TRANSLATIONS
INTO GREEK VERSE
Alcides thus his race began,
O'er infancy he swiftly ran;
The future god at first was more than man:
Dangers and toils, and Juno's hate,
Even o'er his cradle lay in wait,
And there he grappled first with Fate:
In his young hands the hissing snakes he press'd;
So early was the deity confess'd:
Thus by degrees he rose to Jove's imperial seat;
Thus difficulties prove a soul legitimately great.

Dryden.
'Απὸ βαλβίδων τοιόνδ' ἔλαχεν
δρόμον 'Αλκείδας, ἀταλάς ἀβας
ταχὺ τέρμ' ἀνύσας· ἤν δ' ἄρ' ὁ μέλλων
θεὸς ἐξ ἀρχῆς κρεῖσσον τι βροτοῦ.
τί γάρ, οὕτω πήμ' ἐπιμαστίδιον
μόχθοι τ' ἐλάχουν χῶ κότος "Ηρας;
καὶ νῦν Μοίραις πρῶτ' ἀντίπαλον
σπάργαν' ἐδέρχθη
νεαρὸν νεαραίς σύρυγμ' ὄφεον
χεραὶ δαμάζουθ'. ὁδε νεογνὸς
φανθεῖς θεὸς ὄν, ὁδ' ὑψίβατον
Ζηνὸς προσέβα χρόνιον θάκημ'.
ὁδ' ὁ πόνος τοι
λῆμα κατ' αἴσαν μέγ' ἐλέγχει.
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Mir. Alas, now, pray you,
Work not so hard: I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin’d to pile!
Pray, set it down and rest you: when this burns,
’Twill weep for having wearied you. My father
Is hard at study; pray now, rest yourself;
He’s safe for these three hours.

Fer. O most dear mistress,
The sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

Mir. If you’ll sit down,
I’ll bear your logs the while; pray, give me that;
I’ll carry it to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature;
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

Mir. It would become me
As well as it does you: and I should do it
With much more ease; for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.

Pros. Poor worm, thou art infected!
This visitation shows it.

Mir. You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble mistress; ’tis fresh morning with me
When you are by at night. I do beseech you—
Chiefly, that I might set it in my prayers—
What is your name?

Mir. Miranda:—O my father,
I have broke your hest to say so!

Fer. Admired Miranda!
Indeed the top of admiration; worth
What’s dearest to the world.

SHAKESPEARE.
Α. Μη πρός σε γούνων μὴ ποιῶν ἄγαν τόνει.
εἰ γὰρ τάδ᾿ ἐξέπρησεν αἰθαλοῦσά σοι φλῶξ
τὰ πρέμων ἄ χόσαι δεύρ᾿ ἐπέσταλται τέλος.
ἂν᾿ οὖν χαμαι θές τοῦτο καὶ κάψυς ἤσον·
καὶ γὰρ πυροθέν κλαύσεται τὸν σὸν κόπον.
αλλ᾿ ἔστι πρὸς Μούσας γὰρ ὁ στείρας πατήρ,
ἐξεταὶ δ᾿ ἄργεν κάναπαύεσθαι δέμας,
διὸν γὰρ οὖν βέβαιος ἔσον ἐμένειν.
Φ. αλλ᾿, ὥς φίλη δέσποινα, μὴ δύνη σέλας
θεού δέδωκα, πρὶν τὸδ᾿ ἐξαντλῶν χρέος.
Α. κάθησ᾿ ὡς δὲ βαστάσα τέος ἔξυλα.
δὸς μοι τὸδ᾿, ὦς πρὸς δόξην ἐν μέρει φέρω.
Φ. μὴ δῆτα· πρὶν γ᾿ ἄν, τιμιωτατόν κάρα,
διαρραγεῖν νεῦρα, νοηταία δὲ
λύωμ᾿ ἄν ἄρθρη, ἣ σοὶ γε τήρη ἀτιμάν
θείνην ἄν, αὐτὸς μαθακῶς παρήμου.
Α. ἀλλ᾿ οὐχὶ μᾶλλον σοὶ γ᾿ ἄν ἢ κάμοι πρόποι:
ῥάμω δ᾿ ἄν αὐτὴ τοιθ᾿ ὑποργοίνθην χρέος,
ἐγὼ γὰρ εἰμ᾿ ἐκόσια σοὶ δ᾿ ἀκουσα φρήν.
Πρ. οἷα τάλαινα τῇδε πρόσκευσαι νόσφρ.
ὅθελοι γὰρ ἢ κέλευθος ἢπερ ἐστάρης.
Α. οὐμ᾿ ὦς καμὼντος ὡμα σοῦ κατηγορεῖ.
Φ. οὐ δῆτα, δέσποινοι· ἡμερήσιον σοὶ ἃρ
ἐν εὐφρώνη παροῦσα σημαίνεις φῶς,
πρὸς θεῶν ὅπως αὐτοῦνται μὴ μ᾿ ἀτιμάσεις,
ἄλλως τε κἀν εὐχαίσει σοῦ μνείαι ἔχειν,
τι σ᾿ ἄν καλῶν τύχοια ἄν ἀφεῦδος λόγοι;
Α. ἀλλ᾿ ἵσθ᾿ Ἀγαμήνοι τοῦνοι· οἳ πάτερ, σέθεν
λέγονα ἐφετῶν πρὸ δόταις οὐσ᾿ ἐφηρεθῆναι.
Φ. ὃς εὐλόγως ἂρ᾿ ἵσθ᾿ ἐπόνυμος, κόρη,
ἡν οὐκ ἀγαὶτ᾿ ἀν οὕτως εἰς υπερβολὴν,
πάντων ὦσ᾿ ἔστι τιμιωτάτον πολὺ.
And when the dead by cruel tyrant's spite,
   Lie out to rav'rous birds and beasts expos'd,
His yearnful heart pitying that wretched sight,
   In seemly graves their weary flesh enclos'd,
   And strew'd with dainty flow'rs the lowly hearse;
Then all alone the last words did rehearse,
   Bidding them softly sleep in his sad sighing verse.

So once that royal maid fierce Thebes beguil'd,
   Though wilful Creon proudly did forbid her;
Her brother, from his home and tomb exil'd,
   (While willing night in darkness safely hid her)
   She lowly laid in Earth's all covering shade :
   Her dainty hands (not us'd to such a trade)
She with a mattock toils, and with a weary spade.

Yet feels she neither sweat, nor irksome pain,
   Till now his grave was fully finished;
Then on his wounds her cloudy eyes 'gin rain,
   To wash the guilt painted in bloody red :
   And falling down upon his gored side,
   With hundred varied 'plaints she often cry'd,
'Oh, had I died for thee, or with thee might have died!'

Phineas Fletcher.
Κεί πνο τυράννων νηλεώς ύβρις νεκρούς
μέφεσιν ὁμοῖς θηραί τ’ οἰωνοῖς θ’ ἐλαιρ.
πολλῆς ξυν αἰδοὶ πικρῶν ἐποικύσας
τῶν πολλὰ τλάντων σώματ’ ὕγκασεν τάφο
ἐξαιρέτοις τύμβοιν ἀνέθει στέφοιν.
καθ’ ὑστάτοις ἀφήκε κωκυτῶν γόους
αὐτὸς καθ’ αὐτὸν δυσθρόφ θρηνοδία
ἐναιδίς ἑφυμαθ ἡσύχως κοιμώμενον.
οὐτω δὲ Θήβας βασιλικὴ κλέπτει κόρη
ὁμοῦ βία Κρέοντος ἀντιρηκότος,
ἡτις πατρῴον τὸν κασάγμητον τάφον
καὶ πόλεος ἐκριμέντα (νῦξ γὰρ ἀσφαλῆ
σκότω σφ’ ἐκοῦσ’ ἐκρυψέν) εὐσεβώς χθονὸ
σκιὰ περιστέλλει νιν ἐν περιπτυχεῖ.
ἀβρὰ τε χειρὶ τῶν ἄδρειρ ἐργάσισαν
αὐτὴ διεκέλλῃ καὶ γενόθοι ἀπτεται.
οὐ μὴν ἱδρώτος οὐ πόουν ἐγεύσατο
πρὶν πάς ἐπλήσθη μόχθος’ ἔτη δυσχήμω
βάψασα τραύματ’ ὄρματων πλημμυρίδω
ἐτεγγεν ὡς λύσοντα φοίνοι μύσων.
κατατε τε πλευρῶς περιτεσσοῦ’ ἡμαγμένοις
φίλοις προσεύπτε μυρίους οἰμώγμασιν
ἡ ἕννθανείν χρήν ἡ θανείν ὑπ’ ετέρ σέθεν.
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TRANSLATIONS

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house, with such
Whose roof’s as low as ours! Stoop, boys; this gate
Instructs you how to adore the heavens, and bows you
To a morning’s holy office: the gates of monarchs
Are arch’d so high that giants may jet through
And keep their impious turbans on, without
Good morrow to the sun. Hail, thou fair heaven!
We house i’ the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

Gui. Hail, heaven!

Arv. Hail, heaven!

Bel. Now for our mountain sport: up to yond hill;
Your legs are young; I’ll tread these flats. Consider,
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place which lessens and sets off:
And you may then revolve what tales I have told you
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:
This service is not service, so being done,
But being so allowed: to apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see;
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded beetle in a safer hold
Than is the full-wing’d eagle. O, this life
Is nobler than attending for a check,
Richer than doing nothing for a babe,
Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk:
Such gain the cap of him that makes ’em fine,
Yet keeps his book uncross’d.

Shakespeare.
Κάλλιον ἢ τιν’ ἐνδού οἰκουρεῖν φάος
οὕτω βραχεῖαν τὴν στέγην κεκτημένον,
κυπτοῖ’ ἂν, ὃ τέκν’ ἦδε γὰρ φρενοὶ θύρα
ὁρθῶς σέβεσθαι προσκυνοῦντας οὐρανὸν
ἐορθῶς κἀπτοῦσα πρὸς λυτὰς κάρας.
οὕτω δ’ ἄρ’ ὄψους αἱ τυραννικῶν στέγαι
μελαθρὸν ἀνήκουσ’ ὡστε γηγενὴ σποράν
αὐτοῖς μῦτραιον ἀνοσίαις διεκπέραν
μιθὲν προσευνότοις ἥλιον κύκλων.
ὡ δεῖσιν αἰθήρ, χαῖρ’ ἐνοικοῦντες πέτρας
ὀραν ὡμοὶ ποιοῦμεθ’ οὐχ ἤσσον σέβεν
τόν’ οἱ τρυφόσιν εὐποτμωτέρη χλεῦη.

Γ. ὁ χαῖρε, καλλιφεγγίμε οὐρανοῦ σέλας.

A. χαίροις ὃν ἄδειον ἐν τριτοίς προφθέγμασι. 

B. ἔλεγ’ ὅτι βραχεῖς ἄρξομεσθ’ ὑπερτέρας
σοφὶ μὲν πρὸς ὃχθουν’ νέα γὰρ ἡμὰτε σκέλη.
ἐγὼ δ’ ἐνερθὲν αὐτὸ καταστέψας πέθον,
ὅταν δ’ ἄνωθεν οἶα τὶς κόραξ φανὸ τὸν’ ἐνοεῖσθαν ὦς ἐν ὄψει ἐσταμέν
οὕτως ἐλάσσον αὐτὸς ἢ μέλιον πρέπει.
ὅτι δεὸς μεμνήσασθε τῶν εἰρμηνέων
μελαθρῶν ἀνάκτων καὶ φιλοφεῦδους μίχ’ ὅτι
τραχεῖν ὦτοι πραξθῇν ὅλ’ ἐγραμμευόν
ἀλλ’ ἀξιοῦν τῷ σκοπουμένῳ τάδε ὅλ’ ἢ βλέπῃ τοῖς τοιοῦτ’ ἀφελμ’ ἐν.
παρηγορεῖται δ’ ἐνθ’ ὅτ’ ἐνοεῖα κέαρ,
ἰδανπερ εἰσορόμεν ἀσφαλεστέρον
τῷ τετίσα μικραίς καθάροι πεφραγμένῳ
πορισθὲν ἔρχοι ἀετοῦ τανυπτέρου.
χῶ βίος ὧδ’ ἡμῶν μάλλον ἐγενότερος
τοῦ τὰς τυραννὸν προσδοκῶν ἐπιστολῆς,
καὶ πλουσιώτερός γε τοῦ τῶν ὀρφανῶν
ἀποστῆται, πλείονος τ’ ἔχων τρυφῆς
τοῦ βυζινοῦ σοβούντας εὐχλεῖεν στολάς.’
οἴος τ’ ἰάμπρ’ υψάματ’ ἐξεφαρμαγμένος
σέβει δεδορκώς, διαγράφει δ’ οἰδέν χρός.

INTO GREEK VERSE
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**TRANSLATIONS**

**Const.** A wicked day, and not a holy day!
What hath this day deserved? what hath it done,
That it in golden letters should be set
Among the high tides in the calendar?
Nay, rather turn this day out of the week,
This day of shame, oppression, perjury.
Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child
Pray that their burthens may not fall this day,
Lest that their hopes prodigiously be cross’d:
But on this day let seamen fear no wreck;
No bargains break that are not this day made:
This day, all things begun come to ill end,
Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!

**K. Phi.** By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause
To curse the fair proceedings of this day:
Have I not pawn’d to you my majesty?

**Const.** You have beguiled me with a counterfeit
Resembling majesty, which, being touch’d and tried,
Proves valueless: you are forsworn, forsworn;
You came in arms to spill mine enemies’ blood,
But now in arms you strengthen it with yours.

*Shakespeare.*