

ANCIENT GREEK POETRY

(Tragedy, Comedy, Lyric, Elegiac and Iambic Poetry) read in Greek by JOHN F. C. RICHARDS

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FL9984

selections from: AESCHYLUS, SOPHOCLES, EURIPIDES,
ARISTOPHANES, ALCMAN, MIMNERMUS,
ALCAEUS, SAPPHO, PINDAR, PLATO,
MELEAGER, CLEANTHES

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Descriptive notes, including complete Greek texts and English translations, accompany this long-playing record and may be found inside the packet.

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ANCIENT GREEK POETRY

SIDE 1

TRAGEDY

(Iambic trimeter and choral meters)

- Band 1: AESCHYLUS (525-456 B.C.)
a. Prometheus Bound
b. Agamemnon
c. Heliades

- Band 2: SOPHOCLES (495-406 B.C.)
Oedipus Tyrannus

SIDE 2

TRAGEDY

- Band 1: SOPHOCLES (495-406 B.C.)
Antigone

- Band 2: EURIPIDES (480-406 B.C.)
Hippolytus; Polyidus

- Band 3: COMEDY
ARISTOPHANES (450-385 B.C.)
Clouds; Frogs

- Band 4: LYRIC, ELEGIAC
AND IAMBIC POETRY
a. ALCMAN (flourished 630 B.C.)
b. MIMNERMUS (fl. 630 B.C.)
c. ALCAEUS (fl. 600(?) B.C.)
d. SAPPHO (fl. 600(?) B.C.)
e. PINDAR (522-448(?) B.C.)
f. PLATO (429-347 B.C.)
g. MELEAGER (fl. 90 B.C.)
h. CLEANTHES (332-232 B.C.)

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ANCIENT GREEK POETRY

READ IN GREEK BY

John F. C. Richards

In Greek tragedy one lesson that Aeschylus teaches is that 'wisdom comes through suffering' (Agamemnon 177) and he shows great reverence for Zeus, the supreme God (Agam. 160 ff., Frag. 70).

It is typical of Greek thought that Agamemnon on his return from the Trojan War hesitates to step on the purple carpet prepared for him by his wife Clytaemnestra. This would be a sign of Insolence (*Hybris*), which is always followed by Retribution. Agamemnon is murdered by his wife because he had sacrificed their daughter Iphigeneia. Thus one sin leads to another, and Clytemnestra in her turn is killed by their son Orestes.

Sophocles believes in 'those laws ordained on high' (O.T. 865-6), 'the unwritten laws of Heaven' (Antig. 454-5), but he also speaks of the uncertainty of human happiness. 'Therefore wait to see life's ending ere thou count one mortal blest' (O. T. 1529-30; cf. Aesch., Agam. 928-9).

Oedipus is a fine example of the tragic hero, a good man who has flaw in his character which finally brings him to disaster. If he were a bad man, his end would seem less tragic to the audience. He sinned against his parents in ignorance, but none the less brought pollution to his city. Antigone is a magnificent figure, who believes that the law of God is higher than the law of Man. Therefore she buries her brother and defies Creon's edict.

Aristophanes, the brilliant writer of Comedy, preferred Aeschylus to Euripides. Line 1471 of the Frogs is a parody of Hippolytus 612, where Euripides makes a controver-

sial statement about oaths, and lines 1477-8 are a parody of Fragment 638 from the Polyidus ('Who knows if life is death and death is counted life by those who dwell below?') In the Clouds he gives us an amusing but absurd caricature of the Greek thinker Socrates, who is described with such admiration by Plato.

Little is left of the early lyric poetry of Alcaeus and the famous poetess Sappho. But the meters that they perfected were used by the Roman poet Horace in his Odes. No. 37 of Alcaeus, an allegory about the ship of state, is an example of the Alcaic meter, and No. 2 of Sappho is a love poem in the Sapphic meter. This was translated by the Roman poet Catullus in honor of Lesbia (Cat. 51).

The final quotation is a noble prayer by the Stoic Cleanthes, who obeys God's will whether he likes it or not.

In reading these poems attention has been paid to the beat of the verse and not to the word-accent.

John F. C. Richards received his B. A. degree at Oxford University (Christ Church) in 1921, his M. A. in 1927, and his Ph. D. at Harvard University in 1931. He has been teaching Greek and Latin literature since 1927, first at Dartmouth College, and then at Harvard University, the University of Rochester, and Columbia University, where he is now Associate Professor of Greek and Latin.

-Recordings by John F. C. Richards-

- FI8112 - Essentials of Latin (4-record set)
- FI8116 - Essentials of Latin (Basic Constructions and Review)
- FI9968 - Odes of Horace
- FI9969 - Selections from Virgil
- FI9970 - Selections from Ovid
- FI9984 - Ancient Greek Poetry
- FI9985 - Homer

The text and translations are those of the Loeb Classical Library and are used with the permission of the Harvard University Press.

1. Aeschylus, translated by H. W. Smyth. (1922, 1926)
2. Sophocles, translated by F. Storr. (1912)
3. Euripides, translated by A. S. Way. (1912)
4. Aristophanes, translated by B. B. Rogers (1924)
5. Lyra Graeca, translated by J. M. Edmonds. (1922)
6. Elegy and Iambus, translated by J. M. Edmonds (1931)
7. Pindar, translated by Sir. J. E. Sandys (1915)

some translations of Sophocles by Sir Richard Jebb and of Euripides by Gilbert Murray have also been added.

- John F. C. Richards

TRAGEDY
(Iambic trimeter and choral meters)

SIDE I, BAND 1: AESCHYLUS

PROMETHEUS BOUND

ΠΡΟΜΗΘΕΥΣ

90 ὦ διός¹ αἰθῆρ καὶ ταχύπτεροι πνοαί,
ποταμῶν τε πηγαί, ποντίων τε κυμάτων
ἀνήριθμον γέλασμα, παμμήτορ² τε γῆ,
καὶ τὸν πανόπτην κύκλον ἡλίου καλῶ.
ἴδεσθέ μ' οἶα πρὸς θεῶν πάσχω θεός.

95 δέρχομαι οἷσις αἰκείαισιν³
διακναιόμενος τὸν μυριετή
χρόνον ἀθλεύσω.
τοιόνδ' ὁ νέος ταγὸς μακάρων
ἐξηῦρ' ἐπ' ἐμοὶ δεσμόν ἀεικῆ.
φεῦ φεῦ, τὸ παρὸν τό τ' ἐπερχόμενον
πῆμα στενάχω, πῆ⁴ ποτε μόχθων
100 χρὴ τέρματα τῶνδ' ἐπιτεῖλαι.

καίτοι τί φημι; πάντα προυξέπισταμαι
σκεθρῶς τὰ μέλλοντ', οὐδέ μοι ποταίνιον
πῆμ' οὐδὲν ἤξει. τὴν πεπρωμένην δὲ χρὴ
αἶσαν φέρειν ὡς ῥᾶστα, γινώσκονθ' ὅτι
105 τὸ τῆς ἀνάγκης ἔστ' ἀδήριτον σθένος.
ἀλλ' οὔτε σιγᾶν οὔτε μὴ σιγᾶν τύχας
οἶόν τέ μοι τάσδ' ἐστί. θνητοῖς γὰρ γέρα
πορῶν ἀνάγκαις ταῖσδ' ἐνέξενγμαι τάλας.
ναρθηκοπλήρωτον δὲ θηρῶμαι πυρὸς
πηγὴν κλοπαίαν, ἣ διδάσκαλος τέχνης
110 πάσης βροτοῖς πέφηνε καὶ μέγας πόρος.
τοιῶνδε⁵ ποινὰς ἀμπλακημάτων τίνω
ὑπαιθρίοις⁶ δεσμοῖς πεπασσαλευμένους.⁷

PROMETHEUS

O thou bright sky of heaven, ye swift-winged breezes, ye river-waters, and multitudinous laughter of the waves of ocean, O universal mother Earth, and thou, all-seeing orb of the sun, to you I call! Behold what I, a god, endure of evil from the gods.

Behold, with what shameful woes I am racked and must wrestle throughout the countless years of time apportioned me. Such is the ignominious bondage the new Commander of the Blessed hath contrived against me. Woe! Woe! For misery present and misery to come I groan, not knowing where it is fated deliverance from these woes shall dawn.

And yet, what do I say? All that is to be I know full well and in advance, nor shall any affliction come upon me unforeseen. My allotted doom I needs must bear as lightly as I may, knowing that the might of Necessity brooketh no resistance. Yet to be silent or not silent about this my fate is beyond my power. For it is because I bestowed good gifts on mortals that this yoke of constraint hath been bound upon me to my misery. I hunted out and stored in fennel stalk the stolen source of fire that hath proved to mortals a teacher in every art and a means to mighty ends. Such is the offence for which I pay the penalty, riveted in fetters beneath the open sky.

AGAMEMNON

160 Ζεὺς, ὅστις ποτ' ἐστίν, εἰ τόδ' αὖ- [στρ. β.
τῷ φίλον κεκλημένω,
τοῦτό νῦν προσεινέπω.
οὐκ ἔχω προσεῦκασαι
πάντ' ἐπισταθμιόμενος
165 πλὴν Διός, εἰ τὸ μᾶταν¹ ἀπὸ φροντίδος ἄχλος
χρὴ βαλεῖν ἐτητύμως.

οὐδ' ὅστις πάροιθεν ἦν μέγας, [ἀντ. β.
παμμάχῳ θράσει βρύων,
170 οὐδὲ λέξεται² πρὶν ὦν.
ὅς δ' ἔπειτ' ἔφν, τρια-
κτῆρος οἴχεται τυχών.
Ζῆνα δέ τις προφρόνως ἐπινίκια κλίσζων
175 τεύξεται φρενῶν τὸ πᾶν.

τὸν φρονεῖν βροτοὺς ὀδώ- [στρ. γ.
σαντα, τὸν³ πάθει μάθος
θέντα κυρίως ἔχειν.
στάζει δ' ἐν θ' ὕπνῳ πρὸ καρδίας
180 μνησιπήμων πόνος· καὶ παρ' ἄ-
κοντας ἦλθε σωφρονεῖν.
δαιμόνων δέ που χάρις βί-
αιος⁴ σέλμα σεμνὸν ἡμένων.

Zeus, whosoe'er he be,—if by this name it well pleaseth him to be invoked, by this name I call to him—as I weigh all things in the balance, I can conjecture none save “Zeus,” if in very sooth I needs must cast aside this vain burthen from my heart. He¹ who aforetime was mighty, swelling with insolence for every fray, he shall not even be named as having ever been; and he² who arose thereafter, he hath met his overthrower and is past and gone. But whosoe'er, heartily taking thought beforehand, giveth title of victory in triumphant shout to “Zeus,” he shall gain wisdom altogether,—Zeus, who leadeth mortals the way of understanding, Zeus, who hath stablished as a fixed ordinance that “wisdom cometh by suffering.” But even as trouble, bringing memory of pain, droppeth o'er the mind in sleep, so to men in their despite cometh wisdom. With constraint, methinks, cometh the grace of the powers divine enthroned upon their awful seats.

895 νῦν ταῦτα πάντα τλάσ' ἀπενθήτω φρενὶ
λέγοιμι' ἄν' ἄνδρα τόνδε τῶν σταθμῶν κύνα,
σωτήρα ναὸς πρότονον, ὑψηλῆς στέγης
στῦλον¹ ποδήρη, μονογενὲς τέκνον πατρί,
καὶ γῆν φανείσαν ναυτίλοις παρ' ἐλπίδα,
900 καλλιστον ἡμᾶρ εἰσιδεῖν ἐκ χείματος,
ὁδοιπόρῳ διψῶντι πηγαῖον ῥέος·
τερπνὸν δὲ τὰναγκαῖον ἐκφυγεῖν ἅπαν.
τοιούσδε τοί νυν² ἀξιῶ προσφθέγμασιν.
φθόνος δ' ἀπέστω· πολλὰ γὰρ τὰ πρὶν κακὰ
905 ἠνείχόμεσθα.

νῦν δέ μοι, φίλον κάρα,
ἔκβαν' ἀπήνης τῆσδε, μὴ χαμαὶ τιθεῖς
τὸν σὸν πόδ', ὦναξ, Ἰλίου πορθήτορα.
δμῳαί,³ τί μέλλεθ', αἷς ἐπέσταλται τέλος⁴
πέδον κελεύθου στρωννύναι πετάσμασιν;
910 εὐθύς γενέσθω πορφυρόστρωτος πόρος
ἐς δῶμ' ἀελπτον ὥς ἂν ἡγήται δίκη.
τὰ δ' ἄλλα φροντίς οὐχ ὕπνω νικωμένη
θήσει δικαίως σὺν θεοῖς εἰμαρμένα.

AGAMEMNON

Λήδας γένεθλον, δωμάτων ἐμῶν φύλαξ,
915 ἀπουσία μὲν εἶπας εἰκότως ἐμῇ·
μακρὰν γὰρ ἐξέτεινας· ἀλλ' ἐναισίμως
αἰνεῖν, παρ' ἄλλων ἡρή τόδ' ἔρχεσθαι γέρας·
καὶ τᾶλλα μὴ γυναικὸς ἐν τρόποις ἐμέ
ἄβρυνε, μηδὲ βαρβάρου φωτὸς δίκην
920 χαμαιπετὲς βόαμα¹ προσχάνης ἐμοί,
μηδ' εἴμασι στρώσας² ἐπίφθονον πόρον
τίθει· θεοὺς τοι τοῖσδε τιμαλφεῖν χρεῶν·
ἐν ποικίλοις δὲ θνητὸν ὄντα κάλλεσιν
βαίνειν ἐμοὶ μὲν οὐδαμῶς ἀνευ φόβου.
925 λέγω κατ' ἄνδρα, μὴ θεόν, σέβειν ἐμέ.
χωρὶς ποδοφῆστρων τε καὶ τῶν ποικίλων
κληδῶν αὐτεῖ· καὶ τὸ μὴ κακῶς φρονεῖν
θεοῦ μέγιστον δῶρον. ὀλβίσαι δὲ χρή
βίον τελευτήσαντ' ἐν εὐεστοῖ φίλῃ.
930 εἰ πάντα δ' ὥς πρᾶσσοιμι' ἄν, εὐθαρσῆς³ ἐγώ.

But now, having borne all this, my heart freed
from its anxiety, I would hail my lord here as the
watch-dog of the fold, the saviour forestay of the
ship, firm-based pillar of the lofty roof, only-begotten
son unto a father, yea land desecrated by men at sea
beyond their hope, dawn most fair to look upon
after storm, the gushing rill to wayfarer athirst—
sweet is it to escape all stress of need. Such truly
are the greetings whereof I deem him worthy. But
let envy¹ be far removed, since many were the ills
we endured before.

And now, I pray thee, dear my lord, dismount
from this thy car, but set not on common earth
this foot of thine, my liege, that hath trampled upon
Ilium. [To her attendants] Why this loitering,
women, as whose task I have assigned to strew with
tapestries his pathway's floor? Quick! With purple
let his path be strewn, that Justice may usher him
to a home he ne'er hoped to see. The rest my
unslumbering vigilance shall order duly—an it
please God—even as is ordained.

AGAMEMNON

Offspring of Leda, guardian of my house, thy
speech comports well with my absence: for thou
hast drawn it out to ample length. But becoming
praise—this meed should of right proceed from other
lips. For the rest, pamper me not after woman's wise,
nor, like some barbarian,¹ grovel to me with wide-
mouthed acclaim; and draw not down envy upon
my path by strewing it with tapestries. 'Tis the
gods we must honour thus; but for a mortal to
tread upon broidered fineries is, to my judgment,
not without ground for dread. I bid thee revere me
not as a god, but as a man. Foot mats and broideries
sound diverse in the voice of Rumour; to think no
folly is Heaven's best gift. Only when man's life
comes to its end in prosperity dare we pronounce
him happy; and if in all things so I might act as now,
I have good confidence.

HELIADÉS

Ζεὺς ἐστὶν αἰθήρ, Ζεὺς δὲ γῆ,
Ζεὺς δ' οὐρανός,
Ζεὺς τοι τὰ πάντα χῶτι τῶνδ'
ὑπέρτερον.

Zeus is the air, and Zeus the earth,
and Zeus the heaven.
For Zeus is everything and what is
more than this.

SIIE I, BAND 2:

SOPHOCLES

OEDIPUS TYRANNUS

ΧΟΡΟΣ
εἴ μοι ξυνεῖη φέρωντι στρ. α'
μοῖρα τὰν εὐσεπτον ἀγνείαν λόγων
ἔργων τε πάντων, ὧν νόμοι πρόκεινται
ὑψίποδες, οὐρανίαν
δι' αἰθέρα τεκνωθέντες, ὧν Ὀλυμπος
πατήρ μόνος, οὐδέ νιν

May destiny still find me winning
the praise of reverent purity in all
words and deeds sanctioned by those laws

θνατὰ φύσις ἀνέρων
ἔτικτεν οὐδὲ μὴ ποτε λάθα¹ κατακοιμάσῃ· 870
μέγας ἐν τούτοις θεὸς οὐδὲ γηρίσκει.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἰὼ γενεαὶ βροτῶν,
ὥς ὑμᾶς ἴσα καὶ τὸ μηδὲν ζώσας ἐναριθμῶ.
τίς γάρ, τίς ἀνὴρ πλεόν
τᾶς εὐδαιμονίας φέρει 1190
ἢ τοσοῦτον ὅσον δοκεῖν
καὶ δόξαντ' ἀποκλίνει;
τὸν σὺν τοι παράδειγμ' ἔχων,
τὸν σὺν δαίμονα, τὸν σὺν, ὦ τλᾶμον Οἰδιπόδα,
βροτῶν
οὐδὲν μακαρίζω.

ΕΞΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ὁ μὲν τάχιστος τῶν λόγων εἰπεῖν τε καὶ
μαθεῖν, τέθνηκε θεῖον Ἰοκάστης κύρα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὦ δυστάλαινα, πρὸς τίνος ποτ' αἰτίας;

ΕΞΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

αὐτὴ πρὸς αὐτῆς. τῶν δὲ πραχθέντων τὰ μὲν
ἄλγιστ' ἄπεστιν· ἡ γὰρ ὄψις οὐ πάρα.
ὅμως δ', ὅσον γε κὰν ἐμοὶ μνήμης ἐνι,
πεύσει τὰ κείνης ἀθλίας παθήματα. 1240
ὅπως γὰρ ὀργῇ χρωμένη παρῆλθ' ἔσω
θυρώνος, ἔειπ' εὐθὺς πρὸς τὰ νυμφικὰ
λέχη, κόμην σπῶσ' ἀμφιδεξίοις ἀκμαῖς.
πύλας δ', ὅπως εἰσῆλθ', ἐπιρράξας' ἔσω
καλεῖ τὸν ἤδη Λαῖον πάλαι νεκρόν,
μνήμην παλαιῶν σπερμάτων ἔχουσ', ὑφ' ὧν
θίνοι μὲν αὐτός, τὴν δὲ τίκτουσαν λίποι
τοῖς οἷσιν αὐτοῦ δύστεκνον παιδουργίαν.
γοῦτο δ' εὐνᾶς, ἐνθα δύστηνος διπλοῦς 1250
ἐξ ἀνδρὸς ἄνδρα καὶ τέκν' ἐκ τέκνων τέκνοι.
χῶπως μὲν ἐκ τῶνδ' οὐκέτ' οἶδ' ἀπόλλυται·
βοῶν γὰρ εἰσέπαισεν Οἰδίπους, ὑφ' οὗ
οὐκ ἦν τὸ κείνης ἐκθεύσασθαι κακόν,
ἀλλ' εἰς ἐκείνον περιπολοῦντ' ἐλεύσομεν.
φοιτᾷ γὰρ ἡμᾶς ἔγχος ἐξαιτῶν πορεῖν,
γυναικίᾳ τ' οὐ γυναῖκα, μητρίαν δ' ὅπου

of range sublime, called into life
throughout the high clear heaven, whose
father is Olympus alone; their parent
was no race of mortal men, no, nor
shall oblivion ever lay them to sleep;
the god is mighty in them, and he
grows not old.

(Jebb)

Alas, ye generations of men, how
mere a shadow do I count your life!
Where, where is the mortal who wins
more of happiness than just the seem-
ing, and, after the semblance, a
falling away? Thine is a fate that
warns me, -- thine, thine, unhappy
Oedipus -- to call no earthly creature
blest.

(Jebb)

SECOND MESSENGER

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

CHORUS

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

SECOND MESSENGER

By her own hand. And all the horror of it,
Not having seen, thou can'st not apprehend.
Nathless, as far as my poor memory serves,
I will relate the unhappy lady's woe.
When in her frenzy she had passed inside
The vestibule, she hurried straight to win
The bridal-chamber, clutching at her hair
With both her hands, and, once within the room,
She shut the doors behind her with a crash.
"Laïus," she cried, and called her husband dead
Long, long ago; her thought was of that child
By him begot, the son by whom the sire
Was murdered and the mother left to breed
With her own seed, a monstrous progeny.
Then she bewailed the marriage bed whereon
Poor wretch, she had conceived a double brood,
Husband by husband, children by her child.
What happened after that I cannot tell,
Nor how the end befel, for with a shriek
Burst on us Oedipus; all eyes were fixed
On Oedipus, as up and down he strode,
Nor could we mark her agony to the end.
For stalking to and fro "A sword!" he cried.

κίχοι διπλὴν ἄρουραν οὐ τε καὶ τέκνων.
λυοσῶντι δ' αὐτῷ δαιμόνων δείκνυσί τις·
οὐδεὶς γὰρ ἀνδρῶν, οἱ παρήμεν ἐγγύθεν.
δεινὸν δ' ἴσας ὡς ὑφηγητοῦ τινος
πύλαις διπλαῖς ἐνίλατ', ἐκ δὲ πυθμένων
ἐκλινε κοῖλα κλῆθρα κύμπίπτει στέγη.
οὐ δὴ κρεμαστὴν τὴν γυναικ' ἐσείδομεν,
πλεκταῖσιν αἰώραισιν ἐμπεπλεγμένην.¹

1260

ὁ δ' ὡς ὁρᾷ νιν, δεινὰ βρυχηθεὶς τάλας
χαλᾷ κρεμαστὴν ἀρτάνην. ἐπεὶ δὲ γῆ
ἐκειτο τλήμων, δεινὰ δ' ἦν τὰνθένδ' ὁρᾷν.
ἰποσπύσας γὰρ εἰμάτων χρυσηλάτους
περόνας ἀπ' αὐτῆς, αἰσιν ἐξεστέλλετο,
ἄρας ἔπαισεν ἄρθρα τῶν αὐτοῦ κύκλων,
αὐδῶν τοιαῦθ', ὀθούνεκ' οὐκ ὄφουτό νιν
οὐθ' οἱ ἔπασχεν οὐθ' ὅποι' ἔδρα κακά,
ἀλλ' ἐν σκότῳ τὸ λοιπὸν οὐς μὲν οὐκ ἔδει
ὀψοίαθ', οὐς δ' ἔχρηζεν οὐ γνωσοίατο.
τοιαῦτ' ἐφυμνῶν πολλάκις τε κοῦχ ἄπαξ
ἤρασσ' ἐπαίρων βλέφαρα. φοῖνιαι δ' ὁμοῦ
γλήναι γένει' ἔτεγγον, οὐδ' ἀνέεσαν
φόνου μυδώσας σταγόνας, ἀλλ' ὁμοῦ μέλας
ὄμβρος χαλάζης αἱματοῦς ἐτέγγετο.
τάδ' ἐκ δυοῖν ἔρρωγεν, οὐ μόνου κάτα,¹
ἀλλ' ἀνδρὶ καὶ γυναικὶ συμμιγῇ κακά.
ὁ πρὶν παλαιὸς δ' ὄλβος ἦν· πᾶροιθε μὲν
ὄλβος δικαίως· νῦν δὲ τῇδε θῆμερα
στεναγμός, ἄτη, θάνατος, αἰσχύνη, κακῶν
ὅσ' ἐστὶ πάντων ὀνόματ', οὐδέν ἐστ' ἀπὸν.

1270

1280

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΣ

ὡς μὲν τὰδ' οὐχ ὧδ' ἔστ' ἄριστ' εἰργασμένα,
μή μ' ἐκδίδασκε, μηδὲ συμβούλευ' ἐτι.
ἐγὼ γὰρ οὐκ οἶδ' ὅμμασιν ποίοις βλέπων
πατέρα ποτ' ἂν προσεῖδον εἰς Ἄιδου μολῶν·
οὐδ' αὖ τάλαιναν μητέρ', οἷν ἐμοὶ δυοῖν
ἔργ' ἐστὶ κρείσσον' ἀγχούνης εἰργασμένα.
ἀλλ' ἡ τέκνων δὴτ' ὄψις ἦν ἐφίμερος,
βλαστοῦσ' ὅπως ἐβλαστε, προσλεύσσειν ἐμοί;
οὐ δὴτα τοῖς γ' ἐμοῖσιν ὀφθαλμοῖς ποτε·
οὐδ' ἄστν γ' οὐδὲ πύργος οὐδὲ δαιμόνων
ἀγάλμαθ' ἱερά, τῶν ὁ παντλήμων ἐγὼ
κύλλιστ' ἀνὴρ εἰς ἔν γε ταῖς Θήβαις τραφεῖς
ἰπεστέρησ' ἐμαυτὸν, αὐτὸς ἐννέπων
ὠθεῖν ἅπαντας τὸν ἰσεβῆ, τὸν ἐκ θεῶν
φανέντ' ἀναγνόν καὶ γένους τοῦ Λαῖου.
τοιάνδ' ἐγὼ κηλῖδα μηνύσας ἐμὴν
ὀρθοῖς ἐμελλον ὅμμασιν τούτους ὁρᾷν;
ἠκιστά γ'· ἀλλ' εἰ τῆς ἀκουούσης ἔτ' ἦν
πηγῆς δι' ὧτων φραγμός, οὐκ ἂν ἐσχόμην
τὸ μὴ ἀποκλῆσαι τοῦμὸν ἄθλιον δέμας,
ἴν' ἡ τυφλὸς τε καὶ κλύων μηδέν· τὸ γὰρ
τὴν φροντίδ' ἔξω τῶν κακῶν οἰκεῖν γλυκύ.
ἰὼ Κιθαιρῶν, τί μ' ἐδέχου; τί μ' οὐ λαβῶν
ἐκτεινας εὐθύς, ὡς ἔδειξα μήποτε
ἐμαυτὸν ἀνθρώποισιν εὐθεν ἡ γεγώς;
ὦ Πόλυβε καὶ Κόρινθε καὶ τὰ πάτρια
λόγῳ παλαιὰ δώμαθ', οἷον ἄρά με
κύλλος κακῶν ὑπουλον ἐξεθρέψατε·
νῦν γὰρ κακὸς τ' ὢν καὶ κακῶν εὐρίσκομαι.
ὦ τρεῖς κέλευθοι καὶ κεκρυμμένη νύπη
δρυμός τε καὶ στενωπὸς ἐν τριπλαῖς ὁδοῖς,
αἱ τοῦμὸν αἷμα τῶν ἐμῶν χειρῶν ἄπο
ἐπίετε πατρός, ἄρά μου μέμνησθ' ἐτι

1400

"Where is the wife, no wife, the teeming womb
That bore a double harvest, me and mine?"
And in his frenzy some supernal power
(No mortal, surely, none of us who watched him)
Guided his footsteps; with a terrible shriek,
As though one beckoned him, he crashed against
The folding doors, and from their staples forced
The wrenched bolts and hurled himself within.
Then we beheld the woman hanging there,
A running noose entwined about her neck.

But when he saw her, with a maddened roar
He loosed the cord; and when her wretched corpse
Lay stretched on earth, what followed—O 'twas
dread!

He tore the golden brooches that upheld
Her queenly robes, upraised them high and smote
Full on his eye-balls, uttering words like these:
"No more shall ye behold such sights of woe,
Deeds I have suffered and myself have wrought:
Henceforward quenched in darkness shall ye see
Those ye should ne'er have seen; now blind to those
Whom, when I saw, I vainly yearned to know."

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

OEDIPUS

What's done was well done. Thou canst never
shake
My firm belief. A truce to argument.
For, had I sight, I know not with what eyes
I could have met my father in the shades,
Or my poor mother, since against the twain
I sinned, a sin no gallows could atone.
Aye, but, ye say, the sight of children joys
A parent's eyes. What, born as mine were born?
No, such a sight could never bring me joy;
Nor this fair city with its battlements,
Its temples and the statues of its gods,
Sights from which I, now wretchedst of all,
Once ranked the foremost Theban in all Thebes.
By my own sentence am cut off, condemned
By my own proclamation 'gainst the wretch.
The miscreant by heaven itself declared
Unclean—and of the race of Laius.
Thus branded as a felon by myself,
How had I dared to look you in the face?
Nay, had I known a way to choke the springs
Of hearing, I had never shrunk to make
A dungeon of this miserable frame,
Cut off from sight and hearing; for 'tis bliss
To bide in regions sorrow cannot reach.
Why didst thou harbour me, Cithaeron, why
Didst thou not take and slay me? Then I never
Had shown to men the secret of my birth.
O Polybus, O Corinth, O my home,
Home of my ancestors (so wast thou called)
How fair a nursling then I seemed, how foul
The canker that lay festering in the bud!
Now is the blight revealed of root and fruit.
Ye triple high-roads, and thou hidden glen,
Coppice, and pass where meet the three-branched
ways,

οἱ ἔργα δράσας ὑμῖν εἶτα δεῦρ' ἰὼν
 ὅποῖ' ἔπρασσον αὐθις; ὦ γάμοι γάμοι,
 ἐφύσαθ' ἡμᾶς, καὶ φυτεύσαντες πάλιν
 ἀνείτε ταύτου' σπέρμα, κῦπεδείξατε
 πατέρας, ἀδελφούς, παῖδας, αἶμ' ἐμφύλιον,
 νύμφας, γυναῖκας μητέρας τε, χῶπόσα
 αἰσχιστ' ἐν ἀνθρώποισιν ἔργα γίγνεται.
 ἀλλ' οὐ γὰρ αὐδᾶν ἔσθ' ἃ μηδὲ δρᾶν καλόν,
 ὅπως τάχιστα πρὸς θεῶν ἔξω μέ που
 καλύψατ' ἢ φονεύσατ' ἢ θαλάσσιον
 ἐκρίψατ', ἔνθα μήποτ' εἰσὺφρεσθ' ἔτι.
 ἴτ', ἀξιώσατ' ἀνδρὸς ἀθλίου θιγεῖν.
 πίθεσθε, μὴ δείσητε· τὰμὰ γὰρ κακὰ
 οὐδεὶς οἶός τε πλὴν ἐμοῦ φέρειν βροτῶν.

1410

ὥστε θνητὸν ὄντα κείνην τὴν τελευταίαν ἰδεῖν
 ἡμέραν ἐπισκοποῦντα μηδὲν ὀλβίζειν, πρὶν
 ἂν
 τέρμα τοῦ βίου περάσῃ μηδὲν ἀλγεινὸν πα-
 θῶν.

1530

STILE II, BAND I: SOPHOCLES

ANTIGONE

ANTIGONE

οὐ γάρ τί μοι Ζεὺς ἦν ὁ κηρύξας τάδε,
 οὐδ' ἡ ξύνοικος τῶν κάτω θεῶν Δίκη
 τοιούσδ' ἐν ἀνθρώποισιν ὥρισε νόμους·
 οὐδὲ σθένειν τοσοῦτον ῥόμην τὰ σὰ
 κηρύγμαθ', ὥστ' ἄγραπτα κάσφαλῇ θεῶν
 νόμιμα δύνασθαι θνητὸν ὄνθ' ὑπερδραμεῖν.
 οὐ γάρ τι νῦν γε κἀχθές, ἀλλ' αἰεὶ ποτε
 ζῇ ταῦτα, κούδεις οἶδεν ἐξ ὅτου ῥάνη.
 τούτων ἐγὼ οὐκ ἔμελλον, ἀνδρὸς οὐδενὸς
 φρόνημα δείσας, ἐν θεοῖσι τὴν δίκην
 δώσειν· θανουμένη γὰρ ἐξήδη, τί δ' οὐ;
 κεῖ μὴ σὺ προκηρύξας· εἰ δὲ τοῦ χρόνου
 πρόσθεν θανοῦμαι, κέρδος αὐτ' ἐγὼ λέγω.
 ὅστις γὰρ ἐν πολλοῖσιν ὥς ἐγὼ κακοῖς
 ζῇ, πῶς ὅδ' οὐχὶ κατθανὼν κέρδος φέρει;
 οὕτως ἔμοιγε τοῦδε τοῦ μόρου τυχεῖν
 παρ' οὐδὲν ἄλγος· ἀλλ' ἂν, εἰ τὸν ἐξ ἐμῆς
 μητρὸς θανόντ' ἄθαπτον ἡνσχύμην νέκυν,
 κείνοισ ἀν ἡλγουν· τοῖσδε δ' οὐκ ἀλγύνομαι.
 σοὶ δ' εἰ δοκῶ νῦν μῶρα δρώσα τυγχάνειν,
 σχεδὸν τι μῶρῳ μωρίαν ὀφλισκάνω.

470

Ye drank my blood, the life-blood these hands spilt,
 My father's; do ye call to mind perchance
 Those deeds of mine ye witnessed and the work
 I wrought thereafter when I came to Thebes?
 O fatal wedlock, thou didst give me birth,
 And, having borne me, sowed again my seed,
 Mingling the blood of fathers, brothers, children,
 Brides, wives and mothers, an incestuous brood,
 All horrors that are wrought beneath the sun,
 Horrors so foul to name them were unmeet.
 O, I adjure you, hide me anywhere
 Far from this land, or slay me straight, or cast me
 Down to the depths of ocean out of sight.
 Come hither, deign to touch an abject wretch;
 Draw near and fear not; I myself must bear
 The load of guilt that none but I can share.

Therefore, while our eyes wait

to see the destined final day, we

must call no one happy who is of mor-

tal race, until he hath crossed life's

border, free from pain.

(Jebb)

ANTIGONE

Yea, for these laws were not ordained of Zeus.
 And she who sits enthroned with gods below,
 Justice, enacted not these human laws.
 Nor did I deem that thou, a mortal man,
 Could'st by a breath annul and override
 The immutable unwritten laws of Heaven.
 They were not born to-day nor yesterday;
 They die not; and none knoweth whence they
 sprang.
 I was not like, who feared no mortal's frown,
 To disobey these laws and so provoke
 The wrath of Heaven. I know that I must die,
 E'en hadst thou not proclaimed it; and if death
 Is thereby hastened, I shall count it gain.
 For death is gain to him whose life, like mine,
 Is full of misery. Thus my lot appears
 Not sad, but blissful; for had I endured
 To leave my mother's son unburied there,
 I should have grieved with reason, but not now.
 And if in this thou judgest me a fool,
 Methinks the judge of folly's not acquit.

HIPPOLYTUS

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ὦ τέκνον, ὕρκους μηδαμῶς ἀτιμίσσης.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

ἢ γλῶσσ' ὁμώμοχ', ἢ δὲ φρήν ἀνώμοτος.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ὦ παῖ, τί δράσεις; σοὺς φίλους διεργάσει;

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

ἀπέπτυσ'· οὐδεὶς ἄδικός ἐστί μοι φίλος.

1200 ἐπεὶ δ' ἔρρημον χῶρον εἰσεβάλλομεν,
ἀκτὴ τις ἐστὶ τοῦπέκεινα τῆσδε γῆς
πρὸς πόντον ἤδη κειμένη Σαρωνικόν.
ἐνθεν τις ἡχὼ χθόνιος ὡς βροντὴ Διὸς

βαρὺν βρόμον μεθῆκε φρικώδη κλύειν·
ὄρθον δὲ κρατ' ἔστησαν οὐς τ' ἐς οὐρανὸν
ἵπποι· παρ' ἡμῖν δ' ἦν φόβος νεανικὸς
πόθεν ποτ' εἴη φθόγγος. εἰς δ' ἀλγρόθους
ἀκτὰς ἀποβλέψαντες ἱερὸν εἶδομεν
κῦμ' οὐρανῷ στήριζον, ὥστ' ἀφῆρέθη
Σκείρωνος ἀκτὰς ὄμμα τοῦμόν εισορᾶν·
ἔκρυπτε δ' Ἰσθμὸν καὶ πέτραν Ἀσκληπιοῦ.

1210 κάπειτ' ἀνοιδῆσάν τε καὶ πέριξ ἀφρόν
πολὺν καχλάζον ποντίῳ φυσῆματι
χωρεῖ πρὸς ἀκτὰς, οὐ τέθριππος ἦν ὄχος.
αὐτῷ δὲ σὺν κλύδωνι καὶ τρικυμῇ
κῦμ' ἐξέθηκε ταῦρον, ἄγριον τέρας,
οὐ πᾶσα μὲν χθὼν φθέγματος πληρουμένη
φρικώδες ἀντεφθέγγετ', εἰσορῶσι δὲ
κρεῖσσον θέαμα δεργμάτων ἐφαίνετο.
εὐθύς δὲ πῶλοις δεινὸς ἐμπίπτει φόβος·
καὶ δεσπότης μὲν ἵππικοῖσιν ἦθεσι
1220 πολὺς ξυνοικῶν ἦρπασ' ἠνίας χεροῖν,
ἔλκει δέ, κώπην ὥστε ναυβάτης ἀνὴρ,
ἱμάσιν εἰς τοῦπισθεν ἀρτήσας δέμας·
αἱ δ' ἐνδακοῦσαι στόμα πυριγενῇ γναθμοῖς
βία φέρουσιν, οὐτι ναυκλήρου χερὸς
οὐθ' ἵπποδέσμων οὔτε κολλητῶν ὄχων
μεταστρέφουσαι. κεῖ μὲν εἰς τὰ μαλθακὰ
γαίας ἔχων οἶα καὶ εὐθύνοι δρόμον,
προῦφαίνετ' εἰς τοῦμπροσθεν, ὥστ' ἀναστρέφειν,
ταῦρος, φόβῳ τέτρωρον ἐκμαίνων ὄχον·
1230 εἰ δ' εἰς πέτρας φέρουτο μαργώσαι φρένας,
συγῇ πελάζων ἀντυγι ξυνείπετο
εἰς τοῦθ' ἕως ἔσφηλε κἀνεχαίτισεν,
ἄψιδα πέτρῳ προσβαλὼν ὀχήματος.

1240 σύμφυρτα δ' ἦν ἅπαντα· σύριγγές τ' ἄνω
τροχῶν ἐπὶ δὼν ἀξόνων τ' ἐνήλατα.
αὐτὸς δ' ὁ τλήμων ἠνίαισιν ἐμπλακεῖς
δεσμὸν δυσεξήνυστον ἔλκεται δεθεῖς,
σποδοῦμενος μὲν πρὸς πέτραις φίλον κύρα,
θραύων δὲ σάρκα, δεινὰ δ' ἐξαυδῶν κλύειν·
στήτ', ὦ φάτναισι ταῖς ἐμαῖς τεθραμμέναι,
μή μ' ἐξαλείψῃτ'· ὦ πατὴρ τάλαιν' ἀρά.
τίς ἀνδρ' ἄριστον βούλεται σῶσαι παρίων;
πολλοὶ δὲ βουλευθέντες ὑστέρῳ ποδὶ
ἐλειπόμεσθα. χῶ μὲν ἐκ δεσμῶν λυθεῖς
τμητῶν ἱμάντων οὐ κάτοιδ' ὅτῳ τρόπῳ
πίπτει, βραχὺν δὲ βίοτον ἐμπνέων ἔτι·
ἵπποι δ' ἐκρυφθεν καὶ τὸ δύστηνον τέρας
ταύρου λεπαίας οὐ κάτοιδ' ὅπου χθονός.

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.

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

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.

Then all was turmoil: upward leapt in air
Naves of the wheels and linchpins of the axles.
And he, unhappy, tangled in the reins,
Bound in indissoluble bonds, is haled
Dashing his head against the cruel rocks,
Rending his flesh, outshrieking piteous cries—
"O stay, ye horses nurtured at my cribs,
Destroy me not!—ah, father's curse ill-starred!
Will no one save an utter-innocent man?"
Ah, many willed, but far behind were left
With feet outstripped. Loosed from the toils at
last

Of clean-cut reins,—I know not in what wise,—
He falls, yet breathing for short space of life.
Vanished the steeds and that accursed monster,
The bull, mid rock-strewn ground, I know not where.

σὺ τὰν θεῶν ἄκαμπ-
τον φρένα καὶ βροτῶν
ἄγεις, Κύπρι· σὺν δ'
1270 ὁ ποικιλόπτερος ἀμφιβαλὼν
ᾠκυτάτῳ πτερῶ·
ποτάται 'πὶ γαίαν εὐάχητόν θ'
ἄλμυρὸν ἐπὶ πόντον.
θέλγει δ' Ἔρως, ᾧ μαινομένα κραδία
πτανὸς ἐφορμάσῃ
χρυσοφαής,
φύσιν ὀρεσκόων
σκυλάκων πελαγίων θ' ὅσα τε γὰ τρέφει,
τὰν Ἄλιος αἰθόμενος δέρκεται,
1280 ἄνδρας τε συμπάντων δὲ
βασιληίδα τιμάν, Κύπρι,
τῶνδε μόνα κρατύνεις.

Thou comest to bend the pride
Of the hearts of God and man,
Cypris; and by thy side,
In earth-encircling span,
He of the changing plumes,
The Wing that the world illumines,
As over the leagues of land flies he,
Over the salt and sounding sea.

For mad is the heart of Love,
And gold the gleam of his wing;
And all to the spell thereof
Bend, when he makes his spring;
All life that is wild and young
In mountain and wave and stream,
All that of earth is sprung,
Or breathes in the red sunbeam;
Yea, and Mankind. O'er all a royal throne,
Cyprian, Cyprian, is thine alone!

(Murray)

POIYI DUS

Τίς δ' οἶδεν εἰ τὸ ζῆν μὲν ἐστὶ
κατθανεῖν,
τὸ κατθανεῖν δὲ ζῆν κάτω
νομίζεται;

Who knows if life is really death,
and death
Is counted life by those who dwell
below?

SIDE II, BAND 3: ARISTOPHANES

CLOUDS; FROGS

THE CLOUDS

ΜΑΘΗΤΗΣ. βάλλ' ἐς κόρυκας· τίς ἐσθ' ὁ κόρυς τὴν θύραν;
 ΣΤ. Φεΐδωνος υἱὸς Στρεψιάδης Κικυννόθεν.
 ΜΑ. ἀμαθὴς γε νῆ Δι', ὅστις οὕτως σφόδρα 135
 ἀπεριμερίμνωσ τὴν θύραν λελάκτικας
 καὶ φροντίδ' ἐξήμβλωκας ἐξευρημένην.
 ΣΤ. σύγγνωθί μοι· τηλοῦ γὰρ οἰκῶ τῶν ἀγρῶν.
 ἀλλ' εἰπέ μοι τὸ πρᾶγμα τοῦξεμβλωμένον.
 ΜΑ. ἀλλ' οὐ θέμις πλὴν τοῖς μαθηταῖσιν λέγειν. 140
 ΣΤ. λέγε νυν ἐμοὶ θαρρῶν· ἐγὼ γὰρ οὕτως
 ἤκω μαθητὴς εἰς τὸ φροντιστήριον.
 ΜΑ. λέξω. νομίσαι δὲ ταῦτα χρή μυστήρια.
 ἀνίρετ' ἄρτι Χαιρεφῶντα Σωκράτης
 ψύλλαν ὀπόσους ἄλλοιτο τοὺς αὐτῆς πόδας 145
 δακοῦσα γὰρ τοῦ Χαιρεφῶντος τὴν ὀφρῦν
 ἐπὶ τὴν κεφαλὴν τὴν Σωκράτους ἀφήλατο.
 ΣΤ. πῶς δῆτα τοῦτ' ἐμέτρησε;
 ΜΑ. δεξιότατα.
 κηρὸν διατήξας, εἴτα τὴν ψύλλαν λαβὼν
 ἐνέβαιψεν εἰς τὸν κηρὸν αὐτῆς τῶ πόδε, 150
 καὶ τα ψυγείῃ περιέφυσαν Περσικαί.
 ταύτας ὑπολύσας ἀνεμέτρει τὸ χωρίον.
 ΣΤ. ὦ Ζεῦ βασιλεῦ, τῆς λεπτότητος τῶν φρενῶν.

STUDENT. (*Within*) O, hang it all! who's knocking at the door?
 ST. Me! Pheidon's son: Strepsiades of Cicynna.
 STU. Why, what a clown you are! to kick our door,
 In such a thoughtless, inconsiderate way!
 You've made my cogitation to miscarry.
 ST. Forgive me: I'm an awkward country fool.
 But tell me, what was that I made miscarry?
 STU. 'Tis not allowed: Students alone may hear.
 ST. O that's all right: you may tell me: I'm come
 To be a student in your thinking-house.
 STU. Come then. But they're high mysteries, remember.
 'Twas Socrates was asking Chærephon,
 How many feet of its own a flea could jump.
 For one first bit the brow of Chærephon,
 Then bounded off to Socrates's head.
 ST. How did he measure this?
 STU. Most cleverly.
 He warmed some wax, and then he caught the flea,
 And dipped its feet into the wax he'd melted:
 Then let it cool, and there were Persian slippers!
 These he took off, and so he found the distance.
 ST. O Zeus and king, what subtle intellects!

THE FROGS

ΑΙΣ. καὶ μὴν μὰ τὸν Δι' οὐ κατ' ἔπος γέ σου κνίσω
 τὸ ῥῆμ' ἕκαστον, ἀλλὰ σὺν τοῖσιν θεοῖς
 ἀπὸ ληκυθίου σου τοὺς προλόγους διαφθερῶ. 1200
 ΕΥ. ἀπὸ ληκυθίου σὺ τοὺς ἐμούς;
 ΑΙΣ. ἐνὸς μόνου.
 ποιεῖς γὰρ οὕτως ὥστ' ἐναρμόττειν ἅπαν,
 καὶ κωδάριον καὶ ληκυθιον καὶ θυλάκιον,
 ἐν τοῖς ἱαμβείοισι. δείξω δ' αὐτίκα.
 ΕΥ. ἰδοῦ, σὺ δείξεις;
 ΑΙΣ. φημί.
 ΔΙ. καὶ δὴ χρή λέγειν. 1205
 ΕΥ. Αἴγυπτος, ὡς ὁ πλεῖστος ἔσπαρται λόγος,
 ξὺν παισὶ πεντήκοντα ναυτίλῳ πλάτῃ
 Ἄργος κατασχών
 ΑΙΣ. ληκυθιον ἀπώλεσεν.
 ΕΥ. τουτὶ τί ἦν τὸ ληκυθιον; οὐ κλαύσεται;
 ΔΙ. λέγ' ἕτερον αὐτῷ πρόλογον, ἵνα καὶ γνῶ πάλιν. 1210
 ΕΥ. Διόνυσος, ὃς θύρσοισι καὶ νεβρῶν δοραῖς
 καθαπτὸς ἐν πεύκαισι Παρνασσὸν κάτω
 πηδᾷ χορεύων,
 ΑΙΣ. ληκυθιον ἀπώλεσεν.
 ΔΙ. οἴμοι πεπλήγμεθ' αὖθις ὑπὸ τῆς ληκυθου.

AES. Nay then, by Zeus, no longer line by line
 I'll maul your phrases: but with heaven to aid
 I'll smash your prologues with a bottle of oil.
 EU. You mine with a bottle of oil?
 AES. With only one.
 You frame your prologues so that each and all
 Fit in with a "bottle of oil," or "coverlet-skin,"
 Or "reticule-bag." I'll prove it here, and now.
 EU. You'll prove it? You?
 AES. I will.
 DI. Well then, begin.
 EU. *Aegyptus, sailing with his fifty sons,*
As ancient legends mostly tell the tale,
Touching at Argos
 AES. Lost his bottle of oil.
 EU. Hang it, what's that? Confound that bottle of oil!
 DI. Give him another: let him try again.
 EU. *Bacchus, who, clad in fawnskins, leaps and bounds*
With torch and thyrsus in the choral dance
Along Parnassus
 AES. Lost his bottle of oil.
 DI. Ah me, we are stricken —with that bottle again!

ΠΛ. κρίνοις ἄν.
 ΔΙ. αὐτὴ σφῶν κρίσις γενήσεται.
 αἰρήσομαι γὰρ ὅνπερ ἡ ψυχὴ θέλει.
 ΕΥ. μεμνημένος νυν τῶν θεῶν, οὓς ὥμοσας,
 ἥ μὴν ἀπάξω μ' οἰκαδ', αἰροῦ τοὺς φίλους. 1470
 ΔΙ. ἡ γλῶττ' ὁμώμοκ', Αἰσχύλον δ' αἰρήσομαι.
 ΕΥ. τί δέδρακας, ὦ μιαρῶτατ' ἀνθρώπων;

PL. Now then, decide.
 DI. I will; and thus I'll do it.
 I'll choose the man in whom my soul delights.
 EU. O, recollect the gods by whom you swore
 You'd take me home again; and choose your friends.
 DI. 'Twas my tongue swore; my choice is—Aeschylus.
 EU. Hah! what have you done?

ΔΙ. ἔγω·
 ΕΥ. ἔκρινα νικᾶν Αἰσχύλον. τι γὰρ οὐ;
 ΔΙ. αἰσχιστον ἔργον προσβλέπεις μ', εἰργασμένος;
 ΕΥ. τί δ' αἰσχρόν, ἦν μὴ τοῖς θεωμένοις δοκῇ;
 ΔΙ. ὦ σκέτλιε, περιόψει με δὴ τεθνηκότα;
 ΕΥ. τίς οἶδεν εἰ τὸ ζῆν μὲν ἐστι κατθανεῖν,
 τὸ πνεῖν δὲ δειπνεῖν, τὸ δὲ καθεύδειν κώδιον;

DI. Done? Given the victor's prize
 To Aeschylus; why not?
 EU. And do you dare
 Look in my face, after that shameful deed?
 DI. What's shameful, if the audience think not so?
 EU. Have you no heart? Wretch, would you leave me
 dead?
 DI. Who knows if death be life, and life be death,
 And breath be mutton broth, and sleep a sheepskin?

LYRIC, ELEGIAC AND IAMBIC POETRY

SIDE II, BAND 4: ALICMAN

26

οὐ μ' ἔτι, παρθενικαὶ μελιγάρυες ἱερόφωνοι,
 γυῖα φέρειν δύναται· βάλε δὴ βάλε κηρύλος εἴην,
 ὅς τ' ἐπὶ κύματος ἄνθος ἄμ' ἀλκυνόνεσσι ποτῆται
 νηδεὲς⁴ ἦτορ ἔχων, ἀλιπόρφυρος εἶαρος⁵ ὄρνις.

O maidens of honey voice so loud and clear, my
 limbs can carry me no more. Would O would God
 I were but a ceryl, such as flies fearless of heart with
 the halcyons over the bloom of the wave, the Spring's
 own bird that is purple as the sea!

36

εὐδοισιν δ' ὀρέων κορυφαί τε καὶ φύραγες
 πρῶφονές τε καὶ χαράδραι,
 φύλ' ἢ ἐρπετὰ τόσσα τρέφει μέλαινα γαῖα,
 θῆρες τ' ὀρεσκῶι καὶ γένος μελισσᾶν,
 καὶ κνώδαλ' ἐν βένθεσι πορφυρέας⁷ ἰαλός·
 εὐδοισιν δ' οἰωνῶν
 φύλα τανυπτερύγων.

Asleep lie mountain-top and mountain-gully,
 shoulder also and ravine; the creeping-things that
 come from the dark earth, the beasts whose lying
 is upon the hillside, the generation of the bees, the
 monsters in the depths of the purple brine, all lie
 asleep, and with them the tribes of the winging birds.

MIMNERMUS

τίς δὲ βίος, τί δὲ τερπνὸν ἄτερ χρυσῆς Ἀφροδίτης;
 τεθναίην ὅτε μοι μηκέτι ταῦτα μέλοι,
 κρυπταδὴ φιλότης καὶ μείλιχα δῶρα καὶ εὐνή,
 οἷ' ἦβης ἄνθεα γίγνεται ὑρπαλέα
 ἀνδράσιν ἢ δὲ γυναιξίν.² ἔπει δ' ὀδυνηρὸν ἐπέλθῃ
 γῆρας, ὃ τ' αἰσχρὸν ὁμῶς καὶ κακὸν ἄνδρα τιθεῖ,
 αἰεὶ μιν φρένας ἀμφὶ κακαὶ τείρουσι μέριμναι,
 οὐδ' αὐγὰς προσορῶν τέρπεται ἡελίου,
 ἄλλ' ἐχθρὸς μὲν παισίν, ἀτίμαστος δὲ γυναιξίν,
 οὕτως ἀργαλέον γῆρας ἔθηκε θεός.

But what life would there be, what joy, without
 golden Aphrodite? May I die when I be no more
 concerned with secret love and suasive gifts and the
 bed, such things as are the very flowers of youth,
 pleasant alike to man and woman. And when
 dolorous Age cometh, that maketh a man both foul
 without and evil within,³ ill cares do wear and wear
 his heart, he hath no more the joy of looking on
 the sunlight, to children he is hateful, to women
 contemptible, so grievous hath God made Age.

ALCAEUS

Ἄσυννέτημι τῶν ἀνέμων στάσιν·
 τὸ μὲν γὰρ ἐνθεν κύμα κυλινδεται,
 τὸ δ' ἐνθεν ἄμμες δ' ὄν-τὸ μέσσον
 νῆϊ φορήμεθα σὺν μελαίνα

ἢ χεῖμωνι μόχθεντες μεγάλῳ μάλα·
 πὲρ μὲν γὰρ ἄντλος ἰστοπέδαν ἔχει,
 λαῖφος δὲ πᾶν ζάδηλον ἦδη
 καὶ λάκιδες μεγάλαι κατ' αὐτο,

I cannot tell the lie of the wind: one wave rolls
 from this quarter, another from that, and we are
 carried in the midst with the black ship, labouring
 in an exceeding great storm. The water is up to
 the mast-hole, the sail lets daylight through with
 the great rents that are in it,

SAPPHO

Φαίνεται μοι κῆνος ἴσος θεοῖσιν
ἔμμεν ὤνηρ ὅττις ἐνάντιός τοι
ἰζάνει καὶ πλάσιον ἄδυ φωνεί-
σας ὑπακούει

5 καὶ γελαίσας ἱμμέροεν, τὸ δὴ ἔμην
κάρζαν ἐν στήθεσσιν ἐπεπτόασεν·
ὥς γὰρ ἔς τ' ἴδω, Βρόχε', ὥς με φάνας
οὔδεν ἔτ' ἵκει,

Δέδυκε μὲν ἂ σέλαννα
καὶ Πληϊάδες, μέσαι δὲ
νύκτες, παρὰ δ' ἔρχετ' ὦρα,
ἔγω δὲ μόνα κατεύδω.

It is to be a God, methinks, to sit before you and
listen close by to the sweet accents and winning
laughter which have made the heart in my breast
beat so fast and high. When I look on you,
Brocheo, my speech comes short or fails me quite,
I am tongue-tied ;

The Moon is gone
And the Pleiads set,
Midnight is nigh ;
Time passes on,
And passes ; yet
Alone I lie.

οἶον τὸ γλυκύμαλον ἐρεύθεται ἄκρῳ ἐπ' ὕσδῳ
ἄκρον ἐπ' ἄκροτάτῳ, λελάθοντο δὲ μαλοδρόπῃς.
οὐ μὰν ἐκλελάθοντ' ; ἀλλ' οὐκ ἐδύναντ' ἐπί-
κεσθαι·

Like the pippin blushing high
On the tree-top beneath the sky,
Where the pickers forgot it-- nay,
Could not reach it so far away ;

PINDAR

95 ἐπάμεροι· τί δέ τις ; τί δ' οὐ τις ; σκιᾶς ὄναρ
ἄνθρωπος. ἀλλ' ὅταν αἶγλα διόσδοτος ἔλθῃ,
λαμπρὸν φέγγος ἔπεστιν ἀνδρῶν καὶ μείλιχος
αἰών·

Creatures of a day, what is any one ? what is he not ?
Man is but a dream of a shadow ; but, when a gleam
of sunshine cometh as a gift of heaven, a radiant
light resteth on men, aye and a gentle life.

PIATO

Ἀστέρας εἰσαθρεῖς ἀστὴρ ἐμός.
εἶθε γενοίμην
Οὐρανός, ὥς πολλοῖς ὄμμασιν
εἰς σὲ βλέπω.

Thou gazest at the stars, my star.

Would I might be

The heaven, that I with many eyes may

look on thee!

MELEAGER

Ὁ στέφανος περὶ κράτὶ μαραίνεται
Ἑλιοδώρας·
αὐτὴ δ' ἐκλάμπει τοῦ στεφάνου
στέφανος.

The garland withers on my Heliodora's
head,

But she herself shines forth, the

garland's crown.

CLEANTHES

"Αγού δέ μ', ὦ Ζεῦ, καὶ σύ γ'
ἡ πεπρωμένη,
ὅποι ποθ' ὑμῖν εἰμὶ διατεταγμένος,
ὥς ἔφομαί γ' ἄοκνος· ἦν δὲ μὴ

θέλω

κακὸς γενόμενος, οὐδὲν ἥττον ἔφομαι.

Lead me, O Zeus, and thou, O Destiny,
To that place where you order me to be.
I'll gladly follow. But if I am base
And wish it not, I'll follow none the
less.