Hippolytus

EURIPIDES

c. 480–406 BC

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Ἱππόλυτος

Translated from the Greek with AI (Claude) and edited

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Hippolytus · Euripides (c. 480–406 BC)

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INTRODUCTION

Hippolytus, the son of Theseus, king of Athens, is a young huntsman devoted to the virgin goddess Artemis. He wants nothing to do with women or with Aphrodite, the goddess of love. Aphrodite opens the play by announcing her revenge: she has made Phaedra, Theseus' wife and Hippolytus' stepmother, fall desperately in love with him.

Phaedra would rather starve herself to death in silence than act on her passion or be disgraced. But her old Nurse drags the secret out of her, and, meaning well, takes it to Hippolytus. His horrified reaction sets off a chain of disasters in which every character's sense of honor makes things worse.

Euripides won first prize with this play in 428 BC. It is a study of desire, shame and reputation, of humans caught between two goddesses who do not care much about them, and it ends with one of the most moving reconciliations in Greek tragedy.

Hippolytus

Before the palace at Troezen, with statues of Aphrodite and Artemis.
Aphrodite punishes Hippolytus for scorning love.

PROLOGUE

Aphrodite announces her revenge on Hippolytus, who honors only Artemis and dismisses a servant's warning.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
1	**APHRODITE** Πολλὴ μὲν ἐν βροτοῖσι κοὐκ ἀνώνυμος θεὰ κέκλημαι Κύπρις οὐρανοῦ τ' ἔσω, ὅσοι τε πόντου τερμόνων τ' Ἀτλαντικῶν ναίουσιν εἴσω φῶς ὁρῶντες ἡλίου, τοὺς μὲν σέβοντας τἀμὰ πρεσβεύω κράτη, σφάλλω δ' ὅσοι φρονοῦσιν εἰς ἡμᾶς μέγα. ἔνεστι γὰρ δὴ κἀν θεῶν γένει τόδε, τιμώμενοι χαίρουσιν ἀνθρώπων ὕπο. δείξω δὲ μύθων τῶνδ' ἀλήθειαν τάχα· ὁ γάρ με Θησέως παῖς, Ἀμαζόνος τόκος Ἱππόλυτος, ἁγνοῦ Πιτθέως παιδεύματα, μόνος πολιτῶν τῆσδε γῆς Τροιζηνίας λέγει κακίστην δαιμόνων πεφυκέναι, ἀναίνεται δὲ λέκτρα κοὐ ψαύει γάμων·	**APHRODITE** Great among mortals, and not without a name, I am called the goddess Cypris, and in heaven too. Of all who live between the Black Sea and the western bounds of Atlas and look on the light of the sun, I favor those who revere my power, and I bring down those who are proud toward me. For this is in the race of gods as well: they enjoy being honored by men. I'll soon show the truth of these words. Theseus' son, the Amazon's child, Hippolytus, pupil of pure Pittheus, alone of all the citizens of this land of Troezen, says that I am by nature the worst of the divinities. He spurns the bed and will have nothing to do with marriage.[1]
15	Φοίβου δ' ἀδελφὴν Ἄρτεμιν Διὸς κόρην τιμᾷ μεγίστην δαιμόνων ἡγούμενος· χλωρὰν δ' ἀν' ὕλην παρθένῳ ξυνὼν ἀεὶ κυσὶν ταχείαις θῆρας ἐξαιρεῖ χθονός, μείζω βροτείας προσπεσὼν ὁμιλίας. τούτοισι μέν νυν οὐ φθονῶ· τί γάρ με δεῖ; ἃ δ' εἰς ἔμ' ἡμάρτηκε, τιμωρήσομαι Ἱππόλυτον ἐν τῇδ' ἡμέρᾳ· τὰ πολλὰ δὲ πάλαι προκόψασ', οὐ πόνου πολλοῦ με δεῖ. ἐλθόντα γάρ νιν Πιτθέως ποτ' ἐκ δόμων σεμνῶν ἐς ὄψιν καὶ τέλη μυστηρίων Πανδίονος γῆν πατρὸς εὐγενὴς δάμαρ ἰδοῦσα Φαίδρα καρδίαν κατείχετο ἔρωτι δεινῷ τοῖς ἐμοῖς βουλεύμασι.	Artemis, Phoebus' sister, Zeus' daughter, is the one he honors; he holds her the greatest of the divinities. Always in the maiden's company in the green woods, he clears the land of wild beasts with his swift hounds. He has stumbled into a companionship too great for a mortal. Now, that I don't begrudge them. Why should I? But for the wrongs he has done me, I will punish Hippolytus this very day. Most of the work I prepared long ago, so I need little effort. Once, when he came from Pittheus' house to the land of Pandion to witness the holy mysteries and be initiated, his father's noble wife, Phaedra, saw him, and her heart was seized with a terrible love, by my design.[2]
29	καὶ πρὶν μὲν ἐλθεῖν τήνδε γῆν Τροιζηνίαν, πέτραν παρ' αὐτὴν Παλλάδος κατόψιον γῆς τῆσδε ναὸν Κύπριδος καθίσατο, ἐρῶσ' ἔρωτ' ἔκδηλον· Ἱππολύτῳ δ' ἔπι τὸ λοιπὸν ὠνόμαζεν ἱδρῦσθαι θεάν.	Before she came to this land of Troezen, she founded a temple of Cypris right beside the rock of Pallas, which looks out over this land. She was in love, with a love plain to see, and she named the goddess, for all time to come, as established there

1 Cypris is a name for Aphrodite, from Cyprus, her birthplace and chief seat of worship. Pittheus, king of Troezen, is Theseus' grandfather, who raised Hippolytus.
2 The land of Pandion, an early king, is Athens; the mysteries are those of Demeter at Eleusis.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
	ἐπεὶ δὲ Θησεὺς Κεκροπίαν λείπει χθόνα, μίασμα φεύγων αἵματος Παλλαντιδῶν, καὶ τήνδε σὺν δάμαρτι ναυστολεῖ χθόνα, ἐνιαυσίαν ἔκδημον αἰνέσας φυγήν, ἐνταῦθα δὴ στένουσα κἀκπεπληγμένη κέντροις ἔρωτος ἡ τάλαιν' ἀπόλλυται σιγῇ· σύνοιδε δ' οὔτις οἰκετῶν νόσον.	for Hippolytus' sake. Then Theseus left the land of Cecrops, fleeing the pollution of the Pallantids' blood, and sailed with his wife to this land, having consented to a year's exile abroad. And here, groaning and stunned by the goads of desire, the poor woman is wasting away in silence. No one in the household knows of her sickness.[3]
41	ἀλλ' οὔτι ταύτης τῇδ' ἔρωτα δεῖ πεσεῖν· δείξω δὲ Θησεῖ πρᾶγμα, κἀκφανήσεται. καὶ τὸν μὲν ἡμῖν πολέμιον νεανίαν κτενεῖ πατὴρ ἀραῖσιν, ἃς ὁ πόντιος ἄναξ Ποσειδῶν ὤπασεν Θησεῖ γέρας, μηδὲν μάταιον εἰς τρὶς εὔξασθαι θεῷ. ἡ δ' εὐκλεὴς μέν, ἀλλ' ὅμως ἀπόλλυται, Φαίδρα· τὸ γὰρ τῆσδ' οὐ προτιμήσω κακὸν τὸ μὴ οὐ παρασχεῖν τοὺς ἐμοὺς ἐχθροὺς ἐμοὶ δίκην τοσαύτην ὥστ' ἐμοὶ καλῶς ἔχειν.	But this love must not end that way. I will reveal the matter to Theseus, and it will come to light. The young man who is my enemy his father will kill with curses: the lord of the sea, Poseidon, granted Theseus the privilege that nothing he prayed to the god for, up to three times, would be in vain. And she will keep her good name, but she dies all the same, Phaedra. For I will not value her suffering so highly that I give up making my enemies pay me a penalty large enough to satisfy me.
51	ἀλλ' εἰσορῶ γὰρ τόνδε παῖδα Θησέως στείχοντα θήρας μόχθον ἐκλελοιπότα, Ἱππόλυτον, ἔξω τῶνδε βήσομαι τόπων. πολὺς δ' ἅμ' αὐτῷ προσπόλων ὀπισθόπους κῶμος λέλακεν Ἄρτεμιν τιμῶν θεὰν ὕμνοισιν· οὐ γὰρ οἶδ' ἀνεῳγμένας πύλας Ἅιδου φάος τε λοίσθιον βλέπων τόδε.	But I see this son of Theseus coming, Hippolytus, done with the labor of the hunt, so I will step away from this place. A great band of attendants follows at his heels, shouting out hymns in honor of the goddess Artemis. He doesn't know that the gates of Hades stand open, and that this is the last light he looks on.
58	**HIPPOLYTUS** ἕπεσθ' ἅδοντες ἕπεσθε τὰν Διὸς οὐρανίαν Ἄρτεμιν, ᾗ μελόμεσθα.	**HIPPOLYTUS** Follow me, sing as you follow, sing of Zeus' daughter, heavenly Artemis, who watches over us.
62	**HUNTSMEN** πότνια πότνια σεμνοτάτα, Ζανὸς γένεθλον, χαῖρε χαῖρέ μοι, ὦ κόρα Λατοῦς Ἄρτεμι καὶ Διός, καλλίστα πολὺ παρθένων, ἃ μέγαν κατ' οὐρανὸν ναίεις, εὐπατέρει', ἀν' οἶκον Ζανὸς πολύχρυσον. χαῖρέ μοι, ὦ καλλίστα καλλίστα τῶν κατ' Ὄλυμπον παρθένων, Ἄρτεμι.	**HUNTSMEN** Lady, lady, most holy, child of Zeus, joy to you, joy to you, maiden, Artemis, daughter of Leto and Zeus, far the most beautiful of maidens, who live in the wide heaven, child of a noble father, in Zeus' house rich with gold. Joy to you, most beautiful, most beautiful of the maidens on Olympus, Artemis.
73	**HIPPOLYTUS** σοὶ τόνδε πλεκτὸν στέφανον ἐξ ἀκηράτου λειμῶνος, ὦ δέσποινα, κοσμήσας φέρω, ἔνθ' οὔτε ποιμὴν ἀξιοῖ φέρβειν βοτὰ οὔτ' ἦλθέ πω σίδηρος, ἀλλ' ἀκήρατον	**HIPPOLYTUS** For you, my lady, I bring this woven garland. I made it from an untouched meadow, where no shepherd thinks fit to graze his flock and where iron has never yet come. Only the bee

3 The rock of Pallas is the Acropolis of Athens, the land of Cecrops. Theseus had killed the sons of Pallas, his cousins and rivals for the throne, and had to go into exile for purification.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
	μέλισσα λειμῶν' ἐαρινὸν διέρχεται· Αἰδὼς δὲ ποταμίαισι κηπεύει δρόσοις, ὅσοις διδακτὸν μηδέν, ἀλλ' ἐν τῇ φύσει τὸ σωφρονεῖν εἴληχεν εἰς τὰ πάνθ' ὁμῶς, τούτοις δρέπεσθαι· τοῖς κακοῖσι δ' οὐ θέμις.	passes through that untouched meadow in spring, and Modesty tends it like a garden with river water. Those who have nothing from teaching, but in whose very nature self-control has been allotted in all things alike—they may pick its flowers. The wicked may not.[4]
82	ἀλλ' ὦ φίλη δέσποινα, χρυσέας κόμης ἀνάδημα δέξαι χειρὸς εὐσεβοῦς ἄπο. μόνῳ γάρ ἐστι τοῦτ' ἐμοὶ γέρας βροτῶν· σοὶ καὶ ξύνειμι καὶ λόγοις σ' ἀμείβομαι, κλύων μὲν αὐδήν, ὄμμα δ' οὐχ ὁρῶν τὸ σόν. τέλος δὲ κάμψαιμ' ὥσπερ ἠρξάμην βίου.	Come, dear lady, take this band for your golden hair from a reverent hand. I alone among mortals have this privilege: I am with you, and I speak with you, hearing your voice though I do not see your face. May I round the last turn of my life just as I began it.
88	SERVANT ἄναξ, θεοὺς γὰρ δεσπότας καλεῖν χρεών, / ἆρ' ἄν τί μου δέξαιο βουλεύσαντος εὖ;	SERVANT My prince—for "master" is a word we must keep for the gods—would you take a piece of good advice from me?
90	HIPPOLYTUS καὶ κάρτα γ'· ἦ γὰρ οὐ σοφοὶ φαινοίμεθ' ἄν.	HIPPOLYTUS Certainly. Otherwise I'd hardly seem wise.
91	SERVANT οἶσθ' οὖν βροτοῖσιν ὃς καθέστηκεν νόμος,	SERVANT Then do you know the rule that holds among mortals—
92	HIPPOLYTUS οὐκ οἶδα· τοῦ δὲ καί μ' ἀνιστορεῖς πέρι;	HIPPOLYTUS I don't. What are you asking me about?
93	SERVANT μισεῖν τὸ σεμνὸν καὶ τὸ μὴ πᾶσιν φίλον;	SERVANT To hate what is lofty and not friendly to all?
94	HIPPOLYTUS ὀρθῶς γε· τίς δ' οὐ σεμνὸς ἀχθεινὸς βροτῶν;	HIPPOLYTUS Quite right. Who that is lofty isn't resented?
95	SERVANT ἐν δ' εὐπροσηγόροισιν ἔστι τις χάρις;	SERVANT And is there charm in being easy to talk to?
96	HIPPOLYTUS πλείστη γε, καὶ κέρδος γε σὺν μόχθῳ βραχεῖ.	HIPPOLYTUS A great deal, and profit too, for little effort.
97	SERVANT ἦ κἀν θεοῖσι ταὐτὸν ἐλπίζεις τόδε;	SERVANT Do you expect the same holds among the gods?
98	HIPPOLYTUS εἴπερ γε θνητοὶ θεῶν νόμοισι χρώμεθα.	HIPPOLYTUS Yes, if we mortals live by the gods' customs.
99	SERVANT πῶς οὖν σὺ σεμνὴν δαίμον' οὐ προσεννέπεις;	SERVANT Then why don't you speak to a lofty goddess?
100	HIPPOLYTUS τίν'; εὐλαβοῦ δὲ μή τι σοῦ σφαλῇ στόμα.	HIPPOLYTUS Which one? Careful your tongue doesn't slip.
101	SERVANT τήνδ' ἣ πύλαισι σαῖς ἐφέστηκεν Κύπρις.	SERVANT This one standing at your gates: Cypris.
102		

4 *Sōphrosynē*, Hippolytus' watchword, means both self-control in general and sexual chastity; the play turns on both senses.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
	HIPPOLYTUS πρόσωθεν αὐτὴν ἁγνὸς ὢν ἀσπάζομαι.	**HIPPOLYTUS** I greet her from a distance, since I am pure.
103	**SERVANT** σεμνή γε μέντοι κἀπίσημος ἐν βροτοῖς.	**SERVANT** And yet she is lofty, and renowned among mortals.
104	**HIPPOLYTUS** ἄλλοισιν ἄλλος θεῶν τε κἀνθρώπων μέλει.	**HIPPOLYTUS** Gods and men alike: each cares for his own.
105	**SERVANT** εὐδαιμονοίης νοῦν ἔχων οἷόν σε δεῖ.	**SERVANT** May you prosper, and have the sense you ought to have.
106	**HIPPOLYTUS** οὐδείς μ' ἀρέσκει νυκτὶ θαυμαστὸς θεῶν.	**HIPPOLYTUS** No god who's worshipped at night appeals to me.
107	**SERVANT** τιμαῖσιν, ὦ παῖ, δαιμόνων χρῆσθαι χρεών.	**SERVANT** The gods must be given their honors, my son.
108	**HIPPOLYTUS** χωρεῖτ', ὀπαδοί, καὶ παρελθόντες δόμους σίτων μέλεσθε· τερπνὸν ἐκ κυναγίας τράπεζα πλήρης· καὶ καταψήχειν χρεὼν ἵππους, ὅπως ἂν ἅρμασι ζεύξας ὕπο βορᾶς κορεσθεὶς γυμνάσω τὰ πρόσφορα· τὴν σὴν δὲ Κύπριν πόλλ' ἐγὼ χαίρειν λέγω.	**HIPPOLYTUS** Go on, my companions, go into the house and see to food. After the hunt a full table is a pleasure. And the horses need rubbing down, so that once I've had my fill I can yoke them to the chariot and give them proper exercise. As for your Cypris, I wish her a long goodbye.
114	**SERVANT** ἡμεῖς δέ, τοὺς νέους γὰρ οὐ μιμητέον, φρονοῦντες οὕτως ὡς πρέπει δούλοις λέγειν, προσευξόμεσθα τοῖσι σοῖς ἀγάλμασι, δέσποινα Κύπρι. χρὴ δὲ συγγνώμην ἔχειν, εἴ τίς σ' ὑφ' ἥβης σπλάγχνον ἔντονον φέρων μάταια βάζει· μὴ δόκει τούτου κλύειν· σοφωτέρους γὰρ χρὴ βροτῶν εἶναι θεούς.	**SERVANT** But we—since the young are not to be imitated—with thoughts such as it suits slaves to voice, will pray to your images, lady Cypris. You should forgive anyone whose youth gives him a headstrong heart, if he babbles foolishness. Act as if you didn't hear him. Gods ought to be wiser than mortals.

PARODOS

The women of Troezen ask why Queen Phaedra lies sick and refuses food.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
121	**CHORUS** ὠκεανοῦ τις ὕδωρ στάζουσα πέτρα λέγεται βαπτὰν κάλπισι ῥυτὰν παγὰν προϊεῖσα κρημνῶν, ὅθι μοί τις ἦν φίλα, πορφύρεα φάρεα ποταμίᾳ δρόσῳ τέγγουσα, θερμᾶς δ' ἐπὶ νῶτα πέτρας εὐαλίου κατέβαλλ'· ὅθεν μοι πρῶτα φάτις ἦλθε δέσποιναν τειρομέναν νοσερᾷ κοίτᾳ δέμας ἐντὸς ἔχειν οἴκων, λεπτὰ δὲ φάρη ξανθὰν κεφαλὰν σκιάζειν.	**CHORUS** There is a rock, they say, that drips with Ocean's water, sending from its cliffs a running spring where pitchers are dipped. There a friend of mine was soaking purple cloths in the river water and spreading them out on the back of a warm rock in the sunshine. From her the first word came to me that my lady, worn down on a sickbed, keeps herself inside the house,

	GREEK	ENGLISH
		with fine cloths shadowing her golden head.
135	τριτάταν δέ νιν κλύω τάνδε κατ' ἀμβροσίου στόματος ἀμέραν Δάματρος ἀκτᾶς δέμας ἁγνὸν ἴσχειν, κρυπτῷ πάθει θανάτου θέλουσαν κέλσαι ποτὶ τέρμα δύστανον. οὐ γὰρ ἔνθεος, ὦ κούρα, εἴτ' ἐκ Πανὸς εἴθ' Ἑκάτας ἢ σεμνῶν Κορυβάντων φοιτᾷς ἢ ματρὸς ὀρείας, οὐδ' ἀμφὶ τὰν πολύθηρον Δίκτυνναν ἀμπλακίαις ἀνίερος ἀθύτων πελάνων τρύχει.	This is the third day, I hear, that she keeps her pure body from Demeter's grain, her ambrosial lips untouched, wanting, in her hidden suffering, to run ashore at death's unhappy end. Are you possessed, my girl? Do you wander driven by Pan or by Hecate, by the holy Corybants or the Mother of the Mountains? Or are you wasting away for wrongs against Dictynna of the many beasts, unholy, for offerings of meal never made?[5]
148	φοιτᾷ γὰρ καὶ διὰ λίμνας χέρσον θ' ὑπὲρ πελάγους δίναις ἐν νοτίαις ἅλμας. ἢ πόσιν τὸν Ἐρεχθειδᾶν ἀρχαγὸν τὸν εὐπατρίδαν ποιμαίνει τις ἐν οἴκοις κρυπτὰ κοίτα λεχέων σῶν; ἢ ναυβάτας τις ἔπλευσεν Κρήτας ἔξορμος ἀνὴρ λιμένα τὸν εὐξεινότατον ναύταις, φάμαν πέμπων βασιλείᾳ, λύπᾳ δ' ὑπὲρ παθέων εὐναία δέδεται ψυχάν;	For she roams across the Lagoon too, and over the sea to dry land, in the wet eddies of the brine. Or is your husband, the leader of Erechtheus' sons, so nobly born, being tended at home by some woman, in a bed hidden from yours? Or has some sailor set out from Crete into this harbor so kind to sailors, bringing news to the queen, and is her soul chained to her bed in grief at what she has suffered?[6]
161	φιλεῖ δὲ τᾷ δυστρόπῳ γυναικῶν ἁρμονίᾳ κακᾷ δύστανος ἀμηχανία συνοικεῖν ὠδίνων τε καὶ ἀφροσύνας. δι' ἐμᾶς ᾔξέν ποτε νηδύος ἄδ' αὔρα· τὰν δ' εὔλοχον οὐρανίαν τόξων μεδέουσαν ἀύτευν Ἄρτεμιν, καί μοι πολυζήλωτος ἀεὶ σὺν θεοῖσι φοιτᾷ.	Women's nature, hard to steer, so often shares its home with a wretched, awful helplessness in birth pains and in folly. Once that wind rushed through my womb too; and I cried out to the heavenly helper of child-birth, mistress of the bow, Artemis, and she always comes to me, so dearly prized, gods be thanked.

FIRST EPISODE

The Nurse draws out Phaedra's love for Hippolytus, hears her speech on shame, and offers a cure.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
170	**CHORUS** ἀλλ' ἥδε τροφὸς γεραιὰ πρὸ θυρῶν τήνδε κομίζουσ' ἔξω μελάθρων·	**CHORUS** But here is the old nurse at the doors, bringing her out of the house.

5 Dictynna is a Cretan hunting goddess identified with Artemis; the Mountain Mother (Cybele), Pan, Hecate and the Corybants were powers thought to drive people mad.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
	στυγνὸν δ' ὀφρύων νέφος αὐξάνεται. τί ποτ' ἔστι μαθεῖν ἔραται ψυχή, τί δεδήληται δέμας ἀλλόχροον βασιλείας.	The gloomy cloud on her brow grows darker. My heart longs to learn what it is, what has ravaged the queen's body, so changed in color.
176	**NURSE** ὦ κακὰ θνητῶν στυγεραί τε νόσοι. τί σ' ἐγὼ δράσω; τί δὲ μὴ δράσω; τόδε σοι φέγγος, λαμπρὸς ὅδ' αἰθήρ· ἔξω δὲ δόμων ἤδη νοσερᾶς δέμνια κοίτης. δεῦρο γὰρ ἐλθεῖν πᾶν ἔπος ἦν σοι τάχα δ' εἰς θαλάμους σπεύσεις τὸ πάλιν. ταχὺ γὰρ σφάλλει κοὐδενὶ χαίρεις, οὐδέ σ' ἀρέσκει τὸ παρόν, τὸ δ' ἀπὸν φίλτερον ἡγεῖ.	**NURSE** Oh, the evils of mortals, the hateful sicknesses! What shall I do for you? What not do? Here is your daylight, here is the bright sky; your sickbed is out of the house now. All your talk was of coming out here, but soon you'll be hurrying back to your room. You're let down so quickly, nothing pleases you, what's at hand doesn't suit you, and what isn't there you think dearer.
186	κρεῖσσον δὲ νοσεῖν ἢ θεραπεύειν· τὸ μέν ἐστιν ἁπλοῦν, τῷ δὲ συνάπτει λύπη τε φρενῶν χερσίν τε πόνος. πᾶς δ' ὀδυνηρὸς βίος ἀνθρώπων, κοὐκ ἔστι πόνων ἀνάπαυσις· ἀλλ' ὅ τι τοῦ ζῆν φίλτερον ἄλλο σκότος ἀμπίσχων κρύπτει νεφέλαις. δυσέρωτες δὴ φαινόμεθ' ὄντες τοῦδ' ὅ τι τοῦτο στίλβει κατὰ γῆν, δι' ἀπειροσύνην ἄλλου βιότου κοὐκ ἀπόδειξιν τῶν ὑπὸ γαίας·	Better to be sick than to nurse the sick. The one is simple; the other brings with it pain of mind and labor of hands. The whole of human life is painful, and there is no rest from troubles. Whatever else there is that is dearer than life, darkness wraps it round and hides it in clouds. So we turn out to be madly in love with this, whatever it is, that gleams on earth, because we know nothing of any other life, and nothing is shown us of what lies under the earth;
197	μύθοις δ' ἄλλως φερόμεσθα.	we're carried along by stories, to no purpose.
198	**PHAEDRA** αἴρετέ μου δέμας, ὀρθοῦτε κάρα· λέλυμαι μελέων σύνδεσμα, φίλαι. λάβετ' εὐπήχεις χεῖρας, πρόπολοι. βαρύ μοι κεφαλᾶς ἐπίκρανον ἔχειν· ἄφελ', ἀμπέτασον βόστρυχον ὤμοις.	**PHAEDRA** Lift my body, hold my head up straight. The joints of my limbs have come undone, my friends. Take my shapely arms, attendants. This headdress is heavy on my head. Take it off, let my hair fall over my shoulders.
203	**NURSE** θάρσει, τέκνον, καὶ μὴ χαλεπῶς μετάβαλλε δέμας. ῥᾷον δὲ νόσον μετά θ' ἡσυχίας καὶ γενναίου λήματος οἴσεις· μοχθεῖν δὲ βροτοῖσιν ἀνάγκη.	**NURSE** Courage, child, don't toss your body about so fretfully. You'll bear your sickness more easily with calm and a noble spirit. Mortals have no choice but to suffer.
207	**PHAEDRA** αἰαῖ· πῶς ἂν δροσερᾶς ἀπὸ κρηνῖδος καθαρῶν ὑδάτων πῶμ' ἀρυσαίμαν, ὑπό τ' αἰγείροις ἔν τε κομήτῃ λειμῶνι κλιθεῖσ' ἀναπαυσαίμαν.	**PHAEDRA** Ah! If only I could draw a drink of pure water from a dewy spring, and lie down under the poplars in a deep-grassed meadow, and rest!
212		

6 Erechtheus' sons are the Athenians, named after an early king of Athens.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
	NURSE ὦ παῖ, τί θροεῖς; οὐ μὴ παρ' ὄχλῳ τάδε γηρύσει μανίας ἔποχον ῥίπτουσα λόγον;	**NURSE** Child, what are you crying? Don't say such things in front of people, flinging out words that ride on madness!
215	**PHAEDRA** πέμπετέ μ' εἰς ὄρος· εἶμι πρὸς ὕλαν καὶ παρὰ πεύκας, ἵνα θηροφόνοι στείβουσι κύνες βαλιαῖς ἐλάφοις ἐγχριμπτόμεναι· πρὸς θεῶν, ἔραμαι κυσὶ θωΰξαι καὶ παρὰ χαίταν ξανθὰν ῥῖψαι Θεσσαλὸν ὅρπακ', ἐπίλογχον ἔχουσ' ἐν χειρὶ βέλος.	**PHAEDRA** Send me to the mountain! I'll go to the woods, among the pines, where the hounds that kill the beasts go treading, closing in on the dappled deer. By the gods, I long to shout to the hounds, to hurl past my golden hair a Thessalian javelin, holding the barbed shaft in my hand.
223	**NURSE** τί ποτ', ὦ τέκνον, τάδε κηραίνεις; τί κυνηγεσίων καὶ σοὶ μελέτη; τί δὲ κρηναίων νασμῶν ἔρασαι; πάρα γὰρ δροσερὰ πύργοις συνεχὴς κλιτύς, ὅθεν σοι πῶμα γένοιτ' ἄν.	**NURSE** Why, child, do you torment yourself like this? Why should you, of all people, care about hunting? Why do you long for running springs? There's a dewy slope right by the walls where you could have a drink.
228	**PHAEDRA** δέσποιν' ἁλίας Ἄρτεμι Λίμνας καὶ γυμνασίων τῶν ἱπποκρότων, εἴθε γενοίμαν ἐν σοῖς δαπέδοις, πώλους Ἐνέτας δαμαλιζομένα.	**PHAEDRA** Artemis, mistress of the Lagoon by the sea and of the grounds that ring with horses' hooves, if only I were there on your plains, breaking Enetic colts![7]
232	**NURSE** τί τόδ' αὖ παράφρων ἔρριψας ἔπος; νῦν δὴ μὲν ὄρος βᾶσ' ἐπὶ θήρας πόθον ἐστέλλου, νῦν δ' αὖ ψαμάθοις ἐπ' ἀκυμάντοις πώλων ἔρασαι. τάδε μαντείας ἄξια πολλῆς, ὅστις σε θεῶν ἀνασειράζει καὶ παρακόπτει φρένας, ὦ παῖ.	**NURSE** What wild word have you flung out now? A moment ago you were heading up the mountain, your heart set on the hunt; now again you long for colts on the waveless sands. This needs a great deal of prophecy: which of the gods is jerking at your reins and knocking your wits astray, child.
239	**PHAEDRA** δύστανος ἐγώ, τί ποτ' εἰργασάμαν; ποῖ παρεπλάγχθην γνώμας ἀγαθᾶς; ἐμάνην, ἔπεσον δαίμονος ἄτᾳ. φεῦ φεῦ, τλάμων. μαῖα, πάλιν μου κρύψον κεφαλάν· αἰδούμεθα γὰρ τὰ λελεγμένα μοι. κρύπτε· κατ' ὄσσων δάκρυ μοι βαίνει, καὶ ἐπ' αἰσχύναν ὄμμα τέτραπται. τὸ γὰρ ὀρθοῦσθαι γνώμαν ὀδυνᾷ, τὸ δὲ μαινόμενον κακόν· ἀλλὰ κρατεῖ μὴ γιγνώσκοντ' ἀπολέσθαι.	**PHAEDRA** Unhappy me, what have I done? Where have I strayed from my good sense? I was mad; a god struck me with ruin, and I fell. Ah, ah, poor me! Nurse, cover my head again. I'm ashamed of what I've said. Cover it. The tears run down from my eyes, and my gaze is turned toward disgrace. To have my mind set straight is agony, and madness is an evil; but best of all is to die without knowing.
250	**NURSE** κρύπτω· τὸ δ' ἐμὸν πότε δὴ θάνατος σῶμα καλύψει;	**NURSE** I'm covering it. But my body— when will death cover that?

7 Artemis had a sanctuary at the Lagoon (Limna) near Troezen, with ground for racing horses; the Enetoi, at the head of the Adriatic, were famous for their horses.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
	πολλὰ διδάσκει μ' ὁ πολὺς βίοτος. χρῆν γὰρ μετρίας εἰς ἀλλήλους φιλίας θνητοὺς ἀνακίρνασθαι καὶ μὴ πρὸς ἄκρον μυελὸν ψυχῆς, εὔλυτα δ' εἶναι στέργηθρα φρενῶν ἀπό τ' ὦσασθαι καὶ ξυντεῖναι. τὸ δ' ὑπὲρ δισσῶν μίαν ὠδίνειν ψυχὴν χαλεπὸν βάρος, ὡς κἀγὼ τῆσδ' ὑπεραλγῶ. βιότου δ' ἀτρεκεῖς ἐπιτηδεύσεις φασὶ σφάλλειν πλέον ἢ τέρπειν τῇ τ' εὐσοίᾳ μᾶλλον πολεμεῖν. οὕτω τὸ λίαν ἧσσον ἐπαινῶ τοῦ μηδὲν ἄγαν· καὶ ξυμφήσουσι σοφοί μοι.	Long life teaches me many things. Mortals ought to mix their friendships with each other in moderation, not down to the very marrow of the soul; the heart's affections should be easy to loosen, to push away or to draw tight. For one soul to be in labor for two is a heavy burden, as I suffer far too much for her. They say that rigid ways of living trip us up more than they please us, and are more at war with health. So I praise excess less than "nothing too much"; and the wise will agree with me.
267	**CHORUS** γύναι γεραιά, βασιλίδος πιστὴ τροφὸς Φαίδρας, ὁρῶ μὲν τάσδε δυστήνους τύχας, ἄσημα δ' ἡμῖν ἥτις ἐστὶν ἡ νόσος· σοῦ δ' ἂν πυθέσθαι καὶ κλύειν βουλοίμεθ' ἄν.	**CHORUS** Lady, faithful old nurse of Queen Phaedra, we see the sorry state she is in, but what her sickness is remains unclear to us. We would like to learn it from you and hear it.
271	**NURSE** οὐκ οἶδ' ἐλέγχους· οὐ γὰρ ἐννέπειν θέλει.	**NURSE** I can't find out. She won't say.
272	**CHORUS** οὐδ' ἥτις ἀρχὴ τῶνδε πημάτων ἔφυ;	**CHORUS** Not even how these troubles began?
273	**NURSE** εἰς ταὐτὸν ἥκεις· πάντα γὰρ σιγᾷ τάδε.	**NURSE** You come to the same thing: she's silent about all of it.
274	**CHORUS** ὡς ἀσθενεῖ τε καὶ κατέξανται δέμας.	**CHORUS** How weak she is, how wasted her body!
275	**NURSE** πῶς δ' οὔ, τριταίαν οὖσ' ἄσιτος ἡμέραν;	**NURSE** Of course—it's the third day she's gone without food.
276	**CHORUS** πότερον ὑπ' ἄτης ἢ θανεῖν πειρωμένη;	**CHORUS** Is it some derangement, or is she trying to die?
277	**NURSE** θανεῖν· ἀσιτεῖ δ' εἰς ἀπόστασιν βίου.	**NURSE** To die. She's starving herself to be quit of life.
278	**CHORUS** θαυμαστὸν εἶπας, εἰ τάδ' ἐξαρκεῖ πόσει.	**CHORUS** That's strange, if her husband puts up with it.
279	**NURSE** κρύπτει γὰρ ἥδε πῆμα κοὔ φησιν νοσεῖν.	**NURSE** She hides her trouble and says she isn't ill.
280	**CHORUS** ὃ δ' εἰς πρόσωπον οὐ τεκμαίρεται βλέπων;	**CHORUS** But can't he tell, when he looks at her face?
281	**NURSE** ἔκδημος ὢν γὰρ τῆσδε τυγχάνει χθονός.	**NURSE** He happens to be away, out of the country.
282	**CHORUS** σὺ δ' οὐκ ἀνάγκην προσφέρεις, πειρωμένη / νόσον πυθέσθαι τῆσδε καὶ πλάνον φρενῶν;	**CHORUS** And you—why don't you use force to learn her sickness and why her mind is wandering?
284	**NURSE** εἰς πᾶν ἀφῖγμαι κοὐδὲν εἴργασμαι πλέον· οὐ μὴν ἀνήσω γ' οὐδὲ νῦν προθυμίας,	**NURSE** I've tried everything and got nowhere. But I won't give up my efforts even now, so that you,

	GREEK	ENGLISH
	ὡς ἂν παροῦσα καὶ σύ μοι ξυμμαρτυρῇς οἵα πέφυκα δυστυχοῦσι δεσπόταις. ἄγ', ὦ φίλη παῖ, τῶν πάροιθε μὲν λόγων λαθώμεθ' ἄμφω, καὶ σύ θ' ἡδίων γενοῦ στυγνὴν ὀφρὺν λύσασα καὶ γνώμης ὁδόν, ἐγώ θ' ὅπῃ σοι μὴ καλῶς τόθ' εἱπόμην μεθεῖσ' ἐπ' ἄλλον εἶμι βελτίω λόγον. κεἰ μὲν νοσεῖς τι τῶν ἀπορρήτων κακῶν, γυναῖκες αἵδε συγκαθιστάναι νόσον·	being here, can bear me witness what sort of servant I am to masters in misfortune. Come, dear child, let's both forget what we said before. You be gentler: smooth that gloomy brow and the way you're thinking. And I, where I didn't follow you well before, will let that go and turn to other, better words. If your sickness is one of those that can't be spoken of, here are women to help you treat it;
295	εἰ δ' ἔκφορός σοι συμφορὰ πρὸς ἄρσενας, λέγ', ὡς ἰατροῖς πρᾶγμα μηνυθῇ τόδε. εἶεν· τί σιγᾷς; οὐκ ἐχρῆν σιγᾶν, τέκνον, ἀλλ' ἤ μ' ἐλέγχειν, εἴ τι μὴ καλῶς λέγω, ἢ τοῖσιν εὖ λεχθεῖσι συγχωρεῖν λόγοις. φθέγξαι τι, δεῦρ' ἄθρησον· ὦ τάλαιν' ἐγώ. γυναῖκες, ἄλλως τούσδε μοχθοῦμεν πόνους, ἴσον δ' ἄπεσμεν τῷ πρίν· οὔτε γὰρ τότε λόγοις ἐτέγγεθ' ἥδε νῦν τ' οὐ πείθεται.	but if your trouble can be told to men, speak, so that this can be reported to doctors. Well? Why are you silent? You shouldn't be silent, child. Either prove me wrong if I say something amiss, or agree with what's well said. Say something, look at me. Oh, I'm so unhappy! Ladies, we're toiling at this for nothing; we're as far off as before. She wasn't softened by words then, and she won't be persuaded now.
304	ἀλλ' ἴσθι μέντοι, πρὸς τάδ' αὐθαδεστέρα γίγνου θαλάσσης, εἰ θανεῖ, προδοῦσα σοὺς παῖδας πατρῴων μὴ μεθέξοντας δόμων, μὰ τὴν ἄνασσαν ἱππίαν Ἀμαζόνα, ἣ σοῖς τέκνοισι δεσπότην ἐγείνατο νόθον φρονοῦντα γνήσι', οἶσθά νιν καλῶς, Ἱππόλυτον.	But know this—and then go on, be more stubborn than the sea: if you die, you betray your sons, who will have no share in their father's house. Yes, by the queen of horsemen, the Amazon, who bore a master for your children, an illegitimate son with a trueborn son's ambitions—you know him well: Hippolytus.
310	**PHAEDRA** οἴμοι.	**PHAEDRA** Oh, no!
	NURSE θιγγάνει σέθεν τόδε;	**NURSE** Does that touch you?
311	**PHAEDRA** ἀπώλεσάς με, μαῖα, καί σε πρὸς θεῶν / τοῦδ' ἀνδρὸς αὖθις λίσσομαι σιγᾶν πέρι.	**PHAEDRA** You've destroyed me, Nurse. By the gods, I beg you, never speak of this man again.
313	**NURSE** ὁρᾷς; φρονεῖς μὲν εὖ, φρονοῦσα δ' οὐ θέλεις / παῖδάς τ' ὀνῆσαι καὶ σὸν ἐκσῶσαι βίον.	**NURSE** You see? Your mind is sound, but sound as it is, you won't help your sons or save your own life.
315	**PHAEDRA** φιλῶ τέκν'· ἄλλῃ δ' ἐν τύχῃ χειμάζομαι.	**PHAEDRA** I love my children. It's another storm I'm caught in.
316	**NURSE** ἁγνὰς μέν, ὦ παῖ, χεῖρας αἵματος φέρεις;	**NURSE** Your hands are pure of blood, child?
317	**PHAEDRA** χεῖρες μὲν ἁγναί, φρὴν δ' ἔχει μίασμά τι.	**PHAEDRA** My hands are pure. It's my mind that has some pollution.
318	**NURSE** μῶν ἐξ ἐπακτοῦ πημονῆς ἐχθρῶν τινος;	**NURSE** Not some harm brought on you by an enemy?
319	**PHAEDRA** φίλος μ' ἀπόλλυσ' οὐχ ἑκοῦσαν οὐχ ἑκών.	**PHAEDRA** Someone I love is destroying me—against my will, and against his.
320	**NURSE** Θησεύς τιν' ἡμάρτηκεν εἰς σ' ἁμαρτίαν;	**NURSE** Has Theseus done you some wrong?

	GREEK	ENGLISH
321	**PHAEDRA** μὴ δρῶσ᾽ ἔγωγ᾽ ἐκεῖνον ὀφθείην κακῶς.	**PHAEDRA** May I never be seen doing him harm!
322	**NURSE** τί γὰρ τὸ δεινὸν τοῦθ᾽ ὅ σ᾽ ἐξαίρει θανεῖν;	**NURSE** Then what is this terrible thing that drives you to die?
323	**PHAEDRA** ἔα μ᾽ ἁμαρτεῖν· οὐ γὰρ εἰς σ᾽ ἁμαρτάνω.	**PHAEDRA** Let me do wrong. It isn't you I'm wronging.
324	**NURSE** οὐ δῆθ᾽ ἑκοῦσά γ᾽, ἐν δὲ σοὶ λελείψομαι.	**NURSE** Not if I can help it. If I fail, it will be because of you.
325	**PHAEDRA** τί δρᾷς; βιάζει χειρὸς ἐξαρτωμένη;	**PHAEDRA** What are you doing? Forcing me, clinging to my hand?
326	**NURSE** καὶ σῶν γε γονάτων, κοὐ μεθήσομαί ποτε.	**NURSE** And to your knees, and I'll never let go.
327	**PHAEDRA** κάκ᾽, ὦ τάλαινα, σοὶ τάδ᾽, εἰ πεύσει, κακά.	**PHAEDRA** It will be bad for you, poor thing, bad, if you find out.
328	**NURSE** μεῖζον γὰρ ἢ σοῦ μὴ τυχεῖν τί μοι κακόν;	**NURSE** What could be worse for me than failing to win you over?
329	**PHAEDRA** ὀλεῖς· τὸ μέντοι πρᾶγμ᾽ ἐμοὶ τιμὴν φέρει.	**PHAEDRA** It will kill you. And yet the thing brings me honor.
330	**NURSE** κἄπειτα κρύπτεις χρήσθ᾽ ἱκνουμένης ἐμοῦ;	**NURSE** And you hide something good, when I'm begging you?
331	**PHAEDRA** ἐκ τῶν γὰρ αἰσχρῶν ἐσθλὰ μηχανώμεθα.	**PHAEDRA** Yes. Out of shameful things I'm contriving something noble.
332	**NURSE** οὔκουν λέγουσα τιμιωτέρα φανεῖ;	**NURSE** Then won't you be more honored if you speak?
333	**PHAEDRA** ἄπελθε πρὸς θεῶν δεξιᾶς τ᾽ ἐμῆς μέθες.	**PHAEDRA** Go away, by the gods, and let go of my right hand.
334	**NURSE** οὐ δῆτ᾽, ἐπεί μοι δῶρον οὐ δίδως ὃ χρῆν.	**NURSE** No, I won't, since you're not giving me the gift you should.
335	**PHAEDRA** δώσω· σέβας γὰρ χειρὸς αἰδοῦμαι τὸ σόν.	**PHAEDRA** I'll give it. I respect your suppliant hand.
336	**NURSE** σιγῶμ᾽ ἂν ἤδη· σὸς γὰρ οὑντεῦθεν λόγος.	**NURSE** Then I'll be silent now. From here on the speaking is yours.
337	**PHAEDRA** ὦ τλῆμον, οἷον, μῆτερ, ἠράσθης ἔρον,	**PHAEDRA** Poor Mother, what a love you fell into!
338	**NURSE** ὃν ἔσχε ταύρου, τέκνον, ἢ τί φὴς τόδε;	**NURSE** The one she had for the bull, child? Or what do you mean?[8]
339	**PHAEDRA** σύ τ᾽, ὦ τάλαιν᾽ ὄμαιμε, Διονύσου δάμαρ,	**PHAEDRA** And you, my poor sister, wife of Dionysus—[9]

8 Phaedra's mother, Pasiphae, wife of Minos of Crete, fell in love with a bull and bore the Minotaur.
9 Ariadne, abandoned by Theseus, became the bride of Dionysus and in some versions came to a bad end.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
340	**NURSE** τέκνον, τί πάσχεις; συγγόνους κακορροθεῖς;	**NURSE** Child, what's wrong with you? Are you slandering your own family?
341	**PHAEDRA** τρίτη τ' ἐγὼ δύστηνος ὡς ἀπόλλυμαι.	**PHAEDRA** And I, the third, in my misery—how I am being destroyed!
342	**NURSE** ἔκ τοι πέπληγμαι· ποῖ προβήσεται λόγος;	**NURSE** I'm thunderstruck. Where is this talk going?
343	**PHAEDRA** ἐκεῖθεν ἡμεῖς, οὐ νεωστὶ δυστυχεῖς.	**PHAEDRA** That's where my misfortune comes from. It isn't new.
344	**NURSE** οὐδέν τι μᾶλλον οἶδ' ἃ βούλομαι κλύειν.	**NURSE** I still know no better what I want to hear.
	PHAEDRA φεῦ· / πῶς ἂν σύ μοι λέξειας ἁμὲ χρῆς λέγειν;	**PHAEDRA** Ah! If only you could say for me what I have to say!
346	**NURSE** οὐ μάντις εἰμὶ τἀφανῆ γνῶναι σαφῶς.	**NURSE** I'm no prophet, to see clearly what is hidden.
347	**PHAEDRA** τί τοῦθ' ὃ δὴ λέγουσιν ἀνθρώπους ἐρᾶν;	**PHAEDRA** What is this thing they call being in love?
348	**NURSE** ἥδιστον, ὦ παῖ, ταὐτὸν ἀλγεινόν θ' ἅμα.	**NURSE** The sweetest thing, child, and the most painful, both at once.
349	**PHAEDRA** ἡμεῖς ἄρ' ἦμεν θατέρῳ κεχρημένοι.	**PHAEDRA** Then it seems I've had only the second.
350	**NURSE** τί φής; ἐρᾷς, ὦ τέκνον, ἀνθρώπων τίνος;	**NURSE** What are you saying? You're in love, child? With whom?
351	**PHAEDRA** ὅστις πόθ' οὗτός ἐσθ' ὁ τῆς Ἀμαζόνος —	**PHAEDRA** Whoever he is, the son of the Amazon—
352	**NURSE** Ἱππόλυτον αὐδᾷς;	**NURSE** Hippolytus, you mean?
	PHAEDRA σοῦ τάδ', οὐκ ἐμοῦ κλύεις.	**PHAEDRA** You heard that from yourself, not me.
353	**NURSE** οἴμοι, τί λέξεις, τέκνον; ὥς μ' ἀπώλεσας. γυναῖκες, οὐκ ἀνασχέτ', οὐκ ἀνέξομαι ζῶσ'· ἐχθρὸν ἦμαρ, ἐχθρὸν εἰσορῶ φάος. ῥίψω μεθήσω σῶμ', ἀπαλλαχθήσομαι βίου θανοῦσα· χαίρετ'· οὐκέτ' εἶμ' ἐγώ. οἱ σώφρονες γὰρ οὐχ ἑκόντες, ἀλλ' ὅμως κακῶν ἐρῶσι. Κύπρις οὐκ ἄρ' ἦν θεός, ἀλλ' εἴ τι μεῖζον ἄλλο γίγνεται θεοῦ, ἣ τήνδε κἀμὲ καὶ δόμους ἀπώλεσεν.	**NURSE** Oh, no! What will you say, child? How you've destroyed me! Ladies, it's unbearable; I won't bear to go on living. Hateful day, hateful this light I see! I'll throw myself down, let my body go, be rid of life by dying. Goodbye; I'm finished. The chaste, it seems—not willingly, but all the same—are in love with what is wrong. So Cypris was no god after all, but something greater than a god, if there is such a thing—she has destroyed her, and me, and this house.
362	**CHORUS** ἄιες ὤ, ἔκλυες ὠ ἀνήκουστα τᾶς τυράννου πάθεα μέλεα θρεομένας. ὀλοίμαν ἔγωγε, πρὶν σᾶν, φίλα, κατανύσαι φρενῶν. ἰώ μοι, φεῦ φεῦ. ὦ τάλαινα τῶνδ' ἀλγέων· ὦ πόνοι τρέφοντες βροτούς.	**CHORUS** Did you hear, oh, did you listen to the queen crying out sufferings unheard of, pitiful? May I die, my dear, before I come to think as you do! Oh, no, ah, ah! Poor woman, in such pain!

GREEK	ENGLISH
ὄλωλας, ἐξέφηνας εἰς φάος κακά. τίς σε παναμέριος ὅδε χρόνος μένει; τελευτάσεταί τι καινὸν δόμοις. ἄσημα δ' οὐκέτ' ἐστὶν οἷ φθίνει τύχα Κύπριδος, ὦ τάλαινα παῖ Κρησία.	Oh, the troubles that mortals are fed on! You are lost; you have brought evils into the light. What waits for you through all this long day? Something new will be brought to pass in the house. It is no longer unclear where the fortune Cypris sent you is wasting toward, poor girl of Crete.
373 **PHAEDRA** Τροιζήνιαι γυναῖκες, αἳ τόδ' ἔσχατον οἰκεῖτε χώρας Πελοπίας προνώπιον, ἤδη ποτ' ἄλλως νυκτὸς ἐν μακρῷ χρόνῳ θνητῶν ἐφρόντισ' ᾗ διέφθαρται βίος. καί μοι δοκοῦσιν οὐ κατὰ γνώμης φύσιν πράσσειν κάκιον, ἔστι γὰρ τό γ' εὖ φρονεῖν πολλοῖσιν, ἀλλὰ τῇδ' ἀθρητέον τόδε·	**PHAEDRA** Women of Troezen, you who live here on the farthest threshold of the land of Pelops: before now, in the long hours of the night, I have sometimes pondered how mortal lives are ruined. And it seems to me that people don't go wrong because of the nature of their minds—many have good sense—but this is how one must look at it.
380 τὰ χρήστ' ἐπιστάμεσθα καὶ γιγνώσκομεν, οὐκ ἐκπονοῦμεν δ', οἱ μὲν ἀργίας ὕπο, οἱ δ' ἡδονὴν προθέντες ἀντὶ τοῦ καλοῦ ἄλλην τιν'. εἰσὶ δ' ἡδοναὶ πολλαὶ βίου, μακραί τε λέσχαι καὶ σχολή, τερπνὸν κακόν, αἰδώς τε. δισσαὶ δ' εἰσίν, ἡ μὲν οὐ κακή, ἡ δ' ἄχθος οἴκων. εἰ δ' ὁ καιρὸς ἦν σαφής, οὐκ ἂν δύ' ἦστην ταὔτ' ἔχοντε γράμματα. ταῦτ' οὖν ἐπειδὴ τυγχάνω φρονοῦσ' ἐγώ, οὐκ ἔσθ' ὁποίῳ φαρμάκῳ διαφθερεῖν ἔμελλον, ὥστε τοὔμπαλιν πεσεῖν φρενῶν.	We know what is good and recognize it, but we don't carry it through—some out of laziness, others because they put some other pleasure ahead of what is fine. And there are many pleasures in life: long talks, and idleness, a delightful evil, and shame. There are two kinds of shame: one is not bad, the other is a burden on a house. If it were clear when each was fitting, they wouldn't be two things spelled with the same letters. Since I happen to know these things, there was no drug that could have corrupted my mind and made me fall into thinking the opposite.
391 λέξω δὲ καὶ σοὶ τῆς ἐμῆς γνώμης ὁδόν· ἐπεί μ' ἔρως ἔτρωσεν, ἐσκόπουν ὅπως κάλλιστ' ἐνέγκαιμ' αὐτόν. ἠρξάμην μὲν οὖν ἐκ τοῦδε, σιγᾶν τήνδε καὶ κρύπτειν νόσον. γλώσσῃ γὰρ οὐδὲν πιστόν, ἡ θυραῖα μὲν φρονήματ' ἀνδρῶν νουθετεῖν ἐπίσταται, αὐτὴ δ' ὑφ' αὑτῆς πλεῖστα κέκτηται κακά. τὸ δεύτερον δὲ τὴν ἄνοιαν εὖ φέρειν τῷ σωφρονεῖν νικῶσα προυνοησάμην. τρίτον δ', ἐπειδὴ τοισίδ' οὐκ ἐξήνυτον Κύπριν κρατῆσαι, κατθανεῖν ἔδοξέ μοι κράτιστον, οὐδεὶς ἀντερεῖ, βουλευμάτων.	I'll tell you, too, the path my mind took. When love wounded me, I considered how I might bear it best. So I began with this: to keep my sickness silent and hidden. For the tongue can't be trusted. It knows how to set other people's thinking straight, but brings the most trouble on itself. Second, I resolved to bear this folly well, conquering it by self-control. Third, since by these means I couldn't master Cypris, I decided that to die was the best—no one will deny it—the best of plans.
403 ἐμοὶ γὰρ εἴη μήτε λανθάνειν καλὰ μήτ' αἰσχρὰ δρώσῃ μάρτυρας πολλοὺς ἔχειν. τὸ δ' ἔργον ἤδη τὴν νόσον τε δυσκλεᾶ, γυνή τε πρὸς τοῖσδ' οὖσ' ἐγίγνωσκον καλῶς, μίσημα πᾶσιν. ὡς ὄλοιτο παγκάκως ἥτις πρὸς ἄνδρας ἦρξατ' αἰσχύνειν λέχη πρώτη θυραίους. ἐκ δὲ γενναίων δόμων τόδ' ἦρξε θηλείαισι γίγνεσθαι κακόν. ὅταν γὰρ αἰσχρὰ τοῖσιν ἐσθλοῖσιν δοκῇ, ἢ κάρτα δόξει τοῖς κακοῖς γ' εἶναι καλά.	May my fine deeds not go unseen, and my shameful ones not have many witnesses! I knew that the act, and the sickness, would bring me a bad name; and besides, I knew very well that I am a woman, a thing hated by all. May she perish utterly, the woman who first began to shame her marriage bed with other men! It was in noble houses that this evil began for women. For when the noble think shameful things good, the base will surely think them fine. And I hate the women who are

	GREEK	ENGLISH
	μισῶ δὲ καὶ τὰς σώφρονας μὲν ἐν λόγοις, λάθρᾳ δὲ τόλμας οὐ καλὰς κεκτημένας.	chaste in their words but in secret have the nerve for ugly deeds.
415	αἳ πῶς ποτ', ὦ δέσποινα ποντία Κύπρι, βλέπουσιν εἰς πρόσωπα τῶν ξυνευνετῶν οὐδὲ σκότον φρίσσουσι τὸν ξυνεργάτην τέραμνά τ' οἴκων μή ποτε φθογγὴν ἀφῇ; ἡμᾶς γὰρ αὐτὸ τοῦτ' ἀποκτείνει, φίλαι, ὡς μήποτ' ἄνδρα τὸν ἐμὸν αἰσχύνασ' ἁλῶ, μὴ παῖδας οὓς ἔτικτον· ἀλλ' ἐλεύθεροι παρρησίᾳ θάλλοντες οἰκοῖεν πόλιν κλεινῶν Ἀθηνῶν, μητρὸς εἵνεκ' εὐκλεεῖς. δουλοῖ γὰρ ἄνδρα, κἂν θρασύσπλαγχνός τις ᾖ, ὅταν ξυνειδῇ μητρὸς ἢ πατρὸς κακά. μόνον δὲ τοῦτό φασ' ἁμιλλᾶσθαι βίῳ, γνώμην δικαίαν κἀγαθήν, ὅτῳ παρῇ.	Cypris, lady of the sea, how can they ever look their husbands in the face? How do they not shudder at the darkness, their accomplice, and at the timbers of the house, in case they should ever cry out? This is the very thing that is killing me, my friends: that I should never be caught shaming my husband, or the children I bore. No, may they live in the city of glorious Athens free, flourishing in free speech, with a good name because of their mother. For it makes a slave of a man, however bold his heart, when he knows of his mother's or his father's wrongdoing. They say only one thing competes with life itself: a just and good mind, for whoever has one.
428	κακοὺς δὲ θνητῶν ἐξέφην', ὅταν τύχῃ, προθεὶς κάτοπτρον ὥστε παρθένῳ νέᾳ χρόνος· παρ' οἷσι μήποτ' ὀφθείην ἐγώ.	And the base among mortals are exposed, sooner or later, by time, which holds up a mirror to them as to a young girl. May I never be seen among them!
431	**CHORUS** φεῦ φεῦ· τὸ σῶφρον ὡς ἁπανταχοῦ καλὸν / καὶ δόξαν ἐσθλὴν ἐν βροτοῖς καρπίζεται.	**CHORUS** Ah! How fine chastity is, everywhere, and what a good name it reaps among mortals!
433	**NURSE** δέσποιν', ἐμοί τοι συμφορὰ μὲν ἀρτίως ἡ σὴ παρέσχε δεινὸν ἐξαίφνης φόβον· νῦν δ' ἐννοοῦμαι φαῦλος οὖσα· κἀν βροτοῖς αἱ δεύτεραί πως φροντίδες σοφώτεραι. οὐ γὰρ περισσὸν οὐδὲν οὐδ' ἔξω λόγου πέπονθας· ὀργαὶ δ' εἰς σ' ἐπέσκηψαν θεᾶς. ἐρᾷς· τί τοῦτο θαῦμα; σὺν πολλοῖς βροτῶν. κἄπειτ' ἔρωτος εἵνεκα ψυχὴν ὀλεῖς; οὔ τἄρα λύει τοῖς ἐρῶσι τῶν πέλας ὅσοι τε μέλλουσ', εἰ θανεῖν αὐτοὺς χρεών·	**NURSE** My lady, a moment ago your trouble gave me a sudden, terrible fright. But now I realize I was being foolish. Among mortals, somehow, second thoughts are wiser. Nothing extraordinary or beyond reason has happened to you: a goddess's anger has fallen on you. You're in love. What's so surprising in that? So are many people. And then you'll throw your life away for love? Then it's a poor bargain for all who love others, and all who will, if they have to die for it.
443	Κύπρις γὰρ οὐ φορητός, ἢν πολλὴ ῥυῇ· ἢ τὸν μὲν εἴκονθ' ἡσυχῇ μετέρχεται, ὃν δ' ἂν περισσὸν καὶ φρονοῦνθ' εὕρῃ μέγα, τοῦτον λαβοῦσα, πῶς δοκεῖς; καθύβρισεν. φοιτᾷ δ' ἀν' αἰθέρ', ἔστι δ' ἐν θαλασσίῳ κλύδωνι Κύπρις, πάντα δ' ἐκ ταύτης ἔφυ· ἥδ' ἐστὶν ἡ σπείρουσα καὶ διδοῦσ' ἔρον, οὗ πάντες ἐσμὲν οἱ κατὰ χθόν' ἔκγονοι.	For Cypris can't be withstood when she comes in full flood. She pursues the one who yields gently enough, but whoever she finds excessive and proud, she takes him and—what do you think?—tramples him in the dirt. She roams through the air, Cypris is in the surge of the sea, and everything is born from her. She is the one who sows and gives desire, and all of us on earth are sprung from that.
451	ὅσοι μὲν οὖν γραφάς τε τῶν παλαιτέρων ἔχουσιν αὐτοί τ' εἰσὶν ἐν μούσαις ἀεί, ἴσασι μὲν Ζεὺς ὥς ποτ' ἠράσθη γάμων Σεμέλης, ἴσασι δ' ὡς ἀνήρπασέν ποτε ἡ καλλιφεγγὴς Κέφαλον εἰς θεοὺς Ἕως ἔρωτος εἵνεκ'· ἀλλ' ὅμως ἐν οὐρανῷ	Now, those who have the writings of earlier generations and spend their lives with the Muses know how Zeus once fell in love with Semele and longed for her bed; they know how Dawn, with her lovely light, once snatched Cephalus up to the gods for love. And yet they live in heaven and don't run off

	GREEK	ENGLISH
	ναίουσι κοὐ φεύγουσιν ἐκποδὼν θεούς, στέργουσι δ', οἶμαι, συμφορᾷ νικώμενοι. σὺ δ' οὐκ ἀνέξει; χρῆν σ' ἐπὶ ῥητοῖς ἄρα πατέρα φυτεύειν ἢ 'πὶ δεσπόταις θεοῖς ἄλλοισιν, εἰ μὴ τούσδε γε στέρξεις νόμους.	out of the gods' sight. They put up with it, I think, overcome by what befell them. And you won't bear it? Then your father should have begotten you on special terms, or under other gods as masters, if you won't accept these laws.[10]
462	πόσους δοκεῖς δὴ κάρτ' ἔχοντας εὖ φρενῶν νοσοῦνθ' ὁρῶντας λέκτρα μὴ δοκεῖν ὁρᾶν; πόσους δὲ παισὶ πατέρας ἡμαρτηκόσι συνεκκομίζειν Κύπριν; ἐν σοφοῖσι γὰρ τάδ' ἐστὶ θνητῶν, λανθάνειν τὰ μὴ καλά. οὐδ' ἐκπονεῖν τοι χρῆν βίον λίαν βροτούς· οὐδὲ στέγην γὰρ ἧς κατηρεφεῖς δόμοι καλῶς ἀκριβώσειαν· εἰς δὲ τὴν τύχην πεσοῦσ' ὅσην σὺ πῶς ἂν ἐκνεῦσαι δοκεῖς; ἀλλ' εἰ τὰ πλείω χρηστὰ τῶν κακῶν ἔχεις, ἄνθρωπος οὖσα κάρτα γ' εὖ πράξειας ἄν.	How many men, do you think, men with very sound minds, see their marriage beds sick and pretend not to see? How many fathers help their erring sons see their love affairs through? This is part of mortals' wisdom: to keep out of sight what isn't fine. People shouldn't labor at life too precisely. You couldn't get even the roof that covers a house exactly right. And having fallen into a misfortune as great as yours, how do you expect to swim out of it? No: if you have more good than bad, being human, you'd be doing very well indeed.
473	ἀλλ' ὦ φίλη παῖ, λῆγε μὲν κακῶν φρενῶν, λῆξον δ' ὑβρίζουσ'· οὐ γὰρ ἄλλο πλὴν ὕβρις τάδ' ἐστί, κρείσσω δαιμόνων εἶναι θέλειν· τόλμα δ' ἐρῶσα· θεὸς ἐβουλήθη τάδε. νοσοῦσα δ' εὖ πως τὴν νόσον καταστρέφου. εἰσὶν δ' ἐπῳδαὶ καὶ λόγοι θελκτήριοι· φανήσεταί τι τῆσδε φάρμακον νόσου. ἦ τἄρ' ἂν ὀψέ γ' ἄνδρες ἐξεύροιεν ἄν, εἰ μὴ γυναῖκες μηχανὰς εὑρήσομεν.	So, dear child, stop thinking wicked thoughts; stop this arrogance. For it is nothing but arrogance, wanting to be stronger than the gods. Dare to love: a god has willed it. You are sick, so find some good way to master your sickness. There are incantations and charming words; some cure for this sickness will turn up. Men would surely be slow to find one, if we women don't find the means.
482	**CHORUS** Φαίδρα, λέγει μὲν ἥδε χρησιμώτερα πρὸς τὴν παροῦσαν συμφοράν, αἰνῶ δὲ σέ. ὁ δ' αἶνος οὗτος δυσχερέστερος ψόγων τῶν τῆσδε καὶ σοὶ μᾶλλον ἀλγίων κλύειν.	**CHORUS** Phaedra, what she says is more useful in your present trouble, but it's you I praise. And yet this praise is harder to bear than her reproaches, and more painful for you to hear.
486	**PHAEDRA** τοῦτ' ἔσθ' ὃ θνητῶν εὖ πόλεις οἰκουμένας δόμους τ' ἀπόλλυσ', οἱ καλοὶ λίαν λόγοι. οὐ γάρ τι τοῖσιν ὡσὶ τερπνὰ χρὴ λέγειν, ἀλλ' ἐξ ὅτου τις εὐκλεὴς γενήσεται.	**PHAEDRA** This is what destroys the well-run cities of men, and their homes too: words that are too fine. You shouldn't say what pleases the ear. You should say what will win a person a good name.
490	**NURSE** τί σεμνομυθεῖς; οὐ λόγων εὐσχημόνων δεῖ σ', ἀλλὰ τἀνδρὸς ὡς τάχος διιστέον, τὸν εὐθὺν ἐξειπόντας ἀμφὶ σοῦ λόγον. εἰ μὲν γὰρ ἦν σοι μὴ 'πὶ συμφοραῖς βίος τοιαῖσδε, σώφρων δ' οὖσ' ἐτύγχανες γυνή, οὐκ ἄν ποτ' εὐνῆς εἵνεχ' ἡδονῆς τε σῆς πῶς ἦγον ἄν σε δεῦρο; νῦν δ' ἀγὼν μέγας σῶσαι βίον σόν, κοὐκ ἐπίφθονον τόδε.	**NURSE** Why so solemn? You don't need fine-sounding words. You need the man. We have to find out where he stands, and fast, by telling him the plain truth about you. If your life weren't in a crisis like this, and you were a chaste woman, I would never lead you this far for the sake of your bed and your pleasure. But now it's a great struggle to save your life, and nobody could fault me for that.
498	**PHAEDRA** ὦ δεινὰ λέξασ', οὐχὶ συγκλῄσεις στόμα / καὶ μὴ μεθήσεις αὖθις αἰσχίστους λόγους;	

10 Semele, a Theban princess, bore Dionysus to Zeus; Dawn (Eos) carried off the handsome young Cephalus.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
		PHAEDRA What dreadful things you've said! Shut your mouth, and don't let such shameful words loose ever again!
500	**NURSE** αἴσχρ', ἀλλ' ἀμείνω τῶν καλῶν τάδ' ἐστί σοι. κρεῖσσον δὲ τοὔργον, εἴπερ ἐκσώσει γέ σε, ἢ τοὔνομ', ᾧ σὺ κατθανεῖ γαυρουμένη.	**NURSE** Shameful, yes. But for you they're better than fine ones. Better the deed, if it really saves you, than the name you'll die priding yourself on.
503	**PHAEDRA** καὶ μή σε πρὸς θεῶν, εὖ λέγεις γάρ, αἰσχρὰ δέ, πέρα προβῇς τῶνδ'· ὡς ὑπείργασμαι μὲν οὐ ψυχὴν ἔρωτι, τἀσχρὰ δ' ἢν λέγῃς καλῶς, εἰς τοῦθ' ὃ φεύγω νῦν ἀναλωθήσομαι.	**PHAEDRA** For the gods' sake, no. You speak well, but shamefully. Don't go any further. My soul isn't yet subdued by love. But if you make shameful things sound fine, I'll be consumed by the very thing I'm running from now.
507	**NURSE** εἴ τοι δοκεῖ σοι, χρῆν μὲν οὔ σ' ἁμαρτάνειν· εἰ δ' οὖν, πιθοῦ μοι· δευτέρα γὰρ ἡ χάρις. ἔστιν κατ' οἴκους φίλτρα μοι θελκτήρια ἔρωτος, ἦλθε δ' ἄρτι μοι γνώμης ἔσω, ἅ σ' οὔτ' ἐπ' αἰσχροῖς οὔτ' ἐπὶ βλάβῃ φρενῶν παύσει νόσου τῆσδ', ἢν σὺ μὴ γένῃ κακή. δεῖ δ' ἐξ ἐκείνου δή τι τοῦ ποθουμένου σημεῖον, ἢ λόγον τιν' ἢ πέπλων ἄπο λαβεῖν, συνάψαι τ' ἐκ δυοῖν μίαν χάριν.	**NURSE** If that's how you feel, you shouldn't be doing wrong at all. But since you are, do as I say. It's the next-best kindness. I have charms in the house that soothe love. It came to my mind just now. They'll end this sickness of yours without anything shameful and without harm to your mind, if only you don't lose your nerve. But we must get some token from the one you long for, either some word of his or something from his clothes, and join the two of you in a single bond of love.
516	**PHAEDRA** πότερα δὲ χριστὸν ἢ ποτὸν τὸ φάρμακον;	**PHAEDRA** Is the drug an ointment or a potion?
517	**NURSE** οὐκ οἶδ'· ὄνασθαι, μὴ μαθεῖν βούλου, τέκνον.	**NURSE** I don't know. Ask to be helped by it, child, not to understand it.
518	**PHAEDRA** δέδοιχ' ὅπως μοι μὴ λίαν φανῇς σοφή.	**PHAEDRA** I'm afraid you'll turn out too clever for my good.
519	**NURSE** πάντ' ἂν φοβηθεῖσ' ἴσθι· δειμαίνεις δὲ τί;	**NURSE** You'd be afraid of anything, believe me. What is it you fear?
520	**PHAEDRA** μή μοί τι Θησέως τῶνδε μηνύσῃς τόκῳ.	**PHAEDRA** That you'll tell something of this to Theseus' son.
521	**NURSE** ἔασον, ᾧ παῖ· ταῦτ' ἐγὼ θήσω καλῶς. μόνον σύ μοι, δέσποινα ποντία Κύπρι, συνεργὸς εἶης. τἄλλα δ' οἷ' ἐγὼ φρονῶ τοῖς ἔνδον ἡμῖν ἀρκέσει λέξαι φίλοις.	**NURSE** Leave it to me, child. I'll arrange this well. Only you, my lady Cypris, queen of the sea, be my helper! As for the rest of what I have in mind, it will be enough to tell our friends inside.

FIRST STASIMON

The Chorus sings of the destructive power of Love and Cypris.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
525	**CHORUS** Ἔρως Ἔρως, ὁ κατ' ὀμμάτων ἱεὶς πόθον, εἰσάγων γλυκεῖαν ψυχαῖς χάριν οὓς ἐπιστρατεύσῃ, μή μοί ποτε σὺν κακῷ φανείης μηδ' ἄρρυθμος ἔλθοις.	**CHORUS** Love, Love, you who drip desire down through the eyes, who bring sweet delight into the souls of those you march against,

	GREEK	ENGLISH
	οὔτε γὰρ πυρὸς οὔτ’ ἄστρων ὑπέρτερον βέλος, οἷον τὸ τᾶς Ἀφροδίτας ἵησιν ἐκ χερῶν Ἔρως ὁ Διὸς παῖς. ἄλλως ἄλλως παρά τ’ Ἀλφεῷ Φοίβου τ’ ἐπὶ Πυθίοις τεράμνοις βούταν φόνον Ἑλλὰς αἰ̃’ ἀέξει·	never come to me with harm, never out of measure. For neither the shaft of fire nor the shaft of the stars strikes harder than Aphrodite’s shaft that Love, the son of Zeus, lets fly from his hands. In vain, in vain, beside the Alpheus and at Phoebus’ Pythian halls, the land of Greece heaps up the slaughter of oxen,[11]
538	Ἔρωτα δὲ τὸν τύραννον ἀνδρῶν, τὸν τᾶς Ἀφροδίτας φιλτάτων θαλάμων κληδοῦχον, οὐ σεβίζομεν, πέρθοντα καὶ διὰ πάσας ἰόντα συμφορᾶς θνατοῖς, ὅταν ἔλθῃ. τὰν μὲν Οἰχαλίᾳ πῶλον ἄζυγα λέκτρων ἄνανδρον τὸ πρὶν καὶ ἄνυμφον, οἴκων ζεύξασ’ ἄπ’ εἰρεσίᾳ, δρομάδα τὰν Ἄιδος ὥστε Βάκχαν, σὺν αἵματι, σὺν καπνῷ φονίοις θ’ ὑμεναίοις Ἀλκμήνας τόκῳ Κύπρις ἐξέδωκεν· ὦ τλάμων ὑμεναίων.	but Love, who rules over men, who keeps the keys to Aphrodite’s dearest chambers, we do not worship. Yet he ravages mortals when he comes, and drives them through every disaster. That filly of Oechalia, unyoked to any bed, husbandless till then and unwed, she yoked and carried off from home by oar, a runaway, like a Bacchant of Hades; with blood, with smoke, with a murderous wedding song, Cypris gave her to Alcmene’s son. Poor girl, what a marriage![12]
555	ὦ Θήβας ἱερὸν τεῖχος, ὦ στόμα Δίρκας, συνειδεῖτ’ ἂν ἁ Κύπρις οἷον ἔρδει. βροντᾷ γὰρ ἀμφιπύρῳ τοκάδα τὰν Διογόνοιο Βάκχου νυμφευσαμέναν πότμῳ φονίῳ κατεύνασε. δεινὰ γὰρ πάντᾳ γ’ ἐπιπνεῖ, μέλισσα δ’ οἷά τις πεπόταται.	Holy wall of Thebes, mouth of Dirce’s spring, you could bear witness how Cypris comes on. With thunder wrapped in fire she laid to rest in a bloody doom the mother of Bacchus, son of Zeus, the bride of a god. Her dreadful breath blows over everything, and she flits about like a bee.[13]

SECOND EPISODE

Hippolytus rages against women; Phaedra, exposed, resolves to die and bring him down with her.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
565	**PHAEDRA** σιγήσατ’, ὦ γυναῖκες· ἐξειργάσμεθα.	**PHAEDRA** Quiet, women. We’re finished.
566	**CHORUS** τί δ’ ἔστι, Φαίδρα, δεινὸν ἐν δόμοισι σοῖς;	**CHORUS** What is it, Phaedra? What’s so dreadful in your house?

11 The Alpheus flows past Olympia, sanctuary of Zeus. Phoebus Apollo’s “Pythian halls” are at Delphi. These were the two great centers of Greek sacrifice.
12 Heracles, son of Alcmene, sacked Oechalia and killed its king Eurytus to carry off his daughter Iole.
13 Semele of Thebes, Zeus’ lover and mother of Bacchus (Dionysus), was burned up by his thunderbolt.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
567	**PHAEDRA** ἐπίσχετ'· αὐδὴν τῶν ἔσωθεν ἐκμάθω.	**PHAEDRA** Wait. Let me hear what the voices inside are saying.
568	**CHORUS** σιγῶ· τὸ μέντοι φροίμιον κακὸν τόδε.	**CHORUS** I'm quiet. But this is an ugly beginning.
569	**PHAEDRA** ἰώ μοι, αἰαῖ αἰαῖ· / ὦ δυστάλαινα τῶν ἐμῶν παθημάτων.	**PHAEDRA** Oh, ah, ah! / How utterly wretched I am in what I suffer!
572	**CHORUS** τίνα θροεῖς αὐδάν; τίνα βοᾷς λόγον; ἔννεπε τίς φοβεῖ σε φάμα, γύναι, φρένας ἐπίσσυτος.	**CHORUS** What is this cry you raise? What is this you shout? Tell us, lady, what rumor frightens you, rushing in on your mind.
575	**PHAEDRA** ἀπωλόμεσθα. ταῖσδ' ἐπιστᾶσαι πύλαις / ἀκούσαθ' οἷος κέλαδος ἐν δόμοις πίτνει.	**PHAEDRA** We're lost. Stand at these doors and listen to the uproar breaking out in the house.
578	**CHORUS** σὺ παρὰ κλῇθρα· σοὶ μέλει πομπίμα φάτις δωμάτων. ἔνεπε δ' ἔνεπέ μοι, τί ποτ' ἔβα κακόν;	**CHORUS** You're by the doors. It's for you to catch the voices sent out of the house. Tell me, tell me, what evil has come?
583	**PHAEDRA** ὁ τῆς φιλίππου παῖς Ἀμαζόνος βοᾷ / Ἱππόλυτος, αὐδῶν δεινὰ πρόσπολον κακά.	**PHAEDRA** The son of the horse-loving Amazon, Hippolytus, is shouting, hurling terrible abuse at a servant.
585	**CHORUS** ἀχὰν μὲν κλύω, σαφὲς δ' οὐκ ἔχω γεγωνεῖν ὅπᾳ διὰ πύλας ἔμολεν ἔμολε σοὶ βοά.	**CHORUS** I hear a sound, but I can't make out clearly what kind of cry it was that came, that came to you through the doors.
589	**PHAEDRA** καὶ μὴν σαφῶς γε τὴν κακῶν προμνήστριαν, / τὴν δεσπότου προδοῦσαν ἐξαυδᾷ λέχος.	**PHAEDRA** Oh, it's clear enough! He's calling her a go-between of evil, a woman who betrayed her master's bed.
591	**CHORUS** ὤμοι ἐγὼ κακῶν· προδέδοσαι, φίλα. τί σοι μήσομαι; τὰ κρυπτὰ γὰρ πέφηνε, διὰ δ' ὄλλυσαι	**CHORUS** Oh, the horror of it! You're betrayed, my dear. What can I devise for you? What was hidden is out in the open, and you are destroyed,
594	**PHAEDRA** αἰαῖ, ἒ ἔ.	**PHAEDRA** Ah, ah! No, no!
595	**CHORUS** πρόδοτος ἐκ φίλων.	**CHORUS** betrayed by those who love you.
596	**PHAEDRA** ἀπώλεσέν μ' εἰποῦσα συμφορὰς ἐμάς, / φίλως, καλῶς δ' οὐ τήνδ' ἰωμένη νόσον.	**PHAEDRA** She's destroyed me by telling him my misfortune. She meant it lovingly, but it was no fine way to cure this sickness.
598	**CHORUS** πῶς οὖν; τί δράσεις, ὦ παθοῦσ' ἀμήχανα;	**CHORUS** What now? What will you do, when you've suffered something past all remedy?
599	**PHAEDRA** οὐκ οἶδα πλὴν ἕν, κατθανεῖν ὅσον τάχος / τῶν νῦν παρόντων πημάτων ἄκος μόνον.	**PHAEDRA** I know only one thing: to die as fast as I can. That's the only cure for the pain I'm in now.
601		

	GREEK	ENGLISH
	HIPPOLYTUS ὦ γαῖα μῆτερ ἡλίου τ' ἀναπτυχαί, / οἵων λόγων ἄρρητον εἰσήκουσ' ὄπα.	**HIPPOLYTUS** Mother Earth, and you, wide-open light of the sun, what unspeakable words I've heard!
603	**NURSE** σίγησον, ὦ παῖ, πρίν τιν' αἰσθέσθαι βοῆς.	**NURSE** Quiet, child, before somebody hears you shouting.
604	**HIPPOLYTUS** οὐκ ἔστ' ἀκούσας δείν' ὅπως σιγήσομαι.	**HIPPOLYTUS** I've heard dreadful things. There's no way I'll keep quiet.
605	**NURSE** ναὶ πρός σε τῆσδε δεξιᾶς εὐωλένου.	**NURSE** Please, I beg you, by this strong right arm of yours.
606	**HIPPOLYTUS** οὐ μὴ προσοίσεις χεῖρα μηδ' ἅψει πέπλων;	**HIPPOLYTUS** Keep your hands off me! Don't touch my clothes!
607	**NURSE** ὦ πρός σε γονάτων, μηδαμῶς μ' ἐξεργάσῃ.	**NURSE** I beg you by your knees, don't destroy me!
608	**HIPPOLYTUS** τί δ', εἴπερ ὡς φὴς μηδὲν εἴρηκας κακόν;	**HIPPOLYTUS** Why not, if you've said nothing wrong, as you claim?
609	**NURSE** ὁ μῦθος, ὦ παῖ, κοινὸς οὐδαμῶς ὅδε.	**NURSE** This story, child, is not for everyone to hear.
610	**HIPPOLYTUS** τά τοι κάλ' ἐν πολλοῖσι κάλλιον λέγειν.	**HIPPOLYTUS** Good things are all the better told in front of many.
611	**NURSE** ὦ τέκνον, ὅρκους μηδαμῶς ἀτιμάσῃς.	**NURSE** My child, don't dishonor your oath.
612	**HIPPOLYTUS** ἡ γλῶσσ' ὀμώμοχ', ἡ δὲ φρὴν ἀνώμοτος.	**HIPPOLYTUS** My tongue swore. My mind is unsworn.
613	**NURSE** ὦ παῖ, τί δράσεις; σοὺς φίλους διεργάσει;	**NURSE** Child, what will you do? Destroy your own loved ones?
614	**HIPPOLYTUS** ἀπέπτυσ'· οὐδεὶς ἄδικός ἐστί μοι φίλος.	**HIPPOLYTUS** I spit on that! No one who does wrong is a loved one of mine.
615	**NURSE** σύγγνωθ'· ἁμαρτεῖν εἰκὸς ἀνθρώπους, τέκνον.	**NURSE** Forgive. People are bound to go wrong, child.
616	**HIPPOLYTUS** ὦ Ζεῦ, τί δὴ κίβδηλον ἀνθρώποις κακὸν γυναῖκας εἰς φῶς ἡλίου κατῴκισας; εἰ γὰρ βρότειον ἤθελες σπεῖραι γένος, οὐκ ἐκ γυναικῶν χρῆν παρασχέσθαι τόδε, ἀλλ' ἀντιθέντας σοῖσιν ἐν ναοῖς βροτοὺς ἢ χρυσὸν ἢ σίδηρον ἢ χαλκοῦ βάρος παίδων πρίασθαι σπέρμα, τοῦ τιμήματος τῆς ἀξίας ἕκαστον· ἐν δὲ δώμασι ναίειν ἐλευθέροισι θηλειῶν ἄτερ. νῦν δ' εἰς δόμους μὲν πρῶτον ἄξεσθαι κακὸν μέλλοντες ὄλβον δωμάτων ἐκτίνομεν.	**HIPPOLYTUS** Zeus, why did you settle women in the light of the sun, a counterfeit evil to plague mankind? If you wanted to sow the human race, you shouldn't have made it come from women. Men should have laid down gold in your temples, or iron, or a weight of bronze, and bought their seed of children there, each getting children worth the price he paid. Then they could live in their houses free, without females. As it is, the moment we're about to bring this evil into our homes, we start paying out the wealth of our houses.
627	τούτῳ δὲ δῆλον ὡς γυνὴ κακὸν μέγα· προσθεὶς γὰρ ὁ σπείρας τε καὶ θρέψας πατὴρ	Here's plain proof that woman is a great evil. The father who begot her and raised her pays a dowry

GREEK

φερνὰς ἀπῴκισ', ὡς ἀπαλλαχθῇ κακοῦ·
ὁ δ' αὖ λαβὼν ἀτηρὸν εἰς δόμους φυτὸν
γέγηθε κόσμον προστιθεὶς ἀγάλματι
καλὸν κακίστῳ καὶ πέπλοισιν ἐκπονεῖ
δύστηνος, ὄλβον δωμάτων ὑπεξελών.
ἔχει δ' ἀνάγκην, ὥστε κηδεύσας καλοῖς
γαμβροῖσι χαίρων σώζεται πικρὸν λέχος,
ἢ χρηστὰ λέκτρα, πενθεροὺς δ' ἀνωφελεῖς
λαβὼν πιέζει τἀγαθῷ τὸ δυστυχές.

ῥᾷστον δ' ὅτῳ τὸ μηδέν, ἀλλ' ἀνωφελὴς
εὐηθίᾳ κατ' οἶκον ἵδρυται γυνή.
σοφὴν δὲ μισῶ· μὴ γὰρ ἔν γ' ἐμοῖς δόμοις
εἴη φρονοῦσα πλεῖον ἢ γυναῖκα χρή.
τὸ γὰρ πανοῦργον μᾶλλον ἐντίκτει Κύπρις
ἐν ταῖς σοφαῖσιν· ἡ δ' ἀμήχανος γυνὴ
γνώμῃ βραχείᾳ μωρίαν ἀφῃρέθη.
χρῆν δ' εἰς γυναῖκα πρόσπολον μὲν οὐ περᾶν,
ἄφθογγα δ' αὐταῖς συγκατοικίζειν δάκη
θηρῶν, ἵν' εἶχον μήτε προσφωνεῖν τινα
μήτ' ἐξ ἐκείνων φθέγμα δέξασθαι πάλιν.

νῦν δ' αἱ μὲν ἔνδον δρῶσιν αἱ κακαὶ κακὰ
βουλεύματ', ἔξω δ' ἐκφέρουσι πρόσπολοι.
ὡς καὶ σύ γ' ἡμῖν πατρός, ὦ κακὸν κάρα,
λέκτρων ἀθίκτων ἦλθες εἰς συναλλαγάς·
ἀγὼ ῥυτοῖς νασμοῖσιν ἐξομόρξομαι,
εἰς ὦτα κλύζων. πῶς ἂν οὖν εἴην κακός,
ὃς οὐδ' ἀκούσας τοιάδ' ἁγνεύειν δοκῶ;
εὖ δ' ἴσθι, τοὐμόν σ' εὐσεβὲς σώζει, γύναι·
εἰ μὴ γὰρ ὅρκοις θεῶν ἄφρακτος ἠρέθην,
οὐκ ἄν ποτ' ἔσχον μὴ οὐ τάδ' ἐξειπεῖν πατρί.

νῦν δ' ἐκ δόμων μέν, ἔστ' ἂν ἔκδημος χθονὸς
Θησεύς, ἄπειμι· σῖγα δ' ἔξομεν στόμα.
θεάσομαι δὲ σὺν πατρὸς μολὼν ποδὶ
πῶς νιν προσόψει καὶ σὺ καὶ δέσποινα σή·
τῆς σῆς δὲ τόλμης εἴσομαι γεγευμένος.
ὄλοισθε. μισῶν δ' οὔποτ' ἐμπλησθήσομαι
γυναῖκας, οὐδ' εἴ φησί τίς μ' ἀεὶ λέγειν·
ἀεὶ γὰρ οὖν πώς εἰσι κἀκεῖναι κακαί.
ἢ νύν τις αὐτὰς σωφρονεῖν διδαξάτω,
ἢ κἄμ' ἐάτω ταῖσδ' ἐπεμβαίνειν ἀεί.

PHAEDRA τάλανες ὦ κακοτυχεῖς
γυναικῶν πότμοι.
τίν' αὖ νῦν τέχναν ἔχομεν αἳ λόγου
σφαλεῖσαι κάθαμμα λύειν δόλοις;
ἐτύχομεν δίκας· ἰὼ γᾶ καὶ φῶς.
πᾷ ποτ' ἐξαλύξω τύχας;

ENGLISH

to send her off to live somewhere else, just to be rid of an evil. And the man who takes this poisonous growth into his home is delighted to hang beautiful finery on his vile idol, and the poor fool toils over gowns for her, draining away the wealth of his house. He's caught either way. Either he's married into a good family and, happy in his in-laws, he keeps a bitter bed, or he gets a good wife but useless in-laws, and has to smother the bad luck with the good.

The easiest lot belongs to the man whose wife is a nobody, useless, planted in his house in her simplicity. A clever woman I hate. Never let there be one in my house who thinks more than a woman should! It's in the clever ones that Cypris breeds more mischief. The helpless woman is kept from folly by her lack of wits. No servant should ever be allowed near a woman. Women should be housed with beasts that bite but cannot speak, so they'd have no one to talk to and get no word back in return.

As it is, the bad women sit inside plotting bad things, and their servants carry them outside. Just like you, you vile creature, coming to me to bargain over my father's untouchable bed. I'll wash that away with running water, flushing it out of my ears. How could I be bad, when I feel unclean just from hearing such things? Understand this, woman: it's my piety that saves you. If I hadn't been caught off guard by an oath to the gods, nothing would have stopped me from telling all this to my father.

For now, while Theseus is out of the country, I'll leave the house, and I'll keep my mouth shut. But I'll come back with my father, and I'll watch how you look him in the face, you and your mistress. I'll know your nerve, now that I've had a taste of it. Curse you all! I'll never have my fill of hating women, not even if someone says I'm always going on about it. They're always bad too, somehow. Either someone should teach them to be chaste, or let me go on trampling on them forever.

PHAEDRA Wretched, ill-starred,
the lot of women!
What skill, what cunning do we have now,
tripped up, to untie the knot of his words?
We have met our punishment. Earth and light!
Where can I escape my fate?

	GREEK	ENGLISH
	πῶς δὲ πῆμα κρύψω, φίλαι; τίς ἂν θεῶν ἀρωγὸς ἢ τίς ἂν βροτῶν πάρεδρος ἢ ξυνεργὸς ἀδίκων ἔργων φανείη; τὸ γὰρ παρ' ἡμῖν πάθος παρὸν δυσεκπέρατον ἔρχεται βίου. κακοτυχεστάτα γυναικῶν ἐγώ.	How can I hide my pain, my friends? What god would come to help me, what mortal would sit beside me and work with me in unjust deeds? The suffering upon me now is taking me, past escaping, out of life. Most ill-fated of women, I.
680	**CHORUS** φεῦ φεῦ· πέπρακται, κοὐ κατώρθωται τέχνῃ, / δέσποινα, τῆς σῆς προσπόλου, κακῶς δ' ἔχει.	**CHORUS** Ah, ah! It's done, my lady. Your servant's scheme hasn't worked, and things are bad.
682	**PHAEDRA** ὦ παγκακίστη καὶ φίλων διαφθορεῦ, οἷ' εἰργάσω με. Ζεύς σε γεννήτωρ ἐμὸς πρόρριζον ἐκτρίψειεν οὐτάσας πυρί. οὐκ εἶπον, οὐ σῆς προυνοησάμην φρενός, σιγᾶν ἐφ' οἷσι νῦν ἐγὼ κακύνομαι; σὺ δ' οὐκ ἀνέσχου· τοιγὰρ οὐκέτ' εὐκλεεῖς θανούμεθ'. ἀλλὰ δεῖ με δὴ καινῶν λόγων. οὗτος γὰρ ὀργῇ συντεθηγμένος φρένας ἐρεῖ καθ' ἡμῶν πατρὶ σὰς ἁμαρτίας, ἐρεῖ δὲ Πιτθεῖ τῷ γέροντι συμφοράς, πλήσει δὲ πᾶσαν γαῖαν αἰσχίστων λόγων. ὅλοιο καὶ σὺ χὥστις ἄκοντας φίλους πρόθυμός ἐστι μὴ καλῶς εὐεργετεῖν.	**PHAEDRA** You vilest of women, ruin of those who love you, look what you've done to me! May Zeus, my forefather, strike you with his fire and tear you up by the roots! Didn't I tell you, didn't I see what you had in mind, to keep quiet about the things that now disgrace me? But you couldn't hold back. So now I won't die with a good name. Now I need new plans. This man, his mind whetted with rage, will denounce me to his father for your mistakes. He'll tell old Pittheus about my misfortune, and fill the whole land with the most shameful talk. Curse you, and anyone so eager to do favors for friends against their will, and to do them shamefully![14]
695	**NURSE** δέσποιν', ἔχεις μὲν τἀμὰ μέμψασθαι κακά· τὸ γὰρ δάκνον σου τὴν διάγνωσιν κρατεῖ· ἔχω δὲ κἀγὼ πρὸς τάδ', εἰ δέξει, λέγειν. ἔθρεψά σ' εὔνους τ' εἰμί· τῆς νόσου δέ σοι ζητοῦσα φάρμαχ' ηὗρον οὐχ ἁβουλόμην. εἰ δ' εὖ γ' ἔπραξα, κάρτ' ἂν ἐν σοφοῖσιν ἦ· πρὸς τὰς τύχας γὰρ τὰς φρένας κεκτήμεθα.	**NURSE** My lady, you can blame me for what I did wrong. The sting of it overpowers your judgment. But I too have something to say in reply, if you'll hear it. I raised you, and I'm on your side. I looked for a cure for your sickness, and found one I never wanted. If it had gone well, I'd be counted very clever. People's wits are judged by how things turn out.
702	**PHAEDRA** ἦ γὰρ δίκαια ταῦτα κἀξαρκοῦντά μοι, / τρώσασαν ἡμᾶς εἶτα συγχωρεῖν λόγοις;	**PHAEDRA** Is that fair? Is that enough for me, for you to wound me and then patch it up with words?
704	**NURSE** μακρηγοροῦμεν· οὐκ ἐσωφρόνουν ἐγώ, / ἀλλ' ἔστι κἀκ τῶνδ' ὥστε σωθῆναι, τέκνον.	**NURSE** We're talking too long. I wasn't sensible. But even from here there's a way to be saved, child.
706	**PHAEDRA** παῦσαι λέγουσα· καὶ τὰ πρὶν γὰρ οὐ καλῶς παρῄνεσάς μοι κἀπεχείρησας κακά. ἀλλ' ἐκποδὼν ἄπελθε καὶ σαυτῆς πέρι φρόντιζ'· ἐγὼ δὲ τἀμὰ θήσομαι καλῶς. ὑμεῖς δέ, παῖδες εὐγενεῖς Τροιζήνιαι, τοσόνδε μοι παράσχετ' ἐξαιτουμένῃ, σιγῇ καλύπτειν ἀνθάδ' εἰσηκούσατε.	**PHAEDRA** Stop talking. Your advice before was wrong too, and what you tried was wicked. Get out of my way and look after yourself. I'll settle my own affairs well. And you, noble daughters of Troezen, grant me this much, I beg you: cover what you've heard here in silence.
713		

14 Phaedra's father Minos was a son of Zeus.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
	CHORUS ὄμνυμι σεμνὴν Ἄρτεμιν Διὸς κόρην, / μηδὲν κακῶν σῶν εἰς φάος δείξειν ποτέ.	**CHORUS** I swear by holy Artemis, daughter of Zeus, never to bring any of your troubles to light.
715	**PHAEDRA** καλῶς ἔλεξας. ἓν δὲ προτρέπουσ' ἐγὼ ηὕρηκα δῆτα τῆσδε συμφορᾶς ἄκος, ὥστ' εὐκλεᾶ μὲν παισὶ προσθεῖναι βίον, αὐτὴ δ' ὄνασθαι πρὸς τὰ νῦν πεπτωκότα. οὐ γάρ ποτ' αἰσχυνῶ γε Κρησίους δόμους, οὐδ' εἰς πρόσωπον Θησέως ἀφίξομαι αἰσχροῖς ἐπ' ἔργοις εἵνεκα ψυχῆς μιᾶς.	**PHAEDRA** Well said. I've turned it over, and I've found the one cure for this misfortune. It will leave my children a life with a good name, and help me as things have now fallen. I will never shame my Cretan home, and I won't face Theseus over shameful deeds just to save one life.
722	**CHORUS** μέλλεις δὲ δή τι δρᾶν ἀνήκεστον κακόν;	**CHORUS** What are you going to do? Something that can't be undone?
723	**PHAEDRA** θανεῖν· ὅπως δέ, τοῦτ' ἐγὼ βουλεύσομαι.	**PHAEDRA** Die. How, I'll decide myself.
724	**CHORUS** εὔφημος ἴσθι.	**CHORUS** Don't say such things!
	PHAEDRA καὶ σύ γ' εὖ με νουθέτει. ἐγὼ δὲ Κύπριν, ἥπερ ἐξόλλυσί με, ψυχῆς ἀπαλλαχθεῖσα τῇδ' ἐν ἡμέρᾳ τέρψω· πικροῦ δ' ἔρωτος ἡσσηθήσομαι. ἀτὰρ κακόν γε χἀτέρῳ γενήσομαι θανοῦσ', ἵν' εἰδῇ μὴ 'πὶ τοῖς ἐμοῖς κακοῖς ὑψηλὸς εἶναι· τῆς νόσου δὲ τῆσδέ μοι κοινῇ μετασχὼν σωφρονεῖν μαθήσεται.	**PHAEDRA** And you, give me good advice instead. I will delight Cypris, who is destroying me, by freeing myself from life this very day. I will be beaten by a bitter love. But by dying I'll be an evil to someone else too, so he'll learn not to stand so high above my troubles. When he shares this sickness with me, he'll learn what self-control is.

SECOND STASIMON

The Chorus longs to fly far away and foresees Phaedra hanging herself.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
732	**CHORUS** ἠλιβάτοις ὑπὸ κευθμῶσι γενοίμαν, ἵνα με πτεροῦσσαν ὄρνιν θεὸς εἰνὶ ποταναῖς ἀγέλαις θείη. ἀρθείην δ' ἐπὶ πόντιον κῦμα τᾶς Ἀδριηνᾶς ἀκτᾶς Ἠριδανοῦ θ' ὕδωρ· ἔνθα πορφύρεον σταλάσσουσ' εἰς οἶδμα πατρὸς τάλαιναι κόραι Φαέθοντος οἴκτῳ δακρύων τὰς ἠλεκτροφαεῖς αὐγάς. Ἑσπερίδων δ' ἐπὶ μηλόσπορον ἀκτὰν ἀνύσαιμι τᾶν ἀοιδῶν, ἵν' ὁ ποντομέδων πορφυρέας λίμνας ναύταις οὐκέθ' ὁδὸν νέμει, σεμνὸν τέρμονα ναίων οὐρανοῦ, τὸν Ἄτλας ἔχει, κρῆναί τ' ἀμβρόσιαι χέονται Ζανὸς μελάθρων παροίκοις, ἵν' ἁ βιόδωρος αὔξει ζαθέα χθὼν εὐδαιμονίαν θεοῖς.	**CHORUS** If only I were in the deep hidden clefts of the cliffs, where a god might make me a winged bird among the flying flocks! I would soar over the sea-swell of the Adriatic shore and the waters of the Eridanus, where into their father's purple swell the poor girls, Phaethon's sisters, weeping in grief for him, drip the amber-gleaming radiance of their tears. And to the apple-bearing shore of the Hesperides, the singers, I would make my way, where the sea's lord grants sailors no more passage on the purple waters, and holds the holy boundary of the sky that Atlas bears, and ambrosial springs flow beside the halls of Zeus,

	GREEK	ENGLISH
		where the holy, life-giving earth makes the gods' happiness grow.[15]
752	ὦ λευκόπτερε Κρησία πορθμίς, ἃ διὰ πόντιον κῦμ' ἁλίκτυπον ἅλμας ἐπόρευσας ἐμὰν ἄνασσαν ὀλβίων ἀπ' οἴκων, κακονυμφοτάταν ὄνασιν. ἢ γὰρ ἀπ' ἀμφοτέρων ἢ Κρησίας ἐκ γᾶς δύσορνις ἔπτατ' ἐπὶ κλεινὰς Ἀθήνας, Μουνύχου δ' ἀκταῖσιν ἐκδήσαντο πλεκτὰς πεισμάτων ἀρχὰς ἐπ' ἀπείρου τε γᾶς ἔβασαν. ἀνθ' ὧν οὐχ ὁσίων ἐρώτων δεινᾷ φρένας Ἀφροδίτας νόσῳ κατεκλάσθη· χαλεπᾷ δ' ὑπέραντλος οὖσα συμφορᾷ, τεράμνων ἀπὸ νυμφιδίων κρεμαστὸν ἄψεται ἀμφὶ βρόχον λευκᾷ καθαρμόζουσα δείρᾳ, δαίμονα στυγνὰν καταιδεσθεῖσα τάν τ' εὔδοξον ἀνθαιρουμένα φάμαν ἀπαλλάσσουσά τ' ἀλγεινὸν φρενῶν ἔρωτα.	White-winged ship of Crete, you who carried my queen across the sea's salt wave, pounding the shore, away from her prosperous home to delight in the worst of marriages! Either from both lands, or from Crete, with evil omens she flew to glorious Athens, and on the shore of Munychus they made fast the plaited ends of the cables and stepped onto the mainland. So it was that with unholy desire her mind was broken by Aphrodite's dreadful sickness. Now, swamped by her harsh misfortune, from the beams of her bridal chamber she will fasten a hanging noose and fit it around her white neck, in awe of a hateful fate, choosing instead a good name, and ridding her heart of a painful love.[16]
775	**NURSE** ἰοὺ ἰού·	**NURSE** Oh! Oh!

THIRD EPISODE

Theseus finds Phaedra dead with a letter accusing Hippolytus, curses his son and banishes him.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
776	**NURSE** βοηδρομεῖτε πάντες οἱ πέλας δόμων· / ἐν ἀγχόναις δέσποινα, Θησέως δάμαρ.	**NURSE** Run and help, everyone near the house! My lady is in the noose, Theseus' wife!
778	**CHORUS** φεῦ φεῦ, πέπρακται· βασιλὶς οὐκέτ' ἔστι δὴ / γυνή, κρεμαστοῖς ἐν βρόχοις ἠρτημένη.	**CHORUS** Ah, ah, it's done! The queen is gone, hanging in a dangling noose.
780	**NURSE** οὐ σπεύσετ'; οὐκ οἴσει τις ἀμφιδέξιον / σίδηρον, ᾧ τόδ' ἄμμα λύσομεν δέρης;	**NURSE** Hurry! Won't someone bring a two-edged knife, so we can cut this knot from her neck?
782	**HALF-CHORUS** φίλαι, τί δρῶμεν; ἢ δοκεῖ περᾶν δόμους / λῦσαί τ' ἄνασσαν ἐξ ἐπισπαστῶν βρόχων;	**HALF-CHORUS** Friends, what should we do? Should we go into the house and free the queen from the tightened noose?
784		

15 Phaethon's sisters mourned him beside the Eridanus, a river of the far north and west, and their tears became amber. The Hesperides guarded golden apples at the western edge of the world.
16 Munychus is the hill above Piraeus, the harbor of Athens.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
	τί δ'; οὐ πάρεισι πρόσπολοι νεανίαι; / τὸ πολλὰ πράσσειν οὐκ ἐν ἀσφαλεῖ βίου.	Why? Aren't there young servants there? Meddling is no safe way to live.
786	**NURSE** ὀρθώσατ' ἐκτείναντες ἄθλιον νέκυν, / πικρὸν τόδ' οἰκούρημα δεσπόταις ἐμοῖς.	**NURSE** Straighten the poor body and lay it out. A bitter way she's kept the house for my masters!
788	**CHORUS** ὄλωλεν ἡ δύστηνος, ὡς κλύω, γυνή· / ἤδη γὰρ ὡς νεκρόν νιν ἐκτείνουσι δή.	**CHORUS** The poor lady is dead, from what I hear. They're already laying her out as a corpse.
790	**THESEUS** γυναῖκες, ἴστε τίς ποτ' ἐν δόμοις βοή; ἠχὴ βαρεῖα προσπόλων μ' ἀφίκετο. οὐ γάρ τί μ' ὡς θεωρὸν ἀξιοῖ δόμος πύλας ἀνοίξας εὐφρόνως προσεννέπειν. μῶν Πιτθέως τι γῆρας εἴργασται νέον; πρόσω μὲν ἤδη βίοτος, ἀλλ' ὅμως ἔτ' ἂν λυπηρὸς ἡμῖν τούσδ' ἂν ἐκλίποι δόμους.	**THESEUS** Women, do you know what this crying in the house is? A heavy sound of servants' voices reached me. My house doesn't see fit to open its doors and greet me kindly, home from the oracle. Has something new happened to old Pittheus? His life is far along already, but even so, his leaving this house would grieve me.[17]
797	**CHORUS** οὐκ εἰς γέροντας ἥδε σοι τείνει τύχη, / Θησεῦ· νέοι θανόντες ἀλγυνοῦσί σε.	**CHORUS** This misfortune doesn't touch the old, Theseus. It's the young whose death will grieve you.
799	**THESEUS** οἴμοι· τέκνων μοι μή τι συλᾶται βίος;	**THESEUS** Oh, no! Is it my children's lives that are being stolen from me?
800	**CHORUS** ζῶσιν, θανούσης μητρὸς ὡς ἄλγιστά σοι.	**CHORUS** They're alive. But their mother is dead, and that will grieve you most.
801	**THESEUS** τί φής; ὄλωλεν ἄλοχος; ἐκ τίνος τύχης;	**THESEUS** What are you saying? My wife is dead? How did it happen?
802	**CHORUS** βρόχον κρεμαστὸν ἀγχόνης ἀνήψατο.	**CHORUS** She fastened a hanging noose and strangled herself.
803	**THESEUS** λύπῃ παχνωθεῖσ' ἢ ἀπὸ συμφορᾶς τίνος;	**THESEUS** Frozen with grief, or after some misfortune?
804	**CHORUS** τοσοῦτον ἴσμεν· ἄρτι γὰρ κἀγὼ δόμοις, / Θησεῦ, πάρειμι σῶν κακῶν πενθήτρια.	**CHORUS** That's all we know. I've only just come to the house myself, Theseus, to mourn your loss.
806	**THESEUS** αἰαῖ· τί δῆτα τοῖσδ' ἀνέστεμμαι κάρα πλεκτοῖσι φύλλοις, δυστυχὴς θεωρὸς ὤν; χαλᾶτε κλῆθρα, πρόσπολοι, πυλωμάτων, ἐκλύεθ' ἁρμούς, ὡς ἴδω πικρὰν θέαν γυναικός, ἥ με κατθανοῦσ' ἀπώλεσεν.	**THESEUS** Ah! Why then do I wear this crown of woven leaves on my head, an envoy with such bad luck? Servants, unbar the doors, undo the bolts, so I can see the bitter sight of my wife, who has destroyed me by her death.
811	**CHORUS** ἰὼ ἰὼ τάλαινα μελέων κακῶν· ἔπαθες, εἰργάσω τοσοῦτον ὥστε τούσδε συγχέαι δόμους. αἰαῖ τόλμας, βιαίως θανοῦσ' ἀνοσίῳ τε συμφορᾷ, σᾶς χερὸς πάλαισμα μελέας. τίς ἆρα σάν, τάλαιν', ἀμαυροῖ ζωάν;	**CHORUS** Oh, oh, poor woman, in your wretched misery! What you suffered, what you did, enough to bring this house crashing down! Ah, your daring! You died by violence, by an unholy fate, the struggle

17 Theseus is returning from a sacred mission to consult an oracle and still wears the envoy's garland.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
		of your own poor hand. Who was it, poor woman, that darkened your life?
817	**THESEUS** ὤμοι ἐγὼ πόνων· ἔπαθον, ὦ πόλις, τὰ μάκιστ' ἐμῶν κακῶν. ὦ τύχα, ὥς μοι βαρεῖα καὶ δόμοις ἐπεστάθης, κηλὶς ἄφραστος ἐξ ἀλαστόρων τινός. κατακονὰ μὲν οὖν ἀβίοτος βίου· κακῶν δ' ὦ τάλας πέλαγος εἰσορῶ τοσοῦτον ὥστε μήποτ' ἐκνεῦσαι πάλιν μηδ' ἐκπερᾶσαι κῦμα τῆσδε συμφορᾶς. ἐκλύεθ' ἁρμούς, ὡς ἴδω πικρὰν θέαν. τίνα λόγον τάλας, τίνα τύχαν σέθεν βαρύποτμον, γύναι, προσαυδῶν τύχω; ὄρνις γὰρ ὥς τις ἐκ χερῶν ἄφαντος εἶ, πήδημ' ἐς Ἅιδου κραιπνὸν ὁρμήσασά μοι. αἰαῖ αἰαῖ, μέλεα μέλεα τάδε πάθη. πρόσωθεν δέ ποθεν ἀνακομίζομαι τύχαν δαιμόνων ἀμπλακίαισι τῶν πάροιθέν τινος.	**THESEUS** Oh, my sufferings! My city, I have suffered the greatest of my sorrows. Fortune, how heavily you have come down on me and my house, a stain no one saw coming, sent by some avenging spirit! No, it is the ruin of my life, a life not worth living. Poor wretch, I see a sea of troubles so vast I can never swim back out or get past the wave of this disaster. Undo the bolts, so I can see the bitter sight. What word, poor me, what name for your heavy fate, my wife, can I find to speak it rightly? You have vanished from my hands like a bird, you have leapt in a swift leap down to Hades. Ah, ah, wretched, wretched sufferings! From somewhere far back I am reaping a fate sent by the gods for the sins of someone long ago.
834	**CHORUS** οὐ σοὶ τάδ', ὦναξ, ἦλυθεν μόνῳ κακά· / πολλῶν μετ' ἄλλων δ' ὤλεσας κεδνὸν λέχος.	**CHORUS** You're not the only one this evil has come to, my lord. Many others besides you have lost a faithful wife.
836	**THESEUS** τὸ κατὰ γᾶς θέλω, τὸ κατὰ γᾶς κνέφας μετοικεῖν σκότῳ θανὼν ὁ τλάμων, τῆς σῆς στερηθεὶς φιλτάτης ὁμιλίας· ἀπώλεσας γὰρ μᾶλλον ἢ κατέφθισο. τίνα κλύω; πόθεν θανάσιμος τύχα γύναι σὰν τάλαινα κραδίαν ἔβα; εἴποι τις ἂν τὸ πραχθέν, ἢ μάτην ὄχλον στέγει τύραννον δῶμα προσπόλων ἐμῶν; ὤμοι μοι σέθεν … μέλεος, οἷον εἶδον ἄλγος δόμων, οὐ τλητὸν οὐδὲ ῥητόν· ἀλλ' ἀπωλόμην· ἔρημος οἶκος, καὶ τέκν' ὀρφανεύεται.	**THESEUS** Under the earth, I want to go under the earth's darkness, to dwell in the dark, dead, poor wretch, robbed of your company, so dear to me. You have destroyed me more than yourself. Whom can I hear it from? From where did this deadly fate come upon your heart, my poor wife? Will anyone tell me what happened? Or does my royal house shelter a crowd of servants for nothing? Oh, oh, for you … poor me, what grief I have seen in my house, not to be borne, not to be spoken! I'm destroyed. My home is empty, and my children are orphans.
848	**CHORUS** ἔλιπες ἔλιπες, ὦ φίλα γυναικῶν ἀρίστα θ' ὁπόσας ἐφορᾷ φέγγος ἀελίου τε καὶ νυκτὸς ἀστερωπὸν σέλας. τάλας, ὦ τάλας· ὅσον κακὸν ἔχει δόμος. δάκρυσί μου βλέφαρα	**CHORUS** You have left us, left us, dear one, best of all the women that the sun's light looks upon and the starry gleam of night. Poor man, poor man, how great an evil this house holds! My eyelids are drenched

	GREEK	ENGLISH
	καταχυθέντα τέγγεται σᾷ τύχᾳ· τὸ δ' ἐπὶ τῷδε πῆμα φρίσσω πάλαι.	with streaming tears at your fate. But the trouble that comes after this, I have long been shuddering at it.
855	**THESEUS** ἔα ἔα·	**THESEUS** Wait, wait!
856	τί δή ποθ'; ἥδε δέλτος ἐκ φίλης χερὸς ἠρτημένη θέλει τι σημῆναι νέον; ἀλλ' ἦ λέχους μοι καὶ τέκνων ἐπιστολὰς ἔγραψεν ἡ δύστηνος ἐξαιτουμένη; θάρσει, τάλαινα· λέκτρα γὰρ τὰ Θησέως οὐκ ἔστι δῶμά θ' ἥτις εἴσεισιν γυνή. καὶ μὴν τύποι γε σφενδόνης χρυσηλάτου τῆς οὐκέτ' οὔσης τῆσδε προσσαίνουσί με. φέρ', ἐξελίξας περιβολὰς σφραγισμάτων ἴδω τί λέξαι δέλτος ἥδε μοι θέλει.	What can this be? This tablet hanging from her dear hand, does it want to tell me something new? Has the poor woman written me a letter with requests about our marriage and our children? Don't be afraid, poor thing. No woman will ever enter Theseus' bed or his house. Yes, and the stamp of the gold-chased ring of her who is no more greets me fondly. Come, let me unwind the cords around the seals and see what this tablet wants to tell me.
866	**CHORUS** φεῦ φεῦ· ... τόδ' αὖ νεοχμὸν ἐκδοχαῖς ἐπιφέρει θεὸς κακόν. ἐμοὶ μὲν οὖν ἀβίοτος βίου τύχα πρὸς τὸ κρανθὲν εἴη τυχεῖν. ὀλομένους γάρ, οὐκέτ' ὄντας λέγω, φεῦ φεῦ, τῶν ἐμῶν τυράννων δόμους. ὦ δαῖμον, εἴ πως ἔστι, μὴ σφήλῃς δόμους, αἰτουμένης δὲ κλῦθί μου· πρὸς γάρ τινος οἰωνὸν ὥστε μάντις εἰσορῶ κακόν.	**CHORUS** Ah, ah! ... Here is yet another new evil the god brings on, one after another. As for me, after what has been brought about, may my lot be a life not worth living. For I call my rulers' house destroyed, ah, ah, a house that is no more. Some god, if there is any way, don't bring this house down. Hear me as I pray. For I see an evil omen coming from somewhere, like a seer.
874	**THESEUS** οἴμοι· τόδ' οἷον ἄλλο πρὸς κακῷ κακόν, / οὐ τλητὸν οὐδὲ λεκτόν. ὦ τάλας ἐγώ.	**THESEUS** Oh, no! What is this? Another evil on top of evil, not to be borne, not to be spoken. Poor me!
876	**CHORUS** τί χρῆμα; λέξον, εἴ τί μοι λόγου μέτα.	**CHORUS** What is it? Tell me, if I'm allowed to hear.
877	**THESEUS** βοᾷ βοᾷ δέλτος ἄλαστα. πᾷ φύγω βάρος κακῶν; ἀπὸ γὰρ ὀλόμενος οἴχομαι, οἷον οἷον εἶδον ἐν γραφαῖς μέλος φθεγγόμενον τλάμων.	**THESEUS** It cries out, the tablet cries out unforgettable things! Where can I escape the weight of my troubles? I am ruined, I am gone! What a song, what a song I saw speaking out in the writing, poor me!
881	**CHORUS** αἰαῖ, κακῶν ἀρχηγὸν ἐκφαίνεις λόγον.	**CHORUS** Ah, the words you reveal are the start of evils!
882	**THESEUS** τόδε μὲν οὐκέτι στόματος ἐν πύλαις καθέξω δυσεκπέρατον, ὀλοὸν κακόν· ἰὼ πόλις. Ἱππόλυτος εὐνῆς τῆς ἐμῆς ἔτλη θιγεῖν βίᾳ, τὸ σεμνὸν Ζηνὸς ὄμμ' ἀτιμάσας. ἀλλ' ὦ πάτερ Πόσειδον, ἃς ἐμοί ποτε ἀρὰς ὑπέσχου τρεῖς, μιᾷ κατέργασαι τούτων ἐμὸν παῖδ', ἡμέραν δὲ μὴ φύγοι τήνδ', εἴπερ ἡμῖν ὤπασας σαφεῖς ἀράς.	**THESEUS** This I will no longer keep behind the gates of my mouth, this evil, hard to get past, destructive. My city! Hippolytus has dared to lay hands on my bed by force, dishonoring the holy eye of Zeus. Poseidon, my father, you once promised me three curses. With one of them, destroy my son, and let him not escape this day, if the curses you gave me are real.[18]

18 Poseidon, said in one version of the myth to be Theseus' true father, had promised to fulfill three curses or wishes of his.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
891	**CHORUS** ἄναξ, ἀπεύχου ταῦτα πρὸς θεῶν πάλιν· / γνώσει γὰρ αὖθις ἀμπλακών. ἐμοὶ πιθοῦ.	**CHORUS** My lord, for the gods' sake, take back this prayer! You'll see later that you were wrong. Listen to me.
893	**THESEUS** οὐκ ἔστι· καὶ πρός γ' ἐξελῶ σφε τῆσδε γῆς, δυοῖν δὲ μοίραιν θατέρᾳ πεπλήξεται· ἢ γὰρ Ποσειδῶν αὐτὸν εἰς Ἅιδου πύλας θανόντα πέμψει τὰς ἐμὰς ἀρὰς σέβων, ἢ τῆσδε χώρας ἐκπεσὼν ἀλώμενος ξένην ἐπ' αἶαν λυπρὸν ἀντλήσει βίον.	**THESEUS** No. And what's more, I'll drive him out of this land, and he'll be struck by one fate or the other. Either Poseidon will honor my curses and send him dead to the gates of Hades, or he'll be thrown out of this country and wander through a foreign land, draining a miserable life to the dregs.
899	**CHORUS** καὶ μὴν ὅδ' αὐτὸς παῖς σὸς εἰς καιρὸν πάρα, Ἱππόλυτος· ὀργῆς δ' ἐξανεὶς κακῆς, ἄναξ Θησεῦ, τὸ λῷστον σοῖσι βούλευσαι δόμοις.	**CHORUS** Look, here is your son himself, just in time, Hippolytus. Let go of your terrible anger, lord Theseus, and decide what's best for your house.
902	**HIPPOLYTUS** κραυγῆς ἀκούσας σῆς ἀφικόμην, πάτερ, σπουδῇ· τὸ μέντοι πρᾶγμ' ἐφ' ᾧ τὰ νῦν στένεις οὐκ οἶδα, βουλοίμην δ' ἂν ἐκ σέθεν κλύειν. ἔα, τί χρῆμα; σὴν δάμαρθ' ὁρῶ, πάτερ, νεκρόν· μεγίστου θαύματος τόδ' ἄξιον· ἣν ἀρτίως ἔλειπον, ἣ φάος τόδε οὔπω χρόνον παλαιὸν εἰσεδέρκετο. τί χρῆμα πάσχει; τῷ τρόπῳ διόλλυται; πάτερ, πυθέσθαι βούλομαι σέθεν πάρα. σιγᾷς; σιωπῆς δ' οὐδὲν ἔργον ἐν κακοῖς· ἡ γὰρ ποθοῦσα πάντα καρδία κλύειν κἀν τοῖς κακοῖσι λίχνος οὖσ' ἁλίσκεται. οὐ μὴν φίλους γε κἄτι μᾶλλον ἢ φίλους κρύπτειν δίκαιον σὰς πάτερ δυσπραξίας.	**HIPPOLYTUS** I heard you shouting, Father, and came in a hurry. But what it is you're groaning over, I don't know. I'd like to hear it from you. Ah, what's this? I see your wife, Father, dead. This is truly astonishing. I left her just now. She was looking at this light only a little while ago. What happened to her? How did she die? Father, I want to learn it from you. You're silent? Silence is no use in trouble. The heart that longs to hear everything is caught being greedy even in trouble. Surely it isn't right, Father, to hide your misfortunes from your loved ones, and from those who are more than loved ones.
916	**THESEUS** ὦ πόλλ' ἁμαρτάνοντες ἄνθρωποι μάτην, τί δὴ τέχνας μὲν μυρίας διδάσκετε καὶ πάντα μηχανᾶσθε κἀξευρίσκετε, ἓν δ' οὐκ ἐπίστασθ' οὐδ' ἐθηράσασθέ πω, φρονεῖν διδάσκειν οἷσιν οὐκ ἔνεστι νοῦς;	**THESEUS** Mankind, forever going wrong for nothing! Why do you teach countless skills, and devise and discover everything, yet there's one thing you don't know and have never yet hunted down: how to teach sense to those who have no mind?
921	**HIPPOLYTUS** δεινὸν σοφιστὴν εἶπας, ὅστις εὖ φρονεῖν τοὺς μὴ φρονοῦντας δυνατός ἐστ' ἀναγκάσαι. ἀλλ' οὐ γὰρ ἐν δέοντι λεπτουργεῖς, πάτερ, δέδοικα μή σου γλῶσσ' ὑπερβάλῃ κακοῖς.	**HIPPOLYTUS** That would be a clever teacher you describe, one able to force people without sense to think well. But this is no time for hair-splitting, Father. I'm afraid your troubles are making your tongue run wild.
925	**THESEUS** φεῦ, χρῆν βροτοῖσι τῶν φίλων τεκμήριον σαφές τι κεῖσθαι καὶ διάγνωσιν φρενῶν, ὅστις τ' ἀληθὴς ἐστιν ὅς τε μὴ φίλος· δισσάς τε φωνὰς πάντας ἀνθρώπους ἔχειν, τὴν μὲν δικαίαν, τὴν δ' ὅπως ἐτύγχανεν, ὡς ἡ φρονοῦσα τἄδικ' ἐξηλέγχετο πρὸς τῆς δικαίας, κοὐκ ἂν ἠπατώμεθα.	**THESEUS** Ah! Mortals ought to have some clear proof of their friends, some way to see into their minds, to know who is true and who is no friend at all. Every man should have two voices, one honest and the other whatever it happened to be, so that the one with crooked thoughts would be exposed

	GREEK	ENGLISH
		by the honest one, and we would never be deceived.
932	**HIPPOLYTUS** ἀλλ' ἦ τις εἰς σὸν οὖς με διαβαλὼν ἔχει φίλων, νοσοῦμεν δ' οὐδὲν ὄντες αἴτιοι; ἔκ τοι πέπληγμαι· σοὶ γὰρ ἐκπλήσσουσί με λόγοι παραλλάσσοντες ἔξεδροι φρενῶν.	**HIPPOLYTUS** What? Has one of my friends slandered me in your ear, so that I'm in disgrace though I've done nothing? I'm stunned. Your words stun me. They wander so far from sense.
936	**THESEUS** φεῦ τῆς βροτείας (ποῖ προβήσεται;) φρενός· τί τέρμα τόλμης καὶ θράσους γενήσεται; εἰ γὰρ κατ' ἀνδρὸς βίοτον ἐξογκώσεται, ὁ δ' ὕστερος τοῦ πρόσθεν εἰς ὑπερβολὴν πανοῦργος ἔσται, θεοῖσι προσβαλεῖν χθονὶ ἄλλην δεήσει γαῖαν, ἣ χωρήσεται τοὺς μὴ δικαίους καὶ κακοὺς πεφυκότας. σκέψασθε δ' εἰς τόνδ', ὅστις ἐξ ἐμοῦ γεγὼς ᾔσχυνε τἀμὰ λέκτρα κἀξελέγχεται πρὸς τῆς θανούσης ἐμφανῶς κάκιστος ὤν.	**THESEUS** Ah, the mind of man! Where will it end? What limit will there be to its nerve and its audacity? If it swells with every man's lifetime, and each new one outdoes the one before in villainy, the gods will have to add a second earth to this one, big enough to hold the unjust and those born bad. Look at this man. He was born from me, yet he has shamed my bed, and the dead woman has openly convicted him of utter vileness.
946	δεῖξον δ', ἐπειδή γ' εἰς μίασμ' ἐλήλυθα, τὸ σὸν πρόσωπον δεῦρ' ἐναντίον πατρί. σὺ δὴ θεοῖσιν ὡς περισσὸς ὢν ἀνὴρ ξύνει; σὺ σώφρων καὶ κακῶν ἀκήρατος; οὐκ ἂν πιθοίμην τοῖσι σοῖς κόμποις ἐγὼ θεοῖσι προσθεὶς ἀμαθίαν φρονεῖν κακῶς. ἤδη νυν αὔχει καὶ δι' ἀψύχου βορᾶς σίτοις καπήλευ', Ὀρφέα τ' ἄνακτ' ἔχων βάκχευε πολλῶν γραμμάτων τιμῶν καπνούς·	Show your face here, since I'm polluted anyway. Look your father in the eye. So you're the exceptional man who keeps company with the gods? You're the chaste one, untouched by evil? I won't believe your boasts and accuse the gods of being ignorant fools. Go on, then, brag. Hawk your food, your diet of things without souls. Take Orpheus as your lord and play the Bacchant, worshipping the smoke of all those writings,[19]
955	ἐπεί γ' ἐλήφθης. τοὺς δὲ τοιούτους ἐγὼ φεύγειν προφωνῶ πᾶσι· θηρεύουσι γὰρ σεμνοῖς λόγοισιν, αἰσχρὰ μηχανώμενοι. τέθνηκεν ἥδε· τοῦτό σ' ἐκσώσειν δοκεῖς; ἐν τῷδ' ἁλίσκει πλεῖστον, ὦ κάκιστε σύ· ποῖοι γὰρ ὅρκοι κρείσσονες, τίνες λόγοι τῆσδ' ἂν γένοιντ' ἄν, ὥστε σ' αἰτίαν φυγεῖν; μισεῖν σε φήσεις τήνδε καὶ τὸ δὴ νόθον τοῖς γνησίοισι πολέμιον πεφυκέναι·	now that you've been caught. I warn everyone to shun men like this. They hunt with holy words while they scheme shameful things. She is dead. Do you think that will save you? That's exactly what convicts you most, you vilest of men. What oaths, what arguments could outweigh hers and clear you of the charge? You'll say she hated you, that the illegitimate son is by nature the enemy of the trueborn.[20]
964	κακὴν ἄρ' αὐτὴν ἔμπορον βίου λέγεις, εἰ δυσμενείᾳ σῇ τὰ φίλτατ' ὤλεσεν. ἀλλ' ὡς τὸ μῶρον ἀνδράσιν μὲν οὐκ ἔνι, γυναιξὶ δ' ἐμπέφυκεν; οἶδ' ἐγὼ νέους οὐδὲν γυναικῶν ὄντας ἀσφαλεστέρους, ὅταν ταράξῃ Κύπρις ἡβῶσαν φρένα· τὸ δ' ἄρσεν αὐτοὺς ὠφελεῖ προσκείμενον. νῦν οὖν τί ταῦτα σοῖς ἀμιλλῶμαι λόγοις νεκροῦ παρόντος μάρτυρος σαφεστάτου;	Then you're saying she made a bad bargain with her life, if she threw away what was dearest to her out of hatred for you. Or will you say that men have no folly in them, but women are born with it? I know young men who are no steadier than women when Cypris stirs up a young heart. But being male works in their favor. So why should I fight you with words like these, when the dead woman lies here, the clearest of witnesses?
973	ἔξερρε γαίας τῆσδ' ὅσον τάχος φυγάς, καὶ μήτ' Ἀθήνας τὰς θεοδμήτους μόλῃς,	Get out of this land, into exile, as fast as you can! Don't set foot in god-built Athens, or within the

19 Followers of Orpheus, the mythical singer, abstained from meat and revered sacred books. Theseus sneers at Hippolytus as one of these devotees.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
	μήτ' εἰς ὅρους γῆς ἧς ἐμὸν κρατεῖ δόρυ. εἰ γὰρ παθών γε σοῦ τάδ' ἡσσηθήσομαι, οὐ μαρτυρήσει μ' Ἴσθμιος Σίνις ποτὲ κτανεῖν ἑαυτόν, ἀλλὰ κομπάζειν μάτην, οὐδ' αἱ θαλάσσῃ σύννομοι Σκειρωνίδες φήσουσι πέτραι τοῖς κακοῖς μ' εἶναι βαρύν.	borders of any land my spear rules. If you've done this to me and I let you beat me, Sinis of the Isthmus will never bear witness that I killed him, but will say I'm boasting for nothing. And the Scironian rocks beside the sea will deny that I am hard on the wicked.[21]
981	**CHORUS** οὐκ οἶδ' ὅπως εἴποιμ' ἂν εὐτυχεῖν τινα / θνητῶν· τὰ γὰρ δὴ πρῶτ' ἀνέστραπται πάλιν.	**CHORUS** I don't know how I could call any mortal fortunate. Those who stood highest have been turned upside down.
983	**HIPPOLYTUS** πάτερ, μένος μὲν ξύστασίς τε σῶν φρενῶν δεινή· τὸ μέντοι πρᾶγμ' ἔχον καλοὺς λόγους, εἴ τις διαπτύξειεν, οὐ καλὸν τόδε. ἐγὼ δ' ἄκομψος εἰς ὄχλον δοῦναι λόγον, εἰς ἥλικας δὲ κώλίγους σοφώτερος. ἔχει δὲ μοῖραν καὶ τόδ'· οἱ γὰρ ἐν σοφοῖς φαῦλοι παρ' ὄχλῳ μουσικώτεροι λέγειν. ὅμως δ' ἀνάγκη, συμφορᾶς ἀφιγμένης, γλῶσσάν μ' ἀφεῖναι. πρῶτα δ' ἄρξομαι λέγειν ὅθεν μ' ὑπῆλθες πρῶτον ὡς διαφθερῶν οὐκ ἀντιλέξοντ'. εἰσορᾷς φάος τόδε καὶ γαῖαν· ἐν τοῖσδ' οὐκ ἔνεστ' ἀνὴρ ἐμοῦ, οὐδ' ἢν σὺ μὴ φῇς, σωφρονέστερος γεγώς.	**HIPPOLYTUS** Father, the fury and the strain in your mind are terrible. Yet this business, fine as the arguments for it may sound, is not fine at all if someone lays it open. I'm no polished speaker before a crowd; with people my own age, and a few of them, I'm cleverer. That too has its logic: those who count for nothing among the wise have a better tune for speaking to a crowd. All the same, now that disaster has come, I have to loosen my tongue. I'll begin first where you first came at me, sure you'd destroy me and I'd have no answer. You see this light and this earth: in all of them there's no man, even if you deny it, more chaste than I am.
996	ἐπίσταμαι γὰρ πρῶτα μὲν θεοὺς σέβειν, φίλοις τε χρῆσθαι μὴ ἀδικεῖν πειρωμένοις, ἀλλ' οἷσιν αἰδὼς μήτ' ἐπαγγέλλειν κακὰ μήτ' ἀνθυπουργεῖν αἰσχρὰ τοῖσι χρωμένοις· οὐκ ἐγγελαστὴς τῶν ὁμιλούντων, πάτερ, ἀλλ' αὐτὸς οὐ παροῦσι κἀγγὺς ὢν φίλος. ἑνὸς δ' ἄθικτος, ᾧ με νῦν ἐλεῖν δοκεῖς· λέχους γὰρ εἰς τόδ' ἡμέρας ἁγνὸν δέμας. οὐκ οἶδα πρᾶξιν τήνδε πλὴν λόγῳ κλύων γραφῇ τε λεύσσων· οὐδὲ ταῦτα γὰρ σκοπεῖν πρόθυμός εἰμι, παρθένον ψυχὴν ἔχων.	First, I know how to revere the gods. I know how to keep friends who don't try to do wrong, friends who would be ashamed to demand anything base or to repay their companions with shameful favors. I don't make fun of the people I spend time with, Father; I'm the same friend to them when they're away as when they're near. And there's one thing I've never touched, the very thing you think you've caught me in: to this day my body is pure of any bed. I know nothing of that act except what I've heard people say and seen in pictures. And I'm not eager even to look at those, since I have a virgin's soul.
1007	καίτοι τὸ σῶφρον τοὐμὸν οὐ πείθει σ' ἴσως· δεῖ δή σε δεῖξαι τῷ τρόπῳ διεφθάρην. πότερα τὸ τῆσδε σῶμ' ἐκαλλιστεύετο πασῶν γυναικῶν; ἢ σὸν οἰκήσειν δόμον ἔγκληρον εὐνὴν προσλαβὼν ἐπήλπισα; μάταιος ἆρ' ἦ, κοὐδαμοῦ μετῆν φρενῶν. ἀλλ' ὡς τυραννεῖν ἡδὺ τοῖσι σώφροσιν; ἥκιστά γ', εἰ μὴ τὰς φρένας διέφθορε	And yet perhaps my chastity doesn't convince you. Then you must show how I was corrupted. Was her body the most beautiful of all women's? Or did I hope to take over your house by winning a bride who came with the inheritance? Then I'd have been a fool, with no sense at all. Or will you say that ruling is sweet to men of self-control? Not in the least, unless monarchy has already corrupted

20 Hippolytus, son of the Amazon, is illegitimate. Phaedra's sons by Theseus are his legitimate heirs.
21 Sinis and Sciron were brigands whom Theseus killed on the road from Troezen to Athens. Sciron threw travelers into the sea from the Scironian rocks.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
	θνητῶν ὅσοισιν ἀνδάνει μοναρχία. ἐγὼ δ' ἀγῶνας μὲν κρατεῖν Ἑλληνικοὺς πρῶτος θέλοιμ' ἄν, ἐν πόλει δὲ δεύτερος σὺν τοῖς ἀρίστοις εὐτυχεῖν ἀεὶ φίλοις.	the minds of the mortals who like it. For my part, I'd want to be first in winning the contests of Greece, but in the city to be second, always prospering with the best men as my friends.
1019	πράσσειν τε γὰρ πάρεστι, κίνδυνός τ' ἀπὼν κρείσσω δίδωσι τῆς τυραννίδος χάριν. ἓν οὐ λέλεκται τῶν ἐμῶν, τὰ δ' ἄλλ' ἔχεις· εἰ μὲν γὰρ ἦν μοι μάρτυς οἷός εἰμ' ἐγώ, καὶ τῆσδ' ὁρώσης φέγγος ἠγωνιζόμην, ἔργοις ἂν εἶδες τοὺς κακοὺς διεξιών. νῦν δ' ὅρκιόν σοι Ζῆνα καὶ πέδον χθονὸς ὄμνυμι τῶν σῶν μήποθ' ἅψασθαι γάμων μηδ' ἂν θελῆσαι μηδ' ἂν ἔννοιαν λαβεῖν. ἦ τἄρ' ὀλοίμην ἀκλεὴς ἀνώνυμος, ἄπολις ἄοικος, φυγὰς ἀλητεύων χθόνα, καὶ μήτε πόντος μήτε γῆ δέξαιτό μου σάρκας θανόντος, εἰ κακὸς πέφυκ' ἀνήρ.	That way you can get things done, and the absence of danger gives more pleasure than kingship. One point of mine hasn't been made; you've heard the rest. If I had a witness to the kind of man I am, and I were arguing my case while she still saw the light, you'd have seen who the guilty are by going through the facts. As it is, I swear to you by Zeus, god of oaths, and by the ground of the earth: I never touched your marriage, never would have wanted to, never even had the thought. May I die, then, with no fame and no name, without a city, without a home, an exile wandering the earth, and may neither sea nor land receive my flesh when I'm dead, if I'm a wicked man.
1032	τί δ' ἥδε δειμαίνουσ' ἀπώλεσεν βίον οὐκ οἶδ'· ἐμοὶ γὰρ οὐ θέμις πέρα λέγειν. ἐσωφρόνησε δ' οὐκ ἔχουσα σωφρονεῖν, ἡμεῖς δ' ἔχοντες οὐ καλῶς ἐχρώμεθα.	What fear drove her to destroy her life, I don't know; I'm not permitted to say more. She was chaste when she hadn't the power to be chaste; I had the power, and I haven't used it well.
1036	CHORUS ἀρκοῦσαν εἶπας αἰτίας ἀποστροφήν, / ὅρκους παρασχών, πίστιν οὐ σμικράν, θεῶν.	CHORUS You've said enough to turn the charge aside, giving your oaths by the gods, and that's no small pledge.
1038	THESEUS ἆρ' οὐκ ἐπῳδὸς καὶ γόης πέφυχ' ὅδε, ὃς τὴν ἐμὴν πέποιθεν εὐοργησίᾳ ψυχὴν κρατήσειν τὸν τεκόντ' ἀτιμάσας;	THESEUS Isn't this man a born enchanter and sorcerer? He's so sure he'll master my soul with his calm temper, after he's dishonored the father who gave him life!
1041	HIPPOLYTUS καὶ σοῦ γε κάρτα ταῦτα θαυμάζω, πάτερ· εἰ γὰρ σὺ μὲν παῖς ἦσθ', ἐγὼ δὲ σὸς πατήρ, ἔκτεινά τοί σ' ἂν κοὐ φυγαῖς ἐζημίουν, εἴπερ γυναικὸς ἠξίους ἐμῆς θιγεῖν.	HIPPOLYTUS And I'm utterly amazed at you in this, Father. If you were the son and I your father, I'd have killed you, not punished you with exile, if you'd presumed to touch my wife.
1045	THESEUS ὡς ἄξιον τόδ' εἶπας· οὐχ οὕτω θανεῖ, ὥσπερ σὺ σαυτῷ τόνδε προὔθηκας νόμον· ταχὺς γὰρ Ἅιδης ῥᾷστος ἀνδρὶ δυσσεβεῖ· ἀλλ' ἐκ πατρῴας φυγὰς ἀλητεύων χθονός ξένην ἐπ' αἶαν λυπρὸν ἀντλήσεις βίον· μισθὸς γὰρ οὗτός ἐστιν ἀνδρὶ δυσσεβεῖ.	THESEUS How very like you to say that! You won't die like that, by the law you've laid down for yourself. A quick death is the easiest thing for an impious man. No: you'll be an exile from your father's land, wandering a foreign country, and drain a miserable life to the dregs. That is the wage of an impious man.
1051	HIPPOLYTUS οἴμοι, τί δράσεις; οὐδὲ μηνυτὴν χρόνον / δέξει καθ' ἡμῶν, ἀλλά μ' ἐξελᾷς χθονός;	HIPPOLYTUS Oh, no, what will you do? Won't you even wait for time to inform against me? Will you drive me out of the land?
1053	THESEUS πέραν γε πόντου τερμόνων τ' Ἀτλαντικῶν, / εἴ πως δυναίμην, ὡς σὸν ἐχθαίρω κάρα.	THESEUS Beyond the sea and the bounds of Atlas, if I could, so much do I hate the sight of you.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
1055	**HIPPOLYTUS** οὐδ' ὅρκον οὐδὲ πίστιν οὐδὲ μάντεων / φήμας ἐλέγξας ἄκριτον ἐκβαλεῖς με γῆς;	**HIPPOLYTUS** Without testing my oath, or my pledge, or the words of seers, you'll throw me out of the country untried?
1057	**THESEUS** ἡ δέλτος ἥδε κλῆρον οὐ δεδεγμένη κατηγορεῖ σου πιστά· τοὺς δ' ὑπὲρ κάρα φοιτῶντας ὄρνεις πόλλ' ἐγὼ χαίρειν λέγω.	**THESEUS** This tablet needs no casting of lots; it accuses you, and it can be trusted. As for the birds that fly overhead, I bid them a long goodbye.
1060	**HIPPOLYTUS** ὦ θεοί, τί δῆτα τοὐμὸν οὐ λύω στόμα, ὅστις γ' ὑφ' ὑμῶν, οὓς σέβω, διόλλυμαι; οὐ δῆτα· πάντως οὐ πίθοιμ' ἂν οὕς με δεῖ, μάτην δ' ἂν ὅρκους συγχέαιμ' οὓς ὤμοσα.	**HIPPOLYTUS** Gods, why don't I open my mouth, when it's you, whom I revere, who are destroying me? No. I wouldn't convince the ones I need to, whatever I did, and I'd break the oaths I swore for nothing.
1064	**THESEUS** οἴμοι· τὸ σεμνὸν ὥς μ' ἀποκτείνει τὸ σόν. / οὐκ εἶ πατρῴας ἐκτὸς ὡς τάχιστα γῆς;	**THESEUS** Oh, no! How your sanctimony is killing me! Get out of your father's land as fast as you can!
1066	**HIPPOLYTUS** ποῖ δῆθ' ὁ τλήμων τρέψομαι; τίνος ξένων / δόμους ἔσειμι τῇδ' ἐπ' αἰτίᾳ φυγών;	**HIPPOLYTUS** Where am I to turn, poor wretch? Whose house will take me in as a guest, banished on a charge like this?
1068	**THESEUS** ὅστις γυναικῶν λυμεῶνας ἥδεται / ξένους κομίζων καὶ συνοικούρους κακῶν.	**THESEUS** Anyone who enjoys welcoming guests who ruin wives and keep house with wickedness.
1070	**HIPPOLYTUS** αἰαῖ· πρὸς ἦπαρ δακρύων τ' ἐγγὺς τόδε, / εἰ δὴ κακός γε φαίνομαι δοκῶ τέ σοι.	**HIPPOLYTUS** Ah! That strikes me to the heart and brings me close to tears, if I really do look wicked, and you believe I am.
1072	**THESEUS** τότε στενάζειν καὶ προγιγνώσκειν σ' ἐχρῆν, / ὅτ' εἰς πατρῴαν ἄλοχον ὑβρίζειν ἔτλης.	**THESEUS** The time to groan and think ahead was when you dared to violate your father's wife.
1074	**HIPPOLYTUS** ὦ δώματ', εἴθε φθέγμα γηρύσαισθέ μοι / καὶ μαρτυρήσαιτ' εἰ κακὸς πέφυκ' ἀνήρ.	**HIPPOLYTUS** House, if only you could find a voice for me and bear witness whether I'm a wicked man!
1076	**THESEUS** εἰς τοὺς ἀφώνους μάρτυρας φεύγεις σοφῶς· / τὸ δ' ἔργον οὐ λέγον σε μηνύει κακόν.	**THESEUS** How cleverly you take refuge in witnesses with no voice! But the deed doesn't need to speak; it shows you're guilty.
1077	**HIPPOLYTUS** φεῦ· εἴθ' ἦν ἐμαυτὸν προσβλέπειν ἐναντίον στάνθ', ὡς ἐδάκρυσ' οἷα πάσχομεν κακά.	**HIPPOLYTUS** Ah. If only I could stand facing myself and look, so I could weep at what I'm suffering!
1080	**THESEUS** πολλῷ γε μᾶλλον σαυτὸν ἤσκησας σέβειν / ἢ τοὺς τεκόντας ὅσια δρᾶν, δίκαιος ὤν.	**THESEUS** You've trained yourself to revere yourself far more than to do right by your parents, just man that you are.
1082	**HIPPOLYTUS** ὦ δυστάλαινα μῆτερ, ὦ πικραὶ γοναί· / μηδείς ποτ' εἴη τῶν ἐμῶν φίλων νόθος.	**HIPPOLYTUS** My poor unhappy mother, my bitter birth! May no one I love ever be born illegitimate.
1084	**THESEUS** οὐχ ἕλξετ' αὐτόν, δμῶες; οὐκ ἀκούετε / πάλαι ξενοῦσθαι τόνδε προυννέποντά με;	**THESEUS** Drag him away, slaves! Don't you hear? I declared long ago that he's banished.
1086		

	GREEK	ENGLISH
	HIPPOLYTUS κλαίων τις αὐτῶν ἆρ' ἐμοῦ γε θίξεται· / σὺ δ' αὐτός, εἴ σοι θυμός, ἐξώθει χθονός.	**HIPPOLYTUS** Any of them who lays a hand on me will regret it. Push me out of the land yourself, if you have the heart.
1088	**THESEUS** δράσω τάδ', εἰ μὴ τοῖς ἐμοῖς πείσει λόγοις· / οὐ γάρ τις οἶκτος σῆς μ' ὑπέρχεται φυγῆς.	**THESEUS** I'll do it, if you won't obey my words. I feel no pity for your exile.
1090	**HIPPOLYTUS** ἄραρεν, ὡς ἔοικεν· ὦ τάλας ἐγώ· ὡς οἶδα μὲν ταῦτ', οἶδα δ' οὐχ ὅπως φράσω. ὦ φιλτάτη μοι δαιμόνων Λητοῦς κόρη σύνθακε συγκύναγε, φευξούμεσθα δὴ κλεινὰς Ἀθήνας. ἀλλὰ χαίρετ', ὦ πόλις καὶ γαῖ' Ἐρεχθέως· ὦ πέδον Τροιζήνιον, ὡς ἐγκαθηβᾶν πόλλ' ἔχεις εὐδαίμονα, χαῖρ'· ὕστατον γάρ σ' εἰσορῶν προσφθέγγομαι. ἴτ', ὦ νέοι μοι τῆσδε γῆς ὁμήλικες, προσείπαθ' ἡμᾶς καὶ προπέμψατε χθονός· ὡς οὔποτ' ἄλλον ἄνδρα σωφρονέστερον ὄψεσθε, κεἰ μὴ ταῦτ' ἐμῷ δοκεῖ πατρί.	**HIPPOLYTUS** It's settled, it seems. How wretched I am! I know the truth, but I don't know how to tell it. Daughter of Leto, dearest of the gods to me, my companion in rest and in the hunt, I'll be an exile from glorious Athens. Farewell, then, city and land of Erechtheus! Plain of Troezen, so rich in happiness for growing up in, farewell: this is the last time I'll look at you and speak to you. Come, young men of this land, my companions, say goodbye to me and see me out of the country. You'll never see another man more chaste, even if my father doesn't think so.

THIRD STASIMON

The Chorus doubts the gods' care for mortals and mourns Hippolytus' exile.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
1102	**CHORUS** ἦ μέγα μοι τὰ θεῶν μελεδήμαθ', ὅταν φρένας ἔλθῃ, λύπας παραιρεῖ· ξύνεσιν δέ τιν' ἐλπίδι κεύθων λείπομαι ἔν τε τύχαις θνατῶν καὶ ἐν ἔργμασι λεύσσων· ἄλλα γὰρ ἄλλοθεν ἀμείβεται, μετὰ δ' ἵσταται ἀνδράσιν αἰὼν πολυπλάνητος αἰεί. εἴθε μοι εὐξαμένᾳ θεόθεν τάδε μοῖρα παράσχοι, τύχαν μετ' ὄλβου καὶ ἀκήρατον ἄλγεσι θυμόν·	**CHORUS** Truly, when it comes into my mind, the gods' care for us takes much of my grief away; but though I keep some understanding hidden in hope, I fall short of it when I look at the fortunes of mortals and their deeds. For things shift, one from here, one from there, and the life of men never stands still, forever wandering. If only fate from the gods would grant my prayer: good fortune with prosperity, and a heart untouched by pain;
1115	δόξα δὲ μήτ' ἀτρεκὴς μήτ' αὖ παράσημος ἐνείη· ῥᾴδια δ' ἦθεα τὸν αὔριον μεταβαλλομένα χρόνον αἰεὶ βίον συνευτυχοίην. οὐκέτι γὰρ καθαρὰν φρέν' ἔχω τὰ παρ' ἐλπίδα λεύσσων, ἐπεὶ τὸν Ἑλλανίας φανερώτατον ἀστέρ' Ἀθάνας εἴδομεν εἴδομεν ἐκ πατρὸς ὀργᾶς ἄλλαν ἐπ' αἶαν ἱέμενον. ὦ ψάμαθοι πολιήτιδος ἀκτᾶς	and may my beliefs be neither too exacting nor falsely stamped; with easy ways, changing to suit each tomorrow, may I share a fortunate life. For my mind is no longer clear as I see what I never hoped for, since we saw, we saw the brightest star of Athens, Greece's own, sent off by his father's anger to another land.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
	δρυμός τ' ὄρειος, ὅθι κυνῶν ὠκυπόδων μέτα θῆρας ἔναιρεν Δίκτυνναν ἀμφὶ σεμνάν.	Sands of our city's shore, mountain thickets, where with swift-footed hounds he killed the wild beasts beside holy Dictynna!
1132	οὐκέτι συζυγίαν πώλων Ἐνετᾶν ἐπιβάσει τὸν ἀμφὶ Λίμνας τρόχον κατέχων ποδὶ γυμνάδος ἵππου. μοῦσα δ' ἄυπνος ὑπ' ἄντυγι χορδᾶν λήξει πατρῷον ἀνὰ δόμον· ἀστέφανοι δὲ κόρας ἀνάπαυλαι Λατοῦς βαθεῖαν ἀνὰ χλόαν· νυμφιδίων δ' ἀπόλωλε φυγᾷ σᾷ λέκτρων ἅμιλλα κούραις. ἐγὼ δὲ σᾷ δυστυχίᾳ δάκρυσι διοίσω πότμον ἄποτμον· ὦ τάλαινα μᾶτερ, ἔτεκες ἀνόνατα· φεῦ, μανίῳ θεοῖσιν·	No more will you mount your team of Enetic colts, holding to the track around the Lagoon with the hooves of your well-trained horses. The music that never slept beneath the lyre's frame will fall silent in your father's house. Ungarlanded the resting places of Leto's daughter in the deep green grass; and with your exile the girls' rivalry for your bridal bed is lost. And I, for your misfortune, will live out in tears a fate that is no fortune. Poor mother, you bore him for nothing. Ah, I rage at the gods!
1147	ἰὼ ἰὼ συζύγιαι Χάριτες, τί τὸν τάλαν' ἐκ πατρίας γᾶς τὸν οὐδὲν ἄτας αἴτιον πέμπετε τῶνδ' ἀπ' οἴκων;	Oh, oh, Graces, yoked together, why do you send the wretched man, who bears no blame for this ruin, out of his native land, away from this house?

FOURTH EPISODE

A messenger reports how a bull from the sea wrecked Hippolytus' chariot.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
1151	**CHORUS** καὶ μὴν ὀπαδὸν Ἱππολύτου τόνδ' εἰσορῶ / σπουδῇ σκυθρωπὸν πρὸς δόμους ὁρμώμενον.	**CHORUS** But look, I see one of Hippolytus' attendants hurrying toward the house, his face grim.
1153	**MESSENGER** ποῖ γῆς ἄνακτα τῆσδε Θησέα μολὼν εὕροιμ' ἄν, ὦ γυναῖκες; εἴπερ ἴστ', ἐμοὶ σημήνατ'· ἆρα τῶνδε δωμάτων ἔσω;	**MESSENGER** Where in this land should I go to find Theseus, the king, ladies? If you know, tell me. Is he inside the house?
1156	**CHORUS** ὅδ' αὐτὸς ἔξω δωμάτων πορεύεται.	**CHORUS** Here he is himself, coming out of the house.
1157	**MESSENGER** Θησεῦ, μερίμνης ἄξιον φέρω λόγον σοὶ καὶ πολίταις οἵ τ' Ἀθηναίων πόλιν ναίουσι καὶ γῆς τέρμονας Τροιζηνίας.	**MESSENGER** Theseus, I bring news that should concern you, and the citizens who live in the city of Athens and within the borders of the land of Troezen.
1160	**THESEUS** τί δ' ἔστι; μῶν τις συμφορὰ νεωτέρα / δισσὰς κατείληφ' ἀστυγείτονας πόλεις;	**THESEUS** What is it? Has some new disaster overtaken our two neighboring cities?
1162	**MESSENGER** Ἱππόλυτος οὐκέτ' ἔστιν, ὡς εἰπεῖν ἔπος· / δέδορκε μέντοι φῶς ἐπὶ σμικρᾶς ῥοπῆς.	**MESSENGER** Hippolytus is gone, or as good as. He still sees the light, but the scale is tipping.
1164		

	GREEK	ENGLISH
	THESEUS πρὸς τοῦ; δι' ἔχθρας μῶν τις ἦν ἀφιγμένος, / ὅτου κατῄσχυν' ἄλοχον ὡς πατρὸς βίᾳ;	**THESEUS** At whose hands? Had someone come for him out of hatred, someone whose wife he'd disgraced by force, as he did his father's?
1166	**MESSENGER** οἰκεῖος αὐτὸν ὤλεσ' ἁρμάτων ὄχος ἀραί τε τοῦ σοῦ στόματος, ἃς σὺ σῷ πατρὶ πόντου κρέοντι παιδὸς ἠράσω πέρι.	**MESSENGER** His own chariot destroyed him, and the curses from your mouth, which you prayed to your father, lord of the sea, against your son.
1169	**THESEUS** ὦ θεοὶ Πόσειδόν θ', ὡς ἄρ' ἦσθ' ἐμὸς πατὴρ ὀρθῶς, ἀκούσας τῶν ἐμῶν κατευγμάτων. πῶς καὶ διώλετ'; εἰπέ· τῷ τρόπῳ Δίκης ἔπαισεν αὐτὸν ῥόπτρον αἰσχύναντ' ἐμέ;	**THESEUS** Gods, and Poseidon! So you truly were my father, since you heard my prayers! How did he die? Tell me. How did the club of Justice strike him for shaming me?
1173	**MESSENGER** ἡμεῖς μὲν ἀκτῆς κυμοδέγμονος πέλας ψήκτραισιν ἵππων ἐκτενίζομεν τρίχας κλαίοντες· ἦλθε γάρ τις ἄγγελος λέγων ὡς οὐκέτ' ἐν γῇ τῇδ' ἀναστρέψοι πόδα Ἱππόλυτος, ἐκ σοῦ τλήμονας φυγὰς ἔχων. ὃ δ' ἦλθε ταὐτὸν δακρύων ἔχων μέλος ἡμῖν ἐπ' ἀκταῖς· μυρία δ' ὀπισθόπους φίλων ἅμ' ἔστειχ' ἡλίκων ὁμήγυρις. χρόνῳ δὲ δήποτ' εἶπ' ἀπαλλαχθεὶς γόων· τί ταῦτ' ἀλύω; πειστέον πατρὸς λόγοις. ἐντύναθ' ἵππους ἅρμασι ζυγηφόρους, δμῶες· πόλις γὰρ οὐκέτ' ἔστιν ἥδε μοι.	**MESSENGER** We were near the shore where the waves break, combing the horses' manes and weeping, because a messenger had come to say that Hippolytus would never again set foot in this land, since you'd sentenced him to a wretched exile. Then he came to us on the shore himself, with the same song of tears, and a huge crowd of friends his own age followed behind him. After a while he stopped his laments and said: "Why am I wandering like this? I must obey my father's word. Harness the horses to the chariot, slaves. This city is mine no longer."
1185	τοὐνθένδε μέντοι πᾶς ἀνὴρ ἠπείγετο, καὶ θᾶσσον ἢ λέγοι τις ἐξηρτυμένας πώλους παρ' αὐτὸν δεσπότην ἐστήσαμεν. μάρπτει δὲ χερσὶν ἡνίας ἀπ' ἄντυγος, αὐταῖσιν ἀρβύλαισιν ἁρμόσας πόδας. καὶ πρῶτα μὲν θεοῖς εἶπ' ἀναπτύξας χέρας· Ζεῦ, μηκέτ' εἴην, εἰ κακὸς πέφυκ' ἀνήρ· αἴσθοιτο δ' ἡμᾶς ὡς ἀτιμάζει πατὴρ ἤτοι θανόντας ἢ φάος δεδορκότας. κἀν τῷδ' ἐπῆγε κέντρον εἰς χεῖρας λαβὼν πώλοις ὁμαρτῇ· πρόσπολοι δ' ἐφ' ἅρματος πέλας χαλινῶν εἱπόμεσθα δεσπότῃ τὴν εὐθὺς Ἄργους κἀπιδαυρίας ὁδόν.	From then on every man hurried, and quicker than you could say it we had the mares harnessed and standing beside our master. He snatched up the reins from the chariot rail and fitted his feet, boots and all, into place. First he spread out his hands and said to the gods: "Zeus, may I live no longer if I'm a wicked man! And may my father realize how he's dishonoring me, whether I'm dead or still see the light." With that he took the goad in his hands and brought it down on the mares all together. We attendants followed our master beside the chariot, close to the bridles, along the road straight to Argos and Epidaurus.
1198	ἐπεὶ δ' ἔρημον χῶρον εἰσεβάλλομεν, ἀκτή τις ἔστι τοὐπέκεινα τῆσδε γῆς πρὸς πόντον ἤδη κειμένη Σαρωνικόν. ἔνθεν τις ἠχὼ χθόνιος ὡς βροντὴ Διὸς βαρὺν βρόμον μεθῆκε φρικώδη κλύειν· ὀρθὸν δὲ κρᾶτ' ἔστησαν οὗς τ' ἐς οὐρανὸν ἵπποι· παρ' ἡμῖν δ' ἦν φόβος νεανικὸς πόθεν ποτ' εἴη φθόγγος. εἰς δ' ἁλιρρόθους ἀκτὰς ἀποβλέψαντες ἱερὸν εἴδομεν κῦμ' οὐρανῷ στηρίζον, ὥστ' ἀφῃρέθη Σκείρωνος ἀκτὰς ὄμμα τοὐμὸν εἰσορᾶν·	When we came into the deserted country—there's a stretch of shore beyond the border of this land, lying right on the Saronic Gulf—from there a rumble came out of the earth like the thunder of Zeus, a deep roar that made you shudder to hear it. The horses raised their heads and pricked their ears toward the sky, and a violent fear came over us: where on earth was the sound coming from? Looking toward the sea-pounded shore, we saw an unearthly wave, planted against the sky, so huge that my eyes were robbed of the sight of Sciron's headland.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
1209	ἔκρυπτε δ' Ἰσθμὸν καὶ πέτραν Ἀσκληπιοῦ. κἄπειτ' ἀνοιδῆσάν τε καὶ πέριξ ἀφρὸν πολὺν καχλάζον ποντίῳ φυσήματι χωρεῖ πρὸς ἀκτάς, οὗ τέθριππος ἦν ὄχος. αὐτῷ δὲ σὺν κλύδωνι καὶ τρικυμίᾳ κῦμ' ἐξέθηκε ταῦρον, ἄγριον τέρας, οὗ πᾶσα μὲν χθὼν φθέγματος πληρουμένη φρικῶδες ἀντεφθέγγετ', εἰσορῶσι δὲ κρεῖσσον θέαμα δεργμάτων ἐφαίνετο. εὐθὺς δὲ πώλοις δεινὸς ἐμπίπτει φόβος· καὶ δεσπότης μὲν ἱππικοῖσιν ἤθεσι πολὺς ξυνοικῶν ἥρπασ' ἡνίας χεροῖν, ἕλκει δὲ κώπην ὥστε ναυβάτης ἀνὴρ ἱμᾶσιν εἰς τοὔπισθεν ἀρτήσας δέμας·	It hid the Isthmus and the Rock of Asclepius. Then, swelling up and seething with foam all around, blasting like the sea's own breath, it came on toward the shore where the four-horse chariot stood. And with the surge itself, in that towering breaker, the wave threw up a bull, a savage monster. The whole land was filled with its bellowing and roared back with a shuddering sound, and to us watching it was a sight too great for the eyes. At once a terrible fear fell on the mares. Our master, long at home with the ways of horses, seized the reins in both hands and pulled, the way a sailor pulls his oar, his body hanging back against the straps.
1223	αἳ δ' ἐνδακοῦσαι στόμια πυριγενῆ γναθμοῖς βίᾳ φέρουσιν, οὔτι ναυκλήρου χερὸς οὔθ' ἱπποδέσμων οὔτε κολλητῶν ὄχων μεταστρέφουσαι. κεἰ μὲν εἰς τὰ μαλθακὰ γαίας ἔχων οἴακας εὐθύνοι δρόμον, προυφαίνετ' εἰς τοὔμπροσθεν, ὥστ' ἀναστρέφειν, ταῦρος φόβῳ τέτρωρον ἐκμαίνων ὄχον· εἰ δ' εἰς πέτρας φέροιντο μαργῶσαι φρένας, σιγῇ πελάζων ἄντυγι ξυνείπετο εἰς τοῦθ' ἕως ἔσφηλε κἀνεχαίτισεν, ἁψῖδα πέτρῳ προσβαλὼν ὀχήματος. σύμφυρτα δ' ἦν ἅπαντα· σύριγγές τ' ἄνω τροχῶν ἐπήδων ἀξόνων τ' ἐνήλατα.	But they bit down on the fire-forged bits and carried him off by force, paying no heed to the helmsman's hand, or the harness, or the jointed chariot. Whenever he held the tiller and steered their course toward soft ground, the bull would appear in front to turn them back, driving the four-horse team mad with fear. And if they rushed toward the rocks in their frenzy, it came close beside the rail in silence and followed along, until it tripped the chariot and flipped it over, dashing its wheel against a rock. Everything was a wreck: the hubs of the wheels and the linchpins of the axles went flying into the air.
1236	αὐτὸς δ' ὁ τλήμων ἡνίαισιν ἐμπλακεὶς δεσμὸν δυσεξήνυστον ἕλκεται δεθείς, σποδούμενος μὲν πρὸς πέτραις φίλον κάρα, θραύων δὲ σάρκας, δεινὰ δ' ἐξαυδῶν κλύειν· στῆτ', ὦ φάτναισι ταῖς ἐμαῖς τεθραμμέναι, μή μ' ἐξαλείψητ'· ὦ πατρὸς τάλαιν' ἀρά. τίς ἄνδρ' ἄριστον βούλεται σῶσαι παρών; πολλοὶ δὲ βουληθέντες ὑστέρῳ ποδὶ ἐλειπόμεσθα. χὠ μὲν ἐκ δεσμῶν λυθεὶς τμητῶν ἱμάντων οὐ κάτοιδ' ὅτῳ τρόπῳ πίπτει, βραχὺν δὴ βίοτον ἐμπνέων ἔτι·	And the poor man himself, tangled in the reins, was dragged along, bound in a knot he couldn't undo, his dear head dashed against the rocks, his flesh torn, and he cried out things terrible to hear: "Stop, you mares I raised at my own mangers! Don't wipe me out! Oh, my father's terrible curse! Who'll stand by me and save the best of men?" Many of us wanted to, but our feet were too slow and we were left behind. Then he got free of his bonds, the leather reins, I don't know how, and fell, still breathing a little life.
1247	ἵπποι δ' ἔκρυφθεν καὶ τὸ δύστηνον τέρας ταύρου λεπαίας οὐ κάτοιδ' ὅπου χθονός. δοῦλος μὲν οὖν ἔγωγε σῶν δόμων, ἄναξ, ἀτὰρ τοσοῦτόν γ' οὐ δυνήσομαί ποτε τὸν σὸν πιθέσθαι παῖδ' ὅπως ἐστὶν κακός, οὐδ' εἰ γυναικῶν πᾶν κρεμασθείη γένος καὶ τὴν ἐν Ἴδῃ γραμμάτων πλήσειέ τις πεύκην, ἐπεί νιν ἐσθλὸν ὄντ' ἐπίσταμαι.	The horses vanished, and so did that baleful monster of a bull, somewhere in the rocky land, I don't know where. I'm only a slave of your house, my lord, but this much I'll never be able to do: believe your son is wicked. Not even if the whole race of women hanged themselves, and someone filled all the pine wood on Ida with writing, because I know he's a good man.[22]

22 Mount Ida was famous for its pine forests; he imagines all that timber made into writing tablets.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
1255	**CHORUS** αἰαῖ· κέκρανται συμφορὰ νέων κακῶν, / οὐδ' ἔστι μοίρας τοῦ χρεών τ' ἀπαλλαγή.	**CHORUS** Ah! A disaster of new troubles has been brought to its end, and there's no escape from fate and what must be.
1257	**THESEUS** μίσει μὲν ἀνδρὸς τοῦ πεπονθότος τάδε λόγοισιν ἥσθην τοῖσδε· νῦν δ' αἰδούμενος θεούς τ' ἐκεῖνόν θ', οὕνεκ' ἐστὶν ἐξ ἐμοῦ, οὔθ' ἥδομαι τοῖσδ' οὔτ' ἐπάχθομαι κακοῖς.	**THESEUS** Out of hatred for the man who suffered this, I was glad at your words. But now, out of respect for the gods, and for him, since he is my son, I feel neither joy nor grief at these troubles.
1261	**MESSENGER** πῶς οὖν; κομίζειν ἢ τί χρὴ τὸν ἄθλιον δράσαντας ἡμᾶς σῇ χαρίζεσθαι φρενί; φρόντιζ'· ἐμοῖς δὲ χρώμενος βουλεύμασιν οὐκ ὠμὸς εἰς σὸν παῖδα δυστυχοῦντ' ἔσει.	**MESSENGER** What then? Should we bring the poor man here, or what should we do to please you? Think it over. If you take my advice, you won't be harsh to your son in his misfortune.
1265	**THESEUS** κομίζετ' αὐτόν, ὡς ἰδὼν ἐν ὄμμασι τὸν τἄμ' ἀπαρνηθέντα μὴ χρᾶναι λέχη λόγοις τ' ἐλέγξω δαιμόνων τε συμφοραῖς.	**THESEUS** Bring him, so that I can see before my eyes the man who denied he'd defiled my bed, and refute him with my words and with what the gods have done to him.

FOURTH STASIMON

The Chorus sings of the power of Cypris and Love over every creature.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
1268	**CHORUS** σὺ τὰν θεῶν ἄκαμπτον φρένα καὶ βροτῶν ἄγεις, Κύπρι· σὺν δ' ὁ ποικιλόπτερος ἀμφιβαλὼν ὠκυτάτῳ πτερῷ ποτᾶται 'πὶ γαῖαν εὐάχητόν θ' ἁλμυρὸν ἐπὶ πόντον. θέλγει δ' Ἔρως, ᾧ μαινομένᾳ κραδίᾳ πτανὸς ἐφορμάσῃ χρυσοφαής, φύσιν ὀρεσκόων σκυλάκων πελαγίων θ' ὅσα τε γᾶ τρέφει, τὰν Ἅλιος αἰθόμενος δέρκεται, ἄνδρας τε· συμπάντων δὲ βασιληίδα τιμάν, Κύπρι, τῶνδε μόνα κρατύνεις.	**CHORUS** You lead the unbending hearts of gods and of mortals, Cypris; and with you the one with wings of many colors flings his swiftest wing around them and flies over the earth and over the echoing salt sea. Love enchants every creature he swoops upon, winged and gleaming with gold, and maddens its heart: the young of the mountains and of the sea, and all that the earth feeds, all that the blazing Sun looks down on, and men as well. Over all of these, Cypris, you alone hold the honor of a queen.

EXODOS

Artemis reveals the truth to Theseus, and Hippolytus dies after forgiving his father.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
1283	**ARTEMIS** σὲ τὸν εὐπατρίδαν Αἰγέως κέλομαι παῖδ' ἐπακοῦσαι· Λητοῦς δὲ κόρη σ' Ἄρτεμις αὐδῶ. Θησεῦ, τί τάλας τοῖσδε συνήδει, παῖδ' οὐχ ὁσίως σὸν ἀποκτείνας,	**ARTEMIS** Noble son of Aegeus, I call on you to listen: it is I, Artemis, daughter of Leto, who speak. Theseus, poor wretch, why do you rejoice in this, when you've killed your son unholily,

GREEK	ENGLISH
ψευδέσι μύθοις ἀλόχου πεισθεὶς ἀφανῆ; φανερὰν δ' ἔσχεθες ἄτην. πῶς οὐχ ὑπὸ γῆς τάρταρα κρύπτεις δέμας αἰσχυνθείς, ἢ πτηνὸς ἄνω μεταβὰς βίοτον πήματος ἔξω πόδα τοῦδ' ἀπέχεις; ὡς ἔν γ' ἀγαθοῖς ἀνδράσιν οὔ σοι τλητὸν βιότου μέρος ἐστίν. ἄκουε, Θησεῦ, σῶν κακῶν κατάστασιν·	won over by your wife's lies about things unproven? But the ruin you've won is plain. Why don't you hide your body in shame in the depths beneath the earth, or take wing and change your life up above to keep your foot clear of this misery? Among good men, at least, there's no share of life left that you can bear. Listen, Theseus, to how your troubles stand.
1297 καίτοι προκόψω γ' οὐδέν, ἀλγυνῶ δὲ σέ. ἀλλ' εἰς τόδ' ἦλθον, παιδὸς ἐκδεῖξαι φρένα τοῦ σοῦ δικαίαν, ὡς ὑπ' εὐκλείας θάνῃ, καὶ σῆς γυναικὸς οἶστρον ἢ τρόπον τινὰ γενναιότητα· τῆς γὰρ ἐχθίστης θεῶν ἡμῖν, ὅσαισι παρθένειος ἡδονή, δηχθεῖσα κέντροις παιδὸς ἠράσθη σέθεν. γνώμῃ δὲ νικᾶν τὴν Κύπριν πειρωμένη τροφοῦ διώλετ' οὐχ ἑκοῦσα μηχαναῖς, ἣ σῷ δι' ὅρκων παιδὶ σημαίνει νόσον. ὃ δ' ὥσπερ ὢν δίκαιος οὐκ ἐφέσπετο λόγοισιν, οὐδ' αὖ πρὸς σέθεν κακούμενος ὅρκων ἀφεῖλε πίστιν, εὐσεβὴς γεγώς.	And yet I'll accomplish nothing, except to cause you pain. But this is why I came: to show that your son's mind was just, so that he may die with a good name, and to show your wife's frenzy, or, in a way, her nobility. Stung by the goads of the goddess most hateful to those of us who delight in virginity, she fell in love with your son. She tried to conquer Cypris by reason, and she was destroyed, against her will, by the schemes of her nurse, who revealed her sickness to your son under oath. And he, just man that he was, did not go along with her words; nor, when you wronged him, did he break the faith of his oaths, since he was a man of piety.
1310 ἣ δ' εἰς ἔλεγχον μὴ πέσῃ φοβουμένη ψευδεῖς γραφὰς ἔγραψε καὶ διώλεσε δόλοισι σὸν παῖδ', ἀλλ' ὅμως ἔπεισέ σε.	She, afraid of being exposed, wrote a lying letter and destroyed your son by trickery, and all the same she convinced you.
1312 **THESEUS** οἴμοι.	**THESEUS** Oh, no.
1313 **ARTEMIS** δάκνει σε, Θησεῦ, μῦθος; ἀλλ' ἔχ' ἥσυχος, τοὐνθένδ' ἀκούσας ὡς ἂν οἰμώξῃς πλέον. ἆρ' οἶσθα πατρὸς τρεῖς ἀρὰς σαφεῖς ἔχων; ὧν τὴν μίαν παρεῖλες, ὦ κάκιστε σύ, εἰς παῖδα τὸν σόν, ἐξὸν εἰς ἐχθρόν τινα. πατὴρ μὲν οὖν σοι πόντιος φρονῶν καλῶς ἔδωχ' ὅσονπερ χρῆν, ἐπείπερ ἤνεσεν· σὺ δ' ἔν τ' ἐκείνῳ κἀν ἐμοὶ φαίνει κακός, ὃς οὔτε πίστιν οὔτε μάντεων ὄπα ἔμεινας, οὐκ ἤλεγξας, οὐ χρόνῳ μακρῷ σκέψιν παρέσχες, ἀλλὰ θᾶσσον ἢ σ' ἐχρῆν ἀρὰς ἐφῆκας παιδὶ καὶ κατέκτανες.	**ARTEMIS** Does the story sting you, Theseus? Keep quiet, and hear what follows, so you'll have still more to cry out over. Do you know you had three sure curses from your father? One of them you used up, you vilest of men, against your own son, when you could have used it against some enemy. Your father, the god of the sea, meant you well and gave you as much as he had to, since he had promised. But you, in his eyes and in mine, show yourself wicked. You didn't wait for proof or for the voice of seers; you made no test, gave it no long time for inquiry, but faster than you should have, you hurled curses at your son and killed him.
1325 **THESEUS** δέσποιν', ὀλοίμην.	**THESEUS** My lady, let me die!
ARTEMIS δεῖν' ἔπραξας, ἀλλ' ὅμως ἔτ' ἔστι σοὶ καὶ τῶνδε συγγνώμης τυχεῖν· Κύπρις γὰρ ἤθελ' ὥστε γίγνεσθαι τάδε, πληροῦσα θυμόν. θεοῖσι δ' ὧδ' ἔχει νόμος· οὐδεὶς ἀπαντᾶν βούλεται προθυμίᾳ τῇ τοῦ θέλοντος, ἀλλ' ἀφιστάμεσθ' ἀεί.	**ARTEMIS** What you did is terrible, but even so you can still find pardon for it. It was Cypris who wanted this to happen, to sate her anger. And this is the custom among gods: none of us chooses to stand in the way of another's will; we always step

GREEK

ἐπεὶ σάφ' ἴσθι, Ζῆνα μὴ φοβουμένη
οὐκ ἄν ποτ' ἦλθον εἰς τόδ' αἰσχύνης ἐγὼ
ὥστ' ἄνδρα πάντων φίλτατον βροτῶν ἐμοὶ
θανεῖν ἐᾶσαι. τὴν δὲ σὴν ἁμαρτίαν
τὸ μὴ εἰδέναι μὲν πρῶτον ἐκλύει κάκης·

1336 ἔπειτα δ' ἡ θανοῦσ' ἀνήλωσεν γυνὴ
λόγων ἐλέγχους ὥστε σὴν πεῖσαι φρένα.
μάλιστα μέν νυν σοὶ τάδ' ἔρρωγεν κακά,
λύπη δὲ κἀμοί· τοὺς γὰρ εὐσεβεῖς θεοὶ
θνήσκοντας οὐ χαίρουσι· τούς γε μὴν κακοὺς
αὐτοῖς τέκνοισι καὶ δόμοις ἐξόλλυμεν.

1342 CHORUS καὶ μὴν ὁ τάλας ὅδε δὴ στείχει,
σάρκας νεαρὰς ξανθόν τε κάρα
διαλυμανθείς. ὦ πόνος οἴκων,
οἷον ἐκράνθη δίδυμον μελάθροις
πένθος θεόθεν καταληπτόν.

1347 HIPPOLYTUS αἰαῖ αἰαῖ·
δύστηνος ἐγώ, πατρὸς ἐξ ἀδίκου
χρησμοῖς ἀδίκοις διελυμάνθην.
ἀπόλωλα τάλας, οἴμοι μοι.
διά μου κεφαλῆς ᾄσσουσ' ὀδύναι,
κατὰ δ' ἐγκέφαλον πηδᾷ σφάκελος.
σχές, ἀπειρηκὸς σῶμ' ἀναπαύσω.
ἔ ἔ·
ὦ στυγνὸν ὄχημ' ἵππειον, ἐμῆς
βόσκημα χερός,
διά μ' ἔφθειρας, κατὰ δ' ἔκτεινας.
φεῦ φεῦ· πρὸς θεῶν, ἀτρέμας, δμῶες,
χροὸς ἑλκώδους ἅπτεσθε χεροῖν.
τίς ἐφέστηκεν δεξιὰ πλευροῖς;
πρόσφορά μ' αἴρετε, σύντονα δ' ἕλκετε
τὸν κακοδαίμονα καὶ κατάρατον
πατρὸς ἀμπλακίαις. Ζεῦ Ζεῦ, τάδ' ὁρᾷς;

1364 ὅδ' ὁ σεμνὸς ἐγὼ καὶ θεοσέπτωρ,
ὅδ' ὁ σωφροσύνῃ πάντας ὑπερσχὼν
προὔπτον ἐς Ἅιδην στείχω κατὰ γῆς,
ὀλέσας βίοτον· μόχθους δ' ἄλλως
τῆς εὐσεβίας
εἰς ἀνθρώπους ἐπόνησα.
αἰαῖ αἰαῖ·
καὶ νῦν ὀδύνα μ' ὀδύνα βαίνει.
μέθετέ με τάλανα·
καί μοι Θάνατος Παιὰν ἔλθοι.
προσαπόλλυτέ μ' ὄλλυτε τὸν δυσδαίμον'·
... ἀμφιτόμου λόγχας ἔραμαι
διαμοιρᾶσαι,
διά τ' εὐνᾶσαι τὸν ἐμὸν βίοτον.
ὦ πατρὸς ἐμοῦ δύστανος ἀρά,

ENGLISH

aside. Because, believe me, if I hadn't feared Zeus, I'd never have come to such shame as to let the man dearest to me of all mortals die. As for your error, first of all, not knowing frees it from wickedness;

and then, by dying, the woman did away with any way of testing her words, and so she convinced your mind. These evils have burst upon you most of all, but there is grief for me too. The gods take no pleasure when pious men die; the wicked, though, we destroy, children, house and all.

CHORUS And look, here he comes, the poor man,
his young flesh and golden head
mangled. Oh, the suffering of this house!
What a double grief has come to pass
for these halls, fallen on them from the gods!

HIPPOLYTUS Ah, ah!
Wretched me, mangled
by an unjust father's unjust oracles.
I'm finished, poor wretch, oh, no, no.
Pains shoot through my head,
spasms leap in my brain.
Stop, let me rest my worn-out body.
No, no!
You hateful team of horses,
fed by my own hand,
you've destroyed me, you've killed me.
Ah, ah! For the gods' sake, slaves, gently,
touch my wounded flesh gently with your hands.
Who's standing at my right side?
Lift me carefully, pull together,
ill-fated as I am, and cursed
by my father's errors. Zeus, Zeus, do you see this?

Here I am, the holy one, the god-revering,
here I am, who surpassed everyone in chastity,
going down beneath the earth to Hades, plain to see,
my life destroyed; all for nothing
I toiled at the labors of piety
toward mankind.
Ah, ah!
And now pain, pain comes over me.
Let me go, wretched as I am,
and may Death the Healer come to me.
Kill me, finish me, ill-fated as I am.
... I long for a two-edged spear
to cut me apart
and lay my life to rest.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
	μιαιφόνων τε συγγόνων, παλαιῶν προγεννητόρων ἐξορίζεται κακὸν οὐδὲ μέλλει, ἔμολέ τ' ἐπ' ἐμὲ τί ποτε τὸν οὐδὲν ὄντ' ἐπαίτιον κακῶν;	My father's wretched curse! The evil of kinsmen stained with blood, of ancestors long ago, breaks its bounds and does not wait, and it has come upon me— why, when I am to blame for no evil at all?[23]
1384	ἰώ μοι, τί φῶ; πῶς ἀπαλλάξω βιοτὰν ἐμὰν τοῦδ' ἀναλγήτου πάθους; εἴθε με κοιμίσειε τὸν δυσδαίμον' Ἅιδου μέλαινα νύκτερός τ' ἀνάγκα.	Oh, what can I say? How can I free my life from this merciless suffering? If only the black necessity of Hades, of night, would lull me to sleep, ill-fated as I am!
1389	**ARTEMIS** ὦ τλῆμον, οἵαις συμφοραῖς συνεζύγης· / τὸ δ' εὐγενές σε τῶν φρενῶν ἀπώλεσεν.	**ARTEMIS** Poor man, what disasters you've been yoked to! It was the nobility of your heart that destroyed you.
1390	**HIPPOLYTUS** ἔα· ὦ θεῖον ὀδμῆς πνεῦμα· καὶ γὰρ ἐν κακοῖς ὢν ἠσθόμην σου κἀνεκουφίσθην δέμας· ἔστ' ἐν τόποισι τοισίδ' Ἄρτεμις θεά;	**HIPPOLYTUS** Oh! Divine breath of fragrance! Even in my pain I sensed you, and my body felt lighter. Is the goddess Artemis here, in this place?
1394	**ARTEMIS** ὦ τλῆμον, ἔστι, σοί γε φιλτάτη θεῶν.	**ARTEMIS** Poor man, she is, the dearest of the gods to you.
1395	**HIPPOLYTUS** ὁρᾷς με, δέσποιν', ὡς ἔχω, τὸν ἄθλιον;	**HIPPOLYTUS** Do you see me, my lady, how I am, in my misery?
1396	**ARTEMIS** ὁρῶ· κατ' ὄσσων δ' οὐ θέμις βαλεῖν δάκρυ.	**ARTEMIS** I see. But it isn't right for me to let a tear fall from my eyes.
1397	**HIPPOLYTUS** οὐκ ἔστι σοι κυναγὸς οὐδ' ὑπηρέτης,	**HIPPOLYTUS** You have no huntsman now, no servant,
1398	**ARTEMIS** οὐ δῆτ'· ἀτάρ μοι προσφιλής γ' ἀπόλλυσαι.	**ARTEMIS** No, I don't. But you are dear to me, even as you die.
1399	**HIPPOLYTUS** οὐδ' ἱπποκόμας οὐδ' ἀγαλμάτων φύλαξ.	**HIPPOLYTUS** no one to drive your horses, no one to guard your statues.
1400	**ARTEMIS** Κύπρις γὰρ ἡ πανοῦργος ὧδ' ἐμήσατο.	**ARTEMIS** Yes, Cypris, who stops at nothing, contrived it so.
1401	**HIPPOLYTUS** ὤμοι· φρονῶ δὴ δαίμον' ἥ μ' ἀπώλεσε.	**HIPPOLYTUS** Oh, no! Now I understand what god it was that destroyed me.
1402	**ARTEMIS** τιμῆς ἐμέμφθη, σωφρονοῦντι δ' ἤχθετο.	**ARTEMIS** She resented being denied honor, and she hated your chastity.
1403	**HIPPOLYTUS** τρεῖς ὄντας ἡμᾶς ὤλεσ', ᾐσθημαι, Κύπρις.	**HIPPOLYTUS** Three of us, I see it now, Cypris has destroyed.
1404	**ARTEMIS** πατέρα γε καὶ σὲ καὶ τρίτην ξυνάορον.	

23 "Healer" (Paean) is a title of Apollo, the healing god; here Death is called the healer.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
		ARTEMIS Your father, and you, and third, his wife.
1405	**HIPPOLYTUS** ᾤμωξα τοίνυν καὶ πατρὸς δυσπραξίας.	**HIPPOLYTUS** Then I weep for my father's misfortune too.
1406	**ARTEMIS** ἐξηπατήθη δαίμονος βουλεύμασιν.	**ARTEMIS** He was deceived by a god's designs.
1407	**HIPPOLYTUS** ὦ δυστάλας σὺ τῆσδε συμφορᾶς, πάτερ.	**HIPPOLYTUS** Father, how wretched you are in this disaster!
1408	**THESEUS** ὄλωλα, τέκνον, οὐδέ μοι χάρις βίου.	**THESEUS** I'm finished, my son. Life holds no joy for me.
1409	**HIPPOLYTUS** στένω σὲ μᾶλλον ἢ 'μὲ τῆς ἁμαρτίας.	**HIPPOLYTUS** I grieve for you more than for myself, because of your mistake.
1410	**THESEUS** εἰ γὰρ γενοίμην, τέκνον, ἀντὶ σοῦ νεκρός.	**THESEUS** If only I could die, my son, in your place!
1411	**HIPPOLYTUS** ὦ δῶρα πατρὸς σοῦ Ποσειδῶνος πικρά.	**HIPPOLYTUS** The bitter gifts of your father Poseidon!
1412	**THESEUS** ὡς μήποτ' ἐλθεῖν ὤφελ' εἰς τοὐμὸν στόμα.	**THESEUS** How I wish they had never come to my lips!
1413	**HIPPOLYTUS** τί δ'; ἔκτανές τἄν μ', ὡς τότ' ἦσθ' ὠργισμένος	**HIPPOLYTUS** What then? You'd have killed me anyway, angry as you were then.
1414	**THESEUS** δόξης γὰρ ἦμεν πρὸς θεῶν ἐσφαλμένοι.	**THESEUS** Yes, the gods had made me lose my judgment.
	HIPPOLYTUS φεῦ· / εἴθ' ἦν ἀραῖον δαίμοσιν βροτῶν γένος.	**HIPPOLYTUS** Ah. If only the race of mortals could curse the gods!
1416	**ARTEMIS** ἔασον· οὐ γὰρ οὐδὲ γῆς ὑπὸ ζόφον θεᾶς ἄτιμοι Κύπριδος ἐκ προθυμίας ὀργαὶ κατασκήψουσιν εἰς τὸ σὸν δέμας σῆς εὐσεβείας κἀγαθῆς φρενὸς χάριν. ἐγὼ γὰρ αὐτῆς ἄλλον ἐξ ἐμῆς χερὸς ὃς ἂν μάλιστα φίλτατος κυρῇ βροτῶν τόξοις ἀφύκτοις τοῖσδε τιμωρήσομαι. σοὶ δ', ὦ ταλαίπωρ', ἀντὶ τῶνδε τῶν κακῶν τιμὰς μεγίστας ἐν πόλει Τροιζηνίᾳ δώσω· κόραι γὰρ ἄζυγες γάμων πάρος κόμας κεροῦνταί σοι, δι' αἰῶνος μακροῦ πένθη μέγιστα δακρύων καρπουμένῳ.	**ARTEMIS** Let it be. Even when you're beneath the darkness of the earth, the rage that the goddess Cypris was so eager to hurl down on your body will not go unavenged, for the sake of your piety and your good heart. With my own hand, with these arrows nothing escapes, I'll punish another of hers, whichever mortal happens to be dearest to her. And to you, poor sufferer, in return for these evils, I'll grant the greatest honors in the city of Troezen. Unmarried girls, before their weddings, will cut their hair for you, and through long ages you will reap the harvest of their deepest grief and tears.[24]
1428	ἀεὶ δὲ μουσοποιὸς εἰς σὲ παρθένων ἔσται μέριμνα, κοὐκ ἀνώνυμος πεσὼν ἔρως ὁ Φαίδρας εἰς σὲ σιγηθήσεται. σὺ δ', ὦ γεραιοῦ τέκνον Αἰγέως, λαβοῦ	Forever the maidens' care for you will turn into song, and Phaedra's love for you will not fall nameless and be passed over in silence. And you, son of old Aegeus, take your son in your arms and

24 The mortal meant is usually taken to be Adonis, Aphrodite's beloved, who died while hunting.

	GREEK	ENGLISH
	σὸν παῖδ' ἐν ἀγκάλαισι καὶ προσέλκυσαι· ἄκων γὰρ ὤλεσάς νιν· ἀνθρώποισι δὲ θεῶν διδόντων εἰκὸς ἐξαμαρτάνειν. καὶ σοὶ παραινῶ πατέρα μὴ στυγεῖν σέθεν, Ἱππόλυτ'· ἔχεις γὰρ μοῖραν ᾗ διεφθάρης. καὶ χαῖρ'· ἐμοὶ γὰρ οὐ θέμις φθιτοὺς ὁρᾶν οὐδ' ὄμμα χραίνειν θανασίμοισιν ἐκπνοαῖς·	hold him close. You destroyed him without meaning to, and when the gods allow it, it's only natural for humans to err. And you, Hippolytus, I urge not to hate your father: it was your fate that destroyed you. And farewell. It isn't right for me to look upon the dead or to stain my eyes with the last breaths of the dying;
1439	ὁρῶ δέ σ' ἤδη τοῦδε πλησίον κακοῦ.	and I see you're already close to that misfortune.
1440	**HIPPOLYTUS** χαίρουσα καὶ σὺ στεῖχε, παρθέν' ὀλβία· μακρὰν δὲ λείπεις ῥᾳδίως ὁμιλίαν. λύω δὲ νεῖκος πατρὶ χρῃζούσης σέθεν· καὶ γὰρ πάροιθε σοῖς ἐπειθόμην λόγοις. αἰαῖ, κατ' ὄσσων κιγχάνει μ' ἤδη σκότος· λαβοῦ, πάτερ, μου καὶ κατόρθωσον δέμας.	**HIPPOLYTUS** Go, and farewell to you too, blessed maiden. How lightly you leave our long companionship! I end my quarrel with my father, since you want it; I always obeyed your words before, too. Ah, darkness is already coming down over my eyes. Take hold of me, Father, and straighten my body.
1446	**THESEUS** ὤμοι, τέκνον, τί δρᾷς με τὸν δυσδαίμονα;	**THESEUS** Oh, no, my son, what are you doing to me, ill-fated as I am?
1447	**HIPPOLYTUS** ὄλωλα καὶ δὴ νερτέρων ὁρῶ πύλας.	**HIPPOLYTUS** I'm dying. I can already see the gates of the dead below.
1448	**THESEUS** ἦ τὴν ἐμὴν ἄναγνον ἐκλιπὼν φρένα;	**THESEUS** And leaving my mind unclean?
1449	**HIPPOLYTUS** οὐ δῆτ', ἐπεί σε τοῦδ' ἐλευθερῶ φόνου.	**HIPPOLYTUS** No, since I free you from this killing.
1450	**THESEUS** τί φῄς; ἀφίης αἵματός μ' ἐλεύθερον;	**THESEUS** What are you saying? You set me free of your blood?
1451	**HIPPOLYTUS** τὴν τοξόδαμνον παρθένον μαρτύρομαι.	**HIPPOLYTUS** I call the virgin who conquers with the bow to witness.
1452	**THESEUS** ὦ φίλταθ', ὡς γενναῖος ἐκφαίνει πατρί.	**THESEUS** My dearest, how noble you show yourself to your father!
1453	**HIPPOLYTUS** ὦ χαῖρε καὶ σύ, χαῖρε πολλά μοι, πάτερ.	**HIPPOLYTUS** Farewell to you too, Father, farewell, with all my heart.
1454	**THESEUS** ὤμοι φρενὸς σῆς εὐσεβοῦς τε κἀγαθῆς.	**THESEUS** Oh, for your pious and noble heart!
1455	**HIPPOLYTUS** τοιῶνδε παίδων γνησίων εὔχου τυχεῖν.	**HIPPOLYTUS** Pray to have trueborn sons like this.
1456	**THESEUS** μή νυν προδῷς με, τέκνον, ἀλλὰ καρτέρει.	**THESEUS** Don't abandon me now, my son. Hold on.
1457	**HIPPOLYTUS** κεκαρτέρηται τἄμ'· ὄλωλα γάρ, πάτερ· / κρύψον δέ μου πρόσωπον ὡς τάχος πέπλοις.	**HIPPOLYTUS** My holding on is over. I'm dying, Father. Cover my face with my robes, quickly.
1459	**THESEUS** ὦ κλεὶν' Ἀθηνῶν Παλλάδος θ' ὁρίσματα, οἵου στερήσεσθ' ἀνδρός. ὦ τλήμων ἐγώ· ὡς πολλά, Κύπρι, σῶν κακῶν μεμνήσομαι.	**THESEUS** Glorious land of Athens and of Pallas, what a man you will lose! How wretched I am! How often, Cypris, I'll remember the evils you have done!

	GREEK	ENGLISH
1462	**CHORUS** κοινὸν τόδ’ ἄχος πᾶσι πολίταις ἦλθεν ἀέλπτως. πολλῶν δακρύων ἔσται πίτυλος· τῶν γὰρ μεγάλων ἀξιοπενθεῖς φῆμαι μᾶλλον κατέχουσιν.	**CHORUS** This grief has come to all the citizens alike, unlooked-for. Many tears will fall, stroke upon stroke; for the stories of great men, worthy of mourning, hold all the stronger sway.