# Antigone

SOPHOCLES

c. 497–406 BC

# Antigone

Ἀντιγόνη

*Translated from the Greek with AI (Claude) and edited*



FORAGE
forage.com

*Antigone* · Sophocles (c. 497–406 BC)

Translated from the Greek with AI (Claude) and edited. Parallel-text edition, Forage, October 2026. forage.com/sophocles/antigone

Greek text: Francis Storr (ed.), *Sophocles*, vol. 1: *Oedipus the King, Oedipus at Colonus, Antigone* (Loeb Classical Library; London: William Heinemann; New York: Macmillan, 1912); editor Francis Storr (1839–1919), via the Perseus Digital Library (github.com/PerseusDL/canonical-greekLit) (canonical-greekLit, tlg0011.tlg002.perseus-grc2), CC BY-SA 4.0. English: translated from the Greek with AI (Claude), then edited for accuracy and consistency. Not reviewed by a human specialist. Free to reuse under CC BY-SA 4.0. Margin numbers are line numbers.

The original text is in the public domain. This translation is free to share and adapt under the Creative Commons Attribution-ShareAlike 4.0 International license (CC BY-SA 4.0): creativecommons.org/licenses/by-sa/4.0

Set in Source Serif 4, with Gentium Book Plus.

# CONTENTS

**Introduction** . . . . . vii

**Antigone** . . . . . 1

Prologue . . . . . 1
Parodos . . . . . 4
First Episode . . . . . 6
First Stasimon . . . . . 10
Second Episode . . . . . 12
Second Stasimon . . . . . 18
Third Episode . . . . . 19
Third Stasimon . . . . . 23
Fourth Episode . . . . . 24
Fourth Stasimon . . . . . 27
Fifth Episode . . . . . 28
Fifth Stasimon . . . . . 32
Exodos . . . . . 33

# INTRODUCTION

The war for Thebes is over. Oedipus' two sons have killed each other, one defending the city and one attacking it. Their uncle Creon, now king, decrees that the defender will be buried with honor and the traitor Polynices left for the dogs and birds, on pain of death for anyone who buries him.

Their sister Antigone defies the order, appealing to the unwritten laws of the gods against the law of the city. Creon, determined to show he cannot be defied by a woman or by his own family, will not bend—not for his son Haemon, Antigone's fiancé, nor for the prophet Teiresias—until it is too late.

First staged around 441 BC, Antigone is the classic drama of conscience against state, and of two people each partly in the right. Hegel called it one of the most sublime works of art ever made; it also contains the great choral ode on humankind, "Many things are wondrous, but nothing more wondrous than man."

# Antigone

*Before the royal palace at Thebes, at dawn after the defeat of the Argive army.*
*Antigone defies Creon to bury her brother.*

## PROLOGUE

*Antigone tells Ismene of Creon's ban on burying Polynices and resolves to bury him; Ismene refuses to help.*

| | GREEK | ENGLISH |
|---|---|---|
| 1 | **ANTIGONE** ὦ κοινὸν αὐτάδελφον Ἰσμήνης κάρα,<br>ἆρ' οἶσθ' ὅ τι Ζεὺς τῶν ἀπ' Οἰδίπου κακῶν<br>ὁποῖον οὐχὶ νῷν ἔτι ζώσαιν τελεῖ;<br>οὐδὲν γὰρ οὔτ' ἀλγεινὸν οὔτ' ἄτης ἄτερ<br>οὔτ' αἰσχρὸν οὔτ' ἄτιμόν ἐσθ', ὁποῖον οὐ<br>τῶν σῶν τε κἀμῶν οὐκ ὄπωπ' ἐγὼ κακῶν.<br>καὶ νῦν τί τοῦτ' αὖ φασι πανδήμῳ πόλει<br>κήρυγμα θεῖναι τὸν στρατηγὸν ἀρτίως;<br>ἔχεις τι κεἰσήκουσας; ἤ σε λανθάνει<br>πρὸς τοὺς φίλους στείχοντα τῶν ἐχθρῶν κακά; | **ANTIGONE** Ismene, my sister, my own flesh and blood, do you know a single one of the evils handed down from Oedipus that Zeus is not bringing to pass for the two of us while we are still alive? There is nothing painful, nothing free of ruin, nothing shameful, nothing dishonoring that I haven't seen among your sorrows and mine. And now what is this proclamation they say the general has just issued to the whole city? Do you know anything? Have you heard? Or haven't you noticed that evils meant for our enemies are marching against those we love? |
| 11 | **ISMENE** ἐμοὶ μὲν οὐδεὶς μῦθος, Ἀντιγόνη, φίλων<br>οὔθ' ἡδὺς οὔτ' ἀλγεινὸς ἵκετ' ἐξ ὅτου<br>δυοῖν ἀδελφοῖν ἐστερήθημεν δύο,<br>μιᾷ θανόντοιν ἡμέρᾳ διπλῇ χερί·<br>ἐπεὶ δὲ φροῦδός ἐστιν Ἀργείων στρατὸς<br>ἐν νυκτὶ τῇ νῦν, οὐδὲν οἶδ' ὑπέρτερον,<br>οὔτ' εὐτυχοῦσα μᾶλλον οὔτ' ἀτωμένη. | **ISMENE** No word about our loved ones has reached me, Antigone, either sweet or painful, since the two of us were robbed of our two brothers, who died on a single day, each by the other's hand. Since the Argive army left, this past night, I know nothing more, nothing that makes me luckier or more ruined.[1] |
| 18 | **ANTIGONE** ᾔδη καλῶς, καί σ' ἐκτὸς αὐλείων πυλῶν /<br>τοῦδ' οὕνεκ' ἐξέπεμπον, ὡς μόνη κλύοις. | **ANTIGONE** I knew it well. That's why I brought you out beyond the courtyard gates, so that you alone could hear. |
| 20 | **ISMENE** τί δ' ἔστι; δηλοῖς γάρ τι καλχαίνουσ' ἔπος. | **ISMENE** What is it? You're clearly brooding darkly over some news. |
| 21 | **ANTIGONE** οὐ γὰρ τάφου νῷν τὼ κασιγνήτω Κρέων<br>τὸν μὲν προτίσας, τὸν δ' ἀτιμάσας ἔχει;<br>Ἐτεοκλέα μέν, ὡς λέγουσι, σὺν δίκης<br>χρήσει δικαίᾳ καὶ νόμου κατὰ χθονὸς<br>ἔκρυψε τοῖς ἔνερθεν ἔντιμον νεκροῖς·<br>τὸν δ' ἀθλίως θανόντα Πολυνείκους νέκυν<br>ἀστοῖσί φασιν ἐκκεκηρῦχθαι τὸ μὴ<br>τάφῳ καλύψαι μηδὲ κωκῦσαί τινα, | **ANTIGONE** Hasn't Creon given one of our brothers the honor of burial and denied it to the other? Eteocles, they say, he has laid beneath the earth, treating him justly as justice and law require, so that he is honored among the dead below. But the body of Polynices, who died so wretchedly, they say it has been proclaimed to the citizens that no one is to cover it in a grave or mourn it. He is to be |

1 The army of Argos had marched on Thebes to restore Polynices, driven into exile by his brother Eteocles; in the battle the two brothers killed each other.

| | GREEK | ENGLISH |
|---|---|---|
| | ἐᾶν δ' ἄκλαυτον, ἄταφον, οἰωνοῖς γλυκὺν<br>θησαυρὸν εἰσορῶσι πρὸς χάριν βορᾶς. | left unwept, unburied, a sweet treasure for the birds as they look down, eager for a feast. |
| 31 | τοιαῦτά φασι τὸν ἀγαθὸν Κρέοντα σοὶ<br>κἀμοί, λέγω γὰρ κἀμέ, κηρύξαντ' ἔχειν,<br>καὶ δεῦρο νεῖσθαι ταῦτα τοῖσι μὴ εἰδόσιν<br>σαφῆ προκηρύξοντα, καὶ τὸ πρᾶγμ' ἄγειν<br>οὐχ ὡς παρ' οὐδέν, ἀλλ' ὃς ἂν τούτων τι δρᾷ,<br>φόνον προκεῖσθαι δημόλευστον ἐν πόλει.<br>οὕτως ἔχει σοι ταῦτα, καὶ δείξεις τάχα<br>εἴτ' εὐγενὴς πέφυκας εἴτ' ἐσθλῶν κακή. | That, they say, is what our good Creon has proclaimed for you and for me. Yes, I say for me too. And he is coming here to proclaim it plainly to those who don't know, and he is not treating the matter lightly: whoever does any of this is to be stoned to death by the people of the city. That's how things stand for you, and you will soon show whether you are nobly born, or base though your blood is noble. |
| 39 | **ISMENE** τί δ', ὦ ταλαῖφρον, εἰ τάδ' ἐν τούτοις, ἐγὼ /<br>λύουσ' ἂν ἢ 'φάπτουσα προσθείμην πλέον; | **ISMENE** But, my poor sister, if things are like this, what more could I accomplish, whether I tie the knot or untie it? |
| 41 | **ANTIGONE** εἰ ξυμπονήσεις καὶ ξυνεργάσει σκόπει. | **ANTIGONE** Think whether you'll share the work and the deed with me. |
| 42 | **ISMENE** ποῖόν τι κινδύνευμα; ποῦ γνώμης ποτ' εἶ; | **ISMENE** What kind of risk? What are you thinking of? |
| 43 | **ANTIGONE** εἰ τὸν νεκρὸν ξὺν τῇδε κουφιεῖς χερί. | **ANTIGONE** Whether you'll help this hand of mine lift the body. |
| 44 | **ISMENE** ἦ γὰρ νοεῖς θάπτειν σφ', ἀπόρρητον πόλει; | **ISMENE** You mean to bury him, when the city has forbidden it? |
| 45 | **ANTIGONE** τὸν γοῦν ἐμὸν καὶ τὸν σόν, ἢν σὺ μὴ<br>θέλῃς / ἀδελφόν· οὐ γὰρ δὴ προδοῦσ' ἁλώσομαι. | **ANTIGONE** Yes, my brother, and yours too, even if you won't. No one will ever catch me betraying him. |
| 47 | **ISMENE** ὦ σχετλία, Κρέοντος ἀντειρηκότος; | **ISMENE** You reckless girl, when Creon has forbidden it? |
| 48 | **ANTIGONE** ἀλλ' οὐδὲν αὐτῷ τῶν ἐμῶν μ' εἴργειν μέτα. | **ANTIGONE** He has no right to keep me from my own. |
| 49 | **ISMENE** οἴμοι. φρόνησον, ὦ κασιγνήτη, πατὴρ<br>ὡς νῷν ἀπεχθὴς δυσκλεής τ' ἀπώλετο,<br>πρὸς αὐτοφώρων ἀμπλακημάτων διπλᾶς<br>ὄψεις ἀράξας αὐτὸς αὐτουργῷ χερί.<br>ἔπειτα μήτηρ καὶ γυνή, διπλοῦν ἔπος,<br>πλεκταῖσιν ἀρτάναισι λωβᾶται βίον·<br>τρίτον δ' ἀδελφὼ δύο μίαν καθ' ἡμέραν<br>αὐτοκτονοῦντε τὼ ταλαιπώρω μόρον<br>κοινὸν κατειργάσαντ' ἐπαλλήλοιν χεροῖν. | **ISMENE** Oh, no. Think, my sister, how our father died, hated and disgraced, after he struck out both his eyes with his own hand for the crimes he himself laid bare. Then his mother and wife, two names for one woman, destroyed her life in a twisted noose. And third, our two brothers, on a single day, poor wretches, killing each other, brought about a shared death, each by the other's hand. |
| 58 | νῦν δ' αὖ μόνα δὴ νὼ λελειμμένα σκόπει<br>ὅσῳ κάκιστ' ὀλούμεθ', εἰ νόμου βίᾳ<br>ψῆφον τυράννων ἢ κράτη παρέξιμεν.<br>ἀλλ' ἐννοεῖν χρὴ τοῦτο μὲν γυναῖχ' ὅτι<br>ἔφυμεν, ὡς πρὸς ἄνδρας οὐ μαχουμένα. | And now think how much worse our death will be, the two of us left all alone, if we defy the law and set ourselves against the rulers' decree and power. No: we must remember first that we were born women, not made to fight against men; and then, |

| | GREEK | ENGLISH |
|---|---|---|
| | ἔπειτα δ' οὔνεκ' ἀρχόμεσθ' ἐκ κρεισσόνων,<br>καὶ ταῦτ' ἀκούειν κἄτι τῶνδ' ἀλγίονα. | that we are ruled by those who are stronger, and must obey in this and in things more painful still. |
| 65 | ἐγὼ μὲν οὖν αἰτοῦσα τοὺς ὑπὸ χθονὸς<br>ξύγγνοιαν ἴσχειν, ὡς βιάζομαι τάδε,<br>τοῖς ἐν τέλει βεβῶσι πείσομαι· τὸ γὰρ<br>περισσὰ πράσσειν οὐκ ἔχει νοῦν οὐδένα. | So I'll ask those beneath the earth to forgive me, since I am forced in this, and I'll obey those in authority. Doing more than you can makes no sense at all. |
| 69 | ANTIGONE οὔτ' ἂν κελεύσαιμ' οὔτ' ἄν, εἰ θέλοις ἔτι<br>πράσσειν, ἐμοῦ γ' ἂν ἡδέως δρῴης μέτα.<br>ἀλλ' ἴσθ' ὁποῖά σοι δοκεῖ, κεῖνον δ' ἐγὼ<br>θάψω· καλόν μοι τοῦτο ποιούσῃ θανεῖν.<br>φίλη μετ' αὐτοῦ κείσομαι, φίλου μέτα,<br>ὅσια πανουργήσασ'. ἐπεὶ πλείων χρόνος<br>ὃν δεῖ μ' ἀρέσκειν τοῖς κάτω τῶν ἐνθάδε.<br>ἐκεῖ γὰρ αἰεὶ κείσομαι· σοὶ δ', εἰ δοκεῖ,<br>τὰ τῶν θεῶν ἔντιμ' ἀτιμάσασ' ἔχε. | ANTIGONE I won't urge you. And even if you were willing to act after all, I wouldn't be glad to have you with me. Be whatever you think best. I will bury him. It will be a fine thing for me to die doing it. I will lie with him, loved one with loved one, when I have committed a holy crime. For I have longer to please those below than those here. There I will lie forever. As for you, if you think so, go on dishonoring what the gods hold in honor. |
| 78 | ISMENE ἐγὼ μὲν οὐκ ἄτιμα ποιοῦμαι, τὸ δὲ / βίᾳ<br>πολιτῶν δρᾶν ἔφυν ἀμήχανος. | ISMENE I'm not dishonoring anything. But I have no strength to act against the citizens' will. |
| 80 | ANTIGONE σὺ μὲν τάδ' ἂν προῦχοι'· ἐγὼ δὲ δὴ τάφον /<br>χώσουσ' ἀδελφῷ φιλτάτῳ πορεύσομαι. | ANTIGONE You can make that your excuse. I am going to heap up a grave for my dearest brother. |
| 82 | ISMENE οἴμοι ταλαίνης, ὡς ὑπερδέδοικά σου. | ISMENE Oh, no, my poor sister, how afraid I am for you! |
| 83 | ANTIGONE μὴ 'μοῦ προτάρβει· τὸν σὸν ἐξόρθου πότμον. | ANTIGONE Don't fear for me. Set your own fate straight. |
| 84 | ISMENE ἀλλ' οὖν προμηνύσῃς γε τοῦτο μηδενὶ /<br>τοὔργον, κρυφῇ δὲ κεῦθε, σὺν δ' αὔτως ἐγώ. | ISMENE Well, at least don't tell anyone about this beforehand. Keep it hidden, secret, and so will I. |
| 86 | ANTIGONE οἴμοι, καταύδα· πολλὸν ἐχθίων ἔσει /<br>σιγῶσ', ἐὰν μὴ πᾶσι κηρύξῃς τάδε. | ANTIGONE Oh, no, speak out! You'll be far more hateful to me if you keep silent and don't proclaim it to everyone. |
| 88 | ISMENE θερμὴν ἐπὶ ψυχροῖσι καρδίαν ἔχεις. | ISMENE You have a hot heart for chilling deeds. |
| 89 | ANTIGONE ἀλλ' οἶδ' ἀρέσκουσ' οἷς μάλισθ' ἁδεῖν με<br>χρή. | ANTIGONE But I know I'm pleasing those I most ought to please. |
| 90 | ISMENE εἰ καὶ δυνήσει γ'· ἀλλ' ἀμηχάνων ἐρᾷς. | ISMENE If you even can. But you're in love with the impossible. |
| 91 | ANTIGONE οὐκοῦν, ὅταν δὴ μὴ σθένω, πεπαύσομαι. | ANTIGONE Then when my strength gives out, I'll stop. |
| 92 | ISMENE ἀρχὴν δὲ θηρᾶν οὐ πρέπει τἀμήχανα. | ISMENE It's wrong to hunt the impossible in the first place. |
| 93 | ANTIGONE εἰ ταῦτα λέξεις, ἐχθαρεῖ μὲν ἐξ ἐμοῦ,<br>ἐχθρὰ δὲ τῷ θανόντι προσκείσει δίκῃ.<br>ἀλλ' ἔα με καὶ τὴν ἐξ ἐμοῦ δυσβουλίαν | ANTIGONE If you talk like that, I will hate you, and the dead will rightly hold you his enemy too. Leave me and my own folly to suffer this terrible |

| | GREEK | ENGLISH |
|---|---|---|
| | παθεῖν τὸ δεινὸν τοῦτο· πείσομαι γὰρ οὐ<br>τοσοῦτον οὐδὲν ὥστε μὴ οὐ καλῶς θανεῖν. | thing. Nothing I suffer will be so terrible that I won't die a fine death. |
| 98 | **ISMENE** ἀλλ' εἰ δοκεῖ σοι, στεῖχε· τοῦτο δ' ἴσθ' ὅτι /<br>ἄνους μὲν ἔρχει, τοῖς φίλοις δ' ὀρθῶς φίλη. | **ISMENE** Well, if you're set on it, go. But know this: you are going senselessly, yet truly loving to those you love. |

## PARODOS

*The elders of Thebes celebrate the defeat of the Argive army and the deaths of the two brothers.*

| | GREEK | ENGLISH |
|---|---|---|
| 100 | **CHORUS** ἀκτὶς ἀελίου, τὸ κάλλιστον ἑπταπύλῳ φανὲν<br>Θήβᾳ τῶν προτέρων φάος,<br>ἐφάνθης ποτ', ὦ χρυσέας<br>ἁμέρας βλέφαρον,<br>Διρκαίων ὑπὲρ ῥεέθρων μολοῦσα,<br>τὸν λεύκασπιν Ἀργόθεν ἐκβάντα φῶτα πανσαγίᾳ<br>φυγάδα πρόδρομον ὀξυτέρῳ κινήσασα χαλινῷ· | **CHORUS** Beam of the sun,<br>fairest light ever shown<br>to seven-gated Thebes,<br>at last you have dawned,<br>eye of golden day,<br>coming over Dirce's streams,<br>and the man who marched from Argos<br>with his white shield, in full armor,<br>you have driven in headlong flight,<br>urged on by a sharper bridle.[2] |
| 110 | ὃς ἐφ' ἡμετέρᾳ γᾷ Πολυνείκους<br>ἀρθεὶς νεικέων ἐξ ἀμφιλόγων<br>ὀξέα κλάζων<br>ἀετὸς εἰς γᾶν ὡς ὑπερέπτα,<br>λευκῆς χιόνος πτέρυγι στεγανός,<br>πολλῶν μεθ' ὅπλων<br>ξύν θ' ἱπποκόμοις κορύθεσσιν. | He whom Polynices<br>roused against our land<br>out of quarrels and strife<br>swooped down on our country<br>like a shrill-screaming eagle,<br>sheltered by a wing white as snow,<br>with weapons in plenty<br>and helmets plumed with horsehair. |
| 117 | στὰς δ' ὑπὲρ μελάθρων φονώσαισιν ἀμφιχανὼν κύκλῳ<br>λόγχαις ἑπτάπυλον στόμα<br>ἔβα, πρίν ποθ' ἁμετέρων<br>αἱμάτων γένυσιν πλησθῆναί τε καὶ στεφάνωμα πύργων<br>πευκάενθ' Ἥφαιστον ἑλεῖν. τοῖος ἀμφὶ νῶτ' ἐτάθη<br>πάταγος Ἄρεος, ἀντιπάλῳ δυσχείρωμα δράκοντος. | He stood above our houses,<br>his blood-hungry spears<br>gaping all around<br>our seven-gated mouth.<br>But he went, before his jaws<br>were glutted with our blood,<br>before Hephaestus' pine-fed fire<br>could seize our crown of towers.<br>Such a clangor of Ares<br>was stretched about his back,<br>too hard to master for his rival, the dragon.[3] |
| 127 | Ζεὺς γὰρ μεγάλης γλώσσης κόμπους<br>ὑπερεχθαίρει, καὶ σφας ἐσιδὼν<br>πολλῷ ῥεύματι προσνισσομένους<br>χρυσοῦ καναχῆς ὑπεροπλίαις,<br>παλτῷ ῥιπτεῖ πυρὶ βαλβίδων | For Zeus hates above all things<br>the boasts of a proud tongue,<br>and when he saw them<br>advancing in a great flood,<br>arrogant in the clang of gold, |

2 Dirce: a spring and stream at Thebes.
3 The dragon stands for Thebes, whose first people were said to have sprung from the teeth of a dragon slain by Cadmus.

| | GREEK | ENGLISH |
|---|---|---|
| | ἐπ᾽ ἄκρων ἤδη<br>νίκην ὁρμῶντ᾽ ἀλαλάξαι. | he hurled his brandished fire<br>at one already on the ramparts' top,<br>rushing to raise the shout of victory.[4] |
| 134 | ἀντιτύπᾳ δ᾽ ἐπὶ γᾷ πέσε τανταλωθεὶς<br>πυρφόρος, ὃς τότε μαινομένᾳ ξὺν ὁρμᾷ<br>βακχεύων ἐπέπνει<br>ῥιπαῖς ἐχθίστων ἀνέμων.<br>εἶχε δ᾽ ἄλλᾳ τὰ μέν,<br>ἄλλα δ᾽ ἐπ᾽ ἄλλοις ἐπενώμα στυφελίζων μέγας Ἄρης<br>δεξιόσειρος. | Swung through the air, he fell<br>on the hard-striking earth,<br>the fire-bearer who just now,<br>in a frenzied rush,<br>raving like a Bacchant,<br>breathed against us<br>blasts of the most hateful winds.<br>But things went another way:<br>great Ares, our strong right-hand horse,<br>dealt other blows to others,<br>battering them hard. |
| 141 | ἑπτὰ λοχαγοὶ γὰρ ἐφ᾽ ἑπτὰ πύλαις<br>ταχθέντες ἴσοι πρὸς ἴσους ἔλιπον<br>Ζηνὶ τροπαίῳ πάγχαλκα τέλη,<br>πλὴν τοῖν στυγεροῖν, ὧ πατρὸς ἑνὸς<br>μητρός τε μιᾶς φύντε καθ᾽ αὑτοῖν<br>δικρατεῖς λόγχας στήσαντ᾽ ἔχετον<br>κοινοῦ θανάτου μέρος ἄμφω. | For seven captains at seven gates,<br>matched man to man,<br>left their armor all of bronze<br>as tribute to Zeus who turns the battle,<br>all but the two ill-fated ones,<br>who, born of one father<br>and one mother,<br>leveled their conquering spears<br>at each other<br>and both won a share<br>of a common death. |
| 148 | ἀλλὰ γὰρ ἁ μεγαλώνυμος ἦλθε Νίκα<br>τᾷ πολυαρμάτῳ ἀντιχαρεῖσα Θήβᾳ,<br>ἐκ μὲν δὴ πολέμων<br>τῶν νῦν θέσθαι λησμοσύναν,<br>θεῶν δὲ ναοὺς χοροῖς<br>παννυχίοις πάντας ἐπέλθωμεν, ὁ Θήβας δ᾽ ἐλελίχθων<br>Βάκχιος ἄρχοι. | But Victory, great in name, has come,<br>rejoicing with Thebes of the many chariots.<br>So let us put out of mind<br>the wars just past,<br>and go to all the temples of the gods<br>with dances all night long,<br>and may Bacchus, who shakes the land of Thebes,<br>lead the way. |
| 155 | ἀλλ᾽ ὅδε γὰρ δὴ βασιλεὺς χώρας,<br>Κρέων ὁ Μενοικέως ἄρχων νεοχμὸς<br>νεαραῖσι θεῶν ἐπὶ συντυχίαις<br>χωρεῖ, τίνα δὴ μῆτιν ἐρέσσων,<br>ὅτι σύγκλητον τήνδε γερόντων<br>προὔθετο λέσχην,<br>κοινῷ κηρύγματι πέμψας; | But here comes the king of the land,<br>Creon, son of Menoeceus,<br>our new ruler<br>under the gods' new fortunes.<br>What plan is he turning over,<br>that he has called<br>this special council of elders,<br>summoned by general proclamation? |

4 This is Capaneus, one of the seven Argive captains, who boasted that not even Zeus would stop him burning the city and was struck down by Zeus's thunderbolt.

## FIRST EPISODE

*Creon proclaims his ban; a guard reports that someone has already sprinkled dust on the body.*

| | GREEK | ENGLISH |
|---|---|---|
| 162 | **CREON** ἄνδρες, τὰ μὲν δὴ πόλεος ἀσφαλῶς θεοὶ<br>πολλῷ σάλῳ σείσαντες ὤρθωσαν πάλιν.<br>ὑμᾶς δ' ἐγὼ πομποῖσιν ἐκ πάντων δίχα<br>ἔστειλ' ἱκέσθαι τοῦτο μὲν τὰ Λαΐου<br>σέβοντας εἰδὼς εὖ θρόνων ἀεὶ κράτη,<br>τοῦτ' αὖθις, ἡνίκ' Οἰδίπους ὤρθου πόλιν,<br>κἀπεὶ διώλετ', ἀμφὶ τοὺς κείνων ἔτι<br>παῖδας μένοντας ἐμπέδοις φρονήμασιν.<br>ὅτ' οὖν ἐκεῖνοι πρὸς διπλῆς μοίρας μίαν<br>καθ' ἡμέραν ὤλοντο παίσαντές τε καὶ<br>πληγέντες αὐτόχειρι σὺν μιάσματι,<br>ἐγὼ κράτη δὴ πάντα καὶ θρόνους ἔχω<br>γένους κατ' ἀγχιστεῖα τῶν ὀλωλότων. | **CREON** Gentlemen, the gods tossed our city on a heavy sea, and now they have set it safely upright again. I've sent messengers to summon you here, apart from everyone else, because I know well that you always revered the power of Laius' throne; and again, when Oedipus kept the city upright, and after he perished, you stood by their children, steadfast in your loyalty. Now, since those sons have perished on a single day by a double fate, striking and struck, stained by the pollution of their own hands, I hold all power and the throne by right of nearest kinship to the dead. |
| 175 | ἀμήχανον δὲ παντὸς ἀνδρὸς ἐκμαθεῖν<br>ψυχήν τε καὶ φρόνημα καὶ γνώμην, πρὶν ἂν<br>ἀρχαῖς τε καὶ νόμοισιν ἐντριβὴς φανῇ.<br>ἐμοὶ γὰρ ὅστις πᾶσαν εὐθύνων πόλιν<br>μὴ τῶν ἀρίστων ἅπτεται βουλευμάτων,<br>ἀλλ' ἐκ φόβου του γλῶσσαν ἐγκλῄσας ἔχει,<br>κάκιστος εἶναι νῦν τε καὶ πάλαι δοκεῖ·<br>καὶ μεῖζον ὅστις ἀντὶ τῆς αὑτοῦ πάτρας<br>φίλον νομίζει, τοῦτον οὐδαμοῦ λέγω. | You cannot learn any man's soul, his thinking and his judgment, until he has been seen practiced in rule and in the laws. To my mind, whoever guides the whole city and does not hold to the best counsels, but keeps his tongue locked up out of some fear, is the worst of men; I think so now and always have. And whoever counts a loved one above his own country, I hold him of no account. |
| 184 | ἐγὼ γάρ, ἴστω Ζεὺς ὁ πάνθ' ὁρῶν ἀεί,<br>οὔτ' ἂν σιωπήσαιμι τὴν ἄτην ὁρῶν<br>στείχουσαν ἀστοῖς ἀντὶ τῆς σωτηρίας,<br>οὔτ' ἂν φίλον ποτ' ἄνδρα δυσμενῆ χθονὸς<br>θείμην ἐμαυτῷ, τοῦτο γιγνώσκων ὅτι<br>ἥδ' ἐστὶν ἡ σῴζουσα καὶ ταύτης ἔπι<br>πλέοντες ὀρθῆς τοὺς φίλους ποιούμεθα.<br>τοιοῖσδ' ἐγὼ νόμοισι τήνδ' αὔξω πόλιν,<br>καὶ νῦν ἀδελφὰ τῶνδε κηρύξας ἔχω<br>ἀστοῖσι παίδων τῶν ἀπ' Οἰδίπου πέρι· | As for me, may Zeus, who sees all things forever, be my witness: I would not keep silent if I saw ruin coming on the citizens instead of safety, nor would I ever make a man hostile to this land my friend. I know this: it is our country that keeps us safe, and only while we sail on her upright do we make friends. By laws like these I will make this city great. And now I have proclaimed to the citizens something akin to them concerning the sons of Oedipus. |
| 194 | Ἐτεοκλέα μέν, ὃς πόλεως ὑπερμαχῶν<br>ὄλωλε τῆσδε, πάντ' ἀριστεύσας δόρει,<br>τάφῳ τε κρύψαι καὶ τὰ πάντ' ἀφαγνίσαι<br>ἃ τοῖς ἀρίστοις ἔρχεται κάτω νεκροῖς.<br>τὸν δ' αὖ ξύναιμον τοῦδε, Πολυνείκη λέγω,<br>ὃς γῆν πατρῴαν καὶ θεοὺς τοὺς ἐγγενεῖς<br>φυγὰς κατελθὼν ἠθέλησε μὲν πυρὶ<br>πρῆσαι κατ' ἄκρας, ἠθέλησε δ' αἵματος<br>κοινοῦ πάσασθαι, τοὺς δὲ δουλώσας ἄγειν,<br>τοῦτον πόλει τῇδ' ἐκκεκήρυκται τάφῳ<br>μήτε κτερίζειν μήτε κωκῦσαί τινα,<br>ἐᾶν δ' ἄθαπτον καὶ πρὸς οἰωνῶν δέμας<br>καὶ πρὸς κυνῶν ἐδεστὸν αἰκισθέν τ' ἰδεῖν. | Eteocles, who died fighting for this city, the bravest of all with the spear, is to be buried in a grave and given every holy rite that goes down to the noblest dead. But his brother, Polynices, I mean, who came back from exile and wanted to burn to the ground the land of his fathers and the gods of his race, wanted to taste his kinsmen's blood and lead the rest away as slaves: it has been proclaimed to this city that no one is to honor him with burial or mourn him. He is to be left unburied, his body food for birds and dogs, a mangled thing to look at. |
| 207 | | |

| | GREEK | ENGLISH |
|---|---|---|
| | τοιόνδ' ἐμὸν φρόνημα, κοὔποτ' ἔκ γ' ἐμοῦ<br>τιμὴν προέξουσ' οἱ κακοὶ τῶν ἐνδίκων·<br>ἀλλ' ὅστις εὔνους τῇδε τῇ πόλει, θανὼν<br>καὶ ζῶν ὁμοίως ἐξ ἐμοῦ τιμήσεται. | That is my resolve. Never, if it rests with me, will the wicked stand ahead of the just in honor. But whoever is loyal to this city, dead or alive, will be honored by me alike. |
| 211 | **CHORUS** σοὶ ταῦτ' ἀρέσκει, παῖ Μενοικέως Κρέον,<br>τὸν τῇδε δύσνουν κἀς τὸν εὐμενῆ πόλει·<br>νόμῳ δὲ χρῆσθαι παντί που πάρεστί σοι<br>καὶ τῶν θανόντων χὠπόσοι ζῶμεν πέρι. | **CHORUS** That is your pleasure, Creon, son of Menoeceus, for the man who is hostile to this city and the man who is loyal to it. And you have the power, I suppose, to use any law you like, both for the dead and for those of us still living. |
| 215 | **CREON** ὡς ἂν σκοποὶ νῦν εἶτε τῶν εἰρημένων. | **CREON** Then see that you watch over what has been ordered. |
| 216 | **CHORUS** νεωτέρῳ τῳ τοῦτο βαστάζειν πρόθες. | **CHORUS** Lay that burden on someone younger. |
| 217 | **CREON** ἀλλ' εἶσ' ἕτοιμοι τοῦ νεκροῦ γ' ἐπίσκοποι. | **CREON** No, there are men posted already to watch the body. |
| 218 | **CHORUS** τί δῆτ' ἂν ἄλλο τοῦτ' ἐπεντέλλοις ἔτι; | **CHORUS** Then what else would you still have us do? |
| 219 | **CREON** τὸ μὴ 'πιχωρεῖν τοῖς ἀπιστοῦσιν τάδε. | **CREON** Not to side with those who disobey these orders. |
| 220 | **CHORUS** οὔκ ἔστιν οὕτω μῶρος ὃς θανεῖν ἐρᾷ. | **CHORUS** No one is fool enough to be in love with death. |
| 221 | **CREON** καὶ μὴν ὁ μισθός γ', οὗτος· ἀλλ' ὑπ' ἐλπίδων /<br>ἄνδρας τὸ κέρδος πολλάκις διώλεσεν. | **CREON** Yes, that's the wage. But the hope of profit has often been the ruin of men. |
| 223 | **GUARD** ἄναξ, ἐρῶ μὲν οὐχ ὅπως τάχους ὕπο<br>δύσπνους ἱκάνω κοῦφον ἐξάρας πόδα.<br>πολλὰς γὰρ ἔσχον φροντίδων ἐπιστάσεις,<br>ὁδοῖς κυκλῶν ἐμαυτὸν εἰς ἀναστροφήν·<br>ψυχὴ γὰρ ἡὔδα πολλά μοι μυθουμένη·<br>τάλας, τί χωρεῖς οἶ μολὼν δώσεις δίκην;<br>τλήμων, μενεῖς αὖ; κεἰ τάδ' εἴσεται Κρέων<br>ἄλλου παρ' ἀνδρός; πῶς σὺ δῆτ' οὐκ ἀλγύνει;<br>τοιαῦθ' ἑλίσσων ἤνυτον σχολῇ βραδύς.<br>χοὕτως ὁδὸς βραχεῖα γίγνεται μακρά.<br>τέλος γε μέντοι δεῦρ' ἐνίκησεν μολεῖν<br>σοί. κεἰ τὸ μηδὲν ἐξερῶ, φράσω δ' ὅμως·<br>τῆς ἐλπίδος γὰρ ἔρχομαι δεδραγμένος,<br>τὸ μὴ παθεῖν ἂν ἄλλο πλὴν τὸ μόρσιμον. | **GUARD** My lord, I won't say I've come here out of breath from hurrying, lifting a light foot. I stopped a lot of times to think, and kept turning around on the road to go back. My soul kept talking to me, saying all sorts of things: "You poor fool, why are you going where you'll get punished when you arrive?" "You idiot, stopping again? What if Creon hears this from somebody else? How are you not going to get hurt for it?" Turning all that over, I took my time and went slowly, and that's how a short road gets long. In the end, though, coming here to you won out. And even if what I tell you is nothing, I'll tell it anyway. I've come clinging to the hope that I can't suffer anything except what's fated. |
| 237 | **CREON** τί δ' ἐστὶν ἀνθ' οὗ τήνδ' ἔχεις ἀθυμίαν; | **CREON** What is it that has you so disheartened? |
| 238 | **GUARD** φράσαι θέλω σοι πρῶτα τἀμαυτοῦ· τὸ γὰρ<br>πρᾶγμ' οὔτ' ἔδρασ' οὔτ' εἶδον ὅστις ἦν ὁ δρῶν,<br>οὐδ' ἂν δικαίως ἐς κακὸν πέσοιμί τι. | **GUARD** First I want to tell you my side of it. I didn't do the deed, and I didn't see who did it, and it wouldn't be just for me to come to any harm. |
| 241 | | |

| | GREEK | ENGLISH |
|---|---|---|
| | **CREON** εὖ γε στοχάζει κἀποφάργνυσαι κύκλῳ / τὸ πρᾶγμα· δηλοῖς δ' ὥς τι σημανῶν νέον. | **CREON** You take good aim, and you fence the matter off all round. Clearly you've got some news to report. |
| 243 | **GUARD** τὰ δεινὰ γάρ τοι προστίθησ' ὄκνον πολύν. | **GUARD** Well, terrible news makes a man hesitate a good deal. |
| 244 | **CREON** οὔκουν ἐρεῖς ποτ', εἶτ' ἀπαλλαχθεὶς ἄπει; | **CREON** Won't you tell it, then, and be off out of my way? |
| 245 | **GUARD** καὶ δὴ λέγω σοι. τὸν νεκρόν τις ἀρτίως<br>θάψας βέβηκε κἀπὶ χρωτὶ διψίαν<br>κόνιν παλύνας κἀφαγιστεύσας ἃ χρή· | **GUARD** All right, I'm telling you. Somebody has just buried the body and gone off. Sprinkled thirsty dust on its skin and performed the proper rites. |
| 248 | **CREON** τί φής; τίς ἀνδρῶν ἦν ὁ τολμήσας τάδε; | **CREON** What are you saying? What man dared to do this? |
| 249 | **GUARD** οὐκ οἶδ'· ἐκεῖ γὰρ οὔτε του γενῆδος ἦν<br>πλῆγμ', οὐ δικέλλης ἐκβολή. στύφλος δὲ γῆ<br>καὶ χέρσος, ἀρρὼξ οὐδ' ἐπημαξευμένη<br>τροχοῖσιν, ἀλλ' ἄσημος οὐργάτης τις ἦν.<br>ὅπως δ' ὁ πρῶτος ἡμὶν ἡμεροσκόπος<br>δείκνυσι, πᾶσι θαῦμα δυσχερὲς παρῆν.<br>ὁ μὲν γὰρ ἠφάνιστο, τυμβήρης μὲν οὔ,<br>λεπτὴ δ', ἅγος φεύγοντος ὥς, ἐπῆν κόνις·<br>σημεῖα δ' οὔτε θηρὸς οὔτε του κυνῶν<br>ἐλθόντος, οὐ σπάσαντος ἐξεφαίνετο.<br>λόγοι δ' ἐν ἀλλήλοισιν ἐρρόθουν κακοί,<br>φύλαξ ἐλέγχων φύλακα, κἂν ἐγίγνετο<br>πληγὴ τελευτῶσ', οὐδ' ὁ κωλύσων παρῆν. | **GUARD** I don't know. There was no mark of a pick-axe there, no earth thrown up by a mattock. The ground was hard and dry, unbroken, no wheel ruts across it. Whoever did it left no trace. When the first day-watchman showed us, it was an awful wonder to all of us. The body was gone from sight. Not buried in a grave, but there was a thin layer of dust on it, as if from someone trying to escape the pollution. And there were no signs that any wild animal or any dog had come and torn at it. Ugly words were flying back and forth, guard accusing guard, and in the end it would have come to blows, and there was no one there to stop it. |
| 262 | εἷς γάρ τις ἦν ἕκαστος οὐξειργασμένος,<br>κοὐδεὶς ἐναργής, ἀλλ' ἔφευγε μὴ εἰδέναι.<br>ἦμεν δ' ἕτοιμοι καὶ μύδρους αἴρειν χεροῖν<br>καὶ πῦρ διέρπειν καὶ θεοὺς ὁρκωμοτεῖν,<br>τὸ μήτε δρᾶσαι μήτε τῳ ξυνειδέναι<br>τὸ πρᾶγμα βουλεύσαντι μηδ' εἰργασμένῳ.<br>τέλος δ' ὅτ' οὐδὲν ἦν ἐρευνῶσιν πλέον,<br>λέγει τις εἷς, ὃ πάντας ἐς πέδον κάρα<br>νεῦσαι φόβῳ προὔτρεψεν· οὐ γὰρ εἴχομεν<br>οὔτ' ἀντιφωνεῖν οὔθ' ὅπως δρῶντες καλῶς<br>πράξαιμεν. ἦν δ' ὁ μῦθος ὡς ἀνοιστέον<br>σοὶ τοὔργον εἴη τοῦτο κοὐχὶ κρυπτέον. | Every one of us was the one who'd done it, and nobody was caught red-handed; each man claimed he knew nothing. We were ready to pick up red-hot iron in our hands, to walk through fire, and to swear by the gods that we hadn't done it, and weren't in on it with anybody who'd planned it or carried it out. In the end, when searching got us nowhere, one man spoke up, and what he said made us all hang our heads to the ground in fear. We couldn't argue with him, and we couldn't see how we'd come out of it well if we did it. What he said was that this business had to be reported to you, not hidden.[5] |
| 274 | καὶ ταῦτ' ἐνίκα, κἀμὲ τὸν δυσδαίμονα<br>πάλος καθαιρεῖ τοῦτο τἀγαθὸν λαβεῖν.<br>πάρειμι δ' ἄκων οὐχ ἑκοῦσιν, οἶδ' ὅτι·<br>στέργει γὰρ οὐδεὶς ἄγγελον κακῶν ἐπῶν. | That won the day, and the lot condemned unlucky me to win this prize. So here I am, as unwilling as you are to see me, I know that. Nobody loves the man who brings bad news. |

5 Holding red-hot iron and walking through fire were ancient ordeals for proving one's innocence.

| | GREEK | ENGLISH |
|---|---|---|
| 278 | **CHORUS** ἄναξ, ἐμοί τοί, μή τι καὶ θεήλατον / τοὔργον<br>τόδ', ἡ ξύννοια βουλεύει πάλαι | **CHORUS** My lord, my mind has long been asking whether this deed might be something the gods have sent. |
| 280 | **CREON** παῦσαι, πρὶν ὀργῆς καὶ 'μὲ μεστῶσαι λέγων,<br>μὴ 'φευρεθῇς ἄνους τε καὶ γέρων ἅμα.<br>λέγεις γὰρ οὐκ ἀνεκτὰ δαίμονας λέγων<br>πρόνοιαν ἴσχειν τοῦδε τοῦ νεκροῦ πέρι.<br>πότερον ὑπερτιμῶντες ὡς εὐεργέτην<br>ἔκρυπτον αὐτόν, ὅστις ἀμφικίονας<br>ναοὺς πυρώσων ἦλθε κἀναθήματα<br>καὶ γῆν ἐκείνων καὶ νόμους διασκεδῶν;<br>ἢ τοὺς κακοὺς τιμῶντας εἰσορᾷς θεούς;<br>οὔκ ἔστιν. ἀλλὰ ταῦτα καὶ πάλαι πόλεως<br>ἄνδρες μόλις φέροντες ἐρρόθουν ἐμοί,<br>κρυφῇ κάρα σείοντες, οὐδ' ὑπὸ ζυγῷ<br>λόφον δικαίως εἶχον, ὡς στέργειν ἐμέ. | **CREON** Stop, before your words fill me with rage, or you'll turn out to be a fool as well as old. What you say is intolerable, when you say the gods care for this corpse. Was it to honor him above all others as their benefactor that they covered him, the man who came to burn their pillared temples and their offerings, and to scatter their land and its laws to the winds? Or do you see the gods honoring the wicked? It isn't so. No: for a long time there have been men in this city who could barely stand my orders and muttered against me, shaking their heads in secret, and would not keep their necks under the yoke as they ought, and be content with me. |
| 293 | ἐκ τῶνδε τούτους ἐξεπίσταμαι καλῶς<br>παρηγμένους μισθοῖσιν εἰργάσθαι τάδε.<br>οὐδὲν γὰρ ἀνθρώποισιν οἷον ἄργυρος<br>κακὸν νόμισμ' ἔβλαστε. τοῦτο καὶ πόλεις<br>πορθεῖ, τόδ' ἄνδρας ἐξανίστησιν δόμων·<br>τόδ' ἐκδιδάσκει καὶ παραλλάσσει φρένας<br>χρηστὰς πρὸς αἰσχρὰ πράγματ' ἵστασθαι βροτῶν·<br>πανουργίας δ' ἔδειξεν ἀνθρώποις ἔχειν<br>καὶ παντὸς ἔργου δυσσέβειαν εἰδέναι.<br>ὅσοι δὲ μισθαρνοῦντες ἤνυσαν τάδε,<br>χρόνῳ ποτ' ἐξέπραξαν ὡς δοῦναι δίκην. | These are the men, I know it well, who bribed the guards to do this. Nothing that has ever grown up among human beings is as evil as money. Money sacks cities; it drives men from their homes; it teaches honest minds and twists them to turn to shameful deeds. It has shown human beings how to practice every villainy and to know the irreverence of every act. But all those who did this for pay have made sure that sooner or later they will pay the penalty. |
| 304 | ἀλλ' εἴπερ ἴσχει Ζεὺς ἔτ' ἐξ ἐμοῦ σέβας,<br>εὖ τοῦτ' ἐπίστασ', ὅρκιος δέ σοι λέγω·<br>εἰ μὴ τὸν αὐτόχειρα τοῦδε τοῦ τάφου<br>εὑρόντες ἐκφανεῖτ' ἐς ὀφθαλμοὺς ἐμούς,<br>οὐχ ὑμὶν Ἅιδης μοῦνος ἀρκέσει, πρὶν ἂν<br>ζῶντες κρεμαστοὶ τήνδε δηλώσηθ' ὕβριν,<br>ἵν' εἰδότες τὸ κέρδος ἔνθεν οἰστέον<br>τὸ λοιπὸν ἁρπάζητε, καὶ μάθηθ' ὅτι<br>οὐκ ἐξ ἅπαντος δεῖ τὸ κερδαίνειν φιλεῖν. | As surely as Zeus still has my reverence, know this well, and I tell you on my oath: if you don't find the man whose own hand made this burial and bring him before my eyes, Hades alone won't be enough for you. First you will be strung up alive until you reveal this outrage, so that from now on you'll know where profit should be got before you grab it, and learn that you mustn't love gain from every source. |
| 313 | ἐκ τῶν γὰρ αἰσχρῶν λημμάτων τοὺς πλείονας /<br>ἀτωμένους ἴδοις ἂν ἢ σεσωσμένους. | You'll find more men ruined by shameful gains than saved. |
| 315 | **GUARD** εἰπεῖν τι δώσεις ἢ στραφεὶς οὕτως ἴω; | **GUARD** Will you let me say something, or shall I just turn around and go? |
| 316 | **CREON** οὐκ οἶσθα καὶ νῦν ὡς ἀνιαρῶς λέγεις; | **CREON** Don't you know even now how your talk annoys me? |
| 317 | **GUARD** ἐν τοῖσιν ὠσὶν ἢ 'πὶ τῇ ψυχῇ δάκνει; | **GUARD** Does it sting in your ears, or in your soul? |
| 318 | **CREON** τί δὲ ῥυθμίζεις τὴν ἐμὴν λύπην ὅπου; | |

| | GREEK | ENGLISH |
|---|---|---|
| | | **CREON** Why are you trying to pin down where my pain is? |
| 319 | **GUARD** ὁ δρῶν σ' ἀνιᾷ τὰς φρένας, τὰ δ' ὦτ' ἐγώ. | **GUARD** The man who did it pains your mind. I only pain your ears. |
| 320 | **CREON** οἶμ' ὡς λάλημα δῆλον ἐκπεφυκὸς εἶ. | **CREON** Ah, you're a born babbler, that much is plain. |
| 321 | **GUARD** οὔκουν τό γ' ἔργον τοῦτο ποιήσας ποτέ. | **GUARD** Maybe, but I never did this deed. |
| 322 | **CREON** καὶ ταῦτ' ἐπ' ἀργύρῳ γε τὴν ψυχὴν προδούς. | **CREON** You did, and sold your soul for silver too. |
| 323 | **GUARD** φεῦ· / ἦ δεινὸν ᾧ δοκῇ γε καὶ ψευδῆ δοκεῖν. | **GUARD** Ah. It's a terrible thing when a man who's made up his mind makes it up wrong. |
| 324 | **CREON** κόμψευέ νυν τὴν δόξαν· εἰ δὲ ταῦτα μὴ<br>φανεῖτέ μοι τοὺς δρῶντας, ἐξερεῖθ' ὅτι<br>τὰ δειλὰ κέρδη πημονὰς ἐργάζεται. | **CREON** Go on, be clever about making up minds. But if you don't show me who did this, you'll have to admit that cowardly gains bring grief. |
| 327 | **GUARD** ἀλλ' εὑρεθείη μὲν μάλιστ'· ἐὰν δέ τοι<br>ληφθῇ τε καὶ μή, τοῦτο γὰρ τύχη κρινεῖ,<br>οὐκ ἔσθ' ὅπως ὄψει σὺ δεῦρ' ἐλθόντα με·<br>καὶ νῦν γὰρ ἐκτὸς ἐλπίδος γνώμης τ' ἐμῆς<br>σωθεὶς ὀφείλω τοῖς θεοῖς πολλὴν χάριν. | **GUARD** Well, I hope above all he's found. But whether he's caught or not, and luck will decide that, there's no way you'll see me coming back here. Even now I've been saved against all my hope and expectation, and I owe the gods a lot of thanks. |

### FIRST STASIMON

*The chorus sings of human ingenuity, which leads now to good, now to evil.*

| | GREEK | ENGLISH |
|---|---|---|
| 333 | **CHORUS** πολλὰ τὰ δεινὰ κοὐδὲν ἀνθρώπου δεινότερον<br>πέλει.<br>τοῦτο καὶ πολιοῦ πέραν πόντου χειμερίῳ νότῳ<br>χωρεῖ, περιβρυχίοισιν<br>περῶν ὑπ' οἴδμασιν.<br>θεῶν τε τὰν ὑπερτάταν, Γᾶν<br>ἄφθιτον, ἀκαμάταν, ἀποτρύεται<br>ἰλλομένων ἀρότρων ἔτος εἰς ἔτος<br>ἱππείῳ γένει πολεύων. | **CHORUS** Many things are wondrous, and nothing is more wondrous than man.<br>He crosses the gray sea<br>in the stormy south wind,<br>passing beneath the swells<br>that roar around him.<br>And Earth, highest of the gods,<br>immortal, unwearying,<br>he wears away,<br>as the plows turn back and forth<br>year after year,<br>turning the soil with the breed of horses.[6] |
| 343 | κουφονόων τε φῦλον ὀρνίθων ἀμφιβαλὼν ἄγει<br>καὶ θηρῶν ἀγρίων ἔθνη πόντου τ' εἰναλίαν φύσιν<br>σπείραισι δικτυοκλώστοις,<br>περιφραδὴς ἀνήρ·<br>κρατεῖ δὲ μηχαναῖς ἀγραύλου<br>θηρὸς ὀρεσσιβάτα, λασιαύχενά θ' | The tribe of light-minded birds<br>he snares and carries off,<br>and the nations of wild beasts,<br>and the creatures of the sea,<br>in the coils of woven nets,<br>man, the ingenious. |

6 The Greek word *deinos* means both "wondrous" and "terrible"; the ode keeps both senses in play.

| | GREEK | ENGLISH |
|---|---|---|
| | ἵππον ὀχμάζεται ἀμφὶ λόφον ζυγῶν<br>οὔρειόν τ᾽ ἀκμῆτα ταῦρον. | By his devices he masters<br>the beast that roams the wild hills;<br>he tames the shaggy-maned horse,<br>putting the yoke about its neck,<br>and the tireless mountain bull. |
| 354 | καὶ φθέγμα καὶ ἀνεμόεν φρόνημα καὶ ἀστυνόμους<br>ὀργὰς ἐδιδάξατο καὶ δυσαύλων<br>πάγων ὑπαίθρεια καὶ δύσομβρα φεύγειν βέλη<br>παντοπόρος· ἄπορος ἐπ᾽ οὐδὲν ἔρχεται<br>τὸ μέλλον· Ἅιδα μόνον φεῦξιν οὐκ ἐπάξεται·<br>νόσων δ᾽ ἀμηχάνων φυγὰς ξυμπέφρασται. | Speech, and thought swift as the wind,<br>and the temper that orders cities,<br>he has taught himself,<br>and how to escape the arrows<br>of frost under the open sky,<br>where shelter is hard to find,<br>and the arrows of the pelting rain.<br>Resourceful in everything,<br>he meets nothing that is to come<br>without resource.<br>From Hades alone<br>he will find no escape;<br>but from diseases past all help<br>he has devised ways out. |
| 365 | σοφόν τι τὸ μηχανόεν τέχνας ὑπὲρ ἐλπίδ᾽ ἔχων<br>τοτὲ μὲν κακόν, ἄλλοτ᾽ ἐπ᾽ ἐσθλὸν ἕρπει,<br>νόμους γεραίρων χθονὸς θεῶν τ᾽ ἔνορκον δίκαν,<br>ὑψίπολις· ἄπολις ὅτῳ τὸ μὴ καλὸν<br>ξύνεστι τόλμας χάριν. μήτ᾽ ἐμοὶ παρέστιος<br>γένοιτο μήτ᾽ ἴσον φρονῶν ὃς τάδ᾽ ἔρδει. | Clever beyond hope<br>is the skill of his devising;<br>it carries him now to evil,<br>now to good.<br>When he honors the laws of the land<br>and the justice of the gods he has sworn by,<br>high stands his city;<br>cityless is he who,<br>for the sake of daring,<br>keeps company with what is not noble.<br>May he never share my hearth,<br>never share my thoughts,<br>the man who does such things. |
| 376 | ἐς δαιμόνιον τέρας ἀμφινοῶ<br>τόδε· πῶς εἰδὼς ἀντιλογήσω<br>τήνδ᾽ οὐκ εἶναι παῖδ᾽ Ἀντιγόνην.<br>ὦ δύστηνος<br>καὶ δυστήνου πατρὸς Οἰδιπόδα,<br>τί ποτ᾽; οὐ δή που σέ γ᾽ ἀπιστοῦσαν<br>τοῖς βασιλείοισιν ἄγουσι νόμοις<br>καὶ ἐν ἀφροσύνῃ καθελόντες; | At this portent sent by the gods<br>my mind is torn in two.<br>Knowing her, how can I deny<br>that this girl is Antigone?<br>Unhappy girl,<br>child of an unhappy father, Oedipus,<br>what is this? Surely they’re not<br>bringing you here as one who disobeyed<br>the king’s laws,<br>caught in an act of folly? |

## SECOND EPISODE

*The guard brings in Antigone; she defends the unwritten laws, and Creon condemns her and Ismene.*

| | GREEK | ENGLISH |
|---|---|---|
| 384 | **GUARD** ἥδ' ἔστ' ἐκείνη τοὔργον ἡ 'ξειργασμένη· / τήνδ' εἵλομεν θάπτουσαν. ἀλλὰ ποῦ Κρέων; | **GUARD** Here she is, the one who did it. We caught her burying him. But where is Creon? |
| 386 | **CHORUS** ὅδ' ἐκ δόμων ἄψορρος εἰς δέον περᾷ. | **CHORUS** Here he is, coming back out of the house just when he's needed. |
| 387 | **CREON** τί δ' ἔστι; ποίᾳ ξύμμετρος προὔβην τύχῃ; | **CREON** What is it? What has happened, that my coming is so timely? |
| 388 | **GUARD** ἄναξ, βροτοῖσιν οὐδέν ἔστ' ἀπώμοτον.<br>ψεύδει γὰρ ἡ 'πίνοια τὴν γνώμην· ἐπεὶ<br>σχολῇ ποθ' ἥξειν δεῦρ' ἂν ἐξηύχουν ἐγὼ<br>ταῖς σαῖς ἀπειλαῖς αἷς ἐχειμάσθην τότε<br>ἀλλ' ἡ γὰρ ἐκτὸς καὶ παρ' ἐλπίδας χαρὰ<br>ἔοικεν ἄλλῃ μῆκος οὐδὲν ἡδονῇ,<br>ἥκω, δι' ὅρκων καίπερ ὢν ἀπώμοτος,<br>κόρην ἄγων τήνδ', ἣ καθῃρέθη τάφον<br>κοσμοῦσα. κλῆρος ἐνθάδ' οὐκ ἐπάλλετο,<br>ἀλλ' ἔστ' ἐμὸν θοὔρμαιον, οὐκ ἄλλου, τόδε.<br>καὶ νῦν, ἄναξ, τήνδ' αὐτός, ὡς θέλεις, λαβὼν<br>καὶ κρῖνε κἀξέλεγχ'· ἐγὼ δ' ἐλεύθερος<br>δίκαιός εἰμι τῶνδ' ἀπηλλάχθαι κακῶν. | **GUARD** My lord, there's nothing a man should swear he'll never do. Second thoughts make a liar of your first judgment. I'd have sworn I'd be slow to come back here, after those threats of yours that hit me like a storm. But since a joy that comes from nowhere, beyond all hope, is bigger than any other pleasure, I've come, even though I swore I wouldn't, bringing this girl, who was caught tending the grave. No lots were shaken this time; this windfall's mine and nobody else's. And now take her yourself, as you like, and judge her and question her. As for me, I have the right to be free and clear of this trouble. |
| 401 | **CREON** ἄγεις δὲ τήνδε τῷ τρόπῳ πόθεν λαβών; | **CREON** This girl you've brought: how did you catch her, and where? |
| 402 | **GUARD** αὕτη τὸν ἄνδρ' ἔθαπτε· πάντ' ἐπίστασαι. | **GUARD** She was burying the man. Now you know everything. |
| 403 | **CREON** ἦ καὶ ξυνίης καὶ λέγεις ὀρθῶς ἃ φῄς; | **CREON** Do you understand what you're saying? Is it the truth? |
| 404 | **GUARD** ταύτην γ' ἰδὼν θάπτουσαν ὃν σὺ τὸν νεκρὸν /<br>ἀπεῖπας. ἆρ' ἔνδηλα καὶ σαφῆ λέγω; | **GUARD** I saw her burying the body you forbade anyone to bury. Is that plain and clear enough? |
| 406 | **CREON** καὶ πῶς ὁρᾶται κἀπίληπτος ἡρέθη; | **CREON** And how was she seen and caught in the act? |
| 407 | **GUARD** τοιοῦτον ἦν τὸ πρᾶγμ'. ὅπως γὰρ ἥκομεν,<br>πρὸς σοῦ τὰ δείν' ἐκεῖν' ἐπηπειλημένοι,<br>πᾶσαν κόνιν σήραντες, ἣ κατεῖχε τὸν<br>νέκυν, μυδῶν τε σῶμα γυμνώσαντες εὖ,<br>καθήμεθ' ἄκρων ἐκ πάγων ὑπήνεμοι,<br>ὀσμὴν ἀπ' αὐτοῦ μὴ βάλοι πεφευγότες,<br>ἐγερτὶ κινῶν ἄνδρ' ἀνὴρ ἐπιρρόθοις<br>κακοῖσιν, εἴ τις τοῦδ' ἀκηδήσοι πόνου.<br>χρόνον τάδ' ἦν τοσοῦτον, ἔστ' ἐν αἰθέρι<br>μέσῳ κατέστη λαμπρὸς ἡλίου κύκλος<br>καὶ καῦμ' ἔθαλπε· καὶ τότ' ἐξαίφνης χθονὸς | **GUARD** Here's how it was. When we got back, with those terrible threats of yours hanging over us, we swept off all the dust that covered the body and stripped the rotting corpse thoroughly bare. Then we sat down on the top of the hills, upwind, to keep clear of the stench coming off it, each man keeping the next one awake with a stream of abuse in case anyone got careless with the job. That went on for a long time, until the bright disk of the sun stood in the middle of the sky and the heat was |

| | GREEK | ENGLISH |
|---|---|---|
| | τυφὼς ἀείρας σκηπτόν οὐράνιον ἄχος,<br>πίμπλησι πεδίον, πᾶσαν αἰκίζων φόβην<br>ὕλης πεδιάδος, ἐν δ' ἐμεστώθη μέγας<br>αἰθήρ· μύσαντες δ' εἴχομεν θείαν νόσον. | scorching. And then suddenly a whirlwind lifted a storm of dust off the ground, a trouble sent from the sky, and filled the plain, tearing all the leaves off the trees there, and the whole wide air was choked with it. We shut our eyes and endured this plague from the gods. |
| 422 | καὶ τοῦδ' ἀπαλλαγέντος ἐν χρόνῳ μακρῷ,<br>ἡ παῖς ὁρᾶται, κἀνακωκύει πικρᾶς<br>ὄρνιθος ὀξὺν φθόγγον, ὡς ὅταν κενῆς<br>εὐνῆς νεοσσῶν ὀρφανὸν βλέψῃ λέχος.<br>οὕτω δὲ χαὔτη, ψιλὸν ὡς ὁρᾷ νέκυν,<br>γόοισιν ἐξῴμωξεν, ἐκ δ' ἀρὰς κακὰς<br>ἠρᾶτο τοῖσι τοὔργον ἐξειργασμένοις.<br>καὶ χερσὶν εὐθὺς διψίαν φέρει κόνιν,<br>ἔκ τ' εὐκροτήτου χαλκέας ἄρδην πρόχου<br>χοαῖσι τρισπόνδοισι τὸν νέκυν στέφει. | When at last, after a long time, it passed, there was the girl, and she let out a sharp cry, like a bird in its bitterness when it sees its nest empty and its young gone. Just so, when she saw the body bare, she broke into wailing and groans, and called down evil curses on the ones who had done it. And at once she brought thirsty dust in her hands, and lifting high a fine bronze pitcher she crowned the body with a triple libation. |
| 432 | χἡμεῖς ἰδόντες ἐμέσθα, σὺν δέ νιν<br>θηρώμεθ' εὐθὺς οὐδὲν ἐκπεπληγμένην,<br>καὶ τάς τε πρόσθεν τάς τε νῦν ἠλέγχομεν<br>πράξεις· ἄπαρνος δ' οὐδενὸς καθίστατο,<br>ἄμ' ἡδέως ἔμοιγε κἀλγεινῶς ἅμα.<br>τὸ μὲν γὰρ αὐτὸν ἐκ κακῶν πεφευγέναι<br>ἥδιστον, ἐς κακὸν δὲ τοὺς φίλους ἄγειν<br>ἀλγεινόν· ἀλλὰ πάντα ταῦθ' ἥσσω λαβεῖν<br>ἐμοὶ πέφυκε τῆς ἐμῆς σωτηρίας. | When we saw that, we rushed at her and caught her right away, and she wasn't the least bit frightened. We charged her with what she'd done before and what she'd done now, and she didn't deny any of it, which pleased me and pained me at the same time. Getting out of trouble yourself is the sweetest thing there is, but bringing people you care about into trouble is painful. Still, all that naturally counts for less with me than my own safety. |
| 441 | **CREON** σὲ δή, σὲ τὴν νεύουσαν εἰς πέδον κάρα, / φὴς ἢ καταρνεῖ μὴ δεδρακέναι τάδε; | **CREON** You. Yes, you, with your head bowed to the ground. Do you admit you did this, or deny it? |
| 443 | **ANTIGONE** καὶ φημὶ δρᾶσαι κοὐκ ἀπαρνοῦμαι τὸ μή. | **ANTIGONE** I admit I did it. I don't deny it. |
| 444 | **CREON** σὺ μὲν κομίζοις ἂν σεαυτὸν ᾗ θέλεις<br>ἔξω βαρείας αἰτίας ἐλεύθερον·<br>σὺ δ' εἰπέ μοι μὴ μῆκος, ἀλλὰ συντόμως,<br>ᾔδησθα κηρυχθέντα μὴ πράσσειν τάδε; | **CREON** You can take yourself off wherever you like, free and clear of a heavy charge. And you, tell me, not at length but briefly: did you know there was a proclamation forbidding this? |
| 448 | **ANTIGONE** ᾔδη· τί δ' οὐκ ἔμελλον; ἐμφανῆ γὰρ ἦν. | **ANTIGONE** I knew. How could I not? It was public. |
| 449 | **CREON** καὶ δῆτ' ἐτόλμας τούσδ' ὑπερβαίνειν νόμους; | **CREON** And still you dared to overstep these laws? |
| 450 | **ANTIGONE** οὐ γάρ τί μοι Ζεὺς ἦν ὁ κηρύξας τάδε,<br>οὐδ' ἡ ξύνοικος τῶν κάτω θεῶν Δίκη<br>τοιούσδ' ἐν ἀνθρώποισιν ὥρισεν νόμους.<br>οὐδὲ σθένειν τοσοῦτον ᾠόμην τὰ σὰ<br>κηρύγματ', ὥστ' ἄγραπτα κἀσφαλῆ θεῶν<br>νόμιμα δύνασθαι θνητὸν ὄνθ' ὑπερδραμεῖν.<br>οὐ γάρ τι νῦν γε κἀχθές, ἀλλ' ἀεί ποτε<br>ζῇ ταῦτα, κοὐδεὶς οἶδεν ἐξ ὅτου 'φάνη. | **ANTIGONE** Yes, because it wasn't Zeus who made this proclamation to me. Nor did Justice, who lives with the gods below, lay down laws like these among human beings. And I didn't think your proclamations had such force that you, a mortal, could override the unwritten, unfailing laws of the gods. They aren't of today or yesterday. They live forever, and no one knows when they first appeared. |
| 458 | | |

| | GREEK | ENGLISH |
|---|---|---|
| | τούτων ἐγὼ οὐκ ἔμελλον, ἀνδρὸς οὐδενὸς<br>φρόνημα δείσασ', ἐν θεοῖσι τὴν δίκην<br>δώσειν· θανουμένη γὰρ ἐξῄδη, τί δ' οὔ;<br>κεἰ μὴ σὺ προὐκήρυξας. εἰ δὲ τοῦ χρόνου<br>πρόσθεν θανοῦμαι, κέρδος αὔτ' ἐγὼ λέγω.<br>ὅστις γὰρ ἐν πολλοῖσιν ὡς ἐγὼ κακοῖς<br>ζῇ, πῶς ὅδ' οὐχὶ κατθανὼν κέρδος φέρει;<br>οὕτως ἔμοιγε τοῦδε τοῦ μόρου τυχεῖν<br>παρ' οὐδὲν ἄλγος· ἀλλ' ἄν, εἰ τὸν ἐξ ἐμῆς<br>μητρὸς θανόντ' ἄθαπτον ἠνσχόμην νέκυν,<br>κείνοις ἂν ἤλγουν· τοῖσδε δ' οὐκ ἀλγύνομαι. | I wasn't going to pay the penalty before the gods for breaking them out of fear of any man's pride. I knew I would die. How could I not? I'd know it even if you'd made no proclamation. And if I die before my time, I count that a gain. When someone lives, as I do, surrounded by so many evils, how can death be anything but a gain? So for me to meet this fate is no pain at all. But if I had let my own mother's son lie dead and unburied, that would have pained me. This doesn't. |
| 469 | σοὶ δ' εἰ δοκῶ νῦν μῶρα δρῶσα τυγχάνειν, / σχεδόν τι<br>μώρῳ μωρίαν ὀφλισκάνω. | And if you think what I'm doing is foolish, it may be a fool who's calling me a fool. |
| 471 | **CHORUS** δηλοῖ τὸ γέννημ' ὠμὸν ἐξ ὠμοῦ πατρὸς / τῆς<br>παιδός. εἴκειν δ' οὐκ ἐπίσταται κακοῖς. | **CHORUS** It shows. The girl is the fierce child of a fierce father. She doesn't know how to bend before trouble. |
| 473 | **CREON** ἀλλ' ἴσθι τοι τὰ σκλήρ' ἄγαν φρονήματα<br>πίπτειν μάλιστα, καὶ τὸν ἐγκρατέστατον<br>σίδηρον ὀπτὸν ἐκ πυρὸς περισκελῆ<br>θραυσθέντα καὶ ῥαγέντα πλεῖστ' ἂν εἰσίδοις·<br>σμικρῷ χαλινῷ δ' οἶδα τοὺς θυμουμένους<br>ἵππους καταρτυθέντας· οὐ γὰρ ἐκπέλει<br>φρονεῖν μέγ' ὅστις δοῦλός ἐστι τῶν πέλας.<br>αὕτη δ' ὑβρίζειν μὲν τότ' ἐξηπίστατο,<br>νόμους ὑπερβαίνουσα τοὺς προκειμένους·<br>ὕβρις δ', ἐπεὶ δέδρακεν, ἥδε δευτέρα,<br>τούτοις ἐπαυχεῖν καὶ δεδρακυῖαν γελᾶν. | **CREON** But you should know that the most rigid wills are the ones that fall hardest. The toughest iron, baked hard in the fire, is the iron you'll most often see snap and shatter. And I know that spirited horses are broken in with a small bit. There's no room for pride in someone who is a slave to his neighbors. She knew perfectly well how to commit outrage back then, when she overstepped the established laws. And now that she's done it, here's a second outrage: to boast about it and laugh at what she's done. |
| 484 | ἦ νῦν ἐγὼ μὲν οὐκ ἀνήρ, αὕτη δ' ἀνήρ,<br>εἰ ταῦτ' ἀνατὶ τῇδε κείσεται κράτη.<br>ἀλλ' εἴτ' ἀδελφῆς εἴθ' ὁμαιμονεστέρα<br>τοῦ παντὸς ἡμῖν Ζηνὸς ἑρκείου κυρεῖ,<br>αὐτή τε χἡ ξύναιμος οὐκ ἀλύξετον<br>μόρου κακίστου· καὶ γὰρ οὖν κείνην ἴσον<br>ἐπαιτιῶμαι τοῦδε βουλεῦσαι τάφου.<br>καί νιν καλεῖτ'· ἔσω γὰρ εἶδον ἀρτίως<br>λυσσῶσαν αὐτὴν οὐδ' ἐπήβολον φρενῶν. | Now, truly, I am no man, and she's the man, if she gets to keep this victory unpunished. Whether she's my sister's child, or closer in blood to me than all who worship at my household altar of Zeus, she and her sister will not escape the worst of deaths. Because I accuse that one too, just as much, of plotting this burial. Call her. I saw her inside just now, raving, out of her mind.[7] |
| 493 | φιλεῖ δ' ὁ θυμὸς πρόσθεν, ᾗρῆσθαι κλοπεὺς<br>τῶν μηδὲν ὀρθῶς ἐν σκότῳ τεχνωμένων·<br>μισῶ γε μέντοι χὥταν ἐν κακοῖσί τις<br>ἁλοὺς ἔπειτα τοῦτο καλλύνειν θέλῃ. | When people are plotting something crooked in the dark, the mind is usually caught out, like a thief, before the deed. But I hate it just as much when someone caught in wrongdoing then wants to dress it up as something fine. |
| 497 | **ANTIGONE** θέλεις τι μεῖζον ἢ κατακτεῖναί μ' ἑλών; | **ANTIGONE** Do you want anything more than to seize me and kill me? |
| 498 | **CREON** ἐγὼ μὲν οὐδέν· τοῦτ' ἔχων ἅπαντ' ἔχω. | **CREON** Nothing. With that, I have everything. |
| 499 | | |

7 Zeus Herkeios, "Zeus of the courtyard," had an altar in every household; Creon means "closer than all my family."

| | GREEK | ENGLISH |
|---|---|---|
| | **ANTIGONE** τί δῆτα μέλλεις; ὡς ἐμοὶ τῶν σῶν λόγων<br>ἀρεστὸν οὐδὲν μηδ' ἀρεσθείη ποτέ·<br>οὕτω δὲ καὶ σοὶ τἄμ' ἀφανδάνοντ' ἔφυ.<br>καίτοι πόθεν κλέος γ' ἂν εὐκλεέστερον<br>κατέσχον ἢ τὸν αὐτάδελφον ἐν τάφῳ<br>τιθεῖσα; τούτοις τοῦτο πᾶσιν ἀνδάνειν<br>λέγοιτ' ἄν, εἰ μὴ γλῶσσαν ἐγκλῄοι φόβος.<br>ἀλλ' ἡ τυραννὶς πολλά τ' ἄλλ' εὐδαιμονεῖ<br>κἄξεστιν αὐτῇ δρᾶν λέγειν θ' ἃ βούλεται. | **ANTIGONE** Then why wait? Nothing you say pleases me, and I hope it never will. And in the same way, what I say is bound to displease you. And yet where could I have won more glorious fame than by laying my own brother in his grave? Everyone here would say they approve, if fear didn't lock their tongues. But kingship is blessed in many ways, and above all it can do and say whatever it likes. |
| 508 | **CREON** σὺ τοῦτο μούνη τῶνδε Καδμείων ὁρᾷς. | **CREON** You're the only one of these Thebans who sees it that way. |
| 509 | **ANTIGONE** ὁρῶσι χοὗτοι, σοὶ δ' ὑπίλλουσιν στόμα. | **ANTIGONE** They see it too. They just hold their tongues for you. |
| 510 | **CREON** σὺ δ' οὐκ ἐπαιδεῖ, τῶνδε χωρὶς εἰ φρονεῖς; | **CREON** And aren't you ashamed to think differently from them? |
| 511 | **ANTIGONE** οὐδὲν γὰρ αἰσχρὸν τοὺς ὁμοσπλάγχνους<br>σέβειν. | **ANTIGONE** There's nothing shameful in honoring those born from the same womb. |
| 512 | **CREON** οὔκουν ὅμαιμος χὠ καταντίον θανών; | **CREON** And wasn't the one who died on the other side your brother too? |
| 513 | **ANTIGONE** ὅμαιμος ἐκ μιᾶς τε καὶ ταὐτοῦ πατρός. | **ANTIGONE** My brother, by the same mother and the same father. |
| 514 | **CREON** πῶς δῆτ' ἐκείνῳ δυσσεβῆ τιμᾷς χάριν; | **CREON** Then how can you pay the traitor a tribute that is irreverent toward the other? |
| 515 | **ANTIGONE** οὐ μαρτυρήσει ταῦθ' ὁ κατθανὼν νέκυς. | **ANTIGONE** The dead man won't bear witness to that. |
| 516 | **CREON** εἴ τοί σφε τιμᾷς ἐξ ἴσου τῷ δυσσεβεῖ. | **CREON** He will, if you honor him only as much as the irreverent one. |
| 517 | **ANTIGONE** οὐ γάρ τι δοῦλος, ἀλλ' ἀδελφὸς ὤλετο. | **ANTIGONE** It wasn't some slave who died. It was his brother. |
| 518 | **CREON** πορθῶν δὲ τήνδε γῆν· ὁ δ' ἀντιστὰς ὕπερ. | **CREON** Ravaging this land, while the other stood against him to defend it. |
| 519 | **ANTIGONE** ὁμῶς ὅ γ' Ἅιδης τοὺς νόμους τούτους<br>ποθεῖ. | **ANTIGONE** Even so, Hades wants these laws observed. |
| 520 | **CREON** ἀλλ' οὐχ ὁ χρηστὸς τῷ κακῷ λαχεῖν ἴσος. | **CREON** But the good man shouldn't get the same share as the bad. |
| 521 | **ANTIGONE** τίς οἶδεν εἰ κάτωθεν εὐαγῆ τάδε; | **ANTIGONE** Who knows whether, down below, this is held pure? |
| 522 | **CREON** οὔτοι ποθ' οὐχθρός, οὐδ' ὅταν θάνῃ, φίλος. | **CREON** An enemy is never a loved one, not even when he's dead. |
| 523 | | |

| | GREEK | ENGLISH |
|---|---|---|
| | **ANTIGONE** οὔτοι συνέχθειν, ἀλλὰ συμφιλεῖν ἔφυν. | **ANTIGONE** I wasn't born to join in hating, but in loving. |
| 524 | **CREON** κάτω νυν ἐλθοῦσ', εἰ φιλητέον, φίλει / κείνους· ἐμοῦ δὲ ζῶντος οὐκ ἄρξει γυνή. | **CREON** Then go down below, and if you must love, love them. While I'm alive, no woman will rule me. |
| 526 | **CHORUS** καὶ μὴν πρὸ πυλῶν ἥδ' Ἰσμήνη,<br>φιλάδελφα κάτω δάκρυ' εἰβομένη·<br>νεφέλη δ' ὀφρύων ὕπερ αἱματόεν<br>ῥέθος αἰσχύνει,<br>τέγγουσ' εὐῶπα παρειάν. | **CHORUS** But look, here at the gates is Ismene,<br>shedding a sister's loving tears.<br>A cloud above her brows<br>mars her flushed face<br>and wets her lovely cheeks. |
| 531 | **CREON** σὺ δ', ἣ κατ' οἴκους ὡς ἔχιδν' ὑφειμένη<br>λήθουσά μ' ἐξέπινες, οὐδ' ἐμάνθανον<br>τρέφων δύ' ἄτα κἀπαναστάσεις θρόνων,<br>φέρ', εἰπὲ δή μοι, καὶ σὺ τοῦδε τοῦ τάφου<br>φήσεις μετασχεῖν, ἢ 'ξομεῖ τὸ μὴ εἰδέναι; | **CREON** And you, lurking in my house like a viper, secretly drinking my blood, while I never knew I was raising two ruinous plagues to overthrow my throne. Come on, tell me: will you admit to your part in this burial too, or will you swear you know nothing? |
| 536 | **ISMENE** δέδρακα τοὔργον, εἴπερ ἥδ' ὁμορροθεῖ / καὶ ξυμμετίσχω καὶ φέρω τῆς αἰτίας. | **ISMENE** I did it, if she'll agree. I share the blame and I bear it. |
| 538 | **ANTIGONE** ἀλλ' οὐκ ἐάσει τοῦτό γ' ἡ δίκη σ', ἐπεὶ / οὔτ' ἠθέλησας οὔτ' ἐγὼ 'κοινωσάμην. | **ANTIGONE** No. Justice won't allow you that, because you weren't willing, and I didn't make you my partner. |
| 540 | **ISMENE** ἀλλ' ἐν κακοῖς τοῖς σοῖσιν οὐκ αἰσχύνομαι / ξύμπλουν ἐμαυτὴν τοῦ πάθους ποιουμένη. | **ISMENE** But now that you're in trouble, I'm not ashamed to make myself your shipmate in suffering. |
| 542 | **ANTIGONE** ὧν τοὔργον, Ἅιδης χοἱ κάτω ξυνίστορες· / λόγοις δ' ἐγὼ φιλοῦσαν οὐ στέργω φίλην. | **ANTIGONE** Whose deed it was, Hades and the dead below know. I have no love for a loved one whose love is only words. |
| 544 | **ISMENE** μήτοι, κασιγνήτη, μ' ἀτιμάσῃς τὸ μὴ οὐ / θανεῖν τε σὺν σοὶ τὸν θανόντα θ' ἁγνίσαι. | **ISMENE** Sister, don't dishonor me by refusing to let me die with you and give the dead his sacred rites. |
| 546 | **ANTIGONE** μή μοι θάνῃς σὺ κοινὰ μηδ' ἃ μὴ 'θιγες / ποιοῦ σεαυτῆς. ἀρκέσω θνῄσκουσ' ἐγώ. | **ANTIGONE** Don't die with me, and don't claim as yours what you never touched. My dying will be enough. |
| 548 | **ISMENE** καὶ τίς βίος μοι σοῦ λελειμμένῃ φίλος; | **ISMENE** And what life will I care for, left without you? |
| 549 | **ANTIGONE** Κρέοντ' ἐρώτα· τοῦδε γὰρ σὺ κηδεμών. | **ANTIGONE** Ask Creon. He's the one you care about. |
| 550 | **ISMENE** τί ταῦτ' ἀνιᾷς μ', οὐδὲν ὠφελουμένη; | **ISMENE** Why do you hurt me like this, when it does you no good? |
| 551 | **ANTIGONE** ἀλγοῦσα μὲν δῆτ' εἰ γελῶ γ' ἐν σοὶ γελῶ. | **ANTIGONE** If I do laugh at you, it hurts me to laugh. |

| | GREEK | ENGLISH |
|---|---|---|
| 552 | **ISMENE** τί δῆτ’ ἂν ἀλλὰ νῦν σ’ ἔτ’ ὠφελοῖμ’ ἐγώ; | **ISMENE** Then how can I help you, even now? |
| 553 | **ANTIGONE** σῶσον σεαυτήν· οὐ φθονῶ σ’ ὑπεκφυγεῖν. | **ANTIGONE** Save yourself. I don’t begrudge you your escape. |
| 554 | **ISMENE** οἴμοι τάλαινα, κἀμπλάκω τοῦ σοῦ μόρου; | **ISMENE** Oh, no, how wretched I am! Am I to have no share in your fate? |
| 555 | **ANTIGONE** σὺ μὲν γὰρ εἵλου ζῆν, ἐγὼ δὲ κατθανεῖν. | **ANTIGONE** No, because you chose to live, and I chose to die. |
| 556 | **ISMENE** ἀλλ’ οὐκ ἐπ’ ἀρρήτοις γε τοῖς ἐμοῖς λόγοις. | **ISMENE** But not without my saying what I had to say. |
| 557 | **ANTIGONE** καλῶς σὺ μὲν τοῖς, τοῖς δ’ ἐγὼ ’δόκουν φρονεῖν. | **ANTIGONE** Some thought you were wise, and others thought I was. |
| 558 | **ISMENE** καὶ μὴν ἴση νῷν ἐστιν ἡ ’ξαμαρτία. | **ISMENE** And yet the offense is the same for both of us. |
| 559 | **ANTIGONE** θάρσει· σὺ μὲν ζῇς, ἡ δ’ ἐμὴ ψυχὴ πάλαι / τέθνηκεν, ὥστε τοῖς θανοῦσιν ὠφελεῖν. | **ANTIGONE** Take heart. You are alive. But my soul died long ago, so that I could serve the dead. |
| 561 | **CREON** τὼ παῖδε φημὶ τώδε τὴν μὲν ἀρτίως / ἄνουν πεφάνθαι, τὴν δ’ ἀφ’ οὗ τὰ πρῶτ’ ἔφυ. | **CREON** These two girls, I tell you: one has just been shown to be senseless, and the other has been ever since she was born. |
| 563 | **ISMENE** οὐ γάρ ποτ’, ὦναξ, οὐδ’ ὃς ἂν βλάστῃ μένει / νοῦς τοῖς κακῶς πράσσουσιν, ἀλλ’ ἐξίσταται. | **ISMENE** Yes, my lord, because whatever sense people are born with never stays with them in misfortune. It leaves them. |
| 565 | **CREON** σοὶ γοῦν, ὅθ’ εἵλου σὺν κακοῖς πράσσειν κακά. | **CREON** It left you, at any rate, when you chose to do wrong alongside wrongdoers. |
| 566 | **ISMENE** τί γὰρ μόνῃ μοι τῆσδ’ ἄτερ βιώσιμον; | **ISMENE** How could I live alone, without her? |
| 567 | **CREON** ἀλλ’ ἥδε μέντοι μὴ λέγ’· οὐ γὰρ ἔστ’ ἔτι. | **CREON** Don’t speak of “her.” She is no more. |
| 568 | **ISMENE** ἀλλὰ κτενεῖς νυμφεῖα τοῦ σαυτοῦ τέκνου; | **ISMENE** But will you kill your own son’s bride? |
| 569 | **CREON** ἀρώσιμοι γὰρ χἀτέρων εἰσὶν γύαι. | **CREON** Yes. There are other fields for him to plow. |
| 570 | **ISMENE** οὐχ ὥς γ’ ἐκείνῳ τῇδέ τ’ ἦν ἡρμοσμένα. | **ISMENE** Not as well matched as he and she were. |
| 571 | **CREON** κακὰς ἐγὼ γυναῖκας υἱέσι στυγῶ. | **CREON** I hate wicked wives for my sons. |
| 572 | **ANTIGONE** ὦ φίλταθ’ Αἷμον, ὥς σ’ ἀτιμάζει πατήρ. | **ANTIGONE** Haemon, dearest, how your father dishonors you! |
| 573 | **CREON** ἄγαν γε λυπεῖς καὶ σὺ καὶ τὸ σὸν λέχος. | **CREON** You’re too much trouble for me, you and that marriage of yours. |
| 574 | **CHORUS** ἦ γὰρ στερήσεις τῆσδε τὸν σαυτοῦ γόνον; | **CHORUS** Will you really rob your own son of her? |
| 575 | **CREON** Ἅιδης ὁ παύσων τούσδε τοὺς γάμους ἔφυ. | **CREON** It is Hades who will put a stop to this marriage. |

| | GREEK | ENGLISH |
|---|---|---|
| 576 | **CHORUS** δεδογμέν', ὡς ἔοικε, τήνδε κατθανεῖν. | **CHORUS** It's decided, it seems, that she will die. |
| 577 | **CREON** καὶ σοί γε κἀμοί. μὴ τριβὰς ἔτ', ἀλλά νιν<br>κομίζετ' εἴσω, δμῶες· ἐκ δὲ τοῦδε χρὴ<br>γυναῖκας εἶναι τάσδε μηδ' ἀνειμένας.<br>φεύγουσι γάρ τοι χοἰ θρασεῖς, ὅταν πέλας<br>ἤδη τὸν, Ἅιδην εἰσορῶσι τοῦ βίου. | **CREON** Yes, decided by you, and by me. No more delay. Servants, take them inside. From now on they must be women, not left to roam free. Even the bold try to run when they see Hades closing in on their lives. |

## SECOND STASIMON

*The chorus sings of the ruin that pursues the house of Labdacus and of Zeus's unbounded power.*

| | GREEK | ENGLISH |
|---|---|---|
| 583 | **CHORUS** εὐδαίμονες οἷσι κακῶν ἄγευστος αἰών.<br>οἷς γὰρ ἂν σεισθῇ θεόθεν δόμος, ἄτας<br>οὐδὲν ἐλλείπει γενεᾶς ἐπὶ πλῆθος ἕρπον·<br>ὅμοιον ὥστε ποντίαις οἶδμα δυσπνόοις ὅταν<br>Θρῄσσαισιν ἔρεβος ὕφαλον ἐπιδράμῃ πνοαῖς,<br>κυλίνδει βυσσόθεν κελαινὰν θῖνα καὶ<br>δυσάνεμοι, στόνῳ βρέμουσι δ' ἀντιπλῆγες ἀκταί. | **CHORUS** Blessed are those whose lives have never tasted evil.<br>For once the gods have shaken a house,<br>no ruin is left undone;<br>it creeps on through the generations of the family,<br>like a swell of the sea<br>when the harsh Thracian gales<br>drive it over the dark of the deep beneath the waves:<br>it rolls up the black sand from the bottom,<br>and the windswept headlands, struck head-on,<br>roar and groan. |
| 593 | ἀρχαῖα τὰ Λαβδακιδᾶν οἴκων ὁρῶμαι<br>πήματα φθιτῶν ἐπὶ πήμασι πίπτοντ',<br>οὐδ' ἀπαλλάσσει γενεὰν γένος, ἀλλ' ἐρείπει<br>θεῶν τις, οὐδ' ἔχει λύσιν. νῦν γὰρ ἐσχάτας ὑπὲρ<br>ῥίζας ὃ τέτατο φάος ἐν Οἰδίπου δόμοις,<br>κατ' αὖ νιν φοινία θεῶν τῶν νερτέρων<br>ἀμᾷ κόνις λόγου τ' ἄνοια καὶ φρενῶν ἐρινύς. | I see the ancient sorrows of the house of Labdacus falling on the sorrows of the dead;<br>one generation does not set the next one free,<br>but some god strikes them down, and there is no release.<br>For now the light that had spread<br>over the last root in the house of Oedipus<br>is cut down in its turn<br>by the bloody dust owed to the gods below,<br>by folly in speech and a Fury in the mind.[8] |
| 605 | τεάν, Ζεῦ, δύνασιν τίς ἀνδρῶν ὑπερβασία κατάσχοι;<br>τὰν οὔθ' ὕπνος αἱρεῖ ποθ' ὁ πάντ' ἀγρεύων,<br>οὔτε θεῶν ἄκματοι μῆνες, ἀγήρῳ δὲ χρόνῳ<br>δυνάστας κατέχεις Ὀλύμπου μαρμαρόεσσαν αἴγλαν.<br>τό τ' ἔπειτα καὶ τὸ μέλλον<br>καὶ τὸ πρὶν ἐπαρκέσει<br>νόμος ὅδ', οὐδὲν ἕρπει<br>θνατῶν βιότῳ πάμπολύ γ' ἐκτὸς ἄτας. | Your power, Zeus—what human transgression could hold it back?<br>Sleep, who ensnares all things, never seizes it,<br>nor the tireless months of the gods;<br>ageless through time,<br>you rule the dazzling radiance of Olympus.<br>For what is coming, and what is to come,<br>and what has been,<br>this law will hold:<br>nothing vast enters the life of mortals<br>without ruin. |

8 Labdacus was Oedipus' grandfather; his descendants are the royal house of Thebes.

| | GREEK | ENGLISH |
|---|---|---|
| 615 | ἁ γὰρ δὴ πολύπλαγκτος ἐλπὶς πολλοῖς μὲν ὄνασις<br>ἀνδρῶν,<br>πολλοῖς δ' ἀπάτα κουφονόων ἐρώτων·<br>εἰδότι δ' οὐδὲν ἕρπει, πρὶν πυρὶ θερμῷ πόδα τις<br>προσαύσῃ. σοφίᾳ γὰρ ἔκ του κλεινὸν ἔπος πέφανται.<br>τὸ κακὸν δοκεῖν ποτ' ἐσθλὸν<br>τῷδ' ἔμμεν ὅτῳ φρένας<br>θεὸς ἄγει πρὸς ἄταν· | For hope, the far-wandering,<br>is a blessing to many men,<br>but to many a deception, a lure of light-headed desires;<br>it steals over a man who knows nothing<br>until he burns his foot in the hot fire.<br>Someone in his wisdom spoke the famous saying:<br>that sooner or later evil seems good<br>to the one whose mind<br>a god is leading toward ruin; |
| 625 | πράσσει δ' ὀλίγιστον χρόνον ἐκτὸς ἄτας. | and he fares only the briefest time free of ruin. |
| 626 | ὅδε μὴν Αἵμων, παίδων τῶν σῶν<br>νέατον γέννημ'· ἆρ' ἀχνύμενος<br>τάλιδος ἥκει μόρον Ἀντιγόνης,<br>ἀπάτης λεχέων ὑπεραλγῶν; | But here is Haemon, the last-born<br>of your sons. Does he come grieving<br>for the fate of Antigone, his promised bride,<br>in bitter pain at being cheated of his marriage? |

## THIRD EPISODE

*Haemon pleads with his father for Antigone, they quarrel, and Creon decrees she will be entombed alive.*

| | GREEK | ENGLISH |
|---|---|---|
| 631 | **CREON** τάχ' εἰσόμεσθα μάντεων ὑπέρτερον.<br>ὦ παῖ, τελείαν ψῆφον ἆρα μὴ κλύων<br>τῆς μελλονύμφου πατρὶ λυσσαίνων πάρει;<br>ἢ σοὶ μὲν ἡμεῖς πανταχῇ, δρῶντες φίλοι; | **CREON** We'll soon know better than any prophet could. My son, have you heard the final verdict on your bride-to-be, and come here raging at your father? Or do you still love me, whatever I do? |
| 635 | **HAEMON** πάτερ, σός εἰμι, καὶ σύ μοι γνώμας ἔχων<br>χρηστὰς ἀπορθοῖς, αἷς ἔγωγ' ἐφέψομαι.<br>ἐμοὶ γὰρ οὐδεὶς ἀξιώσεται γάμος<br>μείζων φέρεσθαι σοῦ καλῶς ἡγουμένου. | **HAEMON** Father, I am yours. You guide me with good judgment, and I will follow it. No marriage could matter more to me than your leading me well. |
| 639 | **CREON** οὕτω γάρ, ὦ παῖ, χρὴ διὰ στέρνων ἔχειν,<br>γνώμης πατρῴας πάντ' ὄπισθεν ἑστάναι.<br>τούτου γὰρ οὕνεκ' ἄνδρες εὔχονται γονὰς<br>κατηκόους φύσαντες ἐν δόμοις ἔχειν,<br>ὡς καὶ τὸν ἐχθρὸν ἀνταμύνωνται κακοῖς<br>καὶ τὸν φίλον τιμῶσιν ἐξ ἴσου πατρί.<br>ὅστις δ' ἀνωφέλητα φιτύει τέκνα,<br>τί τόνδ' ἂν εἴποις ἄλλο πλὴν αὑτῷ πόνους<br>φῦσαι, πολὺν δὲ τοῖσιν ἐχθροῖσιν γέλων;<br>μή νύν ποτ', ὦ παῖ, τὰς φρένας ὑφ' ἡδονῆς<br>γυναικὸς οὕνεκ' ἐκβάλῃς, εἰδὼς ὅτι<br>ψυχρὸν παραγκάλισμα τοῦτο γίγνεται,<br>γυνὴ κακὴ ξύνευνος ἐν δόμοις. τί γὰρ<br>γένοιτ' ἂν ἕλκος μεῖζον ἢ φίλος κακός; | **CREON** Yes, my son, that's how you should feel in your heart: stand behind your father's judgment in everything. That's why men pray to father obedient children and keep them in their homes—so that they'll pay back their father's enemy with harm, and honor his friend as much as their father does. But a man who fathers useless children—what would you say he's produced, except trouble for himself and plenty of laughter for his enemies? So never, my son, throw away your good sense for the pleasure of a woman. Know that it turns into a cold embrace, a bad woman sharing your bed in your home. What wound could be worse than one of your own who turns out bad? |
| 653 | ἀλλὰ πτύσας ὡσεί τε δυσμενῆ μέθες<br>τὴν παῖδ' ἐν Ἅιδου τήνδε νυμφεύειν τινί.<br>ἐπεὶ γὰρ αὐτὴν εἷλον ἐμφανῶς ἐγὼ<br>πόλεως ἀπιστήσασαν ἐκ πάσης μόνην, | No, spit her out like an enemy and let the girl find a husband in Hades. I caught her openly, the only one in the whole city to disobey me, and I won't make myself a liar in front of the city. I will kill |

| | GREEK | ENGLISH |
|---|---|---|
| | ψευδῆ γ' ἐμαυτὸν οὐ καταστήσω πόλει,<br>ἀλλὰ κτενῶ. πρὸς ταῦτ' ἐφυμνείτω Δία<br>ξύναιμον. εἰ γὰρ δὴ τά γ' ἐγγενῆ φύσει<br>ἄκοσμα θρέψω, κάρτα τοὺς ἔξω γένους<br>ἐν τοῖς γὰρ οἰκείοισιν ὅστις ἔστ' ἀνὴρ<br>χρηστός, φανεῖται κἀν πόλει δίκαιος ὤν.<br>ὅστις δ' ὑπερβὰς ἢ νόμους βιάζεται<br>ἢ τοὐπιτάσσειν τοῖς κρατύνουσιν νοεῖ,<br>οὐκ ἔστ' ἐπαίνου τοῦτον ἐξ ἐμοῦ τυχεῖν. | her. So let her sing all the hymns she likes to Zeus, guardian of kin. If I raise my own family to be unruly, how much more will it be with outsiders? A man who is good in his own household will also prove just in the city. But whoever oversteps and does violence to the laws, or thinks he can give orders to those in power, will get no praise from me. |
| 666 | ἀλλ' ὃν πόλις στήσειε τοῦδε χρὴ κλύειν<br>καὶ σμικρὰ καὶ δίκαια καὶ τἀναντία.<br>καὶ τοῦτον ἂν τὸν ἄνδρα θαρσοίην ἐγὼ<br>καλῶς μὲν ἄρχειν, εὖ δ' ἂν ἄρχεσθαι θέλειν,<br>δορός τ' ἂν ἐν χειμῶνι προστεταγμένον<br>μένειν δίκαιον κἀγαθὸν παραστάτην.<br>ἀναρχίας δὲ μεῖζον οὐκ ἔστιν κακόν.<br>αὕτη πόλεις ὄλλυσιν, ἥδ' ἀναστάτους<br>οἴκους τίθησιν, ἥδε συμμάχου δορὸς<br>τροπὰς καταρρήγνυσι· τῶν δ' ὀρθουμένων<br>σῴζει τὰ πολλὰ σώμαθ' ἡ πειθαρχία. | No: whoever the city appoints must be obeyed, in small things, in just things, and in their opposite. And I'd be confident that a man like that would rule well and be willing to be ruled well, and that in the storm of battle he would hold his post, a just and loyal comrade at your side. There is no greater evil than anarchy. It destroys cities, it turns homes upside down, it breaks the allied spears and sends them into rout. But among those who stand firm, it is obedience that saves most lives. |
| 677 | οὕτως ἀμυντέ' ἐστὶ τοῖς κοσμουμένοις,<br>κοὔτοι γυναικὸς οὐδαμῶς ἡσσητέα.<br>κρεῖσσον γάρ, εἴπερ δεῖ, πρὸς ἀνδρὸς ἐκπεσεῖν,<br>κοὐκ ἂν γυναικῶν ἥσσονες καλοίμεθ' ἄν. | So we must defend order, and never, in any way, be beaten by a woman. Better, if it has to happen, to fall at a man's hands; then no one could call us weaker than women. |
| 681 | **CHORUS** ἡμῖν μέν, εἰ μὴ τῷ χρόνῳ κεκλέμμεθα, / λέγειν<br>φρονούντως ὧν λέγεις δοκεῖς πέρι. | **CHORUS** To us, unless age has stolen our wits, what you say seems to make sense. |
| 683 | **HAEMON** πάτερ, θεοὶ φύουσιν ἀνθρώποις φρένας,<br>πάντων ὅσ' ἐστὶ κτημάτων ὑπέρτατον.<br>ἐγὼ δ' ὅπως σὺ μὴ λέγεις ὀρθῶς τάδε,<br>οὔτ' ἂν δυναίμην μήτ' ἐπισταίμην λέγειν.<br>γένοιτο μέντἂν χἀτέρῳ καλῶς ἔχον.<br>σοῦ δ' οὖν πέφυκα πάντα προσκοπεῖν ὅσα<br>λέγει τις ἢ πράσσει τις ἢ ψέγειν ἔχει.<br>τὸ γὰρ σὸν ὄμμα δεινὸν ἀνδρὶ δημότῃ<br>λόγοις τοιούτοις, οἷς σὺ μὴ τέρψει κλύων·<br>ἐμοὶ δ' ἀκούειν ἔσθ' ὑπὸ σκότου τάδε,<br>τὴν παῖδα ταύτην οἷ', ὀδύρεται πόλις,<br>πασῶν γυναικῶν ὡς ἀναξιωτάτη<br>κάκιστ' ἀπ' ἔργων εὐκλεεστάτων φθίνει. | **HAEMON** Father, the gods plant sense in human beings, the highest of all the things we possess. I couldn't say that you're wrong in what you say, and I hope I'd never know how to. Still, someone else might have a good thought too. In any case, it's my natural role to keep watch for you on everything people say or do or find to criticize. Your look terrifies an ordinary man, when it comes to words you wouldn't like to hear. But I can hear, in the shadows, how the city mourns for this girl: no woman ever deserved it less, they say, and she is dying the worst of deaths for the most glorious of deeds. |
| 696 | ἥτις τὸν αὑτῆς αὐτάδελφον ἐν φοναῖς<br>πεπτῶτ' ἄθαπτον μήθ' ὑπ' ὠμηστῶν κυνῶν<br>εἴασ' ὀλέσθαι μήθ' ὑπ' οἰωνῶν τινος.<br>οὐχ ἥδε χρυσῆς ἀξία τιμῆς λαχεῖν;<br>τοιάδ' ἐρεμνὴ σῖγ' ἐπέρχεται φάτις.<br>ἐμοὶ δὲ σοῦ πράσσοντος εὐτυχῶς, πάτερ,<br>οὐκ ἔστιν οὐδὲν κτῆμα τιμιώτερον,<br>τί γὰρ πατρὸς θάλλοντος εὐκλείας τέκνοις<br>ἄγαλμα μεῖζον, ἢ τί πρὸς παίδων πατρί; | Her own brother had fallen in the slaughter, and she wouldn't leave him unburied to be destroyed by flesh-eating dogs or by some bird. Doesn't she deserve a golden honor? That's the dark rumor spreading in silence. For me, Father, nothing is more precious than your success. What greater treasure is there for children than a father's flourishing glory, or for a father than his children's? So |

| | GREEK | ENGLISH |
|---|---|---|
| | μή νυν ἓν ἦθος μοῦνον ἐν σαυτῷ φόρει,<br>ὡς φὴς σύ, κοὐδὲν ἄλλο, τοῦτ' ὀρθῶς ἔχειν. | don't carry only one way of thinking inside you, that what you say, and nothing else, is right. |
| 707 | ὅστις γὰρ αὐτὸς ἢ φρονεῖν μόνος δοκεῖ,<br>ἢ γλῶσσαν, ἣν οὐκ ἄλλος, ἢ ψυχὴν ἔχειν,<br>οὗτοι διαπτυχθέντες ὤφθησαν κενοί.<br>ἀλλ' ἄνδρα, κεἴ τις ᾖ σοφός, τὸ μανθάνειν<br>πόλλ', αἰσχρὸν οὐδὲν καὶ τὸ μὴ τείνειν ἄγαν.<br>ὁρᾷς παρὰ ῥείθροισι χειμάρροις ὅσα<br>δένδρων ὑπείκει, κλῶνας ὡς ἐκσῴζεται,<br>τὰ δ' ἀντιτείνοντ' αὐτόπρεμν' ἀπόλλυται.<br>αὕτως δὲ ναὸς ὅστις ἐγκρατῆ πόδα<br>τείνας ὑπείκει μηδέν, ὑπτίοις κάτω<br>στρέψας τὸ λοιπὸν σέλμασιν ναυτίλλεται. | Anyone who thinks he alone has sense, or a tongue or a mind like no one else's—open people like that up and you find them empty. No, for a man, even a wise one, there's no shame in learning a great deal and not being too rigid. You see how, beside streams swollen by winter rain, the trees that bend save their branches, while those that resist are destroyed, roots and all. In the same way, a sailor who keeps his sheet hauled tight and never gives an inch capsizes, and sails the rest of the voyage with his benches upside down. |
| 718 | ἀλλ' εἶκε καὶ θυμῷ μετάστασιν δίδου.<br>γνώμη γὰρ εἴ τις κἀπ' ἐμοῦ νεωτέρου<br>πρόσεστι, φήμ' ἔγωγε πρεσβεύειν πολὺ<br>φῦναι τὸν ἄνδρα πάντ' ἐπιστήμης πλέων·<br>εἰ δ' οὖν, φιλεῖ γὰρ τοῦτο μὴ ταύτῃ ῥέπειν,<br>καὶ τῶν λεγόντων εὖ καλὸν τὸ μανθάνειν. | So give way, and let your anger change. If even I, young as I am, have any judgment to offer, I say it would be far best for a man to be born full of knowledge in everything. But if not—and things don't usually tip that way—it's good to learn from those who speak well. |
| 724 | **CHORUS** ἄναξ, σέ τ' εἰκός, εἴ τι καίριον λέγει, / μαθεῖν,<br>σέ τ' αὖ τοῦδ'· εὖ γὰρ εἴρηται διπλῇ. | **CHORUS** My lord, if he says anything to the point, it's right for you to learn from him; and for you, son, to learn from your father in turn. Both of you have spoken well. |
| 726 | **CREON** οἱ τηλικοίδε καὶ διδαξόμεσθα δὴ / φρονεῖν ὑπ' ἀνδρὸς τηλικοῦδε τὴν φύσιν; | **CREON** So men of my age are to be taught sense by a boy of his? |
| 728 | **HAEMON** μηδὲν τὸ μὴ δίκαιον· εἰ δ' ἐγὼ νέος, / οὐ τὸν χρόνον χρὴ μᾶλλον ἢ τἄργα σκοπεῖν. | **HAEMON** Nothing that isn't just. If I'm young, you should look at what I do, not at my years. |
| 730 | **CREON** ἔργον γάρ ἐστι τοὺς ἀκοσμοῦντας σέβειν; | **CREON** And is it something to be proud of, to show respect for the unruly? |
| 731 | **HAEMON** οὐδ' ἂν κελεύσαιμ', εὐσεβεῖν εἰς τοὺς κακούς. | **HAEMON** I would never ask anyone to show reverence to the wicked. |
| 732 | **CREON** οὐχ ἥδε γὰρ τοιᾶδ' ἐπείληπται νόσῳ; | **CREON** And isn't she sick with exactly that disease? |
| 733 | **HAEMON** οὔ φησι Θήβης τῆσδ' ὁμόπτολις λεώς. | **HAEMON** The people of Thebes, her fellow citizens, say not. |
| 734 | **CREON** πόλις γὰρ ἡμῖν ἀμὲ χρὴ τάσσειν ἐρεῖ; | **CREON** So the city is going to tell me how to rule? |
| 735 | **HAEMON** ὁρᾷς τόδ' ὡς εἴρηκας ὡς ἄγαν νέος; | **HAEMON** Do you see how you just spoke, like someone far too young? |
| 736 | **CREON** ἄλλῳ γὰρ ἢ 'μοὶ χρή με τῆσδ' ἄρχειν χθονός; | **CREON** Am I to rule this land for someone other than myself? |
| 737 | **HAEMON** πόλις γὰρ οὐκ ἔσθ' ἥτις ἀνδρός ἐσθ' ἑνός. | **HAEMON** There's no city that belongs to one man. |
| 738 | | |

| | GREEK | ENGLISH |
|---|---|---|
| | **CREON** οὐ τοῦ κρατοῦντος ἡ πόλις νομίζεται; | **CREON** Isn't the city held to belong to the one in power? |
| 739 | **HAEMON** καλῶς γ' ἐρήμης ἂν σὺ γῆς ἄρχοις μόνος. | **HAEMON** You'd make a fine ruler of a desert, all by yourself. |
| 740 | **CREON** ὅδ', ὡς ἔοικε, τῇ γυναικὶ συμμαχεῖ. | **CREON** This boy, it seems, is fighting on the woman's side. |
| 741 | **HAEMON** εἴπερ γυνὴ σύ. σοῦ γὰρ οὖν προκήδομαι. | **HAEMON** If you're the woman. It's you I'm looking out for. |
| 742 | **CREON** ὦ παγκάκιστε, διὰ δίκης ἰὼν πατρί; | **CREON** You utter villain, taking your father to task? |
| 743 | **HAEMON** οὐ γὰρ δίκαιά σ' ἐξαμαρτάνονθ' ὁρῶ. | **HAEMON** Because I see you doing wrong against what's just. |
| 744 | **CREON** ἁμαρτάνω γὰρ τὰς ἐμὰς ἀρχὰς σέβων; | **CREON** Is it wrong of me to respect my own authority? |
| 745 | **HAEMON** οὐ γὰρ σέβεις, τιμάς γε τὰς θεῶν πατῶν. | **HAEMON** You don't respect it when you trample on the honors due to the gods. |
| 746 | **CREON** ὦ μιαρὸν ἦθος καὶ γυναικὸς ὕστερον. | **CREON** What a vile nature, giving way to a woman! |
| 747 | **HAEMON** οὔ τἂν ἕλοις ἥσσω γε τῶν αἰσχρῶν ἐμέ. | **HAEMON** You'll never catch me giving in to what's shameful. |
| 748 | **CREON** ὁ γοῦν λόγος σοι πᾶς ὑπὲρ κείνης ὅδε. | **CREON** Well, everything you say is on her behalf. |
| 749 | **HAEMON** καὶ σοῦ γε κἀμοῦ, καὶ θεῶν τῶν νερτέρων. | **HAEMON** And yours, and mine, and the gods' below. |
| 750 | **CREON** ταύτην ποτ' οὐκ ἔσθ' ὡς ἔτι ζῶσαν γαμεῖς. | **CREON** You will never marry her while she's still alive. |
| 751 | **HAEMON** ἥ δ' οὖν θανεῖται καὶ θανοῦσ' ὀλεῖ τινα. | **HAEMON** Then she will die, and in dying she'll destroy someone. |
| 752 | **CREON** ἦ κἀπαπειλῶν ὧδ' ἐπεξέρχει θρασύς; | **CREON** Are you so bold that you come at me with threats? |
| 753 | **HAEMON** τίς δ' ἔστ' ἀπειλὴ πρὸς κενὰς γνώμας λέγειν; | **HAEMON** What threat is it to argue against empty judgments? |
| 754 | **CREON** κλαίων φρενώσεις, ὢν φρενῶν αὐτὸς κενός. | **CREON** You'll regret lecturing me on sense when you have none yourself. |
| 755 | **HAEMON** εἰ μὴ πατὴρ ἦσθ', εἶπον ἄν σ' οὐκ εὖ φρονεῖν. | **HAEMON** If you weren't my father, I'd say you weren't thinking straight. |
| 756 | **CREON** γυναικὸς ὢν δούλευμα μὴ κώτιλλέ με. | **CREON** You woman's slave, don't try to sweet-talk me. |
| 757 | | |

| | GREEK | ENGLISH |
|---|---|---|
| | **HAEMON** βούλει λέγειν τι καὶ λέγων μηδὲν κλύειν; | **HAEMON** Do you want to talk and talk, and never hear a word back? |
| 758 | **CREON** ἆληθες; ἀλλ' οὐ τόνδ' Ὄλυμπον, ἴσθ' ὅτι,<br>χαίρων ἐπὶ ψόγοισι δεννάσεις ἐμέ.<br>ἄγαγε τὸ μῖσος ὡς κατ' ὄμματ' αὐτίκα<br>παρόντι θνῄσκῃ πλησία τῷ νυμφίῳ. | **CREON** Is that so? Well, by Olympus up there, you can be sure you won't get away with heaping insults on me. Bring out that hateful thing, so she can die right now, before his eyes, right beside her bridegroom. |
| 762 | **HAEMON** οὐ δῆτ' ἔμοιγε, τοῦτο μὴ δόξῃς ποτέ,<br>οὔθ' ἥδ' ὀλεῖται πλησία, σύ τ' οὐδαμὰ<br>τοὐμὸν προσόψει κρᾶτ' ἐν ὀφθαλμοῖς ὁρῶν,<br>ὡς τοῖς θέλουσι τῶν φίλων μαίνῃ συνών. | **HAEMON** No, not beside me—don't ever imagine it—she will not die beside me. And you will never set eyes on my face again. Go on raving, with any of your friends who can stand it. |
| 766 | **CHORUS** ἀνήρ, ἄναξ, βέβηκεν ἐξ ὀργῆς ταχύς· / νοῦς δ'<br>ἐστὶ τηλικοῦτος ἀλγήσας βαρύς. | **CHORUS** My lord, the man has gone, rushing off in anger. A mind that young, when it's been hurt, is dangerous. |
| 768 | **CREON** δράτω· φρονείτω μεῖζον ἢ κατ' ἄνδρ' ἰών· / τὼ δ'<br>οὖν κόρα τώδ' οὐκ ἀπαλλάξει μόρου. | **CREON** Let him do what he likes; let him go and think thoughts too big for a man. He still won't save these two girls from death. |
| 770 | **CHORUS** ἄμφω γὰρ αὐτὼ καὶ κατακτεῖναι νοεῖς; | **CHORUS** So you mean to kill them both? |
| 771 | **CREON** οὐ τήν γε μὴ θιγοῦσαν· εὖ γὰρ οὖν λέγεις. | **CREON** Not the one who didn't touch it. You're right about that. |
| 772 | **CHORUS** μόρῳ δὲ ποίῳ καί σφε βουλεύει κτανεῖν; | **CHORUS** And what death do you plan for the other? |
| 773 | **CREON** ἄγων ἔρημος ἔνθ' ἂν ᾖ βροτῶν στίβος<br>κρύψω πετρώδει ζῶσαν ἐν κατώρυχι,<br>φορβῆς τοσοῦτον ὡς ἄγος μόνον προθείς,<br>ὅπως μίασμα πᾶσ' ὑπεκφύγῃ πόλις.<br>κἀκεῖ τὸν Ἅιδην, ὃν μόνον σέβει θεῶν,<br>αἰτουμένη που τεύξεται τὸ μὴ θανεῖν,<br>ἢ γνώσεται γοῦν ἀλλὰ τηνικαῦθ' ὅτι<br>πόνος περισσός ἐστι τἀν Ἅιδου σέβειν. | **CREON** I'll take her to a place where no one ever walks and hide her away alive in a rocky cave, setting out just enough food to avert pollution, so that the whole city escapes defilement. And there, praying to Hades, the only god she reveres, she may perhaps win her way out of dying. Or else she'll learn, at last, even then, that revering the dead in Hades is wasted effort. |

### THIRD STASIMON

*The chorus sings of the unconquerable power of Love, then weeps to see Antigone led away.*

| | GREEK | ENGLISH |
|---|---|---|
| 781 | **CHORUS** Ἔρως ἀνίκατε μάχαν, Ἔρως, ὃς ἐν κτήμασι<br>πίπτεις,<br>ὃς ἐν μαλακαῖς παρειαῖς νεάνιδος ἐννυχεύεις,<br>φοιτᾷς δ' ὑπερπόντιος ἔν τ' ἀγρονόμοις αὐλαῖς·<br>καί σ' οὔτ' ἀθανάτων φύξιμος οὐδεὶς<br>οὔθ' ἁμερίων σέ γ' ἀνθρώπων. ὁ δ' ἔχων μέμηνεν. | **CHORUS** Love, unconquered in battle,<br>Love, you who swoop down on men's wealth,<br>who keep your night watch<br>on a young girl's soft cheeks,<br>you roam over the sea<br>and through the farmsteads in the wild;<br>no immortal can escape you,<br>nor any human who lives for a day;<br>and whoever has you is mad. |

| | GREEK | ENGLISH |
|---|---|---|
| 791 | σὺ καὶ δικαίων ἀδίκους φρένας παρασπᾷς ἐπὶ λώβᾳ,<br>σὺ καὶ τόδε νεῖκος ἀνδρῶν ξύναιμον ἔχεις ταράξας·<br>νικᾷ δ' ἐναργὴς βλεφάρων ἵμερος εὐλέκτρου<br>νύμφας, τῶν μεγάλων πάρεδρος ἐν ἀρχαῖς<br>θεσμῶν. ἄμαχος γὰρ ἐμπαίζει θεὸς Ἀφροδίτα. | You wrench even the minds of the just to injustice,<br>to their ruin;<br>you it is who have stirred up this quarrel too,<br>between men of one blood.<br>Victory goes to the desire that shines<br>from the eyes of the bride, fair in her bed,<br>desire enthroned in power beside the great laws.<br>For the goddess Aphrodite plays her game,<br>and no one can fight her. |
| 801 | νῦν δ' ἤδη 'γὼ καὐτὸς θεσμῶν<br>ἔξω φέρομαι τάδ' ὁρῶν ἴσχειν δ'<br>οὐκέτι πηγὰς δύναμαι δακρύων,<br>τὸν παγκοίτην ὅθ' ὁρῶ θάλαμον<br>τήνδ' Ἀντιγόνην ἀνύτουσαν. | And now I too am swept<br>beyond the laws when I see this,<br>and I can no longer hold back<br>the springs of my tears,<br>as I see Antigone here making her way<br>to the bridal chamber where all are laid to rest. |

## FOURTH EPISODE

*Antigone laments her living death with the chorus, defends her choice, and is led to the tomb.*

| | GREEK | ENGLISH |
|---|---|---|
| 806 | **ANTIGONE** ὁρᾶτ' ἔμ', ὦ γᾶς πατρίας πολῖται, τὰν<br>νεάταν ὁδὸν<br>στείχουσαν, νέατον δὲ φέγγος λεύσσουσαν ἀελίου,<br>κοὔποτ' αὖθις. ἀλλά μ' ὁ παγκοίτας Ἅιδας ζῶσαν ἄγει<br>τὰν Ἀχέροντος<br>ἀκτάν, οὔθ' ὑμεναίων ἔγκληρον, οὔτ' ἐπινύμφειός<br>πώ μέ τις ὕμνος ὕμνησεν, ἀλλ' Ἀχέροντι νυμφεύσω. | **ANTIGONE** Look at me, citizens of my fathers'<br>land,<br>setting out on my last road,<br>looking my last on the light of the sun,<br>and never again.<br>Hades, who lays all to rest,<br>leads me living<br>to the shore of Acheron.<br>I've had no share in wedding songs,<br>no hymn has ever been sung for me at the bridal<br>chamber:<br>it's Acheron I will marry.[9] |
| 817 | **CHORUS** οὐκοῦν κλεινὴ καὶ ἔπαινον ἔχουσ'<br>ἐς τόδ' ἀπέρχει κεῦθος νεκύων,<br>οὔτε φθινάσιν πληγεῖσα νόσοις<br>οὔτε ξιφέων ἐπίχειρα λαχοῦσ',<br>ἀλλ' αὐτόνομος ζῶσα μόνη δὴ<br>θνητῶν Ἅιδην καταβήσει. | **CHORUS** And yet you go, famous and praised,<br>down to this hiding place of the dead.<br>You weren't struck by wasting sickness,<br>you didn't win the wages of the sword:<br>a law to yourself, living, alone<br>of mortals, you will go down to Hades. |
| 823 | **ANTIGONE** ἤκουσα δὴ λυγροτάταν ὀλέσθαι τὰν<br>Φρυγίαν ξέναν<br>Ταντάλου Σιπύλῳ πρὸς ἄκρῳ, τὰν κισσὸς ὡς ἀτενὴς<br>πετραία βλάστα δάμασεν, καί νιν ὄμβροι τακομέναν,<br>ὡς φάτις ἀνδρῶν,<br>χιών τ' οὐδαμὰ λείπει, τέγγει δ' ὑπ' ὀφρύσι παγκλαύτοις<br>δειράδας· ᾧ με δαίμων ὁμοιοτάταν κατευνάζει. | **ANTIGONE** I've heard how pitifully she died,<br>the Phrygian stranger, Tantalus' daughter,<br>on the peak of Sipylus.<br>The rock grew over her like clinging ivy<br>and overpowered her;<br>and as she wastes away, so people say,<br>the rain never leaves her, |

9 Acheron is a river of the underworld, which the dead must cross.

| | GREEK | ENGLISH |
|---|---|---|
| | | nor the snow,<br>and from under her ever-weeping brows<br>she soaks the ridges.<br>Most like her, some god lays me to sleep.[10] |
| 834 | CHORUS ἀλλὰ θεός τοι καὶ θεογεννής,<br>ἡμεῖς δὲ βροτοὶ καὶ θνητογενεῖς.<br>καίτοι φθιμένῃ μέγα κἀκοῦσαι<br>τοῖς ἰσοθέοις σύγκληρα λαχεῖν.<br>ζῶσαν καὶ ἔπειτα θανοῦσαν. | CHORUS But she was a goddess, born of gods,<br>and we are mortals, born of mortals.<br>Still, for a woman who dies, it is a great thing to have it said<br>that she shared the lot of those equal to gods,<br>in life, and afterward in death. |
| 839 | ANTIGONE οἴμοι γελῶμαι. τί με, πρὸς θεῶν πατρῴων.<br>οὐκ οἰχομέναν ὑβρίζεις, ἀλλ' ἐπίφαντον;<br>ὦ πόλις, ὦ πόλεως πολυκτήμονες ἄνδρες·<br>ἰὼ Διρκαῖαι κρῆναι<br>Θήβας τ' εὐαρμάτου ἄλσος, ἔμπας ξυμμάρτυρας ὔμμ' ἐπικτῶμαι,<br>οἵα φίλων ἄκλαυτος, οἵοις νόμοις<br>πρὸς ἔργμα τυμβόχωστον ἔρχομαι τάφου ποταινίου·<br>ἰὼ δύστανος, βροτοῖς οὔτε νεκροῖς κυροῦσα<br>μέτοικος οὐ ζῶσιν, οὐ θανοῦσιν. | ANTIGONE Oh, no, I'm mocked! By my fathers' gods,<br>why do you insult me<br>not when I'm gone, but here in plain sight?<br>My city,<br>you wealthy men of my city!<br>Ah, springs of Dirce,<br>grove of Thebes of the fine chariots,<br>you at least I take as my witnesses:<br>unwept by my own, under such laws,<br>I go to a prison heaped up for a tomb,<br>a grave unheard of.<br>Ah, wretched me,<br>at home neither among mortals nor among corpses,<br>not with the living, not with the dead. |
| 853 | CHORUS προβᾶσ' ἐπ' ἔσχατον θράσους<br>ὑψηλὸν ἐς Δίκας βάθρον<br>προσέπεσες, ὦ τέκνον, πολύ·<br>πατρῷον δ' ἐκτίνεις τιν' ἄθλον. | CHORUS You went to the furthest edge of daring<br>and struck hard, my child,<br>against the high pedestal of Justice.<br>You are paying for some ordeal of your father's. |
| 858 | ANTIGONE ἔψαυσας ἀλγεινοτάτας ἐμοὶ μερίμνας,<br>πατρὸς τριπόλιστον οἶκτον τοῦ τε πρόπαντος<br>ἀμετέρου πότμου κλεινοῖς Λαβδακίδαισιν.<br>ἰὼ ματρῷαι λέκτρων<br>ἆται κοιμήματά τ' αὐτογέννητ' ἐμῷ πατρὶ δυσμόρου ματρός,<br>οἵων ἐγώ ποθ' ἁ ταλαίφρων ἔφυν·<br>πρὸς οὓς ἀραῖος ἄγαμος ἆδ' ἐγὼ μέτοικος ἔρχομαι.<br>ἰὼ δυσπότμων κασίγνητε γάμων κυρήσας,<br>θανὼν ἔτ' οὖσαν κατήναρές με. | ANTIGONE You've touched my most painful care:<br>the lament for my father, plowed over and over,<br>and for the whole fate<br>of us, the famous house of Labdacus.<br>Ah, the ruin of my mother's bed,<br>my ill-fated mother sleeping<br>with her own son, my father!<br>From such parents I was born, poor wretch;<br>to them I go, cursed, unmarried, to make my home.<br>Ah, my brother,<br>it was a doomed marriage you found,<br>and dead, you've killed me while I live.[11] |

10 This is Niobe, who boasted of her children over the goddess Leto; they were killed and she was turned to stone on Mount Sipylus in Asia Minor, where a rock was said to weep.

11 Polynices had married the daughter of Adrastus, king of Argos, and so won the army he brought against Thebes.

| | GREEK | ENGLISH |
|---|---|---|
| 872 | **CHORUS** σέβειν μὲν εὐσέβειά τις,<br>κράτος δ' ὅτῳ κράτος μέλει<br>παραβατὸν οὐδαμᾷ πέλει·<br>σὲ δ' αὐτόγνωτος ὤλεσ' ὀργά. | **CHORUS** To pay honor to the dead is a kind of reverence,<br>but power, for the one whose care is power,<br>may never be transgressed:<br>your self-willed temper has destroyed you. |
| 876 | **ANTIGONE** ἄκλαυτος, ἄφιλος, ἀνυμέναιος ταλαίφρων<br>ἄγομαι<br>τὰν πυμάταν ὁδόν. οὐκέτι μοι τόδε<br>λαμπάδος ἱερὸν ὄμμα<br>θέμις ὁρᾶν ταλαίνᾳ.<br>τὸν δ' ἐμὸν πότμον ἀδάκρυτον<br>οὐδεὶς φίλων στενάζει. | **ANTIGONE** Unwept, unloved, unwedded, wretched,<br>I am led along my last road.<br>No longer may I, in my misery,<br>look on this sacred eye of the sun.<br>And for my fate no tear is shed;<br>none of my own laments it. |
| 883 | **CREON** ἆρ' ἴστ', ἀοιδὰς καὶ γόους πρὸ τοῦ θανεῖν<br>ὡς οὐδ' ἂν εἷς παύσαιτ' ἄν, εἰ χρείη λέγειν;<br>οὐκ ἄξεθ' ὡς τάχιστα; καὶ κατηρεφεῖ<br>τύμβῳ περιπτύξαντες, ὡς εἴρηκ' ἐγώ,<br>ἄφετε μόνην ἔρημον, εἴτε χρῄ θανεῖν<br>εἴτ' ἐν τοιαύτῃ ζῶσα τυμβεύειν στέγῃ·<br>ἡμεῖς γὰρ ἁγνοὶ τοὐπὶ τήνδε τὴν κόρην·<br>μετοικίας δ' οὖν τῆς ἄνω στερήσεται. | **CREON** Don't you know that no one would ever stop singing and wailing before death, if they were allowed to go on? Take her away, and quickly! Wall her up in the vaulted tomb, as I ordered, and leave her alone, deserted, whether she wants to die or to live entombed in a home like that. As far as this girl is concerned, our hands are clean. But she will be stripped of her place among the living up here. |
| 891 | **ANTIGONE** ὦ τύμβος, ὦ νυμφεῖον, ὦ κατασκαφὴς<br>οἴκησις ἀείφρουρος, οἵ πορεύομαι<br>πρὸς τοὺς ἐμαυτῆς, ὧν ἀριθμὸν ἐν νεκροῖς<br>πλεῖστον δέδεκται Φερσέφασσ' ὀλωλότων·<br>ὧν λοισθία 'γὼ καὶ κάκιστα δὴ μακρῷ<br>κάτειμι, πρίν μοι μοῖραν ἐξήκειν βίου.<br>ἐλθοῦσα μέντοι κάρτ' ἐν ἐλπίσιν τρέφω<br>φίλη μὲν ἥξειν πατρί, προσφιλὴς δὲ σοί,<br>μῆτερ, φίλη δὲ σοί, κασίγνητον κάρα·<br>ἐπεὶ θανόντας αὐτόχειρ ὑμᾶς ἐγὼ<br>ἔλουσα κἀκόσμησα κἀπιτυμβίους<br>χοὰς ἔδωκα. νῦν δέ, Πολύνεικες, τὸ σὸν<br>δέμας περιστέλλουσα τοιάδ' ἄρνυμαι. | **ANTIGONE** Tomb, bridal chamber, deep-dug home that will hold me forever: there I go, to my own, so many of whom have perished and been received by Persephone among the dead. I am the last of them, and by far the most miserable, going down before my portion of life has run out. Still, as I go, I cherish the strong hope that I'll arrive dear to my father, dear to you, Mother, and dear to you, my brother. For when you died, I washed you with my own hands and dressed you, and poured libations at your graves. And now, Polynices, for laying out your body, this is my reward. |
| 904 | καίτοι σ' ἐγὼ 'τίμησα τοῖς φρονοῦσιν εὖ.<br>οὐ γάρ ποτ' οὔτ' ἄν, εἰ τέκνων μήτηρ ἔφυν,<br>οὔτ' εἰ πόσις μοι κατθανὼν ἐτήκετο,<br>βίᾳ πολιτῶν τόνδ' ἂν ῥήρμην πόνον.<br>τίνος νόμου δὴ ταῦτα πρὸς χάριν λέγω;<br>πόσις μὲν ἄν μοι κατθανόντος ἄλλος ἦν,<br>καὶ παῖς ἀπ' ἄλλου φωτός, εἰ τοῦδ' ἤμπλακον,<br>μητρὸς δ' ἐν Ἅιδου καὶ πατρὸς κεκευθότοιν<br>οὐκ ἔστ' ἀδελφὸς ὅστις ἂν βλάστοι ποτέ. | And yet in the eyes of those who think straight, I was right to honor you. Never, if I had been a mother of children, or if my husband had died and lay rotting, would I have taken on this labor against the citizens' will. For the sake of what law do I say this? If my husband died, I could have had another, and a child by another man, if I lost this one; but with my mother and father hidden in Hades, no brother could ever be born to me again. |
| 913 | τοιῷδε μέντοι σ' ἐκπροτιμήσασ' ἐγὼ<br>νόμῳ Κρέοντι ταῦτ' ἔδοξ' ἁμαρτάνειν<br>καὶ δεινὰ τολμᾶν, ὦ κασίγνητον κάρα.<br>καὶ νῦν ἄγει με δὶα χερῶν οὕτω λαβὼν<br>ἄλεκτρον, ἀνυμέναιον, οὔτε του γάμου | That was the law by which I honored you above all; and for that Creon thought I had done wrong and dared terrible things, my own brother. And now he has me in his hands and leads me away like this: no marriage bed, no wedding song, no |

| | GREEK | ENGLISH |
|---|---|---|
| | μέρος λαχοῦσαν οὔτε παιδείου τροφῆς,<br>ἀλλ' ὧδ' ἔρημος πρὸς φίλων ἡ δύσμορος<br>ζῶσ' εἰς θανόντων ἔρχομαι κατασκαφάς.<br>ποίαν παρεξελθοῦσα δαιμόνων δίκην;<br>τί χρή με τὴν δύστηνον ἐς θεοὺς ἔτι<br>βλέπειν; τίν' αὐδᾶν ξυμμάχων; ἐπεί γε δὴ<br>τὴν δυσσέβειαν εὐσεβοῦσ' ἐκτησάμην. | share in marriage or in raising children. Deserted like this by my own, ill-fated, I go living into the hollow graves of the dead. What justice of the gods have I transgressed? Why should I, in my misery, look to the gods any longer? Which of them should I call to my aid? For my reverence, I have earned the name of irreverence. |
| 925 | ἀλλ' εἰ μὲν οὖν τάδ' ἐστὶν ἐν θεοῖς καλά,<br>παθόντες ἂν ξυγγνοῖμεν ἡμαρτηκότες·<br>εἰ δ' οἵδ' ἁμαρτάνουσι, μὴ πλείω κακὰ<br>πάθοιεν ἢ καὶ δρῶσιν ἐκδίκως ἐμέ. | Well, if this is what the gods think fine, then once I've suffered I'll acknowledge I was wrong. But if these men are the ones in the wrong, may they suffer no worse evils than what they are unjustly doing to me. |
| 929 | **CHORUS** ἔτι τῶν αὐτῶν ἀνέμων αὐταὶ / ψυχῆς ῥιπαὶ<br>τήνδε γ' ἔχουσιν. | **CHORUS** Still the same gusts<br>of the same winds of the soul<br>have hold of her. |
| 931 | **CREON** τοιγὰρ τούτων τοῖσιν ἄγουσιν / κλαύμαθ'<br>ὑπάρξει βραδυτῆτος ὕπερ. | **CREON** And so those taking her away / will have cause to weep for their slowness. |
| 933 | **ANTIGONE** οἴμοι, θανάτου τοῦτ' ἐγγυτάτω / τοὔπος<br>ἀφῖκται. | **ANTIGONE** Oh, no—that word / comes very close to death. |
| 935 | **CHORUS** θαρσεῖν οὐδὲν παραμυθοῦμαι / μὴ οὐ τάδε<br>ταύτῃ κατακυροῦσθαι. | **CHORUS** I can give you no comfort, / no hope that this won't be fulfilled the way it stands. |
| 937 | **ANTIGONE** ὦ γῆς Θήβης ἄστυ πατρῷον<br>καὶ θεοὶ προγενεῖς,<br>ἄγομαι δὴ κοὐκέτι μέλλω.<br>λεύσσετε, Θήβης οἱ κοιρανίδαι<br>τὴν βασιλειδᾶν μούνην λοιπήν,<br>οἷα πρὸς οἵων ἀνδρῶν πάσχω,<br>τὴν εὐσεβίαν σεβίσασα. | **ANTIGONE** Town of my fathers in the land of Thebes,<br>gods of my ancestors,<br>I am led away now; there's no more delay.<br>Look, you lords of Thebes,<br>on the only one left of your royal line:<br>see what I suffer, and from what men,<br>for holding reverence in reverence. |

## FOURTH STASIMON

*The chorus recalls Danaë, Lycurgus and the sons of Phineus, all imprisoned or destroyed by fate.*

| | GREEK | ENGLISH |
|---|---|---|
| 944 | **CHORUS** ἔτλα καὶ Δανάας οὐράνιον φῶς<br>ἀλλάξαι δέμας ἐν χαλκοδέτοις αὐλαῖς·<br>κρυπτομένα δ' ἐν τυμβήρει θαλάμῳ κατεζεύχθη·<br>καίτοι καὶ γενεᾷ τίμιος, ὦ παῖ παῖ,<br>καὶ Ζηνὸς ταμιεύεσκε γονὰς χρυσορύτους.<br>ἀλλ' ἁ μοιριδία τις δύνασις δεινά·<br>οὔτ' ἄν νιν ὄλβος οὔτ' Ἄρης, οὐ πύργος, οὐχ ἁλίκτυποι<br>κελαιναὶ νᾶες ἐκφύγοιεν. | **CHORUS** Danaë too endured<br>to trade the light of heaven<br>for walls bound in bronze;<br>hidden in a chamber like a tomb, she was yoked fast.<br>And yet she too was honored in her birth, child, my child,<br>and she kept the seed of Zeus that fell in streams of gold.<br>But the power of fate is a terrible thing:<br>neither wealth nor Ares, no tower, |

| | GREEK | ENGLISH |
|---|---|---|
| | | no black ships beaten by the sea<br>could escape it.[12] |
| 955 | ζεύχθη δ' ὀξύχολος παῖς ὁ Δρύαντος,<br>Ἠδωνῶν βασιλεύς, κερτομίοις ὀργαῖς<br>ἐκ Διονύσου πετρώδει κατάφαρκτος ἐν δεσμῷ.<br>οὕτω τᾶς μανίας δεινὸν ἀποστάζει<br>ἀνθηρόν τε μένος. κεῖνος ἐπέγνω μανίαις<br>ψαύων τὸν θεὸν ἐν κερτομίοις γλώσσαις.<br>παύεσκε μὲν γὰρ ἐνθέους γυναῖκας εὔιόν τε πῦρ,<br>φιλαύλους τ' ἠρέθιζε Μούσας. | And the son of Dryas, quick to anger,<br>king of the Edonians, was yoked<br>for his mocking rage:<br>Dionysus walled him up in a prison of rock.<br>So the terrible, flowering force of his madness<br>drips away. He came to know the god<br>he had assailed in madness with his mocking<br>tongue.<br>For he tried to stop the women filled with the god<br>and the Bacchic fire,<br>and he provoked the Muses who love the pipe.[13] |
| 966 | παρὰ δὲ Κυανεᾶν πελάγει διδύμας ἁλὸς<br>ἀκταὶ Βοσπόριαι ἠδ' ὁ Θρηκῶν ἄξενος<br>Σαλμυδησσός, ἵν' ἀγχίπτολις Ἄρης<br>δισσοῖσι Φινεΐδαις<br>εἶδεν ἀρατὸν ἕλκος<br>τυφλωθὲν ἐξ ἀγρίας δάμαρτος<br>ἀλαὸν ἀλαστόροισιν ὀμμάτων κύκλοις<br>ἀραχθέντων, ὑφ' αἱματηραῖς<br>χείρεσσι καὶ κερκίδων ἀκμαῖσιν. | By the Dark Rocks, by the double sea,<br>lie the shores of the Bosporus<br>and Thracian Salmydessus, cruel to strangers,<br>where Ares, the city's neighbor,<br>saw the cursed wound<br>dealt to Phineus' two sons,<br>blinded by a savage wife:<br>darkness on the eyes that cried out for vengeance,<br>gouged out by her bloody hands<br>and the points of her shuttles.[14] |
| 977 | κατὰ δὲ τακόμενοι μέλεοι μελέαν πάθαν<br>κλαῖον, ματρὸς ἔχοντες ἀνύμφευτον γονάν·<br>ἁ δὲ σπέρμα μὲν ἀρχαιογόνων<br>ἄντασ' Ἐρεχθεϊδᾶν,<br>τηλεπόροις δ' ἐν ἄντροις<br>τράφη θυέλλαισιν ἐν πατρῴαις<br>Βορεὰς ἄμιππος ὀρθόποδος ὑπὲρ πάγου<br>θεῶν παῖς. ἀλλὰ κἀπ' ἐκείνᾳ<br>Μοῖραι μακραίωνες ἔσχον, ὦ παῖ. | Wasting away, the wretched boys wept<br>for their wretched suffering,<br>sons of a mother whose marriage was unblessed.<br>Yet she traced her seed<br>to the ancient line of Erechtheus,<br>and in far-off caves she was raised<br>among her father's storms,<br>Boreas' daughter, swift as a horse over the steep<br>hills,<br>child of gods. But on her too<br>the long-lived Fates bore down, child.[15] |

## FIFTH EPISODE

*Teiresias warns Creon of the gods' anger; Creon insults him, then gives in and hurries to undo his orders.*

| | GREEK | ENGLISH |
|---|---|---|
| 988 | **TEIRESIAS** Θήβης ἄνακτες, ἥκομεν κοινὴν ὁδὸν<br>δύ' ἐξ ἑνὸς βλέποντε· τοῖς τυφλοῖσι γὰρ<br>αὕτη κέλευθος ἐκ προηγητοῦ πέλει. | **TEIRESIAS** Lords of Thebes, we have come on a<br>shared road, two seeing through the eyes of one. |

12 Danaë's father shut her in a bronze chamber; Zeus came to her as a shower of gold, and she bore Perseus.
13 This is Lycurgus, a Thracian king who persecuted Dionysus and his women followers.
14 Phineus' second wife blinded his two sons by his first wife, Cleopatra, with her weaving shuttles.
15 Cleopatra was the daughter of Boreas, the North Wind, and of an Athenian princess descended from Erechtheus, an early king of Athens.

| | GREEK | ENGLISH |
|---|---|---|
| | | For the blind, that's how the road goes: with someone to lead. |
| 991 | **CREON** τί δ' ἔστιν, ὦ γεραιὲ Τειρεσία, νέον; | **CREON** What is it, old Teiresias? What news? |
| 992 | **TEIRESIAS** ἐγὼ διδάξω, καὶ σὺ τῷ μάντει πιθοῦ. | **TEIRESIAS** I'll tell you; and you, obey the seer. |
| 993 | **CREON** οὔκουν πάρος γε σῆς ἀπεστάτουν φρενός. | **CREON** Well, I've never strayed from your judgment before. |
| 994 | **TEIRESIAS** τοιγὰρ δι' ὀρθῆς τήνδ' ἐναυκλήρεις πόλιν. | **TEIRESIAS** And that's why you've steered this city on a straight course. |
| 995 | **CREON** ἔχω πεπονθὼς μαρτυρεῖν ὀνήσιμα. | **CREON** I've felt the benefit, and I can vouch for it. |
| 996 | **TEIRESIAS** φρόνει βεβὼς αὖ νῦν ἐπὶ ξυροῦ τύχης. | **TEIRESIAS** Then think: once again you stand on the razor's edge of fortune. |
| 997 | **CREON** τί δ' ἔστιν; ὡς ἐγὼ τὸ σὸν φρίσσω στόμα. | **CREON** What is it? How I shudder at what you say! |
| 998 | **TEIRESIAS** γνώσει, τέχνης σημεῖα τῆς ἐμῆς κλύων.<br>εἰς γὰρ παλαιὸν θᾶκον ὀρνιθοσκόπον<br>ἵζων, ἵν' ἦν μοι παντὸς οἰωνοῦ λιμήν,<br>ἀγνῶτ' ἀκούω φθόγγον ὀρνίθων, κακῷ<br>κλάζοντας οἴστρῳ καὶ βεβαρβαρωμένῳ.<br>καὶ σπῶντας ἐν χηλαῖσιν ἀλλήλους φοναῖς<br>ἔγνων· πτερῶν γὰρ ῥοῖβδος οὐκ ἄσημος ἦν.<br>εὐθὺς δὲ δείσας ἐμπύρων ἐγευόμην<br>βωμοῖσι παμφλέκτοισιν· ἐκ δὲ θυμάτων<br>Ἥφαιστος οὐκ ἔλαμπεν, ἀλλ' ἐπὶ σποδῷ<br>μυδῶσα κηκὶς μηρίων ἐτήκετο<br>κἄτυφε κἀνέπτυε, καὶ μετάρσιοι<br>χολαὶ διεσπείροντο, καὶ καταρρυεῖς<br>μηροὶ καλυπτῆς ἐξέκειντο πιμελῆς. | **TEIRESIAS** You'll know, when you hear the signs of my art. I was taking my seat at my ancient augur's chair, where every bird comes to me as to a harbor, when I heard an unknown voice of birds, shrieking in an evil frenzy, a meaningless gibberish. And I knew they were tearing at one another with their talons, murderously: the whirr of their wings made that clear. At once, afraid, I tried burnt sacrifice on the blazing altars. But no flame of Hephaestus shone from the offerings. Instead the juice of the thigh bones oozed onto the ashes and melted, smoked and sputtered; the gall burst and scattered into the air, and the thigh bones, streaming, lay bare of the fat that had wrapped them. |
| 1012 | τοιαῦτα παιδὸς τοῦδ' ἐμάνθανον πάρα,<br>φθίνοντ' ἀσήμων ὀργίων μαντεύματα.<br>ἐμοὶ γὰρ οὗτος ἡγεμών, ἄλλοις δ' ἐγώ.<br>καὶ ταῦτα τῆς σῆς ἐκ φρενὸς νοσεῖ πόλις.<br>βωμοὶ γὰρ ἡμῖν ἐσχάραι τε παντελεῖς<br>πλήρεις ὑπ' οἰωνῶν τε καὶ κυνῶν βορᾶς<br>τοῦ δυσμόρου πεπτῶτος Οἰδίπου γόνου.<br>κᾆτ' οὐ δέχονται θυστάδας λιτὰς ἔτι<br>θεοὶ παρ' ἡμῶν οὐδὲ μηρίων φλόγα,<br>οὐδ' ὄρνις εὐσήμους ἀπορροιβδεῖ βοάς<br>ἀνδροφθόρου βεβρῶτες αἵματος λίπος. | That is what I learned from this boy here: the prophecies were failing, the rites gave no sign. He is my guide, as I am others'. And it's from your thinking that the city is sick. Our altars and our hearths, every one of them, are full of carrion that birds and dogs have torn from the ill-fated fallen son of Oedipus. And so the gods no longer accept our prayers at sacrifice, nor the flame of the thigh bones, and no bird screams out cries of good omen, for they have gorged on the fat and blood of a slain man. |
| 1023 | ταῦτ' οὖν, τέκνον, φρόνησον. ἀνθρώποισι γὰρ<br>τοῖς πᾶσι κοινόν ἐστι τοὐξαμαρτάνειν·<br>ἐπεὶ δ' ἁμάρτῃ, κεῖνος οὐκέτ' ἔστ' ἀνὴρ<br>ἄβουλος οὐδ' ἄνολβος, ὅστις ἐς κακὸν<br>πεσὼν ἀκῆται μηδ' ἀκίνητος πέλῃ.<br>αὐθαδία τοι σκαιότητ' ὀφλισκάνει. | Think about this, my son. To err is common to all people. But when a man errs, he is no longer witless or luckless if, having fallen into trouble, he cures it and doesn't stay immovable. Stubbornness, believe me, earns the charge of stupidity. Yield to the dead; don't keep stabbing a man who's |

| | GREEK | ENGLISH |
|---|---|---|
| | ἀλλ' εἶκε τῷ θανόντι μηδ' ὀλωλότα<br>κέντει· τίς ἀλκὴ τὸν θανόντ' ἐπικτανεῖν;<br>εὖ σοι φρονήσας εὖ λέγω. τὸ μανθάνειν δ'<br>ἥδιστον εὖ λέγοντος, εἰ κέρδος λέγοι. | gone. What prowess is it to kill the dead all over again? I mean you well, and I'm giving you good advice. And nothing is sweeter than learning from someone who advises well, if what he says is to your profit. |
| 1033 | **CREON** ὦ πρέσβυ, πάντες ὥστε τοξόται σκοποῦ<br>τοξεύετ' ἀνδρὸς τοῦδε, κοὐδὲ μαντικῆς<br>ἄπρακτος ὑμῖν εἰμι· τῶν δ' ὑπαὶ γένους<br>ἐξημπόληαι κἀμπεφόρτισμαι πάλαι.<br>κερδαίνετ', ἐμπολᾶτε τἀπὸ Σάρδεων<br>ἤλεκτρον, εἰ βούλεσθε, καὶ τὸν Ἰνδικὸν<br>χρυσόν· τάφῳ δ' ἐκεῖνον οὐχὶ κρύψετε,<br>οὐδ' εἰ θέλουσ' οἱ Ζηνὸς αἰετοὶ βορὰν<br>φέρειν νιν ἁρπάζοντες ἐς Διὸς θρόνους,<br>οὐδ' ὡς μίασμα τοῦτο μὴ τρέσας ἐγὼ<br>θάπτειν παρήσω κεῖνον· εὖ γὰρ οἶδ' ὅτι<br>θεοὺς μιαίνειν οὔτις ἀνθρώπων σθένει.<br>πίπτουσι δ', ὦ γεραιὲ Τειρεσία, βροτῶν<br>οἱ πολλὰ δεινοὶ πτώματ' αἴσχρ', ὅταν λόγους<br>αἰσχροὺς καλῶς λέγωσι τοῦ κέρδους χάριν. | **CREON** Old man, all of you shoot at me like archers at a target, and even your prophecy is put to work against me. By your tribe of prophets I've long been bought and sold and shipped off as cargo. Make your profits; trade in the silver-gold of Sardis if you like, and the gold of India. But you will not hide that man in a grave—not even if the eagles of Zeus want to snatch him and carry him off as food to the throne of Zeus. Not even then will I, in fear of that pollution, allow him to be buried. For I know well that no human being has the power to pollute the gods. But men fall, old Teiresias, even the very clever ones, they take shameful falls, when they dress up shameful words in fine language for the sake of profit.[16] |
| 1048 | **TEIRESIAS** φεῦ. / ἆρ' οἶδεν ἀνθρώπων τις, ἆρα<br>φράζεται, | **TEIRESIAS** Ah. Does any man know, does anyone consider— |
| 1049 | **CREON** τί χρῆμα; ποῖον τοῦτο πάγκοινον λέγεις; | **CREON** Consider what? What's this universal truth you're announcing? |
| 1050 | **TEIRESIAS** ὅσῳ κράτιστον κτημάτων εὐβουλία; | **TEIRESIAS** —how far good judgment is the best of all possessions? |
| 1051 | **CREON** ὅσῳπερ, οἶμαι, μὴ φρονεῖν πλείστη βλάβη. | **CREON** As far, I imagine, as not thinking straight is the greatest harm. |
| 1052 | **TEIRESIAS** ταύτης σὺ μέντοι τῆς νόσου πλήρης ἔφυς. | **TEIRESIAS** And that's exactly the sickness you're full of. |
| 1053 | **CREON** οὐ βούλομαι τὸν μάντιν ἀντειπεῖν κακῶς. | **CREON** I don't want to answer a seer with insults. |
| 1054 | **TEIRESIAS** καὶ μὴν λέγεις, ψευδῆ με θεσπίζειν λέγων. | **TEIRESIAS** But you do, when you say my prophecies are false. |
| 1055 | **CREON** τὸ μαντικὸν γὰρ πᾶν φιλάργυρον γένος. | **CREON** The whole breed of prophets loves money. |
| 1056 | **TEIRESIAS** τὸ δ' ἐκ τυράννων αἰσχροκέρδειαν φιλεῖ. | **TEIRESIAS** And the breed of kings loves shameful gain. |
| 1057 | **CREON** ἆρ' οἶσθα ταγοὺς ὄντας ἃν λέγῃς λέγων; | **CREON** Do you realize you're saying this about your rulers? |
| 1058 | **TEIRESIAS** οἶδ'· ἐξ ἐμοῦ γὰρ τήνδ' ἔχεις σώσας πόλιν. | **TEIRESIAS** I do. It's thanks to me that you saved this city and hold it. |

16 Sardis, capital of Lydia, was famous for electrum, a natural alloy of gold and silver.

| | GREEK | ENGLISH |
|---|---|---|
| 1059 | **CREON** σοφὸς σὺ μάντις, ἀλλὰ τἀδικεῖν φιλῶν. | **CREON** You're a wise seer, but you love to do wrong. |
| 1060 | **TEIRESIAS** ὄρσεις με τἀκίνητα διὰ φρενῶν φράσαι. | **TEIRESIAS** You'll provoke me to speak what lies undisturbed in my mind. |
| 1061 | **CREON** κίνει, μόνον δὲ μὴ 'πὶ κέρδεσιν λέγων. | **CREON** Disturb it—only don't speak for profit. |
| 1062 | **TEIRESIAS** οὕτω γὰρ ἤδη καὶ δοκῶ τὸ σὸν μέρος. | **TEIRESIAS** As far as you're concerned, I don't think I will. |
| 1063 | **CREON** ὡς μὴ 'μπολήσων ἴσθι τὴν ἐμὴν φρένα. | **CREON** Know this: you won't be buying and selling my judgment. |
| 1064 | **TEIRESIAS** ἀλλ' εὖ γέ τοι κάτισθι μὴ πολλοὺς ἔτι<br>τρόχους ἁμιλλητῆρας ἡλίου τελεῖν,<br>ἐν οἷσι τῶν σῶν αὐτὸς ἐκ σπλάγχνων ἕνα<br>νέκυν νεκρῶν ἀμοιβὸν ἀντιδοὺς ἔσει,<br>ἀνθ' ὧν ἔχεις μὲν τῶν ἄνω βαλὼν κάτω<br>ψυχήν τ' ἀτίμως ἐν τάφῳ κατῴκισας,<br>ἔχεις δὲ τῶν κάτωθεν ἐνθάδ' αὖ θεῶν<br>ἄμοιρον, ἀκτέριστον, ἀνόσιον νέκυν.<br>ὧν οὔτε σοὶ μέτεστιν οὔτε τοῖς ἄνω<br>θεοῖσιν, ἀλλ' ἐκ σοῦ βιάζονται τάδε. | **TEIRESIAS** Then know this well: you won't complete many more racing circuits of the sun before you yourself give one born of your own body, a corpse in exchange for corpses. For you have thrust below one who belongs above, and shamefully housed a living soul in a grave, while you keep here a corpse that belongs to the gods below, robbed of its due, unburied, unholy. Neither you nor the gods above have any part in this: it is violence you are doing them. |
| 1074 | τούτων σε λωβητῆρες ὑστεροφθόροι<br>λοχῶσιν Ἅιδου καὶ θεῶν Ἐρινύες,<br>ἐν τοῖσιν αὐτοῖς τοῖσδε ληφθῆναι κακοῖς.<br>καὶ ταῦτ' ἄθρησον εἰ κατηργυρωμένος<br>λέγω· φανεῖ γὰρ οὐ μακροῦ χρόνου τριβὴ<br>ἀνδρῶν γυναικῶν σοῖς δόμοις κωκύματα.<br>ἐχθραὶ δὲ πᾶσαι συνταράσσονται πόλεις,<br>ὅσων σπαράγματ' ἢ κύνες καθήγνισαν<br>ἢ θῆρες ἤ τις πτηνὸς οἰωνός, φέρων<br>ἀνόσιον ὀσμὴν ἑστιοῦχον ἐς πόλιν.<br>τοιαῦτά σου, λυπεῖς γάρ, ὥστε τοξότης<br>ἀφῆκα θυμῷ καρδίας τοξεύματα<br>βέβαια, τῶν σὺ θάλπος οὐχ ὑπεκδραμεῖ. | For this the avengers who destroy at the last, the Furies of Hades and the gods, lie in wait for you, to catch you in these same evils. Now look closely and see whether I'm saying this because someone paid me in silver. It won't take long to show: the wailing of men and women in your house. And all the cities are rising in hatred against you, the cities whose sons' mangled bodies have been given their only rites by dogs or wild beasts or some winged bird, carrying an unholy stench to each city's hearth. Since you provoke me, those are the arrows I've let fly at you like an archer, in anger, at your heart: sure ones, and you won't run out from under their burning.[17] |
| 1087 | ὦ παῖ, σὺ δ' ἡμᾶς ἄπαγε πρὸς δόμους, ἵνα<br>τὸν θυμὸν οὗτος ἐς νεωτέρους ἀφῇ,<br>καὶ γνῷ τρέφειν τὴν γλῶσσαν ἡσυχαιτέραν<br>τὸν νοῦν τ' ἀμείνω τῶν φρενῶν ἢ νῦν φέρει. | Boy, lead me home, so that this man can vent his anger on younger men, and learn to keep his tongue quieter and a better mind in his breast than the one he has now. |
| 1091 | **CHORUS** ἀνήρ, ἄναξ, βέβηκε δεινὰ θεσπίσας·<br>ἐπιστάμεσθα δ', ἐξ ὅτου λευκὴν ἐγὼ<br>τήνδ' ἐκ μελαίνης ἀμφιβάλλομαι τρίχα,<br>μή πώ ποτ' αὐτὸν ψεῦδος ἐς πόλιν λακεῖν. | **CHORUS** The man has gone, my lord, after terrible prophecies. And we know that ever since this hair of mine turned from black to white, he has never once uttered a falsehood to the city. |
| 1095 | | |

17 These are the cities of the Argive allies, whose dead Creon also left unburied.

| | GREEK | ENGLISH |
|---|---|---|
| | **CREON** ἔγνωκα καὐτὸς καὶ ταράσσομαι φρένας.<br>τό τ' εἰκαθεῖν γὰρ δεινόν, ἀντιστάντα δὲ<br>ἄτῃ πατάξαι θυμὸν ἐν δεινῷ πάρα. | **CREON** I know it too, and my mind is shaken. To give way is terrible; but to stand firm and strike my pride against ruin—that is terrible too. |
| 1098 | **CHORUS** εὐβουλίας δεῖ, παῖ Μενοικέως, λαβεῖν. | **CHORUS** You need good counsel, son of Menoeceus. |
| 1099 | **CREON** τί δῆτα χρὴ δρᾶν; φράζε. πείσομαι δ' ἐγώ. | **CREON** Then what should I do? Tell me, and I'll obey. |
| 1100 | **CHORUS** ἐλθὼν κόρην μὲν ἐκ κατώρυχος στέγης / ἄνες,<br>κτίσον δὲ τῷ προκειμένῳ, τάφον. | **CHORUS** Go and release the girl from her chamber dug in the earth, and build a grave for the one lying out there. |
| 1102 | **CREON** καὶ ταῦτ' ἐπαινεῖς καὶ δοκεῖς παρεικαθεῖν; | **CREON** That's what you advise? You think I should give in? |
| 1103 | **CHORUS** ὅσον γ', ἄναξ, τάχιστα· συντέμνουσι γὰρ /<br>θεῶν ποδώκεις τοὺς κακόφρονας βλάβαι. | **CHORUS** Yes, and as fast as you can. Harm from the gods is swift of foot, and it cuts short those who think wrongly. |
| 1105 | **CREON** οἴμοι· μόλις μέν, καρδίας δ' ἐξίσταμαι / τὸ δρᾶν·<br>ἀνάγκῃ δ' οὐχὶ δυσμαχητέον. | **CREON** Oh, no. It's hard, but I'm giving up my heart's resolve, and I'll do it. There's no fighting against necessity. |
| 1107 | **CHORUS** δρᾶ νυν τάδ' ἐλθὼν μηδ' ἐπ' ἄλλοισιν τρέπε. | **CHORUS** Then go and do it; don't leave it to others. |
| 1108 | **CREON** ὦδ' ὡς ἔχω στείχοιμ' ἄν· ἴτ' ἴτ' ὀπάονες,<br>οἵ τ' ὄντες οἵ τ' ἀπόντες, ἀξίνας χεροῖν<br>ὁρμᾶσθ' ἑλόντες εἰς ἐπόψιον τόπον.<br>ἐγὼ δ', ἐπειδὴ δόξα τῇδ' ἐπεστράφη,<br>αὐτός τ' ἔδησα καὶ παρὼν ἐκλύσομαι.<br>δέδοικα γὰρ μὴ τοὺς καθεστῶτας νόμους<br>ἄριστον ᾖ σῴζοντα τὸν βίον τελεῖν. | **CREON** I'll go just as I am. Go, go, servants, those of you here and those who aren't: take axes in your hands and hurry to that place there in view. And I, since my judgment has turned this way, I who bound her will be there and set her free myself. For I'm afraid it may be best to keep the established laws to the very end of one's life. |

## FIFTH STASIMON

*The chorus calls on Dionysus, god of Thebes, to come and heal the city.*

| | GREEK | ENGLISH |
|---|---|---|
| 1115 | **CHORUS** πολυώνυμε, Καδμείας νύμφας ἄγαλμα<br>καὶ Διὸς βαρυβρεμέτα<br>γένος, κλυτὰν ὃς ἀμφέπεις<br>Ἰταλίαν, μέδεις δὲ<br>παγκοίνοις, Ἐλευσινίας<br>Δηοῦς ἐν κόλποις, Βακχεῦ Βακχᾶν<br>ὁ ματρόπολιν Θήβαν<br>ναιετῶν παρ' ὑγρῶν<br>Ἰσμηνοῦ ῥείθρων ἀγρίου τ' ἐπὶ σπορᾷ δράκοντος. | **CHORUS** You of many names, glory of the Cadmean bride,<br>child of Zeus who thunders deep,<br>you who watch over famous Italy<br>and rule, welcoming all,<br>in the vales of Eleusinian Deo:<br>Bacchus, who dwell in Thebes,<br>mother-city of Bacchants,<br>by the flowing streams of Ismenus,<br>on the soil where the savage dragon's teeth were sown.[18] |

| | GREEK | ENGLISH |
|---|---|---|
| 1126 | σὲ δ' ὑπὲρ διλόφου πέτρας στέροψ ὄπωπε<br>λιγνύς, ἔνθα Κωρύκιαι<br>στείχουσι νύμφαι Βακχίδες,<br>Κασταλίας τε νᾶμα.<br>καί σε Νυσαίων ὀρέων<br>κισσήρεις ὄχθαι χλωρά τ' ἀκτὰ<br>πολυστάφυλος πέμπει,<br>ἀμβρότων ἐπέων<br>εὐαζόντων Θηβαΐας ἐπισκοποῦντ' ἀγυιάς· | You the flaring smoke of torches has seen<br>above the twin-peaked rock,<br>where the Corycian nymphs,<br>your Bacchants, go,<br>and by the stream of Castalia.<br>And the ivy-clad slopes of Nysa's mountains<br>and the green shore heavy with grapes<br>send you here,<br>while immortal voices raise the Bacchic cry,<br>to watch over the streets of Thebes.[19] |
| 1137 | τὰν ἐκ πᾶσαι τιμᾶς ὑπερτάταν πόλεων<br>ματρὶ σὺν κεραυνίᾳ·<br>καὶ νῦν, ὡς βιαίας ἔχεται<br>πάνδαμος πόλις ἐπὶ νόσου,<br>μολεῖν καθαρσίῳ ποδὶ Παρνασίαν ὑπὲρ κλιτὺν<br>ἢ στονόεντα πορθμόν. | Thebes you honor above all cities,<br>you and your mother struck by lightning.<br>And now, since the city and all its people<br>are held by a violent sickness,<br>come with cleansing step<br>over the slope of Parnassus<br>or across the moaning strait. |
| 1146 | ἰὼ πῦρ πνειόντων χοράγ' ἄστρων, νυχίων<br>φθεγμάτων ἐπίσκοπε,<br>παῖ Διὸς γένεθλον, προφάνηθ',<br>ὦναξ, σαῖς ἅμα περιπόλοις<br>Θυίαισιν, αἵ σε μαινόμεναι πάννυχοι χορεύουσι<br>τὸν ταμίαν Ἴακχον. | Oh, leader of the dance of fire-breathing stars,<br>overseer of voices in the night,<br>son born of Zeus, appear,<br>lord, with your attendant Thyiads,<br>who in their madness dance all night long<br>for you, Iacchus, giver of good things.[20] |

## EXODOS

*Messengers report the suicides of Antigone, Haemon and Eurydice, and Creon laments his ruin.*

| | GREEK | ENGLISH |
|---|---|---|
| 1155 | **MESSENGER** Κάδμου πάροικοι καὶ δόμων Ἀμφίονος,<br>οὐκ ἔσθ' ὁποῖον στάντ' ἂν ἀνθρώπου βίον<br>οὔτ' αἰνέσαιμ' ἂν οὔτε μεμψαίμην ποτέ.<br>τύχη γὰρ ὀρθοῖ καὶ τύχη καταρρέπει<br>τὸν εὐτυχοῦντα τόν τε δυστυχοῦντ' ἀεί·<br>καὶ μάντις οὐδεὶς τῶν καθεστώτων βροτοῖς.<br>Κρέων γὰρ ἦν ζηλωτός, ὡς ἐμοί, ποτέ,<br>σώσας μὲν ἐχθρῶν τήνδε Καδμείαν χθόνα<br>λαβών τε χώρας παντελῆ μοναρχίαν<br>ἠὔθυνε, θάλλων εὐγενεῖ τέκνων σπορᾷ· | **MESSENGER** Neighbors of the house of Cadmus and of Amphion, there is no human life, however it stands, that I would ever praise or blame as settled. For fortune raises up and fortune brings down the fortunate and the unfortunate, always, and no one can prophesy to mortals how what is now will stand. Creon was once enviable, as I saw it. He saved this land of Cadmus from its enemies, took sole command of the country and steered it, flourishing with a noble crop of children.[21] |
| 1165 | καὶ νῦν ἀφεῖται πάντα. τὰς γὰρ ἡδονὰς<br>ὅταν προδῶσιν ἄνδρες, οὐ τίθημ' ἐγὼ<br>ζῆν τοῦτον, ἀλλ' ἔμψυχον ἡγοῦμαι νεκρόν. | And now it's all gone. For when men lose their joys, I don't count that man alive; I regard him as a breathing corpse. Be very rich in your house, if |

18 The Cadmean bride is Semele, daughter of Cadmus and mother of Dionysus; Deo is Demeter, whose mysteries were celebrated at Eleusis near Athens.
19 The twin-peaked rock is Parnassus above Delphi, with the Corycian cave and the Castalian spring; Nysa is a mountain linked with Dionysus' childhood.
20 The Thyiads are women possessed by Bacchus; Iacchus is a name of Dionysus from the Eleusinian mysteries.
21 Amphion was a legendary king of Thebes who built its walls.

| | GREEK | ENGLISH |
|---|---|---|
| | πλούτει τε γὰρ κατ' οἶκον, εἰ βούλει, μέγα<br>καὶ ζῇ τύραννον σχῆμ' ἔχων· ἐὰν δ' ἀπῇ<br>τούτων τὸ χαίρειν, τἄλλ' ἐγὼ καπνοῦ σκιᾶς<br>οὐκ ἂν πριαίμην ἀνδρὶ πρὸς τὴν ἡδονήν. | you like, and live in a king's style; but if the joy of it is missing, I wouldn't buy the rest from anyone for the shadow of smoke, compared with joy. |
| 1172 | **CHORUS** τί δ' αὖ τόδ' ἄχθος βασιλέων ἥκεις φέρων; | **CHORUS** What is this new burden of grief for our royal house that you bring? |
| 1173 | **MESSENGER** τεθνᾶσιν. οἱ δὲ ζῶντες αἴτιοι θανεῖν. | **MESSENGER** They're dead. And the living are to blame for their deaths. |
| 1174 | **CHORUS** καὶ τίς φονεύει; τίς δ' ὁ κείμενος; λέγε. | **CHORUS** And who is the killer? Who lies dead? Tell us. |
| 1175 | **MESSENGER** Αἵμων ὄλωλεν· αὐτόχειρ δ' αἱμάσσεται. | **MESSENGER** Haemon is dead. A hand of his own has shed his blood. |
| 1176 | **CHORUS** πότερα πατρῴας ἢ πρὸς οἰκείας χερός; | **CHORUS** His father's hand, or his own? |
| 1177 | **MESSENGER** αὐτὸς πρὸς αὑτοῦ, πατρὶ μηνίσας φόνου. | **MESSENGER** His own, in rage against his father for the killing. |
| 1178 | **CHORUS** ὦ μάντι, τοὔπος ὡς ἄρ' ὀρθὸν ἤνυσας. | **CHORUS** Prophet, how true your word has proved! |
| 1179 | **MESSENGER** ὡς ὧδ' ἐχόντων τἄλλα βουλεύειν πάρα. | **MESSENGER** That's how things stand; you must consider the rest. |
| 1180 | **CHORUS** καὶ μὴν ὁρῶ τάλαιναν Εὐρυδίκην ὁμοῦ<br>δάμαρτα τὴν Κρέοντος. ἐκ δὲ δωμάτων<br>ἤτοι κλύουσα παιδὸς ἢ τύχῃ πάρα. | **CHORUS** Look, here is poor Eurydice, Creon's wife, coming out of the palace—either she has heard about her son, or it's chance. |
| 1183 | **EURYDICE** ὦ πάντες ἀστοί, τῶν λόγων ἐπῃσθόμην<br>πρὸς ἔξοδον στείχουσα, Παλλάδος θεᾶς<br>ὅπως ἱκοίμην εὐγμάτων προσήγορος.<br>καὶ τυγχάνω τε κλῇθρ' ἀνασπαστοῦ πύλης<br>χαλῶσα, καί με φθόγγος οἰκείου κακοῦ<br>βάλλει δι' ὤτων· ὑπτία δὲ κλίνομαι<br>δείσασα πρὸς δμωαῖσι κἀποπλήσσομαι.<br>ἀλλ' ὅστις ἦν ὁ μῦθος αὖθις εἴπατε·<br>κακῶν γὰρ οὐκ ἄπειρος οὖσ' ἀκούσομαι. | **EURYDICE** Citizens, all of you, I heard what you were saying as I was on my way out to go and address the goddess Pallas with my prayers. I happened to be loosening the bolt to open the door when the sound of disaster for my house struck my ears. I fell back in terror into my servants' arms and fainted. But tell me again what the news was. I'll hear it as one who is no stranger to sorrow. |
| 1192 | **MESSENGER** ἐγώ, φίλη δέσποινα, καὶ παρὼν ἐρῶ<br>κοὐδὲν παρήσω τῆς ἀληθείας ἔπος.<br>τί γάρ σε μαλθάσσοιμ' ἂν ὧν ἐς ὕστερον<br>ψεῦσται φανούμεθ'; ὀρθὸν ἀλήθει' ἀεί.<br>ἐγὼ δὲ σῷ ποδαγὸς ἑσπόμην πόσει<br>πεδίον ἐπ' ἄκρον, ἔνθ' ἔκειτο νηλεὲς<br>κυνοσπάρακτον σῶμα Πολυνείκους ἔτι·<br>καὶ τὸν μέν, αἰτήσαντες ἐνοδίαν θεὸν<br>Πλούτωνά τ' ὀργὰς εὐμενεῖς κατασχεθεῖν<br>λούσαντες ἁγνὸν λουτρόν, ἐν νεοσπάσιν<br>θαλλοῖς ὃ δὴ 'λέλειπτο συγκατῄθομεν,<br>καὶ τύμβον ὀρθόκρανον οἰκείας χθονὸς | **MESSENGER** Dear mistress, I was there, and I'll tell you, and leave out not a word of the truth. Why should I soften it for you, when later we'd be shown up as liars? The truth is always the right course. I went along as guide for your husband to the far end of the plain, where Polynices' body still lay, pitiless, torn by dogs. We prayed to the goddess of the roads and to Pluto to restrain their anger and be kind, and we washed him with holy washing, and on freshly cut branches we burned what was left of him. We heaped up a high mound of his native earth, and then made our way toward |

| | GREEK | ENGLISH |
|---|---|---|
| | χώσαντες αὖθις πρὸς λιθόστρωτον κόρης<br>νυμφεῖον Ἅιδου κοῖλον εἰσεβαίνομεν. | the girl's stone-floored bridal chamber, the hollow chamber of Hades.[22] |
| 1206 | φωνῆς δ' ἄπωθεν ὀρθίων κωκυμάτων<br>κλύει τις ἀκτέριστον ἀμφὶ παστάδα,<br>καὶ δεσπότῃ Κρέοντι σημαίνει μολών.<br>τῷ δ' ἀθλίας ἄσημα περιβαίνει βοῆς<br>ἕρποντι μᾶλλον ἆσσον, οἰμώξας δ' ἔπος<br>ἵησι δυσθρήνητον· ὦ τάλας ἐγώ,<br>ἆρ' εἰμὶ μάντις; ἆρα δυστυχεστάτην<br>κέλευθον ἕρπω τῶν παρελθουσῶν ὁδῶν;<br>παιδός με σαίνει φθόγγος. ἀλλὰ πρόσπολοι,<br>ἴτ' ἆσσον ὠκεῖς καὶ παραστάντες τάφῳ<br>ἀθρήσαθ', ἁρμὸν χώματος λιθοσπαδῆ<br>δύντες πρὸς αὐτὸ στόμιον, εἰ τὸν Αἵμονος<br>φθόγγον συνίημ' ἢ θεοῖσι κλέπτομαι. | From a distance someone hears a voice wailing aloud around the chamber with no funeral rites, and he goes and tells our master Creon. As Creon comes closer, the faint sounds of a miserable cry surround him, and he groans and lets out words of bitter grief: "Oh, I'm wretched! Am I a prophet? Am I walking the most unhappy road of all the roads I've ever traveled? It's my son's voice that greets me. Servants, go closer, quickly. Stand by the tomb and look—get in through the gap where the stones of the mound have been torn away, right to the mouth—and see whether it's Haemon's voice I hear, or the gods are deceiving me." |
| 1219 | τάδ' ἐξ ἀθύμου δεσπότου κελευσμάτων<br>ἠθροῦμεν· ἐν δὲ λοισθίῳ τυμβεύματι<br>τὴν μὲν κρεμαστὴν αὐχένος κατείδομεν,<br>βρόχῳ μιτώδει σινδόνος καθημμένην,<br>τὸν δ' ἀμφὶ μέσσῃ περιπετῆ προσκείμενον,<br>εὐνῆς ἀποιμώζοντα τῆς κάτω φθορὰν<br>καὶ πατρὸς ἔργα καὶ τὸ δύστηνον λέχος.<br>ὁ δ' ὡς ὁρᾷ σφε, στυγνὸν οἰμώξας ἔσω<br>χωρεῖ πρὸς αὐτὸν κἀνακωκύσας καλεῖ·<br>ὦ τλῆμον, οἷον ἔργον εἴργασαι· τίνα<br>νοῦν ἔσχες; ἐν τῷ συμφορᾶς διεφθάρης; | At our despairing master's orders we looked. And in the furthest part of the tomb we saw her hanging by the neck, fastened by a noose of fine linen, and him lying beside her, his arms around her waist, mourning the loss of his bride now below, and his father's deeds, and his unhappy marriage. When Creon saw them, he groaned bitterly, went in toward him and called out to him with a wail: "Poor boy, what have you done! What were you thinking? What disaster has wrecked you?" |
| 1230 | ἔξελθε, τέκνον, ἱκέσιός σε λίσσομαι.<br>τὸν δ' ἀγρίοις ὄσσοισι παπτήνας ὁ παῖς,<br>πτύσας προσώπῳ κοὐδὲν ἀντειπών, ξίφους<br>ἔλκει διπλοῦς κνώδοντας. ἐκ δ' ὁρμωμένου<br>πατρὸς φυγαῖσιν ἥμπλακ'· εἶθ' ὁ δύσμορος<br>αὑτῷ χολωθείς, ὥσπερ εἶχ', ἐπενταθεὶς<br>ἤρεισε πλευραῖς μέσσον ἔγχος, ἐς δ' ὑγρὸν<br>ἀγκῶν' ἔτ' ἔμφρων παρθένῳ προσπτύσσεται.<br>καὶ φυσιῶν ὀξεῖαν ἐκβάλλει ῥοὴν<br>λευκῇ παρειᾷ φοινίου σταλάγματος. | "Come out, my son, I beg you on my knees." But the boy glared at him with savage eyes, spat in his face, and without a word in reply drew his double-edged sword. His father rushed out to escape, and he missed him. Then the ill-fated boy, angry at himself, just as he was, leaned onto it and drove half the blade into his side. Still conscious, he folded the girl in his limp arms, and gasping, he shot out a sharp stream of bloody drops onto her white cheek. |
| 1240 | κεῖται δὲ νεκρὸς περὶ νεκρῷ, τὰ νυμφικὰ<br>τέλη λαχὼν δείλαιος εἰν Ἅιδου δόμοις,<br>δείξας ἐν ἀνθρώποισι τὴν ἀβουλίαν<br>ὅσῳ μέγιστον ἀνδρὶ πρόσκειται κακόν. | He lies there, a corpse embracing a corpse. Poor boy, he has won his marriage rites in the house of Hades, and shown the world that bad judgment is by far the greatest evil that besets a man. |
| 1244 | **CHORUS** τί τοῦτ' ἂν εἰκάσειας; ἡ γυνὴ πάλιν / φρούδη,<br>πρὶν εἰπεῖν ἐσθλὸν ἢ κακὸν λόγον. | **CHORUS** What do you make of this? The queen has gone back inside before saying a word, good or bad. |
| 1246 | **MESSENGER** καὐτὸς τεθάμβηκ'· ἐλπίσιν δὲ βόσκομαι<br>ἄχη τέκνου κλύουσαν ἐς πόλιν γόους | **MESSENGER** I'm amazed myself. But I nourish the hope that, having heard of her son's sorrows, she |

22 The goddess of the roads is Hecate; Pluto is another name for Hades.

| | GREEK | ENGLISH |
|---|---|---|
| | οὐκ ἀξιώσειν, ἀλλ' ὑπὸ στέγης ἔσω<br>δμωαῖς προθήσειν πένθος οἰκεῖον στένειν.<br>γνώμης γὰρ οὐκ ἄπειρος, ὥσθ' ἁμαρτάνειν. | won't think it right to mourn before the city, but will set her servants to lament the grief of the house indoors. She has too much judgment to do anything wrong. |
| 1251 | **CHORUS** οὐκ οἶδ'· ἐμοὶ δ' οὖν ἥ τ' ἄγαν σιγὴ βαρὺ /<br>δοκεῖ προσεῖναι χἠ μάτην πολλὴ βοή. | **CHORUS** I don't know. To me, at any rate, too much silence seems as heavy as a great deal of crying in vain. |
| 1253 | **MESSENGER** ἀλλ' εἰσόμεσθα, μή τι καὶ κατάσχετον<br>κρυφῇ καλύπτει καρδίᾳ θυμουμένη,<br>δόμους παραστείχοντες· εὖ γὰρ οὖν λέγεις.<br>καὶ τῆς ἄγαν γάρ ἐστί που σιγῆς βάρος. | **MESSENGER** Well, we'll find out whether she is hiding something held back in secret in her passionate heart; I'll go into the house. You're right: there is a heaviness, too, in too much silence. |
| 1257 | **CHORUS** καὶ μὴν ὅδ' ἄναξ αὐτὸς ἐφήκει<br>μνῆμ' ἐπίσημον διὰ χειρὸς ἔχων,<br>εἰ θέμις εἰπεῖν, οὐκ ἀλλοτρίαν<br>ἄτην, ἀλλ' αὐτὸς ἁμαρτών. | **CHORUS** But look, here is the king himself,<br>carrying in his arms<br>a clear memorial,<br>if it is right to say so,<br>of a ruin that is not another's,<br>but his own wrongdoing. |
| 1261 | **CREON** ἰὼ<br>φρενῶν δυσφρόνων ἁμαρτήματα<br>στερεὰ θανατόεντ',<br>ὦ κτανόντας τε καὶ<br>θανόντας βλέποντες ἐμφυλίους.<br>ὤμοι ἐμῶν ἄνολβα βουλευμάτων.<br>ἰὼ παῖ, νέος νέῳ ξὺν μόρῳ<br>αἰαῖ αἰαῖ,<br>ἔθανες, ἀπελύθης<br>ἐμαῖς οὐδὲ σαῖσι δυσβουλίαις. | **CREON** Oh!<br>The errors of a mind gone wrong,<br>stubborn, deadly!<br>You who see us,<br>killers and killed of one blood!<br>Oh, no, the misery of my counsels!<br>Oh, my son, young, with a young death,<br>no, no!<br>You died, you were set free<br>through my bad counsel, not yours. |
| 1270 | **CHORUS** οἴμ' ὡς ἔοικας ὀψὲ τὴν δίκην ἰδεῖν. | **CHORUS** Oh, it seems you've seen what justice is too late. |
| 1271 | **CREON** οἴμοι,<br>ἔχω μαθὼν δείλαιος· ἐν δ' ἐμῷ κάρᾳ<br>θεὸς τότ' ἄρα τότε μέγα βάρος μ' ἔχων<br>ἔπαισεν, ἐν δ' ἔσεισεν ἀγρίαις ὁδοῖς,<br>οἴμοι, λακπάτητον ἀντρέπων χαράν.<br>φεῦ φεῦ, ὦ πόνοι βροτῶν δύσπονοι. | **CREON** Oh, no,<br>I've learned it, wretched me. Then,<br>then it was that a god<br>struck my head with a great weight<br>and hurled me down savage roads,<br>oh, no, overturning my joy, trampling it underfoot.<br>Ah, ah, the toils of mortals, bitter toils! |
| 1278 | **SECOND MESSENGER** ὦ δέσποθ', ὡς ἔχων τε καὶ<br>κεκτημένος,<br>τὰ μὲν πρὸ χειρῶν τάδε φέρων, τὰ δ' ἐν δόμοις<br>ἔοικας ἥκειν καὶ τάχ' ὄψεσθαι κακά. | **SECOND MESSENGER** Master, you come, it seems, like a man with a store of troubles, and adding to it: some you carry here in your arms, and others in the house you'll soon see. |
| 1281 | **CREON** τί δ' ἔστιν αὖ κάκιον ἐκ κακῶν ἔτι; | **CREON** What is there still, worse than these evils? |
| 1282 | | |

| | GREEK | ENGLISH |
|---|---|---|
| | **SECOND MESSENGER** γυνὴ τέθνηκε, τοῦδε<br>παμμήτωρ νεκροῦ, / δύστηνος, ἄρτι νεοτόμοισι<br>πλήγμασιν. | **SECOND MESSENGER** Your wife is dead, the true mother of this dead boy—poor woman, just now, by blows freshly struck. |
| 1284 | **CREON** ἰώ.<br>ἰὼ δυσκάθαρτος Ἅιδου λιμήν,<br>τί μ' ἄρα τί μ' ὀλέκεις;<br>ὦ κακάγγελτά μοι<br>προπέμψας ἄχη, τίνα θροεῖς λόγον;<br>αἰαῖ, ὀλωλότ' ἄνδρ' ἐπεξειργάσω.<br>τί φής, παῖ; τίν' αὖ λέγεις μοι νέον,<br>αἰαῖ αἰαῖ,<br>σφάγιον ἐπ' ὀλέθρῳ<br>γυναικεῖον ἀμφικεῖσθαι μόρον; | **CREON** Oh!<br>Oh, harbor of Hades, so hard to appease,<br>why, why are you destroying me?<br>You who have brought me this sorrow,<br>so cruelly told,<br>what is this word you speak?<br>No! You've killed a man already dead!<br>What are you saying, boy? What new thing do you tell me—<br>no, no!—<br>of my wife's death,<br>slaughter piled on ruin,<br>lying around me? |
| 1293 | **CHORUS** ὁρᾶν πάρεστιν· οὐ γὰρ ἐν μυχοῖς ἔτι. | **CHORUS** You can see it: it's no longer hidden indoors. |
| 1294 | **CREON** οἴμοι,<br>κακὸν τόδ' ἄλλο δεύτερον βλέπω τάλας.<br>τίς ἄρα, τίς με πότμος ἔτι περιμένει;<br>ἔχω μὲν ἐν χείρεσσιν ἀρτίως τέκνον,<br>τάλας, τὸν δ' ἔναντα προσβλέπω νεκρόν.<br>φεῦ φεῦ μᾶτερ ἀθλία, φεῦ τέκνον. | **CREON** Oh, no,<br>I see this second evil, wretched me.<br>What fate, what fate is still waiting for me?<br>I have just held my child in my arms,<br>wretched, and I see another corpse before me.<br>Ah, ah, unhappy mother! Ah, my son! |
| 1301 | **SECOND MESSENGER** ἡ δ' ὀξυθήκτῳ βωμία περὶ ξίφει<br>λύει κελαινὰ βλέφαρα, κωκύσασα μὲν<br>τοῦ πρὶν θανόντος Μεγαρέως κλεινὸν λάχος,<br>αὖθις δὲ τοῦδε, λοίσθιον δὲ σοὶ κακὰς<br>πράξεις ἐφυμνήσασα τῷ παιδοκτόνῳ. | **SECOND MESSENGER** She stood at the altar, by the sharp-edged sword, and let her eyes close in darkness, after wailing first for the famous fate of Megareus, who died before, and then for this one, and last of all calling down evil fortune on you, the killer of her sons.[23] |
| 1306 | **CREON** αἰαῖ αἰαῖ,<br>ἀνέπταν φόβῳ. τί μ' οὐκ ἀνταίαν<br>ἔπαισέν τις ἀμφιθήκτῳ ξίφει;<br>δείλαιος ἐγώ, αἰαῖ,<br>δειλαίᾳ δὲ συγκέκραμαι δύᾳ. | **CREON** No, no!<br>I'm shaken with fear. Why does no one<br>strike me full in the chest with a two-edged sword?<br>Wretched me, no!<br>I'm steeped in wretched anguish. |
| 1312 | **SECOND MESSENGER** ὡς αἰτίαν γε τῶνδε κἀκείνων<br>ἔχων / πρὸς τῆς θανούσης τῆσδ' ἐπεσκήπτου μόρων. | **SECOND MESSENGER** Yes: she, the dead woman here, charged you with the blame for both deaths, this one and that one. |
| 1314 | **CREON** ποίῳ δὲ κἀπελύσατ' ἐν φοναῖς τρόπῳ; | **CREON** And how did she take her leave in blood? |
| 1315 | **SECOND MESSENGER** παίσασ' ὑφ' ἧπαρ αὐτόχειρ<br>αὑτήν, ὅπως / παιδὸς τόδ' ᾔσθετ' ὀξυκώκυτον πάθος. | **SECOND MESSENGER** She struck herself under the liver with her own hand, when she learned of her son's suffering, so loud with wailing. |

23 Megareus was an elder son of Creon and Eurydice who died in the defense of Thebes.

| | GREEK | ENGLISH |
|---|---|---|
| 1317 | **CREON** ὤμοι μοι, τάδ' οὐκ ἐπ' ἄλλον βροτῶν<br>ἐμᾶς ἁρμόσει ποτ' ἐξ αἰτίας.<br>ἐγὼ γάρ σ' ἐγὼ ἔκανον, ὦ μέλεος,<br>ἐγώ, φάμ' ἔτυμον. ἰὼ πρόσπολοι,<br>ἄγετέ μ' ὅ τι τάχιστ', ἄγετέ μ' ἐκποδών,<br>τὸν οὐκ ὄντα μᾶλλον ἢ μηδένα. | **CREON** Oh, no, no! This guilt can never be fitted<br>on any other mortal; it's mine.<br>It was I, I who killed you, wretch that I am,<br>I, I say it truly. Oh, servants,<br>lead me away as fast as you can, lead me out of the way,<br>a man who is no more than nobody. |
| 1326 | **CHORUS** κέρδη παραινεῖς, εἴ τι κέρδος ἐν κακοῖς. /<br>βράχιστα γὰρ κράτιστα τἀν ποσὶν κακά. | **CHORUS** You urge what is best, if anything is good<br>in the midst of evils. Troubles at our feet are best<br>when they are shortest. |
| 1328 | **CREON** ἴτω ἴτω,<br>φανήτω μόρων ὁ κάλλιστ' ἔχων<br>ἐμοὶ τερμίαν ἄγων ἀμέραν<br>ὕπατος· ἴτω ἴτω,<br>ὅπως μηκέτ' ἆμαρ ἄλλ' εἰσίδω. | **CREON** Let it come, let it come,<br>let it appear, the best of my fates,<br>bringing my final day,<br>the last of all: let it come, let it come,<br>so I never see another day. |
| 1334 | **CHORUS** μέλλοντα ταῦτα. τῶν προκειμένων τι χρὴ /<br>πράσσειν. μέλει γὰρ τῶνδ' ὅτοισι χρὴ μέλειν. | **CHORUS** That is for the future. We must do something about what lies before us. Those whose concern it is will see to the rest. |
| 1336 | **CREON** ἀλλ' ὧν ἐρῶ, τοιαῦτα συγκατηυξάμην. | **CREON** But all I long for is in that prayer. |
| 1337 | **CHORUS** μή νυν προσεύχου μηδέν· ὡς πεπρωμένης /<br>οὐκ ἔστι θνητοῖς συμφορᾶς ἀπαλλαγή. | **CHORUS** Then pray for nothing. For mortals there<br>is no escape from destined disaster. |
| 1339 | **CREON** ἄγοιτ' ἂν μάταιον ἄνδρ' ἐκποδών,<br>ὅς, ὦ παῖ, σέ τ' οὐχ ἑκὼν κάκτανον<br>σέ τ' αὖ τάνδ', ὤμοι μέλεος, οὐδ' ἔχω<br>ὅπᾳ πρὸς πότερα κλιθῶ· πάντα γὰρ<br>λέχρια τἀν χεροῖν, τὰ δ' ἐπὶ κρατί μοι<br>πότμος δυσκόμιστος εἰσήλατο. | **CREON** Lead this worthless man out of the way,<br>who killed you, my son, not meaning to,<br>and you too, lying here—oh, no, wretched me! I don't know<br>which way to look, where to lean. Everything<br>in my hands has gone askew, and on my head<br>a fate too heavy to bear has leapt. |
| 1347 | **CHORUS** πολλῷ τὸ φρονεῖν εὐδαιμονίας<br>πρῶτον ὑπάρχει. χρὴ δὲ τά γ' εἰς θεοὺς<br>μηδὲν ἀσεπτεῖν. μεγάλοι δὲ λόγοι<br>μεγάλας πληγὰς τῶν ὑπεραύχων<br>ἀποτίσαντες<br>γήρᾳ τὸ φρονεῖν ἐδίδαξαν. | **CHORUS** Good sense is by far<br>the first part of happiness.<br>In what concerns the gods<br>we must never be irreverent.<br>The great words of the overproud<br>are paid for with great blows,<br>and in old age they teach good sense. |