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FLOSCULI GRAECI BOREALES.

24



ABERDONIAE  
EXCUDEBANT TYPOGRAPHI ACADEMICI  
ARTHUR KING ET SOCIJ.





LULIA MATER

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POSCULI GRAECI BOREALES

SIVE

ANTHOLOGIA GRAECA ABERDONENSIS.

CONTEXUIT

GULIELMUS D. GEDDES.

APUD MACMILLAN ET SOCIOS,  
LONDINI.

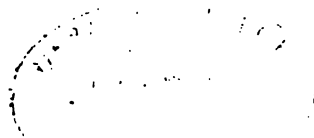
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*Henriot Lind*

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## LECTORI BENEVOLO

S. D. P.

EN tibi, Benigne Lector, hosce flosculos  
Græcos pæne sub Arctoi sidere natos poli,  
Anthologiam denique primam Scotia oriundam,  
quæ quidem omnino Græcis carminibus con-  
texta provenerit.

Quod vero tam periculosæ plenum opus  
aleæ aggredi haud pertimui (nec dubito quin  
plerique hæc studia parvi æstimaturi sint quasi  
elegantem quandam insaniam), id ego potis-  
simum agere ausus sum, ut quid in hac re  
Scotia posset experirer, et patriæ meæ titulos  
doctrinæ illius politissimæ, qua Anglorum Aca-

demiae, inde a Porsoni viri illustrissimi temporibus, unicae pollere existimantur, Graecae scilicet poeseos, aliqua ex parte meo ipsius meorumque commilitonum Marte vindicarem.

Quae carmina, etsi non omnia omnino ad amussim normae Dædaleae expolita, si spiritum quantulumcunque edent Graiae Camenae (nec me fallit quam longo intervallo haec et pleraque, ne dicam omnia, hodiernae monetae etiam felicissima, distent ab illis sine labe monumentis), documento sane erunt, Graecis Litteris domicilium in Scotia haud denegatum esse, neque spem abjiciendam, fore ut aëvo feliciori hic reviviscant non Litterae Humaniores tantummodo, sed etiam illae Humanissimae, quae quidem una doctorum voce Graecae perhibentur. Neque enim dubitare fas est, nisi frigidior multo circum praecordia steterit sanguis, quod in

præfervido ingenio Scotorum minime metuendum est, quin si Buchananus et Arturus Jonstonus palmam Latinæ poescos, suo uterque sæculo, principes tulerint, locus satis honestus in curriculo Olympico adhuc restet Epigonis occupandus.

At nos, Scoti hodierni, tantorum luminum tardi sectatores, videmur, neglectis Græcis Litteris, Latinas quoque mancas ac dimidiatas reliquisse, adeo ut multis iisque emunctæ naris hominibus ipsæ Latinæ Litteræ vilescent. Nec immerito: haud enim poterunt florere Latinæ Litteræ, nisi ibidem simul fovebitur fax illa sempiterna, quæ, Athenis accensa, Latium ipsum atque Europam totumque orbem terrarum irradiavit. Vale.

SCRIBEBAM ABERDONIÆ KAL: MAIIS,  
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et vigesimum confecerat, quo tempore hosce  
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Reliqua poemata, quæ siglo G. notantur, Editori attribuenda.



## FLOSCULI GRÆCI BOREALES.

---

ἀλλ' ὅμως—κρέσσων γὰρ οἰκτιρμοῦ φθόνος—  
μὴ παρίει καλά.

“BUT NEVERTHELESS—AS IT IS BETTER TO BE ENVIED  
THAN TO BE PITIED—NEVER LET DROOP THE FLAG OF  
HONOUR.”—*Pindar.*



## I.

## SCOTS WHA HAE.

Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled !  
Scots wham Bruce has aften led !  
Welcome to your gory bed,  
Or to victory.

Now's the day and now's the hour,  
See the front o' battle lour—  
See approach proud Edward's power—  
Chains and slavery.

Wha will be a traitor knave ?  
Wha can fill a coward's grave ?  
Wha sae base as be a slave ?  
Let him turn and flee !

## I.

ΒΡΟΥΣΣΟΥ ΠΑΡΑΓΓΕΛΜΑ.<sup>1</sup>

Σκῶτε, τρωθεῖς πρὶν πρὸ Γάλλα,  
Σκῶτε, Βρούσσω δὴν ὀπαδῶν,  
δεῦρ' εἰς εὐνὰν αἵματηρόν,  
ἧ κράτος νικαφόρον.

Νῦν γὰρ ἄμαρ, νῦν τε καιρός ·  
λεῦσσ' ὅπως Ἄρης κυδοιμεί ·  
λεῦσσε, τῇδ' ἵλαι τυράννου,  
δεσμὸς ἠδὲ πημονά.

Τίς ποτ' ἂν ἱλαίη προδοῦναι,  
τίς ταφῆς δειλοῦ κυρῆσαι ;  
τίς δὲ δουλεύων ἀνάσχοιτ' ;  
ἄψ ἴτω παλίντροπος.

Wha for Scotland's king and law  
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,  
Freeman stand or freeman fa' ?

Let him on wi' me !

By Oppression's woes and pains,  
By your sons in servile chains,  
We will drain our dearest veins,  
But they shall be free.

Lay the proud usurpers low !  
Tyrants fall in every foe !  
Liberty 's in every blow !  
Let us do or die !

*Burns.*



Τίς πρὸ πατρίδος νόμων τε  
ἐλκύσει ξίφος κραταίον,  
ζῶν θανών τ', ἐλευθέρων εἷς ;  
εἶα δὴ, σπεῦδ' ἄμφ' ἐμέ.

Πρὸς Βίας πόνων ἀτλάτων,  
πρὸς τε παίδων αἰχμαλώτων,  
αἶμα καρδίας χέωμεν,  
τούσδ' ὅμως ἐλευθεροῦν.

Κτεῖνε τοίνυν τοὺς ὕβριστάς ·  
πᾶς νεκρὸς πίνει τύραννος ·  
πᾶσα πλαγὰ φῶς παρέξει ·  
χρὴ κτανεῖν ἢ τεθνάναι.

G.



## II.

## A MAN 'S A MAN FOR A' THAT.

Is there for honest poverty  
That hangs his head, an' a' that ?  
The coward slave—we pass him by,  
We daur be puir for a' that !  
For a' that, an' a' that,  
Our toils obscure an' a' that,  
The rank is but the guinea-stamp—  
The man 's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine  
Wear hodden grey an' a' that ?  
Gie fools their silks an' knaves their wine  
A man 's a man for a' that !

---

## II.

ΠΕΝΙΑ ΔΙΚΑΙΑ.<sup>2</sup>

Τίς ἀνὴρ στένων κέκυφε,  
πενίας ὕπερ κατηφής ;  
μαλακός τις, αἰσχροδόουλος,  
ὀλέθρφ δ' ἔωμεν ἔρρειν.  
μογερώς γὰρ εἰ βιοῦμεν,  
κεῖ δυσπονὴς ὁ δαίμων,  
τάδε πάνθ' ὅμως φέρωμεν,  
κραδίην δὲ καρτυνοῦμεν  
τάδ' ὅμως γε μὴν ἐνεγκεῖν.

Τί γάρ ; τὰ φαῦλ' ἔδοντες,  
τρίβωνι σὺν ταπεινῷ,  
εὖψυχα καρτερώμεν.  
δότε Περσικὰς φλυάροις,  
δότε δ' οἶνον αἰσχροποιοῖς.

For a' that, an' a' that,  
Their tinsel show an' a' that ;  
The honest man, though ne'er sae puir,  
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord  
Wha struts an' stares an' a' that ;  
Though hundreds worship at his word,  
He 's but a coof for a' that !  
For a' that, an' a' that,  
His ribbon, star, an' a' that,  
The man o' independent mind,  
He looks an' laughs at a' that.

A king can mak a belted knight,  
A marquis, duke, an' a' that,  
But an honest man 's aboon his micht,  
Guid faith, he mauna fa' that !  
For a' that, an' a' that,  
Their dignities an' a' that,  
The pith o' sense, the pride o' worth  
Are higher ranks than a' that.

τάδε πάντα γὰρ μάταια,  
βραχὺ φαῦλον ἀγλαΐσμα ·  
ὁ δίκαιος ἐν πένησιν  
ἀνδρῶν ἄναξ ἀληθῶς.

Ἴδὲ τὰνδρίον τὸ κομψόν,  
ὃν μυρίοι σίβονται ·  
ὅπως ἀλεκτορίσκος,  
βρενθύεται κεχηνώς,  
ὅμως δὲ κοῦφος ἄλλως.  
τάδε πάντα γὰρ μάταια,  
στέφανοι χλιδή τε γαύρη,  
ὁ δ' ἀνὴρ γελῶν τοιαῦτα  
πατεῖ πρόπαντα θυμῷ.

Βασιλεὺς μὲν ἂν ποιήσαι  
σατράπην, ἀγόν, τοιαῦτα ·  
τὸν δ' ἄνδρα τὸν δίκαιον—  
μετέωρος ὡς ἐπήρθη—  
μὰ Δί' οὐ ποιεῖν δύναιτ' ἄν.  
τάδε πάντα γὰρ μάταια,  
τυφός τε σεμνότης τε,  
τὸ νομίσματος χάραγμα,<sup>3</sup>  
ἀνὴρ δὲ χρυσὸς αὐτός.



Then let us pray that come it may,  
As come it will for a' that,  
That sense an' worth o'er a' the earth  
May bear the gree, an' a' that !  
For a' that, an' a' that,  
It 's comin' yet, for a' that,  
That man to man, the world o'er,  
Shall brithers be for a' that !

*Burns.*



Εὐχόμεθ' οὖν τάχ' ἤκειν,  
καὶ γὰρ σαφέσταθ' ἤξει,  
χρόνον τὸν εὐπόθητον,  
ὅτε πανταχοῦ τὸ κῦδος  
σοφίῃ δίκη τ' ἀρεῖται.  
ἀπόλοιτο δ' αὐτόπρεμνα  
ἔρις φθόνος σκύτος τε,  
ὅμως δὲ πανταχοῦ γῆς  
ἄνθρωπον ὡς ἀδελφόν  
ἄνθρωπος ἀσπάσαιο.

G.



## III.

## ΕΠΙΚΗΔΕΙΟΝ.

IN MEMORIAM VIRI DOCTISSIMI  
FRANCISCI ADAMS.\*

Νύμφαι εὐπλόκαμοι τοῦδ' ἄγχεος ἡδὲ ρέεθρα,  
ὑμμες δ' ὕρνηθές τε καὶ ἄλσεα νῦν γοάοισθε,  
οὐνεκα Φραγκίσκον τὸν ἀοίδιμον ἤρπασε Μοῖρα,  
οὐδέ τι ἄλκαρ ἔην Ἀσκλήπιος οὐδ' ἄρα Μοῖσαι,  
ᾧς πέρι κῆρι φιλεῖτο· τὸ δὲ κλέος οὐποτ' ὀλεῖται.

\* Vir fuit hic valde memorabilis, qui in valle Devæ reducta per multos annos Litteris et Medicinæ operam navavit strenuam, quod cernere licet ex operibus eruditis, quorum nomina satis innotescunt, ut "Hippocratis Opera," "Aretæi Opera," "Arundines Devæ," &c., &c. Ei in honorem monu-

mentum amici ponendum curarunt in hortulo illo Banchoriæ, ubi tamdiu studio Naturæ Litterarumque incubuerat. Qualis vir fuerit, ex Inscriptiōne Monumenti licet perspicere, quæ viginti abhinc annis a me composita, etiam nunc in tanto viro haud nimium sonare videtur sed non nisi justas attingere laudes.

IN MEMORIAM  
FRANCISCI ADAMS, M.D., LL.D.,  
MEDICORUM OMNIUM QUOTQUOT SCOTIA TULIT  
LITTERARUM THESAURIS NECNON SCIENTIÆ OPIBUS  
ERUDITISSIMI  
DIU IN HAC VALLE REDUCTA  
AB AULA ET ACADEMIA PROCVL  
MEDICINÆ SIMUL ET MUSIS  
VIR VERE APOLLINARIS  
FIDELITER INSERVIIT.  
NATUS LUMPHANAN III. ID. MART. MDCCXCVI.  
MORTUUS BANCHORIÆ IV. KAL. MART. MDCCCLXI.  
CARISSIMI CAPITIS DESIDERIO  
AMICI POSUERE.

G.



## IV.

## ΕΠΙΓΡΑΜΜΑ.

## SIVE INSCRIPTIO

IN EXEMPLARI HOMERI FOULESII GLASGUENSIS IN HONOREM VIRI ILLUSTRISSIMI PROFESSORIS BLACKIE.

•• Hunc librum, preli Scotici insigne ornamentum, donaverat Joannes Forbes White (Λεύκος), Professori Blackie (Μελανίσκω) Aberdoniā Edinam abiturienti, anno MDCCCLII.

ὦ ξειν', εἰ σὺ φιλεῖς τὴν Ἑλλάδα, δεῦρ' ἴθι γηθῶν,  
 Θεῖος Ὅμηρος ὅδ' ἐστίν ὃου κλέος οὐποτ' ὀλεῖται·  
 Εἰ δὲ Καληδόμιος κρατερόφρων εὐχεται εἶναι,  
 Χαῖρ' ἐν χερσὶν ἔχων μέγα κῦδος πατρίδος αἴης,  
 Τέχνης θαῦμα τυπογραφικῆς· οἷζον καὶ ἄθρησον,  
 Ὡς δι' ἐμοῦ κέχεται χάρις ἀμβροσίῃ ἐρατεινῇ

Ἀθανάτοις ἐπέεσσι τὰ δὴ Μοῦσαι φιλέουσιν.  
 Εἰ δ' αὖ ξεῖν' ἔρειαι πῶς καὶ πόθεν εἰλήλουθας;  
 Γλώττης \* ἀμφὶ ῥοὰς ἐσέδυν φάος ἡελίοιο  
 Ἐσπερόθεν, καὶ πολλὰ περιπλομένων ἐνιαυτῶν  
 Πλάγχθην, πρὶν γ' ὅτε μεῦ κατὰ μοῖραν Λεῦκος  
 ἔκυρσεν.

Λεῦκος μὲν πρόπαλαι πρίατο κτεάτεσσιν εὐοῖσιν,  
 Αὐτὰρ ὅγ' εὐφρονέων με δεδώρηται Μελανίσκῳ,  
 Ἐν μεγάροισι μένειν φιλίας κειμήλιον αἰεί,  
 Μοῦσαι ἐπεὶ φιλέουσαι ἀνηρεῖψαντό μιν αὐτόν  
 Ἐκ δαπέδων Βορέας πρὸς ἔδρας ἄλλοθι καλῶς  
 Τηλοῦ Ἀβερδονήθεν, ὅθι βασιλεία † πολήων  
 Ὑψίθρονός τε περίσκεπτός τε πέτραισι θαάσσει,  
 Τῇ περ ῥηιτέρῃ βιοτῇ πέλει ἀνδρὶ ἀοιδῷ.  
 Τοίγαρ ἐταῖρος ὁδοῦ νῦν πομπεύω Μελανίσκον.

\* Γλώττη, hodie "Clyde".

† "Stately Edinburgh throned on crags."



## V.

## CORONACH

He is gone on the mountain,  
He is lost to the forest,  
Like a summer-dried fountain,  
When our need was the sorest.  
The fount reappearing,  
From the rain drops shall borrow,  
But to us comes no cheering,  
To Duncan no morrow !

The hand of the reaper  
Takes the ears that are hoary,  
But the voice of the weeper  
Wails manhood in glory.

---

## V.

## ΘΡΗΝΟΣ.

Ἄφανῆς κείνος ἀπ' οὐρους,  
ἀπολωλὼς δ' ἀπὸ βήσσης,  
ἄτε νᾶμ' ἡλιόβλητον,  
χρέος ἀμῖν ὅτε πλείστον.  
διὰ δ' ὄμβρων πάλιν ὄψει  
νέον ὕδωρ ἀναβλύζειν·  
ἀτὰρ ἀμῖν γάνος ἔρρει,  
Δόναχος δ' οὐ παλίνορσος.

Ἴδ' ἀμητὴρ ἔλεν ἀγκὰς  
στάχυν ὥραιον ἀγείρων·  
ἀτὰρ ἥβης ταχὺν οἶτον  
στενάχει πᾶς ὀλολύζων·



The autumn winds rushing,  
Waft the leaves that are serest,  
But our flower was in flushing,  
When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,  
Sage counsel in cumber,  
Red hand in the foray,  
How sound is thy slumber !  
Like the dew on the mountain,  
Like the foam on the river,  
Like the bubble on the fountain,  
Thou art gone, and forever !

*Scott.*



ἰδὲ δ' αὖα πίσε φυλλὰς  
φθινοπώρου διὰ πνοιῶν ·  
ἀτὰρ ἀκμῇ τόδε γ' ἄνθος  
μόρος ὤμους κατέκερσεν.

Σὺ ποδώκης μὲν ἀν' ἄγκη,  
πυκινὸς νοῦν δ' ἐνὶ καιρῷ,  
φόνιος χεῖρ' ἐνὶ χάρμαις,  
ὔπνον ὡς νήγρετον εὔδεις !  
δρόσος ὡς θῆλυς ὄρεσσιν,  
κατὰ πόντον θ' ἄλως ἄχνη,  
κατὰ κρήνην τε πάφλασμα,  
προθέλυμος διόλωλας.

G.





**PARS SECUNDA.**



**METRO SENARIO TRAGICO.**

## I.

## GRISELDA'S PATIENCE

But at the last to speken she began,  
And mekely she to the sergeant praid  
(So as he was a worthy gentil man)  
That she might kisse hire child or that it de  
And in her barme this litel child she leid,  
With full sad face, and gan the child to blis  
And lulled it, and after gan it kisse.  
And thus she sayd in her benigne vois :  
Farewel my child, I shal thee never see,  
But sin I have thee marked with the crois,  
Of thilke fader yblessed mote thou be,  
That for us died upon a crois of tree :  
Thy soule, little child, I him betake,  
For this night shalt thou dien for my sake.

---

## I.

## ΓΡΙΣΕΛΔΑ.

Τέλος μὲν ἦδε τοῦπος ἔρριψεν τόδε,  
τὸν πρόσπολον λιταῖσιν ἐξαιτουμένη·  
“ὦ τᾶν, σὲ πρὸς θεῶν ἄντομαι, καλὸς γεγώς,  
δὸς ἀσπάσασθαι παῖδα κατθανουμένην.”  
ἔπειτα δ’ ἀγκάλαισι παῖδ’ ἀνήρπασε  
δακρυρροοῦσα καὶ τέκνον παρηΐδι  
αὐτῆς παρειὰν προσβαλοῦσ’ ἐκοίμισε.  
κᾶτ’ αὖ τὰδ’ ἠὔδα τοῖς μελιγλώσσοις λόγοις·  
“ὦ χαῖρε τέκνον, ὡς κατοψόμεσθά σε  
οὐκ αὖθις ὄσσοις, ἀλλ’ ὅμως εὐχαῖς καλῶ  
πομπαῖον Ἑρμῆν χθόνιον εὖ σὲ κοιμίσει,  
κὰν τοῖς μελάρθοις δωμάτων ἀνηλίων  
εὖ σοὶ γένοιτο· σήμερον δ’, οὐκ αὔριον,  
ἰμοῦ χάριν σὲ κατθανεῖν, ὦ παῖ, χρεῶν.”

I trow that to a norice in this cas  
It had ben hard this routhe for to see :  
Wel might a moder than han cried alas,  
But natheles so sad stedfast was she,  
That she endured all adversitee,  
And to the sergeant mekely she sayde,  
Have here agen your litel yonge mayde.  
Goth now (quod she) and doth my lordes hest :  
And o thing wold I pray you of your grace,  
But if my lord forbade you at the lest,  
Burieth this litel body in som place,  
That bestes ne no briddes it to-race.  
But he no word to that purpos wold say,  
But toke the child and went upon his way.

*Chaucer—The Clerke's Tale.*



οὕτως ἐχόντων τῶνδε δεινὰ καὶ τροφῶ  
 κεδνῇ γένοιτ' ἂν ἄθλιον θέαμ' ἰδεῖν,  
 πόσψ δὲ μᾶλλον μητέρα στένειν ἐχρῆν;  
 ἀλλ' ἀρτίφρων πέφυκεν ὥστ' ἠνέσχετο  
 πάσαις πάθαισι καὶ κακοῖς φρουρουμένη·  
 καλοῦσα δ' οὖν τὸν πρόσπολον τάδ' ἐννέπει·  
 “ἄρον νεοσσὸν τήνδε τὴν κύρην πάλιν,  
 νῦν σοὶ δ', ὁπαδέ, χρὴ μέλειν ἐπιστολάς,  
 ἃς δεσπότης ἐφεῖτο· κεῖ δοίης τέλος  
 αἰτουμένη μοι τοῦτο πρὸς σε γουνάτων,  
 ἣν μὴ κελεύσῃ δεσπότης ἄλλως ἐμός,  
 ἐκεῖ νεκρόν μοι θάψον ἔνθα μήποτε  
 πρόβλητος ἔσται θηρσὶν οἰωνοῖς θ' ἔλωρ.”<sup>4</sup>  
 πρὸς ταῦτα δ' οὗτος οὐδέν' ἔρριψεν λόγον·  
 ἀλλ' ἐν χεροῖν παιδ' αὐτὸς ἐξέβη φέρων.

P. G.





## II.

## ÆNEAS.

- ACH. The air is pleasant and the soil most fit  
For cities and society's supports :  
Yet much I marvel that I cannot find  
No steps of men imprinted in the earth.
- VEN. Ho ! young men ! saw you as you came  
Any of all my sisters wandering here,  
Having a quiver girded by her side  
And clothèd in a spotted leopard's skin ?
- ÆN. I neither saw nor heard of any such,  
But what may I, fair virgin, call your  
name,  
Whose looks set forth no mortal form to  
view

## II.

## ΑΙΝΕΙΑΣ.

Ἄχ. Γλυκὺς μὲν αἰθήρ, καὶ πέδον γαίας τόδε  
 πόλεσίν τε κἄνδρων ἐστὶ πρόσφορον τροφαῖς,  
 ἐγὼ δὲ πολλὰ θαυμάσας ἔχω τί δὴ  
 στίβος βροτείων οὐδαμοῦ ποδῶν πάρα.

Ἄφρ. Ἄρ' οὖν κατείδετ' ἐνθάδ' ἐλθόντες νεοὶ  
 ἱμῶν κασιγνήτων τιν' ἐν πλάνοις ὁδῶν,  
 στολῇ φαρέτρας εὐπρεπῶς ἑσταλμένην,  
 ἡσκημένην τε παρδάλεως στικτῆς δορῆ ;

Αἰν. Οὐκ εἶδον οὐδ' ἤκουσα τοιαύτης πέρι·  
 τί δ' ἔστι τοῦνομ' ὃ σέ γ' ἐννέπειν χρεών,  
 ὧ παρθέν' ; ὥς οὐ προσφερὲς θνητοῖς δέμας  
 ἔπρεψεν ἡμῖν ὄμμασιν βλέπειν τὸ σόν·

Nor speech bewrays aught human in thy birth ?  
Thou art a goddess that delud'st our eyes  
And shroud'st thy beauty in this borrowed  
shape,

But whether thou the sun's bright sister be,  
Or one of chaste Diana's fellow-nymphs,  
Live happy in the height of all content,  
And lighten our extremes with this one boon,  
As to instruct us under what good heaven  
We breathe us now, and what this world is  
called

On which by tempest's fury we are cast.

*C. Marlowe.*



οὐδ' ἐν λόγοισιν οὐδὲν ἐμφαίνεις βροτῶν,  
μορφὴν δ' ἀμείψας' ἐκ θεᾶς βροτησίαν  
ἤκεις δολώσουσ' ὄμμαθ' ὡς ἐπείκασαι·  
ἀλλ' εἴτε Φοῖβου σύγγονόν σε χρὴ καλεῖν,  
εἴτ' Ἀρτέμιδος ἀγνῆς τις εἰ συνηλίκων,  
εὐδαιμονοίης πανταχῇ καλῇ τύχῃ.  
αἰτουμένῃ δὲ φαῦλον εἰ δοίης χάριν,  
δίδαξον ἡμᾶς νῦν ταλαιπωρουμένους,  
τίνος μὲν εἰσορῶμεν ἡλίου φάος  
αὔρας πνέοντες; ποῖ δὲ γῆς ἐπήλθομεν  
ἀνέμων θυέλλαις δεῦρο προσβεβλημένοι;

P. G.



## III.

## INFANDUM REGINA.

DIDO. May I entreat thee to discourse at large,  
And truly too, how Troy was overcome?  
For many tales go of that city's fall.

ÆN. A woeful tale bids Dido to unfold,  
Whose memory, like pale Death's stony  
mace,  
Beats forth my senses from my troubled  
soul,  
And makes Æneas sink at Dido's feet.

DIDO. What, faints Æneas to remember Troy,  
In whose defence he fought so valiantly?

ÆN. Then speak, Æneas, with Achilles' tongue,  
And Dido, and you Carthaginian peers,

## III.

## ΔΙΔΩ. ΑΙΝΕΙΑΣ.

- Διδ. Πάντ' ἐκκάλυψον καὶ γέγων' ἡμῖν λόγον,<sup>δ</sup>  
καὶ ταῦτ' ἀκριβῶς, Ἴλιος πῶς ἤρέθη ·  
φήμη γὰρ ἔπτη ποικίλη καταφθορᾶς.
- Αἰν. ἀλγεινὰ μὲν μοι καὶ λέγειν ἐστὶν τάδε,  
ἄλγος δὲ σιγᾶν · σοὶ δὲ πειστέον, γύναι ·  
ὥς ψυχοπομποῦ ράβδος ἐκπλήσσει φρένας,  
τοσόνδ' ἄθυμον θυμὸν ἐξέστην ἐγώ,  
γονάτων τε τῶν σῶν πρόσθεν ἐκλυθεὶς πίτνω.
- Διδ. ἧ καὶ προλείπεις Ἰλίου μεμνημένος,  
πάτρας σέθεν κράτιστος ἀπιστῆς γεγώς ·
- Αἰν. ἄνασσα, κύριοί τε τῆσδε τῆς χθονός,  
ἐγὼ διδάξω ταῦτ' Ἀχιλλεῖοις λόγοις ·

Hear me, but yet with Myrmidons' harsh  
cars,  
Lest you be mov'd too much with my sad  
tale.

*Ch. Marlowe.*



ὕμεις δ' ἀκούειν τλήτε Μυρμιδόνων τρόποις,  
ὥς μὴ πρὸς ἦπαρ θιγγάνῃ τάδ' ἄθλια.

G. M.





## IV.

## JULIA

JUL. What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus?

LUC. Lord, lord ! to see what folly reigns in us !

JUL. How now, what means this passion at his  
name ?

LUC. Pardon, dear madam, 'tis a passing shame,  
That I, unworthy body as I am,  
Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen.

JUL. Why not on Proteus, as on all the rest ?

LUC. Then thus,—of many good I think him  
best.

JUL. Your reason ?

LUC. I have no other but a woman's reason :  
I think him so, because I think him so.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona, I. 2.*

#### IV.

## ΟΑΡΙΣΤΥΣ.

I. Ποῖος δοκεῖ σοι Πρωτέως φίλον κάρα ;<sup>6</sup>

Δ. ὦ πρὸς θεῶν, ὡς ἄφρονες πεφύκαμεν !

I. καὶ πῶς κλύουσα νῦν τόδ' ἐκνίσθης φρένας;

A. σύγγωθι δὴ δέσποινα· καὶ γὰρ οὐ πρέπει,  
εἰ δυσγενὲς τις, ὡς ἐγὼ, τέχνης ἄτερ  
κρίνειν τι τολμᾷ φωτὸς εὐγενοῦς πέρι.

I. ἄλλους δὲ κρίνας' οὐ κρινεῖς καὶ Πρωτέα ;

Λ. ὡς ἐν καλοῖς κάλλιστον ὄντα νιν λέγω.

## I. τί δὴ μάλιστα;

**Λ.**                      τόδε γυναικείον φρονῶ ·  
ἐμοὶ δοκῶν κάλλιστος, οὗτος οὖν δοκεῖ.

G.

## V.

## DUKE AND CLAUDIO.

Du. So, then you hope of pardon from Lord Angelo ?

Cl. The miserable have no other medicine,  
But only hope :  
I have hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

Du. Be absolute for death ; either death or life,  
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus  
with life ;—

If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing,  
That none but fools would keep : a breath  
thou art

(Servile to all the skiey influences),  
That dost this habitation, where thou  
keep'st,  
Hourly afflict.

*Measure for Measure*, III. 1.

## V.

## ΘΑΝΑΤΟΣ.

Ἦγ. Ἡ δὴ σὺ πρὸς γ' ἄνακτος ἐλπίζεις λύσιν ;

Κλ. τοῖς ἀθλίοις οὐκ ἔστ' ἄκος πλὴν ἐλπίδος.  
θανεῖν ἔτοιμος, ζῆν ἔχω τιν' ἐλπίδα.

Ἦγ. ἐγκαρτέρει δὴ θάνατον, ἡδονὴ δέ τις  
πλείων πάρεστιν, εἴτε δὴ μύρος πάρα,  
εἴτ' οὖν βιώσει· περὶ βίου λέξεις τάδε·  
ἦν δὴ στερηθῶ σοῦ, στερήσομαι μόνον  
κτέανόν τι μύρων, καὶ γὰρ εἴ πνεῦμ' ἀσθενές,  
κίνυγμα δὴ κενὸν τόδ' αἰθύσσον δέμας,  
πάσχον δ' ὃ δὴ ποτ' οὐρανοῦ πνοαῖς δοκεῖ.

G.

## VI.

## LEONATO'S GRIEF.

I pray thee cease thy counsel,  
Which falls into mine ears as profitless,  
As water in a sieve : give not me counsel,  
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,  
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine.  
Bring me a father, that so lov'd his child,  
Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,  
And bid him speak of patience ;  
Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine  
And let it answer every strain for strain ;  
And thus for thus, and such a grief for such,  
In every lineament, branch, shape, and form :  
If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard ;  
And, "sorrow wag" cry hem, when he should  
groan ;

## VI.

ΑΛΓΟΣ.<sup>8</sup>

'Αλλ' οὔτι παύσει ταῦτα νουθετῶν ἐμέ ;  
 ὥσπερ γὰρ, εἴ τις κοσκίνῃ τετρημένῃ  
 ὕδωρ ἐπείγοιτ' ἐγχείαι, τόσον δὲ σὺ  
 λόγους προκύπτεις σοὺς καταντλήσας ἐμοῦ.  
 μή μοι γε μύθους · μή τις οὖν θέλξῃ λόγους,  
 ὅς μὴ κακοῖς ἐμοῖσιν ἐξισοῖ κακά.  
 ἀλλ' εἰ παρασχεῖν τῶν ἐφημέρων ἔχεις  
 ὅστις τό γ' αὐτοῦ τέκνον, ὥς καγὼ, φίλει,  
 χάρμης δὲ τοίᾳς ἐστέρη τητῶμενος,  
 τὸ καρτερεῖν μ' ἐκεῖνος ἐκδιδαξάτω.  
 κείνου δὲ πῆματ' ἀτρεκῶς ἀπείκασον  
 ἐμοῖσιν ἐξισοῦντά τ' ἀντηχοῦντά τε  
 μηδ' ἐλλιπόντα μηδὲν ἀλλ' ἀντίστροφα  
 ἅπασι καὶ τύποισι καὶ μορφώμασιν.  
 εἰ γὰρ τοιαῦτά τις παθὼν, εἴτ' εὐμενὴς

Patch grief with proverbs ; make misfortune  
drunk

With candle-wasters ; bring him yet to me,  
And I of him will gather patience,  
But there is no such man : For, brother, men  
Can counsel, and speak comfort to that grief  
Which they themselves not feel ; but tasting it  
Their counsel turns to passion, which before  
Would give preceptial medicine to rage,  
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,  
Charm ache with air, and agony with words :  
No, no ; 'tis all men's office to speak patience  
To those that wring under the load of sorrow ;  
But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency  
To be so moral, when he shall endure  
The like himself : therefore give me no counsel :  
My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

*Much Ado about Nothing, V., 1.*

φαιδρῷ προσώπῳ περιπατοῖ λύπης ἄτερ,  
 φράσας δὲ χαίρειν πολλὰ τοῖς ἀλγήμεσιν  
 ἦδοιτο μηδὲν τι στένων, παροιμίαις δ'  
 ἄλγῃ μαλάσσοι, φαρμάκοις δὲ συμφορὰς  
 φαύλοισι παύσαι, κείνος οὖν διδάξάτω  
 φέρειν τι ῥῆον τάσδε πημονὰς ἐμέ.  
 ἀλλ' οὐτίς ἐστι τοῖος. ἀλλ' αἰὲ βροτῶν  
 πρόχειρος, ὅστις πημάτων ἔξω πόδα  
 ἔχων παραινῇ νουθετεῖ τε τὸν κακῶς  
 πράσσοντα, πημοναῖσι δ' ἣν τις ἐμπέσῃ,  
 φροῦδ' ἐσθ' ἅπαντα πρὶν καλῶς εἰρημένα.  
 δεινῶς φλέγονται κύξορίνονται κέαρ  
 οἱ πρόσθεν ἡπίοισιν ἐξιώμενοι  
 λόγοισιν ὀργήν· τοῖς δὲ λυσσῶσιν φρένας,  
 δεσμοὺς ἀδέσμους προστιθέντες ἄλγεσιν,  
 μύθους φέρουσιν, ἄχυρα δὴτ' ἀντ' ἀλφίτων.  
 πάντων γάρ ἐστι τοὺς ταλαιπωρουμένους  
 μύθοις παραινεῖν τοιάδ'· “ὦ τλῆμον κára,  
 οὐ δὴ τὰ σ' ἄλγῃ καρτερᾷ τλήσει φρενί;”  
 αὐτὸς δ' ἐπὴν εἰς τοιάδ' ἐμπέσῃ κακά,  
 οὐκ ἔστιν οὐδεὶς ὧδε καρτερὸς κέαρ,  
 ὅστις τὰδ' αὐτοῦ πρόσθε νουθετήματα  
 σώσειε·<sup>9</sup> τοιάδ' οὖν μέθες με νουθετεῖν·  
 λόγοι γὰρ ἄλγους οὐκ ἂν ἐξίκοντ' ἐμοῦ.

J. S.



## VII.

## BASSANIO.

So may the outward shows be least themselves :  
The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.  
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,  
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,  
Obscures the show of evil ? In religion  
What damned error, but some sober brow  
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,  
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament ?  
There is no vice so simple, but assumes  
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.

. . . . . , .

Thus ornament is but the gilded shore  
To a most dangerous sea ; the beauteous scarf  
Veiling an Indian beauty ; in a word,

## VII.

## ΣΚΙΑΙ.

Οὕτω τὸ πρόσχημ' ἄν πέλοι σκιά μόνον.  
 πάλαι πέφυκε γάρ τις ἐψεῦσθαι χλιδῇ.  
 ἐν μὲν δίκαισιν τίς ποτ' αἰτία σαπρὰ  
 οὐκ ἄν, πονηρᾷ συμμιγεῖς' εὐφωνίᾳ,  
 κρύπτοι κακοῦ πρόσωπον; ἐν δὲ τοῖς Θεοῦ  
 τί παγκάκιστον ἀμπλάκημ' ἔσθ' οἷον οὐ  
 πρᾶός τις αἰνεῖ θεσφάτων τ' ἄγει τέκμαρ,  
 τὸ ψευδόφημον εὐπρεπεῖ κόσμῳ στέγων;  
 τίς δὴ πονηρία 'στὶν, ἥτις οὐκ ἔχει  
 ἐν τῷ προσώπῳ τοῦ καλοῦ τι σύμβολον;  
 . . . . .

τούτων δ' ἕκατι τὴν χλιδὴν ἄν εἰκάσαις  
 σφαιραῖσιν ἀκταῖς δυσπορωτάτης ἀλός,  
 ἢ τοῖσι πέπλοις οἷς κέκευθεν Αἰθίοψ.

The seeming truth which cunning times put on  
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy  
gold,

Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee :  
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge  
'Tween man and man. But thou, thou meagre  
lead,

Which rather threat'nest than dost promise  
aught,

Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence,  
And here choose I. Joy be the consequence !

*Merchant of Venice, III. 2.*



βραχεῖ λόγῳ δὲ τοῦ βίου προσχήματα  
ἔδοξ' ἀληθῆ, ψεῦδος ὄνθ' ὅθεν σοφῶς  
σοφούς ἐκλεψε. πρὸς τὰδ' οὖν ἔρρ' ἀγλαῖ  
σὺ χρυσέ, Μίδα δύσποτ', ἔρρε δ' ἄργυρε,  
σὺ χλωρὲ δοῦλε τοῖς τάλαιπύροις βροτούϊς,  
σφῶν γὰρ λάβοιμ' ἂν οὐτιν', ἀλλ', ὦ χαλκίον,  
μᾶλλον μ' ἀπωθοῦν ἢ δοκοῦν ἐφελκύσαι,  
χλωρὸν σὸν ὄμμα πλεῖον ἢ ῥήτωρ σθένει  
ἔμοιγε· τοῦτ' οὖν εἰλόμην· εὗ γοῦν πέλοι.

G.



## VIII.

## PRAISE OF MERCY.

The quality of mercy is not strained—  
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven  
Upon the place beneath : it is twice blessed—  
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes :  
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest, it becomes  
The thronèd monarch better than his crown ;  
His sceptre shews the force of temporal power,  
The attribute to awe and majesty,  
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings  
But mercy is above this sceptred sway—

## VIII.

## ΕΛΕΟΣ.

## 1.

Οἶκτον μὲν, ὦ τᾶν, οὐκ ἀναγκαστὴ φύσις,  
πίτνει δέ, λεπτῆς ὡς δρόσου στάζει ψακάς,  
ἐξ οὐρανοῦ · διπλῆν δ' ὄνησιν ἐκφέρει,  
τῷ μὲν λαβόντι, τῷ δὲ καὶ δωρουμένῳ.  
ἐν τοῖς μεγίστοις καὶ μάλιστα δὴ σθίνει,  
πρέπει δὲ τῷ θακοῦντι βασιλικὴν ἔδραν  
τούτου μετασχεῖν μᾶλλον ἢ σκῆπτρον φορεῖν.  
τὰ σκῆπτρα μὲν γὰρ τοῦ κατ' ἄνθρωπον κράτους  
σημεῖον, αἰδῶ προσπολοῦντα καὶ σέβας,  
ὅθεν τυράννων γίγνεται βροτοῖς δέος ·  
Οἶκος δὲ τοι σκῆπτρων γ' ὑπερφέρει κράτους,

It is enthronèd in the heart of kings,  
It is an attribute of God himself ;  
And earthly power doth then shew likest God's  
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,  
Though justice be thy plea, consider this—  
That, in the course of justice, none of us  
Should see salvation : we do pray for mercy ;  
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render  
The deeds of mercy.

*Merchant of Venice, IV. 1.*



τῶν γὰρ τυράννων ταῖσι καρδίαις ἔνι,  
καὶ πρὸς χαρακτήρ ἐμπέφυκε τῷ Θεῷ.  
οἶκτος δ' ὅταν περ συμμιγῇ δίκη, βροτῶν  
κράτος μάλιστα προσφερὲς Θεοῦ κράτει.  
σὺ δ' οὖν, προτείνων τοι δίκην, σκέψαι τόδε,  
ὥς, εἰ τύχοιμὲν μούνον ἀκραιφνοῦς δίκης,  
πάντες πανώλεις ἂν κακῶς ὀλοίμεθα ·  
Θεὸν γὰρ ἡμεῖς οἶκτον αἰτούμεσθ', ὅθεν  
αὐτοῖσιν ἡμῖν κἄλλον οἰκτίσαι πρέπει.<sup>10</sup>

J. S.





## VIII.

## ΕΛΕΟΣ.

## 2.

Ἔχει γὰρ ἔλεος οὐδαμῶς βίας φύσιν,  
ἀλλ' ὥσπερ ἱρὸς οὐρανοῦ στάζειν φιλεῖ  
ὑμβρος χαμῶζε, διογενὴς οἶκος πίτνει.  
δὺς δ' ἐστὶ χρηστὸς καὶ τὸν οἰκτίσαντα δὴ  
οὐχ ἥσσον ἢ τὸν οἰκτρὸν ὑλβίζων πρέπει.  
ἐν δ' αὖ μεγίστοις πλείστον ἰσχύει βροτοῖς,  
οὐδ' ἂν τιάρας κοιράνῃ μᾶλλον πρέποι.  
σκῆπτρον μὲν ἐν τοῖς ἐνθάδ', οὐ κάτω, σθένει,  
σεμνοῖς τε κοσμεῖ κηιράνους προσχίμασιν,  
ἐξ ὧν τυράννοις ἀμφιβάλλεται σέβας.  
οἶκος δὲ πᾶσι βασιλέων ἀντιρρέπων

σκήπτροις, τυράννων εὐπρεπῇ φρενὸς θρόνον  
ύψηλὸς ἵζει, καὶ θεοῖς γ' αὐτοῖς ἐνι.  
τί δῆτα πράσσων δεσπότης μάλλον θεοῖς  
ὁμοίός ἐστ' ἢ συμβαλὼν οἶκτῳ θέειν;  
ἀνθ' ὧν, ἐπεὶ τοι τὴν θέμιν σὺ προὔβαλες,  
ἴσθ' ὥς ἅπαντες, εἰ θέμις λάβοι δίκην,  
ὄλουντ' ἂν εὐθύς, οὐ διχορρόπως ἰδεῖν·  
ἀλλ' οἶκτον ἡμᾶς Θέμιδος ἐξαιτουμένους  
ἄλλους ὁμοίως δεῖ κατοικτεῖρειν βροτούς.

J. A.



## VIII.

## ΕΛΕΟΣ.

## 3.

Οὐκ ἐξ ἀνάγκης οἶκτος ἀλλ' εὐφρων ἔφυ.  
ὅπως δρόσος στάζουσ' ἀπ' οὐρανοῦ πέδοι  
Διύσδοτος· διπλῆν δὲ τὴν χάριν φέρει,  
τὸν γὰρ διδόντα, τὸν θ' ἐλόντ' ἐπωφελεῖ·  
κράτιστός ἐστι καρτεροῖς· μᾶλλον δέ τοι  
κοσμεῖ τύραννον ἢ στέφους γαυρώματα.  
σκῆπτρον μὲν ἰσχὺν τοῦδε δείκνυσιν κράτους,  
τιμὴν ἔχουσιν καὶ σέβας γεράσμιον,  
ὅπου τυράννων δεινὸς ἰζάνει φόβος,  
οἶκτος δὲ κρείσσων τῆσδε τῆς σκηπτουχίας·  
οὗτος δ' ἐνίξει καρδίαισι κοιράνων,

αὐτῷ Θεῷ σύνεδρος· ἔγγειον κράτος  
Θεοῦ κράτει μάλιστα προσφερὲς πρέπει,  
ὅταν περ οἶκτος πλείστα συμμιγῇ δίκῃ.

G. M.



## IX.

## ROSALIND.

Du. Mistress, despatch you with your fastest  
haste,

And get you from our court.

Ros. Me, uncle ?

Du. You, cousin :

Within these ten days if that thou be'st  
found

So near our public court as twenty miles  
Thou diest for it.

Ros. I do beseech your grace,  
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear  
with me :

If with myself I hold intelligence,  
Or have acquaintance with mine own desire,

## IX.

## ΡΟΣΑΛΙΝΔΑ.

Ἄρχ. Σὲ δὴ ταχίστη προυννέπω σπεύδειν φυγῇ  
ἔξω περῶσαν τῶνδε δωμάτων, γύναι.

Ῥοσ. ἦ καὶ λέγεις ἔμ' ὦ πάτρως; <sup>11</sup>

Ἄρχ. σὲ δὴ λέγω.

εἰ γάρ σε γαίας τέρμοσιν λαμπὰς θεοῦ  
δεκάτη μένουσαν ὤψεται, σὺ κατθανεῖ.

Ῥοσ. ὦ πρὸς σε γονάτων ἄντομαι τοσόνδ', ἄναξ.  
μαθοῦς ὅπως ἤμαρτον, ἐκχωρῶ χθονός.  
εἰ γὰρ σύνοιδ' ἔμοιγε κἀπιθυμιῶν  
ἐμῶν ἴδρις πέφυκα, μηδ' ἄφρων κυρῶ,



εἰ μήτ' ὄνειροι μήτε λύσσα θεῶν ὑπο  
ἐπλαγξέ μ' εἰσπεσοῦσ', ὃ μὴ πρὸς θεῶν  
τύχοι,

οὐπώποτ' ἠδίκησά σ' οὐδὲν οὐδαμῶς,  
μίαν γε φροντίδ' ἐξεῖσα καρδίας.

Ἄρχ. τοιαῦτά τοι λέγουσι πάντες οἱ κακοί.  
εἰ δ' ἦν λόγοισιν οἷά τ' ἐκπλύνειν κακά,  
οὐκ ἂν θεὸς τῶνδ' ἦν ἀναιτιώτερος.  
ἄλῃς τόδ' ἔστω τοῦπος· οὐ πέποιθά σοι.

Ῥοσ. ἀλλ' οὐκ ἀπιστῶν μαρὸν ἂν θεῖης ἐμέ,  
σὺ δ' οὖν τὸ τέκμαρ, ὥπερ εἰκάζεις, φρά-  
σον.

Ἄρχ. σάφ' ἴσθι τοίνυν· σὸς πατήρ σ' ἐγείνατο.

Ῥοσ. ἀλλ' ἦν τοιαῦτ', ὅπως νιν ἐξείλου θρόνους,  
ὅπως δὲ γῆς ἐπεμψας, ἦν τοιαῦτ', ἄναξ.  
οὗτοι προδοσίαν, κλῆρον ὥς, λάχοι τις ἄν.  
εἰ δ' ἔστι δὴ τόδ', οὐ μέλει· πατήρ ἐμὸς  
οὐκ ἦν ἄπιστος· τοιγαροῦν ἄναξ σκύπει,  
μή πως ἀμάρτης ἐμὲ δοκῶν χρεῖα κακὴν.

Κηλ. ὦναξ, σὺ δ' ἀντάκουσον, ἄντομαί σ' ἐγώ.

Ἄρχ. καὶ δὴ μένειν σφ' εἶσα σοὶ χάριν φέρων·  
σὺν πατρὶ γὰρ φυγόντι συνέφυγεν τότ' ἄν.



CEL. I did not then entreat to have her stay,  
It was your pleasure and your own remorse;  
I was too young that time to value her,  
But now I know her : if she be a traitor,  
Why, so am I ; we still have slept together,  
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together ;  
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans  
Still we went coupled, and inseparable.

*As you like it, I. 3.*



Κηλ. οὐκ ἠντόμην ἔγωγέ νιν δόμοις μένειν,  
 αὐτὸς δ' ἔδρασας ταῦθ' ἐκουσίῳ τρώπῳ  
 νέμεσίν τ' ἀλύσκων· ἀλλ' ἐγὼ νεᾶνις ἦ,  
 οὐδ' ἔμαθον οἷας δὴ φρένας κείνη τρέφει,  
 νῦν δ' οἶδ' ἐγὼ νιν, ἥτις ἔστ', ἐκ καρδίας.  
 εἰ μὲν τι κείνη σοι ὑπιβουλεύει λάθρα,  
 κοινωνὸς οὖν ἔγωγε· κοινὸν ἦν λέχος,  
 κοινή θ' ὁμοίως ἐκ λέχους ἀνάστασις,  
 κοινή τροφή τε καὶ μύθος καὶ παιδιὰ·  
 ἦμεν δ' ὁμοῦ ξυνωρὶς ὡς ὁμοπτέρων  
 Ἦρας κύκνοισιν ἐμφερίης, ἐνὶ ζυγῷ  
 φιλίῳς ἀεὶ στείχουσα συμμέτροις ποσίν.

G.



## X.

## EXILE.

G. All places that the eye of Heaven visits  
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens:  
Teach thy necessity to reason thus;  
There is no virtue like necessity.  
Think not, the king did banish thee;  
But thou the king: Woe doth the heavier  
sit,  
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.  
Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase honour  
And not, the king exil'd thee, or suppose,  
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,

## X.

## ΦΥΓΗ.

Γ. Ὅσους γε χώρους Ἥλιος κατασκοπεῖ,  
ὄρμοι σοφοῖσιν πάντες εἰσὶν εὖζενοι.  
δίδασκε δ' ὧδε νουθετῶν τὸ σὺν χρεῖος·  
'τὸ τῆς Ἀνάγκης ἔστ' ἀδήριτον σθένος·' <sup>12</sup>  
μηδ' οὖν νόμιζ' ἄνακτά σ' ἐκπέμψαι χθονός,  
αὐτὸς δ' ἄνακτα· καὶ γὰρ ἄλγιον βάρος,  
εἴ τις κακὸν δὴ φαίνεται τι δυσφορεῖν,  
ἀλλ' εἴα χώρει πᾶσιν ἐννέπων ὅτι  
ἔστειλ' ἐγὼ σε κῦδος αἶρεσθαι μακράν,  
οὐχ ὥς ἐκείνος σ' ἐκ δόμων ἐξήλασεν.  
εἰ δ' αὖ θέλεις, φέρ' ἐννόει φρεσὶν τύδε,  
ὥς δὴ τις αἰνὸς λοιμὸς ἐκ τύχης τινὸς  
τῷδ' ἐμπέφυκεν ἀέρι, χθονὸς δὲ δεῖ

And thou art flying to a fresher clime.  
Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it  
To lie that way thou go'st, not whence  
thou com'st.

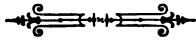
Suppose the singing birds musicians ;  
The grass whereon thou tread'st the pres-  
ence strew'd ;

The flowers, fair ladies ; and thy steps, no  
more

Than a delightful measure or a dance :  
For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite  
The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.

BOL. O, who can hold a fire in his hand,  
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus ?  
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,  
By bare imagination of a feast ?  
Or wallow naked in December snow,  
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat ?  
O, no ! the apprehension of the good  
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse.

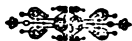
*Richard II., I. 3.*



οὔδας ματεύειν κρείσσονος κραιπνοῖς ποσίν.  
 ἦν δ' αὖ τινός τις ἥμερος ψυχὴν ἔλῃ,  
 νόμιζε τούτου κεῖθι τεύξεσθαί ποτε,  
 ὅποι πορεύει κοῦχ ὅθεν γ' ἐλήλυθας.  
 ἔστων δέ σοί γ' ὄρνιθες ἀντὶ μουσικῶν,  
 πόαν πατῶν δὲ μέλαθρον ἐμπατεῖν δόκει  
 πάμπρεπτον, αἶνθῃ δ' εἵκασον νύμφαις καλαῖς.  
 ὅταν βαδίζῃς, εἰσιὼν ὥσπερ χορὸν,  
 εὐσχήμον' ὀρχηστῆρος ἐνδειξαι βάσιν.  
 τοῦτον δ' ἀνία μειόνως δάκνει πικρά,  
 ὅτψ γέλως τὰ τοιάδ' οὐδ' ἄγαν βάρος.

Βολ. τίς δ' ἐν χεροῖν πῦρ οἶός ἐστι βαστάσαι,  
 κρυσταλλόπηγ' Ὀλυμπον ἐννοούμενος ;  
 τίς λιμοθνής ὣν πεῖναν ἀμβλύνοι ποτ' ἂν,  
 βλέπων ἑορτὴν ἐν φρενῶν ὅσσοις μόνον ;  
 τίς γυμνὸς ἐν χειμῶνος ἴζοιτ' ἂν βολαῖς,  
 θέρος φλογωπὸν φροντίσιν θηρώμενος ;  
 φεῦ φεῦ· πρόνοια τὰγαθοῦ δάκνει πλέον,  
 ὅτψ κάκιον δὴ τι πῆμ' ἐνήλατο.

P. G.



## XI.

## JOAN OF ARC.

Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,  
My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.  
Heaven, and our Lady gracious, hath it pleas'd  
To shine on my contemptible estate :  
Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,  
And to sun's parching heat displayed my cheeks,  
God's mother deigned to appear to me ;  
And, in a vision full of majesty,  
Will'd me to leave my base vocation,  
And free my country from calamity :  
Her aid she promis'd and assur'd success.  
In complete glory she revealed herself ;

## XI.

## ΙΩΑΝΝΑ.

Ἄναξ, γένος μὲν θῆσσα ποιμένος τ' ἔφυν,  
φρένας δ' αἰδρις εἰμὶ παντοίας τέχνης.  
Θεῶ δ' ἔδοξε καὶ μάλιστα Ποτνία,  
ἀκτῖνι δόξης ἐστίας ἐμῆς θιγεῖν.  
ἐμοὶ γὰρ οὖν, μήλοισιν ἡνίχ' εἰπόμεν  
νέα νέοισιν, ἥλιός τε μοι γένυς  
αἶθων ἔχραινεν, αἶψα δὴ παρίστατο  
αὐτὴ θεοτόκος εὐκλεῆς ἀπ' οὐρανοῦ.  
πρέπουσα δ' ὥς ἄνασσ' ἐν ἀστέρων χορῷ  
τάδ' εἶπε λαμπρῶς· Σοὶ μὲν ἔργον ἐκλιπεῖν  
φαῦλον κελεύω πατρίδα δ' ἐξελεῖν κακῶν.  
νίκην δ' ὑπέσχετ'· εὖ γὰρ ἂν παραστατεῖν  
αὐτὴ βοηθός· ὧδ' ἐμοὶ κατηξίου



And, whereas I was black and swart before,  
With those clear rays which she infus'd on me,  
That beauty am I blessed with which you may  
see.

Ask me what question thou can'st possible,  
And I will answer unpremeditated :  
My courage try by combat, if thou dar'st,  
And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.  
Resolve on this : Thou shalt be fortunate  
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

*I. Henry VI., I. 2.*



αἰγλῇ φανῆναι δεσπότις τῶν Ἀγγέλων.  
καὶ πρὸς γε τούτοις, ἦν ἔμοι δέμας πάρος  
μέλαν τι χρωτί· τοῦδε δ' ἐκ χρόνου φυῆς  
κάλλους ἔκυρσα δῆθεν, ὥς ὄραν πάρα,  
ἀκτίσιν ἃς ἔσπειρεν ἐκκοσμουμένη.  
πρὸς ταῦτα τρῖνυν ὅ,τι ποτ' εἰδέναι θέλεις  
μάστευ', ἐγὼ δὲ συντόμως ὑμείφομαι·  
εἰ δ' ἀνδρίας φίλ' ἐστὶ σοι πείραν λαβεῖν,  
ἔλθ' εἰς ἄμιλλαν, οὐδ' ἐγὼ δόξω κακή.  
ὅσον θ' ὑπὲρ θήλειαν ἐκπρέπω φύσιν  
γνώσει· σὺ δ' ἐν δέλτοις τούδ' ἐγγράφου φρενῶν,  
πάντ' εὐτυχήσεις, ἦν μ' ἔλῃ δορυζενον.

G.



## XII.

## THE RIGHT.

What better breastplate than a heart untainted!  
Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just ;  
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,  
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

*II. Henry VI., III. 2.*

## XII.

## Δ Ι Κ Η.

Τίς ἐστὶ θώραξ φέρτερος κεδνῆς φρενός ;  
 τρὶς δ' ἔσθ' ὀπλίτης ᾧ τὸ νεῖκος αἵσιμον.  
 κεῖνος δὲ γυμνός, ἐγκρυφεῖς παντευχία,  
 ὅτψ φρόνημα τᾷδικον διέφθορεν.

G.

Τίς δῆτα θώραξ φέρτερος κεδνῆς φρενός ;  
 ᾧ δ' αἵσιμον τὸ νεῖκος, οὗτος Ἡρακλῆς.  
 κεῖνος δὲ γυμνός, κᾶν δέμας κρύψῃ χάλυψ,  
 ὅτψ φρόνημα τᾷδικον διέφθορεν.

G.

## XIII.

## DEATH OF YORK.

RICH. But what art thou, whose heavy looks  
foretell [tongue?

Some dreadful story hanging on thy

MESS. Ah ! one that was a woeful looker on.

EL. O, speak no more ! for I have heard too  
much.

RICH. Say how he died, for I will hear it all.

MESS. Environèd he was with many foes,  
And stood against them as the hope of  
Troy ;

But Hercules himself must yield to odds ;  
And many strokes, though with a little  
axe, [oak.

Hew down and fell the hardest-timbered

*III. Henry VI., II. 1.*

## XIII.

## ΑΡΕΙΦΑΤΟΣ.

## 1.

P. Οὗτος, τίς εἶ ποθ', ὧδε συννεφές βλέπων;  
δηλοῖς γὰρ αἶνόν δὴ τι καλχαίνων ἔπος.

'Αγγ. οἴμοι· θεατῆς γάρ τις ἦν τάλας ἐγώ.

'Ε. φεῦ φεῦ, σιώπα νυν, περισσὰ γὰρ κλύω.

P. τίς δ' οὖν τελευτή; βούλομαι γὰρ ἐκμαθεῖν.

'Αγγ. ἐχθροῖς ὅδ' οὖν πολλοῖσιν ἐγκυκλούμενος  
ἔρεισμα Τροίας προστάτης τ' ἀνθίστατο.  
'αλλ' οὐδ' ἂν αὐτὸς Ἡρακλῆς κρατοῖ μάχην  
πολλοῖς συνάψας. εἰ δὲ πολλὰ κόπτεται  
δρῦς τις κρατίστη, καίπερ ἄξινης τύποις  
σμικροῖς, ὅμως παρ' οὗδας ἐκταθήσεται.

G. Mc.

## XIII.

## ΑΡΕΙΦΑΤΟΣ.

## 2.

P. Οὗτος, τίς εἶ ποτ' ; ὄμμα γὰρ κατηγορεῖ  
σκυθρωπὸν ἐξεροῦντος ἀλγίστους λόγους.

Ἀγγ. φεῦ· δεινὰ τοι δέδορκα κοῦκ ἀνασχετά.

Ἐ. οὐ σίγα ; μηδὲ μακρὸν ἐκτείνης λόγον·  
ἤδη γὰρ ἤκουσ' ὣν γε μήποτ' ὠφελον.

P. ἀλλ' οὖν σὺ λέξον. πάντ' ἐγὼ μαθεῖν θέλω

Ἀγγ. πολλοῖς γὰρ ἐχθροῖς κείνος ἐγκυκλούμενος,  
Τροίας ἔρεισμα, πᾶσιν ἀντίστη βίη·

ἀλλ' οὐδ' ἂν αὐτὸς Ἡρακλῆς πολλοῖσι δὴ  
μάχην συνάψας ἂν κρατοῖ Διὸς γεγώς.

πολλὰς δὲ τύψας πρῖνον ἂν σφήλειέ τις  
σμικρῷ γε χαλκῷ καὶ σιδήρεόν γ' ὅμως.

J. S.

## XIII.

## ΑΡΕΙΦΑΤΟΣ.

## 3.

P. Σὺ δ' εἰ τίς, ὦ σκυθρωπέ; καὶ γὰρ εἰκάσαι  
λέξειν τι μέλλεις δεινὸν ἄρρητόν τ' ἔπος.

Ἀγγ. οἴμοι· θεατῆς ἦν ἐγὼ τῶν πημάτων.

Ἐ. σίγα νυν, ὦ φίλ', οὐχ ἄλεις λόγων πάρα;

P. ἀλλ' εἰπέ, πῶς τέθνηκε; πάντ' ἀκούσομαι.

Ἀγγ. πολλῶν γὰρ ἐχθρῶν ἐν μέσῳ κυκλούμενος  
ἠναντιοῦτο Περγάμων ἐλπὶς μόνη.

ἀλλ' οὔτι πράσσοι πρὸς δὺ' οὐδ' ἂν Ἡρακλῆς.  
καὶ δένδρον, εἰ καὶ φαίνεται σκληρὸν φύσιν,  
τμηθὲν θαμὰ σμικραῖσιν ἀξίναις πίτνει.

J. A.



## XIV.

## A COURTSHIP.

K. ED. Now, tell me, madam, do you love your children ?

L. GR. Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.

K. ED. And would you not do much to do them good ?

L. GR. To do them good I would sustain some harm.

K. ED. Then get your husband's lands, to do them good.

L. GR. Therefore I came unto your majesty.

K. ED. I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.

L. GR. So shall you bind me to your highness service.

## XIV.

## ΜΝΗΣΤΕΙΑ.

Ἐδ. Βασ. Ἐμοὶ φράσον τόδ'· ἧ φιλεῖς παῖδας,  
γύναι;

Δέσποινα. ναί· τούσδε μάλλον ἢ δέμας φιλῶ τόδε.

Ἐδ. Βασ. πράσσοις τε πόλλ' ἂν ὥστε παῖδας ὠφε-  
λεῖν;

Δέσποινα. τούσδ' ὠφελούσά γ', οὐκ ἀναίνομαι πο-  
ρεῖν.

Ἐδ. Βασ. ἀνδρὸς γύας λαβοῦσα, τούσδ' ἐπωφέλει.

Δέσποινα. τοῦδ' οὐνεχ' ἤκω καὶ τάλαινά σ' ἄντο-  
μαι.

Ἐδ. Βασ. λέξω δέ σοι πῶς τούσδε δὴ κτήσει γύας.

Δέσποινα. λέξας γε τοιάδ' ἐξ ἐμοῦ κτήσει χάριν.

K. ED. What service wilt thou do me, if I give them ?

L. GR. What you command that rests in me to do.

K. ED. But you will take exceptions to my boon.

L. GR. No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.

K. ED. Ay, but thou can'st do what I mean to ask.

L. GR. Why, then I will do what your grace commands.

*III. Henry VI., III. 2.*



Ἐδ. Βασ. ποίαν χάριν δὴ κτήσομαι, κείνους προ-  
δούς;

Δέσποινα. χρήσται μέλειν μοι σὰς ἐπιστολὰς αἰί.

Ἐδ. Βασ. αἰτουμένῳ δέ μοι τόδ' ὀκνήσεις τελεῖν;

Δέσποινα. οὐκ ἂν κατοκνοῖμ' οὐδέν, ὧν σθένος παρῇ.

Ἐδ. Βασ. ἀλλ' οὐδὲν ἐστὶν ἐμποδὼν βουλευματος.

Δέσποινα. ἐπειζόμεσθα σὰς γ' ἐπιστολὰς τελεῖν.

P. G.



## XV.

## CLARENCE.

BR. Awak'd you not in this sore agony ?

CL. No, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life;

O, then began the tempest to my soul !

I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood

With that sour ferryman which poets write  
of,

Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.

The first that there did greet my stranger  
soul

Was my great father-in-law, renowned  
Warwick ;

Who spake aloud, " What scourge for per-  
jury

## XV.

## Ο Ν Α Ρ.

Βρ. Εἴτ' οὐκ ἐγείρει τοῦδ' ὕπνου, τόσον παθῶν ;  
 Κλ. ἦκιστ' · ἐμοὶ γὰρ φάσμα τοῦ βίου πέρα  
 Ἐρινύων ἔκατι δαίν' ἐκτείνεται ·  
 φεῦ · τηνικαῦτά γ' ὤρτο καρδίας κλύδων ·  
 ῥόον γάρ, ὡς ἔδοξα, δυστάλας ἐγὼ  
 λυπρὸν περάσας καὶ Χάρωνα προσμολὼν  
 μύθοις ἀοιδῶν ἔζοχον, καθικόμην  
 μισητὸν Ἑρεβος νύκτα πρὸς μελαμβαθῇ.  
 ἐκεῖ με πρῶτον πενθερός, σέβας βροτῶν,  
 χαίρειν κελεύσας καίπερ ἐν ξένοισι ξένον,  
 ἔρρηξε φωνήν · “ Φεῦ · πόθεν ψεύδορκος ὤν ;

Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?"

And so he vanish'd.

*Richard III., I. 4.*



τίς οὖν τί μασχάλισμ' ἐν ὀρφναίοις δόμοις <sup>13</sup>  
Ἄιδου τίνοιτ' ἂν τόνδ' ἀλάστορ' ἐνδίκως ;"  
καὶ ταῦτα λέξασ' ἀθλία ψυχὴ φυγῇ  
διέπτατ'.

J. A.





## XVI.

## MACBETH.

Is this a dagger which I see before me,  
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me  
clutch thee :

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.  
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible  
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but  
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,  
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?  
I see thee yet, in form as palpable  
As this which now I draw.

*Macbeth*, II. 1.

## XVI.

## ΦΑΣΜΑ ΦΑΣΓΑΝΟΥ.

## 1.

ὦ θεοί, τί λείσσω ; μῶν ἐναντίον ξίφος  
κώπην προτεῖνον τῇδε δεξιᾷ χερὶ ;  
ἀλλ' εἶα μάρπτω χερσὶ· ποῖ ποτ' ἔπτατο ;  
οὔτοι κρατῶ σε, δέρκομαι δ' ὅμως σ' ἔτι.  
ἄρ' οὐ σε, φάσμα δεινόν, αἰσθῆσθαι πάρα  
χερσὶν θ' ὁμοίως ὁμμάτων τε δέργμασιν ;  
ἦπυ μαχαίρας κέρτομός τις εἶ σκιά,  
τέκος μάταιον οἰστροδινήτων φρενῶν ;  
οὔπω δ' ἀπῆλθες, ἀλλὰ δέρκομαί σ' ἔτι,  
σαφές γ' ὁμοίως τῷδ' ὅπερ φέρω ξίφι.

J. A.

## XVI.

## MACBETH.

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The handle toward my hand? Come, let me  
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I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.  
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible  
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but  
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,  
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?  
I see thee yet, in form as palpable  
As this which now I draw.

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going,  
And such an instrument I was to use.  
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,  
Or else worth all the rest : I see thee still.

*Macbeth*, II. 1.

---

## XVI.

## ΦΑΣΜΑ ΦΑΣΓΑΝΟΥ.

## 2.

Τί δ' ἔστι τοῦτο; ξίφος ἐναντίον βλέπω  
κώπη πρόχειρον· εἴα δὴ μάρπτω χεροῖν.  
κρατῶ σε χερσὶν οὐχί, προσβλέπω δ' ὅμως.  
ἦρ' οὐ θιγεῖν ἔξεστί μοι τοῦ φάσματος,  
εἰ δὴ βλέπειν πάρεστιν, ἦ μόνον φρενῶν—  
φρενῶν μὲν οὐκέτ' ἀλλὰ λυσσώδους νόου—  
εἶδωλον εἰ μάταιον; ὥς σε νῦν βλέπω  
ἐναργές ὥσπερ καὶ μάχαιραν ἣν φέρω.  
ὁδὸν δ' ὁδηγεῖς ἥνπερ οὖν ἐστελλόμεν·  
χρῆσθαι δὲ δὴ τοιῷδ' ἐμελλον ὀργάνῳ.  
ἐψευσμέναι γοῦν εἰσὶν αἶδ' ἐμοῦ κόραι  
ἦ δῆτα πᾶσαι φρένες· ὅμως δ' ὁρῶ σ' ἔτι.

G.

## XVII.

## QUEEN CATHERINE.

Sir, I desire you, do me right and justice,  
And to bestow your pity on me : for  
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,  
Born out of your dominions ; having here  
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance  
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,  
In what have I offended you ? what cause  
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,  
That thus you should proceed to put me off,  
And take your good grace from me ? Heaven  
witness,

XVII.

ΑΠΟΛΟΓΙΑ.

Ἄναξ, σέ γ' ὀρθήν ἀξιῶ κρίνειν δίκην,  
αἰδῶ τ' ἐμοῦ σχεῖν πρευμαίνους ἀπ' ὅμματος.  
οἴκτιζε· καὶ γὰρ εἰμὶ δυστυχεστάτη,  
γυνὴ τύλαινα, πρὸς δὲ κῆλλοθεν ζίνη,  
ἔξω δ' ὄρων γεγῶσα τῆςδε τῆς χθονός·  
οὐδ' ἔστιν ὅστις ἐνθάδ' εὖ φρονῶν ἐμοὶ  
ἴσῃ διοίσει ψῆφον ἐξ ἴσης φρενός.  
ἔρημος ὦδ' εἰμ', οὐδ' ἔχω τιν' ἐλπίδα  
ὥς μοι παρέσται τοῦνδικον· σὲ δ' ἐννέπω,  
πῶς δῆτ' ἔγωγε σοὶ τοσόνδ' ἀπηχθύμην;  
ποῖον δὲ πράξας ἔργον ἐς σ' ἀμνητάνω,  
ὀθούνεκ' ἐξελᾶς με καὶ τοῦμὸν λίσχος  
τολμᾶς παρωθεῖν; τοὺς Θεοὺς μαρτύρομαι,

I have been to you a true and humble wife,  
At all times to your will conformable :  
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,  
Yea, subject to your countenance ; glad, or sorry,  
As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour,  
I ever contradicted your desire,  
Or made it not mine too ? Or which of your  
friends

Have I not strove to love, although I knew  
He were mine enemy ? What friend of mine  
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I  
Continue in my liking ? nay, gave notice  
He was from thence discharg'd ? Sir, call to  
mind

That I have been your wife, in this obedience,  
Upwards of twenty years, and have been blest  
With many children by you : If, in the course  
And process of this time, you can report,  
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,  
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty  
Against your sacred person, in God's name,  
Turn me away ; and let the foul'st contempt  
Shut door upon me, and so give me up

---

ἢ μὴν γενέσθαι σοί γ' αἰὲ κεινὴ δάμαρ,  
 οὐδ' ἀντιτείνειν πώποτ' ἂν τολμᾶν τί σοι.  
 τὸ λῆμά σου γὰρ ἐρεθίσαι—τούδ' ὄκνος ἦν,  
 εἴωθα δ' ὄψιν σὴν σκοπεῖν ὅπη ῥέποι,  
 ἴν' εἴτε φαιδρὸν εἴτε μὴ τύχοις βλέπων,  
 καὶ γὰρ πάθοιμι ταῦτά · τίς ποτ' ἦν χρόνος  
 ὅτ' ἔθεν τρύποισιν οὐχ ὑπηρετοῦν  
 ἐκουῖσ' ὑποστᾶσ' ; ὣν δ' ἐτίμησας φίλων,  
 τίς οὖν προτιμᾶν οὐκ ἐγὼ πρόθυμος ἦ,  
 καὶ ταῦτα καίπερ γυνῶσα πολέμιον πικρὸν ;  
 τῶν δ' αὖ φίλων πάροιθεν, εἴ τις αἴτιος  
 σέ γ' ἡλί-αινε, μῶν νιν ἡγάπων ; τί μήν ;  
 ἀπέπτυσ' αὐτίκ' · ὦ πόσις, φρόνησον εὔ.  
 μέμνησ' ἐμ', ἄλοχον οὔσαν εἴκοσιν γ' ἔτη  
 ὑπήκοον τοιαῦτα σοὶ τεκεῖν σπύρον  
 παίδων μακάριον · εἰ δὲ πώποτ' ἐν χρόνῳ  
 τόσῳ λέγειν πάρεστιν ἡμέραν μίαν,  
 καὶ πρὸς γ' ἐλέγχειν, ἴνθ' ἐγὼ πίστιν πάρα  
 ἔπρασσον ἢ τῆς δεξιᾶς ὄρκων τ' ἐμῶν  
 ἐδόκουν λαθέσθαι τοῦ τ' ἐμοῦ σεβασμίου  
 πρὸς σὸν δέμας τύραννον—εἰ ταῦθ' ὦδ' ἔχει,  
 ἀπόπεμψον οὖν με πρὸς Διός · λύμη δ' ἄκρα  
 τιμῆς μ' ἀπείργοι, καὶ κακὴ κάκιστ' ἐγὼ



To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you, sir,  
The king, your father, was reputed for  
A prince most prudent, of an excellent  
And unmatched wit and judgment: Ferdinand,  
My father, King of Spain, was reckon'd one  
The wisest prince that there had reign'd by many  
A year before : It is not to be question'd  
That they had gather'd a wise council to them  
Of every realm, that did debate this business,  
Who deem'd our marriage lawful : Wherefore I  
humbly  
Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may  
Be by my friends in Spain advis'd; whose counsel  
I will implore ; if not, i' the name of God,  
Your pleasure be fulfill'd !

*Henry VIII., II. 4.*



δίκης ὀλοίμην δῆγμασιν τομωτάτοις.  
 τάδ' ἄλλα σοι λέγοιμ' ἄν, εἰ κλύειν δοκεῖ.  
 ὁ μὲν πατήρ σου κληδὺν' εἰλήχει μακρὰν  
 φρυνήσεως ἕκατι νοῦ θ' ὑπερφέρων·  
 οὐμὸς δὲ καὐτὸς Φερδίνανδος ἀγαθός,  
 ἄναξ Ἰβήρων, τῶν πρὶν ἀρχόντων ἐκεῖ,  
 ὄσων νέοι μεμνήμεθ', ἀρχηγὸς πρέπει.  
 τούτῳ μὲν οὖν δὴ τῶν σοφῶν πανήγυριν  
 ἀναμφίλεκτόν ἐστιν ἐκ πάσης χθονὸς  
 ἀνδρῶν ἀθροῖσαι τοῦδε τοῦ πράγους πέρι  
 κρινούσαν· οἶδε δ' ἡμῖν οὐκ ἀπηξίου  
 γάμους· γάμων δ' ἔδοξεν οὐδὲν ἐμποδῶν.  
 πρὸς Θεῶν σὲ τοίνυν λίσσομαι, φίλον κάρα,  
 μήπω με κρίνειν, ἔστε συγγόνις ἐμοῖς  
 τοῖς ἐξ Ἰβήρων συμβαλεῖν λόγους ἔχω.  
 τοῦμόν γάρ ἐν τοῖσδ'· εἰ δὲ μὴ θέμις τάδε,  
 ὥς εἶπας ἔστω· καὶ γὰρ οὐκ ἀναίνομαι.

G.



## XVIII.

## WOLSEY'S LAMENT.

Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness !  
This is the state of man : to-day he puts forth  
The tender leaves of hope ; to-morrow blossoms  
And bears his blushing honours thick upon  
him ;

The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,  
And—when he thinks, good easy man, full  
surely

His greatness is a-ripening,—nips his root,  
And then he falls as I do. I have ventured  
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,  
This many summers in a sea of glory ;

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## XVIII.

## ΟΓΚΟΥ ΣΦΑΛΜΑ.

## I.

ὦ χαῖρ' ἐς αἰεὶ, πολλὰ χαῖρ' εὐδοξία.  
βροτῶν βίος πέφυκεν ὧδ'· ἐκφαίνεται  
νῦν ἐλπίδος βλαστήματ', εἴτ' ἀντήλια  
ἄνθη φύει πάμπολλα πορφυρᾶς χλιδῆς·  
κάπεται τοῖσδ' ἐπῆλθε δύσχιμον κρύος,  
ρίζαν τ' ἔδηξεν, εὖτε δ' εὐήθης ἀνὴρ  
καρποὺς ἀκμάζειν δῆθεν εἰκάζει κλέους,  
εἴθ' οἱ ἐγὼ τάλας ὄλωλε. πολλὰ δὴ  
ἐν πράγμασιν κυδροῖσιν ἐμμεμιγμένος,  
μᾶλλον τι τοῦ δέοντος, αὐθάδης ἐγὼ  
σκαιοῖς ἔοικα παισὶν οἵπερ ἐν ῥοαῖς,  
ἄσκοις νέοντες, ἄφρονες ἐνθρώσκουσ' ἀφρῶ·

But far beyond my depth ; my high-blown pride  
At length broke under me, and now has left me  
Weary and old with service to the mercy  
Of a rude stream that must for ever hide me.  
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye :  
I feel my heart new opened. O ! how wretched  
Is that poor man who hangs on princes' favours !  
There is betwixt the smile we would aspire to,  
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,  
More pangs and fears than wars or woman have,  
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,  
Never to hope again.

*Henry VIII., III. 2.*



νῦν δ' οὐκέτ' ὄγκος· οἷχομαί θ' ὑπηρέτης  
πόνοις ἀπειπὼν δύσποτμος γέρων ἐγὼ  
ρόην διὰ τραχείαν, ἥτις ἐν βυθοῖς  
αἰεὶ καλύψει τόνδε δυστυχέστατον.  
κόμπος κλέος τε τοῦ βίου, στυγυύμενα,  
ἀπέρρετ'· οὐ σφαλεῖτε τόνδε τλήμονα.  
δύστηνος, ὅστις δὴ κύλαξ πρόμων κυρεῖ.  
μεταξὺ μὲν γὰρ κοιράνων μειδήματος  
μορφῆς τ' ἀρεστῆς ὣν τυχεῖν ἰμείρεται,  
πρὶν λοιγὸν ἥκειν, δείματ' ἀγριώτερα  
ἄλγη τε πλείον', ὧν Ἔρως κᾶρης φέρει·  
πεσὼν θ', ὅπως περ νερτέρων ὁ κοίρανος,  
πέπτωκεν, οὐποτ' ἐλπίσων ἀνάστασιν.<sup>14</sup>

G. Mc.



## XVIII.

## ΟΓΚΟΥ ΣΦΑΛΜΑ.

## 2.

Ὅ πολλὰ χαίρειν προυνέπω τοῦμὸν κλέος.  
τοιόσδε τοι πέφυκεν ἀνθρώποις βίος·  
νῦν γὰρ τέρειναν σήμερον φύει φόβην  
τῆς Ἑλπίδος, τῇ δ' αὔριον βρύειν φιλεῖ  
τιμῆς πυκνοῖσιν ἄνθεσιν κοσμούμενος·  
τρίτῃ δὲ πάμφθαρτός τις ἐνσκήπτει πάγος·  
ἐπεὶ δ' ἀκμάζειν δῆθ' ὁ χρηστὸς οἶεται  
εὐκλειαν αὐτοῦ, ρίζαν ὤλεσεν κακῶς,  
κεῖταί τ' ὀλισθὼν αὐτόπρεμος ὡς ἐγώ.  
φελλῆ γὰρ ὡς παῖς ἄσοφος αἰωρούμενος  
δαρὸν νένευκα τοῖς κλυδωνίοις ἐνι  
κλέους, ἐκαστέρω δὲ τῆς ἀκτῆς πολύ.

τέλος δὲ δεινῶς οὐμὸς αὐξηθεὶς μέγας  
 ὄγκος τέθρανσται, νῦν δ' ἐγώ, παρειμένους  
 πόλεως ὑπὲρ πόνοισιν, εἴτ' ἐκβάλλομαι  
 μάργοισι ρείθροις οἷς με κρυφθῆναι χρεῶν.  
 φεῦ, φεῦ, ματαία δόξα καὶ βροτῶν κλέος!  
 ὥς ὑμῖν ἔχθρας διὰ πικρᾶς ἀφικόμην.  
 νῦν δὲ διδάχθην ἡδ' ἐπαιδεύθην φρένα.  
 οἰκτρόν γέ φημ' ἐκείνον, οἰκτιστον μὲν οὖν,  
 ἐκ τῶν τυράννων ὅστις ἀρτᾶσθαι φιλεῖ.  
 θηρῶντι γὰρ δὴ κοιράνων μειδήματα,  
 κέρδος τ' ἀρεστὸν εὐπροσήγορόν θ' ἅμα,  
 οὐ πάντες ἐντείνοντες εὐχονται τυχεῖν,  
 τέλος μὲν ὄλεθρος, ἐν μέσῳ δὲ πῆματα  
 πλείω φόβοι τ' ἔσκηψαν ἢ τεχνωμένῳ  
 θνητοῖσιν ἐντίκτουσ' Ἐρῶς Ἄρης θ' ὁμοῦ.  
 χῶταν πέσῃ τις, ἔπεσε Γηγενῶν δίκην,  
 τῆς Ἑλπίδος φῶς οὔτι προσβλέψων ποτέ.

J. S.





## XIX.

## SUPPLICATION.

All have not offended ;  
For those that were, it is not square to take,  
On those that are, revenges : crimes, like lands,  
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,  
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy  
    rage :  
Spare thy Athenian cradle, and those kin  
Which, in the bluster of thy wrath, must fall  
With those that have offended : like a shep-  
    herd,  
Approach the fold, and cull the infected forth,  
But kill not all together.

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## XIX.

## ΙΚΕΤΕΙΑ.

Ἡμαρτον οὐχὶ πάντες· ἔννομον δὲ πῶς  
τοὺς ζῶντας ἀντὶ τῶν κεκμηκότων τίνειν;  
λαχεῖν δὲ τὰμπλακήμαθ', ὥς τὰ χωρία,  
οὐκ ἔστι κλήρψ. πρὸς τὰδ' ὦ φίλον κάρα  
εἴσπεμψον εἴσω τάξιν αἰχμητῶν πόλει,  
χόλον δ' ἄφες θύραθεν. ὦ τῆς Ἀτθίδος  
φείδου ιεκούσης, τῶν θ' ὁμαιμόνων ὅσοι  
νεκροὶ πεσοῦνται τῆσδ' ὑπὸ ριπῆς χόλου  
σὺν τοῖς κακούργοις. ἀλλὰ ποιμένος δίκην  
σηκῆ πελασθεῖς τοὺς νοσοῦντας ἐκκάλει,  
ἄκος τε πρόσσχεις, ποιμνιον δὲ δὴ τὸ πᾶν  
μήτοι σὺ πόρθει. ταῖς πύλαις ἦν προσμόλγς,

Set but thy foot  
Against our rampir'd gates, and they shall ope;  
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,  
To say thou'lt enter friendly.

*Timon of Athens*, V. 5.



ὁδοὺς ἀνοίξεις ἐμβόλων χαλκῶν διά ·  
μόνον σὺ κλῆδὶ χρῶ φρενῶν πεπαιτέρων,  
πέμψον τ' ἄναυδον ἄγγελον προμηθείας,  
φρονεῖν τε τόλμα · 'χαῖρε, φιλτάτη πόλις.'

G.



## XX.

## CORIOLANUS.

Like a dull actor now,  
I have forgot my part, and I am out,  
Even to a full disgrace. Best of my fle  
Forgive my tyranny ; but do not say,  
For that, " Forgive our Romans ".

*Coriolanus*, I

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## XX.

## ΣΕΜΝΟΤΗΣ.

Ἄλλ' ὥς μάταιός τις φρενῶν κεκομμένος  
ὑποκριτῆς ἔδρασα τῆς γνώμης ἄτερ  
αἰσχιστα καὶ κάκιστα πημανούμενος.  
ἴσως βαρὺς μὲν εἰμὶ συγγνώμην δ' ἔχε.  
ἀλλ' ἄντομαί σ', ὦ κλεινὸν ἐκ δόμων θάλος,  
ἀστῶν ἕκατι τῶνδε μὴ 'μὲ πρόσπιτνε.

G.

## XXI.

## CASSIUS

Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world,  
Like a Colossus ; and we petty men  
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about  
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.  
Men at some time are masters of their fates :  
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,  
But in ourselves, that we are underlings,  
Brutus and Cæsar : What should be in that  
Cæsar ?  
Why should that name be sounded more than  
yours ?  
Write them together, yours is as fair a name ;  
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well ;

## XXI.

## ΚΑΣΣΙΟΣ.

Καὶ μὴν ὁδ'· ὦ τᾶν, ἀμφίπλιξ γαῖαν στενὴν  
 πατεῖ Κολοσσός· ἔρπομεν δ' ὑπὸ σκελοῖν  
 νῆνοι <sup>15</sup> γίγαντος, καὶ περίξ παπταίνομεν  
 εἴ που τάφοις κρυφθεῖμεν αἰσχίστῳ μόρφ.  
 καιρός τις ἐστὶν ἔνθα κύριοι τύχης  
 καθέσταμεν· μοίρα δὲ μὴ τίθει ψύγον,  
 ἀλλ' ἡμῖν αὐτοῖς, οὐνεκ' ἄθλιοι φύσιν.  
 ὦ Βροῦτος ἡδὲ Καῖσαρ· εἶα Καίσαρι  
 φωνῇ τί δῆτ' ἐνεστι τῷδ' ὑπερβολῆς·  
 τί δ' ὄνομα Καῖσαρ μᾶλλον ἢ τὸ σὸν κλυτόν·  
 ἦν γάρ σφε γράψκ, Βροῦτος οὐχ ἥσσον πρέπει,  
 οὐδ' ὑστερεῖται χεῖλεσιν φωνοῦμενον.



Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with them,  
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.  
Now in the names of all the gods at once,  
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,  
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art  
sham'd!

Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!  
When went there by an age, since the great flood,  
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?

*Julius Cæsar, I. 2.*



βάσταζ'· ἰσύρροπον σὺν ἔστι· κὰν θέλῃς  
κηλεῖν ἀφ' Ἄιδου νερτέρους, ἀντάξιον.  
σκοπῶμεν οὖν, πρὸς θεῶν Ὀλυμπίων ὁμοῦ,  
ποῖαν τιν' οὗτος Καῖσαρ ἐσθίει βορὰν  
θρεπτήριον γίγαντος; ὦ βροτῶν τύχη!  
Ῥώμη, σὺ δ' εἰπὲ, ποῦ ποθ' ἡρώων ἕνεος;  
τῶν εὐγενῶν γὰρ οὐκέτ' εἰ μήτηρ τέκνων.  
φεῦ φεῦ· πότε ἦν αἰὼν τις ἐκ Πύρρας χρόνων,  
ὅτ' ἄνδρα μόνον ἓνα πρόπασα γῇ κλύει;

G.



## XXII

## BRUTUS.

It must be by his death : and, for my part,  
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,  
But for the general. He would be crown'd :—  
How that might change his nature, there's the  
question.

It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;  
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—  
That ;—

And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,  
That at his will he may do danger with.  
The abuse of greatness is when it disjoins  
Remorse from power : And, to speak truth of  
Cæsar,

## XXII.

## ΒΡΟΥΤΟΣ.

## 1.

Τόνδ' ἄνδρ' ἀνάγκη κατθανεῖν ὀφείλεται · <sup>16</sup>  
 αὐτὸς δ' ἐφ' αὐτοῦ γ' οὐδαμῶς ἐχθρῶν ἐμοί ·  
 ἀστῶν δ' ἕκατι δεῖ με νῦν σφε λακτίσαι.  
 καὶ δὴ παρ' ἡμῶν στέφος ὅδ' οὖν χρῆζει λαβεῖν ·  
 φύσιν δ' ἀμείψει πῶς ; τόδ' ἐν μεταιχμίῳ.  
 λαμπρὸν γὰρ ἡμαρ ἐς τὸ φῶς ὄφιν καλεῖ,  
 ὁδοιπόροις φύλαξιν. ἦν δέ νιν στέφει  
 αὔζωμεν, ἐμβαλοῦμεν οἷστρον ὃ πλέον  
 βλάβει κακούργων, εἴ τι πλημμελὲς φρονεῖ.  
 ἐν τῷδε κάμνει κράτος, ὅταν διχосτατῇ  
 λίαν πρὸς οἶκτον, ὥς δ' ἐτήτυμον φράσαι,  
 αἰέ ποτ' ἀνδρὶ θυμὸν οἰακοστροφεῖ

I have not known when his affections sway'd  
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof  
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,  
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face :  
But when he once attains the utmost round,  
He then unto the ladder turns his back,  
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees  
By which he did ascend : So Cæsar may ;  
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the  
quarrel  
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,  
Fashion it thus ; that what he is, augmented,  
Would run to these and these extremities :  
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,  
Which, hatch'd, would as his kind grow mis-  
chievous ;  
And kill him in the shell.

*Julius Cæsar, II. 1.*



γνώμη, φρενῶν ὀργαῖσι πάντ' ἰσόρροπος ·  
καὶ πολλάκις πέφυκεν, ὡς παροιμία,  
ἢ πρευμένεια μούνον ἀντὶ κλίμακος,  
δι' ἧςπερ ἂν τύραννος ἀμβαίη νέος.  
στείχων ἄνω μὲν κλίμακ' ὀξέως βλέπει,  
ἐπήβολος δ' ὦν τῶν ὑπερτάτων βάθρων  
ἀπελάκτισέν τοι κλίμακος προσαμβύσεις,  
νέφη τ' ἑσαθρεῖ, βημάτων καταφρονῶν  
φαύλων, δι' ὧνπερ δὴ πάροιθ' ἔστειχ' ἄνω ·  
ὃ μὴ γένηται Καῖσαρ, ἐργαθεῖν χρεῶν.  
ἐπεὶ γὰρ οὐ μίασμα συγγνώμην ἔχει  
φόνου παρόντος, ὧδ' ἔπος τοιόνδ' ἴτω ·  
ηὐξημένος γὰρ τοῖος ὦν τοῖος γεγώς,  
πρὸς ταῦτα παγκάκιστ' ἂν ὀρμήσαι τάχος.  
δεινῆς ἐχίδνης, τοίνυν, ὡς εἰπεῖν ἔπος,  
τόκον νόμιζ' ἐκείνον, ὃς γεννώμενος  
πρὸς δεινὰ πάνθ' ἔτοιμος, ὡς ὁμόσποροι ·  
τόνδ' οὖν ἀπόκταν' εὐθὺ πρὶν τὸ φῶς ἰδεῖν.

P. G.



## XXII.

## ΒΡΟΥΤΟΣ.

## 2.

Πρὸς ταῦτ' ἀνάγκη Καίσαρα κτανεῖν· τί μὴν;  
κούδεν κάτοιδ' ἔγωγε διὰ τί νιν στυγῶ,  
εἰ μὴ τὸ κοινὸν ὠφελῶν. χρῆζει στέφους·  
πῶς δ' αὖ φύσιν τόδ' ἄν τράποι τούτῳ; πόθεν;  
λαμπρὰ δ' ἄρ' εἶλη τὴν ἔχιδναν ἐκκαλεῖ,  
χρὴ δ' οὖν βαδίζειν εὐλαβῶς· ἢ στέψομεν  
δάκος κακὸν τοιόνδε; μηδαμῶς· τί δὴ;  
χόλος γὰρ οὐχὶ ῥαδίως παυθήσεται,  
ὅστις δὲ νηλὴς, οὗτος οὖν ἄρχει κακῶς,  
οὐδ' οἶδα τοῦτον ἦθος ὀξυκάρδιον  
δείξαντα μᾶλλον ἢ φρενῶν εὐβουλίαν.  
κλείους δέ τοι θαμ' ἐστὶν ἡ ταπεινότης

κλίμαξ τυράννῳ· τήνδε δ' ἀμβύτης σκοπεῖ,  
ἀλλ' ἐσχάτην βαθμίδ' ἀφιγμένος, τότε  
ἐπιστρέφει τὰ νῶτα, καὶ σκοπεῖ νέφη,  
τὰ πρὶν δὲ βάθρα πάντ' ἀτιμάσας ἔχει·  
οὕτω δὲ Καῖσαρ, δεῖ δὲ κωλύειν τὸ μή.  
ἀλλ' οὖν ἐπειδὴ φάρμακ' ἐστὶ μείζονα  
νόσου παρούσης, ὧδε συννύει χρέος·  
κείνου σθένοντος, πήματ' ἐξαναζέσει  
μέγιστα καὶ κάκισθ', ὅθεν νόμιζέ νιν  
δεινῆς ἐχίδνης ψόν, ὅς γένους δίκην  
ἦν ἐκλέπεται, δήξεται κακὸς κακῶς,  
κείνον δ' ἐν ψῶ πρὶν σθένειν κατύκτανε.

G. Mc.





## XXIII.

CÆSAR.

Cowards die many times before their deaths ;  
The valiant never taste of death but once.  
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,  
It seems to me most strange that men should  
fear ;  
Seeing that death, a necessary end,  
Will come when it will come.

*Julius Cæsar, II. 2.*

## XXIII.

## ΚΑΙΣΑΡ.

Θνήσκουσι δειλοὶ πολλάκις μόρου πάρος,  
τῶν δ' εὐγενῶν μοῖρ' ἄπτεται μόνον μία.  
πάντων δ' ὅσων ἐγψῆδα θαυμάτων βίου,  
δοκεῖ μάλιστ' ἔμοιγε θαυμαστὸν τόδε,  
βροτοὺς φοβεῖσθαι· καὶ γὰρ ἂν μόλοι μόρος,  
ὅταν γ' ὁ καιρὸς τοῦ θανεῖν μολῶν τύχῃ.<sup>17</sup>

G.

## XXIV.

## ANTONY.

BR. But here comes Antony.—Welcome, Mark Antony.

AN. O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?  
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs,  
spoils, [well,  
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee  
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,  
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank.  
If I myself, there is no hour so fit  
As Cæsar's death's hour; nor no instrument  
Of half that worth as those your swords,  
made rich  
With the most noble blood of all this world.

## XXIV.

## ΑΝΤΩΝΙΟΣ.

## 1.

Βρ. Καὶ μὴν ἐκεῖνος ἔρχεται· χαῖρ', ὦ φίλος.

Ἀντ. Μέγιστε Καῖσαρ, ὧδε νῦν ταπεινὸς εἶ;

οὕτω δὲ φρουῖδα σκυλά σου καυχήματα

νικάί θ' ἅπασαι; χαῖρε, τλημονέστατε.

οὐκ οἶδ', ἄριστοι, τίς ποτ' ἐν φρεσὶν νύος,

οὐδ' εἰ πρέπει τις ἄλλος ὠραῖος φόνψ.

ἔγωγε δ', εἰ χρὴ κατθανεῖν, οὐκ ἔσθ' ὅπως

εὐροιμι καιρὸν τοῦδε δεξιώτερον,

ἐν ᾧ τέθνηκε Καῖσαρ ἐκπνεύσας βίον,

οὐδ' ὄργανόν τι παντελῶς τομώτερον

τῶν φασγάνων, ἃ δὴ βλέπω βεβαμμένα

πάντων ἀρίστου τῶν βροτῶν ἐν αἵματι.

I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,  
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek  
and smoke,  
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,  
I shall not find myself so apt to die.  
No place will please me so, no mean of death  
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,  
The choice and master spirits of this age.

*Julius Cæsar, III. 1.*



εἰ δ' οὖν ἐμοὶ φρονεῖτε νῦν γε δυσμενῶς,  
πρὸς θεῶν, τελεῖτε δὴ τάχος βουλευμάτα,  
χεῖρες σφαγαῖσιν ἤνιχ' αἵματοςταγεῖς.  
εἰ γὰρ κύκλον γε χιλίων ζῶν ἐτῶν,  
τὸ μὴ βλέπειν ἐτοῖμος οὐκ ἂν ἦ πλέον,  
οὐδ' ἂν θάνοιμι μᾶλλον ἐν δέοντί γε  
ἢ τῇδε, Καίσαρός γ' ἐμοὶ συγκειμένου,  
σφαγεῖς πρὸς ὑμῶν οἵπερ ἐστὲ κρείσσονες  
ἀνδρῶν ἀριστέων ὧν βλέπει νῦν ἥλιος.

J. S.



## XXIV.

## ΑΝΤΩΝΙΟΣ.

## 2.

Βρ. Καὶ μὴν ὅδ' ὥς ἔοικε δεῦρο χρίμπτεται  
φίλος θανόντος· χαῖρε, καὶ σὺ φίλτατε.  
Ἄντ. ἄρ' ὦ μέγιστε Καῖσαρ, ἐχθίστῃ μόρῃ  
κεῖσαι φονευθεῖς, οἷος ὦν οἷος γεγώς;  
οἷων τροπαίων καὶ καλῶν σκυλευμάτων  
ἤδη ἵστερήθης· χαῖρε δὴ πανύστατον.  
οὐκ οἶδ', ἀριστῆς, εἰ νέον τι μέλλετε,  
οὐδ' εἰ δέδοκται, θῦμ' ὅπως, ἄλλον θανεῖν·  
ἔγωγε δ', εἰ χρὴ, Καίσαρος πεπτωκότες,  
ἤδη θάνοιμ' ἂν ἐνκλεῶς ἐσφαγμένος  
αὐταῖς μαχαίραις, ἅς ὅδ' εὐγενέστατος  
πάντων τ' ἄριστος κατθανὼν ἐπλούτισεν.

ὄθεν φθάσαντες, εἶπερ ὧδ' ἀπηχθόμεν,  
χερσὶν νεορῶντοισι κάρτι φοινίαις  
ὕμεις τι δρᾶτε · νῦν γὰρ ἄντομαι, φίλοι,  
ὥς οὔ ποτ' οὐδὲ μυρί' ἐκπλήσας ἔτη  
μᾶλλον πρόχειρος καταναεῖν γενήσομαι,  
οὐδ' οἶδα χώρον ἄλλον, οὐ τὰδ' ὄμματα  
μᾶλλον θέλοιμ' ἂν συμβαλεῖν ἢ νῦν, φίλοι,  
ὕμῶν βλεπόντων, τοῦδ' ἑ γγγύθεν νεκροῦ,  
ἐν τοῖσι νῦν βροτοῖσιν ἐξοχωτάτων.

J. A.





## XXV.

## DEFENCE.

O Antony ! beg not your death of us.  
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,  
As, by our hands and this our present act,  
You see we do, yet see you but our hands,  
And this the bleeding business they have  
done :

Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful ;  
And pity to the general wrong of Rome  
(As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity)  
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,  
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark  
Antony :

## XXV.

## ΑΠΟΛΟΓΙΑ.

Ἡμᾶς γε μήτοι χρῆζέ σοι μόνον πορεῖν.  
ὄρᾱς μὲν οὖν γὰρ ὡς φονόρρυντοι χέρας  
σκυθροὶ τε φαινόμεσθ' ἐπ' ἐξειργασμένοις,  
στέρνων δ' ἔσωθεν καρδίαν οὐ προσβλέπεις.  
χεῖρας μὲν ἡμῶν καὶ ταλαίπωρον νεκρὸν  
χερόπληκτον αἵματηρὸν ὧδ' ὄραν πάρα·  
φρένες δὲ λανθάνουσί σ'· ἔνθ' οἶκτος κρατεῖ·  
οἶκτος δὲ Ῥώμης δυσφιλῶς ἐφθαρμένης  
φόνον τοιόνδ' ἔκρανεν· ὡς γὰρ πῦρ τὸ πῦρ,  
οὕτω φρενῶν τῶνδ' οἶκτον οἶκτος ἤλασεν.  
θάρσει σὺ δ' οὖν φίλοισι, φίλτατον κάρα,  
ξίφος γὰρ ἐς τὴν σὴν γε κρᾶτ' ἀμβλύνεται,

Our arms, in strength of malice, and our hearts,  
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in  
With all kind love, good thoughts, and rever-  
ence.

*Julius Cæsar*, III. 1.



ἡμεῖς τε πάντες, τοῦ γε πρὶν μίσους βίᾳ,  
σὲ περιβολαῖσιν, ὡς ὁμόσποροι, χερῶν,  
ἀσπαζόμεσθα, σὸν σεβίζοντες κᾶρα.

G.



## XXVI.

## ANTONY ALONE.

O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,  
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!  
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man  
That ever lived in the tide of times.  
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!  
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—  
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby  
lips,  
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue,—  
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men :  
Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,  
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy ;

## XXVI.

## ΑΝΤΩΝΙΟΣ.

Σύγγνωθί μοι, βάρος σὺ γῆς αἰμόρρυτον,  
εἰ δὴ φονεῖς<sup>18</sup> πρὸς τούσδε πρευμαμένης δοκῶ.  
ἰὼ κρατίστου δὴ βροτῶν ἐρείπια,  
πάντων ὅσους ἔθρεψεν αἰανὴς χρόνος.  
ὕλοιτο δὴ χεῖρ ἥτις αἶμα προσφιλοῦς  
ἔρρανεν ἀνδρός· ὧδε γὰρ μαντεύομαι,  
σφαγαῖς ἐπιστάς, αἱ συνηγόρων δίκην  
τοῖς πορφυροῖσι χεῖλεσιν χάσκουσ' ὁμοῦ,  
ὥσπερ μ' ὑπὲρ σφῶν νῦν λέγειν αἰτούμεναι.  
μάστιξ γὰρ ἄρθροισι ἐγκατασκήψει βροτῶν,  
δόμοις τ' ἐρινύς, ἐστία τ' ἐμφύλιοι  
στάσεις φίλην πλήσουσι δακρύων πάτραν·

Blood and destruction shall be so in use,  
And dreadful objects so familiar,  
That mothers shall but smile when they behold  
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war :  
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds :  
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,  
With Até by his side, come hot from hell,  
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,  
Cry "Havock," and let slip the dogs of war ;  
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth  
With carrion men groaning for burial.

*Julius Cæsar, III. I.*



τόσον δ' ἂν ὄλεθρος αἵματοσταγῆς βρύοι,  
τόσον δ' ἂν ἔργα βλαστάνοι μαιφόνα,  
ὥστ' ἐγγελαῖν τοι μητέρ' ἄθλιον γέλων  
αὐτῆς βρέφη βλέπουσαν ἄρταμούμενα.  
πλήθει φόνων γὰρ φρουῶδες οἶκτος ἐκφυγών·  
καὶ Καίσαρος μανείσα τιμωρὸς σκιά,  
Ἄτη συνομνῦσ' ἐκ σκοίου νείλυδι,  
Ἄρην τε κλάγξει κἄρεος λύσει κύνας,  
ἕως ἄγος τύδ' ἀτμὸν ἕξανῃ ποτε,  
οὐ Σύριον ἀγλαίσμα τοῦ μύρου πνέον,  
ἀνδρῶν ἀθάπτων τὴν ταφὴν αἰτουμένων.

G.





## XXVII.

## ANTONY OVER CÆSAR.

But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might  
Have stood against the world : now lies he there,  
And none so poor to do him reverence.  
O masters ! if I were dispos'd to stir  
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,  
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,  
Who, you all know, are honourable men :  
I will not do them wrong ; I rather choose  
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,  
Than I will wrong such honourable men.  
But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar,  
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will :

## XXVII.

## ΑΝΤΩΝΙΟΣ

## 1.

Εἰπὼν ἅπαξ χθὲς Καῖσαρ οἴός τ' ἦν κρατεῖν  
εἰς ἀντὶ πάντων· ἀλλὰ νῦν ὧδ' ἐκταθεὶς  
κεῖται· σέβει δ' οὔτις νιν οὐδ' ὁ φαῦλος ὢν.  
εἰ δὴ πρὸς ὀργὴν καὶ στάσιν θέλοιμ' ἐγὼ  
ὑμῶν ὀτρῦναι καὶ παροξῦναι φρένας,  
Βροῦτόν τε δρᾶσαιμ' ἂν κακῶς καὶ Κάσσιον,  
οὓς πάντες ἴστε παγκάλους, εἴ τις βροτῶν·  
τοὺς δ' οὔτι<sup>19</sup> βλάψω· μᾶλλον ἂν βλάψαιμ' ἐμὲ  
χύμας κλύοντας ταῦτα, τὸν θανόντα τε,  
ἀλλ' οὐδαμῶς τῷδ', οἵπερ ἄνδρε παγκάλω.  
ἀλλ' ἦδε βίβλος, Καίσαρος σφραγίσματα  
ἔχουσα· τὴν δ' ἐφεῦρον ἐν τοῖς δώμασι

Let but the commons hear this testament  
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read),  
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar  
wounds,  
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood ;  
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,  
And, dying, mention it within their wills,  
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,  
Unto their issue.

*Julius Cæsar, III.*



κείνου· διάθεσις δ' ἐστὶν ἥσπερ εἰ μόνον  
κλύοι τι δῆμος, (κοῦκ ἀναγνῶναι θέλω),  
μολόντες ἂν κύσειαν ἂν τὰ τραύματα,  
ἱρῶ τε τὰκμαγεῖα βάψειαν βρότῳ,  
κόμης τ' ἐπαιτοῖέν γε δὴ μίαν τρίχα,  
ταύτην τε τοῖς τέκνοισι καὶ τέκνοις τέκνων  
θνήσκοντες ἂν λίποιεν ὥς κειμήλιον.

J. S.



## XXVII.

## ΑΝΤΩΝΙΟΣ.

## 2.

Χθὲς μὲν, πολῖται, τοῦδε Καίσαρος λόγος  
λόγοισι πάντων ἀντεσήκωσεν ῥοπή,  
νῦν δ' αὖ φονευθεὶς ἀθλίῳ κεῖται μόρφῃ,  
οὐδ' ἐστὶν ὅστις τλήσεται νιν εὖ σέβειν.  
φεῦ φεῦ.

εἰ δ' οὖν, ἄνακτες, δημόθρους ἐγὼ στάσεις  
ὑμῖν θέλοιμι καρδίᾳ παρεμβαλεῖν,  
Βροῦτόν θ' ὑβρίζοιμ' ἂν, φίλον τε Κάσσιον,  
οὔτοι δὲ δήπου παγκάλων εἰσὶν βροτῶν.  
ἀλλ' οὐ γὰρ αὐτοὺς ὑβριῶ, μᾶλλον δ' ἐμὲ  
ὑμᾶς τε τόνδε τ' ἀθλιώτατον νέκυν,  
μήτοι γε τούσδε παγκάλους, βλάπτειν θέλω.

ἀλλ' ἦδε δέλτος μοι πάρεστι Καίσαρος  
 σφραγίδ' ἔχουσα · τήνδε διαθήκην φέρων  
 ἐκ δωμάτων τοῦδ' ἔμολον, ὥς δ' ἐμοὶ δοκεῖ,  
 εἰ προσβλέποι νιν δῆμος—ἀλλ' ὦ φίλτατοι,  
 ξυγγνωστὸν εἰ νῦν τήνδε μὴ δηλοῦν θέλω—  
 ἅπαντες ὀρμηθέντες ἂν τεθνηκότες  
 ἔλκη κύσειαν Καίσαρος, ῥυαῖσί τε  
 ἱραῖσιν ἐμβάψειαν αἵματος ῥάκος.  
 κρατὸς δὲ βόστρυχόν τιν' ἐξαιτούμενοι  
 τῆσδ' ἀθλίας μνημεῖον, εὖ γὰρ οἶδ' ὅτι,  
 τέκνοισι παραδίσουσιν ἐξ αὐτῶν χερὺς  
 ὡς κτῆμα πολλῶν χρημάτων ἀντάξιον.

J. A.



## XXVIII.

## A FAREWELL.

I have fled myself; and have instructed cowards  
To run, and show their shoulders.—Friends,  
begone ;

I have myself resolv'd upon a course,  
Which has no need of you ; begone :  
My treasure's in the harbour, take it.—O  
I follow'd that I blush to look upon :  
My very hairs do mutiny, for the white  
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them  
For fear and doting.—Friends begone ; you  
shall

Have letters from me to some friends, that will

## XXVIII.

## ΠΑΝΥΣΤΑΤΟΝ.

Φυγὼν ἔγωγε τοῖς κακοῖς ριψάσπιδα  
φυγὴν ἔφην· χαίρετ' οὖν πάντες φίλοι.  
χωρεῖτε· καὶ γὰρ αὐτὸς ἔργον ἐκτελῶ,  
οὐ μὴδὲν ὑμῶν ὄφελος· εἴ' ἀπέλθετε.  
λιμὴν δ' ἔχει τὰ χρήματ'· ἐξαρπάζετε·  
ἔρως τις ἦν μοι μάργος· ἀλλ' αἰδῶς μ' ἔχει  
νῦν εἰσορῶντ' ὅποια φάσματ' ἠγάπων.  
ὀρθαὶ τρίχες δ' ἐστᾶσιν ἐμφύλῃ στύσει,  
πλόκαμος δ' ἐλέγχει πλόκαμον· ὁ μὲν ἀνθαδίας  
ἐπιμέμφεται τὸν πυρρόν· ὁ δὲ πυρρὸς φόβου  
τὸν λευκόν· ἐκχωρεῖτε, λίσσομαι, φίλοι.  
ἐπιστολὰς δὲ προξένους παρέξομαι



Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not  
sad,

Nor make replies of loathness : take the hint  
Which my despair proclaims ; let that be left  
Which leaves itself : to the sea-side straightway :  
I will possess you of that ship and treasure.  
Leave me, I pray, a little : pray you now :—  
Nay, do so : for, indeed, I have lost command,  
Therefore I pray you :—I'll see you by and by.

*Antony and Cleopatra*, III. 9.



φίλους πρὸς ἄλλους· ἐστία δὲ δέξεται  
πολλῶν φλέγουσα· πῶς ποτὶ οὖν σκυθράζετε;  
οὗτοι λέγοιτ' ἂν ὡς πάρεστ' ἀκούσιοι·  
ἄ μοι γέγωνε Μοῖρα, ταῦτ' ἀκούσατε.  
κενὸς κενούσθω· πρὸς δ' ἄλὸς κλυδώνιον  
στείχωμεν· εὐθὺς νῆϊν τὰ πάντα θ' ἔξετε.  
μόνον δ' ἔατε μ' ὦ φίλοι τυτθὸν χρόνον,  
πρὸς θεῶν ἱκνοῦμαι· καὶ γὰρ ἐξεκόκκισα <sup>20</sup>  
τὸ κάρτος· ὧδε λίσσομαι· τάχος δ' ἴσως  
ὕμᾱς ἅπαντας ὕψομαι.

G.



## XXIX.

## CAPULETS CONSOLED.

FRI. Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's cure liv  
not

In these confusions. Heaven and yours  
Had part in this fair maid ; now heav  
hath all,

And all the better is it for the maid :  
Your part in her you could not keep fro  
death ;

But heaven keeps his part in eternal lif  
The most you sought was her promotio  
For 'twas your heaven she should be :  
vanc'd.

And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc  
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itse

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## XXIX.

## ΠΑΡΑΜΥΘΙΑ.

Φεῦ φεῦ·

οὐ σίγα ; πῶς νοήσεται ἰᾶσθαι κακὰ  
κακοῖσι δυσφημοῦντες ; ἐκ κλυδωνίων  
οὐκ ἔστ' ἄκος τοιῶνδε· τῆςδέ τοι κόρης  
ὕμιν Θεῶ τε πρίν ποτ' ἦν κοινωνία,  
ὅλην δὲ τήνδ' εἴληχεν αἰπὺς οὐρανός,  
κέρδος δ' ἂν οἶμαί που πέλειν τῇ παρθένῳ.  
κλῆρον γὰρ αὐτῆς οὐκ ἐσώζετ' ἂν μόρου,  
Θεοῦ δὲ πιστὸν ὑμῖν ἐμμένει μέρος.  
καὶ μὴν ὅπως τιμαῖσιν ἦδε γ' ἐκπρέποι  
ἐσπεύδεθ', ὥς ὧδ' ἐς θεοὺς μολούμενοι.  
πῶς οὖν δακρύεθ' ὧδ' ἐπήβολοι λιτῶν,  
ἐπεὶ σφ' ὀρᾷτ' ἀρθεῖσαν εἰς ἔδρας θεῶν ;

O, in this love, you love your child so ill,  
That you run mad, seeing that she is well:  
She's not well married that lives married  
long ;

But she's best married that dies married  
young.

Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary  
On this fair corse ; and, as the custom is,  
In all her best array bear her to church ;  
For though some nature bids us all lament,  
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

CAP. All things that we ordained festival,  
Turn from their office to black funeral.

*Romeo and Juliet*, IV. 5.



τὴνδ' οὖν φιλοῦντες τοιάδ', οὐ φιλεῖτέ κιν  
κάκιστ', ἐπεὶ μεμήνατ' εὐεστοῖ φίλῃ  
ιδόντες αὐξηθεῖσαν; οὐ γὰρ ὀλβία,  
ἥτις χρόνον δηναιὸν ἔζευκται γάμοις,  
ἀλλ' ἡ νεόφυξ ἀποθανοῦς εὐδαιμονεῖ.  
ὁμόρξατ' οὖν δακρύματ' ἠδὲ τὸν νεκρὸν  
καλῆς καλοῖς κοσμήσατ' ἄνθισιν κύρης.  
φέρεσθε δ' αὐτὴν πᾶσι καλλιστεύμασιν  
πρὸς ναῖν, ὥς πρέπει γε καὶ νομίζεται.  
πόθος δὲ δάκρυ' ἐκκαλούμενος λίαν  
οὐδὲν σοφοῖσι πλὴν γέλωτ' ὑφλισκάνει.  
απ. ὅς' εἰς ἑορτὴν ἀρτίως ἐκράναμεν,  
ἄψορρον ἀλλαχθέντ' ἐς οἰμωγὴν τελεῖ.

G.



## XXX.

## ROMEO.

Give me that mattock, and the wrenching iron.  
Hold, take this letter ; early in the morning  
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.  
Give me the light ; Upon my life I charge thee,  
Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,  
And do not interrupt me in my course.  
Why I descend into this bed of death,  
Is, partly, to behold my lady's face :  
But, chiefly, to take thence from her dead finger  
A precious ring ; a ring that I must use  
In dear employment : therefore hence, be gone.

*Romeo and Juliet, V. 3.*

## XXX.

## Ρ Ω Μ Ε Ω Ν.

Δός μοι μάκελλαν τήνδε καὶ χεροῖν μοχλόν ·  
 ἐπίσχεσ οὔτος · τάσδ' ἐπιστολὰς λαβὼν  
 κόμιζ' ἔϋος πατρὶ κυρίῳ δ' ἑμῷ.  
 πάρες δὲ λύχνον · εἰ δὲ σοὶ βίος φίλον,  
 ὅσ' ἂν κλύης δερχθῆς τε, πάντ' ἀμνημόνει,  
 καὶ μή μ' ἄπειργε μηδὲν ὧν πρᾶξαι θέλω.  
 ἦλθον γὰρ Ἀϊδου θανάσιμον λέχος τόδε,  
 τὰ μὲν πρόσωπον τῆσδε προσβλέψων κόρης,  
 μάλιστα δ' ὡς ἂν ἐκ τεθνηκυίας χερὸς  
 δακτύλιον ἐξέλω τιν' ἐκπρεπέστατον.  
 δεῖ γάρ με χρῆσθαι πρὸς τι πρᾶγμα προσφιλές ·  
 σὺ δ' ἐκποδὼν ἐνθένδ' ἄπερρε σὺν τάχει.

J. S.



## XXXI.

## HAMLET.

HAM. My father—Methinks, I see my father.

HOR. O, where, my lord?

HAM. In my mind's eye, Horatio.

HOR. I saw him once, he was a goodly king.

HAM. He was a man, take him for all in all,  
I shall not look upon his like again.

*Hamlet, I. 2.*

## XXXI.

## ΕΓΚΩΜΙΟΝ ΠΑΤΡΟΣ.

Ἄμ. Πατὴρ ἐμός—δοκῶ νιν αὐτόπτης ὀρᾶν.

Ὅρ. ποῦ ποῦ ποτ', ὦναξ;

Ἄμ. ἐν φρενῶν ὕσσοις,<sup>21</sup> φίλε.

Ὅρ. ἄπαξ νιν εἶδον. κείνος ἦν ἄναξ καλός.

Ἄμ. ὃδ' ἦν ἀνὴρ, ὅποῖον, ἦν σκοπῶ τὸ πᾶν,

οὐκ ἄλλον ὕψομαί γε προσφερῇ πάλιν.

G.

## XXXII.

## SOLILOQUY ON DEATH.

To be, or not to be, that is the question :  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer  
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,  
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
And by opposing end them ?—To die,—to  
sleep,—

No more ; and, by a sleep, to say we end  
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural  
shocks

## XXXII.

ΠΕΡΙ ΘΑΝΑΤΟΥ.<sup>22</sup>

Πότερον ἄμεινον ἡλίου φάος βλέπειν  
ἢ τεθνάναι ; τόδ' ἡμῖν ἐσθ' ὃ σκεπτέον .<sup>23</sup>  
πότερον ἀπηνούς χρὴ Τύχης τλῆναι βέλῃ  
οἴστρους θ' ἅπαντας, ἢ κακῶν κλυδωνίῃς  
ἀντισταθέντα, πάνθ' ἅπαξ παῦσαι πρέπει ;  
θανεῖν καθεύδειν τ', ἢ ῥ' ἴσον μέρος ; πόθεν ;  
εἰ γὰρ θανόντες καὶ τόδ' ἡμέρας φάος  
λιπόντες ὕπνον εἰς αἰὲ δυσέκλυτον  
εὖδοιμεν ἡδύν, μὴ ταλαιπωρούμενοι

That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep ;—  
To sleep! perchance to dream;—ay, there's the  
rub ;

For in that sleep of death what dreams may  
come

When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,  
Must give us pause : there's the respect,  
That makes calamity of so long life :  
For who would bear the whips and scorns of  
time,

The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's con-  
tumely,

The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,  
The insolence of office, and the spurns  
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,  
When he himself might his quietus make  
With a bare bodkin? who would these fardels  
bear,

To grunt and sweat under a weary life ;  
But that the dread of something after death,  
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn  
No traveller returns, puzzles the will,

λύπαισι μὴδὲ μυρίοις παθήμασιν,  
 ὅσων βάρος βροτοῖσι τῷδ' εἰμαρμένον,  
 οὐκ ἔστιν οὐδὲν οὐπὲρ ἂν λελιμμένοι  
 ἥρων ἅπαντες μᾶλλον ἢ πότμον λαχεῖν.  
 καὶ μὴν ὄνειροι τοῖς καθεύδουσιν βροτῶν  
 φοιτῶσ' ἄκλητοι· τοῦτο δὴτ' ὄκνον φέρει·  
 ἐν τῷδ' ἀγὼν μέγιστος, οὐ διχορρόπως.  
 ποίοις γὰρ ἡμᾶς ἐντυχεῖν ἐνυπνίοις  
 ἐφήμερον τόδ' ἔλτρυν ἐκδύντας χρεῶν;  
 τοῦτ' ἀγνοοῦντας δεῖ κατοκνῆσαι φόβῳ,  
 ὁδὺνη δ' ἄρ' αἰνὸν ὧδε διατελεῖ χρόνον.  
 εἰ γὰρ παρείη πᾶσιν αὐτουργῶ χερὶ  
 κακῶν ἐφευρεῖν εὐπετῶς ἀπαλλαγὴν,  
 τίς ἂν τὰ κέντρα μυρίας τ' ἀλγηδύνας,  
 ἃς δὴ Τύχη δίδωσιν, ἐντύλμωσ πάθοι;  
 τίς δυστυχοῦς Ἐρωτος ἂν τλαίῃ βέλη,  
 Δίκης τ' ἀναβολάς, τῶν τε κρεισσύνων τρυφῇ,  
 λώβας τε πάσας ἅσπερ οἱ κεδνοὶ θαμὰ  
 μοίρα κακῇ πάσχουσι τῶν φαύλων ὑπο,  
 ὅτ' αὐτὸς οἴος τ' ἐκφυγεῖν πόρπης διὰ;  
 τίς δ' ἂν τόδ' ἄχθος μυριοπληθὲς κακῶν  
 στάζων ἰδρωτι καὶ πόνῳ στένων φέροι,  
 εἰ μὴ κακῶν τι τῶν ἐκεῖ φοβούμεθα,  
 κέλευθον ἐκπλαγέντες ἄγνωστον βροτοῖς,  
 ἦν οὐκ ἐλθὼν οὐ κατῆλθεν οὐποτε·

And makes us rather bear those ills we have,  
Than fly to others that we know not of?  
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;  
And thus the native hue of resolution  
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;  
And enterprizes of great pith and moment,  
With this regard, their currents turn away,  
And lose the name of action.

*Hamlet, III. 1.*



κακ τῶνδε πᾶς τις δὴ τὰ νῦν τλῆναι κακά,  
ἀμχανῶν τε καὶ πλανώμενος φρένα,  
βούλοιτ' ἄν, ἢ φεύγων τὰδ' ἐγκῦρσαι δύαις  
καιναῖς, ὅσας δὴ τίς ποτ' ἄν φρονῶν λέγοι ;  
οὕτω δὲ συννοίαισι τίκτεται δῖος,  
θάρσους τε κάρτος ἐμφύτου φροντὶς θαμὰ  
ὥχρὰ σκιάζει, κείς κενὸν διώλεσεν ·  
κἀντεῦθεν, οἴμοι, πράγματα σπονδαῖ' ἄγαν  
θνητοῖς διαρρεῖ καπὶ μηδὲν ἔρχεται.

J. S.





## XXXIII.

## OTHELLO.

GRA. What is the matter ?

OTH. Behold ! I have a weapon :

A better never did itself sustain

Upon a soldier's thigh : I have seen the day

That with this little arm, and this good  
sword,

I have made my way through more im-  
pediments

Than twenty times your stop :—But, O  
vain boast !

Who can control his fate ? 'tis not so now.

Be not afraid though you do see me  
weapon'd ;

## XXXIII.

## Ω Θ Ε Λ Λ Ω Ν .

Γρα. Τί δ' ἔστι ;

Ὡθ.

Λεύσσεθ' ὡς πάρεστ' ἐμοὶ βέλος,  
οἶον μαχητῶν οὐτις ἄλλο φέρτερον  
προσῆψε μηρῷ πώποτ' ἐν χρεῖα δορός.  
ἤδη πάλαι ποτ' αὐτὸς ἐμπεσὼν μάχη,  
βρίσας τε τῷδε σὺν ξίφει μόνος μόνῳ,  
ἀπέωσα πλείον' ἐκποδὼν κωλύματα,  
ὧν φαίνεθ' ὑμεῖς, μυριοπληθῇ πολύ.  
ἀλλ' ἐς κενὸν τάδ', ὡς ἄφρων, ἐκόμπασα.  
τίς γὰρ ῥυθμίζοι Μοῖραν ; οὐκέτ' εἴμ' ἐγώ.  
μὴ δὴ φοβεῖσθ', ἣν καὶ ἴδῃθ' ὠπλισμένον.

Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,  
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.  
Do you go back dismay'd? 'tis a lost fear;  
Man but a rush against Othello's breast,  
And he retires;—Where should Othello  
go?

*Othello*, V. 2.



ἐγγὺς τὸ τέρμα, καὶ διάυλον ἐκτελῶ  
τοῦμοῦ βίου, νῦν ναυστολῶν πανύστατον.  
ἄρ' ἐκφοβεῖσθε; τοῖος οὖν φόβος κενόν·  
ἀλλ' ἦν ἐφορμηθῆτε πρὸς στέρνον τύδε,  
ὑπεξάγω· φεῦ· ποῖ ποτ' οὖν Αἴας φύγη;

G.



## XXXIV.

## THRENODIA.

Hail, holy Earth, whose cold arms do embrace  
The truest man that ever fed his flocks  
By the fat plains of fruitful Thessaly !  
Thus I salute thy grave, thus do I pay  
My early vows and tribute of mine eyes  
To thy still loved ashes ; thus I free  
Myself from all ensuing heats and fires  
Of love ; all sports, delights and jolly games  
That shepherds hold full dear, thus put I off.  
Now, no more shall those smooth brows be  
    girt  
With youthful coronals, and lead the dance ;

## XXXIV.

## ΘΡΗΝΩΙΔΙΑ.

ὦ χαῖρε σεμνή χθών, ἔχουσ' ἐν ἀγκάλαις  
ψυχραῖσιν ἄνδρα προσφιλέστατον πολὺ  
πάντων ὅσοι ποτ' ἐν γύαισι Θεσσαλῶν  
ἐνέμοντο ποιμένας. ὦ σὺ προσφιλὴς νέκυς,  
ἰδοῦ, τάφον σὺν πρυσκυνῶ, κόνιν τε σὴν  
φίλην ἔτ' εὐχαῖς αὐξάνω, λοιβαῖσί τε  
ὅσας ἴησιν ὄμμα μου δακρυρροοῦν.  
τί δ' οὖν τὸ κέρδος; ὦδ' ἐλευθέρα κυρῶ  
κέντρων πόθων τ' Ἑρωτος· ὦδε παύομαι  
πασῶν ἐορτῶν καὶ χλιδῶν κάθυρμάτων,  
οἷς δὴ φιλεῖ ποιμήν τις ἥδεσθαι παρών.  
οὐ γάρ ποτ' αὐθις τοῦμὸν ἐκστέψω κára  
χλοεραῖς χλιδαῖσιν ἦρος, οὐδ' ἄρξω χοροῦ,

No more the company of fresh fair maids  
And wanton shepherds be to me delightful.  
Nor the shrill pleasing sound of merry pipes  
Under some shady dell, where the cool wind  
Plays on the leaves : All be far away,  
Since thou art far away, by whose dear side  
How often have I sat crown'd with fresh flowers  
For summer's queen.

*Beaumont and Fletcher.*



οὐδ' αὖθις οὐτ' ἂν τέρψιν ἐξ ὁμιλίας  
κούρων ἀγροίκων, οὐτ' ἂν ἐν νεάνισιν  
λάβοιμι τλήμων χαρμονήν· φροῦδος χαρά.  
οὐ Πανὸς αὐλὸς ἤκα συρίζει ποτὶ  
λιγυρὸν πνέων βήσσαισιν, οὐ δένδρων κόμην  
γλυκὺς κραδαίνει Ζέφυρος· ὄλζος ὦλετο·  
ὄλοιθ' ὄλος μὲν οὖν, ἐπεὶ σύ γ' ὦλλυσο,  
παρ' ᾧ κλιθεῖσα πολλάκις καθεζόμεν  
πολυστεφῆς ῥόδοισιν, ὥς Νυμφῶν μία.

(1.





## XXXV.

## AMYCLAS.

AMY. The Spartan gods are gracious, our humility  
Shall bend before their altars, and perfume  
Their temples with abundant sacrifice,  
See, lords, Amyclas your old king is  
entering  
Into his youth again. I shall shake off  
This silver badge of age, and change this  
snow  
For hairs as gay as are Apollo's locks ;  
Our heart leaps in new vigour.

ARM. May old time  
Run back to double your long life, great  
sir !

XXXV.

Α Μ Υ Κ Λ Α Σ.

1.

Ἄμ. Ἄλλ' εὖ φρονοῦντας ἴστε θεοὺς ἐγχωρίους,  
 ἡμεῖς δὲ βωμοὺς προσκυνοῦντες εὐσεβῶς,  
 χαμαιπετεῖς κνισῶμεν εὐώδεις νεώς.  
 ἴδεσθ' ὅπως νῦν κοίρανος παλαιγενὴς  
 ὑμῶν Ἀμύκλας αὐθις ἐς νέους τελῶ·  
 ἐγὼ γὰρ οὖν λευκανθὲς ἐκ κρατὸς τόδε  
 γῆρας παρώσω, καὶ μεταλλάξω τρίχας  
 πολιὰς περ οὔσας ἀντ' Ἀπόλλωνος κόμης.  
 εὐοῖ·

μυελᾷ νέφ' μοὶ νῦν ἐπορχεῖται κέαρ.

Ἄρμ. ἄψορρον, ὦναξ, εἴθ' ἀπορρέων χρόνος  
 θείη διπλοῦν σοι μῆκος ὧν ἔχεις ἐτῶν.

AMY. It will, it must, Armostes ; thy bold  
nephew, [gates  
Death-braving Ithocles, brings to our  
Triumphs and peace upon his conquering  
sword,  
Laconia is a monarchy at length ;  
Hath in this latter war trod under foot  
Messene's pride ; Messene bows her neck  
To Lacedemon's royalty.

*Ford (The Broken Heart).*



Ἄμ. γένοιτ' ἂν οὕτω, καὶ γὰρ οὖν χρεῶν, ἐπεὶ  
 τῆς σῆς ἀδελφῆς υἱὸς εὐθαρσῆς ἀνὴρ  
 Ἴθοκλῆς <sup>24</sup> κρατήσας ἐνθάδ' εἰρήνην φέρει  
 τὴν καλλίνικον· καὶ τέλος Λακωνία  
 τύραννος ἡμῖν ἐγκαθέστηκεν πόλις·  
 καὶ λακπατήτους τοῦσδε τοὺς ἐχθροὺς ἔχει,  
 οἳ τῇδ' ἔγωγε ἡμῶν ἐκπρεπεστάτη πόλει  
 εἴκουσιν ἤδη καὶ ζυγὸν γ' ἐκαίνισαν.

J. S.



## XXXV.

## Α Μ Υ Κ Λ Α Σ.

## 2.

Ἄν. Νῦν εὐμενεῖς μὲν εἰςὶ θεοὶ Λακωνικοί,  
 ἡμᾶς δὲ βωμοῖς δεῖ λιταῖς προσεσάναι,  
 ἀγναῖσί τ' ὀδμαῖς θυμάτων πληροῦν νέως.  
 ἀλλ', ὦ γέροντες, γίγνομαι νέος πάλιν  
 ἄναξ Ἀμύκλας, γῆρας ὥδ' ἐκδὺς τέλος,  
 ξανθαῖς τε Φοῖβον θριζὶ κοσμήσω κάρα,  
 νέον γὰρ ἐν στέρνοισιν ὄρνυται μένος.

Ἄρμ. ἄναξ, χρόνος σοί γ' αὖθις ἄψορρον ῥέοι  
 ὥς ἂν διπλοῦν αἰῶνα διατελῆς περῶν.

Ἄμ. καὶ ῥεύσεται τοι· νῦν γὰρ εἰρήνην φέρει  
 καὶ χάρμ' Ἴθοκλῆς συγγενῆς σός, ὃς πόλει

νίκην παρέσχεν ἐκ ξίφους νικηφόρου.  
 τέλος δ' ἄνασσα γῇ κυρεῖ Λακωνική,  
 λύσας' ἀγῶνι τῷδε Μεσσήνης κράτος.  
 ὑπήκοος νῦν ἐστὶ γῇ Μεσσηνίων  
 σκήπτρῳ Λακῶνων, οὐδ' ἀναίνεται ζυγόν.

R. A. L.



## XXXVI.

## A WILDERNESS.

But now an aged man in rural weeds,  
Following, as seem'd, the quest of some stray  
ewe,

Or wither'd sticks to gather, which might serve  
Against a winter's day, when winds blow keen,  
To warm him wet returned from field at eve,  
He saw approach, who first with envious eye  
Perused him, then with words thus utter'd  
spake :

Sir, what ill chance hath brought thee to this  
place

So far from path or road of men, who pass

## XXXVI.

## ΕΡΗΜΟΣ.

Ἐνθ' ἦν γέρων τις ἀγρίαν ἔχων στολὴν,  
οἶος κατ' ἵχνη φοιτάδος στείχειν δοκῶν,  
ἧ φρύγαν', ὥς ἔοικε, συλλέξων τινά,  
οἷς δὴ κρύος χειμῶνος ἐκβαλεῖ τάλας,  
ψυχρῶν πνεόντων πνευμάτων, ἦν πως θερῇ,  
ὅταν πρὸς οἶκον ἐσπέρας βρεχθεὶς μόλῃ.  
οὗτος προσῆλθε, καὶ νιν ὀφθαλμοῖς ὀρῶν  
ἐπιφθόνοις, τοιούσδε προσφωνεῖ λόγους.  
ὦ τᾶν, τί δυστύχημα δεῦρό σ' ἤγαγε  
Σκυθῶν ἐς οἶμον, ἄβατον εἰς ἐρημίαν,  
βροτῶν τοσόνδε τῆς λεωφόρου δίχα,  
ὅστις κατ' ἵλας ἡ λύχους ὁδοιπορεῖ ;



In troop or caravan, for single none  
Durst ever who returned and dropt not here  
His carcass, pined with hunger and with drouth.

*Milton, Par. Reg. I. 314.*



μόνος γὰρ οὐδεὶς τῶν κατελθόντων ποτὲ  
τοσόνδ' ἐτόλμα, μὴ οὐ μεθεὶς κόνει νεκρὸν  
τὸ σῶμα, λιμῶ ξυντακὲν δίψῃ θ' ὁμοῦ.

G.



## XXXVII.

## SAMSON.

A little farther lend thy guiding hand  
To these dark steps, a little farther on ;  
For yonder bank hath choice of sun or shade :  
There I am wont to sit, when any chance  
Relieves me from my task of servile toil,  
Daily in the common prison else enjoin'd me,  
Where I, a prisoner chain'd, scarce freely draw  
The air, imprison'd also, close and damp,  
Unwholesome draught : but here I feel amends,  
The breath of heaven fresh blowing, pure and  
sweet,  
With day-spring born ; here leave me to respire.

## XXXVII.

## Σ Α Μ Ψ Ω Ν.

## 1.

Τυτθόν τι πρόσθεν κᾶτι δὴ τυτθὸν χέρα  
 πρότειν', ὀδηγῶν τὸν τυφλὸν πρόσω πόδα.  
 κείνῃ γάρ ὄχθῃ τέρπεται τις ἡλίψ  
 σκιᾷ θ' ὁμοίως· ἔνθα δὴ θακεῖν φίλον,  
 ὅταν πικρῶν τύχῃ τις ἐκλύῃ πόνων  
 τῶνδ' οὕς ἐν εἰρκταῖς ἄλλοτ' ἐκμοχθῶ τάλας·  
 ἐκεῖ πνέω γὰρ δέσμιος τὸν δέσμιον  
 ἀέρα· τί δ' αἶρ' ἂν λέγοιμ'; οὐ δύσφορον  
 πνίγός τι μᾶλλον, νοτίδι καὶ νόσῃ βρύον;  
 ἀντίρροπον δ' ἄρ' ἐστὶ τῶνδ' αὔρα Διός,  
 μύρου πνέουσ' ἡῶθεν οὐρανοῦ πάρα·  
 ὦδ' οὖν ἄφες με τῇδ' ἀνάπνευσιν λαβεῖν.

This day a solemn feast the people hold  
To Dagon, their sea-idol, and forbid  
Laborious works ; unwillingly this rest  
Their superstition yields me ; hence, with leave  
Retiring from the popular noise, I seek  
This unfrequented place to find some ease,  
Ease to the body some, none to the mind  
From restless thoughts, that, like a deadly  
swarm

Of hornets arm'd, no sooner found alone,  
But rush upon me thronging, and present  
Times past, what once I was, and what am now.

*Milton (Samson Agonistes).*



καὶ μὴν δίδοκται σήμερον πανήγυριν  
 Τρίτωνος εἶναι τοῦ θαλασσίου θεοῦ,  
 ἔργων θ' ἀπάντων παῦλαν οἷς μόχθος γ' ἐν.  
 καὶ γὰρ τοσόνδε δεισιδαιμόνων πάρα  
 ἔκυρσα χάριτος, καί περ ἀκόντων ἄγαν,  
 ὥστ' ἐκτὸς ἤδη τῶνδε δυσφήμου θρύου  
 ἐλευθερωθεῖς, τῆσδ' ἔρημίας τυχών,  
 λυπῶν λαθίσθαι κἀνάπαυλαν ἰνθάδε  
 ζητεῖν βραχείαν, εἰ τύχοι, τῷ σώματι,<sup>25</sup>  
 οὐ γάρ τι θυμῷ, φροντίδων πικρῶν ὕπο.  
 αὐταὶ γάρ, ἐσμοῦ σφηκιᾶς δίκην, ὕχλψ  
 ἐπεισπεσοῦσαι, καρδίαν μόνην μόναι  
 δάκνουσ', ἀεὶ δέ μοι παρέστηκεν φρεσίν,  
 οἷος γεγώς ποθ', οἷος αὖ τανῦν κυρῶ.

G.



## XXXVII.

## ΣΑΜΨΩΝ.

## 2.

'Αλλ' ἐς τὸ πρόσθε πομπίμῃ σὺ δὴ χερὶ  
 εὖθυν' ἀδέρκτων ὁμμάτων τητῶμενον·  
 μικρόν τι, μικρὸν δῆτα κούδαμῶς μακράν·  
 κείνοις γὰρ ὄχθοις, ἣν τύχῃ, σκιᾶς ὕπο  
 πάρεστι θάσσειν, ἥ 'ν βολαῖσιν ἡλίου,  
 ὅταν τύχῃ τῇ δουλίους πόνους φύγω,  
 οἴους ἐπακτοὺς ἐκπονῶ καθ' ἡμέραν  
 δεσμοῖς, ἐν οἷσπερ δαρὸν ἔσπασα στένων  
 ἀέρα τὸν ὑγρόν, πνεῦμ' ἐκεῖν' ὀλέθριον.  
 ἄλλ' ἐνθάδ' αὔραν ἀσμένως ἤδη πνέω  
 Διόσδοτόν γε· τῇδ' ἐμ' ἀμπνεῦσαι λίπε.  
 τῇδ' ἡμέρᾳ ποιοῦσι τὴν πανήγυριν

Τρίτωνος, ὅς σφιν πόντιος θεός, πόνων τ'  
εἵργουσι λυπρῶν δμῶας οἷδ' ἐγχώριοι.  
τοίγαρ μ' ἐῷσιν οἷδε δεισιδαίμονες  
σχολὴν ἄγειν ἄκοντες, ἐκλιπεῖν παρὸν  
θόρυβον πολιτῶν, καὶ μολὼν τόνδ' ἀστιβῇ  
χῶρον, ματεύω τήνδ' ἀνάπνευσιν πόνων.  
οὐ γάρ ποτ' ἐστὶ φροντίδων ἀπαλλαγὴ,  
αἱ συντρέχουσι σμῆνος ὥς ὕψυστόμων,  
ὅταν μονωθῶ, καὶ προφαίνουσιν γάδε,  
οἷος πάροιθ' ἦ, χοῖός εἰμι νῦν ἐγώ.

G. M.





## XXXVIII.

## THE SUMMER FRIEND.

Your coming, friends, revives me, for I learn  
Now of my own experience, not by talk,  
How counterfeit a coin they are who friends  
Bear in their superscription—of the most  
I would be understood ; in prosperous days  
They swarm, but in adverse withdraw their  
head, [friends  
Not to be found, though sought. Ye see, O  
How many evils have enclosed me round ;  
Yet that which was the worst now least afflicts  
me,  
Blindness, for had I sight, confused with shame  
How could I once look up or heave the head,

## XXXVIII.

## ΚΙΒΔΗΛΟΣ ΦΙΛΟΣ.

## 1.

Ἄναψυχὴν μὲν ἥδ' ὁμιλία, φίλοι,  
 ἐμοὶ παρέσχε, ζωπυρεῖτε δ' ἐλπίδας.  
 πείρα γάρ, οὐ λόγοισιν, ἄρτι μανθάνω,  
 παράσημον ὃν νόμισμα γραφθέντας φίλους  
 τύποισι κιβδήλοισι · τοὺς πλείστους λέγω.  
 τὸν μὲν γὰρ εὖ πράσσοντα λόχος εἵργει φίλων,  
 τὸν δ' αὖ κακῶς πράσσοντ' ἀποίχεται φυγῶν,  
 φίλον δ' ἐρευνῶν, ἐντύχοις ἂν οὐδενί.  
 ὁρᾷτέ μ' οἷοις ἐν κακοῖς κεῖμαι, φίλοι,  
 νῦν δ' ἐστὶ κοῦφον τοῦθ' ὃ δὴ πρόσθ' ἦν βυρύ,<sup>26</sup>  
 ὅψιν τυφλοῦσθαι · φῶς γὰρ αἰσχυνηθεὶς τόδε,  
 πῶς ἂν ποτ' εἰσβλέποιμ' ἅπαξ ὀρθῶν κύρα,

Who, like a foolish pilot, have shipwrecked  
My vessel trusted to me from above,  
Gloriously rigged ; and for a word, a tear,  
Fool, have divulged the secret gift of God  
To a deceitful woman ? Tell me, friends,  
Am I not sung and proverbied for a fool  
In every street ? Do they not say, How well  
Are come upon him his deserts ?

*Milton (Samson Agonistes).*



ὅστις κυβερνῶν ὤλεσα σκάφος κακῶς  
δώροις Διὸς πρὶν εὐπρεπῶς ἐσταλμένον ;  
λόγων δ' ἑκατι δακρύων τ', εἰκὼν ἄρα  
δολίᾳ γυναικί, δῶρον ἐξεῖπον Θεοῦ  
ἄρρητον· οὐκουν φροιμίῳ πολυρρόθοις  
ὑμνοῦσί μ' ἄλλως, καὶ κλέος μῶρον φέρω ;  
ἄστοί τε φασὶ πάντες· ἔπαθεν εἰκότα·  
ὥς εὖ τοιψᾷ γ' ἀνδρὶ προσπίνει τύχη !'

P. G.



## XXXVIII.

## ΚΙΒΔΗΛΟΣ ΦΙΛΟΣ.

## 2.

Ἄλλ' ἦδε τέρπει κοινόπους παρουσία,  
φίλοι· φίλους δὲ δὴ καλεῖν ὑμᾶς χρεών.  
νῦν δὴ γὰρ ἔργῳ κοῦ λόγῳ τεκμαίρομαι,  
ὅπως σαθρὸν νόμισμα κίβδηλόν θ' ἅμα  
οἱ δὴ δοκοῦντες εὐμενέστατοι βροτῶν·  
τοιόνδε δ' εἰπὼν εἶπον ἐς πλείστους φέρον.  
τὸν μὲν γὰρ εὐτυχοῦντα προσκυνεῖν πυκνοὶ  
φιλοῦσι, τὸν δὲ δυστυχῇ φεύγουσ' αἰεὶ  
ὕσσω ἀποπτοι, κοῦτις ἂν κίχοι ποτέ.  
ἀλλ', ὦ φίλοι, θεᾶσθέ μ' ὥς τρισάθλιον  
πλῆθος τοσούτων μ' ἀμφέπει δυσπραξιῶν.  
ὁ δ' ἦν μέγιστον, οὐδ' ὄλεθρος ὁμμάτων,

σκληρόν τι πῆμα πρόσθε κοῦκ ἀνασχετόν,  
λύπην ὁμοίαν νῦν τε καὶ πάροιθ' ἔχει.  
ποίοις γὰρ ὄμμασιν ποθ' ἡλίου φάος,  
λώβην ὀφλὼν τήνδ', ἂν βλέπειν τλαίην ἐγώ,  
ὅστις σκάφος τόδ' εὐπρεπῶς ἐσταλμένον,  
θεῶν τι δώρημ', ὥς τις οἰακοστρόφος  
τέχνης ἄπειρος, πρυμνόθεν διώλεσα,  
λόγοισί θ' αἰμύλοισι καὶ δακρύμασιν  
κακῆς γυναικὸς μηχανορράφου θ' ἁλούς,  
τᾶρρῆτ' ἐμήνυσ', οὐδὲν ἐγκρύψας, Θεοῦ ;  
ἥπού με πολλὰ δὴ κατὰ πτόλιν, φίλοι,  
πᾶς ἄστος ὕμνεϊ φροιμίους πολυρρύθοις ·  
'οἷ' ἔργα δράσας οἷα καὶ πάσχει κακά.'

J. S.



## XXXIX.

## C O M U S.

Before the starry threshold of Jove's court  
My mansion is : where those immortal shapes  
Of bright ærial spirits live insphered,  
In regions mild, of calm and serene air,  
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot  
Which men call Earth; and with low-thoughted  
care

Confined and pestered in this pinfold here,  
Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being,  
Unmindful of the crown that Virtue gives  
After this mortal change, to her true servants,  
Amongst the enthronèd gods on sainted seats.

## XXXIX.

## ΚΩΜΟΥ ΠΡΟΛΟΓΟΣ.

Ἦκω, πύλην ἀστρωπὸν οὐρανοῦ λιπὼν  
Διὸς μελάθρων, ἔνθα φαίδιμοι σκιαὶ  
ψυχῶν ἀθανάτων ἐμμένουσ' ὑψίθρονοι ·  
ἐκεῖ γάρ ἐστι λαμπρὸν αἰθέρος πέδον  
ἄκαπνον, ἀψύφητον · ἀπόκειται δ' ἐκὰς  
βώλου κνεφαίας τῆσδ' ὑπερθεν, ἥν βροτοὶ  
καλοῦσι Γαῖαν · οἱ κατειργμένοι κακῶς  
κακὸν βίον τρίβουσι μοχθοῦντες νόσψ ·  
οὐδ' ἐννοοῦσιν οἶον, εὐτέ τις θάνῃ,  
Ἀρετὴ δίδωσι τοῖς νιν ἀσκοῦσιν στέφος,  
ἐπεὶ τόδ' ἀλλάξαντες ἄθλιον βύρος  
σὺν τοῖς θεοῖς θακοῦσι, δαίμοσιν πάρα.



Yet some there be that by due steps aspire  
To lay their just hands on that golden key  
That opes the palace of eternity.  
To such my errand is : and but for such,  
I would not soil these pure ambrosial weeds  
With the rank vapours of this sin-worn mould.

*Milton (Comus).*



ἀλλ' εἰσὶν οἱ ζητοῦσιν οὐ καιροῦ πέρα  
χερσὶν δικαίοις κλῆδα χρυσωπὸν λαβεῖν,  
ἣτις διοίγει δώματ' αἰανῇ Διός·  
τούτοις μὲν ἦκω πομπός· οὐδαμῶς δ' ἐγώ,  
ἄλλων γ' ἕκατι, τήνδε πάλλευκον στολὴν  
ἀτμῷ κακίστης γῆς μολύναιμ' ἂν παρών.

J. C.



## XL.

## SOCIAL WELL-BEING.

Blest he, though undistinguished from the crowd  
By wealth or dignity, who dwells secure,  
Where man, by nature fierce, has laid aside  
His fierceness, having learnt, though slow to  
learn,

The manners and the arts of civil life.  
His wants indeed are many ; but supply  
Is obvious, placed within the easy reach  
Of temperate wishes and industrious hands.  
Here virtue thrives as in her proper soil ;  
Not rude and surly and beset with thorns,  
And terrible to sight, as when she springs  
(If e'er she springs spontaneous) in remote

## XL.

## ΠΟΛΙΣ ΕΥΔΑΙΜΟΝ.

Ζηλωτός ἐστι, καίπερ οὐδὲν ἐκπρέπων  
πλούτου χλιδαῖσι, κείνος, ὅς ναίει χθόνα,  
ἔνθ' ἡμέρωται σκληρὸν ἀνθρώπων γένος  
δίκης λεπάδνῃ, καὶ μόλις πολλῷ χρόνῳ  
βίου τέχναισι καὶ τρόποις πειθηνίῳς  
μεμάθηκε χρῆσθαι· πολλὰ γοῦν σπανίζεται,  
ἀλλ' ἀντὶ χρειῶν χρήσιμ' ἀφθόνως πάρα,  
ὅτῃ φρένες πάρεισιν οὐδ' ἀργαὶ χέρες.  
'Αρετὴ δὲ θάλλει βλαστάνουσ' εὐδαιμόνως,  
πτόρθος τις ὡς τίθηλε γῇ φυταλμία,  
οὐ στερρός, οὐ σκυθρωπός, οὐδὲ δυσμενῶς  
φρίσσουσ' ἀκάνθαις, ὥσπερ ἐν γῇ βαρβάρῳ

And barbarous climes where violence prevails,  
And strength is lord of all ; but gentle, kind,  
By culture tamed, by liberty refreshed,  
And all her fruits by radiant truth matured.

*Couper (The Task, Book I.).*



πέφηνεν, εἰ πέφην' ἐκοῦσ', ὅπου βία  
τὰ πάντα νωμᾶ· τῇδε δ' εὐμενὴς γελᾶ  
γλυκεῖ' ἄνασσα, ξὺν φιλανθρώπῳ τρόπῳ,  
Μούσαις συνήθης ἡδ' ἐλευθέρῳ φύσιν,  
γάννυται δὲ καρπὸς πᾶς ἀληθείας φάει.

G.



## XLI.

## REMORSE.

Of all the numerous ills that hurt our peace,  
That press the soul or wring the mind with  
anguish,  
Beyond comparison, the worst are those  
That to our folly or our guilt we owe.  
In every other circumstance the mind  
Has this to say, "It was no deed of mine;"  
But when, to all the evil of misfortune,  
This sting is added, "Blame thy foolish self;"  
Or, worser far, the pangs of keen remorse—  
The torturing, gnawing consciousness of guilt—

## XLI.

ΦΡΕΝΩΝ ΕΡΙΝΥΣ.<sup>27</sup>

Πολλαί γε πολλοῖς εἰσὶ πημοναὶ βροτῶν,  
 πασῶν δ' ὅσαισι τοῦδ' ἐφήμεροι βίου  
 κλύδωνι χειμασθέντες ὧδε τλημόνως  
 πιεζόμεσθα καὶ κέαρ στρεβλούμεθα,  
 μάλιστα λυποῦσ' ἅς δι' ἄμπλακήματα  
 ἦ μωρίαν τις αὐτὸς ὥφληκέν ποτε.  
 πάντη γὰρ ἄλλως φάρμακον θέλγει τύδε,  
 ὥς οὐ δι' ἡμᾶς τοῦτ' ἐπέσκηψεν κακόν·  
 ὅταν δὲ πρὸς κακοῖσι δυσπότμου τύχης  
 προσῇ τὸ κέντρον, 'Μῶρε, σαυτὸν αἰτιῶ,'  
 μᾶλλον δ' ὅταν περ μεταμέλει οἰστρήμασιν  
 θηκτοῖσι κεντῇ, σχέτλιός τε καρδίαν  
 σύννοια δάπτῃ τῆς ἄγαν πανουργίας,



Of guilt, perhaps, where we've involved others,  
The young, the innocent, who fondly loved us;  
Nay, more—that very love their cause of ruin!  
Oh, burning hell! in all thy store of torments  
There's not a keener lash!

Lives there a man so firm, who, while his heart  
Feels all the bitter horrors of his crime,  
Can reason down its agonising throbs;  
And, after proper purpose of amendment,  
Can firmly force his jarring thoughts to peace?  
Oh, happy, happy, enviable man!  
Oh, glorious magnanimity of soul!

*Burns.*



ἐν ᾗ τάχ' ἄλλος ἐστὶν ἐμπεπλεγμένος,  
 νέος τις ἢ παῖς ἀγνός, εὐμενής, φιλῶν,  
 καὶ πρὸς δι' αὐτὸν τόνδ' ἔρωτ' ἐφθαρμένος,  
 οὐκ ἔσθ' ἀπάντων, δαίμονες δικηφόροι,  
 κέντρων, ὅσοις τίνεσθ' ἁμαρτίας βροτῶν,  
 οὐδέν τι τούτου μᾶλλον ἐκπαγλώτερον.  
 ἦ ζῇ βροτῶν τις ὧδε καρτερὸς φρένα,  
 ὅτῳ πεφρικὸς πολλὰ ταῖς κακουργίαις  
 πικραῖς τε λύπαις ἐπτοημένον κέαρ  
 λόγοις πάρεστιν ἡπίοισι κοιμίσαι;  
 καὶ πεί δέδοκται δὴ μεθαρμόσαι τρόπους,  
 τίς κύριός ποτ' ἐστὶ καλχαῖνον κέαρ  
 παῦσαι σαλεῦον καὶ καλῶς γαληνίσαι;  
 τρισόλβιον τοί φημ' ἐπίζηλόν τε δὴ  
 κείνον, κράτους θ' ἕκατι καὶ τόλμης φρενῶν.

J. S.



## XLII.

## GREECE.

When riseth Lacedæmon's hardihood,  
When Thebes Epaminondas rears again,  
When Athens' children are with hearts endued,  
When Grecian mothers shall give birth to men,  
Then mayst thou be restored; but not till then.  
A thousand years scarce serve to form a state :  
An hour may lay it in the dust : and when  
Can man its shattered splendour renovate,  
Recall its virtues back and vanquish Time and  
Fate ?

*Byron.*

## XLII.

ΕΛΛΑΣ.

Σπάρτης ὅτ' αὖθις θάρσος ἔξαναζίσει,  
 Θῆβαί τε φύσουσ' ἄνδρ' Ἐπαμεινώνδαν πάλιν,  
 τέκνοις τ' Ἀθηνῶν ἄλκιμον κύρσει κίεαρ,  
 ἄνδρες τ' ἔβλαστον μητέρων Ἑλληνίδων,  
 τότε αὖθις ἔξαρθεῖσα—τῶνδε δ' οὐ πάρος—  
 λάμψεις ἔθ' Ἑλλάς, ὥς τὰ πρὶν πελώρια.  
 πόλιν κτίσαι γὰρ χίλι' οὐκ ἂν ἀρκέσαι  
 ἔτη, σποδεῖν δ' ἐλαφρὸν ἡμέρα μιᾷ.<sup>28</sup>  
 πῶς δὴ βροτοὺς τῆσδ' ἐλπίσαι ποτ' ἂν κλέος  
 ἀλκὴν τ' ἐγείραι, Χρόνον ὁμοῦ Μοῖράν θ' ἐλίων;

G.

## XLIII.

## LAODAMIA.

“ With sacrifice before the rising morn  
Vows have I made, by fruitless hope inspired ;  
And from the infernal Gods, mid shades forlorn  
Of night, my slaughtered Lord have I required :  
Celestial pity I again implore ;—  
Restore him to my sight—great Jove, restore !”

So speaking, and by fervent love endowed  
With faith, the suppliant heavenward lifts her  
hands ;  
While, like the sun emerging from a cloud,  
Her countenance brightens and hereye expands ;  
Her bosom heaves and spreads, her stature grows ;  
And she expects the issue in repose.

## XLIII.

## ΛΑΟΔΑΜΕΙΑ.

‘Θύουσα μὲν πρὶν ὄρθρον ἐκπέμπειν φάος,  
μάτην προσῆγμαι βουκολομένη φρένας,  
τοὺς νερτέρους δ’, οἳ νυκτὸς ἐν μελαμβαθεῖ  
κευθμῶνι ναίουσ’, ἄνδρ’ ἀποσφαγέντ’ ἐμὸν  
ῥτηκ’, Ὀλυμπίους δὲ προστρέπω πάλιν·  
δός, ὦ μέγιστε Ζεῦ, δός αὖ νιν εἰσορᾶν.’

Τοιαῦτα λῆξας ἐκ πόθου πίστιν φέρει  
τάλαινα, κἀνέχει πρὸς οὐρανὸν χέρας,  
ὥς δ’ ἥλιος πρόσεισιν ἐκ νέφους πτυχῶν,  
οὕτω φάος λέλαμπε τῆσδ’ ἐν ὄμμασιν,  
κόλπος τ’ ἀνοιδεῖ καὶ δέμας μηκύνεται,  
κὰν ἡσύχῃ τὸ μέλλον ἦδε προσμένει.

Oh terror ! what hath she perceived ? oh joy !  
What doth she look on ? whom doth she behold ?  
Her Hero slain upon the beach of Troy,  
His vital presence ? his corporeal mould ?  
It is—if sense deceive her not, 'tis He !  
And a God leads him, winged Mercury !

Mild Hermes spake—and touched her with his  
wand [thy prayer  
That calms all fear ; “such grace hath crowned  
Laodamia ! that at Jove’s command  
Thy husband walks the paths of upper air ;  
He comes to tarry with thee, three hours space ;  
Accept the gift, behold him face to face.”

*Wordsworth.*



Φεῦ φεῦ · τί δεινὸν εἶδεν ; ἦ τί χαρμονῆς  
παθοῦσα θαμβεῖ ; φεῦ, τί δὴ ποτ' εἰσορᾷ ;  
ἄρ' οὖν ἑαυτῆς ἄνδρ', ὅς ἐσφάγη πάρος  
ῥηγμῖνι Τροίας, εἰσβλέπει νῦν ἐμφανῇ ;  
αὐτὸς γὰρ αὐτός ἐστιν, εἰ μὴ τις πλάνη ·  
ἔχει δὲ πομπὸν τὸν κατάπτερον θεόν.

Εἴτ' εἶπε φωνῶν ἠπίως Ἑρμῆς θιγὼν  
νάρθηκι, πᾶσαν ὅς πεδᾷ φρίκην φρενῶν ·  
' τοσόνδ' ἀρέσκει τοῖς θεοῖς ἡ σὴ λιτή,  
ὥστ', ὦ Λεωδάμει, ἐπιστολαῖς Διὸς  
πλάκας πόσις σὺς αἰθέρος πάλιν πατεῖ ·  
ἐλθὼν δὲ βαιὸν νῦν πάρεστί σοι χρόνον ·  
δέξαι τὸ δῶρον καὶ σφ' ἰδοῦ κατάντιον.'

G.





## XLIV.

## THE PRIMEVAL WORLD.

There was the Heaven and Earth at first  
And Light and Love ; then Saturn from whose  
throne

Time fell, an envious shadow : such the state  
Of the earth's primal spirits beneath his sway,  
As the calm joy of flowers and living leaves  
Before the wind or sun has withered them  
And semi-vital worms : but he refused  
The birthright of their being, knowledge, power,  
The skill which wields the elements, the thought  
Which pierces this dim universe like light,  
Self empire and the majesty of love ;  
For thirst of which they fainted. Then Pro-  
metheus

## XLIV.

## ΑΡΧΑΙΟΣ ΑΙΩΝ.

Πρῶτον μὲν Οὐρανός τε παμμήτωρ τε Γῇ  
 ἐγένοντ', Ἔρως τε καὶ τόδ' Ἡμέρας φάος ·  
 Κρόνος δ' ἔπειτα σκῆπτρον ἐξεδέξατο,  
 σμερδνὴ δ' ἐφέσπετ' αἰόλου Χρόνου σκιά ·  
 οὗ κοιρανοῦντος ἡδοναῖσιν εὐκολοὶ  
 οἱ παμπάλαιοι τῆσδε γῆς οἰκήτορες  
 ἔθαλλον, ὡς ἄνθη τε φύλλα τ' ἁλσέων,<sup>29</sup>  
 βλάστημον ἀλδαίνοντ' ἐν εὐεστοῖ φίλῃ,  
 ἃ μὴ πνοαῖσι μηδὲ Φοιβείῳ βίλει  
 ὄλωλε, μηδ' ὕδοῦσι δυσμύρφων κιῶν.  
 ὅμως δ' ἐκείνος προσνέμειν ἀνήνατο,  
 ὧν ἦν προσῆκον τοὺς βροτοὺς φύντας λαχεῖν,  
 κράτος μάθος τε τάς τε παντελεῖς τέχνας,  
 νοῦν θ' ὅς τὰ πάντα διαπερᾶ φάους δίκην,  
 τὴν τ' ἐγκράτειαν, τὸν γεράσμιόν τ' ἔρον,  
 ὧν δὴ βροτοὶ τείροντο διψῶντες πόθῳ.

Gave wisdom which is strength to Jupiter  
And with this law alone "Let Man be free,"  
Clothed him with the dominion of wide Heaven.  
To know nor faith, nor love, nor law ; to be  
Omnipotent but friendless is to reign ;  
And Jove now reigned ; for on the race of man  
First famine, and then toil, and then disease,  
Strife, wounds and ghastly death unseen before  
Fell ; and the unseasonable seasons drove  
With alternating shafts of frost and fire  
Their shelterless pale tribes to mountain caves :  
And in their desert hearts fierce wants he sent,  
And mad disquietudes and shadows idle  
Of unreal good which levied mutual war,  
So ruining the lair wherein they raged.

*Shelley, Prom. Unbound, II. 4.*



ἐνθ' οὖν Προμηθεὺς Ζηνὶ προσχαρίζεται  
 μῆτιν, τύραννος ἦ μόνη πάντων κρατεῖ,  
 καὶ τὴν ἐφειτμὴν τήνδ' ἐπισκήψας μόνον,  
 'ἔστω γε μὴν βροτοῖσι βίος ἐλεύθερος,'  
 μακροῦ δίδωσιν οὐρανοῦ τυραννίδα.  
 καὶ μὴν ἔνεστι τοῦτο τῇ τυραννίδι  
 νόσημι, ἄπιστον ἄφιλον ἄνομον ἐστάναι,  
 κρατεῖν θ' ἀπάντων αὐτὸν ἄφρακτον φίλων.  
 νοσῶν δὲ ταῦτα Ζεὺς ἐκοιράνει τότε.  
 πρῶτον μὲν οὖν ἐκ τῶνδ' ἐφημέριον γένει  
 ἔσκηψε λιμὸς νῆστις, ἐκ δὲ τοῦ πόντος,  
 ἔπειτα λοιμὸς ξὺν στάσει ξυνεμπόρῳ,  
 ἔλκη τε θάνατός τ' ὠχρὸς, ἄγνωστοι τὸ πρίν.  
 ὦραι δ' ἄωροι—καὶ γὰρ ἐν μέρει κύκλῳ  
 πάγοι τ' ἔτειρον καὶ πυρὸς τοξεύματα—  
 ἀντρων ὕρειων ἐς μυχοὺς ἠνάγκασαν  
 ὠχρῶν ἄφρακτα φύλ' ἀποστήναι βροτῶν.  
 θνητῶν δ' ἐρήμοις καρδίαις κατ'έκισιν  
 σπᾶνιν δύσοιστον θεῶν ὁ παγκρατὴς πρόμος,  
 μάργας τε ταραχὰς κῶφελημάτων σκιὰς  
 κενὰς ὑπόυλων, ἔιθεν ὠροθύνετο  
 ἄλλαις πρὸς ἄλλας ἐμπεφυρμένη στάσις,  
 εὐνὴν ἀπολλῦσ' ἢ πάλαι μεμήνεσαν.

J. S.

## XLV.

## ARTEVELDE'S FAREWELL.

Then fare ye well, ye citizens of Ghent !  
This is the last time ye will see me here,  
Unless God prosper me past human hope.  
I thank you for the dutiful demeanour  
Which never—no not once—no not in any of  
you

Have I found wanting though severely tried  
When discipline might seem without reward.  
Fortune has not been kind to me, good friends,  
But let not that deprive me of your loves  
Or of your good report. Be this the word—  
His rule was brief, calamitous—but just.

*Henry Taylor (Philip Van Artevelde).*

## XLV.

## ΠΑΝΥΣΤΑΤΟΝ.

ὦ χαίρειτ' ἄστοι τήνδ' ἐνοικοῦντες χθόνα,  
ὥς οὐκέτ' εἴμι τούσδε τοὺς δόμους πάλιν,  
ἦν μὴ καλὴν Ζεὺς δῶ τύχην δόξαν πάρα.  
ὕμας δ' ἐπαινῶ ταῦτα· τοῦδε γὰρ λόγων  
ἠκούσατ' ἐσθλοὶ δὴ γεγῶτες· οὐδέ πω  
οὐδεὶς ἄπιστος ἐκβέβηχ' ὕμῶν ἐμοί,  
καίπερ μεγίστην πείραν εἰσελθὼν ποτε,  
ὅτ' ὠφελεῖν ἔδοξε πίστις οὐδένα.  
εἰ δ' οὖν τι μίμφομαί γε τῇ Τύχῃ, φίλοι,<sup>30</sup>  
μὴ δῆτα τοῦδ' ἕκατι μῖσος ἐμπέσω,  
μηδ' οὖν ὄνειδος· ἀλλ' ἔπος τοιόνδ' ἵτω·  
'δύσποτμον οὐδέ δαρὺν ἦρχ', ἀλλ' ἐνδίκως.'

P. G.

## XLVI.

## THE SISTERS.

We were two daughters of one race :

She was the fairest in the face :

    The wind is blowing in turret and tree.

They were together and she fell ;

Therefore revenge became me well.

    O the Earl was fair to see !

She died ; she went to burning flame ;

She mixed her ancient blood with shame.

    The wind is howling in turret and tree.

Whole weeks and months, early and late,

To win his love I lay in wait :

    O the Earl was fair to see !

## XLVI.

## Α Δ Ε Λ Φ Α Ι.

Ἦμεν κασιγνήτα δὺ' ἐξ ἑνὸς γένους,  
 κείνη δ' ἔδοξεν εὐπρεπεστέρα ῥέθορ.  
 πνέουσιν αὖραι διὰ δρυῶν καὶ δωμάτων.<sup>31</sup>  
 τῆς δ' ἦν ἑρῶν τις, ἔμολε δ' αἰακτὸν μύσους.  
 ἐκ τῶνδε ποινὰς ἀντιτίσασθαί μ' ἔχρην.  
 ἦ κάρθ' ὁ ταγὸς ἦν μάλ' εὐειδὴς ὀρᾶν.

Θανοῦσα κείνη Ταρτάρων ἔδω σκύτον,  
 προσῆψε δ' οὐσ' ἄναγρος αἰσχύνην γίνει.  
 βοῶσιν αὖραι διὰ δρυῶν καὶ δωμάτων.  
 μῆνας δ' ὅλους κατ' ἡμᾶρ εὐφρόνην θ' ἄμα,  
 καθεῖλκον, εἵλκον αὐτὸν ἄρκυσιν πόθων.<sup>32</sup>  
 ἦ κάρθ' ὁ ταγὸς ἦν μάλ' εὐειδὴς ὀρᾶν.



I made a feast, I bade him come ;  
I won his love, I brought him home.

The wind is roaring in turret and tree.  
And after supper on a bed,  
Upon my lap he laid his head :  
O the Earl was fair to see !

I kissed his eyelids into rest :  
His ruddy cheek upon my breast.

The wind is raging in turret and tree.  
I hated him with the hate of hell,  
But I loved his beauty passing well.  
O the Earl was fair to see !

I rose up in the silent night,  
I made my dagger sharp and bright ;

The wind is raving in turret and tree.  
As half asleep his breath he drew  
Three times I stabbed him thro' and thro'.  
O the Earl was fair to see !

I curled and combed his comely head,  
He looked so grand when he was dead.

The wind is blowing in turret and tree.

Δαῖτ' οὖν προθεῖς ἔγωγε προυκάλουν μολεῖν,  
 ἔρψ δὲ κλέψας οἴκαδ' αὐτὸν ἤγαγον.  
 βρέμουσιν αὔραι διὰ δρυῶν καὶ δωμάτων.  
 ἔπειτα δ' ἐκ τῆς δαιτὸς ἐν λέχει πεσών,  
 τὸ κρᾶτ' ἐκλιν' ἐν ταῖσδ' ἐμαῖσιν ἀγκάλαις.  
 ἦ κάρθ' ὁ ταγὺς ἦν μάλ' εὐειδῆς ὄραν.

Ὑπνος δ' ἔθελξε βλέφαρ' ἐμοῖς φιλήμασιν,  
 κείνου γένυς εἴ ἥβιωσά μοι ψαίρει δέρην.  
 στένουσιν αὔραι διὰ δρυῶν καὶ δωμάτων.  
 ἦν μὲν τὸ κάλλος ὡς ὑπερφυῶς φίλον,  
 αὐτὸν δ' ἀπέπτυσ' ὥστε Ταρτάρων πύλας.  
 ἦ κάρθ' ὁ ταγὺς ἦν μάλ' εὐειδῆς ὄραν.

Ἐνταῦθ' ἀναστᾶς εὐφρόνην ἀγνὴν κάτα,  
 τὸ φάσγανον θήγουσ' ἐφαίδρυνον καλῶς.  
 λυσσῶσιν αὔραι διὰ δρυῶν καὶ δωμάτων.  
 ἐνθ' ὡς ἐκείνος μαλθακῶς κοιμώμενος  
 ἔπνει, ξίφος τρὶς ἤλασα στέρνων διά.  
 ἦ κάρθ' ὁ ταγὺς ἦν μάλ' εὐειδῆς ὄραν.

Εἴτ' ἐκτένιζον ἀνδρὶ βύστρυχον βαθύν,  
 σεμνὸς δ' ἄγαν μοι κατθανὼν ἐφαίνετο.  
 πνέουσιν αὔραι διὰ δρυῶν καὶ δωμάτων.

I wrapt his body in the sheet,  
And laid him at his mother's feet.  
O the Earl was fair to see !

*Tennyson.*



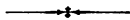
νεκρὸν δ' ἐν εὐνῆς χλανιδίοις ἔρραψ' ἐγώ,  
αὐτοῦ δὲ μητρὶ πρὸς ποδοῖν ἔρριψ' ἄγος.  
ἦ κάρθ' ὁ ταγὸς ἦν μάλ' εὐειδὴς ὄραν.

G.





PARS TERTIA.



VERSU VARIO, IMPRIMIS COMICORUM  
SENARIO.

## I.

A set o' dull conceited hashers  
Confuse their brains in College classes :  
They gang in stirks an' come out asses,  
Plain truth to speak,  
An' syne they think to climb Parnassus,  
By dint o' Greek !

*Burns.*

## I.

## 1.

Σκαιὸς μὲν ὄχλος ἐς Στοᾶν φοιτῶν κενὰς  
φρίνας κυκᾶ τὸ πλαττόθραττ κυδοιδοπῶν ·  
σύες γὰρ ὥς ἐσδύντες ἐκβαίνουσ' ὄνοι ·  
Ἑλληνίσαντες δ' ὀλίγα κακὰ κακῶς ἔπη  
Μουσῶν φίλοι δοκοῦσι · φεῦ τῶν νηπίων.

J. C.



## I.

## 2.

Νήπιοι οἱ κακόβουλοι ἐπὶ σφίσι γαυριόωντες  
πολλὰ ματάζουσιν πολλὰ διδασκόμενοι ·  
Παρνησοῦ κορυφὴν ἀναβήμεναι ἐλπίδ' ἔχουσιν,  
γλώσση θαρσαλέως Ἑλλάδι πειθόμενοι ·  
πολλὰ δὲ δὴ σφάλλονται · ἀγροικότεροι γὰρ εἶοντες  
καὶ πρότερον, νῦν αὖτ' ἡλίθιοι μετέφυν.

J. S.

## I.

## 3.

Ἄλαζόνων ὄχλος τε καὶ βερεσθέων  
μάτην βαδίζει πρὸς τὸ φροντιστήριον·  
μεριμνοφροντιστῶν δὲ δὴ συνουσίᾳ  
γαῦροι, τότε ἔκβαίνουσ' ὄνοι βρωμώμενοι·  
εἴτ' ἀδολέσχαι, δυσμαθεῖς ποιήσεως,  
Μουσῶν πτερῶν ἄτερθε προσστείχεν ἄκρα  
Παρνάσι ὑψίκρημα τολμῶσιν, παπαῖ,  
γλωσσαλγίας ἕκατι· φεῦ Μαμμάκυθοι.

P. G.

## II.

Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me : the brain of this foolish-compounded clay, Man, is not able to invent anything that tends to laughter more than I invent or is invented on me. I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men.

*Falstaff.*

II.

Γηθεῖ βροτός πως πᾶς ἐρείδων εἰς ἐμέ ·  
οὐδ' ἂν κάρα τοιοῦδε πηλοῦ πλάσματος,  
ἄνθρωπον ὃν καλοῦμεν, ἐντίκτοι ποτί  
γέλωτα πλείον' ἢ 'ποιήσα κᾶπαθον.  
κομφὺς μὲν εἰμ' ἔγωγε, κομφότης δέ τοι  
μαίευμ' ἐν ἄλλοις ἐξ ἐμοῦ Προμηθέως.

G.

## III.

Your writing, my dear Friend, is as if a swarm of ants escaping from an inkbottle, had walked over a sheet of paper without wiping their legs.

*Sydney Smith.*

## III.

## 1.

Ἡ σὴ γραφὴ μὲν ἐστὶ δὴ τοιόνδε τι ·  
ὅποιον, ὦ γὰρ, εἰ μελανδόκῳ συχνοὶ  
μύρμηκες ἰμβαφθίντες, εἴθ' ὀρμώμενοι  
χάρτας πατοῖεν μηδ' ἀποψῶεν σκέλη.

G.

## 2.

ὦ τὰν, σὰ γράμματ' εἰσβλέπων, ἧ μὴν δοκῶ  
μύρμηκας ἐκφυγόντας ἐξ ἄγγους ὀρᾶν  
μελανδόκου, βίβλῳ τ' ἔπειτ' ἄνω κάτω  
σποράδην ὁδοιπλανοῦντας ἀσμήκτοις ποσίν.

G.

## IV.

I agree in the common praise of the French living : light wines and meat thoroughly digested by human skill are more agreeable than the barbarian Stonehenge masses of meat with which we feed ourselves.

*Sydney Smith.*

## IV.

## 1.

Αἰνῶ μὲν, ὥς οἱ πάντες, Ἀττικὸν βίον.  
 τί γάρ; γλυκὺς μὲν οἶνος εἰδάρ τ' ἐκτελὲς  
 τέχνη δαμασθὲν παντελῶς μαγειρικῇ  
 τέρπουσι μᾶλλον βαρβάρων Κυκλωπίων τ'  
 ὄγκων βορᾶς, οἷς βοσκόμεσθ' ἡμεῖς φαγαῖ.  
 G. B.

## 2.

Ἐγὼ μὲν ὥσπερ πάντες οἱ σοφοὶ τροφήν  
 τὴν Ἀθιδ' αἰνῶ· μαλθακῇ γὰρ ἥδομαι  
 οἶνῳ πεπεμμένοις τε παντελῶς τέχνη  
 ἐδωδίμοις πολὺ μᾶλλον ἢ τοῖς βαρβάροις  
 Κυκλωπίοις τ' ὄγκοις δυσπέπτοις ἄγαν,  
 οὓς κατὰ φαρύγγων καταβαλεῖν ἡμῖν ἔθος.  
 B. R.



## V.

I hope Lord G. continues quite well ; but quite well, I find at 67, means about twelve or fourteen distinct ailments ; weak eyes, a violent pain in the ankle, stomach slightly disordered, and a few other of the ills that flesh is heir to.

*Sydney Smith.*

## V.

Ὡς εὐχομαι Ξάνθιππον εὖ πράττειν πάνν !  
καίτοι σύνοιδα, πείραν ἐξ ἐμοῦ λαβών,  
ὥς κεῖνος, ὅστις ἔπ' ἐφ' ἐξήκοντ' ἔτη  
κροταφοῖς φορεῖ, φορεῖ τάδ' ἄλλα μυρία,  
λήμας, ποδάγρας, γαστέρος δυσπεψίας,  
χωρίς τε τῶνδε, σμῆνος ἀρρωστημάτων  
πάντων ὅσ' ἀντίπηγι Πανδώρας βρύει.

G.

## VI.

## HADRIANUS MORIENS.

Animula vagula, blandula,  
Hospes comesque corporis,  
Quæ nunc abibis in loca ?  
Pallidula, rigida, nudula ;  
Nec ut soles dabis jocos.

## VI.

## 1.

Ψυχίδιον αἶδλον, αἰμύλον,  
 ξείνη τ' ὄαρ τε σώματος,  
 ποῖ νῦν ποτ' οἰχῆσει φυγόν,  
 γυμνόν, ἀμεννόν, ἀναίματον;  
 φροῦδος δὲ πᾶς ὁ πρὶν γέλως.

G.

## 2.

Wee wan'erin' winsome elf, my saul,  
 Thou's made this clay lang hoose an' hall,  
 But whar, oh whar art now to dwall,  
     Thy bield now bare?  
 Gaun' flichterin', feckless, shiverin', caul',  
     Nae cantrips mair.<sup>33</sup>

G.

## VII.

## ΣΚΟΛΙΟΝ.

(ADVERSUS NIMIUM LIBRORUM STUDIUM.)

᾿Ω γλύκιστε, τί δὴ βίβλους βιβρώσκων  
παντούιους, ἔαρ ἄνθος ἠδὲ πνεῖον  
ὀλέσεις βίου ; λῆγε νόον  
μισόγελων τρέφων, ἄρχεο παιγνίας.

G.

## VIII.

## Ο ΤΥΦΩΣ ΤΟΝ ΒΑΚΧΟΝ.

Πάλαι ποτ' ἦν ἔθος τι τῶν νέων λέγειν  
 φιλίας ἕκατι τοῦ Κιθαιρῶνος σκιᾶ,  
 'τὸ βακχικὸν δῶρημα δός· σὲ γὰρ φιλῶ·'  
 ἄφαρ δ' ἐταῖρος ἐκ φρενῶν συναινίσας  
 γάνος παρείχεν ἄφθονον πολλῇ χαρᾷ,  
 ἤχαι βοή δὲ κάλαλὰ δρυμῶν διά.  
 νῦν δ' ἐν βορείοις ἀπὸ Κιθαιρῶνος πρόσω  
 ἄλλη λατρεία κάλλος αὖξεται θεός.  
 ἦν γὰρ νέος τις παρὰ ῥοαῖς Κάμου κλύη,  
 'τὸ βακχικὸν δῶρημα δός· σὲ γὰρ φιλῶ,'  
 αὐλὸν παρέξει μέλανα, φυσήσει πνέων δ'  
 ἀτμοῦ μέγαν πῶγωνα καὶ κακοσμίαν,  
 ὥστ' Εὐιον φυγεῖν ἂν ἐκτοθεν φόβψ,  
 μὴ καρτεροῦντα τόδε μύσος Τυφώιον.  
 οὕτω γὰρ οὖν καθεῖλε Τυφῶς Βάκχιον.

G.

## IX.

## ΣΟΦΙΣΤΩΝ ΟΡΥΜΑΓΔΟΣ.

(INGRUMENTE IN ACADEMIAS INGENTI PROCELLA BARBARICA,  
GRECAS LITTERAS E SCOTIA QUASI EXPULSURA.)

Κοινορτὸς μέγας ἐστίν, καθορᾶν δ' οὐκ ἔνι πάμπαν  
σέλας ἄστρων· ἐν ὄρεσσι δ' ὁμίχλη θούριος ἄτης,  
πτερύγεσσι πυκιναῖσιν σκιέεσσ' ὁμβροφόροισιν,  
καταΐξουσ' ἐπ' ἐμοῦ δὴ πανάωρον, παρὰ πάτρας τ'  
ἀπολεῖται γάνος ἀνθέων· ἐκὰς ἀλκὰ πάρα δ' ἄτα.  
ὁ δὲ δάκνει με μάλιστα, σκέδασις ρίμφα τέτυκται  
συνεταίρων, ὅσοι ἄλλως μ' ἐφίλουν περ κατὰ χεῖλος·  
κατὰ δ' ἦλθεν κρύος ἄλγιστον ὃ κρύψει γάνος ἥρος,  
σὺ δὲ θάρρει ποτὲ θυμέ· σκότος αἶξ' ἀπ' ὄρεσφιν,  
νεφέλας δ' οὖν σκεδάσει Ζεὺς· ὀρυμαγδὸς δ' ἀπολεῖται.

G.

NOTULÆ.





## NOTULÆ.



NOT. 1, PAG. 3.

Metrum Trochaicum, Dialectum Doricam potissimum adhibui, ut huic carmini insigni maxime consentanea. Scio equidem exemplar hujusce metri primum, scil. Πῶλε Θρηϊκή, κ. τ. λ., Venerem spirare magis quam Bellonam, sed hoc debetur Ionicæ dialecto, non metro, quod sane vim velocitatemque effert. Id quoque maxime me movit ad Trochaicum metrum utendum, quod gemellum illud carmen Rhigæ revera rhythmō, si non metro, incedit haud absimili, scil. Δεῦτε, παῖδες τῶν Ἑλλήνων.

## NOT. 2, PAG. 7.

*Πενία δικαία* dicitur, ut apud Isocratem, *ad Demonicum*, § 38, μάλλον ἀποδέχου δικαίαν πενίαν ἢ πλοῦτον ἄδικον, ubi *δικαίαν* interpretes ponunt pro μετὰ δικαιοσύνης.

Tragicorum pauca quædam fragmenta nonnihil ejusdem saporis edere videntur, quo imbutum est hoc poema Scoticum. Cf. illud Sophocleum: οὐδὲν κακίων πτωχός, εἰ καλῶς φρονοῖ (frag. 752), et passim apud Euripidem, ut *Elect.* 550, et in *Scyriis*, frag.:

τὸν πάντ' ἀκριβῶς κατὰ φροντίδων βίον  
ξὺν τῷ δικαίῳ ζῶμεν αἰσχύνῃς ἄτερ.

Quod ad metrum attinet, eandem licentiam in primo pede Anacreontici adhibui, qua Baro Lyttleton, V.C., in 'Comi' versione sua elegantissima, prope ad finem, libere usus est. Ignoverit eo fortasse libentius, quisquis perspexerit licentia spondæi in tertio pede, quamvis a Porsono ipso usurpata, me abstinuisse, quæ licentia aut admodum rara aut parum legitima esse videtur, si ex Anacreonteis normam sumere licet.

## NOT. 3, PAG. 9.

*νομίσματος χάραγμα.* Proxime iisdem vestigiis, quibus incessit nostras poeta, versabatur Aristophanes,

in *Ranis* 720 seq., ubi *homines* sub specie *nummorum* adumbrantur. Tale quoddam apud Philippum Massinger (II. p. 434, Ed. Gifford) pulchre quoque effectum.

NOT. 4, PAG. 25.

Confer versum Sophocleum in *Aiace* 830.

NOT. 5, PAG. 31.

Confer Æsch. *Prom. Vinc.*, 197.

NOT. 6, PAG. 35.

φιλε τέκνον et similia satis defendunt licentiam ποίος, etc. κρίνω usurpatum, ut in *Ranis* Aristophanis, 1407, κάγω μὲν αὐτοὺς οὐ κρινῶ.

NOT. 7, PAG. 37.

ἐγκατέρει κ. τ. λ. Cf. Eur. *Androm.*, 262.

NOT. 8, PAG. 39.

Hujusce poematis titulus foret haud ineptus; ὅς

μὴ πέπονθε τὰμὰ, μὴ βουλευέτω, Soph. frag., 814.  
Cf. ejusdem frag., 662, et Æsch. *Prom. V.* 263 :

ἐλαφρόν ὅστις πημάτων ἔξω πόδα, κ. τ. λ.

NOT. 9, PAG. 41.

σώσσειε. . Optativus sine ἄν, post ἔστιν ὅστις, ut  
in Æsch. *Prom. V.* 292, *Choeph.* 172.

NOT. 10, PAG. 47.

Ἐλεος. Rarius in sententiam præne Christianam  
incideris apud Tragicos. At hic illic scintilla latet  
illius flammæ divinæ, ut τὰπειικὴ πρόσθεν ἡγείσθαι  
δίκης, Eur. fr. inc. 838, et illud Sophocleum Ζηνὶ  
σύνθακος θρόνων Αἰδώς (*Œd. Col.* 1267).

Portiæ argumentum de 'summo jure' haud multum  
distat ab eo quod Electræ adversus Clytemnestram  
tribuitur :

πρώτη θάνοις ἄν, εἰ δίκης γε τυγχάνοις, Soph. *El.* 583.

NOT. 11, PAG. 55.

πάτρως. Hanc vocem asciscere non dubitavi,  
quanquam, quod mireris, haud exstat exemplum apud

Tragicos. Equidem potui in voce, etsi ambigua, *θείε* acquiescere, ut in libro illo felicissimo 'Shrewsbury Verses' adhibetur, ex exemplo Euripidis *Iph. Taur.* 930, sed quum *μήτρως* apud Tragicos exstet, vocabulum gemellum, non ambiguum, scil. *πάτρως*, haud respuendum esse videtur.

NOT. 12, PAG. 61.

*τὸ τῆς Ἀνάγκης*, scil. ex *Æsch. Prom. V.* 105. Haud absimile in Eur. *Beller.*, *πρὸς τὴν Ἀνάγκην πάντα τᾶλλ' ἔστ' ἀσθενή*, item *Helen.* 514, et *Soph. Thyest.*, *πρὸς τὴν Ἀνάγκην οὐδ' Ἄρης ἀνθίσταται*.

NOT. 13, PAG. 81.

*μασχάλισμα*. Hoc vocabulum, quod tragicorum fuit, testibus Glossographis, quodque latet in *Æschylo* verbo *ἐμασχαλίσθη*, haud alienum videtur ab hoc loco *Shaksperiano*.

NOT. 14, PAG. 95.

Confer *Æsch. Prom. V.* 921, *πεσεῖν ἀτίμως πτώματ' οὐκ ἀνασχετά*.

## NOT. 15, PAG. 105.

In hoc commate, *νᾶνοι* atque alia hujusmodi habent excusationem, ex eo quod sermo Cassii acridum quoddam sapit seu satiricum et contumeliosum atque comico generi propius accedit.

## NOT. 16, PAG. 109.

Pulchre, ut solet, Ricardus C. Jebb, V. C., Ricardi Porsoni in versibus pangendis æmulus, *φονᾶ τὸ πρᾶγμα*. Haud facile quis æquiparaverit, nisi fortasse Sophoclis auxilio, ex quo in pari argumento bene quadrat, *τομᾶ τὸ πῆμα*, vel, fortasse, leni deflexu, Æschyli *ἄκος τομαῖον*.

## NOT. 17, PAG. 115.

Confer Eur. *Androm.* 851 :

*συμφοραὶ θεήλατοι*  
*πᾶσιν βροτοῖσιν ἢ τότ' ἢ λθον ἢ τότε.*

In re tali quoque *ἦκω* usurpatur; cf. Soph. *Œd. R.* 342, ubi *οὐκοῦν ἂ γ' ἤξει καὶ σὲ χρή λέγειν ἐμοί*, atque illud Æschyleum *τὸ μέλλον ἤξει*.

## NOT. 18, PAG. 127.

φονεῖς. Hanc formam accusativi, quanquam apud Tragicos rarior est, adscivi, exemplo fretus Euripidis in frag. 38, *Ἀντίορα*, ubi τοὺς τε φύσαντας γονεῖς terminat versum sine dubio bonæ monetæ. Si formam φονέας prætuleris, eodem sane redit per synizesin, et in primo pede Iambici talia offendimus crebro.

## NOT. 19, PAG. 131.

οὔτι βλάβῳ. Corripi posse vocalem ante βλ, neque semper pro longa haberi, patet ex illo Sophocleo πασῶν ἔβλαστε (*Elect.* 432), ubi haud arridet ἔβλαστε πασῶν.

## NOT. 20, PAG. 139.

ἐξεκόκκισα. Aristophanicum magis quam tragicorum verbum, sed in tali loco haud ineptum et loquenti consentaneum.

## NOT. 21, PAG. 147.

φρενῶν ὄσσοις. Cf. ὁ σ σ ὀ μ ε ν ο ς πατέρ' ἐσθλὸν ἐνὶ φρεσί, de Telemacho, qui in pari desiderio pat-



ris versatur. Apud Platonem (*Rep.* 533 D.) ψυχῆς  
 ὄμμα, apud Æschylum φρένα . . . ὠματωμένην,  
*Choeph.* 854.

NOT. 22, PAG. 149.

Plura hujusce venæ apud Platonem invenias quam  
 apud Tragicos, ut in Phædone 107 C., εἰ μὲν γὰρ ἦν  
 ὁ θάνατος τοῦ παντὸς ἀπαλλαγὴ, κ. τ. λ. Cf. quoque  
*Axiochum* qui fertur, dialogum, § 7–9, ubi vita adum-  
 bratur quasi ex Hamleti cujusdam prisci oculis. Inter  
 tragicas personas, Io apud Æschylum (*Prom. V.* 747),  
 in sententiæ tenorem, quo orditur Hamletus, proxime  
 incidisse paullisper saltem videtur.

NOT. 23, PAG. 149.

Duplicem versum pro unico poetæ Angli haud  
 amovendum duxi, at si quis unicum desiderat, legere  
 potest

εἴτ' οὖν με δεῖ ζῆν, εἴτε μή, σκοπεῖν χρεών.  
 (cf. Eur. *Hec.* 349), sive  
 χρὴ ζῆν ἔτ' ἢ μή; τοῦτ' ἐκεῖν' δ' σκεπτέον.

NOT. 24, PAG. 165.

In proprio nomine etymi scil. obscuri, licentiam

duxi adolescenti condonandam corripiendi & in 'Ιθοκ-  
λῆς, idque in gemello quoque poemate p. 166.

NOT. 25, PAG. 175.

Iisdem vestigiis antecessit in hoc loco Ed. Greswell,  
qui haud infeliciter hoc poema Miltoni cultu donavit  
Græco.

NOT. 26, PAG. 179.

Artifex adulescens hujus 'flosculi' decem vocabula  
compressit paullo felicius unius versus orbe, quod  
rarius etiam in Tragicis ipsis invenias. Undecim  
vocabula rarissime, ut in Eur. *Androm.* 902; Soph.  
*Œd. R.* 371. Duodecim voces præbet versus Aristo-  
phanicus, *Ran.* 28.

NOT. 27, PAG. 193.

πολλὰ γὰρ πολλοῖς κ. τ. λ., secundum Eur. *Ion.*  
381. Titulum poematis haud male aptum inveneris  
in versu Sophocleo—

τῶν δὲ πημονῶν

μάλιστα λυποῦσ', αἱ φανῶσ' ἀθαιρέτοι, *Œd. R.* 1230.

Idem quoque in fragmento,

ταῦτ' ἐστὶν ἄλγιστ', ἣν παρὸν θέσθαι καλῶς  
αὐτός τις αὐτῷ τὴν βλάβην προσθῇ φέρων.

NOT. 28, PAG. 197.

Confer eandem sententiam Pindari, *Pyth.* IV. 274,  
ῥάδιον μὲν γὰρ πόλιν σείσαι κ. τ. λ.

NOT. 29, PAG. 203.

Proxime accedit sententia Sophoclis (*Trach.* 146);  
ubi τὸ νεάζον describitur,

καί νιν οὐ θάλπος θεοῦ  
οὐδ' ὄμβρος οὐδὲ πνευμάτων οὐδὲν κλονεῖ,  
ἀλλ' ἡδοναῖς ἄμοχθον ἐξαίρει βίον.

NOT. 30, PAG. 207.

Præstat fortasse, ex vestigiis Eurip. *Alc.* 1070,  
*Soph. Phil.* 1309,

Τύχην μὲν οὐκ ἔχοιμ' ἂν εὖ λέγειν, φίλοι,  
εἰ δ' οὖν πέφυκ' ἄνολβος, ὧδ' οὐκ ἔσθ' ὅτου  
ὀργὴν ἔχοιτ' ἂν οὐδὲ μέμψιν εἰς ἐμέ.

## NOT. 31, PAG. 209.

Cf. *Æsch. Prom. V.* 431. βοᾶ δὲ πόντιος κλύδων, στένει βύθος, et plura ibidem, quasi voces quas emittit Natura planctu condolescens. Si cui asyndeton displicet, legere potest βοῶσι δ' αὔραι. At in versu hujusmodi haud necessarium videtur, si norma sumenda est ex *Æschylo* auctore in re tali locupletissimo, qui geminatione persimili versus Iambici utitur, scil. μέλαιν' Ἑρινύς, ἡ μεγασθενής τις εἶ, *Sept. c. Theb.* 977, repetita 989. Alia exempla, non Iambica, aliqua ex parte similia præbet *Æschylus*, sicut αἴλιον etc. *Agam.* 139. Cf. quoque *Choeph.* 961, 972, πάρα τὸ φῶς ἰδεῖν. In *Eumen.* 328, δὲ in tali formula inseritur. Omitto Bucolicos, quorum est sæpe ingeminare, idque maxime non sine asyndeto.

## NOT. 32, PAG. 209.

Cf. κατήγγεν, ἤγγεν, ἤγγεν ἐς μέλαν πέδον *Eur. Bacch.* 1065. Si cui autem καθεῖλκον in re non nautica parum arridet, quanquam εἰλκον sane satis defendit, eligere licet versum *Sophocleum* haud male consentaneum, ὤτρυνον, εἰσέβαλλον εἰς ἔρκη πόθων, secundum *Ajacem.* 60.

## NOT. 33, PAG. 229.

Hæ translationes Hadriani versiculorum prius in lucem editæ sunt, in volumine cui titulus 'Adrianus Moriens,' (Editore D. Johnson, Bath, 1876).



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**SECRET**

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1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be addressed. This involves understanding the context and the specific requirements of the task.



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