a father's; hands that made
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

αἴ τοῦ φυτουργοῦ πατρὸς ὑμῖν ὁδῷ ὅραν
tὰ πρόσθε λαμπρά προυξάνησαν ὁμματα.
ὅς ὑμῖν, ὦ τέκν', οὐθ' ὅρων οὐθ' ἱστορῶν
πατήρ ἐφάνην ἐνθὲν αὐτὸς ἥραθνην.
καὶ σφῶν δακρύων προσβλέπειν γὰρ οὐ σθένω.
νυσσάμενος τὰ λυπά τοῦ πικροῦ βίου,
οἶον βιώναι σφῶν πρὸς ἀνθρώπων χρεῶν.
ποίας γὰρ ἀστῶν ἥξετ' εἰς ὦμιλιας,
ποίας δ' ἔορτάς, ἐνθὲν οὐ κεκλαμέναι
πρὸς οἶκον ἥξεσθ' αντὶ τῆς θεωρίας;
ἀλλ' ἤνικ' ἀν δὴ πρὸς γάμων ἦκητ' ἀκμᾶς,
τις οὐτος ἔσται, τις παραρρίψει, τέκνα,
τοιαῦτ' ὑνείδη λαμβάνων, ἄ ταῖς ἐμαῖς
γοναίσιν ἔσται σφῶν θ' ὦμοι δηλήματα;
τί γὰρ κακῶν ἀπεστι; τὸν πατέρα πατὴρ
ὑμῶν ἐπεφυε; τὴν τεκούσαν ἦροσεν,
ὅθεν περ αὐτὸς ἐσπάρη, κακὸς τῶν ἱσων
ἐκτῆσαθ' ὑμᾶς, ὅμως αὐτὸς ἐξέφυ.
τοιαῦτ' ὑνεδιείσθε· κατα τίς γαμεί;
οὐκ ἐστιν οὐδείς, ὦ τέκν', ἄλλα δηλαθῆ
χέρσους φθαρήναι καγάμους ὑμᾶς χρεῶν.
ὁ παῖ Μενοικέως, ἄλλ' ἔπει μόνος πατήρ
ταύταν λέεισθαι, νῦν γὰρ, ὦ 'φυτεύσαμεν,
ὁλώλαμεν δὴ ὑντε, μὴ σφὲ περίδης
πτωχὰς ἀνάνδρους ἐκγενεῖς ἀλομένας,
μηδ' ἐξίσωσης τάσδε τοῖς ἐμοῖς κακοῖς.
ἀλλ' οἰκτισοὺν σφας, ὅδε τηλικάσθ' ὅρων
πάντων ἐρήμους, πλῆθ ὅσον τὸ σὸν μέρος.
ζύγῳσον, ὦ γενναίε, σὺ ψαύσασ χερί.
σφῶν δ', ὦ τέκν', εἰ μὲν εἰχέτην ἢδη φρένας,

1 τοῖς ἐμοῖς γονεῦσιν MSS., Kennedy corr.
2 παρόντος MSS., Dawes corr.
OEDIPUS THE KING

Lack-lustre sockets of his once bright eyes;
Hands of a man who blindly, recklessly,
Became your sire by her from whom he sprang.
Though I cannot behold you, I must weep
In thinking of the evil days to come,
The slights and wrongs that men will put upon you.
Where'er ye go to feast or festival,
No merrymaking will it prove for you,
But oft abashed in tears ye will return.
And when ye come to marriageable years,
Where's the bold wooer who will jeopardize
To take unto himself such disrepute
As to my children's children still must cling;
For what of infamy is lacking here?
"Their father slew his father, sowed the seed
Where he himself was gendered, and begat
These maidens at the source wherefrom he sprang."
Such are the gibes that men will cast at you.
Who then will wed you? None, I ween, but ye
Must pine, poor maids, in single barrenness.
O Prince, Menoeceus' son, to thee I turn,
With thee it rests to father them, for we
Their natural parents, both of us, are lost.
O leave them not to wander poor, unwed,
Thy kin, nor let them share my low estate.
O pity them so young, and but for thee
All destitute. Thy hand upon it, Prince.
To you, my children I had much to say,
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

πόλλ' ἀν παρήνουν νῦν δὲ τοῦτ' εὐχεσθέ μοι,
oῡ καιρὸς εἳ ἔτην,1 τοῦ βίου δὲ λόφονος
ῡμᾶς κυρῆσαι τοῦ φυτευσαντος πατρός.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ἀλλ' ἵν' ἐξήκεισι δακρύων· ἀλλ' ἰδι στέγης ἐσώ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

πειστέον, κεί μηδὲν ἡδύ.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

πάντα γὰρ καἰρῷ καλά.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

οἶσθε' ἐφ' οἷς οὖν εἰμι;

ΚΡΕΩΝ

λέξεις, καὶ τότ' εἴσομαι κλύων.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

γῆς μ' ὁπως πέμψεις ἀποικον.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

tοῦ θεοῦ μ' αἰτεῖς δόσιν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἀλλὰ θεοῖς γ' ἐξθιστος ἦκω.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

tοιγαροῦν τεύξει τάχα.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

φῆς τάδ' οὖν;

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ἀ μὴ φρονῶ γὰρ οὐ φιλῶ λέγειν μάτην. 1520

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἀπαγέ νῦν μ' ἐντεύθεν ἡδὴ.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

στείχχε νυν, τέκνων δ'. ἀφοῦ.

1 ἀεὶ ζῆν MSS., Dindorf corr.

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OEDIPUS THE KING

Were ye but ripe to hear. Let this suffice:
Pray ye may find some home and live content,
And may your lot prove happier than your sire’s.

CREON
Thou hast had enough of weeping; pass within.

OEDIPUS
I must obey,

Though ’tis grievous.

CREON
Weep not, everything must have its day.

OEDIPUS
Well I go, but on conditions.

CREON
What thy terms for going, say.

OEDIPUS
Send me from the land an exile.

CREON
Ask this of the gods, not me.

OEDIPUS
But I am the gods’ abhorrence.

CREON
Then they soon will grant thy plea.

OEDIPUS
So thou yieldest to my pleading?

CREON
When I speak I mean it so.

OEDIPUS
Lead me hence, then, I am willing.

CREON
Come, but let thy children go.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
μηδαμῶς ταύτας γ' ἐλῃ μου.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
πάντα μὴ βούλου κρατεῖν
καὶ γὰρ ἀκράτησας οὐ σοι τῷ βίῳ ξυνέσπεστο.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
움 πάτρας Θήβης ἔνοικοι, λεύσετ', Οἰδίπους ὅδε,
ὅς τὰ κλείν' αἰνύγματ' ἤδει καὶ κράτιστος ἢν ἄνηρ,
οὗ τὶς οὐ ζῆλο πολιτῶν ἢν τύχαις ἐπιβλέπων, 1
εἰς ὅσον κλύδωνα δεινής συμφορᾶς ἐλήλυθεν.
ὡςτε θυντῶν ὅντα κείνην τὴν τελευταίαν ἰδεῖν ἤμεραν ἑπισκοποῦντα μηδὲν ὅλβιζειν, πρὶν ἄν
τέρμα τοῦ βίου περάσῃ μηδὲν ἀλγείνοις πα-
θῶν.

1 ὅστις οὐ ζῆλο πολιτῶν καὶ τύχαις ἐπιβλέπων MSS.,
Hartung corr.

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OEDIPUS THE KING

OEDIPUS
Rob me not of these my children!

CREON
Crave not mastery in all,
For the mastery that raised thee was thy bane and
wrought thy fall.

CHORUS
Look ye, countrymen and Thebans, this is Oedipus
the great,
He who knew the Sphinx's riddle and was mightiest
in our state.
Who of all our townsmen gazed not on his fame with
envious eyes?
Now, in what a sea of troubles sunk and over-
whelmed he lies!
Therefore wait to see life's ending ere thou count
one mortal blest;
Wait till free from pain and sorrow he has gained his
final rest.
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS
ARGUMENT

Oedipus, the blind and banished King of Thebes, has come in his wanderings to Colonus, a deme of Athens, led by his daughter Antigone. He sits to rest on a rock just within the sacred grove of the Furies and is bidden depart by a passing native. But Oedipus, instructed by an oracle that he had reached his final resting-place, refuses to stir, and the stranger consents to go and consult the Elders of Colonus (the Chorus of the Play). Conducted to the spot they pity at first the blind beggar and his daughter, but on learning his name they are horror-stricken and order him to quit the land. He appeals to the world-famed hospitality of Athens and hints at the blessings that his coming will confer on the State. They agree to await the decision of King Theseus. From Theseus Oedipus craves protection in life and burial in Attic soil; the benefits that will accrue shall be told later. Theseus departs having promised to aid and befriend him. No sooner has he gone than Creon enters with an armed guard who seize Antigone and carry her off (Ismene, the other sister, they have already
ARGUMENT

captured) and he is about to lay hands on Oedipus, when Theseus, who has heard the tumult, hurries up and, upbraiding Creon for his lawless act, threatens to detain him till he has shown where the captives are and restored them. In the next scene Theseus returns bringing with him the rescued maidens. He informs Oedipus that a stranger who has taken sanctuary at the altar of Poseidon wishes to see him. It is Polyneices who has come to crave his father's forgiveness and blessing, knowing by an oracle that victory will fall to the side that Oedipus espouses. But Oedipus spurns the hypocrite, and invokes a dire curse on both his unnatural sons. A sudden clap of thunder is heard, and as peal follows peal, Oedipus is aware that his hour is come and bids Antigone summon Theseus. Self-guided he leads the way to the spot where death should overtake him, attended by Theseus and his daughters. Halfway he bids his daughters farewell, and what followed none but Theseus knew. He was not (so the Messenger reports) for the gods took him.
ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΡΑΜΑΤΟΣ ΠΡΟΣΩΠΑ

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ΑΝΤΙΓΩΝΗ
ΞΕΝΟΣ
ΧΟΡΟΣ
ΙΣΜΗΝΗ
ΘΗΣΕΤΣ
ΚΡΕΩΝ
ΠΟΛΤΝΕΙΚΗΣ
ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Oedipus, banished King of Thebes.
Antigone, his daughters.
Ismene
Theseus, King of Athens.
Creon, brother of Jocasta, now reigning at Thebes.
Polyneices, elder son of Oedipus.
Stranger, a native of Colonus.
Messenger, an attendant of Theseus.
Chorus, citizens of Colonus.

Scene: In front of the grove of the Eumenides.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
Τέκνον τυφλοῦ γέροντος Ἀυτυγόνη, τίνας χώρους ἀφίγμεθ' ἢ τίναν ἀνδρῶν πόλιν; τις τὸν πλανήτην Οἰδίπουν καθ' ἢμέραν τὴν νῦν σπανιστοῖς δέξεται δωρήμασιν; σμικρὸν μὲν ἐξαιτοῦντα, τοῦ σμικροῦ δ' ἐτι μείον φέροντα, καὶ τοῦ ἐξαρκοῦν ἐμοὶ· στέργειν γὰρ αἰ πάθαι με χῶ χρόνος ξυνῶν μακρὸς διδάσκει καὶ τὸ γενναῖον τρίτον. ἀλλ', ὦ τέκνον, θάκησιν εἰ τινα βλέπεις ἢ πρὸς βεβήλους ἢ πρὸς ἀλσειν θεῶν, στήσον με κἀξίδρυσον, ὡς πυθόμεθα ὅποιν ποτ' ἐσμέν· μανθάνειν γὰρ ἢκομεν ξένοι πρὸς ἄστῶν, ἀν δ' ἀκούσωμεν τελεῖν. 10

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ
πάτερ ταλαίπωρ' Οἰδίπους, πῦργοι μέν, οἱ πόλιν στέργουσιν, ὡς ἀπ' ὄμματοι, πρόσω· χῶρος δ' ὄδ' ἱερός, ὡς ἀπεικάσαι, βρών δάφνης, ἔλαιας, ἀμπέλου· πυκνόπτεροι δ' εἰσω κατ' αὐτὸν εὐστομοῦσαι ἀκούσει· οὐ κόλα κάμψον τοῦδ' ἐπ' ἢξεστον πέτρου· μακρὰν γὰρ ὡς γέροντι προυστάλης' ὃδον. 20

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
κάθιξε νῦν με καὶ φύλασσε τὸν τυφλόν.
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

Enter the blind Oedipus led by his daughter, Antigone.

OEDIPUS

Child of an old blind sire, Antigone,
What region, say, whose city have we reached?
Who will provide to-day with scanted dole
This wanderer? 'Tis little that he craves,
And less obtains—that less enough for me;
For I am taught by suffering to endure,
And the long years that have grown old with me,
And last not least, by true nobility.
My daughter, if thou seest a resting place
On common ground or by some sacred grove,
Stay me and set me down. Let us discover
Where we have come, for strangers must inquire
Of denizens, and do as they are bid.

ANTIGONE

Long-suffering father, Oedipus, the towers
That fence the city still, methinks, are far;
But where we stand is surely holy ground;
A wilderness of laurel, olive, vine;
Within a feathered flock of nightingales
Are warbling. On this native seat of rock
Rest; for an old man thou hast travelled far.

OEDIPUS

Guide these dark steps and seat me there secure.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ
χρόνου μὲν οὐνεκ’ οὐ μαθεῖν με δεῖ τόδε.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΣ
έχεις διδάξαι δὴ μ’ ὅποι καθέσταμεν;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ
τὰς γούν Ἀθήνας οἶδα, τὸν δὲ χώρον οὐ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΣ
πᾶς γάρ τις ηὕδα τούτο γ´ ἡμῖν ἐμπόρων.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ
ἀλλ’ ὅστις ὁ τόπος ἥ μάθω μολοῦσά ποι;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΣ
ναί, τέκνον, εἴπερ ἐστί γ´ ἐξοικήσιμος.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ
ἀλλ’ ἐστὶ μὴν οἰκητός· οἶομαι δὲ δεῖν
οὐδὲν· πέλας γὰρ ἄνδρα τόνδε νῦν ὀρῶ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΣ
ἥ δεύρο προσστείχοντα κάξορμῳμένον;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ
καὶ δὴ μὲν οὖν παρόντα· χῶ τί σοι λέγειν
eὐκαίρον ἐστίν, ἔννεφ’, ὡς ἀνὴρ ὡδε.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΣ
ὁ ἕξειν’, ἀκούον τής ὑπέρ τ’ ἐμὸν
αὐτῆς θ’ ὄροσῆς, οὕνεξ’ ἡμῖν αἰσιός
σκοπός προσήκεις διὸν ἀδηλοῦμεν φράσαι—

ΈΣΟΣ
πρὶν νῦν τὰ πλείον’ ἱστορεῖν, ἐκ τῆς’ ἐδρας
ἔξελθ’. ἔχεις γὰρ χῶρον οὐχ ἄγνων πατεῖν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΣ
τίς δ’ ἔσθ’ ὁ χῶρος; τὸν θεῶν νομίζεται;
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

ANTIGONE
If time can teach, I need not to be told.

OEDIPUS
Say, prithee, if thou knowest, where we are.

ANTIGONE
Athens I recognise, but not the spot.

OEDIPUS
That much we heard from every wayfarer.

ANTIGONE
Shall I go on and ask about the place?

OEDIPUS
Yes, daughter, if it be inhabited.

ANTIGONE
Sure there are habitations; but no need
To leave thee; yonder is a man hard by.

OEDIPUS
What, moving hitherward and on his way?

ANTIGONE
Say rather, here already. Ask him straight
The needful questions, for the man is here.
Enter STRANGER.

OEDIPUS
O stranger, as I learn from her whose eyes
Must serve both her and me, that thou art here
On timely quest, and so canst solve our doubts—

STRANGER
First quit that seat, then question me at large:
The spot thou treadest on is holy ground.

OEDIPUS
What is the site, to what god dedicate?
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ΖΕΝΟΣ

ἄθικτος οὐδ' οἰκητός· αἰ γὰρ ἐμφοβοῦ θεαὶ σφ' ἔχουσι, Γῆς τε καὶ Σκοτοῦ κόραι. 40

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

τίνων τὸ σεμνὸν ὁνομ' ἀν εὐξαίμην κλύων;

ΖΕΝΟΣ

τὰς πάνθ' ὀρῶσας Εὐμενίδας ὁ γ' ἐνθάδ' ἀν εἵποι λεῶς νων. ἄλλα δ' ἀλλαχοῦ καλά.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἄλλ' ἔλεος μὲν τὸν ἱκέτην δεξαίατο. ὡς οὐχ έδρας γῆς τῆς δ' ἂν ἐξέλθομ' ἀτι.

ΖΕΝΟΣ

τί δ' ἐστὶ τούτῳ;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ξυμφορᾶς ξύνθημ' ἐμῆς.

ΖΕΝΟΣ

ἄλλ' οὐδ' ἐμοὶ τοι τούξασσαν καὶ πόλεως δίχ' ἐστὶ θάρσος, πρὶν γ' ἂν ἐνδείξω τί δρῶ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

πρὸς υψα θεῶν, ὡ ξείνε, μή μ' ἀτιμάσθης, τοιόνδ' ἄλητην, ὡν σε προστρέπω φάσαι. 50

ΖΕΝΟΣ

σήμαινε, κοῦκ' ἀτιμος ἐκ γ' ἐμοὶ φανεί.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

τίς ἐσθ' ὁ χῶρος δῆτ', ἐν δ' βεβήκαμεν;

ΖΕΝΟΣ

ο springfox' οἶδα κα'γὼ πάντ' ἐπιστήσει κλύων· χῶρος μὲν ἰερὸς πᾶς δ' ἐστ'. ἔχει δ' νων σεμνὸς Ποσειδῶν'. ἐν δ' ὁ πυρφόρος θεὸς Τιταν Προμηθεὺς· ὃν δε' ἐπιστείβεις τόπον,
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

STRANGER
Inviolable, untrod; goddesses,  
Dread brood of Earth and Darkness, here abide.

OEDIPUS
Tell me the awful name I should invoke?

STRANGER
The Gracious Ones, All-seeing, so our people  
Call them, but elsewhere other names are rife.

OEDIPUS
Then may they show their suppliant grace, for I  
From this your sanctuary will ne’er depart.

STRANGER
What word is this?

OEDIPUS
The watchword of my fate.

STRANGER
Nay, ’tis not mine to bid thee hence without  
Due warrant and instruction from the State.

OEDIPUS
Now in God’s name, O stranger, scorn me not  
As a wayfarer; tell me what I crave.

STRANGER
Ask; your request shall not be scorned by me.

OEDIPUS
How call you then the place wherein we bide?

STRANGER
Whate’er I know thou too shalt know; the place  
Is all to great Poseidon consecrate.  
Hard by, the Titan, he who bears the torch,  
Prometheus, has his worship; but the spot
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

χθόνος καλείται τήσδε χαλκόπους ὅδος, ἔρεις μ’ Ἀθηνῶν οἱ δὲ πλησίοι γύαι τόνδ’ ἵπποτὴν Κολωνόν εὐχονται σφίσιν ἄρχηγόν εἶναι καὶ φέρουσι τούνομα τὸ τοῦδε κοινὸν πάντως ἀνομασμένοι. τοιαύτα σοι ταύτ’ ἕστιν, ὃ ξέν’, οὐ λόγος τιμῶμεν’, ἀλλὰ τῇ ἐσσυνοσίᾳ πλέουν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ

ἡ γὰρ τίνες ναίουσι τούσδε τοὺς τόπους;

ΞΕΝΟΣ

cαὶ κάρτα, τοῦδε τοῦ θεοῦ ἡ ἐπώνυμοι.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ

ἀρχεὶ τις αὐτῶν ἡ ’πεὶ τῷ πλήθει λόγος;

ΞΕΝΟΣ

ἐκ τοῦ κατ’ ἀστυ βασιλέως τάδ’ ἀρχεται.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ

οὗτος δὲ τὶς λόγῳ τε καὶ σθενεὶ κρατεῖ;

ΞΕΝΟΣ

Θησεύς καλεῖται, τοῦ πρῶτον Αἰγέως τόκος.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ

ἀρ’ ἂν τὶς αὐτῷ ποιμῆς ἐξ υμῶν μόλις;

ΞΕΝΟΣ

ὡς πρὸς τὶ λέξων ἥ καταρτύσωμη μολεῖν;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ

ὡς ἂν προσαρκῶν σμικρὰ κερδάνη μέγα.

ΞΕΝΟΣ

καὶ τὶς πρὸς ἀνδρὸς μὴ βλέποντος ἀρκεσις;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ

ὅσ’ ἂν λέγωμεν πάνθ’ ὀρὸντα λέξομεν.

1 Brunck’s correction of the MSS. ὅδος, which Sir George Young defends and translates “the Brass-paved Causeway.”

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OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

Thou treadest, the Brass-footed Threshold named,
Is Athen’s bastion, and the neighbouring lands
Claim as their chief and patron yonder knight
Colonus, and in common bear his name.
Such, stranger, is the spot, to fame unknown,
But dear to us its native worshippers.

OEDIPUS
Thou sayest there are dwellers in these parts?

STRANGER
Surely; they bear the name of yonder god.

OEDIPUS
Ruled by a king or by the general voice?

STRANGER
The lord of Athens is our over-lord.

OEDIPUS
Who is this monarch, great in word and might?

STRANGER
Theseus, the son of Aegeus our late king.

OEDIPUS
Might one be sent from you to summon him?

STRANGER
Wherefore? To tell him aught or urge his coming?

OEDIPUS
Say a slight service may avail him much.

STRANGER
How can he profit from a sightless man?

OEDIPUS
The blind man’s words will be instinct with sight.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ΞΕΝΟΣ
οίς θ’. ὁ ξέν’, ὡς νῦν μὴ σφαλῆς; ἐπείπερ εἰ
gενναῖος, ὡς ἰδόντι, πλὴν τοῦ δαίμονος,
αὐτοῦ μέν’, οὕπερ κἀκεκαίνης, ἐώς ἐγὼ
tοῖς ἐνθάδε αὐτοῦ μὴ κατ’ ἀστυ δημόταις
λέξω τάδ’ ἐλθὼν· οἴδε γὰρ κρινοῦσί σοι
εἰ χρή σε μίμειν ἢ πορεύεσθαι πάλιν.
80
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ
ὁ τέκνον, η βέβηκεν ἡμῖν ὁ ξένος;
ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ
βέβηκεν, ὡστε πᾶν ἐν ἡσύχῳ, πάτερ,
ἐξεστὶ φωνεῖν, ὡς ἐμοῦ μόνης πέλας.
90
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ
ὁ πότνια δεινῶτες, εὔτε νῦν ἔδρας
πρώτων ἐφ’ ὑμῶν τῆς δὲ γῆς ἐκαμψ’ ἐγώ,
Φοίβῳ τε κάμοι μὴ γένησθ’ ἀγνώμονες,
ὅς μοι, τὰ πόλλ’ ἐκεῖν’ ὃτ’ ἐξήριη κακά,
tαυτὴν ἔλεγε παῦλων ἐν χρόνῳ μακρῷ,
ἐλθόντι χώραν τερμίαν, ὅπου θεῶν
σεμνῶν ἔδραν λάβομι καὶ ξενόστασιν,
ἐνταῦθα κάμψειν τὸν ταλαίπωρον βίον,
κέρδῃ μὲν οἰκήσαντα τοῖς δεδεγμένοις,
ἀτην δὲ τοῖς πέμψασιν, ὦ μ’ ἀπῆλασαν
σημεία δ’ ἢξειν τῶνδε μοι παρρηγύα,
ἡ σεισμὸν ἡ βροντὴν τιν’ ἡ Δίος σέλας,
ἐγνωκα μὲν νῦν ὡς με τήνδε τὴν ὀδὸν
οὐκ ἔσθ’ ὅπως οὐ πιστόν ἐξ ὑμῶν πτερὸν
ἐξήφαγ’ εἰς τὸδ’ ἄλογος· οὐ γὰρ ἄν ποτε
πρωταισιν ύμῖν ἀντέκυρον’ ὀδοιπορῶν,
νήφων ἀλλούς, κατ’ σεμνὸν ἐξόμην
βάθρον τὸδ’ ἀσκέομενον. ἀλλὰ μοι, θεαί,
βίου κατ’ ὀμφὲς τὰς ’Απόλλωνος δότε

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OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

STRANGER
Heed then; I fain would see thee out of harm;
For by thy looks, marred though they be by fate,
I judge thee noble: tarry where thou art,
While I go seek the burghers—those at hand,
Not in the city. They will soon decide
Whether thou art to rest or go thy way.

[Exit stranger.

OEDIPUS
Tell me, my daughter, has the stranger gone?

ANTIGONE
Yes, he has gone; now we are all alone,
And thou may'st speak, dear father, without fear.

OEDIPUS
Stern-visaged queens, since coming to this land
First in your sanctuary I bent the knee,
Frown not on me or Phoebus, who, when erst
He told me all my miseries to come,
Spake of this respite after many years,
Some haven in a far-off land, a rest
Vouchsafed at last by dread divinities.
"There," said he, "shalt thou round thy weary life,
A blessing to the land wherein thou dwell'st,
But to the land that cast thee forth, a curse."
And of my weird he promised signs should come,
Earthquake, or thunderclap, or lightning flash.
And now I recognise as yours the sign
That led my wanderings to this your grove;
Else had I, never lighted on you first,
A wineless man on you who loathe the grape,
Or set me on your seat of native rock.
O goddesses, fulfil Apollo's word,
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

πέρασιν Ἡδη καὶ καταστροφὴν τινα, 
εἰ μὴ δοκῶ τι μείωνως ἔχειν, ἀδεὶ 
μόνθως λατρεύων τοῖς ὑπερτάτοις βρωτῶν. 
ἐτ', ὁ γῆλυκεία παιδεῖς ἀρχαῖον Σκότουν, 
ἐτ', ὁ μεγίστης Παλλάδος καλούμεναι 
πασῶν Ἀθηναί τιμιωτάτη πόλις, 
οἰκτίρατ' ἀνδρός Οἰδίπου τὸδ' ἀθλιον 
εἴδολον· οὐ γὰρ δὴ τὸδ' ἀρχαῖον δέμας.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

σύγα· πορεύονται γὰρ οἶδε δὴ τινες 
χρόνῳ παλαιοί, σῆς ἔδρας ἐπίσκοποι.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

σιγήσομαι τε καὶ σὺ μ' εἀ δοῦν πόδα 
κρύψων κατ' ἄλεσος, τῶν ἐως ἂν ἐκμάθω 
tίνας λόγους ἔρούσιν· ἐν γὰρ τῷ μαθεῖν 
ἐνεστὶν ἡφλάβεια τῶν ποιομένων.

ΧΩΡΟΣ

ὁρα. τίς ἂρ' ἢν; ποῦ ναίει; 
ποῦ κυρεῖ ἐκτόπιος συθεῖς ὁ πάντων 
ὁ πάντων ἀκορέστατος;

προσδήρκου, λεύσσε νῦν,1 
προσπεύθου πανταχῇ.

πλανάτας πλανάτας τις ὁ πρέσβυς οὐδ' 
ἔγχωροι· προσέβα γὰρ οὐκ 
ἀν ποτ' ἀστιβές ἄλησος ἐς 
τῶν ἁμαίμακταιν κορᾶν, 
ἀς τρέμομεν λέγεων 
καὶ παραμειβόμεσθ' ἀδέρκτως,

ἀφώνως, ἀλόγως τὸ τὰς

1 λεύσσεν' αὐτόν· προσδήρκου MSS., Hermann corr.
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

Grant me some consummation of my life,
If haply I appear not all too vile,
A thrall to sorrow worse than any slave.
Hear, gentle daughters of primeval Night,
Hear, namesake of great Pallas; Athens, first
Of cities, pity this dishonoured shade,
The ghost of him who once was Oedipus.

ANTIGONE

Hush! for I see some grey-beards on their way,
Their errand to spy out our resting-place.

OEDIPUS

I will be mute, and thou shalt guide my steps
Into the covert from the public road;
Till I have learned their drift. A prudent man
Will ever shape his course by what he learns.

Enter CHORUS.

CHORUS

Ha! Where is he? Look around! (Str. 1)
Every nook and corner scan!
He the all-presumptuous man,
Whither vanished? search the ground!
A wayfarer, I ween,
A wayfarer, no countryman of ours,
That old man must have been;
Never had native dared to tempt the Powers,
Or enter their demesne,
The Maids in awe of whom each mortal cowers,
Whose name no voice betrays nor cry,
And as we pass them with averted eye,
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

eὐφράμου στόμα φρουτίδος
ιέντες, τὰ δὲ νῦν τιν’ ἢκεῖν
λόγοις οὐδὲν ἄξονθ’,
ὅπις ἐγὼ λεύσων περὶ πᾶν σοῦ ποι ὁ
δύναμαι τέμενος
γνώναι ποῦ μοὶ ποτε ναίει.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὅδ’ ἐκείνος ἐγὼ· φωνῇ γὰρ ὅρω,
τὸ φατιζόμενον.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἰὼ ἵὼ,
δεινὸς·μὲν ὄραν, δεινὸς δὲ κλύειν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

μὴ μ’, ἰκετεύω, προσίδητ’ ἀνομον.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

Ζεῦ ἄλεξήτορ, τὸς ποθ’ ὁ πρέσβυς;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

οὐ πάνυ μοίρας εὐδαιμονίσαι
πρώτης, ὡ τῆς δ’ ἐφοροὶ χώρας.

dηλῶ δ’ οὐ γὰρ ἀν ὅδ’ ἀλλοτρίοις
ἀμμασὶν ἐιρπον
καὶ σμικροῖς μέγας ὦρμουν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἐὴ, ἀλαὼν ὦμμάτων
ἄρα καὶ ἥσθα φυτάλμωσ; δυσαίων
μακραῖων γ’, ὡς ἐπεικάσαι.¹

ἀλλ’ οὐ μὰν ἐν γ’ ἐμοὶ
προσθήσει τάσδ’ ἀράσ.

περᾶς γὰρ, περᾶς· ἀλλ’ ἵνα τῷδ’ ἐν ἀ-

φθέγκτῳ μὴ προπέσης νάπει

¹ ὡς MSS., Bothe corr.
² προσθήσεις MSS., Blaydes corr.
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

We move hushed lips in reverent piety.
   But now some godless man,
"Tis rumoured, here abides;
The precincts through I scan,
   Yet wot not where he hides,
The wretch profane!
   I search and search in vain.

OEDIPUS
I am that man; I know you near,
Ears to the blind, they say, are eyes.

CHORUS
O dread to see and dread to hear!

OEDIPUS
O sirs, I am no outlaw under ban.

CHORUS
Who can he be—Zeus save us!—this old man?

OEDIPUS
No favourite of fate,
That ye should envy his estate,
O, Sirs, would any happy mortal, say,
Grope by the light of other eyes his way,
Or face the storm upon so frail a stay?

CHORUS
Wast thou then sightless from thy birth? (Ant. 1)
Evil, methinks, and long
Thy pilgrimage on earth.
Yet add not curse to curse and wrong to wrong.
   I warn thee, trespass not
Within this hallowed spot,
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ποιάντε, κάθυδρος οὐ
κρατήρ μειλιχίων ποτῶν
ρέματι συντρέχει,
tόν, ξένη πάμμορ', ευ φύλαξαι;
μετάστασθ', ἀπόβαθι. πολ-
λὰ κέλευθος ἐρατύνει-
κλύεις, ὡ πολύμορφ' ἀλάτα;
λόγον εἰ τιν' οἴσεις
πρὸς ἔμαν λέσχαν, ἀβάτων ἀποβάς,
ίνα πᾶσι νόμος,
φάνει· πρόσθεν δ' ἀπερίκουν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ
θύγατερ, ποὺ τῷς φροντίδος ἔλθῃ;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ
ὡ πάτερ, ἀστοῖς ἵσα χρή μελετάν,
εἰκοντας ὧ δεῖ κάκουντας.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ
πρόσθεγέ νῦν μου.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ
ψαύω καὶ δή.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ
ὡ ξένε, μὴ δῆτ' ἀδικηθῶ σοι
πιστεύσας καὶ μεταναστάς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
οὐ τοι μῆποτέ σ' ἐκ τῶν ἐξθάνων, στρ. β'
ὡ γέρον, ἄκοντά τις ἄξει.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ
ἐτ' οὖν;

ΧΟΡΟΣ
ἐτι βαίνει πόρσω. ¹

¹ MSS. ἔτ' οὖν ἔτι προβῶ; ἐπιβαίνε, Bothe and Reiske corr.
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

Lest thou shouldst find the silent grassy glade
   Where offerings are laid,
Bowls of spring water mingled with sweet mead.
   Thou must not stay,
   Come, come away,
   Tired wanderer, dost thou heed?
(We are far off, but sure our voice can reach.)
   If aught thou wouldst beseech,
Speak where 'tis right; till then refrain from speech

OEDIPUS
Daughter, what counsel should we now pursue?

ANTIGONE
We must obey and do as here they do.

OEDIPUS
Thy hand then!

ANTIGONE
Here, O father, is my hand,

OEDIPUS
O Sirs, if I come forth at your command,
Let me not suffer for my confidence.

CHORUS
   (Str. 2)
Against thy will no man shall drive thee hence.

OEDIPUS
Shall I go further?

CHORUS
   Aye.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ

ἐτὶ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

προβίβαξε, κούρα,
pόρσω· σὺ γαρ ἄτεις.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ἐπεο μᾶν, ἔπει ὁδ' ἀμαιρφ
κώλω, πάτερ, ᾧ σ' ἄγω.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

tόλμα ξείνος ἐπὶ ξέινης,
ὡς ἐλάμων, ὃ τι καὶ πόλις
τέτροφεν ἄφιλον ἀποστυγεῖν
καὶ τὸ φίλον σέβεσθαι.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ

ἀγε νυν σὺ με, παῖ,
ἵν' ἄν εὐσέβιας ἐπιβαίνοντες
τὸ μὲν εἴπομεν, τὸ δ' ἄκουσαμεν,
καὶ μὴ χρεία πολεμῶμεν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

αὐτοῦ· μηκέτι τοῦδ' αὐτοπέτρου
βῆματος ἔξω πόδα κλίνης.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ

οὕτως;

1 ἀντιπέτρου MSS., Musgrave corr.
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

OEDIPUS
What further still?

CHORUS
Lead maiden, thou canst guide him where we will.

ANTIGONE
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OEDIPUS
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ANTIGONE
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*
Follow with blind steps, father, as I lead.

OEDIPUS
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CHORUS
In a strange land strange thou art;
To her will incline thine heart;
Honour whatso'er the State
Honours, all she frowns on hate.

OEDIPUS
Guide me child, where we may range
Safe within the paths of right;
Counsel freely may exchange
Nor with fate and fortune fight.

CHORUS
Halt! Go no further than that rocky floor. (Ant. 2)

OEDIPUS
Stay where I now am?
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΝΟΙ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

アルバム, ως ἄκουεις.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἡ ἐσθῶ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

λέχρις γ' ἐπ' ἁκρον

λᾶος βραχὺς ὠκλάσας.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

πάτερ, ἐμὸν τόδ', ἐν ἁσυχαιᾷ

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ίω μοι μοι.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

βάσει βάσιν ἀρμοσαί,

γεραῦν ἐς χέρα σώμα σοῦ

προκλίνας φιλίαν ἐμάν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἀμοι δύσφρονος ἄτας.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὁ τλάμων, ὅτε νῦν χαλᾶς,

αὖδασον, τίς ἐφισ βροτῶν;

τίς ὁ πολύπονος ἄγει; τίν' ἄν

σοῦ πατρίδ' ἐκπυθοίμαν;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὁ ξένοι,

ἀπόπτολις· ἀλλὰ μὴ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τί τόδ' ἀπεννέπεις, γέρον;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

μὴ μὴ μὴ μὲ ἀνέρη τίς εἰμι,

μὴ δ' ἔξετάσης πέρα ματεύων.

1 MSS. ἐν ἁσυχίᾳ, corr. Reisig

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CHORUS
Yes, advance no more.

OEDIPUS
May I sit down?

CHORUS
Move sideways towards the ledge,
And sit thee crouching on the scarped edge.

ANTIGONE
This is my office, father, O incline—

OEDIPUS
Ah me! ah me!

ANTIGONE
Thy steps to my steps, lean thine aged frame on mine.

OEDIPUS
Woe on my fate unblest!

CHORUS
Wanderer, now thou art at rest,
Tell me of thy birth and home,
From what far country art thou come,
Led on thy weary way, declare!

OEDIPUS
Strangers, I have no country. O forbear—

CHORUS
What is it, old man, that thou wouldst conceal?

OEDIPUS
Forbear, nor urge me further to reveal—
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τί τόδ',

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΣΧ

αἱνὰ φύσις.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

αὖδα.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΣΧ

τέκνου, ὁμοί, τί γεγόνω

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τίνος εἰ σπέρματος, ὁ ἔνε, φώνει, πατρόθεν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΣΧ

ὁμοί ἐγώ, τί πάθω, τέκνον ἐμόν;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

λέγ', ἐπείπερ ἐπ' ἔσχατα βαίνεις.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΣΧ

ἀλλ' ἐρώ· οὐ γὰρ ἔχω κατακρυφάν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

μακρὰ μέλλετον, ἀλλὰ τάχυνε.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΣΧ

Δαιών ἵστε τίν';

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὁ λοῦ λοῦ. ²

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΣΧ

τὸ τε Λαβδακίδαν γένος;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὁ Ζεῦ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΣΧ

ἀθλιον Οἰδιπόδαν;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

σὺ γὰρ ὅδ' εἰ;

1 MSS. τί τόδε; δεινά, corr. Hartung.
2 τίν' ἄπόγονον; MSS., corr. Hermann, Χο. ὁ ὁ λοῦ.
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

CHORUS

Why this reluctance?

OEDIPUS

Dread my lineage.

CHORUS

Say!

OEDIPUS

What must I answer, child, ah welladay!

CHORUS

Say of what stock thou comest, what man's son—

OEDIPUS

Ah me, my daughter, now we are undone!

ANTIGONE

Speak, for thou standest on the slippery verge.

OEDIPUS

I will; no plea for silence can I urge.

CHORUS

Will neither speak? Come, Sir, why dally thus!

OEDIPUS

Know'st one of Laïus'—

CHORUS

Ha! Who!

OEDIPUS

Seed of Labdacus—

CHORUS

O Zeus!

OEDIPUS

The hapless Oedipus.

CHORUS

Art he?
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
δέος ἵσχετε μηδὲν ὅσ’ αὐδῶ.
ΧΟΡΟΣ
ἰὼ ὡ ὡ.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
δύσμορος.
ΧΟΡΟΣ
ὡ ὡ.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
θύγατερ, τί ποτ’ αὐτίκα κύρσει;
ΧΟΡΟΣ
ἐξω πόρσω βαίνετε χώρας.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ἂ δ’ ὑπέσχεο ποὶ καταθήσεις;
ΧΟΡΟΣ
οὐδενὶ μοιριδία τίσις ἔρχεται
ἂν προπάθη τὸ τίνειν’ ἄπατα δ’ ἀπά-
tαις ἐτέραις ἔτερα παραβαλλομέ-
να πόνον, οὐ χάριν, ἀντιδίδωσιν ἑ-
χειν. σοὶ δὲ τῶν ἐδράνων πάλιν ἐκτοπος
αὐθίς ἄφορμος ἐμὰς χθονὸς ἐκθορε,
μή τι πέρα χρέος
ἐμὰ πόλει προσάψης.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ὡ ξένοι
αἷδόφρονες, ἀλλ’ ἐπεὶ
γεραδὸν πατέρα τὸν’ ἐμὸν
οὐκ ἀνέτλατ’, ἔργων
ἀκόντων ἄιόντες αὐδάν,
ἀλλ’ ἐμὲ τὰν μελέαν, ἱκετεύομεν, ὡ ξένοι,
οἰκτίραθ’, ἂ

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OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

OEDIPUS
Whate'er I utter, have no fear of me.

CHORUS
Begone!

OEDIPUS
O wretched me!

CHORUS
Begone!

OEDIPUS
O daughter, what will hap anon?

CHORUS
Forth from our borders speed ye both!

OEDIPUS
How keep you then your troth?

CHORUS
Heaven's justice never smites
Him who ill with ill requites.
But if guile with guile contend,
Bane, not blessing, is the end.
Arise, begone and take thee hence straightway,
Lest on our land a heavier curse thou lay.

ANTIGONE
O sirs! ye suffered not my father blind,
Albeit gracious and to ruth inclined,
Knowing the deeds he wrought, not innocent,
    But with no ill intent;
Yet heed a maiden's moan
Who pleads for him alone;
My eyes, not reft of sight,
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

πατρός ὑπὲρ τοῦμοῦ μόνου
ἀντομαι οὐκ ἀλαοῖς προσορωμένα
.LayoutParams

Ὠμμα σὸν ὢμμασιν, ὡς τὶς ἀφ’ αἷματος
://://

蝘ετέρου προφανείσα, τὸν ἄθλιον
αἴδοιες κύρσαι· ἐν ὡμμὶ γὰρ ὡς θεῷ
κείμεθα τλάμονες. ἀλλ’ ἵτε, νεύσατε τὰν ἀδόκητον
χάριν.

πρὸς σ’ ὦ τι σοι φίλον ἐκ σέθεν ἀντομαι,
Hashtable

ἡ τέκνου ἡ λέξος ἡ χρέος ἡ θεός·

οὐ γὰρ ἰδοίς ἀν ἀθρών βροτὸν δόσεις ἂν,
εἰ θεός ἄγοι,

ἐκφυγεῖν δύναιτο.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀλλ’ ἵσθι, τέκνου Οἰδίπου, σὲ τ’ ἐξ ἰσον
οἰκτίρομεν καὶ τόνδε συμφορᾶς χάριν·

tὰ δ’ ἐκ θεῶν τρέμοιτε ὡς σθενοίμεν ἂν

φωνεῖν πέρα τῶν πρὸς σὲ νῦν εἰρημένων.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

τί δὴτα δόξης ἢ τὶ κληδόνος καλῆς
μάτην ἰεύσης ὥφελημα γίγνεται,
εἰ τὰς γ’ Ἀθήνας φασί θεσσεβεστάτας
ἐϊναι, μόνας δὲ τὸν κακούμενον ἓξενον

σώξειν οίας τε καὶ μόνας ἀρκείν ἓχειν;

κάμουγε πού ταῦτ’ ἑστίν, ὅτινες θάρθων
ἐκ τῶνδε μ’ ἔξαραντες εἰτ’ ἐλαύνετε,

ὄνομα μόνον δείσαντες; οὐ γὰρ δὴ τὸ γε

σῶμ’ οὐδὲ τάργα τάμ’· ἐπεὶ τὰ γ’ ἔργα μον.

πεποιθότ’ ἐστὶ μᾶλλον ἡ δεδρακότα,

εἰ σοι τὰ μητρὸς καὶ πατρὸς χρεία λέγειν,

1 τοῦ μόνου MSS. Triclinius conjectured τοῦμοῦ. Hermann, τοῦμοῦ μόνου.

2 λόγος MSS., Reiske corr.

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OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

Plead with you as a daughter's might.
You are our providence,
O make us not go hence!
O with a gracious nod
Grant us the nigh despaired-of boon we crave!

    Hear us, O hear,
By all that ye hold dear,
Wife, children, homestead, hearth and God!
Where will you find one, search ye ne'er so well,
Who 'scapest perdition if a god impel!

CHORUS

Surely we pity thee and him alike
Daughter of Oedipus, for your distress;
But as we reverence the decrees of Heaven
We cannot say aught other than we said.

OEDIPUS

O what avails renown or fair repute?
Are they not vanity? For, look you, now
Athens is held of States the most devout,
Athens alone gives hospitality
And shelters the vexed stranger, so men say.
Have I so found it? I whom ye dislodged
First from my seat of rock and now would drive
Forth from your land, dreading my name alone;
For me you surely dread not, nor my deeds,
Deeds of a man more sinned against than sinning,
As I might well convince you, were it meet
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

οῦν οὔνεκ’ ἐκφοβεῖ με’ τούτ’ ἐγώ καλῶς ἐξοιδα. καίτοι πῶς ἑγὼ κακὸς φύσιν, ὅστις παθῶν μὲν ἀντέδρων, ὅστ’ εἰ φρονῶν ἐπρασσον, οὐδ’ ἂν ὧδ’ ἐγχύγισην κακός; νῦν δ’ οὐδὲν εἰδὼς ἰκόμην ἦν ἰκόμην, ὑφ’ ὧν δ’ ἐπασχον, εἰδότων ἀπωλλύμην. ἀνθ’ ὧν ἰκνοῦμι πρὸς θεῶν ὑμᾶς, ξένωι, ὅσπερ με κάνεστήσαθ’, ὅδε σώσατε, καὶ μὴ θεοὺς τιμῶντες εἰτὰ τοὺς θεοὺς μοῖρας 1 ποιεῖσθε μηδαμῶς. ἤγειροι δὲ βλέπειν μὲν αὐτοὺς πρὸς τὸν εὐσεβῆ βροτῶν, βλέπειν δὲ πρὸς τοὺς δυσσεβεῖς, φυγὴν δὲ τοῦ μῆπω γενέσθαι φωτὸς ἀνοσίου βροτῶν.

ξὺν οἷς σὺ μὴ κάλυπτε τὰς εὐδαίμονις ἔργας Αθήνας ἀνοσίους ὑπηρετῶν, ἀλλ’ ὅσπερ ἔλαβες τὸν ἱκέτην ἐχέγγυνον, ῥύον με κάκφυλασσε‘ μηδὲ μου κάρα τὸ δυσπρόσοπτον εἰσορῶν ἀτιμάσης, ἣκω γὰρ ἱερὸς εὐσεβής τε καὶ φέρων ὄνησιν ἀστοῖς τοῖς δ’. ὅταν δ’ ὁ κύριος παρῇ τις, ὑμῶν ὅστις ἐστὶν ἤγειρόν, τὸτ’ εἰσακοῦν πάντ’ ἐπιστήσης· τὰ δὲ μεταξὺ τούτου μηδαμῶς γύγνου κακός.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ταρβεῖν μὲν, ὁ γεραιέ, τἀνθυμίματα πολλή στ’ ἀνάγκη τάπο σοῦ· λόγοισι γὰρ οὐκ ὄνομασται βραχέσι· τοὺς δὲ τῆς δε γῆς ἀνακτας ἀρκεῖ ταῦτά μοι διειδέναι.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

καὶ ποῦ ’σθ’ ὁ κραίνων τῆς δε τῆς χώρας, ξένοι;

1 L. A, μολρασ F, R2 μοιρασ.
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

To tell my mother's story and my sire's,
The cause of this your fear. Yet am I then
A villain born because in self-defence,
Stricken, I struck the striker back again?
E'en had I known, no villainy 'twould prove:
But all unwitting whither I went, I went—
To ruin; my destroyers knew it well,
Wherefore, I pray you, sirs, in Heaven's name,
Even as ye bade me quit my seat, defend me.
O pay not a lip service to the gods
And wrong them of their dues. Bethink ye well,
The eye of Heaven beholds the just of men,
And the unjust, nor ever in this world
Has one sole godless sinner found escape.
Stand then on Heaven's side and never blot
Athens' fair scutcheon by abetting wrong.
I came to you a suppliant, and you pledged
Your honour; O preserve me to the end,
O let not this marred visage do me wrong!
A holy and god-fearing man is here
Whose coming purports comfort for your folk.
And when your chief arrives, whoe'er he be,
Then shall ye have my story and know all.
Meanwhile I pray you do me no despite.

CHORUS

The plea thou urgest, needs must give us pause,
Set forth in weighty argument, but we
Must leave the issue with the ruling powers.

OEDIPUS

Where is he, strangers, he who sways the realm?
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΙΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ΧΟΡΟΣ
πατρῴου ἀστυ γῆς ἔχει· σκοπὸς δὲ νῦν,
ὁς κἀκε δεῦρ' ἐπεμψεν, οἴχεται στελῶν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ἡ καὶ δοκεῖτε τοῦ τυφλοῦ τιν' ἐντρωπῆν
ἡ φροντίδ' ἔξειν, αὐτὸν ὁστ' ἔλθειν πέλας;

ΧΟΡΟΣ
καὶ κάρθ', ὅταν περ τούνομ' αἰσθηταί τὸ σῶν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
τῖς δ' ἔσθ' ὁ κείνῳ τοῦτο τοῦτος ἀγγελῶν;

ΧΟΡΟΣ
μακρὰ κέλευθος· πολλὰ δ' ἐμπόρων ἔπη
φιλεὶ πλανᾶσθαι, τῶν ἐκείνος ἄτων,
θάρσει, παρέσταιν· πολὺ γάρ, ὅ γέρον, τὸ σῶν
όνωμα διήκει πάντας, ὡστε κεῖ βραδὺς
εὐδει, κλύων σοῦ δεῦρ' ἀφίξεται ταχύς.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ἀλλ' εὐτυχῆς ἴκοιτο τῇ θ' αὐτοῦ πόλει
ἐμοῖ τε· τίς γὰρ ἐσθλὸς οὐχ αὐτῷ φίλος;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ
ὡ Ζεῦ, τί λέξω; ποὶ φρενῶν ἐλθὼ, πάτερ;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
τί δ' ἔστι, τέκνων Ἁντιγόνη;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ
γυναῖχ' ὃρῳ
στείχουσαν ἡμῶν ἀσσοῦν, Ἁλτναίας ἐπὶ
πόλον βεβῶσαν· κρατὶ δ' ἡλιωστεγῆς
κυνῆ πρόσωπα Θεσσαλίς νῦν ἀμπέχει.
τί φῶ;

¹ ἀπόνως τ', MSS., Porson corr.
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

CHORUS
In his ancestral seat; a messenger,
The same who sent us here, is gone for him.

OEDIPUS
And think you he will have such care or thought
For the blind stranger as to come himself?

CHORUS
Ay, that he will, when once he learns thy name.

OEDIPUS
But who will bear him word!

CHORUS
The way is long,
And many travellers pass to speed the news.
Be sure he'll hear and hasten, never fear;
So wide and far thy name is noised abroad,
That, were he ne'er so spent and loth to move,
He would bestir him when he hears of thee.

OEDIPUS
Well, may he come with blessing to his State
And me! Who serves his neighbour serves himself.¹

ANTIGONE
Zeus! What is this? What can I say or think?

OEDIPUS
What now, Antigone?

ANTIGONE
I see a woman
Riding upon a colt of Aetna's breed;
She wears for headgear a Thessalian hat
To shade her from the sun. Who can it be?

¹ To avoid explaining the blessing (see l. 288), still a secret, he resorts to a commonplace; literally, "For what generous man is not (in befriending others) a friend to himself?"
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ἀρ' ἔστιν; ἀρ' οὐκ ἔστιν; ἢ γνώμη πλανᾶ; καὶ φημὶ καπόφημι κούκ ἔχω τί φῶ. τάλαινα.
οὐκ ἔστιν ἄλλῃ. φαιδρὰ γοῦν ἀπ' ὀμμάτων σαίνει με προσστείχουσα. σημαίνει δ' ὅτι μόνης τόδ' ἔστι δήλον Ἰσμήνης κάρα.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΞ

πῶς εἶπας, ὦ παῖ;

ἈΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

παῖδα σήν, ἐμὴν δ' ὀρᾶν ὀμαιμον. αὐὴ δ' αὐτίκ' ἐξεστιν μαθεῖν.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

ὁ δισσὰ πατρὸς καὶ κασιγνήτης ἐμοὶ ἡδιστὰ προσφωνήμαθ', ὥσ' ὑμᾶς μόλις εὐροῦσα λύπη δευτερον μόλις βλέπω.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΞ

ὁ τέκνον, ἢκεῖς;

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

ὁ πάτερ δύσμοιρ' ὀρᾶν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΞ

tέκνον, πέφημας;

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

οὐκ ἄνευ μόχθου γέ μοι.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΞ

πρόσψαυσον, ὦ παῖ.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

θυγγάνω δυοὶ ὀμοῦ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΞ

ὁ σπέρμ' ὀμαιμον.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

ὁ δυσάθλαις τροφαῖ. 330
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

She or a stranger? Do I wake or dream?
'Tis she; 'tis not—I cannot tell, alack;
It is no other! Now her bright'ning glance
Greets me with recognition, yes, 'tis she,
Herself, Ismene!

OEDIPUS
Ha! what say ye, child?

ANTIGONE
That I behold thy daughter and my sister,
And thou wilt know her straightway by her voice.
Enter Ismene.

ISMENE
Father and sister, names to me most sweet,
How hardly have I found you, hardly now
When found at last can see you through my tears!

OEDIPUS
Art come, my child?

ISMENE
O father, sad thy plight!

OEDIPUS
Child, thou art here?

ISMENE
Yes, 'twas a weary way.

OEDIPUS
Touch me, my child.

ISMENE
I give a hand to both.

OEDIPUS
O children—sisters!

ISMENE
O disastrous plight!
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ

ἡ τῆςδε κάμοῦ;

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ
dυσμόρου τ᾽ ἐμοῦ τρίτης.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ
tέκνου, τί δ᾽ ἠλθες;

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ
σῆ, πάτερ, προμηθία.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ
πότερα πόθοισι;

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ
cαὶ λόγων γ᾽ αὐτάγγελος,
ξὺν φίλερ εἴχον οἰκετῶν πιστῷ μόνῳ.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ
οἱ δ᾽ αὐθόμαιμοι ποῦ νεανίαι πονεῖν;

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ
eἰς᾽ ὑπὲρ εἰς᾽ δεινὰ τὰν κείνοις ταῦτα.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ

ὁ πάντ᾽ ἐκείνῳ τοῖς ἐν Αἰγύπτῳ νόμοις
φύσιν κατεικασθέντε καὶ βίον τροφάς
ἐκεῖ γὰρ οἱ μὲν ἄρσενες κατὰ στέγας
θακοῦσιν ἱστοῦργοντες, αἱ δὲ σύννυμοι
τάξω βίου τροφεία ποροσώνουσ᾽ ἄει.
σφῶν δ᾽, ὃ τέκν᾽, οὓς μὲν εἰκὸς ἦν πονεῖν τάδε,
καὶ οἶκον οἰκουροῦσιν ὡστε παρθένοι,
σφῶ δ᾽ ἄντ᾽ ἐκείνῳ τᾶμα δυστήνου κακὰ
ὕπερπονείτον. ἢ μὲν ἐξ ὧν νέας
τροφῆς ἔληξε καὶ κατίσχυσεν δέμας,
ἀεὶ μεθ᾽ ἡμῶν δύσμορος πλανωμένη
γερονταγωγεῖ, πολλά μὲν κατ᾽ ἄγριαν
ὕλην ἄσιτος ὠλίπους τ᾽ ἀλωμένη,
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

OEDIPUS
Her plight and mine?

ISMENE
Ay, and my own no less.

OEDIPUS
What brought thee, daughter?

ISMENE
Father, care for thee.

OEDIPUS
A daughter’s yearning?

ISMENE
Yes, and I had news

I would myself deliver, so I came
With the one thrall who yet is true to me.

OEDIPUS
Thy valiant brothers, where are they at need?

ISMENE
They are—enough, ’tis now their darkest hour.

OEDIPUS
Out on the twain! Their thoughts and actions all
Are framed and modelled on Egyptian ways.
For there the men sit at the loom indoors
While the wives slave abroad for daily bread.
So you, my children—those whom it behoved
To bear the burden, stay at home like girls,
While in their stead my daughters moil and drudge,
Lightening their father’s misery. The one
Since first she grew from girlish feebleness
To womanhood has been the old man’s guide
And shared my weary wanderings, roaming oft
Hungry and footsore through wild forest ways,

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N 2
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

πολλοίσι, δ' ὁμβροις ἡλίου τε καύμασιν
μοχθοῦσα τλῆμων δεύτερ' ἤγείται τά τῆς
οἴκοι διαίτης, εἰ πατήρ τροφῆν ἔχοι.
σὺ δ', ὥ τέκνου, πρῶσθεν μὲν ἔξικον πατρὶ
μαντεῖ' ἀγουσα πάντα, Καδμεῖων λάθρᾳ,
ἀ τούδ' ἐχρῆσθη σῶματος, φύλαξ τε μου
πιστὴ κατέστη, γῆς δ' ἐξηλαυνόμην
νῦν δ' αὐ τίν' ἤκεισ μῦθον, Ἰσμήνη, πατρὶ
φέρουσα; τίς σ' ἐξήρεν οἴκοθεν στόλος;
ἤκεισ γὰρ οὐ κενή γε, τοῦτ' ἐγὼ σαφῶς
ἐξοίδα, μὴ οὐχὶ δείμι ἐμοὶ φέρουσά τι.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

ἐγὼ τὰ μὲν παθήμαθ' ἀπαθοῦ, πάτερ,
ζητοῦσα τὴν σὴν ποῦ κατοικοῖς τροφῆν,
παρείσ' ἐάσω. δῆς γὰρ οὐχὶ βούλομαι
πονοῦσα τ' ἀλγείν καὶ λέγουσ' αὐθίς πάλιν.
ἀ δ' ἀμφὶ τοῖν σοῖν δυσμόροιν παίδων κακὰ
νῦν ἔστι, ταῦτα σημανοῦσ' ἐλήλυσα.
πρὶν μὲν γὰρ αὐτοῖς ἦν ἔρως 1 Κρέοντί τε
θρόνους ἐάσθαι μηδὲ χραίνεσθαι πολίν,
λόγῳ σκοποῦσι τὴν πάλαι γένους φθοράν,
οία κατέσχε τὸν σὸν ἄθλον δόμον.

νῦν δ' ἐκ θεῶν του κάλληρων 2 φρενῶς
eἰσήλθε τοῖν τρῖς ἄθλιον ἔρις κακῆ,
ἀρχὴς λαβέσθαι καὶ κράτους τυραννικοῦ.
χῶ μὲν νεάξων καὶ χρόνῳ μεῖον γεγὼς
tὸν πρόσθε γεννηθέντα Πολυνείκη θρόνον
ἀποστερίσκει, καξελήλακεν πάτρας.
ὁ δ', ὥς καθ' ἡμᾶς ἐσθ' ὁ πληθύνων λόγος,
tὸ κοῖλον 'Ἀργος βᾶς φυγᾶς προσλαμβάνει

1 ἐρις MSS., Tyrwhitt corr.
2 Λ. καξαλίτηρῳ, Toup corr.
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

In drenching rains and under scorching suns,
Careless herself of home and ease, if so
Her sire might have her tender ministry.
And thou, my child, whilom thou wentest forth,
Eluding the Cadmeians' vigilance,
To bring thy father all the oracles
Concerning Oedipus, and didst make thyself
My faithful lieger, when they banished me.
And now what mission summons thee from home,
What news, Ismene, hast thou for thy father?
This much I know, thou com'st not empty-handed,
Without a warning of some new alarm.

ISMENE

The toil and trouble, father, that I bore
To find thy lodging-place and how thou faredst,
I spare thee; surely 'twere a double pain
To suffer, first in act and then in telling;
'Tis the misfortune of thine ill-starred sons
I come to tell thee. At the first they willed
To leave the throne to Creon, minded well
Thus to remove the inveterate curse of old,
A canker that infected all thy race.
But now some god and an infatuate soul
Have stirred betwixt them a mad rivalry
To grasp at sovereignty and kingly power.
To-day the hot-brained youth, the younger born,
Is keeping Polynices from the throne,
His elder, and has thrust him from the land.
The banished brother (so all Thebes reports)
Fled to the vale of Argos, and by help
Of new alliance there and friends in arms,
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

κήδος τε καινὸν καὶ ξυνασπιστὰς φίλους,
ὡς αὐτίκʼ Αργος ἦ τὸ Καδμεῖων πέδον
τιμή καθέξουν ἢ πρὸς οὐρανὸν βιβών.
ταύτι οὖν ἀριθμὸς ἔστιν, ὡς πάτερ, λόγων,
ἀλλʼ ἔργα δεινά· τοὺς δὲ σοὺς ὅπου 1 θεοὶ
πόνους κατοικτιοῦσιν οὐκ ἔχω μαθεῖν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ

Ἥδη γὰρ ἐσχίς ἔλπίδιός ὡς ἐμοῦ θεοὺς
 ödeν τιν δέξειν, ὡστε σωθῆναι ποτε;

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

ἔγωγε τοῖς νῦν γ', ὥσ πάτερ, μαντεύμασιν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ

ποίοις τούτοις; τί δὲ τεθέσπισταί, τέκνοι;

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

σὲ τοῖς ἐκεὶ ζητητὸν ἀνθρώπων ποτε
θανόντ' ἐσεσθαι ζῶντά τ' εὐσοίας 2 χάριν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ

τίς δ' ἂν τοιοῦτ' ὑπ' ἀνδρὸς εὑς πράξειεν ἂν;

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

ἐν σοὶ τὰ κεῖνων φασὶ γύγυνεσθαι κράτη.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ

ὅτ' οὐκέτ' εἰμί, τηνικαύτ' ἄρ' εἰμι' ἀνήρ;

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

νῦν γὰρ θεοὶ σ' ὀρθοῦσι, πρόστε δ' ἄλλυσαν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ

γέροντα δ' ὀρθοῦν φλαύρον δς νέος πέσῃ.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

καὶ μὴν Κρέοντα γ' ἵσθι σοι τούτων χάριν
ηξοντα βαιοῦ κοὐχλί μυρίων χρόνου.

1 ὅτι MSS., Elmsley corr.
2 εὐνόιας MSS., Schol. corr.
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

Swears he will stablish Argos straight as lord
Of the Cadmeian land, or, if he fail,
Exalt the victor to the stars of heaven.
This is no empty tale, but deadly truth,
My father; and how long thy agony,
Ere the gods pity thee, I cannot tell.

OEDIPUS
Hast thou indeed then entertained a hope
The gods at last will turn and rescue me?

ISMENE
Yea, so I read these latest oracles.

OEDIPUS
What oracles? What hath been uttered, child?

ISMENE
Thy country (so it runs) shall yearn in time
To have thee for their weal alive or dead.

OEDIPUS
And who could gain by such a one as I?

ISMENE
On thee, 'tis said, their sovereignty depends.

OEDIPUS
So, when I cease to be, my worth begins.

ISMENE
The gods, who once abased, uplift thee now.

OEDIPUS
Poor help to raise an old man fallen in youth.

ISMENE
Howe'er that be, 'tis for this cause alone
That Creon comes to thee—and comes anon.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ. ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὅπως τί δράση, θύγατερ; ἐρμήνευε μοι.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

ὡς σ’ ἀγχι γῆς στήσωσι Καδμείας, ὅπως κρατῶσι μὲν σοῦ, γῆς δὲ μὴ 'μβαίνης ὄρων.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἡ δ’ ὀφέλησις τῆς θύρασι κειμένου;

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

κείνοις ὁ τύμβος δυστυχῶν ὁ σὸς βαρύς.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

κάνεν θεοῦ τις τούτο γ’ ἀν γνώμη μάθοι.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

tούτου χάριν τοῖνυν σε προσθέσθαι πέλας χώρας θέλουσι, μηδ’ ἵν’ ἀν σαυτοῦ κρατοῖς.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἡ καὶ κατασκιώσι Θηβαία κόνει;

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

ἄλλ’ οὐκ εὰ τοῦμφυλον αἶμα σ’, ὦ πάτερ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

οὐκ ἄρ’ ἐμοῦ γε μὴ κρατήσωσίν ποτε.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

ἔσται ποτ’ ἀρα τούτο Καδμείοις βάρος.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

πολίας φανείσης, ὦ τέκνου, συναλλαγῆς;

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

τῆς σῆς ὑπ’ ὀργῆς, σοὶς ὅταν στῶσιν τάφοις.

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OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

OEDIPUS
With what intent, my daughter? Tell me plainly.

ISMENE
To plant thee near the Theban land, and so
Keep thee within their grasp, yet not allow
Thy foot to pass beyond their boundaries.

OEDIPUS
What gain they, if I lie outside?

ISMENE
Thy tomb,
If disappointed, brings on them a curse

OEDIPUS
It needs no god to tell what's plain to sense.

ISMENE
Therefore they fain would have thee close at hand,
Not where thou wouldst be master of thyself.

OEDIPUS
Mean they to shroud my bones in Theban dust?

ISMENE
Nay, father, guilt of kinsman's blood forbids.

OEDIPUS
Then never shall they be my masters, never!

ISMENE
Thebes, thou shalt rue this bitterly some day!

OEDIPUS
When what conjunction comes to pass, my child?

ISMENE
Thy angry'wraith, when at thy tomb they stand.¹

¹ Creon desires to bury Oedipus on the confines of Thebes
so as to avoid the pollution and yet offer due rites at his
tomb. Ismene tells him of the latest oracle and interprets
to him its purport, that some day the Theban invaders of
Athens will be routed in a battle near the grave of Oedipus.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΔΩΝΩΙ

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
 ámb' ἐννέπεις, κλύουσα τοῦ λέγεις, τέκνου;
ΙΣΜΗΝΗ
ἀνδρῶν θεωρῶν Δελφικῆς ἂφ’ ἐστίας.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
καὶ ταύτ’ ἐφ’ ἡμῖν Φοῖβος εἰρηκὼς κυρεῖ;
ΙΣΜΗΝΗ
ὡς φασίν οἱ μολόντες εἰς Θήβης πέδον.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
παῖδων τις οὕν ἰκουσε τῶν ἐμῶν τάδε;
ΙΣΜΗΝΗ
ἀμφῶ γ’ ὁμοίως, κὰξεπίστασθον καλῶς.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
καθ’ οἱ κάκιστοι τῶν ἄκουσαντες, πάρος
tούμοι πόθον προύθεντο τὴν τυραννίδα;
ΙΣΜΗΝΗ
ἀλγῶ κλύουσα ταύτ’ ἐγὼ, φέρω δ’ ὄμως.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ἀλλ’ οἱ θεοὶ σφίν μήτε τὴν πεπρωμένην
ἐριν κατασβέσειαν, ἐν τ’ ἐμοὶ τέλος
αὐτοῖν γένοιτο τήσει τῆς μάχης πέρι,
ὅτ’ ὑνὶν ἔχοντας καταναίρονται δόρων
ός οὐτ’ ἄν ὃς ὑνὶν σκῆπτρα καὶ θρόνοις ἔχει
μείνειν οὐτ’ ἄν οὐξεληλυθὼς πᾶλιν
ἐλθοὶ ποτ’ αὐθις. οἳ γε τὸν φύσαντ’ ἐμὲ
οὗτος ἀτίμως πατρίδος ἐξωθομενον
οὐκ ἔσχον οὐδ’ ἡμυναν, ἀλλ’ ἀνάστατος
αὐτοῖπ ἐπέμφθην καξεκηρύκθην φυγάς.

Εἰποις ἄν ὁς θέλοντι τούτ’ ἐμοὶ τότε
πόλις τὸ δώρον εἰκότως κατήμεσεν.
οὐ δῆτ’, ἐπεὶ τοῦ τὴν μὲν αὐτὶ’ ἡμέραν,
οπηνίκ’ ἔξει θυμός, ἡδιστον δὲ μοι
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

OEDIPUS
And who hath told thee what thou tell'st me, child?

ISMENE
Envoys who visited the Delphic hearth.

OEDIPUS
Hath Phoebus spoken thus concerning me?

ISMENE
So say the envoys who returned to Thebes.

OEDIPUS
And can a son of mine have heard of this?

ISMENE
Yea, both alike, and know its import well.

OEDIPUS
They knew it, yet the ignoble greed of rule
Outweighed all longing for their sire's return.

ISMENE
Grievous thy words, yet I must own them true.

OEDIPUS
Then may the gods ne'er quench their fatal feud,
And mine be the arbitrament of the fight,
For which they now are arming, spear to spear;
That neither he who holds the sceptre now
May keep his throne, nor he who fled the realm
Return again. They never raised a hand,
When I their sire was thrust from hearth and home;
When I was banned and banished, what recked they?

Say you 'twas done at my desire, a grace
Which the State, yielding to my wish, allowed?
Not so; for, mark you, on that very day
When in the tempest of my soul I craved
Αυτής η φύσης χρόνον, οί δ' ἔπωφελεῖν, οἱ τοῦ πατρός, τῷ πατρὶ δυνάμενοι, τὸ δρᾶν ὑπὲρ θέλησαν, ἀλλὰ ἐπούς σμικρὸν χάριν φυγάς σφιν ἔξω πτωχὸς ἠλώμην ἀεὶ.

ἐκ ταῖνδε δ', οὐσαίν παρθένων, ὅπου φύσις δίδωσιν αὐταῖν, καὶ τροφὰς ἔχω βλέπων καὶ γῆς ἄδειαν καὶ γένους ἐπάρκεσιν,

τῷ δ' ἄντι τοῦ φύσαντος εἰλέσθην θρόνος καὶ σκήπτρα κράινει καὶ τυραννεύειν χθόνος.

ἀλλ' οὗ τὶ μὴ λάχωσι τοῦδε συμμάχου, ὁδεῖ σφιν ἀρχῆς τῆς δὲ Καδμείας ποτὲ ὄνησις ἤξει' τοῦτ' ἐγώδα, τῆςδὲ τε

μαντεῖ' ἄκούων συννοίων τε τὰς ἐμοὺ παλαίφαθ' ἀμοὶ Φοίβος ἠνυσέν ποτε.

πρὸς ταύτα καὶ Κρέοντα πεμπόντων ἐμοὺ μαςήρα, κεὶ τις ἅλλος ἐν πόλει σθένει.

ἐὰν γὰρ ὑμεῖς, ὦ ἥνου, θέληθ' ὁμοῦ προστάτισι ταῖς 3 σεμναίσι δημούχους θεαισ ἀλκην ποεισθαί, τῆδε τῇ πόλει μέγαν

σωτηρ' ἀρεῖσθε, τοὺς δ' ἐμοὶς ἐχθροῖς πόνους. 460

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἐπάξιος μὲν, Οἰδίπους, κατοικτίσαι, αὐτὸς τε παῖδεσ θ' αἴδ'. ἐπεὶ δὲ τῆςδε γῆς

1 ἔρωτος τοῦδ' MSS., Pappageorg corr.
2 θέληθ' μοι MSS., Dindorf corr.
3 πρὸ σταίσι ταῖσ MSS., Dindorf corr.
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

Death, even death by stoning, none appeared
To further that wild longing, but anon,
When time had numbed my anguish and I felt
My wrath had all outrun those errors past,
Then, then it was the city went about
By force to oust me, respited for years;
And they my sons, who should as sons have helped,
Did nothing: and, one little word from them
Was all I needed, and they spoke no word,
But let me wander on for evermore,
A banished man, a beggar. These two maids
Their sisters, girls, gave all their sex could give,
Food and safe harbourage and filial care;
While their two brethren sacrificed their sire
For lust of power and sceptred sovereignty.
No! me they ne'er shall win for an ally,
Nor will this Theban kingship bring them gain;
That know I from this maiden's oracles,
And those old prophecies concerning me,
Which Phoebus now at length has brought to pass.
Come Creon then, come all the mightiest
In Thebes to seek me; for if ye my friends,
Championed by those dread Powers indigenous,
Espouse my cause; then for the State ye gain
A great deliverer, for my foes men bane.

CHORUS

Our pity, Oedipus, thou needs must move,
Thou and these maidens; and the stronger plea
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

σωτήρα σαυτόν τῷ ἐπεμβάλλεις λόγῳ, παραινέσαι σοι βούλομαι τὰ σύμφορα.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὡς φίλταθ', ὡς νῦν πᾶν τελοῦντι προξένει.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

θοῦ νῦν καθαρμὸν τῶν ὀψιν φαίνονων, ἐφ' ἂς θὸ πρῶτον ἱκου καὶ κατέστειψας πέδων.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

τρόποις ποίοις; ὡς ξένοι, διδάσκετε.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πρῶτον μὲν ἱερὰς ἕξ ἄειρότου χωρὶς קρήνης ἐνεγκοῦ, δι' ὀσίων χειρῶν θιγών.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὅταν δὲ τούτῳ χείμ' ἀκήρατον λάβω;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

κρατήρες εἰσίν, ἄνδρός εὐχειρός τέχνη, δὲν κρατ' ἐρεψον καὶ λαβὼς ἀμφιστόμους.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

θαλλοῖσιν ἡ κρόκαισιν, ἡ ποίῳ τρόπῳ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οἶς 1 γε νεαρᾶς νεοτόκῳ μαλλῳ λαβῶν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

εἰεν· τὸ δ' ἔνθεν ποί τελευτήσαι με χρή;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

χωρὶς χέασθαι στάντα πρὸς πρῶτην ἐω.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἡ τοῖσδε κρασσοίς ὦς λέγεις χέω τάδε;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τρισσάς γε πηγάς· τὸν τελευταίον δ' ὀλον.

1 Heath adds γε.
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

Thou urgest, as the saviour of our land,
Disposes me to counsel for thy weal.

OEDIPUS

Aid me, kind sirs; I will do all you bid.

CHORUS

First make atonement to the deities,
Whose grove by trespass thou didst first profane.

OEDIPUS

After what manner, stranger? Teach me, pray.

CHORUS

Make a libation first of water fetched
With undefilèd hands from living spring.

OEDIPUS

And after I have gotten this pure draught?

CHORUS

Bowls thou wilt find, the carver's handiwork;
Crown thou the rims and both the handles crown—

OEDIPUS

With olive shoots or flocks of wool, or how?

CHORUS

With wool from fleece of yearling freshly shorn.

OEDIPUS

What next? how must I end the ritual?

CHORUS

Pour thy libation, turning to the dawn.

OEDIPUS

Pouring it from the urns whereof ye spake?

CHORUS

Yea, in three streams; and be the last bowl drained
To the last drop.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
τοῦ τόνδε πλήσας θώ; δίδασκε καὶ τόδε. 480

ΧΟΡΟΣ
ῦδατις, μελίσσης· μηδε προσφέρειν μέθυν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
όταν δὲ τούτων γῇ μελάμφυλλος τύχη;

ΧΟΡΟΣ
τρίς ἐννέα αὐτῆι κλώνας εἷς ἀμφοῖν χερόιν
tυθεὶς ἑλαίας τίσ' δ' ἐπεύχεσθαι λυτάς.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
τούτων ἄκοινσαι βούλομαι· μέγιστα γάρ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
ὡς σφας καλοῦμεν Εὐμενίδας, εἷς εὐμενῶν
στέρνων δέχεσθαι τὸν ἰκέτην σωτήριον,
αἰτοῦ σὺ τ' αὐτὸς κεῖ τις ἀλλος ἀντὶ σοῦ,
ἀπυστα φωνῶν μηδὲ μηκύνων βοήν'
ἐπεν' ἀφέρπειν ἄστροφος. καὶ ταὐτὰ σοι
δράσαντι θαρσῶν ἄν παρασταίνῃ ἐγὼ·
ἀλλως δὲ δειμαίνωμ' ἄν, ὦ ξέν', ὦμφι σοί.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ὦ παίδε, κλύσετον τόνδε προσχώρων ξένων;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ
ηκούσαμεν τε χώ τι δεῖ πρόστασσε δρᾶν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ἐμοὶ μὲν οὐχ ὁδωτὰ· λείπομαι γὰρ ἐν
tῷ μὴ δύνασθαι μήδ' ὀρᾶν, δυοῖν κακοῖν
σφῶν δ' ἀτέρα μολούσα πραξάτω τάδε.
ἀρκεῖν γὰρ οἶμαι κάντι μυρίων μίαν
ψυχὴν τάδ' ἐκτίνουσαν, ἡν εὖνους παρῆ.
ἀλλ' ἐν τάχει τι πράσσετον· μόνον δὲ με

500
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

OEDIPUS
And wherewith shall I fill it,
Ere in its place I set it? This too tell.

CHORUS
With water and with honey; add no wine.

OEDIPUS
And when the embowered earth hath drunk thereof?

CHORUS
Then lay upon it thrice nine olive sprays
With both thy hands, and offer up this prayer.

OEDIPUS
I fain would hear it; that imports the most.

CHORUS
That, as we call them Gracious, they would deign
To grant the suppliant their saving grace.
So pray thyself or whoso prays for thee,
In whispered accents, not with lifted voice;
Then go and look not back. Do as I bid,
And I shall then be bold to stand thy friend;
Else, stranger, I should have my fears for thee.

OEDIPUS
Hear ye, my daughters, what these strangers say?

ANTIGONE
We listened, and attend thy bidding, father.

OEDIPUS
I cannot go, disabled as I am
Doubly, by lack of strength and lack of sight;
But one of you may do it in my stead;
For one, I trow, may pay the sacrifice
Of thousands, if his heart be leal and true.
So to your work with speed, but leave me not
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ἘΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

μὴ λέιπετ'· οὐ γὰρ ἀν σθένοι τοῦμὸν δέμας ἔρημον ἔρπειν οὐδ' ύφηγητοῦ δίχα.1

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

ἀλλ' εἶμ' ἐγὼ τελοῦσα· τὸν τόπον δ' Ἰνα χρῆσται μ' ἐφευρεῖν, τῷ τού ἑαυτοῦ μαθεῖν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

tούκειθεν ἅλσους, ὦ ἤλενῆ, τοῦδ'. ἤν δὲ του σπάνιν τι' ἰσχῆς, ἐστ' ἐποικος δ' φράσαι.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

χωροὶμ' ἀν ἐς τόδ'. Ἀντιγόνη, σὺ δ' ἐνθάδε φύλασσε πατέρα τόνδε· τοῖς τεκοῦσι γὰρ οὐδ' εἰ πονεῖ τις, δεί τόνον μνήμην ἔχειν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ 510

δεινὸν μὲν τὸ πάλαι κείμενον ἡδὴ κακὸν, ὦ ξείν', ἐπεγείρεων· ὄμως δ' ἔραμαι πυθήσθαι

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ

τί τοῦτο;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

tὰς δειλιάς ἀπόροιν φανείσας ἀλγηδόνος, ἦ ξυνέστασ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ

μὴ πρὸς ξενίας ἀνοίξης

tὰς σὰς ἄ πέπονθ' ἀναίδη.2

ΧΟΡΟΣ

tὸ τοι πολὺ καὶ μηδαμὰ λήγον

χρῆζω, ξείν', ὀρθὸν ἄκουσμ' ἄκοισαι.

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1 δ' ἀνευ L., Hermann corr.
2 τὰς σὰς πέπονθ' ἔργ' ἀναίδη L., Reisig corr.

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OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

Untended; for this frame is all too weak
To move without the help of guiding hand.

ISMENE

Then I will go perform these rites, but where
To find the spot, this have I yet to learn.

CHORUS

Beyond this grove; if thou hast need of aught,
The guardian of the close will lend his aid.

ISMENE

I go, and thou, Antigone, meanwhile
Must guard our father. In a parent's cause
Toil, if there be toil, is of no account. [Exit ISMENE

CHORUS (Str. 1)

Ill is it, stranger, to awake
Pain that long since has ceased to ache,
And yet I fain would hear—

OEDIPUS

What thing?

CHORUS

Thy tale of cruel suffering
For which no cure was found,
The fate that held thee bound.

OEDIPUS

O bid me not (as guest I claim
This grace) expose my shame.

CHORUS

The tale is bruited far and near,
And echoes still from ear to ear.
The truth, I fain would hear.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

όμοι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

στέρξου, ἰκετεύω.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

φεύ φεύ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πείθουν κάγω γὰρ ὅσον σὺ προσχρῆξεις. 520

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἀντ. α'

ἦνεγκ' οὖν κακότατ', ὦ ξένοι, ἦνεγκ' ἄεκων μέν,

θεὸς ἵστω,¹

τοῦτων δ' αὐθαίρετον οὐδέν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀλλ' ἐς τί;  ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

κακὰ μ' εὐνὰ πόλις οὐδὲν ἴδρων

γάμων ἐνέδησεν ἅτα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

Ἥ ματρόθεν, ὡς ἄκοινω,

δυσόνυμα λέκτρ' ἐπλήσσω;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

όμοι, θάνατος μὲν τάδ' ἄκοινων,

ὦ ξείν': αὐταὶ δὲ δὺ' ἐξ ἐμοῦ μέν 530

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πῶς φής;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

παίδε, δύο δ' ἅτα

ἦνεγκ' κακότατ', ὦ ξένοι, ἦνεγκ' ἄεκων μέν', MSS., ἦνεγκ'

οὖν Whitelaw, ἦνεγκ' ἄεκων μέν, Martin.

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OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

OEDIPUS

Ah me!

CHORUS

I prithee yield.

OEDIPUS

Ah me!

CHORUS

Grant my request, I granted all to thee.

OEDIPUS

(AN. 1)

Know then I suffered ills most vile, but none
(So help me Heaven!) from acts in malice done.

CHORUS

Say how.

OEDIPUS

The State around
An all unwitting bridegroom bound
An impious marriage chain;
That was my bane.

CHORUS

Did'st thou in sooth then share
A bed incestuous with her that bare—

OEDIPUS

It stabs me like a sword,
That two-edged word,
O stranger, but these maids—my own—

CHORUS

Say on.

OEDIPUS

Two daughters, curses twain.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ἘΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὁ Ζεῦ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ

ματρὸς κοινᾶς ἀπέβλαστον ὁδίνος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

σαί τ’ εἶσ’ ἄρ’ ἀπόγονοι τε καὶ στρ.β’

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ

κοιναὶ γε πατρὸς ἀδελφεῖαι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἰῶ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ

ἰῶ δῆτα μυρίων γ’ ἐπιστροφαὶ κακῶν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἐπαθεὶς

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ

ἐπαθον ἀλαστ’ ἔχειν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἔρεξας

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ

οὐκ ἔρεξα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τί γάρ;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ

ἐδεξάμην

dῶρον, ὥ μήποτ’ ἐγὼ ταλακάρδιος ἐπωφέλησας 2 πόλεος ἐξελέσθαι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀντ. β

dύστανε, τί γάρ; ἔθουν φόνον

1 σαί τ’ ἄρ’ εἰσιν MSS., E. L. Lushington corr.
2 ἐπωφήλησα MSS., Jebb corr.
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

CHORUS

Oh God!

OEDIPUS

Sprang from the wife and mother's travail-pain.

CHORUS

What, then thy offspring are at once—

OEDIPUS

Too true.

Their father's very sisters too.

CHORUS

Oh horror!

OEDIPUS

Horrors from the boundless deep
Back on my soul in refluent surges sweep.

CHORUS

Thou hast endured—

OEDIPUS

Intolerable woe.

CHORUS

And sinned—

OEDIPUS

I sinnèd not.

CHORUS

How so?

OEDIPUS

I served the State; would I had never won
That graceless grace by which I was undone.

CHORUS

(An. 2)

And next, unhappy man, thou hast shed blood?
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
τί τούτο; τί δ' ἐθέλεις μαθεῖν;
ΧΟΡΟΣ
πατρός;
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
παπαὶ, δεύτεραν ἔπαισας, ἐπὶ νόσῳ νόσουν,
ΧΟΡΟΣ
ἐκανες
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ἐκανον. ἔχει δὲ μοι
ΧΟΡΟΣ
τί τούτο;
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
πρὸς δίκας τι.
ΧΟΡΟΣ
τί γάρ;
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ἐγὼ φράσω.
καὶ γὰρ ἂν, οὕς ἐφόνευσ', ἐμ' ἀπώλεσαν
νόμῳ δὲ καθαρός, ἄϊδρις εἰς τὸ δ' ἡλθον.
ΧΟΡΟΣ
καὶ μὴν ἀναξ οὗ ὁμοίως γόνος
θησεύς κατ' ὁμφὴν σὴν ἐφ' ἀστάλη² πάρα. 550

ΘΕΣΕΣ
πολλῶν ἀκούων ἐν τε τῷ πάρος χρόνῳ
τὰς αἰματηρὰς ὁμμάτων διαφθορὰς
ἔγνωκά σ', ὦ παῖ Δαιών, ταῦτα νὴ ὁδοῖς
ἐν ταῖσ' ἀκούων μᾶλλον ἐξεπίσταμαι.

¹ ἄλλους ἐφόνευσα καὶ ἀπώλεσα MSS., Mekler corr.
² ἀπεστάλη MSS., Dindorf corr.
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

OEDIPUS
Must ye hear more?

CHORUS
A father's?

OEDIPUS
Flood on flood
Whelms me; that word's a second mortal blow.

CHORUS
Murderer!

OEDIPUS
Yes, a murderer, but know—

CHORUS
What canst thou plead?

OEDIPUS
A plea of justice.

CHORUS
How?

OEDIPUS
I slew who else would me have slain;
I slew without intent,
A wretch, but innocent
In the law's eye, I stand, without a stain.

CHORUS
Behold our sovereign, Theseus, Aegeus' son,
Comes at thy summons to perform his part.
Enter Theseus.

THESEUS
Oft had I heard of thee in times gone by—
The bloody mutilation of thine eyes—
And therefore know thee, son of Laius.
All that I lately gathered on the way
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

σκευή τε γάρ σε καί το δύστηνον κάρα
dηλούτον ἢμιν ὀνθ' δς εἰ, καί σ' οἰκτίσας
θέλω 'περέσθαι, δύσμορ' Οἰδίπος, τίνα
πόλεως ἐπέστης προστροφὴν ἐμοῦ τ' ἔχων,
αὐτὸς τε χή σ' ὑδύσμορος παραστάτης.
δίδασκε: δεινὴν γάρ τιν' ἀν πραξὼν τύχοις
λέξας ὅποιας ἐξαφισταῖμην ἐγὼ,
δς οίδα καίτος ὡς ἐπαιδεύθην ἔνοσ,
ὕσπερ σὺ, χώς εἰς πλείστ', ἀνὴρ ἐπὶ ἔνθης
ἡθλῆσα κινδυνεύματ' ἐν τῷφο κάρα:
ὡστε ἔνοσ γ' ἀν οὐδέν' ὀνθ', ὕσπερ σὺ νῦν,
ὑπεκτραποίμην μὴ οὐ συνεκκαζέων'. ἐπεὶ
ἐξούσ' ἀνὴρ ὁν χώτι τής εἰς αὐριον
οὐδέν πλέον μοι σοῦ μέτεστιν Ἠμέρας.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΣ

Θησεῦ, τὸ σὸν γενναίον ἐν σμικρῷ λόγῳ
παρῆκεν, ὡστε βραχέα μοι δεῖσθαι φράσαι. 570
σὺ γάρ μ', δς εἴμι καφ' ὅτου πατρὸς γεγόως
καὶ γῆς ὅποιας ἦλθον, εἰρήκως κυρεῖς:
ὡς ἐστὶ μοι τὸ λοιπὸν οὐδέν ἄλλο πλὴν
εἰπεῖν ἃ χρήζω, χώ λόγος διοίχεται.

ΘΗΣΕΤΣ

τοῦτ' αὐτὸ νῦν δίδασχ', ὅπως ἀν ἐκμάθω.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΣ

dῶσων ἱκάνω τούμον ἄθλιον δέμας
σοι δύρων, οὐ σπουδαῖον εἰς ὅψιν· τὰ δὲ
κέρδη παρ' αὐτὸν κρείσσουν' ἡ μορφή καλῇ.

ΘΗΣΕΤΣ

ποίον δὲ κέρδος ἄξιοις ἥκειν φέρων;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΣ

χρόνῳ μάθοις ἄν, οὐχὶ τῷ παρόντι ποιν.
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

Made my conjecture doubly sure; and now
Thy garb and that marred visage prove to me
That thou art he. So pitying thine estate,
Most ill-starred Oedipus, I fain would know
What is the suit ye urge on me and Athens,
Thou and the helpless maiden at thy side.
Declare it; dire indeed must be the tale
Whereat I should recoil. I too was reared,
Like thee, in exile, and in foreign lands
Wrestled with many perils, no man more.
Wherefore no alien in adversity
Shall seek in vain my succour, nor shalt thou;
I know myself a mortal, and my share
In what the morrow brings no more than thine.

OEDIPUS

Theseus, thy words so apt, so generous,
So comfortable, need no long reply.
Both who I am and of what lineage sprung,
And from what land I came, thou hast declared.
So without prologue I may utter now
My brief petition, and the tale is told.

THESEUS

Say on, and tell me what I fain would learn.

OEDIPUS

I come to offer thee this woe-worn frame,
A gift not fair to look on; yet its worth
More precious far than any outward show.

THESEUS

What profit dost thou proffer to have brought?

OEDIPUS

Hereafter thou shalt learn, not yet, methinks.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ΘΗΣΕΤΣ
ποίω γάρ ἡ σῇ προσφορὰ δηλώσεται;
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ
ὅταν θάνων ἀγώ καὶ σὺ μου ταφεύς γένη.
ΘΗΣΕΤΣ
τὰ λοίσθι αἴτει τοῦ βιοῦ, τὰ δὲ ἐν μέσῳ
ἡ λῆστιν ἵσχεις ἢ δι’ οὐδενὸς ποεῖ.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ
ἐνταῦθα γάρ μοι κεῖνα συγκομίζεται.
ΘΗΣΕΤΣ
ἀλλ’ ἐν βραχεὶ δὴ τῷνδε μ’ ἔξαιτει χάριν.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ
ὅρα γε μὴν ὡς σμικρός, οὐχ, ἀγὼν ὄδε.
ΘΗΣΕΤΣ
πότερα τὰ τῶν σῶν ἐκγύνων κὰμον¹ λέγεις;—
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ
κεῖνοι κομίζειν κεῖσ’ ἀναξ, χρῆσουσι με.²
ΘΗΣΕΤΣ
ἀλλ’ εἰ θέλοντά γ’ οὐδὲ σοὶ φεύγειν καλὸν.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ
ἀλλ’ οὐδ’, ὅτ’ αὐτὸς ἠθέλον, παρέσαι
ΘΗΣΕΤΣ
ὦ μῶρε, θυμὸς δ’ ἐν κακοῖς οὐ ξύμφορον.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ
ὅταν μάθης μου, νουθέτει, ταῦτα δ’ ἔα.
ΘΗΣΕΤΣ
dίδασκ’ ἀνευ γνώμης γάρ οὐ με χρῆ λέγειν.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ
πέπουθα, Θησεὺ, δεινὰ πρὸς κακοῖς κακά.

¹ ἦ’ μοῦ MSS., Schneidewin corr.
² ἀναγκάζοντι με MSS., Kayer corr.
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

THESEUS
When may we hope to reap the benefit?

OEDIPUS
When I am dead and thou hast buried me.

THESEUS
Thou cravest life's last service; all before—
Is it forgotten or of no account?

OEDIPUS
Yea, the last boon is warrant for the rest.

THESEUS
The grace thou cravest then is small indeed.

OEDIPUS
Nay, weigh it well; the issue is not slight.

THESEUS
Thou meanest that betwixt thy sons and me?

OEDIPUS
Prince, they would fain convey me back to Thebes.

THESEUS
If there be no compulsion, then methinks
To rest in banishment befits not thee.

OEDIPUS
Nay, when I wished it they would not consent.

THESEUS
For shame! such temper misbecomes the fallen.

OEDIPUS
Chide if thou wilt, but first attend my plea.

THESEUS
Say on, I wait full knowledge ere I judge.

OEDIPUS
O Theseus, I have suffered wrongs on wrongs.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ΘΗΣΕΣ

η τὴν παλαιὰν ξυμφορὰν γένους ἐρείς;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ

οὐ δῆτ', ἐπεὶ πάς τοῦτό γ' Ἐλλήνων θροεῖ.

ΘΗΣΕΣ

τὸ γὰρ τὸ μεῖζον ἢ κατ' ἀνθρωπον νοσεῖς;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ

οὔτως ἔχει μοι. γῆς ἐμῆς ἀπηλάθην

πρὸς τῶν ἐμαυτοῦ σπερμάτων ἐστίν δὲ μοι

πάλιν κατελθεῖν μήποθ', ὡς πατροκτόνῳ.

ΘΗΣΕΣ

πῶς δὴτα σ' ἀν πεμψαιάθ', ὡστ' οἶκεῖν δίχα;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ

τὸ θείον αὐτοῦς ἔξαναγκάσει στόμα.

ΘΗΣΕΣ

ποῖον πάθος δείσαντας ἐκ χρηστηρίων;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ

ὅτι σφ' ἀνάγκη τῇδε πληγήναι χθονὶ.

ΘΗΣΕΣ

καὶ πῶς γένουτ' ἀν τὰμὰ κάκεινων πικρά;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ

ὁ φίλτατ' Αἰγέως παί, μόνοις οὐ γίγνεται

θεοίσι γῆρας οὐδὲ καθανεῖν ποτε.

τὰ δ' ἄλλα συνχεῖ πανθ' ὁ παγκρατής χρόνος.

φθίνει μὲν ἵσχυς γῆς, φθίνει δὲ σώματος,

θυμῆσαι δὲ πίστις, βλαστάνει δ' ἀπιστία,

καὶ πνεύμα ταῦτον οὕτος οὐτ' ἐν ἀνδράσιν

φιλος βέβηκεν οὔτε πρὸς πόλιν πόλει.

τοῖς μὲν γὰρ ἤδη, τοῖς δ' ἐν υἱότερῳ χρόνῳ

τὰ τερπνὰ πικρὰ γίγνεται καθ' ἕστας φίλα.

καὶ ταῖσι Θήβαις εἰ ταῦν εὑμερεῖ
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

THESEUS
Would'st tell the old misfortune of thy race?

OEDIPUS
No, that has grown a byword throughout Greece.

THESEUS
What then can be this more than mortal grief?

OEDIPUS
My case stands thus; by my own flesh and blood
I was expelled my country, and can ne'er
Thither return again, a parricide.

THESEUS
Why fetch thee home if thou must dwell apart?

OEDIPUS
The god has spoken; they must needs obey.

THESEUS
What are they threatened by the oracle?

OEDIPUS
Destruction that awaits them in this land.

THESEUS
What can beget ill blood 'twixt them and me?

OEDIPUS
Dear son of Aegeus, to the gods alone
Is given immunity from eld and death;
But nothing else escapes all-ruinous time.
Earth's might decays, the might of men decays,
Honour grows cold, dishonour flourishes,
There is no constancy 'twixt friend and friend,
Or city and city; be it soon or late,
Sweet turns to bitter, hate once more to love.
If now 'tis sunshine betwixt Thebes and thee

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ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ · ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

καλῶς τὰ πρὸς σέ, μυρίας· ὁ μυρίος χρόνος τεκνοῦται νῦκται ἡμέρας τ’ ἵων, ἐν αἷς τὰ νῦν ἅμφονα δεξιώματα δόρει διασκεδάσων ἐκ σμικροῦ λόγου. ἢν οὖνδ’ εὐδοκε用微信 καὶ κεκρυμμένος νέκυς ψυχρός ποτ’ αὐτῶν θερμὸν αἶμα πίεται, εἰ Ζεύς οὖν Ζεύς χω Διός Φοῖβος σαφῆς. ἀλλ’ οὐ γὰρ αὐδὰν ἢδ’ τάκινητ’ ἐπη, ἔα μ’ ἐν οἰσίν ἠρξάμην, τὸ σόν μόνον πιστῶν φυλάσσων, κοῦποτ’ Οἰδίπουν ἔρεις ἀχρείου ὀικητήρα δέξασθαι τόπων τῶν ἐνθάδ’, εἴπερ μὴ θεοὶ ψεῦσονεί με.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
ἀναξ, πάλαι καὶ ταῦτα καὶ τοιαῦτ’ ἐπη γῇ τῇ δ’ ὄδ’ ἀνήρ ὡς τελῶν ἐφαίνετο.

ΘΗΣΕΤΧ
τίς δὴ τ’an ἀνδρός εὐμένειαν ἐκβάλοι τοιοῦτ’; ὅτω πρῶτον μὲν ἡ δορύξενος κοινή παρ’ ἡμῖν αἰέν ἐστιν ἐστία; ἐπειτα δ’ ἱκέτης δαιμόνων ἀφιγμένος γῇ τῇ δ’ κάμοι δασμόν οὐ σμικρὸν τίνει. ἄγω σεβισθεὶς οὐποτ’ ἐκβαλῶ χάριν τὴν τούδε, χώρα δ’ ἐμπόλοιν 1 κατοικίω. εἰ δ’.ἐνθάδ’ ἢδ’ τῷ ἔνθεν μίμενει, σὲ νῦν τάξιον φυλάσσειν, εἴτ’ ἐμοῦ στείχειν μέτα, τὸδ’ ἢδ’, τούτων, Οἰδίπους, δίδωμί σοι κρίναντι χρῆσθαι· τῇ δ’ γὰρ ξυνοἶσομαι.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ὦ Ζεύ, διδοίχς τοῖς τοιούτοισιν εὖ.

1 ἐμπαλιν MSS., Musgrave corr.
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

And not a cloud, Time in his endless course
Gives birth to endless days and nights, wherein
The merest nothing shall suffice to cut
With serried spears your bonds of amity.
Then shall my slumbering and buried corse
In its cold grave drink their warm life-blood up,
If Zeus be Zeus and Phoebus still speak true.
No more: ’tis ill to tear aside the veil
Of mysteries; let me cease as I began:
Enough if thou wilt keep thy plighted troth,
Then shalt thou ne’er complain that Oedipus
Proofed an unprofitable and thankless guest,
Except the gods themselves shall play me false.

CHORUS
The man, my lord, has from the very first
Declared his power to offer to our land
These and like benefits.

THESEUS
Who could reject
The proffered amity of such a friend?
First, he can claim the hospitality
To which by mutual contract we stand pledged:
Next, coming here, a suppliant to the gods,
He pays full tribute to the State and me;
His favours therefore never will I spurn,
But grant him the full rights of citizen;
And, if it suits the stranger here to bide,
I place him in your charge, or if he please
Rather to come with me—choose, Oedipus,
Which of the two thou wilt. Thy choice is mine.

OEDIPUS
Zeus, may thy blessing fall on men like these!
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ΘΗΣΕΤΣ
τί δῆτα χρῆζεις; ἥ δόμους στείχειν ἐμοῦς;
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ
εἴ μοι θέμις γ' ἦν· ἀλλ' ὁ χώρος ἐσθ' ὁδε,
ΘΗΣΕΤΣ
ἐν φ' τί πράξεις; οὐ γὰρ ἀντιστήσομαι.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ
ἐν φ' κρατήσω τῶν ἐμ' ἐκβεβληκότων.
ΘΗΣΕΤΣ
μέγ' ἄν λέγοις δώρημα τῆς συνουσίας.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ
εἴ σοι γ' ἀπερ φής ἐμμενεὶ τελοντί μοι.
ΘΗΣΕΤΣ
θάρσει τὸ τοῦδε γ' ἀνδρός· οὐ σε μὴ προδῶ.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ
οὗτοι σ' ύφ' ὄρκοιν γ' ὡς κακὸν πιστώσομαι. 650
ΘΗΣΕΤΣ
οὔκοιν πέρα γ' ἄν συδεν ἢ λόγῳ φέροις.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ
πῶς οὖν ποῆσεις;
ΘΗΣΕΤΣ
τοῦ μάλιστ' ὄκνοις σ' ἔχει;
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ
ἡξουσιν ἀνδρεὶς
ΘΗΣΕΤΣ
ἀλλὰ τοῦσδ' ἔσται μέλον.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ
όρα με λείπον
ΘΗΣΕΤΣ
μὴ δίδασχ' ὡ χρῆ με δρᾶν.
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

THESEUS
What dost thou then decide—to come with me?

OEDIPUS
Yea, were it lawful—but 'tis rather here—

THESEUS
What wouldst thou here? I shall not thwart thy wish.

OEDIPUS
Here shall I vanquish those who cast me forth.

THESEUS
Then were thy presence here a boon indeed.

OEDIPUS
Such shall it prove, if thou fulfil'st thy pledge.

THESEUS
Fear not for me; I shall not play thee false.

OEDIPUS
No need to back thy promise with an oath.

THESEUS
An oath would be no surer than my word.

OEDIPUS
How wilt thou act then?

THESEUS
What is it thou fear'st?

OEDIPUS
My foes will come—

THESEUS
Our friends will look to that.

OEDIPUS
But if thou leave me?

THESEUS
Teach me not my duty.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

όκνοοντ' ἀνάγκη.

ΘΕΣΕΣ

τοῦμὸν οὐκ ὁκνεῖ κέαρ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

οὐκ οἶσθ' ἀπειλάς

ΘΕΣΕΣ

οἶδ' ἐγὼ σε μὴ τίνα ἐνθένδ' ἀπάξοντ' ἀνδρα πρὸς βίαν ἐμοῦ. πολλαί δ' ἀπειλαὶ πολλὰ δὴ μάτην ἐπηθ θυμῷ κατηπείλησαν, ἀλλ' ὁ νοῦς δὴν αὐτοῦ γένηται, φροῦδα τἀπειλήματα. κεῖνοι δ' ἵσως κεί δεῖν ἐπερρόσθη λέγειν τῆς σῆς ἀγωγῆς, οἶδ' ἐγὼ, φανήσεται μακρὸν τὸ δεύρο πέλαγος οὐδὲ πλώσιμον. θαρσεῖν μὲν οὖν ἐγὼ γε κἂν ἐμὴς ἄνευ γνώμης ἐπαινῶ. Φοῖβος εἰ προὔπεμψε σε ὅμως δὲ κάμοι μὴ παρόντος οἶδ' ὅτι τοῦμὸν φυλάξει σ' ὅνομα μὴ πάσχειν κακῶς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

eὐῆπτου, ξένε, τάςδε χώρας στρ. α'. ἵκου τὰ κράτιστα γὰς ἐπαυλα, τὸν ἀργήτα Κολώνου, ἐνθ' ἀ λίγεια μινύρεται θαμίζουσα μᾶλιστ' ἀψίδων χλωραῖς ὑπὸ βάσσαις, τὸν οἰνωπὸν ἔχουσα κισσόν τὸν οἴνωπον ἐξουσα κισσόν, καὶ τὰν ἄβατον θεοῦ φυλλάδα μυριόκαρπον ἀνήλιον

1 τὸν οἴνωπον ἐνεχούσα MSS., Erfurdt corr.
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

OEDIPUS
'Tis fear constrains me.

THeseus
My soul knows no fear!

OEDIPUS
Thou knowest not what threats—

THeseus
I know that none
Shall hale thee hence in my despite. Such threats
Vented in anger oft, are blusterers,
An idle breath, forgot when sense returns.
And for thy foemen, though their words were
brave,
Boasting to bring thee back, they are like to find
The seas between us wide and hard to sail.
Such my firm purpose, but in any case
Take heart, since Phoebus sent thee here. My
name,
Though I be distant, warrants thee from harm.

CHORUS
(St. 1)
Thou hast come to a steed-famed land for rest,
    O stranger worn with toil,
To a land of all lands the goodliest
    Colonus' glistening soil.
'Tis the haunt of the clear-voiced nightingale,
    Who hid in her bower, among
The wine-dark ivy that wreathes the vale,
    Trilleth her ceaseless song;
And she loves, where the clustering berries nod
    O'er a sunless, windless glade,
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ἀνήνεμον τε πάντων
χειμώνων· ἵν’ ὁ βακχιώτας
ἀεὶ Διόνυσος ἐμβατεύει
θεαῖς ἀμφιπολῶν τιθήναις.
680

θάλλει δ’ οὐρανίας ὑπ’ ἄχνας
ὁ καλλίβοτρος κατ’ ἥμαρ ἀεὶ
νάρκισσος, μεγάλαιν θεαίν
ἀρχαίων στεφάνωμ’, ὃ τε
χρυσαυγῆς κρόκος· οὐδ’ ἀὐτὸνοι
κρήναι μινύθουσιν
Κηφισοῦ νομάδες ἰεῦθρων,
ἀλλ’ αἰεν ἐπ’ ἡματι
ἀκυτόκος πεδίων ἐπινύσσεται
ἀκηράτῳ σὺν ὄμβρῳ
στερνοῦχοι χθονὸς· οὐδὲ Μουσᾶν.
χοροὶ μὲν ἀπεστύγησαν οὐδ’ ἦ
χρυσάνιος Ἀφροδίτα.
690

ἔστιν δ’ οὖν ἐγὼ γὰς Ἀσίας οὐκ ἐπακοῦὼ
οὐδ’ ἐν τὰ μεγάλα Δωρίδι νάσῳ Πέλοπος πώποτε
βλαστῶν
φύτευμ’ ἄχειρωτον αὐτόποιον,
ἔγχεων φόβημα δαίων,
ὅ ταῦτα θάλλει μέγιστα χῶρα,
γλαυκᾶς παιδοτρόφοις φύλλοις ἔλαίας·
τὸ μὲν τὶς οὐ νεαρός οὐδέ¹ γῆρα
συνναλών² ἀλώσει χερὶ πέρσας· ὁ γὰρ αἰεν ὀρῶν
κύκλος
λεύσει νῖν μορίου Διὸς
χά γλαυκώπες Ἀθάνα.
700

¹ οὕτε νεαρὸς οὕτε MSS., Porson corr.
² σημαίνων MSS., Blades corr.
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

The spot by no mortal footstep trod,
The pleasance kept for the Bacchic god,
Where he holds each night his revels wild
With the nymphs who fostered the lusty child.

And fed each morn by the pearly dew (Ant. 1)
The starred narcissi shine,
And a wreath with the crocus' golden hue
For the Mother and Daughter twine.
And never the sleepless fountains cease
That feed Cephisus' stream,
But they swell earth's bosom with quick increase,
And their wave hath a crystal gleam.
And the Muses' quire will never disdain
To visit this heaven-favoured plain,
Nor the Cyprian queen of the golden rein.

(Str. 2)

And here there grows, unpruned, untamed,
Terror to foemen's spear,
A tree in Asian soil unnamed,
By Pelops' Dorian isle unclaimed,
Self-nurtured year by year;
'Tis the grey-leaved olive that feeds our boys;
Nor youth nor withering age destroys
The plant that the Olive Planter tends
And the Grey-eyed Goddess herself defends.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ἀντ. β'.

Ἄλλον δ' αἶνον ἔχω ματροπόλει τάδε κράτιστον,
δώρον τοῦ μεγάλου δαίμονος, εἰπέιν, χθονὸς
αὐχήμα μέγιστον,
eὔπποιν, εὐπολοῦν, εὐθάλασσον.
ὡς παῖ Κρόνου, σὺ γάρ μν ἐις
tόδ' εἶσας αὐχημ', ἀναξ Ποσειδάν,
ἐπηδοσὺ τὸν ἀκεστήρα χαλινὸν
πρώταισι ταίσδε κτίσας ἀγνιᾶς.
ἂ δ' εὐήρητος ἐκπαγήλ' ἀλία χερσὶ παραπτομένα
πλάτα
θρόσκει, τῶν ἐκατομπόδων
Νηρήδων ἀκόλουθος.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

.ReadString' ἐπαίνοις εὐλογούμενον πέδουν,
νῦν σὸν τὰ λαμπρὰ ταῦτα δὴ φαίνειν ἔπη.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

tί δ' ἔστιν, ὡς παῖ, καϊνῶν;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ἄσσον ἔρχεται
Κρέων ὃδ' ἡμῖν οὐκ ἄνευ πομπῶν, πάτερ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὁ φίλτατοι γέροντες, ἐξ ὑμῶν ἐμοὶ
φαίνοιτ' ἂν ἡδη τέρμα τῆς σωτηρίας.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

θάρσει, παρέσται καὶ γαρ εἰ γέρων ἐγώ,
τὸ τῆς χώρας οὐ γεγήρακεν σθένος.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ἄνδρες χθονὸς τῆςδ' εὐγενεῖς αἰκῆτορες,
ὅρῳ τιν' ὑμᾶς ὀμμάτων εἰληφότας
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OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

Yet another gift, of all gifts the most
Prized by our fatherland, we boast—
The might of the horse, the might of the sea;
Our fame, Poseidon, we owe to thee,
Son of Kronos, our king divine,
Who in these highways first didst fit
For the mouth of horses the iron bit;
Thou too hast taught us to fashion meet
For the arm of the rower the oar-blade fleet,
Swift as the Nereids' hundred feet
As they dance along the brine.

ANTIGONE
O land extolled above all lands, 'tis now
For thee to make these glorious titles good.

OEDIPUS
Why this appeal, my daughter?

ANTIGONE
Father, lo!

Creon approaches with his company.

OEDIPUS
O kindly elders, lend me now your aid
To find deliverance and my final rest.

CHORUS
Fear not, it shall be so; if we are old,
This country's vigour has no touch of age.
Enter Creon with attendants.

CREON
Burghers, my noble friends, ye take alarm
At my approach (I read it in your eyes),
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

φόβουν νεώρη τής ἐμῆς ἐπεισόδου, 730
δυ μὴτ ὁκνεῖτε μὴτ ἀφήτ ἔπος κακὸν.
ηκὼ γὰρ οὐχ ὡς δρᾶν τι βουληθεῖς, ἔτει
γέρων μὲν εἰμὶ, πρὸς πόλιν δ ἐπίσταμαι
θένουσαν ἦκων, εἰ τιν 'Ελλάδος, μέγα.
ἀλλ' ἀνδρα τόνυδε τηλικόσδ' ἀπεστάλην
πείσων ἐπεσθαί πρὸς τὸ Καδμείων πέδον,
oὐκ ἔξ ἐνὸς στείλαντος, ἀλλ' ἀνδρῶν ὑπὸ
πάντων κελευσθείς, οὐνεξ' ἦκε μοι γένει
τὰ τοῦτε πενθείν πήματ' εἰς πλείστον πόλεως.
ἀλλ' ὁ ταλαίπωρ' Οἰδίπος, κλῦνω ἐμοῦ
ἰκου πρὸς οἶκους. πᾶς σε Καδμείων λεώς
καλεὶ δικαίως, ἐκ δὲ τῶν μάλιστ' ἐγὼ,
δορυφορ, εἰ μὴ πλείστον ἀνθρώπων ἐφυν
κάκιστος, ἀλγὼ τοϊσι σοῖς κακοῖς, γέρων,
ὁρὼν σε τὸν δύστηνον ὄντα μὲν ξένον,
ἀεὶ δ' ἀλήτην κάπι προσπόλου μίας
βιοστηρὴ χωροῦντα. τὴν ἐγὼ τάλας
οὐκ ἀν ποτ' ἐς τοσοῦτον αἰκίας πεσεῖν
ἐδοξ', ὅσον πέπτωκεν ἢδε δύσμορος,
ἀεὶ σε κηδεύουσα καὶ τὸ σὸν κάρα
πτωχὸ διαίτῃ, τηλικούτος, οὐ γάμων
ἐμπειρὸς, ἀλλὰ τοῦπιόντος ἀρπάσαι.
ἀρ' ἄθλων τοῦνεος, ὃ τάλας ἐγὼ,
ἀνείδισ' εἰς σὲ κάμε καὶ τὸ πᾶν γένος;
ἀλλ' οὐ γὰρ ἔστι τὰμφανῆ κρύπτειν, σὺ ὑν
πρὸς θεῶν πατρῴων, Οἰδίπος, πεισθεῖς ἐμὸι
κρύψουν, θελήσας ἀστυ καὶ δόμους μολεῖν
τοὺς σοὺς πατρῴους, τήνυδε τὴν πόλιν φίλως
εἰπὼν· ἐπαξία γὰρ· ἡ δ' οἶκοι πλέον
δίκη σέβοιτ' ἂν, οὔσα σῇ πάλαι τροφός:

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OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

Fear nothing and refrain from angry words.
I come with no ill purpose; I am old,
And know the city whither I am come,
Without a peer amongst the powers of Greece.
It was by reason of my years that I
Was chosen to persuade your guest and bring
Him back to Thebes; not the delegate
Of one man, but commissioned by the State,
Since of all Thebans I have most bewailed,
Being his kinsman, his most grievous woes.
O listen to me, luckless Oedipus,
Come home! The whole Cadmeian people claim
With right to have thee back, I most of all,
For most of all (else were I vile indeed)
I mourn for thy misfortunes, seeing thee
An aged outcast, wandering on and on,
A beggar with one handmaid for thy stay.
Ah! who had e'er imagined she could fall
To such a depth of misery as this,
To tend in penury thy stricken frame,
A virgin ripe for wedlock, but unwed,
A prey for any wanton ravisher?
Seems it not cruel this reproach I cast
On thee and on myself and all the race?
Aye, but an open shame cannot be hid.
Hide it, O hide it, Oedipus, thou canst.
O, by our fathers' gods, consent I pray;
Come back to Thebes, come to thy father's home,
Bid Athens, as is meet, a fond farewell;
Thebes thy old foster-mother claims thee first.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ

δ’ πάντα τολμών κάπτ’ παντός ἄν φέρων
λόγου δικαίου μηχάνημα ποικίλον,
τ’ ταῦτα πειρά κάμε δεύτερον θέλεις
ἔλειν ἐν οἷς μάλιστ’ ἄν ἀλγοῦν ἁλοῦσ’;
πρόσθεν τε γὰρ με τοίσιν οἰκείοις κακοῖς
νοσοῦνθ’, ὅτ’ ἣν μοι τέρψις ἐκπεσεῖν χθονός,
οὐκ ἥθελες θέλοντι προσθέσθαι χάριν’
ἀλλ’ ἥνικ’ ἤδη μεστὸς ήθυμούμενος
καὶ τοῦν δόμοισιν ἦν διαίτασθαι γλυκὺ,
τότ’ ἐξεόθεις καξιβάλλεις, οὐδὲ σοι
τὸ συγγενὲς τοῦτ’ οὐδαμῶς τότ’ ἦν φίλον’
νῦν τ’ αὐθίς ἥνικ’ εἰσορᾶς πόλιν τέ μοι
ξυνοῦσαν εὖνουν τήνδε καὶ γένος τὸ πᾶν,
πειρά μετασπᾶν, σκληρὰ μαλθακῶς λέγων.
καίτοι τὸς αὐτὴ τέρψις ἄκουτας φιλεῖν;
ὡσπερ τις εἴ σοι λυπαροῦντε μὲν τυχεῖν
μηδὲν διδοῖ μηδ’ ἐπαρκέσαι θέλοι,
πληρὴ δ’ ἐχοντι θυμὸν ἵν χρῆσοι, τότε
dωροῖθ’, ὅτ’ οὐδὲν ἦ χάρις χάριν φέρον·
ἀρ’ ἄν ματαιὸν τῆςδ’ ἄν ἡδονῆς τύχοις;
τοιαύτα μὲντοι καὶ σὺ προσφέρεις ἐμοί,
λόγῳ μὲν ἐσθλὰ, τοίσι δ’ ἐργοισὶν κακά.
φράσω δὲ καὶ τοίσδ’, ὥς σε δηλώσω κακόν.
ἡκεῖς ἐμ’ ἄξων, οὐχ’ ἵν’ ἐς δόμους ἄγης,
ἀλλ’ ὡς πάραυλον οἰκίσθης, πόλις δέ σοι
κακῶν ἀνατος τῆςδ’ ἀπάλλαχθ’ χθονός.
οὐκ ἔστι σοι ταῦτ’, ἀλλὰ σοι τάδ’ ἔστ’, ἔκει
χώρας ἀλάστωρ οὐμὸς ἐνναῖων ἀεί.
ἔστιν δὲ παίσι τοῖς ἐμοίσι τῆς ἐμῆς
χθονός λαχεῖν τοσοῦτον, ἑνθανεῖν μόνον.
ἀρ’ οὐκ ἀκείνοις ἦ σὺ τὰν Θῆβαις φροῦ ὦ;
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

OEDIPUS

O front of brass, thy subtle tongue would twist
To thy advantage every plea of right.
Why try thy arts on me, why spread again
Toils where 'twould gall me sorest to be snared?
In old days when by self-wrought woes distraught,
I yearned for exile as a glad release,
Thy will refused the favour then I craved.
But when my frenzied grief had spent its force,
And I was fain to taste the sweets of home,
Then thou would'st thrust me from my country, then
These ties of kindred were by thee ignored;
And now again when thou behold'st this State
And all its kindly people welcome me,
Thou seek'st to part us, wrapping in soft words
Hard thoughts. And yet what pleasure canst thou
find
In forcing friendship on unwilling foes?
Suppose a man refused to grant some boon
When you importuned him, and afterwards
When you had got your heart's desire, consented,
Granting a grace from which all grace had fled,
Would not such favour seem an empty boon?
Yet such the boon thou profferest now to me,
Fair in appearance, but when tested false.
Yea, I will prove thee false, that these may hear;
Thou art come to take me, not to take me home,
But plant me on thy borders, that thy State
May so escape annoyance from this land.
That thou shalt never gain, but this instead—
My ghost to haunt thy country without end;
And for my sons, this heritage—no more—
Just room to die in. Have not I more skill
Than thou to draw the horoscope of Thebes?
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

πολλῷ γ', ὅσωπερ κάκα σαφεστέρων κλών, Φοίβου τε καῦτοι Ζηνός, ὃς κεῦνιν πατήρ. τὸ σὸν δ' ἀφίκται δεύρ' ὑπόβλητον στόμα, πολλήν ἔχον στόμωσιν· ἐν δὲ τῷ λέγειν κάκ' ἂν λάβοις τὰ πλείον' ἢ σωτηρία. ἀλλ' οἶδα γὰρ σε ταῦτα μὴ πείθων, οὐ γὰρ ἂν κακῶς οὐδ' ὃδ' ἔχοντες ζῷμεν, εἰ τερποίμεθα.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
πότερα νομίζεις δυστυχεῖν ἐμ' ἐς τὰ σά, ἢ σ' εἰς τὰ σαυτοῦ μᾶλλον, ἐς τῷ νῦν λόγῳ;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ἐμοὶ μὲν ἐσθ' ἤδιστον, εἰ σὺ μὴ ἐμὲ πείθειν οἴος τ' εἰ μῆτε τούσδε τοὺς πέλας.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
ὁ δύσμορ', οὐδὲ τῷ χρόνῳ φύσας φανεὶ φρένας ποτ' ἄλλα λύμα τῷ γῆρα τρέφει;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
γλώσσῃ σὺ δεινός· ἀνδρα δ' οὐδὲν οἶδ' ἐγὼ δίκαιον ὅστις εξ ἀπαντος εὐ λέγει.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
χωρίς τὸ τ' εἰπεῖν πολλὰ καὶ τὰ καίρια.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ὡς δὴ σὺ βραχέα, ταῦτα δ' ἐν καίρῳ λέγεις.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
οὐ δὴθ' ὅτι γε νῦν ἵσος καὶ σοι πάρα.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ἀπελθ', ἔρω γὰρ καὶ πρὸ τῶνδε, μηδὲ με φύλασσ', ἐφορμῶν εὐθα χρὴ ναίειν ἐμὲ.
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

Are not my teachers surer guides than thine—
Great Phoebus and the sire of Phoebus, Zeus?
Thou art a messenger suborned, thy tongue
Is sharper than a sword's edge, yet thy speech
Will bring thee more defeats than victories.
Howbeit, I know I waste my words—begone,
And leave me here; whate'er may be my lot,
He lives not ill who lives withal content.

CREON
Which loses in this parley, I o'erthrown
By thee, or thou who overthrow'st thyself?

OEDIPUS
I shall be well contented if thy suit
Fails with these strangers, as it has with me.

CREON
Unhappy man, will years ne'er make thee wise?
Must thou live on to cast a slur on age?

OEDIPUS
Thou hast a glib tongue, but no honest man,
Methinks, can argue well on any side.

CREON
'Tis one thing to speak much, another well.

OEDIPUS
Thy words, forsooth, are few and all well aimed!

CREON
Not for a man indeed with wits like thine.

OEDIPUS
Depart! I bid thee in these burghers' name,
And prowl no longer round me to blockade
My destined harbour.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ΚΡΕΩΝ
μαρτύρομαι τούδ’, οὐ σε’ πρὸς δὲ τοὺς φίλους
οῖ’ ἀνταμείβει ρήματ’, ἣν σ’ ἠλώ ποτὲ

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΣ
τίς δ’ ἂν με τῶν δε συμμάχων ἔλοι βία;

ΚΡΕΩΝ
ἡ μήν σοῦ κάνεν τοῦδε λυπηθεῖς ἐσεὶ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΣ
ποίῳ σὺν ἔργω τούτ’ ἀπειλήσας ἔχεις;

ΚΡΕΩΝ
παῖδων δυοῖν σοι τὴν μὲν ἄρτιώς ἐγὼ
εὐναρπάσας ἐπεμψα, τὴν δ’ ἄξω τάχα.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΣ
οίμοι.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
τάχ’ ἔχεις μᾶλλον οἰμώζειν τάδε.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΣ
τὴν παῖδ’ ἔχεις μου;

ΚΡΕΩΝ
τὴνδε τ’ οὐ μακροῦ χρόνου.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΣ
ἰὼ ἔνοι, τί δράσετ’; ἡ προδόσετε,
κοῦκ ἐξελάτε τὸν ἀσεβῆ τῆς δε χθονός;

ΧΟΡΟΣ
χώρει, ἔν’, ἔξω θάσσον. οὔτε γὰρ τὰ νῦν
δίκαια πράσσεις οὐθ’ ἂ πρόσθεν εἰργασαι.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
ὑμῖν ἂν εἴῃ τὴνδε καιρὸς ἔξωγεν
ἀκουσαν, ε’ θέλουσα μή πορεύεται.
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

CREON
I protest to these,
Not thee, and for thine answer to thy kin,
If e’er I take thee—

OEDIPUS
Who against their will
Could take me?

CREON
Though untaken thou shalt smart.

OEDIPUS
What power hast thou to execute this threat?

CREON
One of thy daughters is already seized,
The other I will carry off anon.

OEDIPUS
Woe, woe!

CREON
This is but prelude to thy woes.

OEDIPUS
Hast thou my child?

CREON
And soon shall have the other.

OEDIPUS
Ho, friends! ye will not surely play me false?
Chase this ungodly villain from your land.

CHORUS
Hence, stranger, hence a vaunt! Thou doest wrong
In this, and wrong in all that thou hast done.

CREON (to his guards)
’Tis time by force to carry off the girl,
If she refuse of her free will to go.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ΑΝΤΙΓΩΝΗ
οἵμοι τάλαινα, ποί φύγω; ποίαν λάβω.
θεῶν ἄρηξιν ἤ βροτῶν;
ΧΟΡΟΣ
τί δρᾶς, ξένε;  
ΚΡΕΩΝ
οὐχ ἄψομαι τοῦδε ἄνδρός, ἀλλὰ τῆς ἐμῆς.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΕ
ὡ γῆς ἄνακτες.
ΧΟΡΟΣ
ὁ ξένε, ὦν δίκαια δρᾶς.
ΚΡΕΩΝ
δίκαια.
ΧΟΡΟΣ
πῶς δίκαια;
ΚΡΕΩΝ
τοὺς ἐμοὺς ἄγω.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΕ
ιὼ πόλις.
ΧΟΡΟΣ
τί δρᾶς, ὁ ξένε; οὐκ ἀφήσεις; τάχ' εἰς βάσανον
εἰ χερῶν.
ΚΡΕΩΝ
eἰργου.
ΧΟΡΟΣ
σοῦ μὲν οὐ, τάδε γε μωμένου.
ΚΡΕΩΝ
πόλει μαχεῖ γάρ, εἰ τι πημανεῖς ἐμέ.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΕ
οὐκ ἢγόρευον ταῦτ' ἐγώ;
ΧΟΡΟΣ
μέθες χεροῖν
τὴν παιδα θᾶσσον.
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OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

ANTIGONE
Ah, woe is me! where shall I fly, where find
Succour from gods or men?

CHORUS
What would'st thou, stranger?

CREON
I meddle not with him, but her who is mine.

OEDIPUS
O princes of the land!

CHORUS
Sir, thou dost wrong.

CREON
Nay, right.

CHORUS
How right?

CREON
I take but what is mine.

OEDIPUS
Help, Athens!

CHORUS
What means this, sirrah? quick unhand her, or
We'll fight it out.

CREON
Back!

CHORUS
Not till thou forbear.

CREON
'Tis war with Thebes if I am touched or harmed.

OEDIPUS
Did I not warn thee?

CHORUS
Quick, unhand the maid!

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ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ΚΡΕΩΝ
μή ’πίτασσ’ ἄ μή κρατεῖς.
ΧΟΡΟΣ
χαλάν λέγω σοί.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
σοί δ’ ἔγωγ’ ὀδοιπορεῖν.
ΧΟΡΟΣ
πρὸβαθ’ ὃδε, βατε βατ’, ἐντοποι.
πόλις ἐναίρεται, πόλις ἐμά, σθένει· πρόβαθ’ ὃδε μοι.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ
ἀφέλκομαι δύστηνος, ὃ ξένοι ξένοι.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ
ποῦ, τέκνοι, εἰ μοι;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ
πρὸς βίαιν πορεύομαι.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ
ὅρεξον, ὃ παῖ, χείρας.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ
ἄλλ’ οὐδὲν σθένω.
ΚΡΕΩΝ
οὐκ ἄξεθ’ ὑμεῖς;

ΟΙΔИПΟΤΣ
ὦ τάλας ἐγώ, τάλας.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
οὐκον ποτ’ ἐκ τούτοις γε μή σκήπτρουν ἐτι ὀδουπορήσης· ἄλλ’ ἔπει νυκάν θέλεις
πατρίδα τε τὴν σὴν καὶ φίλους, ύφ’ ὃν ἐγὼ
ταχθείς τάδ’ ἔρδω, καὶ τύραννος ὄν ὅμως,
νίκα. χρόνῳ γάρ, οἶδ’ ἐγώ, γνώσει τάδε,
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

CREON
Command your minions; I am not your slave.

CHORUS
Desist, I bid thee.

CREON (to the guard)
And I bid thee march!

CHORUS
To the rescue, one and all!
Rally, neighbours to my call!
See, the foe is at the gate!
Rally to defend the State.

ANTIGONE
Ah, woe is me, they drag me hence, O friends.

OEDIPUS
Where art thou, daughter?

ANTIGONE
Haled along by force.

OEDIPUS
Thy hands, my child!

ANTIGONE
They will not let me, father.

CREON
Away with her!

OEDIPUS
Ah woe is me, ah woe!

CREON
So those two crutches shall no longer serve thee
For further roaming. Since it pleaseth thee
To triumph o'er thy country and thy friends
Whose mandate, though a prince, I here discharge,
Enjoy thy triumph; soon or late thou'l'lt find
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ἘΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ὁθούνεικ’ αὐτὸς αὐτὸν οὐτε νῦν καλὰ
dρᾶς οὗτε πρόσθεν εἰργάσω βία φίλων,
ὁργῇ χάριν δοὺς, ἥ σ’ ἄει λυμαίνεται.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
ἐπίσχες αὐτοῦ, ξείνε.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
μὴ ψαύσιν λέγω.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
οὗτοι σ’ ἀφήσω, τῶνδε γ’ ἐστερημένος.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
καὶ μείζον ἁρὰ ῥύσιον πόλει τάχα
θῆσεις: ἐφάγσομαι γὰρ οὐ ταῦταιν μόναιν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
ἀλλ’ ἐς τί τρέψει;

ΚΡΕΩΝ
tόνδ’ ἀπάξομαι λαβῶν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
δεινὸν λέγοις ἁν.²

ΚΡΕΩΝ
τούτο νῦν πεπράξεται.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
ἠν μὴ σ’ ὁ κραίνων τήσδε γῆς ἀπειργάθη.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ
ὦ φθέγμ’ ἀναιδές, ἥ σὺ γὰρ ψαύσεις ἐμοῦ;

ΚΡΕΩΝ
αὐτῶ σιωπᾶν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ
μὴ γὰρ ἄλθε δαίμονες
θείεν μ’ ἀφωνον τήσδε τῆς ἀρᾶς ἔτι,
ὅς μ’, ὁ κάκιστε, ψιλὸν ὅμι’ ἀποσπάσας

¹ Hermann adds ἁν.
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

Thou art an enemy to thyself, both now
And in time past, when in despite of friends
Thou gav’st the rein to passion, still thy bane.

CHORUS

Hold there, sir stranger!

CREON

Hands off, have a care!

CHORUS

Restore the maidens, else thou goest not.

CREON

Then Thebes will take a dearer surety soon;
I will lay hands on more than these two maids.

CHORUS

What canst thou further?

CREON

Carry off this man.

CHORUS

Brave words!

CREON

And deeds forthwith shall make them good

CHORUS

Unless perchance our sovereign intervene.

OEDIPUS

O shameless voice! Would’st lay a hand on me?

CREON

Silence, I bid thee!

OEDIPUS

Godesses, allow
Thy suppliant to utter yet one curse!
Wretch, now my eyes are gone thou hast torn away

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ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

πρὸς ὀμμασιν τοῖς πρόσθεν ἔξοιχει βία. τουγάρ σὲ τ' αὐτὸν καὶ γένος τὸν σὸν θεῶν ὁ πάντα λεύσσων "Ἡλιος δοίη βλον τοιοῦτον οἴον κάμε γηρᾶναι ποτε.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
ὅρατε ταῦτα, τῆςδε γῆς ἐγχώριοι;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ
ὁρῶσι κάμε καὶ σὲ, καὶ φρονοῦσο' ὅτι ἐργοὺς πεπονθῶς ῥήμασιν σ' ἀμύνομαι.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
οὗτοι καθέξω θυμόν, ἀλλ' ἄξω βία κεὶ μοῦνός εἰμι τόνδε καὶ χρόνῳ βραδύς.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ

ἄω τάλας.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
ὁρον λήμ' ἔχων ἀφίκου, ἕν', εἰ τάδε δοκεῖς τελεῖν.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

δοκῶ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
τάνδ' ἀρ' οὐκέτι νεμὼ πόλιν.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
τοῖς τοι δικαίοις χῶ βραχύς νικᾶ μέγαν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ

ἀκούεθ' οία φθέγγεται;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τὰ γ' οὐ τελεῖ.

[ἲστω μέγας Ζεύς.]¹

ΚΡΕΩΝ

Ζεύς γ' ἂν εἰδείη, σὺ δ' οὐ.

¹ Enger thus supplies a gap in the MSS.
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

The helpless maiden who was eyes to me;
For this to thee and all thy cursed race
May the great Sun, whose eye is everywhere,
Grant length of days and old age like to mine.

CREON
Listen, O men of Athens, mark ye this?

OEDIPUS
They mark us both and understand that I
Wronged by thy deeds defend myself with words.

CREON
Nothing shall curb my will; though I be old
And single-handed, I will have this man.

OEDIPUS
O woe is me!

CHORUS
Thou art a bold man, stranger, if thou think'st
To execute thy purpose.

CREON
So I do.

CHORUS
Then shall I deem this State no more a State.

CREON
With a just quarrel weakness conquers might.

OEDIPUS
Ye hear his words?

CHORUS
Aye words, but not yet deeds,
Zeus knoweth!

CREON
Zeus may haply know, not thou.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀρ’ οὖν ὑβρις τάδ’,

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ὑβρις, ἀλλ’ ἀνεκτέα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἰδ’ πᾶς λεώς, ἵδ’ γὰς πρόμοι,

μόλετε σὺν τάχει, μόλετ’, ἐπεὶ πέραν περῶς’ οἶδε
d’.

ΘΗΣΕΤΣ

tis poth’ h boh’; ti touργov; ek tinos fobov potè

bouventounta μ’ ἀμφὶ βωμὸν ἔσχετ’ ἐναλίῳ θεῷ
toú’ ἐπιστάτη Κολωνοῦ; λέξαθ’, ὡς εἰδὼ τὸ

pán,

ou xarín deur’ ἥξα θάσουν ἢ καθ’ ἕδουν ποδὸς. 890

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ

ω φίλτατ’, ἔγνων γὰρ τὸ προσφώνημά σου,

πέπονθα δεινὰ τοῦτ’ ὑπ’ ἀνδρὸς ἀρτίως.

ΘΗΣΕΤΣ

ta poia taúta, tis d’ o pημίνας; lēge.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ

Κρέων ὦδ’, ἃν δέδορκας, σίχεται τέκνων

ἀποσπάσας μου τὴν μόνην ξυνωρίδα.

ΘΗΣΕΤΣ

πὼς εἶπας;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ

οἶα περ πέπονθ’ ἀκήκοας.

ΘΗΣΕΤΣ

oûkoun tis ὡς τάχιστα προσπόλων μολῶν

πρὸς τούσδε βωμοὺς, πάντ’ ἀναγκάσει λεῶν

ἀνιππον ἱππότην τε θυμάτων ἀπὸ

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OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

CHORUS
Insolence!

CREON
Insolence that thou must bear.

CHORUS
Haste ye princes, sound the alarm!
Men of Athens, arm ye, arm!
Quickly to the rescue come
Ere the robbers get them home.

Enter THESEUS.

THESEUS
Why this outcry? What is forward? wherefore was I called away
From the altar of Poseidon, lord of your Colonus? Say!
On what errand have I hurried hither without stop or stay.

OEDIPUS
Dear friend—those accents tell me who thou art,
Yon man but now hath done me a foul wrong.

THESEUS
What is this wrong and who hath wrought it? Speak.

OEDIPUS
Creon who stands before thee. He it is
Hath robbed me of my all, my daughters twain.

THESEUS
What means this?

OEDIPUS
Thou hast heard my tale of wrongs.

THESEUS
Ho! hasten to the altars, one of you,
Command my liegemen leave the sacrifice
And hurry, foot and horse, with rein unchecked,
OIDIPOUS EPI KOLONOI

σπεύδειν ἀπὸ ρυτήρος, ἐνθα δίστομοι
μάλιστα συμβάλλουσιν ἐμπόρον ὅδοι,
ὡς μὴ παρέλθωσι' αἱ κόραι, γέλως δ' ἐγὼ
ξένῳ γένομαι τῷδε, χειρωθεὶς βία.
θ', ὡς ἄνωγα, σὺν τάχει. τούτων δ' ἐγὼ,
εἰ μὲν δ' ὀργῆς ἦκον, ἢς ὃδ' ἄξιος,
ἀτρωτοὶ οὐ μεθῆκ' ἄν ἐξ ἐμῆς χερῶς.
νῦν δ' οὔσπερ αὐτῶς τοὺς νόμους εἰσήλθο' ἔχων,
tούτωσι καὶ ἀλλοισιν ἀρμοσθήσεται.
οὐ γὰρ ποτ' ἔξει τῇσδε τῆς χώρας, πρὶν ἂν
κείνας ἐναργεῖσι δεύρο μοι στῆσης ἄγων.
ἐπει δέδρακας οὐτ' ἐμοὶ καταξήως
οὐθ' ὄν πέφυκας αὐτῶς οὔτε σῆς χθονός,
όστις δίκαι' ἀσκόουσαν εἰσελθὼν πόλιν
κἄνευ νόμου κραίνουσαν οὔδεν, εἴτ' ἄφεις
τὰ τῆςδε τῆς γῆς κύρι', ὦδ' ἐπεισπεσῶν
ἄγεις θ' ἄρ χρήζεις καὶ παράστασαι βία,
καὶ μοι πόλιν κέφαλδον ἡ δούλην τινὰ
ἔδοξας εἴναι κάμ' ίσου τῷ μηδενί.
καίτοι σε Θήβαι γ' οὐκ ἐπαιδευσαν κακόν.
οὐ γὰρ φιλοῦσαν ἀνδράς ἐκδίκως τρέφειν,
οὔδ' ἂν σ' ἐπαινέσειαν, εἰ πυθοίσιτο
συλώντα τάμα καὶ τὰ τῶν θεῶν, βία
ἄγουτα φωτῶν ἄθλων ἰκτήρια.
οὐκουν ἔγωγ' ἂν σῆς ἐπεμβαίνων χθονός,
οὔδ' εἰ τὰ πάντων εἰχον ἐνδικώτατα,
ἄνευ γε τοῦ κραίνοντος, ὡστις ἦν, χθονὸς
οὐθ' ἐλκουν οὔτ' ἂν ἦγων, ἀλλ' ἡπιστάμην
ξένον παρ' ἄστοις ὡς διακτάσθαι χρεών.
σὺ δ' ἄξιον οὐκ οὔσαιν αἰγχύνεις πόλιν
τὴν αὐτῶς αὐτοῦ, καὶ σ' ὁ πληθύνων χρόνος
γέρονθ' ὁμοῦ τίθησι καὶ τοῦ νοῦ κενὸν.
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

To where the paths that packmen use diverge,
Lest the two maidens slip away, and I
Become a mockery to this my guest,
As one despoiled by force. Quick, as I bid.
As for this stranger, had I let my rage,
Justly provoked, have play, he had not 'scaped
Scathless and uncorrected at my hands.
But now the laws to which himself appealed,
These and none other shall adjudicate.
Thou shalt not quit this land, till thou hast fetched
The maidens and produced them in my sight.
Thou hast offended both against myself
And thine own race and country. Having come
Unto a State that champions right and asks
For every action warranty of law,
Thou hast set aside the custom of the land,
And like some freebooter art carrying off
What plunder pleases thee, as if forsooth
Thou thoughtest this a city without men,
Or manned by slaves, and me a thing of naught.
Yet not from Thebes this villainy was learnt;
Thebes is not wont to breed unrighteous sons,
Nor would she praise thee, if she learnt that thou
Wert robbing me—aye and the gods to boot,
Haling by force their suppliants, poor maids.
Were I on Theban soil, to prosecute
The justest claim imaginable, I
Would never wrest by violence my own
Without the sanction of your State or King;
I should behave as fits an outlander
Living amongst a foreign folk, but thou
Shamest a city that deserves it not,
Even thine own, and plenitude of years
Have made of thee an old man and a fool.
OIDIPÒUS EΠI KOLΩΝΩI

eipou mèn oûn kai πρόσθεν, ἐννέπτω δὲ νῦν,
tás paídas ōs táχιστα δεῦρ’ ἄγειν τινά,
ei μὴ μέτοικος τῆς τῆς χώρας θέλεις
einaí βία τε κούχ ἐκών’ καί ταύτα σοι
tῷ νῷ θ’ ὀμοίως κάπο τῆς γλώσσης λέγω.

ΧΟΡΩΣ

ὁρᾶς ἵν’ ἤκεις, ὃ ξέν’; ὡς ἂφ’ ὁν μὲν εἰ
φαίνει δίκαιος, δρῶν δὲ ἐφευρίσκει κακά.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ἐγὼ οὖτ’ ἀνανδρον τήνδε τήν πόλιν νέμων,1
ὡ τέκνον Αἰγέως, οὖτ’ ἄβουλον, ὡς σὺ φῆς,
tοῦργον τάδ’ ἔσπραξα, γυνώσκων δ’ ὅτι
οὐδεὶς ποτ’ αὐτοῖς τῶν ἔμων ἃν ἐμπέσοι
ζῆλος εὐναίμων, ὡςτ’ ἐμοί τρέφειν βία.
ἡδ’ ὃ ὀθούνεκ’ ἄνδρα καὶ πατροκτόνον
κάναγων ὧν δεξοῖτ’, οὐδ’ ὑπὸ γάμμοι
ἐυνόντος ἡμῶν ἄνωσιοι τέκνων.
tοιοῦτον αὐτοῖς Ἀρεος εὐθείουν πάγων
ἐγὼ ἔσβην ἡμῶν διάνθον ὃνθ’, ὃς οὐκ ἐὰ
τοιοῦσδ’ ἀλήτας τῇ’ ὁμοῦ ναίειν πόλειν:
δ’ πίστιν ἵσχυν τῆς’ ἐχειρούμην ἄγραν.
καὶ ταῦτ’ ἂν οὐκ ἐπιστῆσιν, εἰ μὴ μοι πικρᾶς
αὐτῷ τ’ ἄρας ἰράτο καὶ τῶμῳ γένει:
ἀνθ’ ὄν πεπονθὼς ἤξιον τᾶδ’ ἀντιδράν.
θυμοῦ γὰρ οὐδὲν γῆρας ἐστίν ἀλλο πλή
θανεῖν. θανόντων δ’ οὐδὲν ἀλγὸς ἀπεται.
πρὸς ταῦτα πράξεις οἴον ἀν θέλης. ἐπεὶ
ἐρημία με, κεὶ δίκαι’ ὁμοῖς λέγω,
σμικρὸν τίθησιν. πρὸς δὲ τὰς πράξεις ὅμως,
καὶ τηλικόσδ’ ὄν, ἀντιδράν πειράζομαι.

1 λέγων MSS., Schneidewin corr.
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

Therefore again I charge thee as before,
See that the maidens are restored at once,
Unless thou would'st continue here by force
And not by choice a sojourner; so much
I tell thee home and what I say, I mean.

CHORUS
Thy case is perilous; though by birth and race
Thou should'st be just, thou plainly doest wrong.

CREON
Not deeming this a city void of men
Or counsel, son of Aegeus, as thou say'st,
I did what I have done; rather I thought
Your people were not like to set such store
By kin of mine and keep them 'gainst my will.
Nor would they harbour, so I stood assured,
A godless parricide, a reprobate
Convicted of incestuous marriage ties.
For on her native hill of Ares here
(I knew your far-famed Areopagus)
Sits Justice, and permits not vagrant folk
To stay within your borders. In that faith
I hunted down my quarry; and e'en then
I had refrained but for the curses dire
Wherewith he banned my kinsfolk and myself:
Such wrong, methought, had warrant for my act.
Anger has no old age but only death;
The dead alone can feel no touch of spite.
So thou must work thy will; my cause is just
But weak without allies; yet will I try,
Old as I am, to answer deeds with deeds.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΣ

ω λήμ’ ἀναιδές, τοῦ καθυβρίζειν δοκεῖς,
πότερον ἐμοῦ γέροντος. ἢ σαυτοῦ, τόδε;
ὅστις φόνους μοι καὶ γάμους καὶ συμφορὰς
tοῦ σου δήκας στόματος, ἃς ἐγὼ τάλας
ηγεγκόν ἄκων· θεοῖς γὰρ ἦν οὗτο φίλον,
tάχ’ ἂν τι μηνίουσιν εἰς γένος πάλαι.
ἐπεὶ καθ’ αὐτὸν γ’ οὖκ ἂν ἔξειροις ἔμοι
ἀμαρτίας ὁνείδος οὔδέν, ἀνθ’ ὤτου
τάδ’ εἰς ἐμαυτὸν τοὺς ἐμοῦς θ’ ἡμάρτανον.  ἐπεὶ
dίδαξον, εἰ τι θέσφατον πατρὶ
χρησμοῖσιν ἰκνείθ’ ὡστε πρὸς 
παῖδων θανεῖν, πῶς ἂν δικαίως τοῦτ’ ὅνειδέοις ἔμοι,
ὅς οὔτε βλάστας πτω γενεθλίους πατρός,
οὐ μητρὸς εἰχον, ἀλλ’ ἀγέννητος τὸτ ἦ;
εἰ δ’ αὐ φανεῖς δύστημοι, ὡς ἐγὼ φάνην,
ἐς χείρας ἥλθου πατρὶ καὶ κατέκτανον,
μηδέν ξυνεῖς ὧν ἔδρων εἰς οὔς τ’ ἔδρων,
πῶς ἂν τὸ γ’ ἄκων πραγμ’ ἂν εἰκότως ψέγοις;
μητρὸς δε, τλήμον, οὐκ ἔπαισχύνει γάμους
οὐσας ὧμαίμου σῆς μ’ ἀναγκάζου λέγειν,
οἷοις ἐρώ τάχ’. οὐ γὰρ οὖν συγήσομαι,
σοῦ γ’ εἰς τὸν ἐξελθόντος ἀνόσιον στόμα.
ἐτικτε γάρ μ’ ἐτικτεν, ὦμοι μοι κακών,
οὐκ εἰδοτ’ οὐκ εἰδύια, καὶ τεκοῦσά με,
αὐτῆς ὅνειδος παῖδας ἐξέφυσε μοι.
ἀλλ’ ἐν γὰρ οὖν ἔξοιδα, σὲ μὲν ἐκόντ’ ἐμὲ
κείνην τε ταῦτα δυσστομεῖν· ἐγὼ δὲ νῦν
ἄκων ἐγήμα φθέγγομαι τ’ ἄκων τάδε.  ἀλλ’
οὐ γὰρ οὔτ’ ἐν τοιόδ’ ἀλώσομαι κακός
γάμοισιν οὐθ’ οὖς αἰεὶ ἐμφορεῖς σῦ μοι
φῶνους πατρφοὺς ἐξονείδξων πικρώς.
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

OEDIPUS

O shameless railer, think'st thou this abuse
Defames my grey hairs rather than thine own?
Murder and incest, deeds of horror, all
Thou blurttest forth against me, all I have borne,
No willing sinner; so it pleased the gods
Wrath haply with my sinful race of old,
Since thou could'st find no sin in me myself
For which in retribution I was doomed
To trespass thus against myself and mine.
Answer me now, if by some oracle
My sire was destined to a bloody end
By a son's hand, can this reflect on me,
Me then unborn, begotten by no sire,
Conceivèd in no mother's womb? And if
When born to misery, as born I was,
I met my sire, not knowing whom I met
Or what I did, and slew him, how canst thou
With justice blame the all-unconscious hand?
And for my mother, wretch, art not ashamed,
Seeing she was thy sister, to extort
From me the story of her marriage, such
A marriage as I straightway will proclaim.
For I will speak; thy lewd and impious speech
Has broken all the bonds of reticence.
She was, ah woe is me! she was my mother;
I knew it not, nor she; and she my mother
Bare children to the son whom she had borne,
A birth of shame. But this at least I know,
Wittingly thou aspersest her and me;
But I unwitting wed, unwilling speak.
Nay neither in this marriage nor this deed
Which thou art ever casting in my teeth—
A murdered sire—shall I be held to blame.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ἐν γάρ μ’ ἀμειψαί μοῦνον ὅν σ’ ἀνιστορῶ. ἐὰν τις σ’ ἐν τὸν δίκαιον αὐτίκ’ ἐνθάδε κτείνοι παραστάς, πότερα πυνθάνοι ἄν εἴ πατήρ σ’ ὁ καίνων ἢ τίνοι ἄν εὐθέως; δοκῶ μὲν, εἴπερ ζῆν φιλέις, τὸν αὐτίον τίνοι ἄν οὐδὲ τούνδικον περιβλέπωις. τοιαύτα μέντοι καῦτος εἰσέβην κακά, θεῶν ἀγόντων· οἷς ἐγὼ οὐδὲ τὴν πατρὸς ψυχὴν ἄν οἴμαι ξώσαν ἀντείπειν ἐμοί. σὺ δ’, εἰ γὰρ οὐ δίκαιος, ἀλλ’ ἀπαν καλὸν λέγειν νομίζων ῥητὸν ἀρρητὸν τ’ ἐπος, τοιαύτ’ ὄνειδίζεις με τόνδ’ ἐναντίον. καὶ σοι τὸ Θησέως ὅνομα θωπεύσαι καλὸν, καὶ τὰς Ἀθήνας, ως κατφκηνται καλῶς· καθ’ ὁδε’ ἐπαινῶν πολλὰ τοῦδ’ ἐκλαυθάνει, ὀθούνεκ’ εἰ τὸς γῆς θεοὺς ἐπίσταται τιμαῖς σεβίζειν, ἥδε τοῦθ’ ὑπερφέρειν· ἀφ’ ἂς σύ κλέψας τὸν ἰκέτην γεροντ’ ἐμὲ αὐτὸν τ’ ἐχειροῦ τὰς κόρας τ’ ὁἰχεὶ λαβὼν. ἀνθ’ ὃν ἔγῳ νῦν τάσδε τὰς θεὰς ἐμοί καλῶν ἱκνοῦμαι καὶ κατασκιπτὼς λειταῖς ἐλθεῖν ἀρωγοὺς ξυμμάχους θ’, ἢν ἐκμάθης οἰὼν ὑπ’ ἀνδρῶν ἤδε φρουρεῖται πόλις.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὁ ξεϊνος, ὀναξ, χρηστός· αἰ δὲ συμφοραί αὐτὸν πανώλεις, ἅξιαῖ δ’ ἀμυναθεῖν.

ΘΗΣΕΣ

ἀλίς λόγων, ὅς οἱ μὲν ἐξειργασμένοι1 σπεύδουσιν, ἡμεῖς δ’ οἱ παθόντες ἑσταμεν.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

τί δήτ’ ἀμαυρῷ φωτὶ προστάσσεις ποεῖν;

1 ἐξηρασμένοι MSS., F. W. Schmidt corr.
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

Come, answer me one question, if thou canst:
If one should presently attempt thy life,
Would'st thou, O man of justice, first enquire
If the assassin was perchance thy sire,
Or turn upon him? As thou lov'st thy life,
On thy aggressor thou would'st turn, nor stay
Debating, if the law would bear thee out.
Such was my case, and such the pass whereto
The gods reduced me; and methinks my sire,
Could he come back to life, would not dissent.
Yet thou, for just thou art not, but a man
Who sticks at nothing, if it serve his plea,
Reproachest me with this before these men.
It serves thy turn to laud great Theseus' name,
And Athens as a wisely governed State;
Yet in thy flatteries one thing is to seek:
If any land knows how to pay the gods
Their proper rites, 'tis Athens most of all.
This is the land whence thou wast fain to steal
Their aged suppliant and hast carried off
My daughters. Therefore to yon goddesses,
I turn, adjure them and invoke their aid
To champion my cause, that thou mayst learn
What is the breed of men who guard this State.

CHORUS
An honest man, my liege, one sore bestead
By fortune, and so worthy our support.

THSEUS
Enough of words; the captors speed amain,
While we the victims stand debating here.

CREON
What would'st thou? What can I, a feeble man?
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ΘΗΣΕΤΣ

όδου κατάρχειν τῆς ἐκεί, πομπὸν δὲ μὲ χωρεῖν, ὡς, εἰ μὲν ἐν τόπωσι τοιῶδ' ἔχεις τὰς παιδὰς ἦμιν ἀυτὸς ἐκδείξης ἐμοὶ· εἰ δ' ἐγκρατεῖς φεύγουσιν, οὐδὲν δεῖ πονεῖν· ἄλλοι γὰρ οἱ σπεύδοντες, οὐσ οὐ μὴ ποτε χώρας φυγόντες τῆσ' ἐπεύξωνται θεοῖς. ἀλλ' ἐξυφηγοῦ· γνώθι δ' ὡς ἐχον ἔχει καὶ σ' εἶλε τηρῶνθ' ἡ τύχῃ· τὰ γὰρ δόλῳ τῷ μὴ δικαιῶ κτήματ' οὕχι σφετέραι. κοῦκ ἄλλον ἔξεις εἰς τάδ'· ὡς ἐξοίδα σε οὐ ψιλὸν οὐδ' ἄσκευον ἐς τοσ' ὑβριν ἦκοντα τόλμης τῆς παρεστώσῃς ταύν, ἀλλ' ἐσθ' ὅτω σὺ πιστὸς ὤν ἔδρας τάδε. ἢ δεὶ μ' ἀθρήσαι, μηδὲ τήνδε τὴν πόλιν ἐνὸς ποίησαι φωτὸς ἀσθενεστέραν. νοείς τι τούτον, ἢ μάτην τὰ νῦν τέ σοι δοκεῖ λελέχθαι χώτε ταὐτ' ἐμηχανῷ;

ΚΡΕΩΝ

οὐδὲν σὺ μεμπτὸν ἐνθάδ' ὡν ἐρείς ἐμοὶ· οἶκοι δὲ χήμεις εἰσόμεσθ' ἅ χρῆ ποεῖν.

ΘΗΣΕΤΣ

χωρῶν ἀπείλει νῦν· σὺ δ' ἦμιν, Οἰδίπος, ἐκηλος αὐτοῦ μέμνε, πιστωθές ὅτι, ἢν μὴ θάνω γὰρ πρόσθεν, οὐχὶ παύσομαι πρὶν ἔν σε τῶν σῶν κύριον στήσω τέκνων.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὅτανο, Θησεύ, τοῦ τε γενναίου χάριν καὶ τῆς πρὸς ἦμᾶς ἐνδίκου προμηθῆας.

1 ἦμῶν MSS., Elmsley corr.
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

THESEUS

Show us the trail, and I'll attend thee too,
That, if thou hast the maidens hereabouts,
Thou mayst thyself discover them to me;
But if thy guards outstrip us with their spoil,
We may draw rein; for others speed, from whom
They will not 'scape to thank the gods at home.
Lead on, I say, the captor's caught, and fate
Hath ta'en the fowler in the toils he spread;
So soon are lost gains gotten by deceit.
And look not for allies; I know indeed
Such height of insolence was never reached
Without abettors or accomplices;
Thou hast some backer in thy bold essay,
But I will search this matter home and see
One man doth not prevail against the State.
Dost take my drift, or seem these words as vain
As seemed our warnings when the plot was hatched?

CREON

Nothing thou sayest can I here dispute,
But once at home I too shall act my part.

THESEUS

Threaten us and—begone! Thou, Oedipus,
Stay here assured that nothing save my death
Will stay my purpose to restore the maids.

OEDIPUS

Heaven bless thee, Theseus, for thy nobleness
And all thy loving care in my behalf.

[Exeunt Theseus and Creon.]
ΧΟΡΟΣ

ης διδασκλείον
τον χαλκοβάνναρη
μείξουσιν, ἡ πρὸς Πυθιάζ
ἡ λαμπάσιν ἀκταῖς,
όν πότως σεμνὰ τιθηυοῦνται τέλη
θνατοῖσιν, ὃν καὶ χρυσέα
κλῆς ἐπὶ γλώσσᾳ βέβακε
προσπόλων Θυμολπίδαν
ἐνθὗ οἶμαι τὸν ἐγρεμάχαν
Θησέα καὶ τὰς διστόλους
ἀδμήτας ἀδελφᾶς
αὐτάρκει τάχε ἐμμύξειν βοᾷ
τοῦσδ᾿ ἀνὰ χώρους·

ἡ που τὸν ἐφεσπέρουν
πέτρας νυφάδος πελών·
Οἰάτίδος εἰς νομὸν,¹
πώλουσιν ἡ ριμφαρμάτως
φεύγουσιν ἀμίλλαις.
ἀλώσεται· δεινὸς ὁ προσχώρων Ἀρης,
δεινὰ δὲ Θησειδᾶν ἀκμᾶ.
πᾶς γὰρ ἀστράπτει χαλινός,
πᾶσα δ᾿ ὀρμᾶται καθείσος²
ἀμπυκτήρια III στομίων

1 ἐκ νομοῦ MSS., Hartung. corr.
2 κατ᾿ MSS., Schneidewin corr.
3 ἀμπυκτήρια φάλερα πώλων MSS., Welcklein corr.

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OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

CHORUS
O when the flying foe, (St. 1)
Turning at last to bay,
Soon will give blow for blow,
Might I behold the fray;
Hear the loud battle roar
Swell, on the Pythian shore,
Or by the torch-lit bay,
Where the dread Queen and Maid
Cherish the mystic rites,
Rites they to none betray,
Ere on his lips is laid
Secrecy's golden key
By their own acolytes,
Priestly Eumolpidae.

There I might chance behold
Theseus our captain bold
Meet with the robber band,
Ere they have fled the land,
Rescue by might and main
Maidens, the captives twain.

Haply on swiftest steed, (Ant. 1)
Or in the flying car,
Now they approach the glen,
West of white Oea's scaur.
They will be vanquished:
Dread are our warriors, dread
Theseus our chieftain's men.
Flashes each bridle bright,
Charges each gallant knight,
All that our Queen adore,
OIDIPOUS EPI KOLONNOI

 ámbasie, oí tân ĭppíaν
 timōsiv 'Athanáν
 kai tôn póntiou γαιáschou
 'Réas fílon vión.

erdoun' ē mellousiv; ōs
 promnatai tí moí
 gyroμá tách' antáseí
 tān deiná tlašān, deinā ō' eúrousov prós aúthai-
moun páthē.

telei tenei Zéus tı kat' āmar-
mántiš eǐμ' ēsthłōn aγṓnōn.
eǐth' ēlllaia tachýrwosstos teneiás
 aïðeriás νεφέλas kúrsaiμ' ānōθ' 2 aγṓnōn
 aïphrísasa 3 touμόν ōmma.

iō theōn pāntarχe, pant-
óptta Zéu, 4 pórōis
yás tásde damoúchois
sthēnei 'pinikeíō tōn eúagroun teneiówsaI lóchon,
 semvá te паí̄s Pállas 'Athaná.

cal tōn ágrεntañ 'Apóllω
kal kασιγνήτaν pukνostiktōn ópaddōn
wκvπóδōn eλáfωn stérgwn diplás ārwγás
molei̇n yh tāde kal polítais.

ō zei̇n álēta, tō̄ skopoph mēn ouk ēreis
ōs ēνυδóμasitís· tās köras γar eisorō
tásoθ' āsou aúthīs ōde prōspolouménas.

1 ēn dōsein MSS., Bücheler corr.
2 aútn' ò' MSS., Hermann corr.
3 thewfrísasa MSS., Dinsdorf corr. 4 Jebb changes order of words, in MSS. iō Zēu pāntarχe theōn pantóptta.

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OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

Pallas their patron, or
Him whose wide floods enring
Earth, the great Ocean-king
Whom Rhea bore.

Fight they or now prepare (Str. 2)
To fight? a vision rare
 Tells me that soon again
 I shall behold the twain
 Maidens so ill bestead,
 By their kin buffeted.

To-day; to-day Zeus worketh some great thing
    This day shall victory bring.
O for the wings, the wings of a dove,
To be borne with the speed of the gale,
Up and still upwards to sail
    And gaze on the fray from the clouds above.

All-seeing Zeus, O lord of heaven, (Ant. 2)
To our guardian host be given
Might triumphant to surprise
Flying foes and win their prize.
Hear us, Zeus, and hear us, child
Of Zeus, Athenè undefiled,
Hear, Apollo, hunter, hear,
Huntress, sister of Apollo,
Who the dappled swift-foot deer
O’er the wooded glade dost follow;
Help with your two-fold power
Athens in danger’s hour!

O wayfarer, thou wilt not have to tax
The friends who watch for thee with false presage,
For lo, an escort with the maids draws near.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ποῦ ποῦ; τί φής; πῶς εἴπας;

ΑΝΤΙΓΩΝΗ

ω πάτερ πάτερ,
tίς ἃν θεῶν σοι τόνδ’ ἀριστόν ἀνδρ’ ἱδεῖν
doῖη, τὸν ἡμᾶς δεύρο προσπέμψαντά σοι;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ω τέκνον, ἡ πάρεστον;

ΑΝΤΙΓΩΝΗ

αἴδε γὰρ χέρες.
Θησέως ἐσωσάν φιλτάτων τ’ ὀπαόνων.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

προσέλθετ’, οἱ παῖ, πατρὶ καὶ τὸ μηδαμὰ
ἐλπισθὲν ἦξειν σῶμα βαστάσαι δότε.

ΑΝΤΙΓΩΝΗ

αἴτεις ἃ τεύξει.- σὺν πόθῳ γὰρ ἡ χάρις.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ποῦ δήτα, ποῦ ἵστον;

ΑΝΤΙΓΩΝΗ

αἴδ’ ὁμοῦ πελάξομεν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὁ φίλτατ’ ἔρνη.

ΑΝΤΙΓΩΝΗ

τῷ τεκόντι πᾶν φίλον.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὁ σκῆπτρα φωτός.

ΑΝΤΙΓΩΝΗ

δυσμόρου γε δύσμορα.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἔχω τὰ φίλτατ’, οὐδ’ ἔτ’ ἀν πανάθλως
θανῶν ἂν εἴην σφῶν παρεστῶσαι ἐμοῖ.

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Enter Antigone and Ismene with Theseus.

Oedipus

Where, where? what sayest thou?

Antigone

O father, father,
Would that some god might grant thee eyes to see
This best of men who brings us back again.

Oedipus

My child! and are ye back indeed!

Antigone

Yes, saved

By Theseus and his gallant followers.

Oedipus

Come to your father's arms, O let me feel
A child's embrace I never hoped for more.

Antigone

Thou askest what is doubly sweet to give.

Oedipus

Where are ye then?

Antigone

We come together both.

Oedipus

My precious nurslings!

Antigone

Fathers aye were fond.

Oedipus

Prop of my age!

Antigone

So sorrow sorrow props.

Oedipus

I have my darlings, and if death should come,
Death were not wholly bitter with you near.
ОИΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ερείσατ', ὦ παῖ, πλευρὸν ἀμφιδέξιον ἐμφύντε. τὰ φύσαντι, κἀναπάυσατον τοῦ πρῶσθ', ἐρήμου τοῦδε δυστήνου πλάνου. καὶ μοι τὰ πραχθέντ' εἰπαθ' ὡς βράχιστ', ἐπεὶ ταῖς τηλικαίας σμικρὸς ἔξαρκεί λόγος.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

οὖ' ἐσθ' ὁ σώσας· τοῦδε χρή κλύειν, πάτερ, οὐ κάστι τούργον· τοῦμάν ὡδ' ἔσται βραχύ. ²

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΣ

ὁ ξείνη, μὴ θαύμαξε, πρὸς τὸ λιπαρές τέκν' εἰ φανέντ', ἀελπτα μηκίνῳ λόγον. επίσταμαι γὰρ τῇδε τὴν ἐς τάσδε μου τέρψιν παρ' ἀλλον μηδενὸς πεφασμένην. σὺ γὰρ ύν ἐξέσωσας, οὐκ ἀλλος βροτῶν. καὶ σοι θεοὶ πόροιεν ὡς ἐγὼ θέλω, αὐτῷ τε καὶ γῇ τῇδ', ἐπεὶ τὸ γ' εὐσεβῆς μόνοις παρ' ἕμιν ἡροῦ ἀνθρώπων ἐγὼ καὶ τοπτεικές καὶ τὸ μὴ ψευδοστομεῖν. εἰδὼς δ' ἀμύνω τοῖσδε τοῖς λόγοις τάδε: ἔχω γὰρ ἄχω διὰ σὲ καῦκ ἀλλον βροτῶν. καὶ μοι χέρ', ὄναξ, δεξιὰν ὄρεξον, ὡς ψανῶ τιλήσω τ', εἰ θέμις, τὸ σὸν κάρα. καίτοι τι φωνῶ; πῶς σ' ἂν ἄθλιος ἡγησθ' θυγατέρ' ἀνδρός, ὡς τὰς οὐκ' ἐνι κήλης κακῶν ἔνην. οὐκ ἔγωγε σὲ, οὐδ' ὡς σε τοῖσι γὰρ ἐμπείρους βροτῶν μόνοις οἶνον τε συνταλαιπωρεῖν τάδε. σὺ δ' αὐτόθεν μοι χαίρε καὶ τὰ λουτά μου μέλους δικαίως, ὥσπερ ἐς τὸ ἡμέρας.

1 A. ἑμφίτε, Mudge corr.
2 MS. τοῦργον τοῦμάν ἐσται βραχύ, Wex corr.
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

Cling to me, press me close on either side,
There rest ye from your dreary wayfaring.
Now tell me of your ventures, but in brief;
Brief speech suffices for young maids like you.

ANTIGONE

Here is our saviour; thou should'st hear the tale
From his own lips; so shall my part be brief.

OEDIPUS

I pray thee do not wonder if the sight
Of children, given o'er for lost, has made
My converse somewhat long and tedious.
Full well I know the joy I have of them
Is due to thee, to thee and no man else;
Thou wast their sole deliverer, none else.
The gods deal with thee after my desire,
With thee and with this land! for fear of heaven
I found above all peoples most with you,
And righteousness and lips that cannot lie.
I speak in gratitude of what I know,
For all I have I owe to thee alone.
Give me thy hand, O Prince, that I may touch it,
And if thou wilt permit me, kiss thy cheek.
What say I? Can I wish that thou should'st touch
One fallen like me to utter wretchedness,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand ills?
Oh no, I would not let thee if thou would'st.
They only who have known calamity
Can share it. Let me greet thee where thou art,
And still befriend me as thou hast till now.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ΘΗΣΕΤΣ
οὔτ' εἰ τι μῆκος τῶν λόγων ἔδων πλέουν, τεκνοσί τερφθείς τούσδε, θαυμάσας ἔχω, 1140
οὔτ' εἰ πρὸ τούμοι προὔλαβες τὰ τῶν ἐπη. βάρος γάρ ἡμᾶς οὐδὲν ἐκ τούτων ἔχει.
οὐ γάρ λόγοις τὸν βίον σπουδάζομεν λαμπρὸν ποιεῖσθαι μᾶλλον ἢ τοῖς δρωμένοις.
δείκνυμι δ' ὃν γὰρ ὁμοσ' ὤκν ἐφευσάμην οὐδὲν σε, πρέσβυν τάσδε γὰρ πάρειμ' ἀγων
ξώσας, ἀκραίφνεις τῶν κατηπειλημένων. 1150
χώπως μὲν ἄγων ἤρεθα, τί δεῖ μάτην
κομπεῖν, ἣ' εἰσεῖ καῦτος ἐκ ταύταν ξυνών;
λόγος δ' ὁς ἐμπεπτωκέν ἀρτίως ἐμοὶ
στείχοντι δεύρο, συμβαλοῦ γνώμην, ἐπεὶ
σμικρὸς μὲν εἰπεῖν, ἄξιος δὲ θαυμάσαι
πράγος δ' ἀτίζειν οὐδὲν ἀνθρωπον χρεών.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
τί δ' ἐστι, τέκνου Αἰγέως; δίδασκε με
ὡς μὴ εἰδῶτ' αὐτὸν μηδὲν ὃν σὺ πυνθάνει.

ΘΗΣΕΤΣ
φασίν τιν ἡμῖν ἄνδρα, σοὶ μὲν ἐμπυλών
οὐκ ὄντα, συγγενῆ δέ, προσπεσόντα πὼς
βωμῷ καθήσατι τῷ Ποσειδώνος, παρ' ὃ
θύσων ἐκυρών, ἡμίχ' ὀρμώμην ἐγώ. 1160
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ποδαπόν; τί προσχρῆζοντα τῷ θακήματι;
ΘΗΣΕΤΣ
οὐκ οἶδα πλήν ἐν' σοῦ γάρ, ὡς λέγουσί μοι,
βραχὺν τιν' αἰτεῖ μύθον οὐκ ὄγκου πλέων.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ποῖον τιν; οὐ γὰρ ἤδ' ἐδρα σμικροῦ λόγου.
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

THESEUS
I marvel not if thou hast dallied long
In converse with thy children and preferred
Their speech to mine; I feel no jealousy,
I would be famous more by deeds than words.
Of this, old friend, thou hast had proof; my oath
I have fulfilled and brought thee back the maids
Alive and nothing harmed for all those threats.
And how the fight was won, 'twere waste of words
To boast—thy daughters here will tell thee all.
But of a matter that has lately chanced
On my way hitherward, I fain would have
Thy counsel—slight 'twould seem, yet worthy
thought.
A wise man heeds all matters great or small.

OEDIPUS
What is it, son of Aegeus? Let me hear.
Of what thou askest I myself know nought.

THESEUS
'Tis said a man, no countryman of thine,
But of thy kin, hath taken sanctuary
Beside the altar of Poseidon, where
I was at sacrifice when called away.

OEDIPUS
What is his country? what the suitor's prayer?

THESEUS
I know but one thing; he implores, I am told,
A word with thee—he will not trouble thee.

OEDIPUS
What seeks he? If a suppliant, something grave.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ΘΗΣΕΤΣ
σοι φασίν αὐτὸν ἐς λόγους ἐλθεῖν μόνον¹
αἰτεῖν ἀπελθεῖν τ' ἀσφαλῶς τῆς δευρ' ὀδοῦ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ
τίς δὴ τ' ἄν εἶ ὑπὲρ ὧ προσθακών ἔδραν;

ΘΗΣΕΤΣ
ὁρα κατ' "Ἀργος εἰ τις ὑμῖν ἐγγενῆς
ἐσθ', ὡστὶς ἂν σου τούτῳ προσχρήζοι τυχεῖν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ
ὁ φίλτατε,² σχές οὔτερ εἰ.

ΘΗΣΕΤΣ
τί δ' ἐστι σοι;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ
μὴ μου δεηθῆς.

ΘΗΣΕΤΣ
πράγματος ποίου; λέγε.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ
ἐξοιδ' ἁκούων τῶν ὀς ἐσθ' ὧ προστάτης.

ΘΗΣΕΤΣ
καὶ τίς ποτ' ἐστίν ὃν γ' ἐγὼ ψέξαιμι τι;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ
παῖς οὖμός, ὁνάξ, στυγνός, οὐ λόγων ἐγὼ
ἀλγιστ' ἂν ἀνδρῶν ἐξανασχοίμην κλώνων.

ΘΗΣΕΤΣ
τί δ'; οὐκ ἁκούειν ἐστί καὶ μὴ δράν ἄ μὴ
χρῆσεις; τί σοι τούτ' ἐστὶ λυπηρῶν κλύειν;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ
ἐχθιστον, ὁνάξ, φθέγμα τοῦθ' ἦκει πατρί.
καὶ μὴ μ' ἀνάγκη προσβάλης τάδ' εἰκαθείν.

¹ μολόντ' MSS., Vauvilliers corrects and adds τ' after ἀπελθεῖν.
² φιλτατ' ἱσχες MSS., Heath corr.
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

THESEUS
He only waits, they say, to speak with thee,
And then unharmed to go upon his way.

OEDIPUS
I marvel who is this petitioner.

THESEUS
Think if there be not any of thy kin
At Argos who might claim this boon of thee.

OEDIPUS
Dear friend, forbear, I pray.

THESEUS
What ails thee now?

OEDIPUS
Ask it not of me.

THESEUS
Ask not what? explain.

OEDIPUS
Thy words have told me who the suppliant is.

THESEUS
Who can he be that I should frown on him?

OEDIPUS
My son, O king, my hateful son, whose words
Of all men's most would jar upon my ears.

THESEUS
Thou sure mightst listen. If his suit offend,
No need to grant it. Why so loth to hear him?

OEDIPUS
That voice, O king, grates on a father's ears;
I have come to loathe it. Force me not to yield.
ОІΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ΘΗΣΕΤΕ

άλλ', εἰ τὸ θάκημ' ἐξαναγκάζει, σκόπει
μή σοι πρόνοι ἃ τοῦ θεοῦ φυλακτέα.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

πάτερ, πιθοῦ μοι, κεῖ νέα παρανέσω.
τὸν ἀνδρ' ἔασον τὸ stimulating τῇ θ', αὐτοῦ φρενι
χάριν παρασχεῖν τῷ θεῷ ἢ ἄβουλεται,
καὶ νῦν ὑπεικε τὸν κασιγνητὸν μολεῖν.
οὗ γὰρ σε, θάρσει, πρὸς βίαιν παρασπάσει
γνώμης, ἢ μή σοι συμφέροντα λέξεις.
λόγων δ' ἀκοῦσαι τῆς βλάβης; τὰ τοι κακῶς
ηὗρημέν' ἔργα τῷ λόγῳ μηνύεται.

ἐξοροσάς αὑτῶν ὡστε μηδὲ δρόντα σε
tὰ τῶν κακίστων δυσσεβέστατ', ὁ πάτερ,
θέμις σὲ γ' εἴναι κείνον ἀντιδράν κακῶς.

άλλ' ἔασον εἰς χατέροις γοναὶ κακαί
cαι θυμός οἶς, ἀλλὰ νουθετοῦμενοι

φίλων ἐπισταίρες ἔξεπάδοντες ψυχιν.

σὺ δ' εἰς ἑκείνα, μή τὰ νῦν, ἀποσκόπει

πατρίδα καὶ μητρίδα πήμαθ' ἀπαθεί
cάν κείνα λεύσες, οἶδ' ἐγὼ, γνώσει κακοῦ
θυμοῦ τελευτήν ὡς κακὴ προσγύγυνει.

ἔχεις γὰρ οὐχί βαία τὰνθυμήματα,
tῶν σῶν ἀδέρκτων ὀμμάτων τητόμενος.

άλλ' ἡμῖν εἰκε. λυπαρεῖν γὰρ οὐ καλὸν
dίκαια προσχρήζουσιν, οὐδ' αὐτὸν μὲν εὖ

πάσχειν, παθόντα δ' οὐκ ἐπίστασθαι τίνειν.

1 καλῶς MSS., Hermann corr.
2 δυσσεβεστάτων MSS., Dawes corr.
3 ἀλλ' αὐτῶν or ἄλλ' αὐτῶν MSS., Elmsley corr.
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

THESEUS
But he hath found asylum. O beware,
And fail not in due reverence to the god.

ANTIGONE
O heed me, father, though I am young in years.
Let the prince have his will and pay withal
What in his eyes is service to the god;
For our sake also let our brother come.
If what he urges tend not to thy good
He cannot surely wrest perforce thy will.
To hear him then, what harm? By open words
A scheme of villainy is soon bewrayed.
Thou art his father, therefore canst not pay
In kind a son's most impious outrages.
O listen to him; other men like thee
Have thankless children and are choleric,
But yielding to persuasion's gentle spell
They let their savage mood be exorcised.
Look thou to the past, forget the present, think
On all the woe thy sire and mother brought thee;
Thence wilt thou draw this lesson without fail,
Of evil passion evil is the end.
Thou hast, alas, to prick thy memory,
Stern monitors, these ever-sightless orbs.
O yield to us; just suitors should not need
To be importunate, nor he that takes
A favour lack the grace to make return.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ

τέκνον, βαρείαν ἑδονὴν νικάτε με
λέγοντες: ἔστω δ' οὖν ὅπως ὑμῖν φίλοιν.
μόνον, ξέν', εἴπερ κεῖνος ὃδ' ἔλευσεται,
μηδείς κρατείτω τῆς ἐμῆς ψυχῆς ποτε.

ΘΗΣΕΤΣ

ἀπάξ τὰ τοιαύτ', οὐχὶ διὰ χρήζω κλύειν,
ὡς πρέσβυν. κομπεῖν δ' οὐχὶ βούλομαι· σὺ δ' ἄν
σώς ἵσθ', εάν περ κάμε τις σφίξθ' θεῶν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἂντις τοῦ πλέονος μέρους χρῆξει τοῦ μετρίου
παρεῖς
ξάειν, σκαλοσύναν φυλάσσων
ἐν ἐμοί κατάδηλος ἔσται.
ἐπεὶ πολλὰ μὲν αἰ μακραὶ ἀμέραι κατέθεντο δὴ
λύπας ἐγγυντέρῳ, τὰ τέρποντα δ' οὖκ ἄν ἰδοὺς
ὁποῦ,
ἂν τις ἐς πλέον πέσῃ
tοῦ δέοντος· ὁ δ' ἔπικουρος ἰσοτέλεστος,
Ἀίδως ὅτε μοῖρ' ἀνυμέναιος
ἄλυρος ἄχορος ἀναπέφηνε,
θάνατος ἐς τελευτάν.

ἂντ.

μὴ φῦναι τὸν ἄπαντα νικᾷ λόγον· τὸ δ', ἐπεὶ φανῇ,
βήναι κεῖθεν ὅθεν περ ἥκει,
pολῇ δεύτερου, ὡς τάχιστα.

1 MSS. τοῦ θελοντος, Reiske corr.
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

OEDIPUS
Grievous to me, my child, the boon ye win
By pleading. Let it be then; have your way.
Only if come he must, I beg thee, friend,
Let none have power to dispose of me.

THESEUS
No need, Sir, to appeal a second time.
It likes me not to boast, but be assured
Thy life is safe while any god saves mine.

[Exit THESEUS.

CHORUS
Who craves excess of days,
Scorning the common span
Of life, I judge that man
A giddy wight who walks in folly's ways.
For the long years heap up a grievous load,
Scant pleasures, heavier pains,
Till not one joy remains
For him who lingers on life's weary road.
And come it slow or fast,
One doom of fate
Doth all await,
For dance and marriage bell,
The dirge and funeral knell.
Death the deliverer freeth all at last.

Not to be born at all
Is best, far best that can befall,
Next best, when born, with least delay,
To trace the backward way.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ως ευτ' ἂν τὸ νέον παρῇ κούφας ἀφροσύνας
φέρον,
tίς πλαγὰ¹ πολύμοχθος ἔξω; τίς οὐ καμάτων
ἐν;
φθόνος, στάσεις, ἔρις, μάχαι
καὶ φόνοι· τὸ τε κατάμεμπτον ἐπιλέογχε
πύματον ἀκρατές ἀπροσόμιλον
γῆρας ἄφιλον, ἵνα πρόταντα
κακὰ κακῶν ξυνοικεῖ.

ἔπφδ.

ἐν ὁ τράμων ὅδ', οὐκ ἐγὼ μόνος,
pάντοθεν βόρειος ὡς τίς
ἀκτὰ κυματοπλῆξ χειμερία κλονεῖται,
ὡς καὶ τόνδε κατ' ἀκρας
δεινὰ κυματοαγεῖς
ἀται κλονέουσιν ἄει ξυνοῦσαι,
αἱ μὲν ἀπ' ἄελιον δυσμᾶν,
αἱ δ' ἀνατέλλοντος·
αἱ δ' ἀνὰ μέσαν ἀκτίν',
αἱ δ' ἐννυχιὰν ἀπὸ 'Ριπᾶν.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

καὶ μὴν ὅδ' ἡμῖν, ὡς έοικεν, ὁ ἔβας
ἀνδρῶν γε μοὺνος, ὁ πάτερ, δὲ ὁμματος
ἀστακτὶ λείβων δάκρυνον ὅδ' ὀδοιπορεῖ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ

生产总 τόσον;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

διπερ καὶ πάλαι κατείχομεν
γνώμη, πάρεστι δεύρο Πολυνείκης ἀδε.

¹ πλάγχη MSS., Herwenden corr.
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

For when youth passes with its giddy train,
Troubles on troubles follow, toils on toils,
   Pain, pain for ever pain;
And none escapes life's coils.
   Envy, sedition, strife,
Carnage and war, make up the tale of life.
Last comes the worst and most abhorred stage
   Of unregarded age,
Joyless, companionless and slow,
   Of woes the crowning woe.

(Epode)

Such ills not I alone,
He too our guest hath known,
E'en as some headland on an iron-bound shore,
Lashed by the wintry blasts and surge's roar,
So is he buffeted on every side
By drear misfortune's whelming tide,
   By every wind of heaven o'erborne
Some from the sunset, some from orient morn,
   Some from the noonday glow.
Some from Rhipecan gloom of everlasting snow.

ANTIGONE

Father, methinks I see the stranger coming,
Alone he comes and weeping plenteous tears.

OEDIPUS

Who may he be?

ANTIGONE

The same that we surmised.
From the outset—Polyneices. He is here.
OiDipous epi Kolonoi

Poltheikhs

οἵμοι, τί δράσω; πότερα τάμαντοι κακά
πρόσθεν δακρύσω, παίδες, ἦ τὰ τοῦδ᾽ ὅρων
πατρὸς γέροντος; δὲ ἔννυς ἐπὶ χθονὸς
σὺν σφόν ἐφηύρηκ' ἐνθάδ᾽ ἐκβεβλημένον
ἐσθήτι σὺν τοιᾶδε, τῆς ὁ δυσφιλῆς
γέρων γέροντι συγκατόφκηκεν πῖνος
πλευρὰν μαραίνων, κρατὶ δ᾽ ὅμματοστερεῖ
κόμη δὴ αὐρας ἀκτένιστος ἀσσεταῖν.
ἀδελφὰ δ᾽, ὡς ἐοικε, τούτοιςιν φορεὶ
tὰ τῆς ταλαίνης νηδύος θρεπτήρια.
ἀγω πανώλης ὅψ᾽ ἀγαν ἐκμαυθάνω
καὶ μαρτυρῶ κάκιστος ἀνθρώπων τροφαῖο
ταῖς σαἰσιν ἤκειν· τὰμὰ μὴ ἥξ ἄλλων πῦθην.
ἀλλ᾽ ἐστὶ γάρ καὶ Ζηνι σύνθακος θρόνων
Αἰών ἐπ᾽ ἔργοις πᾶσι, καὶ πρὸς σοὶ, πάτερ,
παραστάθητω· τῶν γὰρ ἡμαρτημένων
ἄκη μὲν ἐστι, προσφορὰ δ᾽ οὐκ ἐστ᾽ ἐτί.

τί σιγᾶς;

φώνησον, ὃ πάτερ, τι· μὴ μ᾽ ἀποστραφῆς.
οὐδ᾽ ἀνταμεῖβει μ᾽ οὔδεν, ἀλλ᾽ ἀτιμάσας
πέμψεις ἀναυδός, οὐδ᾽ ἀ μηνίεσ φράσας;
ὁ σπέρματ᾽ ἀνδρὸς τοῦδ᾽, ἐμαλ δ᾽ ὁμαίμονος,
πειράσται ἀλλ᾽ ῥυμὲς γε κινήσαι πατρὸς
τὸ δυσπρόσοιοστον κάπροσήγορον στόμα,
ὡς μὴ μ᾽ ἀτιμον, τοῦ θεοῦ γε προστάτην,
οὕτως ἄφῃ με μηδὲν ἀντειπτῶν ἐποσ.

Antiponh

λέγ᾽, ὃ ταλαίπωρ᾽, αὐτὸς δὲν χρεία πάρειν
τὰ πολλὰ γὰρ τοιρ ῥήματ᾽ ἡ τερψαντά τι,

1 MSS, τόνος, Scaliger corr.
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

Enter POLYNEICES.

POLYNEICES

Ah me, my sisters, shall I first lament
My own afflictions, or my aged sire's,
Whom here I find a castaway, with you,
In a strange land, an ancient beggar clad
In antic tatters, marring all his frame,
While o'er the sightless orbs his unkempt locks
Float in the breeze; and, as it were to match,
He bears a wallet against hunger's pinch.
All this too late I learn, wretch that I am,
Alas! I own it, and am proved most vile
In my neglect of thee: I scorn myself.
But as almighty Zeus in all he doth
Hath Mercy for co-partner of his throne,
Let Mercy, father, also sit enthroned
In thy heart likewise. For transgressions past
May be amended, cannot be made worse.

Why silent? Father, speak, nor turn away,
Hast thou no word, wilt thou dismiss me then
In mute disdain, nor tell me why thou art wrath?
O ye his daughters, sisters mine, do ye
This sullen, obstinate silence try to move.
Let him not spurn, without a single word
Of answer, me the suppliant of the god.

ANTIGONE

Tell him thyself, unhappy one, thine errand;
For large discourse may send a thrill of joy,
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ἡ δυσχεράντας ἥ κατοικτήσαντά πως,
παρέσχε φωνήν τοῖς ἀφωνήτοις τινά.

ΠΟΛΥΝΕΙΚΗΣ

ἀλλ' ἐξερέω καλῶς γὰρ ἐξηγεῖ σὺ μοι·
πρῶτον μὲν αὐτὸν τὸν θεὸν ποιούμενος
ἀρωγόν, ἐνθεν μ' ὅδ' ἀνέστησεν μολεῖν
ὁ τής τῆς γῆς κοίρανος, διδοὺς ἐμοὶ
λέξαι τ' ἀκούσαι τ' ἀσφαλεῖ σὺν ἑξόδῳ.
καὶ ταῦτ' ἀφ' ύμῶν, ὦ ἔννοι, θεολόγωσαι
καὶ ταῦτ' ἀφελφαίν καὶ πατρὸς κυρεύει ἐμοῖ.
δ' ἦλθον, ἤδη σοι θέλω λέξαμεν, πάτερ.
γῆς ἐκ πατροφός ἐξεληλαμαί φυγάς,
τοῖς σοῖς πανάρχοις οὐνεκ' ἐνθαλέειν θρόνοις
γονῷ πεθυκὸς ἥξιον γεραιτέρους.
ἀνθ' ὦν μ' Ἐτεοκλῆς, ὦν φύσει νεώτερος,
γῆς ἐξέωσεν, οὔτε νικήσας λόγῳ
οὔτ' εἰς ἐξεγέρχον χειρὸς οὔτ' ἔργον μολῶν,
πόλιν δὲ πείσας. ὦν ἐγὼ μάλιστα μὲν
tὴν σὺν ἔριννω αἰτίαι εἶναι λέγω.
ἔπειτα κατ' ἑκάτερας ταὐτής κλῆ.
ἔπει γὰρ ἠλθον Ἀργος ἐς τὸ Δωρικόν,
λαβὸν Ἀδραστὸν πενθερόν, ἐξωμότας
ἐστησ' ἐμαυτῷ γῆς ὁσοπερ Ἀτίας
πρῶτοι καλοῦνται καὶ τετίμηνται δόρει,
ὅπως τὸν ἐπτάλογχον ἐς Θήβας στόλον
ἐπὶ τοῖσ' ἀγείρας ἡ θάνοιμι πανδίκως
ἡ τούς τάδ' ἐκπράξαντας ἐκβάλομι γῆς.
εἰσ' τ' δήτα νῦν ἀφιγμένος κυρω;
σοι προστροπαίουσιν, ὦ πάτερ, λυτὰς ἐχὼν
αὐτὸς τ' ἐμαυτοῦ ἐξυμμάχων τε τῶν ἐμῶν,
οὐ νῦν σὺν ἐπτὰ τάξεσιν σὺν ἐπτα τε.
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

Or stir a chord of wrath or tenderness,
And to the tongue-tied somehow give a tongue

POLYNEICES

Well dost thou counsel, and I will speak out.
First will I call in aid the god himself,
Poseidon, from whose altar I was raised,
With warrant from the monarch of this land,
To parley with you, and depart unscathed.
These pledges, strangers, I would see observed
By you and by my sisters and my sire.
Now, father, let me tell thee why I came.
I have been banished from my native land
Because by right of primogeniture
I claimed possession of thy sovereign throne
Wherefrom Eteocles, my younger brother,
Ousted me, not by weight of precedent,
Nor by the last arbitration of war,
But by his popular acts; and the prime cause
Of this I deem the curse that rests on thee.
So likewise hold the soothsayers, for when
I came to Argos in the Dorian land
And took the king Adrastus' child to wife,
Under my standard I enlisted all
The foremost captains of the Apian isle,
To levy with their aid that sevenfold host
Of spearmen against Thebes, determining
To oust my foes or die in a just cause.
Why then, thou askest, am I here to-day?
Father, I come a suppliant to thee
Both for myself and my allies who now
With squadrons seven beneath their seven spears

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ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

λόγχαις τὸ Ὀήβης πέδιον ἀμφεστάσι πάν' 
οῖος ὀρνασσοῦς Ἀμφιάρεως, τὰ πρῶτα μὲν 
δόρει κρατύμων, πρῶτα δ' οἰωνῶν ὁδοῖς: 
ὁ δεύτερος δ' Αἰτωλὸς Οἰνέως τόκος
Τυνδέως, τρίτος δ' Ἐπέοκλος, Ἀργείως γεγώς: 
tέταρτον Ἡππομέδου ἀπέστειλεν πατήρ 
Ταλαός, ὁ πέμπτος δ' εὐχεταὶ κατασκαφῆ 
Καπανεὺς τὸ Ὀήβης ἀστυ δηώσειν πυρὶ: 
ἔκτος δὲ Παρθενόπαῖος Ἀρκας ὄρνυται,
ἐπώνυμος τῆς πρόσθεν ἀδύνητης χρόνῳ 
μητρὸς λοχευθέης, πιστὸς Ἀταλάντης γόνος: 
ἐγὼ δ' σώς, κεί μὴ σός, ἀλλὰ τοῦ κακοῦ 
πότμου φυτευθέης, σῶς γέ τοι καλοῦμενος,
ἄγω τὸν Ἀργους ἄφοβον ἐς Θήβας στρατῶν,
οὗ σ' ἀντὶ παῖδων τῶν δε κηφίστας, πάτερ,
ἰκετεύομεν τίμπαντες ἐξαιτοῦμενοι
μήνιν βαρείαν εἰκαθεὶν ὀρμωμένῳ 
τῷ ἀνδρὶ τούμων πρὸς κασυνητόν τίσιν,
ὅς μ' ἔξεσθε κάπεσύλησεν πάτρας.

εἰ γὰρ τι πιστὸν ἐστιν ἐκ χρηστηρίων,
οἷς ἄν σὺ προσθή, τοῖσ' ἐφασκ' εἶναι κράτος.
πρὸς νῦν σε κρηνῶν καὶ θεῶν ὀμογνῶν 
αἰτό πιθέσθαι καὶ παρεικαθεῖν, ἐπεὶ 
πτωχοὶ μὲν ἡμεῖς καὶ ξένοι, ξένοι δὲ σὺ.

αλλος δὲ θωπεύοντες οἴκομεν σὺ τε 
κάγω, τὸν αὐτὸν δαίμον' ἐξειληχότες.
ὁ δ' ἐν δόμοις τύραννος, ὁ τάλας ἐγὼ,
κοινῇ καθ' ἡμῶν ἐγγελῶν ἄβρυνεται: 
ὁν, εἰ σὺ τῆμη ξυμπαραστήσει φρενί,
βραχεῖ σὺν ὄγκῳ καὶ χρόνῳ διασκεδώ.
ὡςτ' ἐν δόμοισι τοῖσι σοῖς στήσω σ' ἄγων,
στήσω δ' ἐμαυτόν, κεῖναν ἕκβαλων βία.
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

Beleaguer all the plain that circles Thebes.
Foremost the peerless warrior, peerless seer,
Amphiaraüs with his lightning lance;
Next an Aetolian, Tydeus, Oeneus' son;
Eteocles of Argive birth the third;
The fourth Hippomedon, sent to the war
By his sire Talaos; Capaneus, the fifth,
Vaunts he will fire and raze the town; the sixth
Parthenopaeus, an Arcadian born
Named of that maid, longtime a maid and late
Espousèd, Atalanta's true-born child;
Last I thy son, or thine at least in name,
If but the bastard of an evil fate,
Lead against Thebes the fearless Argive host.
Thus by thy children and thy life, my sire,
We all adjure thee to remit thy wrath
And favour one who seeks a just revenge
Against a brother who has banned and robbed him.
For victory, if oracles speak true,
Will fall to those who have thee for ally.
So, by our fountains and familiar gods
I pray thee, yield and hear; a beggar I
And exile, thou an exile likewise; both
Involved in one misfortune find a home
As pensioners, while he, the lord of Thebes,
O agony! makes mock of thee and me.
I'll scatter with a breath the upstart's might,
And bring thee home again and stablish thee,
And stablish, having cast him out, myself.

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ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

καὶ ταῦτα σοῦ μὲν ἑννέκλοντος ἔστι μοι κομπεῖν, ἀνευ σοῦ δ’ οὐδὲ σωθῆναι σθένω.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τὸν ἄνδρα τοῦ πέμψαντος οὔνεκ’, Οἰδίπους, εἰπὼν ὁποία ἔμφορ’ ἔκπεμψαι πάλιν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἄλλ’ εἰ μέν, ἄνδρες, τῆςδε δημούχοι χθονὸς, μὴ ’τυχαῖν’ αὐτὸν δεύτερο προσπέμψας ἐμοὶ Θήσεις, δικαιῶν οὗτ’ ἐμοὶ κλέειν λόγους, οὐ τὰν ποτ’ ὁμφῆς τῆς ἐμῆς ἐπήσθετον νῦν δ’ ἀξιωθεῖς εἰσὶ κάκουσας γ’ ἐμοὶ τοιαύθ’ ἢ τὸν τούδ’ οὐ ποτ’ εὐφρανεί βίον’ ὃς γ’, ὃ κάκιστο, σκήπτητα καὶ ὑρόνους ἔχων, ἃ νῦν ὁ σὸς ξύναιμος εἰς Θήβαις ἔχει, τὸν αὐτὸς αὐτοῦ πατέρα τόνδ’ ἀπήλασας κάθηκας ἀπολύν καὶ στολὰς ταῦτας φορεῖν, ἃς νῦν δακρύεις εἰσορῶν, ὃτ’ ἐν πόνῳ ταῦτ’ ἑβηκὼς τυγχάνεις κακῶν ἐμοὶ. οὐ κλαυστὰ δ’ ἐστίν, ἄλλ’ ἐμοὶ μὲν οἰστέα τάδ’, ἔωσπερ ἄν ζῶ, σοῦ φονέως μεμνημένος· σὺ γὰρ μὲ μόχθῳ τῶν ἔθηκας ἐντροφον, σὺ μ’ ἔξεωσας, ἐκ σέθεν δ’ ἀλώμενος ἄλλους ἐπαιτῶ τὸν καθ’ ἡμέραν βίον. εἰ δ’ ἔξευσεν τᾶςδε μὴ ’μαντῶ τροφοῦς τὰς παιδὰς, ἥ τὰν οὐκ ἄν ἥ, τὸ σὸν μέρος νῦν δ’ αἰδεῖ μ’ ἐκοσφξουσιν, αἰδ’ ἐμαὶ τροφοί, αἰδ’ ἄνδρες, οὐ γυναῖκες, εἰς τὸ συμπονεῖν ὑμεῖς δ’ ἀπ’ ἄλλου κοῦ κάμοι πεφύκατον. τοῦγάρ σ’ ὁ δαίμων εἰσορᾶ μὲν οὐ τί πω ὡς αὐτίκ’, εἰπερ οἴδε κινοῦνται λόχοι πρὸς ἄστυ Θήβης. οὐ γὰρ ἔσθ’ ὁπως πόλιν
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

This with thy goodwill I will undertake,
Without it I can scarce return alive.

CHORUS
For the king's sake who sent him, Oedipus,
Dismiss him not without a meet reply.

OEDIPUS
Nay, worthy seniors, but for Theseus' sake
Who sent him hither to have word of me,
Never again would he have heard my voice;
But now he shall obtain this parting grace,
An answer that will bring him little joy.
O villain, when thou hadst the sovereignty
That now thy brother holdeth in thy stead,
Didst thou not drive me, thine own father, out,
An exile, cityless, and make me wear
This beggar's garb thou weepest to behold,
Now thou art come thyself to my sad plight?
Nothing is here for tears; it must be borne
By me till death, and I shall think of thee
As of my murderer; thou didst thrust me out;
'Tis thou hast made me conversant with woe,
Through thee I beg my bread in a strange land;
And had not these my daughters tended me
I had been dead for aught of aid from thee.
They tend me, they preserve me, they are men
Not women in true service to their sire;
But ye are bastards, and no sons of mine.
Therefore just Heaven hath an eye on thee;
Howbeit not yet with aspect so austere
As thou shalt soon experience, if indeed
These banded hosts are moving against Thebes.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

κείνην ἐρείψεις, ἀλλὰ πρόσθεν αἰματι
πεσεὶ μιανθεὶς χώ σύναιμος ἐξ ἱσοῦ.
τοιάσθ' ἁρᾶς σφόν πρόσθε τ' ἐξανῆκ' ἐγὼ
νῦν τ' ἀνακαλούμαι ξυμμάχους ἐλθεῖν ἐμοί,
ἐν' ἀξίωτον τοὺς φυτεύσαντας σέβειν
καὶ μη ἔτιμάζητον, εἰ τυφλοῦ πατρὸς
τοιῶδ' ἐφύτην' αἴδε γὰρ τάδ' οὐκ ἔδρων.
τοιγὰρ τὸ σὸν θάκημα καὶ τοὺς σοὺς θρόνους
κρατοῦσιν, εἰπέρ ἑστὼν ἢ παλαίφατος
Δίκη ἐξυνεδρὸς Ζηνὸς ἀρχαῖος νόμως.
σοῦ δ' ἔρρ' ἀπόπτυστὸς τε κάπατωρ ἐμοῦ,
κακῶν κάκιστη, τάσσει συλλαβῆς ἁρᾶς,
ἂς σοι καλοῦμαι, μήτε γῆς ἐμφυλίων
dόρει κρατήσαι μήτε νοστήσαι ποτε
tὸ κοίλον Ἀργος, ἀλλὰ συγγενεῖ χερὶ
θανεῖν κτανεῖν θ' ὑφ' οὔπερ ἐξελήλασιν.
τοιαύτ' ἄρωμαι καὶ καλῶ τὸ Ταρτάρου
στυνγὸν πατρῷον ἔρεβος, ὡς σ' ἀποικίσῃ,
kαλῶ δὲ τάσσει δαίμονας, καλῶ δ' Ἐρη
tὸν σφῶν τὸ δεινὸν μίσος ἐμβεβληκότα.
καὶ ταύτ' ἀκούσας στείχε, κάζαγγελ' ἱὼν
καὶ πᾶσι Καδμείοισὶ τοῖς σαυτοῦ θ' ἀμα
πιστοῖσι συμμάχουσιν, οὖνε' Οἰδίπους
τοιαύτ' ἐνειμε παισὶ τοῖς αὐτοῦ γέρα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

Πολύνεικες, οὕτε ταῖς παρελθοῦσαις ὄδοις
ξυνήδομαι σοι, νῦν τ' ἵθ' ὡς τάχος πάλιν.

ΠΟΛΤΝΕΙΚΗΣ

οἶμοι κελεύθοι τῆς τ' ἐμῆς δυσπραξίας,
οἶμοι δ' ἐταῖρων' οἶον ἀρ' ὀδοῦ τέλος
Ἀργοὺς ἀφορμήθημεν, ὡ τάλας ἐγώ,
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

That city thou canst never storm, but first
Shalt fall, thou and thy brother, blood-imbruued.
Such curse I lately launched against you twain,
Such curse I now invoke to fight for me,
That ye may learn to honour those who bare thee
Nor flout a sightless father who begat
Degenerate sons—these maidens did not so.
Therefore my curse is stronger than thy "throne,"
Thy "suppliance," if by right of laws eterne
Primeval Justice sits enthroned with Zeus.
Begone, abhorred, disowned, no son of mine,
Thou vilest of the vile! and take with thee
This curse I leave thee as my last bequest:—
Never to win by arms thy native land,
No, nor return to Argos in the Vale,
But by a kinsman's hand to die and slay
Him who expelled thee. So I pray and call
On the ancestral gloom of Tartarus
To snatch thee hence, on these dread goddesses
I call, and Ares who incensed you both
To mortal enmity. Go now proclaim
What thou hast heard to the Cadmeians all,
Thy staunch confederates—this the heritage
That Oedipus divideth to his sons.

CHORUS
Thy errand, Polynoeics, liked me not
From the beginning; now go back with speed.

POLYNÆICS
Woe worth my journey and my baffled hopes!
Woe worth my comrades! What a desperate end
To that glad march from Argos! Woe is me!

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ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

τοιούτων οίον οὖδὲ φωνήσαι τινί
έξεσθ’ ἔταϊρων, οὖδ’ ἀποστρέψαι πάλιν,
ἀλλ’ ὀντ’ ἀναυδόν τῇδε συγκύρσαι τύχῃ.
οὐ τοῦδ’ ὁμαιμοὶ παῖδες, ἀλλ’ ὑμεῖς, ἔπει
tὰ σκληρὰ πατρὸς κλύτε ταῦτ’ ἀρωμένου,
μὴ τοί με πρὸς θεῶν σφώ γ’, ἐὰν αἱ τοῦδ’ ἀραί
πατρὸς τελῶνται καὶ τις ύμῖν ἐς δόμους
νόστος γένηται, μὴ μ’ ἀτιμάσητέ γε,
ἀλλ’ ἐν τάφοις θέσθε κἀν κτερίσμασιν,
καὶ σφῶν οὐ νῦν ἐπαινος, δὲν κομίζετον
τοῦδ’ ἀνδρὸς οἷς πονεῖτον, οὐκ ἐλάσσονα
εἰτ’ ἄλλον οἴσει τῆς ἐμῆς ὑπουργίας.

ἈΝΤΙΓΩΝΗ
Πολύνεικες, ἱκετεύω σε πεισθήναι τί μοι.

ΠΟΛΤΝΕΙΚΗΣ
ὦ φιλτάτη, τὸ ποίον, Ἀντιγόνη; λέγε.

ἈΝΤΙΓΩΝΗ
στρέψαι στράτευμ’ ἐς Ἀργοὺς ὡς τάχιστα γε,
καὶ μὴ σὲ τ’ αὐτὸν καὶ πόλιν διεργασῇ.

ΠΟΛΤΝΕΙΚΗΣ
ἀλλ’ οὐχ οἶον τε πῶς γὰρ ἀδικεῖν πάλιν
στράτευμ’ ἀγομι ταῦτον, εἰσάπαξ τρέσας;

ἈΝΤΙΓΩΝΗ
τί δ’ ἀδικεῖ, ὃ παί, δεῖ σε θυμοῦσθαι; τί σοι
πάτραν κατασκάψαντες κέρδος ἔρχεται;

ΠΟΛΤΝΕΙΚΗΣ
αἰσχρὸν τὸ φεύγειν καὶ τὸ πρεσβεύοντ’ ἐμὲ
οὕτω γελᾶσθαι τοῦ κασιγνήτου πάρα.

ἈΝΤΙΓΩΝΗ
ὁ ὀρᾶς τὰ τοῦδ’ οὖν ὡς ὡς ὅρθων ἐκφέρει
μαντεύμαθ’, ὅς σφῶν θάνατον ἐξ ἀμφοῖν θροεῖ;
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

I dare not whisper it to my allies
Or turn them back, but mute must meet my doom.
My sisters, ye his daughters, ye have heard
The prayers of our stern father, if his curse should come to pass and ye some day return
To Thebes, O then disown me not, I pray,
But grant me burial and due funeral rites.
So shall the praise your filial care now wins
Be doubled for the service wrought for me.

ANTIGONE
One boon, O Polyneices, let me crave.

POLYNEICES
What would'st thou, sweet Antigone? Say on.

ANTIGONE
Turn back thy host to Argos with all speed,
And ruin not thyself and Thebes as well.

POLYNEICES
That cannot be. How could I lead again
An army that had seen their leader quail?

ANTIGONE
But, brother, why shouldst thou be wroth again?
What profit from thy country's ruin comes?

POLYNEICES
'Tis shame to live in exile, and shall I
The elder bear a younger brother's flouts?

ANTIGONE
Wilt thou then bring to pass his prophecies
Who threatens mutual slaughter to you both?
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ΠΟΛΤΝΕΙΚΗΣ
χρήζει γάρ ἡμῖν δ’ οὐχὶ συγχωρητέα.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ
οίμοι τάλαινα· τίς δὲ τολμήσει κλύων
τὰ τοῦδ’ ἐπεσθαί τάνδρος, ο’ ἐθέσπισεν;

ΠΟΛΤΝΕΙΚΗΣ
οὐκ ἀγγελοῦμεν φλαῦρ’ ἔπει στρατηλάτου
χρηστοῦ τὰ κρείσσω μηδὲ τάνδεά λέγειν.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ
οὕτως ἄρ’, ὡ παῖ, ταῦτά σοι δεδομένα;

ΠΟΛΤΝΕΙΚΗΣ
καὶ μὴ μ’ ἐπίσχης γ’ ἀλλ’ ἐμοί μὲν Ὑδ’ ὁδὸς
ἐσται μέλουσα δύσπρομος τε καὶ κακὴ
πρὸς τοῦδε πατρὸς τῶν τε τοῦδ’ ἐρμύνων
σφὼν δ’ εὐ διδοῖς Ζεὺς, τάδ’ εἰ θανόντι μοι
tελεῖτ’ ἐπεὶ οὐ μοι ξόντι γ’ αὖθις ἔξετον.
μέθεσθε δ’ ἡδ’ χαίρετον τ’ ὦ γάρ μ’ ἔτι
βλέποντ’ ἐσόψεσθ’ αὖθις.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ
ὡ τάλαιν’ ἔγω.

ΠΟΛΤΝΕΙΚΗΣ
μὴ τοῖ μ’ ὀδύρον.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ
καὶ τίς ἂν σ’ ὀρμῶμενον
εἰς προοπτοῦν’ Ἀδήνην οὐ καταστένοι, κάσι; 1440

ΠΟΛΤΝΕΙΚΗΣ
εἰ χρή, θανοῦμαι.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ
μὴ σὺ γ’, ἀλλ’ ἐμοὶ πιθοῦ.

ΠΟΛΤΝΕΙΚΗΣ
μὴ πείθ’ ἄ μὴ δεῖ.

1 MSS. τελείτε μοι | θανόντ’, Lobeck corr.
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

POLYNEICES
Aye, so he wishes:—but I must not yield.

ANTIGONE
O woe is me! but say, will any dare,
Hearing his prophecy, to follow thee?

POLYNEICES
I shall not tell it; a good general
Reports successes and conceals mishaps.

ANTIGONE
Misguided youth, thy purpose then stands fast!

POLYNEICES
'Tis so, and stay me not. The road I choose,
Dogged by my sire and his avenging spirit,
Leads me to ruin; but for you may Zeus
Make your path bright if ye fulfil my hest
When dead; in life ye cannot serve me more.
Now let me go, farewell, a long farewell!
Ye ne'er shall see my living face'again.

ANTIGONE
Ah me!

POLYNEICES
Bewail me not.

ANTIGONE
Who would not mourn
Thee, brother, hurrying to an open pit!

POLYNEICES
If I must die, I must.

ANTIGONE
Nay, hear me plead.

POLYNEICES
It may not be; forbear.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ
δυστάλαινά τάρ’ ἐγὼ,
eἰ σου στερθῶ.

ΠΟΛΥΝΕΙΚΗΣ
ταύτα δ’ ἐν τῷ δαίμονι
καὶ τήδε φῦναι χάτερα. σφώ δ’ οὐν ἐγὼ
θεοῖς ἀρώμαι μὴ ποτ’ ἀντήσαι κακῶν
ἀνάξιαι γὰρ πᾶσιν ἔστε δυστυχεῖν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
νέα τάδε νέοθεν ἠλθέ μοι στρ. α’. 1450
κακὰ βαρύπτοται παρ’ ἀλαοῦ ἤγον,
eἰ τι μοῖρα μὴ κυνχάνει.
μάταν1 γὰρ οὐδὲν ἄξιομα δαίμονών ἔχω
φράσαι.
ὀρᾷ ὅρᾳ ταύτ’ ἀεὶ χρόνος, στρέφον μὲν 2
ἔτερα,
tὰ δὲ παρ’ ἥμαρ αὐθίς αὐξών ἀνω.
ἐκτυπεν αἰθήρ, ὁ Ζεῦ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ
ὡ τέκνα τέκνα, πῶς ἂν, εἰ τις ἔντοτος,
tὸν πάντ’ ἀριστὸν δεύρο Θησέα πόροι;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ
πατέρ, τί δ’ ἐστὶ τάξιωμ’ ἐφ’ ὃ καλεῖς;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΤΣ
Δίὸς πτερωτὸς ἦδε μ’ αὐτικ’ ἄξεται
βροντὴ πρὸς "Αἰδην’ ἀλλὰ πέμψαθ’ ὡς τάχος.

1 μάτην MSS., Hermann corr.
2 ἐπεὶ MSS., Wecklein corr.
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

ANTIGONE

Then woe is me,
If I must lose thee.

POLYNEICES

Nay, that rests with fate,
Whether I live or die; but for you both
I pray to heaven ye may escape all ill;
For ye are blameless in the eyes of all.

[Exit POLYNEICES.

CHORUS

Ills on ills! no pause or rest!
Come they from our sightless guest?
Or haply now we see fulfilled
What fate long time hath willed?
For ne'er have I proved vain
Aught that the heavenly powers ordain.
Time with never sleeping eye
Watches what is writ on high,
Overthrowing now the great,
Raising now from low estate.
Hark! How the thunder rumbles! Zeus defend us!

OEDIPUS

Children, my children! will no messenger
Go summon hither Theseus my best friend?

ANTIGONE

And wherefore, father, dost thou summon him?

OEDIPUS

This winged thunder of the god must bear me
Anon to Hades. Send and tarry not.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ΧΟΡΟΣ
μέγας, ἰδε, μάλ’ ὅδ’ ἐρείπεται  ἀντ. α’
κτύπος ἀφατος διόβολος 1 ἐς δ’ ἀκραν
deιμ’ ὑπήλθε κρατός φόβαν.
ἐπτηξα θυμόν· οὐρανία γὰρ ἀστραπὴ φλέγει πάλιν.
tί μᾶν ἀφήσει τέλος; δέδοικα δ’· οὔ γὰρ ἄλιον
ἀφορμὰ ποτ’, οὐκ ἄνευ ξυμφορᾶς.
ὁ μέγας αἰθήρ, ὁ Ζεῦ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ὁ παῖδες, ἦκει τῶδ’ ἐπ’ ἀνδρὶ θέσφατος
βίου τελευτὴ κοὐκέτ’ ἐστ’ ἀποστροφῆ.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ
πῶς οἰσθα; τῷ δὲ τούτῳ συμβαλὼν ἔχεις;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
καλὸς κάτοικ’ ἀλλ’ ὡς τάχιστὰ μοι μολὼν
ἀνακτα χώρας τησδὲ τις πορευοματω.

ΧΟΡΟΣ  στρ. β’
ἐὰ ἔα, ἵδου μάλ’ αὕθις ἀμφίσταται διαπρύσιος
ὄτοβος.
ἐλαος, ὁ δαίμων, ἐλαος, εἰ τι γὰ
ματέρι τυχάνεις ἀφεγγῆς φέρων.
ἐναισίον δὲ σοῦ τύχοιμ, 2 μηδ’ ἀλαστον ἀνδρ’ ἰδὼν
ἀκερδη χάριν μετάσχοιμι πως. Ζεῦ ἄνα, σοι
φωνῶ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ἀρ’ ἐγγὺς ἀνήρ; ἀρ’ ἐτ’ ἐμψὺχον, τέκνα,
kιγῆσεται μοι καὶ κατορθοῦντος φρένα;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ
τί δ’ ἄν θέλοις τὸ πιστὸν ἐμφύναι φρενί;

1 MSS. ἰδε μάλα μέγας ἐρείπεται | κτύπος ἀφατος δδε διόβολος,
Jebb corr.
sυνεύχομαι MSS., Cobet corr.

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OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

CHORUS
Hark! with louder, nearer roar
The bolt of Zeus descends once more.
My spirit quails and cowers: my hair
Bristles for fear. Again that flare!
What doth the lightning-flash portend?
Ever it points to issues grave.
Dread powers of air! Save, Zeus, O save!

OEDIPUS
Daughters, upon me the predestined end
Has come; no turning from it any more.

ANTIGONE
How knowest thou? What sign convinces thee?

OEDIPUS
I know full well. Let some one with all speed
Go summon hither the Athenian prince.

CHORUS
Ha! once more the deafening sound
Peals yet louder all around.
If thou darkenest our land,
Lightly, lightly lay thy hand;
Grace, not anger, let me win,
If upon a man of sin
I have looked with pitying eye,
Zeus, our king, to thee I cry!

OEDIPUS
Is the prince coming? Will he when he comes
Find me yet living and my senses clear!

ANTIGONE
What solemn charge would'st thou impress on him?
ОІΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ОІΔΙΠΟΤΣ

ἀνθ᾽ ὄν ἔπασχον εὗ, τελεσφόρον χάριν
doύναι σφιν, ήπερ τυγχάνων ὑπεσχόμην.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἰδω ἰδω παῖ, βάθε βαθ', εἴτ' ἀκρα.

ὈΗΣΕΤΣ

τις αὖ παρ᾽ ὕμων κοινῶς ἥχεται κτύπος,
σαφῆς μὲν ἀστών, ἐμφανῆς δὲ τοῦ ξένου;
μὴ τις Δίως κεραυνὸς ἢ τις ὀμβρία
χάλαζ' ἐπιρράξασα; πάντα γὰρ θεοῦ
tοιαῦτα χειμάζουσος εἰκάσαι πάρα.

ΟІΔΙΠΟΤΣ

ἀναξ, ποθοῦντι προφάνης, καὶ σοι θεῶν
τύχην τις ἐσθλὴν τήσδ' ἐθηκε τῆς ὀδοῦ.

ΟΠΟΙΗΣΤΟΣ

ὁ ὑβίου μοι καὶ σ᾽ ἀπερ ἐνυήνεσα
θέλω πόλιν τε τῆνδε μὴ ψεύσας θανεῖν.

ὈΗΣΕΤΣ

τῷ δ᾽ ἐκπεπεισαὶ τοῦ μόρου τεκμηρίῳ;

1 MSS. ἵδω παὶ | βάθι βαθ' εἴτ' ἀκραν ἑπιγύαλων ἑναλίωι | Ποσειδωνίαι θεῶι Jebb corr.
2 Added by Triclinius.
3 MSS. αὐτῶν, Reiske corr.
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

OEDIPUS
For all his benefits I would perform
The promise made when I received them first.

CHORUS
Hither haste, my son, arise, (Ant. 2)
Altar leave and sacrifice,
If haply to Poseidon now
In the far glade thou pay'st thy vow.
For our guest to thee would bring
And thy folk an offering,
Thy due guerdon. Haste, O King!

Enter THESEUS.

THESEUS
Wherefore again this general din? at once
My people call me and the stranger calls.
Is it a thunderbolt of Zeus or sleet
Of arrowy hail? a storm so fierce as this
Would warrant all surmises of mischance:

OEDIPUS
Thou com'st much wished for, Prince, and sure some
god
Hath bid good luck attend thee on thy way.

THESEUS
What, son of Laïus, hath chanced of new?

OEDIPUS
My life hath turned the scale. I would do all
I promised thee and thine before I die.

THESEUS
What sign assures thee that thine end is near?
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
αυτοὶ θεὸι κήρυκες ἀγγέλλουσί μοι,
ψεύδοντες οὐδὲν σήμα τῶν προκειμένων.

ΘΗΣΕΤΣ
πῶς εἶπας, ὥ γεραιε, δηλούσθαι τάδε;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
αἱ πολλὰ βρονταὶ διατελεῖσ τὰ πολλὰ τε
στράψαντα χειρὸς τῆς ἀνικήτου βέλη.

ΘΗΣΕΤΣ
πείθεις μὲ πολλά γάρ σε θεσπίζονθ' ὄρῳ
κοῦ ψευδόφημα· χῶ τι χρῆ ποιεῖν λέγε.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ἐγὼ διδάξω τέκνον Διόνεως, ἄ σοι
γῆρος ἀλυπα τῇδε κεισται πόλει.
χώρον μὲν αὐτὸς αὐτίκ' ἔξηγήσομαι,
ἄθικτος ἠγητήρος, οὐ με χρῆ θανεῖν.
τοῦτον δὲ φράζε μή ποτ' ἀνθρώπων τινὲ,
μήθ' οὐ κέκευθε μήτ' ἐν ὦς κεῖται τόπους·
ὅς σοι πρὸ πολλῶν ἀσπίδων ἄλκην ὄδε
δορός τ' ἐπακτοῦ γειτονῶν ἄει τιθῇ.
ἀ δ' ἔξάγιστα μηδὲ κινεῖται λόγῳ,
αὐτὸς μαθήσει, κεῖσθ' ὅταν μόλης μόνος·
ὡς οὔτ' ἄν ἀστῶν τῶν ἀν ἐξείποιμὶ τῷ
οὔτ' ἄν τεκνοῦσι τοῖς ἐμοῖς, στέργειν ὄμως.
ἀλλ' αὐτὸς αἰεὶ σφίξε, χάταν εἰς τέλος
τοῦ ἔτη ἀφικνή, τῷ προσφέρτατῳ μόνῳ
σήμαν', ὁ δ' αἰεὶ τοπίοντι δεικνύω.
χοῦτως ἀδήμων τίμω ἐνοικήσεις πόλιν
σπαρτῶν ἀπ' ἀνδρῶν· αἰ δὲ μυρίαι πόλεις,
κἀν εὖ τίς οἰκή, ραδίως καθύβρισαν.
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

OEDIPUS
The gods themselves are heralds of my fate;
Of their appointed warnings nothing fails.

THENSEUS
How sayest thou they signify their will?

OEDIPUS
This thunder, peal on peal, this lightning hurled
Flash upon flash, from the unconquered hand.

THENSEUS
I must believe thee, having found thee oft
A prophet true; then speak what must be done.

OEDIPUS
O son of Aegeus, for this state will I
Unfold a treasure age cannot corrupt.
Myself anon without a guiding hand
Will take thee to the spot where I must end.
This secret ne’er reveal to mortal man,
Neither the spot nor whereabouts it lies,
So shall it ever serve thee for defence
Better than native shields and near allies.
But those dread mysteries speech may not profane
Thyself shalt gather coming there alone;
Since not to any of thy subjects, nor
To my own children, though I love them dearly,
Can I reveal what thou must guard alone,
And whisper to thy chosen heir alone,
So to be handed down from heir to heir.
Thus shalt thou hold this land inviolate
From the dread Dragon’s brood.\(^1\) The justest
State
By countless wanton neighbours may be wronged,

\(^1\) The Thebans sprung from the Dragon’s teeth sown by Cadmus.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

θεοι γὰρ εὐ μὲν, ὡσε δ' εἰσορῷσ', ὅταν
tὰ θεῖε ἥφεις τις εἰς τὸ μαίνεσθαι τραπῇ·
ὁ μη σὺ, τέκνον Αἰγέως, βούλου παθεῖν.
tὰ μὲν τοιαῦτ' οὖν εἰδὼ εκδιδάσκομεν.
χώρων δ', ἔπειγε γὰρ με τούκ θεοῦ παρὸν,
στείχωμεν ἥδη μηδ' ἐτ' ἐντρεπόμεθα.
ὡ παῖδει, ὥδ' ἔπεσθ' ἕγώ γὰρ ἤγεμὼν
σφῶν αὖ πέφασμαι καίνδος, ὀσπερ σφῶ πατρί.
χωρεῖτε καὶ μὴ ψαύτε', ἀλλ' ἐὰτε με
αὐτὸν τὸν ἱερὸν τύμβον ἐξευρεῖν, ἵνα
μοῖρ' ἀνδρὶ τῶδε τῇδε κρυφθῆναι χθωνί.
tῇδ' ὦδε, τῇδε βάτε' τῇδε γὰρ μ' ἄγει
'Ἑρμῆς ὁ πομπὸς ἢ τε νεφέρα θεός.
ὡ φῶς ἀφεγγές, πρόσθε ποῦ ποτ' ἡθ' ἐμὼν,
νῦν δ' ἐσχατῶν σου τοὐμῶν ἁπτεται δέμας.

Ηδὴ γὰρ ἔφη τὸν τελευταῖον βίον
kρύφου παρ' "Αἰδην. ἀλλά, φίλτατε ξένων,
αὐτὸς τε χώρα θ' ἤδε πρόσπολοι τε σοὶ
eὐδαιμονεῖς γένοισθε, κατ' εὐπραξία
μέμνησθέ μου θανόντος εὑρεῖς ἀεί.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

εἰ θέμις ἑστί μοι τὰν ἀφανὴ θεῶν
καὶ σὲ λυταὶς σεβλζεῖν,
ἐνικχὼν ἀναξ,
Αἴδωνεῦ Αἴδωνεῦ, λύσσωμαι
ἀπονα μὴτ' ἐπὶ 1 βαρναχεῖ
ξένων ἑξανύσαι
μόρῳ τὰν παγκευθῇ κάτω
νεκρῶν πλάκα καὶ Στύγιον δόμον.

1 L. μήτ' ἐπικόνφ, Wecklein corr.

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OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

For the gods, though they tarry, mark for doom
The godless sinner in his mad career.
Far from thee, son of Aegeus, be such fate!
Thou knowest, yet I would admonish thee.
But to the spot—the god within me goads—
Let us set forth nor longer hesitate.
Follow me, daughters, this way. Strange that I
Whom ye have led so long should lead you now.
Oh, touch me not, but let me all alone
Find out the sepulchre that destiny
Appoints me in this land. Hither, this way,
For this way Hermes leads, the spirit guide,
And Persephassa, empress of the dead.
O light, no light to me, but mine erewhile,
Now the last time I feel thee palpable,
For I am drawing near the final gloom
Of Hades. Blessing on thee, dearest friend,
On thee and on thy land and followers!
Live prosperus and in your happy state
Still for your welfare think on me, the dead.

[Exit THESEUS followed by ANTIGONE and ISMENE.

CHORUS
If mortal prayers are heard in hell, (Str.)
Hear, Goddess dread, invisible!
Monarch of the regions drear,
Aidoneus, hear, O hear!
By a gentle, tearless doom
Speed this stranger to the gloom,
Let him enter without pain
The all-shrouding Stygian plain.
ΩΙΩΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΤΙ

πολλῶν γὰρ ἂν καὶ μᾶταν
πημάτων ἰκνομένων
πάλιν σφε δαίμων δίκαιος αὔξοι.
ὡ χθόνιαι θεὰι σῶμα τ' ἀμαμάκοιν
θηρός, ὅ τι ἐν πύλαισι
tαισι πολυξένοις
eυνάσθαι κυνζείσθαι τ' ἐξ ἀντρων
ἀδάματον φύλακα παρ' 'Αída
λόγος αἰεὶν ἔχει;
tόν, ὃ Γὰς παῖ καὶ Ταρτάρου,
κατεύχομαι ἐν καθαρᾷ βῆμα
ὁμομείνῳ νερτέρας
τῷ ἔξω υκρῶν πλάκας;
σὲ τοι κικλῆσκω τόν αἰένυπτον.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ἀνδρες πολίται, ἐνυπομονᾶτος μὲν ἄν
τύχουμι λέξας Οἰδίπουν ὀλωλότα:
ἀ δ' ἦν τὰ πραγματ' ὀνθ' ὁ μύθος ὑπὲρ αἰεὶ
φράσαι πάρεστιν οὔτε τάργα ὀς' ἦν ἔκει.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὁλωλε γὰρ δύστηνος;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ὡς λειλοτάτα
κείνον τὸν ἄει βίοτον ἐξεπίστασο.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πῶς; ἄρα θεία κάποιῳ τάλας τύχῃ;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

tαῦτ' ἐστὶν ἐδὴ κάποθαιμάζαι πρέπον.
ὡς μὲν γὰρ ἐνθένδ' ἐφτε, καὶ σὺ ποὺ παρὼν
ἐξοίσθ', ὑφηγητήρος οὐδενὸς φίλων,
ἀλλ' αὐτὸς ἦμιν πᾶσιν ἐξηγούμενος.
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

Wrongfully in life oppressed,
Be he now by Justice blessed.

Queen infernal, and thou fell
Watch-dog of the gates of hell,
Who, as legends tell, dost glare,
Gnarling in thy cavernous lair
At all comers, let him go
Scathless to the fields below.
For thy master orders thus,
The son of earth and Tartarus;
In his den the monster keep,
Giver of eternal sleep.

Enter messenger.

Messerager

Friends, countrymen, my tidings are in sum
That Oedipus is gone, but the event
Was not so brief, nor can the tale be brief.

chorus

What, has he gone, the unhappy man?

Messerager

Know well
That he has passed away from life to death.

chorus

How? By a god-sent, painless doom, poor soul?

Messerager

Thy question hits the marvel of the tale.
How he moved hence, you saw him and must know;
Without a friend to lead the way, himself
Guiding us all. So having reached the abrupt

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VOL. 1.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ἐπεὶ δ᾽ ἀφίκτο τὸν καταρράκτην ὅδὸν χαλκοῖς βάθροισι γῆθεν ἐρριζωμένου, ἔστη κελεύθων ἐν πολυσχίστων μιᾶ, κούλου τέλας κρατήρος, οὐ τὰ Θησέως Περίθουν τε κεῖται πίστ᾽ ἀεὶ ξυνθήματα. ἀφ᾽ οὗ μέσος στὰς τοῦ τε Θορικίου πέτρου κούλης τ᾽ ἀγέρδου κατὸ λαῖνον τάφου, καθέξετ᾽. εἰτ᾽ ἐλυσε δυσπινεῖς στολάς. καπειτ᾽ αὗςας παιδᾶς ἰνώγει ρυτῶν ὑδάτων ἐνεγκείων λουτρά καὶ χοάς ποθεν· τῶ δ᾽ εὐχλῶσον Δήμητρος εἰς προσόψιον πάγου μολούσαι τάσδ᾽ ἐπιστολάς πατρὶ ταχεί πάρευσαν σὺν χρόνῳ, λουτροῖς τε νῦν ἐσθήτη τ᾽ ἐξήσκησαν ἢ νομίζεται. ἐπεὶ δὲ παντός εἰχὲ δρόωντος ἕδωντ᾽ 
κούκ ἢν ἐτ᾽ οὐδὲν ἄργον ὦν ἐφιέτο, κτύπησε μὲν Ζεὺς χθόνιος αἰ δὲ παρθένοι βλέπαν, ὡς ἰκουσαν· ἐς δὲ γοῦνατα πατρὸς πεσοῦσαι 'κλαιον οὐδ᾽ ἀνίεσαι στέρνων ἄραγμοις οὐδὲ παμμήχεις γόους. ὁ δ᾽ ὃς ἀκούει φθόγγον ἐξαίφνης πικρόν, πτύχοις ἐπ᾽ αὐταῖς χείρας εἶπεν· ὥ τέκνα, οὐκ ἔστ᾽ ἔθ᾽ ὑμῖν τηδ᾽ ἐν ἡμέρα πατήρ. ὅλωλε γὰρ δὴ πάντα τὰμά, κοῦκετι 
τὴν δυστόνητον ἔξετ᾽ ἀμφ᾽ ἐμοὶ τροφῆν 
σκληρὰν μὲν, οἶδα, παῖδες· ἀλλὰ ἐν γάρ μόνον 
τὰ πάντα λύει ταῦτ᾽ ἐπος μοχθήματα. 
τὸ γὰρ φιλεῖν οὐκ ἔστιν ἔξ ὁτου πλέον ἡ τούδε τάνδρος ἐσχεθ᾽, οὐ τητῶμεναι 
τὸ λοιπὸν ἦδη τὸν βίον διάξετον. 
τοιαῦτ᾽ ἐπ᾽ ἀλλήλοισιν ἀμφικείμενοι 
λύγην ἐκλαιον πάντες. ὡς δὲ πρὸς τέλος

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OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

Earth-rooted Threshold with its brazen stairs,
He paused at one of the converging paths,
Hard by the rocky basin which records
The pact of Theseus and Peirithoüs.
Betwixt that rift and the Thorician rock,
The hollow pear-tree and the marble tomb,
Midway he sat and loosed his beggar’s weeds;
Then calling to his daughters bade them fetch
Of running water, both to wash withal
And make libation; so they clomb the steep,
Demeter’s hill, who waters the green shoots;
And in brief space brought what their father bade,
Then laved and dressed him with observance due.
But when he had his will in everything,
And no desire was left unsatisfied,
It thundered from the netherworld; the maids
Shivered, and crouching at their father’s knees
Wept, beat their breast and uttered a long wail.
He, as he heard their sudden bitter cry,
Folded his arms about them both and said,
“My children, ye will lose your sire to-day,
For all of me has perished, and no more
Have ye to bear your long, long ministry;
A heavy load, I know, and yet one word
Wipes out all score of tribulations—love.
And love from me ye had—from no man more;
But now must live without me all your days.”
So clinging to each other sobbed and wept
Father and daughters both, but when at last
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

γόγων ἀφίκοντ' οὐδ' ἔτ' ὡρόρει βοή, ἢν μὲν σωπή· φθέγμα δ' ἑξαίφνης τινὸς θώμφερ ναυτός αὐτοῦ, ὡστε πάντας ὀρθίας στήσαι φόβῳ δείσαντας ἑξαίφνης τρίχας καλεί γαρ αὐτὸν πολλὰ πολλαχῇ θεῶς· ὁ οὖτος οὖτος, Οἰδίπος, τί μέλλομεν χωρεῖν; πάλαι δ' ἡ τάπο σοῦ βραδύνεται. ὃ δ' ὡς ἔπησθε, ἐκ τοῦ θεοῦ καλούμενος, αὐτὰ μολέιν ὁ γῆς ἄνακτα Θησέα.

καὶ πεί προσήλθεν, εἶπεν· ὁ φίλον κάρα, δός μοι χερὸς σής πίστιν ὀρκίαν τέκνοις, ὑμεῖς τε, παῖδες, τόδε· καὶ καταίνεσον μὴ ποτε προδώσειν τάσο ἐκόν, τελεῖν δ' ὧς 'ἄν μέλλησι φρονῶν εὐξημφέροντ' αὐταῖς ἄει· ὃ δ', ὡς ἀνὴρ γενναίος, οὐκ οἰκτοῦ μέτα κατήνεσεν τάδ' ὀρκίος δράσεις ἔνρω. ὅπως δὲ ταῦτ' ἐδρασεν, εὐθὺς Οἰδίπος ψαύσασα ἀμαυραῖς χερσίν ὅν παίδων λέγει· ὃ παίδε, τλάσας χρῆ τὸ γενναῖον φρεῖν χωρεῖν τόσων ἐκ τῶν νεί, μηδ' ὃ μὴ θέμις λεύσετε δικαίους μηδὲ φωνοῦτον κλύειν. ἀλλ' ἔρπεθ' ὡς τάχιστα· πλὴν ο κύριος Θησέως παρέστω μανθάνω τὰ δρόμεα. τοσαῦτα φωνήσαντος εἰςηκούσαμεν ξύμπαντες· ἀστακτὶ δὲ σύν ταῖς παρθένοις στένοντες ὀμαρτοῦμεν. ὡς δ' ἀπῆλθομεν, χρόνῳ βραχεὶ στραφέντες ἐξαπείδομεν τοὺς ἄνδρα τὸν μὲν οὐδαμοῦ παρόντ' ἔτι, ἄνακτα δ' αὐτῶν ὀμμάτων ἐπίσκιον χείρ' ἀντέχουσα κρατός, ὡς δεινὸς τῶν φόβου φανέντος οὐδ' ἀνασχέτοι βλέπειν. ἔπειτα μέντοι βαιῶν οὐδὲ σύν χρόνῳ
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

Their mourning had an end and no wail rose,
A moment there was silence; suddenly
A voice that summoned him; with sudden dread
The hair of all stood up and all were ’mazed;
For the call came, now loud, now low, and oft.
"Oedipus, Oedipus, why tarry we?
Too long, too long thy passing is delayed."
But when he heard the summons of the god,
He prayed that Theseus might be brought, and when
The Prince came nearer: "O my friend," he cried,
"Pledge ye my daughters, giving thy right hand—
And, daughters, give him yours—and promise me
Thou never wilt forsake them, but do all
That time and friendship prompt in their behoof."
And he of his nobility repressed
His tears and swore to be their constant friend.
This promise given, Oedipus put forth
Blind hands and laid them on his children, saying,
"O children, prove your true nobility
And hence depart nor seek to witness sights
Unlawful or to hear unlawful words.
Nay, go with speed; let none but Theseus stay,
Our ruler, to behold what next shall hap."
So we all heard him speak, and weeping sore
We companied the maidens on their way.
After brief space we looked again, and lo
The man was gone, evanished from our eyes;
Only the king we saw with upraised hand
Shading his eyes as from some awful sight,
That no man might endure to look upon.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΔΩΝΩΙ

όρωμεν αυτόν γήν τε προσκυνοῦνθ' ἀμα
καὶ τὸν θεῶν "Ολυμποῦν ἐν ταύτῳ λόγῳ.
μόρφω δ᾽ ὁποίῳ κεῖνος ὥλητ', οὐδὲ ἀν εἰς
θυμητῶν φράσειε' πλήν τὸ Θησέως κάρα.
οὐ γὰρ τις αὐτὸν οὔτε πυρφόρος θεοῦ
κεραυνὸς ἐξέπραξεν οὔτε ποντία
θυελλὰ κινηθείσα τῷ τῶν ἐν χρόνῳ,
ἀλλ' ἂ ν τις ἐκ θεῶν πομπὸς ἢ τὸ νερτέρων
eὖνοι διαστάν γῆς ἀλύπητον βάθρον.
ἀνὴρ γὰρ οὐ στενακτὸς οὔδὲ σὺν νόσοις
ἀλγεινὸς ἐξεπέμπετ' ἀλλ' εἰ τις βροτῶν
θαυμαστός. εἰ δὲ μὴ δοκῶ φρονῶν λέγειν,
οὐκ ἄν παρείμην οἴσι μὴ δοκῶ φρονεῖν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
ποῦ δ' αἳ τε παῖδες χοί προπέμψαντες φίλων;
ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
αἴδ' οὖν ἐκάς· γόνων γὰρ οὐκ ἄσήμονες
φθόγγοι σφε σημαίνουσι δεὺρ' ὀρμομένας.

ΑΝΤΙΓΩΝΗ
αἰαὶ, φεῦ, ἔστιν ἔστι νῦν δὴ
οὐ τὸ μέν, ἄλλο δὲ μή, πατρὸς ἐμφυτον
ἀλαστὸν αἴμα δυσμόροι στενάζειν,
ἡμιν τὸν πολὺν
ἀλλοτέ μὲν πόνου ἐμπεδοὺ εἴχομεν,
ἐν πυμάτῳ δ' ἀλογίστα παροίσομεν
ιδόντε καὶ παθόντε.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
τί δ' ἔστιν;

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OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

A moment later, and we saw him bend
In prayer to Earth and prayer to Heaven at once.
But by what doom the stranger met his end
No man save Theseus knoweth. For there fell
No fiery bolt that rent him in that hour,
Nor whirlwind from the sea, but he was taken.
It was a messenger from heaven, or else
Some gentle, painless cleaving of earth's base;
For without wailing or disease or pain
He passed away—an end most marvellous.
And if to some my tale seems foolishness
I am content that such could count me fool.

CHORUS
Where are the maids and their attendant friends?

MESSENER
They cannot be far off; the approaching sound
Of lamentation tells they come this way.
Enter ANTIGONE and ISMENE.

ANTIGONE
Woe, woe! on this sad day
We sisters of one blasted stock
Must bow beneath the shock,
Must weep and weep the curse that lay
On him our sire, for whom
In life, a life-long world of care
'Twas ours to bear,
In death must face the gloom
That wraps his tomb.
What tongue can tell
That sight ineffable?

CHORUS
What mean ye, maidens?
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ἔστιν μὲν εἰκάσαι, φίλοι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

βέβηκεν;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ὡς μάλιστ' ἂν ἐν πόθῳ λάβοις.

τι γάρ, ὅτῳ μήτ' Ἀρης

μήτε πόντος ἀντέκυρσέν,

ἀσκοποὶ δὲ πλάκες ἐμαργάν

ἐν ἀφανεὶ τινι μόρῳ φερόμενον.

τάλαινα. νῦν δ' ὀδερθία

νῦξ ἐπ' ὄμμασιν βέβακε.

πῶς γὰρ ἢ τιν' ἀπίαν

γὰν ἢ πόντιον κλύδων' ἀλώμεναι, βίον δύσοιστον

ἐξομεν τροφάν;

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

οὗ κάτοιχα. κατὰ με φόνος

'Αἴδας ἔλοι πατρὶ ξυνθανείν γεραιὼ

τάλαιναν, ὡς ἐμοιγ' ὁ μέλλων βίος σὺ βιωτός.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὡ διδύμα τέκνων ἀρίστα,

τὸ φέρον ἐκ θεοῦ φέρειν, 

μηδὲν ἄγαν φλέγεσθον' οὐ τοι κατάμεμπτ'

ἐβητον.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

πόθος τοι 2 καὶ κακῶν ἄρ' ἢν τις. ἀντ. α'.

καὶ γὰρ ὁ μηδαμὰ δὴ φίλον ἢν φίλον, 3

ὀπότε γε καὶ τὸν ἐν χερῶν κατείχων.

ὁ πάτερ, ὁ φίλος,

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1 In MSS. καλῶς, φέρειν χρῆ, Hermann omits καλῶς and χρῆ.
2 τοι added by Hartung.
3 L. τὸ φίλον φίλον, Brunck. corr.

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OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

ANTIGONE
All is but surmise.

CHORUS
Is he then gone?

ANTIGONE
Gone as ye most might wish.

Not in battle or sea storm,
But reft from sight,
By hands invisible borne
To viewless fields of night.
Ah me! on us too night has come,
The night of mourning. Whither roam
O'er land or sea in our distress
Eating the bread of bitterness?

ISMENE
I know not. O that Death
Might nip my breath,
And let me share my aged father's fate.
I cannot live a life thus desolate.

CHORUS
Best of daughters, worthy pair,
What Heaven brings ye needs must bear,
Fret no more 'gainst Heaven's will;
Fate hath dealt with you not ill. (Ant. 1)

ANTIGONE
Love can turn past pain to bliss,
What seemed bitter now is sweet.
Ah me! that happy toil to miss,
The guidance of those dear blind feet.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ὁ τὸν ἄει κατὰ γὰς σκότον εἰμένος.
oüde γ' ἐνερθ' ἀφίλητος ἐμοί ποτε καὶ τὰδε μὴ κυρήσης.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἐπραξεν;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ἐπραξεν οἷον ἦθελεν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

tὸ ποίον;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ἄς ἐχρησὲ γὰς ἐπὶ ξένας ἔθανε· κοίταν δ’ ἔχει νέρθεν εὐσκίαστον αἰέν,
oüde πένθος ἔλπ’ ἀκλαυτον.
ἀνὰ γὰρ ὄμμα σε τὸδ’, ὁ πάτερ, ἐμὸν στενεὶ δακρύς, οüδ’ ἔχω πῶς με χρῆ τὸ σὸν τάλαιναν ἀφανίσαι τοσὸν’ ἄχος.
ἀμοι, γὰς ἐπὶ ξένας θανεῖν ἐχρησὲς ἀλλ’ ἐρήμος ἔθανε σῶδε μοι.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

ὁ τάλαινα, τίς ἀρα με πότμος αὐθις ὥδ’

ἐπαμμένει σὲ τ’, ὁ φίλα, τὰς πατρὸς ὥδ’ ἐρήμας;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἄλλ’ ἐπεὶ ὀλβίως γ’ ἐλυσεν τὸ τέλος, ὁ φίλαι, βίον,
λήγετε τούδ’ ἄχους· κακῶν γὰρ δυσάλωτος οὐδείς.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

πάλιν, φίλα, συνθώμεν.

στρ. Β’

1 οüδὲ γέρων. MSS., Wecklein corr.

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OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

Dear father, wrapt for aye in nether gloom,
    E'en in the tomb
Never shalt thou for lack of love repine,
    Her love and mine.

CHORUS

His fate—

ANTIGONE
Is even as he planned.

CHORUS

How so?

ANTIGONE
He died, so willed he, in a foreign land.
Lapped in kind earth he sleeps his long last sleep,
    And o'er his grave friends weep.
How great our loss these streaming eyes can tell,
    This sorrow nought can quell.
Thou hadst thy wish 'mid strangers thus to die,
    But I, ah me, not by.

ISMENE

Alas, my sister, what new fate
*   *   *   *   *
*   *   *   *   *
Befalls us orphans desolate?

CHORUS

His end was blessed; therefore, children, stay
Your sorrow. Man is born to fate a prey.

ANTIGONE

Sister, let us back again.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ
ως τί ρέξομεν;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ
ιμερός ἔχει με.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ
τίς;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ
τὰν χθόνιον ἑστίαν ἱδεῖν

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ
tίνος;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ
πατρός, τάλαιν’ ἐγώ.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ
θέμω δὲ πῶς τά’ ἐστί; μῶν

Oὐχ ὀρᾶς;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ
τί τόδ’ ἐπέπληξεν;

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ
καὶ τόδ’, ὡς

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ
τί τόδε μάλ’ αὐθίς;

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ
ἄταφος ἐπιτυχ δίχα τε παντός.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ
ἄγε με, καὶ τὸτ’ ἑπενάριξον.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ
αιαῖ, δυστάλαινα, ποῦ δήτ’

αὐθίς ὡδ’ ἔρημος ἀπορος

αἰώνα τλάμον’ ἔξω;

ΧΟΡΟΣ
φίλαι, τρέσητε μηδέν.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ἀλλὰ ποί φύγω;

1730

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OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

ISMENE
Why return?

ANTIGONE
My soul is fain—

ISMENE
Is fain?

ANTIGONE
To see the earthy bed.

ISMENE
Sayest thou?

ANTIGONE
Where our sire is laid.

ISMENE
Nay, thou can'st not; dost not see—

ANTIGONE
Sister, wherefore wroth with me?

ISMENE
Know'st not—beside—

ANTIGONE
More must I hear?

ISMENE
Tombless he died, none near.

ANTIGONE
Lead me thither; slay me there.

ISMENE
How shall I unhappy fare,
Friendless, helpless, how drag on
A life of misery alone?

CHORUS
Fear not, maids—

ANTIGONE
Ah, whither flee?

(Ant. 2)
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ΧΟΡΟΣ
καὶ πάρος ἀπέφυγε
ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ
τί;

ΧΟΡΟΣ
τὰ σφῶν τὸ µὴ πίνειν κακῶς.
ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ
φρονῶ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
τί δῆθ' ὁπερ νοεῖς;
ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ
ὅπως μολούμεθ' ἐς δόμους
οὐκ ἔχω.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
μηδὲ γε μάτευε.
ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ
μόγος ἔχει.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
καὶ πάρος ἐπεῖχε.
ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ
τοτὲ µὲν ἀπορα, τοτὲ δ' ὑπερθεν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
μέγ' ἀρα πέλαγος ἐλαχετῶν τι.
ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ
ναι ναί.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
ξύμφημι καύτος.
ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ
αιαῖ, ποί µόλωμεν, ὦ Ζεῦ;
ἐλπίδων γὰρ ἐς τίν' ἔτι µε
dαίµων ταῦταν γ' ἔλαύνει;
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

CHORUS
Refuge hath been found.

ANTIGONE
For me?

CHORUS
Where thou shalt be safe from harm.

ANTIGONE
I know it.

CHORUS
Why then this alarm?

ANTIGONE
How again to get us home
I know not.

CHORUS
Why then roam?

ANTIGONE
Troubles whelm us—

CHORUS
As of yore.

ANTIGONE
Worse than what was worst before.

CHORUS
Sure ye are driven on the breakers' surge.

ANTIGONE
Alas! we are.

CHORUS
Alas! 'tis so.

ANTIGONE
Ah whither turn, O Zeus? No ray
Of hope to cheer the way
Whereon the fates our desperate voyage urge.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ΘΗΣΕΤΣ
παύετε θρήνων, παιδείς· ἐν οἷς γὰρ
χάρις ἡ χθονία ξύν' ἀπόκειται,
pενθεῖν οὐ χρῆ· νέμεσις γὰρ.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ
ὡ τέκνον Αἰγέως, προσπίτνομεν σοι.

ΘΗΣΕΤΣ
τίνος, ὡ παιδεῖς, χρείας ἀνύσαι;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ
τύμβων θέλομεν προσιδεῖν αὐταῖ
πατρὸς ἤμετέρου.

ΘΗΣΕΤΣ
ἀλλ’ οὐ θεμιτῶν.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ
πῶς εἶπας, ἄναξ, κύριαν Ἡθηνών;

ΘΗΣΕΤΣ
ὤ παιδεῖς, ἀπεἵπεν ἐμοὶ κείνος
μήτε πελάξειν ἐς τούσδε τόπους
μήτ’ ἐπιφωνεῖν μηδένα θυντῶν
θήκην ἵεράν, ἢν κείνος ἤχει.
καὶ ταυτά μ’ ἐφή πράσσουσα καλῶς
χώραν ἔξευν αἰέν ἄλυπον.
ταύτ’ οὖν ἐκλυεν δαίμων ἡμῶν
χῶ πάντ’ ἀίων Δίὸς ὅρκος.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ
ἀλλ’ εἰ τάδ’ ἤχει κατὰ νοῦν κεῖνος,
tαύτ’ ἀν ἀπαρκοῖ. Ὁ ἤβας δ’ ἡμᾶς
tὰς ὑγιείους πέμψων, έαν πως
διακωλύσωμεν ἵνα βόνων
tοῖσιν ὀμαίμοις.
Enter THESEUS.

THESEUS

Dry your tears; when grace is shed
On the quick and on the dead
By dark Powers beneficent,
Over-grief they would resent.

ANTIGONE

Aegaeus' child, to thee we pray.

THESEUS

What the boon, my children, say.

ANTIGONE

With our own eyes we fain would see
Our father's tomb.

THESEUS

That may not be.

ANTIGONE

What say'st thou, King?

THESEUS

My children, he

Charged me straitly that no mortal
Should approach the sacred portal,
Or greet with funeral litanies
The hidden tomb wherein he lies;
Saying, "If thou keepest my hest
Thou shalt hold thy realm at rest."
The God of Oaths this promise heard,
And to Zeus I pledged my word.

ANTIGONE

Well, if he would have it so,
We must yield. Then let us go
Back to Thebes, if yet we may
Heal this mortal feud and stay
The self-wrought doom
That drives our brothers to their tomb.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ΘΗΣΕΣ
δράσω καὶ τάδε καὶ πάνθε' ὅπως' ἀν καὶ τῷ κατὰ γῆς, ὅς νέου ἔρρει, πρὸς χάριν· οὖ δεῖ μ' ἀποκάμνειν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
ἀλλ' ἀποπαύετε μηδ' ἐπὶ πλείω θρήνον ἐγείρετεν. πάντως γὰρ ἔχει τάδε κύρος.
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

THESEUS
Go in peace; nor will I spare
Ought of toil and zealous care,
But on all your needs attend,
Gladdening in his grave my friend.

CHORUS
Wail no more, let sorrow rest,
All is ordered for the best.
ARGUMENT

Antigone, daughter of Oedipus, the late king of Thebes, in defiance of Creon who rules in his stead, resolves to bury her brother Polyneices, slain in his attack on Thebes. She is caught in the act by Creon's watchmen and brought before the king. She justifies her action, asserting that she was bound to obey the eternal laws of right and wrong in spite of any human ordinance. Creon, unrelenting, condemns her to be immured in a rock-hewn chamber. His son Haemon, to whom Antigone is betrothed, pleads in vain for her life and threatens to die with her. Warned by the seer Teiresias Creonrepents him and hurries to release Antigone from her rocky prison. But he is too late: he finds lying side by side Antigone who has hanged herself and Haemon who also has perished by his own hand. Returning to the palace he sees within the dead body of his queen who on learning of her son's death has stabbed herself to the heart.
ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΡΑΜΑΤΟΣ ΠΡΟΣΩΠΑ

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ
ΙΣΜΗΝΗ
ΧΟΡΩΣ
ΚΡΕΩΝ
ΦΥΛΑΞ
ΑΙΜΩΝ
ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ
ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
ΕΤΡΤΔΙΚΗ
ΕΞΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
Dramatis Personae

Antigone, daughters of Oedipus and sisters of Polynices and Eteocles.
Creon, King of Thebes.
Haemon, son of Creon, betrothed to Antigone.
Eurydice, wife of Creon.
Teiresias, the prophet.
Chorus, of Theban Elders.
A Watchman.
A Messenger.
A Second Messenger,
ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

'Ω κοινὸν αὐτάδελφον Ἰσμήνης κάρα, 
ἀρ’ οἶσθ’ ὁ τί Ζεὺς τῶν ἀπ’ Οἰδίπου κακῶν
ὀποίον οὐχὶ νῦν ἔτι ξώσαιν τελεῖ;
οὐδὲν γὰρ οὔτ’ ἀλγεινὸν οὔτ’ ἄτης ἄτερ
οὔτ’ αἰσχρὸν οὔτ’ ἄτιμον ἔσθ’, ὁποῖον οὐ
tῶν σῶν τε κάμων οὐκ ὡπώπ’ ἔγω κακῶν.
καὶ νῦν τότ’ αὖ φασι πανδήμωρ πόλει
κήρυγμα θείναι τῶν στρατηγῶν ἄρτιος;
ἐχεῖς τι κείσκουσας; ἦ σε λανθάνει
πρὸς τοὺς φίλους στείχοντα τῶν ἐχθρῶν κακά;

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

ἔμοι μὲν οὐδέσι μῦθος, Ἀντιγόνη, φίλων
οὐθ’ ἤδος οὔτ’ ἀλγεινὸς ἵκετ’ ἐξ οὗτο
δυοίν ἀδελφοίν ἐστερήθημεν δύο,
μᾶθανόντων ἡμέρα διπλῆ χερί.
ἐπεὶ δὲ φρουδὸς ἔστιν Ἀργείων στρατὸς
ἐν νυκτί τῇ νυν, οὐδὲν οἶδ’ ὑπέρτερον,
οὔτ’ εὐτυχοῦσα μᾶλλον οὔτ’ ἀτωμένη.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ηδὴ καλῶς, καὶ σ’ ἐκτὸς αὐλείαν πυλῶν
τοῦ’ οὖνεκ’ ἐξεπεμπον, ὡς μόνη κλύοις.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

tί δ’ ἔστι; δῆλοις γὰρ τι καλχαίνουσ’ ἔπος.
ANTIGONE

Antigone and Ismene before the Palace gates.

ANTIGONE

Ismene, sister of my blood and heart,
See'st thou how Zeus would in our lives fulfil
The weird of Oedipus, a world of woes!
For what of pain, affliction, outrage, shame,
Is lacking in our fortunes, thine and mine?
And now this proclamation of to-day
Made by our Captain-General to the State,
What can its purport be? Didst hear and heed,
Or art thou deaf when friends are banned as foes?

ISMENE

To me, Antigone, no word of friends
Has come, or glad or grievous, since we twain
Were reft of our two brethren in one day
By double fratricide; and since i' the night
Our Argive leaguers fled, no later news
Has reached me, to inspirit or deject.

ANTIGONE

I knew 'twas so, and therefore summoned thee
Beyond the gates to breathe it in thine ear.

ISMENE

What is it? Some dark secret stirs thy breast.
ANTIGONH

ANTIGONH

οὐ γὰρ τάφου νῦν τῷ κασιγνήτῳ Κρέων
tὸν μὲν προτίσας, τὸν δὲ ἀτιμάσας ἔχει;
'Ετεοκλέα μὲν, ὡς λέγουσι, σὺν δίκης
χρῆσει δικαία καὶ νόμον ἓκρυψε τοῖς ἐνερθεὶς ἐντιμοὺς νεκροῖς:
tὸν δὲ ἀθλίως θανόντα Πολυνείκους νέκυν
ἀστοιαὶ φασίν ἐκκεκηρύχθαι τὸ μὴ
tάφῳ καλύψαι μηδὲ κωκῦσαι τίνα.

30

ἐάν δὲ ἀκλαυτοῦν, ἄταφον, οἶνον ὑγρὸν θησαυρὸν εἰσορῶσι πρὸς χάριν βορᾶς.
tοιαυτὰ φασὶ τὸν ἄγαθὸν Κρέοντα σοι
κάμοι, λέγω γὰρ κάμε, κηρύξαντ' ἔχειν,
kαὶ δεῦρο νεῦσαι ταῦτα τοῖς μὴ εἰδόσιν
σαφῆ προκηρύξοντα, καὶ τὸ πράγμα ἄγειν

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οὔχ ὡς παρὶ οὔδεν, ἀλλ' ὅσ' ἄν τούτων τι δρᾷ,
φόνον προκεῖσθαι δημόλευστον ἐν πόλει.

30

οὕτως ἔχει σοι ταῦτα, καὶ δεῖξεις τάχα
eἰτ' εὐγενῆς πέφυκας εἰτ' ἐσθλῶν κακῆ.

IΣΜΗΝΗ

τί δ', ὦ ταλαίφρον, εἶ τάδ' ἐν τούτωι, ἐγὼ

40

λύνοισ' ἄν ἡ 'φάπτουσα προσθείμην πλέον;

ANTIGONH

εἰ ξυμπονήσεις καὶ ξυνεργάσει σκόπει.

IΣΜΗΝΗ

ποῖον τι κινδύνευμα; ποῦ γνώμης ποτ' εἰ;

ANTIGONH

εἰ τὸν νεκρὸν ξύν τῇδε κουφιέϊς χερί.

1 σὺν δίκη δικαίᾳ χρησθῆσαι καὶ νόμῳ, emended by G. H. Müller
and R. Jebb.
ANTIGONE

ANTIGONE
What but the thought of our two brothers dead, 
The one by Creon graced with funeral rites, 
The other disappointed? Eteocles 
He hath consigned to earth (as fame reports) 
With obsequies that use and wont ordain, 
So gracing him among the dead below. 
But Polyneices, a dishonoured corse, 
(So by report the royal edict runs) 
No man may bury him or make lament— 
Must leave him tombless and unwept, a feast 
For kites to scent afar and swoop upon. 
Such is the edict (if report speak true) 
Of Creon, our most noble Creon, aimed 
At thee and me, aye me too; and anon 
He will be here to promulgate, for such 
As have not heard, his mandate; 'tis in sooth 
No passing humour, for the edict says 
Whoe'er transgresses shall be stoned to death. 
So stands it with us; now 'tis thine to show 
If thou art worthy of thy blood or base.

ISMENE
But how, my rash, fond sister, in such case 
Can I do anything to make or mar?

ANTIGONE
Say, wilt thou aid me and abet? Decide.

ISMENE
In what bold venture? What is in thy thought?

ANTIGONE
Lend me a hand to bear the corpse away.
ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

ἡ γὰρ νοεῖς θάπτειν σφ', ἀπόρρητον πόλει;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

τὸν γοῦν ἐμὸν καὶ τὸν σὸν, ἦν σὺ μὴ θέλης, ἀδελφόν· οὔ γὰρ δὴ προδοῦσ' ἀλώσομαι.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

ὡ σχετλία, Κρέοντος ἀντειρηκότος;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ἀλλ' οὐδὲν αὐτῷ τῶν ἐμῶν μ' εἰργεῖν μέτα.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

οἴμοι· φρόνησον, ὡς κασιγυήτη, πατήρ ὦς νῦν ἀπεχθῆς δυσκλεής τ' ἀπώλετο, πρὸς αὐτοφόρων ἀμπλακημάτων διπλᾶς ὄψεις ἀράξας αὐτὸς αὐτοῦργο φερι· ἔπειτα μήτηρ καὶ γυνή, διπλῶν ἔπος, πλεκταῖσιν ἀρτάναισι λωβᾶται βίον· τρίτον δ' ἀδελφὸ δύο μάλα καθ' ἧμέραν αὐτοκτονοῦντε τῶ ταλαιπώρῳ μόρον κοινὸν κατειργάσαντ' ἐπαλλήλους χειροῖν. νῦν δ' αὖ μόνα δὴ νῦ λελειμμένα σκότει ὅσω κάκιστ' ὀλούμηθ', εἰ νόμον βία ψήφου τυράννων ἡ κράτη παρέξεμεν. ἀλλ' ἐννοεῖν χρή τοῦτο μὲν γυναῖχ' ὅτι ἔφυμεν, ὡς πρὸς ἄνδρας οὖ μαχουμένα· ἔπειτα δ' οὖνεκ' ἀρχόμεσθ' ἐκ κρεισσόνων, καὶ ταῦτ' ἄκοιные κατι τῶν ἀλγίωνα. ἐγὼ μὲν οὖν αὐτοῦρσα τοὺς ὑπὸ χθονὸς ἔγγυγγοιν ἱσχεῖν, ὡς βιάζομαι τάδε, τοῖς ἐν τέλει βεβοῦσι πεῖσομαι· τὸ γὰρ περισσὰ πράσσειν οὐκ ἔχει νοῦν οὐδένα.
ANTIGONE

ISMENE
What, bury him despite the interdict?

ANTIGONE
My brother, and, though thou deny him, thine.
No man shall say that I betrayed a brother.

ISMENE
Wilt thou persist, though Creon has forbid?

ANTIGONE
What right has he to keep me from my own?

ISMENE
Bethink thee, sister, of our father’s fate,
Abhorred, dishonoured, self-convinced of sin,
Blinded, himself his executioner.
Think of his mother-wife (ill-sorted names)
Done by a noose herself had twined to death.
And last, our hapless brethren in one day,
Both in a mutual destiny involved,
Self-slaughtered, both the slayer and the slain.
Bethink thee, sister, we are left alone;
Shall we not perish wretchedest of all,
If in defiance of the law we cross
A monarch’s will?—weak women, think of that,
Not framed by nature to contend with men.
Remember this too that the stronger rules;
We must obey his orders, these or worse.
Therefore I plead compulsion and entreat
The dead to pardon. I perforce obey
The powers that be. ’Tis foolishness, I ween,
To overstep in aught the golden mean.
ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ
οὔτ' ἂν κελεύσαιμ' οὔτ' ἂν, εἰ θέλοις ἐτι πράσσειν, ἐμοῦ γ’ ἂν ἢδέως δρόθης μέτα. ἀλλ’ ἵσθι’ ὅποιά σοι δοκεῖ, κεῖνον δ' ἐγὼ θάψω. καλὸν μοι τοῦτο ποιοῦσῃ θανεῖν. φίλη μετ’ αὐτοῦ κείσομαι, φίλου μέτα, ὅσια πανουργήσασ’. ἐπεὶ πλεῖον χρόνος ὅν δεῖ μ’ ἀρέσκειν τοῖς κάτω τῶν ἐνθάδε. ἐκεῖ γὰρ αἰεὶ κείσομαι. σὺ δ’, εἰ δοκεῖ, τὰ τῶν θεῶν ἐντιμ’ ἀτιμάσασ’ ἐχε.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ
ἐγὼ μὲν οὐκ ἄτιμα ποιοῦμαι, τὸ δὲ βία πολιτῶν δρᾶν ἐφιν ἄμηχανος.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ
σὺ μὲν τάδ’ ἂν προὔχοι’· ἐγὼ δὲ δὴ τάφον χώσουσ’ ἄδελφφ’ φιλτάτῳ πορεύσομαι.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ
οἶμοι ταλαίνης, ὡς ὑπερδέοικα σοι.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ
μὴ μου προτάρβει· τὸν σὸν ἕξόρθου πότμον.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ
ἀλλ’ οὖν προμηνύσῃς γε τοῦτο μηδενὶ τοῦργον, κρυφῆ δὲ κεῦθε, σὺν δ’ αὐτῶς ἐγώ.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ
οἶμοι, καταῦδα· πολλὸν ἐχθιὼν ἔσει συγώσ’, ἐὰν μὴ πᾶσι κηρύξης τάδε.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ
θερμὴν ἐπὶ ψυχροῖσι καρδίαν ἔχεις.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ
ἀλλ’ οἶδ’ ἀρέσκουσ’ οἶς μάλισθ’ ἀδεῖν με χρή.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ
εἰ καὶ δυνῆσει γ’· ἀλλ’ ἀμηχάνων ἐρᾶς.
ANTIGONE

I urge no more; nay, wert thou willing still,
I would not welcome such a fellowship.
Go thine own way; myself will bury him.
How sweet to die in such employ, to rest,—
Sister and brother linked in love's embrace—
A sinless sinner, banned awhile on earth,
But by the dead commended; and with them
I shall abide for ever. As for thee,
Scorn, if thou wilt, the eternal laws of Heaven.

ISMENE
I scorn them not, but to defy the State
Or break her ordinance I have no skill.

ANTIGONE
A specious pretext. I will go alone
To lap my dearest brother in the grave.

ISMENE
My poor, fond sister, how I fear for thee!

ANTIGONE
O waste no fears on me; look to thyself.

ISMENE
At least let no man know of thine intent,
But keep it close and secret, as will I.

ANTIGONE
O tell it, sister; I shall hate thee more
If thou proclaim it not to all the town.

ISMENE
Thou hast a fiery soul for numbing work.

ANTIGONE
I pleasure those whom I would liefest please.

ISMENE
If thou succeed; but thou art doomed to fail.
ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

οὐκοῦν, ὅταν δὴ μὴ σθένω, πεπαύσομαι.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

ἀρχὴν δὲ θηρὰν οὐ πρέπει τὰμήχανα.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

εἰ ταῦτα λέξεις, ἐχθαρεῖ μὲν ἐξ ἐμοῦ,
ἐχθρὰ δὲ τῷ θανόντι προσκείσει δίκη.
ἀλλ' ἐὰν με καλ τὴν ἐξ ἐμοῦ δυσβουλίαν
παθεῖν τὸ δεινὸν τούτο· πείσομαι γὰρ οὐ
τοσοῦτον οὐδὲν ὡστε μὴ οὐ καλῶς θανεῖν.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

ἀλλ' εἰ δοκεῖ σοι, στείχε· τούτο δ' ἵσθι ὅτι
ἄνους μὲν ἔρχει, τοῖς φίλοις δ' ὄρθως φίλη.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

στρ. α'.

ἀκτίς ἀελίων, τὸ κάλλιστον ἐπταπύλω φανέν
Θῆβα τῶν προτέρων φάος,
ἐφάνθης ποτ', ὁ χρυσέας
ἀμέρας βλέφαρον,
Διρκαίων ὑπὲρ ὑεθρῶν μολοῦσα,
τὸν λεύκασπιν 'Αργόθεν ἐκβάιντα φῶτα παν-

σαγία

φυγάδα πρόδρομον ὀξυτέρῳ κινίσασα χαλινῷ
ὅς ἔφ' ἡμετέρα γῆ Πολυνείκους 1
ἀρθεῖς νεικέων ἐξ ἀμφιλόγων
ὀξέα κλάξων
ἀετὸς εἰς γῆν δος ὑπερέπτα,
λευκῆς χιόνος πτέρνυι στεγανὸς,
πολλῶν μεθ' ὀπλῶν

1 ὁν... Πολυνείκης MSS., Scaliger corr.
ANTIGONE

ANTIGONE
When strength shall fail me, yes, but not before.

ISMENE
But, if the venture's hopeless, why essay?

ANTIGONE
Sister, forbear, or I shall hate thee soon,
And the dead man will hate thee too, with cause.
Say I am mad and give my madness rein
To wreck itself; the worst that can befall
Is but to die an honourable death.

ISMENE
Have thine own way then; 'tis a mad endeavour,
Yet to thy lovers thou art dear as ever.

[Exeunt.

CHORUS
Sunbeam, of all that ever dawned upon (Str. 1)
    Our seven-gated Thebes the brightest ray,
    O eye of golden day,
How fair thy light o'er Dirce's fountain shone,
Speeding upon their headlong homeward course,
Far quicker than they came, the Argive force;
    Putting to flight
The argent shields, the host with scutcheons white.
Against our land the proud invader came
To vindicate fell Polyneices' claim.
    Like to an eagle swooping low,
    On pinions white as new fall'n snow,
With clanging scream, a horsetail plume his crest,
The aspiring lord of Argos onward pressed.
ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ξύν θ᾽ ἵπποκόμοις κορύθεσσιν. ἀντ. α᾽ στὰς δ᾽ ὑπὲρ μελάθρων φωνώσαισιν ἀμφιχανῶν κύκλῳ
λόγχαις ἐπτάπυλον στόμα ἔβα, πρὶν ποθ᾽ ἀμετέρων
αἰμάτων γένυσιν πληθύναι τε καὶ στεφάνωμα πύργων
πευκάενθ᾽ "Ἡφαιστον ἔλειν· τοῖος ἀμφὶ νῦτ᾽ ἐτάθη
πάταγος Ἄρης, ἀντιπάλου δυσχείρωμα δράκοντος.
Zeus γὰρ μεγάλης γλώσσης κόμπους ὑπερεχθαίρει, καὶ σφας ἑσιδῶν
tολλᾶρ ῥεύματι προσυνισθόμενως
χρυσοῦ καναχῆς ὑπερπλάιας,
pαλτῶ ρίπτει πυρὶ βαλβίδων
ἐπ᾽ ἄκρων ἡδὴ
νίκην ὀρμῶντ᾽ ἀλαλάξαι.

ἀντιτύπα δ᾽ ἐπὶ γὰρ πέσε ταυταλωθεὶς στρ. β᾽.
pυρφόρος, ὅσ τὸτε μαινομένα ξύν ὄρμα
βακχεύων ἐπέπνει
ῥισταῖς ἐχθέστων ἁνέμων.
eἰχὲ δ᾽ ἄλλα τὰ μέν,
ἄλλα δ᾽ ἐπ᾽ ἄλλως ἐπενῶμα στυφελῆξων μέγας
Ἀρης
dεξιόσειροι.
ἐπὶ δὲ λοχαγοὶ γὰρ ἐφ᾽ ἐπὶ τὰ πῦλαις
tαχθέντες ἵσοι πρὸς ἵσους ἔλησον
Ζηνὶ τροπαίῳ πάγχαλκα τέλη,
πλὴν τοῖν στυγερῶν, ὁ πατρὸς ἐνὸς
μητρὸς τε μιᾶς φύντε καθ᾽ αὐτῶν
dικρατεῖς λόγχας στήσαντ᾽ ἔχετον
κοινοῦ θανάτου μέρος ἀμφῶ.
ANTIGONE

Hovering around our city walls he waits,  (Ant. 1)
His spearmen raven at our seven gates.
But ere a torch our crown of towers could burn,
Ere they had tasted of our blood, they turn
Forced by the Dragon; in their rear
The din of Ares panic-struck they hear.
For Zeus who hates the braggart's boast
Beheld that gold-bespangled host;
As at the goal the pæan they upraise,
He struck them with his forked lightning blaze.

(Str. 2)

To earth from earth rebounding, down he crashed;
The fire-brand from his impious hand was dashed,
As like a Bacchic reveller on he came,
Outbreathing hate and flame,
And tottered. Elsewhere in the field,
Here, there, great Ares like a war-horse wheeled;
    Beneath his car down thrust
Our foemen bit the dust.

Seven captains at our seven gates
Thundered; for each a champion waits,
Each left behind his armour bright,
Trophy for Zeus who turns the fight;
Save two alone, that ill-starred pair
One mother to one father bare,
Who lance in rest, one 'gainst the other
Drave, and both perished, brother slain by brother.
ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

άλλα γὰρ ἀ μεγαλώνυμος ἦλθε Νίκα ἀντ. β
τὰ πολυαρμάτω ἀντιχαρεῖσα Θήβα,
ἐκ μὲν δὴ πολέμων
tῶν νῦν θέσθαι λησμοσύναν,
θεών δὲ ναοὺς χοροῖς
πανυχίοις πάντας ἐπέλθωμεν, ὁ Θήβας δὲ ἐλελί-
χθων
Βάκχιος ἀρχοί.
ἀλλ’ ὅδε γὰρ δὴ βασιλεὺς χώρας,
Κρέων ὁ Μενοικέως [ἀρχων] ¹ νεοχμὸς
νεαραίοισι θεών ἐπὶ συντυχίαις
χωρεῖ, τίνα δὴ μῆτιν ἔρεσσοι,
ὅτι σύγκλητον τήνδε γερόντων
προύθετο λέσχην,
κοινῷ κηρύγματι πέμψας;

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ἀνδρές, τὰ μὲν δὴ πόλεος ἀσφαλῶς θεοὶ
πολλῷ σάλῳ σείσαντες ὀρθῶσαν πάλιν,
ήμας δ’ ἐγὼ πομποῖσιν ἐκ πάντων δίχα
ἐστειλ’ ἱκέσθαι, τῶν τε μὲν τὰ Δαιών
σέβονται εἰδῶς εὐ θρόνων ἀεὶ κράτη,
τοιτ’ αὐθίνα, ἤμικ’ Οἰδίπους ὀρθοὺ πόλιν,
κατεὶ διώλετ’, ἀμφὶ τοὺς κείσων ἐπὶ
παίδας μένοντας ἐμπέδοις φρούρισαν.
ὅτ’ οὖν ἐκεῖνοι πρὸς διπλῆς μοῖρας μίαν
καθ’ ἦμεραν ὁλοντὸ παίσαντές τε καὶ
πληγεῖτες αὐτόχειρὶ σὺν μιάσματι,
ἐγὼ κράτη δὴ πάντα καὶ θρόνους ἔχω
γένους κατ’ ἀγχιστείᾳ τῶν ὀλωλότων.
ἀμήχανον δὲ παντὸς ἀνδρὸς ἐκμαθεῖν
ψυχὴν τε καὶ φρονήμα καὶ γνώμην, πρὶν ἄν

³ A word has dropped out.
ANTIGONE

Now Victory to Thebes returns again
And smiles upon her chariot-circled plain.
Now let feast and festal shout
Memories of war blot out.
Let us to the temples throng,
Dance and sing the live night long.
God of Thebes, lead thou the round,
Bacchus, shaker of the ground!
Let us end our revels here;
Lo! Creon our new lord draws near,
Crowned by this strange chance, our king.
What, I marvel, pondering?
Why this summons? Wherefore call
Us, his elders, one and all,
Bidding us with him debate,
On some grave concern of State?

Enter CREON.

CREON

Elders, the gods have righted once again
Our storm-tossed ship of state, now safe in port.
But you by special summons I convened
As my most trusted councillors; first, because
I knew you loyal to Laïus of old;
Again, when Oedipus restored our State,
Both while he ruled and when his rule was o’er,
Ye still were constant to the royal line.
Now that his two sons perished in one day,
Brother by brother murderously slain,
By right of kinship to the Princes dead,
I claim and hold the throne and sovereignty.
Yet ’tis no easy matter to discern
The temper of a man, his mind and will,
Till he be proved by exercise of power;
ΑΝΤΙΓΩΝΗ

ἀρχαίς τε καὶ νόμουσιν ἐντριβῆς φανῇ.
ἐμοὶ γὰρ ὅστις πᾶσαν εὐθύνων πολὺν
μὴ τῶν ἀρίστων ἀπτεται βουλευμάτων,
ἀλλ’ ἐκ φόβου τοῦ γλῶσσαν ἐγκλήσασ' ἔχει,
κάκιστος εἶναι νῦν τε καὶ πάλαι δοκεῖ.
καὶ μείζον ὅστις ἀντὶ τῆς αὐτοῦ πάτρας
φίλον νομίζει, τούτον οὐδαμοῦ λέγω.
ἐγὼ γὰρ, ἦστω Ζεὺς ὁ πάνθ’ ὄρον ἄει,
οὐτ’ ἄν σιωπήσαμι τὴν ἀτήν ὀρῶν
στείχουσαν ἁσίοις ἀντὶ τῆς σωτηρίας,
οὐτ’ ἄν φίλον ποτ’ ἄνδρα δυσμενῆς χθονὸς
θείμην ἐμαυτῷ, τούτο γυγυσκων ὅτι
ὁ πόλεμος ζωζοῦσα καὶ ταύτης ἐπὶ
πλέοντες ὀρθῆς τοὺς φίλους ποιούμεθα.
τοιοῦτ’ ἐγὼ νόμουσιν τὴν αὖξω πόλιν,
καὶ νῦν ἄδελφα τῶν ἡρώως ἔχω
ἀστοίσι παῖδων τῶν ἀπ’ Οἰδίπου πέρι,
Ἐτεοκλέα μὲν, διὶ πόλεως ὑπερμαχῶν
ὅλως τῆς, πάντ’ ἀριστεύσας δόρει,
τάφῳ τε κρύψαι καὶ τὰ πάντ’ ἀφανίσαι
νός ἀρίστους ἔρχεται κάτω νεκροῖς:
τὸν δ’ αὖ ἕναίμον τούδε, Πολυνεικὴ λέγω,
διὶ γῆν πατρίων καὶ θεοῦ τοὺς ἐγγενεῖς
φυγὰς κατελθὼν ἡθέλησε μὲν τυρὶ
πρῆσαι κατ’ ἄκρας, ἡθέλησε δ’ αἵματος
κοινοῦ πᾶσασθαι, τοὺς δὲ δουλόσας ἄγειν,
toúton πόλει τῇδ’ ἐκκεκήρυκται τάφῳ
μήτε κτερίζειν μήτε κωκύσαι τίνα,
ἐὰν δ’ ἅθαπτον καὶ πρὸς οἰὼν δέμας
καὶ πρὸς κυνῶν ἔδεστον αἰκισθὲν τ’ ἰδεῖν.
τοῖον’ ἐμὸν φρόνημα, κοῦποτ’ ἐκ γ’ ἐμοῦ
tιμὴν προέξουσ’ οἱ κακοὶ τῶν ἐνδικῶν.
ANTIGONE

And in my case, if one who reigns supreme
Swerve from the highest policy, tongue-tied
By fear of consequence, that man I hold,
And ever held, the basest of the base.
And I contemn the man who sets his friend
Before his country. For myself, I call
To witness Zeus, whose eyes are everywhere,
If I perceive some mischievous design
To sap the State, I will not hold my tongue;
Nor would I reckon as my private friend
A public foe, well knowing that the State
Is the good ship that holds our fortunes all:
Farewell to friendship, if she suffers wreck.
Such is the policy by which I seek
To serve the Commons and conformably
I have proclaimed an edict as concerns
The sons of Oedipus; Eteocles
Who in his country's battle fought and fell,
The foremost champion—duly bury him
With all observances and ceremonies
That are the guerdon of the heroic dead.
But for the miscreant exile who returned
Minded in flames and ashes to blot out
His father's city and his father's gods,
And glut his vengeance with his kinsmen's blood,
Or drag them captive at his chariot wheels—
For Polynices 'tis ordained that none
Shall give him burial or make mourn for him,
But leave his corpse unburied, to be meat
For dogs and carrion crows, a ghastly sight.
So am I purposed; never by my will
Shall miscreants take precedence of true men,
ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

άλλ' ὀστίς εὖνος τῇδε τῇ πόλει, θαῦμων καὶ ξῶν ὁμοίως ἐξ ἐμοῦ τιμήσεται.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
σοὶ ταῦτ' ἀρέσκει, παῖ Μενοικέως Κρέων, τὸν τῇδε δύναν καὶ τὸν εὔμενή πόλειν: νόμῳ δὲ χρῆσθαι παντὶ που πάμεστὶ σοι καὶ τῶν θανόντων χύπτοσι ξώμεν πέρι.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
ὡς ἂν σκοποὶ νυν ἑίτε τῶν εἰρημένων.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
νεωτέρῳ τῷ τοῦτο βαστάζειν πρόδες.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
ἀλλ' εἰσ' ἐτοιμοὶ τοῦ νεκροῦ γ' ἐπίσκοποί.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
τί δῆτ' ἄν ἄλλο τοῦτ' ἐπεντέλλοις ἑτί;

ΚΡΕΩΝ
τὸ μὴ πιχωρεῖν τοῖς ἀπιστοῦσιν τάδε.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
οὐκ ἔστιν οὕτω μῶρος δὲ θανεῖν ἔρα.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
καὶ μὴν ὁ μισθὸς γ' οὕτος: ἀλλ' ὑπ' ἐλπίδων ἄνδρας τὸ κέρδος πολλάκις διώλεσεν.

ΦΙΛΑΞ
ἀνάξ, ἐρῶ μὲν οὖχ ὅπως τάχος ὑπὸ δύσπνους ἰκάνω κοῦφον ἐξάρας πόδα. πολλὰς γὰρ ἔσχον φροντίδων ἐπιστάσεις, ὁδοῖς κυκλών ἐμαυτὸν εἰς ἀναστροφὴν· ψυχῇ γὰρ ηὔδα πολλά μοι μυθομενή· τάλας, τὶ χωρεῖς οἱ μολὼν δώσεις δίκην; τλήμων, μένεις αὐ; κεῖ τάδ' εἴσεται Κρέων ἄλλου παρ' ἄνδρός; πῶς σὺ δῆτ' οὐκ ἁλγυνεῖ;
ANTIGONE

But all good patriots, alive or dead, 
Shall be by me preferred and honourèd.

CHORUS
Son of Menoeceus, thus thou wilt to deal
With him who loathed and him who loved our State.
Thy word is law; thou canst dispose of us
The living, as thou wilt, as of the dead.

CREON
See then ye execute what I ordain.

CHORUS
On younger shoulders lay this grievous charge.

CREON
Fear not, I've posted guards to watch the corpse.

CHORUS
What further duty would'st thou lay on us?

CREON
Not to connive at disobedience.

CHORUS
No man is mad enough to court his death.

CREON
The penalty is death: yet hope of gain
Hath lured men to their ruin oftentimes.

GUARD
My lord, I will not make pretence to pant
And puff as some lightfooted messenger.
In sooth my soul beneath its pack of thought
Made many a halt and turned and turned again;
For conscience plied her spur and curb by turns.
"Why hurry headlong to thy fate, poor fool?"
She whispered. Then again, "If Creon learn
This from another, thou wilt rue it worse."

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ΑΝΤΙΓΩΝΗ

tοιαύθ' ἐλάσσων ἦντον σχολὴ βραδὺς,
χυότως ὅδες βραχεὶα γίγνεται μακρά.
tέλος γε μέντοι δεύρ' ἐνίκησαι μολείν
σοί· κεῖ τὸ μηδὲν ἐξερῴ, φράσῳ δ' ὅμως·
tῆς ἐλπίδος γὰρ ἐρχομαὶ δεδραγμένος,
tὸ μὴ παθεῖν ἀν ἄλλο πλὴν τὸ μόρσιμον.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
tί δ' ἐστὶν ἄνθ' οὐ τήνυ' ἐχεῖς ἀθυμίαν;

ΦΤΛΑΕ

φράσαι θέλω σοι πρῶτα τὰμαυτοῦ· τὸ γὰρ
πράγμ' οὔτ' ἐδρασ' οὔτ' εἶδον ὅστις ἦν ὁ δρῶν,
οὐδ' ἀν δικαίως ἕσ κακὸν πέσοιμι τί.

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ΚΡΕΩΝ
eῦ γε σιωάξει καποφάργυνυσαι κύκλω
τὸ πράγμα· δηλοῖς δ' ὡς τι σημανών νέον.

ΦΤΛΑΕ
tὰ δεινᾶ γάρ τοι προστὶθησ' ὅκνον πολύν.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

οὐκοῦν ἔρεις ποτ', εἰτ' ἀπαλλαχθεῖς ἁπει;

ΦΤΛΑΕ

καὶ ἥ λέγω σοι. τὸν νεκρόν τις ἄρτιως
θάψαι βέβηκε κατ' χρώτι δείσιαν
κόνων παλύνας κάραγιστεύσας ἀ χρή·

ΚΡΕΩΝ
tί φῆς; τίς ἄνδρῶν ἦν ὁ τολμήσας τάδε;

ΦΤΛΑΕ

οὐκ οἴδ'. ἐκεῖ γάρ οὔτε τοῦ γενήδος ἦν
πληγῆμ', οὔ δικέλλης ἐκβολή' στύφλος δὲ γῆ·

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καὶ χέρσος, ἀρρώξ οὐδ' ἑπημαξευμένη
τροχοῖσιν, ἀλλ' ἄσθμος ούργάτης τίς ἦν.

ὄπως δ' ὁ πρῶτος ἦμων ἥμεροσκόπος

332
ANTIGONE

Thus leisurely I hastened on my road;
Much thought extends a furlong to a league.
But in the end the forward voice prevailed,
To face thee. I will speak though I say nothing.
For plucking courage from despair methought,
‘Let the worst hap, thou canst but meet thy fate.’

CREON
What is thy news? Why this despondency?

GUARD
Let me premise a word about myself.
I neither did the deed nor saw it done,
Nor were it just that I should come to harm.

CREON
Thou art good at parry, and canst fence about
Some matter of grave import, as is plain.

GUARD
The bearer of dread tidings needs must quake.

CREON
Then, sirrah, shoot thy bolt and get thee gone.

GUARD
Well, it must out; the corpse is buried; someone
E’en now besprinkled it with thirsty dust,
Performed the proper ritual—and was gone.

CREON
What say’st thou? Who hath dared to do this thing

GUARD
I cannot tell, for there was ne’er a trace
Of pick or mattock—hard unbroken ground,
Without a scratch or rut of chariot wheels,
No sign that human hands had been at work.
When the first sentry of the morning watch

333
ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

dείκνυσι, πάσι θαύμα δυσχερεῖς παρῆν.
δὲ μὲν γὰρ ἡφάνιστο, τυμβήρης μὲν οὖν,
λεπτῇ δ᾽, ἁγος φεύγοντος οὐς, ἐπὴν κόνις·
σημεῖα δ᾽ ὦτε θηρὸς ὦτε του κυνῶν
ἐλθόντος, οὐ σπάσαντος ἔξεφαίνετο.
λόγοι δ᾽ ἐν ἀλλήλοις ἑρρόθοιν κακοί,
φύλαξ ἐλέγχων φύλακα, καὶ ἐγκυνετὸ
πληγὴ τελευτῶσ', οὐδ᾽ ὁ κωλύσων παρῆν.
eἰς γὰρ τὶς ἢν ἐκαστὸς οὐξειργασμένος,
κούδελις ἐναργῆς, ἀλλ᾽ ἐφευγε μὴ εἰδέναι.¹
ὁμαν δ᾽ ἑτοιμοὶ καὶ μύδρους ἀθερῶν
καὶ πῦρ διέρπειν καὶ θεοὺς ὅρκῳμοτείν,
τὸ μήτε δρᾶσαι μήτε τῷ ξυνεϊδέναι
τὸ πράγμα βουλεύσαντι μηδ᾽ εἰργασμένῳ.
τέλος δ᾽ ὦτ᾽ οὔδεν ἦν ἐρευνώσων πλέον,
λέγει τῖς οἶς, δὸ πάντας ἐς πέδων κάρα
νέυσαι φόβω προώτροφεν' οὖ γὰρ εἴχομεν
οὔτ᾽ ἀντιφωνεῖν οὐθ᾽ ὅπως δρῶντες καλῶς
πράξαμεν. ἦν δ᾽ ὁ μῦθος ὅς ἀνοιστέουν
σοὶ τὸν όργον εἰς τοῦτο κοῦχλι κρυπτέουν.
καὶ ταῦτ᾽ ἐνικᾶ, κὰμὲ τὸν δυσδαίμονα
πάλος καθαρεῖ τοῦτο τάγαθον λαβεῖν.
πάρειμι δ᾽ ἀκων οὐχ ἐκούσαν, οἶδ᾽ ὅτι:
στέργει γὰρ οὔδεις ἀγγελον κακῶν ἐπὶ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀναξ, ἐμοὶ τοι, μὴ τι καὶ θεῆλατον
tοὺργον τὸδ', ἥ ξύννυα βουλεύει πάλαι.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

παῦσαι, πρὶν ὀργῆς καὶ με μεστῶσαι λέγων,
μη ἀνερέθῆς ἄνους τε καὶ γέρων ἁμα.
λέγεις γὰρ οὐκ ἀνεκτὰ δαίμονας λέγων

¹ τὸ μὴ εἰδέναι MSS., Erfurdt corr.
ANTIGONE

Gave the alarm, we all were terror-stricken.
The corpse had vanished, not interred in earth,
But strewn with dust, as if by one who sought
To avert the curse that haunts the unburied dead:
Of hound or ravening jackal, not a sign.
Thereat arose an angry war of words;
Guard railed at guard and blows were like to end it,
For none was there to part us, each in turn
Suspected, but the guilt brought home to none,
From lack of evidence. We challenged each
The ordeal, or to handle red-hot iron,
Or pass through fire, affirming on our oath
Our innocence—we neither did the deed
Ourselves, nor know who did or compassed it.
Our quest was at a standstill, when one spake
And bowed us all to earth like quivering reeds,
For there was no gainsaying him nor way
To escape perdition: Ye are bound to tell
The King, ye cannot hide it; so he spake.
And he convinced us all; so lots were cast,
And I, unlucky scapegoat, drew the prize.
So here I am unwilling and withal
Unwelcome; no man cares to hear ill news.

CHORUS

I had misgivings from the first, my liege,
Of something more than natural at work.

CREON

O cease, you vex me with your babblement;
I am like to think you dote in your old age.
Is it not arrant folly to pretend


ANTIGONH

πρόνοιαν ἵσχειν τούδε τοῦ νεκροῦ πέρι. τότερον ὑπερτιμώντας ὡς εὐεργέτην ἐκρυπτον αὐτῶν, ὡστις ἀμφικλίουσ 
ναοὺς πυρώσων ἠλθε καναθήματα καὶ γῆν ἐκείνον καὶ νόμων διασκεδᾶν; ἢ τοὺς κακοὺς τιμῶντας εἰσορᾶς θεοῦ; οὐκ ἔστιν. ἀλλὰ ταῦτα καὶ πάλαι πόλεως ἀνδρεῖς μόλις φέροντες ἔρροθουν ἐμοί, κρυφὴ κάρα σειοντες, οὐδ' ὑπὸ ζυγὸ 
λόφον δικαίως εἶχον, ὡς στέργειν ἐμε. ἐκ τῶνδε τούτους ἐξεπίσταμαι καλῶς παρηγμένους μισθοῦσιν εἰργάσθαι τάδε. 
οὐδὲν γὰρ ἀνθρώποισιν οἶνον ἄργυρος κακῶν νόμισμ' ἔβλαστε. τοῦτο καὶ πόλεισ 
πορθεῖ, τόδ' ἀνδρας ἐξανίστησιν δόμων τόδ' ἐκεῖδασκει καὶ παραλλάσσει φρένας 
χρηστάς πρὸς αἰσχρὰ πράγμαθ' ἱστασθαι βρωτῶν πανουργίας δ' ἐδείξειν ἀνθρώποις ἔχειν καὶ παντὸς ἔργου δυσσέβειαν εἰδέναι. 
ὅσοι δὲ μισθαρμοῦντες ἦνυσαν τάδε, χρόνῳ ποτ' ἐξῆμπραξαν ὡς δούναι δίκην. ἀλλ' εἴτερ ἵσχει Ζεὺς ἔτ' ἐξ ἐμοὶ σέβας, εὐ 
τούτ' ἐπίστασα, ὀρκίος δὲ σοι λέγω. εἰ μὴ τὸν αὐτόχειρα τούδε τοῦ τάφου 
eὐρόντες ἐκφανεῖτ' ἐς ὀφθαλμοῦς ἐμούς, οὐχ ὑμῖν "Αἰδής μοῦνος ἁρκέσει, πρὶν ἄν 
ξώντες κρεμαστοί τῇνδε δηλώσῃθ' ὑβριν, ἵνα εἰδότες τὸ κέρδος ἐνθεν οἰστέον 
τὸ λοιπὸν ἀρπάξιε, καὶ μάθηθ' ὅτι οὐκ ἔξ ἀπαντος δεῖ τὸ κερδαίνειν φιλεῖν. 
ἐκ τῶν γὰρ αἰσχρῶν λημμάτων τοὺς πλείονας ἀτομένους ἴδοις ἂν ἡ σεσωσμένους.
ANTIGONE

That gods would have a thought for this dead man?
Did they forsooth award him special grace,
And as some benefactor bury him,
Who came to fire their hallowed sanctuaries,
To sack their shrines, to desolate their land,
And scout their ordinances? Or perchance
The gods bestow their favours on the bad.
No! no! I long have noted malcontents,
Who wagged their heads, and kicked against the
yoke,
Misliking these my orders, and my rule.
'Tis they, I warrant, who suborned my guards
By bribes. Of evils current upon earth
The worst is money. Money 'tis that sacks
Cities, and drives men forth from hearth and home:
Warps and seduces native innocence,
And breeds a habit of dishonesty.
But they who sold themselves shall find their greed
Out-shot the mark, and rue it soon or late.
Yea, as I still revere the dread of Zeus,
By Zeus I swear, except ye find and bring
Before my presence here the very man
Who carried out this lawless burial,
Death for your punishment shall not suffice.
Hanged on a cross, alive ye first shall make
Confession of this outrage. This will teach you
What practices are like to serve your turn.
There are some villainies that bring no gain,
For by dishonesty the few may thrive,
The many come to ruin and disgrace.
ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ΦΤΛΑΞ
εἴπειν τι δώσεις ἤ στραφεῖς οὕτως ἰώ;

ΚΡΕΩΝ
οὐκ οἶσθα καὶ νῦν ὡς ἀνιαρῶς λέγεις;

ΦΤΛΑΞ
ἐν τοῖς ῥο发展中 ὧν ἡ ὑπὶ τῇ ψυχῇ δάκνει:

ΚΡΕΩΝ
τί δὲ ρυθμίζεις τῇν ἐμὴν λύπην ὅπων;

ΦΤΛΑΞ
ὁ δρῶν σὺ ἀνια τὰς φρένας, τὰ δ’ ὄτ’ ἐγώ.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
οὔμ’ ὡς λάλημα δῆλον ἐκπεφυκός εἰ.

ΦΤΛΑΞ
οὐκοιν τῷ γ’ ἔργον τούτο ποιήσας ποτέ.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
καὶ ταῦτ’ ἐπ’ ἄργυρῳ γε τῇν ψυχῆν προδούσ.

ΦΤΛΑΞ
φεῦ.

ἡ δεινὸν φ’ δοκῆ γε καὶ ψευδὴ δοκεῖν.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
κόμψευε νυν τὴν δόξαν· εἰ δὲ ταῦτα μὴ

φανείτε μοι τοὺς δρῶντας, ἐξερείθ’ ὅτι
tὰ δειλὰ κέρδη πημονᾶς ἐργάζεται.

ΦΤΛΑΞ
ἀλλ’ εὑρεθεὶς μὲν μάλιστ’· ἐὰν δὲ τοι

ληφθῇ τε καὶ μὴ, τούτῳ γὰρ τύχῃ κρινεῖ,

οὐκ ἐσθ’ ὅπως ὄψει σὺ δεύρ’ ἐλθόντα με’

καὶ νῦν γὰρ ἐκτὸς ἐπιτίδος γνώμης τ’ ἐμῆς

σωθεὶς ὁφείλω τοῖς θεοῖς πολλὴν χάριν.
ANTIGONE

GUARD
May I not speak, or must I turn and go
Without a word?—

CREON
Begone! canst thou not see
That e'en this question irks me?

GUARD
Where, my lord?
Is it thy ears that suffer, or thy heart?

CREON
Why seek to probe and find the seat of pain?

GUARD
I gall thine ears—this miscreant thy mind.

CREON
What an inveterate babbler! get thee gone!

GUARD
Babbler perchance, but innocent of the crime.

CREON
Twice guilty, having sold thy soul for gain.

GUARD
Alas! how sad when reasoners reason wrong.

CREON
Go, quibble with thy reason. If thou fail'st
To find these malefactors, thou shalt own
The wages of ill-gotten gains is death.

[Exit CREON.

GUARD
I pray he may be found. But caught or not
(And fortune must determine that) thou never
Shalt see me here returning; that is sure.
For past all hope or thought I have escaped,
And for my safety owe the gods much thanks.
ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

στρ. α'

πολλά τὰ δεινὰ κούδεν ἀνθρώπου δεινότερον
πέλειν.

tóüto kai póliou péran póntou χειμερίῳ νότῳ
χωρεῖ, περιβρυχίουσιν
περῶν ὑπ’ οἴδμασιν.

θεῶν τε τὰν ὑπερτάταν, Γάν
ἀφθιτον, ἀκαμάταν, ἀποτρύεται
ἀλλομένων ἀρότρων ἐτος εἰς ἔτος,
ἵππειψ γένει πολεύων.

340

ἀντ. α'

κουφονόνων τε φύλον ὀρνίθων ἀμφιβαλὼν ἄγει
καὶ θηρῶν ἄγριων ἑθη τόντου τ’ εἰναλίαι φύσιν
σπείραισι δικτυοκλώστοις,

περιφράδης ἄνήρ.

κρατεῖ δὲ μηχαναῖς ἀγραύλου
θηρὸς ὄρεσσιβάτα, λασιάχενά θ’

ὑπὸ τον χαμάζεται ἀμφὶ λοφόν 1 χυγὸν

οὐρείον τ’ ἄκμητα τάφρον.

350

στρ. β'

καὶ φθέγμα καὶ ἀνεμόεν φρόνημα καὶ ἀστυνόμονας
ἀγορᾶς ἐδιδάξατο καὶ δυσαύλων

πάγων ὑπαίθρεια καὶ δύσομβρα φεύγειν βέλη,

παντοπόρος. ἀπορος ἐπ’ οὐδέν ἔρχεται

το μέλλον. “Αἰδα μόνον φεύξιν οὐκ ἐπάξεται’

360

1 ἔξεται ἀμφίλοφον χυγόν, MSS. G. Schöne corr.

340
ANTIGONE

CHORUS  (Str. 1)
Many wonders there be, but naught more wondrous
than man:
Over the surging sea, with a whitening south wind
wan,
Through the foam of the firth, man makes his perilous
way;
And the eldest of deities Earth that knows not toil
nor decay  [out,
Ever he furrows and scores, as his team, year in year
With breed of the yokéd horse, the ploughshare
turneth about.

(Ant. 1)
The light-witted birds of the air, the beasts of the
weald and the wood
He traps with his woven snare, and the brood of
the briny flood.
Master of cunning he: The savage bull, and the hart
Who roams the mountain free, are tamed by his
infinite art;
And the shaggy rough-maned steed is broken to
bear the bit.

(Str. 2)
Speech and the wind-swift speed of counsel and
civic wit,
He hath learnt for himself all these; and the arrowy
rain to fly
And the nipping airs that freeze, 'neath the open
winter sky.
He hath provision for all: Fell plague he hath
learnt to endure;
Safe whate'er may befall: yet for death he hath
found no cure.

341
ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ἀντ. β'

νόσων δ' ἀμηχάνων φυγάς ξυμπέφρασται. σοφών τι τὸ μηχανὸν τέχνας ύπερ ελπίδ' ἔχων τοτὲ μὲν κακὸν, ἀλλοτ' ἐπ' ἐσθλὸν ἔρπει, νόμοις γεραιώμας 1 χθονὸς θεῶν τ' ἐνροκον δίκαν, ὑψίπολις· ἀπολις ὄτω τὸ μὴ καλὸν ἐνεστὶ τὸλμας χάριν. μὴτ' ἐμοὶ παρέστιος γένοιτο μὴτ' ἱσον φρονῶν δὲ τάδ' ἔρδει.

ἐς δαίμονιον τέρας ἀμφίνοϊ τόδε· πῶς εἰδὼς ἀντιλογησώ τήνδ' οὐκ εἶναι παιδ' Ἀντιγόνην. ὦ δύστηνος καὶ δυστήνου πατρὸς Οἰδιπόδα, τὶ ποτ'· οὐ δὴ που σὲ γ' ἀπιστοῦσαν τοῖς βασιλείοισιν ἄγουσι νόμοις καὶ ἐν ἀφροσύνῃ καθελοντες;

ΦΤΛΑΣ

ἡδ' ἐστ' ἐκείνη τούργου ἡ 'ξειργασμένη τήνδ' εἰλομεν θάπτουσαν. ἀλλὰ ποῦ Κρέων;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὅδ' ἐκ δόμων ἄψωρος εἰς δέον περὶ.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ti δ' ἐστι; ποίας ξύμμετρος προύβην τύχη;

ΦΤΛΑΣ

ἀναξ, βροτοίσιν οὐδὲν ἐστ' ὑπώμοτον. ψεῦδει γὰρ ἡ 'πίνοια τὴν γνώμην ἐπεὶ σχολὴ ποθ' ἦξειν δεῦρ' ἂν ἐξηύχουν ἐγὼ

1 παρελθὼν, MSS. Reiske corr.
ANTIGONE

(\textit{Ant. 2})

Passing the wildest flight of thought are the cunning and skill,
That guide man now to the light, but now to counsels of ill.
If he honours the laws of the land, and reveres the Gods of the State
Proudly his city shall stand; but a cityless outcast I rate
Whoso bold in his pride from the path of right doth depart;
Ne'er may I sit by his side, or share the thoughts of his heart.

What strange vision meets my eyes,
Fills me with a wild surprise?
Sure I know her, sure 'tis she,
The maid Antigone.
Hapless child of hapless sire,
Didst thou recklessly conspire,
Madly brave the King's decree?
Therefore are they haling thee?

\textit{Enter guard bringing Antigone}

\textbf{GUARD}

Here is the culprit taken in the act
Of giving burial. But where's the King?

\textbf{CHORUS}

There from the palace he returns in time.

\textit{Enter Creon}

\textbf{CREON}

Why is my presence timely? What has chanced?

\textbf{GUARD}

No man, my lord, should make a vow, for if
He ever swears he will not do a thing,
His afterthoughts belie his first resolve.
ANTIGONH

ταῖς σαίς ἀπειλαῖς, αἷς ἐχειμάσθην τότε, ἀλλ’ ἢ γὰρ ἐκτὸς καὶ παρ’ ἐλπίδας χαρὰ ἑσκεν ἅλλῃ μῆκος οὐδὲν ἥδων, ἠκω, δ’ ὄρκων καίτερ ὄν ἀπώμοτος, κόρην ἄγων τήνδ’, ἡ καθηρέθη τάφων κοσμοῦσα. κλήρος ἐνθάδ’ οὐκ ἐπάλλετο, ἅλλ’ ἔστ’ ἐμὸν θοῦρμαιον, οὐκ ἄλλου, τόδε. καὶ νῦν, ἀναξ, τήνδ’ αὐτός, ὡς θέλεις, λαβὼν καὶ κρύνε καξέλεγχ’ ἐγὼ δ’ ἐλεύθερος δικαῖος εἰμι τῶν’ ἀπηλλάχθαι κακῶν. 400

ΚΡΕΩΝ

άγεις δὲ τήνδε τῷ τρόπῳ πόθεν λαβὼν;

ΥΤΛΑΣ

αὐτὴ τὸν ἄνδρ’ ἔθαπτε· πάντ’ ἐπίστασαι.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ἡ καὶ ξυνῆς καὶ λέγεις ὅρθως ἢ φῆς;

ΥΤΛΑΣ

ταύτην γ’ ἱδὼν θάπτουσαν δι’ σὺ τὸν νεκρὸν ἀπεὶπας. ἄρ’ ἐνδηλα καὶ σαφῆ λέγω;

ΚΡΕΟΝ

καὶ πῶς ὅραται κάπιληπτος ἤρεθή;

ΥΤΛΑΣ

toioúton ἦν τὸ πράγμα’. ὅπως γὰρ ἦκομεν, πρὸς σοῦ τὰ δεῖν ἔκειν ἐπηπειλημένοι, πάσαν κόνιν σήματες, ἢ κατείχε τὸν νέκυν, μυθῶν τε σώμα γυμνώσαντες εὖ, καθήμεθ’ ἄκρων ἐκ πάγων ὑπήνεμοι, ὡς μὴ ἄπ’ αὐτοῦ μὴ βάλοι πεθευγότες, ἐγερτὶ κινῶν ἄνδρ’ ἀνήρ ἐπηρρόθοις κακοίσιν, εἰ τὰς τοῦτ’ ἀκηδήσοι πόνου.1

1 ἀφείδησοι MSS. Bonitz corr.
ANTIGONE

When from the hail-storm of thy threats I fled
I sware thou wouldst not see me here again;
But the wild rapture of a glad surprise
Intoxicates, and so I'm here forsworn.
And here's my prisoner, caught in the very act,
Decking the grave. No lottery this time;
This prize is mine by right of treasure-trove.
So take her, judge her, rack her, if thou wilt.
She's thine, my liege; but I may rightly claim
Hence to depart well quit of all these ills.

CREON

Say, how didst thou arrest the maid, and where?

GUARD

Burying the man. There's nothing more to tell.

CREON

Hast thou thy wits? Or know'st thou what thou say'st?

GUARD

I saw this woman burying the corpse
Against thy orders. Is that clear and plain?

CREON

But how was she surprised and caught in the act?

GUARD

It happened thus. No sooner had we come,
Driven from thy presence by those awful threats,
Than straight we swept away all trace of dust,
And bared the clammy body. Then we sat
High on the ridge to windward of the stench,
While each man kept his fellow alert and rated
Roundly the sluggard if he chanced to nap.
So all night long we watched, until the sun

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ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

χρόνον τάδ’ ἦν τοσοῦτον, ἔστ’ ἐν αἰθέρι
μέσῳ κατέστη λαμπρὸς ἡλίου κύκλος
καὶ καῦμ’ ἔθαλπε’ καὶ τότ’ ἑξαίρησι χθονὸς
τυφῶς ἄειρας σκηπτόν, οὐράνιον ἄχος,
pίμπλησι πεδίον, πᾶσαν αἰκίζων φόβην
νῆς πεδιάδος, ἐν δ’ ἐμεστωθῆ μέγας
αἰθήρι. μύσαντες δ’ εἴχομεν θείαν νόσον.
καὶ τούδ’ ἀπαλλαγέντος ἐν χρόνῳ μικρῷ,
ἡ παῖς ὦραται, κάνακοκυίει πικρᾶς
ὄρνυθος ἐξῆν φθόγγον, ὡς ὅταν κενής
εὐνής νεοσσῶν ὀρφανὸν βλέψῃ λέχος·
οὔτω δὲ χαύτη, ψιλὸν ὡς ὀρᾶ νέκυν,
γόουσιν ἕξωμωξεν, ἐκ δ’ ἀράς κακᾶς
ἡράτω τοῖς τοῦργον ἕξειργασμένοις.
καὶ χεραιν εὐθὺς διψίαν φέρει κόνων,
ἔκ τ’ εὐκροτήτου χαλκέας ἄρδην πρόχον
χαοίσι τριστόνδοισι τὸν νέκυν στέφει.
χήμεῖς ἰδόντες ἰέμεσθα, σὺν δὲ νῦν
θηρώμεθ’ εὐθὺς οὐδ’ ἐκπεπληγμένην,
καὶ τὰς τε πρόσθεν τάς τε νῦν ἠλέγχομεν
πράξεις: ἀπαρνός δ’ οὐδενὸς καθίστατο,
αὖ’ ἤδεις ἐμοιγε κάλγεινὸς ἀμα.
τὸ μὲν γὰρ αὐτὸν ἐκ κακῶν πεφευγέναι
ηδίστου, ἐς κακὸν δὲ τοὺς φίλους ἄγεν
ἀλγείνον. ἀλλὰ πάντα ταῦθ’ ἡσσον λαβεῖν
ἐμοὶ πέφυκε τῆς ἐμῆς σωτηρίας.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

σὲ δὴ, σὲ τὴν νεύοσαν εἰς πέδου κάρα,
φῆς ἄ καταρνεἳ μὴ δεδρακέναι τάδε;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

καὶ φημὶ δρᾶσαι κοῦκ ἀπαρνοῦμαι τὸ μῆ.
ANTIGONE

Stood high in heaven, and his blazing beams
Smote us. A sudden whirlwind then upraised
A cloud of dust that blotted out the sky,
And swept the plain, and stripped the woodlands bare,
And shook the firmament. We closed our eyes
And waited till the heaven-sent plague should pass.
At last it ceased, and lo! there stood this maid.
A piercing cry she uttered, sad and shrill,
As when the mother bird beholds her nest
Robbed of its nestlings; even so the maid
Wailed as she saw the body stripped and bare,
And cursed the ruffians who had done this deed.
Anon she gathered handfuls of dry dust,
Then, holding high a well-wrought brazen urn,
Thrice on the dead she poured a lustral stream.
We at the sight swooped down on her and seized
Our quarry. Undismayed she stood, and when
We taxed her with the former crime and this,
She disowned nothing. I was glad—and grieved;
For 'tis most sweet to 'scape oneself scot-free,
And yet to bring disaster to a friend
Is grievous. Take it all in all, I deem
A man's first duty is to serve himself.

CREON

Speak, girl, with head bent low and downcast eyes,
Dost thou plead guilty or deny the deed?

ANTIGONE

Guilty. I did it, I deny it not.
ANTIGONH

ΚΡΕΩΝ
συ μεν κομίζοις δυν σεαυτὸν ἡ θέλεις
ἐξω βαρείας αἰτίας ἔλευθερον:
συ δ' εἰπὲ μοι μὴ μήκος, ἀλλὰ συντομός,
ἤδησα κηρυχθέντα μὴ πράσσειν τάδε;

ANTIGONH

ἥδη τί δ' οὐκ ἐμελλον; ἐμφανὴ γάρ ἦν.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

καὶ δῆτ' ἐτόλμας τούσδ' ὑπερβαίνειν νόμους;

ANTIGONH

οὔ γάρ τι μοι Ζεὺς ἦν ὁ κηρύξας τάδε,
oῦδ' ἡ ξύνοικος τῶν κἀτωθοῦν Δίκη
tοιοῦσδ' ἐν ἀνθρώποισιν ὀρισεὶς νόμον;450
οὔδ' σθένειν τοσοῦτον ὄμην τὰ σὰ
κηρύγμαθ', ἀστ' ἀγραπτὰ κάσφαλῆθ' θεῶν
νόμιμα δύνασθαι θυητὸν δυθ' ὑπερδραμεῖν.
oὔ γάρ τι νῦν ὑπὲρ κἀκεῖθ', ἀλλ' ἀεὶ ποτὲ
ξῆν' ταύτα, κοῦδεις οἴδεν ἐξ οὗτον 'φάνῃ:
τούτων ἐγὼ οὕκ ἐμελλον, ἀνδρὸς οὔδενος
φρόνημα δείσασ', ἐν θεοῦσα τὴν δίκη
δώσειν. θανομένη γὰρ ἐξῆδη, τί δ' οὖ;
κεί μὴ σὺ προκήρυξας. εἰ δὲ τοῦ χρόνου
πρόσθεν θανοῦμαι, κέρδος αὖτ' ἐγὼ λέγω.
ὐστὶς γὰρ ἐν πολλοῖσιν ὡς ἐγὼ κακοῖς
ἐξη, πῶς δ' οὐχὶ καθανῶν κέρδος φέρει;
οὔτως ἐμοιγε τοῦδε τῷ μόρῳ τυχεῖν
παρ' οὔδεν ἠλγος. ἀλλ' ἂν, εἰ τὸν ἐξ ἐμῆς
μητρὸς θανῶντ' ἀθαπτὸν ἄνοιχτης νέκυν,
κείνοις ἂν ἠλγονν' τοῖσι δ' οὖκ ἠλγύνομαι.
σοι δ' εἰ δοκῶ νῦν μόρα δρῶσα τυγχάνειν,
σχεδόν τι μόρφω μωρίαν ὀφλισκάνων.
ANTIGONE

CREON (to guard)
Sirrah, begone whither thou wilt, and thank
Thy luck that thou hast 'scape a heavy charge.

(to ANTIGONE)
Now answer this plain question, yes or no,
Wast thou acquainted with the interdict?

ANTIGONE
I knew, all knew; how should I fail to know?

CREON
And yet wert bold enough to break the law?

ANTIGONE
Yea, for these laws were not ordained of Zeus,
And she who sits enthroned with gods below,
Justice, enacted not these human laws.
Nor did I deem that thou, a mortal man,
Could'st by a breath annul and override
The immutable unwritten laws of Heaven.
They were not born to-day nor yesterday;
They die not; and none knoweth whence they sprang.
I was not like, who feared no mortal's frown,
To disobey these laws and so provoke
The wrath of Heaven. I know that I must die,
E'en hadst thou not proclaimed it; and if death
Is thereby hastened, I shall count it gain.
For death is gain to him whose life, like mine,
Is full of misery. Thus my lot appears
Not sad, but blissful; for had I endured
To leave my mother's son unburied there,
I should have grieved with reason, but not now.
And if in this thou judgest me a fool,
Methinks the judge of folly's not acquit.
ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ΧΟΡΟΣ
δηλωὶ τὸ γέννημυ ὁμὸν ἐξ ὁμοῦ πατρὸς
tῆς παιδὸς· εἰκεῖν δὲ οὐκ ἐπίσταται κακοῖς.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
ἀλλ' ἰσθι τοι τὰ σκλήρ' ἀγαν φρονήματα
πίπτειν μάλιστα, καὶ τὸν ἕγκρατέστατον
σίδηρον ὅπτον ἐκ πυρὸς περισκελή
θραυσθέντα καὶ βαγέντα πλείστ' ἀν εἰς ἵδοις·
σμικρῆ χαλινῷ δ' οἴδα τοὺς θυμομένους
ἵππους καταρτυθέντας· οὐ γὰρ ἐκπέλει
φρονεῖν μέγ' ὀστὶς δοῦλος ἐστί τῶν πέλας.
αὐτὴ δ' ὑβρίζειν μὲν τὸ τ' ἐξηπίστατο,
νόμους ὑπερβαίνονσα τοὺς προκειμένους·
ὑβρις δ', ἔπει δέδρακεν, ἢδε δευτέρα,
tοῦτοις ἐπανχεῖν καὶ δεδρακύναι γελῶν.
ἡ νῦν ἔγω μὲν οὐκ ἀνήρ, αὐτὴ δ' ἀνήρ,
eἰ ταῦτ' ἀνατλ τῆδε κείσεται κράτη.
ἀλλ' εἰτ' ἀδελφῆς εἰθ', ὁμαιμονεστέρα
τοῦ παντὸς ἡμῖν Ζηνὸς ἐρκείου κυρεῖ,
αὐτή τε χὴ ἐξοναιμος οὐκ ἀλύζετον
μόρου κακίστον· καὶ γὰρ οὖν κεῖνην ἱσον
ἐπαιτιῶμαι τοῦδε βουλέσσαι τάφοιν.
καὶ νῦν καλεῖτ'· ἔσω γὰρ ἐδοὺς ἀρτίως
λυσσώσαν αὐτὴν οὖδ' ἐπήβολον φρενῶν.
φίλει δ' ὁ θυμὸς πρόσθεν ἤρησθαι κλοπεῖνς
τῶν μηδὲν ὀρθῶς ἐν σκότῳ τεχνωμένων·
μισῶ γε μέντοι χῶταν ἐν κακοῖς τις
ἀλοὺς ἐπείτα τοῦτο καλλύνειν θέλη.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ
θέλεις τι μείζον ἢ κατακτεῖναι μ' ἐλὼν;

ΚΡΕΩΝ
ἐγὼ μὲν οὐδέν· τοῦτ' ἐχων ἀπαντ' ἐχω.
ANTIGONE

CHORUS
A stubborn daughter of a stubborn sire,
This ill-starred maiden kicks against the pricks.

CREON
Well, let her know the stubbiest of wills
Are so soonest bended, as the hardest iron,
O'er-heated in the fire to brittleness,
Flies soonest into fragments, shivered through.
A snaffle curbs the fieriest steed, and he
Who in subjection lives must needs be meek.
But this proud girl, in insolence well-schooled,
First overstepped the established law, and then—
A second and worse act of insolence—
She boasts and glories in her wickedness.
Now if she thus can flout authority
Unpunished, I am woman, she the man.
But though she be my sister's child or nearer
Of kin than all who worship at my hearth,
Nor she nor yet her sister shall escape
The utmost penalty, for both I hold,
As arch-conspirators, of equal guilt.
Bring forth the other; even now I saw her
Within the palace, frenzied and distraught.
The workings of the mind discover oft
Dark deeds in darkness schemed, before the act.
More hateful still the miscreant who seeks
When caught, to make a virtue of a crime.

ANTIGONE
Would'st thou do more than slay thy prisoner?

CREON
Not I; thy life is mine, and that's enough.
ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

τί δήτα μέλλεις; ὡς ἐμοὶ τῶν σῶν λόγων ἀρεστῶν οὐδὲν μηδ' ἀρεσθεῖσα ποτὲ·
οὕτω δὲ καὶ σοι τάμ' ἀφανδάνουτ' ἐφν.
καίτοι πόθεν κλέος γ' ἀν εὐκλεέστερον
κατέσχον ἢ τὸν αὐτάδελφον ἐν τάφῳ
τιθείσα; τούτους τούτο πᾶσιν ἄνδανειν
λέγοιτ' ἀν, εἰ μὴ γλώσσαν ἐγκλῆι φόβος.
ἀλλ' ἢ τυραννίς πολλά τ' ἀλλ' εὐδαιμονεὶ
καξέστων αὐτῇ δράν λέγειν θ' ἄ βούλεται.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
σὺ τούτο μούνη τῶνδε Καδμείων ὀρᾶς.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ὁρῶσι χοῦτοι, σοι δ' ὑπίλλουσιν στόμα.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
σὺ δ' οὐκ ἐπαίδει, τῶνδε χωρίς εἰ φρονεῖς;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

οὐδὲν γὰρ αἰσχρὸν τοὺς ὀμοσπλάγχνους σεβεῖν.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

οὐκοιν ομαίμοις χῶ καταντίον θανῶν;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ομαίμοις ἐκ μᾶς τε καὶ ταύτοι πατρός.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

πῶς δήτ' ἐκείνῳ δυσσεβῆ τιμᾶς χάριν;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

οὗ μαρτυρήσει ταῦθ' ὁ κατθανῶν νέκυς.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

εἰ τοῖς σφε τιμᾶς ἐξ ἱσοὺ τῷ δυσσεβεῖ.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

οὗ γὰρ τι δοῦλος, ἀλλ' ἀδελφὸς ὦλετο.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

πορθῶν δὲ τὴνδε γῆν· ὃ δ' ἀντιστὰς ὑπερ.
ANTIGONE

Why dally then? To me no word of thine
Is pleasant: God forbid it e'er should please;
Nor am I more acceptable to thee.
And yet how otherwise had I achieved
A name so glorious as by burying
A brother? so my townsmen all would say,
Were they not gagged by terror. Manifold
A king's prerogatives, and not the least
That all his acts and all his words are law.

CREON

Of all these Thebans none so deems but thou.

ANTIGONE

These think as I, but bate their breath to thee.

CREON

Hast thou no shame to differ from all these?

ANTIGONE

To reverence kith and kin can bring no shame.

CREON

Was his dead foeman not thy kinsman too?

ANTIGONE

One mother bare them and the self-same sire.

CREON

Why cast a slur on one by honouring one?

ANTIGONE

The dead man will not bear thee out in this.

CREON

Surely, if good and evil fare alike.

ANTIGONE

The slain man was no villain but a brother.

CREON

The patriot perished by the outlaw's brand.
ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

Ομώς ο γ' "Αιδης τοὺς νόμους τούτους ποθεί.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

άλλ' οὐχ ο χρηστός τῷ κακῷ λαχεῖν ἵσσος.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

τίς οἶδεν εἰ κάτωθεν εὐαγῇ τάδε;

ΚΡΕΩΝ

οὗτοι ποθ' οὐχθρός, οὐδ' ὅταν θάνη, φίλος.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

οὗτοι συνέχθειν, ἀλλὰ συμφίλειν ἐφιν.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

κάτω νυν ἐλθοῦσ', εἰ φιλητέου, φίλει κείνους: ἐμοῦ δὲ ξωντός οὐκ ἀρξεῖ γυνή.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ μὴν πρὸ πυλῶν ᾧδ' Ἰσμήνη, φιλάδελφα κάτω δάκρυ εἰβομένη νεφέλη δ' οφρύν υπερ αἴματόν εἴθος αἰσχύνει, τέγγουσ' εὐώπα παρείν.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

σὺ δ', ἢ κατ' οἶκους ὡς ἔχοντι ύφειμένη λήθονσά μ' ἐξέπνεες, οὐδ' ἐμάνθανον τρέφων δ' ἀτα καπαναστάσεις θρόνων, φέρε εἰπὲ δὴ μοι, καὶ σὺ τούδε τού τάφου φήσεις μετασχεῖν ἢ ἁξομεῖ τὸ μὴ εἴδέναι;

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

δέδρακα τούργον, εἶπερ ἦδ' ὁμορροθεῖ καὶ ξυμμετίσχω καὶ φέρω τῆς αἰτίας.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ἀλλ' οὗκ ἐάσει τούτο γ' ἡ δίκη σ', ἐπεί οὔτ' ἥξελησας οὐλ' ἐγὼ κοινωσάμην.
ANTIGONE

ANTIGONE
Nathless the realms below these rites require.
CREON
Not that the base should fare as do the brave.
ANTIGONE
Who knows if this world's crimes are virtues there?
CREON
Not even death can make a foe a friend.
ANTIGONE
My nature is for mutual love, not hate.
CREON
Die then, and love the dead if love thou must;
No woman shall be master while I live.

Enter ISMENE.

CHORUS
Lo from out the palace gate,
Weeping o'er her sister's fate,
Comes Ismene; see her brow,
Once serene, beclouded now,
See her beauteous face o'erspread
With a flush of angry red.

CREON
Woman, who like a viper unperceived
Didst harbour in my house and drain my blood,
Two plagues I nurtured blindly, so it proves,
To sap my throne. Say, didst thou too abet
This crime, or dost abjure all privity?

ISMENE
I did the deed, if she will have it so,
And with my sister claim to share the guilt.

ANTIGONE
That were unjust. Thou would'st not act with me
At first, and I refused thy partnership.
ANTIGONH

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

άλλ' ἐν κακοῖς τοῖς σοῖς σοῖσιν οὐκ αἰσχύνομαι
ξύμπλουν ἐμαυτήν τοῦ πάθους ποιουμένη.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

διν τοῦργον, Ἀιδης χοὶ κάτω ξυνίστορες·
λόγοις δ’ ἐγὼ φιλοῦσαν οὐ στέργον ρίλην.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

μήτοι, κασιγνήτη, μ’ ἀτιμάσῃς τὸ μὴ οὐ
θανεῖν τε σὺν σοί τὸν θανόντα θ’ ἀγνίσαι.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

μὴ μοι θάνης σὺ κοινὰ μηδ’ ἀ μὴ ’θυγες
ποιοῦ σεαυτής· ἀρκέσω θυήσκουσ’ ἐγώ.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

καὶ τίς βίος μοι σοῦ λειειμμένη φίλος;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

Κρέοντ’ ἐρώτα· τοῦδε γὰρ σὺ κηδεμὼν.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

τί ταῦτ’ ἀνιᾶς μ’, οὐδὲν ωφελουμένη;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ἀλγοῦσα μὲν δήτ’ εἰ γελώ γ’ ἐν σοι γελῶ.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

τί δήτ’ ἄν ἄλλα νῦν σ’ ἐτ’ ωφελοῦμ’ ἐγώ;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

σῶσον σεαυτήν’ οὐ φθονῶ σ’ ὑπεκφυγεῖν.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

οἴμοι τάλαινα, κάμπλακω τοῦ σοῦ μόρου;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

σὺ μὲν γὰρ εἶλου χήν, ἐγὼ δὲ κατθανεῖν.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

άλλ’ οὐκ ἐπ’ ἀρρήτοις γε τοῖς ἐμοῖς λόγοις.
ANTIGONE

ISMENE
But now thy bark is stranded, I am bold
To claim my share as partner in the loss.

ANTIGONE
Who did the deed the under-world knows well:
A friend in word is never friend of mine.

ISMENE
O sister, scorn me not, let me but share
Thy work of piety, and with thee die.

ANTIGONE
Claim not a work in which thou hadst no hand;
One death sufficeth. Wherefore should'st thou die?

ISMENE
What would life profit me bereft of thee?

ANTIGONE
Ask Creon, he's thy kinsman and best friend.

ISMENE
Why taunt me? Find'st thou pleasure in these gibes?

ANTIGONE
'Tis a sad mockery, if indeed I mock.

ISMENE
O say if I can help thee even now.

ANTIGONE
No, save thyself; I grudge not thy escape.

ISMENE
Is e'en this boon denied, to share thy lot?

ANTIGONE
Yea, for thou chosest life, and I to die.

ISMENE
Thou canst not say that I did not protest.
ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

cαλὼς σὺ μὲν τοῖς, τοῖς δ' ἐγὼ ὑδόκουν φρονεῖν.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ
καὶ μὴν ἵση νῦν ἔστιν ἡ ἔξωπραινα.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ
θάρσει· σὺ μὲν ἤξις, ἢ δ' ἐμὴ ψυχὴ πάλαι
tέθνηκεν, ὡστε τοῖς θανοῦσιν ὄφελεῖν.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
τὶ παῖδε φημὶ τόδε τὴν μὲν ἄρτιώς
ἀνουν πεφάνθαι, τὴν δ' ἀφ' οὐ τὰ πρῶτ' ἐφιν.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ
οὗ γὰρ ποτ' ὅναξ, οὐδ' ὃς ἄν ψάλητη μένει
νοὺς τοῖς κακῷς πρᾶσσουσιν, ἄλλ' ἑξίσταται.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
σοὶ γονῖν, ὦθ' εἶλον σὺν κακοῖς πρᾶσσειν κακά.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ
τὶ γὰρ μονὴ μοι τήσδ' ἀτερ βιώσιμον;

ΚΡΕΩΝ
ἀλλ' ἢδε μέντοι μὴ λέγ'. οὐ γὰρ ἔστ' ἔτι.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ
ἀλλὰ κτενεῖς νυμφεία τοῦ σαυτοῦ τέκνου;

ΚΡΕΩΝ
ἀρώσιμοι γὰρ χάτερων εἴσιν γύαι.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ
οὔχ ὡς γ' ἐκείνῳ τῇ δ' ἦν ἡμομενέα.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
κακάς ἐγὼ γυναῖκας νιέσιν στυγῶ.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ
ὡς φίλταθ' Ἀλμον, ὡς σ' ἀτιμάζει πατήρ.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
ἄγαν γε λυπεῖς καὶ σὺ καὶ τὸ σὸν λέοχος.
ANTIGONE

ANTIGONE
Well, some approved thy wisdom, others mine.

ISMENE
But now we stand convicted, both alike.

ANTIGONE
Fear not; thou livest, I died long ago,
Then when I gave my life to save the dead.

CREON
Both maids, methinks, are crazed. One suddenly
Has lost her wits, the other was born mad.

ISMENE
Yea, so it falls, sire, when misfortune comes,
The wisest even lose their mother wit.

CREON
I' faith thy wit forsook thee when thou mad' st
Thy choice with evil-doers to do ill.

ISMENE
What life for me without my sister here?

CREON
Say not thy sister here: thy sister's dead.

ISMENE
What, wilt thou slay thy own son's plighted bride?

CREON
Aye, let him raise him seed from other fields.

ISMENE
No new espousal can be like the old.

CREON
A plague on trulls who court and woo our sons.

ANTIGONE
O Haemon, how thy sire dishonours thee!

CREON
A plague on thee and thy accursed bride!
ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἡ γὰρ στερήσεις τῆςδε τῶν σαυτοῦ γόνου;

ΚΡΕΩΝ

"Αιδης ὁ παύσων τούδε τοὺς γάμους ἔφυ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

dedogmen’, ὡς ἔοικε, τήνδε καθανεῖν.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

καὶ σοὶ γε κάμοι. μὴ τρίβας ἔτ’, ἀλλὰ νῦν
κομίζετ’ εἰσώ, ὅμως· ἐκ δὲ τοῦδε χρὴ
γυναῖκας εἶναι τάσδε μηδ’ ἀνειμένας.

φεύγουσι γὰρ τοι χοί θρασεῖσ, ὅταν πέλας

ἡδη τὸν Ὁ Αιδην εἰσορώσει τοῦ βίου.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

eudaimones ὅσι κακῶν ἁγευστος αἰών.

στρ. α’
oís γὰρ ἀν σεισθή θεόθεν δόμος, ἄτας
οὐδὲν ἐλλείπει γενεὰς ἐπὶ πλῆθος ἔρπουν.

ὁμοιοὺς ὅτα ποντίας οἶδα δυσπνῶσ ὅταν

Θρήσσοισιν ἐρέβος ύφαλον ἐπιδράμη πνοάις,

κυλίνδει βυσσόθεν κελαινὰν θίνα καὶ
dυσάνεμοι, στόνω βρέμουσι δ’ ἀντιπλήγες ἀκταῖ.

ἀρχαία τά Δαβδακιδάν οἴκων ὅρωμαι

ἀντ. α’

πήματα φθιτῶν ἐπὶ πήμασι πίπτοντ’,

οὐδ’ ἀπαλλάσσει γενεὰν γένος, ἀλλ’ ἐρείπει

θεῶν τις, οὐδ’ ἔχει λύσιν. νῦν γὰρ ἐσχάτας ὑπὲρ

ρίζας’δ’ τέτατο φᾶος ἐν Οἰδίπου δόμοις,

κατ’ αὐ νῦν φοινία θεῶν τῶν νερτέρων

ἀμὰ κοπίς1 λόγον τ’ ἀνοια καὶ φρενῶν ἐρινύς.

1 konis mss; J. Jortin corr.
ANTIGONE

CHORUS
What, wilt thou rob thine own son of his bride?

CREON
'Tis death that bars this marriage, not his sire.

CHORUS
So her death-warrant, it would seem, is sealed.

CREON
By you, as first by me; off with them, guards,
And keep them close. Henceforward let them learn
To live as women use, not roam at large.
For e'en the bravest spirits run away
When they perceive death pressing on life's heels.

CHORUS
Thrice blest are they who never tasted pain! (Str. 1)
If once the curse of Heaven attaint a race,
The infection lingers on and speeds apace,
Age after age, and each the cup must drain.

So when Etesian blasts from Thrace downpour
Sweep o'er the blackening main and whirl to land
From Ocean's cavernous depths his ooze and sand,
Billow on billow thunders on the shore.

On the Labdacidae I see descending (Ant. 1)
Woe upon woe; from days of old some god
Laid on the race a malison, and his rod
Scourges each age with sorrows never ending.

The light that dawned upon its last born son
Is vanished, and the bloody axe of Fate
Has felled the goodly tree that blossomed late.
O Oedipus, by reckless pride undone!
ANTIGONH

στρ. β'
tεάν, Ζεύ, δύνασιν τίς ἀνδρῶν ὑπερβασία κατάσχοι; τὰν οὐθ' ὑπνος αἱρεῖ ποθ' ὁ πάντ' ἀγρεύων, οὔτε θεῶν ἀκματοι μῆνες, ἀγήρῳ δὲ χρόνῳ δυνάστας κατέχεις Ὄλυμπου μαρμαρόεσσαν ἀγγλαν.

tό τ' ἔπειτα καί τό μέλλον καί τό πρὶν ἐπαρκέσει νόμος ὅδ', οὐδὲν ἔρπει θνατῶν βιότφ πάμπολυ γ' ἐκτὸς ἄτας.

ἀντ. β'
α γὰρ δ' ἐπολυπλαγκτός ἐλπὶς πολλοὶς μὲν δύνασις ἀνδρῶν,
pολλοὶς δ' ἀπάτα κουφονόνων ἐρωτῶν·
eιδότι δ' οὐδὲν ἔρπει, πρὶν πυρὶ θερμῷ πόδα τις προσαύσῃ. σοφία γὰρ ἐκ τοῦ κλεισθ' ἔπος πέφανται,
tό κακὸν δοκεῖν ποτ' ἐσθολόν τῷδ' ἐμμεν ὅτῳ φρένας
θεός ἅγιει πρός ἄταν· πράσσει δ' ὅλιγιστον γρόνων ἐκτὸς ἄτας.

οδὲ μὴν Αἵμων, παίδων τῶν σῶν
νέατον γέννημ' ἃρ' ἀχυμένος
tάλιδος ήκει μόρον Ἀντιγόνης,
ἀπάτης λεχέων ὑπεραλγῶν;

KREΩΝ
tάχ', εἰςόμεσθα μάντεων ὑπέρτερον.
ἠ παῖ, τελείαν ψήφον ἄρα μὴ κλύων
tῆς μελλουμύμφου πατρὶ λυσσαίων πάρει;
ἡ σοὶ μὲν ἴμεις πανταχῇ ἔρωτες φίλοι;

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ANTIGONE

(Stz. 2)
Thy might, O Zeus, what mortal power can quell?
Not sleep that lays all else beneath its spell,
Nor moons that never tire: untouched by Time,
Throned in the dazzling light
That crowns Olympus' height,
Thou reignest King, omnipotent, sublime.

Past, present, and to be,
All bow to thy decree,
All that exceeds the mean by Fate
Is punished, Love or Hate.

(Hnt. 2)
Hope flits about on never-wearying wings;
Profit to some, to some light loves she brings,
But no man knoweth how her gifts may turn,
Till 'neath his feet the treacherous ashes burn.
Sure 'twas a sage inspired that spake this word;

If evil good appear
To any, Fate is near;
And brief the respite from her flaming sword.

Hither comes in angry mood
Haemon, latest of thy brood;
Is it for his bride he's grieved,
Of her marriage-bed deceived,
Doth he make his mourn for thee,
Maid forlorn, Antigone?

CREON
Soon shall we know, better than seer can tell.
Learning my fixed decree anent thy bride,
Thou mean'st not, son, to rave against thy sire?
Know'st not what'er we do is done in love?
ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ΑΙΜΩΝ
πάτερ, σός εἴμι, καὶ σύ μοι γνῶμας ἔχων
χρηστάς ἀπορθοῦς, αἰς ἔγωγ' ἐφέψομαι.
ἐμοὶ γὰρ οὔδείς ἀξιώσεται γάμος
μεῖζων φέρεσθαι σοῦ καλῶς ἦγομένου.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
οὔτω γὰρ, ἡ παῖ, χρή διὰ στέρων ἔχειν,
γνώμης πατρὰς πάντ' ὡσισθεὶν ἐστάναι.
τούτω γὰρ οὔνεκ' ἄνδρες εὐχονται γονὰς
κατηχόους φύσαντες ἐν δόμοις ἔχειν,
ὡς καὶ τὸν ἐχθρὸν ἀνταμύνωνται κακοῖς
καὶ τὸν φίλον τιμῶσιν ἐξ ἰσον πατρί.
ὁστις δ' ἀνωφέλητα φιτύει τέκνα,
τί τόνδ' ἂν εἴποις ἄλλο πλὴν ἀντὶ πόνους
φύσαι, πολύν δὲ τοῖσιν ἐχθροῖσιν γέλων;
μὴ νῦν ποτ' ὡς παῖ, τὰς φρένας υφ' ἕδονης
γυναίκος οὔνεκ' ἐκβάλης, εἰδὼς ὅτι
ψυχρὸν παραγκάλισμα τούτο γίγνεται,
γυνὴ κακὴ ξύπνευς ἐν δόμοις.
τί γὰρ γέοιτ' ἂν ἐλκοσ μεῖζον ἕ φίλος κακοῖς;
ἀλλὰ πτύσας ὥσει τε δυσμενὴ μέθες
tὴν παῖδ' εἰ" Ἁιδοὺ τήνδε νυμφεύειν τινί.
ἐπεὶ γὰρ αὐτὴν ἐδόν εἰμφανῶς ἐγὼ
πόλεως ἀπιστὴσασαν ἐκ πάσης μόνην,
ψευδὴ γ' ἐμαυτὸν ὦ καταστήσω πόλει,
ἀλλὰ κτενῶ. πρὸς ταύτ' ἐφυμενεῖτο Δία
ξύναιμον· εἰ γὰρ δὴ τά γ' ἐγχενή φύσει
ἀκοσμα θρέψω, κάρτα τοὺς ἐξω γένους.
ἐν τοῖς γὰρ οἰκείοισιν ὡστὶς ἔστ' ἀνὴρ
χρηστός, φανεῖται κἂν πόλει δίκαιος ὁν.
ὁστις δ' ὑπερβαίς ὑ νόμοις βιάζεται
ἡ τοῦπτιάσσειν τοῖς κρατύνουσιν νοεῖ,
ANTIGONE.

HAEMON
O father, I am thine, and I will take
Thy wisdom as the helm to steer withal.
Therefore no wedlock shall by me be held
More precious than thy loving governance.

CREON
Well spoken: so right-minded sons should feel,
In all deferring to a father's will.
For 'tis the hope of parents they may rear
A brood of sons submissive, keen to avenge
Their father's wrongs, and count his friends their own.
But who begets unprofitable sons,
He verily breeds trouble for himself,
And for his foes much laughter. Son, be warned
And let no woman fool away thy wits.
Ill fares the husband mated with a shrew,
And her embraces very soon wax cold.
For what can wound so surely to the quick
As a false friend? So spue and cast her off,
Bid her go find a husband with the dead.
For since I caught her openly rebelling,
Of all my subjects the one malcontent,
I will not prove a traitor to the State.
She surely dies. Go, let her, if she will,
Appeal to Zeus the God of Kindred, for
If thus I nurse rebellion in my house,
Shall not I foster mutiny without?
For whoso rules his household worthily,
Will prove in civic matters no less wise.
But he who overbears the laws, or thinks
To overrule his rulers, such an one

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ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

οὐκ ἦστ’ ἐπαίνου τούτου ἐξ ἐμοῦ τυχεῖν.
ἀλλ’ ὄν πόλις στῆσει, τοῦτός χρή κλύειν
καὶ σμικρὰ καὶ δίκαια καὶ τάνατς.
καὶ τούτων ἄν τοῖς ἄνδρα θαρσοίν ἔγω
καλῶς μὲν ἄρχειν, εὖ δ’ ἄν ἄρχεσθαι θέλειν,
δορὸς τ’ ἄν ἐν χειμώνι προστεταγμένον
μένειν δίκαιον κάγαθον παραστάτην.
ἀναρχίας δὲ μείζον όνκ ἔστιν κακόν..
αὐτή πόλεις ὀλλυσίν, ἢ δ’ ἀναστάτους
οἴκους τίθησίν, ἢδε συμμάχου δορὸς
τροπᾶς καταρρήγγυσι: τῶν δ’ ὀρθομενῶν
σώζει τὰ πολλὰ σώμαθ’ ἢ πειθαρχία.
οὔτως ἄμωτε’ ἐστὶ τοῖς κοσμομυνήσις.
κοῦτοι γυναικὸς οὐδαμῶς ἡσσητέα.
κρείσσον γὰρ, εἴπερ δεῖ, πρὸς ἄνδρος ἐκπεσεῖν,
κοῦκ ἀν γυναικῶν ἡσσοῦνες κάλοιμεθ’ ἂν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἡμῖν μέν, εἰ μὴ τῷ χρόνῳ κεκλέμμεθα,
λέγειν φρονούντως ὡς λέγεις δοκεῖς πέρι.

ΑΙΜΩΝ

πάτερ, θεοὶ φύουσιν ἄνθρωποις φρένας,
πάντων ὅσ’ ἐστὶ κτημάτων ὑπέρτατον.
ἑγὼ δ’ ὅπως σὺ μή λέγεις ὀρθῶς τάδε,
οὔτ’ ἄν δυναίμην μήτ’ ἐπισταίμην λέγειν,
γένοιτο μένταν χάτερω καλῶς ἔχον.
σοῦ δ’ ὅσ’ πέφυκα, πάντα προσκοπεῖν ὅσα
λέγει τις ἡ πράσσει τις ἡ φέρειν ἔχει.
τὸ γὰρ σον ὅμμα δείνον ἄνδρὶ δημότῃ
λόγους τοιούτους, οἷς σὺ μή τέρψει κλύων·
emption ὅ’ ἄκουειν ἔστ’ ὕπ’ σκότου τάδε,
τὴν παιδα ταύτῃ σι’ ὀδύρεται πόλις,
πασῶν γυναικῶν ὡς ἀναξιωτάτη.
ANTIGONE

I never will allow. Whome'er the State
Appoints, must be obeyed in everything,
Both small and great, just and unjust alike.
I warrant such an one in either case
Would shine, as King or subject; such a man
Would in the storm of battle stand his ground,
A comrade leal and true; but Anarchy—
What evils are not wrought by Anarchy!
She ruins States, and overthrows the home,
She dissipates and routs the embattled host;
While discipline preserves the ordered ranks.
Therefore we must maintain authority
And yield no tittle to a woman's will.
Better, if needs be, men should cast us out
Than hear it said, a woman proved his match.

CHORUS

To me, unless old age have dulled my wits,
Thy words appear both reasonable and wise.

HAEMON

Father, the gods implant in mortal men
Reason, the choicest gift bestowed by heaven.
'Tis not for me to say thou errest, nor
Would I arraign thy wisdom, if I could;
And yet wise thoughts may come to other men
And, as thy son, it falls to me to mark
The acts, the words, the comments of the crowd.
The commons stand in terror of thy frown,
And dare not utter aught that might offend,
But I can overhear their muttered plaints,
Know how the people mourn this maiden doomed
For noblest deeds to die the worst of deaths.
ANTIPONH

κάκιστ’ ἀπ’ ἔργον εὐκλεεστάτων φθίνει ήτις τοῦ αὐτῆς αὐτάδελφου ἐν φοναῖς πεπτώτ’ ἄθαπτον μήθ’ ὑπ’ ὁμηστῶν κυνῶν εἰσ’ ὀλέσθαι μήθ’ ὑπ’ οἰωνῶν τινος; οὐχ ἦδε χρυσῆς ἄξια τιμῆς λαχεῖν; τοιάδ’ ἐρεμνὴ σὺν’ ἐπέρχεται φάτις. 700
ἐμοὶ δὲ σοῦ πράσσοντος εὐτυχῶς, πάτερ, οὐκ ἔστιν οὖθεν κτήμα τιμώτερον.
τί γὰρ πατρὸς θάλλοντος εὐκλείας τέκνοις ἀγαλμα μεῖζον, ἢ τί πρὸς παῖδων πατρὶ; μὴ νων ἐν ἴθος μοῦνον ἐν σαντῷ φόρει, ὥς φῆς σὺ, κοὐδέν ἄλλο, τούτ’ ὀρθῶς ἔχειν. ἄστις γὰρ αὐτὸς ἡ φρονεῖν μόνος δοκεῖ; ἡ γλώσσαν, ἢν οὐκ ἄλλος, ἡ ψυχὴν ἔχειν, οὐτοὶ διαπτυχθέντες ὄφθησαν κενοὶ.
ἐλλ’ ἄνδρα, κεί τις ἡ σοφός, τὸ μανθάνειν πόλλ’ αἰσχρὸν οὖθεν καὶ τὸ μὴ τείνειν ἄγαν. ὁρᾶς παρὰ ρεῖόροις χειμάρροις ὅσα δένδρων ὑπείκει, κλώνας ὡς ἐκσφόζεται, τὰ δ’ ἄντεινον’ αὐτόπρεμον ἀπόλλυται. 710
αὐτῶς δὲ ναὸς ὅστις ἐγκρατὴ πόδα τείνας ὑπείκει μηδέν, ὡτόιοις κάτω στρέψας τὸ λοιπὸν σέλμασιν ναυτίλλεται. ἂλλ’ εἰκε καὶ θυμῷ μετάστασιν δίδουν.
γνώμη γὰρ εἰ τις κάτ’ ἐμοῦ νεωτέρου πρόσεστι, φήμ’ ἐγωγε πρεσβεύειν πολὺ φύναι τὸν ἄνδρα πάντ’ ἐπιστήμης πλέων’ εἰ δ’ οὖν, φιλεῖ γὰρ τούτο μὴ ταύτῃ ῥέπειν, καὶ τῶν λεγόντων εὐ καλὸν τὸ μανθάνειν. 720
ΧΟΡΟΣ
ἀναξ, σε τ’ εἰκός, εἰ τι καίριον λέγει, μαθεῖν, σε τ’ αὖ τοῦδ’ εὖ γὰρ εἰρηται διπλῆ.

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ANTIGONE

When her own brother slain in battle lay
Unsepulchred, she suffered not his corse
To lie for carrion birds and dogs to maul:
Should not her name (they cry) be writ in gold?
Such the low murmurings that reach my ear.
O father, nothing is by me more prized
Than thy well-being, for what higher good
Can children covet than their sire’s fair fame,
As fathers too take pride in glorious sons?
Therefore, my father, cling not to one mood,
And deem not thou art right, all others wrong.
For whoso thinks that wisdom dwells with him,
That he alone can speak or think aright,
Such oracles are empty breath when tried.
The wisest man will let himself be swayed
By others’ wisdom and relax in time.
See how the trees beside a stream in flood
Save, if they yield to force, each spray unharmed,
But by resisting perish root and branch.
The mariner who keeps his mainsheet taut,
And will not slacken in the gale, is like
To sail with thwarts reversed, keel uppermost.
Relent then and repent thee of thy wrath;
For, if one young in years may claim some sense,
I’ll say ’tis best of all to be endowed
With absolute wisdom; but, if that’s denied,
(And nature takes not readily that ply)
Next wise is he who lists to sage advice.

CHORUS

If he says aught in season, heed him, King.

(to HAEMON)

Heed thou thy sire too; both have spoken well.
ΑΝΤΙΓΩΝΗ

ΚΡΕΩΝ
οί τηλικοίδε καὶ διδαξόμεσθα δὴ
φρονεῖν ὑπ’ ἀνδρὸς τηλικοίδε τὴν φύσιν;
AIMΩΝ
μὴ δὲν τὸ μὴ δίκαιον· εἰ δ’ ἐγὼ νέος,
οὐ τὸν χρόνον χρὴ μᾶλλον ἢ τάργα σκοπεῖν.
ΚΡΕΩΝ
ἐργον γὰρ ἐστὶ τοὺς ἀκοσμοῦντας σέβειν;
AIMΩΝ
φῦ δ’ ἄν κελεύσαιμ’ εὐσεβεῖν εἰς τοὺς κακοὺς.
ΚΡΕΩΝ
οὐχ ἢ δὲ γὰρ τοιῶθ’ ἐπείληπται νόσῳ;
AIMΩΝ
οὐ φησί Θήβης τῆς ὁμότολοσ λεώς.
ΚΡΕΩΝ
πόλις γὰρ ἦμιν ἀμὴ χρῆ τάσσειν ἐρεῖ;
AIMΩΝ
ὁρᾶς τὸδ’ ὡς εἰρήκας ὡς ἀγαν νέος;
ΚΡΕΩΝ
ἂλλῳ γὰρ ἢ μοι χρὴ με τῆς ἅρχειν χθονός;
AIMΩΝ
πόλις γὰρ οὐκ ἔσθ’ ἦτις ἀνδρὸς ἐσθ’ ἐνός.
ΚΡΕΩΝ
οὗ τοῦ κρατοῦντος ἡ πόλις νομίζεται;
AIMΩΝ
καλῶς γ’ ἐρήμης ἀν σῦ γῆς ἄρχοις μόνος.
ΚΡΕΩΝ
ὅδ’, ὡς οἰκε, τῇ γυναικὶ συμμαχεῖ.
AIMΩΝ
εἰπερ γυνὴ σύ, σοῦ γὰρ οὖν προκήδομαι.
ΚΡΕΩΝ
ὡς παγκάκιστε, διὰ δίκης ἰὼν πατρί.
ANTIGONE

CREON
What, would you have us at our age be schooled,
Lessoned in prudence by a beardless boy?

HAEMON
I plead for justice, father, nothing more.
Weigh me upon my merit, not my years.

CREON
Strange merit this to sanction lawlessness!

HAEMON
For evil-doers I would urge no plea.

CREON
Is not this maid an arrant law-breaker?

HAEMON
The Theban commons with one voice say, No.

CREON
What, shall the mob dictate my policy?

HAEMON
'Tis thou, methinks, who speakest like a boy.

CREON
Am I to rule for others, or myself?

HAEMON
A State for one man is no State at all.

CREON
The State is his who rules it, so 'tis held.

HAEMON
As monarch of a desert thou wouldst shine.

CREON
This boy, methinks, maintains the woman's cause.

HAEMON
If thou be'st woman, yes. My thought's for thee.

CREON
O reprobate, would'st wrangle with thy sire?
ΑΙΜΩΝ
ού γὰρ δίκαιά σ’ ἐξαμαρτάνονθ’ ὀρῷ.
ΚΡΕΩΝ
ἀμαρτάνω γὰρ τὰς ἐμὰς ἀρχὰς σέβων;
ΑΙΜΩΝ
οὔ γὰρ σέβεσις, τιμᾶσ γε τὰς θεῶν πατῶν.
ΚΡΕΩΝ
ὁ μιαρὸν ἦθος καὶ γυναικὸς ὑστερον.
ΑΙΜΩΝ
οὔ τὰν ἔλοις ἠσσῶ γε τῶν αἰσχρῶν ἐμὲ.
ΚΡΕΩΝ
ὁ γοῦν λόγος σοι πᾶς ὑπὲρ κείνης ὁδε.
ΑΙΜΩΝ
καὶ σοῦ γε κάμοι, καὶ θεῶν τῶν νεφέρων.
ΚΡΕΩΝ
tαύτην ποτ’ οὐκ ἔσθ’ ὡς ἔτι ξώσαν γάμεις.
ΑΙΜΩΝ
ἡ δ’ οὐν θανεῖται καὶ θανοῦσ’ ὀλεὶ τινα.
ΚΡΕΩΝ
ἡ κάπαπειλὼν ὡδ’ ἐπεξέρχει θρασύς;
ΑΙΜΩΝ
tίς δ’ ἔστ’ ἀπειλὴ πρὸς κενὰς γνώμας λέγειν;
ΚΡΕΩΝ
κλαίων φρενώσεις, ὃν φρενῶν αὐτὸς κενὸς.
ΑΙΜΩΝ
εἰ μὴ πατὴρ ἦσθ’, εἶπον ἂν σ’ οὐκ εὐ φρονεῖν.
ΚΡΕΩΝ
γυναικὸς ὃν δούλευμα μὴ κώτιλλε με.
ΑΙΜΩΝ
βούλει λέγειν τι καὶ λέγων μηδὲν κλύειν;
ANTIGONE

HAEMON
Because I see thee wrongfully perverse.

CREON
And am I wrong, if I maintain my rights?

HAEMON
Talk not of rights; thou spurn’st the due of Heaven.

CREON
O heart corrupt, a woman’s minion thou!

HAEMON
Slave to dishonour thou wilt never find me.

CREON
Thy speech at least was all a plea for her.

HAEMON
And thee and me, and for the gods below.

CREON
Living the maid shall never be thy bride.

HAEMON
So she shall die, but one will die with her.

CREON
Hast come to such a pass as threaten me?

HAEMON
What threat is this, vain counsels to reprove?

CREON
Vain fool to instruct thy betters; thou shalt rue it.

HAEMON
Wert not my father, I had said thou err’st.

CREON
Play not the spaniel, thou a woman’s slave.

HAEMON
When thou dost speak, must no man make reply?

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ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ΚΡΕΩΝ

άληθες; ἀλλ’ οὐ τάνδ’ Ὀλυμπον, ἴσθ’ ὀτι, χαίρων ἐπὶ ψόγοισι δεινάσσεις ἐμὲ.
ἀγαγε τὸ μίσσος, ὡς κατ’ ὦμματ’ αὐτίκα παρόντι θυήσκῃ κλησία τῷ νυμφὶ.

AIMΩΝ

οὐ δῆτ’ ἐμοίγε, τοῦτο μὴ δόξης ποτέ, ὀὐθ’ ἤδ’ ὀλείται πλῆσια, σὺ τ’ οὐδαμὰ τούμῳ προσόψει κρᾶτ’ ἐν-ὅθελμοις ὅρων, ὡς τοῖς θέλουσι τῶν φίλων μαίνῃ συνών.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀνήρ, ἄναξ, βεβηκένει ἕξ ὀργῆς ταχύς
νοῦς δ’ ἐστὶ τηλικοῦτος ἀλγῆσας βαρύς.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

δράτω φρονείτω μεῖζον ἢ κατ’ ἁνδρ’ λόγω
τῶ δ’ οὖν κόρα τῶδ’ οὐκ ἀπαλλάξῃ μόρου.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

άμφω γὰρ αὐτῷ καὶ κατακτεῖναι νοεῖς;

ΚΡΕΩΝ

οὐ τὴν γε μὴ θυγούσαν. εὖ γὰρ οὖν λέγεισ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

μόρῳ δὲ ποιῶ καὶ σφε βουλεύει κτανεῖν;

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ἀγων ἔρημος ἔνθ’ ἄν ἢ βροτῶν στίβος
κρύψω πετρώδει ξὼσαν ἐν κατώρυχι,
φορβῆς τοσσότοιν ὡς ἄγος μόνον προβείς,
ὅπως μίασμα πᾶσ’ ὑπεκφύγῃ πόλις.
κάκει τὸν Ἀιδήν, ὑπ’ ὦμον σέβει θεῶν,
αἰτουμένη που τεῦξεται τὸ μὴ θανεῖν,
ἡ γνώσεται γοῦν ἀλλὰ τηνικαῦθ’ ὅτι
πόνος περισσός ἐστὶ τὰν Ἀιδοῦ σέβειν.
ANTIGONE

CREON
This passes bounds. By heaven, thou shalt not rate
And jeer and flout me with impunity.
Off with the hateful thing that she may die
At once, beside her bridegroom, in his sight.

HAEMON
Think not that in my sight the maid shall die,
Or by my side; never shalt thou again
Behold my face hereafter. Go, consort
With friends who like a madman for their mate.

[Exit HAEMON.

CHORUS
Thy son has gone, my liege, in angry haste.
Fell is the wrath of youth beneath a smart.

CREON
Let him go vent his fury like a fiend:
These sisters twain he shall not save from death.

CHORUS
Surely, thou meanest not to slay them both?

CREON
I stand corrected; only her who touched
The body.

CHORUS
And what death is she to die?

CREON
She shall be taken to some desert place
By man untrod, and in a rock-hewn cave,
With food no more than to avoid the taint
That homicide might bring on all the State,
Buried alive. There let her call in aid
The King of Death, the one god she reveres,
Or learn too late a lesson learnt at last:
'Tis labour lost, to reverence the dead.
ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

στρ.

"Ερως ἀνίκατε μάχαν, ᾿Ερως, ὃς ἐν κτήμασι πέπτεις,
ὁς ἐν μαλακαῖς παρειαῖς νεάνιδος ἐνυχεύεις,
φοιτᾷς δ’ ὑπερπόντιος ἐν τ’ ἀγρονόμοις αὐλαῖς·
καὶ σ’ οὐτ’ ἀθανάτων φύξιμος οὐδεὶς
οὐθ’ ἀμερίων σὲ γ’ ἀνθρώπων· ὁ δ’ ἔχων μέμηνεν.

ἀντ.

σὺ καὶ δικαίων ἄδικους φρένας παραστᾷς ἐπὶ

λάβα,

σὺ καὶ τὸδε νεῖκος ἀνδρῶν ξύναιμον ἔχεις ταράξας·

νικᾷ δ’ ἐναργής βλεφάρων ἱμερος εὐλεκτρὸν

νύμφας, τῶν μεγάλων πάρεδρος ἐν ἀρχαῖς

θεσμῶν· ἀμαχὸς γὰρ ἐμπαίζει θεοὶ Ἀφροδίτα.

νῦν δ’ ἥδη ᾧ καῦτος θεσμῶν

ἔξω φέρομαι τάδ’ ὀρῶν, ἵσχειν δ’

οὔκέτι πηγὰς δύναμαι δακρύων,

τὸν παγκοίτην ὃθ’ ὀρῶ θάλαμον

τήν’ Ἀντιγόνην ἀνύτουσαν.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

στρ. α’

ὅρατ’ ἑμ’, ὃ γὰς πατρίας πολῖται, τὰν νεάταν ὀδὸν

στείχουσαν, νέατον δὲ φέγγος λεύσουσαν ἀελίον,

κούπτοτ’ αὐθίς· ἀλλὰ μ’ ὁ παγκοῖτας ᾿Αἰδας ἤσαν

ἀγει

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ANTIGONE

CHORUS

(Str.)

Love resistless in fight, all yield at a glance of thine eye,
Love who pillow'd all night on a maiden's cheek dost lie,
Over the upland folds thou roam'st, and the trackless sea.
Love the gods captive holds. Shall mortals not yield to thee?

(Ant.)

Mad are thy subjects all, and even the wisest heart
Straight to folly will fall, at a touch of thy poisoned dart.
Thou didst kindle the strife, this feud of kinsman with kin,
By the eyes of a winsome wife, and the yearning her heart to win.
For as her consort still, enthroned with Justice above,
Thou bendest man to thy will, O all invincible Love.


(Sc. 1)

Lo I myself am borne aside,
From Justice, as I view this bride.
(O sight an eye in tears to drown)
Antigone, so young, so fair,
Thus hurried down
Death's bower with the dead to share.

ANTIGONE

Friends, countrymen, my last farewell I make;
My journey's done.
One last fond, lingering, longing look I take
At the bright sun.
For Death who puts to sleep both young and old
Hales my young life,
ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

τὰν Ἀχέροντος ἀκτάν, οὗθ’ ὑμεναίων ἐγκληρον, οὔτ’ ἐπινύμφειός πώ με τις ὤμος ὑμνήσειν, ἀλλ’ Ἀχέροντι νυμφεύσω.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
οὐκοῦν κλεινὴ καὶ ἔπαινον ἔχουσ᾿ ἐς τόδ᾿ ἀπέρχει κεύθος νεκύων, οὔτε φθινάσιν πληγείσα νόσους οὔτε ξιφέων ἐπίχειρα λαχοῦσ᾿, ἀλλ’ αὐτόνομος ξῦσα μονή δὴ θυντῶν" Αἰδήν καταβήσει.

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ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ἀντ. α’
ηκουσα δὴ λυγροτάταν ὅλεσθαι τὰν Φρυγίαν ξέναν Ταυτάλου Σιπύλην πρὸς ἀκρῷ, τὰν κισσὸς ὡς ἀτενής πετραῖα βλάστα δάμασεν, καὶ νιν ὀμβροὶ τακο-μέναν, ὡς φάτις ἄνδρῶν, χιών τ’ οὐδαμά λείπει, τέγγει δ’ ὑπ’ ὄφρυσι παγκλαύτοις δειράδας: ἃ με δαίμων ὁμοιοτάταν κατευνάξει.

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ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀλλὰ θεὸς τοι καὶ θεογενής, ἧμεις δὲ βροτοὶ καὶ θυητογενεῖς. καλτοὶ φθιμένη μέγα κάκούσαι τοῖς ἱσοθέοις σύγκληρα λαχεῖν. ξῦσαν καὶ ἐπειτα θανοῦσαν.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

στρ. β’
οὐμοι γελῶμαι. τὶ με, πρὸς θεῶν πατρῶν, οὐκ οἰχομέναν ὑβρίζεις, ἀλλ’ ἐπίφαντον; ὥ πόλις, ὥ πόλεως πολυκτήμονες ἄνδρες.

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ANTIGONE

And beckons me to Acheron's dark fold,
    An unwed wife.
No youths have sung the marriage song for me,
    My bridal bed
No maids have strewn with flowers from the lea,
    'Tis Death I wed.

CHORUS
But bethink thee, thou art sped,
    Great and glorious, to the dead.
Thou the sword's edge hast not tasted,
    No disease thy frame hath wasted.
Freely thou alone shalt go
Living to the dead below.

ANTIGONE (Ant. 1)

Nay, but the piteous tale I've heard men tell
    Of Tantalus' doomed child,
Chained upon Sipylus' high rocky fell,
    That clung like ivy wild,
Drenched by the pelting rain and whirling snow,
    Left there to pine,
While on her frozen breast the tears aye flow—
    Her fate is mine.

CHORUS
She was sprung of gods, divine,
    Mortals we of mortal line.
Like renown with gods to gain
    Recompenses all thy pain.
Take this solace to thy tomb
    Hers in life and death thy doom.

ANTIGONE

Alack, alack! Ye mock me. Is it meet (Str. 2)
    Thus to insult me living, to my face?
Cease, by our country's altars I entreat,
    Ye lordly rulers of a lordly race.
ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ιώ Διρκαίαι κρήναι
Θήβας τ' ευαρμάτου ἁλσος, ἕμπας ξυμμάρτυρας
ὔμι' ἐπικτῶμαι,
οία φίλου ἄκλαντος, οὔοις νόμοις
πρὸς ἔργα μυθούχωστον ἔρχομαι τάφου ποταῖνον.

ἰώ δύστανος, βροτοῖς οὔτε νεκροῖς κυροῦσα
μέτοικος οὐ ξώσιν, οὐ θανοῦσιν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
προβάσε' ἐπ' ἐσχατόν θράσους
ὕψηλον ἐς Δίκας βάθρουν
προσέπεσες, ὃ τέκνον, πολύν
πατρῴου δ' ἐκτίνεις τιν' ἄθλον.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ
ἐψαυσας ἀλγεινοτάτας ἐμὸλ μερίμνας, ἀντ. β'
pατρῶς τριπόλιστον οἰκτον τοῦ τε πρόπαντος
ἀμετέρου πότμου κλεινοῖς Δαβδακίδαισιν.

ἰώ ματρῷοι λέκτρων
ἀται κοιμήματά τ' αὐτογέννητ' ἐμῷ πατρὶ δυσμό-

ρου ματρῶς,
οίων ἐγὼ ποθ' ἀ ταλαιφρων ἔφυν·

πρὸς οἷς ἄραιος ἄγαμος ἄδ' ἐγὼ μέτοικος ἔρχομαι.

ἰώ δυσπότμων κασίγνητε γαμῶν κυρήσας,
θανῶν ἐτ' οὔσαν κατήναρες με.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
σέβειν μὲν εὐσέβειά τις,

ἀντ. γ'

κράτος δ' ὅτω κράτος μέλει

παραβατῶν οὐδαμά πέλει·

σὲ δ' αὐτόγνωτος ὠλεσ' ὅργα.

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ANTIGONE

O fount of Dirce, wood-embowered plain
   Where Theban chariots to victory speed,
Mark ye the cruel laws that now have wrought my bane,
   The friends who show no pity in my need!
Was ever fate like mine? O monstrous doom,
   Within a rock-built prison sepulchred,
To fade and wither in a living tomb,
   An alien midst the living and the dead.

CHORUS
   In thy boldness over-rash  (Str. 3)
   Madly thou thy foot didst dash
   'Gainst high Justice' altar stair.
   Thou a father's guilt dost bear.

ANTIGONE  (Ant. 2)
At this thou touchest my most poignant pain,
   My ill-starred father's piteous disgrace,
The taint of blood, the hereditary stain,
   That clings to all of Labdacus' famed race.
Woe worth the monstrous marriage-bed where lay
   A mother with the son her womb had borne;
Therein I was conceived, woe worth the day,
   Fruit of incestuous sheets, a maid forlorn,
And now I pass, accursèd and unwed,
   To meet them as an alien there below;
And thee, O brother, in marriage ill-bestead,
   'Twas thy dead hand that dealt me this death-blow.

CHORUS
   Religion has her claims, 'tis true,  (Ant. 3)
   Let rites be paid when rites are due.
   Yet is it ill to disobey
   The powers who hold by might the sway.
   Thou hast withstood authority,
   A self-willed rebel, thou must die.

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ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

άκλαντος, ἀψιλός, ἀνυμέναιος ταλαιφρων ἄγομαι
tαν πυμάταν ὅδον· οὐκέτι μοι τόδε
λαμπαδὸς ἱερὸν ὤμμα
θέμις ὅραν ταλαίνα·
tόν δ' ἐμὸν πότμων ἀδάκρυτον
οὐδεὶς φίλων στενάξει.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ἀρ' ἵστ', ἀοιδᾶς καὶ γόους πρὸ τοῦ θανεῖν
ὁς οὐδ' ἂν εἴς παύσαιτ' ἂν, εἰ χρείη λέγειν;
οὐκ ἄξεθ' ὡς τάγωστα; καὶ κατηρεφεὶ
tύμβων περιπτυχαντες, ὡς εἰρήκ' ἐγώ,
ἀφετε μόνην ἔρημον, εἴτε χρῆθ' θανεῖν
eίτ' ἐν τοιαύτῃ ἵσσα τυμβεύειν στέγῃ
ημείς γὰρ ἁγνοὶ τοῦτο τήνδε τὴν κόρην
μετοικίας δ' οὗν τῆς ἄνω στερήσεται.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ὁ τύμβος, ὁ νυμφεῖον, ὁ κατασκαφῆς
οἰκησίς ἀείφρουρος, οἱ πορεύομαι
πρὸ τους ἐμαντῆς, ὑπὸ ἄριθμον ἐν νεκροῖς
πλείστων δέδεκται Φερσέφασσ' ὀλωλωτῶν·
ὁν λοισθία γ' ὡς καὶ κάκιστα δὴ μακρῷ
κάτεμι, πρὶν μοι μοίραν ἔξηκεν βίον.
ἐλθοῦσα μέντοι κάρτ' ἐν ἐλπίσιν τρέφω
φίλη μὲν ἡξειν πατρί, προσφιλῆς δὲ σοί,
μήτερ, φίλη δὲ σοί, κασίγνητον κάρα·
ἐπεὶ θανόντας αὐτόχειρ ὑμᾶς ἐγὼ
ἐλούσοι κάκοσμησα καπιτυμβίους
χοάς ἔδωκα· νῦν δέ, Πολύνεικες, τὸ σὸν
dέμας περιστέλλουσα τοιάδ' ἄρνυμαι.
καίτοι σ' ἐγώ τίμησα τοῖς φρονοῦσιν εὐ.
οὐ γὰρ ποτ' οὗτ' ἂν, εἰ τέκνων μήτηρ ἐφυν,

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ANTIGONE

ANTIGONE
Unwept, unwed, unfriended, hence I go,
    No longer may I see the day’s bright eye;
Not one friend left to share my bitter woe,
    And o’er my ashes heave one passing sigh.

CREON
If wail and lamentation aught availed
To stave off death, I trow they’d never end.
Away with her, and having walled her up
In a rock-vaulted tomb, as I ordained,
Leave her alone at liberty to die,
Or, if she choose, to live in solitude,
The tomb her dwelling. We in either case
Are guiltless as concerns this maiden’s blood.
Only on earth no lodging shall she find.

ANTIGONE
O grave, O bridal bower, O prison house
Hewn from the rock, my everlasting home,
Whither I go to join the mighty host
Of kinsfolk, Persephassa’s guests long dead,
The last of all, of all most miserable,
I pass, my destined span of years cut short.
And yet good hope is mine that I shall find
A welcome from my sire, a welcome too,
From thee, my mother, and my brother dear;
For with these hands, I laved and decked your limbs
In death, and poured libations on your grave.
And last, my Polyneices, unto thee
I paid due rites, and this my recompense!
Yet am I justified in wisdom’s eyes.
For even had it been some child of mine,
ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

οὔτ' εἰ πόσις μοι καθανόν ἐτήκετο,
βλα ποιμῶν τόνδ' ἀν ἥρομην πόνοιν.
τίνος νόμου δὴ ταῦτα πρὸς χάριν λέγω;
πόσις μὲν ἀν μοι καθανόντος ἄλλος ἦν,
καὶ παῖς ἀπ' ἄλλου φωτός, εἰ τοῦτ' ἡμπλακον, 910
μητρὸς δ' ἐν "Αἰδον καὶ πατρὸς κεκευθότοιν
οὐκ ἔστ' ἀδελφὸς ὡς τις ἀν βλάστοι ποτέ.
τοιφδε μέντοι σ' ἐκπροτιμήσασ' ἐγὼ
νόμῳ Κρέοντι ταῦτ' ἔδοξ' ἀμαρτάνειν
καὶ δεινὰ τολμᾶν, ὥς κασίγνητον κάρα.
καὶ νῦν ἀγεῖ με διὰ χερόν ὦτά λαβῶν
ἀλεκτρον, ἀνυμέναιον, οὕτω τοῦ γάμου
μέρος λαγούσαν οὕτε παιδείου τροφῆς,
ἀλλ' ὡδ' ἔρημος πρὸς φίλων ἡ δύσμορος
ξώσ' εἰς θανόντων ἔρχομαι κατασκαφάς;
ποίαν παρεξεξεθοῦσα δαιμόνων δίκην;
τὸ χρῆ με τὴν δύστην ἐς θεοὺς ἔτι
βλέπειν; τίν' αὐδὰν εὐμμάχων; ἔπει γε δὴ
τὴν δυσσέβειαν εὐσεβοῦσ' ἐκτησάμην.
ἀλλ' εἰ μὲν οὖν τάδ' ἔστιν ἐν θεοῖς καλά,
παθόντες ἄν εὐγγυνοίμεν ἡμαρτηκότες:
eἰ δ' οὐδ' ἀμαρτάνουσι, μὴ πλείω κακὰ
πάθοιεν ἡ καὶ δρῶσιν ἐκδίκως ἐμέ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἐτι τῶν αὐτῶν ἄνεμων αὐταὶ
ψυχῆς ριπαί τῆνδε γ' ἔχουσιν.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

tοιγάρ τούτων τοίσιν ἄγουσιν
κλαύμαθ' ὑπάρξει βραδυτήτος ὑπέρ.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

οἴμοι, θανάτου τοῦτ' ἐγγυτάτω
τοῦτος ἀφίκται.
ANTIGONE

Or husband mouldering in death's decay,
I had not wrought this deed despite the State.
What is the law I call in aid? 'Tis thus
I argue. Had it been a husband dead
I might have wed another, and have borne
Another child, to take the dead child's place.
But, now my sire and mother both are dead,
No second brother can be born for me.
Thus by the law of conscience I was led
To honour thee, dear brother, and was judged
By Creon guilty of a heinous crime.
And now he drags me like a criminal,
A bride unwed, amerced of marriage-song
And marriage-bed and joys of motherhood,
By friends deserted to a living grave.
What ordinance of heaven have I transgressed?
Hereafter can I look to any god
For succour, call on any man for help?
Alas, my piety is impious deemed.
Well, if such justice is approved of heaven,
I shall be taught by suffering my sin;
But if the sin is theirs, O may they suffer
No worse ills than the wrongs they do to me!

CHORUS
The same ungovernable will
Drives like a gale the maiden still.

CREON
Therefore, my guards who let her stay
Shall smart full sore for their delay.

ANTIGONE
Ah, woe is me! This word I hear
Brings death most near.

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ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ΧΟΡΟΣ
θαρσεῖν οὐδὲν παραμυθοῦμαι
μὴ οὐ τάδε ταύτη κατακυροῦσθαι.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ
ὁ γῆς Θήβης ἀστυ πατρὸν
καὶ θεό προγενεῖς,
ἀγομαι δὴ κοικεὶ μέλλω.
λεύσετε, Θήβης οἱ κοιρανίδαι
τὴν βασιλείδαν 1 μούνην λοιπὴν,
οὐ πρὸς οἷών ἀνδρῶν πάσχω,
τὴν εὔσεβίαν σεβίσασα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
ἐτλα καὶ Δανάας οὐράνιον φῶς
στρ. α'
ἀλλάξαι δέμας ἐν χαλκοδέτοις αὐλαῖς.
κρυπτομένα δ' ἐν τυμβήρει θαλάμῳ κατεξεύχθη.
καίτοι καὶ γενεὰ τίμιος, ὁ παῖ παῖ,
καὶ Ζηνὸς ταμεύεσκε γονᾶς χρυσορύτους.
ἀλλ' ἀ μοιρίδια τις δύνασις δεινά.
οὔτ' ἄν νῦν ὅλθος οὔτ' Ἠρης, οὐ πῦργος, οὐχ
ἀλκτυποι
κελαιναὶ νάες ἐκφύγοιεν.

ζεύχθη δ' ὄξυχολος παῖς ὁ Δρύαντος,
ἀντ. α'
Ἡδωνῶν βασιλεύς, κερτομίοις ὅργαις
ἐκ Διονύσου πετρῶδει κατάφαρκτος ἐν δεσμῷ.
ούτῳ τὰς μανίας δεινῶν ἀποστάξει
ἀνθηρὸν τε μένος. κεῖνος ἐπέγραυ μανίας
ψαύνων τὸν θεὸν ἐν κερτόμιοις γλώσσαις.
παύεσκε μὲν γὰρ ἐνθέους γυναῖκας εὐίον τε πῦρ,
ϕιλαυλους τ' ἡρέθιζε Μοῦσας.

1 β.σιλβίδα MSS., Winckelmann corr.

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ANTIGONE

CHORUS
I have no comfort. What he saith,
Portends no other thing than death.

ANTIGONE
My fatherland, city of Thebes divine,
Ye gods of Thebes whence sprang my line,
Look, puissant lords of Thebes, on me;
The last of all your royal house ye see.
Martyred by men of sin, undone.
Such meed my piety hath won. [Exit. ANTIGONE.

CHORUS
Like to thee that maiden bright,
   Danaë, in her brass-bound tower, (Str. 1)
Once exchanged the glad sunlight
   For a cell, her bridal bower.
And yet she sprang of royal line,
   My child, like thine,
   And nursed the seed
   By her conceived
Of Zeus descending in a golden shower.
Strange are the ways of Fate, her power
Nor wealth, nor arms withstand, nor tower;
Nor brass-prowed ships, that breast the sea
   From Fate can flee.

Thus Dryas' child, the rash Edonian King, (Ant. 1)
For words of high disdain
Did Bacchus to a rocky dungeon bring,
To cool the madness of a fevered brain.
   His frenzy passed,
   He learnt at last
'Twas madness gibes against a god to fling.
For once he fain had quenched the Maenad's fire;
And of the tuneful Nine provoked the ire.
ΑΝΤΙΓΩΝΗ

στρ. Β'

παρά δὲ Κυναεάν πελάγει διδύμας ἀλὸς ἀκταί Ἄρπνοι ἤδ' ὁ Θρηκὼν ἀξενὸς Σαλμυδησσός, ὃν ἀγχιπτόλοις Ἄρης δισσοῦσι Φινείδαις εἶδεν ἄρατὸν ἐλκος τυφλώθεν ἐξ ἀγρίας δάμαρτος ἀλαὸν ἀλαστόροισιν ὀμμάτων κύκλως ἀραχθέντων, ὥφ' αἰματηραῖς χείρεσσι καὶ κερκίδων ἀκμαίσιν.

ἀντ. Β'

κατὰ δὲ τακόμενοι μέλειμι μελέαν πάθαν κλαῖον, ματρός ἐχοντες ἀνύμφευτον γονάν ἀ δὲ σπέρμα μὲν ἀρχαιογόνων ἀντασ' Ἑρεχθεῖδαν, τηλετόροις δ' ἐν ἄντροις τράφη θυέλλαισιν ἐν πατρῴαις Бορεάς ἀμμποις ὀρθόποδος ὑπὲρ πάγου θέων παις: ἄλλα κατ' ἐκείνα Μοίραι μακραίωνες ἐσχον, ὧ παί.

ΤΕΙΡΕΞΙΑΣ

Θήβης ἀνακτες, ήκομεν κοινὴν ὀδὸν δ' ἐξ ἐνὸς βλέποντε· τοῖς τυφλοῖσι γὰρ αὐτή κέλευθος ἐκ προηγητοῦ πέλει.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

τ' δ' ἔστιν, ὦ γεραιὲ Τειρέσια, νέον;

ΤΕΙΡΕΞΙΑΣ

ἐγὼ διδάξω, καὶ σὺ τῷ μάντει πιθοῦ.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

οὐκούν πάρος γε σῆς ἀπεστάτον φρενός.

ἀξενὸς supplied by Boeckh.
ANTIGONE

(St. 2)

By the Iron Rocks that guard the double main,
   On Bosporus' lone strand,
Where stretcheth Salmydessus' plain
   In the wild Thracian land,
There on his borders Ares witnessèd
   The vengeance by a jealous step-dame ta'en,
The gore that trickled from a spindle red,
   The sightless orbs of her step-sons twain.

(Ant. 2)

Wasting away they mourned their piteous doom,
The blasted issue of their mother's womb.
But she her lineage could trace
   To great Erectheus' race;
Daughter of Boreas in her sire's vast caves
   Reared, where the tempest raves,
Swift as his horses o'er the hills she sped;
A child of gods; yet she, my child, like thee,
   By Destiny
That knows not death nor age—she too was vanquished.

Enter TEIRESIAS and BOY.

TEIRESIAS

Princes of Thebes, two wayfarers as one,
Having betwixt us eyes for one, we are here.
The blind man cannot move without a guide.

CREON

What tidings, old Teiresias?

TEIRESIAS

I will tell thee;
And when thou hearest thou must heed the seer.

CREON

Thus far I ne'er have disobeyed thy rede.
ἈΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ
τούγαρ δι’ ὀρθῆς τήνδ’ ἐναυκλήρεις πόλιν.
ΚΡΕΩΝ
ἐχω πεπουθῶς μαρτυρεῖν δύνησιμα.
ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ
φρόνει βεβῶς αὐ νῦν ἐπὶ ξυροῦ τύχης.
ΚΡΕΩΝ
τί δ’ ἔστιν; ὡς ἐγὼ τὸ σὸν φρίσσω στόμα.
ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ
γνώσει, τέχνης σημεῖα τῆς ἐμῆς κλύων.
εἰς γάρ παλαιῶν θάκων ὅρμιδοσκόπον
ικών, ἵν’ ἦν μοι παντὸς οἰωνοῦ λιμήν,
ἄγρωτ’ ἀκοῦν φθόγγον ὀρνίθων, κακῷ
κλάξοντας οὐστρῳ καὶ βεβαρβαρωμένῳ
καὶ σπόντας ἐν χρησίν ἄλληλους φωναῖς
ἐγνών· πτερῶν γαρ ροῖβδος οὐκ ἀσήμων ἦν.
εὐθὺς δὲ δείσας ἐμπύρων ἐγενόμην
βωμοῖς παμφλέκτοισιν· ἐκ δὲ θυμάτων
"Ηφαιστος οὐκ ἔλαμπεν, ἀλλ’ ἐπὶ σποδῷ
μυδώσα κηκίς μηρίων ἐτήκετο
κάτυφε κάνεπτυε, καὶ μετάρροιοι
χολαί διεσπείροντο, καὶ καταρρείνεις
μηροὶ καλυπτῆς εξέκειτο πιμελής.
τοιαῦτα παιδὸς τοῦ ἐμάνθανον πάρα,
φθίνοντ’ ἀσήμων ὄργίων μαντεύματα·
ἐμοὶ γὰρ οὕτως ἤγεμόν, ἄλλοις δ’ ἐγώ.
καὶ ταῦτα τῆς σής ἐκ φρενὸς νοσεῖ πόλις.
βωμοὶ γὰρ ἡμῖν ἑσχάραι τε παντελεῖς
πλήρεις ὑπ’ οἰωνῶν τε καὶ κυνῶν βορᾶς
tοῦ δυσμόρου πεπτώτος Οἰδίπου γόνου.
κατ’ οὖν δέχονται θυστάδας λιτᾶς ἔτι
θεοὶ παρ’ ἡμῶν οὐδὲ μηρίων φλόγα,
ANTIGONE

TEIRESIAS
So hast thou steered the ship of State aright.

CREON
I know it, and I gladly own my debt.

TEIRESIAS
Bethink thee that thou treadest once again
The razor edge of peril.

CREON
What is this?
Thy words inspire a dread presentiment.

TEIRESIAS
The divination of my arts shall tell.
Sitting upon my throne of augury,
As is my wont, where every fowl of heaven
Finds harbourage, upon mine ears was borne
A jargon strange of twitterings, hoots, and screams;
So knew I that each bird at the other tare
With bloody talons, for the whirr of wings
Could signify nought else. Perturbed in soul,
I straight essayed the sacrifice by fire
On blazing altars, but the God of Fire
Came not in flame, and from the thigh bones dripped
And sputtered in the ashes a foul ooze;
Gall-bladders cracked and spurted up: the fat
Melted and fell and left the thigh bones bare.
Such are the signs, taught by this lad, I read—
As I guide others, so the boy guides me—
The frustrate signs of oracles grown dumb.
O King, thy wilful temper ails the State,
For all our shrines and altars are profaned
By what has filled the maw of dogs and crows,
The flesh of Oedipus’ unburied son.
Therefore the angry gods abominate
Our litanies and our burnt offerings;
ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

οὐδ' ὄρνις εὐσήμων ἀπορροθεῖ τὸ βοῶς,
ἀνδροφόροι βεβρῶτες αὐτοτός λύτος.
τοῖς πάσι κοινῶν ἔστι τοῦξαμαρτάνειν:
ἐπεὶ δ' ἀμάρτη, κείνοις οὐκέτ' ἐστ' ἀνὴρ
ἀβουλος οὐδ' ἀνολβος, ὡστις ἐς κακὸν
πεσὼν ἀκήται μηδ' ἀκίνητος πέλη.
αὐθαδία τοι σκαίτητ' ὄφλοιςκάνει.
ἀλλ' εἰκε τῷ θανόντι μηδ' ὀλολότα
κέντει τίς ἄλκη τὸν θανόντ' ἐπικτανεῖν;
εῦ σοι φρονήσας εῦ λέγω τὸ μανθάνειν δ'
ἡδιστονε εῦ λέγοντος, εἰ κέρδος λέγοι.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ὁ πρέσβυ, πάντες ὡστε τοξόται σκοποῦ
τοξεύετ' ἀνδρὸς τοῦδε, κοῦδ' μαντικής
ἀπρακτος ὑμῖν εἰμι: τῶν δ' ὑπαλ γένους
ἐξημπόλημαι κἀμπτηφόρτισμαι πᾶλαι.
κερδαίνετ', ἐμπολαῖτε τάπο Σάρδεων
ήλεκτρον, εἰ βούλεσθε, καὶ τὸν 'Ινδικὸν
χρυσον' τάφῳ δ' ἐκείνου οὐχὶ κρύψετε,
οὐδ' εἰ θέλοισ' οἱ Ζηνὸς αἰετοι βορᾶν
φέρεις νιν ἀρπάξουτε ἐς Διὸς θρόνους,
οὐδ' ὦς μίασμα τοῦτο μὴ τρέχάς ἐγὼ
θάπτειν παρῆσαι κείνον: εὖ γὰρ οἶδ' ὅτι
θεοὺς μιᾶνειν οὕτως ἀνθρώπων σθένει.
πιπτοῦσι δ', ὅ γεραίε Τεμεσία, βροτῶν
χοί πολλὰ δεινὸ ντῶματ' αἴσχρ', ὅταν λόγους
ἀίσχρους καλῶς λέγωςι τοῦ κέρδους χάριν.

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ

φεῦ:
ἀρ' οἴδεν ἀνθρώπων τις, ἀρα φράζεται,
ANTIGONE

Therefore no birds trill out a happy note,
Gorged with the carnival of human gore.
O ponder this, my son. To err is common
To all men, but the man who having erred
Hugs not his errors, but repents and seeks
The cure, is not a wastrel nor unwise.
No fool, the saw goes, like the obstinate fool.
Let death disarm thy vengeance. O forbear
To vex the dead. What glory wilt thou win
By slaying twice the slain? I mean thee well;
Counsel's most welcome if it promise gain.

CREON

Old man, ye all let fly at me your shafts
Like archers at a target; yea, ye set
Your soothsayer on me. Pedlars are ye all
And I the merchandise ye buy and sell.
Go to, and make your profit where ye will,
Silver of Sardis change for gold of Ind;
Ye will not purchase this man's burial,
Not though the wingèd ministers of Zeus
Should bear him in their talons to his throne;
Not e'en in awe of prodigy so dire
Would I permit his burial, for I know
No human soilure can assail the gods;
This too I know, Teiresias, dire's the fall
Of craft and cunning when it tries to gloss
Foul treachery with fair words for filthy gain.

TEIRESIAS

Alas! doth any know and lay to heart—
ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ΚΡΕΩΝ
τί χρήμα; ποίον τούτο πάγκοινον λέγεις;
ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ
όσφω κράτιστον κτημάτων εὐβουλία;
ΚΡΕΩΝ
όσφωρ, οἶμαι, μή φρονεῖν πλείστη βλάβη.
ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ
ταύτης σὺ μέντοι τῆς νόσου πλήρης ἔφυς.
ΚΡΕΩΝ
οὐ βούλομαι τὸν μάντιν ἀντεπεῖν κακῶς.
ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ
καὶ μὴν λέγεις, ψευδή με θεσπίζειν λέγων.
ΚΡΕΩΝ
τὸ μαντικὸν γὰρ πᾶν φιλάργυρον γένος.
ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ
τὸ δ’ ἐκ τυράννων αἰσχροκέρδειαν φιλεῖ.
ΚΡΕΩΝ
ἀρ’ οἴσθα ταγοὺς οὐτας ἂν λέγης λέγων;
ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ
οἶδ’· ἐξ ἐμοῦ γὰρ τῆν ἐχεις σῶσας πόλιν.
ΚΡΕΩΝ
σοφὸς σὺ μάντις, ἄλλα τάδικεῖν φιλῶν.
ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ
ὁρσεῖς μὲ τάκινητα διὰ φρενῶν φράσαι.
ΚΡΕΩΝ
κίνει, μόνον δὲ μὴ ’πὶ κέρδεσιν λέγων
ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ
οὔτω γὰρ ἡδὴ καὶ δοκῶ τὸ σὸν μέρος.
ΚΡΕΩΝ
ὡς μὴ ’μπολήσων ἵσθι τὴν ἐμὴν φρένα.
ANTIGONE

CREON
Is this the prelude to some hackneyed saw?

TEIRESIAS
How far good counsel is the best of goods?

CREON
True, as unwisdom is the worst of ills.

TEIRESIAS
Thou art infected with that ill thyself.

CREON
I will not bandy insults with thee, seer.

TEIRESIAS
And yet thou say'st my prophecies are frauds.

CREON
Prophets are all a money-getting tribe.

TEIRESIAS
And kings are all a lucre-loving race.

CREON
Dost know at whom thou glancest, me thy lord?

TEIRESIAS
Lord of the State and saviour, thanks to me.

CREON
Skilled prophet art thou, but to wrong inclined.

TEIRESIAS
Take heed, thou wilt provoke me to reveal
The mystery deep hidden in my breast.

CREON
Say on, but see it be not said for gain.

TEIRESIAS
Such thou, methinks, till now hast judged my words.

CREON
Be sure thou wilt not traffic on my wits.
ΑΝΤΙΓΩΝΗ

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ

アルバム εν γέ τοι κάτισθι μή πολλοὺς ἐτί τρόχους ἀμιλλητήρας ἡλίου τελείν,
ἐν οἷς τῶν σῶν αὐτός ἐκ σπλάγχνων ἕνα νέκυν νεκρῶν ἀμοιβὰν ἀντίδους ἑσει,
ἀνθ’ ὅν ἔχεις μὲν τῶν ἄνω βαλῶν κάτω
ψυχήν τ’ ἀτίμως ἐν τάφῳ κατώκισασ,
ἔχεις δὲ τῶν κάτωθεν ἐνθάδ’ αὖ θεῶν
ἀμοίρον, ἀκτέριστον, ἀνόσιον νέκυν.
ὅν οὔτε σοι μέτεστιν οὔτε τοῖς ἄνω
θεοῖσιν, ἀλλ’ ἐκ σοῦ βιάζονται τάδε.
τούτων σε λωβητήρες ὑστεροφθόροι
λοχόσων Ἀιδοὺ καὶ θεῶν Ἔρινας,
ἐν τοῖσιν αὐτοῖς τοίσδε ληφθήναι κακοῖς.
καὶ ταύτ’ ἄθρησον εἰ κατηργυρωμένος
λέγω· φανεῖ γὰρ οὐ μακροῦ χρόνου τριβή
ἀνδρῶν γυναικῶν σοῖς δόμοις κικύματα.
ἔχθραι δὲ πᾶσαι συνταράσσονται πόλεις,
ὅσων σπαράγματ’ ἡ κύνες καθήμεισαν
ἡ θήρες ἢ τις πτηνὸς οἰωνός, φέρων
ἀνόσιον ὅσμην ἐστιούχον ἐς πόλιν.
τοιαύτα σου, λυπείς γὰρ, ὡστε τοξότης
ἀφήκα θυμὸν καρδίας τοξεύματα
βέβαια, τῶν σὺ θάλπος οὐχ ὑπεκδραμεῖ.
ὁ παῖ, σὺ δ’ ἡμᾶς ἀπαγε πρὸς δόμους, ἵνα
τὸν θυμὸν οὕτος ἐς νεωτέρους ἄφη,
καὶ γνῷ τρέφειν τὴν γλῶσσαν ἢσυχαίτερα
τῶν νοῦν τ’ ἀμείνῳ τῶν φρενῶν ἢ νῦν φέρει.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἄνηρ, ἄναξ, βέβηκε δεινὰ θεσπίσας·
ἐπιστάμεσθα δ’, ἐξ ὅτου λευκῆν ἐγὼ

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ANTIGONE

TEIRESIAS
Know then for sure, the coursers of the sun
Not many times shall run their race, before
Thou shalt have given the fruit of thine own loins
In quittance of thy murder, life for life;
For that thou hast entombed a living soul,
And sent below a denizen of earth,
And wronged the nether gods by leaving here
A corpse unslaved, unwept, unsepulchred.
Herein thou hast no part, nor e'en the gods
In heaven; and thou usurp'st a power not thine.
For this the avenging spirits of Heaven and Hell
Who dog the steps of sin are on thy trail:
What these have suffered thou shalt suffer too.
And now, consider whether bought by gold
I prophesy. For, yet a little while,
And sound of lamentation shall be heard,
Of men and women through thy desolate halls;
And all thy neighbour States are leagued to avenge
Their mangled warriors who have found a grave
I' the maw of wolf or hound, or winged bird
That flying homewards taints their city's air.
These are the shafts, that like a bowman, I
Provoked to anger, loosen at thy breast,
Unerring, and their smart thou shalt not shun.
Boy, lead me home, that he may vent his spleen
On younger men, and learn to curb his tongue
With gentler manners than his present mood.

[Exit TEIRESIAS.

CHORUS
My liege, the man hath gone, foretelling woe.
And, O believe me, since these grizzled locks
ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

τήνδ’ ἐκ μελαίνης ἀμφιβάλλομαι τρίχα, μὴ πῶ ποτ’ αὐτὸν ψεύδος ἐς πόλιν λακεῖν.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
ἐγνωκα καύτος καὶ ταράσσομαι φρένας:
tὸ τ’ εἰκάθειν γὰρ δεινόν, ἄνισταντα δὲ ἅτη πατάξαι θυμὸν ἐν δεινῷ πάρα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
εὐβουλίας δεῖ, παῖ Μενοικέως, λαβεῖν.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
τί δὴ τα χρὴ δρᾶν; φράζε· πείσομαι δ’ ἐγώ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
ἐλθὼν κόρην μὲν ἐκ κατώρυχος στέγης ἀνες, κτίσον δὲ τῷ προκειμένῳ, τάφον.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
καὶ ταῦτ’ ἐπαινεῖς καὶ δοκεῖς ¹ παρεικαθεῖν;

ΧΟΡΟΣ
δοσον γ’, ἄναξ, τάχιστα· συντέμνονς γὰρ θεῶν ποδώκεις τοὺς κακόφρονας βλάβαι

ΚΡΕΩΝ
οἴμοι· μόλις μὲν, καρδίας δ’ ἐξίσταμαι
tὸ δρᾶν· ἀνάγκη δ’ οὐχὶ δυσμαχητέον.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
δρᾶ νυν τάδ’ ἐλθὼν μηδ’ ἐπ’ ἀλλοισιν τρέπε.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
ὡδ’ ὡς ἐχω στείχοιμ’ ἀν’ ἤτ’ ἢτ’ ὀπάνεις,
oi τ’ ὄντες οἱ τ’ ἀπόντες, ἀξίνας χερῶν ὅρμασθ’ ἔλοντες εἰς ἐτόψιον τόπουν.
ἔγω δ’, ἑπείδῃ δόξα τηδ’ ἑπεστράφη,
αὐτὸς τ’ ἐδήσα καὶ παρὼν ἐκλύσομαι.
δέδοικα γὰρ μή τοὺς καθεστῶτας νόμους ἀριστον ἢ σφιξοντα τὸν βίον τελείν.

¹ δοκεῖς MSS., Jebb. corr.
ANTIGONE

Were like the raven, never have I known
The prophet's warning to the State to fail.

CREON
I know it too, and it perplexes me.
To yield is grievous, but the obstinate soul
That fights with Fate, is smitten grievously.

CHORUS
Son of Menoeceus, list to good advice.

CREON
What should I do. Advise me. I will heed.

CHORUS
Go, free the maiden from her rocky cell;
And for the unburied outlaw build a tomb.

CREON
Is that your counsel? You would have me yield?

CHORUS
Yea, king, this instant. Vengeance of the gods
Is swift to overtake the impenitent.

CREON
Ah! what a wrench it is to sacrifice
My heart's resolve; but Fate is ill to fight.

CHORUS
Go, trust not others. Do it quick thyself.

CREON
I go hot-foot. Bestir ye one and all,
My henchmen. Get ye axes. Speed away
To yonder eminence. I too will go,
For all my resolution this way sways.
'Twas I that bound, I too will set her free.
Almost I am persuaded it is best
'To keep through life the law ordained of old.
ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πολυώνυμε, Καδμείας νύμφας ἀγαλμα στρ. α'
kai Δίως βαρυβρεμέτα
γένος, κλυτάν δς ἀμφέπεισ
Ἰταλίαν, μέδεις δὲ
παγκοίνοις Ἑλεοσυνίας
Δηούς ἐν κόλποις, Βακχεῦ, Βακχᾶν
ὁ ματρόπολυν Θήβαν
ναιετῶν παρ' ἕγρων
Ἰσμηνοῦ ῥεῖθρων ἀγρίου τ' ἐπὶ σπορὰ δράκοντος:

αντ. α'

σὲ δ' ὑπὲρ διλόφου πέτρας στέρωσ ὀπώσπε
λυγνὺς, ἐνθα Κωρύκκαι
στείχουσι νύμφαι Βακχίδες,
Κασταλίας τε νάμα:
καὶ σε Νυσαίων ὅρεων
κισσήρεις ὅχθαι χλωρά τ’ ἀκτὰ
πολυστάφυλος πέμπει,
ἀμβρότων ἔπεων
εὐαξόντων Θηβαίας ἐπισκοποῦντ’ ἀγνιώς:

tὰν ἐκ πασᾶι τιμᾶς ὑπερτάταν πόλεων στρ. β'
ματρὶ σὺν κεραυνία;
kai νῦν, ὡς βιαίας ἔχεται
πάνδαμος πόλις ἐπὶ νόσου,
μολεῖν καθαρσίῳ ποδὶ Παρνασίαν ὑπὲρ κλιτὰ
ἡ στούντετα πορθμῶν.

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ANTIGONE

CHORUS
Thou by many names adored,
   Child of Zeus the God of thunder,
   Of a Theban bride the wonder,
Fair Italia's guardian lord;
In the deep-embosomed glades
   Of the Eleusinian Queen,
Haunt of revellers, men and maids,
   Dionysus, thou art seen.
Where Ismenus rolls his waters,
   Where the Dragon's teeth were sown,
Where the Bacchanals thy daughters
   Round thee roam,
   There thy home;
Thebes, O Bacchus, is thine own.
Thee on the two-crested rock
   Lurid-flaming torches see;
Where Corisian maidens flock,
   Thee the springs of Castaly.
By Nysa's bastion ivy-clad,
By shores with clustered vineyards glad,
There to thee the hymn rings out,
And through our streets we Thebans shout
   All hail to thee
   Evoê, Evoê!
Oh, as thou lov'st this city best of all,
To thee, and to thy Mother levín-stricken,
In our dire need we call;
Thou see'st with what a plague our townsfolk sicken.
   Thy ready help we crave,
Whether adown Parnassian heights descending,
Or o'er the roaring straits thy swift way wending,
   Save us, O save.
ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ἀντ. β

ιδω πυρ πνειόντων χοράγι ἀστρων, νυχίων
φθεγμάτων ἑπίσκοπε,
παί Δίως γένεθλου, προφάνηθ',
ὁναξ, σαῖς ἁμα περιπόλοις
Θυίαισιν, αἳ σε μανόμεναι πάνυνχοι χορεύουσι
τὸν ταμίαν Ἰακχον.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

Κάδμου πάροικοι καὶ δόμων Ἀμφίονος,
οὐκ ἔσθ' ὅποιον στάντ' ἀν ἀνθρώπον βιον
οὐτ' αἰνέσαιμ' ἀν οὔτε μεμψαίμην ποτέ.
τύχη γὰρ ὅρθοι καὶ τύχη καταρρέπει
τὸν εὐτυχοῦντα τὸν τε δυστυχοῦντ' ἀεί.
καὶ μάντις οὐδεὶς τῶν καθεστώτων βροτοῖς.
Κρέων γὰρ ἦν ξηλωτός, ὡς ἐμοί, ποτέ,
σώσας μὲν ἐχθρῶν τήνδε Καδμείαν χθόνα
λαβὼν τε χώρας παντελῆ μοναρχίαν
ηὐθυνε, ἥλκων εὐγενεῖ τέκνων σπορᾶ.
καὶ νῦν ἀφεῖται πάντα. τὰς γὰρ ἱδονὰς
ὅταν προδόσων ἄνδρες, οὐ τίθημ' ἐγὼ
ξῆν τούτων, ἄλλ' ἐμψυχον ἤγονυαι νεκρόν.
πλοῦτει τε γὰρ κατ' οἶκον, εἰ βούλει, μέγα
καὶ ξῆν τύραννοι σχῆμ' ἔχων: ἕαν δ' ἀπῇ
τούτων τὸ χαίρειν, τάλλῃ ἐγὼ καπνοῦ σκιάς
οὐκ ἄν πριαίμην ἄνδρι πρὸς τὴν ἠδονήν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τὶ δ' αὐ τὸδ' ἀχθος βασιλέων ἥκεις φέρων;

402
ANTIGONE

(Brightest of all the orbs that breathe forth light,
Authentic son of Zeus, immortal king,
Leader of all the voices of the night,
Come, and thy train of Thyiads with thee bring,
Thy maddened rout
Who dance before thee all night long, and shout,
Thy handmaids we,
 Evoë, Evoë!

Enter MESSENGER.

MESSENGER

Attend all ye who dwell beside the halls
Of Cadmus and Amphion. No man's life
As of one tenour would I praise or blame,
For Fortune with a constant ebb and rise
Casts down and raises high and low alike,
And none can read a mortal's horoscope.
Take Creon; he, methought, if any man,
Was enviable. He had saved this land
Of Cadmus from our enemies and attained
A monarch's powers and ruled the state supreme,
While a right noble issue crowned his bliss.
Now all is gone and wasted, for a life
Without life's joys I count a living death.
You'll tell me he has ample store of wealth,
The pomp and circumstance of kings; but if
These give no pleasure, all the rest I count
The shadow of a shade, nor would I weigh
His wealth and power 'gainst a dram of joy.

CHORUS

What fresh woes bring'st thou to the royal house?
ΑΝΤΙΓΩΝΗ

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
τεθνάσιν ὦ δὲ ζώντες αἳτιοι θανεῖν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
καὶ τὶς φονεύει; τὶς δ' ὁ κείμενος; λέγε.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
Αἴμων ὡλωλεν· αὐτόχειρ δ' αἰμάσσεται.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
πῶτερα πατρῴας ἢ πρὸς οἰκείας χερός;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
αὐτὸς πρὸς αὐτοῦ, πατρὶ μηνίσας φόνου.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
ὦ μάντι, τοῦπος ὡς ἄρι ὀρθὸν ἡνυσάς.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
ὦς δὲ ἐχόντων τάλλα βουλεύειν πάρα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
καὶ μὴν ὄρῳ τάλαιναν Ἑυρυδίκην ὁμοῦ
dάμαρτα τὴν Κρέοντος· ἐκ δὲ δωμάτων
ἡτοι κλύουσα παιδὸς ἢ τύχη πάρα.

ΕΤΡΤΔΙΚΗ

ὥς πάντες ἀστιτὶ, τῶν λόγων ἐπησθόμην
πρὸς ἔξοδον στείχουσα, Παλλάδος θεᾶς
ὅπως ἴκοίμην εὐγμάτων προσήγορος.
καὶ τυγχάνω τε κλήθρ' ἀνασπαστοῦ πύλης
χαλῶσα, καὶ μὲ φθόγγος οἰκείον κακοῦ
βάλλει δὴ ὃτων· ὑπτία δὲ κλίνομαι
dείσασα πρὸς δμωαῖσι κάποπλήσσομαι.
ἀλλ' ὅστις ἤν ὁ μύθος αὖθις ἐεπατε·
κακῶν γὰρ οὐκ ἀπειρος οὐσ' ἀκούσομαι.

404
ANTIGONE

MESSENGER
Both dead, and they who live deserve to die.

CHORUS
Who is the slayer, who the victim? speak.

MESSENGER
Haemon; his blood shed by no stranger hand.

CHORUS
What mean ye? by his father's or his own?

MESSENGER
His own; in anger for his father's crime.

CHORUS
O prophet, what thou spakest comes to pass!

MESSENGER
So stands the case; now 'tis for you to act.

CHORUS
Lo! from the palace gates I see approaching Creon's unhappy wife, Eurydice. Comes she by chance or learning her son's fate?

Enter Eurydice.

Eurydice.
Ye men of Thebes, I overheard your talk.
As I passed out to offer up my prayer
To Pallas, and was drawing back the bar
To open wide the door, upon my ears
There broke a wail that told of household woe.
Stricken with terror in my handmaids' arms
I fell and fainted. But repeat your tale
To one not unacquainted with misery.
ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ἐγώ, φίλη δέσποινα, καὶ παρὼν ἔρω
κοὐδὲν παρῆσω τῆς ἀληθείας ἔτος.
τί γάρ σε μαλθάσοιμι ἀν ὅν ἐς ὑπερον
ψεῦσται φανούμεθ; ὦρθον ἀλήθει' ἀεί.
ἐγώ δὲ σῷ ποδαγὸς ἐσπόμην πόσει
πέδιον ἐπ' ἄκρον, ἐνθ' ἐκεῖτο γηλεῖς
κυνοστάρακτον σῶμα Πολυνείκους ἔτι:
καὶ τὸν μὲν, αἰτήσαντες ἐνοδίαν θεοῦ
Πλούτωνα τ' ὀργὰς εὐμενεῖς κατασχεθείν,
λούσαντες ἄγνυν λουτρόν, ἐν νεοσπάσιν
θαλλοῖς δ' ἐδ' ἱερευτο πυγκατήθομεν,
καὶ τύμβων ὀρθοκρανον οἰκείας χθονὸς
χώσαντες αὖθις πρὸς λιθόστρωτον κόρης
υμφιόν Ἀιδοῦ κοίλον εἰσεβαινομεν.
φωνῆς δ' ἀπωθεῖν ὀρθίων κωκυμάτων
κλυίς πασι ἀκτήριστον ἀμφὶ παστάδα,
καὶ δεσπότη Κρέοντι σημαίνει μολὼν
τῷ δ' ἁθλίας ἁσμα περιβαίνει βοής
ἐρποντι μᾶλλον ἄσσον, οἰμώξας δ' ἔστο
ἵστι δυσθρήσιτον. ὁ τάλας ἐγώ,
ἀρ' εἰμι μάντις; ἀρα δυστυχεστάτη
κέλευθον ἔρπω τῶν παρελθουσών ὅδων;
παιδὸς με σαίνει φθόγγος. ἄλλα πρόσπολοι,
ἰτ' ἄσσον ὡκεῖς καὶ παραστάτες τάφῳ
ἀθρήσαθ', ἄρμον χώματος λιθοστάδῃ
dύντες πρὸς αὐτὸ στόμιον, εἰ τὸν Ἁἴμονος
φθόγγον συνίημ' ἡ θεοῖς κλέπτομαι.
τάδ' ἐξ ἁθύμοι δεσπότοι κελευσμάτων
κελεύσαμιν MSS. Barton corr.
ANTIGONE

MESSENGER
Dear mistress, I was there and will relate
The perfect truth, omitting not one word.
Why should we gloze and flatter, to be proved
Liars hereafter? Truth is ever best.
Well, in attendance on my liege, your lord,
I crossed the plain to its utmost margin, where
The corse of Polyneices, gnawn and mauled,
Was lying yet. We offered first a prayer
To Pluto and the goddess of cross-ways,
With contrite hearts, to deprecate their ire.
Then laved with lustral waves the mangled corse,
Laid it on fresh-lopped branches, lit a pyre,
And to his memory piled a mighty mound
Of mother earth. Then to the caverned rock,
The bridal chamber of the maid and Death,
We sped, about to enter. But a guard
Heard from that godless shrine a far shrill wail,
And ran back to our lord to tell the news.
But as he nearer drew a hollow sound
Of lamentation to the King was borne.
He groaned and uttered then this bitter plaint:
"Am I a prophet? miserable me!
Is this the saddest path I ever trod?
'Tis my son's voice that calls me. On press on,
My henchmen, haste with double speed to the tomb
Where rocks down-torn have made a gap, look in
And tell me if in truth I recognise
The voice of Haemon or am heaven-deceived."
So at the bidding of our distraught lord
ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ηθροῦμεν· ἐν δὲ λοισθίῳ τυμβεύματι
tὴν μὲν κρεμαστὴν αὐχένος κατείδομεν,
βρόχῳ μετάδει σινδόνος καθημένην,
tὸν δὲ ἀμφὶ μέσῃ περιπετῆ προσκείμενον,
eὐνὴς ἀποιμώξοντα τῆς κάτω φθορὰν
καὶ πατρὸς ἔργα καὶ τὸ δύστηνον λέχος.
ὁ δὲ ὡς ὀρᾷ σφέ, στυγνὸν οἰμώξας ἔσω
χωρεῖ πρὸς αὐτὸν κάνακακύσας καλεῖ:
ὡς τῆμον, οἶον ἔργον εἰργασαί· τίνα
νοῦν ἔσχες; ἐν τῷ συμφορᾶς διεφθάρῃς;
ἐξέλθε, τέκνοι, ἱκεσίως σε λίσσομαι.

τὸν δὲ ἀγρίοις ὄσσουσι παπτήνας ὁ παῖς,
πτύσας προσώπῳ κοῦδέν ἀντείπων, ἕιφος
ἐλκεὶ διπλοὺσ κνώδοντας· ἐκ δὲ ὀρμωμένου
πατρὸς φυγαίσιν ἥμπλακ· εἰθ’ ὁ δύσμορος
αὐτῷ χολωθεῖς, ὡσπερ εἰχ’, ἐπενταθεὶς
ηρεὶσε πλευραῖς μέσσουν ἔγχος, ἐς δ’ ὑγρὸν
ἀγκῶν’ ἐτ’ ἐμφρων παρθένῳ προσπτύσσεται,
καὶ φυσιῶν ὄξειαν ἐκβάλλει ῥοὴν
λευκῇ παρείᾳ φοινίου σταλάγματος.

κεῖται δὲ νεκρὸς περὶ νεκρῷ, τὰ νυμφικὰ
tέλη λαχῶν δεῖλαιος εἰν” Ἄιδον δόμοις,
δείξας ἐν ἀνθρώποις τὴν ἅβουλίαν
ὅσφ μέγιστον ἄνδρε ἐγκοστεῖται κακῶν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τι τοῦτ’ ἀν εἰκάσειας; ἡ γυνὴ πάλιν
φρούδη, πρὶν εἰπεῖν ἐσθλὸν ἡ κακῶν λόγον.

408
ANTIGONE

We looked, and in the cavern's vaulted gloom
I saw the maiden lying strangled there,
A noose of linen twined about her neck;
And hard beside her, clasping her cold form,
Her lover lay bewailing his dead bride
Death-wedded, and his father's cruelty.
When the King saw him, with a terrible groan
He moved towards him, crying, "O my son
What hast thou done? What ailed thee? What mischance
Has reft thee of thy reason? O come forth,
Come forth, my son; thy father supplicates."
But the son glared at him with tiger eyes,
Spat in his face, and then, without a word,
Drew his two-hilted sword and smote, but missed
His father flying backwards Then the boy,
Wroth with himself, poor wretch, incontinent
Fell on his sword and drove it through his side
Home, but yet breathing clasped in his lax arms
The maid, her pallid cheek incarnadined
With his expiring gasps. So there they lay
Two corpses, one in death. His marriage rites
Are consummated in the halls of Death:
A witness that of ills whate'er befall
Mortals' unwisdom is the worst of all.

[Exit Eurydice.

CHORUS

What makest thou of this? The Queen has gone
Without a word importing good or ill.
ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ΑΠΓΕΛΟΣ
καῦτος τεθάμβηκε· ἐπίσιν δὲ βόσκομαι ἀχή τέκνου κλύουσαν ἐς πόλιν γόους οὐκ ἄξιώσειν, ἀλλ' ὑπὸ στέγης ἔσω δμωαὶς προθήσειν πένθος οἰκεῖον στένειν. γνώμης γὰρ οὐκ ἄπειρος, ὡςθ' ἀμαρτάνειν. 1250

ΧΟΡΟΣ
οὐκ οἶδ· ἐμοὶ δ' οὖν ἢ τ' ἄγαν συγκ' βαρὺ δοκεῖ προσκόναλ' χὴ μάτην πολλή βοή.

ΑΠΓΕΛΟΣ
ἀλλ' εἰσόμεσθα, μὴ τι καὶ κατάσχετον κρυφῆ καλύπτει καρδία θυμουμένη, δόμους παραστέχοντες· εὗ γὰρ οὖν λέγεις. καὶ τῆς ἄγαν γὰρ ἐστὶ που συγῆς βάρος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
καὶ μὴν δ' ἀναξ αὐτῶς ἐφήκει μνήμ' ἐπίσημον διὰ χειρὸς ἔχων, εἰ θέμις εἰπεῖν, οὐκ ἀλλοτριαν ἄτην, ἀλλ' αὐτὸς ἀμαρτόν.

ΚΡΕΨΩΝ

ἰδ' στρ. α'
φρενὸν δυσφρόνου ἀμαρτήματα στερεὰ δανατόεντ', ὡ κτανόντας τε καὶ θανόντας βλέποντες ἐμφυλίους. ὡμοὶ ἐμῶν ἀνολβα βουλεμάτων. ἱδ' παί, νέοις νέῳ ξὺν μόρῳ, αἰαί αἰαί, ἔθανες, ἀπελύθης, ἐμαῖς οὖδὲ σαίσι δυσβουλίαις.

410
ANTIGONE

MESSENER
I marvel too, but entertain good hope.
'Tis that she shrinks in public to lament
Her son's sad ending, and in privacy
Would with her maidens mourn a private loss.
Trust me, she is discreet and will not err.

CHORUS
I know not, but strained silence, so I deem,
Is no less ominous than excessive grief.

MESSENER
Well, let us to the house and solve our doubts,
Whether the tumult of her heart conceals
Some fell design. It may be thou art right:
Unnatural silence signifies no good.

CHORUS
Lo! the King himself appears.
Evidence he with him bears
'Gainst himself (ah me! I quake
'Gainst a king such charge to make)
But all must own,
The guilt is his and his alone.

CREON
Woe for sin of minds perverse, (Str. 1)
Deadly fraught with mortal curse.
Behold us slain and slayers, all akin.
Woe for my counsel dire, conceived in sin.
   Alas, my son,
   Life scarce begun,
   Thou wast undone.
The fault was mine, mine only, O my son!

411
ΑΝΤΙΓΩΝΗ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οἴμι ώς ἔοικας ὧφε τὴν δύκην ἰδεῖν.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

οἴμοι,
ἐχω μαθὼν δείλαιοι· ἐν δ' ἐμῷ κάρα
θεός τότ' ἄρα τότε μέγα βάρος μ' ἔχων
ἐπαίσεν, ἐν δ' ἐσείσεν ἀγρίαις οδοῖς,
oἴμοι, λακτάτητον ἀντρέπων χαράν.
φεῦ φεῦ, ὃ πόνοι βροτῶν δύσπονοι.

ΕΞΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ὁ δεσποθ', ὡς ἔχων τε καὶ κεκτημένος,
tὰ μὲν πρὸ χειρῶν τάδε φέρων, τὰ δ' ἐν δόμοις
ἔοικας ἦκειν καὶ τάχ' ὄψεσθαι κακά.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

τί δ' ἔστιν αὖ κάκιον ἐκ κακῶν ἐτί;

ΕΞΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

γυνὴ τέθυκε, τοῦτε παμμήτωρ νεκροῦ,
δύστηνος, ἄρτι νεοτόμοισι πλήγμασιν.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ιῶ.

ιῶ δυσκάθαρτος "Αἰδον λιμήν,
tί μ' ἄρα τί μ' ὀλέκεις;
ὁ κακάγγυλτά μοι
προπέμψας ἀχή, τίνα θροεῖς λόγον;
αιαί, ὀλωλότ' ἀνδρ' ἐπεξειργάσω.
tί φής, παί; τίν' αὖ λέγεις μοι νέον,
αιαί αἰαί,
σφάγιον ἐπ', ὀλέθρῳ
γυναικεῖον ἀμφικεῖσθαι μόρων;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὁρὰν πάρεστιν' οὐ γὰρ ἐν μνυχοῖς ἔτι.
ANTIGONE

CHORUS
Too late thou seemest to perceive the truth.

CREON
By sorrow schooled. Heavy the hand of God,
Thorny and rough the paths my feet have trod,
Humbled my pride, my pleasure turned to pain;
Poor mortals, how we labour all in vain!

SECOND MESSENGER
Sorrows are thine, my lord, and more to come,
One lying at thy feet, another yet
More grievous waits thee, when thou comest home.

CREON
What woe is lacking to my tale of woes?

MESSENGER
Thy wife, the mother of thy dead son here,
Lies stricken by a fresh inflicted blow.

CREON
How bottomless the pit!                           (Ant. 1)
Dost claim me too, O Death?
What is this word he saith,
This woeful messenger? Say, is it fit
To slay anew a man already slain?
Is Death at work again,
Stroke upon stroke, first son, then mother slain?

CHORUS
Look for thyself. She lies for all to view.
ANTIGONH

KREΩΝ

οὐμοι, ἀντ. β'
κακὸν τὸδ' ἄλλο δεύτερον βλέπω τάλασ.
tίς ἄρα, τίς μὲ πότμος ἐτί περιμένει;
ἐχω μὲν ἐν χείρεσσιν ἀρτίως τέκνον,
tάλασ, τοῦ δ' ἐναντα προσβλέπω νεκρόν.
φεῦ φεῦ μάτερ αὐθία, φεῦ τέκνον.

1300

ΕΞΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ἡ δ' ὀξυθήκτῳ βωμίᾳ περὶ ξίφει
λύει κελαινα βλέφαρα, κωκύσασα μὲν
tοῦ πρὶν θανόντος Μεγαρέως κλεινὸν λάχος,
αὕθις δὲ τούδε, λοίσθιον δὲ σοι κακᾶς
πράξεις ἐφυμνήσασα τῷ παιδοκτόνῳ.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

αἰαὶ αἰαὶ, στρ. γ'
ἀνέπταν φόβῳ. τί μ' οὐκ ἄνταίαν
ἐπαίσεν τις ἀμφιθήκτῳ ξίφει;
δειλαῖος ἐγώ, αἰαὶ,
δειλαία δὲ συγκέκραμαι δύα.

1310

ΕΞΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ὡς αἰτίαν γε τῶν ἐκατείνων ἐχων
πρὸς τῆς θανοῦσης τῆς ἐπεσκήπτου μόρων.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ποίῳ δὲ καπελύσατ' ἐν φοναῖς τρόπῳ;

ΕΞΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

παῖσασ' ὑφ' ἦταρ αὐτόχειρ αὐτήν, ὅπως
παιδὸς τὸδ' ᾧσθε' ὦξυκώκυτον πάθος.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ὡμοι μοι, τάδ' οὐκ ἐπ' ἄλλον βροτῶν στρ. δ'
ἐμάς ἀρμόσει ποτ' ἐξ αἰτίας
ἐγώ γάρ σ' ἐγώ ἔκανον, ὦ μέλεσ,
ANTIGONE

CREON
Alas! another added woe I see.  
What more remains to crown my agony?
A minute past I clasped a lifeless son,
And now another victim Death hath won.
Unhappy mother, most unhappy son!

MESSENER
Beside the altar on a keen-edged sword
She fell and closed her eyes in night, but erst
She mourned for Megareus who nobly died
Long since, then for her son; with her last breath
She cursed thee, the slayer of her child.

CREON
I shudder with affright.  
O for a two-edged sword to slay outright
A wretch like me,
Made one with misery.

MESSENER
'Tis true that thou wert charged by the dead Queen
As author of both deaths, hers and her son's.

CREON
In what wise was her self-destruction wrought?

MESSENER
Hearing the loud lament above her son
With her own hand she stabbed herself to the heart.

CREON
I am the guilty cause.  I did the deed,  
Thy murderer.  Yea, I guilty plead.
ΑΝΤΙΓΩΝΗ

ἐγώ, φάμεν ἔτυμον. ἦω πρόσπολοι, ἄγετέ μ' ὃ τι τάχιστ', ἄγετέ μ' ἐκποδών, τὸν οὐκ ὑπαγορέα μᾶλλον ἤ μηδένα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
κέρδη παραίνεις, εἰ τι κέρδος ἐν κακοῖς· βράχιστα γὰρ κράτιστα τὰν ποσίν κακά.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ἔτω ἔτω,
φανήτω μόρων ὃ κάλλιστ' ἔχων
ἐμοὶ τερμίαν ἄγων ἀμέραν
ὑπάτος· ἔτω ἔτω,
ὅπως μηκέτ' ἀμαρ ἄλλ' εἰσίδω.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
μέλλοντα ταῦτα. τὸν προκειμένων τι χρή
πράσσειν· μέλει γὰρ τῶν ὧν ὁτοιοι χρῆ μέλειν.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ἄλλ' ὡν ἔρω, τοιαῦτα συγκατηνξάμην.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

μὴ νων προσεύχου μηδέν· ὥς πεπραμένης
οὐκ ἐστὶ θυντοῖς συμφορᾶς ἀπαλλαγῆ.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ἀγοιτ' ἄν μάταιον ἄνδρ' ἐκποδών, ἀντ. δ'
ὁς, ὅ παϊ, σὲ τ' οὐχ ἔκων κάκτανον
σὲ τ' αὖ τάνδ', ὥμοι μέλεος, οὐδ' ἔχω
ὁπα πρὸς πότερα κλειθώ· πάντα γὰρ
λέχρα τῶν χεροῖν, τὰ δ' ἐπὶ κρατὶ μοι
πύτμος δυσκόμιστος εἰσήλατο.

1 ἐμῶν MSS. Pallis corr.
ANTIGONE

My henchmen, lead me hence, away, away,
A cipher, less than nothing; no delay!

CHORUS
Well said, if in disaster aught is well:
Ills past endure demand the speediest cure.

CREON
Come, Fate, a friend at need, (Ant. 3)
Come with all speed!
Come, my best friend,
And speed my end!
Away, away!
Let me not look upon another day!

CHORUS
This for the morrow; to us are present needs
That they whom it concerns must take in hand.

CREON
I join your prayer that echoes my desire.

CHORUS
O pray not, prayers are idle; from the doom
Of fate for mortals refuge is there none.

CREON
Away with me, a worthless wretch who slew (Ant. 4)
Unwitting thee, my son, thy mother too.
Whither to turn I know not; every way
Leads but astray,
And on my head I feel the heavy weight
Of crushing Fate.
ΑΝΤΙΓΩΝΗ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πολλά τὸ φρονεῖν εὐδαιμονίας
πρῶτον ὑπάρχει. χρὴ δὲ τὰ γ' εἰς θεοὺς
μηδὲν ἁσεπτεῖν· μεγάλοι δὲ λόγοι
μεγάλας πληγὰς τῶν ὑπεραύχων
ἀποτίσαντες
γῆρα τὸ φρονεῖν ἐδίδαξαν.
ANTIGONE

CHORUS

Of happiness the chiefest part
Is a wise heart:
And to defraud the gods in aught
With peril’s fraught.
Swelling words of high-flown might
Mightily the gods do smite.
Chastisement for errors past
Wisdom brings to age at last.

END OF VOL. I.
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