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EURIPIDES

IV





*First printed 1912.*  
*Reprinted 1919, 1922, 1928.*

*Printed in Great Britain*

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# ION



## ARGUMENT

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

ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΡΑΜΑΤΟΣ ΠΡΟΣΩΠΑ

ΕΡΜΗΣ

ΙΩΝ

ΧΟΡΟΣ ΘΕΡΑΠΑΙΝΙΔΩΝ ΚΡΕΟΥΣΗΣ

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ ΚΡΕΟΥΣΗΣ

ΠΥΘΙΑ *ἦτοι* ΠΡΟΦΗΤΙΣ

ΑΘΗΝΑ

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

HERMES, *the messenger of the Gods.*

ION, *son of Apollo and Creusa.*

CREUSA, *Queen of Athens, Daughter of Erechtheus, and wife of Xuthus.*

XUTHUS, *an Achaean chief, king-consort of Athens.*

OLD SERVANT (*of Erechtheus formerly, then of Creusa*).

SERVANT (*of Xuthus*).

PYTHIA, *the Prophetess of the temple.*

ATHENA, *Patron-goddess of Athens.*

CHORUS, *consisting of Handmaids attendant on Creusa.*

*Attendants, priests, guards, and Delphian citizens.*

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

## ΙΩΝ

ΕΡΜΗΣ

Ἄτλας, ὁ χαλκίοισι νώτοις οὐρανὸν  
θεῶν παλαιὸν οἶκον ἐκτρίβων, θεῶν  
μῆς ἔφυσε Μαΐαν, ἧ ἔγειναιτο  
Ἐρμῆν μεγίστῳ Ζηνί, δαιμόνων λάτριν.  
ἦκω δὲ Δελφῶν τήνδε γῆν, ἴν' ὀμφαλὸν  
μέσον καθίζων Φοῖβος ὑμνωδεῖ βροτοῖς  
τά τ' ὄντα καὶ μέλλοντα θεσπίζων ἀεί.  
ἔστιν γὰρ οὐκ ἄσημος Ἑλλήνων πόλις,  
τῆς χρυσιλόγχου Παλλάδος κεκλημένη,  
οὐ παῖδ' Ἐρεχθέως Φοῖβος ἔξευξεν γάμοις  
βία Κρέουσαν, ἔνθα προσβόρρους πέτρας  
Παλλιδος ὑπ' ὄχθῳ τῆς Ἀθηναίων χθοῖος  
Μακρὰς καλοῦσι γῆς ἄνακτες Ἀτθίδος.  
ἀγνώσ δὲ πατρί, τῷ θεῷ γὰρ ἦν φίλου,  
γαστρὸς διήνεγκ' ὄγκον· ὡς δ' ἦλθεν χρόνος,  
τεκοῦσ' ἐν οἴκοις παῖδ' ἀπήνεγκεν βρέφος  
εἰς ταῦτόν ἄντρον οὐπερ ἠνιάσθη θεῷ  
Κρέουσα, κακτίθησιν ὡς θανούμενον  
κοίλῃς ἐν ἀντίπηγος εὐτρόχῳ κύκλῳ,  
προγόνων νόμον σώζουσα τοῦ τε γιγγενοῦς  
Ἐριχθορίου· κείνῳ γὰρ ἦ Διὸς κόρη  
φρουρῶ παραζεύξασα φύλακε σώματος  
δισσὼ δρῖκοντε, παρθένοις Ἀγλαυρίσι

10

20

# ION

*Enter HERMES.*

HERMES

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

There is a famous city of the Greeks,  
Named Burg of Pallas of the Golden Spear.  
There Phoebus forced Erechtheus' child Creusa, 10  
Where the north-facing rocks, beneath the Mount  
Of Pallas in the Athenian land, are called  
The Long Cliffs by the lords of Attica.  
Naught knew her sire—for this was Phoebus'  
will—

The burden 'neath her heart; but in due time  
She travailed in his halls, and brought the babe  
Unto the selfsame cave wherein the God  
Had humbled her, and left it there to die  
In the fair-rounded hollow of an ark, 20  
Still keeping the tradition of her race  
And earth-born Erichthonius, by whom  
Zeus' Daughter set for warders of his life  
Two serpents, ere to the Agraulid maids

<sup>1</sup> Pleione, daughter of Ocean.

δίδωσι σώζειν ὄθεν Ἐρεχθείδαις ἔτι  
 νόμος τις ἔστιν ὄφρ' ἐν χρυσηλάτοις  
 τρέφειν τέκν'. ἀλλ' ἦν εἶχε παρθένος χλιδὴν  
 τέκνῳ προσύψασ' ἔλιπεν ὡς θανουμένῳ.  
 καὶ μ' ὦν ἀδελφὸς Φοῖβος αἰτεῖται τύδε·  
 30 ὦ σύγγον', ἐλθὼν λαὸν εἰς αὐτόχθονα  
 κλειῶν Ἀθηνῶν, οἶσθα γὰρ θεᾶς πόλιν,  
 λαβὼν βρέφος νεογνὸν ἐκ κοίλης πέτρας  
 αὐτῷ σὺν ἄγγει σπαργάνοισί θ' οἷς ἔχει  
 ἔνεγκε Δελφῶν τὰ μὰ πρὸς χρηστήρια  
 καὶ θὲς πρὸς αὐταῖς εἰσόδοις δόμων ἐμῶν.  
 τὰ δ' ἄλλ', ἐμὸς γὰρ ἔστιν, ὡς εἰδῆς, ὁ παῖς,  
 ἡμῖν μελήσει. Λοξία δ' ἐγὼ χάριν  
 πρίσσων ἀδελφῷ πλεκτὸν ἐξύρας κύτος  
 ἦνεγκα καὶ τὸν παῖδα κρηπίδων ἔπι  
 40 τίθημι ναοῦ τοῦδ', ἀναπτύξας κύτος  
 εἰλικτὸν ἀντίπηγος, ὡς ὀρώθ' ὁ παῖς.  
 κυρεῖ δ' ἄμ' ἰππεύοντος ἡλίου κύκλῳ  
 προφήτης εἰσβαίνουσα μαρτεῖον θεοῦ·  
 ὄψιν δὲ προσβαλοῦσα παιδὶ νηπίῳ  
 ἐθαύμασ' εἴ τις Δελφίδων τλαίῃ κόρη  
 λαθραῖον ὠδῖν' εἰς θεοῦ ῥίψαι δόμον,  
 ὑπερ δὲ θυμέλας διορίσαι πρόθυμος ἦν·  
 οἴκτῳ δ' ἀφῆκεν ὠμότητα, καὶ θεὸς  
 συνεργὸς ἦν τῷ παιδὶ μὴ ἔκπεσεῖν δόμων.  
 τρέφει δὲ νιν λαβοῦσα· τὸν σπείραντα δὲ  
 50 οὐκ οἶδε Φοῖβον οὐδὲ μητέρ' ἧς ἔφν,  
 ὁ παῖς τε τοὺς τεκόντας οὐκ ἐπίσταται.  
 νέος μὲν οὖν ὦν ἀμφὶ βωμίους τροφὰς  
 ἠλᾶτ' ἀθύρων ὡς δ' ἀπηνδρώθη δέμας,  
 Δελφοὶ σφ' ἔθεντο χρυσοφύλακα τοῦ θεοῦ  
 ταμίαν τε πάντων πιστόν, ἐν δ' ἀνακτόροις



She gave the babe to nurse. For this cause there  
 The Erechtheids use to hang about their babes  
 Serpents of gold. Yea, broidery from her robe  
 She tied to her babe, and left him, as for death.  
 Then did my brother Phoebus ask me this :  
 " Go, brother, to the earth-born folk of Athens  
 The glorious, — for thou know'st Athena's burg, — 30  
 And from the rock-cleft take a babe new born,  
 With cradle and with swaddling bands withal,  
 And bear to Delphi, to mine oracle,  
 And set him at my temple's entering in  
 All else be mine: for this—that thou may'st  
 know,—  
 Is my son." For a grace to Loxias  
 My brother, took I up the woven ark,  
 And bare, and on the basement of this fane  
 I set him, opening first the cradle's lid  
 With-woven, that the boy might so be seen. 40  
 And, as the sun drove forth his chariot, posed  
 A priestess into the prophetic shrine,  
 Who, casting eyes upon the wordless babe,  
 marvelled that any Delphian maid should dare  
 Into the God's house fling her child of shame,  
 And o'er the holy pale in zeal had thrust ;  
 But pity banished cruelty : yea, the God  
 Wrought that the boy be not cast forth his fane,  
 So took she him and nursed, nor knew the sire  
 Was Phoebus, nor the reckling's mother knew ; 50  
 Nor knows the boy who brought him into life.  
 So did the youngling round the altars sport  
 That fed him. When to manhood waxed his  
 frame,  
 The Delphians made him treasurer of the God,  
 And trusted steward of all ; and in the fane

θεοῦ καταζῆ δεῦρ' ἀεὶ σεμνὸν βίον.  
 Κρέουσα δ' ἡ τεκούσα τὸν νεαίαν  
 Ξούθῳ γαμεῖται συμφορᾶς τοιᾶσδ' ὕπο.  
 60 ἦν ταῖς Ἀθήναις τοῖς τε Χαλκωδοντίδαις,  
 οἱ γῆν ἔχουσ' Εὐβοῖδα, πολέμιος κλύδων·  
 ὃν συμπονήσας καὶ ξυνεξελὼν δορὶ  
 γάμων Κρεούσης ἀξίωμ' ἐδέξατο,  
 οὐκ ἐγγενῆς ὢν, Αἰόλου δὲ τοῦ Διὸς  
 γεγῶς Ἀχαιός· χρόνια δὲ σπείρας λέχη  
 ἄτεκνός ἐστι, καὶ Κρέουσ'· ὢν εἵνεκα  
 ἤκουσι πρὸς μαντεῖ' Ἀπόλλωνος τάδε,  
 ἔρωτι παίδων. Λοξίας δὲ τὴν τύχην  
 εἰς τοῦτ' ἐλαύνει, κού λέληθεν, ὡς δοκεῖ.  
 70 δώσει γὰρ εἰσελθόντι μαντεῖον τόδε  
 Ξούθῳ τὸν αὐτοῦ παῖδα, καὶ πεφυκέναι  
 κείνου σφε φήσει, μητρὸς ὡς ἐλθὼν δόμους  
 γνωσθῆ Κρεούση, καὶ γάμοι τε Λοξίου  
 κρυπτοὶ γένωνται παῖς τ' ἔχη τὰ πρόσφορα.  
 Ἴωνα δ' αὐτόν, κτίστωρ' Ἀσιάδος χθονός,  
 ὄνομα κεκλῆσθαι θήσεται καθ' Ἑλλάδα.  
 ἀλλ' εἰς δαφνώδη γύαλα βήσομαι τάδε,  
 τὸ κρανθὲν ὡς ἂν ἐκμάθω παιδὸς πέρι.  
 ὀρῶ γὰρ ἐκβαίνοντα Λοξίου γόνον  
 80 τόνδ', ὡς πρὸ ναοῦ λαμπρὰ θῆ πυλώματα  
 δάφνης κλάδοισιν. ὄνομα δ', οὐ μέλλει τυχεῖν,  
 Ἴων' ἐγὼ σφε πρῶτος ὀνομάζω θεῶν.

ἄρματα μὲν τάδε λαμπρὰ τεθρίππων  
 ἥλιος ἤδη λάμπει κατὰ γῆν,  
 ἄστρα δὲ φεύγει πῦρ τόδ' ἀπ' αἰθέρος



εἰς νύχθ' ἱεράν,  
 Παρνησιάδες δ' ἄβατοι κορυφαὶ  
 καταλαμπόμεναι τὴν ἡμερίαν  
 ἀψίδα βροτοῖσι δέχονται.  
 σμύρνης δ' ἀνύδρου καπνὸς εἰς ὀρόφους  
 Φοίβου πέτεται.

90

θάσσει δὲ γυνὴ τρίποδα ζάθεον  
 Δελφίς, αἰείδουσ' Ἑλλησι βοάς,  
 ἃς ἂν Ἀπόλλων κελαδήσῃ.  
 ἀλλ', ὦ Φοίβου Δελφοὶ θέραπες,  
 τὰς Κασταλίας ἀργυροειδεῖς  
 βαίνετε δίνας, καθαραῖς δὲ δρόσοις  
 φαιδρυνάμενοι στείχετε ναοὺς·  
 στόμα τ' εὖφημον φρουρεῖτ' ἀγαθόν,  
 φήμας τ' ἀγαθὰς

100

τοῖς ἐθέλουσιν μαντεύεσθαι  
 γλώσσης ἰδίας ἀποφαίνειν.  
 ἡμεῖς δὲ, πόνους οὓς ἐκ παιδὸς  
 μοχθοῦμεν αἰεὶ, πτόρθοισι δάφνης  
 στέφειν θ' ἱεροῖς ἐσόδους Φοίβου  
 καθαρὰς θήσομεν, ὑγραῖς τε πέδον  
 ῥανίσιν νοτερόν, πτηνῶν τ' ἀγέλας,  
 αἰ βλάπτουσιν σέμν' ἀναθήματα,  
 τόξοισιν ἐμοῖς φυγάδας θήσομεν·  
 ὡς γὰρ ἀμήτωρ ἀπάτωρ τε γεγῶς  
 τοὺς θρέψαντας  
 Φοίβου ναοὺς θεραπεύω.

110

ἄγ' ὦ νεηθαλὲς ὦ  
 καλλίστας προπόλευμα δάφνας,  
 ἃ τὰν Φοίβου θυμέλαν  
 σαίρεις, ὑπὸ ναοῖς

στρ.

## ION

To the sacred night :

And the crests of Parnassus untrodden are flaming  
and flushed, as with yearning [daylight returning  
Of welcome to far-flashing wheels with the glory of  
To mortal sight.

To the roof-ridge of Phoebus the fume of the incense  
of Araby burning

As a bird taketh flight. [Maiden 90

On the tripod most holy is seated the Delphian  
Chanting to children of Hellas the wild cries, laden

With doom, from the lips of Apollo that ring.

Delphians, Phoebus's priesthood-train,

Unto Castaly's silvery-swirling spring

Pass ye, and cleanse with the pure spray-rain

Your bodies, or ever ye enter his fane.

Set a watch on the door of your lips ; be there heard

Nothing but good in the secret word

That ye murmur to them whose hearts be stirred 100

To seek to his shrine, that they seek not in vain.

And I in the toil that is mine—mine now, [bough,

And from childhood up,—with the bay's young

And with wreathèd garlands holy, will cleanse

The portals of Phoebus ; with dews from the spring

Will I sprinkle his pavement, and chase far thence

With the shaft from the string

The flocks of the birds : the defilers shall flee

From his offerings holy. Nor mother is mine

Neither father : his temple hath nurtured me, 110

And I serve his shrine.

Come, branch in thy freshness yet blowing, (*Str.*)

God's minister, loveliest bay,

Over the altar-steps glide :

In the gardens immortal, beside

κήπων ἐξ ἄθανάτων,  
 ἵνα δρόσοι τέγγουσ' ἱεραί,  
 † τὰν ἀέναον παγὰν  
 ἐκπροϊεῖσαι  
 120 μυρσίνας, ἱερὰν φόβαν  
 ἃ σαίρω δάπεδον θεοῦ  
 παναμέριος ἄμ' ἡλίου  
 πτέρυγι θοᾶ  
 λατρεύων τὸ κατ' ἡμαρ.  
 ὦ Παιὰν ὦ Παιάν,  
 εὐαίων εὐαίων  
 εἴης, ὦ Λατοῦς παῖ.

καλὸν γε τὸν πόνον, ὦ  
 Φοῖβε, σοὶ πρὸ δόμων λατρεύω  
 130 τιμῶν μαντεῖον ἔδραν  
 κλεινὸς δ' ὁ πόνος μοι  
 θεῶσιν δούλαν χέρ' ἔχειν,  
 οὐ θνατοῖς ἀλλ' ἄθανάτοις·  
 εὐφάμους δὲ πόνους μοχθεῖν  
 οὐκ ἀποκάμιω.  
 Φοῖβός μοι γενέτωρ πατήρ·  
 τὸν βόσκοντα γὰρ εὐλογῶ,  
 τὸ δ' ὠφέλιμον ἐμοὶ πατέρος  
 ὄνομα λέγω,  
 140 Φοίβου τοῦ κατὰ ναόν.  
 ὦ Παιὰν ὦ Παιάν,  
 εὐαίων εὐαίων  
 εἴης, ὦ Λατοῦς παῖ.

ἀντ.

ἀλλ' ἐκπαύσω γὰρ μόχθους  
 δάφνας ὀλκοῖς,

His temple, hath burgeoned thy pride,  
 Where the sacred waters are flowing  
 Through a veil of the myrtle spray,  
 A fountain that leapeth aye  
 O'er thy tresses divine to pour. 120  
 I wave thee o'er Phoebus' floor  
 As the sun's wing soars sudden glowing—  
 Such service is mine each day.  
 O Healer, O Healer-king,  
 Let blessing on blessing upring  
 Unto Leto's Son as I sing!

'Tis my glory, the service I render (A-t.)  
 In thy portals, O Phoebus, to thee!  
 I honour thy prophet-shrine 130  
 Proud labour is mine—it is thine!  
 I am thrall to the Gods divine:  
 Not to men, but Immortals, I tender  
 My bondage; 'tis glorious and free:  
 Never faintness shall fall upon me.  
 For my father thee, Phoebus, I praise,  
 Who hast nurtured me all my days:  
 My begetter, mine help, my defender  
 This temple's Phoebus shall be. 140  
 O Healer, O Healer-king,  
 Let blessing on blessing upring  
 Unto Leto's Son as I sing!

But—for now from the toil I refrain  
 Of the bay-boughs softly trailing,—

χρυσέων δ' ἐκ τευχέων ρίψω  
γαίας παγάν,

ἂν ἀποχεύονται

Κασταλίας δῖναι,

νοτερόν ὕδωρ βύλλων,

150 ὅσιος ἀπ' εὐνῆς ὦν.

εἴθ' οὕτως αἰεὶ Φοῖβω

λατρεύων μὴ παυσαίμαν,

ἢ παυσαίμαν ἀγαθᾶ μοίρα.

ἔα ἔα·

φοιτῶσ' ἤδη λείπουσίν τε

πτανοὶ Παρνασοῦ κοίτας·

αὐδῶ μὴ χρίμπτειν θριγκοῖς

μηδ' εἰς χρυσήρεις οἴκους.

μάρψω σ' αὐ τόξοις, ὦ Ζηνὸς

κῆρυξ, ὀρνίθων γαμφηλαῖς

160 ἰσχὺν νικῶν.

ὄδε πρὸς θυμέλας ἄλλος ἐρέσσει

κύκνος· οὐκ ἄλλα

φοινικοφαῖη πόδα κινήσεις ;

οὐδέν σ' ἂ φύρμιγξ ἂ Φοῖβου

σύμμολπος τόξων ῥύσαιτ' ἂν

πάραγε πτέρυγας,

λίμνας ἐπίβα τῆς Δηλιάδος·

αἰμάξεις, εἰ μὴ πείσει,

τὰς καλλιφθόγγους ῥόδῆς.

170 ἔα ἔα·

τίς ὄδ' ὀρνίθων καινὸς προσέβα ;

μῶν ὑπὸ θριγκοὺς εὐναίας

καρφηρὰς θήσων τέκνοις ;



From the pitchers of gold shall I ran  
 The drops from the breast unfauling  
 Of the earth that spring  
 Where the foambell ring  
 Round Castaly's fount goeth sailing.  
 It rains, it rains from my fingers fast,  
 From the hands of the undefiled wide-cast. 150  
 O that to Phoebus for ever so  
 I might render service, nor respite know,  
 Except unto happier lot I go!

*Flights of birds are seen approaching*

Ho there, ho there!  
 Even now are they flocking, the fowl of the air,  
 On Parnassus forsaking each crag-hung lair.  
 Touch not, I warn ye, the temple's coping,  
 Nor the roofs with the glittering gold slant-sloping.  
 Ha, my bow shall o'ertake thee again from afar,  
 Zeus' herald, whose talons victorious war  
 On the birds that strongest are. 160

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

Ha, what new fowl cometh hitherward winging? 170  
 Under our coping fain would he build  
 A nest for his young from the stubble-field?

ψαλμοί σ' εἵρξουσιν τόξων.  
 οὐ πείσει ; χωρῶν δίνας  
 τὰς Ἀλφειοῦ παιδούργει  
 ἢ νάπος Ἰσθμιον,  
 ὡς ἀναθήματα μὴ βλάβηται  
 ναοί θ' οἱ Φοίβου.

180

κτείνειν δ' ὑμᾶς αἰδοῦμαι  
 τοὺς θεῶν ἀγγέλλοντας φάμας  
 θνατοῖς· οἷς δ' ἔγκειμαι μόχθοις,  
 Φοίβω δουλεύσω, κού λήξω  
 τοὺς βόσκοντας θεραπεύων.

ΧΟΡΟΣ α'

οὐκ ἐν ταῖς ζαθέαις Ἀθί-  
 ναις εὐκίονες ἦσαν ἀν-  
 λαὶ θεῶν μόνον, οὐδ' ἀγνι-  
 τίδες θεραπείαι·  
 ἀλλὰ καὶ παρὰ Λοξία  
 τῷ Λατοῦς διδύμων προσώ-  
 πων καλλιβλέφαρον φῶς.

στρ.

190

ΧΟΡΟΣ β'

ἰδοὺ τίνδ', ἄθρησον,  
 Λερναῖον ὕδραν ἐναίρει  
 χρυσέαις ἄρπαις ὁ Διὸς παῖς·  
 φίλα, πρόσιδ' ὄσσοις.

ΧΟΡΟΣ α'

ἄθρῳ. καὶ πέλας ἄλλος αὐ-  
 τοῦ πανὸν πυρίφλεκτον αἵ-  
 ρει τις· ἄρ' ὄς ἐμαῖσι μυ-  
 θεύεται παρὰ πῆναις

ἀντ.

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

Loth were I to slaughter such as ye,  
 Which bear unto mortals the angury 180  
 Of the Gods: but a burden is laid upon me:  
 I am Phoebus' thrall, and I will not refrain  
 My service to them that my life sustain.

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

## CHORUS 1

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

## CHORUS 2

Ah, look thou, behold this thing— 190  
 How with golden scimitar Zeus' Son here  
 Slayeth the hydra of Lerna's mere:  
 Dear, one glance hitherward fling!

## CHORUS 1

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

200

ἀσπιστὰς Ἰόλαος, ὃς  
κοινοὺς αἰρόμενος πόνους  
Δίῳ παιδὶ συναντλεῖ ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ γ'  
καὶ μὰν τόνδ' ἄθρησον  
πτεροῦντος ἔφεδρον ἵππου·  
τὰν πῦρ πνέουσαν ἐναίρει  
τρισώματον ἀλκίαν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ α'  
παντᾶ τοι βλέφαρον διώ-  
κω. σκέψαι κλόνον ἐν τείχε-  
σι λαίνοισι Γιγάντων.

ΧΟΡΟΣ δ'  
ὦδε δερκόμεθ', ὦ φίλαι, †

210

ΧΟΡΟΣ ε'  
λεύσσεις οὖν ἐπ' Ἐγκελάδῳ  
γοργωπὸν πάλλουσαν ἵτυν ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ ς'  
λεύσσω Παλλάδ', ἐμὰν θεόν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ ζ'  
τί γάρ, κεραυτὸν  
ἀμφίπυρον ὄβριμον ἐν Διὸς  
ἐκηβόλοισι χερσίν ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ η'  
ὄρῳ, τὸν δάιον  
Μίμαντα πυρὶ καταιθαλοῖ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ θ'  
καὶ Βρόμιος ἄλλον ἀπολέμοισι  
κισσίνοισι βύκτροις  
ἐναίρει Γᾶς τέκνων ὁ Βακχεύς.

## ION

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

200

CHORUS 3

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

CHORUS 1

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

CHORUS 4

Yea, friends, we be gazing thitherward.

CHORUS 5

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

210

CHORUS 6

Pallas, my Goddess !—I see her stand !

CHORUS 7

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

CHORUS 8

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

CHORUS 9

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

ΙΩΝ

220

ΧΟΡΟΣ ι'

σέ τοι τὸν παρὰ ναὸν αὐ-  
δῶ· θέμις γυάλων ὑπερ-  
βῆναι λευκῶ ποδὶ βηλόν ;<sup>1</sup>

ΙΩΝ

οὐ θέμις, ὦ ξένοι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ ια'

οὐδ' ἂν ἐκ σέθεν ἂν πυθοίμαν αὐδαί ;

ΙΩΝ

τίνα τήγδε θέλεις ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ ια'

ἄρ' ὄντως μέσον ὀμφαλὸν  
γᾶς Φοίβου κατέχει δόμος ;

ΙΩΝ

στέμμασί γ' ἐνδυτόν, ἀμφὶ δὲ γοργόνας.

ΧΟΡΟΣ ιβ'

οὔτω καὶ φάτις αὐδᾶ.

ΙΩΝ

εἰ μὲν ἐθύσατε πέλανον πρὸ δόμων  
καί τι πυθέσθαι χρήζετε Φοίβου,  
πάριτ' εἰς θυμέλας, ἐπὶ δ' ἀσφάκτοις  
μήλοισι δόμων μὴ πάριτ' εἰς μυχόν.

230

ΧΟΡΟΣ ιγ'

ἔχω μαθοῦσα·  
θεοῦ δὲ νόμον οὐ παραβαίνομεν·  
ἂ δ' ἐκτός, ὄμμα τέρψει.

ΙΩΝ

πάντα θεᾶσθ', ὅ τι καὶ θέμις, ὄμμασι.

<sup>1</sup> Hermann : for ποδὶ γ' of MSS.

## ION

CHORUS 10 (*addressing ION*)

Sir,—thou by the fane,—I would speak unto thee :  
 Prithee say, if with bare feet lawful it is 220  
 That the threshold we pass of the sanctuary.

ION

Nay, strangers, forfended is this.

CHORUS 11

Yet haply a thing I would learn wouldst thou show?

ION

What is this that thou cravest to know?

CHORUS 11

Is it so, that the walls of Phoebus rise  
 Even there, where Earth's mid-navel lies?

ION

Yea: and with wreaths is it hung, and watched by  
 the Gorgon-eyes.

CHORUS 12

Ay, rumour hath published it so.

ION

If a cake ye have cast on the forecourt's altar-fire,  
 And if there be aught that of Phoebus ye fain would  
 inquire,  
 Draw nigh to the altar-steps: into the inner fane  
 Pass none, but with bloodshed of sheep for the  
 sacrifice slain.

CHORUS 13

All this understand I aright : 230  
 We would trespass on naught by the God's law  
 hidden :  
 Enough is without for our feast of sight.

ION

Let your eyes gaze on upon all unforbidden.

ΙΩΝ

ΧΟΡΟΣ ιδ'

μεθεισαν δεσπόται  
 με θεοῦ γύαλα τὰδ' εἰσιδεῖν.

ΙΩΝ

δμωαὶ δὲ τίνων κλήξεσθε δόμων ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ ιε'

Παλλάδος ἔνοικα τρόφιμα μέλαθρα  
 τῶν ἐμῶν τυράννων·  
 παρούσας δ' ἀμφὶ τᾶσδ' ἐρωτᾶς.

ΙΩΝ

γειναιότης σοι, καὶ τρόπων τεκμήριον  
 τὸ σχῆμ' ἔχεις τόδ', ἥτις εἶ ποτ', ὦ γύναι.  
 γνοίη δ' ἂν ὡς τὰ πολλά γ' ἀνθρώπου πέρι  
 240 τὸ σχῆμ' ἰδῶν τις εἰ πέφυκεν εὐγενής.  
 ἔα·

ἀλλ' ἐξέπληξάς μ', ὄμμα συγκλήσασα σὸν  
 δακρύοις θ' ὑγράνας' εὐγενῆ παρηίδα,  
 ὡς εἶδες ἀγνὰ Λοξίου χρηστήρια.  
 τί ποτε μερίμνης εἰς τόδ' ἦλθες, ὦ γύναι ;  
 οὐ πάντες ἄλλοι γύαλα λεύσσοιτες θεοῦ  
 χαίρουσιν, ἐνταῦθ' ὄμμα σὸν δακρυρροεῖ ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ὦ ξείνε, τὸ μὲν σὸν οὐκ ἀπαιδεύτως ἔχει  
 εἰς θαύματ' ἐλθεῖν δακρύων ἐμῶν πέρι·  
 ἐγὼ δ' ἰδοῦσα τούσδ' Ἀπόλλωνος δόμους  
 250 μνήμην παλαιὰν ἀνεμετρησάμην τινά·  
 οἴκοι δὲ τὸν νοῦν ἔσχον ἐνθάδ' οὐσά περ.  
 ὦ τλήμονες γυναῖκες· ὦ τολμήματα  
 θεῶν. τί δῆτα ; ποῖ δίκην ἀνοίσομεν,  
 εἰ τῶν κρατούντων ἀδικίαις ὀλούμεθα ;

ΙΩΝ

τί χρῆμ' ἀνερμήνευτα δυσθυμεῖ, γύναι ;



# ION

CHORUS 14

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

ION

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

CHORUS 15

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

*Enter CREUSA.*

ION

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

CREUSA

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

ION

Lady, for what veiled grief art thou cast down?

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

οὐδέν· μεθῆκα τόξα· τὰπὶ τῷδε δὲ  
ἐγὼ τε σιγῶ καὶ σὺ μὴ φρόντιζ' ἔτι.

ΙΩΝ

τίς δ' εἶ ; πόθεν γῆς ἦλθες ; ἐκ ποίου πατρὸς  
πέφυκας ; ὄνομα τί σε καλεῖν ἡμᾶς χρεῶν ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

260

Κρέουσα μὲν μοι τοῦνομ', ἐκ δ' Ἐρεχθέως  
πέφυκα, πατρὶς γῆ δ' Ἀθηναίων πόλις.

ΙΩΝ

ὦ κλεινὸν οἰκοῦσ' ἄστν γενναίων τ' ἄπο  
τραφεῖσα πατέρων, ὡς σε θαυμάζω, γύναι.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τοσαῦτα κεῦτυχοῦμεν, ὦ ξέν', οὐ πέρα.

ΙΩΝ

πρὸς θεῶν ἀληθῶς, ὡς μεμύθευται βροτοῖς,

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τί χρῆμ' ἐρωτᾶς, ὦ ξέν' ; ἐκμαθεῖν θέλω.

ΙΩΝ

ἐκ γῆς πατρός σου πρόγονος ἔβλασταν πατήρ ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

Ἐριχθόνιός γε· τὸ δὲ γένος μ' οὐκ ὠφελεῖ.

ΙΩΝ

ἦ καί σφ' Ἀθήνα γῆθεν ἐξανείλετο ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

270

εἰς παρθένους γε χεῖρας, οὐ τεκοῦσά νιν.

ΙΩΝ

δίδωσι δ', ὥσπερ ἐν γραφῇ νομίζεται ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

Κέκροπός γε σφάζειν παισὶν οὐκ ὀρώμενον.

ΙΩΝ

ἤκουσα λῦσαι παρθένους τεύχος θεᾶς.

# ION

CREUSA

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

ION

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

CREUSA

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

260

ION

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

CREUSA

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

ION

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

CREUSA

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

ION

That from the earth thy father's grand sire sprang?

CREUSA

Yea, Erichthonius :—me his birth avails not.

ION

And did Athena take him forth the earth?

CREUSA

Yea, in her maiden arms : no mother she.

270

ION

And gave it, as the pictured legend tells—

CREUSA

To Cecrops' daughters to be nursed unseen.

ION

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

ΙΩΝ

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τοιγὰρ θανούσαι σκόπελον ἤμαξαν πέτρας.

ΙΩΝ

εἶεν·

τί δαὶ τόδ' ; ἄρ' ἀληθὲς ἢ μάτην λόγος ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τί χρῆμ' ἐρωτᾷς ; καὶ γὰρ οὐ κάμνω σχολῇ.

ΙΩΝ

πατὴρ Ἐρεχθεὺς σὰς ἔθυσε συγγόνους ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἔτλη πρὸ γαίας σφάγια παρθένους κτανεῖν.

ΙΩΝ

σὺ δ' ἐξεσώθης πῶς κασιγνήτων μόνη ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

280 βρέφος νεογνὸν μητρὸς ἦν ἐν ἀγκάλαις.

ΙΩΝ

πατέρα δ' ἀληθῶς χάσμα σὸν κρύπτει χθονός ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

πληγαὶ τριαίνης ποντίου σφ' ἀπώλεσαν.

ΙΩΝ

Μακρὰ δὲ χῶρός ἐστ' ἐκεῖ κεκλημένος ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τί δ' ἱστορεῖς τόδ' ; ὥς μ' ἀνέμνησάς τινος.

ΙΩΝ

τιμᾶ σφε Πύθιος ἀστραπαὶ τε Πύθιαι ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τιμᾶ—τί τιμᾶ ;<sup>1</sup> μήποτ' ὄφελόν σφ' ἰδεῖν.

ΙΩΝ

τί δέ ; στυγεῖς σὺ τοῦ θεοῦ τὰ φίλτατα ;

<sup>1</sup> Hermann : for MSS. τιμᾶ τιμᾶ.

## ION

CREUSA

Then hurled themselves down blood-sprent cliffs to death.

ION

Ah, so!

And this—true is it, or an idle tale?—

CREUSA

What wouldst thou ask? My leisure serveth me.

ION

Thy sisters did thy sire Erechtheus slay?

CREUSA

He endured to sacrifice them for his land.

ION

How wast thou only of thy sisters saved?

CREUSA

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

280

ION

And did earth yawning verily hide thy sire?

CREUSA

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

ION

The Long Cliffs—is a place so named therein?

CREUSA

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

ION

Phoebus with Pythian lightnings honours them.

CREUSA

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

ION

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

ΙΩΝ

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

οὐδέν· ξύνοιδ' ἄντροισιν αἰσχύνην τινά.

ΙΩΝ

πόσις δὲ τίς σ' ἔγημ' Ἀθηναίων, γύναι ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

οὐκ ἀστός, ἀλλ' ἔπακτὸς ἐξ ἄλλης χθονός.

ΙΩΝ

τίς ; εὐγενῆ νιν δεῖ πεφυκέναι τινά.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

Ξοῦθος, πεφυκὼς Λιόλου Διὸς τ' ἄπο.

ΙΩΝ

καὶ πῶς ξένος σ' ὦν ἔσχεν οὔσαν ἐγγενῆ ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

Εὐβοί' Ἀθήναις ἔστι τις γείτων πόλις·

ΙΩΝ

ὄροις ὑγροῖσιν, ὡς λέγουσ', ὠρισμένη.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ταύτην ἔπερσε Κεκροπίδαις κοινῶ δορί.

ΙΩΝ

ἐπίκουρος ἔλθων ; κατὰ σὸν γαμεί λέχος ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

φερνίς γε πολέμου καὶ δορὸς λαβῶν γέρας.

ΙΩΝ

σὺν ἀνδρὶ δ' ἦκεις ἢ μόνη χρηστήρια ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

σὺν ἀνδρὶ. σηκοῖς δ' ἐνστρέφει Τροφωνίου.

ΙΩΝ

πότερα θεατῆς ἢ χάριν μαντευμάτων ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

κείνου τε Φοίβου θ' ἐν θέλων μαθεῖν ἔπος.

ΙΩΝ

καρποῦ δ' ὕπερ γῆς ἦκετ', ἢ παίδων πέρι ;

ION

CREUSA

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

ION

And what Athenian, lady, is thy lord?

CREUSA

No citizen. An outland alien.

290

ION

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

CREUSA

Xuthus, the seed of Aeolus and Zeus.

ION

How might an alien win thee, native-born?

CREUSA

A neighbour state, Eubœa, Athens hath;—

ION

Sundered by watery marches, as they tell.

CREUSA

This smote he, spear-ally of Cœrops' sons.

ION

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

CREUSA

His dower of battle, guerdon of his spear.

ION

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

CREUSA

With him. He lingereth at Trophonius' cave.

300

ION

To gaze thereon, or for an oracle?

CREUSA

One thing of him and Phoebus would he learn.

ION

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

ΙΩΝ

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἄπαιδές ἐσμεν, χρόνι' ἔχοντ' εὐνήματα.

ΙΩΝ

οὐδ' ἔτεκες οὐδὲν πώποτ', ἀλλ' ἄτεκνος εἶ ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ὁ Φοῖβος οἶδε τὴν ἐμὴν ἀπαιδίαν.

ΙΩΝ

ὦ τλήμων, ὡς τ' ἄλλ' εὐτυχοῦσ' οὐκ εὐτυχεῖς.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

σὺ δ' εἶ τίς ; ὧς σου τὴν τεκοῦσαν ὤλβισα.

ΙΩΝ

τοῦ θεοῦ καλοῦμαι δούλος εἰμί τ', ὦ γύναι.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

310 ἀνάθημα πόλεως, ἢ τινος πραθεῖς ὑπο ;

ΙΩΝ

οὐκ οἶδα πλὴν ἔν' Λοξίου κεκλήμεθα.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἡμεῖς σ' ἄρ' αὐθις, ὦ ξέν', ἀντοικτείρομεν.

ΙΩΝ

ὡς μὴ εἰδόθ' ἦτις μ' ἔτεκεν ἐξ ὅτου τ' ἔφυν.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ναοῖσι δ' οἰκεῖς τοισίδ' ἢ κατὰ στέγας ;

ΙΩΝ

ἄπαν θεοῦ μοι δῶμ', ἴν' ἂν λάβῃ μ' ὕπνος.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

παῖς δ' ὦν ἀφίκου ναὸν ἢ νεανίας ;

ΙΩΝ

βρέφος λέγουσιν οἱ δοκοῦντες εἰδέναί.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

καὶ τίς γάλακτί σ' ἐξέθρεψε Δελφίδων ;

ΙΩΝ

οὐπώποτ' ἔγνων μαστόν· ἢ δ' ἔθρεψέ με—



# ION

CREUSA

Childless we are, who have been wedded long.

ION

Never hast thou borne issue, barren all?

CREUSA

Phoebus doth know what childlessness is mine.

ION

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

CREUSA

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

ION

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

CREUSA

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

310

ION

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

CREUSA

I then in turn, O stranger, pity thee.

ION

As one that never sire nor mother knew.

CREUSA

Dwellest thou in this temple, or a house?

ION

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

CREUSA

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

ION

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

CREUSA

And who of Delphi's daughters gave thee suck?

ION

Never I knew the breast. Mine only nurse—

ΙΩΝ

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

320

τίς, ὦ ταλαίπωρ'; ὡς νοσοῦσ' ἠὔρον νόσους.

ΙΩΝ

Φοίβου προφήτης, μητέρ' ὡς νομίζομεν.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

εἰς δ' ἄνδρ' ἀφίκου τίνα τροφήν κεκτημένος ;

ΙΩΝ

βωμοί μ' ἔφερβον οὐπιών τ' αἰεὶ ξένος.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τάλαινά σ' ἢ τεκοῦσα· τίς ποτ' ἦν ἄρα ;

ΙΩΝ

ἀδίκημά του γυναικὸς ἐγενόμην ἴσως.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἔχεις δὲ βίοντον ; εὖ γὰρ ἤσκησαι πέπλοις.

ΙΩΝ

τοῖς τοῦ θεοῦ κοσμούμεθ', ὦ δουλεύομεν.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

οὐδ' ἦξας εἰς ἔρευναν ἐξευρεῖν γονάς ;

ΙΩΝ

ἔχω γὰρ οὐδέν, ὦ γύναι, τεκμήριον.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

φεῦ·

330

πέποιθέ τις σῆ μητρὶ ταῦτ' ἄλλη γυνή.

ΙΩΝ

τίς ; εἰ πόνου μοι ξυλλάβοι, χαίρομεν ἄν.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἦς εἵνεκ' ἦλθον δεῦρο πρὶν πόσιν μολεῖν.

ΙΩΝ

ποιόν τι χρήζουσ' ; ὡς ὑπουργήσω, γύναι.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

μάντευμα κρυπτὸν δεομένη Φοίβου μαθεῖν.

ION

CREUSA

Who, child of sorrow? I find my wound in thine! 320

ION

Was Phoebus' priestess: her I count my mother.

CREUSA

How nurtured hast thou come to man's estate?

ION

The altars fed me: each chance stranger gave.

CREUSA

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

ION

I am record haply of a woman's wrong.

CREUSA

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

ION

O! Him is mine adorning, whom I serve.

CREUSA

But on thy birth's track hast thou never pressed?

ION

Ah, lady, clue hereunto have I none.

CREUSA

(Sighs.) There's one was even as thy mother  
wronged. 330

ION

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

CREUSA

For her sake came I, while delays my lord.

ION

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

CREUSA

Craving a secret oracle of Phoebus.

ΙΩΝ

ΙΩΝ

λέγοις ἄν· ἡμεῖς τᾶλλα προξενήσομεν.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἄκουε δὴ τὸν μῦθον· ἄλλ' αἰδούμεθα.

ΙΩΝ

οὐ τᾶρα πράξεις οὐδέν· ἀργὸς ἢ θεός.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

Φοίβῳ μιγῆναί φησί τις φίλων ἐμῶν.

ΙΩΝ

Φοίβῳ γυνὴ γεγῶσα; μὴ λέγ', ὦ ξένη.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

340 καὶ παῖδά γ' ἔτεκε τῷ θεῷ λάθρα πατρός.

ΙΩΝ

οὐκ ἔστιν· ἀνδρὸς ἀδικίαν αἰσχύνεται.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

οὐ φησιν αὐτῆ· καὶ πέπονθεν ἄθλια.

ΙΩΝ

τί χρῆμα δράσασ', εἰ θεῷ συνεζύγη;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τὸν παῖδ' ὃν ἔτεκεν ἐξέθηκε δωμάτων.

ΙΩΝ

ὁ δ' ἐκτεθείς παῖς ποῦ ἔστιν; εἰσορᾷ φάος;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

οὐκ οἶδεν οὐδεὶς. ταῦτα καὶ μαντεύομαι.

ΙΩΝ

εἰ δ' οὐκέτ' ἔστι, τίνι τρόπῳ διεφθάρη;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

θῆρας σφε τὸν δύστηνον ἐλπίζει κτανεῖν.

ΙΩΝ

ποιῶ τόδ' ἔγνω χρωμένη τεκμηρίῳ;

ION

ION

Speak it : myself will undertake for thee.

CREUSA

Hear then the story :—but ashamed am I.

ION

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

CREUSA

She saith—my friend—that Phoebus humbled her.

ION

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

CREUSA

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

ION

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

CREUSA

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

ION

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

CREUSA

The son she bare she cast forth from her halls.

ION

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

CREUSA

None knows. For this I seek the oracle.

ION

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

CREUSA

Wild beasts, she troweth, slew the hapless babe.

ION

And by what token knew she this had been?

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

350

έλθουσ' ἴν' αὐτὸν ἐξέθης', οὐχ ἠϋρ' ἔτι.

ΙΩΝ

ἦν δὲ σταλαγμὸς ἐν στίβῳ τις αἵματος ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

οὐ φησι· καίτοι πόλλ' ἐπεστράφη πέδον.

ΙΩΝ

χρόνος δὲ τίς τῷ παιδὶ διαπεπραγμένῳ ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

σοὶ ταῦτὸν ἤβης, εἴπερ ἦν, εἶχ' ἂν μέτρον.

ΙΩΝ

οὐκουν ἔτ' ἄλλον ὕστερον τίκτει γόνον ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἀδικεῖ νιν ὁ θεός· οὐ τεκοῦσα δ' ἀθλία.

ΙΩΝ

τί δ', εἰ λάθρα νιν Φοῖβος ἐκτρέφει λαβῶν ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τὰ κοινὰ χαίρων οὐ δίκαια δρᾶ μόνος.

ΙΩΝ

οἴμοι· προσφδὸς ἢ τύχη τῶμῳ πάθει.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

360

καὶ σ', ὦ ξέν', οἶμαι μητέρ' ἀθλίαν ποθεῖν.

ΙΩΝ

καὶ μή γ' ἐπ' οἰκτόν μ' ἔξαγ' οὐ λελήσμεθα.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

σιγῷ· πέραινε δ' ὧν σ' ἀνιστορῷ πέρι.

ΙΩΝ

οἶσθ' οὖν ὁ κάμνει τοῦ λόγου μάλιστά σοι ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τί δ' οὐκ ἐκείνη τῇ ταλαιπώρῳ νοσεῖ ;

ΙΩΝ

πῶς ὁ θεὸς ὁ λαθεῖν βούλεται μαντεύσεται ;

ION

CREUSA

She came where she had left him, and found not. 350

ION

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

CREUSA

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

ION

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

CREUSA

Living, he had had the measure of thy years.

ION

And hath she borne no offspring after this?

CREUSA

Still the God wrongs her: childless grief is hers.

ION

What if in secret Phoebus fostereth him?

CREUSA

Unjust!—alone to enjoy what he should share.

ION

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

CREUSA

For thee yearns some sad mother too, I ween. 360

ION

Ah, wake not thou mine half-forgotten grief.

CREUSA

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

ION

Seest thou where lies the weakness of thy plea?

CREUSA

Ah, hapless one, wherein is she not weak!

ION

How should the God reveal that he would hide?

ΙΩΝ

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

εἵπερ καθίζει τρίποδα κοινὸν Ἑλλάδος.

ΙΩΝ

αἰσχύνεται τὸ πρᾶγμα· μὴ ἕλεγχέ νιν.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἀλγύνεται δέ γ' ἡ παθοῦσα τῇ τύχῃ.

ΙΩΝ

370

οὐκ ἔστιν ὅστις σοι προφητεύσει τάδε.  
 ἐν τοῖς γὰρ αὐτοῦ δώμασιν κακὸς φανεῖς  
 Φοῖβος δικαίως τὸν θεμιστεύοντά σοι  
 δράσειεν ἄν τι πῆμ' ἀπαλλάσσου, γύναι·  
 τῷ γὰρ θεῷ τὰναντί οὐ μαντευτέον.  
 εἰς γὰρ τοσοῦτον ἀμαθίας ἔλθοιμεν ἄν,  
 εἰ τοὺς θεοὺς ἄκοντας ἐκπονήσομεν  
 φράζειν ἂ μὴ θέλουσιν ἢ προβωμίαις  
 σφαγαῖσι μῆλων ἢ δι' οἰωνῶν πτεροῖς.  
 ἂν γὰρ βία σπεύδωμεν ἀκόντων θεῶν,  
 ἀνόνητα<sup>1</sup> κεκτήμεσθα τὰγάθ', ὦ γύναι·  
 380 ἂ δ' ἂν διδῶσ' ἐκόντες, ὠφελούμεθα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πολλάι γε πολλοῖς εἰσι συμφοραὶ βροτῶν,  
 μορφαὶ δὲ διαφέρουσιν. ἐν δ' ἂν εὐτυχὲς  
 μόλις ποτ' ἐξεύροι τις ἀνθρώπων βίῳ.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ὦ Φοῖβε, κάκει κἀνθάδ' οὐ δίκαιος εἶ  
 εἰς τὴν ἀποῦσαν, ἣς πάρειςιν οἱ λόγοι.  
 σὺ δ' οὔτ' ἔσωσας τὸν σὸν ὄν σῶσαί σ' ἐχρῆν,  
 οὔθ' ἱστορούσῃ μητρὶ μάντις ὣν ἐρεῖς,  
 ὡς εἰ μὲν οὐκέτ' ἔστιν, ὀγκωθῆ τάφῳ,  
 εἰ δ' ἔστιν, ἔλθη μητρὸς εἰς ὄψιν ποτέ.

<sup>1</sup> Stephens: for MSS. ἄκοντα.



## ION

CREUSA

How not?—his is the nation's oracle.

ION

His shame the deed is. Question not of him.

CREUSA

O yea, the sufferer in her lot may pine!

ION

There's none will ask the God of this for thee.  
For, in his own halls were he villain proved, 370  
Vengeance on him who brought thee that response  
Would Phoebus justly wreak. Ah lady, go:  
We must not seek his shrine to flout the God.  
For lo, what height of folly should we reach  
If in the Gods' despite we wrest their will,  
By sacrifice of sheep on altars, or  
By flight of birds, to tell what they would veil.  
Could we of force wring aught from Gods full loth,  
Profitless blessings, lady, should we grasp;  
But what they give free-willed are boons indeed. 380

CHORUS

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

CREUSA

O Phoebus, there and here unjust art thou  
Unto the absent one whose plea is here.  
Thou shouldst have saved thine own, yet didst not  
save;  
Nor heeds the Seer the mother's questioning,  
That, if her babe live not, his tomb may rise,  
Or, if he live, that she may see his face.

- 390 ἄλλ' οὖν, ἔαν γὰρ χρῆ<sup>1</sup> τάδ', εἰ πρὸς τοῦ θεοῦ  
 κωλυόμεσθα μὴ μαθεῖν ἂ βούλομαι.  
 ἄλλ', ὦ ξέν', εἴσορῶ γὰρ εὐγενῆ πόσιν  
 Ξοῦθον πέλας δὴ τόνδε, τὰς Τροφωνίου  
 λιπόντα θαλίμας, τοὺς λελεγμένους λόγους  
 σίγα πρὸς ἄνδρα, μὴ τιν' αἰσχύνῃ λάβω  
 διακονοῦσα κρυπτά, καὶ προβῆ λόγος  
 οὐχ ἥπερ ἡμεῖς αὐτὸν ἐξειλίσομεν.  
 τὰ γὰρ γυναικῶν δυσχερῆ πρὸς ἄρσενας,  
 κὰν ταῖς κακαῖσιν ἀγαθαὶ μεμιγμένοι  
 400 μισούμεθ'. οὕτω δυστυχεῖς πεφύκαμεν.

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

πρῶτον μὲν ὁ θεὸς τῶν ἐμῶν προσφθεγμάτων  
 λαβὼν ἀπαρχὰς χαιρέτω, σύ τ', ὦ γύναι.  
 μῶν χρόνιος ἐλθὼν σ' ἐξέπληξ' ὀρρωδίᾳ ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

οὐδέν γ' ἀφίκου δ' εἰς μέριμναν. ἀλλὰ μοι  
 λέξον, τί θέσπισμ' ἐκ Τροφωνίου φέρεις,  
 παίδων ὅπως νῶν σπέρμα συγκραθήσεται ;

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

οὐκ ἠξίωσε τοῦ θεοῦ προλαμβάνειν  
 μαντεύμαθ'. ἐν δ' οὖν εἶπεν· οὐκ ἄπαιδά με  
 πρὸς οἶκον ἤξειν οὐδὲ σ' ἐκ χρηστηρίων.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

- 410 ὦ πότνια Φοίβου μήτηρ, εἰ γὰρ αἰσίως  
 ἔλθοιμεν, ἅ τε νῶν συμβόλαια πρόσθεν ἦν  
 ἐς παῖδα τὸν σόν, μεταπέσοι βελτίονα.

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

ἔσται τάδ'. ἀλλὰ τίς προφητεύει θεοῦ ;

<sup>1</sup> Reiske : for MSS. ἄλλ' ἔαν χρῆ.

Yet must I let this be, if by the God 390  
 I am barred from learning that which I desire.  
 But, stranger,—for I see my princely lord,  
 Xuthus, anigh us yonder, who hath left  
 Trophonius' crypt,—of this that we have said  
 Speak to my lord naught, lest I get me shame  
 For handling secrets, and the tale fall out  
 Not after our unravelling thereof.  
 For woman's lot as touching men is hard ;  
 And, since the good are with the bad confused,  
 Hated we are :—ill-starred we are from birth. 400  
*Enter XUTHUS.*

XUTHUS

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

CREUSA

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

XUTHUS

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

CREUSA

Queen, Phoebus' mother, grant our home-return 410  
 Prosperous : all our dealings heretofore  
 Touching thy son, to happier issue fall !

XUTHUS

This shall be. Who is His interpreter ?

ΙΩΝ

ἡμεῖς τὰ γ' ἔξω, τῶν ἔσω δ' ἄλλοις μέλει,  
οἱ πλησίον θάσσουσι τρίποδος, ὦ ξένε,  
Δελφῶν ἀριστῆς, οὓς ἐκλήρωσεν πάλος.

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

καλῶς· ἔχω δὴ πάνθ' ὅσων ἐχρήζομεν.  
στείχοιμ' ἂν εἴσω· καὶ γάρ, ὡς ἐγὼ κλύω,  
χρηστήριον πέπτωκε τοῖς ἐπήλυσι  
420 κοινὸν πρὸ ναοῦ· βούλομαι δ' ἐν ἡμέρᾳ  
τῇδ', αἰσία γάρ, θεοῦ λαβεῖν μαντεύματα.  
σὺ δ' ἀμφὶ βωμούς, ὦ γύναι, δαφνηφόρους  
λαβοῦσα κλῶνας, εὐτέκνους εὐχου θεοῖς  
χρησμούς μ' ἐνεγκεῖν ἐξ Ἀπόλλωνος δόμων.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἔσται τὰδ', ἔσται. Λοξίας δ' ἔὰν θέλῃ  
νῦν ἀλλὰ τὰς πρὶν ἀναλαβεῖν ἀμαρτίας,  
ἅπας μὲν οὐ γένοιτ' ἂν εἰς ἡμᾶς φίλος,  
ὅσον δὲ χρήζει, θεὸς γάρ ἐστι, δέξομαι.

ΙΩΝ

τί ποτε λόγοισιν ἢ ξένη πρὸς τὸν θεὸν  
430 κρυπτοῖσιν ἀεὶ λοιδοροῦσ' αἰνίσσεται,  
ἦτοι φιλοῦσά γ' ἣς ὑπερμαντεύεται,  
ἦ καὶ τι σιγῶσ' ὧν σιωπᾶσθαι χρεῶν ;  
ἂτὰρ θυγατρὸς τῆς Ἐρεχθέως τί μοι  
μέλει ; προσήκει γ' οὐδέν. ἀλλὰ χρυσέαις  
πρόχοισιν ἐλθὼν εἰς ὑπορραντήρια  
δρόσον καθήσω. νουθετητέος δέ μοι  
Φοῖβος, τί πάσχει παρθένους βία γαμῶν  
προδίδωσι, παῖδας ἐκτεκνούμενος λάθρα  
θνήσκοντας ἀμελεῖ. μὴ σύ γ'· ἀλλ' ἐπεὶ κρατεῖς,  
440 ἀρετὰς δίωκε. καὶ γὰρ ὅστις ἂν βροτῶν  
κακὸς πεφύκη, ζημιοῦσιν οἱ θεοί.

# ION

ION

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

XUTHUS

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

420

CREUSA

Yea, this shall be. [Exit XUTHUS to inner Temple.

If Loxias consent

Now at the last to atone for olden wrongs,  
Not wholly will he show himself my friend,  
Yet, since he is God, whate'er he grants I take.

[Exit.

ION

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

430

440

πῶς οὖν δίκαιον τοὺς νόμους ὑμᾶς βροτοῖς  
 γράψαντας αὐτοὺς ἀνομίην ὀφλισκάνειν ;  
 εἰ δ'—οὐ γὰρ ἔσται, τῷ λόγῳ δὲ χρήσομαι—  
 δίκας βιαίων δώσεται ἄνθρώποις γάμων,  
 σὺ καὶ Ποσειδῶν Ζεὺς θ' ὅς οὐρανοῦ κρατεῖ,  
 ναοὺς τίνοντες ἀδικίας κενώσετε.

450

τὰς ἡδονὰς γὰρ τῆς προμηθείας πάρος  
 σπεύδοντες ἀδικεῖτ'. οὐκέτ' ἀνθρώπους κακοὺς  
 λέγειν δίκαιον, εἰ τὰ τῶν θεῶν καλὰ  
 μιμούμεθ', ἀλλὰ τοὺς διδάσκοντας τάδε.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

σὲ τὰν ὠδίνων λοχιᾶν στρ.  
 ἀνελείθυιαν, ἐμὰν  
 Ἄθάναν ἱκετεύω,  
 Προμηθεῖ Τιτᾶνι λοχευ-  
 θεῖσαν κατ' ἀκροτάτας  
 κορυφὰς Διός, ὦ μάκαιρα Νίκα,  
 μολε Πύθιον οἶκον,  
 Ὀλύμπου χρυσέων θαλίμων  
 460 πταμένα πρὸς ἀγυιάς,  
 Φοιβήμιος ἔνθα γᾶς  
 μεσσόμφαλος ἐστία  
 παρὰ χορευομένῳ τρίποδι  
 μαντεύματα κραίνει,  
 σὺ καὶ παῖς ἡ Λατογενής,  
 δύο θεαὶ δύο παρθένοι,  
 κασίγνηται σεμναὶ τοῦ Φοίβου.  
 ἱκετεύσατε δ', ὦ κόραι,  
 τὸ παλαιὸν Ἐρεχθέως

How were it just then that ye should enact  
 For men laws, and yourselves work lawlessness?  
 For if—it could not be, yet put it so—  
 Ye should pay mulet to men for lawless lust,<sup>1</sup>  
 Thou, the Sea-king, and Zeus the Lord of Heaven,  
 Paying for wrongs should make your temples void.  
 For, following pleasure past all wisdom's bounds,  
 Ye work unrighteousness. Unjust it were  
 To call men vile, if we but imitate  
 What Gods deem good :—they are vile who teach us  
 this. 450 [Exit.

## CHORUS

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

Come, Victory-queen, to the dwelling  
 Pythian, speeding thy wing  
 From Olympus' chambers of gold  
 To the streets that the World's Heart hold, 460  
 Where the bodings of Phoebus are told, —  
 Yea, brought to pass in the telling, —  
 At the tripod that dances enring.

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

<sup>1</sup> The fine for violence to a virgin was, by Solon's laws, a thousand drachmas.

470 γένος εὐτεκνίας χρονίου καθαροῖς  
μαντεύμασι κῦρσαι.

ὑπερβαλλούσας γὰρ ἔχει ἀντ.  
θνατοῖς εὐδαιμονίας  
ἀκίνητον ἀφορμάν,  
τέκνων οἷς ἂν καρποτρόφοι  
λάμπωσιν ἐν θαλίμοις  
πατρίοισι νεάνιδες ἦβαι,  
διαδέκτορα πλοῦτον  
ὡς ἔξοντες ἐκ πατέρων  
480 ἑτέροις ἐπὶ τέκνοις.

480 ἀλκά τε γὰρ ἐν κακοῖς  
σύν τ' εὐτυχίαις φίλον,  
δορί τε γὰρ πατρίᾳ φέρει  
σωτήριον αἴγλαν.<sup>1</sup>  
ἐμοὶ μὲν πλούτου τε πάρος  
βασιλικῶν τ' εἶεν θαλίμων  
τροφαὶ κήδειοι κεδνῶν γε τέκνων.  
τὸν ἄπαιδα δ' ἀποστυγῶ  
βίον, ὃν τε δοκεῖ ψέγω·  
490 μετὰ δὲ κτεάνων μετρίων βιοτᾶς  
εὐπαιδος ἐχοίμαν.

ὦ Πανὸς θακήματα καὶ ἐπῶδ.  
παραυλίζουσα πέτρα  
μυχώδεσι Μακραῖς,  
ἵνα χοροὺς στείβουσι ποδοῖν  
'Αγραύλου κόραι τρίγονοι  
στάδια χλοερά πρὸ Παλλίδος

<sup>1</sup> Herwerden: for MSS. ἀλκάν.



ION

Through the light of a clear revelation 470  
 Fair offspring at last may attain.

'Tis a treasure whose seals are unbroken, (*Ant.*)

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

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

Sons, that, when death bringeth severance,  
 Shall receive to pass on to their seed  
 The wealth that their sires' hands hold : 480  
 Yea, by these be our sorrows consoled,  
 And a joy within joy they enfold,  
 And their spear flasheth light of deliverance  
 In the hour of the fatherland's need.

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

But give to me substance in measure, 490  
 And children to brighten my days !

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

ναῶν, συρίγγων  
 ὑπ' αἰόλας ἰαχᾶς  
 500 ὕμνων, ὅτ' ἀναλίοις  
 συρίζεις, ὦ Πάν,  
 τοῖσι σοῖς ἐν ἄντροις,  
 ἵνα τεκοῦσά τις  
 παρθένος, ὦ μελέα, βρέφος  
 Φοίβω, πτανοῖς ἐξώρισε θοΐναν  
 θηρσί τε φοινίαν δαΐτα, πικρῶν γάμων  
 ὕβριν. οὐτ' ἐπὶ κερκίσιν οὔτε λόγοις  
 φάτιν ἄιον εὐτυχίας μετέχειν  
 θεόθεν τέκνα θνατοῖς.

ΙΩΝ

510 πρόσπολοι γυναῖκες, αἱ τῶνδ' ἀμφὶ κρηπίδας  
 δόμων  
 θυοδόκων φρούρημ' ἔχουσαι δεσπότην φυλάσσετε,  
 ἐκλέλοιπ' ἤδη τὸν ἱερὸν τρίποδα καὶ χρηστήριον  
 Ξοῦθος, ἣ μίμνει κατ' οἶκον ἱστορῶν ἀπαιδίαν ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἐν δόμοις ἔστ', ὦ ξέν· οὐπω δῶμ' ὑπερβαίνει  
 τόδε.  
 ὡς δ' ἐπ' ἐξόδοισιν ὄντος τῶνδ' ἀκούομεν πυλῶν  
 δοῦπον, ἐξιόντα τ' ἤδη δεσπότην ὄραν πύρα.

ΞΟΤΘΟΣ

ὦ τέκνον, χαῖρ'· ἣ γὰρ ἀρχὴ τοῦ λόγου πρέπουσά  
 μοι.

ΙΩΝ

χαίρομεν· σὺ δ' εὖ φρόνει γε, καὶ δὴ ὄντ' εὖ  
 πράζομεν.

In moonlight, while upward floats  
 A weird strain rising and falling,  
 Wild witchery-wafting notes, 500  
 O Pan, from thy pipes that are calling  
 Out of thy sunless grotts!<sup>1</sup>

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

*Enter ION.*

ION

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

CHORUS

In the temple is he, stranger, treads not yet the  
 threshold-stone.

List, a sound at yonder portal—through the porch-  
 way passeth one:— [for eyes to see.

Lo, where now he cometh forth—our master, plain

*Enter XUTHUS: attempts to embrace ION.*

XUTHUS

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

ION

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

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

ΙΩΝ

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

δὸς χερὸς φίλημά μοι σῆς σώματός τ' ἀμφιπ-  
τυχάς.

ΙΩΝ

520 εὖ φρονεῖς μὲν ; ἢ σ' ἔμηνε θεοῦ τις, ὦ ξένε,  
βλάβη ;

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

σωφρονῶ, τὰ φίλταθ' εὐρῶν εἰ φιλεῖν ἐφίεμαι.

ΙΩΝ

παῦε· μὴ ψαύσας τὰ τοῦ θεοῦ στέμματα ῥήξης  
χερί.

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

ἄψομαι· κού ῥυσιάζω, τὰμὰ δ' εὐρίσκω φίλα.

ΙΩΝ

οὐκ ἀπαλλάξει, πρὶν εἴσω τόξα πλευμόνων λαβεῖν ;

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

ὡς τί δὴ φεύγεις με σαυτοῦ γνωρίσας τὰ φίλτατα ;

ΙΩΝ

οὐ φιλῶ φρενοῦν ἀμούσους καὶ μεμηνότας ξένους.

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

κτεῖνε καὶ πίμπρη· πατρὸς γάρ, ἣν κτάνης, ἔσει  
φονεύς.

ΙΩΝ

ποῦ δέ μοι πατὴρ σύ ; ταῦτ' οὖν οὐ γέλως κλύειν  
ἐμοί ;

ION

XUTHUS

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

ION

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

520

XUTHUS

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

ION

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

XUTHUS

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

ION (*starting back, and fitting an arrow to his bow*).

Wilt not hence, or ever thou receive my shaft thy ribs within?

XUTHUS

Wherefore dost thou flee me, who hast learnt to know thy nearest kin?

ION

Naught I love to admonish aliens mannerless and sense-bereft.

XUTHUS

Slay—then burn me;<sup>1</sup> for a father's heart thine arrow shall have cleft.

ION

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

<sup>1</sup> It being the sacred duty of the son to lay the father's corpse upon the pyre.

ΙΩΝ

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

οὐ· τρεχων ὁ μῦθος ἄν σοι τὰμὰ σημήνειεν ἄν.

ΙΩΝ

καὶ τί μοι λέξεις ;

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

πατὴρ σός εἰμι καὶ σὺ παῖς ἐμός.

530

ΙΩΝ

τίς λέγει τὰδ' ;

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

ὅς σ' ἔθρεψεν ὄντα Λοξίας ἐμόν.

ΙΩΝ

μαρτυρεῖς σαυτῷ.

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

τὰ τοῦ θεοῦ γ' ἐκμαθὼν χρηστηρια.

ΙΩΝ

ἐσφάλῃς αἰνιγμ' ἀκούσας.

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

οὐκ ἄρ' ὄρθ' ἀκούομεν.

ΙΩΝ

ὁ δὲ λόγος τίς ἐστι Φοίβου ;

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

τὸν συναντήσαντά μοι—

ΙΩΝ

τίνα συνάντησιν ;

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

δόμων τῶνδ' ἐξιόντι τοῦ θεοῦ—

ΙΩΝ

συμφορᾶς τίνος κυρῆσαι ;

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

παῖδ' ἐμόν πεφυκέναι.

ΙΩΝ

σὸν γεγῶτ', ἢ δῶρον ἄλλων ;

ION

XUTHUS

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

ION

Ay, and what wilt tell?

XUTHUS

Thy father am I, and thou art my son. 530

ION

Who the voucher?

XUTHUS

Loxias, who reared the child that I have won.

ION

Thou art thine own witness.

XUTHUS

Nay, the God's own oracle I heard.

ION

Heardest riddles and misreadest.

XUTHUS

Then mine ears can hear no word.

ION

What was this, the word of Phoebus?

XUTHUS

That the man who met my face—

ION

Met thee—met thee?

XUTHUS

As I came from out Apollo's holy place—

ION

Ay, and what should be his fate?

XUTHUS

My true-begotten son is this.

ION

Born thy son, or given of others?

ΙΩΝ

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

δῶρον, ὄντα δ' ἐξ ἐμοῦ.

ΙΩΝ

πρῶτα δῆτ' ἐμοὶ ξυναπτεις πόδα σόν ;

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

οὐκ ἄλλω, τέκνον.

ΙΩΝ

ἢ τύχη πόθεν ποθ' ἦκει ;

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

δύο μίαν θαυμάζομεν.

ΙΩΝ

ἔα. τίνος δέ σοι πεφυκα μητρός ;

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

οὐκ ἔχω φράσαι.

540

ΙΩΝ

οὐδὲ Φοῖβος εἶπε ;

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

τερφθείς τοῦτο, κείν' οὐκ ἠρόμην.

ΙΩΝ

γῆς ἄρ' ἐκπέφυκα μητρός ;

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

οὐ πέδον τίκτει τέκνα.

ΙΩΝ

πῶς ἂν οὖν εἶην σός ;

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

οὐκ οἶδ', ἀναφέρω δ' εἰς τὸν θεόν.

ΙΩΝ

φέρε λόγων ἀψώμεθ' ἄλλων.

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

ταῦτ' ἄμεινον, ὦ τέκνον.

ΙΩΝ

ἦλθες εἰς νόθον τι λέκτρον ;

56



ION

XUTHUS

Given—and born from me he is.

ION

So on me thy foot first stumbled?

XUTHUS

Yea, my son, on none beside.

ION

Ay, and whence this happy chance?

XUTHUS

We marvel both it should betide.

ION

Ha, what mother bare me to thee?

XUTHUS

Sooth, thereof can I say naught. 540

ION

Neither Phoebus told?

XUTHUS

For joy of this thing, that I never sought.

ION

Ah, a child of mother Earth!

XUTHUS

Nay, children spring not from the sod.

ION

How then thine am I?

XUTHUS

I know not: I refer it to the God.

ION

Come, to reasonings rather turn we.

XUTHUS

Better so, my son, in sooth.

ION

Hadst thou ever part in lawless love?

ΙΩΝ

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

μωρία γε τοῦ νέου.

ΙΩΝ

πρὶν κόρην λαβεῖν Ἐρεχθέως ;

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

οὐ γὰρ ὕστερόν γε πω.

ΙΩΝ

ἄρα δῆτ' ἐκεῖ μ' ἔφυσας ;

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

τῷ χρόνῳ γε συντρέχει.

ΙΩΝ

κἄτα πῶς ἀφικόμεσθα δεῦρο,

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

ταῦτ' ἀμηχανῶ.

ΙΩΝ

διὰ μακρᾶς ἐλθὼν κελεύθου ;

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

τοῦτο κάμ' ἀπαιολᾶ.

ΙΩΝ

Πυθίαν δ' ἦλθες πέτραν πρὶν ;

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

550 εἰς φανᾶς γε Βακχίου.

ΙΩΝ

προξένων δ' ἔν του κατέσχεες ;

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

ὅς με Δελφίσιν κύραις —

ΙΩΝ

ἐθιάσευσ', ἢ πῶς τὰδ' αὐδάς ;

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

Μαινάσιν γε Βακχίου.

ΙΩΝ

ἔμφρον' ἢ κάτοινον ὄντα ;

ION

XUTHUS

Mid follies of my youth.

ION

Ere Erechtheus' daughter wed thee?

XUTHUS

Since, to her have I been true.

ION

Haply then didst thou beget me?

XUTHUS

'Time is consonant thereto.

ION

Were it so, how came I hither?

XUTHUS

Nay, I cannot fathom it.

ION

Long the journey for a babe!

XUTHUS

'This too o'erpasseth all my wit.

ION

Hast thou seen ere this the Pythian Rock?

XUTHUS

At Bacchus' festal rite. 550

ION

Lodging with a Public Host?

XUTHUS

Yea; and with Delphian girls by night—

ION

Made initiate—this thy meaning?

XUTHUS

They were maidens Bacchanal.

ION

Sober, or of wine o'ercome?

ΙΩΝ

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

Βακχίου πρὸς ἠδοναῖς.

ΙΩΝ

τοῦτ' ἐκεῖν' ἴν' ἐσπάρημεν.

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

ὁ πότμος ἐξηῦρεν, τέκνον.

ΙΩΝ

πῶς δ' ἀφικόμεσθα ναούς;

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

ἔκβολον κόρης ἴσως.

ΙΩΝ

ἐκπεφεύγαμεν τὸ δούλον.

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

πατέρα νυν δέχου, τέκνον.

ΙΩΝ

τῷ θεῷ γοῦν οὐκ ἀπιστεῖν εἰκός.

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

εὖ φρονεῖς ἄρα.

ΙΩΝ

καὶ τί βουλόμεσθά γ' ἄλλο—

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

νῦν ὁρᾶς ἂν χρή σ' ὁρᾶν.

ΙΩΝ

ἦ Διὸς παιδὸς γενέσθαι παῖς;

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

ὁ σοί γε γίγνεται.

ΙΩΝ

ἦ θίγω δῆθ' οἷ μ' ἔφυσαν;

ION

XUTHUS

Of Bacchus' joys did this befall.

ION

*This is my begetting's story!*

XUTHUS

Fate, my son, hath found it out.

ION

Yet, how came I to the fane?

XUTHUS

The maiden cast thee forth, I doubt.

ION

So, I 'scape the taint of serfdom.<sup>1</sup>

XUTHUS

Son, thy father now receive.

ION

'Tis the God: I may not doubt him.

XUTHUS

Yea, 'tis wisdom to believe.

ION

What thing higher can I wish for—

XUTHUS

Now thou seest clear and true.

ION

Than the fatherhood of Zeus?

XUTHUS

O yea, by birth is this thy due.<sup>2</sup>

ION

Shall I clasp him, my begetter?

<sup>1</sup> Only free-born Delphian women could take part in the "Orgies."

<sup>2</sup> Xuthus being descended from Zeus.

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

πιθόμενός γε τῷ θεῷ.

560

ΙΩΝ

χαῖρέ μοι, πάτερ,

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

φίλον γε φθέγμ' ἔδεξάμην τύδε.

ΙΩΝ

ἡμέρα θ' ἣ νῦν παρούσα.

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

μακάριόν γ' ἔθηκέ με.

ΙΩΝ

ὦ φίλη μήτηρ, πότ' ἄρα καὶ σὸν ὄψομαι δέμας;  
νῦν ποθῶ σε μάλλον ἢ πρὶν ἤτις εἶ ποτ' εἰσιδεῖν.  
ἀλλ' ἴσως τέθνηκας, ἡμεῖς δ' οὐδὲν ἂν δυναίμεθα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

κοινὰ μὲν ἡμῖν δωμάτων εὐπραξίαι·  
ὅμως δὲ καὶ δέσποιναν εἰς τέκν' εὐτυχεῖν  
ἐβουλόμην ἂν τοὺς τ' Ἐρεχθέως δόμους.

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

ὦ τέκνον, εἰς μὲν σὴν ἀνεύρεσιν θεὸς  
570 ὀρθῶς ἔκρανε, καὶ συνῆψ' ἐμοί τε σέ,  
σύ τ' αὖ τὰ φίλταθ' ἠῦρες οὐκ εἰδὼς πάρος.  
ὦ δ' ἦξας ὀρθῶς, τοῦτο κάμ' ἔχει πόθος,  
ὅπως σύ τ', ὦ παῖ, μητέρ' εὐρήσεις σέθεν,  
ἐγὼ θ' ὑποίας μοι γυναικὸς ἐξέφυς.  
χρόνω δὲ δόντες ταῦτ' ἴσως εὔροιμεν ἂν.  
ἀλλ' ἐκλιπὼν θεοῦ δάπεδ' ἀλητεῖαν τε σὴν  
εἰς τὰς Ἀθήνας στείχε κοινόφρων πατρί,  
οὐ σ' ὄλβιον μὲν σκῆπτρον ἀναμένει πατρός,  
πολὺς δὲ πλοῦτος· οὐδὲ θάτερον νοσῶν  
580 δυοῖν κεκλήσει δυσγενῆς πένης θ' ἄμα,  
ἀλλ' εὐγενῆς τε καὶ πολυκτῆμων βίου.

ION

XUTHUS

If with Phoebus thou comply. 560

ION

Hail to thee, my father!

XUTHUS

Joyfully I welcome this thy cry.

ION

Hail the day that sees our meeting!

XUTHUS

Happy man it maketh me.

ION

Ah, belovèd mother, when thy visage also shall I see?  
More than ever now I long to see thee, who thou  
be so'er. [should be my prayer.

Ah, but thou perchance art dead, and all in vain

CHORUS

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

XUTHUS

My son, as touching thy discovery  
The God spake sooth, and so joined thee and me. 570  
Thou hast found thy dearest, erst to thee unknown.  
For thy just yearning, this is also mine,  
That thou mayst find thy mother, O my son,  
And I, the woman of whose womb thou art.  
This shall we find forth haply, left to time.  
Now, leave the God's floor, and thine homeless state:  
To Athens come, with thine heart even as mine.  
There waiteth thee thy father's sceptred bliss,  
And much wealth. None shall cast into thy teeth  
One of these taunts, base birth or poverty. 580  
High-born art thou, a mighty man of wealth.

σιγάς; τί πρὸς γῆν ὄμμα σὸν βαλὼν ἔχεις  
εἰς φροντίδας τ' ἀπῆλθες, ἐκ δὲ χαρμονῆς  
πάλιν μεταστὰς δεῖμα προσβάλλεις πατρί;

ΙΩΝ

οὐ ταῦτόν εἶδος φαίνεται τῶν πραγμάτων  
πρόσωθεν ὄντων ἐγγύθεν θ' ὀρωμένων.  
ἐγὼ δὲ τὴν μὲν συμφορὰν ἀσπάζομαι,  
πατέρα σ' ἀνευρών ὧν δὲ γιγνώσκω πέρι  
ἄκουσον. εἰναί φασι τὰς αὐτόχθονας  
590 κλεινάς Ἀθήνας οὐκ ἐπέισακτον γένος,  
ἴν' εἰσπεσοῦμαι δύο νόσω κεκτημένος,  
πατρός τ' ἐπακτοῦ καὐτὸς ὧν νοθαγενής.  
καὶ τοῦτ' ἔχων τοῦνειδος, ἀσθενῆς μὲν ὧν,  
[ὁ μὴδὲν ὧν καξ']<sup>1</sup> οὐδένων κεκλήσομαι·  
ἦν δ' εἰς τὸ πρῶτον πόλεος ὀρμηθεὶς ζυγὸν  
ζητῶ τις εἶναι, τῶν μὲν ἀδυνάτων ὑπο  
μισησόμεσθα· λυπρὰ γὰρ τὰ κρείσσονα·  
ὄσοι δὲ χρηστοὶ δυνάμενοί τ' εἶναι σοφοὶ  
σιγῶσι κού σπεύδουσιν εἰς τὰ πράγματα,  
600 γέλωτ' ἐν αὐτοῖς μωρίαν τε λήψομαι  
οὐχ ἡσυχάζων ἐν πόλει ψύγου πλέα.  
τῶν δ' αὐτῶν δοκούντων<sup>2</sup> χρωμένων τε τῇ πόλει  
εἰς ἀξίωμα βὰς πλέον φρουρήσομαι  
ψήφοισιν· οὕτω γὰρ τάδ', ὦ πάτερ, φιλεῖ·  
οἱ τὰς πόλεις ἔχοντες κἀξιώματα  
τοῖς ἀνθαμίλλοις εἰσὶ πολεμιώτατοι.  
ἐλθὼν δ' ἐς οἶκον ἀλλότριον ἔπηλυς ὧν  
γυναϊκὴ θ' ὡς ἄτεκνον, ἢ κοινουμένη  
τὰς συμφορὰς σοι πρόσθεν, ἀπολαχοῦσα νῦν  
610 αὐτὴ καθ' αὐτὴν τὴν τύχην οἶσει πικρῶς,

<sup>1</sup> Scaliger and Valckenaer: lacuna in MSS.

<sup>2</sup> Wecklein: for MSS. λογίων



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

ION

The face of things appeareth not the same  
 Far off, and when we see them nigh at hand.  
 So do I greet with gladness this my lot  
 Who find a sire: howbeit hear what burden  
 Weighs on my soul. The glorious earth-born state,  
 Athens, men say, hath naught of alien strain. 590  
 I shall thrust in, stained with a twofold taint—  
 An outland father, and my bastard self.  
 And, bearing this reproach, nor strong in friends,  
 "Nobody" shall be called—"Nobody's Son."  
 Then, if I press to Athens' highest ranks,  
 And seek a name, of dullards shall I win  
 Hatred; for jealousy ever does succeed.  
 Good men, whose wisdom well could helm the state,  
 Who yet hang back, who never speak in public,  
 To them shall I be laughing-stock and fool, 600  
 Who, in a town censorious, go not softly.  
 And statesmen who have made their mark, mid  
 whom  
 I seek repute, will hedge me in, and check  
 By the assembly's votes. 'Tis ever so;  
 They which sway nations, and have won repute,  
 To young ambitions are the bitterest foes.  
 Then, coming to a strange house, alien I,  
 And to a childless lady, who hath shared  
 With thee her sorrow heretofore, but now  
 Shall bear in bitterness her reproach alone, 610

πῶς δ' οὐχ ὑπ' αὐτῆς εἰκότως μισήσομαι,  
 ὅταν παραστῶ σοὶ μὲν ἐγγύθεν ποδός,  
 ἦ δ' οὐσ' ἄτεκνος τὰ σὰ φίλ' εἴσορᾶ πικρῶς ;  
 κατ' ἢ προδοὺς σύ μ' ἐς δάμαρτα σὴν βλέπης,  
 ἦ τὰμὰ τιμῶν δῶμα συγχέας ἔχης ;  
 ὅσας σφαγὰς δὴ φαρμάκων τε θανασίμων  
 γυναῖκες εὖρον ἀνδράσιν διαφθοράς.  
 ἄλλως τε τὴν σὴν ἄλοχον οἰκτείρω, πάτερ,  
 ἄπαιδα γηρύσκουσαν· οὐ γὰρ ἀξία  
 620 πατέρων ἀπ' ἐσθλῶν οὐσ' ἀπαιδία νοσεῖν.  
 τυραννίδος δὲ τῆς μίτην αἰνουμένης  
 τὸ μὲν πρόσωπον ἠδύ, τὰν δόμοισι δὲ  
 λυπηρά· τίς γὰρ μακάριος, τίς εὐτυχής,  
 ὅστις δεδοικῶς καὶ παραβλέπων βίου  
 αἰῶνα τείνει ; δημότης ἂν εὐτυχῆς  
 ζῆν ἂν θέλοιμι μᾶλλον ἢ τύραννος ὢν,  
 ὧ τοὺς πονηροὺς ἠδονὴ φίλους ἔχειν,  
 ἐσθλοὺς δὲ μισεῖ κατθανεῖν φοβούμενος.  
 εἴποισ ἂν ὡς ὁ χρυσὸς ἐκνικᾶ τάδε,  
 630 πλουτεῖν τε τερπνόν· οὐ φιλῶ ψόγους κλύειν  
 ἐν χερσὶ σῶζων ὄλβον οὐδ' ἔχειν πόνους·  
 εἷη δ' ἔμοιγε μέτρια μὴ λυπουνμένῳ.  
 ἂ δ' ἐνθάδ' εἶχον ἀγάθ' ἄκουσόν μου, πάτερ·  
 τὴν φιλτάτην μὲν πρῶτον ἀνθρώποις σχολήν,  
 ὄχλον τε μέτριον, οὐδέ μ' ἐξέπληξ' ὁδοῦ  
 πονηρὸς οὐδεὶς· κείνο δ' οὐκ ἀνασχετόν,  
 εἶκειν ὁδοῦ χαλῶντα τοῖς κακίοσιν.  
 θεῶν δ' ἐν εὐχαῖς ἢ λόγοισιν ἢ βροτῶν,  
 ὑπηρετῶν χαιρουσιν, οὐ γοωμένοις.  
 640 καὶ τοὺς μὲν ἐξέπεμπον, οἱ δ' ἤκου ξείνοι,  
 ὥσθ' ἰδὺς αἰεὶ καινὸς ὢν καινοῖσιν ἦ.  
 ὁ δ' εὐκτόν ἀνθρώποισι, κἂν ἄκουσιν ἦ,

## ION

How shall I not, with reason, have her hate,  
 When by thy knee I stand, she on thy love  
 Looketh with bitter eyes of childlessness,—  
 When thou must cast me off and cleave to her,  
 Or honour me, and wreck thine household's peace?  
 How oft the dagger and the deadly bowl  
 Have women found to slay their lords withal!  
 Nay, father, more—I pity this thy wife  
 Who grows grey childless. 'Tis not worthy her,  
 Sprung from proud sires—this curse of childlessness. 620

And sovranly, so oft, so falsely praised,  
 Winsome its face is, but behind the veil  
 Is torment. Who is happy, fortunate who,  
 That, fearing violence, glancing eye askance,  
 Weareth out life? Nay, rather would I live  
 Happy-obscure, than be exalted prince,—  
 One who must joy to have for friends the vile,  
 Who hates the good, and ever dreads to die.  
 "Ah," thou wilt say, "gold overbears all this,  
 And wealth is sweet." Would I clutch lucre—  
 groan 630

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

But, father, hear what blessings here were mine:—  
 First, leisure, dearest of delights to men:  
 Friendly the folk; no villain jostleth me  
 Out of the path: it galls the very soul  
 To yield the pass, and vail to baser men.  
 My life was prayer to Gods, converse with men,  
 Ministrant unto joy and not to grief,  
 Welcoming coming, speeding parting guests, 640  
 A new face smiling still on faces new.  
 And that which men, though loth, must ask in prayer,

δίκαιον εἶναί μ' ὁ νόμος ἢ φύσις θ' ἅμα  
 παρεῖχε τῷ θεῷ. ταῦτα συννοούμενος  
 κρείσσω νομίζω τὰνθάδ' ἢ τὰκεῖ, πάτερ.  
 ἔα δ' ἔμαυτῷ ζῆν· ἴση γὰρ ἢ χάρις,  
 μεγάλοισι χαίρειν σμικρά θ' ἠδέως ἔχειν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καλῶς ἔλεξας, εἴπερ οὐς ἐγὼ φιλῶ  
 ἐν τοῖσι σοῖσιν εὐτυχήσουσιν λόγοις.

ΞΟΙΘΟΣ

650 παῦσαι λόγων τῶνδ', εὐτυχεῖν δ' ἐπίστασο·  
 θέλω γὰρ οὐπὲρ σ' ἠῦρον ἄρξασθαι, τέκνον,  
 κοινῆς τραπέζης δαῖτα πρὸς κοινὴν πεσῶν,  
 θῆσαί θ' ἅ σου πρὶν γενέθλι' οὐκ ἐθύσαμεν.  
 καὶ νῦν μὲν ὡς δὴ ξένον ἄγων σ' ἐφέστιον  
 δεῖπνοισι τέρψω· τῆς δ' Ἀθηναίων χθονὸς  
 ἄξω θεατὴν δῆθεν, ὡς οὐκ ὄντ' ἐμόν.  
 καὶ γὰρ γυναῖκα τὴν ἐμὴν οὐ βούλομαι  
 λυπεῖν ἄτεκνον οὔσαν αὐτὸς εὐτυχῶν.  
 660 χρύνω δὲ καιρὸν λαμβάνων προσάξομαι  
 δάμαρτ' εἴην σε σκῆπτρα τὰμ' ἔχειν χθονός.  
 Ἴωνα δ' ὀνομάζω σε τῇ τύχῃ πρέπον,  
 ὀθούνεκ' ἀδύτων ἐξιόντι μοι θεοῦ  
 ἶχνος συνῆψας πρῶτος. ἀλλὰ τῶν φίλων  
 πλήρωμ' ἀθροίσας βουθύτῳ σὺν ἠδονῇ  
 πρόσειπε, μέλλων Δελφίδ' ἐκλιπεῖν πόλιν.  
 ὑμῖν δὲ σιγᾶν, δμῳίδες, λέγω τάδε,  
 ἢ θάνατον εἰπούσαισι πρὸς δάμαρτ' ἐμὴν.

ΙΩΝ

670 στειχοιμ' ἄν· ἐν δὲ τῆς τύχης ἄπεστί μοι·  
 εἰ μὴ γὰρ ἦτις μ' ἔτεκεν εὐρήσω, πάτερ,  
 ἀβίωτον ἡμῖν· εἰ δ' ἐπεύξασθαι χρεῶν,

## ION

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

### CHORUS

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

### XUTHUS

Of this no more : but learn to bear thy fortune. 650  
 For, where I found thee, there would I begin,  
 By making thee a solemn public feast,  
 And thy birth-sacrifice, not offered yet.  
 Now to the feast as my guest bringing thee,  
 I'll make thee cheer : then to the Athenians' land  
 Bring thee as one that travelleth, not a mine.  
 For, sooth, I have no heart to vex my wife  
 With mine own bliss, while she is childless still.  
 And I shall find a time to bring my queen  
 To suffer thee to take my sceptred sway.

660

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

### ION

I go : yet to my fortune one thing lacks :  
 For, save I find her who gave life to me,  
 My life is naught. If one prayer be vouchsafed, 670

<sup>1</sup> ἴων, "coming," because met at his *coming forth*.

ἐκ τῶν Ἀθηνῶν μ' ἢ τεκοῦσ' εἶη γυνή,  
 ὥς μοι γένηται μητρόθεν παρρησία.  
 καθαρὰν γὰρ ἦν τις εἰς πόλιν πέσῃ ξένος,  
 κὰν τοῖς λόγοισιν ἀστὸς ἦ, τό γε στόμα  
 δοῦλον πέπαται κούκ ἔχει παρρησίαν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὄρῳ δάκρυα καὶ πενθίμους στρ.  
 ἀλαλαγὰς στεναγμάτων τ' εἰσβολάς,  
 ὅταν ἐμὰ τύραννος εὐπαιδίαν  
 πόσιν ἔχοντ' εἰδῆ,  
 680 αὐτὴ δ' ἄπαις ἦ καὶ λελειμμένη τέκνων.  
 τίν', ὦ παῖ πρόμαντι Λατοῦς ἔχρη-  
 σας ὑμνωδίαν ;  
 πόθεν ὁ παῖς ὄδ' ἀμφὶ ναοὺς σέθεν  
 τρόφιμος ἐξέβα, γυναικῶν τίνος ;  
 οὐ γάρ με σαίνει  
 θέσφατα, μή τιν' ἔχη δόλον.  
 δειμαίνω συμφορὰν  
 ἐφ' ὃ ποτε βύσεται.  
 690 ἄτοπος ἄτοπα γὰρ παραδίδωσί μοι  
 τάδε θεοῦ φήμα.  
 ἔχει δόλον τύχαν θ' ὁ παῖς  
 ἄλλων τραφεῖς ἐξ αἱμάτων.  
 τίς οὐ τάδε ξυνοίσεται ;

φίλοι, πότερ' ἐμᾶ δεσποίνα ἀντ.  
 τάδε τορῶς ἐς οὓς γεγωνήσομεν,  
 πόσιν, ἐν ᾧ τὰ πάντ' ἔχουσ' ἐλπίδων  
 μέτοχος ἦν τλάμων ;  
 νῦν δ' ἢ μὲν ἔρρει συμφοραῖς, ὁ δ' εὐτυχεῖ,  
 700 πολὺν εἰσπεσοῦσα γῆρας, πόσις δ'

## ION

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

[*Exeunt XUTHUS and ION.*]

### CHORUS

O vision of tears, and of fierce heart-burning (*Str.*)  
 Breaking forth into shrieks and the onrush of  
 sighing,

When my lady beholdeth her chieftain returning  
 In glory of fatherhood—knoweth that yearning  
 Of childlessness waiteth her, hunger undying! 680

Seer-son of Latona, what strain hast thou chanted?  
 Whence came he, the waif in thy temple-porch  
 lying?

Thy fosterling—yea, but a mother yet wanted!  
 And the oracle stirreth mine heart to defying  
 Of its tones with the whisper of treachery haunted.

I fear whereunto it will grow,  
 This fate thou hast caused us to know: 690  
 Too strange for my credence it is.

Child fathered of fortune and treason!

Child alien of blood!—it were reason

That all should cry yea unto this.

Friends, shall I bear to my lady the story? (*Ant.*)  
 Shall I speak in her ear, her lord's baseness  
 revealing?

Whom she counted her all and in all—heretofore he  
 Had share in her dreams of a yet-coming glory.

Now in woe is she whelmed, but his heart hath  
 found healing, [strewing!]

That he flouts the dear tresses and old's silver- 700

ἀτίετος φίλων.  
 μέλεος, ὃς θυραῖος ἐλθὼν δόμους  
 μέγαν ἐς ὄλβον οὐκ ἔσωσεν τύχας.  
 ὄλοιτ' ὄλοιτο  
 πότνιαν ἐξαπαφῶν ἐμάν·  
 καὶ θεοῖσιν μὴ τύχοι  
 καλλίφλογα πέλανον ἐπὶ  
 πυρὶ καθαγίσας· τὸ δ' ἐμὸν εἴσεται  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 τύραννος ἢ φίλα φίλον.<sup>1</sup>  
 ἤδη πέλας δείπνων κυρεῖ  
 παῖς καὶ πατὴρ νέος νέων.

710

ἰὼ δειράδες Παρνασοῦ πέτρας ἐπ' ὠδ.  
 ἔχουσαι σκόπελον οὐράνιον θ' ἔδραν,  
 ἵνα Βάκχιος ἀμφιπύρους ἀνέχων πεύκας  
 λαιψηρὰ πηδᾶ νυκτιπόλοις ἅμα σὺν Βάκχαις.  
 μὴ τί ποτ' εἰς ἐμὴν πόλιν ἴκοιθ' ὁ παῖς,  
 νέαν δ' ἀμέραν ἀπολιπῶν θάνοι.  
 στενομένα γὰρ ἂν πόλις ἔχοι σκῆψιν  
 ξενικὸν εἰσβολάν.  
 ἄλις ὁ πάρος ἀρχαγὸς ὦν  
 Ἴερεχθεὺς ἄναξ.

720

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ὦ πρέσβυ παιδαγῶγ' Ἴερεχθέως πατρὸς  
 τοῦμοῦ ποτ' ὄντος, ἠνίκ' ἦν ἔτ' ἐν φάει,  
 ἔπαιρε σαυτὸν πρὸς θεοῦ χρηστήρια,  
 ὥς μοι συνησθῆς, εἴ τι Λοξίας ἄναξ  
 θέσπισμα παίδων εἰς γονὰς ἐφθέγγετο·  
 σὺν τοῖς φίλοις γὰρ ἠδὺ μὲν πράσσειν καλῶς·  
 ὃ μὴ γένοιτο δ', εἴ τι τυγχάνοι κακόν,

730

<sup>1</sup> Bayfield: for MSS. τυραννίδος φίλα.



## ION

O caitiff and outlander, he that came stealing  
 On the wealth of a house he saved not from un-  
 doing!<sup>1</sup>— [dealing—

Who would cozen my lady with treacherous  
 False one, away to thy ruin, thy ruin!

O'er the consecrate cake he shall lay  
 Mid your altar-flames, Gods, let them play  
 Unavailing! Ah but my queen 710  
 Shall know that I hold her the dearer<sup>1</sup>  
 Lo this strange feast draweth nearer  
 When the sire's strange son shall be seen.

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

May never you boy to my city come faring!  
 Be his birth-day the day of his doom! 720  
 For in sooth should our city be hard bestead  
 If an alien host to her hearths shall be led.  
 Suffice us Erechtheus, the kingly head  
 Of the Ancient Home!

*Enter CREUSA and OLD SERVANT, climbing the ascent  
 to the Temple.*

CREUSA

Thou reverend child-ward of my sometime sire  
 Erechtheus, while he walked yet in the light,  
 Bear up, and press to yon God's oracle,  
 That thou mayst share my joy, if Loxias King  
 A boding-pledge of sons hath uttered forth.  
 'Tis sweet with friends to share prosperity: 730  
 And if—which God forbid—if ill befall,

<sup>1</sup> By perpetuating the race of true-born Erechtheids.

εἰς ὄμματ' εὖνου φωτὸς ἐμβλέψαι γλυκύ.  
 ἐγὼ δέ σ', ὥσπερ καὶ σὺ πατέρ' ἐμόν ποτε,  
 δέσποιν' ὄμως οὖσ' ἀντικηδεύω πατρός.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

ὦ θύγατερ, ἄξι' ἀξίων γεννητόρων  
 ἦθη φυλάσσεις κού καταισχύνας' ἔχεις  
 τοὺς σοὺς παλαιοὺς ἐγγόνους αὐτόχθονας.  
 ἔλχ' ἔλκε πρὸς μέλαθρα καὶ κόμιζέ με.  
 αἰπεινά τοι μαντεῖα· τοῦ γήρως δέ μοι  
 συνεκπονοῦσα κῶλον ἰατρὸς γενοῦ.

740

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἔπου νυν ἴχνος δ' ἐκφύλασσ' ὅπου τίθης.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

ἰδού.  
 τὸ τοῦ ποδὸς μὲν βραδυ, το τοῦ δὲ νοῦ ταχύ.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

βιάκτρῳ δ' ἐρείδου περιφερῆ στίβον χθονός.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

καὶ τοῦτο τυφλόν, ὅταν ἐγὼ βλέπω βραχύ.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ὀρθῶς ἔλεξας· ἀλλὰ μὴ πάρες κόπῳ.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

οὔκουν ἐκὼν γε· τοῦ δ' ἀπόντος οὐ κρατῶ.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

γυναῖκες, ἰστῶν τῶν ἐμῶν καὶ κερκίδος  
 δούλευμα πιστόν, τίνα τύχην λαβὼν πόσις  
 βέβηκε παίδων ὧνπερ εἶνεχ' ἤκομεν,  
 σημήνατ'· εἰ γὰρ ἀγαθὰ μοι μηνύσετε,  
 οὐκ εἰς ἀπίστους δεσπότης βαλεῖς χαρῖν.

750

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἰὼ δαῖμον.

## ION

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

OLD SERVANT

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

740

CREUSA

Follow : take heed where thou dost plant thy feet.

OLD SERVANT

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

CREUSA

Try with thy staff the ground : lean hard thereon.

OLD SERVANT

Blind guide is this when mine eyes serve so ill.

CREUSA

Sooth said : yet yield not thou to weariness.

OLD SERVANT

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

CREUSA

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

750

CHORUS

Ah fate !

ΙΩΝ

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

τὸ φροῖμιον μὲν τῶν λόγων οὐκ εὐτυχές.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἰὼ τλᾶμον.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

ἀλλ' ἦ τι θεσφάτοισι δεσποτῶν νοσῶ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

εἶεν· τί δρῶμεν, θάνατος ὧν κεῖται πέρι;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τίς ἦδε μούσα, χῶ φόβος τίνων πέρι;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

εἴπωμεν ἢ σιγῶμεν; ἢ τί δράσομεν;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

εἴφ'· ὡς ἔχεις γε συμφορὰν τιν' εἰς ἐμέ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

760

εἰρήσεταιί τοι, κεί θανεῖν μέλλω διπλῆ.  
οὐκ ἔστι σοι, δέσποιν', ἐπ' ἀγκύλαις λαβεῖν  
τέκν' οὐδὲ μαστῶ σῶ προσαρμόσαι ποτέ.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ὦμοι, θάνοιμι.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

θύγατερ—

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ὦ τύλαιν' ἐγὼ συμφορᾶς.  
ἔλαβον, ἔπαθον ἄχος ἀβίστον, φίλαι.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

διοιχόμεσθα, τέκνον.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

αἰαῖ αἰαῖ·  
διανταῖος ἔτυπεν ὀδύνα με πλευ-  
μόνων τῶνδ' ἔσω.

# ION

OLD SERVANT (*aside*).

No happy-boding prelude of their speech!

CHORUS

Ah hapless!

OLD SERVANT (*aside*)

Ha, sinks mine heart for my lords' oracle!

CHORUS

What shall we do when death is in the path?

CREUSA

What means this strain, and wherefore is your fear?

CHORUS

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

CREUSA

Speak: something ye keep back that toucheth me.

CHORUS

Thou shalt be told,—yea, though I die twice over. 760

'Tis not for thee, my queen, in arms to fold  
Children, nor press them ever to thy breast.

CREUSA

Ah, would I might die!

OLD SERVANT

Daughter—

CREUSA

Ah wretch!—ah me for my misery!

I have gotten sore hurt, my friends: what is life  
unto me?

OLD SERVANT

Undone—thou and I!

O child!

CREUSA

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

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

μήπω στενάξις,

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἀλλὰ πάρεσι γόοι.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

πρὶν ἂν μάθωμεν—

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

770

ἀγγελίαν τίνα μοι;

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

εἰ ταῦτὰ πράσσων δεσπότης τῆς συμφορᾶς  
κοινωνός ἐστιν, ἢ μόνη σὺ δυστυχεῖς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

κείνω μὲν, ὦ γεραιέ, παῖδα Λοξίας  
ἔδωκεν, ἰδία δ' εὐτυχεῖ ταύτης δίχα.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τόδ' ἐπὶ τῷδε κακὸν ἄκρον ἔλακες ἔλακες  
ἄχος ἐμοὶ στένειν.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

πότερα δὲ φῦναι δεῖ γυναικὸς ἔκ τινος  
τὸν παῖδ' ὃν εἶπας, ἢ γεγῶτ' ἐθέσπισεν;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

780

ἤδη πεφυκότ' ἐκτελῆ νεανίαν  
δίδωσιν αὐτῷ Λοξίας· παρῆ δ' ἐγώ.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

πῶς φῆς; ἄφατον ἄφατον ἀναύδητον  
λόγον ἐμοὶ θροεῖς.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

κάμοιγε. πῶς δ' ὁ χρησμὸς ἐκπεραίνεται  
σαφέστερόν μοι φρῖζε, χῶστις ἔσθ' ὁ παῖς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὄτω ξυναντήσειεν ἐκ ναοῦ συθεῖς  
πρώτῳ πόσις σός, παῖδ' ἔδωκ' αὐτῷ θεός.

# ION

OLD SERVANT

Nay, moan not yet—

CREUSA

But wailings the soul of me fill!

OLD SERVANT

Ere we shall learn—

CREUSA

What tidings remain for me still? 770

OLD SERVANT

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

CHORUS

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

CREUSA

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

OLD SERVANT

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

CHORUS

Already born—nay more, a stripling grown 780  
Doth Loxias give him. I was there, and heard.

CREUSA

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

OLD SERVANT

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

CHORUS

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

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

790

ὄτοτοτοῖ· τὸ δ' ἔμὸν ἄτεκνον ἄτεκνον ἔλαβεν  
ἄρα βίοτον, ἐρημία δ' ὀρφανούς  
δόμους οἰκήσω.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

τίς οὖν ἐχρήσθη; τῷ συνῆψ' ἵχνος ποδὸς  
πόσις ταλαίνης; πῶς δὲ ποῦ νιν εἰσιδών;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οἶσθ', ὦ φίλη δέσποινα, τὸν νεανίαν  
ὅς τόνδ' ἔσαιρε ναόν; οὗτος ἔσθ' ὁ παῖς.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἀν' ὑγρὸν ἀμπταίην αἰθέρα πόρσω γαί-  
ας Ἑλλανίας, ἀστέρας ἑσπέρους,  
οἶον οἶον ἄλγος ἔπαθον, φίλαι.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

800

ὄνομα δὲ ποῖον αὐτὸν ὀνομάζει πατήρ;  
οἶσθ', ἢ σιωπῇ τοῦτ' ἀκύρωτον μένει;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

Ἰων', ἐπείπερ πρῶτος ἦντησεν πατρί.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

μητρὸς δ' ὁποίας ἐστίν;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐκ ἔχω φράσαι.  
φροῦδος δ', ἴν' εἰδῆς πάντα τὰπ' ἐμοῦ, γέρον,  
παιδὸς προθύσων ξένια καὶ γενέθλια,  
σκηναὶς ἐς ἱεράς τῆσδε λαθραίως πόσις,  
κοινῇ ξυνάψων δαῖτα παιδὶ τῷ νέφ.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

810

δέσποινα, προδεδόμεσθα, σὺν γάρ σοι νοσῶ,  
τοῦ σου πρὸς ἀνδρός, καὶ μεμηχανημένως  
ὑβριζόμεσθα δωμάτων τ' Ἐρεχθέως



# ION

CREUSA

Ah me ! ah me !—and my weird  
Of barrenness, barrenness grippeth my life!—  
desolation-oppressed

790

Shall I live on, living in childless halls !

OLD SERVANT

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

CHORUS

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

CREUSA

Oh to flee on the wings of a bird  
Through the ocean of air, and from Hellas afar to  
the stars of the west !

Such pain on me, friends, such anguish falls !

OLD SERVANT

And what name hath his father given to him ?  
Know'st thou ? Or bideth this unfix'd, unsaid ?

800

CHORUS

Ion, since he was first to meet his sire.

OLD SERVANT

His mother, who ?

CHORUS

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

OLD SERVANT

Betrayed, Queen, are we—for thy pain is mine—  
Of this thy lord ; by treason-stratagems  
Insulted ; from Erechtheus' palace-halls

810

81

ἐκβαλλόμεσθα· καὶ σὸν οὐ στυγῶν πόσιν  
 λέγω, σὲ μέντοι μᾶλλον ἢ κείνον φιλῶν·  
 ὅστις σε γήμας ξένος ἐπεισελθὼν πόλιν  
 καὶ δῶμα καὶ σῆν παραλαβὼν παγκληρίαν,  
 ἄλλης γυναικὸς παῖδας ἐκκαρπούμενος  
 λάθρα πέφηνεν· ὡς λάθρα δ', ἐγὼ φρίσσω·  
 ἐπεὶ σ' ἄτεκνον ἦσθες, οὐκ ἔστεργέ σοι  
 ὅμοιος εἶναι τῆς τύχης τ' ἴσον φέρειν,  
 λαβὼν δὲ δοῦλα λέκτρα νυμφεύσας λάθρα  
 820 τὸν παῖδ' ἔφυσεν, ἐξενωμένον δέ τω  
 Δελφῶν δίδωσιν ἐκτρέφειν· ὁ δ' ἐν θεοῦ  
 δόμοισιν ἄφетος, ὡς λάθοι, παιδεύεται.  
 νεανίαν δ' ὡς ἦσθες ἐκτεθραμμένον,  
 ἐλθεῖν σ' ἔπεισε δεῦρ' ἀπαιδίας χάριν.  
 κἄθ' ὁ θεὸς οὐκ ἐψεύσαθ', ὅδε δ' ἐψεύσατο  
 πάλαι τρέφων τὸν παῖδα, κἄπλεκεν πλοκάς  
 τοιάσδ'· ἀλοὺς μὲν ἀνέφερ' εἰς τὸν δαίμονα,  
 †ἐλθὼν δὲ καὶ τὸν χρόνον ἀμύνεσθαι θέλων†  
 τυραννίδ' αὐτῷ περιβαλεῖν ἔμελλε γῆς.  
 830 καινὸν δὲ τοῦνομ' ἀνὰ χρόνον πεπλασμένον,  
 Ἴων, ἰόντι δῆθεν ὅτι συνήντετο.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οἴμοι, πανούργους ἄνδρας ὡς αἰεὶ στυγῶ,  
 οἱ συντιθέντες τᾶδικ' εἶτα μηχαναῖς  
 κοσμοῦσι. φαῦλον χρηστὸν ἂν λαβεῖν φίλου  
 θέλοιμι μᾶλλον ἢ κακὸν σοφώτερον.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

καὶ τῶνδ' ἀπάντων ἔσχατον πείσει κακόν·  
 ἀμήτορ', ἀναρίθμητον, ἐκ δούλης τινὸς  
 γυναικός, εἰς σὸν δῶμα δεσπότην ἄγειν.  
 ἀπλοῦν ἂν ἦν γὰρ τὸ κακόν, εἰ παρ' εὐγενοῦς  
 840 μητρός, πιθῶν σε, σῆν λέγων ἀπαιδίαν,

## ION

Cast forth! And this I say, as hating not  
 Thy lord, but better loving thee than him,  
 Who came a stranger to thy burg and home,  
 Wedded thee, and received thine heritage,  
 And of another woman gat him sons  
 Clandestine: this "clandestine" will I prove:—  
 Knowing thee barren, he was not content  
 To share thy fortune, to partake thy lot,  
 But took a slave to his clandestine bed,  
 Begat this son, from Athens sent him, gave 820  
 Unto some Delphian's fostering: for concealment  
 Was he reared in the temple, consecrate.

Then, when he knew the stripling fully grown,  
 He drew thee hither by the hope of sons.  
 So, not the God hath lied, but this man lied,  
 Rearing so long the lad, weaving such plots.  
 Detected here, he would cast it on the God:  
 But, safe in Athens, he would set her crown  
 Upon him, guarding 'gainst the chance of time.  
 But this *new name's* misdated forgery! 830  
 Ion—set eye on him then first, forsooth!

### CHORUS

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

### OLD SERVANT

And a worse ill than all this must thou know,  
 To take into thine house for lord thereof  
 A slave's brat, motherless, of none account!  
 'Twere but one ill, if from a free-born womb,  
 With thy consent, pleading thy barrenness, 840

ἔσώκισ' οἴκους· εἰ δὲ σοὶ τόδ' ἦν πικρόν,  
 τῶν Λιόλου νιν χρῆν ὀρεχθῆναι γάμων.  
 ἐκ τῶνδε δεῖ σε δὴ γυναικεῖόν τι δρᾶν·  
 ἢ γὰρ ξίφος λαβοῦσαν ἢ δόλω τινὶ  
 ἢ φαρμάκοισι σὸν κατακτεῖναι πόσιν  
 καὶ παῖδα, πρὶν σοὶ θάνατον ἐκ κείνων μολεῖν.  
 [εἰ γὰρ γ' ὑφήσεις τοῦδ', ἀπαλλάξει βίου·  
 δυοῖν γὰρ ἐχθροῖν εἰς ἓν ἐλθόντοιν στέγος,  
 ἢ θάτερον δεῖ δυστυχεῖν ἢ θάτερον.]  
 850 ἐγὼ μὲν οὖν σοι καὶ συνεκπονεῖν θέλω,  
 καὶ συμφονεύειν παῖδ' ἐπεισελθὼν δόμοις  
 οὗ δαιῖθ' ὀπλίξει, καὶ τροφεῖα δεσπότηαις  
 ἰποδοὺς θανεῖν τε ζῶν τε φέγγος εἰσορᾶν.  
 ἐν γάρ τι τοῖς δούλοισιν αἰσχύνην φέρει,  
 τοῖνομα· τὰ δ' ἄλλα πάντα τῶν ἐλευθέρων  
 οὐδὲν κακίων δούλος, ὅστις ἐσθλὸς ἦ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ γώ, φίλη δέσποινα, συμφορὰν θέλω  
 κοινουμένη τήνδ' ἢ θανεῖν ἢ ζῆν καλῶς.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

860 ὦ ψυχί, πῶς σιγάσω ;  
 πῶς δὲ σκοτίας ἀναφήνω  
 εὐνάς, αἰδοῦς δ' ἀπολειφθῶ ;  
 τί γὰρ ἐμπόδιον κώλυμ' ἔτι μοι ;  
 πρὸς τίν' ἀγῶνας τιθέμεσθ' ἀρετῆς,  
 οὐ πόσις ἡμῶν προδύτης γέγονεν ;  
 στέρομαι δ' οἴκων, στέρομαι παίδων,  
 φροῦδαι δ' ἐλπίδες, ἅς διαθέσθαι  
 χρήζουσα καλῶς οὐκ ἔδυνήθην,  
 σιγῶσα γάμους,  
 σιγῶσα τόκους πολυκλαύτους.  
 870 ἀλλ' οὐ τὸ Διὸς πολύαστρον ἔδος

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

850

## CHORUS

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

## CREUSA

O, how keep silence, my soul ?  
 Yet how shall I dare to unroll  
 Deeds hidden of darkness, and cast the shame behind  
 me ? {bind me ?  
 Yet what thing remaineth to fetter me, what thing to  
 With whom can I stand in virtue's glorious strife ?  
 Hath not mine husband a traitor been shown to his  
 wife ?  
 I am wholly of home bereft, am of children bereft :  
 Of the hopes unavailing I cherished not one is left,  
 Who dreamed I should order all things well,  
 Yet naught of that bridal of horror tell,  
 Naught of the birth amid tears that befell.  
 Now nay—by the palace of Zeus star-brightened,

860

870

καὶ τὴν ἐπ' ἐμοῖς σκοπέλοισι θεὰν  
 λίμνης τ' ἐνύδρου Τριτωνιάδος  
 πότνιαν ἄκτάν,  
 οὐκέτι κρύψω λέχος, ὡς στέρνων  
 ἰπונהσαμένη ῥᾶων ἔσομαι.  
 στάζουσι κόραι δακρύοισιν ἐμαί,  
 ψυχὰ δ' ἀλγεί κακοβουληθεῖσ'  
 ἔκ τ' ἀνθρώπων ἔκ τ' ἀθανάτων,  
 οὓς ἀποδείξω  
 880 λέκτρων προδότας ἀχαρίστους.

ὦ τᾶς ἐπταφθόγγου μέλπων  
 κιθάρας ἐνοπᾶν, ἅτ' ἀγραύλοισ  
 κέρασιν ἐν ἀψύχοις ἀχει  
 μουσᾶν ὕμνους εὐαχήτους,  
 σοὶ μομφάν, ὦ Λατοῦς παῖ,  
 πρὸς τάνδ' ἀγὰν αὐδάσω.  
 ἦλθές μοι χρυσῶ χαίταν  
 μαρμαίρων, εὐτ' εἰς κόλπους  
 890 κρόκεα πέταλα φάρεσιν ἔδρεπον  
 ἀνθίζειν χρυσανταυγῆ  
 λευκοῖς δ' ἐμφὺς καρποῖσιν  
 χειρῶν εἰς ἄντρου κοίτας  
 κραυγὰν ὦ μᾶτέρ μ' αὐδῶσαν  
 θεὸς ὀμευνέτας  
 ἄγες ἀναιδεία  
 Κύπριδι χάριν πράσσω.

τίκτω δ' ἄ δύστανός σοι  
 κοῦρον, τὸν φρίκα ματρὸς  
 εἰς εὐνὰν βάλλω τὰν σάν,  
 900 ἵνα με λέχεσι μέλεα μέλεος  
 ἐζεύξω τὰν δύστανον.

## ION

By the watchtower crag where my Goddess's  
throne is,

By the holy shore of the mere Tritonis  
Full-brimming mid Libya's plain,

Mine outrage no more will I hide, that lightened  
My bosom may be of its pain.

Mine eyes are a fountain of tears fast-welling,  
And mine heart is betrayed and anguish-riven,  
Betrayed of lovers on earth, in heaven !

I will speak it, that thankless name forth telling,  
And the tale of the traitor to love shall be given. 880

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

Child of Latona, I cry to the Sun—I will publish  
thy shame ! [the flowers as I came

Thou, with thy tresses a-shimmer with gold, through  
Plucking the crocuses, heaping my veil with their  
gold-litten flame, 890

Cam'st on me, caughtest the poor pallid wrists of mine  
hands and didst hale

Unto thy couch in the cave,—“ Mother ! mother ! ” I  
shrieked out my wail,—

Wroughtest the pleasure of Cypris : no shame made  
the god-lover quail.

Wretched I bare thee a child, and I cast him with  
shuddering throe [a bride-bed of woe.

Forth on thy couch where thou forcedst thy victim, 900  
Lost—my poor baby and thine ! for the eagles  
devoured him :—and lo,

οἶμοι μοι· καὶ νῦν ἔρρει  
 πτανοῖς ἀρπασθεῖς θοίνα  
 παῖς μοι καὶ σὸς τλάμων,  
 σὺ δὲ κιθάρα κλάζεις  
 910 παιᾶνας μέλπων.

ὦή, τὸν Λατοῦς αὐδῶ,  
 ὃς ὀμφὰν κληροῖς  
 πρὸς χρυσέους θάκους καὶ  
 γαίας μεσσήρεις ἔδρας,  
 εἰς οὓς αὐδὰν καρύξω·  
 ἰὼ κακὸς εὐνάτωρ,  
 ὃς τῷ μὲν ἐμῷ νυμφεύτα  
 χάριν οὐ προλαβὼν  
 παιδ' εἰς οἶκους οἰκίζεις·  
 ὁ δ' ἐμὸς γενέτας καὶ σὸς ἀμαθῆς  
 οἰωνοῖς ἔρρει συλαθείς, [οἰκεία]  
 σπάργανα ματέρος ἐξαλλάξας.  
 920 μισεῖ σ' ἅ Δῶλος καὶ δάφνας  
 ἔρνεα φοίνικα παρ' ἄβροκόμαν,  
 ἔνθα λοχεύματα σέμν' ἐλοχεύσατο  
 Λατῶ Δίοισί σε καρποῖς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οἶμοι, μέγας θησαυρὸς ὡς ἀνοίγνυται  
 κακῶν, ἐφ' οἷσι πᾶς ἂν ἐκβάλοι δάκρυ.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

ὦ θύγατερ, οἴκτου σὸν βλέπων ἐμπίπλαμαι  
 πρόσωπον, ἔξω δ' ἐγενόμην γνώμης ἐμῆς.  
 κακῶν γὰρ ἄρτι κῦμ' ὑπεξαντλῶν φρενί,  
 πρύμνηθεν αἶρει μ' ἄλλο σῶν λόγων ὕπο,  
 οὓς ἐκβαλοῦσα τῶν παρεστώτων κακῶν  
 930 μετῆλθες ἄλλων πημάτων κακὰς ὁδοῦς.



## ION

Victory-songs to thy lyre dost thou chant! Ho, I  
     call to thee, son  
 Born to Latona, Dispenser of Boding, on gold-  
     gleaming throne  
 Midmost of earth who art sitting:—thine ears shall  
     be pierced with my moan! 910

Ah, ravisher-bridegroom thou!  
     What ailed thee to give to my spouse—  
 Requiring no service, I trow!—  
     A son to be heir to his house?  
 But my baby and thine, O heartless, was taken  
     For a prey of the eagles: long ere now  
 Were the swaddling-bands of his mother forsaken.  
 Thy Delos doth hate thee, thy bay-boughs abhor thee,  
     By the palm-tree of feathery frondage that rose 920  
 Where in sacred travail Latona bore thee  
     Unto Zeus for the fruit of her throes.

### CHORUS

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

### OLD SERVANT

Ah daughter, gazing on thy face I fill  
 With pity: yea, my mind is all distraught.  
 For, while one surge of ills yet drowns my soul,  
 High rolls astern another from thy words.  
 For, soon as thou hadst told thy present ills,  
 Thou followedst the dark track of other woes. 930

τί φῆς ; τίνα λόγον Λοξίου κατηγορεῖς ;  
 ποῖον τεκεῖν φῆς παῖδα ; ποῦ θεῖναι πόλεως  
 θηρσὶν φίλον τύμβευμ' ; ἀνελθέ μοι πάλιν.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

αἰσχύνομαι μὲν σ', ὦ γέρον, λέξω δ' ὅμως.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

ὡς συσπενάζειν γ' οἶδα γενναίως φίλοις.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἄκουε τοίνυν· οἶσθα Κεκροπίας πέτρας  
 πρόσβορρον ἄντρον, ἅς Μακρὰς κικλήσκομεν ;

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

οἶδ', ἔνθα Πανὸς ἄδυτα καὶ βωμοὶ πέλας.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἐνταῦθ' ἀγῶνα δεινὸν ἠγωνίσμεθα.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

940

τίν' ; ὡς ἀπαντᾷ δῆκρυνί μοι τοῖς σοῖς λόγοις.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

Φοίβῳ ξυνῆψ' ἄκουσα δύστηνον γάμον.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

ὦ θύγατερ· ἄρ' ἦν ταῦθ' ἃ γ' ἠσθόμην ἐγώ ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

οὐκ οἶδ'· ἀληθῆ δ' εἰ λέγεις, φαίημεν ἄν.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

νόσον κρυφαίαν ἠνίκ' ἔστενες λάθρα ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τότ' ἦν ἃ νῦν σοι φανερὰ σημαίνω κακά.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

καῖτ' ἐξέκλεψας πῶς Ἀπόλλωνος γάμους ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἔτεκον· ἀνάσχου ταῦτ' ἐμοῦ κλύων, γερων.

ION

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

CREUSA

Ancient, I blush before thee, yet will tell.

OLD SERVANT

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

CREUSA

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

OLD SERVANT

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

CREUSA

Even there I agonized in that dread strife—

OLD SERVANT

What?—lo, how start my tears to meet thy words! 940

CREUSA

With Phoebus linked sore loth in woeful bridal.

OLD SERVANT

Ah daughter, was it this myself had marked?

CREUSA

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

OLD SERVANT

Thy secret sighing as with hidden pain?

CREUSA

Yea; then befell the ills I now lay bare.

OLD SERVANT

And how didst thou conceal Apollo's rape?

CREUSA

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

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

ποῦ ; τίς λοχεύει σ' ; ἢ μόνη μοχθεῖς τάδε ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

μόνη κατ' ἄντρον οὐπερ ἐξεύχθην γάμοις.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

950 ὁ παῖς δὲ ποῦ 'στιν, ἵνα σὺ μηκέτ' ἦς ἄπαις ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τέθνηκεν, ὦ γεραιέ, θηρσὶν ἐκτεθεῖς.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

τέθνηκ' ; Ἀπόλλων δ' ὁ κακὸς οὐδὲν ἤρκεσεν ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

οὐκ ἤρκεσ'· Ἄιδου δ' ἐν δόμοις παιδεύεται.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

τίς γάρ υἱν ἐξέθηκεν ; οὐ γὰρ δὴ σύ γε.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἡμεῖς, ἐν ὄρφνῃ σπαργανώσαντες πέπλοις.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

οὐδὲ ξυνήδει σοί τις ἔκθεσιν τέκνου ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

αἱ ξυμφοραὶ γε καὶ τὸ λανθάνειν μόνον.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

καὶ πῶς ἐν ἄντρῳ παῖδα σὸν λιπεῖν ἔτλης ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

πῶς δ' ; οἰκτρὰ πολλὰ στόματος ἐκβαλοῦσ' ἔπη.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

φεῦ·

960 τλήμων σὺ τόλμης, ὁ δὲ θεὸς μᾶλλον σέθεν.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

εἰ παῖδί γ' εἶδες χεῖρας ἐκτείνοντά μοι.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

μαστὸν διώκοντ' ἢ πρὸς ἀγκύλαις πεσεῖν ;

## ION

OLD SERVANT

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

CREUSA

Alone within the cave that saw my rape.

OLD SERVANT

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

CREUSA

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

OLD SERVANT

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

CREUSA

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

OLD SERVANT

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

CREUSA

Even I. My vesture darkling swaddled him.

OLD SERVANT

Nor any knew the exposing of the child?

CREUSA

None—Misery and Secrecy alone.

OLD SERVANT

How couldst thou leave thy babe within the cave?

CREUSA

Ah how?—O pitiful farewells I moaned!

OLD SERVANT

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

CREUSA

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

OLD SERVANT

Seeking the breast, the cradle of thine arms?

ΙΩΝ

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἐνταῦθ', ἴν' οὐκ ὦν ἄδικ' ἔπασχεν ἐξ ἐμοῦ.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

σοὶ δ' ἐς τί δόξ' εἰσῆλθεν ἐκβαλεῖν τέκνον;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ὡς τὸν θεὸν σώσοντα τὸν γ' αὐτοῦ γόνου.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

οἴμοι, δόμων σῶν ὄλβος ὡς χειμάζεται.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τί κρῦτα κρύψας, ὦ γέρον, δακρυρροεῖς;

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

σὲ καὶ πατέρα σὸν δυστυχοῦντας εἰσορῶν.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τὰ θνητὰ τοιαῦτ' οὐδεν ἐν ταύτῃ μένει.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

970

μὴ νῦν ἔτ' οἴκτων, θύγατερ, ἀντεχώμεθα.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τί γάρ με χρὴ δρᾶν; ἀπορία τὸ δυστυχεῖν.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

τὸν πρῶτον ἀδικήσαντά σ' ἀποτίνου θεόν.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

καὶ πῶς τὰ κρείσσω θνητὸς οὐσ' ὑπερδράμω;

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

πίμπρη τὰ σεμνὰ Λοξίου χρηστήρια.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

δέδοικα· καὶ νῦν πημάτων ἄδην ἔχω.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

τὰ δυνατὰ νυν τόλμησον, ἄνδρα σὸν κταεῖν.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

αἰδούμεθ' εὐνάς τὰς τόθ' ἠνίκ' ἐσθλὸς ἦν.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

σὺ δ' ἀλλὰ παῖδα τὸν ἐπὶ σοὶ πεφηνότα.

# ION

CREUSA

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

OLD SERVANT

And in what hope didst thou cast forth the babe?

CREUSA

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

OLD SERVANT

Ah me, what tempest wrecks thine house's weal!

CREUSA

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

OLD SERVANT

Seeing calamity, thy sire's and thine.

CREUSA

'Tis man's lot: naught continueth at one stay.

OLD SERVANT

Cling we no more to wailings, daughter, now.

970

CREUSA

What must I do?—so helpless misery is.

OLD SERVANT

Avenge thee on the God who wronged thee first.

CREUSA

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

OLD SERVANT

Set thou the torch to Loxias' holy shrine.

CREUSA

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

OLD SERVANT

Then dare the thing thou canst: thine husband slay.

CREUSA

I cannot—for old love and loyalty's sake.

OLD SERVANT

The boy, at least, thus foisted upon thee.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

πῶς ; εἰ γὰρ εἶη δυνατόν· ὡς θέλοιμί γ' ἄν.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

980

ξιφηφόρους σοὺς ὀπλίσασ' ὀπάονας.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

στείχοιμ' ἄν· ἀλλὰ ποῦ γενήσεται τόδε ;

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

ιεραῖσιν ἐν σκηναῖσιν, οὐ θοινᾷ φίλους.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἐπίσημον ὁ φόνος, καὶ τὸ δοῦλον ἀσθενές.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

ᾧμοι, κακίζει. φέρε, σύ νυν βούλευέ τι.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

καὶ μὴν ἔχω γε δόλια καὶ δραστήρια.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

ἀμφοῖν ἂν εἶην τοῖνδ' ὑπηρέτης ἐγώ.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἄκουε τοίνυν· οἶσθα γηγενῆ μάχην ;

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

οἶδ', ἦν Φλέγρα Γίγαντες ἔστησαν θεοῖς.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἐνταῦθα Γοργόν' ἔτεκε Γῆ, δεινὸν τέρας.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

990

ἦ παισὶν αὐτῆς σύμμαχον, θεῶν πόνου ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ναί· καὶ νιν ἔκτειν' ἡ Διὸς Παλλὰς θεεί.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

ἄρ' οὐτός ἐσθ' ὁ μῦθος ὃν κλύω πύλαι ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ταύτης Ἀθίνα δέρος ἐπὶ στέρνοις ἔχει.



ION

CREUSA

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

OLD SERVANT

With daggers arm the servants of thy train. 980

CREUSA

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

OLD SERVANT

In the pavilion, where he feasts his friends.

CREUSA

Murder in public—and by weakling thralls!

OLD SERVANT

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

CREUSA

Ha, mine is secret guile and triumph sure.

OLD SERVANT

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

CREUSA

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

OLD SERVANT

Yea, giants stood in Phlegra 'gainst the Gods.

CREUSA

There Earth brought forth the Gorgon, monster  
dread—

OLD SERVANT

To help her sons, and press the Gods full hard? 990

CREUSA

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

OLD SERVANT

Meseems I heard this legend long ago—

CREUSA

How on her breast Athena bore its skin.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

ἦν αἰγίδ' ὀνομάζουσι, Παλλάδος στολήν ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τόδ' ἔσχεν ὄνομα θεῶν ὅτ' ἤξεν εἰς δόρυ.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

ποιῖόν τι μορφῆς σχῆμ' ἔχουσαν ἀγρίας ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

θώρακ' ἐχίδνης περιβόλοις ὠπλισμένον.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

τί δῆτα, θύγατερ, τοῦτο σοῖς ἐχθροῖς βλάβος ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

Ἐριχθόνιον οἶσθ' ἦ οὐ ; τί δ' οὐ μέλλεις, γέρον ;

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

1000 ὄν πρῶτον ὑμῶν πρόγονον ἔξανηκε γῆ ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τούτῳ δίδωσι Παλλὰς ὄντι νεογόνῳ—

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

τί χρῆμα ; μέλλον γάρ τι προσφέρεις ἔπος.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

δισσοὺς σταλαγμοὺς αἵματος Γοργοῦς ἄπο.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

ἰσχὺν ἔχοντας τίνα πρὸς ἀνθρώπου φύσιν ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τὸν μὲν θανάσιμον, τὸν δ' ἀκεσφόρον νόσων.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

ἐν τῷ καθάψας' ἀμφὶ παιδὶ σώματος ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

χρυσοῖσι δεσμοῖς· ὁ δὲ δίδωσ' ἐμῷ πατρί.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

κείνου δὲ κατθανόντος εἰς σ' ἀφίκετο ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ναί· κῦπὶ καρπῷ γ' αὐτ' ἐγὼ χερὸς φέρω.

## ION

OLD SERVANT

Ay, named the Aegis, Pallas's array ?

CREUSA

Of Gods named, from her battle-eager charge.

OLD SERVANT

What was the fashion of its grisly form ?

CREUSA

A breastplate fenced with ring on ring of snakes.

OLD SERVANT

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

CREUSA

Knowest thou Erichthonius ?—thou must.

OLD SERVANT

First father of your line, whom earth brought forth ? 1000

CREUSA

To him gave Pallas in his hour of birth—

OLD SERVANT

What ?—thy word falters in the utterance.

CREUSA

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

OLD SERVANT

What power have they upon the life of man ?

CREUSA

For death one, one for healing of disease.

OLD SERVANT

And hung them on the child—wherein enclosed ?

CREUSA

A golden clasp. He gave it to my sire.

OLD SERVANT

And, when Erechtheus died, to thee it passed ?

CREUSA

Yea ; and I bear it ever on my wrist.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

1010 πῶς οὖν κέκρανται δίπτυχον δῶρον θεᾶς ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

κοίλης μὲν ὅστις φλεβὸς ἀπέσταξεν φόνω—

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

τί τῷδε χρῆσθαι ; δύνασιν ἐκφέρει τίνα ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

νόσους ἀπείργει καὶ τροφὰς ἔχει βίου.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

ὁ δεύτερος δ' ἀριθμὸς ὃν λέγεις τί δρᾷ ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

κτείνει, δρακόντων ἰὸς ὧν τῶν Γοργόνος.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

εἰς ἓν δὲ κραθέντ' αὐτὸν ἢ χωρὶς φορεῖς ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

χωρὶς· κακῷ γὰρ ἐσθλὸν οὐ συμμίγνυται.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

ὦ φιλτάτη παῖ, πάντ' ἔχεις ὅσων σε δεῖ.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τούτῳ θανεῖται παῖς· σὺ δ' ὁ κτείνων ἔσει.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

1020 ποῦ καὶ τί δρύσας ; σὸν λέγειν, τολμᾶν δ' ἐμόν.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἐν ταῖς Ἀθήναις, δῶμ' ὅταν τοῦμὸν μόλη.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

οὐκ εὖ τόδ' εἶπας· καὶ σὺ γὰρ τοῦμὸν ψέγεις.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

πῶς ; ἄρ' ὑπείδου τοῦθ' ὁ κάμ' ἐσέρχεται ;

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

σὺ παῖδα δόξεις διολέσαι, κεῖ μὴ κτενεῖς.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ὀρθῶς· φθονεῖν γάρ φασι μητρικὰς τέκνοις.

## ION

OLD SERVANT

How is the Goddess' gift twofold ordained ?

1010

CREUSA

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

OLD SERVANT

To what serves this ? What viriue beareth it ?

CREUSA

Averts diseases, fostereth the life.

OLD SERVANT

The second thou hast named—what doeth it ?

CREUSA

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

OLD SERVANT

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

CREUSA

Several : good with evil blendeth not.

OLD SERVANT

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

CREUSA

Hereby the lad shall die, the slayer thou.

OLD SERVANT

Where ?—by what deed ? Thou tell, and I will dare. 1020

CREUSA

In Athens, when he cometh to mine home.

OLD SERVANT

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

CREUSA

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

OLD SERVANT

Thou shouldst be murderess held, though innocent.

CREUSA

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

ΙΩΝ

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

αὐτοῦ νυν αὐτὸν κτεῖν', ἵν' ἀρνήσει φόνους.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

προλάζυμαι γοῦν τῷ χρόνῳ τῆς ἡδονῆς.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

καὶ σὸν γε λήσεις πόσιν ἅ σε σπεύδει λαθεῖν.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

1030

οἶσθ' οὖν ὃ δρᾶσον ; χειρὸς ἐξ ἐμῆς λαβὼν  
 χρύσωμ' Ἀθάνας τόδε, παλαιὸν ὄργανον,  
 ἐλθὼν ἵν' ἡμῖν βουθυτεῖ λάθρα πόσις,  
 δείπνων ὅταν λήγωσι καὶ σπονδὰς θεοῖς  
 μέλλωσι λείβειν, ἐν πέπλοις ἔχων τόδε  
 κάθες βαλὼν εἰς πῶμα τῷ νεανία,  
 ἰδία δέ, μή τι πᾶσι, χωρίσας ποτόν  
 τῷ τῶν ἐμῶν μέλλοντι δεσπόμεν δόμων.  
 κἄνπερ διέλθῃ λαιμόν, οὔποθ' ἴξεται  
 κλεινὰς Ἀθήνας, κατθανὼν δ' αὐτοῦ μενεῖ.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

1040

σὺ μὲν νυν εἴσω προξένων μέθες πόδα·  
 ἡμεῖς δ' ἐφ' ᾧ τετίγμεθ' ἐκπονήσομεν.  
 ἄγ', ὦ γεραιέ πούς, νεανίας γενοῦ  
 ἔργοισι, κεῖ μὴ τῷ χρόνῳ πάρεστί σοι.  
 ἐχθρὸν δ' ἐπ' ἄνδρα στεῖχε δεσποτῶν μέτα,  
 καὶ συμφόνευε καὶ συνεξαίρει δόμων.  
 τὴν δ' εὐσέβειαν εὐτυχοῦσι μὲν καλὸν  
 τιμᾶν· ὅταν δὲ πολεμίους δρᾶσαι κακῶς  
 θέλῃ τις, οὐδεὶς ἐμποδὼν κεῖται νόμος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

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

## ION

OLD SERVANT

Here slay him, then : so shall avail denial.

CREUSA

At least I shall the sooner taste that joy.

OLD SERVANT

Nor thy lord know thy knowledge of his secret.

CREUSA

Know'st then thy part ? Receive thou from mine hand  
Athena's golden vial, wrought of old.

1030

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

OLD SERVANT

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

1040

[*Exeunt* CREUSA and OLD SERVANT.]

CHORUS

(*Str.* 1)

Goddess of Highways, Demeter's Daughter,<sup>1</sup>  
Queen of the nightmare darkness-ranger,

<sup>1</sup> Hekate, goddess of sorcery and secret poisoning. She haunted places where roads crossed each other, and at night sent up demons and phantoms from Hades.

- 1050 καὶ μεθαμερίων ὄδωσον δυσθανάτων  
 κρατήρων πληρώματ', ἐφ' οἷσι πέμπει  
 πότνια πότνι' ἐμὰ χθονίας  
 Γοργοῦς λαιμοτόμων ἀπὸ σταλαγμῶν  
 τῶ τῶν Ἐρεχθειδῶν  
 δόμων ἐφαπτομένω·  
 μηδέ ποτ' ἄλλος ἄλλων ἀπ' οἴκων  
 πόλεως ἀνάσσοι
- 1060 πλὴν τῶν εὐγενετῶν Ἐρεχθειδῶν.

εἰ δ' ἀτελής θάνατος σπουδαί τε δεσποί- ἀντ. α  
 νας, ὅ τε καιρὸς ἄπεισι τόλμας,  
 ἃ τε νῦν φέρετ' ἐλπίς, ἢ θηκτὸν ξίφος ἢ  
 λαιμῶν<sup>1</sup> ἐξίψει βρόχον ἀμφὶ δειρήν,  
 πάθεσι πάθεα δ' ἐξανύτους  
 εἰς ἄλλας βιότου κᾶτεισι μορφάς.  
 οὐ γὰρ δόμων γ' ἑτέρους

1070 ἄρχοντας ἄλλοδαπούς  
 ζῶσά ποτ' ὀμμάτων ἐν φαεσσαῖς  
 ἀνέχοιτ' ἂν ἀνγαῖς  
 ἀ τῶν εὐπατριδῶν γεγῶσ' οἴκων.

αἰσχύνομαι τὸν πολύμνον στρ. β  
 θεόν, εἰ παρὰ καλλιχόροισι παγαῖς  
 λαμπάδα θεωρὸν εἰκάδων

<sup>1</sup> Scaliger : for MSS. δαίμων.



Guide thou the hand that for noontide slaughter 1050

Shall fill up the chalice, my lady's avenger,  
Which beareth the venom-gouts that fell  
From the neck of the Gorgon, the fiend of hell,  
My lady's greeting-gift to the stranger

That usurpeth Erechtheus' royal sway,

That an alien of alien strain in our Athens never  
may reign,

But the noble Erechtheïds—none save they! 1060

(*Ant.* 1)

But—the death unaccomplished?—the deed un-  
abetted

Of the hour, and my mistress's purposes ended,  
And the hopes that upbore her?—remains the  
sword whetted; [pended;

Remaineth the neck in the death-noose sus-  
And, by agony ending the agony-strife,  
Shall she pass to the life beyond this life.

For never this queen from kings descended

Shall endure that the splendour-light of her 1070  
eyne, [the ancient hall

No, not while she liveth, should fall on the shame of  
Ruled by the upstart of alien line.

Shame for the God oft-chanted<sup>1</sup> (*Str.* 2)

In hymns, if *he*,<sup>2</sup>

Beside the fountains haunted

Of dances, see

<sup>1</sup> Dionysus, worshipped in the Eleusinian Mysteries with Demeter and Persephone. The 20th of Boëdromion was ushered in by a vast torch-light procession in which those newly initiated, who had kept vigil in the temple, joined.

<sup>2</sup> Ion, whose presence, as that of an alien by blood, would be profanation, yet whose initiation could, as a matter of policy, not be avoided.

ὄψεται ἐννύχιος ἄπνος ὢν,  
 ὅτε καὶ Διὸς ἀστερωπὸς  
 ἀνεχόρευσεν αἰθήρ,  
 1080 χορεύει δὲ σελάνα  
 καὶ πεντήκοντα κόραι  
 Νηρέος, αἱ κατὰ πόντον  
 ἀενάων τε ποταμῶν  
 δίνας χορευόμεναι,  
 τὰν χρυσοστέφανον κόραν  
 καὶ ματέρα σεμνίν'  
 ἵν' ἐλπίζει βασιλεύσειν  
 ἄλλων πόνον εἰσπεσῶν  
 ὁ Φοίβειος ἀλίτας.

1090 ὁρᾶθ' ὅσοι δυσκελάδοισιν ἀντ. β'  
 κατὰ μούσαν ἰόντες αἰείδεθ' ὕμνοις  
 ἀμέτερα λέχεα καὶ γάμους  
 Κύπριδος ἀθεμίτους ἀνοσίους,  
 ὅσον εὐσεβία κρατοῦμεν  
 ἄδικον ἄροτον ἀνδρῶν.  
 παλίμφαμος ἀοιδὰ  
 καὶ μούσ' εἰς ἄνδρας ἴτω  
 δυσκέλαδος ἀμφὶ λέκτρων.

## ION

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

When dances heaven star-glancing  
 Adoringly,

When the white moon is dancing, 1080  
 And 'neath the sea

The Nereids' dance earrings  
 The eternal river-springs,  
 And their full chorus sings Persephone

Gold-crowned, and our Earth-mother—  
 Awful is she !—

Shall *he* press in, that other,  
 To sovrantry ?

Shall not his hopes be foiled ?—

Where kings and heroes toiled, [fee ?

Shall that proud realm be spoiled, a vagrant's

Mark—ye whose strains of slander (Aut. 2) 1090  
 Scourge evermore

Woman in song, and brand her  
 Wanton and whore,—

How high in virtue's place

We pass men's lawless race,

Nor spit in viper-lays your venom-store ;

But let the Muse of taunting

On men's heads pour

Her indignation, chanting

Her treason-lore ;

Sing of the outraged maid ;

Tell of the wife betrayed

By him who hath displayed his false heart's  
 core,—

1100 δείκνυσι γὰρ ὁ Διὸς ἐκ  
 παίδων ἀμνημοσύναν,  
 οὐ κοινὰν τεκέων τύχαν  
 οἴκοισι φυτεύσας  
 δεσποίνα· πρὸς δ' Ἀφροδίταν  
 ἄλλαν θέμενος χάριν  
 νόθου παιδὸς ἔκυρσεν.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ ΚΡΕΟΥΣΗΣ

κλεινὴν, γυναῖκες, ποῦ κόρην Ἐρεχθέως  
 δέσποιναν εὖρω ; πανταχῇ γὰρ ἄστεως  
 ζητῶν νιν ἐξέπλησα κούκ ἔχω λαβεῖν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

1110 τί δ' ἔστιν, ὦ ξύνδουλε ; τίς προθυμία  
 ποδῶν ἔχει σε, καὶ λόγους τίνας φέρεις ;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ ΚΡΕΟΥΣΗΣ

θηρώμεθ'· ἀρχαὶ δ' ἀπιχώριοι χθονὸς  
 ζητοῦσιν αὐτήν, ὡς θάνη πετρουμένη.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

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

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ ΚΡΕΟΥΣΗΣ

ἔγνωσ'· μεθέξεις δ' οὐκ ἐν ὑστάτοις κακοῦ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ᾧφθη δὲ πῶς τὰ κρυπτὰ μηχανήματα ;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ ΚΡΕΟΥΣΗΣ

τὸ μὴ δίκαιον τῆς δίκης ἡσσώμενον  
 ἐξηῦρεν ὁ θεός, οὐ μιανθῆναι θέλων.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

1120 πῶς ; ἀντιάζω σ' ἰκέτις ἐξειπεῖν τάδε.  
 πεπυσμένα γὰρ εἰ θανεῖν ἡμᾶς χρεῶν,  
 ἦδιον ἂν θάνοιμεν, εἴθ' ὄρᾶν φύος.

ION

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

1100

*Enter SERVANT in haste.*

SERVANT

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

CHORUS

What is it, fellow-thrall? What hot-foot haste  
 Possesseth thee? What tidings bearest thou? 1110

SERVANT

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

CHORUS

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

SERVANT

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

CHORUS

How were the hidden stratagems laid bare?

SERVANT

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

CHORUS

How?—suppliant I beseech thee, tell it out.  
 For, knowing all, if I indeed must die, 1120  
 Death should be easier—yea, or sweeter life.

<sup>1</sup> Xuthus, descended through Aeolus from Zeus.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ ΚΡΕΟΥΣΗΣ

- ἐπεὶ θεοῦ μαντεῖον ᾤχετ' ἐκλιπῶν  
 πόσις Κρεούσης, παῖδα τὸν καινὸν λαβὼν  
 πρὸς δειπνια θυσίας θ' ἕς θεοῖς ὠπλίζετο,  
 Ξοῦθος μὲν ᾤχετ' ἔνθα πῦρ πηιδᾶ θεοῦ  
 βακχεῖον, ὡς σφαγαῖσι Διονύσου πέτρας  
 δεύσειε δισσὰς παιδὸς ἀντ' ὀπτηρίων,  
 λέξας· σὺ μὲν νῦν, τέκνον, ἀμφήρεις μένων  
 σκηναῖς ἀνίστη τεκτόνων μοχθήμασιν.
- 1130 θύσας δὲ γενέταις θεοῖσιν ἦν μακρὸν χρόνον  
 μένω, παροῦσι δαῖτες ἔστωσαν φίλοις.  
 λαβὼν δὲ μόσχους ᾤχεθ'· ὁ δὲ νεανίας  
 σεμνῶς ἀτοίχους περιβολὰς σκηνωμάτων  
 ὀρθοστάταις ἰδρύεθ', ἡλίου βολὰς  
 καλῶς φυλάξας, οὔτε πρὸς μέσας φλογὸς  
 ἀκτῖνας, οὔτ' αὖ πρὸς τελευτώσας βίον,  
 πλέθρου σταθμήσας μῆκος εἰς εὐγωνίαν,  
 μέτρημ' ἔχουσαν τοῦν μέσῳ γε μυρίων  
 ποδῶν ἀριθμόν, ὡς λέγουσιν οἱ σοφοί,
- 1140 ὡς πάντα Δελφῶν λαὸν εἰς θοίνην καλῶν.  
 λαβὼν δ' ὑφάσμαθ' ἱερὰ θησαυρῶν πάρα  
 κατεσκίαζε, θαύματ' ἀνθρώποις ὀρᾶν.  
 πρῶτον μὲν ὀρόφῳ πτέρυγα περιβάλλει πέπλων  
 ἀνάθημα Δίου παιδός, οὗς Ἑρακλῆς  
 Ἄμαζόνων σκυλεύματ' ἠνεγκεν θεῶ.  
 ἐνῆν δ' ὑφανταὶ γράμμασιν τοιαῖδ' ὑφαί·  
 Οὐρανὸς ἰθροίζων ἄστρ' ἐν αἰθέρος κύκλῳ·  
 ἵππους μὲν ἦλαυν' εἰς τελευταίαν φλόγα  
 Ἥλιος, ἐφέλκων λαμπρὸν Ἑσπέρου φάος.
- 1150 μελάμπεπλος δὲ Νυξ ἀσειρώτον ζυγοῖς  
 ὄχημ' ἔπαλλεν· ἄστρα δ' ὠμάρτει θεᾶ.  
 Πλειὰς μὲν ἦει μεσοπόρου δι' αἰθέρος,

# ION

## SERVANT

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

1130

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

1140

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

1150

ὃ τε ξιφήρης Ὀρίων ὑπερθε δὲ  
 Ἄρκτος στρέφουσ' οὐραϊα χρυσήρει πόλω.  
 κύκλος δὲ πανσέληνος ἠκόντιζ' ἄνω  
 μηνὸς διχήρης, Ἰάδες τε ναυτίλοις  
 σαφέστατον σημεῖον, ἧ τε φωσφόρος  
 Ἔως διώκουσ' ἄστρα. τοίχοισιν δ' ἔπι  
 1160 ἤμπισχεν ἄλλα βαρβύρων ὑφάσματα,  
 εὐηρέτμους ναῦς ἀντίας Ἑλληνίσιν,  
 καὶ μιξόθηρας φώτας, ἰππείας τ' ἄγρας,  
 ἐλίφων λεόντων τ' ἀγρίων θηράματα.  
 κατ' εἰσόδους δὲ Κέκροπα θυγατέρων πέλας  
 σπείραισιν εἰλίσσοντ', Ἀθηναίων τινὸς  
 ἀνάθημα χρυσέους τ' ἐν μέσῳ συσσιτίῳ  
 κρατήρας ἔστησ'. ἐν δ' ἄκροισι βῆς ποσὶ  
 κῆρυξ ἀνεῖπε τὸν θέλουτ' ἐγχωρίων  
 ἐς δαῖτα χωρεῖν. ὡς δ' ἐπληρώθη στέγη,  
 1170 στεφάνοισι κοσμηθέντες εὐόχθου βορᾶς  
 ψυχὴν ἐπλήρουν. ὡς δ' ἀνεῖσαν ἠδονὴν,  
 σκηνηῆς<sup>1</sup> παρελθὼν πρέσβυς εἰς μέσον πέδον  
 ἔστη, γέλων δ' ἔθηκε συνδείπνοις πολύν,  
 πρόθυμα πρᾶσσων· ἔκ τε γὰρ κρωσσῶν ὕδωρ  
 χεροῖν ἔπεμπε νίπτρα, κάξεθυμία  
 σμύρνης ἰδρῶτα, χρυσέων τ' ἐκπωμίτων  
 ἦρχ', αὐτὸς αὐτῷ τόνδε προστάξας πόνον.  
 ἐπεὶ δ' ἐς αὐλοῖς ἤκου ἐς κρατήρᾳ τε  
 1180 κοινόν, γέρων ἔλεξ'· ἀφαρπάζειν χρεῶν  
 οἰνηρὰ τεύχη σμικρά, μεγάλα δ' εἰσφέρειν,  
 ὡς θῆσσον ἔλθωσ' οἶδ' ἐς ἠδονὰς φρενῶν.  
 ἦν δὲ φερόντων μόχθος ἀργυρηλάτους  
 χρυσέας τε φιύλας· ὁ δὲ λαβὼν ἐξαίρετον,  
 ὡς τῷ νέῳ δὴ δεσπότη χάριν φέρων,

<sup>1</sup> Barnes: to supply lacuna in MSS.



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

ἔδωκε πλήρες τεύχος, εἰς οἶνον βαλὼν  
 ὃ φασι δοῦναι φάρμακον δραστήριον  
 δέσποιναν, ὡς παῖς ὁ νέος ἐκλίποι φάος·  
 κούδεις τὰδ' ἦδεν· ἐν χεροῖν ἔχοντι δὲ  
 σπονδὰς μετ' ἄλλων παιδὶ τῷ πεφηνότι  
 βλασφημίαν τις οἰκετῶν ἐφθέγγετο·  
 1190 ὁ δ', ὡς ἐν ἱερῷ μάντεσίν τ' ἐσθλοῖς τραφεῖς,  
 οἰωνὸν ἔθετο, κἀκέλευσ' ἄλλον νέον  
 κρατῆρα πλεροῦν· τὰς δὲ πρὶν σπονδὰς θεοῦ  
 δίδωσι γαῖα, πῦσί τ' ἐκσπένδειν λέγει.  
 σιγῇ δ' ὑπήλθεν. ἐκ δ' ἐπίμπλαμεν δρόσου  
 κρατῆρας ἱεροῦς Βυβλίνου τε πώματος.  
 κἰν τῷδε μόχθῳ πτηνὸς εἰσπίπτει δόμους  
 κῶμος πελειῶν· Λοξίου γὰρ ἐν δόμοις  
 ἄτρεστα ναίουσ'· ὡς δ' ἀπέσπεισαν μέθυ,  
 1200 εἰς αὐτὸ χεῖλη πώματος κεχηρημένοι  
 καθείσαν, εἴλκον δ' εὐπτέρους ἐς αὐχίνας.  
 καὶ ταῖς μὲν ἄλλαις ἄνοσος ἦν λοιβὴ θεοῦ·  
 ἠ δ' ἔζετ' ἐνθ' ὁ καινὸς ἔσπεισεν γόνος,  
 ποτοῦ τ' ἐγεύσατ', εὐθύς εὐπτερον δέμας  
 ἔσεισε κἀβάκχευσεν, ἐκ δ' ἔκλαγξ' ὅπα  
 ἀξύνετον αἰάζουσ'· ἐθάμβησεν δὲ πᾶς  
 θοινατόρων ὄμιλος ὄρνιθος πόνους·  
 θνήσκει δ' ἀπασπαίρουσα, φοινικοσκελεῖς  
 χηλὰς παρεῖσα. γυμνὰ δ' ἐκ πέπλων μέλη  
 1210 ὑπὲρ τραπέζης ἦχ' ὁ μαντευτὸς γόνος,  
 βοᾷ δέ τις μ' ἔμελλεν ἀνθρώπων κταεῖν ;  
 σήμαινε, πρέσβυ· σὴ γὰρ ἠ προθυμία,  
 καὶ πῶμα χειρὸς σῆς ἐδεξάμην πάρα.  
 εὐθύς δ' ἐρευνᾷ γραῖαν ὠλένην λαβῶν,  
 ἐπ' αὐτοφώρῳ πρέσβυν ὡς ἔχονθ' ἔλοι.

## ION

And gave the chalice brimmed, first casting in  
 The drug death-working, which our mistress gave,  
 Men say, that her new son might leave the light.  
 None marked;—but as the god-discovered heir  
 Raised with the rest the God's cup in his hand,  
 He heard some servant speak a word unmeet.

1190

He, temple-reared, perfect in bodement-lore,  
 Held it for ominous, bade fill up with wine  
 Another bowl; that first drink-offering  
 He cast to earth, and bade all do the like.  
 Then fell a hush. With water brimmed we up  
 And Bybline wine the sacred mixing-bowls.

Then midst our toils a flight of doves dropt down  
 In the pavilion; for in Loxias' halls  
 Unfrayed they dwell, and when men spilled the  
     wine,

The thirsty innocents dipped their beaks therein,  
 And drew it down their dainty-feathered throats.

1200

And none the God's libation harmed—save one,  
 Which lighted where the new heir spilled the wine.  
 She sipped the drink—her dainty-feathered frame  
 Quivered and staggered: an unmeaning scream<sup>1</sup>  
 She shrilled of anguish: marvelled all the throng  
 Of banqueters to see her agonies.  
 One fierce convulsion—the pink claws uncramped:  
 And she was dead. That child of prophecy  
 Bared of his cloak his limbs, leapt o'er the board,  
 Shouting "Who goeth about to murder me?"

1210

Old man, declare!—thine was the eager zeal,—  
 Yea, from thine hand did I receive the cup!"  
 He clutched his withered arm, he searched him o'er  
 To take the ancient in the very fact.

<sup>1</sup> The ordinary note of the bird was significant in augury.

ὄφθη δὲ καὶ κατεῖπ' ἀναγκασθεῖς μόγις  
 τόλμας Κρεούσης πώματός τε μηχανάς.  
 θεῖ δ' εὐθύς ἔξω συλλαβὼν θοινάτορας  
 ὁ πυθόχρηστος Λοξίου νεανίας,  
 1220 κὶν κοιράνοισι Πυθικοῖς σταθεῖς λέγει  
 ὦ γαῖα σεμνή, τῆς Ἐρεχθέως ὑπο  
 ξένης γυναικὸς φαρμάκοισι θνήσκομεν.  
 Δελφῶν δ' ἄνακτες ὄρισαν πετρορριφῆ  
 θανεῖν ἐμὴν δέσποιναν οὐ ψήφω μιᾷ,  
 τὸν ἱερόν ὡς κτείνουσαν ἔν τ' ἀνακτόροις  
 φόνον τιθείσαν. πῦσα δὲ ζητεῖ πόλις  
 τὴν ἀθλίως σπεύσασαν ἀθλίαν ὁδόν·  
 παίδων γὰρ ἐλθοῦσ' εἰς ἔρον Φοῖβον πῖρα,  
 τὸ σῶμα κοινῇ τοῖς τέκνοις ἀπώλεσεν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐκ ἔστ' οὐκ ἔστιν θανάτου  
 1230 παρατροπὰ μελέα μοι·  
 φανερὰ γὰρ φανερὰ τίδ' ἤδη  
 σπονδᾶς ἐκ Διονύσου  
 βοτρυῶν θεῶς ἐχίδνας  
 σταγόσι μιγνυμένας φόνῳ,  
 φανερὰ θύματα νερτέρων,  
 συμφοραὶ μὲν ἐμῷ βίῳ,  
 λεύσιμοι δὲ καταφθοραὶ δεσποίνα.  
 τίνα φυγὰν πτερόεσσαν ἢ  
 1240 χθονὸς ὑπὸ σκοτίων μυχῶν  
 πορευθῶ, θανάτου λεύσιμον ἄταν  
 ἀποφεύγουσα, τεθρίππων  
 ὠκίσταν χαλὰν ἐπιβᾶσ',  
 ἢ πρύμνας ἐπὶ ναῶν ;  
 οὐκ ἔστι λαθεῖν, ὅτε μὴ χρήζων  
 θεὸς ἐκκλέπτει.

## ION

Detected, tortured, scarce even then he told  
 Creusa's desperate deed, the poison-plot.  
 Straightway, the feasters with him, hurries forth  
 The stripling given by Loxias' oracle,  
 Before the Pythian nobles stands, and cries,  
 "O hallowed land, by poison is my death 1220  
 Sought of Erechtheus' child, the alien dame!"  
 Then Delphi's lords by general vote decreed  
 That from the precipice hurled my queen should die,  
 As compassing a priest's death, planning murder  
 Within the precinct. All the city seeks her  
 Who sped on wretched mission wretchedly.  
 Drawn by desire of babes to Phoebus' fane,  
 She hath lost her life and children therewithal.

### CHORUS

There is no hiding-place from death for me,  
     None: woe is me, it is the end! 1230  
 All is laid bare for all men's eyes to see—  
     The cup, the murder-blend  
 Of gout's of viper-blood swift for life's quelling,  
     Mid Bacchus' clusters shed;  
 Drink-offering—yea, to them in darkness dwelling,  
     Gods of the dead.

Ruin is my life's portion—ah, *her* doom!  
     Stones raining death upon my queen!  
 Oh had I wings, or could but plunge to gloom  
     Under the earth, to screen  
 Mine head from horror of the stones down-beating!  
     Oh, borne on four-horsed car, 1240  
 To hear the hurrying hoofs!—to see waves fleeing  
     Astern afar!

There is no hope,—except a God befriending  
     Should snatch us from men's sight.

τί ποτ', ὦ μελέα δέσποινα, μένει  
 ψυχῇ σε παθεῖν; ἄρα θέλουσαι  
 δρᾶσαί τι κακὸν τοὺς πέλας αὐταὶ  
 πεισόμεθ', ὥσπερ τὸ δίκαιον;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

1250 πρόσπολοι, διωκόμεσθα θανασίμους ἐπὶ σφαγῆς,  
 Πυθία ψήφῳ κρατηθεῖς, ἔκδοτος δὲ γίγνομαι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἴσμεν, ὦ τάλαινα, τὰς σὰς συμφοράς, ἴν' εἶ  
 τύχης.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ποῖ φύγω δῆτ'; ἐκ γὰρ οἴκων προύλαβον μόγισ  
 πόδα,  
 μὴ θανεῖν· κλοπῇ δ' ἀφίγμαι διαφυγούσα πολε-  
 μίους.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ποῖ δ' ἂν ἄλλοσ' ἢ 'πὶ βωμόν;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

καὶ τί μοι πλέον τόδε;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἰκέτιν οὐ θέμις φονεύειν.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τῷ νόμῳ δέ γ' ὄλλυμαι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

χειρία γ' ἀλοῦσα.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

καὶ μὴν οἶδ' ἀγωνισταὶ πικροὶ  
 δεῦρ' ἐπείγονται ξιφήρεις.

## ION

O hapless queen, upon thy life what ending  
Of agony shall light!

O God! is justice' sword on *us* descending,  
Who thought to smite?

*Enter CREUSA in haste.*

CREUSA

Maidens, I am chased: the blood-hounds are upon  
my track to slay;

1250

For the Pythian vote hath doomed me, given me up  
to be their prey!

CHORUS

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

CREUSA

Whither fly? What refuge? Scarce from forth the  
house my feet could flee

Ere the death rushed in. Through throngs of foe-  
men slipt I stealthily.

CHORUS

What thy refuge save the altar?

CREUSA

How shall this avail my need?

CHORUS

Impious 'tis to slay the suppliant.

CREUSA

Yet the law my death decreed.

CHORUS

Ay, but first their hands must hold thee.

CREUSA

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

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἴξε νυν πυρᾶς ἔπι.

1260 ἦν θάνης γὰρ ἐνθάδ' οὔσα, τοῖς ἀποκτείναςί σε  
προστρόπαιον αἶμα θήσεις· οἰστέον δὲ τὴν τύχην.

ΙΩΝ

ὦ ταυρόμορφον ὄμμα Κηφισοῦ πατρός,  
οἶαν ἔχιδναν τήνδ' ἔφυσας ἢ πυρὸς  
δράκοντ' ἀναβλέποντα φοινίαν φλόγα,  
ἦ τόλμα πᾶσ' ἔνεστιν, οὐδ' ἤσσων ἔφω  
Γοργοῦς σταλαγμῶν, οἷς ἔμελλέ με κτανεῖν.  
λάζυσθ', ἴν' αὐτῆς τοὺς ἀκηράτους πλόκους  
κόμης καταξήνωσι Παρνασοῦ πλάκες,  
ὄθεν πετραῖον ἄλμα δισκηθήσεται.  
1270 ἐσθλοῦ δ' ἔκρυσσα δαίμονος, πρὶν ἐς πόλιν  
μολεῖν Ἀθηνῶν χυπὸ μητρυιὰν πεσεῖν.  
ἐν συμμάχοις γὰρ ἀνεμετρησάμην φρένας  
τὰς σίας, ὅσον μοι πῆμα δυσμενῆς τ' ἔφω·  
εἶσω γὰρ ἂν με περιβαλοῦσα δικτύων  
ἄρδην ἂν ἐξέπεμψας εἰς Ἄιδου δόμους.  
ἀλλ' οὔτε βωμὸς οὔτ' Ἀπόλλωνος δόμος  
σώσει σ'. ὁ δ' οἶκτος ὁ σὸς ἐμοὶ κρείσσων πάρα  
καὶ μητρὶ τήμῃ· καὶ γὰρ εἰ τὸ σῶμά μοι  
ἄπεστιν αὐτῆς, τοῦνομ' οὐκ ἄπεστί πω.  
1280 ἴδεσθε τὴν πανοῦργον, ἐκ τέχνης τέχνην  
οἶαν ἔπλεξε· βωμὸν ἔπτηξεν θεοῦ,  
ὡς οὐ δίκην δώσουσα τῶν εἰργασμένων.



## ION

CREUSA

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

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

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

*Enter ION with armed men followed by a crowd.*

ION

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

<sup>1</sup> Praxithea, Creusa's mother, was grand-daughter of this River-god.

ΙΩΝ

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἀπεννέπω σε μὴ κατακτείνειν ἐμὲ  
ὑπέρ τ' ἐμαντῆς τοῦ θεοῦ θ' ἴν' ἔσταμεν.

ΙΩΝ

τί δ' ἐστὶ Φοίβω σοί τε κοινὸν ἐν μέσῳ ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἱερὸν τὸ σῶμα τῷ θεῷ δίδωμ' ἔχειν.

ΙΩΝ

κἄτ' ἔκτανες σὺ φαρμάκοις τὸν τοῦ θεοῦ ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἀλλ' οὐκέτ' ἦσθα Λοξίου, πατρός δὲ σοῦ.

ΙΩΝ

ἀλλ' ἐγενόμεσθα, πατρός ἀπουσίαν<sup>1</sup> λέγω.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

οὐκουν τότ' ἦσθα ; νῦν δ' ἐγώ, σὺ δ' οὐκέτ' εἶ.

ΙΩΝ

1290 οὐκ εὐσεβῆς γε· τὰμὰ δ' εὐσεβῆ τότ' ἦν.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἔκτεινά σ' ὄντα πολέμιον δόμοις ἐμοῖς.

ΙΩΝ

οὔτοι σὺν ὄπλοις ἦλθον εἰς τὴν σὴν χθόνα.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

μάλιστα· κἀπίμπρας γ' Ἐρεχθέως δόμους.

ΙΩΝ

ποίοισι πανοῖς ἢ πυρὸς ποία φλογί ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἔμελλες οἰκεῖν τὰμ', ἐμοῦ βία λαβών.

ΙΩΝ

πατρός γε γῆν διδόντος ἦν ἐκτήσατο.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τοῖς Λιόλου δὲ πῶς μετῆν τῆς Παλλάδος ;

<sup>1</sup> Seidler : for δ' οὐσίαν of MSS.

## ION

CREUSA

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

ION

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

CREUSA

Myself I give to the God, a sacred thing.

ION

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

CREUSA

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

ION

His I became while father I had none.

CREUSA

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

ION

Blasphemer!—his? His reverent child was I.

1290

CREUSA

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

ION

I came not sword in hand against thy land.

CREUSA

No?—Thou wouldst set Erechtheus' halls aflame.

ION

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

CREUSA

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

ION

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

CREUSA

What part have Aeolus' sons in Pallas' land?

ΙΩΝ

ΙΩΝ

ὄπλοισιν αὐτήν, οὐ λόγοις ἐρρύσατο

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἐπίκουρος οἰκήτωρ γ' ἂν οὐκ εἶη χθονός.

ΙΩΝ

κᾶπειτα τοῦ μέλλειν μ' ἀπέκτεινες φόβῳ ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

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

ΙΩΝ

φθονεῖς ἄπαις οὐσ', εἰ πατήρ ἐξηῦρέ με.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

σὺ τῶν ἀτέκνων δῆτ' ἀναρπάσεις δόμους ;

ΙΩΝ

ἡμῖν δέ γ' ἀλλὰ πατρικῆς οὐκ ἦν μέρος ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ὄσ' ἀσπίς ἔγχος θ' ἦδε σοὶ παμπησία.

ΙΩΝ

ἔκλειπε βωμὸν καὶ θεηλάτους ἔδρας.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τὴν σὴν ὄπου σοὶ μητέρ' ἐστὶ νουθέτει.

ΙΩΝ

σὺ δ' οὐχ ὑφέξεις ζημίαν, κτείνουσ' ἐμέ ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἦν γ' ἐντὸς ἀδύτων τῶνδέ με σφάξαι θέλῃς.

ΙΩΝ

τίς ἡδονή σοὶ θεοῦ θανεῖν ἐν στέμμασι ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

λυπήσομέν τιν', ὧν λελυπήμεσθ' ὕπο.

ΙΩΝ

φεῦ.

δεινόν γε, θνητοῖς τοὺς νόμους ὡς οὐ καλῶς  
ἔθηκεν ὁ θεὸς οὐδ' ἀπὸ γνώμης σοφῆς·

1300

1310

ION

ION

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

CREUSA

Should allies in possession take the land!

ION

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

CREUSA

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

ION

Childless, dost grudge my father finding me?

CREUSA

What, shalt thou seize all childless parents' homes?

ION

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

CREUSA

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

ION

Hence!—leave the altar and the hallowed seat!

CREUSA

Lesson thy mother, wheresoe'er she be.

ION

Shalt thou not suffer, who wouldst murder me?

CREUSA

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

ION

What joy hast thou mid Phoebus' wreaths to die? 1310

CREUSA

So shall I trouble Him who troubled me.

ION

Out upon this!

Shame, that a God ordained unrighteous laws  
For mortals, statutes not in wisdom framed!

τοὺς μὲν γὰρ ἀδίκους βωμὸν οὐχ ἵζειν ἐχρῆν,  
 ἀλλ' ἐξελαύνειν· οὐδὲ γὰρ ψαύειν καλὸν  
 θεῶν πονηρὰν χεῖρα· τοῖσι δ' ἐνδίοις  
 ἱερὰ καθίζειν, ὅστις ἠδικεῖτ', ἐχρῆν,  
 καὶ μὴ ἔπι ταῦτ' οὗτ' ἰόντ' ἔχειν ἴσον  
 τόν τ' ἐσθλὸν ὄντα τόν τε μὴ θεῶν πάρα.

ΠΥΘΙΑ

1320

ἐπίσχεσ, ὦ παῖ· τρίποδα γὰρ χρηστήριον  
 λιπούσα θριγκοῦ τοῦδ' ὑπερβάλλω πόδα  
 Φοῖβου προφήτης, τρίποδος ἀρχαῖον νόμον  
 σάζουσα, πασῶν Δελφίδων ἐξαίρετος.

ΙΩΝ

χαῖρ', ὦ φίλη μοι μήτηρ, οὐ τεκοῦσά περ.

ΠΥΘΙΑ

ἀλλ' οὖν ἐλεγόμεσθ'· ἡ φάτις δ' οὐ μοι πικρά.

ΙΩΝ

ἤκουσας ὡς μ' ἔκτεινεν ἦδε μηχαναῖς ;

ΠΥΘΙΑ

ἤκουσα· καὶ σύ γ' ὠμὸς ὢν ἀμαρτάνεις.

ΙΩΝ

οὐ χρή με τοὺς κτείνοντας ἀνταπολλύναι ;

ΠΥΘΙΑ

προγονοῖς δάμαρτες δυσμενεῖς αἰεί ποτε.

ΙΩΝ

1330

ἡμεῖς δὲ μητρυαῖς γε πάσχοντες κακῶς.

ΠΥΘΙΑ

μὴ ταῦτα· λείπων ἱερὰ καὶ στείχων πάτραν—

ΙΩΝ

τί δή με δρᾶσαι νουθετούμενον χρεῶν ;

## ION

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

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

PYTHIA

Forbear, my son. The seat of prophecy 1320  
 I leave, and step across this temple-fence,  
 Priestess of Phoebus, chosen of Delphi's daughters  
 To guard his tripod's immemorial use.

ION

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

PYTHIA

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

ION

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

PYTHIA

I heard: yet is thy ruthlessness all wrong.

ION

Shall I not pay death-wage to murderers?

PYTHIA

To stepsons from of old have wives been foes.

ION

Yea, I withal of stepdames have foul wrong. 1330

PYTHIA

Ah hush! Thou leav'st the fane, thou farest home—

ION

What must I do then at thy counselling?

ΙΩΝ

ΠΥΘΙΑ

καθαρὸς Ἀθήνας ἔλθ' ὑπ' οἰωνῶν καλῶν.

ΙΩΝ

καθαρὸς ἅπας τοι πολεμίους ὃς ἂν κτάνη.

ΠΥΘΙΑ

μὴ σύ γε παρ' ἡμῶν δ' ἔκλαβ' οὐς ἔχω λόγους.

ΙΩΝ

λέγοις ἄν· εὖνους δ' οὐσ' ἐρεῖς ὅσ' ἂν λέγῃς.

ΠΥΘΙΑ

ὄραῖς τόδ' ἄγγος χερὸς ὑπ' ἀγκάλαις ἐμαῖς ;

ΙΩΝ

ὀρώ παλαιὰν ἀντίπηγ' ἐν στέμμασιν.

ΠΥΘΙΑ

ἐν τῇδέ σ' ἔλαβον νεόγονον βρέφος ποτέ.

ΙΩΝ

1340

τί φῆς ; ὁ μῦθος εἰσενήνεκται νέος.

ΠΥΘΙΑ

σιγῇ γὰρ εἶχον αὐτά· νῦν δὲ δείκνυμεν.

ΙΩΝ

πῶς οὖν ἔκρυπτες τόδε λαβοῦσ' ἡμᾶς πάλαι ;

ΠΥΘΙΑ

ὁ θεός σ' ἐβούλετ' ἐν δόμοις ἔχειν λάτριν.

ΙΩΝ

νῦν δ' οὐχὶ χρήζει ; τῷ τόδε γινῶναί με χρή ;

ΠΥΘΙΑ

πατέρα κατειπὼν τῆσδέ σ' ἐκπέμπει χθονός.

ΙΩΝ

σὺ δ' ἐκ κελευσμῶν ἢ πόθεν σῶζεις τάδε ;

ΠΥΘΙΑ

ἐνθύμιόν μοι τότε τίθησι Λοξίας—

ΙΩΝ

τί χρῆμα δρᾶσαι ; λέγε, πέραινε σοὺς λόγους.



ION

PYTHIA

With clean hands and fair omens go to Athens.

ION

Clean are the hands of whoso slays his foes.

PYTHIA

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

ION

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

PYTHIA

Seest thou this chest here cradled in mine arms ?

ION

I see an ancient ark with fillets dight.

PYTHIA

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

ION

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

PYTHIA

Yea, I kept silence. I reveal it now.

ION

Why hide from me so long this found of thee ?

PYTHIA

The God would have thee minister in his house.

ION

Nor needeth now ? How shall I know it so ?

PYTHIA

Showing thy sire, he sends thee forth the land.

ION

Thou, by commandment keptest thou these things ?

PYTHIA

On that day Loxias put it in mine heart—

ION

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

ΙΩΝ

ΠΥΘΙΑ

σῶσαι τόδ' εὐρημ' εἰς τὸν ὄντα νῦν χρόνον.

ΙΩΝ

1350

ἔχει δέ μοι τί κέρδος ἢ τίνα βλάβην ;

ΠΥΘΙΑ

ἐνθάδε κέκρυπται σπάργαν' οἷς ἐνήσθα σύ.

ΙΩΝ

μητρὸς τάδ' ἡμῖν ἐκφέρεις ζητήματα ;

ΠΥΘΙΑ

ἐπεὶ γ' ὁ δαίμων βούλεται· πάροιθε δ' οὔ.

ΙΩΝ

ὦ μακαρίων μοι φασμάτων ἦδ' ἡμέρα.

ΠΥΘΙΑ

λαβὼν νυν αὐτὰ τὴν τεκοῦσαν ἐκπύνει.

ΙΩΝ

πᾶσαν δ' ἐπελθὼν Ἀσιάδ' Εὐρώπης θ' ὄρους ;

ΠΥΘΙΑ

1360  
γνώσει τάδ' αὐτός. τοῦ θεοῦ δ' ἕκατί σε  
ἔθρεψά τ', ὦ παῖ, καὶ τάδ' ἀποδίδωμί σοι,  
ἂ κείνος ἀκέλευστόν μ' ἐβουλήθη λαβεῖν  
σῶσαί θ'. ὅτου δέ γ' εἴνεκ', οὐκ ἔχω λέγειν.  
ἦδει δὲ θνητῶν οὔτις ἀνθρώπων τάδε  
ἔχοντας ἡμᾶς, οὐδ' ἴν' ἦν κεκρυμμένα.  
καὶ χαῖρ' ἴσον γάρ σ' ὡς τεκοῦσ' ἀσπάζομαι.  
ἄρξαι δ' ὄθεν σὴν μητέρα ζητεῖν σε χρή·  
πρῶτον μὲν εἴ τις Δελφίδων τεκοῦσά σε  
εἰς τούσδε ναοὺς ἐξέθηκε παρθένος,  
ἔπειτα δ' εἴ τις Ἑλλάς· ἐξ ἡμῶν δ' ἔχεις  
ἅπαντα Φοίβου θ', ὃς μετέσχε τῆς τύχης.

ION

PYTHIA

To keep this treasure-trove against this hour.

ION

What profit or what hurt hath this for me? 1350

PYTHIA

This hides the swaddling bands that wrapped thee then.

ION

My mother!—clues be these for finding her?

PYTHIA

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

ION

O day of blessed revelations this!

PYTHIA

Take them—rest not until thou find thy mother.

ION

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

PYTHIA

Thou shalt not err, thou. For the God's own sake  
I nursed thee, boy: these give I back to thee,  
Which his unspoken will then made me take  
And guard. Why thus he willed I cannot tell: 1360  
But none of mortal men was ware that I  
Had these, nor hidden in what place they lay.  
Farewell . . . for as a mother kiss I thee.

*Turns to go, but resumes—*

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

ΙΩΝ

ΙΩΝ

1370

φεῦ φεῦ· κατ' ὄσσων ὡς ὑγρὸν βάλλω δάκρυ,  
ἐκείσε τὸν νοῦν δούς, ὄθ' ἢ τεκοῦσά με  
κρυφαῖα νυμφευθεῖς' ἀπημπόλα λάθρα  
καὶ μαστὸν οὐχ ὑπέσχευ· ἀλλ' ἀνώνυμος  
ἐν θεοῦ μελάθροις εἶχον οἰκέτην βίον.

1380

τὰ τοῦ θεοῦ μὲν χρηστά, τοῦ δὲ δαίμονος  
βαρέα· χρόνον γὰρ ὄν μ' ἐχρῆν ἐν ἀγκάλαις  
μητρὸς τρυφῆσαι καὶ τι τερφθῆναι βίον,  
ἀπεστερήθην φιλτάτης μητρὸς τροφῆς.

τλήμων δε χῆ τεκοῦσά μ', ὡς ταῦτον πάθος  
πέπονθε, παιδὸς ἀπολέσασα χαρμονάς.

καὶ νῦν λαβὼν τήνδ' ἀντίπηγ' οἴσω θεῶ  
ἀνάθημ', ἵν' εὔρω μηδὲν ὦν οὐ βούλομαι.

εἰ γὰρ με δούλη τυγχάνει τεκοῦσά τις,  
εὐρεῖν κάκιον μητέρ' ἢ σιγῶντ' ἔαν.

ὦ Φοῖβε, ναοῖς ἀνατίθημι τήνδε σοῖς.

καίτοι τί πάσχω ; τοῦ θεοῦ προθυμία  
πολεμῶ, τὰ μητρὸς σύμβολ' ὃς σέσωκέ μοι.  
ἀνοικτέον τὰδ' ἐστὶ καὶ τολμητέον.

1390

τὰ γὰρ πεπρωμέν' οὐχ ὑπερβαίην ποτ' ἄν.

ὦ στέμμαθ' ἱερά, τί ποτέ μοι κεκεύθατε,

καὶ σύνδεθ', οἷσι τᾶμ' ἐφρουρήθη φίλα ;

ἰδοὺ περίπτυγμ' ἀντίπηγος εὐκύκλου

ὡς οὐ γεγήρακ' ἔκ τινος θεηλάτου,

εὐρώς τ' ἄπεστι πλεγμάτων· ὁ δ' ἐν μέσῳ

χρόνος πολὺς δὴ τοῖσδε θησαυρίσμασιν.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τί δῆτα φάσμα τῶν ἀνελπίστων ὀρώ ;

ΙΩΝ

σίγα σύ· πολλὰ καὶ πάροιθεν οἶσθα μοι.

ION

ION

Ah me, mine eyes are drowned in streaming tears,  
 As leaps my thought to that day when the bride 1370  
 Betrayed, who bare, by stealth to thraldom sold me,  
 Nor ever suckled me : but nameless all  
 In the God's court I lived a servant's life.  
 Kind was the God's part, but my fortune's hand  
 Heavy ; for while I should of right have lain  
 Soft in a mother's arms, and known life's joy,  
 Of a sweet mother's care was I bereft.

O hapless she who bare me, who hath suffered  
 Like me, hath lost the joys of motherhood !  
 But this ark will I bear unto the God, 1380  
 An offering—lest I find aught I would not.  
 For, if perchance a slave-girl gave me birth,  
 'Twere worse to find a mother than let be.  
 Phoebus, I offer this unto thy fane . . .  
 What ails me? Lo, I fight against the favour  
 Of Him who saved for me my mother's tokens !  
 This must I open, face what must be faced ;  
 For never can I overstep my doom.

Ah, sacred fillets, what have ye hid for me,  
 O bands wherein mine heart's desire was kept ? 1390  
 Lo, the enwrapping of the ark's fair curve,  
 How by a miracle it waxed not old ;  
 The osier-plaitings mouldless !—yet long time  
 Since then hath o'er these treasure-relics passed.

CREUSA

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

ION

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

ΙΩΝ

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

οὐκ ἐν σιωπῇ τὰμά· μή με νουθέτει.  
 ὀρῶ γὰρ ἄγγος οὐξέθηκ' ἐγὼ ποτε  
 σέ γ', ὦ τέκνον μοι, βρέφος ἔτ' ὄντα νήπιον,  
 Κέκροπος ἐς ἄντρα καὶ Μακρὰς πετρηρεφεῖς.  
 1400 λείψω δὲ βωμὸν τόνδε, κεῖ θανεῖν με χρή.

ΙΩΝ

λάζυσθε τήνδε· θεομανῆς γὰρ ἦλατο  
 βωμοῦ λιποῦσα ξόανα· δεῖτε δ' ὠλένας.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

σφάζοντες οὐ λήγοιτ' ἄν· ὡς ἀνθέξομαι  
 καὶ τῆσδε καὶ σοῦ τῶν τε σῶν κεκρυμμένων.

ΙΩΝ

τίδ' οὐχὶ δεινά ; ῥυσιάζομαι λόγῳ.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

οὐκ, ἀλλὰ σοῖς φίλοισιν εὐρίσκει φίλος.

ΙΩΝ

ἐγὼ φίλος σός ; κατὰ μ' ἔκτεινες λάθρα ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

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

ΙΩΝ

1410 παῦσαι πλέκουσα· λήψομαί σ' ἐγὼ καλῶς.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

εἰς τοῦθ' ἰκοίμην, τοῦδε τοξεύω, τέκνον.

ΙΩΝ

κενὸν τόδ' ἄγγος ἢ στέγει πλήρωμά τι ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

σά γ' ἔνδυθ', οἰσί σ' ἐξέθηκ' ἐγὼ ποτε.

ΙΩΝ

καὶ τοῦνομ' αὐτῶν ἐξερεῖς πρὶν εἰσιδεῖν ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

κἂν μὴ φράσω γε, κατθανεῖν ὑφίσταμαι.

## ION

CREUSA

Not for me silence! Teach not me my part!  
 I see the ark wherein I set thee forth,—  
 Thee, O my child, my babbling baby then,—  
 In Cærops' cave, beneath the Long Cliff's brow! 1400  
 This altar will I leave, yea, though I die.

*[Flings her arms round his neck.]*

ION

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

CREUSA

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

ION

Foul outrage! I am kidnapped by her tongue!

CREUSA

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

ION

I thy beloved—whom thou wouldst slay by stealth!

CREUSA

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

ION

Cease!—I shall take thee mid thy webs of guile. 1410

CREUSA

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

ION

Void is this ark, or somewhat doth it hide?

CREUSA

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

ION

Speak out and name them ere thine eyes behold.

CREUSA

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

ΙΩΝ

ΙΩΝ

λέγ'. ὡς ἔχει τι δεινὸν ἢ τόλμη γέ σου.

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

σκέψασθ' ὁ παῖς ποτ' οὐσ' ὕφασμ' ὕφην' ἐγώ·

ΙΩΝ

ποιῶν τι ; πολλὰ παρθένων ὑφάσματα.

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

οὐ τέλεον, οἶον δ' ἐκδίδαγμα κερκίδος.

ΙΩΝ

1420 μορφὴν ἔχον τίν' ; ὥς με μὴ ταύτη λάβης.

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

Γοργῶν μὲν ἐν μέσοισιν ἠτρίοις πέπλων.

ΙΩΝ

ὦ Ζεῦ, τίς ἡμᾶς ἐκκυνηγετεῖ πότμος ;

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

κεκρασπέδωται δ' ὄφεισιν αἰγίδος τρόπον.

ΙΩΝ

ἰδού.

τόδ' ἔσθ' ὕφασμα· θέσφαθ' ὡς εὐρίσκομεν.

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

ὦ χρόνιον ἰστῶν παρθένευμα τῶν ἐμῶν.

ΙΩΝ

ἔστιν τι πρὸς τῷδ', ἢ μόνω τῷδ' εὐτυχεῖς ;

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

δράκοντες· ἀρχαῖόν τι παγχρύσῳ γένυι.  
δῶρημ' Ἀθάνας, ἢ τέκν' ἐντρέφειν λέγει.  
Ἐριχθονίου γε τοῦ πάλαι μιμήματα.

ΙΩΝ

1430 τί δρᾶν, τί χρῆσθαι, φράζε μοι, χρυσώματι ;

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

δέραια παιδὶ νεογόνῳ φέρειν, τέκνον.



ION

ION

Say on :—'tis passing strange, thy confidence

CREUSA

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

ION

Its fashion ?—girls be ever weaving webs.

CREUSA

No perfect work ; 'twas but a prentice hand.

ION

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

1420

CREUSA

A Gorgon in the mid-threads of a shawl.

ION (*aside*)

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

CREUSA

'Tis fringed with serpents—with the Aegis-fringe

ION

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

How strangely find we here the oracle !

CREUSA

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

ION

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

CREUSA

Serpents, an old device, with golden jaws—

Athena's gift, who biddeth deck babes so—

Moulded from Erichthonius' snakes of old.

ION

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

1430

CREUSA

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

ΙΩΝ

ΙΩΝ

ἔνεισιν οἶδε· τὸ δὲ τρίτον ποθῶ μαθεῖν.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

στέφανον ἐλαίας ἀμφέθηκά σοι τότε,  
ἦν πρῶτ' Ἰθάνα σκόπελον ἐξηνέγκατο,  
ὅς, εἴπερ ἔστιν, οὔ ποτ' ἐκλείπει χλόην,  
θάλλει δ' ἐλαίας ἐξ ἀκηράτου γεγώς.

ΙΩΝ

ὦ φιλτάτη μοι μήτηρ, ἄσμενός σ' ἰδὼν  
πρὸς ἀσμένης πέπτωκα σὰς παρηίδας.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

1440

ὦ τέκνον, ὦ φῶς μητρὶ κρεῖσσον ἡλίου—  
συγγνώσεται γὰρ ὁ θεός—ἐν χεροῖν σ' ἔχω,  
ἄελπτου εὖρημ', ὄν κατὰ γᾶς ἐνέρων  
χθόνιον μετὰ Περσεφόνας τ' ἐδόκουν ναίειν.

ΙΩΝ

ἄλλ', ὦ φίλη μοι μήτηρ, ἐν χεροῖν σέθεν  
ὁ κατθανὼν τε κού θανὼν φαντάζομαι.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἰὼ ἰώ, λαμπρᾶς αἰθέρος ἀμπτυχαί,  
τίν' αὐδὰν ἀύσω,  
βοάσω ; πόθεν μοι  
συνέκυρσ' ἀδόκητος ἡδονά ; πόθεν  
ἐλάβομεν χαράν ;

ΙΩΝ

1450

ἐμοὶ γενέσθαι πάντα μᾶλλον ἂν ποτε,  
μήτηρ, παρέστη τῶνδ', ὅπως σός εἰμ' ἐγώ.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἔτι φόβῳ τρέμω.

ΙΩΝ

μῶν οὐκ ἔχειν μ' ἔχουσα ;

ION

ION

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

CREUSA

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

ION

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

CREUSA

Child !—light to mother better than the sun —  
 The God will pardon—I have thee in mine arms, 1440  
 Unhoped treasure-trove !—as a dweller in Hades, so  
 thought I of thee,  
 An abider mid nethergloom shades with Persephone.

ION

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

CREUSA

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

ION

Naught were so strange, but I had looked for that, 1450  
 O mother, rather than to know me thine.

CREUSA

Still I tremble with dread—

ION

Lest holding thou hold me not ?

ΙΩΝ

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τὰς γὰρ ἐλπίδας  
ἀπέβαλον πρόσω.  
ὦ γύναι, πόθεν πόθεν ἔλαβες ἐμὸν  
βρέφος ἐς ἀγκάλας ;  
τίν' ἀνὰ χέρα δόμους ἔβα Λοξίου ;

ΙΩΝ

θεῖον τόδ'· ἀλλὰ τὰπίλοιπα τῆς τύχης  
εὐδαιμονοῖμεν, ὡς τὰ πρόσθε δυστυχῆ.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τέκνον, οὐκ ἀδάκρυτος ἐκλοχεύει,  
γούσις δὲ ματρὸς ἐκ χερῶν ὀρίζει·  
1460 νῦν δὲ γενειάσιν παρὰ σέθεν πνέω  
μακαριωτάτας τυχοῦσ' ἡδονᾶς.

ΙΩΝ

τοῦμὸν λέγουσα καὶ τὸ σὸν κοινῶς λέγεις.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἄπαιδες οὐκέτ' ἐσμὲν οὐδ' ἄτεκνοι·  
δῶμ' ἐστιοῦται, γὰρ δ' ἔχει τυράννουσ·  
ἀνηβᾶ δ' Ἐρεχθεύς,  
ὃ τε γηγενέτας δόμος οὐκέτι νύκτα  
δέρκεται, ἀελίου δ' ἀναβλέπει λαμπάσιν.

ΙΩΝ

μητέρα, παρῶν μοι καὶ πατὴρ μετασχέτω  
τῆς ἡδονῆς τῆσδ' ἧς ἔδωχ' ὑμῖν ἐγώ.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

1470 ὦ τέκνον, τί φῆς ; οἶον οἶον ἀνελέγχομαι.

## ION

CREUSA

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

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

ION

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

CREUSA

At thy birth-travail, O my child, was there many a  
tear: [many a moan:  
Thou wert torn from the arms of thy mother with  
And now on thy cheeks is my breath: my darling is 1460  
here! [known!  
The uttermost bliss of the Blessèd, lo, now have I

ION

Thou speakest for mine heart and thine, as one.

CREUSA

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

ION

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

CREUSA

O child, child, what sayest thou?—must the shame  
be laid bare of thy mother? 1470

ΙΩΝ

ΙΩΝ

πῶς εἶπας ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἄλλοθεν γέγονας, ἄλλοθεν.

ΙΩΝ

ᾧμοι νόθον με παρθένευμ' ἔτικτε σόν ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

οὐχ ὑπὸ λαμπάδων οὐδὲ χορευμάτων  
ὑμέναιος ἐμός,  
τέκνον, ἔτικτε σὸν κῆρα.

ΙΩΝ

αἰαῖ· πέφυκα δυσγενής, μήτηρ, πόθεν ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἴστω Γοργοφόνα—

ΙΩΝ

τί τοῦτ' ἔλεξας ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

1480

ἂ σκοπέλοις ἐπ' ἐμοῖς  
τὸν ἐλαιοφυῆ πάγον θάσσει—

ΙΩΝ

λέγεις μοι δόλια κού σαφῆ τάδε.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

παρ' ἀηδόνιον πέτραν Φοῖβω—

ΙΩΝ

τί Φοῖβον αὐδαῖς ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

κρυπτόμενον λέχος ἠυνάσθην.

ΙΩΝ

λέγ'· ὡς ἐρεῖς τι κεδνὸν εὐτυχές τε μοι.

ION

ION

What is this thou hast said ?

CREUSA

Of another thou camest—oh, of another !

ION

Woe's me ! a bastard ?—child of maiden's shame ?

CREUSA

No torches were gleaming, no raiment outstreaming  
In the dance, my child, for the bridal bed  
Which brought to the birth thy dear-loved head !

ION

Alas ! base-born am I ?—O mother, whence ?

CREUSA

Be witness the Gorgon slaying Maid—

ION

What is this ?—what meaneth the word thou hast  
said ?

CREUSA

Who hath set on my watch-tower crags her throne  
On the hill with her olives overgrown,—

1450

ION

Dark sayings are these, and I cannot interpret the  
thing.

CREUSA

Unto Phoebus beside the rock where the nightin-  
gales sing—

ION

What should of Phoebus by thee be said ?

CREUSA

In a bridal from all men hid was I wed.

ION

Say on : glad tidings this and fortune fair !

ΙΩΝ

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

δεκάτῳ δέ σε μηνὸς ἐν  
κύκλῳ κρύφιον ὠδὶν' ἔτεκον Φοιβῶ.

ΙΩΝ

ὦ φίλτατ' εἰποῦσ', εἰ λέγεις ἐτήτυμα.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

1490

παρθένια δ' ἐμοῦ<sup>1</sup> ματέρος  
σπάργαν' ἀμφίβρολά σοι τάδ' ἐν-  
ἦψα, κερκίδος ἐμᾶς πλάνους.  
γάλακτι δ' οὐκ ἐπέσχον, οὐδὲ μαστῶ  
τροφεῖα ματρὸς οὐδὲ λουτρὰ χειροῖν,  
ἀνὰ δ' ἄντρον ἔρημον οἰωνῶν  
γαμφηλαῖς φόνευμα θοίναμά τ' εἰς  
"Λιδαν ἐκβάλλει.

ΙΩΝ

ὦ δεινὰ τλάσα μῆτερ.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

1500

ἐν φόβῳ καταδεθεῖσα σὰν  
ψυχὰν ἀπέβαλον, τέκνον·  
ἔκτεινά σ' ἄκουσ'.

ΙΩΝ

ἐξ ἐμοῦ τ' οὐχ ὅσι' ἔθνησκες.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἰὼ· δειναὶ μὲν τότε τύχαι,  
δεινὰ δὲ καὶ τάδ'· ἐλισσόμεσθ' ἐκείθεν  
ἐνθάδε δυστυχίαισιν  
εὐτυχίαις τε πάλιν,  
μεθίσταται δὲ πνεύματα.  
μενέτω· τὰ πάροιθεν ἄλις κακά· νῦν δ'  
ἐγένετό τις οὔρος ἐκ κακῶν, ὦ παῖ.

<sup>1</sup> Barnes : for MSS. ἐμᾶς.



# ION

CREUSA

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

ION

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

CREUSA

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

1490

ION

O mother, what horror to do, to dare !

CREUSA

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

1500

ION

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

CREUSA

O fearful chances of that dark day,  
 And of this withal ! We are tossed to drift  
 On the surge of calamity hither and thither :

Yet anon do the winds of heaven shift,  
 And behold, we are gliding through summer  
 weather ! [suffice.

Oh may it last !—for the ills overpast should surely  
 Fair winds, my son, now are wafting us on, after  
 stormy skies.

ΙΩΝ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

1510

μηδείς δοκείτω μηδέν ἀνθρώπων ποτὲ  
ἄελπτον εἶναι πρὸς τὰ τυγχάνοντα νῦν.

ΙΩΝ

ὦ μεταβαλοῦσα μυρίους ἤδη βροτῶν  
καὶ δυστυχήσαι καυθίς αὐτῶν πρᾶξαι καλῶς,  
Τύχη, παρ' οἴαν ἤλθομεν στάθμην βίου,  
μητέρα φονεῦσαι καὶ παθεῖν ἀνάξια.  
φεῦ.

1520

ἄρ' ἐν φαενναῖς ἡλίου περιπτυχαῖς  
ἔνεστι πάντα τάδε καθ' ἡμέραν μαθεῖν ;  
φίλον μὲν οὖν σ' εὔρημα, μήτηρ, ἠὔρομεν,  
καὶ τὸ γένος οὐδὲν μεμπτόν, ὡς ἡμῖν, τόδε·  
τὰ δ' ἄλλα πρὸς σέ βούλομαι μόνην φράσαι.  
δεῦρ' ἔλθ'· ἐς οὓς σοι τοὺς λόγους εἰπεῖν θέλω  
καὶ περικαλύψαι τοῖσι πράγμασι σκότον.  
ὄρα σύ, μήτηρ, μὴ σφαλεῖς' ἂ παρθένοις  
ἐγγίγνεται νοσήματ' εἰς κρυπτοὺς γάμους,  
ἔπειτα τῷ θεῷ προστίθης τὴν αἰτίαν,  
καὶ τοῦμόν αἰσχρὸν ἀποφυγεῖν πειρωμένη,  
Φοίβω τεκεῖν με φῆς, τεκοῦς' οὐκ ἐκ θεοῦ.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

1530

μὰ τὴν παρασπίζουσαν ἄρμασίν ποτε  
Νίκην Ἀθάναν Ζηνὶ γηγενεῖς ἔπι,  
οὐκ ἔστιν ὅστις σοι πατὴρ θνητῶν, τέκνον,  
ἀλλ' ὅσπερ ἐξέθρεψε Λοξίας ἀναξ.

ΙΩΝ

πῶς οἶν τὸν αὐτοῦ παῖδ' ἔδωκ' ἄλλῳ πατρὶ,  
Ξούθου τε φησὶ παῖδά μ' ἐκπεφυκέναι ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

πεφυκέναι μὲν οὐχί, δωρεῖται δέ σε  
αὐτοῦ γεγῶτα· καὶ γὰρ ἂν φίλος φίλῳ  
δοίη τὸν αὐτοῦ παῖδα δεσπότην δόμων.

# ION

## CHORUS

Let none e'er deem aught in the lot of man  
Past hope, who marketh what to-day befalls. 1510

## ION

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

Yet somewhat would I say to thee apart. 1520  
Come hither: I would speak it in thine ear,  
And fold about with darkness that thy past.  
See to it, mother, lest thy steps have slipped,  
As maids infatuate yield to love—to shame,  
And upon Phoebus now thou chargest this,  
And, striving to escape the shame of me,  
Dost name the God my sire, who sire was none.

## CREUSA

No!—by Athena, Lady of Victory, who  
At Zeus' side chariot-borne with Giants fought,  
No mortal man was sire to thee, my son, 1530  
But he which reared thee, Loxias the King.

## ION

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

## CREUSA

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

ΙΩΝ

ΙΩΝ

ὁ θεὸς ἀληθῆς, ἣ μάτην μαντεύεται,  
ἐμοῦ ταράσσει, μήτηρ, εἰκότως φρένα.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἄκουε δὴ νυν ἅμ' ἐσήλθεν, ὦ τέκνον·  
εὐεργετῶν σε Λοξίας ἐς εὐγενῆ  
1540 δόμον καθίζει· τοῦ θεοῦ δὲ λεγόμενος,  
οὐκ ἔσχες ἄν ποτ' οὔτε παγκλήρους δόμους  
οὔτ' ὄνομα πατρός. πῶς γάρ, οὐ γ' ἐγὼ γάμους  
ἔκρυπτον αὐτὴ καί σ' ἀπέκτεινον λάθρα ;  
ὁ δ' ὠφελῶν σε προστίθησ' ἄλλω πατρί.

ΙΩΝ

οὐχ ὧδε φαύλως αὐτ' ἐγὼ μετέρχομαι,  
ἀλλ' ἱστορήσω Φοῖβον εἰσελθὼν δόμους,  
εἴτ' εἰμὶ θνητοῦ πατρὸς εἴτε Λοξίου.  
ἔα· τίς οἴκων θυοδόκων ὑπερτελῆς  
ἀντήλιον πρόσωπον ἐκφαίνει θεῶν ;  
1550 φεύγωμεν, ὦ τεκοῦσα, μὴ τὰ δαιμόνων  
ὀρῶμεν, εἰ μὴ καιρὸς ἐσθ' ἡμᾶς ὀρᾶν.

ΑΘΗΝΑ

μὴ φεύγετ'· οὐ γὰρ πολεμίαν με φεύγετε,  
ἀλλ' ἐν τ' Ἀθήναις κἀνθάδ' οὔσαν εὐμενῆ.  
ἐπώνυμος δὲ σῆς ἀφικόμην χθονός,  
Παλλάς, δρόμῳ σπεύσασ' Ἀπόλλωνος πάρα,  
ὃς εἰς μὲν ὄψιν σφῶν μολεῖν οὐκ ἤξιου,  
μὴ τῶν πάροιθε μέμψις εἰς μέσον μόλη,  
ἡμᾶς δὲ πέμπει τοὺς λόγους ὑμῖν φράσαι,  
ὡς ἦδε τίκτει σ' ἐξ Ἀπόλλωνος πατρός,  
1560 δίδωσι δ' οἷς ἔδωκεν, οὐ φύσασί σε,  
ἀλλ' ὡς κομίζῃ σ' οἶκον εὐγενέστατον.  
ἐπεὶ δ' ἀνεόχθη πρᾶγμα μηνυθὲν τόδε,  
θανεῖν σε δείσας μητρὸς ἐκ βουλευμάτων

## ION

ION

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

CREUSA

Hear now what cometh to my mind, my son ;  
 Of kindness Loxias giveth thee a place 1540  
 In a proud house : hadst thou been called his son,  
 Thou hadst had none inheritance thereof,  
 Nor a sire's name :—how couldst thou, when myself  
 Still hid his rape, yea, by thy secret death?  
 Thee for thy good to another sire he gives.

ION

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

*ATHENA appears above the temple in her chariot.*

Ha! high above the incense-breathing house  
 What God reveals a face that fronts the Sun? 1550  
 Let us flee, mother, lest we gaze on Gods,  
 Except in season meet for that great vision.

ATHENA

Fly not ; no foe am I that ye should flee,  
 But, as in Athens, here am gracious-willed.  
 I come from thy land—land that bears my name :  
 I Pallas from Apollo speed in haste,  
 Who deigned not to reveal him to your sight,  
 Else must he chide you for things overpast,  
 But sendeth me to tell to you his words :—  
 Thee this queen bare, begotten of Apollo : 1560  
 He gives to whom he gave, not that they gat thee,  
 But for thy bringing home to a princely house ;  
 Then, when the matter was laid bare and told,  
 Fearing lest thou shouldst of her plot be slain,

καὶ τήνδε πρὸς σοῦ, μηχαναῖς ἐρρύσατο.  
 ἔμελλε δ' αὐτὰ διασιωπήσας ἄναξ  
 ἐν ταῖς Ἀθήναις γνωριεῖν ταύτην τε σὴν,  
 σέ θ' ὡς πέφυκας τῆσδε καὶ Φοίβου πατρός.  
 ἀλλ' ὡς περαίνω πρᾶγμα, καὶ χρησμούς θεοῦ,  
 1570 ἐφ' οἷσιν ἔξευξ' ἄρματ', εἰσακούσατον.  
 λαβοῦσα τόνδε παῖδα Κεκροπίαν χθόνα  
 χώρει, Κρέουσα, κεῖς θρόνους τυραννικούς  
 ἰδρυσον· ἐκ γὰρ τῶν Ἐρεχθέως γεγώς  
 δίκαιος ἄρχειν τῆς ἐμῆς ὅδε χθονός.  
 ἔσται δ' ἀν' Ἑλλάδ' εὐκλείης· οἱ τοῦδε γὰρ  
 παῖδες γενόμενοι τέσσαρες ρίζης μιᾶς,  
 ἐπώνυμοι γῆς κάπιφυλίου χθονός  
 λαῶν ἔσονται, σκόπελον οἱ ναίουσ' ἐμόν.  
 Γελέων μὲν ἔσται πρῶτος· εἶτα δεύτερος

1580 "Ὀπλητες Ἀργαδῆς τ', ἐμῆς τ' ἀπ' αἰγίδος  
 ἐν φῦλον ἔξουσ' Αἰγικορῆς. οἱ τῶνδε δ' αὐ  
 παῖδες γενόμενοι σὺν χρόνῳ πεπρωμένῳ  
 Κυκλάδας ἐποικήσουσι νησαίας πόλεις  
 χέρσους τε παράλους, ὃ σθένος τῆμῃ χθονὶ  
 δίδωσιν· ἀντίπορθμα δ' ἠπείροιον δυοῖν  
 πεδία κατοικήσουσιν, Ἀσιάδος τε γῆς  
 Εὐρωπίας τε· τοῦδε δ' ὀνόματος χάριν  
 Ἴωνες ὀνομασθέντες ἔξουσιν κλέος.

1590 Ξούθῳ δὲ καὶ σοὶ γίγνεται κοινὸν γένος,  
 Δῶρος μὲν, ἔνθεν Δωρὶς ὑμνηθήσεται  
 πόλις· κατ' αἶαν Πελοπίαν δ' ὁ δεύτερος  
 Ἀχαιός, ὃς γῆς παραλίας Ἰίου πέλας  
 τύραννος ἔσται, κάπισημανθήσεται  
 κείνου κεκλήσθαι λαὸς ὄνομ' ἐπώνυμος.  
 καλῶς δ' Ἀπόλλων πάντ' ἔπραξε· πρῶτα μὲν

## ION

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

But—to make end and tell his oracles,  
 For which I yoked my chariot, hearken ye. 1570  
 Take this thy son and go to Cecrops' land,  
 Creusa, and on thrones of sovereignty  
 Seat him; for, of Erechtheus' lineage sprung,  
 Worthy he is to rule o'er mine own land.  
 Famed shall he be through Hellas; for the sons  
 Born to him, even four from this one root,  
 Shall give their names unto the several tribes  
 Of the land's folk which dwell upon mine hill.

Geleon the first shall be; the second tribe  
 Hopletes; Argades the third: the fourth, 1580  
 One tribe, of my shield named Aegicores.  
 And their sons in the fulness of the time  
 Shall found them cities in the Cyclad Isles,  
 And seaboard realms, for strength unto my land.  
 Yea, they shall people either mainland's plains  
 On either side the strait, of Asia-land  
 And Europe: and because of thy son's name  
 Ionians shall be named, and win renown.

From Xuthus too and thee a seed shall spring,  
 Dorus, of whom shall Doris song-renowned 1590  
 Arise: the second goeth to Pelops' land,  
 Achaeus; o'er the seaboard shall he reign  
 Nigh Rhion, and the people of his name  
 Among the nations shall be sealed therewith.  
 Well hath Apollo all things done: for, first,

ἄνοσον λοχεύει σ', ὥστε μὴ γνῶναι φίλους·  
 ἐπεὶ δ' ἔτικτες τόνδε παῖδα κἀπέθου  
 ἐν σπαργάνοισιν, ἀρπάσαντ' ἐς ἀγκάλας  
 Ἑρμῆν κελεύει δεῦρο πορθμεῦσαι βρέφος,  
 1600 ἔθρεψέ τ' οὐδ' εἶασεν ἐκπνεῦσαι βίον.  
 νῦν οὖν σιώπα, παῖς ὄδ' ὡς πέφυκε σός,  
 ἴν' ἡ δόκησις Ξοῦθον ἠδέως ἔχη,  
 σύ τ' αὖ τὰ σαυτῆς ἀγάθ' ἔχουσ' ἴης, γύναι.  
 καὶ χαίрет'· ἐκ γὰρ τῆσδ' ἀναψυχῆς πόνων  
 εὐδαιμόν' ὑμῖν πότμον ἐξαγγέλλομαι.

ΙΩΝ

ὦ Διὸς Παλλὰς μεγίστου θύγατερ, οὐκ ἀπιστία  
 σοὺς λόγους ἐνδεξόμεσθα· πείθομαι δ' εἶναι  
 πατρὸς  
 Λοξίου καὶ τῆσδε· καὶ πρὶν τοῦτο δ' οὐκ ἄπιστον  
 ἦν.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τὰ μὰ νῦν ἄκουσον· αἰνῶ Φοῖβον οὐκ αἰνοῦσα  
 πρίν,  
 1610 οὔνεχ' οὐ ποτ' ἠμέλησε παιδὸς ἀποδίδωσί μοι.  
 αἶδε δ' εὐωποὶ πύλαι μοι καὶ θεοῦ χρηστήρια,  
 δυσμενῆ πάροιθεν ὄντα. νῦν δὲ καὶ ῥόπτρων  
 χέρας  
 ἠδέως ἐκκρημνάμεσθα καὶ προσεννέπω πύλας.

ΑΘΗΝΑ

ἦνεσ' οὔνεκ' εὐλογοεῖς θεὸν μεταβαλοῦσ'. αἰὲ γὰρ  
 οὖν  
 χρόνια μὲν τὰ τῶν θεῶν πως, εἰς τέλος δ' οὐκ  
 ἀσθενῆ.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ὦ τέκνον, στείχωμεν οἴκους.



## ION

He gave thee health in travail ; so none knew :  
 And, when thou hadst borne this child, and cast  
     him out

In swaddling-bands, bade Hermes in his arms  
 Snatch him away, and hither waft thy babe ;  
 And nurtured him, nor suffered him to die.

1600

Now therefore say not that this lad is thine,  
 That Xuthus in his phantasy may joy,  
 And thine the substance, lady, be of bliss.

Farewell ye : after this relief from woes  
 I bring you tidings of a happy lot.

### ION

Pallas, Daughter of the Highest, child of Zeus, we  
     will receive

[believe

These thy words with no unfaith, but Loxias do I  
 Sire to me, and her my mother :—never was this  
     past belief.

### CREUSA

Hear me : Phoebus praise I, whom I praised not in  
     mine hour of grief,

[now restores.

For that whom he set at naught, his child, to me he  
 Lovely is his oracle, and fair to me these temple-  
     doors,

1610

[portal-ring,

Hateful though they were aforetime. Now unto the  
 As I bid his gates my blithe farewell, with loving  
     hands I cling.

### ATHENA

Well dost thou to turn to praises of the God : so is it  
     still—

Slow the Gods' hands haply are, but mightily at last  
     fulfil.

### CREUSA

Homeward let us pass, my son.

ΙΩΝ

ΑΘΗΝΑ

στείχεθ', ἔψομαι δ' ἐγώ.

ΙΩΝ

ἀξία γ' ἡμῶν ὄδουρός.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

καὶ φιλοῦσά γε πτόλιν.

ΑΘΗΝΑ

εἰς θρόνους δ' ἴζου παλαιούς.

ΙΩΝ

ἄξιον τὸ κτήμά μοι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὦ Διὸς Λητοῦς τ' Ἀπολλων, χαῖρ'· ὅτῳ δ'  
ἐλαύνεται

1620 συμφοραῖς οἶκος, σέβοντα δαίμονας θαρσεῖν  
χρεῶν·

εἰς τέλος γὰρ οἱ μὲν ἐσθλοὶ τυγχάνουσιν ἀξίων,  
οἱ κακοὶ δ', ὥσπερ πεφύκασ', οὔ ποτ' εὖ πρά-  
ξιαν ἔν.

## ION

ATHENA

Pass on: myself shall following come.

ION

Best way-warden art thou!

CREUSA

Thou who holdest dear our city-home

ATHENE

Seat thee on the ancient throne.

ION

A goodly heritage is mine.

CHORUS

Zeus' and Leto's Son Apollo, hail! Let him to  
powers divine

Render homage undismayed, whose house affliction's  
buffets smite:

For the good at last shall overcome, at last attain  
their right;

But the evil, by their nature's law, on good shall  
never light.

*[Exeunt in procession to marching music.]*

1620



HIPPOLYTUS



## ARGUMENT

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

ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΡΑΜΑΤΟΣ ΠΡΟΣΩΠΑ

ΑΦΡΟΔΙΤΗ

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ ΚΤΗΗΓΩΝ

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

ΧΟΡΟΣ ΤΡΟΙΖΗΝΙΩΝ ΓΥΝΑΙΚΩΝ

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ΑΡΤΕΜΙΣ



## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

APHRODITE (OF CYPRI), *the Queen of Love.*

HIPPOLYTUS, *son of Theseus and Hippolyta Queen of the Amazons.*

PHAEDRA, *daughter of Minos king of Crete, and wife of Theseus.*

NURSE OF PHAEDRA.

THESEUS, *king of Athens and Troezen.*

ARTEMIS, *Goddess of Hunting.*

SERVANT OF HIPPOLYTUS.

MESSENGER, *henchman of Hippolytus.*

CHORUS, *composed of women of Troezen.*

CHORUS of hunters.

*Attendants and handmaids.*

SCENE: Before the palace of Theseus at Troezen, where Theseus dwelt, being self-exiled for a year from Athens, to expiate the shedding of the blood of kinsmen who had sought to dethrone him.

# ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

## ΑΦΡΟΔΙΤΗ

Πολλὴ μὲν ἐν βροτοῖσι κοῦκ ἀνώνυμος  
θεὰ κέκλημαι Κύπρις, οὐρανοῦ τ' ἔσω·  
ὄσοι τε πόντου θερμόνων τ' Ἀτλαντικῶν  
ναίουσιν εἴσω φῶς ὀρώντες ἡλίου,  
τοὺς μὲν σέβοντας τὰμὰ πρεσβεύω κράτη,  
σφάλλω δ' ὄσοι φρονοῦσιν εἰς ἡμᾶς μέγα.  
ἔνεστι γὰρ δὴ κὰν θεῶν γένει τόδε,  
τιμώμενοι χαίρουσιν ἀνθρώπων ὕπο.  
δείξω δὲ μύθων τῶνδ' ἀλήθειαν τάχα·  
ὁ γάρ με Θησέως παῖς, Ἀμαζόνος τόκος  
Ἰππόλυτος, ἀγνοῦ Πιτθέως παιδεύματα,  
μόνος πολιτῶν τῆσδε γῆς Ἰτροιζηνίας  
λέγει κακίστην δαιμόνων πεφυκέναι,  
ἀναίνεται δὲ λέκτρα κοῦ ψαύει γάμων·  
Φοίβου δ' ἀδελφὴν Ἄρτεμιν Διὸς κόρην  
τιμᾶ, μεγίστην δαιμόνων ἠγούμενος·  
χλωρὰν δ' ἀν' ὕλην παρθένω ξυνῶν ἀεὶ  
κυσὶν ταχείαις θήρας ἐξαιρεῖ χθονός,  
μείζω βροτείας προσπεσῶν ὀμιλίας.  
τούτοισι μὲν νυν οὐ φθονῶ· τί γάρ με δεῖ ;  
ἂ δ' εἰς ἔμ' ἡμάρτηκε, τιμωρήσομαι  
Ἰππόλυτον ἐν τῇδ' ἡμέρα· τὰ πολλὰ δὲ  
πάλαι προκόψασ', οὐ πόνου πολλοῦ με δεῖ.

10

20

# HIPPOLYTUS

*Enter APHRODITE*

APHRODITE

Mighty on earth, mighty in heaven, am I  
Cypris the Goddess named, a glorious name.  
And of all dwellers 'twixt the Pontic Sea  
And Atlas' bourn, which look on the sun's light,  
I honour them which reverence my power,  
But bring the proud hearts that defy me low.  
For even to the Gods this appertains,  
That in the homage of mankind they joy.  
And I will give swift proof of these my words :  
For Theseus' son, born of the Amazon, 10  
Hippolytus, pure-hearted Pittheus' ward,  
Sole mid the folk of this Troezenian land  
Sayeth that vilest of the Gods am I ;  
Rejects the couch ; of marriage will he none,  
But honours Phoebus' sister Artemis,  
Zeus' child, and counts her greatest of the Gods ;  
And through the greenwood in the Maid's train  
still  
With swift hounds sweeps the wild beasts from the  
earth  
Linked with companionship too high for man. 20  
Yet this I grudge not : what is this to me ?  
But his defiance of me will I avenge  
Upon Hippolytus this day : the path  
Well-nigh is cleared ; scant pains it needeth yet.

ἐλθόντα γάρ νιν Πιπθέως ποτ' ἐκ δόμων  
 σεμνῶν ἐς ὄψιν καὶ τέλη μυστηρίων  
 Πανδίοιος γῆν, πατρὸς εὐγενῆς δάμαρ  
 ἰδοῦσα Φαίδρα καρδίαν κατείχετο  
 ἔρωτι δεινῶ τοῖς ἐμοῖς βουλευμασι.  
 καὶ πρὶν μὲν ἐλθεῖν τήνδε γῆν Τροιζηνίαν,  
 30 πέτραν παρ' αὐτὴν Παλλάδος κατόψιον  
 γῆς τῆσδε ναὸν Κύπριδος ἐγκαθίστατο,  
 ἐρῶσ' ἔρωτ' ἔκδημον· Ἴππολύτῳ δ' ἐπι  
 τὸ λοιπὸν ὠνόμαζεν ἰδρῦσθαι θεάν.  
 ἐπεὶ δὲ Θησεὺς Κεκροπίαν λείπει χθόνα,  
 μίασμα φεύγων αἵματος Παλλαντιδῶν,  
 καὶ τήνδε σὺν δάμαρτι ναυστολεῖ χθόνα,  
 ἐνιαυσίαν ἔκδημον αἰνέσας φυγῆν,  
 ἐνταῦθα δὴ στένουσα κάκπεπληγμένη  
 κέντροις ἔρωτος ἢ τάλαιν' ἀπόλλυται  
 40 σιγῆ· σύνοιδε δ' οὔτις οἰκετῶν νόσον.  
 ἀλλ' οὔτι ταύτῃ τόνδ' ἔρωτα χρὴ πεσεῖν·  
 δείξω δὲ Θησεῖ πρᾶγμα, κάκφανήσεται.  
 καὶ τὸν μὲν ἡμῖν πολέμιον νεανίαν  
 κτενεῖ πατὴρ ἀραιῖσιν, ἃς ὁ πόντιος  
 ἄναξ Ποσειδῶν ὤπασεν Θησεῖ γέρας,  
 μηδὲν μάταιον εἰς τρὶς εὔξασθαι θεῶ.  
 ἢ δ' εὐκλεῆς μὲν, ἀλλ' ὅμως ἀπόλλυται,  
 Φαίδρα· τὸ γὰρ τῆσδ' οὐ προτιμήσω κακὸν  
 τὸ μὴ οὐ παρασχεῖν τοὺς ἐμούς ἐχθροὺς ἐμοὶ  
 50 δίκην τοσαύτην ὥστ' ἐμοὶ καλῶς ἔχειν.  
 ἀλλ', εἰσορῶ γὰρ τόνδε παῖδα Θησέως  
 στείχοντα θήρας μόχθου ἐκλελοιπότα,  
 Ἴππόλυτον, ἔξω τῶνδε βήσομαι τόπων.  
 πολὺς δ' ἄμ' αὐτῷ προσπόλων ὀπισθόπους  
 κῶμος λέλακεν Ἄρτεμιν τιμῶν θεάν

## HIPPOLYTUS

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

She, ere she came to this Troezenian land,  
 Hard by the Rock of Pallas, which looks down 30  
 On this land, built to me a shrine, for love  
 Of one afar ; and for Hippolytus' sake  
 She named it " Love Fast-anchored," for all time.  
 But since from Cecrops' land forth Theseus passed,  
 Fleeing the blood-guilt of the sons of Pallas,  
 And unto this shore with his wife hath sailed,  
 Submitting unto exile for one year,  
 Thenceforward, sighing and by stings of love  
 Distraught, the hapless one wastes down to death  
 Silent : her malady no handmaid knows. 40  
 Ah, but not so shall this love's issue fall.  
 Theseus shall know this thing ; all bared shall be :  
 And him that is my foe his sire shall slay  
 By curses, whose fulfilment the Sea-king  
 Poseidon gave to Theseus in this boon—  
 To ask three things of him, nor pray in vain.  
 And she shall die—O yea, her name unstained,  
 Yet Phaedra dies : I will not so regard  
 Her pain, as not to visit on my foes  
 Such penalty as is mine honour's due. 50

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

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ὕμνοισιν· οὐ γὰρ οἶδ' ἀνεωγμένας πύλας  
 Ἰλιδου φάος τε λοίσθιον βλέπων τόδε.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

ἔπεσθ' ἄδοντες ἔπεσθε  
 τὰν Διὸς οὐραϊάν  
 Ἄρτεμιν, ἧ μελόμεσθα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ ΚΥΝΗΓΩΝ

πότνια πότνια σεμνοτάτα,  
 Ζανὸς γένεθλον,  
 χαῖρε χαῖρέ μοι, ὦ κόρα  
 Λατοῦς Ἄρτεμι καὶ Διός,  
 καλλίστα πολὺ παρθένων,  
 ἧ μέγαν κατ' οὐρανὸν  
 ναίεις εὐπατέρειαν αὐλίν,  
 Ζανὸς πολύχρυσον οἶκον.  
 χαῖρέ μοι, ὦ καλλίστα  
 καλλίστα τῶν κατ' Ὀλυμπον  
 παρθένων, Ἄρτεμι.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

σοὶ τόνδε πλεκτὸν στέφανον ἔξ ἀκηράτου  
 λειμῶνος, ὦ δέσποινα, κοσμήσας φέρω,  
 ἔνθ' οὔτε ποιμὴν ἀξιοῖ φέρβειν βοτὰ  
 οὔτ' ἠλθέ πω σίδηρος, ἀλλ' ἀκήρατον  
 μέλισσα λειμῶν ἠρινὸν διέρχεται·  
 Λιδῶς δὲ ποταμίαισι κηπεύει δρόσοις.  
 ὅσοις διδακτὸν μηδέν, ἀλλ' ἐν τῇ φύσει  
 τὸ σωφρονεῖν εἴληχεν εἰς τὰ πᾶνθ' ὁμῶς,  
 τούτοις δρέπεσθαι, τοῖς κακοῖσι δ' οὐ θέμις.  
 ἀλλ' ὦ φίλη δέσποινα, χρυσέας κόμης  
 ἀνάδημα δέξαι χειρὸς εὐσεβοῦς ἄπο.  
 μόνῳ γάρ ἐστι τοῦτ' ἐμοὶ γέρας βροτῶν·  
 σοὶ καὶ ξύνειμι καὶ λόγοις σ' ἀμείβομαι,

## HIPPOLYTUS

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

[*Exit.*

*Enter* HIPPOLYTUS *and* ATTENDANT HUNTSMEN.

HIPPOLYTUS

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

CHORUS OF HUNTSMEN

O Majesty, Daughter of Zeus, dread Queen,  
I hail thee, Artemis, now,  
O Leto's Daughter, O Zeus's child,  
Loveliest far of the Undeiled !  
In that great Home of the Mighty Father,  
The palace of Zeus, mid the glory-sheen  
Of gold — there dwellest thou.  
O Fairest, to theeward in greeting I call, 70  
Artemis, fairest of Maidens that gather  
In Olympus' hall !

HIPPOLYTUS

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

κλύων μὲν αὐδήν, ὄμμα δ' οὐχ ὀρών τὸ σόν.  
τέλος δὲ κάμψαιμ' ὥσπερ ἠρξάμην βίου.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

ἄναξ, θεοὺς γὰρ δεσπότης καλεῖν χρεών,  
ἄρ' ἄν τί μου δέξαιο βουλευσάντος εὖ ;

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

90 καὶ κάρτα γ' ἢ γὰρ οὐ σοφοὶ φαινοίμεθ' ἄν.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

οἶσθ' οὖν βροτοῖσιν ὅς καθέστηκεν νόμος ;

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

οὐκ οἶδα· τοῦ δὲ καὶ μ' ἀνιστορεῖς πέρι ;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

μισεῖν τὸ σεμνὸν καὶ τὸ μὴ πᾶσιν φίλον ;

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

ὀρθῶς γε· τίς δ' οὐ σεμνὸς ἀχθεινὸς βροτῶν ;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

ἐν δ' εὐπροσηγόροισιν ἔστι τις χάρις ;

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

πλείστη γε, καὶ κέρδος γε σὺν μόχθῳ βραχεῖ.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

ἢ κἂν θεοῖσι ταῦτὸν ἐλπίζεις τόδε ;

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

εἶπερ γε θνητοὶ θεῶν νόμοισι χρώμεθα.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

πῶς οὖν σὺ σεμνήν δαίμον' οὐ προσενέπεις ;

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

100 τίν' ; εὐλαβοῦ δὲ μή τι σοῦ σφαλῆ στόμα.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

τήνδ' ἢ πύλαισι σαῖς ἐφέστηκεν Κύπρις.



## HIPPOLYTUS

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

SERVANT

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

HIPPOLYTUS

Yea surely: else were I fool manifest.

90

SERVANT

Knowest thou then the stablished wont of men?—

HIPPOLYTUS

Not I thy drift: whereof dost question me?

SERVANT

To hate the proud reserve that owns few friends.

HIPPOLYTUS

Rightly: what proud man is not odious?

SERVANT

And in the gracious is there naught of charm?

HIPPOLYTUS

Yea, much, and profit won with little pains.

SERVANT

And deem'st thou not this same may hold with  
Gods?

HIPPOLYTUS

Yea, if men live by laws derived from Gods.

SERVANT

Why not then greet a Goddess worshipful?

HIPPOLYTUS

Whom?—have a care thy lips in no wise err.<sup>1</sup>

100

SERVANT

Even Cypris, there above thy portal set.

<sup>1</sup> "The Worshipful Goddesses" was the peculiar title of the Eumenides, whom it was ill-omened to name.

# ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

πρόσωθεν αὐτὴν ἀγνὸς ὦν ἀσπάζομαι.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

σεμνὴ γε μέντοι κἀπίσημος ἐν βροτοῖς.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

ἄλλοισιν ἄλλος θεῶν τε κἀνθρώπων μέλει.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

εὐδαιμονοίης νοῦν ἔχων ὅσον σε δεῖ.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

οὐδεὶς μ' ἀρέσκει νυκτὶ θαυμαστὸς θεῶν.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

τιμαῖσιν, ὦ παῖ, δαιμόνων χρῆσθαι χρεῶν.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

110 χωρεῖτ', ὀπαδοί, καὶ παρελθόντες δόμους  
σίτων μέλεσθε· τερπνὸν ἐκ κυναγίας  
τράπεζα πλήρης· καὶ καταψήχειν χρεῶν  
ἵππους, ὅπως ἂν ἄρμασι ζεύξας ὑπο  
βορᾶς κορεσθεὶς γυμνάσω τὰ πρόσφορα·  
τὴν σὴν δὲ Κύπριν πόλλ' ἐγὼ χαίρειν λέγω.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

120 ἡμεῖς δέ—τοὺς νέους γὰρ οὐ μιμητέον—  
φρονοῦντες οὕτως ὡς πρέπει δούλοις λέγειν,  
προσευξόμεσθα τοῖσι σοῖς ἀγάλμασι,  
δέσποινα Κύπρι. χρὴ δὲ συγγνώμην ἔχειν,  
εἴ τίς σ' ἰφ' ἠβης σπλάγχχνον ἔντονον φέρων  
μάταια βάζει· μὴ δόκει τούτου κλύειν·  
σοφωτέρους γὰρ χρὴ βροτῶν εἶναι θεοῦς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὠκεανοῦ τις ὕδωρ  
στάζουσα πέτρα λέγεται  
βαπτὰν κάλπισι ῥυτὰν

στρ. α'

## HIPPOLYTUS

HIPPOLYTUS

From far I greet her, who am undefiled.

SERVANT

Worshipful is she, glorious among men.

HIPPOLYTUS

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

SERVANT

Now prosper thou ;—be needful wisdom thine !

HIPPOLYTUS

No God who hath night-homage pleaseth me.

SERVANT

Guerdons of Gods, my son, ought men to use.

HIPPOLYTUS

Depart, mine henchmen, enter ye the halls,  
And set on bread. The full board welcome is  
When hunting's done. And one must groom mysteeds, 110  
That I may yoke them to the chariot-pole,  
Being full of meat, and breathe them in the race.  
But to thy Cypris wave I long farewell. [Exit.

SERVANT

But we—who must not tread in steps of youth—  
With whispered humbleness most meet for thralls  
Make supplication to thine images,  
Queen Cypris. It beseems thee to forgive,  
If one that bears through youth a vehement heart  
Speak folly. Be as though thou heardest not ;  
For wiser Gods should be than mortal men. [Exit. 120  
*Enter chorus of Troezenian Ladies.*

CHORUS

(*Str.* 1)

A rock there is, wherefrom, as they tell, the springs  
of the heart of the Ocean well,  
Whence the rifts of the crags overbeetling send

παγὰν προῖεῖσα κρημνῶν,  
 ὅθι μοί τις ἦν φίλα,  
 πορφύρεα φάρεα  
 ποταμῖα δρόσῳ  
 τέγγουσα, θερμῆς δ' ἐπὶ νῶτα πέτρας  
 εὐαλίου κατέβαλλ'. ὅθεν μοι  
 130 πρῶτα φάτις ἦλθε δέσποινας·

τειρομέναν νοσερᾶ ἀντ. α'  
 κοῖτα δέμας ἐντὸς ἔχειν  
 οἴκων, λεπτὰ δὲ φάρη  
 ξανθὰν κεφαλὰν σκιάζειν.  
 τριτάταν δέ νιν κλύω  
 τάνδε κατ' ἀμβροσίου  
 στόματος ἀμέραν  
 Δάματρος ἀκτᾶς δέμας ἀγνὸν ἴσχειν,  
 κρυπτῶ πάθει θανάτου θέλουσαν  
 140 κέλσαι ποτὶ τέρμα δύστανον.

ἦ σύ γ' <sup>1</sup> ἔνθεος, ὦ κούρα,  
 εἴτ' ἐκ Πανὸς εἴθ' Ἑκάτας στρ. β'  
 ἦ σεμνῶν Κορυβάντων  
 φοιτᾶς, ἦ ματρὸς ὀρείας ;  
 σὺ δ' ἀμφὶ τὰν πολύθηρον  
 Δίκτυναν ἀμπλακίαις  
 ἀνίερος ἀθύτων πελάγων τρύχει ;  
 φοιτᾶ γὰρ καὶ διὰ λίμνας  
 χέρσον θ' ὑπὲρ πελάγους  
 150 δίναις ἐν νοτίαις ἄλμας.

ἦ πόσιν, τὸν Ἐρεχθειδᾶν ἀντ. β'  
 ἀρχαγόν, τὸν εὐπατρίδαν,

<sup>1</sup> Metzger : for σὺ γὰρ of MSS.

## HIPPOLYTUS

For the plunging urns their founts outstreaming :  
 Even there did I light on a maiden, my friend,  
 As she drenched the mantles purple-gleaming  
     In the riverward-glittering spray,  
 And spread the dye of the Tyrian shell on the rocks  
 where glowing the sunbeams fell.

Hers were the lips that I first heard say  
 How wasteth our lady away :

130

(*Ant.* 1)

For a tale they told of a fevered bed, of the feet that  
 forth of her bower ne'er tread,

Of the dainty-woven veil that is cast

For a darkness over the tresses golden.

Yea, and by this hath the third day past [holden

That the queen from her fair young lips hath with-

The gift of the Lady of Corn,

Keeping her body thereof unfed, as though 'twere  
 pollution to taste of bread,

With anguish unuttered longing forlorn

One haven to win—death's bourn.

140

O queen, what if this be possession (*Str.* 2)

Of Pan or of Hecate?—

Of the Mother of Dindymus' Hill?—

Or the awful Corybant thrill?

Or hath Artemis found transgression

Of offerings unrendered in thee? [here?—

Hath the hand of the Huntress been

For she flasheth o'er mountain and mere,

And rideth her triumph-procession

Over surges and swirls of the sea.

150

Or thy princely lord, in whose leading (*Ant.* 2)

Be the hosts of Erechtheus' race,

ποιμαίνει τις ἐν οἴκοις  
 κρυπτὰ κοίτα λεχέων σῶν ;  
 ἢ ναυβάτας τις ἔπλευσεν  
 Κρήτας ἔξορμος ἀνήρ  
 λιμένα τὸν εὐξεινότατον ναύταις,  
 φάμαν πέμπων βασιλείᾳ,  
 λύπα δ' ὑπὲρ παθέων  
 εὐναία δέδεται ψυχά ;

160

φιλεῖ δὲ τᾶ δυστρόπῳ γυναικῶν  
 ἀρμονία κακὰ δύστανος  
 ἀμηχανία συνοικεῖν  
 ὠδίνων τε καὶ ἀφροσύνας.  
 δι' ἐμᾶς ἦξέν ποτε νηδύος ἄδ' αὔρα·  
 τὰν δ' εὐλοχον οὐρανιαν  
 τόξων μεδέουσαν ἀύτευν  
 Ἄρτεμιν, καί μοι πολυζήλωτος αἰεὶ  
 σὺν θεοῖσι φοιτᾶ.

ἐπωδ.

170

ἀλλ' ἦδε τροφὸς γεραιὰ πρὸ θυρῶν  
 τήνδε κομίζουσ' ἔξω μελάθρων·  
 στυγνὸν δ' ὀφρύων νέφος αὐξάνεται.  
 τί ποτ' ἔστι μαθεῖν ἔραται ψυχῇ,  
 τί δεδήληται  
 δέμας ἀλλόχροον βασιλείας.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ὦ κακὰ θνητῶν στυγεραὶ τε νόσοι.  
 τί σ' ἐγὼ δράσω ; τί δὲ μὴ δράσω ;  
 τόδε σοι φέγγος λαμπρὸν, ὃδ' αἰθηρ·  
 ἔξω δὲ δόμων ἤδη νοσερᾶς  
 δέμνια κοίτης.

180

## HIPPOLYTUS

Hath one in his halls beguiled,  
 That thy couch is in secret defiled?  
 Or hath some sea-trafficker, speeding  
 From Crete over watery ways  
 To the haven where shipmen would be,  
 Brought dolorous tidings to thee  
 That hath bowed thee with anguish exceeding  
 On thy bed through thy soul's prison-days 160

(*Epode*)

Or shall this be the discord mournful, weirdly  
 haunting, [of woman's being?

That ofttimes jarreth and jangleth the strings  
 'Tis the shadow of travail-throes nigh, a delirium  
 spirit-daunting: [have felt it shiver:

Yea, I have known it, through mine own bosom  
 But I cried to the Queen of the Bow, to the Helper  
 in travail-throe for refuge fleeing;

And by grace of the Gods she hearkeneth ever  
 my fervent request, she is there to deliver.

But lo, through the doors where cometh the grey- 170  
 haired nurse

Leading the stricken one forth of her bowers:  
 On her brows aye darker the care-cloud lowers.

My spirit is yearning to know what is this strange  
 curse,

Wherefore the queen's cheek ever is paling,  
 And her strength is failing.

*Enter PHAEDRA, NURSE, and HANDMAIDS.*

NURSE

O afflictions of mortals, O bitter pain!

What shall I do unto thee, or refrain?

Lo here is the light of the sun, the sky:

Brought forth of the halls is thy bed; hereby

Thy cushions lie. 180

δεῦρο γὰρ ἔλθειν πᾶν ἔπος ἦν σοι·  
 τάχα δ' εἰς θαλάμους σπεύσεις το πάλιν.  
 ταχὺ γὰρ σφάλλει κούδενι χαίρεις,  
 οὐδέ σ' ἄρέσκει τὸ παρόν, τὸ δ' ἀπὸν  
 φίλτερον ἡγεῖ.

190

κρεῖσσον δὲ νοσεῖν ἢ θεραπεύειν·  
 τὸ μὲν ἐστὶν ἀπλοῦν, τῷ δὲ συνάπτει  
 λύπη τε φρενῶν χερσὶν τε πόνος.  
 πᾶς δ' ὀδυνηρὸς βίος ἀνθρώπων,  
 κούκ ἔστι πόνων ἀνάπαυσις·  
 ἀλλ' ὅ τι τοῦ ζῆν φίλτερον ἄλλο  
 σκότος ἀμπίσχων κρύπτει νεφέλαις.  
 δυσέρωτες δὴ φαινόμεθ' ὄντες  
 τοῦδ', ὅ τι τοῦτο στίλβει κατὰ γῆν,  
 δι' ἀπειροσύνην ἄλλου βιότου  
 κούκ ἀπόδειξι τῶν ὑπὸ γαίας·  
 μύθοις δ' ἄλλως φερόμεσθα.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

200

αἴρετέ μου δέμας, ὀρθοῦτε κᾶρα·  
 λέλνμαι μελέων σύνδεσμα, φίλαι.  
 λάβετ' εὐπήχεις χεῖρας, πρόπολοι.  
 βαρὺ μοι κεφαλᾶς ἐπὶκρανον ἔχειν·  
 ἄφελ', ἀμπέτασον βόστρυχον ὤμοις.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

θάρσει, τέκνον, καὶ μὴ χαλεπῶς  
 μετάβαλλε δέμας.  
 ῥᾶον δὲ νόσον μετά θ' ἡσυχίας  
 καὶ γενναίου λήματος οἴσεις·  
 μοχθεῖν δὲ βροτοῖσιν ἀνάγκη.



## HIPPOLYTUS

Hitherward wouldst thou come ; it was all thy moan :  
Yet aback to thy bowers wilt thou fret to be gone.  
Thou art soon disappointed, thou joyest in naught,  
What thou hast cannot please thee ; a thing far-  
sought

Thy fancy hath caught.

Better be sick than tend the sick :

Here is but one pain ; grief of mind  
And toil of hands be there combined.

O'er all man's life woes gather thick ;

190

Ne'er from its travail respite is.

If better life beyond be found,

The darkness veils, clouds wrap it round ;

Therefore infatuate-fond to this

We cling—this earth's poor sunshine-gleam :

Naught know we of the life to come,

There speak no voices from the tomb :

We drift on fable's shadowy stream.

### PHAEDRA

Uplift ye my body, mine head upraise.

Friends, faint be my limbs, and unknit be their  
hands.

Hold, maidens, my rounded arms and mine hands. 200

Ah, the coif on mine head all heavily weighs :

Take it thence till mine hair o'er my shoulders strays !

### NURSE

Take heart, my child, nor in such wild wise

Toss thou thy body so feveredly.

Lighter to bear shall thy sickness be,

If thine high-born courage in calm strength rise :

For the doom of sorrow on all men lies.

177

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

αἰαῖ.

210

πῶς ἂν δροσερᾶς ἀπὸ κρηνίδος  
καθαρῶν ὑδάτων πῶμ' ἀρυσάιμαν,  
ὑπὸ τ' αἰγείροις ἔν τε κομήτη  
λειμῶνι κλιθεῖς' ἀναπαυσαίμαν.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ὦ παῖ, τί θροεῖς ;  
οὐ μὴ παρ' ὄχλω τάδε γηρυσει  
μανίας ἔποχον ῥίπτουσα λόγον ;

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

220

πέμπετε μ' εἰς ὄρος· εἶμι πρὸς ὕλαν  
καὶ παρὰ πεύκας, ἵνα θηροφόνοι  
στείβουσι κύνες  
βαλιαῖς ἐλάφοις ἐγχιριμπτόμεναι·  
πρὸς θεῶν, ἔραμαι κυσὶ θωῦξαι  
καὶ παρὰ χαίταν ξανθὰν ῥίψαι  
Θεσσαλὸν ὄρπακ', ἐπίλογχον ἔχουσ'  
ἐν χειρὶ βέλος.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

τί πότ', ὦ τέκνον, τάδε κηραίνεις ;  
τί κυνηγεσίῳ καὶ σοὶ μελέτη ;  
τί δὲ κρηναίων νασμῶν ἔρασαι ;  
πίρα γὰρ δροσερὰ πύργοις συνεχῆς  
κλιτύς, ὅθεν σοὶ πῶμα γένοιτ' ἄν.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

230

δέσποιν' ἀλίας Ἄρτεμι Λίμνας  
καὶ γυμνασίῳ τῶν ἵπποκρότων,  
εἴθε γενοίμαν ἐν σοῖς δαπέδοις,  
πῶλους Ἐνέτας δαμαλιζομένα.

# HIPPOLYTUS

PHIÆDRA

Oh but to quaff, where the spray-veil drifteth  
O'er taintless fountains, the dear cool stream ! 210  
Oh to lie in the mead where the soft wind lifteth  
Its tresses—'neath poplars to lie and dream !

NURSE

My child, my child, what is this thou hast cried ?  
Ah, speak not thus, with a throng at thy side,  
Wild words that on wings of madness ride !

PHIÆDRA

Let me hence to the mountain afar—I will hie me  
To the forest, the pines where the stag-hounds  
follow  
Hard after the fleet dappled hinds as they fly me !  
Oh, I long to cheer them with hunter's hollo,—  
Ah God, were I there !—  
And to grasp the Thessalian shaft steel-gleaming, 220  
And to swing it on high by my hair outstreaming—  
My golden hair !

NURSE

What wouldst thou, my darling, of suchlike things ?  
Will naught save the hunt and the hounds content ?  
And why art thou yearning for fountain-springs ?  
Lo, nigh to thy towers is a soft-sloped bent  
With streams for thy drinking dew-besprent.

PHIÆDRA

Lady of Limne, the burg looking seaward,  
Of the thunder of hoofs on the wide race-courses,  
Oh for the plains where the altars to theeward 230  
Flame, there to be curbing the Hænetan horses !

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

τί τόδ' αὖ παράφρων ἔρριψας ἔπος ;  
 νῦν δὴ μὲν ὄρος βᾶσ' ἐπὶ θήρας  
 πόθον ἐστέλλου, νῦν δ' αὖ ψαμάθοις  
 ἐπ' ἀκυμάντοις πώλων ἔρασαι.  
 τάδε μαντείας ἄξια πολλῆς,  
 ὅστις σε θεῶν ἀνασειράζει  
 καὶ παρακόπτει φρένας, ὦ παῖ.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

240 δύστανος ἐγώ, τί ποτ' εἰργασάμαν ;  
 ποῖ παρεπλάγχθην γνώμας ἀγαθῆς ;  
 ἐμάνην, ἔπεσον δαίμονος ἄτα.  
 φεῦ φεῦ, τλάμων.

μαῖα, πάλιν μου κρύψον κεφαλάν·  
 αἰδούμεθα γὰρ τὰ λελεγμένα μοι.  
 κρύπτε· κατ' ὄσσω δάκρυ μοι βαίνει,  
 καὶ ἐπ' αἰσχύναν ὄμμα τέτραπται.  
 τὸ γὰρ ὀρθοῦσθαι γνώμαν ὀδυνᾶ,  
 τὸ δὲ μαινόμενον κακόν· ἄλλὰ κρατεῖ  
 μὴ γιγνώσκοντ' ἀπολέσθαι.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

250 κρύπτω· τὸ δ' ἐμὸν πότε δὴ θάνατος  
 σῶμα καλύψει ;  
 πολλὰ διδάσκει μ' ὁ πολὺς βίотος·  
 χρῆν γὰρ μετρίας εἰς ἀλλήλους  
 φιλίας θνητοὺς ἀνακίρνασθαι,  
 καὶ μὴ πρὸς ἄκρον μυελὸν ψυχῆς,  
 εὐλυτα δ' εἶναι στέργηθρα φρενῶν  
 ὑπὸ τ' ὤσασθαι καὶ ξυντεῖναι.  
 τὸ δ' ὑπὲρ δισσῶν μίαν ὠδίνειν  
 ψυχὴν χαλεπὸν βάρος, ὡς κἀγὼ  
 260 τῆσδ' ὑπεραλγῶ.

# HIPPOLYTUS

NURSE

What speech in thy frenzy outflingest thou ?

The mountain-ward path then fain hadst thou  
taken

On the track of the beasts : and thou yearnest now

For the steeds on the sea-sands wave-forsaken !

Of a surety the lore of a seer we lack

To tell what God, child, reineth thee back,

And scourgeth thy spirit from reason's track.

PHAEDRA

O hapless I—what is this I have done ?

Whitherward have I wandered from wisdom's way ? 240

I was mad, by a God's curse overthrown.

Oh ill-starred—well-a-day !

Dear Nurse, veil over mine head once more ;

For I blush for the words from my lips that came.

Veil me : the tears from mine eyes down pour,

And mine eyelids sink for shame.

For anguish wakes when re-dawneth the mind :

Though a curse be madness, herein is it kind,

That the soul that it ruins it striketh blind.

NURSE

I veil thee :—ah that death would veil

250

Me too!—with many a lesson stern

The years have brought, this too I learn—

Be links of mortal friendship frail !

Let heart-strings ne'er together cling,

Nor be indissolubly twined

The chords of love, but lightly joined

For knitting close or severing.

Ah weary burden, where one soul

Travails for twain, as mine for thee !

260

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

Βίβτου δ' ἀτρεκείς ἐπιτηδεύσεις  
 φασὶ σφάλλειν πλέον ἢ τέρπειν,  
 τῆ θ' ὑγεία μᾶλλον πολεμεῖν.  
 οὕτω τὸ λῖαν ἤσσου ἐπαινῶ  
 τοῦ μηδὲν ἄγαν  
 καὶ ξυμφήσουσι σοφοί μοι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

γίναι γεραία, βασιλίδος πιστὴ τροφὴ  
 Φαίδρας, ὁρῶ μὲν τάσδε δυστήνους τύχας,  
 ἄσημα δ' ἡμῖν ἤτις ἐστὶν ἡ νόσος·  
 σοῦ δ' ἂν πυθέσθαι καὶ κλύειν βουλοίμεθ' ἄν.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

οὐκ οἶδ' ἐλέγχουσ'· οὐ γὰρ ἐννέπειν θέλει.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐδ' ἤτις ἀρχὴ τῶνδε πημάτων ἔφν ;

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

εἰς ταῦτόν ἤκεις· πάντα γὰρ σιγᾷ τάδε.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὡς ἀσθενεῖ τε καὶ κατέξανται δέμας.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

πῶς δ' οὐ, τριταίαν οὐσ' ἄσιτος ἡμέραν ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πότερον ὑπ' ἄτης ἢ θανεῖν πειρωμένη ;

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

θανεῖν· ἀσιτεῖ δ' εἰς ἀπόστασιν βίου.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

θαυμαστὸν εἶπας, εἰ τὰδ' ἐξαρκεῖ πόσει.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

κρύπτει γὰρ ἦδε πῆμα κοῦ φησιν νοσεῖν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὁ δ' εἰς πρόσωπον οὐ τεκμαίρεται βλέπων ;

270

280

## HIPPOLYTUS

Ruin, not bliss, say they, shall be  
Care's life-absorbing heart-control.

Yea, that way sickness, madness, lies.  
Therefore "the overmuch" shall be  
Less than "the naught-too-much" for me :  
So say I : so shall say the wise.

CHORUS

Thou grey-haired dame, queen Phaedra's loyal nurse,  
In sooth I mark her lamentable plight,  
Yet what her malady, to us is dark.  
Fain would we question thee and hear thereof. 270

NURSE

I know not, though I ask : she will not tell.

CHORUS

Nor what was the beginning of these woes ?

NURSE

The same thy goal : naught sayeth she of all.

CHORUS

How strengthless and how wasted is her frame !

NURSE

No marvel, being three days foodless now.

CHORUS

Madness is this, or set resolve to die ?

NURSE

To die : she fasteth to make end of life.

CHORUS

Strange is thy tale, if this content her lord.

NURSE

Nay, but she hides her pain, nor owns she ails.

CHORUS

Should he not guess?—one glance upon her face? 280

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ἔκδημος ὦν γὰρ τῆσδε τυγχάνει χθονός.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

σὺ δ' οὐκ ἀνάγκην προσφέρεις, πειρωμένη  
νόσον πυθέσθαι τῆσδε καὶ πλάνον φρενῶν ;

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

εἰς πᾶν ἀφίγμαι κούδὲν εἴργασμαι πλέον·  
οὐ μὴν ἀνήσω γ' οὐδὲ νῦν προθυμίας,  
ὡς ἂν παροῦσα καὶ σύ μοι ξυμμαρτυρῆς  
οἷα πέφυκα δυστυχοῦσι δεσπόταις.

ἄγ', ὦ φίλη παῖ, τῶν πάροιθε μὲν λόγων  
λαθώμεθ' ἄμφω, καὶ σύ θ' ἡδίων γενοῦ  
στυγνὴν ὄφρυν λύσασα καὶ γνώμης ὀδόν,  
ἐγὼ θ' ὄπη σοι μὴ καλῶς τόθ' εἰπόμην  
μεθεῖς' ἐπ' ἄλλον εἶμι βελτίω λόγον.

κεῖ μὲν νοσεῖς τι τῶν ἀπορρήτων κακῶν,  
γυναῖκες αἶδε συγκαθιστάται νόσον·  
εἰ δ' ἔκφορός σοι συμφορὰ πρὸς ἄρσενας,  
λέγ', ὡς ἰατροῖς πρῦγμα μηνυθῆ τόδε.

εἶεν τί σιγᾶς ; οὐκ ἐχρῆν σιγᾶν, τέκνον,  
ἀλλ' ἢ μ' ἐλέγχειν, εἴ τι μὴ καλῶς λέγω,  
ἢ τοῖσιν εὖ λεχθεῖσι συγχωρεῖν λόγοις.

φθέγγξαι τι, δεῦρ' ἄθρησον· ὦ τάλαιν' ἐγώ.  
γυναῖκες, ἄλλως τοῦσδε μοχθοῦμεν πόρους,  
ἴσον δ' ἄπεσμεν τῷ πρίν· οὔτε γὰρ τότε  
λόγοις ἐτέγγεθ' ἦδε νῦν τ' οὐ πείθεται.

ἀλλ' ἴσθι μέντοι—πρὸς τὰδ' αἰθαδεστέρα  
γίγνου θαλάσσης—εἰ θανεῖ, προδοῦσα σοὺς  
παῖδας πατρώων μὴ μεθέξοντας δόμων,

μὰ τὴν ἄνασσαν ἱππίαν Ἄμαζόνα,  
ἢ σοῖς τέκνοισι δεσπότην ἐγείνατο  
νόθον φρονοῦντα γνήσι', οἰσθά νιν καλῶς,  
Ἰππόλυτον,—



## HIPPOLYTUS

NURSE

Nay, absent is he from this land of late.

CHORUS

But thou—dost not constrain her, strive to learn  
Her malady and wandering of her wit ?

NURSE

All have I tried, and naught the more availed.  
Yet will I not even now abate my zeal :  
So stand thou by and witness unto me  
How true am I to mine afflicted lords.

Come, darling child, the words said heretofore  
Forget we both ; more gracious-souled be thou :  
Thy lowering brow, thy wayward mood, put by ;  
And I, wherein I erred in following thee, 290  
Refrain, and unto wiser counsels seek.  
If thy disease be that thou mayst not name,  
Lo women here to allay thy malady.  
But if to men thy trouble may be told,  
Speak, that to leeches this may be declared.  
Ha, silent ?—silence, child, beseems thee not.  
Or thou shouldst chide me if I speak not well,  
Or unto pleadings wisely uttered yield.  
One word !—look hitherward ! . . . ah, woe is me ! 300  
Women, we toil and spend our strength for naught,  
And still are far as ever : of my words  
Unmelted was she then, nor hearkeneth now.

Howbeit know thou—then be waywarder  
Than is the sea,—thy death shall but betray  
Thy sons, who shall not share their father's halls—  
No, by that chariot-queen, the Amazon,  
Who bare to thy sons a bastard over-lord,—  
Not bastard-thoughted,—well thou knowest him,  
Hippolytus—

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

οἶμοι.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

θιγγάνει σέθεν τόδε ,

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

ἀπώλεσάς με, μαῖα, καί σε πρὸς θεῶν  
τοῦδ' ἀνδρὸς αὐθις λίσσομαι σιγᾶν πέρι.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ὀρᾶς ; φρονεῖς μὲν εὖ, φρονοῦσα δ' οὐ θέλεις  
παῖδάς τ' ὀνήσαι καὶ σὸν ἐκσῶσαι βίον.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

φιλῶ τέκν'· ἄλλη δ' ἐν τύχῃ χειμάζομαι.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ἀγνὰς μὲν, ὦ παῖ, χεῖρας αἵματος φορεῖς ;

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

χεῖρες μὲν ἀγναί, φρῆν δ' ἔχει μίασμά τι.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

μῶν ἐξ ἐπακτοῦ πημονῆς ἐχθρῶν τινός ;

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

φίλος μ' ἀπόλλυσ' οὐχ ἐκουῦσαν οὐχ ἐκῶν.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

320 Θησεύς τιν' ἡμάρτηκεν εἰς σ' ἀμαρτίαν ;

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

μὴ δρῶσ' ἔγωγ' ἐκείνον ὀφθείην κακῶς.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

τί γὰρ τὸ δεινὸν τοῦθ' ὃ σ' ἐξαίρει θανεῖν ;

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

ἔα μ' ἀμαρτεῖν· οὐ γὰρ εἰς σ' ἀμαρτάνω.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

οὐ δῆθ' ἐκουσά γ', ἐν δὲ σοὶ λελείψομαι.

# HIPPOLYTUS

PHAEDRA

Woe's me!

NURSE

It stings thee, this?

310

PHAEDRA

Thou hast undone me, nurse: by heaven, I pray,  
Speak thou the name of this man nevermore.

NURSE

Lo there!—thy wit is sound: yet of thy wit  
Thou wilt not help thy sons nor save thy life!

PHAEDRA

I love them: other storms of fate toss me.

NURSE

Sure, thine are hands, my child, unstained with blood?

PHAEDRA

Pure be mine hands: the stain is on my soul.

NURSE

Not, not of sorcery-spells by some foe cast?

PHAEDRA

A friend's blow this, unsought of him or me.

NURSE

Hath Theseus wrought against thee any sin?

320

PHAEDRA

May I be found as clear of wrong to him!

NURSE

What then is this strange thing that deathward  
drives thee?

PHAEDRA

Let be my sin! Not against thee I sin.

NURSE

Of my will, never! On thine head my failure!

[Clings to PHAEDRA's hands.]

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

τί δρᾶς ; βιάζει χειρὸς ἔξαρτωμένη ;

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

καὶ σὼν γε γονάτων, κοῦ μεθήσομαί ποτε.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

κάκ', ὦ τάλαινα, σοὶ τάδ', εἰ πεύσει, κακά.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

μείζον γὰρ ἢ σοῦ μὴ τυχεῖν τί μοι κακόν ;

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

ὄλεϊ· τὸ μέντοι πρᾶγμ' ἐμοὶ τιμὴν φέρει.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

330 κᾶπειτα κρύπτεις χρήσθ' ἰκνουμένης ἐμοῦ ;

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

ἐκ τῶν γὰρ αἰσχρῶν ἐσθλὰ μηχανώμεθα.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

οὐκουν λέγουσα τιμιωτέρα φανεῖ ;

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

ἄπελθε πρὸς θεῶν δεξιᾶς τ' ἐμῆς μέθες.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

οὐ δῆτ', ἐπεὶ μοι δῶρον οὐ δίδως ὁ χρῆν.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

δώσω· σέβας γὰρ χειρὸς αἰδοῦμαι τὸ σόν.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

σιγῶμ' ἂν ἤδη· σὸς γὰρ οὐντεῦθεν λόγος.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

ὦ τλήμον, οἶον, μήτερ, ἠράσθης ἔρον,

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ὄν ἔσχε ταύρου, τέκνον, ἢ τί φῆς τόδε :

## HIPPOLYTUS

PHÆDRA

Violence to me!—to mine hand clingest thou?

NURSE

Yea, and thy knees—nor ever will let go!

PHÆDRA

Thy doom, unhappy, shouldst thou hear in mine.

NURSE

What darker doom for me than losing thee?

PHÆDRA

Death! Ah, but mine own death shall be mine honour!

NURSE

Still dost thou hide it, when I pray thy good?

330

PHÆDRA

Yea, for I fashion out of evil good.

NURSE

If then thou tell me, more shall be thine honour.

PHÆDRA

For God's sake hence away: let go mine hand.

NURSE

No!—while thou grantest not the boon my due.

PHÆDRA

I will, in reverence of thy suppliant hand.

NURSE

I am dumb: henceforth thy part it is to speak.

PHÆDRA

O hapless mother<sup>1</sup>!—what strange love was thine!

NURSE

Love for the bull, my child?—or what wouldst name?

<sup>1</sup> Pasiphaë, of whose unnatural passion the Minotaur was born.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

σύ τ', ὦ τάλαιν' ὄμαιμε, Διονύσου δάμαρ,

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

340

τέκνον, τί πάσχεις ; συγγόνους κακοζροθεῖς ;

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

τρίτη τ' ἐγὼ δύστηνος ὡς ἀπόλλυμαι.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ἔκ τοι πέπληγμαι· ποῖ προβήσεται λόγος ;

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

ἐκεῖθεν ἡμεῖς οὐ νεωστὶ δυστυχεῖς.

· ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

οὐδέν τι μᾶλλον οἶδ' ἢ βούλομαι κλύειν.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

φεῦ·

πῶς ἂν σύ μοι λέξειας ἀμὲ χρὴ λέγειν ;

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

οὐ μάντις εἰμὶ τὰφανῆ γινῶναι σαφῶς.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

τί τοῦθ', ὃ δὴ λέγουσιν ἀνθρώπους, ἐρᾶν ;

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ἡδιστον, ὦ παιῖ, ταῦτὸν ἀλγεινόν θ' ἄμα.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

ἡμεῖς ἄρ' ἡμεν θατέρῳ κεχρημένοι.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

350

τί φῆς ; ἐρᾶς, ὦ τέκνον, ἀνθρώπων τίνος ;

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

ὅστις πόθ' οὐτός ἐσθ', ὃ τῆς Ἀμαζόνος —

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

Ἴππόλυτον αὐδᾶς ;

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

σοῦ τὰδ', οὐκ ἐμοῦ κλύεις.

# HIPPOLYTUS

PHAEDRA

And thou, sad sister, Dionysus' bride<sup>1</sup>.

NURSE

What ails thee, child?—dost thou revile thy kin? 340

PHAEDRA

And I the third—how am I misery-wrecked!

NURSE

I am 'wildered all—whereunto tend thy words?

PHAEDRA

To the rock that wrecks us all, yea, from of old.

NURSE

None the more know I that I fain would know.

PHAEDRA

Ah, couldst thou say for me what I must say!

NURSE

No seer am I to interpret hidden things.

PHAEDRA

What mean they when they speak of this—to love?

NURSE

The sweetest thing, my child—the bitterest too.

PHAEDRA

For me, the second only have I proved.

NURSE

What say'st thou?—child, thou lovest—oh, what  
man? 350

PHAEDRA

Whate'er his name—'tis he—the Amazon's—

NURSE

Hippolytus.

PHAEDRA

Thou sayest it, not I.

<sup>1</sup> Ariadne, who, for Theseus' sake, was traitress to her father.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

360

οἶμοι, τί λέξεις, τέκνον ; ὥς μ' ἀπώλεσας.  
 γυναῖκες, οὐκ ἀνασχέτ', οὐκ ἀνέξομαι  
 ζῶσ'· ἐχθρὸν ἡμαρ, ἐχθρὸν εἰσορῶ φάος.  
 ρίψω, μεθήσω σῶμ', ἀπαλλαχθήσομαι  
 βίου θανοῦσα· χαίρετ'· οὐκέτ' εἴμ' ἐγώ.  
 οἱ σώφρονες γὰρ οὐχ ἐκόντες, ἀλλ' ὅμως  
 κακῶν ἐρῶσι. Κύπρις οὐκ ἄρ' ἦν θεός,  
 ἀλλ' εἴ τι μείζον ἄλλο γίγνεται θεοῦ,  
 ἢ τήνδε κάμῃ καὶ δόμοις ἀπώλεσεν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

370

ἄιες ὦ, ἔκλυες ὦ  
 ἀνήκουστα τᾶς  
 τυράννου πάθεα μέλεα θρεομένας.  
 ὀλοίμαν ἔγωγε, πρὶν σᾶν, φίλα,  
 κατανύσαι φρενῶν. ἰώ μοι, φεῦ φεῦ.  
 ὦ τάλαινα τῶνδ' ἀλγέων·  
 ὦ πόνοι τρέφοντες βροτούς.  
 ὀλωλας, ἐξέφηνας εἰς φάος κακί.  
 τίς σε παναμέριος ὅδε χρόνος μένει ;  
 τελευτάσεταιί τι καινὸν δόμοις.  
 ἄσημα δ' οὐκέτ' ἐστὶν οἱ φθίνει τύχα  
 Κύπριδος, ὦ τάλαινα παῖ Κρησία.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

380

Τροιζήνιαι γυναῖκες, αἱ τόδ' ἔσχατον  
 οἰκεῖτε χώρας Πελοπίας προνώπιον,  
 ἤδη ποτ' αὔπνος νυκτὸς ἐν μακρῷ χρόνῳ  
 θνητῶν ἐφρόντισ' ἢ διέφθαρται βίος.  
 καί μοι δοκοῦσιν οὐ κατὰ γνώμης φύσιν  
 πράσσειν κύκιον, ἔστι γὰρ τό γ' εὐφρονεῖν  
 πολλοῖσιν, ἀλλὰ τῆδ' ἀθρητέον τόδε·  
 τὰ χρῆστ' ἐπιστάμεσθα καὶ γιγνώσκομεν.



# HIPPOLYTUS

## NUISE

Woe, child! What wilt thou say? Thou hast dealt  
me death!

Friends, 'tis past bearing. I will not endure  
To live. O hateful life, loathed light to see!

I'll cast away, yield up, my frame, be rid  
Of life by death! Farewell, I am no more.

The virtuous love—not willingly, yet love

The evil. Sure no Goddess Cypris is,

But, if it may be, something more than God,

Who hath ruined her, and me, and all this house.

360

## CIORUS

(*Str. to 669-79*)

Hast thou heard?—the unspeakable tale hast thou  
hearkened,

The wail of my lady's anguish-throe?

O may I die, ah me! ere I know,

Dear lady, a spirit as thine so darkened.

O misery-burdened, O whelmed in woe!

O troubles that cradle the children of men!

Undone!—all's bared to the daylight's ken.

Ah, weariful season for thee remaining!

Dark looms o'er the household the shadow of doom.

Plain now where the star of thy love is waning,

O hapless daughter of Crete's proud home!

370

## PHIÆDRA

Troezenian women, ye which here abide

Upon the utmost march of Pelops' land,

Oft sleepless in the weary-wearing night

Have I mused how the life of men is wrecked.

'Tis not, meseems, through inborn folly of soul

They fare so ill,—discretion dwells at least

With many,—but we thus must look hereon:

That which is good we learn and recognise,

380

οὐκ ἐκπονοῦμεν δ', οἱ μὲν ἀργίας ὕπο,  
 οἱ δ' ἡδονὴν προθέντες ἀντὶ τοῦ καλοῦ  
 ἄλλην τιν'. εἰσὶ δ' ἡδοναὶ πολλαὶ βίου,  
 μακραὶ τε λέσχαι καὶ σχολή, τερπνὸν κακόν,  
 αἰδώς τε. δισσαὶ δ' εἰσὶν, ἡ μὲν οὐ κακή,  
 ἡ δ' ἄχθος οἴκων. εἰ δ' ὁ καιρὸς ἦν σαφής,  
 οὐκ ἂν δὴ ἦσθην ταῦτ' ἔχοντε γράμματα.  
 ταῦτ' οὖν ἐπειδὴ τυγχάνω φρονουῶς ἔγώ,  
 οὐκ ἔσθ' ὁποῖω φαρμάκῳ διαφθερεῖν  
 390 ἔμελλον, ὥστε τοῦμπαλιν πεσεῖν φρενῶν.  
 λέξω δὲ καὶ σοὶ τῆς ἐμῆς γνώμης ὁδόν·  
 ἐπεὶ μ' ἔρωσ ἔτρωσεν, ἐσκόπουν ὅπως  
 κάλλιστ' ἐνέγκαιμ' αὐτόν. ἠρξάμην μὲν οὖν  
 ἐκ τοῦδε, σιγᾶν τήνδε καὶ κρύπτειν νόσον.  
 γλώσση γὰρ οὐδὲν πιστόν, ἡ θυραῖα μὲν  
 φρονήματ' ἀνδρῶν νοθετεῖν ἐπιστάται,  
 αὐτὴ δ' ὑφ' αὐτῆς πλεῖστα κέκτηται κακία.  
 τὸ δεύτερον δὲ τὴν ἄνοιαν εὖ φέρειν  
 τῷ σωφρονεῖν νικῶσα προύνοησάμην.  
 400 τρίτον δ', ἐπειδὴ τοισίδ' οὐκ ἐξήνυτον  
 Κύπριν κρατῆσαι, κατθανεῖν ἔδοξέ μοι  
 κρᾶτιστον, οὐδεὶς ἀντερεῖ, βουλευμάτων.  
 ἐμοὶ γὰρ εἴη μήτε λανθάνειν καλά  
 μήτ' αἰσχρὰ δρώση μάρτυρας πολλοὺς ἔχειν.  
 τὸ δ' ἔργον ἤδη τὴν νόσον τε δυσκλεᾶ,  
 γυνή τε πρὸς τοῖσδ' οὐσ' ἐγίγνωσκον καλῶς,  
 μίσσημα πᾶσιν. ὡς ὅλοιτο παγκάκως  
 ἦτις πρὸς ἄνδρας ἠρξατ' αἰσχύνειν λέχη  
 πρώτη θυραίους. ἐκ δὲ γενναίων δόμων  
 410 τόδ' ἠρξε θηλείαισι γίγνεσθαι κακόν.  
 ὅταν γὰρ αἰσχρὰ τοῖσιν ἐσθλοῖσιν δοκῇ,  
 ἡ κάρτα δόξει τοῖς κακοῖς γ' εἶναι καλά.

## HIPPOLYTUS

Yet practise not the lesson, some from sloth,  
 And some preferring pleasure in the stead  
 Of duty. Pleasures many of life there be ;  
 Long gossip, idlesse,—pleasant evils they ;  
 And sense of shame—twofold : no ill the one,  
 But one bows homes to ruin. Were men's choice  
 clear,  
 These twain had never borne the selfsame names.

Forasmuch then as I knew this before,  
 No philtre-spell was like to change mine heart  
 To make me fall away from this my faith. 390  
 Thee will I tell the path my reason trod ;—  
 When love's wound smote me, straight I cast about  
 How best to bear it : wherefore I began  
 Thenceforth to hush my moan, to veil my pang.  
 For the tongue none may trust, which knoweth well  
 To lesson rebel thoughts of other men,  
 Yet harboureth countless evils of its own.  
 Then did I take thought nobly to endure  
 My folly, triumphing by self-control.

Lastly, when even so I naught availed 400  
 To o'ermaster Love's Queen, I resolved to die  
 As of all counsels best—let none gainsay !  
 For be it mine to do not good unseen,  
 Nor ill before a cloud of witnesses.  
 I knew the deed, the very pang, was shame.  
 Well knew I too what 'tis to be a woman—  
 None trust, none love us ! Curses upon her  
 Who showed the way the first to shame the couch  
 With alien men ! Ah, 'twas from princely homes  
 That first this curse on womankind had birth. 410  
 For, when the noble count their shame their good,  
 The lowly sure will hold it honourable.

μισῶ δὲ καὶ τὰς σῶφρονας μὲν ἐν λόγοις,  
 λάθρα δὲ τόλμας οὐ καλὰς κεκτημένας.  
 αἰ πῶς ποτ', ὦ δέσποινα ποντία Κύπρι,  
 βλέπουσιν εἰς πρόσωπα τῶν ξυνευνετῶν  
 οὐδὲ σκότου φρίσσουσι τὸν ξυνεργάτην  
 τέραμνά τ' οἴκων μὴ ποτε φθογγὴν ἀφῆ;  
 420 ἡμᾶς γὰρ αὐτὸ τοῦτ' ἀποκτείνει, φίλαι,  
 ὡς μήποτ' ἄνδρα τὸν ἐμὸν αἰσχύνασ' ἰλῶ,  
 μὴ παῖδας οὓς ἔτικτον· ἀλλ' ἐλεύθεροι  
 παρρησία θάλλοντες οἰκοῖεν πόλιν  
 κλεινῶν Ἀθηνῶν, μητρὸς εἴνεκ' εὐκλεεῖς.  
 δουλοῖ γὰρ ἄνδρα, κἂν θρασύσπλαγχνός τις ἦ,  
 ὅταν ξυνειδῆ μητρὸς ἢ πατρὸς κακία.  
 μόνον δὲ τοῦτό φασ' ἀμιλλᾶσθαι βίῳ,  
 γνώμην δικαίαν κἀγαθὴν, ὅτῳ παρῆ.  
 κακοὺς δὲ θνητῶν ἐξέφην', ὅταν τύχη,  
 προθεῖς κίτοπτρον ὥστε παρθένῳ νέῳ  
 430 χρόνος· παρ' οἷσι μήποτ' ὀφθείην ἐγώ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

φεῦ φεῦ· τὸ σῶφρον ὡς ἀπανταχοῦ καλόν,  
 καὶ δόξαν ἐσθλὴν ἐν βροτοῖς καρπίζεται.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

δέσποινα, ἐμοί τοι συμφορὰ μὲν ἀρτίως  
 ἢ σὴ παρέσχε δεινὸν ἐξαίφνης φόβον·  
 νῦν δ' ἐννοοῦμαι φαῦλος οὔσα· κἂν βροτοῖς  
 αἰ δευτέραί πως φροντίδες σοφώτεραι.  
 οὐ γὰρ περισσὸν οὐδὲν οὐδ' ἔξω λόγου  
 πέπουθας· ὄργαι δ' εἰς σ' ἐπέσκηψαν θεᾶς.  
 ἐρῆς·—τί τοῦτο θαῦμα;—σὺν πολλοῖς βροτῶν·  
 440 κἄπειτ' ἔρωτος εἴνεκα ψυχὴν ὀλεῖς;  
 οὐ τᾶρα λύει τοῖς ἐρώσι τῶν πέλας,  
 ὅσοι τε μέλλουσ', εἰ θανεῖν αὐτοὺς χρεών·

## HIPPOLYTUS

And O, I hate the continent-professed  
Which treasure secret recklessness of shame.  
How can they, O Queen Cypris, Sea-born One,  
Look ever in the faces of their lords,  
Nor shudder lest their dark accomplice, night,  
And their own bowers may utter forth a voice?

Me—friends, 'tis even this dooms me to die,  
That never I be found to shame my lord, 420  
Nor the sons whom I bare: but free, with tongues  
Unfettered, flourish they, their home yon burg  
Of glorious Athens, blushing ne'er for me.  
For this crows man, how stout of heart soe'er,  
To know a father's or a mother's sin.  
And this alone can breast the shocks of life,  
An honest heart and good, in whomso found:  
But in his hour Time lifts his mirror, and shows  
The vile his vileness there, as a girl sees  
Her face. With such may I be never found. 430

### CHORUS

Lo now, how fair is virtue everywhere,  
Which yieldeth fruit of good repute mid men!

### NURSE

Queen, thine affliction, suddenly revealed  
But now, wrought in me terrible dismay.  
Yet I discern my folly now. 'Tis strange  
How second thoughts for men are wisest still.  
Thine is the common lot, not past cool weighing:  
The Goddess's passion-bolts have smitten thee.  
Thou lov'st—what marvel this?—thou art as many—  
And lo, for love's sake wouldst fling life away! 440  
Sooth, 'twere small gain for them which love their  
fellows,  
Or yet shall love, if help be none save death.

Κύπρις γὰρ οὐ φορητός, ἦν πολλὴ ῥυή·  
 ἢ τὸν μὲν εἰκονθ' ἡσυχῇ μετέρχεται,  
 ὃν δ' ἂν περισσὸν καὶ φρονούνθ' εὖρη μέγα,  
 τοῦτον λαβοῦσα—πῶς δοκεῖς ;—καθύβρισεν.  
 φοιτᾶ δ' ἂν αἰθέρ', ἔστι δ' ἐν θαλασσίῳ  
 κλύδωνι Κύπρις, πάντα δ' ἐκ ταύτης ἔφν·  
 450 ἦδ' ἐστὶν ἡ σπείρουσα καὶ διδοῦσ' ἔρον,  
 οὐ πάντες ἐσμὲν οἱ κατὰ χθόν' ἔκγονοι.  
 ὅσοι μὲν οὖν γραφάς τε τῶν παλαιτέρων  
 ἔχουσιν αὐτοῖ τ' εἰσὶν ἐν μούσαις αἰεῖ,  
 ἴσασι μὲν Ζεὺς ὥς ποτ' ἠράσθη γάμων  
 Σεμέλης, ἴσασι δ' ὡς ἀνήρπασέν ποτε  
 ἡ καλλιφεγγῆς Κέφαλον εἰς θεοὺς "Ἐως  
 ἔρωτος εἶνεκ'· ἀλλ' ὅμως ἐν οὐρανῷ  
 ναίουσι κού φεύγουσιν ἐκποδῶν θεοὺς,  
 στέργουσι δ', οἶμαι, συμφορᾶ νικώμενοι.  
 460 σὺ δ' οὐκ ἀνέξει ; χρῆν σ' ἐπὶ ῥητοῖς ἄρα  
 πατέρα φυτεύειν ἢ πὶ δεσπόταις θεοῖς  
 ἄλλοισιν, εἰ μὴ τούσδε γε στέρξεις νόμους.  
 πόσους δοκεῖς δὴ κάρτ' ἔχοντας εὐ φρενῶν  
 νοσοῦνθ' ὀρῶντας λέκτρα μὴ δοκεῖν ὀρᾶν ;  
 πόσους δὲ παισὶ πατέρας ἡμαρτηκόσι  
 συνεκκομίζειν Κύπριν ; ἐν σοφοῖσι γὰρ  
 τὰδ' ἐστὶ θνητῶν, λανθάνειν τὰ μὴ καλά.  
 οὐδ' ἐκπονεῖν τοι χρῆν βίον λίαν βροτούς·  
 οὐδὲ στέγην γάρ, ἣς κατηρεφεῖς δοκοί,<sup>1</sup>  
 κανὼν ἀκριβώσει' ἂν·<sup>2</sup> εἰς δὲ τὴν τύχην  
 470 πεσοῦσ' ὄσην σὺ πῶς ἂν ἐκνεῦσαι δοκεῖς ;  
 ἀλλ' εἰ τὰ πλείω χρηστὰ τῶν κακῶν ἔχεις,  
 ἄνθρωπος οὔσα κάρτα γ' εὐ πράξιαις ἂν.

<sup>1</sup> Seidler : for MSS. δόμοι.

<sup>2</sup> Musgrave : for MSS. καλῶς ἀκριβώσειαν.

## HIPPOLYTUS

For Cypris crusheth, swooping in her might ;  
Yet gently stealeth she on whoso yield.  
But whom she findeth wayward, arrogant-souled,  
She graspeth, mocketh, past imagining.  
Through air she rovetth, in the ocean-surge  
Is Cypris ; all things have their birth of her.  
'Tis she that sows love, gives increase thereof,  
Whereof all we that dwell on earth are sprung.

450

Whoso have scrolls writ in the ancient days,  
And wander still themselves by paths of song,  
They know how Zeus of yore desired the embrace  
Of Semele ; they know how radiant Dawn  
Up to the Gods snatched Cephalus of yore,  
And all for love ; yet these in Heaven their home  
Dwell, neither do they flee the face of Gods,  
Content, I trow, to be love's vanquished ones.

Thou—wilt not yield ? Thy sire by several treaty  
Thee should have gotten, or with other Gods  
For lords, if thou wilt bow not to these laws.  
How many men, think'st thou, and wise men they,  
Knowing their beds dishonoured, shut their eyes ?  
How many a father in his son's transgression  
Playeth love's go-between ?—the maxim this  
Of wise men, that dishonour be not seen.  
Why should men toil to over-perfect life ?  
Lo, even thine hall's roof-beams the craftsman's rule  
Can make not utter-true. How thinkest thou,  
Who art plunged in fate's deep sea, to swim to land ?  
Tush—if more good than evil is in thee,  
Who art but human, thou shalt do full well.

460

470

ἀλλ', ὦ φίλη παῖ, λῆγε μὲν κακῶν φρενῶν,  
 λῆξον δ' ὑβρίζουσ'. οὐ γὰρ ἄλλο πλὴν ὕβρις  
 τὰδ' ἐστί, κρείσσω δαιμόνων εἶναι θέλιν·  
 τόλμα δ' ἐρώσα· θεὸς ἐβουλήθη τάδε.  
 νοσοῦσα δ' εὖ πως τὴν νόσον καταστρέφου.  
 εἰσὶν δ' ἐπῶδαι καὶ λόγοι θελκτῆριοι·  
 φανήσεταιί τι τῆσδε φάρμακον νόσου.  
 480 ἦ τὰρ ἂν ὀψέ γ' ἄνδρες ἐξεύροιεν ἄν,  
 εἰ μὴ γυναῖκες μηχανὰς εὐρήσομεν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

Φαίδρα, λέγει μὲν ἦδε χρησιμώτερα  
 πρὸς τὴν παροῦσαν συμφορὰν, αἰνῶ δὲ σέ.  
 ὁ δ' αἶνος οὗτος δυσχερέστερος λόγων  
 τῶν τῆσδε καὶ σοὶ μᾶλλον ἀλγίων κλύειν.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

τοῦτ' ἔσθ' ὁ θνητῶν εὖ πόλεις οἰκουμένας  
 δόμους τ' ἀπόλλυσ', οἱ καλοὶ λίαν λόγοι.  
 οὐ γάρ τι τοῖσιν ὥσὶ τερπνὰ χρὴ λέγειν.  
 ἀλλ' ἐξ ὅτου τις εὐκλείης γενήσεται.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

490 τι σεμνομυθεῖς ; οὐ λόγων εὐσχημόνων  
 δεῖ σ', ἀλλὰ τάνδρὸς—ὡς τάχος διοιστέον,  
 τὸν εὐθὺν ἐξειπόντας ἀμφὶ σοῦ λόγον.  
 εἰ μὲν γὰρ ἦν σοι μὴ 'πὶ συμφοραῖς βίος  
 τοιαῖσδε, σῶφρων δ' οὐσ' ἐτύγχανες γυνή,  
 οὐκ ἄν ποτ' εὐνῆς εἶνεχ' ἠδονῆς τε σῆς  
 προσῆγον ἄν σε δεῦρο· νῦν δ' ἀγῶν μέγας  
 σῶσαι βίον σόν, κούκ ἐπίφθονον τόδε.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

ὦ δεινὰ λέξασ', οὐχὶ συγκλήσεις στόμα,  
 καὶ μὴ μεθήσεις αὐθις αἰσχίστους λόγους ;



## HIPPOLYTUS

Nay, darling, from thy deadly thoughts refrain,  
And from presumption—sheer presumption this,  
That one should wish to be more strong than Gods.  
In love, flinch not; a God hath willed this thing.  
In pain, victorious wrestle with thy pain.  
Lo, charms there be, and words of soothing spell.  
Some cure for this affliction shall appear.  
Sooth, it were long ere *men* would light thereon,  
Except we women find devices forth.

480

### CHORUS

Phaedra, she speaketh words that more avail  
For this thine imminent plight: yet thee I praise.  
But haply this my praise shall gull thee more  
Than those her words, and harsher sound to thee.

### PHAEDRA

This is it which doth ruin goodly towns  
And homes of men, these speeches over-fair.  
It needeth not to speak words sweet to ears,  
But those whereby a good name shall be saved.

### NURSE

Out on thine high-flown talk! No fair-tricked  
speech  
Will stead thee, but a lover!—'tis high time  
To strip disguise off, speak plain truth of thee.  
For, were thy life not in such desperate case,  
Or thou a woman strong in self-control,  
Never for thy lust's sake and pleasure I  
To this would bring thee: but we must fight hard  
Now for thy life, and void of blame is this.

490

### PHAEDRA

Speaker of horrors!—wilt not seal thy lips?  
Wilt not refrain from utter-shameful words?

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

500 αἴσχρ', ἀλλ' ἀμείνω τῶν καλῶν τάδ' ἐστὶ σοι.  
κρείσσον δὲ τοῦργον, εἴπερ ἐκσώσει γέ σε,  
ἢ τοῦνομ' ᾧ σὺ κατθανεῖ γαυρουμένη.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

καὶ μὴ σε πρὸς θεῶν, εὖ λέγεις γάρ, αἰσχρὰ δέ,  
πέρα προβῆς τῶνδ'· ὡς ὑπείργασμαι μὲν εὖ  
ψυχὴν ἔρωτι, τὰσχρὰ δ' ἦν λέγης καλῶς,  
εἰς τοῦδ' ὃ φεύγω νῦν ἀναλωθήσομαι.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

510 εἴ τοι δοκεῖ σοι, χρῆν μὲν οὐ σ' ἀμαρτάνειν  
εἰ δ' οὖν, πιθοῦ μοι δευτέρα γὰρ ἢ χάρις.  
ἔστιν κατ' οἴκους φίλτρα μοι θελκτήρια  
ἔρωτος, ἦλθε δ' ἄρτι μοι γνώμης ἔσω,  
ἃ σ' οὐτ' ἐπ' αἰσχροῖς οὐτ' ἐπὶ βλάβη φρενῶν  
παύσει νόσου τῆσδ', ἦν σὺ μὴ γένη κακῆ.  
δεῖ δ' ἔξ ἐκείνου δῆ τι τοῦ ποθομένου  
σημείον, ἢ λόγον τιν' ἢ πέπλων ἄπο  
λαβεῖν, συνάψαι τ' ἐκ δυοῖν μίαν χάριν.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

πότερα δὲ χριστὸν ἢ ποτὸν τὸ φάρμακον ;

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

οὐκ οἶδ'· ὄνασθαι, μὴ μαθεῖν βούλου, τέκνον.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

δέδοιχ' ὅπως μοι μὴ λίαν φανῆς σοφῆ.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

πάντ' ἂν φοβηθεῖς' ἴσθι· δειμαίνεις δὲ τί ;

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

520 μὴ μοί τι Θησέως τῶνδε μηνύσης τόκω.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ἔασον, ᾧ παῖ· ταῦτ' ἐγὼ θήσω καλῶς.  
μόνον σύ μοι, δέσποινα ποντία Κύπρι,

# HIPPOLYTUS

NURSE

Shameful—yet better than the good for thee. 500  
Better this deed, so it but save thy life,  
Than that name, whose proud vaunt shall be thy  
death.

PHAEDRA

No, by the Gods!—foul words are thy fair words!—  
No farther go: I have schooled mine heart to endure  
This love: but if thou plead shame's cause so fair,  
I shall be trapped in that sin which I flee.

NURSE

If such thy mind, thine heart should not have sinned:  
But now—obey me:—'tis the one hope left:—  
I have within some certain charms to assuage  
Love: 'twas but now they came into my thought. 510  
These, not with shame, nor hurt unto thy mind,  
Shall lull thy pang, so thou be not faint-hearted.  
Howbeit there needs of him thou yearnest for  
Some token, or a word, or fragment caught  
From vesture, so to knit two loves in one.

PHAEDRA

A salve, or potion, is this charm of thine?

NURSE

I know not: be content with help, not knowledge.

PHAEDRA

I fear lest over-cunning thou shalt prove.

NURSE

Then know thyself all fears. What darest thou?

PHAEDRA

Lest thou show aught of this to Theseus' son. 520

NURSE

Let be, my child: this will I order well.  
Only do thou, Queen Cypris, Sea-born One,

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

συνεργὸς εἶης. τᾶλλα δ' οἱ ἐγὼ φρονῶ  
τοῖς ἔνδον ἡμῖν ἀρκέσει λέξαι φίλοις.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

Ἕρως Ἕρως, ὁ κατ' ὀμμάτων στρ. α'  
στάξεις πόθου, εἰσάγων γλυκεῖαν  
ψυχᾷ χάριν οὐς ἐπιστρατεύση,  
μή μοί ποτε σὺν κακῷ φανείης  
μηδ' ἄρρυθμος ἔλθοις.  
530 οὔτε γὰρ πυρὸς οὔτ'  
ἄστρον ὑπέρτερον βέλος,  
οἶον τὸ τᾶς Ἀφροδίτας  
ἴησιν ἐκ χερῶν  
Ἕρως ὁ Διὸς παῖς.

ἄλλως ἄλλως παρά τ' Ἀλφεῷ ἀντ. α'  
Φοίβου τ' ἐπὶ Πυθίοις τεράμνοις  
βούταν φόνον Ἑλλάς αἶ' ἀέξει·  
Ἕρωτα δὲ τὸν τύραννον ἀνδρῶν,  
τὸν τᾶς Ἀφροδίτας  
540 φιλτάτων θαλάμων  
κληδοῦχον, οὐ σεβίζομεν,  
πέρθοντα καὶ διὰ πίαςας  
ἰόντα συμφορᾶς  
θνατοῖς, ὅταν ἔλθῃ.

τὰν μὲν Οἰχαλία στρ. β'  
πῶλον ἄζυγα λέκτρων  
ἄνανδρον τὸ πρὶν καὶ ἄνυμφον, οἴκων

## HIPPOLYTUS

Work with me. Whatso else I have in mind  
Shall it suffice to speak to friends within.

[Exit NURSE.]

### CHORUS

O Eros, O Eros, how melts love's yearning (Str. 1)  
From thine eyes, when thy sweet spell witcheth  
the heart [thy might<sup>1</sup>

Of them against whom thou hast marched in  
Not me, not me for mine hurt do thou smite,

My life's heart-music to discord turning.

For never so hotly the flame-spears dart.

530

Nor so fleet are the star-shot arrows of light,

As the shaft from thy fingers that speedeth its  
flight, [burning,

As the flame of the Love-queen's bolts fierce-

O Eros, the child of Zeus who art!

In vain, O in vain by Alpheus the river (Ant. 1)

And in Phoebus's Pythian shrine hath the land

Of Hellas the blood of her oxen outpoured.

But Eros, but Love, who is all men's lord,

Unto whom Aphrodite is wont to deliver

Her keys, that the doors be unsealed by his hand 540

Of her holy of holies, we have not adored,

Though he marcheth through ruin victory-ward,

Though he raineth calamity forth of his quiver

On mortals against his on-coming that stand.

(Str. 2)

For I call to remembrance Oechalia's daughter,<sup>1</sup>

Who, ere Love 'neath his tyrannous car-yoke had  
brought her, [hasted,

Had been spouseless and free—overseas how she

<sup>1</sup> Iole, to win whom Hercules sacked Oechalia.

550 ζεύξασ' ἅπ' εἰρεσία,<sup>1</sup> δρομίδα  
 τὰν Ἄιδος<sup>2</sup> ὥστε Βάκχαν,  
 σὺν αἵματι, σὺν καπνῶ  
 φονίοις θ' ὑμεναίοις  
 Ἄλκμήνας τόκῳ Κύπρις ἐξέδωκεν·  
 ὦ τλάμων ὑμεναίων.

ὦ Θήβας ἱερὸν ἀντ. β'  
 τεῖχος, ὦ στόμα Διρκας,  
 συνείποιτ' ἂν ἡ Κύπρις οἶον ἔρπει.  
 βροντᾶ γὰρ ἄμφιπύρῳ τοκύδα  
 560 τὰν Διογόνοιο Βάκχου  
 νυμφευσαμένην πότμῳ  
 φοιῶ κατηύνασεν.  
 δεινὰ γὰρ πάντα γ' ἐπιπνεῖ, μέλισσα δ'  
 οἴα τις πεπόταται.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

σιγήσατ', ὦ γυναῖκες· ἐξειργάσμεθα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τί δ' ἔστι, Φαῖδρα, δεινὸν ἐν δόμοισι σοῖς ;

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

ἐπίσχετ'· αὐδὴν τῶν ἔσωθεν ἐκμάθω.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

σιγῶ· τὸ μέντοι φροῖμιον κακὸν τόδε.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

ἰὼ μοι, αἰαῖ αἰαῖ·

570 ὦ δυστάλαινα τῶν ἐμῶν παθημάτων.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τίνα θροεῖς αὐδάν ; τίνα βοᾷς λόγον ;  
 ἔννεπε τίς φοβεῖ σε φάμα, γύναι,  
 φρένας ἐπίσσυτος.

<sup>1</sup> Matthiae : for ἀπειρεσίαν of MSS.

<sup>2</sup> Musgrave : for νατδ' or ἀιδ' of MSS.

## HIPPOLYTUS

When Cypris the dear yoke of home had departed,  
 Like a bacchanal fiend out of hell that had darted, 550  
 And with blood, and with smoke of a palace  
 flame-wasted, [chanted,  
 And with death-shrieks for hymns at her bridal-feast  
 By Love's Queen to the son of Alcmena was granted—  
 Woe, woe for the joys of espousal she tasted!

And ye, O ye ramparts of hallowèd Thebe, (Ant. 2)  
 And ye lips wave-welling of Dirce, might ye be  
 Witness how dire was the Love-queen's coming,  
 When a slumber that knoweth not waking was given  
 Of her spells by the flame-enfolded levin  
 To the mother of Zeus' seed Bacchus: for dooming 560  
 Of death had she blent with the bride-chant's singing.  
 O, the Dread One breatheth on all life, winging  
 Softly her flight as a bee low-humming.

[Voices within]

PHAEDRA

Hush ye, O hush ye, women! . . . . Lost am I!

CHORUS

What is this dread thing, Phaedra, in thine halls?

PHAEDRA

Peace!—let me hear the voice of them within.

CHORUS

I am dumb: an ominous prelude sure is this.

PHAEDRA

Ah me! ah me! alas!

O wretched, wretched!—ah, mine agonies! 570

CHORUS

What cry dost thou utter? What word dost thou  
 shriek? [speak!

What voice through thy soul thrills terror?—O

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

ἀπωλόμεσθα. ταῖσδ' ἐπιστᾶσαι πύλαις  
ἀκούσαθ' οἷος κέλαδος ἐν δόμοις πίτνει.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

σὺ παρὰ κλῆθρα· σοὶ μέλει πομπίμα  
φίτις δωμάτων.

580 ἔνεπε δ' ἔνεπέ μοι, τί ποτ' ἔβα κακόν ;

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

ὁ τῆς φιλίππου παῖς Ἀμαζόνος βοᾷ  
Ἴππόλυτος, αὐδῶν δεινὰ πρόσπολον κακά.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀχὰν μὲν κλύω, σαφῆς δ' οὐκ ἔχω·  
γεγωνεῖ δ' <sup>1</sup> ὄπα  
διὰ πύλας ἔμολεν ἔμολε σοὶ βοά.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

καὶ μὴν σαφῶς γε τὴν κακῶν προμνήστριαν,  
τὴν δεσπότου προδοῦσαν ἔξαιδᾶ λέχος.

590

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ᾧμοι ἐγὼ κακῶν· προδέδοσαι, φίλα.  
τί σοι μήσομαι ;  
τὰ κρυπτὰ γὰρ πέφηνε, διὰ δ' ὄλλυσαι.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

αἰαῖ, ἔ ἔ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πρόδοτος ἐκ φίλων.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

ἀπώλεσέν μ' εἰποῦσα συμφορὰς ἐμάς,  
φίλως, καλῶς δ' οὐ τήνδ' ἰωμένη νόσον.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πῶς οὖν ; τί δράσεις, ᾧ παθοῦς' ἀμήχανα ;

<sup>1</sup> Murray : for ἔχω γεγωνεῖν.



## HIPPOLYTUS

PHAEDRA

I am undone! O stand ye by these doors,  
And hear what clamour clasheth in the house.

CHORUS

Nay, thou art thereby: sped forth is the cry from  
the palace for thee.

O tell me what horror rushed out—tell it me! 580

PHAEDRA

The son of the Amazon, Hippolytus,  
Shouts, hurling fearful curses at mine handmaid.

CHORUS

Yea surely a noise do I hear, yet to me naught sound-  
eth clear:

But to thee through the doors there came, there came  
A shout of anger, a cry of shame.

PHAEDRA

Ah clear—ah clear!—yea, pandar of foul sin,  
Traitor to her lord's bed, he calleth her.

590

CHORUS

Woe! Thou art betrayed, belovèd one!

What shall I counsel? Thy secret is bared: thou art  
wholly undone.

PHAEDRA

Woe's me! ah woe!

CHORUS

From the hand that loved came the traitor's blow.

PHAEDRA

She hath undone me, telling mine affliction:  
Her love sought by my shame to heal my pain.

CHORUS

What wilt thou do, O thou in desperate plight?

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

600

οὐκ οἶδα πλὴν ἔν, καθθανεῖν ὅσον τάχος  
τῶν νῦν παρόντων πημάτων ἄκος μόνου.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

ὦ γαῖα μήτηρ ἡλίου τ' ἀναπτυχαί,  
οἴων λογων ἄρρητον εἰσήκουσ' ὄπα.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

σίγησον, ὦ παῖ, πρίν τιν' αἰσθέσθαι βοῆς.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

οὐκ ἔστ' ἀκούσας δεῖν' ὅπως σιγήσομαι.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ναὶ πρός σε τῆς σῆς δεξιᾶς εὐωλένου.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

οὐ μὴ προσοίσεις χεῖρα μηδ' ἄψει πέπλων ;

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ὦ πρός σε γονάτων, μηδαμῶς μ' ἐξεργάση.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

τί δ', εἴπερ ὡς φῆς μηδὲν εἴρηκας κακόν ;

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ὁ μῦθος, ὦ παῖ, κοινὸς οὐδαμῶς ὄδε.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

610

τά τοι κάλ' ἐν πολλοῖσι κάλλιον λέγειν.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ὦ τέκνον, ὄρκους μηδαμῶς ἀτιμάσης.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

ἢ γλῶσσ' ὁμώμοχ', ἢ δὲ φρὴν ἀνώμοτος.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ὦ παῖ, τί δράσεις ; σοὺς φίλους διεργάσει ;

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

ἀπέπτυσ'· οὐδεὶς ἄδικός ἐστί μοι φίλος.

## HIPPOLYTUS

PHAEDRA

No way save one I know—straightway to die—  
The one cure for the ills that compass me.

600

*Enter HIPPOLYTUS, followed by the NURSE.*

HIPPOLYTUS

O mother Earth, unveilings of the sun,  
What words unutterable have I heard!

NURSE

Hush, O my son, ere one have heard thy cry.

HIPPOLYTUS

I have heard horrors—should I hold my peace?

NURSE

Yea, I beseech thee by thy fair right hand.

HIPPOLYTUS

Hence with thine hand!—touch not my vesture thou.

NURSE

Oh, by thy knees, do not—ah, slay me not!

HIPPOLYTUS

How, if thou hast said no wrong, as thou dost say?

NURSE

No tale is this, my son, for all men's ears.

HIPPOLYTUS

Tush, a fair tale is fairer told to the world.

610

NURSE

My son, thine oath!—dishonour not thine oath.

HIPPOLYTUS

My tongue hath sworn: no oath is on my soul.

NURSE

O son, what wilt thou do?—wilt slay thy friends?

HIPPOLYTUS

Avaunt the word!—no villain is my friend.

211

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

σύγγνωθ'· ἀμαρτεῖν εἰκὸς ἀνθρώπους, τέκνον.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

ὦ Ζεῦ, τί δὴ κίβδηλον ἀνθρώποις κακὸν  
 γυναικας εἰς φῶς ἡλίου κατώκισας ;  
 εἰ γὰρ βρότειον ἤθελες σπεῖραι γένος,  
 οὐκ ἐκ γυναικῶν χρῆν παρασχέσθαι τόδε,  
 620 ἀλλ' ἀντιθέντας σοῖσιν ἐν ναοῖς βροτούς  
 ἢ χρυσὸν ἢ σίδηρον ἢ χαλκοῦ βάρος  
 παίδων πρίασθαι σπέρμα, τοῦ τιμήματος  
 τῆς ἀξίας ἕκαστον· ἐν δὲ δώμασι  
 ναίειν ἐλευθέροισι θηλειῶν ἄτερ·  
 [νῦν δ' εἰς δόμους μὲν πρῶτον ἄξεσθαι κακὸν  
 μέλλοντες ὄλβον δωμάτων ἐκτείνομεν.]<sup>1</sup>  
 τούτῳ δὲ δῆλον ὡς γυνὴ κακὸν μέγα·  
 προσθεῖς γὰρ ὁ σπείρας τε καὶ θρέψας πατήρ  
 630 φερνὰς ἀπόκισ', ὡς ἀπαλλαχθῆ κακοῦ·  
 ὁ δ' αὖ λαβὼν ἀτηρὸν εἰς δόμους φυτὸν  
 γέγηθε κόσμον προστιθεῖς ἀγάλματι  
 καλὸν κακίστῳ καὶ πέπλοισιν ἐκπονεῖ  
 δύστηνος, ὄλβον δωμάτων ὑπεξελών.  
 ἔχει δ' ἀνάγκην, ὥστε κηδεύσας καλοῖς  
 γαμβροῖσι χαίρων σῶζεται πικρὸν λέχος,  
 ἢ χρηστὰ λέκτρα, πενθεροῦς δ' ἀνωφελεῖς  
 λαβὼν πιέζει τὰγαθῶ τὸ δυστυχές.  
 ῥᾶστον δ' ὄτῳ τὸ μηδέν, ἀλλ' ἀνωφελῆς  
 εὐηθία κατ' οἶκον ἴδρυται γυνή.  
 640 σοφὴν δὲ μισῶ· μὴ γὰρ ἔν γ' ἐμοῖς δόμοις  
 εἶη φρονούσα πλείον ἢ γυναῖκα χρῆ.  
 τὸ γὰρ πανοῦργον μᾶλλον ἐντίκτει Κύπρις  
 ἐν ταῖς σοφαῖσιν· ἢ δ' ἀμήχανος γυνὴ

<sup>1</sup> 625-6 are generally rejected as spurious.

# HIPPOLYTUS

NURSE

Forgive, son : men are men, they needs must err.

HIPPOLYTUS

Why hast thou given a home beneath the sun,  
Zeus, unto woman, specious curse to man ?  
For, were thy will to raise a mortal seed,  
This ought they not of women to have gotten,  
But in thy temples should they lay its price, 620  
Or gold, or iron, or a weight of bronze,  
And so buy seed of children, every man  
After the worth of that his gift, and dwell  
Free in free homes unvexed of womankind.

But now—soon as we go about to bring  
This bane to the home, we hurl to earth its weal.  
Hereby is woman proved a grievous curse—  
He, who begat and reared her, banishes,  
Yea, adds a dower, to rid him of his bane ;  
While he which taketh home the noisome weed 630  
Rejoices, decks with goodly bravery  
The loathly image, and tricks out with robes,—  
Filching away, poor wretch ! his household's wealth.  
He may not choose : who getteth noble kin  
With her, content must stomach his sour feast :  
Who getteth a good wife, but worthless kin,  
Must muffle up the evil 'neath the good.

Happiest who wins a cipher, in whose halls  
A brainless thing is throned in uselessness.  
But the keen-witted hate I : in mine house 640  
Ne'er dwell one subtler than is woman's due ;  
For Cypris better brings to birth her mischief  
In clever women : the resourceless 'scapes

γνώμη βραχεία μωρίαν ἀφῆρέθη.

650 χρῆν δ' εἰς γυναῖκα πρόσπολον μὲν οὐ περᾶν,  
 ἄφθογγα δ' αὐταῖς συγκατοικίξιν δύκη  
 θηρῶν, ἵν' εἶχον μήτε προσφωνεῖν τινα  
 μήτ' ἐξ ἐκείνων φθέγμα δέξασθαι πάλιν.  
 νῦν δ' αἱ μὲν ἔνδον δρῶσιν αἱ κακαὶ κακὰ  
 660 βουλευμάτων, ἔξω δ' ἐκφέρουσι πρόσπολοι.  
 ὡς καὶ σύ γ' ἡμῖν πατρός, ὦ κακὸν κύρα,  
 λέκτρων ἀθίκτων ἦλθες εἰς συναλλαγᾶς·  
 αἴγῳ ῥυτοῖς νασμοῖσιν ἐξομόρξομαι,  
 εἰς ὧτα κλύζων. πῶς ἂν οὖν εἶην κακός,  
 ὃς οὐδ' ἀκούσας τοιάδ' ἀγνεύειν δοκῶ ;  
 εὖ δ' ἴσθι, τοῦμόν σ' εὐσεβὲς σώζει, γύναι·  
 εἰ μὴ γὰρ ὄρκοις θεῶν ἄφρακτος ἠρέθην,  
 οὐκ ἂν ποτ' ἔσχον μὴ οὐ τάδ' ἐξειπεῖν πατρί.  
 660 νῦν δ' ἐκ δόμων μὲν, ἔστ' ἂν ἐκδημος χθονὸς  
 Θησεύς, ἄπειμι· σίγα δ' ἔξομεν στόμα.  
 θεύσομαι δὲ σὺν πατρός μολῶν ποδὶ  
 πῶς νιν προσόψει καὶ σὺ καὶ δέσποινα σή·  
 τῆς σῆς δὲ τόλμης εἶσομαι γεγευμένος.

ὄλοισθε. μισῶν δ' οὐποτ' ἐμπλησθήσομαι  
 γυναῖκας, οὐδ' εἴ φησί τίς μ' αἰεὶ λέγειν·  
 αἰεὶ γὰρ οὖν πῶς εἰσι κακεῖναι κακαί.  
 ἢ νῦν τις αὐτὰς σωφρονεῖν διδαξάτω,  
 ἢ καμ' εὔτω ταῖσδ' ἐπεμβαίνειν αἰεὶ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

670 τάλανες ὦ κακοτυχεῖς  
 γυναικῶν πότμοι. ἀντ.  
 τίν' αὖ νῦν τέχνην ἔχομεν ἢ λόγους  
 σφαλεῖσαι κύθαμμα λύνειν λόγου ;

## HIPPOLYTUS

That folly by the short-weight of her wit.

Handmaids should ne'er have had access to wives,  
But brutes, with teeth, no tongue, should dwell  
with them,

That so they might not speak to any one,  
Nor win an answering word from such as these.

But now the vile ones weave vile plots within,  
And out of doors their handmaids bear the web : 650

As thou hast come, foul quean, to tender me  
Commerce in mine own father's sacred couch!—

Words that with fountain-streams I'll wash away,  
Sluicing mine ears. How should I be so vile,

Who even with hearing count myself defiled?

Woman, I fear God : know, that saveth thee.

For, had I not by oaths been trapped unwares,

I had ne'er forborne to tell this to my sire.

Now from mine home, while Theseus yet is far,  
I go, and I will keep my lips from speech. 660

But—with my father I return, to see

How thou wilt meet his eye, thou and thy mistress,

And so have taste of thy full shamelessness.

Curse ye ! My woman-hate shall ne'er be sated,

Not though one say that this is all my theme :

For they be ever strangely steeped in sin.

Let some one now stand forth and prove them  
chaste,

Or leave me free to trample on them ever. [*Exit.*]

CHORUS

(*Ant. to 362-72*)

O drear dark doom that on women hath lighted !

By what cunning of pleading, when feet once  
trip, 670

Shall we loose the accuser's iron grip?

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

ἐτύχομεν δίκας· ἰὼ γὰ καὶ φῶς.  
 πᾶ ποτ' ἐξαλύξω τύχας ;  
 πῶς δὲ πῆμα κρύψω, φίλαι ;  
 τίς ἂν θεῶν ἀρωγὸς ἢ τίς ἂν βροτῶν  
 πάρεδρος ἢ ξυνεργὸς ἀδίκων ἔργων  
 φανείη ; τὸ γὰρ παρ' ἡμῖν πάθος  
 παρὸν δυσεκπέρατον ἔρχεται βίου.  
 κακοτυχεστάτα γυναικῶν ἐγώ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

680 φεῦ φεῦ· πέπρακται, κοῦ κατώρθωνται τέχναι,  
 δέσποινα, τῆς σῆς προσπόλου, κακῶς δ' ἔχει.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

ὦ παγκακιστη καὶ φίλων διαφθορεῦ,  
 οἷ εἰργάσω με. Ζεὺς σε γεννήτωρ ἐμὸς  
 πρόρριζον ἐκτρίψειεν οὐτάσας πυρί.  
 οὐκ εἶπον, οὐ σῆς προὔνοησάμην φρενός,  
 σιγᾶν ἐφ' οἷσι νῦν ἐγὼ κακύνομαι ;  
 σὺ δ' οὐκ ἀνέσχον· τοιγὰρ οὐκέτ' εὐκλεεῖς  
 θανούμεθ'. ἀλλὰ δεῖ με δὴ καινῶν λόγων.  
 οὗτος γὰρ ὀργῇ συντεθηγμένος φρένας  
 690 ἐρεῖ καθ' ἡμῶν πατρὶ σὰς ἀμαρτίας,  
 ἐρεῖ δὲ Πιτθεῖ τῷ γέροντι συμφοράς,  
 πλησίει δὲ πᾶσαν γαῖαν αἰσχίστων λόγων.  
 ὄλοιο καὶ σὺ χῶστις ἄκοντας φίλους  
 πρόθυμός ἐστι μὴ καλῶς εὐεργετεῖν.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

δέσποινα, ἔχεις μὲν τὰμὰ μέμψασθαι κακία·  
 τὸ γὰρ δάκνον σου τὴν διάγνωσιν κρατεῖ·  
 ἔχω δὲ κἀγὼ πρὸς τὰδ', εἰ δέξει, λέγειν.  
 ἔθρεψά σ' εὖνους τ' εἰμί· τῆς νόσου δέ σοι  
 ζητοῦσα φάρμαχ' ἠῦρον οὐχ ἀβουλόμην.



# HIPPOLYTUS

## PHIÆDRA

O earth, O sun, I am justly requited  
Through the snares of calamity how shall I slip?  
How, friends, shall I cloke my woe, how hide?  
What God or what man shall stand forth on my side,  
Shall consent in my sin to be made partaker?  
For all life's anguish, and all life's shame  
Are upon me, and whelm like a shipwrecking breaker!  
Most accurst of my fate among women I am.

## CHORUS

Woe, woe! 'Tis done. Queen, it hath naught availed, 680  
Thy bower-maid's device: 'tis ruin all.

## PHIÆDRA

Vilest of vile! destroyer of thy friends!  
How hast thou ruined me! May Zeus my sire  
Smite thee with flame, blast thee to nothingness!  
Did I not tell thee— not divine thy purpose?—  
To speak not that whereby I am now dishonoured?  
But thou wouldst not forbear. I shall not now  
Even die unshamed! (*A pause*)

Some new plea must I find.

For yonder boy with soul keen-edged with wrath  
Shall to his sire accuse me of thy sin,  
Shall tell to aged Pittheus my mischance,  
Shall blaze the shameful tale through every land.  
Curses on thee, and whoso thrusteth in  
To do base service to unwilling friends!

690

## NURSE

Mistress, thou mayst revile mine evil work,  
For rankling pain bears thy discernment down:  
Yet somewhat might I answer, wouldst thou hear  
I nursed thee, loved thee, sought for thy disease  
A healing balm,—and found not that I would.

700

εἰ δ' εὖ γ' ἔπραξα, κάρτ' ἂν ἐν σοφοῖσιν ἦ·  
πρὸς τὰς τύχας γὰρ τὰς φρένας κεκτῆμεθα.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

ἦ γὰρ δίκαια ταῦτα κἄξαρκοῦντά μοι,  
τρώσασαν ἡμᾶς εἴτα συγχωρεῖν λόγοις ;

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

μακρηγοροῦμεν· οὐκ ἔσωφρόνουν ἐγώ,  
ἀλλ' ἔστι κἄκ τῶνδ' ὥστε σωθῆναι, τέκνον.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

παῦσαι λέγουσα· καὶ τὰ πρὶν γὰρ οὐ καλῶς  
παρήνεσάς μοι κἄπεχειρήσας κακά.  
ἀλλ' ἐκποδῶν ἄπελθε καὶ σαυτῆς πέρι  
φρόντιζ'· ἐγὼ δὲ τὰμὰ θήσομαι καλῶς.  
710 ὑμεῖς δέ, παῖδες εὐγενεῖς Τροιζήνιαι,  
τοσόνδε μοι παράσχετ' ἔξαιτουμένη,  
σιγῇ καλύπτειν ἄνθ' ἰδ' εἰσηκούσατε.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὄμνυμι σεμνὴν Ἄρτεμιν Διὸς κόρην,  
μηδὲν κακῶν σῶν εἰς φίος δείξειν ποτέ.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

καλῶς ἔλεξας. ἐν δὲ † προστρέπουσ' † ἐγὼ  
ἠῦρηκα δῆτα τῆσδε συμφορᾶς ἄκος,  
ὥστ' εὐκλεᾶ μὲν παισὶ προσθεῖναι βίον,  
αὐτὴ δ' ὄνασθαι πρὸς τὰ νῦν πεπτωκότα.  
οὐ γάρ ποτ' αἰσχυρῶ γε Κρησίους δόμους,  
720 οὐδ' εἰς πρόσωπον Θησέως ἀφίξομαι  
αἰσχροῖς ἐπ' ἔργοις εἴνεκα ψυχῆς μιᾶς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

μέλλεις δὲ δῆ τι δρᾶν ἀνῆκεστον κακόν ;

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

θανεῖν· ὅπως δέ, τοῦτ' ἐγὼ βουλεύσομαι.

## HIPPOLYTUS

Had I sped well, right wise had I been held ; 700  
 For, as we speed, so is our wisdom's fame.

PHIÆDRA

Ha ! is this just ?—should this suffice me now,  
 To have stabbed me, and then close in strife of words ?

NURSE

We waste the time in speech. I was not wise.  
 Yet even from this there is escape, my child.

PHIÆDRA

Peace to thy talk. Thy counsel heretofore  
 Was shame, and mischief thine endeavour was.  
 Hence from my sight : for thine own self take  
 thought.

I with my needs will deal—and honourably.

[Exit NURSE.

But ye, O Troezen's daughters nobly born, 710  
 Grant to my supplication this, but this—  
 With silence veil what things ye here have heard.

CHORUS

I swear by reverend Artemis, Zeus' child,  
 Never to bare to light of thine ills aught.

PHIÆDRA

Thou hast well said. Now, as I muse, I find  
 One refuge, one, from this calamity,  
 So to bequeath my sons a life of honour,  
 And what I may from this day's ruin save.  
 For never will I shame the halls of Crete,  
 Nor will I meet the face of Theseus ever, 720  
 For one poor life's sake, after all this shame.

CHORUS

Ah, wilt thou do a deed of ill past cure ?

PHIÆDRA

Die will I. How—for this will I take thought.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

εὐφημος ἴσθι.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

καὶ σύ γ' εὖ με νουθέτει.

ἐγὼ δὲ Κύπριν, ἣπερ ἐξόλλυσί με,  
 ψυχῆς ἀπαλλαχθεῖσα τῆδ' ἐν ἡμέρα  
 τέρψω· πικροῦ δ' ἔρωτος ἠσσηθήσομαι.  
 ἀτὰρ κακὸν γε χιᾶτέρω γενήσομαι  
 θανοῦσ', ἵν' εἰδῆ μὴ πὶ τοῖς ἐμοῖς κακοῖς  
 730 ὑψηλὸς εἶναι· τῆς νόσου δὲ τῆσδέ μοι  
 κοινῇ μετασχὼν σωφρονεῖν μαθήσεται.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἠλιβάτοις ὑπὸ κευθμῶσι γενοίμαν, στρ. α'  
 ἵνα με πτεροῦσσαν ὄρνιν  
 θεὸς εἰνὶ ποταναῖς ἀγέλαις θείῃ  
 ἀρθείην δ' ἐπὶ πόντιον  
 κῦμα τᾶς Ἀδριηνᾶς  
 ἀκτᾶς Ἡριδανοῦ θ' ὕδωρ·  
 ἔνθα πορφύρεον σταλάσσοις  
 740 εἰς οἶδμα πατρὸς τριτάλαιναι  
 κόραι Φαέθοντος οἴκτω δακρῦων  
 τὰς ἠλεκτροφαεῖς αὐγᾶς.

Ἐσπερίδων δ' ἐπὶ μηλόσπορον ἀκτὰν ἀντ. α'  
 ἀνύσαιμι τᾶν ἀοιδῶν,  
 ἵν' ὁ ποντομέδων πορφυρέας λίμνας  
 ναύταις οὐκέθ' ὁδὸν νέμει,  
 σεμνὸν τέρμονα κύρων  
 οὐρανοῦ, τὸν Ἄτλας ἔχει,  
 κρήναί τ' ἀμβρόσιαι χέονται  
 Ζανὸς μελάθρων παρὰ κοίταις,  
 750 ἵν' ἁ βιόδωρος αὔξει ζαθέα  
 χθῶν εὐδαιμονίαν θεοῖς.

# HIPPOLYTUS

## CHORUS

Ah hush!

## PHAEDRA

O yea, advise me wisely thou!

But I shall gladden Cypris my destroyer  
By fleeting out of life on this same day,  
And vanquished so by bitter love shall be.  
Yet in my death will I become the bane  
Of one beside, that he may triumph not  
Over my woes, and, taking of my pain,  
His share, may learn sound wisdom's temperance.

730

[*Exit* PHAEDRA.]

## CHORUS

Under the arched cliffs O were I lying, (Str. 1)  
That there to a bird might a God change me,  
And afar mid the flocks of the winged things flying  
Over the swell of the Adrian sea [ing,  
I might soar—and soar,—upon poised wings dream-  
O'er the strand where Eridanus' waters be,  
Where down to the sea-swell purple-gleaming  
The tears of the Sun-god's daughters are streaming,  
Of the thrice-sad sisters for Phaethon sighing,  
Star-flashes of strange tears amber-beaming!

740

(Ant. 1)

O to win to the strand where the apples are growing  
Of the Hesperid chanters kept in ward,  
Where the path over Ocean purple-glowing  
By the Sea's Lord is to the seafarer barred!  
O to light where Atlas hath eye in his keeping  
The bourn twixt earth and the heavens bestarred,  
Where the fountains ambrosial sunward are leaping  
By the couches where Zeus in his halls lieth sleeping,  
Where the bounty of Earth the life-bestowing  
The bliss of the Gods ever higher is heaping!

750

ὦ λευκόπτερε Κρησία στρ. β  
 πορθμῖς, ἅ διὰ πόντιον  
 κῦμ' ἀλίκτυπον ἄλμας  
 ἐπόρευσας ἐμὰν ἀνασσαν  
 ὀλβίων ἀπ' οἴκων,  
 κακονυμφοτάταν ὄνασιν.  
 ἦ γὰρ ἀπ' ἀμφοτέρων  
 ἢ Κρησίας ἐκ γᾶς δύσορnis  
 760 ἔπτατ' ἐπὶ κλεινὰς Ἀθήνας,  
 Μουρίχου δ' ἀκταῖσιν ἐκδή-  
 σαντο πλεκτὰς πεισμάτων ἀρ-  
 χὰς ἐπ' ὑπείρου τε γᾶς ἔβασαν.

ἀνθ' ὧν οὐχ ὀσίων ἐρώ- ἀντ. β  
 των δεινᾷ φρένας Ἀφροδί-  
 τας νόσῳ κατεκλάσθη·  
 χαλεπᾷ δ' ὑπέραντλος οὔσα  
 συμφορᾷ, τεράμνων  
 770 ἀπὸ νυμφιδίων κρεμαστὸν  
 ἄψεται ἀμφὶ βρόχον  
 λευκᾷ καθαρμόζουσα δείρα,  
 δαίμονα στυγνὰν καταιδε-  
 σθεῖσα, τάν τ' εὐδοξον ἀνθαι-  
 ρουμένα φάμαν, ἀπαλλίσ-  
 σουσά τ' ἀλγεινὸν φρενῶν ἔρωτα.

ΘΕΡΑΠΑΙΝΑ (ἴσωθεν)

ιοῦ ἰού·  
 βοηδρομεῖτε πάντες οἱ πέλας δόμων·  
 ἐν ἀγχόναϊς δέσποινα, Θησέως δάμαρ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

φεῦ φεῦ, πέπρακται βασιλῖς οὐκέτ' ἔστι διή  
 γυνή, κρεμαστοῖς ἐν βρόχοις ἠρτημένη.

# HIPPOLYTUS

(*Str.* 2)

O white-winged galley from Crete's far shore,  
 Whose keel over deep-sea surges speeding,  
 Through their flying brine and their battle-roar,  
 Onward and onward my lady bore,  
 From a bliss-fraight palace a princess leading  
 To the joy of a bridal of woe exceeding!—  
 For, a bird ill-boding, thy sail flitted o'er  
 With the curse of the Cretan land unto Athens'  
 glorious strand, 760  
 Till the seafarers lashed to the beach Munychian  
 the hawser-band,  
 And sprang unto earth's firm floor.

Wherefore, with love-pangs all unblest (*Ant.* 2)  
 For her gift, entered in Aphrodite, wringing  
 Her heart-strings asunder, a fearful guest.  
 Like a wrecked ship sinking, disaster-oppressed  
 Over her bride-bower's rafters flinging  
 The noose, shall she cast the coil close-clinging 770  
 Round the neck that was whitest and loveliest,  
 Because that with shuddering shame she shrank from  
 a loathed name,  
 And she chose, in its stead, the stainless renown of  
 a wife's fair fame,  
 And, for anguish of love, heart-rest.

[*A cry within*]

*Run to the rescue, all ye nigh the house!  
 In the strangling noose is Theseus' wife, our mistress!*

CHORUS

Woe! Woe! 'Tis done! No more—no more is she,  
 The queen—in yon noose rafter-hung upheught!

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ΘΕΡΑΠΑΙΝΑ

780

οὐ σπεύσεται ; οὐκ οἴσει τις ἀμφιδέξιον  
σίδηρον, ᾧ τόδ' ἄμμα λύσομεν δέρης ;

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ Α'

φίλοι, τί δρῶμεν ; ἢ δοκεῖ περᾶν δόμους  
λύσαι τ' ἀνασσαν ἐξ ἐπισπαστῶν βρόχων ;

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ Β'

τί δ' ; οὐ πάρεισι πρόσπολοι νεανίαί ;  
τὸ πολλὰ πρᾶσσειν οὐκ ἐν ἀσφαλεῖ βίου.

ΘΕΡΑΠΑΙΝΑ

ὀρθώσατ' ἐκτείνοντες ἄθλιον νέκυν,  
πικρὸν τόδ' οἰκούρημα δεσπόταις ἐμοῖς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ᾧλωλεν ἡ δύστηνος, ὡς κλύω, γυνή·  
ἤδη γὰρ ὡς νεκρὸν νιν ἐκτείνουσι δῆ.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

790

γυναῖκες, ἴστε τίς ποτ' ἐν δόμοις βοή ;  
ἠχῆ βαρεῖα προσπόλων μ' ἀφίκετο.  
οὐ γάρ τί μ' ὡς θεωρὸν ἀξιοῖ δόμος  
πύλας ἀνοίξας εὐφρόνως προσεννέπειν.  
μῶν Πιπθέως τι γῆρας εἴργασται νέον ;  
πρόσω μὲν ἤδη βίοςτος, ἀλλ' ὅμως ἔτ' ἂν  
λυπηρὸς ἡμῖν τούσδ' ἂν ἐκλίποι δόμους.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐκ εἰς γέροντας ἦδε σοι τείνει τύχη,  
Θησεῦ· νεοὶ θανόντες ἀλγυνοῦσί σε.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

οἴμοι τέκνων μοι μή τι συλᾶται βίος ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

800

ζῶσιν, θανούσης μητρὸς ὡς ἀλγιστά σοι.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

τί φῆς ; ᾧλωλεν ἄλοχος ; ἐκ τίνος τύχης ;



# HIPPOLYTUS

[*Cry within.*]

*O haste!—will no one bring the steel two-edged,  
Wherewith to loose this cincture of her neck?* 780

SEMI-CHORUS 1

What shall we do, friends? Deem ye we should pass  
The doors, and from the halter loose the queen?

SEMI-CHORUS 2

Wherefore? Are no young handmaids at her side?  
The busy meddler treadeth perilous paths.

[*Cry within.*]

*Uncramp the limbs, streak out the hapless corpse.  
Bitter house-warding this is for my lords!*

CHORUS

Dead is the woeful lady, by that cry:  
Even now they streak her as a corpse is streaked.

*Enter THESEUS.*

THESEUS

Women, know ye what means this cry within? 790

A dolorous shriek of handmaids reached mine ears;  
Nor deigns the house to open doors and greet me  
Blithely, as from the oracle come home.

Hath aught untoward happed to Pittheus' eld?  
Well-stricken in years is he, yet dole were ours  
If haply fare his feet from these halls forth.

CHORUS

Not to the old pertains this thy mischance,  
Theseus: the young have died, for grief to thee.

THESEUS

Woe!—is a child's life by the spoiler reft?

CHORUS

They live, their mother dead—alas for thee! 800

THESEUS

What say'st thou?—dead—my wife? By what mishap?

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

βρόχον κρεμαστὸν ἀγχόνης ἀνήψατο.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

λύπη παχνωθείς, ἢ ἀπὸ συμφορᾶς τίνος ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τοσοῦτον ἴσμεν· ἄρτι γὰρ καὶ γὼ δόμοις,  
Θησεῦ, πάριμι σῶν κακῶν πενθήτρια.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

αἰαῖ· τί δῆτα τοῖσδ' ἀνέστεμμαι κἀρα  
πλεκτοῖσι φύλλοις, δυστυχήs θεωρὸς ὦν ;  
χαλᾶτε κληῖθρα, πρόσπολοι, πυλωμάτων,  
ἐκλύεθ' ἄρμούς, ὡς ἴδω πικρὰν θέαν  
810 γυναικός, ἢ με κατθανοῦσ' ἀπώλεσεν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἰὼ ἰὼ τάλαινα μελέων κακῶν·  
ἔπαθες, εἰργάσω  
τοσοῦτον ὥστε τούσδε συγχέαι δόμους.  
αἰαῖ τόλμας, βιαίως θανοῦσ'  
ἀνοσίῳ τε συμφορᾶ, σᾶs χερὸs  
πάλαισμα μελέας.  
τίς ἄρα σᾶν, τάλαιν', ἀμαυροῖ ζῶάν ;

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

ὦμοι ἐγὼ πόνων· ἔπαθον, ὦ πόλις, στρ.  
τὰ μάλιστα ἐμῶν κακῶν. ὦ τύχα,  
ὥs μοι βαρεῖα καὶ δόμοις ἐπεστάθης,  
820 κηλῖs ἀφραστος ἐξ ἀλαστόρων τινός.  
κατακονὰ μὲν οὖν ἀβίωτος βίου·  
κακῶν δ' ὦ τάλας πέλαγος εἰσορῶ  
τοσοῦτον ὥστε μήποτ' ἐκνεῦσαι πάλιν,  
μηδ' ἐκπερᾶσαι κῦμα τῆsδε συμφορᾶs.

# HIPPOLYTUS

CHORUS

The strangling noose about her neck she coiled.

THESEUS

By grief's touch frozen, or of what affliction?

CHORUS

No more I know, for to thine halls but now,  
Theseus, I came, o'er these thine ills to mourn.

THESEUS

Woe! with these wreathed leaves why is mine head  
Crowned—ill-starred harbinger of oracles?  
Shoot back the bolts, my servants, of the doors:  
Loose bars, that I may see this bitter sight,  
My wife, who hath destroyed me by her death.

810

*The palace is thrown open, and the corpse of PHAEDRA  
disclosed, with her handmaids grouped round it.*

CHORUS

Woe for thy misery! Woe for thine ills, who hast  
suffered and wrought  
Such a thing as in ruin shall whelm thine home!  
Ah for thy desperate deed, who by violence un-  
hallowed hast sought [wrestler hast caught!  
Death, who with hand despairing the all-quelling  
Who shrondeh thy life, O hapless, in gloom?

THESEUS

(*Str.*)

Ah me for my woes.—I have suffered calamity, great  
O my people, beyond all other!—O foot of fate,  
How hast thou heavily trampled me and mine,  
Unlooked-for blight from some avenging fiend—  
Nay, but destruction that blasteth my life evermore!  
On a sea of disaster I look, on a sea without shore,  
So vast, that never can I swim thereout,  
Nor ride the surge of this calamity.

820

830

τίνα λόγον τάλας, τίνα τύχαν σέθεν  
 βαρύποτμον, γύναι, προσανδῶν τύχω ;  
 ὄρνις γὰρ ὡς τις ἐκ χερῶν ἄφαντος εἶ,  
 πήδημ' ἐς Ἴλιδου κραιπνὸν ὀρμήσασά μοι.  
 αἰαῖ αἰαῖ, μέλεα μέλεα τάδε πάθη.  
 πρόσωθεν δέ ποθεν ἀνακομίζομαι  
 τύχαν δαιμόνων  
 ἀμπλακίαισι τῶν πάροιθέν τινος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐ σοὶ τὰδ', ὦναξ, ἤλυθεν μόνῳ κακά·  
 πολλῶν μετ' ἄλλων δ' ὤλεσας κεδνὸν λέχος.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

840

τὸ κατὰ γᾶς θέλω, τὸ κατὰ γᾶς κνέφας ἄντ.  
 μετοικεῖν σκότῳ θανῶν ὁ τλάμων,  
 τῆς σῆς στερηθεῖς φιλιότητος ὀμιλίας·  
 ἀπώλεσας γὰρ μᾶλλον ἢ κατέφθισο.  
 † τίνος κλύω ; πόθεν θανάσιμος τύχα,  
 γύναι, σὰν ἔβα τάλαινα καρδίαν ; †  
 εἶποι τις ἂν τὸ πραχθέν, ἢ μάτην ὄχλον  
 στέγει τύραννον δῶμα προσπόλων ἐμῶν ;  
 ὦμοι μοι σέθεν \* \* \* \* \*  
 μέλεος, οἶον εἶδον ἄλγος δόμων,  
 οὐ τλητὸν οὐδὲ ῥητόν· ἀλλ' ἀπωλόμην·  
 ἔρημος οἶκος, καὶ τέκν' ὀρφανέυεται.  
 ἔλιπες ἔλιπες, ὦ φίλα  
 γυναικῶν ἀρίστα θ' ὀπόσας ἐφορᾶ  
 φέγγος ἀελίου τε καὶ  
 νυκτὸς ἀστερωπὸν σέλας.

850

## HIPPOLYTUS

What word can I speak unto thee?—how name, dear  
     wife, [thy life?  
 The doom that on thee hath descended and crushed  
     Like a bird hast thou fled from mine hands,  
     And with swift leap hast rushed to Hades' halls.  
 Never sorrow of sorrows was like unto mine. 830  
     On mine head have I gathered the load  
 Of the far-off sins of an ancient line;  
     And this is the vengeance of God.

### CHORUS

Not to thee only, king, this grief hath come;  
 With many more a dear wife's loss thou sharest.

### THESEUS

(*Ant.*)

In the darkness under the earth—ah me, to have died,  
 That in blackness of deep gloom under the earth I  
     might hide,  
     Who am left of thy most dear companionship!  
     Oh, thou hast dealt worse death than thou hast  
     suffered!  
 Of whom shall I hear whence came it, the deadly  
     stroke 840  
 Of doom, that the heart of thee, my beloved, broke?  
     Will none speak what befell?—or all for naught  
     Doth this my palace roof a menial throng?  
 Woe's me, my beloved, stricken because of thee!  
 Ah for the grief of mine house, for the travail I see,  
     Past utterance, past endurance!—lost am I:  
     Mine house is desolate, motherless my babes.  
 O my darling, my wife, thou art gone, thou art gone,  
     O best upon whom the light  
 Looketh down of the all-beholding sun, 850  
     Or the splendour of star-eyed night!

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τάλας, ὦ τάλας· ὅσον κακὸν ἔχει δόμος.  
 δάκρυσί μου βλέφαρα  
 καταχυθέντα τέγγεται σᾶ τύχα·  
 τὸ δ' ἐπὶ τῷδε πῆμα φρίσσω πάλαι.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

ἔα ἔα·

τί δὴ ποθ' ἦδε δέλτος ἐκ φίλης χερὸς  
 ἠρτημένη; θέλει τι σημῆναι νέον;  
 ἀλλ' ἢ λέχους μοι καὶ τέκνων ἐπιστολὰς  
 ἔγραψεν ἢ δύστηνος ἐξαιτουμένη;  
 860 θάρσει, τάλαινα· λέκτρα γὰρ τὰ Θησέως  
 οὐκ ἔστι δῶμά θ' ἦτις εἴσεισιν γυνή.  
 καὶ μὴν τύποι γε σφενδόνης χρυσηλάτου  
 τῆς οὐκέτ' οὔσης τῆσδε προσσαίνουσί με.  
 φέρ', ἐξελίξας περιβολὰς σφραγισμάτων  
 ἴδω τί λέξαι δέλτος ἦδε μοι θέλει.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

φεῦ φεῦ· τὸδ' αὖ νεοχμὸν ἐκδοχαῖς  
 ἐπιφέρει θεὸς κακόν. ἐμοί γ' ἂν<sup>1</sup> οὖν  
 ἀβίωτος βίου τύχα πρὸς τὸ κρανθὲν εἶη τυχεῖν.  
 ὀλομένους γάρ, οὐκέτ' ὄντας λέγω,  
 870 φεῦ φεῦ, τῶν ἐμῶν τυράννων δόμους·  
 ὦ δαῖμον, εἴ πως ἔστι, μὴ σφήλης δόμους,  
 αἰτουμένης δὲ κλυθί μου· πρὸς γάρ τινος  
 οἰωνὸν ὥστε μάντις εἴσορῶ κακόν.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

οἴμοι· τὸδ' οἶον ἄλλο πρὸς κακῷ κακόν,  
 οὐ τλητὸν οὐδὲ λεκτόν. ὦ τάλας ἐγώ.

<sup>1</sup> Paley's suggestion for MSS. μὲν.

# HIPPOLYTUS

## CHORUS

Alas for thee, and thine house's burden of ill !  
With ruth for thy fate running o'er do mine eyes  
the tear-drops pour :

[*Aside*] But for woe which must follow I shudder  
and shudder still.

## THESEUS

Ha !

What is this tablet, what, to her dear hand  
Fastened ? Would'st fain speak some word unsaid ?  
Now hath she writ, unhappy one, to pray  
Touching my marriage or my children aught ?  
Fear not, lost love : the woman is not born  
Shall lie in 'Theseus' couch, or tread his halls.  
Lo, how the impress of the carven gold  
Of her that is no more smiles up at me !  
Come, let me uncoil the seal's envelopings,  
And see what would this tablet say to me.

860

## CHORUS

Woe, woe ! How God bringeth evil following hard  
on the track

Of evil ! I count for living unmeet  
The lot of a life such as this, as on deeds that are  
wrought I look back : [but in ruin and wrack  
For the house of my lords standeth not any more,  
I behold it hurled from its ancient seat.

870

Ah God, if this may be, wreck not the house.  
But hearken my beseeching, for I trace,  
Scer-like, an evil omen from his face.

## THESEUS

Ah me !—a new curse added to the old,  
Past utterance, past endurance ! Woe is me !

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τί χρῆμα ; λέξον, εἴ τί μοι λόγου μέτα.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

βοᾶ βοᾶ δέλτος ἄλαστα. πᾶ φύγω  
βίρος κακῶν ; ὑπὸ γὰρ ὀλόμενος οἶχομαι,  
οἶον οἶον εἶδον ἐν γραφαῖς μέλος  
φθειγγόμενον τλάμων.

880

ΧΟΡΟΣ

αἰαῖ, κακῶν ἀρχηγὸν ἐκφαίνεις λόγον.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

τόδε μὲν οὐκέτι στόματος ἐν πύλαις  
καθέξω δυσεκπέρατον, ὀλοὸν  
κακόν· ἰὼ πόλις.

Ἴππόλυτος εὐνῆς τῆς ἐμῆς ἔτλη θιγεῖν  
βία, τὸ σεμνὸν Ζηνὸς ὄμμ' ἀτιμάσας.  
ἀλλ' ὦ πάτερ Πόσειδον, ἄς ἐμοί ποτε  
ἀρὰς ὑπέσχου τρεῖς, μιᾷ κατέργασαι  
τούτων ἐμὸν παῖδ', ἡμέραν δὲ μὴ φύγοι  
τήνδ', εἶπερ ἡμῖν ὤπασας σαφεῖς ἀράς.

890

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἄναξ, ἀπεύχου ταῦτα πρὸς θεῶν πάλιν·  
γνώσει γὰρ αὐθις ἀμπλακῶν. ἐμοὶ πιθοῦ.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

οὐκ ἔστι· καὶ πρὸς γ' ἐξελῶ σφε τῆσδε γῆς,  
δυοῖν δὲ μοίραιν θατέρα πεπλήξεται·  
ἢ γὰρ Ποσειδῶν αὐτὸν εἰς Ἰλίδου πύλας  
θανόντα πέμψει τὰς ἐμὰς ἀρὰς σέβων,  
ἢ τῆσδε χώρας ἐκπεσῶν ἀλώμενος  
ξένην ἐπ' αἴαν λυπρὸν ἀντλήσει βίον.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ μὴν ὄδ' αὐτὸς παῖς σὸς εἰς καιρὸν πάρα,  
Ἴππόλυτος· ὀργῆς δ' ἐξανεῖς κακῆς, ἄναξ  
Θησεῦ, τὸ λῶστον σοῖσι βούλευσαι δόμοις.

900



# HIPPOLYTUS

CHORUS

What is it? Speak, if I may share the tale.

THESEUS

It shrieketh,—ah, horrors the tablet outshrieketh.

O how can I flee

My burden of woes! I am utterly ruin-spel!

What incantation of curses is this I have read

Graved on the wax—woe's me!

880

CHORUS

Alas! thou utterest speech that heralds ill.

THESEUS

No more within my lips' gates will I pen

The horror that chokes utterance—O my people,

Hippolytus hath dared assail my bed

With violence, flouting Zeus's awful eye! . . . . .

Father Poseidon, thou didst promise me

Three curses once. Do thou with one of these

Destroy my son: may he not 'scape this day,

If soothfast curses thou hast granted me.

890

CHORUS

Oh, for the Gods' sake, King, recall this prayer!

Thou yet shalt know thine error: yield to me.

THESEUS

Never! Yea, I will drive him from the land;

And, of two dooms, with one shall he be scourged:—

Either Poseidon, reverencing my prayers,

Shall slay and speed him unto Hades' halls,

Or, banished from this land, a vagabond

On strange shores shall he drain life's bitter dregs.

CHORUS

Lo, where thy son's self comes in season meet,

Hippolytus: refrain thy wrath, O king

Theseus, and for thine house the best devise.

900

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

κραυγῆς ἀκούσας σῆς ἀφικόμην, πάτερ,  
 σπουδῆ· τὸ μέντοι πρᾶγμ' ἐφ' ᾧ τὰ νῦν στένεις  
 οὐκ οἶδα, βουλοίμην δ' ἂν ἐκ σέθεν κλύειν.  
 ἔα, τί χρήμα; σὴν δάμαρθ' ὀρώ, πάτερ,  
 νεκρόν· μεγίστου θαύματος τόδ' ἄξιον·  
 ἦν ἀρτίως ἔλειπον, ἢ φάος τόδε  
 οὔπω χρόνον παλαιὸν εἰσεδέρκετο.  
 τί χρήμα πάσχει; τῷ τρόπῳ διόλλυται,  
 910 πάτερ, πυθέσθαι βούλομαι σέθεν πάρα.  
 σιγᾶς; σιωπῆς δ' οὐδὲν ἔργον ἐν κακοῖς·  
 ἢ γὰρ ποθοῦσα πάντα καρδία κλύειν  
 κὰν τοῖς κακοῖσι λίχνος οὐσ' ἰλίσκεται.  
 οὐ μὴν φίλους γε κύτι μᾶλλον ἢ φίλους  
 κρύπτειν δίκαιον σάς, πάτερ, δυσπραξίας.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

ὦ πόλλ' ἁμαρτάνοντες ἄνθρωποι μάτην,  
 τί δὴ τέχνας μὲν μυρίας διδάσκετε  
 καὶ πάντα μηχανᾶσθε κάξενρίζετε,  
 920 ἐν δ' οὐκ ἐπίστασθ' οὐδ' ἐθηρίσασθέ πω,  
 φρονεῖν διδάσκειν οἷσιν οὐκ ἔνεστι νοῦς;

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

δεινὸν σοφιστὴν εἶπας, ὅστις εὖ φρονεῖν  
 τοὺς μὴ φρονούντας δυνατός ἐστ' ἀναγκάσαι.  
 ἀλλ' οὐ γὰρ ἐν δέοντι λεπτουργεῖς, πάτερ,  
 δέδοικα μὴ σου γλώσσ' ὑπερβύλη κακοῖς.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

φεῦ, χρῆν βροτοῖσι τῶν φίλων τεκμήριον  
 σαφές τι κεῖσθαι καὶ διάγνωσιν φρενῶν,  
 ὅστις τ' ἀληθὴς ἐστίν ὅς τε μὴ φίλος·  
 δισσάς τε φωνὰς πάντας ἀνθρώπους ἔχει,  
 τὴν μὲν δικαίαν, τὴν δ' ὅπως ἐτύχανε,

## HIPPOLYTUS

*Enter* HIPPOLYTUS.

HIPPOLYTUS

Father, I heard thy crying, and I came  
In haste: yet for what cause thou makest moan  
I know not, but of thee I fain would hear.  
Ha! what is this? Father, thy wife I see  
Dead!—matter this for marvel passing great,  
But now I left her, who upon this light  
Looked, it is not yet a long season since.  
What hath befallen her? How perished she?  
Father, I fain would learn it from thy mouth. 910  
Silent! In trouble silence naught avails.  
The heart that yearns to know all cares of thine  
Fain shall be found to prove thy troubles too.  
Sure, from thy friends—yea, and thy more than  
friends,  
Father, it is not right to hide thy griefs.

THESEUS

O men that oftentimes err, and err in vain,  
Why are ye teaching ever arts untold,  
And search out manifold inventions still,  
But one thing know not, no, have never sought it,  
To teach them wit, in whom no wisdom dwells? 920

HIPPOLYTUS

A cunning sage were this, endued with power  
To force them to be wise who are witless all!  
But—so ill-timed thy speculations are—  
Father, I fear thy tongue for grief runs wild.

THESEUS

Out! There should dwell in men some certain test  
Of friendship, a discernor of the heart,  
To show who is true friend and who is false.  
Yea, all men should have had two several voices,  
One honest, one—as chance or interest swayed;

930 ὡς ἡ φρονοῦσα τᾶδικ' ἐξηλέγχετο  
πρὸς τῆς δικαίας, κούκ ἂν ἠπατώμεθα.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

ἀλλ' ἢ τις εἰς σὸν οὖς με διαβαλὼν ἔχει  
φίλων, νοσοῦμεν δ' οὐδὲν ὄντες αἴτιοι ;  
ἔκ τοι πέπληγμαί σοι γὰρ ἐκπλήσσουσί με  
λόγοι παραλλάσσοντες ἔξεδροι φρενῶν.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

φεῦ τῆς βροτείας—ποῖ προβήσεται ;—φρενός·  
τί τέρμα τόλμης καὶ θράσους γενήσεται ;  
εἰ γὰρ κατ' ἄνδρὸς βίοτον ἐξογκώσεται,  
ὁ δ' ὕστερος τοῦ πρόσθεν εἰς ὑπερβολὴν  
940 πανοῦργος ἔσται, θεοῖσι προσβαλεῖν χθονὶ  
ἄλλην δεήσει γαῖαν, ἢ χωρήσεται  
τοὺς μὴ δικαίους καὶ κακοὺς πεφυκότας.  
σκέψασθε δ' εἰς τόνδ', ὅστις ἐξ ἐμοῦ γεγῶς  
ἦσχυνε τὰ μὰ λέκτρα κάξελέγχεται  
πρὸς τῆς θανούσης ἐμφανῶς κάκιστος ὢν.  
δειξον δ', ἐπειδὴ γ' εἰς μίασμ' ἐλήλυθας,  
τὸ σὸν πρόσωπον δεῦρ' ἐναντίον πατρί.  
σὺ δὴ θεοῖσιν ὡς περισσὸς ὢν ἀνὴρ  
ξύνει ; σὺ σῶφρων καὶ κακῶν ἀκήρατος ;  
950 οὐκ ἂν πιθοίμην τοῖσι σοῖς κόμποις ἐγὼ  
θεοῖσι προσθεῖς ἡμαθίαν φρονεῖν κακῶς.  
ἦδη νυν αὖχει καὶ δι' ἀψύχου βορᾶς  
σίτοις καπήλευ', Ὀρφέα τ' ἄνακτ' ἔχων  
βάκχευε πολλῶν γραμμάτων τιμῶν καπνούς·  
ἐπεὶ γ' ἐλήφθης. τοὺς δὲ τοιούτους ἐγὼ  
φεύγειν προφωνῶ πᾶσι· θηρεύουσι γὰρ  
σεμνοῖς λόγοισιν, αἰσχρὰ μηχανώμενοι.

## HIPPOLYTUS

That so the traitor voice might be convict 930  
Before the honest, nor we be deceived.

### HIPPOLYTUS

How?—to thine ear hath some friend slandered me,  
That I the innocent am in evil case?  
Astonied am I, for thy words amaze me,  
Thus wandering wide astray from reason's throne.

### THESEUS

Out on man's heart!—to what depths will it sink?  
Where shall assurance end and hardihood?  
For if it swell with every generation,  
And the new age reach heights of villainy  
Above the old, the Gods must needs create 940  
A new earth unto this, that room be found  
For the unrighteous and unjust in grain.  
Look on this man, who, though he be my son,  
Hath shamed my couch, and shall be manifest proved  
Most vile, by testimony of the dead.

*HIPPOLYTUS covers his face in horror.*

Nay, show thy face—since thou hast come to this,  
This foulness,—look thy father in the face!  
Dost thou with Gods—O thou no common man!—  
Consort? Art thou the chaste, the stainless one?  
I will not trust thy boasts, for so should I 950  
Impute to Gods unwisdom's ignorance.  
Now vaunt, ay now!—set out thy paltry wares  
Of lifeless food:<sup>1</sup> take Orpheus for thy king:  
Rave, worship vapourings of many a scroll:  
For ah, thou'rt caught! I warn all men to shun  
Such hypocrites as this; for they hunt souls  
With canting words, the while they plot foul sin.

<sup>1</sup> Abstinence from animal food was a feature of the ascetic doctrines attributed to Orpheus, as of those of Pythagoras.

960

τέθνηκεν ἦδε· τούτό σ' ἐκώσειν δοκεῖς ;  
 ἐν τῷδ' ἀλίσκει πλεῖστον, ὦ κάκιστε σύ·  
 ποῖοι γὰρ ὄρκοι κρείσσονες, τίνες λόγοι  
 τῆσδ' ἂν γένοιτ' ἄν, ὥστε σ' αἰτίαν φυγεῖν ;  
 μισεῖν σε φήσεις τήνδε καὶ τὸ δὴ νόθον  
 τοῖς γνησίοισι πολέμιον πεφυκέναι·  
 κακὴν ἄρ' αὐτὴν ἔμπορον βίου λέγεις,  
 εἰ δυσμενεῖα σῆ τὰ φίλτατ' ὤλεσεν.  
 ἀλλ' ὡς τὸ μῶρον ἀνδράσιν μὲν οὐκ ἔνι,  
 γυναιξὶ δ' ἐμπέφυκεν ; οἶδ' ἐγὼ νέους  
 οὐδὲν γυναικῶν ὄντας ἀσφαλεστέρους,  
 ὅταν ταραξῆι Κύπρις ἠβῶσαν φρένα·  
 τὸ δ' ἄρσεν αὐτοὺς ὠφελεῖ προσκείμενον.  
 νῦν οὖν τί ταῦτα σοῖς ἀμιλλῶμαι λόγοις  
 νεκροῦ παρόντος μάρτυρος σαφεστάτου ;  
 ἔξερρε γαίας τῆσδ' ὅσον τάχος φυγὰς,  
 καὶ μήτ' Ἀθήνας τὰς θεοδμήτους μόλης,  
 μήτ' εἰς ὄρους γῆς ἧς ἐμὸν κρατεῖ δόρυ.  
 εἰ γὰρ παθῶν γε σοῦ τάδ' ἠσσηθήσομαι,  
 οὐ μαρτυρήσει μ' Ἴσθμιος Σίνις ποτὲ  
 κταεῖν ἑαυτόν, ἀλλὰ κομπάζειν μάτην,  
 οὐδ' αἰ θαλάσση σύννομοι Σκειρωνίδες  
 φήσουσι πέτραι τοῖς κακοῖς μ' εἶναι βαρύν.

980

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐκ οἶδ' ὅπως εἶποιμ' ἂν εὐτυχεῖν τινα  
 θνητῶν· τὰ γὰρ δὴ πρῶτ' ἀνέστραπται πάλιν.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

πάτερ, μένος μὲν ξύστασις τε σῶν φρενῶν  
 δεινὴ· τὸ μέντοι πρᾶγμ' ἔχον καλοὺς λόγους,  
 εἴ τις διαπτύξειεν, οὐ καλὸν τόδε.  
 ἐγὼ δ' ἄκομψος εἰς ὄχλον δοῦναι λόγον,

## HIPPOLYTUS

Dead is she : thinkest thou this saveth thee ?  
 Hereby thou art most convicted, basest thou !  
 What oaths, what protestations shall bear down 960

*Thrusts tablet into HIPPOLYTUS' hand.*

This, for thine absolution of the charge ? . . . .  
 Now, what is thy defence ?—" She hated me :  
 Bastard and true-born still are natural foes ?"  
 Fools' traffic this in life—to fling away  
 For hate of *thee* the dearest thing she owed !  
 Or—say'st thou ?—" Frailty is not in men,  
 But in the blood of women." Youths, I have proved,  
 Are no whit more than women continent,  
 When Cypris stirs a heart in flush of youth :  
 Yet all the strength of manhood helpeth them. 970  
 But wherefore thus contend against thy pleas,  
 When there the corpse lies, witness faithful and  
 true ?

Hence from this land, an exile, with all speed.  
 Never come thou to god-built Athens more,  
 Nor any marches where my spear hath sway :  
 For if 'neath thy mishandling I sit still,  
 Never shall Isthmian Sinis testify  
 That I slew him, but name it idle vaunt ;  
 Nor those Scironian Rocks that skirt the sea  
 Shall call me terrible to evil-doers. 980

### CHORUS

I dare not name of mortals any man  
 Happy, for lo, the first is made the last.

### HIPPOLYTUS

Father, thy rage and strong-strained fury of soul  
 Are fearful : yet, fair-seeming though the charge,  
 If one unfold it, all unfair it is.  
 I have no skill to speak before a throng :

εἰς ἡλικας δὲ κώλίγους σοφώτερος.  
 ἔχει δὲ μοῖραν καὶ τόδ'· οἱ γὰρ ἐν σοφοῖς  
 φαῦλοι παρ' ὄχλῳ μουσικώτεροι λέγειν.  
 990 ὅμως δ' ἀνάγκη, συμφορᾶς ἀφιγμένης,  
 γλῶσσάν μ' ἀφεῖναι. πρῶτα δ' ἄρξομαι λέγειν  
 ὅθεν μ' ὑπήλθες πρῶτον ὡς διαφθερῶν  
 οὐκ ἀντιλέξοντ'. εἰσορᾶς φάος τόδε  
 καὶ γαῖαν· ἐν τοῖσδ' οὐκ ἔνεστ' ἀνὴρ ἐμοῦ,  
 οὐδ' ἦν σὺ μὴ φῆς, σωφρονέστερος γεγώς.  
 ἐπίσταμαι γὰρ πρῶτα μὲν θεοὺς σέβειν,  
 φίλοις τε χρῆσθαι μὴ ἀδικεῖν πειρωμένοις,  
 ἀλλ' οἷσιν αἰδῶς μήτ' ἐπαγγέλλειν κακὰ  
 μήτ' ἀνθυπουργεῖν αἰσχρὰ τοῖσι χρωμένοις·  
 1000 οὐκ ἐγγελαστὴς τῶν ὀμιλούντων, πάτερ,  
 ἀλλ' αὐτὸς οὐ παροῦσι κάγγυς ὢν φίλος.  
 ἐνὸς δ' ἄθικτος, ὃ με νῦν ἐλεῖν δοκεῖς·  
 λέχους γὰρ εἰς τόδ' ἡμέρας ἄγνόν δέμας.  
 οὐκ οἶδα πρᾶξιν τήνδε πλὴν λόγῳ κλύων  
 γραφῇ τε λεύσσω· οὐδὲ ταῦτα γὰρ σκοπεῖν  
 πρίθυμός εἰμι, παρθένον ψυχὴν ἔχων.  
 καὶ δὴ τὸ σῶφρον τοῦμόν οὐ πείθει σ' ἴσως·  
 δεῖ δὴ σε δεῖξαι τῷ τρόπῳ διεφθάρην.  
 πότερα τὸ τῆσδε σώμ' ἐκαλλιστεύετο  
 1010 πασῶν γυναικῶν ; ἢ σὸν οἰκήσειν δόμον  
 ἔγκληρον εὐνήν προσλαβὼν ἐπήλπισα ;  
 μάταιος ἄρ' ἦ, κούδα μοῦ μὲν οὖν φρενῶν.  
 ἀλλ' ὡς τυραννεῖν ἠδὲ τοῖσι σώφροσιν ;  
 ἦκιστά γ', εἰ μὴ τὰς φρένας διέφθορε  
 θνητῶν ὅσοισιν ἀνδάνει μοναρχία.  
 ἐγὼ δ' ἀγῶνας μὲν κρατεῖν Ἑλληνικοὺς  
 πρῶτος θέλοιμ' ἄν, ἐν πόλει δὲ δεύτερος  
 σὺν τοῖς ἀρίστοις εὐτυχεῖν ἀεὶ φίλοις.



## HIPPOLYTUS

My tongue is loosed with equals, and those few.  
 And reason: they that are among the wise  
 Of none account, to mobs are eloquent.  
 Yet needs I must, now this mischance hath lighted, 990  
 Unrein my tongue. And first will I begin  
 Where thou didst first assail, as thou wouldst crush me,  
 And I find no reply. See'st thou you sun  
 And earth?—within their compass is no man—  
 Though thou deny it—chaster-souled than I.  
 For I have learnt, first, to revere the Gods,  
 Then, to have friends which seek to do no wrong,  
 Friends who think shame to proffer aught of base,  
 Yea, or to render others shameful service.  
 No mocker am I, father, at my friends, 1000  
 But to the absent even as to the present:  
 In one thing flawless,—where thou think'st me  
 trapped,—  
 For to this day my body is clean of lust.  
 I know this commerece not, save by the ear  
 And sight of pictures,—little will have I  
 To look thereon, who keep a virgin soul.  
 Yet, grant my virtue wins not thy belief,  
 Sure 'tis for thee to show whereby I fell.  
 Wilt say this woman's form in grace outshone  
 All women?—that I hoped thy state to inherit 1010  
 By winning for mine own thine heiress-queen?  
 Vain fool were I—nay rather, wholly mad!  
 “But Power can tempt,” might one say, “even the  
 chaste.”  
 Nay verily!—save the lust of sovereignty  
 Poison the wit of all who covet it.  
 Fain would I foremost victor be in games  
 Hellenic, and be second in the realm,  
 And with pure-hearted friends be happy still.

1020 πρᾶσσειν γὰρ εὖ πάρεστι, κίνδυνός τ' ἀπὼν  
 κρείσσω δίδωσι τῆς τυραννίδος χάριν.  
 ἐν οὐ λέλεκται τῶν ἐμῶν, τὰ δ' ἄλλ' ἔχεις·  
 εἰ μὲν γὰρ ἦν μοι μάρτυς οἶός εἰμ' ἐγώ,  
 καὶ τῆσδ' ὀρώσης φέγγος ἠγωνιζόμεν,  
 ἔργοις ἂν εἶδες τοὺς κακοὺς διεξιῶν.  
 νῦν δ' ὄρκιόν σοι Ζῆνα καὶ πέδον χθοιὸς  
 ὄμνυμι τῶν σῶν μήποθ' ἄψασθαι γάμων  
 μηδ' ἂν θελήσαι μηδ' ἂν ἐννοίαν λαβεῖν.  
 ἢ τᾶρ' ὀλοίμην ἀκλεῆς ἀνώνυμος,  
 ἄπολις ἄοικος, φυγὰς ἀλητεύων χθόνα,  
 1030 καὶ μήτε πόντος μήτε γῆ δέξαιτό μου  
 σάρκας θανόντος, εἰ κακὸς πέφυκ' ἀνὴρ.  
 εἰ δ' ἦδε δειμαίνουσ' ἀπώλεσεν βίον  
 οὐκ οἶδ'. ἐμοὶ γὰρ οὐ θέμις πέρα λέγειν.  
 ἐσωφρόνησε δ' οὐκ ἔχουσα σωφρονεῖν,  
 ἡμεῖς δ', ἔχοντες οὐ καλῶς, ἐχρώμεθα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀρκούσαν εἶπας αἰτίας ἀποστροφῆν,  
 ὄρκους παρασχών, πίστιν οὐ σμικράν, θεῶν.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

1040 ἄρ' οὐκ ἐπῶδος καὶ γόης πέφυχ' ὄδε,  
 ὅς τὴν ἐμὴν πέποιθεν εὐοργησία  
 ψυχὴν κρατήσσειν τὸν τεκόντ' ἀτιμάσας ;

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

καὶ σοῦ γε κάρτα ταῦτα θαυμάζω, πάτερ·  
 εἰ γὰρ σὺ μὲν παῖς ἦσθ', ἐγὼ δὲ σὸς πατήρ,  
 ἔκτεινά τοί σ' ἂν κούφυγαῖς ἐξημίουν,  
 εἴπερ γυναικὸς ἠξίους ἐμῆς θιγεῖν.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

ὥς ἄξιον τὸδ' εἶπας· οὐχ οὕτω θανεῖ,  
 ὥσπερ σὺ σαυτῷ τόνδε προὔθηκας νόμον·

## HIPPOLYTUS

For there is true well-being, from peril far,  
Which giveth sweeter joys than sovereignty. 1020  
So hast thou all my counterpleas, save one :—  
Could I that witness call who knows mine heart,  
And, pleading, face thy dead wife's living face,  
By deeds shouldst thou search out and know the  
wicked :

But now—by Zeus Oath-warden, by Earth's plain,  
Swear I, I ne'er attempted couch of thine,  
No, nor had wished it, nor had dreamed thereof.  
God grant I perish nameless, fameless all,  
Cityless, homeless, exile, vagabond  
On earth,—may sea nor land receive my corpse 1030  
When I am dead, if I be this vile thing !  
Now if through fear she flung away her life  
I know not. More I cannot sinless say.  
Her honour by dishonour did she guard :  
I, in a sore strait, cleave to honour still.

### CHORUS

Thou hast said enough to turn this charge from thee,  
Tendering the oath of Gods, the awful pledge.

### THESEUS

Juggler with words and trickster is he not,  
Who thinks by his unruffled calm to outface  
My mood, when his own father he hath shamed ? 1040

### HIPPOLYTUS

Nay, but I marvel, father, at this in thee ;—  
For, if my son thou wert, and I thy sire,  
I had slain thee : exile should not be thy mulct,  
If on my wife thou hadst dared to lay a hand.

### THESEUS

Good sooth, well said : yet not so shalt thou die—  
Not by the doom thou speakest for thyself !

1050

ταχὺς γὰρ Ἰλίδης ῥᾶστος ἀνδρὶ δυστυχεῖ·  
ἀλλ' ἐκ πατρώας φυγὰς ἀλητεύων χθονός  
ξένην ἐπ' αἶαν λυπρὸν ἀντλήσεις βίον·  
μισθὸς γὰρ οὗτός ἐστιν ἀνδρὶ δυσσεβεῖ.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

οἴμοι, τί δράσεις ; οὐδὲ μηνυτὴν χρόνον  
δέξει καθ' ἡμῶν, ἀλλά μ' ἐξελάς χθονός ;

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

πέραν γε πόντου θερμόνων τ' Ἀτλαντικῶν,  
εἴ πως δυναίμην, ὡς σὸν ἐχθαίρω κέρα.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

οὐδ' ὄρκον οὐδὲ πίστιν οὐδὲ μάντεων  
φήμας ἐλέγξας ἄκριτον ἐκβαλεῖς με γῆς ;

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

ἢ δέλτος ἦδε κλῆρον οὐ δεδεγμένη  
κατηγορεῖ σου πιστά· τοὺς δ' ὑπὲρ κέρα  
φοιτῶντας ὄρνεις πόλλ' ἐγὼ χαίρειν λέγω.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

1060

ὦ θεοί, τί δῆτα τούμῳ οὐ λύω στόμα,  
ὅστις γ' ὑφ' ὑμῶν, οὐς σέβω, διόλλυμαι ;  
οὐ δῆτα· πάντως οὐ πίθοιμ' ἂν οὐς με δεῖ,  
μάτην δ' ἂν ὄρκους συγχέαιμ' οὐς ὤμοσα.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

οἴμοι· τὸ σεμνὸν ὡς μ' ἀποκτείνει τὸ σόν.  
οὐκ εἰ πατρώας ἐκτὸς ὡς τάχιστα γῆς ;

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

ποῖ δῆθ' ὁ τλήμων τρέψομαι ; τίνας ξένων  
δόμους ἔσειμι τῆδ' ἐπ' αἰτία φυγῶν ;

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

ὅστις γυναικῶν λυμεῶνας ἦδεται  
ξένους κομίζων καὶ συνοικούρους κακῶν.

## HIPPOLYTUS

Ay, easiest for the wretched is swift death.  
But from the home-land exiled, wandering  
To strange soil, shalt thou drain life's bitter dregs ;  
For this is meet wage for the impious man.

1050

HIPPOLYTUS

Woe's me !—what wilt thou do? Wilt not receive  
Time's witness in my cause, but banish now?

THESEUS

Beyond the sea, beyond the Atlantic bourn,  
If this I could ; so much I hate thy face.

HIPPOLYTUS

Nor oath, nor pledge, nor prophet's utterance  
Wilt test, but cast me forth the land untried?

THESEUS

This tablet, though it bear no prophet's sign,  
Accuseth thee, nor lieth : but the birds  
That roam o'erhead—I wave them long farewell.

HIPPOLYTUS (*aside*)

O Gods, why can I not unlock my lips,  
Who am destroyed by you whom I revere?  
No !—whom I need persuade, I should not so,  
And all for naught should break the oaths I swore.

1060

THESEUS

Faugh !—how it chokes me, this thy saintly mien !  
Out from thy fatherland ! Straightway begone !

HIPPOLYTUS

Unhappy ! whither shall I flee ?—what home  
Of what friend enter, banished on such charge ?

THESEUS

Of whose joys in welcoming for guests  
Defilers of men's wives, which dwell with sin.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

1070

αἰαί· πρὸς ἦπαρ δακρῦων τ' ἐγγὺς τόδε,  
εἰ δὴ κακὸς γε φαίνομαι δοκῶ τέ σοι.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

τότε στενάζειν καὶ προγιγνώσκειν σ' ἐχρήν,  
ὄτ' εἰς πατρώαν ἄλοχον ὑβρίζειν ἔτλης.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

ὦ δώματ', εἴθε φθέγμα γηρῦσαισθέ μοι  
καὶ μαρτυρήσαιτ' εἰ κακὸς πέφυκ' ἀνὴρ.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

εἰς τοὺς ἀφώνους μάρτυρας φεύγεις σοφῶς·  
τὸ δ' ἔργον οὐ λέγον σε μνηύει κακόν.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

φεῦ·  
εἶθ' ἦν ἐμαυτὸν προσβλέπειν ἐναντίον  
στάνθ', ὡς ἐδάκρυσ' οἶα πύσχομεν κακά.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

1080

πολλῶ γε μᾶλλον σαυτὸν ἤσκησας σέβειν  
ἢ τοὺς τεκόντας ὅσια δρᾶν, δίκαιος ὢν.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

ὦ δυστάλαινα μήτηρ, ὦ πικραὶ γοιαί·  
μηδεῖς ποτ' εἶη τῶν ἐμῶν φίλων νόθος.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

οὐχ ἔλξεται αὐτόν, δμῶες; οὐκ ἀκούετε  
πάλαι ξεινοῦσθαι τόνδε προὔνέποντά με;

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

κλαίων τις αὐτῶν ἂρ' ἐμοῦ γε θίξεται  
σὺ δ' αὐτός, εἴ σοι θυμός, ἐξώθει χθονός.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

δράσω τίδ', εἰ μὴ τοῖς ἐμοῖς πείσει λόγοις·  
οὐ γάρ τις οἶκτος σῆς μ' ὑπέρχεται φυγῆς.

# HIPPOLYTUS

HIPPOLYTUS

Alas! this stabs mine heart well-nigh to weeping,  
If I be published villain, thou believe it! 1070

THESEUS

Then shouldest thou have moaned and taken thought,  
When thou dar'dst outrage thine own father's wife!

HIPPOLYTUS

O halls, could ye but find a voice for me,  
And witness if I be a wicked man!

THESEUS

Wisely thou fleest to speechless witnesses!  
This deed, though it speak not, declares thee vile.

HIPPOLYTUS

Ah, to stand face to face and see myself,  
That for the wrongs I suffer I might weep!

THESEUS

Yea, 'tis thy wont to gaze on thy perfections 1080  
More than to render parents righteous honour.

HIPPOLYTUS

Ah, hapless mother!—ah, my bitter birth!  
Base-born be never any that I love!

THESEUS

Will ye not hale him hence, thralls?—heard ye not  
Long since his banishment pronounced of me?

HIPPOLYTUS

Who layeth hand on me of them shall rue!  
Thou thrust me from the land, if such thy mood.

THESEUS

That will I, an thou wilt not heed mine hest.  
No pity for thine exile visits me. [Exit THESEUS.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

- 1090 ἄραρεν, ὡς ἔοικεν· ὦ τάλας ἐγώ·  
 ὡς οἶδα μὲν ταῦτ', οἶδα δ' οὐχ ὅπως φράσω.  
 ὦ φιλτάτη μοι δαιμόνων Λητοῦς κόρη  
 σύνθακε συγκύναγε, φευξόμεσθα δὴ  
 κλεινὰς Ἀθήνας. ἀλλὰ χαίрет', ὦ πόλις  
 καὶ γαί' Ἐρεχθέως· ὦ πέδον Τροιζήνιον,  
 ὡς ἐγκαθηβᾶν πόλλ' ἔχεις εὐδαίμονα,  
 χαῖρ'· ὕστατον γάρ σ' εἰσορῶν προσφθέγγομαι.  
 ἴτ', ὦ νέοι μοι τῆσδε γῆς ὀμήλικες,  
 προσεείπαθ' ἡμᾶς καὶ προπέμψατε χθονός·  
 1100 ὡς οὔποτ' ἄλλον ἄνδρα σωφρονέστερον  
 ὄψεσθε, κεῖ μὴ ταῦτ' ἐμῶ δοκεῖ πατρί.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

στρ. α

ἦ μέγα μοι τὰ θεῶν μελεδήμαθ', ὅταν φρένας  
 ἔλθῃ,  
 λύπας παραιρεῖ·  
 ξύνεσιν δέ τιν' ἐλπίδι κεύθῳ  
 λείπομαι ἐν τε τύχαις θνατῶν καὶ ἐν ἔργμασι  
 λεύσσω·  
 ἄλλα γὰρ ἄλλοθεν ἀμείβεται,  
 μετὰ δ' ἴσταται ἀνδράσιν αἰῶν  
 1110 πολυπλάνητος αἰεῖ.

ἀντ. α'

εἶθε μοι εὐξαμένα θεόθεν τάδε μοῖρα παράσχοι,  
 τύχαν μετ' ὄλβου  
 καὶ ἀκήρατον ἄλγεσι θυμόν·  
 δόξα δὲ μήτ' ἀτρεκῆς μήτ' αὖ παράσημος ἐνεΐη·  
 ῥάδια δ' ἦθεα τὸν αὔριον  
 μεταβαλλομένα χρόνον αἰεὶ  
 βίον συνευτυχοίην.



# HIPPOLYTUS

## HIPPOLYTUS

So then my fate is sealed. Ah, woe is me! 1090  
 I know the truth, yet know not how to tell it.  
 Dearest of Gods to me, O Leto's Child,  
 Companion, fellow-huntress, I shall flee  
 Athens the glorious. Farewell, City and Land  
 Of old Erechtheus! O Troezenian plain,  
 How many pleasant paths of youth hast thou!  
 Farewell: I see thee, hail thee, the last time.  
 Come, O ye youths, mine age-mates in this land,  
 Speak parting word: escort me from this soil:  
 For never shall ye see a chaster man, 1100  
 Albeit this my sire believeth not. [*Exit.*]

## CHORUS

(*Str. 1*)

When faith overfloweth my mind, God's providence  
 all-embracing [but to *know!*]  
 Banisheth griefs: but when doubt whispereth "Ah  
 No clue through the tangle I find of fate and of life  
 for my tracing:  
 There is ever a change and many a change,  
 And the mutable fortune of men evermore sways  
 to and fro  
 Over limitless range. 1110

(*Ant. 1*)

Ah, would the Gods hear prayer!—would they grant  
 to me these supplications— [of pain,  
 A lot with prosperity sweet, and a soul unshadowed  
 And a faith neither fixed foursquare on the flint,  
 nor on sandy foundations!  
 Quick-shifting my sail to the coming breeze  
 Of the morrow, so may I fleet, ever voyaging life's  
 wide main  
 Over stormless seas.

στρ. β'

1120 οὐκέτι γὰρ καθαρὰν φρέν' ἔχω τὰ παρ' ἐλπίδα  
 λεύσσω,

ἐπεὶ τὸν Ἑλλαῖας  
 φανερώτατον ἀστέρ' Ἀθήνας  
 εἶδομεν εἶδομεν ἐκ πατρὸς ὀργᾶς  
 ἄλλαν ἐπ' αἶαν ἰέμενον.

ὦ ψάμαθοι πολιήτιδος ἀκτᾶς  
 δρυμός τ' ὄρειος, ὅθι κυνῶν  
 ὠκυπόδων μέτα θήρας ἔναιρεν

1130 Δίκτυναν ἀμφὶ σεμνά.

ἀντ. β'

οὐκέτι συζυγίαν πώλων Ἐνετᾶν ἐπιβάσει  
 τὸν ἀμφὶ Λίμνας τρόχον  
 κατέχων ποδὶ γυμνάδος ἵππου.  
 μοῦσα δ' ἄυπνος ὑπ' ἄντυγι χορδᾶν  
 λήξει πατρῶον ἀνὰ δόμον·  
 ἀστέφανοι δὲ κόρας ἀνάπαυλαι  
 Λατοῦς βαθείαν ἀνὰ χλόαν·

1140 νυμφιδίων δ' ἀπόλωλε φυγῆ σῆ  
 λέκτρων ἄμιλλα κούραις.

ἐγὼ δὲ σῆ δυστυχίᾳ δάκρυσι διοίσω  
 πότμον ἄποτμον· ὦ τάλαινα  
 μᾶτερ, ἔτεκες ἀνόνατα· φεῦ,  
 μανίῳ θεοῖσιν·  
 ἰὼ ἰὼ συζύγαι Χάριτες,

ἐπωδ.

## HIPPOLYTUS

(*Str.* 2)

My mind is a fountain troubled; I see things all  
undreamed : 1120

For the Star of Athens, that beamed  
The brightest withal in Hellas-land,  
We have seen him driven to an alien strand,  
By the wrath of a father have seen him  
banned.

Ah, cityward sands, ye shall wait him in vain,  
And ye mountain woods, where streamed  
'Twi'x the oaks the pack on the wild boar's  
track

In dread Diety'na's hunter-train, 1130  
Till the quarry was slain.

(*Ant.* 2)

Nevermore shall he harness the Henetan horses and  
leap on his car,

O'er the race-course of Linne afar  
To speed the courser's feet of fire :  
And the songs, that once 'neath the strings  
of the lyre

Slept never, shall cease in the halls of his sire.  
Ungarlanded Artemis' bowers shall be  
In the greenwood depths that are.

By thine exile have perished the sweet hopes  
cherished 1140

Of our maids, and their gentle rivalry  
In love for thee.

(*Epode*)

For thy woeful fate shall I pass amid tears fast-flowing  
A fortuneless fortune. O mother evil-starred,

This day thy birth-joy effaces !  
I am wroth with the Gods :—O Graces  
Aye linkèd in loving embraces,

τί τὸν τάλαν' ἐκ πατρίας γᾶς  
τὸν οὐδὲν ἄτας αἴτιον  
1150 πέμπετε τῶνδ' ἀπ' οἴκων ;

καὶ μὴν ὀπαδὸν Ἰππολύτου τόνδ' εἰσορῶ  
σπουδῇ σκυθρωπὸν πρὸς δόμους ὀρμώμενον.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ποῖ γῆς ἄνακτα τῆσδε Θησέα μολὼν  
εὖροιμ' ἄν, ὦ γυναῖκες ; εἶπερ ἴστ', ἐμοὶ  
σημήνατ'· ἄρα τῶνδε δωμάτων ἔσω ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὄδ' αὐτὸς ἔξω δωμάτων πορεύεται.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

Θησεῦ, μερίμνης ἄξιον φέρω λόγον  
σοὶ καὶ πολίταις οἷ τ' Ἀθηναίων πόλιν  
ναίουσι καὶ γῆς τέρμονας Ἰτροιζηνίας.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

1160 τί δ' ἔστι ; μῶν τις συμφορὰ νεωτέρα  
δισσὰς κατέιληφ' ἀστυγείτονας πόλεις ;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

Ἰππόλυτος οὐκέτ' ἔστιν, ὡς εἰπεῖν ἔπος·  
δέδορκε μέντοι φῶς ἐπὶ σμικρᾶς ῥοπῆς.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

πρὸς τοῦ ; δι' ἔχθρας μῶν τις ἦν ἀφιγμένος,  
ὅτου κατήσχυν' ἄλοχον ὡς πατρὸς βία ;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

οἰκείος αὐτὸν ὤλεσ' ἀρμάτων ὄχος  
ἀραί τε τοῦ σοῦ στόματος, ἅς σὺ σῶ πατρὶ  
πόντου κρέοντι παιδὸς ἠράσω πέρι.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

1170 ὦ θεοὶ Πόσειδόν θ', ὡς ἄρ' ἦσθ' ἐμὸς πατήρ  
ὀρθῶς, ἀκούσας τῶν ἐμῶν κατευγμάτων.

## HIPPOLYTUS

Why do ye suffer that he from his land should be going,  
From his home, who hath nowise earned a doom so  
bitter-hard? 1150

But lo, I see Hippolytus' henchman nigh  
Hasting unto the halls with clouded brows.

*Enter MESSENGER.*

MESSENGER

Where should I go and find this country's king,  
Theseus, ye women? If ye know, declare  
Straightway to me. Within these halls is he?

CHORUS

Lo yonder where he cometh forth the halls.

*Enter THESEUS.*

MESSENGER

Theseus, I bring a sorrow-kindling tale  
To thee and all the citizens which dwell  
In Athens and the bounds of Troezen-land.

THESEUS

What now? Hath some disaster unforeseen 1160  
Fallen on these two neighbour-citied states?

MESSENGER

Hippolytus is no more!—so may one say,  
Though yet a little space he seeth light.

THESEUS

Of whom slain? Hath one met him in his wrath,  
Whose wife he had outraged, even as his sire's?

MESSENGER

His proper chariot-team hath dealt him death,  
And thy mouth's curses, which thou didst call down  
From the Sea's Lord, thy father, on thy son.

THESEUS

O Gods! Poseidon! how thou wast indeed 1170  
My father, who hast heard my malison!

πῶς καὶ διώλετ' ; εἶπέ· τῷ τρόπῳ Δίκης  
ἔπαισεν αὐτὸν ῥόπτρον αἰσχύναντ' ἐμέ ;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ἡμεῖς μὲν ἀκτῆς κυμοδέγμονος πέλας  
ψήκτραισιν ἵππων ἐκτενίζομεν τρίχας  
κλαίοντες· ἦλθε γάρ τις ἄγγελος λέγων  
ὡς οὐκέτ' ἐν γῆ τῆδ' ἀναστρέψοι πόδα  
Ἴππόλυτος, ἐκ σοῦ τλήμονας φυγὰς ἔχων.

1180

ὁ δ' ἦλθε ταῦτὸν δακρύων ἔχων μέλος  
ἡμῖν ἐπ' ἀκταῖς· μυρία δ' ὀπισθόπους  
φίλων ἄμ' ἔστειχ' ἠλίκων ὀμήγυρις.  
χρόνῳ δὲ δῆποτ' εἶπ' ἀπαλλαχθεὶς γόων·  
τί ταῦτ' ἀλύω ; πειστέον πατρὸς λόγοις.

ἐντύναθ' ἵππους ἄρμασι ζυγηφόρους,  
δμῶες· πόλις γὰρ οὐκέτ' ἔστιν ἦδε μοι.

τοῦνθένδε μέντοι πᾶς ἀνὴρ ἠπειέγετο,  
καὶ θῦσσον ἢ λέγοι τις ἐξηρτυμένας  
πώλους παρ' αὐτὸν δεσπότην ἐστήσαμεν.

μάρπτει δὲ χερσὶν ἠνίας ἀπ' ἄντυγος,  
αὐταῖσιν ἀρβύλαισιν ἀρμόσας πόδας.

1190

καὶ πρῶτα μὲν θεοῖς εἶπ' ἀναπτύξας χέρας·  
Ζεῦ, μηκέτ' εἶην, εἰ κακὸς πέφυκ' ἀνὴρ·  
αἴσθοιτο δ' ἡμᾶς ὡς ἀτιμάζει πατὴρ  
ἦτοι θανόντας ἢ φύος δεδορκότας.

κἂν τῷδ' ἐπήγε κέντρον εἰς χεῖρας λαβῶν  
πώλοις ὀμαρτῆ· πρόσπολοι δ' ἐφ' ἄρματος  
πέλας χαλιῶν εἰπόμεσθα δεσπότη  
τὴν εὐθύς Ἄργους κῆπιδαυρίας ὁδόν.

ἐπεὶ δ' ἔρημον χῶρον εἰσεβάλλομεν,  
ἀκτὴ τις ἔστι τοῦπέκεινα τῆσδε γῆς  
πρὸς πόντον ἤδη κειμένη Σαρωνικόν.

1200

ἔσθεν τις ἠχὼ χθόνιος ὡς βροντῆ Διὸς

## HIPPOLYTUS

How perished he? In what way did the gin  
Of justice snap on him who wrought me shame?

### MESSENGER

We, hard beside the beach that greets the surf,  
With combs were smoothing out his horses' manes  
Weeping: for word had come to us to say  
That no more in this land Hippolytus  
Might walk, of thee to wretched exile doomed.  
Then came he, bringing the same tale of tears  
To us upon the strand: a countless throng  
Of friends his age-mates following with him came. 1180  
But, ceasing at the last from moan, he cried:  
"Why rave I thus? I must obey my sire.  
Harness the horses to the chariot-yoke,  
My thralls: this city is no more for me."

Then, then did every man bestir himself.  
Swifter than one could say it were the steeds  
Harness'd, and by our lord's side set we them.  
Then the reins caught he from the chariot-rail,  
And in the ear's foot-rests set firm his feet,  
But to the Gods first stretched his hands and cried: 1190  
"Zeus, may I die if I a villain am!  
May my sire know that he is wronging me,  
When I am dead, if not while I see light!"  
Then in his hand he took the scourge and smote  
At once the steeds. We henchmen by the ear  
Fast by the reins attended on our lord  
Towards Argos straight and Epidauria.

And, as we entered on a desert tract,  
Beyond this Troezen's border lies a beach  
Sloping full down to yon Saronic Sea. 1200  
There from earth's womb a noise like Zeus's thunder

βαρὺν βρόμον μεθῆκε φρικώδη κλύειν·  
 ὀρθὸν δὲ κρᾶτ' ἔστησαν οὓς τ' ἐς οὐρανὸν  
 ἵπποι· παρ' ἡμῖν δ' ἦν φόβος νεανικὸς  
 πόθεν ποτ' εἶη φθόγγος. εἰς δ' ἀλιρρόθους  
 ἀκτὰς ὑποβλέψαντες ἱερὸν εἶδομεν  
 κῦμ' οὐρανῷ στηρίζου, ὥστ' ἀφηρέθη  
 Σκείρωνος ἀκτὰς ὄμμα τοῦμὸν εἰσορᾶν·  
 ἔκρυπτε δ' Ἴσθμὸν καὶ πέτραν Ἀσκληπιοῦ.

- 1210 κάπειτ' ἀνοιδῆσάν τε καὶ πέριξ ὑφρὸν  
 πολὺν καχλάζον ποντίῳ φύσῃματι  
 χωρεῖ πρὸς ἀκτίς, οὗ τέθριππος ἦν ὄχος.  
 αὐτῷ δὲ σὺν κλύδωνι καὶ τρικυμία  
 κῦμ' ἐξέθηκε ταῦρον, ἄγριου τέρας,  
 οὗ πᾶσα μὲν χθῶν φθέγματος πληρουμένη  
 φρικῶδες ἀντεφθέγγετ', εἰσορῶσι δὲ  
 κρεῖσσον θέαμα δεργμάτων ἐφαίνετο.  
 εὐθύς δὲ πῶλοις δεινὸς ἐμπίπτει φόβος·  
 καὶ δεσπότης μὲν ἵππικοῖσιν ἦθεσι
- 1220 πολὺς ξυνοικῶν ἤρπασ' ἠμίας χεροῖν,  
 ἔλκει δέ, κώπην ὥστε ναυβάτης ἀνήρ,  
 ἰμᾶσιν εἰς τοῦπισθεν ἀρτήσας δέμας·  
 αἱ δ' ἐνδακούσαι στόμια πυριγενῆ γναθμοῖς  
 βία φέρουσιν, οὔτι ναυκλήρου χερὸς  
 οὔθ' ἵπποδέσμων οὔτε κολλητῶν ὄχων  
 μεταστρέφουσαι. κεῖ μὲν εἰς τὰ μαλθακὰ  
 γαίας ἔχων οἶακας εὐθύνοι δρόμον,  
 προῦφαίνεται εἰς τοῦμπροσθεν, ὥστ' ἀναστρέφειν,  
 ταῦρος, φόβῳ τέτρωρον ἐκμαίνων ὄχον·
- 1230 εἰ δ' εἰς πέτρας φέροντο μαργῶσαι φρένας,  
 σιγῇ πελάζων ἀντυγι ξυνείπετο  
 εἰς τοῦθ' ἕως ἔσφηλε κἄνεχαίτισεν,  
 ἀψίδα πέτρῳ προσβαλὼν ὀχήματος.



## HIPPOLYTUS

Made muffled roaring, a blood-curdling sound.  
 Then the steeds lifted head and pricked the ear;  
 And thrilled through us most vehement dismay  
 Whence might the sound be. To the sea-lashed  
     shores

Then glanced we, and a surge unearthly saw  
 Up-columned to the sky, that from my sight  
 Shrouded was all the beach Scironian;  
 Veiled was the Isthmus and Asclepius' Crag.  
 Then swelling higher, higher, and spurting forth      1210  
 All round a cloud of foam and sea-blown spray,  
 Shoreward it rusheth, toward the four-horse car.

Then from the breaker's midst and hugest surge  
 The wave belched forth a bull, a monster fierce,  
 With whose throat-thunder all the land was filled,  
 And echoed awfully, as on our gaze  
 He burst, a sight more dread than eyes could bear.  
 Straightway wild panic falleth on the steeds:

Yet their lord, wholly conversant with wont      1220  
 Of horses, caught the reins in both his hands,  
 And tugs, as shipman tugs against the oar,  
 Throwing his body's weight against the reins.  
 But on the fire-forged bits they clenched their teeth,  
 And whirled him on o'er-mastered, recking not  
 Of steering hand, or curb, or strong car's weight.  
 And if, yet holding to the chariot-helm,  
 Toward the smooth ground he strove to guide their  
     course,

Aye showed that bull in front, to turn them back,  
 Maddening with fright the fourfold chariot-team.  
 If toward the rocks they rushed with frenzied heart,      1230  
 Fast by the rail in silence followed he  
 On, till he fouled and overset the car,  
 Dashing against a rock the chariot-felly.

σύμφυρτα δ' ἦν ἅπαντα· σύριγγές τ' ἄνω  
 τροχῶν ἐπήδων ἀξόνων τ' ἐνήλατα.  
 αὐτὸς δ' ὁ τλήμων ἠνίαισιν ἐμπλακεῖς  
 δεσμὸν δυσεξήνυστον ἔλκεται δεθείς,  
 σποδοῦμενος μὲν πρὸς πέτραις φίλον κᾶρα,  
 θραύων δὲ σάρκας, δεινὰ δ' ἐξανδῶν κλύειν·  
 1240 στήτ', ὧ φάτναισι ταῖς ἐμαῖς τεθραμμένοι,  
 μή μ' ἐξαλείψητ'· ὧ πατρὸς τάλαιν' ἀρά.  
 τίς ἄνδρ' ἄριστον βούλεται σῶσαι παρών ;  
 πολλοὶ δὲ βουλευθέντες ὑστέρῳ ποδὶ  
 ἐλειπόμεσθα. χῶ μὲν ἐκ δεσμῶν λυθεῖς  
 τμητῶν ἰμάντων οὐ κάτοιδ' ὄτῳ τρόπῳ  
 πίπτει, βραχὺν δὲ βίοτον ἐμπνέων ἔτι·  
 ἵπποι δ' ἐκρυφθεν καὶ τὸ δύστηνον τέρας  
 ταύρου λεπαίας οὐ κάτοιδ' ὅπου χθονός.  
 1250 δούλος μὲν οὖν ἔγωγε σῶν δόμων, ἄναξ,  
 ἀτὰρ τοσοῦτόν γ' οὐ δυνήσομαί ποτε  
 τὸν σὸν πιθέσθαι παιῖδ' ὅπως ἐστὶν κακός,  
 οὐδ' εἰ γυναικῶν πᾶν κρεμασθείῃ γένος,  
 καὶ τὴν ἐν Ἰδη γραμμάτων πλήσειέ τις  
 πεύκην, ἐπεὶ νιν ἐσθλὸν ὄντ' ἐπίσταμαι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

αἰαῖ· κέκρανται συμφορὰ νέων κακῶν,  
 οὐδ' ἔστι μοίρας τοῦ χρεῶν τ' ἀπαλλαγῆ.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

1260 μίσει μὲν ἄνδρὸς τοῦ πεπονθότος τάδε  
 λόγοισιν ἤσθην τοῖσδε· νῦν δ' αἰδούμενος  
 θεούς τ' ἐκεῖνόν θ', οὔνεκ' ἐστὶν ἐξ ἐμοῦ,  
 οὔθ' ἠδομαι τοῖσδ' οὔτ' ἐπάχθομαι κακοῖς.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

πῶς οὖν ; κομίζεις, ἢ τί χρεὶ τὸν ἄθλιον  
 δράσαντας ἡμᾶς σῆ χαρίζεσθαι φρενί ;

## HIPPOLYTUS

Then all was turmoil : upward leapt in air  
 Naves of the wheels and linchpins of the axles.  
 And he, unhappy, tangled in the reins,  
 Bound in indissoluble bonds, is haled  
 Dashing his head against the cruel rocks,  
 Rending his flesh, outshrieking piteous cries—  
 " O stay, ye horses nurtured at my cribs, 1240  
 Destroy me not !—ah, father's curse ill-starred !  
 Will no one save an utter-innocent man ? "  
 Ah, many willed, but far behind were left  
 With feet outstripped. Loosed from the toils at  
 last  
 Of clean-cut reins,—I know not in what wise,—  
 He falls, yet breathing for short space of life.  
 Vanished the steeds and that accursed monster,  
 The bull, mid rock-strewn ground, I know not where.

Thrall am I verily of thine house, O king ;  
 Howbeit so foul a charge—I never can 1250  
 Believe it of thy son, that he is vile,  
 Not though all womankind should hang themselves,  
 Though one should fill with writing every pine  
 In Ida :—he is righteous, this I know.

### CHORUS

Woe for accomplishment of new disaster !  
 No refuge is there from the doom of fate.

### THESEUS

For hatred of the man who thus hath fared,  
 Glad for this tale was I : but now, for awe  
 Of heaven, and for that he is yet my son,  
 Glad for this judgment am I not, nor grieved. 1260

### MESSENGER

How then ?—must we bear yonder broken man  
 Hither ?—or in what wise perform thy pleasure ?

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

φρόντιζ'· ἐμοῖς δὲ χρώμενος βουλευέμασιν  
οὐκ ὤμῳ εἰς σὸν παῖδα δυστυχοῦντ' ἔσει.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

κομίζετ' αὐτόν, ὡς ἰδὼν ἐν ὄμμασι  
τὸν τ' ἄμ' ἀπαρηθέεντα μὴ χρᾶναι λέχη  
λόγοις τ' ἐλέγξω δαιμόνων τε συμφοραῖς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

1270

σὺ τὰν θεῶν ἄκαμπ-  
τον φρένα καὶ βροτῶν  
ἄγεις, Κύπρι· σὺν δ'  
ὁ ποικιλόπτερος ἀμφιβαλὼν  
ἠκυτάτῳ πτερῶ·  
ποτᾶται 'πὶ γαῖαν εὐάχητόν θ'  
ἠλμυρὸν ἐπὶ πόντον.  
θέλγει δ' Ἐρως, ᾧ μαινομένα κραδία  
πτανὸς ἐφορμάση  
χρυσοφαῖς,  
φύσιν ὀρεσκόων  
σκυλάκων πελαγίων θ' ὅσα τε γᾶ τρέφει,  
τὰν Ἄλιος αἰθόμενος δέρκεται,  
1280 ἄνδρας τε· συμπάντων δὲ  
βασιληίδα τιμάν, Κύπρι,  
τῶνδε μόνα κρατύνεις

## HIPPOLYTUS

Bethink thee : if my counsel thou wilt heed,  
Harsh to thy stricken son thou wilt not be.

THESEUS

Bear him, that I may see before mine eyes  
Him who denied that he had stained my bed,  
By words and heaven's requital to convict him.

[*Exit* MESSENGER.

CHORUS

Love, under thy dominion unbending hearts bow low—  
Gods' hearts, and hearts of mortals ; when, flashing  
through thy portals

On glory-gleaming pinion, flits Eros to and fro, 1270  
Love, under thy dominion unbending hearts bow low.

Gold-glittering wings wide-soaring, they rain down  
witchery : [phant sailing,

O'er maddened hearts prevailing, o'er earth trium-  
O'er music of the roaring of spray-bemantled sea,  
Gold-glittering wings wide-soaring, they rain down  
witchery.

He kindleth with his yearning all things of earth-  
born race : [he filleth :

The mountain's whelps he thrilleth, the ocean's brood  
Where'er the sun's eye burning down looketh on  
earth's face, [born race.

He kindleth with his yearning all things of earth-

They bend—all, all are bending, Love-queen, beneath 1280  
thy hand ! [royal

O crownèd brows, whom loyal vassals acclaim sole-  
By spells all-comprehending in sky and sea and land ;  
They bend—all, all are bending, Love-queen, beneath  
thy hand !

ΑΡΤΕΜΙΣ

σὲ τὸν εὐπατρίδαν Αἰγέως κέλομαι  
παῖδ' ἐπακοῦσαι·

Λητοῦς δὲ κόρη σ' Ἄρτεμις αὐδῶ.

Θησεῦ, τί τάλας τοῖσδε συνήδει,

παῖδ' οὐχ ὀσίως σὸν ὑποκτείνας,

ψευδέσι μύθοις ἀλόχου πεισθεῖς

ἄφανῆ; φανεράν δ' ἔσχεθες ἄτην.

1290

πῶς οὐχ ὑπὸ γῆς τάρταρα κρύπτεις  
δέμας αἰσχυνθείς,

ἢ πτηνὸς ἄνω μεταβὰς βίοντον

πήματος ἔξω πόδα τοῦδ' ἀνέχεις;

ὡς ἔν γ' ἀγαθοῖς ἀνδράσιν οὐ σοι

κτητὸν βιότου μέρος ἐστίν.

ἄκουε, Θησεῦ, σῶν κακῶν κατάστασιν·

καίτοι προκόψω γ' οὐδέν, ἀλγυνῶ δὲ σέ.

ἀλλ' εἰς τόδ' ἦλθον, παιδὸς ἐκδειξαι φρένα

τοῦ σοῦ δικαίαν, ὡς ὑπ' εὐκλείας θάνη,

1300

καὶ σῆς γυναικὸς οἴστρον ἢ τρόπον τινα

γενναιότητα· τῆς γὰρ ἐχθίστης θεῶν

ἡμῖν, ὅσαισι παρθένειος ἠδονή,

δηχθεῖσα κέντροις παιδὸς ἠράσθη σέθεν.

γνώμη δὲ νικᾶν τὴν Κύπριν πειρωμένη

τροφοῦ διώλετ' οὐχ ἐκοῦσα μηχαναῖς,

ἢ σῶ δι' ὄρκων παιδὶ σημαίνει νόσον.

ὁ δ', ὥσπερ ὦν δίκαιος, οὐκ ἐφέσπετο

λόγοισιν, οὐδ' αὖ πρὸς σέθεν κακούμενος

ὄρκων ἀφεῖλε πίστιν, εὖσεβῆς γεγώς.

1310

ἢ δ' εἰς ἔλεγχον μὴ πέση φοβουμένη

ψευδεῖς γραφὰς ἔγραψε καὶ διώλεσε

δόλοισι σὸν παῖδ'· ἀλλ' ὅμως ἔπεισέ σε.

# HIPPOLYTUS

*Enter ARTEMIS, veiled in a nectar-breathing cloud.*

ARTEMIS

Thou high-born scion of Aegeus, I call upon thee :  
 Theseus, give ear unto me.

It is Artemis, Leto's Daughter, that nameth thy  
 name :

Why dost thou joy in thy shame, [moved  
 Who hast murdered thy son unrighteously, thereto

By the lies of thy wife unproved? [found.  
 Ruin and wrack in the sight of the sun hast thou

How wilt thou hide underground 1290  
 Thy dishonour in hell, or upsoaring mid clouds, veil  
 there

Thy life of remorse and despair?  
 For the part that was erstwhile thine in the good  
 man's lot,

Behold, it is not.

Theseus, hear thou the posture of thy woes :—

Yet have I no help for thee, only pain ;

But I have come to show the righteousness

Of thy son, that in fair fame he may die,

And thy wife's fever-flame,—yet in some sort 1300

Her nobleness. She, stung by goads of her

Whom we, who joy in purity, abhor

Most of all Gods, was lovesick for thy son.

Her reason fought her passion, and she died

Through schemes wherein she had no part: her nurse

Told under oath-seal to thy son her pangs :

He, even as was righteous, would not heed

The tempting ; no, nor when sore-wronged of thee

Broke he the oath's pledge, for he feared the Gods.

But she, adread to be of sin convict, 1310

Wrote that false writing, and by treachery so

Destroyed thy son :—and thou believedst her !

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

οἴμοι.

ΑΡΤΕΜΙΣ

δάκνει σε, Θησεῦ, μῦθος ; ἀλλ' ἔχ' ἡσυχος,  
 τούνθ' ἐνδ' ἀκούσας ὡς ἂν οἰμώξης πλέον.  
 ἄρ' οἴσθα πατρός τρεῖς ἀρὰς σαφεῖς ἔχων ;  
 ὣν τὴν μίαν παρεῖλες, ὦ κύκιστε σύ,  
 εἰς παῖδα τὸν σόν, ἐξόν εἰς ἐχθρόν τινα.  
 πατὴρ μὲν οὖν σοι πόντιος φρονῶν καλῶς  
 ἔδωχ' ὅσον περ χρῆν, ἐπέειπερ ἦνεσεν·  
 1320 σὺ δ' ἔν τ' ἐκείνῳ κῖν ἐμοὶ φαίνει κακός,  
 ὃς οὔτε πίστιν οὔτε μάντεων ὅπα  
 ἔμεινας, οὐκ ἤλεγξας, οὐ χρόνῳ μακρῷ  
 σκέψιν παρέσχες, ἀλλὰ θῆσσον ἢ σ' ἐχρῆν  
 ἀρὰς ἐφήκας παιδὶ καὶ κατέκτανες.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

δέσποιν', ὀλοίμην.

ΑΡΤΕΜΙΣ

δεῖν' ἔπραξας, ἀλλ' ὅμως  
 ἔτ' ἔστι σοὶ καὶ τῶνδε συγγνώμης τυχεῖν·  
 Κύπρις γὰρ ἦθελ' ὥστε γίγνεσθαι τάδε,  
 πληροῦσα θυμόν. θεοῖσι δ' ὦδ' ἔχει νόμος·  
 οὐδεὶς ἀπαντᾶν βούλεται προθυμία  
 1330 τῇ τοῦ θέλοντος, ἀλλ' ἀφιστίμεσθ' αἰεί.  
 ἐπεὶ σάφ' ἴσθι, Ζῆνα μὴ φοβουμένη  
 οὐκ ἂν ποτ' ἦλθον εἰς τόδ' αἰσχύνης ἐγὼ  
 ὥστ' ἄνδρα πάντων φίλτατον βροτῶν ἐμοὶ  
 θανεῖν εἶσαι. τὴν δὲ σὴν ἀμαρτίαν  
 τὸ μὴ εἰδέναί μιν πρῶτον ἐκλύει κύκῃς·  
 ἔπειτα δ' ἢ θανοῦσ' ἀνήλωσεν γυνή  
 λόγων ἐλέγχους ὥστε σὴν πεῖσαι φρένα.  
 μάλιστα μὲν νυν σοὶ τάδ' ἔρρωγεν κακά,



# HIPPOLYTUS

THESEUS

Ah me !

ARTEMIS

Is it torture, Theseus ?—Nay, but hear me out,  
That hearing all thou mayst the more lament.  
Thy sire's sure curses three—rememberest them ?  
One hast thou thus misused, O villain thou,  
Against thy son, which might have quelled a foe !  
Thy sire the Sea-king, in his love's despite,  
Gave as he needs must, seeing he had pledged  
him :

Yet wicked in his eyes and mine art thou, 1320  
Who wouldst not wait for proof, nor prophet's voice,  
Nor yet make inquisition, nor let time  
Slowly reveal all, but with criminal haste  
Didst hurl the curse upon thy son, and slay.

THESEUS

Queen, ruin seize me !

ARTEMIS

Deep thy sin : but yet  
Even thou for this mayst win forgiveness still :  
For Cypris willed that all this should befall  
To glut her spite. And this the Gods' wont is :—  
None doth presume to thwart the fixed design  
Willed by his fellow : still aloof we stand. 1330  
Else be thou sure that, but for dread of Zeus,  
I never would have known this depth of shame,  
To suffer one, of all men best beloved  
Of me, to die. But thy transgression, first,  
Thine ignorance from utter sin redeems ;  
Then, by her death thy wife made void all test  
Of these her words, and won thy credence so.  
Now, most on thee this storm of woe hath burst ;

1340

λύπη δὲ κάμοί· τὸν γὰρ εὐσεβεῖς θεοὶ  
θνήσκοντας οὐ χαίρουσι· τοὺς γε μὴν κακοὺς  
αὐτοῖς τέκνοισι καὶ δόμοις ἐξόλλυμεν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ μὴν ὁ τάλας ὄδε δὴ στειχει,  
σάρκας νεαρὰς ξανθὸν τε κᾶρα  
διαλυμανθείς. ὦ πόνος οἴκων,  
οἶον ἐκράνθη δίδυμον μελάθροισ  
πένθος θεόθεν καταληπτόν.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

αἰαῖ αἰαῖ·  
δύστηνος ἐγώ, πατὴρ ἐξ ἀδίκου  
χρημοῖς ἀδίκοις διελυμάνθην.  
ἀπόλωλα τάλας, οἴμοι μοι.  
διὰ μου κεφαλῆς ἄσσοισ' ὀδύνη,  
κατὰ δ' ἐγκέφαλον πηδᾶ-σφάκελος.  
σχές, ἀπειρηκὸς σῶμ' ἀναπαύσω.  
ἔ ἔ·

1350

ὦ στυγνὸν ὄχημ' ἵππειον, ἐμῆς  
βόσκημα χερός,  
διὰ μ' ἔφθειας, κατὰ δ' ἔκτεινας.  
φεῦ φεῦ· πρὸς θεῶν, ἀτρέμας, δμῶες,  
χροὸς ἐλκώδους ἄπτεσθε χεροῖν.

1360

τίς ἐφέστηκεν δεξιὰ πλευροῖς :  
πρόσφορά μ' αἶρετε, σύντονα δ' ἔλκετε  
τὸν κακοδαίμονα καὶ κατάρατον

## HIPPOLYTUS

Yet grief is mine : for when the righteous die  
The Gods joy not. The wicked, and withal 1340  
Their children and their homes, do we destroy.

### CHORUS

Lo, lo, the stricken one borne  
Hitherward, with his young flesh torn  
And his golden head of its glory shorn !  
Ah, griefs of the house !—what doom  
Twofold on thine halls hath come  
By the Gods' will shrouded in sorrow's gloom !  
*Enter bearers with HIPPOLYTUS.*

### HIPPOLYTUS

Woe, woe for a son  
By the doom of his sire  
All marred and undone ! 1350  
Through mine head leapeth fire  
Of the agony-flashes, and throbbeth my brain like a  
hard-stricken lyre.

Let me rest—ah forbear !—  
For my strength is sped.  
Cursèd horses, ye were  
Of mine own hands fed,  
Yet me have ye wholly destroyed, yet me have ye  
stricken dead !

For the Gods' sake, bear  
Me full gently, each thrall !  
Thou to right, have a care !— 1360  
Soft let your hands fall ;  
Tenderly bear the sore-mangled, on-stepping in  
time, one and all,

The unhappy on-bearing,  
And cursèd, I ween,

πατρός ἀμπλακίαις. Ζεῦ Ζεῦ, τάδ' ὄρας;  
 ὄδ' ὁ σεμνὸς ἐγὼ καὶ θεοσέπτωρ,  
 ὄδ' ὁ σωφροσύνη πάντας ὑπερσχὼν  
 προὔπτον ἐς Ἴλιδην στείχω κατὰ γῆς,  
 ὀλέσας βίοτον· μόχθους δ' ἄλλως  
 τῆς εὐσεβίας  
 εἰς ἀνθρώπους ἐπόνησα.

1370

αἰαῖ αἰαῖ·  
 καὶ νῦν ὀδύνα μ' ὀδύνα βαίνει.  
 μέθετέ με τάλανα·  
 καί μοι Θάνατος Παιᾶν ἔλθοι.  
 προσαπόλλυτέ μ' ὄλλυτε τὸν δυσδαί-  
 μονά μ'· ἀμφιτόμου λόγχας ἔραμαι  
 διαμοιρᾶσαι,  
 διὰ τ' εὐνάσαι τὸν ἐμὸν βίοτον.  
 ὦ πατὸς ἐμοῦ δύστανος ἀρά·  
 μαιφόνων [τε] συγγόνων,  
 1380 παλαιῶν προγεννητόρων  
 ἐξορίζεται κακὸν οὐδὲ μέλλει,  
 ἔμολέ τ' ἐπ' ἐμὲ  
 τί ποτε τὸν οὐδὲν ὄντ' ἐπαίτιον κακῶν;  
 ἰὼ μοι, τί φῶ;  
 πῶς ἀπαλλάξω βιοτὰν  
 ἐμὰν τοῦδ' ἀναλγήτου πάθους;  
 εἴθε με κοιμίσειε τὸν δυσδαίμον'  
 Ἴλιδου μέλαινα νύκτερός τ' ἀνάγκα.

ΑΡΤΕΜΙΣ

ὦ τλῆμον, οἷα συμφορᾷ συνεζύγης·  
 1390 τὸ δ' εὐγενές σε τῶν φρενῶν ἀπώλεσεν.

1390

## HIPPOLYTUS

Of his father's own erring :—

Ah Zeus, hast thou seen ?

Innocent I, ever fearing the Gods, who was wholly  
heart-clean

Above all men beside,—

Lo, how am I thrust

Unto Hades, to hide

My life in the dust !

All vainly I revered God, and in vain unto man  
was I just.

Let the stricken one be !—

1370

Ah, mine anguish again !—

Give ye sleep unto me,

Death-salve for my pain,

The sleep of the sword for the wretched—I long, oh  
I long to be slain.

Dire curse of my father !—

Sins, long ago wrought

Of mine ancestors, gather :

1380

Their doom tarries not,

But the scourge overfloweth the innocent—wherefore  
on me is it brought ?

Ah for words of a spell,

That my soul might take flight

From the tortures, with fell

Unrelentings that smite !

Oh for the blackness of Hades, the sleep of Necess-  
ity's night !

### ARTEMIS

Unhappy, bowed 'neath what disaster's yoke !

Thine own heart's nobleness hath ruined thee.

1390

# ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

ἕα·

ὦ θεῖον ὕδμῆς πνεῦμα· καὶ γὰρ ἐν κακοῖς  
ὦν ἡσθόμην σου κἀνεκουφίσθην δέμας·  
ἔστ' ἐν τόποισι τοισίδ' Ἄρτεμις θεά;

ΑΡΤΕΜΙΣ

ὦ τλῆμον, ἔστι, σοί γε φιλτάτη θεῶν.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

ὀρᾶς με, δέσποιν', ὡς ἔχω, τὸν ἄθλιον;

ΑΡΤΕΜΙΣ

ὀρῶ· κατ' ὄσσων δ' οὐ θέμις βαλεῖν δάκρυ.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

οὐκ ἔστι σοι κυναγὸς οὐδ' ὑπηρέτης,

ΑΡΤΕΜΙΣ

οὐ δῆτ'· ἀτάρ μοι προσφιλῆς γ' ἀπόλλυσαι.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

οὐδ' ἵππονώμας οὐδ' ἀγαλμάτων φύλαξ.

ΑΡΤΕΜΙΣ

Κύπρις γὰρ ἡ πανούργος ὦδ' ἐμήσατο.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

ὦμοι· φρονῶ δὴ δαίμον' ἢ μ' ἀπώλεσε.

ΑΡΤΕΜΙΣ

τιμῆς ἐμέμφθη, σωφρονοῦντι δ' ἤχθετο.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

τρεῖς ὄντας ἡμᾶς ὤλεσ', ἡσθημαι, Κύπρις.

ΑΡΤΕΜΙΣ

πατέρα γε καὶ σὲ καὶ τρίτην ξυνάορον.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

ὦμωξα τοίνυν καὶ πατρὸς δυσπραξίας.

ΑΡΤΕΜΙΣ

ἐξηπατήθη δαίμονος βουλεύμασιν

# HIPPOLYTUS

HIPPOLYTUS

Ah, perfume-breath celestial!—mid my pains  
I feel thee, and mine anguish is assuaged.  
Lo in this place the Goddess Artemis!

ARTEMIS

Yea, hapless one, of Gods best friend to thee

HIPPOLYTUS

O Queen, seest thou my plight—the stricken one?

ARTEMIS

I see—but tears are to mine eyes forbid.

HIPPOLYTUS

None now shall hark thine hounds, nor do thee  
service—

ARTEMIS

Ah no! Yet dear to me thou perishest.

HIPPOLYTUS

Nor tend thy steeds, nor guard thine images.

ARTEMIS

This all-pernicious Cypris hath contrived—

1400

HIPPOLYTUS

Ah me! what Goddess blasts me now I know!

ARTEMIS

Jealous for honour, wroth with chastity.

HIPPOLYTUS

Three hath one hand destroyed; I see it now.

ARTEMIS

Thy father—thee—thy father's wife the third.

HIPPOLYTUS

Yea, and I wail my father's misery.

ARTEMIS

By plots of deity was he beguiled.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

ὦ δυστάλας σὺ τῆσδε συμφορᾶς, πάτερ.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

ὄλωλα, τέκνον, οὐδέ μοι χίρις βίου.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

στένω σὲ μᾶλλον ἢ μὲ τῆς ἀμαρτίας.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

1410 εἰ γὰρ γενοίμην, τέκνον, ἀντὶ σοῦ νεκρός.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

ὦ δῶρα πατρός σου Ποσειδῶνος πικρά.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

ὡς μήποτ' ἐλθεῖν ὄφελ' εἰς τοῦμόν στόμα.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

τί δ'; ἔκτανές τ' ἄν μ', ὡς τότε ἦσθ' ὠργισμένος.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

δόξης γὰρ ἤμεν πρὸς θεῶν ἐσφαλμένοι.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

φεῦ·

εἶθ' ἦν ἰραῖον δαίμοσιν βροτῶν γένος.

ΑΡΤΕΜΙΣ

ἔασον· οὐ γὰρ οὐδέ γῆς ὑπὸ ζύφον  
θεῶς ἄτιμοι Κύπριδος ἐκ προθυμίας  
ὄργαι κατασκήψουσιν εἰς τὸ σὸν δέμας  
σῆς εὐσεβείας κἀγαθῆς φρενὸς χίριν.

1420 ἐγὼ γὰρ αὐτῆς ἄλλον ἐξ ἐμῆς χερός  
ὃς ἂν μάλιστα φίλτατος κυρῆ βροτῶν  
τόξοις ἀφύκτοις τοῖσδε τιμωρήσομαι.

σοὶ δ', ὦ ταλαίπωρ', ἀντὶ τῶνδε τῶν κακῶν  
τιμὰς μεγίστας ἐν πόλει Ἰτροιζηνία  
δώσω· κόραι γὰρ ἄζυγες γάμων πάρος  
κόμας κεροῦνται σοι, δι' αἰῶνος μακροῦ  
πένθη μέγιστα δακρῶν καρπουμένῳ.



## HIPPOLYTUS

HIPPOLYTUS

Ah father, woe is thee for this mischance !

THESEUS

I am slain, my son : no joy have I in life !

HIPPOLYTUS

More than myself I mourn thee for thine error.

THESEUS

Would God I could but die for thee, my son ! 1410

HIPPOLYTUS

Ah, bitter gifts of that Sea-god, thy sire !

THESEUS

Ah that the word had never passed my lips !

HIPPOLYTUS

Wherefore ?—thou wouldst for wrath have slain me  
still.

THESEUS

Yea, for the Gods had caused my wit to stumble.

HIPPOLYTUS

Oh that men's curses could but strike the Gods !

ARTEMIS

Let be : for even in the nether gloom  
Not unavenged shall be the stroke that fell  
Upon thy frame through rage of Cypris' spite,  
For thy pure soul's and for thy reverence' sake.  
For upon one, her minion, with mine hand— 1420  
Whoso is dearest of all men to her—  
With these unerring shafts will I avenge me.  
And to thee, hapless one, for these thy woes  
High honours will I give in Troezen-town,  
Ere their espousals shall all maids unwed  
For thee cut off their hair : through age on age  
Full harvests shalt thou reap of tears of grieving.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

1430

αἰὲ δὲ μουσοποιὸς εἰς σὲ παρθένων  
 ἔσται μέριμνα, κούκ ἀνώνυμος πεσῶν  
 ἔρως ὁ Φαίδρας εἰς σὲ σιγηθήσεται.  
 σὺ δ', ὦ γεραιοῦ τέκνον Λιγέως, λαβὲ  
 σὸν παῖδ' ἐν ἀγκάλαισι καὶ προσέλκυσαι·  
 ἄκων γὰρ ὤλεσάς νιν· ἀνθρώποισι δὲ  
 θεῶν διδόντων εἰκὸς ἔξαμαρτάνειν.  
 καὶ σοὶ παραινῶ πατέρα μὴ στυγεῖν σέθεν,  
 Ἰππόλυτ'. ἔχεις γὰρ μοῖραν ἢ διεφθύρης.  
 καὶ χαῖρ'· ἐμοὶ γὰρ οὐ θέμις φθιτοὺς οῶν  
 οὐδ' ὄμμα χραίνειν θανασίμοισιν ἐκπνοαῖς·  
 ὀρώ δέ σ' ἤδη τοῦδε πλησίον κακοῦ.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

1440

χαίρουσα καὶ σὺ στεῖχε, παρθέν' ὀλβία·  
 μακρὰν δὲ λείπεις ῥαδίως ὀμιλίαν.  
 λύω δὲ νεῖκος πατρὶ χρηζούσης σέθεν·  
 καὶ γὰρ πάροιθε σοῖς ἐπειθόμην λόγοις.  
 αἰαῖ, κατ' ὄσσων κιγχάνει μ' ἤδη σκότος·  
 λαβοῦ, πάτερ, μου καὶ κατόρθωσον δέμας.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

ὦμοι, τέκνον, τί δρᾶς με τὸν δυσδαίμονα;

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

ὄλωλα καὶ δὴ νερτέρων ὀρώ πύλας.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

ἢ τὴν ἐμὴν ἀναγνον ἐκλιπὼν φρένα ;<sup>1</sup>

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

οὐ δῆτ', ἐπεὶ σε τοῦδ' ἐλευθερῶ φόνου.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

1450

τί φῆς; ἀφίης αἵματός μ' ἐλεύθερον;

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

τὴν τοξόδαμνον παρθένον μαρτύρομαι.

<sup>1</sup> Some MSS. have χέρα;

## HIPPOLYTUS

Ever of thee song-waking memory  
 Shall live in virgins; nor shall Phaedra's love  
 Forgotten in thy story be unhymned. 1430  
 But thou, O son of ancient Aegeus, take  
 Thy child into thine arms, and fold him close.  
 Not of thy will thou slewest him, and well  
 May men transgress when Gods are thrusting on.  
 Thee too I charge, Hippolytus—hate not  
 Thy father: 'tis by fate thou perishest.  
 Farewell: I may not gaze upon the dead,  
 Nor may with dying gasps pollute my sight:  
 And now I see that thou art near the end.

[*Exit* ARTEMIS.]

HIPPOLYTUS

Farewell to thy departing, Maiden blest. 1440  
 Light falls on thee long fellowship's severance!  
 Lo, I forgive my father at thy suit,  
 As heretofore have I obeyed thy word.  
 Ah, o'er mine eyes even now the darkness draws!  
 Take, father, take my body and upraise.

THESEUS

Ah me! what dost thou, child, to hapless me?

HIPPOLYTUS

I am gone—yea, I behold the gates of death!

THESEUS

Wilt leave me—and my conscience murder-stained?

HIPPOLYTUS

No, no! I do absolve thee of my death.

THESEUS

How say'st thou?—dost assoil me of thy blood? 1450

HIPPOLYTUS

I call to witness Bow-queen Artemis.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

ὦ φίλταθ', ὡς γενναῖος ἐκφαίνει πατρί.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

τοιῶνδε παίδων γνησίων εὐχου τυχεῖν.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

ᾧμοι φρενὸς σῆς εὐσεβοῦς τε κάγαθῆς.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

ὦ χαῖρε καὶ σύ, χαῖρε πολλά μοι, πάτερ.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

μή νυν προδῶς με, τέκνον, ἀλλὰ καρτέρει.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

κεκαρτέρηται τᾶμ' ὄλωλα γάρ, πάτερ·  
κρύψον δέ μου πρόσωπον ὡς τάχος πέπλοις.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

ὦ κλείν' Ἀθηνῶν Παλλάδος θ' ὀρίσματα,  
οἴου στερήσεσθ' ἀνδρός. ὦ τλήμων ἐγώ·  
ὡς πολλά, Κύπρι, σῶν κακῶν μεμνήσομαι.

1460

ΧΟΡΟΣ

κοινὸν τόδ' ἄχος πᾶσι πολίταις  
ἦλθεν ἀέλπτως.  
πολλῶν δακρύων ἔσται πίτυλος·  
τῶν γὰρ μεγάλων ἀξιοπενθεῖς  
φῆμαι μᾶλλον κατέχουσιν.

ὦ μάκαρ, οἷας ἔλαχες τιμὰς,  
'Ιππόλυθ' ἦρως, διὰ σωφροσύνην·  
οὔποτε θνητοῖς  
ἀρετῆς ἄλλη δύναμις μείζων·  
ἦλθε γὰρ ἢ πρόσθ' ἢ μετόπισθεν  
τῆς εὐσεβίας χάρις ἔσθλή.

# HIPPOLYTUS

THESEUS

Dearest, how noble show'st thou to thy sire!

HIPPOLYTUS

Pray to have such sons—sons in wedlock born.

THESEUS

Woe for thy reverent soul, thy righteous heart!

HIPPOLYTUS

Father, farewell thou too—untold farewells!

THESEUS

Forsake me not, my son!—be strong to bear!

HIPPOLYTUS

My strength is overborne—I am gone, my father.  
Cover my face with mantles with all speed [Dies.

THESEUS

O bounds of Athens, Pallas' glorious realm,  
What hero will be lost to you! Woe's me!

1460

Cypris, how oft shall I recall thy wrong!

CHORUS

On the city hath lighted a stroke without warning,  
On all hearts desolation.  
Rain down, O ye fast-dropping tears of our mourning!  
When the mighty are fallen, their burial-oblation  
Is the wail of a nation.<sup>1</sup>

[*Exeunt OMNES.*

<sup>1</sup> 1462-66 allude to the death of Pericles, which happened shortly before the representation of this play. The poet in fact changed, to meet the occasion, the original ending, which ran thus:—

O blest one, what honours have fallen to thee,  
O hero, because of thy chastity;  
Never shall aught be more of worth  
Than virtue unto the sons of earth;  
For soon or late on the fear of God  
Goodly reward shall be bestowed.

[*Stobaeus, Florilegium.*]



MEDEA





## ARGUMENT

WHEN the Heroes, who sailed in the ship *Argo* to bring home the Golden Fleece, came to the land of Colchis, they found that to win that treasure was a deed passing the might of mortal man, so terribly was it guarded by monsters magical, even fire-breathing bulls and an un-sleeping dragon. But *Aphrodite* caused *Medea* the sorceress, daughter of *Aetes* the king of the land, to love *Jason* their captain, so that by her magic he overcame the bulls and the dragon. Then *Jason* took the Fleece, and *Medea* withal, for that he had pledged him to wed her in the land of Greece. But as they fled, *Absyrtus* her brother pursued them with a host of war, yet by *Medea's* devising was he slain. So they came to the land of *Iolcos*, and to *Pelias*, who held the kingdom which was *Jason's* of right. But *Medea* by her magic wrought upon *Pelias's* daughters so that they slew their father. Yet by reason of men's horror of the deed might not *Jason* and *Medea* abide in the land, and they came to *Corinth*. But there all men rejoiced for the coming of a hero so mighty in war and a lady renowned for wisdom unearthly, for that *Medea* was grandchild of the Sun-god. But after ten years, *Creon* the king of the land spake to *Jason*, saying, "Lo, I will give thee my daughter to wife, and thou shalt reign after me, if thou wilt put away thy wife *Medea*; but her and her two sons will I banish from the land." So *Jason* consented. And of this befell things strange and awful, which are told herein.

## ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΡΑΜΑΤΟΣ ΠΡΟΣΩΠΑ

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ΧΟΡΟΣ ΓΥΝΑΙΚΩΝ

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ΙΑΣΩΝ

ΑΙΓΕΥΣ

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ΠΑΙΔΕΣ ΜΗΔΕΙΑΣ

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

NURSE OF MEDEA'S CHILDREN.

CHILDREN'S GUARDIAN.<sup>1</sup>

MEDEA.

CHORUS OF CORINTHIAN LADIES.

CREON, *King of Corinth.*

JASON.

AEGEUS, *King of Athens.*

MESSENGER.

CHILDREN OF MEDEA.

The Scene is in front of Jason's House at Corinth.

<sup>1</sup> *Paedagogus*.—A trusted servant, responsible for keeping the boys out of harm's way: he was present at their sports, accompanied them to and from school, and never let them be out of his sight. A similar institution is familiar to Englishmen resident in India.

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

Εἶθ' ὄφελ' Ἀργούσ μὴ διαπτάσθαι σκάφος  
Κόλχων ἐς αἶαν κυανέας Συμπληγάδας,  
μηδ' ἐν νάπαισι Πηλίου πεσεῖν ποτε  
τμηθεῖσα πεύκη, μηδ' ἐρετμῶσαι χέρας  
ἀνδρῶν ἀριστέων οἷ τὸ πάγχρυσον δέρος  
Πελία μετῆλθον. οὐ γὰρ ἂν δέσποιν' ἐμὴ  
Μήδεια πύργους γῆς ἔπλευσ' Ἰωλκίας  
ἔρωτι θυμὸν ἐκπλαγεῖσ' Ἰάσονος,  
οὐδ' ἂν κτανεῖν πείσασα Πελιάδας κόρας  
10 πατέρα κατώκει τήνδε γῆν Κορινθίαν  
ξὺν ἀνδρὶ καὶ τέκνοισιν, ἀνδάνουσα μὲν  
φυγῇ πολιτῶν ὧν ἀφίκετο χθόνα,  
αὐτὴ τε πάντα ξυμφέρουσ' Ἰάσωνι  
ἤπερ μεγίστη γίγνεται σωτηρία,  
ὅταν γυνὴ πρὸς ἄνδρα μὴ διχαστατῆ.  
νῦν δ' ἐχθρὰ πάντα, καὶ νοσεῖ τὰ φίλτατα.  
προδοὺς γὰρ αὐτοῦ τέκνα δεσπότιν τ' ἐμὴν  
γάμοις Ἰάσων βασιλικοῖς εὐνάζεται,  
γῆμας Κρέοντος παῖδ', ὃς αἰσυμνᾷ χθονός.  
20 Μήδεια δ' ἡ δύστηνος ἠτιμασμένη  
βοᾷ μὲν ὄρκους, ἀνακαλεῖ δὲ δεξιᾶς  
πίστιν μεγίστην, καὶ θεοὺς μαρτύρεται  
οἷας ἀμοιβῆς ἐξ' Ἰάσονος κυρεῖ.  
κεῖται δ' ἄσιτος, σῶμ' ὑφείσ' ἀλγηδόσι.

## MEDEA

*Enter NURSE of Medea's Children.*

NURSE

WOULD God that Argo's hull had never flown  
Through those blue Clashing Rocks to Colchis-  
land,

Nor that the axe-hewn pine in Pelion's glens  
Ever had fallen, nor filled with oars the hands  
Of hero-princes, who at Pelias' hest  
Quested the Golden Fleece! My mistress then,  
Medea, ne'er had sailed to Ioleos' towers  
With love for Jason thrilled through all her soul,  
Nor had on Pelias' daughters wrought to slay  
Their sire, nor now in this Corinthian land  
Dwelt with her lord and children, gladdening  
By this her exile them whose land received her, 10  
Yea, and in all things serving Jason's weal,  
Which is the chief salvation of the home,  
When wife stands not at variance with her lord.

Now all is hatred: love is sickness-stricken.

For Jason, traitor to his babes and her,  
My mistress, weddeth with a child of kings,  
Daughter of Creon ruler of the land.

And, slighted thus, Medea, hapless wife,  
Cries on the oaths, invokes that mightiest pledge 20  
Of the right hand, and calls the Gods to witness  
What recompense from Jason she receives.  
Fasting, with limbs in grief's abandonment

τὸν πάντα συντήκουσα δακρύοις χρόνον,  
 ἐπεὶ πρὸς ἀνδρὸς ἦσθητ' ἠδικημένη,  
 οὔτ' ὄμμ' ἐπαίρουσ' οὔτ' ἀπαλλάσσουσα γῆς  
 πρόσωπον· ὡς δὲ πέτρος ἢ θαλάσσιος  
 κλύδων ἀκούει νουθετουμένη φίλων·  
 30 ἦν μὴ ποτε στρέψασα πάλλευκον δέριον  
 αὐτὴ πρὸς αὐτὴν πατέρ' ἀποιμώζη φίλον  
 καὶ γαίαν οἴκους θ', οὓς προδοῦσ' ἀφίκετο  
 μετ' ἀνδρὸς ὃς σφε νῦν ἀτιμάσας ἔχει.  
 ἔγνωκε δ' ἢ τάλαινα συμφορᾶς ὑπο  
 οἶον πατρώας μὴ ἀπολείπεσθαι χθονός.  
 στυγεῖ δὲ παῖδας οὐδ' ὀρώσ' εὐφραίνεται.  
 δέδοικα δ' αὐτὴν μὴ τι βουλευσῆ νέον·  
 βαρεῖα γὰρ φρήν, οὐδ' ἀνέξεται κακῶς  
 πῖσχος· ἐγὼ δα τήνδε, δειμαίνω τέ νιν,  
 40 [μὴ θηκτὸν ὦση φάσγανον δι' ἥπατος,  
 σιγῇ δόμους εἰσβᾶσ', ἵν' ἔστρωται λέχος,  
 ἢ καὶ τύραννον τὸν τε γήμαντα κτάνη  
 κᾶπειτα μείζω συμφορὰν λάβῃ τινά.]  
 δεινὴ γάρ· οὔτοι ῥαδίως γε συμβαλὼν  
 ἔχθραν τις αὐτῇ καλλίνικον οἴσεται.  
 ἀλλ' οἶδε παῖδες ἐκ τρόχων πεπαυμένοι  
 στείχουσι, μητρὸς οὐδὲν ἐννοούμενοι  
 κακῶν· νέα γὰρ φροντὶς οὐκ ἀλγεῖν φιλεῖ.

## ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

50 παλαιὸν οἴκων κτῆμα δεσποίνης ἐμῆς,  
 τί πρὸς πύλαισι τήνδ' ἄγουσ' ἐρημίαν  
 ἔστηκας, αὐτὴ θρεομένη σαυτῇ κακά ;  
 πῶς σοῦ μόνῃ Μήδεια λείπεσθαι θέλει ;

## ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

τέκνων ὀπαδὲ πρέσβυ τῶν Ἰάσονος,  
 χρηστοῖσι δούλοις ξυμφορὰ τὰ δεσποτῶν

## MEDEA

Flung down, she weeps and wastes through all the  
days

Since first she knew her lord's wrong done to her,  
Never uplifting eye, nor turning ever  
From earth her face. No more than rock or sea-wave  
Hearkeneth she to friends that counsel her ;  
Saving at whiles, when, lifting her white neck, 30  
To herself she wails her father once beloved,  
Her land, her home, forsaking which she came  
Hither with him who holds her now contemned.  
Alas for her ! she knows, by affliction taught,  
How good is fatherland unforfeited.  
She loathes her babes, joys not beholding them.  
And what she may devise I dread to think.  
Grim is her spirit, one that will not brook  
Mishandling : yea, I know her, and I fear  
Lest to her bridal bower she softly steal, 40  
And through her own heart thrust the whetted knife,  
Or slay the king and him that weds his child,  
And get herself some doom yet worse thereby ;  
For dangerous is she : who begins a feud  
With her, not soon shall sing the triumph-song.  
But lo, her boys, their racing-sport put by,  
Draw near, all careless of their mother's wrongs,  
For the young heart loves not to brood in grief.

*Enter CHILDREN'S GUARDIAN, with boys.*

CHILDREN'S GUARDIAN

O ancient chattel of my mistress' home,  
Why at the gates thus lonely standest thou, 50  
Thyself unto thyself discoursing ills ?  
How wills Medea to be left of thee ?

NURSE

O grey attendant thou of Jason's sons,  
The hearts of faithful servants still are touched

κακῶς πίτνοντα καὶ φρενῶν ἀνθάπτεται.  
 ἐγὼ γὰρ εἰς τοῦτ' ἐκβέβηκ' ἀλγηδόνοσ,  
 ὥσθ' ἴμερός μ' ὑπῆλθε γῆ τε κούρανῶ  
 λέξαι μολούσῃ δεῦρο Μηδείας τύχασ.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

οὔπω γὰρ ἢ τάλαινα παύεται γόων ;

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

60 ζηλῶ σ'· ἐν ἀρχῇ πῆμα κούδέπω μεσοί.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

ὦ μῶρος, εἰ χρὴ δεσπότας εἰπεῖν τόδε·  
 ὡς οὐδὲν οἶδε τῶν νεωτέρων κακῶν.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

τί δ' ἔστιν, ὦ γεραιέ ; μὴ φθόνει φράσαι.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

οὐδέν· μετέγνων καὶ τὰ πρόσθ' εἰρημένα.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

μὴ, πρὸς γενείου, κρύπτε σύνδουλον σέθεν·  
 σιγὴν γάρ, εἰ χρὴ, τῶνδε θήσομαι πέρι.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

70 ἤκουσά του λέγοντος οὐ δοκῶν κλύειν,  
 πεσσοὺς προσελθῶν, ἔνθα δὴ παλαίτατοι  
 θύσσουσι, σεμνὸν ἀμφὶ Πειρήνης ὕδωρ,  
 ὡς τούσδε παῖδας γῆς ἔλᾶν Κορινθίας  
 σὺν μητρὶ μέλλοι τῆσδε κοίρανος χθονὸς  
 Κρέων. ὁ μέντοι μῦθος εἰ σαφῆς ὄδε  
 οὐκ οἶδα· βουλοίμην δ' ἂν οὐκ εἶναι τόδε.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

καὶ ταῦτ' Ἰάσων παῖδας ἐξανέξεται  
 πάσχοντας, εἰ καὶ μητρὶ διαφορὰν ἔχει ;

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

παλαιὰ καινῶν λείπεται κηδευμάτων,  
 κούκ ἔστ' ἐκείνος τοῖσδε δώμασιν φίλος.



## MEDEA

By ill-betiding fortunes of their lords.  
For I have sunk to such a depth of grief,  
That yearning took me hitherward to come  
And tell to earth and heaven my lady's plight.

CHILDREN'S GUARDIAN

Ceaseth not yet the hapless one from moan?

NURSE

Cease!—her pain scarce begun, far from its height! 60

CHILDREN'S GUARDIAN

Ah fool!—if one may say it of his lords—  
Little she knoweth of the latest blow.

NURSE

What is it, ancient? Grudge not thou to tell me.

CHILDREN'S GUARDIAN

Naught: I repent me of the word that 'scaped me.

NURSE

Nay, by thy beard, hide not from fellow-thrall—  
Silence, if need be, will I keep thereof.

CHILDREN'S GUARDIAN

I heard one saying—feigning not to hear,  
As I drew near the old stone seats, where sit  
The ancients round Peirene's hallowed fount,—  
“Creon, this land's lord, is at point to banish  
Mother and sons from soil Corinthian.” 70

Howbeit, if the tale I heard be true  
I know not: fain were I it were not so.

NURSE

Will Jason brook such dealing with his sons,  
Though from their mother he be wholly estranged?

CHILDREN'S GUARDIAN

Old bonds of love are aye outrun by feet  
Of new:—no friend is *he* unto this house.

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ἀπωλόμεσθ' ἄρ', εἰ κακὸν προσοίσομεν  
νέον παλαιῶ, πρὶν τόδ' ἐξηντληκέναι.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

80

ἀτὰρ σύ γ', οὐ γὰρ καιρὸς εἰδέναι τόδε  
δέσποιναν, ἡσύχαζε καὶ σίγα λόγον.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ὦ τέκν', ἀκούεθ' οἶος εἰς ὑμᾶς πατήρ ;  
ὄλοιτο μὲν μὴ· δεσπότης γάρ ἐστ' ἐμός·  
ἀτὰρ κακός γ' ὢν εἰς φίλους ἀλίσκεται.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

τίς δ' οὐχὶ θνητῶν ; ἄρτι γιγνώσκεις τόδε,  
ὡς πᾶς τις αὐτὸν τοῦ πέλας μᾶλλον φιλεῖ,  
οἱ μὲν δικαίως, οἱ δὲ καὶ κέρδους χάριν,  
εἰ τούσδε γ' εὐνής εἶνεκ' οὐ στέργει πατήρ.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

90

ἴτ', εὖ γὰρ ἔσται, δωμάτων ἔσω, τέκνα.  
σὺ δ' ὡς μάλιστα τούσδ' ἐρημώσας ἔχε,  
καὶ μὴ πέλαζε μητρὶ δυσθυμουμένη.  
ἤδη γὰρ εἶδον ὄμμα νιν ταυρουμένην  
τοῖσδ' ὡς τι δρασείουσαν· οὐδέ παύσεται  
χόλου, σάφ' οἶδα, πρὶν κατασκῆψαί τινα.  
ἐχθρούς γε μέντοι, μὴ φίλους, δράσειέ τι.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ἰώ,  
δύστανος ἐγὼ μελέα τε πόνων,  
ἰώ μοί μοι, πῶς ἂν ὀλοίμαν ;

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

100

τόδ' ἐκείνο, φίλοι παῖδες· μήτηρ  
κινεῖ κραδίαν, κινεῖ δὲ χόλον.  
σπεύδετε θῦσσον δώματος εἴσω,  
καὶ μὴ πελάσητ' ὄμματος ἐγγύς,

## MEDEA

NURSE

Ruined we are then, if we add fresh ill  
To old, ere lightened be our ship of this.

CHILDREN'S GUARDIAN

But thou—for 'tis not season that thy lady  
Should know—keep silence, and speak not the  
tale. 80

NURSE

Hear, babes, what father this is unto you!  
I curse him—not: he is my master still:  
But to his friends he stands convict of baseness.

CHILDREN'S GUARDIAN

What man is not? Hast learnt this only now,  
That no man loves his neighbour as himself?  
Good cause have some, with most 'tis greed of gain—  
As here: their sire for a bride's sake loves not these.

NURSE

Pass in, dear children, for it shall be well.  
But thou, keep these apart to the uttermost: 90  
Bring them not nigh their mother angry-souled.  
For late I saw her glare, as glares a bull,  
On these, as 'twere for mischief; nor her wrath,  
I know, shall cease, until its lightning strike.  
To foes may she work ill, and not to friends!

MEDEA (*behind the scenes*)

O hapless I! O miseries heaped on mine head!  
Ah me! ah me! would God I were dead!

NURSE

Lo, darlings, the thing that I told you!  
Lo the heart of your mother astir!  
And astir is her anger: withhold you 100  
From her sight, come not nigh unto her.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

μηδὲ προσέλθητ', ἀλλὰ φυλάσσεσθ'  
ἄγριον ἦθος στυγεράν τε φύσιν  
φρενὸς αὐθάδους.

ἴτε νῦν χωρεῖθ' ὡς τάχος εἴσω.  
δῆλον δ' ἀρχῆς ἐξαιρόμενον  
νέφος οἰμωγῆς ὡς τάχ' ἀνάψει  
μείζονι θυμῷ· τί ποτ' ἐργάσεται  
μεγαλόσπλαγχνος δυσκατάπαυστος  
110 ψυχὴ δηχθεῖσα κακοῖσιν ;

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

αἰαῖ,  
ἔπαθον τλάμων ἔπαθον μεγάλων  
ἄξι' ὀδυρμῶν· ὦ κατάρατοι  
παῖδες ὄλοισθε στυγεράς ματρὸς  
σὺν πατρί, καὶ πᾶς δόμος ἔρροι.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ἰὼ μοί μοι, ἰὼ τλήμων.  
τί δέ σοι παῖδες πατρὸς ἀμπλακίας  
μετέχουσι ; τί τοῦσδ' ἔχθεις ; οἴμοι,  
τέκνα, μή τι πάθηθ' ὡς ὑπεραλγῶ.  
δεινὰ τυράννων λήματα καί πως  
120 ὀλίγ' ἀρχόμενοι, πολλὰ κρατοῦντες,  
χαλεπῶς ὀργὰς μεταβάλλουσιν.  
τὸ γὰρ εἰθίσθαι ζῆν ἐπ' ἴσοισιν  
κρεῖσσον· ἐμοὶ γοῦν, εἰ μὴ μεγάλως,  
ὀχυρῶς γ' εἴη καταγηράσκειν.

## MEDEA

Haste, get you within : O beware ye  
Of the thoughts as a wild-beast brood,  
Of the nature too ruthless to spare ye  
In its desperate mood.

Pass ye within now, departing  
With all speed. It is plain to discern  
How a cloud of lamenting, upstarting  
From its viewless beginnings, shall burn  
In lightnings of fury yet fiercer.

What deeds shall be dared of that soul,  
So haughty, when wrong's gods pierce her,  
So hard to control ?

110

[*Exeunt* CHILDREN with GUARDIAN.

MEDEA (*behind the scenes*)

Woe ! I have suffered, have suffered foul wrongs that  
may waken, may waken  
Mighty lamentings full well ! O ye children  
accursed from the womb,  
Hence to destruction, ye brood of a loathed one for-  
saken, forsaken ! [blackness of doom !  
Hence with your father, and perish our home in the

NURSE

Ah me, in the father's offences  
What part have the babes, that thine hate  
Should blast them ?—forlorn innocences,  
How sorely I fear for your fate !  
How terrible princes' moods are !—  
Long ruling, unschooled to obey,—  
Unforgiving, unsleeping their feuds are :  
Better life's level way.

120

Be it mine, if in greatness I may not,  
In quiet and peace to grow old.

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

τῶν γὰρ μετρίων πρῶτα μὲν εἶπεῖν  
 τοῦνομα νικᾶ, χρῆσθαί τε μακρῶ  
 λῶστα βροτοῖσιν· τὰ δ' ὑπερβάλλοντ'  
 οὐδένα καιρὸν δύναται θνητοῖς·  
 μείζους δ' ἄτας, ὅταν ὀργισθῆ  
 130 δαίμων, οἴκοις ἀπέδωκεν.

### ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἔκλυον φωνάν, ἔκλυον δὲ βοᾶν  
 τῆς δυστίανου  
 Κολχίδος, οὐδέ πω ἠπιος· ἀλλά, γεραιά,  
 λέξον· ἐπ' ἀμφιπύλου γὰρ ἔσω μελίθρου γόου  
 ἔκλυον·  
 οὐδὲ συνήδομαι, ὦ γυναῖ, ἄλγεσι δώματος,  
 ἐπεὶ μοι φίλον κέκρανται.

### ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

οὐκ εἰσὶ δόμοι· φροῦδα τὴν δ' ἤδη.  
 140 τὸν μὲν γὰρ ἔχει λέκτρα τυράννων,  
 ἢ δ' ἐν θαλάμοις τήκει βιοτὰν  
 δέσποινα, φίλων οὐδενὸς οὐδὲν  
 παραθαλπομένη φρένα μύθοις.

### ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

αἰαί,  
 διὰ μου κεφαλᾶς φλόξ οὐρανία  
 βαίη· τί δέ μοι ζῆν ἔτι κέρδος ;  
 φεῦ φεῦ· θανάτῳ καταλυσάιμαν  
 βιοτὰν στυγεράν προλιπούσα.

## MEDEA

Sweeter name than "The Mean" shall ye say not,  
 And to taste it is sweetness untold,  
 But to men never weal above measure  
 Availed: on its perilous height  
 The Gods in their hour of displeasure  
 The heavier smite.

130

*Enter CHORUS of Corinthian Ladies.*

### CHORUS

I have hearkened the voice of the daughter of Colchis,  
 the sound of the crying  
 Of the misery-stricken; nor yet is she stilled. Now  
 the tale of her tell,  
 Grey woman; for moaned through the porch from  
 her chamber the wail of her sighing;  
 And I cannot, I cannot be glad while the home in  
 affliction is lying,  
 The house I have loved so well.

### NURSE

Home?—home there is none: it hath vanished  
 away:

For my lord to a bride of the princes is thrall;      140  
 And my lady is pining the livelong day      [say  
 In her bower, and for naught that her friends' lips  
 On her heart may the dews of comfort fall.

### MEDEA (*behind the scenes*)

Would God that the flame of the lightning from  
 heaven descending, descending,  
 Might burn through mine head!—for in living  
 wherein any more is my gain?  
 Alas and alas! Would God I might bring to an  
 ending, an ending,  
 The life that I loathe, and behind me might cast  
 all its burden of pain!

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

### ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἄιες, ὦ Ζεῦ καὶ γᾶ καὶ φῶς,

στρ.

ἀχὰν οἶαν ἰ δύστανος

μέλπει νύμφα ;

τίς σοί ποτε τᾶς ἀπλάτου

κοίτας ἔρος, ὦ ματαία,

σπεύσει θανάτου τελευτάν ;

μηδὲν τόδε λίσσου.

εἰ δὲ σὸς πόσις

καινὰ λέχη σεβίζει,

κείνῳ τόδε μὴ χαράσσου·

Ζεὺς σο. τάδε συνδικήσει. μὴ λίαν

τάκου δυρομένα σὸν εὐνάταν.

### ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ὦ μεγάλα Θέμι καὶ πότνι Ἄρτεμι,

λεύσσεθ' ἂ πάσχω, μεγάλοις ὄρκοις

ἐνδησαμένα τὸν κατάρατον

πόσιν ; ὅν ποτ' ἐγὼ νύμφαν τ' ἐσίδοιμ'

αὐτοῖς μελάθροις διακναιομένους,

οἱ γ' ἐμὲ πρόσθεν τολμῶσ' ἀδικεῖν.

ὦ πάτερ, ὦ πόλις, ὦν ἀπενάσθην

αἰσχρῶς τὸν ἐμὸν κτείνασα κάσιν.

### ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

κλύεθ' οἷα λέγει κἀπιβοᾶται

Θέμιν εὐκταίαν Ζῆνᾶ θ', ὃς ὄρκων

θνητοῖς ταμίας νενόμισται ;

170





οὐκ ἔστιν ὅπως ἔν τινι μικρῷ  
δέσποινα χόλον καταπαύσει.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πῶς ἂν ἐς ὄψιν τὰν ἀμετέραν  
ἔλθοι μύθων τ' αὐδαθέντων  
δέξαιτ' ὀμφάν,  
εἴ πως βαρύθυμον ὄργαν  
καὶ λῆμα φρενῶν μεθείη.  
μήτοι τό γ' ἐμὸν πρόθυμον  
φίλοισιν ἀπέστω.

ἀντ.

180 ἀλλὰ βῶσά νιν  
δεῦρο πόρευσον οἴκων  
ἔξω, φίλα καὶ τὰδ' αὐδα·  
σπεύσον πρὶν τι κακῶσαι τοὺς εἴσω·  
πένθος γὰρ μεγάλως τόδ' ὀρμᾶται.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

δράσω τὰδ'· ἀτὰρ φόβος εἰ πείσω  
δέσποιναν ἐμήν·  
μόχθου δὲ χάριν τήνδ' ἐπιδώσω.  
καίτοι τοκάδος δέργμα λεαίνης  
ὑποταυροῦται δμωσίν, ὅταν τις  
μῦθον προφέρων πέλας ὀρμηθῆ.

190 σκαιοὺς δὲ λέγων κούδέν τι σοφοὺς  
τοὺς πρόσθε βροτοὺς οὐκ ἂν ἀμάρτοις,  
οἵτινες ὕμνους ἐπὶ μὲν θαλίαις  
ἐπὶ τ' εἰλαπίναις καὶ παρὰ δείπνοις  
ἠῦροντο βίου τερπνὰς ἀκοάς·

## MEDEA

O my lady will lay not her anger by  
Soon, making her vengeance a little thing.

CHORUS

(*Ant.*)

If she would but come forth where we wait her,  
If she would but give ear to the sound  
Of our speech, that her spirit would learn  
From its fierceness of anger to turn,  
And her lust for revenge not burn!

O ne'er may my love prove traitor,  
Never false to my friends be it found!

But go thou, and forth of the dwelling 180  
Thy mistress hitherward lead:  
Say to her that friends be we all.  
O hasten, ere mischief befall  
The lords of the palaece-hall;  
For her grief, like a tempest upswelling,  
Resistless shall ruin-ward speed.

NURSE

I will do it: but almost my spirit despaireth  
To win her: yet labour of love shall it be.  
But my queen on her thralls as a mad bull glareth,  
Or a lioness couched mid her whelps, whoso dareth  
With speech to draw near her, so tameless is she.

He should err not, who named the old singers in  
singing 190  
Not cunning, but left-handed bards, for their lays  
Did they frame for the mirth-tide, the festal in-  
bringing  
Of the wine, and the feast, when the harp-strings are  
ringing  
To sweeten with melody life's sweet days.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

στρυγίους δὲ βροτῶν οὐδεὶς λύπας  
 ἠὔρετο μούσῃ καὶ πολυχόρδοις  
 ὠδαῖς παύειν, ἐξ ὧν θάνατοι  
 δειναί τε τύχαι σφάλλουσι δόμους.

200

καίτοι τάδε μὲν κέρδος ἀκείσθαι  
 μολπαῖσι βροτούς· ἵνα δ' εὔδειπνοι  
 δαίτες, τί μάτην τείνουσι βοήν;  
 τὸ παρὸν γὰρ ἔχει τέρψιν ἀφ' αὐτοῦ  
 δαιτὸς πλήρωμα βροτοῖσιν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

210

ἰαχὰν αἶον πολύστονον γόων,  
 λιγυρὰ δ' ἄχεα μογερὰ βοᾷ  
 τὸν ἐν λέχει προδόταν κακόνυμφον·  
 θεοκλυτεῖ δ' ἄδικα παθοῦσα  
 τὰν Ζανὸς ὀρκίαν Θέμιν,  
 ἃ νιν ἔβασεν  
 Ἑλλάδ' ἐς ἀντίπορον  
 δι' ἄλα νύχιον ἐφ' ἀλμυρὰν  
 πόντου κλῆδ' ἀπέραντον.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

220

Κορίνθιαι γυναῖκες, ἐξῆλθον δόμων,  
 μή μοι τι μέμψησθ'· οἶδα γὰρ πολλοὺς βροτῶν  
 σεμνοὺς γεγῶτας, τοὺς μὲν ὀμμάτων ἄπο,  
 τοὺς δ' ἐν θυραίοις· οἱ δ' ἀφ' ἡσύχου ποδὸς  
 δύσκειαν ἐκτήσαντο καὶ ῥαθυμίαν.  
 δίκη γὰρ οὐκ ἔνεστιν ὀφθαλμοῖς βροτῶν,  
 ὅστις πρὶν ἀνδρὸς σπλάγχχνον ἐκμαθεῖν σαφῶς  
 στρυγεῖ δεδορκῶς, οὐδὲν ἠδίκημένος.

## MEDEA

But the dread doom of mortals, the anguish heart-  
rending—

Never minstrel by music hath breathed on them  
Nor by song with his harp-notes in harmony blending ;  
Albeit thereof cometh death's dark ending  
Unto many a home that is wrecked by these.

And yet were it surely a boon to bring healing  
Of sorrow to mortals with song ; but in vain 200  
Mid the fulness of feasting ring voices clear-pealing,  
And the banquet itself hath a glamour, concealing  
From mortals their doom, flinging spells over pain.  
[*Exit* NURSE.]

### CHORUS

I have heard it, the sigh-laden cry of the daughter  
Of Colchis, the woe-shrilling anguish of wailing  
For the traitor to love who with false vows caught  
her [assailing  
Who in strength of her wrongs chideth Heaven,  
The Oath-queen of Zeus, who with cords all-pre-  
vailing [water,  
Forth haled her, and brought her o'er star-litten 210  
Where the brine-mists hover o'er Pontus' Key,  
Unto Hellas far over the boundless sea.

*Enter* MEDEA.

### MEDEA

Corinthian dames, I have come forth my doors  
Lest ye condemn me. Many I know are held  
Mis-proud—some, since they shrink from public gaze ;  
Some, from their bearing to their fellow-men ;  
Some quiet lives for indolence are defamed ;  
For justice dwells not in the eyes of man,  
Who, ere he hath discerned his neighbour's heart, 220  
Hates him at sight, albeit nowise wronged.

χρῆ δὲ ξένον μὲν κάρτα προσχωρεῖν πόλει·  
 οὐδ' ἀστὸν ἦνεσ' ὅστις ἀνθάδης γεγὼς  
 πικρὸς πολίταις ἐστὶν ἀμαθίας ὑπο.  
 ἐμοὶ δ' ἄελπτον πρᾶγμα προσπεσὸν τόδε  
 ψυχὴν διέφθαρκ'· οἴχομαι δὲ καὶ βίου  
 χάριν μεθεῖσα κατθανεῖν χρήζω, φίλαι.  
 ἐν ᾧ γὰρ ἦν μοι πάντα γινώσκειν καλῶς,  
 κάκιστος ἀνδρῶν ἐκβέβηχ' οὐμὸς πόσις.  
 πάντων δ' ὅσ' ἔστ' ἐμψυχα καὶ γνώμην ἔχει  
 γυναικῆς ἐσμεν ἀθλιώτατον φυτόν·  
 ἄς πρῶτα μὲν δεῖ χρημάτων ὑπερβολῇ  
 πόσιν πρίασθαι δεσπότην τε σώματος  
 λαβεῖν· κακοῦ γὰρ τοῦτό γ' ἄλγιον κακόν·  
 κἂν τῷδ' ἀγὼν μέγιστος, ἢ κακὸν λαβεῖν  
 ἢ χρηστόν. οὐ γὰρ εὐκλεεῖς ἀπαλλαγὰι  
 γυναιξίν, οὐδ' οἶόν τ' ἀνήνασθαι πόσιν.  
 εἰς καινὰ δ' ἦθη καὶ νόμους ἀφιγμένην  
 δεῖ μάντιν εἶναι, μὴ μαθοῦσαν οἴκοθεν,  
 ὅτῳ μάλιστα χρήσεται συνευνέτη.  
 κἂν μὲν τάδ' ἡμῖν ἐκπονουμέναισιν εὖ  
 πόσις ξυνοικῆ μὴ βία φέρων ζυγόν,  
 ζηλωτὸς αἰών· εἰ δὲ μὴ, θανεῖν χρεῶν.  
 ἀνὴρ δ', ὅταν τοῖς ἔνδον ἄχθηται ξυνών,  
 ἔξω μολῶν ἔπαυσε καρδίαν ἄσης,  
 ἢ πρὸς φίλον τιν' ἢ πρὸς ἤλικα τραπέεις·  
 ἡμῖν δ' ἀνάγκη πρὸς μίαν ψυχὴν βλέπειν.  
 λέγουσι δ' ἡμᾶς ὡς ἀκίνδυνον βίου  
 ζῶμεν κατ' οἴκους, οἱ δὲ μάρνανται δορί·  
 κακῶς φρονοῦντες· ὡς τρεῖς ἂν παρ' ἀσπίδα  
 στῆναι θέλοιμ' ἂν μᾶλλον ἢ τεκεῖν ἄπαξ.

230

240

250

## MEDEA

A stranger must conform to the city's wont ;  
 Nor citizens uncondemned may flout their fellows,  
 Like mannerless churls, a law unto themselves.

But me—the blow ye wot of suddenly fell  
 Soul-shattering. 'Tis my ruin : I have lost  
 All grace of life : I long to die, O friends.  
 He, to know whom well was mine all in all,  
 My lord, of all men basest hath become !  
 Surely, of creatures that have life and wit, 230  
 We women are of all unhappiest,  
 Who, first, must buy, as buys the highest bidder,  
 A husband—nay, we do but win for our lives  
 A master ! Deeper depth of wrong is this.  
 Here too is dire risk—will the lord we gain  
 Be evil or good ? Divorce ?—'tis infamy  
 To us : we may not even reject a suitor !<sup>1</sup>

Then, coming to new customs, habits new,  
 One need be a seer, to know the thing unlearn't  
 At home, what manner of man her mate shall be. 240  
 And *if* we learn our lesson, *if* our lord  
 Dwell with us, plunging not against the yoke,  
 Happy our lot is ; else—no help but death.  
 For the man, when the home-yoke galls his neck,  
 Goes forth, to ease a weary sickened heart  
 By turning to some friend, some kindred soul :  
 We to one heart alone can look for comfort.

But we, say they, live an unperilled life  
 At home, while they do battle with the spear—  
 Unreasoning fools ! Thrice would I under shield 250  
 Stand, rather than bear childbirth-peril once.

<sup>1</sup> A Greek girl's husband was chosen for her by her parents.

ἀλλ' οὐ γὰρ αὐτὸς πρὸς σέ κ' ἄμ' ἤκει λόγος·  
 σοὶ μὲν πόλις γὰρ ἔστι καὶ πατὴρ δόμοι  
 βίου τ' ὄνησις καὶ φίλων συνουσία,  
 ἐγὼ δ' ἔρημος ἄπολις οὐσ' ὑβρίζομαι  
 πρὸς ἀνδρός, ἐκ γῆς βαρβάρου λελησμένη,  
 οὐ μητέρ', οὐκ ἀδελφόν, οὐχὶ συγγενῆ  
 μεθορμίσασθαι τῆσδ' ἔχουσα συμφορᾶς.  
 τοσοῦτον οὖν σου τυγχάνειν βουλήσομαι,  
 ἦν μοι πόρος τις μηχανή τ' ἐξευρεθῆ  
 πόσιν δίκην τῶνδ' ἀντιτίσασθαι κακῶν  
 [τὸν δόντα τ' αὐτῷ θυγατέρ' ἢ τ' ἐγγήματο],  
 σιγᾶν. γυνὴ γὰρ τ' ἄλλα μὲν φόβου πλέα,  
 κακὴ δ' ἐς ἀλκὴν καὶ σίδηρον εἰσορᾶν.  
 ὅταν δ' ἐς εὐνὴν ἠδίκημένη κυρῆ,  
 οὐκ ἔστιν ἄλλη φρὴν μαιφονωτέρα.

260

## ΧΟΡΟΣ

δράσω τάδ'· ἐνδίκως γὰρ ἐκτίσει πόσιν,  
 Μήδεια. πενθεῖν δ' οὐ σε θαυμάζω τύχας.  
 ὀρώ δὲ καὶ Κρέοντα τῆσδ' ἄνακτα γῆς  
 στείχοντα, καινῶν ἄγγελον βουλευμάτων.

270

## ΚΡΕΩΝ

σὲ τὴν σκυθρωπὸν καὶ πόσει θυμουμένην,  
 Μήδειαν, εἶπον τῆσδε γῆς ἔξω περᾶν  
 φυγάδα, λαβοῦσαν δισσὰ σὺν σαυτῇ τέκνα,  
 καὶ μή τι μέλλειν· ὡς ἐγὼ βραβεὺς λόγου  
 τοῦδ' εἰμί, κούκ ἄπειμι πρὸς δόμους πάλιν,  
 πρὶν ἂν σε γαίας τερμόνων ἔξω βάλω.

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

αἰαῖ· πανώλης ἢ τάλαιν' ἀπόλλυμαι.  
 ἐχθροὶ γὰρ ἐξιάσι πάντα διη κάλων,  
 κούκ ἔστιν ἄτης εὐπρόσοιστος ἔκβασις.



## MEDEA

But ah, thy story is not one with mine !  
 Thine is this city, thine a father's home,  
 Thine bliss of life and fellowship of friends ;  
 But I, lone, cityless, and outraged thus  
 Of him who kidnapped me from foreign shores,  
 Mother nor brother have I, kinsman none,  
 For port of refuge from calamity.  
 Wherefore I fain would win of thee this boon :—  
 If any path be found me, or device, 260  
 Whereby to avenge these wrongs upon mine hus-  
 band,  
 On her who weds, on him who gives the bride,  
 Keep silence. Woman quails at every peril,  
 Faint-heart to face the fray and look on steel ;  
 But when in wedlock-rights she suffers wrong,  
 No spirit more bloodthirsty shall be found.

### CHORUS

This will I ; for 'tis just that thou, Medea,  
 Requite thy lord : no marvel thou dost grieve.  
 But I see Creon, ruler of this land,  
 Advancing, herald of some new decree. 270

*Enter CREON.*

### CREON

Black-lowering woman, wroth against thy lord,  
 Medea, forth this land I bid thee fare  
 An exile, taking thy two sons with thee ;  
 And make no tarrying : daysman of this cause  
 Am I, and homeward go I not again  
 Ere from the land's bounds I have cast thee forth.

### MEDEA

Ah me ! undone am I in utter ruin !  
 My foes crowd sail pursuing : landing-place  
 Is none from surges of calamity.

280 ἐρήσομαι δὲ καὶ κακῶς πάσχουσ' ὅμως,  
 τίνος μ' ἕκατι γῆς ἀποστέλλεις, Κρέον ;

## ΚΡΕΩΝ

δέδοικά σ', οὐδὲν δεῖ παραμπέχειν λόγους,  
 μή μοί τι δράσης παῖδ' ἀνήκεστον κακόν.  
 συμβάλλεται δὲ πολλὰ τοῦδε δείματος·  
 σοφὴ πέφυκας καὶ κακῶν πολλῶν ἴδρις,  
 λυπεῖ δὲ λέκτρων ἀνδρὸς ἐστερημένη.  
 κλύω δ' ἀπειλεῖν σ', ὡς ἀπαγγέλλουσί μοι,  
 τὸν δόντα καὶ γήμαντα καὶ γαμουμένην  
 δράσειν τι. ταῦτ' οὖν πρὶν παθεῖν φυλάξομαι.  
 290 κρεῖσσον δέ μοι νῦν πρὸς σ' ἀπεχθέςθαι, γύναι,  
 ἢ μαλθακισθένθ' ὕστερον μεταστένειν.

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

φεῦ φεῦ·  
 οὐ νῦν με πρῶτον, ἀλλὰ πολλάκις, Κρέον,  
 ἔβλαψε δόξα μεγάλα τ' εἴργασται κακά.  
 χρὴ δ' οὐποθ' ὅστις ἀρτίφρων πέφυκ' ἀνήρ  
 παῖδας περισσῶς ἐκδιδάσκεσθαι σοφούς·  
 χωρὶς γὰρ ἄλλης ἧς ἔχουσιν ἀργίας  
 φθόνον πρὸς ἀστῶν ἀλφάνουσι δυσμενῆ.  
 σκαιοῖσι μὲν γὰρ καινὰ προσφέρων σοφὰ  
 δόξεις ἀχρεῖος κού σοφὸς πεφυκέναι·  
 300 τῶν δ' αὖ δοκούντων εἶδέναι τι ποικίλου  
 κρεῖσσων νομισθεὶς λυπρὸς ἐν πόλει φανεῖ.  
 ἐγὼ δὲ καὐτῇ τῆσδε κοινωνῶ τύχης.  
 σοφὴ γὰρ οὔσα, τοῖς μὲν εἰμ' ἐπίφθονος,  
 τοῖς δ' ἡσυχαία, τοῖς δὲ θατέρου τρόπου,  
 τοῖς δ' αὖ προσάντης· εἰμὶ δ' οὐκ ἄγαν σοφή.  
 σὺ δ' αὖ φοβεῖ με· μή τι πλημμελὲς πάθης ;  
 οὐχ ᾧδ' ἔχει μοι—μή τρέσης ἡμᾶς, Κρέον—  
 ὥστ' εἰς τυράννους ἄνδρας ἔξαμαρτάνειν.

## MEDEA

Yet, howso wronged, one question will I ask— 280  
 For what cause, Creon, dost thou banish me ?

CREON

I fear thee—need is none to cloak my words—  
 Lest thou wreak cureless vengeance on my child.  
 And to this dread do many things conspire :  
 Wise art thou, cunning in much evil lore ;  
 Chafed art thou, of thine husband's couch bereft :  
 I hear thou threatenest, so they bring me word,  
 To wreak on sire, on bridegroom, and on bride  
 Mischief. I guard mine head ere falls the blow.  
 Better be hated, woman, now of thee, 290  
 Than once relent, and sorely groan too late.

MEDEA

Not now first, Creon,—many a time ere now  
 Rumour hath wronged and wrought me grievous  
 harm.  
 Ne'er should the man whose heart is sound of  
 wit  
 Let teach his sons more wisdom than the herd.  
 They are burdened with unprofitable lore,  
 And spite and envy of other folk they earn.  
 For, if thou bring strange wisdom unto dullards,  
 Useless shalt thou be counted, and not wise :  
 And, if thy fame outshine those heretofore 300  
 Held wise, thou shalt be odious in men's eyes.  
 Myself too in this fortune am partaker.  
 Of some my wisdom wins me jealousy,  
 Some count me spiritless ; outlandish some ;  
 Unsocial some. Yet no deep lore is mine.  
 And thou, thou fear'st me, lest I work thee  
 harm.  
 Not such am I—O Creon, dread not me—  
 That against princes I should dare transgress.

310 τί γὰρ σὺ μ' ἠδίκηκας ; ἐξέδου κόρην  
 ὄτω σε θυμὸς ἦγεν. ἀλλ' ἐμὸν πόσιν  
 μισῶ· σὺ δ', οἶμαι, σωφρονῶν ἔδρας τάδε.  
 καὶ νῦν τὸ μὲν σὸν οὐ φθονῶ καλῶς ἔχειν.  
 νυμφεύετ', εὖ πράσσοιτε· τήνδε δὲ χθόνα  
 ἐατέ μ' οἰκεῖν· καὶ γὰρ ἠδίκημένοι  
 σιγησόμεσθα, κρεισσόνων νικώμενοι.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

λέγεις ἀκοῦσαι μαλθίικ', ἀλλ' εἴσω φρενῶν  
 ὀρρωδία μοι μὴ τι βουλεύης κακόν,  
 τόσω δέ γ' ἦσσον ἢ πάρος πέποιθά σοι·  
 320 γυνὴ γὰρ ὀξύθυμος, ὡς δ' αὐτῶς ἀνὴρ,  
 ῥάων φυλάσσειν ἢ σιωπηλὸς σοφός.  
 ἀλλ' ἔξιθ' ὡς τάχιστα, μὴ λόγους λέγε·  
 ὡς ταῦτ' ἄραρε, κοῦκ ἔχεις τέχνην ὅπως  
 μενεῖς παρ' ἡμῖν οὔσα δυσμενῆς ἐμοί.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

μή, πρὸς σε γονάτων τῆς τε νεογάμου κόρης.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

λόγους ἀναλοῖς· οὐ γὰρ ἂν πείσαις ποτέ.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ἀλλ' ἐξελαῖς με κοῦδέν αἰδέσει λιτάς ;

ΚΡΕΩΝ

φιλῶ γὰρ οὐ σὲ μᾶλλον ἢ δόμους ἐμούς.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ὦ πατρίς, ὡς σου κάρτα νῦν μνείαν ἔχω.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

πλὴν γὰρ τέκνων ἐμοιγε φίλτατον πόλις.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

330 φεῦ φεῦ, βροτοῖς ἔρωτες ὡς κακὸν μέγα.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ὅπως ἂν, οἶμαι, καὶ παραστῶσιν τύχαι.

## MEDEA

How hast thou wronged me? Thou hast given thy  
child

To whomso pleased thee. But—I hate mine husband ; 310

So, doubtless, this in prudence hast thou done.

Nay, but I grudge not thy prosperity.

Wed ye, and prosper. But in this your land

Still let me dwell : for I, how wronged so'er,

Will hold my peace, o'ermastered by the strong.

CREON

Soft words to hear !—but in thine inmost heart,

I fear, thou plottest mischief all the while ;

And all the less I trust thee than before.

The vehement-hearted woman—yea, or man—

Is easier watched-for than the silent-cunning. 320

Nay, forth with all speed : plead me pleadings none ;

For this is stablished : no device hast thou

To bide with us, who art a foe to me.

MEDEA (*clasping his feet*)

Nay,—by thy knees, and by the bride, thy child !

CREON

Thou wastest words ; thou never shalt prevail.

MEDEA

Wilt drive me forth, respecting naught my prayers ?

CREON

Ay : more I love not thee than mine own house.

MEDEA

My country ! O, I call thee now to mind !

CREON

Ay, next my children, dear to me is Corinth.

MEDEA

Alas ! to mortals what a curse is love !

330

CREON

Blessing or curse, I trow, as fortune falls.

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

Ζεῦ, μὴ λάθοι σε τῶνδ' ὄς αἴτιος κακῶν.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ἔρπ', ὦ ματαία, καί μ' ἀπάλλαξον πόνων.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

πονοῦμεν ἡμεῖς κού πόνων κεχρήμεθα.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

τάχ' ἐξ ὀπαδῶν χειρὸς ὠσθήσει βία.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

μὴ δῆτα τοῦτό γ', ἀλλά σ' αἰτοῦμαι, Κρέον—

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ὄχλον παρέξεις, ὡς ἔοικας, ὦ γύναι.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

φευξοῦμεθ'· οὐ τοῦθ' ἰκέτευσα σοῦ τυχεῖν.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

τί δ' αὖ βιάζει κούκ ἀπαλλάσσει χθονός;

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

340

μίαν με μείναι τήνδ' ἔασον ἡμέραν  
καὶ ξυμπερᾶναι φροντίδ' ἢ φευξοῦμεθα,  
παισίν τ' ἀφορμήν τοῖς ἐμοῖς, ἐπεὶ πατὴρ  
οὐδὲν προτιμᾶ μηχανήσασθαι τέκνοις.  
οἴκτειρε δ' αὐτούς· καὶ σύ τοι παίδων πατὴρ  
πέφυκας· εἰκὸς δ' ἐστὶν εὐνοϊάν σ' ἔχειν.  
τοῦμοῦ γὰρ οὐ μοι φροντίς, εἰ φευξοῦμεθα,  
κείνους δὲ κλαίω συμφορᾷ κεχρημένους.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

350

ἦκιστα τοῦμόν λῆμ' ἔφυ τυραννικόν,  
αἰδούμενος δὲ πολλὰ δὴ διέφθορα·  
καὶ νῦν ὀρώ μὲν ἕξαμαρτάνων, γύναι,  
ὅμως δὲ τεύξει τοῦδε· προὔννεπώ δέ σοι,  
εἴ σ' ἢ ἠπιούσα λαμπὰς ὄψεται θεοῦ  
καὶ παῖδας ἐντὸς τῆσδε τερμόνων χθονός,

## MEDEA

MEDEA

Zeus, Zeus, forget not him who is cause of this !

CREON

Hence, passionate fool, and rid me of my trouble.

MEDEA

Troubled am I ; new troubles need I none.

CREON

Soon shalt thou be by servants' hands thrust out.

MEDEA

Nay—nay—not this, O Creon, I implore !

CREON

So, woman, thou, it seems, wilt make a coil.

MEDEA

I will flee forth :—not this the boon I crave.

CREON

Why restive then?—why rid not Corinth of thee ?

MEDEA

Suffer me yet to tarry this one day,  
And somewhat for our exile to take thought,  
And find my babes a refuge, since their sire  
Cares naught to make provision for his sons.  
Compassionate these—a father too art thou  
Of children—meet it is thou show them grace.  
Not for myself I fret, if I be banished :  
For them in their calamity I mourn.

340

CREON

My spirit least of all is tyrannous.  
Many a plan have my relentings marred :  
And, woman, now I know I err herein,  
Yet shalt thou win this boon. But I forewarn thee,  
If thee the approaching Sun-god's torch behold  
Within this country's confines with thy sons,

350

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

θανεῖ. λέλεκται μῦθος ἀψευδῆς ὄδε.  
 νῦν δ', εἰ μένειν δεῖ, μίμν' ἐφ' ἡμέραν μίαν·  
 οὐ γάρ τι δράσεις δεινὸν ὦν φόβος μ' ἔχει.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

360 δύστανε γύναι,  
 φεῦ φεῦ, μελέα τῶν σῶν ἀχέων.  
 ποῖ ποτε τρέψει ; τίνα προξενίαν  
 ἢ δόμον ἢ χθόνα σωτήρα κακῶν  
 ἐξευρήσεις ;  
 ὡς εἰς ἄπορόν σε κλύδωνα θεός,  
 Μήδεια, κακῶν ἐπόρευσε.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

κακῶς πέπρακται πανταχῆ· τις ἀντερεῖ ;  
 ἀλλ' οὔτι ταύτη ταῦτα, μὴ δοκεῖτέ πω.  
 ἔτ' εἶσ' ἀγῶνες τοῖς νεωστὶ νυμφίοις,  
 καὶ τοῖσι κηδεύσασιν οὐ σμικροὶ πόνοι.  
 δοκεῖς γὰρ ἂν με τόνδε θωπεῦσαί ποτε,  
 370 εἰ μὴ τι κερδαίνουσαν ἢ τεχνωμένην ;  
 οὐδ' ἂν προσεῖπον οὐδ' ἂν ἠψάμην χεροῖν.  
 ὁ δ' εἰς τοσοῦτον μωρίας ἀφίκετο,  
 ὥστ' ἐξὸν αὐτῷ τᾶμ' ἐλεῖν βουλευμάτα  
 γῆς ἐκβαλόντι, τήνδ' ἀφῆκεν ἡμέραν  
 μείναί μ', ἐν ἣ τρεῖς τῶν ἐμῶν ἐχθρῶν νεκροὺς  
 θήσω, πατέρα τε καὶ κόρην πόσιν τ' ἐμόν.  
 πολλὰς δ' ἔχουσα θανασίμους αὐτοῖς ὁδοὺς,  
 οὐκ οἶδ' ὅποια πρῶτον ἐγχειρῶ, φίλαι,  
 πότερον ὑφάψω δῶμα νυμφικὸν πυρί,  
 ἢ θηκτὸν ὤσω φάσγανον δι' ἥπατος,  
 380 σιγῇ δόμους εἰσβάσ' ἵν' ἔστρωται λέχος.



## MEDEA

Thou diest:—the word is said that shall not lie.  
Now, if remain thou must, remain one day—  
Too short for thee to do the deeds I dread. [Exit.

CHORUS

O hapless thou!

Woe's me for thy misery, woe for the trouble and  
anguish that meet thee!

Whitherward wilt thou turn thee?—what welcoming  
hand mid the strangers shall greet thee?

What home or what land to receive thee, deliver-  
ance from evils to give thee, 360

Wilt thou find for thee now?

How mid surge of despair to o'erwhelm thee in ruin  
God's hand on thine helm

Hath steered, O Medea, thy prow!

MEDEA

Wronged—wronged by God and man! Who shall  
gainsay?

But is it mere despair?—deem not so yet.

Bridegroom and bride grim wrestlings yet await;

Nor troubles light abide these marriage-makers.

Dost think that I had cringed to yon man ever,

Except to gain some gain, or work some wile?

Nor word nor touch of hand had I vouchsafed him! 370

But to such height of folly hath he come,

That, when he might forestall mine every plot

By banishment, this day of grace he grants me

To stay, wherein three foes will I lay dead,

The father, and the daughter, and mine husband.

And, having for them many paths of death,

Which first to take in hand I know not, friends—

To fire yon palæe midst their marriage-feast,

Or to steal softly to their bridal-bower, [knife.

And through their two hearts thrust the whetted 380

ἀλλ' ἔν τι μοι πρόσαντες· εἰ ληφθήσομαι  
 δόμους ὑπερβαίνουσα καὶ τεχνωμένη,  
 θανούσα θήσω τοῖς ἑμοῖς ἐχθροῖς γέλων.

κράτιστα τὴν εὐθείαν, ἧ̄ πεφύκαμεν  
 σοφαὶ μάλιστα, φαρμάκοις αὐτοὺς ἐλείν.  
 εἶεν·

καὶ δὴ τεθνᾶσι· τίς με δέξεται πόλις ;  
 τίς γῆν ἄσυλον καὶ δόμους ἐχεγγύους  
 ξένος παρασχὼν ῥύσεται τοῦμὸν δέμας ;  
 οὐκ ἔστι. μείνας' οὖν ἔτι σμικρὸν χρόνον,  
 390 ἦν μὲν τις ἡμῖν πύργος ἀσφαλῆς φανῆ,  
 δόλω μέτειμι τόνδε καὶ σιγῇ φόνον·  
 ἦν δ' ἐξελαύνῃ ξυμφορὰ μ' ἀμήχανος,  
 αὐτὴ ξίφος λαβοῦσα, κεῖ μέλλω θανεῖν,  
 κτενῶ σφε, τόλμης δ' εἶμι πρὸς τὸ καρτερόν.

οὐ γὰρ μὰ τὴν δέσποιναν ἦν ἐγὼ σέβω  
 μάλιστα πάντων καὶ ξυνεργὸν εἰλόμην,  
 Ἐκάτην μυχοῖς ναίουσαν ἐστίας ἐμῆς,  
 χαίρων τις αὐτῶν τοῦμὸν ἀλγυνεῖ κέαρ.  
 400 πικροὺς δ' ἐγὼ σφιν καὶ λυγροὺς θήσω γάμους,  
 πικρὸν δὲ κῆδος καὶ φυγὰς ἐμὰς χθονός.

ἀλλ' εἶα· φείδου μηδὲν ὧν ἐπίστασαι,  
 Μήδεια, βουλεύουσα καὶ τεχνωμένη·  
 ἔρπ' εἰς τὸ δεινόν· νῦν ἀγὼν εὐψυχίας.  
 ὀρᾶς ἂ πάσχεις ; οὐ γέλωτα δεῖ σ' ὀφλεῖν  
 τοῖς Σισυφείοις τοῖς τ' Ἰάσονος γάμοις,  
 γεγῶσαν ἐσθλοῦ πατρὸς Ἥλιου τ' ἄπο.  
 ἐπίστασαι δέ· πρὸς δὲ καὶ πεφύκαμεν  
 γυναῖκες, εἰς μὲν ἔσθλ' ἀμηχανώταται,  
 κακῶν δὲ πάντων τέκτονες σοφώταται.

## MEDEA

Yet one thing bars the way—if I be found  
Crossing the threshold of the house and plotting,  
Die shall I mid the mocking laughter of foes.

Best the sure path, wherein my nature's cunning  
Excels, by poisons to destroy them—yea.  
Now, grant them dead: what city will receive  
me,

What host vouchsafe a land of refuge, home  
Secure, and from the avenger shield my life?  
There is none. Tarrying then a little space,  
If any tower of safety shall appear, 390  
These deaths by guile and silence will I compass;  
But if misfortune drive me desperate forth,  
Myself will grip the sword,—yea, though I die.  
Aud slay, and dare the strong hand's reckless  
deed.

Ah, by the Queen of Night, whom I revere  
Above all, and for fellow-worker chose,  
Hecate, dweller by mine hearth's dark shrine,  
None, none shall vex my soul, and rue it not.  
Bitter and woeful bridal will I give them,  
Bitter troth-plight and banishing of me. 400

Up then!—spare naught of all thy sorcery-lore,  
Medea, of thy plotting and contriving;  
On to the dread deed! Now is need of daring.  
Look on thy wrongs: thou must not make derision  
For sons of Sisyphus, for Jason's bride,—  
Thou, sprung from royal father, from the Sun!  
Thou know'st the means. I prove me woman  
indeed!

Men say we are most helpless for all good,  
But of dark deeds most cunning fashioners.

- 410 ἄνω ποταμῶν ἱερῶν χωροῦσι παγαί, στρ. α'  
καὶ δίκαια καὶ πάντα πάλιν στρέφεται.  
ἀνδράσι μὲν δόλιαι βουλαί, θεῶν δ'  
οὐκέτι πίστις ἄραρε.  
τὰν δ' ἐμὰν εὐκλειαν ἔχειν βιοτὰν  
στρέψουσι φᾶμαι  
ἔρχεται τιμὰ γυναικείῳ γένει·  
420 οὐκέτι δυσκέλαδος φάμα γυναιῆκας ἔξει.

ἀντ. α'

- μοῦσαι δὲ παλαιγενέων λήξουσ' αἰοιδᾶν  
τὰν ἐμὰν ὑμνεῦσαι ἀπιστοσύναν.  
οὐ γὰρ ἐν ἀμετέρα γνώμα λύρας  
ᾠπασε θέσπιν αἰοιδᾶν  
Φοῖβος, ἀγήτωρ μελέων· ἐπεὶ ἀντ-  
άχησ' ἂν ὕμνον  
ἀρσένων γέννα· μακρὸς δ' αἰὼν ἔχει  
430 πολλὰ μὲν ἀμετέραν ἀνδρῶν τε μοῖραν εἰπεῖν.

στρ. β'

σὺ δ' ἐκ μὲν οἴκων πατρίων ἔπλευσας  
μαινομένα κραδία, διδύμας ὀρίσασα πόντου  
πέτρας· ἐπὶ δὲ ξένα  
ναίεις χθονί, τᾶς ἀνάνδρου  
κοίτας ὀλέσασα λέκτρον,  
τάλαινα, φυγὰς δὲ χώρας  
ἄτιμος ἐλαύνει.

# MEDEA

## CHORUS

(*Str.* 1.)

Upward and back to their fountains the sacred rivers  
 are stealing; [confusion:  
 Justice is turned to injustice, the order of old to 410  
 The thoughts of the hearts of men are treachery  
 wholly, and, reeling [become a delusion.  
 From its ancient foundations, the faith of the Gods is  
 Everywhere change!—even me men's voices hence-  
 forth shall honour;

My life shall be sunlit with glory; for woman the  
 old-time story [be upon her.  
 Is ended, the slanders hoary no more shall as chains  
 (*Ant.* 1)

And the strains of the singers of old generations for  
 shame shall falter, [faithlessness ever. 420  
 Which sang evermore of the treason of woman, her  
 Alas, that our lips are not touched with the fire of  
 song from the altar

Of Phoebus, the Harper-king, of the inspiration-  
 giver! [ringing  
 Else had I lifted my voice in challenge of song high-  
 Unto men: for the roll of the ages shall find for  
 the poet-sages [their singing.  
 Proud woman-themes for their pages, heroines worthy  
 (*Str.* 2)

But thou from the ancient home didst sail over  
 leagues of foam, [sawest dispart, 430  
 On-spied by a frenzied heart, and the sea-gates  
 The Twin Rocks. Now, in the land  
 Of the stranger, thy doom is to waken  
 To a widowed couch, and forsaken  
 Of thy lord, and woe-overtaken,  
 To be cast forth shamed and banned.

440

βέβακε δ' ὄρκων χάρις, οὐδ' ἔτ' αἰδῶς ἀντ. β  
 Ἑλλάδι τῆ μεγάλα μένει, αἰθερία δ' ἀνέπτα.  
 σοὶ δ' οὔτε πατρὸς δόμοι,  
 δύστανε, μεθορμίσασθαι  
 μόχθων πάρα, σῶν τε λέκτρων  
 ἄλλα βασιλεία κρείστων  
 δόμοισιν ἐπέστα.

## ΙΑΣΩΝ

450

οὐ νῦν κατείδου πρῶτον, ἀλλὰ πολλάκις,  
 τραχείαν ὀργὴν ὡς ἀμήχανον κακόν.  
 σοὶ γὰρ παρὸν γῆν τήνδε καὶ δόμους ἔχειν  
 κούφως φερούση κρεισσόνων βουλευματα,  
 λόγων ματαίων εἴνεκ' ἐκπεσεῖ χθονός.  
 κάμοι μὲν οὐδὲν πρᾶγμα· μὴ παύση ποτὲ  
 λέγουσ' Ἰάσων ὡς κάκιστός ἐστ' ἀνὴρ·  
 ἂ δ' εἰς τυράννους ἐστὶ σοι λελεγμένα,  
 πᾶν κέρδος ἡγοῦ ζημιουμένη φυγῇ.  
 καὶ γὰρ μὲν αἰεὶ βασιλέων θυμουμένων  
 ὀργὰς ἀφήρουν καὶ σ' ἐβουλόμεν μένειν·  
 σὺ δ' οὐκ ἀνίεις μωρίας, λέγουσ' αἰεὶ  
 κακῶς τυράννους· τοιγὰρ ἐκπεσεῖ χθονός.  
 ὅμως δὲ κάκ τῶνδ' οὐκ ἀπειρηκῶς φίλοις  
 ἦκω, τὸ σὸν δὲ προσκοπούμενος, γύναι,  
 ὡς μὴτ' ἀχρήμων σὺν τέκνοισιν ἐκπέσης  
 μὴτ' ἐνδεής του· πόλλ' ἐφέλκεται φυγῇ  
 κακὰ ξὺν αὐτῇ. καὶ γὰρ εἰ σύ με στυγεῖς,  
 οὐκ ἂν δυναίμην σοὶ κακῶς φρονεῖν ποτε.

460

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ὦ παγκάκιστε, τοῦτο γάρ σ' εἰπεῖν ἔχω  
 γλώσση μέγιστον εἰς ἀνανδρίαν κακόν,  
 ἦλθες πρὸς ἡμᾶς, ἦλθες ἔχθιστος γεγιώς

## MEDEA

(*Ant.* 2)

Disannulled is the spell of the oath : no shame for  
the broken troth [flight hath it ta'en.  
In Hellas the wide doth remain, but heavenward its  
No home of a father hast thou 440  
For thine haven when trouble-storms lower.  
Usurped is thy bridal bower  
Of another, in pride of her power,  
Ill-starred, overqueening thee now.

*Enter* JASON.

JASON

Not now first, nay, but oft-times have I marked  
What desperate mischief is a froward spirit.  
Thou mightest stay in Corinth, in these halls,  
Bearing unfractiously thy rulers' pleasure,  
Yet for wild whirling words banished thou art. 450  
Me they vex not—cease never, an thou wilt,  
Clamouring, "Jason is of men most base!"  
But, for thy railing on thy rulers, count it  
All gain, that only exile punisheth thee.  
For me—I have striven long to appease the wrath  
Of kings incensed : fain would I thou shouldst stay.  
But thou rein'st not thy folly, speaking still  
Evil of dignities ; art therefore banished.  
Yet, for all this, not wearied of my friends,  
With so much forethought come I for thee, lady, 460  
That, banished with thy babes, thou lack not gold,  
Nor aught beside ; for exile brings with it  
Hardships full many. Though thou hatest me,  
Never can I bear malice against thee.

MEDEA

Caitiff of caitiffs !—blakkest of reproaches  
My tongue for thine unmanliness can frame—  
Com'st thou to me—dost come, most hateful proved

[θεοῖς τε κάμοι παντί τ' ἀνθρώπων γένοι ;]  
 οὔτοι θράσος τόδ' ἐστὶν οὐδ' εὐτολμία,  
 470 φίλους κακῶς δράσαντ' ἐναντίον βλέπειν,  
 ἀλλ' ἢ μεγίστη τῶν ἐν ἀνθρώποις νόσων  
 πασῶν, ἀναίδει· εὖ δ' ἐποίησας μολῶν,  
 ἐγὼ τε γὰρ λέξασα κουφισθήσομαι  
 ψυχὴν κακῶς σε, καὶ σὺ λυπήσει κλύων.  
 ἐκ τῶν δὲ πρώτων πρώτον ἄρξομαι λέγειν.  
 ἐσωσά σ', ὡς ἴσασιν Ἑλλήνων ὅσοι  
 ταῦτὸν συνεισέβησαν Ἀργῶν σκάφος,  
 πεμφθέντα ταύρων πυρπνῶων ἐπιστάτην  
 480 ζεύγλαισι καὶ σπεροῦντα θανάσιμον γυῖνον·  
 δράκοντά θ', ὃς πάγχρυσον ἀμπέχων δέρας  
 σπείραις ἔσωξε πολυπλόκοις ἄπνυτος ὢν,  
 κτείνας' ἀνέσχον σοὶ φάος σωτήριον.  
 αὐτὴ δὲ πατέρα καὶ δόμους προδοῦσ' ἐμοῦς  
 τὴν Πηλιῶτιν εἰς Ἴωλκὸν ἰκόμην  
 σὺν σοί, πρόθυμος μᾶλλον ἢ σοφωτέρα·  
 Πελίαν τ' ἀπέκτειν', ὥσπερ ἄλγιστον θανεῖν,  
 παίδων ὑπ' αὐτοῦ, πάντα δ' ἐξεῖλον δόμον.<sup>1</sup>  
 καὶ ταῦθ' ὑφ' ἡμῶν, ὦ κάκιστ' ἀνδρῶν, παθῶν  
 προὔδωκας ἡμῖς, καινὰ δ' ἐκτίσω λέχη,  
 490 παίδων γεγῶτων· εἰ γὰρ ἦσθ' ἄπαις ἔτι,  
 συγγνωστὸν ἦν σοι τοῦδ' ἐρασθῆναι λέχους.  
 ὄρκων δὲ φρούδη πίστις, οὐδ' ἔχω μαθεῖν  
 εἰ θεοὺς νομίζεις τοὺς τότ' οὐκ ἄρχειν ἔτι,  
 ἢ καινὰ κείσθαι θέσμι' ἀνθρώποις τὰ νῦν,  
 ἐπεὶ σῦνοισθά γ' εἰς ἔμ' οὐκ εὐορκος ὢν.  
 φεῦ δεξιὰ χεῖρ ἦς σὺ πόλλ' ἐλαμβάνου,  
 καὶ τῶνδε γονάτων, ὡς μάτην κεχρῶσμεθα

<sup>1</sup> Some MSS. have φόβον, "I cast out all thy (or their) fear."



## MEDEA

To heaven, to me, to all the race of men ?  
 This is not daring, no, nor courage this,  
 To wrong thy friends, and blench not from their eyes, 470  
 But, of all plagues infecting men, the worst,  
 Even shamelessness. And yet 'tis well thou cam'st,  
 For I shall ease the burden of mine heart  
 Reviling thee, and thou be galled to hear.  
 And with the first things first will I begin.  
 I saved thee : this knows every son of Greece  
 That stepped with thee aboard thine Argo's hull,  
 Thee, sent to quell the flame-outbreathing bulls  
 With yoke-bands, and to sow the tilth of death.  
 The dragon, warder of the Fleece of Gold, 480  
 That sleepless kept it with his manifold coils,  
 I slew, and raised deliverance-light for thee.  
 Myself forsook my father and mine home,  
 And to Ioleos under Pelion came  
 With thee, more zealous in thy cause than wise.  
 Pelias I slew by his own children's hands—  
 Of all deaths worst,—and dashed their house to ruin.  
 Thus dealt with, basest of all men, by me,  
 For a new bride hast thou forsaken me,  
 Though I had borne thee children! Wert thou  
 childless, 490  
 Not past forgiving were this marriage-craving.  
 But faith of oaths hath vanished. I know not  
 Whether thou deem'st the olden Gods yet rule,  
 Or that new laws are now ordained for men ;  
 For thine heart speaks thee unto me forsworn.  
 Out on this right hand, which thou oft wouldst  
 clasp,—  
 These knees!—I was polluted by the touch

κακοῦ πρὸς ἀνδρός, ἐλπίδων δ' ἡμάρτομεν.  
 ἄγ', ὡς φίλω γὰρ ὄντι σοι κοινώσομαι,  
 500 δοκοῦσα μὲν τί πρὸς γε σοῦ πράξειν καλῶς;  
 ὅμως δ' ἐρωτηθεῖς γὰρ αἰσχίων φανεῖ.  
 νῦν ποῖ τράπωμαι; πότερα πρὸς πατρός δόμους,  
 οὓς σοὶ προδοῦσα καὶ πάτραν ἀφικόμην;  
 ἢ πρὸς ταλαίνας Πελοπείδας; καλῶς γ' ἂν οὖν  
 δέξαιντό μ' οἴκοις ὧν πατέρα κατέκτανον.  
 ἔχει γὰρ οὕτω τοῖς μὲν οἴκοθεν φίλοις  
 ἐχθρὰ καθέστηχ', οὓς δέ μ' οὐκ ἐχρήην κακῶς  
 δρᾶν, σοὶ χάριν φέρουσα πολεμίους ἔχω.  
 τοιγάρ με πολλαῖς μακαρίαν Ἑλληνίδων  
 510 ἔθηκας ἀντὶ τῶνδε· θαυμαστὸν δέ σε  
 ἔχω πόσιν καὶ πιστὸν ἢ τάλαιν' ἐγώ,  
 εἰ φεύξομαί γε γαῖαν ἐκβεβλημένη,  
 φίλων ἔρημος, σὺν τέκνοις μόνη μόνοις·  
 καλόν γ' ὄνειδος τῷ νεωστὶ νυμφίῳ,  
 πτωχοὺς ἀλάσθαι παῖδας ἢ τ' ἔσωσά σε.  
 ὦ Ζεῦ, τί δὴ χρυσοῦ μὲν ὅς κίβδηλος ἢ  
 τεκμήρι' ἀνθρώποισιν ὅπασας σαφῆ,  
 ἀνδρῶν δ' ὅτῳ χρὴ τὸν κακὸν διειδέναί,  
 οὐδεὶς χαρακτήρ ἐμπέφυκε σώματι;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

520 δεινὴ τις ὄργῃ καὶ δυσίατος πέλει,  
 ὅταν φίλοι φίλοισι συμβάλωσ' ἔριν.

ΙΑΣΩΝ

δεῖ μ', ὡς ἔοικε, μὴ κακὸν φῦναι λέγειν,  
 ἀλλ' ὥστε ναὸς κεδνὸν οἰακοστρόφον  
 ἄκροισι λαίφους κρασπέδοις ὑπεκδραμεῖν  
 τὴν σὴν στόμαργον, ὦ γύναι, γλωσσαλγίαν.  
 ἐγὼ δ', ἐπεὶ σὴν καὶ λῖαν πυργοῖς χάριν,  
 Κύπριν νομίζω τῆς ἐμῆς ναυκληρίας

## MEDEA

Of a base man, thus frustrate of mine hopes !  
 Come, as a friend will I commune with thee —  
 Yet what fair dealing should I hope from thee ?— 500  
 Yet will I : questioned, baser shalt thou show.  
 Now, whither turn I ?—to my father's house,  
 My land ?—which I betrayed, to flee with thee !  
 To Pelias' hapless daughters ? Graciously  
 Their father's slayer would they welcome home !  
 For thus it is—a foe am I become  
 To mine own house : no quarrel I had with those  
 With whom I have now a death-feud for thy  
 sake.

For all this hast thou made me passing-blest  
 Midst Hellas' daughters ! Oh, in thee have I— 510  
 O wretched I !—a wondrous spouse and leal,  
 Since from the land cast forth I pass to exile  
 Forlorn of friends, alone with children lone.  
 A proud reproach for our new bridegroom this—  
 " In poverty his babes, his saviour, wander !"  
 O Zeus, ah wherefore hast thou given to men  
 Plain signs for gold which is but counterfeit,  
 But no assay-mark nature-graven shows  
 On man's form, to discern the base withal ?

### CHORUS

Awful and past all healing is that wrath 520  
 When they that once loved clash in feud of hate.

### JASON

Needs must I be not ill at speech, meseems,  
 But, like the careful helmsman of a ship,  
 With close-reefed canvas run before the gale,  
 Woman, of thy tempestuous-railing tongue.  
 I—for thy kindness tower-high thou pilest—  
 Deem Cypris saviour of my voyaging,

- σώτειραν εἶναι θεῶν τε κἀνθρώπων μόνην.  
 σοὶ δ' ἔστι μὲν νοῦς λεπτός—ἀλλ' ἐπίφθονος  
 530 λόγος διελθεῖν, ὡς Ἐρως σ' ἠγάγκασε  
 τόξοις ἀφύκτοις τοῦμὸν ἐκσῶσαι δέμας.  
 ἀλλ' οὐκ ἀκριβῶς αὐτὸ θήσομαι λίαν·  
 ὅπῃ γὰρ οὖν ὤνησας, οὐ κακῶς ἔχει.  
 μείζω γε μέντοι τῆς ἐμῆς σωτηρίας  
 εἴληφας ἢ δέδωκας, ὡς ἐγὼ φράσω.  
 πρῶτον μὲν Ἑλλάδ' ἀντὶ βαρβάρου χθονὸς  
 γαῖαν κατοικεῖς καὶ δίκην ἐπίστασαι  
 νόμοις τε χρῆσθαι μὴ πρὸς ἰσχύος χάριν·  
 540 πάντες δέ σ' ἤσθοντ' οὔσαν Ἑλληνες σοφῆν,  
 καὶ δόξαν ἔσχε· εἰ δὲ γῆς ἐπ' ἔσχάτοις  
 ὄροισιν ᾤκεις, οὐκ ἂν ἦν λόγος σέθεν.  
 εἴη δ' ἔμοιγε μήτε χρυσὸς ἐν δόμοις  
 μήτ' Ὀρφέως κάλλιον ὑμνῆσαι μέλος,  
 εἰ μὴ ἴσημος ἢ τύχη γένοιτό μοι.  
 τοσαῦτα μὲν σοι τῶν ἐμῶν πόνων πέρι  
 ἔλεξ'. ἄμιλλαν γὰρ σὺ προὔθηκας λόγων.  
 ἂ δ' εἰς γάμους μοι βασιλικὸς ὠνείδισας,  
 ἐν τῷδε δείξω πρῶτα μὲν σοφὸς γεγώς,  
 550 ἔπειτα σώφρων, εἶτα σοὶ μέγας φίλος  
 καὶ παισὶ τοῖς ἐμοῖσιν· ἀλλ' ἔχ' ἡσυχος.  
 ἐπεὶ μετέστην δεῦρ' Ἰωλκίας χθονὸς  
 πολλὰς ἐφέλκων συμφορὰς ἀμηχάνους,  
 τί τοῦδ' ἂν εὔρημ' ἠῦρον εὐτυχέστερον  
 ἢ παῖδα γῆμαι βασιλέως φυγᾶς γεγώς;  
 οὐχ, ἢ σὺ κνίξει, σὸν μὲν ἐχθαίρων λέχος,  
 καινῆς δὲ νύμφης ἰμέρω πεπληγμένος,  
 οὐδ' εἰς ἄμιλλαν πολύτεκνον σπουδὴν ἔχων·  
 αἴλις γὰρ οἱ γεγῶτες οὐδὲ μέμφομαι·  
 ἀλλ' ὡς, τὸ μὲν μέγιστον, οἰκοῖμεν καλῶς

## MEDEA

Her, and none other or of Gods or men.  
 Thou art subtle of wit—nay, but ungenerous  
 It were to tell how Love, by strong compulsion 530  
 Of shafts unerring, made thee save my life.  
 Yet take I not account too strict thereof ;  
 For, in that thou didst save me, thou didst well.  
 Howbeit, more hast thou received than given  
 From my deliverance, as my words shall prove :—  
 First, then, in Hellas dwell'st thou, in the stead  
 Of land barbarie, knowest justice, learnest  
 To live by law without respect of force ;  
 And all the Greeks have heard thy wisdom's fame.  
 Renown is thine ; but if on earth's far bourn 540  
 Thou dwelledst yet, thou hadst not lived in story.  
 Now mine be neither gold mine halls within,  
 Nor sweeter song be mine than Orpheus sang,  
 If my fair fortune be to fame unknown.

Thus far of my great labours have I spoken,—  
 This challenge to debate didst thou fling down :—  
 But, for thy railings on my royal marriage,  
 Herein will I show, first, that wise I was ;  
 Then, temperate ; third, to thee the best of  
 friends  
 And to my children—nay, but hear me out. 550

When I came hither from Iolcos-land  
 With many a desperate fortune in my train,  
 What happier treasure-trove could I have found  
 Than to wed—I, an exile—with a princess ?  
 Not—where it galls thee—loathing couch of thine,  
 And for a new bride smitten with desire,  
 Nor eager I to multiply mine offspring :—  
 Suffice these born to me : no fault in them :  
 But that—this chiefly—we might live in honour,

560 καὶ μὴ σπανιζοίμεσθα, γιγνώσκων ὅτι  
 πένητα φεύγει πᾶς τις ἐκποδῶν φίλος,  
 παῖδας δὲ θρέψαιμ' ἀξίως δόμων ἐμῶν,  
 σπείρας τ' ἀδελφούς τοῖσιν ἐκ σέθεν τέκνοις,  
 εἰς ταὐτὸ θείην, καὶ ξυναρτήσας γένος,  
 εὐδαιμονοίην. σοί τε γὰρ παίδων τί δεῖ,  
 ἐμοί τε λυεῖ τοῖσι μέλλουσιν τέκνοις  
 τὰ ζῶντ' ὀνῆσαι. μὴν βεβούλευμαι κακῶς;  
 οὐδ' ἂν σὺ φαίης, εἴ σε μὴ κνίζοι λέχος.

570 ἄλλ' εἰς τοσοῦτον ἦκεθ' ὥστ' ὀρθομένης  
 εὐνῆς γυναῖκες πάντ' ἔχειν νομίζετε,  
 ἣν δ' αὖ γένηται ξυμφορά τις εἰς λέχος,  
 τὰ λῶστα καὶ κάλλιστα πολεμιώτατα  
 τίθεσθε. χρῆν ἄρ' ἄλλοθέν ποθεν βροτοῦς  
 παῖδας τεκνοῦσθαι, θῆλυ δ' οὐκ εἶναι γένος·  
 χούτως ἂν οὐκ ἦν οὐδὲν ἀνθρώποις κακόν.

## ΧΟΡΟΣ

Ἰᾶσον, εὖ μὲν τούσδ' ἐκόσμησας λόγους·  
 ὅμως δ' ἔμοιγε, κεῖ παρὰ γνώμην ἐρῶ,  
 δοκεῖς προδοῦς σὴν ἄλοχον οὐ δίκαια δρᾶν.

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

580 ἦ πολλὰ πολλοῖς εἶμι διάφορος βροτῶν.  
 ἐμοί γὰρ ὅστις ἄδικος ὦν σοφὸς λέγειν  
 πέφυκε, πλείστην ζημίαν ὀφλισκάνει·  
 γλώσση γὰρ αὐχῶν τᾶδικ' εὖ περιστελεῖν,  
 τολμᾷ πανουργεῖν· ἔστι δ' οὐκ ἄγαν σοφός.

ὡς καὶ σὺ μὴ νυν εἰς ἔμ' εὐσχίμων γένη  
 λέγειν τε δεινός· ἐν γὰρ ἐκτενεῖ σ' ἔπος.  
 χρῆν σ', εἴπερ ἦσθα μὴ κακός, πείσαντά με  
 γαμεῖν γάμον τόνδ', ἀλλὰ μὴ σιγῇ φίλων.

And be not straitened,—for I know full well 560  
 How all friends from the poor man stand aloof,—  
 And I might nurture as beseems mine house  
 Our sons, and to these born of thee beget  
 Brethren, and, knitting in one family all,  
 Live happy days. Thou, what wouldst thou of  
 children ?

But me it profits, through sons to be born  
 To help the living. Have I planned so ill ?  
 Not thou wouldst say it, save for jealousy's sting.

But ye—ye women—so unreasoning are 570  
 That, wedlock-rights untr espasped-on, all's well ;  
 But, if once your sole tenure be infringed,  
 With the best, fairest lot are ye at feud  
 Most bitter. Would that mortals otherwise  
 Could get them babes, that womankind were not,  
 And so no curse had lighted upon men.

## CHORUS

Words, Jason, words, tricked out full cunningly !  
 Yet to me—though I speak not to thy mind—  
 Unjust thou seem'st, betraying thus thy wife.

## MEDEA

Not as the world thinks think I oftentimes ; 580  
 Nay, to my thought, a villain's artful tongue  
 Doubles the hurt his villainy doth to him :  
 So sure his tongue can gloze the wrong, he grows  
 Reckless in sin—a mere fool's wisdom this.

Then be not thou, as touching me, fair-seeming  
 And crafty-tongued: one word shall overthrow thee :  
 Thou shouldst, wert thou not base, have wed this  
 bride

With my consent, not hid it from thy friends.

ΙΑΣΩΝ

καλῶς γ' ἄν, οἶμαι, τῷδ' ὑπηρετεῖς λόγῳ,  
εἴ σοι γάμον κατεῖπον, ἣτις οὐδὲ νῦν  
τολμᾶς μεθεῖναι καρδίας μέγαν χόλον·

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

οὐ τοῦτό σ' εἶχεν, ἀλλὰ βάρβαρον λέχος  
πρὸς γῆρας οὐκ εὔδοξον ἐξέβαινέ σοι.

ΙΑΣΩΝ

εὔ νυν τόδ' ἴσθι, μὴ γυναικὸς εἶνεκα  
γῆμαί με λέκτρα βασιλέων ἂ νῦν ἔχω,  
ἀλλ', ὥσπερ εἶπον καὶ πάρος, σῶσαι θέλων  
σέ, καὶ τέκνοισι τοῖς ἐμοῖς ὁμοσπόρους  
φῦσαι τυράννους παῖδας, ἔρυμα δῶμασι.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

μή μοι γένοιτο λυπρὸς εὐδαίμων βίος  
μηδ' ὄλβος ὅστις τὴν ἐμὴν κνίζοι φρένα.

ΙΑΣΩΝ

οἶσθ' ὡς μετεύξει καὶ σοφωτέρα φανεῖ;  
τὰ χρηστὰ μὴ σοι λυπρὰ φαινέσθω ποτε,  
μηδ' εὐτυχούσα δυστυχῆς εἶναι δόκει.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ὑβριζ', ἐπειδὴ σοὶ μὲν ἔστ' ἀποστροφή,  
ἐγὼ δ' ἔρημος τήνδε φευξοῦμαι χθόνα.

ΙΑΣΩΝ

αὐτὴ τὰδ' εἴλου· μηδέν' ἄλλον αἰτιῶ.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

τί δρῶσα; μῶν γαμούσα καὶ προδοῦσά σε;

ΙΑΣΩΝ

ἀρὰς τυράννοις ἀνοσίους ἀρωμένη.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

καὶ σοῖς ἀραία γ' οὔσα τυγχάνω δόμοις.



## MEDEA

JASON

Ay, this my purpose nobly hadst thou helped,  
Had I a marriage named, who even now  
Canst not refrain thy heart's exceeding wrath! 590

MEDEA

Not this thine hindrance, but the alien wife  
No crown of honour was as eld drew on.

JASON

Now know this well—not for the woman's sake  
I wed the royal bride whom I have won,  
But, as I said, of my desire to save  
Thee, and beget seed royal, to my sons  
Brethren, and for mine house a tower of strength.

MEDEA

No prosperous life 'neath sorrow's cloud for me,  
Nor weal, with thorns aye rankling in mine heart!

JASON

Know'st how to change thy prayer, and wiser  
show? 600  
May thy good never seem to thee thy grief;  
Nor in fair fortune deem thy lot misfortune.

MEDEA

O yea, insult! Thou hast a refuge, thou;  
But desolate I am banished from this land.

JASON

Thyself hast chosen this: blame none beside.

MEDEA

I?—sooth, by wedding and betraying thee!

JASON

By cursing princes with an impious curse.

MEDEA

Ay—and to *thine* house hast thou found me a curse!

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

### ΙΑΣΩΝ

610

ὡς οὐ κρινούμαι τῶνδέ σοι τὰ πλείονα.  
 ἀλλ' εἴ τι βούλει παισὶν ἢ σαυτῆς φυγῇ  
 προσωφέλημα χρημάτων ἐμῶν λαβεῖν,  
 λέγ'· ὡς ἔτοιμος ἀφθόνῳ δοῦναι χερὶ  
 ξένοις τε πέμπειν σύμβολ', οἱ δράσουσί σ' εὖ.  
 καὶ ταῦτα μὴ θέλουσα μωρανεῖς, γύναι·  
 λήξασα δ' ὀργῆς κερδανεῖς ἀμείνονα.

### ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

οὐτ' ἂν ξένοισι τοῖσι σοῖς χρησαίμεθ' ἄν,  
 οὐτ' ἄν τι δεξαίμεσθα, μήθ' ἡμῖν δίδου·  
 κακοῦ γὰρ ἀνδρὸς δῶρ' ὄνησιν οὐκ ἔχει.

### ΙΑΣΩΝ

620

ἀλλ' οὖν ἐγὼ μὲν δαίμονας μαρτύρομαι,  
 ὡς πάνθ' ὑπουργεῖν σοί τε καὶ τέκνοις θέλω·  
 σοὶ δ' οὐκ ἀρέσκει τὰγάθ', ἀλλ' αὐθαδία  
 φίλους ἀπωθεῖ· τοιγὰρ ἰλγυνεῖ πλέον·

### ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

χώρει· πόθῳ γὰρ τῆς νεοδμήτου κόρης  
 αἰρεῖ χρονίζων δωμάτων ἐξώπιος·  
 νύμφευ' ἴσως γάρ, σὺν θεῷ δ' εἰρήσεται,  
 γαμεῖς τοιοῦτον ὥστε σ' ἀρνεῖσθαι γάμον.

### ΧΟΡΟΣ

630

ἔρωτες ὑπὲρ μὲν ἄγαν  
 ἐλθόντες οὐκ εὐδοξίαν  
 οὐδ' ἀρετὰν παρέδωκαν  
 ἀνδράσιν· εἰ δ' ἄλις ἔλθοι  
 Κύπρις, οὐκ ἄλλα θεὸς εὐχαρις οὕτως.  
 μήποτ', ὦ δέσποιν', ἐπ' ἐμοὶ  
 χρυσέων τόξων ἐφείης  
 ἰμέρῳ χρίσασ' ἄφυκτον οἰστόν.

στρ. α'

## MEDEA

JASON

With thee no more I wrangle touching this.  
 But if, or for the children or thyself, 610  
 For help in exile thou wilt take my gold,  
 Speak : ready am I to give with hand ungrudging,  
 And send guest-tokens which shall find thee friends.  
 If this thou wilt not, foolish shalt thou be :  
 Refrain wrath, and advantaged shalt thou be.

MEDEA

Thy friends !—nothing will I of friends of thine.  
 No whit will I receive, nor offer thou.  
 No profit is there in a villain's gifts.

JASON

In any wise I call the Gods to witness  
 That all help would I give thee and thy sons ; 620  
 But thy good likes thee not : thy stubborn pride  
 Spurns friends : the more thy grief shall therefore be.  
[Exit.

MEDEA

Away !—impatience for the bride new-trapped  
 Consumes thee loitering from her bower afar !  
 Wed : for perchance—and God shall speed the  
 word—  
 Thine shall be bridal thou wouldst fain renounce.

CHORUS

(Str. 1)

Love bringeth nor honour nor profit to men when it  
 cometh restraining [raining  
 Not its unscanted excess : but if Cypris, in measure 630  
 Her joy, cometh down, there is none other  
 Goddess so winsome as she.  
 Not upon me, O Queen, do thou aim from thy bow  
 all-golden [—not on me !  
 The arrow desire-venomed that none may avoid

640 στέγοι<sup>1</sup> δέ με σωφροσύνα, ἀντ. α'  
 δώρημα κάλλιστον θεῶν·  
 μηδέ ποτ' ἀμφιλόγους ὀρ-  
 γὰς ἀκόρεστά τε νείκη  
 θυμὸν ἐκπλήξασ' ἐτέροις ἐπὶ λέκτροις  
 προσβάλοι δεινὰ Κύπρις, ἀ-  
 πτολέμους δ' εὐνάς σεβίζουσ'  
 ὀξύφρων κρίνοι λέχη γυναικῶν.

650 ὦ πατρίς, ὦ δώματα, μὴ στρ. β'  
 δῆπ' ἀπολις γενοίμαν  
 τὸν ἀμηχανίας ἔχουσα  
 δυσπέρατον αἰῶν,  
 οἰκτροτάτων ἀχέων.  
 θανάτῳ θανάτῳ πάρος δαμείην  
 ἀμέραν τάνδ' ἐξανύσασα· μό-  
 χθων δ' οὐκ ἄλλος ὑπερθεν ἢ  
 γᾶς πατρίας στέρεσθαι.

660 εἶδομεν, οὐκ ἐξ ἐτέρων ἀντ. β'  
 μῦθον ἔχω φράσασθαι·  
 σὲ γὰρ οὐ πόλις, οὐ φίλων τις  
 ὤκτισεν παθοῦσαν  
 δεινότατον παθέων.  
 ἀχάριστος ὄλοιθ' ὅτῳ πάρεστι  
 μὴ φίλους τιμᾶν καθαρὰν ἀνοί-  
 ξαντα κληῖδα φρενῶν· ἐμοὶ  
 μὲν φίλος οὔ ποτ' ἔσται.

ΑΙΓΕΥΣ

Μήδεια, χαῖρε· τοῦδε γὰρ προοίμιον  
 κάλλιον οὐδεὶς οἶδε προσφωνεῖν φίλους.

<sup>1</sup> Wecklein : for MSS. στέργοι, "befriend me."

## MEDEA

(*Ant.* 1)

But let Temperance shield me, the fairest of gifts of  
the Gods ever-living : [unforgiving,  
Nor ever with passion of jarring contention, nor feuds  
In her terrors may Love's Queen visit me, smiting  
with maddened unrest  
For a couch mismated my soul ; but the peace of the  
bride-bed be holden [bonds that be best. 640  
In honour of her, and her keen eyes choose for us  
(*Str.* 2)

O fatherland, O mine home,  
Not mine be the exile's doom !  
Into poverty's pathways hard to be trod may my feet  
not be guided !  
Most piteous anguish were this.  
By death—O by death ere then may the conflict of  
life be decided, [land divided—  
Ended be life's little day ! To be thus from the home- 650  
No pang more bitter there is.

(*Ant.* 2)

We have seen, and it needeth naught  
That of others herein we be taught :  
For thee not a city, for thee not a friend hath  
compassionated  
When affliction most awful is thine.  
But he, who regardeth not friends, accursed may he  
perish, and hated, [hapless-fated— 660  
Who opes not his heart with sincerity's key to the  
Never such shall be friend of mine.

*Enter* AEGEUS.

AEGEUS

Medea, joy to thee !—for fairer greeting  
None knoweth to accost his friends withal.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ὦ χαῖρε καὶ σύ, παῖ σοφοῦ Πανδίου, Αἰγέυ. πόθεν γῆς τῆσδ' ἐπιστροφᾶ πέδον ;

ΑΙΓΕΥΣ

Φοίβου παλαιὸν ἐκλιπὼν χρηστήριον.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

τί δ' ὀμφαλὸν γῆς θεσπιωδὸν ἐστάλης ;

ΑΙΓΕΥΣ

παίδων ἐρευνῶν σπέρμ' ὅπως γένοιτό μοι.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

670 πρὸς θεῶν, ἄπαις γὰρ δεῦρ' αἰεὶ τείνεις βίον ;

ΑΙΓΕΥΣ

ἄπαιδές ἐσμεν δαίμονός τινος τύχη.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

δάμαρτος οὔσης, ἢ λέχους ἄπειρος ὢν ;

ΑΙΓΕΥΣ

οὐκ ἐσμὲν εὐνῆς ἄζυγες γαμηλίου.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

τί δῆτα Φοῖβος εἶπέ σοι παίδων πέρι ;

ΑΙΓΕΥΣ

σοφώτερ' ἢ κατ' ἄνδρα συμβαλεῖν ἔπη.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

θέμις μὲν ἡμᾶς χρησμὸν εἶδέναι θεοῦ ;

ΑΙΓΕΥΣ

μάλιστα', ἐπεὶ τοι καὶ σοφῆς δεῖται φρενός.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

τί δῆτ' ἔχρησε ; λέξον, εἰ θέμις κλύειν.

ΑΙΓΕΥΣ

ἄσκού με τὸν προὔχοντα μὴ λῦσαι πόδα,

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

680 πρὶν ἂν τί δράσης ἢ τίν' ἐξίκη χθόνα ;

## MEDEA

MEDEA

Joy to thee also, wise Pandion's son,  
Aegeus. Whence art thou journeying through this  
land?

AEGEUS

Leaving the ancient oracle of Phoebus.

MEDEA

Why didst thou fare to earth's prophetic navel?

AEGEUS

To ask how seed of children might be mine.

MEDEA

'Fore Heaven!—aye childless is thy life till now? 670

AEGEUS

Childless I am, by chance of some God's will.

MEDEA

This, with a wife, or knowing not the couch?

AEGEUS

Nay, not unyoked to wedlock's bed am I.

MEDEA

Now what to thee spake Phoebus touching issue?

AEGEUS

Deep words of wisdom not for man to interpret.

MEDEA

Without sin might I know the God's reply?

AEGEUS

O yea—good sooth, it asks a wise wit most.

MEDEA

What said he? Say, if sin be not to hear

AEGEUS

“Loose not the wine-skin's forward-jutting foot”—

MEDEA

Till thou shouldst do what thing, or reach what land? 680

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ΑΙΓΕΥΣ

πρὶν ἂν πατρώαν αὐθις ἐστίαν μόλω.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

σὺ δ' ὡς τί χρήζων τήνδε ναυστολεῖς χθόνα ;

ΑΙΓΕΥΣ

Πιτθεύς τις ἔστι γῆς ἄναξ Τροιζηνίας.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

παῖς, ὡς λέγουσι, Πέλοπος εὐσεβέστατος.

ΑΙΓΕΥΣ

τούτῳ θεοῦ μάντευμα κοινῶσαι θέλω.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

σοφὸς γὰρ ἀνὴρ καὶ τρίβων τὰ τοιάδε.

ΑΙΓΕΥΣ

κάμοί γε πάντων φίλτατος δορυξένων.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ἀλλ' εὐτυχοίης καὶ τύχοις ὅσων ἐρᾷς.

ΑΙΓΕΥΣ

τί γὰρ σὸν ὄμμα χρώς τε συντέτηχ' ὄδε ;

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

690 Λίγευ, κάκιστος ἔστι μοι πάντων πόσις.

ΑΙΓΕΥΣ

τί φῆς ; σαφῶς μοι σὰς φράσον δυσθυμίας.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ἀδικεῖ μ' Ἰάσων οὐδὲν ἐξ ἐμοῦ παθών.

ΑΙΓΕΥΣ

τί χρέμα δράσας ; φράζε μοι σαφέστερον.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

γυναῖκ' ἐφ' ἡμῖν δεσπότην δόμων ἔχει.

ΑΙΓΕΥΣ

ἦ που τετόλμηκ' ἔργον αἴσχιστον τόδε ;

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

σάφ' ἴσθ'· ἄτιμοι δ' ἐσμὲν οἱ πρὸ τοῦ φίλοι.



## MEDEA

AEGEUS

“Till to the hearth ancestral back thou come.”

MEDEA

And thou, what wouldst thou sailing to this shore?

AEGEUS

There is one Pittheus, king of Troezen he,—

MEDEA

A man most pious, Pelops' son, they say.

AEGEUS

To him the God's response I fain would tell.

MEDEA

Yea—a wise man, who hath much skill therein.

AEGEUS

Yea, and my best-belovèd spear-ally.

MEDEA

Now prosper thou, and win thine heart's desire.

AEGEUS

Why droops thine eye?—why this wan-wasted hue?

MEDEA

Aegeus, of all men basest is mine husband.

690

AEGEUS

What say'st thou? Clearly tell me thine heart's pain.

MEDEA

He wrongs me—Jason, never wronged of me.

AEGEUS

What hath he done? More plainly tell it out.

MEDEA

Another wife he takes, his household's queen.

AEGEUS

Ha! hath he dared in truth this basest deed?

MEDEA

Yea: I am now dishonoured, once beloved.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ΑΙΓΕΤΣ

πότερον ἐρασθείς, ἢ σὸν ἐχθαίρων λεχος ;

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

μέγαν γ' ἔρωτα· πιστὸς οὐκ ἔφυ φίλοις.

ΑΙΓΕΤΣ

ἴτω νυν, εἴπερ ὡς λέγεις ἐστὶν κακός.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

700 ἀνδρῶν τυράννων κῆδος ἠράσθη λαβεῖν.

ΑΙΓΕΤΣ

δίδωσι δ' αὐτῷ τίς ; πέραινέ μοι λόγον.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

Κρέων, ὃς ἄρχει τῆσδε γῆς Κορινθίας.

ΑΙΓΕΤΣ

συγγνωστὰ μὲν τάρ' ἦν σε λυπεῖσθαι, γύναι.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ὄλωλα· καὶ πρὸς γ' ἐξελαύνομαι χθονός.

ΑΙΓΕΤΣ

πρὸς τοῦ ; τόδ' ἄλλο καινὸν αὖ λέγεις κακόν.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

Κρέων μ' ἐλαύνει φυγάδα γῆς Κορινθίας.

ΑΙΓΕΤΣ

εἶα δ' Ἰάσων ; οὐδὲ ταῦτ' ἐπήνεσα.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

710 λόγῳ μὲν οὐχί, καρτερεῖν δὲ βούλεται.  
ἀλλ' ἄντομαί σε τῆσδε πρὸς γενειάδος  
γονάτων τε τῶν σῶν ἰκεσία τε γίγνομαι,  
οἴκτειρον οἴκτειρόν με τὴν δυσδαίμονα,  
καὶ μή μ' ἔρημον ἐκπεσοῦσαν εἰσίδης,  
δέξαι δὲ χώρα καὶ δόμοις ἐφέστιον.  
οὕτως ἔρωσ σοὶ πρὸς θεῶν τελεσφόρος  
γένοιτο παίδων, καὐτὸς ὄλβιος θάνοις.

## MEDEA

ÆGEUS

Another love was this?—or hate of thee?

MEDEA

*Love?*—deep and high his love is!—traitor in love!

ÆGEUS

Away with him, if he be base as this!

MEDEA

His love was for affinity with princes.

700

ÆGEUS

Who giveth him his daughter? Tell me all.

MEDEA

Creon, who ruleth this Corinthian land.

ÆGEUS

Sooth, lady, reason was that thou shouldst grieve.

MEDEA

'Tis death to me! Yea, also am I banished.

ÆGEUS

Of whom? A monstrous wrong thou namest now!

MEDEA

Creon from Corinth driveth me an exile.

ÆGEUS

Doth Jason suffer this?—I count it shame!

MEDEA

In pretence, no—yet O, he bears it well!

But I beseech thee, lo, thy beard I touch,—

710

I clasp thy knees, thy suppliant am I now:—

Pity, O pity me the evil-starred,

And see me not cast forth to homelessness:

Receive to a hearth-place in thy land, thine halls.

So by heaven's blessing fruitful be thy love

In children, and in death thyself be blest.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

εὔρημα δ' οὐκ οἶσθ' οἶον ἠὔρηκας τόδε·  
παύσω δέ σ' ὄντ' ἄπαιδα καὶ παίδων γονάς  
σπεῖραί σε θήσω· τοιάδ' οἶδα φάρμακα.

ΑΙΓΕΥΣ

πολλῶν ἕκατι τήνδε σοι δοῦναι χάριν,  
720 γύναι, πρόθυμός εἰμι, πρῶτα μὲν θεῶν,  
ἔπειτα παίδων ὧν ἐπαγγέλλει γονάς·  
εἰς τοῦτο γὰρ δὴ φροῦδός εἰμι πᾶς ἐγώ.  
[οὔτω δ' ἔχει μοι· σοῦ μὲν ἐλθούσης χθόνα,  
πειράσομαί σου προξενεῖν δίκαιος ὢν.]  
τόσον γε μέντοι σοι προσημαίνω, γύναι·  
ἐκ τῆσδε μὲν γῆς οὔ σ' ἄγειν βουλήσομαι·  
αὐτῇ δ' εἴνπερ εἰς ἐμούς ἐλθῆς δόμους,  
μενεῖς ἄσυλος κοῦ σε μὴ μεθῶ τι.  
730 ἐκ τῆσδε δ' αὐτῇ γῆς ἀπαλλάσσου πόδα·  
ἀναίτιος γὰρ καὶ ξένοις εἶναι θέλω.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ἔσται τίδ'· ἀλλὰ πίστις εἰ γένοιτό μοι  
τούτων, ἔχοιμ' ἂν πάντα πρὸς σέθεν καλῶς.

ΑΙΓΕΥΣ

μῶν οὐ πέποιθας ; ἢ τί σοι τὸ δυσχερές ;

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

πέποιθα· Πελίου δ' ἐχθρός ἐστί μοι δόμος  
Κρέων τε· τούτοις δ', ὀρκίοισι μὲν ζυγεῖς,  
ἄγουσιν οὐ μεθεῖ' ἂν ἐκ γαίας ἐμέ·  
λέγοις δὲ συμβάς, καὶ θεῶν ἀνώμοτος,  
φίλος γένοι' ἂν κἀπικηρυκεύμασι  
740 τάχ' ἂν πίθοιο· τὰ μὰ μὲν γὰρ ἀσθενῆ,  
τοῖς δ' ὄλβος ἔστι καὶ δόμος τυραννικός.

<sup>1</sup> Wytttenbach : for MSS. οὐκ.

## MEDEA

Thou know'st not what good fortune thou hast  
found ;

For I will end thy childlessness, will cause  
Thy seed to grow to sons ; such charms I know.

ÆGEUS

For many causes am I minded, lady,  
This grace to grant thee : for the Gods' sake first ;      720  
Then, for thy promise of a seed of sons ;  
For herein Ægeus' name is like to die.  
But thus it is—if to my land thou come,  
I will protect thee all I can : my right  
Is this ; but I forewarn thee of one thing—  
Not from this land to lead thee I consent ;  
But, if thou reachest of thyself mine halls,  
Safe shalt thou bide ; to none will I yield thee.  
But from this land thou must thyself escape ;  
For even to strangers blameless will I be.      730

MEDEA

So be it. Yet, were oath-pledge given for this  
To me, then had I all I would of thee.

ÆGEUS

Ha, dost not trust me ?—or at what dost stumble ?

MEDEA

I trust thee ; but my foes are Pelias' house  
And Creon. Oath-bound, thou couldst never yield me  
To these, when they would drag me from the land.  
Hadst thou but promised, to the Gods unpledged,  
Thou mightest turn their friend, might'st lightly  
yield  
To herald-summons. Strengthless is my cause :  
Wealth is on their side, and a princely house.      740

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ΑΙΓΕΥΣ

πολλὴν ἔλεξας ἐν λόγοις προμηθίαν·  
ἀλλ' εἰ δοκεῖ σοι, δρᾶν τάδ' οὐκ ἀφίσταμαι.  
ἐμοί τε γὰρ τάδ' ἐστὶν ἀσφαλέςτατα,  
σκῆψίν τιν' ἐχθροῖς σοῖς ἔχοντα δεικνύναι,  
τὸ σὸν τ' ἄριρε μᾶλλον· ἐξηγοῦ θεοῦς.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ὄμνυ πέδον Γῆς πατέρα θ' Ἡλιον πατρὸς  
τοῦμοῦ, θεῶν τε συντιθεῖς ἅπαν γένος.

ΑΙΓΕΥΣ

τί χρῆμα δράσειν ἢ τί μὴ δράσειν ; λέγε.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

750

μήτ' αὐτὸς ἐκ γῆς σῆς ἔμ' ἐκβαλεῖν ποτε,  
μήτ' ἄλλος ἦν τις τῶν ἐμῶν ἐχθρῶν ἄγειν  
χρήξῃ, μεθήσειν ζῶν ἐκουσίῳ τρόπῳ.

ΑΙΓΕΥΣ

ὄμνυμι Γαῖαν Ἡλίου θ' ἀγνὸν σέβας<sup>1</sup>  
θεοῦς τε πάντα ἐμμενεῖν ἅ σου κλύω.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ἄρκεῖ· τί δ' ὄρκῳ τῷδε μὴ ἔμμένων πάθοις ;

ΑΙΓΕΥΣ

ἂ τοῖσι δυσσεβοῦσι γίγνεται βροτῶν.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

χαίρων πορεύου· πάντα γὰρ καλῶς ἔχει.  
κἀγὼ πόλιν σὴν ὡς τάχιστ' ἀφίξομαι,  
πράξασ' ἂ μέλλω καὶ τυχοῦσ' ἂ βούλομαι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

760

ἀλλά σ' ὁ Μαίας πομπαῖος ἀναξ  
πελάσειε δόμοις, ὧν τ' ἐπίνοιαν

<sup>1</sup> Porson : MSS. vary between λαμπρὸν φῶς and φάος.

## MEDEA

ÆGEUS

Foresight exceeding, lady, in thy words!  
Yet, if this be thy will, I draw not back.  
Yea, for myself is this the safest course,  
To have a plea to show unto thy foes;  
And firmer stands thy cause. The Oath-gods name.

MEDEA

Swear by Earth's plain, and by my father's father,  
The Sun, and join the Gods' whole race thereto.

ÆGEUS

That I will do or not do—what? Say on.

MEDEA

Never thyself to cast me forth thy land,  
Nor, if a foe of mine would hale me thence, 750  
To yield me willingly up, while thou dost live.

ÆGEUS

By Earth, the Sun's pure majesty, and all  
The Gods, I swear to abide by this thou hast said.

MEDEA

Enough. For broken troth what penalty?

ÆGEUS

The worst that scourgeth God-despising men.

MEDEA

Pass on thy way rejoicing: all is well.  
I too will come with all speed to thy burg,  
When mine intent is wrought, my wish attained.

[*Exit* ÆGEUS.]

CHORUS

Now the Scion of Maia, the Wayfarer's King,  
Bring thee safe to thine home, and the dream of  
thine heart, 760

σπεύδεις κατέχων πράξειας, ἐπεὶ  
γενναῖος ἀνὴρ,  
Αἰγεῦ, παρ' ἐμοὶ δεδόκησαι.

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ὦ Ζεῦ Δίκη τε Ζηνὸς Ἑλίου τε φῶς,  
νῦν καλλίνικοι τῶν ἐμῶν ἐχθρῶν, φίλαι,  
γενησόμεσθα κεῖς ὁδὸν βεβήκαμεν·  
νῦν ἐλπίς ἐχθροὺς τοὺς ἐμοὺς τίσειν δίκην.  
οὔτος γὰρ ἀνὴρ ἢ μάλιστ' ἐκάμνομεν  
770 λιμὴν πέφανται τῶν ἐμῶν βουλευμάτων·  
ἐκ τοῦδ' ἀναψόμεσθα πρυμνήτην κάλων,  
μολόντες ἄστνυ καὶ πόλισμα Παλλάδος.  
ἤδη δὲ πάντα τὰμά σοι βουλευμάτων  
λέξω· δέχου δὲ μὴ πρὸς ἡδονὴν λόγους.  
πέμψασ' ἐμῶν τιν' οἰκετῶν Ἰάσονα  
εἰς ὄψιν ἐλθεῖν τὴν ἐμὴν αἰτήσομαι·  
μολόντι δ' αὐτῷ μαλθακοὺς λέξω λόγους,  
ὡς καὶ δοκεῖ μοι ταῦτα, καὶ καλῶς ἔχει·  
γάμους τυράννων οὓς προδοὺς ἡμᾶς ἔχει  
καὶ ξύμφορ' εἶναι καὶ καλῶς ἐγνωσμένα·  
780 παιῖδας δὲ μείναι τοὺς ἐμοὺς αἰτήσομαι,  
οὐχ ὡς λίπω σφε πολεμίας ἐπὶ χθονὸς  
ἐχθροῖσι παιῖδας τοὺς ἐμοὺς καθυβρίσαι,  
ἀλλ' ὡς δόλοισι παιῖδα βασιλέως κτάνω.  
πέμψω γὰρ αὐτοὺς δῶρ' ἔχοντας ἐν χεροῖν,  
νύμφη φέροντας, τήνδε μὴ φεύγειν χθόνα,  
λεπτὸν τε πέπλον καὶ πλόκον χρυσήλατον·  
κᾶνπερ λαβοῦσα κόσμον ἀμφιθῆ ἡχοῖ,  
κακῶς ὀλεῖται πᾶς θ' ὅς ἂν θίγη κόρης·  
τοιοῖσδε χρίσω φαρμάκοις δωρήματα.  
790 ἐνταῦθα μὲν δὴ τόνδ' ἀπαλλάσσω λόγον·  
ὦμωξα δ' οἶον ἔργον ἔστ' ἐργαστέον



## MEDEA

The sweet visions that wing thy feet, mayst thou  
 bring  
 To accomplishment, Aegeus, for now this thing  
 Hath taught me how noble thou art.

### MEDEA

O Zeus, Zeus' daughter Justice, Light of the  
 Sun!

Over my foes triumphant now, my friends,  
 Shall we become : our feet are on the path  
 Now is there hope of vengeance on my foes.  
 For this man, there where my chief weakness lay,  
 Hath for my plots a haven in storm appeared.  
 To him my bark's stern-hawser make I fast, 770  
 To Pallas' burg and fortress when I go.

And all my plots to thee will I tell now ;  
 Nor look I that my words should pleasure thee :—  
 One of mine household will I send to Jason,  
 And will entreat him to my sight to come ;  
 And soft words, when he cometh, will I speak,  
 Saying, "Thy will is mine," and, "It is well";  
 Saying, his royal marriage, my betrayal,  
 Is our advantage, and right well devised.

I will petition that my sons may stay— 780  
 Not for that I would leave on hostile soil  
 Children of mine for foes to trample on,  
 But the king's daughter so by guile to slay.  
 For I will send them bearing gifts in hand  
 Unto the bride, that they may not be banished,  
 A robe fine-spun, a golden diadem.

If she receive and don mine ornaments,  
 Die shall she wretchedly, and all who touch her ;  
 With drugs so dread will I anoint my gifts.  
 Howbeit here I pass this story by, 790  
 And wail the deed that yet for me remains

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

τούντεῦθεν ἡμῖν· τέκνα γὰρ κατακτενῶ  
 τᾶμ'· οὔτις ἔστιν ὅστις ἐξαιρήσεται·  
 δόμον τε πάντα συγχέασ' Ἰάσονος  
 ἔξειμι γαίας, φιλτάτων παίδων φόνον  
 φεύγουσα καὶ τλᾶσ' ἔργον ἀνοσιώτατον.  
 οὐ γὰρ γελαῖσθαι τλητὸν ἐξ ἐχθρῶν, φίλαι.  
 ἴτω· τί μοι ζῆν κέρδος; οὔτε μοι πατρὶς  
 οὔτ' οἶκος ἔστιν οὔτ' ἀποστροφὴ κακῶν.  
 800 ἡμάρτανον τόθ' ἠνίκ' ἐξελίμπανον  
 δόμους πατρώους, ἀνδρὸς Ἑλληνος λόγοις  
 πεισθεῖσ', ὃς ἡμῖν σὺν θεῷ τίσει δίκην.  
 οὔτ' ἐξ ἐμοῦ γὰρ παῖδας ὄψεται ποτε  
 ζῶντας τὸ λοιπὸν οὔτε τῆς νεοζύγου  
 νύμφης τεκνώσει παῖδ', ἐπεὶ κακὴν κακῶς  
 θανεῖν σφ' ἀνάγκη τοῖς ἐμοῖσι φαρμάκοις.  
 μηδεῖς με φαύλην κῆσθενῆ νομιζέτω  
 μηδ' ἠσυχαίαν, ἀλλὰ θατέρου τρόπου,  
 βαρεῖαν ἐχθροῖς καὶ φίλοισιν εὐμενῆ·  
 810 τῶν γὰρ τοιούτων εὐκλεέστατος βίος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἐπέεπερ ἡμῖν τόνδ' ἐκοίνωσας λόγον,  
 σέ τ' ὠφελεῖν θέλουσα, καὶ νόμοις βροτῶν  
 ξυλλαμβάνουσα, δρᾶν σ' ἀπεννέπω τάδε.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

οὐκ ἔστιν ἄλλως· σοὶ δὲ συγγνώμη λέγειν  
 τάδ' ἐστί, μὴ πάσχουσιν ὡς ἐγὼ κακῶς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀλλὰ κτανεῖν σὼ παῖδε τολμήσεις, γύναι;

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

οὔτω γὰρ ἂν μάλιστα δηχθείη πόσις.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

σὺ δ' ἂν γένοιό γ' ἀθλιωτάτη γυνή.

## MEDEA

To bring to pass ; for I will slay my children,  
Yea, mine : no man shall pluck them from mine  
hand.

Then, having brought all Jason's house to wrack,  
I leave the land, fleeing my dear babes' blood,  
And having dared a deed most impious.

For unendurable are mocks of foes.

Let all go : what is life to me ? Nor country  
Nor home have I, nor refuge from mine ills.

Then erred I, in the day when I forsook  
My father's halls, by yon Greek's words beguiled,  
Who with God's help shall render me requital.

800

For never living shall he see henceforth  
The sons I bare him, nor shall he beget  
A son of his new bride, that wretch foredoomed  
In agony to die by drugs of mine.

Let none account me impotent, nor weak,  
Nor spiritless !—O nay, in other sort,  
Grim to my foes, and kindly to my friends.

Most glorious is the life of such as I.

810

### CHORUS

Since thou hast made me partner of this tale.—  
Wishing to help thee, and yet championing  
The laws of men, I say, do thou not this !

### MEDEA

It cannot be but so : yet reason is  
That thou say this, who art not wronged as I.

### CHORUS

Woman, wilt have the heart to slay thy sons ?

### MEDEA

Yea : so mine husband's heart shall most be wrung.

### CHORUS

But thou of wives most wretched shouldst become.

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

### ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

820 ἴτω· περισσοὶ πάντες οὖν μέσῳ λόγῳ.  
 ἀλλ' εἶα χῶρει καὶ κόμιζ' Ἰάσονα·  
 εἰς πάντα γὰρ δὴ σοὶ τὰ πιστὰ χρώμεθα.  
 λέξης δὲ μηδὲν τῶν ἐμοὶ δεδογμένων,  
 εἶπερ φρονεῖς εὖ δεσπότηαις γυνή τ' ἔφυς.

### ΧΟΡΟΣ

Ἐρεχθεΐδαι τὸ παλαιὸν ὄλβιοι στρ. α'  
 καὶ θεῶν παῖδες μακάρων, ἱερᾶς  
 χώρας ἀπορθήτου τ' ἀποφερβόμενοι  
 κλεινοτάταν σοφίαν, αἰεὶ διὰ λαμπροτάτου  
 830 βαίνοντες ἀβρῶς αἰθέρος, ἔνθα ποθ' ἄγνὰς  
 ἐννέα Πιερίδας Μούσας λέγουσι  
 ξανθὰν Ἀρμονίαν φυτεῦσαι·

τοῦ καλλινάου τ' ἀπὸ Κηφισοῦ ῥοὰς ἀντ. α'  
 τὰν Κύπριν κλήζουσιν ἀφυσσαμέναν  
 840 χώραν καταπνεῦσαι μετρίας ἀνέμων αὔρας·  
 αἰεὶ δ' ἐπιβαλλομέναν  
 χαίταισιν εὐώδη ῥοδέων πλόκον ἀνθέων  
 τᾷ σοφίᾳ παρέδρους πέμπειν ἔρωτας,  
 παντοίας ἀρετᾶς ξυνεργούς.

πῶς οὖν ἱερῶν ποταμῶν στρ. β'  
 ἢ πόλις ἢ φίλων  
 πόμπιμός σε χώρα

## MEDEA

MEDEA

So be it : wasted are all hindering words.

But ho ! [*enter* NURSE] go thou and Jason bring to  
me—

820

Thou whom I use for every deed of trust,  
And look thou tell none aught of mine intent,  
If thine is loyal service, thou a woman.

[*Exeunt* MEDEA and NURSE.

CHORUS

O happy the race in the ages olden (*Str.* 1)

Of Erechtheus, the seed of the blest Gods' line,

In a land unravaged, peace-enfolden,

Aye quaffing of Wisdom's glorious wine,

Ever through air clear-shining brightly

830

As on wings uplifted pacing lightly,

Where Harmonia, they tell, of the tresses golden,

Bare the Pierid Muses, the stainless Nine.<sup>1</sup>

(*Ant.* 1)

And the streams of Cephisus the lovely-flowing

They tell how the Lady of Cyprus drew,

And in Zephyr-wafts of the winds sweet-blowing

Breathed over Attica's land their dew.

On her sons shedding Love which, throned in  
glory

By Wisdom, shapes her heroic story ;

840

And over her hair is she throwing, throwing,

Roses in odorous wreaths aye new.

*Re-enter* MEDEA.

(*Str.* 2)

How then should the hallowed city,

The city of sacred waters,

Which shields with her guardian hand

<sup>1</sup> Another interpretation is equally admitted by the Greek—"Grew, sown by the Muses, the stainless Nine."

850 τὰν παιδολέτειραν ἔξει,  
 τὰν οὐχ ὀσίαν μετ' ἄλλων ;  
 σκέψαι τεκέων πλαγάν,  
 σκέψαι φόνον οἶον αἶρει.  
 μή, πρὸς γονάτων σε πάντως  
 πάντη σ' ἵκετεύομεν,  
 τέκνα φονεύσης.

πόθεν θράσος †ἦ φρενὸς ἦ ἀντ. β  
 χειρὶ τέκνοις σέθεν  
 καρδίᾳ τε λήψει, †  
 δεινὰν προσάγουσα τόλμαν ;  
 860 πῶς δ' ὄμματα προσβαλοῦσα  
 τέκνοις ἄδακρυν μοῖραν  
 σχήσεις φόνου ; οὐ δυνάσει,  
 παίδων ἵκετᾶν πιτνόντων,  
 τέγξαι χέρα φοινίαν  
 τλάμονι θυμῷ.

ΙΑΣΩΝ

ἦκω κελευσθεῖς· καὶ γὰρ οὔσα δυσμενῆς  
 οὐ τὰν ἀμάρτοις τοῦδέ γ', ἀλλ' ἀκούσομαι  
 τί χρήμα βούλει καινὸν ἐξ ἐμοῦ, γύναι.

## MEDEA

All friends that would fare through her land,  
 Receive a murderess banned,  
 Who had slaughtered her babes without pity,  
 A pollution amidst of her daughters? 850

In thine heart's thoughts set it before thee—  
 To murder the fruit of thy womb!  
 O think what it meaneth to slay  
 Thy sons—what a deed this day  
 Thou wouldst do! By thy knees we pray,  
 By heaven and earth we implore thee,  
 Deal not to thy babes such a doom!

(*Ant.* 2)

O whence, and O whence wilt thou gain thee  
 Such desperate hardihood  
 That for spirit so fiendish shall serve,  
 That shall strengthen thine heart, that shall  
 nerve  
 Thine hand, that it shall not swerve  
 From the ruthless deed that shall stain thee  
 With horror of children's blood?

O how, when thine eyes thou art turning 860  
 On thy little ones, wilt thou refrain  
 The motherhood in thee, to feel  
 No upwelling of tears? Canst thou steel  
 Thy breast when thy children kneel,  
 To crimson thine hand, with unyearning  
 Heart for thy darlings slain?

*Enter JASON.*

JASON

I at thy bidding come : albeit my foe,  
 This grace thou shalt not miss ; but I will hear  
 What new thing, lady, thou dost wish of me.

870

Ἰᾶσον, αἰτοῦμαί σε τῶν εἰρημένων  
 συγγνώμον' εἶναι· τὰς δ' ἐμὰς ὀργὰς φέρειν  
 εἰκός σ', ἐπεὶ νῶν πόλλ' ὑπείργασται φίλα.

880

ἐγὼ δ' ἐμαυτῇ διὰ λόγων ἀφικόμην,  
 κίλοιδόρησα· σχετλία, τί μαίνομαι  
 καὶ δυσμεναίνω τοῖσι βουλευούσιν εὔ,  
 ἐχθρὰ δὲ γαίας κοιράνοις καθίσταμαι  
 πόσει θ', ὅς ἡμῖν δρᾶ τὰ συμφορώτατα,  
 γήμας τύραννον καὶ κασιγνήτους τέκνοις  
 ἐμοῖς φυτεύων ; οὐκ ἀπαλλαχθήσομαι  
 θυμοῦ ; τί πάσχω, θεῶν ποριζόντων καλῶς ;

890

οὐκ εἰσὶ μὲν μοι παῖδες, οἶδα δὲ χθόνα  
 φεύγοντας ἡμᾶς καὶ σπανίζοντας φίλων ;  
 ταῦτ' ἐννοήσασ' ἡσθόμεν ἀβουλίαν  
 πολλὴν ἔχουσα καὶ μίτην θυμουμένη.  
 νῦν οὖν ἐπαινῶ σωφρονεῖν τέ μοι δοκεῖς  
 κῆδος τόδ' ἡμῖν προσλαβών, ἐγὼ δ' ἕφρων,  
 ἢ χρῆν μετεῖναι τῶνδε τῶν βουλευμάτων  
 καὶ ξυμπεραίνειν καὶ παρεστάναι λέχει  
 νύμφην τε κηδεύουσαν ἦδεσθαι σέθεν.  
 ἀλλ' ἐσμέν οἷόν ἐσμεν, οὐκ ἐρῶ κακόν,  
 γυναῖκες· οὐκουν χρῆν σ' ὁμοιοῦσθαι κακοῖς  
 οὐδ' ἀντιτείνειν νῆπι' ἀντὶ νηπίων.  
 παριέμεσθα, καὶ φαμεν κακῶς φρονεῖν  
 τότ', ἀλλ' ἄμεινον νῦν βεβούλευμαι τόδε.  
 ὦ τέκνα τέκνα, δεῦτε, λείπετε στέγας,  
 ἐξέλθετ', ἀσπίσασθε καὶ προσείπατε  
 πατέρα μεθ' ἡμῶν, καὶ διαλλάχθηθ' ἅμα  
 τῆς πρόσθεν ἐχθρας εἰς φίλους μητρὸς μέτα·  
 σπονδαὶ γὰρ ἡμῖν καὶ μεθέστηκεν χόλος.  
 λάβεσθε χειρὸς δεξιᾶς· οἶμοι κακῶν.



# MEDEA

## MEDEA

Jason, I ask thee to forgive the words  
 Late-spoken. Well thou mayest gently bear 870  
 With my wild mood, for all the old love's sake.  
 Now have I called myself to account, and railed  
 Upon myself—"Wretch, wherefore am I mad?  
 And wherefore rage against good counsellors,  
 And am at feud with rulers of the land,  
 And with my lord, who works my veriest good,  
 Wedding a royal house, to raise up brethren  
 Unto my sons? Shall I not cease from wrath?  
 What aileth me, when the Gods proffer boons?  
 Have I not children? Know I not that we 880  
 Are exiles from our own land, lacking friends?"  
 Thus musing, was I ware that I had nursed  
 Folly exceeding, anger without cause.  
 Now then I praise thee: wise thou seem'st to me  
 In gaining us this kinship, senseless I,  
 Who in these counsels should have been thine  
     ally,  
 Have furthered all, have decked the bridal couch,  
 And joyed to minister unto the bride.  
 But we are—women: needs not harsher word.  
 Yet shouldst thou not for evil render evil, 890  
 Nor pit against my folly folly of thine.  
 I yield, confessing mine unwisdom then,  
 But unto better counsels now am come.  
 Children, my children, hither: leave the house:

[Enter CHILDREN.]

Come forth, salute your father, and with me  
 Bid him farewell: be reconciled to friends  
 Ye, with your mother, from the hate o'erpast.  
 Truce is between us, rancour hath given place.  
 Clasp ye his right hand. Woe for ambushed ills!

900

ὡς ἐννοοῦμαι δὴ τι τῶν κεκρυμμένων.  
 ἄρ', ὦ τέκν', οὕτω καὶ πολὺν ζῶντες χρόνον  
 φίλην ὀρέξετ' ὠλένην; τάλαιν' ἐγώ,  
 ὡς ἄρτιδακρὺς εἶμι καὶ φόβου πλέα.  
 χρόνῳ δὲ νεῖκος πατρὸς ἐξαιρουμένη  
 ὄψιν τέρειναν τήνδ' ἔπλησα δακρύων.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καμοὶ κατ' ὄσσων χλωρὸν ὠρμήθη δάκρυ·  
 καὶ μὴ προβαίῃ μείζον ἢ τὸ νῦν κακόν.

ΙΑΣΩΝ

910

αἰνῶ, γύναι, τὰδ', οὐδ' ἐκείνα μέμφομαι·  
 εἰκὸς γὰρ ὀργὰς θῆλυ ποιεῖσθαι γένος,  
 γάμους παρεμπολῶντος ἄλλοίους, πόσει.  
 ἀλλ' εἰς τὸ λῶον σὸν μεθέστηκεν κέαρ,  
 ἔγνωσ δὲ τὴν νικῶσαν ἀλλὰ τῷ χρόνῳ  
 βουλήν· γυναικὸς ἔργα ταῦτα σώφρονος.  
 ὑμῖν δέ, παῖδες, οὐκ ἠφροντίστως πατήρ  
 πολλὴν ἔθηκε σὺν θεοῖς προμηθίαν.

920

οἶμαι γὰρ ὑμᾶς τῆσδε γῆς Κορινθίας  
 τὰ πρῶτ' ἔσεσθαι σὺν κασιγνήτοις ἔτι.  
 ἀλλ' ἀυξάνεσθε· τᾶλλα δ' ἐξεργάζεται  
 πατήρ τε καὶ θεῶν ὅστις ἐστὶν εὐμενής·  
 ἴδοιμι δ' ὑμᾶς εὐτραφεῖς ἠβῆς τέλος  
 μολόντας, ἐχθρῶν τῶν ἐμῶν ὑπερτέρους.  
 αὕτη, τί χλωροῖς δακρύοις τέγγεις κόρας,  
 στρέψασα λευκὴν ἔμπαλιν παρηίδα,  
 κούκ ἄσμενη τόνδ' ἐξ ἐμοῦ δέχει λόγον;

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

οὐδέν· τέκνων τῶνδ' ἐννοουμένη πέρι.

ΙΑΣΩΝ

θάρσει νυν· εὖ γὰρ τῶνδ' ἐγὼ θήσω πέρι.

## MEDEA

I am haunted by the shadow of hidden things! 900  
 Ah children, will ye thus, through many a year  
 Living, still reach him loving arms? Ah me,  
 How weeping-ripe am I, how full of fear!  
 Feuds with your father ended—ah, so late!—  
 Have filled with tears these soft-relentng eyes.

### CHORUS

And from mine eyes start tears of pale dismay.  
 Ah, may no evil worse than this befall!

### JASON

Lady, I praise this mood, yet blame not that :  
 'Tis nothing strange that womankind should rage 910  
 When the spouse traffieketh in alien marriage.  
 But now to better thoughts thine heart hath turned,  
 And thou, though late, hast seen which policy  
 Must win : a prudent woman's part is this.  
 And for you, children, not unheedfully  
 Your sire hath ta'en much forethought, so help  
 heaven.

For ye, I ween, in this Corinthian land  
 Shall with your brethren stand the foremost yet.  
 Grow ye in strength : the rest shall by your sire,  
 And whatso God is gracious, be wrought out. 920  
 You may I see to goodly stature grown,  
 In manhood's prime, triumphant o'er my foes.  
 Thou, why with wan tears thus bedew thine eyes,  
 Turning away from them thy pallid cheek?  
 Why hear'st thou not with gladness this my speech?

### MEDEA

'Tis naught ; but o'er these children broods mine  
 heart.

### JASON

Fear not : all will I order well for them.

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

### ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

δράσω τάδ' οὔτοι σοῖς ἀπιστήσω λόγοις.  
 γυνὴ δὲ θῆλυ κίπτι δακρύοις ἔφυ.

### ΙΑΣΩΝ

τί δὴ, τάλαινα, τοῖσδ' ἐπιστένεις τέκνοις;

### ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

930

ἔτικτον αὐτούς· ζῆν δ' ὄτ' ἐξηύχου τέκνα,  
 εἰσῆλθέ μ' οἶκτος εἰ γενήσεται τάδε.  
 ἀλλ' ὥνπερ εἶνεκ' εἰς ἔμοὺς ἦκεις λόγους,  
 τὰ μὲν λέλεκται, τῶν δ' ἐγὼ μνησθήσομαι.  
 ἐπεὶ τυράννοις γῆς μ' ἀποστεῖλαι δοκεῖ,—  
 κίμοι τάδ' ἐστὶ λῶστα, γιγνώσκω καλῶς,  
 μήτ' ἐμποδὼν σοὶ μήτε κοιράνοις χθονὸς  
 ναίειν, δοκῶ γὰρ δυσμενῆς εἶναι δόμοις,—  
 ἡμεῖς μὲν ἐκ γῆς τῆσδ' ἀπαίρομεν φυγῆ,  
 940 παῖδες δ' ὅπως ἂν ἐκτραφῶσι σῆ χειρί,  
 αἰτοῦ Κρέοντα τήνδε μὴ φεύγειν χθόνα.

### ΙΑΣΩΝ

οὐκ οἶδ' ἂν εἰ πείσαιμι, πειρῶσθαι δὲ χρή.

### ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

σὺ δ' ἀλλὰ σὴν κέλευσον αἰτεῖσθαι πατρὸς  
 γυναῖκα παῖδας τήνδε μὴ φεύγειν χθόνα.

### ΙΑΣΩΝ

μίλιστα, καὶ πείσειν γε δοξάζω σφ' ἐγώ.

### ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

950

εἴπερ γυναικῶν ἐστὶ τῶν ἄλλων μία.  
 συλλήψομαι δὲ τοῦδέ σοι καὶ γὰρ πόνου·  
 πέμψω γὰρ αὐτῇ δῶρ' ἢ καλλιστεύεται  
 τῶν νῦν ἐν ἀνθρώποισιν, οἶδ' ἐγώ, πολύ,  
 λεπτόν τε πέπλον καὶ πλόκον χρυσήλατον  
 950 παῖδας φέροντας. ἀλλ' ὅσον τάχος χρεῶν  
 κόσμον κομίζειν δεῦρο προσπόλων τινά.

## MEDEA

MEDEA

I will be brave—will not mistrust thy words ;  
But woman is but woman—born for tears.

JASON

Why, hapless one, dost thou sigh over these ?

MEDEA

I bare them. When thou prayedst life for them, 930  
Pity stole o'er me, whispering, " Shall this be ?"  
But that for which thou cam'st to speech of me  
In part is said ; to speak the rest is mine :  
Since the king pleaseth forth the land to send me,—  
Yea, for me too 'tis best, I know it well,  
That I bide not, a stumblingblock to thee  
And the land's lords, whose house's foe I seem,—  
Lo, from this land I fare to exile forth :  
But, that my sons by thine hand may be reared,  
Entreat thou Creon that they be not banished. 940

JASON

Prevail I may not, yet must I essay.

MEDEA

Nay then, thy bride bid thou to pray her sire  
That thy sons be not banished from this land.

JASON

Yea surely ; and, I trow, her shall I win.

MEDEA

If of her sister women she is one.  
I too will bear a part in thine endeavour ;  
For I will send her gifts outrivalling far  
In beauty aught in these days seen, I know,  
A robe fine-spun, a golden diadem ;  
Our sons to bear them. Now must an attendant 950  
With all speed hither bring the ornaments.

*[Handmaid goes.*

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

εὐδαιμονήσει δ' οὐχ ἔν ἄλλὰ μυρία,  
 ἀνδρός τ' ἀρίστου σοῦ τυχοῦσ' ὀμευνέτου  
 κекτημένη τε κόσμον ὕν ποθ' Ἥλιος  
 πατρὸς πατὴρ δίδωσιν ἐκγόνοισιν οἷς.  
 λίζυσθε φερνὰς τάσδε, παῖδες, εἰς χέρας  
 καὶ τῇ τυράννῳ μακαρία νύμφη δότε  
 φέροντες· οὔτοι δῶρα μεμπτὰ δέξεται.

### ΙΑΣΩΝ

960 τί δ', ὦ ματαία, τῶνδε σὰς κενοῖς χέρας ;  
 δοκεῖς σπανίζειν δῶμα βασιλικὸν πέπλων,  
 δοκεῖς δὲ χρυσοῦ ; σῶζε, μὴ δίδου τάδε.  
 εἶπερ γὰρ ἡμᾶς ἀξιοῖ λόγου τινὸς  
 γυνή, προθήσει χρημάτων, σάφ' οἶδ' ἐγώ.

### ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

970 μὴ μοι σὺ· πείθειν δῶρα καὶ θεοὺς λόγος·  
 χρυσὸς δὲ κρείσσων μυρίων λόγων βροτοῖς·  
 κείνης ὁ δαίμων, κείνα νῦν αὔξει θεός·  
 νέα τυραννεῖ· τῶν δ' ἐμῶν παίδων φυγὰς  
 ψυχῆς ἂν ἀλλαξαίμεθ', οὐ χρυσοῦ μόνον.  
 ἀλλ', ὦ τέκν', εἰσελθόντε πλουσίους δόμους  
 πατρὸς νέαν γυναῖκα, δεσπότιν δ' ἐμήν,  
 ἱκετεύετ', ἐξαιτείσθε μὴ φεύγειν χθόνα,  
 κόσμον διδόντες—τοῦδε γὰρ μάλιστα δεῖ—  
 εἰς χεῖρ' ἐκείνην δῶρα δέξασθαι τάδε.  
 ἴθ' ὡς τάχιστα· μητρὶ δ' ὦν ἐρᾶ τυχεῖν  
 εὐάγγελοι γένοισθε πράξαντες καλῶς.

### ΧΟΡΟΣ

νῦν ἐλπίδες οὐκέτι μοι παίδων ζῴας,     στρ.α'  
 οὐκέτι· στείχουσι γὰρ ἐς φόνον ἤδη.

## MEDEA

Blessings shall hers be, not one, but untold,  
 Who winneth thee for lord, a peerless spouse,  
 Who owneth ornaments which once the Sun,  
 My father's father, to his offspring gave!

*Enter handmaid with casket.*

Take in your hands, my sons, these bridal gifts,  
 And to the happy princess-bride bear ye  
 And give—my gifts she shall not lightly esteem!

JASON

But, fond one, why make void thine hands of these?  
 Deem'st thou a royal house hath lack of robes, 960  
 Or gold, deem'st thou? Keep these and give them not.  
 For, if my wife esteems me aught, my wish  
 Will she prefer to treasures, well I wot.

MEDEA

Nay, speak not so: gifts sway the Gods, they say.  
 Gold weigheth more with men than countless words.  
 Hers fortune is; God favoureth now her cause—  
 Young, and a queen! Life would I give for ransom  
 Of my sons' banishment, not gold alone.  
 Now, children, enter ye the halls of wealth,  
 Unto your sire's new wife, my lady-queen, 970  
 Make supplication, pray ye be not exiled,  
 And give mine ornaments—most importeth this,  
 That she in her own hands receive my gifts.  
 Haste ye, and to your mother bring glad tidings  
 Of good success in that she longs to win.

*[Exeunt JASON and CHILDREN.*

CHORUS

(*Str.* 1)

Now for the life of the children mine hope hath  
 been turned to despairing.  
 No hope any more! On the slaughterward path  
 even now are they faring!

δέξεται νύμφα χρυσέων ἀναδεδυμένην  
 δέξεται δύστανος ἄταν·

980 ξανθᾶ δ' ἀμφὶ κόμα θήσει τὸν Ἰλίου  
 κόσμον αὐτὰ χεροῖν.

πέψει χάρις ἀμβρόσιός τ' αὐγὰ πεπλον ἄντ. α'  
 χρυσοτέυκτόν τε στέφανον περιθέσθαι  
 νερτέροις δ' ἤδη πάρα νυμφοκομήσει.  
 τοῖον εἰς ἔρκον πεσεῖται  
 καὶ μοῖραν θανάτου δύστανος· ἄταν δ'  
 οὐχ ὑπερφεύξεται.

990 σὺ δ', ὦ τάλαν, ὦ κακόνυμφε ἄντ. β'  
 κηδεμῶν τυράννων,  
 παισὶν οὐ κατειδῶς  
 ὄλεθρον βιοτᾶ προσάγεις, ἀλόχῳ  
 τε σᾶ στυγερόν θάνατον.  
 δύστανε μοίρας, ὅσον παροίχει.

μεταστένομαι δὲ σὸν ἄλγος, ἄντ. β'  
 ὦ τάλαινα παίδων  
 μᾶτερ, ἂ φονεύσεις  
 τέκνα νυμφιδίων ἔνεκεν λεχέων,

1000 ἄ σοι προλιπὼν ἀνόμως  
 ἄλλη ξυνοικεῖ πόσις συνεύνω.



The bride shall receive it, the diadem-garland that  
beareth enfolden

Doom for the hapless mid glittering sheen :  
And to set the adorning of Hades about her tresses  
golden

She shall take it her hands between.

(*Ant.* 1)

For its glamour of beauty, its splendour unearthly,  
shall swiftly persuade her

To bedeck her with robe and with gold-wrought  
crown : she shall soon have arrayed her

In attire as a bride in the presence of phantoms from  
Hades uprisen ;

In such dread gin shall her feet be ta'en :  
In the weird of death shall the hapless be whelmed,  
and from Doom's dark prison

Shall she steal forth never again.

(*Str.* 2)

And thou, wretch, bridegroom accurst, who art fain  
of a princely alliance,

Blasting thou bringest—unknowing, un-  
thinking!—

Of life on thy sons, and thy bride shall to foul death  
plight her affianced. [sinking!

How far from thy fortune of old art thou

(*Ant.* 2)

And amidst my lamentings I mourn for thine anguish,  
O hapless mother

Of children, who makest thee ready to  
slaughter

Thy babes, to avenge thee on him who would  
lawlessly wed with another,

Would forsake thee to dwell with a  
prince's daughter.

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

δέσποιν', ἀφείνται παῖδες οἶδε σοὶ φυγῆς,  
καὶ δῶρα νύμφη βασιλῆς ἰσμένη χεροῖν  
ἐδέξατ'· εἰρήνη δὲ τὰ κεῖθεν τέκνοις.

ἔα.

τί συγχυθεῖς ἔστηκας ἠνίκ' εὐτυχεῖς ;  
τί σὴν ἔστρεψας ἔμπαλιν παρηίδα,  
κούκ ἰσμένη τόνδ' ἐξ ἐμοῦ δέχει λόγον ;

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

αἰαῖ.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

τάδ' οὐ ξυνωδὰ τοῖσιν ἐξηγγελημένοις.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

αἰαῖ μάλ' αὖθις.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

μῶν τιν' ἀγγέλλων τύχην

1010

οὐκ οἶδα, δόξης δ' ἐσφύιλην εὐαγγέλου ;

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ἤγγειλας οἶ' ἤγγειλας· οὐ σὲ μέμφομαι.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

τί δὴ κατηφεῖς ὄμμα καὶ δακρυρροεῖς ;

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

πολλή μ' ἀνάγκη, πρέσβυ· ταῦτα γὰρ θεοὶ  
κὺν γὰρ κακῶς φρονοῦσ' ἐμηχανησίμην.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

θύρσει· κίτει τοι καὶ σὺ πρὸς τέκνων ἔτι.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ἄλλους κατάξω πρόσθεν ἢ τάλαιν' ἐγώ.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

οὔτοι μόνη σὺ σῶν ἀπεξύγης τέκνων.  
κούφως φέρειν χρὴ θνητὸν ὄντα συμφοράς.

## MEDEA

*Enter CHILDREN'S GUARDIAN, with CHILDREN.*

CHILDREN'S GUARDIAN

Mistress, remission for thy sons of exile !  
Thy gifts the princess-bride with joy received  
In hand ; and there is peace unto thy sons.  
Ha !

Why dost thou stand confounded mid good hap ?  
Now wherefore turnest thou thy face away,  
And dost not hear with gladness this my speech ?

MEDEA

Woe's me !

CHILDREN'S GUARDIAN

This cry is to the tidings not attuned.

MEDEA

Woe yet again !

CHILDREN'S GUARDIAN

Can I have brought ill hap  
Unwitting—erred in deeming these glad tidings ? 1010

MEDEA

As they are, are thy tidings : thee I blame not.

CHILDREN'S GUARDIAN

Why down-drooped is thine eye ? Why flow thy  
tears ?

MEDEA

Needs must they, ancient ; for these things the Gods  
And I withal—O fool !—have ill contrived.

CHILDREN'S GUARDIAN

Fear not : thy children yet shall bring thee home.

MEDEA

Others ere then shall I send home—ah me !

CHILDREN'S GUARDIAN

Not thou alone art severed from thy sons.  
Submissively must mortals bear mischance.

- 1020 δράσω τάδ'. ἄλλὰ βαῖνε δωμάτων ἔσω  
καὶ παισὶ πόρσυν' οἶα χρῆ καθ' ἡμέραν.  
ὦ τέκνα τέκνα, σφῶν μὲν ἔστι δὴ πόλις  
καὶ δῶμ', ἐν ᾧ λιπόντες ἀθλίαν ἐμὲ  
οἰκῆσέτ' αἰὲ μῆτρὸς ἔστερημένοι  
ἐγὼ δ' ἐς ἄλλην γαίαν εἶμι δὴ φυγίς,  
πρὶν σφῶν ὄνασθαι κἀπιδεῖν εὐδαίμονας,  
πρὶν λέκτρα καὶ γυναῖκα καὶ γαμηλίους  
εὐνάς ἀγῆλαι λαμπύδας τ' ἀνασχεθεῖν.  
ὦ δυστάλαινα τῆς ἐμῆς ἀθαδίας  
ἄλλως ἄρ' ὑμᾶς, ὦ τέκν', ἐξεθρεψάμην,  
1030 ἄλλως δ' ἐμόχθουν καὶ κατεξάνθην πόνοις,  
στερρὰς ἐνεγκοῦσ' ἐν τόκοις ἀλγηδόνας.  
ἦ μὴν ποθ' ἢ δύστηνος εἶχον ἐλπίδας  
πολλὰς ἐν ὑμῖν, γηροβοσκήσειν τ' ἐμὲ  
καὶ καθανοῦσαν χερσὶν εὐ περιστελεῖν,  
ζηλωτὸν ἀνθρώποισι· νῦν δ' ὄλωλε δὴ  
γλυκεῖα φροντίς. σφῶν γὰρ ἔστερημένη  
λυπρὸν διάξω βίοτον ἀλγεινὸν τ' ἐμοί.  
ὑμεῖς δὲ μητέρ' οὐκέτ' ὄμμασιν φίλοις  
ὄψεσθ', ἐς ἄλλο σχῆμ' ἀποστάντες βίου.  
1040 φεῦ φεῦ· τί προσδέρκεσθέ μ' ὄμμασιν, τέκνα ;  
τί προσγελάτε τὸν πανύστατον γέλων ;  
αἰαῖ· τί δράσω ; καρδία γὰρ οἴχεται,  
γυναῖκες, ὄμμα φαιδρὸν ὡς εἶδον τέκνων.  
οὐκ ἂν δυναίμην· χαιρέτω βουλευματα  
τὰ πρόσθεν· ἄξω παῖδας ἐκ γαίας ἐμούς.  
τί δεῖ με πατέρα τῶνδε τοῖς τούτων κακοῖς  
λυποῦσαν αὐτὴν δις τόσα κτᾶσθαι κακῶ ;  
οὐ δῆτ' ἔγωγε· χαιρέτω βουλευματα.  
καίτοι τί πῶσχω ; βούλομαι γέλωτ' ὀφλεῖν

## MEDEA

### MEDEA

This will I : but within the house go thou,  
And for my children's daily needs prepare. 1020

[*Exit* CHILDREN'S GUARDIAN.]

O children, children, yours a city is,  
And yours a home, where, leaving wretched me,  
Ye shall abide, for ever motherless !  
I shall go exiled to another land,  
Ere I have joyed in you, have seen your bliss,  
Ere I have decked for you the couch, the bride,  
The bridal bower, and held the torch on high.  
O me accurst in this my desperate mood !  
For naught, for naught, my babes, I nurtured you,  
And all for naught I laboured, travail-worn, 1030  
Bearing sharp anguish in your hour of birth.  
Ah for the hopes—unhappy !—all mine hopes  
Of ministering hands about mine age,  
Of dying folded round with loving arms,  
All men's desire ! But now—'tis past—'tis past,  
That sweet imagining ! Forlorn of you  
A bitter life and woeful shall I waste.  
Your mother never more with loving eyes  
Shall ye behold, passed to another life.  
Woe ! woe ! why gaze your eyes on me, my  
darlings ? 1040

Why smile to me the latest smile of all ?  
Alas ! what shall I do ? Mine heart is failing  
As I behold the light in my sons' eyes !  
Women, I cannot ! farewell, purposes  
O'erpast ! I take my children from the land.  
What need to wring their father's heart with ills  
Of these, to gain myself ills twice so many ?  
Not I, not I ! Ye purposes, farewell !  
Yet—yet—what ails me ? Would I earn derision,

- 1050 ἔχθρους μεθεῖσα τοὺς ἐμούς ἀζημίους ;  
 πολμητέον τὴν δ' ἄλλα τῆς ἐμῆς κάκης,  
 τὸ καὶ προέσθαι μαλθακοὺς λόγους φρενί.  
 χωρεῖτε παῖδες εἰς δόμους· ὄτῳ δὲ μὴ  
 θέμις παρῆναι τοῖς ἐμοῖσι θύμασιν,  
 αὐτῷ μελήσει· χεῖρα δ' οὐ διαφθερῶ.  
 ᾄ ᾄ.
- μὴ δῆτα, θυμέ, μὴ σύ γ' ἐργάση τάδε·  
 ἕασον αὐτούς, ὦ τάλαν, φεῖσαι τέκνων·  
 ἐκεῖ μεθ' ἡμῶν ζῶντες εὐφρανοῦσί σε.  
 1060 μὰ τοὺς παρ' Ἰλίδη νερτέρους ἀλάστορας,  
 οὔτοι ποτ' ἔσται τοῦθ' ὅπως ἐχθροῖς ἐγὼ  
 παῖδας παρήσω τοὺς ἐμούς καθυβρίσαι.  
 [πάντως σφ' ἀνάγκη κατθανεῖν· ἐπεὶ δὲ χρή,  
 ἡμεῖς κτενοῦμεν οἵπερ ἐξεφύσαμεν.]  
 πάντως πέπρωται ταῦτα, κούκ ἐκφεύζεται.  
 καὶ δὴ πῖ κρατὶ στέφανος, ἐν πέπλοισι δὲ  
 νύμφη τύραννος ὄλλυται, σὺ φ' οἶδ' ἐγώ.  
 ἀλλ', εἶμι γὰρ δὴ τλημονεστάτην ὁδόν,  
 καὶ τούσδε πέμψω τλημονεστέραν ἔτι,  
 παῖδας προσειπεῖν βούλομαι. δότ', ὦ τέκνα,  
 1070 δότ' ἀσπιάσασθαι μητρὶ δεξιὰν χέρα.  
 ὦ φιλτύτη χεῖρ, φίλτατον δέ μοι στόμα  
 καὶ σχῆμα καὶ πρόσωπον εὐγενὲς τέκνων,  
 εὐδαιμονοίτην, ἀλλ' ἐκεῖ· τὰ δ' ἐνθύδε  
 πατὴρ ἀφείλετ'. ὦ γλυκεῖα προσβολή,  
 ὦ μαλθακὸς χρῶς πνεῦμά θ' ἠδιστον τέκνων.  
 χωρεῖτε χωρεῖτ'. οὐκέτ' εἶμι προσβλέπειν  
 οἷα τ' ἐς ὑμᾶς, ἀλλὰ νικῶμαι κακοῖς.  
 καὶ μανθύνω μὲν οἷα δρᾶν μέλλω κακά·  
 θυμὸς δὲ κρείστων τῶν ἐμῶν βουλευμάτων,  
 1080 ὅσπερ μεγίστων αἴτιος κακῶν βροτοῖς.

## MEDEA

Letting my foes slip from mine hand unpunished? 1050

I must dare this. Out on my coward mood  
That let words of relenting touch mine heart!

Children, pass ye within. [*Exeunt* CHILDREN.  
Now, whoso may not

Sinless be present at my sacrifice,  
On his head be it : mine hand faltereth not.  
Oh! oh!

O heart, mine heart, do not—do not this deed!  
Let them be, wretched heart, spare thou my babes!

There dwelling with me shall they gladden thee.  
No!—by the nether fiends that dwell with Hades,  
Never shall this betide, that I will leave 1060

My children for my foes to trample on!

They needs must die. And, since it needs must be,  
Even I will slay them, I, who gave them life.

All this is utter doom :—she shall not 'scape!

Yea, on her head the wreath is ; in my robes

The princess-bride is perishing—I know it!

But—for I fare on journey most unhappy,

And shall speed these on yet unhappier—

I would speak to my sons. [*Re-enter* CHILDREN.

Give, O my babes,  
Give to your mother the right hand to kiss. 1070

O dearest hand, O lips most dear to me,

O form and noble feature of my children,

Blessing be on you—*there!*—for all things here

Your sire hath stolen. Sweet, O sweet embrace!

O children's roseleaf skin, O balmy breath!

Away, away! Strength faileth me to gaze

On you, but I am overcome of evil. [*Exeunt* CHILDREN.

Now, now, I learn what horrors I intend :

But passion overmastereth sober thought ;

And this is cause of direst ills to men. 1080

## ΧΟΡΟΣ

πολλάκις ἤδη  
 διὰ λεπτοτέρων μύθων ἔμολον  
 καὶ πρὸς ἀμίλλας ἦλθον μείζους  
 ἢ χρὴ γενεὰν θῆλυν ἐρευνᾶν·  
 ἀλλὰ γὰρ ἔστιν μούσα καὶ ἡμῖν,  
 ἢ προσομιλεῖ σοφίας ἔνεκεν·  
 πάσαισι μὲν οὐ· παῦρον δὲ γένος—  
 μίαν<sup>1</sup> ἐν πολλαῖς εὖροις ἂν ἴσως—  
 οὐκ ἀπόμουσον τὸ γυναικῶν.

1090

καὶ φημι βροτῶν οἵτινές εἰσιν  
 πᾶμπαν ἄπειροι μηδ' ἐφύτευσαν  
 παῖδας, προφέρειν εἰς εὐτυχίαν  
 τῶν γειναμένων.

οἱ μὲν ἄτεκνοι δι' ἀπειροσύνην  
 εἴθ' ἠδὺ βροτοῖς εἴτ' ἀνιαρὸν  
 παῖδες τελέθουσ' οὐχὶ τυχόντες  
 πολλῶν μόχθων ἀπέχονται·

1100

οἷσι δὲ τέκνων ἔστιν ἐν οἴκοις  
 γλυκερὸν βλάβστημ', ἐσορῶ μελέτη  
 κατατρυχομένους τὸν ἅπαντα χρόνον·  
 πρῶτον μὲν ὅπως θρέψουσι καλῶς  
 βιότον θ' ὀπόθεν λείψουσι τέκνοισ·  
 ἔτι δ' ἐκ τούτων εἴτ' ἐπὶ φλαύροις  
 εἴτ' ἐπὶ χρηστοῖς  
 μοχθοῦσι, τόδ' ἐστὶν ἄδηλον.

<sup>1</sup> Elmsley : for MSS. παῦρον δὲ δὴ (οἱ τι) γένος.



# MEDEA

## CHORUS

### I

Full oft ere this my soul hath scaled  
Lone heights of thought, empyreal steeps,  
Or plunged far down the darkling deeps,  
Where woman's feebler heart hath failed:—

Yet wherefore failed? Should woman find  
No inspiration thrill her breast,  
Nor welcome ever that sweet guest  
Of Song, that uttereth Wisdom's mind?

Alas! not all! Few, few are they,—  
Perchance amid a thousand one  
Thou shouldest find,—for whom the sun  
Of poesy makes an inner day.

### II

Now this I say—calm bliss, that ne'er 1090  
Knew love's wild fever of the blood,  
The pains, the joys, of motherhood,  
Passeth all parents' joy-blent care.

The childless, they that never prove  
If sunshine comes, or cloud, to men  
With babes—far lie beyond their ken  
The toils, the griefs, of parent-love.

But they whose halls with flowerets sweet  
Of childhood bloom—I mark them aye 1100  
Care-fretted, travailing alway  
To win their loved ones nurture meet.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

1110

ἐν δὲ τὸ πάντων λοίσθιον ἤδη  
 πᾶσιν κατερῶ θνητοῖσι κακόν·  
 καὶ δὴ γὰρ ἄλις βιοτόν θ' ἠῦρον,  
 σῶμά τ' ἐς ἤβην ἤλυθε τέκνων  
 χρηστοί τ' ἐγένοντ'· εἰ δὲ κυρήσει  
 δαίμων οὗτος, φρουῶδος ἐς Ἰλιδην  
 θάνατος προφέρων σώματα τέκνων.  
 πῶς οὖν λύει πρὸς τοῖς ἄλλοις  
 τήνδ' ἔτι λύπην ἀνιαροτάτην  
 παίδων ἔνεκεν  
 θνητοῖσι θεοὺς ἐπιβάλλειν;

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

1120

φίλοι, πάλοι δὴ προσμένουσα τὴν τύχην  
 καρδοκῶ τὰ κείμενα οἱ προβήσεται.  
 καὶ δὴ δέδορκα τόνδε τῶν Ἰάσονος  
 στείχοντ' ὀπαδῶν· πνεῦμα δ' ἠρεθισμένου  
 δείκνυσιν ὡς τι καινὸν ἀγγελεῖ κακόν.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ὦ δεινὸν ἔργον παρανόμως εἰργασμένη  
 Μήδεια, φεῦγε φεῦγε, μήτε ναῖαν  
 λιποῦσ' ἀπήνην μήτ' ὄχον πεδοστιβῆ.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

τί δ' ἄξιόν μοι τῆσδε τυγχάνει φυγῆς;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ὄλωλεν ἢ τύραννος ἀρτίως κόρη  
 Κρέων θ' ὁ φύσας φαρμάκων τῶν σῶν ὕπο.

# MEDEA

## III

One toils with love more strong than death :  
 Yet—yet—who knoweth whether he  
 A wise man or a fool shall be  
 To whom he shall his wealth bequeath ?

But last, but worst, remains to tell :  
 For though ye get you wealth enow,  
 And though your sons to manhood grow,  
 Fair sons and good :—if Death the fell,

To Hades vanishing, bears down 1110  
 Your children's lives, what profit is  
 That Heaven hath laid, with all else, this  
 Upon mankind, lone sorrow's crown ?

## MEDEA

Friends, long have I, abiding fortune's hap,  
 Expected what from yonder shall befall.  
 And lo, a man I see of Jason's train  
 Hitherward coming : his wild-fluttering breath  
 Proclaimeth him the herald of strange ills. 1120

*Enter* MESSENGER.

## MESSENGER

O thou who hast wrought an awful deed and  
 lawless,  
 Flee, O Medea, flee, nor once leave thou  
 The sea-wain, or the car that scours the plain.

## MEDEA

Now what hath happed that calleth for such flight ?

## MESSENGER

Dead is the princess even now, and dead  
 Creon her father, by thy poison-drugs.

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

### ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

κάλλιστον εἶπας μῦθον, ἐν δ' εὐεργέταις  
τὸ λοιπὸν ἤδη καὶ φίλοις ἐμοῖς ἔσει.

### ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

1130

τί φής; φρουεῖς μὲν ὀρθὰ κοῦ μαίνει, γύναι,  
ἣτις τυράννων ἐστίαν ἠκισμένην  
χαίρεις κλύουσα κοῦ φοβεῖ τὰ τοιάδε;

### ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ἔχω τι καὶ γὼ τοῖς γε σοῖς ἐναντίον  
λόγοισιν εἰπεῖν· ἀλλὰ μὴ σπέρχου, φίλος,  
λέξον δ' ὅπως ὤλοντο· δις τόσον γὰρ ἂν  
τέρψειας ἡμᾶς, εἰ τεθνήσι παγκάκως.

### ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

1140

ἐπεὶ τέκνων σὼν ἦλθε δίπτυχος γονῆ  
σὺν πατρὶ καὶ παρηήλθε νυμφικούς δόμους,  
ἦσθημεν οἵπερ σοῖς ἐκάμνομεν κακοῖς  
δμῶες· δι' οἴκων δ' εὐθύς ἦν πολὺς λόγος  
σὲ καὶ πόσιν σὸν νεῖκος ἐσπεῖσθαι τὸ πρῖν.  
κυνεῖ δ' ὁ μὲν τις χεῖρ', ὁ δὲ ξανθὸν κέρα  
παίδων· ἐγὼ δὲ καὺτὸς ἠδονῆς ὑπο  
στέγας γυναικῶν σὺν τέκνοις ἄμ' ἐσπόμην.  
δέσποινα δ' ἦν νῦν ἀντὶ σοῦ θαυμάζομεν,  
πρῖν μὲν τέκνων σὼν εἰσιδεῖν ξυνωρίδα,  
πρόθυμον εἶχ' ὀφθαλμὸν εἰς Ἰάσονα·  
ἔπειτα μέντοι προῦκαλύψατ' ὄμματα  
λευκὴν τ' ἀπέστρεψ' ἔμπαλιν παρηίδα,  
παίδων μυσαχθεῖς εἰσόδους· πόσις δὲ σὸς  
1150 ὀργὰς ἀφήρει καὶ χόλον νεάνιδος  
λέγων τάδ'· οὐ μὴ δυσμενῆς ἔσει φίλοις,  
παύσει δὲ θυμοῦ καὶ πάλιν στρέψεις κέρα,  
φίλους νομίζουσ' οὔσπερ ἂν πόσις σέθεν,  
δέξει δὲ δῶρα καὶ παραιτήσει πατρός

## MEDEA

### MEDEA

A glorious tale thou tellest : thou henceforth  
Art of my benefactors and my friends.

### MESSENGER

What say'st? Of sound mind art thou, and not  
mad,

Who, hearing of the havoc of the hearth 1130  
Of kings, art glad, and hast no fear for this?

### MEDEA

O yea : I too with words of controversy  
Could answer thee :—yet be not hasty, friend,  
But tell how died they : thou shouldst gladden me  
Doubly, if these most horribly have perished.

### MESSENGER

When, with their father, came thy children twain,  
And passed into the halls for marriage decked,  
Glad were we thralls who sorrowed for thy woes ;  
And straightway buzzed from ear to ear the tale 1140  
Of truce to old feuds 'twixt thy lord and thee.  
One kissed the hand, and one the golden head  
Of those thy sons : myself by joy drawn on  
Followed thy children to the women's bowers.  
Now she which had our worship in thy stead,  
Ere she beheld thy chariot-yoke of sons,  
Aye upon Jason turned her yearning gaze.  
But then before her eyes she cast her veil,  
And swept aback the scorn of her white neck,  
Loathing thy sons' approach ; but now thy lord, 1150  
To turn the maiden's wrath and spite aside,  
Thus spake : “ Nay, be not hostile to thy friends :  
Cease from thine anger, turn thine head again,  
Accounting friends whomso thy spouse accounts.  
Their gifts receive, and plead thou with thy sire

φυγὰς ἀφείναι παισὶ τοῖσδ', ἐμὴν χάριν ;  
 ἢ δ' ὡς ἐσεῖδε κόσμον, οὐκ ἠνέσχετο,  
 ἀλλ' ἦνεσ' ἀνδρὶ πάντα· καὶ πρὶν ἐκ δόμων  
 μακρὰν ἀπείναι πατέρα καὶ παῖδας σέθεν,  
 λαβούσα πέπλους ποικίλους ἠμπίσχετο,  
 1160 χρυσοῦν τε θεῖσα στέφανον ἀμφὶ βοστρύχοις  
 λαμπρῶ κατόπτρῳ σχηματίζεται κόμην,  
 ἄψυχον εἰκὼ προσγελῶσα σώματος.  
 κάππειτ' ἀναστᾶσ' ἐκ θρόνων διέρχεται  
 στέγας, ἀβρὸν βαίνουσα παλλευκῶ ποδί,  
 δώροις ὑπερχαίρουσα, πολλὰ πολλάκις  
 τένοντ' ἐς ὀρθὸν ὄμμασι σκοπούμενη.  
 τούνηένδε μέντοι δεινὸν ἦν θέαμ' ἰδεῖν·  
 χροῖαν γὰρ ἀλλύξασα λεχρία πάλιν  
 1170 χωρεῖ τρέμουσα κῶλα, καὶ μόλις φθύνει  
 θρόνοισιν ἐμπεσοῦσα μὴ χαμαὶ πεσεῖν.  
 καὶ τις γεραία προσπόλων, δόξασά που  
 ἢ Πανὸς ὄργας ἢ τινὸς θεῶν μολεῖν,  
 ἀνωλόλυξε, πρὶν γ' ὄρα διὰ στόμα  
 χωροῦντα λευκὸν ἀφρόν, ὀμμάτων τ' ἀπὸ  
 κόρας στρέφουσαν, αἰμά τ' οὐκ ἐνὸν χροῖ·  
 εἶτ' ἀντίμολπον ἤκεν ὀλολυγῆς μέγαν  
 κωκυτόν. εὐθύς δ' ἢ μὲν εἰς πατρὸς δόμους  
 ὤρμησεν, ἢ δὲ πρὸς τὸν ἀρτίως πόσιν,  
 1180 φράσουσα νύμφης συμφοράς· ἅπανσα δὲ  
 στέγη πυκνοῖσιν ἐκτύπει δρομήμασιν.  
 ἤδη δ' ἂν ἔλκων κῶλον ἐκπλέθρου δρόμου  
 ταχὺς βαδιστῆς θερμόνων ἀνθήπτετο·  
 ἢ δ' ἐξ ἀναύδου καὶ μύσαντος ὄμματος  
 δεινὸν στενάξασ' ἢ τάλαιν' ἠγείρετο·  
 διπλοῦν γὰρ αὐτῇ πῆμ' ἐπεστρατεύετο.  
 χρυσοῦς μὲν ἀμφὶ κρατὶ κείμενος πλόκος

## MEDEA

To pardon these their exile—for my sake.”

She, when she saw the attire, could not refrain,  
 But yielded her lord all. And ere their father  
 Far from her bower with those thy sons had gone,  
 She took the rich-wrought robes and clad herself,  
 Circling her ringlets with the golden crown, 1160  
 And by a shining mirror ranged her tresses,  
 Smiling at her own phantom image there.

Then, rising from her seat, adown the halls  
 She paced with mincing tread of ivory feet,  
 Exulting in the gifts, and ostentimes

Sweeping her glance from neck to ankle-hem.  
 But then was there a fearful sight to see.  
 Suddenly changed her colour : reeling back  
 With trembling limbs she goes ; and scarce in  
 time

Drops on the couch to fall not on the ground. 1170

Then a grey handmaid, deeming peradventure  
 That frenzy was of Pan or some God sent,  
 Raised the prayer-cry, before she saw the foam  
 White-frothing from her lips, or marked how rolled  
 Her eyeballs, and her face's bloodless hue ;

Then a long cry of horror, not of prayer,  
 She shrilled forth. Straight to her father's chambers  
 one

Darted, and one unto her new-made spouse,  
 To tell the bride's affliction : all the roof  
 Echoed with multitudinous-hurrying feet. 1180

And a swift athlete's straining limbs had paced  
 By this the full length of the furlong course,  
 When she from trance all speechless of closed eyes  
 In anguish woke with horrible-shrilling shriek ;  
 For like two charging hosts her torment came :—  
 The golden coil about her head that lay

- θαυμαστὸν ἴει νᾶμα παμφάγου πυρός·  
 πέπλοι δὲ λεπτοί, σῶν τέκνων δωρήματα,  
 λεπτὴν ἔδαπτον σάρκα τῆς δυσδαίμονος.  
 1190 φεύγει δ' ἀναστᾶσ' ἐκ θρόνων πυρουμένη,  
 σείουσα χαίτην κρᾶτά τ' ἄλλοτ' ἄλλοσε,  
 ῥίψαι θέλουσα στέφανον· ἀλλ' ἰραρότως  
 σύνδεσμα χρυσὸς εἶχε, πῦρ δ', ἐπεὶ κόμην  
 ἔσεισε, μᾶλλον δις τόσως τ' ἐλάμπετο.  
 πίτνει δ' ἐς οὐδας συμφορᾶ νικωμένη,  
 πλὴν τῷ τεκόντι κάρτα δυσμαθῆς ἰδεῖν·  
 οὐτ' ὀμμάτων γὰρ δῆλος ἦν κατάστασις  
 οὐτ' εὐφυνὲς πρόσωποι, αἶμα δ' ἐξ ἄκρου  
 ἔσταζε κρατὸς συμπεφυρμένον πυρί.  
 1200 σάρκες δ' ἀπ' ὀστέων ὥστε πεύκινον δῖα κρυ  
 γναθμοῖς ἀδήλοισ φαρμάκων ἀπέρρεον,  
 δεινὸν θέαμα· πᾶσι δ' ἦν φόβος θιγεῖν  
 νεκροῦ· τύχην γὰρ εἴχομεν διδάσκαλον.  
 πατήρ δ' ὁ τλήμων συμφορᾶς ἀγνωσία  
 ἄφνω παρελθὼν δῶμα προσπίτνει νεκρῷ·  
 ὤμωξε δ' εὐθύς, καὶ περιπτύξας δέμας  
 κυνεῖ προσαυδῶν τοιάδ'· ὦ δύστηνε παῖ,  
 τίς σ' ὦδ' ἀτίμως δαιμόνων ἀπώλεσε ;  
 τίς τὸν γέροντα τύμβον ὀρφανὸν σέθεν  
 1210 τίθησιν ; οἴμοι, συνθάνοιμί σοι, τέκνον.  
 ἐπεὶ δὲ θρήνων καὶ γόων ἐπαύσατο,  
 χρήζων γεραιὸν ἐξαναστήσαι δέμας  
 προσείχεθ' ὥστε κισσὸς ἔρνεσιν δάφνης  
 λεπτοῖσι πέπλοις, δεινὰ δ' ἦν παλαίσματα·  
 ὁ μὲν γὰρ ἤθελ' ἐξαναστήσαι γόνυ,  
 ἢ δ' ἀντελάζυτ'· εἰ δὲ πρὸς βίαν ἄγοι,  
 σάρκας γεραιᾶς ἐσπάρασσ' ἀπ' ὀστέων.  
 χρόνῳ δ' ἀπέσβη<sup>1</sup> καὶ μεθῆχ' ὁ δύσμορος

<sup>1</sup> Scaliger : for ἀπέστη.



## MEDEA

'Gan spurt a marvellous stream of ravening fire :  
 The delicate robes, the gift thy children brought,  
 Had fangs to gnaw her delicate tortured flesh !  
 Upstarting from her seat she flees, all flame, 1190  
 Shaking her hair, her head, this way and that,  
 To cast from her the crown ; but firmly fixed  
 The gold held fast its grip : the fire, whene'er  
 She shook her locks, with doubled fury blazed.  
 Then agony-vanquished falls she on the floor,  
 Marred past all knowledge, save for a father's eyes.  
 No more was seen her eyes' imperial calm,  
 No more her comely features ; but the gore  
 Dripped from her head's crown flecked with blended  
 fire.  
 The flesh-flakes from her bones, like the pine's tears, 1200  
 'Neath that mysterious drug's devourings melted,—  
 Dread sight!—and came on all folk fear to touch  
 The corpse : her hideous fate had we for warning.  
 But, ignorant of all, her wretched sire,  
 Suddenly entering, falls upon her corpse,  
 And straightway wailed and clasped the body round,  
 And kissed it, crying, “ O my hapless child,  
 What God thus horribly hath thee destroyed ?  
 Who maketh this old sepulchre bereft  
 Of thee ? Ah me, would I might die with thee ! ” 1210  
 But when from wailing and from moans he ceased,  
 Fain would he have upraised his aged frame,  
 Yet clave, as ivy clings to laurel boughs  
 To the filmy robes : then was a ghastly wrestling ;  
 For, while he strained to upraise his knee, she  
 seemed  
 To upwrithe and grip him : if by force he haled,  
 Torn from the very bones was his old flesh.  
 Life's light at last quenched, he gave up the ghost,

- 1220 ψυχὴν· κακοῦ γὰρ οὐκέτ' ἦν ὑπέρτερος.  
 κείνται δὲ νεκροὶ παῖς τε καὶ γέρων πατῆρ  
 πέλας, ποθεινὴ δακρύοισι συμφορὰ.  
 καὶ μοι τὸ μὲν σὸν ἐκποδὼν ἔστω λόγου·  
 γνώσει γὰρ αὐτὴ ζημίας ἀποστροφὴν.  
 τὰ θνητὰ δ' οὐ νῦν πρῶτον ἠγοῦμαι σκιάν,  
 οὐδ' ἂν τρέσας εἴποιμι τοὺς σοφοὺς βροτῶν  
 δοκοῦντας εἶναι καὶ μεριμνητὰς λόγων,  
 τούτους μεγίστην ζημίαν ὀφλισκάνειν.  
 θνητῶν γὰρ οὐδεὶς ἐστὶν εὐδαίμων ἀνὴρ·  
 ὄλβου δ' ἐπιρρυέντος εὐτυχέστερος  
 1230 ἄλλου γένοιτ' ἂν ἄλλος, εὐδαίμων δ' ἂν οὔ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἔοιχ' ὁ δαίμων πολλὰ τῆδ' ἐν ἡμέρᾳ  
 κακὰ ξυνάπτειν ἐνδίκως Ἰάσονι.  
 ὦ τλήμον, ὧς σου συμφορὰς οἰκτείρομεν,  
 κόρη Κρέοντος, ἥτις εἰς Ἰλίδου δόμους  
 οἴχει γάμων ἕκατι τῶν Ἰάσονος.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

- 1240 φίλοι, δέδοκται τοῦργον ὡς τάχιστα μοι  
 παῖδας κτανούσῃ τῆσδ' ἀφορμᾶσθαι χθονός,  
 καὶ μὴ σχολὴν ἄγουσαν ἐκδοῦναι τέκνα  
 ἄλλη φονεῦσαι δυσμενεστέρᾳ χερὶ.  
 πάντως σφ' ἀνάγκη κατθανεῖν· ἐπεὶ δὲ χρή,  
 ἡμεῖς κτενοῦμεν, οἵπερ ἐξεφύσαμεν.  
 ἀλλ' εἴ ὀπλίζου, καρδία. τί μέλλομεν  
 τὰ δεινὰ κἀναγκαῖα μὴ πράσσειν κακὰ ;  
 ἄγ', ὦ τάλαινα χεὶρ ἐμή, λαβὲ ξίφος,  
 λάβ', ἔρπε πρὸς βαλβίδα λυπηρὰν βίου,  
 καὶ μὴ κακισθῆς μηδ' ἀναμνησθῆς τέκνων,  
 ὡς φίλταθ', ὡς ἔτικτες· ἀλλὰ τήνδε γε  
 λαθοῦ βραχεῖαν ἡμέραν παίδων σέθεν,

## MEDEA

Ill-starred, down-sinking 'neath destruction's sea.  
 There lie the corpses, child by grey old sire 1220  
 Clasped ;—such affliction tears, not words, must  
 mourn.

And of thy part no word be said by me :—  
 Thyself from punishment wilt find escape.  
 But man's lot now, as oft, I count a shadow,  
 Nor fear to say that such as seem to be  
 In wit most keen of men, most subtle of speech,  
 Even these pay heaviest penalty of all ;  
 For among mortals happy man is none.  
 In fortune's flood-tide might a man become  
 More prosperous than his neighbour : happy ?—no ! 1230  
[Exit.

### CHORUS

Fortune, meseems, with many an ill this day  
 Doth compass Jason,—yea, and rightfully.  
 But O the pity of thy calamity,  
 Daughter of Creon, who to Hades' halls  
 Hast passed, because with thee would Jason wed !

### MEDEA

Friends, my resolve is taken, with all speed  
 To slay my children, and to flee this land,  
 And not to linger and to yield my sons  
 To death by other hands more merciless.  
 They needs must die : and, since it needs must be, 1240  
 Even I will give them death, who gave them life.  
 Up, gird thee for the fray, mine heart ! Why loiter  
 To do the dread ill deeds that must be done ?  
 Come, wretched hand of mine, grasp thou the sword ;  
 Grasp !—on to the starting-point of a blasted life !  
 Oh, turn not craven !—think not on thy babes,  
 How dear they are, how thou didst bear them : nay,  
 For this short day do thou forget thy sons,

1250 κ᾿πειτα θρήνει. καὶ γὰρ εἰ κτενεῖς σφ', ὅμως  
 φίλοι γ' ἔφυσαν—δυστυχῆς δ' ἐγὼ γυνή.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἰὼ Γᾶ τε καὶ παμφαῆς στρ.  
 ἀκτὶς Ἀελίου, κατίδεν' ἴδετε τὰν  
 ὀλομένην γυναῖκα, πρὶν φοινίαν  
 τέκνοις προσβαλεῖν χέρ' αὐτοκτόνον·  
 σᾶς γὰρ ἀπὸ χρυσέας γονᾶς  
 ἔβλασταν, θεοῦ δ' αἵματι πίτνειν  
 φόβος ὑπ' ἀνέρων.  
 ἀλλὰ νιν, φάος διογενές, κάτειρ-  
 γε, κατὰπαυσον, ἔξελ' οἴκων τάλαι-  
 ναν φοινίαν τ' Ἐρινὺν ὑπ' ἀλαστόρων.

1260

μίταν μόχθος ἔρρει τέκνων, ἀντ.  
 ἄρα μίταν γένος φίλιον ἔτεκες, ὦ  
 κυναεῦν λιποῦσα Συμπληγάδων  
 πετρῶν ἀξενωτάταν εἰσβολάν.  
 δειλαία, τί σοι φρενῶν βαρὺς  
 χόλος προσπίτνει καὶ δυσμενῆς  
 φόνος ἀμείβεται;  
 χαλεπὰ γὰρ βροτοῖς ὁμογενῆ μιά-  
 σματ' † ἐπὶ γαῖαν αὐτοφόνταις συνω-  
 δὰ θεόθεν πίτνοντ' ἐπὶ δόμοις ἄχη. †

1270

MEDEA

Thereafter mourn them. For, although thou slay,  
Yet dear they are, and I—am wretched, wretched! 1250

[*Exit* MEDEA.]

CHORUS

(*Str.*)

O Earth, O all-revealing splendour  
Of the Sun, look down on a woman accurst,  
Or ever she slake the murder-thirst  
Of a mother whose hands would smite the tender  
Fruit of her womb.

Look down, for she sprang of thy lineage golden:  
Man's vengeance threatens—thy seed are holden  
'Neath the shadow of doom!

But thou, O heaven-begotten glory,  
Restrain her, refrain her: the wretched, the gory  
Erinys by demons dogged, we implore thee, 1260  
Snatch thou from you home!

(*Ant.*)

For naught was the childbirth-travail wasted;  
For naught didst thou bear them, the near  
and the dear,

O thou who hast fled through the Pass of Fear,  
From the dark-blue Clashing Crags who hast  
hasted

Speeding thy flight!

Alas for her!—wherefore hath grim wrath  
stirred her

Through depths of her soul, that ruthless  
murder

Her wrongs must requite?

For stern upon mortals the vengeance falleth  
For kin's blood spilt; from the earth it calleth,  
A voice from the Gods, and the slayers appalleth

On whose homes it shall light. 1270

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ΠΑΙΣ Α΄

οἴμοι, τί δράσω ; ποῖ φύγω μητρὸς χέρας ;

ΠΑΙΣ Β΄

οὐκ οἶδ', ἀδελφὲ φίλτατ'· ὀλλύμεσθα γάρ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀκούεις βοᾶν ἀκούεις τέκνων ;  
 ἰὼ τλᾶμον, ὦ κακοτυχὲς γύναι.  
 παρέλθω δόμους ; ἀρήξαι φόνον  
 δοκεῖ μοι τέκνοις.

ΠΑΙΣ Α΄

ναί, πρὸς θεῶν, ἀρήξατ'· ἐν δέουσι γάρ.

ΠΑΙΣ Β΄

ὡς ἐγγυὸς ἤδη γ' ἐσμὲν ἀρκύων ξίφους.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τάλαιν', ὡς ἄρ' ἦσθα πέτρος ἢ σίδα-  
 ρος, ἅτις τέκνων ὄν ἔτεκες  
 ἄροτον αὐτόχειρι μοίρα κτενεῖς.  
 μίαν δὴ κλύω μίαν τῶν πάρος  
 γυναῖκ' ἐν φίλοις χέρα βαλεῖν τέκνοις,  
 Ἴνῳ μανείσαν ἐκ θεῶν, ὅθ' ἠ Διὸς  
 δάμαρ νιν ἐξέπεμψε δωμάτων ἄλη.  
 πίπτει δ' ἡ τάλαιν' ἐς ἄλμαν φόνω  
 τέκνων δυσσεβεῖ,  
 ἀκτῆς ὑπερτίνασα ποντίας πόδα,  
 δυοῖν τε παῖδοιν συνθανοῦσ' ἀπόλλυται.

## MEDEA

[CHILDREN'S cries behind the scenes]

CHILD 1

*What shall I do?—how flee my mother's hands?*

CHILD 2

*I know not, dearest brother. Death is here!*

CHORUS

Ah the cry!—dost thou hear it?—the children's cry!

Wretch!—woman of cursèd destiny!

Shall I enter? My heart crieth, "Rescue the children from murder nigh!"

*[They beat at the barred doors.]*

CHILD 1

*Help!—for the Gods' sake help! Sore is our need!*

CHILD 2

*The sword's death-net is closing round us now!*

*[Silence within. Blood flows out beneath the door. The women shrink back.]*

CHORUS

Wretch! of what rock is thy breast?—of what steel  
is the heart of thee moulded,

That the babes thou hast borne, with the selfsame  
hands that with love have enfolded

These, thou hast set thee to slay?

Of one have I heard that laid hands on her loved  
ones of old, one only,

Even Ino distraught of the Gods, when Zeus' bride  
drave her, lonely

And lost, from her home to stray;

And she fell—ah wretch!—on the brink as she  
stood

Of the sea-scaur: guilt of children's blood

Dragged downwards her feet to the salt sea-flood,

And she died with her children twain.

1280

1290

τί δῆτ' οὖν γένοιτ' ἂν ἔτι δεινόν ; ὦ  
 γυναικῶν λέχος πολύπονον  
 ὅσα βροτοῖς ἔρεξας ἤδη κακά.

ΙΑΣΩΝ

γυναῖκες αἰ τῆσδ' ἐγγὺς ἔστατε στέγης,  
 ἄρ' ἐν δόμοισιν ἢ τὰ δειν' εἰργασμένα  
 Μήδεια τοισίδ', ἢ μεθέστηκεν φυγῇ ;  
 δεῖ γάρ νιν ἦτοι γῆς σφε κρυφθῆναι κάτω,  
 ἢ πτηνὸν ἄραι σῶμ' ἐς αἰθέρος βάθος,  
 εἰ μὴ τυράννων δώμασιν δώσει δίκην.  
 πέποιθ' ἀποκτείνασα κοιράνους χθονὸς  
 ἀθῶος αὐτῆ τῶνδε φεύξεσθαι δόμων ;  
 ἀλλ' οὐ γὰρ αὐτῆς φροντίδ' ὡς τέκνων ἔχω  
 κείνην μὲν οὖς ἔδρασεν ἔρξουσιν κακῶς,  
 ἐμῶν δὲ παίδων ἦλθον ἐκσώσων βίον,  
 μή μοί τι δράσωσ' οἱ προσήκοντες γένει,  
 μητρῶον ἐκπράσσοντες ἀνόσιον φόνου.

1300

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὦ τλήμον, οὐκ οἶσθ' οἱ κακῶν ἐλήλυθας,  
 Ἰᾶσον· οὐ γὰρ τούσδ' ἂν ἐφθέγξω λόγους.

ΙΑΣΩΝ

τί δ' ἔστιν ; ἢ που καμ' ἀποκτεῖναι θέλει ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

παῖδες τεθνᾶσι χειρὶ μητρῶα σέθεν.

ΙΑΣΩΝ

1310

οἴμοι τί λέξεις ; ὡς μ' ἀπώλεσας, γύναι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὡς οὐκέτ' ὄντων σῶν τέκνων φρόντιζε δή.



## MEDEA

What ghasstlier horror remains to be wrought?  
 O bride-bed of women, with anguish fraught, 1290  
 What seathe upon mortals ere now hast thou  
 brought,  
 What manifold bane!

*Enter JASON, with SERVANTS.*

JASON

Women, which stand anear unto this roof—  
 Is she within the halls, she who hath wrought  
 Dread deeds, Medea, or in flight passed thence?  
 For either must she hide her 'neath the earth,  
 Or lift on wings her frame to heaven's far depths,  
 Or taste the vengeance of a royal house.  
 How, trusts she, having murdered the land's lords,  
 Scatheless herself from these halls forth to flee? 1300  
 Yet not for her care I, but for my sons.  
 Whom she hath wronged shall recompense her  
 wrong:

But I to save my children's life am come,  
 Lest to my grief the kinsmen of the dead  
 Avenge on them their mother's impious murder.

CHORUS

Wretch, thou know'st not how deep thou art whelmed  
 in woe,  
 Jason, or thou hadst uttered not such words.

JASON

What now?—and is she fain to slay me too?

CHORUS

Thy sons are dead, slain by the mother's hand.

JASON

Ah me!—what say'st thou?—thou hast killed me,  
 woman! 1310

CHORUS

Thy children are no more: so think of them.

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ΙΑΣΩΝ

ποῦ γάρ νιν ἔκτειν', ἐντὸς ἢ ἔξωθεν δόμων ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πύλας ἀνοίξας σῶν τέκνων ὄψει φόνον.

ΙΑΣΩΝ

χαλᾶτε κλῆδας ὡς τάχιστα, πρόσπολοι,  
ἐκλύεθ' ἰρμούς, ὡς ἴδω διπλοῦν κακόν,  
τοὺς μὲν θανόντας, τὴν δὲ τίσωμαι φόνῳ.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

τί τάσδε κινεῖς κίναμοχλεύεις πύλας,  
νεκρούς ἐρευνῶν κύμῃ τὴν εἰργασμένην ;  
παῦσαι πόνου τοῦδ'· εἰ δ' ἐμοῦ χρεῖαν ἔχεις,  
λέγ' εἴ τι βούλει, χειρὶ δ' οὐ ψεύσεις ποτέ.  
1320 τοιόνδ' ὄχημα πατρός· Ἥλιος πατὴρ  
δίδωσιν ἡμῖν, ἔρυμα πολεμίας χερός.

ΙΑΣΩΝ

ὦ μῖσος, ὦ μέγιστον ἐχθίστη γύναι  
θεοῖς τε κύμοι παντί τ' ἀνθρώπων γένει,  
ἣτις τέκνοισι σοῖσιν ἐμβαλεῖν ξίφος  
ἔτλης τεκοῦσα κύμ' ἄπαιδ' ἀπόλεσας·  
καὶ ταῦτα δρᾶσας ἠλιόν τε προσβλέπεις  
καὶ γαῖαν, ἔργον τλᾶσα δυσσεβέστατον.  
ὄλοι'· ἐγὼ δὲ νῦν φρονῶ, τότε οὐ φρονῶν  
1330 ὄτ' ἐκ δόμων σε βαρβύρου τ' ἀπὸ χθονός  
Ἑλλην' ἐς οἶκον ἠγόμην, κακὸν μέγα,  
πατρός τε καὶ γῆς προδότιν ἢ σ' ἐθρέψατο.  
τὸν σὸν δ' ἀλύστορ' εἰς ἔμ' ἔσκηψαν θεοί·  
κτανοῦσα γὰρ δὴ σὸν κάσιν παρέστιον,  
τὸ καλλίπρωρον εἰσέβης Ἀργούς σκίφος.  
ἦρξω μὲν ἐκ τοιῶνδε· νυμφευθεῖσα δὲ

# MEDEA

JASON

How?—slew them? Where?—within, without, the halls?

CHORUS (*pointing to pavement before doors*)

Open, and thou shalt see thy children's corpses.

JASON

Burst in the bolts with all speed, serving-men—  
Force hinges!—let me see this twofold horror,—  
The dead, and her,—and in her blood avenge me!

MEDEA *appears above the palace roof in a chariot drawn by dragons.*

MEDEA

Why shakest thou these doors and wouldst unbar,  
Seeking thy dead and me who wrought the deed?  
Cease this essay. If thou wouldst aught of me,  
Say what thou wilt: thine hand shall touch me never. 1320  
Such chariot hath my father's sire, the Sun,  
Given me, a defence from foeman's hand.

JASON

O thing abhorred! O woman hatefullest  
To Gods, to me, to all the race of men,  
Thou that couldst thrust the sword into the babes  
Thou bar'st, and me hast made a childless ruin!  
Thus hast thou wrought, yet look'st thou on the sun  
And earth, who hast dared a deed most impious?  
Now ruin seize thee!—clear I see, who saw not  
Then, when from halls and land barbarian 1330  
To a Greek home I bare thee, utter ban,  
Traitor to sire and land that nurtured thee!  
Thy guilt's curse-bolt on me the Gods have launched;  
For thine own brother by his hearth thou slewest  
Ere thou didst enter fair-prowed Argo's hull.  
With such deeds thou beganest. Wedded then

- 1340 παρ' ἀνδρὶ τῷδε καὶ τεκουσά μοι τέκνα,  
 εὐνῆς ἕκατι καὶ λέχους σφ' ἀπώλεσας.  
 οὐκ ἔστιν ἥτις τοῦτ' ἂν Ἑλληνὶς γυνὴ  
 ἔτλη ποθ', ὧν γε πρόσθεν ἠξίουν ἐγὼ  
 γῆμαί σε, κῆδος ἐχθρὸν ὀλέθριόν τ' ἐμοί,  
 Λάϊναν, οὐ γυναιῖκα, τῆς Τυρσηίδος  
 Σκύλλης ἔχουσαν ἀγριωτέραν φύσιν.  
 ἀλλ' οὐ γὰρ ἂν σε μυρίοις ὀνειδέσει  
 δάκοιμι· τοιόνδ' ἐμπέφυκέ σοι θράσος·  
 ἔρρ', αἰσχροποιὲ καὶ τέκνων μαιφόνε.  
 ἐμοὶ δὲ τὸν ἐμὸν δαίμον' αἰάζειν πάρα,  
 ὅς οὔτε λέκτρων νεογάμων ὀνήσομαι,  
 οὐ παῖδας οὐς ἔφυσα κἄξεθρεψάμην  
 1350 ἔξω προσειπεῖν ζῶντας, ἀλλ' ἀπώλεσα.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

- μακρὰν ἂν ἐξέτεινα τοῖσδ' ἐναντίον  
 λόγοισιν, εἰ μὴ Ζεὺς πατὴρ ἠπίστατο  
 οἷ' ἐξ ἐμοῦ πέπονθας οἷά τ' εἰργάσω·  
 σὺ δ' οὐκ ἔμελλες τᾶμ' ἀτιμάσας λέχη  
 τερπνὸν διάξειν βίοτον ἐγγελῶν ἐμοί,  
 οὐδ' ἢ τύραννος οὐδ' ὁ σοὶ προσθεῖς γάμους  
 Κρέων ἀνατὶ τῆσδέ μ' ἐκβαλεῖν χθονός.  
 πρὸς ταῦτα καὶ Λάϊναν, εἰ βούλει, κάλει  
 καὶ Σκύλλαν ἢ Τυρσηνὸν ὥκησεν πέδον·†<sup>1</sup>  
 1360 τῆς σῆς γὰρ ὡς χρὴ καρδίας ἀνθηψάμην.

ΙΑΣΩΝ

καυτή γε λυπεῖ καὶ κακῶν κοινωνὸς εἶ.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

σάφ' ἴσθι· λύει δ' ἄλγος, ἣν σὺ μὴ ἔγγελας.

ΙΑΣΩΝ

ὦ τέκνα, μητρὸς ὡς κακῆς ἐκύρσατε.

<sup>1</sup> Reading doubtful: σπέος and πόρον have been proposed.

## MEDEA

To this man, and the mother of my sons,  
 For wedlock-right's sake hast thou murdered them.  
 There is no Grecian woman that had dared  
 This :—yet I stooped to marry thee, good sooth, 1340  
 Rather than these, a hateful bride and fell,  
 A tigress, not a woman, harbouring  
 A fiercer nature than Tyrrhenian Scylla.  
 But—for untold revilings would not sting  
 Thee, in thy nature is such hardihood :—  
 Avaunt, thou miscreant stained with thy babes'  
 blood !  
 For me remains to wail my destiny,  
 Who of my new-wed bride shall have no joy,  
 And to the sons whom I begat and nurtured  
 Living I shall not speak—lost, lost to me ! 1350

### MEDEA

I might have lengthened out long controversy  
 To these thy words, if Father Zeus knew not  
 How I have dealt with thee and thou with me.  
 'Twas not for thee to set my rights at naught,  
 And live a life of bliss, bemocking me,  
 Nor for thy princess, and thy marriage-kinsman,  
 Creon, unscathed to banish me this land !  
 Wherefore a tigress call me, an thou wilt,  
 Or Scylla, haunter of Tyrrhenian shore ;  
 For thine heart have I wrung, as well behoved. 1360

### JASON

Ha, but thou sorrowest too, dost share mine ills !

### MEDEA

O yea : yet grief is gain, so thou laugh not.

### JASON

O children mine, what miscreant mother had ye !

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ὦ παῖδες, ὡς ὤλεσθε πατρώα νόσφ.

ΙΑΣΩΝ

οὔτοι νυν ἡμῖ δεξιὴ σφ' ἀπώλεσεν.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ἀλλ' ὕβρις οἷ τε σοὶ νεοδμήτες γάμοι.

ΙΑΣΩΝ

λέχους σφέ γ' ἠξίωσας εἴνεκα κτανεῖν ;

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

σμικρὸν γυναικὶ πῆμα τοῦτ' εἶναι δοκεῖς ;

ΙΑΣΩΝ

ἦτις γε σώφρων· σοὶ δὲ πάντα ἔστιν κακά.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

1370 οἶδ' οὐκέτ' εἰσί· τοῦτο γάρ σε δήξεται.

ΙΑΣΩΝ

οἶδ' εἰσίν, οἶμοι, σῶ κύρμ μίστορες.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ἴσασιν ὅστις ἠρξε πημονῆς θεοί.

ΙΑΣΩΝ

ἴσασι δῆτα σὴν γ' ἀπόπτυστον φρένα.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

στυγεῖ· πικρὰν δὲ βύξιν ἐχθαίρω σέθεν.

ΙΑΣΩΝ

καὶ μὴν ἐγὼ σὴν· ῥάδιοι δ' ἀπαλλαγαί.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

πῶς οὖν ; τί δρύσω ; κύρτα γὰρ κύγῳ θέλω.

ΙΑΣΩΝ

θάψαι νεκρούς μοι τούσδε καὶ κλαῦσαι πύρες.

## MEDEA

MEDEA

O sons, destroyed by your own father's lust!

JASON

Sooth, 'twas no hand of mine that murdered them.

MEDEA

Nay, but thine insolence and thy new-forged bonds.

JASON

How, claim the right for wedlock's sake to slay  
them!

MEDEA

A light affliction count'st thou this to a wife?

JASON

A virtuous wife :—in *thy* sight naught were good!

MEDEA

These live no more : this, this shall cut thine heart! 1370

JASON

They live—ah me!—avengers on thine head.

MEDEA

The Gods know who began this misery.

JASON

Yea, verily, thy spirit abhorred they know.

MEDEA

Abhorred art thou : I loathe thy bitter tongue.

JASON

And I thine :—yet were mutual riddance easy.

MEDEA

How then?—what shall I do?—fain would I this.

JASON

Yield me my dead to bury and bewail.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

1380

οὐ δῆτ', ἐπεὶ σφᾶς τῆδ' ἐγὼ θάψω χερί,  
 φέρουσ' ἐς ἼΗρας τέμενος Ἀκραιᾶς θεοῦ,  
 ὡς μὴ τις αὐτοὺς πολεμίων καθυβρίση,  
 τύμβους ἀνασπῶν γῆ δὲ τῆδε Σισύφου  
 σεμνὴν ἑορτὴν καὶ τέλη προσάψομεν  
 τὸ λοιπὸν ἀντὶ τοῦδε δυσσεβοῦς φόνου.  
 αὐτὴ δὲ γαῖαν εἶμι τὴν Ἐρεχθέως,  
 Δίγῃ συνοικήσουσα τῷ Πανδίοιοι.  
 σὺ δ', ὥσπερ εἰκός, κατθανεῖ κακὸς κακῶς,  
 Ἄργουὺς κᾶρα σὸν λειψάνῳ πεπληγμένος,  
 πικρὰς τελευτὰς τῶν νέων<sup>1</sup> γάμων ἰδών.

ΙΑΣΩΝ

1390

ἀλλὰ σ' Ἐρινὺς ὀλέσειε τέκνων  
 φονία τε Δίκη.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

τίς δὲ κλύει σου θεὸς ἢ δαίμων,  
 τοῦ ψευδόρκου καὶ ξειναπάτου;

ΙΑΣΩΝ

φεῦ φεῦ, μυσαρὰ καὶ παιδολέτορ.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

στεῖχε πρὸς οἶκους καὶ θάπτ' ἄλοχον.

ΙΑΣΩΝ

στείχω, δισσῶν γ' ἄμορος τέκνων.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

οὔπω θρηνεῖς· μένε καὶ γῆρας.

ΙΑΣΩΝ

ὦ τέκνα φίλτατα.

<sup>1</sup> Weil: for MS. ἐμῶν.



## MEDEA

MEDEA

Never : with this hand will I bury them,  
To Mountain Hera's precinct bearing them,  
That never foe may do despite to them, 1380  
Rifling their tomb. This land of Sisyphus  
Will I constrain with solemn festival  
And rites to atone for this unhallowed murder.  
But I—I go unto Erechtheus' land,  
With Aegeus to abide, Pandion's son.  
Thou, as is meet, foul wretch, shalt foully die,  
By Argo's wreckage smitten on the skull,  
Who hast seen this new bridal's bitter ending.

JASON

Now the Fury-avenger of children smite thee,  
And Justice that looketh on murder requite thee ! 1390

MEDEA

What God or what spirit will heed thy request,  
Caitiff forsworn, who betrayest the guest ?

JASON

Avaunt, foul thing by whose deed thy children have  
died !

MEDEA

Go hence to thine halls, thence lead to the grave  
thy bride !

JASON

I go, a father forlorn of the two sons reft from his  
home !

MEDEA

Not yet dost thou truly mourn : abide till thine old  
age come.

JASON

O children beloved above all !

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

μητρί γε , σοὶ δ' οὔ.

ΙΑΣΩΝ

κἄπειτ' ἔκανες ;

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

σέ γε πημαίνουσ'.

ΙΑΣΩΝ

1400

ὦμοι, φιλίου χρήζω στόματος  
παίδων ὁ τύλας προσπτύξασθαι.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

νῦν σφε προσαυδᾶς, νῦν ἀσπάζει,  
τότ' ἀπωσάμενος.

ΙΑΣΩΝ

δός μοι πρὸς θεῶν  
μαλακοῦ χρωτὸς ψαῦσαι τέκνων.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

οὐκ ἔστι μίτην ἔπος ἔρριπται.

ΙΑΣΩΝ

1410

Ζεῦ, τὰδ' ἀκούεις ὡς ἀπελαυνόμεθ',  
οἷά τε πύσχομεν ἐκ τῆς μυσαρᾶς  
καὶ παιδοφόνου τῆσδε λεαίνης ;  
ἀλλ' ὁπόσον γοῦν πάρα καὶ δύναμαι  
τάδε καὶ θρηνῶ κἀπιθεάζω,  
μαρτυρόμενος δαίμονας ὧς μοι  
τέκνα κτείνας' ἀποκωλύεις  
ψαῦσαί τε χεροῖν θάψαι τε νεκρούς,  
οὓς μήποτ' ἐγὼ φύσας ὄφελον  
πρὸς σοῦ φθιμένους ἐπιδέσθαι.

## MEDEA

MEDEA

Of their mother beloved, not of thee.

JASON

Yet she slew them!

MEDEA

That thou mightest fall in the net that  
thou spreadest for me.

JASON

Woe's me! I yearn with my lips to press  
My sons' dear lips in my wretchedness.

1400

MEDEA

Ha, now art thou calling upon them, now wouldst  
thou kiss,  
Who rejectedst them then?

JASON

For the Gods' sake grant me but this,  
The sweet soft flesh of my children to feel!

MEDEA

No—wasted in air is all thine appeal.

JASON

O Zeus, dost thou hear it, how spurned I am?—  
What outrage I suffer of yonder abhorred  
Child-murderess, yonder tigress-dam?

Yet out of mine helplessness, out of my shame,  
I bewail my beloved, I call to record

High heaven, I bid God witness the word, 1410

That my sons thou hast slain, and withholdest  
me,

That mine hands may not touch them, nor bury  
their clay!

Would God I had gotten them never, this day  
To behold them destroyed of thee!

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

### ΧΟΡΟΣ

πολλῶν ταμίας Ζεὺς ἐν Ὀλύμπῳ,  
πολλὰ δ' ἀέλπτως κραινουσι θεοί·  
καὶ τὰ δοκηθέντ' οὐκ ἐτελέσθη,  
τῶν δ' ἀδοκῆτων πόρον ἤϊρε θεός.  
τοιόνδ' ἀπέβη τόδε πρᾶγμα.

# MEDEA

## CHORUS

All dooms be of Zeus in Olympus ; 'tis his to reveal them.

Manifold things unhopèd-for the Gods to accomplishment bring.

And the things that we looked for, the Gods deign not to fulfil them ;

And the paths undiscerned of our eyes, the Gods unseal them.

So fell this marvellous thing.

[*Exeunt* OMNES.]



ALCESTIS





## ARGUMENT

APOLLO, being banished for a season from Olympus, and condemned to do service to a mortal, became herdman of Admetus, King of Pherae in Thessaly. Yet he loathed not his earthly taskmaster, but loved him, for that he was a just man, and hospitable exceedingly. Wherefore he obtained from the Fates this boon for Admetus, that, when his hour of death should come, they should accept in ransom for his life the life of whosoever should have before consented to die in his stead. Now when this was made known, none of them which were nearest by blood to the king would promise to be his ransom in that day. Then Alcestis his wife, the daughter of Pelias King of Iolcos, pledged her to die for him. Of her love she did it, and for the honour of wifehood. And the years passed by, and the tale was told in many lands; and all men praised Alcestis, but Admetus bore a burden of sorrow, for day by day she became dearer to him, a wife wholly true, a mother most loving, and a lady to her thralls gentle exceedingly. But when it was known by tokens that the day was come, Admetus repented him sorely, but it availed not, for no mortal may recall a pledge once given to the Gods. And on that day there came to the palace Apollo to plead with Death for Alcestis' sake; and a company of Elders of Pherae, to ask of her state and to make mourning for her. And when she was dead, ere she was borne forth to burial, came Hercules, son of Zeus, in his journeying, seeking the guest's right of meat and lodging, but not knowing aught of that which had come to pass. Of him was a great deliverance wrought, which is told herein.

ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΡΑΜΑΤΟΣ ΠΡΟΣΩΠΑ

ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝ  
ΘΑΝΑΤΟΣ  
ΧΟΡΟΣ  
ΘΕΡΑΠΑΙΝΑ  
ΛΛΗΣΤΙΣ  
ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ  
ΕΥΜΗΛΟΣ  
ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ  
ΦΕΡΗΣ  
ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

APOLLO.

DEATH.

CHORUS, *composed of Elders of Pherae.*

HANDMAID.

ALCESTIS, *daughter of Pelias, and wife of Admetus.*

ADMETUS, *King of Pherae.*

EUMELUS, *son of Admetus and Alcestis.*

HERCULES.

PHERES, *father of Admetus.*

SERVANT, *steward of the palace.*

*Guards, attendants, handmaids, and mourners.*

The scene throughout is in front of the palace of Admetus  
at Pherae.

## ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝ

ἽΩ δώματ' Ἀδμήτει', ἐν οἷς ἔτλην ἐγὼ  
θῆσαν τράπεζαν αἰνέσαι θεός περ ὦν.  
Ζεὺς γὰρ κατακτὰς παῖδα τὸν ἐμὸν αἴτιος  
Ἄσκληπιόν, στέρνοισιν ἐμβαλὼν φλόγα·  
οὐ δὴ χολωθεὶς τέκτονας Δίου πυρὸς  
κτείνω Κύκλωπας· καί με θητεύειν πατῆρ  
θητηῶ παρ' ἀνδρὶ τῶνδ' ἄποιν' ἠνάγκασει.  
ἐλθὼν δὲ γαίαν τήνδ' ἐβουφόρβουν ξένω,  
καὶ τόνδ' ἔσωζον οἶκον ἐς τόδ' ἡμέρας.  
10 ὀσίου γὰρ ἀνδρὸς ὄσιος ὦν ἐτύγχανον,  
παιδὸς Φέρητος, ὃν θανεῖν ἐρρυσάμην,  
Μοίρας δολώσας· ἤνεσαν δέ μοι θεαὶ  
Ἄδμητον ἄδην τὸν παραυτίκ' ἐκφυγεῖν,  
ἄλλον διαλλάξαντα τοῖς κίτῳ νεκρόν.  
πάντας δ' ἐλέγξας καὶ διεξελθὼν φίλους,  
πατέρα γεραιὴν θ' ἢ σφ' ἔτικτε μητέρα,  
οὐχ ἠὔρε πλὴν γυναικὸς ὅστις ἤθελε  
θανεῖν πρὸ κείνου μήδ' ἔτ' εἰσορᾶν φάος·  
ἢ νῦν κατ' οἶκους ἐν χεροῖν βαστάζεται  
20 ψυχορραγοῦσα· τῆδε γάρ σφ' ἐν ἡμέρᾳ  
θανεῖν πέπρωται καὶ μεταστῆναι βίου.  
ἐγὼ δέ, μὴ μίασμά μ' ἐν δόμοις κίχῃ,  
λείπω μελάθρων τῶνδε φιλτάτην στέγην.  
ἤδη δὲ τόνδε Θάνατον εἰσορῶ πέλας,

## ALCESTIS

*Enter* APOLLO.

APOLLO

HALLS of Admetus, hail ! I stooped my pride  
Here to brook fare of serfs, yea I, a God !  
The fault was fault of Zeus : he slew my son  
Aselepius—hurled the levin through his heart.  
Wroth for the dead, his smiths of heavenly fire,  
The Cyclopes, I slew ; for blood-atonement  
Allfather made me serf to a mortal man

To this land came I, tended mine host's kine,  
And warded still his house unto this day.  
Righteous myself, I found a righteous man, 10  
The son of Pheres : him I snatched from death,  
Cozening the Fates : the Sisters promised me—  
“Admetus shall escape the imminent death  
If he for ransom gives another life.”  
To all he went—all near and dear,—and asked  
Father and grey-haired mother who gave him  
life ;

But, save his wife, found none that would consent  
For him to die and never more see light.

Now in his arms upborne within yon home  
She gaspeth forth her life : for on this day 20  
Her weird it is to die and fleet from life.

I, lest pollution taint me in their house,  
Go forth of yonder hall's belovèd roof. [*Enter* DEATH.  
Lo, yonder Death ;—I see him nigh at hand,

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ἱερῇ θανόντων, ὅς νιν εἰς Ἴλιδου δόμους  
μέλλει κατάξειν· συμμέτρως δ' ἀφίκετο,  
φρουρῶν τόδ' ἡμαρ ᾧ θανεῖν αὐτὴν χρεῶν.

ΘΑΝΑΤΟΣ

ἄ ἄ·

30

τί σὺ πρὸς μελάθροις ; τί σὺ τῆδε πολεῖς,  
Φοῖβ' ; ἄδικεῖς αὐτὴν τιμὰς ἐνέρων  
ἀφοριζόμενος καὶ καταπαύων.  
οὐκ ἤρκεσέ σοι μόρον Ἄδμητου  
διακωλύσαι, Μοίρας δολίῳ  
σφήλαντι τέχνῃ ; νῦν δ' ἐπὶ τῆδ' αὐτῆς  
χέρα τοξήρη φρουρεῖς ὀπλίσας,  
ἢ τόδ' ὑπέστη πόσιν ἐκλύσασ'  
αὐτὴν προθανεῖν Πελίου παῖς.

ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝ

θάρσει· δίκην τοι καὶ λόγους κεδνοὺς ἔχω.

ΘΑΝΑΤΟΣ

τί δῆτα τόξων ἔργον, εἰ δίκην ἔχεις ;

ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝ

40

σύννηθες αἰεὶ ταῦτα βαστάζειν ἐμοί.

ΘΑΝΑΤΟΣ

καὶ τοῖσδέ γ' οἴκοις ἐκδίκως προσωφελεῖν.

ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝ

φίλου γὰρ ἀνδρὸς συμφοραῖς βαρύνομαι.

ΘΑΝΑΤΟΣ

καὶ νοσφιεῖς με τοῦδε δευτέρου νεκροῦ ;

ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝ

ἀλλ' οὐδ' ἐκείνον πρὸς βίαν σ' ἀφειλόμην.

ΘΑΝΑΤΟΣ

πῶς οὖν ὑπὲρ γῆς ἐστὶ κοῦ κάτω χθονός ;

## ALCESTIS

Priest of the dead, who comes to hale her down  
To Hades' halls —well hath he kept his time,  
Watching this day, whereon she needs must die.

DEATH

Ha, thou at the palace! Wilt not make room,  
Phoebus?—thou wrestest the right yet again:  
Thou removest the landmarks of Gods of Gloom, 30  
And thou makest their honours vain.

Did this not suffice thee, to thwart that doom  
Of Admetus, when, all by thy cunning beguiled  
Were the Fates, that thou now must be warding the  
wife

With thine hand made ready the bowstring to  
strain,  
Though she pledged her from death to redeem with  
her life

Her lord,—she, Pelias' child?

APOLLO

Fear not: fair words and justice are with me.

DEATH

Justice with thee!—what needeth then the bow?

APOLLO

This?—'tis my wont to bear it evermore. 40

DEATH

Yea, and to aid you house in lawless wise.

APOLLO

Mine heart is heavy for my friend's mischance.

DEATH

What, wilt thou wrest from me this second corpse?

APOLLO

Nay, not that other did I take by force.

DEATH

Not?—why on earth then?—why not underground?

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝ

δάμαρτ' ἀμείψας, ἦν σὺ νῦν ἦκεις μέτα.

ΘΑΝΑΤΟΣ

κἀπάξομαί γε νερτέραν ὑπὸ χθόνα.

ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝ

λαβὼν ἴθ'. οὐ γὰρ οἶδ' ἂν εἰ πείσαιμί σε.

ΘΑΝΑΤΟΣ

κτείνειν γ' ὄν ἂν χρῆ; τοῦτο γὰρ τετίγμεθα.

ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝ

50 οὔκ, ἀλλὰ τοῖς μέλλουσι θάνατον ἐμβαλεῖν.

ΘΑΝΑΤΟΣ

ἔχω λόγον δὴ καὶ προθυμίαν σέθεν.

ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝ

ἔστ' οὖν ὅπως Ἄλκηστις εἰς γῆρας μόλοι;

ΘΑΝΑΤΟΣ

οὐκ ἔστι τιμαῖς καὶ μὲ τέρπεσθαι δόκει.

ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝ

οὔτοι πλέον γ' ἂν ἢ μίαν ψυχὴν λάβοις.

ΘΑΝΑΤΟΣ

νέων φθινόντων μείζον ἄρνημαι γέρας.

ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝ

κἂν γραῦς ὄληται, πλουσίως ταφήσεται.

ΘΑΝΑΤΟΣ

πρὸς τῶν ἐχόντων, Φοῖβε, τὸν νόμον τίθης.

ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝ

πῶς εἶπας; ἀλλ' ἢ καὶ σοφὸς λέληθας ὦν;

ΘΑΝΑΤΟΣ

ὠνοῖντ' ἂν οὐς πάρεστι γηραιοὺς θανεῖν.

ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝ

60 οὔκουν δοκεῖ σοι τήνδε μοι δοῦναι χάριν;

ΘΑΝΑΤΟΣ

οὐ δῆτ'. ἐπίστασαι δὲ τοὺς ἐμοὺς τρόπους.



## ALCESTIS

APOLLO

She was his ransom, she for whom thou comest.

DEATH

Yea, and will hale her deep beneath the earth.

APOLLO

Take her and go : I trow I shall not bend thee—

DEATH

To slay the victim due ?—mine office this.

APOLLO

Nay, but to smite with death the ripe for death.

DEATH

I grasp thine argument—and thine earnestness !

APOLLO

And may Alcestis never see old age ?

DEATH

Never :—should I not love mine honours too ?

APOLLO

'Tis soon or late,—thou canst but take one life.

DEATH

Yet mine the goodlier prize when die the young.

APOLLO

Though she die old, rich obsequies still are thine.

DEATH

Lo, Phoebus making laws to shield the rich !

APOLLO

How say'st thou ?—thou a sophist unawares !

DEATH

Would wealth not buy the boon of dying old ?

APOLLO

So then thou wilt not grant this grace to me ?

DEATH

Nay surely—dost not know my wonted way ?

50

60

## ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝ

ἐχθρούς γε θνητοῖς καὶ θεοῖς στυγούμενους.

ΘΑΝΑΤΟΣ

οὐκ ἂν δύναιο πάντ' ἔχειν ἂ μή σε δεῖ.

ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝ

ἦ μὴν σὺ παύσει καίπερ ὤμους ὦν ἄγαν·  
τοῖος Φέρητος εἶσι πρὸς δόμους ἀνὴρ,  
Εὐρυσθέως πέμψαντος ἵππειον μέτα  
ὄχημα Θρηϊκῆς ἐκ τόπων δυσχειμέρων,  
ὃς δὴ ξενωθείς τοῖσδ' ἐν Ἀδμήτου δόμοις  
βία γυναῖκα τήνδε σ' ἐξαιρήσεται.

70

κοῦθ' ἢ παρ' ἡμῶν σοι γενήσεται χάρις  
δράσεις θ' ὁμοίως ταῦτ', ἀπεχθήσει τ' ἐμοί.

ΘΑΝΑΤΟΣ

πόλλ' ἂν σὺ λέξας οὐδὲν ἂν πλέον λάβοις.  
ἢ δ' οὖν γυνὴ κάτεισιν εἰς Ἰλιδου δόμους.  
στείχω δ' ἐπ' αὐτήν, ὡς κατάρξωμαι ξίφει·  
ἱερὸς γὰρ οὗτος τῶν κατὰ χθονὸς θεῶν  
ὄτου τόδ' ἔγχος κρατὸς ἀγνίση τρίχα.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ α'

τί ποθ' ἠσυχία πρόσθεν μελάθρων ;  
τί σεσίγηται δόμος Ἀδμήτου ;

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ β'

ἄλλ' οὐδὲ φίλων πέλας οὐδεῖς,  
ὅστις ἂν εἴποι πότερον φθιμένην  
βασίλειαν χρὴ πενθεῖν, ἢ ζῶσ'  
ἔτι φῶς λεύσσει Πελίου τόδε παῖς  
Ἄλκηστις, ἐμοὶ πᾶσί τ' ἀρίστη  
δόξασα γυνὴ  
πόσιν εἰς αὐτῆς γεγενῆσθαι

80

## ALCESTIS

APOLLO

Hateful to mortals this, and loathed of Gods.

DEATH

All things beyond thy rights thou canst not have.

APOLLO

Surely thou shalt forbear, though ruthless thou,  
So mighty a man to Pheres' halls shall come,  
Sent of Eurystheus forth, the courser-car  
From winter-dreary lands of Thrace to bring.  
Guest-welcomed in Admetus' palace here,  
By force you woman shall he wrest from thee.  
Yea, thou of me shalt have no thank for this,  
And yet shalt do it, and shalt have mine hate.

70

[Exit APOLLO.

DEATH

Talk on, talk on : no profit shalt thou win.  
This woman down to Hades' halls shall pass.  
For her I go : my sword shall seal her ours :  
For consecrated to the Nether Gods  
Is every head whose hair this sword hath shorn.

[Exit DEATH.

*Enter CHORUS, dividing to right and left, so that the sections answer one another till they unite at l. 112.*

HALF-CHORUS 1

What meaneth this hush afront of the hall?  
The home of Admetus, why voiceless all?

HALF-CHORUS 2

No friend of the house who should speak of its plight  
Is nigh, who should bid that we raise the keen  
For the dead, or should tell us that yet on the light  
Alcestis looketh, and liveth the Queen,  
The daughter of Pelias, noblest, I ween—  
Yea, in all men's sight  
Most leal to her lord of all wives hath she been.

80

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ α'

κλύει τις ἢ στεναγμὸν ἢ  
χειρῶν κτύπον κατὰ στέγας  
ἢ γόον ὡς πεπραγμένων ;  
οὐ μὰν οὐδέ τις ἀμφιπόλων  
στατίζεται ἀμφὶ πύλας.  
εἰ γὰρ μετακύμιος ἄτας,  
ὦ Παιάν, φανείης.

στρ. α'

90

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ β'

οὐ τὰν φθιμένης γ' ἐσιώπων.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ α'

νέκυς ἤδη.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ β'

οὐ δὴ φρουδός γ' ἐξ οἴκων.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ α'

πόθεν ; οὐκ αὐχῶ. τί σε θαρσυνει ;

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ β'

πῶς ἂν ἔρημον τάφον Ἄδμητος  
κεδνῆς ἂν ἔπραξε γυναικός ;

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ α'

100

πυλῶν πάροιθε δ' οὐκ ὀρῶ  
πηγαῖον ὡς νομίζεται  
χέρνιβ' ἐπὶ φθιτῶν πύλαις,  
χαίτη τ' οὔτις ἐπὶ προθύροις  
τομαῖος, ἃ δὴ νεκύων  
πένθει πίτνει· οὐ νεολαία  
δουπεῖ χεῖρ γυναικῶν.

ἀντ. α'

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ β'

καὶ μὴν τότε κύριον ἡμαρ—

# ALCESTIS

HALF-CHORUS 1

Or hearest thou mourning or sighing (*Str.* 1)

Or beating of hands,

Or the wail of bereaved ones outerying?

No handmaid stands

At the palace-gate.

[bird flying 90

O Healer, appear for the dying, appear as a bright

'Twixt the surges of fate!

HALF-CHORUS 2

She lives!—were she dead, they had raised the keen.

HALF-CHORUS 1

Nay, a corpse is all that was once a queen.

HALF-CHORUS 2

But not forth of the doors is the death-train gone.

HALF-CHORUS 1

Whence cometh thine hope, which I boast not mine  
own?

HALF-CHORUS 2

Would the King without pomp of procession have  
yielded the grave the possession

Of so dear, of so faithful an one?

HALF-CHORUS 1

(*Ant.* 1)

Nor the cup in the gateway appeareth,

From the spring that they bear

To the gate that pollution feareth,

100

Nor the severed hair

In the poreh for the dead,

Which the mourner in bitterness sheareth, neither  
beating of hands one heareth

On maiden's head.

HALF-CHORUS 2

Yet surely is this the appointed day—

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ α'

τί τόδ' αὐδάς ;

·ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ β'

ὦ χρῆ σφε μολεῖν κατὰ γαίας.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ α'

ἔθιγες ψυχῆς, ἔθιγες δὲ φρενῶν.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ β'

χρῆ τῶν ἀγαθῶν διακναιομένων  
πενθεῖν ὅστις  
χρηστὸς ἀπ' ἀρχῆς νενόμισται.

110

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀλλ' οὐδὲ ναυκληρίαν στρ. β  
ἔσθ' ὅποι τις αἴας  
στείλας, ἦ Λυκίας  
εἴτ' ἐπὶ τὰς ἀνύδρους  
'Αμμωνιάδας ἔδρας  
δυστάνου παραλύσαι  
ψυχάν· μόρος γὰρ ἀπότομος  
πλάθει θεῶν δ' ἐπ' ἐσχάrais  
οὐκ ἔχω ἐπὶ τίνα  
μηλοθύταν πορευθῶ.

120

μόνος δ' ἄν, εἰ φῶς τόδ' ἦν ἀντ. β  
ὄμμασιν δεδορκῶς  
Φοίβου παῖς, προλιποῦσ'  
ἦλθεν ἔδρας σκοτίους  
"Αἶδα τε πύλας·

# ALCESTIS

HALF-CHORUS 1

Ah! what wilt thou say?

HALF-CHORUS 2

Whereon of her doom she must pass to the tomb.

HALF-CHORUS 1

With a keen pang's smart hast thou stabbed mine heart.

HALF-CHORUS 2

It is meet, when the good are as flowers plucked away,

That in sorrow's gloom 110

Should the breast of the old tried friend have part.

CHORUS

Though ye voyage all seas, (Str. 2)

Ye shall light on no lands,

Nor on Lycia's leas,

Nor Ammonian sands,

Whence redemption shall come for the wretched, or  
loosing of Death's dread bands.

Doom's chasm hard by

Yawns fathomless-deep.

What availeth to cry 120

To the Gods, or to heap

Their altars with costly oblations, to plead with the  
slaughter of sheep?

Ah, once there was one!— (Ant. 2)

Were life's light in the eyes

Of Phoebus's son,

Then our darling might rise

From the mansions of darkness, through portals of  
Hades return to our skies;

130 δμαθέντας γὰρ ἀνίστη,  
 πρὶν αὐτὸν εἶλε διόβολον  
 πλήκτρον πυρὸς κεραυνίου.  
 νῦν δὲ τίν' ἔτι βίου  
 ἐλπίδα προσδέχωμαι ;

πάντα γὰρ ἤδη τετέλεσται βασιλεύσι,  
 πάντων δὲ θεῶν ἐπὶ βωμοῖς  
 αἰμόρραντοι θυσίαι πλήρεις,  
 οὐδ' ἔστι κακῶν ἄκος οὐδέν.

140 ἄλλ' ἢδ' ὀπαδῶν ἐκ δόμων τις ἔρχεται  
 δακρυρροοῦσα· τίνα τύχην ἀκούσομαι ;  
 πενθεῖν μὲν, εἴ τι δεσπότησι τυγχάνει,  
 συγγνωστόν· εἰ δ' ἔτ' ἔστιν ἔμψυχος γυνή  
 εἴτ' οὖν ὄλωλεν εἰδέναί βουλοίμεθ' ἄν.

ΘΕΡΑΠΑΙΝΑ

καὶ ζῶσαν εἰπεῖν καὶ θανοῦσαν ἔστι σοι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ πῶς ἂν αὐτὸς κατθάνοι τε καὶ βλέποι ;

ΘΕΡΑΠΑΙΝΑ

ἤδη προνωπῆς ἔστι καὶ ψυχορραγεῖ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὦ τλήμον, οἷας οἶος ὦν ἀμαρτάνεις.

ΘΕΡΑΠΑΙΝΑ

οὐπω τόδ' οἶδε δεσπότης, πρὶν ἂν πάθη.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἐλπὶς μὲν οὐκέτ' ἔστι σῶζεσθαι βίον ;

ΘΕΡΑΠΑΙΝΑ

πεπρωμένη γὰρ ἡμέρα βιάζεται.



## ALCESTIS

For he raised up the dead,  
 Ere flashed from the heaven,  
 From Zeus' hand sped,  
 That bolt of the levin.

But now what remaineth to wait for?—what hope of  
 her life is given? 130

No sacrifice more  
 Unrendered remaineth ;  
 No God, but the gore  
 From his altars down-raineth ;

Yet healing is none for our ills, neither balm that  
 the spirit sustaineth.

[*Enter* HANDMAID.

But hither cometh of the handmaids one,  
 Weeping the while. What tidings shall I hear?  
 For all afflictions that befall thy lords  
 Well mayst thou grieve ; but if thy lady lives  
 Or even now hath passed, fain would we know. 140

HANDMAID

She liveth, and is dead : both mayst thou say.

CHORUS

Ay so !—how should the same be dead and live ?

HANDMAID

Even now she droopeth, gasping out her life.

CHORUS

O stricken king—how noble a queen thou lovest !

HANDMAID

His depth of loss he knows not ere it come.

CHORUS

And hope—is no hope left her life to save ?

HANDMAID

None—for the day foredoomed constraineth her.

## ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὔκουν ἐπ' αὐτῇ πρίσσεται τὰ πρόσφορα ;

ΘΕΡΑΠΑΙΝΑ

κόσμος γ' ἔτοιμος, ᾧ σφε συνθάψει πόσις.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

150

ἴστω νυν εὐκλεῆς γε κατθανουμένη  
γυνή τ' ἀρίστη τῶν ὑφ' ἡλίῳ μακρῶ.

ΘΕΡΑΠΑΙΝΑ

πῶς δ' οὐκ ἀρίστη ; τίς δ' ἐναντιώσεται ;  
τί χρῆ γενέσθαι τὴν ὑπερβεβλημένην  
γυναῖκα ; πῶς δ' ἂν μᾶλλον ἐνδείξαιτό τις  
πόσιν προτιμῶσ' ἢ θέλουσ' ὑπερθανεῖν ;  
καὶ ταῦτα μὲν δὴ πᾶσ' ἐπίσταται πόλις·  
ἂ δ' ἐν δόμοις ἔδρασε θαυμάσει κλύων.

160

ἐπεὶ γὰρ ἦσθεθ' ἡμέραν τὴν κυρίαν  
ἤκουσαν, ὕδασι ποταμίοις λευκὸν χρῶα  
ἐλούσατ', ἐκ δ' ἐλούσα κεδρίνων δόμων  
ἐσθῆτα κόσμον τ' εὐπρεπῶς ἠσκήσατο,  
καὶ στᾶσα πρόσθεν Ἐστίας κατηύξατο·  
δέσποιν', ἐγὼ γὰρ ἔρχομαι κατὰ χθονός,  
πανύστατόν σε προσπίτνουσ' αἰτήσομαι,  
τέκν' ὀρφανεῦσαι τάμά, καὶ τῷ μὲν φίλην  
σύζευξον ἄλοχον, τῇ δὲ γενναῖον πόσιν.  
μηδ' ὥσπερ αὐτῶν ἢ τεκοῦσ' ἀπόλλυμαι  
θανεῖν ἀώρους παῖδας, ἀλλ' εὐδαίμονας  
ἐν γῇ πατρώα τερπνὸν ἐκπλήσαι βίον.

170

πάντας δὲ βώμους οἱ κατ' Ἀδμήτου δόμους  
προσηλθε καξέστεψε καὶ προσηύξατο,  
πτόρθων ἀποσχίζουσα μυρσίνης φόβην,  
ἄκλαυστος ἀστένακτος, οὐδὲ τούπιον  
κακὸν μεθίστη χρωτὸς εὐειδῆ φύσιν.  
κάπειτα θάλαμον εἰσπεσοῦσα καὶ λέχος,

# ALCESTIS

CHORUS

Are all things meet, then, being done for her?

HANDMAID

Yea, ready is her burial-attire.

CHORUS

Let her be sure that glorious she dies 150  
And noblest far of women 'neath the sun.

HANDMAID

Noblest?—how not?—what tongue will dare gain-  
say?

What must the woman be who passeth her?  
How could a wife give honour to her lord  
More than by yielding her to die for him?  
And this—yea, all the city knoweth this;  
But what within she did, hear thou, and marvel.  
For when she knew that the appointed day  
Was come, in river-water her white skin  
She bathed, and from the cedar-chests took forth 160  
Vesture and jewels, and decked her gloriously,  
And before Vesta's altar stood, and prayed:  
“Queen, for I pass beneath the earth, I fall  
Before thee now, and nevermore, and pray:—  
Be mother to my orphans: mate with him  
A loving wife, with her a noble husband.  
Nor, as their mother dieth, so may they,  
My children, die untimely, but with weal  
In the home-land fill up a life of bliss.”  
To all the altars through Admetus' halls [prayed, 170  
She went, with wreaths she hung them, and she  
Plucking the while the tresses of the myrtle,  
Tearless, unsighing, and the imminent fate  
Changed not the lovely rose-tint of her cheek.  
Then to her bower she rushed, fell on the bed;

180 ἐνταῦθα δὴ δάκρυσε καὶ λέγει τάδε·  
 ὦ λέκτρον, ἔνθα παρθένοι' ἔλυσ' ἐγὼ  
 κορεύματ' ἐκ τοῦδ' ἀνδρός, οὐ θνήσκω πέρι,  
 χαῖρ'· οὐ γὰρ ἐχθαίρω σ'· ἀπώλεσας δέ με  
 μόνην· προδοῦναι γάρ σ' ὀκνοῦσα καὶ πόσιν  
 θνήσκω. σέ δ' ἄλλη τις γυνὴ κεκτήσεται,  
 σῶφρων μὲν οὐκ ἂν μᾶλλον, εὐτυχῆς δ' ἴσως.  
 κυνεῖ δὲ προσπίτνουσα, πᾶν δὲ δέμμιον  
 ὀφθαλμοτέγκτω δέυεται πλημμυρίδι.  
 ἐπεὶ δὲ πολλῶν δακρύων εἶχεν κόρον,  
 στείχει προνωπῆς ἐκπεσοῦσα δεμνίων,  
 καὶ πολλὰ θαλίμων ἐξιοῦσ' ἐπεστράφη  
 κᾶρριψεν αὐτὴν αὐθις εἰς κοίτην πάλιν.  
 190 παῖδες δὲ πέπλων μητρὸς ἐξηρητημένοι  
 ἔκλαιον· ἢ δὲ λαμβάνουσ' ἐς ἀγκύλας  
 ἠσπάζετ' ἄλλοτ' ἄλλον, ὡς θανουμένη.  
 πάντες δ' ἔκλαιον οἰκέται κατὰ στέγας  
 δέσποιναν οἰκτείροντες. ἢ δὲ δεξιὰν  
 προὔτειν' ἐκάστω, κοῦτις ἦν οὕτω κακὸς  
 ὄν οὐ προσεῖπε καὶ προσερρήθη πάλιν.  
 τοιαῦτ' ἐν οἴκοις ἐστὶν Ἀδμήτου κακά.  
 καὶ κατθανῶν τ' ἂν ὄλετ', ἐκφυγῶν δ' ἔχει  
 τοσοῦτον ἄλγος, οὐ ποτ' οὐ λελήσεται.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

200 ἢ που στενάζει τοισίδ' Ἀδμητος κακοῖς,  
 ἐσθλῆς γυναικὸς εἰ στερηθῆναι σφε χρῆ ;

ΘΕΡΑΠΑΙΝΑ

κλαίει γ' ἄκοιτιν ἐν χεροῖν φίλην ἔχων,  
 καὶ μὴ προδοῦναι λίσσεται, τὰμήχανα  
 ζητῶν· φθίνει γὰρ καὶ μαραίνεται νόσῳ,  
 παρειμένη δέ, χειρὸς ἄθλιον βᾶρος,  
 ὅμως δὲ καίπερ σμικρὸν ἐμπνέουσ' ἔτι

## ALCESTIS

And there, O there she wept, and thus she speaks :  
" O couch, whereon I loosed the maiden zone  
For this man, for whose sake I die to-day,  
Farewell: I hate thee not. Me hast thou slain,  
Me only: loth to fail thee and my lord 180  
I die; but thee another bride shall own,  
Not more true-hearted; happier perchance."  
Then falls thereon, and kisses: all the bed  
Is watered with the flood of melting eyes.  
But having wept her fill of many tears,  
Drooping she goeth, reeling from the couch;  
Yet oft, as forth the bower she passed, returned,  
And flung herself again upon the bed.  
And the babes, clinging to their mother's robes,  
Were weeping; and she clasped them in her  
arms, 190  
Fondling now this, now that, as one death-doomed.  
And all the servants 'neath the roof were weeping,  
Pitying their lady. But to each she stretched  
Her right hand forth; and none there was so  
mean  
To whom she spake not and received reply.  
Such are the ills Admetus' home within.  
Now, had he died, he had ended; but, in 'scaping,  
He bears a pain that he shall ne'er forget.

### CHORUS

Doth not Admetus groan for this affliction  
Of such a noble wife to be bereft? 200

### HANDMAID

Ay, weeps, and clasps his dear one in his arms,  
And prays, "Forsake me not!"—asking the while  
The impossible, for still she wanes and wastes,  
Drooping her hand, a misery-burdened weight;  
But yet, albeit hardly breathing still,

210

βλέψαι πρὸς αὐγὰς βούλεται τὰς ἡλίου,  
ὡς οὐποτ' αὐθις, ἀλλὰ νῦν πανύστατον  
[ἀκτίνα κύκλον θ' ἡλίου προσόψεται.]  
ἀλλ' εἶμι καὶ σὴν ἀγγελῶ παρουσίαν·  
οὐ γάρ τι πάντες εὖ φρονοῦσι κοιράνοις,  
ὥστ' ἐν κακοῖσιν εὐμενεῖς παρεστάναι.  
σὺ δ' εἰ παλαιὸς δεσπότης ἐμοῖς φίλος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ α'

ἰὼ Ζεῦ, τίς ἂν πᾶ πόρος κακῶν  
γένοιτο καὶ λύσις τύχας ἃ πάρεστι κοιράνοις;

ΧΟΡΟΣ β'

ἔξεισί τις ; ἢ τέμω τρίχα,  
καὶ μέλανα στολμὸν πέπλων  
ἀμφιβαλώμεθ' ἤδη ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ γ'

δῆλα μὲν, φίλοι, δῆλά γ', ἀλλ' ὅμως  
θεοῖσιν εὐχώμεσθα· θεῶν  
γὰρ δύναμις μεγίστη.

ΧΟΡΟΣ δ'

220

ὦναξ Παιάν,  
ἔξευρε μηχανάν τιν' Ἀδμήτῳ κακῶν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ ε'

πόριζε δὴ πόριζε· καὶ πάρος γὰρ  
τῷδ' ἐφεῦρες τοῦτο,<sup>1</sup> καὶ νῦν  
λυτήριος ἐκ θανάτου γενοῦ,  
φόνιον δ' ἀπόπαυσον Ἄιδαν.

<sup>1</sup> Hermann : for MSS. τοῦδ' ἐφεῦρες, καὶ νῦν.

## ALCESTIS

To the sun's rays fain would she lift her eyes,  
 As nevermore, but for the last time now  
 Destined to see the sun's beam and his orb.  
 But I will go and make thy presence known :  
 For 'tis not all that love so well their kings  
 As to stand by them, in afflictions loyal.  
 But from of old my lords were loved of thee. [Exit.

210

*[Nine members of the CHORUS chant successively :—*

CHORUS 1

O Zeus, for our lords is there naught but  
 despair?

No path through the tangle of evils, no loosing of  
 chains that have bound them?

CHORUS 2

No tidings?—remaineth but rending of hair,  
 And the stricken ones turned to the tomb with the  
 garments of sorrow around them?

CHORUS 3

Even so—even so! yet uplift we in prayer  
 Our hands to the Gods, for that power from the days  
 everlasting hath crowned them.

CHORUS 4

O Healer-king,  
 Find thou for Admetus the balm of relief, for the  
 captive deliverance!

220

CHORUS 5

Vouchsafe it, vouchsafe it, for heretofore  
 Hast thou found out a way; even now once  
 more

Pluck back our beloved from Hades' door,  
 Strike down Death's hand red-reeking with  
 gore!

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ ς'

παπαῖ φεῦ, παπαῖ φεῦ· ἰὼ ἰώ.  
ὦ παῖ Φέρητος, οἷ' ἔπρα-  
ξας δάμαρτος σᾶς στερεῖς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ ζ'

ἄρ' ἄξια καὶ σφαγᾶς τῆδε,  
καὶ πλέον ἢ βρόχῳ δέρην  
οὐρανίῳ πελάσσαι ;

230

ΧΟΡΟΣ η'

τὰν γὰρ οὐ φίλαν ἀλλὰ φιλτάταν  
γυναῖκα κατθανούσαν εἰν  
ἄματι τῶδ' ἐπόψει.

ΧΟΡΟΣ θ'

ἰδοῦ ἰδοῦ,  
ἦδ' ἐκ δόμων δὴ καὶ πόσις πορεύεται.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

βόασον ὦ, στέναξον, ὦ Φεραία  
χθών, τὰν ἀρίσταν  
γυναῖκα μαραιομένην νόσῳ  
κατὰ γᾶς χθόνιον παρ' Ἰλιδαν.  
οὔποτε φήσω γάμον εὐφραίνειν  
πλέον ἢ λυπεῖν, τοῖς τε πάροισιν  
τεκμαιρόμενος καὶ τάσδε τύχας  
λεύσσω βασιλέως, ὅστις ἀρίστης  
ἀπλακῶν ἀλόχου τῆσδ' ἀβίωτον  
τὸν ἔπειτα χρόνον βιοτεύσει.

240



## ALCESTIS

### CHORUS 6

Woe's me ! woe's me !—let the woe-dirge ring !  
Ah, scion of Pheres, alas for thy lot, for love's long  
severance !

### CHORUS 7

For such things on his sword might a man not fall,  
Or knit up his throat in the noose 'twixt the heaven  
and the earth that quivereth? 230

### CHORUS 8

For his dear one—nay, but his dearest of all  
Shall he see on this day lying dead, while her spirit  
by Lethe shivereth.

### CHORUS 9

O look !—look yonder, where forth of the hall  
She cometh, and he at her side whose life by her  
life she delivereth.

### CHORUS, UNITED

Cry, Land Pheraean, shrill the keen !  
Lift up thy voice to wail thy best  
There dying, and thy queenliest  
Slow wasting to the Gates Unseen !

Tell me not this, that wedlock brings  
To them that wed more bliss than woe  
I look back to the long-ago : 240  
I muse on these unhappiest things.

Lo, here a king—he forfeiteth  
The truest heart, the noblest wife ;  
And what shall be henceforth his life ?  
A darkened day, a living death.

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

Ἄλλιε καὶ φάος ἡμέρας, στρ. α'  
οὐράναιά τε δῖναι νεφέλας δρομαίου.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ὄρα σὲ κάμέ, δύο κακῶς πεπραγότας,  
οὐδὲν θεοὺς δράσαντας ἀνθ' ὅτου θανεῖ.

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

γαῖά τε καὶ μελάθρων στέγαι ἀντ. α'  
ινυμφίδιοί τε κοῖται πατρίας Ἴωλκου.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

250 ἔπαιρε σαυτήν, ὦ τάλαινα, μὴ προδῶς·  
λίσσου δὲ τοὺς κρατοῦντας οἰκτεῖραι θεοὺς.

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ὀρῶ δίκωπον ὀρῶ σκάφος [ἐν λίμνῃ], στρ. β'  
νεκύων δὲ πορθμεὺς  
ἔχων χέρ' ἐπὶ κοντῷ Χάρων  
μ' ἤδη καλεῖ· τί μέλλεις ;  
ἐπείγου· σὺ κατείργεις.  
τάδε τοί με σπερχόμενος ταχύνει.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

οἴμοι, πικράν γε τήνδε μοι ναυκληρίαν  
ἔλεξας. ὦ δύσδαιμον, οἶα πάσχομεν.

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

260 ἄγει μ' ἄγει μέ τις—οὐχ ὀράς ;— ἀντ. β'  
νεκύων ἐς αὐλὰν  
ὑπ' ὀφρύσι κυνανυγέσι

## ALCESTIS

*Enter female attendants supporting ALCESTIS, accompanied  
by ADMETUS and CHILDREN.*

ALCESTIS

O Sun, and the day's dear light, (Str. 1)  
And ye clouds through the wheeling heaven in the  
race everlasting flying!

ADMETUS

He seeth thee and me, two stricken ones,  
Which wrought the Gods no wrong, that thou shouldst  
die.

ALCESTIS

O Land, O stately height (Ant. 1)  
Of mine halls, and my bridal couch in Iolcos my  
fatherland lying!

ADMETUS

Uplift thee, hapless love, forsake me not, 250  
And pray the mighty Gods in ruth to turn.

ALCESTIS

(Str. 2)  
I see the boat with the oars twin-sweeping,  
And, his hand on the pole as in haste aye keeping,  
Charon the Ferryman calleth, "What ho, wilt thou  
linger and linger?  
Hasten,—'tis thou dost delay me!" he crieth with  
beckoning finger.

ADMETUS

Ah me! a bitter ferrying this thou namest!  
O evil-starred, what woes endure we now!

ALCESTIS

(Ant. 2)  
One haleth me—haleth me hence to the mansion  
Of the dead!—dost thou mark not the darkling  
expansion

260

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

βλέπων πτερωτὸς "Αιδας.  
τί ρέξεις; μέθες. οἶαν  
ὄδον ἄ δειλαιοτάτα προβαίνω.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

οἰκτρὰν φίλοισιν, ἐκ δὲ τῶν μάλιστ' ἐμοὶ  
καὶ παισίν, οἷς δὴ πένθος ἐν κοινῷ τόδε.

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

μέθετε μέθετέ μ' ἤδη. ἐπῶδ.  
κλίνατ', οὐ σθένω ποσίν·  
πλησίον "Αιδας·  
σκοτία δ' ἐπ' ὄσσοις νύξ ἐφέρπει.  
270 τέκνα τέκν', οὐκέτι δὴ  
οὐκέτι μάτηρ σφῶν ἔστιν.  
χαίροντες, ὦ τέκνα, τόδε φάος ὀρώτου.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

οἶμοι· τόδ' ἔπος λυπρὸν ἀκούω  
καὶ παντὸς ἐμοὶ θανάτου μεῖζον.  
μὴ πρὸς σε θεῶν τλῆς με προδοῦναι,  
μὴ πρὸς παίδων οὖς ὀρφανεῖς,  
ἀλλ' ἄνα, τόλμα·  
σοῦ γὰρ φθιμένης οὐκέτ' ἂν εἶην·  
ἐν σοὶ δ' ἐσμέν καὶ ζῆν καὶ μή·  
σὴν γὰρ φιλίαν σεβόμεσθα.

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

280 "Αδμηθ', ὀρᾶς γὰρ τὰ μὰ πρίγμαθ' ὡς ἔχει,  
λέξαι θέλω σοι πρὶν θανεῖν ἢ βούλομαι.  
ἐγὼ σε πρεσβεύουσα κἀντὶ τῆς ἐμῆς  
ψυχῆς καταστήσασα φῶς τόδ' εἴσορᾶν,  
θνήσκω, παρόν μοι μὴ θανεῖν ὑπὲρ σέθεν,  
ἀλλ' ἄνδρα τε σχεῖν Θεσσαλῶν ὃν ἤθελον,  
καὶ δῶμα ναίειν ὄλβιον τυραννίδι,

## ALCESTIS

Of the pinions of Hades, the blaze of his eyes 'neath  
their caverns out-glaring?  
What wouldst thou?—Unhand me!—In anguish and  
pain by what path am I faring!

ADMETUS

Woeful to them that love thee: most to me  
And to thy babes, sad sharers in this grief.

ALCESTIS

Let be—let me sink back to rest me: (*Epode*)  
There is no strength left in my feet.  
Hades is near, and the night  
Is darkening down on my sight.  
Darlings, farewell: on the light  
Long may ye look:—I have blessed ye  
Ere your mother to nothingness fleet.

270

ADMETUS

Ah me! for thy word rusheth bitterness o'er me,  
Bitterness passing the anguish of death!  
Forsake me not now, by the Gods I implore thee.  
By the babes thou wilt orphan, O yield not thy  
breath!  
Look up, be of cheer: if thou diest, before me  
Is nothingness. Living, we aye live thine,  
And we die in thy death; for our hearts are a shrine  
Wherein for thy love passing word we adore thee!

ALCESTIS

Admetus,—for thou seest all my plight,—  
Fain would I speak mine heart's wish ere I die.  
I, honouring thee, and setting thee in place  
Before mine own soul still to see this light,  
Am dying, unconstrained to die for thee.  
I might have wed what man Thessalian  
I would, have dwelt wealth-crowned in princely halls;

280

οὐκ ἠθέλησα ζῆν ἀποσπασθεῖσά σου  
 σὺν παισὶν ὀρφανοῖσιν· οὐδ' ἐφεισάμην  
 ἡβης ἔχουσα δῶρ', ἐν οἷς ἕτερπόμεν.  
 290 καίτοι σ' ὁ φύσας χῆ τεκοῦσα προὔδοσαν,  
 καλῶς μὲν αὐτοῖς κατθανεῖν ἦκον βίου,  
 καλῶς δὲ σῶσαι παῖδα κεῦκλεῶς θανεῖν.  
 μόνος γὰρ αὐτοῖς ἦσθα, κοῦτις ἐλπίς ἦν  
 σοῦ κατθανόντος ἄλλα φιτύσειν τέκνα.  
 καὶ γὼ τ' ἂν ἔζων καὶ σὺ τὸν λοιπὸν χρόνον,  
 κούκ ἂν μονωθεῖς σῆς δάμαρτος ἔστενες  
 καὶ παῖδας ὠρφάνευες. ἀλλὰ ταῦτα μὲν  
 θεῶν τις ἐξέπραξεν ὥσθ' οὕτως ἔχειν.  
 εἶεν· σὺ νῦν μοι τῶνδ' ἀπόμνησαι χάριν·  
 300 αἰτήσομαι γάρ σ' ἀξίαν μὲν οὔποτε·  
 ψυχῆς γὰρ οὐδέν ἐστι τιμιώτερον·  
 δίκαια δ', ὡς φήσεις σύ· τούσδε γὰρ φιλεῖς  
 οὐχ ἦσσον ἢ γὼ παῖδας, εἶπερ εὖ φρονεῖς·  
 τούτους ἀνάσχου δεσπότης ἐμῶν δόμων,  
 καὶ μὴ πηγῆμης τοῖσδε μητρυιὰν τέκνοις,  
 ἣτις κακίων οὔσ' ἐμοῦ γυνὴ φθόνῳ  
 τοῖς σοῖσι κάμοις παισὶ χεῖρα προσβαλεῖ.  
 μὴ δῆτα δράσης ταῦτά γ', αἰτουμαί σ' ἐγώ.  
 310 ἐχθρὰ γὰρ ἢ πιούσα μητρυιὰ τέκνοις  
 τοῖς πρόσθ', ἐχίδνης οὐδὲν ἠπιωτέρα.  
 καὶ παῖς μὲν ἄρσην πατέρ' ἔχει πύργον μέγαν,  
 ὃν καὶ προσεῖπε καὶ προσερρήθη πάλιν·  
 σὺ δ', ὦ τέκνον μοι, πῶς κορευθήσει καλῶς ;  
 ποίας τυχοῦσα συζύγου τῷ σῶ πατρί ;  
 μή σοί τιν' αἰσχροὺς προσβαλοῦσα κληδόνα  
 ἡβης ἐν ἀκμῇ σοὺς διαφθεῖρη γάμους.  
 οὐ γάρ σε μήτηρ οὔτε νυμφεύσει ποτέ  
 οὔτ' ἐν τόκοισι τοῖσι σοῖσι θαρσυνεῖ

## ALCESTIS

Yet would not live on, torn away from thee,  
 With orphaned children : wherefore spared I not  
 The gifts of youth still mine, wherein I joyed.  
 Yet she that bare, he that begat, forsook thee, 290  
 Though fair for death their time of life was come,  
 Yea, fair, to save their son and die renowned.  
 Their only one wert thou : no hope there was  
 To get them sons thereafter, hadst thou died.  
 So had I lived, and thou, to after days :  
 Thou wert not groaning, of thy wife bereaved,  
 Thy children motherless. Howbeit this  
 Some God hath brought to pass : it was to be.  
 So be it. Remember thou what thank is due  
 For this,—I never can ask full requital ; 300  
 For naught there is more precious than the life,—  
 And justly due ; for these thy babes thou lovest  
 No less than I, if that thine heart be right.

Suffer that they have lordship in mine home :  
 Wed not a stepdame to supplant our babes,  
 Whose heart shall tell her she is no Alcestis,  
 Whose jealous hand shall smite them, thine and  
 mine.

Do not, ah, do not this—I pray thee, I !  
 For the new stepdame hateth still the babes  
 Of her that's gone with more than viper-venom. 310  
 The boy—his father is his tower of strength  
 To whom to speak, of whom to win reply ;  
 But, O my child, what girlhood will be thine ?  
 To thee what would she be, thy father's yoke-mate ?  
 What if with ill report she smirched thy name,  
 And in thy youth's flower marred thy marriage-  
 hopes ?

For thee thy mother ne'er shall deek for bridal,  
 Nor hearten thee in travail, O my child,

320 παροῦσ', ἴν' οὐδὲν μητρὸς εὐμενέστερον.  
 δεῖ γὰρ θανεῖν με· καὶ τόδ' οὐκ ἐς αὔριον  
 οὐδ' εἰς τρίτην μοι μηνὸς ἔρχεται κακόν,  
 ἀλλ' αὐτίκ' ἐν τοῖς μηκέτ' οὔσι λέξομαι.  
 χαίροντες εὐφραίνοισθε· καὶ σοὶ μὲν, πόσι,  
 γυναῖκ' ἀρίστην ἔστι κομπάσαι λαβεῖν.  
 ὑμῖν δέ, παῖδες, μητρὸς ἐκπεφυκέναι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

θάρσει· πρὸ τούτου γὰρ λέγειν οὐχ ἄξομαι·  
 δράσει τάδ', εἴπερ μὴ φρενῶν ἀμαρτάνει.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

330 ἔσται τάδ' ἔσται, μὴ τρέσης· ἐπεὶ σ' ἐγὼ  
 καὶ ζῶσαν εἶχον καὶ θανοῦσ' ἐμὴ γυνή  
 μόνη κεκλήσει, κοῦτις ἀντὶ σοῦ ποτε  
 τόνδ' ἄνδρα νύμφη Θεσσαλὶς προσφθέγγεται.  
 οὐκ ἔστιν οὕτως οὔτε πατρὸς εὐγενοῦς  
 οὔτ' εἶδος ἄλλως ἐκπρεπεστάτη γυνή.  
 ἄλλῃ δὲ παίδων, τῶνδ' ὄνησιν εὐχομαι  
 θεοῖς γενέσθαι· σοῦ γὰρ οὐκ ὠνήμεθα.  
 οἴσω δὲ πένθος οὐκ ἐτήσιον τὸ σόν,  
 ἀλλ' ἔστ' ἂν αἰὼν οὐμὸς ἀντέχη, γύναι,  
 στυγῶν μὲν ἢ μ' ἔτικτεν, ἐχθαίρων δ' ἐμὸν  
 340 πατέρα· λόγῳ γὰρ ἦσαν οὐκ ἔργῳ φίλοι.  
 σὺ δ' ἀντιδοῦσα τῆς ἐμῆς τὰ φίλτατα  
 ψυχῆς ἔσωσας. ἄρά μοι στένειν πάρα  
 τοιαῦσδ' ἀμαρτάνονται συζύγου σέθεν·  
 παύσω δὲ κώμους συμποτῶν θ' ὁμιλίας  
 στεφάνους τε μουσῶν θ' ἢ κατεῖχ' ἐμοὺς δόμους.  
 οὐ γάρ ποτ' οὔτ' ἂν βαρβίτου θίγοιμ' ἔτι  
 οὔτ' ἂν φρέν' ἐξαίροιμι πρὸς Λίβυν λακεῖν  
 αὐλόν· σὺ γάρ μου τέρψιν ἐξείλου βίου.  
 σοφῆ δὲ χειρὶ τεκτόνων δέμας τὸ σόν



## ALCESTIS

There, where naught gentler than the mother is.  
 For I must die; nor shall it be to morn, 320  
 Nor on the third day comes on me this doom:  
 Straightway of them that are not shall I be.  
 Farewell, be happy. Now for thee, my lord,  
 Abides the boast to have won the noblest wife,  
 For you, my babes, to have sprung from noblest  
 mother.

## CHORUS

Fear not; for I am bold to speak for him:  
 This will he do, an if he be not mad.

## ADMETUS

It shall, it shall be, fear not: thou alone  
 Living wast mine; and dead, mine only wife 330  
 Shalt thou be called: nor ever in thy stead  
 Shall bride Thessalian hail me as her lord.  
 None is there of a father so high-born,  
 None so for beauty peerless among women.  
 Children enough have I: I pray the Gods  
 For joy in thee — lost is our joy in thee!  
 Not for a year's space will I mourn for thee,  
 But long as this my life shall last, dear wife,  
 Loathing my mother, hating mine own sire,  
 For in word only, not in deed, they loved me. 340  
 Thou gav'st in ransom for my life thine all  
 Of precious, and didst save. Do I not well  
 To groan, who lose such yokefellow in thee?  
 Revels shall cease, and gatherings at the wine,  
 Garlands, and song, which wont to fill mine house.  
 No, never more mine hand shall touch the lyre:  
 Nor will I lift up heart to sing to flute  
 Of Libya: stolen is life's joy with thee.  
 Fashioned by craftsmen's cunning hands, thy form

350 εἰκασθὲν ἐν λέκτροισιν ἐκταθήσεται,  
 ὧ̄ προσπεσοῦμαι καὶ περιπτύσσων χέρας  
 ὄνομα καλῶν σὸν τὴν φίλην ἐν ἀγκύλαις  
 δόξω γυναῖκα καίπερ οὐκ ἔχων ἔχειν,  
 ψυχρὰν μὲν, οἶμαι, τέρψιν, ἀλλ' ὅμως βάρος  
 ψυχῆς ἀπαντλοίην ἄν· ἐν δ' ὀνείρασι  
 φοιτῶσά μ' εὐφραίνοις ἄν ἠδὺ γὰρ φίλους  
 καὶν νυκτὶ λεύσσειν, ὄντιν ἄν παρῆ χρόνον.  
 εἰ δ' Ὀρφέως μοι γλῶσσα καὶ μέλος παρῆν,  
 ὥστ' ἡ κόρην Δήμητρος ἠ̄ κείνης πόσιν  
 ὕμνοισι κηλήσαντά σ' ἐξ Ἰλίδου λαβεῖν,  
 360 κατηλθον ἄν, καί μ' οὔθ' ὁ Πλούτωνος κύων  
 οὔθ' οὐπὶ κώπη ψυχοπομπὸς ἄν Χάρων  
 ἔσχον, πρὶν εἰς φῶς σὸν καταστήσαι βίον.  
 ἰλλ' οὖν ἐκεῖσε προσδόκα μ', ὅταν θάνω,  
 καὶ δῶμ' ἐτοίμαζ', ὡς συνοικήσουσά μοι.  
 ἐν ταῖσιν αὐταῖς γάρ μ' ἐπισκήψω κέδροις  
 σοὶ τούσδε θεῖναι πλευρά τ' ἐκτεῖναι πέλας  
 πλευροῖσι τοῖς σοῖς· μηδὲ γὰρ θανὼν ποτε  
 σοῦ χωρὶς εἶην τῆς μόνης πιστῆς ἐμοί.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

370 καὶ μὴν ἐγὼ σοι πένθος ὡς φίλος φίλω  
 λυπρὸν συνοίσω τῆσδε· καὶ γὰρ ἄξια.

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ὦ παῖδες, αὐτοὶ δὴ τάδ' εἰσηκούσατε  
 πατρὸς λέγοντος μὴ γαμῖν ἄλλην τινα  
 γυναῖκ' ἐφ' ὑμῖν μηδ' ἀτιμάσειν ἐμέ.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

καὶ νῦν γέ φημι, καὶ τελευτήσω τάδε.

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ἐπὶ τοῖσδε παῖδας χειρὸς ἐξ ἐμῆς δέχου.

## ALCESTIS

Imaged, shall lie as sleeping on a bed,  
 Falling whereon, and clasping with mine hands, 350  
 Calling thy name, in fancy shall mine arms  
 Hold my beloved, though I hold her not:—  
 A drear delight, I wot: yet shall I lift  
 The burden from my soul. In dreams shalt thou  
 Haunt me and gladden: sweet to see the loved,  
 Though but as fleeting phantoms of the night.

But, were the tongue and strain of Orpheus mine,  
 To witch Demeter's Daughter and her lord,  
 And out of Hades by my song to win thee,  
 I had fared down; nor Pluto's Hound had stayed 360  
 me,  
 Nor Spirit waster Charon at the oar,  
 Or ever I restored thy life to light.

Yet there look thou for me, whenso I die:  
 Prepare a home, as who shall dwell with me.  
 For in the selfsame cedar chest, wherein  
 Thou liest, will I bid them lay my bones  
 At thy side: never, not in death, from thee,  
 My one true loyal love, may I be sundered!

### CHORUS

Yea, I withal will mourn, as friend with friend,  
 With thee for this thy wife, for she is worthy. 370

### ALCESTIS

My children, ye yourselves have heard all this,  
 Have heard your father pledge him ne'er to wed  
 For your oppression and for my dishonour.

### ADMETUS

Yea, now I say it, and I will perform.

### ALCESTIS

On these terms take the children from mine hand.

## ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

δέχομαι φίλον γε δῶρον ἐκ φίλης χερός.

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

σὺ νῦν γενοῦ τοῖσδ' ἀντ' ἐμοῦ μήτηρ τέκνοις.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

πολλή μ' ἀνάγκη, σοῦ γ' ἀπεστερημένοις.

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ὦ τέκν', ὅτε ζῆν χρῆν μ', ἀπέρχομαι κάτω.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

380

οἴμοι, τί δράσω δῆτα σοῦ μονούμενος ;

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

χρόνος μαλάξει σ'· οὐδέν ἐσθ' ὁ κατθανών.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ἄγου με σὺν σοί, πρὸς θεῶν, ἄγου κάτω.

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ἀρκοῦμεν ἡμεῖς οἱ προθνήσκοντες σέθεν.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ὦ δαῖμον, οἴας συζύγου μ' ἀποστερεῖς.

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

καὶ μὴν σκοτεινὸν ὄμμα μου βαρύνεται.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ἀπωλόμην ἄρ', εἴ με δὴ λείψεις, γύναι.

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ὡς οὐκέτ' οὔσαν οὐδέν ἂν λέγοις ἐμέ.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ὄρθου πρόσωπον, μὴ λίπης παιῖδας σέθεν.

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

οὐ δῆθ' ἐκούσά γ', ἀλλὰ χαίрет', ὦ τέκνα.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

βλέψον πρὸς αὐτοὺς βλέψον.

## ALCESTIS

ADMETUS

I take them—precious gift from precious hand.

ALCESTIS

Thou in my stead be a mother now to these.

ADMETUS

I must, I must—they are bereft of thee!

ALCESTIS

Darlings, when most I need to live, I die.

ADMETUS

Ah me!—what shall I do, forlorn of thee?

380

ALCESTIS

Thy wound shall time heal :—nothingness are the  
dead.

ADMETUS

Take me, ah take me with thee to the grave!

ALCESTIS

Suffice it that one dies—she dies for thee.

ADMETUS

O Fate, of what a wife dost thou bereave me!

ALCESTIS

Dark—dark—mine eyes are drooping, heavy-laden.

ADMETUS

Oh, I am lost if thou wilt leave me, wife!

ALCESTIS

No more—I am no more : as naught account me.

ADMETUS

Uplift thy face : forsake not thine own children!

ALCESTIS

Sore loth do I—yet O farewell, my babes!

ADMETUS

Look on them—look!

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

οὐδέν εἰμ' ἔτι.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

τί δρᾶς ; προλείπεις ;

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

χαῖρ'.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ἀπωλόμην τάλας.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

βέβηκεν, οὐκέτ' ἔστιν Ἀδμήτου γυνή.

ΕΤΜΗΛΟΣ

ἰὼ μοι τύχας. μαῖα δὴ κάτω

στρ.

βέβακεν, οὐκέτ' ἔστιν, ὦ

πάτερ, ὑφ' ἀλίφ.

προλιπούσα δ' ἀμὸν βίον

ὠρφάνισεν τλάμων.

ἴδε γὰρ ἴδε βλέφαρον

καὶ παρατόνους χέρας.

400

ὑπάκουσον ἄκουσον, ὦ μᾶτερ, ἀντιάζω

σ' ἐγώ, μᾶτερ, ἐγὼ

\* \* καλοῦμαί σ' ὁ

σὸς ποτὶ σοῖσι πίτνων στόμασιν νεοσσός.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

τὴν οὐ κλύουσαν οὐδ' ὀρώσαν· ὥστ' ἐγὼ

καὶ σφὼ βαρεία συμφορᾷ πεπλήγμεθα.

ΕΤΜΗΛΟΣ

νέος ἐγώ, πάτερ, λείπομαι φίλας

ἀντ.

μονόστολός τε ματρός· ὦ

σχέτλια δὴ παθὼν

## ALCESTIS

ALCESTIS

Nothing am I henceforth. 390

ADMETUS

Ah, leav'st thou us?

ALCESTIS

Farewell. [*Dies.*]

ADMETUS

O wretch undone!

CHORUS

Gone,—gone! No more she lives, Admetus' wife!

EUMELUS

*(Str.)*

Woe for my lot!—to the tomb hath my mother descended, descended! [the sun

Never again, O my father, she seeth the light of  
In anguish she leaves us forsaken: the story is  
ended, is ended, [motherless life is begun.Of her sheltering love, and the tale of the  
Look—look on her eyelids, her hands drooping nerve-  
less! O hear me, O hear me!

400

It is I—I beseech thee, my mother!—thine own  
little, own little bird! [me, so near me;  
It is I—O, I cast me upon thee—thy lips are so near  
Unto mine am I pressing them, mother!—I plead  
for a word—but a word!

ADMETUS

With her who heareth not, nor seeth: ye  
And I are stricken with a heavy doom.

EUMELUS

*(Ant.)*And I am but a little one, father—so young, and for-  
saken, forsaken, [shall be mine!  
Forlorn of my mother—O hapless! a weariful lot

439

410 ἐγὼ ἔργα \* \* σύ τε,  
 σύγκασι μοι κούρα,  
 \* \* \* \* \* συνέτλας·  
 \* \* \* \* \* ὦ πάτερ.  
 ἀνόνατ' ἀνόνατ' ἐνύμφευσας, οὐδὲ γήρως  
 ἔβας τέλος σὺν τᾷδ'·  
 ἔφθιτο γὰρ πάρος,  
 οἰχομένας δὲ σοῦ, μᾶτερ, ὄλωλεν οἶκος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

Ἄδμητ', ἀνάγκη τάσδε συμφορὰς φέρειν·  
 οὐ γάρ τι πρῶτος οὐδὲ λοίσθιος βροτῶν  
 γυναικὸς ἐσθλῆς ἤμπλακες· γίγνωσκε δὲ  
 ὡς πᾶσιν ἡμῖν καταθανεῖν ὀφείλεται.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

420 ἐπίσταμαί γε, κούκ ἄφνω κακὸν τόδε  
 προσέπτατ'· εἰδὼς δ' αὐτ' ἔτειρόμην πάλαι.  
 ἀλλ', ἐκφορὰν γὰρ τοῦδε θήσομαι νεκροῦ,  
 πάρεστε καὶ μένοντες ἀντηχήσατε  
 παιᾶνα τῷ κάτωθεν ἀσπόνδῳ θεῷ.  
 πᾶσιν δὲ Θεσσαλοῖσιν ὧν ἐγὼ κρατῶ  
 πένθους γυναικὸς τῆσδε κοινοῦσθαι λέγω  
 κουρᾷ ξυρήκει καὶ μελαμπέπλῳ στολῇ.  
 τέθριππά θ' οἱ ζεύγυσθε καὶ μονάμπυκας  
 πώλους, σιδήρῳ τέμνετ' αὐχένων φόβην.  
 430 αὐλῶν δὲ μὴ κατ' ἄστνυ, μὴ λύρας κτύπος  
 ἔστω σελήνας δώδεκ' ἐκπληρουμένας·  
 οὐ γάρ τιν' ἄλλον φίλτερον θάψω νεκρὸν  
 τοῦδ' οὐδ' ἀμείνον' εἰς ἔμ'· ἀξία δέ μοι  
 τιμῆς, ἐπεὶ τέθνηκεν ἀντ' ἐμοῦ μόνη.



## ALCESTIS

And thou, little maiden, my sister, the burden hast  
taken, hast taken,

Which thy brother may bear not alone, and a  
weariful lot shall be thine. 410

O father, of long-living love was thy marriage un-  
cherished, uncherished :

Thou hast won not the goal of old age with the  
love of thy youth at thy side ;

For, or ever she came to the fulness of days, she hath  
perished, hath perished ;

And the home is a wreck and a ruin, for thou, O my  
mother, hast died !

### CHORUS

Admetus, this affliction must thou bear.

Not first of mortals thou, nor thou the last

Hast lost a noble wife ; and, be thou sure,

From us, from all, this debt is due—to die.

### ADMETUS

I know it : nowise unforeseen this ill 420

Hath swooped on me : long anguished I foreknew it.

But—for to burial must I bear my dead—

Stay ye, and, tarrying, echo back my wail

To that dark God whom no drink offerings move.

And all Thessalians over whom I rule

I bid take part in mourning for this woman

With shaven head and sable-shrouding robe,

And ye which yoke the cars four-horsed, or steeds

Of single frontlet, shear with steel their manes.

Music of flutes the city through, or lyres, 430

Be none, while twelve moons round their circles out :

For dearer dead, or kinder unto me

I shall not bury : worthy of mine honour

Is she, for she alone hath died for me.

*[Exit with attendants bearing in the corpse.]*

ὦ Πελίου θύγατερ, στρ. α'  
 χαίρουσά μοι εἰν Ἴδιαν δόμοισιν  
 τὸν ἀνάλιον οἶκον οἰκετεύοις.  
 ἴστω δ' Ἰδίας ὁ μελαγχαίτας θεὸς ὅς τ' ἐπὶ κώπα  
 440 πηδαλίῳ τε γέρων  
 νεκροπομπὸς ἴζει,  
 πολὺ δὴ πολὺ δὴ γυναικ' ἀρίσταν  
 λίμναν Ἀχεροντίαν πορεύ-  
 σας ἐλάτα δικώπῳ.

πολλά σε μουσοπόλοιο ἀντ. α'  
 μέλψουσι καθ' ἐπτάτονον τ' ὀρείαν  
 χέλυν ἔν τ' ἄλυροις κλέοντες ὕμνοις,  
 Σπάρτα κύκλος ἰνίκα Καρνείου περινίσσεται ὥρας  
 450 μηνός, ἀειρομένας  
 παννύχον σελάνας,  
 λιπαραῖσί τ' ἐν ὀλβίαις Ἀθήναις.  
 τοίαν ἔλιπες θανοῦσα μολ-  
 πὰν μελέων ἀοιδοῖς.

εἴθ' ἐπ' ἐμοὶ μὲν εἴη, στρ. β'  
 δυναίμαν δέ σε πέμψαι  
 φάος ἐξ Ἰδίας τεράμνων  
 Κωκυτοῦ τε ῥεέθρων  
 ποταμῖα νερτέρῳ τε κώπα.  
 460 σὺ γάρ, ὦ μόνα, ὦ φίλα γυναικῶν,  
 σὺ τὸν αὐτᾶς  
 ἔτλας πόσιν ἀντὶ σᾶς ἀμείψαι  
 ψυχᾶς ἐξ Ἰδίας. κούφα σοι  
 χθῶν ἐπάνωθε πέσοι, γύναι. εἰ δέ τι  
 καινὸν ἔλοιτο λέχος πόσις, ἢ μάλ' ἂν ἔμοιγ' ἂν εἴη  
 στυγηθεῖς τέκνοις τε τοῖς σοῖς.

# ALCESTIS

## CHORUS

O Pelias' daughter, I hail thee : (Str. 1)

I wave thee eternal farewell

To thine home where the darkness must veil thee,

Where in Hades unsunned thou shalt dwell.

Know, Dark-haired, thy grey Spirit-wafter

Hath sped not with twy-plashing oar 440

Woman nobler, nor shall speed hereafter

To Acheron's shore.

For the seven-stringed shell, or for psalm (Ant. 1)

Unharped, shall thy fame be a song,

When o'er Sparta the moon Carnean

High rideth the whole night long. 440

And in Athens the wealthy and splendid

Shall thy name on her bards' lips ring ;

Such a theme hast thou left to be blended

With the lays that they sing.

O that the power were but in me, (Str. 2)

From the chambers of Hades, to light,

And from streams of Cocytus, to win thee

With the oar of the River of Night !

O dear among women, strong-hearted 460

From Hades to ransom thy lord !

Never spirit in such wise departed.

Light lie on thee, Lady, the sword !

And, if ever thine husband shall mate him

Again with a bride in thy stead,

I will loathe him, his children shall hate him,

The babes of the dead.

ματέρος οὐ θελούσας  
πρὸ παιδὸς χθονὶ κρύψαι  
δέμας, οὐδὲ πατρὸς γεραιοῦ,

\* \* \* \* \*

ὄν ἔτεκον δ', οὐκ ἔτλαν ῥύεσθαι  
470 σχετλίῳ, πολιὰν ἔχοιτε χαίταν.  
σὺ δ' ἐν ἡβᾷ  
νέα προθανοῦσα φωτὸς οἶχει.  
τοιαύτας εἶη μοι κῦρσαι  
συνδνάδος φιλίας ἀλόχου· τοῦτο γὰρ  
ἐν βιότῳ σπάνιον μέρος· ἦ γὰρ ἂν ἔμοιγ' ἄλυπος  
δι' αἰῶνος ἂν ξυνείη.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

ξένοι, Φεραίας τῆσδε κωμῆται χθονός,  
Ἄδμητον ἐν δόμοισιν ἄρα κιγχάνω ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἔστ' ἐν δόμοισι παῖς Φέρητος, Ἡράκλεις.  
ἀλλ' εἰπὲ χρεῖα τίς σε Θεσσαλῶν χθόνα  
480 πέμπει, Φεραῖον ἄστυ προσβῆναι τόδε.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

Τιρυνθίῳ πρίσσω τίν' Εὐρυσθεῖ πόνον.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ ποῖ πορεύει ; τῷ προσέξενξαι πλάνῳ ;

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

Θρηκὸς τέτρωρον ἄρμα Διομήδους μέτα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πῶς οὖν δυνήσει ; μῶν ἄπειρος εἰ ξένου ;

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

ἄπειρος· οὐπω Βιστόνων ἦλθον χθόνα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐκ ἔστιν ἵππων δεσπόσαι σ' ἄνευ μάχης.

## ALCESTIS

When his mother would not be contented (*Ant.* 2)  
 To hide her for him in the tomb,  
 Nor his grey-haired father consented,  
 Unholpen he looked on his doom. [not,  
 Whom they bare—the hard-hearted!—they cared  
 Though hoary their locks were, to save! 470  
 Thou art gone, for thy great love spared not  
 Thy bloom of youth from the grave.  
 Ah, may it be mine, such communion  
 Of hearts!—'tis vouchsafed unto few:—  
 Then ours should be sorrowless union  
 Our life-days through.

*Enter HERCULES.*

HERCULES

Strangers, who dwell in this Pheraean land,  
 Say, do I find Admetus in his home?

CHORUS

Hereules, in his home is Pheres' son.  
 Yet say, what brings thee to Thesalian land,  
 That thou shouldst come to this Pheraean town? 480

HERCULES

A toil for King Eurystheus, lord of Tiryns.

CHORUS

And whither journeyest? To what wanderings  
 yoked?

HERCULES

For Thraecian Diomedes' four-horsed car.

CHORUS

How canst thou? Sure he is unknown to thee!

HERCULES

Unknown: Bistonian land I never saw.

CHORUS

Not save by battle may those steeds be won.

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

ἀλλ' οὐδ' ἀπειπεῖν τοὺς πόνοὺς οἶόν τ' ἐμοί.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

κτανῶν ἄρ' ἤξεις ἢ θανῶν αὐτοῦ μειεῖς.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

οὐ τόνδ' ἀγῶνα πρῶτον ἂν δράμοιμ' ἐγώ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

490

τί δ' ἂν κρατήσας δεσπότην πλέον λύβοις ;

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

πῶλους ἀπάξω κοιρίνω Τυρυνθίω.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐκ εὐμαρὲς χαλινὸν ἐμβαλεῖν γνάθοις.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

εἰ μή γε πῦρ πνέουσι μυκτήρων ἄπο.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀλλ' ἄνδρας ἀρταμοῦσι λαιψηραῖς γνύθοις.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

θηρῶν ὀρείων χόρτον, οὐχ ἵππων λέγεις.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

φάτνας ἴδοις ἂν αἵμασιν πεφυρμένας.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

τίνος δ' ὁ θρέψας παῖς πατρὸς κομπάζεται ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

Ἄρεος, ζαχρύσου Θρηκίης πέλτης ἄναξ.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

500

καὶ τόνδε τοῦμοῦ δαίμονος πόνον λέγεις,  
σκληρὸς γὰρ αἰεὶ καὶ πρὸς αἶπος ἔρχεται,  
εἰ χρή με παισὶν οὗς Ἄρης ἐγείνατο  
μίχην συνίψαι, πρῶτα μὲν Λυκάοι,  
αὐθις δὲ Κύκνω, τόνδε δ' ἔρχομαι τρίτον  
ἀγῶνα πῶλοις δεσπότη τε συμβαλῶν.

## ALCESTIS

HERCULES

Yet flinch I may not from the appointed toils.

CHORUS

Thy life or his—a triumph or a grave.

HERCULES

Not this the first time I have run such course.

CHORUS

What profit is it if thou slay their lord?

400

HERCULES

Those steeds shall I drive back to 'Tiryns' king.

CHORUS

Hard task, to set the bit betwixt their jaws.

HERCULES

That shall I, if their nostrils breathe not fire.

CHORUS

Yea, but with ravening jaws do they rend men.

HERCULES

Go to—thus mountain-wolves, not horses, feast.

CHORUS

Nay, thou canst see their crib be prent with gore.

HERCULES

Whom boasteth he for father, he that reared them?

CHORUS

Ares, the lord of Thracia's golden shields.

HERCULES

Thou say'st: such toil my fate imposeth still,

Harsh evermore, uphillward straining aye,

500

If I must still in battle close with sons

Gotten of Ares; with Lyeaon first,

And Cyenus then; and lo, I come to grapple—

The third strife this—with yon steeds and their lord.

447

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ἀλλ' οὔτις ἔστιν ὃς τὸν Ἀλκμήνης γόνου  
τρέσαντα χεῖρα πολεμίαν ποτ' ὄψεται.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ μὴν ὄδ' αὐτὸς τῆσδε κοίρανος χθονὸς  
Ἄδμητος ἔξω δωμάτων πορεύεται.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

χαῖρ', ὦ Διὸς παῖ Περσέως τ' ἀφ' αἵματος.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

Ἄδμητε, καὶ σὺ χαῖρε, Θεσσαλῶν ἄναξ.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

θέλοιμ' ἄν· εὖνουν δ' ὄντα σ' ἐξεπίσταμαι.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

τί χρῆμα κουρᾷ τῆδε πευθίμῳ πρέπεις;

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

θάπτειν τιν' ἐν τῆδ' ἡμέρᾳ μέλλω νεκρόν.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

ἀπ' οὖν τέκνων σῶν πημονὴν εἴργοι θεός.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ζῶσιν κατ' οἶκουσ παῖδες οὓς ἔφυσ' ἐγώ.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

πατήρ γε μὴν ὠραῖος, εἴπερ οἴχεται.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

καὶ κείνος ἔστι χῆ τεκούσά μ', Ἡράκλεις.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

οὐ μὴν γυνὴ γ' ὄλωλεν Ἄλκηστις σέθεν;

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

διπλοῦς ἐπ' αὐτῇ μῦθος ἔστι μοι λέγειν.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

πότερα θανούσης εἶπας ἢ ζώσης πέρι;

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ἔστιν τε κούκέτ' ἔστιν, ἀλγύνει δέ με.

510

520



## ALCESTIS

But the man lives not who shall ever see  
Alcmena's son flinch from a foeman's hand.

CHORUS

Lo, there himself, the ruler of the realm,  
Admetus, cometh forth his palace-hall.

*Enter* ADMETUS.

ADMETUS

Joy to thee, sprung from Zeus' and Perseus' blood!

HERCULES

Admetus, joy to thee, Thessalia's king!

510

ADMETUS (*aside*)

*Joy* ?—would 'twere mine! (*aloud*) Thanks!—thy  
good heart I know.

HERCULES

Wherefore for mourning shaven show'st thou thus?

ADMETUS

This day must I commit to earth a corpse.

HERCULES

Now heaven forbend thou mourn'st for children dead!

ADMETUS

In mine home live the babes whom I begat.

HERCULES

Sooth, death-ripe were thy sire, if he be gone.

ADMETUS

He liveth, and my mother, Hercules.

HERCULES

Surely, O surely, not thy wife, Admetus?

ADMETUS

Twofold must be mine answer touching her.

HERCULES

Or hath she died, say'st thou, or liveth yet?

520

ADMETUS

She is, and she is not: here lies my grief.

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

οὐδέν τι μάλλον οἶδ' ἄσημα γὰρ λέγεις.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

οὐκ οἶσθα μοίρας ἧς τυχεῖν αὐτὴν χρεῶν;

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

οἶδ' ἀντὶ σοῦ γε κατθανεῖν ὑφειμένην.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

πῶς οὖν ἔτ' ἔστιν, εἶπερ ἤνεσεν τάδε;

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

ἄ, μὴ πρόκλαι' ἄκοιτιν, εἰς τόδ' ἀμβαλοῦ.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

τέθνηχ' ὁ μέλλων, κούκέτ' ἔσθ' ὁ κατθανών.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

χωρὶς τό τ' εἶναι καὶ τὸ μὴ νομίζεται.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

σὺ τῆδε κρίνεις, Ἡράκλεις, κείνη δ' ἐγώ.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

530 τί δῆτα κλαίεις; τίς φίλων ὁ κατθανών;

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

γυνή· γυναικὸς ἀρτίως μεμνήμεθα.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

ὀθνεῖος ἢ σοὶ συγγεινῆς γεγῶσά τις;

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ὀθνεῖος, ἄλλως δ' ἦν ἀναγκαία δόμοις.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

πῶς οὖν ἐν οἴκοις σοῖσιν ὤλεσεν βίον;

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

πατρὸς θανόντος ἐνθάδ' ὠρφανεύετο.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

φεῦ.

εἶθ' ἠϋρομέν σ', Ἄδμητε, μὴ λυπούμενον.

## ALCESTIS

HERCULES

Nothing the more I know : dark sayings thine.

ADMETUS

Know'st not the fate to which she is foredoomed ?

HERCULES

I know she pledged herself to die for thee.

ADMETUS

How lives she then, if she to this consented ?

HERCULES

Mourn not thy wife ere dead : abide the hour.

ADMETUS

One doomed is dead ; the dead hath ceased to be.

HERCULES

Diverse are these—to be and not to be.

ADMETUS

This, Hercules, thy sentence : that is mine.

HERCULES

But now, why weep'st thou ? What dear friend is  
dead ?

530

ADMETUS

A woman—hers the memory we mourn.

HERCULES

Some stranger born, or nigh of kin to thee ?

ADMETUS

A stranger born : yet near and dear to us.

HERCULES

How died a stranger then in house of thine ?

ADMETUS

An orphan here she dwelt, her father dead.

HERCULES

Would I had found thee mourning not, Admetus.

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ὡς δὴ τί δράσων τόνδ' ὑπορράπτεις λόγον;

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

ξένων πρὸς ἄλλων ἐστίαν πορεύσομαι.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

οὐκ ἔστιν, ὦναξ· μὴ τοσόνδ' ἔλθοι κακόν.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

540 λυπουμενοῖς ὀχληρὸς, εἰ μόλοι, ξένος.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

τεθνήσκειν οἱ θανόντες· ἀλλ' ἴθ' εἰς δόμους.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

αἰσχρὸν παρὰ κλαίουσι θοινᾶσθαι φίλοις.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

χωρὶς ξενῶνές εἰσιν οἱ σ' ἐσάξομεν.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

μέθεες με, καί σοι μυρίαν ἔξω χάριν.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

οὐκ ἔστιν ἄλλου σ' ἀνδρὸς ἐστίαν μολεῖν.

ἡγοῦ σὺ τῶδε δωμάτων ἐξωπίους

ξενῶνας οἴξας, τοῖς τ' ἐφειστώσιν φράσον

σίτων παρεῖναι πλήθος· ἐν δὲ κλήσατε

θύρας μεσαύλους· οὐ πρόπει θοινωμένους

550 κλύειν στεναγμῶν οὐδὲ λυπεῖσθαι ξένους.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τί δρᾶς; τοιαύτης συμφορᾶς προσκειμένης,

Ἄδμητε, τολμᾶς ξενοδοκεῖν; τί μῶρος εἶ;

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ἀλλ' εἰ δόμων σφε καὶ πόλεως ἀπήλασα

ξένον μολόντα, μᾶλλον ἂν μ' ἐπήνεσας;

οὐ δῆτ', ἐπεὶ μοι συμφορὰ μὲν οὐδὲν ἂν

μείων ἐγίγνετ', ἀξενώτερος δ' ἐγώ.

## ALCESTIS

ADMETUS

Ay so?—what purpose lurketh 'neath thy word?

HERCULES

On will I to another host's hearth-welcome.

ADMETUS

It cannot be: may no such grief befall!

HERCULES

A burden unto mourners comes the guest.

540

ADMETUS

Dead are the dead:—but enter thou mine house.

HERCULES

'Twere shame to banquet in the house of weeping.

ADMETUS

Aloof the guest-halls are where we will lodge thee.

HERCULES

Let me pass on: so earn my thanks untold.

ADMETUS

Unto another's hearth thou canst not go.

[*To an attendant*] Ho thou, lead on: open the guest-halls looking

Away from these our chambers. Tell my stewards  
To set on meat in plenty. Shut withal

The mid-court doors: it fits not that the guests,  
The while they feast, hear wailings, and be vexed.

550

[*Exit HERCULES.*]

CHORUS

What dost thou?—such affliction at the door,  
And guests for thee, Admetus? Art thou mad?

ADMETUS

But had I driven him from my home and city  
Who came my guest, then hadst thou praised me more?  
Nay, verily: mine affliction so had grown  
No less, and more inhospitable were I!

καὶ πρὸς κακοῖσιν ἄλλο τοῦτ' ἂν ἦν κακόν,  
 δόμους καλεῖσθαι τοὺς ἐμοὺς κακοξένους.  
 αὐτὸς δ' ἀρίστου τοῦδε τυγχάνω ξένου,  
 560 ὅταν ποτ' Ἄργους διψίαν ἔλθω χθόνα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πῶς οὖν ἔκρυπτες τὸν παρόντα δαίμονα,  
 φίλου μολόντος ἀνδρός, ὡς αὐτὸς λέγεις ;

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

οὐκ ἂν ποτ' ἠθέλησεν εἰσελθεῖν δόμους,  
 εἰ τῶν ἐμῶν τι πημάτων ἐγνώρισε.  
 καὶ τῷ μέν, οἶμαι, δρῶν τάδ' οὐ φρονεῖν δοκῶ,  
 οὐδ' αἰνέσει με· τὰμὰ δ' οὐκ ἐπίσταται  
 μέλαθρ' ἀπωθεῖν οὐδ' ἀτιμάζειν ξένους.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

στρ. α'

ὦ πολύξεινος καὶ ἐλεύθερος ἀνδρὸς αἰεὶ ποτ' οἶκος,  
 σέ τοι καὶ ὁ Πύθιος εὐλύρας Ἀπόλλων  
 570 ἠξίωσε ναίειν,  
 ἔτλα δὲ σοῖσι μηλονόμας  
 ἐν δόμοις γενέσθαι,  
 δοχμῶν διὰ κλιτύων  
 βοσκήμασι σοῖσι συρίζων  
 ποιμίτας ὑμεναίους.

ἀντ. α'

σὺν δ' ἐποιμαίνοντο χαρᾷ μελέων βαλῖαι τε λύγκες,  
 ἔβα δὲ λιποῦσ' Ὀθρυος κίπαν λεόντων  
 580 ἠ δαφεινὸς Ἴλα·  
 χόρευσε δ' ἀμφὶ σὰν κιθάραν,  
 Φοῖβε, ποικιλόθριξ  
 νεβρὸς ὑψικόμων πέραν  
 βαίνουσ' ἐλατῶν σφυρῶ κούφω,  
 χαίρουσ' εὐφροσι μολπᾷ.

## ALCESTIS

And to mine ills were added this beside,  
That this my home were called "Guest-hating Hall."  
Yea, and myself have proved him kindest host  
Whene'er to Argos' thirsty plain I fared.

560

### CHORUS

Why hide then the dread Presence in the house,  
When came a friend? Thyself hast named him friend.

### ADMETUS

Never had he been won to pass my doors,  
Had he one whit of mine affliction known.  
To some, I wot, not wise herein I seem,  
Nor will such praise: but mine halls have not learnt  
To thrust away nor to dishonour guests.

### CHORUS

(Str. 1)

Halls thronged of the guests ever welcome, O  
dwelling

Of a hero, for ever the home of the free,  
The Lord of the lyre-strings sweet beyond telling, 570  
Apollo, hath deigned to sojourn in thee.  
Amid thine habitations, a shepherd of sheep,  
The flocks of Admetus he scorned not to keep,  
While the shepherds' bridal strains, soft-swelling  
From his pipe, pealed over the slant-sloped lea.

(Ant. 1)

And the spotted lynxes for joy of thy singing  
Mixed with thy flocks; and from Othrys' dell 580  
Trooped tawny lions: the witchery-winged  
Notes brought dancing around thy shell,  
Phoebus, the dappled fawn from the shadow  
Of the tall-tressed pines tripping forth to the meadow,  
Beating time to the chime of the rapture-ringing  
Music, with light feet tranced by its spell.

455

590 τοιγὰρ πολυμηλοτάταν στρ. β'  
 ἐστίαν οἰκεῖ παρὰ καλλίναον  
 Βοιβίαν λίμναν· ἀρότοις δὲ γυνᾶν  
 καὶ πεδίων δαπέδοις  
 ὄρον ἀμφὶ μὲν ἀελίου κνεφαίαν  
 ἰππόστασιν αἰθέρα τὰν Μολοσσῶν [ὀρέων] τίθεται,  
 πόντιον δ' Λιγαίων' ἐπ' ἀκτὰν  
 ἀλίμενον Πηλίου κρατύνει.

600 καὶ νῦν δόμον ἀμπετάσας ἀντ. β'  
 δέξατο ξείνου νοτερῷ βλεφάρῳ,  
 τᾶς φίλας κλαίων ἀλόχου νέκυν ἐν  
 δώμασιν ἀρτιθανῆ·  
 τὸ γὰρ εὐγενὲς ἐκφέρεται πρὸς αἰδῶ.  
 ἐν τοῖς ἀγαθοῖσι δὲ πάντ' ἔνεστιν σοφίας. ἄγαμαι·  
 πρὸς δ' ἐμᾶ ψυχᾷ θάρσος ἦσται  
 θεοσεβῆ φῶτα κεδνὰ πράξειν.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ἀνδρῶν Φεραίων εὐμενῆς παρουσία,  
 νέκυν μὲν ἤδη πάντ' ἔχοντα πρόσπολοι  
 φέρουσιν ἄρδην εἰς τάφον τε καὶ πυρᾶν·  
 ὑμεῖς δὲ τὴν θανούσαν, ὡς νομίζεται,  
 610 προσείπατ' ἐξιούσαν ὑστάτην ὁδόν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ μὴν ὄρῳ σὸν πατέρα γηραιῷ ποδὶ  
 στείχοντ', ὀπαδούς τ' ἐν χερσὶν δάμαρτι σῆ  
 κόσμον φέροντας, νερτέρων ἀγάλματα.

ΦΕΡΗΣ

ἦκω κακοῖσι σοῖσι συγκάμνων, τέκνον·  
 ἐσθλῆς γάρ, οὐδεὶς ἀντερεῖ, καὶ σῶφρονος



## ALCESTIS

(Str. 2)

Wherefore the flocks of my lord unnumbered  
 By the Boebian mere fair-rippling stray : 590  
 Where the steeds of the sun halt, darkness-cumbered,  
 By Molossian mountains, far away  
 The borders lie of his golden grain,  
 And his rolling stretches of pasture plain ;  
 And the havenless beach Aegean hath slumbered  
 Under Pelion long 'neath the peace of his sway.

(Aut. 2)

And now, with the tears from his eyes fast-raining,  
 Wide hath he opened his doors to the guest,  
 While newly his heart 'neath its burden is straining.  
 For the wife that hath died in his halls distressed. 600  
 For to honour's heights are the high-born lifted,  
 And the good are with truest wisdom gifted ;  
 And there broods on mine heart bright trust  
 unwaning  
 That the god-reverer shall yet be blest.

ADMETUS

O kindly presence of Pheraean men, [servants  
 This corpse even now, with all things meet, my  
 Bear on their shoulders to the tomb and pyre.  
 Wherefore, as custom is, hail ye the dead,  
 On the last journey as she goeth forth. 610

CHORUS

Lo, I behold thy sire with aged foot  
 Advancing : his attendants in their hands  
 Bear ornaments to deck the dead withal.

*Enter PHERES with attendants bearing gifts.*

PHERES

I come in thine afflictious sorrowing, son :  
 A noble wife and virtuous hast thou lost,

620 γυναικὸς ἡμάρτηκας. ἀλλὰ ταῦτα μὲν  
 φέρειν ἀνάγκη καίπερ ὄντα δύσφορα.  
 δέχου δὲ κόσμον τόνδε, καὶ κατὰ χθονὸς  
 ἴτω· τὸ ταύτης σῶμα τιμᾶσθαι χρεῶν,  
 ἣτις γε τῆς σῆς προὔθανε ψυχῆς, τέκνον,  
 καὶ μ' οὐκ ἄπαιδ' ἔθηκεν οὐδ' εἶασε σοῦ  
 στερέντα γῆρα πενθίμῳ καταφθίνειν,  
 πάσαις δ' ἔθηκεν εὐκλεέστερον βίον  
 γυναιξίν, ἔργον τλᾶσα γενναῖον τόδε.  
 ὦ τόνδε μὲν σώσασ', ἀναστήσασα δὲ  
 ἡμᾶς πίτνοντας, χαῖρε, κἂν Ἰλιδου δόμοις  
 εὖ σοι γένοιτο. φημὶ τοιούτους γάμους  
 λύειν βροτοῖσιν, ἢ γαμεῖν οὐκ ἄξιον.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

630 οὐτ' ἦλθες εἰς τόνδ' ἐξ ἐμοῦ κληθεὶς τάφον,  
 οὐτ' ἐν φίλοισι σὴν παρουσίαν νέμω.  
 κόσμον δὲ τὸν σὸν οὐποθ' ἦδ' ἐνδύσεται.  
 οὐ γάρ τι τῶν σῶν ἐνδεῆς ταφήσεται.  
 τότε ξυναλγεῖν χρῆν σ' ὅτ' ὠλλύμην ἐγώ.  
 σὺ δ' ἐκποδῶν στὰς καὶ παρεῖς ἄλλῳ θανεῖν  
 νέῳ γέρον ὦν, τόνδ' ἀποιμῶξει νεκρόν ;  
 οὐκ ἦσθ' ἄρ' ὀρθῶς τοῦδε σώματος πατήρ ;  
 οὐδ' ἢ τεκεῖν φάσκουσα καὶ κεκλημένη  
 μήτηρ μ' ἔτικτε ; δουλίου δ' ἀφ' αἵματος  
 640 μαστῶ γυναικὸς σῆς ὑπεβλήθην λάθρα ;  
 ἔδειξας εἰς ἔλεγχον ἐξελθὼν ὅς εἶ,  
 καὶ μ' οὐ νομίζω παῖδα σὸν πεφυκέναι.  
 ἦ τᾶρα πάντων διαπρέπεις ἀψυχία,  
 ὅς τηλικόσδ' ὦν κἀπὶ τέρμ' ἦκων βίου  
 οὐκ ἠθέλησας οὐδ' ἐτόλμησας θανεῖν  
 τοῦ σοῦ πρὸ παιδός, ἀλλὰ τήνδ' εἰάσατε  
 γυναικ' ὀθνεῖαν, ἣν ἐγὼ καὶ μητέρα

## ALCESTIS

None will gainsay: yet these calamities  
We needs must bear, how hard to bear soever.  
Receive these ornaments, and let her pass  
Beneath the earth: well may the corpse be honoured  
Of her who for thy life's sake died, my son; 620  
Who made me not unchilded, left me not  
Forlorn of thee to pine in woeful ead.  
In all her sisters' eyes she hath crowned her life  
With glory, darning such a deed as this.  
O saviour of my son, who hast raised us up  
In act to fall, all hail! May bliss be thine  
Even in Hades. Thus to wed, I say,  
Profiteth men—or nothing-worth is marriage.

### ADMETUS

Not bidden of me to her burial comest thou,  
Nor count I thine the presence of a friend. 630  
Thine ornaments she never shall put on;  
She shall be buried needing naught of thine.  
Thou grieve!—thou shouldst have grieved in my  
death-hour!  
Thou stood'st aloof—the old, didst leave the young  
To die:—and wilt thou wail upon this corpse?  
Wast thou not, then, true father of my body?  
Did she that sad she bare me, and was called  
Mother, not give me birth? Of bondman blood  
To thy wife's breast was I brought privily?  
Put to the test, thou showed'st who thou art, 640  
And I account me not thy true-born son.  
Peerless of men in soulless cowardice!  
So old, and standing on the verge of life,  
Thou hadst no will, no heart hadst thou to die  
For thine own son! Ye let her die, a woman  
Not of our house, whom I with righteous cause

πατέρα τ' ἂν ἐνδίκως ἂν ἠγοίμην μόνην.  
 καίτοι καλόν γ' ἂν τόνδ' ἀγῶν' ἠγωνίσω  
 650 τοῦ σοῦ πρὸ παιδὸς κατθανών, βραχὺς δέ σοι  
 πάντως ὁ λοιπὸς ἦν βιώσιμος χρόνος.  
 [κἀγὼ τ' ἂν ἔζων χῆδε τὸν λοιπὸν χρόνον,  
 κούκ ἂν μονωθεὶς ἔστενον κακοῖς ἐμοῖς.]  
 καὶ μὴν ὅσ' ἄνδρα χρῆ παθεῖν εὐδαίμονα  
 πέπουθας· ἤβησας μὲν ἐν τυραννίδι,  
 παῖς δ' ἦν ἐγὼ σοι τῶνδε διάδοχος δόμων,  
 ὥστ' οὐκ ἄτεκνος κατθανὼν ἄλλοις δόμον  
 λείψειν ἐμελλες ὀρφανὸν διαρπάσαι.  
 οὐ μὴν ἐρεῖς γέ μ' ὡς ἀτιμίζων τὸ σὸν  
 660 γῆρας θανεῖν προὔδωκά σ', ὅστις αἰδόφρων  
 πρὸς σ' ἦ μάλιστα· κἀντὶ τῶνδέ μοι χάριν  
 τοιάνδε καὶ σὺ χῆ τεκοῦσ' ἠλλαξάτην.  
 τοιγὰρ φυτεύων παῖδας οὐκέτ' ἂν φθάνοις,  
 οἱ γηροβοσκήσουσι καὶ θανόντα σε  
 περιστελοῦσι καὶ προθήσονται νεκρόν.  
 οὐ γάρ σ' ἔγωγε τῆδ' ἐμῆ θάψω χερί·  
 τέθνηκα γὰρ δὴ τοῦπὶ σ'· εἰ δ' ἄλλου τυχὼν  
 σωτήρης αὐγὰς εἰσορῶ, κείνου λέγω  
 καὶ παῖδά μ' εἶναι καὶ φίλον γηροτρόφον.  
 μάτην ἄρ' οἱ γέροντες εὐχονται θανεῖν,  
 670 γῆρας ψέγοντες καὶ μακρὸν χρόνον βίου·  
 ἦν δ' ἐγγὺς ἔλθῃ θάνατος, οὐδεὶς βούλεται  
 θνήσκειν, τὸ γῆρας δ' οὐκέτ' ἔστ' αὐτοῖς βαρύ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

παύσασθ', ἄλις γὰρ ἡ παροῦσα συμφορά,  
 ὦ παῖ· πατρὸς δὲ μὴ παροξύνῃς φρένας.

ΦΕΡΗΣ

ὦ παῖ, τίν' ἀρχεῖς, πότερα Λυδὸν ἢ Φρύγα  
 κακοῖς ἐλαύνειν ἀργυρώνητον σέθεν;

## ALCESTIS

Might count alone my mother and my father.  
 Yet here was honour, hadst thou dared the strife,  
 In dying for thy son. A paltry space  
 To cling to life in any wise was left. 650  
 Then had I lived, and she, through days to come,  
 Nor I, left lorn, should thus mine ills bemoan.  
 Yet all that may the fortunate betide  
 Fell to thy lot; in manhood's prime a king,  
 Me hadst thou son and heir unto thine house,  
 So that thou wast not, dying, like to leave  
 A childless home for stranger folk to spoil.

Nor canst thou say that flouting thy grey hairs  
 I had giv'n thee up to death, whose reverence  
 For thee was passing word:— and this the thank 660  
 That thou and she that bare me render me!  
 Wherefore, make haste: beget thee other sons  
 To foster thy grey hairs, to compass thee  
 With death's observance, and lay out thy corpse.  
 Not I with this mine hand will bury thee.  
 For thee dead am I. If I see the light,—  
 Another saviour found,— I call me son  
 To him, and loving fosterer of his age.  
 With false lips pray the old for death's release,  
 Plaining of age and weary-wearing time. 670  
 Let death draw near—who hails his coming? None:  
 No more is eld a burden unto them.

## CHORUS

O hush! Suffice the affliction at the doors.  
 O son, infuriate not thy father's soul.

## PHERES

Son, whom, think'st thou—some Lydian slave or  
 Phrygian  
 Bought with thy money?—thus beratest thou?

οὐκ οἶσθα Θεσσαλὸν με κἀπὸ Θεσσαλοῦ  
 πατρὸς γεγῶτα γνησίως ἐλεύθερον;  
 ἄγαν ὑβρίζεις, καὶ νεανίας λόγους  
 680 ῥίπτων ἐς ἡμᾶς οὐ βαλὼν οὕτως ἄπει.  
 ἐγὼ δέ σ' οἴκων δεσπότην ἐγεινάμη  
 κἄθρεψ', ὀφείλω δ' οὐχ ὑπερθνήσκειν σέθεν·  
 οὐ γὰρ πατρῶον τόνδ' ἔδεξάμη νόμον,  
 παίδων προθνήσκειν πατέρας, οὐδ' Ἑλληνικόν.  
 σαυτῷ γὰρ εἴτε δυστυχῆς εἴτ' εὐτυχῆς  
 ἔφυς· ἢ δ' ἡμῶν χρεῖν σε τυγχάνειν, ἔχεις.  
 πολλῶν μὲν ἄρχεις, πολυπλέθρους δέ σοι γυῖας  
 λείψω· πατρὸς γὰρ ταύτ' ἔδεξάμη πύρα.  
 τί δῆτά σ' ἠδίκηκα; τοῦ σ' ἀποστερῶ:  
 690 μὴ θνήσχ' ὑπὲρ τοῦδ' ἀνδρός, οὐδ' ἐγὼ πρὸ σοῦ.  
 χαίρεις ὄρων φῶς· πατέρα δ' οὐ χαίρειν δοκεῖς;  
 ἢ μὴν πολὺν γε τὸν κάτω λογίζομαι  
 χρόνον, τὸ δὲ ζῆν μικρόν, ἀλλ' ὅμως γλυκύ.  
 σὺ γοῦν ἀναιδῶς διεμάχου τὸ μὴ θανεῖν,  
 καὶ ζῆς παρελθὼν τὴν πεπρωμένην τύχην,  
 ταύτην κατακτάς· εἴτ' ἐμὴν ἀψυχίαν  
 λέγεις, γυναικός, ὧ κίκισθ', ἠσσημένος,  
 ἢ τοῦ καλοῦ σοῦ προὔθαιεν νεανίου;  
 σοφῶς δ' ἐφήυρες ὥστε μὴ θανεῖν ποτε,  
 700 εἰ τὴν παροῦσαν καθθανεῖν πείσεις ἀεὶ  
 γυναῖχ' ὑπὲρ σοῦ· κἀτ' ὀνειδίζεις φίλοις  
 τοῖς μὴ θέλουσι δρᾶν τῆδ', αὐτὸς ὦν κακός;  
 σίγα· νόμιζε δ', εἰ σὺ τὴν σαυτοῦ φιλεῖς  
 ψυχὴν, φιλεῖν ἄπαιτας· εἰ δ' ἡμᾶς κακῶς  
 ἐρεῖς, ἀκούσει πολλὰ κού ψευδῆ κακά.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πλείω λέλεκται νῦν τε καὶ τὰ πρὶν κακά·  
 παῦσαι δέ, πρέσβυ, παῖδα σὸν κακορροθῶν.

## ALCESTIS

What, know'st thou not that I Thessalian am,  
 Sprung from Thessalian sire, free man true-born?  
 This insolence passeth!—hurling malapert words  
 On me, not lightly thus shalt thou come off! 680

Thee I begat and nurtured, of mine house  
 The heir: no debt is mine to die for thee.  
 Not from my sires such custom I received  
 That sires for sons should die: no Greek law this.  
 Born for thyself wast thou, to fortune good  
 Or evil: all thy dues from me thou hast.  
 O'er many folk thou rulest; wide demesnes  
 Shall I leave thee: to me my father left them.  
 What is my wrong, my robbery of thee?  
 For me die thou not, I die not for thee. 690  
 Thou joy'st to see light—shall thy father joy not?  
 Sooth, I account our time beneath the earth  
 Long, and our life-space short, yet is it sweet.  
 Shamelessly hast thou fought against thy death:  
 Thy life is but transgression of thy doom  
 And murder of thy wife! *My cowardice!*—  
 This from thee, dastard, by a woman outdone  
 Who died for thee, the glorious-gallant youth!

Cunning device hast thou devised to die  
 Never, cajoling still wife after wife 700  
 To die for thee!—and dost revile thy friends  
 Who will not so—and thou the coward, thou?  
 Peace! e'en bethink thee, if thou lov'st thy life,  
 So all love theirs. Thou, if thou speakest evil  
 Of us, shalt hear much evil, and that true.

## CHORUS

Ye have said too much, thou now, and he before.  
 Refrain, old sire, from railing on thy son.

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

λέγ', ὡς ἔμοῦ λέξαντος· εἰ δ' ἀλγεῖς κλύων  
τάληθές, οὐ χρῆν σ' εἰς ἔμ' ἔξαμαρτάνειν.

ΦΕΡΗΣ

710

σοῦ δ' ἂν προθυήσκων μᾶλλον ἐξημάρτανον.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ταῦτόν γὰρ ἡβῶντ' ἄνδρα καὶ πρέσβυν θανεῖν;

ΦΕΡΗΣ

ψυχῇ μιᾷ ζῆν, οὐ δυοῖν ὀφείλομεν.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

καὶ μὴν Διός γε μείζονα ζώης χρόνον.

ΦΕΡΗΣ

ἀρᾷ γονεῦσιν οὐδὲν ἔκδικον παθῶν;

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

μακροῦ βίου γὰρ ἡσθόμην ἐρῶντά σε.

ΦΕΡΗΣ

ἀλλ' οὐ σὺ νεκρόν γ' ἀντὶ σοῦ τόνδ' ἐκφέρεις;

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

σημεῖα τῆς σῆς, ὦ κάκιστ', ἀψυχίας.

ΦΕΡΗΣ

οὔτοι πρὸς ἡμῶν γ' ὤλετ'. οὐκ ἐρεῖς τόδε.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

φεῦ·

εἴθ' ἀνδρὸς ἔλθοις τοῦδέ γ' εἰς χρεῖαν ποτέ.

ΦΕΡΗΣ

720

μνήστευε πολλάς, ὡς θάνωσι πλείονες.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

σοὶ τοῦτ' ὄνειδος· οὐ γὰρ ἤθελες θανεῖν.

ΦΕΡΗΣ

φίλον τὸ φέγγος τοῦτο τοῦ θεοῦ, φίλον.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

κακὸν τὸ λῆμα κοῦκ ἐν ἀνδράσιν τὸ σόν.



## ALCESTIS

ADMETUS

Say on, say on ; I have said : if hearing truth  
Gall thee, thou shouldest not have done me wrong.

PIERES

I had done more wrong, had I died for thee. 710

ADMETUS

What, for the young and old is death the same ?

PIERES

One life to live, not twain—this is our due.

ADMETUS

Have thy desire—one life outlasting Zeus.

PIERES

Dost curse thy parents, who hast had no wrong ?

ADMETUS

Ay, whom I marked love-sick for dateless life.

PIERES

What?—art not burying her in thine own stead ?

ADMETUS

A token, dastard, of thy cowardice.

PIERES

I did her not to death : thou canst not say it.

ADMETUS

Mayest thou feel thy need of me some day !

PIERES

Woo many women, that the more may die. 720

ADMETUS

This taunt strikes thee—'tis thou wast loth to die.

PIERES

Sweet is you sun-god's light, yea, it is sweet.

ADMETUS

Base is thy spirit, and unmeet for men.

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΦΕΡΗΣ

οὐκ ἐγγελαῖς γέροντα βαστάζων νεκρόν.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

θανεῖ γε μέντοι δυσκλεῖς, ὅταν θάνῃς.

ΦΕΡΗΣ

κακῶς ἀκούειν οὐ μέλει θανόντι μοι.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

φεῦ φεῦ· τὸ γῆρας ὡς ἀναιδείας πλέων.

ΦΕΡΗΣ

ἦδ' οὐκ ἀναιδής· τήνδ' ἐφηῦρες ἄφρονα.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ἄπελθε καὶ μὲ τόνδ' ἔα θύψαι νεκρόν.

ΦΕΡΗΣ

730 ἄπειμι· θύψεις δ' αὐτὸς ὦν αὐτῆς φονεύς,  
 δίκας τε δώσεις τοῖσι κηδεσταῖς ἔτι.  
 ἦ τάρ' Ἄκαστος οὐκέτ' ἔστ' ἐν ἀνδράσι,  
 εἰ μὴ σ' ἀδελφῆς αἶμα τιμωρήσεται.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

740 ἔρρων ἰνυ αὐτὸς χῆ ξυνοικήσασί σοι,  
 ἄπαιδε παιδὸς ὄντος, ὥσπερ ἄξιοι,  
 γηράσκει· οὐ γὰρ τῷδέ γ' εἰς ταῦτὸν στέγος  
 νεῖσθ'. εἰ δ' ἀπειπεῖν χρῆν με κηρύκων ὑπο  
 τὴν σὴν πατρίαν ἐστίαν, ἀπείπον ἄν.  
 ἡμεῖς δέ, τοῦν ποσὶν γὰρ οἰστέον κακόν,  
 στείχωμεν, ὡς ἄν ἐν πυρᾷ θῶμεν νεκρόν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἰὼ ἰώ. σχετλία τόλμης,  
 ὦ γενναία καὶ μέγ' ἀρίστη,  
 χαῖρε· πρόφρων σὲ χθόνιός θ' Ἑρμῆς  
 "Λίδης τε δέχοιτ'. εἰ δέ τι κάκει

# ALCESTIS

PHERES

Not mine old corpse to the grave thou bear'st with  
glee!

ADMETUS

Yet, when thou diest, in ill fame shalt thou die.

PHERES

Ill fame is naught to me when I have died.

ADMETUS

Hear him! how full of shamelessness is ead!

PHERES

Not shameless she,—but senseless hast thou found  
her.

ADMETUS

Begone: leave me to bury this my dead.

PHERES

I go: her murderer will bury her!  
Thou shalt yet answer for it to her kin.  
Surely Acastus is no more a man,  
If he of thee claim not his sister's blood.

730

[*Exit.*

ADMETUS

Avaunt, with her that kennelleth with thee!  
Childless grow old, as ye deserve, while lives  
Your child: ye shall not come beneath one roof  
With me. If need were to renounce by herads  
Thine hearth paternal, I had renounced it now.  
Let us—for we must bear the present ill—  
Pass on, to lay our dead upon the pyre.

740

CHORUS

Alas for the loving and daring!  
Farewell to the noblest and best!  
May Hermes conduct thee down-faring  
Kindly, and Hades to rest

467

πλέον ἔστ' ἀγαθοῖς, τούτων μετέχουσ'  
 "Λιδου νύμφη παρεδρεύοις.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

πολλοὺς μὲν ἤδη κατὰ παντοίας χθονὸς  
 ξένους μολόντας οἶδ' ἐς Ἴδμητου δόμους,  
 οἷς δεῖπνα προὔθηκ'. ἀλλὰ τοῦδ' οὐπω ξένου  
 750 κακίον' εἰς τήνδ' ἐστίαν ἐδεξάμην.

ὅς πρῶτα μὲν πενθοῦντα δεσπότην ὀρώων  
 εἰσῆλθε κατόλμησ' ἀμείψασθαι πύλας.  
 ἔπειτα δ' οὔτι σωφρόνως ἐδέξατο  
 τὰ προστυχόντα ξένια, συμφορὰν μαθῶν,  
 ἀλλ' εἴ τι μὴ φέροισιν, ὥτρυνεν φέρειν.

ποτήρα δ' ἐν χεῖρεσσι κίσσινου λαβῶν  
 πίνει μελαίνης μητρὸς εὐζωρον μέθυ,  
 ἕως ἐθέρμην' αὐτὸν ἀμφιβῶσα φλόξ  
 οἴνου· στέφει δὲ κρῶτα μυρσίνης κλάδοις  
 760 ἄμους' ὑλακτῶν· δισσὰ δ' ἦν μέλη κλύειν·  
 ὁ μὲν γὰρ ἦδε, τῶν ἐν Ἴδμητου κακῶν  
 οὐδὲν προτιμῶν, οἰκέται δ' ἐκλαίομεν  
 δέσποιναι· ὄμμα δ' οὐκ ἐδείκνυμεν ξένῳ  
 τέγγοντες· Ἴδμητος γὰρ ὧδ' ἐφίετο.

καὶ νῦν ἐγὼ μὲν ἐν δόμοισιν ἐστὶν  
 ξένον, παιουῦργον κλῶπα καὶ ληστήν τινα,  
 ἣ δ' ἐκ δόμων βέβηκεν, οὐδ' ἐφεισπόμην  
 οὐδ' ἐξέτεινα χεῖρ', ἀποιμῶζων ἐμὴν  
 δέσποιναν, ἣ μοὶ πᾶσί τ' οἰκέταισιν ἦν  
 770 μήτηρ· κακῶν γὰρ μυρίων ἐρρῦετο,  
 ὀργὰς μαλαίσσουσ' ἀνδρός. ἄρα τὸν ξένον  
 στυγῶ δικαίως, ἐν κακοῖς ἀφιγμένον;

## ALCESTIS

Receive thee ! If any atonement  
 For ills even there may betide  
 To the good, O thine be enthronement  
 By Hades' bride !

[*Exeunt OMNES in funeral procession.*]

*Enter* SERVANT.

SERVANT

Full many a guest, from many a land which came  
 Unto Admetus' dwelling, have I known,  
 Have set before them meat : but never guest  
 More pestilent received I to this hearth : 750  
 Who first, albeit he saw my master mourning,  
 Entered, and passed the threshold unashamed ;  
 Then, nowise courteously received the fare  
 Found with us, though our woeful plight he knew,  
 But, what we brought not, hectoring bade us bring.  
 The ivy cup uplifts he in his hands,  
 And swills the darkling mother's fiery blood,  
 Till the wine's flame enwrapped him, heating him.  
 Then did he wreath his head with myrtle sprays,  
 Dissonant-howling. Diverse strains were heard : 760  
 For he sang on, regardless all of ills  
 Darkening Admetus' house ; we servants wept  
 Our mistress : yet we showed not to the guest  
 Eyes tear-bedewed, for so Admetus bade.  
 And now within the house must I be feasting  
 This guest,—a lawless thief, a bandit rogue,  
 While forth the house she is borne ! I followed  
 not,  
 Nor stretched the hand, nor wailed unto my mistress  
 Farewell, who was to me and all the household  
 A mother ; for from ills untold she saved us, 770  
 Assuaging her lord's wrath. Do I not well  
 To loathe this guest, intruder on our griefs ?

οὔτος, τί σεμνὸν καὶ πεφροντικὸς βλέπεις;  
 οὐ χρὴ σκυθρωπὸν τοῖς ξένοις τὸν πρόσπολον  
 εἶναι, δέχεσθαι δ' εὐπροσηγόρῳ φρενί.  
 σὺ δ' ἄνδρ' ἑταῖρον δεσπότην παρόνθ' ὄρων,  
 στυγνῶ προσώπῳ καὶ συνωφρυωμένῳ  
 δέχει, θυραίου πήματος σπουδὴν ἔχων.  
 780 δεῦρ' ἔλθ', ὅπως ἂν καὶ σοφώτερος γένη.  
 τὰ θνητὰ πράγματ' οἶδας ἢν ἔχει φύσιν;  
 οἶμαι μὲν οὐ· πόθεν γάρ; ἀλλ' ἄκουέ μου.  
 βροτοῖς ἅπασι κατθανεῖν ὀφείλεται,  
 κούκ ἔστι θνητῶν ὅστις ἐξεπίσταται  
 τὴν αὔριον μέλλουσαν εἰ βιώσεται·  
 τὸ τῆς τύχης γὰρ ἀφανὲς οἱ προβήσεται,  
 καῖστ' οὐ διδακτὸν οὐδ' ἰλίσκεται τέχνη.  
 ταῦτ' οὖν ἀκούσας καὶ μαθὼν ἐμοῦ πάρα,  
 εὐφραϊνε σαυτόν, πῖνε, τὸν καθ' ἡμέραν  
 790 βίον λογίζου σόν, τὰ δ' ἄλλα τῆς τύχης.  
 τίμα δὲ καὶ τὴν πλείστον ἠδίστην θεῶν  
 Κύπριν βροτοῖσιν· εὐμενῆς γὰρ ἡ θεός.  
 τὰ δ' ἄλλ' ἔασον ταῦτα καὶ πιθοῦ λόγους  
 ἐμοῖσιν, εἵπερ ὀρθά σοι δοκῶ λέγειν·  
 οἶμαι μὲν. οὐκουν τὴν ἄγαν λύπην ἀφελῖς  
 πῖει μεθ' ἡμῶν τάσδ' ὑπερβαλὼν τύχας,  
 στεφάνοις πυκασθεῖς; καὶ σάφ' οἶδ' ὀθούνεκα  
 τοῦ νῦν σκυθρωποῦ καὶ ξυνεστῶτος φρενῶν  
 μεθορμιεῖ σε πίτυλος ἐμπεσὼν σκύφου.  
 ὄντας δὲ θνητοὺς θνητὰ καὶ φρονεῖν χρεῶν,  
 800 ὥς τοῖς γε σεμνοῖς καὶ συνωφρυωμένοις  
 ἅπασιν ἔστιν, ὥς γ' ἐμοὶ χρῆσθαι κριτῆ,  
 οὐ βίος ἀληθῶς ὁ βίος, ἀλλὰ συμφορά.

## ALCESTIS

*Enter HERCULES.*

HERCULES

Ho, fellow, why this solemn brooding look?  
The servant should not lower upon the guest,  
But welcome him with kindly-beaming cheer.  
Thou, seeing here in presence thy lord's friend,  
With visage sour and cloud of knitted brows  
Receiv'st him, fretting o'er an alien grief.  
Hither to me, that wiser thou mayst grow.  
The lot of man—its nature knowest thou? 780  
I trow not: how shouldst thou? Give ear to me.

From all mankind the debt of death is due,  
Nor of all mortals is there one that knows  
If through the coming morrow he shall live:  
For trackless is the way of fortune's feet,  
Not to be taught, nor won by art of man.  
This hearing then, and learning it from me,  
Make merry, drink: the life from day to day  
Account thine own, all else in fortune's power.

Honour withal the sweetest of the Gods 790  
To men, the Cyprian Queen—a gracious Goddess!  
Away with other thoughts, and heed my words,  
If thou dost think I speak wise words and true:  
So think I. Hence with sorrow overwrought;  
Rise above this affliction: drink with me,  
Thy brows with garlands bound. Full well I wot,  
From all this lowering spirit prison-pent  
Thine anchor shall Sir Beaker's plash upheave.  
What, man!—the mortal must be mortal-minded.  
So, for your solemn wights of knitted brows, 800  
For each and all,—if thou for judge wilt take me,—  
Life is not truly life, but mere affliction.

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

ἐπιστάμεσθα ταῦτα· νῦν δὲ πράσσομεν  
οὐχ οἷα κώμου καὶ γέλωτος ἄξια.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

γυνὴ θυραῖος ἢ θανοῦσα· μὴ λίαν  
πένθει· δόμων γὰρ ζῶσι τῶνδε δεσπότες.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

τί ζῶσιν; οὐ κάτοισθα τὰν δόμοις κακά;

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

εἰ μὴ τι σός με δεσπότης ἐψεύσατο.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

ἄγαν ἐκεῖνός ἐστ' ἄγαν φιλόξενος.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

810 οὐ χρῆν μ' ὀθνείου γ' εἶνεκ' εὐπάσχειν νεκροῦ;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

ἢ κάρτα μέντοι καὶ λίαν θυραῖος ἦν.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

μῶν ξυμφορὰν τιν' οὔσαν οὐκ ἔφραζέ μοι;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

χαίρων ἴθ'. ἡμῖν δεσποτῶν μέλει κακά.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

ὄδ' οὐ θυραίων πημάτων ἄρχει λόγος.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

οὐ γάρ τι κωμάζοντ' ἂν ἠχθόμην σ' ὀρώων.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

ἀλλ' ἢ πέπουθα δεῖν' ὑπὸ ξένων ἐμῶν;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

οὐκ ἦλθες ἐν δέοντι δέξασθαι δόμοις·  
πένθος γὰρ ἡμῖν ἐστι· καὶ κουρὰν βλέπεις  
μελαμπέπλους στολμούς τε.



## ALCESTIS

SERVANT

All this we know : but now are we in plight  
Not meet for laughter and for revelry.

HERCULES

The woman dead is alien-born : grieve not  
Exceeding much. Yet live the household's lords.

SERVANT

Live, quotha I—know'st thou not the house's ills?

HERCULES

Yea, if thy master lied not unto me.

SERVANT

Guest-fain he is—ah, guest-fain overmuch !

HERCULES

A stranger dead—and no guest-cheer for me ?

810

SERVANT

O yea, an alien—overmuch an alien !

HERCULES

Ha ! was he keeping some affliction back ?

SERVANT

Go thou in peace : our lords' ills are for us.

*Turns away ; but HERCULES seizes him, and  
makes him face him.*

HERCULES

Grief for a stranger—such words mean not that !

SERVANT

Else had I not sore vexed beheld thy revel.

HERCULES

How ! have I sorry handling of mine hosts ?

SERVANT

Thou can'st in hour unmeet for welcoming,  
For grief is on us ; and thou see'st shorn hair  
And vesture of black robes.

## ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

820

τίς δ' ὁ κατθανών;  
μῶν ἢ τέκνων τι φροῦδον ἢ πατῆρ γέρων;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

γυνὴ μὲν οὖν ὄλωλεν Ἀδμήτου, ξένε.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

τί φής; ἔπειτα δῆτά μ' ἐξενίζετε;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

ἡδεῖτο γάρ σε τῶνδ' ἀπόσασθαι δόμων.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

ὦ σχέτλι', οἴας ἤμπλακες ξυναόρου.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

ἀπωλόμεσθα πάντες, οὐ κείνη μόνη.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

830

ἀλλ' ἡσθόμηι μὲν ὄμμ' ἰδὼν δακρυρροοῦν  
κουράν τε καὶ πρόσωπον· ἀλλ' ἔπειθέ με  
λέγων θυραῖον κῆδος εἰς τάφον φέρειν.  
βία δὲ θυμοῦ τίσδ' ὑπερβαλὼν πύλας  
ἔπινον ἀνδρὸς ἐν φιλοξένου δόμοις  
πράσσοιτος οὔτω. κατὰ κωμάζω κἀρα  
στεφάνοις πυκασθεῖς; ἀλλὰ σοῦ τὸ μὴ φρῖσαι,  
κακοῦ τοσοῦτου δώμασιν προσκειμένου.  
ποῦ καί σφε θάπτει; ποῦ νιν εὐρήσω μολών;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

ὀρθὴν παρ' οἶμον, ἢ ἔπι Λάρισαν φέρει,  
τύμβον κατόψει ξεστὸν ἐκ προαστίου.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

840

ὦ πολλὰ τλᾶσα καρδία καὶ χεῖρ ἐμή,  
νῦν δεῖξον οἶον παιδά σ' ἢ Τιρυνθία  
Ἴηλεκτρονόος ἐγείνατ' Ἀλκμήνη Διί.  
δεῖ γάρ με σῶσαι τὴν θανοῦσαν ἀρτίως

## ALCESTIS

HERCULES

But who hath died ?

Not of the children one, or grey-haired sire ?

820

SERVANT

Nay, but Admetus' wife is dead, O guest.

HERCULES

How say'st thou ?—Ha, even then ye gave me  
welcome ?

SERVANT

For shame he could not thrust thee from these doors.

HERCULES

O hapless ! what a helpmeet hast thou lost !

SERVANT

We have all perished, and not she alone.

HERCULES

I felt it, when I saw his tear-drowned eyes,  
His shaven hair, his face : yet he prevailed,  
Saying he bare a stranger-friend to burial.

I passed this threshold in mine heart's despite,  
And drank in halls of him that loves the guest,

830

When thus his plight ! And am I revelling  
With wreathed head ? O my friend, that thou  
shouldst say

Naught, when on thine home such affliction lay ! . . .  
Where doth he bury her ? Where shall I find her ?

SERVANT

By the straight path that leads Larissa-wards  
Shalt see the hewn-stone tomb without the walls.

HERCULES

O much-enduring heart and hand of mine,  
Now show what son the Lady of Tiryns bare,  
Electryon's child Alemena, unto Zeus.

For I must save the woman newly dead,

840

γυναῖκα κείς τόνδ' αὖθις ἰδρῦσαι δόμον  
 Ἄλκηστιν, Ἄδμήτῳ θ' ὑπουργῆσαι χάριν.  
 ἔλθων δ' ἄνακτα τὸν μελάμπεπλον νεκρῶν  
 Θάνατον φυλάξω, καὶ νιν εὐρήσειν δοκῶ  
 πίνοντα τύμβου πλησίον προσφαγμάτων.  
 κἄνπερ λοχαίας αὐτὸν ἐξ ἔδρας συθεῖς  
 μάρψω, κύκλον δὲ περιβαλῶ χεροῖν ἐμαῖν,  
 οὐκ ἔστιν ὅστις αὐτὸν ἐξαιρήσεται  
 μογοῦντα πλευρά, πρὶν γυναῖκ' ἐμοὶ μεθῆ.  
 850 ἦν δ' οὖν ἀμάρτω τῆσδ' ἄγρας, καὶ μὴ μόλη  
 πρὸς αἵματηρὸν πέλανον, εἶμι τῶν κάτω  
 Κόρης Ἄνακτός τ' εἰς ἀνηλίους δόμους  
 αἰτήσομαί τε· καὶ πέποιθ' ἄξιεν ἄνω  
 Ἄλκηστιν, ὥστε χερσὶν ἐιθεῖναι ξένου,  
 ὅς μ' εἰς δόμους ἐδέξατ' οὐδ' ἀπήλασε,  
 καίπερ βαρεία συμφορᾷ πεπληγμένος,  
 ἔκρυπτε δ' ὦν γειναῖος, αἰδεσθεῖς ἐμέ.  
 τίς τοῦδε μᾶλλον Θεσσαλῶν φιλόξενος,  
 τίς Ἑλλάδ' οἰκῶν; τοιγὰρ οὐκ ἐρεῖ κακὸν  
 860 εὐεργετῆσαι φῶτα γειναῖος γεγῶς.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ἰώ. στυγναὶ πρόσοδοι, στυγναὶ δ' ὄψεις  
 χήρων μελάθρων· ἰώ μοί μοι. αἰαῖ.  
 ποῖ βῶ; πᾶ στῶ; τί λέγω; τί δὲ μή;

πῶς ἂν ὀλοίμαν;  
 ἦ βαρυδαίμονα μήτηρ μ' ἔτεκεν.  
 ζηλῶ φθιμένους, κείνων ἔραμαι,  
 κείν' ἐπιθυμῶ δώματα ναίειν.

## ALCESTIS

And set Alcestis in this house again,  
 And render to Admetus good for good.  
 I go. The sable-vestured King of Corpses,  
 Death, will I watch for, and shall find, I trow,  
 Drinking the death-draught hard beside the tomb.  
 And if I lie in wait, and dart from ambush,  
 And seize, and with mine arms' coil compass him,  
 None is there shall deliver from mine hands  
 His straining sides, ere he yield up his prey.  
 Yea, though I miss the quarry, and he come not 850  
 Unto the blood-clot, to the sunless homes  
 Down will I fare of Cora and her King,  
 And make demand. I doubt not I shall lead  
 Alcestis up, and give to mine host's hands,  
 Who to his halls received, nor drave me thence,  
 Albeit smitten with affliction sore,  
 But hid it, like a prince, respecting me.  
 Who is more guest-fain of Thessalians?  
 Who in all Hellas? O, he shall not say  
 That one so princely showed a base man kindness. 860

[Exit.

*Enter ADMETUS, with CHORUS and Attendants,  
 returning from the funeral.*

ADMETUS

O hateful returning!

O hateful to see

Drear halls full of yearning

For the lost—ah me!

What aim or what rest have I?—silence or speech,  
 of what help shall they be?

Would God I were dead!

O, I came from the womb

To a destiny dread!

Ah, those in the tomb—

οὔτε γὰρ ἀνγὰς χαίρω προσορῶν,  
 οὔτ' ἐπὶ γαίας πόδα πεζεύων·  
 τοῖον ὄμηρόν μ' ἀποσυλήσας  
 Ἄϊδη Θάνατος παρέδωκεν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πρόβα πρόβα. βᾶθι κεύθος οἴκων.

στρ.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

αἰαῖ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πέπονθας ἄξι' αἰαγμύτων.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ἔ ἔ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

δι' ὀδύνας ἔβας,  
 σίφ' οἶδα.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

φεῦ φεῦ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τὰν νέρθεν οὐδὲν ὠφελεῖς.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ἰὼ μοί μοι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τὸ μήποτ' εἰσιδεῖν φιλίας ἀλόχου  
 πρόσωπον ἄντα λυπρόν.

## ALCESTIS

How I envy them ! How I desire them, and long to  
abide in their home !

To mine eyes nothing sweet  
Is the light of the heaven,  
Nor the earth to my feet ;

Such a helpmeet is riven

870

By Death from my side, and my darling to Hades  
the spoiler hath given.

CHORUS

Pass on thou, and hide thee      (*Str.*)  
In thy chambers.

ADMETUS

Ah woe !

CHORUS

Wail the griefs that betide thee :  
How canst thou but so ?

ADMETUS

O God !

CHORUS

Thou hast passed through deep waters  
of anguish—I know it, I know.

ADMETUS

Woe ! darkest of days !

CHORUS

No help bringeth this  
To thy love in that place.

ADMETUS

Woe !

CHORUS

Bitter it is

The face of a wife well-belovèd for ever and ever to  
miss.

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

880

ἔμνησας ὃ μου φρένας ἤλκωσεν·  
τί γὰρ ἀνδρὶ κακὸν μείζον ἀμαρτεῖν  
πιστῆς ἀλόχου; μὴ ποτε γήμας  
ὄφελον οἰκεῖν μετὰ τῆσδε δόμους.

ζῆλῶ δ' ἀγάμους ἀτέκνους τε βροτῶν·  
μία γὰρ ψυχὴ, τῆς ὑπεραλγεῖν  
μέτριον ἄχθος·

παίδων δὲ νόσους καὶ νυμφιδίους  
εὐνάς θανίτοις κεραῖζομένας  
οὐ τλητὸν ὄραν, ἐξὸν ἀτέκνους  
ἀγάμους τ' εἶναι διὰ παντός.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τύχα τύχα δυσπάλαιστος ἦκει·

ἀντ.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

αἰαῖ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πέρας δέ γ' οὐδὲν ἀλγῶν τίθης.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

890

ἔ ἔ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

βαρέα μὲν φέρειν,  
ὄμως δὲ—

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

φεῦ φεῦ.



# ALCESTIS

• ADMETUS

Thou hast stricken mine heart  
Where the wound will not heal.

What is worse than to part  
From the loving and leal?

880

Would God I had wedded her not, home-bliss with  
Alcestis to feel!

O, I envy the lot  
Of the man without wife,  
Without child: single-wrought  
Is the strand of his life:

No soul-crushing burden of sorrow, no strength-over-  
mastering strife.

But that children should sicken,  
That gloom of despair  
Over bride-beds should thicken,  
What spirit can bear,

When childless, unwedded, a man through life's calm  
journey might fare?

CHORUS

Thee Fortune hath met, (Ant.)  
Strong wrestler, and thrown;  
Yet no bounds hast thou set—

890

ADMETUS

Woe's me!—

CHORUS

To thy moan.

O, thy burden is heavy!

ADMETUS

Alas!

# ΛΑΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τλάθ'· οὐ σὺ πρῶτος ὤλεσας—

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ἰὼ μοί μοι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

γυναῖκα· συμφορὰ δ' ἑτέρους ἑτέρα  
πιέζει φανείσα θνατῶν.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ὦ μακρὰ πένθη λῦπαί τε φίλων  
τῶν ὑπὸ γαῖαν.

τί μ' ἐκόλυσας ῥίψαι τύμβου  
τάφρον εἰς κοίλην καὶ μετ' ἐκείνης  
τῆς μέγ' ἀρίστης κεῖσθαι φθίμενον;

900

δύο δ' ἀντὶ μιᾶς Ἰλιδης ψυχὰς  
τὰς πιστοτάτας σὺν ἂν ἔσχευ, ὁμοῦ  
χθονίαν λίμνην διαβάντε.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἐμοί τις ἦν  
ἐν γένει, ᾧ κόρος ἀξιόθρηνος  
ὤλετ' ἐν δόμοισιν  
μονόπαις· ἀλλ' ἔμπας  
ἔφερε κακὸν ἄλις, ἄτεκνος ὢν,  
πολιὰς ἐπὶ χαίτας

στρ.

# ALCESTIS

CHORUS

Yet endure it : thou art not alone.  
Not thou art the first  
Of bereaved ones.

ADMETUS

Ah me!

CHORUS

Such tempest hath burst  
Upon many ere thee.

Unto each his mischance, when the surges roll up from  
Calamity's sea.

ADMETUS

O long grief and pain  
For beloved ones passed !  
Why didst thou restrain,  
When myself I had cast

Down into her grave, with the noblest to lie peace-  
lulled at the last ?

Not one soul, but two  
Had been Hades' prey,  
Souls utterly true  
United for aye,

Which together o'er waves of the underworld-mere  
had passed this day.

CHORUS

Of my kin was there one, (Str.)  
And the life's light failed  
In his halls of a son,

One meet to be wailed, [prevailed ;  
His only beloved : howbeit the manhood within him  
And the ills heaven-sent  
As a man did he bear,  
Though by this was he bent  
Unto silvered hair,

910

ἤδη προπετῆς ὦν  
βίότου τε πόρσω.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ὦ σχῆμα δόμων, πῶς εἰσέλθω ;  
πῶς δ' οἰκήσω μεταπίπτοντος  
δαίμονος; οἴμοι. πολὺ γὰρ τὸ μέσον·

τότε μὲν πεύκαις σὺν Πηλιύσιν  
σὺν θ' ὑμεναίοις ἔστειχον ἔσω,  
φιλίας ἀλόχου χέρα βαστάζων·

920

πολυύχητος δ' εἶπετο κῶμος,  
τῆν τε θανοῦσαν κᾶμ' ὀλβίζων,  
ὡς εὐπατρίδαι καὶ ἀπ' ἀμφοτέρων  
ὄντες ἀριστέων σύζυγες ἦμεν.

νῦν δ' ὑμεναίων γόος ἀντίπαλος  
λευκῶν τε πέπλων μέλανες στολμοὶ  
πέμπουσί μ' ἔσω  
λέκτρων κοίτας ἐς ἐρήμους.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

παρ' εὐτυχῆ  
σοὶ πότμον ἦλθεν ἀπειροκάκῳ τόδ'  
ἄλγος· ἀλλ' ἔσωσας  
βίοτον καὶ ψυχάν.

ἀντ.

## ALCESTIS

Far on in life's path, without son for his remnant of  
weakness to care.

919

ADMETUS

O, how can I tread  
Thy threshold, fair home?  
How shelter mine head  
'Neath thy roof, now the doom

Of my fate's dice changeth?—ah me, what change  
upon all things is come!

For with torches aflame  
Of the Pelian pine,  
And with bride-song I came  
In that hour divine,

Upbearing the hand of a wife—thine hand, O  
darling mine!

Followed revellers, raising  
Acclaim; ever broke  
From the lips of them praising,  
Of the dead as they spoke,

And of me, how the noble, the children of kings,  
Love joined 'neath his yoke.

920

But for bridal song  
Is the wail for the dead,  
And, for white-robed throng,  
Black vesture hath led

Me to halls where the ghost of delight lieth couched  
on a desolate bed.

CHORUS

To the trance of thy bliss (Ant.)  
Sudden anguish was brought,  
Never lesson like this

To thine heart had been taught:  
Yet thy life hast thou won, and thy soul hast  
delivered from death:—is it naught?

485

930 ἔθανε δάμαρ, ἔλιπε φιλίαν·  
 τί νέον τόδε; πολλοὺς  
 ἤδη παρέλυσεν  
 θάνατος δάμαρτος.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

φίλοι, γυναικὸς δαίμον' εὐτυχέστερον  
 τοῦμοῦ νομίζω, καίπερ οὐ δοκοῦνθ' ὅμως·  
 τῆς μὲν γὰρ οὐδὲν ἄλγος ἄψεταιί ποτε,  
 πολλῶν δὲ μόχθων εὐκλεῆς ἐπαύσατο.  
 ἐγὼ δ', ὄν οὐ χρῆν ζῆν, παρῆς τὸ μόρσιμον  
 940 λυπρὸν διόξω βίοτον· ἄρτι μανθάνω.  
 πῶς γὰρ δόμων τῶνδ' εἰσόδους ἀνέξομαι;  
 τίν' ἂν προσειπῶν, τοῦ δὲ προσρηθεῖς ὑπο  
 τερπνῆς τύχοιμ' ἂν εἰσόδου; ποῖ τρέψομαι;  
 ἢ μὲν γὰρ ἔνδον ἐξελαῖ μ' ἐρημία,  
 γυναικὸς εὐνάς εὐτ' ἂν εἰσίδω κενὰς  
 θρόνους τ' ἐν οἷσιν ἴζε, καὶ κατὰ στέγας  
 αὐχμηρὸν οὐδας, τέκνα δ' ἀμφὶ γούνασι  
 πίπτοντα κλαίῃ μητέρ', οἱ δὲ δεσπότην  
 στένωσιν οἴαν ἐκ δόμων ἀπώλεσαν.  
 950 τὰ μὲν κατ' οἴκους τοιάδ'· ἔξωθεν δέ με  
 γάμοι τ' ἐλώσι Θεσσαλῶν καὶ ξύλλογοι  
 γυναικοπληθεῖς· οὐ γὰρ ἐξανέξομαι  
 λεύσσων δάμαρτος τῆς ἐμῆς ὀμήλικας.  
 ἐρεῖ δέ μ' ὅστις ἐχθρὸς ὢν κυρεῖ τάδε·  
 ἰδοῦ τὸν αἰσχροῦς ζῶνθ', ὅς οὐκ ἔτλη θανεῖν,  
 ἀλλ' ἦν ἔγημεν ἀντιδοὺς ἀψυχία  
 πέφευγεν Ἄιδην· εἴτ' ἀνὴρ εἶναι δοκεῖ;  
 στυγεῖ δὲ τοὺς τεκόντας, αὐτὸς οὐ θέλων  
 θανεῖν. τοιάδε πρὸς κακοῖσι κληδόνα  
 960 ἔξω. τί μοι ζῆν δῆτα κύδιον, φίλοι,  
 κακῶς κλύοντι καὶ κακῶς πεπραγότι;

## ALCESTIS

Thy wife hath departed :

Love tender and true

930

Hath she left :—stricken-hearted,

Wherein is this new ?

Hath Death not myoked from the chariot of Love  
full many ere you ?

## ADMETUS

Friends, I account the fortune of my wife

Happier than mine, albeit it seem not so.

For naught of grief shall touch her any more,

And glorious rest she finds from many toils.

But I, unmeet to live, my doom outrun,

Shall drag out bitter days : I know it now.

940

How shall I bear to enter this mine home ?

Speaking to whom, and having speech of whom,

Shall I find joy of entering ?—whither turn me ?

The solitude within shall drive me forth,

Whenso I see my wife's couch tenantless,

And seats whereon she sat, and, 'neath the roof,

All foul the floor ; when on my knees my babes

Falling shall weep their mother, servants moan

The peerless mistress from the mansion lost.

All this within : but from the world without

950

Me shall Thessalian bridals chase, and throngs

Where women gossip—oh, I shall not bear

On these, young matrons like my wife, to look !

And whatsoever foe I have shall scoff :

“ Lo there who basely liveth—dared not die,

“ But whom he wedded gave, a coward's ransom,

“ And 'scaped from Hades. Count ye him a man ?

“ He hates his parents, though himself was loth

“ To die !” Such ill report, besides my griefs,

Shall mine be. Ah, what honour is mine to live,

960

O friends, in evil fame, in evil plight ?

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἐγὼ καὶ διὰ μούσας  
 καὶ μετάρσιος ἤξα, καὶ  
 πλείστων ἰψύμενος λόγων  
 κρείσσον οὐδὲν Ἄνάγκας  
 ἠὔρον, οὐδέ τι φάρμακον  
 Θρήσσαις ἐν σανίσιν, τὰς  
 Ὀρφεΐα κατέγραψεν  
 γήρως, οὐδ' ὅσα Φοῖβος Ἄ-  
 σκληπιάδαις ἔδωκε  
 φάρμακα πολυπόνοις  
 ἀντιτεμῶν βροτοῖσιν.

στρ. α'

970

μόνας δ' οὔτ' ἐπὶ βωμούς  
 ἔστιν οὔτε βρέτας θεῆς  
 ἐλθεῖν, οὐ σφαγίων κλύει.  
 μή μοι, πότνια, μείζων  
 ἔλθοις ἢ τὸ πρὶν ἐν βίῳ.  
 καὶ γὰρ Ζεὺς ὅ τι νεύσῃ,  
 σὺν σοὶ τοῦτο τελευτᾷ.  
 καὶ τὸν ἐν Χαλύβοις δαμά-  
 ζεις σὺ βία σίδαρων,  
 οὐδέ τις ἀποτόμου  
 λήματός ἐστιν αἰδώς.

ἀντ. α'

980

στρ. β'  
 καὶ σ' ἐν ἀφύκτοισι χερῶν εἶλε θεὰ δεσμοῖς.  
 τόλμα δ' οὐ γὰρ ἀνάξεις ποτ' ἔνερθεν



# ALCESTIS

CHORUS

(*Str.* 1)

I have mused on the words of the wise,  
 Of the mighty in song;  
 I have lifted mine heart to the skies,  
 I have searched all truth with mine eyes;  
 But naught more strong  
 Than Fate have I found: there is naught  
 In the tablets of Thrace,  
 Neither drugs whereof Orpheus taught,  
 Nor in all that Apollo brought  
 To Aesclepius' race,

970

When the herbs of healing he severed, and out of  
 their anguish delivered  
 The pain-distraught.

There is none other Goddess beside (*Ant.* 1)

To the altars of whom  
 No man draweth near, nor hath cried  
 To her image, nor victim hath died,  
 Averting her doom.

O Goddess, more mighty for ill  
 Come not upon me  
 Than in days overpast: for his will  
 Even Zeus may in no wise fulfil  
 Unholpen of thee.

Steel is molten as water before thee, but never  
 relenting came o'er thee,  
 Who art ruthless still.

980

(*Str.* 2)

Thee, friend, hath the Goddess gripped: from her  
 hands never wrestler hath slipped.  
 Yet be strong to endure: never mourning shall bring  
 our beloved returning

990 κλαίων τοὺς φθιμένους ἄνω.  
καὶ θεῶν σκότιοι φθίνουσι  
παῖδες ἐν θανάτῳ.  
φίλα μὲν ὄτ' ἦν μεθ' ἡμῶν,  
φίλα δὲ †καὶ θανούσ' ἔσται†·  
γενναιοτάταν δὲ πασᾶν  
ἐξεύξω κλισίαις ἄκοιτιν.

ἀντ. β'

μηδὲ νεκρῶν ὡς φθιμένων χῶμα νομιζέσθω  
τύμβος σᾶς ἀλόχου, θεοῖσι δ' ὁμοίως  
τιμάσθω, σέβας ἐμπόρων.  
1000 καὶ τις δοχμίαν κέλευθον  
ἐμβαίνων τόδ' ἐρεῖ·  
αὕτα ποτὲ προὔθαν' ἀνδρός,  
νῦν δ' ἐστὶ μάκαιρα δαίμων·  
χαῖρ', ὦ πότνι', εὖ δὲ δοίης.  
τοῖαί νιν προσερούσι φῦμαι.

καὶ μὴν ὄδ', ὡς ἔοικεν, Ἀλκμήνης γόνος,  
Ἄδμητε, πρὸς σὴν ἐστίαν πορεύεται.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

1010 φίλον πρὸς ἄνδρα χρὴ λέγειν ἐλευθέρως,  
Ἄδμητε, μομφὰς δ' οὐχ ὑπὸ σπλίγχοις ἔχειν  
σιγῶντ'. ἐγὼ δὲ σοῖς κακοῖσιν ἠξίου  
ἐγγὺς παρεστῶς ἐξετάζεσθαι φίλος·  
σὺ δ' οὐκ ἔφραζες σῆς προκείμενον νέκυν  
γυναικός, ἀλλὰ μ' ἐξένιζες ἐν δόμοις,  
ὡς δὴ θυραίου πῆματος σπουδὴν ἔχων.

## ALCESTIS

From the nethergloom up to the light,  
 Yea, the heroes of Gods begotten,  
 They fade into darkness, forgotten  
 In death's chill night.

990

Dear was she in days ere we lost her,  
 Dear yet, though she lie with the dead,  
 None nobler shall Earth-mother foster  
 Than the wife of thy bed.

(*Ant.* 2)

Not as mounds of the dead which have died, so  
 account we the tomb of thy bride ;  
 But O, let the worship and honour that we render to  
 Gods rest upon her :

Unto her let the wayfarer pray.  
 As he treadeth the pathway that trendeth  
 Aside from the highway, and bendeth  
 At her shrine, he shall say :  
 " Her life for her lord's was given ;  
 With the Blest now abides she on high,  
 Hail, Queen, show us grace from thine  
 heaven ! "

1000

Even so shall they cry.

But lo, Almena's son, as seemeth, yonder,  
 Admetus, to thine hearth is journeying.

*Enter HERCULES, leading a woman wholly veiled.*

HERCULES

Unto a friend behoveth speech outspoken,  
 Admetus, not to hide within the breast  
 Murmurs unvoiced. I came mid thine affliction :  
 Fair claim was mine to rank amidst thy friends ;  
 Thou told'st me not how lay thy wife a corpse ;  
 Thou gavest me guest-welcome in thine home,  
 Making pretence of mourning for a stranger.

1010

κῦστεψα κρῦτα καὶ θεοῖς ἐλειψάμην  
 σπονδὰς ἐν οἴκοις δυστυχοῦσι τοῖσι σοῖς.  
 καὶ μέμφομαι μὲν μέμφομαι παθῶν τύδε,  
 οὐ μὴν σε λυπεῖν ἐν κακοῖσι βούλομαι.  
 ὦν δ' εἶνεχ' ἤκω δεῦρ' ὑποστρέψας πάλιν  
 1020 λέξω. γυναῖκα τήνδε μοι σῶσον λαβῶν,  
 ἕως ἂν ἵππους δεῦρο Θρηκίας ἄγων  
 ἔλθω, τύραννοι Βιστόνων κατακτανῶν.  
 πράξας δ' ὃ μὴ τύχοιμι, νοστήσαιμι γάρ,  
 δίδωμι τήνδε σοῖσι προσπολεῖν δόμοις.  
 πολλῶ δὲ μόχθῳ χεῖρας ἦλθεν εἰς ἐμάς·  
 ἀγῶνα γὰρ πάνδημον εὐρίσκω τινὰς  
 τιθέντας, ἀθληταῖσιν ἄξιον πόνον,  
 ὅθην κομίζω τήνδε νικητήρια

λαβῶν· τὰ μὲν γὰρ κούφα τοῖς νικῶσιν ἦν  
 1030 ἵππους ἄγεσθαι, τοῖσι δ' αὖ τὰ μείζονα  
 νικῶσι, πυγμὴν καὶ πάλην, βουφόρβια·  
 γυνὴ δ' ἐπ' αὐτοῖς εἶπετ'· ἐντυχόντι δὲ  
 αἰσχρὸν παρεῖναι κέρδος ἦν τόδ' εὐκλεές.  
 ἀλλ', ὥσπερ εἶπον, σοὶ μέλειν γυναῖκα χρή·  
 οὐ γὰρ κλοπαίαν, ἀλλὰ σὺν πόνῳ λαβῶν  
 ἤκω· χρόνῳ δὲ καὶ σύ μ' αἰρέσεις ἴσως.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

οὔτοι σ' ἀτίζων οὐδ' ἐν ἐχθροῖσιν τιθεῖς  
 ἔκρυψ' ἐμήs γυναικὸς ἀθλίους τύχας·  
 ἀλλ' ἄλγος ἄλγει τοῦτ' ἂν ἦν προσκείμενον,  
 1040 εἴ του πρὸς ἄλλου δώμαθ' ὠρμήθης ξέιου·  
 ἄλις δὲ κλαίειν τὸνμὸν ἦν ἐμοὶ κακόν.  
 γυναῖκα δ', εἴ πως ἔστιν, αἰτοῦμαί σ', ἄναξ,  
 ἄλλον τιν' ὅστις μὴ πέποιθεν οἷ' ἐγὼ  
 σῶζειν ἄνωχθι Θεσσαλῶν· πολλοὶ δὲ σοι  
 ξένοι Φεραίων· μή μ' ἀναμνήσης κακῶν.

## ALCESTIS

I wreathed mine head, I spilled unto the Gods  
 Drink-offerings in a stricken house, even thine.  
 I blame thee, thus mishandled, yea, I blame ;  
 Yet nowise is my will to gall thy grief.

But wherefore hither turning back I come,  
 This will I tell. Take, guard for me this maid, 1020  
 Till, leading hitherward the Thracian mare,  
 I come from slaughter of Bistonias lord.  
 But if I fall—no, no ! I *must* return !—  
 I give her then, for service of thine halls.  
 Prize of hard toil unto mine hands she came :  
 For certain men I found but now arraying  
 An athlete-strife, toil-worthy, for all comers,  
 Whence I have won and bring this victor's meed.

Horses there were for them to take which won  
 The light foot's triumph ; but for hero-strife, 1030  
 Boxing and wrestling, oxen were the guerdon ;  
 A woman made it richer. Shame it seemed  
 To hap thereon, and slip this glorious gun.  
 But, as I said, this woman be thy care ;  
 For no thief's prize, but toil-achieved, I bring her.  
 Yea, one day thou perchance shalt say 'twas well.

## ADMETUS

Not flouting thee, nor counting among foes,  
 My wife's unhappy fate I hid from thee.  
 But this had been but grief upped on grief.  
 Hadst thou sped hence to be another's guest ; 1040  
 And mine own ills sufficed me to bewail.  
 You maid—I pray thee, if it may be, prince,  
 Bid some Thessalian ward her, who hath not  
 Suffered as I : thou hast many friends in Pherae.  
 Oh, waken not remembrance of my grief !

οὐκ ἂν δυναίμην τήνδ' ὀρώων ἐν δώμασιν  
 ἄδακρυς εἶναι· μὴ νοσοῦντί μοι νόσον  
 προσθῆς· ἄλις γὰρ συμφορᾷ βαρύνομαι.  
 1050 ποῦ καὶ τρέφοιτ' ἂν δωμάτων νέα γυνή;  
 νέα γάρ, ὡς ἐσθῆτι καὶ κόσμῳ πρέπει.  
 πότερα μετ' ἀνδρῶν δῆτ' ἐνοικήσει στέγην;  
 καὶ πῶς ἀκραιφνῆς ἐν νέοις στρωφωμένη  
 ἔσται; τὸν ἠβῶνθ', Ἡράκλεις, οὐ ῥάδιον  
 εἶργειν· ἐγὼ δὲ σοῦ προμηθίαν ἔχω.

ἢ τῆς θανούσης θάλαμον εἰσβήσας τρέφω;  
 καὶ πῶς ἐπεισφρῶ τήνδε τῷ κείνης λέχει;  
 διπλὴν φοβοῦμαι μέμψιν, ἐκ τε δημοτῶν,  
 μὴ τίς μ' ἐλέγξῃ τὴν ἐμὴν εὐεργέτιν  
 1060 προδόντ' ἐν ἄλλῃς δεμνίοις πίτνειν νέας,  
 καὶ τῆς θανούσης· ἀξία δ' ἐμοὶ σέβειν·  
 πολλὴν πρόνοιαν δεῖ μ' ἔχειν. σὺ δ', ὦ γύναι,  
 ἦτις ποτ' εἰ σύ, ταῦτ' ἔχουσ' Ἀλκήσιτιδι  
 μορφῆς μέτρ' ἴσθι καὶ προσήξαι δέμας.  
 οἴμοι. κόμιζε πρὸς θεῶν ἐξ ὀμμάτων  
 γυναῖκα τήνδε, μὴ μ' ἔλῃς ἠρημένον.  
 δοκῶ γὰρ αὐτὴν εἰσορῶν γυναῖχ' ὄραν  
 ἐμὴν· θολοῖ δὲ καρδίαν, ἐκ δ' ὀμμάτων  
 πηγαὶ κατερρώγασιν· ὦ τλήμων ἐγώ,  
 ὡς ἄρτι πένθους τοῦδε γεύομαι πικροῦ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

1070 ἐγὼ μὲν οὐκ ἔχοιμ' ἂν εὖ λέγειν τύχην·  
 χρῆ δ', ὅστις εἶσι, καρτερεῖν θεοῦ δόσιν.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

εἰ γὰρ τοσαύτην δύναμιν εἶχον ὥστε σὴν  
 εἰς φῶς πορευῆσαι νερτέρων ἐκ δωμάτων  
 γυναῖκα καὶ σοι τήνδε πορσῦναι χάριν.

## ALCESTIS

I could not, seeing her mine halls within,  
 Be tearless : add not hurt unto mine hurt ;  
 Burdened enough am I by mine affliction.  
 Nay, in mine house where should a young maid  
 lodge?—

For vesture and adorning speak her young :— 1050

What, 'neath the men's roof shall her lodging be ?

And how unsullied, dwelling with young men ?

Not easy is it, Hercules, to curb

The young : herein do I take thought for thee.

Or shall I ope to her my dead wife's bower ?

How !—cause her to usurp my lost love's bed ?

Twofold reproach I dread—first, from my folk,

Lest any say that, traitor to my saviour,

I fall upon another woman's bed ;

Then, from my dead wife—oh, she is reverence-  
 worthy !— 1060

Of her must I be heedful. Woman, thou,

Whoso thou art, know that thy body's stature

Is as Alcestis, and thy form as hers.

Ah me !—lead, for the Gods' sake, from my sight

This woman ! Take not my captivity captive.

For, as I look on her, methinks I see

My wife : she stirs mine heart with turmoil : fountains

Of tears burst from mine eyes. O wretched I !

Now first I taste this grief's full bitterness.

### CHORUS

In sooth thy fortune can I not commend : 1070

Yet all Heaven's visitations must we bear.

### HERCULES

O that such might I had as back to bring

To light thy wife from nethergloom abodes,

And to bestow this kindness upon thee !

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

σίφ' οἶδα βούλεσθαί σ' ἄν. ἀλλὰ ποῦ τόδε ;  
οὐκ ἔστι τοὺς θανόντας εἰς φύος μολεῖν.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

μή νυν ὑπέρβαλλ', ἀλλ' ἐναισίμως φέρε.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ῥᾶον παραινεῖν ἢ παθόντα καρτερεῖν.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

τί δ' ἂν προκόπτοις, εἰ θέλοις ἀεὶ στένειν ;

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

1080 ἔγνωκα καὺτός, ἀλλ' ἔρωσ τις ἐξάγει.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

τὸ γὰρ φιλήσαι τὸν θανόντ' ἄγει δάκρυ.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ἀπώλεσέν με, κᾶτι μᾶλλον ἢ λέγω.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

γυναικὸς ἐσθλῆς ἤμπλακες· τίς ἀντερεῖ ;

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ὥστ' ἄνδρα τόνδε μηκέθ' ἤδεσθαι βίω.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

χρόνος μαλάξει, νῦν δ' ἔθ' ἠβᾶ σοι κακόν.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

χρόνον λέγοις ἄν, εἰ χρόνος τὸ κατθανεῖν.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

γυνὴ σε παύσει καὶ νέου γάμου πόθοι.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

σίγησον· οἶον εἶπας. οὐκ ἂν φόβη.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

τί δ' ; οὐ γαμείς γάρ, ἀλλὰ χηρεύσει λέχος ;

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

1090 οὐκ ἔστιν ἣτις τῷδε συγκλιθήσεται.



## ALCESTIS

ADMETUS

Fain would'st thou, well I know. But wherefore this?  
It cannot be the dead to light should come.

HERCULES

O'ershoot not thou the mark; bear bravely all.

ADMETUS

Easier to exhort than suffer and be strong.

HERCULES

But what thy profit, though for aye thou moan?

ADMETUS

I too know this; yet love drives me distraught.

HERCULES

Love for the lost—ay, that draws forth the tear.

ADMETUS

She hath undone me more than words can tell.

HERCULES

A good wife hast thou lost, who shall gainsay?

ADMETUS

So that thy friend hath no more joy in life.

HERCULES

Time shall bring healing; now is thy grief young.

ADMETUS

Time—time?—O yea, if this thy Time be Death!

HERCULES

A young wife, new love-yearning, shall console thee.

ADMETUS

Hush!—what say'st thou?—I could not think there-  
on!

HERCULES

How?—wilt not wed, but widowed keep thy couch?

ADMETUS

Lives not the woman that shall couch with me.

1080

1090

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

μῶν τὴν θανοῦσαι ὠφελεῖν τι προσδοκᾶς ;

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

κείνην ὅπουπερ ἔστι τιμᾶσθαι χρεῶν.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

αἰνῶ μὲν αἰνῶ· μωρίαν δ' ὀφλισκάνεις.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ὡς μήποτ' ἄνδρα τόνδε νυμφίον καλῶν.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

ἐπήνεσ' ἰλόχῳ πιστὸς οὔνεκ' εἰ φίλος.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

θάνοιμ' ἐκείνην καίπερ οὐκ οὔσαν προδούς.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

δέχου νυν εἴσω τήνδε γενναίων δόμων.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

μή, πρὸς σε τοῦ σπείραντος ἄντομαι Διός.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

καὶ μὴν ἰμαρτήσῃ γε μὴ δράσας τάδε.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

1100 καὶ δρῶν γε λύπη καρδίαν δηχθήσομαι.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

πιθοῦ· τίχ' ἂν γὰρ εἰς δέον πέσοι χάρις.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

φεῦ·

εἴθ' ἐξ ἀγῶνος τήνδε μὴ ἴλαβές ποτε.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

νικῶντι μέντοι καὶ σὺ συννικᾶς ἐμοί.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

καλῶς ἔλεξας· ἢ γυνὴ δ' ἀπελθέτω.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

ἄπεισιν, εἰ χρὴ· πρῶτα δ' εἰ χρεῶν ἄθρει.

## ALCESTIS

HERCULES

Look'st thou that this shall profit aught the dead?

ADMETUS

I needs must honour her where'er she be.

HERCULES

Good—good—yet this the world calls foolishness.

ADMETUS

So be it, so thou call me bridegroom never.

HERCULES

I praise thee, in that leal thou art to her.

ADMETUS

I?—false to her, though dead?—may I die first!

HERCULES

Receive this woman then these halls within.

ADMETUS

Nay!—I implore thee by thy father Zeus!

HERCULES

Yet shalt thou err if thou do not this thing.

ADMETUS

Yet shall mine heart be tortured, if I do it.

1100

HERCULES

Yield thou: this grace may prove perchance a duty.

ADMETUS

O that in strife thou ne'er hadst won this maid!

HERCULES

Yet thy friend's victory is surely thine.

ADMETUS

Well said: yet let the woman hence depart.

HERCULES

Yea—if need be. First look well—need it be?

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

χρή, σοῦ γε μὴ μέλλοντος ὀργαίνειν ἐμοί.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

εἰδώς τι κἀγὼ τήνδ' ἔχω προθυμίαν.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

νίκα νυν. οὐ μὴν ἀνδάνοντά μοι ποιεῖς.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

ἀλλ' ἔσθ' ὄθ' ἡμᾶς αἰνέσεις· πιθοῦ μόνον.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

κομίζετ', εἰ χρή τήνδε δέξασθαι δόμοις.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

οὐκ ἂν μεθείην τὴν γυναῖκα προσπόλοις.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

σὺ δ' αὐτὸς αὐτὴν εἴσαγ', εἰ βούλει, δόμους.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

εἰς σὰς μὲν οὖν ἔγωγε θήσομαι χέρας.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

οὐκ ἂν θίγομι· δώματ' εἰσελθεῖν πάρα.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

τῇ σῇ πέποιθα χειρὶ δεξιᾷ μόνῃ.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ἄναξ, βιάζει μ' οὐ θέλοντα δρᾶν τάδε.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

τόλμα προτεῖναι χεῖρα καὶ θιγεῖν ξένης.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

καὶ δὴ προτείνω, Γοργόν' ὡς κατατομῶν.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

ἔχεις ;

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ἔχω.

## ALCESTIS

ADMETUS

Needs must—save thou wilt else be wroth with me.

HERCULES

I too know what I do, insisting thus.

ADMETUS

Have then thy will : thy pleasure is my pain.

HERCULES

Yet one day shalt thou praise me : only yield.

ADMETUS (*to attendants*)

Lead ye her, if mine halls must needs receive.

111

HERCULES

Nay, to no servants' hands will I commit her.

ADMETUS

Thou lead her in then, if it seems thee good.

HERCULES

Nay, but in thine hands will I place her—thine.

ADMETUS

I will not touch her ! Open stand my doors.

HERCULES

Unto thy right hand only trust I her.

ADMETUS

King, thou dost force me, sore against my will !

HERCULES

Be strong : stretch forth thine hand and touch thy  
guest.

ADMETUS (*turning his face away*)

I do, as one who doth behold a Gorgon.

HERCULES

Hast her ?

ADMETUS

I have

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

1120 ναί, σῶζέ νυν, καὶ τὸν Διὸς  
 φήσεις ποτ' εἶναι παῖδα γενναῖον ξένου.  
 βλέψον πρὸς αὐτήν, εἴ τι σῆ δοκεῖ πρέπειν  
 γυναικί· λύπης δ' εὐτυχῶν μεθίστασο.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ὦ θεοί, τί λέξω ; θαῦμ' ἀνέλπιστον τόδε·  
 γυναῖκα λεύσσω τὴν ἐμὴν ἐτητύμως,  
 ἢ κέρτομός με θεοῦ τις ἐκπλήσσει χαρά ;

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

οὐκ ἔστιν, ἀλλὰ τήνδ' ὀρᾶς δάμαρτα σὴν.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ὄρα γε μή τι φύσμα νερτέρων τόδ' ἦ.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

οὐ ψυχαγωγὸν τόνδ' ἐποιήσω ξένου.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ἀλλ' ἦν ἔθαπτον εἰσορῶ δάμαρτ' ἐμὴν ;

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

1130 σίφ' ἴσθ'. ἀπιστεῖν δ' οὐ σε θαυμάζω τύχην.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

θίγω, προσείπω ζῶσαν ὡς δάμαρτ' ἐμὴν ;

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

πρόσειπ'. ἔχεις γὰρ πᾶν ὅσονπερ ἤθελες.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ὦ φιλτάτης γυναικὸς ὄμμα καὶ δέμας,  
 ἔχω σ' ἀέλπτως, οὐποτ' ὄψεσθαι δοκῶν.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

ἔχεις· φθόνος δὲ μὴ γένοιτό τις θεῶν.

## ALCESTIS

HERCULES

Yea, guard her. Thou shalt call  
The child of Zeus one day a noble guest. 1120

[*Raises the veil, and discloses ALCESTIS.*

Look on her, if in aught she seems to thee  
Like to thy wife. Step forth from grief to bliss.

ADMETUS

What shall I say?—Gods! Marvel this unhop'd for!  
My wife do I behold in very sooth,  
Or doth some god-sent mockery-joy distract me?

HERCULES

Not so; but this thou seest is thy wife.

ADMETUS

What if this be some phantom from the shades?

HERCULES

No ghost-upraiser hast thou ta'en for guest.

ADMETUS

How?—whom I buried do I see—my wife?

HERCULES

Doubt not: yet might'st thou well mistrust thy  
fortune. 1130

ADMETUS

As wife, as living, may I touch, address her?

HERCULES

Speak to her: all thou didst desire thou hast.

ADMETUS

Oh dearest!—wife!—sweet face!—belov'd form!  
Past hope I have thee! Never I thought to see  
thee!

HERCULES

Thou hast: may no God of thy bliss be jealous.

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ὦ τοῦ μεγίστου Ζητὸς εὐγενὲς τέκνον,  
εὐδαιμονοίης, καί σ' ὁ φιτύσας πατὴρ  
σώζοι· σὺ γὰρ δὴ τὰμ' ἀνώρθωσας μόνος.  
πῶς τήνδ' ἔπεμψας νέρθεν εἰς φάος τόδε;

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

1140

μάχην συνάψας δαιμόνων τῷ κυρίῳ.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ποῦ τόνδε Θανάτῳ φῆς ἀγῶνα συμβαλεῖν;

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

τύμβον παρ' αὐτὸν ἐκ λόχου μάρψας χεροῖν.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

τί γάρ ποθ' ἦδ' ἀναυδος ἔστηκεν γυνή;

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

οὔπω θέμις σοι τῆσδε προσφωνημάτων  
κλύειν, πρὶν ἂν θεοῖσι τοῖσι νερτέροις  
ἀφαγνίσηται καὶ τρίτον μὲν φάος.  
ἀλλ' εἴσαγ' εἴσω τήνδε· καὶ δίκαιος ὦν  
τὸ λοιπόν, Ἄδμητ', εὐσέβει περὶ ξένους.  
καὶ χαῖρ'· ἐγὼ δὲ τὸν προκείμενον πόνον  
Σθενέλου τυράννῳ παιδὶ πορσυνῶ μολών.

1150

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

μείνον παρ' ἡμῖν καὶ συνέστιος γενοῦ.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

αὐθις τόδ' ἔσται, νῦν δ' ἐπείγεσθαί με δεῖ.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ἀλλ' εὐτυχοίης, νόστιμον δ' ἔλθοις ὁδόν.  
ἀστοῖς δὲ πάσῃ τ' ἐννέπω τετραρχία,  
χοροὺς ἐπ' ἐσθλαῖς συμφοραῖσιν ἰστίαναι  
βωμούς τε κνισᾶν βουθύτοισι προστροπαῖς.



## ALCESTIS

ADMETUS

O seion nobly-born of Zeus most high,  
Blessings on thee! The Father who begat thee  
Keep thee! Thou only hast restored my fortunes.  
How didst thou bring her from the shades to light?

HERCULES

I closed in conflict with the Lord of Spirits. 1140

ADMETUS

Where, say'st thou, didst thou fight this fight with  
Death?

HERCULES

From ambush by the tomb mine hands ensnared him.

ADMETUS

Now wherefore speechless standeth thus my wife?

HERCULES

'Tis not vouchsafed thee yet to hear her voice,  
Ere to the Powers beneath the earth she be  
Unconsecrated, and the third day come.  
But lead her in, and, just man as thou art,  
Henceforth, Admetus, reverence still the guest.  
Farewell. But I must go, and work the work  
Set by the king, the son of Sthenelus. 1150

ADMETUS

Abide with us, a sharer of our hearth.

HERCULES

Hereafter this: now must I hasten on.

ADMETUS

O prosper thou, and come again in peace!

[*Exit* HERCULES.]

Through all my realm I publish to my folk  
That, for these blessings, dances they array,  
And that atonement-fumes from altars rise.

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

νῦν γὰρ μεθηρμόσμεσθα βελτίω βίον  
τοῦ πρόσθεν· οὐ γὰρ εὐτυχῶν ἀρνήσομαι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πολλαὶ μορφαὶ τῶν δαιμονίων,  
πολλὰ δ' ἀέλπτως κραίνουσι θεοί·  
καὶ τὰ δοκηθέντ' οὐκ ἔτελέσθη,  
τῶν δ' ἀδοκίτων πόρον ἦνρε θεός,  
τοιόνδ' ἀπέβη τόδε πρᾶγμα.

1160

## ALCESTIS

For now to happier days than those o'erpast  
Have we attained. I own me blest indeed.

CHORUS

O the works of the Gods—in manifold forms they  
reveal them :

Manifold things unhop'd-for the Gods to accom-  
plishment bring.

And the things that we looked for, the Gods deign  
not to fulfil them ;

And the paths undiscern'd of our eyes, the Gods  
unseal them.

So fell this marvellous thing.

[*Exeunt OMNES.*

1160

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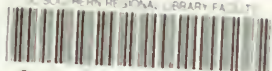
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