

THREE CRETAN PLAYS

THE SACRIFICE OF ABRAHAM

EROPHILE

and

GYPARIS

NA 3079

THREE CRETAN PLAYS
THE SACRIFICE OF ABRAHAM
EROPHILE *and* GYPARIS

ALSO THE CRETAN PASTORAL POEM
THE FAIR SHEPHERDESS

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK BY

F. H. MARSHALL, M.A.

*Koraes Professor of Modern Greek, King's College
University of London*

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

JOHN MAVROGORDATO, M.A.

Exeter College, Oxford

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
LONDON: HUMPHREY MILFORD

1929



OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
AMEN HOUSE, E.C. 4
LONDON EDINBURGH GLASGOW
LEIPZIG NEW YORK TORONTO
MELBOURNE CAPE TOWN BOMBAY
CALCUTTA MADRAS SHANGHAI
HUMPHREY MILFORD
PUBLISHER TO THE
UNIVERSITY



Printed in Great Britain

PREFACE

THE present translations of the *Sacrifice of Abraham*, *Erophile*, and *Gyparis* have been made, in the case of the two last, from the texts of K. N. Sathas published in his *Κρητικὸν Θέατρον* (Venice, 1879),¹ and, in the case of the first, from the text of Émile Legrand, published in his *Bibliothèque grecque vulgaire*, vol. i, pp. 226-68 (Paris, 1880). The line numbers in the translations correspond to those of the original texts. One or two lines are occasionally omitted; this is due to compression in the translation. The translator has also derived much assistance from the emendations to the texts of the *Erophile* and the *Gyparis*, published by the late Dr. S. Xanthoudidis in an article in the *Byzantinisch-Neugriechische Jahrbücher*, vol. ii (1921), pp. 75-83, as well as from notes on different points in the *Gyparis* most generously communicated to him by the same much-lamented Cretan scholar. The translations are free, but every effort has been made not to slur over any points of difficulty or to omit anything really essential to the meaning. The translator's first aim has been to give English readers an opportunity of becoming acquainted with three typical examples of the Cretan drama, and with this end in view he has tried to reproduce the spirit of the originals rather than to attain to nice verbal accuracy.

He has to express his warm thanks to Mr. J. H. Lobban of Birkbeck College, University of London, for reading through the translation of the *Gyparis* and for suggesting

¹ The text of the *Erophile*, as published in the recent edition of the play by the late Dr. Xanthoudidis (*Beiheft* No. 9 to the *Byzantinisch-Neugriechische Jahrbücher*, Athens, 1928), came to hand too late to be used by the translator.

various linguistic improvements, several of which have been adopted. His greatest debt, however, is to his collaborator, Mr. J. Mavrogordato, who, though in no way responsible for the translations, has read them through and contributed numerous suggestions for their improvement.

The Introduction is largely based on two articles on the Cretan Drama, published in the *Journal of Hellenic Studies*, 1928, and the author of it wishes to express his thanks to the Council of the Hellenic Society for kindly granting him permission to reproduce the bulk of the articles in question.

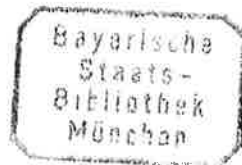
F. H. MARSHALL

LONDON,

June 1929.

CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION TO THREE CRETAN PLAYS	i
THE SACRIFICE OF ABRAHAM	61
EROPHILE	101
GYPARIS	235
INTRODUCTION TO THE FAIR SHEPHERDESS	324
THE FAIR SHEPHERDESS	326



INTRODUCTION

I

IN the history of Greek literature, as regarded by the general reader, there are two remarkable intermissions. The first occurs when Ancient Greek literature comes to an end with Lucian in the second century after Christ; or perhaps in the fourth when the hexameter itself begins to dissolve in the hands of Nonnus. The second break naturally follows when Byzantine literature is cut short by the fall of Constantinople in 1453—after which it is commonly supposed that hardly a Greek put pen to paper, save in the way of commerce or grammar, until the revolutionary songs of Regas heralded the revival at the beginning of the nineteenth century. It is, however, one of the fascinations of Greek studies that they introduce us to a language that can be traced in an unbroken descent from Homer to the present day: and wherever the Greek language has been spoken the art of literature has never quite perished, though its traces are sometimes rather faint and its beauties rare. But for the complete study of a language second-rate authors must not be neglected where masterpieces are few and far between. Unfortunately, it is only in the last fifty years that scholars have turned their attention to publication of the obscure works that carry on the literary tradition from Byzantium to Modern Greece. Of these authors 'of the Turkish period' the learned Sophocles in the introduction to his *Lexicon* remarks (1860): 'It is unnecessary to inform the reader here that, with very few exceptions, they are beneath criticism.'¹ Thanks, however, to the labours of Sathas and Legrand, Wagner and Ellissen, at the end of last century, enough texts are available to enable us to study in its main outlines the post-Byzantine descent of Greek literature. Not

¹ Cf. A. R. Rangabé, *Littérature néo-hellénique* (Berlin, 1877), p. 22, '... de grossiers produits d'ignorance et de mauvais goût...'; and the ironical remarks of Koraes on the popularity of the *Erotokritos*.

the least surprising incident in that descent is the group of Greek plays which make their appearance in Crete at the end of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth centuries.

2

The descent of Greek literature from Byzantium to Modern Greece was a process in which the broad stream, already beginning to run rather shallow, was broken up into a number of small channels. In the mountains, on the borders of the Empire, and on the Greek mainland an unbroken line of folk-songs was carried on throughout the Turkish period until out of them arose the Epirote literary revival which preceded the Revolution. The Byzantine street song, as well as the ballad sung on the frontiers by the wardens of the marches, had fallen naturally into the fifteen syllable ballad metre—

In Scarlet town where I was born
there was a fair maid dwellin'—

a metre that comes so naturally to European lips that it may still be found on the broadsheets sold in the street by the unemployed ex-Service man.² This form, the so-called *politiki*

² Leake (*Researches in Greece*, p. 100) actually suggests that 'the measure of our old English ballads originated, in all probability, among the Greeks' (cf. also Tozer, *Researches in the Highlands of Turkey*, vol. ii, p. 251, quoting Dr. Guest, *History of English Rhythms*). He was presumably thinking of the English 'fourteener', which is the nearest thing in English to the Greek 'political', as the 'fifteen' or 'political' in English too easily breaks up into two lines (partly because English is less polysyllabic). The 'fourteener' in English has much the same defects and beauties as the Greek 'political'. Compare especially Chapman's translation of Homer and Saintsbury's remarks, *History of English Prosody*, vol. ii, pp. 108 ff. The 'fourteener' becomes a 'political' when it requires a double rhyme: e.g. the apprentices' song in the *Knight of the Burning Pestle*:

And let it nere be said for shame, that we, the youths of London,
Lay thrumming of our caps at home, and left our custom undone.
Or the Elizabethan popular poem, *Sir Martin Mar-people* (1590):
Such partial judgements in the Judge for whom the Judge do favour,
Such justice judge and judgements too, doth of injustice savour.
But note that the 'political' being syllabic as well as accentual cannot drop a final syllable as easily as the English 'fourteener' can acquire one.

cal verse (meaning common or *bourgeois*), was adopted by the learned writers and court poets: at first perhaps because they were glad to recognize in it the iambic tetrameter catalectic which could be found in the ancient dramatists: afterwards no doubt because it was perfectly suited to the genius of the Greek vernacular. It was taken up by the writers of romance, descendants of the earlier Greek novelists, who now began to write their stories of adventure in political verse instead of in iambs or in prose. Both these elements, courtly and romantic, dispersed in the islands at the end of the fifteenth century, had a fertilizing influence on the compositions of the people; and themselves received from the culture of the Franks there established a stronger stimulus from Italy and France than any they were able to transmit to their own countrymen. Rhyme was added to their verse and chivalry to their romance, and courtiers wrote love-poems that were frankly modelled on popular ballads. Meanwhile, however, something entirely new was arising out of the social conditions: a literature which was not inspired by the heroic border, by the court, or by the illiterate life of the mountains; but which seemed to be written for an educated middle class. The new society naturally demanded a form of entertainment which had been almost extinct at Constantinople as it had been in Imperial Rome—a serious drama. At Constantinople there had been a meagre output of theological exercises and symbolic dialogues more or less connected with the Liturgy; but the serious theatre had been to such an extent overwhelmed by circuses, races, and revues that even the Greek names, as we know, of tragedy, drama, and comedy had disappeared or lost their meaning.³ But in a Greek society imbued with Italian culture and subsidized by western commerce a serious theatre was a necessity, and native poets soon learned to produce plays for a serious audience, plays which although they are frankly inspired by Italian models are none the less genuine products of the Greek spirit.

³ See Krumbacher, *Geschichte der byz. Litt.*², pp. 644 ff.

3

Crete had been thrown in when Boniface of Montferrat sold his perquisites to the Venetians in 1204. The Cretans are commonly said to have been in a state of revolution for 700 years: and the Venetian period added a respectable number of tumults to the annals of Cretan insurgence.⁴ Genoese adventurers, Venetian merchants, orthodox ecclesiastics and Jews, Greek *ἀρχοντόπουλοι* and Greek peasants, all made trouble: once at least (in 1362) it was the Venetian colonists themselves who raised the familiar cry of Cretan independence. But not till Candia surrendered to the Turks in 1669 after a terrific siege of twenty-one years did the Venetian administration of Crete come to an end—and even after that a few fortresses hung on till 1715. It is clear that in a period of 465 years there must have been formed a fairly homogeneous society. And in Crete under the Venetians it was a Greek society using the Greek language. The Greek language increased its vocabulary as every living language must by adopting very numerous Italian words; but it is a remarkable fact that the Italian language or its Venetian dialect appears to have had no permanent grammatical or phonetic influence on the language spoken in Crete.⁵

The Greek language, indeed, was often written in what are commonly called Latin characters, which it would be more correct to call Italian characters, as each letter of course retains the value it has in Italian. This fact in itself only shows that the Greek language was generally adopted by the Venetian settlers, and that the extremest concession made by the islanders was to accept an obvious economy in the use of one alphabet. Many works of the period, including some of the plays which exist in manuscript, are written in this manner.⁶

⁴ See Miller, *Essays on the Latin Orient*, pp. 177–98.

⁵ See Γ. Π. Αναγνωστόπουλος, *Ἐπίδρασις τῆς Βενετικῆς ἐπὶ τὴν Ἑλληνικὴν*, in the *Ἐπετηρὶς ἑταιρείας Βυζαντινῶν Σπουδῶν*, vol. ii, Athens, 1925.

⁶ For the practice of writing Greek in Italian characters see Legrand's

This Greek society, which in spite of rebellions and discontents grew up in the island, had a culture of its own. The best-known literary monument of Venetian Crete is of course the heroic romance *Erotokritos*, written by Vincenzo Cornaro, probably about 1650, which has thrilled the Greek populace of the eastern Mediterranean ever since. Professor Bury calls it 'a long and tedious romance saturated with Italian influence'.⁷ It certainly has the slowness of a popular and expensive film; but we might reply that it was not written for the entertainment of Professor Bury; and that the same criticism might be applied to Chaucer's *Troilus and Criseyde*, if we did not consider it as a prelude to the noblest age of English poetry. Before the Crete of the *Erotokritos* and of these plays was submerged at the end of the seventeenth century by the Turkish morass, Venice had brought to the island an evident measure of commercial prosperity and intellectual activity, although the population had fallen from 500,000 to 300,000. From Crete came Cyril Loukaris, most famous of the few patriarchs who have ever shown any inclination for reform. Crete in the sixteenth century was sending scholars, printers, and professors to France, Italy, and Spain. To Spain also—from Venice to Rome, and from Rome to Toledo—went the young Cretan Theotokopoulos (1541–1614) who was destined to become one of the greatest masters in the history of modern painting.

Might not a specifically modern Greek culture of permanent value to Europe have developed in such a society as this if a moderate degree of peace and stability had allowed it to continue? It is with this consideration in view that these Cretan plays are worth some study. There was in Crete a Greek community sufficiently cultured to demand the performance of plays of the same general type as those which were being enjoyed all over Western Europe. Where an established theatre existed there must have been a great

introduction to his edition of the *Erophile*, in *Bibliothèque grecque vulgaire*, vol. ii, pp. xci ff., and Xanthoudidis's introduction to *Φορτουνάτος*, p. 6.

⁷ *Romances of Chivalry on Greek Soil* (1911).

many more plays than the group at present accessible,⁸ three of which are here given in translation as specimens. Many more may still lie hidden in the archives at Venice.⁹ Those which have been published either at Venice in the seventeenth century or by Sathas in 1879 are not masterpieces; but they are outstanding achievements in the body of modern Greek literature, which tends to be rather overweighted with folk-songs and other forms of popular art. The language in which they are written, after allowance has been made for the numerous Cretan formations, provides a normal and lively idiom, suggesting the possibility of a comfortable house as much unlike the elaborately restored palace of the purists as it is unlike the artistically dilapidated cottage of Psichari, Vlasto, and Pallis. It is a relief to find the perfectly natural spoken language applied to a thoroughly sophisticated theme; and the natural beauties of the untaught mind, the lament (*moirólógi*), the love-song, and the proverb, adopted and refined by the conscious art of an educated poet.

4

The first play, *Abraham's Sacrifice*, stands in a class by itself, as it is excluded by its subject from the secular theatre, yet shows a certain intellectual quality which distinguishes it from the ordinary productions of the religious drama—mysteries, miracles, or moralities. For this reason it has received much more attention than the other plays. A performance of it was given in Athens on March 28, 1929, apparently for the first time in Greece, though a Dutch translation by Professor D. C. Hesseling was produced with considerable success in Holland in 1920.¹⁰

⁸ There are actually six plays extant: *Thysia tou Avraam*, *Zenon*, *Stathis*, *Gyparis*, *Erophile*, and *Fortounatos*. Of these only one, the *Zenon*, fails to rank as an original work.

⁹ John Schmitt has some good remarks on Italian and specifically Venetian influence on Greek poetry (as prevailing over French influence which appears in the *Chronicle of Morea*) in his essay on the Greek translation of Boccaccio's *Teseide*, published in Psichari's *Études de philologie néo-grecque* (Paris, 1892).

¹⁰ For an account of these performances see the appendix to a popular edition of the play edited by Sophia Antoniadis (Athens, 1922).

Abraham's Sacrifice was supposed to have been first published at Venice in 1535. Legrand in his reprint professed to have followed a copy of this edition, and all subsequent authorities—even Krumbacher—followed him in giving 1535 as the date of the *editio princeps*. But a copy of this edition has never apparently been seen. There was a suspicious gap of 130 years till the next edition in 1668, and after that editions followed numerous, constituting a direct tradition at Venice which was taken up in the nineteenth century by popular editions at Syra and Athens.¹¹ There is also a manuscript in St. Mark's library, the same manuscript that contains the plays first published by Sathas, in which the play is given with numerous but unimportant variants in Italian characters. In this version the play is dated 1635. It was tempting to suppose that the *editio princeps*, perhaps transliterated into Greek characters (as was commonly the case for publication) from this very manuscript, was really published not in 1535 but a hundred years later—the error being not necessarily Legrand's but quite possibly that of the printer. In that case there was a further mystery to be explained—an edition of 1555 which is not mentioned at all in Legrand's introduction but makes its appearance in his *apparatus criticus*.¹² No safe conclusions could be based on the shadowy existence of these early editions, or on the possibility, suggested by the title-page of 1668, that it was remodelled in rhyme on an older original in blank verse;¹³ and the only certainty was that the play

¹¹ The earliest editions in the British Museum are Venice 1713 (237.1.17 (2)) and 1795 (868 e. 28).

¹² A rather pathetic light is thrown, as some may like to think, on these and other inaccuracies in Legrand's editions by a passage in the preface to his third edition (Paris, 1900) of the Cretan pastoral idyl *ἡ εὐμορφή βοσκοπούλα* of which a translation is appended to the present volume. After recalling the fact that thirty years have elapsed since his first edition of the poem he proceeds to pay a tribute of gratitude to his devoted wife who, as he now affectionately confesses, had learned to read and write the Greek characters in order to lighten and share with him so many years of assiduous toil. '*Ma femme transcrivait avec une exactitude d'autant plus surprenante (ce qui peut sembler paradoxal) qu'elle savait moins la langue!*'

¹³ *συνθεμένη μὲν παλαιότερον διὰ στίχων ἀπλῶν.* This title-page is quoted by

was, as Krumbacher says, 'not older than the sixteenth century' when rhyme came into fashion, that it showed strong Italian influence, and that all the other extant plays of this Cretan group (except the *Zenon* and the *Fortounatos* which from topical allusions seem to have been performed in 1669 during the siege of Candia), as well as the *Erotokritos*, could be placed within the hundred years from 1550 to 1650.

The *Thysia* adds to the Biblical characters two maid-servants for Sarah, Ada and Tamar,¹⁴ and two men-servants for Abraham (the 'two of his young men' whom Abraham is said to have taken with him in Genesis xxii. 3), who bear the peculiar names of Syban (*Σύμπαν*) and Sofer, which were only explicable as fantastic names intended to suggest an Oriental colouring, as they do not occur (on the authority of Dr. M. R. James) in any known apocrypha, and could not be traced in any of the religious or dramatic literature of the period. They are not dumb attendants but play a considerable part in the action; into the mouth of Sofer the Cretan author puts those arguments of doubt or worldly wisdom for the presentation of which Theodore Beza, in the play presently to be mentioned, introduces Satan himself in the disguise of a monk.

That the *Thysia* was not written for the study but for public presentation is clear from a consideration of its dramatic qualities. It has usually been said to fall naturally into two Acts of 544 and 609 verses respectively, but in the subjoined analysis I have suggested a division into four Acts which seems more appropriate. There are undoubted indications in the text of some form of double stage (an inner or upper with a front, lower, or apron stage), such as Legrand and commented on by Xanthoudidis (*Erotokr.*, p. cxx), and by Pernot (*Études de littérature grecque moderne*, 1916, p. 259) who, however, thought that *στίχοι ἀπλοί* could mean not unrhymed verses but verses in 'vulgar' Greek and saw no reason to doubt the existence of Legrand's early editions.

¹⁴ The names appear to be taken at random from later chapters of Genesis (xxxvi. 4, and xxxviii. 6). The Septuagint spellings *Ἀδά* and *Θάμαρ* become *Ἄντα* and *Τάμαρ* in the *Thysia*.

has been seen lately in London in the *Phoenix* revivals of Elizabethan plays.

One line—'and in the morning let us celebrate the feast of this resurrection'¹⁵—may be taken as sufficient proof that the play was intended for performance at the Easter festival, of which the sacrifice of Isaac was a recognized type or 'prophetic similitude'.

The *Thysia* could not profitably be connected with the *mysteries* known to have been celebrated at Constantinople;¹⁶ and, although most of its expositors from Legrand to Psichari and Pernot had called it a *véritable mystère*, it seems to have no direct connexion with the two great classes of medieval religious drama developing into the *miracles* of saints and the allegorical *moralities*.¹⁷

¹⁵ 1134: καὶ τὸ ταχὺ νὰ κάμωμεν τὴν ἀνάστασιν τὴν σκόλην.

¹⁶ As it is by Legrand (*Bibliothèque grecque vulgaire*, vol. i, p. xxiv).

¹⁷ Nevertheless, it would be wrong to ignore the French and English mystery plays dealing with the Sacrifice of Abraham. The French mystery will be found in Baron James de Rothschild (*Le Mystère du Viel Testament*, vol. ii), who alludes to our Greek play in his introduction (p. xxv). It may be added that Baron de Rothschild points out how popular the subject of Abraham's Sacrifice was for mystery plays from the fifteenth century onwards. The French *Sacrifice of Abraham*, both in structure and length, presents far nearer affinities to our Greek play than do the corresponding English plays presently to be mentioned. The characters introduced are God, the Angel or Seraph, Abraham, Sarah, Isaac, two named servants, Ismael and Eliezer, and figures of Pity and Justice. From the entrance of the Seraph in l. 9713 of the cycle there are certain resemblances to the Greek play, which seem, comparatively faint though they are, hardly accidental. The two named servants in the French play, Ismael and Eliezer, while not taking much part in it, propose like Syban and Sofer to go and search for Abraham and Isaac. Sarah again is a living character, though she takes an incomparably smaller part than in the Greek play. She greets Abraham and Isaac on their safe return, and Abraham then expresses in brief form that mistrust of his wife's self-control which is dwelt on at length in our play. The nearest parallels, however, between the French and the Greek plays are to be found in the dialogue between Abraham and Isaac at the place of sacrifice, in the reluctance of the father to slay and the son to die, and in Isaac's thought for his mother, though it may be said that verbal similarities are not close.

As for the English mystery plays dealing with the Sacrifice of Abraham the following works will be found specially helpful. (1) L. Toulmin Smith, 'Play of Abraham and Isaac' in *Anglia*, vol. vii (1884), pp. 316 ff. (published

It seemed to belong rather to the type produced in France and Italy when the end of the true medieval *mystery* was at hand; when learned authors began to invade the field of popular poetry, Lorenzo de' Medici writing a *rappresentazione* of *San Giovanni e Paolo* (1489) and Feo Belcari (1485) an *Abramo ed Isac*; and when theology attempted to

at Halle); (2) the same, *A Commonplace Book of the Fifteenth Century*, pp. 46-69 (London, 1886); (3) Rudolf Brotanek, *Ein mittelenglisches Misterium aus einer Dubliner Handschrift* 1897 (?). It may be said at once that the English mysteries are far slighter than and inferior in interest to the Greek. This may to some extent be accounted for by the fact that, with the possible exception of the Brome version, they were not intended for performance as separate plays, but form part of a series acted by members of different trades guilds in various towns. There are six known English versions, all differing from one another, viz. one belonging to the York group (380 lines); one to the Towneley Mysteries (213 lines); one to the Coventry plays (264 lines); one to the Chester plays (280 lines); the Brome (East Anglian) play of 466 lines, and one from a manuscript at Trinity College, Dublin, assigned by Brotanek to a Northampton origin, of some 370 lines.

There can be no doubt that the subject was a popular one in England in the early part of the fifteenth century, to which all these versions seem to belong. They are, though in a lesser degree in the case of the Chester, Northampton, and Brome plays, rather dry and meagre, but certain definite affinities with our Greek play can be detected. In the Towneley play Isaac resists and argues with Abraham throughout, finally appealing to his mother's love; in the Coventry play he utters no murmurs, but asks for blessings and forgiveness. The Greek play blends these two attitudes. In the Chester version (printed by A. W. Pollard, *English Miracle Plays*, pp. 21 ff.) there is more of human interest, family affection being strongly accentuated; the father shows grief and hesitation, and the boy displays natural touches, such as his anxiety to avoid having his clothes (the festal raiment of the Greek, cf. l. 463) stained with his blood. The Brome version is the best. There Abraham is throughout the agonized though conscientious father; Isaac is the human boy, fearful of death and filled with affectionate thoughts for his mother, though she is not actually brought upon the stage. The emotion of Abraham and Isaac after the deliverance is vividly portrayed. One or two passages, where there is some resemblance to passages in the Greek play, may be quoted:

BROME, ll. 175 ff.

ISAAC

Now I wold to god my moder were her on yis hyll,
Sche wold knele for me on both hyr knys
To save my lyffe.

capture the beginnings of classical tragedy, as in Theodore Beza's *Abraham Sacrifiant* (1550). The works of Belcari and Beza were accordingly those most usually mentioned in connexion with the Cretan play, and the French work undoubtedly shows a number of remarkable coincidences of sentiment, quoted by Pernot. But these could all have resulted independently from an intelligent elaboration of the biblical narrative, and perhaps, as Pernot himself suggests, from a common tradition in the religious drama of the sixteenth century; and it remained unnecessary to extend to Crete the direct influence of a Calvinistic tragedy published

And sythyn that my moder ys not here,
I pray yow fader, schonge yowr chere,
And kyll me not with yowr knyffe.

GREEK, ll. 895 ff.

ISAAC

My mother, would that thou wert here to see how I am tied,
Would that I could have spoke to thee, and 'Thus I die' have cried.
For I would have thy pardon craved, and farewell to thee said;
I would have clasped thee in my arms and kisses on thee shed.
So again, BROME, ll. 264 ff.

ISAAC

I-wysse, swete fader, I am sorry to greve yow,
I cry yow mercy of that I have donne,
And of all trespasse that ever I did move yow;
Now, dere fader, forgyffe me that I have donne.
GREEK, ll. 905 ff.

My father, if at any time I erred as is boy's way,
Forgive thy Isaac now that he his last farewell must say.
Come, kiss me tenderly and grant thy blessing unto me;
Remember that in times gone by I was a son to thee.

The Dublin, or rather Northampton, play has been influenced by the French. Here the two servants, though unnamed, are introduced, and Sarah is, for the only time in the six English versions, brought in as a speaking character. She meets Abraham and Isaac on their return and welcomes them, and Abraham tells her all, and she thankfully asserts that 'God's wille be fulfilled'. In this version also Isaac has tender thought for his mother, and dwells on her love and grief when he supposes that he must die.

It may be true that the Greek *Sacrifice of Abraham* differs from the ordinary mystery play on the same subject in laying chief emphasis on family affection and sentiment, but it seems to differ rather in degree than in kind, and it might be suggested that the Western and Eastern versions possibly go back to a common ancestor, and that not unlikely a Greek.—F.H.M.

at Geneva, although it may be noted that such an extension might have been authorized by the fact that the Patriarch Cyril Loukaris (1572–1637) studied amongst other places at Geneva. Actually the *Thysia* resembles the plays of Belcari and Beza less in detail than in its characteristic departure from the medieval *mystery*, in which the chief interest is religious. The author of the *Thysia* while accepting the facts as set forth in the book of Genesis,¹⁸ treats them in an edifying and orthodox but strictly secular manner. It would be an exaggeration to say that he rationalizes the story, or to compare the attitude of Euripides to Apollo in the *Ion*; but he seems to accept the facts mainly as a foundation for a study of sentiment and character,¹⁹ and he evidently wrote for an educated and humanistic audience.

The language, though easy, flexible, colloquial, and full of Cretan expressions, is not illiterate. Of what might be called the illiterate colloquial language as applied to biblical narrative we have an admirable example in the poem of another Cretan, George Choumnos, dated by Krumbacher 1500, selections from which have recently been edited by Professor Marshall.²⁰ The style and vocabulary of the *Thysia* are approximately those of the *Erotokritos*, which was another

¹⁸ The Genesis story, probably a survival of some ancient ritual, hardly lends itself to the graces of humanistic religion. Sir James Frazer does not mention it in the appendix to his edition of Apollodorus (Loeb Classics) 'on putting Children on the Fire'; but see *The Golden Bough*, iv. 177, where it is connected with the worship of Moloch and the feast of the Passover (substitution of lamb for first-born).

¹⁹ See Psichari: 'l'auteur tient à mêler le plus d'humanité possible aux choses divines . . . le poète laisse voir sa manière toute terrestre de comprendre le drame, par un monologue d'Abraham qui ne s'incline pas tout de suite devant l'ordre divin. . . . Le poète cherche donc à résoudre un problème purement humain. . . .' Yet it should be noted that there is definite moralizing in Abraham's final speech.

²⁰ *Old Testament Legends . . .*, by Georgios Choumnos, . . . edited by F. H. Marshall, . . . 1925. 'An attempt to popularize the results of theological learning.' Perhaps it is unfair to call it illiterate; but the atmosphere certainly suggests Sinai rather than Venice. [It is worth noting that Choumnos follows the biblical narrative closely in describing Abraham's sacrifice, and that, except perhaps in small details mentioned below, his poem does not appear to have influenced the author of the present drama.—F.H.M.]

reason for placing it at the end of the sixteenth or perhaps at the beginning of the seventeenth century. Indeed, besides four or five identical lines the general resemblances of language and rhythm adduced by Xanthoudidis in his edition of the *Erotokritos* are so remarkable that he went so far as to declare that if it were not for Legrand's alleged edition of 1535 he should suggest that the *Thysia* was an early work of the author of the *Erotokritos*, Vincenzo Cornaro.²¹

5

It is therefore perhaps not an insignificant coincidence that it was a search for the sources of the *Erotokritos* which led me to the works of Luigi Groto, sometimes called Ciccio di Hadria,²² among which was the biblical play *Lo Isach*, the obvious but hitherto unsuspected source of the *Thysia*.

This play, which seems to be excessively rare, was first published in 1586 just after Groto's death,²³ and since there is not the slightest doubt, as the subjoined summary will show, that the *Thysia* is directly modelled on the framework of Groto's *Isach*, the strong suspicion, noted above, that Legrand's *editio princeps* of 1535, and also his ghostly edition of 1555, were non-existent, becomes a practical certainty; and it may from now onwards be accepted that the *Thysia* was not published earlier than the extant manuscript of 1635.

This date would of course increase the probability of the

²¹ Xanthoudidis, *Erotokr.* (1915), p. cxx. If the *Erotokritos* could be dated as early as 1550 an early work of the same author might still have been published in 1535. But Xanthoudidis himself was inclined to place the *Erotokritos* towards the end of the period 1550–1650, and I believe it will be possible to show from internal evidence that it was almost certainly written in 1645.

²² 'Which of your poets?' says Lady Politick Would-be in Ben Jonson's *Volpone* (iii. 2), 'Petraarch or Tasso or Dante? Guarini? Ariosto? Aretime? Ciccio di Hadria? I have read them all.'

²³ LO ISACH/Rappresentation noua/DI/LVIGI GROTO/CIECO D'HADRIA/ALLA MOLTO MAG./& Reuer. Sig. Suor Orsetta Pisani/Monacha in S. Lorenzo./Nuouamente posto in luce./[device]/IN VENETIA /Appresso Fabio, & Agostin Zoppini Fratelli./MDLXXXVI. The British Museum press-mark is 11715. df. 16.

speculation put forward by Xanthoudidis, that the *Thysia* was an early work of Vincenzo Cornaro, who might well have commenced poetry ten years before the composition of the *Erotokritos* by adapting the religious drama of Luigi Grotto.

The words *συνθεμένη μὲν παλαιότερον [ἢ παλαιά] διὰ στίχων ἀπλῶν* on the title-page of early editions of the *Thysia*, hitherto assumed to refer to an older unrhymed version in Greek, are now of course seen to be a due acknowledgement of the Italian's blank verse.

One further point is to be noted which may have some significance in this speculation. In 1713 Antonio Bortoli, a Venetian printer, produced for a Greek publisher a new edition of the *Thysia*.²⁴ The *editio princeps* of the *Erotokritos* which had previously circulated in manuscript, was produced by the same printer in the same year. We shall be wise, in the present incomplete state of our knowledge of the literary relations between Venice and Crete, if we collect fragments of this sort without trying to arrange them in a preconceived pattern. One other such detail is the fact that in his pastoral play *Il Pentimento Amoros* (1583) Grotto introduces a nymph with the name of Panurgia, which is obviously a version of the Greek name Πανώρηα borne by the heroine of the *Gyparis*.

6

The *Isach* begins with a short prologue telling the audience that they will be surprised to find themselves in Beer-sheba instead of in the usual Arcadia, Susa, or Athens, and asking them to prepare for a short story from the Bible.

Act I. Abraham is wakened by the Angel, given the usual abrupt command, and gets hurriedly out of bed. In Scene 2, with a lantern, he continues to express bewilderment and distress, but never doubt, and wonders what sin this order is intended to punish. Sarra wakes up just as he is hoping

²⁴ This is the earliest edition in the British Museum.

she won't, and in Scene 3, after much imploring and argument, is told the trouble. She immediately concludes that this is the penalty for that famous laugh of hers, explains that it was only a laugh of joy,²⁵ prays that the sentence may be revoked or that she may be slain in her son's place, and falls fainting to the ground. Her two maid-servants, Ada and Tamar, run out in alarm and carry her to bed. A chorus of hand-maidens concludes the act with five stanzas about the sorrowful situation.

Act II. Abraham left alone after protesting his love for his son and lamenting his fate resolves to put away human weakness, and strong in divine love calls out his servants. In Scene 2 the men run out, bearing the names which puzzled us in the *Thysia*, Siban and Sofer; and he bids them saddle the ass and load it with wood. Himself, he says with a return to human tenderness, will see about the lamb; and he must prepare knife and fire before his wife gives more trouble. The Chorus recite or sing two stanzas echoing these sentiments.

Act III. As Abraham enters ready to start, Ada and Tamar call out that their mistress is reviving. Abraham is anything but pleased (*l'annuntio*, he says, *ch'in altro tempo Mi darebbe allegrezza, hor mi da noia*), and hearing his name mentioned by Sarra, who is agonized to find herself still alive, he decides to go in and comfort her. In Scene 2 Abraham expounds the will of God and the duty of obedience and gratitude to the rebellious Sarra; who is silenced only when Abraham proves to his own satisfaction that evil is necessary and that we must all be thankful that it is not much worse. She then makes him promise that before slaying Isach he will make a special effort to obtain a respite or at least a postponement; he says he still has eight days. Scene 3. While Sarra still weeps Abraham wakes Isach and tells him to dress himself quickly; they are going off to sacrifice. Isach asks his mother why she kisses him good-bye so tearfully. We will soon return, says Abraham, telling Isach to go ahead and the servants to follow. Scene 4. Isach asks

²⁵ A variation of Gen. xviii. 15: 'Sarah denied, saying, I laughed not.'

why they have made such an early and mournful start, and is put off with brief answers by Abraham; who now tells the servants to wait here, where the branches are too thick for the donkey to pass, and Isach to take the faggots on his back and go ahead. Scene 5. The two servants Siban and Sofer left alone wonder what is up with the old people getting up in the middle of the night and crying and groaning; but instead of pursuing the inquiry they decide to find a sheltered corner where they can lie down and go to sleep. The Chorus, who have apparently followed up, sing a short ode to the effect that although all is for the best, no one could be expected to keep a dry eye.

Act IV. Abraham is saying it was all his own fault for ever having asked for a son, when they arrive at the summit, and Isach is asking why they had to come such a long way, and where the lamb is, and wanting to help build the altar. When the altar is ready he is told to take his coat off and have his hands bound, such being God's will. Abraham prays; that for Sarra's sake, to whom he had lied saying he had eight days when he only had three, or for the innocent boy's sake, the sentence may be changed or else their parental love; or that God should kill the boy himself. Isach prays that if he must die the years taken from him may be given to his parents, and that they may have another son; he wishes he could say good-bye to his mother. It is no use, says Abraham, you must return to immortal life and joy; you must die now like a flower cut down by the plough.²⁶ Turn your head so as not to see fire or steel. Do not speak or I shall die. Behold thy will, O Lord.

In Scene 2 the Angel appears to stay the sacrifice and points out the lamb caught in a thicket, which comes up of its own accord and is duly slaughtered. Abraham gives thanks at some length, and when Isach suggests that they should return home as soon as possible, he blesses him,

²⁶ This famous simile which passed from Virgil to Ariosto (*Orl. Fur.* xviii. 153) is also found in the *Erotokritos* (iv. 1887) as well as in Grotto's *Hadriana* (i. 3. 172); and I have no doubt that search would produce further specimens.

wishing him great increase and abundance. In Scene 3, Siban and Sofer are discussing whether they should disobey the letter of his orders and go after him, when Abraham appears, explains the cause of his former sorrow, and sends Sofer on ahead to tell Sarra that all is well; and Isach is to ride home on the donkey. The Chorus sing an ode on the mysterious and wonderful ways of the Lord, and decide to return to the support of their mistress, who will now be overcome with joy.

Act V. Ada, who has been sent out to look for Abraham's party, is wandering towards the mountains when she meets Sofer returning, and they decide to go back together and break the good news to Sarra. Scene 2. Siban tells Abraham, who protests mildly, that his righteousness is really remarkable and that the memorable history will long be adorned with praise and with dramatic representation—(*e rappresenterassi in ricche scene Lo spettacolo mesto, e poi gioioso*). Scene 3. Sarra, after one glance at Sofer's glad face, is setting out again, joy having banished her weariness; and Ada calls out the other maid-servants to accompany her; when Abraham enters and tells her to keep calm. Sarra continues unaffectedly to rejoice over Isach; who interposes the remark that this was not the first mark of God's favour in the family, his own birth having been the result of a divine interference. At this moment a messenger enters and informs Abraham that his brother's wife Melcha has just presented him with a son. And now even Abraham is overjoyed at this crown of blessings and plays up to Sarra's outpourings of reverent gratitude. The Angel reappears, and announces God's promise that sands and stars shall be fewer than their blessed descendants; that man shall never be sacrificed again until in due time the divine man, the only worthy victim, comes down to earth; and that out of Isach shall come forth twelve tribes. This trial, he adds, was only imposed in order that faith might shine clear over all the earth and be doubly rewarded. Abraham says it was well worth it: and the Angel tells the audience to go home with a blessing and learn to obey and to suffer without murmuring.

7

If this brief but faithful summary of the *Isach* be compared with the summary of the *Thysia* which follows, and with Professor Marshall's translation, it should be possible to form a fair estimate of the relation of the two plays. And lest any one should ever rise up and declare that the *Thysia* was the earlier of the two (and that Legrand really did see an edition of 1535), it should be noted at once that Groto keeps much closer to an academic average of correct sentiment and much closer to the book of Genesis. It is not possible to believe for a moment that if he had been translating or adapting the Greek he would have omitted all the many original touches which give the *Thysia* its literary value.

The *Isach* is much longer than the *Thysia*—with the 75 lines of prologue it numbers 1,626 lines and the *Thysia* only 1154—yet it seems much emptier, for the discussion is dreary and the characters remain biblical dummies. There can be no doubt, apart from the tell-tale names of Siban and Sofer, that the two plays are structurally identical; but it is the Greek artist who has added the poetry and humanity, and his merit will not be diminished by the discovery that the *Thysia* was painted from an Italian model. Entirely his is the picture of the boy Isaac, with his talk of schoolmaster and school-fellows, and his pears in his pocket, and alive from the minute he is woken up; and another Greek invention of real value are the sceptical arguments of Sofer, which are only secured by admitting the two servants into the secret of the proposed sacrifice. Groto's only attempt at original invention, Abraham's story that he had been given a time limit of eight days, is merely silly, and so is Sarah's stipulation that he should pray for a postponement. Nor is he more happy when he returns to the text of the biblical narrative and tries to make a dramatic climax to his last act by announcing the birth of a son to Abraham's brother Nahor,²⁷ whose wife Milcah, as we all know, was mother of that

²⁷ Genesis xxii. 20-4.

memorable family 'Huz his firstborn, and Buz his brother, and Kemuel the father of Aram, and Chesed, and Hazo, and Pildash, and Jidlaph, and Bethuel.'

8

Act I. The *Thysia* is opened before daybreak by the voice of the Angel who calls Abraham from his sleep and tells him that God demands from him as a proof of his faith the sacrifice of his only son Isaac. The Angel was probably no mere voice but an actual character present on the stage—a dramatization of the Genesis version where it is the voice of God himself which holds converse with Abraham. Abraham is told without much preparation, but not more abruptly than in Genesis, and with a little more detail, that in place of lamb or ram his dearest boy Isaac is within three days to be made a burnt-offering on top of a high mountain to be indicated, that his faith may be glorified in heaven. Abraham, who in Genesis, only 'rose up early in the morning and saddled his ass', now speaks frightened and bewildered, bewails the sudden visitation and asks if punishment is necessary and if it must fall on the innocent Isaac: as soon as he is fully awakened, however—for here occurs one of the very few stage directions given in the text,²⁸ 'Abraham rises from his bed and prays on his knees'—he apparently no longer questions the immutability of the command; and prays that, since there can be no reversal of Isaac's fate, at least he need not himself sacrifice his own son and may be given strength to obey. Now Sarah, waking up, asks Abraham if he is dreaming or with whom he is talking; and Abraham replies that he is only saying his prayers as any miserable sinner should, and tells her to turn over and go to sleep. Sarah answers that it is not the time for prayer; that she can tell from his voice that he is in tears and distress; and that it is no time for her to rest when she knows that he has 'such a bitter poison in his mouth'. Abraham turns in despair to heaven at this second blow, the necessity of telling Sarah, while she

²⁸ Others are 143 and 752 'aside', 756 'aloud', 868 'he kneels and prays'.

continues to urge him to tell her his trouble, 'for my flesh is thy flesh and my heart is thy heart; thy sorrows are mine and mine the pains of thy heart'.

Abraham warns her to prepare herself and make her heart of stone, and Sarah promises to be silent and submissive, 'even if you were to tell me that Isaac is to die to-day'. Abraham remarks silently that she has foretold what he had in his heart—a rather unnecessary underlining of the irony—and Sarah, who has now risen from bed, and kneels at his feet, once more implores him, even in Isaac's name, to tell her what is the matter. And Abraham tells her the command to sacrifice Isaac, and, himself now stern and inflexible, orders her to put away all fleshly grief, for faith implies blind obedience to the orders of heaven. Sarah breaks into a wild lament, which, as Pernot rightly points out, is a veritable *moirólógi*: 'Woe for the command, woe for the voice, woe for the desire of my heart, woe for the fire that has burned me up, woe for the trembling of my body, woe for the knives and swords which have entered into my heart and made a hundred wounds in my entrails. . . . If only I had become deaf and blind in my old age that my eyes might not see nor mine ears hear; to see and hear, my child, that I am losing you, will give me every hour a thousand wounds in my heart. . . . O mighty Judge, turn away even thine anger and change thy purpose which thou hast to-day decided. Keep the sword of justice in its scabbard: take up instead thy loving kindness which is full of grace; with that judge thou to-day our ills, and let our child live now in our old age; or give me death before he dies, neither suffer of your grace that I should remain without him. . . . My strength is lost, my heart is struck, my soul is gathered up, my last days have come. . . .' At the end of this outburst she calls for help fainting, and Ada and Tamar, her two hand-maidens, hurry in, with each a couplet of dismay, and carry their mistress either into an inner room or possibly to the back stage which is then hidden by curtains. Abraham now alone breaks into a more measured lament: he does not dispute the decision, but, breaking down now that Sarah is

overcome, laments that his heart is not of iron that he may do his duty and only thank the Lord. 'But the flesh has its part and claims its own so that my suffering limbs are scattered like smoke. The flesh which thou gavest me, O my Creator and Maker, suffer it to ease my woes. My desire and my understanding are to serve thee, and to remedy the faults and burdens of my flesh; not to stand and wait longer but to do my duty and to give cheerfully what God has asked. Thy will, Lord, be done. . . .' Only at the end of this speech, when Abraham has by a purely human effort of will made up his mind to obey the voice of duty, does the Angel reappear to confirm his decision, and gives him the very sensible advice to wake his son and go his way before Sarah wakes up again. Abraham calls his servants Syban and Sofer, who protest that something must be amiss, for never before have they seen him up and dressed two hours before sunrise. He bids them take a load of wood, saddle the beast, and make the usual preparations for a sacrifice, except that there will be no need to take either sheep or goat; then communes once more with himself: 'This hand to-day must kill the child I watched so that even the sunshine should not harm him: this sword which I have sharpened is to cut a throat which is more dear than my own. These fire tools²⁹ which I hold in my hand will light a fire which is to burn my own heart.' But just as he repeats the need to go quickly and quietly, while Sarah still lies in a faint, the voice of Ada is heard, probably in the inner chamber represented by the upper stage, asking Tamar to run and tell her master the *good news* that Sarah has opened her eyes and awakened from Hades. Tamar accordingly enters and tells him that her mistress is awake but 'weeping like a girl', and will not speak to them, but wants Abraham. She bids him come and comfort her. Abraham remarks that he wishes she had stayed in her faint: now she will make more trouble and alarm the child. No one had ever died of a faint!

The inner chamber now appears and we see Tamar supporting her mistress, who is calling wildly for Abraham and

²⁹ πυροβολικά—which is the modern word for 'fire-arms'.

Isaac. Tamar comforts her with a speech of remarkably dramatic irony: 'Lady be of good cheer, here is your son' (who was still sleeping probably in a bed at her side in the inner chamber); 'and the master is in the house too, you are not alone; the child is in bed and sleeping without a care, and the master has put a sword in his belt, and is speaking with his servants and arranging his business, but as though he has some thought to worry him.' Abraham on the lower stage decides to go in (*μέσα*, i. e. into the inner room at the back of the stage) to calm Sarah—and the following noble scene between them takes place in the inner room now fully open to the audience.

Sarah is mourning her helplessness when Abraham approaches and bids her sit by him on the couch, and with a few lines of grave and tender commonplace seeks to calm her into a spirit of patience and fortitude. She turns wildly to him, wondering how he will have the heart to sacrifice that innocent body, and if his eyes will not be darkened when he sees Isaac struggling like a young lamb; and how herself will have the heart ever again to hear a child called by the name of Isaac or a boy's voice speaking to her. Abraham's replies maintain the note of gravity and fortitude, but naturally the savage command does not admit much variety in the defence, and he can only repeat that their child, as much as their own bodies, spirits, and chattels, is not their own but the Lord's—and anyhow it is no use making it worse. Sarah continues her own *moirólógi*: 'Nine months I carried you my darling child in this dark and unfortunate frame. Three years, my son, I gave you milk of my breasts, and you were my eyes and you were the light of my eyes. I saw you and you were growing up like a shoot of a young tree, and you were increasing in virtue, in wisdom, and in grace. And tell me, who knows even now what new joy you are minded to bring me now that like thunder, like a flash of lightning, you are to be lost and melt away; how is it possible for me to live on without you, what heart or what refreshment have I left for my old age? What great joy we had together, man and wife, when God told us how

you would be made! Unhappy house of Abraham, what great joy was yours when you, my little son, fell to the ground and were seen! And how all joys are turned to sorrows in one day, and all good things have scattered away like clouds in the air.' Abraham very shortly, as one hardly trusting himself to speak, says that there can be no good in adding to the sacrifice bitterness and ungraciousness; and then Sarah, suddenly calm, continues: 'Go, my good man, since God wills it, and may your way be all milk and dew and honey; go, and may God pity you, be sorry for you and hear you; so that voices that are pleasant may speak with you this day on the mountain.³⁰ And let me think that I never gave birth to him and never saw him in my life; but I was holding a lighted candle and it went out.' Abraham tells her to make haste and dress Isaac, but she has another outburst of reproaches and pity when she goes to the bed to wake the boy and recalls how happily she had put him to bed the night before. Abraham almost scolds her for waking the child with tears, and after she has calmed to a mood of bitter irony, in which she invites the boy to put on holiday clothes for a party (*ξεφάντωσι*), and follow not his father but his death (*χάρος*), he tells her severely to be silent, to go away and to stop these lamentations (*moirólógi*). She repeats that the child must be faultlessly dressed for he is invited to a wedding in Hades (*εἰς τὸν ᾄδη*); but Abraham tells her to bring him the clothes and go away: her tears would be sure to run down as soon as the boy got up and embraced her as he always did, and the child had sense enough to notice. Sarah at last gives him the clothes: 'these they are he put on every holiday and all were after him and admired him; these are they which are to be covered with blood this day, and the child is to be slain by the hand of his father'. 'O Sarah, be sorry for me too,' protests Abraham, 'and keep your tears for when I am gone'; and Sarah withdraws, but stands watching them, Abraham consoling her with the reflection that God can, if he wills, raise up a man alive

³⁰ This line is probably corrupt. Both *'ποῦσι* (plural) and *σήμερον* are inaccurate: but perhaps accuracy was not to be expected in the circumstances.

again out of the fire; which Sarah receives with the ambiguous remark that those who have wisdom give consolation to fools. At last Abraham calls Isaac to wake up and be dressed, who naturally says, 'let me sleep a little longer', and when called a second time exclaims that he will wake up all right when it is time for school. Abraham once more asks Sarah to withdraw, tells her to go and pray, and wait till he returns and till, if by any chance he returns with Isaac, he can comfort her. Sarah promises to wait patiently—as patiently as a prisoner waits for the knocking on his door of the executioner—and withdraws into the inner room. Abraham calls Isaac again to come out for a holiday. Isaac says he cannot understand why his mother has not come to dress him as usual, and why he has just seen her going sadly away. Abraham says she has gone to prepare food for their expedition, and in answer to a further question, that they are going to make sacrifice on a high mountain, beautiful but rather a long way off. Isaac says he will follow after seeing his mother, who at this moment re-enters from the inner room and tells him to go with her blessing; and when Isaac asks uneasily why so many kisses, why her tears run down, and why she touches him all over, tells him to go with a good heart and her blessing. Isaac says, 'Mother, at the picnic (*ἴς τὴν ξεφάντωσιν*) I will get you some apples and little branches off the trees with leaves that smell sweet, and anything else delightful that there is. And if the schoolmaster comes looking for me tell him I will soon be back.' 'These pears,' says Sarah, 'I was given yesterday and I kept them on purpose for you, my boy. Put them in your pocket, and eat them when you are thirsty. They are sweet as honey, take them and try.' But Isaac says, 'Mother, why are you sobbing and crying and will not be quiet? And what trouble are you thinking over and prophesying for me? It seems strange, I have great distress: perhaps I am going up the mountain and not coming down again.' This line closes the first Act.

The Second Act presents the journey to the mountain of

Abraham, the two servants, and Isaac, with the ass laden with wood for the burnt offering; it begins just outside the house, for Abraham is telling Ada and Tamar to look after their mistress while he is away. Then after a short dialogue, in which Abraham explains to Isaac that his steps are sad and slow as befits a sinner at a time of preparation for prayer and sacrifice, comes a conversation in which the two servants, Sofer and Syban, express their uneasiness. Sofer suspects from Sarah's behaviour that the lamb to be sacrificed is actually the boy Isaac, and urges Syban to go and inquire. Syban does so, and after a first half-hearted refusal Abraham agrees to tell them everything, but first puts Isaac to sleep, spreading his cloak for him under a wayside tree—probably on the upper stage. Isaac gladly consents, being tired out with 'what you call a few steps', and Abraham then tells the two young men about the voice of the angel at midnight commanding him to sacrifice his son. Syban expresses only astonishment and horror, but Sofer argues at length that the 'voice of the angel' was an evil dream sent to tempt him. It is impossible for divine justice to err so strangely. God had promised Abraham a fruitful seed, and miraculously caused Sarah in her old age to bear a son: he had promised to multiply Isaac's descendants 'as the stars of heaven':³¹ could Abraham believe that now in his old age he was required to sacrifice Isaac? Let him put away such dreadful thoughts which would gain him an unenviable name for ruthlessness and cruelty. All who knew him admired such a child, fair and fine beyond his fellows: how could Abraham think of spilling his blood and bringing such misery to Sarah? He must change his course. Abraham replies that it was not a dream, that God moves in a mysterious way, bringing good out of evil and joy out of sorrow. We are all His slaves. Not grief but joy was his now, that God should have chosen

³¹ In Genesis (xxii. 17) this particular promise—*ὡς τοὺς ἀστέρας τοῦ οὐρανοῦ*—is only made *after* the sacrifice. [It may be remarked that Choumnos also gives this promise *before* the sacrifice—at the time of Ishmael's mocking:

*Μὰ τοῦτο σ' ἔναν τάσσομαι, ὡς τ' ἄστρα νὰ πληθύνει
τὸ σπέρμα σου καθημερινόν, οὐδὲ ποσῶς ἀφίνω.—F.H.M.]*

him rather than another to make such a gift. He must care nothing for the pangs of the flesh, the tongues of men, or Sarah's tears, thinking only to please God, whom no mind could hope to understand. Finally Abraham tells the two young men to wait here, while himself will go on to make the sacrifice with Isaac, whom he sees already stirring in his sleep. He calls Isaac, bids him take up the wood; they will leave the servants here by the path and will go on without them, for the reward of sacrifice is for them alone.

This ends the Second Act. Abraham and Isaac probably come forward on to the lower stage, leaving Syban and Sofer on the upper stage, where Isaac has just been sleeping. Probably a curtain falls hiding the upper stage, or else Syban and Sofer go out at the back.

The Third Act which now opens presents the most difficult task for the dramatist, but he faces it as usual with complete simplicity, and without using any illegitimate means to increase the pathos of the situation.

The scene is the same as at the end of the last act near the top of the mountain, and as in the last act the characters are again supposed to be and perhaps are actually represented as still climbing up the mountain side—as appears from a comparison of lines 749 and 757 where they finally arrive at the place of sacrifice. As the scene opens Isaac is asking his father: 'the tools for making fire,³² sir, you carry in your hand, and the sharp knife is girded at your thigh; I am carrying the faggots which we shall need; but where is the lamb or the ram for the sacrifice?' To this question Abraham answers, 'Do not trouble, my little son, the rams and the lambs are up on the mountain top, and I will take what I want'—a rather remarkable departure from the well-known 'the Lord will provide' of Genesis which has been closely followed in the preceding questions. Isaac remarks that now they have been journeying for three days it is time for rest and refreshment, and Abraham, after a few lines of ironical pity, spoken aside, announces that they have reached

³² See note 29.

the place of prayer. Isaac asks what he is muttering and weeping about, and Abraham tries to escape the question by saying he must busy himself with prayer and with building the altar. Isaac, however, insists that the tiring job of building an altar is his business—a device by which the dramatist, departing again from the text of Genesis,³³ increases the pathos. It nearly overcomes even Abraham's resolution, and he prays for strength and hopes he may be pardoned for his weakness and humanity. Isaac meanwhile has been working and now calls out, 'Come, my dear father, and see if you like the altar; only the lamb is wanting to put in the midst of it. Do see that everything is finished to-day for I so want and long to go back to my mother.' Abraham snatches at his chance and blurts out: 'Son, breath of my life, you will not return any more; you have seen your mother for the last time and your unhappy father.' After Isaac's first exclamation Abraham goes on quickly and kisses as he binds the boy's hands and feet. Isaac now says nothing about God but starts off by the curious remark that his father will set up a terrible example for the world; and how can he possibly want to give pain to what he has always cherished and loved? Abraham says it is God's will, and asks his son to pity him. Isaac, however, is still unable to connect God with his relations with his father, and again asks for mercy 'even if he has sometimes had a fault', and when Abraham repeats the well-known command 'our Master orders', Isaac changes the subject, asking if his mother knows; and having been briefly answered, he recalls vividly and with a new understanding his mother's grief at parting, how her poor heart stirred and struggled like a bird in the hand of the butcher. Now he begs his father to tie him tightly lest he too should struggle against his will and turn against his father's hand; and with that hand he asks his father to bless him, and not without tears. Abraham blesses him and bids him be glad; that when he enters

³³ Genesis xxii. 9 'and Abraham built an altar there . . .' [Choumnos makes the building of the altar the joint work of father and son:

τὰ ξύλα κοιμήσασαι, ἀφτρουσι τὴν ἱστίαν.

F.H.M.]

heaven his blood may rise up in witness before his Saviour, where the angels rejoice and glorify and beat their wings. And he wishes that he could come too through the fire and enter into that rest. He bids Isaac waste no time but say his prayers. Isaac after a pitiful cry, 'Whither do you invite me, my father, to come and kneel? To what wedding or feasting would you bid me come gladly?' kneels down and prays. He prays to God for an easy death, to his father that he should kill him, if he must, lovingly and with a caress; and if possible not burn his body. To his mother, farewell, and love, and may heaven make her heart a 'stone of endurance'. Turning again to his father, he asks to look him in the face, to kiss his hand; asks him not to strain the rope too tight. Asks him to comfort his mother: to give his clothes, his papers, the little box he kept them in, and everything that is his in the house to his little friend Eliseek, and if possible to think of Eliseek as his own child. 'I have nothing else to say or explain, only farewell to friend and kin. Father who begat me, how can you not pity me? O, my Maker, help me. Mother where are you?' 'Do not cry out, my child, or you will kill me,' says Abraham; 'Be brave and bear the pain.' Lower your eyes, look down on the ground, that we may do the will of our Lord and Saviour. Bend your head a little, my dear son, do not look at me, it hurts you. Behold my God, a sacrifice! At this moment the Angel speaks (presumably entering at the back) and bids Abraham put up the knife in its sheath, blesses him and his family for his faith, promises to Isaac fruitfulness as the leaves of the trees and the stars of heaven; and then (being more sophisticated than the Angel of the Lord in Genesis, who only says, 'now I know that thou fearest God') remembers that God, from whom nothing is hidden, might have known all the time the faith that was in Abraham's heart, and accordingly explains that this trial was made in order that the rest of the world might know his faith and take him as an example. Abraham gives rather perfunctory thanks, and asks pity for the weaknesses and hesitations of his own and Sarah's humanity, weaknesses not of their understanding but of their flesh. He hastens to

untie Isaac and bids him give thanks for the blessing of fruitfulness, and kiss the earth; then sees 'the ram caught in a thicket', and while Isaac gives thanks, saying that the gladness which his tongue cannot express is written in his heart, goes to catch it, and returning sacrifices it with prayer and thanksgiving and blessing and exhortation. Isaac is thinking of his mother and that they must hurry back to her. Abraham agrees: but first they must find the two servants and send one of them to run on ahead 'and cry out to Sarah from afar off "glory be to God and thanks, Isaac is saved and the ram it is that is slain"'. So ends the Third Act.

The Fourth Act opens with the two young men, Syban and Sofer, talking together in the front of the stage. Syban is saying that although Abraham told them to wait there till he returned, they should on this occasion disobey, and go to find out what is happening to their unhappy master, who would be likely to kill himself if left alone after the sacrifice. Sofer readily agrees when, 'who are these', he exclaims, 'coming this way, and are they laughing or crying? It is indeed Abraham, and can it be Isaac who follows behind?' Then he breaks into a shout of praise and joy. At this moment Abraham and Isaac enter on the upper stage at the back. Abraham with a quick greeting, 'happily met, my servants, let us rejoice', tells Syban to go quickly and find Sarah, and call out from afar off, but with a pleasant voice so as not to frighten her, and as soon as he comes in sight of her to laugh, and let her know that the child is alive. Syban answers that he requires no explanations—he knows all that is necessary of the good news; and Sofer adds that they too will lose no time on the way, for their return to the house will be very different from their setting out. The curtain falls shutting out the upper stage, and at this moment who should appear but Ada, who enters alone on the lower stage, and now comes down to the front. She is wandering up the mountain and has not yet seen them. What path shall she take, she asks herself, up hill or down dale, or straight up the mountain side, in her search for

Abraham and Isaac. She is tired out; but Sarah is overcome body and soul, and will be dead by the morning if they are not found. But who is this who comes running and laughing? Is it Syban, and has he gone mad? Syban enters and asks Ada what brought her here? Does she bring bad news?—and without waiting for an answer tells her that the master and the child have, as he puts it, 'won a complete victory', and have sent him on with the glad tidings. Ada after a word of thanks, says she has come to tell Abraham that Sarah is at the last gasp and can hardly survive. But how fared Abraham to win? Syban says he has no time to stop and talk: if she wants to hear she must follow and keep up with him. So saying he probably withdraws with her to the upper stage, for just as he is saying that she cannot walk fast enough and he will have to leave her—Sarah herself enters on the lower stage, supported by Tamar. She can go no farther, and asks Tamar to seat her by the wayside where she can watch the path and ask any passers-by if they know anything about this dreadful mystery. But already, she says, her instinct tells her good news is on the way: she feels a little relief like air and coolness round her heart. Tamar suddenly calls out to her mistress, 'Do you hear something like a shout that echoes over there by the spring? Do you see a man running yonder by the cypress?' 'That is our man,' answers Sarah, 'be quiet and let me listen, I cannot quite make out what he is calling.' Tamar is sharper of hearing and gives her mistress the customary greeting on the reception of good news—'happy hearing'³⁴—'the child is with him and he cries tidings of great joy.'—'Ah! the beating of my heart,' says Sarah, 'till he comes near me!' Syban enters from the upper stage also announcing himself in the customary claim for the reward of good news.³⁵ The child Isaac is here near by and all the trials and weepings are overpast. Sarah exclaims with joy that the mountain of murmuring has become a plain, and breaks into cries of thanksgiving and inarticulate joy. She asks them to lift her up and support her, she wants to go and meet her boy, her soul is going

³⁴ καλῶς τὸ δέχθηκες.

³⁵ τὰ συγχαρίκια μου.

out. Then Isaac enters—'Mother, here is your child, all filled with joy—whom God has raised up from the bottom of the earth. Do you not speak to me? Do you not smile at me? And do you not caress me? Am I not Isaac, mother? Don't you know me? The past is gone by, and the things that were written have melted away, the weeping has ceased and the trials are over. Let us be glad this day of days, for I am come from death (ἀπὸ τὸν ᾄδην) and they have brought me back alive.' Sarah at last and quietly says, 'My son, let me put my arms round you and kiss you; and let me go and thank the Lord who saved you.' As she turns to Abraham who has just entered he greets her with words which can only be translated, 'What did I tell you?'³⁶ Enough, he adds, of kissing and embracing. Let us go and give thanks with heart and voice. Let us go and spend this night in prayer, and in the morning we will keep the holiday of the resurrection. And with another twenty lines of moralizing and praise he brings down the curtain.

9

The *Erophile* can be more easily classified: it is an Elizabethan tragedy of love and blood. It was first published at Venice in 1637, after the author's death, and the preface records the adventures of the manuscript. The author, George Hortátzis, a Cretan, is said to have written it in the Romaic tongue with Italian characters. The manuscript fell into the hands of a native of Zante, Philip Haréris, who handed it to a Cypriot priest to be transliterated into Greek for the printer. The native of Cyprus, however, not only transliterated it but in ignorance or disgust of the Cretan idiom emended it and improved it out of all recognition. Fortunately the publisher of the second edition, a Venetian printer from Janina, handed the text for restoration to the librarian of St. Mark's, Ambrose Gradenigo, who, being a patriotic Cretan, not only restored the play to its native idiom but wrote a very sensible and aggressive preface against all

³⁶ τί σοῦ ἔλεγα ᾗς τὸν περασμένον θρήνο;

blundering 'correctors' who confound and destroy the raciness of the living tongue. For every tongue, says he, rejoices in its proper idioms. This accounts for the fact that the Cretan flavour of the language is more pronounced than in the *Thysia* though not so broad as in the pastoral plays. The second edition (1676) was reprinted six years later, and a copy of this reprint was used by Sathas in 1879.³⁷ An incomplete manuscript in Italian characters was also published by Legrand (1881).³⁸

The play was probably written in the first decade of the seventeenth century, possibly before the *Erotokritos* to which it shows some noticeable similarities. It is actually a tragedy composed on the same theme as the happily-ending romance of *Erotokritos*—the faithful love of a youth of ministerial but not royal rank for a king's daughter, their secret marriage, his victory in war and tournament, and discovery. In *Erophile* the fact that the hero Panaretos is actually himself the son of a conquered king but conceals his royal blood until it is too late seems to be inserted only to increase the ironic bitterness of his not being allowed to enjoy the reward of constancy. The play is said to be indebted in some degree to various Italian tragedies published in the latter half of the sixteenth century,³⁹ particularly to the *Orbecche*, reputed to be the 'best and bloodiest'⁴⁰ of the nine tragedies

³⁷ There are copies of the 1637 and 1672 editions in the British Museum (868. c. 41, and 868. b. 30).

³⁸ *Bibliothèque grecque vulgaire*, vol. ii, pp. 335 ff. There is another manuscript of the play at Munich, collated by Wagner and described by Bursian.

³⁹ The plays most usually mentioned are G. B. Giral di, *Orbecche*; produced Ferrara 1541, printed at Venice 1583 (Hesseling and Bursian). See further K. Dieterich, *Gesch. d. byz. u. neugr. Litteratur*², p. 82. Trissino, *Sofonisba*, Venice, 1620 (Sathas). Antonio Camelli da Pistoja, *Filostrato e Pamfila*, Venice, 1508, performed Ferrara, 1499 (Sathas). Mondella, *Isifile*, Verona, 1582 (Leake). Francesco Bozza Candiotta, *Fedra*, Venice, 1578 (Sathas). The plot of *Filostrato e Pamfila* shows some remarkable similarities, and is itself derived from Boccaccio, *Decamerone*, *Fourth Day, First Novel*: "Tancredi Prenze di Salerno uccide l'amante della figliuola e mandale il cuore in una coppa d'oro, laquale messa soproso acqua avelenata, quella si bee, e cosi muore."

⁴⁰ *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, 8. 504 a. The opening scene of *Orbecche*,

of G. B. Giral di. The fact is that owing to a prevailing taste for atrocities dramatic authors all over Western Europe were competing in the task of making an audience shudder; and 'on similar subjects or occasions', as Coleridge remarked, 'some similar Thoughts must occur to different Persons'.⁴¹ Dainty dishes of ladies hands and hearts and mangled lovers baked in a pie were served up by playwrights who had never heard of Seneca's *Thyestes*. 'There was no limit', as Mr. William Archer pointed out, 'to the horrors which the contemporaries of Shakespeare could introduce into their plays, not only with impunity, but with applause.'⁴²

Italian audiences of the period were not only difficult to thrill but were so impatient of intervals (in which we may sympathize) that a Florentine dramatist⁴³ had initiated a custom of intercalating a second play between the acts of the first, possibly as a substitute for the tragic choruses of the ancient drama. In our Cretan plays, three of which are furnished with such intermedial entertainments,⁴⁴ the interlude is already in a state of degeneration—a certain measure of rather mechanical and operatic dialogue, with songs and musical accompaniment from behind the scene, serving only to introduce a ballet or morris-dance (*moresca*). The interludes in the *Erophile* have the interest of presenting a ballet or operatic version of incidents drawn from Tasso's *Gerusalemme Liberata* (published 1581)—the enchanted garden of Armida and the final capture of Jerusalem. The dedication by George Hortatzis to John Mourmouris should not be overlooked. It is graceful and has many lively touches—

in which the goddess Nemesis calls up the Furies with their lighted torches, can hardly be unconnected with the scene at the end of the Third Act in *Erophile*.

⁴¹ *Annotations to Warton*, quoted by J. Drinkwater, *A Book for Bookmen*.

⁴² *The Old Drama and the New*, p. 46.

⁴³ Grazzini in his *Gelosia* (1550) according to Hesseling; Sathas also refers to Buonarrotti's *Tancia* (1612). The *Gelosia*, a prose comedy, has choral interludes, or 'madrigals', of priestesses, nymphs, satyrs, and witches.

⁴⁴ *Stathis*, *Erophile*, and *Fortounatos*. In the *Stathis* the two interludes are unconnected, one being an episode from the Trojan war (as are all four in the *Fortounatos*), the other from contemporary Crete.

painters who add gold to finish their pictures—the thousand names in Crete distinguished for letters, virtues, or wealth—the ugly girl who paints her face—the critics—and the poet's ambitions and dreams.

The Prologue is spoken by Death, *Xápos*, who appears in his bare bones, with thunder and lightning, carrying a scythe—part of the apparatus of horror so dear, as has been already noted, to the audience of the time. Not, however, on account of the slightly comic touches (he tells the audience not to be frightened: he has not come for them), but owing to the limited vocabulary and clumsy style there is little doubt that this Prologue, as well as the Interludes are by another hand.⁴⁵ The play itself shows that Hortatzis, though not superior to the manners of his time—he introduces a Ghost and a flock of demons in the very manner of the minor Elizabethans—was an educated poet with a flexible style and a knowledge of the classical Greek tragedians, probably reflected from that of Seneca. That he was, however, inexperienced as a dramatist, that it was perhaps his first play, we may infer, I think, from the fact that it resolves itself into a series of duologues. His tragedy, I believe, must have been prepared for the stage by the addition of prologue and interludes from the pen of a professional hack. The short odes sung by the Chorus of Maidens attendant on the heroine, who themselves take part in the action, are certainly the work of Hortatzis. They are extremely literary in manner, though not over-conceited, and are written in the metre of the Italian *terza rima* (iambic trimeter catalectic, with triple rhyme) as used by Dante.⁴⁶

⁴⁵ It is surprising that Bursian (Sathas p. π5'), and Xanthoudidis see no difference in style between the interludes and the play. A reference of 1665 to Hortatzis speaks ambiguously of a certain *Katzaropos* which might be the name of a collaborator, (Sathas, p. νη', Legrand, p. lxxxvi), but is more probably, as Xanthoudidis suggests, to be identified with *Katzourbos*, a character in a newly discovered farce.

⁴⁶ Iambic trimeters are rare in Greek popular poetry; but there is a very beautiful song from Parga (Politis, *Ἐκδογὰς*, 117) and one song in Passow (520), in some versions of which (521, 522, 523) the metre may be found breaking up into two lines. The same iambic line, in rhymed couplets, is used in the *Ἐὐμορφὴ Βοσκοπούλα*, another Cretan poem, published in 1627,

I O

Panáretos the young hero, when the play opens, is, we gather, very unhappy: and as soon as his friend and brother-in-arms⁴⁷ Karpóphoros enters he tells him all we need to know of the story of his life. He himself was the son of a neighbouring king,⁴⁸ and his father having been killed in battle he has been brought up in this palace of Philógonos, King of Memphis, where he has not only risen to honourable position but fallen madly in love with the king's daughter Erophile. After the war against Persia, in which hoping to be killed he had only won additional distinction, the lovers had declared their passion, had exchanged rings, and been secretly married. Now he is unhappier than ever, torn by remorse, fear, and joy, and his very good fortune making him fear the worst. Yet rather than part from his Erophile he would have all his limbs cut up into little pieces—a rather crude passage of Sophoclean irony with an explicit statement of the jealousy of the Gods (which Professor J. A. K. Thomson says is the 'current theme of Greek tragedy'). In the two remaining scenes of the Act we learn from conversation between the King and his chief Counsellor that the King is anxious to see his only daughter Erophile married and that two wealthy monarchs from neighbouring countries have just sent embassies to sue for her hand. The Chorus sing a short ode to Eros—faintly

a translation of which is given at the end of the present volume; and in the oral version of this, taken down in Chios (*Κανελλάκης, Χιακὰ Ἀνάλεκτα*, 1890), a similar break-up, or break-down, of the modern Greek iambic may be observed. It is curious that the 'political' in English and the *senarius* in modern Greek seem to have a special tendency to break up into two lines. But of course the 'political' also breaks up in Greek under the influence of song and dance. See especially Σ. Π. Κυριακίδης, *τὰ παιδιὰ τοῦ δεκαπεντασουλῶνου* (Athens, 1923), who traces the formation of, e.g. a trochaic quatrain from the break-up of a 'political' and the insertion of refrains.

⁴⁷ His 'billy dear', in the language of the Scottish Border: see the ballad of Bewick and Graeme (Child, 211).

⁴⁸ W. Martin-Leake, *Researches in Greece*, pp. 117 ff., in giving a fairly full account of the *Erophile*, explains Tsertsa as Dzirdze, the capital of Upper Egypt—on what authority it is not clear.

reminiscent of the *Antigone* and of Seneca's *Hippolytus*—and pray him to bring to a fortunate conclusion this business of the royal suitors which already fills them with uneasiness.

The First Interlude opens with a chorus of Devils who tell us that the hosts of heaven, not content with casting them out, are now gathered at Jerusalem in order to destroy 'our devoted friends the Turks, and redeem our enemies the Christians'. Fortunately their great general Rinaldo has been enticed away by Armida and will soon be here. They have been instructed, after building this garden of love and pleasure, to turn themselves into guardian wild beasts, sweet singing birds, or lovely nymphs. Hereupon Rinaldo and Armida enter in a cloud—and after a little fascination scene the devils in the guise of lovely nymphs (*κορασίδες* or *νεράιδες*) return, vow allegiance to them, disarm Rinaldo, attire him suitably in a dissolute looking robe and a garland, bring in fruit, water, and wine, and dance round the lovers while music sounds from behind the scenes. In order to empty the stage Armida invites the whole party to her house as it is getting late. The last part if not the whole scene is really a ballet or *moresca*, the formal dialogue, as in an opera, being only explanatory.

Act II. Scene 1. The King declares his great love for his daughter, but she must be married. He will send his faithful friend and minister Panaretos to talk to her nicely and make her decide which of the two suitor Kings she will marry.

Scene 2. Erophile and Nurse discuss the situation. Erophile bewails the unhappy fate of princesses, while Nurse scolds and comforts alternately. Erophile tells of fearful dreams that haunt her, with fears of her father, her lover being thrown to the lions, herself in a dark forest, walls dripping blood and her maidens fleeing from her, a stormy sea smashing her boat, the ghost of a dead King rising to drag her away, a kite swooping down on two amorous doves. She sends Nurse to fetch Panaretos to a conference.

Scene 3. Nurse alone, in a speech of considerable force, complains that the world is out of joint, and that Kings are even more unhappy than ordinary people.⁴⁹ Whoever doubts has only to look at our own King; after a life of 'battles and bitterness, envy, war, and deaths', fresh trouble, Erophile's fault, is in store for him. But here comes Panaretos looking bowed and changed.

Scene 4. Panaretos says fine dust is not scattered by wind quicker than hopes of men by Fate: but if it thinks to rob him of his Erophile it is mistaken—he would sooner die. The King asks his faithful counsel on two suitors for the hand of Erophile. How quickly is he paid for his offence—if offence it was to love—and love is paradise enow. Nurse, who has been listening, exclaims that it is not paradise but misfortune and hell—and, having discovered herself, she gives him the message from Erophile. He replies that the King has just sent for him from the camp, presently he will come to her. But how likes she these suitors? Is she sorry to leave me? [This sudden doubt is a good touch.] Nurse admits that she sits weeping and sighing—but then, she adds, all maids weep when suitors come to take them away. 'Go,' says Panaretos; 'I will soon be with her.'

Scene 5. Panaretos, alone, reflects that whoever has once enjoyed riches, sunlight, cold water, or a girl's love will hardly want to live without them. Himself enjoyed all these, and now fears to be left poor, blind, thirsty, and loveless. It would have been better not to know these joys at all than to lose and remember them.

Scene 6. The King enters, saying that this wedding is more important than anything else; and after greetings from Panaretos goes on to refer to 'all these blessings of our State'—words of very definite *Hubris*. 'Fortune indeed,' says Panaretos, 'can hardly reward you sufficiently for all

⁴⁹ πόσοι λογισμοὶ καὶ πόσα βάσαν' ἄλλα
μέσα ᾗ τὸ νοῦν τῶς κατοικοῦν, πόσα κακὰ μεγάλα
σφαλίζουσι τῇ καρδίᾳ τῶν, πόσα κρατοῦν χωσμένα
πάθη μὲ τὰ φορέματα τὰ παραχρυσωμένα . . .

your noble labours.' 'What wars we have seen,' says the King, 'against the Kings of Persia and the East, as no one knows better than you who led my armies.' 'Indeed,' replies Panaretos, 'so that they still live in fear and trembling.' 'And now,' explains the King, 'they both sue for friendship and want me to give my daughter in marriage to one of them. But she says she will never leave my side.' Panaretos hastens to declare that her wish is very natural and right. 'Yes (*ναίσκε*),' says Philogonos, 'but it is good for her to be married to such great Kings.' 'They are not so very mighty,' argues Panaretos, 'and that is why they seek out the connexion for their own advantage.' But the King cuts him short. 'Enough: I did not ask for your opinion. I only want you to talk over Erophia and get her to choose one of these suitors.'

Scene 7. Panaretos left alone bewails his unhappy plight and sees no solution but death. But first he will hear what Erophia says about it.

The Chorus sing a short and rather beautiful ode about the Golden Age and the King's ill-omened pride.

The Second Interlude. A girl dressed as Fortune introduces Rinaldo enthralled by Armida to two Knights (*καβαλλιέροι*) who have come to take him back to the armies before Jerusalem. She gives them her golden wand which can prevail against Armida's magic; but they must not taste food or water.

The Knights having told her to wait at the ship where they will soon rejoin her with Rinaldo, Fortune sententiously vanishes, a song is heard from within, and two devils in the likeness of nymphs meet the Knights and invite them to disarm and give themselves to rest, refreshment, and love. The Knights recognize and repel them as devils, whereupon other nymphs appear and the Knights drive them off the stage in the first part of a formal ballet.

As the second part of the ballet six maidens appear and strew the stage with cushions, carpets, and flowers.⁵⁰

⁵⁰ The direction has as usual *μορεσκάντο*. It is interesting to note that here

Rinaldo and Armida enter, and Armida explains that she has to leave him to sleep alone while she visits one of her nymphs. Rinaldo thus conveniently alone lies down to sleep while song and music⁵¹ are heard from within. The song is a 'gather ye rosebuds' (probably from the Italian).

The Knights decide to wake him, but first have a *moresca* with two fire-breathing beasts, failing with their swords, but killing them with the magic wand. They wake Rinaldo and call him back to battle. Rinaldo tears off garlands and robes in disgust and goes off with them. Armida returns and finding Rinaldo gone breaks into lamentations and curses and finally calls her devils to destroy the garden. The destruction of the garden with fire and *στρέπντα*⁵² closes what must have been a tremendous transformation scene.

Act III. Scene 1. Erophia, alone, declaims a show piece about the thousand bitternesses and the thousand delights of love.

Scene 2. Panaretos and Erophia protest their mutual love and loyalty, in spite of which fears assail them. They arrange to continue their talk in her room later.

Scene 3. Panaretos, alone, explains at great length how his honour rooted in dishonour stands—ending with prayers to Aphrodite and Eros.

Scene 4. The Ghost of the King's brother rising from cruel and darkest Hades explains that he had once been rightful King of Egypt, but failing to put his brother Philogonos out of the way (as was the royal custom), that brother Philogonos had murdered him and seized the throne.

Legrand's manuscript (in Italian characters) has 'ghoreugodas' (i.e. *χορεύοντας*—the Greek word in Italian script appearing as the equivalent of an Italian word in Greek script. See also *infra*, note 53.

⁵¹ The direction for 'music' is *συνάρε*. Had the word *μουσική* disappeared like *τραγωδία*?

⁵² *στρέπντα* seems to have been a technical term, perhaps for stage thunder. So at the end of Act III the Furies summoned by the Ghost run about the stage (*σένα*) with their torches *καὶ στρεπιάρουσι*.

Scene 5. The King, alone, passes across the Stage uttering words of exaggerated *Hubris* and pride, on his way to see Erophile about the required marriage, his only remaining care, while the Ghost calls Zeus to witness the heaven-offending words of Pride.

Unlike the Ghost of Hamlet's father he does not call on any human agent to 'revenge his foul and most unnatural murder', but prays to Zeus for justice and to Pluto for fire from Hades. The fire is to symbolize the doom hanging over the palace—'madness, sorrows, tortures, weeping and death'. Three Furies promptly appear and run about the stage with torches and uproar before being ordered back to their 'sulphurous and tormenting flames' by the Ghost. Then the Chorus recite an irreproachable ode about the lust for Gold, the blessings of Poverty, and their fears for this Royal House.

The Third Interlude. Armida announces that she has come to help the Turkish army in order to avenge herself on Rinaldo. Two Turkish generals (called in Legrand's MS. Adrastos and Tisaphernos) quarrel in their eagerness to do the fighting for her. The King of Jerusalem, Solyman, says they shall both fight for her in order to destroy Rinaldo, and a third Turk joins in swearing to slay him.

We are now transferred to the Christian head-quarters, where Godfrey, exhorting his army to the capture of Jerusalem, suggests that four champions should challenge the Turks on the wall while himself watches from the camp. Rinaldo gladly accepts the suggestion; he and his companions go into battle, he adds, as others go to a picnic; and they promptly execute a *moresca* of provocation which is accepted by the Turks showing a shield from the walls. Four Turks then sally out and after a joint *moresca*⁵³ are duly slain; and Rinaldo appears in order to give thanks for the victory.

Act. IV. Scene 1. Nurse, as usual in a state of vociferous

⁵³ In this interlude and others either in Sathas's text or Legrand's the direction for the dance is given in the forms *μορεσκάντρο*, *χορεύοντας* or *χορεύοντες*, *παίζουν τῆ μορέσκα* or *χορεύοντας τῆ μορέσκα*.

despair, is accosted by Counsellor, from whom we learn incidentally that Nurse's name is Chrysonome; we expect that she is going to be the one who will let out Erophile's guilty secret: she surprises us instead by telling Counsellor that the King has already, somehow, heard about the secret marriage of his daughter and is nearly mad with rage. Panaretos is closely imprisoned, and Erophile insulted and disgraced. They decide that Nurse must comfort Erophile while Counsellor tries to calm the King.

Scene 2. Counsellor utters some reflections on the power of Love, on still waters running deep, and on the King's folly in bringing up together two such comely young persons without expecting an outbreak of Love.

Scene 3. The furious King tells Counsellor how he followed Panaretos to Erophile's chamber in order to have more talk with her, and there found them hand in hand. Counsellor persuades him to listen to Erophile who is seen approaching.

Scene 4. Erophile enters and humbly begs the King to hear what she has to say. Her request is supported by Chorus and by Counsellor. [Thus in this scene for the first time there are four speaking characters on the stage.] Erophile beginning humbly and quietly argues that we were all born naked and Kings rose by their virtues. The virtues of Panaretos were recognized and rewarded by the King himself: why should he not be made a King? A husband rich only in virtue and wisdom is more easily ennobled than one destitute of virtue and understanding. The King asks if she could not have found a virtuous man of kingly rank, one of the two royal suitors for example. Erophile says neither of them has ever done anything. The King grossly remarks that where riches are, virtue, charm, and wisdom will always be found. Erophile argues respectfully that in that case there is a very easy and obvious way of ennobling Panaretos. The King answers so savagely that the Chorus exclaims at his cruelty—'but what else can you expect from a tyrant'?

Erophile continues to argue and then appeals to his pity, his memories of love for her, his only child, named in memory of her dead mother. Her pleas move the Chorus and Counsellor to tears and they think the King must be relenting. But when he raises his head after her final appeal it is to tell her savagely to be gone, for she is no longer daughter of his nor even slave. Erophile calls on her dead mother and on the Chorus, who fall on their knees, but the King tells them to go away, and Erophile departs with her maidens in fear but with dignity.

Scene 5. Counsellor left alone with the King tries to calm him, and having failed but got permission to speak, argues that Erophile was certainly wise to prefer to two Kings who had always been enemies of the country, their invasions still fresh in memory, the man who had repelled them. The King explains that it was precisely to end these enmities that he wanted this marriage. Counsellor develops argument of the hostility of the two suitor Kings, and then in a long speech elaborates further arguments in defence of Panaretos: his kingly descent; the uncertainty of wealth; and Erophile will surely kill herself if Panaretos is executed. He recalls the achievements of Panaretos when the country was at mercy of the enemy; the very buildings of the city would ask you to spare their deliverer; mercy is never regretted. The King quietly dismisses him, and then sends for Panaretos in his chains, and the executioners.

Scene 6. The King left alone calls Counsellor an old fool, meditates his revenge, and decides to leave Erophile alive to suffer by the death of Panaretos.

Scene 7. Panaretos is brought on in chains; the King greets him with savage sarcasm, and then reviles him as 'a mean child of mean descent'. The Chorus now present utters a faint prayer to Zeus. Panaretos confesses his fault, his subjection by Love, and then reveals his secret: he is son of Thrasymachos, the King of Tsertsa, who was defeated and killed by the same enemies as afterwards attacked Philo-

gonos. The King refuses to believe it, although Panaretos offers proof, and has him dragged off to execution. The Chorus sing an ode to the Sun, finally praying him to hide his beams and send thunderbolts and lightnings down on the King's palace.

Fourth Interlude. Godfrey with Rinaldo is exhorting his armies to a further battle before the walls. When the signal is given a herald comes out and says his master proposes another combat of four champions on either side. He promises if the Christians win to surrender the city: if the Turks win, the Christian armies are to withdraw. Godfrey accepts the conditions and withdraws as usual, promising that if Rinaldo and his companions win he will return and enter the city as a conqueror.

The champions come out and 'play a *moresca* with arms',⁵⁴ and the Turks fall. Godfrey gives thanks, Solyman comes out with the keys of the city and his treasury. Godfrey accepts the surrender, saying that Solyman shall be his friend and not his slave, and restores all his armies and possessions, for the conquest of the city was all they wanted. (A remarkable example of generosity considering the circumstances.)

Act V. Scene 1. The Messenger denouncing this accursed house can hardly bring himself to tell the Chorus, who are anxious to share his grief. At last he begins: in darkest depth of Palace where kings have been wont secretly to make human sacrifice Panaretos has been done to death. He then elaborates with many similes a description in Senecan manner of the torture and fainting, and finally of the death and mutilation of Panaretos. The palace rocked: pictures of the gods (*εἰκόνες*) averted their eyes. His body was torn to pieces: some pieces were given to lions, others kept by the King for Erophile. The Chorus apostrophizes Death and Love.

⁵⁴ παίζουν τῆ μορέσκα μὲ τ' ἄρμα.

The Messenger seeing the King thinks it better to leave him a clear stage.

Scene 2. The King enters 'with those who bear the limbs of Panaretos'. He dismisses them, wishing to speak alone with his daughter. 'Now am I a king.' He denies the theory that Kings should be kind; Kings rule by fear—'oderint dum metuant'. Vengeance is the only cure for shame; bloodshed and ruthlessness the sign of a heart full of honour. 'But here comes my disgraced and cruel daughter.'

Scene 3. Erophile enters talking with Nurse, fearing the worst and preparing to be parted from her for ever. She hopes to be buried with Panaretos, and says farewell to her dear Nurse and foster mother, asking her to look after her maidens. Meanwhile the King remarks that they are a long time coming, so we must imagine him at the other extremity of the stage. When he sees them weeping he wonders if they have heard of the death of Panaretos. And Nurse remarks, to comfort Erophile, that the King is looking quite calm and satisfied. The King greets her with ironical love and dismisses Nurse, and Erophile feels more afraid than if darkness overtook her alone in a wild forest. The King, however, begins with feigned kindness: however angry he had been at first he had decided to forgive: he had been to tell the man, whom he had even decided to take for a son-in-law, and had learned for the first time that he was the son of King Thrasymachos. This is also news to Erophile. The King goes on: he has decided to forgive her as he had forgiven him, to give him to her for a husband since she wanted him. And that she might know how kindly he felt toward her, he had brought her a present, the things in this basin, a rich gift. Erophile bows down humbly grateful, and accepts the gift 'with all her heart'. Come and take them, says the King; don't be afraid, you will be delighted. Erophile still fears, but at last looks and screams; whose mutilated head is that? The King has to tell her it is that of her lover, cut off with his own hand. There follows a scene, showing Senecan influence, the nearest approach in the

play to *stichomythia*, in which the King and Erophile exchange couplets, Erophile weeping over the basin, the King telling her it is what she deserves, and, at the end of the scene, that the more she weeps the better will he be pleased; and so he leaves her.

Scene 4. Erophile, alone, utters a long speech in which, after calling her father a beast, she rather ridiculously addresses the various mangled remains, lips, hands, and heart of her lover; in a number of metaphors contrasts her brief happiness with the woe to which she is now reduced; and finally decides to kill herself; and does so, with the knife which was left in the basin, after calling thrice on Panaretos.

Scene 5. Her maidens enter with the Chorus, looking for her, and lift up her lifeless body—in words which seem very simple and well chosen after the last scene. Why has she killed herself? The Chorus points to the head of Panaretos. The Maidens find three lines to express their sorrow with some beauty, when Nurse enters to ask why they are weeping and wailing. She soon joins the lament when she sees and hears the cause; and utters a piteous *moirólógi* promising soon to join her lovely mistress whose baby she had hoped to dandle. The Chorus tell her to be quiet; they see the King coming and have decided that he must not live any longer. Nurse rather characteristically is horrified at the idea, and tells them to put away this thought of vengeance.

Scene 6. The King asks why they are weeping; and who killed Erophile. 'This knife and this', answer the Chorus, pointing to the basin. The King is sad to lose his child, but glad he says to lose his shame, for without honour—. The Chorus remind him that his kingdom is left without an heir and that forgiveness was brought into the world for sin. The King answers rather nobly that this does not apply to Kings, and that his own name and honour are his heirs: and that the Chorus had better not try to give him any lessons. At this Nurse asks him humbly to forgive her and, falling on her knees, makes to embrace his feet and suddenly seizes

them and throws him to the ground, and calls the other women. The Chorus rush on him and cling to him to kill him, only giving him time to call on his servants and soldiers. They kill him, and the ghost of his brother rises to stand over his dead body, which it had been waiting to see. In a short final scene (though it is not separately numbered) Nurse takes the lead, saying enough of death on death; and calling him now not wicked but unhappy King. The maidens at the instruction of the Chorus bear away the body of Erophile. The Chorus drag out of sight the body of the King and moralize: how foolish are they who call themselves fortunate, for wealth, glory, and honour are only a shadow, a bubble, and a flame.

I I

It is a relief to turn from this gloomy tragedy to the third and last specimen of the Cretan drama. This is the *Gyparis*, which is what the Italians first called a 'pastoral tragic-comedy'. The first perfect example of this mode, inspired by the dialogues of Theocritus and the pastoral romance of Longus, was the *Aminta* of Tasso, first performed in 1573 and published in 1581. But it was the *Pastor Fido* of Guarini, appearing in 1590, which captivated Europe with a sensuous picture of graceful shepherds and shepherdesses talking about love in the landscape of an imaginary Arcadia. The *Pastor Fido* was followed by many translations and (if one may talk about a flock of shepherds) by a flock of imitations.⁵⁵ In England the mode produced the loveliest of them all, Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess*, which presented as it was by the 'Phoenix' some years ago showed how much dramatic beauty can arise from a series of lyrical pictures without any action at all.

⁵⁵ The chief dates are:

Aminta, favola boschereccia, performed 1573, printed 1581.

Il Pastor Fido, tragicommedia pastorale, performed 1585, printed 1590.

Alceo, favola pescatoria, written 1581, printed 1582.

The Faithful Shepherdess, 1610.

The Sad Shepherd, 1641.

There are undoubted reminiscences of the *Pastor Fido* in the *Gyparis*.

The characteristics of the mode were of course a certain amount of satire of Italian court life—what John Addington Symonds called 'a study of contemporary feeling in Italian society'—set in a purely imaginary classical landscape. Ben Jonson remarked that 'Guarini kept not decorum in making Shepherds speak as well as himself could'.⁵⁶ Guarini's followers lost even that contact with reality, and only embroidered the idyllic raptures of a fairy Arcadia, which have in fact become proverbial. The anonymous author⁵⁷ of the *Gyparis*, however, in writing a pastoral tragic-comedy for Crete, transferred the scene from Arcadia to Mount Ida, and gave the theme of hopeless love redeemed at the last moment by divine intervention to real Cretan shepherds and shepherdesses. The play, inspired as it was by the Italian fashion, borrowed numerous lines and expressions from Guarini, from Tasso's *Aminta* and *Amore Fuggitivo*, as well as from Ongaro's *Alceo*, the play which substituted fishermen for shepherds and was accordingly nicknamed the *Aminta bagnato*. But the author seldom copied. He preferred to rewrite an episode in his own manner, as he did for instance the famous incident of the desperate lover's appeal to Echo, and her comforting advice, which both Guarini and Alceo had taken from the Greek anthology.⁵⁸ More important is the fact that he certainly improved on his models

⁵⁶ Ben Jonson's own essay, *The Sad Shepherd*, is open to the same objection; his shepherds talk about Heliodorus, Longus, and Eustathius; except that there is also plenty of talk about cheese; and his extremely scholarly shepherds are balanced by the sporting talk of Robin Hood and his huntsmen, by the landscape of Sherwood Forest and by the witch of Papplewick. All that Shakespeare wanted of the pastoral he put into the wood near Athens in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

⁵⁷ Dr. Xanthoudidis has pointed out that Act III, l. 212, makes it probable that the author was a native of Rétimo, for the names Kédros and Koulókanos are those of mountains in that district (see *Byz. Neogr. Jahrb.*, vol. ii, p. 80). The close imitations of the *Gyparis* to be found in the *Fede Amorosa* of Antonios Pándimos, performed at Rétimo in 1619, make it probable that the date of the play should be placed about 1600.—[F. H. M.].

⁵⁸ *Anth. Plan.* 152 'Αχὼ φίλα, μοὶ συγκαταίνεσόν τι.—Τί;
'Ερῶ κορίσκας' ἂ δέ μ' οὐ φιλεῖ.—Φιλεῖ. . . .

and so on.

by giving his pastoral a real contact with the soil.⁵⁹ His characters are no Arcadians, but Cretan boys and girls with Cretan names—Panórea, Athoúsa, and Alexis, the old man Yannoúlis and the old woman Phrosýne, while Gýparis himself, the faithful shepherd of the title, bears a name well known in modern Crete.⁶⁰ One bearer of it was a rather notorious henchman of Venizelos in the stormy years 1917–20. The dialect is real Cretan, rising indeed at emotional moments into the fashionable rhetoric, but in some speeches, especially in the mouth of the old shepherd and his companion Phrosýne, very broadly rustic and full of character; many scenes show a genial sense of humour which is usually somewhat lacking in Greek popular literature. Mount Ida itself is at times referred to by its modern name of Pselorites; while the shepherd's vocabulary becomes on occasion so realistic that some of it can only be understood by the help of a paper which has fortunately been lately published by Xanthoudidis on the technical terms used by modern shepherds in Crete.⁶¹ The merits of this play have hitherto been curiously neglected; and even Krumbacher refers to it—and as a tragedy—in conjunction with two others of the Sathas collection, as being of small significance.⁶²

There are two alternative prologues, which may be an indication that the play was so popular that it had to be revived and fitted with a fresh prologue. But I think it is more likely that the first, spoken by 'the Goddess of the Comedy', apparently Artemis, was composed by the poet

⁵⁹ The plot in outline is, as Sathas has pointed out, to be found in one of the pastoral poems of Andreas Calmo (published in 1553). There are even verbal similarities. Sathas is inclined to think that both Calmo and the author of the *Gyparis* drew from the same source, an older Greek poem, which has been lost.—[F. H. M.]

⁶⁰ Sathas quotes an N. G. Gyparis from a contemporary (1877) newspaper report.

⁶¹ Ποιμενικά Κρήτης, in *Λεξικογραφικόν ἀρχαίων τῆς μέσης καὶ νέας Ἑλληνικῆς* vol. 5, Athens, 1918. The translator would also gratefully acknowledge help given by Dr. Xanthoudidis in correspondence.

⁶² 'Weniger bedeutend sind die kretischen Tragödien Zenon, Stathis und Gyparis, die Sathas mit der Erophile veröffentlicht hat.'

with his comedy as first written: the second, spoken by a god who is called Zeus but is apparently meant to be Apollo, who addresses himself with exaggerated gallantry to the fair ladies of the audience and describes rather facetiously his unfortunate adventure with Daphne, must, I think, have been written by request for the public performance, and probably by another and less literate hand. No doubt then, as now, theatrical managers were unwilling to believe that any work as it came from the poet's hand was quite what the public wanted.

I 2

Act I. Gyparis, in despair for hopeless love—his sighs will burn up the woods and his tears poison the grass—meets Alexis who is surprised to find the gay Gyparis as sorrowful for love as himself. After a comparison of sorrows, Gyparis confesses that his is a snowy forehead, sapphire eyes, and the accordant red lips, marble arms, crystalline neck, silver breasts, and golden hair, combined with a serpent's heart and a Nereid's character; and, further questioned, says the cruel girl is Panórea, daughter of Yannoúlis. He bewails her power over him and her cruelty which for four years now he has failed to soften.

Alexis says that time and words are all-powerful. 'You can hope. My case is worse for I am afraid to reveal my love.' Gyparis says he can enjoy her sight, song, and company. Alexis argues that Gyparis can at least give his cruel girl pleasure by his tears! Gyparis answers that to see her rejoice in his sorrow only increases it. Alexis explains that his own division between fear and love is worse than Gyparis's straightforward weeping. Gyparis answers that fire cannot quench fire. *Alexis*: 'Then why do you go on weeping?' *Gyparis*: 'Because I hope for help: but please go away—I want to speak to this old woman alone.' *Alexis*: 'I will, but let us meet again to tell each other of our griefs.'

Phrosýne enters, an old woman, who also begins to speak of the sorrows of love: she went through all the thousand fires and woes of love when she was a young girl: but even

now when she sees a good-looking young man she wishes she could be young again! *Gyparis*: 'I see the proverb is true—what you learn young you never forget!' *Phrosyne*: 'But they say there is an old shepherd here at the White Spring who can work magic and make old women young again.' *Gyparis*: 'She must be mad.' *Phrosyne*: 'If I become young again. . . .' *Gyparis*: 'Like a smoky old chimney.' *Phrosyne*: 'It must be Gyparis.' *Gyparis*: 'Have you seen Panorea?' *Phrosyne*: 'Night and day I have been after her.' *Gyparis*: 'But only yesterday I met her in this very valley with Athousa, and she was more beautiful than ever, and I told her so.' *Phrosyne*: 'What did she say?' *Gyparis*: 'Nothing, but she looked. . . .' *Phrosyne*: 'Never mind, I will speak to her first, and if my words fail, let her see what my magic will do.' *Gyparis*: 'I have two or three thousand sheep with silver bells—all are yours if you make her end my sufferings.' *Phrosyne*: 'You shall keep your flocks and admire them with your Panorea. I only want a cup of milk.' *Gyparis*: 'Milk, cream, cheese, sausages, and everything in our cottage you shall share.' So they part on good terms with many assurances of service. Phrosyne, left alone, utters a remarkable discourse on the true nature of women, who are really entirely given up to the pursuit of men!⁶³

Act II. Yannoulis, an old shepherd (father of Panorea), alone, delivers a long tirade in the Aristophanic manner against women and old wives in particular, with many curious words. He thanks God that he is widowed. Unfortunately he has a daughter with a mad passion for running off alone in the woods to hunt. He is in perpetual fear that some shepherd of the thousands in love with her may find her alone and do her harm. ['Spoil her for me', i.e. prevent her making a profitable marriage!]

⁶³ This sounds almost like the preface to *Man and Superman*: 'The pretence that women do not take the initiative is part of the farce. Why, the whole world is strewn with snares, traps, gins and pitfalls for the capture of men by women.'

Panorea enters complaining bitterly that she has allowed a wounded deer to escape into the woods. Her father begins to scold her for her mountain-running ways. She asks innocently what he wanted her for. He replies furiously that the ewes are waiting to be milked. Surely, she says, you didn't expect me to do the milking with you? Whereupon, in a delightful speech, he compares her unfavourably with her dear mother who was working all day—spinning, weaving, carding wool, winnowing, milking, cheese-making! She runs about the hills all day without bringing home so much as a hare. Mind she doesn't fall into the snare of some shepherd.

Panorea declares she has brothers all round in the mountains to protect her if she calls, and with her bow and arrows she is not afraid of wild beasts. Her father tells her to stop boasting and come and milk the flocks. Panorea tells him coolly to go and milk them himself: she will wait for her companion of the chase, Athousa, and if he has something nice for their supper they will sing to him afterwards. Yannoulis promises milk and cheese and biscuit if they are not late home. As soon as she is alone Panorea says she is tired out: washes and drinks at the spring and lies down to sleep while waiting for Athousa.

Gyparis enters and compares himself to the wounded deer with Love's arrow in his breast. Seeing Panorea asleep he tries to calm and collect his senses; approaches, tells us once more of his passion, apostrophizes in some pretty conceits the blessed grass on which she rests, and is plucking up, has just plucked up courage to kiss her when she wakes, and drives him away with threats of violence from her brothers. Gyparis begs her to follow the example of nature and let him enjoy a little fine weather for a change. It is time after four years that she should at least throw him a glance of pity. Beauty was given to woman in order to inspire love; and where after all will she find a better lover?

Where, answers Panorea, will she find any one to give her more trouble? His intentions, says Gyparis, are strictly honourable. Panorea with remarkable straightforwardness

and simplicity says she does not want to get married: let him find another bride among the three hundred fair maidens on Ida. 'Faithful love like mine,' says Gyparis, 'deserves a better reward than death.' 'Please tell me,' says Panorea, like Patience; 'I cannot tell what this love may be.' 'Paradise,' says Gyparis, 'when two hearts love as one; fire when one loves and the other hates.' Panorea tells him it is no use hoping that she will ever love. Gyparis weeps and begs her to look at him. Panorea is getting angry. Not for her anger or cruelty, says Gyparis, will his love grow less, but only if her beauty fade. Panorea hopes his eyes may fall out before her own hair does—that he may never see her ugly—and decides to go and wait down at the sheepfold. She is no sooner gone, when Athousa her friend returns, and finds Gyparis weeping on the ground, and listens while Gyparis prays to the Sun to hide his beams, and then to Love, asking him to bring Panorea to see his grave when he has killed himself; then apostrophizes the lovely world, all woods, plains, and hills, trees and grass, caves, rivers and streams; next the heavens and the sun; the moon, consolation by night; the stars which were hostile at his birth (yet he thanks them for he found more pity and kindness in them than in his mistress); the shepherdesses of Ida he asks to mourn him, with a *moirólógi*; his friends to rejoice at his release. His mother, father, and brothers to love his mistress, and if she ever marries to love her husband as another Gyparis; his flocks to throw away their silver bells and mourn for him; his pipe he hangs on the sweet laurel; and then after a last peroration to his love in highly euphuistic language, calls on his good sword to help him; and thrice invokes the name of Panorea—when Athousa grasps his hand. 'Let me kill myself,' says Gyparis. Athousa tells him, in a style of her own which suggests a little piping good-natured voice, that she has overheard everything he has said and has hopes that Panorea may relent. They have a little conversation about suicide for love. Athousa finally persuades him to put up his sword, promising to speak to Panorea on his behalf. She hopes to bring off the marriage

this very day! Gyparis will go with her to the sheepfold where Panorea is to be found.

Act III. Phrosyne, the old woman, is telling Panorea that she has heard from Athousa about Gyparis wanting to kill himself; 'what would they have said about you if he had!' Panorea is not impressed, and Phrosyne goes on to preach to her the blessings of lawful marriage: the qualities of Gyparis, who owns three thousand sheep, his wealth, his constancy, his good looks. Panorea says she will love Gyparis and want him for a husband, when the rivers run backwards, the birds live in the sea, and the fishes come to feed on Mount Ida. No, she bears him no ill will, but she does not want to get married. *Phrosyne*: 'Your lovely face adorned by the heavens must not be allowed to die like a rose flowering in the wilderness.' Unfortunately Phrosyne in her defence of marriage cannot keep up this poetic level and falls back on the argument from birds, beasts, fishes, and plants, all subject to the power of Love. You will grow old. Time flies like a bird, and flowers once withered by winter storms will not bloom again. 'Look at me who was once as beautiful as any shepherdess on Ida, and be warned in time to leave children to inherit your beauty.' *Panorea*: 'I know no pleasure but the chase.' *Phrosyne*: 'If once you have known the pleasures of Love you will always be sorry for the time lost.' *Panorea*: 'When I do you will see the stars fall.' *Phrosyne*: 'I was like that once. But a young man tamed me with his tears—and then. . . . So one day I expect to see you in the arms of Gyparis and your bow and quiver hung up behind your bed!' Panorea remains incredulous, and Phrosyne next dwells on the wealth of Gyparis: 'other shepherdesses will work for you, while you with Gyparis go hunting or take your pleasure in the shade, in the meadows, down at the sheepfold or up in the snows. Panorea laughs at her, and Phrosyne's last shot is a threat: 'Aphrodite will give Gyparis some other pretty girl and leave you with an old man.' But Panorea walks off refusing to hear any more. Phrosyne having failed with words, resolves to try her witch-

craft, and by the mixing of beans in her magic cauldron will soon have Panorea running after Gyparis; but she will first speak to her father.

Yannoulis enters looking for a goat which has strayed from the fold. He falls into talk with Phrosyne (who in her youth was no better than she should be), and they tease each other about growing old without growing wiser, with a good many coarse jokes, and, in a scene which must have been popular, outdo each other in comparing the infirmities of old men and old women, while Yannoulis becomes rather amorous, recalling good times past. Phrosyne protests that it is better to forget them, and at last remembers to ask him about Gyparis. Yannoulis explains that he cannot understand his daughter Panorea's unwillingness to marry such a good husband as Gyparis. He will speak to her about it once more and severely. They go off together to his sheepfold, Yannoulis deciding to leave his lost goat to its fate, tarrying behind only to speak some lines that close a scene of remarkable comic realism.

Alexis enters alone, telling us that the love in his heart is like a river in flood. He is still suspended between fear and desire, and tells us so at great length. At last Athousa enters, speaking to herself of the cruelty of Panorea and the unhappy fate of the lovelorn Gyparis. Her remarks give Alexis courage to speak to her; they talk a little of the time (midday) and place (the spring), and Alexis tells her of a shepherd who loves and is ready to serve her ceaselessly and faithfully: he describes his own case as that of a friend of his on whose behalf he appeals to her. She tells him that he pleads in vain—she never wants to marry. At which he falls senseless to the ground.⁶⁴ She is much distressed and sprinkles him with water from the spring. He revives and confesses his love. Athousa is very sorry—she always thought he was quite safe; but finally she allows him to accompany her if he promises not to talk about Love.

⁶⁴ Compare with this episode the corresponding one in *The Fair Shepherdess*, translated in the Appendix.

Act IV. Yannoulis, alone, is regretting his old age which has deprived him of the enjoyments of youth. Panorea and Athousa enter from the chase, Athousa telling Panorea she did quite right to take no notice of Gyparis. 'Men are all the same, pursuing us all the time with one object, our dishonour.' Panorea says that if she did want love, that of Gyparis is faithful enough. But Athousa says they are all inconstant and worthless (like Kallistos who deserted Ero-phile). At this Yannoulis breaks in with a furious scolding against the stupidity of girls who think all men are at their feet and will not get married when they can. 'Please excuse me,' says Panorea, 'but I never want to get married as I have often told you;' and Athousa agrees with her. Yannoulis simply does not believe it: they are just coquetting, and if the men change their minds. . . . At another calm denial from his daughter he loses his temper and threatens to beat them both. They leave him still grumbling at the curse of children, especially daughters.

In the next scene Gyparis is discovered with Alexis in lamentation. 'To-day let no shepherd sing, no Nereid⁶⁵ dance; let the sun fall, the rivers run blood, come flood, come fire, and every sigh become a ravening lion.'

Phrosyne tries to calm their competition of lamentation, and tells them to cease, for they are now come to the Cave wherein dwells the Nereid who will tell them their fortune, good or ill, in love, and what they can do to be delivered. They ask Phrosyne to speak for them for the Maiden is difficult of approach.⁶⁶ She goes up to the cave and prays to the Nymph, who, answering by echoing the last word of each question, says they must sacrifice to the Goddess—Aphrodite. Gyparis himself approaches, and asking what will be his love's requital, is given the answer 'Love'. Alexis then wants to ask about his fair Athousa, but Phrosyne says that that is enough for one day—and here comes from the Temple

⁶⁵ Sathas prints *Νεράϊδα* with a capital. But it is probably used here as it is later in the same scene only in the sense of a pretty girl, although a little later again *Νεράϊδα* is the Nymph or Fairy who dwells in the cave.

⁶⁶ *Διὰ τ' εἶναι ἡ κόρη ὑπνομαρά.*

the Priest of Aphrodite; let them tell him their troubles, but not forget to mention that they will give abundant presents, because the price of priests like everything else has gone up nowadays!

The Priest comes out of the Temple complaining that piety is lost from among men; three months have passed without a worshipper approaching the shrine of the Goddess. Both Gyparis and Alexis kneel at his feet asking to be released from their sufferings, while Phrosyne adds her couplet—he must not let the Goddess lose such ready servants. The Priest makes them rise up and repeat their complaints of unrequited love; and then prays to the Goddess 'dwelling in the third heaven',⁶⁷ all powerful on earth, to help two deserving lovers and humble two maidens, who boast of their immunity. Gyparis and Phrosyne join in a response, as well as Alexis, who reminds the Goddess of her own love for Adonis.⁶⁸ The Priest thinks their prayer has been heard and tells them hurriedly to kneel down, when the Goddess herself, with her son Eros, comes out of the Shrine. Their prayers have been heard: this very day their love shall be requited: her son is sent off at once to shoot the stubborn girls with his arrows and fill them with love and boldness. The Priest, the two worshippers, and Phrosyne arrange that the honour of the Goddess's personal appearance shall be rewarded by regular and unfailing offerings and faithful service. The Priest withdraws into the temple to water the garden. Left alone the lovers rejoice and resolve to lose no time in finding their shepherdesses to see the change worked in them by the Goddess.

Act V. Eros himself is discovered alone and speaks a sort of prologue to the last Act, which shows perhaps slight

⁶⁷ Cf. Tasso, *Amore Fuggitivo*:

Scesa dal terzo cielo

Io che sono di lui Regina e, Dea. . .

⁶⁸ Ἐσὺ, ποῦ ἀκλούθας ἴς τὰ βουνά, ἴς τὰ ὄρη καὶ ἴς τὰ δάση,
τ'ἀγαφτικοῦ σου τοῦ ὄμορφου, πρίχου θηριᾶ τὸν φᾶσι,
κ'έκλαψες εἰς τὸ ὑστερον τὸ τέλος τῆς ὄμορφιάς του,
κ'έκαμες ἄνθη κόκκινα τὸ αἶμα τῆς καρδιάς του.

reminiscence or at least reminds a reader of a parabasis of Aristophanes and a chorus of Sophocles. He defends himself and his beneficent power over Gods and men, and describes his dwelling in the brows or the eyes of beautiful maidens, whence he shoots his arrows, the golden arrows with which he has just subdued the two shepherdesses, Panorea and Athousa, who now come forward. Panorea describes the symptoms, a sudden feeling of pity for Gyparis, then the sudden onset of love, and asks advice from Athousa, who of course is herself burning with love, since early in the morning Alexis came so sweetly into her heart; her heart aches and she realizes only too well the sufferings of Alexis whom she longs to embrace. They must go and find their swains—when Phrosyne enters, coming to see what change Love has wrought in them. She begins by congratulating them on their release, for says she, Gyparis and Alexis have taken an oath to find other loves and never to speak to them again! Panorea, coming straight to business, says she has been thinking over Phrosyne's advice, and has decided to marry Gyparis if Phrosyne will arrange it, and if he will see her father. Phrosyne says it is too late now, and teases Panorea who has to implore in humiliation. Phrosyne to herself exclaims at the power of Love, the slayer of the hard hearted, the disposer of maidens, the scourge of the wilful, and when Panorea asks what she is muttering about says she is thinking of Panorea's words about the fishes coming to feed on Mount Ida!⁶⁹

Panorea weeps and threatens to kill herself, and Athousa hastens to point out that she herself deserves no such punishment as Panorea, because Alexis only told her of his love to-day. Phrosyne is still unrelenting when Yannoulis comes in.

Yannoulis is still raging that his daughter will not wed the only shepherd, the rich and love-lorn Gyparis, who is likely to take her without a big dowry. In the good old times dowries were not expected—but now! (Gyparis being in love will be glad to take her in nothing but a shift!) He asks

⁶⁹ See Act III, ll. 57 ff.

Panorea if she has come to her senses. Panorea answers that she has decided to do as her father wishes. Yannoulis is pleased and forgives her and turns to Athousa: why will not she too marry her Alexis? Athousa says she has decided to follow the example of Panorea, if Yannoulis will treat her as a daughter and arrange matters for her. Phrosyne tells him it is no use: the young men have vowed to have no more to do with them—and whoever loses his chance . . .! Athousa and Panorea in despair and Yannoulis in sympathy all exclaim 'if this is true!' and at last Phrosyne confesses that it ought to be true, but actually they are more in love than ever, blinded and like birds caught in a net. Panorea and Athousa endure still more heart flutterings as Gyparis and Alexis come in looking for them, and wondering how they will find them. [In this final scene six characters (all except the Immortals and the Priest) are assembled on the stage.] Yannoulis calls them to come and arrange the marriage and take their brides; and after greetings he formally bestows Panorea on Gyparis. The two lovers clasp hands and are betrothed, and then it is the turn of Alexis to take Athousa and receive the old man's blessing; 'if it is a dream,' says he, 'may I never wake up'. Yannoulis invites them and Phrosyne to the wedding to be blessed by the priest of the Goddess, down at the farm, to which all the shepherds of Ida will be invited. Two oxen shall be slain and the rejoicings will last five or six months. Phrosyne adds her glad blessing, for she loves them like a mother. Gyparis takes Panorea by the hand:

'Hand in hand let us go and enter into our house. O you fortunate woods and clustering trees with green branches and blossoms laden; and you cool grasses and chill waters of the fountain; you sweetest birds beautiful to me beyond nature; and you temple of the holy Goddess, who are all witnesses of my joy and give me my heart's requital; since I can give you no other thanks but words alone, I pray heaven, the sun and moon and stars, the night and the day-break, which are overflowing with grace, to grant you that no wind or mist, no rain or snow fall ever on these places;

neither shall the shepherds ever lead their flocks to eat the grass of this meadow; that it may always be cool and green and flowery, beautiful and most fresh and sweet smelling; that the maidens may look on you and the young men may honour you, to make garlands here and lovely nosegays. In joy I leave you, for I go now to make an end of my sufferings, and my pains shall have their reward.'

It only remains for Alexis to bid the shepherds of Ida, young and old, rejoice with them without envy, and, if they love, hope for the like felicity.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

- E. Legrand: *Bibliothèque grecque vulgaire*, vol. i, Paris, 1880; vol. ii, Paris, 1881.
 K. N. Sathas: *Κρητικὸν θέατρον*, Venice, 1879.
 H. Pernot: *Études de littérature grecque moderne*, Paris, 1916.
 D. C. Hesselring: *Histoire de la littérature grecque moderne*, Paris, 1924.
 K. Krumbacher: *Byzantinische Literaturgeschichte*, München, 1897.
 S. Xanthoudidis: *Ἐρωτόκριτος*, Candia, 1915.
 J. Psichari: *Un Mystère crétois du XVI^e siècle (Revue de Paris, April 15), 1903.*
 W. Martin-Leake: *Researches in Greece*, London, 1814.
 *C. Bursian: *Erophile, Vulgärgriechische Tragödie von Georgios Chortatzes aus Kreta. Ein Beitrag zur Geschichte der neugriechischen und der italiänischen Litteratur*, Leipzig, 1870.
 S. Xanthoudidis: *Μάρκου Ἀντωνίου Φωσκόλου Φορτουνάτος*, Athens, 1922.
 W. Miller: *Essays on the Latin Orient*, Cambridge, 1921.
 S. Xanthoudidis: *Διορθωτικὰ εἰς τὰ Κρητικὰ δράματα (Byzantinisch-Neugriechische Jahrbücher, ii)*. Berlin, 1921.
 N. A. Bees: *Ἐρωφίλη μεσαιωνικὴ τραγωδία*, Athens, 1926.
 S. Xanthoudidis: *Ἐρωφίλη τραγωδία Γεωργίου Χορτάτζη (1600)*, Athens, 1928.

* I know this only from the references of Legrand, Sathas, and Krumbacher.

SACRIFICE OF ABRAHAM

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

ANGEL.

ABRAHAM.

SARAH.

ISAAC.

SYBAN and SOFER. Servants to Abraham.

ADA and TAMAR. Maids to Sarah.

NOTE.—The *Dramatis Personae* are not included in the Greek edition, nor are there stage directions, except in a very few instances.

THE SACRIFICE OF ABRAHAM

ANGEL

AWAKE, O Abraham, awake! Rise, stand upon thy feet.
To hest I bring from heaven above to listen it is meet.
Awake, thou servant of High God, awake, thou loyal heart,
For it is time that care-free sleep should from thine eyes depart.
Awake, O Abraham, to hear what is His will to say, 5
'Fore whom the angels prostrate fall and trembling homage pay.
This very day our God requires sacrifice to be made,
Worthy and free from stain, and on thyself the charge is laid.
That sacrifice is not of lambs or things of vile estate;
The sacrifice that He requires of thee is truly great. 10
It is the only son thou hast, the darling of thy heart,
With whom as sacrifice thy God commandeth thee to part.
Yea, thee, O Abraham, in place of lamb or e'en of kid
Thy God young Isaac's tender frame to sacrifice doth bid.
So rouse him quickly from his sleep that he with thee may go 15
Unto a lofty mountain-height which I to thee will show.
Ascend that mountain zealously, and when thou reachst its head,
Slay thou thy son and burn with fire; thou must not shrink in dread.
Hasten, and wake thy child from sleep, and take him on thy way;
See thou fulfil with zeal the task which I upon thee lay. 20
Stay not, O Abraham, nor think this hest again I'll bear;
Weep not, and murmur not at all, for that our God will hear.
Within three days it is enjoined this offering be made—
Such is the order, and on thee command is straitly laid.
Thou thy Creator's word hast heard, thou must not from it shrink; 25
Rise up and go thy way, nor stand trembling upon the brink.
Away with wavering of mind, away with doubt and fear,
And let thy faith, so that it reach the heights of heaven, shine clear.

ABRAHAM

Ah me! A trembling seizes me, through dizziness I shake,
I know not whether I'm asleep or whether I'm awake. 30
What hest, O Angel, hast thou brought unto me from my Lord
Enthroned on high? I have no strength to carry out His word.

O King of kings, what thing is this which these mine ears do hear,
 What burden this which Thou hast bid me in my old age bear?
 How can mine eyes look on this thing, or my hand do the deed, 35
 How can my body muster force which trembles like a reed?
 Ah me! However can my will daring like this display,
 How can I make my heart like lion's my only son to slay?
 How can I at him 'fore my feet, like kid when startled, look,
 Like calf which piteously lows, or fish which writhes on hook? 40
 Is this the blessing which Thou gavst to Sarah and to me,
 That never we distress or pain or curse in life should see?
 Sarah no longer was of age that she could child conceive,
 How could she, weak and old, such powers from nature's hand receive?
 Yet unto her I entered in, and she a child conceived, 45
 And thus was by a law divine Nature herself deceived.
 And we believed, poor simpletons, this did our burden lift,
 And that the child would live and grow, the child which was Thy gift.
 But now what cause hath Thee impelled Thy purpose thus to change,
 And made Thee kindness take away and wrath 'gainst us to range? 50
 My Lord, have pity upon me and mark my bitter tear,
 Leave me not without any ruth the ills of age to bear.
 If a requital must be given for anything I've done,
 Let it to Abraham be given, not to his guiltless son.
 My God, send on me poverty, weakness of body, care, 55
 If only from this sacrifice this son of mine Thou'lt spare.
 My flocks and herds are numerous, my riches overflow—
 Nay, not in all the world for wealth mine equal do I know.
 Let all the riches I possess away from me be ta'en,
 If only from this sacrifice Thine hand Thou wilt refrain. 60
 My God, I pray Thee Abraham of wealth and life deprive,
 If only Isaac Thou wilt leave, to serve Thee, still alive.
 O do not utterly blot out the joy which thrilled my frame,
 When in the world my son appeared and into being came.
 For if I have committed sin or guilt of crime do bear, 65
 The penalty for these my crimes Isaac should never share.
 Unhappy house of Abraham, what curse hath on thee lit!
 What storms and tempests round thee rage, what shadows on thee sit!
 My wife, to misery foredoomed, is sleeping safe and sound,
 And of the danger nothing knows which compasses us round. 70

O let me from here haste away that she may nought perceive,
 Lest taking stone she smite herself and thus her life she leave.
 Let me go on my way and make the vow my God commands,
 For all the secrets which the heart hides deep He understands.

[Exit ANGEL.]

(*Abraham rises from his bed, and falls on his knees and prays:*)

O Lord, since those commands of Thine no alteration know, 75
 Which unto me Thy Angel brought, descending here below,
 Since the command which Thou hast made must still unaltered be,
 And change of mind admitteth not, with pity list to me.
 Take Isaac from me, let him not with me here longer live,
 But do not thus his sire command the death-stroke him to give. 80
 Death is the portion of all flesh, we all with him must meet;
 From him we never can escape however fast our feet.
 But do not ask a hapless sire to take the slayer's part,
 O Thou Creator of the world, though Thou our Master art.
 I know that I have often erred, and am deep-steeped in sin; 85
 But these my errors and my faults can from Thee pardon win.
 But if this hest can by no means an alteration find,
 Put daring in my heart, and strength of will into my mind,
 That Isaac as a son of mine I may no longer know,
 For I have flesh to feel a pain, a heart to suffer woe. 90
 Give strength, my God, for upon me Thou didst this order lay,
 That I may the impossible make possible to-day.
 Grant, though I see him as he burns, I yet may shed no tear,
 Grant that this sacrifice its full accomplishment may bear.

SARAH

O Abraham, O Abraham, what meaneth this thy cry? 95
 Art dreaming, or of slumber reft in wakefulness dost lie?
 Draw near, and tell me what it is which thee such pain affords;
 Who is it that with thee thus speaks? What purport have these words?

ABRAHAM

My wife, no dream at all I dream, but words from my mouth fall;
 I make my prayer to God above Who gives commands to all. 100
 Being a guilty sinner I with prayer would Him appease;
 To our Creator I bend low, falling upon my knees.

So start not into wakefulness, from restlessness refrain;
It is yet night, so turn thee now to slumber once again.

SARAH

It is not now the hour of prayer. What talk is this thou keepst? 105
Thy broken accents witness all too clearly that thou weepst.
I see thy tongue is parched and dry, thy look is dark with woe,
Thy very gait, as thou dost move, argues some bitter blow.
It is no time that I should lie and calmly take my rest;
I would draw nigh to thee and hear what troubles so thy breast. 110
It is no time to take one's ease, no time to lie abed,
For bitter poison, Abraham, upon thy mouth is shed.

ABRAHAM

One trouble sore hath laid me low, and now there comes its mate;
'Tis hard to reckon which of these two troubles is more great.
If with the one I could not cope, how shall I bear the twain? 115
What will her feelings be when I this thing to her make plain?
O Lord, Who gavst me this command, give to Thy servant aid;
O let Thine anger cease, remove the burden Thou hast laid.

SARAH

O Abraham, 'tis not the time to bury in thy breast
Thy secret thoughts, for thy deep grief stands in thine eyes confessed.
Heavy and bitter needs must be the thing which thou hast heard. 121
Then shrink not back, and do not fear to me to speak this word.
Say on—at least it may be that I thee some comfort show,
E'en though beyond that comforting my counsel may not go.
Come, soften thee at this my prayer, thy hardness put away, 125
And lay command upon thy tongue this matter to display.
Thy flesh and my flesh are but one, our hearts in common beat;
Mine are the pains and sufferings which in thy heart do meet.

ABRAHAM

That for which with a strong desire thou eagerly dost yearn,
Thou wilt, poor wife, ere no long time see and by suffering learn. 130
But ere the deed be done, that thing I venture not to tell,
For what thy mind and temper are I know but all too well.
Thou into much ado wilt fall, if I this thing make clear,
And when I think to tell thee it, my mind shrinks back in fear.

Come, promise me thou wilt not faint or take away thy life; 135
No matter what the thing thou hearst, thou wilt not stir up strife.
If thou wilt make thy heart as stone so that it feels no pain,
Then from the telling what I hide I will no more refrain.

SARAH

Come, tell me of it, as thou love unto thy wife dost bear;
Tell me, and shrink not back in dread, and bid a truce to fear. 140
For thou wilt find I humbly list and never utter cry,
No, even though thou tellest me Isaac to-day must die.

ABRAHAM (*aside*)

Poor wife, true prophecy is this thou utterest from thy bed;
My secret has by thee been found even ere it is said.

(SARAH *enters* ABRAHAM'S *room*.)

SARAH

Behold me, Abraham, on my knees, bidding thee pity take, 145
And tell me, for my heart as hard as any stone I'll make,
And listen with a patience mild to all that thou shalt say;
Never will I resistance make, but humbly thee obey.
The more thou sayest that this thing weighs down thy heart like lead,
The more my reasoning powers thou makst me lose for very dread, 150
And all the more my heart is stirred and is with longing thrilled
To learn what is that heavy woe for us to be fulfilled.
Nay, I would beg of thee, stand not with lips so tightly sealed,
But, as thou wouldst in Isaac joy, keep it no more concealed.

ABRAHAM

Know then our Lord Creator God has order on me laid 155
That our son Isaac should to Him a sacrifice be made.
He has ordained (and to this thing there can be no deny),
That I should kill him, and when slain on blazing altar lay.
With my own hand He wills that I this sacrifice fulfil,
And that this Eucharist take place upon a lofty hill. 160
Therefore, as woman wise, chase out bitterness from thy heart,
Chase out (for this to flesh belongs) all grief and sorrow's smart.
For this is ordinance of God, Who all creation guides;
He by this test who servants true and faithful are decides.
As woman wise, console thyself, to grief give not free rein; 165
Whate'er thou sufferest, from thanks to God do not refrain.

His order 's laid on thee and me, from us He claims our son;
 So let us cry whate'er betide 'Thy will, not ours, be done'.
 Our child is not our own to keep, but rather His alone;
 He asks that child—His right to claim who ventures to disown? 170

SARAH

Ah! Bitter news thou utterest! What pangs do rend my breast!
 I am as though burned up with fire, with shuddering possessed.
 Alas! ye sword and dagger-strokes which have struck to my heart,
 And dealt me hundred wounds which in my inmost vitals smart!
 How can I still endure to live, how can my life remain 175
 When I thus hear that speedily my son is to be slain?
 Would that in my old age I had become both deaf and blind,
 That I could neither eyes to see nor ears for hearing find,
 That I could neither see nor hear, my child, how thee I lose,
 And thus to thousand hourly wounds entry to heart refuse! 180
 For how can I this news receive and keep my powers of mind,
 How can I these fell tidings hear and still remain resigned?
 O Judge Supreme of humankind, restrain Thy bitter wrath,
 Thy purpose turn aside, and change the sentence Thou givst forth.
 The sword of Justice once again within its sheath now place, 185
 And take instead compassion mild dowered with such comely grace,
 And judge therewith the woes which us encompass round to-day,
 And grant, as comfort in our age, our child alive may stay.
 Or else, ere that my child doth die, unto myself death give;
 Let not Thy majesty decree that I without him live. 190
 My powers have wilted quite away, my heart seems like to die,
 My life's force is all shrivelled up and my last hour is nigh.
 O give me aid; my strength is gone and my soul ebbs away;
 The tale of all my years is told, my life no more can stay.

(*She swoons. Enter ADA and TAMAR.*)

ADA

Ye servants, gather to our aid in this our crisis dread; 195
 See our good mistress how she lies, as though she were now dead.

TAMAR

Say, why without a cause she hath thus fainted right away;
 Her face with pallor overspread doth coming death betray.

So let us lift her from the ground and bear her to her bed,
 For soon she will be ta'en from us and numbered with the dead. 200
 [*Exit SARAH, with MAIDS.*]

ABRAHAM

Alas! for all my misery, alas! for my ill lot,
 Alas, for my unhappy age which this poor son begot!
 For sorrow follows sorrow's train and woe on woe is heaped,
 And on the torment gone before another yet has leaped.
 Sentence on Isaac was pronounced that he should lose his life, 205
 And now again it is decreed Abraham must lose his wife.
 I thought it all along and said: 'If I tell her this thing,
 I lose her, nor can her at all from self-destruction bring.'
 Would that mine eyes were veiled o'er or that my ears were blocked,
 Or that my heart were made of iron, since in this strife I'm locked.
 For then I could not see this woe, nor feel at all my pain, 211
 But I should render thanks to God, nor from my task refrain.
 But the flesh too must play its part and claim in this its share,
 So that my limbs like drifting smoke are scattered here and there.
 O my Creator and my Lord, by Thee I am possessed 215
 Of flesh; O in this hour of trial grant that this flesh have rest!
 All my desires and all my thoughts on serving Thee are bent,
 Grant me from weakness of the flesh and from its weight relent,
 That I may hesitate no more my debt in full to pay
 And carry out with zealous heart all that my Lord can say. 220
 What is Thy will, O Lord, and what is Thy command be done;
 Let not Thy servant from Thy word or from Thy ordinance run.
 It was Thy grace which gave him me, Thy grace takes him away,
 Thy grace doth all that fair in life and goodly is display.

(*Re-enter ANGEL.*)

ANGEL

O Abraham in thine old age thy goodness ne'er resign, 225
 The child that God has given thee is now no longer thine—
 Nay not thy child alone, but eke the frame that holds thy life,
 Thy house, thy property, thy wealth and she who is thy wife.
 A Lord and Master over thee thou hast Who gives commands,
 The One Who knows all secret things and the heart understands. 230

Therefore no longer dally here. Act, for the hour goes by;
 Thy trusty sword which serveth thee gird upon thy right thigh.
 Summon thy servants, that they may thy orders strictly keep,
 And kindle fire to bear with thee and wake thy child from sleep.
 So ere that Sarah rouse herself and thy departure see,
 Hasten with all the speed thou canst, forth on thy journey flee. 235

ABRAHAM

Syban and Sofer, faithful thralls, your slumbers drive away!
 A service from you both I claim; hasten, show no delay.
 Be zealous to perform my hests, for God stirs up my mind,
 That I, for what He orders me, quick execution find. 240

(Enter SYBAN and SOFER.)

SERVANTS

Master, we both of us are here. What is thy cause of zeal,
 That thou, with utterance so sad, dost make to us appeal?
 What service rouses thee like this? Why must thou haste display?
 Why art thou waked and fully dressed two hours ere break of day?
 Never before have we thee seen so soon aroused, we deem;
 Some message of an ill import has stirred thee, it would seem. 245

ABRAHAM

The cause of haste and stir of heart 'tis no time to reveal;
 The ponderings within my soul I must for now conceal.
 'Tis yours with zealousness to do all that which I command;
 You it behoves that at my word ready to act ye stand. 250
 Take ye now faggots, bind them up to kindle the fire's glow,
 And lade a beast therewith, for we on a long journey go.
 For I have purposed unto God a sacrifice to make,
 And with myself I will my son as my companion take.
 Come hasten now and show your zeal. Here is the sack, behold! 255
 To our Creator sacrifice we'll make as we were told.

SOFER

My master, dost not give command that we to thy fold hie,
 That thence we may from out thy flock some victim meet supply;
 That, since this sacrifice to make, thou sayest, thou art bid,
 We may thee bring from out that pen a lamb and ram and kid? 260

ABRAHAM

My faithful servants, though we're called to sacrifice to-day,
 There is no need of lamb or ram or kid to make display.
 Yours is the task to issue forth; the victim is my care.
 I know myself whence I can lamb for sacrifice prepare.

[Exeunt SERVANTS.]

Let me now take my knife with edge so keen, my trusty blade, 265
 Let me assume a lion's heart and hand of iron made.
 Let me take instruments of fire and go upon my way:
 I see that time is passing on and brooks not of delay.
 Let me depart ere Sarah can arouse herself again,
 And with outcries once more renewed inflict on me new pain. 270
 For this my hand must needs to-day strike down unto his doom
 That child, off whom I kept the sun lest it should spoil his bloom.
 His is that throat I now must cut with newly-whetted knife,
 Yea him must slay who is to me more loved than mine own life.
 These instruments of fire, which now I in my right hand bear, 275
 Will light that blaze which must consume one than my soul more dear.
 No time is it to linger now, for the hour presses on;
 The will of God and heaven ordains I sacrifice my son.
 That son I must now go and find and quickly rouse from sleep,
 And tell him he with me must needs companionship keep, 280
 That we with haste upon our road may both together fare,
 And carry out that task which God by Angel did declare.
 Let this same service now be done without uproar or cry,
 While my wife Sarah on her bed still in her swoon doth lie.

ADA

Tamar, I mark our lady has her consciousness regained: 285
 Yes, she has opened now her eyes which were by swoon enchained.
 Run then with speed and carry to our lord these tidings fair,
 Tell him our lady has new risen from Hades, as it were.

(Enter TAMAR.)

TAMAR

My master, be not so cast down, from care thy heart release;
 That swoon, which had our lady ta'en of late, e'en now doth cease.
 And fain she is to rise from bed and come and visit thee; 291
 But she is with a trembling seized and weeps like child, I see.

We ask her to declare the cause wherefore she sighs and weeps,
 But word she never speaks to us, but only listening keeps.
 She turns now here, she turns now there, as though she was distraught.
 It seems she waiteth for some news untoward to be brought. 296
 My master, hasten; linger not, come speak to her a word,
 That thou to her in this distress some comfort mayst afford.

[Exit TAMAR.]

ABRAHAM

This servant thinks that she has brought tidings which will me please—
 That Sarah is from swoon come round—and yet this does but tease.
 For she will only to the boy the secret dread reveal, 301
 And hamper this my task severe and greater torment deal.
 O would that she a longer time in that her swoon had lain;
 For never yet has mortal man by a mere swoon been slain!
 O would that I the boy had ta'en and got off safe and sound, 305
 And that she then and only then had from her swoon come round!

TAMAR

My mistress, pluck up heart again, fully regain thy mind,
 Chase away these thy sighs and groans, and a new counsel find.
 Recover reason's force, fear not, no longer wail and weep;
 Away with all thy words of grief and from them silence keep. 310

SARAH

Nay, leave me to that death to which I was to-day so nigh—
 O Abraham, O Isaac, where are ye? Where do ye hie?
 Upon what road will he that is my darling boy now tread?
 Into what country strange has he, my eyes' bright light, been led?

TAMAR

My lady, be not sad of heart; thou art not of child reft; 315
 The boy is here, and master too; thou art not lonely left.
 The boy still lieth on his bed and sleepeth free from care.
 Our master standeth with his knife girded in belt, and there
 Now speaks unto his men, and thus his business doth impart—
 Although he'd seem to have some thought which brings distress of heart.

ABRAHAM

Grief for my son, grief for my wife, together in me strive; 321
 Sarah's distress, the tears she sheds me unto Hades drive.

Let me go in and seek her out and comfort her sad heart,
 And still her cries and then—'tis time—I must take my depart.

(ABRAHAM enters SARAH's room.)

SARAH

Ah me! I have no body's force, for all my strength is lorn. 325
 The cause thereof is that great grief with which my heart is torn.
 My feet are weak, I cannot stand, through dizziness I fall;
 I have no powers of mind to God to utter prayer at all.

ABRAHAM

My well-belovèd wife, thou must not like some child behave.
 The ills which we do suffer here our Master to us gave. 330
 Draw near and seat thyself by me; thou must not weep and wail—
 Poor wife, thy weepings and laments will thee no whit avail.
 The son whom we begat is not our own with us to stay;
 Him unto us our Lord has given and now will take away.
 Unhappy lady, to what end dost thou lament and weep? 335
 Thou dost but torture me, and thence wilt no advantage reap.
 It is no time to make lament, Sarah, my daughter dear;
 For consolation it is time and day of patient prayer.

SARAH

O what an awful mystery 's this—what suffering, what woe!
 They will, my child, thee unto me nought but mere ashes show! 340
 Ah me! How canst thou have the heart such guiltless frame to kill?
 Will not the horror of the deed thee with great trembling fill?
 Art willing that o'erdarkened be the bright light of thine eye,
 Art willing 'fore thy face to see thy son expiring lie?
 However will thy heart endure to listen to his cry, 345
 When 'fore thine eyes like writhing lamb his hapless body die?
 Alas! my child, who ever didst my lightest word obey,
 Upon what road, into what place will they lead thee away?
 Nay, thy fond parents will for thee ever be yearning found,
 As every month and every week and every day comes round. 350
 Alas! Upon my inmost heart a trembling needs must fall,
 Whene'er I hear the lips of men a child by thy name call.
 My son, how can it be that I from thee such parting bear?
 How can I voice of other lad, and not thine own voice, hear?

My child, how canst thou have the heart to part like this from me?
 No parent ever had a child by half so wise as thee. 356
 My son, I vow that so long time as life with me shall stay
 I will this tongue to other lad suffer no word to say.
 Nay, these mine eyes shall e'er be kept fastened upon the ground,
 And to-day's tidings deeply fixed in memory shall be found. 360

ABRAHAM

Sarah, inflict no more such pain and suffering on my heart;
 Make me not in my old age play this wretched, slavish part.
 Seek not my purpose firm to scare and make it backwards bend,
 Lest I take arms and slay myself and thus to life put end.
 Collect thy wandering wits, amend such sinful words as these, 365
 For I assure thee suchlike words never our God can please.
 Why is it that thou dost resist, and weepst, nor rest wilt take?
 Remember, 'tis of God's commands that thou dost question make.
 Our child, our bodies and our goods, yea all of our life's powers
 Belong to our Creator God, not one of them is ours. 370
 Nay, this and this alone I pray, as I before Him go—
 That He may grant this sacrifice allay His anger's glow.
 I will not linger any more, I will no longer stay;
 To wake my son and rouse him up, I now must go my way.

SARAH

Nine months I bore thee, darling child, hidden within my womb, 375
 Yea, in the dark of this poor frame and in this body's tomb.
 For three long years, my son, with milk my breasts did thee supply
 Thou wert to me my sole delight, the apple of my eye,
 And as thy frame then grew apace, like to a branch of tree,
 Increase of virtue, judgement, grace there likewise I did see. 380
 Come, tell me now, what joy is that thou wilt on me bestow?
 Like thunderclap or lightning flash thou'lt into nothing go.
 How is it possible that I apart from thee should live?
 What confidence or what relief to old age shall I give?
 What joy was on us both bestowed—on husband and on wife, 385
 When God did tell us we should thee beget and have new life!
 Poor house of Abraham, what joy for thee that time was found,
 When thou, my little son wast born and fellst unto the ground!

And now that joy has turned to grief within a single day,
 Now all that's fair, like scattered clouds in sky, has passed away! 390

ABRAHAM

Let us not think on things like these, for he is doomed to die;
 Thy tears will him no whit avail nor ought of good supply.
 Thou only dost our God annoy, and no thanks will He feel
 For this our sacrifice, since He heart's secrets can unseal.
 So banish every sigh and groan, chase away bitter thought, 395
 And render thanks unto our Lord for what He's on us brought.

SARAH

Then go thy way, my husband dear, since this is God's good will,
 And may He this thy road with dew and milk and honey fill!
 May He on thee some pity take and listen to thy cry,
 May angels on that hill to-day some message sweet supply! 400
 So let me vow I never bare and never saw my child,
 But was by some wax-taper lit and then put out beguiled.

ABRAHAM

Well, put thy sorrow on one side, and hasten him to dress,
 And as thou biddest him farewell, on lips imprint caress.
 So make him ready speedily, dress him and him forthsend, 405
 And may He Who gave this command His comfort to thee lend.
 [*They enter ISAAC's room.*]

SARAH

Look! Here 's the light I once beheld, which was sweet life to me,
 Mine eyes, wherewith my Lord ordains I nevermore shall see.
 Here is that lighted taper which thou soon wilt turn to dark,
 Here is that body which thou seekst in death to lay out stark. 410
 He lies there like a little lamb, like little bird he sleeps,
 And on the cruelty of his sire, it seems, complainings heaps.
 Look on this child of thine so sweet, child to misfortune bred;
 How more than e'er before his face with pallor is o'erspread!
 See how in helplessness he lies and on his face shows fear, 415
 As though he listened to thy words and marked that death is near!
 My darling child, it seems that thou some bitter dream must see,
 And that is why thou liest bowed 'neath load of misery.
 Last night, when I put thee to bed, thy face look cheerful wore,
 And I myself felt joy of heart greater than e'er before. 420

I stood and proudly watched thy face as sleep o'er it did steal,
 I could not keep mine eyes from thee, nor my great joy conceal.
 I fell asleep myself, my child, with heart all filled with cheer;
 Greater to me than any man's my joy did then appear.
 And now, what is the cause wherefore thou'rt willing me to leave 425
 Thus as one blind to grope about and in black torment grieve?

ABRAHAM

Nay, do not by thy weeping's sound this fearful thing reveal
 Unto the boy—by doing this thou'lt death unto him deal.
 In silence rouse him from his sleep, and this thy wailing stay,
 Dress him with tender care, and then thy farewell to him say. 430

SARAH

But who could face and heart control, that he could still conceal
 Such awful secret as is this, and not by look reveal?
 Awake! my darling son, by me reared with the fondest care;
 Thou'rt going on a little spree which they for thee prepare.
 Put on, for journeying on this road, thy holiday attire; 435

(Aside.)

Thou followest in train of Death, and not in train of sire.

(Aloud.)

O child, obedient to my will, my blessing I thee give;

(Aside.)

For, by thy death that's coming on, I too shall cease to live.

(Aloud.)

My heartfelt blessings, O my son, attend thee on thy way,
 Before thee and behind they'll go, wherever thou dost stray. 440

ABRAHAM

Be silent, weep not, do not speak, Sarah, I thee implore.
 Away, depart from out this room, and hinder us no more.
 Rouse not the child from out his sleep with words that can but grieve,
 But make thy heart as thing of iron and lamentation leave.

SARAH

There, I am silent! Abraham, suffer me him to wake; 445
 Let me but dress the lad and gay with best apparel make.
 It is as though to wedding-feast in Hades we now came;
 Let me him deck in best attire that he may find no blame.

ABRAHAM

Yes, thou mayst bring his little clothes, but here thou must not stay—
 I will not that thine ears should hear what the lad's like to say. 450
 For, Sarah, thou wilt ne'er have strength to hold out 'gainst that pain,
 When thou dost see him rise from bed, thy grief thou'lt not refrain.
 Thy tears will run so fast that they the very ground will reach;
 It needs must be that they the child, who's wise, the cause will teach.
 The poor lad, once he's roused from sleep, will thus his lesson learn, 455
 And hang upon thy breast and to embracing thee will turn.
 And when he sees thee there, his arms around thy neck he'll throw,
 And then, for sure, thou wilt betray the cause of this thy woe.
 So go, I beg thee; see that those his clothes are to me brought—
 I mean that holiday attire which I for him have bought. 460

[SARAH goes out, and returns with the clothes.]

SARAH

These are the garments which, poor lad, he wore on festal days,
 Which others envied in their hearts, and yet could not but praise.
 These are the garments which to-day must fouled be with bloodstain,
 Since it is fated that the lad by his own sire be slain.

ABRAHAM

O Sarah, pity on me take and cease from words like these, 465
 Cease weeping now—When I am gone, canst weep if that thee please.
 But to weep over God's command, what profit will that bring?
 Body and soul thou wilt but vex by doing of such thing.
 Begone, I say! I must set out—the time doth onward press;
 Let me but wake him silently and him in quiet dress. 470

SARAH

I go apart to place retired; let him be waked from sleep.
 I would one moment hold him fast and kisses on him heap.

ABRAHAM

Then, Sarah, go. This matter must remain now in God's hand.
 Maybe He'll raise him from the dead—yet who can understand?
 E'en from the fire of sacrifice He can him living bear; 475
 Angels for Him His service do and what He wills prepare.

SARAH

Alack, alack! What cause is there that thou shouldst hasten so?
Those who are wise upon us fools some comfort should bestow.

[Exit SARAH.]

ABRAHAM

O Isaac, Isaac, wake from sleep! Mine own dear child, awake!
Awake, arise, put on thy clothes, and then my blessing take. 480

ISAAC

Who is this here? Who speaks to me? Who rouses me? Let be.
I'm drowsy and with sleep bemused, and yet you would wake me.

ABRAHAM

Wake up, my darling child. 'Tis I, thy father, who thee call;
I break thy slumbers, for on thee a pressing task must fall.

ISAAC

O wake me not, leave me alone; I'm having such sweet sleep— 485
'Tis still deep night, so let us please lie down and slumber keep.
Rouse me not thus, my sire, as thou wouldst live and joy in me;
Torment me not, suffer me yet to lie in slumber free.

ABRAHAM (*aside*)

I see that more than e'er before him drowsiness besets;
Perchance he feels his end is nigh, and that is why he frets. 490

(*Aloud.*)

Awake, my darling child; we will to garden go away;
We will a sacrifice there make, for 'tis a festal day.

ISAAC

Ah! my sweet father, would that thou hadst left me sleeping here,
I should have waked when it was time that I for school prepare.

ABRAHAM

Sarah, come pray and offer up petition for our sake, 495
And make thy heart as hard as stone when we departure take.
So wait for our return again, and if it chance he live,
I'll come with Isaac, and we twain will thee our comfort give.

(*Re-enter SARAH.*)

SARAH

With heart that loudly beats I will your coming back await, 500
As anxiously as those in gaol, loaded with chains, their fate,

When they the knock on prison door expect with tortured mind,
Thinking to see the gaoler come their arms behind to bind,
And deal them out a savage blow and take their life away—
Such are the spasms of the breast which I expect to-day.
With such wild beatings of the heart I shall that blow await, 505
Thinking to hear from lips of men tidings of bitter fate.

[Exit SARAH.]

ABRAHAM

Come, let us go, my son; no more linger, as thou wouldst live.
For pastime issue forth to-day, and cheer to thy heart give.

ISAAC

Though I think much with all my mind, I have no power to guess
What is the reason why Mama is not here me to dress. 510
Never hast thou dressed me before; it irks to dress a boy,
But Mother ever did me dress with laughter and with joy.
And now whatever is the cause that Mother has me left?—
I saw her to her chamber go with heart of lightness reft.

ABRAHAM

She doth but now the food prepare upon our road to eat; 515
She will our portion now make up of bread and wine and meat.

ISAAC

But tell me, Father, whither thou art purposing to fare?
Shall we not early to the house return and take food there?

ABRAHAM

We go to make a sacrifice at some spot far away, 520
Upon a lofty mountain-top; the place is fair and gay.
And that is why thy mother seems to thee disconsolate;
I told her we would bide afield, she should not us await.

ISAAC

My father, go upon thy way, I'll follow on behind.
Ere I set out upon my way I would my mother find.

[Exit ABRAHAM.]

(*ISAAC enters SARAH's room.*)

SARAH

My darling child, my confidence and all my hope's in thee; 525
Thou art my comfort and my life—with thee my blessing be.

ISAAC

Dear mother, these thy kisses do but fill me with much woe;
My eyes with tears are running o'er and as twin rivers flow.
What sudden sorrow has thee seized? Thou weepst and hast no peace.
From finger-tips to crown of head thy fondlings never cease. 530

SARAH

My son, nought vexes me at all, so set thy mind at rest;
Thou mayest to the mountain fare and pray there with good zest.

ISAAC

Mother, I'm going on a spree, apples to bring to thee,
And gather branches with their leaves from sweetly scented tree.
And if I find ought else that 's fair, for thee I'll bring it home. 535
But if my teacher ask for me, tell him I'll quickly come.

SARAH

Nay, 'tis but yesterday that these wild pears they gave to me,
And them, my darling child, I've kept in readiness for thee.
Put them within thy bosom's fold, and, if thou thirst, them eat.
Take them and taste them; thou wilt find they are as honey sweet. 540

ISAAC

My mother, wherefore dost thou sob and weep and restless art?
Tell me, what evil dost thou see that 's coming on my part?
For it is all so strange to me and causeth me much care.
Maybe the mountain I ascend, but never homewards fare.

(Re-enter ABRAHAM.)

ABRAHAM

Let us depart, my darling lad, and stay not dallying here; 545
To-day we go that we may find all that is good and fair.
Thy mother has some grief of heart—therefore away she keeps;
She sees that we are going out, and that is why she weeps.
Ada and Tamar, close the doors and to your mistress hie.
She has more need than e'er before now of your company. 550
Let her not be alone, but see that ye with her remain,
For she hath some anxiety which causeth her much pain.

TAMAR

With all the powers of mind we have and every force of word
Unto our lady we will strive some comfort to afford.

ISAAC

What is the hurry, father dear, to go before it 's light; 555
Why should we not stay still at home until the sun shine bright?

ABRAHAM

The Lord our God charged me, my son, to go at break of day,
And there upon that lofty hill my vows to Him to pay.
He bade me thee companion take to see that offering made,
That on the pattern of my life thy life should too be laid. 560
So I set forth, as thou dost see, obedient to His hest—
Who of the secrets of His mind, my child, can be possessed?

[They set out.]

ISAAC

Come, tell me, father, and due thought in this thy answer show,
Why dost thou mutter to thyself, as thou thy way dost go?
As I look on thy face, I mark thy countenance is changed; 565
Thy speech is low, and, as it were, is with thick sobs deranged.
Thy feet are heavy, and thy look is darkened as with cloud.
O tell me what 's the misery that doth thy heart enshroud?
Together we pursue our road as though we had one mind,
That we together what is fair and beautiful may find. 570
With heart that is as light as air and gay my way I trace,
But thou, I see, art bowed with woe and hast a downcast face.
Tell me, my father, I thee beg, what is it grieves thy heart;
Let us together share that grief, O let me take my part,
That I may lighten that dull weight which tortureth thy mind, 575
And then but little pain is left or none at all thou'lt find.

ABRAHAM

Great is the sacrifice I must offer to God to-day,
And I must take deep thought before o'er that I have to say.
'Tis time for earnest prayer and flow of bitter tears for sin;
For this perchance the sinner will from God a pardon win. 580
Such causes then must unto me this weight of ponderings lend,
And therefore with much heaviness my steps I onward bend.

SOFER

Syban, I see that Abraham is plunged in thought and woe.
We, that we question him again, once more must nigh him go.

It is not right we look upon that face with grief downcast, 585
 And do not ask him in what grip of sorrow he's held fast.
 For since we hold ourselves to be his servants loyal and true,
 It is our duty him to ask what danger is in view.
 So, Syban, call him now aside, and ask him of his pain;
 Seek to relieve his heavy grief, and let him comfort gain, 590
 While I the little lad will draw a moment on one side,
 And thus to Abraham for free speech occasion meet provide.
 For, if I heard aright the word which now our lady spake,
 Uttering her words aside with tears, the lamb is here to take
 For this his destined sacrifice upon a lofty hill— 595
 Methought I heard that word, but pray that I misheard such ill.

SYBAN

What words are these thou utterest? Who could such thing surmise,
 That Abraham must Isaac needs offer as sacrifice?
 For one that listened to thy speech would surely understand
 That Abraham thinks that he has the lamb within his hand. 600
 That he no other lamb doth seek than Isaac, who'd believe?
 Nay, that no mortal tongue would say, no mortal mind receive.

SOFER

O King that rust the heavens above, may this Thy pity move,
 O may this thing I Syban told nothing but falsehood prove!
 Syban, go to him, question him, and test what I did tell, 605
 And thus thou'lt learn if these my ears are sound, and I heard well.

SYBAN

My master, be not vexed if I to question thee am bold,
 For, as a favour, I by thee would of this thing be told.
 Unbosom that which troubles thee, O let thy lips this tell,
 For when men speak in hour of need, then others listen well. 610
 It is still night, and so the lad may take rest by the way,
 And thy tongue freely to us thralls can what it wishes say.
 Let it reveal its secret things, that we may all this know;
 Use us, if help thou findest here—yea, even to death-blow.

ABRAHAM

Syban, that which now troubles me, it boots not to confess 615
 To you to-day, for by your help I can find no redress,

Since for repentance of this deed there now is left no place;
 Ye must as witnesses be found my boy's wedlock to grace.

SYBAN

O God, and may not servant then his master's troubles learn,
 A servant honourable and loyal, whose heart doth o'er him yearn? 620
 Thou knowest consolation is the balm of every woe;
 He that applies it to his wound will healed of his sore go.

ABRAHAM

My heart is moved by these thy words, my tongue to say is led
 What are the black clouds of distress which over me are spread.
 This very day or very soon the news must needs him reach, 625
 At this or other hour; then why not instantly him teach?
 But I must Isaac first from here aside a little bear
 That he may lie and sleep, lest he what my lips utter hear.
 My son, if thou feelst weariness, to lie down it were best
 Beneath this little tree, and there awhile to take some rest. 630
 Look, I put under thee my cloak, because the ground is cold;
 See what a lovely bed it makes if thee therein I fold.

ISAAC

Dear me! How tired I have become with these few steps I've made;
 Let me lie down and take some sleep within this cloak they've laid.
 [ISAAC sleeps.]

ABRAHAM

My servants and my children dear, I will to you unmask 635
 The thing ye seek, for that I see ye with heart faithful ask.
 Last night, at midnight hour, I heard the voice of Angel cry
 That they require my son in heaven—which means that he must die.
 That end must be accomplished by such a heavy stroke,
 That no man since the world began has heard such sentence spoke. 640
 For God gave order that this hand of mine must his life take,
 And burn him up with fire when slain, full sacrifice to make.
 From this there can be no appeal, and so this very day
 As sacrifice unto my God I must mine own child slay.
 Thus now my secret ye have learned, so question me no more, 645
 For hindrance and not help ye give; ye but increase my sore.

SYBAN

And so there lies not e'en appeal, no place for pity then?
 Thou tellest us of thing which ne'er was heard in world of men—
 That father should deal out to son—his dearest thing—death's fate,
 And be the slayer of his child without offence or hate. 650
 It is a great and grievous deed, and whosoe'er it learn
 To meet thee out much blame for such a crime will surely burn.

ABRAHAM

No, there is no appeal from this; 'twas God Himself who bade
 In place of lamb or kid the child by me be victim made.

SOFER

Master, bethink thee well what is this deed that thou wilt do, 655
 If thou the slaughter of thy son unjustly carriest through.
 Think well if thou didst hear aright, collect thy force of mind;
 That this was idle vision or ill dream thou then wilt find.
 O Abraham, sure it was dream, and not an angel's cry,
 It was but phantasies of night which thee with tortures try. 660
 How is it possible that our Creator such an ill—
 So strange a thing should e'er desire, for Justice is His will?
 How could those scales of Justice true, which all with fairness weigh,
 In this turn false, and to the side of rank injustice sway?
 That thou shouldst children's children see our Lord did promise make,
 However can it be that He herein His promise break? 666
 When Sarah barren was and old, and nature's time was past,
 It seemed impossible that she should bear a son at last—
 At that time God His blessing gave and ye both power gained,
 And Isaac ye begat and thus a longed-for son obtained. 670
 Nature was all with trembling seized to see such wondrous sight—
 And now that son thou'lt sacrifice; how can such thing be right?
 Rememberest not that at that time the promise was thee given
 That Isaac's seed should multiply as are the stars of heaven?
 That all should to him homage pay, and all account him great, 675
 And that the clouds of heaven their dew should rain to bless his state?
 And now thou deemest that our God his sacrifice demands,
 When thou art old and past thy strength and thy need greatest stands?
 Nay, what thou purposest in heart, cast straightway from thy mind,
 Lest at this crisis of thy life thee condemnation find. 680

A truce to plans of such a sort, cast away such a sin;
 Thou must not, to thine old age come, the name of murderer win.
 A child that guiltless is of fault against thee, never slay,
 For fear lest men that thou art sire unpitiful will say.
 Strangers and relatives alike, whoe'er the child behold, 685
 Love him, because they him more wise than any other hold.
 One who such beauty, worthiness and virtues rare can boast
 Is destined sure one day to be commander of a host.
 How canst thou then him suffer thus to welter in his gore,
 And give such wealth of misery to her who that son bore? 690
 She ever will against thyself feel bitterness of heart;
 So, master, never let thyself assume this hateful part.
 Never with Sarah, I thee pray, enter on such a strife,
 Let not such terror, when she hears, fasten upon thy wife.
 Let not her call thee ruthless sire, unfeeling unto pain; 695
 Change thou the course on which thou treadst, and from this path
 refrain.

ABRAHAM

Sofer, in saying things like these thou dost thyself accuse;
 Thou understandest not what mean these words which thou dost use.
 Thou errest when thou sayest this was but an idle dream;
 How can the orders of our Lord and God to thee thus seem? 700
 How can a mortal man resist what is our God's command?
 Or who is there who rightly can His secrets understand?
 How can a man what He decides on lofty throne e'er know,
 Or how His awful judgements hear, when set on earth below?
 For out of evil issues good, and joy comes out of pain, 705
 And man must never wanting be, if He a thing ordain.
 He asks us for our son, and he remaineth His own still;
 I and his mother and the lad are servants to His will.
 No pain at all thereat I feel, but rather joy it hold,
 That God once more His love has shown in time when I am old. 710
 He from the rest has chosen me as one more fit than they;
 When He a present thus demands, dost wish I say Him nay?
 If be that flesh must feel some pain, then must it patient be;
 Reason must understand the cause, for it doth clearer see.
 The tongues of men may if they list call me a heartless sire; 715
 Let me but do with faithful heart whate'er our God require.

If to his mother this appear an ill—if she shall grieve,
 Yet with the passing of the days this grieving will her leave.
 Weeping and pain I ne'er regard, I count them as of nought;
 Every desire I have unto the pleasing God is brought. 720
 It is to test like this He doth His faithful servants call,
 He Who is found in every place and far exceedeth all.
 Into God's mysteries what mind, what intellect can pry?
 What mortal power can ever reach unto a thing so high?
 O would that I of my free will the sense had to desire 725
 This thing which at my hand the King of All doth now require!
 Sofer, dost thou now counsel me that I should backwards run,
 And leave the sacrifice on which I am thus bent undone?
 Nay, turn to other mind and thought; myself I feel no pains,
 For I will speedily fulfil all that my Lord ordains. 730
 To all the errors of the flesh I bid a long farewell;
 I nothing save my Judge account, I'm ever 'neath His spell.
 Do thou now sit with Syban here; together with the lad
 I'll go unto that lofty hill, as my Lord God me bad.
 There I will slay him and consume with fire, and thanks bestow 735
 On God with cheerful heart and gay, and pay Him what I owe.
 I will now go and wake the lad; see restlessly he lies,
 As though he seeks to find me out, and as one peevish cries.
 Arise, my darling child, and now from thy long sleep awake;
 'Tis time to lift these faggots up and with thee bravely take. 740
 We now unto the hill must go, so raise them, walk thy way,
 And let us leave the servants here beside the path to stay.
 For thou and I must sacrifice offer unto our Lord,
 And thus to us, and us alone, there will be given reward.

[SYBAN and SOFER remain behind. ABRAHAM and ISAAC
 ascend the hill.

ISAAC

Father, the instruments of fire I see in thy hand lie, 745
 And the sharp knife of sacrifice is girded on thy thigh.
 And I myself the faggots raise, e'en as our need requires,
 But where's the lamb and where's the ram the sacrifice desires?

ABRAHAM

My little son, be not distressed; up in the mountain-brake
 Are kids and lambs, and I from these what I desire can take. 750

ISAAC

Three days we have been toiling on, three days we onwards go;
 'Tis time that we should stay our steps and some refreshment know.

ABRAHAM (*aside*)

My son, too soon thou wilt in soul a palsied terror find,
 Thy reason will be clouded o'er and tempest-tossed thy mind.
 Thou art now eager we should come unto our journey's bound, 755
 But soon in hideousness of death thou'lt gasp upon the ground.

(*Aloud.*)

Behold the place which we have sought, the place longed for in prayer;
 Isaac, throw down the faggots now, for we at last are there.

ISAAC

What was it that thou spakst aside, so that I could not hear?
 Why dost thou wipe thy sweating brow and weep a bitter tear? 760

ABRAHAM

That which thou askest me, my child, I presently will say,
 But let me first withdraw a while that I to God may pray.
 And I for coming sacrifice an altar will provide,
 But till I have the same prepared, sit thou a while aside.

ISAAC

I see that thou art tired out, with weariness fordone; 765
 Leave me that tiring task to do, for that is due from son.

ABRAHAM

My son, my son of loving heart, I ever in my eld
 Have found thee staff on which to lean, have thee my comfort held.
 And while thou grewest in my house, from thee life's breath I drew,
 And thee in every bitterness as my right hand I knew. 770
 Thou wast mine aid in weakness' hour, thou didst relieve my care,
 And now, as 'twere, with thine own hand thou dost thy tomb prepare.
 O Lord, grant unto me to-day the power to move aright,
 For I go forward at this hour to wage a cruel fight.
 O be not angry, if I weep and utter bitter cry, 775
 For human flesh must bend to pain, and here I tortured lie.

¹ Reading *κουρασθῆ* for *ξεκουρασθῆ*.

ISAAC

Come, my dear father, and behold whether the altar's fair;
 All that is lacking is a lamb for us to offer there.
 Hasten, that all accomplished be upon this very day,
 For to behold Mama once more I long to get away. 780

ABRAHAM

My son, that art life-breath to me, never wilt thou return;
 Thy wretched sire and mother ne'er thou'lt see, though thou dost yearn.

ISAAC

What dost thou say, my father dear! How my heart's rent in two;
 A flame of blazing fire has scorched my body through and through!

ABRAHAM

My son, now render thanks to God, no matter what thy fate, 785
 For it is time that secret thing thou askst for to relate.
 Come, hold out those thy hands that these my kisses may there dwell,
 Ere that I bind them with a cord and say my last farewell.
 Now is the time and now the hour in which I must lose thee,
 Since for this destined sacrifice thou the fair lamb must be. 790
 Stretch out thy hands and those thy feet—those little feet stretch too,
 Which naughty deeds, as is boys' way, were never known to do.

ISAAC

My sire, example horrible thou'lt to the world display,
 If thou dost not thy temper check and turn it other way.
 Is there no pity then for this thy child soft-nurtured found, 795
 Who, as thou seest, is now bowed down, abased to the ground?
 Is this the pastime which thou namedst, was this that garden fair,
 Which on that festal day just passed thou saidst thou wouldst prepare?
 Have not these eyes, which, as thou seest, like a full river flow,
 This tender body, which like reed shakes when the winds do blow, 800
 The power to turn thee from thy plan, thy purpose to rerange,
 To make thee recognize thy child and thy grim project change?
 Where are thy fond embraces gone? Are they no more to find?
 Have all thy tender nurturings passed clean away from mind?
 Shall I no more upon my brow those loving kisses feel, 805
 Which thou at sleeping hour alike and waking didst there seal?
 My father, hast thou reared me up to burn me thus with fire,
 That I, like lamb or kid, with head cut from me should expire?

ABRAHAM

My son, the Ruler of the world ordains this thing to be,
 That I must in this place thy limbs with fire consumèd see. 810
 Forgive me, O my darling son, forgive thy sorrowing sire;
 It is not my free will, but what our Master doth require.

ISAAC

Father, canst not for me thy child to feel some ruth be brought?
 Banish, I pray thee, such a plan as this from out thy thought.
 If I have e'er offended thee, be other sentence found; 815
 Let me not moan like stricken beast and writhe upon the ground.

ABRAHAM

My child, unto this service us our Master doth ordain;
 He knoweth all my tortured heart, he knows my bitter pain.
 Nay rather, for what He commands let us our thanks bestow,
 Let us not grieve Him by complaints which we by utterance show.

ISAAC

But does my mother know this too, has she too in this part? 820
 O why did she not me enfold within her loving heart?

ABRAHAM

Yea, she doth know it too; we both herein are in accord;
 Each of us must abide thereby, for it is our God's word.

ISAAC

Ah me! I recognized too well how that my mother grieved 825
 When she took leave of me, how fast her loving bosom heaved,
 Just as before the slayer's hand some fowl doth throb in fear,
 When it perceives the sharp-edged knife unto its throat draw near;
 So throbb'd her miserable heart when she to me then spake,
 And poured her kisses on my face her leave of me to take; 830
 When she embraced me in her arms and kissed me in my bed,
 It seemed as though some poison fell on lips and mouth was shed.
 For all too clearly I perceived she was weighed down with woe,
 That I should be the lamb and thou wast Death to lay me low.
 Bind me, my father, with close bonds; stay, I'll thy teacher be, 835
 Lest, when I writhe beneath the knife, some touch I lay on thee.
 Let me not at my parting hour fall into such a sin,
 Let me not 'gainst my will such guilt to lay on my soul win.

Isaac would rather from that hand with which thou him dost bind
 As loving son from loving sire to-day some blessing find. 840
 So bless me from thy heart and thus to me thy kindness show;
 Let thine eyes overflow with tears and pity thus bestow.

ABRAHAM

Blessing from heart, my son, attend on thee where'er thou art,
 Yea in this hour of agony when thou must take depart.
 Both of us now fulfil command by God upon us laid; 845
 In this our parting 'tis from Him we must expect our aid.
 With zeal His pleasure thou shouldst do, so make thy final prayer,
 And with goodwill bow down thy head and for death-stroke prepare.
 Bewail not this thy loss of youth, weep not o'er life thus ta'en;
 Nay rather, my dear child, in death thou wilt new joy obtain. 850
 My darling son, thou'lt have that joy in parting with thy breath,
 For thou wilt be the heir of wealth and bliss through this thy death.
 And when thou comest unto Heaven, they'll open thee the gate,
 And thou wilt 'fore our Saviour pass through martyr's sufferings great.
 The blood that has been spilt from thee will rise before His face, 855
 And at His footstool every day for worship thou'lt have place,
 E'en there where Angels hymns of joy and triumph ever raise,
 Where they stand ready to take flight or honour Him with praise.
 O would that I could quit my life when thy soul from thee flies,
 That I, to share thy peace and rest, might to the heavens rise! 860
 O would it had been God's command that I should with thee go,
 And hand in hand with thee conjoined enter in that fire's glow!
 But He in His great grace has asked for thee and only thee,
 And destined that in sacrifice thou smoke and ashes be.
 So come, my son, and linger not, utter thy final prayer, 865
 Lean thou thy head upon that block thou seest over there.

ISAAC

Ah! to what place thou callest me, my sire, that there I kneel!
 To what pastime and wedding-feast thou biddst me come with zeal!

(He kneels and prays:)

Thou Unseen Power, Thy mercy give, Ruler, Thy pity show;
 O God, Who art so merciful, comfort on me bestow. 870
 Be kind unto my parents now and their old age sustain;
 O grant me life that I their help and comrade may remain.

But if it be that for our sin we do deserve no grace,
 Is there to-day for easeful death by Nature's hand no place?
 Wilt not the closing of these lips and eyes to sire entrust? 875
 May he not for my corse dig grave and cover it with dust?
 Must then this throat of mine be cut asunder with the steel?
 Must I at moment of my death shudderings of terror feel?
 My father, since there's no appeal, no pity for my pains,
 And since the Judge of all the world this end for me ordains, 880
 A single favour I thee beg, when I near parting stand,
 I pray thee do not cut this throat with savage, cruel hand.
 But with a gentleness and ruth and tenderness me slay,
 And let thine eyes behold my tears and list to what I say,
 That I may gaze into thine eyes and see if thou dost yearn, 885
 And whether Isaac as thy son thou recognizest learn.
 And when thou seest how 'fore thee I tremble like a sheep,
 Soften thine eagerness of mind, restraint o'er thy wrath keep.
 O be not willing this my life with cruelty to take,
 O do not cast me on the fire and thus me ashes make! 890
 If thou must slay me, do not add this torment to my death,
 For fear my mother, when she learn, take away her own breath.
 It may be she will have the strength this death of mine to bear,
 But this knife cuts away her life, if she my burning hear.
 My mother, would that thou wert here to see how I am tied, 895
 Would that I could have spoke to thee, and 'Thus I die' have cried.
 For I would have thy pardon craved and farewell to thee said;
 I would have clasped thee in my arms and kisses on thee shed.
 My mother, never more wilt thou rouse me from bed and dress,
 Wilt never tenderly me wake and give me thy caress. 900
 I leave thee now, thou dost me lose; I'm gone like melted snow,
 Or like a lighted taper which is quenched when winds do blow.
 May He Who gave thee this command, thee consolation give,
 And cause thee with a heart which will endure like stone to live.
 My father, if at any time I erred as is boy's way, 905
 Forgive thy Isaac now that he his last farewell must say.
 Come, kiss me tenderly and grant thy blessing unto me,
 Remember that in times gone by I was a son to thee.
 How canst thou with that hand of thine this throat to cut endure?
 How canst thou thus thyself from me to separate inure? 910

The boon that I have asked from thee, grant unto me this day,
 For this one time to Isaac's words thy full attention pay.
 Let me behold thee eye to eye, draw from its sheath thy knife,
 Hold forth thy hand, let me it kiss, ere that it take my life.
 My father, tighten not the cord, loose it a little, please, 915
 Hasten me not, but let me stay just for a while at ease.
 That hand which oftentimes to me such tender fondlings brought,
 Has never to expect such deeds as these to-day me taught.
 And that thou mayest bear in mind these words which now I say,
 I kiss thee fondly and the charge of Mother on thee lay. 920
 Speak to her, comfort her, and stay with her while she draws breath,
 And tell her that with cheerfulness I go to meet my death.
 Whate'er of mine is found within the house wherein we live,
 All this unto my little friend Elizeék thou'lt give—
 My clothes and parchments, whether these are written on or plain,
 And eke the little box I had that it might them contain; 926
 For he of like age is to me and true companion bound,
 And him a kind and tender friend at school I ever found.
 And do all that doth in thee lie, yea every effort make,
 As if he were a son of thine, Elizeék to take. 930
 Nought else have I to tell to thee, no other charge to lay;
 Only to each and every friend my farewells thou wilt say.
 My father, thou didst give me life; wilt thou not pity me?
 O my Creator, lend thine aid; mother, I call on thee.

ABRAHAM

My child, do not thus cry aloud, else life I'll not sustain. 935
 Be patient, and as best thou canst deep hidden keep thy pain.
 Keep thine eyes fastened on the ground, that we may thus fulfil
 What is the Lord our God's command and do our Saviour's will.
 O bow thy little head adown, my son who art so fair.
 Look not at me—that pains. O God, the sacrifice is here. 940

(Enter ANGEL.)

ANGEL

O Abraham, the knife that's drawn, return into its place;
 The grace the Angels have is e'en surpassed by thine own grace.
 May joy be thine, O Abraham, and may thy path be sound,
 For faithfulness like unto thine was never in man found.

O Abraham, great is thy faith and great has been thy zeal, 945
 To-day on thee and on thy son has set the crown and seal.
 Great is the victory thou hast from this fight borne away,
 Nor hast thou suffered things corrupt to lead thy mind astray.
 Untie these bonds from off the boy and leave him to go free,
 No longer doth the Lord require this sacrifice of thee. 950
 O faithful servant, good and true, thou man so full of grace,
 Thou tower that in the love of God hast firmly rooted base,
 The Lord hath recognized the zeal displayed by thee in life;
 All blessing rest on thee, the child, and also on thy wife.
 As many as are stars in heaven or leaves upon a tree, 955
 So many shall the offspring born from out thy sons' sons be.
 For the Creator hath beheld thy mighty faith to-day,
 And He would fain to other men that faith of thine display.
 For nought that 's hid or buried deep can ever 'scape God's eye;
 He knoweth well the heart of each and every place doth spy. 960
 And this which He upon that feast now passed ordained for thee
 Had purpose that thy witness should be plain for all to see,
 That they might from thee pattern take and their Creator praise,
 And by their eager zeal their acts to thy example raise. [Exit ANGEL.]

ABRAHAM

O King of heaven, Who by Thy power the Universe dost guide, 965
 And knowest well what passions in the hearts of men reside,
 Great is the mercy which Thou hast to-day shown unto me.
 Let my offence against Thy grace by Thee forgiven be.
 If for a while I shrank in fear to sacrifice my son,
 That sin through weakness of the flesh and not of will was done. 970
 And if his hapless mother grieved and let fall tears of pain,
 Hers was but mortal's grief and should forgiveness thus obtain.
 As for the rope wherewith he 's bound, I will it straight untie,
 And this my son whom I would slay will now kiss tenderly.
 My child, now I have loosened thee, go and thy homage pay 975
 To Him Who that thou shouldst be blest and fruitful be did say.
 Kneel down, and humbly kiss the ground and on thy Maker call,
 Who first ordained this sacrifice, and then did it recall.
 Lo! I behold a ram amid the boughs of yonder brake,
 Which the Lord's grace instead of thee as victim bids us take. 980

Our Maker has bestowed this gift on us in hour of need,
 Let us not from the hill descend save first this victim bleed.
 So now I go with joyful heart, and will that victim take,
 And in thy stead and speedily sacrifice thereof make.

ISAAC

Lord of Sabaoth, blest be Thou, I glorify Thy name, 985
 Without Thy will no leaf from tree parted to earth e'er came.
 That joy which of itself my tongue no power hath to declare,
 Which my own knowledge is too weak unto Thee to make bare,
 Search for within mine inmost heart, and there Thou'lt written find
 All joy to Thee I fain would say from out my depths of mind. 990

ABRAHAM

Behold the ram, my darling child, with feet so closely bound;
 Him have I taken—thus for thee exchange to-day is found.
 So now I slay him, that thuswise sacrifice be complete,
 That he mere cinders may become and ashes, as is meet.
 Come near that I may blessing give, for thou my life's breath art; 995
 My child obedient, receive benison from my heart.
 My earnest blessings rest on thee and on thy sons' sons too,
 And may the fear of God by thee ever be kept in view.
 All that He ordereth of grace, and all that is His will,
 From that thou never must depart, but shalt that hest fulfil. 1000
 So shall He multiply thy goods, thy substance and thy wealth,
 If thou art of a humble mind and zealous for thy health.

ISAAC

O mother mine, what message sweet is waiting thee to-day!
 Thou wast laid in a deadly swoon, when 'farewell' thou didst say.
 Hasten, my father, with all speed; act, lest it be too late. 1005
 Who knoweth whether with a knife she 's wrought her own death-fate?
 Let us no further this glad news to her to bear delay,
 For, as it were, it will on her honied refreshment lay.

ABRAHAM

Let us move on with zealous haste and never wait at all.
 But first it fitting is that we the servants hither call, 1010
 That they may feel a thrill of joy in frame erst chilled with grief,
 Seeing they wept as I thy death and held firm this belief.

Let us now straightway send to them and summon them with speed,
 And quickly to thy mother bear these tidings in her need.
 Let one with loud cry shout from far 'Glory to God be given; 1015
 The ram is slain instead of him, Isaac from death is riven'.

[*Exeunt.*]

SYBAN

It is not fit that we should stand thus without thought or care;
 Let us go see what has befall'n those hapless ones out there.
 For we should go and seek them out, as on the hill they stay:
 Herein the orders of my lord I can no more obey. 1020
 He bade us keep our station here until he should return;
 Let us go seek that hapless sire whose heart with grief doth burn.
 For if he hath his own child slain and sacrifice there made,
 'Tis meet that many words of cheer should now on him be laid.
 If he remaineth quite alone, we must self-slaughter fear. 1025
 Know well, such miserable fate of child he cannot bear.

SOFER

Let us away with right goodwill, thy plan doth please me well.
 But stay—Do those who come this way there weep or laugh? Canst
 tell?
 'Tis Abraham I yonder see. Who follows him behind?
 'Tis Isaac, Syban, is it not? From voice the truth I'll find. 1030
 O King of heaven above, to Thee honour and glory be!
 Hast Thou saved Isaac from his death, that child of destiny?
 O Abraham, a joyous lot awaits thee in thy eld,
 Thanks to thy faithfulness of mind which to its purpose held!

(Enter ABRAHAM and ISAAC.)

ABRAHAM

Fair meeting this, my servants true! Let us together joy, 1035
 And hymns of praise to thank our God and sing His name employ.
 Up! Syban, go with all thy speed, and raise good-omened cry,
 Such as will Sarah free from fears and in nought terrify.
 And when thou seest Sarah, laugh; from afar let her know
 That the boy lives, and in this thing God doth just judgement show.

SYBAN

Nay, no interpreter I need her with good news to greet. 1041
I know well how to tell my tale, crying it in the street.

[Exit SYBAN.]

SOFER

Let us too hasten on our way, lest we be here night-bound;
The house which we in sorrow left far other will be found.

[Exeunt omnes.]

ADA

What road, what path, should I search out, what level plain or dell,
That I for Abraham should seek and eke his child as well? 1046
Shall I the level ground o'errange or to the valleys stray,
Or in my search unto the tops of lofty hills make way?
My feet, now add unto your strength and quickly walk about,
And you, my knees, bend to your road that ye may seek them out.
For Sarah is now like to cast body and soul away, 1051
For that as sacrifice to God they mean her son to slay.
And if another morn shall pass and she ne'er see them come,
They will but find her a dead corse when they return back home.
But who is that who runs and laughs and such wild joy doth show,
And beckons to me with his hands and seems me well to know? 1056
'Tis Syban, or one like to him; alone he homewards fares.
Either he has gone mad, or else some goodly news he bears.

(Enter SYBAN.)

SYBAN

Ada, what chance has brought thee here unto this lonely place,
With bitterness and sorrow's tale written upon thy face? 1060
O can it be that Sarah's dead and thou hast brought the news?
But I bear other tidings which will all with joy infuse.
My master and the lad to God have homage duly done,
And in this bitter fight to-day victory in full have won.
And me they have sent on before that I these tidings bring, 1065
Tidings which with the sound of joy and hope and comfort ring.

ADA

Lord of all power and of might, thou Ruler of the earth,
Praise to Thy mercy's grace be given, for Thou hast brought to birth

Beyond all expectation's hope for Sarah tidings fair,
When terror for her son was like her life from her to tear, 1070
When I was seeking Abraham the bitter news to give
That she was at her last breath's gasp and had no hope to live.
Come, Syban, tell me this; stand not as one that's lost his mind.
How was it in such bitter fight Abraham could victory find?

SYBAN

This lonely path is not the place such tale to tell to thee; 1075
But if thou wouldst the story hear, walk on and follow me.
Nay, thou hast not the strength. I go, thou must awhile here stay.
When there are tidings good to tell, they brook not of delay.

[Exeunt.]

SARAH

O put thy hand beneath my arm. Help me to gain my feet,
And set me down beside the path, that I may view the street, 1080
That I may ask all those I see and all the passers by;
Perchance they can some way resolve this awful mystery.
Poor Tamar, listen, for my heart would seem to me to say
That news which brings some comfort's balm is now upon its way.
My inmost being, as it were, enjoys a little ease, 1085
And round my heart there 'gins to blow cool and refreshing breeze.

TAMAR

My lady, echoing in the well there is a cry. Dost hear?

[Enter SYBAN.]

Dost mark one running—there, I mean, to yonder cypress near?

SARAH

It is our servant. Hold thy peace that I may listen well.
What he doth cry to us, as yet I cannot clearly tell. 1090

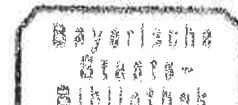
TAMAR

Mistress, a happy hearing's thine! for sure thou'lt see thy boy.
Fair are the tidings which he brings; he utters cries of joy.

SARAH

Ah me! How fast my heart must beat until he cometh near.
What are the tidings, grave or gay, my servant will me bear?

H



SYBAN

Mistress, give me good news' reward; thy child will soon appear;
 He who to thee is life itself and comfort is now near. 1096
 Thy pains and torments, all thy tears of bitterness and woe,
 To-day are now turned into joy, and streams refreshing flow.
 Now must our friends together come and all our kith and kind
 That they may welcome Isaac back, who life from death did find.
 For here is Isaac near at hand, here is a wealth of joy. 1101
 Open thine arms and clasp therein thine own sweet darling boy.

SARAH

What message hast thou brought to me, thou messenger so dear?
 Now will the mountain-height of woe as smiling plain appear.
 Glory in Highest unto God and peace upon the earth; 1105
 Thou hast Thy loving-kindness great for Abraham brought to birth.
 Thou hast too pity shown to me to-day in my old age,
 In that Thou dost my torments heal and pangs of heart assuage.
 O God of mercy, pitiful, the air with praise I fill;
 Ever in earth and heaven alike accomplished be Thy will. 1110
 I cannot wait in patience here, I cannot stay behind;
 If I go not and meet my boy I shall take leave of mind.

[Enter ABRAHAM and ISAAC.

See, see! My darling doth approach; my spirit 's like to fail.
 It seems my heart to bear such joy as this can scarce avail.
 O hold me in thy arms, my child, e'en as I wilt and bend; 1115
 Let be. From my excess of joy I feel my life will end.

ISAAC

Dear mother, I thy child am here, all full of joy and mirth,
 For God has raised me up again from lowest depth of earth.
 Wilt thou not speak to me or smile, wilt thou not fondle me?
 Mother, dost not thy Isaac know? Ah me! that cannot be! 1120
 What has been writ is clean wiped out, the past is gone and o'er;
 The days of tears are at an end and torments are no more.
 Let us rejoice the live-long day, let us to mirth resort,
 Seeing that I return from death and to new life am brought.

SARAH

Let me embrace thee, O my son, and give thee kisses sweet. 1125
 I will now go and with my thanks the Lord Who saved thee greet.

ABRAHAM

My wife, what then said I to thee, when thou didst weep of late?
 But thou didst censure me, I ween, and of my hardness prate.
 He that hath confidence in God and trusteth in His name
 Must never that he makes depart from out His will proclaim. 1130
 Stop these embracings, on thy child thy kisses cease to pour;
 Rather give thanks to God from heart, and Him with praise adore.
 Let us go in and offer prayer throughout the live-long night,
 And let us Resurrection's feast observe at morning light.
 Let us our homage unto God with fear and trembling pay, 1135
 With fasting and with prayer, for He the curse has ta'en away.
 What mind, what knowledge or what breath could ever such strength
 know
 As unto God to pay in full the thanks which we Him owe?
 Burnt offerings are of no avail, nor tapers bright nor thrones;
 No, not if we on altar cast all that the wide world owns. 1140
 Whate'er thou givest unto God, be it heart's sacrifice;
 The giver's purpose He regards and not the present's price.
 So let us go—myself, wife, son, and all with one accord,
 That we may offer our heart's thanks unto our God and Lord.
 For this great joy which we have seen upon this very day 1145
 Tribute of glory unto our Creator God we pay.
 O may the Lord of Heaven have honour and glory's meed,
 For He ne'er into bitter strife will me His servant lead.
 Glory and worship wait on Thee, my God; let angels raise
 Their hymns to Thee, and let the Saints Thy name for ever praise.
 My Father and my Lord, to Whom no mortal may draw nigh, 1151
 My Maker and my Moulder, Who controllest earth and sky,
 Thee will we hymn and keep in mind, as age succeedeth age;
 Thy praise until the end of time will e'er our thoughts engage.

END

EROPHÍLE

EROPHÍLE
A TRAGEDY
BY GEORGIOS HORTÁTZIS

DEDICATION

TO THE MOST NOBLE AND EXCELLENT GENTLEMAN

IOANNIS MOÚRMOURIS

A MOST WORTHY ORATOR

GEORGIOS HORTÁTZIS

As painters with a frame enclose of fair and glittering gold
Their pictures, when these finished are, and thus their work unfold,
And then in a conspicuous place these pictures hang for view,
That all may see and praise their art and give it honour due;
In such wise those who bring to end some labour of the mind, 5
Ere that they give it to the world, are eager first to find
Some great and worthy man to whom to dedicate their toil,
That they may use this selfsame man (as jewellers a foil),
That all who hear his name may long to open out the page
And see the verses which are writ, and thus their minds engage. 10
Therefore, since me the restless force and yearnings of my heart
Have driven to this task and forced to the creator's part,
Impelling me this tragedy to write in hope to set
A worthy monument, I would the work before not let
Pass from my hands, ere with a name I could that work adorn 15
Of noble worth, that from that name the work might ne'er be torn.
That this same name might with its charm the minds of men invite
To gaze upon the work I've made and joy win from the sight,
And with its power might hold fast bound every detractor's fling,
Soothing the blaming of my faults, each carping critic's sting. 20
So out of thousand persons dowered with an abundant grace,
By virtue famed or letters' art or else by wealth and place,

Who shine as do the stars of heaven in Crete from end to end,
 And shed on her their lustre bright and old-time brilliance lend,
 E'en as in those far distant times when Minos held his sway, 25
 And Crete him as her overlord deemed honour to obey,
 Thee have I singled out from all, most noble Moúrmouris,
 Thou orator, for thou art full of good and worth, I wis,
 To deck this work of mine withal with honour from thy name,
 That it by reason of thy grace may gain its fill of fame. 30
 But though I ardently desired this purpose to make good,
 A thousand ponderings arose to check my hardihood.
 One said to me it was not meet that I should seek to deck
 A building low and hideous, that was but as a wreck,
 With hangings glittering with gold, or try with rouge to hide 35
 The defects of ill-favoured maid and charms therewith provide.
 Another that I had no right so base a gift to send
 Unto one dowered with mind so great, and to the dust to bend
 An intellect that seeks the stars. Another said to me
 'Thou seekest, as I think, to reach the main of a vast sea 40
 With tiny stream befouled with mud, which sure will soon run dry
 And disappear while it is still to its own fountain nigh.'
 Thus did I stand for long time swayed by wavering of the mind;
 My judgement moved now here, now there, and could no rest-place find.
 For days and days I sought in vain firm purpose to attain, 45
 Either to do what I desired or else from that abstain.
 Yet, as my wishes prompted me, I bend to make the gift;
 I see thee set aloft, but yet, when I thy nature sift,
 I mark therein a pity mild and kindness without bound,
 And of the haughtiness of men in thee no trace I've found— 50
 That haughtiness in darkness set, which gives nor warmth nor light,
 But wraps what is around in gloom and blinds with smoke the sight.
 Therefore in humbleness I beg your Excellency's grace
 With cheerful countenance to take what in your hands I place,
 This tiny gift, and as a boon to me this favour give, 55
 That through thy nobleness and worth adorned it chance may live.
 So since I have adventured me upon so vast a sea
 In bark so frail and small, I pray that thou my pilot be,
 That by thy aid I may ride through the hurricane's fell blast,
 And to the haven which I seek bring my ship home at last. 60

For all the winds of heaven that blow and storms which 'gainst me fight,
 And all the billows which swell high, never will have the might
 To drive me upon rocky ledge or do me other harm,
 If thy bright face as guiding-star will lend to me its charm.
 The daring thought I had in mind to give gift worthy thee; 65
 But though I've missed the mark, and this my gift unworthy be,
 Set that to Fortune's count; do not impute it to my will,
 For, I assure thee, highest hopes ever my mind did fill.
 But Fortune was it who those hopes dashed, and when fain to fly,
 I tried to soar aloft on wings to Helicon on high, 70
 She cut those wings at earliest start, and I fell to the ground,
 And in desire alone was I, as at first, wealthy found.
 So she, in place of confidence and hope and promised goal,
 (For me she ofttimes seemed to raise unto the very Pole)
 Now builds me gardens in the air and castles on the sands; 75
 The vision fair which rose by night, by day mere wreckage stands.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

PANÁRETOS. A lover.
KARPÓPHOROS. His friend.
PHILÓGONOS. King.
COUNSELLOR of the king.
EROPHÍLE. The king's daughter.
CHRYSÓNOME. Her nurse.
GHOST of the king's brother.
CHORUS of women.
DEMONS.
MESSENGER.
MAIDENS in attendance on the king's daughter.

The scene of the tragedy is laid in the country of Égypt.

PROLOGUE spoken by CHAROS

My countenance so wild and grim and veiled in pitchy dark,
The scythe I carry in my hand, my bones all bare and stark,
The thunders which so oft do roar, the lightnings which forth break,
Opening the ground, and seeming from the depths of hell to make
A road—all these alone, without the aid of speech, full well 5
To those who look upon me here to-day my nature tell.
Yet none the less I have desire for easing of my mind
To tell you clearly who I am that you my powers may find.
I am that one whom all mankind hate with a deadly hate,
And that I am dog-hearted, blind, and pitiless relate. 10
For I am he who when I list hurl suddenly to death
Kings and the great ones of the earth, and take away their breath
From rich and poor impartially, from master and from slave,
From young and old, from great and small, from lively and from grave,
From wise and fools—from every sort that is of human kind, 15
Whether they be in flower of youth or grip of years confined.
Glories and honours I blot out, o'er names a veil I cast,
And friend from friend I separate, and reputations blast.
The angry heart I dominate, the schemes of men I change;
Their hopes I scatter to the winds and all their plans derange. 20
And wheresoe'er my eyes are turned, blazing with bitter ire,
Whole towns sink into wrack headlong and continents expire.
Where are the kingdoms of the Greeks? Where are the lands of Rome
So wealthy once and powerful? Where now is fled the home
Of arts and sciences? Where now will you those glories find 25
Of famous Athens—famous once for arms and powers of mind?
Where is the mighty Carthage now, and where those warriors great
Of Rome? Where now the wealth which these once brought unto
their state?
Where now is Alexander's fame and all his warrior's might?
Where now the Caesars' glories which the world once filled with light?
All these are shattered by my hand and through me come to nought, 31
They are but dust and ashes now and to neglect are brought.
Therefore I count those fools indeed who think by toil or art
They can defy my hand and e'en prevent it from its part

Of bringing to an end their names, by writing idle tale, 35
 Or can by doing of some deed, or true or false, prevail.
 More foolish still I those account who immortality
 Woo by the making of base gain or heaping fee on fee.
 For all these are by me destroyed and take their wings for flight,
 All these by time and passing years are blotted out of sight. 40
 Where is Chaldaean's lettered lore, and where are those who sought
 For immortality by pen, and all their powers brought
 To write the history of the wars which were waged by mankind,
 Or those who scattered their great wealth like chaff before the wind?
 Where now the greatness, where the wealth untold of that huge town
 Which with her royal sway controlled Semiramis did own? 46
 Come tell me, where are now those men for height of wisdom famed?
 Those rulers strong who with their rod myriads to slavery tamed?
 But since no more on earth they're seen, no trace of them is left,
 One name at least, come mention me; are they of that bereft? 50
 Tell me, who were they who did raise what men 'colossi' name,
 Who gathered mountains and thereout half finished that great frame
 The Tower of Babel called? Who built, toiling by night and day,
 Those pyramids which still are seen standing in their decay?
 Vain toil! One name of many tell from all that famous band, 55
 That we may see if, as they deemed, they could immortal stand!
 Nay, all alike by common fate are vanished from the light;
 Hades their names and bodies too has buried out of sight.
 But what need is there I should cull examples drawn from far
 And ancient times, which from ourselves so much removed are? 60
 Come tell me, where is seen to-day full many an honoured friend,
 Your loved ones whom ye held so dear and faithfully did tend?
 Where are those lovers of your place who sauntered up and down,
 And sprinkled musk-leaves in the streets and perfumed all your town?
 And where are they who on their lips the honey-dew did lay, 65
 And in their frolics had the power to turn night into day?
 Poor wights! Their dwelling is the pit, all silent is their cry;
 Their naked souls flit o'er the earth, they dust and ashes lie.
 Yet spite these warnings none there is who pondereth in mind
 That he too, ere long time, must needs to Hades passage find. 70
 They live as if they were to be the heirs of earth for aye,
 As if no thing that world contains their whims could satisfy.

O wretched above measure they! They cannot e'en perceive
 How fast their days are minishing, how fast the years them leave!
 For yesterday is past and gone; the day before is fled, 75
 And but a spark of light mid gloom can by to-day be shed.
 Ere that an eye can ope and shut, on victim I descend,
 And without pity I that man straight to his doom do send.
 The light of beauty I put out, I pity not the fair,
 No reck have I of savage heart, of humbleness no care. 80
 Those who fly from me I o'ertake, who seeks me I repel;
 Oft uninvited I arrive as guest at marriage bell,
 And bride and bridegroom, old and young alike away I bear;
 Revel I turn to funeral train, and laughter into tear.
 Instead of pastime I bring gloom, instead of singing, sobs, 85
 And the grim purpose of my mind my heart of pity robs.
 The whiteness fair of flesh through me foulness of earth infests,
 The face I blot out in decay, the sweetly-scented breasts
 I on a sudden make the home of worms that therein breed;
 Daily my hand is firm resolved to ruin's train to lead 90
 Houses and families therein, kingdoms and worlds alike.
 For so heaven's justice is fulfilled—with equalness to strike.
 Yet spite of this, I bid you all whom chance assembles here
 To put from out your hearts to-day the slightest thrill of fear.
 For not in quest of you by Zeus have I been hither sent; 95
 On making prey of you, your sires or children I'm not bent.
 For it is writ in heaven's book that many years ye live,
 And that these years shall wealth enjoy and honours richly give.
 But I am come unto this high and noble palace-gate
 (A place of such surpassing bliss in the world's estimate) 100
 To deal out death, as you shall see, ere this day pass away,
 Unto the king that dwelleth here and eke his daughter slay;
 To lay his glory in the dust, and then his realm to place
 In other's hand, for all the crimes which his foul rule deface.
 Yes, and a soldier slay I too, the sole remaining shoot 105
 Left in the world of other king, whom battle did uproot.
 And what I do is to be done at Zeus's strict behest,
 For Zeus will never let a deed of Right unfinished rest.
 Therefore ye must expect to take here grief within your heart;
 With tears in eyes ye will again to your own land depart. 110

I say 'your own land', for ye are not now, as ye believe,
 In Crete, but it is Egypt's land that doth your feet receive.
 This city famous Memphis is, throughout the wide world known
 For its great pyramids which rise with stone piled upon stone.
 By Zeus's favour are ye come suddenly to this land, 115
 That 'fore the eyes of each and all a warning dread may stand—
 That by his death Philógonos may you with terror fill,
 And that the hatred of Unright may through your being thrill;
 That warned by other's fall ye may abide in your estate,
 Seeing how oft prosperity is overthrown by fate. 120
 O plans of men, ye go awry; judgement, thou lokest eyes,
 O hopes of men, ye are but dupes and end in bitter sighs.
 This king has hopes of joyfulness, on wedding sets his mind;
 'O Fortune,' cries he, 'thou to me hast proved thyself too kind.'
 And yet—the bitterness of woe will soon him overpower, 125
 And maidens' weakly hands with blows will bring him to death's hour.
 So if in this wise kings who rule the wide world with their sway,
 So often find that humbly they my bidding must obey,
 Who amongst lesser folk can hope to reach unto the goal
 Of glory, wealth and honour, though they seek these with their soul?
 Poor dupes! What ye snatch runs away; that which ye grasp takes
 flight, 131
 Your gathered store is scattered far, your building sinks from sight;
 Your glory's snuffed out like a spark, your wealth in which ye trust
 Is whirled away, e'en as the wind scatters the gathered dust;
 Your name is blotted out as though 'twere written in the sand 135
 Which the sea covers with its flood, or in the dust on land.
 But now I leave you, for I see the General from the gate
 Comes forth—e'en he whom pangs of death in sharpest form await.

END OF THE PROLOGUE

ACT ONE

SCENE ONE

PANÁRETOS *speaks alone*

To think that these my sufferings have so o'erwhelmed my heart,
 That heart, which stricken is to-day so sorely with love's smart,
 That it amid refreshment's dew no place for joy can find,
 And fiercer flame than e'er before burns up my tortured mind!
 How can it be that rays of sun in noonday heaven set 5
 For these poor eyes of mine can nought save murky gloom beget?
 How is it that the blaze of heat can nought produce save snow,
 How is it that fresh water cool withers the flowers which blow?
 Did ever love returned ere now so strange a work effect
 As to make lover's heart on nought save bitterness reflect? 10
 When the fierce sea has sunk to calm or stormy battles cease,
 The sailor's cares pass into joy, the soldier's heart has peace.
 The man who loves, when he has ta'en the herb of love's desire,
 Finds all his tortures pass away, his passion's pains expire.
 Why is it then that I can do nought save to heave my sighs 15
 In midst of all my cause of joy and utter bitter cries?
 But what of all is worst is this—I cannot yet believe
 That I dwell in a paradise, nor my fair gifts receive.
 A treasure have I in my breast, but just as though 'twere lost,
 To find it I turn here and there, with restless yearnings tossed. 20
 At splendour of the sky I gaze where beauties shine so bright,
 And then my light turns into dark and blinded is my sight.
 My lady of such noble birth and of such comely charms,
 Sweetly consenting, as I longed, yields herself to my arms.
 Yet spite all this the crushing weight that hath my heart oppressed 25
 Ne'er leaves me room to entertain this sweet refreshing guest.
 I know not how, but I still stand swayed betwixt peace and strife,
 And mingled bitterness and joy at once possess my life.
 But I must ever, as it seems, hemmed in with torment go,
 For what my error is, and how I've fallen, well I know. 30
 I'm doomed to lodge within my breast a thousand ravening beasts,
 And each of these, lodged there, upon my tortured heart-strings feasts.

The peace I've won is destined oft to turn to battle's fray:
 My mind must ever with the weight of crushing torment stay. . . .
 But look! Karpóphoros I see, my foster-brother there, 35
 Who is as loved by me as though he my true brother were.
 That thing which up to now I've hid, I mean this very hour
 To tell to him to ease my mind; it may be he'll have power,
 (For he has understanding great and is a faithful friend)
 By some wise counsel on his part my wretched state to mend. 40

SCENE TWO

PANÁRETOS and KARPÓPHOROS

KARPÓPHOROS

The fruits of virtue ever are dowered with a comely scent,
 And on possession of those fruits each one is ever bent.
 No man exists who is not fain honour and wealth to find,
 And in respect thereof to stand higher than all mankind.
 But by desire alone has none as yet reached to that height; 45
 By that alone can none avail on pinnacle to light.
 The ladder whereby you must climb is wrought by zeal and pain;
 It is not gift of Fortune's hands, as falsely men maintain.
 The light of sun, the span of heaven, the stars and silver moon,
 The earth, the air, the shore of sea—these, it is true, are boon 50
 Granted by power of Zeus; but he who toils with might and main
 Alone can hope to glory's height and honour to attain.
 The man who careless is and slack can never think to rise,
 But of a certainty will such ill after ill surprise.

PANÁRETOS (*aside*)

Wise are the words he speaks; for sure, without hard labour's pain 55
 No man on earth can ever hope enduring name to gain.

KARPÓPHOROS

I am alone in saying this; for other men relate,
 Seeing Panáretos thus raised to such a high estate,
 That Fate has lifted him aloft and not his merit fair,
 Nor toil as day succeedeth day, nor yet his virtues rare. 60
 I sought him in his house and learned that ere the Daystar's light
 Had with its rays begun to make the East's horizon bright,

He, as his custom is, had risen and gone upon his way
 Unto the business of his lord attention due to pay.

PANÁRETOS (*aside*)

It is the slavery of love and bitter care and thought, 65
 And other business none which me have here so early brought.

KARPÓPHOROS

How is it possible to find a better man than this,
 Or one of favour from the king who more deserving is?
 As I can judge, of honour's place none can more worthy be.
 Let contradiction stand aside and jealousy far flee! 70
 But lo! he's here. . . . Panáretos, I bid thee right good hail!

PANÁRETOS

Thy noble self, my friend, may ne'er a thousand blessings fail!

KARPÓPHOROS

Panáretos, if from thy face I draw conclusion true,
 The troubles which weigh down thy heart are all too plain to view.
 I judge that thou full deep art plunged in anxiousness and gloom, 75
 And restlessness within thy mind never found larger room.

PANÁRETOS

Plunged am I, as thou seest in truth in deepest depths of woe,
 And seas of torment which defy measuring round me flow.
 So great that trouble that I fear we close to parting stand,
 And that untimely death for me is all too close at hand. 80

KARPÓPHOROS

Panáretos, my brother dear, such end far distant be!
 May these my eyes, I pray the gods, never such evil see!
 But since thy kindness and thy grace have so surpassing proved,
 (Albeit that in my estate I am so far removed
 From thy high station), that thou hast made me thy brother dear, 85
 And, as I ween, I to thine eyes a faithful friend appear,
 I am emboldened—do not on my boldness, I beg, frown,
 To ask the cause of this great woe which doth so weigh thee down.
 For as thy friend I will essay to lift thee from thy woe,
 And, just so far as in me lies, to lighten thy grief's blow. 90

PANÁRETOS

Karpóphoros, my heart full well thy nature's kindness knows,
 And that my secrets better can within thy breast repose
 Than in myself; on this account I do confide in thee,
 And trust thee that thou wilt to me friend faithful ever be.
 And yet I can but evermore the tortures of my mind 95
 Keep down and leave them in the cell of my poor heart confined.
 For by my brooding o'er the fault into the which I fell
 My light is darkened and in murk of gloomy thoughts I dwell.
 So could I wish it possible that earth should open wide
 And my poor frame within its depths, as in a tomb, should hide. 100

KARPÓPHOROS

My friend, when man a fault commits, but of that fault repents,
 Then Justice towards the fault he did with reason full relents.
 He should set down his error's blame unto Dame Fortune's count,
 And comfort win, in that the sin cannot to death amount.

PANÁRETOS

As I have heard, each man on earth doth his own fortune make, 105
 And as he purposeth in heart, or good or bad will take.

KARPÓPHOROS

Fortune o'er life hath power great and influence untold.
 But this we will in leisure hour at greater length unfold.
 For since men say that bosom friends, though each a body whole,
 Yet live as though they were but one inseparable soul, 110
 I beg, since in me faithful friend and servant true you see,
 You tell to me that fault of yours, great though it chance to be.
 And be assured of this—that I no other purpose know
 Than to find means whereby I may of help be in your woe.

PANÁRETOS

Thy words that ring compassionate, our constant friendship's zeal,
 On which our earliest childish years at first did set the seal, 116
 Cause me without reserve of fear all bare to lay my heart,
 And to reveal the mighty thing wherein I played my part.
 I need not say to thee 'Keep close the tale which I shall tell',
 For that thou art the faithfullest of friends I know full well. 120

KARPÓPHOROS

Ere that thy secret issue from my lips, ere e'en in thought
 I to another what thou sayest can to reveal be brought,
 I pray that I may lose my tongue and every power of speech,
 And that the earth may part in twain and suck me in that breach.

PANÁRETOS

Well listen to the tale I tell.

KARPÓPHOROS

Speak on; why dost thou turn 125
 That face of thine now here now there, ere I thy message learn?

PANÁRETOS

My lips must tremble ere that they the message can begin;
 They fain would dumb remain and no utterance for such tale win.
 The beams and water and the lime these palace walls which bind
 Ears for the hearing of our words and tongue for speech can find. 130
 Where least the mind expecteth it, its words are overheard,
 For on a sudden woe befalls from source which least was feared.

KARPÓPHOROS

The more thou showest how thou fearst, the more desire I feel
 That thou the cause of this same fear wilt soon to me reveal.

PANÁRETOS

Karpóphoros, my brother dear, I was not five years old, 135
 (That from the very start to thee my fortune's tale be told)
 When by the grace of God above I was first hither brought,
 And this fair palace of our king thereby to know was taught.
 And now whose son I was to thee, and thee alone, I tell,
 For that thy loyal faithfulness I know surpassing well. 140

KARPÓPHOROS

I know that thou art son of king, for that all men can read
 Clear from thy acts; thy bearing too cannot but show thy breed.
 So oftentimes I have thee praised in secret in my breast,
 Because thou didst not with thy lips reveal this to the rest.

PANÁRETOS

The secret I was strictly charged buried in heart to hide 145
 By him who brought me; but since first this palace did provide
 For me a home, the king as though child of his own I were
 Did show such love to me, and such a tender father's care,

That he enjoined that I should pass the years of boyish growth
 With his own Erophíle, till the time when we reached both 150
 Our grown estate, and this though he knew not my parents' name,
 And was alone of this aware—that I from Tsertsa came.
 But Erophíle, who with me had equal tale of years,
 Showed to me love no less than that which sister brother bears,
 And was with me companion found whether of work or play, 155
 Whether we did abide in house or in the garden stray.
 And wheresoever in the town as she walked forth she went,
 No other hand than mine in hers would she to hold consent,
 As up and down the streets she paced; and this was cause of pain
 Unto my comrades, nor could they from jealousy refrain. 160
 But when we had reached grown estate, and could not without stain
 On honour, as before, in close companionship remain,
 Then the king parted us, and great the grief which us beset,
 Albeit that from time to time we in the palace met.

KARPÓPHOROS

The king was wise in what he did; for love oft seizes youth, 165
 As fire does brushwood, and the blaze consumes them without ruth.

PANÁRETOS

But, my Karpóphoros, a thing passing belief ensued;
 Both of us were with greater love than e'er before imbued.

KARPÓPHOROS

Do not account the thing as strange; forbidden fruit is sweet,
 And lovers love with fiercer flame who opposition meet. 170

PANÁRETOS

Swiftly our feelings changed; there grew within us new desire,
 And this did hold us as it were tormented with a fire
 Such as in previous time had ne'er enwrapped us with its flame,
 Such as our hearts had never known until that moment came.

KARPÓPHOROS

Now I begin to understand whither this discourse tends; 175
 Now I perceive the end to which your deep foreboding bends.

PANÁRETOS

Karpóphoros, the tale to tell in brief—the fire of Love
 My inmost being suddenly did then begin to prove.

I strove with all my powers of mind at first to quench that flame,
 Before it irresistibly my being's whole o'ercame. 180
 But all my labours were in vain, because, I know not how,
 That fire into my inmost heart its sudden way did plough.
 It took from me my reason's force and I could find no rest,
 Save when of presence of my love I found myself possessed.

KARPÓPHOROS

A man will find it task severe quick to uproot a tree, 185
 Which in well-watered spot has once grown to maturity.
 But task severer far it is to uproot a young man's love,
 When it is planted firm and long: such a love to remove
 From out its place would need in sooth a master's powerful hand;
 And to speak truth, the man who could free himself from such band
 Would be acclaimed by all the world as one that's truly great, 191
 And fortunate beyond compare men would account his state.
 But of a truth, Panáretos, I even this foretold,
 And what I've now heard with my ears as like to come did hold.
 For tender glances of the eyes ever desire beget, 195
 And for Love's entry to the heart a sweet enticement set.
 And when that Love has once his seat taken within the heart,
 It is beyond a mortal's power to make him thence depart.

PANÁRETOS

I know this to be true; for when Love's outbreaks I would quell,
 I found the heat the fiercer grow, the blaze of fire more fell. 200
 And Érotas, whom I did seek to chase forth, back returned
 With rage redoubled, and again my inmost being burned;
 And for my deadly wound he would no healing herb supply,
 So that I thought that of my pains I should of surety die.
 But in the meantime, as thou knowst, there rose the Persian war, 205
 And by the orders of the king command supreme I bore
 Over his army; thus was I compelled in my despite
 Thither to go where my great lord commanded me to fight.
 Bethink thee then how great the woe that did my poor heart grieve,
 When, without farewell word, my love's fair face I had to leave. 210
 I deem no soul with such fell pain is from the body driven,
 As that which seized me when I was from my dear lady riven.

No frame, Karpóphoros, I'm sure, is with such spasm torn
 In that dread hour when from its seat the breath of life is borne,
 As she was when her eyes beheld me marching far away, 215
 And knew that I to distant place far from her side must stray,
 Although the one to other yet had not the pain revealed
 Which wrung our wounded hearts; it lay as yet therein concealed,
 For fear had struck timidity into our faltering mind,
 And neither could for their desire free declaration find. 220

KARPÓPHOROS

Panáretos, my brother kind, hard is the thing I hear,
 And if I say 'tis past belief, thou must yet with me bear,
 Because the burning fires of love a man but ill conceals;
 In sooth the more he seeks to hide, the more he them reveals.
 How can it be that a maid's heart should be afire and blaze, 225
 And yet that conflagration should no trace of smoke e'er raise?
 Who can believe it tale of truth that maiden in her mind
 Should such a warfare waged by love and such fierce strivings find,
 And yet her lips should be fast locked and without sound remain,
 And could from utterance of love and cry of woe refrain? 230
 So for thyself, couldst thou amid such burning tortures live,
 And yet no sign of all the woe that tortured thee forth give?

PANÁRETOS

Wise men their passions from men's eyes most deeply hidden keep,
 And when they're suffering in their hearts, smiles to their lips upleap.
 So that is why she ever strove, being so wise of heart, 235
 No sign of all the secret pain that tore her soul to impart.
 And I, full well aware that I no healing balm could find,
 Did think it well that till I died I should my tongue fast bind.
 But that which she was fain to hide, I could not but surmise,
 For, every time that we two met, 'twas writ in those fair eyes. 240
 She looked at me with pity's glance and with a mien so kind,
 It seemed that she some healing herb for her distress would find.
 And I for my part felt now joy and now foreboding's pain,
 Seeing that I the loss of such fair beauty must sustain.
 A thousand times I me resolved to make excuse to bide, 245
 That still for me angelic charm her fair face might provide;

A thousand times when I the need of my king brought to mind,
 I thought it better far that this my body should death find
 Than that I should renounce the task which had to me been given;
 So in this wise I found myself with boundless torment riven. 250
 But in the end I bowed to fate; from her I made depart,
 Pierced through and through with torments fierce in marrow, mind
 and heart.

My body to fulfil the king's behests I thus resigned,
 And to endure the thousand pangs which fate to me consigned.

KARPÓPHOROS

Just as no joy the heart of man with such deep transports moves, 255
 As when to some great service done reward commensurate proves,
 Given by the world; so never man will feel such bitter smart
 As when he by the fates' decree from his true love must part.

PANÁRETOS

Karpóphoros, such parting thou shouldst not as smart acclaim,
 But rather it as death and that the bitterest shouldst name. 260
 So many stars on clearest night thou wilt not in heaven spy,
 So many fishes in the depths of ocean do not lie,
 So many flowers upon the meads never will there be found,
 Nor will so many songs of birds within the brakes resound,
 As were the torments of my heart from morn to dewy eve, 265
 Or were the sighs which oft I did from my poor breast upheave.
 I had more torment from myself and a far bitterer strife
 From that great love which I did bear as secret of my life,
 Than that I waged against my foes; at last, since end of pain
 Nowhere I could before me view (for what I did sustain 270
 I knew full well that I must bear in secret in my heart
 And never could my love-born pain to other soul impart),
 I then resolved to meet my end, and single-handed go
 Into the mêlée of the fight and reck not ought of blow,
 In search of death. But Fortune seemed 'gainst me to have a spite
 And ever to direct my arm victorious in the fight. 276
 A thousand times I nerved my heart my sword from sheath to bare
 And ruthlessly with my own hands my life away to tear.
 A thousand times I purpose held no nourishment to take,
 That thus I might more speedily my way to Hades make. 280

And oftentimes I groaned aloud and dizzy with my pain
 My tongue from speaking bitter words like these could not refrain:
 'Tis hope that makes the husbandman to spend long days in toil
 And plant his trees and cast his seeds wide-scattered o'er the soil.
 'Tis hope that to the sea in ships the sailor sendeth down, 285
 And there he plies his daily task in danger he may drown.
 Hope too the labourer inspires and aids him in his pain,
 The general to the battle goes in hope of victory's gain.
 'Tis hope which maketh every youth to fall in love with maid,
 That at the last his service true and homage be repaid. 290
 But as for me, what hope have I, to what can I aspire?
 And yet I cannot quench the flame kindled by love's desire.'
 And then my eyes became a fount, waters flowed as from well,
 And all my limbs, though living yet, were plunged deep down in hell.

KARPÓPHOROS

How many pains and tortures fell thou dost in man's heart place, 295
 Thou traitor Love, such that these wear now one, now other face!

PANÁRETOS

But when we had returned again (for finished was the war)
 In triumph great unto our land, and once again I saw
 'The beauties of my lady's face, her mien compassionate
 Showed me how by the loss of love her heart was desolate. 300
 How great my joy was those, and those alone, can fully know
 Within whose heart the flames which are lit by the Love-god glow.
 But since I must then needs set out in tourney part to take,
 Which 'twas the king's command that we should in our city make,
 (For that we had with victory come and won us honour great, 305
 And I a name of proud report had gained in every state),
 I passed first to her bower and there upon my knees I fell,
 And humbly with such words as these my tale of love did tell:
 'O royal maid, so dear to me, with peerless beauty blest,
 Among all maidens in the world honoured above the rest, 310
 Since I have ever as your slave and faithful servant true
 Done nothing save at your command, nothing apart from you,
 I judge it would unfitting be if I to tourney went,
 Save first I spake a word with you and won from you consent.

And so, my Queen, all earnestly consent from you I ask, 315
 And give to me that hand so dear ere I go to my task;
 For without aiding of that hand no good thing can I do,
 Whilst I yet live, nor honour's deed perform apart from you.'
 These words once uttered, I beheld that fair face change its hue
 Not once or twice; and as the sea you may have chanced to view, 320
 When sometimes it upon the shore with gentle impulse knocks,
 Although no breath of wind it feels or any tempest-shocks,
 In such wise softly she that breast, which of musk sweetly smelt,
 Struck once or twice, that breast to which the wound of love was dealt.

KARPÓPHOROS

Just as the winds do raise the sea and mighty swellings make, 325
 And on a sudden lift the waves so they in anger break,
 In such wise do the words she hears fall from a lover's tongue,
 E'en spoken softly, stir the heart of maid with passion wrung.
 They make that passion higher rise, and more they stir that heart,
 If with due care they are composed and framed with comely art. 330

PANÁRETOS

I framed them with no art at all, but my tongue only said
 The words to which it was by guide of the heart's passions led.
 She uttered a deep sigh and said 'That favour which I showed
 Erstwhile when we together were cannot now be bestowed,
 For that were an unseemly deed; but, an thou lovest me, 335
 Panáretos, thou present must at this same tourney be,
 And, as thy wont is, thou must fight and fight victoriously.'
 So saying, she drew nigh to me, and then this amulet,
 Which I now carry, she took off her neck and round mine set. 340

KARPÓPHOROS

A precious gift was that indeed, and greater love she showed
 Thereby, I think, than e'er before she had on thee bestowed.

PANÁRETOS

As on a tree long parched with drought the branches then begin
 To sprout with green, and than before a sweeter scent to win;
 It puts forth wealth of fruits and flowers, and multiplies it roots, 345
 And upwards to the heights of heaven aloft its head it shoots,
 When it receives a copious flood; e'en so then love began
 To stir with hope my hapless heart, and through my being ran,

When I first heard such kindly words from out her lips forth shoot,
 And when these in my inmost heart took ever deeper root. 350
 Out to the tourney's strife to win my victory I did go,
 And joy I gave unto my friends and bitterness to foe,
 As thou, I deem, rememberest. But from this theme I turn;
 It ill beseems from a man's lips too much of self to learn.

KARPÓPHOROS

I know it well without thy speech; for we did see thee do 355
 More stirring deeds upon that field than e'er Achilles knew.
 The memory of those deeds abides; full well we understand
 That it was thou who then chased out the foeman from our land.

PANÁRETOS

But when that tourney finished was, straightway I left my arms,
 And once again I sought relief in Erophíle's charms. 360
 I knelt before her and I said: 'My Queen, it were not fit
 That glory in this tourney won on me alone should sit.
 The prizes should to thy grace fall, for I know but too well
 That victory to me was given by nought save by that spell. 365
 But if those prizes I've not brought to lay them at thy feet,
 My mistress, as by justice' law would have been right and meet,
 I do that not, because such things do not befit a maid;
 Instead thereof let my whole soul and body here be laid
 An offering to my princess; for at thy slightest sign
 Both soul and body I'm prepared to Hades to resign.' 370
 But when she to the words I spake was fain to make reply,
 The Love-god with his hand the snows spread o'er her face did dye
 With blush of red; and after that she in such wise began,
 And from her lips most pitiful such sweet refreshment ran,
 That I departed with more joy than e'er before I felt. 375
 But that same joy with its desires only fresh tortures spelt.
 I cried that Fate had willing been such a great gift to give
 Only because she knew that I should sooner cease to live.
 But Aphrodite's son who seeks true servants to requite
 And for the toils that they endure bestows on them delight, 380
 Suffered me not to spend my life and labour all in vain,
 But granted me a fit reward for my love's pains to gain.

KARPÓPHOROS

I fear me that to-day of great events I'm like to learn;
 Two who are fain to join in one no more to labour turn.

PANÁRETOS

Long tale it were to thee to tell of every vow and oath 385
 Which to fair issue in our love at end did bring us both.
 But I could wish in a few words, belovèd friend, to tell
 How 'twixt myself and my fair love that matter then befell.
 For in the telling I should win a little ease of heart.
 But words now fail me, and I know not how the tale to start. 390
 And when I would beginning make, my speech soon dies away;
 My tongue turns dumb and utters not the words that I would say.

KARPÓPHOROS

If I can trust the words I hear, Panáretos my friend,
 The faithful love which ye two bore had not unguerdoned end.

PANÁRETOS

Thou sayest sooth; but first of all the ring and lovers' oath, 395
 Which were between us both exchanged, plighted our wedding troth.
 But thou must understand that straight, as from that very hour,
 Much bitterness and torment fierce my reason's force o'erpower.
 For then my eyes which had at first blindness from love received
 Were on an instant opened wide, and all too clear perceived 400
 That, spite the passion which I felt, without the king's goodwill
 I could not with his child the rites of marriage e'er fulfil.
 My days were darkened and my nights were heavy with my fears;
 Ever was I companion close to sighing and to tears.
 That thing which at the first seemed like to gladden all my heart, 405
 Can now nought save repentance keen and tortures fell impart.
 And truly if the deed would not have harmed my maid beloved,
 I would have straightway with my sword my wretched life removed.
 For e'en the broadest streams on earth, though they in thousands roll,
 Can never wash away my sin or make my error whole. 410
 The thing which grieves me most is this—that for so great a sin
 It is not possible an end to find or pardon win.
 And so two passions I do bear together fast combined—
 A love which never limit knows and a remorseful mind.

These without rest between themselves do strive and toil and fight 415
 To keep me fast in torture's grip and hold me down with might.
 Love wishes me to see the gift which he has given is good—
 A maiden fair beyond compare, princess of royal blood,
 A mistress worthy service true, that I should banish pain,
 And joy as much as I can joy, from grief my heart refrain. 420
 But limitless remorse to me recalls my deeds unkind,
 And makes me 'Traitor' call myself and 'Man of faithless mind'.
 From day to day fear without bounds within my heart it sets,
 And never torture wrung a man like that which me besets.
 The fear perchance the king will learn and me of surety slay, 425
 Or, if he learn it not, he soon may give my maid away
 In marriage to some mighty king. . . . I stand and ponder deep
 And pray that I may meet my death and sigh and groan and weep.
 Karpóphoros, as best thou canst, lend me thine aid to-day,
 And tell me by what means I can make these pains pass away. 430

KARPÓPHOROS

Panáretos, if what is done could ever be undone,
 And could the past be blotted out from underneath the sun,
 My brother, I would thee advise never to do this deed.
 But since that deed has once been done, for fretting is no need.
 Remorse avails not, nor can all the tears thou sheddst prevail 435
 Of things which have been done one jot to lessen the whole tale.
 Therefore, my dearest friend, herein thou shouldst some comfort find,
 And in this hour of need, as erst, use all thy powers of mind.
 Thou shouldst ponder that nought else it is save heaven and fate
 That have brought thee and her alike into your present state. 440
 For never deed like that, I deem, is into being brought,
 Unless by hand of those two powers that same deed has been wrought.
 Thou shouldst ponder that like her thou art of royal blood,
 And e'en though fortune unto thee has once appeared not good,
 Thou hast no cause at all thereat to fall into despair, 445
 But rather hope that blessings great thou in thy turn wilt share.
 Fortune is but a fickle jade, and when a man doth think
 That to the deepest depths of woe he must of surety sink,
 She raises him to boundless bliss, as in thine own estate
 Thou mayest of this truth a clear example contemplate. 450

Thou art by birth, as thou didst now confess, of kingly race,
 And Fortune brought thee, stranger, down unto this present place.
 Little by little she raised thee in favour of the king,
 And to a greatness shared by none in this wide realm did bring. 455
 And she who has secured to thee these other blessings great,
 Now makes thy head to touch the stars as Erophíle's mate.
 Therefore away with bitterness and play a hopeful part;
 Think all thy blessings will endure, and so be of good heart.
 If thou hast erred, that erring is common to humankind;
 A man that is without a fault thou ne'er on earth wilt find. 460
 And all more frequent are the faults of love, which suddenly
 Deceives us all and from a man maketh his wits to flee.

PANÁRETOS

'Tis just because I too have been deceived that I thus sigh,
 And as a traitor to my lord myself I thus decry.
 Alas! Who is there who shall hear of this my boundless fall 465
 Who will not me a cowardly wight and a base traitor call?

KARPÓPHOROS

The man who knoweth how a heart is all consumed with fire,
 How it is tortured, when it is stricken with love's desire,
 That man, I say, if he hath ought of judgement, will not dare 470
 To utter evil against thee or one ill word prepare.
 Thee therefore over what is done nowise to grieve I bid,
 But counsel thee, as best thou canst, to keep the matter hid.
 Leave thou the business as it stands, and it will pass away,
 For with the passing of the days nothing unchanged will stay.

PANÁRETOS

Deep in recesses of my heart will I this thing conceal, 475
 But time, as it moves on its way, each secret will reveal.
 Since Fortune is a fickle thing, I fear me she will show
 Envy at my good hap and say that I too prosperous grow,
 And into such a pit profound of torment will me lead,
 That I therefrom, Karpóphoros, shall never raise my head. 480
 How fortunate in very truth mankind should that one call
 Who never yet a single stroke of luck has known at all.
 For since he knows that this good luck will leave him in the end,
 He ever must to misery and torment his neck bend.

KARPÓPHOROS

Tell me, Panáretos, on thy life, canst thou this lady leave, 485
Or would departure from her sight thee of thy life bereave?

PANÁRETOS

How is it possible that frame should from its soul be rent,
And yet, when of that soul bereft, still to live on consent?
How could it be that fish deprived of water, bird of air,
Should still their daily life renew, their nature's force repair? 490
How then could I, if once I were from my dear lady ta'en,
My liberty upon the earth, or e'en my life sustain?
'Twere better far my limbs should be to thousand pieces torn
Than that my eyes lose sight of her and I live on forlorn!

KARPÓPHOROS

Well then, if thou thy lady's sight canst not endure to leave, 495
What boots it now with thy remorse thy being thus to grieve?
A truce to these untimely woes, again I say to thee,
And look to heaven's help, and then a good end thou wilt see
Unto this tale of blessings which for thee is well begun.
The earnest that thou hast in hand will to full payment run. 500

PANÁRETOS

Karpóphoros, thy words to-day comfort untold have given
Unto my heavy-laden heart which is with torment riven.
I joy me that I have outpoured the thoughts within my mind,
And that in thee, whate'er befall, I shall a helper find.

KARPÓPHOROS

My intellect, my speech, my hands, yea and my very soul 505
And all that I possess of power—to thee I give the whole
To aid thee in this work. But those who a close friendship keep,
As we twain do, it ill beseems words upon words to heap.

PANÁRETOS

Karpóphoros, thou lovst me dear, and this full well I know,
And all my hopes are set on thee under this heavy blow. 510
I go now to the camp to see what there the soldiers do,
And after this another time we will this thing review.

KARPÓPHOROS

Well go thy way, and I come too; there better will we see
How this affair may yet be brought to issue good for thee.

SCENE THREE

KING AND COUNSELLOR

COUNSELLOR

E'en as a prudent husbandman zealously gathers in 515
His fruits into his store-house barn ere winter doth begin,
And then he finds he hath no lack, but sleepeth free from care,
And reputation as wise man he winneth everywhere;
No less should kings the coming time e'en as their own time eye, 520
And what comes after with their mind just as the present try,
That they themselves and eke their realm may thereby live for aye.
For we have heard in ages past of thousand wealthy kings,
Who dowered were with all the power which wealth to monarchs
brings;
And many monarchs our own eyes have seen of such a kind, 525
Whose kingdoms straight when they did die were scattered to the
wind,
For that they took no heed or care with the mind's eye to scan
What would fall out when they were dead and future ages ran.

KING

Counsellor, well thou knowest this, that it has been my lot,
Save Erophíle, to have had no child by me begot. 530
Therefore she ever is to me as apple of my eye,
My consolation and sole hope upon which I rely.
And if it be that till to-day unwedded she remain,
Albeit that so many kings have sought her hand to obtain,
The reason sole is that my heart is scorched up with pain 535
At thought that these eyes should behold her out of my sight ta'en.
But now that old age claspeth me, and her the years have brought
To time whereat her hand is ripe in wedlock to be sought,
It seemeth to me meet and right that I should search now make,
And speedily, for worthy king who her as bride will take. 540
And so, since envoys have arrived, on this same errand sent,
Who monarchs twain of great estate and riches represent,
I will that all ye counsellors forgather and with zeal
And careful judgement hold debate, and after that reveal

Which of the two ye better think, that I your aid may use, 545
 And counselled by you I may thus a bridegroom for her choose.
 So to this end great honour for these envoys twain prepare,
 My Counsellor, as though the kings themselves here present were.
 And now I go that for this thing my daughter I may find,
 And 'gainst the wedding as to choice of husband sound her mind. 550
 For it seems fitting unto me, my Counsellor, that so
 Ere she make choice from out the twain she should the matter know.
 Albeit that these two are kings of such a high estate
 That nowhere in the world ye'll find monarchs more truly great.

COUNSELLOR

My lord and master, we ourselves will meet at morning light 555
 Together with the other thralls of thy realm, as is right;
 And with sage counsel, as we are by loyal duty bound,
 We will advise, that to thy weal the matter may redound.

SCENE FOUR

COUNSELLOR (*alone*)

Now if the fortunate had power the goddess to hold fast,
 And could o'er Fortune's circling wheel a rope to bind it cast, 560
 Again, if Fortune did not like a wheel round spinning go,
 And daring wights who sit aloft send crashing down below,
 Men would to-day have called our king than other kings more great,
 And would have deemed him than the rest of men more fortunate.
 But since some fate the things of earth seems upside down to turn, 565
 And raises poor men to a height and doth the wealthy spurn,
 It is not seemly till one sees the end to utter praise,
 To call men fortunate at start, or in the middle phase.
 For as the higher you a man sitting aloft do spy,
 Or as his head unto the height of heaven seems more nigh, 570
 The more 'tis likely you will see his honour downward crash,
 The more 'tis likely he his head, where stood his feet, will dash.
 The more you see him in the grip of torturings held fast,
 And deeper into poverty and into misery cast,
 The more you may expect he'll be to topmost ladder raised, 575
 And find him of a cheerful mien and for good fortune praised.

For this, as I have said, I do not hold of much account
 This king's great power, nor esteem his riches' great amount,
 But rather do I pray to God his fortune so to bend,
 That she may never to his hurt her wheel's orb backward send. 580
 And since his daughter of his wealth will the sole heiress be,
 To partner worthy of herself may he her mated see!
 For she is too of noble birth and sprung from kingly line,
 And all the virtues hath which can a maiden's life refine.

CHORUS

Love, who oft amid the greatest 585
 And the fairest wits art found,
 Thou the small ones of earth hatest,

And for wondrous power renowned,
 Hast such deadly weapons' might
 That thou all men bringst to ground. 590

For the snares thou settst delight
 And such pleasure give the ta'en
 That he loves their very sight.

Though fierce as lion that's victim slain,
 Yet each man welcometh thy blow 595
 And desires to feel the pain.

Not mortal men alone do know
 What the might is of thy hand,
 But those thy golden arrows go

Borne swiftly up to heaven's land 600
 With daring and powerful aim,
 And in Zeus' heart do come to stand.

They that heart so sorely maim
 That he leaveth his throne on high
 For earth, with face no more the same. 605

By thee in bounds fixed doth lie
 The sea, and earth her place doth keep
 And heaven's dome hangs for aye.

For thee each plant its leaves doth steep
 In green, and each tree upgrowth makes, 610
 Flowers puts forth and fruit doth heap.

No beast so wild e'er hides in brakes
 Or fish in sea, but it feels
 Thy mighty force and thy wound takes.

Thy sway the eyes of woman seals, 615
 And her beauteous snow-white face
 Thy prevailing power reveals.

All day long from place to place
 Thou fittest—now on golden hair,
 Now on coral lip's sweet grace, 620

Now in silver bosom's lair.
 Oft 'tis thy pleasure limbs to view
 As they wither full of care,

Or eyes downcast and bathed in dew
 Of tears, that those who chance to cry 625
 For love, as do lovers true,

May thee as unjust judge decry,
 And that joy account more dear
 Which love thereafter will supply.

So Panáretos with care 630
 Thou hast filled, and torn with pain
 He with his head bowed down doth fare.

But since he 's granted to obtain
 So fair reward for service done,
 Treasure so great, such peerless gain, 635

Guard the maid he has won,
 Keep her safely and banish harm,
 So that he no danger run.

For these envoys with fell alarm
 Have filled my heart and bitterness. 640
 Nor can I my breast disarm

Of trembling, and in heart's recess
 I do feel a wasting fire,
 Torture in limbs, in face distress.

My mind is with forebodings dire 645
 Rent, as in wood benighted,
 Lest she accept what they desire,

And by sire's threats affrighted
 Take husband at the hest of king.
 O Love-god grant that this be righted 650

(For great issue it will bring);
 Avert, I pray thee, this alarm;
 Let not heaven do this thing
 Which for our lord would work fell harm.

END OF ACT ONE

INTERLUDE

DEMONS, ARMIDA, RINALDO, and MAIDENS. *One Demon speaks to the others.*

DEMON

Ye spirits which from heaven above are banished into hell,
 In torment there as my compeers in slavery to dwell,
 I deem that each of you full well doth bear in mind to-day
 That he with me in glory's light in heaven once did stay
 Aloft; but in the deadly fight which was at that time fought, 5
 Which both ourselves and all the gods to bitter conflict brought,
 We found that Fortune on our band did lay such baneful spell,
 That she with shame that knows no bound did hurl us down to hell.
 In place of brilliant day and light shed by the pure sun's blaze,
 In place of shimmering sheen bestowed by thousand star-lit rays, 10
 We stand to-day as in the tomb; the murk of hell us claims,
 And tortures us with countless fires and scorches us with flames.
 But something more than this I tell; listen to His desire,
 Who suffered His own son in death to our hurt to expire.
 He came, and straightway us to spoil did storm the gates of hell, 15
 And left us by ourselves in fires of torment there to dwell.
 Victor He then returned on high, with honours richly dight,
 And there He stands continually, circled with glory's light.
 But why should I thus call to mind our ancient sufferings' tale,
 And by that telling once again make old-time woes prevail? 20
 Let bygones be bygone, and let us rather fix our mind
 In close attention on the things which here to-day we find.
 How He doth strive and use all means by every art He can
 To lead victorious in His train all that are known as 'man'.
 Ye see that 'fore Jerusalem, mustered in close array, 25
 His captains loyal in thousands stand by passion led away,
 And seek to blot our faithful friends, the Turks, from off the earth,
 And give again our Christian foes of liberty rebirth.
 Had it not been for loyalty of one fair trusty maid,
 Of their deliverance no hope at all had with them stayed. 30

Interlude

EROPHÍLE

133

For she into the parts of East with one sole purpose came,
 That she the overweening plans might of these Christians tame.
 For by the power dominant of dazzling beauty's lure
 She hath between the captains sown dissensions now past cure.
 Quarrels between them she has roused and enmity's dread snare, 35
 So that they each for other strife and sudden death prepare.
 And above all she has by these youthful enticements tamed
 The strongest of these warriors and most for courage famed.
 'Tis of Rinaldo that I speak and of his bravery rare,
 Who is 'mongst all for prowess famed and grace beyond compare. 40
 On him alone their hopes are set, for him they still endure,
 His courage them with hope to raze the walls of Zion doth lure.
 Thanks to the daring of his hand thousands are orphans left;
 By him, as by a raging lion, all Palestine is reft.
 He is the man, to speak in brief, who destined was the Cross 45
 To plant upon Jerusalem and work our utter loss.
 But she has kept him from the war, and they together stand
 From morn to eve in dalliance, fast held in lovers' band.
 But that the Christians may no more their leader lost regain,
 And thus the cause for which they strive may wreck complete sustain,
 To these far distant bounds hath she impelled us all to fare— 51
 You and myself—that we herein a garden may prepare;
 That in this garden she may keep him hidden from men's sight,
 So that no other eye but hers upon his lair may light,
 And there she may him close enfold within her loving arms, 55
 And keep him held in great delight and with a thousand charms.
 So just as soon as ye have built the garden in this place,
 My comrades, see that one and all we forthwith change our face.
 Some of you must wild beasts become that we may act as guard,
 And see that feet of other men do not tread down its sward. 60
 And others must change into form of birds that sweetly sing,
 That so we may by countless charms him to subjection bring.
 And others shall become fair maids and seek with might and main
 The man on whom we've set our mark in thralldom to retain.
 Let none of you when chance affords refrain for him to set 65
 Dances and other forms of sport, enticement to beget.
 But lo! I see a cloud; therein is the enchantress fair.
 It is the maid, and with her too Rinaldo doth appear.

Let us from hence remove ourselves and quickly stand aside
And change our face, and so for both reception fit provide. 70

*(Therewith a cloud descends, and ARMIDA and RINALDO appear.
The DEMONS depart. ARMIDA speaks:)*

ARMIDA

These are the lovely spots, my soul and my sweet heart's delight;
The garden and the kingdom fair I spake of are in sight.
Here is a goodly world of quiet, a world that all desire,
That offers rest from struggles fierce and from men's bitter ire.
It is a paradise eterne for any man alive, 75
In which he can from stress and toil in sweet refreshment thrive.
It is the sporting-place of love, affection's garden-nest,
Where maidens will resort for play and Nereids for rest.
My loved Rinaldo, it is here that I would have thee dwell,
Winter and summer lulled to rest by Fortune's kindly spell, 80
Enwrapped in countless sweet delights and far removed from care
And vain anxiety which charm and youth in men impair.
And as thou ever wert to me my light, my soul, my eyes,
My only hope in life, whereon my fond heart resting lies,
So wilt thou once again my lord and honoured sovereign be, 85
And all this wide and beauteous place, which I now hold in fee,
Will ever pay thee homage due, and as a humble thrall
Will at all times receive thy laws obedient to thy call.

RINALDO

Armida, of all beauteous maids the fairest far in face,
Seeing that I a captive stand in service to thy grace, 90
No change of fortune I desire, no crown by myself worn
Would ever pleasure give to me should it my brow adorn.
If riches I should seek or rest or sweet refreshment's grace,
All these mine eye would find enclosed within thy gentle face.
And from thy dewy arms' embrace and from thy scented breast 95
I every morning win delight and gain a perfect rest.
As often as those kisses sweet from thy dear lips I steal,
My limbs are set in Paradise and all its charms I feel.
I count myself the peer of Zeus and guide the earth and sky,
Whene'er I to the loveliness of thy fair breast draw nigh. 100

And when I listen to the words which fall from thy dear lip,
I know that no man such sweet draughts from Fortune's cup can sip.
Therefore, my mistress, I will be your loving servant true,
And give myself at your behest wholeheartedly to you.
Never, my life, as thou dost urge, will I thy master be, 105
And so, Nereid whom I love, let me thy service see.

ARMIDA

My loved Rinaldo, through my ears a thousand dews distil,
And these refreshment give my heart and it with nurture fill.
These words of thine so sweetly spoke my strivings but revive,
And serve the more to keep the flame of burning love alive. 110
But though my stricken heart would fain its tale of love confess,
My lips my yearnings of desire avail not to express.
So they keep silent; but thou canst within my eyes detect
My longing's fires lit by thy light which mirrored they reflect.

(Hereupon she kisses him and says:)

Rinaldo mine, thine eyes to me do promise Paradise, 115
And from thy lips to feed my frame sweet honey doth arise.
But look! I see my Nereids here; with joy they overflow.
At the right moment are we come, for, as they erst did go
Without our company bowed down with gloomy faces sad,
So are they now in merry mood and beyond measure glad. 120

*(Hereupon enter the DEMONS transformed into Maidens,
and one says to ARMIDA:)*

My gracious mistress, whom to find we have so long aspired,
Whose presence has been by thy slaves so ardently desired,
At length thou art come to thy place, at length thou art arrived,
That thou the comfort of thine eyes and dew from them derived
Mayest give again, as thou didst once to us thy promise make, 125
For, missing thee, we have much grief endured for thy sake.
(Thereupon they bow down and kiss her feet, and ARMIDA says:)
Longing I had exceeding great, ye maidens dear to me,
That I again you one and all should with mine own eyes see.
But I might not by any means from lingering refrain,
For I, ere I returned, desired great treasure to obtain. 130
Nor, my dear maidens, was it given to win this gift so rare,
This youth so dear and unto me precious beyond compare,

Save with the passing of long time, to govern you and me
 And all your gathered wealth and stores ever to hold in fee.
 This dallying ye must forgive, for it has brought much gain 135
 And wealth abundant; from to-day this youth is to obtain
 Rule o'er us; therefore I you bid all humbly, as is meet,
 Approach him as your king, and print your kisses on his feet.
 Receive him now as is his due, and honours to him pay,
 And give good heed that ye do ne'er from what he orders stray. 140

MAIDENS

O what unmeasured burst of joy, our lady's worthy mate,
 What consolation's sweetest balm our heart doth contemplate!
 For on that countenance of thine, by beauty's own hand made,
 Fair Aphrodite's son as though by painter's hand is laid,
 Our ponderings of soul thou guidst unto eternal rest, 145
 And all our past anxiety with joyfulness is blest.
 Therefore as unto our true king and master here we vow
 The loyalest of services, and as to thee we bow,
 We offer unto thee the keys that lock the inmost seat
 Of our whole being, and do bend and humbly kiss thy feet. 150
 (*Hereupon they kiss his feet, and RINALDO says:*)

RINALDO

My maids, ever devoted slave and servant will I be
 To you as long as life shall last; and thus I thankfully
 Accept your proffered welcome and your gentle greeting kind,
 Which, as your presence here I reach, I me awaiting find. 155
 And in return I yield my life and all my mind and thought,
 And such small powers as I have from nature with me brought,
 As offering to your kind hearts and to your fair desires,
 Ready at all times to perform the deeds your need requires.

ARMIDA

These arms, my lord and master, now thou mayest lay aside,
 For strife and battles these our lands, thou'lt find, will ne'er provide.
 In these fair places there are found throughout the live-long day 161
 Nothing but marriage feasts and joys, nothing but sport and play.
 With speed, my maidens, from his limbs that armour bright remove,
 And put on him the raiment gay of jollity and love.

(*Hereupon amid morris-dancing they bring him a throne, and he seats himself. They remove his armour, and then bring him gay apparel and a garland, and put them on him, all accompanied with morris-dancing. While they undress and dress him, these verses are heard, sung within:*)

Fortunate should those youths be called, with favour rich endowed
 Above all others in the world, who are by fate allowed 166
 As boon surpassing measurement to cast aside that thought,
 Which o'er their mind a tyranny that ne'er finds rest has brought,
 And who are suffered their whole soul to steep in love's delight,
 And find therein refreshment's joy and recreation's light. 170
 Who pour their kisses on fair maid, by her are kissed in turn,
 And for their faithful love receive a faithful love's return.
 For no such happiness to man is given by fortune's grace
 As that bestowed by maiden's kiss and by her fond embrace.

(*Hereupon enter other maidens with morris-dancing, bearing fruits, water, and wine, and ARMIDA says:*)

From traversing so long a road thou must with thirst be dry; 175
 So, Master, now refresh thyself, and in my company
 Bedew thy lips with draught.

RINALDO

Indeed, I thirst from heat of sun
 And am from travelling long road with weariness fordone.

(*Hereupon they both take fruits and eat and drink, and then these songs are heard within:*)

What other bliss within the world is found by mortal man
 Like that he feels, when, free from toil and torments' pain, he can 180
 Possess the love of maiden fair, won by his service true,
 And thus that maiden at his side through days delightful view?

ARMIDA

Nereids, let us together pass with dances on our way
 Homewards, lest we till evening fall in this spot dallying stay.

MAIDENS

Companions, as our mistress bids, let us from hence depart, 185
 For it is right we should perform her hests with joy of heart.
 (*Hereupon they depart dancing, and the first interlude comes to an end.*)

ACT TWO

SCENE ONE

The KING speaks alone:

The man who never had a child, as I do well perceive,
 Cannot the meaning of true love into his heart receive.
 The tears that Erophile sheds, tears that affection show,
 Have caused mine own eyes with a flood of tears to overflow.
 O daughter mine so dear to me, cast in such lovely mould, 5
 Whom I, as is both meet and right, love with a love untold,
 Compared with thee my kingdom's pride I hold of no account,
 I nothing reck of treasury nor of my wealth's amount.
 'Tis thou alone, my daughter dear, 'tis thou alone, I say,
 Who makst me stand girt round with bliss on every passing day. 10
 How earnestly she begged of me to keep her by my side,
 Until the day of death should us, a loving pair, divide.
 But need there is that I should see her wedded ere I die,
 For this alone will give relief to my anxiety.
 But since her heart is so distressed, to-day I will her send 15
 Panáretos, who ever was to us a trusty friend
 And faithful servant; for 'tis he who knows surpassing well
 These kings, and of their power and state a true report can tell.
 So he will some fair way contrive that she her ear will lend,
 And choose that one from out the twain whom he shall recommend.
 But, for myself, between the two no difference I see; 21
 One rival o'er the other no advantage hath for me.

SCENE TWO

EROPHÍLE and NURSE

NURSE

My darling princess, I know well that thou hast understood
 The thing whereof I spake to thee; therefore I think it good
 To say no more on this account; only I would advise 25
 That thou shouldst end—and speedily—the thoughts which in thee rise.

Scene Two

EROPHÍLE

139

EROPHÍLE

My nurse, it may not be that I again the tale tell o'er
 Of causes which have made this man, as I did say before,
 Than any other wight on earth more fitting as a mate;
 This very day thou heardst my lips the tale in full relate. 30
 And since thou all didst hear and all didst understand, I pray
 Give me some other counsel good or death upon me lay.

NURSE

My lady, counsel I thee give—that ere the world shall learn,
 Thy love like weakly spark thou quench and let it cease to burn.
 For if the king once hear of it, then all the powers above 35
 That guide the majesty of heaven will nought avail thy love.
 To err is common to mankind, but wise man when he errs
 Correction of his fault unto his judgement good refers.

EROPHÍLE

Error in no wise did I make when I resolved to take,
 My nurse, in wedlock youth like him; but I shall error make, 40
 If that same gift which at his feet one moment I let fall,
 I, like some foolish giddy girl, back to myself recall.

NURSE

That thing which thou didst offer him was not thine own to give,
 For at the bidding of thy sire and not thine dost thou live.
 And so, my lady, with good right thou canst the gift withdraw, 45
 For never, as thou deemst, was that thine own to give by law.
 It is an act unjust and one for which nought can atone,
 To give unto another man the gift that's not thine own.

EROPHÍLE

Alas! How evil is my lot! What use my wealth so great?
 What boots it that I have been born into this royal state? 50
 Of what avail are all the charms my beauty can inspire,
 If others are to hold in hand the keys of my desire?
 What if I rule a thousand towns and many slaves and lands,
 And men do listen to my words as to a god's commands?
 What joy from all that I have named can my heart ever see, 55
 Unless I too possession have of my own liberty?
 For as things stand to-day, I deem I should not any lass,
 However poor and weak she be, without great envy pass;

Since others' wills must o'er mine own and o'er my life prevail,
My kingdom I hold slavery, my lordship but a jail. 60

NURSE

It is a law that o'er his child a father should hold sway,
And rightly men condemn that child who would not thus obey.
And so, my lady, for thy weal ponder awhile in mind,
And thou wilt learn thy passion's force keepeth thy judgement blind.
But when that judgement eyes regains, then wilt thou fully see 65
It fits not honour man to wed who servant is to thee.

EROPHÍLE

It is not possible, nor yet for my good name is't fit,
Even for greater cause than this, my plighted troth to quit.
And so, if thou dost wish that I should still consent to live,
Thou must unto this deed of mine no opposition give. 70

NURSE

Alas! unhappy girl, thou wilt herein a death-stroke deal
By this thy work which now in part thou dost to me reveal.
But I would have in fuller wise the matter 'fore me laid,
That I, so far as in me lies, may lend to thee mine aid.

EROPHÍLE

That which thou hast already heard sufficeth thee to learn 75
My state; to telling more thereof my mind would not return.
For from the speaking tongue holds back and from the thinking brain,
Through shame of my unhappy state they tremble and refrain.

NURSE

O what a bitter lot is mine, how plunged in deadly gloom!
For living longer in the world for me remains no room. 80

EROPHÍLE

My nurse, a truce to cries and tears; give thou thine aid to me;
Seek thou a means whereby to stop this cursèd embassy.

NURSE

The heavens I pray to lend thee aid in this thy hour of need,
That they may hold thy father's eyes from seeing of thy deed.
But as for me, I faint with fear, and I forebode in mind 85
Some mighty evil cometh on and me will surely find.

EROPHÍLE

I to the heavens pray likewise, even as thou dost pray.
For something seems—I know not what—my inmost heart to slay.
That passion which erstwhile with love and longing made me yearn,
Doth now to boundless fear and to a mighty trembling turn. 90

NURSE

When things have once been done, a man of wisdom will not try
Long-drawn-out speeches and complaints in vain to multiply.
Rather he will some remedy seek out for the disease,
Ere that another greater ill upon the sufferer seize.

EROPHÍLE

What are these ponderings of thine? My dear nurse, blame me not, 95
For thou thereby dost torture me and helpest not one jot.
Sufficient are the sufferings that compass my poor heart,
Sufficient too the tears and sobs that rend my soul apart,
Sufficient is my boundless fear to take my life away;
Thy blame should not add weight unto the forces which me slay. 100

NURSE

Fears ever with unseemly love companionship maintain;
Remorsefulness that is but vain follows on in their train.

EROPHÍLE

My love for my Panáretos never ill-matched I'll call,
No, not as long as life shall last; remorse will ne'er at all
Fight with my judgement; nor can I, e'en in thought, contemplate
That I shall say I've done ill-deed by choosing him for mate. 106
For if it be his graces have nowhere on earth a peer,
How shall the deed which I have done remorse's fruit e'er bear?

NURSE

What other cause then can it be that makes thee humbled go,
That bows thee down and bends thee low as beneath terror's blow?

EROPHÍLE

I start at shadows, shrink from dreams; I fear, and many a spell, 111
A thousand fearful shapes from heaven, a thousand signs from hell—
Signs old and new—flit round about, and, as they torture me,
I deem that I encompassed am with hosts of misery.

A thousand threatenings of fate fill me with terrors dire, 115
 And in my breast a throbbing heart and floods of tears inspire.
 In the long watches of the night me thousand visions wake,
 And seem my heavy-laden heart in fragments small to break.
 I oftentimes dream that they my spouse snatch from my loving arms,
 And with a hard and cruel heart—unheeding my alarms— 120
 Throw him into a den of lions. . . . Another time I seem
 To walk along a darkened path, and following my dream,
 Methinks I am alone, enclosed with trees and thickets dark,
 And wild beasts compass me about and make of me their mark.
 At other times I see these walls sweating from end to end 125
 To my great terror with blood-drops; on me these drops they send,
 And smear me o'er and sprinkle me and me with gore defile,
 So that my maidens flee straightway and leave me as thing vile.
 At other times I seem alone in a frail bark to sail,
 And angry billows leap at me and threaten to prevail. 130
 And when I deem that 'neath those waves I am about to sink,
 Or else on rocks be dashed, I wake, shuddering upon the brink.
 Sometimes from out the line of tombs where our kings buried lie,
 A shadowy form appears and straight towards myself doth hie,
 And raving with an anger fierce he drags me from my place, 135
 And seeks to cast me from the light to darkest cavern's space.

NURSE

My Erophile, these thy fears are but an idle thing,
 Nor should they, if thy mind is sound, to thee annoyance bring.
 For dreams are dreams, and 'tis but cares which often them beget
 In tired brain, and in that brain nightmare and anguish set. 140
 Sometimes these dreams as fair appear, sometimes surpassing ill,
 And therefore they the sleeper's mind with hope or terror fill.

EROPHÍLE

But dreams too often for the one whom they with fears torment,
 A blow that destined is to fall and suffering represent.
 Now listen to a dream which I did see but yesternight, 145
 That thou mayst know, and knowing share with me my deep affright.
 Methought I saw two turtle-doves of form surpassing fair,
 Who did their nest amid the boughs of lofty tree prepare.

So lovingly and tenderly they billed and cooed away,
 That each the other tale of love was telling, you might say. 150
 But down upon them in their joy there swooped a hungry kite,
 And in between the loving pair with angry heart did light,
 And on a sudden snatched the one from other; with his claw
 He rent that one, and him devoured with an insatiate maw.
 But the remaining one this loss such bitter grief did give 155
 That she desired not e'en an hour beyond that time to live.
 And so her beak into the depths of her own heart she plunged,
 And for the loss of her true love her own life straight expunged.
 The terror of that dream from sleep awakened me in affright,
 And I have spent this day in grief born of that awful night. 160
 I know that kite my father is; therefore I shake with dread,
 For we two are those turtle-doves of which the blood was shed.

NURSE

My precious mistress, God forfend that this should ever be,
 That I such ill with eyes of mine should ever live to see!
 But if so be that heaven wills to work harm on thy frame, 165
 I pray that in myself it first will quench its anger's flame.
 But since what has been done is done, let not thy grief prevail,
 For to the healing of this work a balm will not thee fail.
 Other things like to this have been, and were by judgement healed,
 And by good judgement issue fair for this will be revealed. 170
 Panáretos I know is wise and fit with ills to cope;
 Therefore that he will find to-day a fair road I can hope
 To check these envoys for the nonce; then will we lend our aid,
 And thou for any future hap needst never be afraid.
 But chase away all bitterness and the dull weight of care, 175
 And let thy stricken heart for wound some comfort's balm prepare.

EROPHÍLE

My nurse, I'd have thee know that thou by comfort of thy speech
 The art of healing for my heart so sorely maimed dost teach.
 Thou hast composed my mind distraught; it is full clear to me
 That in thee with the fullest right I loving mother see. 180
 So go and seek Panáretos; this message to him bear:
 That I shall be within my bower and will await him there.

For we together may some path that leads from trouble find,
And help each other ere some new disaster rack our mind.

SCENE THREE

The NURSE speaks alone

NURSE

If I desire my mistress should upon herself not lay
A violent hand, then needs must I reproaches put away. 185
Needs must I lend a hand thereto this embassy to spoil,
For when a great fire flings its flames, hard it is these to foil,
As they are flung now here, now there; so is it with a heart
Where love has multiplied itself and played a royal part. 190
It is not possible such love from its seat to root out,
No, though one seek it to o'erpower and with threats turn about.
O things of earth, how ye to-day go on a track forlorn!
I judge it better for a man that he had ne'er been born,
For needs must be that as he makes journey upon life's road, 195
Trouble should him o'ertake ere he doth reach his next abode.
The rich and powerful and the poor and men of low estate
Must, as I see, impartially bow to decrees of fate.
And Fortune, who so fickle is, in this doth constant grow,
In that to every man alike she deals some heavy blow. 200
But this I mark—that ever she makes it her chiefest aim
The power of kings, as best she can, at every turn to maim.
Alas! How many ponderings and torments with them dwell
And rack their minds; what evils great compass the citadel
Of their poor hearts; what mass of care and multitude of woes 205
Their robes of state magnificent and decked with gold enclose.
And yet the rest of humankind these tortures nought account
And reck not that their heart is dipped all day in terror's fount.
Those fools proclaim them in the world more fortunate and great
Than all the rest of humankind, no matter what their state. 210
But if a man well pondereth the torment of their mind,
The cares which harass all their life, then will he quickly find
That lot of others—any lot—is better than their fate,
And say that he would rather choose the meanest man's estate,

Who with a drudge's toil must go and earn his daily bread, 215
Than change the lot of his own life and take a king's instead.
But if he thinks my words are false, then let him his eyes turn
And view the lot of our own king and what his hap is learn.
Then will he see 'mid what torment till now his life is passed,
And from that past his future chance of rest he may forecast 220
And respite from his woes; and if example from our king
He takes, the lesson thuswise learned he may to others bring.
Battles, disputes and jealousies and deaths and endless strife—
These to his bitterness of soul have occupied his life.
And when at length he deemed that now he'd won his way to rest, 225
See with what bitter stroke of fate he is to-day distressed.
O hapless master, can it be that, when thou comst to hear
Of Erophíle's fault, thou wilt thy life consent to bear?
For in the inmost depths of heart I well this comprehend
That this their secret cannot stay hidden unto the end. 230
For when a thing but once has been by the sun's rays revealed,
That matter cannot by those rays again be kept concealed.
And when men, wishing ought to hide, vainly essay that task,
They nought effect but in the end the secret to unmask.
But lo! I see Panáretos; he at right time appears, 235
Although his eyes are bent to ground and altered face he wears.

SCENE FOUR

PANÁRETOS and NURSE

PANÁRETOS

I judge a storm of mighty wind cannot with such great ease
This way and that the dust disperse which from before it flees,
As Fortune hath the power, and that with little toil and pain,
To scatter, when she lists, the hopes which mind of men sustain. 240
She, the hard-hearted one, did make me Erophíle love,
And caused me first the happiness of love's delight to prove.
Now on a sudden she has turned her face and from me ta'en
My love, that I heart-misery and torment fell may gain.
But she deludes herself, if she thinks I will long endure, 245
For in untimely death I would far rather find a cure,

And I would sooner evermore suffer the pains of hell,
Than without her I love consent in this world still to dwell.

NURSE (*aside*)

His words reach not my ear; I will unto him nearer go
In hope that I his ponderings of mind may better know. 250

PANÁRETOS

Two envoys from two mighty kings have come to seek her hand,
And unto one of them our king, as I now understand,
His daughter fully purposed is to give to be his mate,
And he would know which of the two is fitter for this state.
Therefore he hath with urgency summoned me here to-day, 255
That I, as ever heretofore, true counsel may display.

NURSE (*aside*)

Of those envoys he has heard word, and that is why I see
His countenance so changed and marked with signs of misery.

PANÁRETOS

O what a bitter fortune's mine, how hard of heart is fate!
How quickly I the due reward of my fault contemplate! 260
Albeit they will have no right to call it 'fault' or 'sin'
Who of the thing which I have done by chance the knowledge win.
For neither gold nor yet the fear of men led me away,
No favours of a king nor lust of place caused me to stray. 265
It was the passion for fair maid and beauties of her face
Which such a blazing fire of love in my poor heart did place,
And caused my error, if indeed error I can that deem,
Which to my mind a wedlock pure and without stain did seem.
He must indeed as blind be blamed, who, seeing a fair maid,
Is on the beauty of that sight to feast his eyes afraid. 270
And whosoe'er upon that sight doth gaze without desire
To take his joy thereof, I think can to no wits aspire.
But I account him reft of sense and fool beyond compare
Who, when a maiden's charms to him are offered, doth not dare
To take the joy that to him falls and proffered Paradise, 275
And on his lady turns his back, and what she grants denies.

NURSE (*aside*)

The pains of hell, misfortune great that passion thou shouldst call,
Nor shouldst thou that desire of thine Paradise deem at all.

PANÁRETOS

It surely was my lady's nurse the words I heard who spake;
The inmost fibres of my heart with trembling palsy shake. 280

NURSE

'Twas Erophíle who herself did bid me seek thee out,
Panáretos, that with all speed I should thee turn about
Unto her bower, and make thee tell which of those monarchs twain,
Who sent their embassage, that her they might in wedlock gain,
Is better, that thereby she may the better of them take, 285
And spouse of him, with blessing from us all and heaven, make.

PANÁRETOS

Go tell her that I come with joy. But just now I return
From out the camp where I have been; the king himself, I learn,
Summoned me to the city now, that I should straightway hear
What is his bidding; soon as I return from him, I fare 290
With all the speed I can command, and will my lady see,
That I may give her counsel true with perfect loyalty.
But tell me, doth this embassage find favour in her sight?
What thinkst thou? Doth she seem to grieve or seem to show delight?
Is her heart sore at leaving us?

NURSE

I see she often sighs, 295
And sits in grief and is as though buried in deep surmise.
Therefore I think that she is pained at thought that she must go.
But who the secret thoughts which lie within her heart can know?
Panáretos, thou'lt find it is the wont of maids to weep,
When men are sent to seek their hand, and yet deep silence keep. 300
But in the end they give consent, and pleased withal remain
With their good fortune, that they are by man in wedlock ta'en.
But I depart, that I to her may tell what you reply.

PANÁRETOS

Well, go thy way, and say I'll seek her bower presently.

EROPHÍLE
SCENE FIVE

Act Two

PANÁRETOS *speaks alone*

PANÁRETOS

The man who never in his life hath wealth or riches known 305
 With poverty lives on content, and a fair life doth own.
 One who is blind from birth ne'er needs to sit in light of sun,
 Nor, if he fain would sit in dark, to gloomy cavern run.
 One who has water ne'er enjoyed, drawn from a deep cool well,
 Will never miss it, nor of need of such refreshment tell. 310
 And one who never to the heart of maid his way did make
 Can feel no touch of bitterness, though she another take.
 But who, when trained in riches' school, to poverty can fall,
 And not feel torment every hour his wretched heart appal?
 What man on earth, who's born with eyes, if blindness him assail, 315
 Will not, as long as life shall last, lament as mourners wail?
 What man to whom a well's cold streams at need refreshment give,
 Will, if those streams are ta'en away, be able still to live?
 What man can e'er the affection lose of a fair loving maid,
 And not desire that he straightway within the tomb be laid? 320
 I with refreshment sated was, with bliss my cup o'erflowed,
 My body thanks unlimited to Fortune's kindness owed.
 A fount of crystal water clear gave me its cooling wealth,
 Refreshed me when I wearied was and led me back to health.
 Two suns in single forehead set flooded me o'er with light, 325
 And the dark night became for me as at the noonday bright.
 A maid that was more nobly framed than others of her kind,
 To match whose beauty in the world no other maid you'd find,
 Set all her hopes upon myself and all her love's delight,
 And all day long held me in thrall, entranced with her sight. 330
 And now behold I stand aghast, shuddering on danger's brink,
 For fear my fortune change her face and me in ruin sink;
 That I shall suddenly be left, poor, blind and parched with thirst,
 And through the losing of the maid I love remain accursed.
 But if this loss was fixed for me as my appointed lot, 335
 I had been better far without the sight of eyes begot,
 Yes, I had better far been blind, better been parched with thirst,
 And day and night for water begged as one that is accursed;

Scene Five

EROPHÍLE

149

Better the Love-god first had dipped the arrows of his bow
 In poison, when he set himself to deal me fatal blow, 340
 For then I should have died at once, or it had better been
 That he with bitter wrath 'gainst me had so inspired my queen,
 That the fair maid would have herself assumed the slayer's part,
 And thus have brought unto an end the sufferings of my heart,
 Than that she should so kind have proved, as to bestow on me 345
 More than my tongue had dared to ask or I had hoped to see,
 And then have proved so pitiless as to take from my lip
 The cup of sweetness when I had therefrom ta'en many a sip,
 So that I through the livelong day do nought but weep and sigh,
 And often as I think thereon for death's release do cry. 350
 At times her tender look I see, at times her kindly mien,
 Which me from saddened heart and thoughts of bitterness would wean.
 At times her sweet words I recall which carried such great grace
 That they could make the sun stand still in heaven and stay his race.
 At times again her fair sweet laugh which ever power had 355
 To ease my heavy-burdened heart of pain and make it glad.
 At other times that kiss of hers, which for a moment's space
 Opened the gates of Paradise and filled the heart with grace.
 When I recall all these and feel that they are fled away
 I marvel that I seize not sword my wretched life to slay. 360
 O God, my body suffer not such torture to endure,
 But rather take my life, and thus effect a lasting cure.
 But lo! I see the king approach; I pity thee, poor heart,
 For fire and sword this very day on thee will play their part.

SCENE SIX

KING *and* PANÁRETOS

KING

So great desire doth urge me on, so eagerly I burn 365
 To bring to pass this marriage rite for which my soul doth yearn,
 That I can never any rest of mind or body take
 Until of that I have at heart accomplishment I make.
 Therefore I must all other work than this lay on one side,
 And make pursuit of this alone, and for this end provide. 370

But lo! Panáretos is here; he hath my word obeyed,
On one more zealous to perform commandment ne'er was laid.

PANÁRETOS

Most honoured sovereign, well met! A thousand blessings fall
On thy exalted head!

KING

For this purpose I did thee call,
Panáretos, that thou mightst hear how my good fortune's hap 375
In my old age a thousand gifts showers daily in my lap.

PANÁRETOS

The wise of men and all who are forward in virtue's race
By fortune are endued with joy and given heart of grace.
Thy Majesty e'er since the time that thou wast born on earth
Hast not expected to receive her gifts save by thy worth. 380
But thou dost seek to find her out by treading virtue's road,
And in return for noble toil to have her gifts bestowed.

KING

Of many wars and quarrels fierce with Persia could I tell,
And with the kings likewise who to the east of Persia dwell.
How many in these conflicts sore on either side were slain, 385
How many places were laid waste, how many cities ta'en,
Both mine and theirs—no other man than thou could better know,
For thou didst ever at the head of my hosts deal a blow,
And thou art he who did the hordes of foemen backward drive
To their great shame in sudden flight and save our town alive. 390

PANÁRETOS

I know this and recall it well, and right glad I abide
That I could make them feel the powers which in thyself reside.
They tremble with the fear of thee, and now no longer dare
As at the first from out the bounds of their own realm to fare
That they may make assault on us; nay rather, they await 395
War from ourselves, and as before in past time contemplate
With trembling great disaster like to come on Persian land,
And ever in confusion dark with mind perplexed they stand.

KING

Well, I have hope that soon these trials and quarrels will have end,
And that the blaze of war will now no more our realm offend. 400

For envoys twain have hither come and have their offers brought,
That I to one or other king should give my child, thus sought,
To be his wife and partner true, as is by law ordained,
That thus with me as with fair friend a peace may be maintained.
And so these envoys for her hand now to my town are come, 405
And wait, my answer thereunto that they may carry home.
None other issue can there be than that I give my child
To one or other; thus my age will win an evening mild.
But when I told her this to-day, forthwith she 'gan to weep,
And said she ever at my side was fain her place to keep, 410
That she, as daughter dutiful, might her fond service give
As long as in the world this frame of mine should chance to live.

PANÁRETOS

She does what every child would do who duty's call doth own,
And all the more since she the care of mother has not known.
Therefore on thee and thee alone her love is anchored fast; 415
A grievous thing to her it seems to be from thee far cast.

KING

It seems indeed; but she and I must this our lot abide,
For of kings such as these it is fair hap to be the bride.

PANÁRETOS

I see no need at all that thou thine enemies of late
Shouldst suffer thus a child of thine to take to them as mate. 420
They fear and tremble, since they are lesser in power than thee;
Hence they are eager for this cause allied with thee to be.

KING

Enough. . . . I did not call thee here that thou shouldst me advise,
But I desire that thou for me this service shouldst devise:
My daughter will we summon here, and thou shalt with her speak, 425
And then with all the powers thou hast with coaxing words must seek
To win her that she give consent one of the twain to wed;
For that she married 'gainst her will, this never must be said.

PANÁRETOS

What thou commandest must be done in this way or in that—

(*Aside*)

Alas ill-fated hopes of men, how often ye fall flat! 430

SCENE SEVEN

PANÁRETOS speaks alone

O wretched souls that in the murk of gloomy regions dwell,
 Which ever are burned up with fires which issue forth from hell,
 Ye now will hear of fires lit greater by far than these
 And tortures set by side of which all others are but ease.
 My Master, being fain to see his Erophíle wed, 435
 Hath chosen me as go-between—the partner of her bed—
 Me and none other for this task, that while I draw my breath
 I may endure in monstrous shape a hideous living death.
 Tormented heart and mind that is to scattered fragments torn,
 O tortured brain, that can no rest obtain from burdens borne, 440
 Devise, I pray you, for my feet the road which least will gall,
 And show me where the precipice slopes gentlest for my fall.
 For ye the purpose of the king so firmly fixed do find,
 That nothing which can e'er be done will make him change his mind.
 Nothing can serve or intervene that purpose to delay, 445
 And so my life on slender thread 's suspended, as men say.
 For, as I see, no other hope remains to save that life
 But that which resteth on the love shown by my fairest wife.
 But if the terror that she feels of sire cause her to say
 She'll wed the one or other king, and me to throw away, 450
 What other ally than death's self can I call to my aid
 To rid me of this slavery so cruelly on me laid?
 Entreaties will accomplish nought, and tears will not prevail,
 Cajolings are of nothing worth and arms will not avail
 To bring about the thing which I desire with longing great— 455
 That I should be as heretofore my lady's only mate.
 So death and death alone remains. . . . This, this if I can gain,
 Will put an end unto the strife that rends my heart in twain.
 Thus death I promise you the end of all my woes must prove;
 For if the heavens and my fate permit that I my love 460
 Should lose, then better far it were for me to lose my breath
 And once for all find resting-place in the kind arms of death.
 This resolution firmly fixed my mind has therefore ta'en.
 But to the maiden whom I love I first must access gain,

To find out better if she still on me her favour bend, 465
 And after that, as I have fixed in heart, I will make end.

CHORUS

How fortunate the lot of man,
 How full of grace was his hap
 Then, when in his allotted span,
 The earth poured into his lap, 470
 Without the knowledge of a wound,
 The fruits which did him round enwrap.
 Then were nor laws nor kings found,
 No arms were carried in men's hand,
 Nor wars nor fears stood around. 475
 In common they enjoyed the land.
 Such joy was that of men on earth,
 So gladsome this happy band,
 That 'twas an age of golden birth
 They called the time with full right, 480
 And blessed the gods with heart of mirth.
 For Pride had not yet come to light,
 Born from realm of Hades black,
 To mar the face of nature bright.
 Of joy and bliss was no lack. 485
 The sweets of happiness men knew,
 Nor on pleasure turned their back
 In eld or in youth's fresh dew,
 For out of Pride no bitterness
 Nor rank weeds of poison grew. 490
 Blessèd the maid who could confess
 She'd given the keys of her desire
 To a fair youth to possess.
 For without fear of father's ire,
 Without a hampering bond, 495
 To crown of love she could aspire.

What each one longed for with heart fond,
That on which his will was set,
He could win without toil or pain,

Without distress or hindrance' let. 500
For he from shafts of Love could gain
State where rest and pleasure met.

Since from Hades where she'd lain
Cursèd Pride came issuing out,
Eyes are dim with floods of tears. 505

With name of honour wrapped about
She stands, and greater torments bears
Than does plague, there is no doubt.

As over sea and land she fares,
She bringeth battle and strife, 510
And to the world confusion dire.

She doth enslave freedom of life,
She takes sweetness from desire,
And where she goes envy is rife.

This Pride, I see, will aspire 515
To scatter 'mongst us trouble great
And many roots of bitterness.

For she doth so implicate
Our lord's mind that he our mistress
Will perforce with a king mate; 520

If heaven will not in her distress
Lend her a helping hand to-day,
Then her light will surely fail.

O Zeus, thy might for her display,
Let thy pity her avail 525
And her lover, that from harm's way
They both to safety may set sail.

END OF ACT TWO

SECOND INTERLUDE

(Enter a MAIDEN representing FORTUNE. Two KNIGHTS, ARMIDA,
RINALDO, and two MAIDENS. FORTUNE speaks:)

FORTUNE

Generals, within this place you see, Rinaldo doth abide,
Wrapped by Armida in delights from morn till eventide.
Nought recks he that he thus the flower of youth and prime must waste,
If all day long he is content save pleasure nought to taste.
It is because her magic arts have laid on him a chain, 5
So that he deeds of high emprise is learning to disdain.
But since on both of you the task by heaven has been laid,
And ye so far from your own place have the long journey made,
That ye may show him how on brink of danger great he stands, 10
And to the army lead him back obedient to commands,
Let nothing that ye here may see, nothing that here ye find,
Though many strange sights ye will see, with terror fill your mind.
For all these shapes of demons are nought but false phantasies,
Which from Armida's magic spells—so powerful—arise;
And these dread shapes this rod of mine with its pure gold o'erlaid 15
Has in times past, as ye have heard, to harm quite strengthless made.
But above all things see to this—nought must ye drink or eat;
Poison is in the drink distilled and poisoned is the meat.
For, like Rinaldo, they thereby will seek you to enslave,
And if ye take them, then no more my rod has power to save. 20

KNIGHTS

O maiden of most noble mien, well have we marked thy speech,
And will in hour of need, we vow, recall what thou dost teach.
So now return unto thy bark, and thou wilt surely see
Rinaldo, ere the evening pass, come in our company.

FORTUNE

Me, as you see, mankind doth call now Fortune and now Fate; 25
Those who once lose me seek again to find me all too late.

(At this point she vanishes from their sight, and immediately these
songs are heard from within:)

He the dull weight of anxiousness and cares must lay aside,
 For whom this garden of delight fair shelter will provide.
 He must his heart such schooling give that he will take by hand
 The pleasures of desire which stand daily at his command. 30

*(Enter hereupon two DEMONS in the likeness of MAIDENS and stand
 before the two KNIGHTS and one says:)*

Ye honoured soldiers, fair above all measure is your lot,
 In that ye have to-day been led unto this blissful spot,
 Which on your hearts bestows all joy and sweet refreshment's gifts,
 And into pleasure and delights your trials and torments lifts. 35
 Your arms for coming to these lands at first did cause provide,
 But these same arms with conscience clear ye now may throw aside.
 For those who hither come are straight in Love's great force enrolled,
 As servants loyal to that Chief's commands and captains bold.
 Upon these grasses beautiful, with every flower bedight,
 Their limbs may rest, encompassed round with thrills of sweet delight.
 And that far distant age which men all call the age of gold, 41
 Will here again and here alone the dwellers' hearts enfold.

(The other MAIDEN says:)

That Queen of Beauty, who 'mongst men hath a far greater fame
 For her surpassing beauty's lure than any other dame,
 In this fair region of delight holdeth her sway to-day, 45
 And thousand forms of pleasure showers on those who her obey.
 So since your hap has brought you thus into our company,
 Refuse not now with us to come that you our mistress see,
 For she will give you of her joys and all that other store
 Of deep delights which pleasure lends to those who her adore. 50
 But first of all, my captains, come, and if it is your will,
 Bend to this well, and of its streams refreshing take your fill.
 And pluck and eat those fruits which are within this garden set,
 That ye may all the weariness of your long road forget.

(The KNIGHTS say:)

These honeyed words and this the fair false beauty of your face 55
 Cannot, O demons, hide from us the depths of your disgrace.
 So now by virtue of His power which all of you so dread,
 'Fore which in exile to the tomb of Hades ye once fled,

We charge you quit this place forthwith and travel down to hell
 With all your compeers, and once more amid its torments dwell. 60

*(Hereupon the DEMONS flee, and others come in their own proper
 shape, and the KNIGHTS drive them away in a morris-dance,
 and one of them says:)*

O powers of hell and torments' home, in what deceptive guise
 Ye oftentimes on earth appear and thus delude men's eyes!

*(Hereupon six MAIDENS come out and carry one a carpet and
 another cushions, and spread them before the well and throw
 flowers upon them, dancing all the while. After that they go
 in, and ARMIDA and RINALDO come out, and ARMIDA says:)*

ARMIDA

My loved Rinaldo, thou that art my soul, and my heart's light,
 I cannot lay me down hereon, though it were much delight,
 And take my fill of sleep just now, wrapped in thy loving arms, 65
 That these my limbs refreshment find and pleasure in thy charms.
 For, as I hear, one of my maids suffers from sickness sore,
 And, it is like, from that sick bed she will arise no more.
 Thus, my dear heart, against my will I must now go away,
 And with the powers I have to her my fond attention pay. 70
 So lay thee down and take thy rest, and I thee promise make
 I will return and speedily thee from thy slumber wake.

RINALDO

Do as it seemeth good to thee, my life and heart's desire,
 Although, when parted from thy side, my body's parched with fire.

*(Hereupon ARMIDA departs, and RINALDO lies down and sleeps.
 And then these songs are heard chanted within:)*

Behold the rose at early morn, as fresh with dew it blows 75
 Upon its stem, and its fair blooms their sweetest scents disclose.
 How fair appear its buds, as pure and perfect in their grace
 As a young tender maid that's sprung from great and ancient race.
 But as the day wears on its way and nigh to evening draws,
 Its petals spread themselves and grow, obeying nature's laws. 80
 Little by little it decays and its fair beauty sheds,
 And lover heedeth it no more; no maiden it besteads.

E'en so the flowers of youth are quenched and fall into decay,
 And never unto man return when they have had their day.
 Therefore the roses of each day, ere shades of evening fall, 85
 Hasten to gather while ye may, ere they lose scent at all.
 Pluck ye the roses of desire and as true lovers burn,
 And, loving faithfully yourselves, claim ye that love's return.

(The KNIGHTS say:)

Why stand we idle? Why should we thus further time delay?
 Comrade, we both of us with speed should move from hence away, 90
 And go and wake him.

KNIGHT

Well then go; I follow in thy train.

But lo! two beasts, to us destroy, are rushing on amain.
 Let us against them fearlessly together make our stand,
 For I have hope they will be hewn in pieces by our hand.

(Hereupon the KNIGHTS fight with the beasts in a morris-dance, and when they cannot overcome them, the one says to the other:)

Comrade, these beasts which with us fight are demons, as we see, 95
 That we o'ercome them with our arms is thing which may not be.
 So touch them now with Fortune's rod that straight they may fall dead,
 Or that they may on instant flee, and give us peace, thus fled.

(Hereupon he touches them with the rod, and they straightway fall dead, and the KNIGHTS approach RINALDO and say:)

See what fell power o'er mortal men the arts of magic hold!
 This man beyond all other men in battle's toil was bold; 100
 The whole world trembled at his look; but now exiled he sleeps
 Love's slave, and of his former self he now no memory keeps.
 Awake, Rinaldo, speedily; this slumber chase away,
 Which o'er thy frame by magic arts hath gained such potent sway!

(Hereupon RINALDO wakes and says:)

RINALDO

Where am I? What is this I see? Alas! How I do dwell 105
 Wrapped in oblivion's slumbers in what is but living hell!

KNIGHTS

All who believe in name of Christ and to Him homage pay
 Are round Jerusalem in arms, fighting for Him to-day.

And thou, Rinaldo, art outstretched, lulled by relaxing charms,
 On this green grassy sward, enwrapped in fair Armida's arms. 110
 The whole world under battle's weight to-day doth groan and sweat
 But cannot stir thee from thy sleep. . . . Warrior, canst thou forget,
 O'erpowered by a woman's lure? Can magic arts confound,
 Or fears to trembling turn thy frame, keeping it terror-bound?
 Arouse thyself; our army's call summons thee to the fight— 115
 Thy presence in the battle-line would Godfrey's eyes delight.
 Good fortune doth await thee there; for thee the conflict's end
 Cries out, that there, as at the start, thy presence victory lend.
 That this unhallowed faith thou mayst once and for all destroy,
 And, as is will of highest heaven, triumph o'er it enjoy. 120

(Hereupon RINALDO strips himself, and throws away ARMIDA'S garments. He tears in pieces her garlands and robes, and then says:)

Ye garments that to me spell shame, raiment that is accursed,
 I hurl you down and trample you and leave you thus dispersed.
 Ye sweet complainings, fondlings which too often lent your
 charms,

Quarrels with beauty's lure combined, twinings of lovers' arms,
 Ye sighs half-uttered, and ye tears so bitter-sweetly shed, 125
 Ye words and laughs, thou kiss of lips that seemed on honey fed,
 Ye magic arts of potent power used by a beauteous maid—
 All ye have me, as is too plain, in this drear desert laid.

And now I give my thanks to heaven that I once more am free,
 That into what a boundless sin I have been drawn I see. 130
 To you, good knights, for this your toil I thanks unmeasured pay,
 That for my sake unto this spot accursed ye've come to-day.
 Let us from hence take speedy flight, that she may not perceive,
 She who has held me as her slave, and stay us ere we leave.

KNIGHTS

Thy counsel that we haste away we to the full approve, 135
 But threats of hindrance on her part can us in no wise move.
 For there's another greater Power which far exceeds her might,
 And suffers not those magic spells she weaves our mind to affright.

(Hereupon the KNIGHTS depart with RINALDO, and then ARMIDA comes and says:)

ARMIDA

With all the speed I can command and with a loving zest
 I hie me back to taste the sweets of my Rinaldo's breast. 140
 A thousand times upon his lips I will my kisses seal;
 A thousand times throughout my limbs the thrills of love I'll feel.
 But stay! What are these garments torn which on the ground lie
 strewn?

Who has these wild beasts that I see here into pieces hewn?
 These garments my Rinaldo's are; these all too well I know; 145
 My limbs are with a shuddering seized; that he has fled they show.
 But these were spirits who the form of wild beasts had them ta'en;
 In what wise or by whom could such as these have e'er been slain?
 Some power that greater is than mine, by magic arts attained,
 Has slain them, and has **made** them fall, and **thus** my treasure gained.
 Alas! he's gone, albeit I **him** with such cunning hid, 151
 And thought that I was evermore of his companions rid.
 Ah me! Rinaldo, thou to me cruel and ungrateful art—
 When didst thou ever meet with ill or mischief on my part?
 What tortures have I given thee, that thou hast me thus left 155
 So secretly, and fled away and thus my heart bereft?
 But I make promise that where'er thou art I will thee find,
 And punishment on thee inflict—justly—with raging mind.
 All these **fair** beauties **of my form** and this wide kingdom's bound
 Shall as **reward** to him **be given**, **whoever** can be found 160
 To cut thy head from off thy neck and bring it unto me.
 But why delay I? This great sin should forthwith punished be.
 Ye demons dark of Hades' realm, who have for me this close
 And garden for my pleasure built, **hasten** and with your blows
Destroy them utterly, and leave the **whole** place desolate. 165
 Hasten and make pursuit of him, and take me as your mate.
 (*Hereupon the DEMONS fly in with fire and noise, and destroy the garden,
 and then lift ARMIDA and depart.*)

END OF THE SECOND INTERLUDE

ACT THREE

SCENE ONE

EROPHÍLE *speaks*

Laughter and tears and joys and griefs are all together sown,
 And as one crop you see them born and to their fullness grown.
 Therefore it is they turn about, and one takes other's place;
 Who laughed at morning ere the eve to tears will change his face.
 And so I see it is with me; the joy I erst did show 5
 Will change to sorrow measureless and to excess of woe.
 For I now trembling stand with fear as though I had to make
 The passage of some stormy sea or traverse some wild brake. . . .
 O wicked Fate that art to me a foe, accursèd Fate,
 What sufferings at the hand of Love received can I relate! 10
 When have these wretched lips of mine had rest from sighs and groans,
 When have they ceased from uttering bitter laments and moans?
 When have these eyes of mine from tears one moment had respite?
 When have I rest received from them or closed them in delight?
 When I was yet a little lass love's slavery I knew, 15
 And all the ills which from him come and torments round me grew.
 All single-handed every hour with Love I had to fight,
 And never dared what I endured to bring from dark to light.
 A thousand times he pierced my heart, a thousand times I strove
 To banish him this way or that lest he my heart should move. 20
 A thousand times I, as it were, did fill my ears with lead
 To keep his sweet enticements out and free myself from dread.
 I thousand times paced to and fro and sought a path to find
 Wherein I could refreshment seek to cool my burning mind.
 But he could hold me well in check as captain skilled in fight, 25
 And day and night as doughty foe would make display of might.
 Sometimes I saw him arms in hand, sometimes without his bow
 In guise of friend, and that a friend most deeply loved, he'd go.
 At times he'd show a kindly mien, at times a scowling face,
 At times display a soldier's might, at times a childish grace. 30
 At times he'd torment cruelly, but often he would show
 The sweetest consolation's balm and fondlings dear bestow.

A thousand precious promises he'd every day supply,
 And thousand gardens fair for me he'd build aloft in sky.
 A thousand joys he'd paint for me to give my soul delight, 35
 And ever 'fore my eyes he'd hang a thousand beauties bright.
 My difficulties he'd remove and give me daring mind,
 And sweetest converse me to school and counsel he would find.
 Therewith he won a victory, and I became his slave,
 And o'er my miserable heart I him full empire gave. 40
 Therefore I did myself account a wondrous happy maid,
 And to the credit of my life a thousand blessings laid.
 But now I see he 's traitor turned and what he named love's life
 So falsely hath proved nothing else but battle's endless strife.
 But look! I see Panáretos; his looks his grief disclose; 45
 From these 'tis clear that he by now the bitter tidings knows.

SCENE TWO

PANÁRETOS and EROPHÍLE

PANÁRETOS

When lightnings flash and thunders roar, and the strong storm winds
 blow,
 And to the shore the angry waves with a wild crashing go,
 The rolling bark upon the sea now here now there they shake,
 As with a mighty din the floods of heaving waters break. 50
 Then is it that the captain good is known; to pilot strong
 For skilfulness is homage paid and honours great belong.
 For by the art of sailor's craft trophies o'er sea are raised,
 And he who guides the vessel's helm is for his cunning praised.
 So I too with a right brave heart Fate's tempest-shock will meet, 55
 Since it has suddenly conspired to sweep me off my feet.
 I will not bow to death's decree, without I effort make
 To fight against it best I can, ere life from me it take.

EROPHÍLE (*aside*)

Alas! What is it that I hear! Shall I then now be told
 That new misfortune has arrived and will be linked to old? 60

PANÁRETOS

But 'tis my lady, as I see, yonder towards me fares;
 Her face is bent unto the ground, her eyes are thick with tears.

O Love, how many are the trials thou causest me to know,
 And yet I cannot but to thee my thankfulness forth show;
 For she with her sweet countenance doth compensate each pain, 65
 E'en as the sun with his fair light earth's beauties doth sustain.
 The turtle-dove when thunders roar and rain without a rest
 Descends from heaven, leaves the fields and flies unto her nest;
 So, lady, why, when tempest sore doth thus our fortunes shake,
 Dost thou from shelter of thy bower hither thy passage make? 70
 Why art thou come upon this day? Thy face is dark with pain,
 And with its misery doth rend my wretched heart in twain.

EROPHÍLE

In every sore trial of mine, in every bitter wound,
 Panáretos, save in thyself I've never comfort found,
 Save in thy noble countenance and in thy manly mien, 75
 As I know well that thou thyself hast ever clearly seen.
 This is the cause for which I've come, only to let these eyes,
 That now so humbly on thee rest, a little ease devise.

PANÁRETOS

O Princess, who my mistress art, my courage and my hope,
 I judge that never tongue of man could with the telling cope 80
 Of all the misery which has to-day assailed my heart,
 Nor could another thing on earth comfort thereto impart
 Save this thy countenance alone; and as the thirsty deer
 Doth with an eager panting to the running stream repair
 That he may drink and be refreshed, in such wise, mistress mine, 85
 These eyes have panted sore to see those lovely eyes of thine,
 That thou from out my heart shouldst chase its heavy weight of pain,
 And I thereby of cheerfulness full measure might regain.
 But ere I came, my lord and king summoned me with much speed
 To go and meet him; this behest I had forthwith to heed 90
 As coming from my king, and thus I could not come to thee
 At once, as thy dear nurse did bid, what time she met with me.

EROPHÍLE

What meant this urgent summons?

PANÁRETOS

Yet my lips shrink back with fear
 From opening to tell the tale of all we have to hear.

Two envoys, lady, for thy hand they to the king have brought, 95
 And he has told me he's resolved (Alas! my heart woe-fraught!)
 To make thee wed; and for that he has seen thee sad at heart
 (As thou thyself hast heard him say, my own life's better part),
 That I to thee enticing words should speak he hath me sent,
 That thou thereby shouldst give to this marriage accursed consent. 100
 So when this fatal word I heard, lady, thou well canst think
 Into what blaze of burning fires my wretched heart did sink.
 Nay, death itself and slavery I call not such a woe,
 As is that bitterness of pain which I now undergo.
 For death to misery brings end, and even slavery 105
 As time moves onward in its course may turn to liberty.
 But this my pain which tortureth me whilst in the world I live
 Will, even after I am dead, in Hades torment give;
 And never shall I there below alleviation find,
 But still the memory of my woe will wring my tortured mind. 110

EROPHÍLE

Each man on earth who is in love hath every cause to fear
 And start at shadows; but for him is consolation near
 When he beholdeth that his love with him is as one soul,
 And that his frame and hers are knit inseparably whole. 115
 That I do love thee well, thou knowst, and confidence on earth
 Can from no other source for me be brought unto the birth.
 It is upon thy noble mind, upon thy boundless grace,
 Upon thy strength, thy conduct firm, thy wisdom, that I place
 As on foundation strong my love, and in my inmost heart 120
 I have that noble building set, surpassing in its art.
 And thus it is that in this world nought can this building wreck
 Save death and death alone; and still that ardent love will deck
 With greater beauty, as I trust, our souls in realm of hell,
 For with most faithful love e'en there we shall together dwell.
 Ah me! I would that I could ope for thee my inmost breast, 125
 And show thee how deep-planted there my love doth ever rest.
 So hadst thou said, Panáretos: 'Unless I meet my death,
 From thee, my love, I'll ne'er be torn away, while I have
 breath.'

PANÁRETOS

Although, my mistress, with my eyes I cannot see thy heart,
 And how I am therein enshrined, yet with a painter's art 130
 The eye of mind can well portray the secret of thy soul
 And what is in thy face enwrapped can like a scroll unroll.
 But my poor heart can by no means its trembling lull to rest
 At thought that what it loves so well may be snatched from its breast.
 I'm like a miser who his hoard has hidden in strong place, 135
 And ever feels a thousand doubts through his brain surging race,
 And with anxiety is torn that men this place may find
 And snatch away from out his grasp the darling of his mind.
 Alas! If other for the sake of paltry treasure-hoard,
 Can never to his heart the peace of restfulness afford, 140
 How can it be that I from fear and trembling should have peace,
 Or from the thought that I should lose thy peerless beauty cease?
 Nay I have fear e'en of the sun and every wandering star,
 Lest, as they gaze, my mistress, on thy beauties from afar,
 They may rush down and ravish thee and leave me thus forlorn, 145
 More miserable than any wight that ever yet was born.

EROPHÍLE

Nay, no such beauty is in me and no such comely face;
 It is thy love that my poor self with comeliness doth grace.
 Yet whether fair or foul to view, Panáretos, I be,
 This frame of mine is for thee born, for thee and only thee. 150

PANÁRETOS

Never, my princess, water could with its streams fire allay,
 As these thy words have power to drive my bitterness away.
 Yet, mistress mine, by that same love which 'gan with childhood's years,
 And, grown to full, a loyalty invincible now bears,
 Which both of us by its strong force inseparably detains, 155
 And both our bodies with love's bond unmeasurable chains,
 I straitly charge thee, never let the king so conquer thee,
 That thou wilt let this love for me from out thy memory flee.

EROPHÍLE

Alas! I cannot find what cause I ever to thee gave,
 Panáretos, that thou shouldst doubt my love for thee, and have 160

Such terror in thy mind, as though this thing thou didst not know,
 That I on thee my mind and soul and all my heart bestow.
 O Love, since my lord's eyes are blind, and have no power to see
 That with the fullest powers of soul I love him faithfully,
 One of thy shafts in poison dip, and shoot it to my breast, 165
 So that it pierce my inmost heart, and thus it stand confessed
 By my untimely death that I remain his loyal mate,
 And only for my love to him meet this my death and fate.

PANÁRETOS

Nay, let this fate upon me fall, if I have any fear
 About that love, my Nereid, or if I know not clear 170
 That not e'en death can ever cause this love from me to swerve
 Or think that it can the desire of any other serve.
 But why I know not—yet some cause fills me with nameless dread
 That this which I so closely grasp may soon from me be sped,
 And that this thing which should to me great consolation give 175
 And was my life's hope, will ere long make me with terror live.

EROPHÍLE

It is the message which to us so suddenly they brought—
 Panáretos, let us with grief not be so overwrought,
 For that same heaven which at first did join us with one band
 Will see that as companions close we evermore shall stand. 180
 I pray that heaven, the sea, the earth, the airs that round me play,
 The sun that shines aloft so bright, the stars, the night, the day,
 May put themselves in arms and stand against me as my foes,
 If e'er desire for other man this heart of mine enclose.
 But since we thus conversing here no longer may remain, 185
 Come to my bower and seek me there, that we some way may gain
 Whereby these envoys for my hand may find themselves in foil;
 For all else after that can we set fairly without toil.
 I go, and see thou dally not.

PANÁRETOS

My lady, go thy way,
 And I will come with speed, and thus what thou commandst obey. 190

SCENE THREE

PANÁRETOS *speaks alone*

The sun's bright orb in gloom so dark never can leave a place,
 When he from out the world of day withdraws his shining face,
 As my fair Nereid leaves my heart plunged in profoundest gloom,
 When she my company doth quit and from my side gives room.
 Nor can the winter in the sky collect so many clouds, 195
 When she with gathered tempest's pall the sun's bright orb en-
 shrouds,
 As are the pond'rings which within my mind are born and sway
 My anxious soul twixt hopes and fears now this and now that way.
 And oftentimes these change about and cannot take firm root;
 Like battling winds they hostile shafts each 'gainst the other shoot. 200
 One shows to me the faithful love of this my maid so dear,
 And makes a thousand thrills of joy within my heart appear;
 Another doth declare to me 'Fickle is womankind
 And never faithful to their word', and thereby slays my mind.
 Another says to me that I must needs my master dread, 205
 For if he hear of what I've done, I am as good as dead.
 Another bids me confidence in my true service show,
 For needs must be my lady will reward on this bestow.
 Another full of daring cries that I my hopes should set
 Upon the strength of my right hand and confidence beget. 210
 A thousand say 'Depart from here', a thousand cry 'Abide',
 And thus a thousand changing thoughts within my mind reside.
 And so it is I suffer what no mortal man yet bore,
 For with this torment which I feel my heart's wrung to its core.
 Light doth for me darkness beget, and wealth but beggary, 215
 Refreshing streams do parch me up, and joy means misery.
 Like a strong tower I firmly stand, but like a reed I shake,
 In the same breath I laugh and cry, I dare and yet I quake.
 I walk as in a garden fair, yet am in gaol confined,
 I'm safely in the harbour moored, and yet I fear the wind. 220
 I tread on top of Fortune's wheel, and yet the depths I plumb
 Of evil fate and to the extreme of misery am come.
 Nay, what is worst of all, amid the surge of tortures fell
 I seem within the glories bright of Paradise to dwell.

O evil Fate, thou thrice accursed, why dost thou pleasure find 225
 Without respite for evermore thus to torment my mind?
 O Love, let none who 'fore his eyes this my example bears
 E'er hope for long with thee in joy to live and free from cares.
 For thou all joyousness befeckst with weeping and repine,
 And dost refreshing water with a burning fire combine. 230
 O Aphrodite whom I serve, who whilst I still was boy,
 Didst thy son's cup—of poison full—give to me to enjoy!
 A draught which such refreshing sweets did temper and refine,
 It seemed to me that what I drank was nectar all divine—
 On me thine eyes with pity turn, rally my fainting mind, 235
 That I may courage for my heart and knowledge for brain find.
 And grant to me an easy road, for my escape some way,
 That I to check this embassage some hindrance may array,
 And thus their cursèd project foil, thereby to still the pain
 Which Erophile and myself from it must needs sustain. 240
 And if I have against my lord in ought offended, see
 How strong thou art, how fair my love, and pity give to me.

SCENE FOUR

The GHOST of the KING's brother speaks:

GHOST

From realm of Hades I am come, with dark and gloom o'erspread,
 Since Pluto leave hath given me to view the light that 's shed
 By the bright orb of day; nor yet my eyes have power to see 245
 The beauties of this brilliant world which lie surrounding me,
 For they have been to nothing save the gloom of darkness trained,
 Nor can the dazzling light of sun by them be yet sustained.
 But though these eyes have not the power of day to see the light,
 Yet can my senses in earth's scents and sweet air take delight. 250
 O world, thou art so fortunate, a spot so blessed with grace,
 A paradise for those who live, a justly longed-for place
 By us who thee have lost, because we cannot again find,
 Whene'er we wish it, that old bliss which we have once resigned.
 But if they do not me deceive, my eyes begin to see 255
 The shining light that is revealed by the sun's majesty.

Mountains and plains I now espy and now in vision clear
 The walls of Memphis—town so famed for its great might—appear,
 The seat of my unhappy sire, which to my portion came,
 Sole cause of that untimely death which snatched away my frame!
 In this high palace was I born, and in this house was bred, 261
 A house on which above the rest fortune her honours shed.
 And while I was but still a lad, I joyed in great delight,
 And beyond that of other boys my lot was gay and bright,
 The while I walked upon this land and entered in this gate, 265
 And sat aloft upon this throne; thus in my royal state
 My ears did listen oft to words of praise, for 'tis the hap
 Of kings that others them as 'twere in robe of honour wrap.
 But O how false the show of things! Fortune 's a fickle jade—
 'Twas in this very place that she an end of my life made, 270
 And of my children's too—and this was not by foeman's art,
 But by my brother's wrought, that man most pitiless of heart,
 Who now stands free from care, and rules o'er this wide realm to-day,
 And o'er this city of renown and mighty power holds sway.
 We both were of one mother born, one father us begat, 275
 One town did see our growing years, we in one palace sat.
 Now though throughout our kingdom's realm this custom held its
 sway,
 That when sire died, then brother should his other brother slay,
 That thus the elder without care should keep his rule in peace,
 And every cause of strife throughout our empire's bounds should
 cease, 280
 Yet I, though I the elder was, did this same custom break,
 Nor from my brother, as was wont, essayed his life to take.
 And when he bade me o'er my hosts give him the sole command,
 I these, as unto brother loyal, entrusted to his hand.
 So I, poor fool, within my mind did the fond hope sustain, 285
 That I with him o'er this wide realm as monarch should remain.
 Ye empty thoughts of humankind, ye confidences vain,
 Why have ye not for your own selves example from me ta'en?
 I thought to grow to mighty power, increase of wealth to bring,
 Nay, the whole world seemed to my mind an all too little thing. 290
 But that great hope which the world's bounds in expectation passed
 Was suddenly in tiny place shut up by death at last.

For me my brother, knowing nought of gratitude, one day
 Within these very palace-walls with his own hand did slay.
 No reason had he save that thus the kingdom would be riven 295
 From me—that kingdom which the grace of Zeus alone had given.
 And with me at the selfsame time he hurled down to their death
 My children twain of tender age loved more than my own breath.
 But the unkindest cut of all, which gave to me more pain
 Than sharpest swordstroke, was that next my wife was by him
 ta'en 300

And made the partner of his bed; O God, how couldst thou see
 Unmoved from heaven's height this act of matchless cruelty?
 By her as wife he but one child—a daughter—did beget,
 And that same child will him to-day with grief and pain beset.
 For so the heavens give command and Zeus' high justice wills, 305
 Who evermore for deeds of crime the penalty fulfils.
 But if so be that penalty he puts off for a space,
 And to the sinner to repent doth give some days of grace,
 Yet he remembers in the end, and cometh in his might,
 That thus when men but least expect he may their errors smite. 310
 And so it is that he to-day will work the bitterest woe
 Upon Philógonos and deal to him a deadly blow,
 This very day on which he thinks he stands at height of bliss
 And doth no honour, that has e'er fallen to monarch, miss.
 But that the sword may pierce his heart with e'en a sharper blow, 315
 His daughter's love and what it means his own eyes him will show;
 For he will see her clasped within her lover's arms, and groan,
 And o'er a fate, that all ill fate surpasseth, he will moan.
 And this young lover's death with it his daughter's death will
 bring,
 Yea, and in no great time himself will to destruction fling. 320
 This is the sentence that by Zeus is passed upon them all,
 And news thereof has even now reached unto Hades' hall,
 And this such joyousness infused, so filled me with delight,
 That all the pains of hell, it seemed, passed suddenly from sight.
 And Pluto, knowing what just joy I felt within my heart, 325
 Gave leave to me that from below I should for here depart,
 That these my eyes should feast to-day upon this slaughter great,
 And so I might thereby my soul with greater pleasure sate.

But look! 'Tis he who issues forth. I tremble at his sight.
 I fear that wound which in my breast he dealt with all his might 330
 May open once again and spray, as then, a fount of gore,
 And that this blood will fill this place as once it did of yore.

SCENE FIVE

KING and his brother's GHOST

KING

Of all the joys wherewith the heaven and nature's mighty power
 Have deigned as with some robe of state the race of men to dower,
 None is more fair to view, nor yet more worthy to obtain 335
 Than strength of daring; this I judge to all men must be plain.
 For nothing else exists which them more speedily doth lift
 To heights of splendour or on them bestows great honour's gift.
 'Tis this which has the forests felled and from them timber made
 For ships, and these has on the seas' wide watery highways laid. 340
 'Tis this which bridges rivers o'er and mountains high ascends,
 'Tis this which into foreign lands with mighty forces wends.
 'Tis this subdueth the stronghold and crushing victory gains,
 'Tis this alone which honour gives and hoards of wealth obtains.
 This laughs at fear and of the power of Hades recketh nought. 345
 He who possesses it alone is unto true life brought.
 This me did lift to kingly power and suffer me to set
 Upon my head a royal crown and golden coronet,
 And made me with much honour lord of Egypt's wide estate,
 So that no man on earth as I can be as fortunate. 350
 Victory, wealth, honours every hour are multiplied for me,
 And many joys within my house and in my heart I see.
 One single care within my breast disturbed my peace of mind—
 My daughter's marriage. Now I see that this my fortune kind
 Accomplishes, and that indeed in a far better wise 355
 Than e'er I deemed it possible; so that I must surmise
 That no good fortune upon earth with mine can equal be,
 And never power 'mongst humankind matching mine own you'll see.
 But I to Erophíle go, the brightness of my eyes,
 Myself to tell her what fair lot of marriage 'fore her lies. 360

GHOST

O Zeus, who art aloft in heaven, lend an attentive ear
 From thy seat whence thou all beholdst, and these high boastings hear.
 O linger not, but speedily on him thy justice show,
 For while thou lingerest his pride ever the worse doth grow.
 E'en now and henceforth work on him the bitterness of death, 365
 And may this triumph be the last he feels whilst he draws breath.
 Do thou, O Pluto, out of hell a mighty fire upraise,
 As thou didst promise, and therein from end to end let blaze
 Anger and torments, murder foul, and weeping's mournful sound,
 And may this palace from to-day be levelled to the ground. 370
*(Hereupon three FURIES come forth with lighted torches and rush with
 noise from one end of the stage to the other and say:)*

FURIES

What other work dost thou ordain?

GHOST

Return again apace
 Below into the murk of hell and into torment's place.

CHORUS

O race for wealth, hunger for fame,
 O cursèd lusting after gold,
 For you full many to death came. 375
 Unjust wars arise untold,
 And quarrels countless for your sake
 O'er mankind their fell empire hold.
 May your name to Hades take
 Flight, and never raise its head, 380
 Terror among men to make.
 Some demon was it who you led
 Upwards into the world of men,
 And from you was poison bred.
 For pity ye abhor, and when 385
 Ye come, justice flees apace.
 Fairness and beauty ye nought heed,

For you in heaven is no place;
 But here upon earth ye breed
 Restless strife in the human race, 390
 And brethren into wars lead.
 Friend through you denieth his friend,
 And children hate to fathers bear.
 Love's pleasures to pains descend
 Thanks to you, and ofttimes we hear 395
 Lovers' groans which the heart rend.
 O blessèd poverty how dear
 Thou art, who dost invite sweet sleep
 Upon the bed thou visitest;
 In what delights fair dost thou steep 400
 Two loving hearts; with what rest
 Thou dost their mind refreshèd keep.
 Nor will a word like this arrest
 Thine ears by poor man spoken:
 'This man is not my peer, his looks 405
 No kingly race betoken.'
 But him and him alone he brooks
 Whose love shines forth unbroken.
 There ambition breeds no strife,
 There no jealousies arise 410
 To make burning hell of life.
 They no fetters for lips devise,
 But speak freely man to wife
 What loving heart to tongue supplies.
 O wealth accursed, what friend to thee 415
 Is not like a maddened hound
 To self, to guests, to family?
 What miser contentment found
 In wealth? What limit did he see
 Set unto his heapèd gold-mound? 420

With justice doth heaven feel rage
Against such men, and make its aim
Them in torment to engage.

Their wealth, their kingdom it doth maim,
It blotteth out from off the page 425
Themselves and their swollen fame,

But ere they go down into hell,
They a thousand torments bear;
Of tears their eyes are made a well.

Philógonos, thy crimes cry clear 430
For vengeance, they are so fell.
And heaven and justice this declare,

Who soon reward due will send
For all thy deeds done on this earth,
And make thy neck 'neath torments bend. 435

Thy riches, which have their birth
In blood and plunder without end,
And thy might are nothing worth.

But in this danger threatening thee
Alas! I view my lady caught, 440
And I weep of tears a sea.

To thee, O Zeus, I make resort,
All humbly on bended knee.
Let not this house to what I fear be brought.

END OF ACT THREE

THIRD INTERLUDE

(SOLYMAN *King of Jerusalem*, ARMIDA, *three* TURKS, GODFREY,
and RINALDO.)

ARMIDA

O most exalted king, let this to thee no great thing be,
That thou amidst the din of war my presence here dost see.
That I, albeit woman born, do here expose my life,
And for my country and my faith take part in this thy strife.
For I am daughter of a king, and fitted to bear arms, 5
And never she who is born queen should shrink from war's alarms;
And she who kingship loves to hold ever full ready stands
To follow out those deeds and arts which kingly rule demands.
For well we understand that sword and sceptre are bestowed
On selfsame man that he may tread both king's and warrior's road. 10
My hand is strong enough to deal a wound upon the foe,
To chase them from the field and make their blood in streams to flow.
Nor is it only on this day in arms I've ta'en the field,
But long ere this did I unto this warrior-passion yield.
Thou well rememberest I have full many Christians ta'en, 15
And these in bonds into thy hand delivered thou didst gain.
And, as thou knowest, these fast shut in prison were detained,
And in its darkest dungeon's depths were one and all enchained,
If that accursed Rinaldo had not many soldiers brave
Sent to their death, and thus availed those prisoners to save. 20
Of this Rinaldo well thou knowst; the very name has dread
Enough throughout the wide world's bounds his daring deeds to spread.
'Tis he who without pity's ruth has dealt me deadly harm,
Nor have I yet ta'en e'en one jot of vengeance with this arm.
And these fell deeds of his have me with greater madness thrilled, 25
And with desire o'ermastering to be avenged have filled.
My trust is in the heavens placed that vengeance I shall find,
For, that they sinners bring to end, I well do bear in mind.
My confidence is in my hand and in my mighty bow,
In this my sword and this my spear, that they will lay him low. 30
And yet if it should chance that one from out thy numerous host
Can of such powerful strength of arm and valour make his boast,

That he Rinaldo's head will take and give it unto me,
 Then with a gift surpassing great he shall rewarded be.
 For he mine own hand shall receive, and eke much treasure take, 35
 If he shall ask it—this great gift I vow I will him make.
 As witness to this I the heavens do call and thee, O king,
 My honoured sovereign, that this gift without delay I'll bring.

FIRST TURK

Maiden, let ne'er the heavens allow an arrow to be ta'en
 From out thy quiver that thereby such ruffian may be slain. 40
 For heart of base-born, such as his, should never be thy goal,
 Nor should one of estate like thine deign from him to take toll.
 That noble hand of thine should ne'er away from man life take,
 That hand which has the power the dead from Hades' realm to wake.
 Thou errest, O Nereid fair, in yielding to thine ire, 45
 In thinking that from thee can fall a punishment so dire.
 For punishment from hand like thine is but excess of grace,
 And every heart would fain a shaft winged by thy bow embrace.
 Let other's sword to this base wight deal out a fatal blow,
 And let some other at thy feet his bleeding head lay low. 50
 I vow that I myself will be the servant of thy rage;
 So mayest thou thy burning ire and anger fell assuage.
 I promise thee I'll take his head, and that this very day,
 And without fail pluck out that heart which could no ruth display.

SECOND TURK

And who art thou who 'fore my king dost speak thy words so light? 55
 Who doth thee, as a man of mark, summon unto this fight?
 Nay, other man can here be found who will real deeds display—
 Not empty boasts like thine—and of these deeds will nothing say.

FIRST TURK

I deem that spoken word of mine was e'er surpassed by deed,
 And I thereto, save this my king, no other witness need. 60
 But as for thee, I swear that ere in this wise thou hadst spoke,
 I would have stopped thy lips this day and thy glib utterance broke
 From idle prating evermore, had not, as thou dost see,
 Our honoured king been here to-day and shared our company.

*(Hereupon the KING makes them hold their peace, and then says
 to ARMIDA:)*

KING

O maiden born of noble race, while great thy beauty's light, 65
 Not less the daring of thy heart and courage in the fight.
 Worthy art thou that these men here for thee should rage and strive,
 And all who know thee, though they be the mightiest men alive;
 And, when thou biddest, they should straight thy greatest foemen face,
 And for thy sake all readily their life in danger place. 70
 So see that this ye do whene'er the hour of duty call—
 For this alone make strong your arm and nothing else at all;
 If for the sake of this fair maid ye will such vengeance take,
 For your own selves by this same deed ye will much profit make.
 Ye well remember how of us he many soldiers slew, 75
 And how by reason of his might misfortunes daily grew.
 Ye know how he, and he alone, made tame our savage land;
 What desolation was therein wrought by his single hand.
 So thus 'tis fitting that ye all should fight him might and main,
 Until from him ye by your arms his life away have ta'en. 80
 And he who does this deed shall have the favours of the maid,
 And, as I vow, my own gifts too shall upon him be laid.

FIRST TURK

I promise thee that I to-day will go with him to fight,
 And as a gift his bleeding head shall at thy feet alight.

SECOND TURK

And I no less make vow to thee, my lady and my queen; 85
 The might that in my arms resides shall well by thee be seen.

THIRD TURK

And we the others, e'en as these, will never respite give,
 Nor will we suffer for an hour this faithless man to live.

ARMIDA

The mighty power of all of you is full well known to me,
 And I have confidence that soon Rinaldo's corse I'll see. 90

SOLYMAN

The sounds of footsteps reach mine ear, of armèd men the hum.
 Generals, I must with you again unto the city come,

And when we see the enemy advancing to the fight,
Ye too will issue forth that I may keep you in my sight.¹

(Thereupon GODFREY comes and says:)

GODFREY

Each man must part in battle take and ne'er his might relax, 95
And none must suffer by default the foeman's power to wax.
Rinaldo, all the thanks that I can pay thou canst now claim,
For that thou with thy single arm didst this wild country tame,
For now can we with better hope this city great assail,
In confidence that with our arms we may o'er it prevail. 100
Ye know that He who first inspired this thought within our
heart,

That we should join in this campaign, doth aid and take our part;
He wills that this great company which into slavery fell
Shall of their liberty regained by your great efforts tell.
He wills the Holy Sepulchre again to be set free, 105
That Christians may resort thereto and worship reverently.
Therefore it now doth us behove to battle for His sake,
And of our hearts a fount of blood, no less than He, to make,
Who did His blood so freely shed that He might us release
And cause our abject slavery at devilish hands to cease. 110
Let four of you move out from hence and to the walls draw nigh
And challenge other four to come and fight for victory.
No fear of all the rest of us their bosoms shall engage,
But freely and without alarm they may the battle wage.
Unto the tents I wend my way, and thence we can have sight 115
Of each man's bearing—how he will conduct himself in fight.

RINALDO

My lord, turn on thy way; for none ever so free from care
Or light of heart on pleasure bent did into garden fare
As we unto this battle go. So God defend the right,
And issue such as Him shall please bestow upon this fight! 120

*(Hereupon GODFREY departs, and RINALDO and his companions
have a morris-dance, and make sign to the walls, and then the
TURKS put out a shield.)*

¹ The MS. assigns these lines to Rinaldo.

RINALDO

They have put forth a sign to show that they do leave their walls
And mean to come unto the spot where gage of battle calls.

*(Hereupon four TURKS come out and in play of morris-fighting the
TURKS fall slain, and RINALDO says:)*

RINALDO

O Christ, to thee alone to-day be praise and honour given
For this our victory, and may those who to death are driven
Into the hearts of all the rest inspire such panic fear 125
That they may never venture more against us to draw near.

*(Hereupon RINALDO and his companions depart, and the DEMONS
come and remove the slain, and the interlude ends.)*

ACT FOUR

SCENE ONE

NURSE and COUNSELLOR

NURSE

In such great fear and such torment my way I onward wend,
I know not whither I do turn or where my footsteps bend.
I flee—but whither shall I hide or whither shall I go?
I know not, wretched that I am, where to escape the blow!
Ah me! And wherefore, O my fate, hast thou my tortured life
For so long time imprisoned kept in this drear world of strife?
Or why have I not lost my sight, so that these eyes at least
Might from this multitude of woes to-day have been released?

COUNSELLOR

Men say that great confusion reigns within the palace walls,
And, as they've heard, upheaval dire disturbs those royal halls.
So I am come that I may learn what causes this have wrought.
But lo! I see Chrysónome; her face is all distraught.

NURSE

Alas! What terror 's in my heart, my Erophíle dear,
Because thy father doth remain so pitiless, I hear.

COUNSELLOR

What means this? I cannot refrain to draw to her more nigh,
That I may ask her what 's the cause of this her bitter cry.

NURSE

But why should I stay standing here, why flee I not away?
Why do I not by any path my eyes can spy out stray?
But oh! ill-fated is my lot; how can I leave alone
My Erophíle o'er her hap of misery to moan?

COUNSELLOR

What is the cause, Chrysónome, that thou dost sigh and weep,
And dost upon thy lips the name of Erophíle keep?

Scene One

EROPHÍLE

181

NURSE

Knowest thou not what is befall'n to this ill-fated house,
O Counsellor? Or art thou fain these hapless lips to rouse
To tell the tale, and with that tale again to make them burn
With fiercer fires than e'er before when they to it return?

COUNSELLOR

All I have heard is that to-day envoys from monarchs twain
Have propositions brought whereby they're eager to obtain
Our Erophíle's hand. But this should rather cause thee joy
Than fill thee with a deep torment and bitterness' annoy.

NURSE

But 'tis another greater thing which draws from me lament;
For Erophíle, as I fear, will to her death be sent.

COUNSELLOR

Thy words distractions manifold have scattered in my mind,
But the true story to unveil no means can yet I find.
Therefore I beg thee earnestly, as thou dost hope to live,
Of the whole matter, as it stands, a brief recountal give.

NURSE

Since the whole matter is too plain for all the world to see,
It seemeth not that from one's friends it should now hidden be.
The overmastering power of love Panáretos has led
With Erophíle without leave and secretly to wed.
This e'en to-day the king has heard, I know not in what way,
And now his rage and passion can no limit's bounds obey.
But like a roaring lion he walks in lonely majesty,
And threatens that these two their deaths in bitterest form shall see.

COUNSELLOR

Alas, Chrysónome, what tale is this which now I hear!
This news which thou hast given me my heart in twain doth tear.

NURSE

O Counsellor, I know not why amid such bitter pain
And torment which I feel to-day my limbs me yet sustain.
For I have lost my powers of mind and all my reasoning's art,
And, as it were, a two-edged sword has pierced my inmost heart,

Since for my Erophíle's grief I suffer bitter woe,
 And for myself I utterly bereft of hope do go,
 Seeing that all who hear this thing will of a surety say
 That I in prompting her thereto likewise my part did play.
 But I, so witness be the Heavens and He Who guides the world, 55
 By Whom the secrets wrapped in depths of each heart are unfurled,
 Only to-day, and that to my unmeasured sorrow heard
 Of this unseemly thing, and of this wretched tale had word.

COUNSELLOR

Alas! Whoever would have thought that such a modest maid,
 One in such mould of nobleness and gentle manners laid, 60
 Would have indwelling passionate love and flames of hot desire,
 And yet in the blind hearts of men suspicion ne'er inspire?
 To what mind would have e'en in dream ever this thought
 occurred
 That, though so wise, Panáretos could have so grossly erred?

NURSE

O Counsellor, the hand of Fate oftentimes doth seize men's mind, 65
 And in entanglements like these its judgement fast doth bind,
 So that it can its former peace and honourable rest
 With ills of every shape and form and bitterness invest.
 Therefore I charge thee on thy life look not upon their sin,
 But see to it that if thou canst a helping hand they win. 70

COUNSELLOR

My God I call to witness this, that as my powers extend,
 I will not fail unto them both a helping hand to lend.
 For one as other I do love, and both, as I may say,
 I nurtured in these arms of mine. But thou dost on me lay 75
 A task severe. Of temper hot and passionate is my lord,
 So that in business such as this I fear to speak a word.
 Yet think I not that he will dare ought against them to do,
 Unless he shall have first received some counsel from me too.
 And then I will find out some way whereby to lend them aid,
 Whereby this savage wrath of his may into calm be laid. 80
 But tell me of Panáretos? Has he as yet some deed
 On him of cruel vengeance wrought?

NURSE

Fast bound with careful heed
 He keeps him in a dungeon's cell, loaded with heavy chains,
 And none that he can speak a word access to him obtains.
 And bursting into passionate rage he thousand insults heaped 85
 On Erophíle, and as though he were a madman leaped
 On her and all her robes did rend; so great appeared his ire,
 That oftentimes it seemed that she would at his hand expire.
 But terror-struck I fled away, lest me that anger burn.
 But now I feel within myself that I must there return. 90
 For, Counsellor, it may not be I leave her to her fate—
 My Erophíle, in such woe, when she is desolate.

COUNSELLOR

To Erophíle then return; cast all thy fears aside,
 For thou to her in this distress thy comfort must provide.
 And tell her from myself that, though the king now greatly rage, 95
 I deem that I shall yet find power that heavy wrath to assuage.

NURSE

Counsellor, listening to thy words, I will her comfort bear,
 Although I tremble to return and in my heart feel fear.

COUNSELLOR

Well go thy way and with good heart; and if I by my death
 Could ought avail them, know I would in no wise spare my breath. 100

SCENE TWO

COUNSELLOR *alone*

COUNSELLOR

No man on earth, as now I see, is with such wisdom dowered,
 That he the passions of a man to fathom is empowered.
 For words that are but framed to lie, expression feigned on face—
 These o'er the passions of a man and o'er his thoughts mask place.
 How gentle was her mien, with what humility encased, 105
 What noble bearing hers to whom love's error has been traced!
 What mighty warrior was he, what fame the world him gave,
 Who now entangled is by love and proved to be his slave!

Well is the proverb said by men that in the fairest field
 Fell vipers hide, and savage lions are but too oft concealed, 110
 And that those rivers which with streams all calm most silent run
 The traveller, who fain would cross, with greatest fear should shun.
 But if these two have been at fault in that which they have done,
 I deem the king yet greater fault and greater blame has won.
 For just as though his daughter had nought of a woman's mind, 115
 As though he had no knowledge of the feelings there confined;
 As though he knew not what great fires are kindled by the speech
 Which falls from young man's lips, nor what lessons his eyes do teach
 A young maid's mind; that furthermore no mortal man has skill
 To save her from the power of love, when once that love doth thrill—
 He suffered them to meet at will, at any time of day, 121
 And thus to do the thing they did he offered them free play.
 If maid of noble birth and with a peerless beauty dight,
 Bred amid royal wealth and all that can a heart delight,
 So often under the same roof without restraint can meet 125
 A youth endowed with comely form and him so freely greet,
 He is a fool who thinketh that therefrom will ne'er the flame
 Of love burst forth, and with its heat of both scorch up the frame.
 We know that Love is on the watch and ever on his bow
 He hath his arrow ready strung to deal at man a blow. 130
 And they who have a heart of stone are few, and rarely found
 Are they who are with strength endued to turn aside that wound.
 And therefore, when the fire is there and ready to be fed,
 It ill befits that on that flame brushwood should be o'erspread.
 But lo! the king I yonder see; his wrath doth overflow— 135
 I feel a shivering in my limbs, nor would him nearer go.

THIRD SCENE

KING and COUNSELLOR

KING

O Faith, in what place of the world art thou concealed to-day,
 For ne'er to any man on earth dost thou thyself display!
 In what far eastern clime art thou? What exile-spot of West,
 Hast thou, to punish us, resolved to make thy place of rest? 140

Let none henceforth of humankind expect ought fair in life,
 For evil he'll receive for good, and for his love but strife.
 Behold Panáretos, to whom the tenderest care I showed!
 What ill return for all that good has he on me bestowed!
 But I do thank the heavens above that I have found a way 145
 Whereby I may in fitting wise reward his crime to-day.
 But in good time I in this place my Counsellor behold,
 That to his ears my tale of grief and bitter fate be told.

COUNSELLOR

My most exalted king, if it is granted servants true,
 Who give obedience to their lord and pay him service due, 150
 That they, when bitterness o'ertakes their master, this should learn,
 And then, so far as in them lies, sorrow to ease should turn,
 Tell me this bitter sorrow which has so much changed thy face,
 For well thou knowest thou wilt not thy confidence misplace.

KING

O Counsellor of faithful heart and my companion dear, 155
 Methinks this cause of bitterness should be to thee made clear,
 That thou to-day mayst be informed what ill return has made
 Panáretos for those fair gifts which I on him have laid.
 And how my daughter, just when I thought all my cares would cease
 On her account, and now at last my anxious heart find peace, 160
 Has given me such shame of mind that I no more can look
 Straight into eyes of fellowmen or meeting with them brook.

COUNSELLOR

Bitter the prelude, and ere this thou bringest to an end,
 I cannot but forebode, my lord, grief to my mind thou'lt lend.

KING

Then listen to me, Counsellor, and thy best pity show, 165
 That thou a little mayst relieve my wretched heart of woe.
 For my unbounded misery has so o'erthrown my mind,
 That reason's power is lost to me, my senses I've resigned.

COUNSELLOR

Never should any grief have power, however great the blow,
 The wisdom of your Majesty from its firm seat to throw. 170
 That wisdom should as heretofore throughout the world be known
 As far surpassing wisdom which by others can be shown.

KING

My Counsellor, this grief I bear is not a common woe.
Know well, I never yet in life have met with greater blow.

COUNSELLOR

In fear unmeasurable I stand and this thy tale await, 175
For no misfortune can there be that is as this so great.

KING

Seeing the many tears that coursed adown my daughter's face
(That wicked child who has on me to-day brought such disgrace),
When I did tell her that my will had now me firmly led
Unto a fixed resolve that she without delay must wed, 180
I thought perchance that she did grieve because of parting near,
And this was cause why on her cheek there stood a bitter tear.
Therefore I sent Panáretos that he a word should speak
And draw her to consent to wed. Through nature's realm now seek
And see if thou canst find therein another fool like me, 185
And judge if this which he has done I suffered fittingly!

COUNSELLOR

Nay, be not moved so overmuch; for never couldst thou fear
That things could come unto this pass—that is to all men clear.

KING

I feared it not; but, now I see, my head in shame I bend;
It needs must be that I must bear the fortune Fate did send. 190
But after he had gone, I thought it best her there to seek,
And following after, with the maid myself a word to speak.
So I set out, and all alone I to her bower went near
In silence, and without a word the curtain that was there
Covering the doorway I drew back. Alas my wretched state! 195
Would that I'd lost the sight of eyes or been struck down by Fate!
I found them seated on one throne, talking without restraint.
But, Counsellor, what's worst of all, thou must this image paint:
Each clasped the other's hand in love and without any shame!
Thou canst imagine how I then was tortured in hell's flame! 200

COUNSELLOR

O sight of bitterest shame! I deem that at that sight accursed
The heart of any man would have to thousand fragments burst!

KING

When me they saw, they were confused and to great trembling fell,
And straight the countenance of both its aspect changed as well;
And, being suddenly surprised in this their act of sin, 205
They sought for it a covering, as best they could, to win.
But when they saw that by no means they could that act conceal,
They fell upon their knees, that thus they might their fault reveal
More fittingly before me bowed; they hoped that thus perchance
I might to them for their offence forgiving hand advance. 210

COUNSELLOR

Alas! What boundless pain and woe my heart within me bears!
Would that from hearing this dread tale deafness could stop my ears!

KING

Thou canst imagine how I fared before I tell the tale;
My feet as heavy were as lead, darkness mine eyes did veil.
I thought that I would slay myself or I would make a dash, 215
My Counsellor, against the wall and let my head there crash.
But then unwilling I became my life to cast away,
Ere that I could unto the pair in full my vengeance pay.
So I gave orders that my guards should this foul traitor take;
And now I hold him in strict ward, and clear to him will make 220
That it to him far better were that he had ne'er been born,
Or that some man, ere he came here, his life had from him torn.
But ere unto him I do ought, I first have summoned thee
(And I believe my messengers must now at thy house be),
That thou the service I require shouldst hear, and means shouldst find
Whereby I may such vengeance wreak as shall please all mankind. 226

COUNSELLOR

That which my master doth not know, his servant cannot teach:
But since it pleaseth him to let my counsel his ears reach,
I will now steel my heart and cause it daring course to seek,
And brace my feelings and my tongue that it may freely speak 230
That which, I deem, will unto thee the greatest credit bring,
If to Panáretos and to thy child thou'lt do this thing.

KING

Speak then. Why standst thou staring thus? [Enter EROPHÍLE.

COUNSELLOR

My lord, I yonder see
My lady coming with bowed head; I'm torn with agony.

KING

Out on it! Ne'er again I willed that I with her should meet. 235
Tell her to turn, lest this my wrath blaze out with greater heat.

COUNSELLOR

Nay, list to what she has to say, as thou thy life dost love,
My honoured master and my lord; then, as thy thoughts thee move,
Do that which seemeth good to thee to her that is thy child
And to thy hapless servant whom error has so beguiled. 240

KING

Not that I may her pity give, I'll hear what she will speak;
But from the bitter tears she sheds I will refreshment seek.

SCENE FOUR

EROPHÍLE, KING, COUNSELLOR, and CHORUS

EROPHÍLE

My sire, although perchance this name my lips should not let fall,
Nor should I, wretched that I am, again thee father call,
For that great error I have made (as it to thee may seem) 245
Has caused thee me a child of thine never again to deem.
But if so be that tears of grief have ever won a place
Within the heart of raging man, or touched with pity's grace,
Then I do beg these humble tears which fall in floods from me
May yet some pity's meed avail to-day to find from thee. 250
O suffer me what I would speak to thee to tell to-day,
For then this fault of mine was not surpassing great, thou'lt say.

CHORUS

O Zeus, cause him to list to hear, and let her words find grace
Which humbly she will speak to him; for pardon be there place.

COUNSELLOR

As thou wouldst live, in silence calm attention to her pay, 255
My lord and master.

KING

None prevents, so let her say her say.

EROPHÍLE

Albeit none whose self-control his passion bears away
Can in the moment of his rage fair justice' laws obey,
Yet none the less thy wisdom great and goodness of thy heart
(Although I see thy boundless rage in no wise doth depart) 260
Do give me boldness to begin despite my bitter pain,
Nor will I what I have in mind freely to speak refrain.
My sire, I own that when I thus Panáretos did wed
In secret without thy consent, I was to error led.
I recognize it and confess, and now of that repent, 265
And this, and this alone, with grief to-day doth me torment.
And yet, my lord, if but a while thou'lt cease from bitter ire,
Methinks that this my act will thee rather to praise inspire.

KING

'Praise' dost thou say, thou wretched girl, for that thou daredst to take
A thrall of mine unto thy bed and shame for me to make? 270
Alas! my heart, why art thou not asunder torn, and why
My hapless breath dost thou not fail, my wretched life not fly?

EROPHÍLE

My lord, the anger that thou showst for this thing is not right.
Nay, chase away thy bitterness, put thy rage out of sight,
That thou mayst listen to my tale, for he who harboureth rage 275
Hot in his heart, he in no task with justice can engage.
I will not say it, for thyself better knows this than I,
That all of us upon this earth unto one Father cry;
That Nature, when she brought us forth, framed us in nakedness,
Showing that men from other men no difference possess. 280
Thus each one must his virtues use and seek as best he can
In whatsoever way he may to outstrip his fellow man.
And so it is that wisdom's power and courage mixed with grace
Alone in this world have availed to bring to kingly place.
But now that times are different, and fortune doth mankind 285
Prevent from recognizing worth and wisdom's power of mind,
No man there is who as of yore honour receives for worth,
And merit, as we see, doth walk naked upon the earth.
But if Dame Fortune, that to us has now so hostile proved,
Were not with spite against all such as display merit, moved, 290

If she with justice would decide who should with wealth be dowered,
 Then she Panáretos with world's whole empire had empowered,
 Which prize unto his virtues fair and to his wits should fall,
 Whereto no other witness than thyself I need to call.
 For though, since he was but a lad, he was in thy house bred 295
 As thrall to thee, yet thou thyself, by thine own knowledge led
 Of all the graces, virtues, wits, which thou in him didst see,
 Didst give him over all thy realm a general's mastery,
 And that despite his youth.

KING

Right well her leman knoweth she!

EROPHÍLE

Then what offence in me is found, if one so full of grace 300
 I have now chosen for myself and given husband's place?
 Why holds he not a royal rank? Or who should us now let
 That we should not him instantly as lord o'er wide lands set?
 My father, thinkst thou not that one born in a low estate,
 Yet with abundant grace imbued, were better for a mate 305
 Than were a king, who though he o'er rich realms doth hold his sway,
 Yet may a spirit poorer than the meanest man's display?
 Better it were indeed, my lord, better it were that he
 Whom I have chosen for my mate should in wealth but weak be,
 Than that the wealth we have should be scattered to no effect 310
 By man whom as a spouse for me mere fortune did select,
 One who was but in name alone with kingly state equipped,
 But of true wisdom and the gifts of virtue was quite stripped.
 For kingly name that we obtain—this stands at our command,
 But virtue's gifts to cultivate, this lies not to our hand. 315

KING

Tell me, hadst thou not better far have taken thee for mate
 One who possesses at one time virtue and kingly state?
 When was it that thou heardest that these who for thy hand have sued,
 Being of kingly state, were not with virtue's touch imbued?

EROPHÍLE

But who, my lord, of either heard that he possessed one grace 320
 That he as suitor for my hand could take a worthy place?

KING

Where wealth is present, there likewise virtues and graces dwell,
 And riches ever amongst men a mind of wisdom spell.

EROPHÍLE

But no my lord; mere riches ne'er argue a noble mind,
 Nor without wits in wealth alone wilt thou true wisdom find. 325
 The world doth honour wealthy men and calls their vices grace,
 And what it hates within its heart, it lauds to heaven's place.
 For flattery creates a grace where no grace can be found,
 And fear puts bridle in the mouth and curbs the free tongue's sound.
 But if so be that o'er thy mind wealth has such powerful sway, 330
 The remedy lies in thy hands, as I have said to-day.
 If thou dost will it, then thou canst thy servant so upraise
 That none will in the world of men attain to greater praise.

KING

Nay, such a thing can never be! For who on earth hath power
 A sparrow with an eagle's might or hare with lion's to dower? 335

EROPHÍLE

Thou canst, my father, if thou wilt; for since thou hast save me
 No child to-day in all the world, suffer him still to be
 My mate, and with thy blessing too, as I have given my hand.
 Then may he rich and powerful as mighty monarch stand
 By thy creation; so shall he, raised to this high estate, 340
 O'ertop in might all other kings whose history we relate.
 And if so be without thy leave I him as husband chose,
 Set down this error to my youth and fate which no law knows.

KING

I never knew fate hinder youth on self-destruction bent:
 But on his head he'll see by me such kingly honours sent 345
 That men shall say it had for him a hap far better been,
 If he in this world's bounds not once thy face had ever seen.

CHORUS (*aside*)

O cruel verdict, uttered by a man of cruel heart!
 And yet what else than this could one expect on tyrant's part?

EROPHÍLE

Both of us in your hands repose; my lord, you now can do 350
 To me and him whatever thing seems good and fit to you.

But yet this I do beg of thee as daughter and as thrall,
 The service which Panáretos—poor wretch—did thee, recall,
 And then the sin, if sin there be, in me alone thou'lt find,
 For never one such thought as this could enter in my mind, 355
 That I should ought abase myself by raising him on high;
 The sun, I ween, will never harm take to himself thereby
 That he his light upon the dark places of earth bestows,
 But rather for this deed receives praises where'er he goes.
 But if thou willest not this thing, I would recall to thee 360
 That I am still thy only child, ill-fated though I be.
 Let this count somewhat in thine eyes, and let this thought avail
 To-day o'er thine excess of wrath with victory to prevail.
 But if so be that thou art vexed, because thou deemst my sin
 Which I have done will for myself a harmful issue win, 365
 Think now that my poor self this deems not harm, but e'en a gain,
 And let my heart from such fond thought pleasure at least obtain.
 For pleasure of a truth it gives, and this same heart doth hold
 That he who o'er her heart keeps sway brings her a bliss untold.

KING

Such thing as this is only done by those of maddened mind, 370
 For these oft in their senseless act a cause of pride can find.
 But if so be that this fond thought has done thee any harm,
 For thee and me I'll vengeance wreak, I promise, by this arm.

EROPHÍLE

My sire, since reason's arguments are banished by thine ire,
 And thus no thought of seemliness can e'er thy mind inspire, 375
 By those sweet kisses and by those fond blessings on my head,
 Which once upon me, when thou heldst me in thine arms, were
 shed
 Each day as thou didst rear my youth—for, tender infant left,
 I was in earliest years of all a mother's care bereft;
 In memory of her thou calledst me by the selfsame name, 380
 And oft her image in mine own to find thou couldst proclaim;
 By that same joy which thou receivedst the moment when thine ear
 Did first, when uttered by my lips, the name of father hear,
 By that name which when uttered can refresh the weary heart,
 And in its dearness is above all others set apart, 385

The name of child—that name I say which life to sire can give,
 And equal power hath in it to make him cease to live,
 Forgive the fault that I have done, and let me fully see
 That, howsoever great the sin I have committed be,
 Yet still thy pity and thy love can o'er that sin prevail, 390
 And may the passions which thine heart enrage to quench avail.

CHORUS

Fiercer than cruel lion is he, unless he pity feel,
 And let these words so suppliant to his fierce heart appeal.

COUNSELLOR

My inmost soul for her complaints such a deep pity bears,
 That these my eyes cannot keep shut the flood-gates of their tears.
 I ween the king must likewise weep; for to lift up his eyes 396
 He ventures not, but best he can he would those tears disguise.

EROPHÍLE

O turn, my lord, upon thy life, turn unto me those eyes,
 Which by excess of anger held ne'er from the ground arise.
 O turn thee; grant me one sweet look, that like the clouds which flee
 Before the wind, those fears of mine may likewise scattered be, 401
 Those fears which from my wretched mind have taken half its wit
 And caused me, though I'm still alive, to go down to hell's pit.
 But if so be that from thy hand I cannot favour know,
 Let me, that I may kiss thy feet, before thee bend me low, 405
 That I to-day may meet my death as though I were a slave
 (And not thy child, O worthy king), whom purchase to thee gave.

KING

Neither as child, nor yet as slave will I thee keep near me;
 So rise and quickly get thee gone, and from my presence flee!

CHORUS

O let thy tears still faster flow, redouble these thy prayers, 410
 For e'en a rock the water's power by constant dripping wears.

EROPHÍLE

O Erophíle, mother mine, O name of memory sweet,
 Why art thou not alive to-day that me thou mightest greet,
 Though with but groans and pity's sighs, and humbly mightest fall
 At my lord's feet, and falling there on him for mercy call, 415

And let thy tears in piteous fount so run and that spot drench,
That they the fierce flame of his wrath might by their flowing quench.
But since that mother, now cold earth, Hades below doth hide,
And listens there to my complaints with hers set side by side,
Do you, my maidens, in her stead now shed your tears for me, 420
And humbly crave that from my lord I may some pity see.

CHORUS

O might it be, my lord, that we by falling on our knees
Could find a way whereby we should thy bitter wrath appease,
And that our tears which we thus shed our lady might avail,
And o'er thee, to take pity on her grief, might yet prevail. 425

KING

Nay, labour ye in vain no more, your breath no longer waste.
Rise up from thence with all your speed, whither ye came from haste.
Do thou rise too and go thy way, and be assured of this—
That neither he nor thou your due and just reward shall miss.

EROPHÍLE

Ladies, let us go on our way; our labour is in vain; 430
From heart that is as hard as stone pity we'll ne'er obtain.

CHORUS

Dear queen and mistress, if from speech we may judge of the heart,
Bitter the verdict which he hath determined on his part.
But know this well, thou canst rely on us in life or death,
We will thy faithful comrades be, so long as we draw breath. 435

EROPHÍLE

Alas! my maidens, how I feel a quaking in my heart,
That e'en to-day my love and I for Hades must depart!
O my loved mother, thou at least wilt give me pardon's grace
For this my sin which I have done, and at thy side make place
For me within the realm below, that I may stand with thee, 440
And we, as we are one in name, in sorrow one may be.

SCENE FIVE

KING and COUNSELLOR

KING

My Counsellor, what thinkest thou? Didst ever daring find
In woman equal unto this?

COUNSELLOR

An equal power of mind,
Freely to speak the truth to thee, I never saw as yet.
Forgive the word—and if so be thy patience will thee let 445
List to my speech, then I have hopes thou too wilt that confess,
And wilt in no wise on thy thrall thus wreak thy bitterness
And on thy daughter; rather thou, I deem, wilt give to-day
Consent unto the act wherein they did the heavens obey
As instruments of that high power and not of their free will, 450
And thus a thing of blessing wrought and not a thing of ill.

KING

Counsellor, for these lying words which thou to me dost use
See that I do not as with them with thee too patience lose.
Thou wouldst the night turn into day, as though I were but blind,
As if thou too wouldst say to me that I have lost my mind 455
And am but fool and outworn man.

COUNSELLOR

My lord, I know full well
Thy wisdom great; thy knowledge wide it boots not to forthtell.
And thou on thy part knowest well that I am passing true,
And till to-day no lie from me has come within thy view,
I deem thou'lt say; so bridle strong I pray thee now to lend 460
Unto thy rage and ire, and to my words attentive bend
Thine ears; for rage, as 'twere, the eye of intellect makes blind
And raiseth angry sea that swells and boils within the mind.

KING

I pray the heavens redoubled wrath and madness to bestow
On me to-day, and with fresh heat my anger make to glow, 465
That I upon this pair may wreak such vengeance as I will,
And thus my heart, as I desire, with sweet refreshment fill.

COUNSELLOR

My lord, I beg thee for a while abate thy heavy wrath,
And suffer thus thyself to hear the plea I would put forth;
Then if I do not to thine eye and judgement make it plain 470
That this thy child a better plan than that thine own has ta'en
In choosing out Panáretos and not one of those kings,
Whose offers for her hand e'en now this embassy thee brings,

Then let me, who in saying this thine honour had in mind,
To glut thine anger, death in shape of thousand torments find. 475

KING

When this thou provest, Counsellor, I'll say that deer can fly,
Soaring unto the heights of heaven o'er ridges of the sky.

COUNSELLOR

Yet only give me leave that I to thee may freely speak.

KING

Speak on; I will with patience hear what thou to say dost seek.

COUNSELLOR

My lord, two kings who in the past long wars with thee did make,
Are now desirous that as bride they should thy daughter take; 481
And these at one time in league joined in common did engage,
And 'gainst thy city with great hosts an angry war did wage.

So vast the seas of blood which were of thine own subjects spilled,
So many were the torments fell with which thy land was filled, 485

That wheresoever we do pass we still hear groans and tears,
For still the memory of that time our hapless country bears.

But she their wooing did reject, and for her husband chose

The man who chased them from the land and stayed their murderous
blows, 489

And stopped their plunder's lust and quenched that awful blaze of fire
By the great strength of his right arm which knowledge did inspire.

I ask thee once again, dost thou not think he wrought much good?

Nay, but I see thee filled with rage for this his hardihood.

Why dost thou not unto these wars unjust attention turn?

Why dost thou so disturb thy mind and with such passions burn, 495

Because thou hast not made these kings thine own, nor canst bestow

Thy child into the hand of man who ever was thy foe?

KING

Nay, this is that which above all allows my mind no peace—

For I had hopes that I should make battles and wars to cease

In this wise once for all, and leave as offering to my folk 500

By this her marriage at my death relief from conflict's yoke.

COUNSELLOR

So then thou dost believe, my lord, that e'en these very hands
Which have in past so ruthlessly shed blood throughout thy lands,

And will in future shed more blood, that they may vengeance take
For those whom they themselves have lost, will e'er with thy folk make
A lasting peace, and give them rest who are their deadly foes? 506

Or thinkest thou that for thyself a calm serene thus grows?

Nay, sooner far I'll deem that snow will into fire be turned
Than e'er believe that by such means a lasting peace is earned.

Ah me! It seemed that when I heard the rumour of such plan, 510
That I thy kingdom's length and breadth with searching eye did
scan,

And fain was I to say to thee that, when this thing they hear,
Thy other counsellors will soon as hinderers appear.

For much I feared that they for us were laying marriage snare,
And did thereby for all of us entanglement prepare, 515

In hope that by this artifice they might from us obtain
That which by open force of arms they ne'er could hope to gain.

Good gift no man has ever yet received at hand of foe,

Nay rather, when he him perceives bending his forehead low,
Suing for peace and asking for friendship and amity, 520

He will be stricken with more fear and from his friendship flee.

Far better were it if thou chose one as thy daughter's mate

Who could avow that from thy hand he took his kingly state,

Than one who would on sudden snatch thy kingdom as a foe
In thy despite, nor would himself thy daughter's husband show, 525

But rather would without relent thee vex and plague each day,

And e'en the end of thy dear life to compass would essay.

It fitting is that in thy eld thy body should have rest,

Not tormenting; that peace, not strife, should be its honoured guest.

KING

The man who walks about in fear and starts when shadows fall, 530
He ne'er can do a worthy deed nor honour win at all.

COUNSELLOR

But yet, my lord, the man who still refuseth to have fear
Of danger, when there's cause to think that terror draweth near,

Full many times doth find himself caught in deception's net,
And if he still retain his life is with remorse beset. 535

But, putting this aside, reflect that shouldst thou rather choose
Vengeance upon Panáretos, then thou wilt surely lose

Thy kingdom utterly; for if thou dealest him death-blow,
 My honoured sovereign, then thou mayst this of surety know,
 Thy daughter will take her own life, and then thou'lt have no heir
 Thy kingdom to inherit. Thus herein dost thou prepare 541
 For thyself too a speedy end, for without doubt thou'lt find
 Remorse for this which thou hast done will overwhelm thy mind.
 My Master, follow my advice, and suffer wisdom's sway
 To rule the madness of thy wrath; for shouldst thou her obey, 545
 Thou'lt feel such comfort in thine heart that thou wilt bless the hour
 In which thou didst this man with full and free forgiveness dower.
 But if this thought disturb thy mind, that he from kingly line
 Hath not descent, yet knowledge great and noble bearing fine
 Match him with any king. But who can make avowal clear 550
 That him, as sprung from kingly stock, no royal mother bare?
 But thou wilt tell me noble blood without wealth nought avails,
 And, as a rose without its leaves, no odours sweet exhales.
 O worthy king, the wise of men one without riches born
 Of more account esteem if him virtues of life adorn, 555
 Than one who is with riches dowered and born to kingly power,
 If he is bare of virtues' grace and excellence's dower.
 For though a man possess much wealth and riches hold in store,
 This great abundance is not fixed nor held for evermore.
 Riches take wings unto themselves and fly to others' hand; 560
 This way and that they ebb and flow like waves upon the strand.
 And thus it is that Fate oftentimes rich men to beggary brings,
 And poor men sometimes we behold raised to the state of kings.
 But since thou art possessed of wealth, do as thy daughter said:
 Be wise, and let his poverty by thee to health be fed. 565
 My lord, O can it be that this by thee has been forgot,
 How bitter was our fortune then, how desperate was our lot,
 When we the enemy beheld encamped around our wall,
 And no more hope of liberty remained to us at all,
 For not a single man that hour appeared unto our sight 570
 Who willing was to issue forth and with those foes to fight.
 But this Panáretos, inspired solely by honour's thought,
 Had no regard at all of death, and recked his life as nought,
 Casting it down to hazard's choice, and single-handed came
 To fight that foe who 'gainst our land brought up devouring flame,

That therewithal he might our lives with blazing fire consume 576
 And take away thy kingdom's might and send thee down to doom.
 He rushed so fiercely on his foes and scattered them in flight
 That men believed the war-god's self was come down to the fight,
 Or that some other powerful aid was come to thee with speed, 580
 Such a redeemer he was proved in that thine hour of need.
 I look around on these our walls, our gates and columns high,
 Our theatres, statues of the gods and fanes that soar to sky;
 It seems to me they weep and tears commingle with mine own,
 Remembering that 'twas thanks to him they were not overthrown,
 And utter words like these: 'We pray, joining with all thy land, 586
 That this poor youth receive to-day some mercy at thy hand!'
 For it is meet and right since he did pass through such a flame
 For sake of them, and from that flame issuing victorious came,
 That for the sake of them and us Your Majesty to-day 590
 Your wrath and deadly passion's blaze should will to put away,
 And like a king worthy the name mercy on him bestow
 And pardon give for youthful fault which thus has laid him low.
 My lord, I beg thee by thy life this pardon to provide,
 For if thou **once** consent wilt give this wrath to lay aside, 595
 In after time thou wilt such joy for this thy kindness feel
 That it will thee 'gainst memory of former suffering steel,
 And thou wilt own that happiness past measure thou hast won,
 In that thou hast the right to call a man like this a son.

KING

Counsellor, of these words of thine I have full knowledge ta'en; 600
 With firm resolve I have pronounced my sentence on the twain.
 And on this matter I thee bid not to renew thy speech,
 For I to thee at other time plainly my will did teach.
 Return unto thine own abode and leave me here alone,
 That I o'er my ill fate may weep and make my bitter moan. 605

(*Hereupon the COUNSELLOR departs, and the KING says:*)

My trusty soldiers, bring to me this man **whom** foul crime stains,
 E'en as he is in **prison** bound, loaded with **heavy** chains.
 And with him cause those too to come, the ministers of death,
 Who justice serve and ruthlessly from miscreants take their breath.

SCENE SIX

KING *alone*

KING

Old age my Counsellor has robbed of surety of his wits,
 And he relates mere idle tales, as at his ease he sits,
 Deeming that with these tales my mind he will so lead astray
 That I for crime surpassing great will vengeance throw away.
 But if he that believes in heart, I judge him mad to be,
 And I myself had been, I deem, a greater fool than he,
 Had I e'en listened to his words, for I have never known
 A man in this world who with such folly is overgrown
 That he, with words and tropes content, was willing to dismiss
 The day of vengeance when it came for insult such as this.
 But since it all too little were for such a monstrous deed
 Death without torment to appoint for him as fitting meed,
 I in my mind am conning o'er a torture so refined,
 As never was ere this, I deem, wrought upon humankind.
 To-day I will make manifest to all the world my might,
 That all, as long as my life lasts, my anger may affright,
 For since the shame that he has wrought surpasses human ken,
 He shall not miss a penalty beyond description's pen.
 But what shall I unto my base and wretched daughter do?
 Shall I my miserable hand with my child's blood bedew,
 That blood that's drawn from my own veins? Yes, before God,
 I should!
 But if without her blood I can make this my vengeance good
 On her, were it not better far to leave her with her life,
 To live that life in bitterness 'mid torment's endless strife?
 Yea, this doth better seem to me than end unto her pain
 To set for ever, if I grant her death's release to gain.
 I deem that when she sees his limbs dead and asunder hacked,
 Her inmost heartstrings will be torn and with fell torture racked.
 She will desire her death and weep and utter bitter cry,
 And feel remorse while she shall live, nor benefit thereby.
 This is the fashion then whereby I will me vengeance take
 To-day on him and upon her for their great error's sake.

For if a man who injured is for second injury wait,
 Then in the end there lies in store for him a bitterer fate.
 But lo! I yonder see them bring in heavy chains that hound;
 I burn with rage and shuddering freeze, beholding him thus bound.

SCENE SEVEN

KING, CHORUS, and PANÁRETOS *in chains*

KING

Welcome, my worthy son-in-law; all hail to thee, I say. 646
 In fashion fair I will fulfil thy wedding rites to-day.
 Tell me, wherefore dost thou thine eyes keep fastened on the ground?
 Is then in thee for very shame no confidence now found?
 Thou thankless one, without respect or courage, this false show 650
 Of humbleness will ne'er on thee a benefit bestow.
 Tell me, thou boy of base estate and sprung from parents base,
 Did I then rear thee in my house and throughout all this place
 Raise thee to higher pitch of power than any other wight,
 That I in such reward as this forsooth should find delight? 655

CHORUS

Zeus, grant him grace that he may give wise answer on his part,
 And, if it may be, soothe thereby that fierce and savage heart.

PANÁRETOS

With thy hand thou didst rear my youth, lifting me to high place,
 And many honours thou didst give to me, my lord, of grace,
 And ever I felt gratitude, and gave thee thanks as due, 660
 And ever, as my powers availed, served thee with service true.
 I erred, for this I must confess, and conquered victim fell
 Unto the might of Love, for he doth bring under his spell
 All men that live. Yet never I betrayed thee to thy foe,
 Nor thought to steal thy realm and it on other to bestow. 665
 'Twas youth and beauty, tenderness and kindness therewith blent
 Which moved my heart, and low before the Love-god's feet it bent.
 But since my fortune's hap withal hath brought me to this pass,
 I will to thee declare to-day what father's son I was,

That thou mayest know that after all it was no monstrous thing 670
 That I should thus admit Love's sway, being a son of king,
 And mate with child of other king, since we two did reside
 For so long time beneath one roof from morn till eventide.
 Know then that me the wealthy king of Tsertsa's land begot,
 Thrasýmachos, and with thyself he once shared friendship's lot. 675
 But Fortune willed that he should be in battle's strife laid low
 By foes which were both thine and his, and perish 'neath that
 blow.

And this same Fortune did me bring beneath thy house and hand,
 That I should die upon this day, as well I understand.
 But since thou hast a kingly power (and this full well I know), 680
 And thy name published far and wide through all the world doth
 go,

Thou canst upon me execute whatever is thy will
 And on thy child; yet if thou this thy vengeance must fulfil,
 Would that the foemen in that fight with my sire had thee slain,
 And that the hands of these same men had thy child captive ta'en.

CHORUS

Great is the thing which our ears hear, and yet we hold it true, 686
 For in his bearing many a trait of kingly worth we view.

KING

How oft soe'er thou sayest this, thy words are nought but lies.
 Thy birth did never from a king or kingly stock arise.
 But with such lies as these, I ween, thou hast the mind beguiled
 Of Erophíle, and deceived that thrice accursèd child. 691
 Nay rather, I believe that thou wert by some foe begot,
 Who was great mischief fain to work on mine and my child's lot,
 And thee like viper poisonous I reared within my breast,
 That I might learn that enemy is ne'er a friendly guest. 695

PANÁRETOS

I speak, O king, the very truth, and if so be thou'rt fain
 Witness that this Thrasýmachos my father was to gain,
 And sign thereof, I will the same produce this very day.

KING

Wretch, I will not one single hour grant thee for this display!

PANÁRETOS

At least, my master, call to mind that I alone went out 700
 Ofttimes against thy cloud of foes, and victory brought about.

KING

Each service that thou hast performed its full reward shall gain,
 I promise thee, and that reward this moment thou'lt obtain.
 Seize him, my Generals; follow me, and lead him on this way,
 That we may him for what he's done at double rate repay. 705

CHORUS

Such is his rage of anger fell, so great his blaze of wrath,
 That he of surety means his life this instant to cut off.
 My God, do thou Thine aid him give, for others nought avail
 Against the hands which threaten him as helpers to prevail.

CHORUS

O gracious orb that floatst so bright 710
 Aloft with splendour in sky,
 And on the world bestowst thy light,

Decking with thy majesty
 The heaven and earth as thou dost go
 With march infallible on high. 715

When thy face down here below
 Is not seen, thy creatures on earth
 Are refreshed with rain and snow.

But when thine orb hath its rebirth,
 Thou scatterest the snow, and fields 720
 Fillest with flowery mirth,

Multiplying their fruitful yields,
 Creating all kinds of gem.
 Thy hand its sceptre ever wields.

Thou makst a glorious diadem 725
 Of diamond, ruby, pearl;
 With our eyes we can behold them.

Even if the earth enfurl
 Things in depths, there passeth thy light.
 All things that 'fore thine eyes do whirl 730
 Are the products of thy might,
 Or by thee grown and multiplied,
 And cannot perish from sight.
 O shining sun, there still reside
 In memory our past dire woes, 735
 And their chill terrors abide.
 It seems as if each river flows
 (As we saw once in our land)
 With waves all bloody as it goes.
 What time the enemy did stand 740
 'Fore our walls, no hope remained
 To our monarch of helping hand;
 Yet us in need our God sustained,
 Seeing that might of captain great
 For us the victory obtained. 745
 Alas for that man's wretched fate!
 What boots his conquest of our foe,
 For he 's become Love's slave of late;
 Our lady's love hath laid him low.
 Just when he seemed at height of grace, 750
 He 's shrivelled up with that glow.
 And now fast bound in dungeon's place
 By wrathful king, he must fear
 A cruel death that comes apace.
 O Sun-god look upon my tear, 755
 In pity darken thy light,
 Or grant that it its fires bear
 Elsewhere; let cloud hide from sight
 Thy rays, or thunderbolt let fall
 And this palace o'erwhelm in night. 760

With thousand flashes appal
 Our king's mad heart that he will fear,
 And this youth from death recall.
 With awful thund'rings make him veer 765
 His plans so evil unto love.
 A fond sire to daughter dear
 And to her lover let him prove.

INTERLUDE FOUR

GODFREY, RINALDO, MESSENGER, and SOLYMAN

GODFREY

My valiant soldiers, as ye see, but little toil remains;
 Small is the hindrance which us from mastering the town detains.
 For of their valiant warriors a handful now is left,
 And in the circuit of their walls many a breach is cleft.
 And so to-day each one of you must ponder in his mind 5
 What mighty cause has driven us that we should leave behind
 Our lands, our children, our abodes, and all that we hold dear,
 And to this distant country's bounds should these our bodies bear.
 My worthy captains, not to gain great riches are we come;
 Not for a pleasurable time have we thus left our home, 10
 But that we should the Sepulchre of Christ our Saviour free,
 And many brothers of our faith present with liberty.
 'Tis this which has us hither brought, 'tis this which has us driven
 So oft into the battle's din where with the foe we've striven,
 All for the sake of Him Who came down to the earth to die, 15
 That we no more in thralldom held as slaves to death should lie.
 Ever as victors we came forth; in honour now again
 Shall we come forth and o'er our foes new victory obtain.
 Only of this we must beware—that we must never fail
 To see that what to-day beseems our honour must prevail. 20
 My soldiers, be resolved on this, that by your conscience' light
 Guided, ye do the best ye can in this our coming fight.
 For so our toils shall have an end, and our vows be full paid,
 And these our arms in order fair above the tomb be laid
 Of Christ, who of His own free will His body for us gave 25
 That He might win new life for us and victory o'er the grave.
 Then do I promise you that ye will win reward and grace
 For all the toils ye've undergone, both here and in heaven's place.
 See to it then that ye now give a proof of hardihood,
 And if my eyes have ever man seen proving warrior good, 30
 And battling 'gainst the foeman's lines with all his might and main,
 Let him on this day too display that courage once again.

Fourth Interlude

EROPHÍLE

207

RINALDO

Each man of us should strive to do in battle many deeds,
 And show that these same deeds to do few are the words he needs.
 Therefore we promise make that with as few words as we can 35
 We will for thee our captain bold go into battle's van
 With daring and with courage great, and fight with might and main;
 And so I hope that we return with glory back again.

GODFREY

Then take your places in the line, and give the signal clear,
 That ye may to the deadliest fight ye ever fought now fare. 40
(Hereupon they sound the signal for battle.)

RINALDO

Lo! I behold a gate is oped, and now a man I see
 Unarmed, who doubtless bears some word unto our company.

GODFREY

Let us take stand that we may list to what he has to speak.
 It seems to me he cometh here an armistice to seek.

MESSENGER

Within our city there are found four warriors of might, 45
 Who are right fain to issue forth and with Rinaldo fight,
 And with those others of your band who erstwhile battle gave
 And of their life-blood did deprive four of our soldiers brave.
 So if these men they conquer too, then will our lord our town
 (And this he swears on oath) without a battle make your own. 50
 But if so be, as he doth hope, his warriors victory gain
 And in the conflict issue fair, as they desire, obtain,
 Then thou on thy part 'gainst my lord wilt never battle more,
 But wilt forthwith from out our land thy numerous hosts withdraw.

GODFREY

Return with speed upon thy way, and say unto thy lord 55
 He may his warriors quickly send according to his word.
 And if he conquer me, I will in freedom leave his place,
 And to my land with all my troops quickly my steps retrace.
 But if his soldiers lose the fight, he must the town bestow
 On me forthwith, for fear lest he suffer a heavier blow. 60
 Rinaldo, and ye warriors bold, who are to me so dear,

Your zeal and valour in my eyes so wondrous great appear,
 I know ye are so strong of arm that I brook no deny,
 And must the weight of this great strife upon your shoulders lay.
 It ill beseems that I should say or call unto your mind 65
 What ye should do, for that indeed superfluous ye would find.
 Unto this battle I you send with blessings on your head,
 And may the grace of Christ our Lord in this fight you bestead.
 May He fresh glory win through you, and may those, who remain
 Now in captivity, be freed and liberty regain. 70
 So on one side I will withdraw, that without any fear
 Our foemen, to take up this gage of battle, may appear.
 And when, as I of surety hope, they are by you o'erthrown,
 Then I return, and triumphing make entry in the town.

RINALDO

As with great confidence and hope we thus set out to-day 75
 Unto this battle, trusting there our valour to display,
 So do I offer prayer to God that He will us sustain,
 And grant that each may o'er his foe a victory obtain.

*(Thereupon they go and dance an armed morris, and the TURKS
 fall, and RINALDO says:)*

Forever may the name of Christ of glory gain its meed,
 Since by your courage I behold His holy tomb thus freed. 80

GODFREY

My soldiers, for your boundless toil which ye have spent to-day
 I all the thanks which I can give fully to you do pay,
 And I must with you share your joy, for this is only meet,
 Seeing that the whole world must lay its tribute at your feet.
 Upon you fame immortal will by all men be bestowed 85
 For the surpassing strength of arm and valour ye have showed.

RINALDO

This victory hath through thine own good fortune been obtained,
 My lord, and thus by thee alone that glory should be gained.

GODFREY

Why dally they to bring the keys that we may these receive?
 Perchance they think that by some trick they may our minds deceive.

*(Hereupon they make the enemy a signal, and SOLYMAN comes out
 with the others and says:)*

SOLYMAN

Godfrey, I clearly see that all our labours are in vain; 91
 Nor blows nor arms will e'er avail our city to maintain
 Against that which the heavens command; so thus I bend me low
 And homage do unto thy might, as my victorious foe.
 Here are my city's keys, and here behold another key 95
 Which locks the riches held in store in my great treasury.
 Let this same treasure and ourselves, who thus are captive ta'en,
 Of thy great merit and thy might be the reward and gain.
 Yet in thine hour of triumph I would beg thee ne'er forget
 That thou wast born a man, and art with mortal's fate beset. 100
 Let this my downfall and the fall of this unhappy place
 E'en now and ever present be as warning 'fore thy face,
 That thou shouldst not be merciless unto thy captured foe,
 For thou thyself mayst one day fall beneath no less a blow.

GODFREY

O Solyman, it is my wont ever to act thuswise— 105
 Mercy to show to humbled men, the haughty to chastise.
 All ye my foes do know this well, lessoned in battle's heat,
 And from my wont, be now assured, I never will retreat.
 So raise thy body from my feet, cast aside every fear.
 I will that thou henceforth as friend, and not as foe appear. 110
 Thy wives, thy slaves, thy children, all thy treasure I give thee;
 Let all thy soldiers furthermore a present from me be.
 Where'er thou wishest thou art free all these with thee to take;
 As for myself I'm satisfied the town mine own to make.

SOLYMAN

I pray that by the heavens above thy fame may e'er be spread, 115
 That they may ever on thy name immortal glory shed,
 For that thou wearest such a grace, that even every foe
 Doth honour thee and wish for thee a long life here below.
 My lord and master, to give o'er the city let me go,
 For it is time to drain the cup of last and bitterest woe. 120

END OF THE FOURTH INTERLUDE

ACT FIVE

SCENE ONE

MESSENGER and CHORUS

MESSENGER

O thrice accursèd dwelling-place, O house o'erwhelmed with woe,
 Why dost thou not deep sunk in sea to thy destruction go?
 O ancient lair of cruelty, thou home where murders dwell,
 Thou school of bitterness and pain, of tears a very well,
 Why is the heaven not enraged and earth with trembling ta'en, 5
 Or how can Zeus thee to destroy his anger now refrain?
 Why do the murky clouds not fall and take away thy light,
 And from the eyes of men to-day not blot thee out of sight?
 In what wild brake did ever dwell, or to what cavern came
 Wild beasts so fierce and pitiless? Nay, beast's too good a name— 10
 For those hard-hearted wretches here who in thy walls are pent,
 They have no pity felt for man nor ever known relent.

CHORUS

Who is it that here weeps and sighs, who is it that thus fills
 This house with groanings and laments, and darkens it with ills?
 Some matter of surpassing grief must give him cause for tears, 15
 That he it 'pitiless' thus calls, and for this feels no fears.

MESSENGER

O sun, why givest thou to-day thy light unto this land,
 Why dost thou not with head bowed down and face o'erdarkened
 stand?
 Alas! The times are full of woes, of bitterness and chill;
 How can the heavens unmoved remain and look upon such ill? 20

CHORUS

My friend, why dost thou sigh and groan and bathe thy face with
 tears?
 Why dost this house call pitiless and feelst therefor no fears?

MESSENGER

If thousand times as many tongues as I have hairs on head
 My mouth accursèd possessed, these would but little me bestead.

Scene One

EROPHÍLE

211

Or if my speech were framed of iron, full utterance of my pain, 25
 Ye maidens dear, though much I strove, I could no wise attain.
 Nay, lend me now your counsel's aid, and tell me how I may
 The sight which my poor eyes have seen best to recount essay.

CHORUS

Tell us as best thou canst, if 'twere e'en but a little word,
 That we with thy surpassing grief may weep in full accord. 30

MESSENGER

If this my breath in telling it were not in my breast pent,
 If senses did not fail because my heart's with anguish rent,
 Then ye would be o'ercome with grief at what I should unmask,
 And, why I could such horrors tell, you would hereafter ask.
 But what my eyes perforce endured to see, this thing I fear 35
 Your ears will never steel themselves, if it be told, to hear.
 For it is of such mighty woe that it could quench the blaze
 Of sun in noonday splendour bright and darken the moon's rays.

CHORUS

Thy silence is to us torment, thy dallying our sore
 Doth nought but double. . . . Tell thy tale and torture us no more. 40

MESSENGER

Within this palace' deepest depths, far hidden from the eye
 At base of yon high soaring tower where none can bottom spy,
 In places which are far removed and plunged in murky gloom,
 Where never rays of sun can pierce or light can find a room,
 There is a savage place whereto our kings have all been taught— 45
 Both this and those who've gone before—themselves to make resort
 And offer secret sacrifice, whenever need arose,
 To angry Pluto of men's lives, nor yet the deed disclose.
 So there our king Panáretos—unhappy wretch—had led,
 And there he tortured out his life, and there he left him dead. 50
 So fell a death, I ween, was ne'er by mortal ears yet heard,
 And sufferings direr never could by mortal frame be feared.

CHORUS

A bitter prelude to thy tale; but tell the end I pray
 Of all that thine eyes did behold; omit not ought to say.

MESSENGER

When the king, as I have described, came to this wretched place 55
 Of which ye have just heard, forthwith, with passion on his face,
 He took his seat upon a throne, and then his henchmen led
 Panáretos before their lord; his heart was fully fed
 And teemed with bitterness and gall, and with a poisonous hate
 He turned him and beheld the man, then smiled as there he sate— 60
 But e'en that smile was harsh as when the snow-clouds are piled
 high,
 And gloom alike in East and West o'er veils the face of sky.
 And if a pale sun issues forth, his rays give out no heat,
 So he who turns and looks thereon knows he'll ill weather meet.
 But soon that smile died out and changed into malicious look; 65
 His face was altered in a flash and new expression took,
 As he Panáretos addressed with words which thus did sound,
 While he like eagle there did stand with feet and wings fast bound
 By little boys in bonds so fast that he no more can fly,
 But to their mercy is exposed in awed humility: 70
 'Thou dog, I thank my God that thou before mine eyes dost stand,
 That I my vengeance, as I list, upon thee can command.
 But what fell tortures on thy frame can I deal out to-day,
 Whereby for thy great crime to me I may full vengeance pay?
 Why art thou not of thousand lives and thousand frames possessed, 75
 And why do not a thousand souls lie hidden in thy breast,
 That these, thou miscreant, I may take in torment one by one,
 For this thy single life my rage sufficeth not alone.'
 And saying this, in all his ire a mighty blow he dealt
 Upon his face, which such a shame before had never felt, 80
 Five or six times with all his power and with his sceptre's weight.
 And then he turned, and once again upon his throne he sate.
 Thereat Panáretos exclaimed: 'Ne'er did I this believe—
 That all my toils on thy behalf such payment would receive.
 But, thou distrustful, savage man, I bid thee this thy rage 85
 In all thy cruelty against thy child and me engage.
 But if so be that heaven is just, it never will delay—
 No, not an hour—on our behalf full vengeance to array.'
 E'en as a fire grows fiercer if a man upon it throw
 Fresh fuel and branches torn from trees, and ruddier is its glow, 90

And to the heights of heaven black smoke rises in column tall,
 And sparks shoot out, and shooting out, around its circle fall—
 So fiercer grew the king's mad rage, more savage was his wrath,
 As he his ear did lend unto these words which he put forth.
 His face with crimson was suffused, his eyes shot forth a glow 95
 Of thousand fires; the words he spake a boundless wrath did show.
 His heart it seemed more savage was than any heart of beast,
 And as for us who stood around, our trembling never ceased.
 Then cried he out exceeding fierce: 'My servants one and all
 Stretch him upon the ground, and there with blows unnumbered
 maul!' 100
 As hounds, when hunger presses them, and they behold their prey,
 Stand straining at the leash and wait the time to dash away
 With mighty bayings, longing all to seize him with their jaws,
 And in their eagerness of mind each one the other paws;
 In such wise did those cruel slaves—and hounds one might them call—
 In haste upon Panáretos rush forthwith one and all. 105
 One smote him on the face with fists, another on the head,
 Another smote him on the back, another 'gan to shred
 His clothes, and left him lying there all-naked on the ground;
 They dealt him all the tortures which by men have e'er been found.
 One trampled on his throat and one beat him upon the feet, 110
 One seized his arm and twisted it to tear it from its seat.
 One beat his shoulders, others too upon the soles him flogged,
 Another with a piece of cloth his groans' free passage clogged.
 From top to toe you thus beheld his snow-white flesh turn black, 115
 As they with blows innumerable his tortured frame did rack.
 The ox-hide whips wherewith they flogged were dripping with his
 gore,
 And as they rose and fell ourselves bespattered more and more;
 And oftentimes I saw these whips fall broken to the ground,
 As though e'en they to smite his frame too pitiful were found. 120
 But for the king, I never saw him trace of pity show,
 But rather he did leave his throne and leaped with joy below,
 Saying: 'My well-belovèd thralls, ye servants of my heart,
 In this my vengeance, as is meet, to the full play your part.'
 And ten times o'er he them relieved, that with a greater might 125
 On that unhappy frame their blows should thus redoubled light.

But since he could no more hold out against that cruel pain,
 He turned all icy cold, nor could his consciousness retain.
 No movement of his limbs was seen, and fully they believed
 That the poor wretch had at their hands his death-blow now received.
 So they their beating then gave o'er, and the king drew anigh, 131
 And then, believing him a corpse, remorsefully did cry,
 Because with those fell buffetings his life was ta'en, he feared;
 Like madman he paced to and fro, and 'gan to tear his beard.

CHORUS

Too late his pity—useless then this onset of remorse. 135

MESSENGER

Nay, thought of pity had no place in my long speech's course.

CHORUS

But wherefore felt he this remorse?

MESSENGER

Because that body dead
 Could ne'er again, as he desired, be with fresh tortures fed.

CHORUS

Alas! thou heart of ruthless iron, how couldst thou dare to look,
 How couldst thou torture to inflict on such a body brook? 140

MESSENGER

But he—for not yet from those blows was he quite fully dead,
 But fallen into swoon; not yet his latest breath was fled—
 Recovered for a space and said: 'To spare me is no need,
 But let thy ruthless nature still upon my body feed,
 E'en as it doth desire. But yet, if Justice dwell above, 145
 Then will the gods at least of this my wrong avengers prove.'
 Whereat the king with greater rage told them to seize his tongue,
 And cut it out and trample it, when to the ground 'twas flung.
 And after this my ears did hear him 'Erophíle' say,
 When those dogs flung unto the earth the tongue they'd cut away. 150
 And next his eyes he had removed, and bade them take them up
 And forthwith place them thus removed within a golden cup.
 He handled them with greatest joy, and on them gazed his fill,
 And afterwards cast them to earth and trampled them at will.

And still his joy the greater grew, more savage his commands; 155
 He bade them next to cut away the wretched creature's hands.
 So when he'd done what ye have heard, he nigh unto him drew,
 And straight, to utmost range of height, his hands uplifted flew,
 And down he plunged the sword he held into his vitals deep,
 And slew him without any ruth; yet while he breath could keep, 160
 He uttered like a lion a roar, and from his lips there came,
 Not once or twice, a sound which seemed his Erophíle's name,
 Though spoken but in groans; for since his tongue was cut away,
 Through groans and groans alone he'd power that name beloved to say.
 But those who touch of pity felt and his great passion knew, 165
 Marked well that he those latest groans for Erophíle drew.

CHORUS

A heart of stone for sure has he who words like these can hear,
 And yet not let o'erflowing tears within his eyes appear.

MESSENGER

As rose which has been cut away and parted from its tree
 In pallor withered right away ye oftentimes may see, 170
 In such wise was that glorious face with pallor overspread;
 His body, shorn of all its grace, lay in their hands quite dead.
 The tower I saw shake from its base, the walls sway to and fro;
 The dead made moan and earth did yawn and open far below.
 The very pictures of the gods were seen to turn away, 175
 That they might not behold the sight of cruelty's display.

CHORUS

To tale that tears the inmost heart, and fraught with bitter end
 For that unhappiest of men, to-day our ears we lend.

MESSENGER

Think not that we are of the end of this cruel tale possessed;
 Ye now must steel your ears that they may listen to the rest. 180

CHORUS

What! Does not death put final end to suffering and woe?
 Men say that death is soothing herb which heals each bitter blow.

MESSENGER

An end it brings indeed; but those who hear of body's pain,
 Renew their grief and are oppressed with torment once again,

When they behold the living hands of men of pity reft 185
Mangle afresh the hapless frames that they in death have left;
E'en as my eyes—Ah! woe is me—beheld that cruel king
Hapless Panáretos's corse piecemeal to fragments bring.

CHORUS

Tell us, upon thy life, my friend, what yet remains to hear,
For cruelty that equalled this ne'er reached before our ear. 190

MESSENGER

When he beheld that he was dead, forthwith he made a start
Into a thousand fragments small that frame to hew apart.
The head he cut off, and the heart he seized and plucked out whole,
And with his hands he set that heart within a golden bowl.
But what besides did yet remain of that poor mangled frame 195
He gave unto his lions, that none should seek in pity's name
To bury it beneath the earth; those lions with ravening jaw,
Quarrelling fiercely, it devoured and hid it in their maw.
But what he had first set apart from out that body reft
He covered with a veil, and that he closely guarded left. 200
For this, as he was heard to say, he would as present give
To Erophíle, for the sight would make her cease to live.

CHORUS

Panáretos, ill-fated man! Lady, how cruel thy fate!
How bitter is the present which thy taking doth await!
How will thine eyes endure the sight, thy hands the gift receive? 205
Nay, needs must be that it forthwith will thee of life bereave.

MESSENGER

My honourable ladies, thus Panáretos's fate—
A fate thrice wretched—ye have heard my lips to you relate.
That end I with mine own eyes saw to my unmeasured woe,
So that by reason of my grief my tears like founts did flow. 210

CHORUS

O bitter Death, why art thou fain without a touch of ruth
Ever to tear asunder those whom Love joins in their youth?
Why is he ever friend to peace, and thou a friend to strife,
Why dost thou eagerly destroy the sweet gifts he gives life,

And toil with might and main that sweet to bitterness to turn, 215
And every home where love doth dwell to overthrow dost yearn?
With long and patient toil and with cozenings none can pen
Love seeks to join and knit in one the parted hearts of men,
So that two hearts a single whole become and bodies twain,
Though living separate in the world, a single soul obtain. 220
No other force in nature's realm can hinder them to mate
Save thee, O Death, with thy ill mind and thy unpitying hate.

[Enter KING.]

MESSENGER

My ladies, yonder doth that hard, dog-hearted king appear,
So let us haste away lest he find us together here.
My eyes cannot again endure that monstrous sight to see; 225
Let us away—for fear that they be blinded utterly!

SCENE TWO

KING *with those who carry the limbs of PANÁRETOS*

KING

Put that upon this seat, and all return unto your place,
For I would with my daughter speak alone and face to face.
For hither have I summoned her, no matter where she be,
For she with her own eyes this gift which she deserves must see. 230
Now reckon I myself a king, and now I can proclaim
That with the force of my right hand I've blotted out my shame.
I judge that now Panáretos doth full and clearly see
That honour of a king by all must well regarded be.
And if so be they are not blind, all other men who dwell 235
Within this palace must henceforth his bitter end mark well,
And marking it will in their hearts tremble as doth a reed,
For that the mocking of a king to end like this will lead.
Some say forsooth that every king should only kindness show,
And never, whatsoe'er the deed, his wrath on it bestow; 240
And above all these men assert, that if he fain would be
Beloved of other men, he should with full attention see
That none can an occasion find which causeth him to fear—

But to mine eyes far otherwise the right course doth appear.
 I deem it is the fear of kings which keeps them safe and sound; 245
 Without that fear I reckon nought of worth in kingship's found.
 I care not if they bear me hate, so long as they have fear
 Throughout my kingdom: for as twins born of one womb appear
 Kingship and terror, and the twain must needs go hand in hand.
 The man that makes not other men tremble at his command, 250
 Let him aspire not to the name of king, but rather slave—
 And then let him await all shame that ever world men gave.
 I say again 'tis fear alone which guards the kingly state;
 Where fear is not, no man can e'er of kingly power prate.
 Therefore the more I joy that I fulfilled a worthy part, 255
 And that in time of my old age I firmly set my heart,
 And stood out before all the world as king in more than name,
 And showed that none could venture e'er my honour to defame.
 But verily a fool I'd been if I had lent an ear
 Unto my Counsellor's advice, and willing been to clear 260
 Panáretos, that treacherous man, and left him to go free
 Of punishment for that great shame which he had wrought for me.
 As though I had not understood, being more wise than he,
 That vengeance for a deed of shame is the sole remedy,
 And that the shedding of men's blood and taking of their lives 265
 Is hall-mark of a heart wherein the name of honour thrives.
 But lo! I see my daughter come—that girl quite reft of shame;
 I ween that she will see to-day how I defend my name!

SCENE THREE

EROPHÍLE, NURSE, and KING

EROPHÍLE

My nurse, I feel my wretched limbs as 'twere cut from my frame;
 My mind remains—so great my woe—not as erstwhile the same. 270
 My inmost parts are rent and torn, my spirit faints and fails,
 My body shakes like bed of reeds blown by the winter gales.
 The pains of death lay hold on me, my forces break and bend,
 And ever more and more I fear, looking unto the end.

NURSE

My mistress, grieve not overmuch; the king but summons thee 275
 In haste like this, because he wills thee instantly to see,
 That he may his forgiveness grant for that which thou hast done,
 Since well he knows the threads of fate cannot be backward spun.

EROPHÍLE

But by Harmódís why sent he message of such import
 (And than this man I never knew one of a viler sort), 280
 That he on us a sentence had decreed surpassing ill?
 Ever since this man spake to me, terror my heart doth fill.
 My spirit is all fled away, I cannot speak at all,
 And if I two steps forwards go, four steps I backwards fall.
 My nurse and mother, tell me this, shall we two parted be? 285
 Can be that each the other will on this day no more see?
 For well I know within myself that I this day must die;
 How can I bear to leave thee here and from this world to fly?
 Loved nurse, who art to me as dear as is my own life's breath,
 As thou hast loved me upon earth, I pray thee love in death. 290
 My name that is so sweet to thee thou wilt in memory keep,
 And wilt o'er my untimely death sometimes with pity weep.

NURSE

Weep not, my daughter; my princess, to speak thus thou must cease,
 For without any reason due thou breakest my heart's peace,
 Ere that thou seest what will be; as thou dost hope to live, 295
 I pray thee let thy mind no more such grim forebodings give.

EROPHÍLE

My nurse, I tell thee I shall die; and if 'tis willed by fate,
 Bury within the selfsame tomb myself and my love-mate.
 And let our hapless bodies thus so all unjustly slain,
 As mingled dust in Hades' realm their common rest obtain, 300
 E'en as we two on earth above lived as one single soul,
 And knit by love one common will shared as united whole.
 And as thou once with thy sweet milk didst give me suck, I pray
 Shed o'er my body dead no less thy bitter tears to-day.
 So now my last kiss I bestow. I have no more to say— 305
 I must to thee, my nurse beloved, my final greeting pay.

KING (*aside*)

What is the matter they talk o'er and dally to draw nigh?
Some way, I ween, whereby they may deceive, to find they try.

NURSE

Ah me! How these words which thou speakst cut to my inmost heart;
I can no more restrain the tears which from my eyes do start. 310
My daughter, I thee promise make that we will ever stay
Companions in this world above or where Death holds his sway.
For I will never, lady mine, endure to hear thy death
And still behold the light of sun, drawing my living breath.

EROPHÍLE

Nay, my dear nurse, I pray thee here continue still to live, 315
That to these maids, as erst to me, thou confidence mayst give.

NURSE

My daughter, be assured of this, that I to Hades' hall
Will pass before thee.

KING (*aside*)

How the tears of both of them fast fall!
Perchance Panáretos's fate has ere this reached their ear.

NURSE

Methought it was our king's own voice which I just now did hear.
Quick, quick, my daughter, cease thy tears, smooth out thy troubled
face 321

To cheerfulness, thy ruffled locks in order fair replace.
For, as I see, the king himself puts on a cheerful mien;
He waits for thee with look of joy; my mind from care I wean.

EROPHÍLE

'Tis even thus with the fierce waves of angry troubled main; 325
When they do drown a man, they sink and from their surge refrain.

(To the KING.)

Duly just now I did receive thy Majesty's command—
So I am here; in readiness to learn thy will I stand.

KING

In right good time thou art arrived my daughter well beloved,
Who never to thy sire's behests hast disobedient proved! 330

Give place, Chrysónome, from us, and draw awhile aside;
I will not that our talk should food for other ears provide!

EROPHÍLE

Depart, my nurse beloved, from hence; yet do I tremble more
Than if, benighted in some brake, myself alone I saw.

KING

Albeit that thy boundless fault, my daughter, on this day 335
Upon my soul a heavy weight of care and pain did lay,
Although my mind was darkened o'er and my heart burned with fire,
And I declared my bitter wrath 'gainst thee would ne'er expire,
Yet none the less as I thought o'er the unutterable woe,
The pain unfathomable I had received from such a blow, 340
If I had to my purpose held and ta'en from thee thy life,
I judged it best to kindness' balm to turn that bitter strife.
I have resolved to leave my wrath and no revenge to take,
And him, who did commit this fault, my son-in-law to make.
And so I went unto that place where he was closely bound, 345
And there I him awaiting death by cruellest torture found.
But I with loving-kindness great told him that he had won
Complete forgiveness at my hand for all that he had done.
And he revealed to me a thing I ne'er had heard before,
That him Thrasýmachos's wife in royal lineage bore. 350
O would that I long time ago this thing had heard men say,
For then unto such bitter rage I ne'er had given way.

EROPHÍLE

In very truth, my lord, he ne'er had told me such a thing,
Which, as I hear it, to my mind doth great amazement bring—
Not for that he is son of king, for none could have such grace 355
Who was not of a royal descent and born in kingly place,
But that he for so long a time that secret ne'er revealed,
And humbly walked upon the earth, keeping his state concealed.

KING

My daughter, it is so in truth, and I do thank my fate,
That it has brought to me a son born in this kingly state. 360
Wherefore I summoned thee to me that thou mightst pardon win,
E'en as on him I had bestowed forgiveness for his sin.

So thus the thing thou didst I thee forgive in my despite,
 And he shall, as thou dost desire, thy husband be of right.
 And to this issue which of my freewill had ne'er been seen, 365
 My fortune helper shall appear, thy love the go-between.
 So that this pardon which I grant better thou mayst believe,
 I ask thee for the love of me as present to receive
 The things which in this vessel lie. Therefore, my child, draw near—
 Accept the gift, for rich indeed this present will appear. 370

EROPHÍLE

My lord, I could not of thy love a greater token find,
 Than that which at this very hour hath stirred my depths of mind—
 The thought that I upon this day have thy forgiveness won
 For that immeasurable wrong which I to thee have done.
 Yet none the less in humbleness my head I bow down low, 375
 And with full heart accept the gift which thou dost thus bestow.

KING

Thou doest what child dutiful to do is ever bound;
 So will my blessing evermore resting on thee be found.
 Draw nigh unto thy present then; the veil from it remove,
 Take that which in it is enclosed; let it well-guarded prove. 380
 Why dallyest thou, my daughter dear? . . . Take them, be not afraid,
 For by the taking of these gifts with joy thou'lt be repaid.

EROPHÍLE

My heart against my breast loud beats, my eyes I dare not lift;
 They're seized with shrinking at the thought of looking at this gift.
 My hand refuses to be moved that it the gift draw near; 385
 As though it were some poisonous snake to touch it it doth fear.

(She lifts the veil.)

Alack! alack! What's this I see—what miserable sight?
 Whose is this bleeding head which me startles with deep affright?

KING

It is the head of thy fair love, cut off by mine own hand,
 As right, thou child unnatural, and duty did command. 390

EROPHÍLE

Alas! thou gift unmerciful, thou gift with horror fraught!
 I must, as I gaze on this sight, with madness be distraught.

KING

It is a gift well merited and payment right indeed
 For all that honour which thou deemedst for thy sire fitting meed.

EROPHÍLE

So this is thy belovèd head, Panáretos, my lord, 395
 And this thy head all drenched with gore is given as my reward!

KING

'Tis even so; rejoice therein, thy tenderness display,
 And, if thou pitiest it, with tears wash thou its stains away.

EROPHÍLE

These are his own dear hands, alas! My sire, thy wretched child
 Thou hast with this unseemly gift which thou hast made beguiled.

KING

Unseemly was the deed that thou on thy part didst to me; 401
 But I on my part have done nought but seemly deed to thee.

EROPHÍLE

My heart, why art not rent in twain? Mine eyes, how can ye see
 Unfalt'ringly to-day this act of awful cruelty?

KING

E'en as my eyes did look upon mine own o'erwhelming shame, 405
 When I this vengeance on thee take, thine eyes must do the same.

EROPHÍLE

What is this other thing I see? Methinks it is his heart
 Which never from itself allowed mine image to depart!

KING

'Tis it. Now therefore from thy breast pluck out likewise thine own,
 And join it unto his, if thus thou o'er his heart makst moan. 410

EROPHÍLE

Ah me! With what a blaze of fire my vitals are possessed!
 My sire, what piercing blade of sword hast plunged into my breast!

KING

The same sword which did wound myself has thee too likewise slain,
 E'en as is right and just; this thought within thy mind retain.

EROPHÍLE

Why didst thou not slay me the first? Tell me, as thou wouldst live,
 Why was it needful this fell sight unto my eyes to give? 416

KING

Why didst *thou* cause me on thy part such bitter shame to know
In this brief time that I have left here on this earth to go?

EROPHÍLE

O face that art so sweet to me, O head with honour blest,
Where do the other remnants now of your slain body rest? 420

KING

They have unto the dogs as food been given, to lions a prey.
It was not fitting that the earth should covering on them lay.

EROPHÍLE

Alack, alack! What word I hear! O soul wilt thou not take
Departure from my wretched frame; my heart, wilt thou not break?

KING

To me shall not this word I hear a joy redoubled lend? 425
Will not my head in triumph to the heights of heaven ascend?

EROPHÍLE

My sire, I see that thou canst find thy joy in these my ills;
My bitter woe thine inmost heart with sweet refreshment fills.

KING

Yes, know this well, the more I see thy heart with anguish torn,
The greater is the triumph's joy which in my heart is born. 430
Weep on thy fill, and may this flood of tears be never checked;
I pray the heavens that by thy grief thy very life be wrecked.
Gaze on the features now so fair of this thy much loved mate,
And render all the thanks thou canst unto thy kindly fate
Which thee with husband worthy thee and thy birth did provide, 435
And that thou mayest freely weep, turn by thyself aside.

SCENE FOUR

EROPHÍLE *alone*

EROPHÍLE

My sire . . . By why should I thee thus as father still acclaim,
Why should I not thee rather beast that knows no mercy name,
Seeing that never beast more fierce did the wild forest own,
And heart more cruel than a lion's thou hast unto me shown? 440

Thou beast, more savage than wild beast that ever yet was bred,
Why hast thou not my humble life too numbered with the dead?
But that from which thy hand, although it was so cruel, abstained,
Shall by myself, although it be against thy will, be gained.
For this one thing can by no means permitted be by fate, 445
That I should live a single hour parted from my love-mate.
My partner dear, so sweet to me, my comfort and my light,
In what dread guise dost thou now lie presented to my sight!
Can yet my frame keep hold on life and still life's pleasures seek,
Can my eyes still behold the day, and can my lips yet speak? 450
My love, it was from thine own heart that I drew my life's breath,
And now the marring of thy limbs sends down my life to death.
Alas! These eyes of mine their gaze from thee now turn aside,
For men have made thee such, that sight of thee must be denied.
Panáretos, my master dear, where now thy lovely face, 455
Where are thy many beauties fled, and where thy matchless grace?
Where are thine eyes that sweetly looked? Where is that cruel sword
Which has cut out and blinded them, my partner so adored?
Ah mouth that once so kindly smiled, where every perfume met,
Thou fount of virtues, and thou place where every sweet was set, 460
Why is it that those lovely lips are silent once for all,
And can no more on thy true slave, thy Erophíle, call?
Why do they not recite my pains, and cannot e'en a word,
One tiny word of comforting, for all my tears afford?
But thou art now of tongue bereft, so how canst to me speak? 465
A word of comfort for my pains I must all vainly seek.
Thou canst not o'er my woe complain, thou canst not say 'My
love,
For thee, and thee alone, this frame the pangs of death did prove!
And as for you, ye hands so loved, what ruthless hands could dare
You from the hapless frame to which ye once belonged to tear? 470
Yes hands, which should, if right had might, the weight of sceptre
hold—
Which giving laws to all on earth the world should now behold—
Why is it that ye cannot seek and grasp these hands of mine?
Why must I your fond touch upon my breast and heart resign?
For ye to them had given rest and ease from all their pain, 475
And caused them from this fluttering wild a little calm to gain.

And thou, brave heart, that stronghold where was guarded Love's
desire,

What fierce lion was it thee assailed, and with a cruelty dire
Tore thee, all bathed in thine own gore, from out thy breast's firm
seat,

And caused my wretched eyes that sight of terror full to meet? 480

O heart so fondly loved by me, thou sweetest of all hearts,

In name of love thou didst for me endure so many smarts.

Whilst thou wast living, thou on tears and sighs and groans wast fed,
And then from out thy place thou wast with violence plucked out
dead,

That I might see with mine own eyes imprinted on thy frame 485

That name which thou didst love so well—thy Erophíle's name.

Alas my Fate! Thou dost for me a bitter lot provide—

That I in such a little space widow should be and bride!

My evil Fate, thou hast to me proved a beguiling foe,

Thou hast indeed brought me adown to end of bitter woe! 490

What bitterness thou'st made me feel, what monstrous deed to see!

Thou unto me hast nothing given but pain and misery.

Where are those hopes thou didst hold forth, where is that bliss fore-
told,

Which thou forsooth didst prophesy that my eyes should behold?

Thou promisedst me a wealth of joy, yet loadest me with woe; 495

Holding out hopes of life and ease, thou dost but death bestow.

Thou showedst me a blaze of sun; I hoped for weather fair,

But soon the sky was clouded o'er, foul weather did appear.

Thou settedst at the first a crown of gold upon my head,

And then it into serpent turned, whose poison left me dead. 500

Dews of refreshment thou distilledst, but these too poison gave,

And hoping sustenance to find, I'm brought unto the grave.

The gates of Paradise didst ope, but through these gates I'm led

Unto the nether deeps of hell, and there on tortures fed.

A vision false thou gavedst me, and like a dream 'tis gone, 505

Like grass of field it is dried up, like withered rose forlorn;

Like lightning flash it's passed away, it's melted like the snow;

It's scattered like a cloud or dust when the strong breezes blow.

My sufferings diminish nought, my miseries ne'er fail,

And to eternity of woe my torments will prevail. 510

But that my weight of suffering still heavier may grow,
My tortures have not yet the power my life to overthrow.

Yet that which so much suffering has not the power to do,
That deed my hand and sword combined as one will carry through.

To Hades these will send me down, and let my cruel lord 515

Take pleasure in the joys which him kingship and world afford.

My breast oppressed with bitter woe, my heart of hope forlorn,

Far better had it been that I had ne'er on earth been born;

Far better had it been indeed that these poor eyes of mine

Had never once the rays of sun beheld or seen him shine. 520

Thy spirit, O Panáretos, sweet partner of my life,

I beg my spirit to receive, the spirit of thy wife.

Let both of us in selfsame place stand, though it be in Hell;

For e'en in torment we shall find Paradise, I know well.

Panáretos, Panáretos, Panáretos, my life,

Help me in my distress; receive the body of thy wife. 525

*(Here she takes the sword, which is in the bowl, slays herself, and falls
dead. Shortly after her maidens come, seeking her.)*

SCENE FIVE

MAIDENS, CHORUS, and NURSE

MAIDENS

Let us go forth, that we may of our mistress somewhat hear.

But who is this that's lying dead, here at our feet, so near?

Alack! What is it that I see? My mistress, is it thou?

What ails thee that thou liest here, with death writ on thy brow? 530

My princess, speak a word to us. Raise thyself to thy feet.

Turn thou thy silvern face that we may greet thee, as is meet.

Alas, she's slain herself! Help us, strangers, to bear this blow!

CHORUS

O lift her up, and speedily. Why dost thou dally so?

MAIDENS

Seest thou not, she's slain herself? Her hand still grasps the sword

Which deep into her very heart its savage way has bored. 536

Alas! Unutterable woe, evil that knows no bound!

O ladies, lend your aid that I a little turn her round.

Ill-fated mistress, why hast thou thyself thus done to death,
What cause so great that thou to-day hast ta'en away thy breath? 540

CHORUS

Markest thou not the cause of this? It is this severed head,
Panáretos's, which with such deep streams of gore has bled.
This only is the cause!

MAIDENS

O youth, who wast so full of grace,
Panáretos, who to the world gave beauty by thy face!
O mistress kind and pitiful, to us so passing dear, 545
Why hast thou thus the hearts of all to-day to grief laid bare?

NURSE

Ladies, what is the cause why ye make this ado and weep?
Why are ye so o'ercome with grief and loudly wailing keep?

CHORUS

Seëst thou not, Chrysónome, dost not our mistress mark?
Thou askest why we make ado, though she in death lies stark? 550

NURSE

Alas! my Erophíle dear! Alack, alack, alack!
Ah me! Unutterable woe!

CHORUS

Hold her and keep her back,
Else she will surely slay herself.

NURSE

Alas! my daughter dear,
With what an evil dawn for me to-day's light did appear!
My mistress, tell me what's the cause that thou thyself hast slain?
For that thou liest dead, this sight is to my eyes too plain. 556

CHORUS

Seëst thou not within this bowl the severed hands here placed
Of what was once Panáretos, and here his head defaced?

NURSE

This then must be the cause why she herself has likewise slain;
'Twas but to-day she said she had this resolution ta'en. 560

CHORUS

O hand of king so pitiless and ne'er to kindness bent,
Why hast thou this day to death's realm these two fond lovers sent?

NURSE

Alas! my Erophíle dear, I would that from my eyes
Now darkened o'er two fountains full of water might arise
To wash away the stains of blood that there surround thy heart. 565
And after that is done no less I will on mine own part
Unto myself with this my hand deal out a ruthless blow,
As thou didst to thyself, and thus unto my death will go.
Alas, my Erophíle loved, shall then such beauty be
Consigned to Hades? Must we it mere dust and ashes see? 570
Shall then those locks gold-tinted fall from off that comely head?
Shall those blue eyes, like sapphires bright, dissolve in earthy bed?
Shall that fair face and those fair hands as a pure marble white
Become mere food to feed the worms, my daughter, my delight?
Alas! my Erophíle dear, shall Hades' realm thus thrive 575
Upon thy beauties, though of these thou wilt the earth deprive?
Without thy presence thou must leave the sun's orb darkened o'er,
And all the world in blackness plunge and cause it sorrowing sore.
On gladness thou death-sentence layst, for this must needs to-day,
My Erophíle, with thyself to Hades pass away. 580
Ah me! What heavy weight of woe and bitterness is mine!
How through thy loving act beguiled and cheated I repine!
I thought to kiss thy marriage-crown when placed upon thy head,
But now I tremble thee to touch by thy self-slaughter dead.
I hoped to take into my arms the child which thou shouldst bear, 585
And rear him tenderly—nay more, to see that same child's heir.
And I am burying thee this day, and with thyself thus slain
Thou from my miserable frame its life no less hast ta'en.
Alas! What wealth of torturing that dream laid on thine heart,
That evil dream which thou to me didst on this day impart! 590
How well thou knewest its import and of me tookst thy leave,
And kissedst me as though thou didst o'er some fond mother grieve.
But I make promise that with thee I will to Hades fare,
To be for thee a faithful nurse and servant even there,
When I have buried with thy corse, my mistress, what remains 595
(How little!) of Panáretos—for Fortune so ordains.

CHORUS

Chrysónome, I see the king—that heartless wretch—draws near.
So cease thy wailings; for a plan I will e'en now prepare

Whereby he shall no longer live. But let him come anigh,
For him we with the sharpest pangs that death can give will try. 600

NURSE

Nay, ladies, nay! leave it to heaven its own revenge to win,
Never yourselves on day like this enter on such a sin.

CHORUS

It were a sin that such a wretch another hour should live . . .
But he is here; so to thy tears thou must a truce now give.

SCENE SIX

KING, NURSE, MAIDENS, and CHORUS

KING

Great sounds of weeping I do hear—and for that traitor too 605
Who justly has been put to death. Why make you this ado,
Ladies, and one to other pour your lamentations loud,
As though each one before her set beheld her own death-shroud?

CHORUS

My lord, it is because we see our mistress 'fore us dead
And Fate has us to look upon this sight of misery led. 610

KING

And who has caused her death?

CHORUS

The things thou seest and yonder knife
Wielded by her own hand, my lord, have ta'en from her her life.

KING

And 'fore your eyes slew she herself?

CHORUS

Nay, when we came, we found
Her lifeless corse before our eyes outstretched upon the ground.

KING

One who has wrought an evil deed must e'er expect to find 615
An evil and untimely end, wherever he's confined.
The thought that I have lost my child with grief my mind must bend,
But for that on this day thereby my shame is brought to end—

At this I must rejoice so much that I reckon nought of pain;
Nay rather, more than e'er before I filled with joy remain. 620
For sundered once from honour's name wealth doth not help at all,
Nor can we those who are content to dwell with shame e'er call
Alive in this world.

CHORUS

That which thus your Majesty's wise mind
Lays down as sentence can from men no contradiction find.
That were not possible nor fit. Yet this to me a sin 625
Appears—that others save thy child such heritage should win
As is thy glorious kingdom's might, and I have heard it said
That for this cause, and this alone, pardon was born and bred
That sinners might with it be dowered; and pitiless are they
By men acclaimed who for a sin pardon will not display. 630

KING

Perchance this might be said with truth for men of common state,
But never for a king who is beyond all others great.
But though my child inheriting my kingdom you'll ne'er see,
Yet will my honour and my name an heir full worthy be.
So hold your peace, for otherwise I solemn promise make 635
(For not from you as from school dame will I such lecture take),
That I will send you down to Hell your mistress there to reach,
And thus in other strain to say your wise saws will you teach.

NURSE

Humbly, as far as in me lies, down at thy feet I fall
And beg your Majesty, as is duty of lowly thrall, 640
To grant me pardon for the words which I did speak of late;
For 'twas my grief, and this alone, which did that thing dictate.

(At this point she kneels and pretends to embrace his feet to kiss them, but she holds them tight, and throws him to the ground. Then she calls on them all to rush in and slay him.)

CHORUS

My comrades, hasten with me all; we will together make
This man of men most merciless for Hell departure take!

(At this point they all rush in and fasten on to him.)

KING

Help me, my servants, hither haste to me, my captains brave! 645
They smite me without ruth and send my life down to the grave.

(At this point they kill him. Hereupon the GHOST of his brother comes out and stands over him and says:)

GHOST

I stood and waited to behold thy wretched body's end—
Now shall thy soul in company with me to Hell descend,
That tortures on thee, as is due, forever may be laid,
And thou for thy great villainy in full mayst be repaid. 650

NURSE, MAIDENS, and CHORUS

NURSE

Ladies, no further cruel deed work on him out of spite;
For it suffices that ye thus a death with death requite.

CHORUS

Nay, he is cruel and pitiless who thinketh that the truth,
And for this which we do to him feels e'en a little ruth.

NURSE

O king, who art more hapless far and more unfortunate 655
Than any man or any sire, no matter what his state.
To-day thou to the heavens didst fly and graspedst with thy mind
At every honour and good luck thou and thy child could find.
And yet misfortune thee surprised and death laid hold on thee,
And set thine honour in the dust and made thy glory flee. 660

CHORUS

Why stand we idle any more, why wait we further here?
Let us forthwith unto the bower of our poor mistress fare,
That there we may her funeral make with every sign of woe,
And that there fail no rite which we have power to bestow.
But as for this vile heartless wretch, as he lies, let him stay, 665
That he, as is most justly due, be left for dogs a prey.
Lift her, my maidens, tenderly with all the care ye can.
My eyes, unto misfortune born, what sight is this ye scan!

(Hereupon her maidens lift her up, and go in with the NURSE, and the CHORUS of women remains; as they recite the verses below written, they drag the KING within, and disappear from view.)

CHORUS

Ah! How unfortunate are they, what very fools they seem,
Who, while they still walk here below upon this earth, yet deem 670
That they are fortunate and can aloft to heaven fly,
Because around them they see wealth and glory's light espy.
For all the blessings of this world and all the wealth it holds
Are but a shadow which this life of misery enfolds,
Or like a bubble on a stream, or like a blazing fire, 675
Which as the higher shoot its flames, the sooner will expire.

END OF THE TRAGEDY

GÝPARIS

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

YÍPARIS,¹ a young man in love with Panórea.
 ALEXIS, a young man in love with Athóusa.
 PANÓREA, a young girl.
 ATHÓUSA, a young girl.
 YANNOÚLIS, an old man, father of Panórea.
 PHROSÝNE, an old woman.
 APHRODITE, a goddess.
 ÉROTAS, her son.
 MÁGA, a Nereid.
 OLD MAN, priest of Aphrodite.
 PROLOGUES, spoken by the GODDESS OF THE COMEDY and by ZEUS
 (or rather APOLLO).

The scene is laid near Mount Ida in Crete, about 1600.

¹ This spelling has been adopted throughout the translation as a guide to pronunciation.

PROLOGUE SPOKEN BY THE GODDESS OF
 THE COMEDY GÝPARIS

COUNT it not such a strange event, my honourable lords,
 That you are gathered here to-day upon these grassy swards
 All suddenly, for, if you think, the cause in me you'll find;
 My purpose is of one and all to entertain the mind.
 But as I look, I seem to see that you your breathing catch, 5
 As eagerly you wait agape my utterance to snatch.
 For right it is that I for you should entertainment make,
 And what is fair and ravishing unravel for your sake.
 For though you might not think it so, a goddess great am I,
 Albeit that my dress is coarse and huntress-like I ply 10
 My bow, and o'er my shoulders far my scattered locks are borne,
 And men as simple shepherdess from Ida might me scorn.
 To me alone the power is given o'er all the earth to spread
 Joys and delights, from others too to take away the dread
 Of sorrow, suffering and pain, and ease their aching heart 15
 Of all the bitter stings of fate and soften their life's smart.
 In other times it was my lot with greater men to dwell,
 And of the noblest of mankind I many a tale could tell.
 Of many a town I was the guest, was ever present found
 At marriage-feasts, at junketings, or at work's daily round. 20
 Never a man I suffered there to stand with features glum,
 But all were merry as a bell, no matter what might come.
 For one and all, both young and old, on each and every day,
 Were bent on mirth, and every sort of pastime and of play.
 All the good things they had in store, they strewed with liberal hand 25
 With right good will, as nature's gifts are scattered o'er the land.
 As all men with the lights of heaven in equal share are dowered,
 'Mongstallalike—a common store—the fruits of earth were showered.
 Quarrels, disputes, and mutual strife, of these they nothing knew,
 But free from cares and folly's bane in peacefulness they grew, 30
 Until they reached a ripe old age unmarred by envy's tooth—
 A happy life those ancient men enjoyed in very sooth!

But times have changed; I know not how, entered the love of self,
 And men became the slaves of gold, of passion and of pelf.
 In train of these there followed close a host of carking cares; 35
 A thousand torments wrapped in one, medley of hopes and fears.
 'Each for himself and his own hand' was order of the day;
 They grasped their own with grip of iron, and others made their prey.
 Hence followed tears and bitter strife, miseries without end,
 Disasters manifold were seen, and wars and death did blend. 40
 So fain was I from these to flee, e'en as from blaze of fire,
 And take my dwelling in the heights or to the woods retire,
 Far, far removed from din and cries, which strife and envy spell—
 Aye, and of torments greater far than these my tongue could tell.
 My home is now with shepherd wights, a race of nobler breed, 45
 And there from morn to dewy eve to cheerfulness I lead.
 Now am I found at marriage feast, and now at merry sport,
 Such as on Ida's heights abound, where youths and maids resort.
 The woods we range in hope therein to chase the fallow deer
 Onborne in swiftest flight, or else the wild goat roaming there. 50
 Much toil indeed you there will find, but great the joy thus bought.
 So now imagine we've returned assembled from such sport.
 Our looks are wearied, but each one upon his face betrays
 The satisfaction of the chase, though bought with toilsome days.
 And thus returned from thickets dense, now at our ease we sit 55
 To view the marriage of two maids, with ceremony fit.
 Untamed of heart you will them see, but by their mien and skill
 I vow they will the minds of all with longing for them fill.
 I promise you a sight of joy and entertainment great,
 I promise what your ears will hear will you with pleasure sate. 60
 Therefore I beg you hush your talk, if you have ought to say,
 And with attention rapt to lend your ears to me to-day.
 For if you full attention pay I promise you delight,
 And when you homewards wend your way you'll talk about this sight,
 Which on your honourable selves Mount Ida hath bestowed— 65
 This will afford you theme of talk upon your homeward road.
 You'll witness be, as I have said, of twofold wedding joy,
 Fulfilled with ceremony due and bliss without alloy.
 Before you part you'll have the sight of Aphrodite's grace;
 You'll see how she will send her boy—like her so fair of face— 70

For those two maidens to make search, and when he them has found,
 To shoot an arrow to their heart and bring them to the ground,
 That therewithal he may abase their haughtiness and pride;
 In place of harshness in their hearts kindness will then preside.
 When he has set within their breast the scorching of love's flame, 75
 Then will these maidens two a new unlooked for passion tame.
 Tormented with the pangs of love of their own will they'll burn,
 And quickly with affection's fire towards their lovers turn,
 Whom erstwhile they with high disdain so scorned and cast away,
 That each alike with his own hand was fain himself to slay. 80
 The cause of this high miracle was Aphrodite's might,
 Who, with her son, these maidens' hearts with all her power did smite,
 And make them change their bitterness and cruel thoughts of scorn,
 And of this change that I have told these wedding joys were born.
 But lo! a lover cometh forth, and tears are in his eyes; 85
 'Tis Yíparis the love-lorn swain, if rightly I surmise.
 'Tis he in truth—now listen well and you shall quickly hear
 How great the longing is of those who lovers' pains do bear.
 So now I wish long life to you; Yíparis has reached the well,
 There he'll begin with his own lips his tale of woe to tell. 90

PROLOGUE SPOKEN BY THE GOD ZEUS
 (or rather APOLLO)

How great the love I bear to you, my honourable dames,
 My highborn maids, whom beauty's self with all her graces frames;
 How much I prize your persons fair, with loveliness bedight,
 Each one of you can reckon well in gazing on this sight
 Which I have furnished for your sake and granted you to see, 95
 Seated at ease and from all care and pangs of heart set free.
 Such entertainment rich and rare no mortal upon earth
 Could of his own unaided powers have brought unto the birth.
 But now methinks the time is come my nature to declare,
 That I may pleasure thereby give and entertainment fair. 100
 I am that one who without rest go rolling through the sky
 And to the heavens and the earth daily my light supply.
 'Tis I that foster growth on land, without me nought is made,
 Nothing can thrive apart from me, nothing without my aid.

Without me nought in its own grace can in perfection stand, 105
 For, as you see, all plants and blooms and fruits of every land,
 Trees great and small by me have birth and to perfection grow,
 By me are carried to their prime all things that men's hands sow.
 These with the beauty of their garb adorn the whole wide earth,
 From these a thousand sweetest scents spring to their lovely birth. 110
 Not only what the eye can see, as on the land it rests,
 But also what the earth conceals deep hidden in her breasts
 Can by my power alone exist; thus every priceless gem,
 The gold of beauty paramount, the pearls whose circlets hem
 Fair ladies' necks, those rings I see with richest jewels beset, 115
 That in their thousands glitter here, these nothing can beget
 Save me and me alone; all things that ocean's depths comprise,
 All things that heaven holds aloft before men's wondering eyes,
 The stars that glitter in its floor, the moon with silver light,
 These wondrous treasures are all mine, and mine by maker's right. 120
 But, maidens, if you would by signs my nature better know,
 Turn not to view the violets and flowers that round you blow,
 Turn not to fruits nor to the trees; let each the other view—
 Your heads with crowns of golden hair will give you answer true,
 And tell you that 'tis I alone those golden locks bestow 125
 And deign to make those beauties rare around your persons grow.
 I am that sun which shines so bright; no matter what the care
 With which a maiden seeks to hide the charms which she doth wear,
 By this means or by that needs be that I shall spy her grace,
 Whether she stand at open door or lurk in secret place. 130
 At least I must detect the gleam when golden hair is spread,
 Or mark the fall of drying locks o'er snow-white shoulders shed.
 But since I stand before you here bereft of my bright rays,
 I know full well with wonderment you must direct your gaze.
 Ladies, it is not as you think; those rays of mine are there, 135
 But you have quenched them with the blaze of this your beauty rare.
 The brightness of your face and eyes, the brilliance of your grace
 In murk of darkness have sufficed my splendour to efface.
 Nay more than that, you dart at me a thousand scorching fires
 So that my heart all shrivelled is and withering expires. 140
 Thus I, who of my own sole right, fire on the earth bestow,
 Within my breast, because of you, find thousand fires aglow.

But now I must the cause explain why you are mustered here;
 So dames of peerless beauty list whilst I the cause declare.
 A maid of fair maids fairest far, by mortals Daphne hight 145
 Came to this earth and sojourned here with wondrous beauty dight.
 How great that beauty was my tongue ventureth not to tell,
 Enough to say it made me leave the heavens here to dwell.
 I came to earth, and at her feet I threw myself her thrall,
 With all my powers of utterance I begged her hear my call 150
 And pity take upon my pain; if words do not her move,
 Then let my countless groans and tears my deep affection prove.
 But she was hard and pitiless and fled from my desire;
 All that she deigned bestow on me were torments, scoffs and ire.
 Since every day I saw her will harder and harder grow, 155
 At last I purposèd to take what she would not bestow.
 One day I chased her far apart into a shady dell,
 Where, as I deemed, I could effect what I desired full well.
 When lo! she turned her eyes to heaven and cried 'Lend me thy aid;
 Ye gods protect my chastity, succour a helpless maid' 160
 Ah me! what marvel then befell, straightway her feet take root
 Down in the earth, above, her hands far separated shoot,
 And branches sprout forth far and wide, and leafy clusters grow,
 And in an instant a whole tree its form complete doth show.
 Thus changed, she still was Daphne called—the bay now bears her
 name, 165
 Which first appeared for sake of her; then I o'erwhelmed with shame
 Back to my native heaven returned, e'en there to suffer pain
 Deep in my inmost heart, nor yet can I thenceforth refrain
 From visiting (as each year comes) this lower earth again,
 That I may press her in my arms and by that bay-tree kneel, 170
 Whose leaves sweet-scented from that time as wreath my forehead
 seal.
 Thus is it I am here to-day—alas! my bitter lot—
 To carry out my wonted task at that sad-memoried spot.
 So when to Ida's slopes I came, it chanced I heard men say
 That two-fold marriage of two maids would here be seen to-day. 175
 The brides are shepherd-maids of birth; for this I've summoned
 you,
 That ye too 'mid these mountain heights may this twin marriage view.

For Aphrodite's self will come to Pseloritë's height;
 Her purpose is to send her son that with a love-god's might
 For these two maidens' sake he may shoot forth his powerful darts, 180
 And, launching arrows from his bow, unite the lovers' hearts.
 And other entertainment too I promise you will see
 That in these thickets will befall—a pastime rare 'twill be.
 But now I take my leave of you, for Yíparis comes forth,
 And sounds are on his lips that tell of maiden's cruel wrath. 185
 But I do pass my word that ere this theatre's bounds you leave,
 You'll find that he on her account hath little cause to grieve.

ACT ONE

YÍPARIS and ALEXIS

YÍPARIS

O THICKETS dense of shady woods, do you my presence shun,
 For fear my many sighs and groans may scorch you one by one.
 For in my breast I feel the flame as of a blazing fire,
 And fiery words fall from my lips in bitterness of ire.
 Full well those lips may fuel find to feed that burning flame; 5
 I fear me they may fill the world with coals that none can tame.
 Ye fountains, let your fresh supplies of cooling water sink,
 And let them run to deepest depths and from their surface shrink,
 For fear my words may parch them up; and you, my hapless sheep,
 Feed on no blade of grass whereon my footsteps pacing keep. 10
 For these my tears that from my heart in bitterness upspray
 Will poison drop where'er they fall and take your life away.
 O Ida, noblest mountain height, where shepherd swains resort
 In hours of joy and merriment to carry on their sport,
 To-day I must thee farewell bid, and hie me to a spot 15
 Where ne'er a drop of water's found, never of food a jot,
 Where wood and precipice abound, and plains are bare of grass,
 Where yawn deep caverns, thither I will go my life to pass,
 That nevermore mine eyes may see the bright light of the day,
 But that these too in sunless cave dark as my heart may stay— 20
 Those eyes which erst did look upon my lady's lovely face,
 And first a hope—a lying hope, within my heart did place.
 That hope inspired my being's whole and cannot pass away,
 But with the pangs of baffled love embedded deep doth stay.
 Now it consumeth me like fire, now pierces me like dart, 25
 Now with the image of her face tortures my longing heart.
 In my despite still nature's force preserves for me my life
 And keeps me suffering love's fell smart and passion's endless strife,
 That others too, from sight of me, their sufferings may allay,
 E'en they, who like myself 'gainst love bitter complaints array. 30
 From this I can full plainly see no sorrow 's like to mine;
 None can with equal right o'er love's perplexities repine.

ALEXIS

Who is the shepherd that I see? He drives his flock of sheep
 Adown the slope of yonder dell. The tears which his eyes weep
 Seem to drop poison on the grass. How bitter his complaints 35
 O'er fortune's miserable lot, how he her outrage paints!
 Ah! can it be there lives to-day another hapless wight
 Who loathes his life, a victim too to fate's unending spite?
 Often I've told myself that none can suffer as I do,
 And have his inmost marrow burned, consumèd through and
 through. 40
 How many times I've ta'en an oath, as I walked to and fro,
 That none could equal torture bear and suffer equal blow.
 But now I see that he too cries, with groans that never cease,
 And in despair of all things here he prays for death's release.
 I fain would hear from yonder lips what utterances fall, 45
 If any sorrow like to mine can his sad heart appal.
 But if my passion does not blind the vision of mine eyes,
 That passion which from hour to hour torment to me supplies,
 He 's Yíparis, for whom erstwhile the shepherd maids inquired,
 Who in their hearts such yearnings roused and praises loud inspired;
 That Yíparis who never felt a pang the livelong day, 51
 But always merry was and bright, and ever seemèd gay.
 And now, strange hap! he calls himself the most unhappy wight,
 And like myself with tears and groans walketh in bitter plight.
 Ho Yíparis! Come tell me true, as thou dost hope one day 55
 Our Lord may make these miseries and tortures pass away,
 What is the cause that these deep sighs and groans in thee hath wrought,
 That of the quitting of men's sight desire to thee hath brought?
 Turn thee and mark who questions thee . . . a truce awhile to tears,
 It may be you physician find to heal your heartfelt fears. 60

YÍPARIS

Alexis, listen not to-day to this my flood of words;
 Seek not to know the cause which me such bitter grief affords.
 For, as I deem, there lives on earth no beast however wild
 That would not shed a copious flood, by sympathy beguiled,
 Of tears, when he my torture heard, that never man can pen, 65
 And listened to my sighs and groans that pass all human ken.

ALEXIS

I too, friend Yíparis, am sure in sorrow's school well trained,
 And had you known what misery I likewise have sustained,
 You would have bid your grief farewell, by side of mine when set,
 You would have termed it miracle that I am living yet. 70
 For I have seen the very sun a thousand times stand still,
 Listening to my sad tale of woe, his eyes with tears to fill.

YÍPARIS

The sun I never saw stand still *my* tale of grief to hear,
 But I have ofttimes seen the rocks and trees themselves prepare
 To flee away lest they should hear my bitter groans and sighs 75
 And all the unfathomable grief that in my heart's depths lies.
 But since the sound my sobbing makes has led you here to me,
 My passion's course I will unfold, that you the reason see.
 A snow-white forehead and two eyes as a clear sapphire bright,
 Two lips of coral red, two hands as glittering marble white, 80
 A neck as crystal free from flaw, bosom and breasts that shine
 Like purest silver, golden hair, Nereid's grace divine—
 All these united in one frame of perfect beauties blent
 Have kindled in my heart a blaze whose fury 's never spent.
 A tongue and laugh like angel's soft, but dragon's heart, I wis— 85
 These soon will hurl me to the depths of bottomless abyss.

ALEXIS

I guessed, my friend, it was the love of some fair slender maid
 That was with all this torment fierce and flood of grief repaid.
 We twain have both the same disease. . . . But tell me, what's the name
 Of her who's kindled in your breast this never resting flame? 90
 Hide it not from me, I do beg, since, for our friendship's sake,
 It ill beseems that twixt us two we should a secret make.

YÍPARIS

Paint to yourself the hardest heart, the cruellest of maids,
 The proudest sort that ever walked here amid Ida's glades—
 That is the one whom fate decrees should be for me my love, 95
 That I thereby the tortures which the love-god deals should prove.
 Knowst thou Panórea—I mean agèd Yannoúlis' girl?

ALEXIS

Of course I know her; one and all alike know well that pearl.

YÍPARIS

She is the maid who in her bonds holds fast in thrall my heart,
 'Tis she that set my limbs on fire and kindled every part. 100
 She is the object of my love, 'tis she whom I pursue,
 'Tis she because of whom ne'er rest can come within my view.
 She is the one that hateth me and from my converse turns,
 She is it who as burdensome my loyal service spurns.
 'Tis she who brings me wretchedness and makes me weep and sigh,
 And causeth me to hate my life and for my death to cry. 106
 'Tis for her sake I walk all bent, and from delights do fly,
 And leaving pleasant spots instead to savage haunts I hie.
 For her my heart within my breast is as a lighted fire,
 For her, though living, as it seems, I thousand times expire. 110
 For her sleep never visits me, for her I beat my breast,
 For her I suffer hourly death, tortured at her behest.
 For her my eyes inflamèd are, for her they're never dry,
 For her I weep and utter moans and bitterly do cry.
 Her hands have taken me; her eyes have on me fetters set, 115
 It is her words have tangled me within the love-god's net.
 That god has sentence on me passed—a death of cruel pain,
 And nevermore from out his hands can I my freedom gain.
 My end I wait for; ah! I pray, may that end hasten on,
 For then my body from distress will have its freedom won. 120
 Despite all this that cruel girl to me no pity shows,
 Though well she sees that for her sake I faint 'neath countless
 blows.
 Nay rather, at my boundless pain, I see her cheerful turn,
 And greater pleasure 's on her face the fiercer I do burn.
 It seems she thrives upon my grief and draws life from my woe; 125
 For every pang I feel, for her draughts of refreshment flow.
 A smile from me brings bitterness, my joy 's a source of pain,
 If I am healthful, then to her my health is but a bane.
 She is not tamed by honied words, nor softened by my cries;
 Nay all the more with every cry feeling of pity dies. 130
 For any service I perform ingratitude I find;
 She's deaf to prayers, and unsurpassed for cruelty of mind.
 Four four long years have passed away in tender wooings vain,
 With every passing year I see her harder still remain.

I waste my breath, I waste my toil, I waste my service true, 135
 And nearer still with every year the end of life I view.

ALEXIS

With time, howe'er, the marble block by dripping water 's bored,
 With time e'en iron through eating rust is with deep furrows scored.
 With time the lion untamable you yet discover tame,
 With time upon the fiercest steed they fix the bridle's frame. 140
 And so in her case too will time its taming powers prove,
 As she doth mark your weeping eyes and furnace heat of love.
 If you address her day by day, your passion may appeal
 To her hard heart, and at the last she may some pity feel.
 Words, as they say, upon a time did bring the heavens to stop, 145
 Words have the power to cause the sun from his high place to
 drop.
 Therefore I do not you account so utterly undone;
 O would my lot and yours by fate with equalness were spun!
 For I do love and burn away, I suffer and I yearn,
 Yet to no prospect of relief can my eyes ever turn. 150
 For I too fearful am and weak to show my love my pain,
 In hope thereby from pitying heart some healing to obtain.
 So you from me to-day, I think, some comfort may derive,
 In that my case is worse than yours; me greater torments drive.
 You know that fire which hidden is more deadly far doth burn, 155
 And sickness that remains concealed at last to death will turn.

YÍPARIS

You have no right to say, my friend, so far as I can see,
 That you are to misfortune born and weep in misery.
 For just as oft as you desire, you may your love behold,
 And from that sight of beauty you comfort can win untold. 160
 You may her accents listen to and harken to her song,
 The thousand pleasures that these give to you of right belong;
 But as for me, what comfort can the sight of my eyes gain,
 What respite can these weary limbs ever for me obtain?
 For she who holds within her hands the keys of all my brain 165
 Has robbed me even of my sense and rent my heart in twain.
 Never in all these many years her beauteous face I've seen
 Turn to me with compassionate look or sympathizing mien.

And never have those lips of hers bestowed but one sweet word;
Nay rather, they have ta'en an oath to slay me like a sword. 170

ALEXIS

Although I have the sight of her and go where'er she go,
Although I listen to her song and words which from her flow,
Of what avail is this to me, what pleasure can I prove,
Since never have I hope at all to win the maiden's love?
I fear to tell her how the flames of passion in me burn, 175
Lest she my friendship ban and pain redoubled thus return.
So love and fear, as you do hear, together meet in me,
And these combined cause me to live a life of misery.
But as for you, my friend, you know the very tears you weep
And all the torments you endure your lady cheerful keep. 180
Your fortune's such that you should pay thanks to the heavens above;
For you do something that can give most pleasure to your love.

YIPARIS

Since it gives pleasure to my love, I'll walk about and cry,
And talk of all the thousand wrongs of my fell destiny.
Yet this no comfort, as you think, can bring unto my pains, 185
But rather makes the fiercer still the flame my heart sustains.
Come, tell me, is it possible that since this gives her life
I should abate ought of my pangs and still my inward strife?
How can I view her taking joy whene'er I suffer ill
And not desire to end my life and thus my fate fulfil? 190
With fullest right I bitter am, with right I heave my sighs,
With right I curse my destiny which sweetness me denies.
But as for you, you have no cause to quarrel with your fate,
You have no cause at all to say your love is obdurate.
For you have never suffered her to know you are in love, 195
You ne'er have asked her to reward the passions which you move.

ALEXIS

You cannot know the living death a man must daily die,
Nor how he ne'er from daily hell throughout his life can fly.
For you have never known yourself these passions twain unite
Of love and fear, as in myself they wage perpetual fight. 200
With love I burn and everywhere with raging fire I glow,
With fear that measurement defies I am as cold as snow.

The love which permeates my heart brings with it fiery joy,
The fear brings torments such as those which torturers employ.
Love sets my feet upon the road, fear has the power to slay; 205
Love twines my lady round my heart, fear drags her far away.
Love gives my tongue free rein and power to utter gladsome praise,
Fear in my mouth a bridle sets and all my utterance stays.
Thus in one breath I faint and dare, I hope and am afraid,
And then no better than a block of senseless stone am made. 210
I turn in hope that to my love my passion I'll display,
And for the nonce to my desire I cannot say me nay.
Then I change front, and when the prize seems all but in my grasp,
I suddenly let slip and turn from that I fain would clasp.
And restlessly my darting mind now here, now there, I turn, 215
And in a veritable hell of flaming passion burn.
But you, though pained, know well the mark at which your aim is set,
And so by dint of tears you can relief from pain beget.
These woods all day where'er you walk with your complaints resound;
The name of your hard-hearted one the echoes bear around. 220
Thereby you win a little ease for this your burdened heart,
And for a while the bitter plague of thinking can depart.
For well 'tis known that those in love on comfort can rely,
If they repeat their lady's name and weep her cruelty.

YIPARIS

Alexis, never passion's heat or weeping can avail 225
To soothe men's torments—all the more for this the pangs prevail
And wring the tender heart; can you with fire hope fire to quench,
Or, fain to dry a spring, do you that with more water drench?
This miracle which you allege was ne'er by mortal seen;
Never by copious floods of tears a lover soothed his spleen. 230

ALEXIS

Well, if you know your weepings can in nought avail your state,
To still the torments of your heart or lighten its dull weight,
What reason is there why you should continue thus to fret,
And to no purpose worry her, and torment thus beget?

YIPARIS

Torment I give her, hoping thus no aid untried to leave 235
Before my passions of life's powers me utterly bereave.

It is a bitter thing for men without reward to toil;
 None but an enemy would grudge some recompense for toil.
 Alexis, stand aside awhile, and give me place to speak
 Unto this agèd dame I spy, and from her counsel seek. 240
 Depart, Alexis, I would beg, ere she catch sight of thee,
 For, as I deem, she has come forth in search alone of me.

ALEXIS

I leave thee now; but let me have again with thee converse,
 That thus in mutual fellowship our woes we may rehearse.

(Here enters agèd PHROSÝNE, and says:)

PHROSÝNE

He knoweth nought of weariness and of tormentings dire 245
 Who ne'er hath set his feet upon the road of love's desire.
 In times long since when I was young and was but still a maid,
 I suffered all the buffets which make men of love afraid.
 I saw that many were in love and burned with fire for me,
 And I for love of others bore a load of misery. 250
 Nor yet do e'en in my ripe age these pangs from me depart,
 For oftentimes still the love-god shoots his arrows to my heart;
 And oftentimes too when I turn round and young men fair espy,
 The tears unbidden rise again and fall down from my eye.
 I say 'O could those years return, those years that are long past!' 255
 And pray, fond fool, that pleasures long departed still may last.

YÍPARIS (*aside*)

I see the saw of ancient times may yet full true be held,
 That what is learned in childhood's years is still retained in eld.

PHROSÝNE

But now I'm old I've lost my strength, and if I love a man,
 I must my passion deep conceal and hide it best I can. 260
 The snow that 's sprinkled o'er my hair, the wrinkles on my face,
 Make all men shrink from sight of me, no matter what their place.
 One scrap of comfort still I have, that I have heard men tell
 That down this valley, hard beside what they call the White Well,
 There dwells an agèd shepherd man, now quite o'ergrown with eld,
 Who from a child with magic arts close conversation held. 266
 He knows full well the talk of birds, as I have heard men say,
 When they return home from their flight and sweetly chant their lay.

He understands the reason why the swallows sadly sing
 And moan the hardness of their lot, as they come on the wing. 270
 No matter what the herb you choose, he knows its secret spell;
 For every sickness he to you fit remedy can tell.
 Of herbs and milk, as they do say, he a rich unguent takes,
 And with that unguent miracles that pass belief he makes.
 Bald heads,¹ when it is smeared, with locks straightway grow snowy
 white, 275
 And ancient dames renew their youth and joy in youth's delight.
 This is the man I'm seeking now in hope that for a fee
 He may the unguent give, that I once more my youth may see;
 That young men may together flock and follow as before,
 And give me love and honour me with homage as of yore. 280

YÍPARIS (*aside*)

I trow that she has lost her wits; once in some dream, perchance,
 She had a vision and now tells what she saw in that trance.

PHROSÝNE

I will not now commit the fault I wrought when I was girl,
 When at the sight of any man my lips were wont to curl.
 Well I remember how my heart suffered repenting shocks, 285
 When first my mirror did reveal the graying of my locks.
 Never will 'yea' from off my lips be absent for a day,
 That word to each and every one with cheerfulness I'll say.
 O may that unguent have the power me snow-white locks to give,
 And once again amid the fair grant me the power to live! 290

YÍPARIS (*aside*)

I think, poor hag, when you have once that famous ointment found,
 You'll look like blackened chimney-pot, just dug up from the ground!

PHROSÝNE

I think I heard the sound of voice. . . . Whoever can it be
 Who listens to my words and talks to others about me?
 I fancy it is Yíparis, who 's anxious I should tell 295
 Whether I've lately talked with her who makes his life a hell.

¹ There would seem to be a play on the name of the Madaras mountains in West Crete. Cf. Xanthoudidis's note in *Byz. Neogr. Jahrb.*, vol. ii, p. 77.

YÍPARIS

Phrosýne, what are you about, alone in parts like these?
Is this the care you're wont to take your faithful friends to please?
Perchance, to have a word with her, Panórea you have sought—
I never deemed that you so soon would put me from your thought! 300

PHROSÝNE

My faith! I have been on the run for her since yester night;
No grassy sward I've left unsearched, no meadow green and bright.
And thanks to her these thickets now I'm tramping here and there,
And heaven, to put her in my way, importune with my prayer.

YÍPARIS

Ah me! once on a time you twain inseparable were found, 305
But now it seems as though she were quite swallowed by the ground.
You cannot search whole-heartedly . . . 'twas in this very glade
She and Athoúsa yesterday with me a meeting made!
Never did she so winsome seem as then with her I met,
Never before had she my heart so fiercely blazing set! 310
Her locks a little with the wind were scattered 'bout her head,
Like some fair Nereid she the light of her great beauty shed.
So dazzling was her beauty's blaze, so angelic was her mien,
That e'en the sun himself, methinks, was darkened with her sheen.
The very heights and very glades desired that she should stay; 315
The hills gave place that she might pass unhampered on her way.
The meadows decked themselves with flowers, the herbage glistened
bright,
The trees thick-clustered were with fruit, each plant showed its
delight;
The birds sent forth a merry note, the caves their echoes made,
All living creatures honoured her; the rocks their homage paid. 320
The clouds their shadows lent and her with their refreshment dowered,
And for her sake the forests wild no longer threatening lowered.
And as she went upon her way a song she sweetly sang;
The very heavens stayed their course and listened as it rang.
Such was the grace she wore that I was, as I gazed, afraid 325
That Zeus himself might rend the sky and snatch away the maid.
'Twas then I saw too well that Love drew to the full his bow,
That thousand arrows through my heart might swiftly-wingèd go.

A thousand fires shone from her eyes and darted at me straight;
Their mark was this poor heart of mine, wounded so oft by fate. 330
So thus the tortures I had borne once more upon me came;
The flame with yet a fiercer heat passed through and through my
frame.

Then after I had groaned aloud a thousand times and more,
When from my eyes a bitter stream of tears began to pour,
I bowed my head unto the ground, and all alert to please, 335
I oped my lips to sweetest strain and uttered words like these.
'Panórea, O my lady sweet, white as the driven snow,
Whose limbs are round, whose face with light as of the moon doth
glow,
Why is it that within thine hand thou dost thy bow thus bear,
For of themselves thine eyes have power, being exceeding fair, 340
Far more than any feathered shaft, to work a deadly harm
To that poor wight who, turning round, is smitten with their charm?
But if by chance thou knowest not, lady, thy dreadful might,
Just bend thine eyes upon myself and see this harrowing sight.
See how my heart is shrivelled up, see how to life I'm lost, 345
See, my Nereid, how my love I hold with bitter cost.
O show of pity but a touch, and make that bitter sweet,
And let my burning limbs awhile with cool refreshment meet.
Or, if this may not be, at least let me the death-blow gain,
That once for all this tortured frame may lose its racking pain.' 350

PHROSÝNE

More moving words I never heard than those you just now spake;
But tell me what reply did she to your petition make?

YÍPARIS

Phrosýne, in reply to me of words she gave not one,
But her fair face a thousand shapes and changing hues put on.
Now in its whiteness purest snow, now glowing like red coal; 355
E'en now, methinks, before mine eyes I can recall the whole.
As I the picture summon up, a shudder shakes my heart,
As though this moment to the realms of hell I must depart.

PHROSÝNE

Such harshness I avouch I ne'er in any maid have seen,
Since I was born and on the earth a sojourner have been. 360

But, Yíparis, don't be too sad, I make thee promise true;
 If she were wilder than she is I would the maid subdue.
 First I will try her with fair words and use the power of speech,
 In hope to win her quietly and thus her duty teach.
 But if my words can nought avail, then I will show her clear 365
 How potent old Phrosýne's arts of magic lore appear!
 I draw the stars from heaven to earth and bring the sun to stand,
 I raise a perfect veil of cloud and cover all the land,
 I make a hurricane of wind and shores with tempest shake,
 And with a single word I cause the solid earth to quake. 370
 And now does this one silly girl think to escape my power?
 Let her beware; she'll find her work was done in evil hour.

YÍPARIS

Three thousand sheep I have, which I took to me as my lot
 From out my brother's heritage (the barren I count not),
 Each with its silver bell—all these I will present to thee, 375
 E'en though I know that after that nought would be left to me
 Save but to beg my bread, if thou wilt cause the maid to bend
 And to these sufferings of mine wilt put a speedy end.

PHROSÝNE

I warrant me thou'lt get the girl, and what 's more, have thy sheep,
 And with Panórea arm in arm proud company wilt keep. 380
 I don't require the sheep—to me they'd be a perfect bore;
 I'd like a bowl of nice fresh milk—just that and nothing more.

YÍPARIS

Milk and the freshest of cream cheese, sausages and a ham,
 All else besides in that poor house of which I master am
 Are at your bidding as if you a favourite sister were. 385
 I'll love you better than myself, with you I'll all things share.

PHROSÝNE

I'm quite aware of the goodwill and gratitude you feel,
 As you on your part cannot fail to mark my eager zeal.

YÍPARIS

Well now I'm off my sheep to tend; to you I leave the task,
 Nothing, I'm sure, you will omit that passionate love can ask. 390
 I need not now again tell o'er the tale of all my pain;
 My wasting body witnesses the torments I sustain.

PHROSÝNE

So now, my son, we'll say farewell; I'll take your task in hand,
 Ere long you'll see with what success I've heeded your command.

YÍPARIS

I leave you then, good dame; may you right many years yet live. 395

PHROSÝNE

Good luck to you; to your behest I'll speedy answer give.

(Exit YÍPARIS: PHROSÝNE speaks:)

I'm sure if only the poor men full well could understand
 In what a welter womenkind of passionate longing stand,
 But very few, as he to-day, would bathed in tears be found,
 Nor would the words 'hard-hearted girl' and 'ingrate' thus resound.
 No need would be for men to woo with groans and sighs and tears, 405
 Rather the other way about—they'd hear *their* humble prayers.
 For as I deem there 's not a maid in the whole wide world's span
 Who does not long within her heart for mating with a man,
 Who does not ardently desire that thousand men may gaze 405
 And fall in love at sight and all her charming beauties praise.
 For this you see them sit all day and comb their lovely hair,
 And for the decking of their locks garlands of flowers prepare.
 With saffron-stain their hair they dye, and then again confined
 In curling clusters these same locks they in fair order bind 410
 About their forehead; all their thought is bent upon the task
 Of finding something every hour which their defects may mask.
 They bathe themselves and paint with rouge and use the aid of scent,
 They mince their words and with much art pleasing replies present.
 With cunning art their lovely eyes now here now there they turn, 415
 And every power they muster up the heart of man to burn.
 With sweet soft notes they sing a song, and softest laughs devise,
 And all but ask the men to turn and look into their eyes.
 Above they make display of breast, of ankle down below,
 And in their walk they all their grace and charm of movement show.
 And if they dowered were with power to walk the earth above, 421
 If they had wings to fly to heaven and through the breezes move,
 They'd do so with a great delight, if only they could please
 The race of youths; the pangs of grief never their bosoms seize

With more heart-devastating power, with a more fell effect, 425
 Than in that awfullest of hours, when first they must suspect
 That there 's another woman who surpasses them in charm,
 And when her rival beauty's lure inspires them with alarm.
 For then they see that men begin on them their backs to turn,
 And that no more the sight of them the power has to burn. 430
 But yet the yearning of their hearts, where passions deep reside,
 By thousand shifts they seek to quell and buried deep to hide.
 They force their nature to a change—that 's why they walk about
 With head upturned disdainfully and make believe to flout
 The man they love and all he says; they put on mien severe 435
 And try to drive their lover to the depths of hell's despair.
 But if the men had but the sense to try a change of tune,
 They'd see the maids come round and drink the bitter cup full soon.
 You'd see them following the men, you'd see them fall to tears,
 And beg them with their pretty lips to smooth away their fears. 440
 They'd stop their pranks and quickly cease now hot now cold to blow;
 Like kine well tamed behind the bulls they would sedately go.
 And day and night they would keep up a low and plaintive moan,
 And o'er the harshness of their lords continually groan.
 I too a woman am, and well, being a woman, know 445
 How fierce within a woman's heart the flame of love can glow.
 Whene'er she walks, whene'er she sits, whene'er she rests in bed,
 Her mind is ever by the god of love a captive led.
 And just as oft their eyes they turn to view a young man's face,
 Thrills of desire through every limb and through their being race. 450
 When they the laugh see on his face and hear the song he sings,
 Throughout their breast the stroke of love unmeasurable rings.

END OF ACT ONE

A C T T W O

(Enter YANNOÚLIS, the aged herdsman, alone.)

To match a woman in the world I creature never saw,
 I swear by my own name of John, for lying without law!
 In the whole realm of nature sure her like you'll never find,
 For without conscience they are bent on plaguing their menkind.
 The goats yield milk and follow you obedient to your shout, 5
 The mares, though they race here and there and kick their heels
 about,
 Yet soon by training come to hand, tamer than any sheep;
 But as for women—training them can ne'er in tameness keep.
 They're never taught to be content, but grumble all the day;
 They wrangle, shriek and nag away—in short the madman play. 10
 They at their husbands look awry and torture out their life;
 They're at it all the harder when these don't feel fit for strife.
 For if they note he 's not in mood for joining in a scrap,
 They glut themselves with what they want, and do not care a rap.
 They grouse and grumble—in that mood you may look out for squalls;
 Insults you'll hear from early morn till dewy evening falls. 16
 For food that 's well in kitchen cooked they quite disdain in sooth;
 'Sausage and ham alone', say they, 'are fit for human tooth'.
 'O would ', they cry, 'our husbands might of blood a vessel burst,
 When we are ready for a drink, to satisfy our thirst!' 20
 But now suppose a different scene; the husband has come up
 From tending of his beasts, and hopes at home to take his sup.
 He finds no trace of bread and food within the larder's store,
 No fire, no water, but instead untidiness galore.
 The mistress of the house he sees and she sits bathed in tears, 25
 And spins hard by some wrinkled hag, hunchbacked and full of years.
 But should her husband something bring, she throws it straight away,
 And goes off to her female friends, how poor she is to say;
 How she to man that 's good-for-nought is tied up as a wife,
 And sighs or smiles a sickly smile, and says she 's tired of life. 30
 From this I reckon that a man is brother to an ass,
 When I remember what a life of woe he 's doomed to pass.

She breaks his noddle with her whims and stubborn-hearted mien,
 With her incessant nagging and with her malicious spleen.
 And through her goings on and through her ill-disposed mind 35
 A thousand torments every day for his drear life she'll find.
 And if she had the strength, I'm sure, she'd throw him to the ground
 And pull his beard out, or with stick give him a drubbing sound.
 I thank the Lord of Heaven above that widower I bide,
 And old man that I am from such a torment free reside. 40
 No man, I ween, would than myself fortune have had more mild,
 Had I not had the luck to be father of female child.
 For she with woman's nature is but all too well endowed,
 And of her devilish archer-art inordinately proud.
 When lightning gleams and thunder roars and earth seems like to
 crash, 45
 She never turns a hair, but for her hunting makes a dash.
 To-day she rose before the dawn had kindled light of day,
 And ere one could be ware of it a-hunting was away.
 The time for breakfast is well past; no sign of her I mark,
 And so my mind is full of fears and of forebodings dark. 50
 I fear me that some shepherd wight her all alone has found,
 And without shame has her assailed and thrown her to the ground,
 And ta'en from her her honour fair and ruined her for life;
 No bridegroom will she e'er obtain, never the name of wife.
 A thousand shepherds make her love, pursue like hounds the hind;
 What think you they will do if her they unprotected find? 56
 Alas! I'm quite worn out with care. . . . But hark! what sounds are these
 That strike my ears? Must be, I fear, my daughter hither flees
 Before their onslaught. . . . Ah! she raves and bites her arrows' ends
 And breaks her shafts in passion; this some great mishap portends. 60
 Out upon it for my cruel fate and for my prospect drear,
 If they have done the thing to her that I just now did fear!

(Enter PANÓREA)

PANÓREA

Never again, how long I live, will I a-hunting go,
 Since I have let a deer like that escape my trusty bow!
 Out on it! With what toil and moil I've chased him from yon height;
 How often have I driven him downward in headlong flight! 66

But with the speed of wind he ran and hid him in the brake,
 And now wild beasts will find him out or dogs their victim make.
 For I am sure my arrow struck and dealt some deadly wound,
 And now he lies somewhere and gasps his life out on the ground. 70

YANNOÚLIS (*aside*)

You little devil, what a waste! You should have struck home true,
 Or, if not that, at least you might have saved the shaft you drew.

PANÓREA

Why 'tis my father I see there—looking for me, I bet;
 And from his dulcet tones I judge a wiggling I shall get!

YANNOÚLIS

Panórea, where have you been? In some outlandish spot. 75
 You never rest a minute still or care for home a jot.
 I warrant me you have been up to something none too good;
 That's why you've been out all alone, resorting to the wood.
 Since the first break of morning light, I've had no peace or rest,
 But spent my time in chasing you like missing goat o'er crest. 80

PANÓREA

And pray whatever do you want with this superfluous toil?
 Why ever should you after *me* through wood and thicket moil?

YANNOÚLIS

What you want, madam, is a stick well broken on your back;
 The ewes have udders fit to burst, just because you are slack.

PANÓREA

And please why should you wait for me to milk your beastly flock?
 Why is it indispensable to make the affair joint-stock? 86

YANNOÚLIS

I know too well the reason why you play this sorry part,
 And that is why a hidden sword I bear within my heart.
 If only you the virtues shared which your poor mother had!
 She never put her work aside to go from bad to bad. 90
 But she would spend the live-long day in getting in the hay,
 Or else baked bread or plied the sieve or wove till close of day.
 Or else she carded wool, or cloth to press did take her stand,
 Or all day long you might have seen the distaff in her hand.

And such fine linen she did weave, it was a pleasant sight,
 And e'en the look was charm enough to summon sleep's delight. 95
 I well remember she the goats milked with such skilful touch
 That ere I had milked one, from two she had drawn quite as much.
 The largest of the goats she'd take and twixt her knees it set,
 Then press its udders with sure hand its rich supplies to get. 100
 I never saw her equal at the making of cream cheese,
 For she the cream from out the bowl to the last drop would squeeze.
 And if occasionally she saw I did not look my best,
 'Yannoúli dear', said she, 'come here and take a little rest.'
 Then she would bustle round and put her strength into the task, 105
 And single-handed carry out whatever you could ask.
 But I should like to ask what work you do, you chief of drones,
 Save to put on your hunting gear upon your lazy bones,
 And here and there rampage about with your boon company;
 You never bring even a hare for me at home to see. 110
 But look you well, Panórea, when you in forest fare,
 Lest wandering shepherd may perchance entangle you in snare.

PANÓREA

Six brothers have I in these hills all scattered round about;
 They're swift as eagles: all I need is to give one loud shout,
 And they will all with one accord turn Ida upside down. 115
 Who dares approach me, if he thinks he will incur their frown?

YANNOÚLIS

Not all the brothers upon earth can cover maiden's shame.
 So look, Panórea, carefully, I beg, to your good name.
 And, putting this aside, wild beasts are roaming all the day;
 So daughter, take good heed they don't one time make you their prey.

PANÓREA

It is my dearest heart's desire with these wild beasts to meet, 121
 If only with these arms in hand I may their onslaught greet.
 For then I could my prowess test and try my archer skill,
 And see how far my arrow points can work the quarry ill.

YANNOÚLIS

A truce to these fond vapourings; let 's to the steading fare 125
 To milk the ewes, and see besides what food awaits us there.

PANÓREA

Athóusa was with me to-day, companion in the chase;
 We both of us pursued a deer which ran at such a pace
 That we did lose it. Father dear, please see the milking through,
 For I should like to wait awhile and come back with her.—Do. 130
 Now be a dear, and keep for us some nice tit-bits to eat,
 And then we'll sing you countless songs, and give you such a treat.

YANNOÚLIS

A meal of dried meat, curdled milk, and cheese and lovely cake,
 If you look sharp and back return, we will together take.
 So don't be long, and your return I will awhile await. 135
 Don't make me hunt a second time the wood by being late.

(Exit YANNOÚLIS. PANÓREA remains alone and says:)

PANÓREA

Through chasing of that deer about, I have quite lost my breath,
 Twice in an hour I nearly fell in swoon that seemed like death.
 I've got so hot and sweated so that I must in the pool
 Bathe by the spring, and after that drink some fresh water cool. 140

(Then she bathes, drinks water, and afterwards says:)

Good! Now I have refreshed myself, I feel inclined for sleep;
 I will awhile my wearied limbs in soothing slumber steep.
 The plashing of this water cool invites me rest to take;
 Athóusa will be here anon and me from slumber wake.

(Then she lies down and sleeps, and soon afterwards YÍPARIS
 appears and says:)

YÍPARIS

Unhappy that I am, I'm like unto the wounded hind, 145
 Which, though she runs now herenow there, can nought of healing find.
 For as that hind, when in her breast the archer's bolt she bears,
 Thinking thereby to get relief from what her vitals tears,
 Now runs unto the plains, and now to thickets flees from light,
 Now plunges into deep ravine, now climbs to mountain height, 150
 Now rushes on, now stands stockstill, now falls and moans with pain,
 And all her searchings for relief but greater torments gain;
 So 'tis with me, ill-fated one; for since my mistress' eyes
 Have struck a wound deep in my heart that healing powers denies,

By day, by night, I walk distraught o'er level plain and mead, 155
 In thickets dense, o'er precipice, where mountain passes lead.
 But still no matter where I go, my case is ever worse,
 And where I healing hope to find, I but increase my curse.
 For wheresoever I do turn, the Love-god 'hind me gets,
 And all day long within my heart my lady's image sets. 160
 What is the cause why she to me displays such bitter ire?
 Why does she thus my hapless frame scorch up with burning fire?
 What slender maid upon the grass is couchèd over there,
 Who, as it seems, the balm of sleep enjoys without a care?
 Ah me! What sight is this I see! 'Fore God, I her behold, 165
 Who for relief of kindly death makes me pray times untold!
 This is the maiden that I love, this is my heart's desire.
 My bosom 's rent in twain, and all my marrow 's scorched with fire.
 My limbs have lost their power to move, my brain no longer thinks,
 My breath stops short and all my frame shudders throughout and
 shrinks. 170
 Mine eyes, why are ye bathed in tears? Why fearful, O my soul?
 Why like a reed swayed with the wind trembles my body's whole?
 Eyes, are ye not the same which long have found your great delight
 To see close by her lovely charms and peerless beauty bright?
 Then why do ye now shrink away, why look at her with fear? 175
 Why are ye quenched and lose your strength when ye to her are near?
 Approach her without fear, gaze on and take of sight your fill,
 And let those charms within your heart take rooting deeper still.
 She now lies sleeping free from care nor from her you can drive;
 Now is the time in her despite some comfort to derive. 180
 Thine eyes, Panórea, I behold deep laden down with sleep;
 Mine are with drops of poison full, and I in misery weep.
 Yet those thine eyes, though they are closed, their arrows on me
 shower;
 They scatter all my wits away and take from me my power.
 What is the reason, mistress mine, that thou wilt not consent, 185
 As justice should demand, that we as one should both be blent?
 Why not let my lips touch thine own, those lips as coral red?
 Why not let both our bodies' frames to one embrace be led?
 E'en as two trees together mate and seem to have one root,
 And drawing food from self-same ground together upwards shoot;

And though they be not fast conjoined, yet seem to have one fate, 191
 Nor can men from the earth uproot the one without its mate.
 O lips of sweetness and delight, O breath of rarest scent,
 Would that ye were this day to my desire's fulfilment lent!
 Such deep refreshment from those lips would pass into my heart, 195
 That all my pains and torturings would instantly depart.
 O blades of grass so green and fresh, which, whiter than the snow,
 The limbs of a Nereid press with all their youthful glow,
 O would that I were one of you, and could but touch that face,
 Which compensation for all toil can furnish by its grace. 200
 Ye herbs which flowers of all hues and such sweet scents provide,
 Which breathe out musk at morning hour and pearls at eventide,
 Which have the power to wake the dead and for them life unseal,
 And better than the balsam all the wounds that fester heal;
 Without refreshing water's draught, ye grasses of the field, 205
 Ever will ye in brilliance stand and flowery fragrance yield,
 And of yourselves without the sun ye will renew your grace,
 For better than the sun and rain, ye have my lady's face.
 Panórea, since you, as I see, of quiver pillow make,
 Why will you not, instead thereof, my breast as pillow take? 210
 My humble breast would for thy shafts a quiver meet provide,
 My face a mark at which thine arms could aim, whate'er betide.
 But ah! I deem she wills it not; mine eyes with blood are shot,
 And my face burns as though it were a furnace blazing hot.
 My mistress of the golden hair, I must, it seems, bend low, 215
 And on those coral lips of thine just one fond kiss bestow.
 None other can I do for thee, Panórea my dear;
 Let not this act as shamelessness to any wight appear.
 For it is only fair these lips should find refreshing draught,
 Which for thy sake the poisoned cup full oftentimes have quaffed. 220
 Away then trembling and those fears which hesitation breed!
 Boldness, I thee companion take in this my hour of need.
 But what, poor wretch, will thee befall, if she should chance to wake
 And see that thou hast ta'en a kiss and into madness break?
 What words will then her anger tame, what counsel will her lead 225
 To bear with such a wretch as I, my words with kindness heed?
 Ah me! I know not what to do. I hang twixt hope and fear;
 My heart beats fast, and after all methinks I cannot dare.

I freeze, I burn, I long, I fear, I tremble as I glance;
 I forward move, then draw me back; I fly, and then advance. 230
 Ye woods, I pray, lend me your aid, ye fountains, dells, and hills;
 What shall I do unto the maid who me with passion thrills?
 To find her thus alone, asleep—This says to me ‘Draw nigh,
 O tortured, love-lorn heart; thou must to steal some kisses try.’
 Since these two haps as with one voice forbid such chance to miss, 235
 In thy name, god of love, I stoop and from her take a kiss.
 But oh! in truth I’m full of fear; my heart so loudly knocks
 That sure it soon will wake the maid from slumber with its shocks.
 Alas! I *have* awakened her, the kiss untaken quite;
 Fortune forbids that I should steep myself in such delight. 240

(Here PANÓREA awakes and says to YÍPARIS:)

PANÓREA

Who’s this that has awakened me? . . . Yíparis, you again!
 D’you want once more to make my head turn dizzy with its pain?
 You shameless fellow! What’s your game, that you’ve come near
 to me?
 I loathe the very sight of you; can’t you or won’t you see?
 Be off from me and double quick—or do you want a bang 245
 Upon your head? Away you wretch! Away with you! Go hang!
 Help! Help! I’m being seized! Look out, in heaven’s name, I say;
 If this should reach my brothers’ ears there’d be the deuce to pay.
 It’s not the first time you have played these pranks on me, you know;
 But now they’ve got to stop, if you whole-skinned away would go. 250

YÍPARIS

Panárea, though the tempest roar, at last it sinks to peace,
 And the sun shines again whene’er the streaming rain-storms cease.
 And though we view the waves roll high upon the troubled sea,
 Yet when the blasts have overblown fine weather there will be.
 Again we may behold the heavens, when with a mighty crash 255
 The thunders roar in anger fierce and lightnings brightly flash.
 But on a sudden they grow calm and the dark clouds dispel
 That gathered on them thickly rolled and their wild passions quell.
 Why do not you too calm your rage, my own, my heart’s desire,
 But ever bide in hot disdain and burn me up with fire. 260

Why never do those lovely eyes towards me in pity turn,
 Why do they with contempt and scorn my humble presence spurn?
 Will those two cherry lips of yours ne’er utter kindly speech?
 Why what’s the reason; come, my love, deign me the cause to teach.
 What! will you cruel and pitiless as some fierce lion remain, 265
 Will you as some wild animal your madness fell retain?
 O let them cease . . . your madneses and all your passions wild;
 O calm your rage and for a while pitiful be and mild.
 Only the mountains and the woods, the rocks so firmly laid
 Unchanged in nature must remain—but not a tender maid. 270
 What greater sign than my frame gives can you, I ask you, see
 That you than e’en my very soul are dearer unto me.
 But if, my loved one, by my death you’re fain that truth to know—
 Lo! here I am, as you desire deal me the deadly blow.
 Draw out an arrow, in my breast the fateful barb home drive, 275
 And, as you wish, my mortal frame of wretched life deprive.
 But see you do not by mischance strike home into my heart,
 For if you do, your life which there I carry will depart.
 Four years, I tell you, have fled by since in its very core
 I first your image painted there and as a treasure bore. 280
 Yourself is witness of my pangs, yourself my torture sees;
 Yourself stands by and well can tell I’m beaten to my knees.
 And though than any beast that’s wild you be more hard of heart,
 I wager you have shed your tears of pity on my part.
 E’en as the beasts shed tears themselves and eke the rocks and dells,
 The plains and rivers in their course, the forests and the wells. 286
 E’en as the shepherds weep for me, as weep the shepherd maids
 All bitterly, as up and down they pace in Ida’s glades.
 But if so well my cruel pains you thus can understand,
 Why can I not from you some grain of comfort then command? 290
 You are not out of marble carved nor of wild beasts the brood;
 Like every human maid you are a thing of flesh and blood.
 It is not right of you to turn a deaf ear to my cries,
 And all my suffering for your sake through so long time despise.
 I know it well, no man exists who worthy is of you, 295
 Those lovely charms were never meant for ought but angels’ view.
 Yet not for this should you remain un pitying in ire,
 But rather should you pity him who burns with your desire.

As a reward one kindly glance you should at least bestow
 For his infinitude of pains, not add unto his woe. 300
 Women with beauty were endowed by kindly nature's hand,
 (As I from a wise shepherd's lips one time did understand)
 That they should pleasure give to all, that all should them desire,
 And with them to be joined as though one flesh they were aspire.
 For this cause, wretched though I be, I would with you unite, 305
 Drawn onward unto you by force of that your beauty bright,
 That both of us together joined might as one flesh become,
 And as one body, tho' two souls, in bliss dwell in one home.
 You should of right give me your love and show of favour make,
 That my true service fair reward for all its toils may take. 310
 Alas! my lady, why do you that beauty thus deny?
 Who should thereon with greater right than I myself rely?
 Who serves yourself more constantly? Who shows a greater love?
 What heart by greater heat of flame its passion can you prove?

PANÓREA

Say rather, who torments me more and tortures every day? 315
 Say rather, who like you from me would honour take away?

YÍPARIS

When I should seek in any wise to rob you of good name,
 Or with the slightest stain to smirch that fair unsullied frame,
 The earth will yawn unto its depths and swallow me alive,
 Or Zeus will hurl his thunderbolts and me to death will drive. 320
 O mistress mine, you wedded wife, as law commands, I'll make,
 If only you will deign to bend a little for my sake.

PANÓREA

No, never will I wed a man; you other maid must find
 From Ida's hundred daughters fair, and her in wedlock bind.
 Make her your wife, and cease myself to worry in this strain; 325
 For, Yíparis, I swear to you, your labour is in vain.

YÍPARIS

Maiden, be not so pitiless; bereave me not of life;
 Some shred of comfort give to me and ease my heart's dread strife.
 Grant me the payment of my love that I so oft have claimed,
 O heal this wretched soul of mine, that is with arrow maimed, 330

With one fond look from your sweet eyes and with a kindly word,
 Ere I sink down and quit my life, outstretched upon the sword.
 My love, it ill beseems that one who constant faith doth show
 Should by your hand with the reward of death be guerdoned so.
 Far rather, my Nereid beloved, you should bring to an end, 335
 And that a speedy end, the pangs which this poor body rend.

PANÓREA

Come, tell me on your honour true, what is this thing you call
 Love? He and I have never yet acquaintance made at all.

YÍPARIS

A Paradise, whene'er I look upon your silvern face,
 In those belovèd eyes concealed, my heart's desire, I trace. 340
 And when my gaze turns on that sight and sees my lady dear,
 Hot burning fires, which all my soul consume away, appear.
 But if you're fain I with more truth the passion should define,
 I'd have you understand that love is beauty all divine,
 A source of joy perpetual, a pastime without end, 345
 Shared by two hearts that in one life of perfect union blend.
 But it becomes a raging fire when a man suffers scorn.
 For then, though living, into hell and torment he is borne.
 And if example you would seek, then turn your eyes on me,
 For through what raging fires I pass you cannot but well see, 350
 Because I love you overmuch, and you unjustly hate,
 Because as though you foeman were my heart you desolate.
 And yet I cannot break me free . . . for so the fates decide;
 'Mid tears and torments I must needs these sufferings abide
 In the fond hope the time will come when you will change your
 mind,
 And by your love grant unto me alleviation kind. 356

PANÓREA

Yíparis, please now cease this talk and bid a long adieu
 Unto this love, which, as you say, so greatly masters you.
 That you may cease from plaguing me and worrying out my life,
 I tell you you can never hope to have me for your wife. 360
 Now run away from me at once as far as you can go;
 I promise you from me you'll get nothing but pain and woe.

YÍPARIS

Out, out upon my bitter fate! No hope have I now left,
 My wretched heart asunder now is with an arrow cleft.
 What hope of healing can there be for these my cruel pains 365
 From one who as she has avowed the fires of love disdains?
 And yet that one shoots from her eyes a thousand fires at me
 Which my whole being set ablaze, while all untouched is she.
 That one is with the beauty bright of love's own goddess clothed,
 Yet she of love will hear no word, and all its charms has loathed. 370
 My loved one, either take my life, by your own life I pray,
 Or suffer me no longer thus tormented here to stay.
 Come turn to me, O mistress mine, look on me, my life's prize,
 And let your eyes with pity's glance gaze straight into my eyes.
 It needs nought but a glance to see the tears which them do fill, 375
 To mark what poison on my lips your bitter words distil.
 What reason have you those fair eyes to hide from out my sight,
 To lower to the ground that face which should on me shine bright?
 Can you not mark how all my frame with palsied shuddering shakes,
 How it, like tender reed before a mighty tempest, quakes? 380
 Can you not see how I do weep and cry out more and more,
 How I am tortured with desire and my complaints outpour?

PANÓREA

You wretched fellow, I *can't* see, though you talk such a lot.
 I'm really in an awful rage; your tears don't help one jot.

YÍPARIS

If you are in a rage with me, ungrateful, cruel maid, 385
 Who have for you no service true ever yet left unpaid,
 What would you unto enemy and to ill-wisher prove,
 Who would have sought some harm to do unto that frame I love?
 No matter howsoe'er you are cruel and enraged with me,
 I promise you my love will ne'er fail from its loyalty. 390
 I promise you your scoldings and your fierce outbreaks of ire,
 Your stubbornness and passions fell that breathe forth words so dire,
 Will ne'er avail to quench in me the burning flame of love,
 E'en though your temper than before of bitter mixture prove.
 When you the beauty of your face have utterly resigned, 395
 Then I'll resign my boundless love and put you from my mind.

Let those red roses fade away, those lilies fall to blight,
 Let all those love-gods be put out that in your look burn bright,
 Those woven tresses let them fall, and let your breast turn black—
 Then, only then, on this torment of love I'll turn my back. 400

PANÓREA

I hope *your* eyes will first fall out, before I lose *my* hair;
 You won't be able then, methinks, at my ill looks to glare.
 But if I stay and listen on, I judge he'll never stop,
 And never this tomfoolery which so torments me drop.
 As fast as feet will carry me, I'll to the steading go, 405
 And if Athoúsa meet me not, some one will let her know.

[Exit PANÓREA.]

YÍPARIS

Why dost thou quit me, O my maid with perfect beauty dight,
 Why dost thou leave me buried thus in this my sorrow's night?
 You draw still farther yet away, o'er speech I lose my power.
 What fate is this you've led me to? Only to death's dark hour. 410

(Thereupon YÍPARIS sits down and weeps. Enter ATHOÚSA.)

ATHOÚSA

Panórea was it who herself did bid me join the chase;
 She had no right to go away and leave me in this place.
 Both of us should in company together homeward fare,
 Since both of us in company for sport set out from there.
 But what is this? 'Tis Yíparis; how heavy his grief sounds! 415
 Ah me! What bitter tears he weeps; his sorrow me confounds.
 I'll move a little to one side; the cause to hear I'm fain
 Which has the power to inflict on him such grievous pain.

YÍPARIS

O sun, refuse to shed thy light this day upon the earth,
 To deck the heaven with robe of light, bring not thine orb to birth.
 Let the clouds form a darkened veil thy shining rays to hide, 421
 And thy bright face with canopy which shuts out light provide,
 That thou mayst not look down on earth and see a cruel maid,
 Who with a torment past belief has death upon me laid.
 Yes, 'tis a girl has set herself my life to take away, 425
 And with the recompense of death my loyal service pay.

But since without a touch of ruth these torments she deals out,
 Now scoldings harsh, now anger fierce, and scornings turn about,
 That drive me ere my time is come to make descent to death,
 I mean to-day with mine own hands to take away my breath. 430
 And thou, thou torment of mankind, their fire, their grinding weight,
 Thou Love-god who dost drive each youth headlong to meet his fate,
 Thou who hast pierced me with thy shaft and led in captive train,
 And caused me such fell miseries and tortures to sustain,
 I'll now afford thee triumph great and let thee see my end, 435
 Where'er thou art, come hasten on and hither thy steps bend,
 That thou my heart's blood mayest drink and quench thy parching
 fire,

And for a while with this dread draught soften thy savage ire.
 And in thy train, I beg of thee, in thy train bring, I pray
 (O Love-god, thou this healing balm at least on me shouldst lay) 440
 Panórea that heartless one, that her own eyes may rest
 On my dead corse, as here I lie, and thereby be refreshed.
 But if that heartless one refuse to bear thee company,
 And thus proclaimeth once for all she hath no care for me,
 Then on that tomb wherein to-day my body will be laid 445
 Write thou with arrow's point the cause that of me victim made,
 And took away my life, that she may see it on her way,
 And as she treadeth on my bones with haughty heart may say
 In tones of triumph: 'This is he who slew himself for me,
 His corse is buried in this tomb, as you yourself may see.' 450
 Thus all that pass upon their way should me as warning use,
 And by the lure of golden hair to be enticed refuse,
 And shun the sight of angel's face and of a snow-white breast,
 For these, as they lurk there unseen, poison and death infest.
 But wherefore tremble, hand of mine, wherefore, O heart-chords,
 throb? 455

O eyes why should this fount of tears you of your seeing rob?
 O world, if it is true that thou never a joy didst give,
 And only grantedst me amid welter of pain to live,
 Why is it that to-day I find it bitter thee to lose?
 Why not contented go to death as my Nereid would choose? 460
 O world, thy level meads and plains, thy hills, thy trees, thy dells,
 Thy flowers, thy fruits, thy rivers broad, and thy refreshing wells,

These to rejoice those who have joy I leave, and with them may
 Their maids beloved in faithfulness as close companions stay!
 And it may chance that as they sport a word for me they'll spare, 465
 And say to me, 'O Yíparis, why didst to Hades fare?'
 And then perchance they may on me a passing sigh bestow,
 And say, 'May thy bones resting-place discover there below!
 And may she, who to thee, our friend, was cause of self-sought death,
 Never above nor eke below enjoy of love a breath!' 470
 O woods, plains, mountains, O ye trees and O thou tender grass,
 Ye caves whose depths refreshment give, ye streams that murmuring
 pass,

Thou spring that didst with thy cool waves my burning heat relieve,
 Those waves which now but turbid flow because for me they
 grieve,

Ye heavens, thou sun, that witness are of all my cruel woe, 475
 Who well can mark from out your height my body's every blow,
 O thou that comfortest by night, thou second light and grace
 Of this world, moon, with thy bright sheen and all resplendent face,
 O stars that were so ill conjoined and adverse at my birth,
 And in such evil wise my course did set for me on earth— 480
 I leave you now that ye may stand for ever in your spheres;
 But yet with its last day in sight my heart its thanks declares,
 For that from you it sympathy and kind compassion knew,
 A thing which from its mistress loved never on earth it drew.
 And you, ye maids of Ida's heights, I ask with latest breath 485
 That, when you see my body slain outstretched 'fore you in death,
 You will amongst you raise lament and with eyes downward flung
 Chant in low tones such humble dirge as may for me be sung,
 Relating how the beauty rare of one surpassing maid,
 Who yet an anger beyond thought and cruelty displayed, 490
 Did cause my hand to slay myself; and those who hear the word
 Will shed full many a bitter tear in sorrowful accord.
 My friends and loved ones, who with me together passed your youth,
 Let not my parting thus to-day stir you to any ruth.
 Nay rather, joy that from my pains I am at last set free, 495
 Never again held fast in chains the slave of love to be.
 Mother beloved and you my sire and brothers of my heart,
 By that grief which you needs must feel that I from you depart,

I charge you bear unto the maid once loved with all my mind
 A love as great as him you bear who is your kith and kind. 500
 And if she marry, then 'fore all her husband honour give;
 Let him no less than Yíparis crowned with affection live.
 But keep me too no less within your memory I implore;
 In thought at least, wretch though I be, I would you stand before.
 My hapless flock, now will ye all be scattered here and there; 505
 Shed tears o'er my untimely death and loud lament prepare.
 Cast off your bells, and wend your way disconsolate and slow,
 Shun the green meads, nor as before to the fresh water go.
 Now moan and weep . . . let those who hear slain Yíparis deplore,
 And let that lamentation loud wax ever more and more. 510
 And you, sweet pipe, I hang you up upon this scented bay,
 That all who suffer from love's pangs may see that pipe and say,
 As they do draw a deep-heaved sigh, 'A curse upon thee, Love;
 Why dost thou ever thus so harsh and uncompassionate prove?'
 Panórea, cause of all my pain and source of these my woes, 515
 Thou persecutor of my life and hostess of its close,
 Disturber of my peace of mind, thou minister of sighs,
 Thou fire that burns my heart, thou fount that fills with tears mine
 eyes.
 Thou joy in hours of bitterness, thou bitterness in joy,
 Thou bane in hours of healthfulness, in sickness thou annoy, 520
 That my head turnst dizzy, thou that fast my feet dost tie,
 That dost destroy my youthful days and makst my life to die.
 Thou goddess of my sorrowing heart, thou queen that rulst my
 aim,
 Thou paradise where reigns desire, thou torturer of my frame,
 And thou, my sword, that ever wert to me a trusty friend, 525
 I pray thee now all ruthlessly to bring my life to end.
 Panórea, Panórea, Panórea, my sweet!

(Here ATHOÚSA takes his hand and says to him:)

ATHOÚSA

Nay, stay thy hand, unhappy one; is't madman that I meet?

YÍPARIS

Athoúsa, let me slay myself; leave me to end my life,
 And thus to-day bring to a close this turmoil and this strife. 530

Hold not my hand . . . let me my sword plunge deep into my heart;
 Know it is better far for me that life and I should part.

ATHOÚSA

Yíparis, I have listened to the tale of all thy woe,
 For I stood there upon the path, a little way below.
 And not to count this, I knew all before, and may I die 535
 If I am not with pity stirred for this thy misery.
 The heavens are witness many a word I've spoken on thy part
 Unto the maiden that thou lovest in hope to move her heart.
 And I for myself, Yíparis, am cheered by a hope's ray
 (From certain signs that I have marked, seeing the maid to-day), 540
 That she will bend to thy desire and e'en become thy wife,
 And that her father will consent and heaven will bless your life.

YÍPARIS

Come, tell me, what new sign is this whereof thou speakst to me?

ATHOÚSA

First put thy sword back in its sheath—and then perhaps thou'lt see.

YÍPARIS

Speak to me freely without fear; but say, as thou wouldst live, 545
 What word so comforting and sweet canst thou to me now give,
 That from self-slaughter thou wilt stay my hand, so I relent
 And freed from these my miseries yet to live on consent?

ATHOÚSA

Nay, hapless one, slay not thyself; new life I bid thee find;
 I deem that thou hast lost thy wits or wandered out of mind. 550
 Thou knowest not how those in love their hearts to pain inure,
 And still hate death and still their life, hard as it is, endure,
 In hope that with the lapse of time and by their service true
 The maid they love may change her mind and them with pity view.

YÍPARIS

Of many years of service true, or rather slavery fell, 555
 This fruitless love bestowed by me without reward can tell.
 Nought else remains; my life alone is left for me to waste,
 And with that life I'm now resolved to Hades' realm to haste.
 Therefore as suppliant I thee beg in no wise stay my hand,
 But let my purpose here to die to-day unshaken stand. 560

ATHOÚSA

If death I thought a benefit for which I hear thee pray,
Then, hapless man, I would myself death-sentence on thee lay.
But since by death I clearly see thou wilt no vantage gain,
I bid thee not to throw away thy youth and life in vain.

YÍPARIS

I have already lost them both, since I received that shot 565
Into my heart from Love-god's bow and love became my lot.
And now, Athoúsa, I can find no other cure for pain
Than by my death from torturings a final end to gain.

ATHOÚSA

Yíparis, 'tis my heart's desire to lend thee helping hand;
On this account against thy plan of death I take firm stand. 570
Therefore again that sword unsheathed back to its scabbard send,
For I give promise of thy woes to make a speedy end.

YÍPARIS

Thy face angelic in its light and in its beauty's lure
Will with its witchery my mind turn from its plan, for sure.
Athoúsa, if thou helpest me, then while I live, I vow 575
I will proclaim that my life's source is thou and only thou.

ATHOÚSA

Now by my faith I promise make as to a brother dear,
I'll speak to her; and fain were I to let thee those words hear
Which I will use as advocate; but I must run apace,
For I have hopes that marriage-feast this very day will grace. 580

YÍPARIS

Ah would that could be so! I trow she's to the steading gone,
For when I lighted on her here, asleep and all alone,
She rose, and breaking into heat of furious passion went,
And borne on flying feet her way straight to the steading bent.

ATHOÚSA

Then I am off to find her out; thy company me lend. 585

YÍPARIS

Let's go; she's somewhere near at hand; God recompense thee send.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

(Enter old PHROSÝNE and PANÓREA.)

PHROSÝNE

Panórea, with your own ears you heard Athoúsa say
That with the cruelty and ire of which you make display
You the unhappy Yíparis to such despair have brought
That he by taking his young life release from woe has sought.
She's told you how, if she had not him from such deed restrained, 5
He would his sword with his own blood down at the spring have
stained.

You bad, hard-hearted girl, you know no shepherd would be found,
If he had done what he proposed, on Ida's heights around,
Who would not have with bitter tears wept his untimely fate,
And called you maid of iron heart and uncompassionate. 10

PANÓREA

Say rather him would every man be forward to decry,
And me they would as noble maid have lauded to the sky.
For never have I done a thing likely to bring me shame;
I never suffered any man to rob me of good name.

PHROSÝNE

Good name you are more like to have from one who dares to die 15
And for your sake consume away and from his senses fly.
Help to his passion you should give, and what's more gladly give,
And free him from the tortures dread which with him daily live,
Seeing that he desires to take you for his wedded wife,
And be, as God and men enjoin, the partner of your life. 20
Panórea, tell me on your life, think you you'll ever find
A better man to be your spouse than him I have in mind?
I know it well that Ida round a thousand seek your hand;
With my own eyes I have them seen as wooers forward stand.
But tell me this and tell me true, will you among them find 25
A single man who loves you more or with more faithful mind?
My daughter, listen to the words that I will speak to-day,
And let your ill will be wiped out, your passion pass away.

No shepherd like to Yíparis in Ida's circle's found;
 None has more sheep and has his lands more widely flung around. 30
 For all these places you do see belong to him of right;
 His shepherds bring three thousand ewes to milking of a night.
 None wilt thou find that to his love more faithful is and true,
 None than this hapless swain of love a purer flame e'er knew.
 He does not, as do other swains, have one love here to-day, 35
 And then to-morrow other seeks, his homage there to pay.
 You are his first and only love—be well assured of this,
 And you too likewise to the end will be his last, I wis. 40
 Forsooth you say the man is not worthy the love of maid;
 When has a fairer man to maid on Ida homage paid?
 Mine own eyes never yet have seen a man with such a face,
 Never his equal for his form, never his match in grace.
 His face shines with a splendour bright, like to the sun's own might; 45
 His skin is as the driven snow in dazzling pureness white.
 Methinks a thousand maids for him are ravished with desire,
 A thousand hearts for love of him are burning as with fire.
 And you forsooth are all too proud with such a youth to mate,
 But with your harsh disdain aspire to drive him to his fate. 50
 O would that I was still a maid and as before were fair;
 Then you'd have seen how maids for men a thousand arts prepare.
 I would have everywhere contrived to follow in his wake,
 And him unto the love I bore obedient vassal make.

PANÓREA

A truce, Phrosýne, to this talk, I beg; I'd have you know 55
 That not until the time shall come when all things backwards go,
 When mountains move from their firm seat and rivers their course
 turn
 Back to the source from whence they sprang, and birds begin to learn
 To live within the depths of sea, and fishes leave their home
 Of watery waste, and seeking food to Ida's heights do come— 60
 Not until then of Yíparis will I the love desire,
 Not until then his wedded wife to be will I aspire.

PHROSÝNE

My lady, tell me what 's the cause? Has he done you some ill
 At any time? Come tell me true that and whate'er you will.

Then I to him no less ill will will bear than you can bear; 65
 Tell me all this and more besides—all that you have to fear.
 For with my hands your infancy I reared, and with these hands
 I carried you a thousand times and wrapped in swaddling bands.
 For this cause I do hold thee dear, dearer than mine own child;
 Never wilt thou by words of mine to evil be beguiled. 70

PANÓREA

Evil from Yíparis's hand, that have I never known.
 No matter if a thousand acts of kindness he has shown,
 I never will me wed—so there, let him put me aside
 And look out for another maid on Ida for his bride.
 But as for me, 'tis my desire unwedded to remain 75
 Till old age comes; you see my will, so please from now refrain.

PHROSÝNE

Why, what is this resolve of thine, my daughter—not to wed!
 To reach old age by husband ne'er to marriage altar led!
 My lady, shall that lovely face with peerless beauty dight,
 Which heaven with such loveliness hath clothed for men's
 delight, 80
 Be left to wither like a rose or flower of the field,
 Which to the thicket or the height in vain its grace doth yield?
 For never man takes joy therein or hath of it a sight,
 But either sun's flame scorseth it or else wind doth it blight.
 Nay rather, with that gift some man with happiness endue, 85
 And let that man who takes the gift give happiness to you.
 Alas! my daughter, the brute beasts in their insensate state,
 All by the force of nature driven seek for themselves a mate.
 And you are purposèd your youth vainly to throw away,
 And without partner fair of life in old age to decay! 90
 Now turn your eyes to yonder bough, there you will see a pair
 Of turtle-doves that bill and coo and their love-nest prepare.
 To that reed-warbler lend your ear and list how she complains,
 And with sweet pipings telleth out the story of her pains.
 From bough to bough she flits about, and where she sits she cries 95
 'I love, I love', and of her love the listener would apprise.
 The cow in passion for the bull utters her cries and lows,
 The ewe by day and night bleats out wherever the ram goes.

The viper, when she is in love, deals out no poisoned wound,
 But for her mate with passionate heart goes searching round and round.
 The lioness, albeit so cruel, often soft passions move; 101
 And well within her raging heart she knows the power of love.
 The very fishes in the sea cannot untouched remain,
 Nor can they in their turn urged on from love's impulse abstain.
 And you, Panórea, do you think that you alone have right 105
 To stand at bay and to resist the Love-god's taming might?
 But why should I beasts only name? The very trees do love,
 And for that cause, unless they mate, will all unfruitful prove.
 The citron oft with lemon-tree enters the marriage state,
 With bitter oleander too the apple sweet doth mate. 110
 See how the plane-tree with much joy and in a close embrace
 Yon gadding vine entwines about, meeting it face to face.
 And this same joy within themselves the hearts of the twain feel,
 Because the thrill of love for them does their close compact seal.
 You might imagine that they say, 'Ye may not love's force miss, 115
 All ye who by this way do pass, but shower kiss on kiss;
 And those who shun the light of sun and act in our despite
 Will live to rue their wilfulness and envy our delight!
 Come tell me, maiden that I love, if they were separate,
 Would not each one as orphan be, lonely without a mate? 120
 The vine would lie upon the ground and no fair order keep,
 Trampled upon, Panórea, by shepherd and by sheep.
 The plane would stand in loneliness, if by the vine 'twere left,
 Of all its comeliness deprived, of fruitfulness bereft.
 In equal wise without a wife a man can profit nought, 125
 And without husband women too can to no good be brought.
 From nature to us came the law that we should mated be,
 And he who nature outrages himself in hell will see.
 Lay this to heart, Panórea, before you come to eld,
 Before the gifts of loveliness for ever are withheld, 130
 And grant to others a due share in joys your charms provide,
 For if you let the time slip past, then will you woe betide.
 For beauty bideth not for aye and youth takes wings to fly;
 You too will travel to old age, your loveliness will die.
 For time moves swiftly as a bird and things by age decay; 135
 The meadows are not ever green nor flowers unblighted stay.

The summer season as you see hastens its leave to take,
 And winter cold, Panórea, hard follows in its wake.
 And as plants wither and the bloom of every painted flower,
 So you will see your beauty too lasts but a passing hour. 140
 Never believe, my well-loved maid, that when you once are old,
 The tale of youth that's passed and gone can ever be retold.
 Beauty resembles not the fields whose herbage will decay
 Under the winter thunderstorms, to flower again next May;
 But when that beauty once of us has taken its last leave, 145
 No other season cometh on that can that loss retrieve.
 Take warning from myself who once, when in my youthful years,
 Was dowered with beauty such as none of Ida's maids now wears;
 For I too then upon my cheek blush as of rose could show,
 My bosom then, Panórea, was whiter than the snow; 150
 My hair was golden as the sun and shone with beauty bright,
 And all by it were passion-struck and longed to see the sight.
 But, as you see, that loveliness is quite by time outworn;
 Take heed—for soon your beauty too will e'en as mine be lorn.
 Therefore take joy while time allows nor idly cast away 155
 That beauty's dower which nature gave that you might it display.
 You too must follow love's desire and seize it whilst you may;
 As for that purpose which you hold—be wise, send it away,
 And children fair as you yourself bring forth to be your heirs;
 The name of mother when they call will drive away your cares. 160

PANÓREA

Let those who wish it love's desire follow, and let those hear
 The name of mother who thereby are fain to banish care.
 As for myself, my only joy is to the woods to hie,
 And there wild goats and hares and deer to follow in full cry.
 As long as this my quiver holds an arrow, I will flee 165
 To those same woods, and joy enough I'll find, I'll warrant thee.

PHROSÝNE

These trivial joys do please your mind, because you've never known
 The mastering joy that love affords; because you do not own
 The wondrous passion of delight which comes to maid in love,
 A passion which alone avails her deepest depths to move. 170

But if for e'en a little time you can that love possess,
 You will account the rest but loss and weep its idleness.
 For to speak sooth all time is lost, whatever is not lent
 To the delights of love and is not on love's kisses spent.
 The time will come when sighing oft you will repeat this strain, 175
 Until with echoes Ida rings again and yet again;
 'Ye days and nights, which I have spent, ye years that past have
 sped,
 Ye months and weeks no longer here—out upon this mad head!—
 Why have I let you slip away, and never once did know 179
 The sweet refreshment which on hearts the Love-god can bestow?'

PANÓREA

When I shall listen to these words which you say unto me,
 The stars descending from the heavens to touch the earth you'll see.

PHROSÝNE

I know well in what stubborn mould the minds of maids are framed;
 Therefore I hold that you should not by me be overblamed.
 There was a time when I was bent even as you to-day, 185
 And never to a lover's prayer would I attention pay.
 I too spent time upon the hunt, and if I saw a man
 Looking upon me with his eyes as only lovers can,
 Straightway I bent my eyes to earth, and counted it disgrace
 That lover should his yearning eyes direct unto my face. 190
 But, mistress mine, the lapse of time makes medlars ripe, they say,
 And lapse of time to tameness too a maiden's heart may sway.
 With time I too to tameness passed, and me a youth o'ercame,
 Who loved me dearly from the heart with passion's fiercest flame.
 Not by the force of sword he won; the only arms he bare 195
 Were torment, suffering of mind, humiliation, prayer.
 Then the first night of love's desire such joyousness me taught
 As never my past life had known and all its years had brought.
 And straightway clasped in lover's arms I uttered forth this cry:
 'Hunting and pleasures of the chase, these other maids may try, 200
 Who know not the refreshing life that is from love derived,
 How every moment full of joys and sweet contents is lived.'
 Before long time I look to hear you a like thing avouch,
 And see your bow in idleness hung up behind your couch,

And eke your quiver by its side neglected in that place, 205
 And you yourself in bliss fast locked in Yíparis' embrace,
 Poor Yíparis, who with desire is all afire for thee,
 Though thou hast never yet him given two words of sympathy.

PANÓREA

Then if he is afire he should in river take a dive;
 There's nothing like cold water if you heat away would drive. 210
 But when he puts me in his arms and would my frame enfold,
 Then Kédros will Kouloúkanos in its embraces hold.

PHROSÝNE

O daughter, change this thy resolve and choose a better part,
 Look upon Yíparis's state and see his bitter smart.
 All which he beareth for thy sake, deep in his vitals hid; 215
 A truce to waywardness and ill, and do as I thee bid.
 Suffer him not to perish thus, but rather sickness heal,
 And by the power of answering love a soothing herb reveal.
 Bethink thee how, if ye twain join, he'll thee with fondlings load,
 And thou wilt have at thy command the wealth of his abode. 220
 Thinkest thou he will set for thee a round of heavy toil
 In scorching sun like other maids and thy fair whiteness spoil?
 Thinkest thou Yíparis will thee forth to the field bid fare,
 To garden or to vineyard, that thou mayest do work there?
 By way of pastime or delight sometimes to field or brake 225
 Ye may together hunting go, your pleasure there to take.
 And then, I say, beneath the cool refreshment of the shade,
 Or sometimes on the grassy sward at full length outstretched laid,
 Or in the steading or in cave by nature's hand deep scored,
 Or mid the snow in measure full you'll joy in love's reward. 230

PANÓREA

I deem that thou dost fondly think I listen to thy say,
 And that the labour of thy words some profit will repay.
 But, be advised, thou art deceived; they will not ought avail,
 For I hold all that from thee falls as but an idle tale.

PHROSÝNE

I know it, understand it well, but cannot cease to make 235
 Effort on thy behalf; and since Yíparis for to take

Thou art too proud, let me recall that power unto thy mind
 Of Aphrodite and her son, who, as thou soon wilt find,
 Never their faithful servants true with evil will requite,
 But against maids who them despise will muster all their might. 240
 That goddess will on Yíparis other fair maid bestow,
 And when thou seëst her with him thy jealousy will glow;
 But as for thee, thanks to thy whim, some old and wrinkled wight
 Or ugly shepherd, back from whom all men shrink at his sight,
 Will be thy portion for a mate; and merely at his look 245
 The pain that through thy vitals runs thou'lt scarce have power to
 brook.
 Oft wilt thou say 'Alas! alas!' and often wilt thou sigh,
 And often o'er this counsel good, now scorned, thou wilt then cry.

PANÓREA

This sort of talk, I'd have you know, Phrosýne, makes me ill,
 And by your leave to list to more I cannot here stand still. 250
 So now I bid you my adieu.

PHROSÝNE

Panórea, for thy weal

Open thy heart unto these words, and let them therein steal.

(Exit PANÓREA. PHROSÝNE says:)

Since by my words I nought avail, by the god to whom I'm true,
 I vow to thee I'll later on for thee a potion brew.
 If I do not thee close behind Yíparis following see, 255
 Like ewe does ram, let me no more amongst the living be!
 This girl sees clearly this poor youth with longing for her bleed,
 That he would fain as wedded wife her unto altar lead.
 Yet she says she will never wed and therefore coyness feigns;
 But mark me! when that brew is mixed and she the potion drains, 260
 Then every day will seem to her as long as thirty years,
 Each month a hundred, until he as spouse of hers appears.
 But look! her father doth approach; I'll hear what he would speak,
 And then about this silly girl I'll counsel from him seek.

(YANNOÚLIS and PHROSÝNE)

YANNOÚLIS

Perhaps that goat unto the spring has wandered down this way, 265
 That goat which from my hands escaped and did from steading stray.

But here she's nowhere to be seen. . . . Alas! I'm full of fear,
 For if she bides within the brake, her wolves will surely tear.
 But look! I see Phrosýne here. To question her I'll stay,
 It may be I shall hear from her if it has passed this way. 270
 Phrosýne, tell me, have you seen hereabouts a she-goat,
 Escaped from out the steading?

PHROSÝNE

Sure, a wolf is at her throat.

YANNOÚLIS

I'll go at once, if you will tell where she is to be found;
 If she is still alive, I may bring her back safe and sound.

PHROSÝNE

She is not far; she ran on high, yonder up to the cave. 275

YANNOÚLIS

And why then think you I perchance may yet her living save?
 But I will run there all the same, in hope that I may yet
 Not lose her quite, but just the flesh at least unbroken get.

PHROSÝNE

Nay, do not run, nay do not run; I've been bamboozling you!
 None of your beasts this day at all has passed into my view. 280

YANNOÚLIS

The wolf, though he grow old, we know, his cunning alters not;
 So you from all your youthful tricks do not abate one jot.

PHROSÝNE

No, no, Yannoúlis, the distress of old age holds me fast;
 Those saucy tricks of which you speak are now done with and past.

YANNOÚLIS

Phrosýne, if your other tricks are, as you tell me, o'er, 285
 Your tricks of love will last through life, of that at least I'm sure.

PHROSÝNE

As for desire and lust of love, Yannoúlis, brother kind,
 I feel as if I never these harboured within my mind.
 The flight of years and hoar old age do steal from us desire;
 They change our judgements, so that these to death alone aspire. 290

YANNOÚLIS

So long as an old woman keeps within her head a tooth,
She always fancies that she is fairer than maid in youth.

PHROSÝNE

You like a dig at ancient dames.

YANNOÚLIS

Well, I'll make any bet
That all of you are quite prepared at men your cap to set.

PHROSÝNE

You deem because, in spite of eld, you mind your youthful days 295
And keep your follies, women too, when old, keep up the craze.

YANNOÚLIS

Tut, tut, you are not after all so old; you don't exceed
Me by three years; how could you else walk along with such speed?

PHROSÝNE

Why, what d'you mean? An older man I swear Crete never saw,
And what is more, you haven't got a grinder in your jaw, 300
And yet you dare assert that I still older am than you,
Although my teeth set in my head firmer than iron you view.
Only for forty years I've walked this earth; but these my locks
Are, as you see, before their time whitened by troubles' shocks.

YANNOÚLIS

Well, throw these troubles to the winds, and turn to love again; 305
You'll quickly then your old time youth and former looks regain.

PHROSÝNE

Yannoúli, when the basil once has fallen to decay,
Beauty and scent it winneth not, for these have passed away.

YANNOÚLIS

And yet the artichoke I've seen, though withered to the root,
When one has hoed it and manured, again begin to shoot. 310

PHROSÝNE

A shepherd wight a right good skill and highest powers must ask,
Who once has formed this plan in mind and set himself the task;
If he would make the old grow young, and what is withered new,
Toiling by day and night until hands and feet weary grew.

YANNOÚLIS

Why 'tis *my task* as husbandman the new from old to make; 315
My vines by dint of layering new youth and vigour take.

PHROSÝNE

The labours that have weighed you down are by your staff made plain.
Such toil, poor friend, is not for those who your great age attain.

YANNOÚLIS

Look not upon my tale of years, but see my flowing hair; 319
Mark well the passions which my heart with force renewed repair.
As years pass on, the sap within the cypress stronger flows;
The lion, the older he becomes, ever the fiercer grows.

PHROSÝNE

And man, the older he doth grow, loseth the more his might;
And with his force he loseth too pleasure in love's delight.

YANNOÚLIS

Such talk as this we'll put aside; to other theme we'll pass. 325
Phrosýne, let me set my kine to graze upon thy grass
Within thy steading at free will, without reward or fee,
That what is thine may be as mine, held in equality.

PHROSÝNE

Nay rather, let thine enemies ere that lie on thy bed,
And never from that sickness sore mayst thou to health be led! 330
My dear Yannoúli, now our time for such-like folly's o'er;
Gray hairs and love are but ill-matched, of this you may be sure.

YANNOÚLIS

No, no; old age has not so far our strength quite ta'en away,
But we can very well get through two stages in the day.

PHROSÝNE

I charge you on your life loose me, lead me not into sin; 335
Stand there aside and touch me not; seek me not thus to win.

YANNOÚLIS

Remember all the jolly times which we, Phrosýne, had;
How often we within these dells and in these meads were glad.

PHROSÝNE

Recall no more the jolly times of youth, for these have fled,
They will but serve to make you sad and give you pain instead. 340

For that which then so sweetly smelt, in age now smells but ill,
And kisses showered on aged cheeks men with contempt do fill.

YANNOÚLIS

Nay, follies done by those in youth, these should displease mankind;
A speedy pardon all the faults done by the old should find.
The passers by who us behold, Phrosýne, should thus say: 345
'All joy and happiness attend upon them whilst it may;
For death comes to them soon enough, so let them have their fling,
And may the joy they think they have full satisfaction bring.'
We two, I see, will soon set out to find a better land;
So while we here remain we should with pleasure loaded stand. 350

PHROSÝNE

Approach me not, I say again. What hast thou in thy mind?
The wolves are eating thy she-goat; go quickly her to find.

YANNOÚLIS

I'm off; but never did I think, Phrosýne, mistress mine,
That thou wouldst me in one brief hour from out thy heart resign.

PHROSÝNE

Early and late I think of thee. . . . But I am old and gray; 355
To actions that me ill beseem I must perforce say nay.
But stay—I've just remembered this. In heaven's name let me know
Why you will not on Yíparis your daughter's hand bestow?

YANNOÚLIS

Phrosýne, he is just the man that I for son would choose,
And by my life not e'en to-day would I the bond refuse. 360
But for some cause I do not know my daughter to refrain
Is obdurate; to think that she should turn back such a swain!
And like it is that she one day will choose herself a worse,
Some ugly youth of ragged garb with nothing in his purse.

PHROSÝNE

A father, you should understand, with child does what he will. 365
But you have not the strength of mind your duty to fulfil.
The luck of wedding Yíparis will to another fall;
And then, I warrant you full well, you'll find the saddle gall.

YANNOÚLIS

As heifer obstinate is she that will not draw the plough,
Although the goad into her flank you bury deep enow. 370
But that no man may say that I herein have any blame,
I'll speak to her again and let my anger fully flame.
And then if she refuse once more, all men will understand
I've done my part.

PHROSÝNE

Use to the full your powers of command,
Yannoúli, on your life I beg. For if you turn her mind, 375
You'll find the marriage is as good as any you can find.

YANNOÚLIS

Well, as I this with right good will shall do for love of thee,
I ask thee too as a return to do a boon for me.

PHROSÝNE

As thou wouldst have our friendship bide, talk no more thus, I pray,
On such affair. But tell me now, whither dost wend thy way? 380
For I will come along with thee and to the steading go,
If that 's thy path, for I would do some business there below.

YANNOÚLIS

Let's go; and if I went not there, I'd go now for thy sake,
To fill thy bowl with nice fresh cream and thee a present make.

PHROSÝNE

Well, let 's be off; but understand you must yourself behave, 385
And as for me and my concerns beware you play the knave.

YANNOÚLIS

I pray a wolf from out my herd my finest goat may snatch,
That goat for which no man, I'm sure, could find in Crete a match,
If I say e'en the tiniest word that could dishonour spell.
Phrosýne, you, if any doth, know me surpassing well. 390

PHROSÝNE

I trust you, so let 's get along.

YANNOÚLIS

I follow where you go.

(Aside)

Yes, better than myself what you at heart desire, I know.
My hapless she-goat, I must thee, alas! leave to thy fate.
A cow upon this mead I've found my loss to compensate!

(Enter the shepherd ALEXIS, alone.)

ALEXIS

As winter torrent hurrieth on, when turbid swoln with rain, 395
And spreadeth o'er the neighbouring fields, nor banks can it contain;
As it sweeps on, it taketh flocks, uproots trees from their place,
And breaketh down the hemming marge and lifteth hills from base.
If man it meeteth in its rage, its course it nowise stays,
But finding obstacle the more its savage wrath displays. 400
E'en so I too within my heart am loaded with desire;
Nor can I in my misery keep down the blaze of fire
And hide it buried deep in breast; the gates that should shut fast
My sense of shame are broken down, and modesty is past.
Nay, fortune quite burns up my heart, and in fell torment's grip 405
It stands by expectation borne trembling upon my lip,
And waiteth for my maid to come that it may tell its lot,
How for her sake it is consumed in furnace seven times hot.
My mind all overcome with fear cannot its poise maintain,
E'en as a hare that sways in doubt, caught betwixt hunters twain. 410
The one is near at hand, and so I turn from him to flee,
But soon the other's strangling toils in front death-fraught I see.
In short, I cannot any more my passion keep concealed;
Such strength of love (unless I die) must ere long be revealed.
But if again I make it clear to my Nereid's mind, 415
I fear with trembling heart that I more hideous doom may find.
O Love-god, who hast thus me used, thy aid I pray thee lend;
Tell me (for I thy servant am) whither my steps to bend;
Show me the fairest path to take, the path that will lead out 419
From these fell torments which my life have compassed round about.
But who is this I supplicate? One whom my woes refresh,
One who draws nourishment from all the ills which me enmesh.
One who within the selfsame breath commands and cheats with
scorn,
Swears to give help and then deserts, invites, then leaves forlorn.

Act Three

One who with seeming kindness strokes, but fondles without heart, 425
And, tears in eyes, pretends to sooth the burning of my smart.
One who would fain by his fell arts plunge me in living hell,
One who would me inspire with hopes which only terrors spell.
Now he doth whisper in my ear 'take rest', now 'use thy might',
And now again 'let 's stand at ease' and now 'let 's join in fight'. 430
At times he breathes refreshment sweet, and then 'no more' he cries,
And lights again the blazing fire and peace once more denies.
At times he makes me all things dare, at times shrink back in fear;
Alas! with every passing day what burdens must I bear!
Ah me! What is to be my fate? My loved one I *must* see, 435
For she and she alone some joy can give to tortured me.
This very hour I must impart to her my tale of woe;
O Love-god, aid me with fit words unto this task to go.
For each man has of nature right to fly the doom of death,
And to the farthest length of days to draw his living breath. 440
Thus he who medicine leaves unsought that may his sickness heal,
For foolishness the like of him nature did ne'er reveal.

(At this point ATHOÚSA enters. ATHOÚSA and ALEXIS.)

ATHOÚSA

In sooth Panórea never should such ill reward have given
To Yíparis for that great love which he to show has striven.
In faith if she had willing been to hearken to my talk, 445
I would have said to her outright: 'Pity it is to baulk
Fortune in this her kindly mood'; but she, as I opine,
Cares nought for such-like gifts, and so rejects this husband fine.
If she alone had been concerned, more would be waste of breath;
But Yíparis in his distress is like to seek for death. 450
And I, as though I sister were, for him am full of ruth,
That he should put an end to life in this his flower of youth.
Her heart, I ween, is pitiless, and kindness ne'er has known;
Her temper crueller by far than lioness' has grown.
And as for him, I him account a most unhappy wight, 455
Who has in his own heart contrived so fierce a fire to light.

ALEXIS

If she thus pities Yíparis and his unhappy fate,
And his tormenter ruthless calls and uncompassionate,

I hope that when I tell to her the tale of my desire,
 She may have mercy on my love and me with hope inspire. 460
 But look! She's turned and caught my glance; ah me! how she mine
 eyes

Doth blind with radiance overbright and my wounds open prise.
 Athoúsa, maiden dear to me, I trow by fortune led
 Thy feet to-day upon this path that brings thee here have sped,
 That we might thus our meeting make upon this grassy place, 465
 And thence in company our way together homewards trace.

ATHOÚSA

Alexis, this our meeting here in unfrequented glade
 Serves like some lightning flash that falls amid the encircling shade,
 When a man sees not where he walks and loses all his way—
 That sudden light reveals the path from which his footsteps stray. 470

ALEXIS

'Tis not the time for hunting deer, for it is full noon-day;
 Athoúsa, tell me what 's the cause that has led thee this way?

ATHOÚSA

A passing whim impelled me thus from out the house to fare,
 And brought me down unto the spring without or thought or care.
 But I rejoice I have thee met to bear me company, 475
 If thou hast leisure, till from this dark woodland I am free.

ALEXIS

Athoúsa, pattern to the fair, jewel for all maids to view;
 Know well that thou dost see in me thy faithful servant true.
 Where'er thou biddest, I will go; where'er thou sendest, run,
 Climb to the heights or plunge beneath thickets that know not sun.
 And if it had been in my power to fly into the sky, 481
 For love of thee I would that path fearless to travel try.
 But what, Athoúsa, is thy care, of what art thou afraid
 That thou (though all unwittingly) hast passed into this glade?
 Others there are that walk for thee, others that for thee toil, 485
 Others torment themselves for thee, and others for thee moil.
 Others for thee ne'er sleep behold, others for thy sake fret,
 Others for thee by day and night nought else but trouble get.
 But I have heard one shepherd swain utter a thousand sighs,
 And for thy sake he for his death, and that the bitterest, cries. 490

Rest he can never woo by art, but ever groans and weeps;
 He tells not how he 's lost for thee, for fear him silent keeps.

ATHOÚSA

Who is that shepherd, tell me true, for thanks to him I'd give,
 Seeing that for my sake in rest he finds he cannot live?
 And why is it that he that love of his will not declare, 495
 And shrinks from claiming the reward that 's due for all that care?

ALEXIS

Albeit that his care for thee knoweth not limit's bound,
 Such fearfulness o'ertakes the swain whene'er thou near art found,
 That he doth tremble with alarm and cannot ope his lips
 To say how deeper in torment than other wights he dips. 500
 If only thou wert half aware how he doth suffering live,
 I deem that of thine own accord thou wouldst him comfort give.
 As in a maze he walketh round, he neither eats nor sleeps,
 But weeping over fortune's spite complaint continual keeps.
 Not for one hour from off his lips doth thy name pass away; 505
 Thy picture 's painted on his heart, its colours ne'er decay.
 His daily tasks are quite forgot, untended are his flocks,
 Since the first day when to his hurt he first received love's shocks.
 Now since I am his bosom friend, I judged it meet to throw
 Shame on one side, and in thine ears to pour his tale of woe. 510
 My Nereid, I do beg of thee, take pity on my friend,
 And to prolong his life thy love against his own love lend.

ATHOÚSA

But fain were I that as for me thou'd bid him cast away
 Desires and hopes, and this his suit to other maidens pay.
 I pray thee therefore to this end straightway a means to find, 515
 For I am sure that thou full well dost understand my mind.

ALEXIS

I tell thee truly I have striven desire to drive away
 From every path that to the heart gives access to love's sway.
 But all my labour 's been in vain.

ATHOÚSA

For me that labour 's vain,
 For never husband with his love shall sway o'er me retain. 520

The man who seeketh me to hold, that purpose in his mind,
May e'en as well go forth to woods in hope there fish to find.

ALEXIS

Others have uttered phrase from this that differs not a jot,
But none the less have husbands ta'en and all their words forgot.

ATHOÚSA

The sun which shines with orb so bright shall sooner lose his light;
The very heavens shall be destroyed and earth shall pass from sight; 526
This frame of mine shall sooner far to Hades flit away
Than I shall mate with shepherd wight or love to any pay.

ALEXIS

Unhappy me! What words to hear! no hope have I now left;
My limbs beneath me trembling fail, my mind of sense is reft. 530
Break, break my heart within my breast; Athoúsa succour me!

ATHOÚSA

(He falls into a swoon.)

Ah me! my miserable hap! Sweet youth what do I see?
What means this pallor on thy face, Alexis? I'm fordone.
Why was it that by evil chance this meeting I thus won?
Untimely hap that one so young guiltless should meet his death, 535
Than whom no fairer shepherd lad on Ida e'er drew breath.
But stay. Methinks he is alive, his beating heart I feel,
Though ne'er a trace of drawing breath his parted lips reveal.
To fetch a bowl of water fresh I to the spring will go,
To sprinkle o'er his face; my heart is wrung for all his woe. 540
(She then takes water from the spring, sprinkles it on him and says:)

ATHOÚSA

Alexis, Lexi, speak to me; O let thine eyes mine see.
What ails thee? Come unto thyself.

ALEXIS

Athoúsa, woe is me!

ATHOÚSA

O raise thyself and tell me why thou'rt fallen in this swoon.

ALEXIS

Athoúsa, without words thou shouldst divine the cause as soon.
Ah me! of men unhappiest, a glance from thine eyes sent 545
A thousand times has my poor heart to tattered fragments rent.

I am that man unhappiest, who, lady, for thy sake
A thousand times into his heart did furious fire take.
I am that man who, since in him love first came to reside, 550
Has, my Nereid, all his works and tasks put on one side.
Yea, and that love has furthermore him sleep's refreshment cost;
He for thy sake has every friend, yea e'en the dearest, lost.
For company I've solitude, and for refreshment, tears;
Sighing alone for nourishment my heart within me bears.
No bread nor other sustenance within my mouth I take, 555
But with the utterance of thy name a banquet rich I make.
That name has now become to me sweeter than any sound,
And so apart from thy dear self nowhere delight is found.
Ever I in thy footsteps walk, ever with secret glance
I look at thee on hill, in dale, where'er thou dost advance. 560
But when thou turnst thy face my way, I hide myself or flee,
Lest those thine eyes with battle light should war declare on me.
When night comes on, then to thy home perforce my steps are led,
And there for rest its threshold serves as pillow for my head.
And of a truth I oftentimes marvel, as I do weep, 565
That these my sighs and groans cannot awake thee from thy sleep.
With sufferings such as these I have, mistress, my bitter life
For long time past spent up till now in one continuous strife.
And in such fashion I that life would suffer to endure,
Had I been able to prolong existence now past cure. 570
But since I well perceive that life is drawing to its close,
The fear of death doth me impel, fainting beneath life's blows,
To fall in all my humbleness lowly before thy feet,
And with such power as yet remains my mistress' name to greet,
And beg her to accept of me as loving faithful slave, 575
And as a payment for such love and service all I crave
Is to behold thy beauteous face, and gazing on that sight
Pass all my days as thus I gaze in dreaming of delight.

ATHOÚSA

Never I thought such words as these to hear those lips forth give,
For I did hold thee pure as maid in heart—so may I live. 580
Therefore without reserve to share thy company I came;
But now I see thee too at fault, and my heart burns with shame.

Full well men say, when they do see a river silent run,
 That it were wisdom's truest course its treach'rous depths to shun.
 This my adventure of to-day me well may serve to teach 585
 To hate all men and keep myself at distance from their reach.
 But whence, Alexis, came such thoughts? Whence did this passion
 rise
 And entered in thy soul?

ALEXIS

In sooth, as best I can surmise,
 E'er since I was a boy thy face was planted in my heart,
 There was thine image fair portrayed, as by a painter's art. 590
 And by degrees desire for thee within me planted grew;
 For as two trees you may espy as you a landscape view
 Set side by side with branches fair, yet both are but a whole—
 So like the clinging ivy twined thy sweet grace round my soul.

ATHOÚSA

Alexis, as thou dost desire my friendship, change thy mind;
 Or else I vow in place of love undying wrath thou'lt find. 595

ALEXIS

Nay rather, my Nereid, thou shouldst change on thy part show,
 And on my many miseries some pity shouldst bestow.
 For by those lovely eyes of thine, my lady, I protest,
 Those eyes in which at once my joys and all my sorrows rest, 600
 That all the other maids will feel envy within their hearts,
 Each fair Nereid or shepherd girl who lives in Ida's parts,
 When they shall hear thy name so sweet exalted to the sky,
 When that fair name in lofty strains worthy the theme I cry.
 Thy peerless beauty by my song shall pass through all the earth, 605
 And louder heralded shall be than maid's was, since its birth.
 No merrymaking shall there be in cavern or in dell,
 By river, plain or meadow-land, nor on the upland fell,
 But it shall echo in tones sweet and swell the song of praise
 Which men to thy fair countenance and grace surpassing raise. 610
 No tree shall anywhere be found that has not on its bole
 Engraved in letters deeply carved that image of my soul,
 Athoúsa's name most beautiful, if only thou consent
 To bring a speedy end to all these pangs which me torment.

ATHOÚSA

Since thou refusest, as I beg, such talk to bring to end,
 I end our converse with farewell. 615

ALEXIS

Athoúsa, heaven forfend!
 Let me come with thee; suffer me to bear thee company.
 If thou no pity feelest for my pains, be fancy free.

ATHOÚSA

Come then; I cannot thee refuse. However, ne'er again
 Let thought of ill-beseeming deed thy mind and judgement stain. 620
 Never again across thy lips let pass a word like this,
 Unless thou'rt fain for evermore my company to miss.

ALEXIS

Nay, even if that word had power to free me from my pain,
 Never, my slender maid, that word should pass my lips again.
 Never again will I reveal my heart's torment to thee, 625
 But humbly after thee I'll walk and only cry 'Ah me!'
 Until at length I reach the end of my life desolate;
 For thus, I ween, it was for me writ in the book of fate.

ATHOÚSA

Well, let us wend upon our way.

ALEXIS

Ah! hapless, hapless heart,
 How do I feel within my breast to-day thou'rt rent apart! 630

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

YANNOÚLIS, PANÓREA, and ATHOÚSA

YANNOÚLIS

In times of yore when I was young and through my limbs strength ran,
 In vigorous deeds I took delight like brave and lusty man.
 Skill had I in the use of bow and well I loved the chase,
 And with my running I could e'en the hare in flight outpace.
 Lions I met in open fight, and, as I mind me well,
 Of beasts full many slain by me in forest I could tell. 5
 The maids all round were smitten sore and ever longed to see
 That manly beauty which their hearts drew over unto me.
 Many a sweetheart then had I, as is a young man's right,
 And even the Nereids too held me in fond delight. 10
 But what a fate has mine become, now that I agèd grow!
 My teeth are fallen from my head, my hair is streaked with snow;
 My face with wrinkles furrowed is, my cheeks sink more and more,
 My colour now to black has turned, my eyes are filmèd o'er.
 The girls all turn their backs on me, and will not on me look; 15
 So ugly is my face become, the sight they cannot brook.
 You see what hap my wretched fate at close of life has brought,
 And this Phrosýne me to scorn, as you have seen, has taught.
 But lo! I see Panórea; Athoúsa too comes here.
 They've nothing taken in the chase and empty nets they bear. 20
 Behind each maid her quiver hangs, her quiver tipped with horn,
 And thus they march disconsolate like pair of sheep forlorn.

ATHOÚSA

Panórea, to Yíparis thy conduct I approve;
 I beg thee from thy firm resolve let nothing thee remove.
 For I perceive that all the men would work us nought but shame, 25
 And all day long their plotting is our honour to defame.
 For when they once have us deceived, forthwith they turn to slight,
 And then, through all the years we live, cannot abide our sight.
 Just like the hunter who the hare pursues the live-long day
 O'er hill and dale, when summers heat and winters snow display. 30

Act Four

GÝPARIS

297

Nothing he recks of weariness, of rest he takes no heed,
 But toileth on and makes pursuit, till at his feet she bleed.
 And when at length he hath her slain, no further count he takes,
 But after others in their flight his eager chase he makes.
 E'en so the men do unto us; for us they toil and moil, 35
 And all day long within their breasts a thousand passions boil,
 Until they have entangled us; then forthwith they forget
 The passion which they once displayed and at new quarry set.

PANÓREA

I know full well that from the heart they love us not at all;
 What they desire is our poor selves deceiving to enthrall, 40
 Even as thou, Athoúsa, sayest. But yet, I'd have thee know,
 That if a stable love there were, Yíparis could it show.
 But none the less, though this I say, I promise ne'er at all
 Within the snares of any man who maketh love to fall.

ATHOÚSA

Bethink thee how the vows they make are scattered from their mind,
 Just as the leaves from branches fall before the autumn wind. 46
 Just think how Kállistos once swore he never would forget
 Fair Erophíle as his love, elsewhere his thoughts to set.
 By fields that Kállistos did swear and by the mountain heights
 That this fair maiden was his life, sole mistress of delights. 50

YANNOÚLIS (*aside*)

Well said was that which shepherd wight but yesternight confessed,
 That one she-goat which hath the mangle infecteth all the rest.

ATHOÚSA

Turn thee. . . . I see thy father there. Good heavens what a frown!

PANÓREA

Whatever business can it be that him hath here brought down?

YANNOÚLIS

You silly giddy-pated girls, what is it you have said? 55
 They ask your hands, and you refuse with these young men to wed!
 Do you imagine all the swains of Ida crave your hand,
 And like these simpletons by love all overmastered stand?
 If Yíparis abandons *thee*, and Alexis *thee* in turn,
 Think you that others with like love for the pair of you will burn?

Then why is it that all demand dowry that costs so dear,
 For which men silver cups and robes and other gifts prepare?
 I well perceive how both of you are inconstant as the wind,
 And to the good which you awaits, ye will not turn your mind.
 Both of you now in beauty's pride may seem to soar to sky,
 But time as it moves on its course that beauty will deny.
 While iron is hot the master smith can bend it to his will,
 But when 'tis cold he cannot make it yield for all his skill.
 So while that youthful pair are still all heated with desire,
 And any service to effect for sake of love aspire,
 Open your eyes, you silly girls, and what is offered take;
 Dream not that fortune always such fair proffers will you make.
 A thousand times, Panórea, I've said to you 'Consent',
 Leave not another this fair chance which for yourself is meant.
 And now again more earnestly than e'er I did before
 I bid the pair of you to take these youths who you adore.
 They, like yourselves, are rich enough and set in good estate,
 And they with every virtue's grace have been endued by fate.
 Nowhere their like as mates for you can I by searching find;
 Your equals are they in estate, in honour and in mind.

PANÓREA

With all the power I can command, father, I would you pray,
 To me of marriage with a man never a word to say.
 For never of my own free will shall I proceed to wed,
 And well thou knowest thousand times and more I have it said.
 In this one thing I pardon crave, if I must cross thy will;
 In all else I will list to thee, thy child obedient still.

ATHOÚSA

And my resolve is like to hers deep planted in my mind;
 To husband will I ne'er myself in bonds of wedlock bind.

YANNOÚLIS

I warrant me the hour will come when you for marriage cry;
 But by my life you do not see the hour for that is nigh.
 Yet is this game by you ill played, to make these youths complain
 They can no more for misery their wretched life sustain.
 See to it lest they too one day desire to change their mind;
 Then food for weeping plentiful I warrant you ye'll find.

61

65

70

75

80

85

90

PANÓREA

Let them do what they list, so long as they leave us alone,
 And do not worry out our life, as in the past they've done.

YANNOÚLIS

Then take my curse, the pair of you, from bottom of my heart.
 What I should like is with my stick to make your shoulders smart.

PANÓREA

Athoúsa, let us haste away as fast as we can go,
 Or else we're like from his great stick to get a weighty blow. 100
(They then depart. YANNOÚLIS remains alone and says:)

YANNOÚLIS

Thus see how end a father's hopes! for children we beget
 In hope we may have joy of them, not that we be beset
 With torments that have ne'er an end, with worries and with fears,
 With miseries that never cease—a branch that curses bears.
 Children and chills strike to the heart, for that they're children named,
 By female children worst of all our honour is defamed. 106
 Plague on that father who o'er girl that dies sheds tears of pain,
 And does not joy that he thereby will rest from torment gain.
 These strip our houses bare of goods, their families make poor,
 These for their parents woes untold bring home unto their door. 110
 Alas! I judge this slavery my death will mean for me,
 But still I promise you this girl shall not escape scot free.
 But look! I see there Yíparis, who with Alexis goes,
 And by my faith they're proper men; neither dishonour knows.
 Before I say a word to them, I will from here depart; 115
 But for my daughter, I make vow, she shall for this feel smart.

YÍPARIS, ALEXIS, and PHROSÝNE

YÍPARIS

To-day let fields be parchèd up, let mountains sink in wrack,
 Let thickets be consumed with fire and heaven turned to black.
 Let rivers turbid run with mud, and let springs cease to flow,
 Withered be every blade of grass, let every tree down go. 120
 Let never shepherd sing his song or Nereid dance her dance,
 To-day let never flock of goats from out the fold advance.

ALEXIS

Let sun his station leave in heaven and fall down to the ground,
 And let the heavens themselves reverse the order of their round.
 Let moon in sky obscure her light and stars their lustre pale, 125
 Let clouds arise and hide the earth beneath their pitchy veil.
 Let rivers run with streams of blood and sea o'erflow the plains,
 And let her a new flood create to wash the world from stains.

PHROSÝNE

Ye shepherds, all these many tears will never you avail;
 They only serve to scorch your hearts and make your courage fail. 130

YÍPARIS

If these my sighs and groans to-day a blazing fire became,
 They with their heat would shrivel up and burn away my frame.
 I would my tears that copious flow as rivers might run down,
 And fill a lake that might me yield a place wherein to drown.

ALEXIS

And I my tears could wish to ope deep down to hell a road, 135
 That I might living there descend and take up my abode.
 I would a lion would arise for every sigh I draw,
 And speedily my wretched frame devour with ravening maw.

YÍPARIS

Let those who labour 'neath the weight of love come here to-day,
 That I to them my boundless woes and sufferings may display. 140
 For sorrow like to mine nowhere will they on earth behold;
 The world no maid so hard of heart as mine can ever hold.

ALEXIS

Let those whose lot is joy in life come and behold my tears;
 Yea, and with pity let them see the sorrow my life bears.
 For they to bitterness of woe quickly will change delight, 145
 When this my torment for one maid passeth before their sight.

PHROSÝNE

Well I behold that wolves of sheep are wont to make their prey,
 And that the sheep on fresh green grass their hunger's pangs allay.
 But if love seeks its food in tears and never sated goes,
 Then he who enters into love embarks on ship of woes. 150
 Unhappy shepherds, banish tears and cease awhile to sigh,
 For I perceive that ye are come unto that cave anigh,

Where the Nereid hidden sits, and he who fain would learn
 If good or evil him awaits, then let him hither turn
 And put the question unto her, and she will answer give 155
 How he can banish suffering and hope new life to live.
 So both of you must now draw nigh and answer from her crave
 Unto the question that you put to her within her cave,
 In hope that you fair issue find for this your love's desire,
 When you are taught how best you may escape from out the fire. 160

YÍPARIS

Ourselves we too unworthy count that she should hear our speech;
 Do you, Phrosýne, her the tale of all our sufferings teach.

ALEXIS

Phrosýne, you on our behalf must to her access gain,
 And ask her what the issue is that doth await us twain.
 For, as we hear, the maiden is by nature passing coy; 165
 Our fear is such we know not what address we must employ.

PHROSÝNE

Your words are good. . . . But that ye too may both her answer hear,
 Ye, when she giveth her reply, must to the walls draw near.

(Then PHROSÝNE approaches the cave, and says to the NEREID in supplication:)

PHROSÝNE

Nereid, fairest of all maids, with peerless beauty dight,
 Who in this cavern hast abode, the home of deep delight, 170
 These youths unhappy with desire for two fair maidens burn,
 And to that love those maidens twain no recompense return.

(The NEREID then makes answer from within and says:)

PHROSÝNE

Return they will
 For speedy recompense must they perform some stirring deed?
 Must they the maidens woo with tears or give the goddess meed?

(The NEREID says to them:)

PHROSÝNE

A meed!
 In those two wondrous fanes which stand built upon Pseloritë, 175
 To whom are we to sacrifice—to Zeus or Aphrodite?

(The NEREID then says to them:)

To Aphrodite!

YÍPARIS

Nereid, tell me once again, and tell me as a friend,
Whether my own love destined is reward to find at end.

(The NEREID says:)

Reward it finds!

YÍPARIS

Reward! A word of joy I hear! O sufferings of the past,
Now is to me from all my woes sweet rest in sight at last. 180

ALEXIS

And my Athoúsa, tell me true, Nereid of fair face,
Will she too answer my desire, thou pattern of all grace?

PHROSÝNE

Ye shepherds, her no further try—in your god's name, I pray.
This is enough—you heard her clear your coming fortune say. 185
Now hold your peace, for as I see the agèd priest has ta'en
Departure yonder from the doors of Aphrodite's fane.
Let's go and make known unto him the hopes which you inspire;
It may be with the goddess' aid he'll forward your desire.
Tell him that you will many a gift as thanks on him bestow,
For old priests too like all the rest lovers of gifts do grow! 190

YÍPARIS

Why what you say is true; let's go and meet him on the way,
And let us on our lips the names of those we love display.
For if so be the goddess helps, he may give us good aid,
For many a visit, as I've heard, he has that goddess paid.

ALEXIS

Well, let us go. Phrosýne, too, come bear us company, 195
And bid him to us in our woe compassionate to be.

(Then the OLD MAN issues from the temple and says:)

OLD MAN

All piety is lost to-day, mine own eyes witness well,
For they of scorn unto the gods and to their temples tell.
Three months have passed and not a man has to this temple been;
Not one the goddess to adore or to make vow is seen. 200
But yet the goddess, as I mark, rewards them as is right,
With death and dearth these impious men she's forward to requite.

They sow, and yet they nothing reap, their beasts of murrain die,
And of these signs that heaven sends right in the face they fly.
The power of seeing straight and clear the love of pelf has reft, 205
And every road that leads to good men of free will have left.
But who are these that I observe coming to me this way?
I judge they must have heard the words that I just now did say.

(Then both kneel and YÍPARIS says:)

YÍPARIS

O holy elder, who dost serve the goddess, for relief 210
We visit thee and here outpour the tale of all our grief.
We twain beseech thee of thy grace to lend to us thy hand,
And (for we are the slaves of love) to free us from his band.

ALEXIS

Most holy elder, well I know we cannot elsewhere find
A better help in time of need for torments of the mind. 215
For thou hast power in thyself that goddess so to bend
That she to-day unto our pains will put a final end.

PHROSÝNE

Old priest, upon thy life, I pray, succour them with thy might;
Let not the goddess by default such servants lose from sight.

OLD MAN

Rise from my feet; such honour none may take from mortal hand,
Unless in reverend estate he next the goddess stand. 220

YÍPARIS

Nay, men to servants of the gods may suchlike honours pay,
And prayers to thee as lesser god they may with reverence say.

OLD MAN

If ye desire me to your prayers to lend attentive ear,
Rise from your feet that what ye need I now from you may hear.

(Then they rise and say:)

YÍPARIS

I to my misery of soul do love a maid unkind, 225
So cruel and ungrateful maid you'll ne'er round Ida find.

ALEXIS

And I, most holy of old men, have loved a lady fair;
She has by beauty dealt my heart a wound beyond repair.

(Then the OLD MAN prays to the GODDESS:)

OLD MAN

My goddess, who in thine abode in the third heaven residst,
And from that height all mortal things upon this world thou guidst;
The earth, the lofty dome of heaven, the caverns of the sea— 231
All these submit to thy command and list alone to thee.
Of Hades and of Paradise alike thou hast the keys,
Thou hast in charge all the delights which mortal men can please—
Our smiles, our pastimes, our desires, the bliss that our life fills, 235
And every stirring of delight that through our bodies thrills.
'Tis thou that givest fruitfulness to trees and plants and seeds,
'Tis thou that clothest with their green the thickets, hills and meads;
'Tis thou, and thou alone, the fish of sea that bringst to birth,
And thou, and thou alone, creatst the creeping things of earth. 240
Thy grace controls the living things that through the heavens move,
By everlasting covenant, as every eye can prove.
Thou dost direct the track of sun and pathways of the sky,
The planets in their course and stars on thy control rely.
But yet beyond these graces named that in thy person rest, 245
The care of those that are in love is at thy sole behest.
These may no other goddess know save thee and only thee,
And when they swear they take the oath by thy sole majesty.
Thou art the goddess who alone redeemest them from woe;
Thou takest bitterness from them and causest joys to flow. 250
Therefore I pray thee, goddess mine, to aid these lovers twain,
And of thy bounty on this day to ease them of their pain.
O goddess, bend thy beauteous face, O be not pitiless;
Grant unto them what they desire and comfort their distress.
Let not thy majesty brook this, that two maids should proclaim— 255
Two maids like these—that they no whit have reverence for thy name.
That they should say to all the world thy son and thee thy slight,
And make a boast they have the power of both to quench the light.
That they two of mankind alone can with a single blow
Asunder break the mighty strength that lies in thy son's bow. 260

By the great verdict which we know Paris of yore did make,
That thou alone from out the rest shouldst prize of beauty take,
When he the apple to thee gave, goddess, of golden hue,
And said to her that was most fair that glittering gift he threw—
By that I beg thee lend thine aid to these two youths to-day, 265
That they 'these maidens whom we love are now our own' may say.
Then will each evermore remain thine humble faithful slave
In gratitude for that great boon which thy might to him gave.
Victims to thee they'll sacrifice with foreheads gleaming white,
And while they live their hymns of praise to thee they will recite. 270
And I for love I bear to them will ever tapers light
Upon thy altars, goddess great, and see that they burn bright.

YÍPARIS

O goddess, look upon our pains and hearken to our prayer,
And pity take on our desire, desire beyond compare.

PHROSÝNE

O holy goddess, thee I beg have mercy on these twain, 275
The many loves thyself hast had in memory retain.

ALEXIS

How many are my heart's torments and sufferings untold,
These, sacred goddess, thou canst well with thy clear eyes behold,
And since thou knowest well how love to suffering can condemn,
It thee beseems to heed my woes and shed a tear for them. 280
For thou didst follow o'er the heights and through the thickets stray
After thy loved one, ere that time when he to beasts fell prey.
In later time thou o'er the death of that fair lad didst weep,
And for the making of red flowers his heart's blood thou didst keep.
On me too, goddess dear, likewise take pity, I implore, 285
And grant the boon that I these pangs and torments feel no more.

YÍPARIS

She, goddess, who is mine own love doth set my heart on fire,
And burns my frame up through and through with her excess of ire.
So, goddess, my request to thee is this—that thou her make
To see her error and to show some pity for my sake. 290
That I, while I have life, may say, 'Lady, full well you see
'Twas Aphrodite's self who love's fulfilment wrought for me.'

OLD MAN

Now from the signs which reach my ear I judge the goddess heeds,
 And or in this way or in that an answer to you cedes.
 So bow your heads and homage pay, for she herself appears, 295
 And at her side it is her son who company her bears.

(Then the GODDESS comes forward and ÉROTAS her son, and the goddess says:)

GODDESS

Shepherds, those prayers of yours have reached unto my very throne,
 Ascending unto heaven above, where we two sit as one
 My son and I; thee too, old man, as thou didst pray I heard,
 And these requests have with their griefs the very planets stirred. 300
 So I myself who see how just is this your hot desire,
 And that these maidens' hands to win ye ardently aspire,
 Have hearkened unto both of you, and now am come with heed
 To grant you comfort and reward in this your hour of need.
 Therefore no longer must ye grieve, but rather joyful be, 305
 For that the end of all your toils to-day at last ye see.
 For know, poor souls, that e'en to-day your weeping shall have end
 And that the tortures of your hearts this very hour shall mend.
 To-day the flower of love shall bloom, to-day comes your desire,
 To-day the torments you've endured shall in relief expire. 310
 To-day ye'll find the maids ye love will fall into your arms,
 And they will you with kisses dower and offer you their charms.
 From their own lips you will now hear how they for pardon crave
 For all the torments and the trials that they once to you gave.
 With purpose fixed I will forth send for you my son most dear, 315
 E'en Érotas, that he may launch his arrows 'gainst the pair.
 Now Érotas, up with thy bow and seek these maidens twain,
 And draw that bow with all thy force and shoot them might and main.
 Their very marrow pierce with shaft and burn with fire their heart,
 Turn thou the judgement of their minds that they from it depart. 320
 Cause thou these maidens two to bend that they at last may know
 With what great force when thou dost wish descends thy powerful
 blow.

Chase off the fears that them enthrall and give them daring mind,
 And take away their bashfulness that they true love may find,

And show them plain no joyfulness is given to men by fate 325
 Exceeding that which falleth out when man and woman mate.
 Therefore with right good will go forth, and when thine arrow's shot,
 Return again to heaven's height and seek me in that spot.
 For thither now I must return; to thee I leave the care
 That thou shouldst for these lovers twain the end they wish prepare.

ÉROTAS

O goddess full of grace, as thou desirest shall it be, 331
 O lady mother, who than all else dearer art to me.
 Before thou movest from this place, to seek them out I go;
 Where'er they be, I'll find the twain and shoot them with my bow.

(Thereupon ÉROTAS sets forth, and YÍPARIS says:)

YÍPARIS

For this boon thou to us hast given, goddess, our thanks we give;
 Ever to thee we'll homage pay and honour whilst we live. 336

OLD MAN

For this grace which upon thy slave, goddess, thou dost bestow,
 In that thou hast from heaven come down, thou and thy son,
 below,

I give thee all the thanks which I can utter with my power,
 Such words as breath and tongue and lips are able forth to shower. 340

(Then the GODDESS departs, and the OLD MAN says:)

OLD MAN

Great favour see I is to you by this fair goddess given,
 That she for your sakes with her son has thus come down from heaven.
 It fitting is that, while ye live, ye should her service pay,
 And every year make sacrifice on the appointed day.

PHROSÝNE

What ye desire, that ye have seen, and ye have cause to joy. 345
 See that your vows are duly paid and all fair rites employ.

YÍPARIS

May I my longing never see, if e'er I fail to lay
 Upon her altar that my gift which I have vowed to pay.

ALEXIS

If e'er the promise which I made in perfidy I break,
 Never may I a moment's joy with my Athóusa take! 350

OLD MAN

Well, go your ways, my sons, forthwith, and take with you my prayer;
Where'er I be, in memory I promise you to bear.
Forth from the temple, for 'tis time to close its portals to,
And with fresh water from the spring the garden to bedew.

YÍPARIS

Old man, the service which from thee we in our need have found 355
It is not fitting to reward with words which only sound,
But I do promise that by deeds a son I'll prove to thee,
Or rather one by purchase price bound o'er to slavery.

ALEXIS

And whilst I live my humble powers I dedicate to thee—
As witnesses this shrine I call and precinct which you see. 360
Ever to thee I faithful slave and servant loyal stand,
Ever to execute thy will I bow to thy command.

OLD MAN

Your thanks unto the goddess pay, my sons, and not to me;
How pitiful she is to all who are in love, ye see.

*(Then the OLD MAN enters the temple and closes it. YÍPARIS,
ALEXIS and PHROSÝNE remain.)*

YÍPARIS

Whoe'er a favour equal this of mine to-day can name? 365
When did such ecstasy as mine thrill through a human frame?
When did refreshment like to mine distil o'er heart of man,
Such as this moment through my soul with power reviving ran?
This very day doth from me take the tortures which me bend,
And bringeth me to lasting joy and rest that knows no end. 370
To-day the goddess told to me that I should hear lips tell—
Panórea's very lips declare that she did love me well.
To-day I shall Panórea feel with her hand my hand grasp,
Kiss me with kisses from the heart and to her breast me clasp.

ALEXIS

What mind is there that every day is so oppressed with care, 375
So overweighted with deep thought or bitter with despair,
That it would not with joy outburst, seeing my great delight,
And would not be refreshed with cheer at this inspiring sight,

The sight of my surpassing luck and my triumphant face,
For that my sorrow into joy has passed by fortune's grace? 380
I marvel that through joy's excess my death I do not find,
That I do not my senses quit and lose my powers of mind.
My goddess, hear the prayer I pray, be guardian of my soul,
Unite my love's heart and mine own into one perfect whole.

YÍPARIS

Alexis, let us quickly go that each may find his love; 385
And thus the gift which of her grace the goddess made we'll prove.

PHROSÝNE

Let us away; but understand yourselves the words must say,
Nor must ye face to face with them to stand at all delay.

YÍPARIS

I tremble more than e'er before, my heart more loudly knocks;
Within myself with greater force I suffer love's fierce shocks. 390

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

ÉROTAS (alone)

On earth, I ween, lives not a man who doth not me abuse,
 Who doth not evil of me speak and fain would me misuse.
 All call me an unfeeling boy, and that I'm ruthless say,
 And if they could, I doubt me not, would me of surety slay.
 And these my arrows which so fair are glittering with gold,
 And pierce the inmost hearts of men, are poisoned shafts, I'm told,
 For cause of me, so men relate, the earth is full of strife,
 And for my sake by sudden death at sea they lose their life.
 They call me yearning of the heart, and weight that 's made of lead;
 Of opportuneness free from care they say that I am bred.
 They term me ruin unto youth and cause of shame to eld;
 As one that works disgrace to men and honour's foe I'm held.
 And yet injustice base it is to hold me up to scorn;
 And I with men am nothing wroth, though with abuse I'm torn.
 For when they evil speak of me, they know not what they mean,
 And what my nature truly is they never yet have seen.
 Ere that the frame of world was fixed was I born from of old,
 And power that passeth ken of men as god above I hold.
 As god supreme among the gods I cause their limbs to quake;
 With my great might I oftentimes their inmost marrow shake.
 Evil I never yet have done, and nothing upon earth
 Apart from me hath goodly end or hath a goodly birth.
 Thanks to myself the world of men is filled with deep delight;
 'Tis thanks to me that all things grow and flowers entrance the sight.
 Nor yet am I the cause of shame, as falsely they pretend;
 I am of honour counsellor, middle, beginning, end.
 To mind of stupid I give light, for fools I wits provide,
 Of nobler men I sway the minds, e'en though I do not guide.
 Through me dull-witted men grow sharp and grovel not below;
 They fly aloft and to the heights of heaven upwards go.
 My deeds the differences of kings to harmony smooth out,
 Their anger cause to melt away and passions turn about.
 My arrows never deal a wound which brings a fatal smart,
 But rather with the lightest touch just graze the victim's heart.

Act Five

GYPARIS

311

For love's fair mission is to see the world shall never fail,
 That death o'er growth of human kind shall at no time prevail.
 If many fall before death's stroke, no less of me are born,
 And so through me mankind from off the earth are never torn.
 As comrades with me watchfulness and deeds of emprise go,
 Labour, endurance, humbleness—all these from me do flow.
 As housemates hopefulness and acts of courage with me dwell,
 And time onpassing in his course increase of these doth spell.
 My home is found within the frame of maidens passing fair,
 And wounds I deal whenever I to these abodes repair.
 And to those homes I with me bear my arrows and my bow,
 And other arrows there I make and on them points bestow.
 I flit around these maidens' heads and glance in lordly wise;
 Then suddenly with arrow's shot their fair frame I surprise.
 At times I lurk within the brows of one fair girl as prize,
 At times on eyelids, or again midway between the eyes;
 Or yet again upon the lips so coral red I sit,
 Or into curls of golden hair all glittering I flit.
 Sometimes on throat or bosom white or snowy hand I light,
 And every day from vantage place I thousand bosoms smite.
 Wings have I, and to every place I have the power to go;
 Now to the heights I fly aloft and now I plunge below.
 At times I walk along the plains, at times o'er hill and dell;
 No road is there which for my limbs fatigue can ever spell.
 Princes and kings, men rich and poor, alike the bond and free,
 I draw along, and with my shafts pierce the whole company.
 And these my shafts are all endowed with such a potent sway,
 That they each maiden may give love or love may take away.
 And to each lover I reward do give as he deserves,
 E'en as I mark he service true unto his love observes.
 But to the careless, sluggard heart I give but torment vain,
 And only those who love from heart can their desire obtain.
 But since these two poor shepherd youths a faithful love have shown,
 Their love's fulfilment they to-day with gratitude shall own.
 For I those slender maids have met whom I set out to find,
 And never have I suffered them a moment's rest of mind.
 A blazing arrow drawn with power into their breast I shot
 (According to my mother's word such was their fateful lot);

Look! Hither they do wend their way. Ah! now methinks they show
The yearning and the anguish deep that those in love must know.

(Then ÉROTAS departs. Enter PANÓREA and ATHOÚSA.)

PANÓREA

What ponderings are these I feel, Athoúsa, in my soul! 75
A moment since my inmost frame was fired throughout its whole.
My powers have wilted and my life is ebbing fast away,
Nor doth my breath as at the first within my bosom stay.
My limbs seem cut away from me and are as it were dead,
My mind, it seems, no longer dwells as erstwhile in my head. 80
I tremble—scarce I dare confess, that trembling is so great,
Scarce dare I ask what I should do at this my hour of fate.
But since in thee I me confide as in a sister kind,
I will to thee plainly confess the tortures of my mind.
As I this morning in my home with thee conversing stayed, 85
I thought how Yíparis I had with torments fell repaid.
Forthwith my youthful recklessness I did begin to blame,
And what I erst deemed strength of will hardness of mind to name.
I said it all unfitting is that such a youth for me
Should never in this world of men one peaceful moment see. 90
How can it be endured that he should suffer for my sake,
And in the end by torment driven his own life from him take?
And yet he loves me passing well, no less than his own soul,
And ready is for my dear sake to cast aside the whole.
But now I will begin to praise the beauty of his frame, 95
And all the wonders of his mind and eke his mien acclaim.
But what shall I go on to say? My inmost heart was pierced
With arrow's bolt, and forthwith I was in love's flood immersed.
And now I'm filled with hot desire with him a word to speak
And for the sufferings I have caused pardon from him to seek. 100
I fear, I tremble, now with cold I freeze, with fire now burn,
Now I am bold, now faint away and know not where to turn.
Athoúsa, be to me a guide and tell me where to go,
Tell me to-day how I can save my life from crushing blow.

ATHOÚSA

Panórea, myself no less tormented am at heart; 105
No lesser fire than thee consumes burns up my inmost part.

Alexis rules with such sweet power my soul since break of day,
That I do feel that for his sake my life I'll cast away.
Unless I find him speedily and from him aid receive,
These pains which wring my heart, I'm sure, will me of life bereave.
'Tis but short time since I was brought into my present state, 111
But should it last long time, alas! I fear me for my fate.
I to destruction should be hurled, the torments that me rend
Would of themselves ere long suffice to bring my life to end.
Ah me! How is it possible that young man should sustain 115
For length of time a life that brings such torments in its train!
How is it possible, I ask, Alexis could have heard
To-day my words which like hot iron his inmost being seared,
When I to-day declared to him he nevermore should dare,
Poor being, whilst his life should last, again near me to fare? 120
Ah! now I know of very truth his senses did him fail,
When at my feet he lay outstretched, all cold and deadly pale.
Now can I well believe the pangs which rent his heart in twain,
And how a boiling sea of woe surged in his heart amain.
Alexis, wheresoe'er thou art, let me draw nigh to thee, 125
That I these sufferings I endure may there extinguished see.
Let me run forward to thine arms and say, 'Forgive me, love,
Forgive, Alexis, all the pangs I once caused thee to prove.'

PANÓREA

A truce now to such words as these; another path we'll find,
And ere to-day shall pass away, we'll ease what's in our mind. 130

ATHOÚSA

Yes, let us go and seek them out. But stay—Phrosýne's here;
She's come herself to find us out and talk with us, that's clear.

PHROSÝNE, PANÓREA, and ATHOÚSA

PHROSÝNE

Those maidens twain I yonder see; I will unto them go,
That I what benefit the god of love has wrought may know.
But ah! methinks the countenance of both is changed to view; 135
Thereby I deem the archer-god has shot his arrows true . . .
O noble maids, now fortune's gift enjoy as best ye may,
For ne'er again will fortune spite as at the first display.

Yíparis and Alexis who assailed you with their prayers
 And called you pitiless and hard, unbending unto tears, 140
 Have sworn to-day for evermore to leave their love behind,
 And nevermore, while life remains, to bear you in their mind.
 For other maids they will seek out, who will their love requite,
 And, while life lasts, the pair of you they will leave out of sight.
 Therefore take now your fill of joy, for now I see you're cleared 145
 From out the net of that annoy wherein ye once were snared.

PANÓREA

The words, Phrosýne, that I heard from thee at morning light
 Did ring so sweetly in my ears and brought me such delight,
 That I forthwith resolved in mind to Yíparis to pay
 The recompense that love deserved of which he made display. 150
 And I am fain unto that end to make thee go-between
 To find if any eagerness to wed in him is seen.
 Go then and seek him out at once, and tell him, if he will,
 He may with me this very day the marriage rite fulfil.
 Only let him my father find and from him blessing take 155
 That we the marriage I desire with his goodwill may make.

PHROSÝNE

To sick men medicine they give ere they are like to die;
 To wounds, ere they turn festering sores, they healing herbs apply.
 But now that he hath quenched the flame of love and to desire
 Of thee hath bid a long farewell, the better to aspire 160
 To love of other maids, how then can he his wrath now turn
 And after bitter heart like thine again with longing yearn?
 I for my part will not for thee on such fool's errand go,
 For I do swear that mission can never fair issue show.

PANÓREA

Ah! dear Phrosýne, I am thine; through thee alone I live. 165
 Come seek him out this very day that he may mercy give!
 Because of him within my breast I bear a scorching flame,
 That breast which erstwhile nothing bore but anger fierce and blame.

PHROSÝNE

How can it be that icy snow which in thy heart deep lay
 Has melted now with glow of warmth, that anger passed away?

PANÓREA

Thou dost not understand! My heart to-day in twain is torn, 171
 And out of anger deep desire and flame of love are born.
 And now to see him I so yearn, Phrosýne, that I know
 That if long time shall pass away ere I to him may go,
 This passion which exceeds all bounds will bring me to my death,
 And therefore I must after him—or lose my living breath. 176

PHROSÝNE (*aside*)

Érotas, what just judge art thou! Now thou dost fully see
 How great the power which thou wieldst, what influence lies in thee!
 Érotas, well do men thee call to hardened hearts an ill,
 A schooler of the minds of maids, a rod for stubborn will. 180
 Érotas, yea in very sooth all men to thee must bow:
 For Justice that surpasses ken and measureless art thou!

PANÓREA

What is it that thou ponderest, which makes thee shake thy head?

PHROSÝNE

I ponder o'er the words which were by thee this morning said:
 'When mountains move from their firm seat and fishes leave their
 home 185
 Of watery waste, and seeking food to Ida's heights do come. . . .'

PANÓREA

That said I, and much more I said; but now I me repent,
 For other is the fire and flame that to my heart is sent.
 Now I can well believe the pangs, the bitter fortune know
 Of heart which sinks beneath the weight of passion's heavy blow. 190

PHROSÝNE

Long while ago it was fit time upon such things to think;
 But now it is of no avail, e'en though you poison drink.

PANÓREA,

Alack, alack! for my ill fate; earth part and swallow me!
 Thou heaven descend this very hour my covering to be!
 None else hath done ought wrong to me, except my stubborn mind;
 Save this my body in the world no enemy I find. 196
 If I myself just penalty for all my sin must pay,
 Then to my life it me behoves to put an end to-day.

What bitterness and pangs of soul now must I undergo !
Yea, and in future there awaits for me far heavier blow! 200

PHROSÝNE

Thou weepst. . . . Think of all the tears that for thy sake hath shed
Ill-fated Ýíparis; how oft his eyes for thee were red.

ATHOÚSA

Nay, Ýíparis must needs 'gainst thee a heavy anger bear,
For those torments thou didst inflict on him surpassing were. . . .
But I, what torment did I give to my Alexis, say, 205
That he should my poor frame with such fell suffering repay?
'Tis but to-day he said to me, Phrosýne, 'I thee love',
And I so blind of heart and brain did at that instant prove,
That I did not as then perceive what was my real desire,
And knew not he and only he could my affections fire. 210
But he, Phrosýne, should have known that, as the proverb tells,
'Tis not with single blow of axe his tree the woodman fells.

PHROSÝNE

I see now, when he fault commits, that each man strives with might
Best as he can, by fairest words, to hide that fault from sight.
But each and all of you must learn that hearts which with love bleed
Are not with ease, as some might think, from out that torment freed.
But lo! thy father cometh here; I judge he 's heard the news; 217
I think he means the pair of you full roundly to abuse.

YANNOÚLIS, PANÓREA, ATHOÚSA, and PHROSÝNE

YANNOÚLIS

Why here 's a pretty pass indeed! To think she puts a ban
On Ýíparis for husband's place—so rich and fine a man! 220
The little fool does not reflect at this time of the day
No other man will seek her hand, save I fat dowry pay.
Upon my life, by hook or crook if I such man could see,
This flock of mine I would not give to make her dowry's fee.
For Ýíparis, because of love, seeks her without a gift, 225
And willing is, if she consent, to take her in her shift.
But think you there 's another man who would a like deed dare?
He'd fleece me, rob me of my flock and leave my house stripped bare.
The good old times are dead and gone when every shepherd lad
Never a thought of dowry's price in calculation had. 230

But nowadays the dowry 's all, and oft a beauteous maid,
By nature richly dowered, sits neglected in the shade.
For lack of dowry she 's compelled in bitterness to pine
And, like old woman, all the sweets of youthfulness resign.
O happy times were those of yore, which all the dowry found 235
In virtues of an honest maid, in wit and prudence sound.
Then she was judged by her wise words and by her power of mind,
When these together with the charms of beauty were combined.
But look! I see Panórea; Athoúsa with her goes.
Methinks they must have overheard the thoughts my lips disclose. 240
Panórea, hast thou not ta'en my words into thy breast?
Dost wish for evermore on thee thy father's curse to rest?

PANÓREA

My father, since I know full well that those who will not hear
A father's words, for their own life a speedy doom prepare,
I am resolved, as thou commandst, to marry Ýíparis; 245
For he, as thou hast judged aright, both good and worthy is.

YANNOÚLIS

That thou hast listened to my words must me much pleasure give,
And on thee shall my blessing rest as long as thou shalt live.
Thou knowest of much bitterness thou wert to me the cause;
But I forgive thee; maids are maids—that 's one of nature's laws. 250
And thou, Athoúsa, what hast thou unto Alexis done?
Come, leave the fashion; list to me; never beneath the sun
Thou'lt find his equal amongst youths for riches or for wit:
Upon no other as on him beauty and wisdom sit.
But only look thou well to this—beware a change of mind, 255
For then will follow bitterness, and death alone thou'lt find.

ATHOÚSA

Since Ýíparis as life-long mate Panórea will take,
This brave lad of mine own free will I too will husband make.
To thee I do commit the charge, the marriage rites prepare;
Give me into Alexis' hand, as though thy child I were. 260

YANNOÚLIS

There, take my blessing; let us go that we with them may meet,
And both these youths, where'er they are, with these fair tidings greet.

Phrosýne, why dost look at me and thuswise shake thine head?
Perchance thou art not pleased to see these maids to wedlock led.

PHROSÝNE

I marvel when I see how light thy words do come and go, 265
And that thou dost not take in count the anger these youths show.
These maids no longer they desire—this very morn they swore
They would not speak to them again, although they proffers bore.

YANNOÚLIS

Come, my Phrosýne, it is time to drop harsh words like these,
For anger 'gainst the maids no more these young mens' hearts doth
seize. 270

PHROSÝNE

May God turn all the words I speak to nothing but a lie,
May all the prophecies I make without an issue die!
Look how these girls did seem as though they were half dead with fear.
While life remains, should both of you the pangs of torture bear.
The man who wilfully permits occasion slip away, 275
He penalty for such a fault by living death should pay.

ATHOÚSA

If it be true that, as she says, they bide in anger fell,
Panórea, for us that wrath must sound as a death-knell.

PANÓREA

If that be true, then ere this day be past, I get me down
To Hades by the bitterest death that can my life-breath drown. 280

YANNOÚLIS

If that be true, there yet remain, I ween, in Ida's land
A thousand wooers rich enough to sue for maiden's hand.
But, by my faith, why linger we? Why find we not a mean
To tell the lads these maidens' minds and seek a go-between?

PHROSÝNE

It should be true, no doubt. . . . And yet those boys infatuate 285
Are ready any time with these two pretty fools to mate.
They love them more than e'er before, with blindness are beset,
And like some silly pair of birds rush headlong in the net.

PANÓREA

Athoúsa, now my soul's returned into its proper place.

ATHOÚSA

Panórea, I too from my grief have plucked up heart of grace. 290

YANNOÚLIS

I marvel at the things I've seen. But hold your peace—they're near.
(*They advance.*)

PANÓREA

Poor heart of mine, how clearly I thy wild, strong beatings hear!

ATHOÚSA

Panórea, my spirit faints and almost dies away.

PANÓREA

But I, Athoúsa, feel that mine no more in me doth stay.

YÍPARIS, ALEXIS, PANÓREA, ATHOÚSA, PHROSÝNE, YANNOÚLIS

YÍPARIS

Ah! friend, wherever have they gone, that search as search we may,
Nowhere can we discover them in any haunt to-day. 296
But let us see if verily the goddess' gift is ours,
And if each with the maid he loves as his true wife she dowers.
Perchance she now hath changed her mind and leaves us to our fate
'T'o live our former wretched life in misery desolate. 300

ALEXIS

Nay, how can it be possible that she her son should send
To shoot their hearts with all his might and thus their will to bend,
And yet that she should change her mind though no just cause is given,
And in our greatest need deny the boon for which we've striven?
I for my part have hopes in her that she to-day will end 305
The long tale of our woes and all the promised joy us send.

ATHOÚSA

These words of sweetness which have reached this moment to my ear
Do heal the sickness of my heart and for me joy prepare.

ALEXIS

Yíparis, see! the maids are here.

YÍPARIS

Where, where is she I love?

ALEXIS

Without the temple, next to her I love all maids above. 310
Her father's there, and with them too the old Phrosýne stands;
I deem that they await us there to clasp us with their hands.

YANNOÚLIS

Shepherds, with confidence draw nigh; no need have ye to fear:
For we are here, and for you both the marriage rites prepare,
That ye the maidens whom ye love may take as wedded wives, 315
And say farewell to griefs, and bliss enjoy throughout your lives.

YÍPARIS

A thousand blessings on this band and this fair meeting fall.

ALEXIS

And may God multiply your years and joyous bliss send all!
And since to-day our torments will for once and all depart,
We render thanks to God above with all our powers of heart. 320

YANNOÚLIS

Yíparis, now the hour is come for you with her to mate;
The ease from torment now at last to thee has come, though late.
Know that to-day thou dost receive my child as wedded wife,
Panórea; with her, I pray, great joy rest on thy life.
May ye twain walk on hand in hand and to an old age live, 325
And children round you may ye see and may these blessings give.
Say, wilt thou have her as thy spouse? For now this very hour
I give her as thy wedded wife and with her hand thee dower.

YÍPARIS

Yea, I will take her; on my knees I beg thee, say not nay,
And if she willing is, I bend and to her homage pay. 330

PANÓREA

O Yíparis, I willing am to love whilst I shall live;
For all the pain I once caused thee, I pray thee pardon give.

YÍPARIS

Ah! what refreshment now I feel o'er my whole being steal;
My bitterness is passed away, my festering wounds now heal.

YANNOÚLIS

Let each the other give the hand, embrace, my children dear; 335
What sights of joy in my old age unto mine eyes appear!

YÍPARIS

My love, my confidence in life, the goddess now I praise,
For she was cause that I can thee with loving arms thus raise.
Panórea, O sweetest maid, the bright light of mine eyes,
Can it be true that I at last have won me such a prize? 340

YANNOÚLIS

Alexis, speak too; wilt thou have Athoúsa for thy wife?

ALEXIS

A sweeter word I never heard than this in all my life!
I will, and bow before her feet. But she herself must say
Whether to my poor self she hath as answer yea or nay.

ATHOÚSA

'Tis 'yea', Alexis; since thou willst, I will to be thy wife, 345
No other love than thou alone hath passed into my life.

YANNOÚLIS

Ye too must now embrace; ye too must now my blessing take,
For now I see that of the thing I longed for ye partake.

ALEXIS

Now vanished are my bitter pains, now gone is all my care;
To-day my body, from its ills delivered, free doth fare. 350
Ah me! But is it all a dream I hold thee in my arms,
And pour my kisses on thy lips and close enfold thy charms?
If dream it is—then nevermore from sleep may I awake,
But with this dream from out my life a sweet departure take.

YANNOÚLIS

Ye shepherds, linger here no more, or else it will be late, 355
And ye'll be tardy to enjoy the pleasures which await.
Away! let's to the steading go; let all the shepherds come
To see the marriage—all who round Mount Ida have their home.
For these should share our bliss with us for our old customs' sake,
Which tell that all of good estate in marriage should partake. 360
That old man who the goddess serves at least must blessing give,
And wish you two the bliss of life as long as you do live.
Let us be gone—why linger ye? Phrosýne, come thou too,
For thou must have thy share in this, for, if I know what's true,

'Twill last for five or six months yet; let us at once away, 365
That we against the wedding feast two oxen fat may slay.

PHROSÝNE

Well, let us our departure take; for joy I shed a tear,
Since ye two ever were to me as mine own children dear.
May God grant to you length of days and multiply your bliss,
And may ye four your fill of life and blessing never miss. 370

YÍPARIS

Panárea, give me thy sweet hand that we may make embrace,
And clasping thus each other's hand homewards we'll set our face.
Ye dells that are so thick with trees, what bliss ye have me brought,
Ye branches green and flower-strewn turf what blessings have ye
wrought!

Ye tender grasses wet with dew, cool waters of the spring, 375
Ye birds which now beyond your wont to me so sweetly sing,
Thou shrine the holy goddess haunts—ye witness are to me
Of joy, and this my heart's reward now paid in full ye see.
And since no other gift at all I'm able you to pay,
But only can with gift of words the thanks I offer say, 380
I pray the heavens, the sun and moon, the stars, the night, the
morn

To shed upon you every grace that from them can be borne,
Whether from tender winds that blow or clouds that float in sky;
May never snow or hailstorm mar your calm serenity.
May shepherds never bring their flocks to pasture on your grass, 385
May never beast with sullyng foot o'er your fair meadows pass.
That ye may ever fresh remain, green and with flowers bedight,
And eye with beauty, sense with smell sweeter than spice delight;
That maidens fair may gaze on you and youths you honours pay,
And from you chaplets beautiful to deck them bear away. 390
But thus I leave you to your joy that I may now fulfil
All I desire and seek reward in payment for past ill.

ALEXIS

Ye maids of honourable name and grace that all hearts thrills,
Who gathered thickly are to-day here amongst Ida's hills;
Ye men of wisdom and of mark, elders with riches blest, 395
Who with much toil have reached the crags that amid Ida nest—

Ye who have pity for our grief and for the pangs we've borne,
And for the many tortures keen that have our heartstrings torn,
Ye see the gods have willed our woes to be brought to an end,
And now these maidens for our mates while life endureth send. 400
O show not envy at our bliss, but rather joy of heart,
And pray that ye, if e'er ye love, may play our blissful part.

END OF THE COMEDY

APPENDIX

BY way of Appendix to the *Gyparis*, a translation is here given of the charming Cretan pastoral poem called *The Fair Shepherdess* ('*Ἡ εὐμορφή Βοσκοπούλα*'), written in rhymed iambic trimeters catalectic, or hendecasyllabics. It was edited and published by one Nikolaos Drymitinós of Apokoróna in Crete, who himself tells us that it was published at Venice in 1627. The text used is mainly that of E. Legrand, Paris, 1900.¹ Though the poem has little else in common with the *Gyparis*, the episode of the shepherd's swoon and his reviving by the shepherd maid is closely parallel to the swoon of Alexis and his reviving by Athoúsa towards the end of Act Three of the *Gyparis*, and the idea may well have been borrowed from that source.

The episode upon which the poem is founded appears, as Legrand pointed out in the introduction to his first edition, actually to have taken place in Crete, and to have given rise, as Drymitinós remarks, to several poetical versions.

Besides the articles by H. Pernot, mentioned in the note, there is a fairly full description of the poem, with extracts and translations, in W. Martin-Leake, *Researches in Greece*, pp. 122 ff., where it is noted that 'Apokoróna contains the sea-coast from Armiró to three hours West of Canea, and the inland country, as far South as the mountains of Sfákhia'.

Another analysis of the poem is given by K. Dieterich in his *Geschichte der byzantinischen und neugriechischen Litteratur*,² pp. 109 f., and elsewhere. He finds in it the influence of Longos's *Daphnis and Chloë*, and Musaeos's *Hero and Leander*, and stresses the influence of the poem on Greek popular poetry.² Noteworthy features in this

¹ This is the third edition of the poem by Legrand, based on the *editio princeps* printed at Venice in 1627. I have also had the assistance of H. Pernot's articles on the poem in *Mélanges offerts à M. Émile Picot*, ii (1913), pp. 83-102, and in his *Études de littérature grecque moderne*, Paris, 1916, chap. vii, pp. 271 ff., where emendations are proposed and translations of the poem given. I have sometimes diverged from Legrand's text where other readings seem to me superior. See further Nikos A. Bees in *Byz.-neugr. Jahrb.*, iv (1923), p. 92, and *Beiheft* 4 (1924), where the recent literature on the poem is given.

² There is a version, which does not differ greatly from Legrand's text, in Kanellákis, *Χιακὰ Ἀνάλεκτα*, 1890, pp. 113 ff. I have occasionally followed this text where it seemed clearly superior to that of Legrand. Pernot also gives an oral version of the poem heard by him at St. George in Chios.

aspect are the essential modesty of the erring shepherdess, the evil consequences which follow on her lapse from virtue, a point emphasized by Drymitinós himself at the end of the poem, the appreciation of the beauties of nature, the introduction of Charos, the Death-god, who plays so important a rôle in modern Greek poetry, and the lamentation of the bereaved lover, in which he makes appeal to the forces of nature, over the grave of his beloved.

The poem seems to deserve to be more widely known, as embodying much of what is best and most attractive in modern Greek poetry.¹

¹ A new text of the *Εὐμορφή Βοσκοπούλα*, edited by Mr. J. Mavrogordato, will shortly be published in Florence by G. Orioli.

THE FAIR SHEPHERDESS

As published by NIKOLAOS DRYMITINÓS, of Apokoróna in Crete.

ONE morn to distant dell I pass,
 To pasture there my sheep on grass,
 Where trees and glades and streams abound,
 And fresh and tender reeds are found.
 Amid these trees on flower-strewn mead 5
 The timid deer are wont to feed
 Upon the fresh bedewèd green,
 While songs of birds are heard between.
 But lo! a slender, beauteous maid
 Like some fair vision haunts that glade! 10
 Her eyes upon her sheep werè set,
 Her beauty such as suns beget;
 Her locks were like to glorious gold,
 Her frame like jewel to behold.
 Her raiment was of purest white, 15
 And shone like stars in heaven at night.
 So, as my gaze turned to her eye,
 My heart asunder seemed to fly.
 For that eye love-gods held, whose bows
 Sought me to pierce with arrows' blows. 20
 And when those gods saw me anigh,
 Their hands did straight to weapons fly.
 Their arrows and their bolts were ta'en
 To deal me out eternal pain.
 An arrow launched did reach my heart, 25
 Nor did my body 'scape that smart.
 My eyes were wrapped in darkness' spell,
 My being into torment fell.
 Before the spring in swoon I lay;
 She thought my life had sped away. 30
 She said: "The glances of my eyes
 With death this shepherd-lad surprise."
 So she approaches and full soon
 Perceives I am but in a swoon,
 And as with sweet refreshing air 35
 She courage gains, that dove so fair.
 Cold water takes she from the spring
 And 'gins it o'er my face to fling,

THE FAIR SHEPHERDESS

327

Sprinkling it o'er me in belief
 It medicine has to give relief. 40
 Again and yet again she sprays
 That she from swoon may me upraise,
 And with that water cool methought
 My reason's force to me was brought.
 And then she gathered from the field 45
 Herbs and flowers which sweet scent yield—
 Yes, those flowers such sweet scent gave
 That they raised me from the grave.
 But my mind perplexèd grew
 How to pay her the thanks due 50
 For all the wealth of kindness' dower
 That she showed me in that hour.
 I said: 'What art can I now learn
 This great kindness to return?
 Or how can I escape the weight 55
 Which presses down the base ingrate?
 Nay, if I offered my heart's blood,
 I could not make what I owe good.
 No word of mine has power to tell
 How great thy lovingkindness' spell.' 60
 To this the nymph her answer made:
 'Thy body lay within this glade
 In peril that it life should lose;
 Could I see this and help refuse?
 What man to me would praise have given, 65
 What god would me for this have shriven?
 What maiden would not in her heart
 Have said I played a ruthless part?
 The rocks themselves would have complained,
 If I had then from help refrained. 70
 My shadow's self had hated me,
 Had it seen me from duty flee.
 Small men and great alike had said
 That I was base and cruel maid.
 My sheep had fled and left me lorn, 75
 No man companionship had borne.
 No other thing could I have done.
 Better to count the sands that run
 With fruitless toil and labour vain

Than from such help as this refrain 80
 To shepherd wise, with beauty dight,
 That was found in such hapless plight.
 Nay, I was bound that help to give
 And raise him up that he should live.
 But, Shepherd, who dost thanks thus show, 85
 And wouldst reward on me bestow,
 By this thou thrillst me with love,
 And I would all thy will approve.
 For now I seem as reft of heed,
 Nor longer care my sheep to feed; 90
 My joy is in this mead to bide,
 That we may stay there side by side.
 Others I leave to paint in mind
 What joys I in that brake did find,
 As I told all my passion's fire 95
 And urged upon her my desire.
 What bliss was there like unto mine?
 Who can my frame's delight divine?
 No shepherd can so joyful be,
 No fish so gladsome in the sea. 100
 I said to her: 'Thy sweet fair eye
 Did cause my heart in twain to fly,
 And yet—though this be past belief—
 The wounding knife has brought relief.
 O might thy earnest thus begun 105
 To payment full at ending run!
 O would thy beauty might decide
 That I to-night sleep by thy side!
 For my home lieth far away,
 Where I milk ewes at close of day. 110
 We cannot there this evening pass,
 So let us lie here on the grass.'
 With sweet words answered me the maid,
 Words which with joy my heart repaid;
 Those words were like to honey sweet 115
 That did with answer my words greet.
 She said: 'The light of day doth die,
 And the sun's orb away would hie;
 The darkness of the night draws near,
 And the brake turneth chill and drear, 120

So follow me that we may find
 The cave that lieth close behind.
 There shalt thou eat and drink, and lie
 On such poor couch as caves supply.
 Joy will we have and pastime good 125
 With singing songs and taking food.
 Thy flock may bide upon the mead,
 And there left to itself may feed;
 Yea, that same flock alone may stay,
 And in its shepherd joy it may; 130
 Thy sheep and all the rest of thine
 Can well be left to stay with mine.'
 So zealously set forth we twain
 That cavern's shelter for to gain,
 And each the other's hand did take 135
 All joyously our way to make.
 And on the road a garden lay
 Whereout I cut a sprig of bay.
 Therefrom a ring I quickly made,
 Which each on other's finger laid, 140
 And thus with song we onwards went,
 Where trees were full of blossom-scent.
 The blossom fell in sheer delight—
 To deck my lady's beauty bright.
 With countless stars the heavens shined, 145
 And sweet refreshment breathed the wind.
 So quickly to the cave we came
 With laughter, joy, and sportive game.
 On one side of that cave there lay
 A fire she had prepared by day. 150
 A blaze therefrom the maid did make
 With brushwood gathered from the brake.
 And deep within a fair bowl's base
 Was set a lamp—a thing of grace.
 Nay, all that fair white dove possessed 155
 Filled me to full with joy and zest.
 I turned and viewed with deep delight
 All the great beauty of that sight;
 And at the cavern's mouth we laid
 An arbour out of flowers made— 160
 Of myrtles and of rosemary,

THE FAIR SHEPHERDESS

Of violet and fair lily.
 So cunningly the maid it dressed,
 The parchèd cave was all refreshed;
 With such rare art each flower was set, 165
 My eye was fixed, as each it met.
 My mind was filled with much amaze,
 As on that neatness I did gaze—
 On vessels ranged in order due, 170
 On vases hung so fair to view,
 On brazen bowl set by her side
 For milking ewes at eventide.
 And beyond all I marked a couch,
 A thing of joy I will avouch,
 A simple bed, but so well strewn, 175
 It was for sportive hearts a boon.
 I, if she brothers has or sire,
 And who the cave's lord is, inquire,
 For whetted knife I saw there hung,
 That was from new-wrought baldrick slung. 180
 She answered: 'I have agèd sire,
 Who yesterday, as needs require,
 Went to the rock, there stones to hew,
 That he our sheepfold might renew.
 Till next week he doth bide away, 185
 So now alone I here must stay.
 Thus, as thou seest, this cave's my home;
 Thou needst not fear that others come.
 Mother and brothers—none are left;
 They have long since by death been reft. 190
 My sire and I remain alone,
 And as our home this cave do own.'
 She took pale-yellow cheese and bread
 And cold roast lamb, on stone outspread
 That served as table—these she bears, 195
 And supper zealously prepares.
 A little sour wine she bore
 In dainty flask from out her store.
 With water mixed she drank the brew,
 And then myself bade drink it too. 200
 'I drink not, lady, nor will eat',
 Said I, 'from off thy dish of meat,

THE FAIR SHEPHERDESS

Unless with kiss thy beauty deign
 The invitation to sustain.'
 When this she heard, she seemed to fail, 205
 And like the sage plant to grow pale.
 Then blushes on her cheek did bloom,
 Like brazier-fire amid the gloom.
 Her eyes she dropped, and said to me:
 'My honour brooks not that this be— 210
 That I should without shame thus smile;
 Rather I should condemn thy guile.
 Yet thou hast power—so drink it up,
 Will I or not; then pass the cup.
 Yea, drink as much as thou art fain; 215
 No love but mine thou must obtain.'
 So we that water-tempered draught,
 Poor as it was, together quaffed.
 We kissed, and clasped each other's hand,
 And fanned by the night-breeze did stand. 220
 Next to the maid this word I spake:
 'The mountain paths me weary make.
 I beg this kindness me to show—
 That to our couch we straightway go.'
 So we two went to bed with zest, 225
 And clasped in close embrace took rest.

 By cheerfulness and laughter led,
 The East began to blush rose-red,
 And in short space we spied the sun,
 Whose beams into the cave did run. 230
 That sun we greet with cheerful mind,
 And issue forth our flocks to find.
 When evening came we still were there,
 And to those pleasures did repair,
 Which no man can by letters spell, 235
 Or to his neighbour rightly tell.
 But then there came that moment drear,
 When her old father should appear.
 At eventide my mistress cried:
 'My company must be denied; 240
 Next morn my sire's return will show,
 And I may not from this cave go.

So up, and to thy fold depart,
 But see of love thou mindful art.
 In space of month return to me, 245
 And let me not from memory flee,
 For then my sire must go again,
 A further labour to sustain.
 That night I lay in bitter grief,
 From torment I had ne'er relief. 250
 I prayed to God to grant to me
 That late the hour of dawn might be.
 But to my kind dove I exclaimed:
 'The light of day must needs be blamed,
 For he has hurried on to-night 255
 To part us each from other's sight.'
 But to the sun in wrath I cried,
 That sun on whom I erst relied:
 'O Sun, that wont hast to bring joy,
 Why bringest now to me annoy?' 260
 So I arose, when this I'd said,
 And left her sleeping on the bed.
 To print a kiss I drew anigh,
 And took my leave of her with sigh:
 'May health and joy be e'er thy lot, 265
 My dove, and be not this forgot,
 That, if I live, ere a month flee
 I come thy angel-face to see.'
 She turned and looked into my eyes,
 And cursed her fate with bitter cries. 270
 The tears which from her eyes did fall
 Bedewed her coral lips withal.
 'Out upon thee, my bitter fate,
 Which gavst this lady for my mate,
 But then didst quench my taper's spark, 275
 And left me groping in the dark!'
 She rose, and utt'rance fain would make,
 But trembling straight her lips did take,
 And from the tears that she let flow,
 You saw how bitter was her woe. 280
 She said: 'May proud joy be thy part,
 O Shepherd, wheresoe'er thou art,
 And though thy mind far absent be,

Yet will I live and die with thee.
 Be sure thy love will hold that prize, 285
 Which was the bright light of her eyes.
 Only that love in mind retain,
 And see thou quickly come again.'
 'Whene'er thou seest the crow grow white,
 Or Morning-star at evening bright, 290
 Or body without breath alive,
 Then I will thee from memory drive.
 Sooner will fish upon land go,
 Or Érotas cast off his bow,
 Or night be reft of stars and dews, 295
 Than I such shepherdess refuse.
 But since for hapless me 'tis writ
 That I must from thy presence flit,
 I charge thee that thou mindful be,
 That thy soul never from mine flee.' 300
 So bathed in tears I turned from there,
 And did to seek my sheep repair,
 And slowly, slowly left the place
 With torture written on my face.
 But the month passed, and came the hour 305
 For me to seek that fair one's bower.
 Yet my fate willed for wretched me
 That my good luck a change should see.
 For I fell sick upon my bed,
 And strength and grace from me were fled. 310
 The month passed by as there I lay,
 The next month too was sped away,
 Ere I had strength to walk about
 And once again my love seek out.
 But when that two months' space was passed, 315
 My frame some strength regained at last.
 With eagerness I did essay,
 Leaning on staff, to wend my way.
 Great fear had I within my heart,
 And could not make that fear depart. 320
 Methought I fell and broke my blade;
 A demon-shape made me afraid.
 It cried three times and startled me,
 And caused sweet sleep away to flee.

Then ravening hounds came on apace, 325
 And my ewe-lamb to eat did race.
 I heard in brake the clear spring say,
 As it went weeping on its way:
 'Thy dallying and thy sickness dire
 Will on thy heart cast coals of fire.' 330
 So I did wait in deadly fear,
 And filled was with forebodings drear.
 I could not bring my heart to mirth
 Nor raise mine eyes from off the earth.
 I came, and once more saw the cave— 335
 But it was like to some foul grave.
 Ah me! a different welcome this!
 How I that former greeting miss!
 Upon a rock on hill-top high
 The form of agèd man I spy. 340
 A weakly frame, he watch did keep,
 Clothed all in black, o'er a few sheep.
 Whistling, I greeted him, and bade
 Him news give of the shepherd-maid.
 But what I asked, I asked in fear, 345
 And what I would not then did hear.
 For as I listened he did sigh,
 And bitterly 'gainst fate did cry.
 'Thy heart's desire is dead,' he cried,
 'Ne'er wilt thou have her by thy side. 350
 Thou askest of my child, and she
 Was all my hope for wretched me.
 But the Death-god did her surprise,
 And thus he darkened o'er my eyes.
 She ever was in heart so gay, 355
 She charmed my age's gloom away.
 Of late at eve she pined in woe,
 And did unripe to Hades go.
 For day and night I saw her weep,
 And upon fate her curses heap. 360
 She wasted like a taper lit,
 Till she beneath the earth did flit.
 Her eyes ne'er closed in sleep at night,
 By day she took nor sup nor bite.
 Her flock, her pride, she drove away, 365

Which ever by her side did stay.
 Ofttimes from slumber she would start,
 And muttered to herself apart,
 As now this side, now that she tossed,
 Of some fair shepherd she had lost. 370
 Then I would rouse her and inquire
 What dreams she had which seemed so dire,
 And bade her tell me and explain;
 But she began to weep again.
 "My sire," said she, "thou dost me wrong 375
 To break these dreams that on me throng,
 For there to my great joy I see
 That shepherd-lad so dear to me."
 Yester, my son, was the ninth day
 Since she her last farewell did say. 380
 She charged me go into the brake;
 A shepherd there his way would take,
 A fair brown lad, with smile on face,
 Slim, dark of eye and full of grace.
 And he would ask and seek to know 385
 Of her whom death has thus laid low.
 "And thou must say that she is dead,
 But never from her mind he 's sped.
 Tell him full bitterly to cry,
 And for her sake his garments dye. 390
 Tell him the cause which did her slay—
 That when she saw days pass away,
 She thought he had put her from mind;
 So did she bitter ending find."
 But from thy features thou art he, 395
 And from the heart I pity thee.
 For I would thee have ta'en as son,
 And wedding-talk would have begun.
 But now I weep and mourn thy fate.
 When I did hear him this relate 400
 My ears grew dull and thick my sight;
 On feet I could not stand upright.
 I cried out 'gainst my fortune's spite,
 And uttered curses on my plight.
 I railed at Love as lying knave, 405
 And ne'er a thought to life I gave.

THE FAIR SHEPHERDESS

'I beg, my father and my lord,
 Grudge not a step upon this sward,
 That we may seek my lady's grave,
 And my desire fulfilment have. 410
 In some dark cavern will I dwell;
 Of consolation none shall tell.
 In loneliness my way I'll wend,
 Ever to earth mine eyes I'll bend.
 Without cloak, shoeless will I go 415
 On thorny ground or 'mid the snow,
 While unkempt locks and nakedness
 Proclaim that demons me possess.
 My fault and passions which me move
 Have into Hades hurled my love. 420
 Nay, while she lived, she should have learned
 How I in sickness for her yearned.
 But now I see with fullest right
 In thy tomb's bed thou'rt lost to sight,
 And I, poor soul, can ne'er thee wake, 425
 Nor word can each from other take.
 Mine eyes, since ye have lost your light,
 On maid no longer rest your sight.
 What comfort now will have the power
 Me with relief from pains to dower? 430
 Nay, friends and kinsmen will I hate;
 Death I seek not, for life's my fate,
 That I may pains and torments bear,
 Longing in vain and daily care.
 Yes, I will live and without cure 435
 Each hour a thousand deaths endure.
 Mountains and rocks will on me prey,
 For dwelling, in the woods I'll stay,
 And weep and wail there day and night
 And to the hills my woes recite. 440
 The beasts shall follow in my train,
 That they, as I, may too complain.
 Upon no lute or pipe I'll play,
 Into no mead or garden stray.
 I will no longer milk my sheep, 445
 But will a life of misery keep.
 Only that little lamb snow-white,

THE FAIR SHEPHERDESS

My lady's pet and chief delight,
 This will I ever bear with me,
 That it may share my company, 450
 That we may both our mistress wail
 As o'er the hills our way we trail.
 I'll lull it, folded in my lap,
 As I pour curses on my hap.
 When thunders roar and falls the snow, 455
 And shepherds fear to hills to go,
 Then I will to the mountains hie,
 And o'er my beauteous lady cry.
 When the sun scorches rocks and brake,
 And all 'neath trees their shelter take, 460
 And shepherd-wights to shade do turn,
 Then will I let the sun me burn.
 Now let no swain from cavern run,
 Let clouds o'erveil the face of sun,
 Let grass be withered on the mead, 465
 Let none his flock from sheepfold lead.
 May never bird fly into brake,
 Or at the dawn his song awake,
 Let nightingale to sing disdain,
 And eagle blind from prey refrain. 470
 May the moon never shine by night,
 Or fish in sea take his delight.
 Let springs parched up their waters hide,
 And tender reeds with heat be dried.
 So here unto its end doth pass 475
 The story of this shepherd-lass.
 Though many others may be found,
 Know ye that all will be unsound.
 This one I tell is far the best,
 And overpasses all the rest. 480
 E'en I, Drymitinós of Crete,
 Sprung from Apokoróna's seat,
 Chose it with care to be mine own,
 And printed it in Venice town,
 That all who will may learn to flee 485
 Love's fleshly lusts and tyranny.
 For they therefrom perchance may gain

THE FAIR SHEPHERDESS

Rose without thorn, and eke obtain
 A warning from the wretched fate
 Of this fair maid, which I relate.
 In sixteen hundred twenty-seven
 This work was to its end arriven.
 Reader, should this my tale offend,
 I ask thee pardon me to lend.

490



UB Wien



+AM50155550X

2013/351

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS, OXFORD
 BY JOHN JOHNSON, PRINTER TO THE UNIVERSITY