SOPHOCLES
SOPHOCLES
STATUE IN THE LATERAN MUSEUM, ROME
SOPHOCLES
WITH AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY
F. STORR, B.A.
FORMERLY SCHOLAR OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

IN TWO VOLUMES
I

OEDIPUS THE KING
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS
ANTIGONE

LONDON
WILLIAM HEINEMANN LTD
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS
HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS
MCMLXII
# CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>FRONTISPICE (Statue of Sophocles)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>INTRODUCTION</td>
<td>vii</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>OEDIPUS THE KING</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>OEDIPUS AT COLONUS</td>
<td>141</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ANTIGONE</td>
<td>309</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
INTRODUCTION

Salamis, one of the decisive battles of the world, which saved not only Greece but western civilization, is a connecting link between the three great Attic tragedians. Aeschylus, then in his prime, fought himself and celebrated the victory in his Persae; Sophocles, a boy of fifteen, was chosen for his beauty and musical skill as leader of the youthful choir who danced and sang a paean round the trophy; and Euripides, according to tradition, was born on the very day of the battle.

In his art, no less than in his age, Sophocles stands half way between the primitive faith and large utterance of Aeschylus, the "superman," and the lyric pathos, "the touch of all things human," of Euripides the Rationalist.

Of his private life, if we neglect later myth and gossip, there is little to tell. As Phrynicus wrote shortly after his death, "Thus happily ended a life without one mishap." He was born at Colonus (495 B.C.), that deme of Athens which he afterwards immortalized in what Cicero pronounced the sweetest vii
INTRODUCTION

of all lyrics, and his father Sophilus, a well-to-do Athenian (probably a master-cutler), gave him the best education of the day in music, dancing, and gymnastics. Endowed with every gift of nature, both physical and mental, from the very first, he carried all before him. When he began to dramatize we know not, but in 468 he won the first prize, probably with the Triptolemus, a lost play, and there is no reason to doubt the story that it was awarded to him by Cimon, the successful general to whom the Archon Eponymus of the year deferred the decision.

The year 440 B.C. was to Sophocles what A.D. 1850 was to Tennyson, the grand climaeteric of his life. After, and partly at least in consequence of his Antigone, which took the town by storm, he was appointed one of the ten straegi sent with Pericles to reduce the aristocratic revolt in Samos. If the poet won no fresh laurels in the field he did not forfeit the esteem and admiration of his countrymen, who conferred on him various posts of distinction, just as the age of Queen Anne rewarded Addison and Prior with secretaryships, or as the United States sent us Lowell as ambassador. He was President of the Ἐλληνοταμία or Imperial Treasurers of the tribute. After the Sicilian disaster in 413 he was viii
appointed a member of the Πρόβολοντα or Committee of Public Safety. The pretty story told by Cicero in the De Senectute of his last appearance in public in extreme old age and his triumphant acquittal by the jury is too familiar to be repeated, and is probably a fiction, but it serves as evidence of his popularity to the very end. He had seen the rise of Athens and identified himself with her glory, and he was spared by a happy death from witnessing her final fall at the battle of Aegospotami (405 B.C.).

"His life was gentle." Gentle is the word by which critics ancient and modern have agreed to characterize him. The epitaph is Shakespeare's, and Ben Jonson applies it to Shakespeare himself, but it fits even more aptly the sweet singer of Colonus, in whom "the elements were so mixed" as to form what the Greeks expressed by ἐὔκολος. In the famous line of Aristophanes:

οδ' ἐὔκολος μὲν ἐνθάδ', ἐὔκολος δ' ἐκεί.
Sweet-tempered as on earth, so here below.

The one aspersion on his character is that in his younger days he was a passionate lover, but the charge rests on a passage in the opening scene of the Republic of Plato which will bear a milder interpretation. When Sophocles, as there reported, expressed his satisfaction
INTRODUCTION

at escaping from a savage and tyrannous monster, he surely did not mean that he had been a libertine, but that old age had removed him from temptations to which he may never have succumbed. In all antiquity there is not a purer-minded poet, and (as in the case of Virgil and Shakespeare) we may discredit and ignore the unsavoury gossip of Athenaeus and the scandal-mongers of a later age.

Since his death the fame of Sophocles has grown and never suffered eclipse. To Aristotle no less than to Aristophanes he is the greatest of dramatists, and in the Poetics the *Oedipus Rex* is held up as the model of a tragedy. To Virgil who freely imitated him "the buskin of Sophocles" is a synonym for dramatic perfection. Racine and Lessing prized him no less highly, and Sophocles was the volume that Shelley carried with him to his watery grave.

The *Merope* of Matthew Arnold is a far-off echo of the *Electra* of Sophocles, and no finer or truer tribute has been paid to a poet than the sonnet in which Arnold renders his special thanks to him

"Whose even-balanced soul,
From first youth tested up to extreme old age,
Business could not make dull, nor passion wild;
Who saw life steadily, and saw it whole,
The mellow glory of the Attic stage,
Singer of sweet Colonus and its child."
INTRODUCTION

For a discussion of the genius of Sophocles as a dramatist and a poet, his relation to his older and younger contemporary, his religious and political creed, we must be content to refer our readers to the Bibliography, but a few words may be permitted on his language as it affects the translator. Dr. Warren has pronounced Sophocles "the least translatable and the least imitable of the Greeks," and it is in the second epithet that the translator may find his best excuse for attempting the impossible. Greek critics assigned to Sophocles in his maturity "the common or middle diction," that is, a diction halfway between the pomp of Aeschylus and the language of everyday prose, and Wordsworth might have taken him to illustrate the canon laid down in his Preface to "Lyrical Ballads." Coleridge might no less have chosen Sophocles to refute that canon. The words themselves are familiar in men's ears, but in Sophocles they have gained a new significance, sometimes simply from their collocation, sometimes by a reversion to their first meanings, oftener because (as in Virgil) they denote one thing and connote others. It is no paradox to say that the ease, the simplicity, the seeming transparency of the language, constitute the translator's main difficulty. In the present instance he is painfully conscious of his
INTRODUCTION

failure to preserve this simplicity and transfer these latent meanings, but he has sought to be faithful and the prospect of the text facing him has been a righteous terror. At the same time he has held as a first principle that, whatever else it is, a translation must be English, that is to say, it must be intelligible and enjoyable without a knowledge of the original.

One or two instances may be given from the Oedipus Rex. Line 67 is literally rendered by Jebb, "I have gone many ways in the wanderings of thought," but to a Greek scholar it is no less sublime than, in another style, Milton's "thoughts that wander through eternity." To convey this sublimity in another tongue is as hard as it would be to render in French "Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean." Lines 736–7 are the turning point, the climax, as it were, of the play, but in language they hardly differ from prose:—"As I heard you speak just now, lady, what wandering of the soul, what upheaval of the mind, have come upon me!"

The second point may be illustrated from a recent version of the play by an eminent Professor. He begins,

"Fresh brood of bygone Cadmus, children dear,
What is this posture of your sessions here
—Betufted on your supplicating rods?"
INTRODUCTION

We defy any Englishman without a knowledge of the Greek to make any sense of the third line. So with the Choruses. To preserve in rhyme the correspondence of Strophe and Antistrophe (Turn and Counterturn they are here called), is at best an exhibition of tight-rope dancing.

These seven plays are all that are left to us of some 120, except in fragments and a considerable portion of a Satyric Drama, the Ἰχνευραί or Trackers. The order in which they were composed and produced is largely a matter of conjecture. All we know for certain is that the Antigone was the first (some, however, put the Ajax before it), and the Oedipus Coloneus, produced by the poet’s grandson, three years after the death of Sophocles, was the last of the seven. The following may be taken as an approximation:—Antigone, Electra, Ajax, Oedipus Rex, Trachiniae, Philoctetes, Oedipus Coloneus.

The Greek text is based on Dindorf (latest edition), but this has been carefully collated with Jebb’s edition and in most cases the English has been preferred to the German editor.

It remains to express my deep obligations not only to the text but to the commentary and prose translation of the great scholar who for more than forty years honoured me with his friendship. I have not xiii
INTRODUCTION

consciously borrowed from his rendering, but there is hardly a line in which I am not indebted to him for a fuller appreciation of the meaning and significance.

To three other life-long friends, all three rival translators of Sophocles in whole or in part, I am indebted for generous help and counsel. Sir George Young, Mr. E. D. A. Morshead, and Professor Gilbert Murray read and freely criticized my first essay which has been kept for more than the statutory nine years of Horace, and it was their encouragement that made me persevere in what has proved the pleasantest of all holiday tasks.
BIBLIOGRAPHY

I. Editions:—


II. Translations:—

G. Adams, 1729 (in prose); T. Francklin, 1759; R. Potter (1788); T. Dale (1824); E. H. Plumptre (1863); R. Whitelaw (1883); Sir George Young (1888); Lewis Campbell (1896); A. S. Way (1909). Also Oedipus Rex by B. H. Kennedy, E. D. A. Morshead, Gilbert Murray. Antigone by J. W. Donaldson, E. H. Pember. Oedipus at Colonus. The best French translation (prose) is by Lecomte de Lisle; the best German by Solger.

III. Subsidia to study of Sophocles:—

OEDIPUS
THE
KING
ARGUMENT

To Laïus, King of Thebes, an oracle foretold that the child born to him by his queen Jocasta would slay his father and wed his mother. So when in time a son was born the infant's feet were riveted together and he was left to die on Mount Cithaeron. But a shepherd found the babe and tended him, and delivered him to another shepherd who took him to his master, the King of Corinth. Polybus being childless adopted the boy, who grew up believing that he was indeed the King's son. Afterwards doubting his parentage he inquired of the Delphic god and heard himself the weird declared before to Laïus. Wherefore he fled from what he deemed his father's house and in his flight he encountered and unwittingly slew his father Laïus. Arriving at Thebes he answered the riddle of the Sphinx and the grateful Thebans made their deliverer king. So he reigned in the room of Laïus, and espoused the widowed queen. Children were born to them and Thebes prospered under his rule, but again a grievous plague fell upon the city. Again the oracle was consulted and it bade them purge themselves of blood-
ARGUMENT

guiltiness. Oedipus denounces the crime of which he is unaware, and undertakes to track out the criminal. Step by step it is brought home to him that he is the man. The closing scene reveals Jocasta slain by her own hand and Oedipus blinded by his own act and praying for death or exile.
ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΡΑΜΑΤΟΣ ΠΡΟΣΩΠΑ

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΣ
ΙΕΡΕΥΣ
ΚΡΕΩΝ
ΧΟΡΟΣ ΓΕΡΟΝΤΩΝ ΘΗΒΑΙΩΝ
ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ
ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ
ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ ΛΑΙΟΥ
ΕΞΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Oedipus.
The Priest of Zeus.
Creon.
Chorus of Theban Elders.
Teiresias.
Jocasta.
Messenger.
Herd of Laius.
Second Messenger.

Scene:—Thebes. Before the Palace of Oedipus.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

’Ω τέκνα, Κάδμου τοῦ πάλαι νέα τροφῆ, 
tίνας ποθ’ ἔδρας τάσδε μοι θοάζετε 
ικτηρίας κλάδοισιν ἐξεστεμμένοι; 
pόλις δ’ ὁμοί μὲν θυμιαμάτων γέμει, 
ὅμοι δὲ παιάνων τε καὶ στεναγμάτων: 
ἀγώ δικαιῶν μὴ παρ’ ἄγγελων, τέκνα, 
ἀλλων ἀκούειν αὐτὸς ὡδ’ ἐλήλυθα, 
ὁ πάσι κλεινὸς Οἰδίποις καλούμενος. 
ἀλλ’ ὦ γεραιέ, φράζ’, ἔπει πρέπων ἔφυ 
πρὸ τῶνδε φωνεῖν, τίνι τρόπῳ καθέστατε, 
δεῖσαντες ἡ στέρζαντες; ὡς θέλοντος ἂν 
ἐμοὶ προσαρκεῖν πᾶν: δυσάλγητος γὰρ ἂν 
εἶχαν τοιάνδε μὴ οὐ κατοικτίρων ἔδραν.

ΙΕΡΕΥΣ

ἀλλ’ ὦ κρατύνων Οἰδίποις χώρας ἐμῆς, 
ὅρας μὲν ἡμᾶς ἡλίκοι προσήμεθα 
βωμοῦσι τοῖς σοῖς· οἱ μὲν οὐδέπω μακρὰν 
πτέσθαι σθένοντες, οἱ δὲ σὺν γῆρα βαρεῖς, 
ἰερῆς, ἐγὼ μὲν Ζηνός, οἶδε τ’ ἡθέων 
λεκτοί: τὸ δ’ ἀλλο φύλον ἐξεστεμμένον 
ἀγοραῖοι θακεῖ πρὸς τε Παλλάδος διπλοῖς 
ναοῖς, ἐπ’ Ἱσμηνοῦ τε μαντεία σποδῷ.
Suppliants of all ages are seated round the altar at the palace doors, at their head a PRIEST OF ZEUS. To them enter OEDIPUS.

OEDIPUS

My children, latest born to Cadmus old,
Why sit ye here as suppliants, in your hands
Branches of olive filleted with wool?
What means this reek of incense everywhere,
And everywhere laments and litanies?
Children, it were not meet that I should learn
From others, and am hither come, myself,
I Oedipus, your world-renowned king.
Ho! aged sire, whose venerable locks
Proclaim thee spokesman of this company,
Explain your mood and purport. Is it dread
Of ill that moves you or a boon ye crave?
My zeal in your behalf ye cannot doubt;
Ruthless indeed were I and obdurate
If such petitioners as you I spurned.

PRIEST

Yea, Oedipus, my sovereign lord and king,
Thou seest how both extremes of age besiege
Thy palace altars—fledglings hardly winged,
And greybeards bowed with years; priests, as am I
Of Zeus, and these the flower of our youth.
Meanwhile, the common folk, with wreathèd boughs,
Crowd our two market-places, or before
Both shrines of Pallas congregate, or where
Ismenus gives his oracles by fire.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

πόλις γάρ, ὦσπερ καύτος εἰσόρας, ἀγαν ἥδη σαλεύει κάνακοουφίσαι κάρα
βυθῶν ἔτ' οὐχ οἷα τε φοινίου σάλου,
φθίνοοσα μὲν κάλυξιν ἐγκάρποις χθονός,
φθίνοοσα δ' ἄγελας βουνόμοις τόκοισε τε
ἀγόνοις γυναικῶν· ἐν δ' ὁ πυρφόρος θεὸς
σκήψας ἑλαύνει, λοιμὸς υχθιστος, πόλιν,
ὑφ' οὗ κενοῦται δῶμα Καδμεῖον, μέλας δ' ἀ' Ἀἰδης στεναγμοῖς καὶ γόοις πλουτίζεται.

θεοῖσι μὲν νῦν ὄντι ἱσούμενον σ' ἐγὼ
οὐδ' οἴδε παῖδες ἐξόμεσθ' ἐφέστοιον,
ἀνδρῶν δὲ πρῶτον ἐν τε συμφοραῖς βίον
κρύνοντες ἐν τε δαιμόνων συναλλαγαῖς·
ὁς γ' ἐξέλυσας ἀστυ Καδμεῖον μολὼν
σκηψάμενοι ὁδόν δασμὸν ὑπερεχομεν,
καὶ ταῦθ' ὑφ' ἥμῶν οὐδέν ἐξειδύς πλέον
οὐδ' ἐκδιδαξθεῖς, ἄλλα προσθήκῃ θεοῦ
λέγει νομίζει θ' ἥμιν ὅρθωσα βίον·

νῦν τ', ὡς κράτιστον πᾶσιν Οἰδίπου κάρα,

ικετεύομεν σε πάντες οἴδε πρόστροποι
ἀλκήν τιν' εὐρείων ἤμιν, εἶτε τού θεῶν
φήμην ἀκούσας εἰτ' ἀπ' ἄνδρος οἴσθα του·
ὡς τόσων ἐμπείρουσι καὶ τὰς ἐμμοράς
ξώσας ὀρῶ μάλιστα τῶν βουλευμάτων.

θ', ὡς βροτῶν ἁριστ', ἀνόρθωσον πόλιν,
θ', εὐλαβῆθηθ'· ὡς σε νῦν μὲν ἒδε γῆ
σωτηρα κλήζει τῆς πάροις προθυμίας·
ἀρχῆς δὲ τῆς σῆς μηδαμῶς μεμνώμεθα
OEDIPUS THE KING

For, as thou seest thyself, our ship of State,
Sore buffeted, can no more lift her head,
Foundered beneath a wailing surge of blood.
A blight is on our harvest in the ear,
A blight upon the grazing flocks and herds,
A blight on wives in travail; and withal
Armed with his blazing torch the God of Plague
Hath swooped upon our city emptying
The house of Cadmus, and the murky realm
Of Pluto is full fed with groans and tears.

Therefore, O King, here at thy hearth we sit,
I and these children; not as deeming thee
A new divinity, but the first of men;
First in the common accidents of life,
And first in visitations of the Gods.
Art thou not he who coming to the town
Of Cadmus freed us from the tax we paid
To the fell songstress? Nor hadst thou received
Prompting from us or been by others schooled;
No, by a god inspired (so all men deem,
And testify) didst thou renew our life.
And now, O Oedipus, our peerless king,
All we thy votaries beseech thee, find
Some succour, whether by a voice from heaven
Whispered, or haply known by human wit.
Tried counsellors, methinks, are aptest found
To furnish for the future pregnant rede.
Upraise, O chief of men, upraise our State!
Look to thy laurels! for thy zeal of yore
Our country's saviour thou art justly hailed:
O never may we thus record thy reign:

1 Dr. Kennedy and others render "Since to men of experience I see that also comparisons of their counsels are in most lively use."
στάντες τ’ εσ ὅρθων καὶ πεσόντες ύστερον.
ἀλλ’ ἀσφαλεία τήν ἀνόρθωσον πόλιν
ὄρνιθι γαρ καὶ τὴν τὸτ’ αἰσίῳ τύχην
παρέσχες ἡμῖν, καὶ ταῦτα ἵσος γενοῦ.
ὡς εἴπερ ἄρξεις τῆς ἔγης, ὥσπερ κρατεῖς,
ξύν ἀνδράσιν κάλλιον ἡ κενής κρατεῖν:
ὡς υδέν ἐστιν οὕτε πύργος οὕτε ναὸς
ἐρήμος ἀνδρῶν μὴ ἐνοικούντων ἔσω.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὁ παῖδες οἰκτροί, γνωτά κοῦκ ἀγνώτα μοι
προσήλθεθ’ ἑμείροντες: εὖ γαρ οἴδ’ ὅτι
νοσεῖτε πάντες, καὶ νοσοῦντες, ὡς ἐγὼ
οὐκ ἐστιν ὑμῶν ὅστις ἐξ ἵσου νοσεῖ.
τὸ μὲν γὰρ ἕμων ἄλγος εἰς ἐν ἔρχεται
μόνον καθ’ αὐτὸν κοὐδέν’ ἄλλον, ἢ δ’ ἐμὴ
ψυχὴ πόλιν τε κάμε καὶ σ’ ὀμοὶ στένει.
ὡστ’ οὐχ ὑπνῷ γ’ εὐδοντά μ’ ἐξεγείρετε,
ἀλλ’ ἵστε πολλὰ μὲν με δακρύσαντα δή,
pολλὰς δ’ ὀδοὺς ἐλθόντα φρόντιδος πλάνοις:
ἡν δ’ εὖ σκοπῶν ἡμισκον ἱασών μόνην,
ταύτην ἐπραξά: παίδα γὰρ Μενοικέως
Κρέοντ’, ἐμαντόο γαμβρόν, ἐς τὰ Πυθικὰ
ἐπεμψα Φοίβου δῶμαθ’, ὡς πῦθοιθ’ ὦ τι
δρῶν ἡ τ’ φωνῶν τήνδε ρυσαίμην πόλιν.
καὶ μ’ ἡμαρ ἡδ’ ἐφιμετρούμενον χρόνῳ
λυπεῖ τ’ πράσσει: τοῦ γὰρ εἰκότος πέρα
ἂπεστὶ πλείῳ τοῦ καθήκοντος χρόνου.
ὅταν δ’ ἐκισταί, τηνικαῦτ’ ἐγὼ κακὸς
μὴ δρῶν ἂν εἰνὴν πάνθ’ ὃσ’ ἂν δηλοὶ θεός.

ΙΒΕΡΓΣ

ἀλλ’ εἰς καλὸν σὺ τ’ εἰπας οἴδε τ’ ἀρτίως
Κρέοντα προσστείχοντα σημαίνουσί μοι.
"He raised us up only to cast us down."

Uplift us, build our city on a rock.

Thy happy star ascendant brought us luck,
O let it not decline! If thou wouldst rule
This land, as now thou reignest, better sure
To rule a peopled than a desert realm.
Nor battlements nor galleys aught avail,
If men to man and guards to guard them fail.

OEDIPUS

Ah! my poor children, known, ah, known too well,
The quest that brings you hither and your need.
Ye sicken all, well wot I, yet my pain,
How great soever yours, outtops it all.
Your sorrow touches each man severally,
Him and none other, but I grieve at once
Both for the general and myself and you.
Therefore ye rouse no sluggard from day-dreams.
Many, my children, are the tears I've wept,
And threaded many a maze of weary thought.
Thus pondering one clue of hope I caught,
And tracked it up; I have sent Menoeceus' son,
Creon, my consort's brother, to inquire
Of Pythian Phoebus at his Delphic shrine,
How I might save the State by act or word.
And now I reckon up the tale of days
Since he set forth, and marvel how he fares.
'Tis strange, this endless tarrying, passing strange.
But when he comes, then I were base indeed,
If I perform not all the god declares.

PRIEST

Thy words are well timed; even as thou speakest
That shouting tells me Creon is at hand.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἀναξ Ἄπολλων, εἰ γὰρ ἐν τῇ γέ των
σωτῆρι βαΐη λαμπρὸς ὡσπερ ὄμματι.

ΠΕΡΕΥΣ

ἀλλ' εἰκάσαι μὲν, ὡς· οὐ γὰρ ἄν κάρα
πολυστεφής ὡδ' εἴρπε παγκάρπου δάφνης.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

τάχ' εἰσόμεσθα· ἔγιμετρος γὰρ ὡς κλύειν.
ἀναξ, ἐμὸν κήδεμα, παῖ Μενοικέως,
tιν' ἡμῶν ήκεις τοῦ θεοῦ φήμην φέρων;

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ἔσθλην· λέγω γὰρ καὶ τὰ δύσφορ', εἰ τόχοι
κατ' ὅρθον ἐξελθόντα, πάντ' ἂν εὐτυχεῖν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἔστιν δὲ ποίον τούπος; οὔτε γὰρ θρασύς
οὔτ' οὖν προδείκας εἰμὶ τῷ γε νῦν λόγῳ.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

εἰ τῶνδε χρήζεις πλησιαζόντων κλύειν,
ἐτοιμὸς εἰπεῖν, εἰτε καὶ στείχειν ἔσω.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἐς πάντας αὕτα· τῶνδε γὰρ πλέον φέρω
τὸ πένθος ἡ καὶ τῆς ἐμῆς ψυχῆς πέρι.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

λεγομι' ἂν οἱ ἥκουσα τοῦ θεοῦ πάρα.
ἀνωγεν ἡμᾶς Φοῖβος ἐμφανῶς ἀναξ
μίασμα χώρας, ὡς τεθραμμένον χθονὶ
ἐν τῇδ', ἐλαύνεις μηδ' ἀνήκεστον τρέψεως.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ποίω καθαρμῷ; τίς τ' ὁ τρόπος τῆς ἕνμφορᾶς;
OEDIPUS THE KING

OEDIPUS
O King Apollo! may his joyous looks
Be presage of the joyous news he brings!

PRIEST
As I surmise, 'tis welcome; else his head
Had scarce been crowned with berry-laden bays.

OEDIPUS
We soon shall know; he's now in earshot range.

Enter CREON
My royal cousin, say, Menoeceus' child,
What message hast thou brought us from the god?

CREON
Good news, for e'en intolerable ills,
Finding right issue, tend to naught but good.

OEDIPUS
How runs the oracle? thus far thy words
Give me no ground for confidence or fear.

CREON
If thou wouldst hear my message publicly,
I'll tell thee straight, or with thee pass within.

OEDIPUS
Speak before all; the burden that I bear
Is more for these my subjects than myself.

CREON
Let me report then all the god declared.
King Phoebus bids us straitly extirpate
A fell pollution that infects the land,
And no more harbour an inveterate sore.

OEDIPUS
What expiation means he? What's amiss?
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

ΚΡΕΩΝ

άνδρηλατούντας ἡ φόνῳ φόνον πάλιν
λύοντας, ώς τόδ’ αίμα χειμάζον πόλιν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ποίου γὰρ ἀνδρὸς τήνδε μηνύει τύχην;

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ἡν ἡμῖν, ὅναξ, Λάιός ποθ’ ἤγεμὼν
γῆς τήσδε, πρὶν σὲ τῆνδ’ ἀπευθύνειν πόλιν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἐξοιδ’ ἀκούων· οὐ γὰρ εἰσείδον γε πω.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

tούτου βανόντος νῦν ἐπιστέλλει σαφῶς
τοὺς αὐτοέντας χειρὶ τιμωρεῖν τινας.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

οὐ δ’ εἰσὶ ποῦ γῆς; ποῦ τόδ’ εὐρεθήσεται
ἐχνος παλαιᾶς δυστέκμαρτον αἰτίας;

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ἐν τῇδ’ ἔφασκε γῇ· τὸ δὲ ἔρημομενον
ἀλωτόν, ἐκφεύγειν δὲ τάμελομενον.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

πότερα δ’ ἐν οἴκοις ἥ ’ν ἀγροῖς ὁ Λάιος
ἡ γῆς ἐπ’ ἄλλης τῶδε συμπίπτει φόνῳ;

ΚΡΕΩΝ

θεωρότε, ὡς ἔφασκεν, ἐκδημῶν, πάλιν
πρὸς οἴκον οὐκέθ’ ἵκεθ’, ὡς ἀπεστάλη.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

οὐδ’ ἀγγελός τις οὐδὲ συμπράκτωρ ὅδοι
κατεῖδ’, ὅτου τις ἐκμαθῶν ἔχρησατ’ ἄν;

ΚΡΕΩΝ

θησακουσί γὰρ, πλὴν εἰς τις, ὃς φόβῳ φυγὼν
ὁν εἴδε πλὴν ἐν οὐδὲν εἶχ’ εἰδὼς φράσαι.
OEDIPUS THE KING

CREON
Banishment, or the shedding blood for blood.
This stain of blood makes shipwreck of our state.

OEDIPUS
Whom can he mean, the miscreant thus denounced?

CREON
Before thou didst assume the helm of State,
The sovereign of this land was Laius.

OEDIPUS
I heard as much, but never saw the man.

CREON
He fell; and now the god’s command is plain:
Punish his takers-off, whoe’er they be.

OEDIPUS
Where are they? Where in the wide world to find
The far, faint traces of a bygone crime?

CREON
In this land, said the god; “who seeks shall find;
Who sits with folded hands or sleeps is blind.”

OEDIPUS
Was he within his palace, or afield,
Or travelling, when Laius met his fate?

CREON
Abroad; he started, so he told us, bound
For Delphi, but he never thence returned.

OEDIPUS
Came there no news, no fellow-traveller
To give some clue that might be followed up?

CREON
But one escaped, who flying for dear life,
Could tell of all he saw but one thing sure.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

τὸ ποῖον; ἐν γὰρ πόλλ’ ἂν ἐξεύροι μαθεῖν, ἀρχὴν βραχεῖαν εἰ λάβοιμεν ἐλπίδος.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ληστὰς ἐφασκε συντυχόντας οὐ μιὰ ρώμη κτανεῖν νῦν, ἀλλὰ σὺν πλῆθει χερῶν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

πῶς οὖν ὁ ληστής, εἰ τι μὴ ἐξὶν ἄργυρῳ ἐπράσσετ' ἐνθέντ', ἐς τὸδ' ἀν τόλμης ἐβη;

ΚΡΕΩΝ

dοκοῦντα ταὐτ' ἢν. 'Αλίου δ' ὀλωλότος οὐδεὶς ἄρωγος ἐν κακοῖς ἀγίνετο.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

κακον δὲ ποῖον ἐμποδῶν, τυραννίδος οὔτω πεσούσης, ἐἳργε τοῦτ' ἐξειδέναι;

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ἡ ποικιλωδὸς Σφίγξ τὸ πρὸς ποσὶν σκοπεῖν μεθέντας ἡμᾶς τάφανὴ προσήγετο.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἀλλ' ἐξ ὑπαρχῆς αὐθίς αὐτ' ἐγὼ φανῶ· ἐπαξίωσ γὰρ Φοῖβος, ἀξίωσ δὲ σὺ πρὸ τοῦ θανόντος τήνδ' ἐθεςθ' ἐπιστροφὴν· ὥστ' ἐνδίκως οὖσθε κἀμὲ σύμμαχον γῇ τῇ τιμωροῦντα τῷ θεῷ θ' ἁμα. ὑπὲρ γὰρ οὐχὶ τῶν ἀπωτέρω φιλῶν, ἀλλ' αὐτὸς αὐτοῦ τοῦτ' ἀποσκεδὼ μῦσος. οὕτω γὰρ ἦν ἐκεῖνον ὁ κτανῶν, τάχ' ἂν κάμ' ἂν τοιαύτῃ χειρὶ τιμωροῦνθ' ἔλοι. κεῖνω προσαρκῶν οὖν ἐμαυτὸν ὑφελῶ. ἀλλ' ὡς τάχιστα, παϊδε, ὑμεῖς μὲν βάθρων ἱστασθε, τοῦδ' ἀραντες ἰκτήρας κλάδους,
OEDIPUS THE KING

OEDIPUS
And what was that? One clue might lead us far
With but a spark of hope to guide our quest.

CREON
Robbers, he told us, not one bandit but
A troop of knaves, attacked and murdered him.

OEDIPUS
Did any bandit dare so bold a stroke,
Unless indeed he were suborned from Thebes?

CREON
So 'twas surmised, but none was found to avenge
His murder mid the trouble that ensued.

OEDIPUS
What trouble can have hindered a full quest,
When royalty had fallen thus miserably?

CREON
The riddling Sphinx compelled us to let slide
The dim past and attend to instant needs.

OEDIPUS
Well, I will start afresh and once again
Make dark things clear. Right worthy the concern
Of Phoebus, worthy thine too, for the dead;
I also, as is meet, will lend my aid
To avenge this wrong to Thebes and to the god.
Not for some far-off kinsman, but myself,
Shall I expel this poison in the blood;
For whoso slew that king might have a mind
To strike me too with his assassin hand.
Therefore in righting him I serve myself.
Up, children, haste ye, quit these altar stairs,
Take hence your suppliant wands, go summon hither
ΩΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

άλλος δὲ Κάδμου λαὸν ὡδ’ ἀθροιζέτω, ὡς πᾶν ἔμοι δρᾶσοντος. ἢ γὰρ εὐτυχεῖς σὺν τῷ θεῷ φανούμεθ’ ἢ πεπτωκότες.

ἹΕΡΕΤΩΣ

ὁ παιδεσ, ἰστώμεσθα: τῶνδε γὰρ χάριν καὶ δεῦρ᾽ ἑβημεν ὃν ὁδ’ ἔξαγγέλλεται. Φοίβος δ’ ὁ πέμψας τάσδε μαντείας ἀμα σωτήρ δ’ ἵκοιτο καὶ νόσου παυστήριος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὅ Διὸς ἀδυνατε χάρι, τίς ποτὲ τὰς πολυ-
χρύσου
Πυθώνος ἄγλας ἔβας
Θήβας; ἐκτεταμαι φοβερὰν φρένα, δείματι
πάλλων,
ιῇ Ἔλλε Παιάν,
ἀμφὶ ὅτι ἄξιομεν ὃ ὁμι η νέον
ἡ περιτελλομέναις ώραις πάλιν ἔξανυςεις
χρέος.
eιπέ μοι, ὅ χρυσέας τέκνον Ἑλπίδος, ἀμβροτε
Φάμα.

ἀντ. α’

πρῶτα σὲ κεκλόμενον, θύγατερ Διὸς, ἀμβροτ’
Ἄθανα,
γαίαοχόν τ’ ἀδελφεαν
Ἀρτεμιν, ἄ κυκλόεντ’ ἄγορᾶς θρόνον εὐκλέα
θάσσει,
καὶ Φοίβον ἐκαβόλον, ἵῳ
τρισσοῖ ἀλεξίμοροι προφάνητη μοι,
eἰ ποτὲ καὶ προτέρας ἄτας ὑπὲρ ὄρνυμένας πόλει
ήνυσατ’ ἐκτοπίαν φλόγα πήματος, ἐλθετε
καὶ νῦν.

18
OEDIPUS THE KING

The Theban commons. With the god’s good help
Success is sure; ’tis ruin if we fail.

[Exeunt Oedipus and Creon

PRIEST

Come, children, let us hence; these gracious words
Forestall the very purpose of our suit.
And may the god who sent this oracle
Save us withal and rid us of this pest.

[Exeunt Priest and suppliants

CHORUS

(Str. 1)

Sweet-voiced daughter of Zeus from thy gold-paved
Pythian shrine
Wafted to Thebes divine,
What dost thou bring me? My soul is racked and
shivers with fear.
(Healer of Delos, hear!)
Hast thou some pain unknown before,
Or with the circling years renewest a penance of
yore?
Offspring of golden Hope, thou voice immortal, O
tell me.

(Ant. 1)

First on Athenè I call; O Zeus-born goddess, defend!
Goddess and sister, befriend,
Artemis, Lady of Thebes, high-throned in the midst
of our mart!
Lord of the death-winged dart!
Your threefold aid I crave
From death and ruin our city to save.
If in the days of old when we nigh had perished, ye
drave
From our land the fiery plague, be near us now and
defend us!
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

ω πόποι, ἀνάριθμα γὰρ φέρω
πῆματα· νοσεὶ δέ μοι πρόπας στόλος, οὐδ' ἐν
φροντίδος ἔγχος
οὗ τις ἀλέξεται. οὔτε γὰρ ἐκγονα
κλυτᾶς χθονὸς αὐξεῖται οὔτε τόκοισιν
ἵων καμάτων ἀνέχουσι γυναίκες·
ἀλλον δ' ἂν ἄλλῳ προσίδοις ἀπερ εὐπτερον ὅριν
kρείσσον ἄμαιμακέτου πυρὸς ὅρμενον
ἀκτὰν πρὸς ἐσπέρου θεοῦ.

ὤν πόλεις ἀνάριθμος ὄλλαιται:

νηλέα δὲ γένεθλα πρὸς πέδωθ θαναταφόρα κεῖται
ἀνοίκτως·

ἐν δ' ἄλοχοι πολιαὶ τ' ἐπὶ ματέρες
ἀχὰν παραβόμων ἄλλοθεν ἄλλαν
λυγρῶν πόνων ἤκετηρες ἐπιστενάχουσιν.
παίδων δὲ λάμπη φθονόσσα τε γῆρως ὠμαυλὸς
ὡν ὑπερ, ὃ χρυσεά θύγατερ Διὸς,
εὐώπα πέμψου ἀλκάν.

"Ἀρεά τε τῶν μαλερῶν, ὥς νῦν ἄχαλκος ἀσπίδων

φλέγει με περιβόστον, ἀνταῖζω

παλάσιτον δράμημα νοτίσαι πάτρας

ἐπουρον, εἴτ' ἐς μέγαν θάλαμον Ἀμφίτρίτας

εἴτ' ἐς τὸν ἀπόξενον ὄρμων

Θρήκιον κλῦδωνα·
tελεῖν 1 γὰρ εἴ τι νῦξ ἀφῇ,
tοῦτ' ἐπ' ἦμαρ ἔρχεται·
tόν, ὃ τὰν πυρφόρων

ἀστραπὰν κράτη νέμων,

ὁ Ζεὺς πάτερ, ὑπὸ σῷ φθίσον κεραυνῷ,

1 τελεῖ MSS., τελεῖν Hermann.
Ah me, what countless woes are mine!
All our host is in decline;
Weaponless my spirit lies.
Earth her gracious fruits denies;
Women wail in barren throes;
Life on life downstricken goes,
Swifter than the wild bird's flight,
Swifter than the Fire-God's might,
To the westering shores of Night.

Wasted thus by death on death
All our city perisheth.
Corpses spread infection round;
None to tend or mourn is found.
Wailing on the altar stair
Wives and grandams rend the air—
Long-drawn moans and piercing cries
Blent with prayers and litanies.
Golden child of Zeus, O hear
Let thine angel face appear!

And grant that Ares whose hot breath I feel,
Though without targe or steel
He stalks, whose voice is as the battle shout,
May turn in sudden rout,
To the unharbourcd Thracian waters sped,
Or Amphitrite's bed.
For what night leaves undone,
Smit by the morrow's sun
Perisheth. Father Zeus, whose hand
Doth wield the lightning brand,
Slay him beneath thy levin bolt, we pray,
Slay him, O slay!
Λύκει ἄναξ, τα τε σα χρυσοστρόφων ἀπ’ ἀγκυλάν
βέλεα θέλοι’ ἂν ἀδάματ’ ἐνδατείσθαι
ἀρωγά προσταχθέντα τάς τε πυρφόρους
’Αρτέμιδος αὐγλας, ξῦν αἰς Λύκι’ ὅρεα διάσει-
tόν χρυσομίτραν τε κικλήσκω,
τάσδ’ ἐπώνυμον γάς,
οἴνωπα Βάκχον εὐιον,
Μανάδων ὀμόστολον,
pελασθῆναι φλέγοντ’
ἀγλαώπι ο – ο – 1
πεύκα ’τι τὸν ἀπότιμον ἐν θεοὶς θεὸν.

210 ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

αίτεσ· ἂ δ’ αίτεσ, τάμ’ ἐὰν θέλης ἔπῃ
κλύων δέχεσθαι τῇ νόσῳ δ’ ὑπηρετεῖν,
ἀλκῆν λάβοις ἂν κάνακούφισιν κακῶν·
ἀγὼ ξένος μὲν τοῦ λόγου τοῦδ’ ἐξερώ,
ξένος δὲ τοῦ πραγχέντος· οὔ γὰρ ἂν μακρὰν
iotics αὐτός, μὴ οὐκ ἔχων τι σύμβολον,
νῦν δ’, ὑστερος γὰρ ἀστὸς εἰς ἀστοὺς τελῶ,
ὑμῖν προφωνῶ πάσι Καδμείωις τάδε·
οὔτις ποθ’ ὑμῶν Λάιον τὸν Λαβδάκου
κάτοιχεν ἄνδρος ἐκ τίνος διώλετο,
τοῦτον κελεύω πάντα σημαίνειν ἐμοὶ·
κεὶ μὲν φοβεῖται, τοῦπίκλημ’ ὑπεξελείν 2
αὐτὸν καθ’ αὐτοῦ· πείσεται γὰρ ἄλλο μὲν
ἀστεργῆς οὐδέν. γῆς δ’ ἀπεισιν ἁσφαλῆς.
eἰ δ’ αὐ τις ἄλλων οἶδεν εἰς ἄλλης χθονὸς
τὸν αὐτόχειρα, μὴ σωπάτω· τὸ γὰρ

1 σύμμαγον coni. G. Wolff.
2 MSS. ὑπεξελόων αὐτός, corr. K. Halm.
OEDIPUS THE KING

(An. 3)

O that thine arrows too, Lycean King,
From the taut bow's gold string,
Might fly abroad, the champions of our rights;
Yea, and the flashing lights
Of Artemis, wherewith the huntress sweeps
Across the Lycian steeps.
Thee too I call with golden-snoooded hair,
Whose name our land doth bear,
Bacchus to whom thy Maenads Evoe shout;
Come with thy bright torch, rout,
Blithe god whom we adore,
The god whom gods abhor.

Enter Oedipus

Oedipus

Ye pray; 'tis well, but would ye hear my words
And heed them and apply the remedy,
Ye might perchance find comfort and relief.
Mind you, I speak as one who comes a stranger
To this report, no less than to the crime;
For how unaided could I track it far
Without a clue? Which lacking (for too late
Was I enrolled a citizen of Thebes)
This proclamation I address to all:—
Thebans, if any knows the man by whom
Laïus, son of Labdacus, was slain,
I summon him to make clean shrift to me.
And if he shrinks, let him reflect that thus
Confessing he shall 'scape the capital charge;
For the worst penalty that shall befall him
Is banishment—unscathed he shall depart.
But if an alien from a foreign land
Be known to any as the murderer,
κέρδος τελῶν ἓν ἅρις προσκείμεναι. εἰ δὲ αὖ σιωπήσεσθε, καὶ τις ἡ φίλου δείσας ἀπώσει τοῦπος ἡ χαύτος τόδε, ἀκ τῶν δὲ δράσω, ταῦτα χρὴ κλείνει έμοι. τὸν ἄνδρ' ἀπανδῶ τοῦτον, οὕτως ἔστι, γῆς τῆς, ἦς ἐγὼ κράτη τε καὶ θρόνους νέμω, μὴτ' εἰσδέχεσθαι μήτε προσφωνεῖν τίνα, μήτ' ἐν θεῶν εὐχαίρετη μήτε θύμασθιν κουινὸν ποιεόθαι, μήτε χέρνιβας νέμειν· 240 ὥθειν δ' ἀπ' οἴκων πάντας, ὡς μιᾶςματος τοῦθ' ἡμῖν ὄντος, ως τὸ Πυθικὸν θεοῦ μαντεῖον ἐξεφηνεν ἀρτίως ἐμοί. ἐγὼ μὲν οὖν τοῦόσδε τῷ τε δαίμονι, τῷ τ' ἄνδρι τῷ βανόντι σύμμαχος πέλω· κατεύχομαι δὲ τὸν δεδρακότ', εἰτε τις εἰς ὃν λέληθεν εἰτε πλείων μέτα, κακὸν κακῶς νῦν ἀμορον ἐκτρίβαι βίων· ἐπεύχομαι δ', οἴκοισιν εἰ ξυνεστίος ἐν τοῖς ἐμοῖς γένοιτ' ἐμοῦ συνειδότοις, παθεῖν ἄπερ τοῦδ' ἀρτίως ἀρασμὴν. 250 ὑμῖν δὲ ταῦτα πάντ' ἐπισκήπτω τελεῖν, ὑπέρ τ' ἐμαυτοῦ τοῦ θεοῦ τε τῆςδε τε γῆς ὧδ' ἀκάρπως καθέως ἐφθαρμένης. οὐδ' εἰ γὰρ ἦν τὸ πράγμα μὴ θηλατον, ἀκάθαρτον ὑμᾶς εἰκὸς ἦν οὕτως ἔαν, ἄνδρος γ' ἀρίστου βασιλέως τ' ὀλυνίτος, ἀλλ' ἐξερευνάν. νῦν δ' ἔπει κυρῶ γ' ἐγὼ ἐξων μὲν ἄρχος ἂς ἐκείνος εἰξε πρῶν, ἐξων δὲ λεκτρα καὶ γυναῖξ' ὁμοσπορον, κοινῶν τε παῖδων κοῦν' ἀν, εἰ κεῖνω γένος μὴ ὄστυχησεν, ἦν αν ἐκπεφυκότα. νῦν δ' ἐς τὸ κεῖνον κράτ' ἐνηλιαθ' ἡ τύχη.
Let him who knows speak out, and he shall have
Due recompense from me and thanks to boot.
But if ye still keep silence, if through fear
For self or friends ye disregard my hest,
Hear what I then resolve: I lay my ban
On the assassin whoso'er he be.
Let no man in this land, whereof I hold
The sovereign rule, harbour or speak to him.
Give him no part in prayer or sacrifice
Or lustral rites, but hound him from your homes.
For this is our defilement, so the god
Hath lately shewn to me by oracles.
Thus as their champion I maintain the cause
Both of the god and of the murdered King.
And on the murderer this curse I lay
(On him and all the partners in his guilt):—
Wretch, may he pine in utter wretchedness!
And for myself, if with my privity
He gain admittance to my hearth, I pray
The curse I laid on others fall on me.
See that ye give effect to all my hest,
For my sake and the god's and for our land,
A desert blasted by the wrath of heaven.
For, let alone the god's express command,
It were a scandal ye should leave unpurged
The murder of a great man and your king,
Nor track it home. And now that I am lord,
Successor to his throne, his bed, his wife.
(And had he not been frustrate in the hope
Of issue, common children of one womb
Had forged a closer bond twixt him and me,
But Fate swooped down upon him), therefore I
OIDIPOUS TYRANNOS

άνθ᾽ ἂν ἔγω τάδ᾽, ὦσπερεὶ τοῦμοι πατρός, ὑπερμαχοῦμαι κἀπὶ πᾶν ἀφίξομαι, ξητῶν τὸν αὐτόχειρα τοῦ φόνον λαβεῖν, τῷ Λαβδακείῳ παιδὶ Πολυδώρου τε καὶ τοῦ πρῶτηθε Κάδμου τοῦ πάλαι τ᾽ 'Αγήνορος. καὶ ταῦτα τοῖς μὴ δρῶσιν εὐχομαι θεοὺς μῆτ᾽ ἄροτον αὐτοῖς γῆς ἀνἰέναι τυνά μῆτ᾽ οὖν γυναικῶν παῖδας, ἀλλὰ τῷ πότῳ τῷ νῦν φθερεῖσθαι κἀπὶ τοῦδ᾽ ἐχθιόν. ύμῖν δὲ τοῖς ἄλλουι Καδμείοις, ὦσι τάδ᾽ ἐστ᾽ ἀρέσκονθ᾽, ἦ τε σύμμαχος Δίκη χοὶ πάντες εὐξυνεῖν εἰσαεῖ θεοῖ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὦσπερ μ᾽ ἄραιον ἐλαβεῖς, ὥδ᾽, ἄναξ, ἐρῶ. οὐτ᾽ ἐκτανον γὰρ οὔτε τὸν κτανόντ᾽ ἐχω δεῖξαι. τὸ δὲ ξήτημα τοῦ πέμψαντος ἦν Φοῖβου τὸδ᾽ εἰπεῖν, ὦσις εἰργασταί ποτε.

OIDIPOUS

δίκαι᾽ ἔλεξας. ἀλλ᾽ ἀναγκάσαι θεοὺς ἃν μὴ θέλωσιν οὐδ᾽ ἃν εἰς δύναιτ᾽ ἀνήρ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

tὰ δεύτερ᾽ ἐκ τῶν ἀν λέγοιμ᾽ ἀμοὶ δοκεῖ.

OIDIPOUS

eἰ καὶ τρίτ᾽ ἐστί, μὴ παρῆσ᾽ τὸ μὴ οὐ φράσαι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀνακτ᾽ ἀνακτὶ ταῦθ᾽ ὑρῶντ᾽ ἐπίσταμαι μάλιστα Φοῖβῳ Τειρεσίαν, παρ᾽ οὗ τις ἄν σκοτῶν τάδ᾽, ἄναξ, ἐκμάθοι σαφέστατα.
His blood-avenger will maintain his cause
As though he were my sire, and leave no stone
Unturned to track the assassin or avenge
The son of Labdacus, of Polydore,
Of Cadmus, and Agenor first of the race.
And for the disobedient thus I pray:
May the gods send them neither timely fruits
Of earth, nor teeming increase of the womb,
But may they waste and pine, as now they waste,
Aye and worse stricken; but to all of you,
My loyal subjects who approve my acts,
May Justice, our ally, and all the gods
Be gracious and attend you evermore.

CHORUS
The oath thou profferest, sire, I take and swear.
I slew him not myself, nor can I name
The slayer. For the quest, 'twere well, methinks
That Phoebus, who proposed the riddle, himself
Should give the answer—who the murderer was.

OEDIPUS
Well argued; but no living man can hope
To force the gods to speak against their will.

CHORUS
May I then say what seems next best to me?

OEDIPUS
Aye, if there be a third best, tell it too.

CHORUS
My liege, if any man sees eye to eye
With our lord Phoebus, 'tis our prophet, lord
Teiresias; he of all men best might guide
A searcher of this matter to the light.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

άλλ' οὖκ ἐν ἀργοῖς οὐδὲ τοῦτ' ἐπραξάμην.
ἐπεμψα γὰρ Κρέοντος εἰπόντος διπλοὺς
πομποὺς: πάλαι δὲ μὴ παρῶν θαυμάζεται.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ μὴν τά γ' ἀλλὰ κωφὰ καὶ παλαι' ἐπη.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

τά ποια ταῦτα; πάντα γὰρ σκοπῶ λόγων.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

θανεῖν ἐλέξηθη πρὸς τινων ὄδοιπόρων.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἡκουσα κάγω: τὸν δ' ἰδόντ' οὐδεὶς ὁρί.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀλλ' εἴ τι μὲν δὴ δείματὸς γ' ἔχει μέρος,
τὰς σας ἀκούων οὐ μενεὶ τοιάσθ' ἀρίς.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὡ μὴ 'στι δρῶντι τάρβος, οὐδ' ἐπος φοβεῖ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀλλ' οὐξελεγξῶν αὐτὸν ἔστων. οἴδε γὰρ
τὸν θείον ἡδὴ μάντων ὥδ' ἄγουσιν, ὡ
τάληθες ἐμπέφυκεν ἀνθρώπων μόνω.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὡ πάντα νωμῶν Τειρεσία, διδακτά τε
ἀρρητά τ', οὐράνια τε καὶ χθονοστιβή,
pόλιν μὲν, εἰ καὶ μὴ βλέπεισ, φρονεῖς δ' οἷως
οἱ νόσῳ σύνεστιν: ἢς σὲ προστάτην
σωτηρά τ', ὦναξ, μοῦνον ἐξευρίσκομεν.
Here too my zeal has nothing lagged, for twice
At Creon’s instance have I sent to fetch him,
And long I marvel why he is not here.

I mind me too of rumours long ago—
Mere gossip.

Tell them, I would fain know all.

'Twas said he fell by travellers.

So I heard,
But none has seen the man who saw him fall.

Well, if he knows what fear is, he will quail
And flee before the terror of thy curse.

Words scare not him who blenches not at deeds.

But here is one to arraign him. Lo, at length
They bring the god-inspired seer in whom
Above all other men is truth inborn.

Enter Teiresias, led by a boy.

Teiresias, seer who comprehendest all,
Lore of the wise and hidden mysteries,
High things of heaven and low things of the earth,
Thou knowest, though thy blinded eyes see naught.
What plague infects our city; and we turn
OIΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

Φοίβος γάρ, εἰ τι μὴ κλύεις τῶν ἁγγέλων, πέμψασιν ἡμῶν ἀντέπεμψεν, ἐκλυσών μόνην ἄν ἐλθεῖν τοῦτο τοῦ νοσήματος, εἰ τοὺς κτανόντας Λαῖον μαθόντες εὖ κτείναις ἤ γῆς φυγάδας ἐκπεμψάμεθα. σὺ νῦν φθονήσας μήτ' ἀπ' οἰωνῶν φάτων μήτ' εἰ τιν' ἄλλην μαντικής ἔχεις ὅδον, ρῦσαι σεαυτόν καὶ τόλμην, ρῦσαι δ' ἐμὲ, ρῦσαι δὲ πᾶν μίσομα τοῦ τεθνηκότος. ἐν σοι γὰρ ἐσμέν' ἀνδραὶ δ' ὄφελεῖν ἄφ' ὧν ἔχοι τε καὶ δύνατο, κάλλιστος πόνων.

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ

φεῦ φεῦ, φρονεῖν ὡς δεινὸν ἕνθα μὴ τέλη λύῃ φρονοῦντι· ταῦτα γὰρ καλῶς ἐγὼ εἰδῶς διώλεον· οὐ γὰρ ἂν δεῦρ' ἱκόμην.

OIΔΙΠΟΥΣ

τί δ' ἔστιν; ὡς ἄθυμος εἰσελήλυθας.

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ

ἀφες μ' ἐς οἰκοὺς· βάστα γὰρ τὸ σὸν τε σὺ κάγῳ διοίσω τοῦμόν, ἢν ἔμοι πίθη.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

οὐτ' ἐννομ' εἴπας οὔτε προσφιλὴ πόλει τῆδ'· ἥ ο' ἐθρέψε, τήνδ' ἀποστερῶν φάτων.

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ

ὅρω γὰρ οὐδὲ σοι τὸ σὸν φώνημ' ἓν πρὸς καὶρόν· ὡς οὖν μηδ' ἐγὼ ταύτων πάθω—

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

μὴ πρὸς θεῶν φρονῶν γ' ἀποστραφῆς, ἐπεὶ πάντες σε προσκυνοῦμεν οἶδ' ἰκτήριοι.
OEDIPUS THE KING

To thee, O seer, our one defence and shield. The purport of the answer that the God Returned to us who sought his oracle, The messengers have doubtless told thee—how One course alone could rid us of the pest, To find the murderers of Laius, And slay them or expel them from the land. Therefore begrudging neither augury Nor other divination that is thine, O save thyself, thy country, and thy king, Save all from this defilement of blood shed. On thee we rest. This is man’s highest end, To others’ service all his powers to lend.

TEIRESIAS

Alas, alas, what misery to be wise When wisdom profits nothing! This old lore I had forgotten; else I were not here.

OEDIPUS

What ails thee? Why this melancholy mood?

TEIRESIAS

Let me go home; prevent me not; ’twere best That thou shouldst bear thy burden and I mine.

OEDIPUS

For shame! no true-born Theban patriot Would thus withhold the word of prophecy.

TEIRESIAS

Thy words, O king, are wide of the mark, and I For fear lest I too trip like thee . . .

OEDIPUS

Oh speak, Withhold not, I adjure thee, if thou know’st, Thy knowledge. We are all thy suppliants.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ
πάντες γὰρ οὐ φρονεῖτ' ἐγὼ δ' οὐ μή ποτε τὰμ', ὥς ἂν εἴπω μὴ τὰ σ', ἑκφήνω κακά.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
τί φῆς; ἔννειδῶς οὐ φράσεις, ἀλλ' εὔνοεῖς ἡμᾶς προδοῦναι καὶ καταφθείραι πόλιν;

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ
ἐγὼ οὔτ' ἔμαυτόν οὐτε σ' ἀλγυνώ. τί ταῦτ' ἀλλως ἐλέγχεις; οὐ γὰρ ἂν πῦθοιό μου.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
οὐκ, ὃ κακῶν κάκιστε, καὶ γὰρ ἂν πέτρου φύσιν σὺ γ' ὀργάνειας, ἐξερεῖς ποτέ, ἀλλ' ὃδ' ἄτεγκτος κατελεύτητος φανεῖ;

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ
ὁργὴν ἐμέμψω τὴν ἐμήν, τὴν σὴν δ' ὅμοι ναίουσαι οὐ κατέιδεσ, ἀλλ' ἐμὲ ψέγεις.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
τὶς γὰρ τοιαύτ' ἂν οὐκ ἂν ὀργίζουτ' ἐπη κλύων, ἀ νῦν σὺ τὴνδ' ἀτιμάζεις πόλιν;

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ
ἥξει γὰρ αὐτά, κἂν ἐγὼ σιγὴ στέγω.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
οὐκοῦν ἃ γ' ἥξει καὶ σὲ χρή λέγειν ἐμοὶ.

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ
οὐκ ἂν πέρα φράσασίμι. πρὸς τάδ', εἶ βέλεις, θυμοῦ δι' ὁργῆς ἦτις ἀγριωτάτη.
OEDIPUS THE KING

TEIRESIAS
Aye, for ye all are witless, but my voice
Will ne’er reveal my miseries—or thine.

OEDIPUS
What then, thou knowest, and yet willst not speak!
Wouldst thou betray us and destroy the State?

TEIRESIAS
I will not vex myself nor thee. Why ask
Thus idly what from me thou shalt not learn?

OEDIPUS
Monster! thy silence would incense a flint.
Will nothing loose thy tongue? Can nothing melt thee,
Or shake thy dogged taciturnity?

TEIRESIAS
Thou blam’st my mood and seest not thine own
Wherewith thou art mated; no, thou taxest me.

OEDIPUS
And who could stay his choler when he heard
How insolently thou dost flout the State?

TEIRESIAS
Well, it will come what will, though I be mute.

OEDIPUS
Since come it must, thy duty is to tell me.

TEIRESIAS
I have no more to say; storm as thou willst,
And give the rein to all thy pent-up rage.

1 Literally “not to call them thine,” but the Greek may be rendered “In order not to reveal thine.”
OIDIPUS TYPANNOS

OIDIPUS
καὶ μὴν παρῆσον γ’ οὐδέν, ὡς ὀργῆς ἔχω, ἀπερ ἐξείμη’. ἵσθι γὰρ δοκῶν ἐμοὶ καὶ ἐμφυτεύσαι τοῦργον εἰργάσθαι θ’, ὅσον μὴ χερσὶ καίνων· εἰ δὴ ἐτύγχανες βλέπων, καὶ τοῦργον ἂν σοῦ τοῦτ’ ἐφῆν εἶναι μόνου.

TEIRESIAΣ
ἀληθεῖς; ἐννέπω σὲ τῷ κηρύγματι ὡπερ προεῖπτας ἐμμένειν, καὶ ἡμέρας τῆς νῦν προσαιδιὰν μήτε τούσδε μήτ’ ἐμέ, ὡς ὄντι γῆς τήδ’ ἄνοσίω μιάστορι.

OIDIPUS
οὕτως ἀναίδως ἐξεκίνησας τόδε τὸ ρήμα; καὶ ποῦ τούτῳ φεύξεσθαι δοκεῖσ;"}

TEIRESIAΣ
πέφευγα· τάληθες γὰρ ἵσχὺν τρέφω.

OIDIPUS
πρὸς τοὺς διδαχθεῖς; οὐ γὰρ ἕκ γε τῆς τέχνης.

TEIRESIAΣ
πρὸς σοῦ· οὐ γὰρ μ’ ἀκοντα προποτρέψω λέγειν.

OIDIPUS
ποῖον λόγον; λέγ’ αὕθισ, ὡς μᾶλλον μάθω.

TEIRESIAΣ
οὐχὶ ἐξονήκας πρόσθεν; ἥ’ κπειρά λέγων; 1

OIDIPUS
οὐχ ὡστε γ’ εἰπεῖν γνωστόν· ἀλλ’ αὕθις φράσον.

TEIRESIAΣ
φοινά σε φημὶ τάνδρος οὐ ζητεῖς κυρεῖν.

1 λέγειν L., λέγων Hartung.
OEDIPUS THE KING

OEDIPUS
Yea, I am wroth, and will not stint my words, But speak my whole mind. Thou methinks art he, Who planned the crime, aye, and performed it too, All save the assassination; and if thou Hadst not been blind, I had been sworn to boot That thou alone didst do the bloody deed.

TEIRESIAS
Is it so? Then I charge thee to abide By thine own proclamation; from this day Speak not to these or me. Thou art the man, Thou the accursed polluter of this land.

OEDIPUS
Vile slanderer, thou blurttest forth these taunts, And think'st forsooth as seer to go scot free.

TEIRESIAS
Yea, I am free, strong in the strength of truth.

OEDIPUS
Who was thy teacher? not methinks thy art.

TEIRESIAS
Thou, goading me against my will to speak.

OEDIPUS
What speech? repeat it and resolve my doubt.

TEIRESIAS
Didst miss my sense or wouldst thou goad me on?

OEDIPUS
I but half caught thy meaning; say it again.

TEIRESIAS
I say thou art the murderer of the man Whose murderer thou pursuest.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
άλλ’ οὗ τι χαίρων δίς γε πημονᾶς ἐρεῖς.

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ
eίπω τι δήτα κάλλ’, ἵν’ ὀργίζῃ πλέον;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
όσον γε χρήζεις· ὥς μάτην εἰρήσεται.

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ
λεληθέναι σε φημὶ σοῦν τοῖς φιλτάτοις
αἰσχισθ’ ὀμίλουντ’, οὐδ’ ὀράν ἵν’ εἶ κακοῦ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ἡ καὶ γεγηθῶς ταῦτ’ ἀεὶ λέξειν δοκεῖς;

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ
eίπερ τὶ γ’ ἐστὶ τῆς ἀληθείας σθένος.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ἄλλ’ ἐστὶ, πλὴν σοὶ· σοὶ δὲ τοῦτ’ οὐκ ἐστ’, ἐπεὶ 370
τυφλὸς τά τ’ ὦτα τῶν τε νοῦν τά τ’ ὀμματ’ εἶ.

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ
σὺ δ’ ἀθλιός γε ταῦτ’ ὀνειδίζων, ἂ σοὶ
οὐδεὶς ὃς οὐχὶ τῶνδ’ ὀνειδιεῖ τάχα.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
μᾶς τρέφει πρὸς νικτός, ὥστε μὴ’ ἐμὲ
μὴ’ ἄλλον, ὡστὶς φῶς ὀρά, βλάψαι ποτ’ ἄν.

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ
οὐ γάρ σε μοίρα πρὸς γ’ ἐμοῦ πεσεῖν, ἐπεὶ
ἰκανὸς Ἀπόλλων, ὃ τάδ’ ἑκπράξαι μέλει.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
Κρέοντος ἡ σοῦ ταῦτα τἀξευρήματα;

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ
Κρέων δὲ σοι πῆμ’ οὐδέν, ἄλλ’ αὐτὸς σοὶ σοὶ.

36
OEDIPUS THE KING

OEDIPUS
Thou shalt rue it
Twice to repeat so gross a calumny.

TEIRESIAS
Must I say more to aggravate thy rage?

OEDIPUS
Say all thou wilt; it will be but waste of breath.

TEIRESIAS
I say thou livest with thy nearest kin
In infamy, unwitting of thy shame.

OEDIPUS
Think'st thou for aye unscathed to wag thy tongue?

TEIRESIAS
Yea, if the might of truth can aught prevail.

OEDIPUS
With other men, but not with thee, for thou
In ear, wit, eye, in everything art blind.

TEIRESIAS
Poor fool to utter gibes at me which all
Here present will cast back on thee ere long.

OEDIPUS
Offspring of endless Night, thou hast no power
O'er me or any man who sees the sun.

TEIRESIAS
No, for thy weird is not to fall by me.
I leave to Apollo what concerns the god.

OEDIPUS
Is this a plot of Creon, or thine own?

TEIRESIAS
Not Creon, thou thyself art thine own bane.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ω̂ πλοῦτε καὶ τυραννὶ καὶ τέχνη τέχνης
υπερφέρουσα τῷ πολυζήλῳ βίῳ,
όσος παρ᾽ ύμίν ο φθόνος φυλάσσεται,
εἰ τῇ ὅπιστῇ γ᾽ ἀρχῇς οὐνεχ᾽, ἥν ἔμοι πόλις
δωρητῶν, οὐκ αἰτητῶν, εἰςεχείρισεν,
ταύτῃς Κρέων ὁ πιστός, οὕς ἀρχής φίλος,
λάθρια μ᾽ υπελθόν ἐκβαλείν ἰμεῖνεται,
ὑφείς μᾶγον τοιὸν ἰηκανορράφων,
δόλιον ἀγώρτην, ὅστις ἐν τοῖς κέρδεσιν
μόνον δέδορκε, τῇν τέχνην δ᾽ ἔφυ τυφλός.
ἐπεί, φέρ᾽ εἶπέ, ποῦ σοῦ μάντις εἰ σαφῆς;
πῶς οὐκ, ὅθ᾽ ἡ ῥάφωδος ἐνθάδ᾽ ἦν κύων,
ηὐδας τι τοῦσο δ᾽ ἀστούσων ἐκλυτήριον;
καίτοι τὸ γ᾽ αἰνιγμ᾽ οὐχὶ τουπίστος ἦν
ἀνδρός διειπεῖν, ἀλλὰ μαντείας ἐδει·
ἡν οὐτ᾽ ἀπ᾽ οἰωνῶν σὺ προυφάνης ἔχων
οὐτ᾽ ἐκ θεῶν του γνωτόν· ἀλλ᾽ ἐγὼ μολῶν,
ὁ μηδὲν εἰδὼς Οἰδίπουσ, ἐπαυσά νυν,
γνώμη κυρήσας οὐδ᾽ ἀπ᾽ οἰωνῶν μαθῶν·
ὅν δὴ σὺ πειρᾶς ἐκβαλεῖν, δοκῶν θρόνοις
παραστάσεσιν τοῖς Κρεοντείους πέλας.
κλαίων δοκεῖς μοι καὶ σὺ χω συνθείς τάδε
ἀγηλατήσειν· εἰ δὲ μή ἴδοκεις γέρων
ἐῖναι, παθῶν ἔγνως ἄν οἶά περ φρονεῖς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἡμῖν μὲν εἰκάζουσι καὶ τὰ τοῦδ᾽ ἔπη
ὄργῃ λελέχθαι καὶ τὰ σ᾽, Οἰδίπουσ, δοκεῖ,
δεῖ δ᾽ οὐ τοιοῦτον, ἀλλ᾽ ὅπως τὰ τοῦ θεοῦ
μαντεῖθ᾽ ἀριστα λύσομεν, τόδε σκοπεῖν.
OEDIPUS THE KING

OEDIPUS

O wealth and empery and skill by skill
Outwitted in the battlefield of life,
What spite and envy follow in your train!
See, for this crown the State conferred on me,
A gift, a thing I sought not, for this crown
The trusty Creon, my familiar friend,
Hath lain in wait to oust me and suborned
This mountebank, this juggling charlatan,
This tricksy beggar-priest, for gain alone
Keen-eyed, but in his proper art stone-blind.
Say, sirrah, hast thou ever proved thyself
A prophet? When the riddling Sphinx was here
Why hadst thou no deliverance for this folk?
And yet the riddle was not to be solved
By guess-work but required the prophet's art;
Wherein thou wast found lacking; neither birds
Nor sign from heaven helped thee, but I came,
The simple Oedipus; I stopped her mouth
By mother wit, untaught of auguries.
This is the man whom thou wouldst undermine,
In hope to reign with Creon in my stead.
Methinks that thou and thine abettor soon
Will rue your plot to drive the scapegoat out.
Thank thy grey hairs that thou hast still to learn
What chastisement such arrogance deserves.

CHORUS

To us it seems that both the seer and thou,
O Oedipus, have spoken angry words.
This is no time to wrangle but consult
How best we may fulfil the oracle.
ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ

e' kai tυραννείς, ἔξισωτέον το γοῦν
ίο' ἀντιλέξαι· τοῦδε γὰρ κἀγὼ κρατῶ.
où γὰρ τι σοι θῷ δοῦλος, ἀλλὰ Δοξία:
ἀστ' οὐ Κρέοντας προστάτου γεγράψομαι.
λέγω δ', ἐπείδῃ καὶ τυφλόν μ' ὀνείδισας
σὺ καὶ δέδορκας κοῦ βλέπεις ἵν' εἰ κακοῦ,
oὐδ' ἐνθα ναῖεις, οὐδ' ὅτων οἶκεὶς μέτα.
ἀρ' οἶσθ' ἀφ' ὅν εἶ; καὶ λέληθας ἐχθρός ἦν
tοῖς σοὶν αὐτοῦ νέβθε κατὶ γῆς ἄνω,
καὶ σ' ἀμφιπλήξ μητρός τε καὶ τοῦ σοῦ πατρός
ἐλά' ποτ' ἐκ γῆς τῆς δεινότους ἀρά,
βλέποντα νῦν μὲν ὅρθ', ἔπειτα δὲ σκότον.
βοής δὲ τῆς σῆς ποίος οὐκ ἔσται λυμῆν,
ποῖος Κιθαιρών οὐχὶ σύμφωνος τάχα,
ὅταν καταίσθη τὸν ὑμέναιον, ὅν δόμους
ἀνορμον εἰσεπλευσας, εὐπλοίας τυχών;
ἄλλων δὲ πλῆθος οὐκ ἐπαισθάνει κακῶν,
ἀ' εξισώσει σοὶ τε καὶ τοῖς σοῖς τέκνοις.
πρὸς ταῦτα καὶ Κρέοντα καὶ τοῦμὸν στόμα
προπηλάκιζε· σοῦ γὰρ οὐκ ἔστιν βροτῶν
κάκιον ὅστις ἐκτριβήσεται ποτε.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἡ ταῦτα δῆτ' ἀνεκτὰ πρὸς τοῦτον κλύειν;
oῦκ εἰς ὀλεθρόν; οὐχὶ θάσσουν; οὐ πάλιν
ἄφορρος οἰκῶν τῶνδ' ἀποστραφεῖς ἀπει;

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ

οὐδ' ἵκόμην ἐγων' ἄν, εἰ σὺ μὴ 'κάλεις.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

οὐ γὰρ τί σ' ἦδη μῶρα φωνήσουτ', ἔπει
σχολῆ σ' ἂν οἰκοὺς τοὺς ἔμοις ἐστειλάμην.
TEIRESIAS

King as thou art, free speech at least is mine
To make reply; in this I am thy peer.
I own no lord but Loxias; him I serve
And ne'er can stand enrolled as Creon's man.
Thus then I answer: since thou hast not spared
To twit me with my blindness—thou hast eyes,
Yet see'st not in what misery thou art fallen,
Nor where thou dwellest nor with whom for mate.
Dost know thy lineage? Nay, thou know'st it not,
And all unwitting art a double foe
To thine own kin, the living and the dead;
Aye and the dogging curse of mother and sire
One day shall drive thee, like a two-edged sword,
Beyond our borders, and the eyes that now
See clear shall see henceforward endless night.
Ah whither shall thy bitter cry not reach,
What crag in all Cithaeron but shall then
Reverberate thy wail, when thou hast found
With what a hymeneal thou wast borne
Home, but to no fair haven, on the gale!
Aye, and a flood of ills thou guessest not
Shall set thyself and children in one line.
Flout then both Creon and my words, for none
Of mortals shall be stricken worse than thou.

OEDIPUS

Must I endure this fellow's insolence?
A murrain on thee! Get thee hence! Begone
Avaunt! and never cross my threshold more.

TEIRESIAS

I ne'er had come hadst thou not bidden me.

OEDIPUS

I knew not thou wouldst utter folly, else
Long hadst thou waited to be summoned here.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ

ημεῖς τοιοῦτον ἔφυμεν, ὡς μὲν σοὶ δοκεῖ, μῶροι, γονεῦσί δ', οὗ σ' ἐφύσαν, ἐμφρόνες.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ποίοις; μείνον. τίς δέ μ' ἐκφύει βροτῶν;

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ

ἡδ' ἡμέρα φύσει σε καὶ διαφθείρει.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὡς πάντ' ἀγαν αἰνικτὰ κάσαφη λέγεις.

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ

οὐκοὺν σὺ ταῦτ' ἀριστος εὐρίσκειν ἐφύς;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

τοιαῦτα ὁνείδις', οἶς ἐμ' εὐρήσεις μέγαν.

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ

αὕτη γε μέντοι σ' ἡ τύχη διώλεσεν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἀλλ' εἰ πόλιν τήνδ' ἐξέσωσ', οὔ μοι μέλει.

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ

ἀπειμι τοίνυν· καὶ σὺ, παῖ, κόμιζε με.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

κομιζέτω δὴθ'. ὡς παρὼν σὺ γ' ἐμποδῶν ὀχλείς, συθείς τ' ἄν οὐκ ἄν ἀλγύνοις πλέον.

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ

εἰπὼν ἀπειμ', ἄν οὖνει τῆλθον, οὔ τὸ σὸν δείσας πρόσωπον· οὔ γὰρ ἔσθ' ὅπου μ' ὀλείς.

λέγω δὲ σοϊ· τὸν ἀνδρα τοῦτον, ὃν πάλαι ζητεῖς ἀπειλῶν κανακηρύσσον φῶνον τὸν Λατέιον, οὐτός ἐστιν ἐνθάδε,

εἴνοι λόγω μέτοικοις, εἰτα δ' ἐγγενὴς φανήσεται Θηβαῖος, οὐδ' ἡσθήσεται τῇ ἐνμφορᾷ· τυφλὸς γὰρ ἐκ δεδορκότος
OEDIPUS THE KING

TEIRESIAS

Such am I—as it seems to thee a fool,
But to the parents who begat thee, wise.

OEDIPUS

What sayest thou—"parents"? Who begat me, speak?

TEIRESIAS

This day shall be thy birth-day, and thy grave.

OEDIPUS

Thou lov’st to speak in riddles and dark words.

TEIRESIAS

In reading riddles who so skilled as thou?

OEDIPUS

Twit me with that wherein my greatness lies.

TEIRESIAS

And yet this very greatness proved thy bane.

OEDIPUS

No matter if I saved the commonwealth.

TEIRESIAS

’Tis time I left thee. Come, boy, take me home.

OEDIPUS

Aye, take him quickly, for his presence irks
And lets me; gone, thou canst not plague me more.

TEIRESIAS

I go, but first will tell thee why I came.
Thy frown I dread not, for thou canst not harm me.
Hear then: this man whom thou hast sought to arrest
With threats and warrants this long while, the wretch
Who murdered Laius—that man is here.
He passes for an alien in the land
But soon shall prove a Theban, native born.
And yet his fortune brings him little joy;
For blind of seeing, clad in beggar’s weeds,
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

cαι πτωχός ἀντὶ πλουσίου ξένην ἐπὶ
οἰκήτρω τρω προδεικνὺς γαῖαν ἐμπορεύσεται.

φανήσεται δὲ παισὶ τοῖς αὐτοῦ ξυνῶν
ἀδελφὸς αὐτὸς καὶ πατήρ, κακὶ ἦν ἐφι
γυναικὸς νίὸς καὶ πόσις, καὶ τοῦ πατρὸς
όμοσπορός τε καὶ φονεύς. καὶ ταῦτ' ἰὼν
ἐίσω λογίζου· κἂν λάβῃς ἐξευσμένουν,
φάσκειν ἐμ' ἥδη μαντικὴ μηδὲν φρονεῖν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

στρ. α'

τίς ὄντων' ἀ θεσπίεσται Δελφὸς εἴπε πέτρα
ἀρρητ' ἀρρήτων τελέσαντα φοινίασι χερσίν;

ὁρα νῦν ἀελλάδων
ἐπίων σθεναρῶτερον
φυγὰ πόδα νωμᾶν.

ἐνοψίως γὰρ ἐπ' αὐτῶν ἐπενθρώσκει
πυρὶ καὶ στεροπαιῶς ὁ Διὸς γενέται,
δειναὶ δ' ἀμ' ἐπονταί
κῆρες ἀναπλάκιητοι.

ἀντ. α'

ἐλαμψε γὰρ τοῦ νυφόεντος ἀρτίως φανεῖσα
φάμα Παρνασοῦ τὸν ἄδηλον ἄνδρα πάντ' ἰχνεύειν.

φοιτὰ γὰρ ὑπ' ἀγρίαν
ὑλὰν ἀνά τ' ἀντρα καὶ
πέτρας ἱσόταυρος ¹
μέλεος μελέω πολι χηρεύων,
τὰ μεσομφαλὰ γὰς ἀπονοσφίζων
μαντεία: τὰ δ' ἀεὶ
ζώντα περιποτᾶται.

¹ πετραῖος ὁ ταῦρος L., corr. J. F. Martin.
OEDIPUS THE KING

For purple robes, and leaning on his staff,
To a strange land he soon shall grope his way.
And of the children, inmates of his home,
He shall be proved the brother and the sire,
Of her who bare him son and husband both,
Co-partner and assassin of his sire.
Go in and ponder this, and if thou find
That I have missed the mark, henceforth declare
I have no wit nor skill in prophecy.

[Exeunt TEIRESIAS and OEDIPUS

CHORUS

Who is he by voice immortal named from Pythia's rocky cell,
Doer of foul deeds of bloodshed, horrors that no tongue can tell?
A foot for flight he needs
Fleeter than storm-swift steeds,
For on his heels doth follow,
Armed with the lightnings of his Sire, Apollo.
Like sleuth-hounds too
The Fates pursue.

Yea, but now flashed forth the summons from Parnassus' snowy peak,
"Near and far the undiscovered doer of this murder seek!"
Now like a sullen bull he roves
Through forest brakes and upland groves,
And vainly seeks to fly
The doom that ever nigh
Flits o'er his head,
Still by the avenging Phoebus sped,
The voice divine,
From Earth's mid shrine.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

στρ. β’

δεινὰ μὲν οὖν, δεινὰ ταράσσει σοφὸς οἰωνοθέτας οὔτε δοκοῦντ’ οὔτ’ ἀποφάσκονθ’. ο’ τι λέξω δ’ ἀπορῶ.

πέτομαι δ’ ἐλπίσιν οὔτ’ ἑνθάδ’ ὅρων οὔτ’ ὀπίσω. τί γὰρ ἡ Λαβδακίδαις

ἡ τῷ Πολυβοῦ νεῖκος ἐκεῖτ’, οὔτε πάροιδεν ποτ’ ἐγὼγ’

ἐμαθον, πρὸς ὃτου δὴ βασανίζων 1 βασάνῳ ἐπὶ τὰν ἐπίδαμον φάτιν εἴμ’ Οἰδιπόδα Λαβδακίδαις

ἐπίκουρος ἀδήλων θανάτων.

ἀντ. β’

ἀλλ’ ὁ μὲν οὖν Ζεὺς ὁ τ’ Ἀπόλλων ξυνετοὶ καὶ τὰ βροτῶν
eἰδότες: ἀνδρῶν δ’ ὅτι μάντις πλέον ἡ ἴῳ

φέρεται,

κρίσις οὖκ ἐστιν ἀλαθῆς: σοφία δ’ ἂν σοφίαν

παραμεύσειν ἀνήρ.

ἀλλ’ οὔποτ’ ἐγὼγ’ ᾗν, πρὶν ἵδομι’ ὅρθὸν ἐπος,

μεμφομένων ἂν καταφαίνη.

φανερὰ γὰρ ἐπ’ αὐτῷ πτερόεσσ’ ἦλθε κόρα

ποτε, καὶ σοφὸς ὤφθη βασάνῳ θ’ ἄδυπολις: τῷ ἀπ’ ἐμᾶς

φρενὸς οὔποτ’ ὀφλῆσει κακίαν.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ἀνδρεὶς πολίται, δείν’ ἐπὶ πεπυσμένος

κατηγορεῖν μου τὸν τύραννον Οἰδίπον,

1 Jebb adds βασασίζων.
Sore perplexed am I by the words of the master seer.
Are they true, are they false? I know not and bridle my tongue for fear,
Fluttered with vague surmise; nor present nor future is clear.
Quarrel of ancient date or in days still near know I none
Twixt the Labdacidan house and our ruler, Polybus' son.
Proof is there none: how then can I challenge our King's good name,
How in a blood-feud join for an untracked deed of shame?

All wise are Zeus and Apollo, and nothing is hid from their ken;
They are gods; and in wits a man may surpass his fellow men;
But that a mortal seer knows more than I know—where
Hath this been proven? Or how without sign assured, can I blame
Him who saved our State when the wingèd songstress came,
Tested and tried in the light of us all, like gold assayed?
How can I now assent when a crime is on Oedipus laid?

CREON
Friends, countrymen, I learn King Oedipus
Hath laid against me a most grievous charge,
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

πάρειμ’ ἀτλητῶν. εἰ γὰρ ἐν ταῖς ξυμφοραῖς ταῖς νῦν νομίζει πρὸς γ’ ἐμοῦ πεπονθέναι λόγους εἰτ’ ἔργουσιν εἰς βλάβην φέρον, οὕτω βίων μοι τοῦ μακράωνος πόθος, φέροντι τήνδε βάξιν. οὐ γὰρ εἰς ἀπλοῦν ἡ ξημία μοι τοῦ λόγου τούτου φέρει, ἀλλ’ ἐς μέγιστον, εἰ κακὸς μὲν ἐν πόλει, κακὸς δὲ πρὸς σοῦ καὶ φίλων κεκλήσομαι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀλλ’ ἠλθε μὲν δὴ τοῦτο τοῦνείδος ταχ’ ἀν ὀργῇ βιασθὲν μᾶλλον ἡ γνώμη φρενῶν.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

tοῦπος δ’ ἐφάνη, ταῖς ἐμαῖς γνώμαις ὁτι πεισθεὶς ὁ μάντις τοὺς λόγους ψευδεῖς λέγωι;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ηὗδάτο μὲν τάδ’, οἶδα δ’ οὐ γνώμη τίν.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ἐξ ὀμμάτων δ’ ὀρθῶν τε κἀξ ὀρθῆς φρενὸς κατηγορεῖτο τοῦπικήμα τοῦτό μου;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐκ οἶδ’ ἃ γὰρ ὁρῶ ὃι κρατοῦντες οὐχ ὀρῶ. αὐτός δ’ ὄδ’ ἡδή δωμάτων ἐξω περά.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

οὗτος σὺ, πῶς δεῦρ’ ἠλθες; ἤ τοσόνδ’ ἔχεις τόλμης πρόσωπον ὅστε τὰς ἐμᾶς στέγας ἰκου, φονεύς ὃν τούδε τάνδρος ἐμφανῶς ληστῆς τ’ ἐναργής τῆς ἐμῆς τυραννίδος; φέρ’ εἰπὲ πρὸς θεῶν, δειλίαν ἢ μωρίαν ἰδὼν τιν’ ἐν μοι ταῦτ’ ἐβουλεύσω σοιν; ἡ τούργον ὅς οὐ γνωρισμέ σοι τόδε
OEDIPUS THE KING

And come to you protesting. If he deems
That I have harmed or injured him in aught
By word or deed in this our present trouble,
I care not to prolong my span of life,
Thus ill-reputed; for the calumny
Hits not a single blot, but blasts my name,
If by the general voice I am denounced
False to the State and false by you my friends.

CHORUS
This taunt, it well may be, was blurted out
In petulance, not spoken advisedly.

CREON
Did any dare pretend that it was I
Prompted the seer to utter a forged charge?

CHORUS
Such things were said; with what intent I know not.

CREON
Were not his wits and vision all astray
When upon me he fixed this monstrous charge?

CHORUS
I know not; to my sovereign’s acts I am blind.
But lo, he comes to answer for himself.

Enter Oedipus.

OEDIPUS
Sirrah, what mak’st thou here? Dost thou presume
To approach my doors, thou brazen-faced rogue,
My murderer and the filcher of my crown?
Come, answer this, didst thou detect in me
Some touch of cowardice or witlessness,
That made thee undertake this enterprise?
I seemed forsooth too simple to perceive
The serpent stealing on me in the dark,
OIDIPUS TYPANNOΣ

dόλω προσέρτον ἡ οὐκ ἅλεξοίμην μαθῶν; ἀρ' οὐχὶ μῶρον ἐστὶ τοῦγχείρημα σου, ἀνεν τε πλήθους καὶ φίλων τυραννίδα θηρᾶν, δ' πλήθει χρήμασιν θ' ἀλίσκεται;

ΚΡΕΩΝ

οἰσθ' ὡς πόησων; ἀντὶ τῶν εἰρημένων ἦσ' ἀντάκουσον, κατὰ κρῖν' αὐτὸς μαθῶν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

λέγειν σὺ δεινός, μανθάνειν δ' ἐγὼ κακὸς σοῦ· δυσμενὴ γὰρ καὶ βαρὺν σ' ἡρήκ' ἐμοί.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

tοῦτ' αὐτὸ νῦν μου πρῶτ' ἀκουσον ὡς ἔρω.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

tοῦτ' αὐτὸ μὴ μοι φράζ', ὡπως οὐκ εἰ κακὸς.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

εἰ τοι νομίζεις κτῆμα τὴν αὐθαίρετα εἶναι τί τοῦ νου χωρίς, οὐκ ὀρθῶς φρονεῖς.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

εἰ τοι νομίζεις ἄνδρα συγγενῆ κακῶς δρῶν οὐχ ύφέζειν τὴν δίκην, οὐκ εὖ φρονεῖς.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ξύμφημι σοι ταῦτ' ἐνδικ' εἰρήσθαι· τὸ δὲ πάθημι ὅποιον φής παθεῖν, δίδασκε με.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἐπειθὲς ἡ οὐκ ἐπειθὲς, ὡς χρείη μ' ἐπὶ τὸν σεμνόμαντιν ἄνδρα πέμψασθαι τινα;

ΚΡΕΩΝ

καὶ νῦν ἐθ' αὐτός εἰμι τῷ βουλεύματι.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

πόσον τῶν ἦδη δῆθ' ὁ Λάιος χρόνον

1 ἡ οὐκ, Spengel's correction for MSS. κοιν.
OEDIPUS THE KING

Or else too weak to scotch it when I saw.
Tis thou art witless seeking to possess
Without a following or friends the crown,
A prize that followers and wealth must win.

CREON

Attend me. Thou hast spoken, 'tis my turn
To make reply. Then having heard me, judge.

OEDIPUS

Thou art glib of tongue, but I am slow to learn
Of thee; I know too well thy venomous hate.

CREON

First I would argue out this very point.

OEDIPUS

O argue not that thou art not a rogue.

CREON

If thou dost count a virtue stubbornness,
Un schooled by reason, thou art much astray.

OEDIPUS

If thou dost hold a kinsman may be wronged,
And no pains follow, thou art much to seek.

CREON

Therein thou judgest rightly, but this wrong
That thou allegest—tell me what it is.

OEDIPUS

Didst thou or didst thou not advise that I
Should call the priest?

CREON

Yes, and I stand to it.

OEDIPUS

Tell me how long is it since Laïus . . .
ΚΡΕΩΝ
δέδρακε ποίον ἐργον; οὐ γὰρ ἐννοῶ.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ἀφαντός ἔρρει θανασίμω χειρόματι;
ΚΡΕΩΝ
μακροὶ παλαιοὶ τ’ ἀν μετρηθεῖεν χρόνοι.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
tότ’ οὖν ὁ μάντις οὗτος ἦν ἐν τῇ τέχνῃ;
ΚΡΕΩΝ
σοφὸς γ’ ὁμοῖως κάξ ἵσου τιμῶμενος.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ἐμνήσατ’ οὖν ἐμοῦ τι τῷ τότ’ ἐν χρόνῳ;
ΚΡΕΩΝ
οὐκουν ἐμοῦ γ’ ἑστῶτος οὐδαμοῦ πέλας.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ἀλλ’ οὐκ ἔρευναν τοῦ κτανόντος ἔσχετε;
ΚΡΕΩΝ
παρέσχομεν, πῶς δ’ οὐχί; κοῦκ ἥκουσαμεν.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
πῶς οὖν τόθ’ οὗτος ὁ σοφὸς οὗκ ἡὕδα τάδε;
ΚΡΕΩΝ
οὐκ οἶδ’· ἐφ’ οἷς γὰρ μὴ φρονῶ σιγῶν φιλῶ.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
tοσόνδε γ’ οἶσθα καὶ λέγοις ἂν εὗ φρονῶν.
ΚΡΕΩΝ
ποῖον τόθ’; εἰ γὰρ οἶδά γ’, οὐκ ἄρνησομαι.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
όθούνεκ’, εἰ μὴ σοι ἓννήλθε, τάσδ’ ἐμᾶς
οὐκ ἂν ποτ’ εἴπε Λαῖον διαφθοράς.
ΚΡΕΩΝ
eἰ μὲν λέγει τάδ’, αὐτὸς οἰσθ’. ἐγὼ δὲ σοῦ
μαθεῖν δικαίω ταῦθ’ ἀπερ κάμοῦ σοῦ νῦν.
OEDIPUS THE KING

CREON
Since Laïus . . .? I follow not thy drift.

OEDIPUS
By violent hands was spirited away.

CREON
In the dim past, a many years agone.

OEDIPUS
Did this same prophet then pursue his craft?

CREON
Yes, skilled as now and in no less repute.

OEDIPUS
Did he at that time ever glance at me?

CREON
Not to my knowledge, not when I was by.

OEDIPUS
But was no search and inquisition made?

CREON
Surely full quest was made, but nothing learnt.

OEDIPUS
Why failed the seer to tell his story then?

CREON
I know not, and not knowing hold my tongue.

OEDIPUS
This much thou knowest and canst surely tell.

CREON
What mean'st thou? All I know I will declare.

OEDIPUS
But for thy prompting never had the seer
Ascribed to me the death of Laïus.

CREON
If so he says thou knowest best; but I
Would put thee to the question in my turn.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἐκμάνθαντ. οὐ γὰρ δὴ φονεύς ἀλώσομαι.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

τί δήτ’; ἀδελφὴν τὴν ἐμὴν γῆμας ἔχεις;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἀρνησις οὐκ ἐνεστὶν ὃν ἀνιστορεῖς.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ἀρχεῖς δ’ ἐκεῖνη ταύτα γῆς ἦσον νέμων;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἀν ἦ θέλουσα πάντ’ ἐμοῦ κομίζεται.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

οὐκον ἰσοῦμαι σφῶν ἐγὼ δυνὸν τρίτος;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἐνταῦθα γὰρ δὴ καὶ κακὸς φαίνει φίλος.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

οὐκ, εἰ διδοίης γ’ ὡς ἐγὼ σαντῶι λόγον. σκέψαι δὲ τοῦτο πρῶτον, εἰ τιν’ ἄν δοκεῖς ἀρχεῖν ἐλεύθαι ἐξὺν φόβουσι μᾶλλον ἦ ἀτρεστὸν εὐδοντ’, εἰ τά γ’ αὐθ’ ἔξει κράτη. ἐγὼ μὲν οὐν οὗτ’ αὐτὸς ἰμείρων ἐφιν τύραννος εἶναι μᾶλλον ἦ τυραννα ὅραν, οὗτ’ ἄλλος ὅστες σωφρονεῖν ἐπίστασαι. νῦν μὲν γὰρ ἐκ σοῦ πάντ’ ἄνευ φόβου φέρω, εἰ δ’ αὐτὸς ἥρχον, πολλὰ καὶν ἀκων ἔδρων. πῶς δήτ’ ἐμοὶ τυραννῖς ἡδίων ἔχειν ἀρχής ἀλύπου καὶ δυναστείας ἐφιν; οὔτω τοσοῦτον ἡπατημένον κυρῶ ὡστ’ ἄλλα χρήζειν ἦ τὰ σύν κέρδει καλὰ. νῦν πάσι χαῖρω, νῦν με πάσι ἀσπάζεται, νῦν οἱ σέθεν χρήζοντες ἐκκαλοῦσι με· τὸ γὰρ τυχεῖν αὐτοίσι πάν ἐνταῦθ’ ἐν.
OEDIPUS THE KING

OEDIPUS
Question and prove me murderer if thou canst.

CREON
Then let me ask thee, didst thou wed my sister?

OEDIPUS
A fact so plain I cannot well deny.

CREON
And as thy consort queen she shares the throne?

OEDIPUS
I grant her freely all her heart desires.

CREON
And with you twain I share the triple rule?

OEDIPUS
Yea, this it is that proves thee a false friend.

CREON
Not so, if thou wouldst reason with thyself, As I with myself. First, I bid thee think, Would any mortal choose a troubled reign Of terrors rather than secure repose, If the same power were given him? As for me, I have no natural craving for the name Of king, preferring to do kingly deeds, And so thinks every sober-minded man. Now all my needs are satisfied through thee, And I have naught to fear; but were I king, My acts would oft run counter to my will. How could a title then have charms for me Above the sweets of boundless influence? I am not so infatuate as to grasp The shadow when I hold the substance fast. Now all men cry me Gods speed! wish me well, And every suitor seeks to gain my ear, If he would hope to win a grace from thee.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

πῶς δῆτ᾽ ἐγὼ κεῖν ἂν λάβοιμ' ἀφεῖς τάδε; ὀκ ἂν γένοιτο νοῦς κακὸς καλῶς φρονῶν. 600
ἀλλ' οὔτ᾽ ἐραστῆς τῆς τῆς γνώμης ἐφυν
οὔτ᾽ ἂν μετ' ἄλλου δρόντος ἂν τλαίην ποτε. καὶ τῶν ἐλεγχον τούτο μὲν Πυθώδ' ἰὼν
πεύθου τὰ χρησθέντ' εἰ σαφῶς ἡγειλά σου
τούτ᾽ ἂλλ', ἐὰν με τῷ τερασκόπω λάβης
κοινῇ τι βουλεύσατα, μή μ' ἀπλῇ κτάνης
ψήφῳ, διπλῇ δέ, τῇ τ' ἐμῇ καὶ σῇ, λαβών
γνώμη δ' ἀδήλω μή με χωρίς αἰτιώ.
οὐ γὰρ δίκαιον οὔτε τοὺς κακοὺς μᾶτιν
χρηστοὺς νομίζειν οὔτε τοὺς χρηστοὺς κακοὺς. 610
φίλον γὰρ ἐσθλὸν ἐκβαλεῖν ἰσον λέγω
καὶ τὸν παρ' αὐτῷ βίων, ὅν πλείστον φιλεῖ.
ἀλλ' ἐν χρόνω γνώσει τά' ἀσφαλῶς, ἐπεὶ
χρόνος δίκαιον ἄνδρα δείκνυσιν μόνος
κακῶν δὲ κἂν ἐν ἡμέρα γνοῖς μιᾷ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
καλῶς ἔλεξεν εὐλαβομένως πεσεῖν,
ἀναξ. φρονεῖν γὰρ οἱ ταχεῖς ὀκ ἀσφαλεῖς.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὅταν ταχὺς τις οὐπιθαλεύων λάθρα
χωρῇ, ταχὺν δεὶ κάμε βουλεῦειν πάλιν·
i δ' ἱσυχάζων προσμενῶ, τὰ τούδε μὲν
πεπραγμέν' ἔσται, τὰμὰ δ' ἡμαρτημένα. 620

ΚΡΕΩΝ

τὸ δὴτα χρήζεις; ἡ μὲ γῆς ἐξω βαλεῖν;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἡκιστα. θεύσκειν, οὐ φυγεῖν σε βούλομαι.
ὦς ἂν προδείξῃς οἶν ἐστὶ τὸ φθονεῖν.1

1 MSS. give 624 to Creon and 625 to Oedipus. Jebb corrects
and supposes a line to have fallen out between 625 and 626.

56
OEDIPUS THE KING

Why should I leave the better, choose the worse?
That were sheer madness, and I am not mad.
No such ambition ever tempted me,
Nor would I have a share in such intrigue.
And if thou doubt me, first to Delphi go,
There ascertain if my report was true
Of the god's answer; next investigate
If with the seer I plotted or conspired,
And if it prove so, sentence me to death,
Not by thy voice alone, but mine and thine.
But O condemn me not, without appeal,
On bare suspicion. 'Tis not right to adjudge
Bad men at random good, or good men bad.
I would as lief a man should cast away
The thing he counts most precious, his own life,
As spurn a true friend. Thou wilt learn in time
The truth, for time alone reveals the just;
A villain is detected in a day.

CHORUS
To one who walketh warily his words
Commend themselves; swift counsels are not sure.

OEDIPUS
When with swift strides the stealthy plotter stalks
I must be quick too with my counterplot.
To wait his onset passively, for him
Is sure success, for me assured defeat.

CREON
What then's thy will? To banish me the land?

OEDIPUS
I would not have thee banished, no, but dead,
That men may mark the wages envy reaps.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ως οὐχ ὑπείξων οὐδὲ πιστεύσων λέγεις;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

*K * * * * *

ΚΡΕΩΝ

οὐ γὰρ φρονοῦντά σ’ εὕ βλέπω.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

τὸ γοῦν ἐμὸν.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ἀλλ’ ἐξ ἵσον δεῖ κάμον.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἀλλ’ ἔφυσ κακός.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

εἰ δὲ ἔρνυται μηδέν;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἀρκτέων γ’ ὅμως.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

οὗτοι κακῶς γ’ ἀρχοντος.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ω πόλις πόλις.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

κάμοι πόλεως μέτεστιν, οὐχὶ σοι μόνῳ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

παύσασθ’, ἀνακτεῖς· καιρίαν δ’ ὑμῖν ὀρὼ τήνδ’ ἐκ δόμων στείχουσαν ’Ιοκάστην, μεθ’ ἂς τὸ νῦν παρεστὸς νεῖκος εὗ θέσθαι χρεών.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ

τί τήν ἄβουλον, ὁ ταλαίπωροι, στάσω γλώσσης ἐπήρασθ’ οὐδ’ ἐπαισχύνεσθε γῆς οὔτω νοσούσης ἵδια κινοῦντες κακά;

630

58
OEDIPUS THE KING

CREON
I see thou wilt not yield, nor credit me.

OEDIPUS
[None but a fool would credit such as thou.]

CREON
Thou art not wise.

OEDIPUS
Wise for myself at least.

CREON
Why not for me too?

OEDIPUS
Why for such a knave?

CREON
Suppose thou lackest sense.

OEDIPUS
Yet kings must rule.

CREON
Not if they rule ill.

OEDIPUS
O my Thebans, hear him!

CREON
Thy Thebans? am not I a Theban too?

CHORUS
Cease, princes; lo there comes, and none too soon, Jocasta from the palace. Who so fit As peacemaker to reconcile your feud?

Enter JOCASTA.

JOCASTA
Misguided princes, why have ye upraised This wordy wrangle? Are ye not ashamed, While the whole land lies stricken, thus to voice Your private injuries? Go in, my lord;
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

οὐκ εἰ σὺ τ’ οἶκους σὺ τε, Κρέων, κατὰ στέγας,
καὶ μὴ τὸ μηδὲν ἄλγος εἰς μέγ’ οἴσετε;

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ὀμαίμε, δεινὰ μ’ Οἰδίπους ὁ σὸς πόσις
δράσαι δικαίω δυνών ἀποκρίνας κακοῦν,
ἡ γῆς ἀπώσαι πατρίδος ἥ κτείναι λαβών.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ξύμφημω· δρῶντα γάρ νῦν, ὃ γύναι, κακῶς
εἰληφά τοῦμόν σώμα σὺν τέχνῃ κακῇ.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

μὴ νῦν ὀναίμην, ἀλλ’ ἀραῖος, εἰ σὲ τι
dέδρακ’, ὀλοίμην, ὃν ἑπαίτια με δρᾶν.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ

ὁ πρὸς θεῶν πίστευσον, Οἰδίπους, τάδε,
μάλιστα μὲν τόνδ’ ὄρκον αἰδεσθεὶς θεῶν,
ἔπειτα κάμε τούσδε θ’ οἱ πάρεισί σοι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πιθοῦ θελήσας φρονήσας τ’, ἀνάξ, λίσσομαι.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

tί σοι θέλεις δῆτ’ εἰκάθω;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

tὸν οὖτε πρὶν νηπίου νῦν τ’ ἐν ὥρκῳ μέγαν καταί-

dεσαι.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

οἴσθ’ οὖν ἄ χρήζεις;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οἶδα.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

φράζε δὴ τί φής.
OEDIPUS THE KING

Go home, my brother, and forbear to make
A public scandal of a petty grief.

CREON

My royal sister, Oedipus, thy lord,
Hath bid me choose (O dread alternative!)
An outlaw's exile or a felon's death.

OEDIPUS

Yes, lady; I have caught him practising
Against my royal person his vile arts.

CREON

May I ne'er speed but die accursed, if I
In any way am guilty of this charge.

JOCASTA

Believe him, I adjure thee, Oedipus,
First for his solemn oath's sake, then for mine,
And for thine elders' sake who wait on thee.

CHORUS (Str. 1)

Hearken, King, reflect, we pray thee, be not stubborn
but relent.

OEDIPUS

Say to what should I consent?

CHORUS

Respect a man whose probity and troth
Are known to all and now confirmed by oath.

OEDIPUS

Dost know what grace thou cravest?

CHORUS

Yea, I know.

OEDIPUS

Declare it then and make thy meaning plain.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ
τὸν ἑναγῆ φίλον μὴποτ' ἐν αἰτίᾳ
σὺν ἄφανεί λόγῳ σ' ἀτιμὸν βαλεῖν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
εὖ νῦν ἐπίστω, ταῦθ' ὅταν ζητής, ἐμοὶ
ζητῶν οἴλεθρον ἡ φυγήν ἐκ τῆςδε γῆς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
οὐ τὸν πάντων θεῶν θεόν πρόμον  ἀπ. β' 660
"Αλιον. ἐπεὶ ἄθεος ἄφιλος ὁ τι πύματον
ἀλόιμαν, φρόνησοι εἰ τάνδ' ἕχω.
ἀλλ' μοι δυσμόρῳ γὰ φθινάς
tρύχει φυχάν, τάδ' εἰ κακοῖς κακὰ
προσάψει τοῖς πάλαι τὰ πρὸς σφῶν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ὁ δ' οὖν ἵτω, κεῖ χρή με παντελῶς θανείν
ἡ γῆς ἀτιμὸν τῆςδ' ἀπωσθῆναι βίᾳ.
τὸ γὰρ σὸν, οὐ τὸ τοῦτ', ἐποικίρω στόμα
ἐλείνον· οὗτος δ' ἐνθ' ἄν ἢ στυγήσεται.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
στυγνὸς μὲν εἰκὼν δῆλος εἰ, βαρὺς δ', ὅταν
θυμοῦ περάσης: αἰ δὲ τοιαῦταν φύσεις
ἀυταῖς δικαίως εἰσὶν ἀλγισταί φέρειν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
οὐκον μ' εάσεις κάκτος εἰ;

ΚΡΕΩΝ
πορεύσομαι,
σοῦ μὲν τυχῶν ἀγνώτος, ἐν δὲ τοίοδ' ἵσος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
ἀντ. α'
γύναι, τί μέλλεις κομίζειν δόμων τόνδ' ἔσω.
CHORUS
Brand not a friend whom babbling tongues assail;
Let not suspicion 'gainst his oath prevail.

OEDIPUS
Bethink you that in seeking this ye seek
In very sooth my death or banishment?

CHORUS
No, by the leader of the host divine! (Str. 2)
Witness, thou Sun, such thought was never mine,
Unblest, unfriended may I perish,
If ever I such wish did cherish!
But O my heart is desolate
Musing on our stricken State,
Doubly fall'n should discord grow
Twixt you twain, to crown our woe.

OEDIPUS
Well, let him go, no matter what it cost me,
Or certain death or shameful banishment,
For your sake I relent, not his; and him,
Where'er he be, my heart shall still abhor.

CREON
Thou art as sullen in thy yielding mood
As in thine anger thou wast truculent.
Such tempers justly plague themselves the most.

OEDIPUS
Leave me in peace and get thee gone.

CREON
I go,
By thee misjudged, but justified by these.
[Exit CREON.

CHORUS
(Lant. 1)
Lady, lead indoors thy consort; wherefore longer here delay?
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ
μαθοῦσά γ' ἢτις ἡ τύχη.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
dόκησος ἀγνῶς λόγων ἦλθε, δάπτει δὲ καὶ τὸ μὴ ἱδικον.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ
ἀμφοῖν ἀπ' αὐτοῖν;

ΧΟΡΟΣ
ναίξι.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ
καὶ τὸν ἵν λόγος;

ΧΟΡΟΣ
ἀλις ἐμοιγ', ἀλις, γὰς προπονουμένας,
φαίνεται ἐνθ' ἐληξεν αὐτοῦ μένειν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ὅρᾶς ἵν ἰκείς, ἀγαθὸς ὥν γνώμην ἀνήρ,
tοῦμον παρεῖς καὶ καταμβλύνων κέαρ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ
ἀναξ', εἶπον μὲν οὐχ ἄπαξ μόνον,
ἰσθι δὲ παραφρόνιμον, ἄπορον ἐπὶ φρόνιμα
πεφάνθαι μ' ἄν, εἰ σ' ἐνοσφιζόμαν,
οὐ τ' ἐμὰν γὰν φίλαν ἐν πόνοις
ἀλύουσαν κατ' ὀρθὸν οὐρίσας,
ταῦτ' τ' εὔπομπος, ὁν γένοιο.¹

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ
πρὸς θεῶν διδάξον κἀμ', ἄναξ', ὦτον ποτὲ
μῆνιν τοσὴνδέ πράγματος στῆσας ἔχεις

¹ εἰ δύναιο γενοῦ MSS. ἂν γένοιο Blaydes.
OEDIPUS THE KING

JOCASTA
Tell me first how rose the fray.

CHORUS
Rumours bred unjust suspicions and injustice rankles sore.

JOCASTA
Were both at fault then?

CHORUS
Both.

JOCASTA
What was the tale?

CHORUS
Ask me no more. The land is sore distressed; 'Twere better sleeping ills to leave at rest.

OEDIPUS
Strange counsel, friend! I know thou mean'st me well, And yet would'st mitigate and blunt my zeal.

CHORUS
King, I say it once again, Witless were I proved, insane, If I lightly put away Thee my country's prop and stay, Pilot who, in danger sought, To a quiet haven brought Our distracted State; and now Who can guide us right but thou?

JOCASTA
Let me too, I adjure thee, know, O king, What cause has stirred this unrelenting wrath.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἐρώτ. σὲ γὰρ τῶν ἔσ πλέον, γύναι, σέβω. Κρέοντος, οία μοι βεβουλευκὼς ἔχει.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ

λεγ', εἴ σαφῶς τὸ νεῖκος ἐγκαλῶν ἔρεις.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

φονέα με φησὶ Λαἰοῦ καθεστάναι.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ

αὐτὸς ξυνείδῶς ἡ μαθὼν ἄλλου πάρα;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

μάντων μὲν οὖν κακοῦργον εἰσπέμψας, ἐπεὶ τὸ γ' εἰς έαυτὸν πᾶν ἐλευθεροὶ στόμα.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ

οὐ νυν ἁφείς σεαυτὸν ὅν λέγεις πέρι ἐμοῦ 'πάκουσον, καὶ μάθ᾽ οὐνεκ' ἔστι σοι βρότειον οὐδὲν μαντικῆς ἔχον τέχνης. φανὼ δὲ σοι σημεία τῶνδε σύντομα. 710

χρησμὸς γὰρ ἦλθε Λαἰῳ ποτ', οὐκ ἐρώ Φοίβου γ' ἅπ' αὐτοῦ, τῶν δ' ὑπηρετῶν ἀπο, ὡς αὐτὸν ἕξοι μοῖρα πρὸς παιδὸς θανεῖν, ὡστὶς γένοιτ' ἐμοὶ τε κάκεινον πάρα. καὶ τὸν μὲν, ὥσπερ γ' ἡ φάτις, ξένοι ποτὲ λησταὶ φονεύουσα ἐν τριπλαῖς ἀμαξιτοῖς: παιδὸς δὲ βλάστασι οὐ διέσχον ἦμεραι τρεῖς, καὶ νυν ἀρθρα κεῖνος ἐνζεύξας ποδοῖν ἔρριψεν ἄλλων χερόν ἄβατον εἰς ὁροὶς. κάνταθ' Ἀπόλλων οὔτ' ἐκεῖνον ἦνυσεν 720  φονεὰ γενέσθαι πατρὸς οὔτε Λαἰοῦ τὸ δεινὸν οὐφοβείτο πρὸς παιδὸς θανεῖν.

66
OEDIPUS THE KING

OEDIPUS
I will, for thou art more to me than these.
Lady, the cause is Creon and his plots.

JOCASTA
But what provoked the quarrel? make this clear.

OEDIPUS
He points me out as Laïus' murderer.

JOCASTA
Of his own knowledge or upon report?

OEDIPUS
He is too cunning to commit himself,
And makes a mouthpiece of a knavish seer.

JOCASTA
Then thou mayst ease thy conscience on that score.
Listen and I'll convince thee that no man
Hath scot or lot in the prophetic art.
Here is the proof in brief. An oracle
Once came to Laïus (I will not say
'Twas from the Delphic god himself, but from
His ministers) declaring he was doomed
To perish by the hand of his own son,
A child that should be born to him by me.
Now Laïus—so at least report affirmed—
Was murdered on a day by highwaymen,
No natives, at a spot where three roads meet.
As for the child, it was but three days old,
When Laïus, its ankles pierced and pinned
Together, gave it to be cast away
By others on the trackless mountain side.
So then Apollo brought it not to pass
The child should be his father's murderer,
Or the dread terror find accomplishment,
And Laïus be slain by his own son.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

tοιαύτα φήμαι μαντικαί διώρισαν,
διν ἐντρέπου σὺ μηδέν· διν γὰρ ἄν θεὸς
χρείαν ἔρευνᾶ, ῥαδίως αὐτὸς φανεῖ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
οἶον μ’ ἀκούσαντ’ ἀρτίως ἔχει, γύναι,
ψυχής πλάνημα κανακίνησις φρενῶν.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ
ποίας μερίμνης τοὸθ’ ὑποστραφεὶς λέγεις;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ἐδοξ’ ἀκούσαι σοῦ τόδ’, ώσ ὁ Λάιος
κατασφαγεῖ ἐπὶ τριπλαῖος ἀμαξίτοις.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ
ηῦδατο γὰρ ταῦτ’ οὐδὲ πιο λήξαντ’ ἔχει.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
καὶ ποῦ ’σθ’ ὁ χῶρος οὕτος οὐ τόδ’ ἡν πάθος;

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ
Φωκίς μὲν ἡ γῆ κληζεταῖ, σχιστῇ δ’ ὁδὸς
ἐς ταῦτο Δελφῶν κἀπὸ Δαυλίας ἀγεῖ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
καὶ τίς χρόνος τοῦσδ’ ἔστίν οὐξεληλυθὼς;

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ
σχεδὸν τι πρόσθεν ἢ σὺ τῆσθ’ ἔχων χθονὸς
ἄρχην ἐφαίνου, τοῦτ’ ἐκηρύχθη πόλει.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ὡ Ζεῦ, τί μου δρᾶσαι βεβούλευσαι πέρι;

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ
τί δ’ ἐστί σοι τοῦτ’, Οἰδίπος, ἐνθύμιον;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
μὴπω μ’ ἐρώτα: τὸν δὲ Λάιον φύσιν
τίν’ ἦλθε φράζε, τίνα δ’ ἀκμὴν ἡβης ἔχων.
OEDIPUS THE KING

Such was the prophet's horoscope. O king, Regard it not. Whate'er the god deems fit To search, himself unaided will reveal.

OEDIPUS

What memories, what wild tumult of the soul Came o'er me, lady, as I heard thee speak!

JOCASTA

What mean'st thou? What has shocked and startled thee?

OEDIPUS

Methought I heard thee say that Laïus Was murdered at the meeting of three roads.

JOCASTA

So ran the story that is current still.

OEDIPUS

Where did this happen? Dost thou know the place?

JOCASTA

Phocis the land is called; the spot is where Branch roads from Delphi and from Daulis meet.

OEDIPUS

And how long is it since these things befell?

JOCASTA

'Twas but a brief while ere thou wast proclaimed Our country's ruler that the news was brought.

OEDIPUS

O Zeus, what hast thou willed to do with me!

JOCASTA

What is it, Oedipus, that moves thee so?

OEDIPUS

Ask me not yet; tell me the build and height Of Laïus? Was he still in manhood's prime?
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ
μέγας, χνοάζων ἀρτὶ λευκανθῆς κάρα, μορφῆς δὲ τῆς σῆς οὐκ ἀπεστάτει πολὺ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
οἶμοι τάλας· ἔσκα ἐμαυτὸν εἰς ἄρας δεινᾶς προβάλλων ἀρτίως οὐκ εἶδέναι.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ
πῶς φῆς; ὅκνῳ τοι πρὸς σ’ ἀποσκοποῦ’, ἀναξ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
δεινῶς ἀθυμῶ μὴ βλέπων ὁ μάντις ἢ· δείξεις δὲ μᾶλλον, ἢν ἐν εἴσειπης ἐτί.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ
καὶ μὴν ὅκνῳ μὲν, ᾧ δ’ ἄν ἔρη μαθοῦ’ ἐρώ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
πότερον ἔχωρει βαιὸς ἢ πολλοὺς ἔχων ἀνδρας λοχίτας, οἴ’ ἀνὴρ ἀρχηγέτης;

750

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ
πέντ’ ἦσαν οἱ ξύμπαντες, ἐν δ’ αὐτοῖσιν ἦν κῆρυξ· ἀπῆνη δ’ ἤγε Λάιον μία.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
αἰαί, τάδ’ ἦδη διαφανῆ· τίς ἦν ποτὲ ὁ τούσδε λέξας τοὺς λόγους ὑμῖν, γύναι;

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ
οἰκεύς τις, ὀσπερ ἦκετ’ ἐκσωθεῖς μόνοις.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ἡ καὶ δόμοις τυγχάνει τανῦν παρῶν;

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ
οὗ δῆτ’· ἄφ’ οὗ γὰρ κεῖθεν ἤλθε καὶ κράτη σὲ τ’ εἴδ’ ἐχοῦτα Λάιον τ’ ὀλωλότα,
ἐξικέτευσε τῆς ἐμῆς χειρὸς θυγῶν 760

70
OEDIPUS THE KING

JOCasta
Tall was he, and his hair was lightly strewn
With silver; and not unlike thee in form.

OEDIPUS
O woe is me! Methinks unwittingly
I laid but now a dread curse on myself.

JOCasta
What say'st thou? When I look on thee, my king,
I tremble.

OEDIPUS
'Tis a dread presentiment
That in the end the seer will prove not blind.
One further question to resolve my doubt.

JOCasta
I quail; but ask, and I will answer all.

OEDIPUS
Had he but few attendants or a train
Of armed retainers with him, like a prince?

JOCasta
They were but five in all, and one of them
A herald; Laïus in a mule-car rode.

OEDIPUS
Alas! 'tis clear as noonday now. But say,
Lady, who carried this report to Thebes?

JOCasta
A serf, the sole survivor who returned.

OEDIPUS
Haply he is at hand or in the house?

JOCasta
No, for as soon as he returned and found
Thee reigning in the stead of Laïus slain,
He clasped my hand and supplicated me
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

άγρος σφε πέμψαι κάπι ποιμνίων νομάς,
ώς πλείστον εἵη τόδ' ἀποπτος ἀστεώς.
κάπεμψ' ἐγὼ νιν' ἀξίος γὰρ οἱ ἀνήρ
δούλος φέρειν ἢν τῆσε δ καὶ μείζω χάρων.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

πώς ἂν μόλοι δῆθ' ἡμῖν ἐν τάχει πάλιν;

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ

πάρεστιν' ἀλλὰ πρὸς τί τοῦτ' ἐφίεσαι;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

dέδοικ' ἐμαυτόν, ὦ γύναι, μὴ πόλλ' ἀγαν
εἰρημέν' ἢ μοι δι' ἄ ννιν εἰσιδεῖν θέλω.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ

ἀλλ' ἔξεται μέν· ἀξία δὲ που μαθεῖν
κάγω τά γ' ἐν σοι δυσφόρως ἔχοντ', ἀναξ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

κοῦ μὴ στερηθῆς γ', ἐς τοσοῦτον ἐλπίδων
ἐμοῦ βεβώτος· τῷ γὰρ ἂν καὶ μείζονι
λέξαμι' ἂν ἡ σοί, διὰ τύχης τοιάσθ' ἰῶν;
ἐμοὶ πατήρ μὲν Πόλυβος ἤν Κορίνθιος,
μήτηρ δὲ Μερόπη Δωρίς. ἡγόμην δ' ἀνήρ
ἀστῶν μέγιστος τῶν ἐκεί, πρὶν μοι τύχη
tοιάδ' ἐπέστη, θαυμάσας μὲν ἀξία,
σπουδὴς γε μέντοι τῆς εἰμῆς οὐκ ἄξια.
ἀνήρ γὰρ ἐν δείπνοις μ' ὑπερπληθεῖς μέθη
καλεῖ παρ' οἴνω, πλαστὸς ὡς εἶχην πατρί.

κάγῳ βαρυνθεῖς τὴν μὲν οὔσαν ἡμέραν
μόλις κατέσχον, θάτερα δ' ἱὼν πέλας
μητρὸς πατρός τ' ἠλεγχον· οἱ δ' δυσφόρως
tοῦνειδος ἦγον τῶ μεθέντι τὸν λόγον.
κάγῳ τὰ μὲν κείνου ἐπερπόμην, ὅμως δ' ἐκνιξὲ μ' ἀεὶ τοῦθ'. ὑφείρπε γὰρ πολύ.
OEDIPUS THE KING

To send him to the alps and pastures, where
He might be farthest from the sight of Thebes.
And so I sent him. 'Twas an honest slave
And well deserved some better recompense.

OEDIPUS
Fetch him at once. I fain would see the man.

JOCASTA
He shall be brought; but wherefore summon him?

OEDIPUS
Lady, I fear my tongue has overrun
Discretion; therefore I would question him.

JOCASTA
Well, he shall come, but may not I too claim
To share this burden of thy heart, my king?

OEDIPUS
And thou shalt not be frustrate of thy wish,
Now my imaginings have gone so far.
Who has a higher claim than thou to hear
My tale of dire adventures? Listen then.
My sire was Polybus of Corinth, and
My mother Meropè, a Dorian;
And I was held the foremost citizen,
Till a strange thing befell me, strange indeed,
Yet scarce deserving all the heat it stirred.
A roisterer at some banquet, flown with wine,
Shouted "Thou art no true son of thy sire."
It irked me, but I stomached for the nonce
The insult; on the morrow I sought out
My mother and my sire and questioned them.
They were indignant at the random slur
Cast on my parentage and did their best
To comfort me, but still the venomed barb
Rankled, for still the scandal spread and grew.
λάθρα δὲ μητρός καὶ πατρός πορεύομαι
Πυθώδε, καὶ μ’ ὁ Φοίβος ὃν μὲν ἰκόμυν
ἄτιμον ἐξέπεμψεν, ἄλλα δ’ ἀθλια
καὶ δεινὰ καὶ δυστηνα προὐφήνεν λέγων, 1
ὁς μητρὶ μὲν χρεῖθα μὲ μιχθῆναι, γένος δ’
ἀτλητὸν ἀνθρώπους δηλώσοιμ’ ὅραν,
fonoeus δ’ ἐσοίμην τοῦ φυτεύσαντος πατρός.
καγὼ ’πακοῦσας ταῦτα τὴν Κορινθίαν,
ἀστροις τὸ λοιπὸν ἐκμετρούμενος, χθόνα
ἐφενγον, ἔνθα μῆτρ’ ὁμοίμην κακῶν
χρησμῶν οὔειδη τῶν ἐμῶν τελοῦμενα.
στείχων δ’ ἰκνοῦμαι τούσδε τοὺς χώρους, ἐν οἷς
σὺ τὸν τύραννον τοῦτον ὀλλοθαὶ λέγεις.
καὶ σοι, γυναῖ, τάλιθας ἕξερω. τριπλῆς
ὅτ’ ἢ κελεύθου τῆς ὀδοπορῶν πέλας,
ἐνσταῦθα μοι κήρυξ τε κατί πωλικῆς
ἀνήρ ἀπήνησ εἰμεῖβως, οἶον σὺ φής,
ξυνητίαζον καὶ ὁδοῦ μ’ ὃ’ ἤγεμυν
αὐτός τ’ ὁ πρέσβυς πρὸς βίαν ἠλαυνέτην.
καγὼ τὸν ἐκτρέποντα, τὸν προχηλάτην,
παῖω δι’ ὀργῆς καὶ μ’ ὁ πρέσβυς ὥς ὅρα,
ὁχου, παραστήχοντα τηρῆσας, μέσο
κάρα διπλοῖς κεντροὺς μου καθίκετο.
οῦ μὴν ἵσην γ’ ἐτίσεν, ἀλλὰ συντόμως
σκηπτρῳ τυπεῖς ἐκ τῆς χειρὸς ὑπτίος
μέσης ἀπῆνης εὖθυς ἐκκυλῶνται
κτεῖνω δὲ τοὺς ἄγμαντας. εἰ δὲ τῷ ἕνῳ
τοῦτῳ προσῆκει Δαίον τι συγγενεῖς,
tούδε γ’ ἀνδρὸς ἐστιν ἀθλιώτερος;
tοῦ ἐκθροδαίμον μᾶλλον ἂν γένοιτ’ ἀνήρ;

1 MSS. προνφάνῃ, corr. Hermann.
OEDIPUS THE KING

So privily without their leave I went
To Delphi, and Apollo sent me back
Baulked of the knowledge that I came to seek.
But other grievous things he prophesied,
Woes, lamentations, mourning, portents dire;
To wit I should defile my mother's bed
And raise up seed too loathsome to behold,
And slay the father from whose loins I sprang.
Warned by the oracle I turned and fled,—
And Corinth henceforth was to me unknown
Save as I knew its region by the stars;—
Whither, I cared not, so I never might
Behold my doom of infamy fulfilled.
And in my wanderings I reached the place
Where, as thy story runs, the king was slain.
Then, lady,—thou shalt hear the very truth—
As I drew near the triple-branching roads,
A herald met me and a man who sat
In a car drawn by colts—as in thy tale—
The man in front and the old man himself
Threatened to thrust me rudely from the path,
Then jostled by the charioteer in wrath
I struck him, and the old man, seeing this,
Watched till I passed and from his car brought down
Full on my head the double-pointed goad.
Yet was I quits with him and more; one stroke
Of my good staff sufficed to fling him clean
Out of the chariot seat and laid him prone.
And so I slew them every one. But if
Betwixt this stranger there was aught in common
With Laïus, who more miserable than I,
What mortal could you find more god-abhorred?
Wretch whom no sojourner, no citizen
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

δόμοις δέχεσθαι μηδὲ προσφωνεῖν τιν, ωθεῖν δ' ἀπ' οἴκων. καὶ τάδ' οὕτως ἄλλος ἢν ἡ γὰρ 'π' ἐμαυτῷ τάσδ' ἀρᾶς ὁ προστιθεῖσ. λέξῃ δὲ τοῦ θανόντος ἐκ χερῶν ἕμαῖν χραίνω, δι' ὀντερ ώλετ'. ἃρ' ἐφυν κακός; ἃρ' οὐχὶ πᾶς ἄναγνως; εἰ μὲ χρή φυγεῖν, καὶ μοι φυγόντι μήστι τοὺς ἐμοὺς ἱδεῖν μηδ' ἐμβατεῦνειν πατρίδος, ἡ γάμοις μὲ δεῖ μητρὸς ζυγὸναι καὶ πατέρα κατακτανεῖν Πόλυβον, ὅς ἐξέφυσε καζέθρεψε με. ἃρ' οὐκ ἀπ' ὁμοῦ ταύτα δαίμονος τις ἄν κρίνων ἐπ' ἀνδρὶ τῶν ἀν ὀρθοὶ λόγον; μὴ δῆτα, μὴ δῆτ', ὃ θεῶν ἄγνων σέβας, ἱδομι ταύτην Ἦμεραν, ἄλλ' ἐκ βροτῶν βαίνῃ ἄφαντος πρόσθεν ἡ τοιῶν ὂδεῖν κηλίδ' ἐμαυτῷ συμφορᾶς ἀφιγμένην.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἡμῖν μὲν, ὥναξ, ταύτ' ὀκνηρ'. ἐως δ' ἂν οὖν πρὸς τοῦ παρόντος ἐκμάθης, ἤχ' ἐλπίδα.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

καὶ μὴν τοσοῦτον γ' ἐστὶ μοι τῆς ἐλπίδος, τοῦ ἄνδρα τοῦ βοτήρᾳ προσμεῦναι μόνου.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ

πεφασμένου δὲ τίς ποθ' ἡ προθυμία;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἔγω διδάξω σ'. ἣν γὰρ εὐρεθῇ λέγων σοι ταύτ', ἐγώγ' ἂν ἐκπεφηγοῦντι πάθος. 840

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ

ποιὸν δὲ μου περισσόν ἥκουσας λόγου;

1 MSS. φ . . . τίνα, corr. Dindorf.
May harbour or address, whom all are bound
To harry from their homes. And this same curse
Was laid on me, and laid by none but me.
Yea with these hands all gory I pollute
The bed of him I slew. Say, am I vile?
Am I not utterly unclean, a wretch
Doomed to be banished, and in banishment
Forgo the sight of all my dearest ones,
And never tread again my native earth;
Or else to wed my mother and slay my sire,
Polybus, who begat me and upreared?
If one should say, this is the handiwork
Of some inhuman power, who could blame
His judgment? But, ye pure and awful gods,
Forbid, forbid that I should see that day!
May I be blotted out from living men
Ere such a plague spot set on me its brand!

CHORUS
We too, O king, are troubled; but till thou
Hast questioned the survivor, still hope on.

OEDIPUS
My hope is faint, but still enough survives
To bid me bide the coming of this herd.

JOCASTA
Suppose him here, what wouldst thou learn of him?

OEDIPUS
I'll tell thee, lady; if his tale agrees
With thine, I shall have scaped calamity.

JOCASTA
And what of special import did I say?
OIDIPOUS TYPANNOS

OIDIPOUS

ληστὰς ἐφασκες αὐτὸν ἄνδρας ἐννέπειν ὡς νιν κατακτείνειαν. εἰ μὲν οὖν ἔτι λέξει τὸν αὐτὸν ἀριθμὸν, οὐκ ἑγὼ 'κτανον. οὐ γὰρ γένοιτ' ἃν εἰς γε τοῖς πολλοῖς ἰσος. εἰ δ' ἄνδρ' ἐν οἴοζων αὐδήσει, σαφῶς τοῦτ' ἐστὶν ἑδὴ τοῦργον εἰς ἐμὲ ρέπον.

IOKASTH

ἀλλ' ως φανέν γε τοῦτος ὃδ' ἐπίστασο, κοῦκ ἐστιν αὐτῷ τοῦτο γ' ἐκβαλεῖν πάλιν. πόλις γὰρ ἱκον', οὐκ ἑγὼ μόνη, τάδε. εἰ δ' οὖν τι κάκτρεποιτο τοῦ πρόσθεν λόγον, οὔτοι ποτ', ὡναξ, σον γε Δατον φόνον φανεῖ δικαίως ὀρθόν, ὃν γε Λοξίας διεῖπε χρήναι παιδὸς εξ ἐμοῦ βανεῖν. καίτοι νιν οὐ κεῖνος γ' ὅ δυστηνός ποτε κατέκταν', ἀλλ' αὐτός πάροιθεν ὀλετο. ὥστ' οὐχὶ μαντείας γ' ἃν οὔτε τῇδ' ἐγώ βλέψαμι' ἃν εἶνεκ' οὔτε τῇδ' ἃν ύστερον.

OIDIPOUS

καλῶς νομίζεις. ἀλλ' ὃμως τὸν ἐργάτην πέμψων τινὰ στελοῦντα μηδὲ τοῦτ' ἀφῆς.

IOKASTH

πέμψω ταχύνασ'. ἀλλ' ἰώμεν ἐς δόμους. οὔδὲν γὰρ ἃν πράξαμι' ἃν ὃν οὐ σοὶ φίλον.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

εἰ μοι ξυνείη φέροντι

μοῦρα τὰν εὐσεπτὸν ἀγννείαν λόγων

ἔργων τε πάντων, ὅν νόμοι πρόκεινται

ὑψόδεσ, οὐρανίαν

ὅτ' αἴθέρα τεκνωθέντες, ὃν ὁ Ὀλυμπὸς

πατὴρ μόνος, οὔδε νιν
OEDIPUS

In thy report of what the herdsman said
Laïus was slain by robbers; now if he
Still speaks of robbers, not a robber, I
Slew him not; "one" with "many" cannot square.
But if he says one lonely wayfarer,
The last link wanting to my guilt is forged.

JOCASTA

Well, rest assured, his tale ran thus at first,
Nor can he now retract what then he said;
Not I alone but all our townsmen heard it.
E'en should he vary somewhat in his story,
He cannot make the death of Laïus
In any wise jump with the oracle.
For Loxias said expressly he was doomed
To die by my child's hand, but he, poor babe,
He shed no blood, but perished first himself.
So much for divination. Henceforth I
Will look for signs neither to right nor left.

OEDIPUS

Thou reasonest well. Still I would have thee send
And fetch the bondsman hither. See to it.

JOCASTA

That will I straightway. Come, let us within.
I would do nothing that my lord mislikes.

[Exeunt Oedipus and Jocasta.

CHORUS

My lot be still to lead
The life of innocence and fly
Irreverence in word or deed,
To follow still those laws ordained on high
Whose birthplace is the bright ethereal sky.
No mortal birth they own,
Olympus their progenitor alone:
Θνατὰ φύσις ἀνέρων
ἐτυκτεν οὐδὲ μὴ ποτε λάθα 1 κατακοιμῶσθεν
μέγας ἐν τούτοις θεὸς οὐδὲ γηράσκει.

ὑβρίς φυτεύει τύραννον: ἀντ. α'
ὑβρίς, εἰ πολλῶν ὑπερπλησθῇ μᾶται,
αἱ μὴ 'πίκαρα μηδὲ συμφέροντα,
ἀκρότατον 2 εἰσαναβάσ' ἀιτῶς ἀπότομον 3 ὄρουσεν εἰς ἀνάγκαν,
ἐνθ' οὗ ποδὶ χρησίμω
χρήται. τὸ καλῶς δ' ἔχον
πόλει πάλαισμα μῆποτε λύσαι θεὸν αἷτοῦμαι.
θεὸν οὐ λήξω ποτὲ προστάταν ἰσχὼν.

στρ. β'
ei δὲ τις ὑπέροπτα χερσὶν ἥ λόγω πορευεῖται,
δίκας ἀφόβητος οὐδὲ δαιμόνων ἔδη σέβων,
κακά νυν ἐλοιτο μοίρα,
δυσπότιμον χάριν χλιδᾶς,
ei μὴ τὸ κέρδος κερδανεῖ δικαίως
καὶ τῶν ἀσέπτων ἔρξεται
η τῶν ἀθίκτων θίξεται 4 ματάξων.
tis eti pot' ἐν τοίσοδ' ἀνὴρ θεῶν 5 βέλη
eύξεται ψυχᾶς ἀμύνευν;
ei γὰρ αἰ τοιαίδε πράξεις τίμιαι,
ti dei με χορεύειν;

1 MSS. οὐδὲ μὴν ποτὲ λάθας, corr. Elmsley.
2 MSS. ἀκρόταταν.
3 MSS. ἀπότομον, Arndt adds αἶτος.
4 MSS. ξίζεται, corr. Blaydes.
5 MSS. θυμώ, or θυμοῦ, corr. Hermann.
OEDIPUS THE KING

Ne'er shall they slumber in oblivion cold,
The god in them is strong and grows not old.

Of insolence is bred
The tyrant; insolence full blown,
With empty riches surfeited,
Scales the precipitous height and grasps the throne,
Then topples o'er and lies in ruin prone;
No foothold on that dizzy steep.
But O may Heaven the true patriot keep
Who burns with emulous zeal to serve the State.
God is my help and hope, on him I wait.

But the proud sinner, or in word or deed,
That will not Justice heed,
Nor reverence the shrine
Of images divine,
Perdition seize his vain imaginings,
If, urged by greed profane,
He grasps at ill-got gain,
And lays an impious hand on holiest things.
Who when such deeds are done
Can hope heaven's bolts to shun?
If sin like this to honour can aspire,
Why dance I still and lead the sacred choir?
OIDIPΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

ἀντ. β'
οὐκέτι τὸν ἄθικτον εἰμι γὰς ἐπὶ ὁμφαλὸν σέβων,
οὐδ' ἐσ τὸν Ἀβαίσι ναὸν οὐδὲ τὰν Ὀλυμπίαν, 900
ἐἰ μὴ τάδε χειρόδεικτα
πάσιν ἀρμόσει βροτοῖς.
ἀλλ', ὃ κρατύνων, εἴπερ ὁρθ' ἀκούεις,
Ζεὺς, πάντ' ἀνάσσων, μὴ λάθοι
σὲ τὰν τε σὰν ἀθάνατον αἰὲν ἀρχάν.
φθινοντα γάρ Λαϊον παλαίφατα 1
θέσφατ' ἐξαιροῦσιν ἥδη,
κοῦδαμοῦ τιμαῖς Ἀπόλλων ἐμφανῆς.
ἔρρει δὲ τὰ θεία.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ
χώρας ἄνακτες, δόξα μοι παρεστάθη
ναοὺς ἰκέσθαι δαιμόνων, τάδ' ἐν χερῶν
στέφη λαβοῦσῃ κάπιθυμιάματα.
ὕψοι γάρ αἱρεί θυμὸν Οἰδίποιος ἀγαν
λύπασι παντοίασιν: οὐδ' ὅποι ἀνήρ
ἐνους τὰ καὶνά τοῖς πάλαι τεκμαίρεται,
ἀλλ' ἐστὶ τοῦ λέγοντος, εἰ φόβους λέγοι.
ὅτ' ὅνιν παραινοῦσ' οὐδὲν ἐσ πλέον ποιῶ,
πρὸς σ', ὃ Λύκει Ἕλλον, ἀγχιστὸς γάρ εἰ,
ἰκέτις ἀφίγμαι τοῦδε σὺν κατεύγμασιν,
ὅπως λύσιν τιν' ἡμῖν εὐαγὴ πόρης:
ὡς νῦν ὁκνοῦμεν πάντες ἐκπεπληγμένον
κεῖνον βλέποντες ὡς κυβερνήτην νεώς.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
ἀρ' ἄν παρ' ὑμῶν, ὃ ξένου, μάθοιμ' ὅπων
τὰ τοῦ τυράννου δώματ' ἐστὶν Οἰδίποιος;
μάλιστα δ' αὐτὸν εἴπατ', εἰ κάτιοθ' ὅπων.

1 MSS. παλαιά, corr. Arndt.
OEDIPUS THE KING

No more I’ll seek earth’s central oracle,
    Or Abae’s hallowed cell,
    Nor to Olympia bring
    My votive offering,
If before all God’s truth be not made plain.
    O Zeus, reveal thy might,
    King, if thou’rt named aright
Omnipotent, all-seeing, as of old;
    For Laius is forgot;
    His weird, men heed it not;
Apollo is forsook and faith grows cold.

Enter Jocasta.

JOCASTA

My lords, ye look amazed to see your queen
With wreaths and gifts of incense in her hands.
I had a mind to visit the high shrines,
For Oedipus is overwrought, alarmed
With terrors manifold. He will not use
His past experience, like a man of sense,
To judge the present need, but lends an ear
To any croaker if he augurs ill.
Since then my counsels nought avail, I turn
To thee, our present help in time of trouble,
Apollo, Lord Lycean, and to thee
My prayers and supplications here I bring.
Lighten us, lord, and cleanse us from this curse!
For now we all are cowed like mariners
Who see their helmsman dumbstruck in the storm.

Enter Corinthian Messenger.

MESSENGER

My masters, tell me where the palace is
Of Oedipus; or better, where’s the king.
ΧΟΡΟΣ
στέγαι μὲν αἴδε, καύτος ἐνδον, ὦ ἕνε-,
γυνὴ δὲ μήτηρ ἥδε τῶν κείνου τέκνων.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
ἀλλ' ὀλβία τε καὶ ξὺν ὀλβίοις ἀεὶ
γένοιτ', ἐκείνου γ' οὖσα παντελῆς δάμαρ.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ
αὐτῶς δὲ καὶ σὺ γ', ὦ ἕν', ἄξιος γὰρ εἰ
tῆς εὐεπείας εἶνεκ' ἀλλὰ φράζ' ὅτου
χρήζων ἀφίξαι χω τι σημηναί θέλων.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
ἀγαθὰ δόμοις τε καὶ πόσει τῷ σῷ, γύναι.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ
τὰ ποιὰ ταῦτα; παρὰ τίνος δ' ἀφιγμένοις;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
ἐκ τῆς Κορώνθου τὸ δ' ἔπος οὐξερῶ τάχα,
ἥδοιο μέν, πῶς δ' οὐκ ἂν, ἀσχάλλοις δ' ἰσως.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ
τί δ' ἔστι; ποίαν δύναμιν ὡδ' ἔχει διπλῆν;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
τύραννον αὐτὸν οὐπίσχωριοι χθονὸς
tῆς 'Ἰσθμίας στήσουσιν, ὡς ηὔδατ' ἐκεῖ.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ
τί δ'; οὐχ ὁ πρέσβυς Πόλυβος ἐγκρατῆς ἔτι;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
οὐ δῆτ', ἐπεὶ νων θάνατος ἐν τάφοις ἔχει.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ
πῶς εἶπας; ἡ τέθνηκε Πόλυβος, ὦ γέρον;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
εἰ μὴ λέγω τάληθες, ἄξιωθανεῖν.
OEDIPUS THE KING

CHORUS
Here is the palace and he bides within;
This is his queen the mother of his children.

MESSENGER
All happiness attend her and the house,
Blessed is her husband and her marriage-bed.

JOCASTA
My greetings to thee, stranger; thy fair words
Deserve a like response. But tell me why
Thou comest—what thy need or what thy news.

MESSENGER
Good for thy consort and the royal house.

JOCASTA
What may it be? Whose messenger art thou?

MESSENGER
From Corinth I. The message wherewithal
I stand entrusted thou shalt hear anon.
'Twill please thee surely, yet perchance offend.

JOCASTA
Declare it and explain this double sense.

MESSENGER
The Isthmian commons have resolved to make
Thy husband king—so 'twas reported there.

JOCASTA
What! is not aged Polybus still king?

MESSENGER
No, verily; he's dead and in his grave.

JOCASTA
What! is he dead, the sire of Oedipus?

MESSENGER
If I speak falsely, may I die myself.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

ΙΩΚΑΣΤΗ

ὁ πρόσπολ’, οὐχὶ δεσπότη τάδ’ ώς τάχος μολοῦσα λέξεις; ὥ θεῶν μαντεύματα, ἢν ἐστε. τοῦτον Οἰδίπους πάλαι τρέμων τὸν άνδρ’ ἔφευγε μὴ κτάνοι, καὶ νῦν οὖν ἐδὲ πρὸς τὴς τύχης ὀλωλεν οὖδὲ τοῦδ’ ὑπο.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὁ φίλτατον γυναικὸς Ἰοκάστης κάρα, τί μ’ ἐξεπέμψω δεύρο τῶνε δωμάτων;

ΙΩΚΑΣΤΗ

άκουε τάνδρος τοῦδε, καὶ σκόπει κλύων τὰ σέμν’ ἢν ἦκε τοῦ θεοῦ μαντεύματα.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

οὕτος δὲ τίς ποτ’ ἐστὶ καὶ τί μοι λέγει;

ΙΩΚΑΣΤΗ

ἐκ τῆς Κορίνθου, πατέρα τὸν σὸν ἀγγελῶν ὡς οὐκέτ’ ὄντα Πόλυβον, ἀλλ’ ὀλωλότα.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

τί φής, ξέν’; αὕτως μοι σὺ σημάντωρ γενοῦ.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

εἰ τοῦτο πρῶτον δεὶ μ’ ἀπαγγείλαι σαφῶς, εὑ ἴσθ’ ἐκείνων θανάσιμον βεβηκότα.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

πότερα δόλοισιν ἢ νόσου ξυναλλαγῇ;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

σμικρὰ παλαιὰ σῶματ’ εὐνάζει ῥοπῆ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

νόσοις ὁ τλῆμων, ὡς ἐοικεν, ἐφθιτο.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

καὶ τῷ μακρῷ γε συμμετρούμενος χρόνῳ.
OEDIPUS THE KING

JOCASTA
Quick, maiden, bear these tidings to my lord. 
Ye god-sent oracles, where stand ye now!
This is the man whom Oedipus long shunned, 
In dread to prove his murderer; and now 
He dies in nature's course, not by his hand.

Enter Oedipus.

OEDIPUS
My wife, my queen, Jocasta, why hast thou 
Summoned me from my palace?

JOCASTA
Hear this man, 
And as thou hearest judge what has become 
Of all those awe-inspiring oracles.

OEDIPUS
Who is this man, and what his news for me?

JOCASTA
He comes from Corinth and his message this: 
Thy father Polybus hath passed away.

OEDIPUS
What? let me have it, stranger, from thy mouth.

MESSENGER
If I must first make plain beyond a doubt 
My message, know that Polybus is dead.

OEDIPUS
By treachery, or by sickness visited?

MESSENGER
One touch will send an old man to his rest.

OEDIPUS
So of some malady he died, poor man.

MESSENGER
Yes, having measured the full span of years.
OIDIPOUS TYRANNOS

OIDIPOUS

φεῦ φεῦ, τί δήτ' ἄν, ὃ γώναι, σκοποῖτό τι τὴν Πυθόμαντιν ἐστίαν ἦ τοὺς ἀνω κλάζοντας ὅρνεις, ὅν ύφηγητῶν ἐγὼ κτενεῖν ἐμελλὼν πατέρα τὸν ἐμὸν; ὁ δὲ θανῶν κεῦθει κάτω δὴ γῆς. ἐγὼ δ' ὅδ' ἐνθάδε ἄφαντος ἐγχοῦσ' εἰ τι μὴ τώμῳ πόθῳ κατέφθιθ'. οὖτω δ' ἂν θανῶν εἰη 'εξ ἐμοῦ. τὰ δ' οὖν παρόντα συλλαβῶν θεσπίσματα κεῖται παρ' Ἁιδῆ Πόλυβος ἄξι' οὐδενός.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ

οὐκοῦν ἐγὼ σοι ταῦτα προῦλεγον πάλαι;

OIDIPOUS

ηῦδας. ἐγὼ δὲ τῷ φόβῳ παρηγόμην.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ

μὴ νῦν ἔτ' αὐτῶν μηδὲν ἐς θυμὸν βάλης.

OIDIPOUS

καὶ πῶς τὸ μητρὸς οὐκ ὄκνειν λέχος με δεῖ;

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ

τί δ' ἂν φοβοῖτ' ἄνθρωπος ὃ τὰ τῆς τύχης κρατεῖ, πρόνοια δ' ἐστὶν οὐδενὸς σαφῆς; εἰκῆ κράτιστον ζῆν, ὅπως δύνατό τις. οὐ δ' εἰς τὰ μητρὸς μὴ φοβοῦ νυμφεύματα πολλοὶ γὰρ ἡδη κἂν οὐείρασιν βροτῶν μητρὶ ξυνηνάσθησαν. ἀλλὰ ταῦθ' ὤτω παρ' οὐδέν ἔστι, βάστα τὸν βίον φέρει.

OIDIPOUS

καλῶς ἀπαντᾷ ταῦτ' ἂν ἐξείρητό σοι, εἰ μὴ 'κύρει ζῶσ' ἡ τεκοῦσα· νῦν δ' ἐπεὶ ζῆ, πᾶσ' ἀνάγκη, κεὶ καλῶς λέγεις, ὄκνειν.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ

καὶ μὴν μέγας γ' ὀφθαλμὸς οἱ πατρὸς τάφοι.
OEDIPUS THE KING

OEDIPUS
Out on it, lady! why should one regard
The Pythian hearth or birds that scream i' the air?
Did they not point at me as doomed to slay
My father? but he's dead and in his grave
And here am I who ne'er unsheathed a sword;
Unless the longing for his absent son
Killed him and so I slew him in a sense.
But, as they stand, the oracles are dead—
Dust, ashes, nothing, dead as Polybus.

JOCASTA
Say, did not I foretell this long ago?

OEDIPUS
Thou didst: but I was misled by my fear.

JOCASTA
Then let it no more weigh upon thy soul.

OEDIPUS
Must I not fear my mother's marriage bed?

JOCASTA
Why should a mortal man, the sport of chance,
With no assured foreknowledge, be afraid?
Best live a careless life from hand to mouth.
This wedlock with thy mother fear not thou.
How oft it chances that in dreams a man
Has wed his mother! He who least regards
Such brainsick phantasies lives most at ease.

OEDIPUS
I should have shared in full thy confidence,
Were not my mother living; since she lives
Though half convinced I still must live in dread.

JOCASTA
And yet thy sire's death lights our darkness much.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
μέγας, ξυνίημ', ἀλλὰ τῆς ζώσης φόβος.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
ποίας δὲ καὶ γυναικὸς ἐκφοβεῖσθ' ὑπὲρ;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
Μερόπης, γεραιέ, Πόλυβος ἦς ἂκει μέτα.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
tὶ δ' ἔστ' ἐκείνης ὑμῖν ἐς φόβον φέρον;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
θεήλατον μάντευμα δεινόν, ὦ ξένε.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
ἡ ῥητόν; ἡ οὐχὶ θεμιτὸν ἄλλον εἰδέναι;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
μάλιστα γ', εἴπε γάρ με Δοξίας ποτὲ
XHRHNAI MEGHINAI MHTRI TΗΜΑΝΤΟΥ TO TΕ
PATERWON AIMA XHEROI TAIΣ EMAIS ELEIN.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
ἡ γὰρ τάδ' ὅκνων κείθεν ἤσθ' ἀπόπτολος;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
πατρὸς τε χρηζων μὴ φονεύς εἴναι, γέρων.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
tὶ δῆτ' ἐγὼ οὐχὶ τοῦδε τοῦ φόβου σ', ἄναξ,
ἐπείπερ εὐνοὺς ἤλθον, ἐξελυσάμην;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
καὶ μὴν χάριν γ' ἂν ἄξιαν λάβοις ἐμοῦ.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
καὶ μὴν μάλιστα τοῦτ' ἀφικόμην, ὅπως
σοῦ πρὸς δόμους ἐλθόντος εὗ πράξαμι τι.
Much, but my fear is touching her who lives.

Who may this woman be whom thus you fear?

Meropè, stranger, wife of Polybus.

And what of her can cause you any fear?

A heaven-sent oracle of dread import.

A mystery, or may a stranger hear it?

Aye, 'tis no secret. Loxias once foretold
That I should mate with mine own mother, and shed
With my own hands the blood of my own sire.
Hence Corinth was for many a year to me
A home far distant; and I throve abroad,
But missed the sweetest sight, my parents' face.

Was this the fear that exiled thee from home?

Yea, and the dread of slaying my own sire.

Why, since I came to give thee pleasure, King,
Have I not rid thee of this second fear?

Well, thou shalt have due guerdon for thy pains.

Well, I confess what chiefly made me come
Was hope to profit by thy coming home.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἀλλ’ οὔποτ’ εἶμι τοῖς φυτεύσασίν γ’ ὁμοῦ.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ω̂ παῖ, καλῶς εἰ δῆλος οὐκ εἶδὼς τί δρᾶς.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

πῶς, ω̂ γεραιέ; πρὸς θεῶν δίδασκέ με.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ei τῶνδε φεύγεις οὖνεκ’ εἰς οἶκους μολεῖν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

tαρβῶν γε μή μοι Φοῖβος εξέλθη σαφῆς.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ἡ μή μίασμα τῶν φυτευσάντων λάβης;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

tοῦτ’ αὐτό, πρέσβυ, τούτῳ μ’ εἰσαεὶ φοβεῖ.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ἀρ’ οίσθα δῆτα πρὸς δίκης οὐδὲν τρέμων;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

πῶς δ’ οὐχὶ, παῖς γ’ εἰ τῶνδε γεννητῶν ἐφυν;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

οθούνεκ’ ἢν σοι Πόλυβος οὐδὲν ἐν γένει.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

πῶς εἶπας; οὐ γὰρ Πόλυβος ἐξέφυσε με;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

οὐ μᾶλλον οὐδὲν τούδε τάνδρός, ἀλλ’ ἰσον.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

καὶ πῶς ὁ φύσας ἐξ ἰσοῦ τῷ μηδενί;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ἀλλ’ οὐ σ’ ἐγείνατ’ οὔτ’ ἐκείνος οὔτ’ ἐγώ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἀλλ’ ἀντὶ τοῦ δὴ παιδᾶ μ’ ἑνομάζετο;
OEDIPUS THE KING

OEDIPUS
Nay, I will ne’er go near my parents more.

MESSENGER
My son, ’tis plain, thou know’st not what thou doest.

OEDIPUS
How so, old man? For heaven’s sake tell me all.

MESSENGER
If this is why thou dreadest to return.

OEDIPUS
Yea, lest the god’s word be fulfilled in me.

MESSENGER
Lest through thy parents thou shouldst be accursed?

OEDIPUS
This and none other is my constant dread.

MESSENGER
Dost thou not know thy fears are baseless all?

OEDIPUS
How baseless, if I am their very son?

MESSENGER
Since Polybus was naught to thee in blood.

OEDIPUS
What say’st thou? was not Polybus my sire?

MESSENGER
As much thy sire as I am, and no more.

OEDIPUS
My sire no more to me than one who is naught!

MESSENGER
Since I begat thee not, no more did he.

OEDIPUS
What reason had he then to call me son?
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
δώρον ποτ’, ἵσθι, τῶν ἐμῶν χειρῶν λαβὼν.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
καθ’ ὤδ’ ἀπ’ ἄλλης χειρὸς ἐστερέξεν μέγα;
ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
ἡ γὰρ πρὶν αὐτὸν ἐξέπεισ’ ἀπαίδια.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
σὺ δ’ ἐμπολῆσας ἡ τυχών 1 μ’ αὐτῷ δίδωσ;
ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
ἐυρών ναπαίας ἐν Κιθαρώνος πτυχαῖς.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ἀδοιπόρεις δὲ πρὸς τί τούσδε τοὺς τόπους;
ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
ἐνταὐθ’ ὅρειοι ποιμνίοις ἐπεστάτοιν.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ποιμὴν γὰρ ἥσθα κατὶ θητεία πλάνης;
ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
σοῦ τ’, ὃ τέκνον, σῶτήρ γε τῷ τότ’ ἐν χρόνῳ. 1030
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
τί δ’ ἄλγος ἵσχοντ’ ἀγκάλαις 2 με λαμβάνεις;
ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
ποδῶν ἂν ἄρθρα μαρτυρῆσειν τὰ σά.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
οἴμοι, τί τοῦτ’ ἄρχαιον ἐννέπεις κακόν;
ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
λῦω σ’ ἱχοντα διατόρους ποδοῖν ἄκμας.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
δεινόν γ’ οὐειδὸς ἑπαγάνων ἄνειλομην.
ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
ὡστ’ ὄνομάσθης ἐκ τύχης ταῦτης ὦς εἴ.

1 τεκόν, MSS. corr. Bothe.
2 MSS. ἐν κακοῖς or ἐν καιροῖς, corr. Kock.
MESSENGER

Know that he took thee from my hands, a gift.

OEDIPUS

Yet, if no child of his, he loved me well.

MESSENGER

A childless man till then, he warmed to thee.

OEDIPUS

A foundling or a purchased slave, this child?

MESSENGER

I found thee in Cithaeron's wooded glens.

OEDIPUS

What led thee to explore those upland glades?

MESSENGER

My business was to tend the mountain flocks.

OEDIPUS

A vagrant shepherd journeying for hire?

MESSENGER

True, but thy saviour in that hour, my son.

OEDIPUS

My saviour? from what harm? what ailed me then?

MESSENGER

Those ankle joints are evidence enow.

OEDIPUS

Ah, why remind me of that ancient sore?

MESSENGER

I loosed the pin that riveted thy feet.

OEDIPUS

Yes, from my cradle that dread brand I bore.

MESSENGER

Whence thou deriv'st the name that still is thine.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

şi πρὸς θεῶν, πρὸς μητρός ἡ πατρός; φράσον.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

οὐκ ὁδ’· ὁ δοὺς δὲ ταῦτ’ ἐμοῦ λῶν φρονεῖ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἡ γὰρ παρ’ ἄλλου μ’ ἔλαβες οὔδ’ αὐτὸς τυχών;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

οὐκ, ἀλλὰ ποιμὴν ἄλλος ἐκδίδωσί μοι. 1040

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

τίς οὗτος; ἡ κάτουσθα δηλῶσαι λόγῳ;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

τῶν Λαῖου δῆπον τις ὁνομάζετο.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἡ τοῦ τυράννου τῇδε γῆς πάλαι ποτὲ;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

μάλιστα· τούτου τάνδρος οὗτος ἦν βοτήρ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἡ κἀστ’ ἐτι ξῶν οὗτος, ὡς ἰδεῖν ἐμὲ;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

 yöeĩς γ’ ἀριστ’ εἰδεῖτ’ ἂν οὐπιχώριοι.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἐστιν τις ὑμῶν τῶν παρεστώτων πέλας,

διότι κάτωδε τὸν βοτήρ’ ὅν ἐννέπει,

εἶτ’ οὖν ἐπ’ ἁγρῶν εἶτε κανθάδ’ εἰσίδων;

σημῆναθ’, ὡς ὁ καιρὸς ήρησθαι τάδε. 1050

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οἴμαι μὲν οὔδεν’ ἄλλον ἡ τοῦ εἰ ἁγρῶν,

ὅν καμάτευες πρόσθεν εἰσίδειν· ἀτὰρ

ηδ’ ἂν τάδ’ οὐχ ἡκιστ’ ἂν Ἰοκάστῃ λέγοι.
OEDIPUS THE KING

OEDIPUS
Who did it? I adjure thee, tell me who.
Say, was it father, mother?

MESSENGER
I know not.
The man from whom I had thee may know more.

OEDIPUS
What, did another find me, not thyself?

MESSENGER
Not I; another shepherd gave thee me.

OEDIPUS
Who was he? Would'st thou know again the man?

MESSENGER
He passed indeed for one of Laius' house.

OEDIPUS
The king who ruled the country long ago?

MESSENGER
The same: he was a herdsman of the king.

OEDIPUS
And is he living still for me to see him?

MESSENGER
His fellow-countrymen should best know that.

OEDIPUS
Doth any bystander among you know
The herd he speaks of, or by seeing him
Afield or in the city? answer straight!
The hour hath come to clear this business up.

CHORUS
Methinks he means none other than the hind
Whom thou anon wert fain to see; but that
Our queen Jocasta best of all could tell.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
γύναι, νοεῖς ἐκείνου, ὡντιν' ἀρτίως
μολεῖν ἐφιέμεσθα; τόνδ' οὖτος λέγει;

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ
τί δ' ὡντιν' εἶπε; μηδὲν ἐντραπής· τὰ δὲ
ῥηθέντα βούλου μηδὲ μεμνήσθαι μάτην.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
οὐκ ἂν γένοιτο τοῦθ' ὅπως ἐγὼ λαβὼν
σημεία τοιαῦτ' οὐ φαινὼ τούμων γένος.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ
μὴ πρὸς θεῶν, εἴπερ τι τοῦ σαυτοῦ βίου
κήδει, ματεύσῃς τοῦθ'. ἀλισ νοσοῦσ' ἐγὼ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
θάρσει· σοὶ μὲν γὰρ οὐδ' ἐαν τρίτης ἐγὼ
µητρὸς φανὼ τρίδουλος, ἑκφανεὶ κακῆ.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ
ὁμως πιθοῦ μοι, λίσσομαι· μὴ δρά τάδε.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
οὐκ ἂν πιθοίμην µὴ οὐ τάδ' ἐκμαθεῖν σαφῶς.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ
καὶ µὴν φρονοῦσά γ' εὖ τὰ λῷστα σοι λέγω.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
tὰ λῷστα τοὺνν ταῦτα µ' ἀλγύνει πάλαι.

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ
ὡ δῦσποτμ', εἴθε µήποτε γνοίης ὅσ εἰ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ἄξει τις ἐλθὼν δεῦρο τὸν βοτῆρά μοι;
tαύτην δ' ἐὰτε πλουσίως χαίρειν γένει.

1 οὐδ' ἂν ἐκ τρίτης ἐγώ, MSS. corr. Hermann
OEDIPUS THE KING

OEDIPUS

Madam, dost know the man we sent to fetch? Is he the same of whom the stranger speaks?

JOCASTA

Who is the man? What matter? Let it be. 'Twere waste of thought to weigh such idle words.

OEDIPUS

No, with such guiding clues I cannot fail To bring to light the secret of my birth.

JOCASTA

Oh, as thou carest for thy life, give o' er This quest. Enough the anguish I endure.

OEDIPUS

Be of good cheer; though I be proved the son Of a bondwoman, aye, through three descents Triply a slave, thy honour is unsmirched.

JOCASTA

Yet humour me, I pray thee; do not this.

OEDIPUS

I cannot; I must probe this matter home.

JOCASTA

'Tis for thy sake I advise thee for the best.

OEDIPUS

I grow impatient of this best advice.

JOCASTA

Ah mayst thou ne'er discover who thou art!

OEDIPUS

Go, fetch me here the herd, and leave yon woman To glory in her pride of ancestry.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

ΙΟΚΑΣΤΗ

ιού ιού, δύστηνε· τούτο γάρ σ' ἔχω μόνον προσεπείν, ἀλλο δ' οὔποθ' ύστερον.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τί ποτε βέβηκεν, Οἰδίποις, ὑπ' ἁγρίας ἀξασα λύπης ἢ γυνῆς; δέδοιχ' ὅπως μὴ 'κ τῆς σιωπῆς τῆς ἀναρρήξει κακᾶ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὁποία χρήζει ῥηγνύτως· τοῦμόν δ' ἔγω, κεὶ σμικρόν ἐστιν, σπέρμ' ἰδεῖν βουλήσωμαι. αὐτὴ δ' ἵσωσ, φρονεῖ γάρ ὡς γυνῆ μέγα, τὴν δυσγένειαν τὴν ἐμὴν αἰσχύνεται. ἔγω δ' ἐμαυτὸν παῖδα τῆς Τύχης νέμων τῆς εὖ διδούσης οὐκ ἀτμιασθήσομαι. τῆς γὰρ πέφυκα μητρὸς· οἱ δὲ συγγενεῖς μηνὲς μὲ μικρὸν καὶ μέγαν διώρισαν. τοιὸσιδέ δ' ἐκφύς οὐκ ἂν ἐξέλθοιμ' ἔτι ποτ' ἄλλος, ὡστε μὴ 'κράθειν τοῦμόν γένος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

εἴπερ ἔγω μάντις εἰμὶ καὶ κατὰ γνώμαν ἱδρις, οὐ τὸν "Ολυμπον ἀπείρων, ὦ Κιθαιρών, οὐκ ἔσει τὰν αὐριον πανσέληνον, μὴ οὐ σε γε καὶ πατριώταν Οἰδίποιν καὶ τροφὸν καὶ ματέρ' αὐξεῖν, καὶ χορεύσθαι πρὸς ἦμων, ὥσ ἐπὶ ἦρα φέροντα τοῖς ἐμοῖς τυράννοις. ἰήει Φοῖβε, σοι δὲ τάυτ' ἀρέστ' εἴη.
OEDIPUS THE KING

JOCASTA

O woe is thee, poor wretch! With that last word I leave thee, henceforth silent evermore.

[Exit JOCASTA.]

CHORUS

Why, Oedipus, why stung with passionate grief Hath the queen thus departed? Much I fear From this dead calm will burst a storm of woes.

OEDIPUS

Let the storm burst, my fixed resolve still holds, To learn my lineage, be it ne'er so low. It may be she with all a woman's pride Thinks scorn of my base parentage. But I Who rank myself as Fortune's favourite child, The giver of good gifts, shall not be shamed. She is my mother and the changing moons My brethren, and with them I wax and wane. Thus sprung why should I fear to trace my birth? Nothing can make me other than I am.

CHORUS

(St)r.

If my soul prophetic err not, if my wisdom aught avail, Thee, Cithaeron, I shall hail, As the nurse and foster-mother of our Oedipus shall greet Ere to-morrow's full moon rises, and exalt thee as is meet. Dance and song shall hymn thy praises, lover of our royal race. Phoebus, may my words find grace!
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

τίς σέ, τέκνον, τίς σ’ ἐτικτε τὰν ἀρα
Πανὸς ὀρεσσιβάτα πατρὸς πελασθείον; 2
ἡ σὲ γ’ ευνάτειρά 3 τις
Λοξίου; τῶ γὰρ πλάκες ἀγρόνομοι πᾶσαι φίλαι:
εἰθ’ ὁ Κυλλάνας ἀνάσσων,
εἰθ’ ὁ Βακχείος θεὸς ναίων ἐπ’ ἀκρων ὀρέων σ’
eὐρημα δέξατ’ ἐκ τοῦ
Νυμφᾶν ἕλικωνίδων, 4 αῖς πλείστα συμπαίζει.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
εἰ χρή τι κἀκε μὴ συναλλάξαντά πω,
πρέσβεις, σταθμάσθαι, τὸν βοτήρ’ ὀρᾶν δοκῶ,
ὅπερ πάλαι ζητομεν. ἐν τε γὰρ μακρῷ
γήρᾳ ξυνάδει τῶδε τάνδρὶ σύμμετρος,
ἀλλως τε τοὺς ἀγνοτας ὠςπερ οἰκέτας
ἐγνωκ’ ἐμαυτοῦ. τῇ δ’ ἐπιστήμην σύ μου
προῦχοις τάχ’ ἀν που, τὸν βοτήρ’ ἴδων πάρος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
ἐγνωκα γὰρ, σάφ’ ἵσθι. Λαῖον γὰρ ἦν
εἴπερ τις ἄλλος πιστὸς ὡς νομεὺς ἀνήρ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
σὲ πρῶτ’ ἐρωτῶ, τὸν Κορίνθιον ξένον,
ἡ τούδε φράζεις;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
τοῦτον, ὅπερ εἰσορᾶς.

1 MSS. τῶν, corr. Heimsoeth.
2 MSS. τροσπελασθείον’, corr. Lachmann
3 MSS. ἢ σὲ θυγάτηρ, corr. Arndt.
4 MSS. ἕλικωνίδων. corr. Porson
OEDIPUS THE KING

(Act)

Child, who bare thee, nymph or goddess? sure thy sire was more than man,
   Haply the hill-roamer Pan.
Or did Loxias beget thee, for he haunts the upland wold;
Or Cyllenè's lord, or Bacchus, dweller on the hill-tops cold?
Did some Heliconian Oread give him thee, a newborn joy.
   Nymphs with whom he loves to toy?

OEDIPUS

Elders, if I, who never yet before
Have met the man, may make a guess, methinks
I see the herdsman whom we long have sought;
His time-worn aspect matches with the years
Of yonder aged messenger; besides
I seem to recognise the men who bring him
As servants of my own. But you, perchance,
Having in past days known or seen the herd,
May better by sure knowledge my surmise.

CHORUS

I recognise him; one of Laïus' house;
A simple hind, but true as any man.

Enter herdsmen.

OEDIPUS

Corinthian, stranger, I address thee first,
Is this the man thou meanest!

MESSENGER

This is he.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
οὗτος σὺ, πρέσβυ, δευρό μοι φώνει βλέπων
ος' ἀν σερωτῶ. Λαϊον ποτί ἥσθα σὺ;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ
η δούλος οὐκ ἐνητός, ἀλλ' οἰκοι τραφεῖς.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ἐργον μεριμνῶν ποίον ἡ βίον τίνα;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ
ποίμναις τὰ πλείστα τοῦ βίου συνειπόμην.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
χῶροις μάλιστα πρὸς τίσι ξύναιλος ὡν;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ
ἡν μὲν Κιθαιρών, ἡν δὲ πρόσχωρος τόπος.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
τοῦ ἄνδρα τόνδ' οὖν οἰσθα τῇδε που μαθῶν;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ
τί χρήμα δρώντα; ποίον ἄνδρα καὶ λέγεις;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
τόνδ' ος πάρεστιν· ἡ ξυναλλάξας τι πο;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ
οὐχ ὃστε γ' εἰπείν ἐν τάχει μνήμης ἀπο.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
κοῦδέν γε θαύμα, δέσποτ'. ἀλλ' ἐγὼ σαφῶς
ἀγνώτ' ἀναμνὴσω νῦν. εὑ γὰρ οἶδ' ὃτι
κάτουδεν, ἢμοι τῷ Κιθαιρώνος τόπως,
ὁ μὲν διπλοῖοι ποιμνίους, ἐγὼ δ' ἐνί,
ἐπλησιάζον τῷδε τάνδρι τρεῖς ὀλοὺς
ἐξ ἢμος εἰς ἀρκτούρον ἐκμήνους χρόνους·
χειμῶνα δ' ἡδὴ τάμα τ' εἰς ἑπαυλ' ἐγὼ
ἔλαυνον οὕτος τ' εἰς τὰ Λαῖον σταθμά.
λέγω τι τοῦτον ἢ οὐ λέγω πεπραγμένον;

104
OEDIPUS THE KING

OEDIPUS
And now, old man, look up and answer all
I ask thee. Wast thou once of Laius' house?

HERDSMAN
I was, a thrall, not purchased but home-bred.

OEDIPUS
What was thy business? how wast thou employed?

HERDSMAN
The best part of my life I tended sheep.

OEDIPUS
What were the pastures thou didst most frequent?

HERDSMAN
Cithaeron and the neighbouring alps.

OEDIPUS
Then there
Thou must have known yon man, at least by fame?

HERDSMAN
Yon man? in what way? what man does thou mean?

OEDIPUS
The man here, having met him in past times....

HERDSMAN
Off-hand I cannot call him well to mind.

MESSENGER
No wonder, master. But I will revive
His blunted memories. Sure he can recall
What time together both we drove our flocks,
He two, I one, on the Cithaeron range,
For three long summers; I his mate from spring
Till rose Arcturus; then in winter time
I led mine home, he his to Laius' folds.
Did these things happen as I say, or no?
ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ
λέγεις ἀληθῆ, καὶ περ ἐκ μακροῦ χρόνου.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
φέρε εἰπὲ νῦν, τότε οἴσθα παῖδα μοι τινὰ
dοὺς, ὡς ἐμαυτῷ θρέμμα θρεφαίμην ἔγω;
ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ
τί δ' ἔστι; πρὸς τί τούτο τοῦτος ἱστορεῖς;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
οὐδ' ἔστιν, ὃ ταῦ, κεῖνος δὲ τότε ὤν νέος.
ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ
οὐκ εἰς ὀλεθρον; οὔ σωπῆσας ἔσει;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ἀ, μὴ κόλαξε, πρέσβυ, τόνδ', ἐπεὶ τὰ σὰ
deῖται κολαστοῦ μᾶλλον η' τὰ τοῦτ' ἐπῆ.
ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ
τί δ', ὃ φέριστέ δεσποτῶν, ἀμαρτάνω;
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
οὐκ ἐννέπων τὸν παῖδ' ὃν οὗτος ἱστορεῖ.
ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ
λέγει γὰρ εἰδὼς οὐδὲν, ἀλλ' ἀλλως πονεῖ.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
οὐ πρὸς χάριν μὲν οὐκ ἔρεις, κλαῖων δ' ἔρεις.
ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ
μὴ δῆτα, πρὸς θεῶν, τὸν γέροντα μ' αἰκίσῃ.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
οὐχ ὡς τάχος τῶς τοῦτ' ἀποστρέψει χέρας;
ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ
dύστηνος, ἀντὶ τοῦ; τί προσχρῆζων μαθεῖν;
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
τὸν παῖδ' ἔδωκας τῷτ' ὅν οὗτος ἱστορεῖ;
OEDIPUS THE KING

HERDSMAN
'Tis long ago, but all thou say'st is true.

MESSENGER
Well, thou must then remember giving me
A child to rear as my own foster-son?

HERDSMAN
Why dost thou ask this question? What of that?

MESSENGER
Friend, he that stands before thee was that child.

HERDSMAN
A plague upon thee! Hold thy wanton tongue!

OEDIPUS
Softly, old man, rebuke him not; thy words
Are more deserving chastisement than his.

HERDSMAN
O best of masters, what is my offence?

OEDIPUS
Not answering what he asks about the child.

HERDSMAN
He speaks at random, babbles like a fool.

OEDIPUS
If thou lack'st grace to speak, I'll loose thy tongue.

HERDSMAN
For mercy's sake abuse not an old man.

OEDIPUS
Arrest the villain, seize and pinion him!

HERDSMAN
Alack, alack!
What have I done? what wouldst thou further learn?

OEDIPUS
Didst give this man the child of whom he asks?
ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

ἐδωκ’· ὀλέσθαι δ’ ὠφελον τῇδ’ ἥμέρα.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἄλλ’ εἰς τὸδ’ ἦξεις μὴ λέγων γε τούνδικον.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

πολλῷ γε μᾶλλον, ἦν φράσω, διόλλυμαι.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἀνὴρ ὄδ’, ὡς ἐουκεν, ἐς τριβᾶς ἐλά.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

οὐ δῆτ’ ἐγωγ’, ἄλλ’ εἶπον, ὡς δοῖην, πάλαι.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

πόθεν λαβὼν; οἰκεῖον ἦ ’ξ ἄλλου τινός;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

ἐμὸν μὲν ὦκ ἐγωγ’, ἐδεξάμην δε του.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

τινὸς πολιτῶν τῶνδε κὰκ ποίας στέγης;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

μὴ πρὸς θεῶν, μὴ, δέσποθ’, ἰστόρει πλέον.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὅλωλας, εἰ σε ταῦτ’ ἐρήσομαι πάλιν.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

τῶν Λαϊον τοῖνυν τις ἦν γεννημάτων.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἡ δοῦλος ἡ κείνου τις ἐγγενὴς γεγώς;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

οἶμοι, πρὸς αὐτῷ γ’ εἰμὶ τῷ δεινῷ λέγειν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

κάγωγ’ ἀκουεν· ἄλλ’ ὦμως ἀκουστέον.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

κείνου γε τοι δὴ παῖς ἐκλήζεθ’· ἦ δ’ ἐσω κάλλιστ’ ἂν εἶποι σῇ γυνῇ τάδ’ ὡς ἔχει.
OEDIPUS THE KING

HERDSMAN
I did; and would that I had died that day!

OEDIPUS
And die thou shalt unless thou tell the truth.

HERDSMAN
But, if I tell it, I am doubly lost.

OEDIPUS
The knave methinks will still prevaricate.

HERDSMAN
Nay, I confessed I gave it long ago.

OEDIPUS
Whence came it? was it thine, or given to thee?

HERDSMAN
I had it from another, 'twas not mine.

OEDIPUS
From whom of these our townsmen, and what house?

HERDSMAN
Forbear for God's sake, master, ask no more.

OEDIPUS
If I must question thee again, thou'rt lost.

HERDSMAN
Well then—it was a child of Laius' house.

OEDIPUS
Slave-born or one of Laius' own race?

HERDSMAN
Ah me!
I stand upon the perilous edge of speech.

OEDIPUS
And I of hearing, but I still must hear.

HERDSMAN
Know then the child was by repute his own,
But she within, thy consort best could tell.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἡ γὰρ δίδωσιν ἦδε σοι;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

μάλιστ' ἀναξ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὡς πρὸς τί χρείας;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

ὡς ἀναλώσαμι νῦν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

τεκοῦσα τλήμων;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

θεσφάτων γ' ὅκνῳ κακῶν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ποίων;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

κτενεῖν νῦν τοὺς τεκόντας ἢν λόγος.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

πῶς δῆτ' ἀφήκας τῷ γέροντι τῷδε σύ;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

κατοικτίσας, ὃ δέσποθ', ὡς ἄλλην χθόνα
dοκῶν ἀποίσευν, αὐτὸς ἐνθεν ἦν· ὃ δὲ
kάκ' εἰς μέγιστ' ἐσώσεν. εἰ γὰρ οὗτος εἶ
ὁν φησιν οὗτος, ἵσθι ὑπέποτμος γεγώς.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ιού ιού· τὰ πάντ' ἀν ἔξηκοι σαφῆ.

ὡ φῶς, τελευταίον σε προσβλέψαμι νῦν,

ὅστις πέφασμαι φύσ τ' ἀφ' ὅν οὐ χρῆν, ἔνων οἷς τ'

οὐ χρῆν ὁμιλῶν, οὖς τε μ' οὐκ ἐδει κτανών.

110
OEDIPUS THE KING

OEDIPUS
What! she, she gave it thee?

HERDSMAN
'Tis so, my king.

OEDIPUS
With what intent?

HERDSMAN
To make away with it.

OEDIPUS
What, she its mother?

HERDSMAN
Fearing a dread weird.

OEDIPUS
What weird?

HERDSMAN
'Twas told that he should slay his sire.

OEDIPUS
Why didst thou give it then to this old man?

HERDSMAN
Through pity, master, for the babe. I thought
He'd take it to the country whence he came;
But he preserved it for the worst of woes.
For if thou art in sooth what this man saith,
God pity thee! thou wast to misery born.

OEDIPUS
Ah me! ah me! all brought to pass, all true!
O light, may I behold thee nevermore!
I stand a wretch, in birth, in wedlock cursed,
A parricide, incestuous, triply cursed.

[Exit OEDIPUS]
ΧΟΡΟΣ

ιὸν γενεάι βροτῶν,
ως ύμᾶς ἵσα καὶ τὸ μηδὲν ζώσας ἐναιθμῶ.
τίς γὰρ, τίς ἀνήρ πλέον
τάσ εὐδαιμονίας φέρει
ἡ τοσοῦτον ὅσον δοκεῖν
καὶ δόξαντ' ἀποκλίναι;
τὸν σὸν τοι παράδειγμ' ἔχων,
τὸν σὸν δαίμονα, τὸν σὸν, ὦ τλάμον Οἰδίπόδα,
βροτῶν
οὐδὲν μακαρίζων·
όσις καθ' ὑπερβολὰν
ἀντ. ἀ' τοξεύσας ἐκράτησε τοῦ πάντ' εὐδαιμονὸς ἀλβοῦ,
ὡς Ζεῦ, κατὰ μὲν φθίσας
τὸν γαμψώνυχα παρθένον
χρησιμόδον, θανάτων δ' ἐμᾶ
χώρα πύργος ἀνέστα·
ἐξ οὐ καὶ βασιλεὺς καλεῖ
ἐμὸς καὶ τὰ μέγιστ' ἐτμάθης, ταῖσ μεγάλαι-
σιν ἐν
Θῆβαισιν ἀνάσσων.
ταῦτ' δ' ἀκοὐεῖν τίς ἀθλιώτερος;  
τίς ἄταις ἄγριας, τίς ἐν πόνοις
ἐὔνοικος ἀλλαγὰ βίου;
ἰὼ κλεινὸν Οἰδίπου κάρα,
ἡ στέγας λμῆν
αὐτὸς ἤρκεσεν
παίδη καὶ πατρὶ θαλαμηπόλω πεσεῖν;
πῶς ποτε πῶς ποθ' αἴ πατρῶαι σ' ἄλοκες φέ-
ρειν, τάλας,
σιγ' ἐδυνάθησαν ἐσ τοσόνδε;
CHORUS

Races of mortal man
Whose life is but a span,
I count ye but the shadow of a shade!
For he who most doth know
Of bliss, hath but the show;
A moment, and the visions pale and fade.
Thy fall, O Oedipus, thy piteous fall
 Warns me none born of woman blest to call.

For he of marksmen best,
O Zeus, outshot the rest,
And won the prize supreme of wealth and power.
By him the vulture maid
Was quelled, her witchery laid;
He rose our saviour and the land’s strong tower.
We hailed thee king and from that day adored
Of mighty Thebes the universal lord.

O heavy hand of fate!
Who now more desolate,
Whose tale more sad than thine, whose lot more
dire?
O Oedipus, discrowned head,
Thy cradle was thy marriage bed;
One harbourage sufficed for son and sire.
How could the soil thy father eared so long
Endure to bear in silence such a wrong?
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

ἐφηύρε σ’ ἀκονθῦ οἱ πάνθ᾽ ὀρῶν χρόνος, ἀντ. β’
dικάζει τ’ ἅγαμον γάμον πάλαι
tεκνοῦντα καὶ τεκνοῦμενον.
iω,1 Λαἰείων ὁ τέκνον,
eίθε σ’ εἴθε σε
μήτοτ’ εἰδόμαι.
δύρομαι γὰρ ὁσπερ ἰάλεμον 2 χέων
ἐκ στομάτων. τὸ δ’ ὀρθὸν εἰπέιν, ἀνέπνευσά τ’ ἐκ
σέθεν
καὶ κατεκοίμασα τοῦμὸν ὀμμα.

ΕΞΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ὁ γῆς μέγιστα τῆς’ ἀεὶ τιμώμενοι,
οἱ ἐργ’ ἀκοῦσεσθ’, οία δ’ εἰσόψεσθ’, ὅσον δ’
ἀρείσθε πένθος, εἴπερ ἐγγενῶς ἐτι
τῶν Λαβδακείων ἐντρέπεσθε δωμάτων.
ομαὶ γὰρ οὔτ’ ἀν Ἰστρον οὔτε Φᾶσιν ἄν
νυφαὶ καθαρμῷ τήνδε τὴν στέγην, ὅσα
κεῦθει, τὰ δ’ αὐτίκ’ εἰς τὸ φῶς φανεῖ κακὰ
ἐκόντα κοῦκ ἄκοντα. τῶν δὲ πημονῶν
μάλιστα λυποῦσ’ αἱ φανῶσ’ αὐθαίρετοι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

λείπει μὲν οὐδ’ ἀ πρόσθεν εἴδομεν τὸ μὴ οὐ
βαρύστον’ εἰναι: πρὸς δ’ ἐκεῖνοισιν τὰ φῆς;

ΕΞΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ὁ μὲν τάχιστος τῶν λόγων εἰπεῖν τε καὶ
μαθεῖν, τέθυκε θείον Ἰοκάστης κάρα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὁ δυστάλαινα, πρὸς τίνος ποτ’ αἰτίας;

1 ὁ, add. Erfurdt.
2 MSS. ὁδύρομαι, corr. Seidler. MSS. ὃς περίαλλα ιαχέων.
corr. Jebb.

114
OEDIPUS THE KING

All-seeing Time hath caught Guilt, and to justice brought The son and sire commingled in one bed. O child of Laius' ill-starred race Would I had ne'er beheld thy face! I raise for thee a dirge as o'er the dead. Yet, sooth to say, through thee I drew new breath, And now through thee I feel a second death.

Enter second messenger.

SECOND MESSENGER

Most grave and reverend senators of Thebes, What deeds ye soon must hear, what sights behold! How will ye mourn, if, true-born patriots, Ye reverence still the race of Labdacus! Not Ister nor all Phasis' flood, I ween, Could wash away the blood-stains from this house, The ills it shrouds or soon will bring to light, Iills wrought of malice, not unwittingly. The worst to bear are self-inflicted wounds.

CHORUS

Grievous enough for all our tears and groans Our past calamities; what canst thou add?

SECOND MESSENGER

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

CHORUS

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

ΕΞΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

αὕτη πρὸς αὐτῆς. τῶν δὲ πραχθέντων τὰ μὲν ἄλγιστ' ἀπεστίν. ἢ γὰρ ὄψις οὐ πάρα. οὐ̔ς δ', ὅσον γε κἂν ἐμοὶ μνήμης ἐν, πεύσει τὰ κείνης ἀθλίας παθήματα. ὅπως γὰρ ὄργῃ χρωμένη παρῆλθ' ἐσω θυρῶνος, ἵτ' εὐθὺ πρὸς τὰ νυμφικὰ λέχη, κόμην σπώσ' ἀμφιδεξίους ἀκμαῖς. πύλας δ', ὅπως εἰσῆλθ', ἑπιρράξασ' ἐσω καλεῖ τὸν ἢδη Λάιον πάλαι νεκρὸν, μνήμην παλαιῶν σπερμάτων ἐχοῦσ', ύφ' ὃν θάνοι μὲν αὐτός, τὴν δὲ τίκτουσαν λίποι τοῖς οἰσιν αὐτοῦ δύστεκνον παιδοργίαν. γοάτο δ' εὐνᾶς, ἐνθα δύστιμος διπλοῦς εξ ἀνδρὸς ἀνδρα καὶ τέκν' ἐκ τέκνων τέκνωι. χώπως μὲν ἐκ τῶνδ' οὐκέτ' οἶδ' ἀπόλλυται. βοῶν γὰρ εἰσέπαισεν Οἰδίποις, ύφ' οὗ οὐκ ἤν τὸ κείνης ἐκθεάσασθαι κακῶν, ἀλλ' εἰς ἐκεῖνον περιπολοῦτ' ἐλεύσοσομεν. φοιτᾷ γὰρ ἡμᾶς ἐγχος ἐξαιτῶν πορείν, γυναῖκα τ' οὐ γυναῖκα, μητρώμα δ' ὅπου κίχοι διπλῆν ἀρουραν οὐ τε καὶ τέκνων. λυσσωτὶ δ' αὐτῶ δαμιόνων δείκνυσι τις· οὐδεὶς γὰρ ἀνδρῶν, οἱ παρῆμεν ἐγγύθεν. δεινὸν δ' αὕσας ὡς ύφηγητοῦ τίνος πύλας διπλαῖς ἐνήλιατ', ἐκ δὲ πυθμένων ἐκλινε κοιλα κλῆθρα κάμπτετε στέγῃ. οὐ δὴ κρεμαστὴν τὴν γυναίκ' ἐσείδομεν, πλεκταίσων αἰώραισιν ἐμπεπληγμένην.¹

¹ Λ. πλεκταῖς ἐώραις ἐμπεπληγμένην ὁ δὲ ὅπως δ' ὀρᾷ νιν corr. Wecklein.
By her own hand. And all the horror of it, Not having seen, ye cannot apprehend. Nathless, as far as my poor memory serves, I will relate the unhappy lady’s woe. When in her frenzy she had passed inside The vestibule, she hurried straight to win The bridal-chamber, clutching at her hair With both her hands, and, once within the room, She shut the doors behind her with a crash. “Laïus,” she cried, and called her husband dead Long, long ago; her thought was of that child By him begot, the son by whom the sire Was murdered and the mother left to breed With her own seed, a monstrous progeny. Then she bewailed the marriage bed whereon Poor wretch, she had conceived a double brood, Husband by husband, children by her child. What happened after that I cannot tell, Nor how the end befel, for with a shriek Burst on us Oedipus; all eyes were fixed On Oedipus, as up and down he strode, Nor could we mark her agony to the end. For stalking to and fro “A sword!” he cried, “Where is the wife, no wife, the teeming womb That bore a double harvest, me and mine?” And in his frenzy some supernal power (No mortal, surely, none of us who watched him) Guided his footsteps; with a terrible shriek, As though one beckoned him, he crashed against The folding doors, and from their staples forced The wrenchèd bolts and hurled himself within. Then we beheld the woman hanging there, A running noose entwined about her neck.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

ὁ δ’ ὡς ὅρα νῦν, δεινὰ βρυχηθεῖς τάλας χαλά κρεμαστῆν ἁρτάννην. ἐπεὶ δὲ γῆ ἐκεῖτο τλῆμων, δεινὰ δ’ ἦν τάνθένδ’ ὅραν. ἀποσπάσας γὰρ εἰμάτων χρυσηλάτους περόνας ἀπ’ αὐτῆς, αἰσιν ἐξεστέλλετο, ἄρας ἐπαίσευν ἄρθρα τῶν αὐτοῦ κύκλων, αὐδῶν τοιαύθ’, ὁθούνεκ’ οὐκ ὤψοιντό νῦν οὐθ’ οι’ ἐπασχεν οὐθ’ ὅποι’ ἐδρα κακά, ἀλλ’ ἐν σκότω τὸ λοιπὸν οὖς μὲν οὐκ ἔδει ὤψοιαθ’, οὔς δ’ ἔχρηζεν οὐ γνωσιότα. τοιαύτ’ ἐφυμῶν πολλάκις τε κοῦχ ἀπαξ ήρασσ’ ἐπαίρων βλέφαρα. φοίναι δ’ ὁμοῦ γληναι γένει’ ἐτελλον, οὐδ’ ἀνίεσαν φόνου μυθώσας σταγόνας, ἀλλ’ ὁμοῦ μέλας ὁμβρός χαλάζης αἰματοῦς ἐτέγγετο. τάδ’ ἐκ δυνὸν ἐρρωγεν, οὐ μόνον κάτα, ἀλλ’ ἄνδρι καὶ γυναικὶ συμμιγῆ κακά.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

νῦν δ’ ἔσθ’ ὁ τλῆμων ἐν τίνι σχολῇ κακοῦ;

ΕΞΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

βοᾷ διοίγεν κλήθρα καὶ δηλοῦν τινα τοῖς πάσι Καδμείοισι τὸν πατροκτόνον, τὸν μητέρ’—αὐδῶν ἀνόσι’ οὐδὲ ῥητά μοι, ὡς ἐκ χθονὸς βῆσεν ἐαυτὸν οὐδ’ ἔτι μενῶν δόμωσι ἁραιος, ὡς ἡράσατο.

1 MSS. κακά, corr. Otto.
But when he saw her, with a maddened roar
He loosed the cord; and when her wretched corpse
Lay stretched on earth, what followed—O 'twas dread!
He tore the golden brooches that upheld
Her queenly robes, upraised them high and smote
Full on his eye-balls, uttering words like these:
"No more shall ye behold such sights of woe,
Deeds I have suffered and myself have wrought;
Henceforward quenched in darkness shall ye see
Those ye should ne'er have seen; now blind to those
Whom, when I saw, I vainly yearned to know."

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

CHORUS
But hath he still no respite from his pain?

SECOND MESSENGER
He cries, "Unbar the doors and let all Thebes
Behold the slayer of his sire, his mother's —— "
That shameful word my lips may not repeat.
He vows to fly self-banished from the land,
Nor stay to bring upon his house the curse
Himself had uttered; but he has no strength
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

ῥώμης γε μέντοι καὶ προηγητοῦ τινος
dεῖται· τὸ γὰρ νόσημα μεῖζον ἡ φέρειν.
dεῖξει δὲ καὶ σοὶ· κλήθρα γὰρ πυλῶν τάδε
dιοίγεται· θέαμα δ' εἰσόψει τάχα
tουοῦτον οἶον καὶ στυγοῦντ' ἐποικτίσαι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὡς δεινὸν ἰδεῖν πάθος ἄνθρωποις,
ὡς δεινότατον πάντων ὅσ' ἐγὼ
προσέκυρο' ἡδη. τίς σ', ὦ τλήμον,
προσέβη μανία; τίς ὁ πηθήσας
μεῖζονα δαίμων τῶν μακίστων
πρὸς σῇ δυσδαίμων μοῖρα;
φεὺ φεῦ, δύσταν'.
ἀλλ' οὐδ' ἐσοδεῖν δύναμαι σε, θέλων
πόλλ' ἀνερέσθαι, πολλὰ πυθέσθαι,
πολλὰ δ' ἀθρήσατι
τοῖαν φρίκην παρέχεις μοι.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

αιαί αἰαὶ, δύστανος ἐγὼ,
ποὶ γάς φέρομαι τλάμων; πά μοι
φθογγὰ διαπωτᾶται 1 φοράδην;
ἰῶ δαίμον, ἵν' ἐξῆλλον.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἐς δεινὸν οὐδ' ἀκουστὸν οὐδ' ἐπούμουν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἰῶ σκότουν

στρ. α' νέφος ἐμὸν ἀπότροπον, ἐπιπλόμενον ἄφατον,
ἀδάματὸν τε καὶ δυσούριστον ὄν. 2
οἴμοι,

1 MSS. διαπέταται, corr. Musgrave.
2 ὄν added by Hermann.
Nor one to guide him, and his torture's more
Than man can suffer, as yourselves will see.
For lo, the palace portals are unbarred,
And soon ye shall behold a sight so sad
That he who most abhorred would pity it.

Enter Oedipus blinded.

CHORUS
Woeful sight! more woeful none
These sad eyes have looked upon.
Whence this madness? None can tell
Who did cast on thee his spell,
Prowling all thy life around,
Leaping with a demon bound.
Hapless wretch! how can I brook
On thy misery to look?
Though to gaze on thee I yearn,
Much to question, much to learn,
Horror-struck away I turn.

OEDIPUS
Ah me! ah woe is me!
Ah whither am I borne!
How like a ghost forlorn
My voice flits from me on the air!
On, on the demon goads. The end, ah where?

CHORUS
An end too dread to tell, too dark to see.

OEDIPUS

(Str. 1)
Dark, dark! The horror of darkness, like a shroud,
Wraps me and bears me on through mist and cloud.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

οίμοι μάλ' αὖθις: οἷον εἰσέδυ μ᾽ ἄμα
κέντρων τε τῶν ὁὐστρημα καὶ μνήμῃ κακῶν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
καὶ θαυμά γ᾽ οὐδὲν ἐν τοσοῖσοι πῆμαισιν
dιπλὰ σε πενθεῖν καὶ διπλὰ φορεῖν κακά.

1320
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὠ φίλος,
ἀντ. α᾽
σὺ μὲν ἔμος ἐπίπολος ἔτι μόνιμος: ἔτι γὰρ
ὑπομένεις με τὸν τυφλὸν κηδεύων.
φεῦ φεῦ.
οὐ γὰρ μὲ λήθεις, ἄλλα γιγνώσκω σαφῶς,
καίπερ σκοτεινός, τὴν γε σὴν αὐξὴν ὁμώς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
ὡ δεινὰ δρᾶσας, πῶς ἔτης τοιαῦτα σὰς
ὄψεις μαρὰναι; τίς σ᾽ ἐπῆρε δαιμόνων;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

'Απόλλων τάδ' ἤν, 'Απόλλων, φίλοι, στρ. β'
ὁ κακὰ κακὰ τελῶν ἐμὰ τάδ' ἐμὰ πάθεα.

1330
ἐπαισε δ᾽ αὐτόχειρ νῦν οὕτις, ἄλλ᾽ ἐγὼ τλάμων.
τί γὰρ ἐδει μ᾽ οράν,
ὁτῳ γν ὀρῶντι μηδὲν ἤν ἰδεῖν γλυκῦ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ
ἂν τάδ' ὀπωσπερ καὶ σὺ φής.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

τί δῆτ᾽ ἐμοὶ βλεπτὸν ἦ
στερκτὸν ἢ προσήγορον
ἐτ᾽ ἐστ᾽ ἀκοῦειν ἣδονά φίλοι;
ἀπάγετ᾽ ἐκτόπιον ὃ τι τάχιστά με,
ἀπάγετ᾽, ὃ φίλοι, τὸν μεγ᾽ ὀλέθριον 1
τὸν καταρατότατον, ἔτι δὲ καὶ θεοῖς
ἐχθρότατον βροτῶν.

1 Λ. τὸν ὀλέθριον μέγαν, corr. Erfurdt.
OEDIPUS THE KING

Ah me, ah me! What spasms athwart me shoot. What pangs of agonising memory!

CHORUS

No marvel if in such a plight thou feel'st The double weight of past and present woes.

OEDIPUS

(Ant. 1)

Ah friend, still loyal, constant still and kind. Thou carest for the blind. I know thee near, and though bereft of eyes, Thy voice I recognise.

CHORUS

O doer of dread deeds, how couldst thou mar Thy vision thus? What demon goaded thee?

OEDIPUS

(Str. 2)

Apollo, friends, Apollo, he it was That brought these ills to pass; But the right hand that dealt the blow Was mine, none other. How, How could I longer see when sight Brought no delight?

CHORUS

Alas! 'tis as thou sayest.

OEDIPUS

Say, friends, can any look or voice Or touch of love henceforth my heart rejoice? Haste, friends, no fond delay. Take the twice cursed away Far from all ken, The man abhorred of gods, accursed of men.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ
dείλαε τού νοῦ τῆς τε συμφορᾶς ἵναν,
ὡς σ’ ἡθέλησα μηδὲ γ’ ἂν γνώναι ποτε. 1

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ολοκ’ ὧστις ἤν, ὃς ἀγρίας πέδας ἀντ. Β’
μονάδ’ 2 ἐπιποδίας ἐλυσ’ μ’ ἀπό τε φόνου
ἔρημο ταύσωσεν, οὐδὲν εἰς χαρίν πράσσων.
tότε γὰρ ἂν θανῶν
οὐκ ἡ φιλοσκυν οὐδ’ ἐμοὶ τοσόνδ’ ἄχος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
θέλοντι κάμιοι τούτ’ ἂν ἤν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
οὐκον πατρός γ’ ἂν φονεύσ
ἡλθον οὐδὲ νυμφίος
βροτοῖς ἐκλήθην ὡν ἐφυν ἄπο.
nῦ δ’ ἄθεος μὲν εἰμ’, ἄνοσίων δὲ παῖς,
ὁμολεχὴς δ’ ἄφ’ ὃν αὐτὸς ἔχουν τάλασ.
eὶ δέ τι πρεσβύτερον ἐτι κακοῦ κακῶν,
tοῦτ’ ἐλαχ’ Οἰδίπος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
οὖκ οἶδ’ ὅπως σε φῶ βεβουλεύσθαι καλῶς:
κρείσσων γὰρ ἡθὰ μηκέτ’ ὃν ἡ ζῶν τυφλός.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ὡς μὲν τάδ’ οὖχ ὡδ’ ἐστ’ ἀριστ’ εἰργασμένα,
μή μ’ ἐκδίδασκε, μηδὲ συμβούλευ’ ἐτι.
ἐγὼ γὰρ οὐκ οἶδ’ ὁμορχην ποίοις βλέπων
πατέρα ποτ’ ἂν προσείδον εἰς Ἀιδοῦ μολῶν
οὐδ’ αὐτάλαιναν μητέρ’, οὐν ἐμοὶ δυνοῦ
ἐργ’ ἐστὶ κρείσσον’ ἀγχόνης εἰργασμένα.
ἀλλ’ ἡ τέκνων δὴ τ’ ὁψις ἦν ἐφίμερος,

1 L. ὡς σ’ ἡθέλησα μηδ’ ἀναγγώναι ποτε, corr. Hermann.
2 νομάδος MSS, : Jebb conjectures. without adopting, μονάδ’.
OEDIPUS THE KING

CHORUS
O thy despair well suits thy desperate case.
Would I had never looked upon thy face!

OEDIPUS
My curse on him whoe'er unrived (Ant. 2)
The waif's fell fetters and my life revived!
He meant me well, yet had he left me there,
He had saved my friends and me a world of care.

CHORUS
I too had wished it so.

OEDIPUS
Then had I never come to shed
My father's blood nor climbed my mother's bed;
The monstrous offspring of a womb defiled,
Co-mate of him who gendered me, and child.
Was ever man before afflicted thus,
Like Oedipus.

CHORUS
I cannot say that thou hast counselled well,
For thou wert better dead than living blind.

OEDIPUS
What's done was well done. Thou canst never
shake
My firm belief. A truce to argument.
For, had I sight, I know not with what eyes
I could have met my father in the shades,
Or my poor mother, since against the twain
I sinned, a sin no gallows could atone.
Aye, but, ye say, the sight of children joys
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

βλαστούσ’ ὃπως ἐβλαστε, προσελύσσεν ἔμοι; οὐ δῆτα τοῖς γ’ ἐμοίσων ὀφθαλμοῖς ποτε: οὐδ’ ἄστυ γ’ οὐδὲ πῦργος οὐδὲ δαιμόνων ἀγάλμαθ’ ἵερα, τῶν ὁ παντλήμων ἐγὼ κάλλιστ’ ἀνήρ εἰς ἐν γε τοῖς Θήβαις τραφεῖς ἀπεστέρησ’ ἐμαυτόν, αὐτὸς ἐννέπων ὧθειν ἀπαντας τὸν ἁσβῆ, τὸν ἐκ θεῶν φανέντ’ ἀναγνω καὶ γένους τοῦ Λαίου. τοιάνδ’ ἐγὼ κηλῶδα μηνύσας ἐμήν ὀρθοὶς ἐμελλὼν ὁμμασον τούτους ὅραν; ἦκιστὰ γ’. ἀλλ’ εἰ τῆς ἀκοουόμης ἔτ’ ἴν πηγῆς δι’ ὠτων φραγμός, οὐκ ἂν ἐσχόμην τὸ μὴ ἀποκλήσαι τοῦμὸν ἀθλιον δέμας, ἐν’ ἐν τυφλὸς τε καὶ κλύων μηδέν’ το γὰρ τὴν φροντίδ’ ἔξω τῶν κακῶν οἶκεῖν γλυκά. ἰδ’ Κυθαιρών, τί μ’ ἐδέχου; τί μ’ οὐ λαβὼν ἐκτεινας εὐθύς, ὡς ἐδειξα μῆποτε ἐμαυτὸν ἀνθρώπους ἐνθεν ἢ γεγώς; ὡ Πόλυβε καὶ Κόρινθε καὶ τὰ πάτρια λόγω παλαιὰ δύμαθ’, οὐον ἀρά με κάλλος κακῶν ὑπολοῦν ἐξεθρέψατε: νῦν γὰρ κακὸς τ’ ὧν κὰκ κακῶν εὐρίσκομαι. ὡ τρεῖς κέλευθοι καὶ κεκρυμμένη νάτη δρυμός τε καὶ στενωπός ἐν τριπλαίς ὀδοίς, αἱ τοῦμὸν αἵμα τῶν ἐμῶν χειρῶν ἀπὸ ἔπετε πατρός, ἀρά μου μέμηναθ’ ἐτι οἱ ἄργα δράσας ὡμ’ εἶτα δεῦρ’ ἱδ’ ὅποι ἐπρασσόν αἴθις; ὡ γάμοι γάμοι, ἐφύσαθ’ ἡμᾶς, καὶ φυτεύσαντες πάλιν ἄνειτε ταύτον 1 σπέρμα, κάπεδείξατε

1 MSS. ταύτον, corr. Jebb.
A parent's eyes. What, born as mine were born?
No, such a sight could never bring me joy;
Nor this fair city with its battlements,
Its temples and the statues of its gods,
Sights from which I, now wretchedst of all,
Once ranked the foremost Theban in all Thebes,
By my own sentence am cut off, condemned
By my own proclamation 'gainst the wretch,
The miscreant by heaven itself declared
Unclean—and of the race of Laius.
Thus branded as a felon by myself,
How had I dared to look you in the face?
Nay, had I known a way to choke the springs
Of hearing, I had never shrunk to make
A dungeon of this miserable frame,
Cut off from sight and hearing; for 'tis bliss
To bide in regions sorrow cannot reach.
Why didst thou harbour me, Cithaeron, why
Didst thou not take and slay me? Then I never
Had shown to men the secret of my birth.
O Polybus, O Corinth, O my home,
Home of my ancestors (so wast thou called)
How fair a nursling then I seemed, how foul
The canker that lay festering in the bud!
Now is the blight revealed of root and fruit.
Ye triple high-roads, and thou hidden glen,
Coppice, and pass where meet the three-branched
ways,
Ye drank my blood, the life-blood these hands spilt,
My father's; do ye call to mind perchance
Those deeds of mine ye witnessed and the work
I wrought thereafter when I came to Thebes?
O fatal wedlock, thou didst give me birth,
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

πατέρας, ἀδελφοὺς, παῖδας, αἱμ' ἐμφύλιον, νύμφας, γυναικας μητέρας τε, χαπόσα ἄσχιστ' ἐν ἀνθρώποισι εργα γίγνεται.

ἀλλ' οὐ γὰρ αὐδᾶν ἔσθ' ᾧ μηδὲ δρᾶν καλὸν,

ὅπως τάχιστα πρὸς θεῶν ἔξω μὲ ποὺ καλύψατ' ᾧ φονεύσατ' ἤθαλάσσιον ἐκρύψατ', ἐνθα μῆτοτ' εἰσόψεθ' ἐτι.

ἰτ', ἄξιωσατ' ἀνδρὸς ἀθλίου θυγεῖν.

πίθεσθε, ἡ δεῖσθε: τάμα γὰρ κακὰ οὐδεὶς οῖός τε πλῆν ἐμοὶ φέρειν βροτῶν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀλλ' ὃν ἐπαιτεῖς εἰς δέον πάρεσθ' οδέ Κρέων τὸ πράσσειν καὶ τὸ βουλεῦειν, ἐπεὶ χάρας λέλειπται μοῦνος ἀντὶ σοῦ φύλαξ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

οἶμοι, τί δήτα λέξομεν πρὸς τόνδ' ἔπος;

τίς μοί φανεῖται πίστις εὐδίκος; τὰ γὰρ πάρος πρὸς αὐτὸν πάντ' ἐφεύρημαι κακός.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

οὐχ ὃς γελαστής, Οἰδίπος, ἐλήλυθα,

οὐδ' ὃς ὀνειδίων τι τῶν πάρος κακῶν.

ἀλλ' εἴ τὰ θυντῶν μὴ κατασχὼνεθ' ἔτι γένεθλα, τὴν γοῦν πάντα βόσκουσαν φλόγα αἴδεισθ' ἀνακτὸς Ἡλίον, τούτων ἅγος ἀκάλυπτον οὕτω δεικνύει, τὸ μήττε γῇ

μῆτ' ὁμβρος ἱερὸς μῆττε φῶς προσδέχεται.

ἀλλ' ὥς τάχιστ' ἐσε οἶκον ἐςκομίζετε:

τοῖς ἐν γένει γὰρ τὰγγενὴ μάλισθ' ὠρᾶν

μόνοις τ' ἄκοουεν εὐσεβῶς ἔχει κακά.

1 πείθεσθε, MSS. Elmsley, corr.
OEDIPUS THE KING

And, having borne me, sowed again my seed,
Mingling the blood of fathers, brothers, children,
Brides, wives and mothers, an incestuous brood,
All horrors that are wrought beneath the sun,
Horrors so foul to name them were unmeet.
O, I adjure you, hide me anywhere
Far from this land, or slay me straight, or cast me
Down to the depths of ocean out of sight.
Come hither, deign to touch an abject wretch;
Draw near and fear not; I myself must bear
The load of guilt that none but I can share.

Enter CREON.

CREON

Lo, here is Creon, the one man to grant
Thy prayer by action or advice, for he
Is left the State’s sole guardian in thy stead.

OEDIPUS

Ah me! what words to accost him can I find?
What cause has he to trust me? In the past
I have been proved his rancorous enemy.

CREON

Not in derision, Oedipus, I come
Nor to upbraid thee with thy past misdeeds.

(To bystanders)

But shame upon you! if ye feel no sense
Of human decencies, at least revere
The Sun whose light beholds and nurtures all.
Leave not thus nakedly for all to gaze at
A horror neither earth nor rain from heaven
Nor light will suffer. Lead him straight within.
For it is seemly that a kinsman’s woes
Be heard by kin and seen by kin alone.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
πρὸς θεῶν, ἐπείπερ ἐλπίδος μ’ ἀπέσπασας,
ἀριστος ἐλθὼν πρὸς κάκιστον ἄνδρ’ ἐμε,
πιθοῦ τί μοι: πρὸς σοῦ γὰρ οὐδ’ ἐμοῦ φράσω.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
καὶ τοῦ με χρείας ὡδὲ λιπαρεῖς τυχεῖν;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ῥυφὸν με γῆς ἐκ τῆς ὁσον τάχισθ’, ὁποῦ
θυτῶν φανοῦμαι μηδενὸς προσήγορος.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
ἐδρασ’ ἃν εὖ τοῦτ’ ἵσθ’ ἃν, εἰ μὴ τοῦ θεοῦ
πρώτιστ’ ἐχρηζὼν ἐκμαθεῖν τί πρακτέαν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ἀλλ’ ἡ γ’ ἐκεῖνον πάο’ ἐδηλώθη φάτις,
τὸν πατροφόντην, τὸν ἀσεβὴ μ’ ἀπολλύναι.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
οὗτως ἐλέχθη ταῦθ’. ὀμως δ’ ἵν’ ἐσταμεν
χρείας, ἀμείνων ἐκμαθεῖν τί δραστέον.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
οὗτως ἄρ’ ἄνδρος ἄθλιον πεύσεσθ’ ὑπερ;

ΚΡΕΩΝ
καὶ γὰρ σοῦ νόν τὰν τῷ θεῷ πίστιν φέροις.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
καὶ σοὶ γ’ ἐπισκίπτω τε καὶ προστέψομαι,
τῆς μὲν κατ’ οὐκοῦς αὐτὸς δὲν θέλεις τάφον
θοῦ. καὶ γὰρ ὀρθῶς τῶν γε σῶν τελεῖς ὑπερ.
ἔμοι δὲ μήποτ’ ἀξιωθήτω τόδε
πατρῷ οὗτος ἀμφοτ’ ἀναγκαὶ τυχεῖν,
ἀλλ’ ἐόμε οὐ καὶ ναιεῖν ορείσιν, ἐνθα κλῆσται.

1440

1450

130
OEDIPUS

OEDIPUS
O listen, since thy presence comes to me
A shock of glad surprise—so noble thou,
And I so vile—O grant me one small boon.
I ask it not on my behalf, but thine.

CREON
And what the favour thou wouldst crave of me?

OEDIPUS
Forth from thy borders thrust me with all speed;
Set me within some vasty desert where
No mortal voice shall greet me any more.

CREON
This had I done already, but I deemed
It first behoved me to consult the god.

OEDIPUS
His will was set forth fully—to destroy
The parricide, the scoundrel; and I am he.

CREON
Yea, so he spake, but in our present plight
'Twere better to consult the god anew.

OEDIPUS
Dare ye inquire concerning such a wretch?

CREON
Yea, for thyself wouldst credit now his word.

OEDIPUS
Aye, and on thee in all humility
I lay this charge: let her who lies within
Receive such burial as thou shalt ordain;
Such rites 'tis thine, as brother, to perform.
But for myself, O never let my Thebes,
The city of my sires, be doomed to bear
The burden of my presence while I live.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

οὖμος Κιθαιρῶν οὔτος, ὃν μήτηρ τέ μοι πατήρ τ' ἔθεσθην ζώντε κύριον τάφον, ἵν' ἔξ' ἐκείνων, οἱ μ' ἀποκλύτην, θάνω. καίτοι τοσοῦτόν γ' οἴδα, μήτε μ' ἂν νόσον μήτ' ἄλλο πέρσαι μηδέν· οὔ γάρ ἂν ποτε θνήσκων ἐσώθην, μή 'τι τῷ δεινῷ κακῷ. ἀλλ' ἢ μὲν ἥμιῶν μοῦρ', ὅποιπερ εἴσ', ἐτώ· πάϊδων δὲ τῶν μὲν ἄρσένων μὴ μοι, Κρέων, προσθῇ μέριμναν· ἄνδρες εἰσών, ὡστε μὴ ἁπάνω ποτὲ σχεῖν, ἐνθ' ἂν ὃσι, τοῦ βίου· ταῖν δ' ἄθλιαν οἰκτραῖν τε παρθένου ἐμαῖν, αὖν οὐποθ' ἡμὴ χωρὶς ἑστάθη βορᾶς τράπετε' ἀνευ τοῦ' ἄνδρός, ἀλλ' ὅσων ἐγὼ ψάοιμι, πάντων τῶν' ἀεὶ μετεχέτην· αὖν μοι μέλεσθαι· καὶ μάλιστα μὲν χερῶν ψαύσαι μ' ἔασον κἀποκλαύσασθαι κακά. ἦθ' ἄναξ,

ηθ' οὖ γονή γενναίε· χεροὶ τῶν θιγών δοκοὶ μ' ἐχειν σφάς, ὥσπερ ἡνίκ' ἐβλεπον. τί φημί;

οὐ δὴ κλῖω ποὺ πρὸς θεῶν τῶν μοι φίλων δακρυρροοῦντων, καὶ μ' ἐποικτίρας Κρέων ἐπεμψε μοι τὰ φίλτατ' ἐγκύονοι ἐμοῦ· λέγω τι;

ΚΡΕΩΝ

λέγεις· ἐγὼ γάρ εἰμ' ὅ πορσύνας τάδε, γνώσι τὴν παροῦσαν τέρψιν, ἦ σ' ἐν χειν πάλαι.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἀλλ' εὐτυχοῖς, καὶ σε τῆς τῆς ὀδοῦ δαίμων ἄμεινον ἦ μὲ φρούρηςας τὐχοι. οὗ τέκνα, ποῦ ποτ' ἑστέ· δευρ' ἵτ', ἑλθετε ἡ̣ς τὰς ἄδελφας τάσδε τὰς ἐμᾶς χέρας,
OEDIPUS THE KING

No, let me be a dweller on the hills,
On yonder mount Cithaeron, famed as mine,
My tomb predestined for me by my sire
And mother, while they lived, that I may die
Slain as they sought to slay me, when alive.
This much I know full surely, nor disease
Shall end my days, nor any common chance;
For I had ne'er been snatched from death, unless
I was predestined to some awful doom.

So be it. Ireck not how Fate deals with me.
But my unhappy children—for my sons
Be not concerned, O Creon, they are men,
And for themselves, where'er they be, can fend.
But for my daughters twain, poor innocent maids,
Who ever sat beside me at the board
Sharing my viands, drinking of my cup,
For them, I pray thee, care, and, if thou willst,
O might I feel their touch and make my moan.
Hear me, O prince, my noble-hearted prince!
Could I but blindly touch them with my hands,
I'd think they still were mine, as when I saw.
What say I? 'can it be my pretty ones
Whose sobs I hear? Has Creon pitied me
And sent me my two darlings? Can this be?

CREON
'Tis true; 'twas I procured thee this delight,
Knowing the joy they were to thee of old.

OEDIPUS
God speed thee! and as meed for bringing them
May Providence deal with thee kindlier
Than it has dealt with me! O children mine,
Where are ye? Let me clasp you with these hands
A brother's hands, a father's; hands that made
α' τοῦ φυτουργοῦ πατρὸς ύμίν ὡδὶ ὀραν
tὰ πρόσθε λαμπρά προεξένησαν ὀμματα·
ὅς ύμίν, ὃ τεκν', οὐθ' ὀραῶν οὐθ' ἱστορῶν
πατήρ ἐφάνθην ἐνθεὶν αὐτὸς ἥροθην.
καὶ σφῶ δακρῶν· προσβλέπεσκ γὰρ οὐ σθένω·
νουύμενος τὰ λουπὰ τοῦ πκροῦ βίου,
οἶνον βιώναι σφῶ πρὸς ἀνθρώπων χρεῶν.
ποίας γὰρ ἄστῶν ἦξετ' εἰς ὄμιλίας,
ποίας δ' ἔορτας, ἐνθεὶν οὐ κεκλαμέναι
πρὸς οἶκων ἱξεσθ' ἀντὶ τῆς θεωρίας;
ἀλλ' ἣνίκ' ἃν δὴ πρὸς γάμων ἤκητ' ἀκμάς,
tὸς ὁἀτος ἔσται, τίς παραρρήσει, τέκνα,
tοιαῦτ' ὀνείδη λαμβάνων, ἃ ταῖς ἐμαῖς
γοναίσιν ἔσται σφῶν θ' ὀμοὶ δηλήματα;
tί γὰρ κακῶν ἀπεστὶ; τὸν πατέρα πατὴρ
ὑμῶν ἐπεφες· τὴν τεκούσαν ἠροσεν,
ὅθεν περ αὐτῶς ἐςπάρη, κὰκ τῶν ἰσων
ἐκτήσαθ' ὑμᾶς, ὄντερ αὐτῶς ἐξέφυ.
tοιαῦτ' ὀνειδεῖσθε· κἀτα τίς γαμεῖ;
οὐκ ἔστιν οὐδεῖς, ὃ τεκν', ἀλλὰ δηλαδὴ
χέρσους φθαρῆναι καγάμους ὑμᾶς χρεῶν.
ὁ παῖ Μενοικέως, ἀλλ' ἐπεὶ μόνος πατὴρ
ταῦταν λέεισαι, νῦ γὰρ, ὃ 'πυτεύσαμεν,
ὁλώλαμεν δὺ' ὄντε, μὴ σφε περιδῆσ χτι
πτωχὰς ἀνάνδρους ἐκγενεῖσ ἀλωμένας,
μη' ἐξισώσης τάδε τοῖς ἐμοῖς κακοῖς.
ἀλλ' οἰκτισον σφᾶς, ὃδε τηλικάσθ' ὄραν
πάντων ἐρήμους, πλῆν ὄσον τὸ σὸν μέρος.
ἐξίνευσον, ὃ γενναῖε, σῇ ψαῦσας χερί.
σφῶν δ', ὃ τεκν', εἰ μὲν εἰχέτην ἣδη φρένας,
Lack-lustre sockets of his once bright eyes;
Hands of a man who blindly, recklessly,
Became your sire by her from whom he sprang.
Though I cannot behold you, I must weep
In thinking of the evil days to come,
The slights and wrongs that men will put upon you.
Where'er ye go to feast or festival,
No merrymaking will it prove for you,
But oft abashed in tears ye will return.
And when ye come to marriageable years,
Where's the bold wooer who will jeopardize
To take unto himself such disrepute
As to my children's children still must cling,
For what of infamy is lacking here?
"Their father slew his father, sowed the seed
Where he himself was gendered, and begat
These maidens at the source wherefrom he sprang."
Such are the gibes that men will cast at you.
Who then will wed you?  None, I ween, but ye
Must pine, poor maids, in single barrenness.
O Prince, Menoeceus' son, to thee I turn,
With thee it rests to father them, for we
Their natural parents, both of us, are lost.
O leave them not to wander poor, unwed,
Thy kin, nor let them share my low estate.
O pity them so young, and but for thee
All destitute.  Thy hand upon it, Prince.
To you, my children, I had much to say,
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

πόλλα ἀν παρήνουν· νῦν δὲ τούτ' εὐχεσθέ μοι,
οὔ καίρος ἐὰν ζῆν, τοῦ βίου δὲ λέονος
ὑμᾶς κυρίσαι τοῦ φυτεύσαντος πατρός.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

άλις ἵν' ἐξήκεισ δακρύων· ἄλλ' ἰθι στέγης ἔσω.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

πειστέων, κεῖ μηδὲν ἡδυ.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

πάντα γὰρ καίρῳ καλὰ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

οἴσθ' ἐφ' οἷς οὖν εἶμι;

ΚΡΕΩΝ

λέξεις, καὶ τότ' εἰσομαι κλύων.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

γῆς μ' ὅπως πέμψεις ἀποικον.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

τοῦ θεοῦ μ' αἰτεῖς δόσων.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἀλλὰ θεοῖς γ' ἔχθιστος ἡκώ.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

τούγαροιν τεύξει τάχα.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

φῆς τάδ' οὖν;

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ἀ μὴ φρονῶ γὰρ οὐ φιλῶ λέγειν μάτην. 1520

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἀπαγε νῦν μ' ἐντεύθεν ἡδή.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

στείχε νῦν, τέκνων δ' ἀφοῦ.

1 δὲι ζῆν MSS., Dindorf corr.
OEDIPUS THE KING

Were ye but ripe to hear. Let this suffice:
Pray ye may find some home and live content,
And may your lot prove happier than your sire's.

CREON
Thou hast had enough of weeping; pass within.

OEDIPUS I must obey,

Though 'tis grievous.

CREON
Weep not, everything must have its day.

OEDIPUS
Well I go, but on conditions.

CREON
What thy terms for going, say.

OEDIPUS
Send me from the land an exile.

CREON
Ask this of the gods, not me.

OEDIPUS
But I am the gods' abhorrence.

CREON
Then they soon will grant thy plea.

OEDIPUS
So thou yieldest to my pleading?

CREON
When I speak I mean it so.

OEDIPUS
Lead me hence, then, I am willing.

CREON
Come, but let thy children go.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

μηδαμῶς ταύτας γ' ἔλη μου.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

πάντα μὴ βούλου κρατεῖν·
καὶ γὰρ ἀκράτησας οὐ σοι τῷ βίῳ ἦν νέος σου.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὡς πάτρας Θήβης ἐνοικοί, λεύσσετ', Οἰδίπος

δὲ,

ὅς τὰ κλεῖν' αἰνίγματ' ἤδει καὶ κράτιστος ἦν

ἀνήρ,

οὐ τίς οὐ ζῆλῳ πολιτῶν ἦν τύχας ἐπιβλέπων,1

εἰς ὅσοι κλύδωνα δεινῆς συμφορᾶς ἐλήλυθεν.

ὁστε θυγτὸν οὐτα κεῖνη τὴν τελευταίαν ἰδεῖν

ἡμέραν ἐπισκοποῦντα μηδὲν ὀλβίζειν, πρὶν

ἂν

tέρμα τοῦ βίου περάσῃ μηδὲν ἄλγεινὸν πα-

θών.

1 δετος οὐ ζῆλῳ πολιτῶν καὶ τύχαις ἐπιβλέπων MSS. Hartung corr.
OEDIPUS THE KING

OEDIPUS
Rob me not of these my children!

CREON
Crave not mastery in all,
For the mastery that raised thee was thy bane and
wrought thy fall.

CHORUS
Look ye, countrymen and Thebans, this is Oedipus
the great,
He who knew the Sphinx’s riddle and was mightiest
in our state.
Who of all our townsmen gazed not on his fame with
envious eyes?
Now, in what a sea of troubles sunk and over-
whelmed he lies!
Therefore wait to see life’s ending ere thou count
one mortal blest;
Wait till free from pain and sorrow he has gained his
final rest.
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS
ARGUMENT

Oedipus, the blind and banished King of Thebes, has come in his wanderings to Colonus, a deme of Athens, led by his daughter Antigone. He sits to rest on a rock just within the sacred grove of the Furies and is bidden depart by a passing native. But Oedipus, instructed by an oracle that he had reached his final resting-place, refuses to stir, and the stranger consents to go and consult the Elders of Colonus (the Chorus of the Play). Conducted to the spot they pity at first the blind beggar and his daughter, but on learning his name they are horror-stricken and order him to quit the land. He appeals to the world-famed hospitality of Athens and hints at the blessings that his coming will confer on the State. They agree to await the decision of King Theseus. From Theseus Oedipus craves protection in life and burial in Attic soil; the benefits that will accrue shall be told later. Theseus departs having promised to aid and befriend him. No sooner has he gone than Creon enters with an armed guard who seize Antigone and carry her off (Ismene, the other sister, they have already
ARGUMENT

captured) and he is about to lay hands on Oedipus, when Theseus, who has heard the tumult, hurries up and, upbraiding Creon for his lawless act, threatens to detain him till he has shown where the captives are and restored them. In the next scene Theseus returns bringing with him the rescued maidens. He informs Oedipus that a stranger who has taken sanctuary at the altar of Poseidon wishes to see him. It is Polynoeices who has come to crave his father's forgiveness and blessing, knowing by an oracle that victory will fall to the side that Oedipus espouses. But Oedipus spurns the hypocrite, and invokes a dire curse on both his unnatural sons. A sudden clap of thunder is heard, and as peal follows peal, Oedipus is aware that his hour is come and bids Antigone summon Theseus. Self-guided he leads the way to the spot where death should overtake him, attended by Theseus and his daughters. Halfway he bids his daughters farewell, and what followed none but Theseus knew. He was not (so the Messenger reports) for the gods took him.
ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΡΑΜΑΤΟΣ ΠΡΟΣΩΠΑ

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ
ΞΕΝΟΣ
ΧΟΡΟΣ
ΙΣΜΗΝΗ
ΘΗΣΕΥΣ
ΚΡΕΩΝ
ΠΟΛΥΝΕΙΚΗΣ
ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Oedipus, banished King of Thebes.

Antigone, Ismene \{ his daughters.

Theseus, King of Athens.

Creon, brother of Jocasta, now reigning at Thebes.

Polyneices, elder son of Oedipus.

Stranger, a native of Colonus.

Messenger, an attendant of Theseus.

Chorus, citizens of Colonus.

Scene: In front of the grove of the Eumenides
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
Τέκνου τυφλοῦ γέροντος Ἀντιγόνη, τίνας χῶρους ἀφίγμεθ᾽ ἢ τίνων ἀνδρῶν πόλων; τίς τὸν πλανήτην Οἰδίπον καθ᾽ ἡμέραν τὴν νῦν σπανιστῷς δέξεται δωρήμασιν; σμικρὸν μὲν ἐξαιτοῦντα, τοῦ σμικροῦ δ᾽ ἐτί μεῖον φέροντα, καὶ τόδ᾽ ἔξαρκοιν ἐμοὶ ἑπέργειν γὰρ αἱ πάθαι μὲ χῶ χρόνος ἔπινὼν μακρὸς διδάσκει καὶ τὸ γενναῖον τρίτον. ἀλλ᾽, ὦ τέκνου, θάκησον εἰ τινα βλέπεις ἡ πρὸς βεβήλους ἡ πρὸς ἄλεσθιν θεῶν, στῆσον μὲ καξίδρυσον, ὡς πυθώμεθα ὅπου ποτ᾽ ἔσμεν· μανθάνεις γὰρ ἢκόμεν ἐξονι πρὸς ἀστῶν, ἀν δ᾽ ἀκοὐσωμεν τελεῖν.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ
πάτερ ταλαίπωρ' Οἰδίπος, πύργοι μὲν, οἳ πόλιν στέγουσιν, ὡς ἀπ᾽ ὀμμάτων, πρόσω· χῶρος δ᾽ ὁδ᾽ ἱερός, ὡς ἀπεικάσαι, βρύων δάφνης, ἐλαίας, ἀμπέλου· πυκνότεροι δ᾽ ἐξῶ κατ᾽ αὐτὸν εὐστομοῦσ᾽ ἀγδόνες· οὐ κώλα κάμψον τοῦτ᾽ ἐπ᾽ ἄξέστου πέτρου· μακρὰν γὰρ ὡς γέροντι προνταλίης ὀδόν. 20

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
κάθιζε νῦν με καὶ φύλασσε τὸν τυφλὸν.
Child of an old blind sire, Antigone,
What region, say, whose city have we reached?
Who will provide to-day with scanted dole
This wanderer? 'Tis little that he craves,
And less obtains—that less enough for me;
For I am taught by suffering to endure,
And the long years that have grown old with me,
And last not least, by true nobility.
My daughter, if thou seest a resting place
On common ground or by some sacred grove,
Stay me and set me down. Let us discover
Where we have come, for strangers must inquire
Of denizens, and do as they are bid.

Long-suffering father, Oedipus, the towers
That fence the city still are faint and far;
But where we stand is surely holy ground;
A wilderness of laurel, olive, vine;
Within a choir of songster nightingales
Are warbling. On this native seat of rock
Rest; for an old man thou hast travelled far.

Guide these dark steps and seat me there secure.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

χρόνου μὲν οὖν εὖκεν' οὐ μαθεῖν μὲ δεῖ τόδε.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἐχεις διδάξαι δὴ μ' ὅποι καθέσταμεν;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

τὰς γοῦν 'Αθήνας οἶδα, τὸν δὲ χῶρον οὐ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

πᾶς γὰρ τις ηὔδα τοῦτό γ' ἡμῖν ἐμπόρων.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ἀλλ' ὅστις ὁ τόπος ἡ μάθω μολοῦσα ποι;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ναί, τέκνον, εἰπέρ ἐστὶ γ' ἐξοικήσιμος.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ἀλλ' ἐστί μὴν οἰκητός· οἴομαι δὲ δεῖν ὀυδὲν· πέλας γὰρ ἀνδρα τόνδε νῦν ὄρω.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἡ δεύρο προσστείχοντα καξορμώμενον;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

καὶ δὴ μὲν οὖν παρόντα· χῦ τὶ σοι λέγειν εὐκαιρόν ἐστίν, ἐννεφ', ὥς ἀνὴρ ὀδε.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὁ ξείω', ἀκούων τῆς ὑπὲρ τ' ἐμοῦ αὐτῆς θ' ὀρώσης, οὖνεξ' ἡμῖν οἰσιος σκοπὸς προσήκεις ὃν ἀδηλούμεν φράσαι—

ἘΞΕΝΟΣ

πρὶν νῦν τὰ πλείων' ἱστορεῖν, ἐκ τῆς ἐδρας ἔξελθ'. ἐχεις γὰρ χῶρον οὐχ ἂν θεῶν πατεῖν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

τίς δ' ἐσθ' ὁ χῶρος; τοῦ θεῶν νομίζεται;
If time can teach, I need not to be told.

OEDIPUS

Say, prithee, if thou knowest, where we are.

ANTIGONE

Athens I recognise, but not the spot.

OEDIPUS

That much we heard from every wayfarer.

ANTIGONE

Shall I go on and ask about the place?

OEDIPUS

Yes, daughter, if it be inhabited.

ANTIGONE

Sure there are habitations; but no need
To leave thee; yonder is a man hard by.

OEDIPUS

What, moving hitherward and on his way?

ANTIGONE

Say rather, here already. Ask him straight
The needful questions, for the man is here.

Enter stranger.

OEDIPUS

O stranger, as I learn from her whose eyes
Must serve both her and me, that thou art here
Sent by some happy chance to solve our doubts—

STRANGER

First quit that seat, then question me at large:
The spot thou treadest on is holy ground.

OEDIPUS

What is the site, to what god dedicate?
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ΞΕΝΟΣ

άθικτος οὐδ’ οίκητός· αἳ γὰρ ἐμφοβοι θεαῖ σφ’ ἔχουσι, Γῆς τε καὶ Σκότου κόραι. 40

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

τῖνων τὸ σεμνὸν ὄνομ’ ἂν εὐξαίμην κλύων;

ΞΕΝΟΣ

τὰς πάνθ’ ὅρωσας Εὐμενίδας ὦ γ’ ἐνθάδ’ ἂν εἶποι λεώς νῦν· ἀλλὰ δ’ ἀλλαχόν καλά.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἀλλ’ ἠλεῶ μὲν τὸν ἑκέτην δεξαίατο· ὥς οὐχ ἐδρασ γῆς τῆδ’ ἂν ἐξέλθομ’ ἐτι.

ΞΕΝΟΣ

τί δ’ ἐστι τούτο;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

εὐμφορᾶς εὐνθημ’ ἐμῆς.

ΞΕΝΟΣ

ἀλλ’ οὐδ’ ἐμοὶ τοι τοῦξανιστάναι πόλεως δίχ’ ἐστὶ θάρσος, πρὶν γ’ ἂν ἐνδείξω τί δρῶ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

πρὸς νῦν θεῶν, ὦ ἕεινε, μή μ’ ἀτιμάσης, τοιόνδ’ ἀλήτην, ὁν σε προστῆρεω φράσαι. 50

ΞΕΝΟΣ

σῆμαινε, κοῦκ’ ἀτιμος ἐκ γ’ ἐμοῦ φανεῖ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

τίς ἐσθ’ ὁ χώρος δήτ’, ἐν ὧ βεβήκαμεν;

ΞΕΝΟΣ

ὁο’ οἴδα κάγω πάντ’ ἐπιστήσει κλύων· χώρος μὲν ἱερὸς πᾶς ὦδ’ ἐστ’. ἔχει δὲ νῦν σεμνὸς Ποσειδών· ἐν δ’ ὁ πυρφόρος θεὸς Τιτᾶν Προμηθεὺς· ὃν δ’ ἐπιστείβεις τόπον,
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

STRANGER
Inviolable, untrod; goddesses,
Dread brood of Earth and Darkness, here abide.

OEDIPUS
Tell me the awful name I should invoke?

STRANGER
The Gracious Ones, All-seeing, so our folk
Call them, but elsewhere other names are rife.

OEDIPUS
Then may they show their suppliant grace, for I
From this your sanctuary will ne'er depart.

STRANGER
What word is this?

OEDIPUS
The watchword of my fate.

STRANGER
Nay, 'tis not mine to bid thee hence without
Due warrant and instruction from the State.

OEDIPUS
Now in God's name, O stranger, scorn me not
As a wayfarer; tell me what I crave.

STRANGER
Ask; your request shall not be scorned by me.

OEDIPUS
How call you then the place wherein we bide?

STRANGER
Whate'er I know thou too shalt know; the place
Is all to great Poseidon consecrate.
Hard by, the Titan, he who bears the torch,
Prometheus, has his worship; but the spot
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

χθονός καλεῖται τήςδε χαλκόπους ὁδός, ἔρεισμ' Ἀθηνῶν· οἱ δὲ πλησίοι γύαι τόνδ' ἐποίησιν Κολωνὼν εὐχονται σφίσιν ἀρχήγον εἶναι καὶ φέρουσι τοῦνομα τὸ τοῦδε κοινὸν πάντες ἡμομασμένοι. τοιαύτα σοι ταύτ' ἑστίν, ὃ ξέν', οὐ λόγοις τιμώμεν', ἀλλὰ τῇ ἐννοοσίᾳ πλέον.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἡ γὰρ τίνες ναίονοι τοῦδε τοὺς τόπους;

ΞΕΝΟΣ
καὶ κάρτα, τοῦδε τοῦ θεοῦ γ' ἐπώνυμοι.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ἀρχεῖ τις αὐτῶν ἡ ἵπ τῷ πληθεὶ λόγος;

ΞΕΝΟΣ
ἐκ τοῦ κατ' ἄστυ βασιλέως τάδ' ἀρχεῖαι.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
οὗτος δὲ τὶς λόγῳ τε καὶ σθενεῖ κρατεῖ;

ΞΕΝΟΣ
Θησεὺς καλεῖται, τοῦ πρὶν Αἰγέως τόκος.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ἀρ' ἂν τὶς αὐτῷ πομπὸς ἐξ ὑμῶν μόλοι;

ΞΕΝΟΣ
ὡς πρὸς τὶ λέξων ἢ καταρτύσων μολεῖν;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ὡς ἂν προσαρκῶν σμικρὰ κερδάνη μέγα.

ΞΕΝΟΣ
καὶ τῖς πρὸς ἀνδρὸς μὴ βλέποντος ἀρκεῖσι;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ὡς ἂν λέγωμεν πάνθ' ὀρῶντα λέξομεν.

1 Brunck’s correction of the MSS. ὁδός, which Sir George Young defends and translates “the Brass-paved Causeway.”
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

Thou treadest, the Brass-footed Threshold named, Is Athens’ bastion, and the neighbouring lands Claim as their chief and patron yonder knight Colonus, and in common bear his name. Such, stranger, is the spot, to fame unknown, But dear to us its native worshippers.

OEDIPUS
Thou sayest there are dwellers in these parts?

STRANGER
Surely; they bear the name of yonder god.

OEDIPUS
Ruled by a king or by the general voice?

STRANGER
The lord of Athens is our over-lord.

OEDIPUS
Who is this monarch, great in word and might?

STRANGER
Theseus, the son of Aegeus our late king.

OEDIPUS
 Might one be sent from you to summon him?

STRANGER
Wherefore? To tell him aught or urge his coming?

OEDIPUS
Say a slight service may avail him much.

STRANGER
How can he profit from a sightless man?

OEDIPUS
The blind man’s words will be instinct with sight.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ΞΕΝΟΣ

οἰσθ᾽, ὦ ἔγνους, ὡς νῦν μὴ σφαλῆς; ἐπείπερ εἰ γενναῖος, ὡς ἰδόντι, πλὴν τοῦ δαίμονος, αὐτοῦ μὲν᾽, οὕπερ καφάνης, ἐως ἐγὼ τοῖς ἐνθάδ᾽ αὐτοῦ μὴ κατ᾽ ἀστυ δημόταις λέξω τάδ᾽ ἐλθὼν; οἶδε γὰρ κρινοῦσι σοι εἰ χρῆ σε μίμενεν ἢ πορεύεσθαι πάλιν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὦ τέκνον, ἢ βέβηκεν ἡμῖν ὁ ἔγνους;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

βέβηκεν, ὡστε πᾶν ἐν ἡσύχῳ, πάτερ, ἐξεστὶ φωνεῖν, ὡς ἐμοὶ μόνης πέλας.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὦ πότνιαι δεινώπες, εὔτε νῦν ἐδρασ πρώτων ἐφ᾽ ὑμῶν τήσει γῆς ἐκαμφ' ἐγὼ, Φοίβῳ τε κάμοι μὴ γένησθο ἀγνώμονες, ὡς μοι, τὰ πόλλα ἐκεῖν ὦτ᾽ ἐξέχρη κακά, ταῦτην ἐλεξέ παῦλαν ἐν χρόνῳ μακρῷ, ἐλθόντι χώραν τερμάν, ὅπου θεῶν σεμνῶν ἐδραν λάβομαι καὶ ἐξονότασιν, ἐνταῦθα κάμψειν τὸν ταλαῖπωρὸν βίον, κέρδη μὲν οἰκήσαντα τοῖς δεδεγμένοις, ἀτὴν δὲ τοῖς πέμψασιν, οἳ μ᾽ ἀπηλασάν· σημεῖα δ᾽ ἥξειν τώνδε μοι παρηγύα, ἢ σεισμὸν ἢ βροντὴν τιν᾽ ἢ Διὸς σέλας, ἐγνωκα μὲν νῦν ὡς μὲ τὴν ὁδὸν οὐκ ἔσθο ὅπως οὗ πιστῶν ἐξ ὑμῶν πτερὸν ἐξῆγαγν᾽ εἰς τὸν᾽ ἄλοσον. οὐ γὰρ ἂν ποτὲ πρῶταινου ὑμῖν ἀντέκυρον ὀδοιπορῶν, νῆφων ἀοίνους, κατὶ σεμνὸν ἐξόμην βάθρον τὸν᾽ ἀσκέπαρσον. ἀλλὰ μοι, θεαῖ, βίον κατ᾽ ὄμφας τὰς Ἀπόλλωνας δότε
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

STRANGER
Heed then; I fain would see thee out of harm;
For by thy looks, marred though they be by fate,
I judge thee noble: tarry where thou art,
While I go seek the burghers—those at hand,
Not in the city. They will soon decide
Whether thou art to rest or go thy way.

[Exit stranger.

OEDIPUS
Tell me, my daughter, has the stranger gone?

ANTIGONE
Yes, he has gone; now we are all alone,
And thou may'st speak, dear father, without fear.

OEDIPUS
Stern-visaged queens, since coming to this land
First in your sanctuary I bent the knee,
Frown not on me or Phoebus, who, when erst
He told me all my miseries to come,
Spake of this respite after many years,
Some haven in a far-off land, a rest
Vouchsafed at last by dread divinities.
"There," said he, "shalt thou round thy weary life,
A blessing to the land wherein thou dwell'st,
But to the land that cast thee forth, a curse."
And of my weird he promised signs should come,
Earthquake, or thunderclap, or lightning flash.
And now I recognise as yours the sign
That led my wanderings to this your grove;
Else had I never lighted on you first,
A wineless man on you who loathe the grape,
Or set me on your seat of native rock.
O goddesses, fulfil Apollo's word,
OIDIPOUS EPI KOLONWV

πέρασιν ἥδη καὶ καταστροφήν τινα, εἰ μὴ δοκῶ τι μείόνως ἔχειν, ἀεὶ μόχθοις λατρεύων τοῖς ὑπερτάτοις βροτῶν. ἵτ’, ὃ γλυκεῖα παίδες ἄρχαιον Σκότου, ἵτ’, ὃ μεγίστης Παλλάδος καλούμεναι πασῶν Ἀθηναί τιμωρητὴ πόλις, οἰκτίρατ’ ἀνδρὸς Ὁἰδίπου τόδ’ ἄθλιον εἰδωλον· οὐ γάρ δὴ τόδ’ ἄρχαιον δέμας.

ΑΝΤΙΓΩΝΗ

σιγὰ· πορεύονται γὰρ οἶδε δὴ τινὲς χρόνω παλαιοῖ, σῆς ἔδρας ἐπίσκοποι.

OIDIPOUS

συγήσομαι τε καὶ σὺ μ’ ἐξ ὅδοι πόδα κρύψων κατ’ ἄλσος, τῶν ἐως ἄν ἐκμάθω τίνας λόγους ἐροῦσιν· ἐν γὰρ τῷ μαθεὶν ἐνεστὶν ἡμιλάβεια τῶν ποιομένων.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὁρὰ. τις ἅρ’ ἤν; ποῦ ναίει; στρ. α’ ποῦ κυρεῖ ἐκτόπιος συθεὶς ὁ πάντων ὁ πάντων ἀκορεστατος; προσδέρκου, λεύσοσε νει, 1 προσπεύθου πανταχῇ. πλανάτας πλανάτας τις ὁ πρέσβυς οὔ’ ἐγχωρος· προσέβα γὰρ οὐκ ἄν ποτ’ ἀστιβῆς ἄλσος ἐς τῶν ἀμαιμακετὰν κορὰν, ὡς τρέμομεν λέγειν καὶ παραμειβόμεσθ’ ἀδέρκτως, ἀφώνως, ἄλογως τὸ τᾶς.

1 λεύσατ’ αὐτῶν· προσδέρκου MSS., Hermann corr.

156
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

Grant me some consummation of my life,
If haply I appear not all too vile,
A thrall to sorrow worse than any slave.
Hear, gentle daughters of primeval Night,
Hear, namesake of great Pallas; Athens, first
Of cities, pity this dishonoured shade,
The ghost of him who once was Oedipus.

ANTIGONE

Hush! for I see some grey-beards on their way,
Their errand to spy out our resting-place.

OEDIPUS

I will be mute, and thou shalt guide my steps
Into the covert from the public road,
Till I have learned their drift. A prudent man
Will ever shape his course by what he learns.

Enter chorus.

CHORUS

Ha! Where is he? Look around! (Str. 1)
Every nook and corner scan!
He the all-presumptuous man,
Whither vanished? search the ground!
A wayfarer, I ween,
A wayfarer, no countryman of ours,
That old man must have been;
Never had native dared to tempt the Powers,
Or enter their demesne,
The Maids in awe of whom each mortal cowers,
Whose name no voice betrays nor cry,
And as we pass them with averted eye,
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

εὐφάμου στόμα φροντίδος
ιέντες, τὰ δὲ νῦν τιν’ ἥκειν
λόγος οὐδὲν ἀξίωθ’,
οὖν ἐγὼ λεύσσων περὶ πᾶν οὖπω
δύναμαι τέμενος
γνώναι ποῦ μοὶ ποτε ναίει.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

οὖς ἐκεῖνος ἐγὼ· φωνῇ γὰρ ὀρῶ,
τὸ φατιζόμενον.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ιὼ ἱὼ,
δεινὸς μὲν ὅραν, δεινὸς δὲ κλύειν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

μὴ μ’, ἱκετεύω, προσδητ’ ἄνομον.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

Ζεῦ ἀλεξῆτορ, τίς ποθ’ ὁ πρέσβυς;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

οὐ πάνυ μοίρας εὐδαιμονίσαι
πρώτης, ὦ τῆς ἐφοροὶ χώρας.
δηλῶ δ’. οὐ γὰρ ἄν ὅδ’ ἀλλοτρίους
ὁμμασιν εἰρτον
κατ’ σμικραῖς μέγας ὠρμοὺν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἐ’, ἀλαῖὼν ὁμμάτων
ἀντ. α’
ἀρα καὶ ἦθα φυτάλμιος; δυσαῖν
μακραῖν γ’, ὥσ’ ἐπεικάσας. 1
ἀλλ’ οὐ μὰν ἐν γ’ ἐμοὶ
προσθήσει 2 τάσδ’ ἀράς.
περὰς γάρ, περὰς· ἀλλ’ ἵνα τῶδ’ ἐν ἀ-
φθέγκτω μὴ προπέσης νάπει

1 ὡς MSS., Bothe corr.
2 προσθήσεις MSS., Blaydes corr.
We move hushed lips in reverent piety.
But now some godless man,
’Tis rumoured, here abides;
The precincts through I scan,
Yet wot not where he hides,
The wretch profane!
I search and search in vain.

OEDIPUS
I am that man; I know you near,
Ears to the blind, they say, are eyes.

CHORUS
O dread to see and dread to hear!

OEDIPUS
O sirs, I am no outlaw under ban.

CHORUS
Who can he be—Zeus save us!—this old man?

OEDIPUS
No favourite of fate,
That ye should envy his estate,
O, Sirs, would any happy mortal, say,
Grope by the light of other eyes his way,
Or face the storm upon so frail a stay?

CHORUS
Wast thou then sightless from thy birth? (Ant. 1)
Evil, methinks, and long
Thy pilgrimage on earth.
Yet add not curse to curse and wrong to wrong.
I warn thee, trespass not
Within this hallowed spot,
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ποιάντει, κάθυδρος οὗ
κρατήρ μελιχίων ποτῶν
ρεύματι συντρέχει,
tόν, ξένη πάμμορ', εὖ φύλαξαι;
μετάσταθ' ἀπόβαθι. πολ-
λά κέλευθος ἔρατύει:
κλύεις, ὁ πολύμοχθ' ἀλάτα;
λόγον εἰ τιν' οἴσεις
πρὸς ἐμὰν λέοχαν, ἀβάτων ἀποβάς,
ἲνα πᾶσι νόμος,
φώνει: πρόσθεν δ' ἀπερύκουν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

θύγατερ, ποι τις φροντίδος ἐλθή;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ὡ πάτερ, ἀστοῖς ἵσα χρὴ μελετᾶν,
εἰκοντας ἃ δεὶ κάκοιντας.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

πρόσθυγέ νῦν μου.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ψαύω καὶ δῆ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὡ ξένε, μὴ δῆτ' ἄδικηθῶ σοι
πιστεύσας καὶ μεταναστάς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐ τοι μὴποτε σ' ἐκ τῶνδ' ἑδράνων, ὁπρ. β'
ὡ γέρον, ἀκοντά τις ἄξει.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἐτ' οὖν;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἐτὶ βαίνει πόρσω.¹

¹ MSS. ἐτ' οὖν ἐτὶ προβῶ: ἐπίβαινε, Bothe and Reiske corr.
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

Lest thou shouldst find the silent grassy glade
    Where offerings are laid,
Bowls of spring water mingled with sweet mead.
    Thou must not stay,
Come, come away,
    Tired wanderer, dost thou heed?
(We are far off, but sure our voice can reach.)
    If aught thou wouldst beseech,
Speak where 'tis right; till then refrain from speech.

OEDIPUS

Daughter, what counsel should we now pursue?

ANTIGONE

We must obey and do as here they do.

OEDIPUS

Thy hand then!

ANTIGONE

Here, O father, is my hand,

OEDIPUS

O Sirs, if I come forth at your command,
    Let me not suffer for my confidence.

CHORUS

(Str. 2)
Against thy will no man shall drive thee hence.

OEDIPUS

Shall I go further?

CHORUS

Aye.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

έτι;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

προβίβαζε, κούρα,
pόρσω: σὺ γὰρ ἀτεις.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ού ο ο - ο - ο -

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ο - - -

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

έπεο μάν, ἐπε' ὧδ' ἀμαυρῷ
κώλῳ, πάτερ, ἥ σ' ἄγω.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

tόλμα ξείνος ἐπὶ ξένης,
ὦ τλάμων, ὦ τι καὶ πόλις
τέτροφεν ἄφιλον ἀποστυγεῖν
καὶ τὸ φίλον σέβεσθαι.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἄγε νυν σὺ με, παῖ,

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀυτοῦ· μηκέτι τοῦδ' αὐτοπέτρου 1 ἀντ. β'
βῆματος ἔξω πόδα κλίνης.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

οὕτως;

1 ἀντιπέτρου MSS., Musgrave corr.
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

OEDIPUS
What further still?

CHORUS
Lead maiden, thou canst guide him where we will.

ANTIGONE
Follow with blind steps, father, as I lead.

OEDIPUS
Guide me child, where we may range
Safe within the paths of right;
Counsel freely may exchange
Nor with fate and fortune fight.

CHORUS
Halt! Go no further than that rocky floor. (Ant. 2)

OEDIPUS
Stay where I now am?
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἄλις, ὡς ἀκούεις.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἡ ἔσθω;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

λέχριός γ' ἐπ' ἄκρον

λᾶος βραχὺς ὀκλάσας.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

πάτερ, ἐμὸν τὸδ'. ἐν ἀσυκαίᾳ ¹

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἰὼ μοὶ μοι.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

βάσει βάσιν ἀρμοσαί,

γεραδὸν ἐς χέρα σῶμα σὸν

προκλίνας φιλίαν ἔμαν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὡμοι δύσφρονος ἄτας.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὦ τλάμων, ὦτε νῦν χαλᾶς,

αὐδάσου, τίς ἐφύς βροτῶν;

τίς ὁ πολύπονος ἄγει; τίν' ἂν

σοῦ πατρίδ' ἐκπυθοίμαν;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὦ ἕνοι,

ἀπόπτολις· ἀλλὰ μή

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τί τὸδ' ἀπεννέπεις, γέρον;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

μὴ μὴ μή μὴ ἀνέρη τίς εἰμι,

μηδ' ἐξετάσῃς πέρα ματεύων.

¹ MSS. ἐν ἱσουχία, corr. Reisig.
CHORUS
Yes, advance no more.

OEDIPUS
May I sit down?

CHORUS
Move sideways towards the ledge,
And sit thee crouching on the scarped edge.

ANTIGONE
This is my office, father, O incline—

OEDIPUS
Ah me! ah me!

ANTIGONE
Thy steps to my steps, lean thine aged frame on mine.

OEDIPUS
Woe on my fate unblest!

CHORUS
Wanderer, now thou art at rest,
Tell me of thy birth and home,
From what far country art thou come,
Led on thy weary way, declare!

OEDIPUS
Strangers, I have no country. O forbear—

CHORUS
What is it, old man, that thou wouldst conceal?

OEDIPUS
Forbear, nor urge me further to reveal—
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τί τόδ’; 1

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

αίνα φύσις.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

αύδα.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

tέκνον, ὁμοί, τί γεγόνα;</p>

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τίνος εἶ σπέρματος, ὡς ἔνε, φώνει, πατρόθεν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὁμοί ἐγώ, τί πάθω, τέκνον ἐμόν;

ἈΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

λέγ’, ἐπείπερ ἐπ’ ἔσχατα βαίνεις.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἀλλ’ ἐρῶ· οὐ γὰρ ἔχω κατακρυφάν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

μακρὰ μέλλετον, ἀλλὰ τάχυνε.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

Λαύον ὅστε τίν’;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὁ ἴον ἴον. 2

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

tὸ τε Λαβδακιδᾶν γένος;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὁ Ζεῦ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἀθλιον Οἰδιπόδαν;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐ γὰρ ὡδ’ εἶ;

1 MSS. τί τόδε; δεινά, corr. Hartung.
2 τίν’ ἀπόγονον; MSS., corr. Hermann, Xo. ὡ ὡ ἴον.
Why this reluctance?

Dread my lineage.

Say!

What must I answer, child, ah welladay!

Say of what stock thou comest, what man’s son—

Ah me, my daughter, now we are undone!

Speak, for thou standest on the slippery verge.

I will; no plea for silence can I urge.

Will neither speak? Come, Sir, why dally thus!

Know’st one of Laius’—

Ha! Who!

Seed of Labdacus—

O Zeus!

The hapless Oedipus.

Art he?
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
δέος ἵσχετε μηδέν ὦσ' αὐδῶ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
ἰῷ ὦ ὦ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
δύσμορος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
ὡ ὦ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
θύγατερ, τί ποτ' αὐτίκα κύρσει;

ΧΟΡΟΣ
ἐξῶ πόρσω βαίνετε χώρας.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ἂ δ' ὑπέσχεο ποὶ καταθήσεις,

ΧΟΡΟΣ
οὐδενὶ μουριδία τίσις ἐρχεται
ἀν προπάθη τὸ τίνειν· ἀπάτα δ' ἀπά-
ταις ἑτέραις ἑτέρα παραβαλλομέ-
να πόνον, οὐ χάριν, ἀντιδίδωσιν ἐ-
χειν. οὐ δὲ τῶνδ' ἐδράνων πάλιν ἐκτοπος
αὐθις ἄφορμος ἐμᾶς χθονὸς ἐκθορε,
μή τι πέρα χρέος
ἐμὰ πόλει προσάψης.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ὡ ἦνοι
αὐδόφρονες, ἀλλ' ἐπεὶ
γερανον πατέρα τόνδ' ἐμὸν
ουκ ἄνετλατ', ἔργων
ἀκόντων αἴοντες αὐδὰν,
ἀλλ' ἐμὲ τὰν μελέαν, ἦκετεύομεν, ὦ ἦνοι,
oἰκτίραθ', ἄ
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

OEDIPUS
Whate’er I utter, have no fear of me.

CHORUS
Begone!

OEDIPUS
O wretched me!

CHORUS
Begone!

OEDIPUS
O daughter, what will hap anon?

CHORUS
Forth from our borders speed ye both!

OEDIPUS
How keep you then your troth?

CHORUS
Heaven’s justice never smites
Him who ill with ill requites.
But if guile with guile contend,
Bane, not blessing, is the end.
Arise, begone and take thee hence straightway,
Lest on our land a heavier curse thou lay.

ANTIGONE
O sirs! ye suffered not my father blind,
Albeit gracious and to ruth inclined,
Knowing the deeds he wrought, not innocent,
But with no ill intent;
Yet heed a maiden’s moan
Who pleads for him alone;
My eyes, not reft of sight,
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΙΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

πατρός ὑπὲρ τοῦμοῦ μόνου ¹
ἀντομαί ὦκ ἀλαοῖς προσορωμένα
ομμα σὸν ὄμμασιν, ὥς τις ἀφ’ αἵματος
ὑμετέρου προφανείσα, τὸν ἄθλιον
αἶδοὺς κύρσαι: ἐν ὦμμι γὰρ ὡς θεῶ
κείμεθα τλάμονες. ἀλλ’ ἰτε, νεῦσατε τὰν ἀδόκητον
χάριν.

πρὸς σ’ ὦ τι σοι φίλον ἐκ σέθεν ἀντομαί,
ἡ τέκνον ἡ λέχος ἡ χρέος ἡ θεὸς. ²
οὐ γὰρ ἰδοὺς ἀν ἀθρών βροτὸν ὅστις ἄν,
ei θεός ἄγοι,
ἐκφυγείν δύνατο.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀλλ’ ἱσθι, τέκνον Οἰδίπον, σὲ τ’. ἐξ ἰσον
οἰκτίρομεν καὶ τὸν ἐσμφορᾶς χάριν:   
τὰ δ’ ἐκ θεῶν τρέμοντες οὐ σθένοιμεν ἄν
φωνεῖν πέρα τῶν πρὸς σὲ νῦν εἰρημένων.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

τί δῆτα δόξης ἡ τὶ κληδόνος καλῆς
μάτην ῥεούσης ωφέλημα γίγνεται,
ei τὰς γ’ Ἀθήνας φανὶ θεοσεβεστάτας
εἶναι, μόνας δὲ τὸν κακοῦμενον ξένον
σώζειν οἰαὶ τε καὶ μόνας ἀρκεῖν ἔχειν;
kάμοιο γε τοῦ τοὺτ’ ἐστὶν, οἰτινὲς βάθρων
ἐκ τῶν δὲ μ’ ἐξάραντες εἰτ’ ἐλαύνετε,
ὅνομα μόνον δεῖσαντες; οὐ γὰρ δὴ τὸ γε
σῶμ’ οὐδὲ τάργα τάμ’. ἐπεὶ τὰ γ’ ἔργα μοι
πεπονθότ’ ἐστὶ μᾶλλον ἡ δεδρακότα,
ei σοι τὰ μητρὸς καὶ πατρὸς χρεὶτ’ λέγειν,

¹ τοῦ μόνου MSS. Triclinius conjectured τοῦμοῦ. Hermann. 
tοῦμοῦ μόνου.
² λόγος MSS., Reiske corr.
Plead with you as a daughter's might.
You are our providence,
O make us not go hence!
O with a gracious nod
Grant us the nigh despaired-of boon we crave!
Hear us, O hear,
By all that ye hold dear,
Wife, children, homestead, hearth and God!
Where will you find one, search ye ne'er so well,
Who 'scapes perdition if a god impel!

CHORUS
Surely we pity thee and him alike
Daughter of Oedipus, for your distress;
But as we reverence the decrees of Heaven
We cannot say aught other than we said.

OEDIPUS
O what avails renown or fair repute?
Are they not vanity? For, look you, now
Athens is held of States the most devout,
Athens alone gives hospitality
And shelters the vexed stranger, so men say.
Have I so found it? I whom ye dislodged
First from my seat of rock and now would drive
Forth from your land, dreading my name alone;
For me you surely dread not, nor my deeds,
Deeds of a man more sinned against than sinning
As I might well convince you, were it meet
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

owied εκφοβεῖ με: τοῦτ' ἐγὼ καλῶς ἔξοιδα. καίτοι πῶς ἐγὼ κακὸς φύσιν, ὃστις παθῶν μὲν ἀντέδρων, ὅστ' εἰ φρονῶν ἐπρασσον, οὐδ' ἂν ὧδ' ἐγιγνόμην κακὸς;


νῦν δ' οὐδὲν εἰδὼς ἰκόμην ἐν' ἰκόμην,


υφ' ὅων δ' ἐπασχον, εἰδότων ἀπωλλύμην.

ἀνθ' ὅων ἰκνοῦμαι πρὸς θεῶν ὑμᾶς, ξένοι,


ἀσπερ με κανεστήσαθ', ὅδε σώσατε,

καὶ μὴ θεοὺς τιμῶντες εἶτα τοὺς θεοὺς μοῖρας 1 ποιεῖσθε μηδαμῶς. ἥγεισθε δὲ


βλέπειν μὲν αὐτοὺς πρὸς τὸν εὐσεβῆ βροτῶν,

βλέπειν δὲ πρὸς τοὺς δυσσεβεῖς, φυγήν δὲ τοῦ 280 ὑπὸ γενέσθαι φωτὸς ἀνοσίαν βροτῶν.

ξῦν οἷς σὺ μὴ καλυπτε τὰς εὐδαιμονας ἔργοις Ἀθήνας ἀνοσίως ὑπηρετῶν,


ἀλλ' ἀσπερ ἔλαβες τὸν ἱκέτην ἐχέγγυον,

ῥύου με κάκφυλασσε. μηδὲ μου κάρα

τὸ δυσπρόσοπον εἰσορῶν ἀτιμάσης,


ἡκὼ γὰρ ἱερὸς εὐσεβῆς τε καὶ φέρων ὄνησιν ἀστών τὸιὸς. ὅταν δ' ὁ κύριος


παρῆ τῖς, ὑμῶν ὅστις ἐστὶν ἡγεμῶν,

τὸτ' εἰσακούων πάντ' ἐπιστήσει: τὰ δὲ


μεταξὺ τούτου μηδαμῶς γίγνου κακὸς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ταρβεῖν μὲν, ὁ γεραιὲ, τάνθυμῆμα τολῇ 'στ' ἀνάγκη τάπο σοὐ. λόγοι σι γὰρ


οὐκ ὄνομαται βραχέσι: τοὺς δὲ τῆςδε γῆς ἀνακτᾶς ἄρκει ταῦτα μοι διειδέναι.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

καὶ ποῦ 'σθ' ὁ κραίνων τῆς δε τῆς χώρας, ξένοι;

1 L. A, μοίρας, F, R² μοίρας.
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

To tell my mother's story and my sire's,
The cause of this your fear. Yet am I then
A villain born because in self-defence,
Stricken, I struck the striker back again?
E'en had I known, no villainy 'twould prove:
But all unwitting whither I went, I went—
To ruin; my destroyers knew it well,
Wherefore, I pray you, sirs, in Heaven's name,
Even as ye bade me quit my seat, defend me.
O pay not a lip service to the gods
And wrong them of their dues. Bethink ye well,
The eye of Heaven beholds the just of men,
And the unjust, nor ever in this world
Has one sole godless sinner found escape.
Stand then on Heaven's side and never blot
Athens' fair scutcheon by abetting wrong.
I came to you a suppliant, and you pledged
Your honour; O preserve me to the end,
O let not this marred visage do me wrong!
A holy and god-fearing man is here
Whose coming purports comfort for your folk.
And when your chief arrives, whoe'er he be,
Then shall ye have my story and know all.
Meanwhile I pray you do me no despite.

CHORUS

The plea thou urgest, needs must give us pause.
Set forth in weighty argument, but we
Must leave the issue with the ruling powers.

OEDIPUS

Where is he, strangers, he who sways the realm?
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ΧΟΡΟΣ
πατρών ἂστυ γῆς ἔχει· σκοπὸς δέ νῦν,
ὅς κἂν δεῦρ' ἐπεμψεν, οἶχεται στελῶν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ἡ καὶ δοκεῖτε τοῦ τυφλοῦ τῶν ἐντροπῆν
ἡ φροντίδ' ἔξειν, αὐτὸν ὡστ' ἑλθείν πέλας; 300
ΧΟΡΟΣ
καὶ κάρθ', ὅταν περ τοῦνομ' αἴσθηται τὸ σόν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
τίς δ' ἐσθ' ὁ κεῖνῳ τούτῳ τούπος ἀγγελῶν;

ΧΟΡΟΣ
μακρὰ κέλευθος· πολλὰ δ' ἐμπόρων ἔπη
φιλεὶ πλανᾶσθαι, τῶν ἐκείνοις αἴων,
θάρσει, παρέσται. πολὺ γάρ, ὦ γέρον, τὸ σῶν
ὀνόμα διήκει πάντας, ὥστε κεὶ βραδὺς
eūδει, κλῦων σοῦ δεῦρ' ἀφιξεται ταχύς.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ἀλλ' εὐτυχῆ ἵκοντο τῇ θ' αὐτοῦ πόλει
ἐμοὶ τε· τίς γάρ ἐσθλὸς οὐχ αὐτῷ φίλος;

ἈΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ
ὠ Ζεῦ, τί λέξω; ποι φρενῶν ἐλθώ, πάτερ; 310

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
τί δ' ἑστι, τέκνον Ἀντιγόνη;

ἈΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ
γυναῖξ' ὅρῳ
στείχουσαν ἥμων ἄσσον, Ἀιτναίας ἐπὶ
πῶλον βεβώσαν· κρατὶ δ' ἡλιοστεγῆς
cυνῆ πρόσωπα Θεσσαλίς νῦν ἀμπέχει.
tί ϕῶ;

1 ἀπόνοιας τ', MSS., Porson corr.
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

CHORUS
In his ancestral seat; a messenger,
The same who sent us here, is gone for him.

OEDIPUS
And think you he will have such care or thought
For the blind stranger as to come himself?

CHORUS
Ay, that he will, when once he learns thy name.

OEDIPUS
But who will bear him word!

CHORUS
The way is long,
And many travellers pass to speed the news.
Be sure he'll hear and hasten, never fear;
So wide and far thy name is noised abroad,
That, were he ne'er so spent and loth to move,
He would bestir him when he hears of thee.

OEDIPUS
Well, may he come with blessing to his State
And me! Who serves his neighbour serves himself.¹

ANTIGONE
Zeus! What is this? What can I say or think?

OEDIPUS
What now, Antigone?

ANTIGONE
I see a woman
Riding upon a colt of Aetna's breed;
She wears for headgear a Thessalian hat
To shade her from the sun. Who can it be?

¹ To avoid explaining the blessing (see l. 288), still a secret, he resorts to a commonplace; literally, "For what generous man is not (in befriending others) a friend to himself?"
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ἀρ’ ἐστιν; ἀρ’ οὐκ ἐστιν; ἡ γνώμη πλανᾶ; καὶ φημὶ κάποτε λει μοὺ καὶ ἔχω τί φῶ. τάλαινα.
οὐκ ἐστιν ἄλλη· φαινὰς γοῦν ἀπ’ ὀμμάτων σαίνει με προσπείχουσά· σημαίνει δ’ ὅτι μόνης τόδ’ ἐστὶ δήλον Ἰσμήνης κάρα.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

πῶς εἶπας, ὦ παῖ;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

παιδὰ σήν, ἐμὴν δ’ ὅραν ὀμαιμον· αὑδή ὅ’ αὐτίκ’ ἐξεστὶν μαθεῖν.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

ὡ διοῦσα πατρὸς καὶ κασεγνήτης ἔμοι ἡδιστὰ προσφωνήμαθ’, ὡς ὑμᾶς μόλις εὐροῦσα λύτη δεύτερον μόλις βλέπω.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὡ τέκνον, ἥκεις;

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

ὡ πάτερ δύσμοιρ’ ὅραν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

tέκνον, πέφηνας;

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

οὐκ ἄνευ μόχθου γε μοι.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

πρόσφανον, ὦ παί.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

θιγγάνω δυοῖν ὁμοῦ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὡ σπέρμ’ ὀμαιμον.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

ὡ δυσάθλιαι τροφαί. 330
She or a stranger? Do I wake or dream?
'Tis she; 'tis not—I cannot tell, alack:
It is no other! Now her bright'ning glance
Greets me with recognition, yes, 'tis she,
Herself, Ismene!

OEDIPUS
Ha! what say ye, child?

ANTIGONE
That I behold thy daughter and my sister,
And thou wilt know her straightway by her voice.
Enter Ismene.

ISMENE
Father and sister, names to me most sweet,
How hardly have I found you, hardly now
When found at last can see you through my tears!

OEDIPUS
Art come, my child?

ISMENE
O father, sad thy plight!

OEDIPUS
Child, thou art here?

ISMENE
Yes, 'twas a weary way.

OEDIPUS
Touch me, my child.

ISMENE
I give a hand to both.

OEDIPUS
O children—sisters!

ISMENE
O disastrous plight!
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἡ τήσδε κάμῳ;

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ
dυσμόρου τ' ἐμοῦ τρίτης.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

tέκνων, τί δ' ἠλθες;

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

οῆ, πάτερ, προμηθιά.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

πότερα πόθοισι;

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ
cαὶ λόγων γ' αὐτάγγελος,

ξὺν ὑπερ εἰχον οἰκετῶν πιστῶ μόνῳ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

οἱ δ' αὐθόμαιμοι ποῦ νεανίαι πονεῖν;

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ
eἰσ' ὑπέρ εἰσι· δεινὰ τὰν κείνοις ταῦτα.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὁ πάντ' ἐκεῖνω τοῖς ἐν Αἰγύπτῳ νόμωι

φύσιν κατεικασθέντε καὶ δίου τροφάς·

ἐκεῖ γὰρ οἱ μὲν ἀρσενες κατὰ στέγας

θακοῦσιν ἰστοργοῦντες, αἱ δὲ σύννοιμοι

tὰξὶ βίου τροφεῖα πορσύνουσ' ἀεὶ.

σφῶν δ', ὅ τέκν', οὓς μὲν ἐικὸς ἢν πονεῖν τάδε,

κατ' οἰκον οἰκουροῦσιν ὅστε παρθένοι,

σφῶ δ' ἀντ' ἐκεῖνων τάμα δυστήνου κακὰ

ὑπερπονεῖτον. ἢ μὲν ἐξ ὅτου νέας

tροφῆς ἐληξε καὶ κατίσχυσεν δέμας,

ἀεὶ μεθ' ἡμῶν δύσμορος πλανωμένη

gερονταγωγεῖ, πολλὰ μὲν κατ' ἀγρίαν

υλὴν ἂσιτος νηλίπους τ' ἀλωμένη,
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

OEDIPUS

Her plight and mine?

ISMENE
Ay, and my own no less.

OEDIPUS

What brought thee, daughter?

ISMENE
Father, care for thee.

OEDIPUS

A daughter's yearning?

ISMENE
Yes, and I had news
I would myself deliver, so I came
With the one thrall who yet is true to me.

OEDIPUS

Thy valiant brothers, where are they at need?

ISMENE
They are—enough, 'tis now their darkest hour.

OEDIPUS

Out on the twain! Their thoughts and actions all
Are framed and modelled on Egyptian ways.
For there the men sit at the loom indoors
While the wives slave abroad for daily bread.
So you, my children—those whom it behoved
To bear the burden, stay at home like girls,
While in their stead my daughters moil and drudge
Lightening their father's misery. The one
Since first she grew from girlish feebleness
To womanhood has been the old man's guide
And shared my weary wanderings, roaming oft
Hungry and footsore through wild forest ways,
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

πολλοί δ’ ομβροσ ʰλίου τε καύμασιν
μοχθοῦσα τλήμων δεύτερ’ ἦγεῖται τὰ τῆς
οίκων διαίτης, εἰ πατήρ τροφῆν ἔχοι.
οὐ δ’, ὥ τεκνον, πρόσθεν μὲν ἐξίκου πατρὶ
μαντεῖν ἄγουσα πάντα, Καδμείων λάθρα,
ἀ τοῦ ἐχρῆσθη σῶματος, φύλαξ τέ μοι
πιστὴ κατέστη, γῆς ὅτ’ ἐξῆλαυνόμην
νῦν δ’ αὐ τῶν ἤκεις μῦθον, Ἰσμήνη, πατρὶ
φέρουσα; τίς δ’ ἐξῆρεν οἴκοθεν στόλος;
ἤκεις γὰρ οὐ κενή γε, τούτ’ ἐγὼ σαφῶς
ἐξωδα, μὴ οὐχὶ δεῖμ’ ἐμοὶ φέρουσα τι.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

ἐγὼ τὰ μὲν παθήμαθ’ ἀπαθον, πάτερ,
ζητοῦσα τὴν σὴν ποὺ κατοικοῖς τροφῆν,
παρείσ’ ἐάσω. δὴς γὰρ οὐχὶ βούλομαι
πονοῦσα τ’ ἀλγεῖν καὶ λέγουσ’ αὖθις πάλιν.
ἀ δ’ ἀμφι τοῖν σοῖν δυσμόροις παῖδοιν κακὰ
νῦν ἔστι, ταῦτα σημανов’ ἐλήλυθα.

πρὶν μὲν γὰρ αὐτόις ἦν ἔρως ¹ Κρέοντι τε
θρόνους ἐάσθαι μηδὲ χραίνεσθαι πόλιν,
λόγως σκοποῦσι τὴν πάλαι γένους φθοράν,
οἰα κατέσχε τὸν σὸν ἀθλιὸν δόμον.

νῦν δ’ ἐκ θεῶν τοῦ κάλυτριαν ² φρενῶς
ἐισῆλθε τοῖν τρῖς ἄθλιον ἔρις κακή,
ἀρχῆς λαβεῖσθαι καὶ κράτους τυραννικὸν.

χῶ μὲν νεᾶ́ζων καὶ χρόνω μεῖων γεγώς
τὸν πρόσθε γεννηθέντα. Πολυνείκη θρόνων
ἀποστερίσκει, κάξελῆλακεν πάτρας.

ὁ δ’, ὡς καθ’ ἡμᾶς ἔσθ’ ὁ πληθυνὼν λόγος,
τὸ κοῖλον Ἀργὸς βας φυγάς προσλαμβάνει

¹ ἐρις MSS., Tyrwhitt corr.
² L. κἀκαλυτηροῦ, Toup corr.
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

In drenching rains and under scorching suns,
Careless herself of home and ease, if so
Her sire might have her tender ministry.
And thou, my child, whilom thou wentest forth,
Eluding the Cadmeians' vigilance,
To bring thy father all the oracles
Concerning Oedipus, and didst make thyself
My faithful lieger, when they banished me.
And now what mission summons thee from home,
What news, Ismene, hast thou for thy father?
This much I know, thou com'st not empty-handed,
Without a warning of some new alarm.

ISMENE
The toil and trouble, father, that I bore
To find thy lodging-place and how thou faredst,
I spare thee; surely 'twere a double pain
To suffer, first in act and then in telling;
'Tis the misfortune of thine ill-starred sons
I come to tell thee. At the first they willed
To leave the throne to Creon, minded well
Thus to remove the inveterate curse of old,
A canker that infected all thy race.
But now some god and an infatuate soul
Have stirred betwixt them a mad rivalry
To grasp at sovereignty and kingly power.
To-day the hot-brained youth, the younger born,
Is keeping Polyneices from the throne,
His elder, and has thrust him from the land.
The banished brother (so all Thebes reports)
Fled to the vale of Argos, and by help
Of new alliance there and friends in arms,
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

κήδος τε καινόν καὶ ξυνασπιστάς φίλους ώς αὐτίκ Ἄργος ἡ το Καδμείων πέδον τιμή καθέξον ἡ πρὸς οὐρανὸν βιβῶν. τάῦτ' οὐκ ἀριθμὸς ἐστιν, ὦ πάτερ, λόγων, ἄλλ' ἐργα δεινά· τοὺς δὲ σους ὅπου ἰ θεοὶ πόνους κατοικτιοῦσιν οὐκ ἑχω μαθεῖν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ηδη γὰρ ἔσχες ἐλπίδ' ώς ἐμοῦ θεοὺς ὤραν τιν' ἐξειν, ὡστε σωθήναι ποτὲ;

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

ἐγώγε τοῖς νῦν γ', ὦ πάτερ, μαντεύμασιν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ποίοισι τούτοις; τί δὲ τεθέσπισται, τέκνον;

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

σὲ τοῖς ἐκεῖ ζητητοῦν ἄνθρωποι ποτὲ θανόντ' ἐσεσθαι ζωντά τ' εὐσοίας 2 χάριν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

τίς δ' αὖ τοιοῦδ' ὑπ' ἄνδρος εὖ πράξειν ἀν;

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

ἐν σοί τὰ κείνων φασὶ γίγνεσθαι κράτη.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὖτ' οὐκέτ' εἰμι, τηνικαῦτ' ἀρ' εἰμ' ἀνήρ;

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

νῦν γὰρ θεοὶ σ' ὀρθοῦσι, πρόσθε δ' ὀλλυσαν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

γέροντα δ' ὀρθοῦν φλαύρον ὃς νέος πέση.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

καὶ μὴν Κρέοντά γ' ἐσθι σοι τούτων χάριν ἦξοντα βαιοῦ κοῦχι μυρίου χρόνου.

1 ὅποι MSS., Elmsley corr.
2 εὐνοίας MSS., Schol. corr.
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

Swears he will establish Argos straight as lord
Of the Cadmeian land, or, if he fail,
Exalt the victor to the stars of heaven.
This is no empty tale, but deadly truth,
My father; and how long thy agony,
Ere the gods pity thee, I cannot tell.

OEDIPUS
Hast thou indeed then entertained a hope
The gods at last will turn and rescue me?

ISMENE
Yea, so I read these latest oracles.

OEDIPUS
What oracles? What hath been uttered, child?

ISMENE
Thy country (so it runs) shall yearn in time
To have thee for their weal alive or dead.

OEDIPUS
And who could gain by such a one as I?

ISMENE
On thee, 'tis said, their sovereignty depends.

OEDIPUS
So, when I cease to be, my worth begins.

ISMENE
The gods, who once abased, uplift thee now.

OEDIPUS
Poor help to raise an old man fallen in youth.

ISMENE
Howe'er that be, 'tis for this cause alone
That Creon comes to thee—and comes anon.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὀπως τι δράση, θύγατερ; ἐρμήνευε μοι.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

ὡς σ’ ἄγχι γῆς στήσωσι Καδμείας, ὅπως κρατῶσι μὲν σοῦ, γῆς δὲ μὴ 'μβαίνῃς ὁρών.

400

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἡ δ’ ὁφέλησις τίς θύρασι κειμένου;

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

κείνοις ὁ τύμβος δυστυχῶν ὁ σὸς βαρός.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

κάνεν θεοῦ τις τοῦτό γ’ ἄν γνώμη μάθοι.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

tοῦτος χάριν τοίνυν σε προσθέσθαι πέλας χώρας θέλουσι, μηδ’ ἵν’ ἄν σαυτοῦ κρατοῖς.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἡ καὶ κατασκιῶσε Θῆβαις κόνει;

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

ἀλλ’ οὐκ ἐδ’ τοῦμφυλον αἰμά σ’, ὡ πάτερ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

οὐκ ἄρ’ ἐμοῦ γε μὴ κρατήσωσίν ποτε.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

ἐσται ποτ’ ἄρα τούτῳ Καδμείοις βάρος.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

πολας φανεῖσθης, ὡ τέκνον, συναλλαγής;

410

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

τῆς σῆς ὑπ’ ὀργῆς, σοῖς ὅταν στῶσιν τάφοις.
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

OEDIPUS
With what intent, my daughter? Tell me plainly.

ISMENE
To plant thee near the Theban land, and so
Keep thee within their grasp, yet not allow
Thy foot to pass beyond their boundaries.

OEDIPUS
What gain they, if I lie outside?

ISMENE
Thy tomb, If disappointed, brings on them a curse.

OEDIPUS
It needs no god to tell what's plain to sense.

ISMENE
Therefore they fain would have thee close at hand,
Not where thou wouldst be master of thyself.

OEDIPUS
Mean they to shroud my bones in Theban dust?

ISMENE
Nay, father, guilt of kinsman's blood forbids.

OEDIPUS
Then never shall they be my masters, never!

ISMENE
Thebes, thou shalt rue this bitterly some day!

OEDIPUS
When what conjunction comes to pass, my child?

ISMENE
Thy angry wraith, when at thy tomb they stand.¹

¹ Creon desires to bury Oedipus on the confines of Thebes so as to avoid the pollution and yet offer due rites at his tomb. Ismene tells him of the latest oracle and interprets to him its purport, that some day the Theban invaders of Athens will be routed in a battle near the grave of Oedipus.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
α δ’ ἐννέτεις, κλύουσα τοῦ λέγεις, τέκνον;

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ
άνδρῶν θεωρῶν Δελφικῆς ἄφ’ ἐστίας.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
καὶ ταῦτ’ ἐφ’ ἡμῖν Φοίβος εἰρηκὼς κυρεῖ;

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ
ὡς φασίν οἱ μολόντες εἰς Θήβης πέδου.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
παίδων τις οὖν ἢκουσε τῶν ἐμῶν τάδε;

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ
ἀμφῶ γ’ ὄμωσις, καξεπίστασθον καλῶς.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
καθ’ οἱ κάκιστοι τῶν’ ἄκούσαντες, πάρος τοῦμοι πόθου προὔθεντο τὴν τυραννίδα;

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ
ἀλγὼ κλύουσα ταῦτ’ ἐγώ, φέρω δ’ ὄμως.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ἀλλ’ οἱ θεοὶ σφιν μήτε τὴν πεπρωμένην ἔριν κατασβέσειαν, ἐν τ’ ἐμοὶ τέλος αὐτοῖν γένοιτο τῆς τῆς μάχης πέρι, ἦς νῦν ἔχονται καπαναίρονται ἄρρητοι ὡς οὔτ’ ἀν ὅς νῦν σκῆπτρα καὶ θρόνους ἔχει μείνειεν οὔτ’ ἀν οὐξεληλυθὸς πάλιν ἐλθοῦν ποτ’ αὖθις. οἳ γε τὸν φύσαντ’ ἐμὲ οὔτως ἀτίμως πατρίδος ἐξοικούμενον οὐκ ἐσχον οὐδ’ ἦμυναν, ἀλλ’ ἀνάστατος αὐτοῖς ἐπέμβανον καξεκερύχθην φυγάς. έπεος αὐ οὔς θέλοντι τοῦτ’ ἐμοὶ τότε πόλις τὸ δῷρον εἰκότως κατχύσειν. οὐ δήτ’, ἐπεί τοι τὴν μὲν αὐτίχ’ ἠμέραν, ὀπηνίκ’ ἐξει θυμός, ἦδιστον δέ μοι
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

OEDIPUS
And who hath told thee what thou tell'st me, child?

ISMENE
Envoys who visited the Delphic hearth.

OEDIPUS
Hath Phoebus spoken thus concerning me?

ISMENE
So say the envoys who returned to Thebes.

OEDIPUS
And can a son of mine have heard of this?

ISMENE
Yea, both alike, and know its import well.

OEDIPUS
They knew it, yet the ignoble greed of rule
Outweighed all longing for their sire's return.

ISMENE
Grievous thy words, yet I must own them true.

OEDIPUS
Then may the gods ne'er quench their fatal feud,
And mine be the arbitrament of the fight,
For which they now are arming, spear to spear;
That neither he who holds the sceptre now
May keep his throne, nor he who fled the realm
Return again. They never raised a hand,
When I their sire was thrust from hearth and home;
When I was banned and banished, what recked
they?
Say you 'twas done at my desire, a grace
Which the State, yielding to my wish, allowed?
Not so; for, mark you, on that very day
When in the tempest of my soul I craved
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

to katadaneiin ήν καὶ to leuvtheriai petrous, oudeis erwte' es ton'd' 1 efaînet' ωfelaio
xronw δ', δt' ήdhe pαs ο' moxhodos ήn pepton, kamâvthanou ton thumou ekdrakmônta moi
meizw kolasthên tw'n prîn emartimênon, to tênik' ἡdê tûto mên pólyw bia
hlaunê µ' ek gês xroniou, oï δ' epwphilein,
oi ton patrôs, tô patrî dynâmênu, to drahî
ouk hêlêsthon, all' epos oumikrû xarîn
phugas sfiv 'exw ptowês ëlwmhîn aei.
êk taînde δ', ouças parthènu, òsoun fûsis
didouw autaîn, kai trofhas 'exw bion
kai gês âdeian kai gównous épârkesou-
tô δ' antî tou fûsantoj eileâsthôn thrônous
cai skêptrâ krawîen kai tyrannwneîn xthonôs.
all' ou tî mh' lâchiou toûde symmâchou,
oûde sfiv arxhîs têsthô Kadmeias pote'
înous hêxen' toût' egwda, têsthê te
mauntei' âkouwv sunwodôv te tâs 'emû
palaîfâb' âmôi Fôibos hûnusen pote.
pôs taîta kai Kwûnta peimônton 'emû
masthêra, kei tîs allhôs ên póleî othênêi.
êan gar ùmeis, òt' xênoi, thêlth' 'emû 2
prostâtanai tais 3 sêmnaiâi dhmuoyhous theraî
âlkhôn poeisôai, têsthê tê póleî megan
swthîr' âreisêthe, toîs δ' 'emôis exbrôis pônous. 460

ΧΟΡΟΣ
 épâxios mên, Oïdipous, katoukthôsa,
avtôs te paiôdes th' aîd'. ëpêi de têsthê gês

1 erwtos toûs' MSS., Pappageorg corr.
2 thêtê mou MSS., Dindorf corr.
3 pró staîs tais MSS., Dindorf corr.
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

Death, even death by stoning, none appeared
To further that wild longing, but anon,
When time had numbed my anguish and I felt
My wrath had all outrun those errors past,
Then, then it was the city went about
By force to oust me, respited for years;
And they my sons, who should as sons have helped,
Did nothing: and, one little word from them
Was all I needed, and they spoke no word.
But let me wander on for evermore,
A banished man, a beggar. These two maids
Their sisters, girls, gave all their sex could give,
Food and safe harbourage and filial care;
While their two brethren sacrificed their sire
For lust of power and sceptred sovereignty.
No! me they ne’er shall win for an ally,
Nor will this Theban kingship bring them gain;
That know I from this maiden’s oracles,
And those old prophecies concerning me,
Which Phoebus now at length has brought to pass.
Come Creon then, come all the mightiest
In Thebes to seek me; for if ye my friends,
Championed by those dread Powers indigenous,
Espouse my cause; then for the State ye gain
A great deliverer, for my foemen bane.

CHORUS

Our pity, Oedipus, thou needs must move,
Thou and these maidens; and the stronger plea
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

σωτήρα σαυτὸν τῶδ᾽ ἐπεμβάλλεις λόγως, παρανέσαι σοι βούλομαι τὰ σύμφορα.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὦ φίλταθ’, ὡς νῦν πάν τελοῦντι προξένει.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

θοῦ νῦν καθαρμόν τῶνδε δαίμονων, ἐφ᾽ ἂς τὸ πρῶτον ἰκου καὶ κατέστειψας πέδον.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

τρόποισι ποίοις; ὡ ξένοι, διδάσκετε.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πρῶτον μὲν ἱερὰς ἐξ ἀειρύτου χώας κρήνης ἐνεγκοῦ, δι᾽ ὀσίων χειρῶν θιγών.

470

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὅταν δὲ τούτο χεῦμ᾽ ἀκήρατον λάβω;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

κρατήρες εἰσιν, ἀνδρός εὐχειρός τέχνη, ὅν κρατ᾽ ἔρειζον καὶ λαβᾶς ἀμφιστόμους.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

θαλλοῖσιν ἢ κρόκαισιν, ἢ ποίῳ τρόπῳ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οῖός ἵ γε νεαρὰς νεοπόκως μαλλῷ λαβών.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

εἶπε· τὸ δ᾽ ἐνθὲν ποί τελευτῆσαι με χρή;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

χώας χέασθαι στάντα πρὸς πρῶτην ἔω.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἡ τοῖοδε κρωσσοὶς οἷς λέγεις χέω τάδε;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τρισοᾶς γε πηγάς· τὸν τελευταῖον δ᾽ ὄλον.

1 Heath adds γε.
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

Thou urgest, as the saviour of our land,
Disposes me to counsel for thy weal.

OEDIPUS
Aid me, kind sirs; I will do all you bid.

CHORUS
First make atonement to the deities,
Whose grove by trespass thou didst first profane.

OEDIPUS
After what manner, stranger? Teach me, pray.

CHORUS
Make a libation first of water fetched
With undefiled hands from living spring.

OEDIPUS
And after I have gotten this pure draught?

CHORUS
Bowls thou wilt find, the carver’s handiwork;
Crown thou the rims and both the handles crown—

OEDIPUS
With olive shoots or flocks of wool, or how?

CHORUS
With wool from fleece of yearling freshly shorn.

OEDIPUS
What next? how must I end the ritual?

CHORUS
Pour thy libation, turning to the dawn.

OEDIPUS
Pouring it from the urns whereof ye spake?

CHORUS
Yea, in three streams; and be the last bowl drained
To the last drop.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
τοῦ τόνδε πλήσας θώ; δίδασκε καὶ τόδε.
ΧΟΡΟΣ
ῦδατος, μελίσσης· μηδὲ προσφέρειν μέθυ.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
όταν δὲ τούτων γῆ μελάμφυλλος τύχη;
ΧΟΡΟΣ
τρὶς ἐννε' αὐτῇ κλώνας ἐξ ἀμφοῖν χερῶν
tιθεῖς ἔλαιας τάσδ' ἐπεύχεσθαι λιτᾶς.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
τούτων ἀκούσαι βούλομαι· μέγιστα γάρ.
ΧΟΡΟΣ
ὡς σφας καλοῦμεν Εὐμενίδας, ἐξ εὐμενῶν
στέρνων δέχεσθαι τὸν ἱκέτην σωτήριον,
αἰτοῦ σὺ τ' αὐτὸς κεῖ τις ἄλλος ἀντί σοῦ,
ἀπυστα ψωνῶν μηδὲ μηκύνων βοήν·
ἐπειτ' ἀφέρπειν ἄστροφος. καὶ ταῦτα σοι
δράσαντι θαρσῶν ἄν παρασταῖθην ἐγώ·
ἄλλως δὲ δειμαίνομι' ἄν, ὦ ἐν', ἀμφὶ σοι.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ὤ παῖδε, κλὺστον τῶνδε προσχώρων ξένων;
ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ
ἡκούσαμεν τε χῶ τι δεὶ πρόστασσε δρᾶν.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ἐμοὶ μὲν οὖχ ὅδωτα· λείπομαι γὰρ ἐν
τῷ μῆ δύνασθαι μὴδ' ὅραν, δυὸν κακοῖν·
σφῶν δ' ἀτέρα μολουσα πραξάτω τάδε.
ἀρκείν γὰρ οἶμαι κάντι μυρίων μίαν
ψυχῆν τάδ' ἐκτίνουσαν, ἦν εὗνους παρῇ.
ἀλλ' ἐν τάχει τι πράσσετον· μόνον δὲ με
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

OEDIPUS
And wherewith shall I fill it,
Ere in its place I set it? This too tell.

CHORUS
With water and with honey; add no wine.

OEDIPUS
And when the embowered earth hath drunk thereof?

CHORUS
Then lay upon it thrice nine olive sprays
With both thy hands, and offer up this prayer.

OEDIPUS
I fain would hear it; that imports the most.

CHORUS
That, as we call them Gracious, they would deign
To grant the suppliant their saving grace.
So pray thyself or whoso prays for thee,
In whispered accents, not with lifted voice;
Then go and look not back. Do as I bid,
And I shall then be bold to stand thy friend;
Else, stranger, I should have my fears for thee.

OEDIPUS
Hear ye, my daughters, what these strangers say?

ANTIONE
We listened, and attend thy bidding, father.

OEDIPUS
I cannot go, disabled as I am
Doubly, by lack of strength and lack of sight;
But one of you may do it in my stead;
For one, I trow, may pay the sacrifice
Of thousands, if his heart be leal and true.
So to your work with speed, but leave me not
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

μὴ λείπετ᾿· οὐ γὰρ ἂν σθένου τοῦμόν δέμας ἐρήμουν ἑρπεῖν οὐδ᾽ ύφηγητοῦ δίχα.¹

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

ἀλλ’ εἰμ’ ἐγὼ τελοῦσα· τὸν τόπον δὲ ἤνα χρῆσται μ’ ἐφευρεῖν, τοῦτο βουλομαι μαθεῖν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

tούκείθεν ἀλσους, ὥς ξένη, τοῦδ᾿· ἤν δὲ του σπάνιν τιν’ ίσχψ, ἐστ’ ἐποικός ὃς φράσει.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

χωροῖμ’ ἀν ἐς τόδ’. Ἀντιγόνη, σὺ δ’ ἐνθάδε φύλασσε πατέρα τόνδε· τοῖς τεκόουσι γὰρ οὐδ’ εἰ πονεῖ τις, δεὶ πόνου μνήμην ἔχειν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

στρ. α’

dεινὸν μὲν τὸ πάλαι κείμενον ἥδη κακὸν, ὥς ξεῖν’, ἐπεγείρειν.

όμως δ’ ἔραμαι πυθέσθαι

ΟΙΣΙΠΟΥΣ

tί τοῦτο;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

tᾶς δειλαίας ἀπόρου φανείσας ἀλγηδόνος, ὥς ξυνέστας.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

μὴ πρὸς ξενίας ἄνοιξης
tᾶς σάς ἀ πέπονθ’ ἀναίδη.²

ΧΟΡΟΣ

tὸ τοι πολὺ καὶ μῆδαμα λῆγον
χρῆξω, ξεῖν’, ὀρθὸν ἀκούσμ’ ἀκοῦσαι.

¹ δ’ ἀνευ L., Hermann corr.
² τὰς σάς· πέπονθ’ ἐργ’ ἀναίδη L., Reisig corr.
Untended; for this frame is all too weak
To move without the help of guiding hand.

ISMENE
Then I will go perform these rites, but where
To find the spot, this have I yet to learn.

CHORUS
Beyond this grove; if thou hast need of aught,
The guardian of the close will lend his aid.

ISMENE
I go, and thou, Antigone, meanwhile
Must guard our father. In a parent's cause
Toil, if there be toil, is of no account. [Exit ISMENE.

CHORUS
Ill is it, stranger, to awake
Pain that long since has ceased to ache,
And yet I fain would hear—

OEDIPUS
What thing?

CHORUS
Thy tale of cruel suffering
For which no cure was found,
The fate that held thee bound.

OEDIPUS
O bid me not (as guest I claim
This grace) expose my shame.

CHORUS
The tale is bruited far and near,
And echoes still from ear to ear.
The truth, I fain would hear.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ωμοι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
στέρξον, ἰκετεύω.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

φεῦ φεῦ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πείθοι κἀγὼ γὰρ ὅσον σὺ προσχρῆςεις. 520

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἀντ. α

ἡνεγκ’ οὖν κακότατ’, ὡς ξένοι, ἡνεγκ’ ἄεκων μὲν, θεὸς ἰστὼ,1
tοῦτων δ’ αὐθαίρετον οὐδέν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀλλ’ ἐς τί;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

κακὰ μ’ εὐνὰ πόλις οὐδέν ἵδρυ

gάμων ἐνέδησεν ἄτα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἡ ματρόθεν, ὡς ἀκούω,

δυσώνυμα λέκτρ’ ἐπλήσω;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ωμοι, θάνατος μὲν τάδ’ ἄκουεν,

ὡς ἔστω. αὐταὶ δε δῦ’ ἐξ ἐμοὶ μὲν

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πῶς φήσ; 

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

παιδε, δῦο δ’ ἄτα

1 ἡνεγκον κακότατ’, ὡς ξένοι, ἡνεγκον ἄκων μὲν’, MSS., ἡνεγκ’

οὖν, Whitelaw, ἡνεγκ’ ἄεκων μὲν, Martin.

196
Ah me!

I prithee yield.

Ah me!

Grant my request, I granted all to thee.

Know then I suffered ills most vile, but none
(Se help me Heaven!) from acts in malice done.

Say how.

The State around
An all unwitting bridegroom bound
An impious marriage chain;
That was my bane.

Did'st thou in sooth then share
A bed incestuous with her that bare—

It stabs me like a sword,
That two-edged word,
O stranger, but these maids—my own—

Say on.

Two daughters, curses twain.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ό Ζεύ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ματρῶς κοινᾶς ἀπέβλαστον ἀδίνος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
σαι τ' είσ' ἄρ' 1 ἄπογονοι τε καὶ στρ. β'

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
κοιναὶ γε πατρὸς ἀδελφεῖα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ιὼ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ιὼ δῆτα μυρίων γ' ἐπιστροφαὶ κακῶν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἐπαθεῖς

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἐπαθον ἀλαστ' ἔχειν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἐρεξας

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

οὐκ ἐρεξα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τί γάρ;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἐδεξάμην

δῶρον, ὁ μῆπος' ἐγὼ ταλακάρδιος ἐπωφέλησας 2 πόλεος ἐξελέσθαι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

δύστανε, τί γάρ; ἔθου φόνον

1 σαι τ' ἄρ' εἰσιν MSS., E. L. Lushington corr.
2 ἐπωφιλησα MSS., Jebb corr.
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

CHORUS

Oh God!

OEDIPUS

Sprang from the wife and mother's travail-pain.

CHORUS

What, then thy offspring are at once— (Str. 2)

OEDIPUS

Too true.

Their father's very sisters too.

CHORUS

Oh horror!

OEDIPUS

Horrors from the boundless deep
Back on my soul in reflucent surges sweep.

CHORUS

Thou hast endured—

OEDIPUS

Intolerable woe.

CHORUS

And sinned—

OEDIPUS

I sinned not.

CHORUS

How so?

OEDIPUS

I served the State; would I had never won
That graceless grace by which I was undone.

CHORUS (Ant. 2)

And next, unhappy man, thou hast shed blood?
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
τί τούτο; τί δ' έθελες μαθεῖν;
ΧΟΡΟΣ
πατρός;
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
παπαί. δευτέραν ἐπαίσας, ἐπὶ νόσῳ νόσον,
ΧΟΡΟΣ
ἔκανες
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ἔκανον. ἔχει δὲ μοι
ΧΟΡΟΣ
τί τούτο;
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
πρὸς δίκας τι.
ΧΟΡΟΣ
τί γάρ;
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ἔγώ φράσω.
καὶ γάρ ἂν, οὕς ἐφόνευσ', ἐμ' ἀπώλεσαν. ¹
νόμῳ δὲ καθαρός, ξιδρίς εἰς τὸδ' ἥλθον.
ΧΟΡΟΣ
καὶ μὴν ἄναξ ὁδ' ἢμίν Αἰγέως γόνος
Θησεύς κατ' ὁμφὴν σὴν ἐφ' ἀστάλη ² πάρα.

ΤΟΣΕΥΣ
πολλῶν ἀκούων ἐν τε τῷ πάρος χρόνῳ
tὰς αἴματηρὰς ὀμμάτων διαφθορὰς
ἐγνωκά σ', ὁ παί Λαίον, ταύτην θ' ὀδοῖς
ἐν ταῦν ἀκούων μᾶλλον ἐξεπιστάμαι.

1 ἄλλους ἐφόνευσα καὶ ἀπώλεσα MSS., Mekler corr.
2 ἀπεστάλη MSS., Dindorf corr.
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

OEDIPUS

Must ye hear more?

CHORUS

A father's?

OEDIPUS

Flood on flood

Whelms me; that word's a second mortal blow.

CHORUS

Murderer!

OEDIPUS

Yes, a murderer, but know—

CHORUS

What canst thou plead?

OEDIPUS

A plea of justice.

CHORUS

How?

OEDIPUS

I slew who else would me have slain;
I slew without intent,
A wretch, but innocent
In the law's eye, I stand, without a stain.

CHORUS

Behold our sovereign, Theseus, Aegeus' son,
Comes at thy summons to perform his part.

Enter THESEUS.

THESEUS

Oft had I heard of thee in times gone by—
The bloody mutilation of thine eyes—
And therefore know thee, son of Laïus.
All that I lately gathered on the way
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

σκευή τε γάρ σε καὶ τὸ δύστηνον κάρα
dηλοῦτον ἡμῖν ὅνθ᾿ ὦς εἰ, καὶ σ᾽ οἰκτίσας
θέλω ἑπέσθαι, δύσμορ᾽ Ὀιδίποις, τίνα
πόλεως ἐπέστης προστροπῆν ἐμοῦ τ᾽ ἔχων,
αὐτὸς τε χή σῇ δύσμορος παραστάτις.
δίδασκε: δεινὴ γάρ τιν ἀν πράξῃν τύχοις
λέξας ὅποιας ἐξαφισταίμην ἐγώ,
ὃς οἶδα καύτος ὥς ἑπαύδευθην ξένος,
ὡσπερ σὺ, χῶς εἰς πλείστ᾽ ἀνὴρ ἐπὶ ξένης
ἡθήσας κυνδυνεύματ᾽ ἐν τῷ μῷ κάρᾳ:
ὡστε ξένον γ᾽ ἂν οὐδέν ὅνθ᾽, ὡσπερ σὺ νῦν,
ὕπεκτραποίμην μὴ οὐ συνεκοφίζειν ἐπεὶ
ἐξοεῖν ἀνὴρ ὥν χώτι τῆς εἰς αὐριον
οὐδὲν πλέον μοι σοῦ μέτεστιν ἡμέρας.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
Θησεῦ, τὸ σὸν γενναίον ἐν σμικρῷ λόγῳ
παρῆκεν, ὡστε βραχέα μοι δεῖσθαι φράσαι.
σὺ γὰρ μ᾽ ὡς εἰμὶ κάφι ὅτου πατρὸς γεγός
cαὶ γῆς ὅποιας ἡλθον, εἰρήκως κυρεῖς·
ὡστε ἐστὶ μοι τὸ λοιπὸν οὐδέν ἄλλο πλὴν
ἐιπεῖν ἅ χρῆζω, χῶ λόγος διοίχεται.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ
τοῦτ᾿ αὐτὸ νῦν δίδασχ᾽, ὅπως ἂν ἐκμάθω.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
δῶσων ἵκανόν τοῦμον ἄθλιον δέμας
σοὶ δῶρον, οὐ σπουδαῖον εἰς ὠμον· τὰ δὲ
κέρδη παρ᾽ αὐτοῦ κρείσσουν ἡ μορφὴ καλὴ.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ
ποίον δὲ κέρδος ἄξιοις ἥκειν φέρων;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
χρόνῳ μάθοις ἂν, οὐχὶ τῷ παρόντι ποι.
Made my conjecture doubly sure; and now
Thy garb and that marred visage prove to me
That thou art he. So pitying thine estate,
Most ill-starred Oedipus, I fain would know
What is the suit ye urge on me and Athens,
Thou and the helpless maiden at thy side.
Declare it; dire indeed must be the tale
Whereat I should recoil. I too was reared,
Like thee, in exile, and in foreign lands
Wrestled with many perils, no man more.
Wherefore no alien in adversity
Shall seek in vain my succour, nor shalt thou;
I know myself a mortal, and my share
In what the morrow brings no more than thine.

Oedipus

Theseus, thy words so apt, so generous
So comfortable, need no long reply.
Both who I am and of what lineage sprung,
And from what land I came, thou hast declared.
So without prologue I may utter now
My brief petition, and the tale is told.

Theseus

Say on, and tell me what I fain would learn.

Oedipus

I come to offer thee this woe-worn frame.
A gift not fair to look on; yet its worth
More precious far than any outward show.

Theseus

What profit dost thou proffer to have brought?

Oedipus

Hereafter thou shalt learn, not yet, methinks.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

ποίω γάρ ἡ σή προσφορὰ δηλώσεται;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὅταν θάνω 'γὼ καὶ σύ μου ταφέως γένῃ

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

τὰ λοίσθι αἰτεῖ τοῦ βίου, τὰ δ᾽ ἐν μέσῳ

Η λήστιν ἵσχεις ἢ δι᾽ οὐδενὸς ποιεῖ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἐνταῦθα γάρ μοι κείνα συγκομίζεται.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

ἀλλ᾽ ἐν βραχεῖ δή τήνδε μ᾽ ἔξαυτεῖ χάριν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

όρα γε μήν· οὐ σμικρός, οὐχ, ἀγὼν οδε.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

πότερα τὰ τῶν σῶν ἐκγόνων κάμοι 1 λέγεις;—

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

κεῖνοι κομίζειν κείστ’ ἀναξ, χρήζουσι με. 2

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

ἀλλ᾽ εἴ θέλοντά γ’ οὔδε σοι φεύγειν καλόν. 590

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἀλλ᾽ οὐδ’, ὅτ’ αὐτὸς ἥθελον, παρίσεαν.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

ὁ μῦρε, θυμὸς δ’ ἐν κακοῖς οὐ ξύμφορον.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὅταν μάθησ μου, νουθετεῖ, ταῦν δ’ ἐά.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

dίδασκ᾽· ἀνευ γνώμης γάρ οὖ με χρῆ λέγειν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

πέπονθα, Θησεῦ, δεινά πρὸς κακοῖς κακά.

1 ἦ ’μοδ MSS., Schneidewin corr.
2 ἀναγκάζουσι με MSS., Kayer corr.
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

THESEUS
When may we hope to reap the benefit?

OEDIPUS
When I am dead and thou hast buried me.

THESEUS
Thou cravest life's last service; all before—Is it forgotten or of no account?

OEDIPUS
Yea, the last boon is warrant for the rest.

THESEUS
The grace thou cravest then is small indeed.

OEDIPUS
Nay, weigh it well; the issue is not slight.

THESEUS
Thou meanest that betwixt thy sons and me?

OEDIPUS
Prince, they would fain convey me back to Thebes.

THESEUS
If there be no compulsion, then methinks To rest in banishment befits not thee.

OEDIPUS
Nay, when I wished it they would not consent.

THESEUS
For shame! such temper misbecomes the fallen.

OEDIPUS
Chide if thou wilt, but first attend my plea.

THESEUS
Say on, I wait full knowledge ere I judge.

OEDIPUS
O Theseus, I have suffered wrongs on wrongs.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

ἡ τὴν παλαιὰν ἐμφορᾶν γένους ἔρεις;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

οὔ δήτ', ἐπεὶ πᾶς τούτῳ γ' 'Ελλῆνων θροεῖ.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

tί γὰρ τὸ μείζον ἡ κατ' άνθρωπον νοσεῖς;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

οὔτως ἔχει μοι. γῆς ἐμῆς ἀπηλάθην

πρὸς τῶν έμαυτοῦ οπερμάτων· ἔστιν δὲ μοι 600

πάλιν κατελθεῖν μήποθ', ὡς πατροκτόνω.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

πῶς δῆτα σ' ἂν πεμψαίαθ', ὦστ' οἰκεῖν δίχα;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

tὸ θείον αὐτοὺς ἐξαναγκάσει στόμα.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

ποῖον πάθος δείσαντας ἐκ χρηστηρίων;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὁτι σφ' ἀνάγκη τῆς πληγήναι χθονί.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

καὶ πῶς γένοιτ' ἂν τάμα κάκεινων πικρά;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὁ φίλτατ' Αἰγέως παῖ, μόνοις οὐ γίγνεται

θεοίς γηρᾶς οὐδὲ καθανεῖν ποτε.

τὰ δ' ἄλλα συγχεῖ πάνθ' ὁ παγκρατῆς χρόνος.

φθινεὶ μὲν ἵσχυς γῆς, φθινεὶ δὲ σώματος, 610

θυνάκει δὲ πιὼτις, βλαστάνει δ' ἀπιστία,

καὶ πνεύμα ταύτων οὔποτ' οὔτ' ἐν ἀνδράσιν

φίλοις βέβηκεν οὔτε πρὸς πόλιν πόλει.

τίς μὲν γὰρ ήδη, τοῖς δ' ἐν υστέρῳ χρόνῳ

τὰ περὶ πικρὰ γίγνεται καθὼς φίλα.

καὶ ταῖσι Θήβαις εἰ τανῦν εὐημερεῖ
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

THESEUS
Would'st tell the old misfortune of thy race?

OEDIPUS
No, that has grown a byword throughout Greece.

THESEUS
What then can be this more than mortal grief?

OEDIPUS
My case stands thus; by my own flesh and blood
I was expelled my country, and can ne'er
Thither return again, a parricide.

THESEUS
Why fetch thee home if thou must dwell apart?

OEDIPUS
The god has spoken; they must needs obey.

THESEUS
What are they threatened by the oracle?

OEDIPUS
Destruction that awaits them in this land.

THESEUS
What can beget ill blood 'twixt them and me?

OEDIPUS
Dear son of Aegeus, to the gods alone
Is given immunity from eld and death;
But nothing else escapes all-ruinous time.
Earth's might decays, the might of men decays,
Honour grows cold, dishonour flourishes,
There is no constancy 'twixt friend and friend,
Or city and city; be it soon or late,
Sweet turns to bitter, hate once more to love.
If now 'tis sunshine betwixt Thebes and thee
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

καλῶς τὰ πρῶς σέ, μυρίας ὁ μυρίος
χρόνος τεκνυόται νῦκτας ἡμέρας τ’ ἱῶν,
ἐν αἰς τὰ νῦν εὐμφώνα δεξιώματα
dόρει διασκεδῶσαν ἐκ σμικροῦ λόγου·
"ιν’ οὐμόδι εὐδὼν καὶ κεκρυμμένας νέκυς
ψυχρός ποτ’ αὐτῶν θερμόν αἶμα πίεται,
eἰ Ζεὺς ἐτι Ζεὺς χῶ Διὸς Φοῖβος σαφῆς.
ἀλλ’ οὐ γὰρ αὐδᾶν ἡδὸν τάκινητ’ ἐπη,
ἐὰ μ’ ἐν οἷςν ἡρξάμην, τὸ σὸν μόνον
πιστῶν φυλάσσων, κοῦποτ’ Οἰδίποιν ἑρεῖς
ἄχρεῖον οἰκήτηρα δέξασθαι τόπων
τῶν ἐνθάδ’, εἶπερ μὴ θεοὶ θεύσουσι με.

ΧΩΡΟΣ

ἀναξ, πάλαι καὶ ταῦτα καὶ τοιαῦτ’ ἐπη
γῆ τῆδ’ ὅδ’ ἀνὴρ ὡς τελῶν ἐφαίνετο.

ΘΕΣΕΙΣ

τὸς δὴτ’ ἂν ἀνδρός εὐμένειαν ἐκβάλοι
tοιοῦδ’, ὅτω πρῶτον μὲν ἡ δορῦξενος
κοινή παρ’ ἦμιν αἰὲν ἐστιν ἑστια;
ἐπειτα δ’ ἑκέτης δαμύνων ἀφιγμένοις
γῆ τῇ ἐκάμοι δασμὸν οὐ σμικρὸν τίνει.
ἀγώ σεβόσθεις οὐποτ’ ἐκβαλὼ χάριν
τὴν τοῦδε, χώρᾳ δ’ ἐμπόλιν 1 κατοικιώ.
eἰ δ’ ἐνθάδ’ ἥδυ τῷ ξένῳ μίμεν, σὲ νῦν
τὰξῳ φυλάσσειν, εἰτ’ ἐμοὶ στείχειν μέτα,
tὸδ’ ἥδυ, τοῦτων, Οἰδίποις, διδωμὶ σοι
κρίναντι χρῆσθαι. τῇδε γὰρ ἔξυνοίσωμαι.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὦ Ζεῦ, διδοῖνς τοῖς τοιοῦτοισιν εὖ.

1 ἐμπαλίν MSS., Musgrave corr.
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

And not a cloud, Time in his endless course
Gives birth to endless days and nights, wherein
The merest nothing shall suffice to cut
With serried spears your bonds of amity.
Then shall my slumbering and buried corse
In its cold grave drink their warm life-blood up,
If Zeus be Zeus and Phoebus still speak true.
No more: 'tis ill to tear aside the veil
Of mysteries; let me cease as I began:
Enough if thou wilt keep thy plighted troth,
Then shalt thou ne'er complain that Oedipus
Proved an unprofitable and thankless guest,
Except the gods themselves shall play me false.

CHORUS
The man, my lord, has from the very first
Declared his power to offer to our land
These and like benefits.

THESEUS
Who could reject
The proffered amity of such a friend?
First, he can claim the hospitality
To which by mutual contract we stand pledged:
Next, coming here, a suppliant to the gods,
He pays full tribute to the State and me;
His favours therefore never will I spurn,
But grant him the full rights of citizen;
And, if it suits the stranger here to bide,
I place him in your charge, or if he please
Rather to come with me—choose, Oedipus,
Which of the two thou wilt. Thy choice is mine.

OEDIPUS
Zeus, may thy blessing fall on men like these!
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ΘΗΣΕΤΣ
τί δήτα χρήζεις; ἂ δόμους στείχειν ἐμοὺς;
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
eἰ μοι θέμις γ' ἢν. ἄλλ' ὁ χῶρος ἐσθ' ὅδε,
ΘΗΣΕΤΣ
ἐν ὦ τί πράξεις; οὐ γὰρ ἀντιστήσομαι.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ἐν ὦ κρατήσω τῶν ἐμ' ἐκβεβληκότων.
ΘΗΣΕΤΣ
μέγ' ἂν λέγους δώρημα τῆς συνουσίας.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
eἰ σοι γ' ἀπερ φῆς ἐμμενεῖ τελουντί μοι.
ΘΗΣΕΤΣ
θάρσει τὸ τοῦτε γ' ἄνδρός· οὐ σε μὴ προδῶ.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
οὕτοι σ' ὑφ' ὄρκου γ' ὡς κακὸν πιστώσομαι. 650
ΘΗΣΕΤΣ
ουκοῦν πέρα γ' ἂν οὐδέν ἦ λόγῳ φέρωις.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
πῶς οὖν ποήσεις;
ΘΗΣΕΤΣ
τοῦ μάλιστ' όκνος σ' ἔχει;
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ἡξουσιν ἄνδρες
ΘΗΣΕΤΣ
ἄλλα τοῖσδ' ἐσται μέλον.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ὅρα με λείπων
ΘΗΣΕΤΣ
μὴ δίδασχ' ἄ χρή με δρᾶν.

210
THESEUS
What dost thou then decide—to come with me?

OEDIPUS
Yea, were it lawful—but 'tis rather here—

THESEUS
What wouldst thou here? I shall not thwart thy wish.

OEDIPUS
Here shall I vanquish those who cast me forth.

THESEUS
Then were thy presence here a boon indeed.

OEDIPUS
Such shall it prove, if thou fulfil'st thy pledge.

THESEUS
Fear not for me; I shall not play thee false.

OEDIPUS
No need to back thy promise with an oath.

THESEUS
An oath would be no surer than my word.

OEDIPUS
How wilt thou act then?

THESEUS
What is it thou fear'st?

OEDIPUS
My foes will come—

THESEUS
Our friends will look to that.

OEDIPUS
But if thou leave me?

THESEUS
Teach me not my duty.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

οίκνούντ' ἀνάγκη.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

tούμον οὐκ ὦκνεί κέαρ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

οὐκ οἶσθ' ἀπειλᾶς

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

οἴδ' ἐγὼ σε μὴ τινα ἐνθένδ' ἀπάξοντ' ἄνδρα πρὸς βιαν ἐμοῦ. πολλαὶ δ' ἀπειλαὶ πολλαὶ δὴ μάτην ἐπὶ θυμῷ κατηπείλησαν, ἀλλ' ὁ νοὸς ὅταν αὐτοῦ γένηται, φροῦδα ταπειλήματα.

660 κεῖνοις δ' ἰσως κεὶ δεῖν ἐπερρώθη λέγειν τῆς σῆς ἀγωγῆς, οἴδ' ἐγὼ, φανήσεται μακρὸν τὸ δέυρο πέλαγος οὐδὲ πλώσιμον. θαρσεῖν μὲν οὖν ἐγὼ γὰρ ἐμῆς ἀνευ γνώμης ἑπανῷ, Φοῖβος εἶ προὔπεμψε σε· ὄμως δὲ καμοῦ μὴ παρόντος οἴδ' ὅτι τούμον φυλάξει σ' ὄνομα μὴ πάσχει κακῶς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

εὐίππου, ξένε, τάσσει χώρας στρ. α΄. ἰκοῦ τὰ κράτιστα γὰς ἐπαυλα, τὸν ἄργητα Κολωνόν, ἐνθ'

670 ἀ λίγεια μινύρεται θαμίζουσα μάλιστ' ἁθῶν χλωραίς ὑπὸ βάσσαις, τὸν οἰνωπὸν ἔχουσα κισσόν 1 καὶ τὰν ἄβατον θεοῦ φυλλάδα μυριόκαρπον ἀνήλιον

1 τὸν οἶνωπ' ἄνεχουσα MSS., Erfurdt corr.
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

OEDIPUS
'Tis fear constrains me.

THESEUS
My soul knows no fear!

OEDIPUS
Thou knowest not what threats—

THESEUS
I know that none
Shall hale thee hence in my despite. Such threats
Vented in anger oft, are blusterers,
An idle breath, forgot when sense returns.
And for thy foemen, though their words were
brave,
Boasting to bring thee back, they are like to find
The seas between us wide and hard to sail.
Such my firm purpose, but in any case
Take heart, since Phoebus sent thee here. My
name,
Though I be distant, warrants thee from harm.

CHORUS (Str. 1)
Thou hast come to a steed-famed land for rest,
O stranger worn with toil,
To a land of all lands the goodliest
Colonus’ glistening soil.
'Tis the haunt of the clear-voiced nightingale,
Who hid in her bower, among
The wine-dark ivy that wreathes the vale,
Trilleth her ceaseless song;
And she loves, where the clustering berries nod
O’er a sunless, windless glade,
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ἀνήνεμον τε πάντων
χειμώνων· ἵν' ὁ βακχιώτας
ἀεὶ Διόνυσος ἐμβατεύει
θεᾶς ἀμφιπολῶν τιθήναι.

θάλλει δ' οὐρανίας ὑπ' ἄχνας
ὁ καλλιβοτρυς κατ' ἤμαρ ἀεὶ
νάρκισσος, μεγάλαιν θεαῖν
ἀρχαῖον στεφάνων', ὦ τε
χρυσαγῆς κρόκος· οὐδ' οὕτων
κρῆναι μινύθουσιν
Κηφισοῦ νομάδες ἐπέθρων,
ἀλλ' αἰέν ἐπ' ἠματι
ὡκυτόκος πεδίων ἐπινίσσεται
ἀκηράτῳ σών ὄμβρῳ
στερνοῦχον χθονός· οὐδὲ Μουσᾶν
χοροὶ νῦν ἀπεστύγησαν οὐδ' ἀ
χρυσάνιος 'Αφροδίτα.

ἐστιν δ' οἱν ἐγὼ γὰς 'Ασίας οὐκ ἐπακοῦω
οὐδ' ἐν τῷ μεγάλᾳ Δωρίδι νάσῳ Πέλοπος πάσποτε
βλαστὸν
φύτευμ' ἀχείρωτον αὐτόποιον,
ἐγχέων φόβημα δαίων,
ὁ τάδε θάλλει μέγιστα χώρα,
γλαυκᾶς παιδοτρόφοι φύλλου ἑλαίας·
tὸ μὲν τοὺς οϟ υερὸς οὐδὲ 1 γῆρα
συνναῖων 2 ἀλιώσει χερὶ πέρσας· ὦ γὰρ αἰεὶν ὄρῳν
κύκλος
λεύσσει νῦν μορίου Διὸς
χά γλαυκώπις Ἀθάνα.

1 οὐτε υερὸς οὐτε MSS., Porson corr.
2 σημαίνων MSS., Blades corr.
The spot by no mortal footstep trod,
The pleasance kept for the Bacchic god,
Where he holds each night his revels wild
With the nymphs who fostered the lusty child.

And fed each morn by the pearly dew
The starred narcissi shine,
And a wreath with the crocus' golden hue
For the Mother and Daughter twine.
And never the sleepless fountains cease
That feed Cephisus' stream,
But they swell earth's bosom with quick increase.
And their wave hath a crystal gleam.
And the Muses' quire will never disdain
To visit this heaven-favoured plain,
Nor the Cyprian queen of the golden rein.

And here there grows, unpruned, untamed,
Terror to foemen's spear,
A tree in Asian soil unnamed,
By Pelops' Dorian isle unclaimed,
Self-nurtured year by year;
'Tis the grey-leaved olive that feeds our boys;
Nor youth nor withering age destroys
The plant that the Olive Planter tends
And the Grey-eyed Goddess herself defends.
ἀντ. β'

Ὃ λογος δ' αἶνον ἔχω ματροπόλει τάδε κράτιστον
dῶρον τοῦ μεγάλου δαίμονος, εἰπεῖν, χθονὸς
αὔχημα μέγιστον,
εὐπτομον, εὐπωλον, εὐθάλασσον.
ὡ παῖ Κρόνου, οὗ γὰρ νῦν εἰς
τὸ δ' εἶσας αὐχημ', ἀναξ Ποσειδάν,
ἐποιοῦν τὸν ἀκεστήρα χαλινὸν
πρώταισι ταίσας κτίσας ἄγνιαῖς.
ἀ δ' εὐήρετοσ ἐκπαγλ' ἄλια χερσὶ παραπτομένα
πλάτα
θρώσκει, τῶν ἐκατομπόδων
Νηρήδων ἀκόλουθος.

ἈΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ὅ πλεῖστ' ἔπαινοις εὐλογούμενον πέδον,
νῦν σὸν τὰ λαμπρὰ ταύτα δὴ φαίνειν ἐπῆ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

τί δ' ἔστιν, ὡ παῖ, καὶνόν;

ἈΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ἄσσον ἔρχεται
Κρέων οὐδ' ἕμιν οὐκ ἄνευ πομπῶν, πάτερ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὅ φιλτατοι γέροντες, ἔξ οὐμῶν ἐμοὶ
φαίνοιτ' ἀν ἡδὴ τέρμα τῆς σωτηρίας.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

θάρσει, παρέσται· καὶ γὰρ εἰ γέρων ἐγώ,
τὸ τῆς χώρας οὗ γεγήρακεν σθένος.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ἀνδρεὶς χθονὸς τῆσο, εὐγενεῖς οἰκήτορες,
ὄρῳ τῷ ὑμᾶς ὀμμάτων εἰληφότας
216
Yet another gift, of all gifts the most
Prized by our fatherland, we boast—
The might of the horse, the might of the sea;
Our fame, Poseidon, we owe to thee,
Son of Kronos, our king divine,
Who in these highways first didst fit
For the mouth of horses the iron bit;
Thou too hast taught us to fashion meet
For the arm of the rower the oar-blade fleet,
Swift as the Nereids' hundred feet
As they dance along the brine.

ANTIGONE
O land extolled above all lands, 'tis now
For thee to make these glorious titles good.

OEDIPUS
Why this appeal, my daughter?

ANTIGONE
Father, lo!
Creon approaches with his company.

OEDIPUS
O kindly elders, lend me now your aid
To find deliverance and my final rest.

CHORUS
Fear not, it shall be so; if we are old,
This country's vigour has no touch of age.

Enter CREON with attendants.

CREON
Burghers, my noble friends, ye take alarm
At my approach (I read it in your eyes),
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

φόβον νεώρη τῆς ἐμῆς ἐπεισόδου,
ἐν μὴ' ὁκνεῖτε μὴ' ἄφητ' ἔπος κακοῦ
ἡκω γὰρ οὐχ ὡς δρᾶν τι βουληθεῖς, ἔπει
gέρων μὲν εἰμι, πρὸς πόλιν δ' ἐπίσταμαι
σθένουσαν ἥκων, εἰ τιν' Ἐλλάδος, μέγα.
ἀλλ' ἀνδρα τόιδε τηλικόσοι ἀπεστάλην
πείσων ἐπεσθαί πρὸς τὸ Καδμείων πέδον,
οὐκ ἤξ ἐνὸς στείλαντος, ἀλλ' ἀνδρῶν ὑπὸ
πάντων κελευθεῖς, οὔνεχ' ἢκε μοι γένει
τὰ τούδε πενθεῖν πῆματ' εἰς πλείστον πόλεως.
ἀλλ' ὁ ταλαίπωρ' Οἰδίπος, κλύων ἐμοῦ
ἱκοῦ πρὸς οἴκους. πᾶς σε Καδμείων λεῖς
καλεὶ δικαίως, ἐκ δὲ τῶν μάλιστ' ἐγώ,
ὅσωπερ, εἰ μὴ πλείστον ἀνθρώπων ἐφυ
κάκιστος, ἀλγῷ τοῖσι σοῖς κακοῖς, γέρον,
ὁρῶν σε τὸν δύστην ὄντα μὲν ἕξον,
ἀεὶ δ' ἀλήτην καπὶ προσπόλου μᾶς
βιοστερῆ χωροῦντα· τὴν ἐγὼ τάλας
οὐκ ἂν ποτ' ἐς τοσοῦτον αἰκίας πεσεὶν
ἐδοξ', ὡσον πέπτωκεν ἦδε δύσμορος,
ἀεὶ σε κηδεύουσα καὶ τὸ σὸν κάρα
πτωχῷ διαίτῃ, τηλικοῦτος, οὐ γάμων
ἀμπειρος, ἀλλὰ τοῦπιόντος ἀρπάζαι.
ἀρ' ἄθλιον τοῦνειδος, ὦ τάλας ἐγὼ,
ἀνέσιο' εἰς σε κάμ' καὶ τὸ πάν γένος;
ἀλλ' οὐ γὰρ ἔστι σᾶμφανη κρύπτειν, σύ νων
πρὸς θεῶν πατρῶν, Οἰδίπος, πεισθεὶς ἐμοὶ
cρύφον, θελήσας ἀστυ καὶ δόμους μολέων
tοὺς σοὺς πατρῶν, τῆνδε τὴν πόλιν φίλως
eιπὼν· ἐπαξία γὰρ· ἢ δ' οἰκοὶ πλέον
dίκη σέβοιτ' ἄν, οὕσα στὶ πάλαι τροφός.

218
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

Fear nothing and refrain from angry words.
I come with no ill purpose; I am old,
And know the city whither I am come,
Without a peer amongst the powers of Greece.
It was by reason of my years that I
Was chosen to persuade your guest and bring
Him back to Thebes; not the delegate
Of one man, but commissioned by the State,
Since of all Thebans I have most bewailed,
Being his kinsman, his most grievous woes.
O listen to me, luckless Oedipus,
Come home! The whole Cadmeian people claim
With right to have thee back, I most of all,
For most of all (else were I vile indeed)
I mourn for thy misfortunes, seeing thee
An aged outcast, wandering on and on,
A beggar with one handmaid for thy stay.
Ah! who had e'er imagined she could fall
To such a depth of misery as this,
To tend in penury thy stricken frame,
A virgin ripe for wedlock, but unwed,
A prey for any wanton ravisher?
Seems it not cruel this reproach I cast
On thee and on myself and all the race?
Aye, but an open shame cannot be hid.
Hide it, O hide it, Oedipus, thou canst.
O, by our fathers' gods, consent I pray;
Come back to Thebes, come to thy father's home.
Bid Athens, as is meet, a fond farewell;
Thebes thy old foster-mother claims thee first.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ο πάντα τολμῶν κάπο ταντός ἂν φέρων
λόγου δικαίων μηχάνημα ποικίλον,
τί ταύτα πειρᾷ κἀμὲ δεύτερον θέλεις
ἐλείν ἐν οἷς μάλιστ' ἂν ἀλγοίην ἄλοὺς;
πρόσθεν τε γάρ με τούςν οἰκείους κακοῖς
νοσοῦνθ', ὡτ' ἢ μοι τέρψις ἐκπεσεῖν χθονός,
οὐκ ἦθελες θέλοντι προσθέσθαι χάριν·
ἀλλ' ἦν ἤδη μεστὸς ἢ θυμοῦμενος
καὶ τοὺς δόμοισιν ἢ διαιτᾶσθαι γλυκῷ,
τὸτ' ἐξεώθεις καξέβαλλες, οὐδὲ σου
τὸ συγγενεῖς τοῦτ' οὐδαμῶς τὸτ' ἢν φίλον·
νῦν τ' αὖθις ἦν ἤδη εἰσορᾶς πόλιν τε μοι
ἐξουσιάν εὑνον τήνδε καὶ γένος τὸ πᾶν,
πειρᾷ μετασπᾶν, σκληρὰ μαλθακῶς λέγων.
καίτω τὶς αὐτή τέρψις ἀκοντας φιλεῖν;
ὡσπερ τις εἰ σοι λιπαροῦντι μὲν τυχεῖν
μηδὲν διδοῖ ἡμ' ἐπαρκεῖσαι θέλωι,
πλήρη δ' ἔχοντι θυμὸν ὁν χρήζοις, τότε
dωροῖθ', ὡτ' οὐδὲν ἢ χάρις χάριν φέροι·
ἀρ' ἂν ματαιὸν τήδε, ἂν ἤδηνις τύχοις;
τοιαῦτα μέντοι καὶ ὑπερφέρεις ἐμοὶ,
λόγῳ μὲν ἐσθλά. τοῦτο δ' ἔργουσιν κακά.
φράσω δὲ καὶ τοίσδ', ὡς σε δηλώσω κακόν.
ἡκεις ἐμ' ἄξων, οὐχ' ἢν' ἐς δόμους ἀγγης,
ἀλλ' ὡς πάραυλον οἰκίσης, πόλις δὲ σοι
κακῶν ἀνατος τήδ' ἀπαλλαχθῇ χθονός.
οὐκ ἐστὶ σοὶ ταύτ', ἀλλὰ σοι τάδ' ἐστ', ἐκεῖ
χὼρας ἀλάστωρ οὐμὸς ἐνναίων ἀεί·
ἐστιν δὲ παντ' τοῖς ἐμοίσι τῆς ἐμῆς
χθονός λαχεῖν τοσοῦτον, ἐνθανην μόνον.
ἀρ' οὖκ ἀμεινων ἢ σὺ τὰν Θήβαις φρονώ;
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

OEDIPUS

O front of brass, thy subtle tongue would twist
To thy advantage every plea of right.
Why try thy arts on me, why spread again
Toils where 'twould gall me sorest to be snared?
In old days when by self-wrought woes distraught,
I yearned for exile as a glad release,
Thy will refused the favour then I craved.
But when my frenzied grief had spent its force,
And I was fain to taste the sweets of home,
Then thou would'st thrust me from my country, then
These ties of kindred were by thee ignored;
And now again when thou behold'st this State
And all its kindly people welcome me,
Thou seek'st to part us, wrapping in soft words
Hard thoughts. And yet what pleasure canst thou
find
In forcing friendship on unwilling foes?
Suppose a man refused to grant some boon
When you importuned him, and afterwards
When you had got your heart's desire, consented,
Granting a grace from which all grace had fled,
Would not such favour seem an empty boon?
Yet such the boon thou profferest now to me,
Fair in appearance, but when tested false.
Yea, I will prove thee false, that these may hear;
Thou art come to take me, not to take me home,
But plant me on thy borders, that thy State
May so escape annoyance from this land.
That thou shalt never gain, but this instead—
My ghost to haunt thy country without end;
And for my sons, this heritage—no more—
Just room to die in. Have not I more skill
Than thou to draw the horoscope of Thebes?
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

πολλῷ γ’, ὅσωπερ κάκα σαφεστέρων κλώω, Φοίβου τε καύτου Ζηνός, ὃς κείνου πατήρ. τὸ σὸν δ’ ἀφίκτα ποδῆρ’ ὑπόβλητον στόμα, πολλὴν ἔχον στόμωσιν. ἐν δὲ τῷ λέγειν κάκ’ ἂν λάβοις τὰ πλείον’ ἦ σωτήρια. ἀλλ’ οἶδα γὰρ σε ταῦτα μὴ πείθων, ἢν. ἡμᾶς δ’ ἔα ζῆν ἐνθάδ’. οὐ γὰρ ἂν κακῶς οὖν ὃδ’ ἔχοντες ζῆμεν, εἰ τερποίμεθα.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
πότερα νομίζεις δυστυχεῖν ἐμ’ ἐς τὰ ἁπά, ἦ σ’ εἰς τὰ σαυτοῦ μᾶλλον, ἐς τῷ νῦν λόγῳ;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ἐμοὶ μὲν ἔσθ’ ἡδιστόν, εἰ σὺ μὴ’ ἐμὲ πείθεις οὖς τ’ εἰ μὴτε τούσδε τοὺς πέλας.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
ὦ δύσμορ’, οὐδὲ τὰ χρόνῳ φύσας φανεῖ φρένας ποτ’ ἄλλα λύμα τῷ γῆρα τρέφει;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
γλώσσῃ σὺ δεινός’. ἀνδρα δ’ οὐδέν’ οἶδ’ ἔγω δίκαιον ὡστὶς ἐξ ἀπαντος εὗ λέγει.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
χωρὶς τὸ τ’ εἰπεῖν πολλὰ καὶ τὰ καίρια.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ὡς δὴ σὺ βραχέα, ταῦτα δ’ ἐν καρφῷ λέγεις.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
οὐ δὴθ’ ὡσ’ γε νοῦς ἵσος καὶ σοι πάρα.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ἀπελθ’, ἔρω γὰρ καὶ πρὸ τῶντι, μηδὲ με φύλασσ’ ἐφορμῶν ἐνθα χρὴ ναίειν ἐμὲ.

222
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

Are not my teachers surer guides than thine—
Great Phoebus and the sire of Phoebus, Zeus?
Thou art a messenger suborned, thy tongue
Is sharper than a sword's edge, yet thy speech
Will bring thee more defeats than victories.
Howbeit, I know I waste my words—begone,
And leave me here; whate'er may be my lot,
He lives not ill who lives withal content.

CREON
Which loses in this parley, I o'erthrown
By thee, or thou who overthrow'st thyself?

OEDIPUS
I shall be well contented if thy suit
Fails with these strangers, as it has with me.

CREON
Unhappy man, will years ne'er make thee wise?
Must thou live on to cast a slur on age?

OEDIPUS
Thou hast a glib tongue, but no honest man,
Methinks, can argue well on any side.

CREON
'Tis one thing to speak much, another well.

OEDIPUS
'Thy words, forsooth, are few and all well aimed!

CREON
Not for a man indeed with wits like thine.

OEDIPUS
Depart! I bid thee in these burghers' name,
And prowl no longer round me to blockade
My destined harbour.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ΚΡΕΩΝ
μαρτύρομαι τούσδ', οὐ σὲ· πρὸς δὲ τοὺς φίλους
οἱ ἀνταμείβει τῆς ματ', ἡν σ' ἐλα ροτέ

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
tis δ' ἂν με τῶνδε συμμάχων ἐλοι βία;

ΚΡΕΩΝ
ἠ μήν σὺ κάνευ τούδε λυπηθεῖς ἐσει.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ποίω σὺν ἐργῳ τούτ' ἀπειλήσας ἐχεις;

ΚΡΕΩΝ
παίδωι δυοῖν σοι τὴν μὲν ἀρτίως ἐγὼ
ξυναρτάσας ἐπεμψα, τὴν δ' ἐξω τάχα.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
οἶμοι.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
tάχ' ἐχεις μᾶλλον οἰμώξειν τάδε.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
tὴν παῖδ' ἐχεις μου;

ΚΡΕΩΝ
tήνδε τ' οὐ μακροῦ χρόνου.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
iὼ ἔνω, τὶ δράσετ'; ἡ προδώσετε,
κοῦκ ἐξελάτε τὸν ἀσεβὴ τῇσδε χθονὸς;

ΧΟΡΟΣ
χώρει, ἔν', ἐξω θάσσουν, οὔτε γὰρ τὰ νῦν
δίκαια πράσσεις οὖθ' ἢ πρόσθεν εἴργασαι.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
无论是其 ἂν εἰ ὑγνδε καὶπο ἐξάγειν
ἀκοουσαν, εἰ θέλουσα μὴ πορεύεται.
CREON
I protest to these,
Not thee, and for thine answer to thy kin,
If e'er I take thee—

OEDIPUS
Who against their will
Could take me?

CREON
Though untaken thou shalt smart.

OEDIPUS
What power hast thou to execute this threat?

CREON
One of thy daughters is already seized,
The other I will carry off anon.

OEDIPUS
Woe, woe!

CREON
This is but prelude to thy woes.

OEDIPUS
Hast thou my child?

CREON
And soon shall have the other.

OEDIPUS
Ho, friends! ye will not surely play me false?
Chase this ungodly villain from your land.

CHORUS
Hence, stranger, hence avaunt! Thou doest wrong
In this, and wrong in all that thou hast done.

CREON (to his guards)
"Tis time by force to carry off the girl,
If she refuse of her free will to go."
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ΑΝΤΙΓΩΝΗ
οίμοι τάλανα, ποί φύγω; ποίαν λάβω
θεών ἀρηξιν ἡ βροτῶν;

ΧΟΡΟΣ
τί δρᾶς, ξένε;

ΚΡΕΩΝ
οὐχ ἀφομαί τοῦδ’ ἀνδρός, ἀλλὰ τῆς ἐμῆς.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ω γῆς ἀνακτες.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
ω ξέν’, οὐ δίκαια δρᾶς.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
dίκαια.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
πῶς δίκαια;

ΚΡΕΩΝ
tοὺς ἐμοὺς ἄγω.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ιῶ πόλις.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
tί δρᾶς, ὦ ξέν’; οὐκ ἀφήσεις; τάχ’ εἰς βάσανον
εἰ χερῶν.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
eἰργοῦν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
σοῦ μὲν οὐ, τάδε γε μωμένου.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
πόλει μαχεῖ γάρ, εἰ τι πημανεὶς ἔμε.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
οὐκ ἦγόρευν ταῦτ’ ἐγώ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ
μέθες χερῶν

τὴν παιδα θάσσουν.

226

830
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

ANTIGONE
Ah, woe is me! where shall I fly, where find
Succour from gods or men?

CHORUS
What would’st thou, stranger?

CREON
I meddle not with him, but her who is mine.

OEDIPUS
O princes of the land!

CHORUS
Sir, thou dost wrong.

CREON
Nay, right.

CHORUS
How right?

CREON
I take but what is mine.

OEDIPUS
Help, Athens!

CHORUS
What means this, sirrah? quick unhand her, or
We’ll fight it out.

CREON
Back!

CHORUS
Not till thou forbear.

CREON
’Tis war with Thebes if I am touched or harmed.

OEDIPUS
Did I not warn thee?

CHORUS
Quick, unhand the maid!
ΚΡΕΩΝ
μην 'πίτασσο' ἀ μην κρατεῖς.
ΧΟΡΟΣ
χαλάν λέγω σοι.
ΚΡΕΩΝ
σοί δ' ἐγών' ὀδοιπορεῖν.
ΧΟΡΟΣ
πρόβαθ' ὧδε, βάτε βάτ', ἔντοποι·
πόλις ἐναίρεται, πόλις ἐμὰ, σθένει· πρόβαθ' ὧδε
μοι.
ΑΝΤΙΓΩΝΗ
ἀφέλκομαι δύστηνος, ὡς ἔνεντο ἔνεντο.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ποῦ, τέκνον, εἰ μοι;
ΑΝΤΙΓΩΝΗ
πρὸς βίαν πορεύομαι.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ὁρείξεν, ὡς παι, χείρας.
ΑΝΤΙΓΩΝΗ
ἀλλ' οὐδὲν σθένω.
ΚΡΕΩΝ
οὐκ ἄξεθ' ὑμεῖς;
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ὁ τάλας ἐγώ, τάλας.
ΚΡΕΩΝ
οὐκον ποτ' ἐκ τούτων γε μην σκήπτρουν ἔτι
ὀδοιπορήσης· ἀλλ' ἐπεὶ νικᾶν θέλεις
πατρίδα τε τὴν σήν καὶ φίλουσ, ὑφ' ὄν ἔγω
ταχθεῖς τάδ' ἔρδω, καὶ τύραννος ὃν ὀμως,
νίκα. χρόνῳ γάρ, οἶδ' ἐγώ, γνώσει τάδε,
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

CREON
Command your minions; I am not your slave.

CHORUS
Desist, I bid thee.

CREON (to the guard)
And I bid thee march!

CHORUS
To the rescue, one and all!
Rally, neighbours to my call!
See, the foe is at the gate!
Rally to defend the State.

ANTIGONE
Ah, woe is me, they drag me hence, O friends.

OEDIPUS
Where art thou, daughter?

ANTIGONE
Haled along by force.

OEDIPUS
Thy hands, my child!

ANTIGONE
They will not let me, father.

CREON
Away with her!

OEDIPUS
Ah woe is me, ah woe!

CREON
So those two crutches shall no longer serve thee
For further roaming. Since it pleaseth thee
To triumph o'er thy country and thy friends
Whose mandate, though a prince, I here discharge.
Enjoy thy triumph; soon or late thou'lt find
Θούνεκ’ αὐτὸς αὐτὸν οὐτε νῦν καλὰ 
δρᾶς οὐτε πρόσθεν εἰργάσω βία φίλων, 
ὄργῇ χάριν δοὺς, ἦ σ’ ἀεὶ λυμαίνεται.
Χορος
ἐπίσχες αὐτοῦ, ξείνε.
Κρεων
μὴ φαύειν λέγω.
Χορος
οὕτω ο’ ἀφῆσο, τῶνδε γ’ ἐστερημένος.
Κρεων
καὶ μείζον ἄρα ρύσιον πόλει τάχα 
θῆσεις· ἐφάψωμαι γὰρ οὐ ταύται μόναιν.
Χορος
ἀλλ’ ἐσ τί τρέψει;
Κρεων
τόνδ’ ἀπάξομαι λαβῶν.
Χορος
δεινὸν λέγοις ἄν. 1
Κρεων
τοῦτο νῦν πεπράξεται.
Χορος
ἡν μὴ σ’ ὁ κραίνων τῆςδε γῆς ἀπειργάθη.
Οἰδίπους
ὦ φθέγμ’ ἀναίδες, ἦ σὺ γὰρ ψαύσεις ἐμοῦ;
Κρεων
αὐδῶ σιωπᾶν.
Οἰδίπους
μὴ γὰρ αἰδεῖ δαίμονες 
θείεν μ’ ἀχωνον τῆςδε τῆς ἀρᾶς ἔτι, 
ὅς μ’, ὦ κάκιστε, ὕλον ὄμι’ ἀποσπάσας

1 Hermann adds ἄν.
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

Thou art an enemy to thyself, both now
And in time past, when in despite of friends
Thou gav’st the rein to passion, still thy bane.

CHORUS

Hold there, sir stranger!

CREON

Hands off, have a care.

CHORUS

Restore the maidens, else thou goest not.

CREON

Then Thebes will take a dearer surety soon;
I will lay hands on more than these two maids.

CHORUS

What canst thou further?

CREON

Carry off this man.

CHORUS

Brave words!

CREON

And deeds forthwith shall make them good.

CHORUS

Unless perchance our sovereign intervene.

OEDIPUS

O shameless voice! Would’st lay a hand on me?

CREON

Silence, I bid thee!

OEDIPUS

Goddesses, allow
Thy suppliant to utter yet one curse!
Wretch, now my eyes are gone thou hast torn away
ΠΡΟΣ ὌΜΜΑΣΙΝ ΤΟῖς ΠΡΟΣΘΕΝ ἘΞΩΙΧΕΙ ΒΙΑ. ΤΟΥΓΑΡ ΣΕ Τ' ΑΥΤΟΝ ΚΑΙ ΓΕΝΟΣ ΤΟ ΣΟΝ ΘΕῶΝ Ὡ ΠΆΝΤΑ ΛΕΥΣΩΝ Ὡ HΛΙΟΣ ΔΟΙΗ ΒΙΟΝ ΤΟΙΟΥΤΟΝ ΟἶΔΟΝ ΚΑΜΕ ΓΗΡΑΝΑΙ ΠΟΤΕ. 870

ΚΡΕΩΝ
ocrates ταῦτα, τῇσδε γῆς ἐγχώριοι;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ὅρωσι καμὲ καὶ σέ, καὶ φρονοῦσ᾽ ὅτι ἔργοις πεπονθῶς ῥήμασίν σ' ἁμύνωμαι.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
οὗτοι καθέξω θυμόν, ἀλλ' ἁξω βία κεὶ μοῦνός εἰμι τόνδε καὶ χρόνῳ βραδύς.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ἰὼ τάλας.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
ὅσον λῆμ' ἔχων ἀφίκουν, ἔμου, εἰ τάδε δοκεῖς τελεῖν.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
δοκῶ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
τάνδ' ἀρ' οὐκέτι νεμόν πόλιν.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
τοῖς τοι δικαίοις χῶ βραχὺς νικᾶ μέγαν. 880

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ἀκούεθ' οία φθέγγεται;

ΧΟΡΟΣ
τά γ' οὐ τελεῖ.

[ἡστω μέγας Ζεὺς.] ¹

ΚΡΕΩΝ
Ζεὺς γ' ἄν εἴδειη, σὺ δ' οὖ.

¹ Enger thus supplies a gap in the MSS.
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

The helpless maiden who was eyes to me;
For this to thee and all thy cursèd race
May the great Sun, whose eye is everywhere,
Grant length of days and old age like to mine.

CREON
Listen, O men of Athens, mark ye this?

OEDIPUS
They mark us both and understand that I
Wronged by thy deeds defend myself with words.

CREON
Nothing shall curb my will; though I be old
And single-handed, I will have this man.

OEDIPUS
O woe is me!

CHORUS
Thou art a bold man, stranger, if thou think'st
To execute thy purpose.

CREON
So I do.

CHORUS
Then shall I deem this State no more a State.

CREON
With a just quarrel weakness conquers might.

OEDIPUS
Ye hear his words?

CHORUS
Aye words, but not yet deeds,
Zeus knoweth!

CREON
Zeus may haply know, not thou.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀρ’ οὖχ ὑβρις τάδ’;

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ὑβρις, ἀλλ’ ἀνεκτέα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἰὼ πᾶς λεώς, ἢ ὡς πρόμοι, μὸλετε σὺν τάχει, μὸλετ’, ἐπεὶ πέραν περῶσ’ οἶδε δῆ.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

τίς ποθ’ ἢ βοή; τί τουργον; ἐκ τίνος φόβου ποτὲ βουθυτοῦντά μ’ ἀμφὶ βωμῶν ἐσχετ’ ἐναλίῳ θεῶ τοῦδ’ ἐπιστάτῃ Κολωνοῦ; λέξαθ’, ὡς εἰδὼ τὸ πᾶν,

οὐ χάριν δεῦρ’ ἢξα θάσσον ὡς καθ’ ἡδονὴν ποδός. 890

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

.ordinal

ὡ φιλτατ’, ἐγνων γὰρ τὸ προσφώνημά σου, πέπονθα δεινὰ τοῦδ’ ὑπ’ ἀνδρὸς ἀρτίως.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

τὰ ποιὰ ταῦτα, τίς δ’ ὁ πημήνας; λέγε.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

Κρέων ὦδ’, δῶν δέδορκας, ὦχεται τέκνων ἀποστάσας μου τὴν μόνην ξυνωρίδα.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

πῶς εἶπας;  

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

οἶα περ πέπονθ’ ἀκήκοας.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

οὐκοῦν τις ὡς τάχιστα προσπόλων μολὼν πρὸς τοῦσδε βωμοὺς, πάντ’ ἀναγκάσει λεὼν ἄνιππον ἱππότην τε θυμάτων ἀπο

234
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

CHORUS

Insolence!

CREON

Insolence that thou must bear.

CHORUS

Haste ye princes, sound the alarm!
Men of Athens, arm ye, arm!
Quickly to the rescue come
Ere the robbers get them home.

Enter THESEUS.

THESEUS

Why this outcry? What is forward? wherefore was
I called away
I'rom the altar of Poseidon, lord of your Colonus? Say!
On what errand have I hurried hither without stop
or stay.

OEDIPUS

Dear friend—those accents tell me who thou art,
Yon man but now hath done me a foul wrong.

THESEUS

What is this wrong and who hath wrought it? Speak.

OEDIPUS

Creon who stands before thee. He it is
Hath robbed me of my all, my daughters twain.

THESEUS

What means this?

OEDIPUS

Thou hast heard my tale of wrongs.

THESEUS

Ho! hasten to the altars, one of you,
Command my liegemen leave the sacrifice
And hurry, foot and horse, with rein unchecked,
σπεύδειν ἀπὸ ῥυτήρος, ἐνθα δίστομοι
μάλιστα συμβάλλουσιν ἔμπορών ὀδοί,
ὡς μὴ παρέλθωσ' αἰ κόραι, γέλως δ' ἐγὼ
ξένῳ γέννωμαι τῶδε, χειρωθεῖς βίας.
ἐόχ', ὡς ἄνωγα, σὺν τάχει. τοῦτον δ' ἐγὼ,
ei μὲν δ' ὅργης ἥκον, ἡς ὅδ' ἄξιος,
ἀτρωτον οὐ μεθηκ' ἂν ἐς ἐμῆς χερῶς.
νῦν δ' οὐσπερ αὐτὸς τοὺς νόμους εἰσηλθ' ἔχων,
tούτοις κοῦκ ἀλλοισιν ἀρμοσθήσεται.
οὐ γὰρ ποτ' ἔξει τῆς τῆς χώρας, πρὶν ἂν
κείνας ἐναργεῖς δεδρό μοι στῆσῃς ἄγων·
ἐπεὶ δέδρακας οὐτ' ἔμοι καταξίωσ
οὐθ' ὅν πέφυκας αὐτὸς οὐτε σής χθονός.
ὀστὶς δικαί ἀσκοῦσαν εἰσελθῶν πόλιν
cἀνευ νόμου κραίνουσαν οὐδέν, εἴτ' ἄφεις
τὰ τῆς τῆς γῆς κύρι', ὡδ' ἐπεισεσών
ἀγεις θ' ἐχρήζεις καὶ παρίστασαι βία,
καὶ μοι πόλιν κένανδρον ἡ δουλὴν τινὰ
ἔδοξας εἰναι κἀ' ἰον τῷ μηδενί.
καίτοι σε Θῆβαι γ' οὐκ ἐπαιδεύσαν κακὸν·
oὐ γὰρ φιλοῦσιν ἀνδρὰς ἐκδίκους τρέφειν,
oὐδ' ἂν σ' ἐπανέσειαν, εἴ πυθοῖατο
συλώντα τάμα καὶ τὰ τῶν θεῶν, βία
ἀγοντα φωτῶν ἀθλίων ἰκτῆμα.
οὐκον ἐγωγ' ἂν σής ἐπεμβαίνων χθονός,
oῦδ' εἰ τὰ πάντων εἶχον ἐνδικώτατα,
ἀνευ γε τοῦ κραίνοντος, ὡστὶς ἥν, χθονός
οὐθ' εἰλκον οὐτ' ἂν ἦγον, ἀλλ' ἠπιστάμην
ξένον παρ' ἀστοῖς ὡς διαιςθάται χρεῶν.
οὗ δ' ἄξιαν οὐκ οὕσαν αἰσχύνεις πόλιν
tὴν αὐτὸς αὐτού, καὶ σ' ὀ πληθύσων χρόνος
γέρωνθ' ὃμοι τίθησι καὶ τοῦ νοῦ κενον.
To where the paths that packmen use diverge,
Lest the two maidens slip away, and I
Become a mockery to this my guest,
As one despoiled by force. Quick, as I bid.
As for this stranger, had I let my rage,
Justly provoked, have play, he had not 'scaped
Scathless and uncorrected at my hands.
But now the laws to which himself appealed,
These and none other shall adjudicate.
Thou shalt not quit this land, till thou hast fetched
The maidens and produced them in my sight.
Thou hast offended both against myself
And thine own race and country. Having come
Unto a State that champions right and asks
For every action warranty of law,
Thou hast set aside the custom of the land,
And like some freebooter art carrying off
What plunder pleases thee, as if forsooth
Thou thoughtest this a city without men,
Or manned by slaves, and me a thing of naught.
Yet not from Thebes this villainy was learnt;
Thebes is not wont to breed unrighteous sons,
Nor would she praise thee, if she learnt that thou
Wert robbing me—aye and the gods to boot,
Haling by force their suppliants, poor maids.
Were I on Theban soil, to prosecute
The justest claim imaginable, I
Would never wrest by violence my own
Without the sanction of your State or King;
I should behave as fits an outlander
Living amongst a foreign folk, but thou
Shamest a city that deserves it not,
Even thine own, and plenitude of years
Have made of thee an old man and a fool.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

εἶπον μὲν οὖν καὶ πρόσθεν, ἐννέπω δὲ νῦν,
τὰς παῖδας ὡς τάχιστα δεῦρ' ἄγειν τινά,
εἰ μὴ μέτοικος τίς δὲ τῆς χώρας θέλεις
εἴναι βία τε κοῦχ ἐκὼν· καὶ ταῦτά σοι
τῷ νῷ θ' ὀμοίως κατὸ τῆς γλώσσης λέγω.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὀρᾶς ἐν ἥκεις, ὧς ἔν'; ὧς ἂφ' ὃν μὲν εἰ
φαίνει δίκαιος, δρῶν δ' ἐφευρίσκει κακά.'

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ἐγὼ οὗτ' ἀναδρον τίνηδε τῆν πόλιν νέμων, 1
ω τέκνον Αἰγέως, οὗτ' ἄβουλον, ὡς σὺ φῆς,
τούργον τὸδ' ἐξεπράξα, γεγυνώσκων δ' ὀτι
οὔδεις ποτ' αὐτοὺς τῶν ἐμῶν ἂν ἐμπέσοι
ζῆλος εὐναίμων, ὡστ' ἐμοῦ τρέφει βία.
ἡδη δ' ὀθούνει, ἀνήρ καὶ πατροκτόνον
κάναγων οὐ δεξιοίτ', οὐδ' ὅτω γάμοι
ἐννόντες ηὐρέθησαν ἀνόσιοι τέκνων.

τοιοῦτοι αὐτοῖς Ἀρεος εὐβουλιών πάγον
ἐγὼ ἐξυνήθη χθόνιον ὤνθ', ὡς οὐκ ἔχ
τοιοῦδ' ἀλήτας τῆδ' ὀμοῦ ναέει πόλει.
ὡ πίστιν ἐαχων τήν ἐχειρούμην ἁγραν.
καὶ ταυτ' ἄν οὐκ ἐπράσσων, εἰ μὴ μοι τικρᾶς
αὐτῶ τ' ἁράς ἡράτο καὶ τῶμῳ γένει·
ἀνθ' ὃν πεπονθὼς ἥξιον τάδ' ἀντιδράν.
θυμοῦ γὰρ οὐδὲν γηράς ἐστιν ἄλλο πλή
θανεῖν· θανόντων δ' οὐδὲν ἄλγος ἀπτεται.

πρὸς ταύτα πράξεις οἶδον ἂν θέλης· ἐπεὶ
ἐρημία με, κεῖ δίκαι' ὀμως λέγω,
σμικρὸν τίςθησι· πρὸς δὲ τάς πράξεις ὀμως,
καὶ τηλικόσοδ' ὃν, ἀντιδρὰν πειράσομαι.

1 λέγων MSS., Schneidewin corr.
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

Therefore again I charge thee as before,
See that the maidens are restored at once,
Unless thou would’st continue here by force
And not by choice a sojourner; so much
I tell thee home and what I say, I mean.

CHORUS

Thy case is perilous; though by birth and race
Thou should’st be just, thou plainly doest wrong.

CREON

Not deeming this a city void of men
Or counsel, son of Aegeus, as thou say’st,
I did what I have done; rather I thought
Your people were not like to set such store
By kin of mine and keep them ’gainst my will.
Nor would they harbour, so I stood assured,
A godless parricide, a reprobate
Convicted of incestuous marriage ties.
For on her native hill of Ares here
(I knew your far-famed Areopagus)
Sits Justice, and permits not vagrant folk
To stay within your borders. In that faith
I hunted down my quarry; and e’en then
I had refrained but for the curses dire
Wherewith he banned my kinsfolk and myself:
Such wrong, methought, had warrant for my act.
Anger has no old age but only death;
The dead alone can feel no touch of spite.
So thou must work thy will; my cause is just
But weak without allies; yet will I try,
Old as I am, to answer deeds with deeds.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὅ λῆμ' ἀναιδές, τοῦ καθυβρίζειν δοκεῖς, 960
πότερον ἐμοὶ γέροντος ἡ σαυτοῦ, τόδε;
ὅστις φόνους μοι καὶ γάμους καὶ συμφορὰς
τοῦ σοῦ διήκας στόματος, ἂς ἐγὼ τάλας
ηνεγκον ἄκων. θεοῖς γὰρ ἢν οὗτω φίλον,
tάχ' ἂν τι μηνίουσιν εἰς γένος πάλαι.

ἐπεὶ καθ' αὐτόν γ' οὐκ ἂν ἐξεύροις ἐμοὶ
ἀμαρτίας οὐειδος οὐδέν, αὖθ' ὁτον
τάδ' εἰς ἐμαυτὸν τοὺς ἐμοὺς θ' ἡμάρτανον.
ἐπεὶ δίδαξον, εἰ τι θέσφατον πατρὶ
χρησμοίσων ἑκνειθ' ἢστε πρὸς παῦδων θανεῖν, 970
πῶς ἀν δικαίως τοῦτ' οὐειδίζου ἐμοὶ,
ὅς οὔτε βλάστας πιω γενεθλίως πατρός,
οὐ μητρὸς ἐχὼν, ἀλλ' ἀγέννητος τοτ' ἢ;
eἰ δ' αὐ φανείς δύστηνως, ὡς ἐγὼ 'φάνην,
ἐς χεῖρας ἥλθον πατρὶ καὶ κατέκτανον,
μηδὲν ἐνυνεῖς ὡν ἐδρων εἰς οὗς τ' ἐδρων,
πῶς ἂν τὸ γ' ἄκων πράγμ' ἂν εἰκότως ψέγοις;
μητρὸς δέ, τλήμων, οὐκ ἐπαισχύνει γάμους
οὐσης ομαίμων σῆς μ' ἀναγκάζων λέγειν,
οίους ἐρω τάχ'. οὐ γὰρ οὖν συγησομαι,
σοῦ γ' εἰς τάδ' ἐξελθόντος ἀνόσιον στόμα.

ἐτικτε γὰρ μ' ἐτικτεν, ὥμοι μοι κακῶν,
οὐκ εἰδότι οὐκ εἰδυία, καὶ τεκουσά με,
ἀυτῆς οὐειδος παῦδας ἐξέφυσε μοι.

ἀλλ' ἐν γὰρ οὖν ἐξοίδα, σὲ μὲν ἐκόντ' ἐμὲ
κεϊνη τε ταῦτα δυσστομεῖν. ἐγὼ δὲ νῦν
ἄκων ἐγνημα φθέγγομαι τ' ἄκων τάδε.
ἀλλ' οὐ γὰρ οὔτ' ἐν τοῖσ' ἀλώσομαι κακὸς
γάμουσιν οὖθ' οὐς αἰὲν ἐμφορεῖς σὺ μοι
φόνους πατρῷους ἐξονειδίζων πικρῶς.

240
Oedipus

Oedipus

O shameless raider, think'st thou this abuse
Defames my grey hairs rather than thine own?
Murder and incest, deeds of horror, all
Thou blurted forth against me, all I have borne,
No willing sinner; so it pleased the gods
Wrath haply with my sinful race of old,
Since thou could'st find no sin in me myself
For which in retribution I was doomed
To trespass thus against myself and mine.
Answer me now, if by some oracle
My sire was destined to a bloody end
By a son's hand, can this reflect on me,
Me then unborn, begotten by no sire,
Conceived in no mother's womb? And if
When born to misery, as born I was,
I met my sire, not knowing whom I met
Or what I did, and slew him, how canst thou
With justice blame the all-unconscious hand?
And for my mother, wretch, art not ashamed,
Seeing she was thy sister, to extort
From me the story of her marriage, such
A marriage as I straightway will proclaim.
For I will speak; thy lewd and impious speech
Has broken all the bonds of reticence.
She was, ah woe is me! she was my mother;
I knew it not, nor she; and she my mother
Bare children to the son whom she had borne,
A birth of shame. But this at least I know,
Wittingly thou aspersest her and me;
But I unwitting wed, unwilling speak.
Nay neither in this marriage nor this deed
Which thou art ever casting in my teeth—
A murdered sire—shall I be held to blame.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ἐν γὰρ μ’ ἄμευσαι μοῦνον ὥν σ’ ἀνιστορῶ. εἴ τις σὲ τὸν δίκαιον αὐτίκ’ ἐνθάδε κτείνοι παραστάς, πότερα πυνθάνοι’ ἂν εἰ πατήρ σ’ ὁ καίνων ἦ τίνοι’ ἂν εὐθέως; δοκῶ μὲν, εἴπερ ζῆν χειλείς, τὸν αἴτιον τίνοι’ ἂν οὐδὲ τοῦνδικον περιβλέποις.

τοιαύτα μέντοι καύτος εἰσέβην κακά, θεών ἀγόντων’ οἷς ἐγὼ οὐδὲ τὴν πατρὸς ψυχὴν ἂν οἶμαι ζῴσαν ἀντειπεῖν ἐμοί.

οὐ δ’, εἰ γὰρ οὐ δίκαιος, ἀλλ’ ἀπαν καλὸν λέγειν νομίζων ῥήτον ἄρρητόν τ’ ἔπος, τοιαύτ’ ὀνειδίζεις με τῷνδ’ ἐναντίον.

καὶ σοι τὸ Θησέως ὄνομα θωπεύσαι καλόν, καὶ τὰς Ἀθήνας, ὡς κατοκηνταί καλῶς· καθ’ ὧν ἔπαινόν πολλὰ τοῦτ’ ἐκλαυθανεί, ὀθούνεκ’ εἰ τις γῇ θεοὺς ἐπίσταται τιμαῖς σεβίζειν, ἣδε τοῦθ’ ὑπερφέρει· ἀφ’ ἡς σὺ κλέψας τὸν ἱκέτην γέροντ’ ἐμὲ αὐτὸν τ’ ἔχειροῦ τὰς κόρας τ’ οίχει λαβών. ἀνθ’ ὅν ἐγὼ νῦν τάσδε τὰς θεὰς ἐμοὶ καλῶν ἰκνοῦμαι καὶ κατασκήπτω λυταῖς ἐλθεῖν ἄρωγοὺς ἐμμαχοῦσ’ θ’, ἢν ἐκμάθησι οἴων ὑπ’ ἀνδρῶν ἥδε φρουρεῖται πόλις.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὁ ξείνος, ὁνὰξ, χρηστός· αἰ δὲ συμφοράι αὐτοῦ πανόλιεις, ἀξιαὶ δ’ ἀμυναθεῖν.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

ἄλις λόγων, ὡς οἱ μὲν ἐξειργασμένοι 1 σπεύδουσιν, ἥμεις δ’ οἱ παθόντες ἑσταμεν.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

τί δὴτ’ ἀμαυρῷ φωτὶ προστάσεις ποιεῖν;

1 ἐξηρπασμένοι MSS., F. W. Schmidt corr.
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

Come, answer me one question, if thou canst:
If one should presently attempt thy life,
Would'st thou, O man of justice, first enquire
If the assassin was perchance thy sire,
Or turn upon him? As thou lov'st thy life,
On thy aggressor thou would'st turn, nor stay
Debating, if the law would bear thee out.
Such was my case, and such the pass whereeto
The gods reduced me; and methinks my sire,
Could he come back to life, would not dissent.
Yet thou, for just thou art not, but a man
Who sticks at nothing, if it serve his plea,
Reproachest me with this before these men.
It serves thy turn to laud great Theseus' name,
And Athens as a wisely governed State;
Yet in thy flatteries one thing is to seek:
If any land knows how to pay the gods
Their proper rites, 'tis Athens most of all.
This is the land whence thou wast fain to steal
Their aged suppliant and hast carried off
My daughters. Therefore to yon goddesses,
I turn, adjure them and invoke their aid
To champion my cause, that thou mayst learn
What is the breed of men who guard this State.

CHORUS
An honest man, my liege, one sore bestead
By fortune, and so worthy our support.

THESEUS
Enough of words; the captors speed amain,
While we the victims stand debating here.

CREON
What would'st thou? What can I, a feeble man?
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

όδοι κατάρχειν τῆς ἐκεί, πομπὸν δὲ με χωρεῖν, ὅ, τι εἰ μὲν ἐν τόπωι τοῦτος εἶχει
tὰς παίδας ἡμῖν 1 αὐτὸς ἐκδείξῃς ἐμοὶ
eἰ δὲ ἐγκρατεῖς φεύγουσιν, οὐδὲν δὲι πονεῖν ἀλλοι γὰρ οἱ σπεύδοντες, οὐς οὐ μὴ ποτὲ
χῶρας φυγόντες τῆς ἐπεὑρεύωνται θεοὶς.
ἀλλ' ἐξυφηγοῦν γνώθι δ' ὃς ἔχων ἔχει
cαὶ ο' εἴλε θηρῶν ἡ τύχη. τὰ γὰρ δόλω τῷ μὴ δικαίῳ κτῆματ' οὐχὶ σάζεται.
κοῦκ ἄλλον ἔχεις εἰς τάδ'. ως ἐξοιδά σε
οὐ ψιλὸν οὐδ' ἀσκευον ἐς τοσὴν' ὑβριν
ἡκοντα τόλμης τῆς παρεστώσης ταῦτων,
ἀλλ' ἡσθ' ὅτω σὺ πιστὸς ὃν ἔδρας τάδε.
ἀ δεῖ μ' ἀδρῆσαι, μηδὲ τὴν ἐν τὸν λόγον
ἐνὸς ποησαι φωτὸς ἀσθενεστέραν

νοεῖς τι τοῦτων, ἡ μάτην τὰ νῦν τέ σοι
dοκεῖ λελέχθαι χῶτε ταῦτ' ἐμηχανό;

ΚΡΕΩΝ

οὖδὲν σὺ μεμπτὸν ἐνθάδ' ὃν ἔρεις ἐμοὶ
οἶκοι δὲ χῆμεις εἰσόμεσθ' ἃ χρὴ ποιεῖν.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

χωρῶν ἀπείλει νῦν· σὺ δ' ἡμῖν, Οἰδίπους,
ἐκχλὸς αὐτοῦ μίμων, πιστωθεῖς ὅτι,
ἡν μὴ θάνω ἥγω πρόσθεν, οὐχὶ παύσομαι
πρὶν ἄν σε τῶν σών κύριον στῆσω τέκνων.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὅναιο, Θησεῦ, τοῦ τε γενναίου χάρων
καὶ τῆς πρὸς ἡμᾶς ἐνδίκου προμηθίας.

1 ἡμῖν MSS., Elmsley corr.
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

THESEUS
Show us the trail, and I'll attend thee too,
That, if thou hast the maidens hereabouts,
Thou mayst thyself discover them to me;
But if thy guards outstrip us with their spoil,
We may draw rein; for others speed, from whom
They will not 'scape to thank the gods at home.
Lead on, I say, the captor's caught, and fate
Hath ta'en the Fowler in the toils he spread;
So soon are lost gains gotten by deceit.
And look not for allies; I know indeed
Such height of insolence was never reached
Without abettors or accomplices;
Thou hast some backer in thy bold essay,
But I will search this matter home and see
One man doth not prevail against the State.
Dost take my drift, or seem these words as vain
As seemed our warnings when the plot was hatched?

CREON
Nothing thou sayest can I here dispute,
But once at home I too shall act my part.

THESEUS
Threaten us and—begone! Thou, Oedipus,
Stay here assured that nothing save my death
Will stay my purpose to restore the maids.

OEDIPUS
Heaven bless thee, Theseus, for thy nobleness
And all thy loving care in my behalf.

[Exeunt Theseus and Creon.]

245
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

εἴην ὅθι δαίων

άνδρών τάχ' ἐπιστροφαί
tὸν χαλκοβόσαν "Αρη

μείξουσιν, ἢ πρὸς Πυθίας

ἡ λαμπάσων ἀκταῖς,
oὐ πότιναι σεμνὰ τιθηνοῦνται τέλη

θνατοῖσιν, ὦν καὶ χρυσέα

κλῆς ἐπὶ γλώσσα βέβακε

προσπόλων Εὐμολπιδᾶν·

ἐνθ' οἴμαι τὸν ἐγρεμάχαν

Θησέα καὶ τὰς διστόλους

ἀδμῆτας ἀδελφὰς

αὐτάρκει τάχ' ἐμμίξειν βοᾷ
tοὺσδ' ἀνὰ χώρους·

ἡ ποὺ τὸν ἐφεσπέρου
pέτρας νιφάδος πελῶσ'

Οἰάτιδος εἰς νομόν, ¹

πώλουσιν ἢ ριμφαρμάτους

φεύγοντες ἀμίλλαις.

ἀλώσεται· δεινὸς ὁ προσχώρων "Αρης,

δεινὰ δὲ Θησειδᾶν ἀκμᾶ.

πᾶς γὰρ ἀστράπτει χαλινός,

πάσα ὁ' ὁρμᾶται καθεῖσ' ²

ἀμπυκτήρια ³ στομίων

¹ ἐκ νομοῦ MSS., Hartung. corr.
² κατ' MSS., Schneidewin corr.
³ ἀμπυκτήρια φάλερα πῶλων MSS., Wecklein corr.
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

CHORUS
O when the flying foe, (Str. 1)
Turning at last to bay,
Soon will give blow for blow.
Might I behold the fray;
Hear the loud battle roar,
Swell, on the Pythian shore,
Or by the torch-lit bay,
Where the dread Queen and Maid
Cherish the mystic rites,
Rites they to none betray,
Ere on his lips is laid
Secrecy’s golden key
By their own acolytes.
Priestly Eumolpidae.

There I might chance behold
Theseus our captain bold
Meet with the robber band,
Ere they have fled the land,
Rescue by might and main
Maidens, the captives twain.

Haply on swiftest steed, (Ant. 1)
Or in the flying car,
Now they approach the glen,
West of white Oea’s scaur.
They will be vanquished:
Dread are our warriors, dread
Theseus our chieftain’s men.
Flashes each bridle bright,
Charges each gallant knight,
All that our Queen adore
OIDIPUS EPΙ KΟΛΩΝΩΙ

άμβασις, οὶ τὰν ἵππιαν
τιμῶσιν Ἀθάναν
καὶ τὸν πόντιον γαϊάοχον
Ῥέας φίλον νιόν.

ἐρδουσ' ἡ μέλλουσιν; ὡς
προμνάται τι μοι
γνώμα τάχ' ἀντάσειν 1
τὰν δεινά τλασάν, δεινὰ δ' εὕρουσάν πρὸς αὐθαί-

μων πάθη.
teλεὶ τελεὶ Ζεύς τι κατ' ἀμαρ
μάντις εἴμ' ἐσθλῶν ἀγώνων.
eἰθ' ἀλλαία ταχύρρωστος πελείας
αἰθερίας νεφέλας κύρσαιμ' ἀνωθ' 2 ἀγώνων
αἰωρήσασα 3 τούμον ὁμια.

ἰὼ θεῶν πάνταρχε, παντ-

τα, ἀντ. β'

ὅππα Ζεὺς, 4 πόροις
γάς τάσει δαμούχοις
σθενεῖ πινικεῖώ τὸν εὐαγρὸν τελείωσαι λόχον,
σεμνἀ τε παῖς Πάλλας Ἀθάνα.
καὶ τὸν ἀγρευτὰν Ἀπόλλω
καὶ κασιγνήταν πυκνοστικτῶν ὀπαδῶν

ωκυτόδων ἐλάφων στέργῳ διπλάς ἀρωγάς
μολεῖν γὰ τάδε καὶ πολίταις.

ὅ ξεῖν' ἄλητα, τῷ σκόπῳ μὲν οὐκ ἔρεις

ὡς ψευδόμαντις. τὰς κόρας γὰρ εἰσορῷ

τάσῃ ἄσσον αὐθις ὅδε προσπολομένας.

1 αὐν δόσειν MSS., Bücheler corr.
2 αὐτῶν δ' MSS., Hermann corr.
3 θεωρήσασα MSS., Dindorf corr.
4 Jebb changes order of words, in MSS. ἰω Ζεὺ πάνταρχε

θεῶν παντόπτα.

248
Pallas their patron, or
Him whose wide floods enring
Earth, the great Ocean-king
Whom Rhea bore.

Fight they or now prepare
To fight? a vision rare
Tells me that soon again
I shall behold the twain
Maidens so ill bestead,
By their kin buffeted.

To-day, to-day Zeus worketh some great thing
This day shall victory bring.

O for the wings, the wings of a dove,
To be borne with the speed of the gale,
Up and still upwards to sail
And gaze on the fray from the clouds above.

All-seeing Zeus, O lord of heaven,
To our guardian host be given
Might triumphant to surprise
Flying foes and win their prize.
Hear us, Zeus, and hear us, child
Of Zeus, Athenè undefiled,
Hear, Apollo, hunter, hear,
Huntress, sister of Apollo,
Who the dappled swift-foot deer
O'er the wooded glade dost follow;
Help with your two-fold power
Athens in danger's hour!

O wayfarer, thou wilt not have to tax
The friends who watch for thee with false presage,
For lo, an escort with the maids draws near.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ποῦ ποῦ; τί φῆς; πῶς εἴπας;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ
ω πάτερ πάτερ,
tίς ἂν θεῶν σοι τόνδ' ἀριστον ἄνδρ' ἰδεῖν
doῖη, τὸν ἡμᾶς δεύρο προσπέμψαντά σοι;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ω τέκνον, ἡ πάρεστον;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ
αἴδε γὰρ χέρες
Θησέως ἐσωσάν φιλτάτων τ' ὀπαόνων.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
προσέλθετ' ω παι, πατρι καὶ τὸ μηδαμά
ἐλπισθέν ἥξεων σῶμα βαστάσαι δότε

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ
αίτεῖς ἀ τεύξει· σον πόθῳ γὰρ ἡ χάρις.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ποῦ δήτα, ποῦ ὅστὸν;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ
αίδ' ὅμοι πελάζομεν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ω φίλτατ' ἐρνη.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ
τῷ τεκόντι πᾶν φίλον.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ω σκῆπτρα φωτός.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ
δυσμόρου γε δύσμορα.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ἔχω τὰ φίλτατ', οὐδ' ἔτ' ἂν πανάθλιος
θανῶν ἂν εἰην σφῶν παρεστῶσαι ἐμοί.
Enter Antigone and Ismene with Theseus.

Oedipus

Where, where? what sayest thou?

Antigone

O father, father,

Would that some god might grant thee eyes to see
This best of men who brings us back again.

Oedipus

My child! and are ye back indeed!

Antigone

Yes, saved

By Theseus and his gallant followers.

Oedipus

Come to your father’s arms, O let me feel
A child’s embrace I never hoped for more.

Antigone

Thou askest what is doubly sweet to give.

Oedipus

Where are ye then?

Antigone

We come together both.

Oedipus

My precious nurslings!

Antigone

Fathers aye were fond.

Oedipus

Props of my age!

Antigone

So sorrow sorrow props.

Oedipus

I have my darlings, and if death should come,
Death were not wholly bitter with you near.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ἐρεύσατ’, ὦ παῖ, πλευρὸν ἀμφὶδέξιον ἐμφύντε ¹ τῷ φύσατι, κάναπαύσατον τοῦ πρόσθ’ ἐρήμου τοῦδε δυστήνου πλάνου. καὶ μοι τὰ πραχθέντ’ εἶπαθ’ ὡς βράχιστ’, ἐπεὶ ταῖς τηλικαῖσδε σμικρὸς ἐξαρκεῖ λόγος.

ἈΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

οδ’ ἐσθ’ ὅ σῶσας· τοῦδε χρή κλύεων, πάτερ, οὐ κάστι τοῦργον· τοῦμὸν ὁδ’ ἐσται βραχύ. ²

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὦ ξείνε, μὴ θαύμαζε, πρὸς τὸ λυπαρὲς τέκν’ εἰ φανεντ’ ἀέλπτα μηκύνω λόγον. ἐπίσταμαι γὰρ τήνδε τὴν ἐς τάσιδε μοι τέρψιν παρ’ ἄλλου μηδὲνὸς πεφασμένην· σὺ γὰρ νῦν ἔξεσωσας, οὐκ ἄλλος βροτῶν. καὶ σοι θεοὶ πόροιν ὡς ἐγὼ θέλω, αὐτῷ τε καὶ γῆ τῆδ’, ἐπη’ τὸ γ’ εὐσεβὲς μόνοις παρ’ ύμῖν ἥδον ἀνθρώπων ἐγὼ καὶ τοῦπεικὲς καὶ τὸ μὴ ψευδοστομεῖν. εἶδως δ’ ἀμώνῳ τοῖσδε τοῖς λόγοις τάδε· ἔχω γὰρ ἄχω διὰ σε κοῦκ ἄλλον βροτῶν· καὶ μοι χέρ’, ὅναξ, δεξιὰν ὀρεξον, ὡς ψαύσω φιλήσω τ’, εἰ θέμις, τὸ σὸν κάρα. καίτοι τί φωνῶ; πῶς σ’ ἀν ἄθλος χειώς θυγεῖν θελήσαμ’ ἀνδρός, ὦ τίς οὐκ ἐν κηλίς κακῶν ξύνοικος; οὐκ ἐγωγε’ σε, οὐδ’ οὖν ἐάσω. τοῖς γὰρ ἐμπείροις βροτῶν μόνοις οἴνον τε συνταλαιπωρεῖν τάδε. σῷ δ’ αὐτόθεν μοι χαίρε καὶ τὰ λοιπὰ μου μέλου δικαίως, ὥσπερ ἐς τόδ’ ἡμέρας.

¹ Α. ἐμφύτε, Mudge corr.
² MS. τούργον τοῦμὸν ἐσται βραχύ, Wex corr.

252
Cling to me, press me close on either side,
There rest ye from your dreary wayfaring.
Now tell me of your ventures, but in brief;
Brief speech suffices for young maids like you.

ANTIGONE

Here is our saviour; thou should'st hear the tale
From his own lips; so shall my part be brief.

OEDIPUS

I pray thee do not wonder if the sight
Of children, given o'er for lost, has made
My converse somewhat long and tedious.
Full well I know the joy I have of them
Is due to thee, to thee and no man else;
Thou wast their sole deliverer, none else.
The gods deal with thee after my desire,
With thee and with this land! for fear of heaven
I found above all peoples most with you,
And righteousness and lips that cannot lie.
I speak in gratitude of what I know,
For all I have I owe to thee alone.
Give me thy hand, O Prince, that I may touch it,
And if thou wilt permit me, kiss thy cheek.
What say I? Can I wish that thou should'st touch
One fallen like me to utter wretchedness,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand ills?
Oh no, I would not let thee if thou would'st.
They only who have known calamity
Can share it. Let me greet thee where thou art.
And still befriended me as thou hast till now.
ΘΕΣΕΥΣ
οὗτ' εἰ τι μήκος τῶν λόγων ἔθου πλέον,
tέκνοις θερφθεῖς τοῦσδε, θαυμάσας ἔχω,
οὗτ' εἰ πρὸ τούμοι προύλαβες τὰ τῶν' ἔπη.
βάρος γὰρ ἡμᾶς οὐδὲν ἐκ τούτων ἔχει.
οὐ γὰρ λόγους τὸν βίον σπουδάζομεν
λαμπρὸν ποιεῖσθαι μᾶλλον ἡ τοῖς δρωμένοι.
δείκνυμι δ' ὅτι γὰρ ὦμος οὐκ ἐφευσάμην
οὐδὲν σε, πρέσβυ τάδε γὰρ πάρειμ' ἄγων
ξώσας, ἀκραίφνεις τῶν κατηπειλημένων.
χώπως μὲν ἄγων ἤρεθη, τι δεῖ μάτην
κομπεῖν, ᾧ ε' εἰσει καῦτος ἐκ ταῦταν ἔσων;
λόγος δ' ὁς ἐμπέπτωκεν ἀρτίως ἐμοί
στείχοντι δεύρο, συμβαλόν γνώμην, ἐπεῖ
σμικρός μὲν ἐπείπιν, ἄξιος ὁ θαυμάσας
πράγος δ' ἀτίζειν οὐδὲν ἀνθρωπον χρείαν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
τί δ' ἔστι, τέκνοιν Αἰγέως; δίδασκε μὲ
ὡς μὴ εἰδότ' αὐτὸν μηδὲν ὃν σὺ πυνθάνει.

ΘΕΣΕΥΣ
φασίν τιν' ἡμῖν ἀνδρα, σοι μὲν ἐμπόλων
οὐκ ὄντα, συγγενῆ δέ, προσπεσόντα πως
βωμῷ καθήσθαι τῷ Πεσειδῶνος, παρ ὁ
θύων ἐκυρον, ἤνιχ' ὀρμώμην ἐγώ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ποδαπὸν; τί προσχρῆζοντα τῷ θακήματι.

ΘΕΣΕΥΣ
οὐκ οἶδα πλὴν ἐν· σοῦ γὰρ, ὡς λέγουσι μοι,
βραχὺν τιν' αἰτεῖ μῦθον οὐκ ὄγκον πλέων.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ποίον τιν'; οὐ γὰρ ἦδ' ἔδρα σμικροῦ λόγου.

254
I marvel not if thou hast dallied long
In converse with thy children and preferred
Their speech to mine; I feel no jealousy,
I would be famous more by deeds than words.
Of this, old friend, thou hast had proof; my oath
I have fulfilled and brought thee back the maids
Alive and nothing harmed for all those threats.
And how the fight was won, 'twere waste of words
To boast—thy daughters here will tell thee all.
But of a matter that has lately chanced
On my way hitherward, I fain would have
Thy counsel—slight 'twould seem, yet worthy thought.
A wise man heeds all matters great or small.

What is it, son of Aegeus? Let me hear.
Of what thou askest I myself know naught.

'Tis said a man, no countryman of thine,
But of thy kin, hath taken sanctuary
Beside the altar of Poseidon, where
I was at sacrifice when called away.

What is his country? what the suitor's prayer?

I know but one thing; he implores, I am told,
A word with thee—he will not trouble thee.

What seeks he? If a suppliant, something grave.
ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

σοι φασίν αὐτὸν ἐσ λόγους ἐλθεῖν μόνον ¹
αἰτεῖν ἀπελθεῖν τ' ἀσφαλῶς τῆς δευρ' ὀδοῦ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

τίς δὴ ἤν εἰή τὴν ὁ προσθακῶν ἔδραν;

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

ὁρα κατ' Ἀργος εἰ τις ὑμῖν ἐγγενῆς ἔσθ', ὅστις ἄν σου τοὺτο προσχρήζοι τυχεῖν.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ὡς φίλτατε, ² σχέσ ὀὐπερ εἶ.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

τί δ' ἐστι σοι;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

μὴ μου δεηθῆς.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

πράγματος ποίου; λέγε. ¹¹⁷⁰

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἐξοιδ' ἀκούων τῶν ὁ ἔσθ' ὁ προστάτης.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

καὶ τίς ποτ' ἐστιν ὅν γ' ἔγω ψέξαιμι τί;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

παῖς οὐμός, ὁναξ, στυγνός, οὗ λόγων ἔγώ ἀλγιστ' ἃν ἀνδρῶν ἐξανασχοίμην κλύων.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

τί δ'; οὐκ ἀκούειν ἐστὶ καὶ μὴ δράν ἃ μὴ χρήζεις; τί σοι τοῦτ' ἐστὶ λυπηρόν κλύειν;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἐχθιστον, ὁναξ, φθέγμα τοῦθ' ἤκει πατρί·
καὶ μὴ μ' ἀνάγκη προσβάλης τάδ' εἰκαθεῖν.

¹ μολόντ' MSS., Vauvilliers corrects and adds τ' after ἀπελθεῖν.
² φίλτατ' ἵσχες MSS., Heath corr.
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

THESEUS
He only waits, they say, to speak with thee,
And then unharmed to go upon his way.

OEDIPUS
I marvel who is this petitioner.

THESEUS
Think if there be not any of thy kin
At Argos who might claim this boon of thee.

OEDIPUS
Dear friend, forbear, I pray.

THESEUS
What ails thee now?

OEDIPUS
Ask it not of me.

THESEUS
Ask not what? explain.

OEDIPUS
Thy words have told me who the suppliant is.

THESEUS
Who can he be that I should frown on him?

OEDIPUS
My son, O king, my hateful son, whose words
Of all men's most would jar upon my ears.

THESEUS
Thou sure mightst listen. If his suit offend,
No need to grant it. Why so loth to hear him?

OEDIPUS
That voice, O king, grates on a father's ears;
I have come to loathe it. Force me not to yield.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

αλλ’ ει τ’ θάκησ’ εξαναγκάζει, σκόπει μη σου πρόνοι’ τ’ του θεού φυλακτέα.

ΑΝΤΙΓΩΝΗ

πάτερ, πιθοῦ μοι, κει νέα παρανέωσ. τὸν ἄνδρ’ ἔασον τόνδε τῇ θ’ αὐτοῦ φρενὶ χάριν παρασχεῖν τῷ θεῶ θ’ ἀ βούλεται, καὶ νῦν ὑπεκε τὸν κασίγνητον μολέων. οὗ γὰρ σε, θάρσει, πρὸς βιαν παρασπάσει γνώμης, ἃ μὴ σου συμφέροντα λέξειται. λόγων ὦ ἀκοῦσαι τῖς βλάβη; τὰ τοι κακῶς ἡρημέν’ ἔργα τῷ λόγῳ μηνύεται. ἐφυσας αὐτόν’ ἄστε μηδὲ δρῶντα σε τὰ τῶν κακίστων δυσσεβέστατ’, ὡ πάτερ, θέμις σε γ’ εἶναι κείνον ἀντιδράν κακῶς. ἄλλ’ ἔασον. εἰςι χάτεροις γοναὶ κακαὶ καὶ θυμὸς ὅξυς, ἀλλὰ νοθετούμενοι φίλων ἐπιθείας ἐξεπάδονται φύσιν. οὖ ὀ’ εἰς ἐκείνα, μὴ τὰ νῦν, ἀποσκόπει πατρῷα καὶ μητρῷα πῆμαθ’ ἀπαθείς· καὶν κείνα λεύσεις, οἰδ’ ἐγώ, γνώσει κακοῦ θυμοῦ τελευτὴν ὡς κακὴ προσγίγνεται. ἔχεις γὰρ οὐχὶ βαία τάνθυμῆματα, τῶν σῶν ἀδέρκτων ὦμμάτων τητῶμενος. ἄλλ’ ἢμίν εἰκε’ λιπαρεῖν γὰρ οὖ καλὸν δίκαια προσχρηζούσιν, οὐδ’ αὐτὸν μὲν εὗν πᾶσχειν, παθόντα δ’ οὐκ ἐπίστασθαι τίνειν.

1 καλῶς MSS., Hermann corr.
2 δυσσεβεστάτων MSS., Dawes corr.
3 ἄλλ’ αὐτὸν or ἄλλ’ αὐτὸν MSS., Elmsley corr.
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

THESEUS
But he hath found asylum. O beware, And fail not in due reverence to the god.

ANTIGONE
O heed me, father, though I am young in years. Let the prince have his will and pay withal What in his eyes is service to the god; For our sake also let our brother come. If what he urges tend not to thy good He cannot surely wrest perforce thy will. To hear him then, what harm? By open words A scheme of villainy is soon bewrayed. Thou art his father, therefore canst not pay In kind a son's most impious outrages. O listen to him; other men like thee Have thankless children and are choleric, But yielding to persuasion's gentle spell They let their savage mood be exorcised. Look thou to the past, forget the present, think On all the woe thy sire and mother brought thee; Thence woe wilt thou draw this lesson without fail, Of evil passion evil is the end. Thou hast, alas, to prick thy memory, Stern monitors, these ever-sightless orbs. O yield to us; just suitors should not need To be importunate, nor he that takes A favour lack the grace to make return.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
τέκνον, βαρείαν ἥδονην νικάτε με λέγοντες· ἐστω δ' οὖν ὅπως ύμιν φίλον. μόνον, ἐκ' ἐπερ κείνος ὡδ' ἐλεύσεται, μηδεὶς κρατεῖτι τῆς ἐμῆς ψυχῆς ποτε.

ΘΕΣΕΥΣ
ἀπαξ τὰ τοιαῦτ', οὐχὶ δίς χρήζω κλύειν, ὥς πρέσβιν. κομπείν ὃ' οὖχὶ βούλομαι· σοῦ δ' ὁν σῶς ᾧς, ἕαν περ κάμε τις σάζῃ θεῶν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὀστις τοῦ πλέονος μέρους χρήζει τοῦ μετρίου παρεῖς
ξώειν, σκαιοσύναν φυλάσσων
ἐν ἐμοὶ κατάδηλος ἐσται.
ἐπεὶ πολλὰ μὲν αἳ μακρά ἁμέραι κατέθεντο δή
λύπασ ἐγγυτέρω, τὰ τέρποντα δ' οὐκ ἄν ὃδοις ὅπων,
ὅταν τις ἐς πλέον πέσῃ
τοῦ δέοντος. ¹ ὃ δ' ἐπίκουρος ἰσοτέλεστος,
"Αἴδος ὅτε μοῖρ' ἀνυμέναιος
ἄλυρος ἄχορος ἀναπέφηνε,
θάνατος ἐς τελευτάν.

ἀντ.
μὴ φύναι τὸν ἀπαντά νικᾶ λόγον· τὸ δ', ἐπεὶ φανῆ,
βῆναι κεῖθεν οἴθεν περ ἥκει,
pολὺ δεύτερον, ὃς τάχιστα.

¹ MSS. τοῦ δέοντος, Reiske corr.
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

OEDIPUS

Grievous to me, my child, the boon ye win
By pleading. Let it be then; have your way
Only if come he must, I beg thee, friend,
Let none have power to dispose of me.

THESEUS

No need, Sir, to appeal a second time.
It likes me not to boast, but be assured
Thy life is safe while any god saves mine.

[Exit THESEUS.

CHORUS

Who craves excess of days,
Scorning the common span
Of life, I judge that man
A giddy wight who walks in folly's ways.
For the long years heap up a grievous load,
Scant pleasures, heavier pains,
Till not one joy remains
For him who lingers on life's weary road
And come it slow or fast.
One doom of fate
Doth all await,
For dance and marriage bell,
The dirge and funeral knell.
Death the deliverer freeth all at last.

Not to be born at all
Is best, far best that can befall,
Next best, when born, with least delay
To trace the backward way.
OIDIPOUΣ EΠI KOLONΩI

ως ευτ' ἂν τὸ νέον παρῆ κούφας ἀφροσύνας φέρον,
tis πλαγά 1 πολύμοχθος ἔξω; tis oú καμάτων ἔνι;

φθόνος, στάσεις, ἔρις, μάχαι
καὶ φόνοι· τὸ τε κατάμεμπτον ἐπιλέγοιχε
πύματον ἀκρατεῖς ἀπροσόμιλον
γῆρας ἄφιλον, ἰνα πρόπαντα
κακὰ κακῶν ἔνυνοικεί.

ἐπικ. εἶν ὃς τλάμων ὁδ', οὐκ ἔγω μόνοι,
pántothev βόρειος ὃς τίς
ἀκτὰ κυματοπλήξ χειμερία κλονεῖται,
ὡς καὶ τόνδε κατ' ἀκρας
dειναὶ κυματοσαγεῖς
dtai κλονέουσαι αἰὲν ἔνυνοισαι,
ai mēn ἀπ' ἄελιον δυσμᾶν,
ai δ' ἀνατέλλοντος·
ai δ' ἀνὰ μέσουν ἀκτὶν',
ai δ' ἐννυχιάν ἀπὸ 'Ῥιπᾶν.

ANTIGONΗ

καὶ μὴν ὁδ' ἡμῖν, ὃς ἐοικεν, ὁ ἐνος ἀνδρῶν γε μοῦνοι, ὃ πάτερ, δι' ὁμματος
ἀστακτὶ λείβων δάκρυνον ὃδ' ὀδοιπορεῖ.

OIDIPOUΣ

tis ouτos;

ANTIGONΗ

ὅντερ καὶ πάλαι κατεῖχομεν
γνώμη, πάρεστι δεύο Πολυνεῖδης ὀδε.

1 πλάγχθη MSS., Herwerden corr.
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

For when youth passes with its giddy train,
Troubles on troubles follow, toils on toils,
Pain, pain for ever pain;
And none escapes life's coils.
Envy, sedition, strife,
Carnage and war, make up the tale of life.
Last comes the worst and most abhorred stage
Of unregarded age,
Joyless, companionless and slow,
Of woes the crowning woe.

(Envode)

Such ills not I alone,
He too our guest hath known,
E'en as some headland on an iron-bound shore,
Lashed by the wintry blasts and surge's roar,
So is he buffeted on every side
By drear misfortune's whelming tide,
   By every wind of heaven o'erborne
   Some from the sunset, some from orient morn,
   Some from the noonday glow,
Some from Rhipean gloom of everlasting snow.

ANTIGONE

Father, methinks I see the stranger coming,
Alone he comes and weeping plenteous tears.

OEDIPUS

Who may he be?

ANTIGONE

The same that we surmised.
From the outset—Polyneices. He is here.

263
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ΠΟΛΥΝΕΙΚΗΣ

οὔμοι, τί δράσω; πότερα τάμαντοι κακά πρόσθεν δακρύσω, παῖδες, ἦ τὰ τοῦδ᾽ ορῶν πατρὸς γέροντος; ὃς ξένης ἐπὶ χθονὸς σὺν σφῶν ἐφήυρηκ᾽ ἐνθάδ᾽ ἐκβεβλημένον ἐσθῆτι σὺν τοιᾶδε, τής ὁ δυσφιλῆς γέρων γέροντι συγκατώκηκεν πίνοις ¹ πλευρὰν μαραίνων, κρατὶ δ᾽ ὀμματοστερεὶ κόμη δι᾽ ἀυρας ἀκτένιστος ἁσσεται: ἀδελφὰ δ᾽, ὡς ἐοικε, τούτοις φορεῖ τὰ τῆς ταλαίνης νηδύος θρεπτῆρια ἀγῶ πανόλης ὃψ᾽ ἄγαν ἐκμανθάνω καὶ μαρτυρῶ κάκιστος ἀνθρώπων τροφαίς ταῖς σαῖσιν ἥκειν: τάμα μὴ ἔ ἄλλων πῦθη. ἀλλ᾽ ἐστὶ γὰρ καὶ Ζηνὶ σύνθακος θρόνων Αἰδώς ἐπ᾽ ἐργοὺς πᾶσι, καὶ πρὸς σοί, πάτερ, παραστηθῆτω: τῶν γὰρ ἡμαρτημένων ἀκή μὲν ἐστὶ, προσφορά δ᾽ οὐκ ἐστ᾽ ἐτι. 1270

τὶ συγᾶς;

φώνησον, ὧν πάτερ, τυ: μὴ μ᾽ ἀποστραφῆς. οὐδ᾽ ἀνταμείβει μ᾽ οὔδεν, ἀλλ᾽ ἀτιμάσας πέμψεις ἀναύδος, οὔδ᾽ ἡ μηνίες φράσας;

ἈΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

λέγ᾽, ὧν ταλαίπωρ', αὐτὸς ὃν χρείᾳ πάρει·
tὰ πολλὰ γὰρ τοι ῥήματ' ἡ τέρψαντά τι,

¹ MSS. πόνος, Scaliger corr.
Enter POLYNEICES.

POLYNEICES

Ah me, my sisters, shall I first lament
My own afflictions, or my aged sire's,
Whom here I find a castaway, with you,
In a strange land, an ancient beggar clad
In antic tatters, marring all his frame,
While o'er the sightless orbs his unkempt locks
Float in the breeze; and, as it were to match,
He bears a wallet against hunger's pinch.
All this too late I learn, wretch that I am,
Alas! I own it, and am proved most vile
In my neglect of thee: I scorn myself.
But as almighty Zeus in all he doth
Hath Mercy for co-partner of his throne,
Let Mercy, father, also sit enthroned
In thy heart likewise. For transgressions past
May be amended, cannot be made worse.

Why silent? Father, speak, nor turn away,
Hast thou no word, wilt thou dismiss me then
In mute disdain, nor tell me why thou art wrath?
O ye his daughters, sisters mine, do ye
This sullen, obstinate silence try to move.
Let him not spurn, without a single word
Of answer, me the suppliant of the god.

ANTIGONE

Tell him thyself, unhappy one, thine errand;
For large discourse may send a thrill of joy,
ΌΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ἡ δυσχεράναντ' ἡ κατοικτάματα πως,
παρέσχε φωνὴν τοῖς ἀφωνητοῖς τινά.

ΠΟΛΥΝΕΙΚΗΣ

ἀλλ' ἐξερώ· καλῶς γὰρ ἐξηγεῖ σὺ μοι·
πρῶτον μὲν αὐτὸν τὸν θεὸν ποιοῦμενος
ἀρωγόν, ἐνθεν μὲν ὡδ' ἀνέστησεν μολεῖν
ὁ τήσει τῆς γῆς κοίρανς, διδοὺς ἐμοὶ
λέξαι τ' ἀκοῦσι τ' ἀσφαλεῖ σὺν ἐξόδῳ.
καὶ ταῦτ' ἀφ' ὑμῶν, ὦ ἕνων, δουλῆσομαι
καὶ ταῦτ' ἀφελθαίν καὶ πατρὸς κυρεῖν ἐμοί.

ἀδ' ἦλθον, ὡδ' σοι θέλω λέξαι, πάτερ.
γῆς ἐκ πατρὼς ἐξελήλαμαι φυγάς,
τοῖς σοῖς πανάρχοις οὕνεκ' ἐνθακεῖν θρόνοις
γονῆ πεφυκὼς ἦξιον γεραιτέρος.

ἀνθ' ὄν μ'. Ἐτεοκλῆς, ὃν φύσει νεώτερος,
γῆς ἐξέσας, ὦτε νικήσας λόγω
οὔτ' ἐσ' ἐλεγχον χειρὸς οὐδ' ἐργον μολῶν,
πόλιν δὲ πείσας. ὥν ἐγὼ μάλιστα μὲν
τὴν σῆν ἔρυννν αἰτίαν εἰναι λέγω.

ἐπειτα κατὸ μάντεων ταύτῃ κλῖν.

ἐπει γὰρ ἦλθον Ἀργος ἐς τὸ Δωρικὸν,
λαβὼν Ἀδραστὸν πενθερόν, ξυνωμότας
ἐστη' ἐμαυτῷ γῆς ὀσοπερ Ἀπίας
πρῶτοι καλοῦνται καὶ τετιμηνται δόρει,
ὀπως τὸν ἐπτάλογχον ἐς Θήβας στόλον
εῦν τοῦδ' ἀγέιρας ἡ θάνοιμι πανδίκως
ἡ τούς τάδ' ἐκπράξαντας ἐκβάλομι γῆς.

εἰς τὰ δὴ ταῦν ἀφιγμένος κυρῷ;
σοι προστροπαίους, ὦ πάτερ, λιτὰς ἔχων
αὐτὸς τ' ἐμαυτοῦ ἐξιμμάχων τε τῶν ἐμῶν,
οι νῦν σὺν ἐπτὰ τάξεσιν ςὺν ἐπτὰ τε

266
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

Or stir a chord of wrath or tenderness,
And to the tongue-tied somehow give a tongue.

POLYNEICES

Well dost thou counsel, and I will speak out.
First will I call in aid the god himself,
Poseidon, from whose altar I was raised,
With warrant from the monarch of this land,
To parley with you, and depart unscathed.
These pledges, strangers, I would see observed
By you and by my sisters and my sire.
Now, father, let me tell thee why I came.
I have been banished from my native land
Because by right of primogeniture
I claimed possession of thy sovereign throne
Wherefrom Eteocles, my younger brother,
Ousted me, not by weight of precedent,
Nor by the last arbitrament of war,
But by his popular acts; and the prime cause
Of this I deem the curse that rests on thee.
So likewise hold the soothsayers, for when
I came to Argos in the Dorian land
And took the king Adrastus' child to wife,
Under my standard I enlisted all
The foremost captains of the Apian isle,
To levy with their aid that sevenfold host
Of spearmen against Thebes, determining
To oust my foes or die in a just cause.
Why then, thou askest, am I here to-day?
Father, I come a suppliant to thee
Both for myself and my allies who now
With squadrons seven beneath their seven spears
λόγχαις τὸ Θήβης πέδιον ἁμφεστάσει πᾶν·
oῖς δορυσσοῦς Ἀμφιάρεως, τὰ πρῶτα μὲν
dόρει κρατύνων, πρῶτα δ' οἰωνῶν ὁδοὶς·
ὁ δεύτερος δ' Ἀιτωλὸς Οἰνέως τόκος
Τυδεὺς. τρίτος δ' Ἐτεόκλεος, Ἀργείως γεγώς·
tέταρτον Ἰππομέδων' ἀπέστειλεν πατὴρ
Ταλαός. οἱ πέμπτος δ' εὐχεταὶ κατασκαφῆ
Καπανέως τὸ Θήβης ἄστυ δημόσεον πυρί·
ἐκτὸς δὲ Παρθενοπαῖος Ἀρκάς ὄρνυται,
ἐπώνυμος τῆς πρόσθεν ἀδύμητης χρόνω
μυτρῶς λοχευθεῖς, πιστὸς 'Αταλάντης γόνος·
ἐγὼ δὲ σοῖς, κεί μὴ σοῖς, ἀλλὰ τοῦ κακοῦ
πότμου φυτευθεῖς, σοὶ γὰρ τοῦ καλοῦμενος,
ἀγιὸν τὸν 'Ἀργοὺς ἄφοβον ἐσ Ἐσθρατοῦν.
οἴς σ' ἀντὶ παῖδων τῶν καὶ ἰσχύς, πάτερ,
ἰκετεύομεν ἔξῳπαντες ἐξαίτιομενοι
μὴν ἐρεῖαν ἐκαθεῖν ὀρμωμένω
τῷ δ' ἀνδρὶ τοῦμοι πρὸς κασιγνητὸν τίσιν,
ὅς μ' ἔξωσε καπεσύλησεν πάτρας.
εἰ γὰρ τὶ πιστὸν ἔστων ἐκ χρηστηρίων,
οῖς ἄν σὺ προσῆχῃ τοῦτο ἐφασκ' εἶναι κράτος.
πρὸς νῦν σε κρηνῶν καὶ θεῶν ὀμογνῶν
ἀιτῶ πιθέσθαι καὶ παρεικαθεῖν, ἐπεὶ
πτωχοὶ μὲν ἡμεῖς καὶ ξένοι, ξένοις δὲ σὺ.
ἀλλοι δ' ἔτοπευντες οἰκούμενοι τοῦ σὲ
καγώ, τὸν αὐτὸν δαίμον' ἐξειληχότες.
ὁ δ' ἐν δόμοις τῦραννος, ὦ τάλας ἐγὼ,
κοινῆ καθ' ἡμῶν ἐγγελῶν ἐβρύνεται·
ὅν, εἰ σὺ τῇμη ἐμπαραστήσει φρενί,
βραχεὶ σὺν ὅγκῳ καὶ χρόνῳ διασκεδῶ.
ὡστε ἐν δόμοις τοῖς σοῖς στήσω σ' ἄγων.
στήσω δ' ἐμαυτόν, κεῖνον ἐκβαλὼν βία.
Beleaguer all the plain that circles Thebes.
Foremost the peerless warrior, peerless seer,
Amphiaraüs with his lightning lance;
Next an Aetolian, Tydeus, Oeneus’ son;
Eteoclus of Argive birth the third;
The fourth Hippomedon, sent to the war
By his sire Talaos; Capaneus, the fifth.
Vaunts he will fire and raze the town; the sixth
Parthenopaeus, an Arcadian born
Named of that maid, longtime a maid and late
Espoused, Atalanta’s true-born child;
Last I thy son, or thine at least in name,
If but the bastard of an evil fate,
Lead against Thebes the fearless Argive host.
Thus by thy children and thy life, my sire,
We all adjure thee to remit thy wrath
And favour one who seeks a just revenge
Against a brother who has banned and robbed him.
For victory, if oracles speak true,
Will fall to those who have thee for ally.
So, by our fountains and familiar gods
I pray thee, yield and hear; a beggar I
And exile, thou an exile likewise; both
Involved in one misfortune find a home
As pensioners, while he, the lord of Thebes,
O agony! makes mock of thee and me.
I’ll scatter with a breath the upstart’s might,
And bring thee home again and establish thee,
And establish, having cast him out, myself.
OIDIPOUS EPI KOLONW

καὶ ταύτα σοῦ μὲν ξυνθέλοντος ἐστὶ μοι κομπεῖν, ἄνευ σοῦ δ' οὔδε σωθήναι σθένω.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τὸν ἀνδρα τοῦ πέμψαντος οὖνεκ', Οἰδίπος εἰπὼν ὅποια ξύμφορ' ἐκπεμψαι πάλιν.

OIDIPOUS

ἀλλ' εἰ μὲν, ἄνδρες, τῆςδὲ δημοῦχοι χθόνος μὴ 'τύγχαν' αὐτοῦ δεύτρο προσπέμψας ἔμοι Θησεύ', δικαίων ὁστ' ἐμὸν κλύειν λόγους, οὐ τὰν ποτ' ὀμφῆς τῆς ἐμῆς ἐπήσθετο· νῦν δ' ἀξιωθεῖσ' ἐστὶ κάκοϊσας γ' ἐμοῦ τοιαῦθ' ἀ τὸν τοῦδ' οὐ ποτ' εὐφρανεῖ βίον· ὅσ γ', ὃ κάκιστε, σκῆπτρα καὶ θρόνους ἔχων, ἃ νῦν ὁ σὸς ξύναιμος ἐν Θήβαις ἔχει, τὸν αὐτὸς αὐτοῦ πατέρα τόνδ' ἀπήλασας κάθηκας ἀπολω καὶ στολὰς ταύτας φορεῖν, ἃς νῦν δακρύεις εἰσορῶν', ὅτ' ἐν πῶς ταύτῳ βεβηκός τυγχάνεις κακῶν ἐμοὶ. οὐ κλαυσάτα δ' ἐστίν, ἀλλ' ἐμοὶ μὲν οἰστέα τάδ', ἐωσπερ ἀν ξω', σοῦ φονέως μεμνημένος· σὺ γὰρ μὲ μόχθῳ τάδ' έθηκας ἐντροφον, σὺ μ' ἐξέωσας, ἐκ σέθεν δ' ἀλώμενος ἄλλους ἐπαιτῶ τὸν καθ' ἥμεραν βίον. εἰ δ' ἐξέφυσα τάσδε μὴ μαντῶ τροφοὺς τὰς πάθας, ἦ τὰν οὐκ ἀν ἦ, τὸ σὸν μέρος· νῦν δ' αἰδὲ μ' ἐκσφώζουσιν, αἰδ' ἐμαὶ τροφοί, αἰδ' ἄνδρες, οὐ γυναῖκες, εἰς τὸ συμπονεῖν· ὁμεῖς δ' ἀπ' ἄλλου κοῦκ ἐμὸν πεφύκατον. τοιγάρ τ' ὅ δαίμων εἰσορᾶ μὲν οὐ τί πω ὃς αὐτίκ', εἰπὲρ αἰδὲ κυνοῦται λόχου πρὸς ἄστυ Θήβης. οὐ γὰρ ἐσθ' ὅπως πόλιν
This with thy goodwill I will undertake,  
Without it I can scarce return alive.

CHORUS
For the king's sake who sent him, Oedipus,  
Dismiss him not without a meet reply.

OEDIPUS
Nay, worthy seniors, but for Theseus' sake  
Who sent him hither to have word of me,  
Never again would he have heard my voice;  
But now he shall obtain this parting grace,  
An answer that will bring him little joy.  
O villain, when thou hadst the sovereignty  
That now thy brother holdeth in thy stead,  
Didst thou not drive me, thine own father, out,  
An exile, cityless, and make me wear  
This beggar's garb thou weepest to behold,  
Now thou art come thyself to my sad plight?  
Nothing is here for tears; it must be borne  
By me till death, and I shall think of thee  
As of my murderer; thou didst thrust me out;  
'Tis thou hast made me conversant with woe,  
Through thee I beg my bread in a strange land;  
And had not these my daughters tended me  
I had been dead for aught of aid from thee.  
They tend me, they preserve me, they are men  
Not women in true service to their sire;  
But ye are bastards, and no sons of mine.  
Therefore just Heaven hath an eye on thee;  
Howbeit not yet with aspect so austere  
As thou shalt soon experience, if indeed  
These banded hosts are moving against Thebes.
κείνην ἑρείψεις, ἀλλὰ πρόσθεν αἴματι
πεσεῖ μανθεῖς χῶ σύναιμος ἐξ ἱσον.
τοιάσοδ᾿ ἀράς σφῶν πρόσθε τ᾿ ἐξανήκ᾿ ἐγὼ
νῶ τ᾿ ἀνακαλοῦμαι ξυμμάχουν ἐλθεῖν ἐμοί,
ίν᾿ ἄξιωτον τοὺς φυτεύσαντας σέβειν
καὶ μη ἡ ἐκτιμάζητον, εἰ τυφλοῦ πατρός
τουῶδ᾿ ἐφύτην᾽ αἴδε γὰρ τάδ᾿ οὐκ ἐδρων.
τογὰρ τὸ σὸν θάκημα καὶ τοὺς σοὺς θρόνους
κρατοῦσιν, ἐπερ ἐστῖν ἢ παλαίφατος
Δίκη ἐξυνέδρος Ζηνὸς ἀρχαῖοις νόμοις.
οὗ δ᾿ ἔρρ᾿ ἀπόπτυστός τε κάπτατω ἐμοῦ,
κακῶν κάκιστε, τάσδε συλλαβῶν ἀράς,
ἀς σοι καλοῦμαι, μῆτε γῆς ἐμφυλίου
dόρει κρατήσαι μήτε νοστήσαι ποτε
τὸ κοίλον Ἄργος, ἀλλὰ συγγενεῖ χερὶ
θανείν κτανείν θ᾿ ὅφ᾿ οὗπερ ἐξελήλασαι.
τοιαῦτ᾿ ἀρώμαί καὶ καλῶ τὸ Ταρτάρου
στυγνὸν πατρύον ἐρέβος, ὡς σ᾿ ἀποικίσῃ,
καλῶ δὲ τάσδε δαίμονας, καλῶ δ᾿ Ἄρη
tὸν σφῶν τὸ δεῦνον μίσος ἐμβεβληκότα.
καὶ ταῦτ᾿ ἀκούσας στείχε, καξάγγελλ᾿ ἰὼν
καὶ πᾶσι Καδμείουι τοῖς σαυτὸι θ᾿ ἀμα
πιστοίς συμμάχουσιν, οὕνεκ᾽ Ὁἰδίπους
tοιαῦτ᾿ ἐνεμεῖ παισὶ τοῖς αὐτοῦ γέρα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
Πολύνεικεσ, οὔτε ταῖς παρελθοῦσαι ὀδοῖς
ἐξνήδομαι σοι, νῦν τ᾿ ἵθ᾿ ὡς τάχος πάλιν.

ΠΟΛΥΝΕΙΚΗΣ
οἵμοι κελεύθου τῆς τ᾿ ἐμῆς δυσπραξίας,
οἵμοι δ᾿ ἐταίρων· οἶον ἂρ ὀδὸι τέλος
"Αργους ἀφωρμήθημεν, ὦ τάλας ἐγὼ,
That city thou canst never storm, but first
Shalt fall, thou and thy brother, blood-imbrued.
Such curse I lately launched against you twain,
Such curse I now invoke to fight for me,
That ye may learn to honour those who bare thee
Nor flout a sightless father who begat
Degenerate sons—these maidens did not so.
Therefore my curse is stronger than thy "throne,"
Thy "suppliance," if by right of laws eterne
Primeval Justice sits enthroned with Zeus.
Begone, abhorred, disowned, no son of mine,
Thou vilest of the vile! and take with thee
This curse I leave thee as my last bequest:—
Never to win by arms thy native land,
No, nor return to Argos in the Vale,
But by a kinsman's hand to die and slay
Him who expelled thee. So I pray and call
On the ancestral gloom of Tartarus
To snatch thee hence, on these dread goddesses
I call, and Ares who incensed you both
To mortal enmity. Go now proclaim
What thou hast heard to the Cadmeians all,
Thy staunch confederates—this the heritage
That Oedipus divideth to his sons.

CHORUS
Thy errand, Polyneices, liked me not
From the beginning; now go back with speed.

POLYNEICES
Woe worth my journey and my baffled hopes!
Woe worth my comrades! What a desperate end
To that glad march from Argos! Woe is me!
οινούτον οίνον ουδὲ φωνὴσαι τιν ἔξεσθ' ἐταίρων, οὐδ' ἀποστρέψαι πάλιν, ἀλλ' οὖν' ἀναυδὸν τῇδε συγκύροσαι τύχῃ. ὥ τοῦδ' ὦμαινοι παιδεῖς, ἀλλ' ύμείς, ἐπεὶ τὰ σκληρὰ πατρὸς κλύετε ταῦτ' ἀρωμένου, μή τοί με πρὸς θεῶν σφῶ γ', εὰν αἱ τοῦδ' ἀραὶ πατρὸς τελῶνται καὶ τις ὑμῖν ἐσ τὸν μόνος νόστος γένηται, μή μ' ἀτιμάσητε γε, ἀλλ' ἐν τάφοις θέσθε κἀν κτερίσμασιν. καὶ σφῶν· ὃ νῦν ἐπαινοῦ, ὅν κοµίζετον τοῦδ' ἀνδρὸς οἵς πονεῖτον, οὐκ ἐλάσσονα ἐτ' ἀλλον οἴσει τῆς ἐμῆς ὑπουργίας.

ἈΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ
Πολυνεικῆς, ἵκετεύω σε πεισθῆναι τί μοι.

ΠΟΛΥΝΕΙΚΗΣ
ὡς φιλτάτη, τὸ ποιόν, Ἀντιγόνη; λέγε.

ἈΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ
στρέψαι στράτευμ' ἐσ Ἀργος ὡς τάχιστά γε, καὶ μή σὲ τ' αὐτὸν καὶ πόλιν διεργάσῃ.

ΠΟΛΥΝΕΙΚΗΣ
ἀλλ' οὐχ οἶνον τε· πῶς γὰρ αὕτη ἀν πάλιν στράτευμ' ἁγούμη ταύτων. εἰσάπαξ τρέσας;

ἈΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ
τί δ' αὕτης, ὦ παῖ, δεῖ σε θυμοῦσθαι; τί σοι πάτραν κατασκάβαντι κέρδος ἔρχεται;

ΠΟΛΥΝΕΙΚΗΣ
αἰσχρὸν τὸ φεύγειν καὶ τὸ πρεσβεύοντ' ἐμὲ οὕτω γελάσθαι τοῦ κασιγνήτου πάρα.

ἈΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ
ὁρᾶς τὰ τοῦδ' οὐν ὡς ἐς ὁρθὸν ἐκφέρει μαντεύμαθ', ὅσ σφῶν θάνατον ἐξ ἀμφοῦν θροεῖ;
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

I dare not whisper it to my allies
Or turn them back, but mute must meet my doom.
My sisters, ye his daughters, ye have heard
The prayers of our stern father, if his curse
Should come to pass and ye some day return
To Thebes, O then disown me not, I pray,
But grant me burial and due funeral rites.
So shall the praise your filial care now wins
Be doubled for the service wrought for me.

ANTIGONE
One boon, O Polyneices, let me crave.

POLYNEICES
What would'st thou, sweet Antigone? Say on.

ANTIGONE
Turn back thy host to Argos with all speed,
And ruin not thyself and Thebes as well.

POLYNEICES
That cannot be. How could I lead again
An army that had seen their leader quail?

ANTIGONE
But, brother, why shouldst thou be wroth again?
What profit from thy country's ruin comes?

POLYNEICES
'Tis shame to live in exile, and shall I
The elder bear a younger brother's flouts?

ANTIGONE
Wilt thou then bring to pass his prophecies
Who threatens mutual slaughter to you both?
ΠΟΛΥΝΕΙΚΗΣ

χρήζει γάρ· ἢμῶν δ' οὐχὶ συγχωρητέα.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

οίμοι τάλανα· τίς δὲ τολμήσει κλύων
τά τούδ' ἐπεσθαί τάνδρος, οἶ' ἔθεσπισεν;

ΠΟΛΥΝΕΙΚΗΣ

οὐκ ἀγγελοῦμεν φλαῦρ'. ἐπεὶ στρατηγάτου
χρηστόν τὰ κρείσσω μηδὲ τάνδεα λέγειν.

1430

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

οὕτως ἄρ', ὥ παϊ, ταῦτα σοι δεδογμένα;

ΠΟΛΥΝΕΙΚΗΣ

καὶ μη μ' ἐπίσχησ γ'· ἀλλ' ἐμοὶ μὲν ἡδ' ὄδος
ἔσται μέλουσα δύσποτμός τε καὶ κακὴ
πρὸς τοῦδε πατρός τῶν τε τοῦδ' ἔρνυσων·
σφών δ' εὖ διδοίχ Ζεὺς, τάδ' εἰ θανόντι μοι
τελείτ', ἐπεὶ οὗ μοι ζωντί γ' αὖθις ἔξετον.
μέθεσθε δ' ἡδὴ χαῖρετόν τ'· οὐ γάρ μ' ἐτι
βλέποντ' ἐσοψεσθ' αὖθις.

1440

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ὁ τάλαν' ἐγώ.

ΠΟΛΥΝΕΙΚΗΣ

μὴ τοῖ μ' ὀδύρου.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

καὶ τίς ἀν σ' ὀρμώμενον
εἰς προύπτον "Αἰδήν οὐ καταστένοι, κάσι;

ΠΟΛΥΝΕΙΚΗΣ

εἰ χρή, θανοῦμαι.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

μὴ σύ γ', ἀλλ' ἐμοὶ πιθοῦ.

ΠΟΛΥΝΕΙΚΗΣ

μὴ πείθ' ὃ μὴ δεῖ.

1 MSS. τελείτε μοι | θανόντ', Lobeck corr.
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

POLYNEICES
Aye, so he wishes:—but I must not yield.

ANTIGONE
O woe is me! but say, will any dare,
Hearing his prophecy, to follow thee?

POLYNEICES
I shall not tell it; a good general
Reports successes and conceals mishaps.

ANTIGONE
Misguided youth, thy purpose then stands fast!

POLYNEICES
'Tis so, and stay me not. The road I choose,
Dogged by my sire and his avenging spirit,
Leads me to ruin; but for you may Zeus
Make your path bright if ye fulfil my hest
When dead; in life ye cannot serve me more.
Now let me go, farewell, a long farewell!
Ye ne'er shall see my living face again.

ANTIGONE
Ah me!

POLYNEICES
Bewail me not.

ANTIGONE
Who would not mourn
Thee, brother, hurrying to an open pit!

POLYNEICES
If I must die, I must.

ANTIGONE
Nay, hear me plead.

POLYNEICES
It may not be; forbear.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

dυστάλαινα τάρ’ ἐγώ,
eἰ σοῦ στερηθὼ.

ΠΟΛΥΝΕΙΚΗΣ

tαῦτα δ’ ἐν τῷ δαίμονι
καὶ τῇδε φῦναι χάτερα. σφῶ δ’ οὖν ἐγὼ
θεοῖς ἀρώμαι μή ποτ’ ἄντησαι κακῶν·
ἀνάξια γὰρ πᾶσιν ἔστε δυστυχεῖν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

νέα τάδε νεόθεν ἦλθέ μοι στρ. ἄ’
κακὰ βαρύποτα παρ’ ἁλαοῦ ξένου,
eἰ τι μοῦρα μὴ κυγχάνει.
μάταν¹ γὰρ οὐδὲν ἀξίωμα δαιμόνων ἔχω
φράσαι.

όρα ορὰ ταῦτ’ ἂει χρόνος, στρέχων μὲν ²
ἐτερα,
tὰ δὲ παρ’ ἕμαρ αὖθις αὐξών ἀνώ.
ἐκτυπεῖν αἰθηρ, ὦ Ζεῦ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἄ τέκνα τέκνα, πῶς ἄν, εἰ τις ἐντοποσ,
τὸν πάντ’ ἀριστὸν δεῦρο Θησέα πόροι;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

πάτερ, τί δ’ ἐστὶ τάξιωμ’ ἐφ’ ὦ καλεῖς;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

Διὸς πτερωτὸς ἥδε μ’ αὐτίκ’ ἀξέται
βροντὴ ἡρὸς "Αἰδην· ἀλλὰ πέμψαη" ὡς τάχος.

¹ μάτην MSS., Hermann corr.
² ἐπεί MSS., Weeklein corr.
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

ANTIGONE

Then woe is me,
If I must lose thee.

POLYNEICES

Nay, that rests with fate,
Whether I live or die; but for you both
I pray to heaven ye may escape all ill;
For ye are blameless in the eyes of all.

[Exit POLYNEICES.

CHORUS

Ills on ills! no pause or rest! (Str. 1)
Come they from our sightless guest?
Or haply now we see fulfilled
What fate long time hath willed?
For ne'er have I proved vain
Aught that the heavenly powers ordain.
Time with never sleeping eye
Watches what is writ on high,
Overthrowing now the great,
Raising now from low estate.
Hark! How the thunder rumbles! Zeus defend us!

OEDIPUS

Children, my children! will no messenger
Go summon hither Theseus my best friend?

ANTIGONE

And wherefore, father, dost thou summon him?

OEDIPUS

This winged thunder of the god must bear me
Anon to Hades. Send and tarry not.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ΧΟΡΟΣ
μέγας, ἵδε, μάλι ὁδ' ἑρείπεσαι ἀντ. α'
κτύπος ἄφατος διόβολος.1 ἐς δ' ἁκραν
dεἶμ' ὑπῆλθε κρατὸς φόβαν.
ἐπτηξά θυμόν' οὐρανία γὰρ ἀστρατη φλέγει πάλιν.
tί μᾶν ἁφήσει τέλος; δέδοικα δ'. οὐ γὰρ ἄλιον
ἀμορμᾶ ποτ', οὐκ ἀνεύ ἕμφορᾶς.
ὁ μέγας αἴθηρ, ὁ Ζεῦ.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ὁ παῖδες, ἦκει τῶδ' ἐπ' ἄνδρι θέσφατος
βίον τελευτή κοὐκέτ' ἐστ' ἀποστροφή.

ΑΝΤΙΓΩΝΗ
πῶς οἴσθα; τῷ δὲ τοῦτο συμβαλὼν ἔχεις;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
καλῶς κάτοιδ'. ἄλλ' ὦς τάχιστα μοι μολὼν
ἀνακτὰ χώρας τῇδὲ τὶς πορευσάτω.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
ἔα ἔα, ἰδοὺ μάλ' αὕθης ἀμφίσταται διαπρύσιος
στρ. β'
ὁμαϊνος, ὁ δαῖμον, ἤλαιον, εἴ τι γὰ
ματέρι τυχάνεις ἀφεγγές φέρων.
ἐναισίον δὲ σοῦ τύχομι,2 μηδ' ἀλαστον ἄνδρ' ἰδὼν
ἀκερδὴ χάρων μετάσχομι πῶς. Ζεῦ ἀνα, σοὶ
ἀμώνω.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ἀρ' ἐγγὺς ἀνήρ; ἀρ' ἐτ' ἐμψύχου, τέκνα,
κιχήσεται μου καὶ κατορθοῦντος φρένα;

ΑΝΤΙΓΩΝΗ
τί δ' ἄν θέλοις τὸ πιστὸν ἐμφύναι φρενί;

1 MSS. ἰδε μάλα μέγας ἑρείπεσαι | κτύπος ἄφατος ὁδε διόβολος,
Jebb corr.
2 συνεύχομαι MSS., Cobet corr.
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

CHORUS
Hark! with louder, nearer roar
The bolt of Zeus descends once more.
My spirit quails and cowers: my hair
Bristles for fear. Again that flare!
What doth the lightning-flash portend?
Ever it points to issues grave.
Dread powers of air! Save, Zeus, O save!

OEDIPUS
Daughters, upon me the predestined end
Has come; no turning from it any more.

ANTIGONE
How knowest thou? What sign convinces thee?

OEDIPUS
I know full well. Let some one with all speed
Go summon hither the Athenian prince.

CHORUS
Ha! once more the deafening sound
Peals yet louder all around.
If thou darkenest our land,
Lightly, lightly lay thy hand;
Grace, not anger, let me win,
If upon a man of sin
I have looked with pitying eye,
Zeus, our king, to thee I cry!

OEDIPUS
Is the prince coming? Will he when he comes
Find me yet living and my senses clear!

ANTIGONE
What solemn charge would'st thou impress on him?
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ἀνθ’ ἄν ἐπασχόν εὗ, τελεσφόρον χάριν
dοῦναί σφιν, ἥπερ τυγχάνων ὑπεσχόμην. 1490

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ιὼ ἵω παὶ, βάθι βάθ’, εἴτ’ ἀκρα. ἀντ. β’
peri γύαλ’ ἐναλίῳ Ποσειδωνίῳ θεῷ 1 τυγχάνεις
βουθυτον ἑστίαν ἀγίζων, ἰκοῦ.

ὁ γὰρ ξένος σε καὶ πόλισμα καὶ φίλους ἐπαξιών
δικαίαν χάριν παρασχεῖν παθῶν.

[σπεύσον] 2 αἴσο’, ἀναξ.

ΘΕΣΕΥΣ

τὶς αὖ παρ’ ὑμῶν κοινὸς ἥχειται κτύπος,
σαφῆς μὲν ἀστῶν,3 ἐμφανῆς δὲ τοῦ ξένου;
μὴ τὸς Διὸς κεραυνὸς η’ τὶς ὀμβρία
χάλαξ ἐπιρράξασα; πάντα γὰρ θεοῦ
τοιαύτα χειμάζοντος εἰκάσαι πάρα.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ἀναξ, ποθοῦντι προυφάνης, καὶ σοι θεῶν
τύχην τις ἐσθλὴν τῆσ’ ἐθηκε τῆς ὀδοῦ.

ΘΕΣΕΥΣ

τί δ’ ἐστίν, ὦ παῖ Λατιοῦ, νέορτον ἀὖ;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ

ῥοπὴ βίον μοι. καὶ σ’ ἀπερ ἕννευσα
θέλω πόλιν τε τήνδε μὴ ψεύσας θανεῖν.

ΘΕΣΕΥΣ

τῷ δ’ ἐκπέπεισαι τοῦ μόρου τεκμηρίω; 1510

1 MSS. ἵω παὶ | βάθι βάθ’ εἴτ’ ἀκραν ἐπιγύαλον ἐναλίῳ | Ποσειδωνίῳ θεῷ Jebb corr.
2 Added by Triclinius.
3 MSS. αὐτῶν, Reiske corr.
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

OEDIPUS
For all his benefits I would perform
The promise made when I received them first.

CHORUS
Hither haste, my son, arise, (Ant. 2)
Altar leave and sacrifice,
If haply to Poseidon now
In the far glade thou pay'st thy vow.
For our guest to thee would bring
And thy folk an offering,
Thy due guerdon. Haste, O King!

Enter THESEUS.

THESEUS
Wherefore again this general din? at once
My people call me and the stranger calls.
Is it a thunderbolt of Zeus or sleet
Of arrowy hail? a storm so fierce as this
Would warrant all surmises of mischance.

OEDIPUS
Thou com'st much wished for, Prince, and sure some
god
Hath bid good luck attend thee on thy way.

THESEUS
What, son of Laïus, hath chanced of new?

OEDIPUS
My life hath turned the scale. I would do all
I promised thee and thine before I die.

THESEUS
What sign assures thee that thine end is near?
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
αυτοί θεοί κήρυκες ἀγγέλλουσί μοι,
ψεύδοντες οὐδὲν σήμα τῶν προκειμένων.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ
πῶς εἶπας, ὦ γεραιέ, δηλούσθαι τάδε;

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
αἱ πολλὰ βρονταὶ διατελεῖς τὰ πολλὰ τε
στράφαντα χειρὸς τῆς ἀνικήτου βέλη.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ
πειθεῖς με· πολλὰ γὰρ σε θεσπίζονθ' ὅρῳ
κοῦ ψευδόφημα· χῶ τι χρή ποιεῖν λέγε.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ
ἐγὼ διδάξω, τέκνον Αἰγέως, ἥ σοι
γῆρως ἁλυπτα τῇ δε κείσεται πόλει.
χῶρον μὲν αὐτὸς αὐτίκ' ἔξηγήσομαι,
ἄθικτος ἡγητήρος, οὐ μὲ χρή θανεῖν.
τοῦτον δὲ φραζέ μὴ ποτ' ἀνδρὼπων τινὶ,
μῆθ' οὗ κέκευθε μῆτ' ἐν οἷς κεῖται τόποις·
ὡς σοι πρὸ πολλῶν ἀσπίδων ἁλκήν ὀδὲ
δορός τ' ἐπακτοῦ γειτονῶν ἂεὶ τιθῇ.
ἀ δ' ἐξάγιστα μηδὲ κινεῖται λόγῳ,
αὐτὸς μαθήσει, κεῖό' ὅταν μόλης μόνως·
ἀς οὔτ' ἂν ἀστῶν τῶν ἄν εξεύποιμὶ τῷ
οὔτ' ἂν τέκνοις τοῖς ἐμοῖς, στέργων ὁμως.
ἀλ' αὐτὸς αἰεὶ σῶζε, χῶταν εἰς τέλος
τοῦ ζῆν ἀφικνῆ, τῷ προφερτάτῳ μόνῳ
σήμαν', ὁ δ' αἰεὶ τώπιόντι δεικνύτω.
χοῦτως ἀδήμον τήν' ἐνοικήσεις πόλιν
σπαρτῶν ἀπ', ἀνδρῶν· αἰ δὲ μυρίαι πόλεις,
κάν εὐ τὶς οἰκῆ, ῥαδίως καθύβρισαν.
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

OEDIPUS
The gods themselves are heralds of my fate;
Of their appointed warnings nothing fails.

THESEUS
How sayest thou they signify their will?

OEDIPUS
This thunder, peal on peal, this lightning hurled
Flash upon flash, from the unconquered hand.

THESEUS
I must believe thee, having found thee oft
A prophet true; then speak what must be done.

OEDIPUS
O son of Aegeus, for this state will I
Unfold a treasure age cannot corrupt.
Myself anon without a guiding hand
Will take thee to the spot where I must end.
This secret ne'er reveal to mortal man,
Neither the spot nor whereabouts it lies,
So shall it ever serve thee for defence
Better than native shields and near allies.
But those dread mysteries speech may not profane
Thyself shalt gather coming there alone;
Since not to any of thy subjects, nor
To my own children, though I love them dearly,
Can I reveal what thou must guard alone,
And whisper to thy chosen heir alone,
So to be handed down from heir to heir.
Thus shalt thou hold this land inviolate
From the dread Dragon's brood.¹ The justest
State
By countless wanton neighbours may be wronged,

¹ The Thebans sprung from the Dragon's teeth sown by Cadmus.
θεοὶ γὰρ εὖ μὲν, ὡσε δ' εἰσορῶσ', ὅταν
tὰ θεῖ' ἀφεῖς τις εἰς τὸ μαίνεσθαι τραπῇ:
ὁ μὴ σὺ, τέκνον Αἰγέως, βούλον παθεῖν.
tὰ μὲν τοιαῦτ' ὕπν εἰδότ' ἐκδιδάσκομεν.
χῶρον δ', ἐπείγει γὰρ με τούκ θεοῦ παρόν,
στείχωμεν ήδη μηδ' ἐτ' ἐντρεπώμεθα.
ὡ παῖδες, ὥδ' ἐπεσθ'. ἐγὼ γὰρ ἥγεμὼν
σφῶν αὐτές ψάφσαι καὶ καίνος, ὡσπερ σφῶ πατρί.
χωρείτε καὶ μή ψαυτ', ἀλλ' ἐστε με
ἀυτὸν τὸν ἱερὸν τύμβον ἐξευρεῖν, ἵνα
μοῦρ' ἀνδρὶ τῷ ἀνδρὶ τῇ ἀνδρὶ κρυφθῆναι χθονὶ.
tῇ ὅδε, τῇ βατε. τῇ γάρ μ' ἀγει
Ἐρμῆς ὁ πομπὸς ἡ τε νερτῆρα θέος.
ὡ φῶς ἀφεγγήσε, πρόσθε ποῦ ποτ' ἡσθ' ἐμόν,
nῦν δ' ἐσχάτον σου τοῦμὸν ἀπτεταί δέμας.

χοροῦ

εἰ θέμιστοι μοι τὰν ἀφάνη θεὸν στρ.
καὶ σὲ λυταῖς σεβίζειν,
ἐνυχίων ἄναξ,
Αἴδωνεῦ Αἴδωνεῦ, λίσσωμαι
ἀπονα μήτ' ἐπὶ 1 βαρναχεί
ἐξεφυτεύσαι
μόρῳ τὰν παγκεφθῆ κάτω
νεκρῶν πλάκα καὶ Στύγιον δόμον.

1 Λ. μήτ' ἐπιπόνω, Wecklein corr.
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

For the gods, though they tarry, mark for doom
The godless sinner in his mad career.
Far from thee, son of Aegeus, be such fate!
Thou knowest, yet I would admonish thee.
But to the spot—the god within me goads—
Let us set forth nor longer hesitate.
Follow me, daughters, this way. Strange that I
Whom ye have led so long should lead you now.
Oh, touch me not, but let me all alone
Find out the sepulchre that destiny
Appoints me in this land. Hither, this way,
For this way Hermes leads, the spirit guide,
And Persephassa, empress of the dead.
O light, no light to me, but mine erewhile,
Now the last time I feel thee palpable,
For I am drawing near the final gloom
Of Hades. Blessing on thee, dearest friend,
On thee and on thy land and followers!
Live prosperous and in your happy state
Still for your welfare think on me, the dead.

[Exit THESEUS followed by ANTIGONE and ISMENE.]

CHORUS

If mortal prayers are heard in hell, (Str.)
Hear, Goddess dread, invisible!
Monarch of the regions drear,
Aidoneus, hear, O hear!
By a gentle, tearless doom
Speed this stranger to the gloom,
Let him enter without pain
The all-shrouding Stygian plain.
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

πολλῶν γὰρ ἂν καὶ μάταν
πημάτων ἐκνουμένων
πάλιν σφε δαίμων δίκαιος αὐξοι.
ὡ χθόνια τεαί σῶμα τ’ ἀμαμάκου αὐτ.
θηρός, ὅν ἐν πύλαισι
ταῖσι πολυζένοις

εὐνάσθαι κυνζεῖσθαι τ’ ἐξ ἀντρών
ἀδάματον φύλακα παρ’ Ἅιδα
λόγος αἰὲν ἔχει.
tlement, ὅ Γάς παῖ καὶ Ταρτάρου,
κατεύχομαι ἐν καθαρῷ βῆναι
ὀμμεῖνυς νερτέρας
τῷ ἐγώ νεκρῶν πλάκας.

σὲ τοῦ κικλήσκω τὸν αἰένυπνον.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ἀνδρεῖς πολιται, εὐντομωτάτως, μὲν ἂν
τύχομαι λέξας Οἰδίπουν ἀλωλότα.

ά δ’ ἦν τὰ πραξθέντ’, οὔθ’ ὅ μοῦθος ἐν βραθεὶ
φράσαι πάρεστων οὔτε τάργ’ ὅσ’ ἦν ἐκεῖ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ολωλε γὰρ δύστηνοι;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ὡς λεοπότα
κεῖνον τὸν ἄει βιστον ἐξεπίστασο.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πῶς; ἄρα θεία κάπον χαλας τύχη;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ταύτ’ ἐστὶν ἤδη καποθαυμᾶσαι πρέπον.
ὡς μὲν γὰρ ἐνθέν’ εἰρπε, καὶ σὺ που παρὼν
ἐξοιφθ’, ὑφηγηηῆρος οὐδενὸς φίλων,
ἀλλ’ αὐτὸς ἢμῖν πᾶσιν ἐξηγοῦμενος.
Wrongfully in life oppressed,
Be he now by Justice blessed.

Queen infernal, and thou fell
Watch-dog of the gates of hell,
Who, as legends tell, dost glare,
Gnarling in thy cavernous lair
At all comers, let him go
Scathless to the fields below.
For thy master orders thus,
The son of earth and Tartarus;
In his den the monster keep,
Giver of eternal sleep.

Enter messenger.

MESSENGER
Friends, countrymen, my tidings are in sum
That Oedipus is gone, but the event
Was not so brief, nor can the tale be brief.

CHORUS
What, has he gone, the unhappy man?

MESSENGER
Know well
That he has passed away from life to death.

CHORUS
How? By a god-sent, painless doom, poor soul?

MESSENGER
Thy question hits the marvel of the tale.
How he moved hence, you saw him and must know;
Without a friend to lead the way, himself
Guiding us all. So having reached the abrupt
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΙΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ἐπεὶ δ’ ἀφίκτω τὸν καταρράκτην ὀδὸν
χαλκοῖς βάθρουσι γῆθεν ἐρρυζωμένον,
ἐστὶ κελεύθων ἐν πολυσχίστων μιᾶ,
κούλου πέλας κρατήρος, οὔ τα Θησέως
Περίθου τε κεῖται πίστ’ ἀεὶ ξύνθηματα.
ἀφ’ οὗ μέσος τῶν τοῦ τε Θορικίου πέτρου
κούλης τ’ ἀχέρδου κάποι λαίνου τάφου,
καθέζετ’. εἶτ’ ἐλυσε δυσπινείς στολάς.
κάπειτ ἀύσαι παίδαις ἵνωγει ῥυτῶν
ὑδάτων ἐνεγκεῖν λουτρά καὶ χοᾶς ποθεν.
τῶ δ’ εὐχλόον Δήμητρος εἰς προσόψιον
πάγον μολοῦσα τάσσ’ ἐπιστολάς πατρὶ
tαγεί ’πόρευσαν σὺν χρόνῳ, λουτροίς τε νυν
ἐσθητὶ τ’ ἐξήσκησαν ἡ νομίζεται.
ἐπεὶ δὲ παντὸς εἴρχε δράυντος ἱδονῆς
κούκ ἦν ἐτ’ οὖδὲν ἀργὸν ὡς ἐφίπτεο,
κτύπησε μὲν Ζεὺς χθόνος αἰ δὲ παρθένοι
ρήγησαν, ὡς ἦκουσαν. ἐς δὲ γούνατα
πατρὸς πεσοῦσαι ’κλαιον οὐδ’ ἀνίσεσαν
στέρνων ἀραγμοῦσ οὐδὲ παμμήκεις γόους.
ὁ δ’ ὡς ἀκούει φθόγγον ἐξαιφνῆς πικρόν,
πτύεις ἐπ’ αὐταῖς χείρας εἰπεν. ὡ τέκνα,
οὐκ ἐστ’ ἑθ’ ὡμὲν τῆδ’ ἐν ἢμερὰ πατὴρ.
ὁλωλε γὰρ δὴ πάντα τὰμά, κούκετι
τὴν δυσπόνητον ἐξετ’ ἀμφ’ ἐμοὶ τροφὴν.
σκληρὰν μὲν, οἶδα, παῖδες. ἀλλ’ ἐν γάρ μονο
τὰ πάντα λυεί ταῦτ’ ἐπος μοχῆματα.
τὸ γὰρ φιλεῖν οὐκ ἔστιν ἐξ ὀτοῦ πλέον
ἡ τοῦδε τάνδρος ἐσχεθ’, οὐ τητώμεναι
tὸ λουπὸν ἡμὴ τὸν βίον διάζετον.
τοιαῦτ’ ἐπ’ ἀλλήλουσιν ἀμφικείμενοι
λύγην ἐκλαιον πάντες. ὡς δὲ πρὸς τέλος
Earth-rooted Threshold with its brazen stairs,
He paused at one of the converging paths,
Hard by the rocky basin which records
The pact of Theseus and Peirithoüs.
Betwixt that rift and the Thorician rock,
The hollow pear-tree and the marble tomb,
Midway he sat and loosed his beggar’s weeds;
Then calling to his daughters bade them fetch
Of running water, both to wash withal
And make libation; so they clomb the steep,
Demeter’s hill, who waters the green shoots;
And in brief space brought what their father bade,
Then laved and dressed him with observance due.
But when he had his will in everything,
And no desire was left unsatisfied,
It thundered from the netherworld; the maids
Shivered, and crouching at their father’s knees
Wept, beat their breast and uttered a long wail.
He, as he heard their sudden bitter cry,
Folded his arms about them both and said,
“ My children, ye will lose your sire to-day,
For all of me has perished, and no more
Have ye to bear your long, long ministry;
A heavy load, I know, and yet one word
Wipes out all score of tribulations—love.
And love from me ye had—from no man more;
But now must live without me all your days.”
So clinging to each other sobbed and wept
Father and daughters both, but when at last
γόων ἀφίκοντ' οὐδ' ἔτ' ὑφώρει βοή, 
ἡν μὲν σωπη' φθέγμα δ' ἐξαίφνης τινὸς 
θώητεν αὐτόν, ὥστε πάντας ὁρθίας 
στήσας φόβω τείσαντας ἐξαίφνης τρίχας, 
καλεὶ γὰρ αὐτὸν πολλὰ πολλαχῇ θεός· 
ὁ οὗτος οὗτος, Οἰδίπους, τί μέλλομεν 
χωρεῖν: πάλαι δὴ ταῦτο σοῦ βραδύνεται. 
ὁ δ' ὡς ἐπῆσθε' ἐκ θεοῦ καλούμενος, 
αὐθὰ μολεῖν οἱ γῆς ἀνακta Θησέα.
κατεὶ προσηλθὲν, εἶπεν· ὁ φίλον κάρα, 
δός μοι χερὸς σῆς πίστιν ὅρκιαν τέκνοις, 
ὑμεῖς τε, παίδες, τῶδε· καὶ καταίνεσον 
μήποτε προδώσει τάσδ' ἐκών, τελείν δ' ὅσ' ἄν 
μέλλης φρονῶν εὖ ξυμφέροντ' αὐτάς ἂεί. 
ὁ δ', ὡς ἀνήρ γενναῖος, οὐκ οὐκτον μέτα 
κατήνεσεν τάδ' ὅρκιος δράσειν ἐξών. 
ὅπως δὲ ταῖτ' ἐδρασεν, εὐθὺς Οἰδίπους 
ψαύσας ἀμαυρὰς χερσίν ὄν παῖδων λέγει· 
ὁ παῖδε, πλάσας χρῆ τὸ γενναῖον φρενί 
χωρεῖν τόπων ἐκ τῶνδε, μὴδ' ἂ μὴ θέμι 
λεύσεις δικαιούν μηδὲ φωνοῦντων κλὺειν, 
ἀλλ' ἔρπεθ' ὃς τάχιστα. πλὴν ὁ κύριος 
Θησεῦς παρέστω μανθάνων τὰ δρώμενα. 
tοσάτα φωνησάντος εἰσηκούσαμεν 
ξυμπαντεῖ· ἁστακτὶ δὲ σὺν ταῖς παρθένοις 
στένοντες ϊμαρτημένων. ὡς δ' ἀπῆλθομεν, 
χρόνῳ βραχεὶ στραφεῖτε ἐξαπείδομεν 
tὸν ἄνδρα τὸν μὲν οὐδαμοῦ παρόντ' ἔτι, 
ἀνακτα δ' αὐτὸν ὦμμάτων ἐπίσκιον 
χεῖρ' ἀντέχοντα κρατός, ὡς δεινοῦ τινος 
φόβου φανέντος οὐδ' ἀνασχετοῦ βλέπειν. 
ἔπειτα μὲντοι βαιών οὐδὲ σὺν χρόνῳ
Their mourning had an end and no wail rose,
A moment there was silence; suddenly
A voice that summoned him; with sudden dread
The hair of all stood up and all were 'mazed;
For the call came, now loud, now low, and oft.
"Oedipus, Oedipus, why tarry we?
Too long, too long thy passing is delayed."
But when he heard the summons of the god,
He prayed that Theseus might be brought, and when
The Prince came nearer: "O my friend," he cried,
"Pledge ye my daughters, giving thy right hand—
And, daughters, give him yours—and promise me
Thou never wilt forsake them, but do all
That time and friendship prompt in their behoof."
And he of his nobility repressed
His tears and swore to be their constant friend.
This promise given, Oedipus put forth
Blind hands and laid them on his children, saying,
"O children, prove your true nobility
And hence depart nor seek to witness sights
Unlawful or to hear unlawful words.
Nay, go with speed; let none but Theseus stay,
Our ruler, to behold what next shall hap."
So we all heard him speak, and weeping sore
We companied the maidens on their way.
After brief space we looked again, and lo
The man was gone, evanished from our eyes;
Only the king we saw with upraised hand
Shading his eyes as from some awful sight,
That no man might endure to look upon.
ОΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

όρωμεν αὐτὸν γῆν τε προσκυνοῦντι ἀμα καὶ τὸν θεῶν "Ολυμπον ἐν ταῦτῳ λόγῳ. μόρῳ δ’ ὅποιῳ κεῖνος ἄλητ’, οὗ’ ἂν εἰς θυντῶν φράσει, πλήν το Θησεώς κάρα. οὐ γάρ τις αὐτὸν οὔτε πυρφόρος θεοῦ κεραυνὸς ἐξέπραξεν οὔτε ποντία θύελλα κυνηθείσα τῷ τότ’, ἐν χρόνῳ, ἀλλ’ ἂ τις ἐκ θεῶν πομπὸς ἢ τὸ νερτέρων εὖνου διαιστᾶν γῆς ἀλύπητου βάθρων. ἀνὴρ γὰρ οὐ στενακτὸς οὐδὲ σὺν νόσοις ἀλλεινὸς ἐξεπέμπετ’, ἀλλ’ εἰ τις βροτῶν θαυμαστὸς. εἰ δὲ μὴ δοκῶ φρονῶν λέγειν, οὐκ ἂν παρείμην οἶσι μὴ δοκῶ φρονεῖν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ποῦ δ’ αἱ τε παιδες χοι προπέμπαντες φίλων;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

αὖδ’ όυχ ἐκάς· γόων γὰρ οὐκ ἄσημονεν φθόγγοι σφε σημαίνουσι δεῦρ’ ὀρμωμένας.

ΑΝΤΙΓΩΝΗ

αἰάι, φεῦ, ἔστιν ἔστι νῶν δῆ στρ. α’ 1670 οὐ τὸ μέν, ἄλλο δὲ μῆ, πατρὸς ἐμφυτον ἀλαστὸν αἴμα δυσμόρου στενάζειν, ἄτινι τὸν πολὺν ἀλλοτέ μὲν πόνον ἐμπεδον εἴχομεν, ἐν πυμάτω δ’ ἀλόγιστα παροίσομεν ἰδόντε καὶ παθόντε.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τί δ’ ἔστιν;
A moment later, and we saw him bend
In prayer to Earth and prayer to Heaven at once.
But by what doom the stranger met his end
No man save Theseus knoweth. For there fell
No fiery bolt that reft him in that hour,
Nor whirlwind from the sea, but he was taken.
It was a messenger from heaven, or else
Some gentle, painless cleaving of earth's base;
For without wailing or disease or pain
He passed away—an end most marvellous.
And if to some my tale seems foolishness
I am content that such could count me fool.

CHORUS
Where are the maids and their attendant friends?

MESSENGER
They cannot be far off; the approaching sound
Of lamentation tells they come this way.

Enter ANTIGONE and ISMENE.

ANTIGONE
Woe, woe! on this sad day
We sisters of one blasted stock
Must bow beneath the shock,
Must weep and weep the curse that lay
On him our sire, for whom
In life, a life-long world of care
'Twas ours to bear,
In death must face the gloom
That wraps his tomb.
What tongue can tell
That sight ineffable?

CHORUS
What mean ye, maidens?
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ἔστιν μὲν εἰκάσαι, φίλοι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

βέβηκεν;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ὡς μάλιστ' ἄν ἐν πόθῳ λάβοις.

τί γὰρ, ὅτω μῆτ' Ἀρης

μήτε πόντος ἀντέκυρσεν,

ἄσκοποι δὲ πλάκες ἐμαρφαν

ἐν ἄφανεῖ τινι μόρῳ φερόμενον.

τάλανα: νῶν δ' ὀλέθρια

νῦξ ἐπ' ὁμμασων βέβακε.

πῶς γὰρ ἢ τιν' ἀπίαν

γὰν ἢ πόντιον κλύδων' ἀλώμεναι, βίον δύσοιστον

ἐξομεν τροφάν; 

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

οὐ κάτοιδα. κατά μὲ φόνιος

'Αἴδας ἔλοι πατρὶ ξυνθανεῖν γεραιῶ

τάλαναν, ὡς ἔμοιγ' ὁ μέλλων βίος οὐ βιωτός.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὦ διδύμα τέκνων ἀρίστα,

τὸ φέρον ἐκ θεοῦ φέρειν, ἔμεθεν ἄγαν φλέγεσθον: ὦ τοι κατάμεμπτ' ἔβητον.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

πόθος τοι 2 καὶ κακῶν ἄρ' ἢν τις.

ἀντ. α' καὶ γὰρ ὁ μηδαμὰ δὴ φίλον ᾣν φίλον, ὅποτε γε καὶ τὸν ἐν χεροῖν κατείχον.

ὦ πάτερ, ὦ φίλος,

1 In MSS. καλῶς, φέρειν χρῆ, Hermann omits καλῶς and χρῆ.

2 τοι added by Hartung.

3 Λ. τὸ φίλον φίλον, Brunck. corr.

296
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

ANTIGONE
All is but surmise.

CHORUS
Is he then gone?

ANTIGONE
Gone as ye most might wish.
Not in battle or sea storm,
But reft from sight,
By hands invisible borne
To viewless fields of night.
Ah me! on us too night has come,
The night of mourning. Whither roam
O'er land or sea in our distress
Eating the bread of bitterness?

ISMENE
I know not. O that Death
Might nip my breath,
And let me share my aged father's fate.
I cannot live a life thus desolate.

CHORUS
Best of daughters, worthy pair,
What Heaven brings ye needs must bear,
Fret no more 'gainst Heaven's will;
Fate hath dealt with you not ill.

ANTIGONE
Love can turn past pain to bliss, (Ant. 1)
What seemed bitter now is sweet.
Ah me! that happy toil to miss,
The guidance of those dear blind feet.
ΌΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

 dumpsters

 Ο

 τὸν άεὶ κατὰ γάς σκότον εἰμένος·
oü̂dē γ’ ἑνερῆ 1 ἀφίλητος ἐμοὶ ποτε
καὶ τόδε μὴ κυρῆσῃς.

ΧΩΡΟΣ

 ἐπραξεν;

 ANTIGONΗ

 ἐπραξεν οἶνον ἡθελεν.

ΧΩΡΟΣ

tὸ ποίον;

 ANTIGONΗ

das ἐχρηζε γᾶς ἐπὶ ξένας

 ἔθανε· κοίταν δ’ ἔχει
νέρθεν εὐσκηστὸν αἰὲν,
οū̂dē πένθος ἐλιπ’ ἀκλαυτον.

ἀνά γὰρ ὀμμα σε τόδ’, ὦ πάτερ, ἐμὸν
στένει δακρύον, οū̂d’ ἔχω

πῶς με χρή τὸ σὸν τάλαιναν
ἀφανίσαι τοσόνδ’ ἄχος.

ὑμοι, γᾶς ἐπὶ ξένας θανεῖν ἐχρηζες ἀλλ’

ἐρήμως ἔθανες ὃδε μοι.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

ἀλλ’ ἐπεὶ ολβίως γ’ ἐλυσεν

τὸ τέλος, ὦ φίλα, βίου,

λήγετε τοῦδ’ ἄχους· κακῶν γὰρ δυσάλωτος οū̂δείς.

ANTIGONΗ

πάλιν, φίλα, συνθώμεν.

στρ. β’

1 οū̂dē γέρων. MSS., Wecklein corr.
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

Dear father, wrapt for aye in nether gloom,
   E’en in the tomb
Never shalt thou for lack of love repine,
   Her love and mine.

CHORUS

His fate—

ANTIGONE

Is even as he planned.

CHORUS

How so?

ANTIGONE

He died, so willed he, in a foreign land.
Lapped in kind earth he sleeps his long last sleep,
   And o’er his grave friends weep.
How great our loss these streaming eyes can tell,
   This sorrow nought can quell.
Thou hadst thy wish ’mid strangers thus to die,
But I, ah me, not by.

ISMENÉ

Alas, my sister, what new fate
*   *   *   *   *   *   *
*   *   *   *   *   *   *
Befalls us orphans desolate?

CHORUS

His end was blessèd; therefore, children, stay
Your sorrow. Man is born to fate a prey.

ANTIGONE

Sister, let us back again.  (Str. 2)

299
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

δε τι ρέσομεν;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ιμερος έχει με.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

τις;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ταν χθόνιν εστιαν ιδειν

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

τίνος;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

πατρός, τάλαν' εγώ.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

θεμας δε πως τάδ' εστι; μων

ουχ ορας;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

τι τόδ' επέπληξας;

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

και τόδ', ως

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

τι τόδε μαλ' αθίς;

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

αιαφος ἐπιτυνε δίχα τε παντός.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ἀγε με, καὶ τὸτ' ἐπενάριξον.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

αιαι, δυστάλανα, ποῦ δῆτ' 

αθίς ὁδ' ἔρημος ἀπορος 

αιώνα τλάμονεν' ἔξω;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

φίλαι, τρέσητε μηδέν.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ἀλλα ποι φύγω.
ISMENE
Why return?

ANTIGONE
My soul is fain—

ISMENE
Is fain?

ANTIGONE
To see the earthy bed.

ISMENE
Sayest thou?

ANTIGONE
Where our sire is laid.

ISMENE
Nay, thou can'st not; dost not see—

ANTIGONE
Sister, wherefore wroth with me?

ISMENE
Know'st not—beside—

ANTIGONE
More must I hear?

ISMENE
Tombless he died, none near.

ANTIGONE
Lead me thither; slay me there.

ISMENE
How shall I unhappy fare, 
Friendless, helpless, how drag on 
A life of misery alone?

CHORUS
Fear not, maids—

ANTIGONE
Ah, whither flee?

(Ant. 2)
ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ΧΟΡΟΣ
καὶ πάρος ἀπέφυγε

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ
ti;

ΧΟΡΟΣ
tὰ σφῶν τὸ μὴ πίνειν κακῶς.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ
φρονῶ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
tί δήθ᾽ ὅπερ νοεῖς;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ
ὅτως μολούμεθ᾽ ἐσ δόμους
οὐκ ἔχω.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
μηδὲ γε μάτευε.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ
μόνος ἔχει.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
καὶ πάρος ἐπείχε.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ
tοτὲ μὲν ἄπορα, τοτὲ δ᾽ ὑπερθεν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
μέγ᾽ ἄρα πέλαγος ἑλάχετον τι.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ναι ναι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
ἔὑμφημμι καυτός.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

αἰαί, ποὶ μόλωμεν, ὦ Ζεῦ;
ἐλπίδων γὰρ ἐσ τίν’ ἔτι με
dαιμὸν ταῦτα γ’ ἐλάύνει;
CHORUS
Refuge hath been found.

ANTIGONE
For me?

CHORUS
Where thou shalt be safe from harm.

ANTIGONE
I know it.

CHORUS
Why then this alarm?

ANTIGONE
How again to get us home
I know not.

CHORUS
Why then roam?

ANTIGONE
Troubles whelm us—

CHORUS
As of yore.

ANTIGONE
Worse than what was worst before.

CHORUS
Sure ye are driven on the breakers' surge

ANTIGONE
Alas! we are.

CHORUS
Alas! 'tis so.

ANTIGONE
Ah whither turn, O Zeus? No ray
Of hope to cheer the way
Whereon the fates our desperate voyage urge.
ΘΕΣΕΥΣ

παῦτε θρήνων, παῖδες; ἐν οἷς γὰρ χάρις ἡ ἄθισσ' ἔστιν ἀπόκειται,
πενθεῖν οὐ χρῆ· νέμεσις γὰρ.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ὁ τέκνον Αἰγέως, προσπίτνομέν σοι.

ΘΕΣΕΥΣ

τίνος, ὁ παῖδες, χρείας ἀνύσαι;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

τύμβον θέλομεν προσιδεῖν αὐταῖ
πατρὸς ἡμετέρου.

ΘΕΣΕΥΣ

ἀλλ' οὐ θεμιτόν.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

πῶς εἶπας, ἀναξ, κοϊραν 'Αθηνῶν;

ΘΕΣΕΥΣ

ὁ παῖδες, ἀπεῖπεν ἐμοὶ κεῖνος
μήτε πελάζειν ἐς τούτοις τόπους
μήτ' ἐπιφωνεῖν μηδένα θυτῶν
θήκην ἐράν, ἣν κεῖνος ἔχει.
καὶ ταῦτά μ' ἔφη πράσσοντα καλῶς
χώραν ἔξεων αἰὲν ἄλπτον.
ταῦτ' οὖν ἐκλυνεν δαίμων ἡμῶν
χῶ πάντ' αἰῶν Δίος Ὀρκος.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ἀλλ' εἰ τάδ' ἔχει κατὰ νοῦν κείνῳ,
taῦτ' ἀν ἀπαρκοῖ. Θῆβας δ' ἡμᾶς
tὰς ὁγυίους πέμψον, ἕαν πῶς
diakwλίσωμεν ἰόντα φόνον
τοῖσιν ὀμαίμοισ.
Enter THESEUS.

THESEUS
Dry your tears; when grace is shed
On the quick and on the dead
By dark Powers beneficent,
Over-grief they would resent.

ANTIGONE
Aegeus' child, to thee we pray.

THESEUS
What the boon, my children, say.

ANTIGONE
With our own eyes we fain would see
Our father's tomb.

THESEUS
That may not be.

ANTIGONE
What say'st thou, King?

THESEUS
My children, he
Charged me straitly that no mortal
Should approach the sacred portal,
Or greet with funeral litanies
The hidden tomb wherein he lies;
Saying, "If thou keep'st my hest
Thou shalt hold thy realm at rest."
The God of Oaths this promise heard,
And to Zeus I pledged my word.

ANTIGONE
Well, if he would have it so,
We must yield. Then let us go
Back to Thebes, if yet we may
Heal this mortal feud and stay
The self-wrought doom
That drives our brothers to their tomb.
ΟΙΔΠΟΥΣ ΕΠΙ ΚΟΛΩΝΩΙ

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ
δράσω καὶ τάδε καὶ πάνθ' ὁπόσ' ἀν μέλλω πράσσειν πρόσφορά θ' ὑμῖν καὶ τῷ κατὰ γῆς, ὃς νέον ἔρρει, πρὸς χάριν· οὐ δεῖ μ' ἀποκάμνειν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
ἀλλ' ἀποπαύετε μηδ' ἐπὶ πλείω θρήνον ἐγείρετε·
πάντως γὰρ ἔχει τάδε κῦρος.
OEDIPUS AT COLONUS

THESEUS
Go in peace; nor will I spare
Ought of toil and zealous care.
But on all your needs attend,
Gladdening in his grave my friend.

CHORUS
Wail no more, let sorrow rest,
All is ordered for the best.
ARGUMENT

Antigone, daughter of Oedipus, the late king of Thebes, in defiance of Creon who rules in his stead, resolves to bury her brother Polyneices, slain in his attack on Thebes. She is caught in the act by Creon's watchmen and brought before the king. She justifies her action, asserting that she was bound to obey the eternal laws of right and wrong in spite of any human ordinance. Creon, unrelenting, condemns her to be immured in a rock-hewn chamber. His son Haemon, to whom Antigone is betrothed, pleads in vain for her life and threatens to die with her. Warned by the seer Teiresias Creon repents him and hurries to release Antigone from her rocky prison. But he is too late: he finds lying side by side Antigone who has hanged herself and Haemon who also has perished by his own hand. Returning to the palace he sees within the dead body of his queen who on learning of her son's death has stabbed herself to the heart.
ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΡΑΜΑΤΟΣ ΠΡΟΣΩΠΑ

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ
ΙΣΜΗΗΗ
ΧΟΡΟΣ
ΚΡΕΩΝ
ΦΥΛΑΞ
ΑΙΜΩΝ
ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ
ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
ΕΥΡΥΔΙΚΗ
ΕΞΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
DRAMATIS PERSONAE

ANTIGONE, daughters of Oedipus and sisters of Polyneices.
ISMENE and Eteocles.
CREON, King of Thebes.
HAEMON, son of Creon, betrothed to Antigone.
EURYDICE, wife of Creon.
TEIRESIAS, the prophet.
CHORUS, of Theban Elders.
A WATCHMAN.
A MESSENGER.
A SECOND MESSENGER.
ΑΝΤΙΓΩΝΗ

ΑΝΤΙΓΩΝΗ

'Ω κοινὸν αὐτάδελφον 'Ισμήνης κάρα, ἀρ' οἶσθ' ὁ τι Ζεὺς τῶν ἀπ' Οἰδίπου κακῶν ὁποῖον οὐχὶ νῶν ἔτι ζώσαιν τελεί; οὐδὲν γὰρ οὗτ' ἀλγεινὸν οὐτ' ἄτης ἀτερ οὗτ' αἰσχρῶν οὗτ' ἄτιμων ἐσθ', ὁποῖον οὐ τῶν σῶν τε κάμῳν οὐκ ὁπωπ' ἐγὼ κακῶν. καὶ νῦν τί τοῦτ' αὖ φασι πανδήμων πόλει κήρυγμα θείαι τον στρατηγὸν ἀρτίως; ἔχεις τι κεισήκονσας; ἥ σε λανθάνει πρὸς τοὺς φίλους στείχοντα τῶν ἐχθρῶν κακά; 10

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

ἐμοὶ μὲν οὖδεὶς μῦθος, 'Ἀντιγώνη, φίλων οὖθ' ἡδὺς οὗτ' ἀλγεινὸς ἱκετ' ἐξ ὁτοῦ δυοῖν ἅδελφοῖν ἐστεριθήμεν δύο, μᾶθαιοντο τῇ διπλῇ χερί· ἐπεὶ δὲ φρούδος ἐστιν 'Αργείων στρατὸς ἐν νυκτὶ τῇ νῦν, οὐδὲν οἴδ' ὕπερτερον, οὗτ' εὐτυχοῦσα μᾶλλον οὗτ' ἀτωμένη.

ΑΝΤΙΓΩΝΗ

ἡδὴ καλῶς, καὶ ὁ ἐκτὸς αὐλείων πυλῶν τοῦτ' οὔνεκ' ἐξέπεμπον, ως μόνη κλύοις.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

tί δ' ἔστι; δηλοῖς γὰρ τι καλχαῖνουσ' ἔπος. 20
ANTIGONE

Antigone and Ismene before the Palace gates.

ANTIGONE

Ismene, sister of my blood and heart,
See'st thou how Zeus would in our lives fulfil
The weird of Oedipus, a world of woes!
For what of pain, affliction, outrage, shame,
Is lacking in our fortunes, thine and mine?
And now this proclamation of to-day
Made by our Captain-General to the State,
What can its purport be? Didst hear and heed,
Or art thou deaf when friends are banned as foes?

ISMENE

To me, Antigone, no word of friends
Has come, or glad or grievous, since we twain
Were reft of our two brethren in one day
By double fratricide; and since i' the night
Our Argive leaguers fled, no later news
Has reached me, to inspirit or deject.

ANTIGONE

I knew 'twas so, and therefore summoned thee
Beyond the gates to breathe it in thine ear.

ISMENE

What is it? Some dark secret stirs thy breast.
ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

οὖ γὰρ τάφον νῶν τῷ κασιγνήτῳ Κρέων
tὸν μὲν προτίσας, τὸν δ’ ἀτιμάσας ἔχει;
Ἔτεοκλέα μὲν, ὡς λέγουσι, σὺν δίκης
χρήσει δικαίας καὶ νόμου 1 κατὰ χθονὸς
ἐκρυφῆ τοῖς ἐνερθεὶν ἐντιμον νεκροῖς.
tὸν δ’ ἀθλίως θανόντα Πολυνείκους νέκυν
ἀστοισὶ φασιν ἐκκεκερυχθαι τὸ μὴ
tάφῳ καλύψαι μηδὲ κωκυσαί τινα,
εἶν δ’ ἀκλαυτον, ἀταφον, οἰωνοῖς γλυκῶν
θησαυρὸν εἰσορῶσι πρὸς χάριν βορᾶς.

tοιαῦτα φασὶ τὸν ἀγαθὸν Κρέοντά σοι
κάμοι, λέγω γὰρ κάμε, κηρύξαντ’ ἔχειν,
καὶ δεῦρο νεῖσθαι ταῦτα τοῖσι μὴ εἰδόσω
σαφῆ προκηρύξοντα, καὶ τὸ πράγμ’ ἂγειν
οὐχ ὡς παρ’ οὐδέν, ἀλλ’ ὁς ἂν τούτων τί δρᾶ,
φόνον προκείσθαι δημόλευσον ἐν πόλει.
οὕτως ἔχει σοὶ ταῦτα, καὶ δείξεις τάχα
eῖτ’ εὐγενής πέφυκας εῖτ’ ἐσθλῶν κακῆ.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

τί δ’, ὡς ταλαίφρον, εἰ τάδ’ ἐν τούτοις, ἐγὼ
λύουσ’ ἂν ἡ ’φάπτουσα προσθείμην πλέον;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

eἰ ξυμπονῆσεις καὶ ξυνεργάσει σκόπει.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

ποίον τι κινδύνευµα; ποῦ γνώµης ποτ’ εἰ;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

eἰ τὸν νεκρὸν ξὺν τῇδε κουφιεῖς χερί.

1 σὺν δίκη δικαία χρησθεῖς καὶ νόμῳ, emended by G. H. Müller
and R. Jebb.

316
ANTIGONE

ANTIGONE
What but the thought of our two brothers dead,
The one by Creon graced with funeral rites,
The other disappointed? Eteocles
He hath consigned to earth (as fame reports)
With obsequies that use and wont ordain,
So gracing him among the dead below.
But Polyneices, a dishonoured corse,
(So by report the royal edict runs)
No man may bury him or make lament—
Must leave him tombless and unwept, a feast
For kites to scent afar and swoop upon.
Such is the edict (if report speak true)
Of Creon, our most noble Creon, aimed
At thee and me, aye me too; and anon
He will be here to promulgate, for such
As have not heard, his mandate; 'tis in sooth
No passing humour, for the edict says
Whoe'er transgresses shall be stoned to death.
So stands it with us; now 'tis thine to show
If thou art worthy of thy blood or base.

ISMENE
But how, my rash, fond sister, in such case
Can I do anything to make or mar?

ANTIGONE
Say, wilt thou aid me and abet? Decide.

ISMENE
In what bold venture? What is in thy thought?

ANTIGONE
Lend me a hand to bear the corpse away.
ΑΝΤΙΓΩΝΗ

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

η γὰρ νοεῖς θάπτειν σφ', ἀπόρρητον πόλει;

ΑΝΤΙΓΩΝΗ

τὸν γοῦν ἐμὸν καὶ τὸν σὸν, ἦν σὺ μὴ θέλης, ἀδελφὸν· οὐ γὰρ δὴ προδοῦσ' ἀλώσομαι.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

ὡ σχέτλια, Κρέοντος ἀντειρηκότος;

ΑΝΤΙΓΩΝΗ

ἀλλ' οὐδὲν αὐτῷ τῶν ἐμῶν μ' εὑρεῖν μέτα.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ

οἴμοι· φρόνησον, ὡ κασιγνήτη, πατήρ ὡς νῦν ἀπεξῆς δυσκλησ τ' ἀπώλετο, πρὸς αὐτοφώρων ἀμπλακημάτων διπλὰς ὡς εἰς ἀράξας αὐτὸς αὐτουργῷ χερί· ἐπειτα μήτηρ καὶ γυνή, διπλοῦν ἔπος, πλεκταίως ἀρτάναις λαβᾶται βίον· τρίτον δ' ἀδελφῷ δύο μίαν καθ' ἡμέραν αὐτοκτονοῦντε τῷ ταλαντῷρῳ μόρον κοινὸν κατεργάσας τ' ἐπαλλήλους χεροῖν. νῦν δ' αὐτὶ μόνα δὴ νῦν λελειμμένα σκόπει ὅσω κάκιστ' ὀλούμεθ', εἰ νόμον βια ψῆφον τυράννων ἡ κράτη παρέξιμεν.

άλλ' εὖνοεῖν χρή τοῦτο μὲν γυναῖξ' ὦτι ἐφυμεν, ὡς πρὸς ἄνδρας ὦ μαχουμένα· ἐπειτα δ' οὖνεκ' ἀρχόμεσθ' ἐκ κρεισσόνων, καὶ ταύτ' ἀκούεις κατὶ τῶν' ἀλγίονα. ἐγὼ μὲν οὖν αἰτοῦσα τοὺς ύπὸ χθόνος ξύγγυνοιν ισχεῖν, ὡς βιάξομαι τάδε, τοῖς ἐν τέλει βεβώσι πεῖσομαι· τὸ γὰρ περισσὰ πράσσειν οὐκ ἔχει νοῦν οὐδένα.
ANTIGONE

ISMENE
What, bury him despite the interdict?

ANTIGONE
My brother, and, though thou deny him, thine. No man shall say that I betrayed a brother.

ISMENE
Wilt thou persist, though Creon has forbid?

ANTIGONE
What right has he to keep me from my own?

ISMENE
Bethink thee, sister, of our father’s fate, Abhorred, dishonoured, self-convinced of sin, Blinded, himself his executioner. Think of his mother-wife (ill-sorted names) Done by a noose herself had twined to death. And last, our hapless brethren in one day. Both in a mutual destiny involved, Self-slaughtered, both the slayer and the slain. Bethink thee, sister, we are left alone; Shall we not perish wretchedest of all. If in defiance of the law we cross A monarch’s will?—weak women, think of that, Not framed by nature to contend with men. Remember this too that the stronger rules; We must obey his orders, these or worse. Therefore I plead compulsion and entreat The dead to pardon. I perforce obey The powers that be. ’Tis foolishness, I ween, To overstep in aught the golden mean.
οὔτ’ ἂν κελεύσαμι’ οὔτ’ ἂν, εἰ θέλοις ἐτι πράσσειν, ἐμοῦ γ’ ἂν ἡδέως δρώης μέτα. ἄλλ’ ἵσθ’ ὅποια σοι δοκεῖ, κεῖνον δ’ ἐγὼ θάμω. καλὸν μοι τὸ τούτο ποιούσῃ θανεῖν. φίλη μετ’ αὐτοῦ κείσομαι, φίλου μέτα, ὁσια πανουργήσασ’ ἐπεὶ πλείων χρόνος ὅν δεῖ μ’ ἄρέσκειν τοῖς κάτω τῶν ἐνθάδε. ἐκεῖ γὰρ αἰεὶ κείσομαι· σοῦ δ’, εἰ δοκεῖ, τὰ τῶν θεῶν ἐντιμ’ ἀτιμάσασ’ ἔχε.

ἸΣΜΗΝΗ
ἐγὼ μὲν οὐκ ἄτιμα ποιοῦμαι, τὸ δὲ βία πολιτῶν δρᾶν ἐφυν ἀμήχανος.

ἈΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ
σοῦ μὲν τάδ’ ἂν προοὐχο’· ἐγὼ δὲ δὴ τάφον χώσουσ’ ἀδελφῷ φιλτάτῳ πορεύσομαι.

ἸΣΜΗΝΗ
οἶμοι ταλάνθης, ὡς ὑπερδέδοικά σου.

ἈΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ
μὴ μου προτάρβει· τὸν σὸν ἐξόρθου πότμον.

ἸΣΜΗΝΗ
ἄλλ’ οὖν προμηνύσῃς γε τοῦτο μηδενὶ τούργον, κρυφῇ δὲ κεῦθε, σὺν δ’ αὐτῶς ἐγώ.

ἈΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ
οἶμοι, καταύδα· πολλὸν ἑχθίων ἐσεὶ σιγώσ’, ἐὰν μὴ πᾶσι κηρύξῃς τάδε.

ἸΣΜΗΝΗ
θερμὴν ἐπὶ ψυχροῖσι καρδίαν ἔχεις.

ἈΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ
ἄλλ’ οἶδ’ ἄρέσκονος’ οἷς μάλισθ’ ἀδεῖν με χρῆ.

ἸΣΜΗΝΗ
εἰ καὶ δυνῆσει γ’· ἄλλ’ ἀμηχάνων ἔρας.
ANTIGONE

I urge no more; nay, wert thou willing still, I would not welcome such a fellowship. Go thine own way; myself will bury him. How sweet to die in such employ, to rest,—Sister and brother linked in love’s embrace—A sinless sinner, banned awhile on earth, But by the dead commended; and with them I shall abide for ever. As for thee, Scorn, if thou wilt, the eternal laws of Heaven.

ISMENE
I scorn them not, but to defy the State Or break her ordinance I have no skill.

ANTIGONE
A specious pretext. I will go alone To lap my dearest brother in the grave.

ISMENE
My poor, fond sister, how I fear for thee!

ANTIGONE
O waste no fears on me; look to thyself.

ISMENE
At least let no man know of thine intent, But keep it close and secret, as will I.

ANTIGONE
O tell it, sister; I shall hate thee more If thou proclaim it not to all the town.

ISMENE
Thou hast a fiery soul for numbing work.

ANTIGONE
I pleasure those whom I would liefest please.

ISMENE
If thou succeed; but thou art doomed to fail.
οὐκοῦν, ὅταν δὴ μὴ σθένω, πεπαύσομαι.

ἀρχὴν δὲ θηρᾶν οὐ πρέπει τάμηχανα.

εἰ ταῦτα λέξεως, ἔχθαρεὶ μὲν ἐ̄ξ ἐμοῦ, ἔχθρὰ δὲ τῶν θανόντι προσκείσει δίκην. ἀλλ' ἐὰν μὲ καὶ τῆν ἐ̄ξ ἐμοῦ δυσβουλίαν παθεῖν τὸ δεινὸν τοῦτο: πείσομαι γὰρ οὐ τοσοῦτον οὐδὲν ὡστε μὴ οὐ καλῶς θανεῖν.

ἀλλ' εἰ δοκεῖ σοι, στείχε: τοῦτο δ' ἵσθ' ὅτι ἄνους μὲν ἔρξει, τοῖς φίλοις δ' ὀρθῶς φίλη.

ΧΟΡΟΣ στρ. α'

ἀκτίς ἀελίου, τοῦ κάλλιστον ἐπταπύλων φανὲν Θῆβα τῶν πρωτέρων φάος, ἐφάνθης ποτ' ὁ χρυσέας ἀμέρας βλέφαρον, Διρκαίων ὑπὲρ ρεέθρων μολούσα, τὸν λεύκαστιν Ἀργόθεν ἐκβάντα φῶτα πανσαγίᾳ φυγάδα πρόδρομον ἐξυπέρω κινήσασα χαλινῷ· ὡς ἐφ' ἡμετέρᾳ γῆ Πολυνείκους ἀρθείς νεικέων ἐ̄ξ ἀμφιλόγων οὖν κλάζων ἀετὸς εἰς γῆν ὡς ὑπερέπτα, λευκῆς χιόνος πτέρυγι στεγανός, πολλῶν μεθ' ὀπλῶν θ' ἵπποκόμους κορύθεσσιν.

1 ὁν . . . Πολυνείκης MSS., Scaliger corr.
ANTIGONE

ANTIGONE
When strength shall fail me, yes, but not before.

ISMENE
But, if the venture's hopeless, why essay?

ANTIGONE
Sister, forbear, or I shall hate thee soon,
And the dead man will hate thee too, with cause.
Say I am mad and give my madness rein
To wreck itself; the worst that can befall
Is but to die an honourable death.

ISMENE
Have thine own way then; 'tis a mad endeavour,
Yet to thy lovers thou art dear as ever.

[Exeunt.

CHORUS
Sunbeam, of all that ever dawned upon (Str. 1)
Our seven-gated Thebes the brightest ray,
O eye of golden day,
How fair thy light o'er Dirce's fountain shone,
Speeding upon their headlong homeward course.
Far quicker than they came, the Argive force;
Putting to flight
The argent shields, the host with scutcheons white.
Against our land the proud invader came
To vindicate fell Polynoeics' claim.
Like to an eagle swooping low,
On pinions white as new fall'n snow,
With clanging scream, a horsetail plume his crest.
The aspiring lord of Argos onward pressed.
ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ξύν θ’ ἰπποκόμως κορύθεσσιν. ἀντ. α’ στὰς δ’ ὑπὲρ μελάνθρων φονώσαισιν ἄμφιχανῶν κύκλῳ
λόγχαις ἐπτάπυλον στόμα ἔβα, πρὶν ποθ’ ἀμετέρων αἰμάτων γένυσιν πλησθῆναι τε καὶ στεφάνῳμα 120
πύργων πευκάενθ’ Ἡφαίστων ἔλειν· τοῖς ἄμφὶ νῶτ’ ἐτάθη πάταγος Ἀρεος, ἀντιπάλου δυσχείρωμα δράκοντος. Ζεὺς γὰρ μεγάλης γλώσσης κόμπους ύπερεχθαίρει, καὶ σφάς ἐσιδῶν πολλῶν ῥεῦματι προσνισσομένους χρυσοῦ καναχῆς ύπεροπλίαις, πάλτω ῥιπτεῖ πυρὶ βαλβίδων ἐπ’ ἀκρών ἦδη νίκην ὀρμῶντ’ ἀλαλάξαι.

ἀντιτύπη δ’ ἐπὶ γὰρ πέσε τανταλωθεῖς στρ. β’ πυρφόρος, δς τότε μανομένα ξύν ὄρμα βακχεύων ἐπέπνει ῥιπταῖς ἐχθάστων ἀνέμων. εἰς ὑ’ ἀλλὰ τὰ μέν, ἀλλὰ δ’ ἐπ’ ἀλλοις ἐπενώμα στυφελίζων μέγας Ἀρης δεξιόσειρος. 140 ἐπτὰ λοχαγοὶ γὰρ ἐφ’ ἐπτὰ πύλαις ταχθέντες ἵσιν πρὸς ἰσούς ἐλιπον Ζηνὶ τροπαίῳ πάγχαλκα τέλη, πλὴν τοῖν στυγερῶν, ὁ πατρὸς ἔνος μητρός τε μιᾶς φύντε καθ’ αὐτὸν δικρατεῖς λόγχας στήσαντ’ ἐχετον κοινοῦ θανάτου μέρος ἅμφω.
ANTIGONE

Hovering around our city walls he waits,  (Ant. 1)
His spearmen raven at our seven gates.
But ere a torch our crown of towers could burn,
Ere they had tasted of our blood, they turn
Forced by the Dragon; in their rear
The din of Ares panic-struck they hear.
For Zeus who hates the braggart’s boast
Beheld that gold-bespangled host;
As at the goal the pæan they upraise,
He struck them with his forkèd lightning blaze.

(Str. 2)
To earth from earth rebounding, down he crashed;
The fire-brand from his impious hand was dashed,
As like a Bacchic reveller on he came,
Outbreathing hate and flame,
And tottered. Elsewhere in the field,
Here, there, great Ares like a war-horse wheeled,
Beneath his car down thrust
Our foemen bit the dust.

Seven captains at our seven gates
Thundered; for each a champion waits,
Each left behind his armour bright,
Trophy for Zeus who turns the fight;
Save two alone, that ill-starred pair
One mother to one father bare,
Who lance in rest, one ’gainst the other
Drave, and both perished, brother slain by brother.
Μάλα γὰρ ἡ μεγαλώνυμος ἦλθε Νίκα ἀντρ. β’
τὰ πολυαρμάτω ἀντιχαρείσα Θῆβα, ἐκ μὲν δὴ πολέμων
τῶν νῦν θέσθαι λησμοσύναν,
θεῶν δὲ ναοὺς χοροῖς
πανυχίως πάντας ἐπέλθωμεν, ὁ Θῆβας δ’ ἐλελί-κθων
Βάκχιος ἄρχοι.
ἀλλ’ ὁδε γὰρ δὴ βασιλεὺς χώρας,
Κρέων ὁ Μενοίκεως [ἄρχων] ¹ νεοχμὸς
νεαραίοι θεῶν ἐπὶ συντυχίας
χωρεῖ, τίνα δὴ μὴν ἐρέσσων,
ὅτι σύγκλητον τίνδε γερόντων
προὔβητο λέσχην,
κοινῷ κηρύγματι πέμψας;

ΚΡΕΩΝ
ἀνδρεί, τὰ μὲν δὴ πόλεος ἀσφαλῶς θεοὶ
πολλῷ σάλῳ σείσαντες ὄρθωσαν πάλιν,
μᾶς δ’ ἐγὼ πομποίσων ἐκ πάντων δίχα
ἐστειλ’ ἴκέσθαι, τοῦτο μὲν τὰ Λαῖον
σέβοντας εἰδώς εὐ θρόνων ἄει κράτη,
τοῦτ’ αὖθις, ἤνίκ’ Ὀιδίποτι ὠρθοὺ πόλιν,
κατεὶ διώλετ’ ἁμatisch τοὺς κείων ἐτὶ
παῖδας μένοντας ἐμπέδους φρονήμασιν.
οὗ τ’ οὐν ἐκεῖνοι πρὸς διπλῆς μοῖρας μίαν
καθ’ ἡμέραν ἐλοίτο παίσαντες τε καὶ
πληγεντες αὐτόχειρι σὺν μᾶσματι,
ἐγὼ κράτη δὴ πάντα καὶ θρόνους ἔχω
γενέως κατ’ ἀγχιστεία τῶν ὀλολότων.
ἀμηχανὸν δὲ παντὸς ἀνδρὸς ἐκμαθεῖν
ψυχὴν τε καὶ φρόνημα καὶ γνώμην, πρὶν ἂν

1 A word has dropped out
Now Victory to Thebes returns again
And smiles upon her chariot-circled plain.
Now let feast and festal shout
Memories of war blot out.
Let us to the temples throng,
Dance and sing the live night long.
God of Thebes, lead thou the round,
Bacchus, shaker of the ground!
Let us end our revels here;
Lo! Creon our new lord draws near,
Crowned by this strange chance, our king.
What, I marvel, pondering?
Why this summons? Wherefore call
Us, his elders, one and all,
Bidding us with him debate,
On some grave concern of State?

Enter CREON.

CREON
Elders, the gods have righted once again
Our storm-tossed ship of state, now safe in port.
But you by special summons I convened
As my most trusted councillors; first, because
I knew you loyal to Laius of old;
Again, when Oedipus restored our State,
Both while he ruled and when his rule was o'er,
Ye still were constant to the royal line.
Now that his two sons perished in one day,
Brother by brother murderously slain,
By right of kinship to the Princes dead,
I claim and hold the throne and sovereignty.
Yet 'tis no easy matter to discern
The temper of a man, his mind and will,
Till he be proved by exercise of power;
ΑΡΧΑΙΣ ΤΕ ΚΑΙ ΝΟΜΟΙΟΙΝ ἘΝΤΡΙΒΗΣ ΦΑΝΗ.
ἐμοὶ γὰρ ὅστις πᾶσαν εὐθύνων πόλιν
μὴ τῶν ἀριστῶν ἀπτεταὶ βουλευμάτων,
ἀλλ’ ἐκ φόβου του γλῶσσαν ἐγκλήσας ἔχει,
κάκιστος εἰναι νῦν τε καὶ πάλαι δοκεῖ
καὶ μείζον ὅστις ἀντὶ τῆς αὐτοῦ πάτρας
φίλον νομίζει, τοῦτον οὐδαμοῦ λέγω.
ἐγὼ γὰρ, ἵστο Zεὺς ὁ πάνθ’ ὀράων ᾑεῖ,
οὔτ’ ἂν σιωπήσαι μι τὴν ἄτην ὀρῶν
στείχουσαν ἀστοῖς ἀντὶ τῆς σωτηρίας,
οὔτ’ ἂν φίλον ποτ’ ἄνδρα δυσμενή χθονὸς
θείμην ἐμαυτῷ, τοῦτο γυγνῶσκων ὅτι
ἡδ’ ἐστίν ἡ σφῶρουσα καὶ ταῦτης ἐπὶ
πλέοντες ὀρθῆς τοὺς φίλους ποιούμεθα.
τοιοῦδ’ ἐγὼ νόμοις τήνδ’ αὐξω πόλιν,
καὶ νῦν ἀδελφα τῶν δηκυρίας ἔχω
ἀστοῖς παῖδων τῶν ἀπ’. Οἰδίπον πέρι
'Ετεοκλέα μέν, ὃς πόλεως ὑπερμαχῶν
ὀλωλε τῆς, πάντ’ ἀριστεύσας δόρει,
τάφῳ τε κρύψαι καὶ τὰ πάντ’ ἀφαγνίζαι
ἀ τοὺς ἀρίστους ἔρχεται κάτω νεκροῖς
τῶν ὧν ἄν ἄνυαμον τοῦδε, Πολυνείκη λέγω,
ὃς γῆν πατρίων καὶ θεοὺς τοὺς ἐγγενεῖς
φυγὰς κατελθὼν ἠθέλησε μὲν πυρι
πρῆσαι κατ’ ἀκρας, ἠθέλησε δ’ αἰματος
κοινοῦ πᾶσαθαι, τοὺς δὲ δουλώσας ἄγειν,
τούτον πόλει τῆδ’ ἐκκεκήρυκται τάφῳ
μήτε κτερίζειν μήτε κωκύσαι τινα,
ἐάν δ’ ἀθαπτὸν καὶ πρὸς οἰωνῶν δέμας
καὶ πρὸς κυνῶν ἐδεστὸν αἰκισθέν τ’ ἰδεῖν.
τοιοῦδ’ ἐμὸν φρόνημα, κοῦποτ’ ἐκ γ’ ἐμοῦ
τιμὴν προεξοῦσ’ οί κακοὶ τῶν ἐνδικων.
And in my case, if one who reigns supreme
Swerve from the highest policy, tongue-tied
By fear of consequence, that man I hold,
And ever held, the basest of the base.
And I contemn the man who sets his friend
Before his country. For myself, I call
To witness Zeus, whose eyes are everywhere,
If I perceive some mischievous design
To sap the State, I will not hold my tongue;
Nor would I reckon as my private friend
A public foe, well knowing that the State
Is the good ship that holds our fortunes all:
Farewell to friendship, if she suffers wreck.
Such is the policy by which I seek
To serve the Commons and conformably
I have proclaimed an edict as concerns
The sons of Oedipus; Eteocles
Who in his country’s battle fought and fell,
The foremost champion—duly bury him
With all observances and ceremonies
That are the guerdon of the heroic dead.
But for the miscreant exile who returned
Minded in flames and ashes to blot out
His father’s city and his father’s gods,
And glut his vengeance with his kinsmen’s blood.
Or drag them captive at his chariot wheels—
For Polyneices ’tis ordained that none
Shall give him burial or make mourn for him,
But leave his corpse unburied, to be meat
For dogs and carrion crows, a ghastly sight.
So am I purposed; never by my will
Shall miscreants take precedence of true men,
ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

άλλ' οστις εύνους τηδε τη πόλει, θανών και ζών όμοιως εξ έμοι τιμήσεται. 210

ΧΟΡΟΣ
σοι ταύτ' ἀρέσκει, παί Μενοικέως Κρέων, τὸν τήδε δύσνοιν κας τὸν εὐμενὴ πόλειν
νόμω δὲ χρήσθαι παντὶ που πάρεστι σοι και τῶν θανοντων χαῦτοσοι ζώμεν πέρι.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
ως ἄν σκοποί νυν ἐίτε τῶν εἰρημένων.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
νεωτέρω τῳ τοῦτῳ βαστάζειν πρόθες.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
ἀλλ' εἰς' ἐτοιμοι τοῦ νεκροῦ γ' ἐπίσκοποι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
τί δητ' ἄν ἄλλο τοῦτ' ἐπεντέλλοις ἐτὶ;

ΚΡΕΩΝ
τὸ μὴ 'πιχωρεῖν τοῖς ἀπιστοῦσιν τάδε.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
οὐκ ἔστιν οὔτω μύρος ὅς θανεῖν ἑρᾶ.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
καὶ μὴν ὁ μισθὸς γ' οὔτος· ἀλλ' ὑπ' ἐλπίδων ἀνδρας τὸ κέρδος πολλάκις διώλεσεν.

ΦΥΛΑΞ
ἀνάξ, ἔρω μὲν οὐχ ὅπως τάχους ὑπὸ
ὑστινους ικάνω κοῦφον ἐξάρας πόδα.
πολλὰς γὰρ ἐσχόν φροντίδων ἐπιστάσεις,
όδοις κυκλών ἐμαυτὸν εἰς ἀναστροφὴν
ψυχὴ γὰρ ηὔδα πολλὰ μοι μυθουμένη.
tάλας, τί χωρεῖς οἱ μολὼν δώσεις δίκην;
tάλας, μένεις αὐ; κεῖ τάδ' εἰσεται Κρέων
ἀλλον παρ' ἄνδρας; πῶς σὺ δῆτ' οὐκ ἀλγυνεῖ; 230
But all good patriots, alive or dead,
Shall be by me preferred and honoured.

CHORUS
Son of Menoeceus, thus thou will'st to deal
With him who loathed and him who loved our State.
Thy word is law; thou canst dispose of us
The living, as thou will'st, as of the dead.

CREON
See then ye execute what I ordain.

CHORUS
On younger shoulders lay this grievous charge.

CREON
Fear not, I've posted guards to watch the corpse.

CHORUS
What further duty would'st thou lay on us?

CREON
Not to connive at disobedience.

CHORUS
No man is mad enough to court his death.

CREON
The penalty is death: yet hope of gain
Hath lured men to their ruin oftentimes.

Enter guard.

GUARD
My lord, I will not make pretence to pant
And puff as some lightfooted messenger.
In sooth my soul beneath its pack of thought
Made many a halt and turned and turned again;
For conscience plied her spur and curb by turns.
"Why hurry headlong to thy fate, poor fool?"
She whispered. Then again, "If Creon learn
This from another, thou wilt rue it worse."
ANTIGONH

toiaúth' élíssov ãnvtov scholh bradúς. χoýtws ðdòs braxeía gýnnetai makrá. télos ge méntoí deúr' énikisewn moléíw soí. kei tò mhèn ëxerò, frrásow ð' õmws: ths élpidos gar ërchoi ëdedragméños, tò mhí pætheìn ãn állo plhí tò mórsimów.

KREON

tí d' õsztin ãnth' õd tínò' ëxeis ãthwmián;

FYLAE

frásai thèlw soi pròta tämauntow. tò gar prágmì' ou't' édras' ou't' ëidou õstis ãn ð dròw, ou'd' ãn dikaiwò õs kakòv Pésoimí tì. 240

KREON

ê' ge stocházèi käpofarágnusai kúklw tò prágma: ðhloís ð' õw tì shmañíw néon.

FYLAE

tà deinà gar tòi pròstíðhò' õknon políw.

KREON

oukoun éreís pot', eit' àppallachtheiç ãpeí;

FYLAE

kai ði lègw soi. tôn nekròn tis ártíws ðázas bëbhekê kàtì chrwòtì duòían kòñíw p älýnas káphiagistèuòsa ã chrèi.

KREON

tí ðhí; tís ándrów ãn ð tolmíhísa táde;

FYLAE

ouk oíd'. ékei gar ou'te tòu genvhídos ãn plhímu', ou dikëllhè ekbolh'. stúfílòs ðè ñh 250 kai chròsòs, ãrrwòs ou'd' èptimáxeumènë teroxóun, ãll' âsìmòs ou'rgáthè tis ãn. ópws ð' ð pròtòs ãmín ãmèrøskòpòs
ANTIGONE

Thus leisurely I hastened on my road;
Much thought extends a furlong to a league.
But in the end the forward voice prevailed,
To face thee. I will speak though I say nothing.
For plucking courage from despair methought,
'Let the worst hap, thou canst but meet thy fate.'

CREON

What is thy news? Why this despondency?

GUARD

Let me premise a word about myself.
I neither did the deed nor saw it done,
Nor were it just that I should come to harm.

CREON

Thou art good at parry, and canst fence about
Some matter of grave import, as is plain.

GUARD

The bearer of dread tidings needs must quake.

CREON

Then, sirrah, shoot thy bolt and get thee gone.

GUARD

Well, it must out; the corpse is buried; someone
E'en now besprinkled it with thirsty dust,
Performed the proper ritual—and was gone.

CREON

What say'st thou? Who hath dared to do this thing?

GUARD

I cannot tell, for there was ne'er a trace
Of pick or mattock—hard unbroken ground,
Without a scratch or rut of chariot wheels,
No sign that human hands had been at work.
When the first sentry of the morning watch
ΑΝΤΙΓΩΝΗ

deíkunsoi, pásis thámia duocherés paríν.
on méν gar ἡφάνιστο, τυμβήρης méν ou,
lepté d', ãgos fêvγountos ws, épíν kônis:
sêmeia d' òute òhròs òute tòu kûnìn
élðóntos, ou spâsantos êξêfàîneto.
logoi d' ën allhâlonn érròthoni kákoi,
phûlakês ëléγχwn fûlaka, kàyn ëgìñneto
plêghê teleutâdò', oud' ò kùlûswôn paríñ.
eis gar tis ën ekastos ouzêirâphsanûn,
koudieis ènârhês, álì èfènynu mì eídènai.1
ìmev d' ètoumoi kai múdrârous aîrèun xhêroû
cai pùr diérspein kai thèous èrkhômein,
tò mìte drâsan mìte tòu ësweidêna
tò prághma bouleûsantì mìd' èirghaîsmènì.
télos d' òt' oûdèn ën èrsevûswôn pÌéoun,
lehêi tis eis, ò pántas ès pédon kàrâ
nëdhai fòbhoi pròûtrefeíh. ou gar eîxòmen
òut' antífwnèit oûd' òpws drûntes kalôs
práxâmein. ën d' ò mûðos ës ànoistéon
soi toûrhoûn êîh toûto kôûxì kruptêon.
kaî taut' ènîka, kàmê tòûn ðusðàîmôna
pâlos kathairèi toûto tâgathôn laîbêin.
pâreîmû d' âkoun oux èkouûsin, oud' òti
stèrgei gar oudeis ânghelou kâkôn èpàîn.
ΧΟΡΟΣ
ânax, èmòi tòi, mì ti kai thèlátov
toûrhoûn tôd', ò ësûnôia bouleûei pâlai.
ΚΡΕΩΝ
paûsai, prîn õrhêîs kai me mêstwôsai légonw,
âh 'fevðéthês ànoous te kai ãerwôn àma.
lêgeis gar ouk ànektà dàîmonas légonw

1 tò mì eîdènai MSS., Erfurdt corr.
Gave the alarm, we all were terror-stricken.  
The corpse had vanished, not interred in earth,  
But strewn with dust, as if by one who sought  
To avert the curse that haunts the unburied dead:  
Of hound or ravening jackal, not a sign.  
Thereat arose an angry war of words;  
Guard railed at guard and blows were like to end it,  
For none was there to part us, each in turn  
Suspected, but the guilt brought home to none.  
From lack of evidence. We challenged each  
The ordeal, or to handle red-hot iron,  
Or pass through fire, affirming on our oath  
Our innocence—we neither did the deed  
Ourselves, nor know who did or compassed it.  
Our quest was at a standstill, when one spake  
And bowed us all to earth like quivering reeds,  
For there was no gainsaying him nor way  
To escape perdition: Ye are bound to tell  
The King, ye cannot hide it; so he spake.  
And he convinced us all; so lots were cast,  
And I, unlucky scapegoat, drew the prize.  
So here I am unwilling and withal  
Unwelcome; no man cares to hear ill news.

CHORUS
I had misgivings from the first, my liege,  
Of something more than natural at work.

CREON
O cease, you vex me with your babblement;  
I am like to think you dote in your old age.  
Is it not arrant folly to pretend
πρόνοιαν ἵσχειν τοῦτο τοῦ νεκροῦ πέρι.
πότερον ὑπερτιμῶντες ὡς εὐεργετὴν
ἐκρυπτον αὐτὸν, ἀστίς ἀμφικίωνας
ναὸνς πυρώσων ἤλθε κάναθήματα
καὶ γῆν ἐκείνων καὶ νόμους διασκεδᾶν;
ἡ τοὺς κακοὺς τιμῶντας εἰσορᾶς θεοῦς;
οὐκ ἔστιν. ἀλλὰ ταῦτα καὶ πάλαι πόλεως
ἄνδρες μόλις φέροντες ἔρροθον ἐμοί,
κρυφῇ κάρα σείοντες, οὗτ ὑπὸ ζυγῷ
λόφον δικαίως εἰχον, ὡς στέργεις ἐμέ.
ἐκ τῶνδε τούτοις ἐξεπίσταμαι καλῶς
παρηγμένοις μισθοῖσιν εἰργάσθαι τάδε.
οὖν δὲν γὰρ ἀνθρώποισιν οἴον ἄργυρος
κακὸν νόμισμ' ἐβλάστη. τούτῳ καὶ πόλεις
πορθεὶ, τόδ' ἄνδρας ἐξανίστησιν δόμων;
τόδ' ἐκδιδάσκει καὶ παραλλάσσει φρένας
χρηστὰς πρὸς αἰσχρὰ πράγμαθ' ἱστασθαι βροτῶν.
πανουργίας δ' ἐδειξεν ἀνθρώποις ἔχειν
καὶ παντὸς ἔργου δυσσέβειαν εἰδέναι.
οἷοι δὲ μισθαρμοῦντες ἴμυσαι τάδε,
χρόνῳ ποτ' ἐξέπραξαν ὡς δοῦναι δῖκην.
ἀλλ' εἴπερ ἵσχει Ζεὺς ἐτ' ἐξ ἐμοῦ σέβας,
εὖ τοῦτ' ἐπίστασα', ὅρκιος δὲ σοι λέγω.
εἰ μὴ τὸν αὐτοχείρα τοῦτο τοῦ τάφου
εὐρόντες ἐκφανεῖτ' ἐς ὀφθαλμοὺς ἐμοῦ,
οὐχ ὑμῖν Ἀιδῆς μοῦνος ἀρκέσει, πρὶν ἄν
ζῶντες κρεμαστοὶ τήνδε δηλώσῃ" ὤβριν,
ἐν' εἰδότες τὸ κέρδος ἐνθεν οἰστέον
τὸ λοιπὸν ἄρτπαζε, καὶ μάθῃ ὅτι
οὐκ ἐξ ἀπαντὸς δεῖ τὸ κερδαίνειν φιλεῖν.
ἐκ τῶν γὰρ αἰσχρῶν λημμάτων τοὺς πλείνας
ἀτιμένους ἵδοις ἃν ἡ σεσωσμένους.
That gods would have a thought for this dead man? Did they forsooth award him special grace. And as some benefactor bury him, Who came to fire their hallowed sanctuaries, To sack their shrines, to desolate their land, And scout their ordinances? Or perchance The gods bestow their favours on the bad. No! no! I long have noted malcontents, Who wagged their heads, and kicked against the yoke, Misliking these my orders, and my rule. 'Tis they, I warrant, who suborned my guards By bribes. Of evils current upon earth The worst is money. Money 'tis that sacks Cities, and drives men forth from hearth and home; Warps and seduces native innocence, And breeds a habit of dishonesty. But they who sold themselves shall find their greed Out-shot the mark, and rue it soon or late. Yea, as I still revere the dread of Zeus, By Zeus I swear, except ye find and bring Before my presence here the very man Who carried out this lawless burial, Death for your punishment shall not suffice. Hanged on a cross, alive ye first shall make Confession of this outrage. This will teach you What practices are like to serve your turn. There are some villainies that bring no gain, For by dishonesty the few may thrive, The many come to ruin and disgrace.
ΑΝΤΙΓΩΝΗ

ΦΥΛΑΞ
εἶπεν τί δώσεις ἡ στραφεῖς οὖτως ἢ;

ΚΡΕΩΝ
οὐκ οἶσθα καὶ νῦν ὡς ἄνιαρῶς λέγεις;

ΦΥΛΑΞ
ἐν τοῖσιν ὦσιν ἡ 'πὶ τῇ ψυχῇ δάκνει;

ΚΡΕΩΝ
τί δὲ ρυθμίζεις τὴν ἐμὴν λύπην ὅπου;

ΦΥΛΑΞ
ὁ δρῶν σ᾽ ἀνια τὰς φρένας, τὰ δὲ ὦτ᾽ ἐγὼ.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
οἴμ᾽ ὡς λάλημα δῆλον ἐκπεφυκὸς εἰ.

ΦΥΛΑΞ
οὐκον τὸ γ᾽ ἔργον τοῦτο ποιήσας ποτε.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
καὶ ταῦτ᾽ ἐπ᾽ ἀργύρῳ γε τὴν ψυχὴν προδοὺς.

ΦΥΛΑΞ
φεῦ.

ἡ δεινὸν ὦ δοκῆ γε καὶ ψευδὴ δοκεῖν.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
κόμψενε νυν τὴν δόξαν. εἰ δὲ ταῦτα μὴ

φανεῖτε μοι τοὺς δρῶντας, ἐξερείθ᾽ ὦτι
tὰ δειλὰ κέρδη πημονᾶς ἐργάζεται.

ΦΥΛΑΞ
ἀλλ᾽ εὐρεθεὶς μὲν μάλιστ᾽. ἐὰν δὲ τοι

ληφθῇ τε καὶ μῆ, τοῦτο γὰρ τῆς κρίνει,

οὐκ ἔσθ᾽ ὡπως ὅμει σὺ δεῦρ᾽ ἐλθόντα με.

καὶ νῦν γὰρ ἐκτὸς ἐλπίδος γνώμης τ᾽ ἐμῆς

σωθεῖς ὁφείλω τοῖς θεοῖς πολλὴν χάριν.
GUARD
May I not speak, or must I turn and go
Without a word?—

CREON
Begone! canst thou not see
That e'en this question irks me?

GUARD
Where, my lord?
Is it thy ears that suffer, or thy heart?

CREON
Why seek to probe and find the seat of pain?

GUARD
I gall thine ears—this miscreant thy mind.

CREON
What an inveterate babbler! get thee gone!

GUARD
Babbler perchance, but innocent of the crime.

CREON
Twice guilty, having sold thy soul for gain.

GUARD
Alas! how sad when reasoners reason wrong.

CREON
Go, quibble with thy reason. If thou fail'st
To find these malefactors, thou shalt own
The wages of ill-gotten gains is death.

[Exit CREON.

GUARD
I pray he may be found. But caught or not
(And fortune must determine that) thou never
Shalt see me here returning; that is sure.
For past all hope or thought I have escaped,
And for my safety owe the gods much thanks.
ΚΟΙΝΗ
ΧΟΡΟΣ
πολλά τά δεινά κούδεν ανθρώπου δεινότερον πέλει:
tούτο καὶ πολιοῦ πέραν πόντου χειμερίῳ νότῳ
χωρεῖ, περιβρυχίοισιν
περίων ὑπ' οἴδμαισιν:
θεών τε τὰν ὑπερτάταν, Γαῖν
ἄφθιτον, ἀκαμάταν, ἀποτρύεται
ιλλομένων ἄρτρων ἔτος εἰς τος
ἵππεῖω γένει πολεύων.
κουφονόων τε φύλων ὄρνιθων ἀμφιβαλῶν ἄγει
καὶ θηρῶν ἄγριων ἔθνη πόντου τ' εἰναλίαν φύσιν
σπείρασι δικτυκλώστοις,
περιφραδὴς ἀνήρ:
κρατεῖ δὲ μηχαναῖς ἄγραυλον
θηρὸς ὀρεσσιβάτα, λασιαύχενα θ'
ἵππον ὀχμάζεται ἀμφί λόφον 1 ζυγῶν
οὐρείον τ' ἀκμήτα ταῦρον.
καὶ φθέγμα καὶ ἀνεμόειν φρόνημα καὶ ἀστυνόμους
ἀγοράς ἐδιδάξατο καὶ δυσαύλων
πάγων ὑπαίθρεια καὶ δύσομβρα φεύγειν βέλη,
pαντοπόρος: ἄπορος ἐπ' οὐδὲν ἔρχεται
tὸ μέλλον: Ἐιδα μόνον φεύξιν οὐκ ἔπαξεται
νόσων δ' ἀμηχάνων φυγάς ἔμπεφρασται.

1 ἔζεται ἀμφιλοφον ἥγον, MSS. G. Schöne corr.
QUORUS

Many wonders there be, but naught more wondrous than man:
Over the surging sea, with a whitening south wind wan,
Through the foam of the firth, man makes his perilous way;
And the eldest of deities Earth that knows not toil nor decay:
Ever he furrows and scores, as his team, year in year
With breed of the yokèd horse, the ploughshare turneth about.

The light-witted birds of the air, the beasts of the weald and the wood
He traps with his woven snare, and the brood of the briny flood.
Master of cunning he: the savage bull, and the hart
Who roams the mountain free, are tamed by his infinite art;
And the shaggy rough-maned steed is broken to bear the bit.

Speech and the wind-swift speed of counsel and civic wit,
He hath learnt for himself all these; and the arrowy rain to fly
And the nipping airs that freeze, 'neath the open winter sky.
He hath provision for all: fell plague he hath learnt to endure;
Safe whate'er may befall: yet for death he hath found no cure.
АНТИГОНΗ

ἀντ. β'

σοφὸν τι τὸ μηχανόεν τέχνας ὑπὲρ ἐλπίδ' ἔχων
tοτὲ μὲν κακόν, ἄλλοτ', ἐπ' ἐσθλὸν ἔρπει,
nόμους γεραιρών1 χθονῶς θεών τ' ἄνορκον δίκαν,
ὑψίπολις· ἀπολις ὅτω το μὴ καλὸν
ξύνεστι τόλμας χάριν. μὴ τ' ἐμοὶ παρέστιοσ
gένοιτο μὴ τ' ἦσον φρονῶν ὅσ τάδ' ἐρδεῖ.

ἐς δαμόνιον τέρας ἀμφινῶ
τόδε: πῶς εἰδῶς ἀντιλογήσω
τὴν' οὐκ εἶναι παῖδ' Ἀντιγόνην.
ὡ δύστηνος
καὶ δυστήνου πατρὸς Οἰδιπόδα,
tί ποτ'; οὐ δὴ ποῦ σὲ γ' ἀπιστοῦσαν
τοὺς βασιλείουσιν ἁγούσι νόμοις
καὶ ἐν ἄφροσύνη καθελόντες;

ΦΥΛΑΞ

ηδ' ἐστ' ἐκεῖνη τοῦργον ἡ ἤξειργασμένη·
tὴν' εἰλομεν θάπτουσαν. ἀλλὰ ποῦ Κρέων;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οδ' ἐκ δόμων ἄψορρος εἰς δέον περᾶ.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

τί δ' ἐστι; ποίᾳ ξύμμετροι προῤῥην τύχη;

ΦΥΛΑΞ

ἀναξ', βροτοῖσιν οὐδὲν ἐστ' ἀπώμοτον.
φεῦδει γὰρ ἡ 'πίνοια τὴν γνώμην. ἐπεὶ
σχολῆ ποθ' ἦξειν δεύρ', ἄν ἐξηνύχουν ἐγὼ

1 παρεἳρων, MSS. Reiske corr.
Passing the wildest flight of thought are the cunning and skill,
That guide man now to the light, but now to counsels of ill.
If he honours the laws of the land, and reveres the Gods of the State
Proudly his city shall stand; but a cityless outcast I rate
Whoso bold in his pride from the path of right doth depart;
Ne'er may I sit by his side, or share the thoughts of his heart.

What strange vision meets my eyes,
Fills me with a wild surprise?
Sure I know her, sure 'tis she,
The maid Antigone.
Hapless child of hapless sire,
Didst thou recklessly conspire,
Madly brave the King's decree?
Therefore are they haling thee?

Enter guard bringing Antigone

Guard
Here is the culprit taken in the act
Of giving burial. But where's the King?

Chorus
There from the palace he returns in time.

Enter Creon

Creon
Why is my presence timely? What has chanced?

Guard
No man, my lord, should make a vow, for if
He ever swears he will not do a thing,
His afterthoughts belie his first resolve.
ANTIFONH

taís saís ἀπειλαῖς, ἀῖς ἐχεμάσθην τότε, ἀλλ' ἢ γὰρ ἐκτὸς καὶ παρ' ἐλπίδας χαρὰ ἐοικεῖν ἀλλή μῆκος οὐδὲν ἥδονή, ἦκω, δὲ ὀρκων καύπερ ὁν ἁπώμοτος, κόρην ἄγων τήνδ', ἢ καθηρέθη τάφον κοσμοῦσα. κλῆρος ἐνθάδ' οὐκ ἐπάλλετο, ἀλλ' ἐστ' ἐμὸν θοῦρμαυν, οὐκ ἄλλου, τόδε. καὶ νῦν, ἄναξ, τήνδ' αὐτὸς, ὡς θέλεις, λαβῶν καὶ κρίνε καξέλεγχ'. ἐγὼ δ' ἐλεύθερος δίκαιος εἰμι τῶν' ἀπηλλάχθαι κακῶν.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ἀγεῖς δὲ τήνδε τῷ τρόπῳ πόθεν λαβῶν;

ΦΥΛΑΞ

αὕτη τὸν ἀνδρ' ἔθαπτε· πάντ' ἐπιστάσαι.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ἡ καὶ ξυνίς καὶ λέγεις ὀρθῶς ὁ φῆς;

ΦΥΛΑΞ

ταῦτην γ' ἰδὼν θάπτουσαν ὑν σὺ τὸν νεκρὸν ἀπείπας. ἂρ' ἐνδηλα καὶ σαφῆ λέγω;

ΚΡΕΩΝ

καὶ πῶς ὀρᾶται κάπιληπτος ἦρέθη;

ΦΥΛΑΞ

τοιοῦτον ἦν τὸ πράγμα'. ὅπως γὰρ ἤκομεν, πρὸς σοῦ τὰ δεῖν' ἐκεῖν' ἐπιπειλημένοι, πᾶσαι κόνων σήραντες, ἢ κατεἰχε τὸν νέκυν, μυθῶν τε σώμα γυμνώσαντες εὕ, καθῆμεθ' ἀκρων ἐκ πάγων ὑπηνεμοι, οσμῆν ἀπ' αὐτοῦ μὴ βάλοι πεφευγότες, ἐγερτὶ κινῶν ἀνδρ' ἀνὴρ ἐπιρρόθοις κακοῖσιν, εἲ τις τοῦδ' ἀκηδήσοι πόνου.1

1 ἀφειδῆσι MSS. Bonitz corr.
ANTIGONE

When from the hail-storm of thy threats I fled
I sware thou wouldst not see me here again;
But the wild rapture of a glad surprise
Intoxicates, and so I'm here forsworn.
And here's my prisoner, caught in the very act,
Decking the grave. No lottery this time;
This prize is mine by right of treasure-trove.
So take her, judge her, rack her, if thou wilt.
She's thine, my liege; but I may rightly claim
Hence to depart well quit of all these ills.

CREON
Say, how didst thou arrest the maid, and where?

GUARD
Burying the man. There's nothing more to tell.

CREON
Hast thou thy wits? Or know'st thou what thou say'st?

GUARD
I saw this woman burying the corpse
Against thy orders. Is that clear and plain?

CREON
But how was she surprised and caught in the act?

GUARD
It happened thus. No sooner had we come,
Driven from thy presence by those awful threats.
Than straight we swept away all trace of dust,
And bared the clammy body. Then we sat
High on the ridge to windward of the stench,
While each man kept his fellow alert and rated
Roundly the sluggard if he chanced to nap.
So all night long we watched, until the sun
χρόνον τάδ’ ἦν τοσοῦτον, ἔστ’ ἐν αἰθέρι μέσῳ κατέστη λαμπρὸς ἡλίου κύκλος καὶ καυμὴ ἐθαλπέ· καὶ τὸτ’ ἐξαίφνης χθονὸς τυφώς αἰείρας σκηπτόν, οὐράνιον ἄχος, πύμπλησε πέδιον, πᾶσαν αἰκίζων φόβην ὑλής πεδιάδος, ἐν δ’ ἐμεστώθη μέγας αἰθήρ. μύσαντες δ’ εἶχομεν θείαν νόσον.
καὶ τοῦτ’ ἀπαλλαγέντος ἐν χρόνῳ μακρῷ, ἡ παῖς ὁρᾶται, κάνακκωκύει πικρᾶς ὄρνθος ὃν ὑμὸν φθόγγον, ὡς ὅταν κενὴς εὕνης νεσσοῦν ὄρφανον βλέψῃ λέχος:
οὕτω δὲ χαύτη, ψιλὸν ὡς ὅρα νέκυν,
γόοις ἔξωμεξεν, ἐκ δ’ ἀρᾶς κακᾶς ἑρᾶτο τοῦτω τοῦργον ἐξειργασμένους.
καὶ χροῖν εὗθος δυσίαν φέρει κόνιν,
ἐκ τ’ εὐκροτήτου χαλκέας ἀρδην πρόχον
χοαίσι τρισπόνδουσι τὸν νέκυν στέφει.
χήμεισ ἰδόντες ἰέμεσθα, σὺν δὲ νων
θηρώμεθ’ εὗθος οὐδέν ἐκπεπληγμένην,
καὶ τὰς τε πρόσθεν τὰς τε νῦν ἡλέγχομεν
πράξεις: ἀπαρνὸς δ’ οὐδενὸς καθίστατο,
αμ’ ἴδεως ἐμοιγε κάλγεινός ἀμα.
τὸ μὲν γὰρ αὐτὸν ἐκ κακῶν πεφευγέναι ἤδιστον, ἐς κακον δὲ τοὺς ψίλους ἄγεν
ἀλγεινόν· ἀλλὰ πάντα ταῦθ’ ἤσσω λαβεῖν
ἐμοὶ πέφυκε τῆς ἐμῆς σωτηρίας.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
σε δὴ, σε τὴν νεύουσαν εἰς πέδον κάρα,
φῆς ἦ καταρνεῖ μὴ δεδρακέναι τάδε;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ
καὶ φημὶ δράσαι κοῦκ ἀπαρνοῦμαι τὸ μή.
ANTIGONE

Stood high in heaven, and his blazing beams
Smote us. A sudden whirlwind then upraised
A cloud of dust that blotted out the sky,
And swept the plain, and stripped the woodlands bare,
And shook the firmament. We closed our eyes
And waited till the heaven-sent plague should pass.
At last it ceased, and lo! there stood this maid.
A piercing cry she uttered, sad and shrill,
As when the mother bird beholds her nest
Robbed of its nestlings; even so the maid
Wailed as she saw the body stripped and bare,
And cursed the ruffians who had done this deed.
Anon she gathered handfuls of dry dust,
Then, holding high a well-wrought brazen urn,
Thrice on the dead she poured a lustral stream.
We at the sight swooped down on her and seized
Our quarry. Undismayed she stood, and when
We taxed her with the former crime and this,
She disowned nothing. I was glad—and grieved;
For 'tis most sweet to 'scape oneself scot-free,
And yet to bring disaster to a friend
Is grievous. Take it all in all, I deem
A man's first duty is to serve himself.

CREON

Speak, girl, with head bent low and downcast eyes,
Dost thou plead guilty or deny the deed?

ANTIGONE

Guilty. I did it, I deny it not.
ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ΚΡΕΩΝ

σο μὲν κομιζοὺς ἄν σεαυτὸν ἢ θέλεις ἔξω βαρείας αἰτίας ἐλεύθερον.
σο δ' εἰπὲ μοι μὴ μῆκος, ἀλλὰ συντόμως, ἣδησθα κηρυχθέντα μὴ πράσσειν τάδε;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ἡδη· τί δ' οὔκ ἐμελλον; ἐμφανῇ γὰρ ἥν

ΚΡΕΩΝ

καὶ δῆτ' ἐτόλμας τοῦσδ' ὑπερβαίνειν νόμους;

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

οὐ γάρ τι μοι Ζεὺς ἦν ὁ κηρύξας τάδε,
οὐδ' ἡ ἐγνοικὸς τῶν κάτω θεῶν Δίκη
tοιοῦσδ' ἐν ἀνθρώποισιν ὤρισεν νόμους·
oὐδὲ οἴδεν τοσοῦτον ὑόμην τὰ σὰ
cηρύγμαθ', ὥστ' ἀγραπτα κάσφαλη θεῶν
νόμιμα δύνασθαι θητὸν ὅνθ' ὑπερδραμεῖν.
oὐ γάρ τι νῦν γε κάχθεσ, ἀλλ' ἄει ποτε
ζη ταῦτα, κοῦδεὶς οἴδεν εἰς ὁτον 'φάνη.
tοῦτων ἐγὼ οὐκ ἐμελλον, ἀνδρὸς οὐδενὸς
φρόνημα δείσας', ἐν θεοῖς τὴν δίκην
dώσειν· θανουμένη γὰρ ἐξῆδη, τί δ' οὔ;
κεὶ μὴ σοὶ προςελεύς' εἰ δὲ τοῦ χρόνου
πρόσθην θανοῦμαι, κέρδος αὕτ' ἐγὼ λέγω.
ὁστ' γάρ ἐν πολλοίσιν ὡς ἐγὼ κακοῖς
ζη', πῶς δ' οὐχὶ καθανῶν κέρδος φέρει;
οὖτως ἐμοιγε τοῦτῳ τοῦ μόρου τυχεῖν
παρ' οὐδὲν ἄλγος· ἀλλ' ἄν, εἰ τὸν ἐξ ἐμῆς
μητρὸς θανόντ' ἀθαπτὸν ἡσχόμην νέκνω,
κείνοις ἄν ἡλγουν· τοῖσδε δ' οὐκ ἄλγυνοιμαι.
σοὶ δ' εἰ δοκῶ νῦν μῶρα δρῶσα τυγχάνειν,
σχεδὸν τι μῶρῳ μωρίαν ὀφλισκάνω.
ANTIGONE

CREON (to guard)
Sirrah, begone whither thou wilt, and thank
Thy luck that thou hast ’scaped a heavy charge.

(to ANTIGONE)
Now answer this plain question, yes or no,
Wast thou acquainted with the interdict?

ANTIGONE
I knew, all knew; how should I fail to know?

CREON
And yet wert bold enough to break the law?

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

ΧΟΡΟΣ
δηλοὶ τὸ γέννημ’ ὦμὸν ἐξ ὦμοῦ πατρὸς
tῆς παιδός· εἴκειν δ’ οὐκ ἐπίσταται κακοῖς.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
ἀλλ’ ἵσθι τοι τὰ σκλήρ’ ἀγαν φρονῆματα
πίπτειν μάλιστα, καὶ τὸν ἐγκρατέστατον
σίδηρον ὅππὸν ἐκ πυρὸς περισκέλῃ
θραυσθέντα καὶ ῥαγέντα πλεῖστ’ ἂν εἰσίδοις·
σμικρῷ χαλινῷ δ’ οἶδα τοὺς θυμουμένους
ἴππους καταρτυθέντας· οὐ γὰρ ἐκτέλει
φρονεῖν μέγ’ ὅστις δούλος ἔστι τῶν πέλας.
αὐτῇ δ’ ὑβρίζειν μὲν τὸτ’ ἔξηπίστατο,
νόμους ὑπερβαίνουσα τοὺς προκειμένους·
ὑβρις δ’, ἔπει δέδρακεν, ἥδε δευτέρα,
tούτοις ἐπαυχεῖν καὶ δέδρακυναν γελῶν.
ἡ νῦν ἐγὼ μὲν οὐκ ἄνηρ, αὐτῇ δ’ ἄνηρ,
eἰ ταῦτ’ ἀνατε τῆδε κείσεται κράτη.
ἀλλ’ εἰτ’ ἀδελφῆς εἰθ’ ὄμαιμονεστέρα
tοῦ παντὸς ἥμιν Ζηνὸς ἐρκείον κυρεί,
αὐτῇ τε χῇ ἔναιμος οὐκ ἀλώζετον
μόρον κακίστου· καὶ γὰρ οὖν κείνην ἵσον
ἐπαιτιώματο τοῦδε βουλεύσαι τάφον.
καὶ νν καλεῖτ’· ἐσω γὰρ εἶδον ἄρτιως
λυσσώσαν αὐτὴν οὔδ’ ἐπῆβολον φρενῶν.
φιλεὶ δ’ ὁ θυμὸς πρὸςθεὶς ἤρησθαι κλοπεὺς
tῶν μηδὲν ὀρθῶς ἐν σκότῳ τεχνωμένων·
μισῶ γε μέντοι χῶταν ἐν κακοῖς τις
ἄλος ἐπείτα τοῦτο καλλύνειν θέλη.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ
θέλεις τι μεῖζον ἥ κατακτεῖναί μ’ ἐλῶν;

ΚΡΕΩΝ
ἐγὼ μὲν οὔδέν· τοῦτ’ ἔχων ἀπαντ’ ἔχω.
ANTIGONE

CHORUS
A stubborn daughter of a stubborn sire,
This ill-starred maiden kicks against the pricks.

CREON
Well, let her know the stubborndest of wills
Are soonest bended, as the hardest iron,
O'er-heated in the fire to brittleness,
Flies soonest into fragments, shivered through.
A snaffle curbs the fieriest steed, and he
Who in subjection lives must needs be meek.
But this proud girl, in insolence well-schooled,
First overstepped the established law, and then—
A second and worse act of insolence—
She boasts and glories in her wickedness.
Now if she thus can flout authority
Unpunished, I am woman, she the man.
But though she be my sister's child or nearer
Of kin than all who worship at my hearth,
Nor she nor yet her sister shall escape
The utmost penalty, for both I hold,
As arch-conspirators, of equal guilt.
Bring forth the other; even now I saw her
Within the palace, frenzied and distraught.
The workings of the mind discover oft
Dark deeds in darkness schemed, before the act.
More hateful still the miscreant who seeks
When caught, to make a virtue of a crime.

ANTIGONE
Would'st thou do more than slay thy prisoner?

CREON
Not I, thy life is mine, and that's enough.
ANTIFONH

τί δῆτα μέλλεις; ὡς ἐμοὶ τῶν σῶν λόγων ἀρεστὸν οὐδὲν μὴδ' ἀρεσθεὶς ποτὲ·
οὔτω δὲ καὶ σοι τάμι' ἀφανδάνοντ' ἐφυ.
καίτοι πόθεν κλέος γ' ἃν εὐκλεέστερον
κατέσχον ἡ τὸν αὐτάδελφον ἐν τάφῳ
τιθέσα; τούτοις τοῦτο πᾶσιν ἀνδάνειν
λέγοιτ' ἃν, εἰ μὴ γλώσσαν ἐγκλῆιοι φόβοις.
ἀλλ' ἡ τυραννίς πολλά τ' ἄλλ' εὐδαιμονεὶ
kαξεστίν αὐτῇ δρᾶν λέγειν θ' ἃ βούλεται.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

σὺ τούτῳ μοῦνῃ τῶνδε Καδμείων ὅρᾶς.

ANTIFONH

ὁρῶι χοῦτοι, σοὶ δ' ὑπίλλουσιν στόμα.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

σὺ δ' οὐκ ἐπαιδεῖ, τῶνδε χωρὶς εἰ φρονεῖς;

ANTIFONH

οὐδὲν γὰρ αἰσχρὸν τοὺς ὁμοσπλάγχνους σέβειν.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

οὐκουν ὀμαιμος χῶ καταντίον θανῶν;

ANTIFONH

ὁμαιμος ἐκ μιᾶς τε καὶ ταύτοι πατρός.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

πῶς δῆτ' ἑκείνῳ δυσσεβὴ τιμᾶς χάρων;

ANTIFONH

οὐ μαρτυρήσει ταῦθ' ὁ καθανῶν νέκυς.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

εἰ τοί σφε τιμᾶς εξ ὑσου τῷ δυσσεβεῖ.

ANTIFONH

οὐ γὰρ τι δοῦλος, ἄλλ' ἄδελφος ὧλετο.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

πορθῶν δὲ τήνδε γῆν· ὁ δ' ἀντιστὰς ὑπερ.

352
ANTIGONE

Why dally then? To me no word of thine
Is pleasant: God forbid it e’er should please;
Nor am I more acceptable to thee.
And yet how otherwise had I achieved
A name so glorious as by burying
A brother? so my townsmen all would say,
Were they not gagged by terror. Manifold
A king’s prerogatives, and not the least
That all his acts and all his words are law.

CREON
Of all these Thebans none so deems but thou.

ANTIGONE
These think as I, but bate their breath to thee.

CREON
Hast thou no shame to differ from all these?

ANTIGONE
To reverence kith and kin can bring no shame.

CREON
Was his dead foeman not thy kinsman too?

ANTIGONE
One mother bare them and the self-same sire.

CREON
Why cast a slur on one by honouring one?

ANTIGONE
The dead man will not bear thee out in this.

CREON
Surely, if good and evil fare alike.

ANTIGONE
The slain man was no villain but a brother.

CREON
The patriot perished by the outlaw’s brand.


Antigonh

όμως δ' ἢ 'Αιδῆς τοὺς νόμους τούτους ποθεὶ.

Kreon

ἀλλ' οὐχ ὁ χρηστὸς τῷ κακῷ λαχεῖν ἱσσό.

Antigonh

tίς οἶδεν εἰ κάτωθεν εὑαγή τάδε;

Kreon

οὗτοι ποθ' οὐχθρόσ, οὐδ' ὅταν θάνη, φίλος.

Antigonh

οὗτοι συνέχθειν, ἀλλὰ συμφιλεῖν ἔφυν.

Kreon

κάτω νυν ἐλθοῦτ', εἰ φιλητέον, φίλει
keίνους· ἐμοῦ δὲ ξάντος οὐκ ἀρξεί γυνὴ.

Xoros

καὶ μὴν πρὸ πυλῶν ἢδ' Ἰσμήνη,
φιλάδελφα κάτω δάκρυ εἰβομένη·
νεφέλη δ' ὄφρυνον ὑπερ αἰματόεν
ρέθος αἰσχύνει,
tέγγυος' εὐώπα παρειάν.

Kreon

σὺ δ', ἢ κατ' οἶκους ὡς ἔχιδν' ύφειμένη
λήθουσα μ' ἐξέπινες, οὔδ' ἐμάνθανον
τρέφων δῦ' ἀτα κάπαναστάσεις θρόνων,
φέρ' εἰπὲ δὴ μοι, καὶ σὺ τοῦτο τοῦ τάφου
φήσεις μετασχεῖν ἢ 'ξομεῖ τὸ μὴ εἰδέναι;

Ismhn

dέδρακα τοῦργον, εἴπερ ἢδ' ὄμορροθεῖ
καὶ ξυμμετίσχω καὶ φέρω τῆς αἰτίας.

Antigonh

ἀλλ' οὐκ ἐάσει τοῦτο γ' ἢ δίκη σ', ἐπεὶ
οὕτ' ἡθελήσας οὕτ' ἐγὼ 'κοινωσάμην.
ANTIGONE

ANTIGONE
Nathless the realms below these rites require.

CREON
Not that the base should fare as do the brave.

ANTIGONE
Who knows if this world's crimes are virtues there?

CREON
Not even death can make a foe a friend.

ANTIGONE
My nature is for mutual love, not hate.

CREON
Die then, and love the dead if love thou must,
No woman shall be master while I live.

Enter Ismene.

CHORUS
Lo from out the palace gate,
Weeping o'er her sister's fate,
Comes Ismene; see her brow,
Once serene, beclouded now,
See her beauteous face o'erspread
With a flush of angry red.

CREON
Woman, who like a viper unperceived
Didst harbour in my house and drain my blood,
Two plagues I nurtured blindly, so it proves,
To sap my throne. Say, didst thou too abet
This crime, or dost abjure all privity?

ISMENE
I did the deed, if she will have it so,
And with my sister claim to share the guilt.

ANTIGONE
That were unjust. Thou would'st not act with me
At first, and I refused thy partnership.
\textbf{ANTIGONH}

\textbf{ΙΣΜΗΝΗ}

\begin{align*}
\text{άλλ' \ εν \ κακοῖς \ τοῖς \ σοίσ \ οὐκ \ αἰσχύνομαι} & \xiύμπλουν \ εμαυτήν \ τοῦ \ πάθους \ ποιουμένη. \\
\text{ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ} & \text{ων \ τούργων, "Αίδης \ χοί \ κάτω \ ξυνίστορες·} \\
\text{λόγοις \ δ' \ ἐγὼ \ φιλοῦσαν \ οὐ \ στέργω \ φίλην.}
\end{align*}

\textbf{ΙΣΜΗΝΗ}

\begin{align*}
\text{μήτοι, κασυγνήτη, \ μ' \ ἀτιμάσης \ τὸ \ μὴ \ οὐ} & \text{θανεῖν \ τε \ σὺν \ σοὶ \ τῶν \ θανόντα \ θ' \ ἀγνίσαι.} \\
\text{ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ} & \text{μή \ μοι \ θάνης \ σὺ \ κοινὰ \ μηδ' \ ἀ \ μὴ \ 'θυγες} \\
\text{ποιοῦ \ σεαυτῆς· \ ἀρκέων \ θνήσκως' \ ἐγώ.}
\end{align*}

\textbf{ΙΣΜΗΝΗ}

\begin{align*}
\text{kαι \ τὸς \ βίος \ μοι \ σοῦ \ λελειμμένη \ φίλος}; \\
\text{ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ} & \text{Κρέοντ' \ ἐρωτα· \ τοῦδε \ γὰρ \ σὺ \ κηδεμῶν.}
\end{align*}

\textbf{ΙΣΜΗΝΗ}

\begin{align*}
\text{τί \ ταῦτ' \ ἁνίας \ μ', \ οὐδὲν \ ωφελομένη;} & \text{550} \\
\text{ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ} & \text{ἀλγοῦσα \ μὲν \ δὴτ' \ εἰ \ γελῶ \ γ' \ ἐν \ σοὶ \ γελῶ.} \\
\text{ΙΣΜΗΝΗ} & \text{τὶ \ δὴτ' \ ἂν \ ἄλλα \ νῦν \ σ' \ ἔτ' \ ωφελοῖμ' \ ἐγώ;} \\
\text{ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ} & \text{σώσον \ σεαυτήν· \ οὐ \ φθονῶ \ σ' \ ὑπεκφυγεῖν.} \\
\text{ΙΣΜΗΝΗ} & \text{οἴμοι \ τάλαινα, \ κάμπλακω \ τοῦ \ σοῦ \ μόρου;} \\
\text{ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ} & \text{σὺ \ μὲν \ γὰρ \ εἶλον \ ζῆν, \ ἐγὼ \ δὲ \ καθθανεῖν.} \\
\text{ΙΣΜΗΝΗ} & \text{ἀλλ' \ οὐκ \ ἐπ' \ ἀρρήτοις \ γε \ τοῖς \ ἐμοῖς \ λόγοις.}
\end{align*}
But now thy bark is stranded, I am bold
To claim my share as partner in the loss.

Who did the deed the under-world knows well:
A friend in word is never friend of mine.

O sister, scorn me not, let me but share
Thy work of piety, and with thee die.

Claim not a work in which thou hadst no hand;
One death sufficeth. Wherefore should' st thou die?

What would life profit me bereft of thee?

Ask Creon, he's thy kinsman and best friend.

Why taunt me? Find' st thou pleasure in these gibes?

'Tis a sad mockery, if indeed I mock.

O say if I can help thee even now.

No, save thyself; I grudge not thy escape.

Is e'en this boon denied, to share thy lot?

Yea, for thou chosed'st life, and I to die.

Thou canst not say that I did not protest.
ANTIGÓNH
καλῶς σὺ μὲν τοῖς, τοῖς δ’ ἐγὼ Ἠδόκουν φρονεῖν.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ
καὶ μὴν ᾧς νῦν ἔστω ἡ Ἑκαμαρτία.

ANTIGÓNH
θάρσει· σὺ μὲν ψῆς, ἥ δ’ ἐμὴ ψυχὴ πάλαι
τέθηκεν, ὡστε τοῖς θανοῦσιν ῥῆείν.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
τῷ παῖδε φημὶ τῶδε τὴν μὲν ἀρτίως
ἀνουν πεφάνθαι, τὴν δ’ ἀφ’ οὗ τὰ πρῶτ’ ἐφυ.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ
οὐ γὰρ ποτ’, ὃναξ, οὐδ’ ὃς ἢν βλάστη μένει
νοῦς τοῖς κακῶς πράσσουσιν, ἀλλ’ ἐξίσταται.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
σοὶ γοῦν, θ’ εἶλον σὺν κακοῖς πράσσειν κακά.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ
τί γὰρ μόνη μοι τῆδε ἀτερ βιώσιμον;

ΚΡΕΩΝ
ἀλλ’ ήδε μέντοι μὴ λέγ’· οὐ γὰρ ἐστ’ ἐτι.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ
ἀλλα κτενεῖς νυμφεῖα τοῦ σαντοῦ τέκνου;

ΚΡΕΩΝ
ἀρώσιμοι γὰρ χατέρων εἰσίν γύαι.

ΙΣΜΗΝΗ
οὐχ ως γ’ ἐκεῖνῳ τῇδε τ’ ἢν ἡμιοσμένα.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
κακῶς ἐγὼ γυναῖκας νιέσων στυγῶ.

ANTIGÓNH
-yyyy-

ΚΡΕΩΝ
άγαν γε λυπεῖσ καὶ σὺ καὶ τὸ σὸν λέχος.
ANTIGONE

ANTIGONE
Well, some approved thy wisdom, others mine.

ISMENE
But now we stand convicted, both alike.

ANTIGONE
Fear not; thou livest, I died long ago,
Then when I gave my life to save the dead.

CREON
Both maids, methinks, are crazed. One suddenly
Has lost her wits, the other was born mad.

ISMENE
Yea, so it falls, sire, when misfortune comes,
The wisest even lose their mother wit.

CREON
I' faith thy wit forsook thee when thou mad'st
Thy choice with evil-doers to do ill.

ISMENE
What, life for me without my sister here?

CREON
Say not thy sister here: thy sister's dead.

ISMENE
What wilt thou slay thy own son's plighted bride?

CREON
Aye, let him raise him seed from other fields.

ISMENE
No new espousal can be like the old.

CREON
A plague on trulls who court and woo our sons.

ANTIGONE
O Haemon, how thy sire dishonours thee!

CREON
A plague on thee and thy accursed bride!

359
ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

η γάρ στερήσεις τήσδε τόν σαυτοῦ γόνον;

ΚΡΕΩΝ

"Αιδης ὁ παύσων τούσδε τοὺς γάμους ἔφυ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

dedogméν', ὡς έοικε, τήνδε κατθανείν.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

καὶ σοὶ γε κάμοι. μὴ τριβᾶσ ἔτ', ἀλλὰ νῦν κομίζετ' εἶσω, ἄμιως. ἐκ δὲ τούδε χρῆ γυναῖκας εἶναι τάσδε μηδ' ἀνειμένας.

φεύγουσι γάρ τοι χοι θρασεῖς, ὅταν πέλας ἤδη τὸν "Αιδην εἰσορῶσι τοῦ βίου.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

eυδαίμονες οἰσι κακῶν ἁγευστος αἰών. στρ. α' οἷς γὰρ ἂν σεισθῇ θεόθεν δόμος, ἀτας οὕδεν ἐλλεῖπει γνεναὶ ἐπὶ πλῆθος ἔρπον; ὁμοίων ὥστε ποινίας οἴδμα δυσπνοίοι ὅταν Θρήσσαιων ἐρεβος ὕφαλον ἐπιδράμη πνοαῖς, κυλίνδει βυσσόθεν κελαιανὶ θῆνα καὶ δυσάνεμοι, στόνω βρέμουσι δ' ἀντιπλῆγιες ἀκταί.

ἄρχαία τά Λαβδακίδᾶν οἰκῶν ὁρῶμαι ἀντ. α' πῆματα φθιτῶν ἐπὶ πῆμασι πῆποντ', οὐδ' ἀπαλλάσσει γενεάν γένως, ἄλλ' ἐρείπει θεῶν τις, οὐδ' ἔχει λύσιν. νῦν γὰρ ἐσχάτας ὑπὲρ βίῶς ὅ τέτατο φάος ἐν Οἰδίπου δόμοις, κατ' αὐ νῦν φοινία θεῶν τῶν νερτέρων ἀμαὶ κοπίς 1 λόγου τ' ἀνοια καὶ φρενῶν ἐρινὺς.

1 κόνις mss; J. Jortin corr.
ANTIGONE

CHORUS
What, wilt thou rob thine own son of his bride?

CREON
'Tis death that bars this marriage, not his sire.

CHORUS
So her death-warrant, it would seem, is sealed.

CREON
By you, as first by me; off with them, guards,
And keep them close. Henceforward let them learn
To live as women use, not roam at large.
For e'en the bravest spirits run away
When they perceive death pressing on life's heels.

CHORUS
Thrice blest are they who never tasted pain! (Str. 1)
If once the curse of Heaven attaint a race,
The infection lingers on and speeds apace,
Age after age, and each the cup must drain.

So when Etesian blasts from Thrace downpour
Sweep o'er the blackening main and whirl to land
From Ocean's cavernous depths his ooze and sand,
Billow on billow thunders on the shore.

On the Labdacidae I see descending (Ant. 1)
Woe upon woe; from days of old some god
Laid on the race a malison, and his rod
Scourges each age with sorrows never ending.

The light that dawned upon its last born son
Is vanished, and the bloody axe of Fate
Has felled the goodly tree that blossomed late.
O Oedipus, by reckless pride undone!
στρ. β'

teāν, Zeὐ, δύνασιν τίς ἀνδρῶν ὑπερβασία κατάσχοι; tὰν οὐθ' ὑπνὸς αἴρεῖ ποθ' ὁ πάντ' ἀγρεύων, οὐτε θεών ἄκματοι μῆνες, ἀγήρῳ δὲ χρόνῳ δυνάστας κατέχεις Ὁλύμπου μαρμαρόεσσαν 610 αὐγλαν.

tὸ τ' ἔπειτα καὶ τὸ μέλλον καὶ τὸ πρὶν ἐπαρκέσει νόμος ὅδ', ουδὲν ἔρπει θνατῶν βιότῳ πάμπολυ γ' ἐκτὸς ἄτας.

ἀντ. β'

ά γάρ δὴ πολύπλαγκτος ἐλπὶς πολλοῖς μὲν δύνασι ἀνδρῶν, πολλοῖς δ' ἀπάτα κουφονόων ἐρώτων· εἰδότι δ' οὐδὲν ἔρπει, πρὶν πυρὶ θερμῷ πόδα τίς προσαύσῃ. σοφία γὰρ ἐκ του κλεινὸν ἔπος πέφανται.

tὸ κακὸν δοκεῖν ποτ' ἐσθλὸν τῷδ' ἐμμεν ὅτω φρένασ θεός ἀγεῖ πρὸς ἄταν· πράσσει δ' ὀλύγιστον γρόνον εκτὸς ἄτας.

οδε μὴν Αὐμων, παίδων τῶν σῶν νέατον γένητημ' ἃρ' ἀχνύμενος τάλιδος ἢκει μόρον ᾿Αντιγόνης, ἀπάτης λεχέων ὑπεραλγῶν;

ΚΡΕΩΝ

tάχ' εἰσόμεσθα μάντεων ὑπέρτερον. ὡ παί, τελείαν ψήφον ἀρα μὴ κλύων τῆς μελλονύμφου πατρὶ λυσαίνων πάρει; ἥ σοι μὲν ἡμεῖς πανταχῇ δρῶντες φίλοι; 630

362
ANTIGONE

(Str. 2)

Thy might, O Zeus, what mortal power can quell?
Not sleep that lays all else beneath its spell,
Nor moons that never tire: untouched by Time,
Throned in the dazzling light
That crowns Olympus’ height,
Thou reignest King, omnipotent, sublime.

Past, present, and to be,
All bow to thy decree,
All that exceeds the mean by Fate
Is punished, Love or Hate.

(Ant. 2)

Hope flits about on never-wearying wings;
Profit to some, to some light loves she brings,
But no man knoweth how her gifts may turn,
Till ’neath his feet the treacherous ashes burn.
Sure ’twas a sage inspired that spake this word;

If evil good appear
To any, Fate is near;
And brief the respite from her flaming sword.

Hither comes in angry mood
Haemon, latest of thy brood;
Is it for his bride he’s grieved,
Of her marriage-bed deceived,
Doth he make his mourn for thee,
Maid forlorn, Antigone?

Enter Haemon.

CREON

Soon shall we know, better than seer can tell.
Learning my fixed decree anent thy bride,
Thou mean’st not, son, to rave against thy sire?
Know’st not whate’er we do is done in love?
ΑΙΜΩΝ

πάτερ, σόσ εἰμι, καὶ σύ μοι γνώμας ἔχων χρηστᾶς ἀπορθοῖς, αἰς ἔγωγ' ἐφέμομαι.
ἐμοὶ γὰρ οὕδεις αξιώσεται γάμος
μείζων φέρεσθαι σοῦ καλῶς ἥγουμένου.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

οὔτω γὰρ, δ' παὶ, χρή διὰ στέρνων ἔχειν,
γνώμης πατρώας πάντ' ὀπισθὲν ἔστάναι. 640
τούτου γὰρ οὖνεκ' ἄνδρες εὐχονται γονᾶς
κατηκόουσι φύσαντες εὖ δόμοις ἔχειν,
ὡς καὶ τὸν ἐχθρὸν ἀνταμύνωνται κακοῖς
καὶ τὸν φίλον τιμῶσιν ἐξ ἑσοῦ πατρί.
ὅστις δ' ἄνωφελῆτα φιτύει τέκνα,
τέ τόνδ' ἂν εἴποις ἄλλο πλῆν αὐτῷ πόνους
φύσαι, πολὺν δὲ τούσιν ἐχθροῖσιν γέλων;
μὴ νῦν ποτ', δ' παῖ, τάς φρένας ὑφ' ἠδονῆς
γυναικὸς οὖνεκ' ἐκβάλῃς, εἰδὼς ὅτι
ψυχρὸν παραγκάλισμα τούτῳ γίγνεται,
γνυτ' κακὴ ξύνευνος ἐν δόμοις. 650
τί γὰρ
γένοιτ' ἂν ἐλκος μείζον ἡ φίλος κακός;
ἀλλὰ πτύσας ὡσεὶ τε δυσμενή μεθὲς
tὴν παῖδ' ἐν "Αἴδου τῆν ἥ νυμφεύειν τυί.
ἐπεὶ γὰρ αὐτὴν εἶλον ἐμφανῶς ἐγὼ
πόλεως ἀπιστήσασαν ἐκ πάσης μόνην,
ψευδὴ γ' ἐμαυτὸν οὖ καταστήσω πόλει,
ἀλλὰ κτενῷ. πρὸς ταῦτ' ἐφυμνεῖτω Δία
ξύναιμον'. εἰ γὰρ δὴ τὰ γ' ἐγγενῆ φύςει
άκοσμα θρέψω, κάρτα τοὺς ἔξω γένους
ἐν τοῖς γὰρ οἰκείουσιν ὡστὶς ἕστ' ἀνήρ
χρηστός, φανεῖται καὶ πόλει δίκαιος ὡν.
ὁστὶς δ' ὑπερβᾶς ἡ νόμους βιάζεται
ἡ τοὐπιτάσσει τοὺς κρατύνουσιν νοεῖ,
ANTIGONE

HAEMON

O father, I am thine, and I will take
Thy wisdom as the helm to steer withal.
Therefore no wedlock shall by me be held
More precious than thy loving governance.

CREON

Well spoken: so right-minded sons should feel,
In all deferring to a father's will.
For 'tis the hope of parents they may rear
A brood of sons submissive, keen to avenge
Their father's wrongs, and count his friends their own.
But who begets unprofitable sons,
He verily breeds trouble for himself,
And for his foes much laughter. Son, be warned
And let no woman fool away thy wits.
Ill fares the husband mated with a shrew,
And her embraces very soon wax cold.
For what can wound so surely to the quick
As a false friend? So spue and cast her off,
Bid her go find a husband with the dead.
For since I caught her openly rebelling,
Of all my subjects the one malcontent,
I will not prove a traitor to the State.
She surely dies. Go, let her, if she will,
Appeal to Zeus the God of Kindred, for
If thus I nurse rebellion in my house,
Shall not I foster mutiny without?
For whoso rules his household worthily,
Will prove in civic matters no less wise.
But he who overbears the laws, or thinks
To overrule his rulers, such an one
οὔκ ἦστ' ἐπαίνοι τοῦτον ἐξ ἐμοῦ τυχεῖν.
ἀλλ' ὃν πόλις στήσεις, τούτες χρή κλύειν
καὶ σμικρὰ καὶ δίκαια καὶ τάναντία.
καὶ τοῦτον ἃν τὸν ἄνδρα θαρσοῖν ἑγὼ
καλῶς μὲν ἄρχειν, εὗ δ' ἂν ἄρχεσθαι θέλειν,
δορὸς τ' ἃν ἐν χείμων προστεταγμένον
μένειν δίκαιον κἀγαθὸν παραστάτην.
ἀναρχίας δὲ μείζον ous ἦστιν κακὸν.
αὕτη πόλεις ὀλλυσοῦν, ἢδ' ἀναστάτους
οἰκους τίθησιν, ἢδε συμμάχου δορὸς
τροπᾶς καταρρήγνυσι τῶν δ' ὀρθομένων
σώζει τὰ πολλὰ σώμαθ' ἡ πειθαρχία.
οὕτως ἀμυντε' ἦστι τοῖς κοσμομένοις,
κοῦτοι γυναικὸς οὐδαμῶς ἱσσητέα.
κρείσσον γάρ, εἶτερ δεῖ, πρὸς ἄνδρός ἐκπεσεῖν,
κοὐκ ἀν γυναικῶν ἔσονες καλοὶμεθ' ἂν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἡμῶν μέν, εἰ μὴ τῷ χρόνῳ κεκλέμμεθα,
λέγειν φρονούντως ὅν λέγεις δοκεῖσ πέρι.

AIMΩΝ

πάτερ, θεοί φύουσιν ἄνθρώποις φρένας,
pάντων ὁς' ἦστι κτημάτων ὑπέρτατον.
ἐγὼ δ' ὡς τούτῳ μὴ λέγεις ὅρθως τάδε,
οὕτ' ἂν δυναίμην μήτ' ἐπισταίμην λέγειν·
γένοιτο μεντάν χάτερω καλῶς ἔχων.

σοῦ δ' οὖν πέφυκα πάντα προσκοπεῖν ὅσα
λέγει τις ἦ πράσσει τις ἦ γέγενεν ἐχει.
τὸ γάρ σοι ἀμμα δεινὸν ἄνδρι δημότῃ

670

680

690

λόγοις τοιούτοις, ὅς σοὶ μὴ τέρψει κλύων·
ἐμοὶ δ' ἄκουειν ἔσθ' ὑπὸ σκότου τάδε,
τὴν παίδα ταύτην οἴδ' ὄδύρεται πόλις,
πασῶν γυναικῶν ὡς ἀναξιωτάτη
I never will allow. Whome’er the State Appoints, must be obeyed in everything, Both small and great, just and unjust alike. I warrant such an one in either case Would shine, as King or subject; such a man Would in the storm of battle stand his ground, A comrade leal and true; but Anarchy— What evils are not wrought by Anarchy! She ruins States, and overthrows the home, She dissipates and routs the embattled host; While discipline preserves the ordered ranks. Therefore we must maintain authority And yield no tittle to a woman’s will. Better, if needs be, men should cast us out Than hear it said, a woman proved his match.

CHORUS
To me, unless old age have dulled my wits, Thy words appear both reasonable and wise.

HAEMON
Father, the gods implant in mortal men Reason, the choicest gift bestowed by heaven. ’Tis not for me to say thou errest, nor Would I arraign thy wisdom, if I could; And yet wise thoughts may come to other men And, as thy son, it falls to me to mark The acts, the words, the comments of the crowd. The commons stand in terror of thy frown, And dare not utter aught that might offend, But I can overhear their muttered plaints, Know how the people mourn this maiden doomed For noblest deeds to die the worst of deaths.
κάκιστ' ἂν ἔργων εὐκλεεστάτων φθίνει·
ήτις τὸν αὐτῆς αὐτάδελφον ἐν φοναῖς
πεπτῶτ' ἄθαπτον μὴθ' ὑπ' ὡμηστῶν κυνῶν
ἐισ' ὀλέσθαι μὴθ' ὑπ' οἰωνῶν τῶν·
οὐχ ἦδε χρυσῆς ἥξεια τιμῆς λαχεῖν;
τοιάδ' ἔρεμην σιγ' ἐπέρχεται φάτις.
ἐμοὶ δὲ σοῦ πρᾶσσοντος εὐτυχῶς, πάτερ,
οὐκ ἐστιν οὐδὲν κτῆμα τιμώτερον.
τί γὰρ πατρὸς θάλλοντος εὐκλείας τέκνοις
ἀγαλμα μεῖζον, ἢ τί πρὸς παῖδων πατρί;
μὴ νῦν ἐν ἠθος μοῦνον ἐν σαντῷ φόρει,
ὡς φῆς σύ, κοῦδεν ἄλλο, τοῦτ' ὀρθῶς ἑχεῖν.
όστις γὰρ αὐτὸς ἢ φρόνειν μόνος δοκεῖ,
ἡ γλώσσαν, ἢν οὐκ ἄλλος, ἢ ψυχὴν ἑχεῖν,
οὗτοι διαπτυχθέντες ὄφθησαν κενοί.
ἀλλ' ἀνδρα, κεῖ τις ἢ σοφός, τὸ μανθάνειν
πάλλ' αἰσχρῶν οὐδὲν καὶ τὸ μὴ τείνειν ἄγαν.
ὁρᾶς παρὰ ἰδρονις χειμάρροις ὅσα
dένδρων υπείκει, κλώνας ὡς ἐκοιχεῖται,
τὰ δ' ἀντιτείνοντ' αὐτόπρεμν' ἀπόλλυται.
αὐτως δὲ ναὸς ὅστις ἐγκρατῆ πόδα
teίνας υπείκει μηδέν, ὑπίοις κάτω
στρέψας τὸ λοιπὸν σέλμασιν ναυτύλλεται.
ἀλλ' εἰκε καὶ θυμῷ μετάστασιν διδοῦν.
γνώμη γὰρ εἰ τις κἀκ' ἐμοῦ νεωτέρου
πρόσεστι, φῆμ' ἐγνωγη πρεσβεύειν πολὺ
φῦναι τὸν ἄνδρα πάντ' ἐπιστήμησις πλέων·
εἰ δ' οὐν, φιλεὶς γὰρ τοῦτο μὴ ταύτῃ ἑπείν,
καὶ τῶν λεγόντων εὐ καλὸν τὸ μανθάνειν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
ἄναξ, σὲ τ' εἰκός, εἰ τι καίριον λέγει,
μαθεῖν, σὲ τ' αὖ τοῦδ'· εὖ γὰρ εὑρηται διπλῇ.
When her own brother slain in battle lay
Unsepulchred, she suffered not his corse
To lie for carrion birds and dogs to maul:
Should not her name (they cry) be writ in gold?
Such the low murmurings that reach my ear.
O father, nothing is by me more prized
Than thy well-being, for what higher good
Can children covet than their sire's fair fame,
As fathers too take pride in glorious sons?
Therefore, my father, cling not to one mood,
And deem not thou art right, all others wrong.
For whoso thinks that wisdom dwells with him,
That he alone can speak or think aright,
Such oracles are empty breath when tried.
The wisest man will let himself be swayed
By others' wisdom and relax in time.
See how the trees beside a stream in flood
Save, if they yield to force, each spray unharmed,
But by resisting perish root and branch.
The mariner who keeps his mainsheet taut,
And will not slacken in the gale, is like
To sail with thwarts reversed, keel uppermost.
Relent then and repent thee of thy wrath;
For, if one young in years may claim some sense,
I'll say 'tis best of all to be endowed
With absolute wisdom; but, if that's denied,
(And nature takes not readily that ply)
Next wise is he who lists to sage advice.

CHORUS
If he says aught in season, heed him, King.
(to Haemon)
Heed thou thy sire too; both have spoken well.
ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ΚΡΕΩΝ
οἱ τηλικοὶ δε καὶ διδαξόμεσθα δὴ 
φρονεῖν ὑπ’ ἀνδρός τηλικοῦδε τὴν φύσιν; 730

ΑΙΜΩΝ
μηδὲν τὸ μὴ δίκαιον. εἰ δ’ ἐγὼ νέος, 
οὐ τὸν χρόνον χρὴ μᾶλλον ἢ τὰργα σκοπεῖν.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
ἐργον γάρ ἐστι τοὺς ἀκοσμοῦντας σέβειν;

ΑΙΜΩΝ
οὐδ’ ἂν κελεύσαιμ’ εὐσεβεῖν εἰς τοὺς κακοὺς.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
οὐχ ἦδε γὰρ τοιῶδ’ ἐπεῖληπται νόσῳ;

ΑΙΜΩΝ
οὐ φησὶ Θῆβης τῆσ’ ὀμόπτολις λεώς.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
πόλις γὰρ ἡμῖν ἀμε χρῆ τάσσειν ἐρεί;

ΑΙΜΩΝ
ὅρᾶς τόδ’ ὡς εἰρήκας ὡς ἀγαν νέος;

ΚΡΕΩΝ
ἀλλῳ γὰρ ἦ ’μοι χρῆ με τῆσ’ ἀρχεῖν χθονός;

ΑΙΜΩΝ
πόλις γὰρ οὐκ ἔσθ’ ἦτις ἀνδρός ἔσθ’ ἐνός.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
οὐ τοῦ κρατοῦντος ἡ πόλις νομίζεται;

ΑΙΜΩΝ
καλῶς γ’ ἐρήμης ἃν σὺ γῆς ἀρχοῖς μόνος.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
οδ’, ὡς ἐοίκε, τῇ γυναικὶ συμμαχεῖ. 740

ΑΙΜΩΝ
εἶπερ γυνῆ σὺ: σοῦ γὰρ οὖν προκήδομαι.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
ὀ παγκάκιστε, διὰ δίκης ἴὼν πατρί;
ANTIGONE

CREON
What, would you have us at our age be schooled,
Lessoned in prudence by a beardless boy?

HAEMON
I plead for justice, father, nothing more.
Weigh me upon my merit, not my years.

CREON
Strange merit this to sanction lawlessness!

HAEMON
For evil-doers I would urge no plea.

CREON
Is not this maid an arrant law-breaker?

HAEMON
The Theban commons with one voice say, No.

CREON
What, shall the mob dictate my policy?

HAEMON
'Tis thou, methinks, who speakest like a boy.

CREON
Am I to rule for others, or myself?

HAEMON
A State for one man is no State at all.

CREON
The State is his who rules it, so 'tis held.

HAEMON
As monarch of a desert thou wouldst shine.

CREON
This boy, methinks, maintains the woman's cause.

HAEMON
If thou be'st woman, yes. My thought's for thee.

CREON
O reprobate, would'st wrangle with thy sire?
ΑΙΜΩΝ
οὐ γὰρ δίκαια σὲ ἔξαμαρτάνονθ' ὀρῶ.
ΚΡΕΩΝ
ἀμαρτάνω γὰρ τὰς ἐμὰς ἀρχὰς σέβων;
ΑΙΜΩΝ
οὐ γὰρ σέβεις, τιμᾶς γε τὰς θεών πατῶν.
ΚΡΕΩΝ
ὡς μιαρὸν ἥθος καὶ γυναικὸς ύστερον.
ΑΙΜΩΝ
οὐ τὰν ἐλοίς ἥσσου γε τῶν ἀισχρῶν ἐμέ.
ΚΡΕΩΝ
ὁ γοῦν λόγος σοι πᾶς ὑπὲρ κείνης ὀδε.
ΑΙΜΩΝ
καὶ σοῦ γε κάμοι, καὶ θεῶν τῶν νερτέρων.
ΚΡΕΩΝ
ταῦτην ποτ' οὖκ ἔσθ' ὡς ἔτι ζώσαν γαμεῖς.
ΑΙΜΩΝ
ἡ δ' οὖν θανεῖται καὶ θανοῦσ' ὄλει τίνα.
ΚΡΕΩΝ
ἡ καπαπειλῶν ὡς ἐπεξέρχει θρασύς;
ΑΙΜΩΝ
τίς δ' ἔστ' ἀπελή πρὸς κενὰς γνώμας λέγειν;
ΚΡΕΩΝ
κλαίων φρενώσεις, ὃν φρενῶν αὐτὸς κενὸς.
ΑΙΜΩΝ
εἰ μὴ πατὴρ ἤσθ', εἶπον ἂν σὲ οὖκ εὖ φρονεῖν.
ΚΡΕΩΝ
γυναικὸς ὃν δούλευμα μὴ κώτιλλε με.
ΑΙΜΩΝ
βούλει λέγειν τι καὶ λέγων μηδέν κλύειν;

372
ANTIGONE

HAEMON
Because I see thee wrongfully perverse.

CREON
And am I wrong, if I maintain my rights?

HAEMON
Talk not of rights; thou spurn’st the due of Heaven.

CREON
O heart corrupt, a woman’s minion thou!

HAEMON
Slave to dishonour thou wilt never find me.

CREON
Thy speech at least was all a plea for her.

HAEMON
And thee and me, and for the gods below.

CREON
Living the maid shall never be thy bride.

HAEMON
So she shall die, but one will die with her.

CREON
Hast come to such a pass as threaten me?

HAEMON
What threat is this, vain counsels to reprove?

CREON
Vain fool to instruct thy betters; thou shalt rue it.

HAEMON
Wert not my father, I had said thou err’st.

CREON
Play not the spaniel, thou a woman’s slave.

HAEMON
When thou dost speak, must no man make reply?
ἈΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ἀλήθες; ἀλλ' οὖ τὸν "Ολυμπον, ἵσθ', ὅτι,
χαίρων ἐπὶ ψόγοισι δεννάσεις ἐμὲ.
ἀγαγε τὸ μύσος, ὡς κατ' ὦμματ' αὐτίκα
παρόντι θυήσκη πλησία τῷ νυμφίῳ.

ΑΙΜΩΝ

οὐ δὴ τ' ἐμοίγε, τοῦτο μὴ δόξης ποτέ,
οὐθ' ἢδ' ὀλεῖται πλησία, σὺ τ' οὖδαμα
τοῦτον προσόφει κράτ' ἐν ὀφθαλμοῖς ὅρῶν,
ὡς τοῖς θέλουσι τῶν φίλων μαίνη συνάων.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀνήρ, ἀνάξ, βεβηκέν ἐξ ὀργῆς ταχύς.
νοῦς δ' ἐστὶ τηλικοῦτος ἀλγῆσας βαρύς.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

δράτω: φρονεῖτω μείζον ἡ κατ' ἀνδρ' ἰών.
τὸ δ' οὖν κόρα τῶδ' οὐκ ἀπαλλάξει μόρου.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀμφὼ γὰρ αὐτῷ καὶ κατακτεῖνα νοεῖς;

ΚΡΕΩΝ

οὐ τὴν γε μὴ θυγοῦσαν· εὖ γὰρ οὖν λέγεις.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

μόρῳ δὲ ποίῳ καὶ σφε βουλεύει κτανεῖν;

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ἀγων ἔρημος ἐνθ' ἄν ἢ βροτῶν στίβος
κρύψω πετρώδει ξάσαν ἐν κατώρυχι,
φορβής τοσοῦτον ὡς ἄγοσ μόνον προθεῖς,
ὅπως μίσσιμα πᾶσ' ὑπεκφύγη πόλις.
κάκει τὸν "Αἰδην, ὅν μόνον σέβει θεῶν,
αἰτομένη που τεύξεται τὸ μὴ θανεῖν,
ἡ γνώσεται γοῦν ἄλλα τηνικαθ'). ὅτι
πόνος περισσός ἐστὶ τὰν "Αἰδου σέβειν.
CREON
This passes bounds. By heaven, thou shalt not rate
And jeer and flout me with impunity.
Off with the hateful thing that she may die
At once, beside her bridegroom, in his sight.

HAEMON
Think not that in my sight the maid shall die,
Or by my side; never shalt thou again
Behold my face hereafter. Go, consort
With friends who like a madman for their mate.

"Exit haemon.

CHORUS
Thy son has gone, my liege, in angry haste.
Fell is the wrath of youth beneath a smart.

CREON
Let him go vent his fury like a fiend:
These sisters twain he shall not save from death.

CHORUS
Surely, thou meanest not to slay them both?

CREON
I stand corrected; only her who touched
The body.

CHORUS
And what death is she to die?

CREON
She shall be taken to some desert place
By man untrod, and in a rock-hewn cave,
With food no more than to avoid the taint
That homicide might bring on all the State,
Buried alive. There let her call in aid
The King of Death, the one god she reveres,
Or learn too late a lesson learnt at last:
'Tis labour lost, to reverence the dead.
"Ερως ἀνίκατε μάχαν, "Ερως, ὁς ἐν κτήμασι πίπτεις,
ὅς ἐν μαλακαῖς παρειαῖς νεάνιδος ἐννυχεύεις,
φοιτᾷς δ’ ὑπερπόντιος ἐν τ’ ἀγρονόμοις αὐλαῖς:
καὶ σ’ οὔτ’ ἀθανάτων φύσιμος οὐδεὶς
οὗθ’ ἀμερίων σε γ’ ἀνθρώπων· ὃ δ’ ἐχὼν μέμηνεν. 790

ἀντ.

οὐ καὶ δικαίων ἀδίκους φρένας παρασπᾶσ ἐπὶ λόβα;

οὐ καὶ τόδε νείκος ἀνδρῶν ξύναιμον ἔχεις ταράξας·

νικᾷ δ’ ἑναργῆς βλεφάρων ἱμερός εὐλέκτρου

νύμφας, τῶν μεγάλων πάρεδρος ἐν ἀρχαῖς

θεσμῶν· ἄμαχος γὰρ ἐμπαίζει θεὸς Ἀφροδίτα. 800

νῦν δ’ ἰδὴ γ’ ὡς καυτὸς θεσμῶν

ἐξω φέρομαι τάδ’ ὅρων, ἵσχεν δ’

οὐκετὶ πηγὰς δύναμαι δακρύσων,

τὸν παγκοίτην ὅθ’ ὅρω θάλαμον

τήνδ’ Ἀντιγόνην ἀνύπουσαν.

ANTIGONH

στρ. α’

ὁρᾶτ’ ἐµ’, ὡς πατρίας πολῖται, τὰν νεάταν ὀδὸν

στείχοσαν, νέατον δὲ φέγγος λεύσουσαν ἄελίου,

κοῦπτοτ’ αὐθις· ἀλλὰ µ’ ὁ παγκοῖτας Ἀιδας ζῶσαν

ἀγεῖ

376
ANTIGONE

CHORUS

Love resistless in fight, all yield at a glance of thine eye,
Love who pillowed all night on a maiden’s cheek dost lie,
Over the upland folds thou roam’st, and the trackless sea.
Love the gods captive holds. Shall mortals not yield to thee?

Mad are thy subjects all, and even the wisest heart
Straight to folly will fall, at a touch of thy poisoned dart.
Thou didst kindle the strife, this feud of kinsman with kin,
By the eyes of a winsome wife, and the yearning her heart to win.
For as her consort still, enthroned with Justice above,
Thou bendest man to thy will, O all invincible Love.

Lo I myself am borne aside,
From Justice, as I view this bride.
(O sight an eye in tears to drown)
Antigone, so young, so fair,
Thus hurried down
Death’s bower with the dead to share.

ANTIGONE

Friends, countrymen, my last farewell I make;
My journey’s done.
One last fond, lingering, longing look I take
At the bright sun.
For Death who puts to sleep both young and old
Hales my young life,
τὰν Ἀχέροντος
ἀκτάν, οὔθ' ὑμεναίων ἐγκληρον, οὔτ' ἐπινύμφειός
πώ μὲ τις ὤμοι ὤμησεν, ἀλλ' Ἁχέροντι
νυμφεύσω.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
οὐκοῦν κλεινὴ καὶ ἔπαινον ἔχουσ'
ἐς τὸδ' ἀπερχεὶ κείθος νεκύων,
οὔτε φθινάσων πληγείσα νόσοις
οὔτε ἔιφειν ἐπίχειρα λαχοῦ',
ἀλλ' αὐτόνομος ζώσα μοιὴ δὴ
θητῶν Ἀιδην καταβήσει.

ἈΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ἀντ. α'

ἡκοῦσα δὴ λυγροτάταν ὀλέσθαι τὰν Φρυγίαν ξέναν
Ταντάλον Σιπύλω πρὸς ἄκρω, τὰν κυσός ὡς ἀτενῆς
πετραία βλάστα δάμασεν, καὶ νιν ὀμβροῖς
παγκλαύτοις
δειράδας. ἡ μὲ δαίμων ὀμοιοτάταν κατενάζει.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀλλὰ θεὸς τοι καὶ θεογενὴς,
ἡμεῖς δὲ βροτοὶ καὶ θνητογενεῖς.
καίτοι φθιμένη μέγα κάκουσαι
tois ἱσθέοις σύγκληρα λαχεῖν.
ζώσαν καὶ ἐπείτα θανοῦσαν.

ἈΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

οἴμοι γελῶμαι. τί με, πρὸς θεῶν πατρῶν,
oύκ οἰχομέναν ὑβρίζεις, ἀλλ' ἐπίφαντον;
ὡ πόλις, ὡ πόλεως πολυκτήμονες ἀνδρείς.

378
And beckons me to Acheron's dark fold,
   An unwed wife.
No youths have sung the marriage song for me.
   My bridal bed
No maids have strewn with flowers from the lea.
   'Tis Death I wed.

CHORUS
But bethink thee, thou art sped,
   Great and glorious, to the dead.
Thou the sword's edge hast not tasted,
   No disease thy frame hath wasted.
Freely thou alone shalt go
Living to the dead below.

ANTIGONE
Nay, but the piteous tale I've heard men tell
Of Tantalus' doomed child,
Chained upon Sipylus' high rocky fell,
   That clung like ivy wild,
Drenched by the pelting rain and whirling snow,
   Left there to pine,
While on her frozen breast the tears aye flow—
   Her fate is mine.

CHORUS
She was sprung of gods, divine,
Mortals we of mortal line.
Like renown with gods to gain
Recompenses all thy pain.
Take this solace to thy tomb
Hers in life and death thy doom.

ANTIGONE
Alack, alack! Ye mock me. Is it meet
   Thus to insult me living, to my face?
Cease, by our country's altars I entreat,
   Ye lordly rulers of a lordly race.
ιὼ Διρκαίαι κρῆναι
Θήβας τ' ευαρμάτου ἄλος, ἐμπας ξυμμάρτυρας
υμμ' ἐπικτῶμαι,
οἰα φίλων ἄκλαυτος, οἰοὶς νόμοις
πρὸς ἐργα τυμβόχωστον ἐρχομαι τάφον ποτα-
νίου.
ιὼ δύστανος, βροτοὶς οὔτε νεκροῖς κυροῦσα
μέτοικος οὐ ζῶσιν, οὐ θανοῦσιν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
προβάσι ἐπ' ἐσχατον θράσος
ὑψηλῶν ἐς Δίκας βάθρον
προσέπεσες, ὁ τέκνον, πολύν
πατρῷον δ' ἐκτίνεις των ἄθλον.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ
ἐφαυσμα ἄλγενοτάτας ἕμοι μερίμνας,
ἀντ. β' πατρὸς τριπόλιστον οἶκτον τοῦ τε πρόπαντος
ἀμετέρου πότμου κλεινοῖς Λαβδακίδαιοιν.
ἰὼ ματρῶι λέκτρων
ἀται κοιμήματα τ' αὐτογέννητ' ἐμῷ πατρὶ δυσμό-
ρου ματρὸς,
οὔων ἐγὼ ποθ' ἀ ταλαίφρων ἐφυν
πρὸς οὐς ἀραίος ἀγαμοὶ ἀδ' ἐγὼ μέτοικος ἐρχομαι.
ἰὼ δυσπότιων κασίγνητε γαμῶν κυρῆσας,
θανῶν ἐτ' ὀδοῖν κατήναρες με.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
σέβειν μὲν εὐσέβεια τις,
ἀντ. γ' κράτος δ' ὀτω κράτος μέλει
παραβατὸν οὐδαμὰ πέλει
σὲ δ' αὐτόγνωτος ὀλεοὶ ὀργά.

380
ANTIGONE

O fount of Dirce, wood-embowered plain
Where Theban chariots to victory speed,
Mark ye the cruel laws that now have wrought my bane
The friends who show no pity in my need!
Was ever fate like mine? O monstrous doom,
Within a rock-built prison sepulchred,
To fade and wither in a living tomb,
An alien midst the living and the dead.

CHORUS
In thy boldness over-rash
Madly thou thy foot didst dash
'Gainst high Justice' altar stair.
Thou a father's guilt dost bear.

ANTIGONE
At this thou touchest my most poignant pain,
My ill-starred father's piteous disgrace,
The taint of blood, the hereditary stain,
That clings to all of Labdacus' famed race.
Woe worth the monstrous marriage-bed where lay
A mother with the son her womb had borne;
Therein I was conceived, woe worth the day,
Fruit of incestuous sheets, a maid forlorn.
And now I pass, accursed and unwed,
To meet them as an alien there below;
And thee, O brother, in marriage ill-bestead,
'Twas thy dead hand that dealt me this death-blow.

CHORUS
Religion has her claims, 'tis true,
Let rites be paid when rites are due.
Yet is it ill to disobey
The powers who hold by might the sway.
Thou hast withstood authority,
A self-willed rebel, thou must die.
ΚΡΕΩΝ

δρ ἠστ., ἀοιδᾶς καὶ γόους πρὸ τοῦ θανείν ὡς οὐδ' ἂν εἰς παύσαιτ' ἄν, εἰ χρεῖη λέγειν; οὐκ ἄξεθ' ὡς τάχιστα; καὶ κατηρεψεὶ τύμβω περιπτύξαντες, ὡς εὐρήκ' ἐγώ, ἄφετε μόνην ἑρημον, εἰτε χρῆ θανείν εἰτ' ἐν τοιαύτῃ ζώσα τυμβεῦνος στέγή· ἡμεῖς γὰρ ἄγνοι τούτῳ τίνδε τήν κόρην· μετοικίας δ' οὖν τῆς ἁνω στερήσεται.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ὡ τύμβος, ὡ νυμφεῖον, ὡ κατασκαφῆς οὐκησις ἀείφρουρος, οἳ πορεύομαι πρός τοὺς ἐμαυτῆς, ὧν ἄρθρον ἐν νεκροῖς πλείστον δεδεκται Φερσέφασσ' ὀλῳλότων· ὧν λοισθία γ' καὶ κάκιστα δὴ μακρῷ κάτειμι, πρὸν οὐκ ἐξήκειν βίον. ἐλθοῦσα μέντοι κάρτ' ἐν ἐλπίσων τρέφω φιλή μὲν ἦξειν πατρί, προσφιλής δὲ σοί, μήτερ, φιλή δὲ σοί, κασιγνητὸν κάρα· ἑπεὶ θανόντας αὐτόχειρ ὑμᾶς ἐγὼ ἐλουσα κάκοσμησα κάπιτυμβῖος χοας ἔδωκα· νῦν δὲ, Πολύνεικε, τὸ σὸν δέμας περιστέλλουσα τοιάδ' ἄρνημαι. καίτοι γ' ἐγὼ τίμησα τοῖς φρονοῦσιν εὔ. οὐ γάρ ποτ' οὗτ' ἄν, εἰ τεκνών μήτηρ ἔφυν,
ANTIGONE

ANTIGONE

Unwept, unwed, unfriended, hence I go,
   No longer may I see the day's bright eye;
Not one friend left to share my bitter woe,
   And o'er my ashes heave one passing sigh.

CREON

If wail and lamentation aught availed
To stave off death, I trow they'd never end.
Away with her, and having walled her up
In a rock-vaulted tomb, as I ordained,
Leave her alone at liberty to die,
Or, if she choose, to live in solitude,
The tomb her dwelling. We in either case
Are guiltless as concerns this maiden's blood.
Only on earth no lodging shall she find.

ANTIGONE

O grave, O bridal bower, O prison house
Hewn from the rock, my everlasting home,
Whither I go to join the mighty host
Of kinsfolk, Persephassa's guests long dead.
The last of all, of all most miserable,
I pass, my destined span of years cut short.
And yet good hope is mine that I shall find
A welcome from my sire, a welcome too,
From thee, my mother, and my brother dear;
For with these hands, I laved and decked your limbs
In death, and poured libations on your grave.
And last, my Polyneices, unto thee
I paid due rites, and this my recompense!
Yet am I justified in wisdom's eyes.
For even had it been some child of mine,
οὐτ' εἰ πόσις μοι καθανὼν ἐτήκετο,
βία πολιτῶν τόνδ' ἀν ἡρόμην πόνον.
τίνος νόμου δὴ ταῦτα πρὸς χάριν λέγω;
πόσις μὲν ἀν μοι καθανόντος ἄλλος ἦν,
καὶ παῖς ἀπ' ἄλλου φωτός, εἰ τοῦτ' ἡμπλακον, 910
μητρὸς δ' ἐν Ἁίδου καὶ πατρὸς κεκευθότουν
οὐκ ἔστ' ἄδελφος ὅστις ἂν βλάστωι ποτὲ.
τοιῷδε μέντοι σ' ἐκπροτιμήσας' ἐγὼ
νόμῳ Κρέοντι ταῦτ' ἔδοξ' ἀμαρτάνειν
καὶ δεινά τομαῖν, ὡς κασίγνητον κάρα.
καὶ νῦν ἄγει με διὰ χερῶν οὐτω λαβῶν
ἀλεκτρον, ἀνυμέναιον, οὔτε του γάμου
μέρος λαχοῦσαν οὔτε παιδείον τροφῆς,
ἀλλ' ὧδ' ἔρημος πρὸς φίλων ἡ δύσμορος
ζῶο' εἰς θανόντων ἔρχομαι κατασκαφάς:
ποίαν παρεξελθοῦσα δαιμόνων δίκην;
τι χρή με τὴν δύστην ἐς θεοὺς ἐτὶ
βλέπεων; τίν' αὐτὰν ἐμμάχων; ἔπει γε δὴ
τὴν δυσσεβείαν εὐσεβοῦσ' ἐκτησάμην.
ἀλλ' εἰ μὲν οὖν τάδ' ἔστιν ἐν θεοὺς καλά,
παθόντες ἂν ἐγγυνοῖμεν ἡμαρτηκότες·
ei δ' οἶδ' ἀμαρτάνουσι, μὴ πλεῖως κακὰ
πάθοιεν ἢ καὶ δρώσιν ἐκδίκως ἐμὲ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἐτι τῶν αὐτῶν ἀνέμων αὐταὶ
ψυχῆς ριπαὶ τὴνδε γ' ἔχουσιν.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

τοιγάρ τούτων τούσων ἄγουσιν
κλαύμαθ' ὑπάρξει βραδυτήτος ὑπερ.

ἈΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

οὐμοι, θανάτου τοῦτ' ἐγγυτάτω
τούπος ἀφικταί.
ANTIGONE

Or husband mouldering in death's decay,
I had not wrought this deed despite the State.
What is the law I call in aid? 'Tis thus
I argue. Had it been a husband dead
I might have wed another, and have borne
Another child, to take the dead child's place.
But, now my sire and mother both are dead,
No second brother can be born for me.
Thus by the law of conscience I was led
To honour thee, dear brother, and was judged
By Creon guilty of a heinous crime.
And now he drags me like a criminal,
A bride unwed, amerced of marriage-song
And marriage-bed and joys of motherhood,
By friends deserted to a living grave.
What ordinance of heaven have I transgressed?
Hereafter can I look to any god
For succour, call on any man for help?
Alas, my piety is impious deemed.
Well, if such justice is approved of heaven,
I shall be taught by suffering my sin;
But if the sin is theirs, O may they suffer
No worse ills than the wrongs they do to me!

CHORUS
The same ungovernable will
Drives like a gale the maiden still.

CREON
Therefore, my guards who let her stay
Shall smart full sore for their delay.

ANTIGONE
Ah, woe is me! This word I hear
Brings death most near.
ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

θαρσεῖν οὐδὲν παραμυθοῦμαι
μή οὖ τάδε ταύτη κατακυροῦσθαι.

ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ὁ γῆς Θῆβης ἀστυ πατρῶν
καὶ θεοὶ προγενεῖς,
ἀγομαι ὡς κούκετι μέλλω.
λεύσσετε, Θῆβης οἱ κοιρανίδαι
τὴν βασιλείδαν 1 μοῦνην λουτήν,
οἷα πρὸς οἷον ἀνδρῶν πάσχω,
τὴν εὐσεβίαν σεβίσασα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἐτλα καὶ Δανάας οὐράνων φῶς
στρ. ἀ'
ἀλλάξαι δέμας ἐν χαλκοδέτοις αὐλαῖς·
kρυπτομένα δ' ἐν τυμβήρει θαλάμω κατεξύχθη·
καίτοι καὶ γενεὰ τίμωσ, ὦ παῖ παῖ,
καὶ Ζηνὸς ταμιεύσεσκε γονᾶς χρυσορύτους.
ἀλλ' ἀ μοιρίδια τις δύνασις δεινά·
oūτ' ἄν νῦν ὅλβος οὔτ' Ἀρης, οὐ πύργος, οὐχ ἀλκτυποῖ
κηλαιναί ναές ἐκφύγοιεν.

ζεῦχθη δ' ὀξύχολος παῖς ὁ Δρώαντος,
ἀντ. ἀ'
Ἡδωνῶν βασιλείας, κερτμίων ὅργαις
ἐκ Διονύσου πετρώδει κατάφαρκτος ἐν δεσμῷ.
oὔτω τὰς μανίας δεινῶν ἀποστάζει
ἀνθηρὸν τε μένος. ὁμιὸν ἐπέγνω μανίας
ψαῦνω τὸν θεὸν ἐν κερτμίων γλώσσαις.
παύεσκε μὲν γὰρ ἐνθέους γυναῖκας εὐιόν τε πῦρ,
φιλαύλους τ' ἡρέθιζε Μοῦσας.

1 βασιλίδα MSS., Winckelmann corr.
ANTIGONE

CHORUS
I have no comfort. What he saith, Portends no other thing than death.

ANTIGONE
My fatherland, city of Thebes divine, Ye gods of Thebes whence sprang my line. Look, puissant lords of Thebes, on me; The last of all your royal house ye see. Martyred by men of sin, undone. Such meed my piety hath won. [Exit Antigone.

CHORUS
Like to thee that maiden bright, Danaë, in her brass-bound tower, Once exchanged the glad sunlight For a cell, her bridal bower. And yet she sprang of royal line, My child, like thine, And nursed the seed By her conceived Of Zeus descending in a golden shower. Strange are the ways of Fate, her power Nor wealth, nor arms withstand, nor tower; Nor brass-prowed ships, that breast the sea From Fate can flee. Thus Dryas' child, the rash Edonian King, For words of high disdain Did Bacchus to a rocky dungeon bring, To cool the madness of a fevered brain. His frenzy passed, He learnt at last 'Twas madness gibes against a god to fling. For once he fain had quenched the Maenad's fire; And of the tuneful Nine provoked the ire.
παρὰ δὲ Κυαιάν πελάγει διδύμας ἀλὸς ἀκταὶ Βοστόριαν ἦδ' ὁ Θρηκὼν ἄξενος Ἑρμομούσος, ἢν ἀγχίστολος Ἀρης δυσσοὶς Φινεέδαις εἶδεν ἀρατὸν ἐλκος τυφλωθὲν ἐξ ἀγρίας δάμαρτος ἀλαὸν ἀλαστόρουσιν ὀμμάτων κύκλοις ἀραχθέντων, ὥφ' αἰματηράς χείρεσσι καὶ κερκίδων ἄκμαῖσιν.

κατὰ δὲ τακόμενοι μέλεοι μελέαν πάθαν κλαίον, ματρὸς ἔχοντες ἀνύμφευτον γονάν. ἃ δὲ σπέρμα μὲν ἀρχαιογόονων ἰφαπειδάν, τηλετόροις δ' ἐν ἀντροις τράφη θυέλλαιαν ἐν πατρὼις Βορεας ἄμμιππος ὀρθόποδος ύπερ πάγου θεῶν παῖς. ἀλλ' κατ' ἐκεῖνα Μοῖραι μακραίωνες ἐσχον, ὃ παῖ.

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ
Θῆβης ἄνακτες, ἦκομεν κοινὴν ὄδὸν δὺ' ἐξ ἐνός βλέποντε· τοῖς τυφλοῖς γὰρ αὐτὴ κέλευθος ἐκ προηγητοῦ πέλει.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
τί δ' ἐστιν, ὃ γεραιὲ Τειρεσία, νέον;

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ
ἔγω διδάξω, καὶ σὺ τῷ μάντει πιθοῦ.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
οὐκοῦν πάρος γε σής ἀπεστάτουν φρενὸς.

1 ἄξενος supplied by Boeokh.
By the Iron Rocks that guard the double main,
   On Bosporus' lone strand,
Where stretcheth Salmydessus' plain
   In the wild Thracian land,
There on his borders Ares witnessèd
   The vengeance by a jealous step-dame ta'en,
The gore that trickled from a spindle red,
   The sightless orbits of her step-sons twain.

Wasting away they mourned their piteous doom,
The blasted issue of their mother's womb.
But she her lineage could trace
   To great Erecththeus' race;
Daughter of Boreas in her sire's vast caves
   Reared, where the tempest raves,
Swift as his horses o'er the hills she sped;
A child of gods; yet she, my child, like thee,
   By Destiny
That knows not death nor age—she too was vanquishèd.

Enter Teiresias and boy.

Teiresias

Princes of Thebes, two wayfarers as one,
Having betwixt us eyes for one, we are here.
The blind man cannot move without a guide.

Creon
What tidings, old Teiresias?

Teiresias
I will tell thee;
And when thou hearest thou must heed the seer.

Creon
Thus far I ne'er have disobeyed thy rede.
ΑΝΤΙΓΩΝΗ

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ
τοιγάρ δὲ ὅρθης τὴν δ' ἐναυκλήρεις πόλιν.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
ἐχω πεπονθὼς μαρτυρεῖν ὅνησιμα.

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ
φρόνει βεβὼς αὖ νῦν ἐπὶ ξυροῦ τύχης.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
τι δ' ἔστω; ὡς ἐγὼ τὸ σὸν φρίσσω στόμα.

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ
γνώσει, τέχνησι σημεῖα τῆς ἐμῆς κλύων.
εἰς γὰρ παλαιὸν θάκων ὀρνυθούσκοπον
ἵξων, ἵν' ἂν μοι παντὸς οἰῶνοι λυμήν,
ἀγνώτ' ἀκούω φθόγγον ὀρνίθων, κακῷ
κλάζοντας οὗστρῳ καὶ βεβαρβαρωμένῳ καὶ
σπώντας ἐν χηλαῖσιν ἀλλήλους φοναῖς ἐγνω
πτερῶν γὰρ ροίβδος οὐκ ἄσημος ἢν.
εὐθὺς δὲ δείσας ἐμπύρων ἐγενόμην
βωμοῖς παμφλέκτουσιν· ἐκ δὲ θυμάτων
"Ἡφαίστος οὐκ ἐλαμπεῖν, ἄλλ' ἐπὶ σποδῶ
μυδώσα κηκίς μηρίων ἐτήκετο
κάτυφε κανέπτυε, καὶ μετάρσιοι
χολαὶ διεσπείροντο, καὶ καταρρυθοῖς
μηρόι καλυπτῆς ἐξέκεντο πιμελής.
τοιαῦτα παῖδος τοῦ ἐμάνθανον πάρα,
φθινοντ' ἀσήμων ὀργίων μαντεύματα·
ἐμοὶ γὰρ οὕτως ἔγεμον, ἀλλοι δ' ἐγώ.
καὶ ταῦτα τῆς σῆς ἐκ φρενὸς νοσεῖ πόλις.
βασιλεὺς γὰρ ἡμῖν ἐσχάραι τε παντελεῖς
πλήρεις ὦν' οἰωνῶν τε καὶ κυνῶν βορᾶς
tοῦ δυσμόρου πεπτῶτος Οὐδίπου γόνου.
κάτ' οὐ δέχονται θυστάδας λιτᾶς ἐτὶ
θεοὶ παρ' ἡμῖν οὐδὲ μηρίων φλόγα,
ANTIGONE

TEIRESIAS
So hast thou steered the ship of State aright.

CREON
I know it, and I gladly own my debt.

TEIRESIAS
Bethink thee that thou treadest once again
The razor edge of peril.

CREON
What is this?
Thy words inspire a dread presentiment.

TEIRESIAS
The divination of my arts shall tell.

Sitting upon my throne of augury,
As is my wont, where every fowl of heaven
Finds harbourage, upon mine ears was borne
A jargon strange of twitterings, hoots, and screams,
So knew I that each bird at the other tare
With bloody talons, for the whirr of wings
Could signify naught else. Perturbed in soul,
I straight essayed the sacrifice by fire
On blazing altars, but the God of Fire
Came not in flame, and from the thigh bones dripped
And spluttered in the ashes a foul ooze;
Gall-bladders cracked and spurted up: the fat
Melted and fell and left the thigh bones bare.
Such are the signs, taught by this lad, I read—
As I guide others, so the boy guides me—
The frustrate signs of oracles grown dumb.

O King, thy wilful temper ails the State,
For all our shrines and altars are profaned
By what has filled the maw of dogs and crows,
The flesh of Oedipus' unburied son.
Therefore the angry gods abominate
Our litanies and our burnt offerings;
ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

οὐδ’ ὁρνίς εὐσήμονος ἀπορροῖβδεῖ βοάς, ἀνδροφθόρον βεβρῶτες αἰματός λίποις. ταῦτ’ οὖν, τέκνον, φρόνησον. ἀνθρώπους γὰρ τοῖς πάσι κοινὸν ἐστὶ τοῦξαμαρτάνειν· ἐπεὶ δ’ ἀμάρτη, κεῖνος οὐκέτ’ ἐστ’ ἀνήρ ἄβουλος οὐδ’ ἄνολβος, ὡστὶς ἔς κακὸν πεσὼν ἀκηταί μηδ’ ἀκίνητος πέλῃ. αὐθαδία τοι σκαίντη’ ὀφλισκάνει. ἀλλ’ εἰκε τῷ θανόντι μηδ’ ὀλωλότα κέντει· τῖς ἀλκή τὸν θανόντ’ ἐπικτανεῖν, ἐν οὐ φρονήσας εὐ λέγω· τὸ μανθάνειν δ’ ἡδίστον εὐ λέγοντος, εἰ κέρδος λέγοι.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ὡς πρέσβυ, πάντες ὡστε τοξόται σκοποῦ τοξευότ’ ἀνδρὸς τούδε, κοῦδε μαντικῆς ἀπράκτος ὑμῖν εἰμι· τῶν δ’ ὑπαί γένους ἐξημπόλημαι κἀμπεφόρτυμαι πάλαι. κερδαίνετ’ ἐμπολάτε τάπο Σάρδεων ἠλεκτρον, εἴ βουλεσθε, καὶ τὸν Ἰνδικὸν χρυσὸν· τάφῳ δ’ ἐκείνον οὐχὶ κρύψετε, οὐδ’ εἰ θέλουσ’ οἱ Ζηνὸς αἰετοὶ βορᾶν δέρειν νῦν ἀρπάξοντες ἐς Διὸς θρόνους, οὐδ’ ὡς μίασμα τοῦτο μὴ τρέσας ἐγὼ θάπτειν παρήςεον κεῖνον· εὐ γὰρ οἶδ’ ὅτι θεοὺς μιαίνεις οὕτος ἀνθρώπων σθένει. πίπτουσι δ’, ὡ γεραιὲ Τειρεσία, βροτῶν χοι πολλὰ δενοὶ πτώματ’ αῖσχρ’, ὅταν λόγους αἴσχρους καλῶς λέγως τοῦ κέρδους χάριν.

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ

φεῦ· ἀρ’ οἶδεν ἀνθρώπων τις, ἀρα φράξεται,
ANTIGONE

Therefore no birds trill out a happy note,
Gorged with the carnival of human gore.
O ponder this, my son. To err is common
To all men, but the man who having erred
Hugs not his errors, but repents and seeks
The cure, is not a wastrel nor unwise.
No fool, the saw goes, like the obstinate fool.
Let death disarm thy vengeance. O forbear
To vex the dead. What glory wilt thou win
By slaying twice the slain? I mean thee well;
Counsel's most welcome if it promise gain.

CREON

Old man, ye all let fly at me your shafts
Like archers at a target; yea, ye set
Your soothsayer on me. Pedlars are ye all
And I the merchandise ye buy and sell.
Go to, and make your profit where ye will,
Silver of Sardis change for gold of Ind;
Ye will not purchase this man's burial,
Not though the wingèd ministers of Zeus
Should bear him in their talons to his throne;
Not e'en in awe of prodigy so dire
Would I permit his burial, for I know
No human soilure can assail the gods;
This too I know, Teiresias, dire's the fall
Of craft and cunning when it tries to gloss
Foul treachery with fair words for filthy gain.

TEIRESIAS

Alas! doth any know and lay to heart—
ΑΝΤΙΓΩΝΗ

ΚΡΕΩΝ
τί χρῆμα; ποίον τούτο πάγκουνον λέγεις;

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ
όσω κράτιστον κτημάτων εὐβουλία;

ΚΡΕΩΝ
όσωπερ, ὁμαί, μὴ φρονεῖν πλείστη βλάβῃ.

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ
ταύτης σὺ μέντοι τῆς νόσου πλήρης ἔφυς.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
οὐ βουλομαι τὸν μάντων ἀντεἰπεῖν κακῶς.

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ
καὶ μὴν λέγεις, ψευδὴ με θεσπίζειν λέγων.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
τὸ μαντικὸν γὰρ πᾶν φιλάργυρον γένος.

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ
τὸ δ’ ἐκ τυράννων αἰσχροκέρδειαν φιλεῖ.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
ἀρ’ οἴσθα ταγοῦς ὄντας ἄν λέγης λέγων;

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ
οἶδ’· ἐξ ἐμοῦ γὰρ τήνδ’ ἔχεις σώσας πόλιν.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
οσφός σὺ μάντις, ἀλλὰ ταδικεῖν φιλῶν.

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ
όρσεις με τακινήτα διὰ φρενῶν φράσαι.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
κίνει, μόνον δὲ μὴ ’πι κέρδεσιν λέγων.

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ
οὕτω γὰρ ἤδη καὶ δοκῶ τὸ σὸν μέρος.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
ὡς μὴ ἐμπολῆσων ἵσθι τὴν ἐμὴν φρένα.
CREON
Is this the prelude to some hackneyed saw?

TEIRESIAS
How far good counsel is the best of goods?

CREON
True, as unwisdom is the worst of ills.

TEIRESIAS
Thou art infected with that ill thyself.

CREON
I will not bandy insults with thee, seer.

TEIRESIAS
And yet thou say'st my prophecies are frauds.

CREON
Prophets are all a money-getting tribe.

TEIRESIAS
And kings are all a lucre-loving race.

CREON
Dost know at whom thou glancest, me thy lord?

TEIRESIAS
Lord of the State and saviour, thanks to me.

CREON
Skilled prophet art thou, but to wrong inclined.

TEIRESIAS
Take heed, thou wilt provoke me to reveal
The mystery deep hidden in my breast.

CREON
Say on, but see it be not said for gain.

TEIRESIAS
Such thou, methinks, till now hast judged my words.

CREON
Be sure thou wilt not traffic on my wits.
ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ

ἀλλ’ εὖ γέ τοι κάτισθι μὴ πολλοὺς ἐτὶ 
τρόχους ἀμιλλητήρας ἤλιον τελεῖν, 
ἐν οἴσι τῶν σῶν αὐτὸς ἐκ σπλάγχνων ἑνα 
νέκυι νεκρῶν ἀμοιβὸν ἀντίδοος ἐσεί, 
ἀνθ’ ὅν ἐχεις μὲν τῶν ἄνω βαλὼν κάτω 
ψυχήν τ’ ἀτίμως ἐν τάφῳ κατώκισας, 
ἐχεις δὲ τῶν κάτωθεν ἐνθάδ’ αὐθ’ θεῶν 
ἀμοιρον, ἀκτέριστον, ἀνόσιον νέκυιν. 
ἂν οὔτε σοι μετέστων οὔτε τοῖς ἄνω 
θεοίσιν, ἀλλ’ ἐκ σοι βιάζονται τάδε. 
τούτων σε λωβητήρες ύστεροφθόροι 
λοχῶσιν Ἀιδού καὶ θεῶν Ἐρμύος, 
ἐν τοῖσιν αὐτοῖσ τοίσδε ληφθήναι κακοῖς. 
καὶ ταῦτ’ ἄθρησον εἰ κατηγγυρωμένος 
λέγω· φανεῖ γὰρ οὐ μακροῦ χρόνου τριβή 
ἀνδρῶν γυναικῶν σοὶς δόμοις κωκύματα. 
ἐκθ’ραϊ δὲ πᾶσαι συντράσσονται πόλεις, 
ὅσων σπαράγματ’ ἡ κύνες καθήγησαν 
ἡ θῆρες ἡ τις πτηνὸς οἰωνός, φέρων 
ἀνόσιον σομην ἑστιοῦχον ἐς πόλιν. 
τοιαῦτά σου, λυπεῖς γάρ, ὡστε τοξότης 
ἀφήκα θυμῶ καρδίας τοξεύματα 
βέβαια, τῶν σὺ θάλπος οὐχ ὑπεκδραμεῖ. 
ὡ παί, σὺ δ’ ἡμᾶς ἀπαγε πρὸς δόμους, ὅν 
τον θυμὸν οὕτος ἐς νεωτέρους ἀφῆ, 
καὶ γνῶ τρέφειν τὴν γλῶσσαν ἡσυχαίτεραν 
τὸν νοῦν τ’ ἀμείνῳ τῶν φρενῶν ἡ νῦν φέρει.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀνήρ, ἀναξ, βέβηκε δειμνά θεσπίσας· 
ἐπιστάμεσθα δ’, ἐξ ὅτου λευκῆν ἐγὼ
ANTIGONE

TEIRESIAS

Know then for sure, the coursers of the sun
Not many times shall run their race, before
Thou shalt have given the fruit of thine own loins
In quittance of thy murder, life for life;
For that thou hast entombed a living soul,
And sent below a denizen of earth,
And wronged the nether gods by leaving here
A corpse unlaved, unwept, unsepulchred.
Herein thou hast no part, nor e'en the gods
In heaven; and thou usurp'st a power not thine.
For this the avenging spirits of Heaven and Hell
Who dog the steps of sin are on thy trail:
What these have suffered thou shalt suffer too.
And now, consider whether bought by gold
I prophesy. For, yet a little while,
And sound of lamentation shall be heard,
Of men and women through thy desolate halls;
And all thy neighbour States are leagued to avenge
Their mangled warriors who have found a grave
I’ the maw of wolf or hound, or wingèd bird
That flying homewards taints their city’s air.
These are the shafts, that like a bowman I,
Provoked to anger, loosen at thy breast,
Unerring, and their smart thou shalt not shun.
Boy, lead me home, that he may vent his spleen
On younger men, and learn to curb his tongue
With gentler manners than his present mood.

[Exit TEIRESIAS.

CHORUS

My liege, the man hath gone, foretelling woe.
And, O believe me, since these grizzled locks
Τήνδ’ ἐκ μελαίνης ἀμφιβάλλομαι τρίχα, μή πώ ποτ’ αὐτῶν ψεῦδος ἐσ’ πόλιν λακεῖν.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
ἔγνωκα καθός καὶ παράσσομαι φρένας·
tό τ’ ἐκαθεῖν γάρ δεινόν, ἀντιστάντα δὲ
ἀτη πατάξαι θυμὸν ἐν δεινῷ πάρα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
eὐβουλίας δεῖ, παί Μενοικέως, λαβεῖν.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
τί δήτα χρή δράν; φράξε· πείσομαι δ’ ἐγώ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
ἐλθὼν κόρην μὲν ἐκ κατώρυχος στέγης
ἀνες, κτίσον δὲ τῷ προκειμένῳ, τάφον.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
καὶ ταῦτ’ ἐπανεῖς καὶ δοκεῖ 1 παρεικαθεῖν;

ΧΟΡΟΣ
ὁσον γ’, ἀναξ, τάχιστα· συντέμνουσι γάρ
θεῶν ποδώκεις τοὺς κακόφρονας βλάβαι.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
οἴμοι· μόλις μὲν, καρδίας δ’ ἐξίσταμαι
τὸ δράν· ἀνάγκη δ’ οὐχὶ δυσμαχητέον.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
δρά νυν τάδ’ ἐλθὼν μηδ’ ἔπ’ ἄλλοισιν τρέπε.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
ὡδ’ ὡς ἔχω στείχοιμ’ ἄν· ἵτ’ ἵτ’ ὀπάσονες,
oi τ’ ὄντες οἱ τ’ ἀπόντες, ἀξίναις χερῶν
ὁμμᾶς ἐλόντες εἰς ἑπόμιον τόπον.

ἐγώ δ’, ἐπειδὴ δόξα τηδ’ ἐπεστράφη,
αὐτός τ’ ἐθησα καὶ παρὼν ἐκλύσομαι.
δέδοικα γὰρ μή τοὺς καθεστώτας νόμους
ἀριστον ἢ σῶζοντα τὸν βίον τελεῖν.

1 δοκεῖς MSS., Jebb. corr.
ANTIGONE

Were like the raven, never have I known
The prophet's warning to the State to fail.

CREON
I know it too, and it perplexes me.
To yield is grievous, but the obstinate soul
That fights with Fate, is smitten grievously.

CHORUS
Son of Menoeceus, list to good advice.

CREON
What should I do. Advise me. I will heed.

CHORUS
Go, free the maiden from her rocky cell;
And for the unburied outlaw build a tomb.

CREON
Is that your counsel? You would have me yield?

CHORUS
Yea, king, this instant. Vengeance of the gods
Is swift to overtake the impenitent.

CREON
Ah! what a wrench it is to sacrifice
My heart's resolve; but Fate is ill to fight.

CHORUS
Go, trust not others. Do it quick thyself.

CREON
I go hot-foot. Bestir ye one and all,
My henchmen! Get ye axes! Speed away
To yonder eminence! I too will go,
For all my resolution this way sways.
'Twas I that bound, I too will set her free.
Almost I am persuaded it is best
To keep through life the law ordained of old.

[Exit CREON.]

399
ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πολυώνυμε, Καδμείας νύμφας ἁγαλμα στρ. α'
καὶ Δίος βαρυβρεμέτα
γένοις, κλυτὰν δὲ ἀμφέπεις
’Ιταλίαν, μέδεις δὲ
παγκοίνοις ’Ελευσινίας
Δηοῦς ἐν κόλποις, Βακχεῦ, Βακχᾶν
ὁ ματρόπολιν Ὄηβαν
ναιετῶν παρ’ ύγρῶν
’Ισμηνοῦ δειθρων ἀγρίου τ’ ἐπὶ σορᾶ δράκοντος:

ἀντ. α'

σὲ δ’ ὑπὲρ διλόφου πέτρας στέροψ ὀπωτε
λυγνὺς, ἐνθα Κωρύκιαι
στείχουσι νύμφαι Βακχίδες,
Κασταλίας τε νὰμα:

καὶ σὲ Νυσαίην ὅρεων
κισσῆρεις ὅχθαι χλωρά τ’ ἀκτὰ
πολυστάφυλος πέμπει,
ἀμβρότων ἐπέων
ἐναξόντων Θηβαίας ἐπισκοπῶντ’ ἀγνιάς:

τὰν ἐκ πασᾶν τιμᾶς ὑπερτάταν πόλεων στρ. β'
ματρὶ σὺν κεραυνίᾳ:

καὶ νῦν, ὡς βιαίας ἔχεται
πάνδαμος πόλις ἐπὶ νόσου,
μολεῖν καθαρσῖω ποδὶ Παρνασίαν ὑπὲρ κλητῶν
ἡ στοινέντα πορθμὸν.

400
CHORUS
Thou by many names adored, (Str. 1)
Child of Zeus the God of thunder,
Of a Theban bride the wonder,
Fair Italia's guardian lord;
In the deep-embosomed glades
Of the Eleusinian Queen,
Haunt of revellers, men and maids,
Dionysus, thou art seen.
Where Ismenus rolls his waters,
Where the Dragon's teeth were sown.
Where the Bacchanals thy daughters
Round thee roam,
There thy home;
Thebes, O Bacchus, is thine own.
Thee on the two-crested rock (Ant. 1)
Lurid-flaming torches see;
Where Corisian maidens flock,
Thee the springs of Castaly.
By Nysa's bastion ivy-clad,
By shores with clustered vineyards glad,
There to thee the hymn rings out,
And through our streets we Thebans shout,
All hail to thee
Evoë, Evoë!
Oh, as thou lov'st this city best of all, (Str. 2)
To thee, and to thy Mother levin-stricken,
In our dire need we call;
Thou see'st with what a plague our townsfolk sicken.
Thy ready help we crave,
Whether adown Parnassian heights descending,
Or o'er the roaring straits thy swift way wending,
Save us, O save!
ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ἀντ. β'  

ιδω τωρ πνειόντων χοράγ' ἀστρων, νυχίων
φθεγμάτων ἐπίσκοπε,
pαι Δίως γένεθλον, προφάνηθ',
ἀναξ, σαῖς ἀμα περιπόλοις
Θνίαισιν, αἴ σε μανόμεναι πάννυχοι χορεύοντι
τὸν ταμίαν "Ἰακχον."

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

Κάδμου πάροικοι καὶ δόμων Ἀμφιόνος,
οὐκ ἔσθ' ὅποιον στάντ' ἂν ἄνθρωπου βίον
οὐτ' αἰνέσαμι' ἂν οὔτε μεμψάμην ποτὲ.
tύχη γὰρ ὅρθοί καὶ τύχη καταρρέπει
tὸν εὐτυχοῦντα τὸν τε δυστυχοῦντ' ἂεί:
καὶ μάντις οὐδεὶς τῶν καθεστῶτων βροτοῖς.
Κρέων γὰρ ἢν ἤλεωτός, ὦς ἐμοί, ποτὲ,
σώσας μὲν ἔχθρῶν τήνδε Καδμείαν χόνα
λαβὼν τε χώρας παντελῆ μοναρχίαν
ηῦθυνε, θάλλων εὐγενεῖ τέκνων σπορᾶ·
καὶ νῦν ἀφεῖται πάντα. τὰς γὰρ ἡδονὰς
ὅταν προδώσων ἄνδρες, οὐ τίθημ' ἐγὼ
ἐν τοῖς, ἀλλ' ἐμψυχον ἄγομαι νεκρόν.
πλούτει τε γὰρ κατ' ὀικον, εἰ βούλει, μέγα
καὶ ἐν τsparαννον σχῆμα ἔχων· ἐαν δ' ἀπῇ
τούτων τὸ χαίρεων, τάλλ' ἐγὼ καπνοῦ σκιᾶς
οὐκ ἂν πριαίμην ἄνδρι πρὸς τὴν ἡδονήν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τί δ' αὖ τόδ' ἄχθος βασιλέων ἥκεις φέρων;

402
ANTIGONE

Brightest of all the orbs that breathe forth light,  
    Authentic son of Zeus, immortal king,  
Leader of all the voices of the night,  
    Come, and thy train of Thyiards with thee bring,  
Thy maddened rout  
Who dance before thee all night long, and shout,  
    Thy handmaids we,  
Evoé, Evoé!

Enter messenger.

MESSENGER

Attend all ye who dwell beside the halls  
Of Cadmus and Amphion. No man's life  
As of one tenour would I praise or blame,  
For Fortune with a constant ebb and rise  
Casts down and raises high and low alike,  
And none can read a mortal's horoscope.  
Take Creon; he, methought, if any man,  
Was enviable. He had saved this land  
Of Cadmus from our enemies and attained  
A monarch's powers and ruled the state supreme,  
While a right noble issue crowned his bliss.  
Now all is gone and wasted, for a life  
Without life's joys I count a living death.  
You'll tell me he has ample store of wealth,  
The pomp and circumstance of kings; but if  
These give no pleasure, all the rest I count  
The shadow of a shade, nor would I weigh  
His wealth and power 'gainst a dram of joy.

CHORUS

What fresh woes bring'st thou to the royal house?
ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
τεθνάσιν' οί δε ζώντες αὕτιοι θανεῖν.

ΧΩΡΟΣ
καὶ τίς φονεύει; τίς δ' ὁ κείμενος; λέγε.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
Αἵμων οἷλωλεν' αὐτόχειρ δ' αἵμασσεται.

ΧΩΡΟΣ
πότερα πατρώας ἡ πρὸς οἰκείας χερός;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
αὐτὸς πρὸς αὐτοῦ, πατρὶ μηνίσας φόνου.

ΧΩΡΟΣ
ὁ μάντι, τοῦπος ὡς ἁρ' ὀρθὸν ἤνυσας.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
ὡς ὡδ' ἐχόντων τάλλα βουλεύειν πάρα.

ΧΩΡΟΣ
καὶ μὴν ὅρῳ τάλαϊναν Εὐρυδίκην ὅμων δάμαρτα τὴν Κρέοντος· ἐκ δὲ δωμάτων ἦτοι κλύουσα παιδὸς ἡ τύχη πάρα.

ΕΥΡΥΔΙΚΗ
ὁ πάντες ἀστοί, τῶν λόγων ἐπισθομήν πρὸς ἔξοδον στειχοῦσα, Παλλάδος θεᾶς ὅπως ικοίμην εὐγμάτων προσῆγορος. καὶ τυγχάνω τε κλήθρ´ ἀνασπαστοῦ πύλης κχαλώσα, καὶ με φθόγγος οἰκείου κακοῦ βάλλει δι' ὃτων· ὑπτία δὲ κλίνομαι δεῖσασα πρὸς δμωαίσι κάποπλήσσομαι. ἀλλ' ὡστὶς ἂν ὁ μύθος αὕθις εἴπατε· κακῶν γὰρ οὐκ ἀπείρος οὔσ' ἀκούσσομαι.
ANTIGONE

MESSENGER
Both dead, and they who live deserve to die.

CHORUS
Who is the slayer, who the victim? speak.

MESSENGER
Haemon; his blood shed by no stranger hand.

CHORUS
What mean ye? by his father's or his own?

MESSENGER
His own; in anger for his father's crime.

CHORUS
O prophet, what thou spakest comes to pass.

MESSENGER
So stands the case; now 'tis for you to act.

CHORUS
Lo! from the palace gates I see approaching Creon's unhappy wife, Eurydice. Comes she by chance or learning her son's fate?

Enter EURYDICE.

EURYDICE
Ye men of Thebes, I overheard your talk. As I passed out to offer up my prayer To Pallas, and was drawing back the bar To open wide the door, upon my ears There broke a wail that told of household woe. Stricken with terror in my handmaids' arms I fell and fainted. But repeat your tale To one not unacquaint with misery.
ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

έγώ, φίλη δέσποινα, καὶ παρὼν ἐρῶ
κοῦδὲν παρήσω τῆς ἀληθείας ἔπος.
τί γὰρ σε μαλθάσσομι' ἂν δὲν ἔστερον
ψεῦσται φανοῦμεθ', ὃρθὸν ἀληθεὶ' ἄει.
έγὼ δὲ σῶ ποδαγὸς ἑσπόμην τόσει
πεδίων ἐπ' ἄκρον, ἐνθ' ἐκείτο νηλεῖς
κυνοσπάρακτον σῶμα Πολυνείκους ἐτ' ἐκ
καὶ τὸν μὲν, αἰτήσαντες ἐνοδίαν θεον
Πλούτωνα τ' ὀργας εὐμενεῖς κατασχῆθειν,
λούσαντες ἄγνου λουτρόν, ἐν νεοσπάσιν
θαλλοῖς ὅ δή 'lexerìto συγκατήθομεν,
καὶ τύμβοιν ἄρθοκρανον οἰκείας χθονὸς
χώσαντες αὕτης πρὸς λιθόστρωτον κόρης
νυμφῶν "Αἰδοῦ κοῖλον οἰσβαίνομεν.

φωνῆς δ' ἀπωθεν ὀρθίων κοκυμάτων
κλύει τις ἀκτέριστων ἀμφὶ παστάδα,
καὶ δεσπότη Κρέοντι σημαίνει μολὼν
τῶς δ' ἀθλίας ἁσμα περιβαίνει βοῆς
ἐρποντι μᾶλλον ἄσσον, οἰμάξας δ' ἔπος
ησι νυσθρήνητον. ὅ τάλας ἐγώ,
ἀρ' εἰμὶ μάντις; ἄρα δυστυχοστάτην
κελευθὸν ἐρπο τῶν παρελθουσῶν ὅδων;
παιδὸς με σαϊνει φθόγγος. ἀλλὰ πρόσπολοι,
ἰτ' ἄσσον ὅκείς καὶ παραστάντες τάφω
ἀρησαθ', ἀρμὸν χῶματος λιθοσπάδη
δύντες πρὸς αὐτὸ στόμων, εἰ τὸν Αἰμονος
φθόγγον συνήμι' ἡ θεοῖς κλέπτομαι.
τάδ' εξ ἀθύμου δεσπότου κελευσμάτων 1

1 κελεύσμασιν MSS. Barton corr.
Dear mistress, I was there and will relate
The perfect truth, omitting not one word.
Why should we gloze and flatter, to be proved
Liars hereafter? Truth is ever best.
Well, in attendance on my liege, your lord,
I crossed the plain to its utmost margin, where
The corse of Polyneices, gnawn and mauled,
Was lying yet. We offered first a prayer
To Pluto and the goddess of cross-ways,
With contrite hearts, to depurate their ire.
Then laved with lustral waves the mangled corse.
Laid it on fresh-lopped branches, lit a pyre,
And to his memory piled a mighty mound
Of mother earth. Then to the caverned rock,
The bridal chamber of the maid and Death.
We sped, about to enter. But a guard
Heard from that godless shrine a far shrill wail.
And ran back to our lord to tell the news.
But as he nearer drew a hollow sound
Of lamentation to the King was borne.
He groaned and uttered then this bitter plaint:
"Am I a prophet? miserable me!
Is this the saddest path I ever trod?
'Tis my son's voice that calls me. On press on,
My henchmen, haste with double speed to the tomb
Where rocks down-torn have made a gap, look in
And tell me if in truth I recognise
The voice of Haemon or am heaven-deceived."
So at the bidding of our distraught lord
ἈΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ηθρούμεν: ἐν δὲ λεισθὼς τυμβεύματι τὴν μὲν κρεμαστὴν αὐχένος κατείδομεν, βρόχῳ μιτώδει σωδόνος καθημένην, τὸν δ' ἀμφὶ μέσῃ περιπετῇ προσκείμενον, εὐνῆς ἀποιμώξοντα τῆς κάτω φθορὰν καὶ πατρὸς ἔργα καὶ τὸ δύστηνον λέχος. οὗ δ' ὡς ὀρᾷ σφε, στυγνὸν οἰμώξας ἐσω χωρεί πρὸς αὐτὸν κάνακωκύσας καλεῖ ὁ τλήμον, οἰον ἐργὸν ἐἱργασαί: τίνα νοῦν ἔσχες; ἐν τῷ συμφορᾶς διεφθάρης; ἔξελθε, τέκνον, ἰκέσιός σε λίσσομαι.

τὸν δ' ἀγρίου ὄσσοισι παπτήνας ὁ παῖς, πτύσας προσώπῳ κούδεν ἀντειπών, εἴφουσ ἐλκεί διπλοὺς κνώδοντας: ἐκ δ' ὀρμωμένου πατρὸς φυγαίων ἢμπλακ'. εἰὼ δ' δύσμορος αὐτῷ χολωθεῖς, ὡσπερ ἐἰχ', ἐπενταθεῖς ἤρεισε πλευραῖς μέσον ἔγχος, ἔο δ' υγρὸν ἀγκῶν' ἐτ' ἐμφρων παρθένῳ προσπτύσσεται καὶ φυσών ὀξεῖαν ἐκβάλλει ῥοήν λευκῆ παρεία φωνίον σταλάγματος.

κεῖται δὲ νεκρὸς περὶ νεκρῷ, τὰ νυμφικὰ τέλη λαχῶν δείλαιος εἰν "Αἴδου δόμοις, δείξας ἐν ἀνθρώποις τὴν ἀβουλίαν ὀσω μέγιστον ἀνδρὶ πρόσκειται κακῶν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τὶ τοῦτ' ἂν εἰκάσεις; ἥ γυνὴ πάλιν φροῦδη, πρὶν εἶπεῖν ἐσθλὸν ἥ κακὸν λόγον.
ANTIGONE

We looked, and in the cavern's vaulted gloom
I saw the maiden lying strangled there,
A noose of linen twined about her neck;
And hard beside her, clasping her cold form,
Her lover lay bewailing his dead bride
Death-wedded, and his father's cruelty.
When the King saw him, with a terrible groan
He moved towards him, crying, "O my son
What hast thou done? What ailed thee? What
mischance
Has reft thee of thy reason? O come forth,
Come forth, my son; thy father supplicates."
But the son glared at him with tiger eyes,
Spat in his face, and then, without a word,
Drew his two-hilted sword and smote, but missed
His father flying backwards. Then the boy,
Wroth with himself, poor wretch, incontinent
Fell on his sword and drove it through his side
Home, but yet breathing clasped in his lax arms
The maid, her pallid cheek incarnadined
With his expiring gasps. So there they lay
Two corpses, one in death. His marriage rites
Are consummated in the halls of Death:
A witness that of ills whate'er befall
Mortals' unwisdom is the worst of all.

[Exit EURYDICE.

CHORUS

What makest thou of this? The Queen has gone
Without a word importing good or ill.
ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
καύτος τεθάμβηκ· ἐλπίσων δὲ βόσκομαι ἀχὴ τέκνου κλύουσαν ἐσ πόλων γόους οὐκ ἀξιώσειν, ἀλλ' ὑπὸ στέγης ἔσω δμωάσ προβήσειν πένθος οἰκεῖον στένειν. γνώμης γαρ οὐκ ἀπειρος, ὥσθ' ἀμαρτάνειν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
οὐκ οἶδ'· ἐμοὶ δ' οὖν ἦ τ' ἀγαν σιγῆ βαρῦ δοκεὶ προσείναι χή μάτην πολλῆ βοή.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
ἀλλ' εἰσόμεθα, μὴ τι καὶ κατάσχετον κρυφῇ καλύπτει καρδίᾳ θυμουμένη, δόμους παραστείχοντες· εὔ γαρ οὖν λέγεις, καὶ τῆς ἀγαν γαρ ἐστὶ ποι σιγῆς βάρος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
καὶ μὴν ὃδ' ἀναξ αὐτὸς ἐφήκει μὴν' ἐπίσημον διὰ χειρὸς ἔχων, εἰ θέμις εἰπεῖν, οὐκ ἀλλοτρίαν ἀτην, ἀλλ' αὐτὸς ἀμαρτῶν.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
ιῶ φρενῶν δυσφρόνων ἀμαρτήματα στερεὰ θανατόεντ', ὡ κτανόντας τε καὶ θανόντας βλέποντες ἐμφυλίους. ἃμοι ἐμῶν ἀνολβα βουλευμάτων. ιῶ παῖ, νέος νέως ξύν μόρῳ, αἰαί αἰαί, ἔθανε, ἄπελυθης, ἐραίς οὐδὲ σαίσι δυσβουλίαι.
ANTIGONE

MESSENGER
I marvel too, but entertain good hope.
'Tis that she shrinks in public to lament
Her son's sad ending, and in privacy
Would with her maidens mourn a private loss.
'Trust me, she is discreet and will not err.

CHORUS
I know not, but strained silence, so I deem,
Is no less ominous than excessive grief.

MESSENGER
Well, let us to the house and solve our doubts,
Whether the tumult of her heart conceals
Some fell design. It may be thou art right:
Unnatural silence signifies no good.

CHORUS
Lo! the King himself appears.
Evidence he with him bears
'Gainst himself (ah me! I quake
'Gainst a king such charge to make)
But all must own,
The guilt is his and his alone.

CREON
Woe for sin of minds perverse, (Str. 1)
Deadly fraught with mortal curse.
Behold us slain and slayers, all akin.
Woe for my counsel dire, conceived in sin.
   Alas, my son,
   Life scarce begun,
   Thou wast undone.
The fault was mine, mine only, O my son!
ANTIGONH

ΧΟΡΟΣ
οięμ’ ως έοικας οψε την δίκην ίδειν.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
οίμοι,
ἐχω μαθών δείλαιος· ἐν δ’ ἐμῷ κάρα
θεός τότ’ ἀρα τότε μέγα βάρος μ’ ἐχὼν
ἐπαισεν, ἐν δ’ ἐσεισεν ἀγρίας ὁδοίς,
οίμοι, λακπάτητον ἀντρέπων χαράν.
φεῦ φεῦ, ὦ πόνοι βροτῶν δύσπονοι.

ΕΞΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
ὡ δέσποθ’, ως ἐχων τε καὶ κεκτημένος,
tὰ μὲν πρὸ χειρῶν τάδε φέρων, τὰ δ’ ἐν δόμοις
ἐοικας ήκειν καὶ τάχ’ ὁφεσθαί κακά.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
τί δ’ ἔστιν αὐ κάκιον ἐκ κακῶν ἔτι;

ΕΞΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
γυνὴ τέθνηκε, τοῦτ’ παρμῆτωρ νεκροῦ,
δύστημος, ἀρτὶ νεστόμουι πλῆγμασιν.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
ὠ.
ὡ δυσκάθαρτος ’Ἀιδοῦ λιμῆν,
tί μ’ ἀρα τί μ’ ὀλέκεις;
ὡ κακάγγελτά μοι
προπέμψας ἄχη, τίνα θροείς λόγον;
αἰαὶ, ὀλωλότ’ ἀνδρ’ ἐπεξειργάσω.
tι φῆς, παῖ; τίν’ αὖ λέγεις μοι νέον,
αἰαὶ αἰαὶ,
σφάγιον ἐπ’ ὀλέθρῳ
γυναικεῖον ἀμφικείσθαι μόρον;

ΧΟΡΟΣ
ὅραν πάρεστιν· οὐ γὰρ ἐν μυχοῖς ἔτι.
ANTIGONE

CHORUS
Too late thou seemest to perceive the truth.

CREON (Str. 2)
By sorrow schooled. Heavy the hand of God, Thorny and rough the paths my feet have trod, Humbled my pride, my pleasure turned to pain; Poor mortals, how we labour all in vain!

Enter second messenger.

SECOND MESSENGER
Sorrows are thine, my lord, and more to come, One lying at thy feet, another yet More grievous waits thee, when thou comest home.

CREON
What woe is lacking to my tale of woes?

SECOND MESSENGER
Thy wife, the mother of thy dead son here, Lies stricken by a fresh inflicted blow.

CREON
How bottomless the pit! (Ant. 1) Dost claim me too, O Death? What is this word he saith, This woeful messenger? Say, is it fit To slay anew a man already slain? Is Death at work again, Stroke upon stroke, first son, then mother slain?

CHORUS
Look for thyself. She lies for all to view.
οἵμοι,
κακὸν τὸδ᾽ ἄλλο δεύτερον βλέπω τάλας.
tῖς ἀρά, τῖς με πότμος ἐτι περιμένει;
ἐχω μὲν ἐν χείρεσσιν ἀρτίως τέκνου,
tάλας, τὸν δ᾽ ἐναντα προσβλέπω νεκρόν.
φεῦ φεῦ ματερ ἄθλια, φεῦ τέκνου.

ἙΣΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
ἡ δ᾽ ὀξυθήκτω βωμία περὶ ξίφει ¹
λύει κελαίνα βλέφαρα, κωκύσασα μὲν
tοὺ πρὶν θανόντος Μεγαρέως κλεινὸν λάχος,
ἀυθις δὲ τοῦδε, λοίσθιον δὲ σοὶ κακὰς
πράξεως ἐφυμνῆσασα τῷ παιδοκτόνῳ.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
αἰαὶ αἰαὶ,
ἀνέπταν φόβῳ. τί μ᾽ ὦκ ἀνταῖαν
ἐπαισέν τις ἀμφιθήκτω ξίφει;
δειλαιος ἐγώ, αἰαὶ,
δειλαία δὲ συγκέκραμαι δύᾳ.

ἙΣΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
ὡς αἰτίαν γε τώνδε κάκεινων ἐχων
πρὸς τῆς θανοῦσης τῆςδ᾽ ἐπεσκήπτου μόρῳ.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
ποῖω δὲ καπελύσατ᾽ ἐν φοναὶς τρόπῳ;

ἙΣΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ
παίσασο ὑψ ἦπαρ αὐτόχειρ αὐτὴν, ὅπως
παιδὸς τὸδ᾽ ἦσθετ ὀξυκώκυτον πάθος.

ΚΡΕΩΝ
ἐλοὶ μοι, τάδ᾽ ὀυκ ἐπ᾽ ἄλλον βροτῶν ἄμας ἀρμόσει ποτ᾽ ἐξ αἰτίας.
ἐγὼ γάρ σ᾽ ἐγὼ ἔκανον, ὦ μέλεος,

¹ ἡ δ᾽ ὀξυθήκτως ἤδε βωμία πέρις MSS. Arndt corr.
ANTIGONE

CREON
Alas! another added woe I see. (Ant. 2)
What more remains to crown my agony?
A minute past I clasped a lifeless son,
And now another victim Death hath won.
Unhappy mother, most unhappy son!

SECOND MESSENGER
Beside the altar on a keen-edged sword
She fell and closed her eyes in night, but erst
She mourned for Megareus who nobly died
Long since, then for her son; with her last breath
She cursed thee, the slayer of her child.

CREON
I shudder with affright. (Str. 3)
O for a two-edged sword to slay outright
A wretch like me,
Made one with misery.

SECOND MESSENGER
'Tis true that thou wert charged by the dead Queen
As author of both deaths, hers and her son's.

CREON
In what wise was her self-destruction wrought?

SECOND MESSENGER
Hearing the loud lament above her son
With her own hand she stabbed herself to the heart.

CREON
I am the guilty cause. I did the deed, (Str. 4)
Thy murderer. Yea, I guilty plead.
ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ

ἐγώ, φάμ’ ἐτυμον. ἵω πρόσπολοι,
ἀγετέ μ’ ὁ τι τάχιστ’, ἀγετέ μ’ ἐκποδῶν,
τόν οὐκ ὄντα μᾶλλον ἥ μηδένα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
κέρδη παρανείσ, εἰ τι κέρδος ἐν κακοῖς:
βράχιστα γὰρ κράτιστα τὰν ποσίν κακά.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ἐτω ἐτω,
φανήτω μόρων ὁ κάλλιστ’ ἔχων
ἐμοὶ τερμίαν ἄγων ἀμέραν
ἳπατος. ἐτω ἐτω,
ὅπως μηκέτ’ ἀμαρ ἅλλ’ εἰσίδω.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
μέλλοντα ταῦτα. τῶν προκειμένων τι χρὴ
πράσσειν. μέλει γὰρ τῶν δ’ ὅτουι χρὴ μέλειν.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ἀλλ’ ὁν ἔρω, τοιαῦτα συγκατηνεύσάμην.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

μὴ νυν προσεύχου μηδέν: ὡς πεπρωμένης
οὐκ ἔστι θυροῖς συμφορᾶς ἀπαλλαγή.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ἀγοιτ’ ἂν μάταιον ἀνδρ’ ἐκποδῶν,
ἀντ. δ’
ὅς, ὥ παῖ, σὲ τ’ οὐχ ἐκὼν κάκτανον
σὲ τ’ αὐ τάνδ’, ὡμοί μέλεος, οὖδ’ ἔχω
ὅτα προς πότερα κλιθῶ. πάντα γὰρ
λέχρα τὰν χεροῖν, τὰ δ’ ἐπὶ κρατεῖ μοι
πότμος δυσκόμιστος εἰσήλατο.

1 ἐμὼν MSS. Pallis corr.
ANTIGONE

My henchmen, lead me hence, away, away,
A cipher, less than nothing; no delay!

CHORUS
Well said, if in disaster aught is well:
Ills past endure demand the speediest cure.

CREON
Come, Fate, a friend at need, (Ant. 3)
Come with all speed!
Come, my best friend,
And speed my end!
Away, away!
Let me not look upon another day!

CHORUS
This for the morrow; to us are present needs
That they whom it concerns must take in hand.

CREON
I join your prayer that echoes my desire.

CHORUS
O pray not, prayers are idle; from the doom
Of fate for mortals refuge is there none.

CREON
Away with me, a worthless wretch who slew (Ant. 4)
Unwitting thee, my son, thy mother too.
Whither to turn I know not; every way
Leads but astray,
And on my head I feel the heavy weight
Of crushing Fate.
ANTIGONH

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πολλῶ τὸ φρονεῖν εὐδαιμονίας
πρῶτον ὑπάρχει· χρὴ δὲ τὰ γ’ εἰς θεοῦς
μηδὲν ἀσεπτεῖν· μεγάλοι δὲ λόγοι
μεγάλας πληγάς τῶν ὑπεραύχων
ἀποτίσαντες
γῆρα τὸ φρονεῖν ἐδίδαξαν.
ANTIGONE

CHORUS
Of happiness the chiefest part
    Is a wise heart:
And to defraud the gods in aught
    With peril's fraught.
Swelling words of high-flown might
Mightily the gods do smite.
Chastisement for errors past
Wisdom brings to age at last.

END OF VOL. I.
PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY
RICHARD CLAY AND COMPANY, LTD.
BUNGAY, SUFFOLK
VOLUMES ALREADY PUBLISHED

Latin Authors

AMMIANUS MARCELLINUS. Translated by J. C. Rolfe. 3 Vols.
ST. AUGUSTINE, SELECT LETTERS. J. H. Baxter.
AUSONIUS. H. G. Evelyn White. 2 Vols.
BEDE. J. E. King. 2 Vols.
CAESAR: ALEXANDRIAN, AFRICAN and SPANISH WARS. A. G. Way.
CAESAR: CIVIL WARS. A. G. Peskett.
CATULLUS. F. W. Cornish; TIBULLUS. J. B. Postgate; PERVIGILIUM VENERIS. J. W. Mackail.
CELSUS: DE MEDICINA. W. G. Spencer. 3 Vols.
CICERO: BRUTUS, and ORATOR. G. L. Hendrickson and H. M. Hubbell.
[CICERO]: AD HERENNIIUM. H. Caplan.
CICERO: DE FINIRUS. H. Rackham.
CICERO: DE INVENTIONE, etc. H. M. Hubbell.
CICERO: DE NATURE DEORUM and ACADÆMICA. H. Rackham.
CICERO: DE OFFICIS. Walter Miller.
CICERO: DE REPUBLICA and DE LEGIBUS; SOMNIUM SCIPIONIS. Clinton W. Keyes.
Cicero: De Senectute, De Amicitia, De Divinatione.
W. A. Falconer.

Cicero: In Catilinam, Pro Flacco, Pro Murena, Pro Sulla.
Louis E. Lord.

Cicero: Letters to Atticus. E. O. Winsteadt. 3 Vols.

Cicero: Letters to His Friends. W. Glynn Williams. 3 Vols.


N. H. Watts.

Cicero: Pro Caecina, Pro Lege Manilia, Pro Cluentio, Pro Rabirio.
H. Grose Hodge.

Cicero: Pro Caelio, De Provinciis Consularibus, Pro Balbo.
R. Gardner.

N. H. Watts.

Cicero: Pro Quinctio, Pro Roscio Amerino, Pro Roscio Comodo, Contra Rullum.
J. H. Freese.

Cicero: Pro Sestio, In Vatinium.
R. Gardner.

Cicero: Tusculan Disputations. J. E. King.


Claudian: M. Platnauer. 2 Vols.

Columella: De Re Rustica, De Arboribus.
H. B. Ash, E. S. Forster and E. Heffner. 3 Vols.

Curtius, Q.: History of Alexander.
J. C. Rolfe. 2 Vols.

Florus.
E. S. Forster; and Cornelius Nepos.
J. C. Rolfe.

Frontinus: Stratagems and Aqueducts.
C. E. Bennett and M. B. McElwain.

Fronto: Correspondence.
C. R. Haines. 2 Vols.

Gellius, J. C. Rolfe. 3 Vols.

Horace: Odes and Epodes.
C. E. Bennett.

Horace: Satires, Epistles, Ars Poetica.
H. R. Fairclough.

Jerome: Selected Letters.
F. A. Wright.

Juvenal and Persius.
G. G. Ramsay.

Livy.

Lucan.
J. D. Duff.

Lucretius.
W. H. D. Rouse.

Martial.
W. C. A. Ker. 2 Vols.

Minor Latin Poets: from Publilius Syrus to Rutilius Namatianus, including Grattius, Calpurnius Siculus, Nemesianus, Avianus, and others with "Aetna" and the "Phoenix."
J. Wight Duff and Arnold M. Duff.

Ovid: The Art of Love and Other Poems.
J. H. Mozley.
Ovid: Heroïdes and Amores. Grant Showerman.
Ovid: Metamorphoses. F. J. Miller. 2 Vols.
Ovid: Tristia and Ex Ponto. A. L. Wheeler.
Petronius. M. Heseltine; Seneca; Apocolocyntosis.
W. H. D. Rouse.
Plautus. Paul Nixon. 5 Vols.
Propertius. H. E. Butler.
Quintilian. H. E. Butler. 4 Vols.
Sallust. J. C. Rolfe.
Scriptores Historiae Augustae. D. Magie. 3 Vols.
Seneca: Tragedies. F. J. Miller. 2 Vols.
Silius Italicus. J. D. Duff. 2 Vols.
Suetonius. J. C. Rolfe. 2 Vols.
Terence. John Sargeaunt. 2 Vols.
Minucius Felix. G. H. Rendall.
Valerius Flaccus. J. H. Mozley.
Varro: De Lingua Latina. R. G. Kent. 2 Vols.
Viroil. H. R. Fairclough. 2 Vols.
Vitruvius: De Architectura. F. Granger. 2 Vols.
Greek Authors

Achilles Tatius. S. Gaselee.
Aelian: ON THE NATURE OF ANIMALS. A. F. Scholfield. 3 Vols.
Aeneas Tacticus, Asclepiodotus and Onasander. The Illinois Greek Club.
Aeschines. C. D. Adams.
Aeschylus. H. Weir Smyth. 2 Vols.
Andocides, Antiphon, Cf. Minor Attic Orators.
Apollodorus. Sir James G. Frazer. 2 Vols.
Apollonius Rhodius. R. C. Seaton.
Appian: Roman History. Horace White. 4 Vols.
Aristotle: Nicomachean Ethics. H. Rackham.
Aristotle: Posterior Analytics, Topics. H. Tredennick and E. S. Forster.
Aristotle: Parts of Animals. A. L. Peck; Motion and Progression of Animals. E. S. Forster.

ARISTOTLE: Poetics and Longinus. W. Hamilton Fyfe; Demetrius on Style. W. Rhys Roberts.

ARISTOTLE: Politics. H. Rackham.


ATHENAEUS: Deipnosophistae. C. B. Gulick. 7 Vols.


Colluthus: Cf. Oppian.

Daphnis and Chloe. Thornley's Translation revised by J. M. Edmonds; and Parthenius. S. Gaselee.


Demosthenes II.: De Corona and De Falsa Legatione. C. A. Vince and J. H. Vince.


Dio Cassius: Roman History. E. Cary. 9 Vols.


Diogenes Laertius. R. D. Hicks. 2 Vols.

Dionysius of Halicarnassus: Roman Antiquities. Spelman's translation revised by E. Cary. 7 Vols.

Epictetus. W. A. Oldfather. 2 Vols.


The Greek Anthology. W. R. Paton. 5 Vols.

Greek Elegy and Iambus with the Anacreontea. J. M. Edmonds. 2 Vols.
The Greek Bucolic Poets (Theocritus, Bion, Moschus). J. M. Edmonds.

Greek Mathematical Works. Ivor Thomas. 2 Vols.


Herodotus. A. D. Godley. 4 Vols.


Isaeus. E. W. Forster.

Isocrates. George Norlin and LaRue Van Hook. 3 Vols.


Julian. Wilmer Cave Wright. 3 Vols.


Lyra Graeca. J. M. Edmonds. 3 Vols.


Marcus Aurelius. C. R. Haines.

Menander. F. G. Allinson.


Oppian, Colluthus, Tryphiodorus. A. W. Mair.


Philo: two supplementary Vols. (Translation only.) Ralph Marcus.


Philostratus: Imagines; Callistratus: Descriptions. A. Fairbanks.
Philostatus and Eunapius: Lives of the Sophists. Wilmer Cave Wright.

Pindar. Sir J. E. Sandys.


Plato: Cratylus, Parmenides, Greater Hippias, Lesser Hippias. H. N. Fowler.


Plato: Theaetetus and Sophist. H. N. Fowler.


Polybius. W. R. Paton. 6 Vols.


Strabo: Geography. Horace L. Jones. 8 Vols.


Theophrastus: Enquiry into Plants. Sir Arthur Hort, Bart. 2 Vols.

Thucydides. C. F. Smith. 4 Vols.


Xenophon: Cyropaedia. Walter Miller. 2 Vols.


Xenophon: Memorabilia and Oeconomicus. E. C. Marchant.

IN PREPARATION

Greek Authors


Latin Authors

Babrius and Phaedrus. Ben E. Perry.

DESCRIPTIVE PROSPECTUS ON APPLICATION

London
Cambridge, Mass.

WILLIAM HEINEMANN LTD
HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS