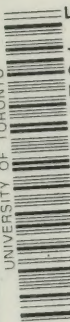


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Aristophanes
The Acharnians. An abridged
acting ed.

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ACTING EDITION OF
THE ACHARNIANS
OF
ARISTOPHANES

WITH A TRANSLATION
INTO ENGLISH VERSE

BY

G. NORWOOD, M.A.

OXFORD
B. H. BLACKWELL, 50 & 51 BROAD STREET
CAMBRIDGE
W. HEFFER & SONS, LIMITED

1911

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THE ACHARNIANS

OF

ARISTOPHANES

AN ABRIDGED ACTING EDITION

ARRANGED AND TRANSLATED FOR
THE 'FROGS' CLASSICAL SOCIETY OF UNIVERSITY
COLLEGE, CARDIFF

BY

G. NORWOOD, M.A.

PROFESSOR OF GREEK

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PREFACE

THIS abridged text and verse-translation of the *Acharnians* has been prepared on behalf of the 'Frogs' Classical Society of University College, Cardiff, for the use of those who will witness their performance of the play next December.

In preparing the text I have excised not only gross passages, but also a number of allusions to topics of the moment which would afford no entertainment and much perplexity to a modern audience. In this second category, I fear, are to be found several passages important to the scientific scholar ; but their absence does little to mar the play as literature. In a very few places I have altered the Greek arbitrarily.

I have constantly consulted Dr. Merry's admirable notes and the magnificent edition by which Dr. Starkie has put students of Aristophanes still more deeply in his debt.

G. NORWOOD.

CARDIFF, *Sept.* 24, 1911.

INTRODUCTION

§ 1. *The Play*.—The *Acharnians* was first performed at Athens in February, 425 B. C., and gained the first prize in the dramatic contest.

At the moment when the play appeared the Peloponnesian War had already lasted nearly six years, and it is that famous struggle which provides the mainspring of the *Acharnians*. Aristophanes strains every nerve of his brilliant and now mature comic genius to one dear purpose; lyric sweetness, powerful and pitiless invective, inexhaustible drollery, matchless and delightful parody, a deft and strong mastery of dramatic architecture—all his resources are employed in the task of urging his countrymen to renounce what the poet and many others looked upon as a ruinous and hopeless war.

In the first scene Dicaeopolis¹ is discovered waiting in the Pnyx, the meeting-place of the National Assembly of Athens. But for him, the scene is deserted, and in a soliloquy he complains of the supineness of his fellow-citizens, who take no heed of the ruin which the war is causing. At length the Pnyx fills, and we have before us a lively caricature of an Athenian political meeting. Dicaeopolis is disgusted by the levity and short-sightedness of a nation which wastes its time in listening to the flattering lies of its own servants. He sends a messenger to Sparta

¹ The name means 'patriotic'. Dicaeopolis is a type of the party for which Aristophanes stands—the section which disliked Sparta but could see nothing but ruin in a continuance of the war.

to make peace for him on his private account. This man returns with 'peace-wine' which Dicaeopolis accepts rapturously. He then retires to his farm to celebrate, after six years' intermission, the Vintage-Festival.

But he is soon interrupted. While his messenger was hurrying to Athens with the 'peace-wine' the scent of it reached some aged men of the deme of Acharnae. These Acharnian charcoal-burners are the bitterest section of the war-party in Athens. They pursue the messenger, vowing death to the man who has dared to make peace. At the moment when Dicaeopolis is preparing his celebration they come upon the scene as the Chorus of the play, and interrupt his merrymaking with a shower of stones. His prayers for a fair hearing are vain, and he is on the point of being stoned to death when a stratagem occurs to him. There is only one way of touching the hearts of these martial charcoal-burners. He saves himself by a burlesque of a famous scene in Euripides. Rushing into the house he comes back with a basket of charcoal and a sword, threatening to slay the Acharnians' darling if they will not let him plead for his life.

This deadly peril of one so near and dear to them unmans the Chorus, who give Dicaeopolis permission to state his case. But he realizes the danger of speaking to such men in terms even faintly favourable to Sparta, and determines to sue *in forma pauperis*. In order to obtain the tattered garments of a suppliant he applies to Euripides, the tragic poet, a favourite butt of Aristophanes; the point of the satire in this case is that the heroes and princes of Euripides so often made their appearance when 'down on their luck', reduced to wretchedness by wounds or poverty. The conversation between the poet and Dicaeopolis, in which the latter wheedles out of his victim a ludicrous assortment of beggar's odds and ends, is one of

the happiest things in the Greek drama. Thus equipped, our hero at last confronts the Chorus to make his speech.

This oration (here abridged) is the kernel of the play. It is really an address by the poet himself to the whole nation assembled in the theatre, and is a masterpiece of his argumentative style. Dicaeopolis gives an account, jocular in tone but deeply serious in intention, of the causes of the Peloponnesian War, showing that the Athenians had taken up arms for the most frivolous reason, and that the Spartans had no choice but to fight. When he has finished, half the Chorus are won over, half are obdurate. The two sections come to blows, and the war-at-any-price party calls to Lamachus for help.

Lamachus stalks on to the stage, a martial figure in grotesquely terrifying armour. He seems to have been in real life an unassuming man, with little taste for politics, but a clever soldier; Aristophanes chooses to put him forward as a leader of the war party, and gives us a delightful mixture of the Jingo and Shakespeare's *Ancient Pistol*. In his brush with Dicaeopolis he has no arguments to offer, only threats and abuse. At last he retires beaten, consoling himself with menaces against Sparta and her allies. With the departure of this champion all opposition to Dicaeopolis disappears. The whole Chorus are henceforth on his side, and deliver their *Parabasis*, or address to the audience on behalf of the author.

The rest of the play depicts the blessings which Dicaeopolis has secured. A Megarian enters, compelled by famine to sell his two little daughters, whom he disguises as pigs; then a Boeotian, who makes all mouths in the auditorium water and the sternest of the war party waver by bringing to market the favourite delicacy of Athenians, which (owing to the war) they have not tasted for six years—an eel from Lake Copais. The informers who seek to

interfere with Dicaeopolis' traffic are harshly dealt with; one of them is packed up like a piece of valuable china and taken back to Thebes by the Boeotian. Lamachus sends his servant to buy some of the dainties which Dicaeopolis has acquired, but his request is rejected with insult. Then follows what is perhaps the gem of the play, the charming and characteristic choric song beginning εἶδες, ὦ εἶδες, ὦ πᾶσα πόλι.

A Herald enters to proclaim the Feast of Pitchers and the usual prize—a skin of wine—for the drinker who empties his jug first at the carouse. Dicaeopolis determines to compete and begins to cook various dainties for his feast, still plied with requests for a little of his 'treaty-wine'. The end is now in sight—the complete downfall of Lamachus. Two Heralds enter; one to order Lamachus to march off, in spite of the snowstorms and the festivities at home, to guard the Boeotian frontier; the other to summon Dicaeopolis to eat his dinner at the house of the Priest of Dionysus. Both prepare themselves for their expeditions, the contrast between the miseries of war and the jollity of peace being emphasized point by point.

After a song by the Chorus (these songs correspond to the modern act-drop and, like it, are supposed to cover any interval of time needed by the action) both champions return. First comes Lamachus, preceded by a mock-tragic messenger who describes the dreadful and complicated injury which has disabled his master. The warrior is half-carried on to the scene by two soldiers, and seems at the point of death. On the other side Dicaeopolis enters, incapacitated also, but by intoxication, and supported by two flute-girls. He has won the prize for rapid drinking, and when he sees the discomfiture of Lamachus his triumph is complete. The Chorus hail him as the victor, and he leads them out in procession.

§ 2. *The historical background.*—To understand the *Acharnians* it is necessary to have some idea of the causes of the Peloponnesian War and its progress during the years 431–425 B. C. The Athenians, at the instance of Pericles, passed a decree excluding Megara from all ports in their empire. The causes of this action are doubtful, though assuredly the ludicrous reason offered by Aristophanes is not the true one; but its effects were unmistakable. At one blow the Megarians were brought to their knees by the prospect of starvation. In their despair they appealed to the Spartans, who endeavoured to persuade Athens to rescind the decree, but to no purpose. For this, and for other reasons not alluded to in the play, the two parties found themselves at war. With Sparta were most of the Peloponnesian states, and others outside the peninsula, notably Boeotia in Central Greece; Athens was followed by her subject-allies, chiefly island-states of the Aegean.

The Peloponnesians had the mastery by land, the Athenians by sea; so that the full power of one side could not come to grips with that of the other. It was, therefore, not surprising that the war dragged on for many years, only coming to an end in 404 B. C., with the fall of Athens, after the Peloponnesians had obtained fleets and some naval experience. But at the moment when the *Acharnians* appeared this end was far below the horizon. Up to now the Athenians had on the whole adhered to the policy laid down by Pericles, to harass the sea-coasts of the enemy and not attempt to face him by land. Sparta had had no success by sea but had on land done Athens considerable damage. Nearly every year a Peloponnesian force invaded Attica, laid the country waste, and retired. This was the kind of war which Pericles had expected, and without fear. He was aware that so

long as Sparta had no fleet, Athens might ravage the coasts, and damage the trade, of the Peloponnese without hindrance; while Sparta could do nothing but make land-attacks on Athens—attacks certain to fail while the Athenian corn-trade with the Black Sea was untouched, provided only that his fellow-citizens would consent to look on quietly at the devastation of their country-side, sure of ultimately wearing out their foes.

He was no doubt right, in cold theory. The Spartans won no strategic success, but the moral effect of their repeated and unopposed invasions was great, and nowhere greater than within the walls of Athens. Till the beginning of the war a large proportion of the citizens had not been Athenian residents at all, living on their farms which were scattered over the face of Attica, and coming into the city perhaps not once a month. The policy of Pericles made it necessary that these people should desert their farms and live within the fortifications—a change fraught with the gravest consequences, political, social, economic, and sanitary. The overcrowding was throughout the war a most trying evil; and, soon after it began, the frightful plague broke out which slew no less than one quarter of the inhabitants. Moreover, as the countrymen were now on the spot, they wielded a political power which had never been theirs in the days when they could not attend the Assembly. Infuriated by the destruction of their crops and vineyards, these citizens, or a good number of them, were fierce adherents of the war party. The Acharnians of this play are men of this class. Acharnae was one of the most important country demes, furnishing as many as three thousand heavy-armed infantry to the national forces. 'Their vines had been chopped down,' and they were bitter opponents of the 'waiting game' of Pericles. That great statesman died in the second year of the war, and his

mediocre successors soon began to break the rules of warfare which he had laid down.

Such was the state of affairs when this comedy appeared. Six years of war had produced no decided advantage to either side. Dubious success and protracted annoyance, even misery, had sickened many of the belligerents. Heavy expenditure had produced a new political feature of grave moment: both sides began to appeal to foreign powers for help, both in men and in money—even to the old national enemy, Persia. Wise men could see that the Greek states in their mutual jealousy were endangering the liberty of the Hellenic world. So it is that Aristophanes gives his voice for peace. He is in sympathy with the country party, but he wishes them to see their true interests. Both Dicaeopolis and the Chorus are members of that party: but while the Acharnians can think of nothing but their wrongs in the past and clamour for vengeance at all costs, Dicaeopolis thinks of the future and knows that the only hope of the agricultural population lies in peace, which will make the fields and vineyards smile once more.

§ 3. *The conditions under which the play was acted.*—All extant Greek dramas, even the most farcical comedy, were a part of the religious ritual of the State. They were offered by the Athenian nation as an act of worship to Dionysus, the god of wine and mystic rapture. As such, they were managed by the State, and witnessed (as far as possible) by the whole nation, in the great theatre of Dionysus, at the foot of the Acropolis. The chief festival for comedy was the Lenaea ('Feast of the Wine-Press'), which occurred early in our month of February. Only three dramatists were allowed to compete; each obtained a prize, but only the first was regarded as signifying a dramatic 'victory'.

The theatre, which was entirely open to the sky, may be

divided into three parts : (i) the auditorium, a vast structure of horse-shoe shape ; (ii) the *orchestra*, in which the Chorus danced and sang, a more or less semicircular space inside the curve of the auditorium ; (iii) the *logeion*, or 'speaking-place', where the actors performed—an oblong space backed by scenery and dressing-rooms and forming the chord to the arc of the *orchestra*. This last of course corresponds to our stage, but whether there was in Aristophanes' day a platform raised above the level of the *orchestra* is not certain.

It is clear that these conditions made it impossible for a Greek dramatist to hope for anything like the verisimilitude of modern acting. The theatre was open to the daylight, and the comedies were acted in the afternoon. The huge size of the auditorium made it impossible to employ with effect those subtleties of voice, gesture, and expression which are so admirable a feature of good modern acting ; indeed, the actors wore masks. There was probably no curtain, and only the most rudimentary appliances for indicating a change of scene. In this connexion should be mentioned one curious device which is laughably employed in the *Acharnians*. The tragedians frequently had occasion to change the scene from the outside to the inside of a building, usually to reveal to persons outside a house some fearful deed which had just taken place within. To do this actually was impossible, but to give something of the effect a most odd machine was employed, called the *eccyclema* (from ἐκκυκλέω, 'to wheel out') which was probably managed thus. Behind the scenes a little tableau, e.g. the murderer standing over his victim, was arranged upon a small wheeled platform. The doors were then flung open and the *eccyclema* wheeled forward into the view of the actors outside. When the scene was over the platform was wheeled back again and the doors shut. Euripides, like other tragic poets, used this machine in his plays, and

in the *Acharnians* Dicaeopolis, finding that the poet is too busy to come out, induces him to show himself in this typically tragic manner; so that Euripides is indeed 'abroad and yet within doors'. In the performance for which the present translation is written, he is made to come to the window of his study: the modernisation is surely legitimate.

§ 4. *Merits of the play*.—On this point little need be said to those who have the work before them. The *Acharnians* is one of the most brilliant productions which the history of the drama can boast. The elaborate burlesque of the Athenian Assembly, the exquisite parody of Euripides' *Telephus*, the delightful fooling in the scene of the Megarian and his 'pig', the ode already mentioned which is perhaps unsurpassed in the kind, the riotous jollity with which the play ends—these are the outstanding charms of the *Acharnians* and make it a possession of permanent and precious worth.

The play has, of course, its more ephemeral side. It is not only a comedy; it possesses some of the qualities of a political pamphlet. A propagandist poet is not usually more scrupulous than most pamphleteers; Aristophanes puts forth all his powers to turn his countrymen against the war, and his last scenes are a witness that there is a jingoism of peace as well as a jingoism of war. 'That war robs us of Coptic eels and facilities for drunkenness is no better argument for peace than 'glory' is for militarism; and if Lamachus' ankle is put out of joint it does not follow that the same injury is done to his nose. The last scenes are undoubtedly a gross *argumentum ad populum*. But it must be borne in mind that the poet only allows himself this after a sincere, reasoned, and elaborate argument. Moreover, he never forgets, as some propagandist dramatists have forgotten, that his first business is to entertain; and to turn the laugh against his opponents was for him not merely excusable, but necessary.

ACHAONIANS

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

DICAEOPOLIS, *an elderly Athenian farmer.*

AMPHITHEUS, *an Athenian aristocrat.*

HUMBUGGOSINJI,¹ *a Persian envoy.*

THEORUS, *an Athenian envoy.*

EURIPIDES, *a tragic poet of Athens.*

LAMACHUS, *a distinguished Athenian soldier.*

A MEGARIAN.

AN INFORMER.

A BOEOTIAN MERCHANT.

NICARCHUS, *a professional Informer.*

A FARMER.

A BRIDESMAN.

HERALDS, MESSENGERS, ENVOYS, CITIZENS, MEMBERS OF
THE COMMITTEE OF THE SENATE, CONSTABLES, THRACIAN
MERCENARIES, SLAVES.

WIFE OF DICAEOPOLIS.

THEIR DAUGHTER.

TWO LITTLE GIRLS, *daughters of the Megarian.*

BRIDESMAID.

TWO FEMALE SLAVES.

CHORUS, *consisting of aged charcoal-burners of Acharnae.*

¹ In the original, Ψευδαπτάβας, an imaginary name formed from ψευδής ('lying') and -απτάβας, a termination of Oriental names; with a side-glance at ἀπτάβη, of one 'weighed in the balances and found wanting'.

ΑΧΑΡΝΗΣ

ΔΙΚ. Ὅσα δὴ δέδηγμαί τῆν ἔμαντοῦ καρδίαν,
 ἦσθην δὲ βαιά, πάνυ γε βαιά, τέτταρα
 ἢ τὸ ὠδονήθην, ψαμμοκοστιωζόργονα.
 φέρ' ἴδω· τί δ' ἦσθην ἄξιον χαιρηδόνος;
 ἐγῶδ' ἐφ' ᾧ γε τὸ κέαρ ἠὺφράνθην ἰδών,
 τοῖς πέντε ταλάντοις οἷς Κλέων ἐξήμεσει.
 ἀλλ' ὠδονήθην ἕτερον αὖ τραγωδικόν,
 ὅτε δὴ 'κεχήνη προσδοκῶν τὸν Αἰσχύλου,
 ὁ δ' ἀνείπει—εἴσαγ', ὦ Θέογι, τὸν χορόν.
 ἀλλ' οὐδεπώποτ' ἐξ ὅτου 'γὼ βύπτομαι
 οὕτως ἐδήχθην ὑπὸ κορίας τὰς ὀφρῦς
 ὡς νῦν, ὀπότ' οὔσης κυρίας ἐκκλησίας
 ἰσθιωῆς ἔρωμος ἢ περὶ αἴτη·
 οὐδ' οἱ πρυτάνεις ἤκουσιν, ἀλλ' ἁωρίαν
 ἤκουτες, εἴτα δ' ὠστιοῦνται πῶς δοκεῖς
 ἐλθούριτες ἀλλήλοισι περὶ πρώτου ξύλου,
 ἀθρόοι καταρρέοιτες· εἰρήνη δ' ὅπως
 ἔσται προτιμῶσ' οὐδέν· ὦ πόλις πόλις.
 ἐγὼ δ' αἰὲ πρώτιστος εἰς ἐκκλησίαν
 ἰοστών κάθημαι· κατ' ἐπειδὴν ὦ μόρος,
 στέναι, κεχηνα, σφοδρόνωμαι, χράμπτωμαι,
 ἀπυρῶ, γυφίω, παρατελλομαι, λυγίζωμαι,
 ἀποβλέπωιν εἰς τὸν ἀγρόν, εἰρήνης ἐρών,
 στυγῶν μὲν ἄστυ, τὸν δ' ἐμὸν δῆμον ποθῶν,
 ὅς οὐδεπώποτ' εἴπει, ἀνθρακας πρίω,
 οὐκ ἄξος, οὐκ ἔλαιον, οὐδ' ἦδει πρίω,
 ἀλλ' αὐτὸς ἔφερε πάντα χῶ πρίωιν ἀπῆν.

ACHARNIANS

[*The scene represents the Pnyx, the meeting-place of the National Assembly of Athens. Dicaeopolis is discovered, solitary, waiting for the beginning of business. After giving several signs of boredom and annoyance, he turns to the audience.*]

DIC. HOW many pangs have stung me to the heart !
My joys are few—but three or four ; my woes
Are multitudinosity itself.
Let 's see : what *have* I found that gladdened me ?
Ah yes ; I know what pleased my bosom's lord—
The thousand pounds that Cleon¹ had to pay.
But I'd a tragic grief to balance that.
'Twas in the theatre. There I sat and yawned,
Waiting to see a play of Aeschylus ;
Then came the call : ' Your chorus, O Theognis ! '
But never since I first began to wash
Did soap e'er sting my eyes so painfully
As does this hateful sight. To-day is fixed
For solemn session, and the Pnyx is empty !
Not even the Committee have arrived !
They'll turn up hours late, and then they'll push
And jostle one another like the deuce
To seize the foremost seats, a graceless mob
Rushing in spate. A lot such fellows care
About the hopes of peace ! O wretched Athens !
But I come always first to the Assembly
And sit down in a wilderness of benches.
I yawn, I stretch myself, I groan and cough,
I die of boredom, scribble on the ground,
I scratch my head, do sums to pass the time,
Yearning for peace, and gazing o'er the fields,
Loathing the town and longing for my village,
That never cried ' Buy coals ! ' ' Buy vinegar ! '
' Buy oil ! ' It didn't know the word ' to buy ',
It *gave* its produce freely, well advised
That buying is a sell.

So now I've come

¹ This statesman had attacked Aristophanes in the preceding year. Hence the defiance levelled at him in the Parabasis (see below).

νῦν οὖν ἀτεχνῶς ἤκω παρεσκευασμένος
 βῶαι, ὑποκροῦειν, λοιδορεῖν τοὺς ῥήτορας,
 ἔάν τις ἄλλο πλὴν περὶ εἰρήνης λέγῃ.
 ἀλλ' οἱ πρυτάνεις γὰρ οὐτοῖ μεσημβρινοί.

ΚΗΡ. πάριτ' εἰς τὸ πρόσθην,
 πάριθ', ὡς ἂν ἐντὸς ἦτε τοῦ καθάρματος.

ΑΜΦ. ἤδη τις εἶπε; ΚΗΡ. τίς ἀγορεύειν βούλεται;

ΑΜΦ. ἐγώ. ΚΗΡ. τίς ὦν; ΑΜΦ. Ἀμφίθεος. ΚΗΡ. οὐκ
 ἄνθρωπος; ΑΜΦ. οὔ,

ἀλλ' ἀθάνατος. ὁ γὰρ Ἀμφίθεος Δῆμητρος ἦν
 καὶ Τριπτολέμου· τούτου δὲ Κελεὸς γίγνεται
 γαμῆ δὲ Κελεὸς Φαιαρέτην τήθην ἐμήν,
 ἐξ ἧς Λυκῖνος ἐγένετ'· ἐκ τούτου δ' ἐγὼ
 ἀθάνατός εἰμ'· ἐμοὶ δ' ἐπέτρεψαν οἱ θεοὶ
 σπονοῦς ποιῆσαι πρὸς Λακεδαιμονίοις μάχην.
 ἀλλ' ἀθάνατος ὦν, ἄνδρες, ἐφόδι' οὐκ ἔχω
 οὐ γὰρ διδύσασιν οἱ πρυτάνεις. ΚΗΡ. οἱ τοξόται.

ΑΜΦ. ὦ Τριπτόλεμε καὶ Κελεέ, περιμόνησθέ με;

ΔΙΚ. πῶς γὰρ πρυτάνεις, ἀδικεῖτε τῆρ ἐσκλησίου
 τὸν ἄνθρ' ἀπάγοντες, ἅστις ἡμῖν ἤθελε
 σπονοῦς ποιῆσαι καὶ κρεμάσαι τὰς ἀσπίδας.

ΚΗΡ. κἄθησο σίγα. ΔΙΚ. μὰ τὸν Ἀπόλλω γὰρ μὲν οὔ,
 ἦν μὴ περὶ εἰρήνης γε πρυτανεύσῃτέ μοι.

ΚΗΡ. οἱ πρέσβεις οἱ παρὰ βασιλέως.

ΔΙΚ. πῶς γὰρ βασιλέως; ἄχθασαι γὰρ πρέσβευσι
 καὶ τοῖς ταῶσι τοῖς τ' ἀλαζονείμασιν.

ΚΗΡ. σίγα. ΔΙΚ. βαβαιάξ, ὠκράτανα, τοῦ σχήματος.

ΓΗΡ. ἐπέμψαθ' ἡμῶς ὡς βασιλέα τὸν μέγαν,
 μισθὸν φέροντας ὄνο ὄραχμὰς τῆς ἡμέρας,
 ἐπ' Εὐθυμέριον ἄρχοντος. ΔΙΚ. οἴμοι τῶν
 δραχμῶν.

ΠΗΡ. καὶ δῆτ' ἐτρυχόμεσθα διὰ Καῦστρίων

τεταύων ὀπισπαστικῶν ἐσκλησίων.

With mind made up. I'll bawl and interrupt,
I'll blackguard every orator in Athens,
Who dares to speak on anything but peace! [*Noise without.*
Here the Committee come; it's noon at least!

[*Enter the Committee. The President for the day takes his seat, and his colleagues sit on benches near him. Enter Citizens, marshalled by a Herald.*]

HERALD. Move forward!

Close up, and come within the sacred space.

[*Enter Amphitheus, anxious and hurried.*]

AMPH. Has any one spoken yet?

HERALD [*to the public at large*]. What man would speak?

AMPH. I.

HERALD. Who are you?

AMPH. Amphitheus.

HERALD. Are you mortal¹?

AMPH. Oh no! Divine. Amphitheus of old

Was son of Ceres and Triptolemus.

From him did Celeüs spring, who took to wife

Phaenarete, my grandam, and she bare

Lycinus, mine own sire. Thus do I boast

Immortal lineage. But now to business:

The gods have bidden me make peace with Sparta

All by myself; but though I have blue blood

I haven't a red cent, and your Committee

Won't pay my fare to Sparta!

HERALD. Constables!

[*Two Constables seize Amphitheus.*]

AMPH. Protect me, my immortal ancestors! [*He is dragged away.*]

DIC. [*rising*]. The Committee is unfair to this Assembly

If it expels a man whose only aim

Is to make peace and lay our bucklers by!

HERALD. Silence! Sit down!

DIC. No, by the gods I won't,

Unless you'll put the question, Peace or War.

HERALD. The Ambassadors from the King of Persia!

DIC. The King be hanged! I'm sick of Embassies

And peacock's feathers and bombastic airs!

HERALD. Keep silence!

[*Enter Ambassadors, gorgeously dressed.*]

DIC. My! What swank! Just look at them!

FIRST AMBASSADOR. You sent us to his Majesty of Persia

(Expenses paid—a pound a day each man)

Eleven years ago . . .

DIC. [*aside*]. What tons of pounds!

AMB. Yes, and we had to rough it, lounging on

Through the Caÿstrian plains, under an awning

¹ There is a joke here which can hardly be rendered neatly in English. The Herald understands the name Amphitheus as an adjective, in which case the word would mean 'descended from gods on both sides of the family'.

- ἐφ' ἄρμαμαξῶν μαλθακῶς κατακείμενοι,
ἀπολλύμενοι. ΔΙΚ. σφόδρα τᾶρ' ἐσφζόμην ἐγὼ
παρὰ τὴν ἐπαλξιν ἐν φορυτῷ κατακείμενος.
- ΠΡ. ξενιζόμενοι δὲ πρὸς βίαν ἐπίνομεν
ἐξ ὑαλίνων ἐκπωμάτων καὶ χρυσίδων
ἄκρατον οἶνον ἠδύν. ΔΙΚ. ὦ Κραναὰ πόλις,
ἄρ' αἰσθάνει τὸν κατάγελων τῶν πρέσβειων;
- ΠΡ. οἱ βάρβαροι γὰρ ἄνδρας ἠγοῦνται μόνους
τοὺς πλείστα δυναμένους φαγεῖν τε καὶ πιεῖν.
ἔτει τετάρτῳ δ' εἰς τὰ βασιλεί' ἦλθομεν·
εἴτ' ἐξένιζε, παρετίθει θ' ἡμῖν ὄλους
ἐκ κριβάνου βοῦς. ΔΙΚ. καὶ τίς εἶδε πώποτε
βοῦς κριβανίτας; τῶν ἀλαζονευμάτων.
- ΠΡ. καὶ νῦν ἄγοντες ἦκομεν Ψευδαρτάβαν,
τὸν βασιλέως ὀφθαλμόν. ΔΙΚ. ἐκκόψειέ γε
κόραξ πατάξας τόν τε σὸν τοῦ πρέσβειως.
- ΚΗΡ. ὁ βασιλέως ὀφθαλμός. ΔΙΚ. ὦναξ Ἡράκλεις·
πρὸς τῶν θεῶν, ἄνθρωπε, ναύφρακτον βλέπεις
ἢ περὶ ἄκραν κάμπτων νεώσοικον σκοπεῖς;
ἄσκωμ' ἔχεις που περὶ τὸν ὀφθαλμόν κάτω.
- ΠΡ. ἄγε δὴ σύ, βασιλεὺς ἅττα σ' ἀπέπεμψεν φράσου
λέξοντ' Ἀθηναίοισιν, ὦ Ψευδαρτάβα.
- ΨΕΥ. ἰαρταμὰν ἐξαρχας ἀπισσόνα σάτρα.
- ΠΡ. ξυνήκαθ' ὃ λέγει; ΔΙΚ. μὰ τὸν Ἀπόλλω γὰρ
μὲν οὔ.
- ΠΡ. πέμψειν βασιλέα φησὶν ὑμῖν χρυσίον.
λέγε δὴ σὺ μείζον καὶ σαφῶς τὸ χρυσίον.
- ΨΕΥ. οὐ λῆψι χρῦσο, χαυνόπρωκτ' Ἰάον, αἶ.
- ΔΙΚ. οἴμοι κακοδαίμων, ὡς σαφῶς. ΠΡ. τί δαὶ λέγει;
- ΔΙΚ. ὃ τι; χαυνοπρόκτους τοὺς Ἰάονας λέγει,
εἰ προσδοκῶσι χρυσίον ἐκ τῶν βαρβάρων.
- ΠΡ. οὔκ, ἀλλ' ἀχάνας ὅδε γε χρυσίου λέγει.
- ΔΙΚ. ποίας ἀχάνας; σὺ μὲν ἀλαζῶν εἶ μέγας.

In downy litters, lying on our backs ;
It nearly killed us ! . . .

DIC. [*aside*]. Meanwhile, on the rampart
I had a beano, sleeping in my straw !

AMB. Then, when they entertained us, we were forced
To drink from cut-glass goblets and from gold
Sweet undiluted wine . . .

DIC. [*aside*]. O ancient burgh,
Dost see the way these envoys mock at thee ?

AMB. Barbarians believe you're no true men
Unless you eat like pigs and drink like fishes.
After four weary years we came to Court.
The King made cheer for us ; the tables groaned
With oxen roasted whole . . .

DIC. [*aside*]. More swank and lies !
Who ever saw a bullock in an oven ?

AMB. And now we've come bringing Humbuggosinji,
Called The King's Eye.

DIC. [*aside*]. Oh for a kindly crow
To peck it out, and yours to boot, you fraud !

HERALD. Room for The King's Eye !

[*Enter a man wearing a mask which represents a single enormous eye, with a square Persian beard beneath it. He is attended by two Persians.*]

DIC. Heracles preserve us !

Good sir, you're like a cruiser cleared for action !
Or are you merely coming into dock ?

You've got your fender slung beneath your eye.

AMB. Humbuggosinji, speak and give the message
The King hath sent to the Athenian state.

HUMBUG. Iartaman exarxas apisona satra.

AMB. You take his meaning ?

DIC. No, by Jove I don't.

AMB. He says the King intends to send you gold.

[*Aside to Humbugs.*] Don't mumble. Shout 'gold' unmistakably.

HUMBUG. Shan't get the gold, Ionian bouncer ; no !

DIC. Confound it all, *that's* plain enough !

AMB. What is it ?

DIC. Why, he says that we Ionians are bouncers
If we expect to handle Persian gold !

AMB. Oh no ! *He* means we shall get boundless wealth.

DIC. Boundless be shot ! *You* are a bouncing liar !

ἀλλ' ἄπιθ'· ἐγὼ δὲ βασανῶ τοῦτον μόνος.
 ἄγε δὴ σὺ φράσον ἐμοὶ σαφῶς πρὸς τουτουί,
 ἵνα μὴ σε βάψω βάμμα Σαρδιανικόν·
 βασιλεὺς ὁ μέγας ἡμῖν ἀποπέμψει χρυσίον; —
 ἄλλως ἄρ' ἐξαπατώμεθ' ὑπὸ τῶν πρέσβειων; —
 Ἑλληνικόν γ' ἐπένευσαν ἄνδρες οὐτοί,
 κοῦκ ἔσθ' ὅπως οὐκ εἰσὶν ἐνθένδ' αὐτόθεν.

ΚΗΡ. σίγα, κάθιζε.

τὸν βασιλέως ὀφθαλμὸν ἢ βουλή καλεῖ
 εἰς τὸ πρυτανεῖον. ΔΙΚ. ταῦτα δῆτ' οὐκ ἀγχόνη;
 κάπειτ' ἐγὼ δῆτ' ἐνθαδὶ στραγγεύομαι;
 τοὺς δὲ ξενίζειν οὐδέποτε γ' ἴσχει θύρα.
 ἀλλ' ἐργάσομαί τι δεινὸν ἔργον καὶ μέγα.
 ἀλλ' Ἀμφίθεός μοι ποῦ ἴστιν; ΑΜΦ. οὔτοσὶ πάρα.

ΔΙΚ. ἐμοὶ σὺ ταυτασὶ λαβὼν ὕκτῳ δραχμὰς
 σπονδὰς ποιῆσαι πρὸς Λακεδαιμονίους μόνῳ
 καὶ τοῖσι παιδίοισι καὶ τῇ πλάτιδι·
 ὑμεῖς δὲ πρεσβεύεσθε καὶ κεχήνατε.

ΚΗΡ. προσίτω Θέωρος ὁ παρὰ Σιτάλκους. ΘΕΩ. ὀδί.

ΔΙΚ. ἕτερος ἀλαζῶν οὗτος εἰσκηρύττεται.

ΘΕΩ. χρόνον μὲν οὐκ ἂν ἦμεν ἐν Θράκῃ πολύν,

ΔΙΚ. μὰ Δί' οὐκ ἄν, εἰ μισθὸν γε μὴ ἴφηρες πολύν.

ΘΕΩ. εἰ μὴ κατένιψε χιόνι τὴν Θράκην ὄλην,
 καὶ τοὺς ποταμοὺς ἔπηξ' ὑπ' αὐτὸν τὸν χρόνον,
 ὅτ' ἐνθαδὶ Θεόγνις ἠγωνίζετο.

τοῦτον μετὰ Σιτάλκους ἔπινον τὸν χρόνον·
 καὶ δῆτα φιλαθήναιος ἦν ὑπερφυῶς,
 ἡμῶν τ' ἐραστὴς ἦν ἀληθής, ὥστε καὶ
 ἐν τοῖσι τοίχοις ἔγραφ', Ἀθηναῖοι καλοί.
 ὁ δ' υἱός, ὃν Ἀθηναῖον ἐπεποιήμεθα,
 ἦμα φαγεῖν ἀλλὰντας ἐξ Ἀπατουρίων,
 καὶ τὸν πατέρ' ἠντιβόλει βοηθεῖν τῇ πάτρῃ·
 ὁ δ' ὤμοσε σπένδων βοηθήσειν, ἔχων

Stand back: I must examine him in private.

[*He takes Humbug, and the Persians aside.*]

My coloured friend, you watch this staff of mine,
For fear you're black and blue instead of brown.
Out with it! Will the Persian send us gold?

[*They shake their heads.*]

Then our Ambassadors are cheating us? [*They nod.*]
These chaps can nod in Greek, at any rate.
Deuce take me if they aren't Athenians!

HERALD. Silence! Sit down!

The Senate invite the Royal Eye to luncheon
In the Town-Hall.

DIC. Isn't it sickening?

The open door for foreigners, I see!
Their food will cost them less, while I loaf here
Neglected! But I'll act a hero's part!
I want Amphitheus. Where's he got to?

[*Amphitheus stealthily re-appears.*]

AMPH. Here!

DIC. [*aside to him*]. Hold out your hand. There are eight
shillings for you.

Make peace with Sparta for me—me alone,
My children, and my wife. [*Exit Amph.*]

And you, my friends,

Gape on like idiots at your precious envoys!

HERALD. Theorus, Envoy from Sitalces!

[*Enter Theorus and other Ambassadors.*]

THEORUS. Here.

DIC. [*aside*]. This herald has a repertoire of knaves.

THEO. Our stay in Thrace would not have been protracted—

DIC. [*aside*]. But for the pay that you from us extracted!

THEO. But for the snowstorms that were raging there.

The rivers froze the very week Theognis
Brought out his play here—a tremendous frost.

I spent the time in drinking with Sitalces,
And found him pro-Athenian to the core.

He is in love with you! Why, on the walls
He used to write 'Darling Athenians'.

His son, just made a citizen of ours,
Was pining for his christening-sausages,
And begged his father to assist his country.
Papa consented, swearing that he'd come

στρατιὰν τοσαύτην ὥστ' Ἀθηναίους ἐρεῖν,
ὅσον τὸ χρῆμα παρινόπωι προσέρχεται.

ΔΙΚ. κάκιστ' ἀπολοίμην, εἴ τι τούτων πείθομαι
ὦν εἶπας ἐνταυθοῖ σύ, πλὴν τῶν παρινόπων.

ΘΕΩ. καὶ νῦν ὅπερ μαχιμώτατον Θρακῶν ἔθνος
ἔπεμψεν ὑμῖν. ΔΙΚ. τοῦτο μὲν γ' ἤδη σαφές.

ΚΗΡ. οἱ Θραῖκες ἴτε δεῦρ', οὓς Θέωρος ἤγαγεν.

ΔΙΚ. τουτὶ τί ἐστι τὸ κακόν; ΘΕΩ. Ὀδομάντων στρατός.

ΔΙΚ. ποίων Ὀδομάντων; εἰπέ μοι, τουτὶ τί ἦν;

ΘΕΩ. τούτοις ἂν τις δύο δραχμὰς μισθὸν διδῶ,
καταπελτάσονται τὴν Βοιωτίαν ὄλην.

ΔΙΚ. τοισδὶ δύο δραχμὰς; πολυτελείς οἱ πάρνοπες.

ὑποστένοι μὲντὰν ὁ θρανίτης λεώς,

ὁ σωσίπολις. οἴμοι τάλας, ἀπόλλυμαι,

ὑπὸ τῶν Ὀδομάντων τὰ σκόροδα πορθοῦμενος.

οὐ καταβαλεῖτε τὰ σκόροδ'; ΘΕΩ. ὦ μόχθηρε σύ,

οὐ μὴ πρόσσει τούτοισιν ἐσκοροδισμένοις;

ΔΙΚ. ταυτὶ περιεῖδεθ' οἱ πρυτάνεις πάσχοντά με
ἐν τῇ πατρίδι καὶ ταῦθ' ὑπ' ἀνδρῶν βαρβάρων;

ἀλλ' ἀπαγορεύω μὴ ποιεῖν ἐκκλησίαν

τοῖς Θραξὶ περὶ μισθοῦ· λέγω δ' ὑμῖν ὅτι

διοσημία ἔστι καὶ ῥανὶς βέβληκέ με.

ΚΗΡ. τοὺς Θραῖκας ἀπιέναι, παρεῖναι δ' εἰς ἔηνν.

οἱ γὰρ πρυτάνεις λύουσι τὴν ἐκκλησίαν.

ΔΙΚ. οἴμοι τάλας, μυττωτὸν ὅσον ἀπώλεσα.

ἀλλ' ἐκ Λακεδαίμονος γὰρ Ἀμφίθεος ὀδί.

χαῖρ', Ἀμφίθεε. ΑΜΦ. μήπω γε, πρίν γ' ἂν στῶ
τρέχων·

δεῖ γὰρ με φεύγοντ' ἐκφυγεῖν Ἀχαρνεάς.

ΔΙΚ. τί δ' ἔστιν; ΑΜΦ. ἐγὼ μὲν δεῦρό σοι σπονδὰς
φέρων

ἔσπευδον· οἱ δ' ὠσφροντο πρεσβῦταί τινες

Ἀχαρτικοί, στιπτοὶ γέροντες, πρίνυτοι,

- With such a host, Athenians should exclaim :
 'What endless streams of locusts in the wind !'
- DIC. [*aside*]. The foul fiend take me if this yarn contains
 One word of truth—except the plague of locusts !
- THEO. And now the most ferocious tribe in Thrace
 He's sent to aid you.
- DIC. [*aside*]. Well, that's something done.
- HERALD. The Thracians whom Theorus brings, come forward !
 [*Enter four or five miserable savages.*]
- DIC. What nightmare's this ?
- THEO. [*proudly*]. The Odomantian host.
- DIC. You don't say so ! And what's the use of *them* ?
- THEO. These gallant fellows, for a pound a day,
 Will fill Boeotia with the reek of war !
- DIC. A pound a day ! Locusts are going up.
 The handy man who helps us rule the waves
 Would growl at that. [*One of the savages steals a string
 of onions from D.'s wallet.*]
 The deuce ! They've ruined me !
 These foreign troops are ravaging my onions.
 Are you going to drop the onions ?
- THEO. [*Squaring up to them.*
 Wretched man,
- Onion is strength. Don't touch them, or they'll kick.
- DIC. Do you Committee-men sit there unmoved
 While foreign brigands on Athenian soil
 Handle me thus ? . . . Stop ! I forbid this meeting
 To vote about their wages ! I announce
 A sign from Heaven : I felt a drop of rain.
- HERALD. The Thracians must retire and come again
 Two days from now. The meeting is adjourned.
 [*Exeunt all but Dic.*]
- DIC. Woe's me ! A noble salad have I lost.
 But here's Amphitheus back from Lacedaemon.
- [*Enter Amphitheus, running. He carries three skins of wine.*¹]
 Amphitheus, hail !
- AMPH. Not yet ; I haven't reached you.
 I must outrun the fleet Acharnians.
- DIC. What's up ?
- AMPH. While I was speeding on my way
 Bearing the treaty-wine for you to taste,
 Some old Acharnians scented it afar,
 Grey-bearded stalwarts, hearts of oak and maple,

¹ Peace was always concluded by a solemn pouring-forth of wine. The liquor which Amphitheus brings back from Sparta after his very speedy negotiations is regarded as 'essence of Peace'. The age of each sample corresponds of course to the number of years of peace which it represents.

ἀπεράμονες, Μαραθωνομάχαι, σφειδάμνιοι.
 ἔπειτ' ἀνέκραγον πάντες, ὦ μιαρώτατε,
 σπονδὰς φέρεις, τῶν ἀμπέλων τετμημένων;
 κὰς τοὺς τρίβωνας ξυνελέγοντο τῶν λίθων·
 ἐγὼ δ' ἔφευγον· οἱ δ' ἐδίωκον κὰβδών.

ΔΙΚ. οἱ δ' οὖν βοώντων· ἀλλὰ τὰς σπονδὰς φέρεις;

ΑΜΦ. ἔγωγέ φημι, τρία γε ταυτὶ γεύματα.
 αὐται μὲν εἰσι πεντέτεϊς. γεῦσαι λαβών.

ΔΙΚ. αἰβοῖ. ΑΜΦ. τί ἔστιν; ΔΙΚ. οὐκ ἀρέσκουσίν μ', ὅτι
 ὄζουσι πίττης καὶ παρασκευῆς νεῶν.

ΑΜΦ. σὺν δ' ἀλλὰ τασδὶ τὰς δεκέτεϊς γεῦσαι λαβών.

ΔΙΚ. ὄζουσι χαῦται πρέσβων ἐς τὰς πόλεις
 ὀξύτατοι, ὥσπερ διατριβῆς τῶν ξυμμαχῶν.

ΑΜΦ. ἀλλ' αὐταὶ σπονδαὶ τριακοντούτιδες
 κατὰ γῆν τε καὶ θάλατταν. ΔΙΚ. ὦ Διονύσια,
 αὐται μὲν ὄζουσι ἀμβροσίας καὶ νέκταρος,
 καὶ μὴ 'πιτηρέϊν σιτὶ' ἡμερῶν τριῶν,
 κὰν τῷ στόματι λέγουσι, βαῖν' ὅπη θέλεις.
 ταύτας δέχομαι καὶ σπένδομαι κὰκπίομαι,
 χαίρειν κελεύων πολλὰ τοὺς Ἀχαρνεάς·
 ἐγὼ δὲ πολέμου καὶ κακῶν ἀπαλλαγεῖς
 ἄξω τὰ κατ' ἀγροὺς εἰσιῶν Διονύσια.

ΑΜΦ. ἐγὼ δὲ φευξοῦμαι γε τοὺς Ἀχαρνεάς.

ΧΟΡ. τῆδε πᾶς ἔπον, δῖωκε, καὶ τὸν ἄνδρα πυνθάνου
 τῶν ὁδοιπόρων ἀπάντων· τῇ πόλει γὰρ ἄξιον
 ξυλλαβεῖν τὸν ἄνδρα τοῦτον. ἀλλὰ μοι μηνύσατε,
 εἴ τις οἶδ' ὅποι τέτραπται γῆς ὁ τὰς σπονδὰς φέρων.
 ἐκπέφευγ', οἷχεται φρουδός. οἷμοι τάλας τῶν ἐτῶν
 τῶν ἐμῶν·

οὐκ ἂν ἐπ' ἐμῆς γε ἰεότητος, ὅτ' ἐγὼ φέρων ἀν-
 θράκων φορτίον

ἠκολούθουν Φαῦλλῳ τρέχων, ὧδε φαύλως ἂν ὁ
 σποιδοφόρος οὗτος ὑπ' ἐμοῦ τότε διωκόμειος

Stubborn of soul—they fought at Marathon.
 These cried in chorus : ‘ Villain, dost thou bring
 Peace-wine to men whose vineyards are destroyed ?’
 They filled their cloaks with stones to hurl at me ;
 Then I made off, but they gave chase with howls.

DIC. Well, let them howl. You didn’t drop the wine ?

AMPH. Of course not. Here ’s three different brands to taste.
 This sample ’s five years old. Come, have a drink.

DIC. [*drinking*]. Ugh !

AMPH. What is wrong ?

DIC. I don’t like the bouquet.

It smells of pitch and naval armaments.

AMPH. Well, try this second sample, ten years old.

DIC. [*drinking*]. But this is nasty too. It reeks of envoys
 Going the round, and allies hanging back.

AMPH. Then here ’s the final vintage—thirty years
 Of peace by land and sea.

DIC. [*drinking*]. Calloo ! Callay !

This smells of nectar and ambrosia.

Farewell, a long farewell, to that old legend :

‘ The battalion will parade at five a.m.’

It cries within my mouth : ‘ Go where you choose.’

This is the brand for me ! I’ll pour libations

And drink in this confusion to Acharnae !

Then freed from war and turmoil, on my farm

I’ll celebrate the rustic Vintage-Feast. [*Exit.*]

AMPH. Meanwhile, the Acharnians chase me. I am off.

[*Exit.*]

[*The scene changes to a spot in the country, with Dicaeopolis’ house in the background. Close by are two other houses, which, by a looseness of mise en scène frequent in early Attic Comedy, are supposed to be the houses (really situated in Athens) of Euripides and Lamachus respectively. Enter the Chorus, which consists of aged charcoal-burners of Acharnae. They are full of haste and fury; their cloaks are girt up and loaded with stones.*]

CHOR. We are hot on his track, so let no one hang back, but ask
 all whom you meet if they’ve spied him ;

It’s a national sin if we don’t run him in ! Bad luck to the
 man who would hide him !

[*Turning to the audience.*]

Come, gentlemen, say : has he scampered this way ? Give
 ear to our just indignation.

He’s a traitorous hound, and he ought to be drowned in
 the wine of his treaty-libation !

Gone ! He nowhere appears !

Oh, the weight of sixty years !

In the days when I was twenty,

When I carried coals in plenty

On my shoulder, in the sun

With Phaÿllus I could run.

Never then this coward wight,

ἔξέφυγεν οὐδ' ἂν ἐλαφρῶς ἂν ἀπεπλίξατο.
 νῦν δ' ἐπειδὴ στερρὸν ἤδη τοῦμὸν ἀντικνήμιον,
 καὶ παλαιῷ Λακρατείδῃ τὸ σκέλος βαρύνεται,
 οἴχεται. διωκτέος δέ· μὴ γὰρ ἐγγάνοι ποτὲ
 μηδὲ περ γέροντας ὄντας ἐκφυγῶν Ἀχαρνέας.
 ὅστις, ὦ Ζεῦ πάτερ καὶ θεοί, τοῖσιν ἐχθροῖσιν
 ἐσπείσατο,
 οἷσι παρ' ἐμοῦ πόλεμος ἐχθοδοπὸς αὖξεται τῶι ἐμῶι
 χωρίων·

κοῦκ ἀνήσω πρὶν ἂν σχοῖνος αὐτοῖσιν ἀντέμπαγῶ
 ὀξύς, ὀδυνηρός, ἀνιάρός, ἐπίκωπος, ἵνα
 μήποτε πατῶσιν ἔτι τὰς ἐμὰς ἀμπέλους.
 ἀλλὰ σεῖ ζῆτεῖν τὸν ἄνθρωπον καὶ βλέπειν Βαλληριάδε
 καὶ διώκειν γῆν πρὸ γῆς, ἕως ἂν εὐρεθῆ ποτε·
 ὡς ἐγὼ βάλλων ἐκεῖνον οὐκ ἂν ἐμπλήμην λίθοις.

ΔΙΚ. εὐφημεῖτε, εὐφημεῖτε.

ΧΟΡ. σίγα πᾶς. ἠκούσατ', ἄνθρωπε, ἄρα τῆς εὐφημίας;
 οὗτος αὐτός ἐστιν ὃν ζητοῦμεν. ἀλλὰ δεῦρο πᾶς
 ἐκποδῶν· θύσων γὰρ ἀνὴρ, ὡς ἔοικ', ἐξέρχεται.

ΔΙΚ. εὐφημεῖτε, εὐφημεῖτε.

πρόιθ' ἐς τὸ πρόσθεν ὀλίγον ἢ κανηφόρος·
 κατάθου τὸ κανοῦν, ὦ θύγατερ, ἵν' ἀπαρξώμεθα.

ΘΥΓ. ὦ μήτερ, ἀνάδος δεῦρο τὴν ἐτνήρυσιν,
 ἵν' ἔτνος καταχέω τοῦλατῆρος τουτουί.

ΔΙΚ. καὶ μὴν καλόν γ' ἔστ'· ὦ Διόνυσε δέσποτα,
 κεχαρισμένως σοι τήνδε τὴν πομπὴν ἐμὴ
 πέμψαντα καὶ θύσαντα μετὰ τῶν οἰκετῶν
 ἀγαγεῖν τυχηρῶς τὰ κατ' ἀγροὺς Διονύσια,
 στρατίας ἀπαλλαχθέντα· τὰς σπονδὰς δέ μοι
 καλῶς ξυνευεγκεῖν τὰς τριακοντούτιδας.

ΜΗΤ. ἄγ', ὦ θύγατερ, ὅπως τὸ κανοῦν καλῆ καλῶς
 οἴσεις, βλέπουσα θυμβροφάγον. ὡς μακάριος
 ὅστις σ' ὀπύσει, κἀκποιήσεται τέκνα.

Who makes peace and dares not fight,
 Would so actively have fled.
 He'd be dead!

But now my poor shins are two withered old pins, and my
 feet as I run are both heavy and sore;
 Now has old Lacratides a stitch in his side, he's dis-
 covered his limbs are less fleet than of yore.
 So the villain has gone! Never mind, follow on! Let him
 grin if he can when we catch him once more!

O ye gods! Father Zeus!
 With our foes he's made a truce!
 Foes my soul has ever hated
 Since my farm they devastated.
 Peace farewell! Amid my vines
 Shall they camp their hostile lines?
 Let their hated blood be spilt;
 Let me plunge up to the hilt
 In their hearts, and drink their life
 Like a knife!

Over land, over sea, come and hunt him with me, one and
 all every obstacle scorning!

I could pelt him all night like an agile Hittite, and
 continue the game in the morning!

[*A pause. The door of Dicaeopolis' house opens, and his voice
 is heard within.*]

DIC. Silence for the rite! Silence!

CHORUS LEADER. Quiet all! You heard it, comrades? Heard
 the voice proclaiming silence?

In that house is he we're seeking! Back and hide
 ourselves a moment!

All to ambush! He is coming out of doors to sacrifice!

[*They hide. Enter Dic., his wife, daughter, and slaves. They
 carry sacred emblems and articles connected with the
 Vintage-Festival.*]

DIC. [*directing operations*]. Silence for the rite!

Forward a space, O damsel of the basket.

Now put it down, my dear; I must begin.

DAUGHTER. Mother, please hand me out the soup-ladle.

I want to pour some soup over the cake.

DIC. A noble soup indeed! . . . Lord of our Feast,

O Dionysus, may our glad procession

Find favour with thee! Bless the sacrifice

Which I and mine would offer. Happiness

Be ours amid thy vintage-festival,

Our warfare overpast! And may this peace

Bring blessings with it through its thirty years!

MOTHER. Now dear, be sure you bear the basket nicely,

Like a nice girl, with looks demure and prim.

Happy the man who gets you for his wife!

- ΔΙΚ. πρόβαινε, κὰν τῶχλω φυλάττεσθαι σφόδρα
 μή τις λαθῶν σου περιτράγη τὰ χρυσία.
 ἐγὼ δ' ἀκολουθῶν ἄσομαι τὸ φαλλικόν·
 σὺ δ', ὦ γύναι, θεῷ μ' ἀπὸ τοῦ τέγους. πρόβα.
 Φαλῆς, ἑταίριε Βακχίον,
 ξύγκωμε, νυκτοπεριπλάνηθ',
 ἕκτῳ σ' ἔτει προσεῖπον ἐς
 τὸν δῆμον ἔλθων ἄσμενος,
 σπειροῦς ποιησάμενος ἐμμι-
 τῷ, πραγμάτων τε καὶ μαχῶν
 καὶ Λαμάχων ἀπαλλαγείς.
 Φαλῆς Φαλῆς,
 ἔαν μεθ' ἡμῶν ξιμπίης, ἐκ κραιπάλης
 ἔωθεν εἰρήνης ῥοφήσεις τρύβλιον·
 ἢ δ' ἀσπίς ἐν τῷ φεψάλῳ κρεμήσεται.
- ΧΟΡ. οὗτος αὐτός ἐστιν, οὗτος.
 βάλλε βάλλε βάλλε βάλλε,
 παῖε πᾶς τὸν μαρόν.
 οὐ βαλεῖς, οὐ βαλεῖς;
- ΔΙΚ. Ἡράκλεις, τουτὶ τί ἐστι; τὴν χύτραν συντρίψετε.
- ΧΟΡ. σὲ μὲν οὖν καταλεύσομεν, ὦ μιὰ κεφαλή.
- ΔΙΚ. ἀντὶ ποίας αἰτίας, ὦ χαρνέων γεραίτατοι;
- ΧΟΡ. τουτ' ἐρωτᾷς; ἀνάσχυντος εἶ καὶ βδελυρός,
 ὃ προδότα τῆς πατρίδος, ὅστις ἡμῶν μόνος
 σπεισάμενος εἶτα δύνασαι πρὸς ἔμ' ἀποβλέπειν.
- ΔΙΚ. ἀντὶ δ' ὧν ἐσπεισάμην ἀκούσατ', ἀλλ' ἀκούσατε.
- ΧΟΡ. σοῦ γ' ἀκούσωμεν; ἀπολεῖ κατά σε χῶσομεν τοῖς
 λίθοις.
- ΔΙΚ. μηδαμῶς, πρὶν ἂν γ' ἀκούσητ'· ἀλλ' ἀνάσχεσθ', ὦ γαθοί.
- ΧΟΡ. οὐκ ἀνασχίσομαι· μηδὲ λέγε μοι σὺ λόγον·
 σοῦ δ' ἐγὼ λόγους λέγοιτος οὐκ ἀκούσομαι μακρούς,
 ὅστις ἐσπείσω Λάκωσιν, ἀλλὰ τιμωρήσομαι.
- ΔΙΚ. ὦ γαθοί, τοὺς μὲν Λάκωνας ἐκποδῶν ἐάσατε,

DIC. Move forward ; mind no rascal in the crowd
 Filches your brooch or necklace on the sly.
 I in the rear will sing the phallic ditty.
 And you, my wife, shall watch me from the roof.

[*The little procession moves round the stage, Dic. singing.*]

Companion of Bacchus,
 Thou roamer by night,
 Thou soul of his revels,
 Restored to our sight !
 Six years, jolly Phales,
 Have over us passed ;
 And, returned to my homestead,
 I greet thee at last.
 I've made me a treaty
 And hung up my shield :
 Now welcome the meadows,
 Farewell to the field !
 Come, join in our wassail,
 Our mirth to increase ;
 If you rise with a headache,
 Quaff bumpers of Peace !

[*The Chorus rush upon the scene with cries of rage, pelting Dic. and his family with stones. The slaves, &c., run within, while Dic. stands his ground.*]

CHORUS (*confusedly*). That's the man ! There he is !
 Pelt away ! Pelt away !
 Hit him, the rogue !
 Keep it up ! Throw your hardest !

DIC. Heracles above defend us ! What is wrong ? You'll break my jug !

CHOR. Blackguard rogue ! Break your jug ? We'll smash your mug !

DIC. What's the cause of your emotion, reverend Acharnians ?

CHOR. Darest thou ask ? Shameless hound, thou'rt traitor found,

All alone making truce, without excuse !

Can'st thou look me in the face, thou disgrace ?

DIC. But my reasons for this treaty stay and hear—You really must !

CHOR. Hear thee ? No ! Thou shalt die ! Friends, let fly !

DIC. Nay, not yet, until you've heard me ! Hold your hands awhile, good sirs !

CHOR. Never, dog ! Not a word shall be heard !

Thou hast poured the peace-libation with our old Laconian foes ;

Never will I hear thy pleading. Death is thine and all its throes !

DIC. Gentle sirs, let's drop the Spartans ! There's no need for all this fuss.

τῶν δ' ἐμῶν σπονδῶν ἀκούσατ', εἰ καλῶς ἐσπει-
σάμην.

- ΧΟΡ. πῶς δέ γ' ἂν καλῶς λέγοις ἄν, εἴπερ ἐσπέισω γ' ἄπαξ
οἴσω οὔτε βωμὸς οὔτε πίστις οὔθ' ὄρκος μένει;
- ΔΙΚ. οἶδ' ἐγὼ καὶ τοὺς Λάκωνας, οἷς ἄγαν ἐγκείμεθα,
οὐχ ἀπάντων ὄντας ἡμῖν αἰτίους τῶν πραγμάτων.
- ΧΟΡ. οὐχ ἀπάντων, ᾧ παινοῦργε; ταῦτα δὴ τολμᾶς λέγειν
ἐμφανῶς ἤδη πρὸς ἡμᾶς; εἶτ' ἐγὼ σου φείσομαι;
- ΔΙΚ. οὐχ ἀπάντων οὐχ ἀπάντων· ἀλλ' ἐγὼ λέγων οὐδὲ
πόλλ' ἂν ἀποφήναιμ' ἐκείνους ἔσθ' ἂ καδίκουμένους.
- ΧΟΡ. τοῦτο τοῦπος δεινὸν ἤδη καὶ ταραξικάρδιον,
εἰ σὺ τολμήσεις ὑπὲρ τῶν πολεμίων ἡμῖν λέγειν.
- ΔΙΚ. κἄν γε μὴ λέξω δίκαια, μηδὲ τῷ πλήθει δοκῶ,
ὑπὲρ ἐπιξήνιου θελήσω τὴν κεφαλὴν ἔχων λέγειν.
- ΧΟΡ. εἰπέ μοι, τί φειδόμεσθα τῶν λίθων, ᾧ δημόται,
μὴ οὐ καταξαινεῖν τὸν ἄνδρα τοῦτοι ἐς φοινικίδα;
- ΔΙΚ. οἷος αὖ μέλας τις ὑμῖν θυμάλωψ ἐπέξσειν.
οὐκ ἀκούσεσθ' οὐκ ἀκούσεσθ' ἑτεοί, ᾧ χαρηγίδαί;
- ΧΟΡ. οὐκ ἀκουσόμεσθα δῆτα. ΔΙΚ. δεινά τᾶρα πείσομαι.
- ΧΟΡ. ἐξολόμην, ἦν ἀκούσω. ΔΙΚ. μηδαμῶς, ᾧ χαρηνικοί.
- ΧΟΡ. ὡς τεθνήξων ἴσθι νινί. ΔΙΚ. δῆξομ' ἄρ' ὑμᾶς ἐγώ.
ἀνταποκτενῶ γὰρ ὑμῖν τῶν φίλων τοὺς φιλτάτους·
ὡς ἔχω γ' ὑμῶν ὀμήρους, οὓς ἀποσφάξω λαβῶν.
- ΧΟΡ. εἰπέ μοι, τί τοῦτ' ἀπειλεῖ τοῦπος, ἄνδρες δημόται,
τοῖς Ἀχαρηνικοῖσιν ἡμῖν; μῶν ἔχει του παιδίου
τῶν παρόντων εἰδοὶ εἶρξας; ἢ 'πὶ τῷ θρασύνεται;
- ΔΙΚ. βάλлет', εἰ βούλεσθ'. ἐγὼ γὰρ τουτοῖν διαφθερῶ.
εἴσομαι δ' ὑμῶν τάχ' ὅστις ἀνθράκων τι κήδεται.
- ΧΟΡ. ὡς ἀπωλόμεσθ'. ὁ λάρκος δημότης ὄδ' ἔστ' ἐμός.
ἀλλὰ μὴ ὀράσης ὃ μέλλεις· μηδαμῶς, ᾧ μηδαμῶς.
- ΔΙΚ. ὡς ἀποκτενῶ, κέκραχθ'. ἐγὼ γὰρ οὐκ ἀκούσομαι.
- ΧΟΡ. ἀπολεῖς ἄρ' ὀμήλικα τότε φιλαρθρακέα;
- ΔΙΚ. οὐδ' ἐμοῦ λέγοντος ὑμεῖς ἀρτίως ἠκούσατε.

I've secured peace with honour; *that's* the point we should discuss.

CHOR. Who art *thou* to prate of honour? Thou hast made a foul intrigue
With the men who scorn religion, plighted word, and solemn league!

DIC. I can tell you these Laconians, butts of our too bitter hate,
Aren't the cause of *all* the troubles which have been our recent fate.

CHOR. Not the cause of all, thou felon? Darest thou look us in the eye,
Openly expounding treason to Acharnians? Thou shalt die!

DIC. *Not* the cause of all, by Heaven! Sparta too could well declare—
Let me prove it!—that *our* conduct has been often quite unfair.

CHOR. Now the mischief's out! Un-Attic reptile, art thou then so quick
To take sides with Athens' foes? Upon my word, thou mak'st me sick

DIC. If my speech is not convincing, or the audience think it's not,
On the block I'll lay my head-piece: execute me on the spot!

CHOR. Fellow-burghers, spare your stones no longer; give the rogue his due
Make a good slashed doublet of him—scarlet shot with black and
blue! [*They pelt him*

DIC. Flaring up again! From passion will your hearts be never freed?
Won't you listen just a moment, boys of the Acharnian breed?

CHOR. Not a moment will we listen!

DIC. [*coolly.*] Well, you *are* a cruel lot!

CHOR. May I perish if I heed thee!

DIC. O Acharnians! Surely not!

CHOR. Know that thou art marked for slaughter!

DIC. Then I'll wound you as I die

In revenge I'll slay a victim who's the apple of your eye.

I've a hostage, and his gullet shall be slit. I'll fetch him out.

[*He goes into the house, while the members of the Chorus converse together uneasily.*]

CHOR. Fellow-burghers, read the riddle: wherefore does he threat and flout
Thus the bulldogs of Acharnae? Does he hope to win reprieve,
Kidnapping some child of ours? He's got something up his sleeve!

[*Dicacopolis reappears, bearing in one hand a sword, in the other a basket of charcoal. He sets down the basket, and brandishes the sword.*]

DIC. Pelt away, if pelt you must! My fate your dusky darling shares!
Now we'll see which man among you for his charcoal really cares.

[*He pretends to stab the basket. The Chorus are completely unmanned.*]

CHOR. O good Lord! The basket yonder is my fellow-villager!

Nay, forgo thy ghastly purpose! Mercy, mercy, gentle Sir!

DIC. Yell away; his hours are numbered. What care I for prayers and
tears?

CHOR. Wilt thou slay half my soul, old King Cole?

DIC. When I spoke a while ago, you put your fingers in your ears!

- ΧΟΡ. ἀλλὰ νυνὶ λέγ', εἴ τοι δοκεῖ σοι, τὸ Λακε-
 δαιμόνιον αὖθ' ὅτι τῷ τρόπῳ σουστὶ φίλον·
 ὡς τόδε τὸ λαρκίδιον οὐ προδώσω ποτέ.
- ΔΙΚ. τοὺς λίθους νῦν μοι χαμᾶζε πρῶτον ἐξεράσατε.
- ΧΟΡ. οὔτοιί σοι χαμαί, καὶ σὺν κατάθῃν πάλιν τὸ ξίφος.
- ΔΙΚ. ἀλλ' ὅπως μὴ ἴν τοῖς τρίβωσι ἐγκάθηταιί που λίθοι.
- ΧΟΡ. ἐκσέσεισαι χαμᾶζ'. οὐχ ὄρῃς σειόμενον;
 ἀλλὰ μή μοι πρόφασιν, ἀλλὰ κατάθῃ τὸ βέλος.
 ὡς ὅδε γε σειστὸς ἅμα τῇ στροφῇ γίγνεται.
- ΔΙΚ. ἐμέλλετ' ἄρ' ἅπαντες ἀνασειεῖν βοήν,
 ὀλίγου τ' ἀπέθανον ἄνθρακες Παρηήσιοι,
 καὶ ταῦτα διὰ τὴν ἀτοπίαν τῶν δημοτῶν.
 ὑπὸ τοῦ δέους δὲ τῆς μαρίλης μοι συχρῆν
 ὁ λάρκος ἐνετίλησεν ὥσπερ σηπία.
 δευρὸν γὰρ οὕτως ὀμφακίαν πεφυκέναι
 τὸν θυμὸν ἀνδρῶν ὥστε βάλλειν καὶ βοᾶν
 ἐθέλειν τ' ἀκοῦσαι μηδὲν ἴσον ἴσῳ φέρον,
 ἐμοῦ θέλοιτος ὑπὲρ ἐπιξήνου λέγειν.
- ΧΟΡ. τί οὖν οὐ λέγεις ἐπίξηνοι ἐξενεγκῶν θύραζ'
 ὅ τι ποτ', ὦ σχέτλιε, τὸ μέγα τοῦτ' ἔχεις;
 πᾶν γὰρ ἔμεγε πόθος ὅ τι φροινεῖς ἔχει.
 ἀλλ' ἦπερ αὐτὸς τὴν δίκην διωρίσω,
 θεῖς δεῦρο τοῦπίξηνον ἐγχείρει λέγειν.
- ΔΙΚ. ἰδοὺ θέασαι, τὸ μὲν ἐπίξηνοι τοδί,
 ὁ δ' ἀνὴρ ὁ λέξωι οὔτοσι τυνιουτοσί.
 ἀμέλει μὰ τὸν Δί' οὐκ ἐνασπιδώσομαι,
 λέξω δ' ὑπὲρ Λακεδαιμοιῶν ἅ μοι δοκεῖ.
 καίτοι δέδοικα πολλά· τοὺς τε γὰρ τρόπους
 τοὺς τῶν ἀγροίκων οἶδα χαίροντας σφόδρα
 ἔάν τις αὐτοὺς εὐλογῇ καὶ τὴν πόλιν
 ἀνὴρ ἀλαζῶν καὶ δίκαια κᾶδικα·
 κἀνταῦθα λαρθάνουσ' ἀπεμπολώμενοι·
 τῶν τ' αὖ γερόντων οἶδα τὰς ψυχὰς ὅτι

- CHOR. Oh, but now talk away! You shall say
 What you like in the praise of Spartan ways.
 This my darling I must save from the grave!
- DIC. First of all, obey my orders: drop your stones upon the
 ground.
- CHOR. There they lie. Be assured: drop your sword.
- DIC. Try the creases of your cloaks; perhaps a few might still
 be found.
- CHOR. Down they go! See us whirl. Don't we twirl?
 Drop your sword. Come, away with delay!
 Every gown open flies before your eyes!
- DIC. I thought you'd ask for quarter, every one.
 The coals of Parnes have hobnobbed with death,
 All through their stiff-necked fellow-villagers;
 And like a cuttle-fish hard pressed by peril
 This coal-basket has squirted grime on me!
 'Tis monstrous that men's tempers should be acid
 Like grapes unripe, should make them pelt and bawl
 And shut their ears to reasoned compromise,
 Although I said I'd stake my neck while speaking!
- CHOR. Well, deliver your speech—when you've fetched out
 the block—
 And remember you've promised to give us a shock
 With an argument novel, you brazen-faced knave.
 So we're burning to learn how your neck you will save.
 Thou hast thyself arranged the trial-scene.
 Fetch out the block and so address the Court.
- [*Dic. fetches from the house a chopping-block and an axe.*]
- DIC. Behold, the block is here, and here am I,
 The little chap that's going to make a speech.
 I'm hanged if I'll put any armour on!
 I'll speak for Sparta in plain homely words . . .
 And yet I've many fears. I know you rustics,
 How you applaud when any specious rogue
 Truly or falsely flatters you and Athens,
 And leads you by the nose to fill his purse.
 You too, greybeards, I know, whose simple joy

οὐδὲν βλέπουσιν ἄλλο πλὴν ψήφῳ δακεῖν,
 νῦν οὖν με πρῶτον πρὶν λέγειν ἕασατε
 ἐνσκευάσασθαι μ' οἷον ἀθλιώτατον.

ΧΟΡ. τί ταῦτα στρέφει τεχνάζεις τε καὶ πορίζεις τριβάς;
 λαβὲ δ' ἐμοῦ γ' ἔνεκα παρ' Ἱερωνύμου
 σκοτοδασυπυκνότηριχά τιν' Ἄϊδος κυνήην
 εἶτ' ἐξάνοιγε μηχανὰς τὰς Σισύφου,
 ὡς σκῆψιν ἀγῶν οὗτος οὐκ εἰσδέξεται.

ΔΙΚ. ὦρα ἴσθι ἄρα μοι καρτερὰν ψυχὴν λαβεῖν,
 καὶ μοι βαδιστέ' ἐστὶν ὡς Εὐριπίδην.
 παῖ παῖ. ΘΕ. τίς οὗτος; ΔΙΚ. ἔνδον ἔστ' Εὐ-
 ριπίδης;

ΘΕ. οὐκ ἔνδον ἔνδον ἐστίν, εἰ γνώμων ἔχεις.

ΔΙΚ. πῶς ἔνδον, εἶτ' οὐκ ἔνδον; ΘΕ. ὀρθῶς, ὦ γέρον.
 ὁ νοῦς μὲν ἔξω ξυλλέγων ἐπύλλια
 οὐκ ἔνδον, αὐτὸς δ' ἔνδον ἀναβάδην ποιεῖ
 τραγῳδίαν. ΔΙΚ. ὦ τρισμακάρη Εὐριπίδη,
 ὅθ' ὁ δοῦλος οὕτωςι σοφῶς ὑποκρίνεται.
 ἐκκάλεσον αὐτόν. ΘΕ. ἀλλ' ἀδύνατον. ΔΙΚ. ἀλλ'
 ὄμως.

οὐ γὰρ ἂν ἀπέλθοιμ', ἀλλὰ κόψω τὴν θύραν.
 Εὐριπίδη, Εὐριπίδων.

ὑπάκουσον, εἴπερ πρόποτ' ἀνθρώπων τινί·
 Δικαιοπόλις καλεῖ σε Χολλείδης ἐγώ.

ΕΥΡ. ἀλλ' οὐ σχολή.

ΔΙΚ. ἀλλ' ἐκκυκλήθητ'. ΕΥΡ. ἀλλ' ἀδύνατον. ΔΙΚ. ἀλλ'
 ὄμως.

ΕΥΡ. ἀλλ' ἐκκυκλήσομαι καταβαίνειν δ' οὐ σχολή.

ΔΙΚ. Εὐριπίδη, ΕΥΡ. τί λέλακας; ΔΙΚ. ἀναβάδην
 ποιεῖς,

ἐξὸν καταβάδην; οὐκ ἐτὸς χωλοὺς ποιεῖς.

ἀτὰρ τί τὰ ῥάκι' ἐκ τραγῳδίας ἔχεις,

ἐσθλήτ' ἐλεεινήν; οὐκ ἐτὸς πτωχοὺς ποιεῖς.

Is to bite men to death in courts of law.
So suffer me, before I speak, to dress
In tatters like a wretched suppliant.

CHOR. Come, why shilly-shally, and offer excuse?
To Hieronymus go, if you think it's of use;
Like a jungle his hair is, to keep you unseen,
Like a cap from the fairies, though hardly so clean!
Then open fire, Napoleon of debate,
For no excuse this trial can admit.

DIC. 'Tis time I steeled my heart with high resolve,
And paid a call upon Euripides.

[*He goes to Euripides' house, and knocks.*]

Hello!

SERVANT [*appearing at the door*]. Who's there?

DIC. Euripides at home!

SERV. [*imitating his master's style*]. At home, yet not at home,
if thou hast wit.

DIC. At home, and yet abroad!

SERV. I spoke correctly.

His mind's abroad, collecting epigrams,
But he himself's at home, in fact in bed,
Writing a tragedy.

DIC. Thrice-blessèd bard,
Whose slave so subtly speaks his master's mind!
Come, call him forth.

SERV. It can't be done.

DIC. Oh, please!

[*The servant slams the door.*]

I'll not depart, but smite upon the door.

Euripides! . . . 'Rippy!

Give answer, if thou ever didst to any!

Dicaeopolis am I, from Lame-peter.¹

EUR. [*within*]. Busy!

DIC. Well, come to the window.²

EUR. [*within*]. Can't be done.

DIC. Oh, please!

EUR. [*within*]. Alright; but I've no time to come downstairs.

DIC. Euripides!

EUR. [*within*]. Why yellest?

DIC. Now I know

Why all the heroes of your plays are cripples,
Born as they are at the top of crazy stairs.

[*Eur. appears at the window.*]

What! You yourself are wearing sorry rags,
The property of some drama. Now I know
Why all the heroes of your plays are beggars.

¹ It was a joke against Euripides that his heroes were often lame or wounded. Dic. pretends that he belongs to the parish Cholleidae, as if the name were derived from *χολός*, 'lame,' so as to ingratiate himself with the poet.

² See *Introduction*, § 3.

ἀλλ' ἀντιβολῶ πρὸς τῶν γονάτων σ', Εὐριπίδη,
 δός μοι ῥάκιόν τι τοῦ παλαιοῦ δράματος.
 δεῖ γάρ με λέξαι τῷ χορῷ ῥῆσιν μακράν·
 αὐτὴ δὲ θάνατον, ἣν κακῶς λέξω, φέρει.

ΕΥΡ. τὰ ποῖα τρύχη; μῶν ἐν οἷς Οἰνεὺς ὁδὶ
 ὁ δῦσποτμος γεραιὸς ἠγωνίζετο;

ΔΙΚ. οὐκ Οἰνέως ἦν, ἀλλ' ἔτ' ἀθλιωτέρον.

ΕΥΡ. ἀλλ' ἢ τὰ δυσπιπῆ θέλεις πεπλώματα
 ἢ Βελλεροφόντης εἶχ' ὁ χωλὸς οὔτοσι;

ΔΙΚ. οὐ Βελλεροφόντης· ἀλλὰ κάκεινος μὲν ἦν
 χωλός, προσαιτῶν, στωμύλος, δεινὸς λέγειν.

ΕΥΡ. οἶδ' ἄνδρα, Μυσὸν Τήλεφον. ΔΙΚ. γαί Τήλεφον·
 τούτου δὸς ἀντιβολῶ σέ μοι τὰ σπάργαρα.

ΕΥΡ. ὦ παῖ, δὸς αὐτῷ Τηλέφου ῥακώματα.
 κέῖται δ' ἄνωθεν τῶν Θεοστείων ῥακῶν,
 μεταξὺ τῶν Ἴρουσ. ἰδοὺ ταυτὶ λαμβέ.

ΔΙΚ. ὦ Ζεῦ διόπτα καὶ κατόπτα παρταχῆ.
 Εὐριπίδη, ἔκωπται· ἐχωρίσω ταῖε.
 κάκεινά μοι δὸς τὰκόλουθα τῶν ῥακῶν,
 τὸ πιλίδιον περὶ τὴν κεφαλὴν τὸ Μύσιον.
 δεῖ γάρ με δόξαι πτωχὸν εἶναι τήμερον,
 εἶναι μὲν ὅσπερ εἰμί, φαίνεσθαι δὲ μή.

ΕΥΡ. δώσω· πυκνὴ γὰρ λεπτὰ μηχανᾶ φρενί.

ΔΙΚ. εὐδαιμονοίης, Τηλέφω δ' ἄγω φρονῶ.
 εὔ γ' οἶον ἦδη ῥηματίων ἐμπίμπλαμαι.
 ἀτὰρ δέομαί γε πτωχικοῦ βακτηηρίου.

ΕΥΡ. τουτὶ λαβῶν ἄπελθε λαίωι σταθμῶν.

ΔΙΚ. ὦ θύμ', ὄρῃς γὰρ ὡς ἀπωθοῦμαι δόμων,
 πολλῶν δεόμενος σκευαρίων· νῦν δὴ γενεῶ
 γλίσχρος προσαιτῶν λιπαρῶν τ'. Εὐριπίδη,
 ὁός μοι σπυρίδιον διακεκαυμένοι λύχνω.

ΕΥΡ. τί δ', ὦ τάλας, σε τοῦδ' ἔχει πλέκους χρέος;

ΔΙΚ. χρέος μὲν οὐδέεν, βούλομαι δ' ὅμως λαβεῖν.

But come, I do beseech thee by thy knees,
Bestow on me some rags from your old play.
A long speech must I make unto the Chorus;
And if it's badly done, my fate is death.

EUR. Which tatters dost thou mean? [*Holding up a roll of MS.*] Those in which Oeneus,
That aged butt of misery, played his part?

DIC. Not Oeneus, no; a far worse case than his.

EUR. Dost wish the squalid robes Bellerophon,
The cripple of this play [*holding up another roll*], wore
long ago?

DIC. No, not Bellerophon. Still, the man I mean
Was crippled too, a beggar, full of words.

EUR. I've got it—Mysian Telephus.

DIC. That's him!

Grant me his swaddling-clothes, I do beseech thee!

EUR. [*to Servant within*]. Give him the tattered weeds of
Telephus.

You'll find them just above Thyestes' rags,
Next to the Ino set. Catch! There you are.

DIC. [*holding up the cloak and peeping through one of its many holes*].

O Zeus, whose eye sees down and through all things!

Euripides, since thou hast granted these,
Make the outfit complete. Bestow on me
His *chic* felt cap to give some local colour.

To-day must I appear a beggar-wight,
Be what I am, but wear an alien semblance.

EUR. [*throwing it*]. 'Tis thine, as guerdon of thy subtle brain.

DIC. Bless thee, and Telephus may go to — well,
That is *my* secret. Good! I'm full already
Of tragic terms. But where's my beggar's staff?

EUR. [*throwing it*]. Take it, and hasten from these marble
halls!

DIC. My soul, thou seest how they thrust me forth,
Though needing lots of useful articles!
Be thou importunate! Euripides,
Give me a basket black-burnt by a lamp.

EUR. Poor wretch, what need hast thou of woven withs?

DIC. No need have I, yet with withs would I wend.

ΕΥΡ. λυπηρὸς ἴσθ' ὦν κάποχώρησον δόμων.

ΔΙΚ. φεῖ·

εὐδαιμονοίης, ὥσπερ ἡ μήτηρ ποτέ.

ΕΥΡ. ἄπελθε νῦν μοι. ΔΙΚ. μᾶλλὰ μοι δὸς ἐν μόνον
κοτυλίσκιον τὸ χεῖλος ἀποκεκρουμένον.

ΕΥΡ. φθείρου λαβῶν τὸδ' ἴσθ' ὀχληρὸς ὦν δόμοις.

ΔΙΚ. οὐπω μὰ Δι' οἴσθ' οἷ' αὐτὸς ἐργάζει κακά.

ἀλλ', ὦ γλυκύτατ' Εὐριπίδη, τουτὶ μόνον,

δὸς μοι χυτρίδιον σπογγίῳ βεβυσμένοι.

ΕΥΡ. ἄνθρωπ', ἀφαιρήσει με τὴν τραγῳδίαν.

ἄπελθε ταυτηνὴ λαβῶν. ΔΙΚ. ἀπέρχομαι.

καίτοι τί δράσω; δεῖ γὰρ ἐνός, οὐ μὴ τυχαῖν

ἀπόλωλ'. ἀκούσθαι, ὦ γλυκύτατ' Εὐριπίδη·

τουτὶ λαβῶν ἄπειμι κοῦ πρόσειμ' ἔτι·

εἰς τὸ σπυρίδιον ἰσχυρά μοι φυλλεῖα δός.

ΕΥΡ. ἀπολεῖς μ'. ἰδοῦ σοι. φροῦδά μοι τὰ δράματα.

ΔΙΚ. ἀλλ' οὐκέτ', ἀλλ' ἄπειμι. καὶ γὰρ εἰμ' ἄγαρ

ὀχληρὸς, οὐ δοκῶν με κοιράνους στυγεῖν.

οἴμοι κακοδαίμωνι, ὡς ἀπόλωλ'. ἐπελαθόμενι

ἐν ᾧπέρ ἐστι πάντα μοι τὰ πράγματα.

Εὐριπίδιον ὦ γλυκύτατοι καὶ φίλτατοι,

κάκιστ' ἀπολοίμην, εἴ τί σ' αἰτήσαιμ' ἔτι,

πλὴν ἐν μόνον, τουτὶ μόνον τουτὶ μόνον,

σκάνδικά μοι δός, μητρόθει δεδεγμένος.

ΕΥΡ. ἀγὴρ ὑβρίζει· κλεῖε πηκτὰ δωμάτων.

ΔΙΚ. ὦ θύμ', ἄνευ σκάνδικος ἐμπορευτέα.

ἄρ' οἴσθ' ὅσον τὸν ἀγῶν' ἀγωνιεῖ τάχα,

μέλλων ὑπὲρ Λακεδαιμονίων ἀνδρῶν λέγειν;

πρόβαινέ νυν, ὦ θυμέ· γραμμὴ δ' αὐτή.

ΧΟΡ. τί δράσεις; τί φήσεις; ἀλλ' ἴσθι νυν

ἀναίσχυντος ὦν σιδηροῦς δ' ἀγὴρ,

ὅστις παρασχὼν τῇ πόλει τὸν αὐχένα

ἄπαισι μέλλεις εἰς λέγειν τὰναντία.

EUR. [*throwing it*]. Know that thou troublest me. Remove thyself.

DIC. Ah!

Mayst thou be happy, as thy mother was!

EUR. Now, please, begone.

DIC. Nay, grant me just one thing:

A wee small cup, all broken round the edge.

EUR. [*throwing it*]. Take it! The foul fiend rid thee from my house!

DIC. Not yet dost see what ills thyself dost work!

O sweet Euripides, but one boon more!

Give me a tiny jug, with sponge beplugged.

EUR. [*throwing it*]. Fellow, thou'lt rob me of my tragedy.

Take it and go!

DIC. I go. [*Going*]. But yet I can't.

One thing I need: without it I am lost.

Sweetest Euripides, one moment, pray.

If I get this I'll go, nor come again.

Give me a musty salad for my basket.

EUR. I'm ruined. [*Throws it*]. Take it. Tragic art, farewell!

DIC. Not so; I leave thee. [*Going*]. I have been in truth

A trouble; I knew not that the princes hate me.

[*Stops*]. Horror and fell calamity! I forgot

One thing on which my every hope depends!

[*Going back*]. Euripides, thou darling of my soul,

May Hades seize me if I ask aught else

But only one thing—only, only this:

Give us a radish from your mother's shop!

EUR. The varlet mocks. Let the portcullis fall!

[*Slams window down*].

DIC. My soul, all radishless must thou set forth.

Dost know how grim a struggle for thee waits

If thou wilt speak for men of Lacedaemon?

Forward, my soul! Here is the starting-line.

[*He comes forward to the block, and confronts the Chorus*].

CHOR. What plea will you offer,

You impudent scoffer?

For you've wagered your neck that the nation to teach

ἀνὴρ οὐ τρέμει τὸ πρῶγμ'. εἶά νυν,
ἐπειδὴ περ αὐτὸς αἰρεῖ, λέγε.

ΔΙΚ. μή μοι φθονήσητ', ἄνδρες οἱ θεώμενοι,
εἰ πτωχὸς ὢν ἔπειτ' ἐν Ἀθηναίοις λέγειν
μέλλω περὶ τῆς πόλεως, τρυγφῶδιαν ποιῶν.
τὸ γὰρ δίκαιον οἶδε καὶ τρυγφῶδία.
ἐγὼ δὲ μισῶ μὲν Λακεδαιμονίους σφόδρα,
καυτοῖς ὁ Ποσειδῶν, οὐπὶ Ταυάρῳ θεός,
σεισας ἄπασιν ἐμβάλοι τὰς οἰκίας·
καμοὶ γάρ ἐστιν ἀμπέλια κεκομμένα.
ἀτάρ, φίλοι γὰρ οἱ παρόντες ἐν λόγῳ,
τί ταῦτα τοὺς Λάκωνας αἰτιώμεθα;
ἡμῶν γὰρ ἄνδρες, οὐχὶ τὴν πόλιν λέγω,
ἀλλ' ἀνδράρια μοχθηρά, παρακεκομμένα,
ἐσυκοφάντει Μεγαρέων τὰ χλαίσκια·
κεῖ που σίκνου ἴδοιεν ἢ λαγφῶδιοι
ἢ χοιριῖδιον ἢ σκόροδον ἢ χύνδροις ἄλας,
ταῦτ' ἦν Μεγαρικὰ καπέπρατ' αὐθημερόν.
καὶ ταῦτα μὲν δὴ σμικρὰ καπιχώρια,
πόρην δὲ Σιμαίθαι ἰόντες Μέγαράδε
γαυρία κλέπτουσι μεθυσκότταροι·
καὶ οἱ Μεγαρῆς οὐδύνας πεφυσιγγωμένοι
ἀντεξέκλεψαν Ἀσπασίως πύργα δύο.
ἐντεῦθεν ὄρη Περικλέης οὐλίωπιος
ἤστραπτεν, ἐβρόντα, ξυρεκύκα τὴν Ἑλλάδα,
ἐτίθει γόμους ὡς περ σκόλιον γεγραμμένους,
ὡς χρὴ Μεγαρέας μήτε γῆ μήτ' ἐν ἀγορᾷ
μήτ' ἐν θαλάττῃ μήτ' ἐν ἠπείρῳ μένειν.
ἐντεῦθεν οἱ Μεγαρῆς, ὅτε δὴ ἠπείρων βιάδην,
Λακεδαιμονίωι ἐδέοιτο τὸ ψήφισμ' ὅπως
μεταστραφεῖη τὸ διὰ τὰς Λαικαστρίας·
οὐκ ἠθέλωμεν εἰ ἡμεῖς οὐκ ἐμεῖοι πολλὰ κίς.
καὶ τεῦθεν ἤδη πάταγος ἦν τῶν ἀσπίδων.

You're able and ready !
Your nerves seem quite steady ;

For a trial you've asked, so get on with your speech !

DIC. Gentles in session, eye me not askance

If I, a beggar, speak on state-affairs

Before Athenians, in a comedy.

E'en comic poets have their moral side.

I yield to none in hatred of the Spartans,

And may the earthquake-god of Taenarus,

Poseidon, shake their roof-trees down on them !

For I, like you, have seen my vines chopped down.

But come, for we're all friends in this debate,

Why do we blame the Spartans ? Men of ours,

Not all our town, but ten or twenty cads

It was who did the mischief, little worms

Who sneaked about ' dumped shirts from Megara '.

Whene'er they spied a pumpkin, or a hare,

A sucking-pig, some rock-salt, or an onion,

'Twas ' made in Megara ' and seized at once.

So far 'twas mere parochial quarrelling,

But Love comes on the scene. Some tipsy youths

Kidnapped Simaetha, the Megarian belle.

Then the Megarians, mad with rage, abducted

Two of Aspasia's damsels in revenge.

Next our Olympian Pericles, all fury,

Lightened and thundered, set Greece by the ears,

And drew up laws that ran like drinking-songs :

' From ports and marts Megarians be driven ;

Fancy them off the Earth, but not in Heaven.'

Then the Megarians, seeing every day

Starvation creeping nearer, begged the Spartans

To get this Women's Edict set aside ;

But say what Sparta would, we stopped our ears.

Then clattered shield on shield. We were at war !

ἔρεϊ τις, οὐ χρῆν· ἀλλὰ τί ἐχρῆν εἴπατε.
 φέρ', εἰ Λακεδαιμονίων τις εἰσπλευσαν σκάφει
 ἀπέδοτο φήνας κυνίδιον Σεριφίων,
 καθῆσθ' ἂν ἐν δόμοισιν; ἢ πολλοῦ γε δεῖ
 καὶ κάρτα μέντ' αὖ εὐθέως καθείλκετε
 τριακοσίας ναῦς, ἣν δ' ἂν ἡ πόλις πλέα
 θορύβου στρατιωτῶν, περὶ τριηράρχους βοῆς,
 μισθοῦ διδομένον, Παλλαδίων χρυσοιμένον,
 στεφάνων, τριχίδων, ἀλλητριδίων, ἱπωπίων,
 τὸ νεώριον δ' αὖ κωπέων πλατουμένων,
 τύλων ψιφούρων, θαλαμιῶν τροπουμένων.
 αὐλῶν, κελουστῶν, νιγλάρων, συριγμαίων.
 ταῦτ' οἶδ' ὅτι ἂν ἔδρατε· τὸν δὲ Τήλεφον
 οὐκ οἴομεσθα; νοῦς ἄρ' ἡμῖν οὐκ ἔνι.

ΗΜΙΧ. ἄληθες, ὦπίτριπτε καὶ μαρώτατε;
 ταυτὶ σὺν τολμῆς πτωχὸς ὦν ἡμᾶς λέγειν,
 καὶ συκοφάντης εἴ τις ἦν, ὠνείδισας;

ΗΜΙΧ. μὴ τὸν Ποσειδῶ, καὶ λέγει γ' ὑπερ λέγει
 δίκαια πάντα κοῦδὲν αὐτῶν ψεύδεται.

ΗΜΙΧ. εἶτ' εἰ δίκαια, τοῦτον εἰπεῖν αὐτ' ἐχρῆν;
 ἀλλ' οὔτι χαίρων ταῖτα τολμήσει λέγειν.

ΗΜΙΧ. οὗτος σὺν ποῖ θεῖς, οὐ μενεῖς; ὡς εἰ θενεῖς
 τὸν ἄνδρα τοῦτον, αὐτὸς ἀρθήσει τάχα.

ΗΜΙΧ. ἰὼ Λάμαχ', ὦ βλέπων ἀστραπάς,
 βοήθησον, ὦ γαιργολόφος, φινεῖς.

ἰὼ Λάμαχ', ὦ φίλ', ὦ φυλέτα·
 εἶτ' ἔστι ταξίάρχος ἢ στρατηγὸς ἢ
 τειχομάχας ἀνὴρ, βοηθησάτω
 τις ἀνύσας. ἐγὼ γὰρ ἔχομαι μέσος.

ΛΑΜ. πόθεν βοῆς ἤκουσα πολεμιστηρίας;
 ποῖ χρῆ βοηθεῖν; ποῖ κυδοιμὸν ἐμβαλεῖν;
 τίς Γοργόν' ἐξήγειρεν ἐκ τοῦ σάγματος;

ΗΜΙΧ. ὦ Λάμαχ' ἥρωσ, τῶν λόφων καὶ τῶν λόχων,

‘Shameful,’ you’ll say. But what *could* Sparta do?
 If a Seriphian¹ pup had been imported
 To Sparta, and then seized as contraband,
 Would *you* have sat down quietly? Absurd!
 You would have launched—I know you—on the spot
 Three hundred cruisers, while the city rang
 With shouting soldiers, worried sea-captains,
 Receipt of pay, re-gilding figure-heads,
 Garlands and flute-girls, anchovies, black eyes.
 And then the dock-yard! Fellows shaping oars,
 Hammering pegs and fitting straps to port-holes;
 Flutes, boatswains, whistles, screeching all at once!
 All this would *ye* have done; ‘and think we then
 That Telephus should not?’ ’Twere lunacy!

[*This speech causes a division in the Chorus, half of whom are still implacable, while half are won over. A quarrel now arises between the leaders of the two sections.*]

FIRST LEADER. Blackguard and outcast, do I hear aright?
 Dost thou, a pauper, dare to beard us so,
 And scorn us for an odd informer’s sake?

SECOND LEADER. Now, by Poseidon, every word he says
 Is just; there’s not a lie in all his speech!

FIRST LEADER. Well, even so, is *he* the man to say it?
 I’ll make him rue the day he preached to *us*!

[*He rushes forward, and is met by the other leader.*]

SECOND LEADER. Hullo! Where are you running? Halt,
 I say!

If you strike him, you’ll soon be floored yourself!

[*There is a struggle between the two and the First Leader is overpowered.*]

FIRST LEADER. Ho! Lamachus, draw nigh
 With lightning in thine eye!
 Advance thy frightful crest,
 Of all my tribe the best!
 A rescue here, colonel or brigadier,
 Or any warlike prancer! He
 Has got my head in chancery!

[*Enter Lamachus. He is arrayed in complete armour, with crest, shield, &c., of enormous size.*]

LAMACHUS. Whence did arise the roar of clashing hosts?
 Where must I charge, and hurl hell-hearted war?
 Who hath aroused the Gorgon from her wraps?

[*He smites his shield, which has a Gorgon’s head as a boss.*]

SECOND LEADER [*mockingly*]. O valiant Lamachus! Fallals
 and phalanxes!

¹ Seriphus was the most insignificant island in the Athenian Empire.

- ΗΜΙΧ. ὦ Λάμαχ', οὐ γὰρ οὗτος ἄνθρωπος πάλαι
 ἅπασαν ἡμῶν τὴν πόλιν κακορροθεῖ;
- ΛΑΜ. οὗτος σὺ τολμᾷς πτωχὸς ὢν λέγειν τάδε;
- ΔΙΚ. ὦ Λάμαχ' ἥρωσ, ἀλλὰ συγγνώμην ἔχε,
 εἰ πτωχὸς ὢν εἶπόν τι κάστωμυλάμην.
- ΛΑΜ. τί δ' εἶπας ἡμᾶς; οὐκ ἔρεῖς; ΔΙΚ. οὐκ οἶδα.
 ΛΑΜ. πῶς;
- ΔΙΚ. ὑπὸ τοῦ δέους γὰρ τῶν ὄπλων ἰλιγγῶ.
 ἀλλ' ἀντιβολῶ σ', ἀπένευγέ μου τὴν μορμόνα.
- ΛΑΜ. οἴμ' ὡς τεθνήξεις. ΔΙΚ. μηδαμῶς, ὦ Λάμαχε·
 οὐ σὴν κατ' ἰσχύν ἐστιν· εἰ δ' ἰσχυρὸς εἶ,
 τί μ' οὐκ ἀπεψίλωσας; εὖσπλος γὰρ εἶ.
- ΛΑΜ. ταυτὶ λέγεις σὺ τὸν στρατηγὸν πτωχὸς ὢν;
- ΔΙΚ. ἐγὼ γάρ εἰμι πτωχός; ΛΑΜ. ἀλλὰ τίς γὰρ εἶ;
- ΔΙΚ. ὅστις; πολίτης χρηστός, οὐ σπουδαρχίδης,
 ἀλλ' ἐξ ὅτου περ ὁ πόλεμος στρατωνίδης,
 σὺ δ' ἐξ ὅτου περ ὁ πόλεμος μισθαρχίδης.
- ΛΑΜ. ἐχειροτόνησαν γάρ με ΔΙΚ. κόκκυγές γε τρεῖς.
 ταῦτ' οὖν ἐγὼ βδελυττόμενος ἐσπείσάμην,
 ὄρων πολιοὺς μὲν ἄνδρας ἐν ταῖς τάξεσιν,
 νεανίας δ' οἶος σὺ διαδεδρακότας
 τοὺς μὲν ἐπὶ Θράκης μισθοφοροῦντας τρεῖς δραχμάς,
 ἑπταμενοφαινίππους, Παιουργιππαρχίδας·
 ἑτέρους δὲ παρὰ Χάρητι, τοὺς δ' ἐν Χαόσι
 Γεμητοθεσώωντας, Διομειλαζύωντας,
 τοὺς δ' ἐν Καμαρίνῃ κὰν Γέλα κὰν Καταγέλα.
- ΛΑΜ. ἐχειροτονήθησαν γάρ. ΔΙΚ. αἴτιον δὲ τί
 ὑμᾶς μὲν αἰεὶ μισθοφορεῖν ἄμηγέπη,
 τῶνδ' οὐδὲ μὴδέιν'; ἑτεοῖν, ὦ Μαριλάδη,
 ἤδη πεπρέσβευκας σὺ πολιοὺς ὢν ἔνη;
 ἀρένευσε· καίτοι γ' ἐπὶ σῶφρων κάργάτης.
 τί δ' Ἀνθράκυλλος κεύφορίδης ἢ Πριυίδης;
 εἶδέν τις ὑμῶν τὰκβάταν' ἢ τοὺς Χαόνας;

- FIRST LEADER. O Lamachus, yon man has been reviling
The whole Athenian State for hours on end!
- LAMACHUS [*to DIC.*]. Sirrah, dost dare to talk so, thou, a
beggar?
- DIC. [*in affected terror*]. O valiant Lamachus, pray pardon me,
If I, a beggar, chattered saucily.
- LAM. What didst thou say of us?
- DIC. I don't know.
- LAM. What!
- DIC. My brain is dizzy, and your armour frights me.
For Heaven's sake remove that hobgoblin [*pointing to
the shield*].
- LAM. Zounds! Death gapes for thee!
- DIC. [*coolly*]. Oh no, Lamachus.
You're far too delicate. Or if you're not,
Why don't you crush me? You've got tools enough!
[*Jostles him.*]
- LAM. Beggar, dost speak thus to an officer?
- DIC. Oh, I'm a beggar, am I?
- LAM. Why, what else?
- DIC. A decent burgher, not a bureaucrat,
But since the war broke out, a fightocrat,
While you have been a full-pay autocrat.
- LAM. The will of the people must—
- DIC. Mm! Plural voting.
That 's just what sickened me, and brought about
This peace I've made—old greybeards in the ranks,
While youths like you are shirking, some in Thrace
Knee-deep in coin, captains of horse-marines,
Or fencers to the Sophy; another bunch
Fighting the Mughs or following Martell's stars,
Bald-head Boastonians and twopenny wits,
Who fight the Carribees and Carriboos!
- LAM. The will of the people must—
- DIC. But what 's the cause
That *you* can always find a paying job,
But these men [*pointing to the Chorus*] can't? Grimes,
did *you* ever go
For an ambassador—you're old enough?
He shakes his head; yet he 's sober and works hard.
What of Maccoalay, Porter, and Woodburn?
Have you seen Eldorado or the Mughs?

οὐ φασιν. ἀλλ' ὁ Κοισύρας καὶ Λάμαχος,
οἷς ὑπ' ἐράνου τε καὶ χρεῶν πρόψην ποτέ,
ὥσπερ ἀπόνητρον ἐκχέοντες ἐσπέρας,
ἅπαντες ἐξίστω παρήνουν οἱ φίλοι.

ΛΑΜ. ὦ δημοκρατία, ταῦτα δῆτ' ἀνασχετά;

ΔΙΚ. οὐ δῆτ', ἐὰν μὴ μισθοφορῇ γε Λάμαχος.

ΛΑΜ. ἀλλ' οὖν ἐγὼ μὲν πᾶσι Πελοποννησίοις
αἰεὶ πολεμήσω, καὶ ταραῶμαι πανταχῇ,
καὶ ναυσὶ καὶ πεζοῖσι, κατὰ τὸ καρτερόν.

ΔΙΚ. ἐγὼ δὲ κηρύττω γε Πελοποννησίοις
ἅπασιν καὶ Μεγαρεῦσιν καὶ Βοιωτίοις
πωλεῖν ἀγοράζειν πρὸς ἐμέ, Λαμάχῳ δὲ μή.

ΧΟΡ. ἀνὴρ νικᾷ τοῖσι λόγοισιν, καὶ τὸν δῆμον μεταπέθει
περὶ τῶν σπορέων. ἀλλ' ἀποθύντες τοῖς ἀναπαύτοις
ἐπίομεν.

ἐξ οὗ γε χοροῖσιν ἐφέστηκεν τρυγικοῖς ὁ διδάσκαλος
ἡμῶν,

οὐπω παρέβη πρὸς τὸ θέατρον λέξων ὡς δεξιός ἐστιν
εἰς βαλλόμενος ὁ ὑπὸ τῶν ἐχθρῶν ἐν Ἀθηναίοις ταχυ-
θύτους,

ὡς κομφῆει τὴν πόλιν ἡμῶν καὶ τὸν δῆμον καθηγνίζει,
ἀποκρίνεσθαι δεῖται νυνὶ πρὸς Ἀθηναίους μεταβού-
λους.

φησὶν ὁ εἶναι πολλῶν ἀγαθῶν ἄξιός ὑμῶν ὁ ποιητής,
παύσας ὑμᾶς ξεινικοῖσι λόγοις μὴ λίαν ἐξαπατᾶσθαι.
πρότερον ὁ ὑμᾶς ἀπὸ τῶν πόλεων οἱ πρέσβεις ἐξαπα-
τῶντες

πρῶτον μὲν ἰστυφάνους ἐκάλουν· κἀπειοῖ τούτῳ τις
εἶποι,

εὐθὺς διὰ τοὺς στεφάνους ἐπ' ἄκρων τῶν πυγιδίων
ἐκάθησθε.

εἰ δέ τις ὑμᾶς ὑποθωπέυσας λιπαρὰς καλέσειεν Ἀθή-
νας,

No. But friend Lamachus and his swell clique
 Half live in foreign courts—men who till lately
 Were so hard hit by club-debts, all their friends
 Kept shouting ' Out o' the way ! Make yourself scarce !'

[*Jostles Lamachus.*

Like people in the gloaming emptying slops !

LAM. Democracy, must words like these be swallowed ?

DIC. No, unless Lamachus receives his wage ! [*Strikes him.*

LAM. No matter ! 'Gainst th' embattled Peloponnese

With this mailed fist I'll war by land and sea,

Till every nook of Hellas howls again ! [*Exit.*

DIC. Well, please take note, embattled Peloponnese,

Megarians, and Boeotians, you can buy

And sell with me, but not with Lamachus.

[*He goes out. The Chorus come forward to deliver their Parabasis, or address to the audience on behalf of the poet.*]

CHOR. The grand old man has won his case, and smashed the
 opposition.

Come, doff your cloaks ; the audience next must hear our
 just petition.

Though long ago as comic bard our poet was indentured,
 To come before the house and brag he never yet has
 ventured.

But, now he's slandered by his foes in this home of sheer
 unreason,

Who say that he blasphemes the State and fills his plays
 with treason,

In this, the home of second thoughts, to-day he claims
 a hearing.

His dramas are a boon untold, in spite of all the sneering.

Remember : when an envoy came from any Grecian city,

How easily he cheated you with phrases neat and pretty !

' O City of the Violet Crown !'—that was a favourite
 notion ;

And on the spot each man of you was swooning with
 emotion.

If he wanted anything on earth, he'd only got to ask it,

εὔρετο πᾶν ἂν διὰ τὰς λιπαράς, ἀφύων τιμὴν περιάψας.
ταῦτα ποιήσας πολλῶν ἀγαθῶν αἴτιος ὑμῖν γεγένηται,
καὶ τοὺς δῆμους ἐν ταῖς πόλεσιν δείξας, ὡς δημοκρα-
τοῦνται.

οὕτω δ' αὐτοῦ περὶ τῆς τόλμης ἤδη πόρρω κλέος ἦκει,
ὅτε καὶ βασιλεύς, Λακεδαιμονίων τὴν πρεσβείαν βα-
σανίζων,

ἠρώτησεν πρῶτα μὲν αὐτοὺς πότεροι ταῖς ναυσὶ κρα-
τοῦσιν·

εἶτα δὲ τοῦτοι τὸν ποιητὴν ποτέρους εἴποι κακὰ πολλὰ·
τούτους γὰρ ἔφη τοὺς ἀνθρώπους πολὺν βελτίους γε-
γενῆσθαι

καὶ τῷ πολέμῳ πολὺν νικήσειν, τοῦτοι ξύμβουλοι
ἔχοντας.

διὰ ταῖθ' ὑμᾶς Λακεδαιμόνιοι τὴν εἰρήνην προκαλοῦν-
ται,

καὶ τὴν Αἴγιαι ἀπαιτοῦσιν· καὶ τῆς νῆσου μὲν ἐκείνης
οὐ φροιντίζουσ', ἀλλ' ἕνα τοῦτοι τὸν ποιητὴν ἀφέ-
λωνται.

ἀλλ' ὑμεῖς τοι μή ποτ' ἀφήθ'. ὡς κωμωδήσει τὰ δί-
καια.

πρὸς ταῦτα Κλέων καὶ παλαμάσθω
καὶ πᾶν ἐπ' ἐμοὶ τεκταινέσθω.

τὸ γὰρ εὖ μετ' ἐμοῦ καὶ τὸ δίκαιον
ξύμμαχον ἔσται, κοῦ μή ποθ' ἄλῶ
περὶ τὴν πόλιν ὦν ὡσπερ ἐκεῖνος
δειλὸς καὶ λακαταπύγων.

δεῖρο Μοῦσ' ἐλθέ φλεγυρὰ πῦρὸς ἔχουσα μένος, ἐν-
τονος Ἀχαρνική.

οἶον ἐξ ἀνθρώκωι πριυίωι φέψαλος ἀνήλατ', ἐρεθι-
ζόμενος οὐρία ριπίδι,

ἦνικ' ἂν ἐπανθρακίδες ὧσι παρακείμεναι,

οἱ δὲ Θασίαν ἀνακυκῶσι λιπαράμπυκα,

And call you 'glistening Athens', just like sardines in
a basket.

Your comic poet stopped all this—come, bless him for
his sallies!—

And showed you what 'democracy' can mean for subject
allies.

From West to East his fame has spread, he's such
a fearless Tartar;

Why, e'en the Great Mogul himself, when envoys came
from Sparta

To seek his aid, asked first (of course): 'Who rules the
local ocean?'

Next 'Whom does Aristophanes insult in his devotion?'
'If they've got *him*' (the king explained) 'to help them
in their quarrels,

I'm backing the Athenians; they'll capture all the laurels.'

That's why the Spartans sue for peace, and ask you for
Aegina;

For the island they don't care a rap, but mind you don't
resign her!

They're after Aristophanes! He lives there, and they
know it.

You keep him safe, and thank your stars for an upright
comic poet!

Confusion to Cleon!

His schemes I deride;

If he plots for an aeon,

I've right on my side.

Foul is his reputation,

But mine shall be sound;

He's a shame to the nation,

A cowardly hound!

Come, Muse of Flame,

Bring with thee gusts of fire:

Acharnian Dame,

Come to thy folk!

As the sparks from the logs leap higher,

The logs of holm-oak;

When the blast of the bellows stirs

The crackling embers,

And the little fishes lie

On the hearth to fizz and fry,

While the Thasian sauce is creaming up like yeast,

οἱ δὲ μάπτωσιν, οὕτω σοβαρὸν ἔλθε μέλος, εὐτονον,
ἀγροικότονον,

ὡς ἐμὲ λαβοῦσα τὸν δημότην.

ΔΙΚ. ὄροι μὲν ἀγορᾶς εἰσιν οἷδε τῆς ἐμῆς.
ἐνταῦθ' ἀγοράζω πᾶσι Πελοποννησίοις
ἕξοστι καὶ Μεγαρεῦσι καὶ Βοιωτίοις
ἐφ' ᾧτε πωλεῖν πρὸς ἐμέ, Λαμάχῳ δὲ μή.
ἀγορανόμους δὲ τῆς ἀγορᾶς καθίσταμαι
τρεῖς τοὺς λαχόντας τούσδ' ἱμάντας ἐκ Λεπρῶν.

ἐνταῦθα μήτε συκοφάντης εἰσίτω
μήτ' ἄλλος ὅστις Φασιανός ἐστ' ἀνὴρ.

ἐγὼ δὲ τὴν στήλην καθ' ἣν ἐσπεισάμην
μέτειμ', ἵνα στήσω φανερὰν ἐν τὰγορᾷ.

ΜΕΓ. ἀγορὰ ἴν' Ἀθάναις χαῖρε, Μεγαρεῦσιν φίλα.
ἐπόθουν τυ ναὶ τὸν φίλιον ἄπερ ματέρα.
ἀλλ', ὦ πόνηρα κώρι' ἀθλίου πατρός,
ἄμβατε ποττὰν μάδδαν, αἶ χ' εὐρητέ πα.
ἀκούετον δῆ, ποτέχετ' ἐμὴν τὰν γαστέρα·
πότερα πεπρᾶσθαι χρήδδεται, ἢ πεινῆν κακῶς;

ΚΟΡΑ. πεπρᾶσθαι πεπρᾶσθαι.

ΜΕΓ. ἐγώνγα καυτός φαμι. τίς δ' οὕτως ἄνους
ὄς ὑμέ κα πρίαίτο, φανερὰν ζαμίαν;
ἀλλ' ἔστι γάρ μοι Μεγαρικά τις μαχανά.
χοίρους γὰρ ὑμὲ σκενάσας φασῶ φέρειν.
περίθεσθε τάσδε τὰς ὄπλὰς τῶν χοιρίων.
ὅπως δὲ δοξεῖτ' ἡμεν ἐξ ἀγαθᾶς ὑός·
ὡς ναὶ τὸν Ἑρμᾶν, εἴπερ ἰξεῖτ' οἴκαδισ,
τὰ πρᾶτα πειρασεῖσθε τᾶς λιμοῦ κακῶς.
ἀλλ' ἀμφίθεσθε καὶ ταδὶ τὰ ῥυγχία,
κῆπειτεν ἐς τὸν σάκκον ὦδ' ἐσβαίνετε.
ὅπως δὲ γρυλλιξεῖτε καὶ κοῖξετε
χῆσεῖτε φωνὰν χοιρίων μυστηρικῶν.
ἐγὼν δὲ καρυξῶ Δικαιοπόλιν ὅπα.

And the cakes are nearly ready ;
 Let thy song be hot and heady,
 But as full of jolly melody as any rustic feast !

[*Enter Dicaeopolis, who marks out the limits of his private market-place, within which, in virtue of the peace he has made, he has the right to do business with members of the confederacy led by Sparta.*]

DIC. These are the limits of my market-place.
 Here may all Peloponnesians buy and sell,
 Likewise Megarians and Boeotians ;
 But they must deal with me, not Lamachus.
 Hereby do I appoint clerks of the market,
 Duly elected, these three straps from Strapford.
 Here let no base informer's face be seen,
 Nor any other gaol-bird's. Now to fetch
 The tablet which proclaims the terms of peace.
 I'll place it here to catch the eyes of all.

[*Enter a Megarian farmer, who looks wretched and half-starved.*]

MEG. Athenian market, hail ! You're dear to Megara.
 My word, I've wanted you, like any babe
 Its mother. Eigh ! Poor girls, join your poor father !

[*Two little girls enter and run up to him.*]

Climb up to t' cake,—if you can see any.
 Now, listen ; pay attention with your stomachs.
 Would you like to be sold, or would you rather starve ?

GIRLS. Let's be sold ! Let's be sold !

MEG. Why, so I think. But who'd be such a fool
 As to buy you, and throw his brass in t' street ?

[*Showing his sack.*] But see ! I've got a good Megarian trick.
 I'll dress you up and say I've brought some pigs.

[*Producing pigs' feet.*]

Quick, put these trotters on, and mind your manners ;
 Mek people think your mother won a prize !
 If you go home unsold, I swear by Hermes
 You'll go to lessons in the school o' famine.

[*Showing masks like pigs' heads.*]

Put on these snouts and then crawl into t' sack ;
 And don't forget to grunt and squeal like pigs
 At the Mysteries. And now to act town-crier,
 And find where Dicaeopolis is. [*Shouting.*] I say,

Δικαιοῖπολι, ἦ λῆς πρίασθαι χοιρία;

ΔΙΚ. τί; ἀνὴρ Μεγαρικός; ΜΕΓ. ἀγορασοῦντες ἴκομες.

ΔΙΚ. πῶς ἔχετε; ΜΕΓ. διαπεινώμεσ ἀεὶ ποττὸ πῦρ.

ΔΙΚ. ἀλλ' ἠδὺ τοι νῆ τὸν Δί', ἦν αὐλὸς παρῆ.

τί δ' ἄλλο πράττεθ' οἱ Μεγαρήσ νῦν; ΜΕΓ. οἶα δῆ.

ἄκα μὲν ἐγὼν τηνῶθεν ἐμπορευόμενα,

ἄνδρες πρόβουλοι τοῦτ' ἔπραττον τῆ πόλει,

ὅπως τάχιστα καὶ κάκιστ' ἀπολοίμεθα.

ΔΙΚ. αὐτίκ' ἄρ' ἀπαλλύξεσθε πραγμάτων. ΜΕΓ. σά μάν;

ΔΙΚ. τί δ' ἄλλο Μεγαροῖ; πῶς ὁ σίτος ὤνιος;

ΜΕΓ. παρ' ἀμὲ πολυτίματος, ἄπερ τοῖ θεοί.

ΔΙΚ. ἄλασ οὔν φέρεισ; ΜΕΓ. οὐχ ὑμὲσ αὐτῶν ἄρχετε;

ΔΙΚ. οὐδὲ σκόροδα; ΜΕΓ. ποῖα σκόροδ'; ὑμὲσ τῶν ἀεὶ,

ἄκκ' ἐσβάλητε, τῶσ ἀρωραῖοι μύες,

πάσσακι τὰσ ἀγλιθασ ἐξορύσσετε.

ΔΙΚ. τί δαὶ φέρεισ; ΜΕΓ. χοίρους ἐγώνγα μυστικάσ.

ΔΙΚ. καλῶσ λέγεισ· ἐπίδειξον. ΜΕΓ. ἀλλὰ μὰν καλά.

ἄντεινον, αἱ λῆσ· ὡσ παχεῖα καὶ καλά.

ΔΙΚ. τουτὶ τί ἦν τὸ πρᾶγμα; ΜΕΓ. χοῖρος ναὶ Δία.

ΔΙΚ. τί λέγεισ σύ; ποδαπῆ χοῖρος ἦδε; ΜΕΓ. Μεγαρική.

ἦ οὐ χοῖρός ἐσθ' ἄδ'; ΔΙΚ. οὐκ ἔμοιγε φαίνεται.

ΜΕΓ. οὐ δεινά; θᾶσθε τοῦδε τὰσ ἀπιστίας·

οὐ φατι τάνδε χοῖρον ἦμεν. ἀλλὰ μάν,

αἱ λῆσ, περίδου μοι περὶ θυμιτιδᾶν ἀλῶν,

αἱ μὴ ἔστιν οὗτος χοῖρος Ἑλλάνων νόμφ.

ΔΙΚ. ἀλλ' ἔστιν ἀνθρώπου γε. ΜΕΓ. ναὶ τὸν Διοκλέα,

ἐμά γε. σὺν δέ νιν εἶμεναι τίνος δοκεῖσ;

ἦ λῆσ ἀκοῦσαι φθεγγομένησ; ΔΙΚ. νῆ τοὺσ θεοὺσ

ἔγωγε. ΜΕΓ. φώνει δῆ τὸν ταχέωσ, χοιρίον.

οὐ χρήσθα; σιγῆσ, ὦ κάκιστ' ἀπολουμένα;

πάλιν τυ ἀποισῶ ναὶ τὸν Ἑρμᾶν οἴκαδισ.

ΚΟΡΑ. κοὶ κοί.

ΔΙΚ. ἦδη δ' ἄνευ τῆσ μητρὸσ ἐσθίοιεν ἄν;

Dicaeopolis, do you want to buy some pigs ?

[*Enter Dicaeopolis.*]

DIC. A gentleman from Megara!

MEG. Come to market.

DIC. How goes it ?

MEG. We do nowt but sit round t' fire
Tuckin' in—us stomachs.

DIC. Jolly, if you've got

A flutist. Well, what other news have you ?

MEG. So-so. When I was setting out to-day
T' Committee were discussing ways and means
To put us all out of our misery.

DIC. You'll soon be free of trouble then.

MEG. You're right.

DIC. What else from Megara ? What 's the price of corn ?

MEG. Nay, corn 's gone up with us, as high as Heaven.

DIC. P'raps you've brought salt ?

MEG. Nay, *you* command the salt-mines.

DIC. Onions ?

MEG. Hark at him ! You Athenians
Keep on invading us and grubbing up
The onions with your spades, like swarms o' field-mice !

DIC. What *have* you got ?

MEG. Why, pigs for t' Mysteries.

DIC. Good news ! Let 's see them.

MEG. [*Opening sack and showing girls.*] Fine and fat they are.
Handle 'em if you like. There 's fat for you !

[*Dic. takes hold of one of the 'pigs', and at once penetrates
the disguise.*]

DIC. Whatever 's this ?

MEG. A pig. Where are thÿ eyes ?

DIC. Indeed ! Where was it bred ?

MEG. At Megara.

Isn't this a pig ?

DIC. Well, *I* don't think it is.

MEG. This beats me ! Well, of all the obstinate chaps !
He'll face it out it 's not a pig ! Look here,
Wilt bet a packet o' salt with thyme in it
That this is not a pig by Grecian law ?

DIC. But it seems of human breed.

MEG. Of course it is !

Bred her myself. Whose did you think she was ?
Wouldst like to hear their voices ?

DIC. Yes, by Jove.

MEG. [*to one of the girls.*] Speak, piggie, speak at once ; come!
What ? You won't ?

[*aside.*] Hast lost thy tongue, tha little imp ? All reight :
Ah swear ah'll carry thee back home again.

FIRST GIRL [*hurriedly and emphatically.*] Wee ! Wee ! Wee !

DIC. Can they take food without their mother's help ?

- ΜΕΓ. ναὶ τὸν Ποτειδᾶν, κὰν ἄνευ γὰ τῷ πατρός.
 ΔΙΚ. τί δ' ἐσθίει μάλιστα; ΜΕΓ. πάνθ' ἃ κα διδῶς.
 αὐτὸς δ' ἐρώτη. ΔΙΚ. χοῖρε χοῖρε. ΚΟΡΗ. κοὶ κοί.
 ΔΙΚ. τρώγοις ἂν ἐρεβίνθους; ΚΟΡΗ. κοὶ κοὶ κοί.
 ΔΙΚ. τί δαί; φιβάλεως ἰσχάδας; ΚΟΡΗ. κοὶ κοί.
 ΔΙΚ. τί δαί; σὺν καὶ τρώγοις ἂν αὐτάς; ΚΟΡΗ. κοὶ κοί.
 ΔΙΚ. ὡς ὄξυν πρὸς τὰς ἰσχάδας κεκράγατε.
 ἐνεγκάτω τις ἔνδοθεν τῶν ἰσχάδων
 τοῖς χοιριδίοισιν. ἄρα τρώξονται; βαβαί,
 οἶον ῥοθιάζουσ', ὦ πολυτίμηθ' Ἡράκλεις.
 ποδαπὰ τὰ χοιρί'; ὡς Τραγασαῖα φαίνεταιαι.
 ΜΕΓ. ἀλλ' οὔτι πάσας κατέτραγον τὰς ἰσχάδας.
 ἐγὼ γὰρ αὐτῶν τάνδε μίαν ἀνειλόμαν.
 ΔΙΚ. νῆ τὸν Δί' ἀστείω γε τὼ βοσκήματε·
 πόσου πρίωμαί σοι τὰ χοιρίδια; λέγε.
 ΜΕΓ. τὸ μὲν ἄτερον τούτων σκοροδῶν τροπαλίδος,
 τὸ δ' ἄτερον, αἱ λῆς, χοίνικος μόνας ἄλων.
 ΔΙΚ. ὠνήσομαί σοι· περίμεν' αὐτοῦ. ΜΕΓ. ταῦτα δή.
 Ἐρμᾶ ἔμπολαῖε, τὰν γυναῖκα τὰν ἐμὰν
 οὔτω μ' ἀποδόσθαι τάν τ' ἐμαντοῦ ματέρα.
 ΣΥΚ. ὠρθρωπε, ποδαπός; ΜΕΓ. χοιροπόλας Μεγαρικός.
 ΣΥΚ. τὰ χοιρίδια τοίνυν ἐγὼ φανῶ ταδί
 πολέμια καὶ σέ. ΜΕΓ. τοῦτ' ἐκεῖν', ἔκει πάλιν
 ὅθενπερ ἀρχὰ τῶν κακῶν ἀμῖν ἔφνυ.
 ΣΥΚ. κλάων μεγαριεῖς. οὐκ ἀφήσεις τὸν σάκον;
 ΜΕΓ. Δικαιόπολι Δικαιόπολι, φαιτιάδομαι.
 ΔΙΚ. ὑπὸ τοῦ; τίς ὁ φαίνων σ' ἐστίν; ἀγορανόμοι,
 τοὺς συκοφάντας οὐ θύραξ' ἐξείρξετε;
 ΣΥΚ. οὐ γὰρ φανῶ τοὺς πολεμίους; ΔΙΚ. κλάων γε σύ,
 εἰ μὴ ἔρωσε συκοφαντήσεις τρέχων.
 ΜΕΓ. οἶον τὸ κακὸν ἐν ταῖς Ἀθήναις τοῦτ' ἐνι.
 ΔΙΚ. θάρρει, Μεγαρική· ἀλλ' ἦς τὰ χοιρίδι' ἀπέδου
 τιμῆς, λαβὲ ταυτὶ τὰ σκόροδα καὶ τοὺς ἄλας,

MEG. Aye, and without their father's, no mistake?

DIC. And what do they like best?

MEG. Owt they can get.

Ask 'em yourself.

DIC. Come, piggie, piggie!

FIRST GIRL. Honk!

DIC. Can you eat peas?

FIRST GIRL. Wee-honk! Wee-honk! Wee-honk!

DIC. Alright; and dried figs?

FIRST GIRL. Honk! Wee-honk! Wee-honk!

DIC. Alright. [*To second girl.*] Could you eat some?

SECOND GIRL. Wee-honk! Wee-honk!

DIC. How eagerly you raise your cry for figs!

[*Turning to the house.*]

I say! Let some one in the house bring figs

For these young porkers! [*Slave brings figs.*] Will they eat? Let's see.

[*He throws figs on the ground; the girls rush at them and devour them greedily.*]

Good Lord deliver us! Can't they ply their teeth!

They must have come from Tuskany, these pigs!

MEG. [*aside*]. They haven't gobbled all the figs, you know, I've picked up one of 'em to eat myself.

DIC. They're clever little creatures, on my soul!

What price are you asking for your pair of pigs?

MEG. For this one you can pay a string of onions;

For t' other, if you like, a quart o' salt.

DIC. I'll buy them. Wait a moment here.

MEG. I will. [*Exit Dic.*]

O Hermes, god of merchants, may I sell

My wife on these same terms,—aye, and my mother!

[*Enter an informer.*]

INFORMER. Fellow, whence come you?

MEG. Megara, selling pigs.

INF. Then I denounce these pigs as contraband

Of war, and you as well!

MEG. [*hopelessly*]. Aye, the old tale!

[*tragically*]. The well-spring of our sorrows floweth yet!

INF. How dare you be a foreigner? Let go

The sack. [*They struggle.*]

MEG. Help! Dicaeopolis, I'm denounced!

DIC. [*entering hurriedly with the salt and onions*]. By whom?

Who's meddling? Market-clerks, wake up,

[*He seizes a strap.*]

And fling the vile informer out of doors! [*Thrashes him.*]

INF. Can't I denounce the foe?

DIC. [*striking him*]. If you like the strap.

Trot off and do your dirty work elsewhere! [*Exit Inf.*]

MEG. A fearful drawback, yon, to Athens, lad!

DIC. Cheer up, Megarino! Here's your salt and onions,

The price of these two pigs. And now farewell.

καὶ χαίρε πόλλ'. ΜΕΓ. ἀλλ' ἡμῖν οὐκ ἐπιχώριοι.
ὦ χοιρίδια, πειρήσθε κἄνις τῷ πατρὸς
παίειν ἐφ' ἀλλὴ τὰν μάδδαν, αἶ κά τις διδῶ.

ΧΟΡ. εὐδαιμονεῖ γ' ἄνθρωπος. οὐκ ἤκουσας οἱ προβαίνει
τὸ πρᾶγμα τοῦ βουλευμάτος; καρπώσεται γὰρ ἀνὴρ
ἐν τὰγορᾷ καθήμενος·
κἂν εἰσὶή τις Κτησίας,
ἢ συκοφάντης ἄλλος, οἰ-
μώζων καθεδεῖται·
οὐδ' ἄλλος ἀνθρώπων ὑποψωνῶν σε πημανεῖ τι,
οὐδ' ἐξομόρξεται Πρέπεις τὴν εὐρυπρωκτίαν σοι,
οὐδ' ὥστιεῖ Κλεωνύμω·
χλαῖναν δ' ἔχων φανὴν δίει·
κοῦ ξυντυχῶν σ' Ὑπέμβολος
δικῶν ἀναπλήσει·
οὐδ' ἐντυχῶν ἐν τὰγορᾷ πρόσεισί σοι βαδίζων
Κρατῖνος αἰεὶ κεκαρμένος μοιχὸν μιᾷ μαχαίρα,
ὁ περιπόνηρος Ἀρτέμων,
ὁ ταχὺς ἄγαν τὴν μουσικὴν,
ᾄζων κακὸν τῶν μασχαλῶν
πατρὸς Τραγασαίου·
οὐδ' αὐθις αὐτὸ σε σκώψεται Παύσων ὁ παμπόνηρος,
Λυσίστρατός τ' ἐν τὰγορᾷ, Χολαργέων ὄνειδος,
ὁ περιαλουργὸς τοῖς κακοῖς,
ρίγων τε καὶ πεινῶν αἰεὶ
πλεῖν ἢ τριάκονθ' ἡμέρας
τοῦ μηνὸς ἐκάστου.

ΒΟΙ. ἴπτω Ἡρακλῆς, ἔκαμόν γα τὰν τύλαιν κακῶς,
κατάθου τὸ τὰν γλάχων' ἀτρέμας, Ἴσμηρία·
ἡμέσ δ', ὅσοι Θείβαθεν ἀλληταὶ πάρα,
τοῖς ὀστίνοις φυσηῖτε τὸν πρωκτὸν κυνός.

ΔΙΚ. παῦ' ἐς κόρακας. οἱ σφῆκες οὐκ ἀπὸ τῶν θυρῶν;
πόθεν προσέπταιθ' οἱ κακῶς ἀπολούμενοι

MEG. Nay, it's poor fare we get down Megara way!

[*Exit Dic. and the girls.*]

My piggies, you must try without your dad

To gobble salt scones, if you get any!

[*Exit.*]

[*The Chorus sing a song which includes a racy account of the shady characters who haunted the Athenian markets, but whom Dic. will escape by having a market to which no Athenian but himself is admitted.*]

CHOR.

Our friend is in clover!

The scene that's just over

Has shown that he wove a

Most elegant plot.

In the market reclining,

His pockets he's lining;

For rivals combining

He cares not a jot.

If Ctesias enters,

Or other tormentors,

Our prince of inventors

Will give them his toe.

His cloak, on inspection,

Won't prove to have specks on

Because of infection

From Prepis and Co.

You won't let the lawyer

Hyperbolus bore you,

Or that prick-eared top-sawyer,

Cratinus the cad.

The jiggling musician,

The son of perdition,

A second edition

Of his dirty old dad!

Pauson, vilest of creatures,

Shan't libel your features;

Lysistratus' screeches

No more shall you hear.

He's a snipe of the gutter,

A criminal utter,

Who smells bread and butter

Not once in a year!

[*Enter a Boeotian trader, followed by slaves. They all carry loads of merchandise. Two pipers bring up the rear.*]

BOEOTIAN. Hoots! But my shoulder's stiff and sore the day!

Ismenias, put the pennyroyal doon.

Be carefu'! And you piper-lads frae Thebes

Begin to play 'Arsenic for Dandy Dinmont'.

[*The pipers play, very discordantly. Dic. rushes out.*]

DIC. Stop! Stop, you hornets! Move off down the street!

What cursèd wind has brought this braying crew

- ἐπὶ τὴν θύραν μοι Χαιριδεῖς βομβαύλιοι;
 ΒΟΙ. νῆ τὸν Ἰόλαον, ἐπιχαρίττω γ', ὦ ξένε·
 Θείβαθι γὰρ φυσᾶντες ἐξόπισθέ μου
 τᾶνθεια τᾶς γλάχωνος ἀπέκιζαν χαμαί.
 ἀλλ' εἴ τι βούλει, πρίασο, τῶν ἐγὼ φέρω,
 τῶν ὀρταλίχων, ἢ τῶν τετραπτερυλλίδων.
- ΔΙΚ. ὦ χαῖρε, κολλικοφάγε Βοιωτίδιον.
 τί φέρεις; ΒΟΙ. ὅσ' ἐστὶν ἀγαθὰ Βοιωτοῖς ἀπλῶς,
 ὀρίγαιον, γλαχώ, ψιαθούς, θρυαλλίδας,
 νάσσας, κολοιούς, ἀτταγᾶς, φαλαρίδας,
 τροχίλους, κολύμβους. ΔΙΚ. ὥσπερ εἰ χεიმῶν ἄρα
 ὀρνιθίας εἰς τὴν ἀγορὰν ἐλήλυθας.
- ΒΟΙ. καὶ μὰν φέρω χᾶνας, λαγώς, ἀλώπεκας,
 σκάλοπας, ἐχίνως, αἰελούρως, πικτίδας,
 ἰκτίδας, ἐνύδριας, ἐγγέλεις Κωπαΐδας.
- ΔΙΚ. ὦ τερπνότατον σὺν τέμαχος ἀνθρώποις φέρων,
 δός μοι προσειπεῖν, εἰ φέρεις τὰς ἐγγέλεις.
- ΒΟΙ. πρέσβειρα πεντήκοντα Κωπάδων κορᾶν,
 ἔκβαθι τῷδε κῆπιχάριττε τῷ ξένω.
- ΔΙΚ. ὦ φιλότατη σὺν καὶ πάλαι ποθουμένη,
 ἦλθες ποθεινὴ μὲν τρυγῶδικοῖς χοροῖς,
 φίλη δὲ Μορύχῳ. δμῶες, ἐξενέγκατε
 τὴν ἐσχάραν μοι δεῦρο καὶ τὴν ῥιπίδα.
 σκέψασθε, παῖδες, τὴν ἀρίστην ἐγγελυν,
 ἤκουσαν ἔκτῳ μόλις ἔτει ποθουμένην·
 προσείπατ' αὐτήν, ὦ τέκν'· ἀνθρακας δ' ἐγὼ
 ὑμῖν παρέξω τῆσδε τῆς ξένης χάριν.
 ἀλλ' εἴσφερ' αὐτήν· μηδὲ γὰρ θανῶν ποτε
 σοῦ χωρὶς εἶην ἐντετευτλανωμένης.
- ΒΟΙ. ἐμοὶ δὲ τιμὰ τᾶσδε πᾶ γενήσεται;
- ΔΙΚ. ἀγορᾶς τέλος ταύτην γέ που δώσεις ἐμοί·
 ἀλλ' εἴ τι πωλεῖς τῶνδε τῶν ἄλλων, λέγε.
- ΒΟΙ. ἰώνγα ταῦτα πάντα. ΔΙΚ. φέρε, πόσου λέγεις;

To haunt my doorstep with their gallows-faces ?

BOEOT. Weel said, sir stranger ! All the way frae Thebes
Thae lads hae ganged behind me, playin' hard,
An' blawn the blossoms off the pennyroyal.
But if there 's aught you lack among my wares,
Buy it—a chicken or a four-winged beast.

DIC. Good-day, my bannock-fed Boeotian !
What have you ?

BOEOT. All the dainties that we raise :
Marjoram, pennyroyal, mats, and wicks,
Ducks, jackdaws, francolins, coots, plovers, divers . . .

DIC. You stormy petrel of the market-place !

BOEOT. Aye, an' I've got fine geese, hares, foxes, moles,
Hedgehogs and cats, weasels and lemon-weasels,
Otters, an' genuine Copaic eels.

DIC. Blest be the hand which brings that heavenly morsel !
If you bring eels, O, let me speak to them !

BOEOT. O eldest of the fifty marish-nymphs,
Come forth, I pray—to please the gentleman !
[*He exhibits a fine eel to Dic., who is in ecstasy.*]

DIC. Hail, my beloved ! Thou art come at last
To ease the yearning of the comic chorus,
Thou glutton's darling ! Varlets, hie with speed,
Hale forth the bellows and the cooking-stove !
Look, lads, upon the Queen of Eels, at length
After six weary years restored to us !
Speak to her, O my children ; and the coals
I will provide for this fair stranger's sake.
Nay, take her in ! Let me not, e'en in death,
Be sundered from thee, in thy robe of beetroot.

[*A slave takes the eel indoors.*]

BOEOT. Hey mon, but whaur 's the siller for the fush ?

DIC. The eel, of course, you pay as market-dues.
If you wish to sell your other wares, then say so.

BOEOT. They're all for sale.

DIC. What price do you ask for them ;

- ἢ φορτί' ἕτερ' ἐνθένδ' ἐκείσ' ἄξεις; ΒΟΙ. ἰώ,
ὅ τι γ' ἔστ' Ἀθάναις, ἐν Βοιωτοῖσι δὲ μί.
- ΔΙΚ. ἀφύας ἄρ' ἄξεις πριάμενος Φαληρικὰς
ἢ κέραμον. ΒΟΙ. ἀφύας ἢ κέραμον; ἀλλ' ἔϊτ' ἐκεῖ
ἀλλ' ὅ τι παρ' ἀμῶν μί' ἔστι, τᾷδε δ' αὖ πολύ.
- ΔΙΚ. ἐγὼ δα τοῖνυν· συκοφάντην ἔξαιγε
ὥσπερ κέραμον ἐνδησάμενος. ΒΟΙ. νῆ τῶ σιώ,
λάβοιμι μένταν κέρδος ἀγαγὼν καὶ πολύ,
ἄπερ πίθακον ἀλιτρίας πολλᾶς πλέων.
- ΔΙΚ. καὶ μὴν ὁδὶ Νίκارχος ἔρχεται φανῶν.
- ΒΟΙ. μικκός γα μᾶκος οὔτος. ΔΙΚ. ἀλλ' ἅπαν κακόν.
- ΝΙΚ. ταυτὶ τίνος τὰ φορτί' ἔστί; ΒΟΙ. τῶδ' ἐμὰ
Θείβαθεν, ἴττω Δεύς. ΝΙΚ. ἐγὼ τοῖνυν ὁδὶ
φαίλω πολέμια ταῦτα. ΒΟΙ. τί δαὶ κακὸν παθὼν
ὄρναπετίοισι πόλεμον ἦρα καὶ μάχαν;
- ΝΙΚ. καὶ σέ γε φανῶ πρὸς τοῖσδε. ΒΟΙ. τί ἀδικειμένος;
- ΝΙΚ. ἐγὼ φράσω σοι τῶν περιεστώτων χάριν.
ἐκ τῶν πολεμίων γ' εἰσάγεις θρναλλίδας.
- ΔΙΚ. ἔπειτα φαίνεις δῆτα διὰ θρναλλίδα;
- ΝΙΚ. αὕτη γὰρ ἐμπρήσειεν ἂν τὸ νεώριον.
- ΔΙΚ. νεώριον θρναλλίς; ΝΙΚ. οἶμαι. ΔΙΚ. τίνι τρόπῳ;
- ΝΙΚ. ἐνθεὶς ἂν ἐς τίφην ἀνήρ Βοιώτιος
ἄψας ἂν εἰσπέμψειεν ἐς τὸ νεώριον
δι' ὕδρορροᾶς, βορέαν ἐπιτηρήσας μέγαν.
κεῖπερ λάβοιτο τῶν νεῶν τὸ πῦρ ἄπαξ,
σελαγοῖντ' ἂν εὐθύς. ΔΙΚ. ὦ κάκιστ' ἀπολούμενε,
σελαγοῖντ' ἂν ὑπὸ τίφης τε καὶ θρναλλίδος;
- ΝΙΚ. μαρτύρομαι. ΔΙΚ. ξυλλάμβαν' αὐτοῦ τὸ στόμα,
ὁός μοι φορυτόν, ἵν' αὐτὸν ἐνδήσας φέρω,
ὥσπερ κέραμον, ἵνα μὴ καταγῆ φορούμενος.
- ΧΟΡ. ἐνδησον, ὦ βέλτιστε, τῷ
ξένῳ καλῶς τὴν ἐμπολὴν
οὔτως ὅπως

Or will you take another cargo back ?

BOEOT. Aye, something cheap wi' you, and dear wi' us.

DIC. Sprats from Phalerum, I suppose, or china ?

BOEOT. China or sprats ? There 's muckle o' both wi' us.
Something that 's rare wi' us, but common here.

DIC. I've got it—an informer ! Pack one up
Like china in a crate, and so export him.

BOEOT. Lord save us ! I'd find siller rollin' in,
Importin' a monkey full o' devilment !

DIC. Good luck ! Here comes Nicarchus to denounce you.

BOEOT. [*looking off*]. But yon 's a wee sma' chap.

DIC. Little, but bad.

[*Enter Nicarchus, a little man full of importance.*]

NIC. Whose merchandise is this ?

BOEOT. It 's mine, ye ken,
Frae Thebes, Lord help ye !

NIC. Then do I denounce it
As contraband of war.

BOEOT. What ! Are ye fey ?
Shall chickens bear the slaughterous brunt o' war ?

NIC. You I denounce to boot.

BOEOT. What 's wrang the noo ?

NIC. I'll tell you—to impress the bystanders.
From hostile states you are importing wicks . . .

DIC. A wicked deed of darkness come to light !

NIC. This little wick might burn the dockyard out.

DIC. A wick ? The dockyard !

NIC. So I think.

DIC. But how ?

NIC. I know Boeotian cunning. He might thrust
This wick into a reed, set it alight,
Wait for a strong North-wind, then send it off
On a voyage down a drain-pipe to the docks ;
And if the fire once touched our battle-ships,
They'd be ablaze in no time.

DIC. Liar and slave !
A reed and wick would set them in a blaze ?

[*Strikes him.*]

NIC. [*to the bystanders*]. Bear witness !

DIC. Put his mouth under arrest.

Bring me some shavings ; let me pack him up
Like crockery, for fear he 's smashed in transit.

[*Nic. is seized and Dic. proceeds to pack him up in
spite of his struggles.*]

CHOR. Rope up the parcel, gentle sir,
To suit your foreign customer,
And pack him tight : don't let him stir ;

ἂν μὴ φέρων κατάξῃ.

ΔΙΚ. ἐμοὶ μελήσει ταῦτ', ἐπεὶ
 τοι καὶ ψοφεῖ λάλον τι καὶ
 πυρορραγὲς
 κἄλλως θεοῖσιν ἐχθρόν.

ΧΟΡ. τί χρήσεταί ποτ' αὐτῷ;

ΔΙΚ. πάγχρηστον ἄγγος ἔσται,
 κρατῆρ κακῶν, τριπτῆρ δικῶν,
 φαίνειν ὑπευθύνους λυχνοῦ-
 χος, καὶ κύλιξ
 τὰ πράγματ' ἐγκυκᾶσθαι.

ΧΟΡ. πῶς δ' ἂν πεποιθοίη τις ἀγ-
 γείῳ τοιούτῳ χρώμενος
 κατ' οἰκίαν

τοσόνδ' αἰεὶ ψοφοῦντι;

ΔΙΚ. ἰσχυρόν ἐστιν, ὠγάθ', ὥστ'
 οὐκ ἂν καταγείη ποτ', εἴ-
 περ ἐκ ποδῶν
 κάτω κᾶρα κρέμαιτο.

ΧΟΡ. ἤδη καλῶς ἔχει σοι.

ΒΟΙ. μέλλω γέ τοι θερίδδειν.

ΧΟΡ. ἀλλ', ὦ ξένων βέλτιστε, συν-
 θέριζε καὶ πρόβαλλ' ὅποι
 βούλει φέρων
 πρὸς πάντα συκοφάντην.

ΔΙΚ. μόλις γ' ἐνέδησα τὸν κακῶς ἀπολούμενον.
 αἶρον λαβὼν τὸν κέραμον, ὦ Βοιώτιε.

ΒΟΙ. ὑπόκυπτε τὰν τύλαν ἰών, Ἰσμήνιχε.

ΔΙΚ. χῶπῳ κατοίσεις αὐτὸν εὐλαβούμενος.
 πάντως μὲν οἴσεις οὐδὲν ὑγιές, ἀλλ' ὅμως·
 κὰν τοῦτο κερδάνῃς ἄγων τὸ φορτίον,
 εὐδαιμονήσεις συκοφαντῶν γ' οὔνεκα.

We really mustn't break him !

DIC. Leave that to me ! I've rapped the pot ;
It sounds like one who's talking rot.
It's fire-flawed, and a rank bad lot !

CHOR. What made the stranger take him ?

DIC. Of household jars this pot is king ;
At pressing suits he's just the thing ;
And if the high official ring
Should dare their posts to sin in,
He's splendid as a rushlight-stand,
To show them up, or at command
A tub for dirty linen.

CHOR. But who could use a pot like this
And feel that there was naught amiss ?
He'd fill the house with clatter !

DIC. He's strong, my boy ! For all his squeals,
Although you hung him by the heels,
This jar you'd never shatter.

CHOR. [*to Boeot.*]. Now you're set up !

BOEOT. 'Tis harvest-day !

CHOR. Well, stranger, take your load of hay,
This master-rogue ; pitch him away
Where'er you like—no matter !

DIC. The beggar's trussed at last—a fearful job !
Take up your crockery, my Boeotian boy.

BOEOT. Ismenias, laddie, come an' stoop your shoulder.
[*Nic. is hoisted on to the slave's back.*]

DIC. And pray be careful as you take him home,
He's cracked already, to be sure—but there !
If you can sell this cargo at a profit,
Your fortune's made : informers won't run out !

[*Exeunt Boeotian and slaves. Enter a Messenger.*]

ΘΕΡ. ΛΑΜ. Δικαιόπολι. ΔΙΚ. τί ἔστι; τί με βωστροεῖς;

ΘΕΡ. ὅ τι;

ἐκέλευε Λάμαχος σε ταυτησὶ δραχμῆς
εἰς τοὺς Χόας αὐτῷ μεταδοῦναι τῶν κιχλῶν,
τριῶν δραχμῶν δ' ἐκέλευε Κωπᾶδ' ἔγχελνν.

ΔΙΚ. ὁ ποῖος οὗτος Λάμαχος τὴν ἔγχελνν;

ΘΕΡ. ὁ δεινός, ὁ ταλαύρινος, ὃς τὴν Γοργόνα
πάλλει, κραδαίνων τρεῖς κατασκίους λόφους.

ΔΙΚ. οὐκ ἂν μὰ Δί', εἰ δοίη γέ μοι τὴν ἀσπίδα
ἀλλ' ἐπὶ ταρίχει τοὺς λόφους κραδαινέτω·
ἦν δ' ἀπολιγαίνῃ, τοὺς ἀγορανόμους καλῶ.
ἐγὼ δ' ἔμαυτῷ τόδε λαβὼν τὸ φορτίον
εἴσειμ' ὑπαὶ πτερύγων κιχλᾶν καὶ κοψίχων.

ΧΟΡ. εἶδες ὦ εἶδες ὦ πᾶσα πόλι τὸν φρόνιμον ἄνδρα, τὸν
ὑπέρσοφον,

οἷ' ἔχει σπεισάμειος ἐμπορικὰ χρήματα διεμπολᾶν,
ὦν τὰ μὲν ἐν οἰκίᾳ χρήσιμα, τὰ δ' αὖ πρέπει χλιαρὰ
κατεσθίειν;

αὐτόματα πάντ' ἀγαθὰ τῷδ' ἔγε πορίζεται.
οὐδέ ποτ' ἐγὼ Πόλεμοι οἴκαδ' ὑποδέξομαι,
οὐδὲ παρ' ἐμοί ποτε τὸν Ἀρμόδιον ἄσεται
ξυγκατακλιεῖς, ὅτι πάροις ἀνὴρ ἔφν,
ὅστις ἐπὶ πάντ' ἀγάθ' ἔχοντας ἐπικωμάσας,
εἰργάσατο πάντα κακὰ κἀνέτραπε κἀξέχει,
κἀμάχετο, καὶ προσέτι πολλὰ προκαλουμένον,
πῖνε, κατάκεισο, λαβὲ τήνδε φιλοτησίαν,
τὰς χάρακας ἦπτε πολὺ μᾶλλον ἔτι τῷ πυρί,
ἐξέχει θ' ἡμῶν βία τὸν οἶνον ἐκ τῶν ἀμπέλων.
οὔτοσὶ δ' ἐπτέρωτα τ' ἐπὶ τὸ δεῖπνον ἅμα καὶ μεγάλα
δὴ φρονεῖ,

τοῦ βίου δ' ἐξέβαλε δεῖγματάδε τὰ πτερὰ πρὸ τῶν θυρῶν.
ὦ Κύπριδι τῇ καλῇ καὶ Χάρισι ταῖς φίλαις ξύντροφε
Διαλλαγῇ,

MESS. Dicaeopolis !

DIC. What now? Why this halloo?

MESS. Lamachus bids you send him—here 's a shilling—
Some of your thrushes for the Feast of Jugs,
And a Copaic eel—three shillings more.

DIC. Who *is* your eel-buying friend, this Lamachus?

MESS. The dreaded Lord of War who wields the Gorgon,
And on whose helmet nod three shadowy plumes !

DIC. Not if he threw his shield into the scale !

Over his salt fish let him nod his crest.

And if he squeals, I'll call the market-clerks.

I'll take these wares within, all for myself, [*Exit Mess.*

Wafted by plumage of the thrush and blackbird.

[*He gathers up the Boeotian's merchandise and goes within.*]

CHOR. Dost thou see, thronging city? His cunning so quaint is,
The truce he has made crowns him King of the mart.

All household utensils, all roastable dainties,

Yea, blessings in showers have gladdened his heart !

Ne'er again shall the War-God have welcome
from me,

Nor join in our feast and our national song,

The quarrelsome drunkard ! All happy were we,

Till his tipsy intrusion wrought havoc and wrong.

He bullied and brawled, while to quiet his ire

I said, ' Sit and drink ; pass the loving-cup round.'

But he rammed our vine-props deeper down in the fire,

And spilled, like a brute, all our wine on the ground.

[*Feathers from poultry are thrown out of Dic.'s house.*]

This banquet 's exciting our friend : see the traces !

All these feathers are proof that he 's festive and gay.

O Peace, foster-sister of Love and the Graces,

ὡς καλὸν ἔχουσα τὸ πρόσωπον ἄρ' ἐλάνθανες.
 πῶς ἂν ἐμὲ καὶ σέ τις Ἔρωσ ξυναγάγοι λαβῶν,
 ὡσπερ ὁ γεγραμμένος, ἔχων στέφανον ἀνθέμων;
 ἢ πάνυ γερόντιον ἴσως νενόμικάς με σύ;
 ἀλλὰ σε λαβῶν τρία δοκῶ γ' ἂν ἔτι προσβαλεῖν
 πρῶτα μὲν ἂν ἀμπελίδος ὄρχον ἐλάσαι μακρόν,
 εἶτα παρὰ τόνδε νέα μοσχίδια συκίδων,
 καὶ τὸ τρίτον ἡμερίδος ὄζον, ὁ γέρων ὀδί,
 καὶ περὶ τὸ χωρίον ἐλᾶδας ἔπαν ἐν κύκλω,
 ὥστ' ἀλείφεσθαι σ' ἀπ' αὐτῶν κάμῃ ταῖς νουμη-
 νίαις.

ΚΙΠ. ἀκούετε λεῶ' κατὰ τὰ πάτρια τοὺς χόας
 πίνειν ὑπὸ τῆς σάλπιγγος· ὅς δ' ἂν ἐκπῆ
 πρῶτιστος, ἀσκὸν Κτησιφῶντος λήψεται.

ΔΙΚ. ὦ παῖδες, ὦ γυναῖκες, οὐκ ἠκούσατε;
 τί δρᾶτε; τοῦ κήρυκος οὐκ ἀκούετε;
 ἀναβράττετ', ἐξοπτᾶτε, τρέπετ', ἀφέλκετε
 τὰ λαγῶα ταχέως, τοὺς στεφάνους ἀνείρετε.
 φέρε τοὺς ὀβελίσκους, ἵν' ἀναπείρω τὰς κίχλας.

ΧΟΡ. ζῆλῶ σε τῆς εὐβουλίας,
 μάλλον δὲ τῆς εὐωχίας,
 ἄνθρωπε, τῆς παρουσίας.

ΔΙΚ. τί δῆτ', ἐπειδὴν τὰς κίχλας
 ὀπτωμένας ἴδητε;

ΧΟΡ. οἴμαί σε καὶ τοῦτ' εὖ λέγειν.

ΔΙΚ. τὸ πῦρ ὑποσκάλευε.

ΧΟΡ. ἤκουσας ὡς μαγειρικῶς
 κομφῶς τε καὶ δειπνητικῶς
 αὐτῷ διακοιεῖται;

ΓΕΩ. ὦ φίλτατε, σπονδαὶ γάρ εἰσι σοὶ μόνῳ,
 μέτρησον εἰρήνης τί μοι, κἂν πέντ' ἔτη.

ΔΙΚ. τί δ' ἔπαθες; ΓΕΩ. ἐπετρίβην ἀπολέσας τὴν
 βόε.

How blind to thy beauty our eyes till to-day !
 O, might kindly Cupid, with garlanded tresses
 Like the dream of a painter, bring thee to my arms !
 Dost thou deem me too old for thy fertile caresses ?
 To a threefold exploit I'd be roused by thy charms.
 First the vine-shoots I'd plant, then young figs in
 a line,
 And thirdly the vines under glass that I'd raise ;
 And a ring-fence of olives the farm to confine,
 And anoint us with oil on the festival-days !

[*Enter a Herald to announce the Feast of Pitchers.*]

HERALD. O yes ! Drain off your jugs as custom bids,
 When sounds the trumpet. He who's finished first
 Shall get a wineskin made from Ctesiphon.¹

DIC. [*hurrying out*]. Varlets and females, heard ye not the news ?
 What do ye ? Did the herald cry in vain ?
 Roast on, yea, braise the meat, and turn the spit ;
 Unspit the hare's flesh briskly, twine the garlands,
 And bring me skewers for these thrushes. Haste !

[*Slaves bring out a portable stove and cooking begins,
 superintended by Dic.*]

CHOR. I envy you your strategy
 But more for this your revelry !

DIC. When you my roasted thrushes see,
 You'll say I *am* a winner.

CHOR. You're right again.

DIC. Poke up the fire !

CHOR. A prince of cooks ! Don't you admire
 The way that taste and skill conspire
 To help him cook his dinner ?

[*Enter a farmer, weeping.*]

FARMER [*to Dic.*] Kind sir, there's none but you has treaty-
 wine :

Spare me a drop—the five years' brand would do.

DIC. What's wrong ?

FARMER. I'm ruined—lost my yoke of oxen !

¹ A notoriously fat man of the day.

- ΔΙΚ. πόθεν; ΓΕΩ. ἀπὸ Φυλῆς ἔλαβον οἱ Βοιώτιοι.
 ΔΙΚ. ὦ τρισκακοδαίμων, εἶτα λευκὸν ἀμπέχει;
 ΓΕΩ. καὶ ταῦτα μέντοι νῆ Δί' ὥπερ μ' ἔτρεφέτην
 ἐν πᾶσι βολίτοις. ΔΙΚ. εἶτα νυνὶ τοῦ δέει;
 ΓΕΩ. ἀπόλωλα τῶφθαλμῶ δακρύων τῶ βόε.
 ἀλλ' εἴ τι κήδει Δερκέτου Φυλασίου,
 ὑπάλειψον εἰρήνη με τῶφθαλμῶ ταχύ.
 ΔΙΚ. ἀλλ', ὦ πόνηρ', οὐ δημοσιεύων τυγχάνω.
 ΓΕΩ. ἴθ' ἀντιβολῶ σ', ἣν πως κομίσωμαι τῶ βόε.
 ΔΙΚ. οὐκ ἔστιν, ἀλλὰ κλᾶε πρὸς τοὺς Πιττάλου.
 ΓΕΩ. σὺ δ' ἀλλά μοι σταλαγμὸν εἰρήνης ἔνα
 εἰς τὸν καλαμίσκον ἐνστάλαξον τουτουί.
 ΔΙΚ. οὐδ' ἂν στριβιλικίγξ· ἀλλ' ἀπιὼν οἴμωξέ που.
 ΓΕΩ. οἴμοι κακοδαίμων τοῖν γεωργοῖν βοιδίῳ.
 ΧΟΡ. ἀνὴρ ἐνεύρηκέν τι ταῖς
 σπονδαῖσιν ἡδύ, κοῦκ ἔοι-
 κεν οὐδενὶ μεταδώσειν.
 ΔΙΚ. κατάχει σὺ τῆς χορδῆς τὸ μέλι·
 τὰς σηπίας στάθευε.
 ΧΟΡ. ἤκουσας ὀρθιαστράτων;
 ΔΙΚ. ὀπτᾶτε τὰ γχέλεια.
 ΧΟΡ. ἀποκτενεῖς λιμῶ με καὶ
 τοὺς γείτονας κνίσῃ τε καὶ
 φωνῇ τοιαῦτα λάσκων.
 ΔΙΚ. ὀπτᾶτε ταυτὶ καὶ καλῶς ξανθίζετε.
 ΠΑΡ. Δικαιοῖπολι. ΔΙΚ. τίς οὔτοσὶ τίς οὔτοσὶ;
 ΠΑΡ. ἔπεμφέ τίς σοι νυμφίος ταυτὶ κρέα
 ἐκ τῶν γάμων. ΔΙΚ. καλῶς γε ποιῶν, ὅστις ἦν.
 ΠΑΡ. ἐκέλευε δ' ἐγχείαι σε, τῶν κρεῶν χάριν,
 ἐς τὸν ἀλάβαστον κύαθον εἰρήνης ἔνα.
 ΔΙΚ. ἀπόφερ' ἀπόφερε τὰ κρέα καὶ μὴ μοι δίδου,
 ὡς οὐκ ἂν ἐγχείαιμι χιλιῶν δραχμῶν.
 ἀλλ' αὐτῆι τίς ἔστιν; ΠΑΡ. ἡ νυμφεύτρια

DIC. Why, where ?

FARMER. The Boeotians drove them off from Phylae.

DIC. Thou'rt drowned in sorrows, yet thou'rt dressed in white ?

FARMER. Yes, and by Zeus they aye kept me in peace
And plenty—of muck.

DIC. Well, tell me what you want.

FARMER. I've lost my sight with weeping for my oxen.
Oh, if thou car'st to cure Isaac of Phylae,
Anoint my eyes with peace—Oh, don't delay !

DIC. Unhappy man, I'm not the parish doctor.

FARMER. Have mercy ! I might get my oxen back.

DIC. It cannot be : try at the hospital.

FARMER. Oh, but you might just pour me out one drop
Of peace into this tiny tube of reed !

DIC. No, not a molecule ! Go, groan elsewhere.

FARMER. Alack ! My darling beeves, my fellow-toilers ! [*Exit.*]

CHOR. This treaty-wine his heart ensnares :
He won't let any one go shares !

DIC. Come, grill the cuttle-fish, and where's
The sausage soaked in honey ?

CHOR. You hear his cries ?

DIC. Next roast the eels.

CHOR. At all this talk of savoury meals
Each man of us like starving feels,
Though *you* may think it funny !

DIC. Roast all these dishes ; mind you brown them well.

[*Enter a Bridesman and a Bridesmaid.*]

BRIDESMAN. Dicaeopolis !

DIC. Who's there ! what ho ! who's there ?

BRIDESMAN : A certain bridegroom sends you this prime joint
From his wedding feast. . . .

DIC. Good man, whate'er his name !

BRIDESMAN. And begs of you to pour into this jar
One ladleful of peace, as due return.

DIC. Away ! Remove the joint ! Don't offer it !
I wouldn't sell a drop for fifty pounds.
But who is this ?

BRIDESMAN. The bridesmaid, who has brought

δεῖται παρὰ τῆς νύμφης τι σοὶ λέξαι μόνφ.

ΔΙΚ. φέρε δὴ, τί σὺ λέγεις; ὡς γελοῖον, ὦ θεοί,
τὸ δέημα τῆς νύμφης, ὃ δεῖταί μου σφόδρα.
φέρε δεῦρο τὰς σπονδάς, ἵν' αὐτῇ δῶ μόνφ,
ὅτι ἡ γυνή 'στι τοῦ πολέμου τ' οὐκ ἀξία.
ἕπεχ' ὦδε δεῦρο τοῦ ξάλειπτρον, ὦ γυναί.
ἀπόφερε τὰς σπονδάς. φέρε τὴν οἰνήρυσιν,
ἵν' οἶνον ἐγγέω λαβῶν ἐς τοὺς χόας.

ΧΟΡ. καὶ μὴν ὀδὶ τις τὰς ὀφρῦς ἀνεσπακῶς
ὥσπερ τι δεινὸν ἀγγελῶν ἐπέιγεται.

ΑΓ.Α. ἰὼ πόνοι τε καὶ μάχαι καὶ Λάμαχοι.

ΛΑΜ. τίς ἀμφὶ χαλκοφάλαρα δώματα κτυπεῖ;

ΑΓ.Α. ἰέναι σ' ἐκέλευον οἱ στρατηγοὶ τήμερον
ταχέως λαβόντα τοὺς λόχους καὶ τοὺς λόφους·
κάπειτα τηρεῖν νιφόμενον τὰς εἰσβολάς.
ὑπὸ τοὺς Χόας γὰρ καὶ Χύτρον αὐτοῖσι τις
ἤγγειλε ληστὰς ἐμβαλεῖν Βοιωτίους.

ΛΑΜ. ἰὼ στρατηγοὶ πλείους ἢ βελτίους.

οὐ δεινὰ μὴ 'ξείναί με μὴδ' ἑορτάσαι;

ΔΙΚ. ἰὼ στράτευμα πολεμολαμαχαϊκόν.

ΛΑΜ. οἴμοι κακοδαίμων, καταγελαῖς ἤδη σύ μου.

ΔΙΚ. βούλει μάχεσθαι Γηρῶνι τετραπύλῳ;

ΛΑΜ. αἰαῖ,

οἶαν ὃ κήρυξ ἀγγελίαν ἤγγειλέ μοι.

ΔΙΚ. αἰαῖ, τίνα δ' αὖ μοι προστρέχει τις ἀγγελῶν;

ΑΓ.Β. Δικαιόπολι. ΔΙΚ. τί ἔστιν; ΑΓ.Β. ἐπὶ δεῖπνον

ταχὺ

βάδιζε, τὴν κίστην λαβῶν καὶ τὸν χόα.

ὃ τοῦ Διονύσου γὰρ σ' ἱερεὺς μεταπέμπεται.

ἀλλ' ἐγκόνει· δειπνεῖν κατακωλύεις πάλαι.

τὰ δ' ἄλλα πάντ' ἔστιν παρεσκευασμένα,

κλῦναι, τράπεζαι, προσκεφάλαια, στρώματα.

ἄμυλοι, πλακοῖτες, σαρσμοῖντες, ἴτμα.

A private message for you from the bride.

DIC. Say on; let's hear it. [*The bridesmaid whispers to him.*]

Jove! How comical

This fond entreaty of a lovesick bride!

Hand me the peace-wine: she alone shall have some;

She's a woman, so the war is not her fault.

My girl, hold out the bottle. There you are.

[*Exit bridesman and bridesmaid.*]

Remove the peace-libations. Bring a ladle;

I must prepare my wine for the Pitcher-Feast.

CHOR. Look! Yonder hasteth one with solemn visage,

As if he bare some news of fell import.

[*Enter a Messenger who knocks at Lamachus' door.*]

MESS. Ho! Toils and turmoils and Lamachian wars!

[*Enter Lamachus.*]

LAM. Who clamours thus without my martial gates?

MESS. War Office orders: you must march to-day,

O' th' instant, with your phalanxes and fallals,

And guard the passes in the snow; for news

Has come that brigands from Boeotia

Have planned a raid for the Feast of Pots and Pitchers.

LAM. O War Office, less warlike than officious!

'Tis monstrous! Can't I even keep the Feast?

DIC. Trumpets without; then enter Lamachus!

LAM. Curse my hard luck! *You're laughing at me now.*

DIC. [*decorating his hair with feathers from his fowls*]. Dost

wish to fight a gryphon of four plumes?

LAM. Alas! What tidings hath the herald brought me!

Dic. [*looking off*]. Alas! Another herald running up!

For me this time! What can his message be?

[*Enter another Messenger.*]

MESS. Dicaeopolis!

DIC. What is it?

MESS. Haste to dinner!

Shoulder your luncheon-basket and your jug.

The Priest of Dionysus calls for you.

But hurry, or you'll keep the banquet waiting.

All else is ready: couches, tables, cushions,

Bedspreads and bannocks, buns and cakes and biscuits.

- ἀλλ' ὡς τάχιστα σπεῦδε. ΛΑΜ. κακοδαίμων ἐγώ.
 ΔΙΚ. καὶ γὰρ σὺ μεγάλην ἐπεγράφου τὴν Γοργόνα.
 σύγκλειε, καὶ δεῖπνόν τις ἐνσκευαζέτω.
 ΛΑΜ. παῖ παῖ, φέρ' ἔξω δεῦρο τὸν γύλιον ἐμοί.
 ΔΙΚ. παῖ παῖ, φέρ' ἔξω δεῦρο τὴν κίστην ἐμοί.
 ΛΑΜ. ἄλας θυμίτας οἶσε, παῖ, καὶ κρόμμνα.
 ΔΙΚ. ἐμοὶ δὲ τεμάχη· κρομμύοις γὰρ ἄχθομαι.
 ΛΑΜ. θρῖον ταρίχους οἶσε δεῦρο, παῖ, σαπροῦ.
 ΔΙΚ. κάμοι σὺ δημοῦ θρῖον· ὀπτήσω δ' ἐκεῖ.
 ΛΑΜ. ἔνεγκε δεῦρο τὸ πτερὸν τὸ 'κ τοῦ κράνου.
 ΔΙΚ. ἐμοὶ δὲ τὰς φάττας γε φέρε καὶ τὰς κίχλας.
 ΛΑΜ. καλόν γε καὶ λευκὸν τὸ τῆς στρουθοῦ πτερόν.
 ΔΙΚ. καλόν γε καὶ ξανθὸν τὸ τῆς φάττης κρέας.
 ΛΑΜ. ὦνθρωπε, παῦσαι καταγελῶν μου τῶν ὄπλων.
 ΔΙΚ. ὦνθρωπε, βούλει μὴ βλέπειν εἰς τὰς κίχλας;
 ΛΑΜ. τὸ λοφεῖον ἐξένεγκε τῶν τριῶν λόφων.
 ΔΙΚ. κάμοι λεκάνιον τῶν λαγῶν δὸς κρεῶν.
 ΛΑΜ. ἀλλ' ἦ τριχόβρωτες τοὺς λόφους μου κατέφαγον;
 ΔΙΚ. ἀλλ' ἦ πρὸ δεῖπνου τὴν μίμαρκν κατέδομαι;
 ΛΑΜ. ὦνθρωπε, βούλει μὴ προιταγορεύειν ἐμέ;
 ΔΙΚ. οὐκ, ἀλλ' ἐγὼ χῶ παῖς ἐρίζομεν πάλαι.
 βούλει περιδύσθαι, κάπιτρέψαι Λαιμίχῳ,
 πότερον ἀκρίδες ἢ δῖόν ἐστιν, ἢ κίχλαι;
 ΛΑΜ. οἴμ' ὡς ὑβρίζεις. ΔΙΚ. τὰς ἀκρίδας κρίνει πολύ.
 ΛΑΜ. παῖ παῖ, καθελών μοι τὸ δόρυ δεῦρ' ἔξω φέρε.
 ΔΙΚ. παῖ παῖ, σὺ δ' ἀφελὼν δεῦρο τὴν χορδὴν φέρε.
 ΛΑΜ. φέρε, τοῦ δόρατος ἀφελκύσωμαι τοῦλντρον.
 ἔχ', ἀντέχου, παῖ. ΔΙΚ. καὶ σὺ, παῖ, τοῦδ'
 ἀντέχου.
 ΛΑΜ. τοὺς κιλλίβαντας οἶσε, παῖ, τῆς ἀσπίδος.
 ΔΙΚ. καὶ τῆς ἐμῆς τοὺς κριβανίτας ἔκφερε.
 ΛΑΜ. φέρε δεῦρο γοργόνωτον ἀσπίδος κύκλον.
 ΔΙΚ. κάμοι πλακοῦντος τυρόνωτον δὸς κύκλον.

Don't waste a minute ; hurry ! [*Exit Messenger.*

LAM. Curse my luck !

DIC. Well, why did'st take a fiend to grace thy shield?

[*To slaves.*] Shut up the house and get the dinner ready.

[*Lam. and Dic. make elaborate preparations for their
respective expeditions.*]

LAM. Varlet, bring forth the knapsack for thy lord.

DIC. Varlet, bring forth for me the luncheon-basket.

LAM. Fetch me spiced salt, my lad, and onions.

DIC. I'm sick of onions : fetch me a slice of fish.

LAM. Bring me a sandwich made of rotten herring.

DIC. Bring *me* a rissole, and I'll cook it there.

LAM. Fetch me the plumes to fasten on my helm.

DIC. Fetch *me* the thrushes and the pigeon-pie.

LAM. The ostrich plume—a lovely shade of white !

DIC. The pigeon's breast—a lovely shade of brown !

LAM. Fellow, cease mocking at my warlike gear !

DIC. Fellow, cease ogling other people's thrushes.

LAM. Fetch me the case that holds my triple plume.

DIC. Give *me* a charger piled with roasted hare.

LAM. What ! Have the moths devoured my helmet's hair ?

DIC. What ! Before dinner shall I hare devour ?

LAM. Fellow, pray spare me uninvited chat.

DIC. Alright, I'm only wrangling with the slave.

Let's bet on it, and ask old Lamachus

Are locusts, or are thrushes, best to eat ?

LAM. What impudence !

DIC. He gives his voice for locusts.

LAM. Varlet, take down my spear and bring it forth.

DIC. Varlet, take off the sausages and bring them.

LAM. Come, let me draw the sheath from off my spear.

Take hold and pull, my lad.

DIC. [*holding out sausage on spit to slave*]. And you pull this.

LAM. Bring me the stand to stay my shield upon.

DIC. Bring *me* some standard bread to stay my stomach.

LAM. My orbèd shield, decked with a Gorgon-boss !

DIC. My orbèd cake, with boss of cheese adorned !

- ΛΑΜ. ταῦτ' οὐ κατάγελώς ἐστὶν ἀνθρώποις πλατύς;
 ΔΙΚ. ταῦτ' οὐ πλακοῦς δῆτ' ἐστὶν ἀνθρώποις γλυκὺς;
 ΛΑΜ. κατάχει σύ, παῖ, τοῦλαιον. ἐν τῷ χαλκίῳ
 ἐνορῶ γέροντα δειλίας φευξόμενον.
 ΔΙΚ. κατάχει σὺ τὸ μέλι. κἀνθάδ' εὐδῆλος γέρων
 κλάειν κελεύων Λάμαχον τὸν Γοργάσου.
 ΛΑΜ. φέρε δεῦρο, παῖ, θώρακα πολεμιστήριον.
 ΔΙΚ. ἔξαιρε, παῖ, θώρακα κἀμοὶ τὸν χόα.
 ΛΑΜ. ἐν τῷδε πρὸς τοὺς πολεμίους θωρήξομαι.
 ΔΙΚ. ἐν τῷδε πρὸς τοὺς συμπότας θωρήξομαι.
 ΛΑΜ. τὰ στρώματ', ὦ παῖ, δῆσον ἐκ τῆς ἀσπίδος.
 ΔΙΚ. τὸ δεῖπνον, ὦ παῖ, δῆσον ἐκ τῆς κιστίδος.
 ΛΑΜ. ἐγὼ δ' ἐμαντῷ τὸν γύλιον οἴσω λαβών.
 ΔΙΚ. ἐγὼ δὲ θοιμάτιον λαβὼν ἐξέρχομαι.
 ΛΑΜ. τὴν ἀσπίδ' αἶρου, καὶ βᾶδιζ', ὦ παῖ, λαβών.
 νίφει. βαβαιάξ' χειμέρια τὰ πράγματα.
 ΔΙΚ. αἶρου τὸ δεῖπνον· συμποτικὰ τὰ πράγματα.
 ΧΟΡ. ἴτε δὴ χαίροντες ἐπὶ στρατιάν.
 ὡς ἀνομοίαν ἔρχεσθον ὁδόν·
 τῷ μὲν πίνειν στεφανωσαμένῳ,
 σοὶ δὲ ρίγωντι φυλάττειν.
 Ἀντίμαχον τὸν ψακαδᾶν ξυγγραφέα, τὸν μελέων
 ποιητήν,
 ὡς μὲν ἀπλῶ λόγῳ κακῶς ἐξολέσειεν ὁ Ζεὺς·
 ὅς γ' ἐμὲ τὸν τλήμονα Λήναια χορηγῶν ἀπέλυσ'
 ἄδειπνον.
 ὄν ἔτ' ἐπίδοιμι τευθίδος
 δεόμενον, ἢ δ' ὠπτημένη
 σίζουσα πάραλος ἐπὶ τραπέζῃ κειμένη
 ὀκέλλοι· κᾶτα μέλλοντος λαβεῖν
 αὐτοῦ κύων ἀρπάσασα φεύγοι.
 τοῦτο μὲν αὐτῷ κακὸν ἔν· κᾶθ' ἕτερον νυκτερινὸν
 γένοιτο.

- LAM. All will condemn that nasty piece of cheek.
 DIC. All will admire this masterpiece of cheese.
 LAM. Pour out the oil. [*He begins to polish his shield, which he has placed on the stand.*] I' the brightness of my shield
 I see an old man tried for cowardice.
 DIC. Pour out the honey. Why! I see him too,
 Bidding our Quixote-Lamachus be hanged!
 LAM. Fetch forth, O slave, my martial cuirass here.
 DIC. Fetch forth my jug, to mock this queer ass here!
 LAM. The enemy I defy: I'll lick 'em all!
 DIC. I will my friends when I'm in liquor maul!
 LAM. Tie on my blanket to the shield, my lad.
 DIC. Tie on my forage to the luncheon-basket.
 LAM. My knapsack will I shoulder, and decamp.
 DIC. I'll fetch my mantle and go forth to dinner.
 LAM. Take up the shield, my lad, and trudge along.
 It's snowing. Brrr! This is a wintry day.
 DIC. Shoulder the dinner. What a festive day!
 CHORUS. March along: may you come back in triumph again!
 What different scenes are awaiting the twain!
 For one is to drink with a garland of roses,
 And one to stand guard with the bluest of noses!

[*Dic. and Lam. go out severally, followed by slaves.*]

On spluttering Antimachus
 May Zeus send down disaster:
 I needs must launch at him a curse,
 That lyric poetaster,
 Who starved us all, the cynic,—us!
 Last spring, when chorus-master.
 Some day may he wish
 For a fried cuttle-fish;
 And, cooked in a vessel that's reached Table-Bay,
 May his dinner stand by;
 With relief let him sigh,
 Then a dog snap it up and make off with his prey!
 May he be made a fool again
 By night, the sour curmudgeon.
 Back from the riding-school again
 May he tramp home in dudgeon;

ἠπιαλῶν γὰρ οἴκαδ' ἐξ ἱππασίας βαδίζων,
εἶτα κατάξειέ τις αὐτοῦ μεθύων τὴν κεφαλὴν
Ὀρέστης

μαινόμενος· ὁ δὲ λίθον λαβεῖν
βουλόμενος ἐν σκότῳ λάβοι
τῇ χειρὶ κράμβην βορβόρῳ πεφυρμένην·
ἐπάξειεν δ' ἔχων τὸν μάρμαρον,
κἄπειθ' ἁμαρτῶν βάλοι Κρατῖνον.

ΘΕΡ. ὦ δμῶες οἱ κατ' οἶκόν ἐστε Λαμάχου,
ὔδωρ ὔδωρ ἐν χυτριδίῳ θερμαίνετε·
ὀθόνια, κηρωτὴν παρασκευάζετε,
ἔρι' οἰσυπηρά, λαμπάδιον περὶ τὸ σφυρόν.
ἄνῆρ τέτρωται χάρακι διαπηδῶν τάφρον,
καὶ τὸ σφυρόν παλίνορρον ἐξεκόκκισεν,
καὶ τῆς κεφαλῆς κατέαγε περὶ λίθον πεσῶν,
καὶ Γοργόν' ἐξήγειρεν ἐκ τῆς ἀσπίδος.
πτίλου δὲ θραύσας τὸ μέγα κομπολακύθου
πρὸς ταῖς πέτραισι, δεινὸν ἐξηῦδα μέλος·
ὦ κλεινὸν ὄμμα, νῦν πανύστατόν σ' ἰδὼν
λείπω φάος γε τοῦμόν, οὐκέτ' εἴμ' ἐγώ.
τοσαῦτα λέξας εἰς ὑδρορροάν πίπτει.
ὀδὶ δὲ καυτός· ἀλλ' ἀνοίγε τὴν θύραν.

ΛΑΜ. ἀτταταῖ ἀτταταῖ,
στυγερὰ τάδε γε κρυερὰ πάθεια. τάλας ἐγὼ
διόλλυμαι δορὸς ὑπὸ πολεμίου τυπεῖς.
ἐκεῖνο δ' αἰακτὸν ἂν γένοιτό μοι,
Δικαιοπόλις ἂν εἴ μ' ἴδοι τετρωμένον,
κἄπ' ἐγχάνοι ταῖς ἐμαῖς τύχαισιν.

ΔΙΚ. ἀτταταῖ ἀτταταῖ
φιλήσατόν με μαλθακῶς, ὦ χρυσίω,
τὸν γὰρ χόα πρῶτος ἐκπέπωκα.

ΛΑΜ. ὦ συμφορὰ τάλαινα τῶν ἐμῶν κακῶν.
ἰὼ ἰὼ τραυμάτων ἐπωδίῳ.

Then may some tipsy hooligan
 Knock him silly with a bludgeon.
 In the dark, with a groan,
 May he grope for a stone,
 Grab a muddy old cabbage and aim all awry.
 May his furious throw
 Fly wide of his foe,
 And hit poor Cratinus a blow in the eye!

[*Enter a Messenger, in great hurry and alarm. He delivers a mock-tragic speech.*]

MESS. Ye thralls that throng the home of Lamachus,
 Boil, boil ye water; bandages prepare
 And salves in store, yea, piles of greasy wool
 And lint, to bind the ankle of your lord!
 He hath been wounded: striding through a trench
 He found the point of a stake, and as he fell
 From the socket wrenched his ankle, while his head
 Smote on a stone, which broke it; then to life
 The Gorgon woke that slept upon his buckler.
 His plume—the feather of the mocking-bird—
 Upon the rocks was shattered; loud he wailed:
 ‘O glorious Sun, I look my last on thee!’
 My light is out: here endeth Lamachus!’
 Thus did he speak, and fell into the gutter.
 But lo! He comes himself; fling wide the door!

[*Slaves hurry out of Lam.'s house, carrying bandages &c. Lam. enters, wounded, and supported by two attendants.*]

LAM. Ah me! What woes!
 What piercing pangs of pain!
 By death am I o’erta’en:
 A spear-thrust is my bane.
 But worse! Suppose
 That Dicaeopolis saw
 Me lying in my gore,
 And mocked my throes!

[*Enter Dicaeopolis, intoxicated, and as helpless as Lamachus. He is supported by two flute-girls.*]

DIC. [*to girls*]. Ah me! My rose!
 My lily! Don’t refrain,
 But kiss me once again,
 The first his jug to drain!

LAM. Look at my nose!
 Ah, wounds my limbs that gnaw,
 The wasteful work of war!
 I’m food for crows!

- ΔΙΚ. ἰὴ ἰὴ χαῖρε Λαμαχίππιον.
 ΛΑΜ. στυγερός ἐγώ.
 ΔΙΚ. τί με σὺ κυνεῖς;
 ΛΑΜ. μογερός ἐγώ.
 ΔΙΚ. τί με σὺ δάκνεις;
 ΛΑΜ. τάλας ἐγὼ ξυμβολῆς βαρείας.
 ΔΙΚ. τοῖς Χουσι γάρ τις ξυμβολὰς ἐπράττετο;
 ΛΑΜ. ἰὼ ἰὼ Παιὰν Παιάν.
 ΔΙΚ. ἀλλ' οὐχὶ νυνὶ τήμερον Παιώνια.
 ΛΑΜ. λάβεσθέ μου, λάβεσθε τοῦ σκέλους· παπαῖ,
 προσλάβεσθ', ὦ φίλοι.
 ΔΙΚ. ἐμοῦ δέ γε σφὼ τῆς δέρης ἄμφω καλῶς
 προσλάβεσθ', ὦ φίλοι.
 ΛΑΜ. θύραζέ μ' ἐξενέγκατ' ἐς τοῦ Πιπτάλου
 παιωνίαισι χερσίν.
 ΔΙΚ. ὡς τοὺς κριτάς μ' ἐκφέρετε· ποῦ 'στιν ὁ βασιλεύς;
 ἀπόδοτέ μοι τὸν ἀσκόν.
 ΛΑΜ. λόγχη τις ἐμπέπηγέ μοι δι' ὀστέων ὀδυρτά.
 ΔΙΚ. ὀρᾶτε τουτοὺν κενόν. τήνελλα καλλίνικος.
 ΧΟΡ. τήνελλα ὀήτ', εἴπερ καλεῖς γ', ὦ πρέσβι, καλλίνικος.
 ΔΙΚ. καὶ πρὸς γ' ἄκρατον ἐγχείας ἄμυστιν ἐξέλαψα.
 ΧΟΡ. τήνελλά νυν, ὦ γεννάδα· χῶρει λαβὼν τὸν ἀσκόν.
 ΔΙΚ. ἔπεσθέ νυν ἄδοντες ὦ τήνελλα καλλίνικος.
 ΧΟΡ. ἀλλ' ἐψόμεσθα σὴν χάριν
 τήνελλα καλλίνικον ἄ-
 δοντες σὲ καὶ τὸν ἀσκόν.

[*The two parties meet. Dic. gives Lam. a tipsy greeting.*]

DIC. Huzzah! Huzzah! My colonel of hussars!

LAM. What woe is this!

DIC. [*to girl*]. Come, why that kiss?

LAM. Full is my cup!

DIC. [*to girl*]. You'll eat me up!

LAM. Ah me! Oh murderous attacks!

DIC. A tax on guests! And at the Pitcher-Feast!

LAM. O Healer-God, be thou my speed!

DIC. His day is past. Where is your calendar?

LAM. Take hold of me, my friends; Ah! how it hurts!
Grip my leg tight!

DIC. And you embrace my neck, you little flirts,
With all your might!

LAM. Bear me away to Pittalus' nursing-home
With hands of healing.

DIC. Bear *me* to the judges¹: let the Censor come.

[*to slaves*]. My drink you're stealing.

LAM. A pain-fraught lance has pierced my bones; it's stinging
like a nettle. [*He is carried out.*]

DIC. See here: I've drained my pitcher dry! Salute the man
of mettle!

CHOR. We'll back your words, you grand old chap. All hail
the conquering hero!

DIC. What's more, 'twas neat, but at a gulp I brought it down
to zero!

CHOR. Your wineskin grasp and march along. Hurrah! *You're*
no old fogey!

DIC. Fall in and follow me, and cry: 'Tzing-boom! He's
beaten Bogey!'

CHOR. We'll follow, we'll follow,
And fall into line.

Three cheers for the victor, and three for his wine!

[*All go out in triumphal procession, headed by Dicacopolis
waving his jug and wineskin.*]

¹ He means the judges who were to award the prize to the best of the three comedies presented.







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