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MODELS AND MATERIALS

FOR

GREEK IAMBIC VERSE

BY

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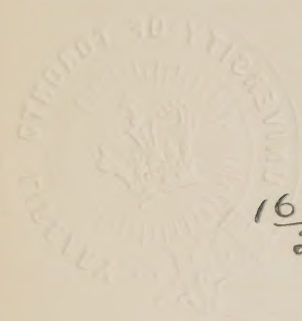
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PREFACE.

THE title, 'Models and Materials for Greek Iambic Verse,' will indicate to those engaged in teaching or learning Greek, the nature and plan of the present book, which aims at filling an unoccupied place between the Introductory Manual on the one hand, and the bare Collection of English Passages on the other. At the same time it will be found suitable as a Delectus, or reading-book for any one who would enjoy ready gathered a bouquet of choice flowers of Greek poetry;

ὅς δρέπων μὲν
κορυφὰς ἀρετῶν ἀπὸ πασῶν
ἀγλαίζεται μουσικῆς ἐν αὐτῷ.

The special feature of the book is the method which it suggests of teaching Greek Iambic Composition, viz. by reference to parallel passages in Greek Poets.

The learner, having mastered the rules of Syntax and Prosody, and being already practised in the mechanical construction of the Iambic Verse, is now invited to use his own faculties in copying the antique pattern. Instead of forming his style on 'fair copies,' he is provided with original models for study and imitation.

In spite of the many excellent assortments of hints cautions, and clever devices for saving labour and smoothing the road to knowledge, only a small proportion nowadays of the boys who begin to learn Greek Verse Composition succeed in acquiring either love for the subject, or a moderate proficiency in the art. To those who have profited by such discipline, and are at length arrived at the stage when they can take an interest in the sentiments of the poetry they wish to translate into Greek, and can also appreciate the terseness and beauty of the language in which similar thoughts have been expressed by the great poets of Athens,—to such the comparison of the modern with the ancient will be a pleasant exercise in itself. But the chief advantage will be in the improvement of the style of the learner. Without an authoritative standard before him he is in danger of going on merely putting English words into Greek, regardless of the images they call up, of their suitableness to the context, and even of their order, except so far as to make them scan. He gains facility, it may be, in arranging the puzzle, but rarely rises above a certain level of mechanical composition, and remains satisfied with acquiring a style partly his own, and partly his teacher's. And so the result too frequently is either misapplication of the good points of an inferior model, or, as more ambitious poems have been described, 'a chaos of words which present no image; of images that have no archetype; they are without form and void: and darkness is on the face of them.'

The plan here followed has been to collect in the First

Part passages from the Greek Tragedians dealing with such commonplaces as are found in the poetry of all nations—sentiments regarding Life, Death, Fate, Duty, Happiness, Misery,—strivings to read the riddle of the painful earth—aphorisms in which the wit of one has crystallised the experience of many—in fact those lessons which

‘The lofty grave Tragedians taught
 In Chorus or Iambick, teachers best
 Of Moral Prudence, with delight receiv’d,
 In brief sententious precepts, while they treat
 Of Fate, and Chance, and Change in human life,
 High Actions, and high Passions best describing.’

These extracts from the Greek are arranged alphabetically under their respective heads, e. g. Ambition, Conscience, Death, Fate, God, Friendship, Love, Honour, Patriotism, Retribution.

The Second Part contains a selection of passages, also arranged alphabetically according to subject matter, from English Authors dealing with the same or similar themes, looked at from a modern point of view. Their mode of contemplating these essential ideas is of course modified by the influence of a later civilization, and a different system of ethics and belief.

A careful comparison of the English utterances with the Greek, while it brings out the contrast between the syntax and language in which the sentiment finds expression, will enable the student to detect the identity of thought that animates either speaker, and give him hints how he can best render the English passage into Greek,

or clothe his own fancy in fit sound, if he aspires to the composition of original Greek Iambics.

By the time the learner has worked through the first two sections, he will have gained sufficient familiarity with the commonplaces of Greek thought, and the language of the ethics of Tragedy, to venture on the translation of longer passages, not so obviously dwelling on one thought, but varying in details, and developing in different directions.

Such Miscellaneous passages are supplied in Part II of Materials.

We cannot expect to find long parallel passages in the two languages. The same thought may occur in the midst of an infinite variety of circumstances, and we shall now have to be content with a more general resemblance. A passage will be useful as a model which is pitched in the same key, which describes high action and high passion, even though the incidents and details bear but slight resemblance to each other. The passion will be the same in both, the action may vary. We cannot at all events expect to find the same succession of ideas in two original passages, one Greek, one English, and shall therefore sometimes have to seek our models of expression from different sources, and be satisfied with referring to isolated passages in which only a single phrase or sentiment or metaphor occurs to suggest a way of rendering the English.

Under these limitations the references appended to each of the Miscellaneous passages will be found sufficiently to

the point to guide the student who has taken the trouble to work through the preceding parts. He will recognise a similarity of motive even when veiled in different forms of expression.

If the parallel between the English text and the Greek passages referred to is not sufficiently obvious at first sight, the discipline of a careful reading and perpending of the Greek will not be without benefit to the conscientious learner. He will be gaining indirectly a deeper insight into the meaning, and a closer acquaintance with the language of the Greek poet, than if he had without effort seen the likeness he was searching for.

To facilitate the method of working by models, an Index of general references to the Greek Tragedians has been added. This, although far from complete, will be sufficiently full to save time, and to put the student on the right track by suggesting places where such subjects and trains of thought occur as may be useful for the purpose on hand.

I have to thank Mr. J. H. Sargent, B.A., of Exeter College, Oxford, for criticisms and corrections and much valuable help.



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MODELS AND MATERIALS FOR
GREEK IAMBIC VERSE.

—♦—
MODELS.
—♦—

Advice.

Ὅς μὴ πέπουθε τὰμὰ μὴ βουλευέτω.

Σοφώτεροι γὰρ συμφορὰς τὰς τῶν πέλας
πάντες διαιρεῖν, ἢ τύχας τὰς οἴκοθεν.

Ἄπαντές ἐσμεν ἐς τὸ νουθετεῖν σοφοί,
αὐτοὶ δ' ὅταν σφαλῶμεν, οὐ γινώσκομεν.

Easier to give than to follow.

Ῥᾶον παραινεῖν ἢ παθόντα καρτερεῖν.

Ἐλαφρὸν ὅστις πημάτων ἔξω πόδα
ἔχει, παραινεῖν νουθετεῖν τε τὸν κακῶς
πράσσοντα.

Τοὺς δ' αἰ μέγιστους καὶ σοφωτάτους φρενὶ
τοιούσδ' ἴδοις ἄν, οἷός ἐστι νῦν ὅδε,
καλῶς κακῶς πράσσοντι συμπαραινέσαι,
ὅταν δὲ δαίμων ἀνδρὸς εὐτυχοῦς τὸ πρὶν

πλάστιγγ' ἐρείσῃ τοῦ βίου παλίντροπον
τὰ πολλὰ φροῦδα καὶ καλῶς εἰρημμένα.

- A. Οἶδ'· ἀλλὰ κάμπτειν τῷ χρόνῳ λύπας χρεῶν.
B. χρή· τοῦτο δ' εἰπεῖν ῥῆον ἢ φέρειν κακά.

Advocates.

A rustic pleader.

Ὅς εἶπ' Ὀρέστην καὶ σ' ἀποκτεῖναι πέτροις
βάλλοντας· ὑπὸ δ' ἔτεινε Τυνδάρεως λόγους
τῷ σφῶ κατακτείνοντι τοιοῦτους λέγειν.
ἄλλος δ' ἀναστὰς ἔλεγε τῷδ' ἐναντία,
μορφῇ μὲν οὐκ εὐωπός, ἀνδρεῖος δ' ἀνὴρ,
ὀλιγάκις ἄστν κἀγορᾶς χαρίων κύκλον,
αὐτουργός, οἵπερ καὶ μόνοι σώζουσι γῆν,
ξυνητὸς δὲ χωρεῖν ὁμόσε τοῖς λόγοις θέλων
ἀκέραιος ἀνεπίληπτον ἡσκηκῶς βίου·
ὃς εἶπ' Ὀρέστην παῖδα τὸν Ἀγαμέμνονος
στεφανοῦν, ὃς ἠθέλησε τιμωρεῖν πατρί,
κακὴν γυναῖκα κᾶθεον κατακτανῶν,
ἢ κείν' ἀφήρει, μήθ' ὀπλίζεσθαι χέρα
μήτε στρατεύειν ἐκλιπόντα δῶματα,
εἰ τᾶνδον οἰκουρήμαθ' οἱ λελειμμένοι
φθειρουσιν, ἀνδρῶν εὐνιδας λωβώμενοι.

Age.

Age gives experience.

ᾧ τέκνον, οὐχ ἅπαντα τῷ γήρᾳ κακά,
Ἐτεόκλεες, πρόσσεστιν, ἀλλ' ἢ ἔμπειρία
ἔχει τι λέξαι τῶν νέων σοφώτερον.

Age fitted for counsel, youth for action.

Παλαιὸς αἶνος· ἔργα μὲν νεωτέρων,
βουλαὶ δ' ἔχουσι τῶν γεραιτέρων κράτος.

ᾠ παῖ, νέων τι δρᾶν μὲν ἔντονοι χέρες,
γνώμαι δ' ἀμείνους εἰσὶ τῶν γεραιτέρων·
ὁ γὰρ χρόνος δίδαγμα ποικιλώτερον.

Ambition.

Resist the temptings of the fiend ambition.

Τί τῆς κακίστης δαιμόνων ἐφίεσαι
φιλοτιμίας, παῖ; μὴ σύ γ' ἄδικος ἢ θεός·
πολλοὺς δ' ἐς οἴκους καὶ πόλεις εὐδαίμονας
εἰσῆλθε κἄξῆλθ' ἐπ' ὀλέθρῳ τῶν χρωμένων.

Analogy.

We infer the unscen from the seen.

Τεκμαιρόμεσθα τοῖς παροῦσι τὰφανῆ.

Anger.

Ἄθάνατον ὀργὴν μὴ φύλασσε θνητὸς ὢν.

Ὡσπερ δὲ θνητὸν καὶ τὸ σῶμ' ἡμῶν ἔφν,
οὕτω προσήκει μηδὲ τὴν ὀργὴν ἔχειν
ἀθάνατον, ὅστις σωφρονεῖν ἐπίσταται.

Πόλλ' ἔστιν ὀργῆς τῆς ἀπαιδεύτου κακά.

Ὅργαὶ γὰρ ἀνθρώποισι συμφορᾶς ὕπο
δειναί, πλάνος τε καρδίᾳ προσίσταται.

He is the wiser who keeps his temper.

Δυοῖν λεγόντων, θατέρου θυμουμένου,
ὁ μὴ ᾽ντιτείνων τοῖς λόγοις σοφώτερος.

᾽Οργῇ δὲ φαύλη πόλλ' ἔνεστ' ἀσχίμονα,
ἔξω γὰρ ὀργῆς πᾶς ἀνὴρ σοφώτερος.

Soft words assuage anger.

᾽Οργῆς ζεούσης εἰσὶν ἱατροὶ λόγοι.
ἐάν τις ἐν καιρῷ γε μαλθάσῃ κέαρ,
καὶ μὴ σφυδῶντα θυμὸν ἰσχυαίνῃ βία.

Anticipation.

᾽Η που τὸ μέλλον ἐκφοβεῖ καθ' ἡμέραν
ὡς τοῦ γε πάσχειν τοῦπιὸν μείζον κακόν.

An Appeal.

Iphigenia beseeches her father to spare her life.

Εἰ μὲν τὸν ᾽Ορφέως εἶχον, ᾧ πάτερ, λόγοι,
πέιθειν ἐπάδουσ', ᾧσθ' ὀμαρτεῖν μοι πέτρας,
κηλεῖν τε τοῖς λόγοισιν, οὓς ἐβουλόμην,
ἐνταῦθ' ἂν ἦλθον. νῦν δὲ τὰπ' ἐμοῦ σοφά,
δάκρυα παρέξω· ταῦτα γὰρ δυναίμεθ' ἄν.
ἱκετηρίαν δὲ γόνασιν ἐξάπτω σέθεν
τὸ σῶμα τοῦμόν, ὅπερ ἔτικτεν ἦδε σοι,
μή μ' ἀπολέσης ἄωρον· ἦδὲ γὰρ τὸ φῶς
λεύσσειν· τὰ δ' ὑπὸ γῆν μή μ' ἰδεῖν ἀναγκάσης.

πρώτη σ' ἐκάλεσα πατέρα, καὶ σὺ παῖδ' ἐμέ·
 πρώτη δέ, γόνασι σοῖσι σῶμα δοῦσ' ἐμόν,
 φίλας χάριτας ἔδωκα κἀντεδεξάμην.
 λόγος δ' ὁ μὲν σὸς ἦν ὄδ'· ἄρα σ', ὦ τέκνον,
 εὐδαίμον' ἀνδρὸς ἐν δόμοισιν ὄψομαι,
 ζῶσάν τε καὶ θάλλουσαν ἀξίως ἐμοῦ ;
 οὐμὸς δ' ὄδ' ἦν αὖ, περὶ σὸν ἐξαρτωμένης
 γένειον, οὗ νῦν ἀντιλάζομαι χερί·
 τί δ' ἄρ' ἐγὼ σε ; πρέσβυν ἄρ' ἐσδέξομαι
 ἐμῶν φίλαισι ὑποδοχαῖς δόμων, πάτερ,
 πόνων τιθηνοὺς ἀποδιδοῦσά σοι τροφάς ;
 τούτων ἐγὼ μὲν τῶν λόγων μνήμην ἔχω,
 σὺ δ' ἐπιλέλῃσαι καὶ μ' ἀποκτεῖναι θέλεις.
 τί μοι μέτεστι τῶν Ἀλεξάνδρου γάμων
 Ἐλένης τε, πόθεν ἦλθ' ἐπ' ὀλέθρῳ τῶμῳ, πάτερ ;
 βλέψον πρὸς ἡμᾶς, ὄμμα δὸς φίλημά τε,
 ἴν' ἀλλὰ τοῦτο κατθανοῦσ' ἔχω σέθεν
 μνημείου, εἰ μὴ τοῖς ἐμοῖς πείθει λόγοις.
 ἀδελφέ, μικρὸς μὲν σύ γ' ἐπίκουρος φίλοις,
 ὅμως δὲ συνδάκρυσον, ἰκέτευσον πατρὸς
 τὴν σὴν ἀδελφὴν μὴ θανεῖν· αἴσθημά τι
 κἀν νηπίοις γε τῶν κακῶν ἐγγίγνεται.
 ἰδοὺ σιωπῶν λίσσεται σ' ὄδ', ὦ πάτερ.
 ἀλλ' αἰδεσαί με καὶ κατοίκτηιρον βίον. .
 ναί, πρὸς γενείου σ' ἀντόμεσθα δύο φίλω·
 ὁ μὲν νεοσσός ἐστιν, ἡ δ' ἠϋξημένη.
 ἐν συντεμοῦσα πάντα νικήσω λόγον·
 τὸ φῶς τόδ' ἀνθρώποισιν ἥδιστον βλέπειν,
 τὰ νέρθε δ' οὐδέν· μαίνεται δ' ὅς εὔχεται
 θανεῖν. κακῶς ζῆν κρεῖσσον ἢ θανεῖν καλῶς.

Appearance.*Not a safe test of character.*

Ἴδη γὰρ εἶδον ἄνδρα γενναίου πατρὸς
 τὸ μηδὲν ὄντα, χρηστά τ' ἐκ κακῶν τέκνα,
 λιμόν τ' ἐν ἀνδρὸς πλουσίου φρονήματι,
 γνώμην τε μεγάλην ἐν πένητι σώματι.

Value of a good presence.

Ἴδοιμι δ' αὐτῶν ἕκγον' ἄρσεν' ἀρσένων,
 πρῶτον μὲν εἶδος ἀξίους τυραννίδος·
 πλειστή γὰρ ἀρετὴ τοῦθ' ὑπάρχον ἐν βίῳ,
 τὴν ἀξίωσιν τῶν καλῶν τὸ σῶμ' ἔχειν.

Bearing, a sign of nobility.

Γενναιότης σοι, καὶ τρόπων τεκμήριον
 τὸ σχῆμ' ἔχεις τόδ', ἦτις εἶ ποτ', ᾧ γύναι.
 γνοίη δ' ἂν ὡς τὰ πολλά γ' ἀνθρώπου πέρι
 τὸ σχῆμ' ἰδὼν τις εἰ πέφυκεν εὐγενής.

Athletics.*Greek estimate of athletes.*

Κακῶν γὰρ ὄντων μυρίων καθ' Ἑλλάδα,
 οὐδὲν κάκιόν ἐστιν ἀθλητῶν γένους·
 οἱ πρῶτα μὲν ζῆν οὔτε μαθάνουσιν εἶ
 οὔτ' ἂν δύναιντο· πῶς γάρ, ὅστις ἔστ' ἀνὴρ
 γνάθου τε δοῦλος νηδύος θ' ἠσσημένος,
 κτήσασαίτ' ἂν ὄλβον εἰς ὑπερβολὴν πατρός ;
 οὐδ' αὖ πένεσθαι καὶ ξυνηρετεῖν τύχαις
 οἰοί τ'· ἔθη γὰρ οὐκ ἔθισθέντες καλά,
 σκληρῶς μεταλλάσσουσιν εἰς τὰμήχανα.

λαμπροὶ δ' ἐν ἤβῃ καὶ πόλεως ἀγάλματα
 φοιτῶσ'· ὅταν δὲ προσπέσῃ γῆρας πικρόν,
 τρίβωνές ἐκβαλόντες οἴχονται κρόκας.
 ἐμεμψάμην δὲ καὶ τὸν Ἑλλήνων νόμον,
 οἱ τῶνδ' ἕκατι σύλλογον ποιούμενοι
 τιμῶσ' ἀχρείους ἡδονὰς δαιτὸς χάριν.
 τίς γὰρ παλαίσας εὖ, τίς ὠκύπους ἀνήρ,
 ἢ δίσκον ἄρας, ἢ γνάθου παίσας καλῶς,
 πόλει πατρώᾳ στέφαιον ἤρκεσεν λαβῶν;
 πότερα μαχοῦνται πολεμίοισιν ἐν χεροῖν
 δίσκους ἔχοντες, ἢ δίχ' ἀσπίδων ποσὶ
 θείνοντες ἐκβαλοῦσι πολεμίους πάτρας;
 οὐδεὶς σιδήρου ταῦτα μωραίνει πέλας
 στάς. ἄνδρας οὖν ἐχρήν σοφούς τε κάγαθούς
 φύλλοις στέφεισθαι, χῶστις ἡγεῖται πόλει
 κάλλιστα, σῶφρων καὶ δίκαιος ὢν ἀνήρ,
 ὅστις γε μύθοις ἔργ' ἀπαλλάσσει κακά,
 μάχας τ' ἀφαιρῶν καὶ στάσεις· τοιαῦτα γὰρ
 πόλει τε πάσῃ πᾶσί θ' Ἑλλησιν καλά.

Attica.

*'Pure the air, and light the soil,
 Athens the eye of Greece.'*

Ἦι πρῶτα μὲν λεῶς οὐκ ἐπακτὸς ἄλλοθεν,
 αὐτόχθονες δ' ἔφυμεν· αἱ δ' ἄλλαι πόλεις
 πεσσῶν ὁμοίως διαφορηθεῖσαι βολαῖς,
 ἄλλαι παρ' ἄλλων εἰσὶν εἰσαγωγίμοι.
 εἰ δ' οὐ πάρεργον χρή τι κομπάσαι, γύναι,
 οὐρανὸν ὑπὲρ γῆς ἔχομεν εὖ κεκραμένον,
 ἴν' οὐτ' ἄγαν πῦρ, οὔτε χεῖμα συμπίτνει·

ἂ δ' Ἑλλάς Ἀσία τε τρέφει κάλλιστα, γῆς
δέλεαρ ἔχοντες τῆσδε, συνθηρεύομεν.

Barbarians.

Φιλάργυρον μὲν πᾶν τὸ βάρβαρον γένος.

Βαρβάρων Ἑλλήνας ἄρχειν εἰκός, ἀλλ' οὐ βαρ-
βάρους,
μῆτερ, Ἑλλήνων· τὸ μὲν γὰρ δοῦλον οἱ δ' ἐλεύ-
θεροι.

Taunts on barbarian birth and language.

Βεβαρβάρωσαι χρόνιος ὢν ἐν βαρβάροις.

Οὐ μαθῶν ὅς εἰ φύσιν

ἄλλον τιν' ἄξεις ἄνδρα δεῦρ' ἐλεύθερον,
ὅστις πρὸς ἡμᾶς ἀντὶ σοῦ λέξει τὰ σά;
σοῦ γὰρ λέγοντος οὐκέτ' ἂν μάθοιμ' ἐγώ·
τὴν βάρβαρον γὰρ γλώσσαν οὐκ ἐπαίω.

Battle.

A battle scene.

Ἐπεὶ δ' ἐσήμην' ὄρθιον Τυρσηνικῇ
σάλπιγγι, καὶ συνῆψαν ἀλλήλοις μάχην,
πόσον τιν' αὐχεῖς πάταγον ἀσπίδων βρέμειν
πόσον τινὰ στεναγμὸν οἰμωγὴν θ' ὁμοῦ;
τὰ πρῶτα μὲν νυν πίτυλος Ἀργείου δορὸς
ἐρρήξαθ' ἡμᾶς· εἶτ' ἐχώρησαν πάλιν.
τὸ δεύτερον δὲ πούς ἐπαλλαχθεὶς ποδί,
ἄνῆρ δ' ἐπ' ἀνδρὶ στάς, ἐκαρτέρει μάχῃ·
πολλοὶ δ' ἐπιπτον. ἦν δὲ δύο κελεύσματα,
ὦ τὰς Ἀθήνας, ὦ τὸν Ἀργείων γύην
σπεύροντες, οὐκ ἀρήξεται αἰσχύνην πόλει;

μόλις δὲ πάντα δρῶντες οὐκ ἄτερ πόνων
 ἐτρεψάμεσθ' Ἀργείων εἰς φυγὴν δόρυ.

The onset: encounter of Eteocles and Polynices.

Ἐπεὶ δ' ἀφείθη πυρσὸς ὡς Τυρσηνικῆς
 σάλπιγγος ἠχή, σῆμα φοινίου μάχης,
 ᾗξαν δρόμημα δεινὸν ἀλλήλοισι ἔπι·
 κάπροι δ' ὄπως θήγοντες ἀγρίαν γένυν
 ξυνῆψαν, ἀφρῶ διάβροχοι γενειάδας·
 ᾗσσον δὲ λόγχαις· ἀλλ' ὑφίζανον κύκλοις,
 ὄπως σίδηρος ἐξολισθάνοι μάτην.
 εἰ δ' ὄμμ' ὑπερσχὸν ἴτνος ἄτερος μάθοι,
 λόγχην ἐνώμα στόματι, προφθῆναι θέλων.
 ἀλλ' εὖ προσῆγον ἀσπίδων κεγχρώμασι
 ὀφθαλμόν, ἀργὸν ὥστε γίγνεσθαι δόρυ.
 πλείων δὲ τοῖς ὀρώσιω ἐστάλασσ' ἰδρῶς
 ἢ τοῖσι δρῶσι διὰ φίλων ὀρρωδίαν.
 Ἐτεοκλῆς δὲ ποδὶ μεταψαίρων πέτρον
 ἴχνους ὑπόδρομον, κῶλον ἐκτὸς ἀσπίδος
 τίθησι· Πολυνεΐκης δ' ἀπήντησεν δορί,
 πληγὴν σιδήρῳ παραδοθεῖσαν εἰσιδῶν,
 κνήμην τε διεπέρασεν Ἀργεῖον δόρυ·
 στρατὸς δ' ἀνηλάλαξε Δαναϊδῶν ἅπας.
 κὰν τῶδε μόχθῳ γυμνὸν ὦμον εἰσιδῶν
 ὁ πρόσθε τρωθεὶς στέρια Πολυνεΐκους βία
 διῆκε λόγχην, καπέδωκεν ἠδουὰς
 Κάδμου πολίταις, ἀπὸ δ' ἔθραυσ' ἄκρον δόρυ.
 ἐς δ' ἄπορον ἦκων δορὸς ἐπὶ σκέλος πάλιν
 χωρεῖ, λαβῶν δ' ἀφῆκε μάρμαρον πέτρον,
 μέσου τ' ἄκουτ' ἔθραυσεν· ἐξ ἴσου δ' Ἄρης
 ἦν, κάμακος ἀμφοῖν χεῖρ' ἀπεστερημένοι.

Beauty.*Magnetism of beauty.*

Τοιάνδ' ἐν ὄψει λύγκα θηρατηρίαν
 ἔρωτος, ἀστραπὴν τιν' ὀμμάτων ἔχει·
 ἐνθάλπεται μὲν αὐτός, ἐξοπτᾶ δ' ἐμέ,
 ἴσον μετρῶν ὀφθαλμόν, ὥστε τέκτονος
 παρὰ στάθμην ἰόντος ὀρθοῦται κανών.

Not enough by itself to retain love.

Φίλτρον δὲ καὶ τόδ'· οὐ τὸ κάλλος, ᾧ γύναι,
 ἀλλ' ἀρεταὶ τέρπουσι τοὺς ξυνευνέτας.

Beauty without wit.

Νοῦν χρὴ θεάσασθαι· τί τῆς εὐμορφίας
 ὄφελος, ὅταν τις μὴ φρένας καλὰς ἔχη;

Εἰ νοῦς ἔνεστιν· εἰ δὲ μή, τί δεῖ καλῆς
 γυναικός, εἰ μὴ τὰς φρένας χρηστὰς ἔχοι;

Δύσμορφος εἶην μᾶλλον ἢ καλὸς κακός.

Beginning.*'Dimidium facti qui bene coepit habet.'*

Ἔργον δὲ παντὸς ἦν τις ἀρχηται καλῶς
 καὶ τὰς τελευτὰς εἰκός ἐσθ' οὕτως ἔχειν.

Blessings.*Good conscience, health, and competence.*

Κάλλιστόν ἐστι τοῦνδικον πεφυκέναι·
 λῶστον δὲ τὸ ζῆν ἄνοσον· ἠδίστου δ' ὅτω
 πάρεστι λήψις ὧν ἐρᾶ καθ' ἡμέραν.

Blessings invoked upon Attica.

- ΧΟ. Τί οὖν μ' ἄνωγας τῆδ' ἐφυμνήσαι χθονί;
 ΑΘ. ὅποια νίκης μὴ κακῆς ἐπίσκοπα,
 καὶ ταῦτα γῆθεν ἔκ τε ποντίας δρόσου,
 ἐξ οὐρανοῦ τε, κἀνέμων ἀήματα,
 εὐηλίως πνέοντ' ἐπιστείχειν χθόνα·
 καρπὸν τε γαίας καὶ βοτῶν ἐπίρρυτον,
 ἀστοῖσιν εὐθενοῦντα μὴ κάμνειν χρόνῳ,
 καὶ τῶν βροτείων σπερμάτων σωτηρίαν.

Blind.

Teiresias led by his daughter.

Ἦγον πάροιθε, θύγατερ· ὡς τυφλῷ ποδὶ
 ὀφθαλμὸς εἶ σύ, ναυτίλοισιν ἄστρον ὡς·
 δεῦρ' ἐς τὸ λευρὸν πέδον ἵχνος τιθεῖς' ἐμὸν
 πρόβαινε, μὴ σφαλῶμεν· ἀσθενῆς πατήρ.

- ΟΙ. Τυφλὸς τά τ' ὦτα τόν τε νοῦν τά τ' ὄμματ' εἶ.
 ΤΕ. σὺ δ' ἄθλιός γε ταῦτ' ὄνειδίξων, ἂ σοὶ
 οὐδεὶς ὃς οὐχὶ τῶνδ' ὄνειδιεὶ τάχα.
 ΟΙ. μίᾳς τρέφει πρὸς νυκτός, ὥστε μῆτ' ἐμέ,
 μῆτ' ἄλλον, ὅστις φῶς ὄρῃ, βλάψαι ποτ' ἄν.

A Bore.

Ἄνηρ γὰρ ὅστις ἦδεται λέγων ἀεὶ,
 λέληθεν αὐτὸν τοῖς ξυνοῦσιν ὦν βαρύς.

Bow.

The bow a coward's weapon.

Τῶνδ' ἄρ' οὔνεκα
 τοὺς Ἡρακλείους παῖδας οὐ θνήσκειν χρεών;
 ὃς ἔσχε δόξαν οὐδὲν ὦν εὐψυχίας,

θηρῶν ἐν αἰχμῇ, τᾶλλα δ' οὐδὲν ἄλκιμος,
 ὃς οὔποτ' ἀσπίδ' ἔσχε πρὸς λαιᾶ χερί,
 οὐδ' ἦλθε λόγχης ἐγγύς, ἀλλὰ τόξ' ἔχων,
 κάκιστον ὄπλον, τῇ φυγῇ πρόχειρος ἦν.
 ἀνδρὸς δ' ἔλεγχος οὐχὶ τόξ' εὐψυχίας,
 ἀλλ' ὃς μένων βλέπει τε κἀντιδέρεται
 δορὸς ταχεῖαν ἄλοκα τάξιν ἐμβεβώς.

The bow a better weapon than the spear.

Τὸ πάνσοφον δ' εὖρημα, τοξήρη σάγην,
 μέμφει κλύων νῦν τὰπ' ἐμοῦ σοφὸς γενοῦ.
 ἀνὴρ ὀπλίτης δοῦλός ἐστι τῶν ὄπλων,
 καὶ τοῖσι συνταχθεῖσιν οὔσι μὴ ᾿γαθοῖς
 αὐτὸς τέθνηκε δειλία τῇ τῶν πέλας,
 θραύσας τε λόγχην οὐκ ἔχει τῷ σώματι
 θάνατον ἀμῦναι, μίαν ἔχων ἀλκὴν μόνου·
 ὅσοι δὲ τόξοις χεῖρ' ἔχουσιν εὔστοχον,
 ἐν μὲν τὸ λῶστον, μυρίους οἰστοὺς ἀφείδ
 ἄλλοις τὸ σῶμα ῥύεται μὴ κατθανεῖν,
 ἐκὰς δ' ἀφειστῶς πολεμίους ἀμύνεται,
 τυφλοῖς ὀρῶντας οὐτάσας τοξέυμασι,
 τὸ σῶμά τ' οὐ δίδωσι τοῖς ἐναντίοις,
 ἐν εὐφυλάκτῳ δ' ἐστί τοῦτο δ' ἐν μάχῃ
 σοφὸν μάλιστα, δρῶντα πολεμίους κακῶς
 σώζειν τὸ σῶμα, μὴ ᾿κ τύχης ὤρμισμένους.

Brain.

Brain more potent than brawn and sinew.

Οὐ γὰρ οἱ πλατεῖς
 οὐδ' εὐρύνωτοι φῶτες ἀσφαλέστατοι,

ἀλλ' οἱ φρονούντες εὖ κρατοῦσι πανταχοῦ.
 μέγας δὲ πλευρὰ βοῦς ὑπὸ σμικρᾶς ὄμως
 μάλιστα ὀρθὸς εἰς ὄδον πορεύεται.

Brevity.

Brevity is the soul of wit.

Βραχεῖ λόγῳ γὰρ πολλὰ πρόσκειται σοφία.

Παῖδες, σοφοῦ πρὸς ἀνδρός, ὅστις ἐν βραχεῖ
 πολλοὺς λόγους οἷός τε συντέμνειν καλῶς.

Brute Strength.

'Vis consili expers mole ruit sua.'

Ῥώμη δέ γ' ἀμαθῆς πολλακίς τίκτει βλάβην.

Candour.

Ἐμοὶ γὰρ εἴη πτωχός, εἰ δὲ βούλεται,
 πτωχοῦ κακίων, ὅστις ἂν εὖνους ἐμοὶ
 φόβον παρελθὼν τὰπὸ καρδίας ἐρέι.

Capaneus.

Defies Heaven, and is dashed from the battlements by a thunderbolt.

Καπανεὺς δὲ πῶς εἴποιμ' ἂν ὡς ἐμαίνετο;
 μακραύχενος γὰρ κλίμακος προσαμβάσει
 ἔχων ἐχώρει, καὶ τοσόνδ' ἐκόμπασε,
 μῆδ' ἂν τὸ σεμνὸν πῦρ νιν εἰργαθεῖν Διὸς
 τὸ μὴ οὐ κατ' ἄκρων περγάμων ἐλείν πόλιν.
 καὶ ταῦθ' ἄμ' ἠγόρευε καὶ πετρούμενος
 ἀνείρφ', ὑπ' αὐτὴν ἀσπίδ' εἰλίξας δέμας,
 κλίμακος ἀμείβων ξέστ' ἐνηλάτων βάθρα.
 ἦδη δ' ὑπερβαίνοντα γεῖσα τειχέων

βάλλει κεραυνῷ Ζεὺς νιν· ἐκτύπησε δὲ
 χθώνι, ὥστε δεῖσαι πάντας· ἐκ δὲ κλιμάκων
 ἐσφενδοῦντο χωρὶς ἀλλήλων μέλη,
 κόμαι μὲν εἰς Ὀλυμπον, αἶμα δ' ἐς χθόνα,
 χεῖρες δὲ καὶ κῶλ' ὡς κύκλωμ' Ἰξίονος
 εἰλίσσεται· ἐς γῆν δ' ἔμπυρος πίπτει νεκρός.

Carpet Knights.

Οὐκ ἐν γυναιξὶ τοὺς νεανίας χρεῶν
 ἀλλ' ἐν σιδήρῳ κὰν ὄπλοισι τιμὰς φέρειν.

Castaway.

Philoctetes marooned on the isle of Lemnos.

Σὺ δὴ, τέκνον, ποίαν μ' ἀνάστασιν δοκεῖς
 αὐτῶν βεβώτων ἐξ ὕπνου στῆναι τότε ;
 ποί' ἐκδακρῦσαι, ποί' ἀποιμῶξαι κακά ;
 ὀρώντα μὲν ναῦς ἄς ἔχων ἐναυστόλουν
 πάσας βεβώσας, ἄνδρα δ' οὐδέν' ἐντοπον,
 οὐχ ὅστις ἀρκέσειεν, οὐδ' ὅστις νόσου
 κάμνοντι συλλάβοιτο, πάντα δὲ σκοπῶν
 ἠῦρισκον οὐδὲν πλὴν ἀνιᾶσθαι παρόν,
 τούτου δὲ πολλὴν εὐμάρειαν, ὦ τέκνον.
 ὁ μὲν χρόνος δὴ διὰ χρόνου προὔβαινέ μοι,
 κᾶδει τι βαιᾶ τῆδ' ὑπὸ στέγῃ μόνον
 διακονεῖσθαι. γαστρὶ μὲν τὰ σύμφορα
 τόξον τόδ' ἐξηύρισκε, τὰς ὑποπτέρους
 βάλλον πελείας· πρὸς δὲ τοῦθ', ὅ μοι βάλοι
 νευροσπαθῆς ἄτρακτος, αὐτὸς ἂν τάλας
 εἰλυόμην δύστηνον ἐξέλκων πόδα
 πρὸς τοῦτ' ἄν· εἴ τ' ἔδει τι καὶ ποτὸν λαβεῖν.

καί που πάγου χυθέντος, οἶα χείματι,
 ξύλου τι θραῦσαι, ταῦτ' ἂν ἐξέρπων τάλας
 ἐμηχανώμην· εἶτα πῦρ ἂν οὐ παρήν,
 ἀλλ' ἐν πέτροισι πέτρον ἐκτρίβων, μόλις
 ἔφην' ἄφαντον φῶς, ὃ καὶ σώζει μ' αἰεί.

Change.

Vicissitude, a law of Nature.

Ἄνασσα, πολλοῖς ἐστὶν ἀνθρώποις κακά,
 τοῖς δ' ἄρτι λήγει τοῖς δὲ κίνδυνος μολεῖν.
 κυκλὸς γὰρ αὐτὸς καρπίμοις τε γῆς φυτοῖς
 θνητῶν τε γενεᾷ· τοῖς μὲν αὖξεται βίος
 τῶν δὲ φθίνει τε καὶ θερίζεται πάλιν.

All things change, nothing perishes.

Χωρεῖ δ' ὀπίσω τὰ μὲν ἐκ γαίας
 φύντ' ἐς γαίαν, τὰ δ' ἀπ' αἰθερίου
 βλάστοντα γουῆς εἰς οὐράνιον
 πόλον ἦλθε πάλιν· θνήσκει δ' οὐδὲν
 τῶν γιγνομένων, διακρινόμενον δ'
 ἄλλο πρὸς ἄλλου
 μορφὴν ἰδίαν ἀπέδειξε.

Characters.

A friend to the good, a foe to the bad.

Τοῖς μὲν δίκαιοις ἔνδικος, τοῖς δ' αὖ κακοῖς
 πάντων μέγιστος πολέμιος κατὰ χθόνα.

Severely impartial.

Ἄσος οὔτε τούπεικὲς οὔτε τὴν χάριν
 ἦδη, μόνην δ' ἔστεργε τὴν ἀπλῶς δίκην.

A gentle mistress.

Πάντες δ' ἔκλαιον οἰκέται κατὰ στέγας
δέσποιναν οἰκτείροντες· ἡ δὲ δεξιᾶν
προὔτειν' ἐκάστω, κοῦτις ἦν οὔτω κακὸς
ὄν οὐ προσεῖπε καὶ προσερρήθη πάλιν.

A simple, brave, and loyal gentleman.

Καπανεὺς ὄδ' ἐστίν· ᾧ βίος μὲν ἦν πολὺς,
ἡκιστα δ' ὄλβω γαῦρος ἦν· φρόνημα δὲ
οὐδέν τι μείζον εἶχεν ἢ πένης ἀνήρ,
φεύγων τραπέζαις ὅστις ἐξογκοῖτ' ἄγαν
τάρκουντ' ἀτίζων· οὐ γὰρ ἐν γαστρὸς βορᾷ
τὸ χρηστὸν εἶναι, μέτρια δ' ἐξαρκεῖν ἔφη.
φίλοις τ' ἀληθῆς ἦν φίλος παροῦσί τε
καὶ μὴ παροῦσιν· ὦν ἀριθμὸς οὐ πολὺς.
ἄψευδὲς ἦθος, εὐπροσήγορον στόμα,
ἄκραντον οὐδὲν οὔτ' ἐς οἰκέτας ἔχων
οὔτ' ἐς πόλιτας.

A man of action and of few words.

Ἔστιν δὲ καὶ τῷδ', ὃν λέγεις τὸν Ἀρκάδα,
ἀνὴρ ἄκομπος, χεῖρ δ' ὄρα τὸ δράσιμον,
Ἄκτωρ ἀδελφὸς τοῦ πάρος λελεγμένου·
ὃς οὐκ ἐάσει γλῶσσαν ἐργμάτων ἄτερ
ἔσω πυλῶν ρέουσαν ἀλδαίνειν κακά.

Hercules in the disguise of a slave.

Ἐκιστα φαῦλος, ἀλλὰ πᾶν τούναντιον,
πρόσχημα σεμνός, κοῦ ταπεινός, οὐδ' ἄγαν
εὔογκος ὡς ἂν δοῦλος, ἀλλὰ καὶ στολὴν
ιδόντι λαμπρός, καὶ ξύλῳ δραστήριος.

οὐδείς ἐς οἶκους δεσπότης ἀμείνονας
 αὐτοῦ πρίασθαι βούλεται· σὲ δ' εἰσορῶν
 πᾶς τις δέδοικεν. ὄμμα γὰρ πυρὸς γέμεις,
 ταῦρος λέοντος ὡς βλέπων πρὸς ἐμβολήν.

Σοῦ κατηγορῶ
 σιγῶντος, ὡς εἴης ἂν οὐχ ὑπήκοος,
 τάσσειν δὲ μᾶλλον ἢ 'πιτάσσεσθαι θέλοις.

Character.

Cannot be safely inferred from probabilities.

Οὐκ ἔστ' ἀκριβὲς οὐδὲν εἰς εὐανδρίαν.
 ἔχουσι γὰρ παραγμὸν αἱ φύσεις βροτῶν.
 ἦδη γὰρ εἶδον ἄνδρα γενναίου πατρὸς
 τὸ μηδὲν ὄντα, χρηστά τ' ἐκ κακῶν τέκνα,
 λιμόν τ' ἐν ἀνδρὸς πλουσίου φρονήματι,
 γνώμην τε μεγάλην ἐν πένητι σώματι.
 πῶς οὖν τις αὐτὰ διαλαβὼν ὀρθῶς κρινεῖ;
 πλούτῳ; πονηρῷ τᾶρα χρήσεται κριτῆ;
 ἢ τοῖς ἔχουσι μηδέν; ἀλλ' ἔχει νόσον
 πενία, διδάσκει δ' ἄνδρα τῆ χρεία κακόν.
 ἀλλ' εἰς ὄπλ' ἔλθω; τίς δὲ πρὸς λόγχην βλέπωι
 μάρτυς γένοιτ' ἂν ὅστις ἔστιν ἀγαθός;
 κράτιστον εἰκῆ ταῦτ' ἔαν ἀφειμένα.
 οὔτος γὰρ ἀνὴρ οὔτ' ἐν Ἀργείοις μέγας
 οὔτ' αὖ δοκήσει δωμάτων ὠγκωμένος,
 ἐν τοῖς τε πλοῖσι ὢν, ἄριστος εὐρέθη.
 οὐ μὴ 'φρονήσῃθ', οἱ κενῶν δοξασμάτων
 πλήρεις πλανᾶσθε, τῆ δ' ὀμιλία βροτοῦς
 κρινεῖτε καὶ τοῖς ἦθεσι τοὺς εὐγενεῖς;

Charity.

Ἄμουσία τοι μηδ' ἐπ' οἰκτροῖσιν δάκρυ
στάζειν· κακὸν δὲ χρημάτων ὄντων ἄλις
φειδοῖ πονηρᾶ μηδέν' εὖ ποιεῖν βροτῶν.

Ἐσθλοῦ γὰρ ἀνδρὸς τοὺς πονοῦντας ὠφελεῖν.

Cheating.

Ill-gotten gains are soon lost.

Τὰ γὰρ δόλω
τῶ μὴ δικαίῳ κτήματ' οὐχὶ σῶζεται.

Childhood.

Happy, careless, unconscious of evil.

Τὸ γὰρ νεάζον ἐν τοιοῖσδε βόσκεται
χώροισιν αὐτοῦ, καὶ νιν οὐ θάλπος θεοῦ,
οὐδ' ὄμβρος, οὐδὲ πνευμάτων οὐδὲν κλονεῖ,
ἀλλ' ἡδοναῖς ἄμοχθον ἐξαίρει βίον
ἐς τοῦθ' ἕως τις ἀντὶ παρθένου γυνῆ
κληθῆ, λάβη τ' ἐν νυκτὶ φροντίδων μέρος.

Ἄλλ' οἶδε παῖδες ἐκ τρόχων πεπαυμένοι
στείχουσι, μητρὸς οὐδὲν ἐννοούμενοι
κακῶν, νέα γὰρ φροντὶς οὐκ ἀλγεῖν φιλεῖ.

Children.

The pillars of a house.

Στῦλοι γὰρ οἴκων εἰσὶ παῖδες ἄρσενες.

Compared to anchors.

Ἄλλ' εἰσὶ μητρὶ παῖδες ἄγκυραι βίου.

Compared to floats that buoy a net.

Παῖδες γὰρ ἀνδρὶ κληδόνες σωτήριοι
θανόντι· φελλοὶ δ' ὡς ἄγουσι δίκτυον,
τὸν ἐκ βυθοῦ κλωστήηρα σώζοντες λίνου.

Children should help their parents.

Ἄϊ τί πλέον εἶναι παῖδας ἀνθρώποις, πατέρ,
εἰ μὴ 'πὶ τοῖς δεινοῖσιν ὠφελήσομεν ;

Ἐγὼ νομίζω πατρὶ φίλτατον τέκνον,
παισὶν τε τοὺς τεκόντας, οὐδὲ συμμάχους
ἄλλου γενέσθαι φήμ' ἂν ἐνδικωτέρους.

Mother's love.

Δειναὶ γυναιξὶν αἱ δι' ὠδίνων γοναὶ
καὶ φιλότεκρόν πως πᾶν τὸ γυναικεῖοι γέρος.

Love of offspring universal.

Εἰς γὰρ τις ἐστὶ κοινὸς ἀνθρώποις νόμος
καὶ θεοῖσι τοῦτο δόξαν ὡς σαφῶς λέγω
θηρσὶν τε πᾶσι, τέκνα τίκτουσιν φιλεῖν·
τὰ δ' ἄλλα χωρὶς χρώμεθ' ἀλλήλων νόμοις.

Children a joy to the house.

Γύναι, φίλον μὲν φέγγος ἡλίου τόδε,
καλὸν δὲ πόντου κῦμ' ἰδεῖν εὐήμερον,
γῆ τ' ἡριπὸν θάλλουσα πλούσιόν θ' ὕδωρ,
πολλῶν τ' ἔπαινον ἔστι μοι λέξαι καλῶν,
ἀλλ' οὐδὲν οὕτω λαμπρὸν οὔτ' ἰδεῖν καλὸν
ὡς τοῖς ἄπαισι καὶ πόθῳ δεδηγμένοις
παίδων νεογνῶν ἐν δόμοις ἰδεῖν φάος.

Children, a blessing.

Καὶ κτῆμα δ', ὦ τεκοῦσα, κάλλιστον τόδε,
 πλούτου δὲ κρείσσοι, τοῦ μὲν ὠκεία πτέρυξ,
 παῖδες δὲ χρηστοὶ κὰν θάνωσι δώμασιν
 καλὸν τὸ θησαύρισμα, τοῖς τεκοῦσί τε
 ἀγάθημα βιότου, κοῦποτ' ἐκλείπει δόμους.

Is it better to have children or not?

Ἄμμηχανῶ δ' ἔγωγε κοῦκ ἔχω μαθεῖν
 εἴτ' οὖν ἄμεινόν ἐστι γίγνεσθαι τέκνα
 θνητοῖσιν, εἴτ' ἄπαιδα καρποῦσθαι βίον.
 ὁρῶ γὰρ οἷς μὲν οὐκ ἔφυσαν ἀθλίους,
 ὅσοισι δ' εἰσὶν οὐδὲν εὐτυχεστέρους,
 καὶ γὰρ κακοὶ γεγῶτες ἐχθίστη νόσος,
 κὰν αὖ γένωνται σῶφρονες κακὸν μέγα,
 λυποῦσι τὸν φύσαντα μὴ πάθωσί τι.

Ἔμοιγε νῦν τε καὶ πάλαι δοκεῖ
 παῖδας φυτεύειν οὔποτ' ἀνθρώπους ἐχρήν
 πόνους ὀρώντας εἰς ὅσους φυτεύομεν.

Ἐπειτα παῖδας σὺν πικραῖς ἀλγηδόσι
 τίκτω· τεκοῦσα δ', ἦν μὲν ἄφρονας τέκω,
 στένω ματαίως εἰσορώσα μὲν κακοῦς,
 χρηστοὺς δ' ἀπολέσασ'. ἦν δὲ καὶ σεσωσμένους
 τήκω τάλαιναν καρδίαν ὀρρωδία·
 τί τοῦτο δὴ τὸ χρηστόν; οὐκ ἄρκεῖ μίαν
 ψυχὴν ἀπολύειν κἀπὶ τοῦδ' ἔχειν πόνους;

'Yet will we say for children—would they grew
Like wild flowers everywhere.'

ᾠ Ζεῦ, τί δὴ κίβδηλον ἀνθρώποις κακὸν
γυναῖκας ἐς φῶς ἡλίου κατῴκισας ;
εἰ γὰρ βρότειον ἤθελες σπεῖραι γένος,
οὐκ ἐκ γυναικῶν χρῆν παρασχέσθαι τόδε,
ἀλλ' ἀντιθέντας σοῖσιν ἐν ναοῖς βροτοῦς
ἢ χρυσὸν ἢ σίδηρον ἢ χαλκοῦ βάρος
παίδων πρίασθαι σπέρμα, τοῦ τιμήματος
τῆς ἀξίας ἕκαστον· ἐν δὲ δώμασι
ναίειν ἐλευθέροισι θηλειῶν ἄτερ.

Cinderella.

Electra describes her degraded condition.

Ἐπεὶ δὲ κινεῖς μῦθον, ἱκετεύω, ξένε,
ἄγγελλ' Ὀρέστη τὰμὰ κάκεινου κακά,
πρῶτον μὲν οἷοις ἐν πέπλοις ἀλλίζομαι,
πίνω θ' ὄσφ βέβριθ', ὑπὸ στέγαισί τε
οἴαισι ναίω βασιλικῶν ἐκ δωμάτων,
αὐτὴ μὲν ἐκμοχθοῦσα κερκίσιν πέπλους,
ἢ γυμνὸν ἕξω σῶμα καὶ στερήσομαι,
αὐτὴ δὲ πηγὰς ποταμίους φορουμένη,
ἀνέορτος ἱρῶν καὶ χορῶν τητωμένη,
ἀναίνομαι γυναῖκας, οὔσα παρθένος,
ἀναίνομαι δὲ Κάστορ', ᾧ, πρὶν ἐς θεοῦς
ἐλθεῖν, ἕμ' ἐμνήστευον, οὔσαν ἐγγενῆ.
μήτηρ δ' ἐμὴ Φρυγίοισιν ἐν σκυλεύμασι
θρόνῳ κάθηται, πρὸς δ' ἔδρας Ἀσιάτιδες
δμωαὶ στατίζουσ', ἄς ἔπερσ' ἐμὸς πατήρ,
Ἰδαῖα φάρη χρυσέαις ἐζευγμέναι
πόρπαισιν.

Circumstance.

Τοῖς πράγμασιν γὰρ οὐχὶ θυμοῦσθαι χρεῶν·
μέλει γὰρ αὐτοῖς οὐδέν' ἀλλ' οὐντυγχάνων
τὰ πράγματ' ὀρθῶς ἦν τιθῆ, πράσσει καλῶς.

Civilization.

Invention of the arts, and progress of mankind.

Αἰνῶ δ' ὃς ἡμῖν βίοτον ἐκ πεφυρμένον
καὶ θηριώδους θεῶν διεσταθμήσατο,
πρῶτον μὲν ἐνθεὶς σύνεσιν, εἶτα δ' ἄγγελον
γλῶσσαν λόγων δούς, ὥστε γινώσκειν ὅπα,
τροφίην τε καρποῦ, τῇ τροφῇ τ' ἀπ' οὐρανοῦ
στάγονας ὑδρηλάς, ὡς τὰ τ' ἐκ γαίας τρέφῃ
ἄρδῃ τε νηδύν· πρὸς δὲ τοῖσδε χείματος
προβλήματ', αἰθρόν τ' ἐξαμύνασθαι θεοῦ,
πόντου τε ναυστολήμαθ', ὡς διαλλαγὰς
ἔχοιμεν ἀλλήλοισιν ὧν πένουτο γῆ.

The Common Lot.

Πέπονθεν, οἷα καὶ σὲ καὶ πάντας μένει.

Οὐ θαῦμ' ἔλεξας θνητὸν ὄντα δυστυχεῖν.

Θνητὸς γὰρ ὧν καὶ θνητὰ πείσεσθαι δόκει·
θεοῦ βίον ζῆν ἀξιοῖς ἄνθρωπος ὧν;

Οὐκ ἔστιν εὐρεῖν βίον ἄλυπον οὐδενί.

Βέβαιον οὐδέν' ἔστιν ἐν θνητῶν γένει,
βιοῖ γὰρ οὐδεὶς ὃν προαιρεῖται τρόπον.

τεθνῶσι παῖδες οὐκ ἔμοι μόνῃ βροτῶν,
οὐδ' ἀνδρὸς ἔστερήμεθ'· ἀλλὰ μυρίαί
τὸν αὐτὸν ἐξήντησαν, ὡς ἐγώ, βίου.

Ἔφν μὲν οὐδεὶς ὅστις οὐ ποιεῖ βροτῶν,
θάπτει τε τέκνα, χᾶτερ' αὖ κτᾶται νέα,
αὐτὸς τε θιήσκει, καὶ τόδ' ἄχθονται βροτοὶ
εἰς γῆν φέροντες γῆν ἀναγκαίως δ' ἔχει
βίον θερίζειν ὥστε κάρπιμον στάχυν,
καὶ τὸν μὲν εἶναι τὸν δὲ μή· τί ταῦτα δεῖ
στένειν, ἅπερ δεῖ κατὰ φύσιν διεκπερᾶν;
δεινὸν γὰρ οὐδὲν τῶν ἀναγκαίων βροτοῖς.

'Look round,

*And seeing others worse off than thyself,
Cease to repine.'*

Δοκεῖς τὸν Ἄιδην σῶν τι φροντίζειν γόων
καὶ παῖδ' ἀνήσειν τὸν σόν, εἰ θέλοισ στένειν;
παῦσαι· βλέπουσα δ' εἰς τὰ τῶν πέλας κακά,
ῤῶν γένοι' ἄν, εἰ λογίξεσθαι θέλοισ,
ὅσοι τε δεσμοῖς ἐκμεμόχθηται βροτῶν,
ὅσοι τε γηράσκουσιν ὄρφανοὶ τέκνων,
τούς τ' ἐκ μεγίστης ὀλβίας τυραννίδος
τὸ μηδὲν ὄντας· ταῦτά σε σκοπεῖν χρέων.

Company.

Φθειρουσιν ἦθη χρήσθ' ὀμιλίας κακαί.

Ἄοστις δ' ὀμιλῶν ἦδεται κακοῖς ἀνὴρ
τοιούτός ἐστιν οἷσπερ ἦδεται ξυνών.

ὁ γὰρ ξυνών, κακὸς μὲν ἦν τύχη γεγώς,
 τοιούσδε τοὺς ξυνόντας ἐκπαιδεύεται,
 χρηστοὺς δ' ὁ χρηστός· ἀλλὰ τὰς ὀμιλίας
 ἐσθλὰς διώκειν, ὦ νέοι, σπουδάξτε.

Conduct.

Advice from a dying father to his son.

Ὅρθῶς μ' ἐπήρου, βούλομαι δέ σοι, τέκνον,—
 φρονεῖς γὰρ ἤδη κάποσώσαι' ἄν πατρὸς
 γνώμας φράσαντος, ἦν θάνω,—παραινέσαι
 κειμήλι' ἐσθλὰ καὶ νέοισι χρήσιμα,
 βραχεῖ δὲ μύθῳ πολλὰ συλλαβὸν ἔρω.
 πρῶτον φρένας μὲν ἠπίους ἔχειν χρεῶν.
 τῷ πλουσίῳ τε μὴ διδοὺς μείζον μέρος
 ἴσον σεαυτὸν εὐσεβεῖν πᾶσιν δίδου.
 δυοῖν παρόντων πραγμάτων πρὸς θάτερον
 γνώμην προσάπτων τὴν ἐναντίαν στύγει.
 ἀδίκως δὲ μὴ κτῶ κτήματ', ἦν βούλη πολλὴν
 χρόνον μελάθροισ ἐμμένειν· τὰ γὰρ κακῶς
 οἴκους ἐσελθόντ' οὐκ ἔχει σωτηρίαν.
 ἔχειν δὲ πειρῶ· τοῦτο γὰρ τό τ' εὐγενὲς
 καὶ τοὺς γάμοις δίδωσι τοὺς πρώτους ἔχειν,
 ἐν τῷ πένεσθαι δ' ἐστὶν ἢ τ' ἀδοξία,
 κἂν ἢ σοφός τις, ἢ τ' ἀτιμία βίου.
 φίλους δὲ τοὺς μὲν μὴ χαλῶντας ἐν λόγοις
 κέκτησο, τοὺς δὲ πρὸς χάριν σὺν ἡδονῇ
 τῇ σῇ πονηροὺς κλειῖθρον εἰργέτω στέγης.
 ὀμιλίας δὲ τὰς γεραιτέρας φίλει,
 ἀκόλαστα δ' ἦθη, λαμπρὰ συγγελᾶν μόνου,
 μίσει· βραχεῖα τέρψις ἡδουῆς κακῆς.

ἔξουσία δὲ μήποτ' ἐντυχῶν, τέκνον,
 αἰσχροὺς ἔρωτας δημοτῶν διωκάθειν,
 ὃ καὶ σίδηρον ἀγχόνας τ' ἐφέλκεται,
 χρηστῶν πενήτων ἦν τις αἰσχύνῃ τέκνα'
 καὶ τοὺς πονηροὺς μήποτ' αὖξειν ἐν πόλει.
 κακοὶ γὰρ ἐμπλησθέντες ἢ νομίσματος,
 ἢ πόλεος ἐμπεσόντες εἰς ἀρχὴν τινα,
 σκιρτῶσι, ἀδόκητ' εὐτυχησάντων δόμων.
 ἀλλ', ὦ τέκνον, μοι δὸς χέρ', ὡς θίγη πατήρ,
 καὶ χαῖρ' ὑπ' αἰδοῦς δ' οὐ λίαν ἀσπάζομαι.
 γυναικύφρων γὰρ θιμὸς ἀνδρὸς οὐ σοφοῦ.

Practise useful arts rather than ornamental.

Ἄλλ' ἔμοι

πιθοῦ· κέχρησ' ὄπλοισι καὶ ῥίψον λύραν,
 παῦσαι δ' αἰοιδῶν, πολεμίων δ' εὐμουσίαν
 ἄσκει· τοιαῦτ' ἄειδε, καὶ δόξεις φρονεῖν,
 σκάπτων, ἀρῶν γῆν, ποιμνίων ἐπιστατῶν,
 ἄλλοις τὰ κόμπῃα ταῦτ' ἀφείς σοφίσματα,
 ἔξ ὧν κενοῖσιν ἐγκατοικήσεις δόμοις.

Submit to those in authority.

Μὴ νεῖκος, ὦ γεραιέ, κοιράνοις τίθου,
 σέβειν δὲ τοὺς κρατοῦντας ἀρχαῖος νόμος.

Conscience.

A guilty conscience never sleeps.

'Prima est haec ultio quod se

Judice nemo nocens absolvitur.'

Τό τοι κακὸν ποδῶκες ἔρχεται βροτοῖς
 καὶ τὰμπλάκημα τῷ περῶντι τὴν θέμιν.

ὀργῆς δίκην ἀναυδον οὐχ ὀρωμένην
 εὐδοντι καὶ στείχοντι καὶ καθημένῳ,
 ἐξῆς δ' ὀπηδεῖ δόχμιον, ἄλλοθ' ὕστερον,
 οὐδ' ἐγκαλύπτει νύξ κακῶς εἰργασμένα,
 ὅτι δ' ἂν ποιῆς νόμιζ' ὄραν θεῶν τινα.

A guilty conscience is apt to betray itself.

Φιλεῖ δ' ὁ θυμὸς πρόσθεν ἡρῆσθαι κλοπεὺς
 τῶν μηδὲν ὀρθῶς ἐν σκοτῶν τεχνωμένων.

Consolation.

Comfortable words.

Ἔνεστι γάρ τις καὶ λόγοισιν ἡδονή,
 λήθην ὅταν ποιῶσι τῶν ὄντων κακῶν.

Friendly words better than the wine-cup.

Οὐκ ἔστι λύπης ἄλλο φάρμακον βροτοῖς
 ὡς ἀνδρὸς ἐσθλοῦ καὶ φίλου παραίνεσις.
 ὅστις δὲ ταύτη τῇ νόσῳ ξυνὼν ἀνὴρ
 μέθη ταρασσει καὶ γαληνίζει φρένα,
 παραυτίχ' ἡσθεῖς ὕστερον στένει διπλᾶ.

Contentment.

Ἡ πολλὰ μοχθεῖν πόλλ' ἔχων ἐν δώμασιν
 βούλει; τί δ' ἔστι τὸ πλεόν; ὄνομ' ἔχει μόνοι'
 ἐπεὶ τά γ' ἀρκοῦνθ' ἱκανὰ τοῖς γε σώφροσιν.

Happiness of a retired life.

Εἴποις ἂν ὡς ὁ χρυσὸς ἐκνικᾷ τόδε,
 πλουτεῖν τε τερπνόν' οὐ φιλω ψόγους κλύειν

ἐν χερσὶ σώζων ὄλβον οὐδ' ἔχειν πόνους.
 εἷη δ' ἔμοιγε μέτρια μὴ λυπουμένῳ.
 ἂ δ' ἐνθάδ' εἶχον ἀγάθ' ἄκουσόν μου, πατέρ'
 τὴν φιλτάτην μὲν πρῶτον ἀνθρώποις σχολῆν
 ὄχλον τε μέτριον· οὐδέ μ' ἐξέπληξ' ὁδοῦ
 πονηρὸς οὐδεὶς, κείνο δ' οὐκ ἀνασχετὸν
 εἶκειν ὁδοῦ χαλῶντα τοῖς κακίοσιν.
 θεῶν δ' ἐν εὐχαῖς ἢ λόγοισιν ἢ βροτῶν,
 ὑπηρετῶν χαίρουσιν, οὐ γοωμένοις.
 καὶ τοὺς μὲν ἐξέπεμπον, οἱ δ' ἦγον ξένοι,
 ὥσθ' ἠδὺς ἀεὶ καινὸς ὢν καινοῖσιν ἦν.
 ὁ δ' εὐκτὸν ἀνθρώποισι κἂν ἄκουσιν ἦ,
 δίκαιον εἶναί μ' ὁ νόμος ἢ φύσις θ' ἕμα
 παρείχε τῷ θεῷ. ταῦτα συννοούμενος
 κρείσσω νομίζω τὰνθάδ' ἢ τὰκεῖ, πάτερ.
 ἔα δ' ἔμαντῷ ζῆν μ'· ἴση γὰρ ἢ χάρις,
 μεγάλοισι χαίρειν σμικρά θ' ἠδέως ἔχειν.

Corpse.

Tecmessa over the body of Ajax self-slain.

Οὔτοι θεατός· ἀλλὰ νῦν περιπτυχεῖ
 φάρει καλύψω τῷδε παμπήδην, ἐπεὶ
 οὐδεὶς ἄν, ὅστις καὶ φίλος, τλαίη βλέπειν
 φουσῶντ' ἄνω πρὸς ῥίνας, ἔκ τε φοινίας
 πληγῆς μελαιθὲν αἶμ' ἀπ' οἰκείας σφαγῆς.
 οἴμοι, τί δράσω ; τίς σε βαστάσει φίλων ;
 ποῦ Τεῦκρος ; ὡς ἀκμαῖος, εἰ βαίη, μόλοι,
 πεπτῶτ' ἀδελφὸν τόνδε συγκαθααρμόσαι.
 ᾧ δῦσμορ' Αἴας, οἶος ὢν οἴως ἔχεις,
 ὡς καὶ παρ' ἐχθροῖς ἄξιος θρήνων τυχεῖν.

Courage.

Ὅστις δὲ τόλμη πρὸς τὸ δεινὸν ἔρχεται
ὀρθὴ μὲν ἢ γλώσσ' ἐστὶν ἀσφαλῆς δ' ὁ νοῦς.

Courage gains immortality, cowardice oblivion.

Ἄρετὴ δέ, κὰν θάνῃ τις, οὐκ ἀπόλλυται,
ζῆ δ' οὐκέτ' ὄντος σώματος· κακοῖσι δὲ
ἅπαντα φροῦδα συνθανόνθ' ὑπὸ χθονός.

Courage more excellent than mere strength.

Αἱ δὲ σάρκες αἱ κεναὶ φρενῶν
ἀγάλματ' ἀγορᾶς εἰσιν. οὐδὲ γὰρ δόρυ
μᾶλλον βραχίων σθεναρὸς ἀσθενοῦς μένει·
ἐν τῇ φύσει δὲ τοῦτο κὰν εὐψυχία.

Wit without courage or courage without wit.

Πότερα γενέσθαι δῆτα χρησιμώτερον
συνετὸν ἄτολμον, ἢ θρασύν τε κἀμαθῆ;
τὸ μὲν γὰρ ἀστῶν ἴσκειόν, ἀλλ' ἀμύνεται,
τὸ δ' ἡσυχαίου ἀργόν· ἐν δ' ἀμφοῖν νόσος.

Coward.

Ἦδη ποτ' εἶδον ἄνδρ' ἐγὼ γλώσσει θρασύν
ναύτας ἐφορμήσαντα χειμῶνος τὸ πλεῖν,
ὧ φθέγμ' ἂν οὐκ ἂν ἠῦρες, ἠνικ' ἐν κακῷ
χειμῶνος εἴχετ', ἀλλ' ὑφ' εἵματος κρυφεῖς
πατεῖν παρέιχε τῷ θέλοντι ναυτίλων.

Craft.*The resource of a coward.*

Δόλοι δὲ καὶ σκοτεινὰ μηχανήματα
 χρείας ἀνάνδρου φάρμακ' εὔρηται βροτοῖς.

Creation.

Κοῦκ ἐμὸς ὁ μῦθος, ἀλλ' ἐμῆς μητρὸς πάρα·
 ὡς οὐρανὸς τε γαῖά τ' ἦν μορφῇ μία·
 ἐπεὶ δ' ἐχωρίσθησαν ἀλλήλων δίχρα,
 τίκτουσι πάντα κἀνέδωκαν εἰς φάος
 δένδρη, πετεινά, θήρας, οὓς θ' ἄλμη τρέφει,
 γένος τε θνητῶν.

Credit.*Credit depends on character.*

Οὐκ ἀνδρὸς ὄρκοι πίστις ἀλλ' ὄρκων ἀνήρ.

Curse.*Oedipus curses his sons.*

Σὺ δ' ἔρρ' ἀπόπτυστός τε κἀπάτωρ ἐμοῦ,
 κακῶν κάκιστε, τάσδε συλλαβῶν ἀράς,
 ἄς σοι καλοῦμαι, μήτε γῆς ἐμφυλίου
 δόρει κρατῆσαι μήτε νοστήσαι ποτε
 τὸ κοῖλον Ἄργος, ἀλλὰ συγγενεῖ χερὶ
 θανεῖν κτανεῖν θ' ὑφ' οὔπερ ἐξελήλασαι.
 τοιαῦτ' ἀρῶμαι, καὶ καλῶ τὸ Ταρτάρου
 στυγνὸν πατρῶον ἔρεβος, ὡς σ' ἀποικίση,
 καλῶ δὲ τάσδε δαίμονας, καλῶ δ' Ἄρη
 τὸν σφῶν τὸ δεινὸν μῖσος ἐμβεβληκότα.

Cyclops.*Polyphemus at home.*

Ἐπεὶ πετραίαν τήνδ' ἐσήλομεν στέγην,
ἀνέκαυσε μὲν πῦρ πρῶτον, ὑψηλῆς δρυὸς
κορμούς πλατείας ἐσχάρας βαλὼν ἔπι,
τρισσῶν ἀμαξῶν ὡς ἀγώγιμον βάρος.
ἔπειτα φύλλων ἐλατίνων χαμαιπετῆ
ἔνησεν εὐνὴν πλησίον πυρὸς φλογί.
κρατῆρα δ' ἐξέπλησεν ὡς δεκάμφορον,
μόσχους ἀμέλξας, λευκὸν ἐσχέας γάλα.
σκύφος τε κισσοῦ παρέθετ' εἰς εὖρος τριῶν
πηχέων, βάθος δὲ τεσσάρων ἐφαίνετο.
καὶ χάλκεον λέβητ' ἐπέζεσεν πυρί,
ὄβελούς τ' ἄκρους μὲν ἐγκεκαυμένους πυρί,
ξεστοὺς δὲ δρεπάνω γ', ἀλλὰ παλιούρου κλάδω,
Αἰτναῖά τε σφαγεία πελέκεων γνάθοις.

Dangerous People.

Γυνὴ γὰρ ὀξύθυμος ὡς δ' αὐτῶς ἀνὴρ
ῥάων φυλάσσειν ἢ σιωπηλὸς σοφός.

Dead.*The dead are as nought: care for the living.*

Τοὺς ζῶντας εὖ δρᾶν· καθανῶν δὲ πᾶς ἀνὴρ
γῆ καὶ σκία· τὸ μηδὲν εἰς οὐδὲν ῥέπει.

Pain and insult cannot reach the dead.

Θάνατος γὰρ ἀνθρώποισι νεικέων τέλος
ἔχει· τί γὰρ τοῦδ' ἐστὶ μείζον ἐν βροτοῖς;
τίς γὰρ πετραῖον σκόπελον οὐτάζων δορὶ

ὀδύναισι δώσει ; τίς δ' ἀτιμάζων νέκυν,
εἰ μηδὲν αἰσθάνοιντο τῶν παθημάτων ;

Καὶ τοὺς θανόντας εἰ θέλεις εὐεργετεῖν—
τὸ γοῦν κακουργεῖν ἀμφιδεξίως ἔχει,
καὶ μήτε χαίρειν μήτε λυπεῖσθαι πάρα—
ἡμῶν γε μέντοι Νέμεσις ἔσθ' ὑπερτέρα
καὶ τοῦ θανόντος ἢ δίκη πράσσει κότον.

Death.

Death the real blessing, birth the evil to be mourned.

Ἐχρήν γὰρ ἡμᾶς σύλλογον ποιουμένους
τὸν φύντα θρηνεῖν, εἰς ὅσ' ἔρχεται κακά,
τὸν δ' αὖ θανόντα καὶ πόνων πεπαυμένον
χαίροντας εὐφημοῦντας ἐκπέμπειν δόμων.

Ὡς οὐδὲ δικαίως θάνατον ἔχθουσι βροτοί,
ὅσπερ μέγιστον ῥῦμα τῶν πολλῶν κακῶν.

Death the only certain cure for misery.

ὦ θάνατε Παιάν, μή μ' ἀτιμάσης μολεῖν·
μόνος γὰρ εἶ σὺ τῶν ἀνηκέστων κακῶν
ιατρός, ἄλγος δ' οὐδὲν ἄπτεται νεκροῦ.

Τοῖς πᾶσιν ἀνθρώποισι καταθεῖν μένει.
κοινὸν δ' ἔχοντες αὐτὸ κοινὰ πάσχομεν
πάντες· τὸ γὰρ χρεῶν μεῖζον ἢ τὸ μὴ χρεῶν.

Τίς δ' ἔστι δοῦλος τοῦ θανεῖν ἀφροντίς ὦν ;

Not to be bribed or propitiated.

Μόρος θεῶν γὰρ Θάνατος οὐ δῶρων ἐρᾷ,
οὔτ' ἄν τι θύων οὔτ' ἐπισπένδων ἄνοις,
οὐ βωμός ἐστιν οὐδὲ παιωνίζεται.
μόνου δὲ Πειθῶ δαιμόνων ἀποστατεῖ.

Death better than an evil life.

Οὐκοῦν τὸ μὴ ζῆν κρείσσόν ἐστ' ἢ ζῆν κακῶς.

Ζωῆς πονηρᾶς θάνατος εὐπωρότερος.
τὸ μὴ γενέσθαι δ' ἐστὶν ἢ πεφυκέναι
κρείσσον κακῶς πάσχοντι.

Death and Life.

Τίς οἶδεν εἰ τὸ ζῆν μὲν ἐστι κατθανεῖν,
τὸ κατθανεῖν δὲ ζῆν κάτω νομίζεται;

'Were it not better not to be.'

Τίς δ' οἶδεν, εἰ ζῆν τοῦθ', ὃ κέκληται θανεῖν,
τὸ ζῆν δὲ θνησκεῖν ἐστί· πλὴν ὅμως βροτῶν
νοσοῦσιν οἱ βλέποντες, οἱ δ' ὀλωλότες
οὐδὲν νοσοῦσιν, οὐδὲ κέκτηνται κακά.

Death and Burial.

Earth to earth from whence it came.

Ἐάσατ' ἤδη γῆ καλυφθῆναι νεκρούς.
ὅθεν δ' ἕκαστον ἐς τὸ φῶς ἀφίκετο,
ἐνταῦθ' ἀπῆλθε, πνεῦμα μὲν πρὸς αἰθέρα,
τὸ σῶμα δ' ἐς γῆν· οὔτε γὰρ κεκτῆμεθα
ἡμέτερον αὐτό, πλὴν ἐνοικῆσαι βίον,
κᾶπειτα τὴν θρέψασαν αὐτὸ δεῖ λαβεῖν.

Deceit.

Falsehood hateful.

Οἶμοι, κακούργους ἄνδρας ὡς αἰεὶ στρυγῶ,
 οἳ συντιθέντες τᾶδικ' εἶτα μηχαναῖς
 κοσμοῦσι. φαῖλον χρηστὸν ἂν λαβεῖν φίλου
 θέλομι μᾶλλον ἢ κακὸν σοφώτερον.

A Defiance.

Πρὸς ταῦτ' ἴτω μὲν πῦρ, ἴτω δὲ φάσγανον,
 πίμπρη, κάταιθε σάρκας, ἐμπλήσθητί μου
 πίνων κελαινὸν αἶμα· πρόσθε γὰρ κάτω
 γῆς εἴσιν ἄστρα, γῆ δ' ἄνεισ' εἰς αἰθέρα,
 πρὶν ἐξ ἐμοῦ σοι θῶπ' ἀπαντῆσαι λόγον.

Ἀγάμεμνον, οὐδ' εἰ πέλεκυν ἐν χεροῖν ἔχων
 μέλλοι τις εἰς τράχηλον ἐμβαλεῖν ἐμόν,
 σιγήσομαι, δίκαιά γ' ἀντειπεῖν ἔχων.

Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven.

- ΕΡ. Τοιοῖσδε μέντοι καὶ πρὶν ἀθαδίσμασιν
 ἐς τάσδε σαυτὸν πημονὰς καθώρμισας.
 ΠΡ. τῆς σῆς λατρείας τὴν ἐμὴν δυσπραξίαν,
 σαφῶς ἐπίστασ', οὐκ ἂν ἀλλάξαιμ' ἐγώ.
 κρεῖσσον γὰρ οἶμαι τῆδε λατρεύειν πέτρα
 ἢ πατρὶ φῦναι Ζηνὶ πιστὸν ἄγγελον.
 οὕτως ὑβρίζειν τοὺς ὑβρίζοντας χρεών.

Democracy.*The mob must be humoured.*

Ἔσταν γὰρ ἡβᾶ δῆμος, εἰς ὀργὴν πεσῶν,
 ὅμοιον ὥστε πῦρ κατασβέσαι λάβρον·
 εἰ δ' ἡσύχως τις αὐτὸς ἐντείνοντι μὲν
 χαλῶν ὑπεῖκοι, καιρὸν εὐλαβοῦμενος,
 ἴσως ἂν ἐκπνεύσει· ἔσταν δ' ἀνῆ πνοάς,
 τύχοις ἂν αὐτοῦ ῥαδίως ὅσον θέλεις.
 ἔνεστι δ' οἶκτος, ἐνὶ δὲ καὶ θυμὸς μέγας,
 караδοκοῦντι κτῆμα τιμιώτατον.

Denunciation.*Tiresias foretells the doom of Creon.*

TE. Ὅρσεις με τὰκίνητα διὰ φρεϊῶν φράσαι.
 KR. κίνει, μόνον δὲ μὴ 'πὶ κέρδεσιν λέγων.
 TE. αὐτῷ γὰρ ἤδη καὶ δοκῶ τὸ σὸν μέρος ;
 KR. ὡς μὴ 'μπολήσων ἴσθι τὴν ἐμὴν φρένα.
 TE. ἀλλ' εὖ γέ τοι κάτισθι μὴ πολλοὺς ἔτι
 τρόχους ἀμιλλητῆρας ἡλίου τελῶν,
 ἐν οἷσι τῶν σῶν αὐτὸς ἐκ σπλάγχμων ἕνα
 νέκυν νεκρῶν ἀμοιβὸν ἀντιδοῦς ἔσει,
 ἀνθ' ὧν ἔχεις μὲν τῶν ἄνω βαλῶν κάτω,
 ψυχὴν τ' ἀτίμως ἐν τάφῳ κατῴκισας,
 ἔχεις δὲ τῶν κάτωθεν ἐνθάδ' αὐθιῶν
 ἄμοιρον, ἀκτέριστον, ἀνόσιον νέκυν.
 ὦν οὔτε σοὶ μέτεστιν οὔτε τοῖς ἄνω
 θεοῖσιν, ἀλλ' ἐκ σοῦ βιάζονται τάδε.
 τούτων σε λωβητῆρες ὑστεροφθόροι
 λοχῶσιν Ἄιδου καὶ θεῶν Ἐρινύες,
 ἐν τοῖσιν αὐτοῖς τοῖσδε ληφθῆναι κακοῖς.

Description.*Laconia, a rough hilly region.*

Πολλὴν μὲν ἄροτον ἐκπονεῖν δ' οὐράδιαν,
 κοίλη γάρ, ὄρεσι περιδρομος, τραχεῖά τε
 δυσείσβολός τε πολεμίσις.

Messene, well watered, good for pasture, temperate in climate.

Κατάρρυτόν τε μυρίοισι νάμασι
 καὶ βοῦσι καὶ ποίμναισιν εὐβοτωτάτην
 οὐτ' ἐν πνοαῖσι χείματος δυσχείμερον,
 οὐτ' αὖ τεθρίπποις ἡλίου θερμὴν ἄγαν.

Despondency.

Πέπονθας αἰκὲς πῆμ' ἀποσφαλεῖς φρενῶν
 πλανᾷ, κακὸς δ' ἰατρὸς ὧς τις ἐς νόσον
 πεσῶν ἀθυμεῖς καὶ σεαυτὸν οὐκ ἔχεις
 εὐρεῖν ὁποίοις φαρμάκοις ἰάσιμος.

Dialogue.*Creon chides the guard, who excuses himself.*

- ΦΥ. Εἰπέιν τι δώσεις, ἢ στραφεῖς οὕτως ἴω ;
 ΚΡ. οὐκ οἶσθα καὶ νῦν ὧς ἀνιαρῶς λέγεις ;
 ΦΥ. ἐν τοῖσιν ὡσὶν ἢ 'πὶ τῇ ψυχῇ δάκνει ;
 ΚΡ. τί δὲ ῥυθμίζεις τὴν ἐμὴν λύπην ὅπου ;
 ΦΥ. ὁ δρῶν σ' ἀνιᾷ τὰς φρένας, τὰ δ' ὦτ' ἐγώ.
 ΚΡ. οἴμ' ὧς ἄλημα δῆλον ἐκπεφυκὸς εἶ.
 ΦΥ. οὐκουν τό γ' ἔργον τοῦτο ποιήσας ποτέ.
 ΚΡ. καὶ ταῦτ' ἐπ' ἀργύρω γε τὴν ψυχὴν προδοῦς.
 ΦΥ. φεῦ·
 ἢ δεινὸν ᾧ δοκεῖ γε καὶ ψευδῇ δοκεῖν.

Polynices and Iocasta, on the hardships of exile.

- ΠΟ. Τὰς τῶν κρατούντων ἀμαθίας φέρειν χρεῶν.
 ΙΟ. καὶ τοῦτο λυπρὸν, ξυνασοφείν τοῖς μὴ σοφοῖς.
 ΠΟ. ἀλλ' ἐς τὸ κέρδος παρὰ φύσει δουλευτέον.
 ΙΟ. αἱ δ' ἐλπίδες βόσκουσι φυγάδας, ὡς λόγος.
 ΠΟ. καλοῖς βλέπουσί γ' ὄμμασιν, μέλλουσι δέ.
 ΙΟ. οὐδ' ὁ χρόνος αὐτὰς διεσάφησ' οὔσας κενάς ;
 ΠΟ. ἔχουσιν Ἀφροδίτην τιν' ἠδέϊαν κακῶν.
 ΙΟ. πόθεν δ' ἐβόσκου, πρὶν γάμοις εὐρεῖν βίον ;
 ΠΟ. ποτὲ μὲν ἐπ' ἡμαρ εἶχον, εἶτ' οὐκ εἶχον ἄν.
 ΙΟ. φίλοι δὲ πατρὸς καὶ ξένοι σ' οὐκ ὠφέλουσι ;
 ΠΟ. εὖ πράσσει· τὰ φίλων δ' οὐδέν, ἣν τις δυστυχήῃ.

Oedipus denounces Creon. Threats and remonstrances.

- ΚΡ. Τί δῆτα χρήζεις ; ἦ με γῆς ἔξω βαλεῖν ;
 ΟΙ. ἦκιστα· θνήσκειν, οὐ φυγεῖν σε βούλομαι.
 ΚΡ. ὅταν προδείξῃς οἶόν ἐστι τὸ φθονεῖν.
 ΟΙ. ὡς οὐχ ὑπέϊξων οὐδὲ πιστεύσωσι λέγεις ;
 ΚΡ. οὐ γὰρ φρονοῦντά σ' εὖ βλέπω. ΟΙ. τὸ γοῦν ἐμόν.
 ΚΡ. ἀλλ' ἐξ ἴσου δεῖ κἀμόν. ΟΙ. ἀλλ' ἔφυς κακός.
 ΚΡ. εἰ δὲ ξυνίης μηδέν ; ΟΙ. ἀρκτέον γ' ὅμως.
 ΚΡ. οὔτοι κακῶς γ' ἄρχουτος. ΟΙ. ᾧ πόλις πόλις.
 ΚΡ. κἀμοὶ πόλεως μέτεστιν, οὐχὶ σοὶ μόνῳ.

Dice.

'Αεὶ γὰρ εὖ πίπτουσιν οἱ Διὸς κύβοι.

Βέβληκ' Ἀχιλλεὺς δύο κύβῳ καὶ τέτταρα.

Τὰ δεσποτῶν γὰρ εὖ πεσόντα θήσομαι
 τρίς ἕξ βαλούσης τῆσδέ μοι φρυκτωρίας.

Στέργειν δὲ τὰκπεσόντα καὶ θέσθαι πρέπει
 σοφὸν κυβευτήν, ἀλλὰ μὴ στένειν τύχην.

A Dirge.

Electra laments her brother's death.

ᾠ φιλτάτου μνημείου ἀνθρώπων ἐμοὶ
 ψυχῆς Ὀρέστου λοιπόν, ὡς σ' ἀπ' ἐλπιδῶν
 οὐχ ὦνπερ ἐξέπεμπον εἰσεδεξάμην.
 νῦν μὲν γὰρ οὐδὲν ὄντα βαστάζω χεροῖν,
 δόμων δέ σ', ὦ παῖ, λαμπρὸν ἐξέπεμψ' ἐγώ.
 ὡς ὄφελον πάροιθεν ἐκλιπεῖν βίον,
 πρὶν ἐς ξένην σε γαῖαν ἐκπέμψαι χεροῖν
 κλέψασά ταῖνδε κἀνασώσασθαι φόνου,
 ὅπως θανὼν ἔκτισο τῇ τόθ' ἡμέρα,
 τύμβου πατρῷου κοινὸν εἰληχῶς μέρος.
 νῦν δ' ἐκτὸς οἴκων κἀπὶ γῆς ἄλλης φυγὰς
 κακῶς ἀπώλου, σῆς κασιγνήτης δίχα·
 κοῦτ' ἐν φίλαισι χερσὶν ἢ τάλαιν' ἐγὼ
 λουτροῖς σ' ἐκόσμησ' οὔτε παμφλέκτου πυρὸς
 ἀνειλόμην, ὡς εἰκός, ἄθλιον βάρος.
 ἀλλ' ἐν ξέναισι χερσὶ κηδευθεὶς τάλας
 σμικρὸς προσήκεις ὄγκος ἐν σμικρῷ κύτει.
 οἴμοι τάλαινα τῆς ἐμῆς πάλαι τροφῆς
 ἀνωφελήτου, τὴν ἐγὼ θάμ' ἀμφὶ σοὶ
 πόνῳ γλυκεῖ παρέσχον· οὔτε γάρ ποτε
 μητρὸς σύ γ' ἦσθα μᾶλλον ἢ κάμου φίλος,

οὐθ' οἱ κατ' οἴκον ἦσαν, ἀλλ' ἐγὼ τροφός.
 ἐγὼ δ' ἀδελφῇ σοὶ προσηυδώμην ἀεὶ.
 νῦν δ' ἐκλέλοιπε ταῦτ' ἐν ἡμέρᾳ μιᾷ
 θανόντι σὺν σοί· πάντα γὰρ συναρπάσας
 θύελλ' ὄπως βέβηκας. οὔχεται πατήρ·
 τέθνηκ' ἐγὼ σοι· φροῦδος αὐτὸς εἶ θανών·
 γελῶσι δ' ἐχθροί· μαίνεται δ' ὑφ' ἠδονῆς
 μήτηρ ἀμήτωρ, ἧς ἐμοὶ σὺ πολλάκις
 φήμας λάθρα προὔπεμπες ὡς φανούμενος
 τιμωρὸς αὐτός. ἀλλὰ ταῦθ' ὁ δυστυχῆς
 δαίμων ὁ σὸς τε κάμδος ἔξαφείλετο,
 ὃς σ' ᾧδέ μοι προὔπεμψεν ἀντὶ φιλτάτης
 μορφῆς σποδόν τε καὶ σκιὰν ἀνωφελῆ.

Discontent.

It is impossible to please every one.

Οὐ γάρ τις ἂν δύναίτο πρῶράτης στρατοῦ
 τοῖς πᾶσι δεῖξαι καὶ προσαρκέσαι χάριν·
 ἐπεὶ οὐδ' ὁ κρείσσων Ζεὺς ἐμοῦ τυραννίδι
 οὔτ' ἐξεπομβρῶν οὔτ' ἐπαυχμήσας φίλος
 βροτοῖς ἂν ἐλθὼν ἐς λόγον δίκην ὄφλοι·
 πῶς δῆτ' ἐγὼ θνητός τ' ἂν ἐκ θνητῆς τε φύς
 Διὸς γενοίμην εὖ φρονεῖν σοφώτερος;

Discussion.

There are two sides to every question.

Ἐκ παντὸς ἂν τις πράγματος δισσῶν λόγων
 ἀγῶνα θεῖτ' ἂν, εἰ λέγειν εἴη σοφός.

Disillusion.

'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view.

Οὐ ταῦτ' οὖν εἶδος φαίνεται τῶν πραγμάτων
 πρόσωθεν ὄντων ἐγγύθεν θ' ὄρωμένων.

Eagle.

Ὡς δ' ἐστὶ μύθων τῶν Λιβυστικῶν λόγος
 πληγέντ' ἀτράκτω τοξικῶ τὸν αἰετὸν
 εἰπεῖν ἰδόντα μηχανὴν πτερώματος,
 τὰδ' οὐχ ὑπ' ἄλλων, ἀλλὰ τοῖς ἡμῶν πτεροῖς
 ἀλισκόμεσθα.

Earth.

The mother and the grave of all.

Ἄπαντα τίκτει χθὼν πάλιν τε λαμβάνει.

Καὶ γαῖαν αὐτήν, ἣ τὰ πάντα τίκτεται,
 θρέψασά τ' αὖθις τῶνδε κῦμα λαμβάνει.

Education.

Bad lessons soon learnt.

Χωρῶμεν ἤδη, παῖδες, ἐς τὰ τῶν σοφῶν
 διδασκαλεία, μουσικῆς παιδεύματα.
 προσλαμβάνειν δὲ δεῖ καθ' ἡμέραν αἰεὶ,
 ἕως ἂν ἐξῆ μανθάνειν βελτίονα.
 παῖς δ' ὦν κακὸν μὲν ὄρῃν τι προῖκ' ἐπίσταται
 αὐτὸς παρ' αὐτῶν μανθάνων ἄνευ πόνου
 τὰ χρηστὰ δ' οὐδ' ἦν τὸν διδάσκαλον λάβῃ
 ἐμνημόνευσεν, ἀλλὰ κέκτηται μόλις.

ταῦτ' οὖν φυλαξώμεσθα, καὶ μοχθητέον,
ὧ παῖδες, ὡς ἂν μήτ' ἀπαιδείτων βροτῶν
δοκῶμεν εἶναι κάποδημοῦντος πατρός.

Effrontery.

Φεῦ τῆς βροτείας, ποῖ προβήσεται, φρενός :
τί τέρμα τόλμης καὶ θράσους γενήσεται ;

Πολλοί γε θνητῶν τῷ θράσει τὰς συμφορὰς
ζητοῦσ' ἀμαυροῦν κάποκρύπτεσθαι κακά.

Μισῶ δὲ καὶ τὰς σώφρονας μὲν ἐν λόγοις,
λάθρα δὲ τόλμας οὐ καλὰς κεκτημένας.
αἱ πῶς ποτ', ὧ δέσποινα ποτνία Κύπρι,
βλέπουσιν ἐς πρόσωπα τῶν ξυνευετῶν,
οὐδὲ σκότον φρίσσουσι τὸν συνεργάτην
τέρεμνά τ' οἴκων μή ποτε φθογγὴν ἀφή ;

Elation.

'Ασύνητος ὅστις ἐν φόβῳ μὲν ἀσθενής,
λαβὼν δὲ μικρὸν τῆς τύχης φρουεῖ μέγα.

Eloquence.

Rank and character make eloquence persuasive.

Τὸ δ' ἀξίωμα, κὰν κακῶς λέγῃς, τὸ σὸν
πέισει· λόγος γὰρ ἔκ τ' ἀδοξούντων ἰὼν
κάκ τῶν δοκούντων αὐτὸς οὐ ταυτὸν σθένει.

Should not be used to distort facts.

Ἀγάμεμνον, ἀνθρώποισιν οὐκ ἔχρην ποτε
τῶν πραγμάτων τὴν γλώσσαν ἰσχύειν πλέον.
ἀλλ' εἴτε χρήστ' ἔδρασε, χρήστ' ἔδει λέγειν,
εἴτ' αὖ πονηρά, τοὺς λόγους εἶναι σαθροῦς,
καὶ μὴ δύνασθαι τᾶδικ' εὖ λέγειν ποτέ.

Glozing Eloquence.

Oh, that facts could speak!

Φεῦ φεῦ· τὸ μὴ τὰ πράγματ' ἀνθρώποις ἔχειν
φωνήν, ἔν' ἦσαν μηδὲν οἱ δεινοὶ λέγειν·
νῦν δ' εὐρόοισι στόμασι τὰληθέστατα
κλέπτουσιν, ὥστε μὴ δοκεῖν ἂ χρὴ δοκεῖν.

Eloquence.

Fit audience and few.

Ἐγὼ δ' ἄκομψος εἰς ὄχλον δοῦναι λόγον,
εἰς ἥλικας δὲ κώλίγους σοφώτερος,
ἔχει δὲ μοῖραν καὶ τόδ'· οἱ γὰρ ἐν σοφοῖς
φαῦλοι παρ' ὄχλῳ μουσικώτεροι λέγειν.
ὁμως δ' ἀνάγκη ξυμφορᾶς ἀφιγμένης
γλώσσάν μ' ἀφείναι.

Enemy.

My duty to my enemy.

Ἐχθρὸν κακῶς δρᾶν ἀνδρὸς ἡγοῦμαι μέρος.

Νόμος τὸν ἐχθρὸν δρᾶν, ὅπου λάβῃς, κακῶς.

Enjoyment.

Life worthless when one cannot enjoy it.

Καὶ νῦν ἀφείται πάντα· καὶ γὰρ ἡδονὰς
 ὅταν προδῶσιν ἄνδρες, οὐ τίθημ' ἐγὼ
 ζῆν τοῦτον ἀλλ' ἔμψυχον ἡγοῦμαι νεκρόν.
 πλουτεῖ τε γὰρ κατ' οἶκον, εἰ βούλει, μέγα.
 καὶ ζῆ τύραννον σχῆμ' ἔχων· ἐὰν δ' ἀπῆ
 τούτων τὸ χαίρειν, τ'ἀλλ' ἐγὼ καπνοῦ σκιᾶς
 οὐκ ἂν πριαίμην ἀνδρὶ πρὸς τὴν ἡδονήν.

Envy.

*'Tell me where is Envy bred
 Or in the heart or in the head?'*

Τίς ἄρα μήτηρ ἢ πατὴρ κακὸν μέγα
 βροτοῖς ἔφυσε τὸν δυσώνυμον φθόνου ;
 ποῦ καὶ πότ' οἰκεῖ σώματος λαχὼν μέρος ;
 ἐν χερσίν, ἢ σπλάγχνοισιν ἢ παρ' ὄμματα
 ἐσθ' ἡμῖν ; ὡς ἦν μόχθος ἰατροῖς μέγας
 τομαῖς ἀφαιρεῖν ἢ ποτοῖς ἢ φαρμάκοις
 πασῶν μεγίστην τῶν ἐν ἀνθρώποις νόσων.

Φθονοῦσιν αὐτοὶ χείρονες πεφυκότες·
 εἰς τὰπίσημα δ' ὁ φθόνος πηδᾶν φιλεῖ.

Common even among friends.

Παύροις γὰρ ἀνδρῶν ἐστὶ συγγενὲς τόδε,
 φίλον τὸν εὐτυχοῦντ' ἄνευ φθόνου σέβειν.
 δύσφρων γὰρ ἰὸς καρδίᾳ προσήμενος
 ἄχθος διπλοῖζει τῷ πεπαμένῳ νόσον,

τοῖς αὐτὸς αὐτοῦ πῆμασιν βαρύνεται
καὶ τὸν θυραῖον ὄλβον εἰσορῶν στένει.

Equality.

Men cannot be all equal.

Οὐκ ἔστιν οὐδὲν τῶν ἐν ἀνθρώποις ἴσον·
ὅστις κατ' ἰσχὺν πρῶτος ὠνομάζετο,
ἢ τόξα πάλλων ἢ μάχῃ δορὸς σθένων
τοῦτον τυραννεῖν τῶν κακιόνων ἔχρην.

Some must rule, some must obey.

Ἄρχεσθαι χρεῶν
κακοὺς ὑπ' ἐσθλῶν καὶ κλύειν τῶν κρεισσόνων.

Equanimity.

*'Aequam memento rebus in arduis
Servare mentem, non secus in bonis
Ab insolenti temperatam
Laetitia.'*

Μηδ' εὐτύχημα μηδὲν ᾧδ' ἔστω μέγα
ὅ σ' ἐξαπαρεῖ μείζον ἢ χρεῶν φρονεῖν·
μηδ' ἦν τι συμβῆ δύσχερές, δουλοῦ πάλι,
ἀλλ' αὐτὸς αἰεὶ μίμνε, τὴν σαυτοῦ φύσιν
σώζων βεβαίως, ὥστε χρυσὸς ἐν πυρί.

Μήτ' εὐτυχοῦσα πάσαν ἠνίαν χάλα,
κακῶς τε πρίσσοις ἐλπίδος κεδνῆς ἔχου.

Equity.

Be content with thy own; encroach not, covet not.

Κεῖνο κάλλιον, τέκνον,
 ἰσότητα τιμᾶν, ἢ φίλους αἰεὶ φίλους
 πόλεις τε πόλεσι συμμάχους τε συμμάχοις
 ξυνδεῖ· τὸ γὰρ ἴσον νόμιμον ἀνθρώποις ἔφνυ,
 τῷ πλεονί δ' αἰεὶ πολέμιον καθίσταται
 τοὔλασσον, ἐχθρᾶς θ' ἡμέρας κατάρχεται.
 καὶ γὰρ μέτρ' ἀνθρώποισι καὶ μέρη σταθμῶν
 ἰσότης ἔταξε κἀριθμὸν διώρισε,
 νυκτός τ' ἀφεγγὲς βλέφαρον ἡλίου τε φῶς
 ἴσον βαδίζει τὸν ἐνιαύσιον κύκλον,
 κοῦδέτερον αὐτοῖν φθόνον ἔχει νικώμενον.
 εἶθ' ἡλῖος μὲν νύξ τε δουλεύει βροτοῖς,
 σὺ δ' οὐκ ἀνέξει δωμάτων ἔχων ἴσον,
 καὶ τῷδ' ἀπονεμεῖς; κᾶτα ποῦ ἴστιν ἡ δίκη;
 τί τὴν τυραννίδ', ἀδικίαν εὐδαίμονα,
 τιμᾶς ὑπέρφεν, καὶ μέγ' ἤγησαι τόδε,
 περιβλέπεσθαι τίμιον; κενὸν μὲν οὔν.

Evil.

Evil cannot be mended by evil.

Ἐνταῦθα μέντοι πάντα τᾶνθρώπων νοσεῖ,
 κακοῖς ὅταν θέλωσιν ἰᾶσθαι κακά.

Example.

Prosperous crime corrupts by example.

Ὅταν κακός τις ἐν πόλει πράσση καλῶς,

νοσεῖν τίθησι τῶν ὀρωμένων φρένας,
 παράδειγμ' ἔχοντας τῶν κακῶν ἐξουσίαν.

Bad example in high places.

Ὅταν γὰρ αἰσχροὶ τοῖσιν ἐσθλοῖσιν δοκῆ,
 ἢ κάρτα δόξει τοῖς κακοῖς εἶναι καλά.

Force of example.

Ἄλλ' ἢ γὰρ ἐκ σοῦ δυσμένεια καὶ τὰ σὰ
 ἔργ' ἐξαναγκάζει με ταῦτα δρᾶν βία,
 αἰσχροῖς γὰρ αἰσχροὶ πράγματ' ἐκιδιάξεται.

Excommunicate.

Orestes shunned as blood-guilty.

Ἐλθόντ' ἐκείσε πρῶτα μὲν μ' οὐδεὶς ξένων
 ἐκῶν ἐδέξαθ', ὡς θεοῖς στυγούμενον
 οἷ δ' ἔσχον αἰδῶ, ξένια μονοτράπεζά μοι
 παρέσχον, οἴκων ὄντες ἐν ταῦτῳ στέγει,
 σιγῇ δ' ἐτέκτηναντ' ἀπόφθεγκτόν μ', ὅπως
 δαιτὸς γενοίμην πώματος τ' αὐτῶν δίχα,
 ἐς δ' ἄγγος ἴδιον ἴσον ἅπασι βακχίου
 μέτρημα πληρώσαντες εἶχον ἠδονήν.
 κὰγὼ ἔξελέγξαι μὲν ξένους οὐκ ἠξίου,
 ἦλγουν δὲ σιγῇ κἀδόκουν οὐκ εἰδέναι.

Experience.

We live and learn.

Ἄεί τι καινὸν ἡμέρα παιδεύεται.

Age gives experience.

Τὸ γῆρας, ὦ παῖ, τῶν νεωτέρων ὄφρων
σοφώτερον πέφυκε κάσφαλέστερον,
ἐμπειρία τε τῆς ἀπειρίας κρατεῖ.

Χρεία διδάσκει, κἂν βραδύς τις ᾖ, σοφόν.

It is never too late to learn.

Ἄεί γὰρ ἤβη τοῖς γέρονσιν εὖ μαθεῖν.

Facts.

The logic of facts more powerful than the logic of words.

Ὅς ὁ' εὐγλωσσία
πικῆ, σοφὸς μὲν, ἀλλὰ γὰρ τὰ πράγματα
κρείσσω τομίζω τῶν λόγων ἀεί ποτε.

Fair Fame.

*Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
To scorn delights and live laborious days.*

Οὐκ ἔστιν ὅστις ἠδέως ζητῶν βιοτὴν
εὐκλειαν εἰσεκτήσατ', ἀλλὰ χρὴ ποιεῖν.

Νεανίαν μὲν ἄνδρα χρὴ τολμᾶν ἀεί,
οἰδεῖς γὰρ ὡν βῆρυμος εἰκλεῆς αἴτηρ,
ἀλλ' οἱ πόνοι τίκτουσι τὴν εἰδοξίαν.

Faithfulness.

Τύμβῳ μὲν οἰδεῖς πιστὸς ἀνθρώπων φίλος.

One of night and of wind.

Σπάνιον ἄρ' ἦν θανούσιν ἀσφαλεῖς φίλοι,
 κἂν ὁμόθεν ᾧσι· τὸ γὰρ ἔχειν πλέον κρατεῖ
 τῆς εὐσεβείας· ἢ ὅ' ἐν ὀφθαλμοῖς χάρις
 ἀπόλωλ' ὅταν τις ἐκ δόμων χαρῆ κάτω.

Falling star.

Ὅ δ' ἄρτι θάλλων σάρκα, ὀσοπετῆς ὅπως
 ἀστὴρ ἀπέσβη, πνεῦμ' ἀφείς εἰς αἰθέρα.

Family.

A house prospers not that is founded in guilt.

Ὅταν δὲ κρηπίς μὴ καταβληθῆ γένους
 ὀρθῶς, ἀνάγκη δυστυχεῖν τοὺς ἐκγόστους.

Fate.

Fate cannot be avoided.

Ἄλλ' οὔτε πολλὰ τραύματ' ἐν στέροισι λαθῶν
 θιήσκει τις, εἰ μὴ τέρμα σιστρέχοι βίου.
 ἔτ' ἐν στέγῃ τις ἡμεῖος παρ' ἑστία
 φείγει τι· μᾶλλον τὸν πεπρωμένον μέροσιν.

Μὴ νυν προσείχου μηδέιν ὡς πεπρωμένης
 οὐκ ἔστι θεητοῖς συμφορᾶς ἀπαλλαγῆ.

Fatness.

Gross feeders gross diminishers.

Παχεῖα γαστήρ λεπτόν οὐ τίκτει νόσον.

Favourite pursuit.

'Quam quisque norit artem in hac se exerceat.'

Ἐν τούτῳ γέ τοι
λαμπρός τίς ἐστι, καὶ πὶ τοῦτ' ἐπίγεται,
νέμων ἐκάστης ἡμέρας πλείστον μέρος,
ἴν' αὐτὸς αὐτοῦ τυγχάνει βέλτιστος ὢν.

Fear.

Calamity makes men full of dread and mistrust.

Φίλοι, κακῶν μὲν ὅστις ἔμπειρος κυρεῖ,
ἐπίσταται βροτοῖσιν ὡς, ὅταν κλύδων
κακῶν ἐπέλθῃ, πάντα δειμαίνειν φιλεῖ·
ὅταν δ' ὁ δαίμων εὐροῇ, πεποιθέναι
τὸν αὐτὸν ἀεὶ δαίμον' οὐριεῖν τύχης.
ἐμοὶ γὰρ ἤδη πάντα μὲν φόβου πλέα
ἐν ὄμμασιν τὰνταῖα φαίνεται θεῶν,
βοᾷ δ' ἐν ὡσὶ κέλαδος οὐ παιώνιος·
τοῖα κακῶν ἔκπληξις ἐκφοβεῖ φρένας.

Flowers.

Child gathering flowers.

Εἰς τὸν λειμῶνα καθίσας
ἔδρεπεν ἕτερον ἐφ' ἐτέρῳ αἰρόμενος
ἄγρευμ' ἀνθέων ἠδομένα ψυχᾷ,
τὸ νήπιον ἄπληστον ἔχων.

Flower wreath.

Σοὶ τόνδε πλεκτὸν στέφανον ἐξ ἀκηράτου

λειμώνος, ὦ δέσποινα, κοσμήσας φέρω,
 ἐνθ' οὔτε ποιμὴν ἀξιοῖ φέρβειν βοτὰ
 οὔτ' ἤλθέ πω σίδηρος, ἀλλ' ἀκήρατον
 μέλισσα λειμῶν' ἠρινὸν διέρχεται,
 Αἰδῶς δὲ ποταμίαισι κηπεύει δρόσοις,
 ὅσοις διδακτὸν μηδέν, ἀλλ' ἐν τῇ φύσει
 τὸ σωφρονεῖν εἴληχεν ἐς τὰ πάνθ' ὅμως,
 τούτοις δρέπεσθαι τοῖς κακοῖσι δ' οὐ θέμις.

Fools.

Τὸ σκαιὸν εἶναι πρῶτ' ἀμουσίας ἔχει.

Σκαιοῖσι πολλοῖς εἰς σοφὸς διόλλυται.

Ἄλλ' οἱ κακῶς πράσσοντες οὐ κωφοὶ μόνοι,
 ἀλλ' οὐδ' ὀρώντες εἰσορῶσι τὰμφανῆ—
 ὡς δυσπάλαιστον ἐστὶν ἀμαθία κακόν.

Ἡ δὲ μωρία
 μάλιστ' ἀδελφὴ τῆς πονηρίας ἔφν.

Εἴ μοι τὸ Νεστόρειον εὐγλωσσον μέλος
 Ἄντηνορός τε τοῦ Φρυγὸς δοίη θεός,
 οὐκ ἂν δυναίμην μὴ στέγοντα πιμπλάναι,
 σοφούς ἐπαντλῶν ἀνδρὶ μὴ σοφῷ λόγους.

Forbidden fruit.

Precious fruit not easy to guard.

'Vinas y uñas son malas a guardar.'

Τέρειν' ὀπώρα δ' εὐφύλακτος οὐδαμῶς.
 θῆρες δὲ κηραίνουσι καὶ βροτοὶ τί μιν

καὶ κνώδαλα πτεροῦντα καὶ πεδοστιβῆ.
καὶ παρθένων χλιδαῖσιν εὐμόρφοις ἔπι
πᾶς τις παρελθὼν ὄμματος θελκτῆριον
τόξενυμ' ἔπεμψεν, ἡμέρω νικώμενος.

Fickle Fortune.

Οὐ χρῆ ποτ' ὀρθαῖς ἐν τύχαις βεβηκότα
ἔξειν τὸν αὐτὸν δαίμον' εἰσαεὶ δοκεῖν·
ὁ γὰρ θεός πως, εἰ θεόν σφε χρῆ καλεῖν,
κάμνει ξυνὼν τὰ πολλὰ τοῖς αὐτοῖς αἰεὶ.
θνητῶν δὲ θνητὸς ὄλβος· οἱ δ' ὑπέρφρονες
καὶ τῷ παρόντι τοῦπιὸν πιστούμενοι
ἔλεγχον ἔλαβον τὴν τύχην ἐν τῷ παθεῖν.

Βέβαια δ' οὐδεὶς θνητὸς εὐτυχεῖ γεγώς.

Πέπονθας οἶα χᾶτεροι πολλοὶ βροτῶν·
τὰς γὰρ παρούσας οὐχὶ σώζοντες τύχας
ᾧλοντ' ἐρώντες μειζόνων ἀβουλίᾳ.

Οὐ τοῖς ἀθύμοις ἢ τύχη συλλαμβάνει.

Fortune.

Changeable like the moon.

'Ἄλλ' οὐμὸς αἰεὶ πότημος ἐν πυκνῷ θεοῦ
τροχῷ κυκλεῖται καὶ μεταλλάσσει φύσιν,
ὥσπερ σελήνης δ' ὄψις εὐφρόνας δύο
στῆναι δύναιτ' ἂν οὔ ποτ' ἐν μορφῇ μιᾷ,
ἀλλ' ἐξ ἀδήλου πρῶτον ἔρχεται νέα
πρόσωπα καλλύνουσα καὶ πληρουμένη,

χῶτανπερ αὐτῆς εὐγενεστάτη φανῆ,
 πάλιν διαρρεῖ, καπὶ μηδὲν ἔρχεται.

Sudden reverses.

Ὅρᾶς τυράννους διὰ μακρῶν ἠϋξημένους
 ὡς μικρὰ τὰ σφάλλοντα, καὶ μί' ἡμέρα
 τὸν μὲν καθεῖλεν ὑψόθεν, τὸν δ' ἦρ' ἄνω.
 ὑπόπτερος δ' ὁ πλοῦτος· οἷς γὰρ ἦν ποτέ,
 ἐξ ἐλπίδων πίπτοντας ὑπτίους ὀρῶ.

Child of Fortune.

Ἐγὼ δ' ἑμαυτὸν παῖδα τῆς Τύχης νέμων
 τῆς εὖ διδούσης οὐκ ἀτιμασθήσομαι.
 τῆς γὰρ πέφυκα μηρός· οἱ δὲ συγγενεῖς
 μῆνές με μικρὸν καὶ μέγαν διώρισαν.
 τοιόσδε δ' ἐκφύς οὐκ ἂν ἐξέλθοιμ' ἔτι
 ποτ' ἄλλος, ὥστε μὴ ἴκμαθεῖν τοῦμὸν γένος.

Foster-child.

Τὸ θρέψαι δ' ἐν βροτοῖσι πολλάκις
 πλείω πορίζει φίλτρα τοῦ φύσαι τέκνα.

Freedom.

Εἰ σῶμα δοῦλον ἀλλ' ὁ νοῦς ἐλεύθερος.

Δούλου τόδ' εἶπας μὴ λέγειν ἅ τις φρονεῖ.

No man is entirely free.

Οὐκ ἔστι θνητῶν ὅστις ἔστ' ἐλεύθερος·
 ἢ χρημάτων γὰρ δοῦλός ἐστιν ἢ τύχης,

ἢ πλῆθος αὐτὸν πόλεος ἢ νόμων γραφαὶ
εἴργουσι χρῆσθαι μὴ κατὰ γνώμην τρόποις.

Free will.

ὦ Ζεῦ, τί δῆτα τοὺς τάλαιπώρους βροτοὺς
φρονεῖν λέγουσι ; σοῦ γὰρ ἐξηρτήμεθα
δρῶμέν τε τοιαῦθ' ἂν σὺ τυγχάνῃς θέλων.

Civil freedom.

Κακῶς δ' ὄλουντο πάντες οἱ τυραννίδι
χαίρουσιν ὀλίγη τ' ἐν πόλει μοναρχία.
τούλεύθερον γὰρ ὄνομα παντὸς ἄξιον,
κὰν σμίκρ' ἔχη τις μεγάλ' ἔχει νομίζεται.

Friends.

A friend in need is a friend indeed.

Ἐν τοῖς κακοῖς δεῖ τοὺς φίλους εὐεργετεῖν·
ὅταν γὰρ ἡ τύχη διδῶ, τί χρὴ φίλου ;

Friends are better than riches or strength.

Ὅστις δὲ πλοῦτον ἢ σθένος μᾶλλον φίλων
ἀγαθῶν πεπᾶσθαι βούλεται, κακῶς φρονεῖ.

Κρεῖσσον δὲ πλούτου καὶ βαθυσπόρου χθονὸς
ἀνδρῶν δικαίων κἀγαθῶν ὀμιλῖαι.

Friends flee in adversity.

Εὖ πράσσει· τὰ φίλων δ' οὐδὲν ἦν τις δυστυχίῃ.

Ἄνδρὸς κακῶς πράξαντος ἐκποδῶν φίλοι.

Φίλων λαβεῖν γὰρ πείραν οὐ σμικρὸν κακόν.

Deliver me from my friends.

Φίλων τοιούτων οἱ μὲν ἐστερημένοι
χαίρουσιν, οἱ δ' ἔχοντες εὐχονται φυγεῖν.

Friendship.

Οὐκ ἂν προδοίην κάππερ ἄψυχον φίλον.

Ἄλλ' ἦδε μ' ἐξέσωσεν, ἦδε μοι τροφός,
μήτηρ, ἀδελφή, δμῶϊς, ἄγκυρα, στέγη.

Friendship and enmity must be limited by prudence.

Ἐγὼ δ', ἐπίσταμαι γὰρ ἀρτίως ὅτι
ὅ τ' ἐχθρὸς ἡμῖν ἐς τοσονδ' ἐχθαρτέος,
ὡς καὶ φιλήσων αὔθις, ἔς τε τὸν φίλον
τοσαῦθ' ὑπουργῶν ὠφελεῖν βουλήσομαι,
ὡς αἰὲν οὐ μενοῦντα. τοῖς πολλοῖσι γὰρ
βροτῶν ἄπιστός ἐσθ' ἑταιρείας λιμήν.

Funeral.

Expense wasted on funerals.

Ἀνθρώπων δὲ μαίνονται φρένες,
δαπάνας ὅταν θανοῦσι πέμπωσιν κενάς.

Future Life.

Σὺ δ' ἄνδρα θνητόν, εἰ κατέφθιτο, στένεις,
εἰδὼς τὸ μέλλον οὐδὲν εἰ κέρδος φέρει.

The soul survives.

‘Ο νοῦς
τῶν καθανόντων ζῆ μὲν οὐ, γνώμην δ’ ἔχει
ἀθάνατον εἰς ἀθάνατον αἰθέρ’ ἐμπεσών.

The future life everlasting.

Φίλη μετ’ αὐτοῦ κείσομαι, φίλου μέτα,
ὅσια πανουργήσασ’· ἐπεὶ πλείων χρόνος
ὄν δεῖ μ’ ἀρέσκειν τοῖς κάτω τῶν ἐνθάδε.
ἐκεῖ γὰρ αἰεὶ κείσομαι.

Gain.

Κακοῖς τὸ κέρδος τῆς δίκης ὑπέρτερον.

Dishonest gains bring ill-luck.

Οὐκ ἐξ ἅπαντος δεῖ τὸ κερδαίνειν φιλεῖν,
ἐκ τῶν γὰρ αἰσχρῶν λημμάτων τοὺς πλείονας
ἀτωμένους ἴδοις ἂν ἢ σεσωσμένους.

Gardener.

As a gardener roots out weeds so let the wicked be rooted out.

Τῶν δυσσεβούντων δ’ ἐκφορωτέρα πέλοις.
στέργω γάρ, ἀνδρὸς φυτυποίμενος δίκην,
τὸ τῶν δικαίων τῶνδ’ ἀπένθητον γένος.
τοιαῦτα σοῦστι. τῶν ἀρειφάτων δ’ ἐγὼ
πρεπτῶν ἀγώνων οὐκ ἀνέξομαι τὸ μὴ οὐ
τήνδ’ ἀστύνικον ἐν βροτοῖς τιμᾶν πόλιν.

Gifts.*The gifts of an enemy bring mischief.*

Ἐχθρῶν ἄδωρα δῶρα κούκ ὀνήσιμα.

Κακοῦ γὰρ ἀνδρὸς δῶρ' ὄνησιμ οὐκ ἔχει.

Girl.*Hercules cries like a weak girl.*

Ἴθ', ὦ τέκνον, τόλμησον' οἴκτειρόν τέ με
 πολλοῖσιμ οἴκτρον, ὅστις ὥστε παρθένος
 βέβρυχα κλαίωμ, καὶ τόδ' οὐδ' ἂν εἷς ποτε
 τόνδ' ἀνδρα φαίη πρόσθ' ἰδεῖν δεδρακότα,
 ἀλλ' ἀστένακτος αἰὲν εἰπόμην κακοῖς.
 νῦν δ' ἐκ τοιούτου θῆλυς εὔρημαι τάλας.

Glory.*Glory is the guerdon of toil.*

Τῷ ποιοῦντι δ' ἐκ θεῶν
 ὀφείλεται τέκνωμα τοῦ πόνου κλέος.

Σὺν τοῖσιμ δεινοῖς αὔξεται κλέος βροτοῖς.

Fame founded on falsehood.

ᾠ δόξα δόξα, μυρίοισιμ δὴ βροτῶν
 οὐδὲν γεγῶσιμ βλίτον ὦγκωσας μέγαν.
 εὔκλεια δ' οἷς μὲν ἐστ' ἀληθείας ὑπο
 εὐδαιμονίζω· τοὺς δ' ὑπὸ ψευδῶν ἔχειμ
 οὐκ ἀξιῶσω πλὴν τύχημ φρονεῖν δοκεῖν.

Gods.

Existence of gods affirmed.

Ἄλλ' ἔστιν, ἔστι κεί τις ἐγγελαῖ λόγῳ
Ζεὺς καὶ θεοὶ βρότεια λεύσσοντες πάθη.

What is God?

- A. Θεὸν δὲ ποῖον, εἰπέ μοι, νοητέον ;
B. τὸν πάνθ' ὀρώντα καὐτὸν οὐχ ὀρώμενον.

God is everywhere.

Ὅρῳς τὸν ὑψοῦ τόνδ' ἄπειρον αἰθέρα,
καὶ γῆν πέριξ ἔχονθ' ὑγραῖς ἐν ἀγκάλαις,
τοῦτον νόμιζε Ζῆνα· τόνδ' ἡγοῦ θεόν.

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

God can do nothing base.

Νόσοι δὲ θνητῶν αἰ μὲν εἰς' αὐθαίρετοι,
αἰ δ' ἐκ θεῶν πάρειςιν, ἀλλὰ τῷ νόμῳ
ἰώμεθ' αὐτάς· ἀλλά σοι λέξαι θέλω,
εἰ θεοὶ τι δρώσιν αἰσχρόν, οὐκ εἰσὶν θεοί.

With God all things are possible.

Θεοῦ θέλουτος κἂν ἐπὶ ῥιπὸς πλέοις.

God helps those who help themselves.

Τῷ γὰρ πονοῦντι χῶ θεὸς συλλαμβάνει.

No luck without the blessing of God.

Οὐκ ἔστιν ὅστις εὐτυχῆς ἔφν βροτῶν
ᾧ μὴ τὸ θεῖον εἰς τὰ πολλὰ συνθέλῃ.

Θεοῦ γὰρ οὐδεὶς χωρὶς εὐτυχεῖ βροτῶν,
οὐδ' εἰς τὸ μείον ἦλθε· τὰς θνητῶν δ' ἐγὼ
χαίρειν κελεύω θεῶν ἄτερ προθυμίας.

Duty to the gods.

Θεοῖς ἀρέσκου· πᾶν γὰρ ἐκ θεῶν τέλος.

The gods punish sin.

Ἄρετὰς δίωκε. καὶ γὰρ ὅστις ἂν βροτῶν
κακὸς πεφύκη, ζημιούσιν οἱ θεοί.

'Immunis aram si tetigit manus

Non sumptuosa blandior hostia

Mollivit aversos Penates

Farre pio et saliente mica.'

Εὐ ἴσθ', ὅταν τις εὐσεβῶν θύῃ θεοῖς,
κἂν μικρὰ θύῃ, τυγχάνει σωτηρίας.

The gods tempt men to sin, and then punish them.

Πολλαῖσι μορφαῖς οἱ θεοὶ σοφισμάτων
σφάλλουσιν ἡμᾶς κρείσσονες πεφυκότες.

ᾧ παῖ, θεὸς μὲν αἰτίαν φύει βροτοῖς
ὅταν κακῶσαι δῶμα παμπήδην θέλῃ.

- Κ. Πόλλ', ὦ τέκνον, σφάλλουσιν ἀνθρώπους θεοί.
 Α. τὸ ῥᾶστον εἶπας, αἰτιάσασθαι θεούς.

'Quem deus vult perdere prius dementat.'

ἽΟταν γὰρ ὄργῃ δαιμόνων βλάβητι τινά,
 τοῦτ' αὐτὸ πρῶτον, ἐξαφαιρείται φρενῶν
 τὸν νοῦν τὸν ἐσθλόν, εἰς δὲ τὴν χεῖρῳ τρέπει
 γνώμην, ἵν' εἰδῆ μηδὲν ὦν ἀμαρτάνει.

How can we believe in Divine Justice?

Πῶς οὖν τὰδ' εἰσορῶντες ἢ θεῶν γένος
 εἶναι λέγωμεν, ἢ νόμοισι χρώμεθα;

The recording Angel.

Δοκεῖτε πηδᾶν τὰδικήματ' εἰς θεοὺς
 πετροῖσι, κᾶπειτ' ἐν Διὸς δέλτου πτυχαῖς
 γράφειν τιτ' αὐτά, Ζήνα δ' εἰσορῶντά νιν
 θνητοῖς δικάζειν; οὐδ' ὁ πᾶς ἂν οὐρανὸς
 Διὸς γράφοντος τὰς βροτῶν ἀμαρτίας
 ἐξαρκέσειεν, οὐδ' ἐκείνος ἂν σκοπῶν
 πέμπειν ἐκάστῳ ζημίαν· ἀλλ' ἡ Δίκη
 ἐνταῦθά πού'στιν ἐγγύς, εἰ βούλεσθ' ὄρᾶν.

The gods suffer the wicked to live and prosper.

Ἔμελλ'· ἐπεὶ οὐδέν πω κακόν γ' ἀπώλετο,
 ἀλλ' εὖ περιστέλλουσιν αὐτὰ δαίμονες,
 καί πως τὰ μὲν πανοῦργα καὶ παλιτριβῆ
 χαίρουσ' ἀναστρέφοντες ἐξ Ἄιδου, τὰ δὲ
 δίκαια καὶ τὰ χρήστ' ἀποστέλλουσ' αἰεὶ.
 ποῦ χρὴ τίθεσθαι ταῦτα, ποῦ δ' αἰνεῖν, ὅταν
 τὰ θεῖ' ἐπαινῶν τοὺς θεοὺς εὖρω κακοὺς;

Divine justice.

*‘Raro antecedentem scelestum
Deseruit pede poena claudo.’*

“Οστις δὲ θνητῶν οἶεται καθ’ ἡμέραν
κακόν τι πράσσων τοὺς θεοὺς λεληθέναι
δοκεῖ πονηρὰ καὶ δοκῶν ἀλίσκεται,
ὅταν σχολὴν ἄγουσα τυγχάνῃ Δίκη,
τιμωρίαν ἔτισεν ὧν ἠρξεν κακῶν.

*‘The fool hath said in his heart there is no God,’ but,
‘There is a day of vengeance still,
Linger it may, but come it will.’*

Ψεύδεσθ’, ὅσοι νομίζετ’ οὐκ εἶναι θεόν,
ἔστιν γὰρ ἔστιν· εἰ δέ τις πράττει κακῶς
κακὸς πεφυκῶς, τὸν χρόνον κερδαινέτω,
χρόνῳ γὰρ οὗτος ὕστερον δώσει δίκην.

Fools to suppose that God will wink at crime.

Συγγνώμονάς τοι τοὺς θεοὺς εἶναι δοκεῖς.
ὅταν τις ὄρκῳ θάνατον ἐκφυγεῖν θέλῃ,
ἢ δεσμὸν ἢ βίαια πολεμίων κακά,
ἢ παισὶν αὐθένταισι κοινωῇ δόμων,
ἢ τᾶρα θνητῶν εἰσὶν ἀσυνετώτεροι,
εἰ τὰ πειρικῇ πρόσθεν ἠγοῦνται δίκης.

Divine injustice.

Φησὶν τις εἶναι δῆτ’ ἐν οὐρανῷ θεοὺς ;
οὐκ εἰσὶν, οὐκ εἶσ’. εἴ τις ἀνθρώπων λέγει,
μὴ τῷ παλαίῳ μωρὸς ὧν χρῆσθω λόγῳ.
σκέψασθε δ’ αὐτά, μὴ ’πὶ τοῖς ἐμοῖς λόγοις
γνώμην ἔχοντες· φήμ’ ἐγὼ τυραννίδα

κτείνειν τε πλείστους κτημάτων τ' ἀποστερέειν,
 ὄρκους τε παραβαίνοντας ἔκπορθεῖν πόλεις.
 καὶ ταῦτα δρῶντες μᾶλλον εἰς' εὐδαίμονες
 τῶν εὐσεβούντων ἡσυχῇ καθ' ἡμέραν
 πόλεις τε μικρὰς οἶδα τιμώσας θεοῦς,
 αἱ μειζόνων κλύουσι δυσσεβεστέρων,
 λόγχης ἀριθμῷ πλείονος κρατούμεναι.
 οἶμαι δ' ἂν ὑμᾶς, εἴ τις ἀργὸς ὢν θεοῖς
 εὐχοίτο καὶ μὴ χειρὶ συλλέγοι βίον.

Gold.

The greatest of blessings.

Χρυσὸν μάλιστα βούλομαι δόμοις ἔχειν
 καὶ δοῦλος ὢν γὰρ τίμιος πλούτων ἀνὴρ,
 ἐλεύθερος δέ, χρεῖος ὢν, οὐδὲν σθένει.
 χρυσοῦ νόμιζε σαυτὸν οὔνεκ' εὐτυχεῖν.

The most valued possession.

ᾠ χρυσέ, δεξίωμα κάλλιστον βροτοῖς,
 ὡς οὔτε μήτηρ ἠδονὰς τοιάσδ' ἔχει,
 οὐ παῖδες ἀνθρώποισιν, οὐ φίλος πατήρ,
 οἷας σὺ χοῖ σὲ δώμασιν κεκτημένοι.
 εἰ δ' ἡ Κύπρις τοιοῦτον ὀφθαλμοῖς ὄρᾳ
 οὐ θαῦμ', ἔρωτας μυρίουσ ἀυτὴν τρέφειν.

Government.

Maxims of good government.

Δήμῳ τε μήτε πᾶν ἀναρτήσης κράτος,
 μητ' αὖ κακώσης, πλοῦτον ἔντιμον τιθείς·

μηδ' ἄνδρα δήμῳ πιστὸν ἐκβάλης ποτέ,
 μηδ' αὔξει καιροῦ μείζον· οὐ γὰρ ἀσφαλές,
 μή σοι τύραννος λαμπρὸς ἐξ αὐτοῦ φανῆ,
 κώλυε δ' ἄνδρα παρὰ δίκην τιμώμενον·
 πόλει γὰρ εὐτυχοῦντες οἱ κακοὶ νόσος.

—
One head not enough.

Ναῦν τοι μὲ ἄγκυρ' οὐδαμῶς σώζειν φιλεῖ
 ὡς τρεῖς ἀφέντι, προστάτης δ' ἀπλοῦς πόλει
 σφαλερός, ὑπῶν δὲ κάλλος οὐ κακὸν πόλει.

—
Paternal government.

Ἐν τοῖσι μωροῖς τοῦτ' ἐγὼ κρίνω βροτῶν,
 ὅστις πατὴρ ὢν παισὶ μὴ φρονοῦσιν εὖ
 ἢ καὶ πολίταις παραδίδωσ' ἐξουσίαν.

—
Public morality.

Οὐ γὰρ ποτ' ἂν γένοιτ' ἂν ἀσφαλῆς πόλις
 ἐν ἣ τὰ μὲν δίκαια καὶ τὰ σώφρονα
 λάγδην πατεῖται, κωτίλος δ' ἀνὴρ λαβῶν
 πανοῦργα χερσὶ κέντρα κηδεύει πόλιν.

—
A Republic and a Monarchy contrasted.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ.

Πρῶτον μὲν ἤρξω τοῦ λόγου ψευδῶς, ξένε,
 ζητῶν τύραννον ἐνθάδ'. οὐ γὰρ ἄρχεται
 ἐνὸς πρὸς ἀνδρός, ἀλλ' ἐλευθέρα πόλις.
 δῆμος δ' ἀνάσσει διαδοχαῖσιν ἐν μέρει
 ἐνιαυσίαισιν, οὐχὶ τῷ πλούτῳ διδοῦς
 τὸ πλεῖον, ἀλλὰ χῶ πένης ἔχων ἴσον.

ΚΗΡΤΞ.

Ἐν μὲν τόδ' ἡμῖν, ὥσπερ ἐν πεσσοῖς, οἴδως
 κρείσσον· πόλις γὰρ ἧς ἐγὼ πάρειμ' ἀπο
 ἐνὸς πρὸς ἀνδρός, οὐκ ὄχλω, κρατύνεται·
 οὐδ' ἔστιν αὐτὴν ὅστις ἐκχαυνῶν λόγοις
 πρὸς κέρδος ἴδιον ἄλλος ἄλλοσε στρέφει.
 ὁ δ' αὐτίχ' ἠδὺς καὶ διδοὺς πολλὴν χάριν·
 εἰσαῦθις ἔβλαψ', εἶτα διαβολαῖς νέαις
 κλέψας τὰ πρόσθε σφάλματ' ἐξέδου δίκης.
 ἄλλως τε πῶς ἂν μὴ διορθέων λόγους
 ὀρθῶς δύναιτ' ἂν δῆμος εὐθύνειν πόλιν ;
 ὁ γὰρ χρόνος μάθησιν ἀντὶ τοῦ τάχους
 κρείσσω δίδωσι. γαπόνος δ' ἀνὴρ πένης,
 εἰ καὶ γένοιτο μάμαθής, ἔργων ὑπο
 οὐκ ἂν δύναιτο πρὸς τὰ κοῖν' ἀποβλέπειν.
 ἦ δὴ νοσῶδες τοῦτο τοῖς ἀμείνοσιν,
 ὅταν πονηρὸς ἀξίωμ' ἀνὴρ ἔχη,
 γλώσση κατασχῶν δῆμον οὐδὲν ὦν τὸ πρίν.

Evils of a Tyranny.

Καὶ μὴν ὅπου γ' ὁ δῆμος εὐθυντῆς χθιρός,
 ὑποῦσιν ἀστοῖς ἤδεται νεανίαῖς·
 ἀνὴρ δὲ βασιλεὺς ἐχθρὸν ἠγείται τόδε,
 καὶ τοὺς ἀρίστους, οὓς ἂν ἠγῆται φρονεῖν.
 κτείνει, δεδοικῶς τῆς τυραννίδος πέρι.
 πῶς οὖν ἔτ' ἂν γένοιτ' ἂν ἰσχυρὰ πόλις,
 ὅταν τις ὡς λειμῶνος ἡρινουῦ στάχυν
 τόλμας ἀφαιρῇ ἀπολωτίξῃ νέους ;
 κτᾶσθαι δὲ πλοῦτον καὶ βίον τί δεῖ τέκνοις
 ὡς τῷ τυράννῳ πλείον' ἐκμοχθῆ βίον ;

ἢ παρθενεύειν παῖδας ἐν δόμοις καλῶς,
 τερπνὰς τυράννοις ἠδονάς, ὅταν θέλη,
 δάκρυα δὲ τοῖς γονεῦσι ; μὴ ζῶην ἔτι,
 εἰ τὰμὰ τέκνα πρὸς βίαν νυμφεύσεται.

Grief.

Often followed by joy.

Μή νυν θέλε
 λυπεῖν σεαυτόν, τοῦτό γ' ἐξειδώς, ὅτι
 πολλοῖς τὸ λυποῦν ὕστερον χαρὰν ἄγει.

Guilt.

Not to be cleansed.

Οἶμαι γὰρ οὔτ' ἂν Ἰστρον οὔτε Φᾶσιν αἰ
 νίψαι καθαρμῶ τήνδε τὴν στέγην, ὅσα
 κεύθει· τὰ δ' αὐτίκ' ἐς τὸ φῶς φανεῖ κακὰ
 ἐκόντα κοῦκ ἄκοντα. τῶν δὲ πημονῶν
 μάλιστα λυποῦσ' αἰ φαιῶσ' ἀυθαίρετοι.

Hair.

Rape of the Lock.

Κόμης δὲ πένθος λαγχάνω πώλου δίκην
 ἥτις συναρπασθείσα βουκόλων ὑπο
 μάνδραις ἐν ἱππέλαισι ἀγρία χερὶ
 θέρος θερισθῆ ξανθὸν αὐχένων ἄπο,
 σπασθείσα δ' ἐν λειμῶνι ποταμίων ποτῶν
 ἴδη σκιᾶς εἶδωλον αὐγασθείσ' ὑπὸ
 κουραῖς ἀτίμως διατετιλμένης φόβης.
 φεῦ· κὰν ἀνοικτίρμων τις οἰκτείρειέ νιν

πήσσαν αίσχύναισιν οἷα μαίνεται
πειθοῦσα καὶ κλαίουσα τὴν πάρος φόβην.

Happiness.

Κείνος ὀλβιώτατος

ὅτῳ κατ' ἡμαρ τυγχάνει μηδὲν κακόν.

Τὸν ὄλβον οὐδὲν οὐδαμοῦ κρίνω βροτοῖς.
ὅν γ' ἐξαλείφει ῥᾶον ἢ γράφει θεός.

Πᾶσιν γὰρ ἀνθρώποισιν οὐχ ἡμῖν μόνον,
ἢ καὶ παραυτίκ' ἢ χρόνῳ δαίμων βίου
ἔσφηλε, κούδεις διὰ τέλους εὐδαιμονεῖ.

*'Nihil est ab omni
Parte beatum.'*

Οὐκ ἔστιν ὅστις πάντ' ἀνὴρ εὐδαιμονεῖ.
ἢ γὰρ πεφυκῶς ἔσθλὸς οὐκ ἔχει βίου
ἢ δυσγενῆς ὢν πλουσίαν ἀροῖ πλάκα.
πολλοὺς δὲ πλούτῳ καὶ γένει γανρουμένους
γυνὴ κατήσχυν' ἐν δόμοισι νηπία.

Call no man happy before he is dead.

Λόγος μὲν ἔστ' ἀρχαῖος ἀνθρώπων φανείς
ὡς οὐκ ἂν αἰῶν' ἐκμάθοις βροτῶν πρὶν ἂν
θάνῃ τις, οὔτ' εἰ χρηστὸς οὔτ' εἴ τῳ κακός.

Χρὴ δ' οὔποτ' εἰπεῖν οὐδέν' ὄλβιον βροτῶν
πρὶν ἂν θανόντος τὴν τελευταίαν ἴδῃς
ὅπως περάσας ἡμέραν ἤξει κάτω.

Τῇ δὲ νῦν τύχη
 βροτοῖς ἅπασι λαμπρὰ κηρύσσει μαθεῖν,
 τὸν εὐτυχεῖν δοκοῦντα μὴ ζηλοῦν πρὶν ἂν
 θανόντ' ἴδῃ τις· ὡς ἐφήμεροι τύχαι.

Οὐ χρὴ ποτ' εἶ πρίσσοντος ὀλβίσαι τύχας
 ἀνδρός, πρὶν αὐτῷ παντελῶς ἤδη βίος
 διεκπερανθῆ, καὶ τελευτήσῃ βίου.
 ἐν γὰρ βραχεῖ καθεῖλε κῶλίγῳ χρόνῳ
 πάμπλουτον ὄλβον δαίμονος κακοῦ δόσις,
 ὅταν μεταστῆ, καὶ θεοῖς δοκῆ τάδε.

Harbour.

Driven out to sea, when close to port.

᾿Ω τέκν', ἕοιγμεν ναυτίλοισιν, οὔτινες
 χειμῶνος ἐκφυγόντες ἄγριον μένος
 ἐς χεῖρα γῆ συνῆψαν, εἶτα χερσούθεν
 πνοαῖσιν ἠλάθησαν ἐς πόντον πάλιν.
 οὔτω δὲ χῆμίεις τῆσδ' ἀπωθούμεσθα γῆς,
 ἤδη πρὸς ἀκταῖς ὄντες ὡς σεσωσμένοι.

Hardships.

No use to grieve over hardships past.

Χειμῶνα δ' εἰ λέγοι τις οἰωνοκτόνου,
 οἶον παρῆχ' ἄφερτον Ἰδαία χιών,
 ἢ θάλπος, εὔτε πόντος ἐν μεσημβριναῖς
 κοίταις ἀκύμων νηέμοις εὔδοι πεσῶν·
 τί ταῦτα πευθεῖν δεῖ; παροίχεται πόνος·
 παροίχεται δέ, τοῖσι μὲν τεθνηκόσιν

τὸ μήποτ' αὖθις μηδ' ἀναστήναι μέλειν.
 τί τοὺς ἀναλωθέντας ἐν ψήφῳ λέγειν,
 τὸν ζῶντα δ' ἀλγεῖν χρῆ τύχης παλιγκότου;
 καὶ πολλὰ χαίρειν ξυμφοραῖς καταξιῶ.
 ἡμῖν δὲ τοῖς λοιποῖσιν Ἀργείων στρατοῦ
 νικᾷ τὸ κέρδος, πῆμα δ' οὐκ ἀντιρρέπει.
 ὡς κομπάσαι τῷδ' εἰκὸς ἡλίου φάει,
 ὑπὲρ θαλάσσης καὶ χθονὸς ποτωμένοις,
 Τροίαν ἐλόντες δῆποτ' Ἀργείων στόλος
 θεοῖς λάφυρα ταῦτα τοῖς καθ'. Ἑλλάδα
 δόμοις ἐπασσάλευσαν ἀρχαῖον γάνος.

Health.

No Wealth without Health.

Τί γάρ με πλοῦτος ὠφελεῖ νοσοῦντά γε
 σμίκρ' ἂν θέλωμι καὶ καθ' ἡμέραν ἔχων
 ἄλυπον οἰκεῖν βίοτον, ἢ πλουτῶν νοσεῖν.

No Health without Wealth.

Εἰσὶ δ' οἵτινες

αἰνοῦσιν ἄνοσον ἄνδρ', ἐμοὶ δ' οὐδεὶς δοκεῖ
 εἶναι πένης ὢν ἄνοσος ἀλλ' αἰὲν νοσεῖν.

Hereditary qualities.

'Fortes creantur fortibus.'

Οὐ γάρ τις οὕτω παῖδας ἐκπαιδεύσεται
 ὥστ' ἐκ πονηρῶν μὴ οὐ κακοὺς πεφυκέναι.

ᾧ παῖ Κρέοντος, ὡς ἀληθὲς ἦν ἄρα,

ἐσθλῶν ἀπ' ἀνδρῶν ἐσθλὰ γίγνεσθαι τέκνα,
κακῶν δ' ὅμοια τῇ φύσει τῇ τοῦ πατρός.

Τὸ μῶρον αὐτῷ τοῦ πατρὸς νόσημ' ἔνι
φιλεῖ γὰρ οὕτως ἐκ κακῶν εἶναι κακούς.

Οὐκ ἂν γένοιτο τραύματ', εἴ τις ἐγξέση
θάμνοις ἐλείοις, οὐδ' ἂν ἐκ μητρὸς κακῆς
ἐσθλοὶ γένοιτο παῖδες εἰς ἀλκὴν δορός.

Φεῦ, φεῦ· παλαιὸς αἶνος ὡς καλῶς ἔχει,
οὐκ ἂν γένοιτο χρηστὸς ἐκ κακοῦ πατρός.

'Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam.'

Τὸ δ' αὖ λίαν παρῆιλες ἀγγελθεισά μοι
γενναῖος· οὐκ οὐν δεινὸν εἰ γῆ μὲν κακὴ
τυχοῦσα καιροῦ θεόθεν εὖ στάχυν φέρει,
χρηστὴ δ' ἄμαρτοῦσ' ὦν χρεῶν αὐτὴν τυχεῖν·
κάκον δίδωσι καρπὸν, ἄνθρωποι δ' αἰεὶ
ὁ μὲν πονηρὸς οὐδὲν ἄλλο πλὴν κακός,
ὁ δ' ἐσθλὸς ἐσθλός, οὐδὲ συμφορᾶς ὑπο
φύσιν διέφθειρ' ἀλλὰ χρηστός ἐστ' αἰεὶ.
ἂρ' οἱ τεκόντες διαφέρουσιν, ἢ τροφαί ;
ἔχει γε μέντοι καὶ τὸ θρεφθῆναι καλῶς
δίδαξιν ἐσθλοῦ· τοῦτο δ' ἦν τις εὖ μάθη,
οἶδεν τό γ' αἰσχροί. κατόνι τοῦ καλοῦ μαθῶν.

Honour.

Honour to be preferred to life.

Αἰσχροὺν γὰρ ἄνδρα τοῦ μακροῦ χρήζειν βίου,
κακοῖσιν ὅστις μηδὲν ἐξαλλάσσεται.

τί γὰρ παρ' ἡμᾶρ ἡμέρα τέρπειν ἔχει
 προσθείσα κἀναθείσα τοῦ γε κατθανεῖν;
 οὐκ ἂν πριαίμην οὐδενὸς λόγου βροτὸν
 ὅστις κενᾶισιν ἐλπίσιν θερμαίνεται.
 ἀλλ' ἢ καλῶς ζῆν, ἢ καλῶς τεθνηκέναι
 τὸν εὐγενῆ χρῆ. πάντ' ἀκήκοας λόγον.

Ἄελπτον οὐδέν, πάντα δ' ἐλπίζειν χρεῶν.

Δι' ἐλπίδος ζῆ καὶ δι' ἐλπίδος τρέφου.

Ἐλπίς γὰρ ἢ βόσκουσα τοὺς πολλοὺς βροτῶν.

Πτηνὰς διώκεις, ὦ τέκνον, τὰς ἐλπίδας,
 οὐχ ἢ τύχη σε· τῆς τύχης δ' οὐχ εἰς τρόπος.

ΧΟ. Ταρβεῖν μὲν ἔργα δεῖν' ἀναγκαίως ἔχει,
 τὴν δ' ἐλπίδ' οὐ χρῆ τῆς τύχης κρίνειν πάρος.

ΔΗ. οὐκ ἔστιν ἐν τοῖς μὴ καλοῖς βουλευμάσιν
 οὐδ' ἐλπίς, ἥτις καὶ θράσος τι προξενεῖ.

Hope.

'There's a silver lining to every cloud.'

Γένοιτό τᾶν, ὦ θύγατερ, οὔριος δρόμος
 ἐκ τῶν παρόντων τῶνδ' ἐμοὶ καὶ σοὶ κακῶν,
 ἔλθοι τ' ἔτ' ἂν παῖς οὐμός, εὐνήτωρ δὲ σός.
 ἀλλ' ἠσύχαζε καὶ δακρυρρόους τέκνων
 πηγὰς ἀφαίρει καὶ παρευκῆλει λόγοις,
 κλέπτουσα μύθοις ἀθλίους κλοπὰς ὅμως.
 κάμνουσι γάρ τοι καὶ βροτῶν αἰ συμφοραί,

καὶ πνεύματ' ἀνέμων οὐκ ἀεὶ ῥώμην ἔχει,
 οἷ τ' εὐτυχοῦντες διὰ τέλους οὐκ εὐτυχεῖς·
 ἐξίσταται γὰρ πάντ' ἀπ' ἀλλήλων δίχα.
 οὗτος δ' ἀνὴρ ἄριστος ὅστις ἐλπίσι
 πέποιθεν ἀεὶ· τὸ δ' ἀπορεῖν ἀνδρὸς κακοῦ.

Horse.

The discipline of sorrow compared to the breaking of a horse.

Εἰ μὲν τόδ' ἡμαρ πρῶτον ἦν κακουμένω,
 καὶ μὴ μακρὰν δὴ διὰ πόνων ἐναυστόλουν,
 εἰκὸς σφαδάζειν ἦν ἄν, ὡς νεόζυγα
 πῶλον χαλινὸν ἀρτίως δεδεγμένον·
 νῦν δ' ἀμβλύς εἰμι καὶ κατηρτυκῶς πόνων.

War horse.

Βοᾶ παρ' ὄχθαις ποταμίαις, μάχης ἐρῶν,
 ἵππος χαλινῶν ὡς κατασθμαίνων μένει,
 ὅστις βοῆν σάλπιγγος ὀρμαίνει κλύων.

ᾧ φίλτατ' ἀνδρῶν προσπόλων, ὡς μοι σαφῆ
 σημεῖα φαίνεις ἐσθλὸς εἰς ἡμᾶς γεγῶς.
 ὥσπερ γὰρ ἵππος εὐγενής, κὰν ἦ γέρων
 ἐν τοῖσι δεινοῖς θυμὸν οὐκ ἀπόλεσεν,
 ἀλλ' ὀρθὸν οὖς ἴστησιν, ὡσαύτως δὲ σὺ
 ἡμᾶς τ' ὀτρύνεις καυτὸς ἐν πρώτοις ἔπει.

House-wife.

A prudent manager makes a little go a long way.

Πολλά τοι γυνῆ
 χρήζουσ' ἂν εὔροι δαιτὶ προσφορήματα.

ἔστιν δὲ δὴ τοσαῦτα τὰν δόμοις ἔτι,
 ὡσθ' εἶν γ' ἐπ' ἡμαρ τοῦσδε πληρῶσαι βορᾶς.
 ἐν τοῖς τοιούτοις δ' ἠνίκ' ἂν γνώμη πεσῆ,
 σκοπῶ τὰ χρήμαθ' ὡς ἔχει μέγα σθένος,
 ξένοις τε δοῦναι, σῶμά τ' ἐς νόσον πεσόν
 δαπάναισι σῶσαι· τῆς δ' ἐφ' ἡμέραν βορᾶς
 ἐς μικρὸν ἤκει· πᾶς γὰρ ἐμπλησθεὶς ἀνὴρ
 ὁ πλούσιός τε χῶ πένης ἴσον φέρει.

Human fortunes.

Analogy between Nature and Human fortunes.

Ἐς ταῦτόν ἤκειν φημὶ τὰς βροτῶν τύχας
 τὸν δ' ὃν καλοῦσιν αἰθέρ', ᾧ τὰδ' ἔστι δῆ.
 οὔτος θέρους τε λαμπρὸν ἐκλάμπει σέλας,
 χειμῶνά τ' αὔξει συντιθεὶς πυκνὸν νέφος,
 θάλλειν τε καὶ μή, ζῆν τε καὶ φθίνειν ποιεῖ.
 οὔτω δὲ θνητῶν σπέρμα, τῶν μὲν εὐτυχεῖ
 λαμπρᾷ γαλήνῃ, τῶν δὲ συννέφει πάλιν,
 ζῶσιν τε σὺν κακοῖσιν, οἱ δ' ὄλβου μέτα
 φθίνουσ' ἐτείοις προσφερέϊς μεταλλαγαῖς.

Human life.

Life is but vanity, and nothing sure but death.

ᾧ πολὺμοχθος βιοτὰ θνητοῖς
 ὡς ἐπὶ παντὶ σφαλερὰ κείσαι,
 καὶ τὸ μὲν αὔξεις, τὸ δ' ἀποφθινύθεις·
 κοῦκ ἔστιν ὄρος κείμενος οὐδεὶς
 εἰς ὄντινα χρῆ τελέσαι θνητοῖς
 πλὴν ὅταν ἔλθῃ κρυερὰ Διόθεν
 θανάτου πεμφθεῖσα τελευτή.

It were better not to have been born.

Τὸ μὴ γενέσθαι κρείσσοι ἢ φῦναι βροτούς.

Misery inseparable from human life.

᾽Ω δυστυχῶν φὺς καὶ κακῶς πεπραγένοι·
 ἄνθρωπος ἐγένου καὶ τὸ δυστυχῆς βίου
 ἐκεῖθεν ἔλαβες, ὅθεν ἅπασιν ἤρξατο
 τρέφειν ὄδ' αἰθὴρ ἐνδιδοὺς θνητοῖς προάς·
 μὴ νῦν τὰ θνητὰ θνητὸς ὦν ἀγνωμόνει.

The pious do not always prosper.

Φεῦ, τῶν βροτείων ὡς ἀνώμαλοι τύχαι·
 οἱ μὲν γὰρ εὖ πράσσουσι, τοῖς δὲ συμφοραὶ
 σκληραὶ πάρεισι εὖσεβοῦσιν εἰς θεούς,
 καὶ πάντ' ἀκριβῶς κἀπὶ φροντίδων βίου
 οὔτω δικαίως ζῶσιν αἰσχύνῃς ἄτερ.

Human lot.

Three conditions. Rank, wealth, poverty.

Ἐγὼ τὸ μὲν δὴ πανταχοῦ θρυλούμενον
 κράτιστον εἶναί φημι, μὴ φῦναι βροτῶ·
 τρισσῶν δὲ μοιρῶν ἐν κρίσει νικᾶν μίαν,
 πλούτου τε χῶτῳ σπέρμα γενναῖον προσῆ
 πειρίας τ'· ἀριθμὸν γὰρ τοσόιδε προῦθέμην.
 ὁ μὲν ζᾶπλουτος, εἰς γένος δ' οὐκ εὐτυχής,
 ἀλγεί μὲν ἀλγεί, παγκάλως δ' ἀβρύνεται,
 ὄλβου διοίγων θάλαμον ἠδιστον χερσί.
 ἔξω δὲ βαίνων τοῦδε τὸν πάρος χρόνον
 πλουτῶν ὑπ' ἄτης ζεῦγμ' ἀν' ἀσχάλλοι πεσών.
 ὅστις δὲ γαῦρον σπέρμα γενναῖόν τ' ἔχων

βίου σπανίζει, τῷ γένει μὲν εὐτυχεῖ,
 πενία δ' ἐλάσσω ἐστίν, ἐν δ' ἀλγύνεται,
 φρενῶν δ' ὑπ' αἰδοῦς ἔργ' ἀπωθεῖται χεροῖν.
 ὁ δ' οὐδὲν οὐδεῖς, διὰ τέλους δὲ δυστυχῶν,
 τοσῶδε νικᾷ· τοῦ γὰρ εὖ τητῶμενος
 οὐκ οἶδεν, αἰεὶ δυστυχῶν κακῶς τ' ἔχων.
 οὕτως ἄμεινον μὴ πεπειρᾶσθαι καλῶν.
 ἐκεῖνο γὰρ μεμνήμεθ'. οἶος ἦν ποτὲ
 κἀγώ, μετ' ἀνδρῶν ἠνίκ' εὐτύχουν ποτέ.

Human wants.

'Man wants but little here below.'

Ἐπεὶ τί δεῖ βροτοῖσι πλὴν δυοῖν μόνου,
 Δήμητρος ἀκτῆς πάματός τ' ὑδρηχόου,
 ἅπερ πάρεστι καὶ πέφυχ' ἡμᾶς τρέφειν ;

Human wishes.

Birth, riches, eloquence, gain, good name.

Ἐρωτες ἡμῖν εἰσὶ παντοῖοι βίου.
 ὁ μὲν γὰρ εὐγένειαν ἱμείρει λαβεῖν·
 τῷ δ' οὐχὶ τούτου φροντίς, ἀλλὰ χρημάτων
 πολλῶν κεκλήσθαι βούλεται πατήρ δόμοις·
 ἄλλω δ' ἀρέσκει μηδὲν ὑγιὲς ἐκ φρενῶν
 λέγοντι πείθειν τοὺς πέλας τόλμη κακῇ·
 οἱ δ' αἰσχρὰ κέρδη πρόσθε τοῦ καλοῦ βροτῶν
 ζητοῦσιν· οὕτω βίωτος ἀνθρώπων πλάνη.
 ἐγὼ δὲ τούτων οὐδενὸς χρήζω τυχεῖν,
 δόξαν δὲ βουλοίμην ἂν εὐκλείας ἔχειν.

Human woes.

Τὰ πλείστα θνητοῖς τῶν κακῶν ἀθθαίρετα.

Λύπαι γὰρ ἀνθρώποισι τίκτουσιν νόσους.

Ὅστις δὲ λύπας φησὶ πημαίνειν βροτούς,
δεῖν δ' ἀγχοῶν τε καὶ πετρῶν ῥίπτειν ἄπο,
οὐκ ἐν σοφοῖσιν ἐστίν, εὐχέσθω δ' ὄμως
ἄπειρος εἶναι τῆς νόσου ταύτης ἀεί.

Husband and Wife.

A wife should sympathise with her husband.

Ἢδὸν δ' ἦν κακόν τι πράξει συσκυθροπάξειν πόσει
ἄλοχον ἐν κοινῷ τε λύπης ἡδουῆς τ' ἔχειν μέρος.

Σοὶ δ' ἔγωγε καὶ νοσοῦντι συνησοῦσ' ἀνέξομαι
καὶ κακῶν τῶν σῶν συνοίσω. κοῦδέν ἐστὶ μοι
πικρόν.

A wife should humour her husband.

Εὐλογεῖν δ' ὅταν τι λέξει χρῆ δοκεῖν κὰν μὴ λέγει,
κάκπουεῖν ἂν τῷ ξυνοίτι πρὸς χάριν μέλλη λέγειν.

*'When pain and anguish wring the brow
A ministering angel thou.'*

Γυνὴ γὰρ ἐν κακοῖσι καὶ νόσοις πόσει
ἡδιστόν ἐστι, δώματ' ἦν οἰκῇ καλῶς,
ὄργην τε πραῦνουσα καὶ δυσθυμίας
ψυχὴν μεθιστᾶσ' ἡδὸν κἀπάται φίλων.

Δίκαι' ἔλεξε· χρὴ γὰρ εὐναίῳ πόσει
 γυναῖκα κοινῇ τὰς τύχας φέρειν αἰεί.

Γυναικὶ δ' ὄλβος ἦν πόσιν στέργοντ' ἔχη.

Οἰκοφθόρον γὰρ ἄνδρα κωλύει γυνὴ
 ἐσθλὴ παραζευχθεῖσα καὶ σώζει δόμους.

Goodness has a more lasting charm than beauty.

Οὐδεμίαν ὦνησε κάλλος εἰς πόσιν ξυνάορον
 ἀρετὴ δ' ὦνησε πολλὰς· πᾶσα γὰρ ἀγαθὴ γυνὴ
 ἥτις ἀνδρὶ συντέτηκε, σωφρονεῖν ἐπίσταται.

Husband.

Clytemnestra welcomes her husband with exaggerated praises.

Νῦν, ταῦτα πάντα τλᾶσ', ἀπενθήτῳ φρενὶ
 λέγοιμ' ἂν ἄνδρα τόνδε τῶν σταθμῶν κύνα,
 σωτῆρα ναὸς πρότονου, ὑψηλῆς στέγης
 στῦλον ποδῆρη, μονογενὲς τέκνον πατρί,
 καὶ γῆν φανείσαν ναυτίλοις παρ' ἐλπίδα,
 κάλλιστον ἡμαρ εἰσιδεῖν ἐκ χείματος,
 ὄδοιπόρῳ διψῶντι πηγαῖον ῥέος.
 τερπνὸν δὲ ταναγκαῖον ἐκφυγεῖν ἅπαν.
 τοιοῖσδέ τοί νιν ἀξιῶ προσφθέγμασιν.
 φθόνος δ' ἀπέστω· πολλὰ γὰρ τὰ πρὶν κακὰ
 ἦνειχόμεσθα. νῦν δέ μοι, φίλον κᾶρα,
 ἔκβαιν' ἀπήνης τῆσδε, μὴ χαμαὶ τιθεῖς
 τὸν σὸν πόδ', ὦναξ, Ἰλίου πορθήτορα.
 δμωαί, τί μέλλεθ', αἷς ἐπέσταλται τέλος
 πέδον κελεύθου στορνύναι πετάσμασιν;

εὐθὺς γενέσθω πορφυρόστρωτος πόρος
 ἐς δῶμ' ἄελπτον ὡς ἂν ἡγήται Δίκη.
 τὰ δ' ἄλλα φροντὶς οὐχ ὕπνω νικωμένη
 θήσει δικαίως σὺν θεοῖς εἰμαρμένα.

Idleness.

Τίκτει γὰρ οὐδὲν ἐσθλὸν εἰκαία σχολή·
 θεὸς δὲ τοῖς ἀργοῖσιν οὐ παρίσταται.

Ignorance.

'Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise.'

Φρονῶ δ' ἂ πάσχω καὶ τόδ' οὐ σμικρὸν κακόν.
 τὸ μὴ εἰδέναι γὰρ ἡδονὴν ἔχει τινὰ
 νοσοῦντα· κέρδος ἐν κακοῖς ἀγνωσία.

Καίτοι σε καὶ νῦν τοῦτό γε ζηλοῦν ἔχω,
 ὀθούνεκ' οὐδὲν τῶνδ' ἐπαισθάνει κακῶν.
 ἐν τῷ φρονεῖν γὰρ μηδὲν ἥδιστος βίος.

Imagination.

Terrors are magnified by night.

Θάρσει γύναι· τὰ πολλὰ τῶν δεινῶν, ὄναρ
 πνεύσαντα νυκτός, ἡμέρας μαλάσσεται.

Impudence.

Οὔτοι θράσος τόδ' ἐστὶν οὐδ' εὐτολμία,
 φίλους κακῶς ὀράσαντ' ἐναντίον βλέπει,
 ἀλλ' ἢ μεγίστη τῶν ἐν ἀνθρώποις νόσων
 πασῶν ἀναίδει'. εὖ δ' ἐποίησας μολῶν.

Indolence.

Νεανίας γὰρ ὅστις ὦν Ἄρη στυγεῖ,
κόμη μόνον καὶ σάρκες, ἔργα δ' οὐδαμοῦ.
ὄρᾱς τὸν εὐτράπεζον, ὡς ἡδὺς βίος,
ὅ τ' ὄλβος ἔξωθέν τίς ἐστι πραγμάτων.
ἀλλ' οὐκ ἔνεστι στέφανος οὐδ' εὐανδρία,
εἰ μή τι καὶ τολμῶσι κινδύνου μέτα.
οἱ γὰρ πόνοι τίκτουσι τὴν εὐανδρίαν,
ἢ δ' εὐλάβεια σκότον ἔχει καθ' Ἑλλάδα,
τὸ διαβιῶναι μόνον ἀεὶ θηρωμένη.

Inquisitiveness.

Μὴ πάντ' ἐρεῦνα, πολλὰ γὰρ λαθεῖν καλόν.

Instability.

Instability of Human greatness.

Κριεῖ τίς αὐτὸν πρόποτ' ἀνθρώπων μέγαν,
ὄν ἐξαλείφει πρόφασις ἢ τυχούσ' ὄλου;

All things human change, fade, and decay.

ᾠ φίλτατ' Αἰγέως παῖ, μόνοις οὐ γίγνεται
θεοῖσι γῆρας, οὐδὲ καθανεῖν ποτε,
τὰ δ' ἄλλα συγχεῖ πάνθ' ὁ παγκρατῆς χρόνος.
φθίνει μὲν ἰσχύς γῆς, φθίνει δὲ σώματος,
θνήσκει δὲ πίστις, βλαστάνει δ' ἀπιστία,
καὶ πνεῦμα ταῦτὸν οὐποτ' οὔτ' ἐν ἀνδράσι
φίλοις βέβηκεν οὔτε πρὸς πόλιν πόλει.
τοῖς μὲν γὰρ ἤδη τοῖς δ' ἐν ὑστέρω χρόνῳ
τὰ τερπνὰ πικρὰ γίγνεται καῦθις φίλα.

Inventions.

The invention of letters and writing.

Τὰ τῆς γε λήθης φάρμακ' ὀρθώσας μόνος
 ἄφωνα καὶ φωνοῦντα, συλλαβάς τε θεῖς
 ἐξεῦρον ἀνθρώποισι γράμματ' εἰδέναι,
 ὥστ' οὐ παρόντα ποντίας ὑπὲρ πλακὸς
 τὰκεῖ κατ' οἴκους πάντ' ἐπίστασθαι καλῶς,
 παισίν τ' ἀποθνήσκοντα χρημάτων μέτρον
 γράψαντας εἰπεῖν, τὸν λαβόντα δ' εἰδέναι.
 ἂ δ' εἰς ἔριον πίπτουσιν ἀνθρώποις κακά,
 δέλτος διαιρεῖ, κοῦκ ἐᾷ ψευδῆ λέγειν.

Of weights, measures, arithmetic, astronomy.

Οὗτος δ' ἐφεῦρε τείχος Ἀργείων στρατῶ,
 σταθμῶν ἀριθμῶν καὶ μέτρων εὐρήματα.
 κἀκεῖν' ἔτευξε πρῶτος ἐξ ἑνὸς δέκα,
 κὰκ τῶν δέκ' αὔθις εὔρε πεντηκοντάδας
 εἰς χίλι' οὗτος εἰς στρατῶ φρυκτωρίαν,
 ὕπνου φυλάξεις·
 ἐφεῦρε δ' ἄστρων μέτρα καὶ περιστροφάς,
 τάξεις τε ταύτας, οὐράνιά τε σήματα,
 ναῶν τε ποιμαντῆρσιν ἐνθαλασσίῳ
 Ἄρκτου στροφάς τε καὶ Κυνὸς ψυχρὰν δύσιν.

Of games and pastimes.

Καὶ λιμὸν οὗτος τῶνδ' ἄπωσε, ξὺν θεῶ
 εἰπεῖν, χρόνου τε διατριβὰς σοφωτάτας
 ἐφεῦρε, φλοίσβου μετὰ κωπὴν καθημένους
 πεσσοῦς, κύβους τε, τερπνὸν ἀργίας ἄκος.

Jesters.*Spiteful jesting condemned.*

Ἄνδρῶν δὲ πολλοὶ τοῦ γέλωτος οὔνεκα
 ἀσκοῦσι χάριτας κερτόμους. ἐγὼ δέ πως
 μισῶ γελοίους, οἵτινες μὲν ἐπὶ σοφῶν
 ἀχάλιν' ἔχουσι στόματα· κείς ἀνδρῶν μὲν οὐ
 τελοῦσιν ἀριθμόν, ἐν γέλωτι δ' εὐπρεπεῖς.

Justice.*A good man's duty to punish the wicked.*

Ἐσθλοῦ γὰρ ἀνδρὸς τῇ δίκῃ θ' ὑπηρετεῖν
 καὶ τοὺς κακοὺς δρᾶν πανταχοῦ κακῶς ἀεί.

Kindred.

Τὸ συγγενές τοι δεινὸν ἢ θ' ὀμίλια.

Ἄξω σ' ἀπ' οἴκων καὶ πατρὸς δώσω χερί,
 τὸ συγγενές γὰρ δεινόν, ἔν τε τοῖς κακοῖς
 οὐκ ἔστιν οὐδὲν κρεῖσσον οἰκείου φίλου.

Ἄλλ' εἴτ' ἀδελφῆς εἴθ' ὀμαιμονεστέρα
 τοῦ παντὸς ἡμῖν Ζηνὸς ἐρκείου κυρεῖ,
 αὐτὴ τε χῆ σύναιμος οὐκ ἀλύξετον
 μόρου κακίστου.

Kings.*Ingratitude of tyrants.*

Τοιάδ' ἐξ ἐμοῦ
 ὁ τῶν θεῶν τύραννος ὠφελημένος

κακαῖσι ποιναῖς ταῖσδέ μ' ἀντημείψατο.
 ἔνεστι γάρ πως τοῦτο τῇ τυραννίδι
 νόσημα, τοῖς φίλοισι μὴ πεποιθέναι.

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Τυραννίδος δὲ τῆς μάτην αἰνουμένης
 τὸ μὲν πρόσωπον ἡδύ, τὰν δόμοισι δὲ
 λυπηρά· τίς γὰρ μακάριος, τίς εὐτυχής,
 ὅστις δεδοικῶς καὶ παραβλέπων βίαν
 αἰῶνα τείνει; δημότης ἂν εὐτυχῆς
 ζῆν ἂν θέλομι μᾶλλον ἢ τύραννος ὦν
 ᾧ τοὺς πονηροὺς ἡδονὴ φίλους ἔχειν,
 ἔσθλους δὲ μισεῖ κατθανεῖν φοβούμενος.

Labour.

Man must work.

Ἄργος γὰρ οὐδεὶς θεοὺς ἔχων ἀνὰ στόμα
 βίον δύναται ἂν συλλέγειν ἄνευ πόνου.

Law.

Even the gods obey law.

Ἄλλ' οἱ θεοὶ σθένουσι, χῶ κείνων κρατῶν
 νόμος· νόμῳ γὰρ τοὺς θεοὺς ἡγούμεθα.

Law the safeguard of liberty.

Οὐδὲν τυράννου δυσμενέστερον πόλει,
 ὅπου τὸ μὲν πρώτιστον οὐκ εἰσὶν νόμοι
 κοινοί, κρατεῖ δ' εἰς τὸν νόμον κεκτημένος
 αὐτὸς παρ' αὐτῷ, καὶ τόδ' οὐκέτ' ἔστ' ἴσον.
 γεγραμμένων δὲ τῶν νόμων ὅ τ' ἀσθενῆς

ὁ πλούσιός τε τὴν δίκην ἴσην ἔχει,
 ἔστιν δ' ἐνισπείν τοῖσιν ἀσθενεστέροις
 τὸν εὐτυχοῦντα ταῦθ', ὅταν κλύη κακῶς,
 νικᾷ δ' ὁ μείων τὸν μέγαν δίκαι' ἔχων.

The highest law, the unwritten ordinances.

Οὐ γὰρ σθένειν τοσοῦτον ὥοιμην τὰ σὰ
 κηρύγμαθ' ὥστ' ἄγραπτα κἀσφαλῆ θεῶν
 νόμιμα δύνασθαι θνητὸν ὄνθ' ὑπερδραμεῖν.
 οὐ γάρ τι νῦν γε κἀχθὲς ἀλλ' αἰεὶ ποτε
 ζῆ ταῦτα κοῦδεις οἶδεν ἐξ ὅτου 'φάνη.

Learning.

“Ὅστις νέος ὦν Μουσῶν ἀμελεῖ
 τὸν τε παρελθόντ' ἀπόλωλε χρόνον
 καὶ τὸν μέλλοντα τέθνηκε.

Letters.

*An uneducated man describes the forms of the letters in the
 name ΘΗΣΕΥΣ.*

- Ἐγὼ πέφυκα γραμμάτων μὲν οὐκ ἴδρις,
 μορφὰς δὲ λέξω καὶ σαφῆ τεκμήρια.
- Θ κύκλος τις ὡς τόρνοισιν ἐκμετρούμενος·
 οὗτος δ' ἔχει σημείον ἐν μέσῳ σαφές.
- Η τὸ δεύτερον δέ, πρῶτα μὲν γραμμαὶ δύο,
 ταύτας διείργει δ' ἐν μέσαις ἄλλη μία.
- Σ τρίτον δὲ βόστρυχός τις ὡς εἰλιγμένος.
 τὸ δ' αἰ τέταρτον ἦν μὲν εἰς ὀρθὸν μία,
- Ε λοξαὶ δ' ἐπ' αὐτῆς τρεῖς κατεστηριγμέναι
 εἰσὶν· τὸ πέμπτον δ' οὐκ ἐν εὐμαρεῖ φράσαι·

Υ γραμμαὶ γάρ εἰσιν ἐκ διεστώτων δύο,
 αὐται δὲ συντρέχουσιν εἰς μίαν βάσιν.
 Σ τὸ λοίσθιον δὲ τῷ τρίτῳ προσεμφερές.

Lies.

A pleasing falsehood or a painful truth.

Πότερα θέλεις σοι μαλθακὰ ψευδῆ λέγω
 ἢ σκληρὰ ἀληθῆ; φράζε, σὴ γὰρ ἡ κρίσις.

Ἄτὰρ σιωπᾶν τά γε δίκαι' οὐ χρὴ ποτε.

Lies are short-lived.

Ἄλλ' οὐδὲν ἔρπει ψεῦδος εἰς γῆρας χρόνου.

Lies are futile.

Οὐκ ἐξάγουσι καρπὸν οἱ ψευδεῖς λόγοι.

Lies excusable under certain conditions.

Καλὸν μὲν οὖν οὐκ ἔστι τὰ ψευδῆ λέγειν.
 ὅτῳ δ' ὄλεθρον δεινὸν ἀλήθει' ἄγει
 συγγνωστὸν εἰπεῖν ἔστι καὶ τὸ μὴ καλόν.

Life.

Life, sweet under any circumstances.

Κἂν δοῦλος ἢ τις ἥδεται τὸ φῶς ὀρώω.

Ζῆν ἠδὲ μᾶλλον τοῦ θανεῖν τοῖς σώφροσιν

Ἐν συντεμοῦσα πάντα νικήσω λόγον·
 τὸ φῶς τόδ' ἀνθρώποισιν ἠδίστου βλέπειν.

τὰ νέρθε δ' οὐδέν' μαίνεται δ' ὅς εὔχεται
θανεῖν. κακῶς ζῆν κρείσσον ἢ θανεῖν καλῶς.

Love of life increases with age.

Τοῦ ζῆν μὲν οὐδεὶς ὡς ὁ γηράσκων ἐράῃ.

Μάτην ἄρ' οἱ γέροντες εὔχονται θανεῖν
γῆρας ψέγοντες καὶ μακρὸν χρόνον βίου,
ἦν δ' ἐγγὺς ἔλθῃ θάνατος οὐδεὶς βούλεται
θνήσκειν, τὸ γῆρας δ' οὐκέτ' ἔστ' αὐτοῖς βαρύν.

ᾠ φιλόζωοι βροτοί,
οἱ τὴν ἐπιστείχουσαν ἡμέραν ἰδεῖν
ποθεῖτ' ἔχοντες μυρίων ἄχθος κακῶν,
οὕτως ἔρως βροτοῖσιν ἐγκεῖται βίου,
τὸ ζῆν γὰρ ἴσμεν τοῦ θανεῖν δ' ἀπειρία
πᾶς τις φοβεῖται φῶς λιπεῖν τὸδ' ἡλίον.

Life a struggle.

Παλαίσμαθ' ἡμῶν ὁ βίος, εὐτυχουσι δὲ
οἱ μὲν τάχ', οἱ δ' ἐσαῦθις, οἱ δ' ἤδη βροτῶν.
τρυφᾷ δ' ὁ δαίμων· πρόσ τε γὰρ τοῦ δυστυχοῦς,
ὡς εὐτυχίῃσι τίμιος γεραίρεται,
ὃ τ' ὄλβιός νιν πνεῦμα δειμαίνων λιπεῖν
ὑψηλὸν αἶρει. γνόντας οὖν χρεῶν τάδε
ἀδικουμένους τε μέτρια μὴ θυμῷ φέρειν,
ἀδικεῖν τε τοιαῦθ' οἷα μὴ βλάψαι πόλιν.

Life is uncertain, let us enjoy ourselves while we may.

Τοιόσδε θνητῶν τῶν ταλαιπώρων βίος·
οὐδ' εὐτυχεῖ τὸ πάμπαν οὐδὲ δυστυχεῖ,

εὐδαιμονεῖ δὲ καθύθις οὐκ εὐδαιμονεῖ.
 τί δῆτ' ἐν ὄλβῳ μὴ σαφεῖ βεβηκότες
 οὐ ζῶμεν ὡς ἥδιστα μὴ λυπούμενοι ;

Eat, drink, and be merry.

Τὰ θνητὰ πράγματ' οἶδας ἦν ἔχει φύσιν ;
 οἶμαι μὲν οὐ· πόθεν γάρ ; ἀλλ' ἄκουέ μου.
 βροτοῖς ἅπασι καθθανεῖν ὀφείλεται,
 κοῦκ ἔστι θνητῶν ὅστις ἐξεπίσταται
 τὴν αὔριον μέλλουσαν εἰ βιώσεται·
 τὸ τῆς τύχης γὰρ ἀφανὲς οἱ προβήσεται,
 κᾶστ' οὐ διδακτόν, οὐδ' ἀλίσκεται τέχνη.
 ταῦτ' οὖν ἀκούσας καὶ μαθὼν ἐμοῦ πάρα,
 εὐφραϊνε σαυτόν, πῖνε, τὸν καθ' ἡμέραν
 βίον λογίζου σόν, τὰ δ' ἄλλα τῆς τύχης.

Like.

Like will to like.

Ἄνῆρ δὲ χρηστὸς χρηστὸν οὐ μισεῖ ποτε,
 κακῶ κακός τε συντέτηκεν ἠδοναῖς·
 φιλεῖ δὲ θοῦμόφυλον ἀνθρώπους ἄγειν.

Love.

Virtuous love.

Ὅ δ' εἰς τὸ σῶφρον ἐπ' ἀρετὴν τ' ἄγων ἔρωσ
 ζηλωτὸς ἀνθρώποισιν, ὧν εἶην ἐγώ.

Love the teacher.

Μουσικὴν ὄρα
 ἔρωσ διδάσκει κὰν ἄμουσος ἦ τὸ πρίν.

Love gives courage, wit, and ingenuity.

Ἔχω δὲ τόλμης καὶ θράσους διδάσκαλον
 ἐν τοῖς ἀμηχάνοισιν εὐπορώτατον
 Ἔρωτα, πάντων δυσμαχώτατον θεῶν.

'Sine Cerere et Baccho friget Venus.'

Ἐν πλησμονῇ τοι Κύπρις, ἐν πεινῶντι δ' οὔ.

Love a mighty power.

Ἔρωτα δ' ὅστις μὴ θεὸν κρίνει μέγαν,
 καὶ τῶν ἀπάντων δαιμόνων ὑπέρτατον,
 ἢ σκαιός ἐστιν, ἢ καλῶν ἄπειρος ὦν
 οὐκ οἶδε τὸν μέγιστον ἀνθρώποις θεόν.

Not to be resisted.

Ἐρωτι μὲν νυν ὅστις ἀντανίσταται
 πύκτης ὅπως ἐς χεῖρας, οὐ καλῶς φρονεῖ.
 οὔτος γὰρ ἄρχει καὶ θεῶν ὅπως θέλει,
 κάμουγε· πῶς δ' οὐ χιᾶτέρας οἴας γ' ἐμοῦ ;

Impatient of advice or opposition.

Κύπρις γὰρ οὐδὲ νοουθετουμένη χαλαῆ,
 ἦν τ' αὖ βιάσῃ, μᾶλλον ἐντείλει φιλεῖ,
 κᾶπειτα τίκτει πόλεμον· εἰς δ' ἀνάστασιν
 δόμων περαίνει πολλάκις τὰ τοιάδε.

Prayer to love.

Σὺ δ', ὦ τύραννε θεῶν τε κἀνθρώπων, Ἔρωσ,
 ἢ μὴ δίδασκε τὰ καλὰ φαίνεσθαι καλά,

ἢ τοῖς ἐρώσιν, ὧν σὺ δημιουργὸς εἶ
μόχθουσι μόχθους εὐτυχῶς συνεκπώνει.

Love is universal.

Ἔρως γὰρ ἄνδρας οὐ μόνους ἐπέρχεται,
οὐδ' αὖ γυναικας, ἀλλὰ καὶ θεῶν ἄνω
ψυχὰς χαράσσει, καπὶ πόντον ἔρχεται.
καὶ τόνδ' ἀπείργειν οὐδ' ὁ παγκρατῆς σθένει
Ζεὺς, ἀλλ' ὑπείκει καὶ θέλων ἐγκλίνεται.

Love pervades all Creation.

ἌΦΡΟΔΙΤΗ.

Ἐρᾷ μὲν ἄγνός οὐρανὸς τρῶσαι χθόνα
ἔρως δὲ γαίαν λαμβάνει γάμου τυχεῖν.
ὄμβρος δ' ἀπ' εὐνάεντος οὐρανοῦ πεσὼν
ἔκυσε γαίαν· ἡ δὲ τίκτεται βροτοῖς
μήλων τε βοσκὰς καὶ βίου Δημήτριον,
δενδρῶτις ὥρα δ' ἐκ νοτίζοντος γάμου
τέλειός ἐστι, τῶν δ' ἐγὼ παραίτιος.

Love pervades the Universe.

Τὴν Ἀφροδίτην οὐχ ὄρᾳς ὄση θεός ;
ἦν οὐδ' ἂν εἴποις, οὐδὲ μετρήσειας ἂν
ὄση πέφυκε κάφ' ὅσον διέρχεται.
αὕτη τρέφει σε κάμῃ καὶ πάντας βροτούς.
τεκμήριον δὲ μὴ λόγῳ μόνον μαθῆς,
ἔργῳ δὲ δείξω τὸ σθένος τὸ τῆς θεοῦ.
ἐρᾷ μὲν ὄμβρου γαί', ὅταν ξηρὸν πέδον
ἄκαρπον αὐχμῶ νοτίδος ἐνδεῶς ἔχη·
ἐρᾷ δ' ὁ σεμνὸς οὐρανὸς πληρούμενος
ὄμβρου πεσεῖν ἐς γαίαν Ἀφροδίτης ὑπο·
ὅταν δὲ συμμιχθῆτον ἐς ταῦτόν δύο.

φύουσιν ἡμῖν πάντα καὶ τρέφουσ' ἅμα,
δι' ὧν βρότειον ζῆ τε καὶ θάλλει γένος.

Love is universal.

ὦ παῖδες, ἢ τοι Κύπρις οὐ Κύπρις μόριον,
ἀλλ' ἔστι πολλῶν ὀνομάτων ἐπώνυμος,
ἔστιν μὲν Ἄιδης, ἔστι δ' ἄφθιτος βία,
ἔστιν δὲ λύσσα μαινάς, ἔστι δ' ἕμερος
ἄκρατος, ἔστ' οἰμωγμός, ἐν κείνῃ τὸ πᾶν,
σπουδαῖον, ἡσυχάϊον, ἐς βίαν ἄγον.
ἐντήκεται γὰρ πνευμόνων ὅσοις ἐνι
ψυχῇ. τίς οὐχὶ τῆσδε τῆς θεοῦ βόρά ;
εἰσέρχεται μὲν ἰχθύων πλωτῶ γένει,
ἔνεστι δ' ἐν χέρσου τετρασκελεῖ γουῆ,
νωμᾶ δ' ἐν οἰωνοῖσι τοῦκείνης πτερόν,
ἐν θηρσί, ἐν βροτοῖσιν, ἐν θεοῖς ἄνω.
τίν' οὐ παλαίους' ἐς τρίς ἐκβάλλει θεῶν ;
εἴ μοι θέμις, θέμις δὲ τᾶληθῆ λέγειν,
Διὸς τυραννεί πνευμόνων· ἄνευ δορός,
ἄνευ σιδήρου πάντα τοι συντέμνεται
Κύπρις τὰ θνητῶν καὶ θεῶν βουλευμάτα.

Platonic love.

Φίλος γὰρ ἦν μοι· καί μ' ἔρωσ ἔλοι ποτὲ
οὐκ εἰς τὸ μῶρον, οὐδέ μ' εἰς Κύπριν τρέπων.
ἀλλ' ἔστι δῆ τις ἄλλος ἐν βροτοῖς ἔρωσ,
ψυχῆς δικαίας σῶφρονός τε κἀγαθῆς.
καὶ χρῆν δὲ τοῖς βροτοῖσι τόνδ' εἶναι νόμον,
τῶν εὐσεβούντων οἵτινές γε σῶφρονες
ἔραν, Κύπριν δὲ τὴν Διὸς χαίρειν ἔαν.

Love for mothers.

Οὐκ ἔστιν οὐδὲν μητρὸς ἡδίου τέκνοισ·
 ἔρᾱτε μητρὸς παῖδες, ὡς οὐκ ἔστ' ἔρωσ
 τοιοῦτος ἄλλος.

Compared to an icicle.

Νόσημ' ἔρωτος τοῦτ' ἐφίμερον κακόν·
 ἔχοιμ' ἂν αὐτὸ μὴ κακῶς ἀπεικάσαι,
 ὅταν πάγου φανέντος αἰθρίου χεροῖν
 κρύσταλλον ἀρπάσωσι παῖδες ἀσταγῆ,
 τὰ πρῶτ' ἔχουσιν ἡδονὰς ποταίνιους,
 τέλος δ' ὁ χυμὸς οὔθ' ὅπως ἀφῆ θέλει
 οὔτ' ἐν χεροῖν τὸ κτήμα σύμφορον μένειν.
 οὔτω γε τοὺς ἐρῶντας αὐτὸς ἕμερος
 δρᾶν καὶ τὸ μὴ δρᾶν πολλάκις προίεται.

'Love in idleness.'

Ἔρωσ γὰρ ἀργόν, κατὰ τοῖς ἀργοῖς ἔφυ,
 φιλεῖ κάτοπτρα καὶ κόμης ξανθίσματα,
 φεύγει δὲ μόχθους, ἐν δέ σοι τεκμήριον·
 οὐδεὶς προσαιτῶν βίοτον ἠράσθη βροτῶν,
 ἐν τοῖς δ' ἔχουσιν ἡβητῆς πέφυχ' ὄδε.

Luck.

Οὐκ ἔστι τοῖς μὴ δρῶσι σύμμαχος τύχη.

Good luck attends good management.

Ὁ πρῶτος εἰπὼν οὐκ ἀγυμνάστῳ φρενὶ
 ἔρριψεν, ὅστις τόνδ' ἐκαίνισεν λόγον,
 ὡς τοῖσιν εὖ φρονοῦσι συμμαχεῖ τύχη.

Manliness.

Courage and endurance the virtues of a man.

Νεανίας γὰρ ὅστις ὦν ἄρη στυγεῖ
 κόμη μόνον καὶ σάρκες, ἔργα δ' οὐδαμοῦ.
 ὀρᾶς τὸν εὐτράπεζον ὡς ἠδὺς βίος
 ὃ τ' ὄλβος ἔξωθέν τις ἔστι πραγμάτων.
 ἀλλ' οὐκ ἔνεστι στέφανος οὐδ' εὐανδρία,
 εἰ μή τι καὶ τολμῶσι κινδύνου μέτα.
 οἱ γὰρ πόνοι τίκτουσι τὴν εὐανδρίαν,
 ἣ δ' εὐλάβεια σκότου ἔχει καθ' Ἑλλάδα,
 τὸ διαβιῶναι μόνον ἀεὶ θηρωμένη.

Marriage.

Sometimes happy, sometimes unhappy.

Οὐ πάντες οὔτε δυστυχοῦσιν ἐν γάμοις
 οὔτ' εὐτυχοῦσι· συμφορὰ δ' ὅς ἂν τύχη
 κακῆς γυναικός, εὐτυχεῖ δ' ἐσθλῆς τυχών.

Τύχη γυναικῶν ἐς γάμους· τὰ μὲν γὰρ εὖ
 τὰ δ' οὐ καλῶς πίπτοντα δέρκομαι βροτῶν.

Do not marry for the sake of money.

Ἐλεύθερος δ' ὦν δοῦλός ἐστι τοῦ λέχους,
 πεπραμένον τὸ σῶμα τῆς φερνῆς ἔχων.

Ὅσοι γαμοῦσιν ἢ γένει κρείστους γάμους
 ἢ πολλὰ χρήματ', οὐκ ἐπίστανται γαμείν,
 τὰ τῆς γυναικός γὰρ κρατοῦντ' ἐν δώμασιν
 δουλοῖ τὸν ἄνδρα, κούκέτ' ἐστ' ἐλεύθερος.

πλοῦτος δ' ἑπακτὸς ἐκ γυναικείων γάμων
ἀνόνητος· αἱ γὰρ διαλύσεις οὐ ῥάδιαι.

Marry according to your station.

Κῆδος καθ' αὐτὸν τὸν σοφὸν κτᾶσθαι χρεών.

“Οστις δὲ πλοῦτον ἢ εὐγένειαν εἰσιδὼν
γαμεί πονηράν, μώρός ἐστι· μικρὰ μὲν
μεγάλων ἀμείνω σώφρον' ἐν δόμοις λέχη.

Early marriage recommended.

Καὶ νῦν παραινῶ πᾶσι τοῖς νεωτέροις
μὴ πρὸς τὸ γῆρας τοὺς γάμους ποιουμένοις
σχολῇ τεκνοῦσθαι παῖδας· οὐ γὰρ ἡδονή,
γυναικί τ' ἐχθρὸν χρῆμα πρεσβύτης ἀνὴρ,
ἀλλ' ὡς τάχιστα, καὶ γὰρ ἐκτροφαὶ καλάί,
καὶ συννεάζων ἡδὺ παῖς νέψ πατρί.

Let the husband be older than the wife.

Κακὸν γυναῖκα πρὸς νέαν ζεῦξαι νέον·
μακρὰ γὰρ ἰσχὺς μᾶλλον ἀρσένων μένει,
θήλεια δ' ἥβη θᾶσσον ἐκλείπει δέμας.

Argument in favour of polygamy.

Νόμοι γυναικῶν οὐ καλῶς κείνται πέρι·
χρῆν γὰρ τὸν εὐτυχοῦνθ' ὅτι πλείστας ἔχειν
γυναῖκας, εἴπερ δὴ τροφὴ δόμοις παρῆν,
ὡς τὴν κακὴν μὲν ἐξέβαλλε δωμάτων,
τὴν δ' οὔσαν ἐσθλὴν ἡδέως ἐσώζετο.
νῦν δ' εἰς μίαν βλέπουσι, κίνδυνον μέγαν

ρίπτοιτες· οὐ γὰρ τῶν τρόπων πειρώμενοι
 νύμφας ἐς οἴκους ἐρματίζονται βροτοί.

Mercy.

Sits by the throne of God.

Ἄλλ' ἔστι γὰρ καὶ Ζηνὶ σύνθακος θρόνων
 Αἰδῶς ἐπ' ἔργοις πᾶσι, καὶ πρὸς σοί, πατέρ,
 παρασταθήτω, τῶν γὰρ ἡμαρτημένων
 ἄκη μὲν ἔστι, προσφορὰ δ' οὐκ ἔστ' ἔτι.

Might.

Might often triumphs over right.

Οὐ γὰρ κατ' εὐσέβειαν αἱ θνητῶν τύχαι,
 τολμήμασιν δὲ καὶ χερῶν ὑπερβολαῖς
 ἀλίσκεται τε πάντα καὶ θηρεύεται.

Miser.

A miser would rob a church.

Ὅστις δόμους μὲν ἤδεται πληρουμένους,
 γαστρὸς δ' ἀφαιρῶν σῶμα δύστηνον κακοῦ,
 τοῦτον νομίζω καὶ θεῶν συλᾶν βρέτη
 τοῖς φιλτάτοις τε πολέμιον πεφυκέναι.

Moderation.

Βροτοῖς τὰ μείζω τῶν μέσων τίκτει νόσους·
 θεῶν δὲ θνητοῦς κόσμον οὐ πρέπει φέρειν.

Οὐ σωφρονίζων ἔμαθον, αἰδεῖσθαι δὲ χρή,
 γύναι, τὸ λίαν, καὶ φυλάσσεσθαι φθόνον.

Money.*A power for evil.*

Οὐδὲν γὰρ ἀνθρώποισιν οἶον ἄργυρος
κακὸν νόμισμ' ἔβλασσε. τοῦτο καὶ πόλεις
πορθεῖ, τόδ' ἄνδρας ἐξανίστησιν δόμων·
τόδ' ἐκδιδάσκει καὶ παραλλάσσει φρένας
χρηστὰς πρὸς αἰσχροῦ πράγμαθ' ἴστασθαι βροτῶν·
πανουργίας δ' ἔδειξεν ἀνθρώποις ἔχειν
καὶ παντὸς ἔργου δυσσέβειαν εἰδέναι.

Morning.

Μέλπει δὲ δένδρεσι λεπτὰν
ἀηδῶν ἁρμονίαν
ὀρθρευομένα γόοις
Ἰτυν Ἰτυν πολύθρηνον,
σύριγγας δ' οὐριβάται
κινουῦσιν ποίμνας ἐλάται.
ἔγρονται δ' εἰς βοτάναν
ξανθῶν πώλων συνζυγαίαι.
ἤδη δ' εἰς ἔργα κυναγοὶ
στείχουσιν θηροφόνοι,
πηγαῖς δ' ἐπ' Ὀκκεανοῦ
μελιβόας κύκνος ἀχεῖ
ἄκατοι δ' ἀνάγονται ὑπ' εἰρεσίας
ἀνέμων τ' εὐαέσιν ῥοθίοις.

Mortality.*All is vanity.*

ᾠ θνητὸν ἀνδρῶν καὶ ταλαίπωρον γένος·

ὡς οὐδέν ἐσμεν, πλὴν σκιαῖς ἑοικότες,
βάρως περισσὸν γῆς ἀναστρωφόμενοι.

Mother.

Ἔστιν δὲ μήτηρ φιλότεκνος μᾶλλον πατρός,
ἣ μὲν γὰρ αὐτῆς οἶδεν ὄνθ', ὁ δ' οἶεται.

Andromache laments the cruel death of her child.

Θέσθ' ἀμφίτορνον ἀσπίδ' Ἐκτορος πέδῳ,
λυπρὸν θέαμα κοῦ φίλον λεύσσειν ἐμοί.
ὦ μείζον' ὄγκον δορὸς ἔχοντες ἢ φρενῶν,
τί τόνδ', Ἀχαιοί, παῖδα δείσαντες φόνου
καινὸν διειργάσασθε; μὴ Τροίαν ποτὲ
πεσοῦσαν ὀρθώσειεν; οὐδὲν ἦτ' ἄρα,
ὄθ' Ἐκτορος μὲν εὐτυχοῦντος ἐς δόρυ
διωλλύμεσθα μυρίας τ' ἄλλης χερός,
πόλεως δ' ἀλούσης καὶ Φρυγῶν ἐφθαρμένων
βρέφος τοσόνδ' ἐδείσατ'. οὐκ αἰνῶ φόβον,
ὅστις φοβεῖται μὴ διεξελθὼν λόγῳ.
ὦ φίλταθ', ὡς σοι θάνατος ἦλθε δυστυχίης.
εἰ μὲν γὰρ ἔθανες πρὸ πόλεως, ἦβης τυχῶν
γάμων τε καὶ τῆς ἰσοθέου τυραννίδος,
μακάριος ἦσθ' ἄν, εἴ τι τῶνδε μακάριον.
νῦν αὖτ' ἰδὼν μὲν γνούς τε σῆ ψυχῆ, τέκνονι,
οὐκ οἶσθ', ἐχρήσω δ' οὐδὲν ἐν δόμοις ἔχων.
δύστηνε, κρατὸς ὡς σ' ἔκειρεν ἀθλίως
τείχη πατρῶα, Λοξίου πυργώματα,
ὄν πόλλ' ἐκήπευσ' ἢ τεκοῦσα βόσπρυχον
φιλήμασιν τ' ἔδωκεν, ἔνθεν ἐγγελᾶ
ὀστέων ραγέντων φόνος, ἴν' αἰσχροῦ μὴ λέγω.

Mummy.

Νεκρὸς τάριχος εἰσορᾶν Αἰγύπτιος.

Native land.

Dear is one's native land.

Τί γὰρ πατρίδας ἀνδρὶ φίλτερον χθονός ;

- ΙΟ. Ἡ πατρίς, ὡς ἔοικε, φίλτατον βροτοῖς.
 ΠΟ. οὐδ' ὀνομάσαι δύναί' ἀν ὡς ἐστὶν φίλον.

Οὐκ ἀν φίλον ποτ' ἀνδρα δυσμενῆ χθονὸς
 θείμην ἐμαντῶ, τοῦτο γιγνώσκων ὅτι
 ἦδ' ἐστὶν ἡ σώζουσα καὶ ταύτης ἐπι
 πλείοντες ὀρθῆς τοὺς φίλους ποιούμεθα.

Σὺ δ' ὦ πατρίδα χθῶν ἐμῶν γεννητόρων
 χαῖρ'· ἀνδρὶ γάρ τοι κἂν ὑπερβάλλη κακοῖς
 οὐκ ἔστι τοῦ θρέψαντος ἥδιον πέδον.

'Ubi bene ibi patria.'

Ἄπας μὲν ἀῆρ αἰετῶ περάσιμος,
 ἅπαντα δὲ χθῶν ἀνδρὶ γενναίῳ πατρίς.

Exhortation to patriotism.

Ἔμᾶς δὲ χρὴ νῦν πάντας, ὥστε συμπρεπές,
 πόλει τ' ἀρήγειν καὶ θεῶν ἐγχωρίων
 βωμοῖσι, τιμὰς μὴ ἔξαιψθηναί ποτε·
 τέκνοισ τε, γῆ τε μητρὶ, φιλτάτη τροφῶ·
 ἢ γὰρ νέους ἔρποντας εὐμενεῖ πέδῳ,

ἅπαντα πανδοκοῦσα παιδείας ὄτλον,
 ἐθρέψατ' οἰκιστῆρας ἀσπιδηφόρους
 πιστοὺς ὅπως γένοισθε πρὸς χρέος τόδε.

Natural affection.

Τὸν τῇ φύσει
 οἰκεῖον οὐδεὶς καιρὸς ἀλλότριον ποιεῖ.

Necessity.

Σὺ δ' εἶκ' ἀνάγκη, καὶ θεοῖσι μὴ μάχου.

Ὅστις δ' ἀνάγκη συγκεχώρηκεν βροτῶν,
 σοφὸς παρ' ἡμῖν καὶ τὰ θεῖ' ἐπίσταται.

Nemesis.

Οἱ προσκυνοῦντες τὴν Ἀδράστειαν σοφοί.

Nobility.

'Nobilitas sola est et unica virtus.'

Ὅ δὴ νόθος τοῖς γνησίοις ἴσον σθένει,
 ἅπαν τὸ χρηστὸν γνησίαν ἔχει φύσιν.

Noblesse oblige.

Ἄλλ' εὖ φέρειν χρὴ συμφορὰς τὸν εὐγενῆ.

True nobility is not of birth merely.

Ἐγὼ μὲν οὖν οὐκ οἶδ' ὅπως σκοπεῖν χρεῶν
 τὴν εὐγένειαν· τοὺς γὰρ ἀνδρείους φύσιν

καὶ τοὺς δικαίους τῶν κενῶν δοξασμάτων,
 κὰν ᾧσι δούλων, εὐγενεστέρους λέγω.

A possession that cannot be taken away.

Εἰ τοῖς ἐν οἴκῳ χρήμασιν λελείμμεθα
 ἢ δ' εὐγένεια καὶ τὸ γενναῖον μένει.

'Stemmata quid faciunt?'

Εἰς δ' εὐγένειαν ὀλίγ' ἔχω φράσαι καλά.
 ὁ μὲν γὰρ ἔσθλος εὐγενῆς ἔμοιγ' ἀνὴρ,
 ὁ δ' οὐ δίκαιος, κὰν ἀμείνωνος πατρὸς
 Ζηνὸς πέφυκε, δυσγενῆς εἶναι δοκεῖ.

Τὴν δ' εὐγένειαν, πρὸς θεῶν, μή μοι λέγε'
 ἐν χρήμασιν τόδ' ἔστι, μὴ γαυροῦ, πατέρ'
 κύκλῳ γὰρ ἔρπει, τῷ μὲν ἔσθ', ὁ δ' οὐκ ἔχει.
 κοινοῖσι δ' αὐτοῖς χρώμεθ'. ᾧ δ' ἂν ἐν δόμοις
 χρόνον συνοικῆ πλείστον, οὗτος εὐγενῆς.

Φεῦ φεῦ, τὸ φῦναι πατρὸς εὐγενοῦς ἀπο
 ὄσσην ἔχει φρόνησιν ἀξιώμά τε.
 κὰν γὰρ πένης ὢν τυγχάνῃ χρηστὸς γεγώς,
 τιμὴν ἔχει τιν', ἀταμετρούμενος δέ πως
 τὸ τοῦ πατρὸς γενναῖον ὠφελεῖ τρόπῳ.

Oaths.

Ὅρκος γὰρ οὐδεὶς ἀνδρὶ φιλήτη βαρύς.

Ὅρκους ἐγὼ γυναικὸς εἰς ὕδωρ γράφω.

Ὅρκου δὲ προστεθέντος ἐπιμελεστέρα
 ψυχὴ κατέστη, δισσὰ γὰρ φυλάσσεται
 φίλων τε μέμψιν, κείσ θεοὺς ἀμαρτάνειν.

Obstinacy.

Λέγων ἕοικα πολλὰ καὶ μάτην ἐρεῖν·
 τέγγει γὰρ οὐδὲν οὐδὲ μαλθάσσει κέαρ
 λιταῖς· δακῶν δὲ στόμιον ὡς νεοζυγῆς
 πῶλος βιάζει καὶ πρὸς ἡνίας μάχει.
 ἀτὰρ σφοδρύνει γ' ἀσθενεῖ σοφίσματι.
 ἀνθαδία γὰρ τῷ φρουοῦντι μὴ καλῶς
 αὐτὴ καθ' αὐτὴν οὐδενὸς μείον σθένει.

'Frangitur priusquam flectitur.'

Ὅρᾶς παρὰ ρείθροισι χεიმάρροισ ὅσα
 δένδρων ὑπέικει, κλῶνας ὡς ἐκσώζεται·
 τὰ δ' ἀντιτείνοντ' αὐτόπρεμν' ἀπόλλυται.
 οὕτως δὲ ναὸς ὅστις ἐγκρατῆ πόδα
 τείνας ὑπέικει μηδέν, ὑπτίοις κάτω
 στρέψας τὸ λοιπὸν σέλμασιν ναυτίλλεται.

Old age.

Evils of old age.

Ὡ γῆρας οἶον τοῖς ἔχουσιν εἶ κακόν.

Φεῦ φεῦ· τὸ γῆρας ὡς ἔχει πολλὰς νόσους·
 γέροντι δ' οὐχ οἶόν τε μηκύνειν χρόνον.

Φεῦ φεῦ· παλαιὸς αἶνος ὡς καλῶς ἔχει·
 γέροντές ἐσμεν οὐδὲν ἄλλο πλὴν ὄχλος

καὶ σχῆμ', ὀνείρων δ' ἔρπομεν μιμήματα.
νοῦς δ' οὐκέτ' ἐστίν, οἰόμεσθα δ' εὖ φροεῖν.

Ὅστις δὲ θνητῶν βούλεται δυσώνυμον
εἰς γῆρας ἐλθεῖν, οὐ λογίζεται καλῶς,
μακρὸς γὰρ αἰὼν μυρίους τίκτει πόνοους.

Wished for, and when gained repented of.

ὦ γῆρας, οἴαν ἐλπίδ' ἠδουῆς ἔχεις,
καὶ πᾶς τις εἰς σὲ βούλετ' ἀνθρώπων μολεῖν.
λαβὼν δὲ πείραν μεταμέλειαν λαμβάνει,
ὥς οὐδέν ἐστι χεῖρον ἐν θνητῷ γένει.

Wisdom attends upon old age.

Καίπερ γέρων ὦν· ἀλλὰ τῷ γῆρα φιλεῖ
χῶ νοῦς ὀμαρτεῖν, καὶ τὸ βουλευεῖν ἂν χρή.

Opportunity.

Πολλοὶ γεγῶτες ἄνδρες οὐκ ἔχουσ' ὅπως
δείξωσιν αὐτούς, τῶν κακῶν ἐξουσία.

Order.

Order is heaven's first law.

Τοιγὰρ τὸ λοιπὸν εἰσόμεσθα τοῖς θεοῖς
εἵκειν, μαθησόμεσθα δ' Ἀτρείδας σέβειν.
ἄρχοντές εἰσιν ὥσθ' ὑπεικτέον. τί μή;
καὶ γὰρ τὰ δεινὰ καὶ τὰ καρτερώτατα
τιμαῖς ὑπέικει· τοῦτο μὲν νιφοστιβεῖς
χειμῶνες ἐκχωροῦσιν εὐκάρπῳ θέρει·

ἐξίσταται δὲ νυκτὸς αἰανῆς κύκλος
 τῇ λευκοπόλῳ φέγγος ἡμέρα φλέγειν·
 δεινῶν τ' ἄημα πνευμάτων ἐκοίμισε
 στένοντα πόντον· ἐν δ' ὁ παγκρατῆς ὕπνος
 λυεῖ πεδῆσας, οὐδ' αἰεὶ λαβῶν ἔχει.

Parents.

Respect due to parents.

Ῥῆσις βραχεῖα, τοῖς φρονούσι σῶφρονα
 πρὸς τοὺς τεκόντας καὶ φυτεύσαντας πρέπει.

Ἐγὼ δ' ὁ μὲν μέγιστον ἄρξομαι λέγειν
 ἐκ τούδε πρῶτον· πατρὶ πείθεσθαι χρεῶν
 παῖδας νομίζειν τ' αὐτὸ τοῦτ' εἶναι δίκην.

Honour thy father and thy mother.

Δεῖ τοῖς τεκοῦσιν ἀξίαν τιμὴν νέμειν.

Ὅστις δὲ τοὺς τεκόντας ἐν βίῳ σέβει
 ὄδ' ἐστὶ καὶ ζῶν καὶ θανῶν θεοῖς φίλος.
 ὅστις δὲ τοὺς φύσαντας μὴ τιμᾶν θέλη
 μή μοι γένοιτο μήτε συνθύτης θεοῖς,
 μήτ' ἐν θαλάσῃ κοινόπλουν στέλλοι σκάφος.

Ἄλλ' ἴστ', ἐμοὶ μὲν οὗτος οὐκ ἔσται νόμος,
 τὸ μὴ οὐ σέ, μήτερ, προσφιλή νέμειν αἰεὶ
 καὶ τοῦ δικαίου καὶ τόκων τῶν σῶν χάριν.
 στέργω δὲ τὸν φύσαντα τῶν πάντων βροτῶν
 μάλισθ'· ὀρίζω τοῦτο, καὶ σὺ μὴ φθόνει·

κείνου γὰρ ἐξέβλαστον, οὐδ' ἂν εἰς ἀνὴρ
 γυναικὸς αὐδήσειεν, ἀλλὰ τοῦ πατρός.

Parents and children.

Fathers should not have flinty hearts.

Ἦν οἱ τεκόντες τοῦτο γιγνώσκωσ', ὅτι
 νέοι ποτ' ἦσαν, ἠπίως τὴν τῶν τέκνων
 οἴσουσι Κύπριν, ὄντες οὐ σκαιοὶ φύσιν.

Ὅστις πατὴρ πρὸς παῖδας ἐκβαίνει πικρῶς
 τὸ γῆρας οὗτος τερματίζεται βαρῦ.

Ὡς ἠδὺν πατέρα παισὶν ἠπιον κυρεῖν
 καὶ παῖδας εἶναι πατρὶ μὴ στυγουμένους.

Past.

Past trouble is not heeded.

Μόχθου γὰρ οὐδεὶς τοῦ παρελθόντος λόγος.

Patience.

Ἐχει μὲν ἀλγείν', οἶδα. πειρᾶσθαι δὲ χρὴ
 ὡς ῥᾶστα τὰναγκαῖα τοῦ βίου φέρειν.

Μοχθεῖν ἀνάγκη· τὰς δὲ δαιμόνων τύχας
 ὅστις φέρει κάλλιστ', ἀνὴρ οὗτος σοφός.

Patriotism.

Εἰκὸς δὲ παντὶ καὶ λόγῳ καὶ μηχανῇ
 πατρίδος ἐρώντας ἐκπονεῖν σωτηρίαν.

Reasons for sacrificing all that is dearest for one's country.

Τὰς χάριτας ὅστις εὐγενῶς χαρίζεται,
 ἦδιον ἐν βροτοῖσιν· οἱ δὲ δρῶσι μὲν,
 χρόνῳ δὲ δρῶσι, δυσγενέστερον.
 ἐγὼ δὲ δώσω τὴν ἐμὴν παῖδα κτανεῖν·
 λογίζομαι δὲ πολλά, πρῶτα μὲν πόλιν
 οὐκ ἂν τιν' ἄλλην τῆσδε βελτίω λαβεῖν,
 ἢ πρῶτα μὲν λεῶς οὐκ ἐπακτὸς ἄλλοθεν,
 αὐτόχθονες δ' ἔφνυεν· αἱ δ' ἄλλαι πόλεις,
 πεσσῶν ὁμοίως διαφοραῖς ἐκτισμέναι,
 ἄλλαι παρ' ἄλλων εἰσὶν εἰσαγώγιμοι.
 ὅστις δ' ἀπ' ἄλλης πόλεος οἰκίζει πόλιν,
 ἄρμὸς πονηρὸς ὥσπερ ἐν ξύλῳ παγείς,
 λόγῳ πολίτης ἐστί, τοῖς δ' ἔργοισιν οὔ.
 ἔπειτα τέκνα τοῦδ' ἕκατι τίκτομεν,
 ὡς θεῶν τε βωμοὺς πατρίδα τε ῥυνώμεθα.
 πόλεως δ' ἀπάσης τοῦνομ' ἐν, πολλοὶ δὲ νι
 ναίουσι· τούτους πῶς διαφθεῖραί με χρή,
 ἐξὸν προπάντων μίαν ὑπερ δοῦναι θανεῖν;
 εἴπερ γὰρ ἀριθμὸν οἶδα καὶ τοῦλάσσοнос
 τὸ μείζον, οὐμὸς οἶκος οὐ πλείον σθένει
 πταίσας ἀπάσης πόλεος οὐδ' ἴσον φέρει.
 εἰ δ' ἦν ἐν οἴκοις ἀντὶ θηλέων στάχυσ
 ἄρσην, πόλιν δὲ πολεμία κατεῖχε φλόξ,
 οὐκ ἂν νιν ἐξέπεμπον εἰς μάχην δορὸς
 θάνατον προταρβοῦσ'; ἀλλ' ἐμοί γ' εἴη τέκνα,
 ἃ καὶ μάχοιτο καὶ μετ' ἀνδράσιν πρέποι,
 μὴ σχήματ' ἄλλως ἐν πόλει πεφνκότα.
 τὰ μητέρων δὲ δάκρυ' ὅταν πέμπῃ τέκνα,
 πολλοὺς ἐθήλυν' εἰς μάχην ὀρμωμένους.

μισῶ γυναῖκας, αἴτινες πρὸ τοῦ καλοῦ
 εἶλοντο παῖδας καὶ παρήνεσαν κακά.
 καὶ μὴν θανόντες γ' ἐν μάχῃ πολλῶν μέτα
 τύμβον τε κοινὸν ἔλαχον εὐκλειάν τ' ἴσην.
 τῆμῃ δὲ παιδὶ στέφανος εἰς μιᾷ μόνῃ
 πόλεως θανούσῃ τῆσδ' ὕπερ δοθήσεται,
 καὶ τὴν τεκοῦσαν καὶ σὲ δύο θ' ὁμοσπύρω
 σώσει· τί τούτων οὐχὶ δέξασθαι καλόν;
 τὴν οὐκ ἐμὴν οὖν πλὴν φύσει δώσω κόρην
 θῦσαι πρὸ γαίας. εἰ γὰρ αἰρεθήσεται
 πόλις, τί παίδων τῶν ἐμῶν μέτεστί μοι;
 οὐκοῦν ἅπαντα γοῦν ἐμοὶ σωθήσεται·
 ἄρξουσιν ἄλλοι, τήνδ' ἐγὼ σώσω πόλιν.
 ἐκείνο δ', οὗ τὸ πλείστον ἐν κοινῷ μέρος,
 οὐκ ἔσθ' ἐκούσης τῆς ἐμῆς ψυχῆς ἄτερ
 προγόνων παλαιὰ θέσμι' ὅστις ἐκβαλεῖ.
 οὐδ' ἀντ' ἐλάας χρυσέας τε Γοργόνος
 τρίαυαν ὀρθὴν στᾶσαν ἐν πόλεως βάθροις
 Εὐμόλπος οὐδὲ Θραξ ἀναστέψει λεῶς
 στεφάνοισι, Παλλὰς δ' οὐδαμοῦ τιμήσεται.
 χρήσθ', ὦ πολῖται, τοῖς ἐμοῖς λοχεύμασιν,
 σώζεσθε, νικᾶτ'· ἀντὶ γὰρ ψυχῆς μιᾶς
 οὐκ ἔσθ' ὅπως οὐ τήνδ' ἐγὼ σώσω πόλιν.
 ὦ πατρίς, εἶθε πάντες οἱ ναίουσί σε
 οὕτω φιλοῖεν ὡς ἐγώ· καὶ ῥαδίως
 οἰκοῖμεν ἂν σε, κοῦδὲν ἂν πάσχοις κακόν.

Peace.

The blessings of Peace.

Πάντες γὰρ ἴσμεν

ὅσφ τε πολέμον κρείσσον εἰρήνη βροτοῖς·

ἢ πρῶτα μὲν μούσαισι προσφιλεστάτη,
 γόοισι δ' ἐχθρά, τέρπεται δ' εὐπαιδία,
 χαίρει τε πλούτῳ. ταῦτ' ἀφέντες οἱ κακοὶ
 πολέμους ἀναιρούμεσθα, καὶ τὸν ἴσσονα
 δουλούμεθ' ἄνδρες ἄνδρα καὶ πόλις πόλιν.

Perseverance.

Τὸ συνεχὲς ἔργου παντὸς εὐρίσκει τέλος.

Persuasion.

The temple of Persuasion in the tongue.

Οὐκ ἔστι Πειθοῦς ἱρὸν ἄλλο πλὴν λόγος,
 καὶ βωμὸς αὐτῆς ἔστ' ἐν ἀνθρώπων φύσει.

Why is the art of persuasion not more cultivated?

Τί δῆτα θνητοὶ τᾶλλα μὲν μαθήματα
 μοχθοῦμεν ὡς χρὴ πάντα καὶ μαστεύομεν,
 πειθῶ δὲ τὴν τύραννον ἀνθρώποις μόνην
 οὐδέν τι μᾶλλον ἐς τέλος σπουδάζομεν
 μισθοὺς διδόντες μαθάνειν, ἢν' ἦν ποτε
 πείθειν ἢ τις βούλοιτο, τυγχάνειν θ' ἅμα;

Philistine.

Riches without an appreciation of beauty.

Εἰ δ' εὐτυχῶν τις καὶ βίου κεκτημένος
 μηδὲν δόμοισι τῶν καλῶν πειράσεται,
 ἐγὼ μὲν αὐτὸν οὔποτ' ὄλβιον καλῶ,
 φύλακα δὲ μᾶλλον χρημάτων εὐδαίμονα.

Physician.*Physician, heal thyself.*

" Ἄλλων ἰατρὸς αὐτὸς ἔλκεσιν βρύων.

*Time the best healer.*Μέλλων τ' ἰατρός, τῇ νόσῳ διδοὺς χρόνον,
ἰάσατ' ἤδη μᾶλλον ἢ τεμῶν χροῶ.*The remedy should suit the case.*Πρὸς τὴν νόσον τοι καὶ τὸν ἰατρὸν χρεῶν
ιδόντ' ἰᾶσθαι, μὴ 'πίτακτα φάρμακα
διδόντ', ἐὰν μὴ ταῦτα τῇ νόσῳ πρέπη.**Pilot.***Steering the ship of the state.*Σὺ δ' ὥστε ναὸς κενδρὸς οἰακοστρόφος
φάρξαι πόλισμα, πρὶν καταγίσει πνοᾶς
Ἄρεως· βοᾷ γὰρ κῦμα χερσαίου στρατοῦ.Κάδμου πολίται, χρὴ λέγειν τὰ καίρια
ὅστις φυλάσσει πρᾶγος ἐν πρύμνῃ πόλεως
οἶακα νωμῶν, βλέφαρα μὴ κοιμῶν ὕπνῳ.**Pity.***'Mollissima corda**Humano generi dare se Natura fatetur,
Quae lacrimas dedit: haec nostri pars optima sensus.'*

Καὶ γὰρ πέφυκε τοῦτ' ἐν ἀνθρώπων φύσει:

ἦν καὶ δίκη θνήσκη τις, οὐχ' ἦσσον ποθεῖ
πᾶς τις δακρύνει τοὺς προσήκοντας φίλους.

Οἷμοι, τίς ἀλγείν οὐκ ἐπίσταται κακοῖς ;
τίς ἂν κλύων τῶνδ' οὐκ ἂν ἐκβάλοι δάκρυ ;

Women more compassionate than men.

Τὸ θῆλυ γάρ πως μάλλον οἰκτρὸν ἀρσένων.

Pity takes the side of the weaker.

Τοῖς ἦσσοσιν γὰρ πᾶς τις εὐνοίας φέρει.

Dejanira expresses her pity for the captives.

ΔΗΙΑΝΕΙΡΑ.

Πῶς δ' οὐκ ἐγὼ χαίροίμ' ἄν, ἀνδρὸς εὐτυχῆ
κλύουσα πρᾶξιν τήνδε, πανδίκῃ φρενί ;
πολλή 'στ' ἀνάγκη τῆδε τοῦτο συντρέχειν.
ὅμως δ' ἔνεστι τοῖσιν εὖ σκοπουμένοις
ταρβείν τὸν εὖ πράσσοντα, μὴ σφαλῆ ποτε.
ἐμοὶ γὰρ οἶκτος δεινὸς εἰσέβη, φίλαι,
ταύτας ὀρώσῃ δυσπότημους, ἐπὶ ξένης
χώρας ἀοίκους ἀπάτοράς τ' ἀλωμένας,
αἱ πρὶν μὲν ἦσαν ἐξ ἐλευθέρων ἴσως
ἀνδρῶν, τανῦν δὲ δοῦλον ἴσχουσιν βίον.
ὦ Ζεῦ Τροπαίε, μὴ ποτ' εἰσίδοιμί σε
πρὸς τοῦμόν οὕτω σπέρμα χωρήσαντά ποι,
μηδ', εἴ τι δράσεις, τῆσδέ γε ζώσης ἔτι.
οὕτως ἐγὼ δέδοικα, τάσδ' ὀρωμένη.
ὦ δυστάλαινα, τίς ποτ' εἶ νεανίδων ;
ἄναδρος, ἢ τεκνοῦσσα ; πρὸς μὲν γὰρ φύσιν,

πάντων ἄπειρος τῶνδε, γενναία δέ τις.
 Λίχα, τίνος ποτ' ἐστὶν ἢ ξένη βροτῶν;
 τίς ἢ τεκοῦσα; τίς δ' ὁ φυτύσας πατήρ;
 ἔξειπ'· ἐπεὶ νιν τῶνδε πλείστον ᾤκτισα
 βλέπουσ', ὄσπερ καὶ φρουεῖν οἶδεν μόνη.

Pleading.

To plead for one's life disconcerts a man.

Ὁ φόβος, ὅταν τις σώματος μέλλῃ πέρι
 λέγειν καταστὰς εἰς ἀγῶν' ἐναντίου,
 τό τε στόμ' εἰς ἔκπληξιν ἀνθρώπων ἄγει,
 τὸν νοῦν τ' ἀπείργει μὴ λέγειν ἢ βούλεται.

Pleasure.

Pursuit of pleasure demoralizing.

Ἀνὴρ γὰρ ὅστις εὖ βίον κεκτημένος,
 τὰ μὲν κατ' οἴκους ἀμελία παρείς ἐᾷ,
 μολπαῖσι δ' ἠσθεὶς τοῦτ' ἀεὶ θηρεύεται,
 ἀργὸς μὲν οἴκοις καὶ πόλει γενήσεται,
 φίλοισι δ' οὐδέϊς· ἢ φύσις γὰρ οἴχεται
 ὅταν γλυκείας ἡδονῆς ἤσσωσιν τις ἦ.

The poisoned robe.

Dejanira's misgivings on seeing the effect of the Centaur's gift.

Τὸ γὰρ κάταγμα τυγχάνω ρίψασά πως
 τῆς οἴος, ᾧ προὔχριον, ἐς μέσην φλόγα,
 ἀκτῖν' ἐς ἠλιώτιν ὡς δ' ἐθάλλετο,
 ρεῖ πᾶν ἄδηλον καὶ κατέψηκται χθονί,
 μορφῇ μάλιστ' εἰκαστὸν ὥστε πρίονος

ἐκβρώματ' ἂν βλέψεις ἐν τομῇ ξύλου.
 τοιούδε κείται προπετές. ἐκ δὲ γῆς, ὅθεν
 προὔκειτ', ἀναζέουσι θρομβώδεις ἀφροί,
 γλαυκῆς ὀπώρας ὥστε πίνος ποτοῦ
 χυθέντος ἐς γῆν Βακχίας ἀπ' ἀμπέλου.
 ὥστ' οὐκ ἔχω τάλαινα ποῖ γνώμης πέσω·
 ὀρῶ δέ μ' ἔργον δεινὸν ἐξειργασμένην.
 πόθεν γὰρ ἂν ποτ' ἀπὲ τοῦ θνήσκων ὁ θῆρ
 ἐμοὶ παρέσχ' εὐνοίαν, ἧς ἔθνησχ' ὑπερ ;

Poverty.

Poor men unjustly despised.

Φιλοῦσι γάρ τοι τῶν μὲν ὀλβίων βροτοὶ
 σοφούς τίθεσθαι τοὺς λόγους, ὅταν δέ τις
 λεπτῶν ἀπ' οἴκων εὖ λέγῃ πένης ἀνὴρ,
 γελᾶν. ἐγὼ δὲ πολλάκις σοφωτέρους
 πένητας ἀνδρας εἰσορῶ τῶν πλουσίων,
 καὶ θεοῖσι μικρὰ χειρὶ θύοντας τέλη
 τῶν βουθυτούντων ὄντας εὐσεβεστέρους.

Friends shun the poor man.

Πένητα φεύγει πᾶς τις ἐκποδῶν φίλος.

Pride.

Ἵβριν γὰρ οὐ στέργουσιν οὐδὲ δαίμονες.

Pride of intellect.

Ἄλλ' ἢ φρόνησις τοῦ θεοῦ μείζον σθένειν
 ζητεῖ, τὸ γαῦρον δ' ἐν φρεσὶν κεκτημένοι
 δοκοῦμεν εἶναι δαιμόνων σοφώτεροι.

Pride goeth before a fall.

‘Numerosa parabat

Excelsae turris tabulata unde altior esset

Casus, et impulsae praeceps inhumane ruinae.’

Ὅταν δ' ἴδῃς πρὸς ὕψος ἡρμένον τινά,
λαμπρῶ τε πλούτῳ καὶ γένει γαυρούμενοι,
ὄφρ' ἄν τε μείζω τῆς τύχης ἐπηρκότα,
τούτου ταχείαν νέμεσιν εὐθὺς προσδόκα'
ἐπαίρεται γὰρ μείζον ἵνα μείζον πέσει.

Πολλοὺς δ' ὁ θυμὸς ὁ μέγας ὤλεσεν βροτῶν
ἢ τ' ἀξυνεσία, δύο κακῶ τῷ χρωμένῳ.

Ὅπου δ' ὑβρίζειν ὄραν θ' ἂ βούλεται παρῆ,
ταύτην νόμιζε τὴν πόλιν χρόνῳ ποτὲ
ἐξ οὐρίων δραμοῦσαν ἐς βυθὸν πεσεῖν.

Principle.

Steady principles stronger than law.

Τρόπος ἐστὶ χρηστὸς ἀσφαλέστερος νόμου.
τὸν μὲν γὰρ οὐδεὶς ἂν διαστρέψαι ποτὲ
ρήτωρ δύναιτο, τὸν δ' ἄνω τε καὶ κάτω
λόγοις ταρασσῶν πολλάκις λυμαίνεται.

Profession.

Practise what you profess.

Ὅστις λέγει μὲν εὖ τὰ δ' ἔργ' ἐφ' οἷς λέγει
αἴσχυρ' ἐστὶν αὐτοῦ, τοῦτου οὐκ αἰνῶ ποτέ.

Proof.

Οἱ πείραν οὐ δεδωκότες
μᾶλλον δοκοῦντες ἢ πεφυκότες σοφοί.

Prophet.

The best prophet is he who guesses best.

Μάντις δ' ἄριστος ὅστις εἰκάζει καλῶς.

Providence.

*I recognise the hand of Providence when I see the wicked
brought low.*

Ἐγὼ μὲν εὖτ' ἂν τοὺς κακοὺς ὀρῶ βροτῶν
πίπτοντας, εἰναί φημι δαιμόνων γένος.

Chance rules all.

Τί δ' ἂν φοβοῖτ' ἄνθρωπος ᾧ τὰ τῆς τύχης
κρατεῖ, πρόνοια δ' ἐστὶν οὐδένοσ σαφῆς;
εἰκῆ κράτιστον ζῆν· ὅπως δύναίτο τις.

Rain.

*'Tis sweet to hear the beating of the rain
When safely housed.'*

Φεῦ φεῦ· τί τούτου χάρμα μείζον ἂν λάβοις
τοῦ γῆς ἐπιψάυσαντα καῖθ' ὑπὸ στέγῃ
πυκνῆς ἀκοῦσαι ψακάδος εὐδούση φρενί;

Rashness.

Ignorance supplies fuel for rashness.

Τὸ μὴ εἰδέναι σε μηδὲν ὦν ἀμαρτάνεις
ἔκκαυμα τόλμης ἱκανόν ἐστι καὶ θράσους.

Rash haste leads to trouble.

Τὸ δ' ὠκὸν τοῦτο καὶ τὸ λαιψηρὸν φρενῶν
εἰς συμφορὰν ἴστησι πολλὰ δὴ βροτούς.

Remedies.

Λόγος μὲν ἐσθλὸς φάρμακον φόβου βροτούς.

Similia similibus curantur.

Πικρῶ πικρὰν κλύζουσι φαρμάκῳ χολήν.

For different ailments different remedies.

Ἄλλ' ἐπ' ἄλλη φάρμακον κεῖται νόσῳ·
λυπουμένῳ μὲν μῦθος εὐμενῆς φίλων,
ἄγαν δὲ μωραίνονται νοσητήματα.

Ὅστις γὰρ ἐν κακοῖσι θυμωθεὶς βροτῶν
μείζον προσάπτει τῆς νόσου τὸ φάρμακον,
ιατρός ἐστὶν οὐκ ἐπιστήμων κακῶν.

Remorse.

Ταῦτ' ἐστὶν ἄλγιστ', ἢν παρὸν θέσθαι καλῶς
αὐτὸς τις αὐτῷ τὴν βλάβην προσθῆι φέρων.

Resignation.

*Levius fit patientia,
Quidquid corrigere est nefas.*

Ἄνδρῶν τὸδ' ἐστὶν ἐνδίκων τε καὶ σοφῶν,
κὰν τοῖσι δεινοῖς μὴ τεθυμῶσθαι θεοῖς.

Τὰ προσπεσόντα δ' ὅστις εὖ φέρει βροτῶν
ἄριστος εἶναι σωφρονεῖν τέ μοι δοκεῖ.

Ἄλγεινά, Πρόκνη, δῆλον· ἀλλ' ὅμως χρεῶν
τὰ θεία θνητοὺς ὄντας εὐπετῶς φέρειν.

Ὅστις δὲ πρὸς τὸ πίπτον εὐλόγως φέρει
τὸν δαίμον', οὗτος ἡσρόν ἐστ' ἀνόλβιος.

Θύοιμ' ἂν αὐτῷ μᾶλλον ἢ θυμούμενος
πρὸς κέντρα λακτίζοιμι θνητὸς ὢν θεῶ.

A duty, more easy to preach than to practise.

Ἐν ἐστι πάντων πρῶτον εἰδέναι τόδε,
φέρειν τὰ συμπύπτοντα μὴ παλιγκότως,
χοῦτός γ' ἀνὴρ ἄριστος, αἶ τε συμφοραὶ
ἡσσον δάκνουσιν· ἀλλὰ ταῦτα γὰρ λέγειν
ἐπιστάμεσθα, δρᾶν δ' ἀμηχάνως ἔχει.

Respite.

Even a brief forgetfulness of woe is pleasant.

Ὡς τοῖς κακῶς πράσσουσιν ἡδὺν καὶ βραχὺν
χρόνον λαθέσθαι τῶν παρεστῶτων κακῶν.

Restraint.

Noblesse oblige.

Οὐ γὰρ δίκαιον ἄνδρα γενναῖον φρένας
τέρπειν, ὅπου μὴ καὶ δίκαια τέρπεται.

Reticence.

Λύπη μὲν ἄτη περιπεσεῖν αἰσχροῦ τινί.
 εἰ δ' οὖν γένοιτο, χρὴ περιστέλλαι καλῶς
 κρύπτουτα, καὶ μὴ πᾶσι κηρύσσειν τάδε.

Some words are better left unsaid.

Πρὸ τῶν τοιούτων χρὴ λόγων δάκνειν στόμα.

Family troubles best discussed at home.

Ἄλλ' ὡς τάχιστ' ἐς οἶκον ἐσκομίζετε
 τοῖς ἐν γένει γὰρ τὰγγενῆ μάλισθ' ὄραν
 μόνοις τ' ἀκούειν εὐσεβῶς ἔχει κακά.

Σοφοὶ δὲ συγκρύπτουσιν οἰκείας βλάβας.

Retribution.

'Sin brings suffering.'

Δράσαντι γάρ τοι καὶ παθεῖν ὀφείλεται.

Εἰ δελν' ἔδρασας, δεινὰ καὶ παθεῖν σε δεῖ.

Τὴν τοι Δίκην λέγουσι παῖδ' εἶναι Διός,
 ἐγγύς τε ναίειν τῆς βροτῶν ἁμαρτίας.

God sees, and will requite.

Δοκεῖς τὰ τῶν θεῶν ξυνετὰ νικήσειν ποτέ,
 καὶ τὴν Δίκην μακρὰν ἀπωκίσθαι βροτῶν,
 ἢ δ' ἐγγύς ἐστιν· οὐχ ὀρωμένη δ' ὄρα,
 ὃν χρὴ κολάζειν τ' οἶδεν· ἄλλ' οὐκ οἶσθα σύ,
 ὅποταν ἄφνω μολοῦσα διολέσῃ κακούς.

Divine Justice slow and sure.

'Ut sit magna tamen certe lenta ira deorum est.'

Οἷτοι προσελθούσ' ἡ Δίκη σε—μὴ τρέσης—
παίσει πρὸς ἡπαρ, οὐδὲ τῶν ἄλλων βροτῶν
τὸν ἄδικον, ἀλλὰ σίγα καὶ βραδεῖ ποδὶ
στείχουτα μάρψει τοῖς κακοῖς, ὅταν τύχη.

'Ut sementem feceris ita metes.'

Βία γιν ἔλκετ', ὦ κακοί, τιμάς, βροτοί,
καὶ κτᾶσθε πλοῦτον, πάντοθεν θηρώμενοι
σύμμικτα, μὴ δίκαια καὶ δίκαι' ὁμοῦ
ἔπειτ' ἀμᾶσθε τῶνδε δύστηνον θέρος.

Impiety punished sooner or later.

Θεοὶ γὰρ εὔ μέν, ὄψὲ δ' εἰσορῶσ' ὅταν
τὰ θεῖ' ἀφείς τις ἐς τὸ μαίνεσθαι τραπήῃ.

Ζεὺς τοι κολαστῆς τῶν ὑπερκόπων ἄγαν
φρονημάτων ἔπεστιν, εὐθνος βαρὺς.
πρὸς ταῦτ' ἐκείνοι σωφροεῖν κεχρημένοι
πινύσκετ' εὐλόγοισι ρουθητήμασι,
λήξαι θεοβλαβοῦνθ' ὑπερκόπων θράσει.

Punishment surely overtakes presumptuous sin.

Τοιγὰρ κακῶς ὀράσαντες οὐκ ἐλάσσονα
πάσχουσι, τὰ δὲ μέλλουσι, κοῦδέπω κακῶν
κρηπίς ὕπεστιν, ἀλλ' ἔτ' ἐκπιδύεται.
τόσος γὰρ ἔσται πέλανος αἵματοσταγῆς
πρὸς γῆ Πλαταιῶν Δωρίδος λόγχης ὕπο·

θίνες νεκρῶν δὲ καὶ τριτοσπόρῳ γουῆ
 ἄφωνα σημανοῦσιν ὄμμασιν βροτῶν
 ὡς οὐχ ὑπέρφεν θιητὸν ὄντα χρῆ φρουεῖν.
 ὕβρις γὰρ ἐξανθοῦσ' ἐκάρπωσε στάχυν
 ἄτης, ὅθεν πάγκλαυτον ἐξαμά θέρος.

Reverses.

Reverse of fortune hardest to bear.

Κεκλημένῳ δὲ φωτὶ μακαρίῳ ποτὲ
 αἰ μεταβολαὶ λυπηρόν· ᾧ δ' αἰεὶ κακῶς
 ἔστ', οὐδὲν ἀλγεί, συγγενῶς δύστηνος ὢν.

Riches.

'Opes irritamenta malorum.'

Πολλῶν τὰ χρήματ' αἴτι' ἀνθρώποις κακῶν.

A less affliction than poverty.

ᾧ πλοῦθ'. ὅσῳ μὲν ῥῆστον εἶ βάρος φέρειν.
 πόνοι δὲ κἂν σοὶ καὶ φθοραὶ πολλαὶ βίου
 ἔνεις· ὁ γὰρ πᾶς ἀσθενὴς αἰὼν βροτοῖς.

All sorts of men pursue riches.

Ἄλλ' ἴσθι, πάντες οἳ τε μουσικῆς φίλοι
 ὅσοι τε χωρὶς ζῶσι, χρημάτων ὕπερ
 μοχθοῦσιν· ὅς δ' αἰ πλείστ' ἔχη σοφώτατος.

Μὴ πλοῦτον εἴπησ'· οὐχὶ θαυμάζω θεόν,
 ὃν χῶ κάκιστος ῥαδίως ἐκτήσατο.

Birth must bow to riches.

Ἄλλ' οὐδὲν ἠγέγνευα πρὸς τὰ χρήματα·
τὸν γὰρ κάκιστον πλοῦτος εἰς πρώτους ἄγει.

Σκαιὸν τὸ πλουτεῖν κάλλο μηδὲν εἰδέναι.

Innocence better than riches.

Κρείσσω δὲ βαιὸς ὄλβος ἀβλαβῆς βροτοῖς
ἢ δῶμα πλούτῳ δυσσεβῶς ὠγκωμένον.

Riches only a loan to men from the gods.

'Vitaque mancipio nulli datur, omnibus usu.'

Οὔτοι τὰ χρήματ' ἴδια κέκτηνται βροτοί,
τὰ τῶν θεῶν δ' ἔχοντες ἐπιμελούμεθα·
ὅταν δὲ χηρίσωσ', αὐτ' ἀφαιρῶνται πάλιν.
ὁ δ' ὄλβος οὐ βέβαιος, ἀλλ' ἐφήμερος.

Power of riches.

Τὰ χρήματ' ἀνθρώποισιν εὐρίσκει φίλους.

'Tis money makes the mare to go.

Ἄρ' οἶσθ' ὀθούνεχ' οἱ μὲν εὐγενεῖς βροτῶν
πένητες ὄντες οὐδὲν ἐμφαίνουσ' ἔτι,
οἱ δ' οὐδὲν ἦσαν πρόσθεν, ὄλβιοι δὲ νῦν,
δόξαν φέρονται τοῦ νομίσματος χάριν,
καὶ συμπλέκοντες σπέρμα καὶ γάμους τέκνων ;
δοῦναι δὲ μᾶλλον πλουσίῳ πᾶς τις κακῶ
πρόθυμός ἐστιν, ἢ πένητι κάγαθῶ,
κακὸς δ' ὁ μὴ ἔχων, οἱ δ' ἔχοντες ὄλβιοι.

*' Aurum per medios ire satellites
Et ferrumpere amat saxa.'*

Δεινὸς γὰρ ἔρπειν πλοῦτος ἔς τε τᾶβατα
καὶ πρὸς βέβηλα, χῶπόθεν πένης ἀνήρ
μηδ' ἐντυχῶν δύναται' ἂν ὦν ἐρᾷ τυχεῖν
καὶ γὰρ δυσειδὲς σῶμα καὶ δυσώνυμον,
γλώσση σοφὸν τίθησιν εὐμορφόν τ' ἰδεῖν.
μόνῳ δὲ χαίρειν καὶ νοσεῖν ἐξουσία
πάρεστιν αὐτῷ κἀπικρύψασθαι κακά.

Right.

Might goes with Right.

Εἰς τοὶ δίκαιος μυρίων οὐκ ἐνδίκων
κρατεῖ, τὸ θεῖον τὴν δίκην τε συλλαβών.

Τοῖς γὰρ δίκαιοις ἀντέχειν οὐ ῥᾶδιον.

Might joined with right is irresistible.

Ὅπου γὰρ ἰσχυρὸς συζυγοῦσι καὶ δίκη
ποία ξυνωρὶς τῶνδε καρτερωτέρα ;

War to be undertaken only in a righteous cause.

Ὡς σὺν θεοῖσι τοὺς σοφοὺς κινεῖν δόρυ
στρατηλάτας χρῆ, τῶν θεῶν δὲ μὴ βία.

Οὐδὲὶς στρατεύσας ἄδικα σῶς ἦλθεν πάλιν.

I have no fear, for right is on my side.

Πρὸς ταῦθ' ὅ τι χρῆ καὶ παλαμάσθω,
καὶ πᾶν ἐπ' ἐμοὶ τεκταινέσθω.

τὸ γὰρ εὖ μετ' ἔμου, καὶ τὸ δίκαιον
 ζύμμαχον ἔσται,
 κού μὴ ποθ' ἄλω κακὰ πράσσω.

Ritualism.

Old traditions and observances to be respected.

ΚΑ. Οὐ καταφρονῶ γὰρ τῶν θεῶν, θνητὸς γεγώς.

ΤΕ. οὐδὲν σοφιζόμεσθα τοῖσι δαίμοσι.
 πατρίους παραδοχάς, ἅς θ' ὀμήλικας χρόνῳ
 κεκτήμεθ', οὐδεὶς αὐτὰ καταβαλεῖ λόγος,
 οὐδ' εἰ δι' ἄκρων τὸ σοφὸν εὔρηται φρενῶν.
 ἐρεῖ τις ὡς τὸ γῆρας οὐκ αἰσχύνομαι,
 μέλλων χορεύειν, κρῦτα κισσώσας ἔμόν.
 οὐ γὰρ διήρηχ' ὁ θεὸς εἴτε τὸν νέον
 ἐχρῆν χορεύειν εἴτε τὸν γεραίτερον,
 ἀλλ' ἐξ ἀπάντων βούλεται τιμὰς ἔχειν
 κοινάς, δι' ἀριθμῶν δ' οὐδὲν αὔξεσθαι θέλει.

Rogues.

ᾠ πᾶσιν ἀνθρώποισιν ἔχθιστοι βροτῶν,
 Σπάρτης ἔνοικοι, δόλια βουλευτήρια,
 ψευδῶν ἄνακτες, μηχανορράφοι κακῶν,
 ἔλικτὰ κούδεν ὑγιές, ἀλλὰ πᾶν πέριξ
 φρονοῦντες, ἀδίκως εὐτυχεῖτ' ἂν Ἑλλάδα.

Rumour.

'Fama malum quo non aliud velocius ullum.'

Ἴστω δὲ μηδεὶς ταῦθ' ἂ σιγαῖσθαι χρεῶν
 μικροῦ γὰρ ἐκ λαμπτήρος Ἰδαίου λέπας

πρήσειεν ἄν τις, καὶ πρὸς ἄνδρ' εἰπὼν ἓνα
 πύθοντ' ἄν ἄστοι πάντες ἃ κρύπτειν χρεῶν.

Sacrilege.

The doomed host of Persian invaders.

Παῦροί γε πολλῶν, εἴ τι πιστεῦσαι θεῶν
 χρῆ θεσφάτοισιν, ἐς τὰ νῦν πεπραγμένα
 βλέψαντα· συμβαίνει γὰρ οὐ τὰ μὲν, τὰ δ' οὔ.
 κείπερ τάδ' ἐστί, πλήθος ἔκκριτον στρατοῦ
 λείπει κεναῖσιν ἐλπίσιν πεπεισμένος.
 μίμνουσι δ' ἔνθα πεδίον Ἄσωπὸς ῥοαῖς
 ἄρδει, φίλον πίασμα Βοιωτῶν χθονί·
 οὔ σφιν κακῶν ὑψιστ' ἐπαμμένει παθεῖν,
 ὕβρεως ἄποινα κἀθέων φρονημάτων·
 οἳ γῆν μολόντες Ἑλλάδ' οὐ θεῶν βρέτη
 ἡδοῦντο συλᾶν οὐδὲ πιμπράναι νεῶς·
 βωμοὶ δ' αἴστοι, δαιμόνων θ' ἰδρύματα
 πρόρριζα φύρδην ἐξανέστραπται βάρων.
 τοιγὰρ κακῶς δράσαντες οὐκ ἐλάσσονα
 πάσχουσι, τὰ δὲ μέλλουσι, κούδέπω κακῶν
 κρηπὶς ὑπεστιν, ἀλλ' ἔτ' ἐκπιδύεται.
 τόσος γὰρ ἔσται πέλανος αἵματοσταγῆς
 πρὸς γῆ Πλαταιῶν Δωρίδος λόγχης ὑπο·
 θίνες νεκρῶν δὲ καὶ τριτοσπόρω γονῆ
 ἄφωνα σημανοῦσιν ὄμμασιν βροτῶν
 ὡς οὐχ ὑπέρφεν θιητὸν ὄντα χρῆ φρονεῖν.
 ὕβρις γὰρ ἐξανθοῦσ' ἐκάρπωσε στάχυν
 ἄτης, ὅθεν πάγκλαυτον ἐξαμᾶ θέρος.

Satiety.

'Parit voluptas optimi fastidium.'

Κόρος δὲ πάντων. καὶ γὰρ ἐκ καλλιόνων
λέκτροις ἐπ' αἰσχροῖς εἶδον ἐκπεπληγμένους.
δαιτὸς δὲ πληρωθείς τις ἄσμενος πάλιν
φαύλη διαίτη προσβαλὼν ἦσθη στόμα.

Seafarers.

Perils and hardships of seafaring.

Οἱ ποντοναῦται τῶν τάλαιπύρων βροτῶν.
οἷς οὔτε δαίμων οὔτε τις θεῶν νέμων
πλούτου ποτ' ἂν νείμειεν ἀξίαν χάριν,
λεπταῖς ἐπὶ ῥοπαῖσιν ἐμπολὰς μακρὰς
ἀεὶ παραρρίπτοντες οἱ πολύφθοροι
ἦ 'σωσαν, ἦ 'κέρδαναν, ἦ διώλεσαν.

Sea-fight.

A messenger describes the battle of Salamis to the mother of Xerxes.

Ἦρξεν μὲν, ᾧ δέσποινα, τοῦ παντὸς κακοῦ
φανεῖς ἀλάστωρ ἢ κακὸς δαίμων ποθέν.
ἀνὴρ γὰρ Ἑλλήν ἐξ Ἀθηναίων στρατοῦ
ἐλθὼν ἔλεξε παιδὶ σφὶ Ξέρξῃ τάδε,
ὡς, εἰ μελαίνης νυκτὸς ἴξεται κνέφας,
Ἑλληνες οὐ μενοῖεν, ἀλλὰ σέλμασι
ναῶν ἐπενθορόντες ἄλλος ἄλλοσε
δρασμῶ κρυφαίῳ βίοτον ἐκσωσοῖατο.
ὁ δ' εὐθὺς ὡς ἤκουσεν, οὐ ξυνεῖς δόλον
Ἑλληνος ἀνδρὸς οὐδὲ τὸν θεῶν φθόνον,

πᾶσιν προφωνεῖ τόνδε ναυάρχους λόγον·
 εὐτ' ἂν φλέγων ἀκτίσιν ἥλιος χθόνα
 λήξῃ, κνέφας δὲ τέμενος αἰθέρος λάβῃ,
 τάξαι νεῶν μὲν στίφος ἐν στοίχοις τρισίν,
 ἔκπλους φυλάσσειν καὶ πόρους ἀλιρρόθους,
 ἄλλας δὲ κύκλω νῆσον Αἴαντος πέριξ,
 ὡς, εἰ μόρον φευξοίαθ' Ἑλληνες κακόν,
 ναυσὶν κρυφαίως δρασμὸν εὐρόντες τινά,
 πᾶσι στέρεσθαι κρατὸς ἦν προκείμενον.
 τοσαῦτ' ἔλεξε κάρθ' ὑπ' ἐκθύμου φρενός·
 οὐ γὰρ τὸ μέλλον ἐκ θεῶν ἠπίστατο.
 οἱ δ' οὐκ ἀκόσμως, ἀλλὰ πειθάρχω φρενὶ
 δεῖπνόν τ' ἐπορσύνοντο, ναυβάτης τ' ἀνὴρ
 τροποῦτο κώπην σκαλμὸν ἀμφ' εὐήρητμον.
 ἐπεὶ δὲ φέγγος ἡλίου κατέφθιτο
 καὶ νύξ ἐπήει, πᾶς ἀνὴρ κώπης ἄναξ
 ἐς ναῦν ἐχώρει, πᾶς θ' ὄπλων ἐπιστάτης.

The battle of Salamis.

Καὶ μὴν παρ' ἡμῶν Περσίδος γλώσσης ῥόθος
 ὑπηντίαζε, κούκέτ' ἦν μέλλειν ἀκμή.
 εὐθύς δὲ ναῦς ἐν νηὶ χαλκῆρῃ στόλον
 ἔπαισεν· ἦρξε δ' ἐμβολῆς Ἑλληνικῆ
 ναῦς, κάποθραύει πάντα Φοινίσσης νεῶς
 κόρυμβ', ἐπ' ἄλλην δ' ἄλλος ἴθυνεν δόρυ.
 τὰ πρῶτα μὲν δὴ ρεῦμα Περσικοῦ στρατοῦ
 ἀντειχεν· ὡς δὲ πλήθος ἐν στενωφὶ νεῶν
 ἤθροιστ', ἀρωγὴ δ' οὔτις ἀλλήλοις παρήν,
 αὐτοὶ θ' ὑφ' αὐτῶν ἐμβολαῖς χαλκοστόμοις
 παίοντ', ἔθρανον πάντα κωπήρῃ στόλον,

Ἑλληνικαὶ τε νῆες οὐκ ἀφρασμόνως
 κύκλω πέριξ ἔθεινον, ὑπτιοῦτο δὲ
 σκάφη ρεῶν, θάλασσα δ' οὐκέτ' ἦν ἰδεῖν.
 ναυαγίων πλήθουσα καὶ φόρου βροτῶν
 ἀκταὶ δὲ νεκρῶν χοιράδες τ' ἐπλήθουν
 φυγῇ δ' ἀκόσμω πᾶσα ναῦς ἠρέσσετο,
 ὅσαιπερ ἦσαν βαρβάρου στρατεύματος·
 τοὶ δ' ὥστε θύνιους ἢ τιν' ἰχθύων βόλου
 ἀγαῖσι κωπῶν θραύσμασιν τ' ἐρειπίων
 ἔπαιον, ἐρράχιζον, οἰμωγῇ δ' ὁμοῦ
 κωκύμασιν κατεῖχε πελαγίαν ἄλα,
 ἕως κελαινῆς νυκτὸς ὄμμ' ἀφείλετο.

Second thoughts.

Αἱ δεύτεραί πως φροντίδες σοφώτεραι.

*Αναξ, βροτοῖσιν οὐδέν ἐστ' ἀπώμοτον·
 ψεύδει γὰρ ἢ 'πίνοια τὴν γνώμην.

Self-conceit.

Σιγᾶν φρονοῦντα κρεῖσσον εἰς ὁμιλίαν
 πεσόντα· τούτῳ δ' ἀνδρὶ μήτ' εἶην φίλος
 μήτε ξυνείην, ὅστις αὐτάρκη φρονεῖν
 πέποιθε, δούλους τοὺς φίλους ἠγούμενος.

Self-control.

Ἐγὼ δ' ἑμαυτὸν καὶ κλύειν ἐπίσταμαι
 ἄρχειν θ' ὁμοίως τἀρετῇ σταθμώμενος
 τὰ πάντα.

Self-education.

Τὰ μὲν διδακτὰ μανθάνω, τὰ δ' εὐρετὰ
ζητῶ, τὰ δ' εὐκτὰ παρὰ θεῶν ῥήτησάμην.

Self-help.

God helps those who help themselves.

Αὐτός τι νῦν ὀρᾶ, χούτω δαίμονας κάλει.
τῷ γὰρ ποιοῦντι χὼ θεὸς συλλαμβάνει.

Selfishness.

'Ego sum mihi proximus.'

ΤΡ. Ἄτὰρ κακός γ' ὢν ἐς φίλους ἀλίσκεται.
ΠΑ. τίς δ' οὐχὶ θνητῶν; ἄρτι γιγνώσκεις τόδε,
ὡς πᾶς τις αὐτὸν τοῦ πέλας μᾶλλον φιλεῖ;

Self-preservation the strongest of motives.

Τὸ μὲν γὰρ αὐτὸν ἐκ κακῶν πεφενγῆναι
ἤδιστον, ἐς κακὸν δὲ τοὺς φίλους ἄγειν
ἀλγεινόν. ἀλλὰ πάντα ταῦθ' ἤσσω λαβεῖν
ἐμοὶ πέφυκε τῆς ἐμῆς σωτηρίας.

Self-respect.

Αἰδῶς γὰρ ὀργῆς πλείον ὠφελεῖ βροτούς.

Self-seeking.

The greedy ambitious man intolerable.

Ὅστις γὰρ ἐπὶ τὸ πλεόν ἔχειν πέφυκ' ἀνὴρ
οὐδὲν φρονεῖ δίκαιον, οὐδὲ βούλεται,
φίλοις δ' ἄμικτός ἐστι καὶ πάσῃ πόλει.

Self-will.

Philoctetes reproved for stubbornness.

Ἴσθην πατέρα τὸν ἄμὸν εὐλογοῦντά σε
 αὐτόν τέ μ' ὦν δέ σου τυχεῖν ἐφίεμαι
 ἄκουσον. ἀνθρώποισι τὰς μὲν ἐκ θεῶν
 τύχας δοθείσας ἔστ' ἀναγκαῖον φέρειν·
 ὅσοι δ' ἐκουσίοισιν ἔγκεινται βλάβαις,
 ὥσπερ σύ, τούτοις οὔτε συγγνώμην ἔχειν
 δίκαιόν ἐστιν οὔτ' ἐποικτεῖρην τινά.
 σὺ δ' ἠγρίωσαι, κοῦτε σύμβουλον δέχει,
 εἴαν τε νουθετῇ τις εὐνοία λέγων,
 στυγεῖς, πολέμιον δυσμενῆ θ' ἠγούμενος.
 ὅμως δὲ λέξω· Ζῆνα δ' ὄρκιον καλῶ·
 καὶ ταῦτ' ἐπίστω, καὶ γράφου φρενῶν ἔσω.
 σὺ γὰρ νοσεῖς τόδ' ἄλγος ἐκ θείας τύχης,
 Χρύσης πελασθεὶς φύλακος, ὃς τὸν ἀκαλυφῆ
 σηκὸν φυλάσσει κρύφιος οἰκουρῶν ὄφισ·
 καὶ παῦλαν ἴσθι τῆσδε μὴ ποτ' ἐντυχεῖν
 νόσου βαρείας, ὡς ἂν αὐτὸς ἥλιος
 ταύτη μὲν αἶρη, τῆδε δ' αὖ δύνῃ πάλιν,
 πρὶν ἂν τὰ Τροίας πεδί' ἐκὼν αὐτὸς μόλις,
 καὶ τῶν παρ' ἡμῖν ἐντυχῶν Ἀσκληπιδῶν
 νόσου μαλαχθῆς τῆσδε, καὶ τὰ πέργαμα
 σὺν τοῖσδε τόξοις ξύν τ' ἐμοὶ πέρσας φαιῆς.

Servility.

Δούλον γὰρ ἐν δεσμοῖσι δραπετῆς ἀνὴρ
 κῶλον ποδισθεὶς πᾶν πρὸς ἡδονὴν λέγει.

Ἄεὶ δ' ἀρέσκειν τοῖς κρατοῦσι ταῦτα γὰρ
 δούλοις ἄριστα· κάφ' ὅτῳ τεταγμένος
 εἶη τις, ἀνδάνοντα δεσπόταις ποιεῖν.

Shadow.

Man's life but a shadow.

Ὅρῳ γὰρ ἡμᾶς οὐδὲν ὄντας ἄλλο πλὴν
 εἶδωλ' ὅσοιπερ ζῶμεν ἢ κούφην σκιάν.

Shame.

ὦ πότνι' Αἰδώς, εἶθε τοῖς πᾶσιν βροτοῖς
 ξυνοῦσα τ' ἀνάσχυντον ἐξήρου φρενῶν.

Two kinds of shame.

Εἰσι δ' ἡδοναὶ πολλαὶ βίου,
 μακραί τε λέσχαι καὶ σχολή, τερπνὸν κακόν,
 αἰδώς τε· δισσαὶ δ' εἰσὶν· ἡ μὲν οὐ κακή,
 ἡ δ' ἄχθος οἴκων· εἰ δ' ὁ καιρὸς ἦν σαφής,
 οὐκ ἂν δὴ ἦσθην ταῦτ' ἔχοντε γράμματα.

Ship.

Shall the captain quit his post in time of danger?

Τί οὖν; ὁ ναύτης ἄρα μὴ 's πρῶραν φυγῶν
 πρύμνηθεν εὖρε μηχανὴν σωτηρίας,
 νεὼς καμούσης ποντίῳ πρὸς κύματι;

Ship ready to start and make its escape.

Κἀνταῦθ' ὀρώμεν Ἑλλάδος νεὼς σκάφος
 ταρσῶ κατήρει πίτυλον ἐπτερωμένον,

ναύτας τε περὶτήκοιτ' ἐπὶ σκαλμῶν πλάτας
 ἔχοντας, ἐκ δεσμῶν δὲ τοὺς νεανίας
 ἐλευθέρους πρύμνηθεν ἐστῶτας νεώς.
 κουτοῖς δὲ πρῶραν εἶχον, οἱ δ' ἐπωτίδων
 ἄγκυραν ἐξανήπτου, οἱ δὲ κλίμακας
 σπεύδοντες ἦγον διὰ χερῶν πρυμνήσια
 πόντῳ δὲ δόντες τοῖν ξένουι καθίεσαν.

Αὐτὴ μὲν οὐπω ναὸς εἰσέβην σκάφος,
 γραφῆ δ' ἰδοῦσα καὶ κλύουσ' ἐπίσταμαι.
 ναύταις γὰρ ἦν μὲν μέτριος ἢ χειμῶν φέρει
 προθυμίαν ἔχουσι σωθῆναι πόνων,
 ὁ μὲν παρ' οἴαχ', ὁ δ' ἐπὶ λαίφεσιν βεβώς,
 ὁ δ' ἄντλον εἶργων ναός· ἦν δ' ὑπερβάλη
 πολὺς ταραχθεὶς πόντος, ἐνδόντες τύχη
 παρέϊσαν αὐτοὺς κυμάτων δρομήμασιν.
 οὐτῷ δὲ κἀγώ, πόλλ' ἔχουσα πῆματα,
 ἄφθογγός εἰμι καὶ παρέϊσ' ἐὼ στόμα,
 νικᾷ γὰρ οὐκ θεῶν με δύστηνος κλύδων.

Orestes carries off to sea his sister and the sacred image.

Κἂν τῷδε, δεινὸς γὰρ κλύδων ὤκειλε ναῦν
 πρὸς γῆν, φόβος δ' ἦν ὥστε μὴ τέγξαι πόδα,
 λαβὼν Ὀρέστης ὦμον εἰς ἄριστερόν,
 βὰς ἐς θάλασσαν κἀπὶ κλίμακος θορών,
 ἔθηκ' ἀδελφὴν ἐντὸς εὐσέλμου νεώς,
 τό τ' οὐρανοῦ πέσημα τῆς Διὸς κόρης
 ἄγαλμα. νηὸς δ' ἐκ μέσης ἐφθέγξατο
 βοή τις, ὧ τῆς Ἑλλάδος ναῦται νεώς,
 λάβεσθε κώπης ῥόθιά τε λευκαίνετε·

ἔχομεν γὰρ ὦνπερ οὔνεκ' Εὐξένον πόρου
 Συμπληγάδων ἔσωθεν εἰσεπλεύσαμεν.
 οἱ δὲ στεναγμὸν ἠδὺν ἐκβρυχώμενοι
 ἔπαισαν ἄλμην. ναῦς δ', ἕως μὲν ἐντὸς ἦν
 λιμένος, ἐχώρει, στόμια διαπερῶσα δὲ
 λάβρω κλύδωνι συμπεσοῦσ' ἠπείγετο.

Shoes.

Οἱ δὲ Θεστίου
 κόροι τὸ λαιὸν ἴχνος ἀνάρβυλον ποδός,
 τὸν δ' ἐν πεδίλοις, ὡς ἐλάφριζον γόνυ
 ἔχοιεν, ὅς δὴ πᾶσιν Αἰτωλοῖς νόμος.

Signalling.

News of Troy's capture conveyed to Argos by beacon fires.

Φάος δὲ τηλέπομπον οὐκ ἠναίνετο
 φρουρὰ προσαιθρίζουσα πόμπιμον φλόγα·
 λίμνην δ' ὑπὲρ Γοργῶπιν ἔσκηψεν φάος·
 ὄρος τ' ἐπ' Αἰγίπλαγκτον ἐξικνούμενον
 ὄτρυνε θεσμὸν μὴ χατίζεσθαι πυρός.
 πέμπουσι δ' ἀνδαίοντες ἀφθόνῳ μένει
 φλογὸς μέγαν πῶγωνα, καὶ Σαρωνικοῦ
 πορθμοῦ κάτοπτου πρῶν' ὑπερβάλλειν πρόσω
 φλέγουσαν· εἴτ' ἔσκηψεν, ἔς τ' ἀφίκετο
 Ἄραχναίου αἶπος, ἀστυγείτονας σκοπᾶς·
 κᾶπειτ' Ἄτρειδῶν ἐς τόδε σκήπτει στέγος
 φάος τόδ' οὐκ ἄπαππον Ἰδαίου πυρός.
 τοιοῖδε τοί μοι λαμπαδηφόρων νόμοι,
 ἄλλος παρ' ἄλλου διαδοχαῖς πληρούμετοι·

νικᾶ δ' ὁ πρῶτος καὶ τελευταῖος δραμών.
τέκμαρ τοιοῦτο ξύμβολόν τε σοὶ λέγω
ἄνδρὸς παραγγείλαντος ἐκ Τροίας ἔμοι.

Silence.

My mouth is sealed.

Ἄλλ' ἔστι κἄμοι κλῆς ἐπὶ γλώσση φύλαξ.

Silence is golden.

ᾠ παῖ, σιώπα, πόλλ' ἔχει σιγὴ καλά.

*Ἡ λέγε τι σιγῆς κρείσσον ἢ σιγὴν ἔχει.

There's a time to speak and a time to be silent.

Λέγ', εὖ γὰρ εἶπας· ἔστι δ' οὐ σιγὴ λόγου
κρείσσων γένοιτ' ἄν, ἔστι δ' οὐ σιγῆς λόγος.

Silence gives consent.

Φησὶν σιωπῶν, ἀρκέσω δ' ἐγὼ λέγων.

Sometimes bodes ill.

Οὐκ οἶδ'. ἔμοι δ' οὖν ἢ τ' ἄγαρ σιγὴ βαρὺ
δοκεῖ προσεῖναι χῆ μάτην πολλὴ βοή.

Sin.

Sin brings sorrow.

Ἄλλ' ἐστάτω μοι καὶ δέος τι καίριοι,
καὶ μὴ δοκῶμεν δρῶντες ἄν ἠδῶμεθα
οὐκ ἀντιτίσειν αὖθις ἄν λυπώμεθα.
ἔρπει παραλλάξ ταῦτα.

Slander.

Ἄραξ, διαβολαὶ δειρὸν ἀνθρώποις κακόν·
 ἀγλωσσίη δὲ πολλάκις ληφθεὶς ἀνὴρ
 οἴκιμα λέξας ἤσπον εὐγλώσσον φερεῖ.

Women prone to gossip and slander.

Φιλόψυγον δὲ χρέημα θηλειῶν ἔφν,
 σμικρὰς δ' ἀφαιρμάς ἦν λάθωσι τῶν λόγων.
 πλείους ἐπεσφέρουσιν· ἡδονὴ δέ τις
 γυναιξὶ μῦθον ἰγίης ἀλλήλας λέγειν.

Slavery.

'Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven.'

Δοκῶ μέν, οὐδείς· ἀλλ' ὄρα μὴ κρείσσοι γῆ
 καὶ δυσσεβοῦντα τῶν ἐναντίων κρατεῖν
 ἢ δοῦλον αὐτὸν ὅττα τῶν πέλας κλίειν.

A slave must think as a slave.

Οὐδὲν χρεῖ ποτ' ἄνομα δοῦλον ὄντ' ἐλευθέρας
 γνώμας διώκειν, οὐδ' ἐς ἀργίαν βλέπειν.

The worst of slavery is in the name.

Ἐν γάρ τι τοῖς δοῦλοισιν αἰσχύνη φέρει.
 τοῦτο μὲν τὰ δ' ἄλλα πάντα τῶν ἐλευθέρων
 οὐδείς κακίω δοῦλος, ὅστις ἐσθλὸς ἦ.

Slaves.

Ἀκόλαστα πάντα γίγνεται δούλων τέκνα.

Should not know too much.

Δούλου φρονοῦντος μᾶλλον ἢ φρονεῖν χρεῶν
οὐκ ἔστιν ἄχθος μεῖζον, οὐδὲ δῶμασι
κτῆσις κακίων οὐδ' ἀνωφελεστέρα.

Who love their masters are hated by their fellows.

Δούλων ὅσοι φιλοῦσι δεσποτῶν γένος,
πρὸς τῶν ὁμοίων πόλεμον αἰροῦνται μέγαν.

Not to be trusted.

Ὅστις δὲ δούλῳ φωτὶ πιστεύει βροτῶν
πολλὴν παρ' ἡμῖν μωρίαν ὀφλισκάνει.

Sympathise with their master's troubles.

Χρηστοῖσι δούλοις ξυμφορὰ τὰ δεσποτῶν
κακῶς πίτνοντα καὶ φρενῶν ἀνθάπτεται.

Society.

Society must contain both rich and poor.

Δοκεῖτ' ἂν οἰκεῖν γαῖαν, εἰ πένης ἅπας
λαὸς πολιτεύοιτο πλουσίων ἄτερ ;
οὐκ ἂν γένοιτο χωρὶς ἐσθλὰ καὶ κακά,
ἀλλ' ἔστι τις σύγκρασις, ὥστ' ἔχειν καλῶς.
ἂ μὴ γάρ ἐστι τῷ πένηθ', ὁ πλούσιος
δίδωσ'· ἂ δ' οἱ πλουτοῦντες οὐ κεκτῆμεθα,
τοῖσιν πένησιν χρώμενοι τιμώμεθα.

Made up of three classes.

Τρεῖς γὰρ πολιτῶν μερίδες· οἱ μὲν ὄλβιοι
ἀνωφελεῖς τε πλειόνων τ' ἐρῶσ' αἰε'

οἱ δ' οὐκ ἔχοντες καὶ σπανίζοντες βίου,
 δεινοί, νέμοντες τῷ φθόνῳ πλείον μέρος,
 ἐς τοὺς ἔχοντας κέντρ' ἀφιάσιν κακά,
 γλώσσαις πονηρῶν προστατῶν φηλούμενοι·
 τριῶν δὲ μοιρῶν ἢ ἕν μὲσφ σῶζει πόλεις,
 κόσμον φυλάσσουνσ' οὐτιν' ἂν τάξι πόλις.

Sovereignty.

Real and nominal.

Σκέψαι δὲ τοῦτο πρῶτον εἴ τιν' ἂν δοκεῖς
 ἄρχειν ἐλέσθαι σὺν φόβοισι μᾶλλον ἢ
 ἄτρεστον εὐδοντ', εἰ τὰ γ' αὐθ' ἔξει κράτη.
 ἐγὼ μὲν οὖν οὐτ' αὐτὸς ἰμείρων ἔφυν
 τύραννος εἶναι μᾶλλον ἢ τύραννα δρᾶν,
 οὐτ' ἄλλος ὅστις σωφρονεῖν ἐπίσταται.

'Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.'

Τί τὴν τυραννίδ', ἀδικίαν εὐδαίμονα,
 τιμᾶς ὑπέρφευ, καὶ μέγ' ἠγησαι τόδε,
 περιβλέπεσθαι τίμιον; κενὸν μὲν οὖν.
 ἢ πολλὰ μοχθεῖν πόλλ' ἔχων ἐν δώμασιν
 βούλει; τί δ' ἔστι τὸ πλέον; ὄνομ' ἔχει μόνον·
 ἐπεὶ τὰ γ' ἀρκοῦνθ' ἱκανὰ τοῖς γε σῶφροσιν.

Statue.

Andromeda chained to the rock compared to a statue.

Ἐα· τίν' ὄχθον τόνδ' ὄρω περιρρυτον
 ἀφρῶ θαλάσσης, παρθένου τ' εἰκῶ τινα

ἔξ αὐτομόρφων λαίνων τειχισμάτων
σοφῆς ἄγαλμα χειρός.

Polyxena, about to be sacrificed.

Λαβοῦσα πέπλους ἔξ ἄκρας ἐπωμίδος
ἔρρηξε λαγόνος ἐς μέσον παρ' ὀμφαλόν,
μαστούς τ' ἔδειξε στέρνα θ', ὡς ἀγάλματος,
κάλλιστα· καὶ καθείσα πρὸς γαίαν γόνυ
ἔλεξε πάντων τλημονέστατον λόγον.

Stepmother.

Cruel to her step-children.

Πέφυκε γὰρ πῶς παισὶ πολέμιος γυνή
τοῖς πρόσθεν ἢ ζυγείσα δευτέρῳ πόσει.

Ἐχθρὰ γὰρ ἢ ἴπυσα μητρυιὰ τέκνοις
τοῖς πρόσθ', ἐχίδνης οὐδὲν ἠπιωτέρα.

Storm at sea.

Ξυνώμοσαν γὰρ, ὄντες ἔχθιστοι τὸ πρὶν,
πῦρ καὶ θάλασσα, καὶ τὰ πίστ' ἔδειξάτην,
φθείρουτε τὸν δύστηνον Ἀργείων στρατόν.
ἐν νυκτὶ δυσκύμαντα δ' ὠρώρει κακά·
ναῦς γὰρ πρὸς ἀλλήλαισι Θρήκιαι πνοαὶ
ἤρεικον· αἱ δὲ κεροτυπούμεναι βία
χειμῶνι τυφῶ ξὺν ζάλη τ' ὀμβροκτύπῳ,
ᾗχοντ' ἄφαντοι, ποιμένος κακοῦ στρόβῳ.

Strength.*A wise head better than a strong arm.*

Τὸ δ' ἀσθενές μου καὶ τὸ θῆλυ σώματος
κακῶς ἐμέμφθης· καὶ γάρ, εἰ φρονεῖν ἔχω,
κρείσσον τὸδ' ἐστὶ καρτεροῦ βραχίονος.

Γνώμη γὰρ ἀνδρὸς εὖ μὲν οἰκοῦνται πόλεις,
εὖ δ' οἶκος, εἷς τ' αὖ πόλεμον ἰσχύει μέγα·
σοφὸν γὰρ ἐν βούλευμα τὰς πολλὰς χέρας
νικᾷ· σὺν ὄχλῳ δ' ἀμαθία πλείστον κακόν.

Ἄει γὰρ ἄνδρα σκαιὸν ἰσχυρὸν φύσει
ἦσσον δέδοικα τὰσθενοῦς τε καὶ σοφοῦ.

Submission.

Τοῖς ἐν τέλει βεβῶσι πείσομαι, τὸ γὰρ
περιστὰ πράσσειν οὐκ ἔχει νοῦν οὐδένα.

Ἄλγῳ ἔπι τοῖς παροῦσιν· ὥστ' ἂν εἰ σθένος
λάβοιμι δηλώσαιμ' ἂν οἷ' αὐτοῖς φρονῶ,
νῦν δ' ἐν κακοῖς μοι πλεῖν ὑφειμένῃ δοκεῖ.

One must stoop to conquer.

Ἄλλ' ἐς τὸ κέρδος παρὰ φύσιν δουλευτέον.

Success.*Success depends on toil and daring.*

Τὰ γὰρ μέγιστα πάντ' ἐργάζεται βροτοῖς

τόλμ' ὥστε νικᾶν' οὔτε γὰρ τυραννίδες
χωρὶς πόνου γένοιντ' ἄν, οὔτ' οἶκος μέγας.

Μοχθεῖν ἀνάγκη τοὺς θέλοντας εὐτυχεῖν.

Successful crime can laugh at criticism.

Ὡς ἔμφυτος μὲν πᾶσιν ἀνθρώποις κἀκή·
ὅστις δὲ πλείστον μισθὸν εἰς χείρας λαβῶν
κακὸς γένηται, τῷδε συγγνώμη μὲν οὔ,
πλείω δὲ μισθὸν μείζονος τόλμης ἔχων
τὸν τῶν λεγόντων ῥᾶον ἂν φέροι ψόγον.

Sympathy.

Συσσωφρονεῖν γὰρ οὐχὶ συννοσεῖν ἔφυν.

Tact.

Zeal must be guided by discretion.

Καὶ ναῦς γὰρ ἐνταθεῖσα πρὸς βίαν ποδὶ
ἔβαψεν, ἔστη δ' αὖθις, ἦν χαλᾶ πόδα.
μισεῖ γὰρ ὁ θεὸς τὰς ἄγαν προθυμίας,
μισοῦσι δ' ἀστοί· δεῖ δέ μ', οὐκ ἄλλως λέγω,
σώζειν σε σοφία, μὴ βία τῶν κρεισσόνων.

Tears.

Joy and sorrow alike cause tears.

Χῶρος γὰρ οὗτός ἐστιν ἀνθρώπου φρενῶν,
ὅπου τὸ τερπνὸν καὶ τὸ πημαῖνον φύει·
δακρυρροεῖ γοῦν καὶ τὰ καὶ τὰ τυγχάνων.

Tears give relief in sorrow.

Ἄλλ' ἔστι γὰρ δὴ κὰν κακοῖσιν ἡδονὴ
θνητοῖς, ὀδυρμὸι δακρύων τ' ἐπιρροαί,

ἀλγηδόνας δὲ ταῦτα κουφίζει· φρενῶν
καὶ καρδίας ἔλυσε τοὺς ἄγαν πόνους.

A relief to the miserable.

Ὡς ἡδὺ δάκρυα τοῖς κακῶς πεπραγόσι
θρήνων τ' ὄδυρμοὶ μοῦσά θ' ἡ λύπας ἔχει.

Idle tears.

Παλαιὰ καινοῖς δακρύοις οὐ χρῆ στένειν.

Tears cannot bring back the dead.

Ἄλλ' εἰ μὲν ἦν κλαίουσιν ἰᾶσθαι κακά,
καὶ τὸν θανόντα δακρύοις ἀνιστάναί,
ὁ χρυσὸς ἦσσον κτῆμα τοῦ κλαίειν ἂν ἦν.
νῦν δ', ὦ γεραιέ, ταῦτ' ἀνηνύτως ἔχει,
τὸν μὲν τάφῳ κρυφθέντα πρὸς τὸ φῶς ἄγειν

Clytemnestra has wept till she can weep no more.

Ἔμοιγε μὲν δὴ κλαυμάτων ἐπίσσυτοι
πηγαὶ κατεσβήκασιν, οὐδ' ἐνι σταγῶν.
ἐν ὀψικοίτοις δ' ὄμμασιν βλάβας ἔχω
τὰς ἀμφί σοι κλαίουσα λαμπτηρουχίας
ἀτημελήτους αἰέν.

Temptations.

*'Video meliora proboque,
Deteriora sequor.'*

Τὰ χρεῖστ' ἐπιστάμεσθα καὶ γινώσκομεν,
οὐκ ἐκπονοῦμεν δ' οἱ μὲν ἀργίας ὕπο,

οἱ δ' ἡδονὴν προθέυτες ἀντὶ τοῦ καλοῦ
 ἄλλην τι· εἰσὶ δ' ἡδοναὶ πολλαὶ βίου,
 μακραὶ τε λέσχει καὶ σχολή, τερπνὸν κακόν,
 αἰδώς τε· δισσαὶ δ' εἰσὶν· ἡ μὲν οὐ κακή,
 ἡ δ' ἄχθος οἴκων· εἰ δ' ὁ καιρὸς ἦν σαφής.
 οὐκ ἂν δὴ ἦσθην ταῦτ' ἔχοντε γράμματα.

Γνώμην ἔχοντά μ' ἡ φύσις βιάζεται.

Αἰαί, τόδ' ἤδη θεῖον ἀνθρώποις κακόν,
 ὅταν τις εἰδῆ τὰγαθόν, χρῆται δὲ μή.

Through ill advice.

Οὐ γὰρ τι τοῖσιν ὥσὶ τερπνὰ δεῖ λέγειν
 ἀλλ' ἐξ ὅτου τις εὐκλεῆς γενήσεται.

Io's temptation.

Ἄεὶ γὰρ ὄψεις ἔννυχοι πολούμεναι
 ἐς παρθενώνας τοὺς ἐμοὺς παρηγόρου
 λείοισι μύθοις.

Thersites.

*'God takes the good, too good on earth to stay,
 And leaves the bad, too bad to take away.'*

- ΦΙ. Οὐ τοῦτον εἶπον, ἀλλὰ Θερσίτης τις ἦν.
 ὃς οὐκ ἂν εἴλετ' εἰσάπαξ εἰπεῖν, ὅπου
 μηδεὶς ἐφῆ· τοῦτον οἶσθ' εἰ ζῶν κυρεῖ;

- ΝΕ. οὐκ εἶδον αὐτόν, ἡσθόμην δ' ἔτ' ὄντα νῦν.
 ΦΙ. ἔμελλ'· ἐπεὶ οὐδέν πω κακόν γ' ἀπώλετο,
 ἀλλ' εὖ περιστέλλουσιν αὐτὰ δαίμονες,
 καὶ πως τὰ μὲν πανοῦργα καὶ παλιτριβῆ
 χαίρουσ' ἀναστρέφοντες ἐξ Ἄιδου, τὰ δὲ
 δίκαια καὶ τὰ χρήστ' ἀποστέλλουσ' αἰεί.

Πόλεμος οὐδέν' ἄνδρ' ἐκὼν
 αἰρεῖ πονηρόν, ἀλλὰ τοὺς χρηστοὺς αἰεί.

Thirst.

Διψῶντι γάρ τοι πάντα προσφέρων σοφὰ
 οὐκ ἂν πλέον τέρψειας ἢ πιεῖν διδούς.

Τὸ πρὸς βίαν πιεῖν
 ἴσον κακὸν πέφυκε τῷ διψᾶν βία.

Ἦδιστον δοκεῖ
 ὄδοιπόρῳ διψῶντι πηγαίου ρέος.

Thrift.

Gain honestly, save wisely.

Κέκτησο δ' ὀρθῶς ἂν ἔχῃς ἄνευ ψόγου,
 καὶ μικρὰ σώζον τῇ δίκῃ ξυνῶν αἰεί·
 μηδ' ὡς κακὸς ναύκληρος εὖ πράξας ποτὲ
 ζητῶν τὰ πλείον' εἶτα πάντ' ἀπωλέσῃς.

Throne.

Sin boldly when the prize of sinning is a throne.

Εἶπερ γὰρ ἀδικεῖν χρῆ, τυραννίδος πέρι
κάλλιστον ἀδικεῖν, τᾶλλα δ' εὐσεβεῖν χρεών.

Time.

Time the revealer.

Time brings the truth to light.

Χρόνος διέρπων πάντ' ἀληθεύειν φιλεῖ.

Πρὸς ταῦτα κρύπτε μηδέιν, ὡς ὁ πάνθ' ὄρων
καὶ πάντ' ἀκούων, πάντ' ἀναπτύσσει χρόνος.

Οὐκ ἔστι πρᾶττουτάς τι μοχθηρὸν λαθεῖν,
ὁξὺ βλέπει γὰρ ὁ χρόνος ὅς τὰ πάνθ' ὄρᾷ.

Time the healer.

Χρόνος μαλάξει, νῦν δ' ἔτ' ἠβάσκει κακόν.

Ἄλλ' ὁ νόμος αὐτὰ τῷ χρόνῳ συνισχυραεῖ.

Time the test of character.

Χρόνος δίκαιον ἄνδρα δείκνυσιν ἴσους,
κακὸν δὲ κἂν ἐν ἡμέρᾳ γνοίης μιᾷ.

Κακοὺς δὲ θνητῶν ἐξέφην', ὅταν τύχη,
προθεῖς κάτοπτρον ὥστε παρθένῳ νέα
χρόνος· παρ' οἷσι μήποτ' ὀφθείην ἐγώ.

Time works change in all things.

Απανθ' ὁ μακρὸς κἀναρίθμητος χρόνος
 φύει τ' ἄδηλα καὶ φανέντα κρύπτεται·
 κούκ ἔστ' ἄελπτον οὐδέεν, ἀλλ' ἀλίσκεται
 χῶ δεινὸς ὄρκος χαὶ περισκελεῖς φρένες.
 κἀγὼ γάρ, ὅς τὰ δειν' ἐκαρτέρουν τότε,
 βαφῆ σίδηρος ὡς ἐθελύθηεν στόμα
 πρὸς τῆσδε τῆς γυναικός· οἰκτεῖρω δέ νιν
 χήραν παρ' ἐχθροῖς παῖδά τ' ὄρφανὸν λιπεῖν.

Toil.

Honour and glory are won by toil.

Νεανίαν γὰρ ἄνδρα χρῆ τολμᾶν ἀεῖ·
 οὐδεὶς γὰρ ὢν ῥάθυμος εὐκλείης ἀνὴρ,
 ἀλλ' οἱ πόνοι τίκτουσι τῆν εὐδοξίαν.

Οὐκ ἔστιν, ὅστις ἠδέως ζητῶν βιοῦν
 εὐκλειαν εἰσεκτήσατ', ἀλλὰ χρῆ πονεῖν.

Ὅ δ' ἠδὺς αἰῶν ἢ κακῆ τ' ἀνανδρία
 οὔτ' οἶκον οὔτε γαίαν ὀρθώσειεν ἄν.

Σὺν μυρίοισι τὰ καλὰ γίγνεται πόνοις.

Σοὶ δ' εἶπον, ᾧ παῖ. τὰς τύχας ἐκ τῶν πόνοι
 θηρᾶν· ὄρας γὰρ σὸν πατέρα τιμώμενον.

Πόσιος γάρ, ὡς λέγουσιν, εὐκλείας πατήρ.

Πόσις ποιοῦσα πολλὰ πόλλ' εὐδαιμονεῖ.

No good comes except by labour.

Ἐκ τῶν πόνοι τοι τὰγάθ' αὖξεται βροτοῖς,
 ὁ δ' ἡδὺς αἰὼν ἢ κακὴ τ' ἀτολμία
 οὔτ' οἶκον οὔτε βίον οὐδὲν ὠφελεῖ.

To-morrow.

Nobody knows what a day may bring forth.

Τοιαῦτα τὰνθάδ' ἐστίν· ὥστ' εἴ τις δύο
 ἢ καὶ τι πλείους ἡμέρας λογίζεται,
 μάταιός ἐστιν· οὐ γάρ ἐσθ' ἢ γ' αὔριον
 πρὶν εὖ πάθη τις τὴν παροῦσαν ἡμέραν.

Training.

Virtue the result of early training and education.

Τὸ γὰρ τραφήναι μὴ κακῶς αἰδῶ φέρει·
 αἰσχύνεται δὲ τὰγάθ' ἀσκήσας ἀνὴρ
 κακὸς κεκλήσθαι πᾶς τις· ἢ δ' εὐανδρία
 διδακτόν, εἴπερ καὶ βρέφος διδάσκεται
 λέγειν ἀκούειν θ' ὦν μάθησιν οὐκ ἔχει.
 ἂ δ' ἂν μάθη τις, ταῦτα σώζεσθαι φιλεῖ
 πρὸς γήρας· οὔτω παῖδας εὖ παιδεύετε.

Trifles.

A man's character is shown in little things.

Ἐπήνεσ' ἴσθι δ', ὥσπερ ἢ παροιμία,
 ἐκ κάρτα βαιῶν γνωτὸς ἂν γένοιτ' ἀνὴρ.

Truth.

Is ever strong.

Καὶ γὰρ δικάια γλῶσσ' ἔχει κράτος μέγα.

Θάρσει· λέγων τάληθες οὐ σφαλεῖ ποτε.

Τάληθες ἀεὶ πλείστον ἰσχύει λόγου.

Ἄπλοῦς ὁ μῦθος τῆς ἀληθείας ἔφν,
κοῦ ποικίλων ἕει τᾶνδ' ἰχ' ἔρμηνευμάτων.

Fact sometimes overpowered by fiction.

Τό τοι νομισθὲν τῆς ἀληθείας κρατεῖ.

Truth not always expedient.

Οὐκ αἰσχρὸν ἡγεί ὄητα τὸ ψευδῆ λέγειν;
οὐκ εἰ τὸ σωθῆναί γε τὸ ψεῦδος φέρει.

Truth stranger than fiction.

Ἄλλ' εἴπερ ἔστιν ἐν βροτοῖς ψευδῆγορεῖν
πιθανόν, νομίζειν χρή γε καὶ τοῦναντίον.
ἄπιστ' ἀληθῆ πολλὰ συμβαίνειν βροτοῖς.

Tyrants.

Ἄλλ' ἢ τυραννὶς πολλὰ τᾶλλ' εὐδαιμονεῖ
κάξεστιν αὐτῇ ὄραν λέγειν θ' ἅ βούλεται.

Ἢ γὰρ τυραννὶς πάντοθεν τοξεύεται
θεινοῖς ἔρωσιν ἧς φυλακτέον πέρι.

Δεῖ τοῖσι πολλοῖς τὸν τύραννον ἀνδάνειν.

Οὔτ' εἰκὸς ἄρχειν, οὔτ' ἐχρῆν ἐλευθέρων

τύραννον εἶναι μωρία δὲ καὶ θέλειν,
ὅς τῶν ὁμοίων βούλεται κρατεῖν μόνος.

Εἴπερ γὰρ ἀδικεῖν χρή, τυραννίδος πέρι
κάλλιστον ἀδικεῖν· τᾶλλα δ' εὐσεβεῖν χρεών.

Unemployed.

A stalwart rogue will sooner steal than work.

Ἄνῆρ γὰρ ὅστις χρημάτων μὲν ἐνδείης,
δρᾶσαι δὲ χειρὶ δυνατὸς οὐκ ἀνέξεται,
τὰ τῶν ἐχόντων χρήματ' ἀρπάξειν φιλεῖ.

The unexpected.

Ἐκ τῶν ἀέλπτων ἢ χάρις μείζων βροτοῖς
φανείσα, μᾶλλον ἢ τὸ προσδοκώμενον.

Unfairness of fortune.

Sometimes the wicked prosper, the righteous go in rags.

Δεινόν γε τοὺς μὲν δυσσεβεῖς κακῶν τ' ἄπο
βλαστόντας, εἶτα τοῖσδε μὲν πράσσειν καλῶς,
τοὺς δ' ὄντας ἐσθλοὺς ἔκ τε γενναίων ἄμα
γεγῶτας, εἶτα δυστυχεῖς πεφυκέναι.
οὐ χρήν τὰδ' οὕτω δαίμονας θνητῶν πέρι
πράσσειν· ἐχρήν γὰρ τοὺς μὲν εὐσεβεῖς βροτῶν
ἔχειν τι κέρδος ἐμφανὲς θεῶν πάρα,
τοὺς δ' ὄντας ἀδίκους τοῖσδε τὴν ἐναντίαν
δίκην κακῶν τιμωρὸν ἐμφανῆ τίνειν,
κοῦδεῖς ἂν οὕτως ηἰτύχει κακὸς γεγῶς.

Vanity.*All is vanity.*

Τὸ γὰρ βρότειον σπέρμ' ἐφήμερα φρονεῖ,
καὶ πιστὸν οὐδὲν μᾶλλον ἢ καπνοῦ σκιά.

Ἴὼ βρότεια πράγματ'· εὐτυχοῦντα μὲν
σκιά τις ἂν τρέψειεν· εἰ δὲ δυστυχοῖ,
βολαῖς ὑγρώσσω σπόγγος ὤλεσεν γραφήν.

Man is but a shadow, beware then of presumptuous sin!

ΟΔ. Ὅρῳ μὲν ἡμᾶς οὐδὲν ὄντας ἄλλο πλὴν
εἶδωλ' ὅσοιπερ ζῶμεν, ἢ κούφην σκιάν.

ΑΘ. τοιαῦτα τοίνυν εἰσορῶν ὑπέркоπον
μηδέν ποτ' εἶπης αὐτὸς ἐς θεοὺς ἔπος,
μηδ' ὄγκον ἄρη μηδέν' εἴ τινος πλεόν
ἢ χειρὶ βρίθεις, ἢ μακροῦ πλούτου βάθει.
ὡς ἡμέρα κλίνει τε κανάγει πάλιν
ἅπαντα τάνθρώπεια· τοὺς δὲ σώφρονας
θεοὶ φιλοῦσι καὶ στυγοῦσι τοὺς κακοῦς.

Virtue.

Οὐκ ἔστιν ἀρετῆς κτῆμα τιμιώτερον.

Grows with use.

Ἄρετὴ δ' ὅσῳπερ μᾶλλον ἂν χρῆσθαι θέλῃς
τόσῳδε μᾶλλον αὖξεται τελουμένη.

*The three highest virtues.**Fear God. Honour parents. Obey the laws.*

Τρεῖς εἰσὶν ἀρεταί, τὰς χρεῶν σ' ἀσκεῖν, τέκνον,

θεούς τε τιμᾶν, τοὺς τε φύσαντας γονεῖς,
νόμους τε κοινοὺς Ἑλλάδος· καὶ ταῦτα δρῶν
κάλλιστον ἔξεις στέφανον εὐκλείας ἀεὶ.

War.

Carries off the best and bravest.

Τοὺς εὐγενεῖς γὰρ ἀγαθούς, ᾧ παῖ, φιλεῖ
Ἄρης ἐναίρειν· οἱ δὲ τῇ γλώσση θρασεῖς,
φεύγοντες ἄτας ἐκτός εἰσι τῶν κακῶν,
Ἄρης γὰρ οὐδὲν τῶν κακῶν ληίζεται.

Τυφλὸς γάρ, ᾧ γυναῖκες, οὐδ' ὄρων Ἄρης
σὺς προσώπῳ πάντα τυρβάζει κακά.

War a curse at the best.

ᾠ παῖ, φιλεῖ τοι πόλεμος οὐ πάντ' εὐτυχεῖν,
ἔσθλων δὲ χαίρει πτώμασιν νεανιῶν,
κακοὺς δὲ μισεῖ· τῇ πόλει μὲν οὖν νόσος
τόδ' ἐστὶ, τοῖς δὲ κατθανούσιν εὐκλεές.

The general's duty.

Τὸ δὲ στρατηγεῖν τοῦτ' ἐγὼ κρίνω, καλῶς
γνώναι τὸν ἐχθρόν, ἢ μάλισθ' ἀλώσιμος.

Ἄρξεις ἄρ' οὕτω· χρῆ δὲ τὸν στρατηλάτην
ὁμῶς δίκαιον ὄντα ποιμαίνειν στρατόν.

Weeping.

ᾠς αἰσχρόν ἐστι καὶ καλῶν ἀπ' ὀμμάτων
καλὸν πρόσωπον καὶ δακρυροοῦν ὄραν.

Widower.

'Thy shadow still would glide from room to room.'

Ἐγὼ δ', ὄν οὐ χρῆν ζῆν, παρῆς τὸ μόρσιμον,
 λυπρὸν διάξω βίοτον· ἄρτι μανθάνω.
 πῶς γὰρ δόμων τῶνδ' εἰσόδους ἀνέξομαι;
 τίν' ἂν προσειπῶν, τοῦ δὲ προσρηθῆς ὑπο
 τερπνῆς τύχοιμ' ἂν εἰσόδου; ποῖ τρέψομαι;
 ἦ μὲν γὰρ ἔνδον ἐξελαῖ μ' ἐρημία,
 γυναικὸς εὐνάς εὐτ' ἂν εἰσίδω κενὰς
 θρόνους τ' ἐν οἴσιν ἴξε, καὶ κατὰ στέγας
 αὐχμηρὸν οὔδας, τέκνα δ' ἀμφὶ γούνασι
 πίπτοντα κλαίῃ μητέρ', οἱ δὲ δεσπότην
 στένωσιν οἶαν ἐκ δόμων ἀπώλεσαν.

Wife.

Good wives.

Χρῆ δ' ἐν δόμοισιν ἄνδρα τὸν σοφὸν τρέφειν
 γυναῖκα χρηστὴν κάγαθήν, ἢ μὴ τρέφειν.

Duty of a good wife.

Δεῖ δὴ με κακέλευστον, εἰς ὅσον σθένω,
 μόχθου 'πικουφίζουσας, ὡς ῥᾶον φέρης,
 συνεκκομίζειν σοι πόρους. ἄλλῃ δ' ἔχεις
 τάξωθεν ἔργα· τῶν δόμοις δ' ἡμᾶς χρεῶν
 ἐξευτρεπίζειν. εἰσιόντι δ' ἐργάτῃ
 θύραθεν ἠδὲ τᾶνδον εὐρίσκειν καλῶς.

Bad wives.

Πολλοὺς δὲ πλούτῳ καὶ γένει γαυρουμένους
 γυνὴ κατήσχυ' ἐν δόμοισι νηπία.

Οὕτω γυναικὸς οὐδὲν ἂν μείζον κακὸν
κακῆς ἀνὴρ κτήσταιτ' ἂν, οὐδὲ σώφρονος
κρείσσον· παθῶν δ' ἕκαστος ὦν τύχη λέγει.

Ὁ δ' αὖ λαβῶν ἀτηρὸν εἰς δόμους κακὸν
γέγηθε κόσμον προστιθεὶς ἀγάλματι
καλὸν κακίστῳ καὶ πέπλοισιν ἔκπουεῖ,
δύστηνος, ὄλβον δωμάτων ὑπεξελών.

*That wife means no good who beautifies herself when her
husband is from home.*

Νέον δ' ἀπ' οἴκων ἀνδρὸς ἐξωρμημένου,
ξανθὸν κατόπτρῳ πλόκαμον ἐξήσκεις κόμης.
γυνῆ δ' ἀπόντος ἀνδρὸς ἥτις ἐκ δόμων
εἰς κάλλος ἀσκεῖ, διάγραφ' ὡς οὔσαν κακῆν.
οὐδὲν γὰρ αὐτὴν δεῖ θύρασιν εὐπρεπὲς
φαίνειν πρόσωπον ἢν τι μὴ ζητῇ κακόν.

*Clytemnestra welcomes her husband home, and boasts of her
own fidelity.*

Καὶ νῦν τὰ μᾶσσω μὲν τί δεῖ σ' ἔμοι λέγειν ;
ἄνακτος αὐτοῦ πάντα πεύσομαι λόγον.
ὅπως δ' ἄριστα τὸν ἐμὸν αἰδοῖον πόσιν
σπεύσω πάλιν μολόντα δέξασθαι, τί γὰρ
γυναικὶ τούτου φέγγος ἦδιον δρακεῖν,
ἀπὸ στρατείας ἄνδρα σώσαντος θεοῦ
πύλας ἀνοῖξαι ; ταῦτ' ἀπάγγελιον πόσει,
ἦκειν ὅπως τάχιστ' ἐράσμιον πόλει·
γυναιῖκα πιστὴν δ' ἐν δόμοις εὔροι μολῶν
οἴανπερ οὖν ἔλειπε, δωμάτων κύνα

ἔσθλῆν ἐκείνω, πολεμίαν τοῖς δύσφροσιν,
καὶ τᾶλλ' ὁμοίαν πάντα, σημαντήριον
οὐδὲν διαφθείρασαν ἐν μήκει χρόνου.
οὐδ' οἶδα τέρψιν οὐδ' ἐπίψογον φάτιν
ἄλλου πρὸς ἀνδρὸς μᾶλλον ἢ χαλκοῦ βαφάς.

Wine.

'In vino veritas.'

Κάτοπτρον εἶδους χαλκός ἐστ' οἶνος δὲ νοῦ.

'When wine is in wit is out.'

Τί ταῦτ' ἐπαινεῖς; πᾶς γὰρ οἴνωθεις ἀνὴρ
ἦσσω μὲν ὀργῆς ἐστί, τοῦ δὲ νοῦ κενός.
φιλεῖ δὲ πολλὴν γλώσσαν ἐκχέας μάτην,
ἄκων ἀκούειν οὐς ἐκὼν εἶπεν λόγους.

The cup that cheers and comforts.

Τοῦ νῦν σκυθρωποῦ καὶ ξυνεστῶτος φρενῶν
μεθορμιεῖ σε πίτυλος ἐμπεσῶν σκύφου.

Wisdom.

True wisdom.

Ὅστις νέμει κάλλιστα τὴν αὐτοῦ φύσιν,
οὗτος σοφὸς πέφυκεν εἰς τὸ συμφέρον.

Honesty is truest wisdom.

'Be ye wise as serpents, and harmless as doves.'

Ψυχὴ γὰρ εὐνοῦς καὶ φρονοῦσα τοῦνδικον,
κρείσσω σοφιστοῦ παντός ἐστιν εὐρέτις.

Evil wisdom.

᾽Η πολλὰ πολλοῖς εἰμι διάφορος βροτῶν,
 ἐμοὶ γὰρ ὅστις ἄδικος ᾶν σοφὸς λέγειν
 πέφυκε, πλείστην ζημίαν ὀφλισκάνει.
 γλώσση γὰρ αὐχῶν τ᾽άδικ' εὖ περιστελεῖν
 τολμᾷ πανουργεῖν· ἔστι δ' οὐκ ἄγαν σοφός.

Why do not men apply their hearts to wisdom?

᾽Ω πόλλ' ἁμαρτάνοντες ἄνθρωποι μάτην,
 τί δὴ τέχνας μὲν μυρίας διδάσκετε
 καὶ πάντα μηχανᾶσθε κάξευρίσκετε
 ἐν δ' οὐκ ἐπίστασθ' οὐδ' ἐθηρήσασθέ πω
 φρονεῖν διδάσκειν οἴσιν οὐκ ἔνεστι νοῦς ;

Woman.

One man worth more than many women.

Εἷς γ' ἀνὴρ κρείσσων γυναικῶν μυρίων ὄρᾶν φάος.

Woman—all that is bad.

᾽Ω παγκακίστη καὶ γυνή· τί γὰρ λέγειν
 μείζον σε τοῦδ' ὄνειδος ἐξείποι τις ἄν ;

Nature's worst product.

Δεινὴ μὲν ἀλκὴ κυμάτων θαλασσίων,
 δειναὶ δὲ ποταμοῦ καὶ πυρὸς θερμοῦ πνοαί,
 δεινὸν δὲ πενία δεινὰ δ' ἄλλα μυρία·
 ἀλλ' οὐδὲν οὕτω δεινόν, ὡς γυνή, κακόν,
 οὐδ' ἂν γένοιτο γράμμα τοιοῦτ' ἐν γραφῇ,
 οὐδ' ἂν λόγος δείξειεν· εἰ δέ του θεῶν

τόδ' ἔστι πλάσμα, δημιουργὸς ὧν κακῶν
μέγιστος ἴστω καὶ βροτοῖσι δυσμενής.

A contradiction: both brave and cowardly.

Γυναϊκές ἔσμεν· τὰ μὲν ὄκνη νικώμεθα,
τὰ δ' οὐκ ἂν ἡμῶν θράσος ὑπερβάλοιτό τις.

Women differ widely at worst and best.

Τῆς μὲν κακῆς κάκιον οὐδὲν γίγνεται
γυναικός, ἐσθλῆς δ' οὐδὲν εἰς ὑπερβολὴν
πέφυκ' ἄμεινον, διαφέρουσι δ' αἱ φύσεις.

Some are good, some bad.

Ὅστις δὲ πάσας συντιθεὶς ψέγει λόγῳ
γυναϊκας ἐξῆς, σκαιὸς ἔστι κοῦ σοφός.
πολλῶν γὰρ οὐσῶν τὴν μὲν εὐρήσεις κακὴν.
τὴν δ', ὥσπερ αὕτη, λήμ' ἔχουσαν εὐγενές.

The bad bring disgrace on the whole sex.

Ἄλγιστόν ἔστι θῆλυ μισηθὲν γένος,
αἱ γὰρ σφαιεῖσαι ταῖσιν οὐκ ἐσφαλμέναις
αἰσχος γυναιξί, καὶ κεκοίνωνται ψόγον
ταῖς οὐ κακαῖσιν αἱ κακαί· τὰ δ' εἰς γάμους
οὐδὲν δοκοῦσιν ὑγιᾶς ἀνδράσιν φρονεῖν.

A bad woman would fain degrade others.

Ἄλλ' οὐποτ' οὐποτ', οὐ γὰρ εἰσάπαξ ἔρῳ,
ἥδ' ἀμπλακοῦσα συννοσεῖν αὐτῇ θέλει.

The bad must be punished to stamp out the plague of bad example.

Τίσασθε τήνδε· καὶ γὰρ ἐντεῦθεν νοσεῖ
τὰ τῶν γυναικῶν· οἱ μὲν ἢ παίδων πέρι
ἢ συγγενείας οὔνεκ' οὐκ ἀπώλεσαν
κακὴν λαβόντες· εἶτα δ' οὔτω τᾶδικον
πολλαῖς ὑπερρύηκε καὶ χωρεῖ πρόσω,
ὥστ' ἐξίτηλος ἀρετὴ καθίσταται.

Women should be kept in subjection.

Οὐ γάρ ποτ' ἄνδρα τὸν σοφὸν γυναικὶ χρὴ
δοῦναι χαλινούς, οὐδ' ἀφέντ' ἔαν κρατεῖν,
πιστὸν γὰρ οὐδέν' ἔστιν· εἰ δέ τις κυρεῖ
γυναικὸς ἐσθλῆς, εὐτυχεῖ κακὸν λαβών.

Not to be trusted.

Κομίζετ' εἴσω τήνδε, πιστεύειν δὲ χρὴ
γυναικὶ μηδέν', ὅστις εὐφρονεῖ βροτῶν.

Harder to guard than riches are.

Οὐκ ἔστιν οὔτε τείχος οὔτε χρήματα
οὔτ' ἄλλο δυσφύλακτον οὐδὲν ὡς γυνή.

Μοχθοῦμεν ἄλλως θῆλυ φρουροῦντες γένος
ἣτις γὰρ αὐτὴ μὴ πέφυκεν ἔνδικος,
τί δεῖ φυλάσσειν κἀξαρτάνειν πλέου ;

To be modest.

Γυναικὶ γὰρ σιγὴ τε καὶ τὸ σωφρονεῖν
κάλλιστον, εἴσω θ' ἤσυχον μένειν δόμων.

To be silent.

Γύναι, γυναιξὶ κόσμον ἢ σιγὴν φέρει.

Ἄλλως τε καὶ κόρη τε κάργεια γένος,
αἷς κόσμος ἢ σιγὴν τε καὶ τὰ παῦρ' ἔπη.

To be discreet.

Σύγγνωτε κανάσχεσθε σιγῶσαι. τὸ γὰρ
γυναιξὶν αἰσχρὸν ἐν γυναιξὶ δεῖ στέγειν.

Women stand up for each other.

Γυνὴ γυναικὶ σύμμαχος πέφυκέ πως.

Woman's wit.

Δειναὶ γὰρ αἱ γυναῖκες εὐρίσκειν τέχνας.

Craft not force a woman's weapon.

Ἦν γάρ τις αἶνος, ὡς γυναιξὶ μὲν τέχνας
μέλουσι, λόγῃ δ' ἄνδρες εὐστοχώτεροι.
εἰ γὰρ δόλοισιν ἦν τὸ νικητήριον,
ἡμεῖς ἂν ἀνδρῶν εἶχομεν τυραννίδα.

Woman's inconsistency.

Ὅρκοισι γάρ τοι καὶ γυνὴ φεύγει πικρὰν
ᾧδινα παίδων, ἀλλ' ἐπὰν λήξῃ κακοῦ
ἐν τοῖσιν αὐτοῖς δικτύοις ἀλίσκεται
πρὸς τοῦ παρόντος ἡμέρου νικωμένη.

Woman's lot, a cruel one.

Νῦν δ' οὐδέν εἰμι χωρὶς, ἀλλὰ πολλάκις

ἔβλεψα ταύτη τὴν γυναικίαν φύσιν,
 ὡς οὐδέν ἐσμεν, αἱ νέαι μὲν ἐν πατρὸς
 ἡδιστον, οἶμαι, ζῶμεν ἀνθρώπων βίον·
 τερπνῶς γὰρ αἰεὶ πάντας ἀνοία τρέφει.
 ὅταν δ' ἐς ἡβην ἐξικώμεθ' εὐφρονες,
 ὠθούμεθ' ἔξω καὶ διεμπολώμεθα
 θεῶν πατρῶων τῶν τε φυσάντων ἄπο,
 αἱ μὲν ξένους πρὸς ἄνδρας, αἱ δὲ βαρβάρους,
 αἱ δ' εἰς ἀήθη δώματ' αἱ δ' ἐπίρροθα.
 καὶ ταῦτ', ἐπειδὴν εὐφρόνη ζεύξη μία,
 χρεῶν ἐπαινεῖν καὶ δοκεῖν καλῶς ἔχειν.

Women should stay in doors.

Ἐνδον μένουσαν τὴν γυναῖκ' εἶναι χρεῶν
 ἐσθλήν, θύρασι δ' ἀξίαν τοῦ μηδενός.

The spear for men, the distaff for women.

Εἰ κερκίδων μὲν ἀνδράσιν μέλοι πόνος,
 γυναιξὶ δ' ὄπλων ἐμπέσοιεν ἡδοναί;
 ἐκ τῆς ἐπιστήμης γὰρ ἐκπεπτωκότες
 κείνοι τ' ἂν οὐδὲν εἶεν, οὐδ' ἡμεῖς ἔτι.

A ministering angel.

Γυνὴ γὰρ ἐν κακοῖσι καὶ νόσοις πόσει
 ἡδιστόν ἐστι, δώματ' ἦν οἰκῆ καλῶς,
 ὀργῆν τε πραῦνουσα καὶ δυσθυμίας
 ψυχὴν μεθιστᾶσ'.

Words.

A poor substitute for deeds.

Φθείρου· τὸ γὰρ δρᾶν οὐκ ἔχων, λόγους ἔχεις.

Words pay for words and deeds for deeds.

Λόγον δίκαιον μισθὸν ἂν λόγου φέροις,
ἔργων δ' ἐκείνος ἔργ' ἄπερ παρέσχετο.

Fair words must not excuse foul deeds.

Ὅστις λέγει μὲν εὖ, τὰ δ' ἔργ', ἐφ' οἷς λέγει,
αἴσχυρ' ἐστὶν αὐτοῦ, τοῦτον οὐκ αἰνῶ ποτέ.

Words more efficacious than deeds.

Ἐσθλοῦ πατρὸς παῖ, καυτὸς ἂν νέος ποτὲ
γλώσσαν μὲν ἀργόν, χεῖρα δ' εἶχον ἐργάτι·
νῦν δ' εἰς ἔλεγχον ἐξιὼν ὄρῳ βροτοῖς
τήν γλώσσαν, οὐχὶ τάργα, πάνθ' ἡγουμένην.

ὦ μή ᾽στι δρῶντι τάρβος οὐδ' ἔπος φοβεῖ.

Words are cheap and cost nothing.

Are free to all to use at will.

Εἰ δ' ἦσαν ἀνθρώποισιν ὠνητοὶ λόγοι
οὐδεὶς ἂν αὐτὸν εὖ λέγειν ἐβούλετο·
νῦν δ', ἐκ βαθείας γὰρ πάρεστιν αἰθέρος
λαβεῖν ἀμισθί, πᾶς τις ἠδεται λέγων
τὰ τ' ὄντα καὶ μή· ζημίαν γὰρ οὐκ ἔχει.

Worth.

Worth is current coin.

Οὔτοι νόμισμα λευκὸς ἄργυρος μόνον
καὶ χρυσός ἐστιν· ἀλλὰ κἀρετὴ βροτοῖς
νόμισμα κεῖται πᾶσιν, ἧ̂ χρῆσθαι χρεών.

Youth.

Age more just than youth.

Γῆρας γὰρ ἡβῆς ἐστὶν ἐνδικώτερον.

Young in body, old in mind.

Γέροντα τὸν νοῦν σάρκα δ' ἡβῶσαν φέρει.

O that we could be young a second time.

Οἴμοι· τί δὴ βροτοῖσιν οὐκ ἔστιν τόδε,
γέους δὲ εἶναι καὶ γέροντας αὖ πάλιν ;

MATERIALS.

PART I.



Advice.

'Tis not enough your counsel shall be true,
Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods do;
Men must be taught as if you taught them not.
And things unknown proposed as things forgot.
Without good-breeding truth is disapproved,
That only makes superior sense be loved.



Give me no counsel;
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine.



For, brother, men
Can comfort and speak counsel to that grief
Which they themselves not feel; but, tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptial medicine to rage.



No, no: 'tis all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow;
But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,
To be so moral, when he shall endure
The like himself: therefore, give me no counsel:
My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

Aeschylus, *Pr. V.* 263, 309, 330.

Age.

The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er;
 So calm are we when passions are no more.
 For then we know how vain it was to boast
 Of fleeting things, too certain to be lost:
 Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
 Conceal that emptiness which age descries.

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
 Lets in new light through chinks that Time hath
 made;
 Stronger by weakness, wiser men become
 As they draw near to their eternal home.
 Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
 That stand upon the threshold of the new.

Ambition.

Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
 By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,
 The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?
 Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee:
 Corruption wins not more than honesty.
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace
 To silence envious tongues. Be just and fear not.

Euripides, *Phoen.* 528, 559.

O execrable son! so to aspire
 Above his brethren, to himself assuming
 Authority usurp'd; from God not given:
 He gave us only over beast, fish, fowl,

Dominion absolute; that right we hold
 By his donation; but man over men
 He made not lord, such title to himself
 Reserving, human left from human free.

Euripides, *Phoen.* 531.

But quiet to quick bosoms is a hell,
 And there hath been thy bane; there is a fire
 And motion of the soul which will not dwell
 In its own narrow being, but aspire
 Beyond the fitting medium of desire;
 And but once kindled, quenchless evermore.
 Preys upon high adventure, nor can tire
 Of aught but rest: a fever at the core,
 Fatal to him who bears, to all who ever bore.

This makes the madmen who have made men mad
 By their contagion, conquerors and kings,
 Founders of sects and systems, to whom add
 Sophists, bards, statesmen, all unquiet things
 Which stir too strongly the soul's secret springs.
 And are themselves the fools to those they fool;
 Envied, yet how unenviable! what stings
 Are theirs! One breast laid open were a school
 Which would unteach mankind the lust to shine or rule.

Euripides, *Phoen.* 528-567; *Ion*, 585-647.

Anticipation.

Peace, brother, be not over-exquisite
 To cast the fashion of uncertain evils;

For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,
 What need a man forestall his date of grief,
 And run to meet what he would most avoid?

Aeschylus, *Ag.* 251; *Pers.* 598.

Appearances.

The world is still deceived with ornament.
 In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
 But being seasoned with a gracious voice
 Obscures the show of evil?
 There is no vice so simple but assumes
 Some mark of virtue on its outward parts.
 How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
 As stairs of sand, yet wear upon their chins
 The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars.

Look on beauty,
 And you shall see 'tis purchased by the weight,
 Which therein works a miracle in nature,
 Making them lightest that wear most of it.

Euripides, *Med.* 516; *Hipp.* 925; *El.* 367.

Arts.

He gave man speech, and speech created thought,
 Which is the measure of the universe;
 And music lifted up the listening spirit
 Until it walked, exempt from mortal care
 Godlike, o'er the clear billows of sweet sound.
 And human hands first mimicked and then mocked,
 With moulded limbs more lovely than its own,

The human form, till marble grew divine.
 He told the hidden power of herbs and springs,
 And Disease drank and slept. Death grew like sleep.
 He taught the implicated orbits woven
 Of the wide-wandering stars: and how the sun
 Changes his lair, and by what secret spell
 The pale moon is transformed, when her broad eye
 Gazes not on the interlunar sea:
 He taught to rule, as life directs the limbs,
 The tempest-winged chariots of the Ocean,
 And the Celt knew the Indian. Cities then
 Were built, and through their snow-white columns
 flowed
 The warm winds, and the azure ether shone,
 And the blue sea, and shadowy hills were seen.
 Such the alleviations of his state
 Prometheus gave to man, for which he hangs
 Withering in destined pain.

Aeschylus, *Pr. V.* 436-506: Euripides, *Supp.* 201-215;
Bacch. 278-283.

Battle.

Call to arms.

Arm, warriors, arm for fight, the foe at hand.
 Whom fled we thought, will save us long pursuit
 This day, fear not his flight: so thick a cloud
 He comes, and settled in his face I see
 Sad resolution and secure: let each
 His adamantine coat gird well, and each
 Fit well his helm, gripe fast his orb'd shield,
 Borne ev'n or high: for this day will pour down.

If I conjecture right, no drizzling show'r,
But rattling storm of arrows barb'd with fire.

Euripides, *Bacch.* 780 : Aeschylus, *Theb.* 1 ; *Ag.* 665.

Eve of Battle.

From camp to camp through the foul womb of night.
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fixed sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch :
Fire answers fire ; and through the paly flames
Each battle sees the other's umbered face ;
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear ; and from the tents,
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.

Euripides, *Supp.* 650 sqq., 686 ; *Herc. Fur.* 830 :
Aeschylus, *Theb.* 59, 78 ; *Pers.* 399.

The Morning of the Battle.

And now went forth the morn,
Such as in highest heaven, array'd in gold
Empyrean: from before her vanish'd night,
Shot through with orient beams; when all the plain
Cover'd with thick embattled squadrons bright,
Chariots and flaming arms, and fiery steeds,
Reflecting blaze on blaze, first met his view :
War he perceived, war in procinct, and found
Already known what he for news had thought

To have reported: gladly then he mix'd
 Among those friendly powers, who him received
 With joy and acclamations loud, that one,
 That of so many myriads fallen, yet one
 Return'd not lost: On to the sacred hill
 They led him high applauded, and present
 Before the seat supreme; from whence a voice
 From midst a golden cloud thus mild was heard.

The onset described.

They close, in clouds of smoke and dust
 With sword-sway, and with lance's thrust;
 And such a yell was there,
 Of sudden and portentous birth,
 As if men fought upon the earth,
 And fiends in upper air;
 O life and death were in the shout
 Recoil and rally, charge and rout,
 And triumph and despair.
 Long looked the anxious squires; their eye
 Could in the darkness nought descry.
 At length the freshening western blast
 Aside the shroud of battle cast;
 And first the ridge of mingled spears
 Above the brightening cloud appears:
 And in the smoke the pennons flew,
 As in the storm the white sea-mew.
 Then marked they, dashing broad and far
 The broken billows of the war,
 And plumed crests of chieftains brave
 Floating like foam upon the wave.

Euripides, *Supp.* 650; *Herac.* 830; Aeschylus, *Theb.* 59.

Beauty.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good,
 A shining gloss that fadeth suddenly;
 A flower that dies when first it 'gins to bud,
 A brittle glass that's broken presently;
 A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
 Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour.

For Beauty is like summer fruit, soon ripe,
 Not lasting long, and easily corrupted.
 Too oft it makes Youth dissolute, and brings
 To Age repentance: but if happily placed
 Beauty makes Virtues shine, and Vices blush.

Chor. Yet beauty, though injurious, hath strange power,
 After offence returning, to regain
 Love once possessed, nor can be easily
 Repulsed, without much inward passion felt
 And secret sting of amorous remorse.

Sam. Love quarrels oft in pleasing concord end;
 Not wedlock treachery endang'ring life.

Euripides, *Andr.* 207: Sophocles, *Tr.* 25.

A native grace
 Sat fair-proportioned on her polished limbs,
 Veiled in a simple robe, their best attire
 Beyond the pomp of dress; for loveliness
 Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
 But is, when unadorned, adorned the most.

To deck the female cheek He only knows,
 Who paints less fair the lily and the rose.

Benevolence.

Homo qui erranti comiter monstrat viam
 Quasi lumen de suo lumine accendat, facit
 Nihilominus ipsi luceat, cum illi accenderit.

Aeschylus, *Ag.* 312.

Blindness.

Lo! my miseries are
 So many, and so huge, that each apart
 Would ask a life to wail; but chief of all,
 O loss of sight, of thee I most complain!
 Blind among enemies, O worse than chains,
 Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age!
 Light, the prime work of God, to me's extinct.
 And all her various objects of delight
 Annull'd, that might in part my grief have eas'd:
 Inferior to the vilest now become
 Of man or worm; the vilest here excel me;
 They creep, yet see; I dark in light exposed
 To daily fraud, contempt, abuse, and wrong.
 Within doors, or without, still as a fool
 In power of others, never in my own:
 Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half.

Sophocles, *Oed. Rex.* 1268, 1369; *Oed. Col.* 1, 1547:

Euripides, *Phoen.* 1595.

Bodily Strength.

O impotence of mind in body strong!
 But what is strength without a double share
 Of wisdom? vast, unwieldy, burthensome,

Proudly secure, yet liable to fall
 By weakest subtleties, not made to rule,
 But to subserve where wisdom bears command.

Sophocles, *Aj.* 758, 1250.

Brook.

The current that with gentle murmur glides,
 Thou know'st, being stopped, impatiently doth rage,
 But, when his fair course is not hindered,
 He makes sweet musick with the enamel'd stones,
 Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
 He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
 And so by many winding nooks he strays,
 With willing sport, to the wild ocean.

Character.

He was a man of an unbounded stomach;
 His own opinion was his law: i' the presence
 He would say untruths, and be ever double,
 Both in his words and meaning: he was never
 But where he meant to ruin, pitiful:
 His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
 But his performance, as he is now, nothing.

Euripides, *Hec.* 786, 251; *Or.* 889:

Sophocles, *Phil.* 1047, 416, 438.

The truly great and free.

That man is great, and he alone,
 Who serves a greatness not his own,
 For neither praise nor pelf:
 Content to know and be unknown;
 Whole in himself.

Strong is that man, he only strong,
To whose well-ordered will belong,
 For service and delight,
All powers that in the face of Wrong
 Establish Right.

And free is he, and only he,
Who, from his tyrant passions free,
 By fortune undismayed,
Hath power upon himself to be
 By himself obeyed.

If such a man there be, where'er
Beneath the sun and moon he fare,
 He cannot fare amiss.

Great Nature hath him in her care;
 Her cause is his.

And though he live aloof from men,
The world's unwitnessed denizen,
 The love within him stirs
Abroad, and with the hearts of men
 His own confers.

Charity.

Low was her voice, but won mysterious way
Thro' the sealed ear to which a louder one
Was all but silence; free of alms her hand,
That often toiled to clothe your little ones,
That often placed upon the sick man's brow
Cooled it, or laid his feverous pillow smooth.
Had you one sorrow and she shared it not?
One burthen and she would not lighten it?

Euripides, *Alc.* 80, 150, 990.

Chastity.

So dear to heav'n is saintly chastity,
 That when a soul is found sincerely so,
 A thousand liveried angels lacky her,
 Drawing far off each thing of sin and guilt.

Euripides, *Hipp.* Frag. 447 (Dindorf).

Children.

Yet will we say for children, would they grew
 Like wild flowers everywhere—we like them well.
 But children die; and let me tell you, girl,
 Howe'er you babble, great deeds cannot die,
 They with the sun and moon renew their light
 For ever, blessing those that look on them.
 Children—that men may pluck them from our hearts,
 Kill us with pity, break us with ourselves.
 O children—there is nothing upon earth
 More miserable than she that has a son
 And sees him err.

Euripides, *Med.* 1090; *Ion*, 468; *Supp.* 1120; *Hipp.* 617;
Oen. Frag. 573 (Dindorf).

The Common Lot.

Hadst only thou of all mankind been born
 To walk in paths untroubled with a thorn,
 From the first hour that gave thee vital air,
 Consign'd to pleasure and exempt from care;
 Heedless to wile away the day and night
 In one unbroken banquet of delight;
 If partial heav'n had ever sworn to give
 This happy right as thy prerogative,

Then blame the gods, and call thy life the worst,
 Thyself of all mankind the most accurst!
 But if on thee an equal portion fall
 Of life's afflicting weight imposed on all,
 Take courage from necessity, and try
 Boldly to meet the foe thou canst not fly.

Euripides, *Alc.* 416; *Dictys*. Frag. 334 (Dindorf).

Company.

Beware ill company, for often men
 Are like to those with whom they do converse.

Conduct.

Precepts for Conduct.

The best, said he, that I can you advise,
 Is to avoid the occasion of the ill:
 For when the cause whence evil doth arise
 Removed is, the effect surceaseth still.
 Abstain from pleasure and restrain your will,
 Subdue desire and bridle loose delight,
 Use scant diet, and forbear your fill,
 Shun secrecy, and walk in open sight;
 So shall you soon repair your present evil plight.

Love all, trust a few,
 Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
 Rather in power than use: and keep thy friend
 Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence
 But never taxed for speech.

Advice respecting Conduct.

There,—my blessing with you:
 And these few precepts in thy memory
 See thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
 Nor any unproportioned thought his act.
 Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar:
 The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
 Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
 But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
 Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
 Of entrance to a quarrel: but, being in,
 Bear't that the opposer may beware of thee.
 Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
 Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
 Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
 But not expressed in fancy: rich not gaudy:
 For the apparel oft proclaims the man.
 Neither a borrower nor a lender be:
 For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
 And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
 This above all,—to thine own self be true;
 And it must follow, as the night the day,
 Thou canst not then be false to any man.
 Farewell,—my blessing season this in thee!

Euripides, *Erec.* Frag. 372 (Dindorf).

Conscience.

Then we live indeed,
 When we can go to rest without alarm,
 Given every minute to a guilt-sick conscience,
 To keep us waking, and rise in the morning

Secure in being innocent: But when,
 In the remembrance of our worser actions,
 We ever bear about us whips and furies,
 To make the day a night of sorrow to us,
 Even life's a burden.

Euripides, *Or.* 395.

Consolation.

Chorus. Many are the sayings of the wise,
 In ancient and in modern books enroll'd,
 Extolling patience as the truest fortitude;
 And to the bearing well of all calamities,
 All chances incident to man's frail life,
 Consolatories writ
 With studied argument;
 But with th' afflicted in his pangs their sound
 Little prevails, or rather seems a tune
 Harsh and of dissonant mood from his complaint.

Cowards.

Cowards die many times before their deaths,
 The valiant never taste of death but once.

A Curse.

Let it be so—thy truth then be thy dower:
 For by the sacred radiance of the sun,
 The mysteries of Hecate and the night;
 By all the operations of the orbs
 From whom we do exist and cease to be,

Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
 Propinquity, and property of blood,
 And as a stranger to my heart and me
 Hold thee from this for ever. The barbarous
 Scythian,
 Or he that makes his generation messes
 To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
 Be as well neighboured, pitied, and relieved,
 As thou my sometime daughter.

Sophocles, *Oed. Col.* 1375-1396.

Custom.

Custom does oft the reason over-rule,
 And only serves for reason to the fool.

Euripides, *Peir.* Frag. 598 (Dindorf).

Dangerous people.

Let me have men about me that are fat;
 Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights;
 Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
 He thinks too much, such men are dangerous.

Darkness.

My son, the world is dark with griefs and graves.
 So dark that men cry out against the Heavens.
 Who knows but that the darkness is in man?
 The doors of Night may be the gates of Light.

Euripides, *Hipp.* 194.

The Dead.*Ashes to ashes.*

So peaceful rests without a stone, a name;
 What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.
 How loved, how honoured once, avails thee not,
 To whom related or by whom begot;
 A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
 'Tis all thou art and all the proud shall be!

Sophocles, *El.* 1140-1159.

Distrust and darkness of a future state
 Make poor mankind so fearful of their fate.
 Death, in itself, is nothing; but we fear
 To be we know not what, we know not where.

The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
 That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
 Can lay on nature, is a paradise
 To what we fear of death.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
 This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
 Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

Death is the crown of life:
 Were death denied, poor man would live in vain:
 Were death denied, to live would not be life;
 Were death denied, e'en fools would wish to die:
 Death wounds to cure; we fall, we rise, we reign!

'Tis but because the living death ne'er knew
They fear to prove it as a thing that's new.

Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear,
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

The sense of death is most in apprehension ;
And the poor beetle that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

Who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life ;
But that the dread of something after death,—
The undiscovered country from whose bourn
No traveller returns,—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?

Euripides, *Hipp.* 187.

A still small voice spake unto me :
'Thou art so steeped in misery,
Were it not better not to be ?
Thine anguish will not let thee sleep
Nor any train of reason keep ;
Thou canst not think, but thou wilt weep.'

Death to be welcomed, birth to be mourned.

Nos decebat
Lugere ubi esset aliquis in lucem editus,

Humanae vitae varia reputantes mala ;
 At qui labores morte finisset graves,
 Omnes amicos laude et laetitia exsequi.

The problem of life and death.

To be, or not to be!—that is the question :
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
 And by opposing end them. To die, to sleep :
 No more : and by a sleep to say we end
 The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
 That flesh is heir to: 'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wished.

To die, to sleep!—

To sleep, perchance to dream ! Aye, there's the rub,
 For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
 Must give us pause—There's the respect
 That makes calamity of so long life ;
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's con-
 tumely,
 The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurns
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
 When he himself might his quietus make
 With a bare bodkin?

Euripides, *Hipp.* 194.

TEKM.

He there does now enjoy eternall rest
 And happy ease, which thou doest want and crave,
 And further from it daily wanderest :
 What if some little payne the passage have,
 That makes frayle flesh to feare the bitter wave ;
 Is not short payne well borne, that bringes long ease,
 And layes the soul to sleepe in quiet grave ?
 Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas,
 Ease after warre, death after life, does greatlie please.

XOP.

The terme of life is limited,
 Ne may a man prolong nor shorten it ;
 The souldier may not move from watchfull sted,
 Nor leave his stand until his captaine bed.

TEY.

Who life did limit by Almighty doome,
 O king, knowes best the termes established ;
 And he that points the centonell his roome,
 Doth license him depart at sound of morning droome.

All men think all men mortal but themselves ;
 Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate
 Strikes through their wounded hearts the sudden
 dread.

But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
 Soon close ; where, past the shaft, no trace is found.
 As from the wing no scar the sky retains,
 The parted wave no furrow from the keel,
 So dies in human hearts the thought of death.

The crown of life, the release from evils.

Death is dark death when slurred with terrors vain :

Whether blest isles or fields Elysian wait,
Or all is silent o'er the circling main,

We know not ever ; but we conquer Fate,
Assail the mansions of the gods, and claim
The crown of valour, in a deathless name.

'Tis well to live for glory, home, and land ;
And, when these fail us, it is well to die.

The latest freedom never fails our hand,
From scornful Earth, on wings of scorn, to fly ;
When Life grows heavy, Death remains, the door
To dreamless rest beside the Stygian shore.

The portals open to our meteor way :

A red dawn breaks the shadows of the hour.
We leave the bitter cup of alien sway
To hinds that crouch beneath the heels of power.
Ours the triumphal path, the hero's right ;
And Death hangs o'er us like a starry night !

Deeds.

The sun, the moon, the stars
Send no such light upon the ways of men
As one great deed.

Sophocles, *Oed. Col.* 1143.

Democracy.

Who ever turned upon his heel to hear
My warning, that the tyranny of one
Was prelude to the tyranny of all?

My counsel that the tyranny of all
Led backward to the tyranny of one?

For give once sway unto the people's lusts,
To rush forth on, and stay them not in time,
And as the stream that rolleth down the hill
So will they headlong run with raging thoughts
From blood to blood, from mischief unto more,
To ruin of the realm, themselves and all ;
So giddy are the common people's minds
So glad of change, more wavering than the sea.

Euripides, *Or.* 696; *Iph. in Aul.* 337.

Despair.

Nor am I in the list of them that hope ;
Helpless are all my evils, all remediless ;
This one prayer yet remains, might I be heard,
No long petition, speedy death
The close of all my miseries, and the balm.

Sophocles, *El.* 809, 1163.

Destiny.

This is no theatre where hope abides.
The dull thick noise of war alone stirs here.
There's a dark spirit walking in our house,
And swiftly will the Destiny close on us.
It drove me hither from my calm asylum,
It mocks my soul with charming witchery,
It lures me forward in a seraph's shape.
I see it near, I see it nearer floating,

It draws, it pulls me with a godlike power ;
 And lo! the abyss . . . and thither am I moving.
 I have no power within me not to move.

Sophocles, *Oed. Col.* 1547.

Dialogue.

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

Lady Grey. Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.

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

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

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

L. Grey. Therefore I came unto your Majesty.

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

L. Grey. So shall you bind me to your Highness' service.

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

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

K. Edw. But you will take exceptions to my boon?

L. Grey. No, gracious Lord, except I cannot do it.

K. Edw. Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.

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

Glo. He plies her hard, and much rains wears the marble.

Ang. Alas! Signor,

He who is only just is cruel; who

Upon the earth would live were all judged justly?

Ben. His punishment is safety to the state.

Ang. He was a subject, and hath served the state;
 He was your general, and hath saved the state;
 He is your sovereign, and hath ruled the state.

Corn. He is a traitor, and betrayed the state.

Ang. And, but for him, there now had been no state
 To save or to destroy; and you, who sit
 There to pronounce the death of your deliverer,
 Had now been groaning at a Moslem oar,
 Or digging in the Hunnish mines in fetters!

Corn. No, lady, there are others who would die
 Rather than breathe in slavery!

Ang. If there are so
 Within these walls, thou art not of the number:
 The truly brave are generous to the fallen!

Dirge.

What can atone, oh, ever-injured shade!
 Thy fate unpitied, and thy rites unpaid?
 No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear
 Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or graced thy mournful bier:
 By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,
 By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed,
 By foreign hands thy humble grave adorned,
 By strangers honoured and by strangers mourned!
 What though no friends in sable weeds appear,
 Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
 What though no sacred earth allow thee room,
 Nor hallowed dirge be muttered o'er thy tomb?
 Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be drest,
 And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast.

Sophocles, *El.* 1126.

Dream.

But when she saw her maidens wondering stand
 She ceased her song and stayed her busy hand.
 And said, 'Girls, if ye see me glad to-day,
 Be nought amazed: for all things pass away:
 The good days die, but also die the bad.
 See now, in sleep last night a dream I had
 That in his claws an eagle lifted me
 And bore me to a land across the sea;
 Wherefore I think that here I shall not die,
 But live to feel dew falling from the sky,
 And set my feet deep in the meadow grass
 And underneath the scented pine-trees pass.
 Or in the garden feel the western breeze
 The herald of the rain, sweep through the trees.'

Euripides, *Rhe.* 779: Aeschylus, *Pers.* 176:

Sophocles, *El.* 417.

Dreams.

Omnia quae sensu volvuntur vota diurno,
 Pectore sopito reddit amica quies.
 Venator defessa toro cum membra reponit,
 Mens tamen ad silvas et sua lustra redit:
 Iudicibus lites, aurigis somnia currus,
 Vanaque nocturnis meta cavetur equis.
 Me quoque Musarum studium sub nocte silenti
 Artibus assuetis sollicitare solet.

Duty.

Let be thy wail and help thy fellow-men,
 And make thy gold thy vassal, not thy king.

And fling free alms into the beggar's bowl,
 And send the day into the darkened heart;
 Nor list for guerdon in the voice of men.

Endurance.

Belial speaks.

To suffer, as to do,
 Our strength is equal, nor the law unjust
 That so ordains: this was at first resolved,
 If we were wise, against so great a foe
 Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.
 I laugh, when those, who at the spear are bold
 And venturous, if that fail them, shrink and fear
 What yet they know must follow, to endure
 Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,
 The sentence of their conqueror; this is now
 Our doom; which if we can sustain and bear,
 Our supreme foe in time may much remit
 His anger, and perhaps thus far removed
 Not mind us not offending, satisfy'd
 With what is punished.

Aeschylus, *Pr. V.* 101.

Energy.

The wise and prudent conquer difficulties
 By daring to attempt them. Sloth and folly
 Shiver and shrink at sight of toil and danger,
 And make the impossibility they fear.

Envy.

For those are hated that excel the rest,
Although, when dead, they are beloved the best.

Example.

Princes that would their people should do well
Must at themselves begin, as at the head :
For men by their example pattern 'out
Their imitations, and regard of laws ;
A virtuous court a world to virtue draws.

Nothing is so contagious as example ; and we never do any great good or great evil which does not produce its like.

We imitate good actions from emulation, and bad ones from the depravity of our nature, which shame would keep prisoner and example sets at liberty.

Euripides, *Hipp.* 410 : Sophocles, *El.* 621.

Excommunicated.

Thou cam'st erewhile into this Senate. Who
Of such a frequency, so many friends
And kindred thou hast here, saluted thee?
Were not the seats made bare upon thy entrance?
Rose not the consular men and left their places,
So soon as thou sat'st down? and fled thy side
Like to a plague or ruin? knowing how oft
They had by thee been marked out for the shambles?

Euripides, *Iph. in Taur.* 947 : Sophocles, *Oed. Rex.* 1486.

Experience.

O, sir, to wilful men,
The injuries that they themselves procure,
Must be their schoolmasters.

Aeschylus, *Ag.* 170.

Faithlessness.

O trustless state of miserable men,
That build your bliss on hope of earthly thing,
And vainly think yourselves half happy then,
When painted faces with smooth flattering
Do fawn on you; and your wide praises sing:
And when the courting masker louteth low,
Him true in heart and trusty to you trow!

All is but feigned, and with ochre dyed,
That every shower will wash and wipe away;
All things do change that under heaven abide,
And after death all friendship doth decay.

Therefore, whatever man hast worldly sway,
Living, on God and on thyself rely;
For when thou diest, all shall with thee die.

Sophocles, *Oed. Col.* 607.

Fame.

Fame if not double-fac'd, is double-mouth'd,
And with contrary blast proclaims most deeds;
On both his wings, one black, the other white,
Bears greatest names in his wild aery flight.
My name, perhaps, among thy countrymen,

To all posterity may stand defam'd,
 With malediction mentioned and the blot
 Of falsehood most unconjugal traduced.
 But in my country, where I most desire,
 In Ecron, Gaza, Asdod, and in Gath,
 I shall be named among the famousest
 Of women, sung at solemn festivals
 Living or dead recorded, who to save
 Her country from a fierce destroyer chose
 Above the faith of wedlock bands.

Euripides, *Andr.* 319; *Iph. in Taur.* 676; *Troad.* 638.

Familiarity.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
 As, to be hated, needs but to be seen,
 Yet, seen too oft, familiar with her face,
 We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

Fate.

What can be avoided
 Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods?

For we are all, like swimmers in the sea,
 Poised on the top of a huge wave of Fate,
 Which hangs uncertain to which side to fall.
 And whether it will heave us up to land,
 Or whether it will roll us out to sea,
 Back out to sea, to the deep waves of death,
 We know not, and no search will make us know;
 Only the event will teach us in its hour.

Euripides, *Alc.* 962.

Is't not God's deed, whatever thing is done
 In heaven and earth? doth not He all create
 To die againe? all ends that was begonne:
 Their times in His eternall booke of Fate
 Are written sure, and have their certein date.
 Who then can strive with strong Necessitie,
 That holds the world in his still-changing state;
 Or shunne the death ordained by Destinie?
 When houre of Death is come, let none aske whenne,
 nor why.

Forbearance.

For that man has no claim to sense,
 Whose blood boils at impertinence;
 Were I to scourge each fool I meet,
 I ne'er must go into the street.

Euripides, *Hipp.* 916.

Foreboding.

See, what a ready tongue suspicion hath!
 He, that but fears the thing he would not know,
 Hath by instinct knowledge from others' eyes,
 That what he feared is chanced.

Aeschylus, *Pers.* 603: Euripides, *Andr.* 1070.

Fortitude.

All men sufficient fortitude possess
 To bear with patience other men's distress.

Philosophy can triumph still
 With ease o'er past or future ill,
 But present ills how oft we see
 Triumphant o'er philosophy.

Fortune.

Who now persists in calling Fortune false?
 To me she has proved faithful, with fond love
 Took me from out the common ranks of men,
 And like a mother goddess, with strong arm
 Carried me swiftly up the steps of life.
 Nothing is common in my destiny.
 True, in this present moment I appear
 Fall'n low indeed; but I shall rise again.

Sophocles, *Oed. Rex*, 1080 : Euripides, *Ion*, 28.

Foster Mother.

Countess. 'Tis often seen,
 Adoption strives with nature; and choice breeds
 A native slip to us from foreign seeds;
 You ne'er oppressed me with a mother's groan,
 Yet I express to you a mother's care.

Euripides, *Ion*, 1310, 1532; *Iph. in Aul.* 917.

Friends.

Diffugiunt cadis

Cum faece siccatis amici

Ferre jugum pariter dolosi.

Samson. Your coming, friends, revives me, for I learn
 Now of my own experience, not by talk,

How counterfeit a coin they are, who friends
 Bear in their superscription; of the most,
 I would be understood: in prosperous days
 They swarm, but in adverse withdraw their head,
 Not to be found, though sought.

Aeschylus, *Ag.* 832 : Euripides, *Or.* 455.

Every one that flatters thee,
 Is no friend in misery.
 Words are easy like the wind;
 Faithful friends are hard to find.
 Every man will be thy friend
 Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend:
 But if store of crowns be scant,
 No man will supply thy want.
 If that one be prodigal,
 Bountiful they will him call;
 And with such like flattering,
 'Pity but he were a king.'

Spiteful and witty to be avoided.

He that shall rail against his absent friends,
 Or hears them scandalized and not defends;
 Sports with their fame, and speaks whate'er he can,
 And only to be thought a witty man;
 Tells tales, and brings his friends in disesteem;
 That man's a knave;—be sure beware of him.

Euripides, *Hipp.* 1000.

Funeral.

Let us go find the body where it lies
 Soak'd in his enemies' blood, and from the stream.

With lavers pure and cleansing herbs wash off
 The clotted gore. I with what speed the while,
 Gaza is not in plight to say us nay,
 Will send for all my kindred, all my friends,
 To fetch him hence, and solemnly attend
 With silent obsequy and funeral train
 Home to his father's house : there will I build him
 A monument, and plant it round with shade
 Of laurel ever green, and branching palm.

Sophocles, *Aj.* 1402; *Ant.* 1199: Euripides, *Hec.* 609.

Future Life.

Unknown, but surely happy for the good.

Through what variety of untried being,
 Through what new scenes and changes must we pass?
 The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me,
 But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
 Here will I hold. If there's a power above us,
 (And that there is all nature cries aloud,
 Through all her works,) he must delight in virtue:
 And that which he delights in must be happy.

Euripides, *Hel.* 1014; *Troad.* 629: Sophocles, *Ant.* 73.

Gifts.

'The gods themselves cannot recall their gifts.'

Were it a draft for Juno when she banquets,
 I would not taste thy treasonous offer; none
 But such as are good men can give good things,
 And that which is not good, is not delicious
 To a well-govern'd and wise appetite.

Glory.

For what is glory but the blaze of fame,
 The people's praise, if always praise unmixed?
 And what the people but a herd confus'd,
 A miscellaneous rabble, who extol
 Things vulgar, and, well-weigh'd, scarce worth the praise?
 They praise and they admire they know not what,
 And know not whom, but as one leads the other;
 And what delight to be by such extolled,
 To live upon their tongues and be their talk,
 Of whom to be dispraised were no small praise?

Euripides, *Andr.* 319; *Supp.* 409; *Or.* 695.

God.

Where'er thou art, He is; the eternal mind
 Acts through all places, is to none confined;
 Fills ocean, earth, and air, and all above,
 And through the universal mass does move.

Gods.

My son, the gods despite of human prayer
 Are slower to forgive than human kings.

In vain doe men

The heavens of their fortune's fault accuse,
 Sith they know best what is the best for them;
 For they to each such fortune do diffuse,
 As they do know each can most aptly use.

Seems it so light a thing then, austere Powers,
 To spurn man's common lure, life's pleasant things?

Seems there no joy in dances crowned with flowers,
 Love, free to range, and regal banquettings?
 Bend ye on these, indeed, an unmoved eye,
 Not gods but ghosts in frozen apathy?

Euripides, *Ion*, 439.

Or is it that some Power, too wise, too strong,
 Even for yourselves to conquer or beguile,
 Whirls earth, and heaven, and men, and gods along,
 Like the broad rushing of the insurged Nile?
 And the great powers we serve, themselves may be
 Slaves of a tyrannous Necessity?

Aeschylus, *Pr. V.* 515.

Natura deorum

*Ipsa suis pollens opibus, nil indiga nostri
 Nec bene promeritis capitur, nec tangitur ira.*

Oh, wherefore cheat our youth, if thus it be,
 Of one short joy, one lust, one pleasant dream?
 Stringing vain words of powers we cannot see,
 Blind divinations of a will supreme;
 Lost labour: when the circumambient gloom
 But hides, if gods, gods careless of our doom?

Gold.

But, scarce observed, the knowing and the bold,
 Fall in the general massacre of gold:
 Wide-wasting pest! that rages unconfined,
 And crowds with crimes the records of mankind;
 For gold his sword the hireling ruffian draws,
 For gold the hireling judge distorts the laws;

Wealth heaped on wealth nor truth nor safety buys,
The dangers gather as the treasures rise.

Sophocles, *Ant.* 295.

Government.

In every government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings, or tyrant laws restrain,
How small of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure.

Precepts of good government.

But thou, my son, study to make prevail
One colour in thy life, the hue of truth:
That Justice, that sage Order, not alone
Natural Vengeance, may maintain thine act,
And make it stand indeed the will of Heaven.
Thy father's passion was this people's ease,
This people's anarchy, thy foe's pretence;
As the chiefs rule, indeed, the people are:
Unhappy people, where the chiefs themselves
Are like the mob, vicious and ignorant!
So rule, that even thine enemies may fail
To find in thee a fault whereon to found
Of tyrannous harshness, or remissness weak:
So rule, that as thy father thou be loved;
So rule, that as thy foe thou be obeyed—
Take these, my son, over thine enemy's corpse
Thy mother's prayers: and this prayer last of all,
That even in thy victory thou show,
Mortal, the moderation of a man.

Euripides, *Phoen.* 560: Sophocles, *Ant.* 639, 672.

Hades.

'*Quisque suos patimur Manes.*'

Hell lies near
 Around us, as does Heaven, and in the World,
 Which is our Hades, still the chequered souls
 Compact of good and ill—not all accurst
 Nor altogether blest—a few brief years
 Travel the little journey of their lives,
 They know not to what end.

Happiness.

All who joy would win
 Must share it—Happiness was born a twin.

Guilt is the source of sorrow; 'tis the fiend
 That follows us behind with whips and stings.
 The good are happy; knowing not remorse,
 They rest in everlasting peace of mind.

Euripides, *Ion*, 440.

It is the mind that maketh good or ill,
 That maketh wretch or happie, rich or poor;
 For some that hath abundance at his will,
 Hath not enough, but wants in greatest store,
 And other that hath little asks no more,
 But in that little is both rich and wise;
 For wisdom is most riches; fooles therefore
 They are which fortune do by vowes devise,
 Sith each unto himself his life may fortunize.

Health.

The surest road to health, say what they will,
 Is never to suppose we shall be ill.
 Most of those evils we poor mortals know,
 From doctors and imagination flow.

Health is the first good lent to men;
 A gentle disposition then;
 Next to be rich by no bye-ways;
 Lastly with friends to enjoy our days.

Hereditary Qualities.

O this mortal house
 Which we are born into, is haunted by
 The ghosts of the dead passions of dead men;
 And these take flesh again with our own flesh,
 And bring us to confusion. He was only
 A poor philosopher who called the mind
 Of children a blank page, a tabula rasa.
 There there is written in invisible inks
 'Lust, Prodigality, Covetousness, Craft,
 Cowardice, Murder'—and the heat and fire
 Of life will bring them out, and black enough,
 So the child grow to manhood: better death
 With our first wail than life.

Aeschylus, *Ag.* 750-771, 1186-1193, 1475-1504;

Eum. 531-548.

High Estate.

Fortune displays our virtues and our vices
 As light doth make all objects visible.

Wearing the white flower of a blameless life,
 Before a thousand peering littlenesses,
 In that fierce light which beats upon a throne,
 And blackens every blot.

Hope.

Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
 Man never is, but always to be blest.

Euripides, *Phoen.* 396.

Strange cozenage! None would live past years again,
 Yet all hope pleasure in what yet remain:
 And from the dregs of life think to receive,
 What the first sprightly running could not give.

Hospitality.

Alike he thwarts the hospitable end,
 Who drives the free, or stays the hasty friend:
 True friendship's laws are by this rule exprest,
 Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.

Euripides, *El.* 357: Aeschylus, *Ag.* 1035.

Human Error.

O purblind race of miserable men,
 How many among us at this very hour
 Do forge a life-long trouble for ourselves,
 By taking true for false, or false for true;
 Here, through the feeble twilight of this world
 Groping, how many, until we pass and reach
 That other, where we see as we are seen!

Aeschylus, *Pr. V.* 545: Euripides, *Phoen.* Frag. 808 (Dindorf).

Humanity.*The common lot.*

I have not lived
 After the rate to fear another world.
 We come from nothing into life, a time
 We measure with a short breath, and that often
 Made tedious too with our own cares that fill it,
 Which like so many atoms in a sunbeam
 But crowd and jostle one another. All,
 From the adored purple to the hair-cloth,
 Must centre in a shade; and they that have
 Their virtues to wait on them, bravely mock
 The rugged storms, which so much fright them here,
 When their soul's launched by death into a sea
 That's ever calm.

Sophocles, *Aj.* 121.**Human Lot.**

Why are we weighed upon with heaviness,
 And utterly consumed with sharp distress,
 While all things else have rest from weariness?
 All things have rest; why should we toil alone,
 We only toil, who are the first of things.
 And make perpetual moan,
 Still from one sorrow to another thrown;
 Nor ever fold our wings,
 And cease from wanderings,
 Nor steep our brows in slumber's holy balm;
 Nor hearken what the inner spirit sings,

'There is no joy but calm!'

Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of things?

Sophocles, *Oed. Col.* 1211; *Oed. Rex.* 1186; *Tr.* 112.

Human Sacrifice.

The king returned from out the wild,

He bore but little game in hand;

The mother said. 'They have taken the child

To spill his blood and heal the land:

The land is sick, the people diseased,

And blight and famine on all the lea;

The holy gods, they must be appeased,

So I pray you tell the truth to me.

They have taken our son,

They will have his life.

Is *he* your *dearest*?

Or I your wife?'

The king bent low, with hand on brow,

He stay'd his arms upon his knee:

'O wife, what use to answer now?

For now the Priest has judged for me.'

The king was shaken with holy fear;

'The gods,' he said, 'would have chosen well;

Yet both are near and both are dear,

And which the dearest I cannot tell!'

But the Priest was happy,

His victim won:

'We have his dearest,

His only son!'

The rites prepared, the victim bared.
 The knife uprising toward the blow,
 To the altar stone she sprang alone,
 'Me, not my darling, no!'
 He caught her away with a sudden cry;
 Suddenly from him brake his wife,
 And shrieking 'I am his dearest, I—
 I am his dearest!' rushed on the knife.
 And the Priest was happy.
 'O father Odin,
 We give you a life.
 Which was his nearest?
 Who was his dearest?
 The gods have answered;
 We give them the Wife.'

Husband and Wife.

Yet in the long years liker they must grow;
 The man be more of woman, she of man;
 He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
 Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world:
 She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,
 Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind;
 Till at the last she set herself to man,
 Like perfect music unto noble words.

On the relative position and duties of husband and wife.

Euripides, *El.* 71, 930, 948, 1035, 1069; *Or.* 602;

Troad. 629; *Iph. in Aul.* 749; *Med.* 233:

Aeschylus, *Ag.* 601, 896, 966.

Hypocrisy.

An evil soul producing holy witness,
 Is like a villain with a smiling cheek ;
 A goodly apple rotten at the heart ;
 O what a goodly outside falsehood hath !

Euripides, *Or.* 889; *Hipp.* 413, 948.

Immortality.

A longing for immortality innate in the human soul.

It must be so—Plato, thou reasonest well—
 Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
 This longing after immortality ;
 Or whence this secret dread and inward horror
 Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
 Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
 'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us ;
 'Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
 And intimates Eternity to man.

Impartiality.

In great affairs, and doubtful, it behoves
 Men that are asked their sentence, to be free
 From either hate or love, anger or pity ;
 For where the least of these do hinder, there
 The mind not easily discerns the truth.

Impudence.

For bold knaves thrive without a grain of sense,
 But good men starve for want of impudence.

Inconsistency.

Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
 And thin partitions do their bounds divide ;
 Else why should one with wealth and honour blest,
 Refuse his age the needful hours of rest ?
 Punish a body which he cannot please ;
 Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease ?

Instability.

For what is it on earth,
 Nay under heaven, continues at a stay ?
 Ebbs not the sea when it hath overflown ?
 Follows not darkness when the day is gone ?
 And see we not sometimes the eye of heav'n
 Dimm'd with o'er-flying clouds ? there's not that
 work
 Of careful nature or of cunning art,
 How strong, how beauteous, or how rich it be,
 But falls in time to ruin.

Sophocles, *Aj.* 127, 669; *Oed. Col.* 607.

Kings.

What, if with like aversion I reject
 Riches and realms ? yet not, for that a crown,
 Golden in show, is but a wreath of thorns,
 Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and sleepless nights
 To him who wears the regal diadem,
 When on his shoulders each man's burden lies ;
 For therein stands the merit of a king,

That for the public all this weight he bears.
 Yet he who reigns within himself, and rules
 Passions, desires, and fears, is more a king;
 Which every wise and virtuous man attains:
 And who attains not ill aspires to rule
 Cities of men and headstrong multitudes,
 Subject himself to anarchy within,
 Or lawless passions in him which he serves.

Aeschylus, *Theb.* 1: Euripides, *Ion*, 621.

I bow and give
 My crown, pray take it; and with it give me leave
 To tell you what it brings the hapless wearer
 Beside the outside glory; for I am
 Read in the miserable fate of kings.
 You think it glorious to command, but are
 More subject than the poorest pays you duty;
 And must obey your fears, your want of sleeps,
 Rebellion from your vassals, wounds even from
 Their very tongues whose quietness you sweat for;
 For whose dear health you waste and fright your
 strength
 To paleness, and your blood into a frost.

Sophocles, *Oed. Rex*, 58, 380, 584.

Laws.

Uphold the law; laws aim and not in vain
 The poor to safeguard, and the rich restrain.

Law aids the upright, checks the evil doer,
 Restrains the rich man, and protects the poor.

Euripides, *Hec.* 799; *Supp.* 433.

Learning.

A little learning is a dangerous thing;
 Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring;
 There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
 And drinking largely sobers us again.

Euripides, *Iph. in Aul.* 919.

Lies.

Dare to be true. Nothing can need a lie:
 A fault, which needs it most, grows two thereby.

Aeschylus, *Ag.* 620.

Life.

Could we live always, life were worth the cost,
 But now we keep with care what must be lost.

He lives who lives to virtue; men who cast
 Their ends for pleasure, do not live but last.

Euripides, *Frag.* 875 (Dindorf).

Grieve not for her; perhaps the early grave
 Which men weep over, may be sent to save.

Why is life forced on man, who, might he chuse,
 Would not accept what he with pain must lose?
 Unknowing, he receives it; and, when known,
 He thinks it his, and values it,—'tis gone.

Did we solicit heaven to mould our clay?
 From darkness to produce us to the day?

Did we concur to life, or chuse to be?
 Was it our will which formed, or was it He?
 Since 'twas His choice not ours, which placed us here,
 The laws we did not chuse, why should we bear?

Love of life.

The tree of deepest root is found
 Least willing still to quit the ground;
 'Twas therefore said by ancient sages,
 That love of life increased with years
 So much, that in our latter stages,
 When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,
 The greatest love of life appears.

Euripides, *Alc.* 669.

Life and death.

Death is the end of life; ah, why
 Should life all labour be?
 Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,
 And in a little while our lips are dumb.
 Let us alone. What is it that will last?
 All things are taken from us, and become
 Portions and parcels of the dreadful Past.
 Let us alone. What pleasure can we have
 To war with evil? Is there any peace
 In ever climbing up the climbing wave?
 All things have rest, and ripen toward the grave
 In silence; ripen, fall, and cease;
 Give us long rest, or death, dark death, or dream-
 ful ease.

Sophocles, *Tr.* 1112; *Oed. Col.* 1211; *Oed. Rex*, 1186.

Human life.

To me most happy therefore he appears
 Who having once, unmoved by hopes or fears,
 Surveyed this sun, earth, ocean, clouds and flame,
 Well satisfied returns from whence he came.
 Be life an hundred years or e'er so few,
 'Tis repetition all and nothing new :
 A fair, where thousands meet, but none can stay ;
 An inn, where travellers bait then post away ;
 A sea, where man perpetually is tost,
 Now plunged in business, now in trifles lost :
 Who leave it first, the peaceful port first gain :
 Hold then ! nor farther launch into the main ;
 Contract your sails ; life nothing can bestow
 By long continuance, but continued woe :
 The wretched privilege daily to deplore
 The funerals of our friends who go before :
 Diseases, pains, anxieties and cares,
 And age surrounded with a thousand snares.

Menander, *Hyp.* Frag. II (Τοῦτον εὐτυχέστατον λέγω) :
 Sophocles, *Oed. Col.* 1211-1250.

Love.

She never told her love,
 But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
 Feed on her damask cheek ; she pined in thought ;
 And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
 She sat like patience on a monument,
 Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed ?
 We men may say more, swear more ; but, indeed,

Our shows are more than will ; for still we prove
 Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Euripides, *Hipp.* 239, 267, 439.

Heart scorchings. Medea soliloquizes.

F. ustra, Medea, repugnans,
 Nescio quis deus obstat, ait ; mirumque nisi hoc est,
 Aut aliquid certe simile huic, quod amare vocatur.
 Nam cur jussa patris nimium mihi dura videntur?
 Sunt quoque dura nimis. Cur, quem modo denique
 vidi,

Ne pereat, timeo? Quae tanti causa timoris?
 Excute virgineo conceptas pectore flammam,
 Si potes, infelix. Si possem, sanior essem ;
 Sed trahit invitam nova vis : aliudque cupido,
 Mens aliud suadet. Video meliora proboque,
 Deteriora sequor. Quid in hospite, regia virgo,
 Ueris, et thalamos alieni concipis orbis?
 Haec quoque terra potest, quod ames, dare. Vivat,
 an ille

Occidat, in diis est : vivat tamen, idque precari
 Vel sine amore licet. Quid enim commisit Iason?
 Quem, nisi crudelem, non tangat Iasonis aetas,
 Et genus, et virtus? Quem non, ut cetera desint,
 Forma movere potest? Certe mea pectora movit.

Euripides, *Hipp.* 380 sqq.

They sin who tell us love can die.
 With life all other passions fly,
 All others are but vanity,

In Heav'n ambition cannot dwell,
 Nor avarice in the vaults of Hell ;
 Earthly these passions of the Earth,
 They perish where they have their birth ;
 But Love is indestructible.
 Its holy flame for ever burneth,
 From Heaven it came, to Heaven returneth ;
 Too oft on Earth a troubled guest,
 At times deceived, at times oppress,
 It here is tried and purified,
 Then hath in Heaven its perfect rest ;
 It soweth here with toil and care,
 But the harvest time of love is there.
 Oh, when a Mother meets on high
 The Babe she lost in infancy,
 Hath she not then for pains and fears
 The day of woe, the watchful night,
 For all her sorrow, all her tears
 An over-payment of delight !

Manners.

Like men, like manners : like breeds like, they say :
 Kind nature is the best ; those manners next
 That fit us like a nature second-hand ;
 Which are indeed the manners of the great.
 Euripides, *Iph. in Aul.* 561 ; *Hec.* 600.

Marriage.

Good heaven no doubt the nuptial state approves,
 Since it chastises still what best it loves.

For what is wedlock forced but a hell,
 An age of discord and continual strife?
 Whereas the contrary it bringeth bliss
 And is a pattern of celestial peace.

What mischief lies concealed
 In this design I know not; but I know
 Who thinks of marrying hath already taken
 One step upon the road to penitence.

Euripides, *Or.* 602; *Med.* 630, 1290.

Let still the woman take
 An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
 So sways she level in her husband's heart.
 For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
 Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
 More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
 Than women's are.

Martyrdom.

The fatal day is come, the pile is raised,
 As eager for its victim fierce it blazed.
 They led her forth, her brow and neck were bare
 Save for the silken veil of unbound hair
 So beautiful; few were there who could brook
 To cast on her sweet face a second look.
 There stood she, even as a statue stands,
 With head drooped downward and with clasped hands,
 Such small white hands that matched her ivory feet;
 How may they bear that scorching fire to meet.

On her pale cheek there lay a tear, but one
 Cold as the icicle of carved stone ;
 Despair weeps not. Her lips moved as in prayer
 Unconsciously, as if prayers had been there,
 And they moved now from custom.

Euripides, *Herac.* 406 ; *Hec.* 521-570 ; *Iph. in Aul.*
 1543-1583 ; *Phoen.* 930 : Aeschylus, *Ag.* 224.

Mercy.

The quality of mercy is not strained ;
 It droppeth as the gentle rain from heav'n
 Upon the place beneath : it is twice bless'd ;
 It blesseth him that gives and him that takes :
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest : it becomes
 The throned monarch better than his crown ;
 His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
 The attribute to awe and majesty,
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;
 But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
 It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
 It is an attribute to God himself ;
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
 When mercy seasons justice.

Sophocles, *Oed. Col.* 1267.

Merit.

' But sometimes Virtue starves, while Vice is fed.
 What then ? Is the reward of Virtue bread ?
That, Vice may merit, 'tis the price of toil :
 The knave deserves it when he tills the soil.

Euripides, *Supp.* 865.

Mourning.

I hate the black negation of the bier,
 And wish the dead, as happier than ourselves
 And higher, having climbed one step beyond
 Our village miseries, might be borne in white
 To burial or to burning, hymned from hence
 With songs in praise of death, and crowned with flowers.

Euripides, *Iph. in Aul.* 1439; *Troad.* 628; *Cresph.* Frag. 454.

Native Land.

I travelled among unknown men
 In lands beyond the sea;
 Nor, England, did I know till then
 What love I bore to thee.

Land of my sires! what mortal hand
 Can e'er untie the filial band
 That knits me to thy rugged strand!
 Still as I view each well-known scene,
 Think what is now, and what hath been,
 Seems as to me, of all bereft,
 Sole friends thy woods and streams are left;
 And thus I love them better still
 E'en in extremity of ill.

Aeschylus, *Ag.* 503.

Nature's Law.

Exchange not robbery.

I'll example you with thievery:
 The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction

Robs the vast sea: the moon's an arrant thief,
 And her pale fire she snatches from the sun:
 The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
 The moon into salt tears: the earth's a thief,
 That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen
 From general excrement: each thing's a thief.

Euripides, *Chrys.* (Frag. 833); Frag. Incert. 839:
 Sophocles, *Aj.* 666.

News.

If he be slain, say so:
 The tongue offends not that reports his death,
 And he doth sin that doth belie the dead,
 Not he which says the dead is not alive.
 Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
 Hath but a losing office.

Euripides, *Supp.* 457; *Hec.* 661; Aeschylus, *Ag.* 636; *Theb.* 369.

Nobility.

Thus born alike, from virtue first began
 The difference that distinguished man from man;
 He claimed no title from descent of blood,
 But that ennobled him which made him good.

Euripides, Frag. Incert. 868 (Dindorf).

This law, though custom now diverts the course,
 As nature's institute, is yet in force,
 Uncancelled, though disused; that he, whose mind
 Is virtuous, is alone of noble kind;

Though poor in fortune, of celestial race;
And he commits the crime, who calls him base.

Euripides, *El.* 380; *Dictys.* Frag. 341.

Opportunity.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

Euripides, *Or.* 696; *Tem.* Frag. 279 (Dindorf):

Sophocles, *Phil.* 1450.

Order.

Order is Heav'n's first law, and this confest
Some are, and must be greater than the rest,
More rich, more wise: but who infers from hence
That such are happier, shocks all common sense.

Euripides, *Supp.* 238; *Phoen.* 535: Sophocles, *Aj.* 666.

Passions.

We oft by lightning read in darkest nights;
And by your passions I read all your natures,
Though you at other times can keep them dark.

Sophocles, *Ant.* 493.

Patriotism.

My son,
 No sound is breathed so potent to coerce,
 And to conciliate, as their names who dare
 For that sweet motherland which gave them birth
 Nobly to do, nobly to die.

Sophocles, *Ant.* 183; Aeschylus, *Theb.* 16:
 Euripides, *Iph. in Aul.* 1269, 1375; *Phoen.* 995.

Phaethon.

And Phaethon they found, or what seem'd he,
 Low lying in the reeds, a charr'd black mass,
 Furrow'd with trenchant fire from head to foot.
 Whom yet with reverent hands they lifted up
 And bare him to the bank, and wash'd the limbs
 In vain; and, for the burnt shreds clinging to
 him,

Robed the cold form in raiment shining white.
 Then on the river-marge they scoop'd a grave
 And laid him in the dank earth far apart,
 Near to none else; for so the dead are laid
 Whom Zeus, the Thunderer, hath cut off by fire.
 And on the tomb they poured forth wine and oil.
 Nor fail'd they to record in distich due
 How from a kingly venture kingly fall
 Resulted, and a higher than human fame.

Philosophy.

How charming is divine philosophy!
 Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,

But musical as is Apollo's lute,
 And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
 Where no crude surfeit reigns.

Euripides, *Med.* 825; Frag. Incert. 984 (Dindorf);
 Frag. Incert. 965.

Piety.

Farewell! farewell! but this I tell
 To thee, thou wedding guest,
 He prayeth well who loveth well
 Both man, and bird, and beast.
 He prayeth best who loveth best
 All things both great and small;
 For the dear God who loveth us,
 He made and loveth all.

Pilot.

Each petty hand
 Can steer a ship becalmed: but he that will
 Govern and carry her to her ends, must know
 His tides, his currents; how to shift the sails:
 What she will bear in foul what in fair weather.
 What sands, what shelves, what rocks do threaten
 her:
 The forces and the natures of the winds,
 Gusts, storms, and tempests, when her keel ploughs
 hell,
 And deck knocks heaven, then to manage her,
 Becomes the name and office of a pilot.

Euripides, *Troad.* 681.

Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
 But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
 What though the mast be now blown overboard,
 The cable broke, the holding anchor lost,
 And half our sailors swallowed in the flood,
 Yet lives our pilot still: is't meet that he
 Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
 With tearful eyes add water to the sea,
 And give more strength to that which hath too
 much;

Whiles, in her moan, the ship splits on the rock,
 Which industry and courage might have saved?
 Ah, what a shame! Ah what a fault were this!

Aeschylus, *Theb.* 62, 208; *Ag.* 661:

Euripides, *Troad.* 77; *Herac.* 427.

Pity.

In sacred Athens, near the fane
 Of Wisdom, Pity's altar stood;
 Serve not the unknown God in vain,
 But pay that broken shrine again
 Love for hate and tears for blood!

Euripides, *Phryx.* Frag. 826; Frag. Incert. 967.

Poisoner.

Sighing, she rose, when now the sun was high,
 And, going to her wallet wearily,
 Took forth a phial thence, which she unstopped
 And a small dribblet therefrom slowly dropped
 Upon a shred of linen, which straightway

In the sun's gleaming pathway did she lay;
 But when across it the first sunbeam came,
 Therefrom there burst a colourless bright flame,
 Which still burnt on when every shred was gone
 Of that which seemed to feed the flame alone;
 Nor burnt it less for water, that she threw
 Across it and across. Thereon she drew
 A linen tunic from a brazen chest,
 Wherein lay hid the fairest and the best
 Of all her raiment; this she held, and said:—
 'Iason, thy love is fair, by likelihead,
 Pity it were to hide her overmuch,
 And when this garment her fair limbs shall touch,
 So will it hide them as the waters green
 Hid Citheraea when she first was seen.'

Sophocles, *Tr.* 672-704; Euripides, *Med.* 784-789; 946 975.

Portents.

Now I change my mind,
 And partly credit things that do presage.
 Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign
 Two mighty eagles fell; and there they perch'd,
 Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;
 Who to Philippi here consorted us:
 This morning are they fled away and gone;
 And in their steads, do ravens, crows, and kites,
 Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,
 As we were sickly prey: their shadows seem
 A canopy most fatal, under which
 Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Euripides, *Frag.* 631; Sophocles, *Antig.* 998:

Aeschylus, *Pers.* 205; *Ag.* 216.

Calp. O Caesar, these things are beyond all use
And I do fear them.

Caesar. Nay, but these predictions
Are to the world in general as to Caesar.

Calp. When beggars die there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of
princes.

Poverty.

This mournful truth is everywhere confess'd,
Slow rises worth, by Poverty distrest.

Haud facile emergunt quorum virtutibus obstat
Res angusta domi.

Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se,
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit.

Euripides, *Med.* 560; *El.* 372, 376, 404;
Tem. Frag. 728 (Dindorf).

Prayer.

For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If knowing God they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

Euripides, *Ion*, 131, 638: Aeschylus, *Theb.* 264.

Pre-eminence.

He who ascends to mountain tops, shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow;

He who surpasses or subdues mankind,
 Must look down on the hate of those below.
 Though high above the sun of glory glow,
 And far beneath the earth and ocean spread,
 Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow
 Contending tempests on his naked head,
 And thus reward the toil that to those summits led.

Euripides, *Frag. Incert.* 859 (Dindorf).

Presages.

When clouds are seen, wise men put on their cloaks,
 When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand;
 When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?
 Untimely storms make men expect a dearth;
 All may be well; but, if God sort it so,
 'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.

Procrastination.

Defer not till to-morrow to be wise;
 To-morrow's sun on thee may never rise.

Euripides, *Alc.* 782; *Iph. in Taur.* 475.

Prospect and Retrospect.

The eye whose sun is setting deems mankind
 Hath run its course of wisdom; while the boy,
 Since just out of his cradle, never doubts
 That History backward is as dark as night,
 And that the sunshine of the waking world
 Is all to come.

Prosperous Vice.

When men of infamy to grandeur soar,
They light a torch to show their shame the more.

Count all the advantage prosperous vice obtains,
'Tis but what virtue flies from and disdains.

Aeschylus, *Ag.* 385, 461.

Providence.

Yet cease the ways of Providence to blame,
And human faults with human grief confess,
'Tis thou art changed, while Heaven is still the same,
From thy ill counsels date thy ill-success.

Perverse mankind! whose wills created free,
Charge all their woes on absolute decree;
All to the dooming gods their guilt translate,
And follies are miscalled the crimes of fate.

See reff. under 'Gods.'

Cease then, nor order imperfection name;
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
All nature is but art unknown to thee;
All chance direction which thou canst not see:
All discord harmony, not understood;
All partial evil, universal good:
And spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, *whatever is is right.*

Euripides, *Herc. Fur.* 1240; *Hec.* 488:

Sophocles, *Aj.* 666.

Regret.

For it falls out,
 That what we have we prize not to the worth
 Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,
 Why, then we rack the value: then we find
 The virtue that possession would not show us
 Whiles it was ours.

Euripides, *Hipp.* 185.

This truth came borne with bier and pall,
 I felt it when I sorrowed most,
 'Tis better to have loved and lost,
 Than never to have loved at all.

But not to understand a treasure's worth,
 Till time has stolen away the slighted good,
 Is cause of half the poverty we feel,
 And makes the world the wilderness it is.

Sophocles, *Aj.* 964.

Remembrance of past joys.

Let fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
 Bright dreams of the past which she cannot destroy,
 Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
 And bring back the features which joy used to wear.

Aeschylus, *Ag.* 420.

Remembrance of past evils.

Review the series of our lives, and taste
 The melancholy joy of evils past:

For he who much hath suffered, much will know,
And pleased remembrance builds delight on woe.

Aeschylus, *Ag.* 567.

Remonstrance.

Chor. O worthy Queen, rashness doth overthrow
The author of his resolution.

Ioc. Where hope of help is lost, what booteth fear?

Chor. Fear will avoid the sting of infamy.

Ioc. May good or bad reports delight the dead?

Chor. If of the living yet the dead have care.

Ioc. An easy grief by counsel may be cured.

Chor. But headstrong mischief princes should avoid.

Euripides, *Frag. Incert.* 843, 844 (Dindorf).

Responsibility.

In maxima fortuna minima licentia.

Poor petty states may alter upon humour,
Where, if they offend with anger, few do know it,
Because they are obscure: their fame and fortune
Is equal and the same: but they that are
Head of the world, and live in that seen height,
All mankind knows their actions. So we see
The greater fortune hath the lesser licence.

Euripides, *Alc.* *Frag.* 80; *Med.* 120; *Hec.* 864; *Ion*, 597:

Sophocles, *Aj.* 154.

Retribution.

Blood asketh blood, and death must death requite:
Jove by his just and everlasting doom

Justly hath ever so requited it.

This time before record and times to come
 Shall find it true, and so doth present proof
 Present before our eyes for our behoof.

Aeschylus, *Choeph.* 64, 309, 400: Euripides, *Phryx*, Frag. 825.

Deeds are done on earth
 Which have their punishment ere the earth closes
 Upon their perpetrators; be it the working
 Of the remorse-stirred fancy, or the vision,
 Distinct and real, of unearthly being,
 All ages witness that beside the couch
 Of the fell homicide oft stalks the ghost
 Of him he slew, and shows the shadowy wound.

Euripides, *Or.* 392: Aeschylus, *Choeph.* 1048.

Revenge.

Revenge and Wrong bring forth their kind,
 The foul cubs like the parents are,
 Their den is in the guilty mind,
 And Conscience feeds them with Despair.

Aeschylus, *Ag.* 750-764.

Riches.

Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,
 And say, there is no sin but to be rich;
 And, being rich, my virtue then shall be,
 To say—there is no vice but beggary.

For money is the only power
 That all mankind fall down before;

Money, that like the sword of kings,
Is the last reason of all things.

Sophocles, *Ant.* 295.

Extol not riches, then, the toil of fools,
The wise man's cumbrance, if not snare; more apt
To slacken virtue and abate her edge,
Than prompt her to do aught may merit praise.
Euripides, *Bell.* Frag. 285 (Dindorf); *Archel.* Frag. 248.

Right.

What stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

Euripides, *Pal.* Frag. 588 (Dindorf).

Scandal.

There is a lust in man no charm can tame,
Of loudly publishing his neighbour's shame;
On eagle's wings immortal scandals fly,
While virtuous actions are but born and die.

Euripides, *El.* 904; *Phoen.* 206.

Sea Fight.

My presence bore
A part in that day's shame. The Grecian fleet
Bore down at day-break from the North, and hung
As multitudinous on the ocean line
As cranes upon the cloudless Thracian wind.

Our squadron convoying ten thousand men,
Was stretching towards Nauplia, when the battle
Was kindled.
First through the hail of our artillery
The agile Hydriote barks with press of sail
Dashed: ship to ship, cannon to cannon, man
To man, were grappled in the embrace of war,
Inextricable but by death or victory.
The tempest of the raging fight convulsed
To its crystalline depths that stainless sea,
And shook heaven's roof of golden morning-clouds
Poised on an hundred azure mountain-isles.
In the brief trances of the artillery,
One cry from the destroyed and the destroyer
Rose, and a cloud of desolation wrapt
The unforeseen event, till the north-wind
Sprung from the sea, lifting the heavy veil
Of battle-smoke—then victory—victory!
For, as we thought, three frigates from Algiers
Bore down from Naxos to our aid, but soon
The abhorred cross glimmered behind, before,
Among, around us: and that fatal sign
Dried with its beams the strength of Moslem hearts,
As the sun drinks the dew.

Aeschylus, *Pers.* 386; *Ag.* 634-670.

What more? we fled!
Our noonday path over the sanguine foam
Was beaconed, and the glare struck the sun pale
By our consuming transports: the fierce light
Made all the shadows of our sails blood-red,
And every countenance blank. Some ships lay feeding

The ravening fire even to the water's level:
 Some were blown up; some settling heavily
 Sunk: and the shrieks of our companions died
 Upon the wind, that bore us fast and far,
 Even after they were dead. Nine thousand perished!
 We met the vultures legioned in the air,
 Stemming the torrent of the tainted wind:
 They, screaming from their cloudy mountain-peaks,
 Stooped through the sulphurous battle-smoke, and
 perched
 Each on the weltering carcase that we loved,
 Like its ill-angel or its damned soul.
 We saw the dog-fish hastening to their feast.
 Joy waked the voiceless people of the sea,
 And ravening Famine left his ocean-cave
 To dwell with war, with us, and with despair.

Aeschylus, Pers. 272-279; 412 sqq.; 576; *Ag.* 653 sqq.;
 1472-1474.

Self knowledge.

Trust not yourself; but your defects to know,
 Make use of every friend, and every foe.

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan,
 The proper study of Mankind is Man.

Euripides, Hipp. 465, 744.

Self-respect.

Revere thyself:—and yet thyself despise;
 His nature no man can o'er-rate, and none
 Can under-rate his merit.

In spite of dulness, and in spite of wit,
 If to thyself thou canst thyself acquit;
 Rather stand up, assured with conscious pride,
 Alone, than err with millions at thy side.

Euripides, *Iph. in Aul.* 560.

Slander.

No might nor greatness in mortality
 Can censure 'scape: back-wounding calumny
 The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong
 Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?

To hear an open slander is a curse;
 But not to find an answer is a worse.

Sophocles, *Aj.* 157: Euripides, *Phoen.* 198.

Nine tithes of times
 Face-flatterer and back-biter are the same.
 And they, sweet soul, that most impute a crime
 Are pronest to it, and impute themselves
 Wanting the mental range; or low desire
 Not to feel lowest, makes them level all;
 Yea, they would pare the mountain to the plain,
 To leave an equal baseness.

Sleep.

Nox erat et mentes per terras somnus habebat.

Behold the world
 Rests, and her tired inhabitants have paused
 From trouble and turmoil. The widow now

Has ceased to weep, and her twin orphans lie
 Locked in each arm, partakers of her rest.
 The man of sorrow has forgot his woes;
 The outcast that his head is shelterless,
 His griefs unshared.—The mother tends no more
 Her daughter's dying slumbers, but surprised
 With heaviness, and sunk upon her couch,
 Dreams of her bridals.

Silence and deep repose
 Reign o'er the nations; and the warning voice
 Of nature utters audibly within
 The general moral:—tells us that repose,
 Deathlike as this, but of far longer span,
 Is coming on us.

Euripides, *Or.* 174.

King Hen. How many thousand of my poorest subjects
 Are at this hour asleep!—Sleep, gentle sleep,
 Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
 That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
 And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
 Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
 Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
 And hushed with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber;
 Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
 Under the canopies of costly state,
 And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?

Sophocles, *Phil.* 766, 827: Aeschylus, *Ag.* 12, 889:

Euripides, *Or.* 174, 211.

Sloth.

It was not by vile loitering in ease,
 That Greece obtained the brighter palm of art ;
 It was not thus majestic Rome arose,
 And o'er the nations shook her conquering dart :
 For sluggard's brow the laurel never grows ;
 Renown is not the child of indolent repose.

Euripides, *El.* 80.

I am plain, fathers. Here you look about
 One at another, doubting what to do,
 With faces, as you trusted to the gods ;
 But 'tis not wishing or base womanish prayers
 Can draw their help, but vigilance, counsel, action.
 'Tis sloth they hate and cowardice.

Euripides, *Rhesus*, 395, 423 ; *Hel.* 762.

Son.

Chorus. Fathers are wont to lay up for their sons,
 Thou for thy son art bent to lay out all :
 Sons wont to nurse their parents in old age,
 Thou in old age car'st how to nurse thy son,
 Made older than thy age through eyesight lost.

Sophocles, *Aj.* 570 ; *Oed. Rex.* 1459 ; *Oed. Col.* 339 :

Euripides, *Ion*, 1409 ; *Iph. in Aul.* 1288.

Sophistry.

Through the vain webs which puzzle sophists' skill,
 Plain sense and honest meaning work their way ;
 So sink the varying clouds upon the hill,
 When the clear dawning brightens into day.

Euripides, *Bacch.* 489 ; *Phoen.* 469.

Sophrosyne.*The higher life.*

I made them lay their hands in mine and swear
 To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,
 To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it,
 To honour his own word as if his God's,
 To lead sweet lives of purest chastity,
 To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
 And worship her by years of noble deeds,
 Until they won her; for indeed I know
 Of no more subtle master under heaven
 Than is the maiden passion for a maid,
 Not only to keep down the base in man,
 But teach high thought, and amiable words
 And courtliness, and the desire of fame,
 And love of truth, and all that makes a man.

Euripides, *Hipp.* 990.**Stars.**

Chaldean shepherds, ranging trackless fields,
 Beneath the concave of unclouded skies
 Spread like a sea, in boundless solitude,
 Looked on the polar star, as on a guide
 And guardian of their course, that never closed
 His steadfast eye. The planetary Five
 With a submissive reverence they beheld;
 Watched, from the centre of their sleeping flocks,
 Those radiant Mercuries, that seemed to move
 Carrying through ether, in perpetual round,
 Decrees and resolutions of the Gods;

And, by their aspect, signifying works
Of dim futurity, to Man revealed.

Euripides, *Frag.* 593 (*Pirithous*), and 594:
Sophocles, *Tr.* 130: Aeschylus, *Ag.* 4.

Strength.

Oh! impotent of mind, in body strong!
But what is strength without a double share
Of wisdom? vast, unwieldy, burdensome,
Proudly secure, yet liable to fall
By weakest subtleties, not made to rule,
But to subserve where wisdom bears command.

Euripides, *Tem.* *Frag.* 735 (Dindorf).

Success.

Let them call it mischief:
When it is past, and prosper'd, 'twill be virtue.
'Tis petty crimes are punished, great rewarded.

Suicide.

Justified by Philosophy as the entrance of eternal happiness.

If there's a power above us
(And that there is all nature cries aloud
Through all her works), he must delight in virtue;
And that which he delights in must be happy.
Thus am I doubly armed: my death and life,
My bane and antidote are both before me.
This in a moment brings me to an end,
But this informs me I shall never die.

The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger and defies its point.

See 'Death.'

But if that carelesse heavens, quoth she, despise
The doome of iust revenge, and take delight
To see sad pageaunts of mens miseries,
As bownd by them to live in lives' despite:
Yet can they not warne Death from wretched wight.
Come, then; come soone; come, sweetest Death to me.
And take away this long-lent loathed light:
Sharpe be thy wounds, but sweet the medicines be.
That long captived soules from weary thraldome free.

But thou, sweete Babe, whom frowning froward fate
Hath made sad wisse of thy father's fall,
Sith heven thee deignes to hold in living state,
Long maist thou live, and better thrive withall
Than to thy lucklesse parents did befall!
Live thou! and to thy mother dead attest,
That cleare she dide from blemish criminall.

Sophocles, *Aj.* 550, 815, 854.

Suspicion.

Glo. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.
K. Hen. The bird, that hath been limed in a bush,
With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush;
And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,
Have now the fatal object in my eye,
Where my poor young was limed, was caught, and kill'd.

Aeschylus, *Ag.* 1289.

O. Marg. Then you, belike, suspect these noblemen
 As guilty of Duke Humphrey's timeless death.
Warwick. Who finds the heifer dead, and bleeding fresh,
 And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,
 But will suspect, 'twas he that made the slaughter?
 Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,
 But may imagine how the bird was dead,
 Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?
 Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

Sympathy.

Chorus. He speaks, let us draw nigh. Matchless in might,
 The glory late of Israel, now the grief,
 We come, thy friends and neighbours not unknown,
 To visit, or bewail thee, or, if better,
 Counsel or consolation we may bring,
 Salve to thy sores: apt words have power to swage
 The tumours of a troubled mind,
 And are as balm to festered wounds.

Sophocles, *Oed. Rex*, 1422 : Aeschylus, *Pr. V.* 377.

Tempters.

But 'tis strange:
 And, oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
 The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
 Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
 In deepest consequence.

See under 'Gods.'

Time.

The course of time and rivers is the same.

Assiduo labuntur tempora motu,
 Non secus ac flumen. Neque enim consistere flumen
 Nec levis hora potest : sed ut unda impellitur unda,
 Urgeturque prior venienti, urgetque priorem,
 Tempora sic fugiunt pariter pariterque sequuntur ;
 Et nova sunt semper. Nam quod fuit ante relictum est :
 Fitque quod haud fuerat ; momentaque cuncta no-
 vantur.

Trade.

Cursed be the gold and silver, which persuade
 Weak men to follow far-fatiguing trade.
 The lily, peace, outshines the silver store,
 And life is dearer than the golden ore.
 Yet money tempts us o'er the desert brown,
 To every distant mart and wealthy town.

Truth and Seeming.

The world that never sets esteem
 On what things are, but what they seem ;
 And, if they be not strange and new,
 Likes them not more for being true.

Euripides, *Phoen.* 499.

Vanity.

The glories of our birth and state
 Are shadows, not substantial things ;

There is no armour against fate ;
 Death lays his icy hand on kings :
 Sceptre and crown
 Must tumble down,
 And in the dust be equal made
 With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

I know that all beneath the moon decays,
 And what by mortals in this world is wrought
 In Time's great periods shall return to nought :
 The fairest states have fatal nights and days.
 I know that all the Muses' heavenly lays
 With toil of sprite which are so dearly bought.
 As idle sounds, of few or none are sought :
 That there is nothing lighter than vain praise.
 I know frail Beauty's like the purple flower
 To which one morn oft birth and death affords ;
 That Love a jarring is of minds' accords
 Where sense and will bring under reason's power ;
 Know what I list, this all cannot me move
 But that, alas, I must both write and love.

Sophocles, *Oed. Col.* 607 ; *Aj.* 669.

Vanity of Human Wishes.

O ever-failing trust
 In mortal strength ! and, oh ! what not in man
 Deceivable and vain ? nay, what thing good,
 Pray'd for, but often proves our woe, our bane ?
 I pray'd for children, lo ! I gain'd a son,
 And such a son as all men call'd me happy ;
 Who now would be a father in my stead ?

Euripides, *Ion*, 378 : Sophocles, *Aj.* 125.

Virtue.

The reward of virtue not in external goods.

What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
The soul's calm sunshine, and the heart-felt joy,
Is virtue's prize.

Know then this truth (enough for Man to know),
'Virtue alone is Happiness below.'

Euripides, *Ion*, 440.

Virtue invincible.

Against the threats
Of malice, or of sorcery, or that power
Which erring men call Chance, this I hold firm,
Virtue may be assail'd, but never hurt,
Surpriz'd by unjust force, but not intrall'd:
Yea even that which mischief meant most harm,
Shall in the happy trial prove most glory:
But evil on itself shall back recoil.

Euripides, *Andr.* 775.

How vain is virtue, which directs our ways
Through certain danger to uncertain praise!
Barren, and airy name! thee fortune flies,
With thy lean train, the pious and the wise.
Heaven takes thee at thy word, without regard,
And lets thee poorly be thy own reward.
The world is made for the bold impious man,
Who stoops at nothing, seizes all he can.
Justice to merit does weak aid afford;
She trusts her balance and neglects her sword.

Virtue is nice to take what's not her own ;
 And while she long consults, the prize is gone.

Euripides, *Supp.* 594.

Want.

Want is a bitter and a hateful good,
 Because its virtues are not understood.
 Prudence at once and fortitude it gives,
 And, if in patience taken, mends our lives :
 For even that indigence which brings us low,
 Makes me myself and Him above to know ;
 A good which none would challenge, few would
 choose,
 A fair possession which mankind refuse.
 If we from wealth to poverty descend
 Want gives to know the flatterer from the friend.

Euripides, *Hec.* 1226.

Warriors.

I hate those potent madmen who keep all
 Mankind awake, while they, by their great deeds,
 Are drumming hard upon this hollow world,
 Only to make a sound to last for ages.

Wife.

My husband and disposer, what thou bidst
 Unargued I obey ; so God ordains,
 God is thy law, thou mine ; to know no more
 Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise.

I hold that man the worst of public foes
 Who either for his own or children's sake,
 To save his blood from scandal, lets the wife
 Whom he knows false, abide, and rule the house :
 For being through his cowardice allowed
 Her station, taken everywhere for pure,
 She like a new disease, unknown to men,
 Creeps, no precaution used, among the crowd,
 Makes wicked lightnings of her eyes, and saps
 The fealty of our friends, and stirs the pulse
 With devil's leaps, and poisons half the young.

Euripides, *Hipp.* 630.

I take it, God made the woman for the man,
 And for the good and increase of the world.
 A pretty face is well, and this is well,
 To have a dame indoors, that trims us up,
 And keeps us tight; but these unreal ways
 Seem but the theme of writers, and indeed
 Worn threadbare. Man is made of solid stuff.

Euripides, *El.* 71, 930; *Troad.* 629; *Iph. in Aul.* 749 :
 Sophocles, *Ant.* 650; Aeschylus, *Ag.* 601.

Nay, dart not scornful glances from those eyes
 To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor ;
 It blots thy beauty, as frosts bite the meads,
 And in no sense is meet or amiable.
 A woman moved is like a fountain troubled,
 And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
 Will deign to sip or touch a drop of it ;
 Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
 Thy head, thy sovereign, one that cares for thee ;

And for thy maintenance commits his body
 To painful labour, both by sea and land,
 While thou liest warm at home secure and safe,
 And craves no other tribute at thy hands
 But love, fair looks, and true obedience.

Euripides, *Alc.* 773: Aeschylus, *Eum.* 664.

Woman.

O! why did God
 Creator wise! that peopled highest heaven
 With spirits masculine, create at last
 This novelty on earth, this fair defect
 Of nature, and not fill the world at once
 With men, as angels, without feminine?
 Or find some other way to generate
 Mankind? this mischief had not then befall'n.

Euripides, *Hipp.* 616, 625, and see 'Models.'

O woman! in our hours of ease
 Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
 And variable as the shade
 By the light quivering aspen made,
 When pain and anguish wring the brow,
 A ministering angel thou!

Therefore God's universal law
 Gave to the man despotic power
 Over his female in due awe,
 Nor from that right to part an hour,

Smile she or lour;
 So shall he least confusion draw
 On his whole life, not swayed
 By female usurpation, or dismayed.

He muttered to himself, 'What did she say?
 "Not mount so high"—we scarce can sink as low;
 For men at most differ as heaven and earth,
 But women, worst and best, as heaven and hell.'

Chorus. Tax not divine disposal; wisest men
 Have err'd, and by bad women been deceiv'd;
 And shall again, pretend they ne'er so wise.
 Deject not then so overmuch thyself,
 Who hast of sorrow thy full load besides.

These are great maxims, sir, it is confessed;
 Too stately for a woman's narrow breast.
 Poor love is lost in men's capacious minds;
 In ours it fills up all the room it finds.

Euripides, *Andr.* 213.

When the man wants weight the woman takes it up,
 And topples down the scales; but this is fixed
 As are the roots of earth and base of all:
 Man for the field and woman for the hearth:
 Man for the sword and for the needle she:
 Man with the head and woman with the heart:
 Man to command and woman to obey:
 All else confusion. Look you! the gray mare
 Is ill to live with, when her whinny shrills

From tile to scullery, and her small goodman
 Shrinks in his arm-chair while the fires of Hell
 Mix with his hearth: but you—she's yet a colt—
 Take break her: strongly groom'd and straitly
 curb'd

She might not rank with those detestable
 That let the bantling scold at home, and brawl
 Their rights and wrongs like pot-herbs in the
 street.

Euripides, *El.* 71-76, 930-956; *Hipp.* 616-650; *Troad.* 640-651; *Med.* 230, 524; *Cycl.* 14; *Andr.* 93, 153, 943; *Phoen.* 198; *Or.* 605, 684:

Sophocles, *Tyr. Frag.* 587 (Dindorf); *Aj.* 293: Aeschylus, *Sept.* 189, 200.

And yet believe me, good as well as ill,
 Woman's at best a Contradiction still.
 Heaven when it strives to polish all it can
 Its last best work, but forms a softer Man:
 Picks from each sex to make the Favourite blest,
 Your love of Pleasure, our desire of Rest;
 Blends, in exception to all general rules,
 Your Taste of Follies with our scorn of Fools;
 Reserve with Frankness, Art and Truth allied,
 Courage with Softness, Modesty with Pride;
 Fixed Principles, with Fancy ever new;
 Shakes all together and produces—You.

Euripides, *Andr.* 181, 269; *Hipp.* 616, 625, 638; *Med.* 230, 263, 406; *Herc. Fur.* 536; *Hec.* 1178; *Herac.* 476; *Or.* 1204.

Words.

O! many a shaft at random sent,
 Finds mark the archer little meant!
 And many a word at random spoken,
 May soothe or wound a heart that's broken!
 Euripides, *Herc. Fur.* 195 : Aeschylus, *Ag.* 267.

Fair Words.

Alas, how fair a colour can his tongue
 Who self exculpates lend to foulest deeds.

Throughout the world, if it were sought,
 Fair words enough a man shall find,
 They be good cheap, they cost right nought,
 Their substance is but only wind:
 But well to say and so to mean,
 That sweet accord is seldom seen.

World.

Ah! world unknown! how charming is thy view,
 Thy pleasures many, and each pleasure new:
 Ah! world experienced! what of thee is told?
 How few thy pleasures, and those few, how old!
 Euripides, *Ion*, 641 ; *Cyclop.* 249.

Worth.

*'Nullus argento color est avaris
 Abdito terris.'*

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
 The dark unfathomed caves of Ocean bear;
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Youth.

Hcedless of the future.

Alas! regardless of their doom,
The little victims play;
No sense have they of ills to come,
No care beyond to-day.
—Yet, ah! why should they know their fate,
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies?
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more;—where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

Sophocles, *Aj.* 555.

PART II.

**Miscellaneous.**

An exhortation to loyalty.

Bp. of St. And. Since we have spoke and counsel is not heard,

I for my part,—let others as they list,—
Will leave the court, and leave him to his will,
Lest with a ruthless eye I should behold
His overthrow, which, sore I fear, is nigh.

(I. Dor. Ah father, are you so estranged from love,
From due allegiance to your prince and land,
To leave your king when most he needs your help?
The thrifty husbandmen are never wont,
That see their lands unfruitful, to forsake them;
But when the mould is barren and unapt,
They toil, they plough, and make the fallow fat:
The pilot in the dangerous seas is known;
In calmer waves the silly sailor strives.
Are you not members, lords, of commonweal,
And can your head, your dear anointed king,
Default, ye lords, except yourselves do fail?
O stay your steps, return, and counsel him.

Sophocles, *Oed. Rex*, 14, 444: Aeschylus, *Theb.* 62.

*Thyestes recalled from banishment is filled with fear
and foreboding.*

Thyest. O wondrous pleasure to a banished man,
I feel my loved long-looked-for native soil!

And oh! my weary eyes that all the day
Had from some mountain travelled toward this
place,

Now rest themselves upon the royal towers
Of that great palace where I had my birth.
And now a thousand objects more ride fast
On morning beams, and meet my eyes in throngs.
And see, all Argos meets me with loud shouts.

Philisth. O joyful sound!

Thyest. But with them Atreus too—

Phil. What ails my father that he stops and shakes,
And now retires?

Thyest. Return with me, my son,
And old friend Peneus, to the honest beasts,
And faithful desert haunts—no villainy
Lies in the prospect of a humble cave.

Peneus. Talk you of villainy and foes and fraud?

Thyest. I talk of Atreus.

Pen. What are these to him?

Thyest. Nearer than I am, for they are himself.

Pen. Gods drive these impious thoughts out of your
mind.

Thyest. The gods for all our safety put them there.
Return, return with me.

Pen. Against our oaths

I cannot stem the vengeance of the gods.

Thyest. There are no gods; they've left this dire abode.

Pen. True race of Tantalus! who parent-like
Are doomed in midst of plenty to be starved.
His hell and yours differ alone in this:
When he would catch at joys, they fly from him;
When glories catch at you, you fly from them.

Thyest. A fit companion; our joys and his
Are lying shadows, which to trust is hell.

Dalila after repulse renounces Samson.

I see thou art implacable, more deaf
To prayers than winds and seas, yet winds to seas
Are reconciled at length, and sea to shore:
Thy anger unappeasable still rages,
Eternal tempest never to be calmed.
Why do I humble thus myself, and suing
For peace, reap nothing but repulse and hate?
Bid go with evil omen and the brand
Of infamy upon my name denounced!
To mix with thy concernments I desist
Henceforth, nor too much disapprove my own.

A Dialogue.

- Q. Eliz.* If something thou wilt swear to be believed,
Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong'd.
- K. Rich.* Now by the world—
- Q. Eliz.* 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.
- K. Rich.* My father's death—
- Q. Eliz.* Thy life hath that dishonour'd.
- K. Rich.* Then, by myself—
- Q. Eliz.* Thyself thyself misusest.
- K. Rich.* Why then, by God—
- Q. Eliz.* God's wrong is most of all.
If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by Him,
The unity the king thy brother made
Had not been broken, nor my brother slain:
If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by Him,

The imperial metal, circling now thy brow,
 Had graced the tender temples of my child,
 And both the princes had been breathing here,
 Which now, two tender playfellows for dust,
 Thy broken faith hath made a prey for worms.
 What canst thou swear by now?

K. Rich. The time to come.
Q. Eliz. That thou hast wronged in the time o'erpast;
 For I myself have many tears to wash
 Hereafter time, for time past wrong'd by thee.

A Dialogue.

Aepytus. And to what friends should I for aid apply?
Merope. The royal race of Temenos in Argos—
Aepytus. That house, like ours, intestine murder maims.
Merope. Thy Spartan cousins, Procles and his brother—
Aepytus. Love a won cause, but not a cause to win.
Merope. My father then and his Arcadian chiefs—
Aepytus. Mean still to keep aloof from Dorian broil.
Merope. Wait then until sufficient help appears.
Aepytus. Orestes in Mycenae had no more.
Merope. He to fulfil an order raised his hand.
Aepytus. What order more precise had he than I?
Merope. Apollo pealed it from his Delphian cave.
Aepytus. A mother's murder needed hest divine.
Merope. He had a hest, at least, and thou hast none.
Aepytus. The gods command not where the heart speaks
 clear.
Merope. Thou wilt destroy, I see, thyself and us.

Sophocles, *El.* 385 sqq. ; 1017-1054 :

Euripides, *Hec.* 876-897.

King John repudiates the action of Hubert.

K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?

Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?

Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had mighty cause

To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

Hub. Had none, my lord! why, did you not provoke me?

K. John. It is the curse of kings, to be attended

By slaves, that take their humours for a warrant

To break within the bloody house of life;

And on the winking of authority,

To understand a law: to know the meaning

Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns

More upon humour than advis'd respect.

Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

Aeschylus, Pr. V. 224.

A Confession extorted.

Countess.

Now I see

The mystery of your loneliness, and find

Your salt tears' head. Now to all sense 'tis gross

You love my son. Nay, Helen, but thy cheeks

Confess it, one to the other; and thine eyes

After their kind do speak it. Say, is't not so?

If it be so you've wound a goodly clue;

If it be not forswear't: howe'er, I charge thee,

To tell me truly.

Hel.

Good madam, pardon me!

Countess. Do you love my son?

Hel.

Your pardon, noble mistress!

Countess. Love you my son?

Hel. Do not you love him, madam?

Countess. Go not about; my love hath in't a bond,
Whereof the world takes note: come, come, disclose
The state of your affection; for your passions
Have to the full appeached.

Hel. Then, I confess
Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,
That before you, and next unto high heaven,
I love your son.

Euripides, *Hipp.* 267, 347.

A pitiless creditor.

Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

Sly. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not love?

Sly. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first.

Sly. What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

Ans. I pray you, think you question with the Jew:

You may as well go stand upon the beach,

And bid the main flood bate his usual height:

You may as well use question with the wolf,

Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;

You may as well forbid the mountain pines

To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,

When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven:

You may as well do anything most hard,

As seek to soften that (than which what's harder?)

His Jewish heart—therefore I do beseech you

Make no more offers.

Warriors, gallant and gay, described.

Vernon. And further, I have learn'd—
The king himself in person is set forth,
Or hitherwards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.

Hets. He shall be welcome too. Where is his son.
The nimble-footed mad-cap prince of Wales,
And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside,
And bid it pass?

Vernon. All furnish'd, all in arms,
All plumed like estridges, that wing the wind :
Bated like eagles having lately bath'd ;
Glittering in golden coats like images :
As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer.
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
I saw young Harry,—with his beaver on,
His cuisses on his thighs,—gallantly arm'd—
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury.
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

Euripides, Rhe. 296.

Enter, a haughty braggart.

Chor. But had we best retire? I see a storm.
Sams. Fair days have oft contracted wind and rain.
Chor. But this another kind of tempest brings.
Sams. Be less abstruse, my riddling days are past.
Chor. Look now for no enchanting voice, nor fear
The bait of honied words : a rougher tongue

Draws hitherward; I know him by his stride.
 The giant Harapha of Gath, his look
 Haughty as is his pile high built and proud.
 Comes he in peace? What wind hath blown him
 hither?

I less conjecture than when first I saw
 The sumptuous Dalila floating this way:
 His habit carries peace, his brow defiance.

Sams. Or peace, or not, alike to me he comes.

Chor. His fraught we soon shall know, he now arrives.

Har. I come not. Samson, to condole thy chance
 As these perhaps, yet wish it had not been,
 Though for no friendly intent.

Aeschylus, *Pr. V.* 941.

One life counts for little in public calamity.

Artevelde. I know, Sir, no man better, where my talk
 Is serviceable singly, where it needs
 To be by acts enforced. I say, beware,
 And brave not mine authority too far.

Van den Bosch. Hast thou authority to take my life?
 What is it else to let yon herald in
 To bargain for our blood?

Artevelde. Thy life again!
 Why, what a very slave of life art thou!
 Look round about on this once populous town:
 Not one of these innumerable house-tops
 But hides some spectral form of misery,
 Some peevish pining child and moaning mother,
 Some aged man that in his dotage scolds,
 Not knowing why he hungers, some cold corpse

That lies unstraightened where the spirit left it.
 Look round and answer what thy life can be
 To tell for more than dust upon the balance.

Aeschylus, *Agam.* 638: Sophocles, *Oed. Rex*, 622.

*Tiresias suggests that Menoeceus should devote himself for
 his country.*

From within

The city comes a murmur void of joy,
 Lest she be taken captive—maidens, wives,
 Falling about their shrines before their gods,
 And wailing 'Save us.'

And they wail to thee!

These eyeless eyes, that cannot see thine own,
 See this, that only in thy virtue lies
 The saving of our Thebes; for, yesternight,
 To me the great God Ares, whose one bliss
 Is war and human sacrifice—himself
 Blood-red from battle, spear and helmet tipt
 With stormy light as on a mast at sea,
 Stood out before a darkness, crying 'Thebes,
 Thy Thebes shall fall and perish, for I loathe
 The seed of Cadmus—yet if one of these
 By his own hand—if one of these—'

My son,

No sound is breathed so potent to coerce,
 And to conciliate, as their names who dare
 For that sweet mother-land which gave them birth
 Nobly to do, nobly to die.

Euripides, *Phoen.* 986-1018.

Prometheus defiant.

Prom. If by submission I might dwell in joy
 Among those upstart gods, I would not quit
 This bleak ravine, these unrepentant pains.

Merc. Alas! I wonder at yet pity thee.

Prom. Pity the self-despising slaves of Heaven
 Not me, within whose mind sits peace serene.
 Call up the Fiends!

Merc. I must obey Jove's words and thine. Alas!
 Most heavily remorse hangs at my heart.

Fury. Prometheus! Titan! Champion of mankind!

Prom. He whom some dreadful voice invokes is here.
 Prometheus, the chained Titan. Horrible forms.
 What and who are ye? Never yet there came
 Phantasms so foul from monster-teeming Hell!

Fury. We are the ministers of pain, and fear,
 And disappointment, and mistrust, and hate.
 And clinging crime, and as lean dogs pursue
 Through wood and lake some struck and sobbing fawn
 We track all things that weep and bleed and live
 When the great king betrays them to our will.

Prom. O many fearful natures in one name!
 I know ye, and these lakes and echoes know
 The darkness and the clangour of your wings.
 But why more hideous than your loathed selves
 Gather ye up in legions from the deep?

Aeschylus, *Pr. V.* 1001; *Choeph.* 1048.

'Ius suum cuique.'

Duke. How shalt though hope for mercy, rend'ring
 none?

Str. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?
 You have among you many a purchased slave,
 Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,
 You use in abject and in slavish parts,
 Because you bought them.—Shall I say to you,
 Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
 Why sweat they under burdens? let their beds
 Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
 Be seasoned with such viands? You will answer,
 The slaves are ours: so do I answer you.
 The pound of flesh which I demand of him,
 Is dearly bought, is mine, and I will have it.

The ghost of Protesilaus speaks.

Great Jove, Laodamia, doth not leave
 His gifts imperfect. Spectre though I be,
 I am not sent to scare thee, or deceive;
 But in reward of thy fidelity.
 And something also did my worth obtain;
 For fearless virtue bringeth boundless gain.
 Thou knowest the Delphic oracle foretold
 That the first Greek who touched the Trojan strand
 Should die: but me the threat could not withhold:
 A generous cause a victim did demand;
 And forth I leapt upon the sandy plain:
 A self-devoted chief—by Hector slain.

Love may recall the dead to life.

Protesilaus. Be taught, O faithful consort, to control,
 Rebellious passion; for the gods approve
 The depth, and not the tumult, of the soul;
 A fervent, not ungovernable love.

Thy transports moderate; and meekly mourn
When I depart, for brief is my sojourn.

Laodamia. Ah, wherefore? Did not Hercules by force
Wrest from the guardian monster of the tomb
Alcestis, a reanimated corse,
Given back to dwell on earth in vernal bloom?
Medea's spells dispersed the weight of years,
And Aeson stood a youth 'mid youthful peers.
The gods to us are merciful, and they
Yet further may relent; for mightier far
Than strength of nerve or sinew, or the sway
Of magic potent over sun and star,
Is love, though oft to agony distrest,
And though his favourite seat be feeble woman's breast.

Iphigenia suspected of aiding Orestes to escape.

Arkas. I am perplexed, O King,
And know not whom I justly should accuse.
Whether the priestess aids the youths in flight,
Or they themselves clandestinely contrive it.
'Tis rumoured that the ship which brought them both
Is lurking somewhere in the neighbourhood.
This stranger's madness, these new lustral rites,
This specious pretext for delay, excite
Mistrust and call aloud for vigilance.

Thoas. Summon the priestess to attend me here!
Then go with speed and strictly search the glens
Along the shore and close by Dian's shrine.
Forbear to violate the sacred grove,
But set a watchful ambush, where you may.

Euripides, *Iph. in Taur.* 1311 sqq.

Iphigema's reason for sparing Orestes.

Iph. A messenger is coming from the king
 With hasty steps. Alas! how throbs my heart
 With anxious fear, now that I see the man
 Whom with a word untrue I must encounter!

Arkas. Priestess! with speed conclude the sacrifice!
 Impatiently the king and people wait.

Iph. I had perform'd my duty and thy will,
 Had not an unforeseen impediment
 The execution of my purpose thwarted.

Arkas. What is it that obstructs the king's commands?

Iph. Chance, which from mortals will not brook control.

Arkas. Possess me with the reason, that with speed
 I may inform the king, who hath decreed
 The death of both.

Iph. The gods have not decreed it.
 The elder of these men doth bear the guilt
 Of kindred-murder: on his steps attend
 The dread Eumenides.

Euripides, *Iph. in Taur.* 1152, 1033.

Submission to the sentence of ruthless judges.

Ang. Then die, Faliero! since it must be so.
 Thou hast been guilty of a great offence,
 Half-cancelled by the harshness of these men.
 I would have sued to them—have prayed to them—
 Have begged as famished mendicants for bread—
 Have wept as they will cry unto their God
 For mercy, and be answered as they answer—
 Had it been fitting for thy name or mine,
 And if the cruelty in their cold eyes
 Had not announced the heartless wrath within.

Dogc. I have lived too long not to know how to die!
 Thy suing to these men were but the bleating
 Of the lamb to the butcher, or the cry
 Of seamen to the surge. I would not take
 A life eternal, granted at the hands
 Of wretches, from whose monstrous villanies
 I sought to free the groaning nations!

Reproach and invective.

She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of France,
 Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth!
 How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex,
 To triumph like an Amazonian trull,
 Upon their woes, whom fortune captivates?
 But thatthy face is, visor-like, unchanging,
 Made impudent with use of evil deeds,
 I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush:
 To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom derived,
 Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou
 not shameless.

Thy father bears the type of king of Naples,
 Of both the Sicils, and Jerusalem;
 Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.
 Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?
 It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen:
 Unless the adage must be verified,—
 That beggars, mounted, run their horse to death.
 'Tis beauty, that doth oft make women proud;
 But, God he knows, thy share thereof is small:
 'Tis virtue, that doth make them most admir'd;
 The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at:
 'Tis government that makes them seem divine;

The want thereof makes thee abominable :
 Thou art as opposite to every good,
 As the Antipodes are unto us,
 Or as the South to the Septentrion.

Sophocles, *Aj.* 1226-1266.

Right will prevail in the end.

C. What hope, if this one hope of war be lost?
 M. This first, that in the cause wherein we fight
 Fight also Justice, and all-conquering Time.
 And though full long we wrestle up and down
 Fruitlessly, and defeat make dark our day,
 Yet be assured, who strives to crush our cause,
 Strives not with us but with a power unseen,
 Whereto shall witness not one age alone.
 Aye rather far, I ween, shall one prevail
 To change the ancient courses of the stars,
 Or from his steep course turn the lofty sun ;
 Only this power he shall not win with gifts,
 Nor find a spell to stay his sovereignty . .
 Yet toil we now as patient pioneers,
 In trustful strength abiding steadfastly,
 Content that we should die, and age on age
 Roll on till God's high purpose be revealed ;
 Till this thick night (wherein we look and long
 Wistfully watching where faint streaks half-seen
 Glimmer and fitfully foretell the dawn)
 Shall flee far off, and men's expectant eyes
 Look up at last to the free firmament,
 Glad in the golden marvel of the morn.

Aeschylus, *Pr. V.* 255-267, 507-525.

Death the worst of evils.

Claud. Death is a fearful thing.

Isab. And shamed life a hateful.

Claud. Aye, but to die, and go we known not where :

To lie in cold obstruction and to rot ;
 This sensible warm motion to become
 A kneaded clod ; and the delighted spirit
 To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
 In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice ;
 To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,
 And blown with restless violence about
 The pendent world ; or to be worse than worst
 Of those that lawless and uncertain thoughts
 Imagine howling !—'Tis too horrible.
 The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
 That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
 Can lay on nature is a paradise
 To what we fear of death.

Isab. Alas ! Alas !

Claud. Sweet sister, let me live.

What sin you do to save a brother's life,
 Nature dispenses with the deed so far
 That it becomes a virtue.

Aeschylus, *Pr. V.* 992-1053 ; *Pr. Sol.* Frag. 181 (Dindorf) ;
Eum. 185-197 ; Aristophanes, *Ranae*, 473 ; Euripides, *Iph. iii*
Aul. 1211-1252 ; *Phoenix.* Frag. 808 (Dindorf).

Clytemnestra's ghost relates how her child was sacrificed.

Thus the slow years rolled onward, till at last
 There came a dreadful rumour—'She is dead,
 Thy daughter, years ago—the cruel priests

Clamoured for blood; the stern cold kings stood round
 Without a tear, and he, her sire, with them
 To see a virgin bleed. They cut with knives
 The taper girlish throat; they watched the blood
 Drip slowly on the sand, and the young life
 Meek as a lamb come to the sacrifice
 To appease the angry gods.' And he, the king,
 Her father, stood by too, and saw them do it,
 The wickedness, breathing no word of wrath,
 Till all was done! The cowards! the dull cowards!
 I would some black storm, bursting suddenly,
 Had whelmed them and their fleets, ere yet they dared
 To waste an innocent life.

Euripides. *Iph. in Aul.* 873, 1543; *Elec.* 1011; Sophocles. *El.* 531;
 Aeschylus, *Ag.* 224; *Choeph.* 691.

Clytemnestra curses the Gods and Fate.

But I praise not
 The selfish, careless gods who wrecked our lives.
 Making the King the murderer of his girl,
 And me his murderess: making my son
 The murderer of his mother and her love—
 A mystery of blood!—I curse them all,
 The careless forces, sitting far withdrawn
 Upon the heights of Space, taking men's lives
 For playthings, and deriding, as in sport,
 Our happiness and woe. We have a right
 To joy as they have. Let them stand confessed
 The puppets that they are—too weak to give
 The good they feign to love, since Fate, their master,

Sits and derides them too. I curse Fate too,
 The deaf blind Fury, taking human souls
 And crushing them, as a dull fretful child
 Crushes its toys, and knows not with what skill
 Those feeble forms are fashioned.

Forgiveness of a dead rival.

The gods are wise who lead us—now to smite,
 And now to spare; we dwell but in their sight
 And work but what their will is. What hath been,
 Is past. But these, that once were King and Queen,
 The sun, that feeds on death, shall not consume
 Naked. Not I would sunder tomb from tomb
 Of these twain foes of mine, in death made one.
 I, that when darkness hides me from the sun
 Shall sleep alone, with none to rest by me.
 But thou—this one time more I look on thee—
 Fair face, brave hand, weak heart that wast not mine.
 Sleep sound, and God be good to thee, Locrine.
 I was not. She was fair as heaven in spring
 Whom thou didst love, indeed. Sleep, queen and
 king,
 Forgiven; and if—God knows—being dead, ye live.
 And keep remembrance yet of me—forgive.

Aeschylus, *Choeph.* 973: Sophocles, *Aj.* 992.

Reverse of fortune.

Who sues, and kneels, and says—God save the
 queen!
 Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee?
 Where be the thronging troops that follow'd thee?
 Decline all this, and see what thou now art.

For happy wife, a most distressed widow;
 For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me:
 For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one;
 For one commanding all, obey'd of none.
 Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about,
 And left thee but a very prey to time;
 Having no more but thought of what thou wert,
 To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
 Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou not
 Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow?

Euripides, *Hec.* 349; *Andr.* 163, 384.

Comus, wizard and enchanter.

Spirit. Aye me unhappy! then my fears are true.

1 *Brother.* What fears good Thirsis? Prythee briefly show.

Spirit. I'll tell ye: 'tis not vain or fabulous,
 Though so esteemed by shallow ignorance,
 What the sage poets, taught by th' heavenly Muse,
 Storied of old in high immortal verse,
 Of dire chimæras and enchanted isles,
 And rifted rocks whose entrance leads to Hell;
 For such there be, but unbelief is blind.

Within the navel of this hideous wood,
 Immured in cypress shades a sorcerer dwells,
 Of Bacchus and of Circe born, great Comus,
 Deep skilled in all his mother's witcheries,
 And here to every thirsty wanderer
 By sly enticement gives his baneful cup,
 With many murmurs mixed, whose pleasing poison
 The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,

And the inglorious likeness of a beast
 Fixes instead, unmoulding reason's mintage
 Charactered in the face.

Euripides, *Bacch.* Prolog. 1.

Appeal to a king to stay the plague and save his people.

Yes: 'tis the eternal law that where guilt is,
 Sorrow shall answer it: and thou hast not
 A poor man's privilege to bear alone,
 Or in the narrow circle of his kinsmen,
 The penalties of evil, for in thine
 A nation's fate lies circled—King Adrastus!
 Mailed as thy heart is with the usages
 Of pomp and power, a few short summers since
 Thou wert a child, and canst not be relentless.
 O, if maternal love embraced thee then,
 Think of the mothers who with eyes unwet
 Glare o'er their perishing children: hast thou shared
 The glow of a first friendship, which is born
 Midst the rude sports of boyhood, think of youth
 Smitten amidst its playthings—let the spirit
 Of thy own innocent childhood whisper pity!

Sophocles, *Oed. Rex.* 14, 380, 408; *Ant.* 710:

Euripides, *Iph. in Taur.* 342; *Dictys.* Frag. 334 (Dindorf):

Phrix. Frag. 825.

Vengeance, a duty not to be neglected.

And even now, my son, ah me! my son,
 Fain would I fade away, as I have liv'd,
 Without a cry, a struggle, or a blow,
 All vengeance unattempted, and descend
 To the invisible plains, to roam with thee,

Fit denizen, the lampless under-world—
 But with what eyes should I encounter there
 My husband, wandering with his stern compeers,
 Or how reply to thee, my child, last-born,
 Last-murder'd, who reproachfully wilt say—
 'Mother, I well believ'd thou lived'st on
 In the detested palace of thy foe,
 With patience on thy face, death in thy heart,
 Counting, till I grew up, the laggard years,
 That our joint hands might then together pay
 To one unhappy house the debt we owe.
 My death makes my debt void, and doubless thine—
 But down thou fleest here, and leav'st our scourge
 Triumphant, and condemnest all our race
 To lie in gloom for ever unappeas'd.'

Sophocles, *Oed. Rex*, 1369; *Aj.* 1003; *El.* 822, 951.

The powers of Evil invoked to inspire daring.

No, something must be dared, and great as erst
 Our dastard patience be our daring now!
 Come, ye swift Furies, who to him ye haunt
 Permit no peace till your behests are done:
 Come, Hermes, who dost watch the unjustly killed,
 And canst teach simple ones to plot and feign;
 Come, lightning Passion, that with foot of fire
 Advancest to the middle of a deed
 Almost before 'tis planned: come, glowing Hate;
 Come, baneful Mischief, from thy murky den
 Under the dripping black Tartarean cliff
 Which Styx's awful waters trickle down—
 Inspire this coward heart, this flagging arm.

And ye, keep faithful silence friends and mark
 What one weak woman can achieve alone.

Sophocles, *Aj.* 815, 865, 1003; *Oed. Col.* 1389; *El.* 808, 951,
 1376; *Oed. Rev.* 1369. Aeschylus, *Choeph.* 722, 812.

Satan accepts his place of banishment.

Is this the seat
 That we must change for heaven, this mournful gloom
 For that celestial light? be it so, since he,
 Who now is Sovereign, can dispose and bid
 What shall be right: farthest from him is best,
 Whom reason has equalled, force hath made supreme
 Above his equals. Farewell, happy fields,
 Where joy for ever dwells: hail, horrors; hail,
 Infernal world: and thou, profoundest hell,
 Receive thy new possessor; one who brings
 A mind not to be changed by place or time.
 The mind is its own place, and in itself
 Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.
 What matter where if I be still the same,
 And what I should be, all but less than he
 Whom thunder hath made greater? here at least
 We shall be free: the Almighty hath not built
 Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:
 Here we may reign secure, and in my choice
 To reign is worth ambition, though in hell:
 Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven.

Aeschylus, *Pr. V.* 88, 937.

A cry of despair: 'Come, death, to give release.'

O be ye merciful, and strike me dead!
 How many a one cries unto you to live,

Which gift ye find no little thing to give.
 O give it now to such and unto me
 That other gift from which all people flee.
 O was it not enough to take away
 The flowery meadows and the light of day?
 Or not enough to take away from me
 The once loved faces that I used to see?
 To take away sweet sounds and melodies,
 The song of birds, the rustle of the trees?
 To make the prattle of the children cease,
 And wrap my soul in shadowy hollow peace
 Devoid of longing? Ah no, not for me!
 For those who die your friends, the rest shall be:
 For me no rest from shame and sore distress
 For me no moment of forgetfulness.

Euripides, *Dan.* Frag. 327; *Alc.* 280.

Conflict of passions: Love must triumph over Anger.

What shall I say? invent, contrive, advise,
 Somewhat to blind the king and save his life
 In whom I live; spite of my rage and pride,
 I am a woman and a lover still;
 O! 'tis more grief but to suppose his death
 Than still to meet the rigour of his scorn.
 From my despair my anger had its source;
 When he is dead I must despair for ever.
 For ever! That's despair—it was distrust
 Before—distrust will ever be in love,
 And anger in distrust: both short-lived pains—
 But in despair and ever-during death,
 No term, no bound, but infinite of woe.
 O torment but to speak! what then to bear?

Not to be born—devise the means to shun it,
Quick, or by heavens this dagger drinks your blood.

Challenge and defiance of a rival in love.

Now, by the gods who govern heaven above,
Wert thou not weak with hunger, mad with love,
That word had been thy last, or in this grove
This hand should force thee to renounce thy love.
The surety which I gave thee, I defy:
Fool, not to know that love endures no tie,
And Jove but laughs at lovers' perjury.
Know I will serve the fair in thy despite;
But since thou art my kinsman, and a knight,
Here, have my faith, to-morrow in this grove
Our arms shall plead the titles of our love:
And heaven so help my right, as I alone
Will come, and keep the cause and quarrel both
unknown;
With arms of proof both for thyself and thee,
Choose thou the best, and leave the worst for me.

A man of peace suddenly transformed into a man of action.

Thou hast beheld me living heretofore
As one retired in staid tranquillity:
The dweller in the mountains, on whose ear
The accustomed cataract thunders unobserved:
The seaman who sleeps sound upon the deck
Nor hears the loud lamenting of the blast
Nor heeds the weltering of the plangent wave,—
These have not lived more undisturbed than I:
But build not upon this: the swollen stream
May shake the cottage of the mountaineer

And drive him forth: the seaman roused at length
 Leaps from his slumber on the wave-washed deck,
 And now the time comes fast when here in Ghent
 He who would live exempt from injuries
 Of armed men, must be himself in arms.

'This time is near for all: nearer for me:

I will not wait upon necessity

And leave myself no chance of vantage ground,
 But rather meet the times where best I may,
 And mould and fashion them as best I can.

Euripides, *Phoen.* 499-525.

The ancient Gods renounce Mankind and their worship.

Wherefore, whatsoe'er

Henceforth men worship, whether foul or fair,
 We at the least resign man's earth, and man,
 To fates no more by us controlled. Nor can
 Man's worship mock our altars any more.

Not unto us henceforth your priests shall pour
 The victim's blood. Not ours henceforth the names
 Invoked on earth to sanction earth's worst shames.

Not simulating service in our cause

Shall Fraud forge Heaven's approval of the laws
 Devised by wicked Force to sanction Wrong.

Not ours the worshippers whose zeal shall throng
 Dungeons with dying, charnels with the dead.

Nor yet to us shall praise be sung, prayer said,
 Whenever men henceforth have injured men.

Why should we bide on earth and be again
 Dishonoured in the deeds whereby mankind
 Profess to honour Heaven?

Aeschylus, *Eum.* 490.

Cypris, still parent, queen and preserver of the universe.

‘ Shall I complain
Men kneel to me no longer, taking to them
Some graver, sterner worship?’ Nay, I shall reign
Within the hearts of men, while Time shall last
And Life renews itself. All Life that is,
From the weak things of earth or sea or air,
Which creep or float for an hour, to godlike man—
All know me and are mine. I am the source
And mother of all, both gods and men. The world
Were dead without my rays, who am the light
Which vivifies the world. Nay, but for me
The universal order which attracts
Sphere unto sphere, and keeps them in their paths
For ever, were no more. All things are bound
Within my golden chain, whose name is Love.

See examples under ‘ Love.’

An old blind man to his daughter.

Child! is the sun abroad? I feel my hair
Borne up and wafted by the gentle wind;
I feel the odours that perfume the air,
And hear the rustling of the leaves behind.
Within my heart I picture them, and then
I almost can forget that I am blind,
And old, and hated by my fellow-men.
Yet would I fain once more behold the grace
Of nature ere I die, and gaze again
Upon her living and rejoicing face—
Fain would I see thy countenance, my child,

My comforter! I feel thy dear embrace—
I hear thy voice so musical and mild,
The patient sole interpreter, by whom
So many years of sadness are beguiled;
For it hath made my small and scanty room
Peopled with glowing visions of the past.
But I will calmly bend me to my doom,
And wait the hour which is approaching fast,
When triple light shall stream upon mine eyes,
And heaven itself be opened up at last
To him who dared foretell its mysteries.

Yet I, who ever felt another's woe
More keenly than my own untold distress;
I, who have battled with the common foe,
And broke for years the bread of bitterness;
Who never yet abandoned or betrayed
The trust vouchsafed me, nor have ceased to bless,
Am left alone to wither in the shade,
A weak old man, deserted by his kind—
Whom none will comfort in his age, nor aid!

Oh, let me not repine! A quiet mind,
Conscious and upright, needs no other stay;
Nor can I grieve for what I leave behind,
In the rich promise of eternal day.
Henceforth to me the world is dead and gone,
Its thorns unfelt, its roses cast away:
And the old pilgrim, weary and alone,
Bowed down with travel, at his Master's gate
Now sits, his task of life-long labour done,
Thankful for rest, although it comes so late,
After sore journey through this world of sin,

In hope, and prayer, and wistfulness to wait,
Until the door shall ope, and let him in.

Sophocles, *Oed. Col.* 1-13, 84-110, 258-291, 337-360,
421-449, 1540-1555.

Mankind still need the services of Hercules.

‘ I toil no more

On earth, nor wield again the mighty strength
Which Zeus once gave me for the cure of ill.
I have run my race; I have done my work; I rest
For ever from the toilsome days I gave
To the suffering race of men. And yet, indeed,
Methinks they suffer still. Tyrannous growths
And monstrous vex them still. Pestilence lurks
And sweeps them down. Treacheries come, and wars,
And slay them still. Vaulting ambition leaps
And falls in bloodshed still.’

Sophocles, *Tr.* 1045: Aeschylus, *Pr. V.* 442, 476.

A cry for vengeance.

A woman, O my friends, has one desire —
To see secure, to live with those she loves.
Can vengeance give me back the murdered? No.
Can it bring home my child? Ah, if it can,
I pray the Furies’ ever restless band,
And pray the Gods, and pray the all-seeing Sun,
‘ Sun, who careerest through the heights of heaven,
When o’er the Arcadian forests thou art come,
And see’st my stripling hunter there afield,
Put tightness in thy gold-embossed rein
And check thy fiery steeds, and leaning back
Throw him a pealing word of summons down

To come a late avenger to the aid
 Of this poor soul who bore him and his sire.'
 If this will bring him back, be this my prayer.

Sophocles, *Aj.* 835-865.

Samson reproaches himself for his folly and weakness.

Ye see, O friends,
 How many evils have enclosed me round;
 Yet that which was the worst now least afflicts me.
 Blindness; for had I sight, confus'd with shame,
 How could I once look up, or heave the head,
 Who, like a foolish pilot, have shipwrecked
 My vessel trusted to me from above,
 Gloriously rigged; and for a word, a tear,
 Fool, have divulged the secret gift of God
 To a deceitful woman? tell me, friends,
 Am I not sung and proverb'd for a fool
 In every street? do they not say, how well
 Are come upon him his deserts? yet why?
 Immeasurable strength they might behold
 In me, of wisdom nothing more than mean;
 This with the other should at least have pair'd,
 These two, proportion'd ill drove me transverse.

Arthur reproaches Guinevere.

Liest thou here so low, the child of one
 I honour'd, happy, dead before thy shame?
 Well is it that no child is born of thee.
 The children born of thee are sword and fire,
 Red ruin, and the breaking up of laws,
 The craft of kindred and the godless hosts

Of heathen swarming o'er the Northern Sea.
Whom I, while yet Sir Lancelot, my right arm,
The mightiest of my knights, abode with me,
Have everywhere about this land of Christ
In twelve great battles ruining overthrown.
And knowest thou now from whence I come—from
 him,
From waging bitter war with him : and he,
That did not shun to smite me in worse way,
Had yet that grace of courtesy in him left,
He spared to lift his hand against the king
Who made him knight ; but many a knight was
 slain ;
And many more, and all his kith and kin
Clave to him, and abode in his own land.

Independence, spite of age and poverty.

Place me once more, my daughter, where the sun
May shine upon my old and time-worn head,
For the last time, perchance. My race is run ;
And soon among the ever-silent dead
I must repose, it may be, half forgot.
Yes! I have broke the hard and bitter bread
For many a year, with those who troubled not
To buckle on the armour for the fight,
And set themselves against the tyrant's lot ;
And I have never bowed me to his might,
Nor knelt before him—for I bear within
My heart the sternest consciousness of right,
And that perpetual hate of gilded sin
Which made me what I am ; and tho' the stain
Of poverty be on me, yet I win

More honour by it than the blinded train
 Who hug their willing servitude, and bow
 Unto the weakest and the most profane.

Sophocles, *Oed. Col.* 1-23, 84-93, 258-293, 421-449.

None so stupid but can see what is pleasing to God.

O mother, I am not fain to strive in speech
 Nor set my mouth against thee, who art wise
 Even as they say and full of sacred words.
 But one thing I know surely, and cleave to this :
 That though I be not subtle of wit as thou
 Nor womanlike to weave sweet words, and melt
 Mutable minds of wise men as with fire,
 I too, doing justly and reverencing the gods,
 Shall not want wit to see what things be right.
 For whom they love and whom reject, being gods,
 There is no man but seeth, and in good time
 Submits himself, refraining all his heart.
 And I too as thou sayest have seen great things ;
 Seen elsewhere, but chiefly when the sail
 First caught between stretched ropes the roaring
 west,
 And all our oars smote eastward.

Sophocles, *Ant.* 683 ; Euripides, *Bacch.* 266 ; *Med.* 523.

Höder's remorse for slaying Balder.

Mother, a child of bale thou barest in me.
 For first thou barest me with blinded eyes,
 Sightless and helpless, wandering weak in heaven ;
 And after that of ignorant witless mind
 Thou barest me, and unforeseeing soul :

That I alone must take the branch from Lok,
 The foe, the accuser, whom though gods we hate,
 And cast it at the dear-loved Balder's breast,
 At whom the gods in sport their weapons threw;
 Gainst that alone had Balder's life no charm.
 Now therefore what attempt, or whither fly?
 For who will bear my hateful sight in heaven?
 Can I, O mother, bring them Balder back?
 Or (for thou know'st the Fates, and things allowed)
 Can I with Hela's power a compact strike,
 And make exchange and give my life for his?

Medea to her Children.

But when in some dim land we meet again,
 Will ye remember all the loss and pain?
 Will ye the form of children keep for aye
 With thoughts of men? and, 'Mother,' will ye say,
 Why didst thou slay us ere we came to know
 That men die? hadst thou waited until now
 An easy thing it had been then to die.
 For in the thought of immortality
 Do children play about the flowery meads
 And win their heaven with a crown of weeds.
 O children, that I would have died to save,
 How fair a life of pleasure might ye have
 But for your mother: nay, for thee, for thee,
 For thee, who might'st have lived so happily,
 For thee, O traitor, who didst bring them here,
 Into this cruel world, this lovely bier
 Of youth, and love, and joy, and happiness,
 That unforeseeing, happy fools still bless.

Euripides, *Med.* 1019-1080: Sophocles, *Tr.* 143.

Medea's remorse for the murder of her children.

But ye—shall I behold you when leaves fall
 In some sad evening of the autumn tide?
 Or think I have you sitting by my side
 Amidst the feast, so that folk stare, and say,
 'Sure the grey wolf has seen the queen to-day'?
 What, when I kneel in temples of the gods,
 Must I bethink me of the upturned sods,
 And hear a voice say, 'Mother, wilt thou come
 And see us resting in our new-made home,
 Since thou wert used to make us lie full soft,
 Smoothing our pillows many a time and oft?
 O mother, now no dainty food we need,
 Whereof thou once wert wont to have such heed.
 O mother, now we need no gown of gold,
 Nor in the winter time do we grow cold:
 Thine hands would bathe us when we were thine
 own,
 Now doth the rain wash every shining bone;
 No pedagogue we need, for surely heaven
 Lies spread above us with the planets seven
 To teach us all its lore.'

A mother's appeal to her daughter.

My dearest daughter, at your feet I fall,
 Hear, oh! yet hear your wretched mother's call;
 Think at your birth, ah! think what pains I bore,
 And can your eyes behold me suffer more?
 You were the child which from your infancy
 I still loved best, and then you best loved me.
 About my neck your little arms you spread,
 Nor could you sleep without me in the bed,

But sought my bosom when you went to rest,
 And all night long would lie across my breast.
 Nor without cause did you that fondness show.
 You may remember when our Nile did flow,
 While on the bank you innocently stood
 And with a wand made circles in the flood
 That rose and just was hurrying you to death,
 When I from far, all pale and out of breath,
 Ran and rushed in,
 And from the waves my floating pledge did bear.
 So much my love was stronger than my fear.

Euripides, *Troad.* 735; *Med.* 708-715; 894-905, 1021-1052.

A mother's passionate cry when deprived of her child.

Ah me! my babe, my bloſsom, ah! my child,
 My one sweet child, whom I shall see no more!
 For now will cruel Ida keep her back;
 And either she will die for want of care,
 Or sicken with ill-usage, when they say
 The child is hers—for every little fault,
 The child is hers; and they will beat my girl
 Remembering her mother: O my flower!
 Or they will take her, they will make her hard,
 And she will pass me by in after-life
 With some cold reverence worse than she were dead.
 Ill mother that I was to leave her there,
 To lag behind, scared by the cry they made.
 The horror of the shame among them all:
 But I will go and sit beside the doors,
 And make a wild petition night and day,
 Until they hate to hear me like a wind

Wailing for ever, till they open to me,
 And lay my little blossom at my feet,
 My babe, my sweet Aglaia, my one child:
 And I will take her up and go my way
 And satisfy my soul with kissing her.

Sophocles, *El.* 103, 1126-1170: Euripides, *Med.* 1021-1080.

Maiden loneliness of Atalanta.

But if toward any of you I am overbold
 That take thus much upon me, let him think
 How I for all my forest holiness,
 Fame, and this armed and iron maidenhood,
 Pay thus much also; I shall have no man's love
 For ever, and no face of children born,
 Or feeding lips upon me, or fastening eyes,
 For ever; nor being dead shall kings my sons
 Mourn me and bury, and tears on daughters' cheeks
 Burn; but a cold and sacred life, but strange,
 But far from dances and the back-blowing torch.
 Far off from flowers or any bed of man,
 Shall my life be for ever: me the snows
 That face the first of the morning, and cold hills
 Full of the land-wind, and sea-travelling storms,
 And many a wandering wing of noisy nights,
 That know the thunder and hear the thickening
 wolves—

Me the utmost pine and footless frost of woods
 That talk with many winds and gods, the hours
 Re-risen, and white divisions of the dawn,
 Springs thousand-tongued with the intermitting reed,
 And streams that murmur of the mother snow.

Me these allure, and know me; but no man
Knows, and my goddess only.

Medusa's story. Innocence an easy prey.

I was a priestess once
Of stern Athene, doing day by day
Due worship at her shrine. They held me cold
Who were my friends in childhood.

Like a god
He burst upon those pallid lifeless days
And wrecked my life. How should a virgin know
Deceit, who never at the joyous shrine
Of Cypris knelt, but ever lived apart
And so grew guilty? For if I had spent
My days among the throng, either my fault
Were blameless or undone. For innocence
The tempter spreads his net. For innocence
The gods keep all their terrors. Innocence
It is that bears the burden, which for guilt
Is lightened, and the spoiler goes his way
Uncaring, joyous, leaving her alone
The victim and unfriended.

Madness a remedy against grief.

I am not mad;—I would to heaven I were!
For then, 'tis like I should forget myself:
O, if I could, what grief should I forget!—
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be canoniz'd, cardinal;
For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,
My reasonable part produces reason

How I may be delivered of these woes,
 And teaches me to kill or hang myself;
 If I were mad, I should forget my son.

Sophocles, *Aj.* 257, 899.

Camilla entombed alive is rescued by her lover.

'It was my wish,' he said, 'to pass, to sleep,
 To rest, to be with her—till the great day
 Pealed on us with that music which rights all,
 And raised us hand in hand.' And kneeling there
 Down in the dreadful dust that once was man,
 He softly put his arm about her neck,
 And kissed her more than once, till helpless death
 And silence made him bold—nay, but I wrong him,
 He revered his dear lady even in death;
 But placing his true hand upon her heart,
 'O, you warm heart,' he moaned, 'not even death
 Can chill you all at once:' then starting, thought
 His dreams had come again, 'Do I wake or sleep?
 Or am I made immortal, or my love
 Mortal once more? It beat, the heart, it beat;
 Faint—but it beat:' at which his own began
 To pulse with vehemence. Then, all doubt removed,
 He raised her softly from the sepulchre,
 And wrapping her all over with the cloak
 He came in, and now striding fast, and now
 Sitting awhile to rest, but evermore
 Holding his golden burthen in his arms,
 He bore her through the solitary land
 Back to the mother's house where she was born.

Sophocles, *Ant.* 1196.

Parents left desolate through their own selfishness and cruelty.

O rather pray for those and pity them,
 Who, through their own desire accomplished, bring
 Their own gray hairs with sorrow to the grave!
 Who broke the bond which they desired to break,
 Which else had linked their race with times to come,
 Ignorant, devising their own daughter's death!
 May not that earthly chastisement suffice?
 Have not our love and reverence left them bare?
 Will not another take their heritage?
 Will there be children's laughter in their hall
 For ever and for ever, or one stone
 Left on another, or is it a light thing
 That I, their guest, their host, their ancient friend,
 I, made by these the last of all my race,
 Must cry to these, the last of theirs, 'Behold,
 Your house is left unto you desolate?'

Euripides, *Alc.* 629.

Character. A gentle gracious woman.

Fairer than Rachel by the palmy well,
 Fairer than Ruth among the fields of corn,
 Fair as the angel that said 'Hail!' she seemed,
 Who entering filled the house with sudden light.
 For so mine own was brightened: where indeed
 The roof so lowly but that beam of Heaven
 Dawned sometime through the doorway? whose the
 babe
 Too ragged to be fondled in her lap,
 Warmed at her bosom? The poor child of shame,
 The common care whom no one cared for, leapt

To greet her, wasting his forgotten heart,
 As with the mother he had never known,
 In gambols; for her fresh and innocent eyes
 Had such a star of morning in their blue,
 That all neglected places of the field
 Broke into nature's music when they saw her.

Euripides, *Alc.* 80, 150, 990.

A scene. Pride and obstinacy crushed.

But she brooked no more:
 Long since her heart had beat remorselessly,
 Full nigh to bursting; then she crept and neared
 Her husband inch by inch, but when she laid,
 Wifelike, her hand in one of his, he veiled
 His face with the other, and at once, as falls
 A creeper when the prop is broken, fell
 The woman shrieking at his feet, and swooned.
 Then her own people bore along the nave
 Her pendent hands, and pallid death-cold face.
 And her the lord, her husband, followed out
 Tall and erect, but in the middle aisle
 Reeled, as a footsore ox in crowded ways
 Stumbling across the market to his death,
 Unpitied; for he groped as blind, and seemed
 Always about to fall, grasping the pews
 And oaken finials till he reached the door.

Sophocles, *Oed. Rex* 1241.

A castaway on a desert island.

All these he saw, but what he fain had seen
 He could not see, the kindly human face,

Nor ever hear a kindly voice, but heard
 The myriad shriek of wheeling ocean-fowl,
 The league-long roller thundering on the reef,
 The moving whisper of huge trees that branched
 And blossomed in the zenith, or the sweep
 Of some precipitous rivulet to the wave,
 As down the shore he ranged, or all day long
 Sat often in the seaward-gazing gorge,
 A shipwrecked sailor waiting for a sail:
 No sail from day to day, but every day
 The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts
 Among the palms and ferns and precipices:
 The blaze upon the waters to the east;
 The blaze upon his island overhead;
 The blaze upon the waters to the west;
 Then the great stars that globed themselves in
 heaven,
 The hollower bellowing ocean, and again
 The scarlet shafts of sunrise, but no sail.

Sophocles, *Phil.* 162-190, 276-316, 676-729, 1081 sqq.

1452-to end.

Iphigenia doomed to be sacrificed by her father.

He turned away, not far, but silent still;
 She now first shuddered; for in him so nigh
 So long a silence seemed the approach of death
 And like it. Once again she raised her voice:
 'O father, if the ships are now detained,
 And all your vows move not the gods above,
 When the knife strikes me, there will be one prayer
 The less to them; and purer can there be

Any or more fervent than the daughter's prayer
For her dear father's safety and success?'

A groan that shook him shook not his resolve.
An aged man now entered, and without
One word stepped slowly on, and took the wrist
Of the pale maiden. She looked up, and saw
The fillet of the priest and calm cold eyes;—
Then turned she where her father stood, and cried.
'O father, grieve no more,—the ships can sail!'

Euripides, Iph. in Aul. 1543; Hec. 534.

Medea puts to sea with Jason: alarm and pursuit.

But turning townward did Medea call:—

'O noble Jason, and ye heroes strong,
To sea, to sea, nor, pray ye, loiter long:
My father wakes.'

But as she spoke, rattling the cable slipped
From out the hawse-hole, and the long oars dipped,
As from the quay the heroes pushed away,
And in the loosened sail the wind gan play:
But e'en as they unto the stroke leaned back,
And Nauplius catching at the main-sheet slack
Had drawn it taut, out flared the beacon wide,
Lighting the waves, and they heard folk who cried:
'Awake! awake! awake! O Colchian folk!'
And all about the blare of horns outbroke,
As watch-tower answered watch-tower down the
stream,

Where far below they saw the bale-fires gleam:
And galloping of horses now they heard,
And clang of arms, and cries of men afeard.

For now the merchant-mariners who lay
 About the town, thought surely an ill day
 Had dawned upon them while they slept at ease.
 And half-awake pushed madly from the quays
 With crash of breaking oars and meeting ships.
 And cries and curses from outlandish lips.

Euripides, *Iph. in Taur.* 1379-1434.

Danae cast ashore on Seriphos is kindly welcomed by Dictys.

Then said he, 'Lady, fear not any more,
 For you are come unto no savage shore,
 But here shall be a queen as erst at home:
 And if thou askest whereto thou art come,
 This is the isle Seriphos; and for me,
 My name is Dictys, and right royally
 My brother lives, the king of all the isle.
 Him shalt thou see within a little while,
 And doubtless he will give thee everything
 That 'longs unto the daughter of a king.

Meanwhile I bid thee in my house to rest,
 And there thy wearied body shall be dressed
 In seemly raiment by my women slaves,
 And thou shalt wash thee from the bitter waves,
 And eat, and drink, and sleep full easily,
 And on the morrow shalt thou come with me
 And take King Polydectes by the hand,
 Who in good peace rules o'er this quiet land.'

Aeschylus, *Choeph.* 669.

Elaine resigns herself to die for love of Lancelot.

Then spake the lily maid of Astolat:
 'Sweet father, all too sick and faint am I

For anger: these are slanders: never yet
 Was noble man but made ignoble talk.
 He makes no friend who never made a foe.
 But now it is my glory to have loved
 One peerless, without stain: so let me pass.
 My father, howsoe'er I seem to you,
 Not all unhappy having loved God's best
 And greatest, tho' my love had no return.
 Yet seeing you desire your child to live,
 Thanks, but you work against your own desire.
 For if I could believe the things you say,
 I should but die the sooner, wherefore cease,
 Sweet father, and bid call the ghostly man
 Hither, and let him shrive me clean and die.

Euripides, *Hec.* 369-381.

*Nimbus reluctantly consents to let Phaethon drive the chariot
 of the Sun.*

He ended: but the brows of Theebus lowered:
 And, stung with the anguish of a god, he spake:
 Child, thou has asked a hard and perilous thing.
 A thing to be denied even to Zeus.
 Woe worth the moment when I swore by Styx
 To this most dire completion of a will
 So wayward! Thou hast asked a boonless boon.
 Not knowing that thou dost aspire to die,
 Scared with a ruinous elemental roar
 Too late, and sepulchred in floods of fire.
 For who of mortal or immortal brood
 May wield at will the horses of the Sun,
 Not lightly tamed even by me their lord?
 O glean a little wisdom while thou mayest!

Is there not somewhere something to be found,
Sufficient to surpass this fatal boon?’

So Phœbus; but the child of Clymene
Stood firm, appealing to the swerveless oath;
And all night long Apollo, with knit brows,
Heavy of soul and sore disquieted,
Through his wide palace wandered up and down:
And, like the erring phantasm of a man
Slain traitorously and cast into the deep,
Who, for the dread want of a little earth,
Cannot find rest, so rest was none for him.

*Jason's awakening, to find his bride and children murdered
by Medea.*

He heard her words,
But as the far-off murmur of the birds
The townsman hears ere yet the morn is late,
While streets are void and shut is every gate;
But still they soothed him, and he fell asleep.
But what a waking unto him shall be!
And what a load of shameful misery
His life shall bear! His old love cast away,
His new love dead upon that fearful day,
Childless, dishonoured, must his days go by.
For in another chamber did there lie
Two little helpless bodies side by side,
Smiling as though in sweet sleep they had died.
And feared no ill. And she who thus had slain
Those fruits of love, the folk saw not again,
Nor knew where she was gone.

Sophocles, *El.* 17; *Phil.* 276.

A woman asserts and justifies her love.

Fixed on this thought, she, not as women use,
 Her fault by common frailty would excuse;
 But boldly justified her innocence,
 And, while the fact was owned, denied the offence.
 Then with dry eyes, and with an open look,
 She met his glance midway, and thus undaunted
 spoke.

‘Tancred, I neither am disposed to make
 Request for life, nor offered life to take;
 Much less deny the deed; but least of all
 Beneath pretended justice weakly fall.
 My words to sacred truth shall be confined,
 My deeds shall show the greatness of my mind.
 That I have loved, I own; that still I love,
 I call to witness all the powers above:
 Yet more I own: to Guiscard’s love, I give
 The small remaining time I have to live;
 But if beyond this life desires can be,
 Not fate itself shall set my passion free.

Euripides, *Herac.* 500; *Phoen.* 997.

A death-bed scene.

Artemidora! Gods invisible
 While thou art lying faint along the couch
 Have tied the sandal to thy slender feet,
 And stand beside thee ready to convey
 Thy weary steps where other rivers flow.
 Refreshing shades will waft thy weariness
 Away, and voices like thy own come near
 And nearer, and solicit an embrace!

Artemidora sighed and would have prest
The hand now pressing hers, but was too weak.
Iris stood over her dark hair unseen
While thus Elpenor spake. He looked into
Eyes that had given light and life erewhile
To those above them, but now dim with tears
And wakefulness. Again he spake of joy
Eternal. At that word, that sad word, joy,
Faithful and fond her bosom heaved once more,
Her head fell back: and now a loud deep sob
Swelled through the darkened chamber—'twas not
hers.

Euripides, *Alc.* 185-207, 245-284, 340-390.

The remorse of Guinevere.

Henceforward too, the Powers that tend the soul,
To help it from the death that cannot die,
And save it even in extremes, began
To vex and plague her. Many a time for hours
Beside the placid breathings of the King,
In the dead night, grim faces came and went
Before her, or a vague spiritual fear—
Like to some doubtful noise of creaking doors
Heard by the watcher in a haunted house
That keeps the rust of murder on the walls—
Held her awake: or if she slept, she dream'd
An awful dream; for then she seemed to stand
On some vast plain before a setting sun,
And from the sun there swiftly made at her
A ghastly something, and its shadow flew
Before it, till it touched her, and she turn'd—

When lo! her own, that broadening from her feet,
 And blackening, swallowed all the land, and in it,
 Far cities burnt, and with a cry she woke.

Aeschylus, *Ag.* 367, 12; *Choeph.* 1022, 283; *Eum.* 64.

Discovery of a murdered man.

Messenger. And him beside there lay upon the gras
 A dreary corse, whose life away did pas,
 All wallow'd in his own yet luke-warme blood,
 That from his wound yet welled fresh, alas!
 In which a rusty knife fast fixed stood,
 And made an open passage for the gushing flood.
 Which piteous spectacle approving true
 The wofull tale that Trevisan had told,
 Whenas the gentle Red-crosse knight did vew,
 With firie zeale he burnt in courage bold
 Him to avenge, before his blood were cold;
 And to the villein sayd: 'Thou damned wight,
 The authour of this fact we here behold,
 What justice can but judge against thee right,
 With thine own blood to price his blood, here shed
 in sight?'

Sophocles, *Aj.* 898.

Suicide justified and recommended.

'What frantieke fit,' quoth he, 'hath thus distraught
 Thee, foolish man, so rash a doome to give?
 What justice ever other judgment taught,
 But he should die, who merites not to live?
 None els to death this man despayring drive
 But his owne guiltie mind, deserving death.'

Is then unjust to each his dew to give?
 Or let him dye, that loatheth living breath?
 Or let him die at ease that liveth here uneath?
 Who travailes by the wearie wandring way,
 To come unto his wished home in haste,
 And meetes a flood that doth his passage stay;
 Is not great grace to help him over past,
 Or free his feet that in the myre sticke fast?
 Most envious man, that grieves at neighbour's good;
 And fond, that joyest in the woe thou hast;
 Why wilt not let him passe, that long hath stood,
 Upon the bancke, yet wilt thyselfe not pas the
 flood?'

*‘βῆναι κείθεν ὕθεν περ ἦκει
 πολὺ δεύτερον ὡς τάχιστα.’*

The longer life, I wote, the greater sin;
 The greater sin, the greater punishment;
 All those great battels which thou boasts to win
 Through strife, and blood-shed, and avengement,
 Now praysed, hereafter deare thou shalt repent;
 For life must life, and blood must blood, repay.
 Is not enough thy evill life forespent?
 For he that once hath missed the right way,
 The further he doth goe, the further he doth stray.
 Then doe no further goe, no further stray;
 But here ly downe and to thy rest betake;
 Th' ill to prevent, that life ensewen may.
 For what hath life that may it loved make,
 And gives not rather cause it to forsake?
 Feare, sickness, age, losse, labour, sorrow, strife,
 Payne, hunger, cold that makes the heart to quake;

And ever fickle Fortune rageth rife:
 All which, and thousands mo, do make a loathsome
 life.

Andromeda addresses Perseus who has come to her rescue.

But she 'mid fear beheld his kind grey eyes,
 And then as hope came glimmering through her
 dread,

In a weak voice he scarce could hear, she said:
 'O Death, if thou hast risen from the sea,
 Sent by the gods to end this misery;
 I thank them that thou comest in this form,
 Who rather thought to see a hideous worm
 Come trailing up the sands from out the deep,
 Or suddenly swing over from the steep
 To lap me in his folds, and bone by bone
 Crush all my body: come then, with no moan
 Will I make ready now to leave the light;
 But yet thy face is wonderful and bright,
 Art thou a god? Ah, then, be kind to me;
 Is there no valley far off from the sea
 Where I may live alone afar from strife,
 Nor anger any god with my poor life?
 Or do the gods delight in misery,
 And art thou come to mock me ere I die?'

Euripides, *Andr.* Frag. 125.

Hippolytus overwhelmed by the inroad of the sea.

And then he turned his chariot, a bright speck
 Now seen, now hidden, emerging like a star
 From the white clouds of foam. And, as I watched

Speaking no word, and breathing scarce a breath,
 I saw his form firm set, with reins held high
 And the proud head bent forward, as more near
 The swift team rushed, until, vain hope, it seemed
 My love might yet elude the sea god's wrath.

But on the verge

Lo, as I looked, a vast and purple wall
 Swelled swiftly towards the land: the lesser waves
 Sank as it came, and from the strand drawn back.
 Left dry the yellow shore. Onward it came
 Rearing its foaming crest. The chariot sped
 Nearer and nearer. I could see my love
 With the light of victory in his eyes, so near
 He came to where the palace-wall confined
 The narrow strip of beach.

Then like a bull

Lashing himself to rage, the furious wave
 Poising itself a moment, tossing high
 Its wind-vexed crest, dashed downward on the strand.
 With stamp, and rush, and roar.

And when I looked

The shore, the fields, the plain were one white sea
 Of churning, seething foam—chariot and steeds
 Gone, and my darling on the wave's white crest
 Tossed high, whirled down, beaten and bruised, and flung
 Dying upon the marble.

Euripides, *Hipp.* 1198.

A sister pleading for a brother's life.

Lucio. Give't not o'er so: to him again, intreat him;
 Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown;
 You are too cold: if you should need a pin,

You could not with more tame a tongue desire it.
To him, I say.

Isabella. Must he needs die?

Angelo. Maiden, no remedy.

Isabella. Yes; I do think that you might pardon him.

And neither heaven nor man grieve at the mercy,

Angelo. I will not do't.

Isabella. But can you, if you would?

Angelo. Look; what I will not, that I cannot do.

Isabella. But might you do't, and do the world no wrong.

If so your heart were touched with that remorse

As mine is to him?

Angelo. He's sentenced: 'tis too late.

Lucio. Thou art too cold.

Isabella. Too late? Why, no: I that do speak a word.

May call it back again: Well believe this,

No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,

Nor the king's crown nor the deputed sword,

The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,

Become them with one-half so good a grace

As mercy does. If he had been as you,

And you as he, you would have slept like him;

But he, like you, would not have been so stern.

Euripides, *Iph. in Aul.* 1241; *Hec.* 296, 334:

Sophocles, *Oed. Col.* 1275.

Love and loyalty: a friendly contention.

Talbot. O young John Talbot! I did send for thee,

To tutor thee in stratagems of war,

That Talbot's name might be in thee reviv'd,

When sapless age, and weak unable limbs,

Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.

But,—O, malignant and ill-boding stars!—
Now thou art come unto a feast of death,
A terrible and unavoided danger :

Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse.
And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape
By sudden flight. Come, dally not; begone.

John. Is my name Talbot? And am I your son?
And shall I fly? O! if you love my mother,
Dishonour not her honourable name,
To make a bastard and a slave of me:
The world will say he is not Talbot's blood,
That basely fled, when noble Talbot stood.

Euripides, *Or.* 759, 1018; *Iph. in Taur.* 674; *Phoen.* 1679.

A son's resolve to face death with his father.

Talbot. Fly to revenge my death, if I be slain.

John. He that flies so will ne'er return again.

Talbot. If we both stay, we both are sure to die.

John. Then let me stay; and father, do you fly:

Your loss is great, so your regard should be;

My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.

Upon my death the French can little boast,

In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.

Flight cannot stain the honour you have won,

But mine it will, that no exploit have done:

You fled for vantage every one will swear,

But if I fly, they'll say it was for fear.

There is no hope that ever I will stay,

If the first hour I shrink and run away.

Here, on my knee, I beg mortality,

Rather than life preserv'd with infamy.

Euripides, *Iph. in Taur.* 674.

A friendly altercation.

Talbot. Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb?

John. Ay, rather than I'll shame my mother's womb.

Talbot. Upon my blessing I command thee go.

John. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.

Talbot. Part of thy father may be sav'd in thee.

John. No part of him but will be shamed in me.

Talbot. Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not lose it.

John. Yes, your renowned name: shall flight abuse it?

Talbot. Thy father's charge shall clear thee from that stain.

John. You cannot witness for me, being slain.

If death be so apparent, then both fly.

Talbot. And leave my followers here, to fight, and die:

My age was never tainted with such shame.

John. And shall my youth be guilty of such blame?

No more can I be sever'd from your side,

Than can yourself yourself in twain divide:

Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;

For live I will not if my father die.

Talbot. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,

Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon.

Come, side by side together live and die,

And soul with soul from France to heaven fly.

Euripides, *Phoen.* 1679.

A mother's grief for her lost child.

Constance. And, father cardinal, I have heard you say,

That we shall see and know our friends in heaven:

If that be true, I shall see my boy again;

For since the birth of Cain, the first male child,

To him that did but yesterday suspire,
 There was not such a gracious creature born.
 But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,
 And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
 And he will look as hollow as a ghost,
 As dim and meagre as an ague's fit,
 And so he'll die; and, rising so again,
 When I shall meet him in the court of heaven
 I shall not know him: therefore never, never
 Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pandulph. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

Constance. He talks to me, that never had a son.

Euripides, *Troad.* 735.

Grief a consolation. 'τεταρπώμεσθα γόουο.'

K. Philip. You are as fond of grief as of your child.

Constance. Grief fills the room up of my absent child.

Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
 Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
 Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
 Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form:
 Then, have I reason to be fond of grief.

Fare you well: had you such a loss as I,
 I could give better comfort than you do.—

I will not keep this form upon my head,

When there is such disorder in my wit.

O lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!

My life, my joy, my food, my all the world,

My widow comfort, and my sorrow's cure!

K. Philip. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her.

Euripides, *Troad.* 735:

Sophocles, *Oed. R.* 1073; *Elect.* 121.

Counsel to the despairing.

Lewis. There's nothing in this world can make me joy:
 Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
 Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man;
 And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's
 taste

That it yields nought but shame and bitterness.

Pandulph. Before the curing of a strong disease
 Even in the instant of repair and health,
 The fit is strongest: evils that take leave,
 On their departure most of all show evil.

What have you lost by losing of this day?

Lewis. All days of glory, joy, and happiness.

Pandulph. If you had won it, certainly, you had.

No, no; when fortune means to men most good,
 She looks upon them with a threat'ning eye.

'Tis strange to think how much King John hath lost
 In this which he accounts so clearly won.

Are you not griev'd that Arthur is his prisoner?

Lewis. As heartily as he is glad he hath him.

A mother pleads with her son to spare his country.

Iol. Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment
 And state of bodies would bewray what life
 We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself,
 How more unfortunate than all living women
 Are we come hither; since that thy sight, which
 should
 Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with
 comforts,

Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and
sorrow;

Making the mother, wife and child to see
The son, the husband and the father tearing
His country's bowels out. And to poor we
Thine enmity's most capital: thou barr'st us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy; for how can we,
Alas! how can we for our country pray,
Whereto we are bound, together with thy victory.
Whereto we are bound? Alack! or we must lose
The country, our dear nurse; or else thy person,
Our comfort in the country.

Euripides, *Hec.* 836; *Phoen.* 528:

Aeschylus, *Agam.* 37.

Fol.

We must find

An evident calamity, though we had
Our wish, which side should win; for either thou
Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles through our streets, or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin,
And bear the palm for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
I purpose not to wait on fortune till
These wars determine; if I cannot persuade thee
Rather to show a noble grace to both parts,
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country than to tread
(Trust to't, thou shalt not) on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world.

Vir. Ay, and mine,
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
Living to time.

Boy. He shall not tread on me:
I'll run away till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.

Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.
I have sat too long.

Euripides, *Phoen.* 559.

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus.
If it were so, that our request did tend
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
The Volsces whom you serve, you might con-
demn us,
As poisonous of your honour: no; our suit
Is, that you reconcile them: while the Volsces
May say, 'This mercy we have show'd'; the Romans,
'This we receiv'd'; and each in either side
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, 'Be bless'd
For making up this peace!' Thou know'st, great
son,

The end of war's uncertain; but this certain,
That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou shalt reap thereby is such a name,
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses,
Whose chronicle thus writ,—'The man was noble,
But with his last attempt he wip'd it out,
Destroy'd his country, and his name remains
To each ensuing age abhorr'd.'

Euripides, *Phoen.* 559.

Vol.

Speak to me, son!

Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour,
 To imitate the graces of the gods;
 To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the air,
 And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt
 That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak?
 Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
 Still to remember wrongs?—Daughter, speak you;
 He cares not for your weeping.—Speak thou, boy:
 Perhaps, thy childishness will move him more
 Than can our reasons. There is no man in the world
 More bound to's mother; yet here he lets me prate
 Like one i' the stocks.—Thou hast never in thy life
 Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy;
 When she, (poor hen!) fond of no second brood,
 Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,
 Loaden with honour. Say, my request's unjust,
 And spurn me back; but, if it be not so,
 Thou art not honest, and the gods will plague thee,
 That thou restrain'st from me the duty which
 To a mother's part belongs.

Euripides, *Phoen.* 570; *Hipp.* 297; *Supp.* 297; *Iph. in*
Aul. 465, 1241:
 Sophocles, *Phil.* 468.

Vol.

He turns away:

Down, ladies; let us shame him with our knees.
 To his surname, Coriolanus, 'longs more pride,
 Than pity to our prayers. Down; an end;
 This is the last;—so we will home to Rome,
 And die among our neighbours.—Nay, behold us:
 This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,

But kneels, and holds up hands for fellowship,
 Does reason our petition with more strength
 Than thou hast to deny't.—Come, let us go.
 This fellow had a Volscian to his mother;
 His wife is in Corioli, and his child
 Like him by chance.—Yet give us our despatch:
 I am hush'd until our city be afire,
 And then I'll speak a little.

Cor. O mother, mother!
 What have you done? Behold! the heavens do open,
 The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
 They laugh at. O my mother! mother! O!
 You have won a happy victory to Rome;
 But, for your son,—believe it, O! believe it,—
 Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
 If not most mortal to him. But let it come.

Euripides, *Iph. in Aul.* 465, 1241:

Sophocles, *Oed. Col.* 1275.

Satan justifies his presence in Eden.

To whom thus Satan with contemptuous brow,
 'Gabriel, thou hadst in heaven the esteem of wise,
 And such I held thee; but this question asked
 Puts me in doubt. Lives there who loves his pain?
 Who would not, finding way, break loose from hell,
 Though thither doomed? thou wouldst thyself, no
 doubt,
 And boldly venture to whatever place
 Farthest from pain, where thou might'st hope to
 change
 Torment with ease, and soonest recompense
 Dole with delight, which in this place I sought:

To thee no reason, who know'st only good,
 But evil hast not tried, and wilt object
 His will who bound us? Let him surer bar
 His iron gates, if he intends our stay
 In that dark durance. Thus much what was asked.
 The rest is true: they found me where they say;
 But that implies not violence or harm.'

Sophocles, *Ant.* 443.

Gabriel rebukes the hypocrisy of Satan, who defies him.

To say and straight unsay, pretending first
 Wise to fly pain, professing next the spy,
 Argues no leader, but a liar traced.
 Yea, thou sly hypocrite, who now wouldst seem
 Patron of liberty, who more than thou
 Once fawned, and cringed and servilely adored
 Heaven's awful Monarch? wherefore, but in hope
 To dispossess him, and thyself to reign?
 But mark what I arreed thee now, avaunt:
 Fly thither whence thou fledst: if from this hour
 Within these hallowed limits thou appear,
 Back to th' infernal pit I drag thee chained,
 And seal thee so, as henceforth not to scorn
 The facil gates of hell too slightly barred.

So threaten'd he: but Satan to no threats
 Gave heed, but waxing more in rage reply'd.

Then when I am thy captive talk of chains,
 Proud liminary Cherub: but ere then
 Far heavier load thyself expect to feel
 From my prevailing arm: though Heaven's King
 Ride on thy wings, and thou with thy compeers,

Used to the yoke, draw'st his triumphant wheels
In progress through the road of heav'n star-pav'd.

Aeschylus, *Prom.* 1, 927, 953.

Ennobling love. An ideal woman.

Alone, I said, from earlier than I know,
Immersed in rich foreshadowings of the world
I loved the woman: he that doth not, lives
A drowning life, besotted in sweet self,
Or pines in sad experience, worse than death,
Or keeps his winged affections clipt with crime:
Yet there was one thro' whom I loved her, one
Not learned save in gracious household ways,
Not perfect, nay, but full of tender wants,
No angel, but a dearer being, all dipt
In angel instincts, breathing Paradise.
Interpreter between the Gods and men,
Who looked all native to her place, and yet
On tiptoe seemed to touch upon a sphere
Too gross to tread, and all male minds perforce
Swayed to her from their orbits as they moved,
And girdled her with music. Happy he
With such a mother! faith in womankind
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high,
Comes easy to him, and tho' he trip and fall
He shall not blind his soul with clay.

Euripides, *Alc.* 150.

Mutual duties of man and woman.

'Blame not thyself too much,' I said, 'nor blame
Too much the sons of men and barbarous laws:
These were the rough ways of the world till now.

Henceforth thou hast a helper, me, that know
The woman's cause is man's: they rise or sink
Together, dwarf'd or god-like, bond or free:
For she that out of Lethe scales with man
The shining steps of Nature, shares with man
His nights, his days, moves with him to one goal
If she be small, slight-natured, miserable,
How shall men grow?—But work no more alone:
Our place is much: as far as in us lies
We too will serve them both in aiding her—
Will clear away the parasitic forms
That seem to keep her up but drag her down.
For woman is not undevelop'd man
But diverse: could we make her as the man,
Sweet love were slain: his dearest bond is this
Not like to like, but like in difference.

See examples under 'Woman,' 'Wife,' 'Marriage.'

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Eur. Her. 104.**Champion.**

Aesch. Thes. 375, 478.

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Soph. Ant. 1156.

Chorus.Soph. Oed. Col. 600; Eur. Or.
174.**Character.***A sharp point and high ridge.*
Eur. Supp. 800.*A mountain.* Eur. Or. 200.*Elaborate.* Eur. Supp. 870.*A point toward which.* Eur. Or.
271.*Highland.* Eur. Supp. 800.*Curious.* Eur. Supp. 300.
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519.*Curious, a mountain.* Aesch.
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500.*A city.* Eur. Her. 159.**Chorist.***Highland water and altar.*
Eur. Hipp. 1200.*Chorus and altar of
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Eur. Ion. 472, 485, 907; El.

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the aid of nurses. Eur.

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- Can the dead feel care.* Eur. Herac. 591.
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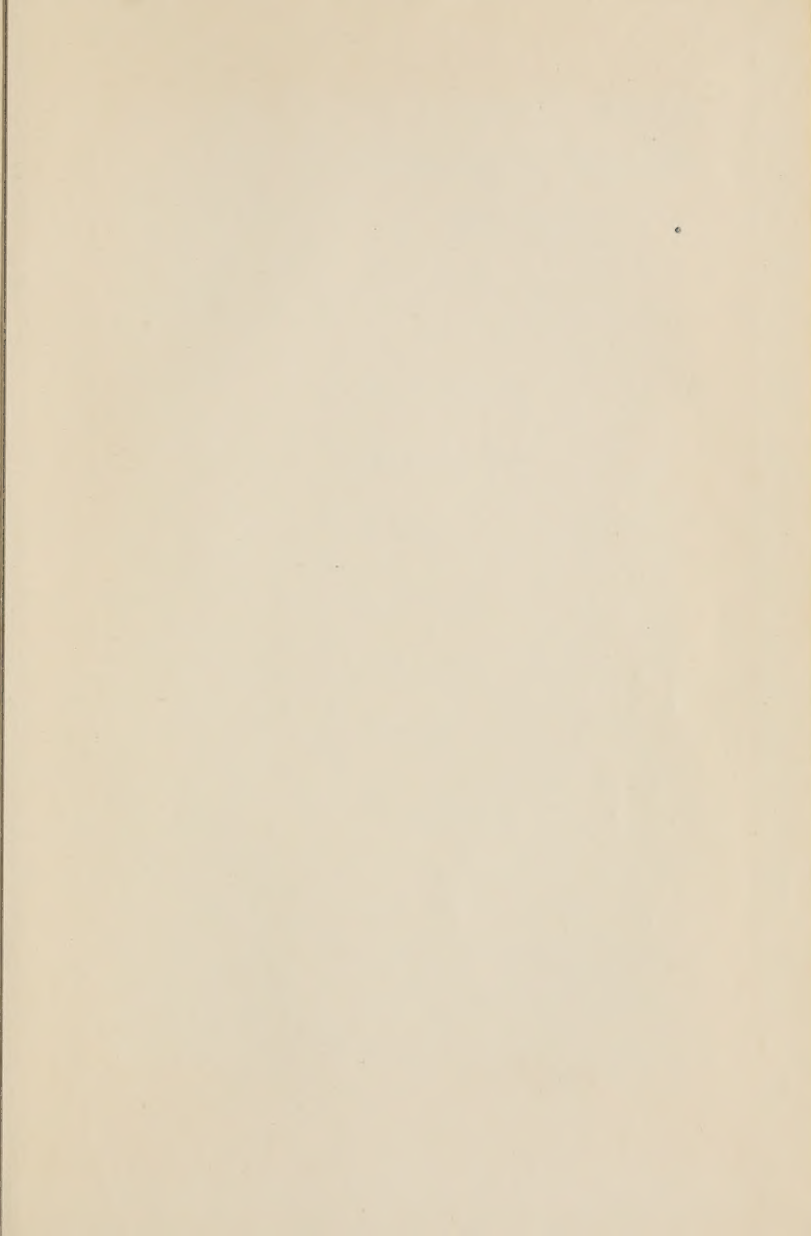
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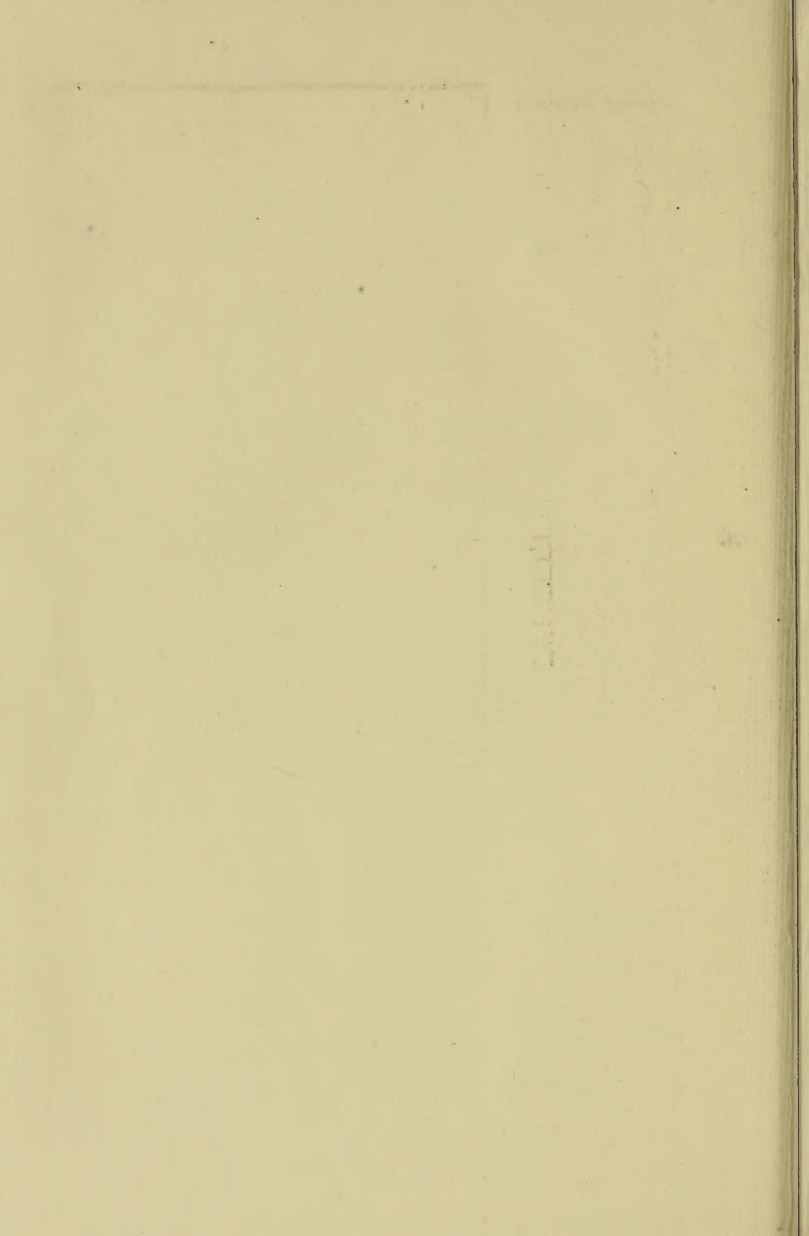
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