

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.

Ἄπο βαλβίδων τοιόνδ' ἔλαχεν
 δρόμον Ἀλκείδας, ἀταλᾶς ἄβας
 ταχὺ τέρμ' ἀνύσας· ἦν δ' ἄρ' ὁ μέλλων
 θεὸς ἐξ ἀρχῆς κρείσσον τι βροτοῦ.
 τί γάρ, ὄντινα πῆμ' ἐπιμαστίδιον
 μόχθοι τ' ἐλόχων χῶ κότος Ἥρας;
 καί νιν Μοίραις πρῶτ' ἀντίπαλον
 σπάργαν' ἐδέρχθη
 νεαρὸν νεαραῖς σύριγμ' ὄφρων
 χερσὶ δαμάζονθ'. ὦδε νεογνὸς
 φανθεὶς θεὸς ὦν, ὦδ' ὑψίβατον
 Ζηνὸς προσέβα χρόνιος θάκημ'.
 ὦδ' ὁ πόνος τοι
 λῆμα κατ' αἴσαν μέγ' ἐλέγχει.

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.

- A. Μὴ πρὸς σε γούνων μὴ πονῶν ἄγαν πόνει.
 εἰ γὰρ τάδ' ἐξέπρησεν αἰθαλοῦσσα φλόξ
 τὰ πρέμν' ἂ χῶσαι δεῦρ' ἐπέσταλται τέλος.
 ἄγ' οὖν χαμαὶ θές τοῦτο καὶ κάμψον γόνυ·
 καὶ γὰρ πυρωθὲν κλαύσεται τὸν σὸν κόπον.
 ἀλλ' ἐστὶ πρὸς Μούσαις γὰρ ὁ σπείρας πατήρ,
 ἔξεστι δ' ἀργεῖν κἀναπαύεσθαι δέμας,
 δαρὸν γὰρ οὖν βέβαιος ἔνδον ἐμμένειν.
- Φ. ἀλλ', ὦ φίλη δέσποινα, μὴ δύνῃ σέλας
 θεοῦ δέδοικα, πρὶν τόδ' ἐξαντλεῖν χρέος.
- A. κάθησ'· ἐγὼ δὲ βαστάσω τέως ξύλα.
 δός μοι τόδ', ὡς πρὸς ὄχθον ἐν μέρει φέρω.
- Φ. μὴ δῆτα· πρὶν γ' ἂν, τιμιώτατον κἀρα,
 διαρραγείην νεῦρα, νωτιαῖα δὲ
 λυοίμ' ἂν ἄρθρ', ἢ σοί γε τήνδ' ἀτιμίαν
 θείην ἂν, αὐτὸς μαλθακῶς παρήμενος.
- A. ἀλλ' οὐχὶ μᾶλλον σοί γ' ἂν ἢ κἀμοὶ πρόπει·
 ῥᾶον δ' ἂν αὐτῇ τοῦθ' ὑπουργοίην χρέος,
 ἐγὼ γὰρ εἰμ' ἐκούσα σοὶ δ' ἄκουσα φρήν.
- Πρ. οἶα τάλαινα τῆδε πρόσκεισαι νόσφ'·
 δηλοὶ γὰρ ἢ κέλευθος ἦνπερ ἐστάλης.
- A. οἶμ' ὡς καμόντος ὄμμα σοῦ κατηγορεῖ.
- Φ. οὐ δῆτα, δέσποιν'· ἡμερήσιον σὺ γὰρ
 ἐν εὐφρόνῃ παροῦσα σημαίνεις φάος.
 πρὸς θεῶν ὅπως αἰτοῦντα μὴ μ' ἀτιμάσεις,
 ἄλλως τε κὰν εὐχαῖσι σοῦ μνειάν ἔχειν,
 τί σ' ἂν καλῶν τύχοιμ' ἂν ἀψευδοῦς λόγου;
- A. ἀλλ' ἴσθ' Ἀγαυὴν τοῦνομ'· ὦ πάτερ, σέθεν
 λέγουσ' ἐφετμῶν προδότις οὐσ' ἐφηυρέθην.
- Φ. ὡς εὐλόγως ἄρ' ἦσθ' ἐπώνυμος, κόρη,
 ἦν οὐκ ἄγαιτ' ἂν οὔτις εἰς ὑπερβολήν,
 πάντων ὅσ' ἔστι τιμιώτατον πολύ.

And when the dead by cruel tyrant's spite,
Lie out to rav'nous 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.

Κεῖ που τυράννων νηλεῶς ὕβρις νεκρούς
 ῥίψειεν ὠμοῖς θηρσί τ' οἰωνοῖς θ' ἔλωρ,
 πολλῆ ξὺν αἰδοῖ πικρὸν ὄμμ' ἐποικτίσας
 τῶν πολλὰ τλάντων σώματ' ὄγκωσεν τάφῳ
 ἐξαιρέτοισι τύμβον ἄνθεσι στέφων·
 καὶ θ' ὑστάτους ἀφήκε κωκυτῶν γόους
 αὐτὸς καθ' αὐτὸν δυσθρόφῳ θρηνωδία
 εὐναῖς ἐφύμνων ἡσύχως κοιμωμένων.
 οὕτω δὲ Θήβας βασιλικὴ κλέπτει κόρη
 ὠμοῦ βία Κρέοντος ἀντειρηκότος,
 ἥτις πατρώων τὸν κασίγνητον τάφῳ
 καὶ πόλεος ἐκριφθέντα (νὺξ γὰρ ἀσφαλῆ
 σκότῳ σφ' ἐκοῦσ' ἔκρυψεν) εὐσεβῶς χθονὸς
 σκιᾷ περιστέλλει νιν ἐν περιπτυχεῖ,
 ἀβρᾶ τε χειρὶ τῶνδ' αἰδρις ἐργμάτων
 αὐτῇ δικέλλης καὶ γενῆδος ἄπτεται.
 οὐ μὴν ἰδρώτος οὐ πόνων ἐγεύσατο
 πρὶν πᾶς ἐπλήσθη μόχθος· εἶτα δυσχίμῳ
 βάψασα τραύματ' ὀμμάτων πλημμυρίδι
 ἔτεγγεν ὡς λύσουσα φοῖνιον μύσος.
 καῖπειτα πλευροῖς περιπεσοῦσ' ἡμαγμένους
 φίλως προσεῖπε μυρίοις οἰμώγμασιν·
 ἦ ξυνθανεῖν χρῆν ἢ θανεῖν ὑπὲρ σέθεν.

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.

Gai. 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.

INTO GREEK VERSE

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- B. *Κάλλιον ἢ τιν' ἔνδον οἰκουρεῖν φάος
 οὕτω βραχεῖαν τὴν στέγην κεκτημένον.
 κύπτουτ' ἄν, ὦ τέκν'· ἦδε γὰρ φρενοῖ θύρα
 ὀρθῶς σέβεσθαι προσκυνούντας οὐρανὸν
 ἑωθινὰς κάμπτουςα πρὸς λιτὰς κάρα.
 οὕτω δ' ἄρ' ὕψους αἰ τυραννικῶν στέγαι
 μελάθρων ἀνήκουσ' ὥστε γηγενῆ σπορὰν
 αὐταῖς μίτραισιν ἀνοσίοις διεκπερᾶν
 μηδὲν προσενέποντας ἡλίου κύκλον.
 ὦ δίος αἰθήρ, χαῖρ'· ἐνοικούντες πέτραις
 ὄραν ὅμως ποιούμεθ' οὐχ ἥσσω σέθεν
 τῶνδ' οἷ τρυφῶσιν εὐποτμωτέρᾳ χλιδῆ.*
- Γ. *ὦ χαῖρε, καλλιφεγγές οὐρανοῦ σέλας.*
- A. *χαίροις ἂν αὐθις ἐν τρίτοις προσφθέγμασιν.*
- B. *εἶεν·
 ὅπως δὲ θήρας ἀρξόμεσθ' ὀρεστέρας·
 σφῶ μὲν πρὸς ὄχθον· νέα γὰρ ἠβᾶτε σκέλη·
 ἐγὼ δ' ἔνερθεν αὐ καταστείψω πέδον.
 ὅταν δ' ἄνωθεν οἶά τις κόραξ φανῶ
 τότε ἔννοεῖσθον ὡς ἐν ᾧπερ ἔσταμεν
 οὕτως ἐλάσσω αὐτὸς ἢ μείζων πρέπει.
 ὅπως δὲ μεμνήσεσθε τῶν εἰρημένων
 μελάθρων ἀνάκτων καὶ φιλοψευδοῦς μάχης·
 τὸ πραχθὲν οὗτοι πραχθὲν ὧδ' εἰργασμένον
 ἀλλ' ἀξιωθέν· τῷ σκοπούμενῳ τάδε
 οἷς ἂν βλέπη τις τοισίδ' ὠφέλημ' ἔνι.
 παρηγορεῖται δ' ἔσθ' ὅτ' ἐννοία κέαρ,
 ὅτανπερ εἰσορῶμεν ἀσφαλέστερον
 τῷ λεπίσσι μικραῖς κανθάρῳ πεφραγμένῳ
 πορισθὲν ἔρκος ἀετοῦ ταυπτέρου.
 χῶ βίος ὅδ' ἡμῶν μᾶλλον εὐγενέστερος
 τοῦ τὰς τυράννων προσδοκᾶν ἐπιστολίας,
 καὶ πλουσιώτερός γε τοῦ τὸν ὀρφανὸν
 ἀποστερηῆσαι, πλείονός τ' ἔχων τρυφῆς
 τοῦ βυσσίνουις σοβοῦντας ἐγγλίειν στολαῖς·
 οἷους ὁ λάμπρ' ὑφάσματ' ἐξειργασμένος
 σέβει δεδορκῶς, διαγράφει δ' οὐδὲν χρέος.*

- 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.