ARISTOPHANES

I
PREFACE

By the assistance of Messrs. G. Bell & Sons the Editors are enabled to include in the Library the famous version of Aristophanes made by Dr. Rogers. His complete edition with its full Introductions, Notes, and Appendices, will remain indispensable to large libraries and scholars, but it is hoped that the present edition will make his work more accessible to the general reader.

Introductions and explanatory notes have been added by the Editors. These for the most part contain only information which can readily be found elsewhere, but in cases where it seemed wise to give Dr. Rogers' exact view of a passage, short extracts from his notes are given in his own words.
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**vii**
GENERAL INTRODUCTION

Aristophanes is an elusive poet. The main religious convictions of Aeschylus may be determined with certainty from his extant plays; attentive study of the dramas of Euripides reveals his cardinal opinions on politics, society and religion, and his philosophic attitude; but who can affirm with confidence that he has penetrated the comic mask of Aristophanes and knows his beliefs? The poet’s mocking irony baffles and perplexes his reader at almost every turn.

εὐνήκαθ᾽ ὤ λέγει;—μὰ τὸν Ἀπόλλων Ἰῶ μὲν οὐ.

One element of the poet’s irony is his apparent frankness. He has at times the air of desiring to be taken seriously and seems to be expressing honest convictions. He is very suggestive and provokes reflection, but the attempt to reduce his opinions to system reveals the illusion. We become uneasily conscious that the great satirist is laughing behind his mask.

A proof of this deceptive quality of the poet’s humour is found in the diversity of the opinions that have been held as to his purpose in writing. It was once the fashion among modern interpreters to take him very seriously,—the comic poet disappeared in the reformer. He was eulogized as a moralist and patriot, whose lofty purpose was to instruct his fellow-countrymen; as an earnest thinker, who had
reflected deeply on the problems of society and government and had made Comedy simply the vehicle of his reforming ideas; as a wise and discerning counsellor, who was competent to advise the citizens of Athens at a critical time on political questions and whose judgement of men and measures was sound; as a stern man withal, resolute in the performance of duty, the implacable and victorious foe of all, wherever found, who undermined the glory of Athens. This view, which Grote combated (*History of Greece*, Ixvii), finds vigorous expression in the *Apology* of Robert Browning:

Next, whom thrash?  
Only the coarse fool and the clownish knave?  
No! strike malpractice that affects the State,  
The common weal—intriguer or poltroon,  
Venality, corruption, what care I  
If shrewd or witless merely?—so the thing  
Lay sap to aught that made Athenai bright  
And happy, change her customs, lead astray  
Youth or age, play the demagogue at Pnux,  
The sophist in Palaistra, or—what’s worst,  
As widest mischief,—from the Theatre  
Preach innovation, bring contempt on oaths,  
Adorn licentiousness, despise the Cult. . . .  
But my soul bade “Fight!  
Prove arms efficient on real heads and hearts!” . . .  
I wield the Comic weapon rather—hate!  
Hate! honest, earnest and directest hate—  
Warfare wherein I close with enemy. . . .  
Such was my purpose: it succeeds, I say!  
Have we not beaten Kallicratidas,  
Not humbled Sparté? Peace awaits our word.  
Since my previsions,—warranted too well  
By the long war now waged and worn to end—  
Had spared such heritage of misery,  
My after-counsels scarce need fear repulse.  
Athenai, taught prosperity has wings,  
Cages the glad recapture.
Thus vaunts the poet, as Browning interprets him, just after the great victory won at Arginusae. "Sparta is at our feet, a new day dawns, the War is at an end. For Athens has at length learnt the bitter lesson she might have been spared had she yielded to my pleas for peace." The actual history of the next twelve months is pathetic. The battle at Arginusae, in which Callicratidas fell, restored the maritime supremacy of Athens, but peace was not secured. The Spartans made overtures, but the Athenian people, paying small heed to the "good counsels" that their Poet had given them in the *Acharnians*, the *Peace*, the *Lysistrata*, and in other comedies no longer extant, followed the lead of drunken Cleophon and rejected the Spartan proposals, just as five years before they had committed the grave error of accepting his advice after the Athenian victory at Cyzicus. Sparta bestirred herself, Lysander was sent out, and within a year Athenian arms suffered irretrievable reverse at Aegospotami.

The poet's counsels of peace were rejected. Peace came only with disaster. His "sage" solutions of many other burning questions were equally ineffective. If Aristophanes was working for reform, as a long line of learned interpreters of the poet have maintained, the result was lamentably disappointing: he succeeded in effecting not a single change. He wings the shafts of his incomparable wit at all the popular leaders of the day—Cleon, Hyperbolus, Peisander, Cleophon, Agyrrhius, in succession, and is reluctant to unstring his bow even when they are dead. But he drove no one of them from power; there is little evidence, indeed, that
he damaged their influence or even disturbed their brazen self-confidence. Cleon, when the poet's libellous personal abuse became even in his judgement indecent, promptly brought him to his knees. "When Cleon pressed me hard and tanned my hide, and outsiders laughed to see the sport, I confess"—Aristophanes says in the Wasps—"I played the ape a bit." He adds significantly that he failed to get popular support in this quarrel. The inference is that the people did not think badly of Cleon; but modern opinion of the popular leaders in Athens, formed on the evidence that Aristophanes is supposed to furnish, has been persistently unfavourable, and Cleon's rehabilitation as a sagacious, if turbulent, statesman who consistently maintained the imperial policy of Pericles has been slow.

The poet vehemently protested, it has been said, against the New Education, and viewing the whole intellectual tendency of his time with alarm, pleaded for a restoration of the simple discipline that had moulded the morals and minds and manners of the hardy men who fought at Marathon. Furthermore, he clearly apprehended the evils inherent in the Athenian system of judicature, which committed the administration of justice to a horde of common men, ignorant of the law, swayed by the impulse of the moment, "monsters of caprice and injustice," and ruthlessly exposed the unrighteousness of its proceedings. Finally, reverent of the best traditions of the stage, he stood forth, it is alleged, as their uncompromising defender, and sternly resisted the innovations that were gradually changing the spirit and the form of tragedy during the last third of the century, and for a generation relentlessly pursued
their chief exponent, concealing an attack that was meant to ruin him under the veil of caricature, parody, burlesque, and satire. But Socrates still frequented, winter and summer, the gymnasia, the market and the schools, and the Sophists continued to discourse and draw their pay; Philocleon, after a single experience of the pleasures of polite society, again forgathered with his cronies before the dawn of day and trudged away to Court; and Euripides, calmly disregarding the malicious strictures of his youthful critic, continued to write tragedy in his own manner and to present on the stage plays that were heard by the young men of Athens with wild acclaim.

This extreme conception of the function of Greek comedy as chiefly censorial and monitory has been modified with larger and more exact knowledge of the times in which the poet lived and of the conditions of life under which he wrote, but it has had unfortunate consequences. These plays have been regarded as a trustworthy source of information in establishing the facts of Greek history, biography, and institutions. So serious an interpretation of a form of literature of which the primary intention must always be entertainment and amusement inevitably obscured the poet's elusive humour. A jest became a statement of fact, a caricature a portrait, a satire a document. The poet's conception, clothed in a fantastical disguise that rivalled the grotesque dress of his own actors, has been essentially misapprehended in an entire play.

On the other hand the mistaken disposition, recently manifested, to regard Aristophanes simply as a jester and to deny that he had any other purpose than to provoke laughter is an extreme, though
natural, reaction. This view denies at the same time, as might have been expected, the cathartic efficacy of Greek tragedy. The highest comedy, typed in the earlier plays of Aristophanes, and in some of the comedies of Molière, is regenerative. The purpose of Aristophanes in the *Acharnians*, in which the action turns upon the impossible and fantastic whimsy of an Athenian farmer securing peace with Sparta for himself and his family alone, is to ridicule the war-party. Nobody would have been more amused than the poet if he had been told that his play was to stop the fighting, but he did believe that the War was an evil, and so far his heart was honestly in his theme; and I have no doubt that many a man who had laughed uproariously at the peace-loving farmer set single-handed in the comedy against a quarrelsome chorus, a powerful general, the whole tribe of sycophants, and the demagogue Cleon in the background, went home from the play less content with the course of his political leaders and longing in his heart for the good old days of peace. The instrument by which the poet probed the popular discontent was that most effective of all means when skilfully used—a laugh.

To regard Aristophanes as merely a jester is to mistake the man. Ridicule of contemporary persons, that is generally good-natured, or systems or prevailing ideas is his main purpose, I think, in his plays. His praise is for the dead. This ridicule, which ranges from satire to airy conceit, is made humorous by centering it in a far-fetched fantastic conception that is not the less available if it is impossible. Facts are exaggerated or invented with superb nonchalance and bewildering semblance of
GENERAL INTRODUCTION

ality. In these mad revels of unrestrained fancy it is difficult to lay hands upon Aristophanes the man. Nevertheless we do discover probable indications of his attachments and beliefs. He lived in an age of intellectual unrest when many vital questions pressed for solution. That a man of his intelligence did not give them consideration and reach conclusions is impossible. No doubt he detested a debauchee—let Ariphrades bear witness,—but he must have sympathized with the revolt of the young men of his day against the severe and meagre discipline in which youth were trained during the first half of the century, and must have shared in their eager interest in the new subjects of knowledge. No doubt he deprecated the vicious use of the skill for which Strepsiades clamours in the *Clouds*, but he had too keen a mind to fail to distinguish between the right and the wrong use of this power or to reject all study of the art of persuasion because it might be abused. He was himself a skilful dialectician, as the Debates found in nearly all his comedies prove. He was acquainted with Socrates and must have known that he never misused his wonderful dialectical power, and must have felt an expert's special thrill of pleasure in observing with what skill he employed it. Furthermore, the times in which the poet lived were troublous; the fate of Athens again and again stood on the razor's edge. He was not indifferent to the welfare of his country nor of his fellow-countrymen. There is a serious undertone in the *Acharnians* that gives it an indescribable elevation, and in the *Lysistrata*, a Rabelaisian play written after the disaster to Athenian arms in Sicily, in which, Thucydides records, fleet and army utterly perished, and of the
many who went forth few returned home, there are verses of intensest pathos that betray the poet's poignant sympathy:

οὐκ ἐστὶν ἀνὴρ ἐν τῇ χώρᾳ; μά Δὲ οὐ δίητ', εἰπ' ἔτερος τίς.

Aristophanes, then, was a man of quick sympathies and settled convictions, although positive expression of belief and feeling is naturally rare in his plays, since he was a writer of comedy. Despite this reticence, it is both interesting and important to determine, so far as this may be done, his opinions on the questions that in his day were pressing for answer, and among these especially his political position. Was he an aristocrat? Was he, in particular, as M. Couat believed, a pamphleteer in the pay of the aristocrats? Or was he a democrat? And if a democrat, how is the satirical—but extremely comical—characterization of Athenian Demus in the Knights, which his countrymen viewed with good-natured amusement, to be interpreted? To these weighty and significant questions the reader may find an answer by studying the plays for himself.

JOHN WILLIAMS WHITE.

[This Introduction is reprinted from Dr. Loeb's translation of Aristophanes and the Political Parties at Athens by Maurice Croiset. It was originally arranged that the translation of Aristophanes for the Loeb Classical Library should be made by Professor John Williams White of Harvard University, but as he died before his work was completed it was thought that the printing of the above as an Introduction to the volumes which were to have been his work would be a fitting tribute to the memory of one who, while he was alive, took the deepest interest in the welfare of the Library.]
THE ACHARNIANS
INTRODUCTION

The *Acharnians* was produced at the Lenaean Dionysia in February 425 B.C., and like the *Banqueters* in 427 and the *Babylonians* in 426, it was in the name of Callistratus that it was brought out. The prize was awarded to Aristophanes; Cratinus with his *Storm-Tossed* (Χειμαζόμενοι) was second, and Eupolis with his *New Moons* (Νουμηνίαι) last. It is the oldest Greek comedy which has survived.

The general idea of the play is so simple that it needs no special Introduction. "An honest citizen, finding it impossible to get the State to conclude a peace with Sparta, makes a private peace on his own account; and thenceforward is represented as living in all the joys and comforts of Peace, whilst the rest of the City continues to suffer the straits and the miseries of War. But this simple plot is worked out and illustrated with an abundance of laughable and picturesque incidents." Indeed Mr. Rogers considers that "if only one of his Comedies had survived to our day, I think that this is the one which would have given us the most comprehensive idea of the range of Aristophanic satire," and he adds: "If it has not the concentrated power of his later plays, yet no other Comedy exhibits the same variety of incident. With the

*Rogers, Introduction, p. xxvi.*
prodigality of youth, the poet runs through the whole gamut of his likes and dislikes; his longing for Panhellenic unity, as in the great days of Marathon and Salamis; his efforts for right and justice, τὸ ἐν καὶ τὸ δίκαιον, in Athenian public life; and again the special objects of his aversion, as contravening these aims—the demagogues, the Informers, the war-party, the sophists, the lowering of the old heroic tragedy by Euripides—are all brought before us in turn; the germs of almost all his later efforts are discoverable in this early production."

The Chorus consists of old men from Acharnae, a town which had especially suffered from the invasion of Archidamus, and which was celebrated for the "manly and soldier-like qualities" of its inhabitants who "at the commencement of the Peloponnesian War furnished a contingent of no less than 3000 hoplites" (cf. l. 180 and note).

* Introduction, p. xxvi.
ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΡΑΜΑΤΟΣ ΠΡΟΣΩΠΑ

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ
ΚΗΡΤΞ
ΑΜΦΙΘΕΟΣ
ΠΡΕΣΒΕΙΣ
ΨΕΥΔΑΡΤΑΒΑΣ
ΘΕΩΡΟΣ
ΧΟΡΟΣ ΔΑΧΡΝΕΩΝ
ΓΤΝΗ Δικαίοπόλιδος
ΘΤΓΑΤΗΡ Δικαίοπόλιδος
ΚΗΦΙΣΟΦΩΝ θεράπων Εὐριπίδου
ΕΤΡΙΠΙΔΗΣ
ΛΑΜΑΧΟΣ
ΜΕΓΑΡΕΤΣ
ΚΟΡΑ Α καὶ Β θυγατέρε τοῦ Μεγαρέως
ΣΤΚΟΦΑΝΤΗΣ
ΒΟΙΩΤΟΣ
ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΣ
ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ Λαμάχου
ΓΕΩΡΓΟΣ
ΠΑΡΑΝΤΜΦΟΣ
ΑΓΓΕΛΟΙ
AXARNEIS

ΔΙΚΛΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ. Ὅσα δὴ δέδηγμαι τὴν ἐμαυτοῦ καρδίαν, ἦσθην δὲ βαιά· πάνυ δὲ βαιά· τέτταρα· ἀ δ᾽ ὦδυνήθην, ψαμμοκοσιογάργιαρα. 
φέρ᾽ ἵδω, τί δ᾽ ἦσθην αξίων χαιρηδόνος; ἐγάδ᾽ ἐφ᾽ ὧ γε τὸ κέαρ εὐφράνθην ἰδών, 
τοῖς πέντε ταλάντοις ὦς Κλέων ἔξημεσεν. 
ταῦθ᾽ ὡς ἐγανώθην, καὶ φιλω τους ἵππειας 
διὰ τοῦτο τοῦργον. ἀξίων γὰρ Ἑλλάδι. 
ἀλλ᾽ ὦδυνήθην ἔτερον αὖ τραγῳδικόν, 
οτε δὴ ἱσχήνη προσδοκῶν τὸν Αἰσχύλον, 
ὁ δ᾽ ἀνεῖπεν "εἴσαγ", ὡ Θέογνι, τὸν χορὸν." 
πῶς τοῦτ ἔσεισέ μου, δοκεῖς, τὴν καρδίαν; 
ἀλλ᾽ ἔτερον ἦσθην, ἦνικ᾽ ἐπὶ Μόσχῳ ποτὲ 
Δεξίθεος εἰσήλθ᾽ ἄσομενος Βουότιον. 
τῆτες δ᾽ ἀπέθανον καὶ διεστράφην ἵδων, 
οτε δὴ παρέκυψε Χαῖρις ἐπὶ τὸν ὁρθιον. 
ἀλλ᾽ οὐδεπώποτ᾽ ἐξ ὦτον ἀν ρύπτομαι 
οὐτως ἔδήχθην ὑπὸ κοινὰς τὰς ὀφρύς

ᵃ In the background are three houses: the central one that of Dicaeopolis, the other two those of Euripides and Lamachus. In the foreground is a rough representation of the Pnyx where D. is awaiting the opening of the Assembly.

ᵇ Received as a bribe from certain of the allies to get their tribute-assessment lowered. The Knights compelled him to disgorge.
What heaps of things have bitten me to the heart!
A small few pleased me, very few, just four;
But those that vexed were sand-dune-hundredfold.
Let's see: what pleased me, worth my gladfulness?
I know a thing it cheered my heart to see;
'Twas those five talents vomited up by Cleon.
At that I brightened; and I love the Knights
For that performance; 'twas of price to Hellas.
Then I'd a tragic sorrow, when I looked
With open mouth for Aeschylus, and lo,
The Crier called, Bring on your play, Theognis.
Judge what an icy shock that gave my heart!
Next; pleased I was when Moschus left, and in
Dexitheus came with his Boeotian song.
But oh this year I nearly cracked my neck,
When in slipped Chaeris for the Orthian Nome.
But never yet since first I washed my face
Was I so bitten—in my brows with soap.

A very dull, frigid poet, cf. T. 170 and note.
One of the famous lyrical nomes of Terpander; the Orthian was another; a spirit-stirring strain as of soldiers marching to victory. Chaeris was a Theban piper, who used to slink in to feasts uninvited.
Unexpectedly for ἐπὶ ὀδύνης τὴν καρδίαν or the like.
ARISTOPHANES

ός νῦν, ὅποτ' οὖσας κυρίας ἐκκλησίας ἐωθινῆς ἔρημος ἡ πυξὶς αὐτῆι.
oi δ' ἐν ἀγορᾷ λαλοῦσι, κἀνω καὶ κἀτω
tὸ σχοινίον φεύγουσι τὸ μεμιλτωμένον
οὐδ' οἱ πρυτάνεις ἥκουσιν, ἀλλ' ἀουρίαν
ἡκοντες, εἶτα δ' ὁστιοῦνται πῶς δοκεῖς
ἔλθόντες ἀλλήλους περὶ πρῶτου ξύλου,
ἀθρόοι καταρρέοντες· εἰρήνη δ' ὅπως
ἔσται προτιμώσ' οὐδέν. ὁ πόλις, πόλις.
ἐγὼ δ' ἂεὶ πρωτόστοσ εἰς ἐκκλησίαν
νοστῶν κάθημαι· κἀτ' ἐπειδὰν ὃ μόνος,
στένω, κέχηνα, σκορδώνδαι, πέρδομαι,
ἀπορῶ, γράφω, παρατίλλομαι, λογίζομαι,
ἀποβλέπων ἐς τὸν ἀγρόν, εἰρήνης ἐρῶν,
στυγῶν μὲν ἀστυ, τὸν δ' ἐμον δήμον ποθῶν,
δὲ οὐδεπώποτ' εἶπεν, ἄνθρακας πρίων,
οὐκ ὄξος, οὐκ ἐλαίον, οὐδ' ἤδει πρίων,
ἀλλ' αὐτὸς ἐφέρε πάντα χὼ πρίων ἀπὴν.
νῦν οὖν ἄτεχνῶς ἥκω παρεσκευασμένος
βοῶν, ὑποκρούειν, λοιδορεῖν τοὺς ῥήτορας,
ἐάν τις ἄλλο πλὴν περὶ εἰρήνης λέγῃ.
ἀλλ' οἱ πρυτάνεις γὰρ οὕτωι μεσημβρινοὶ.
οὐκ ἡγόρευον; τοῦτ' ἐκεῖν' οὐγὼ ἱερον'
eἰς τὴν προεδρίαν πᾶς ἀνὴρ ωστίζεται.

ΚΗΡΤ. πάριτ' εἰς τὸ πρόσθεν,
πάριθ', ὡς ἀν ἐντὸς ἦτε τοῦ καθάρματος.
ΑΜΦΙΘΕΟΣ. ἢδη τις εἴπε;
ΚΗΡ. τίς ἀγορεύειν βούλεται;
ΑΜ. ἐγὼ.

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† A rope dripping with ruddle, used to sweep in loiterers from the Agora.
As now, when here's the fixed Assembly Day,
And morning come, and no one in the Pnyx.
They're in the Agora chattering, up and down
Scurrying to dodge the vermeil-tinctured cord.\(^a\)
Why even the Prytanes are not here! They'll come
Long after time, elbowing each other, jostling
For the front bench, streaming down all together
You can't think how. But as for making Peace
They do not care one jot. O City! City!
But I am always first of all to come,
And here I take my seat; then, all alone,
I pass the time complaining, yawning, stretching,
I fidget, write, twitch hairs out, do my sums,
Gaze fondly country-wards, longing for Peace,
Loathing the town, sick for my village-home,
Which never cried, *Come, buy my charcoal, or*
*My vinegar, my oil, my anything;*
But freely gave us all; no *buy-word* there.
So here I'm waiting, thoroughly prepared
To riot, wrangle, interrupt the speakers
Whene'er they speak of anything but Peace.
—But here they come, our noon-day Prytanes!
Aye, there they go! I told you how 'twould be;
Every one jostling for the foremost place.

**crier.** Move forward all,
Move up, within the consecrated line.

**AMPHITHEUS.**\(^b\) Speaking begun?

**CR.** Who will address the meeting?

**AM.** I.

\(^a\) These are all *city* cries. In l. 36 the pun in *πλοῖον* (lit. "saw" or "sawyer") is obscure: it may mean "that grating rasping word."

\(^b\) *Entering in a violent hurry.*
ΑΡΙΣΤΟΦΑΝΗΣ

ΚΗΡ. τίς ὄν; 'Αμφίθεος.
ΑΜ. οὐκ ἄνθρωπος; οὔ, ἄλλ' ἄθανατος. ὃ γὰρ 'Αμφίθεος Δήμητρος ἦν καὶ Τριπτολέμου· τοῦτο δὲ Κελεὸς γίγνεται· γαμεῖ δὲ Κελεὸς Φαυναρέτην τῆθην ἐμήν, εὖς Ὡς Λυκίνος ἐγένετ'. ἐκ τοῦτο δ' ἔγω 50 ἄθανατός εἰμὶ· ἐμοὶ δ' ἐπέτρεψαν οἱ θεοὶ σπονδᾶς ποιεῖσθαι πρὸς Λακεδαιμόνιοις μόνῳ. ἄλλ' ἄθανατος ὄν, ὄνδρες, ἐφόδι' οὐκ ἔχω· οὐ γὰρ διδόσιν οἱ πρυτάνεις.

ΚΗΡ. οἴ τοξόται.
ΑΜ. ὁ Τριπτόλεμος καὶ Κελεὲ, περιόψεσθέ με; 55
ΔΙ. ὄνδρες πρυτάνεις, ἄδικείτε τὴν ἐκκλησίαν τοῦ ἄνδρ' ἀπάγοντες, ὡστὶς ἡμῖν ἠθέλε σπονδᾶς ποιήσαι καὶ κρεμάσαι τὰς ἀσπίδας.

ΚΗΡ. κάθησο σίγα.
ΔΙ. μὰ τὸν Ἀπόλλων ὑμῖν οὕ, ἦν μὴ περὶ εἰρήνης γε πρυτανεύσητε μοι. 60

ΚΗΡ. οἱ πρέσβεις οἱ παρὰ βασιλέως.
ΔΙ. ποίου βασιλέως; ἄλθομαι 'γὼ πρέσβει καὶ τοῖς ταῦτοι τοῖς τ' ἀλαζονεύμασιν.

ΚΗΡ. σίγα.
ΔΙ. βασαλάξ, ὥκρατανα, τοῦ σχήματος.
ΠΡΕΣΒΤΣ. ἑπέμψατ' ἡμᾶς ὡς βασιλέα τὸν μέγαν, 65 μυσθὸν φέροντας δύο δραχμὰς τῆς ἡμέρας ἐπ' Εὐθυμένους ἀρχοντός.

a Scythian archers were the regular police at Athens.
A. is ejected as not being an Athenian citizen when he begins to talk of "peace" and complain of the magistrates.
CR. Who are you? Amphitheus. Not a man?
AM. No, an immortal. For the first Amphitheus Was of Demeter and Triptolemus The son: his son was Celeus; Celeus married Phaenarete, who bare my sire Lycinus. Hence I'm immortal; and the gods committed To me alone the making peace with Sparta. But, though immortal, I've no journey-money; The Prytanes won't provide it.

CR. Archers, there!
AM. O help me, Celeus! help, Triptolemus!
DI. Ye wrong the Assembly, Prytanes, ye do wrong it,
Haling away a man who only wants
To give us Peace, and hanging up of shields.
CR. St! Take your seat.
DI. By Apollo, no, not I,
Unless ye prytanize about the Peace.
CR. O yes! The Ambassadors from the Great King! b
DI. What King! I'm sick to death of embassies,
And all their peacocks and their impositions.
CR. Keep silence!
DI. Hey!!! Ecbatana, here's a show.
AMBASSADOR. Ye sent us, envoys to the Great King's Court,
Receiving each two drachmas daily, when Euthymenes was Archon.

b Enter, clad in gorgeous oriental apparel, the envoys sent to the Persian court eleven years previously in the archonship of Euthymenes 437-6 B.C.
οίμοι τῶν δραχμῶν.

καὶ δὴ τ’ ἐτρυχόμεθα διὰ τῶν Καυστρίων
πεδίων οδουπλανοῦντες ἐσκηνημένοι,
ἐφ’ ἀρμαμαξῶν μαλθακῶς κατακείμενοι,
ἀπολλύμενοι.

σφόδρα γὰρ ἐσωζόμην ἐγὼ
παρὰ τὴν ἐπαλξὲν ἐν φορυτῷ κατακείμενος;

ἐξενιζόμενοι δὲ πρὸς βίαν ἐπίνομεν
ἐξ ὑαλίνων ἐκπωμάτων καὶ χρυσίδων
ἀκρατον οἰνον ἰδών.

ὁ Κρανᾶδ’ πόλις,
ἄρ’ αἰσθάνει τὸν κατάγελων τῶν πρέσβεων;

οἱ βάρβαροι γὰρ ἀνδρὰς ἤγονται μόνοις
τοὺς πλείστα δυναμένους καταφαγεῖν καὶ πιεῖν.

ἡμεῖς δὲ λαϊκαστάς τε καὶ καταπύγνασας.

ἐτει τετάρτῳ δ’ ἐσ τὰ βασίλει’ ἦλθομεν’
ἀλλ’ εἰς ἀπόπατον ὥχετο, στρατιὰν λαβών,
καχεζεν ὀκτὼ μήνας ἐπὶ χρυσῶν ὄρων.

πόσου δὲ τὸν πρωκτὸν χρόνον ἐννήγαγεν;

ὑπερήνων κατ’ ἀπηλθεν οὐκάδε.

ἐντ’ ἐξένιζε παρετίθει δ’ ἡμῖν ὀλους
ἐκ κριβάνου βοῦς.

καὶ τίς εἴδε πώποτε
βοῦς κριβανίτας; τῶν ἀλαζονευμάτων.

καὶ ναὶ μὰ Δὴ ὁρμὶν τριπλάσιον Κλεωνύμου
παρέθηκεν ἡμῖν· ὄνομα δ’ ἦν αὐτῶ φέναξ.

ταῦτ’ ἄρ’ ἐφενάκιζες σύ, δύο δραχμὰς φέρων.

---

a He calls the Acropolis by this special title (κρανάδ’ = "rugged") because it suggests a contrast with the luxury of these envoys.

b For these mythical hills cf. Plaut. Stich. i. 1. 26 “Persarum Montes, qui esse Aurei perhibentur.” els ἀπὸ π., “to the
THE ACHARNIANS, 67-90

DI. O me, the drachmas!

AMB. And weary work we found it, sauntering on,
Supinely stretched in our luxurious litters
With awnings o'er us, through Caystrian plains.
'Twas a bad time.

DI. Aye, the good time was mine,
Stretched in the litter on the ramparts here!

AMB. And oft they fêted us, and we perforce
Out of their gold and crystal cups must drink
The pure sweet wine.

DI. O Cranaan\(^a\) city, mark you
The insolent airs of these ambassadors?

AMB. For only those are there accounted men
Who drink the hardest, and who eat the most.

DI. As here the most debauched and dissolute.

AMB. In the fourth year we reached the Great
King's Court.
But he, with all his troops, had gone to sit
An eight-months' session on the Golden
Hills\(^b\)!

DI. Pray, at what time did he conclude his session?

AMB. At the full moon; and so came home again.
Then he too fêted us, and set before us
Whole pot-baked oxen—

DI. And who ever heard
Of pot-baked oxen? Out upon your lies!

AMB. And an enormous bird, three times the size
Of our Cleonymus\(^c\) : its name was—Gull.

DI. That's why you gulled us out of all those
Drachmas!

---

\(^a\) See Index: he was very fat and a rascal; in φεναξ there is a play on φοινιξ.
ARISTOPHANES

AM. καὶ νῦν ἄγοντες ἥκομεν Ψευδαρτάβαν, τὸν βασιλέως ὀφθαλμόν.

ΔΗ. ἐκκόψειε γε κόραξ πατάξας τὸν γε σὸν τὸν πρέσβεως.

ΚΗΡ. ὁ βασιλέως ὀφθαλμός.

ΔΗ. ἰναξ Ἡράκλεις. πρὸς τῶν θεῶν, ἀνθρωπε, ναῦφρακτον βλέπεις; 95 ἢ περὶ ἄκραν κάμπτων νεώσοικον σκοπεῖς; ἀσκωμ ἔχεις ποὺ περὶ τὸν ὀφθαλμὸν κάτω;

ΠΡ. ἀγε δὴ σὺ, βασιλεὺς ἁττα σ’ ἀπέπεμψεν φράσον λέξοντ ᾧ Αθηναίοισι, ὁ Ψευδαρτάβα.

ΨΕΥΔΑΡΤΑΒΑΣ. ἱαρταμὰν ἐξαρξ’ ἀναπισσοναι σάτρα. 100

ΠΡ. ξυσήκαθ’ ὁ λέγει;

ΔΗ. μὰ τὸν Ἀτόλλῳ γὼ μὲν οὐ.

ΠΡ. πέμψεων βασιλέα φησίν ὑμῖν χρυσίον. λέγε δὴ σὺ μεῖζον καὶ σαφῶς τὸ χρυσίον.

ΨΕΥΤ. οὐ λῆψι χρύσῳ, χαυνόπρωκτ’ Ἰαοναθ.

ΔΗ. οἴμοι κακοδαίμων, ὡς σαφῶς.

ΠΡ. . . . . . τί δαί λέγει; 105

ΔΗ. ὅ τι; χαυνοπρώκτους τοὺς Ἰαονας λέγει, εἰ προσδοκῶσι χρυσίον ἐκ τῶν βαρβάρων.

ΠΡ. οὐκ, ἀλλ’ ἀχάνας ὁδὲ γε χρυσίον λέγει.

ΔΗ. ποιὰς ἀχάνας; σὺ μὲν ἀλαζών εἰ μέγας. ἀλλ’ ἀπιθ’. ἐγὼ δὲ βασανιῶ τουτον μόνος. 110 ἀγε δὴ σὺ φράσον ἐμοὶ σαφῶς, πρὸς τοντοῖν,

---

a "A fellow who will give you false measure," ἀρτάβη being a Persian measure.

b The Scholiast says: ἐξεισὶ τερατώδης τις γελοῖος ἐσκενασμένος, καὶ ὀφθαλμὸν ἔχων ἕνα ἐπὶ παντὸς τοῦ προσώπου.

c Because an eye was commonly painted on each side of a ship’s bow.

d This jumble is generally supposed to mean I have just begun to repair what is rotten.
AMB. And now we bring you Pseudo-Artabas a The Great King’s Eye. b

DI. O how I wish some raven Would come and strike out yours, the Ambassador’s.

CRIER. O yes! the Great King’s Eye!

DI. O Heracles! By Heaven, my man, you wear a war-ship look c! What! Do you round the point, and spy the docks? Is that an oar-pad underneath your eye?

AMB. Now tell the Athenians, Pseudo-Artabas, What the Great King commissioned you to say.

PSEUDO-ARTABAS. Ijisti boutti furbiss upde rotti. d

AMB. Do you understand?

DI. By Apollo, no not I.

AMB. He says the King is going to send you gold. (To Pseudo.) Be more distinct and clear about the gold.

PSEUD. No getti goldi, nincompoop Iawny.

DI. Wow, but that’s clear enough!

AMB. What does he say?

DI. He says the Ionians must be nincompoops If they’re expecting any gold from Persia.

AMB. No, no: he spoke of golden income-coupons. e

DI. What income-coupons? You’re a great big liar!

You, get away; I’ll test the man myself. (To Pseudo.) Now look at this (showing his fist): and answer Yes, or No!

e ἀχάνη is apparently a large provision-basket.
ινα μη σε βαίνω βάμμα Σαρδιανικόν·
βασιλεὺς δ’ μέγας ἡμῖν ἀποστέμψει χρυσίον;
(ἀνανεῦει.)
ἀλλως ἂρ’ ἐξαπατώμεθ’ ὑπὸ τῶν πρέσβεων;
(ἐπινεῦει.)
‘Ἐλληνικόν γ’ ἐπένευσαν ἀνδρεὶς οὕτωι,
κοῦκ ἐσθ’ ὅπως οὐκ εἰσὶν ἐνθένδ’ αὐτόθεν.
καὶ τοῖς μὲν εὐνοῦχοι τὸν ἐτερον τουτοῦν ἐγὼδ’ ὃς ἐστιν, Κλεισθένης ό Σιβυρτίου.
ὁ θερμόβουλον πρωκτὸν ἐξυρμηνεύει,
τοιὸνδε γ’, ὁ πίθηκε, τὸν πώγων’ ἔχων
εὐνοῦχος ἡμῖν ἡλθεῖ ἐσκευασμένος;
όδι δὲ τὸς ποτ’ ἐστίν; οὐ δὴπο Στράτων.
ΚΗΡ. σίγα, κάθιζε.
τὸν βασιλεὺς οὐθαλμὸν ή βουλὴ καλεῖ
eἰς τὸ πρυτανεῖον.

ΔΙ. ταῦτα δῆτ’ οὐκ ἄγχονη; 125
καπεῖτ’ ἐγὼ δῆτ’ ἐνθάδε στρατεύομαι,
τοὺς δὲ ἐσπίνειν οὐδέποτ’ ἵσχει γ’ ἡ θύρα.
ἀλλ’ ἐργάσομαι τι δεινὸν ἔργον καὶ μέγα.
ἀλλ’ Ἀμφίθεος μοι ποῦ ἰστιν;

ΑΜ. οὕτωσι πάρα.

ΔΙ. ἐμοὶ σὺ ταυτασί λαβῶν ὀκτὼ δραχμᾶς
σπονδὰς ποίησαι πρὸς Δακεδαιμονίους μόνῳ
καὶ τοῖς παιδίοις καὶ τῇ πλάτιδι·
ὑμεῖς δὲ πρεσβεύσθε καὶ κεχήνετε.

a i.e. red, the colour of blood; cf. P. 1174.
b The two eunuchs in attendance on Pseudo-Artabas.
c See Index. D. hurls against the effeminate youth two lines parodied, the first from Euripides, πρωκτὸν being substituted for πράγος or the like, the second from Archilochus, who for τὸν πώγων’ has τὴν πυγὴν.
d Another beardless effeminate.
Or else I'll dye you with a Sardian dye.\textsuperscript{a}
Does the Great King intend to send us gold?
(Pseudo-Artabas nods dissent.)
Then are our envoys here bamboozling us?
(Ihe nods assent.)
These fellows \textsuperscript{b} nod in pure Hellenic style;
I do believe they come from hereabouts.
Aye, to be sure; why, one of these two eunuchs
Is Cleisthenes,\textsuperscript{c} Sibyrtius's son!
O thou young shaver of the hot-souled rump,
With such a beard, thou monkey, dost thou come
Tricked out amongst us in a eunuch's guise?
And who's this other chap? Not Straton,\textsuperscript{d}
surely?

\textbf{CRIER.}  St! Take your seat! O yes!
The Council ask the Great King's Eye to
dinner At the Town Hall.\textsuperscript{e}

\textbf{DI.}  Now is not that a throttler?
Here must I drudge at soldiering; while
these rogues,
The Town-Hall door is never closed to them.
Now then, I'll do a great and startling deed.
Amphitheus! Where's Amphitheus?

\textbf{AM.}  Here am I.

\textbf{DI.}  Here be eight drachmas; take them; and
with all
The Lacedaemonians make a private peace
For me, my wife and children: none besides.
(To the Prytanes and citizens)
Stick to your embassies and befoolings, you.

\textsuperscript{a} State guests, and other persons worthy of honour, were
entertained in the Town Hall daily.
ΗΡ. προσίτω Θέωρος ὁ παρὰ Σιτάλκους.

ΩΕΡΩΣ.

1. ἔτερος ἀλαζὼν οὗτος εἰσκηρύττεται.
2. χρόνον μὲν οὖκ ᾗν ἢμεν ἐν Ἐράκη πολύν,
3. μὰ Δὴ οὖκ ᾗν, εἰ μισθόν γε μὴ 'φερες πολύν.

ΕΕΝ. εἰ μὴ κατένυξε χιόνι τὴν Ἐράκην ὅλην,

καὶ τοὺς ποταμοὺς ἐπήξ' ὑπ' αὐτόν τὸν χρόνον

4. ὁτ' ἐνθαδί Θέογνν ἡγώνιζετο.

τούτων μετὰ Σιτάλκους ἐπινον τὸν χρόνον.

καὶ δὴ πατέρα θέκτη tua ἐπερφύσα,

5. ὕμων τ' ἐραστής ἐτ' ἀληθής, ὡστε καὶ
6. ἐν τοῖς τοίχοισ ἐγραφ', 'Ἀθηναίοι καλοί.

6. Ο οὐχός, ὅν 'Ἀθηναῖον ἐπεπούμεθα,

7. ἦρα φαγεῖν ἀλλάντας ἐς Ὀαπατοῦρίων,

καὶ τὸν πατέρα ἐτ' ἤμετρίως βοηθεῖν τῇ πάτρᾳ:

8. ὁτ' ὕμωσε σπένδων βοηθήσεων, ἔχων

στρατιῶν τοσαύτην ὡςτ' Ἀθηναίοις ἐρεῖν,

9. ὅσον τὸ χρήμα παρνόπων προσέρχεται.

Δ. κάκιστ' ἀπολοίμην, εἰ τι τούτων πείθομαι

ὁν ἐπες ἐνταυθὸι σὺ, πλὴν τῶν παρνόπων.

ΕΕΝ. καὶ νῦν ὁπερ μαχημεντατον Ἐράκησ ἔθνος

ἐπεμψεν ὕμων.

Δ. τούτο μέντ' ἥδη σοφές.

ΚΗΡ. οἱ Ἐράκεσ ἵτε δεῦρ', οὐς Θέωρος ἡγαγεν.

10. τουτ' τί ἐστι τὸ κακόν;

ΕΕΝ. Ὀδομάντων στρατός.

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*a King of the Odrysians in Thrace. Theorus had gone on an embassy to them.
b So frigid a poet that he was nicknamed Χιών; cf. 11; T. 170.
c In the first year of the war Athens entered into alliance with Sitalces and made his son Ξάδοκος a citizen (Thuc. ii. 18.
crier. O yes! Theorus from Sitalces a!

Theorus. Here!

Di. O here's another humbug introduced.

The. We should not, sirs, have tarried long in Thrace—

Di. But for the salary you kept on drawing.

The. But for the storms, which covered Thrace with snow
And froze the rivers. 'Twas about the season
At which Theognis b was performing here.
I all that time was drinking with Sitalces;
A most prodigious Athens-lover he,
Yea such a true admirer, he would scribble
On every wall My beautiful Athenians!
His son, c our newly-made Athenian, longed
To taste his Apaturian sausages,
And bade his father help his fatherland.
And he, with deep libations, vowed to help us
With such an host that every one would say
Heavens! what a swarm of locusts comes this way!

Di. Hang me, if I believe a single word
Of all that speech, except about the locusts.d

The. And here he sends you the most warlike tribe
Of all in Thrace.

Di. Come, here's proof positive.

Crier. The Thracians whom Theorus brought, come forward!

Di. What the plague's this?

The. The Odomantian host.e

27). The Apaturia was a family or clan festival, to which only those enrolled in a phratry (φρατρία) could be admitted.

D. fears that they will eat up their allies no less than their foes.

A Thracian tribe on the Strymon.
ΑΥΙΣΤΟΦΑΝΗΣ

Δ1. ποιὼν Ὄδομάντων; εἶπε μοι, τούτι τι ἤν; τίς τῶν Ὄδομάντων τὸ πέος ἀποτεθρίακεν;

ΘΕΩ. τούτους εἶν τις δύο δραχμὰς μισθὸν διδὼν, καταπελάτασονται τῇ Βοιωτίᾳν οἴρην.

Δ1. τοισδὲ δύο δραχμὰς τοῖς ἀπεψωλημένοις; ὑποστένοι μεντάν ὁ θρανίτης λεῶς, ὁ σωσίπολις. οἴμοι τάλας, ἀπόλλυμαι, ὑπὸ τῶν Ὅδομάντων τὰ σκόροδα πορθοῦμενος. οὐ καταβαλεῖτε τὰ σκόροδα'.

ΘΕΩ. ὁ μόχθηρε σὺ, οὐ μὴ πρόσει τούτους ἐσκοροδισμένοις;

Δ1. ταυτὶ περιείδεθ' οἱ πρυτάνεις πάσχοντα με ἐν τῇ πατρίδι καὶ ταὐθ᾽ ὑπ᾽ ἀνδρῶν βαρβάρων; ἄλλοι ἀπαγορεύω μὴ ποιεῖν ἐκκλησίαν τοῖς Θραζῖς περὶ μισθοῦ. λέγω δ᾽ ὑμῖν ὅτι διοσθημᾶ στὶ καὶ βανίς βέβληκέ με. 170

ΚΗΡ. τοὺς Θρακᾶς ἀπιέναι, παρεῖναι δ᾽ εἰς ἔνην. οἱ γὰρ πρυτάνεις λύουσι τῇ ἐκκλησίᾳ.

Δ1. οἴμοι τάλας, μυττωτὸν ὀσον ἀπώλεσα. ἄλλοι ἐκ Λακεδαίμονως γὰρ Ἀμφίθεος ὅδι. 175 χαῖρ', Ἀμφίθεε.

ΑΜ. μῆπω, πρὶν ἃν γε στῶ τρέχων· δεῖ γάρ με φεύγοντ' ἐκφυγεῖν Ἀχαρνέας.

Δ1. τί δ᾽ ἐστιν;

ΑΜ. ἔγω μὲν δευρὸ σοι σπονδᾶς φέρων ἐσπευδον· οἱ δ᾽ ὅσφροντο πρεσβύται τνεις.

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a The little round πέλη (targe) was distinctly Thracian.
b The ordinary pay of a rower was one drachma a day. The θρανίται who sat on the highest bench and worked the longest oars would be picked men.
c Like cocks which were supposed to fight better when primed with garlic; cf. K. 494.
Di. The Odomantians, pho! Hallo, look here. Are Odomantians all equipped like this?
The. Give them two drachmas each a day, and these Will targeteer a Boeotia all to bits.
Di. Two drachmas b for these scarecrows! Oh, our tars, Our noble tars, the safeguard of our state, Well may they groan at this. O! Murder! O! These Odomantian thieves have sacked my garlic. Put down the garlic! drop it!
The. You rapscallion, How dare you touch them, when they’re garlic-primed.c
Di. O will you let them, Prytanes, use me thus, Barbarians too, in this my fatherland? But stop! I warn you not to hold the Assembly About the Thracians’ pay. I tell you there’s A portent d come; I felt a drop of rain!
Crier. The Thracians are to go, and two days hence Come here again. The Assembly is dissolved.
Di. O me, the salad I have lost this day! e But here’s Amphitheus, back from Lacedaemon. Well met, Amphitheus!
AM. Not till I’ve done running. I needs must flee the Acharnians, clean away.
Di. What mean you?
AM. I was bringing back in haste The treaties, when some veterans smelt them out,
   d Lit. "A sign from Zeus."
   * The loss of the garlic had ruined it.
Acharnae is a short distance to the S. of Mt. Parnes, and its inhabitants mainly occupied themselves with the manufacture of charcoal from its forests of evergreen oak (πρῖνοι), maple (σφενδάμνιοι), and other trees. Archidamus in his first invasion of Attica (431 B.C.) made it his headquarters when ravaging the district; cf. Thuc. ii. 19-23.
Acharnians, men of Marathon, hard in grain
As their own oak and maple,\(^a\) rough and tough;
And all at once they cried, \textit{O villain, dare you}
\textit{Bring treaties when our vineyards are cut down?}
Then in their lappets up they gathered stones;
I fled away: they followed roaring after.

\textsc{Di.} So let them roar. But have you got the treaties?

\textsc{Am.} O yes, I have. Three samples; here they are.
These are the \textit{five-year} treaties; take and taste\(^b\) them.

\textsc{Di.} Pheugh!

\textsc{Am.} What’s the matter?

\textsc{Di.} I don’t like the things,
They smell of tar and naval preparations.

\textsc{Am.} Then taste the \textit{ten-year} samples; here they are.

\textsc{Di.} These smell of embassies to all the states,
Urgent, as if the Allies are hanging back.

\textsc{Am.} Then here are treaties both by land and sea
For \textit{thirty} years.

\textsc{Di.} O Feast of Dionysus!
These have a smell of nectar and ambrosia,
And \textit{never mind about the three days’ rations},\(^c\)
And in your mouth they say, \textit{Go where you please}.
These do I welcome, these I pour, and drain,
Nor care a hang about your old Acharnians.
But I, released from War and War’s alarms,
Will hold, within, the Rural Dionysia.\(^d\)

\(^a\) As if they were samples of wine for \(\sigma\pi\omicron\nu\omicron\delta\omicron\omicron\) = not only “a treaty,” but also “libations of wine”; hence the reference to the “smell of pitch” in 190 and “of vinegar” 193.

\(^b\) As if they were samples of wine for \(\sigma\pi\omicron\nu\omicron\delta\omicron\omicron\) = not only “a treaty,” but also “libations of wine”; hence the reference to the “smell of pitch” in 190 and “of vinegar” 193.

\(^c\) Cf. P. 312.

\(^d\) Otherwise known as \(\tau\alpha\ \mu\iota\kappa\rho\alpha\) as opposed to \(\tau\alpha\ \mu\epsilon\gamma\alpha\lambda\alpha\), \(\tau\alpha\ \epsilon\nu\ \delta\sigma\tau\epsilon\iota\), and celebrated all over Attica in December.
AM. ἐγὼ δὲ φευξοῦμαι γε τοὺς Ἀχαρνέας.

ΧΟΡΟΣ. τῇδε πᾶς ἔπου, δίωκε, καὶ τὸν ἄνδρα πυνθάνου τῶν ὀδοιπόρων ἀπάντων· τῇ πόλει γὰρ άξιον 205 ξυλλαβεῖν τὸν ἄνδρα τοῦτον. ἀλλὰ μοι μηνύσατε,

εἰ τις οἶδ' ὅποι τέτραπται γῆς ὁ τὰς σπονδὰς φέρων.

ἐκπέφευγ', οὐχεταὶ φρούδος. οἴμοι τάλας τῶν ἐτῶν τῶν ἐμῶν. [στρ. 210 ὡκ ἂν ἐπ' ἐμῆς γε νεότητος, ὃτ' ἐγὼ φέρων ἀνθράκων φορτίων ἱκολούθουν Φαύλλῳ τρέχων, οὐδε φαύλως ἂν ὁ 215 σπονδοφόρος οὗτος ὑπ' ἐμοῦ τότε διωκόμενος ἐξέφυγεν οὐδ' ἂν ἔλαφρῶς ἂν ἀπεπλίξατο.

νῦν δ' ἐπειδῆ στερρὸν ἦδη τοῦμον ἀντικνήμιον καὶ παλαιῷ Δακρατείδη τὸ σκέλος βαρύνεται, 220 οὐχεταὶ. διωκτέος δὲ· μὴ γὰρ ἐγχάνη ποτὲ μηδὲ περ γέροντας οὖντας ἐκφυγὼν Ἀχαρνέας.

ὅστις, ὅ Ζεὺς πάτερ καὶ θεόι, τοῖς ἐχθροῖσιν ἐσπείσατο, [ἀντ. 225}

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*Enter, running in pursuit of Amphitheus, twenty-four old Acharnians who constitute the Chorus.*

A celebrated Olympic victor; the adverb φαύλως is a play on his name.

---

24
THE ACHARNIANS, 203–225

And I will flee those peppery old Acharnians. 
chorus. Here’s the trail; pursue, pursue him; 
follow, follow, every man; 
Question whosoever meets you 
whitherwards the fellow ran. 
Much it boots the state to catch him! 
(To the audience) O inform me, if ye know, 
Where the man who bears the treaties 
managed from my sight to go.

Fled and gone! Disappears! 
O this weary weight of years! 
O were I Now as spry 
As in youthful days gone by, 
When I stuck Like a man 
To Phajillus b as he ran, 
And achieved Second place In the race, 
Though a great Charcoal freight 
I was bearing on my head,— 
Not so light From my sight 
Had this treaty-bearer fled, 
Nor escaped With such ease From the chase.

Now because my joints have stiffened, 
and my shins are young no more, 
And the legs of Lacrateides 
by old age are burdened sore, 
He’s escaped us! But we’ll follow: 
but he shall not boast that he 
Got away from us Acharnians, 
howsoever old we be.

Who has dared Father Zeus! 
Gods of heaven! to make a truce,
οὶς παρ’ ἐμοῦ πόλεμος ἐχθροδοπὸς αὐξεται
tῶν ἐμῶν χωρίων·
κοῦκ ἄνῆσω πρὶν ἂν σχοῖνος αὐτοῖσιν ἀντεμ-
παγώ
οξύς, ὀδυνηρός, * * * * ἐπίκωτος, ἢνα
μῆποτε πατώσων ἐτὶ τᾶς ἐμᾶς ἀμπέλους.
ἀλλὰ δεῖ ζητεῖν τὸν ἄνδρα καὶ βλέπειν
Βαλλήναδε
καὶ διώκειν γῆν πρὸ γῆς, ἔως ἂν εὐρεθῇ ποτὲ. 235
ὡς ἐγὼ βάλλων ἐκεῖνον οὐκ ἂν ἐμπλήμην
λίθοις.

Δι. εὐφημεῖτε, εὐφημεῖτε.
χο. σῆγα πᾶσ. ἡκούσατ', ἄνδρες, ἀρα τῆς εὐ-
φημίας;
οὖτος αὐτός ἔστιν ὃν ζητοῦμεν. ἀλλὰ δεύρο
πᾶς
ἐκποδῶν. θύσων γάρ ἄνηρ, ὡς ἐοικ', ἔξ- 240
ἐρχεται.

Δι. εὐφημεῖτε, εὐφημεῖτε.
προῖτω ʼς τὸ πρόσθεν ολίγον ἢ κανηφόρος·
ὁ Ἐανθιάς τὸν φαλλόν ὀρθὸν στησάτω.
ΜΗΤΗΡ. κατάθου τὸ κανοῦν, ὃ θύγατερ, ἰὼν ἀπ-
ἀρξώμεθα.
ὈΤΤΑΘΡ. ὃ μῆτερ, ἀνάδος δεύρο τὴν ἐτνήρους, 245
ἰὼν ἔτνος καταχέω τούλατήρος τουτοῦ.

---

a σχοῖνος = Schoenus mucronatus, the Dagger-pointed Bulrush, common on all the coasts of the Mediterranean. The spike is supposed to run well up (ἐπίκωτος = “up to the hilt”) into the heels of the Lacedaemonians as they trample down the vines.

b There is a play on Pallene, or Pellene, a famous Attic deme.
Who has pledged Faith with those
Who are evermore my foes;
Upon whom War I make
For my ruined vineyard's sake;
And I ne'er From the strife Will give o'er,
No, I ne'er Will forbear,
Till I pierce them in return,
Like a reed,* Sharply barbed
Dagger-pointed, and they learn
Not to tread Down my vines Any more.
Now 'tis ours to seek the fellow,
and Pelténe-wards b to look,
And from land to land to chase him,
till we bring the rogue to book.
Never shall I tire of pelting,
pelting him to death with stones.

Di. (Within) Keep ye all the holy silence!
Chor. Hush! we've got him. Heard ye, comrades,
"silence" called in solemn tones?
This is he, the man we're seeking.
Stand aside, and in a trice
He, methinks, will stand before us,
coming out to sacrifice!

Di. (Coming out) Keep ye all the holy silence!
Now, basket-bearer, go you on in front,*
You, Xanthias, hold the phallus-pole erect.
Wife. Set down the basket, girl: and we'll begin.
Daughter. O mother, hand me here the gravy-spoon,
To ladle out the gravy o'er the cake.

* Dic. celebrates the Rural Dionysia on a small scale with his daughter (who acts as καυνηφόρος) and two slaves, while his wife represents the spectators.
ΔΙ. καὶ μὴν καλῶν γ' ἔστ'. ὦ Διόνυσε δέσποτα, κεχαρισμένως σοι τήνδε τὴν πομπὴν ἐμὲ πέμψαντα καὶ θύσαντα μετὰ τῶν ὀικετῶν ἀγαγεῖν τυχηρῶς τὰ κατ' ἀγροὺς Διονύσια, 250 στρατιάς ἀπαλλαχθέντα· τὰς σπονδάς δὲ μοι καλῶς ξυνενεγκεῖν τὰς τριακοντοῦτιδας.

ΜΗ. ἂγ', ὦ θύγατερ, ὅπως τὸ κανοῦν καλὴ καλῶς οἰσευς, βλέπονσα θυμβροφάγον. ὡς μακάριος ὡστὶς σ' ὀπύσει, κάκποιησε τα γαλάς τοῦ μηδὲν ἦττους βδεῖν, ἐπειδὰν ὄρθος ἦ. πρόβανε, καὶ τῷχλῳ φυλάττεσθαι σφόδρα μὴ τὶς λαθὼν σοῦ περιτράγη τὰ χρυσά.

ΔΙ. ὦ Ξανθία, σφῶν δ' ἐστὶν ὄρθος ἐκτέος ὁ φαλλὸς ἐξόπισθε τῆς κανηφόρου. 260 ἐγὼ δ' ἀκολουθῶν ἄσομαι τὸ φαλλικὸν. σὺ δ', ὦ γυναι, θεῷ μ' ἀπὸ τοῦ τέγους. πρόβα.

Φαλῆς, ἔσταρε Βακχίου, ἐξύγκωμε, νυκτοπεριπλάνη- 
τε, μοιχὲ, παιδεραστά, 265 ἐκτω σ' ἔτει προσεῖπον ἐς τὸν δῆμον ἑλθὼν ἁσμενος, σπονδᾶς ποησάμενος ἐμαυ- 
tῷ, πραγμάτων τε καὶ μαχῶν καὶ Δαμάχων ἀπαλλαγεῖς. 270

πολλῷ γάρ ἐσθ' ἤδιον, ὦ 
Φαλῆς, Φαλῆς, κλέπτουσαν εὔ- 
ρονθ' ὁρικὴν ὑληφόρον 275 
tὴν Στρυμοδώρου Θράτταν ἐκ

---

a θυμβροφάγον: demure, ὅρμω.—Photius.

b She would wear her best ornaments; cf. L. 1189 seq.
"'Tis well. Lord Dionysus, grant me now
To show the show and make the sacrifice
As thou would'st have me, I and all my house;
Then keep with joy the Rural Dionysia;
No more of soldiering now. And may this
Peace
Of thirty summers answer to my hopes.

DI. O daughter, bear the basket sweetly, sweet,
With savory-eating a look. Happy the man,
Whoe'er he is, who weds thee and begets
Kittens as fair and saucy as thyself.
Move on! but heed lest any in the crowd
Should nibble off, unseen, thy bits of gold."

WIFE. O Xanthias, walk behind the basket-bearer,
Holding, you two, the phallus-pole erect.
And I'll bring up the rear, and sing the hymn:
Wife, watch me from the roof. Now then, proceed.

(Singing) O Phales, c comrade revel-roaming
Of Bacchus, wanderer of the gloaming,
Of wives and boys the naughty lover,
Here in my home I gladly greet ye,
Six weary years of absence over;
For I have made a private treaty
And said good-bye to toils and fusses,
And fights, and fighting Lamachuses. d

Far happier 'tis to me and sweeter,
O Phales, Phales, some soft glade in,
To woo the saucy, arch, deceiving,
Young Thratta (Strymodore his maiden),

Phales is the ἕλλας personified.
For Lamachus see Index; his very name suggests fighting.
Aristophanes

τού φελλέως, μέσην λαβόντ’, ἀραντα, καταβαλόντα, κατα-γυγαρτιο’ ὦ Φαλῆς, Φαλῆς.

ἐὰν μεθ’ ἦμῶν ἐμπυήσ, ἐκ κραυπάλης ἐωθεν εἰ-ρήνης ῥοφήσεις τρύβλιον.

ἡ δ’ ἀσπίς ἐν τῷ φεβάλῳ κρημήσεται.

xo. οὗτος αὐτός ἐστιν, οὗτος.

βάλλε βάλλε βάλλε βάλλε, παίε πάς τὸν μιαρόν.

οὐ βαλεῖς, οὐ βαλεῖς;

Δ. Ἡράκλεις, τουτὶ τί ἐστὶ; τὴν χύτραν συν-τρύφετε.

[στρ.]

xo. σὲ μὲν οὖν καταλεύσουμεν, ὦ μιαρὰ κεφαλῆ. 285

Δ. ἀντὶ πολίας αἰτίας, ὥχαρνεν γεραίτατοι;

xo. τοῦτ’ ἔρωτᾶς; ἀναίσχυντος εἰ καὶ βδελυρός,

ὦ προδότα τῆς πατρίδος, ὡστὶς ἦμῶν μόνος 290

σπεισάμενος εἶτα δύνασαι πρὸς ἐμ’ ἀπο-βλέπειν.

Δ. ἀντὶ δὲ ὅν εὐπεισάμην οὐκ ἱστε γ’ ἀλλ’ ἀκούσατε.

xo. σοῦ γ’ ἀκούσωμεν, ἀπολεῖ· κατά σε χῶσομεν

tοῖς λίθοις.

Δ. μηδαμῶς, πρὶν ἂν γ’ ἀκούσῃ· ἀλλ’ ἀνά-σχεσθ’, ὦγαθοί.

xo. οὐκ ἁνασχήσομαι· μηδὲ λέγε μοι σὺ λόγον.

* Lit. “after the night’s debauch.”
As from my woodland fells I meet her
Descending with my fagots laden,
And catch her up, and ill entreat her,
And make her pay the fine for thieving.

O Phales, Phales, come and sup,
And in the morn, to brace you up, a
Of Peace you'll quaff a jovial cup;
And mid the chimney sparks our useless shield
we'll hang.

chor. That's the man who made the treaty;
         There he stands Full in view;
Pelt him, pelt him, pelt him, pelt him,
         Pelt him you! Pelt him you!
di. Heracles! what ails the fellows?
         Hang it all, ye'll smash the pot!
chor. It is you we will smash with our
         stones, you detestable head.
di. O most worshipful Acharnians,
         why? what reason have ye got?
chor. Dare you ask? Traitor base!
         Dare you look me in the face?
You who make, You alone,
         Private treaties of your own!
Shameless heart! Shameless hand!
         Traitor to your fatherland!
di. But ye know not why I did it:
         hear me now the facts declare.
chor. Hear you? No! You're to die;
         'Neath a stony cairn to lie!
di. Not, O not until ye've heard me;
         worthy sirs, forbear, forbear!
chor. No delay! Thee to slay
         We'll immediately begin.
ARISTOPHANES

δώς μεμίσηκά σε Κλέωνος ἔτι μᾶλλον, δὲν ἐ- 300
γώ τεμώ τοσῶν ἱππεύσι καττύματα.
σοῦ δ’ ἐγώ λόγους λέγοντος οὐκ ἀκούσομαι
μακρούς,
ὅστις ἐσπείσω Λάκωνα, ἄλλα τιμωρήσομαι.
Δι. ὄγαθοί, τοὺς μὲν Λάκωνας ἐκποδῶν ἐάσατε, 305
τῶν δ’ ἐμῶν σπονδῶν ἀκούσατ' ἐι καλῶς
ἐσπεισάμην.
Χ. πώς δέ γ’ ἄν καλῶς λέγους ἄν, εἴπερ ἐσπείσω
γ’ ἀπαξ
οἱνον οὔτε βωμὸς οὔτε πίστις οὔθ’ ὥρκος μένει;
Δι. οἶδ’ ἐγώ καὶ τοὺς Λάκωνας, οῖς ἄγαν ἐγκελ-
μεθα,
οὐχ ἀπάντων ὄντας ἧμῖν αἰτίους τῶν πραγ-
μάτων.
Χ. οὐχ ἀπάντων, ὥς πανοῦργε; ταῦτα δὴ τολμᾶς
λέγειν
ἐμφανῶς ἤδη πρὸς ἧμᾶς; εἴτ’ ἐγώ σοῦ
φείσομαι;
Δι. οὐχ ἀπάντων, οὐχ ἀπάντων· ἄλλ’ ἐγώ λέγων
δι’
πόλλ’ ἄν ἀποφήναιμ’ ἑκείνους ἐσθ’ ἃ καδι-
κομένους.
Χ. τούτο τούτος δεινὸν ἤδη καὶ ταραξικάρδιον, 315
εἰ σοῦ τολμήσεις ὑπὲρ τῶν πολεμίων ἧμῖν
λέγων.
Δι. κἂν γε μὴ λέγω δίκαια, μηδὲ τῷ πλήθει δοκῶ,

*a For Cleon see Index; the Knights were his special enemies, and καττύματα refers to his trade as a tanner.*
No debate! Thee we hate
   Worse than Cleon's self, whose skin
I'll ere long Cut to shoes
   For the worthy Knights to use.
But from you, who made a treaty
   with the false Laconian crew,
I will hear no long orations,
   I will surely punish you.

di. Worthy fellows, for the moment
    those Laconians pretermit;
'Tis a question of my treaty,
    was I right in making it.
chor. Right to make it! when with Sparta
    no engagement sacred stands,
Not the altar, not the oath-pledge,
    not the faith of clasped right hands!

di. Yet I know that these our foemen,
    who our bitter wrath excite,
Were not always wrong entirely,
    nor ourselves entirely right.
chor. Not entirely, shameless rascal?
    Do you such opinions dare
Openly to flaunt before me?
    Shall I then a traitor spare?

di. Not entirely, not entirely!
    I can prove by reasons strong
That in many points the Spartans
    at our hands have suffered wrong.
chor. This is quite a heart-perplexing,
    terrible affair indeed,
If you mean that you will venture
    for our enemies to plead.

di. Aye, and if I plead not truly,
    or the people doubt display,
πέρ ἐπιξῆνου 'θελήσω τὴν κεφαλὴν ἔχων 
λέγειν.

χο. εἰπέ μοι, τί θείομεσθα τῶν λίθων, ὡ δημόται, 
μὴ οὐ καταξάινειν τὸν ἄνδρα τοῦτον ἐς φουν-
κίδα;

δι. οἶον οὐδὲ μέλας τις ὑμῖν θυμάλωψ ἐπέξεσεν. 
οὐκ ἀκούσεςθ', οὐκ ἀκούσεςθ' ἐτεόν, ὡχαρ-
νιδιαί;

χο. οὐκ ἀκούσομεσθα δήτα.

δι. δεινὰ τάρα πείσομαι.

χο. ἐξολοίμην, ἣν ἀκούσω.

δι. μηδαμώς, ὡχαρνικοῖ.

χο. ὡς τεθνήξων ἵσθι νυνί.

δι. δήξομάρ' ὑμᾶς ἐγώ.

Ἀνταποκτενῶ γὰρ ὑμῶν τῶν φίλων τοὺς φιλ-
tάτους:

ὦς ἔχω γ' ὑμῶν ὄμηρους, οὕς ἀποσφάξω λαβών.

χο. εἰπέ μοι, τί τοῦτ' ἀπειλεῖ τοῦπος, ἄνδρες 
δημόται,

τοῖς Ἀχαρνικοῖοιν ἡμῖν; μῶν ἔχει τοῦ παιδίον 
τῶν παρόντων ἐνδον εἰρξας; ἡ π' τῷ θρα-
σύνεται;

δι. βάλλετ', εἰ βούλεσθ'. ἐγώ γὰρ τοῦτον δια-
φθερω.

εἴσομαι δ' ὑμῶν τὰχ' ὅστις ἀνθράκων τι 
κηδέται.

χο. ὡς ἀπωλόμεσθ'. ὁ λάρκος δημότης ὃδ' ἔστ' 
ἐμός.

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a Dic. goes into the house and returns three lines later 
carrying in one hand a hamper (λάρκος) full of charcoal and 
in the other a drawn sword. The Scholiast says that the 
ensuing scene is parodied from the Telephus of Euripides.

34
THE ACHARNIANS, 318–333

On a chopping-block I’m willing,
whilst I speak, my head to lay.

chor. Why so slack, my fellow-burghers?
Let us stone the naughty varlet,
Let us scarify and shred him
to an uniform of scarlet.

di. What a red and dangerous ember
sparkled up within you then!
Won’t you hear me, won’t you hear me,
good Acharnians, worthy men?

chor. Never, never, will we hear you.

di. That will cause me bitter woe.

chor. If I do, perdition seize me!

di. O Acharnians, say not so.

chor. Know that you must die this instant.

di. Then I’ll make you suffer too.
For my safety I’ve a hostage,
one that’s very dear to you.
Now I’ll bring him out and slay him;
you shall see your darling’s end.

chor. O Acharnian fellow-burghers,
what can words like these portend
To our noble band of brethren?
Think you that the man can hold
Any child of ours in durance?
What can make him wax so bold?

di. Now then pelt me; here’s the hostage!
I will slay and will not spare.
I shall speedily discover
which of you for charcoal care.

chor. Heaven preserve us! ’tis a scuttle,
’tis my fellow-burgher true!
ARISTOPHANES

ἀλλὰ μὴ δράσης ὅ μέλλεις. μηδαμῶς, ὃ μηδαμῶς.

Δι. ὡς ἀποκτενῶ, κέκραξθ’· ἐγὼ γὰρ οὐκ ἀκούσομαι. [ἀντ. 335

χο. ἀπολείπῃς ἂρ’ ὀμήλικα τόνδε φιλανθρακέα;

Δι. οὐδ’ ἐμοῦ λέγοντος ὑμεῖς ἀρτίως ἥκουσατε.

χο. ἀλλὰ νυνὶ λέγ’, εἶ σοι δοκεῖ, τὸν τε Δακεδαμόνιον αὐτὸν ὅτι τῷ τρόπῳ σου ἃτι φίλος· ὡς τὸδε τὸ λαρκίδιον οὐ προδώσω ποτέ. 340

Δι. τοὺς λίθους νῦν μοι χαμάζει πρώτον ἕξεράσατε.

χο. οὕτοι σοι χαμαῖ, καὶ σοῦ κατάθου πάλιν τὸ

ξίφος.

Δι. ἀλλ’ ὅπως μὴ ’ν τοῖς τρίβωσιν ἐγκάθηνται

πολύ θην. 345

χο. ἐκσέσεισται χαμάζ’. οὐχ ὅρᾶσε σειόμενον;

ἀλλὰ μὴ μοι πρόφασιν, ἀλλὰ κατάθου τὸ

βέλος.

ὡς οδε γε σειστὸς ἀμα τῇ στροφῇ γίγνεται.

Δι. ἐμέλλετ’ ἂρ’ ἄπαντες ἀνασείειν βοήν,

ὁλίγον τ’ ἀπέθανον ἀνθρακεῖς Παρνήσιοι,

καὶ ταῦτα διὰ τὴν ἀτοπίαν τῶν δημοτῶν.

ὔπο τοὺ δέους δὲ τῆς μαρίλης μοι συχνὴν 350

ὁ λάρκος ἐνετίλησεν ὄσπερ σηπία.

δεινὸν γὰρ οὕτως ὀμφακίαν πεφυκέναι

τὸν θυμὸν ἀνδρῶν ὡστε βάλλειν καὶ βοῶν

a i.e. himself.
b i.e. provided you release the láρκος.
c Die. employs the peculiar word ἀνασείειν because the preceding speech of the Chorus is full of “shakes.”
d μαρίλη is the black dust of the charcoal.
THE ACHARNIANS, 334–353

Never do the thing you mention:

never do, O never do!

di. Cry aloud! I'm going to slay him;
     I shall neither hear nor heed.
chor. You will slay then this charcoal-adorer,
     its equal in years!

di. Aye, for when I craved a hearing
     you refused to hear me plead.
chor. Ah! but now! Now you may!
     Whatsoever suits you say.
     Say you love,  Say you prize,
     Our detested enemies.
     Ne'er will I Faithless prove
     To the scuttle which I love.

di. Well then first, the stones you gathered,
     throw them out upon the ground.
chor. Out they go! All my hoard!
     Prithee, lay aside the sword.

di. But I fear that in your lappets
     other missiles may be found.
chor. All are gone! Every one!
     See my garment shaken wide!
     Don't evade Promise made.
     Lay, O lay the sword aside.
     Here's my robe Shaken out,
     As I twist and twirl about.

di. You would then, would you, shake your
     cries aloft,
     And this Parnesian charcoal all but died,
     Slain by the madness of its fellow-burghers.
     And in its fright this scuttle, cuttle-wise,
     Voided its inky blackness on my clothes.
     Alas that men should carry hearts as sour
     As unripe grapes, to pelt and roar, nor hear
άθέλειν τ’ ἀκούσαι μηδὲν ἵσον ἵσω φέρον, ἐμοὶ θέλοντος ὑπὲρ ἐπιξήνου λέγειν ύπὲρ Λακεδαίμονίων ἄπανθ’ ὅσ’ ἄν λέγω· καίτοι φιλῶ γε τὴν ἐμὴν ψυχὴν ἐγώ.

χο. τὶ οὖν οὐ λέγεις, ἐπίξηνον ἐξενεγκών θώραξ’, [στρ]
ο τι ποτ’, ὁ σχέτλιε, τὸ μέγα τοῦτ’ ἔχεις; πάνυ γὰρ ἔμε γε πόθος ὁ τι φρονεῖς ἔχει. ἀλλ’ ἤπερ αὐτὸς τὴν δίκην διωρίσω, θεῖς δεῦρο τοῦπιξήνον ἐγχείρει λέγειν. 365

Δι. ἰδοὺ θεάσθε, τὸ μὲν ἐπίξηνον τοδί, ὁ δ’ ἀνὴρ ὁ λέξων οὕτως τυννουτοσί. ἀμέλει μὰ τὸν Δι’ οὐκ ἐνασπιδώσομαι, λέξω δ’ ὑπὲρ Λακεδαίμονίων ἃ μοι δοκεῖ. καίτοι δέδουκα πολλά· τοὺς τε γὰρ τρόπους τοὺς τῶν ἀγροίκων οἶδα χαίροντας σφόδρα ἐὰν τις αὐτοὺς εὐλογη καὶ τὴν πόλιν ἀνὴρ ἀλαξίων καὶ δίκαια κάδικα· κάνταυθα λανθάνουσ’ ἀπεμπολῶμενοι· τῶν τ’ αὖ γεροντών οἶδα τὰς ψυχὰς ὅτι ο isNaN ἔμαυτον ὑπὸ Κλέωνος ἀπαθον ἐπίσταμαι διὰ τὴν πέρυσι κυμώδιαν. 375

^ A metaphor from wine mingled with an equal quantity of water.
^ i.e. I will come out into the open, not skulk behind a shield; cf. Hom. Il. 267 seq., where the archer Teucer keeps dodging behind the shield of Ajax.
^ Dic. fears (1) the simple country folk who were deluded by the demagogues, (2) the old dieasts (for whom see the Wasps), and (3) Cleon. Aristophanes had apparently made fun of Cleon and certain officials in the Babylonians which
A tempered statement mingled half and half; a
Not though I'm willing o'er a chopping-block
To say my say for Lacedaemon's folk.
And yet I love, be sure, my own dear life.

chor. O why not bring the block
    out of doors without delay,
    And speak the mighty speech
    which you think will win the day?
For really I've a longing
    to hear what you will say!
So in the fashion you yourself prescribed,
Place here the chopping-block and start
    your speech.

di. Well look and see, the chopping-block is here,
    And I'm to speak, poor little friendless I.
Still never mind; I won't enshiel myself, b
I'll speak my mind for Lacedaemon's folk.
And yet I fear; c for well I know the moods
Of our good country people, how they love
To hear the City and themselves bepraised
By some intriguing humbug, right or wrong,
Nor ever dream they are being bought and sold.
And well I know the minds of those old men
Looking for nothing but a verdict-bite.
Aye and I know what I myself endured
At Cleon's hands for last year's Comedy.

he had produced at the Great Dionysia the year before, and Cleon had denounced him for "defaming the State in the presence of strangers," cf. 503.
ARISTOPHANES

eἰσελκύσας γάρ μ' εἰς τὸ βουλευτήριον
dιέβαλλε καὶ ψευδὴ κατεγλώττιζέ μου
κάκυκλοβόρει κατ' ολίγου πάνυ
ἀπωλόμην μολυνοπραγμονούμενος.

νῦν οὖν με πρῶτον πρὶν λέγειν ἔστατε
ἐνσκευάσασθαί μ' οἶνον ἀθλιώτατον.

xo. τί ταῦτα στρέφει τεχνάζεις τε καὶ πορίζεις

τριβάς; [άντ. 385

λαβὲ δ' ἐμοῦ γ' ἔνεκα παρ' Ἰερωνύμοιν

οκτοδασυπυκνωτριχὰ τιν' "Αἴδος κυνῆν.

εἰτ' ἐξάνουγε μηχανᾶς τὰς Σισύφου,

ὡς σκῆψιν ἀγῶν οὔτος οὐκ εἰσδεξεταί.

Δ. ὠρα 'στών ἄρα μοι καρτερὰν ψυχὴν λαβεῖν,

καὶ μοι βαδιστῇ ἐστὶν ὡς Εὐρυπίδην.

παὶ παί.

KHΦΙΣΟΦΩΝ. τίς οὔτος;

Δ. ἕνδον ἐστ' Εὐρυπίδης; 395

KH. οὐκ ἐνδον, ἐνδον ἐστὶν, εἰ γνώμην ἔχεις.

Δ. πώς ἐνδον, εἰτ' οὐκ ἐνδον;

KH. ὁρθῶς, ὁ γέρον.

ὁ νοῦς μὲν ἔξω κυλλέγων ἐπίλλια

οὐκ ἐνδον, αὐτὸς δ' ἐνδον ἀναβάδην ποιεῖ

τραγῳδίαν.

Δ. ὁ τρισμακάρι' Εὐρυπίδη,

θ' ὁ δοῦλος οὔτωι σοφῶς ὑποκρίνεται.

ἐκκάλεσον αὐτὸν.

---

a Kυκλόβορος' ποταμὸς ἐν Ἀθήναις χειμαρρος, ἀγαν ἡχών. Schol.
b Lit. "helmet of Hades," i.e. of invisibility; cf. Il. v.
THE ACHARNIANS, 379–402

How to the Council-house he haled me off,
And slanged, and lied, and slandered, and
betongued me,
Roaring Cycloborus a-wise; till I well nigh
Was done to death, bemiryslushified.
Now therefore suffer me, before I start,
To dress me up the loathliest way I can.

chor. O why keep putting off with that shilly-shally
air?
Hieronymus may lend you, for anything I care,
The shaggy "Cap of Darkness" b from his
tangle-matted hair.
Then open all the wiles of Sisyphus,
Since this encounter will not brook delay.

di. Now must my heart be strong, and I depart
To find Euripides. c Boy! Ho there, boy!

cephisophon. Who calls me?

di. Is Euripides within?

c. Within and not within, a if you conceive me.

di. Within and not within?

c. 'Tis even so.
His mind, without, is culling flowers of song,
But he, within, is sitting up aloft
Writing a play.

di. O lucky, lucky poet,
Whose very servant says such clever things!
But call him.

845. H. was a poet with a mop of unkempt hair which
almost hid his face; cf. L. 349.

a Wanting some beggarly rags Dioc. resorts to Euripides,
who often dresses his characters in them; cf. 412; F. 842

bακιςουρραπτάδης.

C A skit on E.'s style, e.g. Alc. 521 ἐστὶν τε κοῦκ ἐτ' ἐστὶν.

41
KH. ἂλλ' ἀδύνατον.

ΔΙ. ἂλλ' ὀμws.

οὐ γὰρ ἂν ἀπέλθοιμ', ἂλλ' κόψω τὴν θύραν, Εὐρυπίδη, Εὐρυπίδιον,

ὑπάκουσον, εἴπερ πώποτ' ἀνθρώπων τιν'.

Δικαιόπολις καλεῖ σε Χολλείδης, ἐγώ.

ΕΤΡΠΙΔΗΣ. ἂλλ' οὐ σχολή.

ΔΙ. ἂλλ' ἐκκυκληθηθητ'.

ΕΤ. ἂλλ' ἀδύνατον.

ΔΙ. ἂλλ' ὀμws.

ΕΤ. ἂλλ' ἐκκυκλήσομαι: καταβαίνειν δ' οὐ σχολή.

ΔΙ. Εὐρυπίδη,

ΕΤ. τί λέλακας;

ΔΙ. ἀναβάδην ποιεῖς,

ἐξ'ν καταβάδην: οὐκ ἔτοσ χωλοῦσ ποιεῖς.

ἀτάρ τί τὰ ράκι' ἐκ τραγῳδίας ἔχεις,

ἔσθητ' ἐλεεινήν; οὐκ ἔτοσ πτωχοῦς ποιεῖς.

ἀλλ' ἀντιβολῶ πρὸς τῶν γονάτων σ', Εὐρυπίδη,

δός μοι ράκιον τι τοῦ παλαιοῦ δράματος.

δεῖ γὰρ με λέξαι τῷ χορῷ ῥήσων μακράν:

αὐτὴ δὲ θάνατον, ἣν κακῶς λέξω, φέρει.

ΕΤ. τὰ ποῖα τρύχη; μῶν ἐν οἷς Οἶνεὺς ὅτι

ὁ δύσποτμος γεραιῶς ἡγωνίζετο;

ΔΙ. οὐκ ὦν Οἶνεως ἣν, ἂλλ' ἐτ' ἀθλιωτέρου.

ΕΤ. τῶν τυφλῶν Φοίνικος;

ΔΙ. οὐ Φοίνικος, οὐ,

---

a The adjective marks his deme.

b i.e., "show yourself by means of the eecyclema," a piece of machinery by which the wall of a house is turned as if on a pivot, disclosing the interior.

c Because you bring them into being on such a dangerous height.
CE. But it can’t be done.
DI. But still . . . !
   For go I won’t. I’ll hammer at the door.
Euripides, my sweet one!
O if you ever hearkened, hearken now.
’Tis I, Cholleidian a Dicacopolis.
EURIPIDES. But I’ve no time.
DI. But pivot. b
EUR. But it can’t be done.
DI. But still . . . !
EUR. Well then, I’ll pivot, but I can’t come down.
DI. Euripides!
EUR. Aye.
DI. Why do you write up there, And not down here? That’s why you make
   lame heroes.c
And wherefore sit you robed in tragic rags,
A pitiful garb? That’s why you make them
   beggars.
But by your knees, Euripi’ es, I pray,
   Lend me some rags from that old play of
   yours; d
For to the Chorus I to-day must speak
   A lengthy speech; and if I fail, ’tis death.
EUR. Rags! Rags! what rags? Mean you the
   rags wherein
This poor old Oeneus e came upon the stage?
DI. Not Oeneus, no; a wretcheder man than he.
EUR. Those that blind Phoenix f wore?
DI. Not Phoenix, no;

   a τοῦ Τηλέφου; for this play, to which there are frequent
   references here, see Index s.v.
   * King of Calydon, deprived of his throne by his nephews.
   † According to this legend P. was accused by his father
   Amyntor of seducing his mistress and blinded by him.
This play was produced by Euripides in 431 B.C.

\(^a\) "lame," i.e., after being thrown from Pegasus.

\(^b\) It is not known how Thyestes and Ino came to wear rags.

\(^c\) ll. 441 and 442 are said by the Scholiast to be taken from the Telephus.
THE ACHARNIANS, 422-446

Some other man still wretcheder than Phoenix.

EUR. What shreds of raiment can the fellow mean? Can it be those of beggarly Philoctetes a?

DI. One far, far, far, more beggarly than he.

EUR. Can it be then the loathly gabereline Wherein the lame b Bellerophon was clad?

DI. Bellerophon? no; yet mine too limped and begged,

A terrible chap to talk.

EUR. I know the man. The Mysian Telephus.

DI. Telephus it is!

Lend me, I pray, that hero's swaddling-clothes.

EUR. Boy, fetch him out the rags of Telephus. They lie above the Thyesteian rags, 'Twixt those and Ino's. c

CE. (To Di.) Take them; here they are.

DI. (Holding up the tattered garment against the light) Lord Zeus, whose eyes can pierce through everywhere,

Let me be dressed the loathliest way I can. Euripides, you have freely given the rags, Now give, I pray you, what pertains to these, The Mysian cap to set upon my head.

For I've to-day to act a beggar's part, d To be myself, yet not to seem myself; The audience there will know me who I am, Whilst all the Chorus stand like idiots by, The while I fillip them with cunning words. e

EUR. Take it; you subtly plan ingenious schemes.

DI. To thee, good luck; to Telephus—what I wish him!

• Or "little phraselets" such as E. was fond of.
ARISTOPHANES

eδ' γ'· οἴνον ἥδη ῥηματίων ἐμπίπλαμαι. ἀτάρ δέομαι γε πτωχικοῦ βακτηρίου.

ET. τοῦτι λαβῶν ἀπελθείει λαίνων σταθμῶν. 450

Δ1. Ὡ θύμ', ὅρας γὰρ ὡς ἀπωθοῦμαι δόμων, πολλῶν δεόμενος σκευαρίων· νῦν δὴ γενοῦ γλίσχρος προσαίτων λυπαρῶν τ'. Εὐριπίδη, δόσ μοι σπυρίδιον διακεκαμμένον λύχνῳ.

ET. τί δ', ὡ τάλας, σε τοῦδ' ἔχει πλέκους χρέος; 455

Δ1. χρέος μὲν οὐδέν, βοῦλομαι δ' ὅμως λαβεῖν. Εὐτηρός ἵσθι· ὡς κάποχωρήσον δόμων.

Δ1. φεῦ· εὐδαμιονοίης, ὥσπερ ἡ μήτηρ ποτε. 460

ET. ἀπελθείει νῦν μοι.

Δ1. μᾶλλά μοι δὸς ἐν μόνον, κοτυλίσκων τὸ χείλος ἀποκεκρουσμένον.

ET. φθείρον λαβῶν τόδ'· ἵσθι δ' ὅχληρος ὡς δόμωι.

Δ1. οὔτω μᾶ Δί᾽ οἴσθ' οἳ αὐτὸς ἐργάζει κακά. ἅλλ', ὡ γλυκύτατ' Εὐριπίδὴ, τοῦτι μόνον, δόσ μοι χυτρίδιον σπογγίῳ βεβυσμένον. 465

ET. ἄνθρωπ', ἀφαιρήσει μὲ τὴν τραγῳδίαν. ἀπελθεί ταυτηνι λαβών.

Δ1. ἀπέρχομαι.

καίτοι τί δράσω; δει γὰρ ἐνόσ, ὡς μὴ τυχῶν ἀπόλουλ'. ἄκουσον, ὡ γλυκύτατ' Εὐριπίδη· τοῦτι λαβῶν ἀπεμι κού πρόσεμι' ἐτί· εἰς τὸ σπυρίδιον ἵσχνα μοι φυλλεῖα δόσ.

ET. ἀπολεῖς μ'. ἰδοῦ σοι. φροῦδά μοι τὰ δράματα. 470

a i.e., wearing the rags of T. he feels himself able to talk like him.

b Probably for carrying scraps; cf. sportula. Telephus is said to have carried one “in a tragedy” (Diog. Laert. vi. 87).

46
Yah! why I'm full of cunning words already. But now, methinks, I need a beggar's staff.

**EUR.** Take this, and get thee from the marble halls.

**DI.** O Soul, thou seest me from the mansion thrust, Still wanting many a boon. Now in thy prayer Be close and instant. Give, Euripides, 
A little basket with a hole burnt through it.

**EUR.** What need you, hapless one, of this poor wicker?

**DI.** No need perchance; but O I want it so.

**EUR.** Know that you're wearisome, and get you gone.

**DI.** Alas! Heaven bless you, as it blessed your mother.

**EUR.** Leave me in peace.

**DI.** Just one thing more, but one, 
A little tankard with a broken rim.

**EUR.** Here. Now be off. You trouble us; begone.

**DI.** You know not yet what ill you do yourself. 
Sweet, dear Euripides, but one thing more, 
Give me a little pitcher, plugged with sponge.

**EUR.** Fellow, you're taking the whole tragedy. 
Here, take it and begone.

**DI.** I'm going now. And yet! there's one thing more, which if I get not 
I'm ruined. Sweetest, best Euripides, 
With this I'll go, and never come again; 
Give me some withered leaves to fill my basket.

**EUR.** You'll slay me! Here! My plays are disappearing.

* Said to be a seller of potherbs; cf. 478.
ARISTOPHANES

DI. ἀλλ' οὕκετ', ἀλλ' ἀπειμ. καὶ γὰρ εἴμ' ἀγαν ὀχληρός, οὐ δοκῶν με κοιράνους στυγεῖν. οἷμοι κακοδαίμων, ὡς ἀπόλωλ'. ἔπελαθόμην ἐν ὀπέρ ἐστὶ πάντα μοι τὰ πράγματα. Εὐριπίδιον, ὡς φιλτάτιον καὶ γλυκύτατον, κάκιστ' ἀπολοίμην, εἰ τί σ' αἰτήσαμι ἐτί, πλὴν ἐν μόνον, τούτι μόνον, τούτι μόνον, σκάνδικά μοι δός, μητρόθεν δεδεγμένος.

ΕΤ. ἀνήρ ὑβρίζει. κλείει πηκτὰ δωμάτων.

ΔΙ. ὡ θύμ', ἀνευ σκάνδικος ἐμπορευτέα. ἄρ' οἴσθ' ὅσον τὸν ἄγων' ἀγωνεὶ τάχα, μέλλων ὑπὲρ Λακεδαίμονιών ἀνδρῶν λέγειν; πρόβασιν νυν, ὡς θυμεὶ γραμμὴ δ' αὐτῆ. ἔστηκας; οὐκ εἰ καταπίων Εὐριπίδην; ἐπήνεσ'. ἄγε νυν, ὡς τάλαινα καρδία, ἀπελθ' ἐκείσε, κατὰ τὴν κεφαλὴν ἐκεῖ παράσχεσ, εἰποῦσ' ἀττ' ἂν αὐτῇ σοι δοκῇ. τόλμησον, ἵδι, χώρησον, ἀγαμαι καρδίας.

ΧΟ. τί δράσεις; τί φήσεις; ἀλλ' ἵσθι νυν ἀναίσχυντος ὡν σιδηροὺς τ' ἀνήρ, ὅστις παρασχῶν τῇ πόλει τὸν αὐχένα ἀπασί μέλλεις εἰς λέγειν τάναντα. ἀνήρ οὐ τρέμει τὸ πράγμ'. εἰλ' νυν, ἐπειδήπερ αὐτὸς αἱρεῖ, λέγε.

ΔΙ. μὴ μοι φθονήσῃ', ἄνδρες οἱ θεώμενοι, εἰ πτωχὸς ὡν ἐπειτ' ἐν Ἀθηναῖοις λέγειν

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a "Parodied from the Oeneus of Euripides": Schol.

b Here Euripides is wheeled in again, and Dic. advances to the block to make his speech.

c i.e., from which the racers started. Dic. being now well primed with Euripides feels he ought to go ahead.
Di. Enough! I go. Too troublesome by far
Am I, not witting that the chieftains hate me! a
Good Heavens! I'm ruined. I had clean forgotten
The thing whereon my whole success depends.
My own Euripides, my best and sweetest,
Perdition seize me if I ask aught else
Save this one thing, this only, only this,
Give me some chervil, borrowing from your mother.

Eur. The man insults us. Shut the palace up. b

Di. O Soul, without our chervil we must go.
Knowest thou the perilous strife thou hast to strive,
Speaking in favour of Laconian men?
On, on, my Soul! Here is the line. c How?
What?
Swallow Euripides, and yet not budge?
Oh, good! Advance, O long-enduring heart,
Go thither, lay thine head upon the block,
And say whatever to thyself seems good.
Take courage! Forward! March! O well done, heart!

Chor. What will you say? What will you do?
Man, is it true
You are made up of iron and of shamelessness too?
You who will, one against us all, debate,
Offering your neck a hostage to the State!
Nought does he fear.
Since you will have it so, speak, we will hear

Di. Bear me no grudge, spectators, if, a beggar,
I dare to speak before the Athenian people
The speech throughout is probably a parody of one in the *Telephus*, and for ll. 497, 498 the Scholiast quotes the original as—

μή μοι φθονήσῃ', ἄνδρες Ἐλλήνων ἄκροι,
εἰ πτωχὸς ὡς τὸπλῆκ' ἐν ἐσθλοῖσιν λέγειν.

*b* Only citizens and μέτοικοι were present at the “*Lenaea.*”

*c* They are “clean-winnowed,” only the grain being left, of which the ἀστόλ are the flour and the μέτοικοι the bran.
About the city in a comic play.\(^a\)
For what is true even comedy can tell.
And I shall utter startling things but true.
Nor now can Cleon slander me because,
With strangers present, I defame the State.
'Tis the Lenaea, and we're all alone; \(^b\)
No strangers yet have come; nor from the states
Have yet arrived the tribute and allies.
We're quite alone clean-winnowed; for I count
Our alien residents the civic bran.\(^c\)

The Lacedaemonians I detest entirely;
And may Poseidon, Lord of Taenarum,
Shake\(^d\) all their houses down about their ears;
For I, like you, have had my vines cut down.
But after all—for none but friends are here—
Why the Laconians do we blame for this?
For men of ours, I do not say the State,
Remember this, I do not say the State,\(^e\)
But worthless fellows of a worthless stamp,
Ill-coined, ill-minted, spurious little chaps,
Kept on denouncing Megara's little coats.\(^f\)
And if a cucumber or hare they saw,
Or sucking-pig, or garlic, or lump-salt,\(^g\)
All were Megarian, and were sold off-hand.\(^h\)

\(^a\) i.e. as 'Εννοσίγαίος, the Earth-Shaker. Sparta suffered from earthquakes; cf. Thuc. i. 128. 2; Paus. vii. 25. 1.
\(^b\) He emphasizes this because that was the exact charge; cf. 503.
\(^c\) "The Ἐυφυλῆς which formed the staple manufacture of Megara; cf. Xen. Mem. ii. 7. 6": R.
\(^d\) i.e. rock-salt.
\(^e\) i.e. after being denounced as Megarian and confiscated; cf. 542. The exclusion of the Megarians from the "market of Athens and Athenian harbours" was put forward by Sparta in 431 B.C. as one of the chief grounds for war; cf. Thuc. i. 139. 1.
καὶ ταῦτα μὲν δὴ σμικρὰ κάπιχώρια, 
πόρνην δὲ Σιμαίθαν ἱόντες Μεγαράδε 
νεανίαν κλέπτουσι μεθυσοκότταβοι. 
κἀθ’ οἱ Μεγαρῆς ὀδύναις πεφυσιγγωμένοι 
ἀντεξέκλεψαν 'Ασπασίας πόρνα δύο. 
καὶ τεθέν ἄρχη τοῦ πολέμου κατερράγη 
"Ελληνι πᾶσιν ἐκ τριῶν λαϊκαστριῶν. 
ἐντεῦθεν ὀργῇ Περικλέης Οὐλύμπιο 
ἡστραττ’, ἐβρόντα, ἔννεκύκτα τὴν Ἐλλάδα, 
ἐτύθει νόμους ὦσπερ σκόλια γεγραμμένους, 
ὡς χρῆ Μεγαρέας μήτε γῆ μήτ’ ἐν ἄγορᾷ 
μήτ’ ἐν θαλάττῃ μήτ’ ἐν ἢπείρῳ μένειν. 
ἐντεῦθεν οἱ Μεγαρῆς, ὅτε δὴ 'πείνων βάδην, 
Λακεδαιμονίων ἔδεωντο τὸ ψήφισμό’ ὅπως 
μεταστραφεῖσ τὸ διὰ τὰς λαϊκαστρίας. 
οὐκ ἥθελομεν δ’ ἥμείς δεομένων πολλάκις. 
καὶ τεθέν ἦδη πάταγος ἦν τῶν ἀσπίδων. 
ἐρεῖ τις, οὐ χρῆν. ἀλλὰ τί ἐχρῆν εἴπατε. 
φέρ’, εἰ Λακεδαιμονίων τις ἐκπλεύσας σκάφει 
ἀπέδοτο φίνας κυνίδοιον Σερφίων, 
καθῆσθ’ ἄν ἐν δόμοισιν; ἦ πολλοὶ γε δεῖ: 
καὶ κάρτα μένταν εὐθέως καθεῖλκετε 
τριακοσίας ναῦς, ἦν δ’ ἄν ἦ πόλις πλέα 
θορύβου στρατιωτῶν, περὶ τριηράρχου βοῆς, 
μισθοῦ διδομένου, Παλλαδίων χρυσομμένων, 
στοάς στεναχούσης, σιτίων μετρουμένων,
Still these were trifles, and our country’s way.
But some young tipsy cottabus-players went
And stole from Megara-town the fair Simaetha.
Then the Megarians, garlicked with the smart,
Stole, in return, two of Aspasia’s hussies.
From these three Wantons o’er the Hellenic race
Burst forth the first beginnings of the War.
For then, in wrath, the Olympian Pericles
Thundered and lightened, and confounded Hellas,
Enacting laws which ran like drinking-songs,
That the Megarians presently depart
From earth and sea, the mainland, and the mart.
Then the Megarians, slowly famishing,
Besought their Spartan friends to get the Law
Of the three Wantons cancelled and withdrawn.
And oft they asked us, but we yielded not.
Then followed instantly the clash of shields.
Ye’ll say They should not; but what should they, then?
Come now, had some Laconian, sailing out,
Denounced and sold a small Seriphian dog,
Would you have sat unmoved? Far, far from that!
Ye would have launched three hundred ships of war,
And all the City had at once been full
Of shouting troops, of fuss with trierarchs,
Of paying wages, gilding Pallases,
Of rations measured, roaring colonnades,

a The famous mistress of Pericles.
b The σκόλιον it resembles was by Timocreon of Rhodes:
ċωφελέν σ’, ω τυφλὲ Πλοῦτε, | μήτε γὰρ μήτ’ εν θαλάσση | μήτ’ εν ἡπείρω φανήραι . .
c Seriphus is a very small island, one of the Cyclades, due east from Sparta. The smallest injury to the smallest “island” would have roused Athens to fury.
d i.e. for figure-heads or the like.
ARISTOPHANES

άσκών, τροπωτήρων, κάδους ἄνουμένων,
σκορόδων, ἐλαών, κρομμύων ἐν δικτύοις,
στεφάνων, τριχίδων, αὐλητρίδων, ύπωπιών·
tὸ νεώριον ὑ' αὐ κωπέων πλατουμένων,
tύλων ψοφούντων, θαλαμῶν τροπουμένων,
αὐλῶν, κελευστῶν, νυγλάρων, συριγμάτων.
tαῦτ' οἶδ' ὅτι ἂν ἐδράτε· τὸν δὲ Τήλεφον
οὐκ οἰόμεσθα; νοῦς ἀρ' ἡμῖν οὐκ ἐνι.

HM. A. ἄληθες, ὀπίστρυπτε καὶ μιαρώτατε;
tαυτὶ σὺ τολμᾶς πτωχὸς ὦν ἡμᾶς λέγειν,
καὶ συκοφάντης εἶ τις ἦν, ὠνείδισας;

HM. B. νὴ τὸν Ποσειδῶ, καὶ λέγει γ' ἄπερ λέγει
δίκαια πάντα κοῦδεν αὐτῶν ψεύδεται.

HM. A. εἴτ' εἰ δίκαια, τοῦτον εἴπειν αὐτ' ἐχρήν;
ἀλλ' οὖ τι χαίρων ταῦτα τολμήσει λέγειν.

HM. B. οὐτος σὺ ποῖ θεῖς; οὐ μενεῖς; ὅς εἰ θενεῖς
τὸν ἀνδρα τοῦτον, αὐτὸς ἀρθήσει τάχα.

HM. A. ἰὼ Λάμαχ', ὡ βλέπων ἀστρατάς,
βοήθησον, ὡ γοργολόφα, φανεῖς,
ἰὼ Λάμαχ', ὡ φιλ', ὡ φυλέτα·
eἴτε τις ἐστι ταξι-
αρχὸς, ἦ στρατηγός, ἦ
τειχομάχας ἀνήρ, βοηθησάτω
tις ἀνύσας. ἐγὼ γὰρ ἔχομαι μέσος.

"καὶ ταῦτα ἐκ Τηλέφου: Schol. The speech ends, as it
began, with a quotation, and its effect is to split the Chorus
into two hostile sections.
54
Of wineskins, oarloops, bargaining for casks,
Of nets of onions, olives, garlic-heads,
Of chaplets, pilchards, flute-girls, and black eyes.
And all the arsenal had rung with noise
Of oar-spars planed, pegs hammered, oarloops fitted,
Of boatswains' calls, and flutes, and trills, and whistles.
This had ye done; and shall not Telephus, a
Think we, do this? we've got no brains at all.

semichorus i. Aye, say you so, you rascally villain you?
And this from you, a beggar? Dare you blame us
Because, perchance, we've got informers here?
semichorus ii. Aye, by Poseidon, every word he says
Is true and right; he tells no lies at all.
s.c. i. True or untrue, is he the man to say it?
I'll pay him out, though, for his insolent speech.
s.c. ii. Whither away? I pray you stay. If him you hurt,
You'll find your own self hoisted up directly. b
s.c. i. Lamachus! Help! with thy glances of lightning;
Terrible-crested, appear in thy pride,
Come, O Lamachus, tribesman and friend to us;
Is there a stormer of cities beside?
Is there a captain? O come ye in haste,
Help me, O help! I am caught by the waist.

b A scuffle takes place in the orchestra, in which the leader of the first semichorus is worsted.
ARISTOPHANES

ΔΑΜΑΧΟΣ. πόθεν βοής ἦκουσα πολεμιστηρίας; ποί χρή βοηθεῖν; ποί κυδομὸν ἐμβαλεῖν; τίς Γοργών’ ἔξηγείρειν ἐκ τοῦ σάγματος;

Δ. ὁ Δάμαχ’ ἠρως, τῶν λόφων καὶ τῶν λόχων. 575

ΗΜ. Α. ὁ Δάμαχ’, οὐ γὰρ οὗτος ἀνθρωπὸς πάλαι ἀπασαν ἧμῶν τὴν πόλιν κακορροθεί;

Λ. οὗτος σύ τολμᾶς πτωχὸς ὦν λέγειν τάδε;

Δ. ὁ Δάμαχ’ ἠρως, ἀλλὰ συγγνώμην ἔχε, εἰ πτωχὸς ὦν εἶπόν τι κάστωμυλάμην.

Λ. τί δ’ εἶπας ἥμᾶς; οὐκ ἔρεις;

Δ. οὐκ οἶδα πω’ 580 ὑπὸ τοῦ δέους γὰρ τῶν ὀπλῶν ἴλιγγίω. ἀλλ’ ἀντιβολῶ σ’, ἀπένεγκε μου τὴν μορμόνα.

Λ. ιδοῦ.

Δ. παράθες νῦν ὑπτιάν αὐτὴν ἐμοί.

Λ. κεῖται.

Δ. φέρε νῦν ἀπὸ τοῦ κράνους μοι τὸ πτερόν.

Λ. τουτὶ πτίλον σοι.

Δ. τῆς κεφαλῆς νῦν μου λαβοῦ, 585 ἵν’ ἐξεμέσω βδελύττομαι γὰρ τοὺς λόφους.

Λ. οὗτος, τί δράσεις; τῷ πτίλῳ μέλλεις ἐμεῖν;

Δ. πτίλον γὰρ ἔστιν; εἰπέ μοι, τίνος ποτὲ ὁρυθὸς ἔστιν; ἀρα κομπολακόθου;

Λ. οἴμ’ ὦς τεθνήξει.

Δ. μηδαμῶς, ὁ Δάμαχε. 590 οὐ γὰρ κατ’ ἵσχυν ἔστιν· εἰ δ’ ἵσχυρὸς εἰ, τί μ’ οὐκ ἀπεψώλησας; εὔπολος γὰρ εἰ.

Λ. ταυτὶ λέγεις σύ τὸν στρατηγὸν πτωχὸς ὦν;

---

a Emblazoned on his shield.

b "L. superciliously calls the huge ostrich feather πτίλων, a term used of the soft and downy plumage of the breast": R. 56
LAMACHUS. Whence came the cry of battle to my ears? Where shall I charge? where cast the battle-din?
Who roused the sleeping Gorgon a from its case?

DI. O Lamachus hero, O those crests and cohorts!

S.C. I. O Lamachus, here has this fellow been
With frothy words abusing all the State.

LAM. You dare, you beggar, say such things as those?

DI. O Lamachus hero, grant me pardon true
If I, a beggar, spake or chattered aught.

LAM. What said you? Hey?

DI. I can't remember yet.

I get so dizzy at the sight of arms.

I pray you lay that terrible shield aside.

LAM. There then.

DI. Now set it upside down before me.

LAM. 'Tis done.

DI. Now give me from your crest that plume.

LAM. Here; take the feather.b

DI. Now then, hold my head,
And let me vomit. I so loathe those crests.

LAM. What! use my feather, rogue, to make you vomit?

DI. A feather is it, Lamachus? Pray what bird
Produced it? Is it a Great Boastard's plume?

LAM. Death and Destruction!

DI. No, no, Lamachus.
That's not for strength like yours. If strong you are

Why don't you circumcise me? You're well armed.

LAM. What! you, a beggar, beard the general so?
ARISTOPHANES

Δ. ἐγὼ γάρ εἴμι πτωχός;
ΛΑ. ἀλλὰ τίς γάρ εί.
Δ. ὡστὶς; πολίτης χρηστός, οὐ σπουδαρχίδης, ἀλλ' ἐξ ὅτου περ ὁ πόλεμος, στρατωνίδης, οὐ δ' ἐξ ὅτου περ ὁ πόλεμος, μισθαρχίδης.
ΛΑ. ἐχειροτόνησαν γάρ με—
Δ. κόκκυγές γε τρεῖς.
ταῦτ' οὖν ἐγὼ βδελυγμένος ἐσπεισάμην, ὅρων πολίων μὲν ἄνδρας ἐν ταῖς τάξεσιν, νεανίας δ' οίους ὧν διαδεδρακότας τοὺς μὲν ἐπὶ Θράκης μισθοφοροῦντας τρεῖς δραχμάς,
Τισσαμενοφανίππους, Πανουργιππαρχίδας· ἐτέρους δὲ παρὰ Χάρητη, τοὺς δ' ἐν Χαόσι Γερητοδεουροφ, Διομειαλαζόνας, τοὺς δ' ἐν Καμαρίνη καὶ Γέλα καὶ Καταγέλα.
ΛΑ. ἐχειροτόνηθησαν γάρ.
Δ. αἵτινες δὲ τί ὑμᾶς μὲν ἀεὶ μισθοφορεῖν ἁμηγέτης, τωνὶ δὲ μηδέν'; ἔτεον, ὦ Μαριλάδη, ἦδη πεπρεσβευκας συν πολίς ὧν ἐνη; ἀνένευσε· καίτοι γ' ἐστὶ σώφρων κάργατος. τί δαλ Δράκυλλος κ'Εὐφορίδης ἦ Πρινίδης; εἰδέν τις υμῶν τάκβαταν' ἦ τοὺς Χαόνας; οὐ φασίν. ἀλλ' ὦ Κουσύρας καὶ Λάμαχος, οῖς υπ' ἑράνου τε καὶ χρεών πρώην ποτέ, 615

\* Silly, empty-headed fellows; “gowks.”
\* The personal allusions in these names are obscure.
\* The name is a mere pun on Γέλα.
\* One of the Chorus; so too with the names in 612.
\* ἐνη: the Scholiasts did not understand this, but one renders it “long ago”; no one has explained it satisfactorily.
58
A beggar am I, Lamachus?

What else?

An honest townsman, not an office-seekrian,
Since war began, an active-service-seekrian,
But you're, since war began, a full-pay-seekrian.

The people chose me—

Aye, three cuckoo-birds.\(^a\)

That's what I loathe; that's why I made my treaty,
When grey-haired veterans in the ranks I saw,
And boys like you, paltry malingering boys,
Off, some to Thrace—their daily pay three drachmas—

Phaenippuses, Hipparchidreprobatians,\(^b\)
And some with Chares, to Chaonia some,
Geretotheodores, Diomirogues, and some To Camarina, Gela, and Grineela.\(^c\)

The people chose them—

And how comes it, pray,

That you are always in receipt of pay,
And these are never? Come, Marilades,\(^d\)
You are old and grey\(^e\); when have you served
as envoy?

Never! Yet he's a steady, active man.

Well then, Euphorides, Prinides, Dracyllus,
Have you Ecbatana or Chaonia seen?
Never! But Coesyra's son\(^f\) and Lamachus,
They have; to whom, for debts and calls
unpaid,\(^g\)

\(^a\) i.e. any young nobleman. Coesyra belonged to the great family of the Alcmaeonidae; cf. C. 800.

\(^b\) In Dem. 821. 14 ἐπάνυος λένορε ("he has left his subscription unpaid") is used to describe a rascal; and see L. & S. s.v.
ARISTOPHANES

ὤσπερ ἀπόνιπτρον ἐκχέοντες ἐσπέρας, ἀπαντεῖς ἐξίστω παρῆμουν οἱ φίλοι.

ΔΑ. ὢ δημοκρατία, ταῦτα δὴ ἀνασχέτα;

ΔΙ. οὐ δὴ, ἐὰν μὴ μισθοφορὴ γε Λάμαχος.

ΔΑ. ἀλλ' οὖν ἔγω μὲν πᾶσι Πελοποννησίοις ἀεὶ πολεμήσω, καὶ ταράξω πανταχῇ, καὶ ναυσὶ καὶ πεζοῖσι, κατὰ τὸ καρτερῶν.

ΔΙ. ἔγω δὲ κηρύττω γε Πελοποννησίοις ἀπασὶ καὶ Μεγαρεύσι καὶ Βοιωτίοις πωλεῖν ἄγοράζειν πρὸς ἐμὲ, Λαμάχῳ δὲ μὴ.

xo. ἄνηρ νικᾶ τοῖς λόγοις, καὶ τὸν δήμον μεταπείθει

περὶ τῶν σπουδῶν. ἀλλ' ἀποδύντες τοῖς ἀναπαίστοις ἐπίσωμεν.

Ἐξ οὖ γε χροῆσιν ἐφεστηκέν τρυγικοῖς ὁ διδάσκαλος ἡμῶν,

οὔπω παρέβη πρὸς τὸ θέατρον λέξων ὥς δεξίος ἐστιν.

διαβαλλόμενος δ' ὑπὸ τῶν ἐχθρῶν ἐν Ἀθηναίοις ταχυβούλοις,

ὡς κωμῳδεί τὴν πόλιν ἡμῶν καὶ τὸν δῆμον καθυβρίζει,

ἀποκρίνεσθαι δεῖται νυνὶ πρὸς Ἀθηναίους μεταβούλους.

φησίν δ' εἶναι πολλῶν ἀγαθῶν ἀξίων ὡμῖν ὁ ποιητὴς,

παύσας ὑμᾶς ἐκνικοῖς λόγοις μὴ λίαν ἐξ-απατᾶσθαι,

a The leader of the Chorus speaks as though the poet in person had “come forth” (παρέβη) to deliver the Parabasis.
Their friends but now, like people throwing out
Their slops at eve, were crying "Stand away!"

LAM. O me! Democracy! can this be borne?

DI. No, not if Lamachus receive no pay.

LAM. But I with all the Peloponnesian folk
Will always fight, and vex them everyway,
By land, by sea, with all my might and main.

[Exit

DI. And I to all the Peloponnesian folk,
Megarians and Boeotians, give full leave
To trade with me; but not to Lamachus.

[Exit

chor. The man has the best of the wordy debate,
and the hearts of the people is winning
To his plea for the truce. Now doff we our robes,
our own anapaestics beginning.

Since first to exhibit his plays he began,
our chorus-instructor has never
Come forth \(^a\) to confess in this public address
how tactful he is and how clever.
But now that he knows he is slandered by foes
before Athens so quick to assent,
Pretending he jeers our City and sneers
at the people with evil intent,
He is ready and fain his cause to maintain
before Athens so quick to repent.
Let honour and praise be the guerdon, he says,
of the poet whose satire has stayed you
From believing the orators' novel conceits
wherewith they cajoled and betrayed you;
which is the first that has come down to us "a Parabasis complete in all its seven parts"; see note on W. 1009.
μηδ’ ἦδεσθαι θωπευομένους μηδ’ εἶναι χαυνοπολι- 
τας.

πρότερον δ’ ύμᾶς ἀπὸ τῶν πόλεων οἱ πρέσβεις ἐξ-
απατῶντες 
πρῶτον μὲν ἱοστεφάνους ἐκάλουν· κάπειδὴ τούτῳ τίς 
 eius, 
εὐθὺς διὰ τοὺς στεφάνους ἐπ’ ἄκρων τῶν πυριδίων 
ἐκάθησθε.

εἰ δὲ τις ύμᾶς ὑποθωπεύσας λιπαρὰς καλέσειν 
Ἀθήνας,

εὐρετο πάν ἄν διὰ τὰς λιπαράς, ἀφύων τιμῆν περι-
άψας.

tαῦτα ποιήσας πολλῶν ἀγαθῶν αἰτίος ύμῖν γε-
γένηται,

καὶ τοὺς δήμους ἐν ταῖς πόλεσιν δεῖξας, ὡς δημο-
κρατοῦνται.

τουγάρτοι νῦν ἐκ τῶν πόλεων τὸν φόρον ύμῖν ἀπ-
άγοντες 
ἤξουσιν, ἰδεῖν ἐπιθυμοῦντες τὸν ποιητὴν τὸν ἄρι-
στον,

δοσις παρεκινδύνευος’ εἰπεῖν ἐν Ἀθηναίοις τὰ δί-
καια.

οὔτω δ’ αὐτοῦ περὶ τῆς τόλμης ἦδη πόρρω κλέος 
ήκει,

ὅτε καὶ βασιλεύς, Λακεδαιμονίων τὴν πρεσβείαν 
βασανίζων,

ηρώτησεν πρῶτα μὲν αὐτοὺς πότεροι ταῖς ναυσὶ κρα-
τοῦσιν·

εἰτα δὲ τούτων τὸν ποιητὴν ποτέρους εἴποι κακὰ 
pολλά·

tούτους γὰρ ἐφη τοὺς ἀνθρώπους πολὺ βελτίους γε-
γενήσθαι
Who bids you despise adulation and lies
nor be citizens Vacant and Vain.
For before, when an embassy came from the states
intriguing your favour to gain,
And called you the town of the violet crown,a
so grand and exalted ye grew,
That at once on your tiptails erect ye would sit,
those crowns were so pleasant to you.
And then, if they added the shiny, they got
whatever they asked for their praises,
Though apter, I ween, for an oily sardine
than for you and your City the phrase is.
By this he's a true benefactor to you,
and by showing with humour dramatic
The way that our wise democratic allies
are ruled by our State democratic.
And therefore their people will come oversea,
their tribute to bring to the City,
Consumed with desire to behold and admire
the poet so fearless and witty,
Who dared in the presence of Athens to speak
the thing that is rightful and true.
And truly the fame of his prowess, by this,
has been bruited the universe through,
When the Sovereign of Persia, desiring to test
what the end of our warfare will be,
Inquired of the Spartan ambassadors, first,
which nation is queen of the sea,
And next, which the wonderful Poet has got,
as its stern and unsparing adviser;
For those who are lashed by his satire, he said,
must surely be better and wiser,

a The famous epithet applied to Athens by Pindar (Frag. 76), αἱ τε λιπαραὶ καὶ ἱστέφανοι καὶ ἁοίδιμοι Ἑλλάδος ἐρεισμα, κλείναι Ἀθᾶναι.
καὶ τῷ πολέμῳ πολὺ νικήσεως, τοῦτον ξύμβουλον ἔχοντας.
διὰ ταῦτα ύμᾶς Λακεδαιμόνιοι τὴν εἰρήνην προ-
καλοῦνται, καὶ τὴν Λήγωναν ἀπαιτοῦσιν· καὶ τῆς νῆσου μὲν
ἐκείνης
οὐ φροντίζουσα’, ἀλλ’ ἵνα τοῦτον τὸν ποιητήν ἀφ-
ἐλωνταί.
ἀλλ’ ύμείς τοι μὴ ποτ’ ἀφῇθ’ ὡς κωμῳδήσει τὰ
dίκαια;
φησὶν δ’ ύμᾶς πολλὰ διδάξειν ἀγάθ’, ὡστ’ εὐδαι-
μονας εἶναι,
οὐ θωπεύων, οὐθ’ ὑποτείνων μυσθούς, οὐδ’ ἔξαπ-
ατύλλων,
οὐδὲ πανουργῶν, οὐδὲ κατάρδων, ἀλλὰ τὰ βέλτιστα
dιδάσκον.

πρὸς ταῦτα Κλέων καὶ παλαμάσθω
καὶ πᾶν ἐπ’ ἐμοῖ τεκτανέσθω.
τὸ γὰρ εὖ μετ’ ἐμοῦ καὶ τὸ δίκαιον
ξύμμαχον ἔσται, κοῦ μὴ ποθ’ ἀλῶ
περὶ τὴν πόλιν ὃν ὡσπερ ἐκεῖνος
dειλὸς καὶ λακαταπύγων.

δεῦρο Μοῦσ’ ἐλθὲ φλεγυρά, πυρὸς ἔχουσα μένος, ἐν-
tονος, Ἀχαρνική.
οἶον ἐξ ἀνθράκων πρωνίνων φέμαλος ἀνήλατ’, ἐρεθι-
ζόμενος οὐρίᾳ ῥιπίδι,
ἣν ἵν’ ἄν ἐπανθρακίδες ὅσι παρακείμεναι,

---

α Αεгиνή had become tributary to Athens about 455 B.C.;
its autonomy was demanded by Sparta at the outset of the
And they'll in the war be the stronger by far,
   enjoying his counsel and skill.
And therefore the Spartans approach you to-day
   with proffers of Peace and Goodwill,
Just asking indeed that Aegina *a* ye cedc;
   and nought do they care for the isle,
But you of the Poet who serves you so well
   they fain would despoil and beguile.
But be you on your guard nor surrender the bard;
   for his Art shall be righteous and true.
Rare blessings and great will he work for the State,
   rare happiness shower upon you;
Not fawning, or bribing, or striving to cheat
   with an empty unprincipled jest;
Not seeking your favour to curry or nurse,
   but teaching the things that are best.

And therefore I say to the people to-day,
Let Cleon the worst of his villainies try,
His anger I fear not, his threats I defy!
For Honour and Right beside me will fight,
   And never shall I
In ought that relates to the city be found
Such a craven as he, such a profligate hound.

O Muse, fiery-flashing, with temper of flame,
   energetic, Achærian, come to my gaze,
Like the wild spark that leaps from the evergreen oak,
   when its red-glowing charcoal is fanned to a blaze,
   And the small fish are lying all in order for the frying;

war, 431 B.C., but the Athenians at once expelled all the inhabitants and colonized it (Thuc. ii. 27). Aristophanes may have been of Aeginetan origin; see Rogers’ Introd. p. ix.
οι δὲ Θασίαν ἀνακυκὼσι λιπαράμπυκα,
oi δὲ βάπτωσιν, οὕτω σοβαρῶν ἐλθὲ μέλος εὖτονον
ἀγροικότονον,
ὡς ἐμὲ λαβοῦσα τὸν δημότην.

οἱ γέροντες οἱ παλαιοὶ μεμφόμεσθα τῇ πόλει.
oὐ γὰρ ἄξιως ἐκεῖνών ὃν ἑναυμαχῆσαμεν
γηροβοσκούμεσθ᾽ ύφ᾽ ύμῶν, ἀλλὰ δεινὰ πάσχομεν.
οὕτως γέροντας ἄνδρας ἐμβαλόντες ἐς γραφάς
ὑπὸ νεανίσκων ἐὰτε καταγελάσθαι ῥητόρων,
oὔδεν οὖντας, ἀλλὰ κωφοὺς καὶ παρεξηγημένους,
oὶς Ποσειδῶν ἀσφάλειός ἐστιν ἡ βακτηρία:
tονθορύζοντες δὲ γῆρα τῷ λίθῳ προσέσταμεν,
oὐχ ὀρῶντες οὔδεν εἰ μὴ τῆς δίκης τὴν ἡλύγην.
o ὁ ἐν νεανίας, ἕαυτῶ σπουδάσας ξυνηγορεῖν,
es τάχος παίει ξυνάπτων οὐραγγύλων τοῖς ῥήμασιν.
κατ᾽ ἀνελκύσας ἐρωτά, σκανδάληθρ' ἰστας ἐπῶν,
ἄνδρα Τιθωνόν σπαράττων καὶ ταράττων καὶ κυκῶν.

ἀ Θασία, sc. ἄλμη, is a sort of pickle, and perhaps the
Pindaric epithet λιπαράμπυκα ("with shining frontlet") refers
to the gleam of the fish as they are dipped in it.

β The Scholiast explains as = τῷ βήματι (cf. P. 690), "the
orator's stand"; but Rogers thinks there "would be in every
dicastery a sort of stone altar on which the witnesses and
others took their oaths."

c i.e. the fog in which it had become enveloped.
And some are mixing Thasian, richly dight, shiny-bright,
And some dip the small fish therein;
Come, fiery-flashing Maid, to thy fellow-burghler's aid,
With exactly such a song, so glowing and so strong,
To our old rustic melodies akin.

We the veterans blame the City.
Is it meet and right that we,
Who of old, in manhood's vigour,
ought your battles on the sea,
Should in age be left untreated,
yea exposed to shame and ill?
Is it right to let the youngsters
air their pert forensic skill,
Grappling us with writs and warrants,
holding up our age to scorn?
We who now have lost our music,
feeble nothings, dull, forlorn,
We whose only "Safe Poseidon"
is the staff we lean upon,
There we stand, decayed and muttering,
hard beside the Court-house Stone,
Nought discerning all around us
save the darkness of our case.
Comes the youngster, who has compassed
for himself the accuser's place,
Slings his tight and nipping phrases,
tackling us with legal scraps,
Pulls us up and cross-examines,
setting little verbal traps,
Rends and rattles old Tithonus
till the man is dazed and blind;
ο δ' υπὸ γῆρως μασταρύζει, κατ' ὄφλων ἀπέρχεται:
εἶτα λύζει καὶ δακρύζει, καὶ λέγει πρὸς τοὺς φίλους, 690
οὐ μ' ἔχρην σορὸν πρίασθαι, τοῦτ' ὄφλων ἀπέρχομαι.

taῦτα πῶς εἰκότα, γέροντ' ἀπολέσαι, πολιον ἄνδρα,
περὶ κλεψύδραν,
pολλὰ δὴ ξυμπονήσαντα, καὶ θερμὸν ἀπομορφάμενον
ἀνδρικὸν ῥηχότα δὴ καὶ πολύν,
ἄνδρ' ἀγαθὸν ὄντα Μαραθῶν περὶ τὴν πόλιν;
εἶτα Μαραθῶν μὲν οὗ' ἤμεν, ἐοικομενεν.
νῦν δ' ὑπ' ἄνδρῶν πονηρῶν σφόδρα διωκόμεθα,
καὶ τα προσαλισκόμεθα. 701
πρὸς τάδε τί ἀντερεῖ Μαρθίας;

τῷ γὰρ εἰκὸς ἄνδρα κυφῶν, ἡλίκον Ὁουκυδίδην
ἐξολέσθαι συμπλακέντα τῇ Σκυθῶν ἐρημία,
τῷ δὲ τῷ Κηφισοδήμῳ, τῷ λάλῳ ξυνηγόρῳ;
ὡστ' ἐγὼ μὲν ἡλέσα κατεμορφάμην ῥήδων
ἄνδρα πρεσβύτην ὑπ' ἄνδρος τοξότον κυκώμενον,
ὅς μᾶ τὴν Δήμητρ', ἐκεῖνος ἥνικ' ἤν Οουκυδίδης,

---

a Here in the sense of "prosecutors."

b φιλόνεικος καὶ φιλάρος καὶ θορυβώδης ῥήτωρ: Schol.

c An aristocratic leader, the rival of Pericles, ostracized 444 B.C. Cephisodemus and Evathlus (710) were two of his accusers; the former probably "had some Scythian blood in his veins," and "a Scythian wilderness" seems to stand for something barbarous, inhuman; cf. Aesch. P.V. 2 Σκύθην ἐς

68
Till with toothless gums he mumbles,
    then departs condemned and fined;
Sobbing, weeping, as he passes,
    to his friends he murmurs low,
All I've saved to buy a coffin
    now to pay the fine must go.

How can it be seemly a grey-headed man by the
    Water-clock's stream to decoy and to slay,
Who of old, young and bold, laboured hard for the
    State, who would wipe off his sweat and return to the fray?
At Marathon arrayed, to the battle-shock we ran,
    And our mettle we displayed, foot to foot, man to man,
    And our name and our fame shall not die.
Aye in youth we were Pursuers on the Marathonian plain,
    But in age Pursuers vex us, and our best defence is vain.
    To this what can Marpsias reply?

Oh, Thucydides to witness,
    bowed with age, in sore distress,
Feebly struggling in the clutches
    of that Scythian wilderness
Fluent glib Cephisodemus,—
    Oh the sorrowful display!
I myself was moved with pity,
    yea and wiped a tear away,
Grieved at heart the gallant veteran
    by an archer mauled to view;
Him who, were he, by Demeter,
    that Thucydides we knew,
οὐδ’ ἂν αὐτὴν τὴν ’Αχαῖαν ῥαδίως ἤνέσχετο, ἀλλὰ κατεπάλαισε μέν γ’ ἂν πρῶτον Εὐάθλους δέκα,
κατεβόησε δ’ ἂν κεκραγὼς τοξότας τρισ-
χιλιών,
περιετέσσευσεν δ’ ἂν αὐτοῦ τοῦ πατρὸς τοὺς ἐξυγγενεῖς.
ἀλλ’ ἐπειδὴ τοὺς γέροντας οὐκ έάθ’ ὑπνοῦ τυχεῖν,
ψηφίσασθε χωρίς εἶναι τὰς γραφὰς, ὅπως ἂν ἢ τῷ γέροντι μὲν γέρων καὶ νωδός ὁ ἐξυγγορὸς, 715
toῖς νέοισι δ’ εὐρύπρωκτος καὶ λάλος χῶ
Κλεινίου.
καξελαύνειν χρῆ τὸ λοιπὸν, κἂν φύγῃ τις,
ζημιοῦν
tὸν γέροντα τῷ γέροντi, τὸν νέον δὲ τῷ νέω.

Δ. ὅροι μὲν ἀγορᾶς εἶσαι οἴδε τῆς ἐμῆς.
ἐνταῦθ’ ἀγοράζειν πάσιν Πελοποννησίους
ἐξεστὶ καὶ Μεγαρέζοι καὶ Βοωτίοις
εφ’ ὡτε πωλεῖν πρὸς ἐμέ, Δαμάχῳ δὲ μή.
ἀγορανόμους δὲ τῆς ἀγορᾶς καθίσταμαι
τρεῖς τοὺς λαχόντας τούσδ’ ἰμάντας ἐκ
Δεπρῶν.
ἐνταῦθα μῆτε συκοφάντης εἰσίτω

---

a i.e. Demeter. Plutarch and Hesychius derive the title Ἀχαία from ἀχη, sorrows, but though this is doubtful, “it may perhaps explain the epithet given in the translation” : R.
b Evathlus was a pugnacious orator whose name suggests that he was “a good fighter.”
c Alcibiades.
d In this new scene what was the Πυξ somehow becomes the market-place of Dicaeopolis.
Would have stood no airs or nonsense
from the Goddess Travel-sore, a
Would have thrown, the mighty wrestler,
ten Evathluses b or more,
Shouted down three thousand archers
with his accents of command,
Shot his own accuser’s kinsmen
in their Scythian fatherland.
Nay, but if ye will not leave us
to our hardly earned repose,
Sort the writs, divide the actions,
separating these from those;
Who assails the old and toothless
should be old and toothless too;
For a youngster, wantons, gabblers,
Cleinias’ son c the trick may do.
So for future fines and exiles,
fair and square the balance hold,
Let the youngster sue the youngster,
and the old man sue the old.

DI. These are the boundaries of my market-place; d
And here may all the Peloponnesian folk,
Megarians and Boeotians, freely trade
Selling to me, but Lamachus may not.
And these three thongs, of Leprous make, I
set
As market-clerks, e elected by the lot.
Within these bounds may no informer come,

a Officers who kept order in the market; cf. 824, 968.
The allusion in ἐκ Λεπρῶν is obscure. Some read λεπρῶν
(sc. βοών) and quote the Scholiast τὰ τῶν λεπρῶν βοῶν δέματα
ἰσχυρά.
ARISTOPHANES

mήτ' ἄλλος ὡς Φασιανός ἐστ' ἀνήρ.
ἐγὼ δὲ τὴν στήλην καθ' ἣν ἐσπεισάμην
μέτειμ', ἤνα στήσω φανερὰν ἐν τάγορᾶ.

MEGAREIS. ἰγορᾶ'ν Ἀθάνας χαίρε, Μεγαρεῦσιν φίλα.
ἐπόθουν τυ ναὶ τὸν Φίλιον ἄπερ ματέρα.
ἀλλ', ὦ πονηρὰ κύριχ' ἀθλίου πατρός,
ἀμβατε ποτνᾶν μάδδαν, αἱ χ' εὐρητε πα.
ἀκούετε δή, ποτέχετ' ἐμιν τὰν γαστέρα.
πότερα πεπράσθαι χρήδδετ', ἦ πευνὴν κακῶς;
ΚΩΡΑ. πεπράσθαι πεπράσθαι.

ΜΕ. ἐγώνυγα καυτός φαμ. τίς δ' οὗτως ἄνους
ὅς ὑμε καὶ πρίαιτο, φανερὰν ξαμίαν;
ἀλλ' ἔστι γάρ μοι Μεγαρικά τις μαχανά.
χοίρους γάρ ὑμε σκευάσας φασῶ φέρειν.
περίδοθέ με τάσι τὰς ὅπλας τῶν χοιρίων.
ἀπομ. δὲ δοξείτ' ἤμεν ἐξ' ἀγαθᾶς ύός.
ὡς ναὶ τὸν 'Ερμάν, αὕτερ ἐξείτ' οὐκαδις
ἀπρατα, πειρασείσθε τὰς λιμῶν κακῶς.
ἀλλ' ἀμφιθεσθε καὶ ταῦτα τὰ ῥυγχιά,
κῆπετεν ἐς τὸν σάκκον ὡδ' ἐσβαίνετε.
ἀπομ. δὲ γρυλιθείτε καὶ κοίζετε
χῆσετε φανᾶν χοιρίων μυστηρικῶν.
ἐγών δὲ καρυξὼ Δικαιόπολιν ὅπα.
Δικαιόπολι, ἦ λής πρίασθαι χοιρία;
ΔΙ. τί ἀνήρ Μεγαρικός;

\textsuperscript{a} Lit. “from the river Phasis” in Colchis, but here the word is taken as derived from φάσις=“an information,” cf. φαρ' 827.
\textsuperscript{b} Treaties were regularly inscribed on στήλαι.
\textsuperscript{c} Exit Dicaeopolis and a half-starved Megarian enters, followed by two little girls whom he bids “mount” (cf. ἀμβατε) the stage from the side-scenes.
THE ACHARNIAINS, 726–750

Or any other syco-Phasian a man.
But I'll go fetch the Treaty-Pillar b here,
And set it up in some conspicuous place. c

MEGARIAN. Guid day, Athanian market, Megara's luve!
By Frien'ly Zeus, I've miss't ye like my mither.
But ye, puir bairnies o' a waefu' father,
Speel up, ye'll aiblins fin' a barley-bannock.
Now listen, bairns; atten' wi' a' yere—
painch; d

Whilk wad ye liefer, to be sellt or clemmed?

GIRLS. Liefer be sellt! Liefer be sellt!

MEG. An' sae say I mysel! But wha sae doited
As to gie aught for you, a sicker skaith?
Aweel, I ken a pawkie Megara-trick, e
I'se busk ye up, an' say I'm bringin' piggies.
Here, slip these wee bit clooties on yere nieves,
An' shaw yeresells a decent grumphie's weans.
For gin' I tak' ye hame unsellt, by Hairmes
Ye'll thole the warst extremities o' clemmin'.
Ne'est, pit thir lang pig-snowties owre yere nebs,
An' stech yere bodies in this sackie. Sae.
An' min' ye grunt an' grane an' g-r-r awa',
An' mak' the skirls o' little Mystery piggies. f
Mysel' will ca' for Dicaeopolis.
Hae! Dicaeopolis!
Are ye for buyin' onie pigs the day?

DI. How now, Megarian?

a τὸνν νοῦν was expected for τὴν γάστερα.

b The Megarians claimed to be the inventors of Comedy;
cf. W. 57.

cf. P. 374, 375.
ME. ἀγοράσοντες ἴκομες. 750

Δ. πῶς ἔχετε;

ME. διαπεινᾶμες ἂεὶ ποττὸ πῦρ.

Δ. ἀλλ' ἦδυ τοι νὴ τὸν Δ', ἦν αὐλὸς παρῇ. 
    τί δ' ἄλλο πράττεθ' οἱ Μεγαρεῖς νῦν;

ME. οἰα δή.

οικα μὲν ἐγὼ τηνῶθεν ἐμπορεύομαι, 
άνδρες πρόβουλοι τοῦτ' ἐπρασσον τὰ πόλει, 755 
οὕτως τάχιστα καὶ κάκιστ' ἀπολοίμεθα.

Δ. αὐτίκ' ἄρ' ἀπαλλάξεσθε πραγμάτων.

ME. σά μάν;

Δ. τί δ' ἄλλο Μεγαροὶ; πῶς ὁ σῖτος ὄνιος;

ME. παρ' ἁμὲ πολυτίματος ἄπερ τοῦ θεοί.

Δ. ἀλας οὖν φέρεις;

ME. οὐχ ὑμὲς αὐτῶν ἀρχετε; 760

Δ. οὐδὲ σκόροδα;

ME. ποῖα σκόροδ'; ὑμὲς τῶν ἂεί, 
οικ' ἐσβάλητε, τῶς ἄρωραιοι μῦσ, 
πάσσακι τὰς ἀγλίθας ἐξορύσσετε.

Δ. τί δαί φέρεις;

ME. χοίρους ἐγώνγα μυστικάς.

Δ. καλῶς λέγεις· ἐπίδειξον.

ME. ἄλλα μάν καλαὶ. 765 
ἀντεῖνον, αἱ λῆς· ὃς παχεία καὶ καλά.

Δ. τοῦτ' τί ἦν τὸ πράγμα;

ME. χοῖρος ναὶ Δία.

Δ. τί λέγεις σύ; ποδατῇ χοῖρος ἤδε;

---

a Lit. “We have starving-bouts by the fire.” But Δικ. is supposed to hear διαπινομεν, “have drinking-bouts.” “In the translation the Megarian uses ‘greeting’ in the Scotch sense of weeping; the Athenian understands it in the sense of exchanging greetings”; R.

74
Come to niffer, guidman.

How fare ye all?

A’ greetin’ by the fire.\(^a\)

And very jolly too if there’s a piper.

What do your people do besides?

For when I cam’ frae Megara toun the morn,

Our Lairds o’ Council were in gran’ debate

How we might quickliest perish, but an’ ben.

So ye’ll lose all your troubles.

What for no?

What else at Megara? What’s the price of wheat?

Och! high eneugh: high as the Gudes, an’ higher.\(^b\)

Got any salt?

Ye’re maisters o’ our saut.\(^c\)

Or garlic?

Garlic, quotha! when yeresells, Makin’ yere raids like onie swarm o’ mice,

Howkit up a’ the rooties wi’ a stak’.

What have you got then?

Mystery piggies, I.

That’s good; let’s see them.

Hae! They’re bonnie piggies.

Lift it, an’t please you; ’tis sae sleek an’ bonnie.

What on earth’s this?

A piggie that, by Zeus.

A pig! What sort of pig?

\(^a\) \textit{πολύπροφοτός}=(1) “much-honoured,” cf. 807; or (2)“high-priced.”

\(^b\) Their salt-works were at Nisaea; but the Athenians in 427 B.C. had seized Minoa, the island or promontory which commands it (Thuc. iii. 51).
ARISTOPHANES

ΜΕ.  η ου χοιρός εσθ' ἄδ';

ΔΙ.  οὐκ ἐμοιγε φαίνεται.

ΜΕ.  οὐ δεινά; θάσθε τοῦθε τάς ἀπιστίας ὡς φατι τάνδε χοίρον ἤμεν. ἀλλὰ μάν, αἱ λῆς, περίδου μοι περὶ θυμητιδᾶν ἄλων, αἱ μὴ στὶν οὗτος χοῖρος 'Ελλάνων νόμω. 770

ΔΙ. ἄλλ' ἐστιν ἀνθρώπου γε.

ΜΕ.  ναὶ τὸν Διοκλέα, ἐμά γα. τῷ δὲ νῦν εἴμεναι τίνος δοκεῖς; ἦ λῆς ἀκοῦσαι φθεγγομένας;

ΔΙ.  νη τοὺς θεοὺς ἐγωγε.

ΜΕ.  φώνει δὴ τῷ ταχέως, χοιρίον.

οὐ χρήσθα; σιγᾶς, ὥ κάκιστ' ἀπολογήτωνων; πάλιν τῷ ἀποισῶ ναὶ τὸν 'Ερμᾶν οἴκαδις.

ΚΟ.  κοί, κοί.

ΜΕ.  αὕτα ὅστι χοῖρος;

ΔΙ.  νῦν γε χοῖρος φαίνεται. 780

ἀτάρ ἐκτραφεῖς γε κύσθος ἐσται πέντε ἐτῶν.

ΜΕ.  σάφ' ἠσθι, ποττάν ματέρ' εἰκασθήσεται.

ΔΙ. ἄλλ' οὐδὲ θύσιμος ἐστιν αὐτῆς.

ΜΕ.  σά μάν;

πᾶ δ' οὐχὶ θύσιμος ἐστὶ;

ΔΙ.  κέρκον οὐκ ἔχει. 785

ΜΕ.  νέα γὰρ ἐστιν ἀλλὰ δελφακομένα ἐξεῖ μεγάλαν τε καὶ παχεῖαν κηρυθράν.

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"The next twenty-six lines are largely occupied with a play on the double meaning of χοῖρος, (1) a pig, and (2) τὸ γυναικεῖον αἰδοῖον, doubtless portrayed on the σάκκος": R.

b i.e. flavoured with thyme.
THE ACHARNIANS, 768–787

MEG. A Megara piggie. What! no a piggie that?

DI. It doesn’t seem so.

MEG. ’Tis awfu’! Och the disbelievin’ carle! Uphaudin’ she’s na piggie! Will ye wad, My cantie frien’, a pinch o’ thymy saut She’s no a piggie in the Hellanian use?

DI. A human being’s—

MEG. Weel, by Diocles, She’s mine; wha’s piggie did ye think she was? Mon? wad ye hear them skirlin’?

DI. I would indeed.

MEG. Now piggies, skirl awa’. Ye winna? winna skirl, ye graceless hizzies? By Hairmes then I’se tak’ ye hame again.

GIRLS. Wee! wee! wee!

MEG. This no a piggie?

DI. Faith, it seems so now, But ’twont remain so for five years I’m thinking.

MEG. Trowth, tak’ my word for’t, she’ll be like her mither.

DI. But she’s no good for offerings.

MEG. What for no?

What for nae guid for offerins?

DI. She’s no tail.

MEG. Aweel, the puir wee thing, she’s owre young yet. But when she’s auld, she’ll have a gawcie tail.

"i.e. in the Hellenic tongue.

Therefore not "without blemish" and so unfit for sacrifice.
ARISTOPHANES

άλλα αἱ τράφεν λῆς, ἀδε τοι χοίρος καλά.

ΔΙ. ως ξυγγενῆς ὁ κύσθος αὐτῆς θατέρα.
ΜΕ. ὁμοματρία γὰρ ἐστὶ κῆκ τωντῶ πατρός.

ΔΙ. ἀλλ' οὐχὶ χοίρος τὰφροδίτη θύεται.
ΜΕ. οὔ χοίρος Ἄφροδίτα, μόνα γα δαμόνων.

ΔΙ. ἢδη δ' ἀνευ τῆς μητρὸς ἐσθίοιεν ἄν;
ΜΕ. ναὶ τὸν Ποτειδᾶ, κἂν ἀνευ γα τῶ πατρός.

αὐτὸς δ' ἐρώτη.

χοίρε χοίρε.

ΚΟ. Α. κοῖ, κοῖ. 800

ΔΙ. τρώγωις ἄν ἐρεβίνθους;
ΚΟ. Α. κοῖ, κοῖ, κοῖ. 805

ΔΙ. τί δαί; Φιβάλεως ἰσχάδας;
ΚΟ. Α. κοῖ, κοῖ.

ΔΙ. τί δαί σὺ; τρώγωις ἄν;
ΚΟ. Β. κοῖ, κοῖ, κοῖ.

ΔΙ. ως ὦξυ πρὸς τὰς ἰσχάδας κεκράγατε.

ΔΙ. ἐνεγκάτω τις ἐνδοθεν τῶν ἱσχάδων

τοῖς χοιρίδοισιν. ἄρα τρώξονται; βαβαί, οἶον ῥοδιάζουσ', ὃ πολυτίμηθ' Ἡράκλειος.

ΜΕ. ἀλλ' οὔτι πάσας κατέτραγον τὰς ἰσχάδας,

a Phibalis was a low-lying district of Megara bordering on Attica.
b Τραγασσαία with a play on τραγείων, to eat; Tragassae was
But wad ye rear them, here's a bonnie piggie!

**DI.** Why she's the staring image of the other.

**MEG.** They're o' ane father an' ane mither, baith. But bide a wee, an' when she's fat an' curlie She'll be an offerin' gran' for Aphrodite.

**DI.** A pig's no sacrifice for Aphrodite.

**MEG.** What, no for Her! Mon, for hirsell' the lane. Why there's nae flesh sae tastie as the flesh O' thae sma piggies, roastit on a spit.

**DI.** But can they feed without their mother yet?

**MEG.** Poteidan, yes! withouten father too.

**DI.** What will they eat most freely?

**MEG.** Aught ye gie them. But spier yoursel'.

**DI.** Hey, piggy, piggy!

**FIRST GIRL.** Wee!

**DI.** Do you like pease, you piggy?

**FIRST GIRL.** Wee, wee, wee!

**DI.** What, and Phibalean a figs as well?

**FIRST GIRL.** Wee, wee!

**DI.** What, and you other piggy?

**SECOND GIRL.** Wee, wee, wee!

**DI.** Eh, but ye're squealing bravely for the figs. Bring out some figs here, one of you within, For these small piggies. Will they eat them? Yah! Worshipful Heracles! how they are gobbling now. Whence come the pigs? They seem to me Aetallian.  

**MEG.** Na, na; they haena eaten a' thae figs. See here; here's ane I pickit up mysel'.

a small town near Troy. "'Eat-all-ians' in the translation is intended to recall Aetolians": R.
ΑΡΙΣΤΟΦΑΝΗΣ

ΔΙ. νὴ τὸν Δι’ ἀστείῳ γε τῷ βοσκήματε·
πόσου πριῶμαι σοι τὰ χοιρίδια; λέγε.
ΜΕ. τὸ μὲν ἄτερον τοῦτων, σκορδῶν τροπαλλίδος,
τὸ δ’ ἄτερον, αἱ λῆς, χοίνικος μόνας ἀλῶν.
ΔΙ. ὄνησομαι σοι· περὶμεν’ αὐτόν.
ΜΕ. ταῦτα δὴ. 815

‘Ἐρμᾶ ὑπολαῖε, τὰν γυναῖκα τὰν ἐμὰν
οὗτω μ’ ἀποδόσθαι τὰν τ’ ἐμαυτῶ ματέρα.
ΣΤΚΟΦΑΝΤΗΣ. ὄνθρωπε, ποδαπός;
ΜΕ. χοιροπώλας Μεγαρικός.
ΣΤ. τὰ χοιρίδια τοίνυν ἐγὼ φανὼ ταδί
πολέμια καὶ σέ.
ΜΕ. τοῦτ’ ἐκεῖν’, ίκει πάλιν 820
ὁθεντερ ἀρχὰ τῶν κακῶν ἀμῖν ἔφυ.
ΣΤ. κλάων Μεγαριεὺς. ὀὐκ ἀφῆσεις τὸν σάκον;
ΜΕ. Δικαιόπολι Δικαιόπολι, φαντάζομαι.
ΔΙ. ύπὸ τοῦ; τῖς ὁ φαίνων σ’ ἔστίν; Ἀγορανόμοι,
τοὺς συκοφάντας οὐ θύρας’ ἐξειρέστε; 825
τή μαθὼν φαίνεις ἀνευ θρυαλλίδος;
ΣΤ. οὐ γὰρ φανὼ τοὺς πολεμίους;
ΔΙ. κλάων γε σύ,
εἰ μὴ ’τέρωσε συκοφαντήσεις τρέχων.
ΜΕ. οἶνον τὸ κακὸν ἐν ταῖς ’Αθάναις τοῦτ’ ἐνι.
ΔΙ. θάρρει, Μεγαρίκ’. ἀλλ’ ἂς τὰ χοιρίδι’ ἀπέδου 830
τιμῆς, λαβὲ ταυτὶ τὰ σκόροδα καὶ τοὺς ἄλας,
καὶ χαῖρε πολλ’.
ΜΕ. ἀλλ’ ἀμῖν οὐκ ἐπιχώριον.
ΔΙ. πολυπραγμοσύνη γνω τέ κεφαλὴν τρέποιτ’
ἐμοί.
ΜΕ. ὦ χοιρίδια, πειρῆσθε κάνευ τῶν πατρὸς
παῖειν ἐφ’ ἀλὶ τὰν μάδδαν, αἳ κά τις διδῶ. 835
DI. Upon my word, they are jolly little beasts. What shall I give you for the pair? let's hear.

MEG. Gie me for ane a tie o' garlic, will ye, An' for the tither half a peck o' saut.

DI. I'll buy them: stay you here awhile. Aye, aye. Traffickin' Hairmes, wad that I could swap Baith wife an' mither on sic terms as thae.

INFORMER. Man! who are you?

MEG. Ane Megara piggie-seller.

INF. Then I'll denounce your goods and you yourself As enemies!

MEG. Hech, here it comes again, The vera primal source of a' our wae.

INF. You'll Megarize to your cost. Let go the sack.

MEG. Dicaeopolis! Dicaeopolis! Here's a chiel Denouncin' me.

DI. (Re-entering) Where is he? Market-clerks, Why don't you keep these sycophants away? What! show him up without a lantern-wick?

INF. Not show our enemies up?

DI. You had better not. Get out, and do your showing other-where.

MEG. The pest thae birkies are in Athans toun!

DI. Well never mind, Megarian, take the things, Garlic and salt, for which you sold the pigs. Fare well!

MEG. That's na our way in Megara toun. That's na our way in Megara toun.

DI. Then on my head the officious wish return!

MEG. O piggies, try withouten father now To eat wi' saut yere bannock, an' ye git ane.

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a There is a play on the double meaning of φαίνω, (1) "give light," (2) "lay an information."

b i.e. we always "fare ill."
Not the great Cr., but some young dandy, whose hair was "trimmed adulterer-wise" with a razor (μιά μ. as opposed to "double-bladed scissors); see R. But L. & S. (s.v. μοιχός) explain κελέσσαι μοίχων μ. μ. as a punishment for adultery.

Artemon was an engineer employed by Pericles in sieges. Being lame, he had to be carried to the works in a litter, and so was nicknamed ὁ περιφόρητος, which περιφόρητος recalls. But the phrase Περιφόρητος Ἀρτέμων was also a proverbial saying derived from an earlier Artemon, satirized by Anacreon.
chor. A happy lot the man has got:
    his scheme devised with wondrous art
Proceeds and prospers as you see;
    and now he’ll sit in his private Mart
The fruit of his bold design to reap.
And O if a Ctesias come this way,
Or other informers vex us, they
Will soon for their trespass weep.

No sneak shall grieve you buying first
    the fish you wanted to possess,
No Prepis a on your dainty robes
    wipe off his utter loathsomeness.
You’ll no Cleonymus jostle there;
But all unsoiled through the Mart you’ll go,
And no Hyperbolus b work you woe
With writs enough and to spare.

Never within these bounds shall walk
    the little fop we all despise,
The young Cratinus c neatly shorn
    with single razor wanton-wise,
That Artemon-engineer of ill,d
    Whose father sprang from an old he-goat,e
And father and son, as ye all may note,
    Are rank with its fragrance still.

No Pauson,f scurvy knave, shall here
    insult you in the market-place,
No vile Lysistratus, to all
    Cholargian folk a dire disgrace,
as a rascal (πώνηρος) who, having become wealthy, was noted
for his luxury and never moved except on a litter; see Plut.
Pericles, ch. 27.
     For Τραγασάλος see 808; here the name is only introduced
to suggest τράγος “a he-goat.”
     A starveling painter and caricaturist.
ο περιαλουργός τοῖς κακοῖς,
ριγῶν τε καὶ πεινῶν ἀεὶ
πλεῖν ἡ τριάκονθ' ἡμέρας
τοῦ μηνὸς ἐκάστου.

BOI. ἧττω 'Ἡρακλῆς, ἐκαμόν γατὰν τύλαν κακῶς. 860 κατάθου τὸ τὰν γλάχων' ἀτρέμας, 'Ισμήνιχει.
ὑμές δ', ὦσι Θείβαθεν αὐληταὶ πάρα, 
τοῖς ὀστίνοις φυσείτε τὸν πρωκτὸν κυνός.

Δ. παύ' ἐς κόρακας. οἱ σφήκες οὐκ ἀπὸ τῶν
θυρῶν;

πόθεν προσέπτανθ' οἱ κακῶς ἀπολούμενοι 865 ἐπὶ τὴν θύραν μοι Χαιρίδεις θομβαύλιοι;

BOI. νοέ τὸν 'Ἰόλαον, ἐπιχαρίττως γ', ὦ ξένε.
Θείβαθε γὰρ φυσάντες ἐξόπισθέ μου 
τάνθεια τὰς γλάχωνος ἀπέκειξαν χαμαί'.
ἀλλ' εἴ τι βούλει, πρίασο, τῶν ἐγὼ φέρω, 870 τῶν ὀρταλίχων, ἥ τῶν τετραπτερυλλίδων.

Δ. ὁ χαϊρε, κολλικοφάγε Βοιωτίδιον.

τί φέρεις;

BOI. οὔ' ἔστω ἀγαθὰ Βοιωτοῖς ἀπλῶς,
ὁρίγανον, γλαχῶ, ψιάθως, θρυαλλίδας,
νάσσας, κολούσις, ἀτταγάς, φαλαρίδας,

τροχίλως, κολύμβως. 875

Δ. ὅσπερεὶ χειμῶν ἀρα 
ὄρνιθιας εἰς τὴν ἀγορὰν ἐλήλυθας.

---

a ὀστίνοις, sc. αὐλοῖς, the pipes being made of bone.
Many suppose τὸν π. κυνός to describe the tune they are to strike up, but R. thinks that they play a sort of bagpipes made of dog-skin, so that π. κυνός may be taken literally.

b See Index, s.v. Chaeris.

c ὀρταλίχων = ἀλεκτρύνων in the Bocotian dialect: Schol.
That deep-dyed sinner, that low buffoon,  
Who always shivers and hungers sore  
Full thirty days, or it may be more,  
In every course of the moon.

**BOEOTIAN.** Hech sirs, my shouther's sair, wat Heracles!  
Ismeny lad, pit doon thae pennyroyal  
Wi' tentie care. Pipers wha cam' frae Thaibes  
Blaw oop the auld tyke's hurdies wi' the banes.\(^a\)

**DI.** Hang you! shut up! Off from my doors,  
you wasps!  
Whence flew these curst Chaeridian \(^b\) bumble-drones  
Here, to my door? Get to the ravens!  
Hence!

**BOE.** An' recht ye are, by Iolaus, stranger.  
They've blawn behint me a' the wa' frae Thaibes,  
An' danged the blossom aff my pennyroyal.  
But buy, an't please you, onie thing I've got,  
Some o' thae cleckin'\(^c\) or thae four-winged gear.\(^d\)

**DI.** O welcome, dear Boeotian muffin-eater,  
What have you there?

**BOE.** A' that Boeoty gies us.  
Mats, dittany, pennyroyal, lantern-wicks,  
An' dooks, an' kaes, an' francolins, an' coots,  
Plivers an' divers.

**DI.** Eh? Why then, methinks,  
You've brought fowl weather to my marketplace.

\(^a\) *tetrapterulldwv* is a surprise for *tetrapódwv.*
ARISTOPHANES

880

καὶ μᾶν φέρω χάνας, λαγῶς, ἀλώπεκας, σκάλπτας, ἐχῖνως, αἰελουρῶς, πυκτίδας, ἰκτίδας, ἐνύδριας, ἐγχέλεις Κωπαίδας.

885

ω τερπνότατον σὺ τέμαχος ἄνθρώποις φέρων, δός μοι προσεπεῖν, εἰ φέρεις, τὰς ἐγχέλεις.

890

πρέσβειρα πεντήκοντα Κωπάδων κορᾶν, ἐκβαθι τῶδε, κῆπιχάρμπται τῷ ξένῳ.

895

ὁ μετά τοῦ καὶ πάλαι ποθομένη, ήλθες ποθενή μὲν τρυγωδικοῖσ χοροῖς, φίλη δὲ Μορύχῳ. διμὼς, ἔξενγκατε τὴν ἔσχαραν μοι δεύρο καὶ τὴν ριπίδα. σκέψασθε, παϊδε, τὴν ἀριστην ἐγχελυν, ἣκουσαν ἐκτω μόλις ἔτει ποθομένην.

900

προσείπατ' αὐτήν, ὁ τέκν' ἄνθρακας δ' ἐγὼ υμῖν παρέξω τῆς τῆς ξένης χάρων. ἀλλ' ἐκφερ' αὐτήν· μηδὲ γὰρ θανών ποτε σοῦ χωρίς εἴην ἐντετευλανωμένης.

905

ἐμοὶ δ' ἰδέ τιμὰ τᾶσσε πᾶ γενήσεται;

910

ἀγορᾶς τέλος ταύτην γέ που δώσεις ἐμοί. ἀλλ' εἶ τι πωλεῖς τῶν τῶν ἄλλων, λέγε.

915

ἰώγα ταῦτα πάντα.

920

φέρε, πόσου λέγεις;

ἡ φορτί' ἐτερ' ἐντεῦθεν ἐκεῖσ' ἄξεις;

925

930

ὁ τι γ' ἔστ' ἐν Ἄθαναίς, ἐν Βοιωτοῖσιν δὲ μη'.

86

a A parody of Aesch. Fr. 174 δέσποινα πεντήκοντα Νηρὶδῶν κορῶν.

b "He is thinking of the ἐπινίκια, the triumphal banquet to which the Chorus would presently be invited by the Choregus": R.

86
Aye, an' I'm bringin' maukins, geese, an' tods.
Easels an' weasels, urchins, moles, an' cats,
An' otters too, an' eels frae Loch Copaïs.

O man, to men their daintiest morsel bringing,
Let me salute the eels, if eels you bring.

Primest o' Loch Copaïs' fifty dochters
Come oot o' that; an' mak' the stranger welcome.

O loved, and lost, and longed for, thou art come,
A presence grateful to the Comic choirs,
And dear to Morychus. Bring me out at once,
O kitchen-knaves, the brasier and the fan.
Behold, my lads, this best of all the eels,
Six years a truant, scarce returning now.
O children, welcome her; to you I'll give
A charcoal fire for this sweet stranger's sake.
Out with her! Never may I lose again,
Not even in death, my darling dressed in—

Whaur sall I get the siller for the feesh?
This you shall give me as a market-toll.
But tell me, are these other things for sale?
Aye are they, a' thae goods.
And at what price?
Or would you swap for something else?
I'se swap for gear we haena, but ye Attics hae.

A famous epicure; cf. W. 506, P. 1008.
* i.e. since the beginning of the war.
* A parody of the conclusion of Admetus's address to his wife who is giving her life for his, Eur. Alc. 367 μηδὲ γὰρ δανόν ποτε | σοῦ χωρίς εἴην, τῆς μοινής πιστῆς ἐμοί.
ARISTOPHANES

ΔΙ.  ἀφύας ἂρ' ἄξεις πριάμενος Φαληρικάς ἡ κέραμον.

ΒΟΙ.  ἀφύας ἡ κέραμον; ἀλλ' ἐντ' ἐκεῖ. ἀλλ' ὦ τι παρ' ἄμιν μὴ 'στι, τάδε δ' αὐ' πολὺ.

ΔΙ.  ἐγώδα τοῖνυν· συκοφάντην ἐξαγε, ὅπερ κέραμον ἐνδησάμενος.

ΒΟΙ.  νει τῷ Σιώ, αὐτής ἡ κέραμος μένταν κέρδος ἀγαγών καὶ πολὺ, ἀπερ πίθακον ἀληρίας πολλὰς πλέων.

ΔΙ.  καὶ μὴν ὅδι Νίκαρχος ἔρχεται φανῶν.

ΒΟΙ.  μικκὸς γα μάκος οὕτος.

ΔΙ.  ἀλλ' ἀπαν κακόν.

ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΣ.  ταυτὶ τίνος τὰ φορτὶ ἐστὶ.

ΒΟΙ.  τάδ' ἐμὰ

Θείβαθεν, ἵππῳ Δεύς.

ΝΙ.  ἐγὼ τοῖνυν ὅδι φαίνω πολέμα ταῦτα.

ΒΟΙ.  τί δαὶ κακὸν παθὼν ὅρναπτίοις πόλεμον ἤρω καὶ μάχαν; 

ΝΙ.  καὶ σὲ γε φανῶ πρὸς τοῦσδε.

ΒΟΙ.  τί ἀδικεῖμένος;

ΝΙ.  ἐγὼ φράσω σοι τῶν περιεστώτων χάριν. ἐκ τῶν πολεμίων γ' εἰσάγεις θρυαλλίδας.

ΔΙ.  ἔσεστα φαίνεις δὴ τα διὰ θρυαλλίδος; 

ΝΙ.  αὕτη γὰρ ἐμπρήσειεν ἂν τὸ νεώριον.

ΔΙ.  νεώριον θρυαλλίς; οἳμοι, τίνι τρόπῳ; 

ΝΙ.  ἐνείεις ἂν ἐς τίφην ἄνηρ Βοιώτιος ἀψας ἄν εἰσπέμψειεν ἐς τὸ νεώριον

---

>a Lit. “anchovies”; the Phaleric ones were noted, cf. B. 76.
THE ACHARNIANS, 901–921

DI. Well then, what say you to Phaleric sprats,\(^2\) Or earthenware?

BOE. Sprats! ware! we've thae at hame. Gie us some gear we lack, an' ye've a rowth o'.

DI. I'll tell you what; pack an INFORMER up, Like ware for exportation.

BOE. Mon! that's guid. By the Twa Gudes,\(^b\) an' unco gain I'se mak'. Takin' a monkey fu' o' plaguy tricks.

DI. And here's Nicarchus\(^c\) coming to denounce you!

BOE. He's sma' in bouk. But every inch is bad.

NICARCHUS. Whose is this merchandise?

BOE. 'Tis a' mine here. Frae Thaibes, wat Zeus, I bure it.

NIC. Then I here Denounce it all as enemies!

BOE. Hout awa! Do ye mak' war an' enmity wi' the burdies?

NIC. Them and you too.

BOE. What hae I dune ye wrang?

NIC. That will I say for the bystanders' sake.\(^d\) A lantern-wick you are bringing from the foe.

DI. Show him up, would you, for a lantern-wick?

NIC. Aye, for that lantern-wick will fire the docks.

DI. A lantern-wick the docks! O dear, and how?

NIC. If a Boeotian stuck it in a beetle, And sent it, lighted, down a watercourse.\(^e\)

---

\(^2\) The two gods (\(\tau\bar{\omega} \theta\varepsilon\bar{\omega}\)) of a Boeotian are Zethus and Amphion.

\(^b\) Some unknown sycophant.

\(^d\) \(\tau\bar{\omega}v \nu\nu. \chi\acute{\alpha}\rho\nu\) : apparently a favourite phrase with the orators.

\(^e\) "A water-channel by which the superfluous water was carried down from the city into the sea at the Peiraeus": R.
di' υδροπρόας, βορέαν ἐπιτηρήσας μέγαν.
κεῖτερ λάβοιτο τῶν νεῶν τὸ πῦρ ἀπάξ,
σελαγοῦντ' ἂν αἴφυη.

Δ1. ὁ κάκιστ' ἀπολούμενε, σελαγοῦντ' ἂν ὑπὸ τίφης τε καὶ θρυσαλίδος; 925
Ν1. μαρτύρομαι.

Δ1. ἔυλλάμβαν' αὐτοῦ τὸ στόμα.
δός μοι φορυτόν, ἂν αὐτὸν ἐνδήσας φέρω,
ὡσπερ κέραμον, ἵνα μὴ καταγῆ φοροῦμενος.

ΧΩ. ἐνδήσουν, ὦ βέλτιστε, τῶ
ἐξένω καλῶς τὴν ἐμπολην
οὕτως ὅπως
ἄν μὴ φέρων κατάξῃ.

Δ1. ἐμοὶ μελῆσαι ταῦτ', ἔπει
tοι καὶ ψοφεὶ λάλον τι καὶ
πυρορραγές
κάλλως θεοίσων ἕχθρόν.

ΧΩ. τί χρῆσεταί ποτ' αὐτῷ;

Δ1. πάγχρηστον ἄγγος ἔσται,
κρατήρ κακῶν, τριπτήρ δικῶν,
φαίνειν ὑπευθύνους λυχνοῦ-
χος, καὶ γύλιξ
τὰ πράγματ' ἐγκυκάσθαι.

ΧΩ. πῶς δ' ἂν πεποιθοῖς τις ἁγ-
γεῖω τοιούτω χρώμενως

---

a Dic. lays hands on Nicarchus who calls the world to witness the assault.
b δικῶν, unexpectedly for ἐλαῶν. τριπτήρ is the vat into which the oil pressed from olives ran: the Informer squeezes "oil" from lawsuits.
THE ACHARNIANS, 922–941

Straight to the docks, watching when Boreas blew
His stiffest breeze, then if the ships caught fire,
They'd blaze up in an instant.

DI. Blaze, you rascal!

NIC. What, with a beetle and a lantern-wick?

DI. Bear witness! a

DI. Stop his mouth, and bring me litter.
I'll pack him up, like earthenware, for carriage,
So they mayn't crack him on their journey home.

CHOR. Tie up, O best of men, with care
The honest stranger's piece of ware,
   For fear they break it,
   As homeward on their backs they take it.

DI. To that, be sure, I'll have regard;
Indeed it creaks as though 'twere charred,
   By cracks molestèd,
   And altogether God-detested.

CHOR. How shall he deal with it?

DI. For every use 'tis fit,

A cup of ills, a lawsuit b can,
   For audits an informing pan,"
A poisoned chalice
Full filled with every kind of malice

CHOR. But who can safely use, I pray,
A thing like this from day to day

a Lit. "a lampstand to show up (cf. 826 n.) those who had to give in their accounts."
κατ’ οίκιαν
tosónd’ aiei ψοφοῦντι;

Δ1. ἵσχυρόν ἐστιν, ὁ γάθ’, ὃς’
oük ἀν καταγείη ποτ’, εἰ-
περ ἐκ ποδῶν
κατωκάρα κρέματο.

ΧΩ. ἥδη καλῶς ἔχει σοι.
ΒΩΙ. μέλλω γέ τοι θερίδδειν.

ΧΩ. ἀλλ’, ὃ ξένων ψέφιστε, συν-
θέριζε, καὶ πρόσβαλλ’ ὅπου
βούλει φέρων
πρὸς πάντα συκοφάντην.

Δ1. μόλις γ’ ἐνέδησα τὸν κακῶς ἀπολούμενον.
ἀἱρον λαβὼν τὸν κέραμον, ὃ Βοιώτιε.

ΒΩΙ. ὑπόκυπτε τὰν τύλαν ἵων, Ἦσμηνιχε.

Δ1. χῶπως κατοίχεις αὐτὸν εὐλαβούμενος.
πάντως μὲν οὖσεις οὐδὲν ὑγίες, ἀλλ’ ὅμως
κἂν τοῦτο κερδάνης ἄγων τὸ φορτίον,
eὐδαιμονίησεις συκοφαντῶν γ’ οὖνεκα.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ. Δικαιόπολι.

Δ1. τίς ἐστι; τί με βωστρεῖς;
ΘΕΡ. ὃ τι;
ἐκέλευε Λάμαχος σε ταύτης τῆς δραχμῆς
eis toûs Xóas autûw metadoûnai toûn kîklôw,
triûn drachmôn δ' ἐκέλευε Κωπαδ' ἐγχελυν.
In household matters,
A thing that always creaks and clatters?

Di. He's strong, my worthy friend, and tough:
He will not break for usage rough,
Not though you shove him
Head foremost down, his heels above him.

Chor. (To Boeotian) You've got a lovely pack.
Boe. A bonnie hairst I'se mak'.

Chor. Aye, best of friends, your harvest make,
And whereso'er it please you take
This artful, knowing
And best equipped informer going.

Di. 'Twas a tough business, but I've packed the scamp.
Lift up and take your piece of ware, Boeotian.

Boe. Gae, pit your shouther underneath, Ismeny.

Di. And pray be careful as you take him home.
You've got a rotten bale of goods, but still!
And if you make a harvest out of him,
You'll be in luck's way, as regards informers.

Servant. Dicaeopolis!

Di. Well? why are you shouting?

Serv. Why?

Lamachus a bids you, towards the Pitcher-feast, b
Give him some thrushes for this drachma here,
And for three drachmas one Copaïc eel.

identify with the Lenaea, at which this play was presented.
Those who attended the feast seem to have brought their own provisions.
ARISTOPHANES

ΔΙ. ὁ ποίος ὁδός Λάμαχος τὴν ἔγχελν; ΘΕΡ. ὁ δεινὸς, ὁ ταλαύρινος, ὅς τὴν Γοργώνα πάλλει, κραδαίνων τρεῖς κατασκίους λόφους. 965
ΔΙ. οὐκ ἂν μὰ Δί', εἰ δοῖ γέ μοι τὴν ἀσπίδα· ἀλλ' ἐπὶ ταρίχει τοὺς λόφους κραδαίνετω· ἦν δ' ἀπολυγαίνῃ, τοὺς ἀγορανόμους καλώ. ἐγὼ δ' ἐμαυτῶ τόδε λαβῶν τὸ φορτίον εἴσειμ' ὑπαὶ πτερύγων κιχλᾶν καὶ κοψίχων. 970

ΧΟ. εἶδες ὦ, εἶδες, ὦ [στρ. πᾶσα πόλι, τὸν φρόνιμον ἄνδρα, τὸν ὑπέρσοφον, οἶ' ἐχει σπεισάμενος ἐμπορικὰ χρήματα δι' εμπολάν, ὃν τὰ μὲν ἐν οἰκίᾳ χρῆσμα, τὰ δ' αὖ πρέπει χλιαρὰ κατεσθίειν. αὐτὸματα πάντ' ἀγαθὰ τῶδε γε πορίζεται.

ὀὐδέποτ' ἐγώ Πόλεμον οἶκαδ' ὑποδέξομαι, οὐδὲ παρ' ἐμοὶ ποτὲ τὸν Ἀρμόδιον ἤσεται ἐνγκατακλυνεῖς, ὅτι παράλιον ἀνὴρ ἔφυ, 980 ὅστις ἐπὶ πάντ' ἀγάθ' ἔχοντας ἐπικυμάσας, εἱργάσατο πάντα κακὰ κάνετρεπε καξέχει, κάμάχετο, καὶ προσέτι πολλὰ προκαλομένου,

a A soldier's fare, cf. 1101.
b i.e. the thongs described 724.
c "Between the marketing scenes and the banqueting scenes A. interposes an idyllic description of War and Peace": R.
d For this drinking-song cf. 1093 n.

94
Di. Who is this Lamachus that wants the eel?
Serv. The dread, the tough, the terrible, who wields
The Gorgon targe, and shakes three shadowy plumes.
Di. An eel for him? Not though his targe he gave me!
Let him go shake his plumes at his salt fish.\(^a\)
If he demur, I'll call the Market clerks.\(^b\)
Now for myself I'll carry all these things
Indoors, to the tune o' merles an' mavises' wings.

Chor.\(^c\) Have ye seen him, all ye people,
seen the man of matchless art,
Seen him, by his private treaty,
traffic gain from every mart,
Goods from every neighbour;
Some required for household uses;
some 'twere pleasant warm to eat;
All the wealth of all the cities
lavished here before his feet,
Free from toil and labour.

War I'll never welcome in
to share my hospitality,
Never shall the fellow sing
Harmodius\(^d\) in my company,
Always in his cups he acts
so rudely and offensively.
Tipsily he burst upon
our happy quiet family,
Breaking this, upsetting that,
and brawling most pugnaciously.
Yea when we entreated him
with hospitable courtesy,
πινε, κατάκεισο, λαβε τήνδε φιλοτησίαν,
tὰς χάρακας ἢπτε πολὺ μᾶλλον ἔτι τῷ πυρί,
ἐξέχει θ' ἥμων βία τὸν οἶνον ἐκ τῶν ἀμπέλων.

eίδες ὡς ἐπτέρω-
ταί τ' ἐπὶ τὸ δείπνον ἁμα καὶ μεγάλα δὴ φρονεῖ
τοῦ βίου δ' ἐξέβαλε δείγμα τάδε τὰ πτερὰ πρὸ τῶν
θυρῶν.

ὡς κύπριδι τῇ καλῇ
καὶ Χάρισι ταῖς φίλαις
ξύντροφε Διαλλαγῇ,
ὡς καλὸν ἔχουσα τὸ πρόσωπον ἀρ' ἐλάνθανες.

πώς ἂν ἐμὲ καὶ σὲ τις "Ερως ξυναγάγοι λαβῶν,
ὡσπερ δ' ἐγγραμμένος, ἔχων στέφανον ἀνθέμων;
ἡ πάνω γερόντιον ἵσως νενόμικας με σῶ;
ἀλλὰ σὲ λαβῶν τρία δοκῶ γ' ἂν ἔτι προσβαλεῖν
πρῶτα μὲν ἂν ἀμπελίδος ὀρχὸν ἐλάσαι μακρῶν,

εῖτα παρὰ τόνδε νέα μουσχίδια συκίδων,
καὶ τὸ τρίτον ἕμερίδος ὀρχον, ὃ γέρων ὄδι,
καὶ περὶ τὸ χωρίον ἐλάδας ἄπαν ἐν κύκλῳ,

---

a The κύλιξ φιλοτησία (cf. L. 203) was exactly our "loving-cup."
b i.e. vine-props.
c Though he is old he thinks that, if she marries him, he
can "still throw into the bargain three things" which he
den then describes.
d ἕμερις seems to have been grown on lofty trellis-work,
an and originally on the walls of the dwelling-house; see R.

985 990 995 96
Sit you down, and drink a cup,
   a Cup of Love and Harmony, a
All the more he burnt the poles b
   we wanted for our husbandry,
Aye and spilt perforce the liquor
   treasured up within our vines.

Proudly he prepares to banquet.
   Did ye mark him, all elate,
As a sample of his living
   cast these plumes before his gate?
Grand his ostentation!
O of Cypris foster-sister,
   and of every heavenly Grace,
Never knew I till this moment
   all the glory of thy face,
Reconciliation!

O that Love would you and me
   unite in endless harmony,
Love as he is pictured with
   the wreath of roses smilingly.
Maybe you regard me as
   a fragment of antiquity:
Ah, but if I get you, dear,
   I'll show my triple husbandry.c
First a row of vinelets will I
   plant prolonged and orderly,
Next the little fig-tree shoots
   beside them, growing lustily,
Thirdly the domestic vine; d
   although I am so elderly.
Round them all shall olives grow,
   to form a pleasant boundary.

VOL. I                          H                           97
Enter Crier, while the ecyclema exposes to view the interior of D.'s house.

i.e. not an ordinary ἀσκός οἶνον, but a huge one made out of the skin of Ctesiphon who was παχύς καὶ προγάστωρ: Schol.

"The unwonted savour of the roasting and stewing meat has quite subdued the hearts of the old Acharnians": R. 98
Thence will you and I anoint us, darling, when the New Moon shines.

crier.\(^a\) O yes! O yes!
Come, drain your pitchers to the trumpet's sound,
In our old fashion. Whoso drains his first,
Shall have, for prize, a skin of—Ctesiphon.\(^b\)

DI. Lads! Lassies! heard ye not the words he said?
What are ye at? Do ye not hear the Crier?
Quick! stew and roast, and turn the roasting flesh,
Unspit the haremeat, weave the coronals,
Bring the spits here, and I'll impale the thrushes.

CHOR. I envy much your happy plan,\(^c\)
I envy more, you lucky man,
The joys you're now possessing.

DI. What, when around the spits you see
the thrushes roasting gloriously?

CHOR. And that's a saying I admire.

DI. Boy, poke me up the charcoal fire.

CHOR. O listen with what cookly art
And gracious care, so trim and smart,
His own repast he's dressing.

FARMER.\(^d\) Alas! Alas!
O Heracles, who's there?

DI. An ill-starred man.

Then keep it to yourself.

\(^a\) Enter Dercetes an Athenian farmer. His farm was at Phyle just on the Attic side of a pass between Boeotia and Attica.
ΓΕ. ὤ φίλτατε, σπονδαὶ γάρ εἰσὶ σοὶ μόνῳ, 1020
μέτρησον εἰρήνης τί μου, κἂν πέντ’ ἔτη.
Δ. τί δ’ ἐπαθεῖς;
ΓΕ. ἐπετρίβην ἀπολέσασ τῷ βοέ. 1025
Δ. πόθεν;
ΓΕ. ἀπὸ Φυλῆς ἐλαβον οἱ Βοιώτιοι.
Δ. ὦ τρισκακώδαμον, εἰτα λευκὸν ἀμπέχει;
ΓΕ. καὶ τάῦτα μέντοι νὴ Δί᾽ ὥσπερ μ’ ἐτρεφέτην ἐν πᾶσι βολίτοις. 1030
Δ. εἰτα ὑνὶ τοῦ δέει;
ΓΕ. ἀπόλωλα τῷφθαλμῷ δακρύων τῷ βοέ.
ἀλλ’ εἰ τι κήδει Δερκέτου Φυλασίου,
ἐπάλευψον εἰρήνη με τῷφθαλμῷ ταχύ.
Δ. ἀλλ’, ὦ πόνῃρ’, οὔ δημοσειεύων τυγχάνω.
ΓΕ. ἦθ’ ἀντιβολῶ σ’, ἣν πως κομίσωμαι τῷ βοέ.
Δ. οὐκ ἔστω, ἀλλὰ κλᾶε πρὸς τοῦ Πυττάλου.
ΓΕ. σὺ δ’ ἀλλὰ μοι σταλαγμὸν εἰρήνης ἐνα
εἰς τὸν καλαμίσκον ἐνστάλαξον τούτοι.
Δ. οὔδ’ ἂν στρυβυλικιγξ· ἀλλ’ ἄπιων οὕμωξέ ποι. 1035
ΓΕ. οὐμοι κακοδαίμων τοῖν γεωργοῖν βοιδίουν.

Χ. ἄνῃρ εὐερηκέν τι ταῖς
σπονδαίσιν ἕδυ, κοῦκ έεοι-
κεν οὔδενι μεταδώσειν.
Δ. κατάχει δ’ τῇς χορδής τὸ μέλι· τὰς σηπίας
στάθευς· 1041
Χ. ἤκουσας ὅρθιασμάτων;
Δ. ὀπτάτε τἀγχέλεια.

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a ἐν πᾶσι βολίτοις (lit. in the midst of every kind of cow dung) is substituted for the expected ἐν πᾶσιν ἀγαθοῖς.
b For δημοσειεύω thus used cf. Plato, Gorg. 514 d.
c Probably one of the state doctors.
Far. O—for you only hold the truces, dear—
Measure me out though but five years of Peace.

Di. What ails you?

Far. Ruined! Lost my oxen twain.

Di. Where from?

Far. From Phyle. The Boeotians stole them.

Di. And yet you are clad in white, you ill-starred loon!

Far. They twain maintained me in the very lap
Of affluent muckery. a

Di. Well, what want you now?

Far. Lost my two eyes, weeping my oxen twain.
Come, if you care for Dercetes of Phyle,
Rub some Peace-ointment, do, on my two eyes.

Di. Why, bless the fool, I'm not a public surgeon. b

Far. Do now; I'll maybe find my oxen twain.

Di. No, go and weep at Pittalus's c door.

Far. Do, just one single drop. Just drop me here
Into this quill one little drop of Peace.

Di. No, not one twitterlet; take your tears elsewhere.

Far. Alas! Alas! my darling yoke of oxen.

Chor. He loves the Treaty's pleasant taste;
He will not be, methinks, in haste
To let another share it.

Di. Pour on the tripe the honey, you!

Chor. How trumpet-like his orders sound.

Di. Be sure the bits of eel are browned.
ΑΡΙΣΤΟΦΑΝΗΣ

ΧΩ. ἀποκτενεῖς λιμῷ μὲ καὶ τοὺς γείτονας κύηγῃ τε καὶ φωνῇ τοιαῦτα λάσκων.

ΔΙ. ὀπτάτε ταυτὶ καὶ καλῶς ἤανθίζετε.

ΠΑΡΑΝΤΜΦΟΣ. Δικαιόπολι.

ΔΙ. τίς οὖτος; τίς οὖτος;

ΠΑ. ἐπεμψὲ τίς σοι νυμφίος ταυτὶ κρέα ἐκ τῶν γάμων.

ΔΙ. καλῶς γε ποιῶν, ὅστις ἦν.

ΠΑ. ἐκέλευς δὲ ἔγχεαι σε, τῶν κρεῶν χάριν, ἢν μὴ στρατεύοιτ', ἀλλὰ βινοίη μένων, ἐς τὸν ἀλάβαστον κύαθον εἰρήνης ἑνα.

ΔΙ. ἀπόφερ' ἀπόφερε τὰ κρέα καὶ μὴ μοι δίδου, ὡς οὐκ ἂν ἔγχεαιμι μυρίων δραχμῶν.

ΠΑ. ἡ νυμφεύτρια δεῖται παρὰ τῆς νύμφης τί σοι λέξαι μόνω.

ΔΙ. φέρε δὴ, τί σοι λέγεις; ὡς γέλοιον, ὄ θεοί, τὸ δέημα τῆς νύμφης, δ' ἐπήδαι μου σφόδρα, ὅπως ἄν οἴκουρῇ τὸ πέος τοῦ νυμφίου.

ΔΙ. φέρε δεύρο τὰς σπονδάς, ἢ αὐτῇ δῶ μόνην. ὅτι ἡ γυνὴ 'στι τοῦ πολέμου τ' οὐκ ἀξία. ὑπεχ' ὅδε δεύρο τοὐξάλειπτρον, ὃ γύναι. οἴσθ' ὡς ποιεῖτε τοῦτο; τῇ νῦμφῃ φράσον, ὅταν στρατιώτας καταλέγωσι, τούτω νύκτωρ ἀλειφέτω τὸ πέος τοῦ νυμφίου. ἀπόφερε τὰς σπονδάς. φέρε τὴν οἰνήρυσιν, ἢ ὁινὸν ἐγχέω λαβῶν ἐς τοὺς χόας.

\[a\] παράνυμφος οἵ πάροχος.
THE ACHARNIANS, 1044–1068

CHOR. The words you speak, your savoury rites, 
    Keep sharpening so our appetites 
    That we can hardly bear it.

DI. Now roast these other things and brown them nicely.

GROOMSMAN. O Dicaeopolis!

DI. Who’s there? Who’s there?

GR. A bridegroom sends you from his wedding-banquet 
    These bits of meat.

DI. Well done, whoe’er he is.

GR. And in return he bids you pour him out, 
    To keep him safely with his bride at home, 
    Into this ointment-pot one dram of Peace.

DI. Take, take your meat away; I can’t abide it. 
    Not for ten thousand drachmas would I give him 
    One drop of Peace. Hey, who comes here?

GR. Bringing a private message from the bride.

DI. Well, what have you to say? What wants the bride?

Affects to listen.
O heaven, the laughable request she makes 
To keep her bridegroom safely by her side. 
I’ll do it; bring the truces; she’s a woman, 
Unfit to bear the burdens of the war. 
Now, hold the myrrh-box underneath, my girl. 
Know you the way to use it? Tell the bride, 
When they’re enrolling soldiers for the war, 
To rub the bridegroom every night with this. 
Now take the truces back, and bring the ladle. 
I’ll fill the winecups for the Pitcher-feast.
ΧΩ. καὶ μὴν ὅτι τις τὰς ὀφρώς ἀνεσπακῶς ὄσπερ τι δεινὸν ἀγγελῶν ἐπείγεται.

ΚΗΡ. ἵω πόνοι τε καὶ μᾶχαί καὶ Λάμαχοι.
ΑΑ. τίς ἄμφι χαλκοφάλαρα δώματα κτυπεῖ;  
ΚΗΡ. ἱέναι σ᾽ ἐκέλευον οἱ στρατηγοὶ τῇ μεροῦς ταχέως λαβόντα τοὺς λόχους καὶ τοὺς λόφους· κάπετα τηρεῖν νυφόμενον τὰς εἰσβολὰς. ὑπὸ τοὺς Χόας γὰρ καὶ Χύτρους αὐτοῖς τις ἦγευλε ληστὰς ἐμβαλεῖν Βοιωτίους.
ΑΑ. ἵω στρατηγοὶ πλείονες ἡ βελτίωνες.
ΔΙ. ἵω στράτευμα πολεμολαμαχαίκον.
ΑΑ. οὐμοι κακοδαίμων, καταγελᾶς ἢδη σὺ μου;
ΔΙ. βούλει μάχεσθαι Γηρυνόη τετραπτίλως;
ΑΑ. αἰαί, 
οίαν ὁ κῆρυξ ἀγγελίαν ἦγευλε μοι.
ΔΙ. αἰαί, τίνα δ᾽ αὖ μοι προστρέχει τις ἀγγελῶν;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ. Δικαίωπολι.
ΔΙ.

ΑΓΓ. ἐπὶ δεῖπνον ταχὺ

βάδιζε, τὴν κίστην λαβὼν καὶ τὸν χόα.

ἀλλ' ἐγκόνει· δειπνεῖν κατακωλύεις πάλαι.

τὰ δ' ἄλλα πάντ' ἐστίν παρεσκευασμένα,

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a The meaning is: “Do you wish to fight with such a Geryon as I am, one who would encounter Hercules?”

b The vessel in which he carried his provisions; cf. Hom. Od. vi. 76. “Those who invited to a feast,” says the.
chor. But here runs one with eyebrows puckered up. Methinks he comes a messenger of woe.

crier. O toils, and fights, and fighting Lamachuses!

lam. Who clangs around my bronze-accoutred halls?

crier. The generals bid you take your crests and cohorts,
And hurry off this instant; to keep watch
Amongst the mountain passes in the snow.
For news has come that at this Pitcher-feast
Boeotian bandits mean to raid our lands.

lam. O generals, great in numbers, small in worth!
Shame that I may not even enjoy the feast.

di. O expedition battle-Lamachaean!

lam. O dear, what you! Do you insult me too?

di. What would you fight with Geryon, the four-winged?∗

lam. O woe!
O what a message has this Crier brought me!

di. Oho! what message will this runner bring me?

messenger. Dicaeopolis!

di. Well?

mess. Come at once to supper,
And bring your pitcher, and your supper-chest.†

The priest of Bacchus sends to fetch you thither.
And do be quick: you keep the supper waiting.
For all things else are ready and prepared,

Scholiast, "furnished garlands, perfumes, sweetmeats, etc.,
and the guests brought provisions (ἐψήματα)."
κλίναι, τραπεζαί, προσκεφάλαιαι, στρώματα, στεφανοι, μύρον, τραγῆμαθ’, αἱ πόρναι πάρα, ἄρισκον, πλακοῦντες, σημασμοῦντες, ἵτρια, ὀρχιστρίδες, τὰ φιλτάθ’ Ἀρμοδίου, καλαί. ἀλλ’ ὡς τάχιστα σπεύδε.

ΔΑ. κακοδαίμων ἤγῳ.

ΔΙ. καὶ γὰρ σὺ μεγάλην ἐπεγράφου τὴν Γοργόνα. σύγκλεε, καὶ δεῖπνον τις ἐνσκευαζέτω.

ΔΑ. παῖ παῖ, φέρ’ ἕξω δεῦρο τὸν γύλιον ἐμοί.

ΔΙ. παῖ παῖ, φέρ’ ἕξω δεῦρο τὴν κίστην ἐμοί.

ΔΑ. ἀλὰς θυμίτας οἶσε, παῖ, καὶ κρόμμινα.

ΔΙ. ἐμοὶ δὲ τεμάχη· κρομμύους γὰρ ἀχθομαί. 1100

ΔΑ. θρίον ταρίχους οἶσε δεῦρο, παῖ, σαπροῦ.

ΔΙ. κάμοι σὺ δημοῦ θρίον· ὀπτήσω δ’ ἐκεῖ.

ΔΑ. ἐνεγκε δεῦρο τῷ πτερῷ τῷ ’κ τοῦ κράνους.

ΔΙ. ἐμοὶ δὲ τὰς φάττας γε φέρε καὶ τὰς κίχλας.

ΔΑ. καλὸν γε καὶ λευκὸν τὸ τῆς στροφοῦν πτερόν. 1105

ΔΙ. καλὸν γε καὶ ξανθὸν τὸ τῆς φάττης κρέας.

ΔΑ. ὄνθρωπε, παῦσαι καταγελῶν μου τῶν ὀπλῶν.

ΔΙ. ὄνθρωπε, βούλει μὴ βλέπειν εἰς τὰς κίχλας;

ΔΑ. τὸ λοφεῖον ἐξενεγκε τῶν τριῶν λόφων.

ΔΙ. κάμοι λεκάνοιν τῶν λαγύὼν δὸς κρεών. 1110

ΔΑ. ἀλλ’ ἢ τριχόβρωτες τοὺς λόφους μου κατ- εφαγοῦ;

ΔΙ. ἀλλ’ ἢ πρὸ δείπνου τὴν μίμαρκν κατέδομαι;

ΔΑ. ὄνθρωπε, βούλει μὴ προσαγορεύειν ἐμεί;

ΔΙ. οὐκ, ἀλλ’ ἤγῳ χῶ παῖς ἐρίζομεν πάλαι.

βούλει περίδοσθαι, καπιτρέφαι Λαμάχω,

1115

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\( a \) The Scolium began Φιλτάθ’ Ἀρμόδι’, ὥσ τί πὼ τάθνικας, but Λ., “reading φιλταθ’” as the neuter plural and combining Ἀρμόδι’ ὥσ into Ἀρμοδίου contrives to hint at the irregularities of this popular favourite.” : R.
THE ACHARNIANS, 1090–1115

The couches, tables, sofa-cushions, rugs,
Wreaths, sweetmeats, myrrh, the harlotry are there,
Whole-meal cakes, cheese-cakes, sesame-, honey-cakes,
And dancing-girls, Harmodius’ dearest ones.\(^a\)
So pray make haste.

LAM. O wretched, wretched me!

DI. Aye the great Gorgon ’twas you chose for patron.

Now close the house, and pack the supper up.

LAM. Boy, bring me out my soldier’s knapsack here.

DI. Boy, bring me out my supper-basket here.

LAM. Boy, bring me onions, with some thymy salt.

DI. For me, fish-fillets: onions I detest.

LAM. Boy, bring me here a leaf of rotten fish.

DI. A tit-bit leaf for me; I’ll toast it there.

LAM. Now bring me here my helmet’s double plume.

DI. And bring me here my thrushes and ring-doves.

LAM. How nice and white this ostrich-plume to view.

DI. How nice and brown this pigeon’s flesh to eat.

LAM. Man, don’t keep jeering at my armour so.

DI. Man, don’t keep peering at my thrushes so.

LAM. Bring me the casket with the three crests in it.

DI. Bring me the basket with the hare’s flesh in it.

LAM. Surely the moths my crest have eaten up.

DI. Sure this hare-soup I’ll eat before I sup.

LAM. Fellow, I’ll thank you not to talk to me.

DI. Nay, but the boy and I, we can’t agree.

Come will you \(^b\) bet, and Lamachus decide,

\(^a\) He addresses the "boy."

107
πότερον ἀκρίδες ἡδίων ἐστιν, ἡ κίχλαι;

ΔΑ. οἷ' ὡς ὑβρίζεις.

ΔΙ. τὰς ἀκρίδας κρίνει πολύ.

ΔΑ. παί παί, καθελὼν μοι τὸ δόρυ δεύρ' ἔξω φέρε.

ΔΙ. παί παί, σὺ δ' ἀφελὼν δεύρο τὴν χορδήν φέρε.

ΔΑ. φέρε, του δόρατος ἀφελκύσωμαι τούλυτρον. 1120

ἐχ', ἀντέχου, παί.

ΔΙ. καὶ σὺ, παί, τούδ' ἀντέχου.

ΔΑ. τοὺς κιλλίβαντας ὀνεί, παί, τῆς ἀσπίδος.

ΔΙ. καὶ τῆς ἐμῆς τοὺς κρυβαίνεται ἐκφερε.

ΔΑ. φέρε δεύρο γοργόνωτον ἀσπίδος κύκλοι. 1125

ΔΙ. κάμοι πλακούντος τυρόνωτον δὸς κύκλοι.

ΔΑ. ταῦτ' οὗ κατάγελως ἐστιν ἀνθρώποις πλατύς;

ΔΙ. ταῦτ' οὗ πλακοῦς δὴτ' ἐστίν ἀνθρώποις γλυ-

κύς;

ΔΑ. κατάχει σὺ, παί, τούλαιον. ἐν τῷ χαλκῷ

ἐνορῶ γέροντα δειλίας φευξούμενον.

ΔΙ. κατάχει οὗ τὸ μέλι. κἀνθάδ' ἐνδηλος γέρων

κλάειν κελεύων Λάμαχον τὸν Γοργασοῦ.

ΔΑ. φέρε δεύρο, παί, θώρακα πολεμιστήριον.

ΔΙ. ἔξαιρε, παί, θώρακα κάμοι τὸν χῶα.

ΔΑ. ἐν τῷ δὲ πρὸς τοὺς πολεμίους θωρήξομαι.

ΔΙ. ἐν τῷ δὲ πρὸς τοὺς συμπότας θωρήξομαι. 1135

ΔΑ. τὰ στρώματ', ὅ παί, δῆσον ἐκ τῆς ἀσπίδος.

ΔΙ. τὸ δεῖπνον, ὅ παί, δῆσον ἐκ τῆς κυστίδος.

ΔΑ. ἐγὼ δ' ἐμαυτῷ τὸν γύλιον ὀίσω λαβῶν.

ΔΙ. ἐγὼ δὲ θοματίον λαβῶν ἐξέρχομαι.

ΔΑ. τὴν ἀσπίδ' αἴρου, καὶ βάδιζ', ὅ παί, λαβῶν. 1140

νίφει. βασιαίξει χειμέρα τὰ πράγματα.

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a To which L. when at war will be reduced.
b τὸν Γοργασοῦ, “son of Gorgasus” is merely another reference to his Gorgon shield.
THE ACHARNIANS, 1116–1141

Locusts or thrushes, which the daintier are?

LAM. Insolent knave!

DI. (To the boy) Locusts, he says, by far.

LAM. Boy, boy, take down the spear, and bring it here.

DI. Boy, take the sweetbread off and bring it here.

LAM. Hold firmly to the spear whilst I pull off The case.

DI. And you, hold firmly to the spit.

LAM. Boy, bring the framework to support my shield.

DI. Boy, bring the bakemeats to support my frame.

LAM. Bring here the grim-backed circle of the shield.

DI. And here the cheese-backed circle of the cake.

LAM. Is not this—mockery, plain for men to see?

DI. Is not this—cheese-cake, sweet for men to eat?

LAM. Pour on the oil, boy. Gazing on my shield, I see an old man tried for cowardliness.

DI. Pour on the honey. Gazing on my cake, I see an old man mocking Lamachus.

LAM. Bring me a casque, to arm the outer man.

DI. Bring me a cask to warm the inner man.

LAM. With this I’ll arm myself against the foe.

DI. With this I’ll warm myself against the feast.

LAM. Boy, lash the blankets up against the shield.

DI. Boy, lash the supper up against the chest.

LAM. Myself will bear my knapsack for myself.

DI. Myself will wear my wraps, and haste away.

LAM. Take up the shield, my boy, and bring it on. Snowing! good lack, a wintry prospect mine.

*οθωρησεσθαι means either (1) "put on a breast-plate," or (2) "get drunk."
Exeunt Die. and Lam., one to war the other to a banquet.

They return 1189.

b In 1149 τὸ δεῖνα = τὸ αἰδοῖον: Schol.

c Otherwise unknown. He is called ὁ Ἠκάδος “because always spitting” : Schol. The “shutting out” of Aristophanes may have been when he produced the Δαιτάλεις two years before.

d A well-known dainty. Here it is supposed to come in on its table (W. 1216, “bring in the tables”) and to “come ashore” or “land” just close to Antimachus. πάραλός is explained by the Schol. either as “beside the salt” or “by the sea-shore.” R. says it simply = “marine,” and that “the cuttle gliding along on its table is likened to” the famous state trireme Paralus.
di. Take up the chest; a suppery prospect mine.

chor. Off to your duties, my heroes bold.\(^a\)
Different truly the paths ye tread;
One to drink with wreaths on his head;
One to watch, and shiver with cold,
Lonely, the while his antagonist passes
The sweetest of hours with the sweetest of lasses.\(^b\)

Pray we that Zeus calmly reduce
to destruction emphatic and utter
That meanest of poets and meanest of men,
Antimachus,\(^c\) offspring of Sputter;
The Choregus who sent me away
without any supper at all
At the feast of Lenaea; I pray,
two Woes that Choregus befall.
May he hanker for a dish
of the subtle cuttle-fish\(^d\);
May he see the cuttle sailing
through its brine and through its oil,
On its little table lying,
hot and hissing from the frying,
Till it anchor close beside him,
when alas! and woe betide him!
As he reaches forth his hand
for the meal the Gods provide him,
May a dog snatch and carry off the spoil,
off the spoil,
May a dog snatch and carry off the spoil.
τοῦτο μὲν αὐτῷ κακὸν ἐν· καθ’ ἑτερον νυκτερινῶν γένοιτο. [ἀντ.
ηπιαλῶν γὰρ οἶκαδ’ ἐξ ἵππασίας βαδίζων, 1165
εἶτα κατάξειε τις αὐτοῦ μεθὺων τὴν κεφαλὴν
’Ορέστης
μανόμενος· δὲ λίθον λαβεῖν
βουλόμενος, ἐν σκότῳ λάβοι
tῇ χειρὶ πέλεθον ἄρτιώς κεχεσμένον· 1170
ἐπάξειεν δ’ ἔχων
tὸν μάρμαρον, κἀπειθ’ ἀμαρ-
tῶν βάλοι Κρατίνον.

ΘΕΡ. ὦ δμῶες οἱ κατ’ οἶκόν ἐστε Δαμάχου,
ὑδωρ ὑδωρ ἐν χυτριδίῳ θερμαῖνετε· 1175
οὐθένα, κηρωτὴν παρασκευάζετε,
ἐρὶ οἰσυπηρά, λαμπάδιον περὶ τὸ σφυρὸν.
ἀνὴρ τετρωταί χάρακι διαπηθῶν τάφρον,
καὶ τὸ σφυρὸν παλίνορρον ἐξεκόκκισε,
καὶ τῆς κεφαλῆς κατέαγε περὶ λίθον πεσών, 1180
καὶ Γοργόν’ ἐξῆγειρεν ἐκ τῆς ἀσπίδος.
πτίλον δὲ τὸ μέγα κομπολακύθου πεσών

a A foot-pad; cf. B. 712, 1491.
b In 1172 μάρμαρος, “a stone of bright spar,” is a Homeric word (II. xii. 380; Od. ix. 499) purposely substituted for πέλεθος.
c See 849.
d Apparently the Gorgon on his shield is detachable.
THE ACHARNIANS, 1162-1182

Duly the first Woe is rehearsed;
attend whilst the other I'm telling.
It is night, and our gentleman, after a ride,
is returning on foot to his dwelling;
With ague he's sorely bested,
and he's feeling uncommonly ill,
When suddenly down on his head
comes Orestes's club with a will.
'Tis Orestes, hero mad,
'tis the drunkard and the pad.
Then stooping in the darkness
let him grope about the place,
If his hand can find a brickbat
at Orestes to be flung;
But instead of any brickbat
may he grasp a podge of dung,
And rushing on with this, Orestes may he miss,
And hit young Cratinus in the face, in the face,
And hit young Cratinus in the face.

ATTENDANT. Varlets who dwell in Lamachus's halls,
Heat water, knaves, heat water in a pot.
Make ready lint, and salves, and greasy wool,
And ankle-bandages. Your lord is hurt,
Pierced by a stake whilst leaping o'er a trench.
Then, twisting round, he wrenched his ankle out,
And, falling, cracked his skull upon a stone;
And shocked the sleeping Gorgon from his shield.
Then the Great Boastard's plume being cast away
πρὸς ταῖς πέτραισι, δεινὸν ἔξηνδα μέλος.
"ὅ κλεινὸν ὄμμα, νῦν πανύστατόν σ' ἵδων
λείπω φάος τούράνιον· οὐκέτ' εὖ ' ἐγώ."

tosai̇ta leías eis údoropráon peśsów
ἀνίσταται τε καὶ ἔνυαντά δραπέταις,
ληστάς ἐλαύνων καὶ καταστέρχων δορί.
ὀδὶ δὲ καῦτος· ἀλλ' ἀνοιγε τὴν θύραν.

Δ. ἀσταταί, ἀσταταί. [στρ. 1190]

stuginerá tāde ge κρυερὰ πάθεα· τάλας ἐγώ.
dióllymai ὑπὸ πολεμίου τυπεῖς.

Δ. ἀσταταί, ἀσταταί. [ἀντ.

τῶν τιτθίων, ὡς σκληρὰ καὶ κυδώνια.

Δ. ὁ συμφορά τάλαινα τῶν ἐμῶν κακῶν.

Δ. ἴ, ἴ, χαῖρε Δαμαχίππιον.

Δ. στυγερὸς ἐγώ.

Δ. μογερὸς ἐγώ.

Δ. τί με σὺ κυνεῖς;

Δ. τί με σὺ δάκνεις;

Δ. τάλας ἐγὼ τῆς ἑμμβολῆς βαρείας.

Δ. τοῖς Χουςοι γὰρ τῆς ἑμμβολᾶς σ' ἐπραττέν;  

Δ. ἵ, ἵ, ἵ, χαῖρε Δαμαχίππιον.

Δ. τί με σὺ δάκνεις;

Δ. τάλας ἐγὼ τῆς ἑμμβολῆς βαρείας.

Δ. τοῖς Χουςοι γὰρ τῆς ἑμμβολᾶς σ' ἐπραττέν;

Δ. ἵ, ἵ, ἵ, χαῖρε Δαμαχίππιον.

Δ. ἀλλ' οὖχι τῇμερον Παιώνια.

a Re-enter L. wounded, supported by attendants, and Dic. jovial between two courtesans.
Prone on the rocks, a dolorous cry he raised,  
O glorious Eye, with this my last fond look  
The heavenly light I leave; my day is done.  
He spake, and straightway falls into a ditch:  
Jumps up again: confronts the runaways,  
And prods the fleeing bandits with his spear.  
But here he enters. Open wide the door.

**LAM.**
O lack-a-day! O lack-a-day!  
I’m hacked, I’m killed, by hostile lances!  
But worse than wound or lance ’twill grieve me  
If Dicaeopolis perceive me  
And mock, and mock at my mischances.

**DI.**
O lucky day! O lucky day!  
What mortal ever can be richer,  
Than he who feels, my golden misses,  
Your softest, closest, loveliest kisses.  
’Twas I, ’twas I, first drained the pitcher.

**LAM.**
O me, my woful dolorous lot!  
O me, the gruesome wounds I’ve got!  
**DI.**  
My darling Lamachippus, is it not?

**LAM.**
O doleful chance!  
O cursed spite!

**LAM.**  
Why give me a kiss?  
**DI.**  
Why give me a bite?

**LAM.**
O me the heavy, heavy charge they tried.  
**DI.**  
Who makes a charge this happy Pitcher-tide?

**LAM.**
O Paean, Healer! heal me, Paean, pray.  
**DI.**  
’Tis not the Healer’s festival to-day.

---

*b* In 1199 their breasts are compared to “quincés,” μήλα κυδώνια; and 1201 describes δύο εἶδον φιλημάτων ἐρωτικῶν: Schol.  
*c* Cf. 1000-2. In 1210 εὐμβολή is “a hostile encounter”; in 1211 the “contribution” made by a guest to a common entertainment.
Λ. λάβεσθέ μου, λάβεσθε τού σκέλους· παπαί, προσλάβεσθ', ὦ φίλοι.

Δ. ἐμοῦ δὲ γε σφῶ τοῦ πέους ἄμφω μέσου προσλάβεσθ', ὦ φίλαι.

Λ. ἱλιγγιώ κάρα λίθῳ πεπληγμένος, καὶ σκοτοδίνῳ.

Δ. καγώ καθεύδειν βούλομαι καὶ στύομαι καὶ σκοτοβινώ.

Λ[θύραζε μ' ἐξενέγκατ' ἐς τοῦ Πυττάλου παιωνίαις χερσίν.

Δ. ώς τοὺς κριτάς με φέρετε· ποῦ ᾠστὶν ὁ βασιλεύς;

ἀπόδοτε μοι τὸν ἀσκόν.

Λ. λόγχη τις ἐμπέπηγε μοι δι' ὑστέων ὀδυρτά.

Δ. ὀράτε τουτοῦ κενόν.

τήνελλα καλλικοῖς.

Χ. τήνελλα δῆτ', εἴπερ καλεῖσ γ', ὦ πρέσβυ, καλλικοῖς.

Δ. καὶ πρὸς γ' ἀκρατον ἐγχέας ἀμυντιν ἐξελαψα.

Χ. τήνελλα νυν, ὦ γεννάδα· χώρει λαβῶν τὸν ἀσκόν.

Δ. ἐπεσθέ νυν ἄδοντες ὦ τήνελλα καλλικοῖς.

Χ. ἀλλ' ἐφόμεοσθα σὴν χάριν τήνελλα καλλικοῖν ἄ-

- δοντες σὲ καὶ τὸν ἀσκὸν.

a i.e. of the Pitcher-feast who are to award him the ἀσκὸς ὀίνου as the best drinker. But Λ. is also appealing to
LAM. O lift me gently round the hips,
       My comrades true!

DI. O kiss me warmly on the lips,
       My darlings, do!

LAM. My brain is dizzy with the blow
       Of hostile stone.

DI. Mine’s dizzy too: to bed I’ll go,
       And not alone.

LAM. O take me in your healing hands, and bring
       To Pittalus this battered frame of mine.

DI. O take me to the judges. Where’s the King
       That rules the feast? hand me my skin of
       wine.

LAM. A lance has struck me through the bone
       So piteously! so piteously!
       (He is helped off the stage.)

DI. I’ve drained the pitcher all alone;
       Sing ho! Sing ho! for Victory.

CHOR. Sing ho! Sing ho! for Victory then,
       If so you bid, if so you bid.

DI. I filled it with neat wine, my men,
       And quaffed it at a gulp, I did.

CHOR. Sing ho! brave heart, the wineskin take,
       And onward go, and onward go.

DI. And ye must follow in my wake,
       And sing for Victory ho! sing ho!

CHOR. O yes, we’ll follow for your sake
       Your wineskin and yourself, I trow.
       Sing ho! for Victory won, sing ho!

the πέντε κραταί of the theatrical contest to give the prize
        to him. βασιλεύς is the ἀρχων β. who presided at the Lenaea.
        τήνελλα κ.: the opening of a Song of Victory by
        Archilochus; cf. B. 1764.
INTRODUCTION

This play was exhibited at the Lenaean festival, in February 424 B.C., and obtained the prize, Cratinus being second with the Satyrs, and Aristomenes third with the Woodcarriers.

It was an attack on Cleon, then at the height of his power; for a few months before he had by a lucky and extraordinary chain of events gained an unequalled pre-eminence.

Cleon, a leather-seller, son of Cleaenetus, was a most persuasive orator, full of resource, but corrupt and rapacious beyond others; he amassed a huge fortune in his political life. His ignoble character is clear from the speech which Thucydides puts in his mouth, advocating the massacre of the people of Mitylene (iii. 36, iv. 21). He had long been a bitter assailant of Pericles; and when Pericles died, Cleon took his place as popular leader. But his success was due to the affair of Pylus.

Demosthenes, the Athenian general, had seized and fortified Pylus, a hill on the west of the Peloponnese, overlooking an important harbour which lay between the mainland and the island of Sphaeteria. He intended to settle here the Messenian exiles who had settled at Naupaetus, for this nation was the inveterate foe of Sparta. There his party was
attacked by the Spartans, who disembarked a large force upon the island opposite. The Athenian fleet came to the rescue, and blockaded this force in Sphacteria. The danger of their troops led the Spartans to sue for peace, which might then have been had upon honourable terms.

But Cleon, who was no statesman, demanded such terms as were really out of the Spartans’ power to grant; and when they did not reject even those, but proposed a conference, he procured that they should be rebuffed with contumely. He expected that the troops in Sphacteria would now surrender; but time went on, winter approached, and yet they held out. Suddenly an accidental fire cleared the island of its wood, and Demosthenes seeing his opportunity, prepared to attack.

At Athens, disquieting rumours were rife; and Cleon accused the generals of cowardice; whereupon cries arose, asking why he did not go himself; and Nicias, who was present, offered to resign his post as Strategus in favour of Cleon. Thus driven into a corner, Cleon declared he would finish the business in twenty days; and taking a few hundred men with him, set sail for Sphacteria. When he arrived, he left Demosthenes to do all the work, to carry out, in fact, the scheme which he had already in hand; and when the general and his troops had won a complete victory, he returned with them and the prisoners to Athens, having himself done nothing whatever except to return within twenty days. This was in 425 B.C., and the *Knights* was exhibited at the Lenaea of the following year.

The “Knights” who compose the Chorus stand for the 1000 young men who constituted the
ARISTOPHANES

Athenian cavalry and, being drawn from the wealthier and more educated classes, are the natural enemies of demagogues. Demus is a respectable old householder who represents the sovereign people of Athens.
ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΡΑΜΑΤΟΣ ΠΡΟΣΩΠΑ

ΔΙΜΟΣ
ΠΑΦΛΑΖΩΝ
ΝΙΚΙΑΣ
ΔΙΜΟΣΘΕΝΗΣ
ΑΛΛΑΝΤΟΙΩΛΗΣ
ΧΟΡΟΣ ΠΙΠΕΩΝ

οικέται
ΙΠΠΕΙΣ

ΔΗΜΟΣΘΕΝΗΣ. 'Ιατταταιότας τῶν κακῶν, ιατταταῖ. κακῶς Παφλαγόνα τὸν νεώνητον κακὸν αὐταῖοι βουλαῖς ἀπολέσειαι οἱ θεοὶ. εὖ οὖ γὰρ εἰσήγρησειν εἰς τὴν οἰκίαν, πληγᾶς αἰεὶ προστρίβεται τοῖς οἰκέταις. 5

ΝΙΚΙΑΣ. κάκιστα δῆθ' οὕτως γε πρῶτος Παφλαγόνων αὐταῖς διαβολαῖ.

ΔΗ. Ὡ κακόδαμον, πῶς ἔχεις;
ΝΙ. κακῶς καθάπερ σὺ.

ΔΗ. δεῦρό νῦν πρόσελθ', ἵνα ἄνω κλαύσωμεν Οὐλύμπου νόμον.
ΔΗ. καὶ ΝΙ. μῦ μῦ, μῦ μῦ, μῦ μῦ, μῦ μῦ, μῦ μῦ.

ΔΗ. τί κινηρόμεθ' ἄλλως; οὐκ ἐξῆν ζητεῖν τινα σωτηρίαν νῶν, ἀλλὰ μὴ κλάειν ἔτι;
ΝΙ. τίς οὖν γένοιτ' ἄν; λέγε σὺ.

ΔΗ. σὺ μὲν οὖν μοι λέγε, ἵνα μὴ μάχωμαι.

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*a In the foreground is a loose arrangement of stones, which will, later on, be taken to represent the Pnyx. Behind are three houses; the central one, with a harvest-wreath over the door, is the abode of Demus; whilst the others serve for Paphlagon, who is Cleon, and the Sausage-seller. Out of the house of Demus run two slaves, howling; their masks represent the two famous Athenian generals, Nicias and Demosthenes.*

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THE KNIGHTS

DEMOSTHENES. a O! O! This Paphlagon, b with all his wiles,
This newly-purchased pest, I wish the Gods
Would "utterly abolish and destroy"!
For since he entered, by ill-luck, our house,
He's always getting all the household flogged.

NICIAS. I wish they would, this chief c of Paphlagons,
Him and his lies!

DE. Ha! how feel you, poor fellow?

NIC. Bad, like yourself.

DE. Then come, and let us wail
A stave of old Olympus, d both together.

BOTH. (Sobbing) Mumu! Mumu! Mumu! Mumu! Mumu!

DE. Pah! What's the good of whimpering?
Better far
To dry our tears, and seek some way of safety.

NIC. Which way? You, tell me.

DE. Rather, tell me you,
Or else we'll fight.

a Παφλαγών, a servile name describing the slave's country; but also = "a blusterer," from παφλάς, cf. 919.
b πρώτος: "first," i.e. "worst." διαβολή and διαβάλλω are used regularly of C.'s "slanderous accusations"; cf. Thuc. ii. 27. 4.
c Παφλαγών, a servile name describing the slave's country; but also = "a blusterer," from παφλάς, cf. 919.
d A famous legendary flute-player; here, however, spoken of as a poet.
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μὰ τὸν Ἀπόλλων γὼ μὲν οὐ·

ἀλλ’ εἰπὲ θαρρῶν, εἶτα κάγὼ σοὶ φράσω. 15

πῶς ἂν σὺ μοι λέγεις ἀμὲ χρῆ λέγειν;

ἀλλ’ οὐκ ἐνι μοι τὸ θρέτε. πῶς ἂν οὖν ποτε εἴποιμι ἂν αὐτὸ δὴτα κομψευριπτικῶς;

μὴ μοι γε, μὴ μοι, μὴ διασκαυδικίσῃς·

ἀλλ’ εὑρέ τιν’ ἀπόκινον ἀπὸ τοῦ δεσπότου. 20

λέγε δὴ “μόλωμεν” ξυνεχὲς ώδὶ εὐλαβήν.

καὶ δὴ λέγω· μόλωμεν.

ἐξόπισθε νῦν

“αὐτὸ” φαθὶ τοῦ “μόλωμεν.”

αὐτὸ.

πάνυ καλῶς.

ὡσπερ δεφόμενος νῦν ἀτρέμα πρῶτον λέγε
tὸ “μόλωμεν,” εἶτα δ’ “αὐτὸ,” κατεπάγων

πυκνῶν.

μόλωμεν αὐτὸ μόλωμεν αὐτομολῶμεν. 25

ὁ, 

οὐχ ἤδυ;

νὴ Δια, πλὴν γε περὶ τῷ δέρματι
dέδοικα τούτοι τῶν οἰωνόν.

τί δαί;

ὅτι τὸ δέρμα δεφομένων ἀπέρχεται.

κράτιστα τοῖνυ τῶν παρόντων ἐστὶ νῦν,

θεῶν ἱόντε προσπεσεῖν τοῦ πρὸς βρέτας. 30

ποιον βρετετέτας; ἔτεον ἤγει γὰρ θεοὺς;

ἔγωγε.

1 Most mss. βρέτας: VM βρετέτας: Schol. βρετέττας: Rogers βρετετέτας, suggested also by Neil.

a From Eur. Hipp. 345, where Phaedra urges the nurse to put in words what she shrank from saying herself.

b An allusion to E.’s mother selling potherbs; cf. A. 478.
THE KNIGHTS, 14–33

NIC.  By Apollo, no not I.  You say it first, and then I’ll say it after.
DE.  O that thou said’st the thing that I would say.¹
NIC.  I’ve not the pluck. I wish I could suggest
Some plan in smart Euripidean style.
DE.  Don’t do it! Don’t! Pray don’t be-chervil²
me
But find some caper-cutting trick³ from master.
NIC.  Will you say sert, like that, speaking it crisply?
DE.  Of course I’ll say it, sert.
NIC.  Say de.
DE.          De.
NIC.  Yes, that’s very nicely said.
Now, first say sert, and then say de, beginning
Slowly at first, but quickening as you go.
DE.  Aye; sert-de, sert-de, sert, de-sert.
NIC.  There ’tis!
DE.  Do you not like it?
NIC.  Like it, yes; but—
DE.  What?
NIC.  There’s an uncanny sound about desert.
DE.  Uncanny? How?
NIC.  They flog deserters so.
DE.  O then ’twere better that we both should go,
And fall before the statues of the Gods.
DE.  Stat-at-ues⁴ is it? What, do you really think
That there are Gods?
NIC.  I know it.

¹ ἀπόκλινος: “a form of vulgar dance,” Schol. The
word also suggests “moving off.”
² The pious Nicias had in two tragic lines (cf. Aesch. P.V.
224; S.a.T. 92, 93) suggested a resort to prayer, but his
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ΑΡΙΣΤΟΦΑΝΗΣ

ΔΗ. ποίω χρώμενος τεκμηρίως;
ΝΙ. ὅτι θεοῦσιν ἔχθρος εἰμ’. οὐκ εἰκότως;
ΔΗ. εὐ προσβιβάζεις μ’. ἀλλ’ ἐτέρα ποι σκεπτέον. 35
βούλει τὸ πράγμα τοῖς θεαταῖσιν φράσω;
ΝΙ. οὐ χειρὸν. ἐν δ’ αὐτοῦς παρατησώμεθα,
ἐπίδηλον ἡμῖν τοῖς προσώποισιν ποιεῖν,
ἡν τοῖς ἔπεσι χαίρωσι καὶ τοῖς πράγμασι.
ΔΗ. λέγομι’ ἂν ἡδη. νῦν γάρ ἐστι δεσπότης
ἀγροικὸς ὄργην, κυαμοτρώξ, ἀκράχολος,
Δήμος Πυκνίτης, δύσκολον γερόντιον,
ὑπόκωφον. οὕτως τῇ προτέρᾳ νυμήν ἐπρίατο
doῦλον, βυρσοδέψην, Παφλαγόνα,
πανούργοτατον καὶ διαβολώτατον τω.
οὕτως καταγνώστοι τοῦ γέροντος τοὺς τρόπους,
ὁ βυρσοπαθλαγῶν, ὑποπεσῶν τὸν δεσπότην
ἡκαλλ’, ἑθόπευ’, ἐκολάκευ’, ἐξηπάτα
κοσκυλματίοις ἄκροις, τοιαύτη λέγων.
ὁ Δήμε, λούσαν πρῶτον ἑκδικάσας μίαν,
ἐνθοῦ, ῥόφησον, ἐντραγ’, ἔχε τριάβολον.
βούλει παραθωσοι δόρπον; εἶτ’ ἀναρπάσας
ὁ τι ἂν τις ἡμῶν σκευάσῃ, τῷ δεσπότῃ
Παφλαγὼν κεχάρισται τούτῳ. καὶ πρώην γ’
ἐμοῦ
μᾶζαν μεμαχότος ἐν Πύλῳ Λακωνικῆν,
πανούργοτάτα πως περιδραμῶν υφαρπάσας
αὐτὸς παρέθηκε τῇ ὑπ’ ἐμοῦ μεμαγμένην.
ἡμᾶς δ’ ἀπελαύνει, κοῦκ ἐὰν τὸν δεσπότην

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α βι εἰ μὴ ἥσαν θεῖ, οὐκ ἂν ἡμῖν θεοῖς ἔχθρος. Schol.
b Instead of his deme or place of residence, he is described
as living in the Pnyx where public assemblies were held.
c Beans were used for voting purposes.
d Instead of “ with little coaxing speeches ” or the like.
DE. Know it! How?

NIC. I'm such a wretched God-detested chap.\(^a\)

DE. Well urged indeed; but seek some other way. Would you I told the story to the audience?

NIC. Not a bad plan; but let us ask them first To show us plainly by their looks and cheer If they take pleasure in our words and acts.

DE. I'll tell them now. We two have got a master, Demus of Pnyx-borough,\(^b\) such a sour old man, Quick-tempered, country-minded, bean-con- suming;\(^c\)

A trifle hard of hearing. Last new moon He bought a slave, a tanner, Paphlagon, The greatest rogue and liar in the world. This tanning-Paphlagon, he soon finds out Master’s weak points; and cringing down before him Flatters, and fawns, and wheedles, and cajoles, With little apish leather-snippings,\(^d\) thus;

*O Demus,*\(^e\) try one case, get the three-obol, Then take your bath, gorge, guzzle, eat your fill. Would you I set your supper? Then he'll seize A dish some other servant has prepared, And serve it up for master; and quite lately I’d baked a rich Laconian cake at Pylus, When in runs Paphlagon, and bags my cake, And serves it up to Demus as his own. But us he drives away, and none but he

---

\(^a\) Here Demus deserts the Assembly for his other favourite haunt, the δικαστήριον. There were 6000 diecasts and their fee was three obols a day (see W. Introd.). Here Demus is to get a full day’s pay for trying a single suit.

\(^b\) μαζαν μεμαχητός (from μάζα, knead) is a play on μάχη, μεμαχημένον. Cleon is accused of filching from Demosthenes the victory which he had all but gained.
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άλλον θεραπεύειν, άλλα βυρσίνην ἔχων δειπνοῦντος ἐστώς ἀποσοβεῖ τοὺς ῥήτορας. 60 άδει δὲ χρησιμοῦς· ὦ δὲ γέρων συβυλλιᾷ. ὦ δ' αὐτῶν ὡς ὀρᾷ μεμακμικότα, τέχνην πεποίηται. τοὺς γὰρ ἐνδον ἀντικρύς 
ψευδῆ διαβάλλει· κάτα μαστιγούμεθα ἡμεῖς· Παφλαγῶν δὲ περιθέων τοὺς οἰκέτας 65 αίτεῖ, ταράττει, διωροδοκεῖ, λέγων τάδε· ὁράτε τὸν "Ὑλαν δι' ἐμὲ μαστιγούμενον; εἰ μῆ μ' ἀναπείσετ', ἀποθανεῖσθε τήμερον. ἡμεῖς δὲ δίδομεν· εἰ δὲ μῆ, πατούμενοι ὑπὸ τοῦ γέρωντος ὀκταπλάσια χέζομεν. 70 νῦν οὖν ἀνύσαντε φροντίσωμεν, ὄγαθέ, ποίαν οὖν νῷ τρεπτέον καὶ πρὸς τίνα. 

NI. κράτιστ' ἐκεῖνη τὴν "μόλωμεν," ὄγαθέ.

ΔΗ. ἀλλ' οὐχ οἶον τε τὸν Παφλαγόν' οὖδὲν λαθεῖν· ἐφορᾶ γὰρ αὐτὸς πάντ'. ἔχει γὰρ τὸ σκέλος 75 τὸ μὲν ἐν Πύλω, τὸ δὲ έτερον ἐν τῇ κκλῆσια.

τοσόνδε δ' αὐτοῦ βῆμα διαβεβηκότος ὁ πρωκτός ἐστιν αὐτόχρημ' ἐν Χαόσι, τῷ χειρ' ἐν Αἴτωλοῖς, ὦ δ' νοῦς ἐν Κλωπίδων.

NI. κράτιστον οὖν νῷν ἀποθανεῖν. ἀλλὰ σκόπει, 80 ὅπως ἂν ἀποβάνωμεν ἀνδρικώτατα.

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*a* For the vogue of oracles at this time *cf.* Thuc. ii. 8. 2; ii. 28. 3.
*b* The Χάονες are selected because the name suggests χαίνειν (ὡς εὐρύτρωκτον αὐτὸν διαβάλλει: Schol.) just as Αἴτωλοῖς suggests αὔτειν "to beg."
*c* Lit. "Thief-deme"; there was an actual deme Κρωπίδα. 130
THE KNIGHTS, 59–81

Must wait on master; there he stands through dinner
With leathern flap, and flicks away the speakers.
And he chants oracles, till the dazed old man
Goes Sibyl-mad; then, when he sees him mooning,
He plies his trade. He slanders those within
With downright lies; so then we’re flogged, poor wretches,
And Paphlagon runs round, extorting, begging,
Upsetting everyone; and Mark, says he,
There’s Hylas flogged; that’s all my doing; better
Make friends with me, or you’ll be trounced to-day.
So then we bribe him off; or if we don’t,
We’re sure to catch it thrice as bad from master.
Now let’s excogitate at once, good fellow,
Which way to turn our footsteps, and to whom.

NIC. There’s nothing better than my sert, good fellow.

DE. But nought we do is hid from Paphlagon.
His eyes are everywhere; he straddles out,
One foot in Pylus, in the Assembly one.
So vast his stride, that at the self-same moment
His seat is in Chaonia, and his hands
Are set on Begging, and his mind on Theft.

NIC. Well then, we had better die; but just consider
How we can die the manliest sort of death.
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ΔΗ. πῶς δῆτα πῶς γένοιτ' ἂν ἀνδρικώτατα;
ΝΙ. βέλτιστον ἴμιν αἴμα ταύρειον πιεῖν.

ό Θεμιστοκλέους γὰρ θάνατος αἱρετώτερος.

ΔΗ. μὰ Δί' ἂλλ' ἄκρατον οἶνον ἀγαθοῦ δαίμονος. ἦσως γὰρ ἂν χρηστόν τι βουλευσαίμεθα.
ΝΙ. ᾗδοῦ γ' ἄκρατον. περὶ ποτὸν γοῦν ἐστὶ σοι;

πῶς δ' ἂν μεθύων χρηστὸν τι βουλεύσαιτ' ἀνήρ;

ΔΗ. ἀληθες, οὔτος; κρουνοχυτρολῆραιν εἰ.

οἶνον σὺ τολμᾶς εἰς ἐπίνοιαν λοιδορεῖν;

οἶνον γὰρ εὐροις ἂν τι πρακτικώτερον;

ὁρᾶς; ὅταν πῖνωσιν ἄνθρωποι, τότε

πλουτοῦσι, διαπράττουσι, νικῶσιν δίκας, εὐδαιμονοῦσιν, ὑφελοῦσι τοὺς φίλους.

ἀλλ' ἐξένεγκε μοι ταχέως οἶνον χόα, τὸν νοῦν ἵν' ἄρδω καὶ λέγω τι δεξιόν.

ΝΙ. οἱ μοι, τί ποθ' ἴμας ἐργάσει τῷ σῷ ποτῶ;

ΔΗ. ἀγάθ'. ἂλλ' ἐνεγκ'. ἐγώ δὲ κατακλινήσομαι.

ἡ γὰρ μεθυσθὼ, πάντα ταυτὶ καταπάσω

βουλευματίων καὶ γνωμιδῶν καὶ νοῦδίων.

ΝΙ. ὡς εὔτυχῶς ὅτι οὐκ ἐλήφθην ἐνδοθεν

κλέπττων τὸν οἶνον.

ΔΗ. εἰπέ μοι, Παφλαγῶν τί δρά.

ΝΙ. ἐπιπάστα λείξας δημιοπραθ' ὁ βάςκανος

ῥέγκει μεθύων ἐν ταῖς βύρωσις ύπτιος.

ΔΗ. ἢθι νυν, ἄκρατον ἐγκάναξόν μοι πολὺν

σπονδῆν.

ΝΙ. λαβὲ δὴ καὶ σπείσον ἄγαθοῦ δαίμονος.

---

a He is said to have so poisoned himself when unable to fulfil his promises to the Persian king; cf. Plut. Them. 31.

b Lit. “having licked up cakes made out of confiscation sales, sprinkled with honey.”

c i.e. as a libation.
DE. The manliest sort of death? Let's see; which is it?

NIC. Had we not better drink the blood of bulls? 'Twere fine to die Themistocles's death.¹

DE. Blood? no: pure wine, to the toast of Happy Fortune!

From that we'll maybe get some happy thought.

NIC. Pure wine indeed! Is this a tippling matter? How can one get, when drunk, a happy thought?

DE. Aye, say you so, you water-fountain-twaddler? And dare you rail at wine's inventiveness?

I tell you nothing has such go as wine.

Why, look you now; 'tis when men drink, they thrive,

Grow wealthy, speed their business, win their suits,

Make themselves happy, benefit their friends.

Go, fetch me out a stoup of wine, and let me

Moisten my wits, and utter something bright.

NIC. O me, what good will all your tippling do?

DE. Much; bring it out; I'll lay me down awhile;

For when I'm drunk, I'll everything bespatter

With little scraps of schemes, and plots, and plans.

NIC. I've got the wine; nobody saw me take it.

Wasn't that luck?

DE. What's Paphlagon about?

NIC. Drunk! Snoring on his back amidst his hides,

The juggler; gorged with confiscation pasties.²

DE. Come, tinkle out a bumper of pure wine,

To pour.³

NIC. Here, take; and pour to Happy Fortune.


ARISTOPHANES

"έλχ’ έλκε τῆν τοῦ δαίμονος τοῦ Πραμνίου.

ΔΗ. ὁ δαίμον ἀγαθε, σὸν τὸ βούλευμ’, οὐκ ἐμόν.

ΝΙ. εἶπ’, ἀντιβολῶ, τί ἔστι;

ΔΗ. τοὺς χρησμοὺς ταχὺ κλέφας ἔνεγκε τοῦ Παφλαγόνος ἐνδοθεν,

εἴσως καθεύδει.

ΝΙ. ταῦτ’. ἀτὰρ τοῦ δαίμονος δέδοιχ’ ὅπως μὴ τεῦξομαι κακοδαίμονος.

ΔΗ. ψεῖν ἀγὼ ’μαντῷ προσαγάγω τὸν χόα,

τὸν νοῦν ἐν’ ἀρδῶ καὶ λέγω τί δεξίων.

ΝΙ. ὡς μεγάλ’ ὁ Παφλαγῶν πέρδεται καὶ ἑγκεται, 115

ὡστ’ ἔλαθον αὐτὸν τὸν ιερὸν χρησμὸν λαβῶν,

ὅνπερ μάλιστ’ ἐφύλαττεν.

ΔΗ. ὁ σοφῶτατε,

ψεῖν αὐτὸν, ἐν’ ἀγανω. σοὶ δ’ ἐγχεον πιεῖν

ἀνύσας τι. ψεῖν ἐδώ τι ἄρ’ ἐνεστὶν αὐτόθι.

ὁ λόγια. δός μοι δός τὸ ποτήριον ταχύ.

ΝΙ. ἐδώ τι φησ’ ὁ χρησμός;

ΔΗ. ἐτέραν ἐγχεον.

ΝΙ. ἐν τοῖς λογίοις ἐνεστὶν “ἐτέραν ἐγχεον’”;

ΔΗ. ὁ Βάκι.

ΝΙ. τί ἔστι;

ΔΗ. δός τὸ ποτήριον ταχύ.

ΝΙ. πολλῷ γ’, ὁ Βάκις ἑχρήτο τῷ ποτηρίῳ.

ΔΗ. ὁ μιαρὲ Παφλαγῶν, ταῦτ’ ἄρ’ ἐφυλάττου

πάλαι,

τὸν περὶ σεαυτὸν χρησμὸν ὀρρωδῶν.

ΝΙ. τῇ;

ΔΗ. ἑνταῦθ’ ἐνεστὶν αὐτὸς ὡς ἀπόλλυται.

---

a He bids drink to “Good Luck” in good liquor. The fame of “Pramnian wine” is Homeric (I. xi. 639; Od. iv. 235), but little else is known about it: see R.

134
Quaff, quaff the loving-cup of Pramnian Fortune.

DE. O Happy Fortune, thine's the thought, not mine!

NIC. Pray you, what is it?

DE. Steal from Paphlagon, While yet he sleeps, those oracles of his, And bring them out.

NIC. I will; and yet I'm fearful That I may meet with most unhappy Fortune.

DE. Come now, I'll draw the pitcher to myself, Moisten my wits, and utter something bright.

NIC. Paphlagon's snoring so! He never saw me. I've got the sacred oracle which he keeps So snugly.

DE. O you clever fellow you, I'll read it; hand it over; you the while Fill me the cup. Let's see: what have we here? O! Prophecies! Give me the cup directly.

NIC. Here! What do they say?

DE. Fill me another cup.

NIC. Fill me another? Is that really there?

DE. O Bakis!

NIC. Well?

DE. Give me the cup directly.

NIC. Bakis seems mighty partial to the cup.

DE. O villainous Paphlagon, this it was you feared, This oracle about yourself!

NIC. What is it?

DE. Herein is written how himself shall perish.

* A Bocotian seer; cf. 1003 and Index.
ARISTOPHANES

καὶ πῶς;

ὅπως; ὁ χρησμὸς ἀντικρύει λέγει ὡς πρῶτα μὲν στυππεοπόλης γίγνεται, δὲ πρῶτος ἔξει τῆς πόλεως τὰ πράγματα. 130

εἰς οὕτως πόλης. τὶ τούντευθεν; λέγε.

μετὰ τούτον αὕθις προβατοπώλης, δεύτερος.

δύο τῶδε πώλα. καὶ τὶ τόνδε χρῆ παθεῖν;

κρατεῖν, ἐως ἑτερος ἀνὴρ βδελυγμένος αὐτοῦ γένοιτο· μετὰ δὲ ταῦτ' ἀπόλλυται. 135 ἐπιγίγνεται γὰρ βυρσοπώλης ὁ Παφλαγών, ἀρπαξ, κεκράκτης, Κυκλοβόρου φωνὴν ἔχων.

τὸν προβατοπώλην ἣν ἄρ' ἀπολέονθαι χρωῦν ὑπὸ βυρσοπώλου;

νὴ Δί’.

οἴμοι δείλαιοι.

πόθεν οὖν ἂν ἔτι γένοιτο πώλης εἰς μόνος; 140

ἐτ’ ἑστὶν εἰς, ὑπερφυὰ τέχνην ἔχων.

εἴπ’, ἀντιβολῶ, τὶς ἑστὶν;

εἴπω;

νὴ Δία.

ἀλλαντοπώλης ἔσθ’ ὁ τούτον ἑξελῶν.

ἀλλαντοπώλης; ὁ Πόσειδον τῆς τέχνης. 145

φέρε ποὺ τὸν ἄνδρα τούτον ἑξευρήσομεν;

ζητῶμεν αὐτῶν.

ἀλλ’ ὁδί προσέρχεσαι ὡσπερ κατὰ θεῖον εἰς ἀγοράν.

ὠ μακάριε

ἀλλαντοπώλα, δεύρο δεύρ’, ὁ φίλτατε,

a A demagogue; called Eucrates by the Scholiast; cf. 254.
b Lysicles; married Aspasia after the death of Pericles;
NIC. How shall he?
DE. How? The oracle says straight out, That first of all there comes an oakum-seller a Who first shall manage all the State's affairs.
NIC. One something-seller; well, what follows, pray?
DE. Next after him there comes a sheep-seller. b
NIC. Two something-sellers; what's this seller's fortune?
DE. He'll hold the reins, till some more villainous rogue Arise than he; and thereupon he'll perish. Then follows Paphlagon, our leather-seller, Thief, brawler, roaring as Cycloborus c roars.
NIC. The leather-seller, then, shall overthrow The sheep-seller?
DE. He shall.
NIC. O wretched me, Is there no other something-seller left?
DE. There is yet one; a wondrous trade he has.
NIC. What, I beseech you? Shall I tell you?
DE. Aye.
NIC. A sausage-seller ousts the leather-seller.
DE. That's the question.
NIC. A sausage-seller! Goodness, what a trade! Wherever shall we find one?
DE. Why here comes one, 'tis providential surely, Bound for the agora.
DE. Hi, come hither! here! You dearest man, you blessed sausage-seller!

fell in battle with the Carians 428 B.C. (Thuc. iii. 19); mentioned again 765.  

a Cf. A. 381.
ARISTOPHANES

ἀνάβαυνε σωτήρ τῇ πόλει καὶ νῦν φανεῖς.

ἈΛΛΑΝΤΟΠΩΛΗΣ. τί ἐστι; τί με καλεῖτε;

ΔΗ. δεῦρ' ἐλθ', ἵνα πῦθη ὦς εὐνυχήσει καὶ μεγάλως εὐδαιμονεῖς.

ΝΙ. ἦδι δή, κάθελ' αὐτοῦ τούλεον, καὶ τοῦ θεοῦ τὸν χρήσμον ἀναδίδαξον αὐτὸν ὦς ἔχει.

ΔΗ. ἂγε δὴ σὺ κατάθου πρῶτα τὰ σκεῦη χαμαί. ἑπεὶ τήν γῆν πρόσκυνον καὶ τοὺς θεοὺς.

ΑΛ. ἰδοὺ· τί ἐστιν;

ΔΗ. ὦ μακάρι', ὦ πλούσιε, ὦ νῦν μὲν οὐδεὶς, αὐριον δ' ὑπέρμεγας. ὦ τῶν Ἀθηνῶν ταγε τῶν εὐδαιμόνων.

ΑΛ. τί μ', ὦγάθ', οὐ πλῦνεν ἐὰς τὰς κοιλίας πωλεῖν τε τοὺς ἄλλαντας, ἄλλα καταγελᾶς;

ΔΗ. ὦ μωρε, ποίας κοιλίας; δευρι βλέπε. τὰς στίχας ὀρᾶς τὰς τῶν δῶν λαῶν;

ΑΛ. ὅρω.

ΔΗ. τούτων ἀπαντῶν αὐτὸς ἀρχέλας ἔσει, καὶ τῆς ἁγορᾶς καὶ τῶν λιμένων καὶ τῆς πυκνώς.

βουλῆν πατήσεις καὶ στρατηγοὺς κλαστάσεις, δήσεις, φυλάξεις, ἐν Πρυτανείῳ λαϊκάσεις.

ΑΛ. ἐγώ;

ΔΗ. οὐ μέντοι· κούδέπω γε πάνθ' ὀρᾶς. ἄλλ' ἐπανάβηθι κατὶ τούλεον τοδί καὶ κάτιδε τὰς νῆσους ἀπάσας ἐν κύκλῳ.

ΑΛ. καθόρω.

ΔΗ. τί δαί; τάμπορια καὶ τὰς ὀλκάδας;

* For ἀνάβαυνε, which summons the second actor on to the stage, see R.
* Εὖξιν Νικιάς.
* λαϊκάσεις is a surprise instead of δείπνησεις, the right
Arise, a Saviour to the State and us.

SAUSAGE-SELLER. Eh! What are you shouting at?

DE. Come here this instant,

And hear your wonderful amazing luck.

NIC. Make him put down his dresser; tell him all
The news about that oracle we’ve got.
I’ll keep an eye on Paphlagon the while. b

DE. Come, put you down those cookery implements,

Then make your reverence to the Gods and earth,—

S.S. There! what’s the row?

DE. O happy man, and rich,
Nothing to-day, to-morrow everything!
O mighty ruler of Imperial Athens!

S.S. Good fellow, let me wash the guts, and sell
My sausages. What need to flout me so?

DE. You fool! the guts indeed! Now look you here.

You see those people on the tiers?

S.S. I do.

DE. You shall be over-lord of all those people,
The Agora, and the Harbours, and the Pnyx.
You’ll trim the Generals, trample down the Council,
Fetter, imprison, make the Hall your brothel. c

S.S. What, I?

DE. Yes, you yourself! And that’s not all.
For mount you up upon the dresser here
And view the islands all around.

S.S. I see.

DE. And all the marts and merchant-ships?

to dine in the Prytaneum being a well-known reward of public service; cf. 766.
ΑΛ. ἔγγεια.
∆Η. πῶς οὖν οὐ μεγάλως εὐδαιμονεῖς; ἐτι νῦν τὸν ὀφθαλμὸν παράβαλλ' εἰς Καριαν τὸν δεξιόν, τὸν δ’ ἔτερον εἰς Καρχηδόνα.
ΑΛ. εὐδαιμονήσω γ’, εἰ διαστραφήσομαι.
∆Η. οὖκ, ἀλλὰ διὰ σοῦ ταῦτα πάντα πέρναται. γίγνει γάρ, ὡς ὁ χρησμὸς οὕτως λέγει, ἀνὴρ μέγιστος.
ΑΛ. εἰπέ μοι, καὶ πῶς ἐγὼ ἀλλοιτοπώλησ ὦν ἀνὴρ γενήσομαι;
∆Η. δι’ αὐτὸ γάρ τοι τοῦτο καὶ γίγνει μέγας, ὁτιθ ἑπηρὸς καξ ἀγορᾶς εἶ καὶ θρασύς.
ΑΛ. οὖκ ἄξιῶ ὅδ’ ἐμαυτὸν ἵσχυεν μέγα.
∆Η. οἷμοι, τί ποτ’ ἔσθ’ ὅτι σαυτὸν οὐ φὴς ἄξιον; ξυνειδέναι τί μοι δοκεῖς σαυτῷ καλὸν.
μῶν ἐκ καλῶν εἶ κἀγαθῶν;
ΑΛ. μὰ τοὺς θεοὺς, εἰ μὴ ’κ πονηρῶν γ’.
∆Η. ὅ μακάριε τῆς τύχης, ὃσον πέπονθαι ἁγαθόν εἰς τὰ πράγματα.
ΑΛ. ἀλλ’, ὑγάθ’, οὔδε μουσικὴν ἐπίσταμαι, πλὴν γραμμάτων, καὶ ταῦτα μέντοι κακὰ κακῶς.
∆Η. τοὺτο μόνον σ’ ἐβλασφεν, ὅτι καὶ κακὰ κακῶς. ἡ δημαγωγία γὰρ οὐ πρὸς μουσικοῦ
ἐτ’ ἐστὶν ἀνδρὸς οúde χρηστοῦ τοὺς τρόπους, ἀλλ’ εἰς ἀμαθῆ καὶ βδελυρῶν. ἀλλὰ μὴ παρῆς
ἄ σοι διδόασ’ ἐν τοῖς λογίοισιν οἱ θεοὶ.
ΑΛ. πῶς δὴτά φησ’ ὁ χρησμὸς;
140
s.s. I see.
DE. And aren’t you then a lucky man?
And that’s not all. Just cast your eyes askew,
The right to Caria, and the left to Carthage.

s.s. A marvellous lucky man, to twist my neck a !
DE. Nay, but all these shall be your—perquisites. b
You shall become, this oracle declares,
A Man most mighty !

s.s. Humbug! How can I,
A sausage-selling chap, become a Man? c
DE. Why, that’s the very thing will make you
great,
Your roguery, impudence, and agora-training.

s.s. I am not worthy of great power, methinks.
DE. O me, not worthy! what’s the matter now?
You’ve got, I fear, some good upon your
conscience.

Spring you from gentlemen?

s.s. By the powers, not I.
From downright blackguards.

DE. Lucky, lucky man,
O what a start you’ve got for public life.

s.s. But I know nothing, friend, beyond my letters,
And even of them but little, and that badly.

DE. The mischief is that you know ANYTHING.
To be a Demus-leader is not now
For lettered men, nor yet for honest men,
But for the base and ignorant. Don’t let slip
The bright occasion which the Gods provide
you.

s.s. How goes the oracle?

a Or “get a squint”; cf. B. 677.

b πέριταται: δέννυ ελπείν διοικεῖται. Schol. “Are sold” instead of “are administered through your agency.”

c Cf. 1255.
ΔΗ. εὖ νὴ τοὺς θεοὺς 195
καὶ ποικίλως πως καὶ σοφῶς ἦγυγμένος.
'Αλλ' ὁπόταν μάρφη βυρσαίετος ἀγκυλοχείλης
γαμφηλῆς δράκοντα κοάλεμον αἰματοπώτην,
δὴ τότε Παφλαγόνων μὲν ἀπόλλυται ἡ σκοροδ-άλμη,
κοιλιοπώλησον δὲ θεὸς μέγα κύδος ὁπάζει, 200
αἳ κεν μὴ πωλεῖν ἀλλάντας μᾶλλον ἔλωνται.
ΑΛ. πῶς οὖν πρὸς ἐμὲ ταῦτ' ἑστίν; ἀναδίδασκε με.
ΔΗ. βυρσαίετος μὲν ὁ Παφλαγῶν ἐσθ' οὔτοσι.
ΑΛ. τί δ' ἀγκυλοχείλης ἑστίν;
ΔΗ. αὐτὸ ποι λέγει,
ὅτι ἀγκύλαις ταῖς χερσῖν ἀρπάζων φέρει. 205
ΑΛ. ὁ δράκων δὲ πρὸς τί;
ΔΗ. τοῦτο περιφανέστατον.
ὁ δράκων γὰρ ἑστὶ μακρὸν ὃ τ' ἀλλᾶς αὖ
μακρὸν·
eἰθ' αἰματοπώτης ἐσθ' ὃ τ' ἀλλᾶς χῶ δράκων.
τὸν οὖν δράκοντα φησί τὸν βυρσαίετον
ἡδὴν κρατήσειν, αἳ κεν μὴ θαλφῆθ' λόγοις. 210
ΑΛ. τὰ μὲν λόγι' αἰκάλλει με· ταυμάζω ὃ ὅπως
tὸν δῆμον οἷός τ' ἐπιτροπεύειν εἰμ' ἐγώ.
ΔΗ. φαυλότατον ἔργον· ταῦθ' ἀπέρ ποιεῖς ποίει·
tάραττε καὶ χόρδευ' ὁμοὶ τὰ πράγματα ἀπαντά, καὶ
tὸν δῆμον ἀεὶ προσποιοῦ ὑπογλυκαίνων ῥηματίως μαγειρικῶς.
tὰ δ' ἀλλα σοι πρόσεστι δημαγωγικά, 215

a The oracles are written in the recognized oracular style.
DE. Full of promise good,  
Wrapped up in cunning enigmatic words.  
Nay, but if once the Eagle,\(^a\)  
the black-tanned mandible-curve,  
seize with his beak the Serpent,  
the dullard, the drinker of life-blood,  
then shall the sharp sour brine \(^b\)  
of the Paphlagon-tribe be extinguished,  
then to the entrail-sellers  
shall God great glory and honour  
render, unless they elect  
to continue the sale of the sausage.

s.s. But what in the world has this to do with me?  
de. The black-tanned Eagle, that means Paphlagon.  
s.s. And what the mandibles?  
de. That's self-evident.  
His fingers, crooked to carry off their prey.  
s.s. What does the Serpent mean?  
de. That's plainer still.  
A serpent's long; a sausage too is long.  
Serpents drink blood, and sausages drink blood.  
The Serpent then, it says, shall overcome  
The black-tanned Eagle, if it's not talked over.  
s.s. I like the lines: but how can I, I wonder,  
contrive to manage Demus's affairs.  
de. Why nothing's easier. Do what now you do:  
Mince, hash, and mash up everything together.  
Win over Demus \(^c\) with the savoury sauce  
of little cookery phrases. You've already  
whatever else a Demagogue requires.

\(\beta\upsilon\sigma\alpha\ell\iota\sigma\) is formed on the analogy of \(\chi\rho\upsilon\sigma\alpha\ell\iota\sigma\) "the golden eagle."
\(^b\) Used in tanning.  
\(^c\) The Greek has a play on \(\delta\eta\mu\os\), "people," and \(\delta\eta\mu\os\), "fat."
ARISTOPHANES

φωνή μιαρά, γέγονας κακῶς, ἀγόραιος εἰς ἔχεις ἀπαντα πρὸς πολιτείαν ἃ δεί.
χρησμοι τε συμβαίνουσι καὶ τὸ Πυθικόν.

αλλὰ στεφανοῦ, καὶ σπέινει τῷ Κοαλέμω· χώτως ἀμυνεῖ τὸν ἄνδρα.

ΑΛ. καὶ τίς ξύμμαχος
gενήσεται μου; καὶ γὰρ οἱ τε πλούσιοι
dεδίαστον αὐτὸν ὁ τε πένης βδύλλει λεῶς.

ΔΗ. ἀλλ' εἰσὶν ἱππεῖς ἄνδρες ἀγαθοὶ χίλιοι
μισοῦντες αὐτὸν, οἱ βοηθήσουσί σοι,
καὶ τῶν πολιτῶν οἱ καλοὶ τε καγαθοὶ,
καὶ τῶν θεατῶν ὡστις ἐστὶ δεξίος,
κἀγώ μετ' αὐτῶν· χωθεὸς ξυλλήψεται.
καὶ μὴ δέδιθ'· οὐ γὰρ ἔστιν ἑξηκασμένος.

υπὸ τοῦ δέος γὰρ αὐτὸν οὔδείς ἤθελε
tῶν σκευοποιῶν εἰκάσαι· πάντως γε μὴν
γνωσθήσεται· τὸ γὰρ θεάτρον δεξίον.

ΝΙ. οὕμοι κακοδαίμων, ὁ Παφλαγών ἐξέρχεται.

ΠΑΦΛΑΓΩΝ. οὐ τοι μὰ τοὺς δώδεκα θεοὺς χαιρήσετον,

οὕτω ἐπὶ τῷ δήμῳ ἐγνώμυντον πάλαι.

τοῦτο τὰ ὅρα τὸ Χαλκιδικὸν ποτήριον;

οὐκ ἔσθ' ὅπως οὐ Χαλκιδεας ἀφιστατον.

ἀπολείσθων, ἀποθανεῖσθον, ὁ μαρωτάτω.

ΔΗ. οὔτος, τί φεύγεις; οὐ μενεῖς; ὃ γεννάδα

ἀλλαντοπώλα, μὴ προδῶ τὰ πράγματα.

* The Athenian cavalry numbered 1000, each of the ten tribes contributing 100.
* This actor, unlike the representatives of Nicias and Demosthenes, wore no portrait mask, whatever the reason was.
* Enter Nicias.
* Enter Paphlagon.
A brutal voice, low birth, an agora training;  
Why you’ve got all one wants for public life.  
The Pythian shrine and oracles concur.  
Crown, crown your head; pour wine to mighty  
—Dulness;  
Prepare to fight the man.

s.s. But what ally  
Will stand beside me, for the wealthy men  
Tremble before him, and the poor folk blench.

de. A thousand Knights, all honest men and true,  
Detest the scoundrel, and will help the cause;  
And whoso’er is noblest in the State,  
And whoso’er is brightest in the tiers,  
And I myself. And God will lend his aid.  
And fear him not; he is not pictured really;  
For all the mask-providers feared to mould  
His actual likeness; but our audience here  
Are shrewd and bright; they’ll recognize the man.

nic. Mercy upon us! here comes Paphlagon.  
PAPHLAGON. By the Twelve Gods, you two shall pay  
for this,  
Always conspiring, plotting ill to Demus!  
What’s this Chalcidian goblet doing here?  
Hah! ye’re inciting Chalcis to revolt.  
Villains and traitors! ye shall die the death.

de. (To s.s.) Hi! where are you off to? Stop!  
For goodness’ sake,  
Don’t fail us now, most doughty Sausage-seller!

* The Twelve Gods are Zeus, Poseidon, Apollo, Ares,  
Hephaestus, and Hermes; Hera, Athene, Artemis, Aphrodite,  
Demeter, and Hestia.

f “The reference to the Chalcidians is doubtless to  
Chalcidice in Thrace”: R.
ἀνδρεὶς ἵππεῖς, παραγένεσθε· νῦν ο̇ καιρός. ὦ
Σύμων,
ὦ Παναίτι', οὐκ ἑλάτε πρὸς τὸ δεξιὸν κέρας;
ἀνδρεὶς ἐγγὺς· ἀλλ' ἀμύνου, κἀπαναστρέφου τάλιν.
ὁ κοινορτὸς δῆλος αὐτῶν ὡς ὁμοὶ προσκεμένων.
ἀλλ' ἀμύνου καὶ δίωκε καὶ τροπὴν αὐτοῦ ποιοῦ.

χορος. παῖε παῖε τὸν πανούργον καὶ ταραξιππόστρατον καὶ
tελόνην καὶ φάραγγα καὶ Χάρυβδιν ἁρπαγής,
cαὶ πανούργον καὶ πανούργον· πολλάκις γὰρ αὐτ' ἐρῶ,
καὶ γὰρ οὖτος ἦν πανούργος πολλάκις τῆς ἡμέρας ἀλλὰ παῖε καὶ δίωκε καὶ τάραττε καὶ κύκα καὶ βδελύττου, καὶ γὰρ ἡμεῖς, κατικείμενοι βόα· εὐλαβοῦ δὲ μὴ 'κφύγῃ σε· καὶ γὰρ οἴδε τὰς ὄδους, ἀσπερ Ἕκράτης ἐφευγεν εὐθὺ τῶν κυρηβίων.

πα. ὁ γέροντες ἕλιασται, φράτορες τριῳβόλου,
οὐς ἐγὼ βόσκω κεκραγός καὶ δίκαια κάδικα,
παραβοηθεῖθ', ὡς ὑπ' ἀνδρῶν τύπτομαι ξυνωμοτῶν.

χο. ἐν δίκῃ γ', ἐπεὶ τὰ κοινὰ πρὶν λαχεῖν κατεσθίεις,

---

a The Knights enter the orchestra.
b The two Hipparchoi who commanded the two divisions of the Knights.
c Ταράξιππος seems to have been a title of Poseidon Hippios (Pausanias, vi. 20).
d The allusion is unknown, but the person Eucrates was a dealer in oakum, bran, and such things.
e The Heliasts were 6000 citizens, chosen by lot yearly from all citizens over 30. From these dicasts were chosen for each case. Three obols were the day's pay.

146
Hasten up, my gallant horsemen,\(^a\)
   now's the time your foe to fight.
Now then Simon, now Panaetius,\(^b\)
   charge with fury on the right.
Here they're coming! Worthy fellow,
   wheel about, commence the fray;
Lo, the dust of many horsemen
   rushing on in close array!
Turn upon him, fight him, smite him,
   scout him, rout him, every way.

HORUS. Smite the rascal, smite him, smite him,
   troubler of our Knightly train,\(^c\)
Foul extortioner, Charybdis,
   bottomless abyss of gain.
Smite the rascal; smite the rascal;
   many times the word I'll say,
For he proved himself a rascal
   many, many times a day.
Therefore smite him, chase him, pound him,
   rend and rattle and confound him!
Show your loathing, show as we do;
   press with angry shouts around him.
Take you heed, or he'll evade you;
   watch him closely, for the man
Knows how Eucrates \(^d\) escaped us,
   fleeing to his stores of bran.

APPI. O my Heliastic\(^e\) veterans,
   of the great Triobol clan,
Whom through right and wrong I nourish,
   bawling, shouting all I can,
Help me, by conspiring traitors
   shamefully abused and beaten.

HOR. Rightly, for the public commons
   you before your turn have eaten,
κάποιος άσχετος πιέζων τοὺς ὑπευθύνους, σκοπῶν
ὁστίς αὐτῶν ὡμός ἐστίν ἢ πέπων ἢ μὴ πέπων.
κἂν τιν' αὐτῶν γνώς ἀπράγμου ὄντα καὶ κεχηνότα,
καταγαγὼν ἐκ Χερρονήσου, διαβαλῶν, ἀγκυρίσας,
εἰτ' ἀποστρέφας τὸν ὄμον, αὐτὸν ἑνεκολήβασας·
καὶ σκόπεις γε τῶν πολιτῶν ὁστὶς ἐστίν ἁμνοκῶν,
πλούσιος καὶ μὴ πονηρός καὶ τρέμων τὰ πράγματα.

πα. ξυνεπικεισθ' ὑμεῖς; ἐγὼ δ', ὄνδρες, δι' ὑμᾶς
τύπτομαι,
ὅτι λέγειν γνώμην ἐμελλον ὡς δίκαιον ἐν πόλει
ἰστάναι μνημείον ὑμῶν ἐστιν ἀνδρείας χάριν.

χο. ὡς δ' ἀλαζών, ὡς δε μάσθης· εἶδες οἳ ὑπέρχεται
ωσπερεὶ γέροντας ἡμᾶς, κάκκοβαλκευέται;
ἀλλ' ἐὰν ταύτῃ παρέλθῃ, ταυτή πεπλήξεται·
ἡν δ' ὑπεκκλήνῃ γε δευρί, πρὸς σκέλος κυρηβάσει.

πα. ὁ πόλις καὶ δῆμ', ὥφ' οἶων θηρίων γαστρίζομαι.

χο. καὶ κέκραγας, ὠσπερ ἂεὶ τῇ πόλιν καταστρέφει;

ἀλ. ἀλλ' ἐγὼ σε τῇ βοη· ταύτῃ γε πρῶτα τρέψομαι.

---

a The word is meant to recall συκοφάντης, sycophantes, the informer or blackmailer. This introduces the image of the fig (σῦκον), which is mixed later with terms of the wrestling-school. All public officials had their accounts scrutinized, or audited, at the end of their year of office.

b A play upon διαλαβών, "grasping," and διαβαλών, "calumniating." So 491, διαβολᾶς for διαλαβᾶς.

c The "hook" is a wrestling term.

d He tries to escape, head down (a stage direction, according to the Scholiast).
And you squeeze the audit-passers, pinching them like figs, to try
Which is ripe, and which is ripening, which is very crude and dry.
Find you one of easy temper, mouth agape, and vacant look,
Back from Chersonese you bring him, grasp him firmly, fix your hook,
Twist his shoulder back and, glibly, gulp the victim down at once.

And you search amongst the townsmen for some lambkin-witted dunce,
Wealthy, void of tricks and malice, shuddering at disputes and fuss.

**PAPH.** You assail me too, my masters? 'tis for you they beat me thus;
'Tis because I thought of moving that 'twere proper here to make
Some memorial of your worships for your noble valour's sake.

**CHOR.** Hear him trying to cajole us! O the supple-bending sneak,
Playing off his tricks upon us, as on dotards old and weak.
Nay, but there my arm shall smite him if to pass you there he seek;
If he dodge in this direction, here against my leg he butts.

**PAPH.** Athens! Demus! see the monsters, see them punch me in the guts.

**CHOR.** Shouting, are you? you who always by your shouts subvert the town.

**s.s.** But in this I'll first surpass him; thus I shout the fellow down.
ARISTOPHANES

Χ. ὁλος ἐὰν μέντοι γε νικᾶς τῇ βοη, τήνελλος εἰ· ἦν δ' ἀναίδεια πορέλθης, ἠμέτερος οἱ πυραμοῦς.

Π. τοιτονι τὸν ἄνδρ' γω 'νδείκνυμι, καὶ φήμι' ἐξάγειν ταῖσι Πελοποννήσων τῶν τριήρεσι ζωμεύματα.

Αλ. ναὶ μὰ Δίᾳ κάγῳς τοῦτον, ὅτι κενὴ τῇ κοιλίᾳ εἰσδραμών εἰς τὸ πρυτανεῖον, εἶτα πάλιν ἐκθεὶ πλέα.

ΔΗ. νὴ Δί', ἐξάγων γε τὰπόρρηθ', ἀμ' ἄρτον καὶ κρέας καὶ τέμαχος, οὐ Περίκλεις οὐκ ἥξιωθη πῶποτε.

Π. ἀποθανεῖσθαι αὐτίκα μάλα.

Αλ. τριπλάσιον κεκράζομαι σου.

Π. καταβοήσουμαι βοῶν σε.

Αλ. κατακεκράζομαι σε κράζων.

Πα. διαβαλῶ σ', εὰν στρατηγῆς.

Αλ. κυνοκτήσων σου τὸ νῶτον.

Πα. περιελῶ σ' ἀλαζονείας.

Αλ. υποτεμοῦμαι τοὺς πόδας¹ σου.

Π. βλέψων εἰς μ' ἀσκαρδάμυκτος.

Αλ. ἐν ἁγορᾷ κάγῳ τέθραμμαι.

Πα. διαφορῆσω σ', εἰ τὶ γρύξεις.

Αλ. κοπροφορῆσω σ', εἰ λαλήσεις.

Πα. ὁμολογῶ κλέπτειν. συ δ' οὐχί.

Αλ. νὴ τὸν Ἐρμῆν τὸν ἁγοραίον,

¹ τοὺς πόδας, Rogers: τὰς ὀδοὺς mss.

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a A Greek proverb. A cake was the prize at drinking parties for the man who kept awake all night.

b A play upon ἐξάγειν, "sauces," and υποτεμοῦμαι, "cables for under-girding a ship." Cf. the account of St. Paul's shipwreck, Acts xxvii. 17.

c To be a guest at the public dinner in the Prytaneum was a recognized honour. This was awarded to Cleon after his success at Sphacteria. At that time Cleon had bitterly attacked Nicias and Demosthenes.

150
chor. If in bawling you defeat him,
         sing we ho! for Victory's sake.
        If in shamelessness you beat him,
         then indeed we take the cake. a
paph. I denounce this smuggling fellow;
        contraband of war he takes
        For the Peloponnesian galleys,
        frapping them with—girdle-cakes. b
s.s. I denounce this juggling fellow;
        at the Hall, from day to day,
        In he runs with empty belly,
        with a full one hies away. c
chor. Fish, and flesh, and bread exporting,
        and a hundred things like these,
        Contraband of peace, which never
         were allowed to Pericles.
paph.      Death awaits you at once, you two.
s.s.      Thrice as loud can I squall as you.
paph.      Now will I bawl you down by bawling.
s.s.      Now will I squall you down by squalling.
paph.      Lead our armies, and I'll backbite you.
s.s.      I'll with dog-whips slash you and smite you.
paph.      I'll outwit you by fraud and lying.
s.s.      I'll your pettitoes chop for frying.
paph.      Now unblinking regard me, you.
s.s.      I was bred in the agora too.
paph.      Say but g-r-r, and to strips I'll tear you.
s.s.      Speak one word, and as dung I'll bear you.
paph.      I confess that I steal. Do you?
s.s.      Agora Hermes d! yes, I do.

 a An image of Hermes, as patron of commerce and of tricks, stood in the market-place.
καπιωρκω γε βλεπόντων.

πα. ἀλλότρια τοινυν σοφίζει, καὶ σε φαίνω τοῖς πρυτάνεσιν, ἀδεκατεύτους τῶν θεῶν ἰε- 

ρᾶς ἔχοντα κοιλίας.

χο. ὃ μιαρὲ, καὶ βδελυρέ, καὶ κατακε- [στρ. α 

κράκτα, τοῦ σοῦ θράσους 

πᾶσα μὲν γῆ πλέα, 

πᾶσα δ’ ἐκκλησία, 

καὶ τέλη, καὶ γραφαί, 

καὶ δικαστήρι', ὃ 

βορβοροτάραξι, καὶ 

τὴν πόλιν ἀπασαν ἦ- 

μῶν ἀνατευρβακῶς, 

ὅστις ἡμῶν τὰς Ἀθηνας ἐκκεκοκώφωκας βοῶν, 

κάπῳ τῶν πετρῶν ἀνωθεν τοὺς φόρους θυνοσκοπῶν.

πα. οἴδ’ ἐγὼ τὸ πρᾶγμα τοῦθ’ ὅθεν πάλαι καττύεται.

ἀλ. εἰ δε μὴ σὺ γ’ ὀσθα κάττυμ’, οὔδ’ ἐγὼ χορδεύματα, 

ὅστις ὑποτέμων ἐπώλεις δέρμα μοχθηροῦ βοῶς 

tοῖς ἀγροίκοισιν πανούργως, ὅστε φαίνεσθαι παχὺ, 

καὶ πρὶν ἡμέραν φορῆσαι, μεῖζον ἤν δυοῖν δοχμαῖν.

νη. ἦ Ἰάκ κάμε τοῦτ’ ἔδρασε ταυτόν, ὥστε καὶ γέλων

a i.e. "you are poaching on my preserves": R.
b Lit. "I denounce you to the Prytanes," who are sitting 
among the spectators; cf. 278.
c κοιλίας, "guts," for οὐσίας, "estates": Schol. Estates of 
certain offenders were confiscated, and a tithe paid to Athena. 
Tithes of their profits were also consecrated by private persons.
THE KNIGHTS, 298–319

If I’m seen, I’m a perjurer too.

PAPH. Somebody else’s tricks you’re vaunting;\(^a\)
   Now to the Prytanes off I’ll run,\(^b\)
   Tell them you’ve got some holy pig-guts.
   Tell them you’ve paid no tithe thereon.\(^c\)

CHOR. O villain, O shameless of heart,
   O Bawler and Brawler self-seeking,
   The land, the Assembly, the Tolls,
   are all with thine impudence reeking,
   And the Courts, and the actions at law;
   they are full unto loathing and hate!
   Thou stirrest the mud to its depths,
   perturbing the whole of the State.
   Russian, who hast deafened Athens
   with thine everlasting din,
   Watching from the rocks the tribute,
   tunny-fashion, shoaling in.\(^d\)

PAPH. Well I know the very quarter
   where they cobbled up the plot.

S.S. You’re a knowing hand at clobbing,
   else in mincing meat I’m not;
   You who cheated all the rustics
   with a flabby bullock-hide,
   Cutting it aslant to make it
   look like leather firm and dried;
   In a day, the shoes you sold them
   wobbled half a foot too wide.

NIC. That’s the very trick the rascal
   played the other day on me,
   in gratitude. Instances are recorded of butcher, baker, tanner,
   potter, fuller, and washerman. (Greek Votive Offerings, p. 59.)
\(^a\) An allusion to the watchers set to look out for shoals of
   tunny, who announce their advent with stentorian voice.
\(^b\) The slanting cut makes the leather seem thicker than it is.
πάμπολυν τοῖς δημόταισι καὶ φίλοις παρασχεθεῖν. 3
πρὶν γὰρ εἶναι Περγασήσων, ἕνεον ἐν ταῖς ἐμβάσιν.

χ. δρα δὴ τοῦ ἀν' ἀρχὴς ἐδήλους ἀναί-
[στρ. β] δειαν, ἥπερ μόνη προστατεῖ ῥητόρων;
η σὺ πιστεύων ἀμέλγεις τῶν ἔνων τοὺς καρπίμους,
πρῶτος ὢν: ὁ δ' Ἰπποδάμου λείβεται θεώμενος.
ἀλλ' ἐφάνῃ γὰρ ἀνήρ ἐτερος πολὺ
σοῦ μαρώτερος, ὥστε με χαίρειν,
ός σε παύσει καὶ πάρεισι, δήλος ἐστὶν, αὐτόθεν,
πανουργία τε καὶ θράσει
καὶ κοβαλικεύμασιν.
ἀλλ' ὁ τραφεῖς θεντέρε εἰσίν ἄνδρες οὔπερ εἰσί,
νῦν δεῖξον ὃς οὐδέν λέγει τὸ σωφρόνως τραφῆναι.

Ἀ. καὶ μὴν ἀκούσαθ' οῖός ἐστὶν οὔτοσι πολύτης. 3
ΠΑ. οὖκ αὖ μ' εάσεις;
Ἄ. μὰ Δίο, ἐπεὶ κάγω πονηρός εἰμι.
Χ. ἐὰν δὲ μὴ ταύτη γ' ύπεική, λέγ' ὅτι κάκ' πονηρῶν.
ΠΑ. οὖκ αὖ μ' εάσεις;
Ἄ. μὰ Δία.
ΠΑ. ναὶ μὰ Δία.
Ἄ. μὰ τὸν Ποσειδῶ,
ἀλλ' αὐτὸ περὶ τοῦ πρῶτος εἰπεῖν πρῶτα δια-
μαχοῦμαι.

ᵃ An Attic Deme.
ᵇ Archeptolemus, 794 below. He tried to end the war, but
was foiled by Cleon. Being involved with the Four Hundred,
he was afterwards condemned to death.
And my friends and fellowburghers
laughed with undissembled glee,
I was swimming in my slippers
ere I got to Pergasae.\(^a\)

chor. So then thou hast e'en from the first
that shameless bravado displayed
Which alone is the Orators' Patron.
And foremost of all by its aid
Thou the wealthy strangers milkest,
draining off their rich supplies;
And the son of Hippodamus \(^b\)

watches thee with streaming eyes.
Ah, but another has dawned on us now,
Viler and fouler and coarser than thou,
Viler and fouler and coarser by far,
One who'll beat thee and defeat thee
(therefore jubilant we are),
Beat thee in jackanapes tricks and rascal,
Beat thee in impudence, cheek, and brutality.
O trained where Men are trained who best
deserve that appellation,
Now show us of how little worth
is liberal education.
s.s. The sort of eitizen he is, I'll first expose to view.
paph. Give me precedence.
s.s. No, by Zeus, for I'm a blackguard too.
chor. And if to that he yield not, add "as all my fathers
were."
paph. Give me precedence.
s.s. No, by Zeus.
paph. O yes, by Zeus.
s.s. I swear
I'll fight you on that very point; you never shall
be first.
ARISTOPHANES

πα. οἴμοι, διαρραγήσομαι.

αλ. καὶ μὴν ἡγώ οὖ παρῆσω. 340

χο. πάρεσ πάρεσ πρὸς τῶν θεῶν αὐτῷ διαρραγήσατα.

πα. τῷ καὶ πεποιθῶς ἀξιοὶς ἐμοὶ λέγειν ἕναντα;

αλ. ὅτι λέγειν οἶσι τε κἀγώ καὶ καρυκοποιεῖν.

πα. ἵδου λέγειν. καλῶς γ' ἂν οὖν σὺ πράγμα προσ-

πεσόν σοι

ωμοσπάρακτον παραλαβὼν μεταχειρίσασιω χρηστῶς. 345

ἀλλ' οἴσθ' ὦ μοι πεπονθέναι δοκεῖς; ὅπερ τὸ πλῆθος.

εἶ ποι δικίδιον εἴπας εὖ κατὰ. ξένου μετοίκου,

τὴν νῦκτα θρυλῶν καὶ λαλῶν ἐν ταῖς ὁδοῖς σεαυτῷ,

ὑδωρ τε πίνων, κάπιτεικνύς τοὺς φίλους τ' ἀνιῶν,

ὡν δυνατὸς εἶναι λέγειν. ὃ μῶρε τῆς ἄνοιας. 350

αλ. τί δαλ σοὶ πίνων τὴν πόλιν πεποιήκας, ὥστε νυνὶ

ὑπὸ σοῦ μονωτάτοι κατεγλωττισμένην σιωπᾶν;

πα. ἐμοὶ γὰρ ἀντέθηκας ἀνθρώπων τῶν'; ὡστὶς εὐθὺς

θύνεια θερμά καταθαγών, κατ' ἐπιπών ἀκράτου

οἶνου χόα κασαλβάσω τοῖς ἐν Πύλῳ στρατηγοῦς. 355

αλ. ἡγώ δὲ γ' ἡμυστρῶν βοῶς καὶ κοιλίαν νείαν

—

a The speaker intends this to repeat the words of 338, but the chorus misunderstand him to refer to “I shall burst.”

b In later days, it was a gibe against the orator Demosthenes that he was a water-drinker; and something of the sort may be meant here.

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THE KNIGHTS, 340–356

PAPH. O, I shall burst.

s.s. You never shall.a

CHOR. O let him, let him burst.

PAPH. How dare you try in speech to vie

with ME? On what rely you?

s.s. Why I can speak first-rate, and eke

with piquant sauce supply you.

PAPH. O speak you can! and you’re the man,

I warrant, who is able

A mangled mess full well to dress,

and serve it up to table.

I know your case, the common case;

against some alien folk

You had some petty suit to plead,

and fairly well you spoke.

For oft you’d conned the speech by night,

and in the streets discussed it,

And, quaffing water,b shown it off,

and all your friends disgusted.

Now you’re an orator, you think.

O fool, the senseless thought!

s.s. Pray what’s the draught which you have quaffed

that Athens you have brought

Tongue-wheedled by yourself alone

to sit so mute and still?

PAPH. Who to compare with ME will dare?

I’ll eat my tunny grill,

And quaff thereon a stoup of wine

which water shall not touch,

And then with scurrilous abuse

the Pylian generals smutch.

s.s. I’ll eat the paunch of cow and swine,

and quaff thereon their stew,
καταβροχθίσας, κατ’ ἐπιτιῶν τὸν ζωμὸν ἀναπόνντος
λαρυγγιῶ τοὺς ρήτορας καὶ Νυκίαν ταράξω.

Χο. τὰ μὲν ἄλλα μ’ ἧρεςας λέγων· ἐν δ’ οὐ προσιέται με
tῶν πραγμάτων, οὐτί μόνος τὸν ζωμὸν ἐκροφήσεις. 360

Πα. ἄλλ’ οὐ λάβρακας καταφαγῶν Μιλησίους κλονήσεις.

Ἀλ. ἄλλα σχελίδας ἐδηδοκῶς ὀνήσομαι μέταλλα.

Πα. ἔγω δ’ ἐπιεισηδῶν γε τὴν βουλὴν βία κυκῆσω.

Ἀλ. ἔγω δὲ κυνῆσι γε σοῦ τὸν πρωκτὸν ἀντὶ φύσκησι.

Πα. ἔγω δὲ γ’ ἐξέλξω σε τῆς πυγῆς θύραζε κύβδα. 365

Χο. νῇ τὸν Ποσειδῶ κἀμὲ τὰρ’, ἥπερ γε τοῦτον ἠλκης.

Πα. οἴον σε δήσω ’ν τῷ ξύλῳ.

Ἀλ. διώξομαι σε δειλίασ.

Πα. ἢ βύρσα σου θρανέυσεται.

Ἀλ. δερῶ σε θύλακν κλοπῆς.

Πα. διαπαπταλευθήσει χαμάι.

Ἀλ. περικόμματ’ ἐκ σου σκευάσω.

Πα. τὰς βλεφαρίδας σου παρατιλῶ.

Ἀλ. τὸν πρηγορεῶνα σοῦκτεμῶ.

ΔΗ. καὶ νῇ Δ’ ἐμβαλόντες αὐ-
tῷ πᾶταλον μαγειρικῶς
ἐς τὸ στόμ’, εἰτα δ’ ἐνδοθεν
τὴν γλώτταν ἔξειραντες αὐ-
tοῦ σκεψίμεθα’ εὐ κανδρικῶς
κεχρνότος
τὸν πρωκτόν, εἰ χαλάζῃ.
THE KNIGHTS, 357–381

And rising from the board with hands which water never knew
I’l11 throttle all the orators, and flutter Nicias too.

chor. With all beside I’m satisfied,
    but one thing likes me not,
You speak as if you ate alone
    whatever stew you’ve got.

paph. You’l11 not consume your basse and then
        Miletus bring to grief.a

s.s. But mines I’l11 purchase b when I’ve first
devoured my ribs of beef.

paph. I’l11 leap the Council-chamber in,
        and put them all to rout.

s.s. I’l11 treat you like a sausage-skin,
        and twirl your breech about.

paph. I’l11 hoist you by your crupper up,
        and thrust you through the gate, sir.

chor. If him you thrust, me too you must;
            you must as sure as fate, sir.

paph. Your feet in the stocks I’l11 fix full tight.

s.s. And you for your cowardice I’l11 indict.

paph. Outstretched on my board your hide I’l11 pin.c

s.s. “Pickpocket’s purse” I’ll make your skin.

paph. Your limbs on the tanhouse floor I’l11 stake.

s.s. Your flesh into force-meat balls I’l11 bake.

paph. I’l11 twitch the lashes off both your eyes.

s.s. I’l11 cut your gizzard out, poulterer-wise.

de. Prop open his mouth with all your strength;
    Insert the extender from jaw to jaw;
Pull out his tongue to its utmost length,
    And, butcher-fashion, inspect his maw,
And whilst his gape is so broad and fine,
See if he’s not The symptoms got
Which show that he’s nought but a measly swine.
ARISTOPHANES

xo. ἢν ἄρα πυρός γ' ἔτερα θερμότερα, καὶ λόγοι τῶν λόγων ἐν πόλει τῶν ἀναι-δῶν ἀναιδέστεροι.
καὶ τὸ πράγμα ἢν ἄρι ὁῦ φαύλου ὅδ' [οὐδαμῶς].
ἀλλ' ἐπιθι καὶ στρόβει, μηδὲν ὁλίγον ποiei:
νῦν γὰρ ἔχεται μέσος.
ὡς εάν νυνὶ μαλάξης αὐτὸν ἐν τῇ προσβολῇ, δειλὸν εὐρήσεις. ἐγὼ γὰρ τοὺς τρόπους ἐπ-ίσταμαι.

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Λ. ἀλλ' ὀμῶς οὖτος τοιοῦτος ὃν ἀπαντᾷ τὸν βίον, καὶ ἀλή ἐδοξεῖν εἶναι, ταλλότριον ἀμῶν θέρος. νῦν δὲ τοὺς στάχυς ἐκεῖνους, οὐς ἐκεῖθεν ἠγαγεν, ἐν ξύλῳ δήσας ἀφαίει καποδόσθαι βουλεταί.
πα. οὐ δέδοιχ' ὑμᾶς, ἐως ἂν ζῆ το βουλευτήριον καὶ τὸ του Δήμου πρόσωπον μακκοῖ καθήμενον.

390

xo. ὡς δὲ πρὸς πάν ἀναιδεύεται κοῦ μεθί-
στησα τοῦ χρῶματος τοῦ παρεστηκότος.
ἐἴτε μη μισῶ, γενοῦμη ἐν Κρατίνου κώδιον, καὶ διδασκόιμην προσάδεων Μορσίμου τραγῳ-

395
diāν.

1 οὐδαμῶς inserted by Rogers to complete the metre.

“Cleon had done what he declared that the generals εἶ ΛΑΝΠΕΣ εἶν would do, viz.: sail to Pylus and bring back the Spartans as captives, Thuc. iv. 27. He had reaped the harvest which Demosthenes had sown”: R.

Cratinus was a good bottle-man, and his sheepskin might be expected to fare ill. He was a competitor in this contest with Aristophanes.

160
There are things, then, hotter than fire; there are speeches more shameless still than the shameless speeches of those who rule the City at will.

No trifling task is before you; upon him and twist and garotte him.

Do nought that is little or mean; for round the waist you have got him.

If in this assault you knead him limp and supple to your hand, you will find the man a craven; his habits understand.

Truly for an arrant coward he has all his life been known; yet a Man he seemed but lately, reaping where he had not sown. Now the ears of corn he brought us, he aspires to parch and dry, shuts them up in wood and fetters, hopes to sell them by and by.

You and your allies I fear not, while the Council lives, and while Demus moons upon the benches with his own unmeaning smile.

O see how he brazens it out! The colour remains as before in his shameless impudent face.

And O, if I hate you not sore, let me be a filthy sheepskin, that whereon Cratinus lay.

Or let Morsimus instruct me as the Chorus to his Play.

* Morsimus was a worthless tragedian.
ο ροι πάντ' ἐπὶ πᾶσι τε πράγμασι
dωροδόκουσι ἐπ' ἀνθέαν ἤδων,
eἰδε φαύλως, ὥσπερ εὑρές, ἐκβάλουσ τὴν ἐνθέσων.
ἀσαμι γὰρ τότ' ἃν μόνον.
πινε πίν' ἐπὶ συμφοραῖς.
τὸν Ἰουλίου τ' ἂν οἴομαι, γέροντα πυροτίπην,
ἡσθέντ' ἱππαωνίσαι καὶ Βακχέβαξχον ἁσαι.

πα. οὖ τοῖ μ' ὑπερβαλεῖσθ' ἀναϊδεια μὰ τὸν Ποσειδώ,
ἡ μὴ ποτ' ἀγοραίου Δίως οπλάγχνοισι παρα-
γενοίμην.

αλ. ἐγνωγε νη τοὺς κονδύλους, οὐς πολλὰ δὴ τ' πί πολλοῖς
ηνεχόμην ἐκ παιδίου, μαχαρίδων τε πληγάς,
ὑπερβαλεῖσθαι σ' οἶομαι τούτους, ἡ μάτην γ' ἃν
ἀπομαγαδαλᾶς σιτούμενοις τοσοῦτος ἐκτραφεῖν.

πα. ἀπομαγαδαλᾶς ὥσπερ κὺών; ὃ παμπόνηρε, πῶς οὖν
κυνός βορᾶν σιτούμενοις μάχει σὺ κυνοκεφάλλω;

αλ. καὶ νη Δί' ἄλλα γ' ἐστί μου κόβαλα παιδὸς ὅντος.
ἐξητατω γὰρ τοὺς μαγείρους ἃν λέγων τοιαύτῳ:
σκέψασθε, παίδες, οὐχ ὀράθ'; ὦρα νέα, χελιδῶν.
οί δ' ἐβλεπον, κἀγὼ ἐν τοσοῦτῳ τῶν κρεών ἐκλεπ-
τον.

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a A ditty of Simonides.
b πυροτίπης, "one who keeps a loving eye on the bread" (cf. the Homeric παρθενοτίπης), was a nickname given by Cratinus to this old pantler at the Prytaneum.
c A statue of Zeus under this title stood in the Agora, and another in the Pnyx.
d Pieces of dough used to clean the fingers, and then thrown to the dogs.
e See Baumeister, Denkmäler, fig. 2126, p. 1985.
Thou in all places, and thou at all hours,
Flitting and sitting in bri-berry flowers,
Sucking and sipping the gold they contain,
Mayest thou lightly, as 'twas swallowed,
cast thy mouthful up again.

Then will I ever the roundelay sing
*Drink for the luck which the Destinies bring,*
And old Iulius's son, the pantler Prytanean,
For joy will "Bacche-Bacchus" shout,
and chant his Io-Pacan.

**PAPH.** Think you in shamelessness to win?

No, by Poseidon, no!

Or may I evermore the feasts

of Agora Zeus forgo.

**s.s.** Now by the knuckles which in youth
would discipline my head,
And those hard-handled butchers' knives
they often used instead,
I think in shamelessness I'll win;
else vainly in the slums

Have I to such a bulk been reared
on finger-cleaning crumbs.

**PAPH.** On finger-pellets like a dog?
And reared on these, you seek
To fight a dog-faced fierce baboon!
I marvel at your cheek.

**s.s.** And lots of other monkey-tricks
I practised as a boy.

O how I used to chouse the cooks
by shrieking out *Ahoy!*

Look lads, a swallow! spring is here.

*Look up, look up, I pray.*

So up they looked whilst I purloined
a piece of meat away.
ARISTOPHANES

xo. ο θανάστατον κρέας, σοφώς γε προύνοήσωθεν άκαλήφας ἐσθίων πρὸ χελιδόνων ἐκλεπτες.

αλ. καὶ ταῦτα δρῶν ἐλάνθανόν γ'· εὶ δ' οὖν ἰδοὶ τις αὐτῶν,

ἀποκρυπτόμενον εἰς τὰ κοχώνα τοὺς θεοὺς ἀπώμυν.

ουκ ἕστ' ἐπ' ἄνηρ τῶν ῥητόρων ἱδὼν με τοῦτο δρῶντα· οὐκ ἔσθ' ὅπως ὁ παῖς ὡδ' οὐ τὸν δήμον ἐπιτροπεύσει.

xo. εὖ γε ἔμεθέθελν αὐτ'· ἀτὰρ δῆλον γ' ἀφ' οὖν ἔμεθέθελν.

οτιῇ πιορκεῖς θ' ἠρπακίως καὶ κρέας ὁ πρωκτός εἶχεν.

πα. ἐγὼ σε παῦσω τοῦ θράσους, οἴμαι δὲ μᾶλλον ἄμφω.

ἐξεμι γὰρ σοι λαμπρὸς ήδη καὶ μέγας καθεις,

ὁμοὶ ταράττων τὴν τε γῆν καὶ τὴν θάλατταν εἰκή.

αλ. ἐγὼ δὲ συστείλας γε τοὺς ἄλλαντας εἰτ' ἀφήσω κατὰ κύμ' ἐμαυτὸν οὖριον, κλάειν σε μακρά κελεύσας.

δη. κάγων', ἐάν τι παραχαλᾶ, τὴν ἀντλίαν φυλάξω.

πα. οὐ τοι μὰ τὴν Δήμητρα καταπροίζει πάλαι καὶ πολλὰ κλέψας Ἀθηναίων.

xo. ἄθρει, καὶ τοῦ ποδὸς παρίει·

ὡς οὖτος ἦδη Κακίας καὶ Συκοφαντίας πνεῖ.

* Kaiκίας, the name of "the north-east wind, one of the most violent winds in the Mediterranean," was proverbially explained as "bringing evils" (ἔλκων κακά), and Aristophanes coins Συκοφαντίας on its analogy.
CHOR. Shrewd body, you were provident,
and stole away your meat
Before the vernal swallow came,
as folk their nettles eat.

S.S. And no one caught me out, or else,
if any saw me pot it,
I clapped the meat between my thighs
and vowed I hadn’t got it;
Whereat an orator observed,
who watched me at my tricks,
Some day this boy will make his mark
as leader in the Pnyx.

CHOR. His inference was just; but still
’tis plain from whence he drew it;
He saw you filch the meat away,
and swear you didn’t do it.

PAPH. I’ll stop your insolence, my man;
your friend’s and yours together.
I’ll swoop upon you like a gale
of fresh and stormy weather,
And all the land and all the sea
in wild confusion throw.

S.S. But I will furl my sausages,
and down the tide will go
With prosperous seas, and favouring breeze,
at you my fingers snapping.

DE. And if your bark a leak should spring,
the water I’ll be tapping.

PAPH. Full many a talent have you filched,
and dearly shall you pay,
You public-treasury thief!

CHOR. Look out, and slack the sheet away,
I hear a loud Nor’-Easter there
or Sycophanter a blow.
PA. σὲ δ' ἐκ Ποτιδαίας ἔχοντ' εὖ οἶδα δέκα τάλαντα.
ΑΛ. τί δῆτα; βούλει τῶν ταλάντων ἐν λαβῶν σωπάν;  
ΧΩ. ἀνὴρ ἂν ἥδεως λάβοι. τοὺς τερπρίους παρεῖ.  
ΑΛ. τὸ πνεῦμι' ἐλαττον γίγνεται.  
ΠΑ. [δωροδοκίας]¹ φεύξει γραφᾶς  
ἐκατονταλάντους τέτταρας.  
ΑΛ. σὺ δ' ἀστρατείας εἰκοσιων,  
κλοπῆς δὲ πλεῖν ἡ χυλίας.  
ΠΑ. ἐκ τῶν ἀληθριών σὲ φη-  
μι γεγονέαι τῶν τῆς θεοῦ.  
ΑΛ. τὸν πάππον εἶναι φημὶ σου  
tῶν δορυφόρων—  
ΠΑ. ποῖων; φράσον.  
ΑΛ. τῶν Βυρσίνης τῆς Ἰππίου.  
ΠΑ. κόβαλος εἰ.  
ΑΛ. πανοῦργος εἰ.  
ΧΩ. παῖ ἀνδρικῶς.  
ΠΑ. ἵνα ἵνα,  
tῦπτουσί μ' οἱ ἑυνομοταί.  
ΧΩ. παὶ αὐτὸν ἀνδρικότατα, καὶ  
γάστριζε καὶ τοῖς ἐντέροις  
καὶ τοῖς κόλοις,  
χῶπως κολὰ τὸν ἄνδρα.  

ὁ γεννικότατον κρέας ψυχήν τ' ἀριστε πάντων,  
καὶ τῇ πόλει σωτήρ φανεῖς ἥμιν τε τοῖς πολίταις,

¹ Inserted by Rogers.

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ᵃ Potidaea had surrendered on terms some five years before this, Thuc. ii. 70. No doubt Cleon had attacked the generals.
ᵇ The great family of the Alcmaeonidae was put under a curse for the murder of Cylon’s friends in sanctuary, about 200 years before, Thuc. i. 126. The charge was revived against Cleisthenes, and later against Pericles, possibly also against Alcibiades. Here
PAPH. From Potidaea you received ten talents, that I know.\(^a\)

s.s. Will you take one, and hold your tongue?

chor. He’d take it like a shot.

Let out the yard-arm ropes a bit.

s.s. The gale has milder got.

PAPH. You’ll have, for bribery and deceit, Four hundred-talent writs to meet.

s.s. And you, for cowardliness a score, For theft a thousand writs and more.

PAPH. From that old sacrilegious race \(^b\) I’ll say that your descent you trace.

s.s. Your father’s father marched, I’ll swear, As body-guard to—

PAPH. Whom? Declare!

s.s. To Hippias’s Byrsine.\(^c\)

PAPH. You jackanapes!

s.s. You gallows-tree!

chor. Strike like a man!

PAPH. O help me! Oh!

These plotting traitors hurt me so.

chor. Strike, strike him, well and manfully, And with those entrails beat him, And strings of sausage-meat, and try Meet punishment to mete him.

O noblest flesh in all the world, O spirit best and dearest,

To City and to citizens a Saviour thou appearest.

it is used as a comic threat against the Sausage-seller, the last man to belong to such a family.

\(^a\) The wife of Hippias the tyrant was Myrsine; for which, to suit the tanner’s trade, Aristophanes substitutes \(Bvpstvr\) “a leather strap.”

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ARISTOPHANES

ὁς εῷ τὸν ἄνδρα ποικίλως θ' ὑπῆλθες ἐν λόγουσιν. πῶς ἂν σε ἐπανέσαμεν οὕτως ὁσπερ ἦδόμεσθα; 460

πα. ταυτὶ μὰ τὴν Δήμητρα μ' οὐκ ἔλανθανεν τεκταυόμενα τὰ πράγματ', ἀλλ' ἡπιστάμην γομφούμεν' αὐτὰ πάντα καὶ κολλώμενα.

χο. οἷμοι, σὺ δ' οὐδὲν ἔξ ἀμαξουργοῦ λέγεις;

αλ. οὐκούν μ' ἐν "Ἀργεὶ γ' οία πράττει λαυθάνει. 465 πρόφασιν μὲν Ἀργείους φίλους ἡμῖν ποιεῖ. ἰδία δ' ἐκεῖ Δακεδαιμονίοις ξυγγίγνεται. καὶ ταυτ' ἐφ' οἷς έστι συμφυσώμενα ἐγώδ'. ἐπὶ γὰρ τοῖς δεδεμένοις χαλκεύται. 470

χο. εὐ γ' εὐ γε, χάλκευ' ἀντὶ τῶν κολλώμενων.

αλ. καὶ ξυγκροτοῦσιν ἄνδρες αὐτ' ἐκεῖθεν αὖ, καὶ ταυτά μ' οὐτ' ἄργυριον οὔτε χρυσίον διὸς ἀναπείσεις, οὔτε προσπέμπτων φίλους, ὡς εὖ ταυτ' οὐκ Ἀθηναιόις φράσῳ.

πα. ἐγὼ μὲν οὖν αὐτίκα μάλ' εἰς βουλήν ἰὼν ὑμῶν ἀπάντων τὰς ξυναμοσίας ἔρω, καὶ τὰς ξυνόδους τὰς νυκτερινὰς ἐν τῇ πόλει, καὶ πάνθ' ἀ Μῆδοις καὶ βασιλείς ξυνόμιστε, καὶ τὰκ Βουωτῶν ταῦτα συντυρούμενα. 475

αλ. πῶς οὖν ὁ τυρὸς ἐν Βωιτοῖς ὃνιος;

πα. ἐγὼ σε νη τὸν Ἦρακλέα παραστόρῳ.

χο. ἄγε δὴ σὺ τίνα νοῦν ἡ τίνα γνώμην ἔχεις; νυνὶ διδάξεις, εἴπερ ἀπεκρύψε τότε.

* A thirty years' truce between Sparta and Argos was running out; both Sparta and Athens were now bidding for the Argive support.

b The process for treason was impeachment before the Council, εἰςαγγελία.

c Demosthenes was intriguing with Boeotian cities to establish democracy there, Thuc. iv. 76. Cheese was an important product of Boeotia.

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How well and with what varied skill
    thou foil'st him in debate!
O would that I could praise you so,
    as our delight is great.

PAPH. Now, by Demeter, it escaped me not
    That these same plots were framing; well I knew
    How they were pegged, and fixed, and glued together.

CHOR. O, me!
(To S.S.) Can't you say something from the cartwright's trade?

S.S. These Argos doings have escaped me not.
    He goes, he says, to make a friend of Argos,
    But 'tis with Sparta he's colloguing there.
    Aye and I know the anvil whereupon
    His plan is forged: 'tis welded on the captives.

CHOR. Good! good! return him welding for his glue.

S.S. And men from thence are hammering at it too.
    And not by bribes of silver or of gold
    Or sending friends, will you persuade me not
    To tell the Athenians how you are going on.

PAPH. I'll go this instant to the Council-board,
    And all your vile conspiracies denounce,
    And all your nightly gatherings in the town,
    And how you plotted with the Medes and King,
    And all your cheese-pressed doings in Bocotia.

S.S. Pray, how's cheese selling in Boeotia now?

PAPH. I'll stretch you flat, by Heracles I will. [Exit

CHOR. Now then, what mean you? what are you going to do?
    Now shall you show us if in very truth
ARISTOPHANES

eis tā koxwna tō krēas, ὡς autōs lēgeis.
thetai gáρ ἄξas eis tō bouleutērion,
ws oútos eispešon ékeiße diabalei
ημᾶς āpantas kai krayon kekráxetai.

AL. ἀλλ' eimi· prōtov d', ὡς ἔχω, tās koilias
cai tās maχaīras énθadi katalήθσωμαι.

DH. ἔχε νυν, ἀλευφόν τὸν τράχηλον τουτώ, 490
iν' éξολοθάνειν δύνη tās diabolās.

AL. ἀλλ' εὐ lēgeis kai παιδοτριβικῶς ταυταγί.
DH. ἔχε νυν, ἐπέγκαψον λαβων tαδ.

AL.  τί δαί;
DH. ἵν' ἄμεινον, ὃ τᾱν, ἕσκοροδίσμενος μάχη.
kai σπεῦδε tαχέως.

AL.  ταῦτα δρῶ.
DH.  μέμνησό νυν 495
dάκνειν, διαβάλλειν, tοὺς λόφους kατεσθίειν,
χῦπως tā kάllai' ἀποφαγών ἥξεις πάλιν.

ΧΩ.  ἀλλ' ἵθι χαίρων, kai πράξειας
kata νοῦν tōn ἐμόν, kai σε φυλάττοι
Zeús ágɔraĩos· kai νικῆς
aθīs ékeithen pάλιν ὡς ημᾶς
ἐλθον στεφάνους κατάπαστος.
ἔμεις δ' ημῖν πρόσχετε tὸν νοῦν
tοῖς t' ἀναπαίστοις, ὃ pαντοίαις
ηδὴ Mοῦσης
pειραθέντεs καθ' ēαυτούς.

* The Scholiast says that he gives him lard; but perhaps it is a draught of wine, 493. The garlic was to prime him like a fighting cock.
You stole the meat and hid it as you said.
So to the Council-house you’ll run, for he
Will burst in thither, and against us all
Utter his lies and bawl a mighty bawl.

s.s. Well, I will go; but first I’ll lay me down
Here, as I am, these guts and butchers’-knives.

de. Here take this ointment and anoint your neck, a
So can you slip more easily through his lies. b

s.s. Well now, that’s good and trainer-like advice.

de. And next, take this and swallow it.

s.s. What for?
de. Why, if you are garlic-primed, you’ll fight
much better.
And now begone.

s.s. I’m off.
de. And don’t forget
To peck, to lie, to gobble down his combs,
And bite his wattles off. That done, return.

chor. Good-bye and good speed: may your daring
succeed,
And Zeus of the Agora help you in need. c
May you conquer in fight, and return to our
sight
A Victor triumphant with garlands bedight.
But ye d to our anapaests listen the while,
And give us the heed that is due,
Ye wits, who the Muse of each pattern and
style
Yourselves have attempted to woo.

a διαβολάς for διαλαβάς. So 496.
b 498-99 come from Sophocles, according to the Scholiast.
d Here the Chorus turns directly to the audience, and the Parabasis proper, 507-46, follows.
A. had hitherto exhibited his plays in the name of Callistratus. The poet had to send in his play to the Archon, and “ask for a chorus”; if it was granted, the Archon chose a Choregus, who had to pay all expenses except the cost of the three actors provided by the state. These three divided the chief parts between them.

If one of the old-fashioned Comedy-bards
had our services sought to impress,
And make us before the spectators appear,
to deliver the public address,
He would not have easily gained us; but now,
with pleasure we grant the request
Of a poet who ventures the truth to declare,
and detests what we also detest,
And against the Tornado and Whirlwind, alone,
with noble devotion advances.
But as for the question that puzzles you most,
so that many inquire how it chances
That he never a Chorus had asked for himself,
or attempted in person to vie, a
On this we're commissioned his views to explain,
and this is the Poet's reply;
That 'twas not from folly he lingered so long,
but discerning by shrewd observation
That Comedy-Chorus-instruction is quite
the most difficult thing in creation.
For out of the many who courted the Muse
she has granted her favours to few,
While e'en as the plants that abide but a year,
so shifting and changeful are you;
And the Poets who flourished before him, he saw,
ye were wont in their age to betray.
Observing the treatment which Magnes b received
when his hair was besprinkled with grey,
ος πλείστα χορῶν τῶν ἀντιπάλων νίκης ἐστήσε τροπαία.

πάσας δ’ ύμῶν φωνὰς ίεῖς καὶ ψάλλων καὶ πτερυγίζων καὶ λυδίζων καὶ ψηνίζων καὶ βαπτόμενος βατραχείως οὐκ ἐξήρκεσεν, ἀλλὰ τελευτῶν ἐπὶ γῆρως, οὐ γὰρ ἐφ’ ἥβης,

ἐξεβλήθη πρεσβύτης ἕν, ὅτι τοῦ σκώπτεων ἀπελεύθη. 55

εἶτα Κρατίνου μεμνημένος, ος πολλῷ δεύσας ποτ’ ἐπαινῷ διὰ τῶν ἀφελῶν πεδίων ἔρρει, καὶ τῆς στάσεως παρασύρων

ἐφόρει τὰς δρύς καὶ τὰς πλατάνους καὶ τοὺς ἐχθρούς προδελύμονοις.

ἀσαι δ’ οὐκ ἤν ἐν ἔμπνοσίῳ πλήν, Δωροὶ συκοπέδυλε, καὶ, Τέκτονες εὐπαλάμων ὑμνῶν οὕτως ἡνθησέν ἐκεῖνος. 57

νῦν δ’ ὑμεῖς αὐτὸν ὅραντες παραληροῦντ’ οὐκ ἐλεεῖτε, ἐκτυπωσῶν τῶν ἠλέκτρων, καὶ τοῦ τόνου οὐκ ἐτ’ ἐν-όντος,

τῶν θ’ ἀρμονιῶν διαχασκονσῶν. ἀλλὰ γέρων ὃν περι-έρρει,

ὡσπέρ Κοννᾶς, στέφανον μὲν ἔχων αὐν, δίψῃ δ’ ἀπολωλῶς,

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a Cratinus, another writer of comedies, now in his old age a toper and despised. He won the second place in this contest with The Satyrs. Next year he was again second to A., with the Χεμαζὸμενοι, The Storm-tossed; and the year following he was first with Πυτίνθη, The Flagon, A. being third with The Clouds.

b Songs of Cratinus from the Ευνίδαι, a play full of parodies.
Than whom there was none more trophies had won
in the fields of dramatic display.
All voices he uttered, all forms he assumed,
the Lydian, the fig-piercing Fly,
The Harp with its strings, the Bird with its wings,
the Frog with its yellow-green dye.
Yet all was too little; he failed in the end,
when the freshness of youth was gone by,
And at last in his age he was hissed from the stage
when lost was his talent for jeering.
Then he thought of Cratinus a who flowed through the plains
'mid a tumult of plaudits and cheering;
And sweeping on all that obstructed his course,
with a swirl from their stations he tore them,
Oaks, rivals, and planes; and away on his flood
uprooted and prostrate he bore them.
And never a song at a banquet was sung
but Doro fig-sandaled and true,b
Or Framers of terse and artistic verse,b
such a popular poet he grew.
Yet now that he drivels and dotes in the streets,
and Time of his ambers has reft him,
And his framework is gaping asunder with age,
and his strings and his music have left him,
No pity ye show; no assistance bestow;
but allow him to wander about
Like Connas,c with coronal withered and sere,
and ready to perish with drought;

"St. Bribitt with shoes of blackmail," recalls hymns to some
goddess χρυσόπέδιλος, "with golden sandals."
^c The Scholiast says Connas was "a flute-player and drunkard
who used to go from feast to feast garlanded, and after winning
many victories at Olympia, fell into poverty." The line em-
body a proverb, Δελφὸς ἀνήρ, στέφανον μὲν ἔχων, διψει δ' ἀπολυλώς,
used of persons sacrificing while themselves in want.
οὐν χρῆν διὰ τὰς προτέρας νίκας πίνειν ἐν τῷ Πρυ-
τανείῳ,
καὶ μὴ ληρεῖν, ἀλλὰ θεάσθαι λυπαρὸν παρὰ τῷ Διονύ-
σῳ. οὕς δὲ Κράτης ὄργας ὑμῶν ἤνεχετο καὶ στυφελιγμοῦς·
διὰ ἀπὸ σμικρᾶς δαπάνης ὑμᾶς ἀριστίζων ἀπέπεμπεν,
ἀπὸ κραμβοτάτου στόματος μάττων ἀστειοτάτας ἐπι-
νοίας.
χοῦτος μέντοι μόνος ἀντήρκει, τότε μὲν πίπτων, τότε
δὲ οὐχὶ.
ταῦτ' ὀρρωδῶν διέτριβεν ἀεί, καὶ πρὸς τούτοις
ἐφασκεν
ἐρέτην χρῆναι πρώτα γενέσθαι, πρὶν πηδαλίως ἐπι-
χειρεῖν,
κατ' ἐντεύθεν πρωρατεύσαι καὶ τοὺς ἀνέμους διαθήσαι,
κατὰ κυβερνῶν αὐτὸν ἑαυτῷ. τούτων οὖν οὐνεκα πάντων,
ὅτι σωφρονικῶς καὶ ἀνοήτως ἐσπηδήσας ἐφλυάρει,
αἵρεθ' αὐτῷ πολὺ τὸ ῥόθιον, παραπέμψατ' ἐφ' ἐνδεκα
κώπαις
θόρυβον χρηστὸν λήματην,
ἐν' ὁ ποιητὴς ἀπίη χαῖρων,
κατὰ νοῦν πράξας,
φαιδρὸς λάμποντι μετώπῳ.

\(^{a}\) A variation on the ἰδιπνεῖν ἐν τῷ Πρυτανείῳ. “to dine in the Prytaneum,” the reward for distinguished public service.
\(^{b}\) His statue being placed in the theatre during the plays.
\(^{c}\) Crates, like Magnes, was dead at this time. His subjects foreshadowed the New Comedy of manners.
Who ought for his former achievements to drink a
    in the Hall, nor be laid on the shelf,
But to sit in the Theatre shining and bright,
    beside Dionysus himself. b
And then he remembered the stormy rebuffs
    which Crates c endured in his day;
Who a little repast at a little expense
    would provide you, then send you away;
Who the daintiest little devices would cook
    from the driest of mouths for you all;
Yet he, and he only held out to the end,
    now standing, now getting a fall.
So in fear of these dangers he lingered; besides,
    a sailor, he thought, should abide
And tug at the oar for a season, before
    he attempted the vessel to guide;
And next should be stationed awhile at the prow,
    the winds and the weather to scan;
And then be the Pilot, himself for himself.

So seeing our Poet began
In a mood so discreet, nor with vulgar conceit
    rushed headlong before you at first,
Loud surges of praise to his honour upraise;
    salute him, all hands, with a burst a

Of hearty triumphant Lenaean applause,
    That the bard may depart, all radiant and bright
To the top of his forehead with joy and delight,
    Having gained, by your favour, his cause.

a "With eleven oars a side": a phrase not understood. The explanations given are mere guesses.
ἐπὶ ἄναξ Πόσειδον, ὁ
χαλκοκρότων ἵππων κτύπος
καὶ χρεμετισμὸς ἀνδάνει,
καὶ κυανέμβολοι θοαὶ
μισθοφόροι τριήρεις,
μειρακίων θ' ἀμιλλα λαμ-
προνομένων ἐν ἄρμασιν
καὶ βαρυδαμονούντων,
δεῦρ' ἐλθ' ἐς χορόν, ὁ χρυσοτρίαυ', ὁ
δελφίνων μεδέων, Σουνιάρατε,
ὁ Γεραιστις παῖ Κρόνου,
· Φορμίωνι τε φίλτατ', ἐκ
τῶν ἄλλων τε θεῶν Ἀθη-
ναίως πρὸς τὸ παρεστός.

εὐλογῆσαι βουλόμεσθα τοὺς πατέρας ἡμῶν, ὅτι
ἀνδρεὺς ἦσαν τῆς γῆς ἄξιοι καὶ τοῦ πέπλου,
οἷτινες πεζαῖς μάχαιρον ἐν τε ναυφράκτῳ στρατῷ
πανταχοῦ νικῶντες ἀεὶ τήν ἐκόσμησαν πόλιν·
οὗ γὰρ οὔδείς πώποτ' αὐτῶν τοὺς ἐναντίους ἴδων
ἡρίθμησεν, ἀλλ' ὁ θυμὸς εὐθὺς ἦν ἀμμυίας.

a Geraestus, S.W. of Euboea, where was a temple of P.; Sunium, S. of Attica.

b Phormio, the Athenian naval commander, distinguished for courage, honesty, and patriotism, and a popular hero. See Thuc. ii. 68-69 on a late victory of his. He seems to have been dead at this time.

c An embroidered robe, raised like a sail upon the mast.
THE KNIGHTS, 551–570

Dread Poseidon, the Horseman's King,
Thou who lovest the brazen clash,
Clash and neighing of warlike steeds;
Pleased to watch where the trireme speeds
Purple-beaked, to the oar's long swing,
Winning glory (and pay); but chief
Where bright youths in their chariots flash
Racing (coming perchance to grief);

Cronus's son,

Throned on Geraestus and Sunium a bold,
Swaying thy dolphins with trident of gold,
Come, O come, at the call of us;
Dearest to Phormio b thou,
Yea and dearest to all of us,
Dearest to all of us now.

Let us praise our mighty fathers,
men who ne'er would quake or quail,
Worthy of their native country,

worthy of Athene's veil c;
Men who with our fleets and armies
everywhere the victory won,
And adorned our ancient city

by achievements nobly done.
Never stayed they then to reckon
what the numbers of the foe,
At the instant that they saw him,

all their thought was At him go d!

of a ship, which was carried through the city at the great Panathenaea, and dedicated to Athena Polias on the Acropolis. The Knights took part in the procession, and are so represented on the Parthenon frieze. See 1180, B. 827.

a The word, which happens also to be a proper name, is used as an epithet according to its verbal meaning.
εἰ δὲ ποιν ἐποίησεν ἐς τὸν ὁμον ἐν μάχῃ τινὶ, 
τούτ’ ἀπεφήσαντ’ ἂν, εἰτ’ ἡρωῦντο μὴ πεπτωκέναι, 
ἀλλὰ διεπάλαινον ἄθις. καὶ στρατηγὸς οὐδ’ ἃν εἰς 
τῶν πρὸ τοῦ σίτησιν ἦτησ’ ἐρόμενος Κλεάννετον: 
νῦν δ’ ἐὰν μὴ προεδρίαν φέρωσι καὶ τὰ σιτία, 
οὐ μαχεῖσθαι φασιν. ἤμεῖς δ’ ἀξιοῦμεν τῇ πόλει 
προῖα γενναῖσ ἀμένειν καὶ θεοὶς ἐγχωρίοις. 
καὶ πρὸς οὐκ αἰτοῦμεν οὐδέν, πλὴν τοσοῦτοι μόνον. 
ὕν ποτ’ εἰρήνη γένηται καὶ πόνων πανοῦμεθα, 
μὴ φθονεῖθ’ ἡμῖν κομώσι μηδ’ ἀπεστλεγγισμένοις. 580

ὦ πολιοῦχε Παλλάς, ὦ 
τῆς ἵερωτάτης ἀπα-
σῶν, πολέμω τε καὶ ποιη-
taῖς δυνάμει θ’ ὑπερφεροῦ-
σης μεδέουσα χώρας, 585
δεῦρ’ ἀφικοῦ λαβοῦσα τὴν 
ἐν στρατιαῖς τε καὶ μάχαις 
ἡμετέραν ξυνεργὸν
Νίκην, ἦ χορικῶν ἐστιν ἑταῖρα,
τοῖς τ’ ἐχθροῖσι μεθ’ ἡμῶν στασιάζει. 590

a Cleaenetus, father of Cleon. Our fathers did not apply to his father.

b The Knights wore their hair long: see 1121. To do so was regarded as aristocratic, or as Spartan, and disliked. After gymnastics, a scraper or στλεγγὶς was used to scrape off the oil.

180
If they e'er in desperate struggling
    on their shoulder chanced to fall,
Quick they wiped away the dust-mark,
    swore they ne'er were thrown at all,
Closed again in deadly grapple.

None of all our generals brave
Then had stooped a public banquet
    from Cleaenetus\(^a\) to crave.

Now unless ye grant them banquets,
    grant precedence as their right,
They will fight no more, they tell you.

*Our* ambition is to fight
Freely for our Gods and country,
    as our fathers fought before,
No reward or pay receiving;
    asking this and nothing more,
When returning *Peace* shall set us
    free from all our warlike toil,
Grudge us not our flowing ringlets,\(^b\)
    grudge us not our baths and oil.

Holy Pallas, our guardian Queen,
Ruling over the holiest land,
Land poetic, renowned, and strong,
First in battle and first in song,
Land whose equal never was seen,
Come to prosper our Choral band!
Bring thou with thee the Maiden bright,
Her who greets us in every fight,

**VICTORY**\(^c\)!

She in the choir-competition abides with us,
Always against our antagonists sides with us.

\(^a\) The statue of Athene by Pheidias bore Victory in her hand.
nún oûn dévrio fánethi. déi
gár toís ándrási toûde pâ-
soy téchnh porísaí se ní-
ken eîper potê kai nûn.

ἀξιοί δ’ εἰσ’ εὐλογεῖσθαι. πολλά γάρ δὴ πράγματα
ξυνδιήγευκαν μεθ’ ἡμῶν, εἰσβολᾶς τε καὶ μάχας.
ἀλλὰ τὰν τῇ γῇ μὲν αὐτῶν οὐκ ἄγαν θαυμάζομεν,
ὡς ὅτ’ εἰς τὰς ἰππαγωγοὺς εἰσεπήδων ἀνδρικῶς,
πριάμενοι κάθωνας, οἱ δὲ καὶ σκόροδα καὶ κρόμ-
μνα.

εἶτα τὰς κώπας λαβόντες ὀσπερ ἠμεῖς οἱ βροτοὶ
ἐμβαλόντες ἀνεβρύαξαν, ἰππαπαί, τίς ἐμβαλεῖ;
ληπτέον μᾶλλον. τῖ δρῶμεν; οὐκ ἔλας, ὦ σαμφόρα;
ἐξεπήδων τ’ ἐς Κόρινθον. εἶτα δ’ οἱ νεώτατοι
taís ὁπλαίς ὄρυττον εὕνας καὶ μετήσαν στρῶματα. 605
ἡσθιον δὲ τοὺς παγούρους ἀντὶ ποιᾶς Μηδικῆς,
εἰ τίς ἐξέρποι θύραζε, κάκ βυθοῦ θηρώμενοι.
ὦστ’ ἐφη Θέωρος εἶπεῖν καρκίνον Κορίνθιον.

a A reference to the campaign of Nicias against Corinth
in the year before: Thuc. iv. 42-45.
b ἰππαπαί, for the sailors’ ὄππαπαί (W. 909, F’. 1073).
c Lit. “lucerne.”
d Unknown: the Schol. says a poet.
Come, great Goddess, appear to us,
Now, if ever, we pray,
Bring thou victory dear to us,
Crown thine Horsemen to-day.

What we witnessed with our horses
   we desire to eulogize.a
Worthy they of praise and honour!
   many a deed of high emprize,
Many a raid and battle-onset
   they with us have jointly shared.
Yet their feats ashore surprise not,
   with their feats afloat compared,
When they bought them cans and garlic,
   bought them strings of onions too,
Leapt at once aboard the transports,
   all with manful hearts and true,
Took their seats upon the benches,
   dipped their oar-blades in the sea,
Pulled like any human beings,
   neighing out their Hippapae b
Pull my hearties, pull your strongest,
   don't be shirking, Sigma-brand,
Then they leapt ashore at Corinth,
   and the youngest of the band
Hollowed with their hoofs their couches
   or for bedding searched about.
And they fed on crabs, for clover,c
   if they met one crawling out,
Or detected any lurking
   in the Ocean’s deepest bed,
Till at length a crab of Corinth,
   so Theorus d tells us, said :
ARISTOPHANES

δεινά γ', ὦ Πόσειδον, εἰ μήτ' ἐν βυθῷ δυνήσομαι, μήτε γή μήτ' ἐν θαλάττῃ, διαφυγεῖν τοὺς ἱππέας. 610

xo. ὁ φίλτατ' ἀνδρῶν καὶ νεανικότατε, ὅσην ἀπὸν παρέσχες ἡμῖν φροντίδα. καὶ νῦν ἐπειδή σῶς ἐλήλυθας πάλιν, ἀγγείλου ἡμῖν πῶς τὸ πράγμ' ἡγωνίσω. 615

Α. τί δ' ἄλλο γ' εἰ μὴ Νικόβουλος ἐγενόμην; [στρ]

xo. νῦν ἄρ' ἀξίων γε πᾶσιν ἐστιν ἐπολολύξαι. ὦ καλὰ λέγων, πολὺ δ' ἀ- meίνον' ἐτι τῶν λόγων ἐργασάμεν', εἰθ' ἐπέλ- θοις ἀπαντά μοι σαφῶς· ὡς ἐγώ μοι δοκῶ κἂν μακρὰν ὅδὸν διελθέν ὦστ' ἀκοῦσαι. πρὸς τάδ', ὦ βελ- τίστε, θαρρῆσας λέγ', ὡς ἀ- παντες ἡδομέσθά σοι. 620

Α. καὶ μὴν ἀκοῦσαι γ' ἀξίων τῶν πραγμάτων. εὐθὺς γὰρ αὐτοῦ κατόπιν ἐνθένδ' ἔμην· ὧ δ' ἄρ' ἐνδον ἐλασίβροντ' ἀναρρηγῆς ἐπτερατεύμενος ἤρειδε κατὰ τῶν ἵππεων, κρημνῶς ἐρείδων καὶ βωμομάτας λέγων πιθανώτατ' ἡ βουλή δ' ἀπασ' ἀκρομένη ἐγένεθ' ὑπ' αὐτοῦ ψευδάτραφάξους πλέα, 625

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a i.e. “I am literally Nicobulus,” which was an Athenian name.
b This passage parodies the style of a tragic messenger’s speech.
184
Hard it is, my Lord Poseidon,...

Even in the depths of Ocean, anywhere by land or sea.

[Enter the Sausage-Seller

chor. Dearest of men, my lustiest, trustiest friend,
Good lack! how anxious has your absence made us!
But now that safe and sound you are come again,
Say what has happened, and how went the fight.
s.s. How else but thus? The Council-victor I.°

chor. Now may we, joyous, raise the song of sacred praise.
Fair the words you speak, but fairer
Are the deeds you do.
Far I'd go, This I know,
But to hear them through.
Now then tell us all the story,
All that, where you went, befell;
Fearless be, Sure that we
All delight in all you tell.
s.s.° Aye and 'tis worth the hearing. When behind him
I reached the Council-chamber, there was he
Crashing and dashing, hurling at the Knights
Strange wonder-working thunder-driving words,
Calling them all, with all-persuading force,
Conspirators! And all the Council, hearing,
Grew full of lying orach ° at his talk,

° Orach grows at a great pace; the hearers' minds are as quickly filled with Cleon's lies.
καβλεψε νάππα, καὶ τὰ μέτωπ' ἀνέσπασεν. καγωγ' ὄτε δὴ 'γνων ἐνδεχομένην τοὺς λόγους καὶ τοῖς φενακισμοῖς εξαπατωμένην, ἀγα δὴ Σκίταλοι καὶ Φένακες, ἦν δ' ἐγώ, Βερέσχεθοι τε καὶ Κόβαλοι καὶ Μόθων, ἀγορά τ', ἐν ἧ παις ὥν ἐπαιδεύθην ἐγώ, νῦν μοι θράσος καὶ γλώτταν εὐπορον δότε φωνήν τ' ἀναίδη. ταῦτα φροντίζοντι μοι ἐκ δεξιᾶς ἀπέπαρδε καταπύγων ἀνήρ.
καγώ προσέκυσα. κατὰ τῷ πρωκτῷ θενῶν τὴν κιγκλίδ' ἐξῆραξα, κάναχανων μέγα ἀνέκραγον. ὁ βουλή, λόγους ἀγαθοὺς φέρων εὐαγγελίσασθαι πρῶτον ὑμῖν βούλομαι: εἰς οὗ γὰρ ἡμῖν ὁ πόλεμος κατερράγη, οὐπώποτ' ἀφύας εἶδον ἄξιωτέρας. 640
οὶ δ' εὐθέως τὰ πρόσωπα διεγαλήνυσαν· εἰτ' ἐστεφάνουν μ' εὐαγγέλια. καγώ ἱφρασα αυτοίς ἀπόρρητον ποιησάμενος, ταχὺ, ἴνα τὰς ἀφύας ὄνοιντο πολλὰς τοῦβολού, τῶν δημιουργῶν συλλαβείν τὰ τρύβλια. 645
οὶ δ' ἀνεκρότησαν καὶ πρὸς ἐμ' ἐκεχήνεσαν. ὁ δ' ὑπονοήσας, ὁ Παφλαγῶν, εἰδὼς θ' ἀμα οἶς ἦδη' ἡ βουλή μάλιστα ρήμασιν, γνώμην ἔλεξεν· ἀνδρείς, ἥδη μοι δοκεῖ ἐπὶ συμφοραὶς ἀγαθαίσι εἰσηγγελμέναις εὐαγγελία θύειν ἐκατόν βοῦς τῇ θεῷ. ἐπένευσεν εἰς ἐκεῖνον ἡ βουλὴ πάλιν, καγωγ' ὄτε δὴ 'γνων τοῖς βολίτοις ἠττημένος, 186
Wore mustard looks, and puckered up their brows.
So when I saw them taking in his words,
Gulled by his knavish tricks, Ye Gods, said I,
Ye Gods of knavery, Skitals, and Phenaces,
And ye Beresceths, Cobals, Mothon, and
Thou Agora, whence my youthful training came,
Non give me boldness and a ready tongue
And shameless voice! And as I pondered thus,
I heard a loud explosion on my right,
And made my reverence; then I dashed apart
The railing-wicket, opened wide my mouth,
And cried aloud, O Council, I have got
Some lovely news which first I bring to you.
For never, never, since the War broke out,
Have I seen pilchards cheaper than to-day.
They calmed their brows and grew serene at once,
And crowned me for my news; and I suggested,
Bidding them keep it secret, that forthwith,
To buy these pilchards, many for a penny,
'Twere best to seize the cups in all the shops.
They clapped their hands, and turned agape to me.
But Paphlagon perceived, and well aware
What kind of measures please the Council best,
Proposed a resolution; Sirs, quoth he,
I move that for these happy tidings brought,
One hundred beeves be offered to Athene.
The Council instantly inclined to him.
So, overpowered with cow-dung, in a trice

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a Goblin names; nothing is known of Σκ. or Βερ., but Φεράκεσ means spirits of treachery, Κόξαλοι, of vulgar impudence, Μόθωρες, of drunkenness and bestiality; cf. the English goblins, Flibbertigibbet, Fillpotts, Obidicut, Hobbididence.

b A sneeze on the right was lucky, and was greeted by a reverence.
διηκοσίησι βουσίν ύπερηκόντισα.  
τῇ δ' Ἀγροτέρᾳ κατὰ χιλιῶν παρῆνεσα  
eυχὴν ποιήσασθαι χιμάρων εἰσαύριον,  
aἰ τριχίδες εἰ γενοίαθ' ἐκατὸν τοῦβολοῦ.  
ἐκαραδόκησεν εἰς ἐμ' ἡ βουλὴ πάλιν.  
ὁ δὲ ταῦτ' ἀκούσας ἐκπλαγεὶς ἐφληφάᾳ.  
καθ' εἶλκον αὐτὸν οἱ πρυτάνεις χοὶ τοξόται.  
665  
οἱ δ' ἑθορύβουν περὶ τῶν ἀφύων ἔστηκότες.  
ὁ δ' ἤμνιβόλει γ' αὐτοὺς ὁλίγον μεῖναι χρόνου,  
ἐν' ἀτθ' ὁ κήρυξ οὐκ Λακεδαίμονος λέγει  
pύθησθ'. ἀφίκται γὰρ περὶ σπουδῶν, λέγων.  
οἱ δ' ἕξ ἔνωσ στόματος ἀπαντῆς ἀνέκραγον:  
νυνὶ περὶ σπουδῶν; ἐπειδὴ γ', ὡ μέλε,  
ἤσοντο τὰς ἀφύας παρ' ἡμῖν ἀξίας;  
οὐ δεόμεθα σπουδῶν. ὁ πόλεμος ἔρπτετω.  
ἐκεκράγεσάν τε τοὺς πρυτάνεις ἄφιέναι.  
ἐἰθ' ὑπερεπῆδων τοὺς δρυφάκτους πανταχῇ.  
675  
ἐγὼ δὲ τὰ κορίανν' ἐπριάμην ὑποδραμῶν  
ἀπαντᾶ τά τε γῆτει' ὅσ' ἤν ἐν τάγορᾷ  
ἐπειτα ταῖς ἀφύας ἐδίδουν ἡδύσματα  
ἀποροῦσιν αὐτοὺς προῖκα, κάχαριζόμην.  
οἱ δ' ὑπερεπῆδων ὑπερεπτύππαξόν τε με  
680  
ἀπαντῆς οὔτως ὡστε τὴν βουλὴν ὅλην  
ὁβολοῦ κοριάννοις ἀναλαβὼν ἐλήλυθα.

xo. πάντα τοι πέπραγας οίᾳ χρῇ τὸν εὐτυχοῦντα. [ἀντ

εὔρε δ' ὁ πανούργος ἐτερον πολὺ πανουργίας

μείζοι κεκασμένοιν,

685

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a There was a temple of Athena Huntress on the Ilissus, where 500 goats were sacrificed yearly in memory of Marathon.

188
I overshot him with two hundred beeves.
And vow, said I, to slay to-morrow morn,
If pilchards sell one hundred for an obol,
A thousand she-goats to our huntress Queen.\(^a\)
Back came their heads, expectantly, to me.
He, dazed at this, went babbling idly on;
So then the Prytanes and the Archers \(^b\) seized him.
And they stood up, and raved about the pilchards;
And he kept begging them to wait awhile
And hear the tale the Spartan envoy brings;
He has just arrived about a peace, shrieked he.
But all the Council with one voice exclaimed,
What! now about a peace? No doubt, my man,
Now they've heard pilchards are so cheap at Athens!
We want no truces; let the War go on!
With that, Dismiss us, Prytanes! shouted they;
And overleaped the railings everywhere.
And I slipped out, and purchased all the leeks
And all the coriander in the market;
And as they stood perplexed, I gave them all
Of my free bounty garnish for their fish.
And they so praised and purred about me, that
With just one obol's worth of coriander
I've all the Council won, and here I am.

chor. What rising men should do
Has all been done by you
He, the rascal, now has met a
Bigger rascal still,

\(^a\) Scythian archers were the Athenian police.
καὶ δόλοις ποικίλοις,
ῥήμασιν θ’ αἰμύλοις.
ἀλλ’ ὅπως ἀγωνιεῖ φρόν-
tιζε τάπιλοις’ ἀριστα;
συμμάχους δ’ ἥμας ἐξων εὐ-
νους ἐπίστασαι πάλαι.

ΑΛ. καὶ μὴν ὁ Παφλαγὼν οὕτωσι προσέρχεται,
ὦθῶν κολόκυμα καὶ ταράττων καὶ κυκών,
ὡς δὴ καταπιόμενός με. μορμῷ τοῦ θράσους.

ΠΑ. εἰ μή σ’ ἀπολέσαι’, εἰ τι τῶν αὐτῶν ἐμοὶ
ψευδῶν ἐνείη, διαπέσουμι πανταχ’.

ΑΛ. ἥσθην ἀπειλαῖς, ἐγέλασα ψυλλοκομπίας,
ἀπεπυδάρσα μόθωνα, περιεκόκκυσα.

ΠΑ. οὐ τοι μὰ τὴν Δήμητρ’, ἐὰν μὴ σ’ ἐκφάγω
ἐκ τῆς τῆς γῆς, οὐδέποτε βιώσομαι.

ΑΛ. ἤν μὴ ’κφάγης; ἐγὼ δὲ γ’, ἤν μὴ σ’ ἐκπίω, 700
κατ’ ἐκροφήσας αὐτὸς ἐπιδιαρραγώ.

ΠΑ. ἀπολὼ σε ν’ τὴν προεδρίαν τὴν ἐκ Πύλου.

ΑΛ. ἰδοὺ προεδρίαν’ οἶνον ὄφομαι σ’ ἐγὼ
ἐκ τῆς προεδρίας ἔσχατον θεώμενον.

ΠΑ. ἐν τῷ ξύλῳ δῆσω σε ν’ τὸν οὐρανόν.

ΑΛ. ὡς ἀξίθυμος. φέρε τί σοι δῶ καταφαγεῖν;
ἔπι τῷ φάγοις ἡδιστ’ ἂν; ἐπὶ βαλλαντίῳ;

ΠΑ. ἔξαρπάσομαι σου τοῖς οὐνξί τάντερα.

ΑΛ. ἀπουρχὶ’ σου τὰν Πρυτανείῳ σιτία.

ΠΑ. ἐλξω σε πρὸς τὸν δῆμον, ὑνα δῶς μοι δίκην. 710

ΑΛ. καγὼ δὲ σ’ ἐλξω καὶ διαβαλῶ πλείονα.

ΠΑ. ἀλλ’, ὁ πόνηρε, σοι μὲν οὐδὲν πείθεται.

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a i.e. “to swallow me up,” a sense which καταπλω commonly bears.
b προεδρία, a front seat in the theatre, was often awarded as an honour for public service.

190
Full of guile Plot and wile,
    Full of knavish skill.
Mind you carry through the conflict
In the same undaunted guise.
Well you know Long ago
We're your faithful true allies.

s.s. See here comes Paphlagon, driving on before
    him
A long ground-swell, all fuss and fury, thinking
To drink me up.\textsuperscript{a} Boh! for your impudent bluster.

PAPH. O if I've any of my old lies left,
And don't destroy you, may I fall to bits!

s.s. I like your threats; I'm wonderfully tickled
To hear you fume; I skip and cuckoo around you.

PAPH. O by Demeter, if I eat you not
Out of the land, I'll never live at all.

s.s. You won't? Nor I, unless I drink you up,
And swill you up, and burst myself withal.

PAPH. I'll crush you, by my Pylus-won precedence.\textsuperscript{b}

s.s. Precedence, is it? I'm in hopes to see you
In the last tier, instead of here in front.

PAPH. By Heaven, I'll clap you in the public stocks.

s.s. How fierce it's growing! what would it like to eat?

What is its favourite dainty? Money-bags?\textsuperscript{c}

PAPH. I'll tear your guts out with my nails, I will.

s.s. I'll scratch your Town Hall dinners out, I will.

PAPH. I'll hale you off to Demus; then you'll catch it.

s.s. Nay, I'll hale you, and then out-slander you.

PAPH. Alack, poor chap, he pays no heed to you.

\textsuperscript{a} The Attic idiom is \textit{ευθευ ὑπὸν ἐπὶ στῆριξ}, etc., the last being the main fare.

191
ARISTOPHANES

εγώ δ' ἐκεῖνον καταγελώ γ' ὥσον θέλω.

ΑΛ. ώς σφόδρα σὺ τὸν δῆμον σεαυτοῦ νευρόμενα.

ΠΑ. ἐπίσταμαι γὰρ αὐτὸν οἶς ψωμίζεται. 715

ΑΛ. καθ’ ὁσπερ αἱ τίθαι γε σιτίζεις κακῶς.

ΠΑ. καὶ νὴ Δί', ύπο γε δεξιότητος τῆς ἐμῆς
dῦναμιν ποιεῖν τὸν δήμον εὐρὺν καὶ στενῶν. 720

ΑΛ. χῶ πρωκτὸς. οὐμὸς τουτογί σοφίζεται.

ΠΑ. οὐκ, ὁγάθ', ἐν βουλῇ με δόξεις καθυβρίσαι.

ΑΛ. οὐδὲν κωλύει.

Ιδοὺ, βάδιζε, μηδὲν ἡμᾶς ἵσχετω.

ΠΑ. ὡ Δήμε, δεῦρ' ἔξελθε.

ΑΛ. νὴ Δί', ὡ πάτερ, 725

ἔξελθε δὴ'.

ΠΑ. ὡ Δημίδιον, ὡ φίλτατον,

ἔξελθ', ἰν' εἰδῆς ὁτα περιμβρίζομαι.

ΔΗΜΟΣ. τίνες οἱ βοῶντες; οὐκ ἄπιτ' ἀπὸ τῆς
thýras;

τὴν εἰρεσιώνην μου κατεσπαράξατε.

ΠΑ. διὰ σὲ τύπτομαι 730

ὕπο τοιντοὺ καὶ τῶν νεανίσκων.

ΔΗΜΟΣ. τṅή;

ΠΑ. οὕτη φιλῶ σ', ὡ Δήμ', ἐρασθῇς τ' εἰμὶ σός

ΔΗΜΟΣ. σὺ δ' εἶ τίς ἐτεὸν;

ΑΛ. ἀντερασθῆς τουτοῦ, ἔρων πάλαι σου, βουλόμενός τε σ' εὖ ποιεῖν,

---

α As nurses do for their children.

b An olive-branch decked out with wool and various
But I can fool him to my heart's content.

S.S. How sure you seem that Demus is your own!

PAPH. Because I know the titbits he prefers.

S.S. And feed him badly as the nurses do.

You chew, and pop a morsel in his mouth, but thrice as much you swallow down yourself.

PAPH. And I'm so dexterous-handed, I can make Demus expand, and then contract again.

S.S. I can do that with many things, I trow.

PAPH. 'Twon't be like bearding me in the Council now!

No, come along to Demus.

S.S. Aye, why not?

I'm ready; march; let nothing stop us now.

PAPH. O Demus, come out here.

S.S. O yes, by Zeus, Come out, my father.

PAPH. Dearest darling Demus, Come out, and hear how they're ill-treating me!

DEMUS. What's all this shouting? go away, you fellows.

You've smashed my harvest-garland all to bits!

Who wrongs you, Paphlagon?

PAPH. He, and these young men, Keep beating me because of you.

DEMUS. Why so?

PAPH. Because I love you and adore you, Demus.

DEMUS. (To S.S.) And who are you?

S S. A rival for your love.

Long have I loved, and sought to do you good,

harvest fruits, carried in the harvest procession and then hung over the house door; W. 399.

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άλλοι τε πολλοί καὶ καλοί τε κάγαθοί.
άλλ' οὐχ οἶοι τ' ἐσμὲν διὰ τούτοι. οὐ γὰρ
ὀμοιος εἶ τοῖς παιοί τοῖς ἐρωμένοις.
tούς μὲν καλούς τε κάγαθους οὐ προσδέχει,
σαυτὸν δὲ λυχνοπόλαιοι καὶ νευρορράφοις
καὶ σκυτοτόμους καὶ βυρσοπόλαιοιν δίδως.
ΠΑ. εὔ γὰρ ποιῶ τὸν δήμον.
ΑΛ. εἰπὲ νῦν, τί δρῶν;
ΠΑ. ἦ τι; τὸν στρατηγὸν ὑποδραμὼν, τοὺς ἐκ Πύλου,
πλεύσας ἐκεῖσε, τοὺς Λάκωνας ἱγαγον.
ΑΛ. ἐγὼ δὲ περιπατῶν γ' ἀπ' ἐργαστηρίου
εἴμοντος ἐτέρου τὴν χύτραν υφελόμην.
Γ.Α. καὶ μὴν ποιήσας αὐτίκα μάλ' ἐκκλησίαν,
ὡ Δήμ', ἵν' εἴδησ ὀπότερος νῦν ἔστι σοι
ἐνυνόστερος, διάκρινον, ἧνα τοῦτον φιλῆς.
ΑΛ. ναὶ ναὶ διάκρινον δῆτα, πλὴν μὴ ἃν τῇ πυκνᾷ.
ἈΘΜΟΣ. οὐκ ἂν καθιζομην ἐν ἄλλῳ χωρίῳ.
ἀλλ' εἰς τὸ πρόσθε χρὴ παριέν' ἐς τῇν πῦκνα.
ΑΛ. οἶμοι κακοδαίμων, ὡς ἀπόλωλ'. ὦ γὰρ γέρων
οίκοι μὲν ἄνδρών ἔστι δεξιώτατος,
ὅταν δ' ἐπὶ ταυτησὶ καθήτω τῆς πέτρας,
κέχηνεν ὡσπερ ἐμποδίζω τὸν ἴσχαδας.

ΧΩ. νῦν δὴ σε πάντα δεἶ κάλων ἐξιέναι σεαυτοῦ,
καὶ λῆμα θούριον φορεῖν καὶ λόγους ἀφύκτους,
ὁτοσι τόνδ' ὑπερβαλεί. ποικίλος γὰρ ἀνηρ

---

a An allusion to Hyperbolus: 1315, C. 1065.
b ἑρῴτ' ἤ τὸ πρόσθε was the formula of the Crier to summon citizens within the space purified for the sitting.
c The meaning is differently explained, but remains uncertain: stringing figs, playing at bob-fig, or treading figs into cases.
d Demus now takes his seat as the audience in the mimic Pnyx, and the orators take their places.
With many another honest gentleman, 
But Paphlagon won't let us. You yourself, 
Excuse me sir, are like the boys with lovers. 
The honest gentlemen you won't accept, 
Yet give yourself to lantern-selling chaps,
To sinew-stitchers, cobblers, aye and tanners.

PAPH. Because I am good to Demus. 

Tell me how.

PAPH. 'Twas I slipped in before the general there 
And sailed to Pylus, and brought back the Spartans.

And I walked round, and from the workshop stole 
A mess of pottage, cooked by someone else.

PAPH. Come, make a full Assembly out of hand, 
O Demus, do; then find which loves you best, 
And so decide, and give that man your love.

O Demus, do. Not in the Pnyx however.

Aye, in the Pnyx, not elsewhere will I sit. 
So forward all, move forward to the Pnyx. 

O luckless me, I'm ruined! The old fellow 
Is, when at home, the brightest man alive; 
But once he sits upon his rock, he moons 
With open mouth, as one who gapes for figs.

CHOR. Now loosen every hawser,

now speed your bark along, 
And mind your soul is eager, 
and mind your words are strong; 
No subterfuge admitting; 
the man has many a trick

* More accurately, loosen the ropes that hold up or reef the sail; a long rope is still used to loop up the corner of the sail in the Levant.
ARISTOPHANES

κάκ τῶν ἀμηχάνων πόρους ευμήχανος πορίζειν. πρὸς ταύθ’ ὅπως ἐξει πολὺς καὶ λαμπρὸς ἐσ τὸν ἀνδρα.

άλλα φυλάττον, καὶ πρὶν ἐκεῖνον προσκεῖσθαί σοι, πρότερον σὺ τοὺς δελφίνας μετεωρίζου καὶ τὴν ἀκατον παραβάλλου.

πα. τῇ μὲν δεσποινή Ἀθηναίῃ, τῇ τῆς πόλεως μεδεούσῃ, εὐχόμαι, εἰ μὲν περὶ τὸν δήμον τὸν Ἀθηναίων γεγένημαι βέλτιστος ἀνήρ μετὰ Λυσικλέα καὶ Κύνναν καὶ Σαλαβακχῶν,

ὡσπερ νυνὶ μηδὲν δράσας δειπνεῖν ἐν τῷ Πρυτανείῳ· εἰ δὲ σε μισῶ καὶ μὴ περὶ σοῦ μάχομαι μόνος ἀντιβεβηκὼς,

ἀπολοίμην καὶ διαπρισθεὶν κατατμηθείν τε λέπαδνα.

αλ. κάγωγ’, ὦ Δῆμ’, εἰ μὴ σε φιλῶ καὶ μὴ στέργω,

κατατμηθεῖς ἐφοίμην ἐν περικομματίοις· κεῖ μὴ τούτοις πέποιθας,

ἐπὶ ταυτηρὶ κατακυνηθεὶν ἐν μυττωτῶ μετὰ τυροῦ, καὶ τῇ κρεάγρᾳ τῶν ὄρχιπέδων ἔλκοιμην ἐς Κεραιμοκόν.

πα. καὶ πῶς ἂν ἐμοὶ μᾶλλον σε φιλῶν, ὦ Δῆμε, γένοιτο πολίτης;

ὅς πρῶτα μὲν, ἡνίκ’ ἐβούλευον σοι, χρῆματα πλεῖστ ἀπέδειξα

a Masses of lead or iron in the shape of fish, hung from the yards and dropped upon the enemy ship: Thuc. vii. 41. 2.
b See note on 132. Instead of “the best since Pericles and Themistocles,” he names a demagogue and two courtesans.

196
From hopeless things, in hopeless times,  
a hopeful course to pick.
Upon him with a whirlwind's force,  
impetuous, fresh and quick.
But keep on his movements a watch; and be sure  
that before he can deal you a blow,
You hoist to the mast your dolphins, and cast  
your vessel alongside the foe.

Paph. To the Lady who over the city presides,  
      to our mistress Athene, I pray
If beyond all the rest I am stoutest and best,  
in the service of Demus to-day,
Except Salabaccho, and Cynna the bold,  
and Lysicles—then in the Hall
May I dine as of late at the cost of the State  
for doing just nothing at all.
But O if I hate you, nor stride to the van  
to protect you from woes and mishaps,
Then slay me, and flay me, and saw me to bits,  
to be cut into martingale straps.

S.s. And I, if I love you not, Demus, am game  
      to be slaughtered by chopping and mincing,
And boiled in a sausage-meat pie; and if that  
is, you think, not entirely convincing,
Let me here, if you please, with a morsel of cheese,  
upon this to a salad be grated,
Or to far Cerameicus be dragged through the streets  
with my flesh-hook, and there be cremated.

Paph. O Demus, how can there be ever a man  
      who loves you as dearly as I?
When on me you relied your finances to guide,  
your Treasury never was dry,

* The breast-bands fastening the yoke.
ἐν τῷ κοινῷ, τοὺς μὲν στρεβλῶν, τοὺς δ’ ἄγχων, τοὺς δὲ μεταιτῶν,
oὐ φροντίζων τῶν ἰδιωτῶν οὐδενὸς, εἰ σοὶ χαροίμην.

Ἀλ. τοῦτο μὲν, ὡς Δῆμ’, οὐδὲν σεμνὸν· κἀγὼ γὰρ τοῦτο
σε δράσω.

ἀρπάξων γὰρ τοὺς ἄρτους σοι τοὺς ἀλλοτρίους
παραθῆσω.

ὡς δ’ οὐχὶ φιλεῖ σ’ οὐδ’ ἐστ’ εὖνος, τοῦτ’ αὐτὸ σε
πρώτα διδάξω,

ἀλλ’ ἣ διὰ τοῦτ’ αὖθ’ ὅτι σοῦ τῆς ἄνθρακιᾶς
ἀπολαύει.

σὲ γὰρ, ὃς Μηδοιςι διεξήφησθ’ περὶ τῆς χώρας
Μαραθῶν,

καὶ νικήσας ἥμων μεγάλως ἐγγλωττωτυπεῖν παρ-
ἐδωκας,

ἐπὶ ταῦτα πέτραις οὐ φροντίζει σκληρῶς σε καθ-
ήμενον οὕτως,

οὐχ ὡσπερ ἐγὼ ραψάμενός σοι τοῦτ’ φέρω. ἀλλ’
ἐπαναίρου,

κατὰ καθίζου μαλακῶς, ἢν μὴ τρίβης τὴν ἐν
Σαλαμῖν.

Δήμος. ἄνθρωπε, τίς εἰ; μὸν ἐγγυνός εἰ τῶν Ἀρμο-
δίου τις ἐκεῖνων;

τοῦτο γέ τοῖ σου τοῦργον ἀληθῶς γενναίον καὶ
φιλόδήμον.

Πα. ὡς ἀπὸ μικρῶν εὖνοις αὐτῶ θωπευματίων γεγέ-
νησαί.

Ἀλ. καὶ σὺ γὰρ αὐτῶν πολὺ μικρότεροι τούτων δελεά-
σμασιν εἶλες.

Θ The Pnyx.

This passage satirizes the doles and indulgences by which Cleon courted favour.

198
I was begging of these, whilst those I would squeeze
and rack to extort what was due,
And nought did I care how a townsman might fare,
so long as I satisfied you.

s.s. Why, Demus, there's nothing to boast of in that;
to do it I'm perfectly able.
I've only to steal from my comrade a meal,
and serve it up hot on your table.
And as for his loving and wishing you well,
it isn’t for you that he cares,
Excepting indeed for the gain that he gets,
and the snug little fire that he shares.
Why you, who at Marathon fought with the Medes,
for Athens and Hellas contending,
And won the great battle, and left us a theme
for our songs and our speeches unending,\(^a\)
He cares not a bit that so roughly you sit
on the rocks,\(^b\) nor has dreamed of providing
Those seats with the thing I have stitched you and bring.

Just lift yourself up and subside in
This ease-giving cushion for fear you should gall
what at Salamis sat by the oar.\(^c\)

DEMUS. Who are you? I opine you are sprung from the line
of Harmodius\(^d\) famous of yore;
So noble and Demus-relieving\(^e\) an act
I never have witnessed before!

PAPH. O me, by what paltry attentions and gifts
you contrive to attract and delude him!

s.s. "Twas by baits that are smaller and poorer than mine,
you rascal, you hooked and subdued him.

\(^a\) Harmodius and Aristogeiton, the traditional founders of
Athenian freedom.
\(^b\) e\(v\)nous \(\tau\)\(\varphi\) d\(\eta\)m\(\mu\)w is the regular phrase for a loyal citizen, used
in honorific inscriptions.
πα. καὶ μὴν εἰ ποῦ τις ἀνὴρ ἐφάνη τῷ δήμῳ μᾶλλον ἀμύνων
ἡ μᾶλλον ἐμοῦ σε φιλῶν, ἐθέλω περὶ τῆς κεφαλῆς περιδόσθαι.

αλ. καὶ πῶς σὺ φιλεῖς, ὃς τοῦτον ὄρων οἰκοῦντ' ἐν ταῖς πιθανάκαισιν
καὶ γυναῖκας καὶ πυργιδίους ἔτος ὀγδοον οὐκ ἐλεαιρεῖς,
ἀλλὰ καθείρξας αὐτὸν βλίττεις. Ἀρχεπτολέμου δὲ φέροντος
τὴν εἰρήνην ἔξεσκέδασας, τὰς προσβείας τ' ἀπελαύνεις
ἐκ τῆς πόλεως ῥαθαρυγίζων, αἱ τὰς σπονδὰς προκαλοῦνται.

πα. ἵνα γ' Ἑλλήνων ἀρξῇ πάντων. ἔστι γὰρ ἐν τοῖς λογίοισιν
ὡς τοῦτον δεῖ ποτ' ἐν Ἀρκαδίᾳ πεντωβόλου ἡλιάσασθαι,
ἡν ἀναμείνῃ πάντως δ' αὐτὸν θρέψῳ γὼ καὶ θεραπεύον,
ἐξευρίσκων εὐ καὶ μιαρῶς ὀπόθεν τὸ τριφθολον ἔξει. 80

αλ. οὖχ ἵνα γ' ἀρχῇ μᾶ Δί' Ἀρκαδίας προνοούμενοι,
ἀλλ' ἵνα μᾶλλον
σὺ μὲν ἄρπαζῃς καὶ δωροδοκῆς παρὰ τῶν πόλεων· ὁ δὲ δῆμος

---

a The war began in 431 B.C., according to our historians; but the Athenian ideas as to the date were vague. See A. 266, 890, P. 990.
b An allusion to the crowding of refugees into Athens in the Peloponnesian War; Thuc. ii. 52.
c See 337: Spartan proposals for peace were rejected, when the Spartan troops were first shut up in Sphacteria, Thuc. iv. 21-22. We know nothing of Λ. in this debate, but his name makes a pun, “Delawarr offers peace.”
PAPH. Was there ever a man since the City began
    who for Demus has done such a lot,
    Or fought for his welfare so stoutly as I?
    I will wager my head there is not.

s.s. You love him right well who permit him to dwell
    eight\(^a\) years in the clefts of the City,
    In the nests of the vulture, in turrets and casks,\(^b\)
    nor ever assist him or pity,
    But keep him in durance to rifle his hive;
    and that is the reason, no doubt,
    Why the peace which, unsought, Archeptolemus\(^c\)
    brought,
        you were quick from the city to scout
    And as for the embassies coming to treat,
        you spanked them and chivied them out.

PAPH. That over all Hellas our Demus may rule;
    for do not the oracles say,
    He will surely his verdicts in Arcady give,
        receiving five obols a day,\(^d\)
    If he grow not aweary of fighting? Meanwhile,
        it is I who will nourish and pet him,
    And always the daily triobol he earns,
        unjustly or justly I’ll get him.

s.s. No not that o’er Arcady Demus may rule,
    but rather that you might essay
    To harry and plunder the cities at will,
        while Demus is looking away,

\(^{a}\) Five obols was a common daily wage for labour. Cleon’s glorious aim is to add two obols to the three obols of the dicasts’ pay, and so make work unnecessary.
This is just what Thucydides says, v. 16.

b The Greek means "countryman," but R. thinks áγρευτῆς should be read.

c Themistocles caused the Peiraeus to be founded, the walls of harbour and city to be built, and the fleet to be made great. No doubt the Long Walls were part of the plan; and T. is given credit for them in 815.

d This phrase is from Euripides' Telephus, and κλύεθ' οία λέγει from Medea 168.
THE KNIGHTS, 803–815

And the war with the haze and the dust that you raise
is obscuring your actions from view,\textsuperscript{a}
And Demus, constrained by his wants and his pay,
is a gaping dependent on you.
But if once to the country in peace he returns,
away from all fighting and fusses,
And strengthens his system with furmety there,
and a confect of olive discusses,
He will know to your cost what a deal he has lost,
while the pay you allowed him he drew,
And then, like a hunter,\textsuperscript{b} irate he will come
on the trail of a vote against you.
You know it; and Demus you swindle with dreams,
crammed full of yourself and your praises.

PAPII. It is really distressing to hear you presume
to arraign with such scurrilous phrases
Before the Athenians and Demus a man
who more for the city has done
Than e'er by Demeter Themistocles \textsuperscript{c} did
who glory undying has won.

S.S. O city of Argos!\textsuperscript{d} yourself would you match
with mighty Themistocles, him
Who made of our city a bumper indeed,
though he found her scarce filled to the brim,\textsuperscript{e}
Who, while she was lunching, Peiraeus threw in,
as a dainty additional dish,\textsuperscript{f}

\textsuperscript{a} \textit{χεῖλος}, the rim of a vessel, was of some depth; \textit{επιχεῖλης}, marks that the liquid touched the lower edges of the rim, \textit{υπερχεῖλης}, that the cup is quite full (not running over).

\textsuperscript{b} "Kneaded it into one with the city": a reference to the Long Walls. Scholiast.
Ἀριστοφάνης

άφελών τ' οὐδὲν τῶν ἀρχαίων ἱχθῶς καίνοὺς παρ-έθηκε.
σὺ δ' Ἀθηναίους ἐξήτησας μικροπολίτας ἀποφήμαι διατειχίζων καὶ χρησμωδῶν, ὁ Θεμιστοκλεὶ ἀντι-φερίζων.
κάκεινος μὲν φεύγει τὴν γῆν, σὺ δ' Ἀχιλλείων ἀπομάττει.

πα. οὖκον ταυτὶ δεινὸν ἄκουει, ὥ Δῆμ', ἐστὶν μ' ὑπὸ τούτου,
οὕτη σὲ φιλῶ;

ΔΗΜΟΣ. παῦ παῦ', οὗτος, καὶ μὴ σκέφτολε πονηρὰ.

πολλοὶ δὲ πολὺν μὲ χρόνον καὶ νῦν ἐλελήθεις ἐγκρυφιάζων.

ἈΛ. μιαρώτατος, ὥ Δημακίδιον, καὶ πλείονα πανούργα δεδρακός,

οὕτοις καὶ τοὺς καυλοὺς τῶν εὐθυνῶν ἐκκαυλίζων
καταβροχθίζει, κάμφῳν χειρῶν μυστιλάται τῶν δημοσίων.

πα. οὐ χαίρησεις, ἄλλα σε κλέπτονθ' αἱρήσω γὰρ τρεῖς μυριάδας.

ἈΛ. τί θαλασσοκόπεις καὶ πλατυγίζεις,

μιαρώτατος ὃν περὶ τὸν δήμου
τὸν 'Ἀθηναίων; καὶ σ' ἐπιδείξω νῆ τὴν Δήμητρ', ἦ μὴ ζῶην,

* Some unknown building project of Cleon’s. See W. 41. 204
Who secured her the old, while providing untold 
and novel assortments of fish;
Whilst you, with your walls of partition forsooth, and the oracle-chants which you hatch,
Would dwarf and belittle the city again, 
who yourself with Themistocles match!
And he was an exile, but you upon crumbs
Achilléan your fingers are cleaning.

PAPH. Now is it not monstrous that I must endure 
accusations so coarse and unmeaning, 
And all for the love that I bear you?

DEMUS. Forbear! no more of your wrangle and row!
Too long have your light-fingered tricks with my bread my notice escaped until now.

S.S. He's the vilest of miscreants, Demus, and works 
more mischief than any, I vow.
While you're gaping about, he is picking from out 
Of the juiciest audit the juiciest sprout, 
And devours it with zest; while deep in the chest 
Of the public exchequer both hands are addressed 
To ladling out cash for himself, I protest.

PAPH. All this you'll deplore when it comes to the fore 
That of drachmas you stole thirty thousand or more.

S.S. Why make such a dash with your oar-blades, and 
thrash 
The waves into foam with your impotent splash?
'Tis but fury and sound; and you'll shortly be found 
The worst of the toadies who Demus surround. 
And proof I will give, or I ask not to live,

^ Bread made from the finest barley; "the peerless Achilles" of barley, such as was served at the Prytaneum.
& άρτος έγκρυφλας was bread baked in the ashes, perhaps of an inferior kind.
ARISTOPHANES

δωροδοκήσαντ' ἐκ Μιτυλήνης
πλείν ἃ μνᾶς τετταράκοντα.

ΧΟ. ὁ πάσιν ἀνθρώποις φανεὶς μέγιστον ὑφέλημα, [ἀν]
ζηλῶ σε τῆς εὐγλωττίας. εἰ γὰρ ὁδ' ἐποίσεις,
μέγιστος Ἑλλῆνων ἔσει, καὶ μόνος καθέξεις
tὰν τῇ πόλει, τῶν ἐξιμμάχων τ' ἀρξεις ἔχων τρίαναν,
ἡ πολλὰ χρήματ' ἐργάσει σείων τε καὶ ταράττων. 8
καὶ μὴ μεθῆς τὸν ἄνδρ', ἐπειδὴ σοι λαβῇν δέδωκεν
κατεργάσει γὰρ ῥάδιως, πλευρᾶς ἔχων τοιαύτας.

ΠΑ. οὐκ, ὠγαθοί, ταῦτ' ἔστι πω ταύτῃ μα τὸν Ποσειδῶ.
ἐμοὶ γὰρ ἔστ' εἰργασμένον τοιοῦτον ἔργον ὡστε
ἀπαξάπαντας τοὺς ἐμοὺς ἐχθροὺς ἐπιστομίζεων, 8
ἐῶς ἂν ἢ τῶν ἀσπίδων τῶν ἐκ Πύλου τι λοιπὸν.

ἈΛ. ἐπίσχεσ ἐν ταῖς ἀσπίσισιν λαβῇν γὰρ ἐνδέδωκας.
οὐ γὰρ σ' ἐχρῆν, εἴπερ φιλεῖς τὸν δῆμον, ἐκ προνοίας
tαῦτας ἐὰν αὐτοῖς τοῖς πόρπαξι ἀναπεθῆναι.
ἀλ' ἔστι τούτ', ὁ Δήμε, μηχάνημ', ὦ, ἢν σὺ βούλῃ 8
τὸν ἄνδρα κολάσαι τουτοί, σοὶ τότο μὴ ἡ γγένηται.

* Allusion unknown. After the M. revolt of 428, Cleon carried
a motion to kill all the male population, afterwards partly re-
scinded: Thuc. iii. 50.

* A metaphor from wrestling.

* The shields of the Spartan prisoners from Sphaeceria were
hung up in the Painted Colonnade.

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THE KNIGHTS, 834–851

That a bribe by the Mitylenaeans was sent, a forty minas and more; to your pockets it went.

chor. O sent to all the nation a blessing and a boon!
O wondrous flow of language!
Fight thus, and you'll be soon
The greatest man in Hellas,
and all the State command,
And rule our faithful true allies,
a trident in your hand,
Wherewith you'll gather stores of wealth,
by shaking all the land.
And if he lend you once a hold,
then never let him go;
With ribs like these you ought with ease
to subjugate the foe.

paph. O matters have not come to that, my very worthy friends!
I've done a deed, a noble deed,
a deed which so transcends
All other deeds, that all my foes
of speech are quite bereft,
While any shred of any shield,
from Pylus brought, is left.

s.s. Halt at those Pylian shields of yours!
a lovely hold you're lending. b
For if you really Demus love,
what meant you by suspending
Those shields with all their handles on,
for action ready strapped? c
O Demus, there's a dark design
within those handles wrapped,
And if to punish him you seek,
those shields will bar the way.
ARISTOPHANES

It is said that ancient Athens was a powerful citizen, in which the voting was carried out by inscribing the name on a potsherd. Aristophanes, however, by way of jest calls it ὀστρακίνθα, a game.

εἰσβολαὶ would naturally refer to such “passes” as those between Boeotia and Attica. Here, however, “no very definite locality is indicated, but the general meaning would point to the gates through which the imported barley would enter Athens from the Peiraeus”: R.

208
THE KNIGHTS, 852–868

You see the throng of tanner-lads
he always keeps in pay,
And round them dwell the folk who sell
their honey and their cheeses;
And these are all combined in one,
to do whate’er he pleases.
And if the oyster-shelling game
you seem inclined to play,
They’ll come by night with all their might
and snatch those shields away,
And then with ease will run and seize
the passes of—your wheat.

DEMUS. Oh, are the handles really there?
You rascal, what deceit
Have you so long been practising
that Demus you may cheat?

PAPH. Pray don’t be every speaker’s gull,
nor dream you’ll ever get
A better friend than I, who all
conspiracies upset.
Alone I crushed them all, and now,
if any plots are brewing
Within the town, I scent them down,
and raise a grand hallooing.

s.s. O ay, you’re like the fisher-folk,
the men who hunt for eels,
Who when the mere is still and clear
catch nothing for their creels.
But when they rout the mud about
and stir it up and down,
’Tis then they do; and so do you,
when you perturb the town.
But answer me this single thing:
you sell a lot of leather,
ARISTOPHANES

ἐδωκας ήδη τοντωι κάττυμα παρὰ σεαυτοῦ ταῖς ἐμβάσιν, φάσκων φιλεῖν;

ΔΗΜΟΣ. οὖ δήτα μὰ τὸν Ἀπόλλω. 

ΑΛ. ἐγνωκας οὖν δήτ' αὐτὸν οἶός ἐστιν; ἀλλ' ἐγὼ σοι ζεύγος πριάμενος ἐμβάδων τοιτί φορεῖν δίδωμι.

ΔΗΜΟΣ. κρίνω σ' ὁσών ἐγώδα περὶ τὸν δήμον ἀνδρ' ἀριστον εὐνοοῦστατόν τε τῇ πόλει καὶ τοῦσι δακτύλοισιν.

ΠΑ. οὖ δεινὸν οὖν δήτ' ἐμβάδας τοσοῦτοι δύνασθαι, ἐμοῦ δὲ μὴ μνείαν ἔχεω ὁσων πέπονθας; ὦστις ἑπαυσα τοὺς βινουμένους, τὸν Γρύττον ἔξαλεύσας.

ΑΛ. οὔκουν σε δήτα ταῦτα δεινὸν ἔστι πρωκτοτηρεῖν, παῦσαίτετοις βινουμένους; κούκ ἐσθ' ὀπως ἐκείνους οὐχὶ φθονῶν ἑπαυσας, ἵνα μὴ βίτορες γένοιτο. τονδὶ δ' ὄρων ἀνευ χιτῶνος ὄντα τηλικοῦτον, οὐπώποτ' ἀμφιμασχάλου τὸν Δήμον ἡξίωσας, χειμῶνος ὄντος· ἀλλ' ἐγὼ σοι τοσοῦτι δίδωμι.

ΔΗΜΟΣ. τοσοῦτοι Θεμιστοκλῆς οὐπώποτ' ἐπενόησεν. καὶ τοι σοφὸν κάκειν' ὁ Πειραεύς· ἐμοιγε μέντοι

---

a Unknown, but said by the Scholiast to be notorious for immorality. Conviction under a γραφὴ ἐταυρήσεως entailed loss of citizenship, and hence made it unlawful for the man to speak in the assembly.

b He wore the τρίβων or doubled χλαῖνα, like the poorer people.

c The Lenaean festival came in winter.

d The χιτών with one arm-hole (ἐτερομάσχαλος) was used by hand-workers, that with two arm-holes was the mark of a free man (Pollux, vii. 47).
THE KNIGHTS, 869-885

You say you're passionately fond
of Demus,—tell me whether
You've given a clout to patch his shoes.

DEMUS. No never, I declare.

s.s. You see the sort of man he is!
but I, I've bought a pair
Of good stout shoes, and here they are,
I give them you to wear.

DEMUS. O worthy, patriotic gift!
I really don't suppose
There ever lived a man so kind
to Demus and his toes.

PAPH. 'Tis shameful that a pair of shoes
should have the power and might
To put the favours I've conferred
entirely out of sight,
I who struck Gryttus from the lists,
and stopped the boy-loves quite.

s.s. 'Tis shameful, I with truth retort,
that you should love to pry
Into such vile degrading crimes
as that you name. And why?
Because you fear 'twill make the boys
for public speaking fit.

But Demus, at his age, you see
without a tunic sit,
In winter too; and nought from you
his poverty relieves,

But here's a tunic I have brought,
well-lined, with double sleeves.

DEMUS. O, why Themistocles himself
ne'er thought of such a vest!

Peiraeus was a clever thing,
but yet, I do protest,
οὐ μεῖζον εἶναι φαίνετ' ἐξεύρημα τοῦ χιτῶνος.

πα. οἷμοι τάλας, οἷος πιθηκισμοῖς με περιελάυνεις.

ἀλ. οὐκ, ἀλλ' ὀπερ πίνων ἀνὴρ πέπονθ', ὅταν χεσείῃ,

τοῖσιν τρόποις τοῖς σοῖσιν ὦσπερ βλαυτίοισι χρώμαι.

πα. ἀλλ' οὐχ ὑπερβαλεῖ με θωπείαις· ἐγὼ γὰρ αὐτὸν ἰσά

προσαμφιώ τοδε· οὐ δ' οἴμωξ', ὦ πόνηρ'.

ΔΗΜΟΣ.

ιαῖβοι.

οὐκ ἐς κόρακας ἀποφθερεῖ, βύρος κάκιστον ὄξων;

ἀλ. καὶ τοῦτο γ' ἐπὶτηδές σε περιήμπισχ', ἵνα σ'

ἀποπνίξῃ.

καὶ πρότερον ἐπεβούλευσέ σοι. τὸν καυλὸν οἴσθ' ἐκεῖνο

τοῦ σιλφίου τὸν ἀξιον γενόμενον;

ΔΗΜΟΣ.

οἴδα μὲντοι.

ἀλ. ἐπὶτηδές οὕτος αὐτὸν ἔσπευδ' ἀξιον γενέσθαι,

ἐν' ἐσθίοιτ' ὄνομενοι, κἀπειτ' ἐν 'Ἡλιαία

βδέοντες ἄλληλους ἀποκτείνειαν οἱ δικασταί.

ΔΗΜΟΣ. νὴ τὸν Ποσειδῶ καὶ πρὸς ἐμὲ τοῦτ' εἶπ' ἀνήρ

Κόπρειος.

ἀλ. οὐ γὰρ τὸ θ' ὠμείς βδεόμενοι δῆπον 'γένεσθε πυρροὶ; 

ΔΗΜΟΣ. καὶ νὴ Δί' ἤν γε τοῦτο Πυρράνδρου τὸ μηχάνημα.

πα. οἴουσι μ', ὦ πανοῦργε, βωμολοχεύμασιν ταράττεις.

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* There was an Attic deme Κόπρος, adj. Κόπρειος. βδέοντες, "breaking wind." πυρροὶ, sc. τῶν πρωκτῶν. The name Pyrrhander echoes this. Who he was, is unknown; some think Cleon is meant, and that his actor was decked up as a slave with red hair.

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That on the whole, between the two, I like the tunic best.

PAPH. (To S.S.) Pah! would you circumvent me thus, with such an apish jest?

s.s. Nay as one guest, at supper-time, will take another's shoes, When dire occasion calls him out, so I your methods use.

PAPH. Fawn on: you won't outdo me there. I'll wrap him round about With this of mine. Now go and whine, you rascal.

DEMUS. (To P.'s wrapper) Go to the crows, you brute, with that disgusting smell of leather.

s.s. He did it for the purpose, Sir; to choke you altogether.
He tried to do it once before: don't you remember when A stalk of silphium sold so cheap?

DEMUS. Remember? yes: what then?

s.s. Why that was his contrivance too: he managed there should be a Supply for all to buy and eat; and in the Heliaea The dicasts one and all were seized with violent diarrhoea.

DEMUS. O ay, a Coprolitish a man described the sad affair.

s.s. And worse and worse and worse you grew, till yellow-tailed you were.

DEMUS. It must have been Pyrrhander's trick, the fool with yellow hair.

PAPH. (To S.S.) With what tomfooleries, you rogue, you harass and torment me.
ARISTOPHANES

αλ. ή γὰρ θεός μ', ἐκέλευσε νικήσαι σ' ἀλαζονείαις.

πά. ἀλλ' οὐχὶ νικήσεις. ἐγὼ γὰρ φημὶ σοι παρέξειν,

ο Dict., μηδὲν δρῶντι μισθὸν τρύβλιον ροφὴσαι. 90

αλ. ἐγὼ δὲ κυλίχνιον γέ σοι καὶ φάρμακον δίδωμι

tαν τοῖς ἀντικνημίοις ἐλκύδρια περιμείεσιν.

πά. ἐγὼ δὲ τὰς πολιάς γέ σοι κυλίχνιον νέον ποιήσω.

αλ. ἰδοὺ, δέχοι κέρκον λαγῷ τῷφθαλμῷ περιψήν.

πά. ἀπομυξάμενος ο Dict. μου πρὸς τὴν κεφαλὴν ἀποψῶ. 91

αλ. ἐμὸς μὲν οὖν, ἐμὸς μὲν οὖν.

πά. ἐγὼ σε ποιήσω τριηρ-ἀρχεῖν, ἀναλίσκοντα τῶν

σαυτοῦ, παλαιὰν ναῦν ἔχοντ',

eis ἣν ἀναλών οὐκ ἔφε-

ξεις οὐδὲ ναυπηγούμενος·

διαμηχανήσομαι θ', ὑπόως

ἀν ἐστίον σαπρὸν λάβης.

χο. ἀνήρ παφλάξει, παῦε παῦ',

ὑπερζέων· ὑφελκτέουν

tῶν δαδίων, ἀπαρυστέουν

tε τῶν ἀπειλῶν ταυτη.

πά. δώσεις ἐμὸι καλὴν δίκην,

ιπτούμενος ταῖς εἰσφοραῖς.

ἐγὼ γὰρ εἰς τοὺς πλουσίους

οπεύσω σ' ὑπως ἀν ἐγγραφής.

---

a The "pay-soup" refers to the dicastic triobol (cf. 50) which he is to get for doing nothing.

b The diminutives imply: "Here is a nice little pot of medicine to cure your poor sores."

c The state provided the hulk, the trierarch had to fit it out for sea.

d ταυτη: "with this ladle," holding one out.

e The εἰσφορά was a levy on property, the first class being assessed for the levy at twelve times a year's income, the second at ten times, the third at seven times.
THE KNIGHTS, 903–926

s.s. Yes, 'tis with humbug I'm to win; for that the Goddess sent me.

PAPH. You shall not win! O Demus dear, be idle all the day, And I'll provide you free, to swill, a foaming bowl of—pay. a

s.s. And I'll this gallipot provide, and healing cream within it; b Whereby the sores upon your shins you'll doctor in a minute.

PAPH. I'll pick these grey hairs neatly out, and make you young and fair.

s.s. See here; this hare-scut take to wipe your darling eyes with care.

PAPH. Vouchsafe to blow your nose, and clean your fingers on my hair.

s.s. No, no; on mine, on mine, on mine!

PAPH. A trierarch's office you shall fill, c And by my influence I'll prevail That you shall get, to test your skill, A battered hull with tattered sail. Your outlay and your building too On such a ship will never end; No end of work you'll have to do, No end of cash you'll have to spend.

CHOR. O see how foamy-full he gets. Good Heavens, he's boiling over; stay! Some sticks beneath him draw away, Bale out a ladleful of threats. d

PAPH. Rare punishment for this you'll taste; I'll make the taxes e weigh you down; Amongst the wealthiest of the town I'll manage that your name is placed.
Ἀλ. ἐγὼ δ᾽ ἀπευλήσω μὲν οὐ- δὲν, εὐχομαι δὲ σοι ταδί· τὸ μὲν τάγηνον τευθίδων ἐφεστάναι σίζον, σὲ δὲ γνώμην ἐρεῖν μέλλοντα περὶ Μυλησίων καὶ κερδανεῖν τάλαντον, ἣν κατεργάζῃ, ἀπεῦδειν ὡπὼς τῶν τευθίδων ἐμπλήμενος φθαίης ἔτ᾽ εἰς ἐκκλησίαν ἐλθὼν· ἐπει- τα πρὶν φαγεῖν, ἀνὴρ μεθή- κοι, καὶ σὺ τὸ τάλαντον λαβεῖν βουλόμενος ἐ- σθίων ἐπαποπνυγεῖσ. 930

χο. εὖ γε νὴ τὸν Δία καὶ τὸν Ἀπόλλω καὶ τὴν Δήμητρα.

Δήμος. κάμοι δοκεῖ καὶ τὰλλα γ᾽ εἶναι καταφανῶς ἁγαθὸς πολίτης, οἶδος οὐδεὶς πω χρόνου ἀνὴρ γεγένηται τοῖσι πολλοῖς τοῦβολοῦ. 935 σὺ δ᾽, ὦ Παφλαγών, φάσκων φιλεῖν μ᾽ ἐσκο- ρόδισας.

καὶ νῦν ἀπόδος τὸν δακτύλιον, ὡς οὐκ ἔτι ἐμοὶ ταμεύσεισ.

Πα. ἔχε· τοσοῦτον δ᾽ ἵσθ᾽ ὅτι· εἰ μὴ μ᾽ ἐάσεις ἐπιτροπεῦειν, ἔτερος αὐτῷ ἐμοὶ πανουργότερός τις ἀναφανῆσεται. 945

Δήμος. οὐκ ἐσθ᾽ ὡπὼς ὁ δακτύλιος ἐσθ᾽ οὔτοι οὔμός· τὸ γοῦν σημεῖον ἔτερον φαίνεται, ἀλλ᾽ ἥ οὐ καθορῶ;
THE KNIGHTS, 927–953

s.s. I will not use a single threat;
     I only most devoutly wish
     That on your brazier may be set
     A hissing pan of cuttle-fish;
     And you the Assembly must address
     About Miletus,—'tis a job
     Which, if it meets entire success,
     Will put a talent in your fob,—\(^a\)
     And O that ere your feast begin,
The Assembly waits your friend may cry,
     And you, afire the fee to win
     And very loth to lose the fry,
     May strive in greedy haste to swallow
     The cuttles and be choked thereby.

chor. Good! Good! by Zeus, Demeter, and Apollo.\(^b\)

demus. Aye, and in all respects he seems to me
     A worthy citizen. When lived a man
     So good to the Many (the Many for a penny)?
     You, Paphlagon, pretending that you loved me,
     Primed me with garlic. Give me back my ring;
     You shall no more be steward.

paph. Take the ring;
     And be you sure, if I'm no more your guardian,
     You'll get, instead, a greater rogue than I.

demus. Bless me, this can't be mine, this signet-ring.
     It's not the same device, it seems to me;
     Or can't I see?

\(^a\) The tribute of Miletus was raised in 424 B.C. from five talents to ten; Cleon may have been bribed to oppose this.

\(^b\) This line is in prose; it is the solemn formula used in the heliastic oath (Pollux, viii. 122, so Demosth. Callipp. p. 1238).
ARISTOPHANES

αλ. φέρ' ἵδω, τί σοι σημεῖον ἢν;
δημος. δημοῦ βοεῖου θριῶν ἐξωπτημένον.
αλ. οὐ τοῦτ' ἐνέστιν.
δημος. οὐ τὸ θρίον; ἄλλα τί; 955
αλ. λάρος κεχηνὼς ἐπὶ πέτρας δημηγορῶν.
δημος. αἶβοι τάλας.
αλ. τί ἐστιν;
δημος. ἀπόφερ' ἐκποδῶν.
οὐ τὸν ἐμὸν εἶχεν, ἄλλα τὸν Κλεωνύμου.
παρ' ἐμοῦ δὲ τούτοι λαβῶν ταμίευε μοι.
πα. μὴ δήτα πώ γ', ὡ δέσποτ', ἀντιβολῶ σ' ἐγὼ, 960
πρὶν ἃν γε τῶν χρησμῶν ἀκούσῃς τῶν ἐμῶν.
αλ. καὶ τῶν ἐμῶν νυν.
πα. ἀλλ' ἐὰν τούτῳ πίθη,
μολγὸν γενέσθαι δεῖ σε.
αλ. κἂν γε τοντωί,
ψωλὸν γενέσθαι δεῖ σε μέχρι τοῦ μυρρίνου.
πα. ἀλλ' οἳ γ' ἐμοὶ λέγουσιν ὡς ἄρξαι σε δεῖ 965
χώρας ἀπάσης ἐστεφανωμένον ρόδων.
αλ. οὐμοὶ δὲ γ' αὐ λέγουσιν ὡς ἀλουργίδα
ἐχων κατάπαστον καὶ στεφάνην ἐφ' ἄρματος
χρυσοῦ διώξεις Σμικρόθην καὶ κύριον.
πα. καὶ μὴν ἐνεγκ' αὐτοῦς ἰὼν, ἰν' οὔτοισι
αὐτῶν ἀκούσῃ.
αλ. πάνυ γε. καὶ σὺ νυν φέρε.

a A play on δῆμος, "people," and δημός, "fat."
b The βήμα or speaker's platform.
c A noted glutton; cf. 1290-9, and see Index.
d μολγός, "a black-jack," the slang equivalent of ἄσκος,
"a wineskin." An oracle had promised that Athens should
always keep above water like a skin bottle (Plutarch,
Theseus, 24).
* As a banqueter.

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THE KNIGHTS, 953-971

s.s. What’s the device on yours?
DEMUS. A leaf of beef-fat stuffing, roasted well.a
s.s. No, that’s not here.
DEMUS. What then?
s.s. A cormorant
With open mouth haranguing on a rock.b
DEMUS. Pheugh!

s.s. What’s the matter?
DEMUS. Throw the thing away.
He’s got Cleonymus’s c ring, not mine.
Take this from me, and you be steward now.
PAPH. O not yet, master, I beseech, not yet;
Wait till you’ve heard my oracles, I pray.
s.s. And mine as well.
PAPH. And if to his you listen,
You'll be a liquor-skin.d
s.s. And if to his,
You’ll find yourself severely circumcised.
PAPH. Nay mine foretell that over all the land
Thyself shalt rule, with roses garlanded.e
s.s. And mine that crowned, in spangled purple robe,
Thou in thy golden chariot shalt pursue
And sue the lady Smicythe and her lord.f
PAPH. Well, go and fetch them hither, so that he
May hear them.
s.s. Certainly; and you fetch yours.

A surprise, playing upon the double meaning of διώκω. Demus shall go hunting in oriental state, but his sport, to suit Athenian taste, shall be to “pursue,” that is to “prosecute,” a certain effeminate citizen (τὸν Σμικύθην κωμιδεῖ ὃς κλαίειν· κύριον δὲ λέγει τὸν ἄνδρα: Schol.).
The opening lines are taken from Euripides.
THE KNIGHTS, 972–998

PAPHI. Here goes.
S.S. Here goes, by Zeus. There's nought to stop us.

CHOR. O bright and joyous day,
O day most sweet to all
Both near and far away,
The day of Cleon's fall.
Yet in our Action-mart
I overheard by chance
Some ancient sires and tart
This counter-plea advance,
That but for him the State
Two things had ne'er possessed:—
A stirrer-up of hate,
A pestle of unrest.

His swine-bred music we
With wondering hearts admire;
At school, his mates agree,
He always tuned his lyre
In Dorian style to play.\(^c\)
His master wrathful grew;
He sent the boy away,
And this conclusion drew,
This boy from all his friends
Donations seeks to wile,
His art begins and ends
In Dono-do-rian style.

PAPHI. Look at them, see! and there are more behind.
S.S. O what a weight! and there are more behind.

\(^b\) The Deigma was the Exchange at the Peiraeus, "Sample Mart." Lawsuits are the staple product of Athens.

\(^c\) The Dorian mode was a solemn and manly music; it is chosen here as leading up to the pun in \(\Delta\omega\rho\delta\omega\kappa\iota\sigma\tau\iota\).
ΔΗΜΟΣ. ταυτὶ τὶ ἑστὶ;  

λόγια.  

ΔΗΜΟΣ.  

πάντ᾽;  

καὶ νῆ Δί᾽ ἔτι γέ μοῦ στὶ κιβωτὸς πλέα.  

ΑΛ. ἐμοὶ δ᾽ ὑπερῴου καὶ ξυνοικία δύο.  

ΔΗΜΟΣ. φέρ᾽ ἵδω, τίνος γάρ εἰσιν οἱ χρησμοὶ ποτε;  

ΠΑ. οὐμοὶ μὲν εἰς Βάκιδος.  

ΔΗΜΟΣ.  

οἳ δὲ σοὶ τίνος;  

ΑΛ. Γλάνιδος, ἀδελφοῦ τοῦ Βάκιδος γεραιτέρου.  

ΔΗΜΟΣ. εἰσίν δὲ περὶ τοῦ;  

ΠΑ.  

περὶ Ἀθηνῶν, περὶ Πύλου,  

περὶ σοῦ, περὶ ἐμοῦ, περὶ ἀπάντων πραγμάτων.  

ΔΗΜΟΣ. οἳ σοὶ δὲ περὶ τοῦ;  

ΑΛ.  

περὶ Ἀθηνῶν, περὶ φακῆς,  

περὶ Λακεδαίμονίων, περὶ σκόμβρων νέων,  

περὶ τῶν μετροῦντων τάλφιτ’ ἐν ἀγορᾷ κακῶς,  

περὶ σοῦ, περὶ ἐμοῦ. τὸ πέος οὐτοσὶ δάκοι.  

ΔΗΜΟΣ. ἀγε νῦν ὅπως αὐτοὺς ἀναγνώσεσθε μοι,  

καὶ τὸν περὶ ἐμοῦ ’κεῖνον ὁπερ ἠδομαι,  

ὡς ἐν νεφέλαισιν αἰετὸς γενήσομαι.  

ΠΑ. ἄκουε δὴ νῦν καὶ πρόσεχε τὸν νῦν ἐμοί.  

Φράζειν, Ἐρεχθείδη, λογίων ὁδὸν, ἦν σοι Ἄπολλων  

τάχειν ἐξ ἀδυτου διὰ τριπόδων ἐρυτίμων.  

σῶζεσθαι σ᾽ ἐκέλευο’ ἵερον κῦνα καρχαρόδοντα,

---

a An invented person.  

b Refers to an oracle that foretells this for Athens. See B. 978.

Εὐδαίμον πτολεόρον Ἀθηναλῆς ἀγελέης  

πολλὰ ἴδον, καὶ πολλὰ παθὼν, καὶ πολλὰ μοχῆσαι  

αἰετὸς ἐν νεφέλῃς γενήσεαι ἧματα πάντα.
DEMUS. What are they?
PAPH. Oracles!
DEMUS. All?
PAPH. You seem surprised;
    By Zeus, I've got a chestful more at home.
s.s. And I a garret and two cellars full.
DEMUS. Come, let me see. Whose oracles are these?
PAPH. Mine are by Bakis.
DEMUS. (To s.s.) And by whom are yours?
s.s. Mine are by Glanis,*^ Bakis's elder brother.
DEMUS. What do they treat of?
PAPH. Mine? Of Athens, Pylus,
    Of you, of me, of every blessed thing.
DEMUS. (To s.s.) And you; of what treat yours?
s.s. Of Athens, pottage,
    Of Lacedaemon, mackerel freshly caught,
    Of swindling barley-measurers in the mart,
    Of you, of me. That nincompoop be hanged.
DEMUS. Well read them out; and prithee don't forget
    The one I love to hear about myself,
    That I'm to soar, an Eagle, in the clouds. b
PAPH. Now then give ear, and hearken to my words.
    Heed thou well, Erechtheides,
    The oracle's drift, which Apollo
Out of his secret shrine
    Through priceless tripods delivered.
Keep thou safely the dog,
    Thy jag-toothed holy protector. c

O thou fortunate town
    Of Athene, the Bringer of spoil,
Much shalt thou see, and much
    Shalt thou suffer, and much shalt thou toil,
Then in the clouds thou shalt soar, as an Eagle, for ever and ever.

* Possibly Cleon used to call himself the Watch-dog of the state. See P. 754, W. 1031.
ΔΗΜΟΣ. ταυτί μὰ τὴν Δήμητρ’ ἐγὼ οὖκ οἶδ’ ὁ τι λέγει.

πα. ἐγὼ μὲν εἰμ’ ὁ κύων. πρὸ σοῦ γὰρ ἀπύω.

αλ. οὐ τούτὸ φησ’ ὁ χρησμός, ἀλλ’ ὁ κύων ὀδί,

ἀλ. Φράξεω, Ἦρεσθείδη, κύων Κέρβερον ἀνδραπο-

διοτήν,

δὸ κέρκω σαίνων σ’, ὑπόταν δειπνής, ἐπιτηρῶν,

ἐξεδεταί σου τοῦφον, ὅταν οὐ ποῦ ἀλλοσε χάσκης:

ἐσφοιτάων τ’ ἐς τοῦτόνιον λήσει σε κυνηδόν

νῦκτωρ τὰς λοπάδας καὶ τὰς νήσους διαλείχων.

ΔΗΜΟΣ. νῇ τὸν Ποσειδῶν πολὺ γ’ ἁμεινον, ὦ Γλάνι.

πα. ὦ τὰν, ἄκουσον, ἔτσι διάκρινον τότε.

"Εστι γυνὴ, τέξει δὲ λέονθ’ ἱεράς ἐν Ἀθήναις,

δὸ περὶ τοῦ δήμου πολλοῖς κώνωπι μαχεῖται,

ὡςτε περὶ σκύμνουσι βεβηκῶς τὸν σοῦ φυλάξαι,

* i.e. the islands of the Aegean which practically constituted the Athenian Empire.

b The words τέξει δὲ λέοντα are from an oracle quoted Herod. v. 92.

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The Knights, 1018–1039

Yapping before thy feet,
and terribly roaring to guard thee,
He thy pay will provide:
if he fail to provide it, he'll perish;
Yea, for many the daws
that are hating and cawing against him.

Demus. This, by Demeter, beats me altogether.
What does Erechtheus want with daws and dog?
Paph. I am the dog: I bark aloud for you.
And Phoebus bids you guard the dog; that's me.

S.S. It says not that; but this confounded dog
Has gnawn the oracle, as he gnaws the door.
I've the right reading here about the dog.

Demus. Let's hear; but first I'll pick me up a stone
Lest this dog-oracle take to gnawing me.

S.S. Heed thou well, Erechtheides,
The kidnapping Cerberus ban-dog;
Wagging his tail he stands,
and fawning upon thee at dinner,
Waiting thy slice to devour
when aught distract thine attention.
Soon as the night comes round
he steals unseen to the kitchen
Dog-wise; then will his tongue
clean out the plates and the—Islands.a

Demus. Aye, by Poseidon, Glanis, that's far better.
Paph. Nay, listen first, my friend, and then decide.
Woman she is, but a lion
she'll bear b us in Athens the holy;
One who for Demus will fight
with an army of stinging mosquitoes,
Fight, as if shielding his whelps;
whom see thou guard with devotion

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τείχος ποιήσας ξύλινον πύργους τε σιδηροῦς.

ταύτ' οἶσθ' ὃ τι λέγει;

ΔΗΜΟΣ. μὰ τὸν Ἀπόλλων γ' ὠς μὲν οὐ.

ΠΑ. ἔφραξεν ὁ θεός σοι σαφῶς σῶζειν ἐμὲ.

ἔγω γὰρ ἀντὶ τοῦ λέοντός εἰμὶ σοι.

ΔΗΜΟΣ. καὶ πῶς μ' ἐλέηθεις Ἀντιλέων γεγενημένος;

ἈΛ. ἐν οὐκ ἀναδιάσκει σε τῶν λογίων ἐκών,
νὸν σιδήρου τείχος ἐστι καὶ ξύλων,
ἐν ὦ σε σώζειν τόν ἐκέλευο' ὁ Δοξίας.

ΔΗΜΟΣ. πῶς δήτα τούτ' ἔφραξεν ὁ θεός;

ἈΛ. τούτοι
dῆσαι σ' ἐκέλευο' ἐν πεντεσυρίγγῳ ξύλῳ.

ΔΗΜΟΣ. ταύτι τελείωθαι τὰ λόγια ἦδη μοι δοκεῖ.

ΠΑ. μὴ πείθου φθονερά γὰρ ἐπικράζουσι κορᾶναι.

ἀλλ' ἱέρακα φίλει, μεμνημένος ἐν φρεσίν, ὡς σοι ἡγαγε συνήθες Δακεδαιμονίων κορακίνους.

ἈΛ. τούτῳ γὲ τοι Παφλαγῶν παρεκκύνδυνευσε μεθυσθεῖς.

Κεκροπίδη κακόβουλε, τί τοῦθ' ἤγει μέγα τούργον;

καὶ κε γυνὴ φέροι ἄχθος, ἐπεὶ κεν ἀνήρ ἀναθείη
ἀλλ' οὐκ ἂν μαχέσαιτο. χέσαιτο γάρ, εἰ μαχέσαιτο.

ΠΑ. ἀλλὰ τόδε φράσσαι, πρὸ Πύλον Πύλον ἦν σοι ἐφράζειν.

"Ἐστι Πύλος πρὸ Πύλου.

ΔΗΜΟΣ. τί τούτο λέγει, πρὸ Πύλου;

---

a From the famous oracle given to Athens before the battle of Salamis, Herod. vii. 141.
b Unknown.
c With holes for arms, legs, and head.
d A line from the Little Iliad of Lesches (Schol.). χέσαιτο in the next line is formed to echo μαχέσαιτο, making a complete vulgar burlesque.
e A well-known line runs ἔστι Πύλος πρὸ Πύλου, Πύλος γε μὲν ἔστι καὶ ἄλλη. One was in N. Elis, one in S. Elis, one opposite Sphacteria. The words lead up to the play upon πῦλος, a tub or trough.

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THE KNIGHTS, 1040–1059

Building a wooden wall

and an iron fort to secure him.

Do you understand?

Demus. By Apollo, no, not I.

Paph. The God, 'tis plain, would have you keep me safely,

For I'm a valiant lion, for your sake.

Demus. What, you Antileon and I never knew it!

S.S. One thing he purposely informs you not,

What that oracular wall of wood and iron,

Where Loxias bids you keep him safely, is.

Demus. What means the God?

S.S. He means that you're to clap Paphlagon in the five-holed pillory-stocks.

Demus. I shouldn't be surprised if that came true.

Paph. Heed not the words; for jealous

the crows that are croaking against me.

Cherish the lordly falcon,

nor ever forget that he brought thee,

brought thee in fetters and chains

the young Laconian minnows.

S.S. This did Paphlagon dare

in a moment of drunken bravado.

Why think much of the deed,

Cecropides foolish in counsel?

Weight a Woman will bear,

if a Man impose it upon her,

fight she won't and she can't:

in fighting she's always a fright in.

Paph. Nay, but remember the word,

how Pylus, he said, before Pylus;

Pylus there is before Pylus.

Demus. What mean you by that “before Pylus”? 
ΑΛ. τὰς πυέλους φησίν καταλήψεσθ’ ἐν βαλανείῳ.

ΔΗΜΟΣ. ἐγὼ δ’ ἀλοντος τήμερον γενήσομαι.

ΑΛ. οὗτος γὰρ ἢμῶν τὰς πυέλους ἀφήρπασεν.

ΔΗΜΟΣ. προσέχω· σὺ δ’ ἀναγίγνωσκε, τοῖς ναύταισι μου ὅπως ὁ μισθὸς πρῶτον ἀποδοθῆσεται.

ΑΛ. Αἰγείδη, φράσσαι κυναλὼπεκα, μή σε δολώσῃ, λαίθαργον, ταχύτουν, δολιάν κερδώ, πολυόριν.

ΔΗΜΟΣ. Φιλόστρατος ἤ κυναλὼπης.

ΑΛ. οὐ τοιτὸ φησιν, ἀλλὰ ναῦς ἐκάστοτε αὐτεὶ ταχείας ἀργυρολόγους οὕτος.

ΔΗΜΟΣ. τῶς δὴ τριήρης ἐστὶ κυναλὼπης;

ΑΛ. ὅπως; ὅτι ἡ τριήρης ἐστὶ χῶ κύων ταχῦ.

ΔΗΜΟΣ. πῶς οὖν ἀλώπηξ προσετέθη πρὸς τῷ κυνὶ;

ΑΛ. ἀλωπεκίοις τοῖς στρατιώτασ ἢκασεν, ὅτι κατὰ τρώγονοιν ἐν τοῖς χωρίοις.

ΔΗΜΟΣ. εἶεν· τοῦτος ὁ μισθὸς τοῖς ἀλωπεκίοισι ποῦ;

ΑΛ. ἐγὼ πορίῳ καὶ τοιτῶν ἡμερῶν τριῶν.

ΔΗΜΟΣ. ποιαν Κυλλήνην;

ΑΛ. τὴν τοιτῶν ἄρχερ’ ἐποίησεν Κυλλήνην ὀρθῶς, ὅτι φησ’, ἐμβαλε κυλλή.

---

a Philostratus, a pander, was nicknamed so: L. 957.
b Ships sent to collect the tribute: Thuc. ii. 69, iii. 19.
c Cyllene was the port of Elis. It is here used to suggest κυλλή χεῖρ, “the hollow hand” that welcomes a bride.

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THE KNIGHTS, 1060–1083

s.s. Truly your pile of baths will he capture before you can take them.

demus. O dear, then bathless must I go to-day
s.s. Because he has carried off our pile of baths. But here’s an oracle about the fleet; Your best attention is required to this.

demus. I’ll give it too; but prithee, first of all, Read how my sailors are to get their pay.

s.s. O Aegeides, beware

of the hound-fox, lest he deceive thee,
Stealthily snapping, the crafty,
the swift, the tricky marauder.

Know you the meaning of this?

demus. Philostratus, plainly, the hound-fox.

s.s. Not so; but Paphlagon is evermore Asking swift triremes to collect the silver, So Loxias bids you not to give him these.

demus. Why is a trireme called a hound-fox?

s.s. Why?

A trireme’s fleet; a hound is also fleet.

demus. But for what reason adds he “fox” to “hound”?

s.s. The troops, he means, resemble little foxes, Because they scour the farms and eat the grapes.

demus. Good.

But where’s the cash to pay these little foxes?

s.s. That I’ll provide: within three days I’ll do it.

List thou further the rede

by the son of Leto delivered; Keep thou aloof, said he, from the wiles of hollow Cyllene.

demus. Hollow Cyllene! what’s that?

s.s. ’Tis Paphlagon’s hand he’s describing. Paphlagon’s outstretched hand, with his Drop me a coin in the hollow.
ARISTOPHANES

πα. οὐκ ὀρθῶς φράζει· τῇν Κυλλήνην γὰρ ὁ Φοῖβος
eis tēn xeiρ' ὀρθῶς ἤνιξατο tēn Διοπείθους. 10
ἀλλὰ γὰρ ἐστιν ἐμοὶ χρησμὸς περὶ σοῦ πτερυγωτός,
αἰετὸς ὡς γίγνει καὶ πάσης γῆς βασιλεύεις.

αλ. καὶ γὰρ ἐμοὶ, καὶ γῆς καὶ τῆς ἐρυθρᾶς γε θαλάσσης,
χῶτι γ' ἐν 'Εκβατάνωις δικάσεις, λείχων ἐπίπαστα.

πα. ἀλλ' ἔγω εἴδον ὄναρ, καὶ μουδόκει ἡ θεὸς αὐτῇ
tou δήμου καταχεῖν ἀρντάινη πλούθυγειαν.

αλ. νὴ Δία καὶ γὰρ ἔγω· καὶ μουδόκει ἡ θεὸς αὐτῇ
eκ πόλεως ἐλθεῖν καὶ γλαύξ αὐτῇ 'πικαθήσθαι.
eίτα κατασπένδειν κατὰ τῆς κεφαλῆς ἄρβαλλῳ
ἀμβροσίαν κατὰ σοῦ, κατὰ τοῦτον δὲ ὀκοροδάλμην. 10

δῆμος. ίοῦ ίοῦ.

οὐκ ἦν ἄρ' οὔδεις τοῦ Γλάνιδος σοφώτερος.
καὶ νῦν ἐμαυτὸν ἐπιτρέπω σοι τούτοι
γερονταγωγεῖν κἀναιπαίδευειν πάλιν.

πα. μῆτω γ', ἱκετεύω σ', ἀλλ' ἀνάμειν, ὡς ἔγω
κριθὰς ποριῶ σοι καὶ βίον καθ' ἡμέραν.

δῆμος. οὐκ ἀνέχομαι κριθῶν ἀκούων· πολλάκις
ἐξηπατήθην ὑπὸ τε σοῦ καὶ Θουφάνους.

πα. ἀλλ' ἀλφιτ' ἥδη σοι ποριῶ 'σκευασμένα.

αλ. ἔγω δὲ μαζίσκας γε διαμεμαγμένας

---

A. A crazy oracle-monger (cf. W. 380, B. 988), apparently with a crippled hand.
B. A secretary under Cleon: Schol.
THE KNIGHTS, 1084–1105

paph. There this fellow is wrong.

When he spake of the hollow Cyllene,
Phoebus was hinting, I ween,
at the hand of the maimed Diopeithes.a
Nay, but I’ve got me, for you,
a wingèd oracular message,

THOU SHALT AN EAGLE BECOME,
and rule all lands as a Monarch.

s.s. Nay, but I’ve got me the same:—

AND THE RED SEA TOO THOU SHALT GOVERN,

YEA IN ECBATANA JUDGE,

RICH CAKES AS THOU JUDGEST DEVOURING.

paph. Nay, but I dreamed me a dream,

and methought the Goddess Athene
Health and wealth was ladling
in plentiful streams upon Demus.

s.s. Nay, but I dreamed one myself;

and methought of the Goddess Athene
Down from the Citadel stepped,
and an owl sat perched on her shoulder;
Then from a bucket she poured
ambrosia down upon Demus,

Sweetest of scents upon you,
on Paphlagon sourest of pickles.

demus. Good! Good!
There never was a cleverer chap than Glanis.
So now, my friend, I yield myself to you;
Be you the tutor of my thoughtless—Age.

paph. Not yet! pray wait awhile, and I’ll provide
Your barley-grain, and daily sustenance.

demus. I can’t abide your barley-talk; too often
Have I been duped by you and Thuphanes.b

paph. I’ll give you barley-meal, all ready-made.

s.s. I’ll give you barley-cakes, all ready-baked,
καὶ τούψον ὁπτὸν· μηδὲν ἄλλ’ ἐι μὴ ἴσθι.

ΔΗΜΟΣ. ἀνύσατε νυν ὅ τι περ ποιήσεθ’. ὡς ἐγώ, ὁπότερος ἄν σφῶν ἐν με μᾶλλον ἄν ποιή, τοῦτῳ παραδώσω τῆς πυκνὸς τὰς ἡνίας.

ΠΑ. τρέχοιμ’ ἄν εἰσώ πρότερος.

ΑΛ. οὐ δὴτ’, ἄλλ’ ἐγώ. 1110

ΧΟ. ὦ Δῆμε, καλὴν γ’ ἔχεις ἄρχὴν, ὅτε πάντες ἄνθρωποι δεδίασί σ’ ὥσ-περ ἄνδρα τύραννον.

Ἀλλ’ εὐπαράγωγος εἶ, θωπευόμενός τε χαί-ρεις κἀξαπατώμενος, πρὸς τὸν τε λέγοιτ’ ἀεὶ κέχηνας. ὁ νοῦς δὲ σου παρὼν ἀποδημεῖ. 1115

ΔΗΜΟΣ. νοῦς οὐκ ένι ταῖς κόμαις ὑμῶν, ὅτε μ’ οὐ φρόνεῖν νομίζετ’ ἐγώ ὃ’ ἐκὼν ταῦτ’ ἡλιθιάζω.

αὐτὸς τε γὰρ ἠδομαί βρύλλων το καθ’ ἡμέραν, κλέπτοντά τε βοῦλομαι τρέφειν ἐνα προστάτην· τοῦτον ὃ’, ὅταν ἰ’ πλέως, ἄρως ἐπάταξα. 1120

ΧΟ. χοῦτω μὲν ἄν εὗ ποιοῖς, εἰ σοι πυκνότης ἐνεστ’ 1125

ΧΟ. χοῦτω μὲν ἄν εὗ ποιοῖς, εἰ σοι πυκνότης ἐνεστ’

*The προστάτης τοῦ δήμου was not an official, but the accepted democratic leader.*

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And well-broiled fish. Do nothing else but eat.

demus. Make haste and do it then, remembering this,
Whichever brings me most titbits to-day,
To him alone I’ll give the Pnyx’s reins.

paph. O then I’ll run in first.

8.s. Not you, but I.

Chor. Proud, O Demus, thy sway.
Thee, as Tyrant and King,
All men fear and obey,
Yet, O yet, 'tis a thing
Easy, to lead thee astray.
Empty fawning and praise
Pleased thou art to receive;
All each orator says
Sure at once to believe;
Wit thou hast, but 'tis roaming;
Ne'er we find it its home in.

Demus. Wit there's none in your hair.
What, you think me a fool!
What, you know not I wear,
Wear my motley by rule!
Well all day do I fare,
Nursed and cockered by all;
Pleased to fatten and train
One prime thief in my stall.a
When full gorged with his gain,
Up that instant I snatch him,b
Strike one blow and dispatch him.

Chor. Art thou really so deep?
Is such artfulness thine?

b Hoist him up.
ARISTOPHANES

ἐν τῷ τρόπῳ, ὡς λέγεις, 1135
τοῦτῳ πάνυ πολλῇ,
ei τούσδε ἐπίτηδες ὡς-
περ δημοσίους τρέφεις
ἐν τῇ πυκνώ, καθ’ όταν
μή σοι τύχῃ ὄψον ὃν,
tούτων δὲ ἂν Ἰ παχύς,
θύσας ἐπιδειπνεῖς.

ΔΗΜΟΣ. 1140
σκέψασθε δὲ μ’, ei σοφῶς
αὐτούς περιέρχομαι,
tοὺς οἰομένους φρονεῖν
καμ’ ἐξαπατύλλειν.
τηρῶ γὰρ ἐκάστοτ’ αὐ-
τοὺς, οὐδὲ δοκῶν ὄραν,
κλέπτοντας· ἐπειτ’ ἀναγ-
κάζω πάλιν ἐξεμεῖν
ἀτ’ ἂν κεκλόφωσί μου,
κημὸν καταμηλὼν.

ΠΑ. ἄπαγ’ ἔσ μακαρίαν ἐκποδῶν.

ἈΛ. 1145
σὺ γ’, ὦ φθόρε.

ΠΑ. ὁ Δῆμος’, ἐγὼ μέντοι παρεσκευασμένος
τρίπαλαι κάθημαι, βουλόμενός σ’ εὐεργετεῖν.

ἈΛ. ἐγὼ δὲ δεκάπαλαι γε καὶ δωδεκάπαλαι
καὶ χιλιόπαλαι καὶ πρόπαλαι πάλαι πάλαι. 1150

ΔΗΜΟΣ. ἐγὼ δὲ προσδοκόων γε τριμυριόπαλαι
βδελύττομαι σφῶ, καὶ πρόπαλαι πάλαι πάλαι.

ἈΛ. οἶσθ’ ὃν ὁ δράσον;

ΔΗΜΟΣ. 1155
ei δὲ μή, φράσεις γε σὺ.
THE KNIGHTS, 1133–1158

Well for all if thou keep
Firm to this thy design.
Well for all if, as sheep
Marked for victims, thou feed
These thy knaves in the Pnyx,
Then, if dainties thou need,
Haste on a victim to fix;
Slay the fattest and finest;
There’s thy meal when thou dinest.

DEMUS. Ah! they know not that I
Watch them plunder and thieve.
Ah! ’tis easy, they cry,
*Him to gull and deceive.*
Comes my turn by and by!
Down their gullet, full quick,
Lo, my verdict-tube coils,*
Turns them giddy and sick,
Up they vomit their spoils:
Such, with rogues, is my dealing;
’Tis for myself they are stealing.

PAPH. Go and be blest!

s.s. Be blest yourself, you filth.

PAPH. O Demus, I’ve been sitting here prepared
Three ages past, longing to do you good.

s.s. And I ten ages, aye twelve ages, aye
A thousand ages, ages, ages, ages.

DEMUS. And I’ve been waiting, till I loathe you both,
For thirty thousand ages, ages, ages.

s.s. Do—know you what?

DEMUS. And if I don’t, you’ll tell me.

*a μηλίμη was a surgeon’s probe, κηφός the neck of the ballot-box: the phrase means pushing this down the throat to make them vomit.*
ARISTOPHANES

ΔΗΜΟΣ. δράν ταύτα χρή. 1160

ΑΛ. άφες ἀπὸ βαλβίδων ἔμε τε καὶ τουτοῦ, ἵνα σ' εὖ ποιῶμεν ἐξ ἵσου.

ΑΛ.

Ωδού.

ΠΑ. καὶ ΑΛ. ίδοιν.

ΔΗΜΟΣ. θέουτ' ἄν.

ΑΛ.

υποθεῖν οὐκ ἐώ.

ΔΗΜΟΣ. ἅλλ' ἡ μεγάλως εὐδαιμονήσω τήμερον ὑπὸ τῶν ἑραστῶν νὴ Δί' ἡ 'γω θρύψομαι.

ΠΑ. ὀρᾶς; ἑγὼ σοι πρότερος ἐκφέρω δίφρον.

ΑΛ. ἅλλ' οὐ τράπεζαν, ἅλλ' ἑγὼ προτεραίτερος. 1165

ΠΑ. ίδοιν φέρω σοι τήνδε μαζίσκην ἑγώ ἐκ τῶν ὀλῶν τῶν ἐκ Πύλου μεμαγμένην.

ΑΛ. ἑγὼ δὲ μυστίλας μεμυστιλήμενας ὑπὸ τῆς θεοῦ τῇ χειρὶ τῆς εὐφαντήρη.

ΔΗΜΟΣ. ὁς μέγαν ἀρ' εἶχες, ὁ πότνια, τὸν δάκτυλον. 1170

ΠΑ. ἑγὼ δ' ἐτνος γε πίσινον εὐχρών καὶ καλόν· ἐτῶρυν δ' αὐθ' ἡ Παλλᾶς ἡ Πυλαμάχος.

ΑΛ. ὁ Δήμ', ἑναργώς ἡ θεὸς σ' ἐπισκοπεῖ, καὶ νῦν ὑπερέχει σοι χῦτραν ζωμοῦ πλέαν.

ΔΗΜΟΣ. οἱ εἰ γὰρ οἰκείοθ' ἀν ἐτι τήνδε τὴν πόλιν, 1175

εἰ μὴ φανερῶς ὡμῶν ὑπερεῖχε τὴν χῦτραν;

ΠΑ. τοιτὶ τέμαχος σοῦδοκεν ἡ Φοβεσειστράτῃ.

ΑΛ. ἡ δ' ὄβριμοπάτρα γ' ἐφθὸν ἐκ ζωμοῦ κρέας καὶ χόλικος ἥνυστρον τε καὶ γαστρὸς τόμον.

ΔΗΜΟΣ. καλῶς γ' ἐποίησε τοῦ πέπλου μεμνημένη. 1180

ΠΑ. ἡ Γοργολόφα σ' ἐκέλευε τουτοῦ φαγεῖν

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a In the statue by Pheidias which stood in the Parthenon, the flesh was represented by ivory. μυστιλαι are pieces of bread hollowed out to serve as a sort of spoon.

b Lit. “that fights at the gates.” The epithet is invented on the analogy of Πρόμαχος (the epithet of Athena as repres-
THE KNIGHTS, 1159–1181

s.s. Do start us from the signal-post, us two,
    All fair, no favour.
DEMUS. Right you are; move off.
PAPH. and s.s. Ready!
DEMUS. Away!
s.s. No "cutting in" allowed.
DEMUS. Zeus! if I don't, with these two lovers, have
    A rare good time, 'tis dainty I must be.
PAPH. See, I'm the first to bring you out a chair.
s.s. But not a table; I'm the firstlier there.
PAPH. Look, here's a jolly little cake I bring,
    Cooked from the barley-grain I brought from
    Pylus.
s.s. And here I'm bringing splendid scoops of
        bread,
        Scooped by the Goddess with her ivory hand.a
DEMUS. A mighty finger you must have, dread lady!
PAPH. And here's pease-porridge, beautiful and
        brown.
        Pallas Pylaemachus b it was that stirred it.
s.s. O Demus, plain it is the Goddess guards you,
    Holding above your head this—soup-tureen.
DEMUS. Why, think you Athens had survived, unless
    She plainly o'er us held her soup-tureen?
PAPH. This slice of fish the Army-frightener sends
    you.
s.s. This boiled broth-meat the Nobly-fathered
        gives you,
        And this good cut of tripe and guts and paunch.
DEMUS. And well done she, to recollect the peplus.
PAPH. The Terror-crested bids you taste this cake

sented in the bronze statue which stood on the Acropolis),
and to Cleon means "who fought for me at Pylos." The
lines following contain titles of Athena.
ARISTOPHANES

έλατηρος, ῥία τὰς ναῦς ἐλαύνωμεν καλῶς.

Ἀλ. λαβὲ καὶ ταῦτι νῦν.

Δήμος. καὶ τί τούτων χρήσομαι τοῖς ἑντέροις;

Ἀλ. ἐπίτηδες αὕτ’ ἐπεμβῇ σοι εἰς τὰς τρυήρεις ἑντερώνειαν ἡ θεός.

ἐπισκοπεῖ γὰρ περιφανῶς τὸ ναυτικὸν. ἔχε καὶ πιεῖν κεκραμένον τρία καὶ δύο.

Δήμος. ὡς ἢδυς, ὦ Ζεῦ, καὶ τὰ τρία ψέρων καλῶς.

Ἀλ. ἡ Τριτογενῆς γὰρ αὐτοῦ ἑνετριτώνουσεν.

ΠΑ. λαβέ νῦν πλακοῦντος πίωνος παρ’ ἐμοῦ τόμον.

Ἀλ. παρ’ ἐμοῦ δ’ ὅλου γιὰ τὸν πλακοῦντα τοῦτον.

ΠΑ. ἀλλ’ οὐ λαγὼ’ ἔξεις ὀπόθεν δῶς· ἀλλ’ ἐγὼ.

Ἀλ. οἴμοι· πόθεν λαγὼά μοι γενησται; ὦ θυμε, νῦν βωμολόχου ἔξευρέ τι.

ΠΑ. ὀρᾶς τάδ’, ὦ κακόδαιμον;

Ἀλ. ὀλίγον μοι μέλει.

ἐκεινοὶ γὰρ ὡς ἐμ’ ἔρχονται.

ΠΑ. τίνες;

Ἀλ. πρέσβεις ἔχοντες ἀργυρίου βαλλάντια.

ΠΑ. ποῦ ποῦ;

Ἀλ. τί δὲ σοι τοῦτ’; οὐκ ἔσσεις τοὺς ξένους;

ὦ Δημιδίον, ὀρᾶς τὰ λαγὼ’ α’ σοι ψέρω;

ΠΑ. οἴμοι τάλας, ἀδίκως γε τάμ’ υφήρτασας.

Ἀλ. νῇ τὸν Ποσειδῶ, καὶ σὺ γὰρ τοὺς ἐκ Πύλου.

ΔΗΜΟΣ. εἶπ’, ἀντιβολῶ, πὼς ἐπενόησας ἀρπάσαι;

Ἀλ. τὸ μὲν νόημα τῆς θεοῦ, τὸ δὲ κλέμμι’ ἐμὸν.

ΔΗ. ἐγὼ δ’ ἐκυνδύνευσ’. 

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Ἄντερα, pig’s “belly” to serve as “belly-timber” for the ships.

b Three parts of water to two of wine.

c A parody of some tragic line. All through this scene there are indications of parody.

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With roe of fish, that we may row the better.

s.s. And now take these.

demus. Whatever shall I do With these insides?

s.s. The Goddess sends you these To serve as planks inside your ships of war.\(^a\) Plainly she looks with favour on our fleet. Here, drink this also, mingled three and two.\(^b\)

demus. Zeus! but it's sweet and bears the three parts well.

s.s. Tritogeneia 'twas that three'd and two'd it.

paph. Accept from me this slice of luscious cake.

s.s. And this whole luscious cake accept from me.

paph. Ah, you've no hare to give him; that give I.

s.s. O me, wherever can I get some hare? Now for some mountebank device, my soul.

paph. Yah, see you this, poor Witless?

s.s. What care I? For there they are! Yes, there they are coming!

paph. Who?

s.s. Envoys with bags of silver, all for me.

paph. Where? Where?

s.s. What's that to you? Let be the strangers. My darling Demus, take the hare I bring.

paph. You thief, you've given what wasn't yours to give!

s.s. Poseidon, yes; you did the same at Pylus.

demus. Ha! Ha! what made you think of filching that?

s.s. The thought's Athene's, but the theft was mine.\(^c\)

de. 'Twas I that ran the risk!
In the Doric dialect; said to be quoted from some protest of the Helots that their Poseidon had not done his part for them. The Scholiast says that Cleon had been awarded a (golden) crown by the people for his services.
'Twas I that cooked it!

DEMUS. Be off: the credit's his that served it up.
PAPH. Unhappy me! I'm over-impudenced.

S.S. Why not give judgement, Demus, of us two
Which is the better towards your paunch and you?

DEMUS. Well, what's the test will make the audience think
I give my judgement cleverly and well?

S.S. I'll tell you what; steal softly up, and search
My hamper first, then Paphlagon's, and note
What's in them; then you'll surely judge aright.

DEMUS. Well, what does yours contain?

S.S. See here, it's empty.

DEMUS. A Demus-loving hamper, sure enough.

S.S. Now come along, and look at Paphlagon's.
Hey! only see!

DEMUS. Why here's a store of dainties!
Why, here's a splendid cheesecake he put by!
And me he gave the tiniest slice, so big.

S.S. And, Demus, that is what he always does;
Gives you the pettiest morsel of his gains,
And keeps by far the largest share himself.

DEMUS. O miscreant, did you steal and gull me so,
The while I crowned thy pow and gied thee gifties.\(^a\)

PAPH. And if I stole 'twas for the public good.
DEMUS. Off with your crown this instant, and I'll place it
On him instead.
ARISTOPHANES

 ΛΑ. κατάθου ταχέως, μαστιγία.
 ΠΑ. οὗ δῆτ', ἐπεὶ μοι χρησμὸς ἐστὶ Πυθικὸς
 φράζων ὑφ' οὗ μ' ἐδέχθεν ἡττάσθαι μόνον. 1230
 ΛΑ. τοῦμόν γε φράζων ὄνομα καὶ λίαν σαφῶς.
 ΠΑ. καὶ μήν σ' ἐλέγξαι βούλομαι τεκμηρίω,
 εἰ τι ἔνυοίσεις τοῦ θεοῦ τοῖς θεσφάτοις.
 καὶ σου τοσοῦτο πρῶτον ἐκπειράσομαι
 παῖς ὅν εφοίτας ἐς τῖνος διδασκάλου; 1235
 ΛΑ. ἐν ταῖσιν εὐστραίς κονδύλους ἡμοττόμην.
 ΠΑ. πῶς εἶπας; ὡς μοῦ χρησμὸς ἀπτεται φρενῶν.
 ἐίνεν.
 ἐν παιδοτρίβου δὲ τίνα πάλην ἐμάνθανε;
 ΛΑ. κλέπτων ἐπιορκεῖν καὶ βλέπειν ἐναντίον.
 ΠΑ. ὦ Φοίβ Ἄπολλων Δύκιε, τί ποτὲ μ' ἐργάσει; 1240
 τέχνην δὲ τίνα ποτ' εἴχες ἐξανδρούμενος;
 ΛΑ. ἡλαντοπώλου—
 ΠΑ. καὶ τί;
 ΛΑ. καὶ βιωσκόμην.
 ΠΑ. οὕμοι κακοδαίμων· οὐκέτ' οὐδέν εἰμ' ἐγώ.
 λεπτή τις ἔλπίς ἐστ' ἐφ' ἂς ὀχούμεθα.
 καὶ μοι τοσοῦτον εἶπέ· πότερον ἐν ἄγορᾷ 1245
 ἡλαντοπώλεις ἔτεον ἥ 'πὶ ταῖς πύλαις;
 ΛΑ. ἐπὶ ταῖς πύλαισιν, οὔ τὸ τάριχος ὄνινον.
 ΠΑ. οὕμοι πέπρακται τοῦ θεοῦ τὸ θέσφατον.
 κυλίνδετ' εἴσω τόνδε τὸν δυσδαίμονα.
 ὡ στέφανε, χαίρων ἀπόθι, καὶ σ'o άκων ἐγώ
 λείπω· σὲ δ' ἄλλος τις λαβὼν κεκτήσεται,
 κλέπτης μὲν οὐκ ἀν. μᾶλλον, εὐτυχὴς δ' ἱσως.

ἀ From the Telephus of Euripides. Δύκις is an epithet of
Apollo.

b Eurip. Bellerophon, fr. 302 Nauck; but here κυλίνδετε is
substituted for κομίζετε.

c Parodied from the farewell speech of the dying Alcestis
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THE KNIGHTS, 1228–1252

s.s. Off with it, filth, this instant.
PAPH. Not so; a Pythian oracle I’ve got 
Describing him who only can defeat me. 

s.s. Describing me, without the slightest doubt. 
PAPH. Well then I’ll test and prove you, to discern 
How far you tally with the God’s predictions. 
And first I ask this question,—when a boy 
Tell me the teacher to whose school you went. 

s.s. Hard knuckles drilled me in the singeing pits. 
PAPH. How say you? Heavens, the oracle’s word 
strikes home! 

Well! 
What at the trainer’s did you learn to do? 

s.s. Forswear my thefts, and stare the accuser down. 
PAPH. Phoebus Apollo! Lycius! what means this? a 
Tell me what trade you practised when a man. 

s.s. I sold sausages—
PAPH. Well? 

s.s. And sold myself. 
PAPH. Unhappy me! I’m done for. There remains 
One slender hope whereon to anchor yet. 
Where did you sell your sausages? Did you stand 
Within the Agora, or beside the Gates?

s.s. Beside the Gates, where the salt-fish is sold. 
PAPH. O me, the oracle has all come true! 
Roll in, roll in, this most unhappy man. b 
O crown, farewell. Unwillingly I leave thee. 
Begone, but thee some other will obtain, 
A luckier man perchance, but not more—
thievish. c

to her marriage-bed, θυήσακω σὲ δ’ ἄλλῃ τις γυνῇ κεκτήσαται, | 
ΑΛ. Ἐλλάνει Ζεὺς, σὸν τὸ νικητῆριον.

ΔΗ. Ὡ χαῖρε καλλινικε, καὶ μέμνησ᾽ ὅτι ἀνὴρ γεγένησαι δι᾽ ἐμέ· καὶ σ᾽ αἰτῶ βραχύ, ὅπως ἐσομαί σοι Φανὸς ὑπογραφεῖς δικών.

ΔΗΜΟΣ. ἐμοὶ δὲ γ᾽ ὅ τι σοι τούνομ᾽ εἶπ᾽.

ΑΛ. 'Αγοράκριτος· ἐν τἀγορᾶ γὰρ κρινόμενος ἐβοσκόμην.

ΔΗΜΟΣ. ’Αγοράκριτῳ τοῖς ἐμαυτῶν ἐπιτρέπω, καὶ τὸν Παφλαγόνα παραδίδωμι τουτοῖ.

ΑΛ. καὶ μὴν ἔγω ο̱, ὦ Δήμε, θεραπεύσω καλῶς, ἀνθρώπων ἐμὸν ἰδεῖν ἀμείνω τῇ Κεχναῖων πόλει.

ΧΟ. τῷ κάλλιον ἀρχομένους ἦν καταφαυμένους

ἡ θοᾶν ἵππων ἐλατηρας ἀείδεων

μηδὲν ἐς Λυσίστρατον,

μηδὲ Θούματιν τὸν ἄνεστιν αὖ λυ-

πεῖν ἐκούσῃ καρδία;

καὶ γὰρ οὕτως, ὦ φίλ᾽ Ἀπόλλων, ἀεὶ

πευὴ, θαλεροῖς δακρύοισιν

σᾶς ἀπτόμενος φαρέτρας Πυθῶνι δία

μὴ κακῶς πένεσθαι.

λοιδορήσαι τοὺς πονηροὺς οὐδέν ἐστ᾽ ἐπίθθονον,

ἀλλὰ τιμῇ τοῖσι χρηστοῖς, ὅστις εὐ λογιζέται.

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α This was an Aeginetan title of Zeus, but it was used as a symbol of Greek unity. Cleon’s fall means the triumph of Hellenism.

β A hanger-on of Cleon’s (cf. W. 1220) who helped him in bringing actions.

ε A surprise for Ἀθηναίων.

δ A vicious wretch: Α. 855-59, W. 787, 1300-17.
s.s. Hellanian "Zeus, the victory-prize is thine!
DE. Hail, mighty Victor, nor forget 'twas I
Made you a Man; and grant this small re-
quest,
Make me your Phanus, signer of your writs.
DEMUS. Your name, what is it?
s.s. Agoracritus.
An Agora-life I lived, and thrived by wrang-
ing.
DEMUS. To Agoracritus I commit myself,
And to his charge consign this Paphlagon.
s.s. And, Demus, I will always tend you well,
And you shall own there never lived a man
Kinder than I to the Evergaping City.

CHOR. O what is a nobler thing,
Beginning or ending a song,
For horsemen who joy in driving
Their fleet-foot coursers along,
Than—Never to launch a lampoon
at Lysistratus, a scurvy buffoon;
Or at heartless Thumantis e to gird,
poor starveling, in lightness of heart;
Who is weeping hot tears at thy shrine,
   Apollo, in Pytho f divine,
And, clutching thy quiver, implores
   to be healed of his poverty's smart!

For lampooning worthless wretches,
   none should bear the bard a grudge;
'Tis a sound and wholesome practice,
   if the case you rightly judge.

* Noted for his leanness.      f Delphi.
ARISTOPHANES

εἰ μὲν οὖν ἄνθρωπος, δὲν δὲι πόλλη ἀκούσαι καὶ κακά, αὐτὸς ἦν ἐνδηλός, οὐκ ἄν ἄνδρος ἐμνήσθην φίλον. 

νῦν δ' Ἀρίγνωτον γὰρ οὐδεὶς ὅστις οὐκ ἐπίσταται, ὅστις ἦ τὸ λευκὸν οἶδεν ἦ τὸν ὀρθὸν νόμον. 

ἐστιν οὖν ἄδελφος αὐτῷ τοὺς τρόπους οὐ συγγενῆς, Ἀριφράδης πονηρός. ἀλλὰ τοῦτο μὲν καὶ βούλεται· ἐστὶ δ' οὐ μόνον πονηρός, οὐ γὰρ οὐδ' ἂν ἡσθόμην, οὐδὲ παμπόνηρος, ἀλλὰ καὶ προσεξεύρηκε τι. 

τὴν γὰρ αὐτοῦ γλῶτταν αἰσχραῖς ἡδοναῖς λυμαίνεται, ἐν κασαυρείοις λείχων τὴν ἀπόπτυστον δρόσου, καὶ μολύνων τὴν ὑπῆρην, καὶ κυκών τὰς ἐσχάρας, καὶ Πολυμνῆστεια ποιῶν, καὶ ἕνων Ὀἰωνίχω. 

ὅστις οὖν τοιοῦτον ἄνδρα μὴ σφόδρα βδελύττεται, οὐ ποτ' ἐκ ταύτω μεθ' ἡμῶν πίεται ποτηρίου.

ἡ πολλάκις ἐννυχίασιν 

φροντίσοι συγγεγένημαι, 

καὶ διεξήτηχ' ὅποθεν ποτὲ φαύλως 

ἐσθίει Κλεώνυμος.

a Arignotus the harper, Ariphrades the vile creature here described, and a third, a famous actor, were sons of Automenes. See W. 1275-83, P. 883.

b Α surprise for the ending of the proverb ὅστις οἶδε τὸ λευκὸν ἦ τὸ μέλαν, “who knows white from black.”

c Polymnestus and Oeoniclius were probably well-known wastrels; but τὰ Πολυμνῆστεια usually means the fine songs or tunes of Polymnestus, a musician.

d See 958 and Index.

246
Now if he whose evil-doings I must needs expose to blame
Were himself a noted person, never had I named the name
Of a man I love and honour.

Is there one who knows not well Arignotus, a prince of harpers?

None, believe me, who can tell
How the whitest colour differs from the stirring tune he plays.

Arignotus has a brother (not a brother in his ways)

Named Ariphrades, a rascal—
nay, but that's the fellow's whim—
Not an ordinary rascal, or I had not noticed him.

Not a thorough rascal merely;
he's invented something more.

Novel forms of self-pollution, bestial tricks unknown before.

Yea, to nameless filth and horrors does the loathsome wretch descend,

Works the work of Polymnestus, calls Oeonichus his friend.

Whoso loathes not such a monster never shall be a friend of mine,

Never from the selfsame goblet quaff, with us, the rosy wine.

And oft in the watches of night
My spirit within me is thrilled,
To think of Cleonymus eating
As though he would never be filled.

O whence could the fellow acquire that appetite deadly and dire?
αὐτοῦ ἑρεπτόμενον τὰ
tῶν ἐχόντων ἀνέρων
οὐκ ἂν ἐξελθεῖν ἀπὸ τῆς σινύης,
tοὺς δ’ ἀντιβολεῖν ἂν ὄμοιως.
ἳθ’, ὃ ἀνα, πρὸς γονάτων, ἐξελθε καὶ σύγ
γνωθὶ τῇ τραπέζῃ.

facebook μὲν γὰρ αὐτοῦ ἑρεπτόμενον τὰ
tῶν ἐχόντων ἀνέρων
οὐκ ἂν ἐξελθεῖν ἀπὸ τῆς σινύης,
tοὺς δ’ ἀντιβολεῖν ἂν ὄμοιως.
’ίθ’, ὃ ἀνα, πρὸς γονάτων, ἐξελθε καὶ σύγ
γνωθὶ τῇ τραπέζῃ.

a Don’t eat the table too.
b The names of Athenian ships were feminine: see Corpus
Inscr. Att. ii. 789 ff.
c From Euripides, Alcmæon, fr. 66 Nauck.
d Hyperbolus is called a μοχθηρὸς ἄνθρωπος by Thucydides, viii.
73. 3, and he became with Cleon a by-word. We do not know
whether an expedition to Carthage was proposed by him.
e Ἀποτρόπαιος, a title of Apollo, the “Averter,” used in appeals.
f Nauphánte is the name of the trireme, and probably Nauson
was meant for the builder.
g To take sanctuary, as runaway slaves did in the Theseium.
The Ἐπιβολὲς or Furies. Both these shrines were
in the city.

248
They say when he grazes with those
whose table with plenty is stored
That they never can get him away
from the trencher, though humbly they pray
Have mercy, O King, and depart!
   O spare, we beseech thee, the board! a

Recently, 'tis said, our galleys
met their prospects to discuss,
And an old experienced trireme
introduced the subject thus;
"Have ye heard the news, my sisters? b
   'tis the talk in every street; c
That Hyperbolus the worthless,
vapid townsman, would a fleet
Of a hundred lovely galleys
lead to Carthage far away." d
Over every prow there mantled
deep resentment and dismay.
Up and spoke a little galley,
yet from man's pollution free,
"Save us! e such a scurvy fellow
never shall be lord of me.
Here I'd liefer rot and moulder,
and be eaten up of worms."
"Nor Nauphante, Nauson's daughter, f
shall he board on any terms;
I, like you, can feel the insult;
I'm of pine and timber knit.
Wherefore, if the measure passes,
I propose we sail and sit
Suppliant at the shrine of Theseus,
or the Dread Avenging Powers. g
οὐ γὰρ ἡμῶν γε στρατηγῶν ἐγχανεῖται τῇ πόλει. ἀλλὰ πλείτω χωρὶς αὐτὸς ἐσκόρακας, εἰ βούλεται τὰς σκάφας, ἐν αἷς ἐπώλει τοὺς λύχνους, καθελκύσας. 131

Ἀλ. εὐφημεῖν χρῆ καὶ στόμα κλείειν, καὶ μαρτυρὼν ἀπέξεσθαι,
καὶ τὰ δικαστήρια συγκλείειν, οἷς ἡ πόλις ἦδε
γέγηθεν,
ἐπὶ καυναίσιν δ' εὐτυχίασιν παιωνίζειν τὸ θέατρον.
Χο. οὐ ταῖς ιεραίς φέγγοις 'Αθήναις καὶ ταῖς νήσοις
ἐπίκουρε,
τίν' ἔχων φήμην ἀγαθὴν ἤκεις, ἐφ' ὄτω κυνίσουν ἀγωνᾶς;
Ἀλ. τὸν Δήμον ἀφεψῆσας ὡμῖν καλὸν ἐξ αἰσχροῦ
πεποίηκα.
Χο. καὶ ποῦ 'στιν νῦν, ὁ θαυμαστὰς ἐξευρίσκων
ἐπινοίας;
Ἀλ. ἐν ταῖς ιοστεφάνοισ οἴκεὶ ταῖς ἀρχαίαισιν
'Αθήναις.
Χο. πῶς ἄν 'ἴδομεν; ποίαν τιν' ἔχει σκευὴν; χοῖος
γεγένηται;
Ἀλ. οἶός περ 'Αριστείδη πρώτερον καὶ Μυλιαίδη
ἐυνεσίτει.
ὁφεσθε δὲ καὶ γὰρ ἀνοιγνυμένων ψόφος ἡδὴ τῶν
προπυλαίων.
ἀλλ' ὀλολύζατε φαινομέναισιν ταῖς ἀρχαίαισιν
'Αθήναις
καὶ θαυμασταῖσ καὶ πολυήμνοις, ἐν' ὁ κλεινὸς Δήμος
ἐνοικεῖ.

* Suggested by the story of Medea. She boiled an old ram and made him young. Apollodorus, i. 9. 27.
250
He shall ne'er, as our commander, 
fool it o'er this land of ours.
If he wants a little voyage, 
let him launch his sale-trays, those
Whereupon he sold his lanterns, 
steering to the kites and crows."

s.s. O let not a word of ill omen be heard;
away with all proof and citation,
And close for to-day the Law Courts, though they are the joy and delight of our nation.
At the news which I bring let the theatre ring with Paeans of loud acclamation.
chor. O Light of the City, O Helper and friend of the islands we guard with our fleets, What news have you got? O tell me for what shall the sacrifice blaze in our streets?
s.s. Old Demus I've stewed till his youth is renewed, and his aspect most charming and nice is.«
chor. O where have you left him, and where is he now, you inventor of wondrous devices?
s.s. He dwells in the City of ancient renown, which the violet chaplet is wearing.
chor. O would I could see him! O what is his garb, and what his demeanour and bearing?
s.s. As when, for his mess-mates, Miltiades bold and just Aristides he chose. But now ye shall see him, for, listen, the bars of the great Propylaea unclose. Shout, shout to behold, as the portals unfold, fair Athens in splendour excelling, The wondrous, the ancient, the famous in song, where the noble Demus is dwelling!
ἈΡΙΣΤΟΦΑΝΗΣ

χο. ὃ ταῖ λιπαραὶ καὶ ἱοστέφανοι καὶ ἄριζήλωτοι 'Αθήναι,

dεῖξατε τὸν τῆς Ἑλλάδος ἡμῖν καὶ τῆς γῆς τῆς μόναρχον.

Ἀλ. ὃδ' ἐκεῖνος ὅρᾶν τεττυγοφορῶν, ἀρχαιώ σχήματι

λαμπρός,

οὐ χαρινῶν ὡς, ἀλλὰ σπονδῶν, σμύρνη κατά-

λεπτός.

χο. χαίρ', ὃ βασιλεῦ τῶν Ἑλλήνων καὶ σοι ἐγγυ-

χαίρομεν ἡμεῖς.

τῆς γὰρ πόλεως ἀξία πράττει καὶ τοῦ Μαραθῶνι

trpaiōν.

ΔΗΜΟΣ. ὃ φίλτατ' ἀνδρῶν, ἐλθὲ δεῦρ', Ἀγοράκριτε.

ὅσα με δέδρακας ἀγάθθ' ἀφεψῆς.

Ἀλ. ἕγω;

ἀλλ', ὃ μέλ', οὐκ οἶσθ' οἶοι ἦσθ' αὐτὸς πάροι,

ουδ' οἷ' ἔδρασ' ἐμὲ γὰρ νομίζοις ἂν θεόν.

ΔΗΜΟΣ. τί δ' ἔδρων πρὸ τοῦ, κάτειπε, καὶ ποῦδ' τις ἦ; 

Ἀλ. πρῶτον μὲν, ὅποτ' εἶποι τις ἐν τῇ κκλησίᾳ,

ὡ Δῆμ', ἐραστῆς τ' εἰμὶ σὸς φιλῶ τε σε

καὶ κήδομαι σου καὶ προβολεὺν μόνον,

τοῦτοι ὅποτε χρήσατό τις προομίοις,

ἀνωτάλιξε κάκερουτίας.

ΔΗΜΟΣ. ἕγω;

Ἀλ. εἴτ' ἔξαπατήσας σ' ἀντὶ τούτων ᾦχετο.

ΔΗΜΟΣ. τί φής;

ταυτὶ μ' ἔδρων, ἕγω δὲ τοῦτ' οὐκ ἤσθόμην;

Ἀλ. τὰ δ' ὁτά γ' ἃν σου νή Δῇ ἔξεπετάνυτο

ὡσπερ σκιάδειον καὶ πάλιν ἐνυήγετο.

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chor. O shining old town of the violet crown,
    O Athens the envied, display a
The Sovereign of Hellas himself to our gaze,
    the monarch of all we survey.

s.s. See, see where he stands, no vote in his hands,
    but the golden cicala b his hair in,
All splendid and fragrant with peace and with myrrh,
    and the grand old apparel he's wearing!
chor. Hail, Sovereign of Hellas! with thee we rejoice,
    right glad to behold thee again
Enjoying a fate that is worthy the State
    and the trophy on Marathon's plain. c

DEMUS. O Agoracritus, my dearest friend,
    What good your stewing did me!

s.s. Say you so?
Why, if you knew the sort of man you were,
    And what you did, you'd reckon me a god.
DEMUS. What was I like? What did I do? Inform me.

s.s. First, if a speaker in the Assembly said
    O Demus, I'm your lover, I alone
Care for you, scheme for you, tend and love you well,
    I say if anyone began like that
You clapped your wings and tossed your horns.
DEMUS. What, I?

s.s. Then in return he cheated you and left.
DEMUS. O did they treat me so, and I not know it!

s.s. Because, by Zeus, your ears would open wide
    And close again, like any parasol.

a The opening words are quoted from Pindar, who first applied them to Athens in a dithyramb, Frag. 76 (Sandys).
b Worn in old days by Athenians in their hair: Thuc. i. 6. 3.
c A marble monument near the great barrow on the site of the battle: W. 711.
ΔΗΜΟΣ. οὖτως ἀνόητος ἐγεγενήμην καὶ γέρων;
ΑΛ. καὶ νὴ Δί' εἰ γε δύο λεγούτην ρήτορε, 1350
ὅ μὲν ποιεῖσθαι ναῦς λέγων, ὃ δ' ἔτερος αὖ
καταμισθοφορῆσαι τοῦθ', ὃ τὸν μισθὸν λέγων
τὸν τὰς τριήμερας παραδραμὼν ἂν φχετο.
οὖτος, τί κυπτεῖς; οὐχὶ κατὰ χώραν μενεῖς;
ΔΗΜΟΣ. αἰσχύνομαι τοῖς πρῶτοιν ἀμαρτίαις. 1355
ΑΛ. ἀλλ' οὐ σὺ τούτων αἴτιος, μὴ φροντίσῃς,
ἀλλ' οἰ σε ταῦτ' ἔξηστ' των. νῦν δ' αὖ φράσον·
ἐάν τις εἴπῃ βωμολόχος σινήγορος,
οὐκ ἐστ' ὡς τοῖς δικασταῖς ἀλφιτα,
εἰ μὴ καταγνώσεθε ταύτην τὴν ∆ίκην, 1360
τούτον τί δράσεις, εἰπὲ, τὸν σινήγορον;
ΔΗΜΟΣ. ἄρας μετέωρον ἐστιν βάραθρον ἐμβαλὼ,
ἐκ τοῦ λάρυγγος ἐκκρεμάσας Ἶπέρβολον.
ΑΛ. τοιτὶ μὲν ὀρθῶς καὶ φρονίμως ἡδὴ λέγεις·
τὰ δ' ἄλλα, φέρ' ἰδω, πῶς πολιτεύσεις φράσον. 1365
ΔΗΜΟΣ. πρῶτον μὲν ὅπόσοι ναῦς ἐλαύνουσιν μακράς,
καταγομένους τὸν μισθὸν ἀποδώσω ντελῇ.
ΑΛ. πολλοῖς γ' ὑπολίσποις πυγιδίοισιν ἔχαρισῳ.
ΔΗΜΟΣ. ἐπειθ' ὁπλίτης ἐντεθεὶς ἐν καταλύγω
οὖδεὶς κατὰ στοιχίας μετεγγραφήσεται, 1370
ἀλλ' ὠσπερ ἦν τὸ πρῶτον ἐγγεγράφηται.
ΑΛ. τοῦτ' ἐδάκα τὸν πόρτακα τὸν Κλεωνύμου.
ΔΗΜΟΣ. οὖδ' ἀγοράσει γ' ἀγένειος οὖδεὶς ἐν ἀγορᾷ.
ΑΛ. ποῦ δὴ τὰ Κλεοθένης ἀγοράσει καὶ Στράτων;
ΔΗΜΟΣ. τὰ μειράκια ταύτι λέγω, τὰν τῷ μύρῳ, 1375

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a Lysias, 27. 1, says that similar threats were really made:
eἰ μὴ καταψηφιεῖσθε ὁν κελεύουσιν ἔπιλείψει ὑμᾶς ἡ μισθοφορά.
“Barley” means “daily bread.”

b Below a precipice of the rock of the Pnyx, in the corner
between Town Wall and Long Wall, outside the city.

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THE KNIGHTS, 1349–1375

DEMUS. Had I so old and witless grown as that?

S.S. And if, by Zeus, two orators proposed,
One to build ships of war, one to increase
Official salaries, the salary man
Would beat the ships-of-war man in a canter.
Hallo! why hang your head and shift your

ground?

DEMUS. I am ashamed of all my former faults.

S.S. You’re not to blame; pray don’t imagine that.
"Twas they who tricked you so. But answer
this;
If any scurvy advocate should say,
Now please remember, justices, ye’ll have
No barley, if the prisoner gets off free,
How would you treat that scurvy advocate?

DEMUS. I’d tie Hyperbolus about his neck,
And hurl him down into the Deadman’s Pit.

S.S. Why now you are speaking sensibly and well.
How else, in public business, will you act?

DEMUS. First, when the sailors from my ships of war
Come home, I’ll pay them all arrears in full.

S.S. For that, full many a well-worn rump will
bless you.

DEMUS. Next, when a hoplite’s placed in any list,
There shall he stay, and not for love or money
Shall he be shifted to some other list.

S.S. That bit the shield-strap of Cleonymus.

DEMUS. No beardless boy shall haunt the agora now.

S.S. That’s rough on Straton and on Cleisthenes.

DEMUS. I mean those striplings in the perfume-mart,

* i.e. for service on some expedition; but influence might be used to get a name removed, P. 1180.

* Cleonymus had not yet thrown away his shield at Delium, but he must have been known as a coward.

* Two effeminates: A. 122.
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ά στωμυλείται τοιαδή καθήμενα:
σοφός γ' ὦ Φαίαξ, δεξιῶς τ' οὐκ ἀπέθανε.
συνερκτικός γάρ ἐστι καὶ περαντικός,
καὶ γνωμοτυπικός καὶ σαφῆς καὶ κρούστικος
καταληπτικός τ' ἁριστά τοῦ θορυβητικοῦ. 1380

ΑΑ. οὕκον καταδακτυλικός οὐ τοῦ λαλητικοῦ;

ΔΗΜΟΣ. μᾶ Δί', ἀλλ' ἀναγκάσω κυνηγετεῖν ἐγὼ
τούτους ἄπαντας, παυσαμένους ψηφισμάτων.

ΑΑ. ἔχε νῦν ἐπὶ τούτοις τουτονὶ τὸν ὁκλαδίαν,
καὶ παῖδ' ἐνόρχην, ὃς περιοίσχε τόνδε σοι:
καὶ που δοκῇ σοι, τούτον ὁκλαδίαν ποίει. 1385

ΔΗΜΟΣ. μακάριος ἐς τάρχαῖα δὴ καθίσταμαι.

ΑΑ. φήσεις γ', ἐπειδ' ἂν τὰς τριακοντούτιδας
σπονδὰς παραδώ σοι. δεῦρ' ἵθ' αἰ Σπονδαὶ
tαχύ.

ΔΗΜΟΣ. ὁ Ζεὺς πολυτίμηθ', ὡς καλαῖ· πρὸς τῶν
θεῶν,

ἐξεστὼν αὐτῶν κατατριακοντοτίσαι;

πῶς ἔλαβες αὐτὰς ἐτεόν;

ΑΑ. οὖ γὰρ ὁ Παφλαγών
ἀπέκρυπτε ταύτας ἐνδοῦν, ἕνα οὐ μὴ λάβοις;

νῦν οὖν ἐγὼ σοι παραδίδωμ' εἰς τοὺς ἀγροὺς
αὐτὰς ἱέναι λαβόντα.

ΔΗΜΟΣ. τὸν δὲ Παφλαγόνα, 1395

ὁς ταῦτ' ἐδρασεν, εἴφ' ὃ τι ποιήσεις κακόν.

ΑΑ. οὐδέν μέγ' ἀλλ' ἕ τιν ἐμὴν ἐξει τέχνην·

ἐπὶ ταῖς πύλαις ἀλλαντοποιήσει μόνος,

τὰ κύνεια μιγνύς τοῖς ονείοις πράγμασιν,

a The passage ridicules an affectation of using adjectives in -ικός. For Phaeax see Thuc. v. 4, and Plut. Nic. 11, Ale. 13. He was of some importance in politics. The Scholiast says he had been tried for his life and acquitted.

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Who sit them down and chatter stuff like this,  
*Sharp fellow, Phaeax; wonderful defence;*  
*Coercive speaker; most conclusive speaker;*  
*Effective; argumentative; incisive;*  
*Superlative against the combative.*

**s.s.** You’re quite derisive of these talkatives.  
**DEMUS.** I’ll make them all give up their politics,  
And go a-hunting with their hounds instead.  
**s.s.** Then on these terms accept this folding-stool;  
And here’s a boy to carry it behind you.  
**DEMUS.** O, I shall be once more  
A happy Demus as in days gone by.  
**s.s.** I think you’ll think so when you get the sweet  
Thirty-year treaties. Treaties dear, come here.  
**DEMUS.** Worshipful Zeus! how beautiful they are.  
Wouldn’t I like to solemnize them all.  
**s.s.** Whence got you these?  
**DEMUS.** Why, had not Paphlagon  
Bottled them up that you might never see them?  
Now then I freely give you them to take  
Back to your farms, with you.  
**DEMUS.** But Paphlagon  
Who wrought all this, how will you punish him?  
**s.s.** Not much: this only: he shall ply my trade,  
Sole sausage-seller at the City gates.  
There let him dogs’-meat mix with asses’ flesh,  

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*b* It was the fashion in olden days for rich citizens to have these carried for them by attendants when they went to assemblies or the like.
μεθύων τε ταῖς πόρναισι λοιδορήσεται, 1400
κάκ τῶν βαλανείων πίεται τὸ λούτριον.

ΔΗΜΟΣ. εὖ γ' ἐπενόησας οὔπερ ἐστιν ἄξιος,
πόρναις καὶ βαλανεῖσι διακεκραγέναι,
καὶ σ' ἀντὶ τούτων ἐσ τὸ πρυτανεῖον καλῶ
ἐς τὴν ἔδραν θ', ἵν' ἐκεῖνος ἦν ὁ φαρμακὸς. 1405
ἔποι ὃ ταυτὴν λαβῶν τὴν βατραχίδα·
κάκεινον ἐκφερέτω τις ὡς ἐπὶ τὴν τέχνην,
ἵν' ἑδωσιν αὐτὸν, οἷς ἐλωβᾶθ', οἱ ξένοι.
THE KNIGHTS, 1400-1408

There let him, tipsy, with the harlots wrangle,
   And drink the filthy scouring of the bath.

DEMUS. A happy thought; and very fit he is
   To brawl with harlots and with bathmen there.
   But you I ask to dinner in the Hall,
   To take the place that scullion held before.
   Put on this frog-green robe and follow me.
   Whilst him they carry out to ply his trade,
   That so the strangers, whom he wronged, may see him.\textsuperscript{a}

\textsuperscript{a} Strangers were not present at the Lenaean festival.
INTRODUCTION

The *Clouds* was produced at the Great Dionysia 423 B.C. The first prize was awarded to Cratinus with the *Wine-flagon*, the second to Ameipsias with the *Connos*, and Aristophanes was third and last.

The present is a revised edition published, but not exhibited, some years later, for in the New Parabasis the poet refers to the *Maricas* of Eupolis which was produced 421 B.C. In one of the Greek arguments prefixed to the play, it is stated that this revision (διόρθωσις) extends generally "through almost every part," but that it is "entire" (διόσωρχερής) (1) in the Parabasis, (2) "where the Just Logic speaks to the Unjust," and (3) "where the school of Socrates is set on fire."

As to the Parabasis (518–562) where Aristophanes, speaking in the first person, expresses his indignation at his defeat, there can be no doubt. As regards (2) Mr. Rogers justly holds that this does not refer to the whole dispute between the Δόγος (for this "is the very core of the play"), but to the magnificent anapaest in which the Just Logic describes "the ancient education," 961 seq. As regards (3) there can be little certainty.

The aim of the Comedy is to attack the Sophistical system of Education, which like "some subtle and insidious disease was sapping the very life of old

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Athenian character; which for a money payment taught men to argue not for Truth but for Victory; to assail all traditional beliefs; and to pride themselves on their ability to take up a bad cause and make it triumph over the right."

In taking Socrates as "the representative and embodiment in a concrete form" of the Sophistic school Aristophanes is notoriously unjust. No one had less regard for speculation about τὰ μετέωρα and τὰ ὑπὸ τῆς γῆς than Socrates; to take money for teaching was in his eyes a crime; and the whole of his dialectic aimed not at "making the worse appear the better reason," but at the discovery of ethical truth. None the less, as Grote remarks, "if an Athenian had been asked 'Who are the principal Sophists in your city?' he would have named Socrates among the first," while he seemed to court caricature as he ambled round the agora and gymnasia, "bald-headed, with the countenance of a satyr and a protuberant belly, habitually barefoot, clad only in a shabby gaberdine (τρίβων) without even the usual undergarment (χιτών)."

That the Athenians took the attack on him seriously, or that it had the least effect on his condemnation in 399, is wholly questionable. Plutarch (De educat. puerorum, c. 14, p. 10 c) relates that, when asked if he was not "indignant" at it, he replied, "No, not I; I am chaffed in the theatre as in a wine-party"; and Plato in the Symposium (221 b) not only brings in both Socrates and Aristophanes as guests who meet without offence, but makes Alcibiades quote the poet's own words (l. 362) as an

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*a* Rogers, Introduction, p. xviii.

*b* Ibid. p. xxi.
ARISTOPHANES

admirable description of Socrates. Nor is it probable that, if he had held Aristophanes partly guilty for his master’s execution, he would when dying have kept a copy of his comedies in his bed, or published his inimitable epigram:

al Χάριτες, τέμενος τι λαβεῖν ὅπερ οὐχὶ πεσέται
ζητοῦσαι, ψυχὴν εἴρον Ἀριστοφανοῦς.a

In fact, when Socrates at the beginning of the Apology is made not only to quote the Clouds but to put phrases from it into an imaginary legal indictment, of which he says he is in more terror than of his actual accusers, it may well be that Plato—"putting into his mouth reflexions upon the Clouds which he, we may be sure, would never have uttered,”b—indicates with fine irony that it was a poor charge which was less weighty than the jibe of a comedian. But whether this be so or not, the fact of Plato introducing the quotations as well known and familiar proves—as do similar quotations in the Oeconomicus and Symposium of Xenophon—that when he wrote the Clouds had already that established fame which it has ever since maintained.

a The Graces sought a heavenly shrine, which ne'er
    Shall come to nought,
    And in thy soul, Immortal Poet, found
    The shrine they sought. Rogers.

b Rogers, Introd. p. xxiv.
ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΡΑΜΑΤΟΣ ΠΡΟΣΩΠΑ

ΣΤΡΕΨΙΑΔΗΣ
ΦΕΙΔΙΠΠΙΔΗΣ
ΘΕΡΑΙΩΝ ΣΤΡΕΨΙΑΔΟΥ
ΜΑΘΗΤΑΙ ΣΩΚΡΑΤΟΤΣ
ΣΩΚΡΑΤΗΣ
ΧΟΡΟΣ ΝΕΦΕΛΩΝ
ΔΙΚΑΙΟΣ ΛΟΓΟΣ
ΑΔΙΚΟΣ ΛΟΓΟΣ
ΠΑΣΙΑΣ
ΑΜΤΝΙΑΣ
ΜΑΡΤΣΕ
ΧΑΙΡΕΜΩΝ
ΝΕΦΕΛΑΙ

ΣΤΡΕΨΙΑΔΗΣ. Ἡ ιοῦ ιοῦ.

ὦ Ζεῦ βασιλεῦ, τὸ χρήμα τῶν νυκτῶν ὄσον.

ἀπέραντον. οὐδέποθ' ἡμέρα γενήσεται;

καὶ μὴν πάλαι γ' ἀλεκτρυόνος ἥκουσ' ἐγὼ.

οἱ δ' οἰκέται βέγκουσιν. ἀλλ' οὐκ ἂν πρὸ τοῦ.

ἀπόλοιο δῆτ', ὦ πόλεμε, πολλῶν οὐνεκα,

ὅτ' οὐδὲ κολάσ' ἐξεστί μοι τοὺς οἰκέτας.

ἀλλ' οὖδ' ὁ χρηστὸς οὔτοσι νεανίας

ἐγείρεται τῆς νυκτὸς, ἀλλὰ πέρδεται

ἐν πέντε σιωπαῖς ἐγκεκορδυλημένοι.

ἀλλ', εἴ δοκεῖ, βέγκωμεν ἐγκεκαλυμμένοι.

ἀλλ' οὐ δύναμαι δείλαιος εὗδεων δακνόμενος

ὑπὸ τῆς δαπάνης καὶ τῆς φάτνης καὶ τῶν χρεῶν,

διὰ τουτοῦ τὸν νῦν. δ' δὲ κόμην ἔχων

ὑπάξεται τε καὶ ξυνωρικεύεται

ὁνειροπολεῖ θ' ἢππους· ἐγὼ δ' ἀπόλλυμαι,

ὅρων ἁγοῦσαν τὴν σελήνην εἰκάδας·

οἱ γὰρ τόκοι χωροῦσιν. ἀπτε, παί, λύχνοι,

κάκφερε τὸ γραμματεῖον, ἵν' ἀναγγέλλω λαβῶν

ὁπόσοις ὀφείλω καὶ λογίσωμαι τοὺς τόκους.

φέρ' ἰδω, τί ὀφείλω; "δώδεκα μνᾶς Πασία."

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At the back of the stage are two buildings—the house of

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THE CLOUDS

STREPSIADES.

O dear! O dear!
O Lord! O Zeus! these nights, how long they are.
Will they ne’er pass? will the day never come?
Surely I heard the cock crow, hours ago.
Yet still my servants snore. These are new customs.
O ‘ware of war for many various reasons;
One fears in war even to flog one’s servants.
And here’s this hopeful son of mine wrapped up
Snoring and sweating under five thick blankets.
Come, we’ll wrap up and snore in opposition.

(Tries to sleep)
But I can’t sleep a wink, devoured and bitten
By ticks, and bugbears, duns, and race-horses,
All through this son of mine. He curls his hair,
And sports his thoroughbreds, and drives his tandem;
Even in dreams he rides: while I—I’m ruined,
Now that the Moon has reached her twentieths,
And paying-time comes on. Boy! light a lamp,
And fetch my ledger: now I’ll reckon up
Who are my creditors, and what I owe them.
Come, let me see then. Fifty pounds to Pasias!

Strepsiades and the Phrontisterion. The interior of the first is exposed to view by means of the eccyclema.

b Like the Knights; cf. K. 580.
c Interest was payable on the first day of each new month, and the days after the twentieth mark its near approach.
τοῦ δώδεκα μνᾶς Πασία; τί ἐχρησάμην; 
οτ’ ἐπριάμην τὸν κοππατίαν. οἶμοι τάλας, 
eἰθ’ ἐξεκόπην πρότερον τὸν ὄφθαλμον λίθῳ. 

ΦΕΙΔΙΠΠΙΔΗΣ. Φίλων, ἀδικεῖς· ἔλαυνε τὸν σαυτὸν ὄρομον. 28

ΣΤ. τοῦτ’ ἔστι τούτ’ τὸ κακὸν ὦ μ’ ἀπολόλεκεν· 
ἀνευροπολεὶ γὰρ καὶ καθεύδων ἱππικήν.

ΦΕΙ. πόσους ὄρομους ἔλα τὰ πολεμιστήρια;

ΣΤ. ἔμε μὲν σὺ πολλοὺς τὸν πατέρ’ ἔλαυνες ὄρομους. 
ἀτὰρ “τί χρέος ἑβα” με μετὰ τὸν Πασίαν;
“τρεῖς μναὶ διφρίσκου καὶ τροχῷν Ἄμυνία.”

ΦΕΙ. ἀπαγε τὸν ὄροον ἐξαλίσασα οὐκαδε. 

ΣΤ. ἀλλ’, ὦ μέλ’, ἐξήλικας ἔμε γ’ ἐκ τῶν ἐμῶν, 
ὅτε καὶ δίκας ωφληκα χάτεροι τόκου 
ἐνεχυράσεσθαί φασιν.

ΦΕΙ. ἐτεόν, ὦ πάτερ, 

τί δυσκολαίνεις καὶ στρέφει τὴν νῦχθ’ ὀλην;

ΣΤ. δάκνει με δήμαρχος τις ἐκ τῶν στρωμάτων.

ΦΕΙ. ἔσον, ὦ δαμόνιε, καταδαρθεῖν τί με.

ΣΤ. σὺ δ’ σὺν καθευδε· τὰ δὲ χρέα ταῦτ’ ἵσθ’ ὦτι 
ἐς τὴν κεφαλὴν ἀπαντα τὴν σὴν τρέψεται. 40

ΦΕΙ. 

εἰθ’ ὄφελ’ ἡ προμνήστρι’ ἀπολέσθαι κακῶς, 
ἠτισ με γῆμ’ ἐπῆρε τὴν σήν μητέρα· 
ἐμοι γὰρ ἦν ἀγροικὸς ἡδιστός βίος, 
eὔρωτῶν, ἀκόρητος, εἰκὴ κείμενος, 
βρῶν μελίτταις καὶ προβάτοις καὶ στεμφύλωσ. 45

Ἐπειτ’ ἐγνήμα Μεγακλέους τοῦ Μεγακλέους

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a Lit. “the horse branded with a koppa (?),” the symbol of Corinth, where the breed was supposed to descend from Pegasus. 268
THE CLOUDS, 22-46

Why fifty pounds to Pasias? what were they for?
O, for the hack from Corinth. O dear! O dear!
I wish my eye had been hacked out before—

PHÆDIPPIDES. (In his sleep) You are cheating, Philon; keep to your own side.

ST. Ah! there it is! that’s what has ruined me!
Even in his very sleep he thinks of horses.

PH. (In his sleep) How many heats do the war-chariots run?

ST. A pretty many heats you have run your father.
Now then, what debt assails me after Pasias?
A curricle and wheels. Twelve pounds. Amyntias.

PH. (In his sleep) Here, give the horse a roll, and take him home.

ST. You have rolled me out of house and home, my boy,
Cast in some suits already, while some swear
They’ll seize my goods for payment.

PH. Good, my father,
What makes you toss so restless all night long?

ST. There’s a bumbailiff from the mattress bites me.

PH. Come now, I prithee, let me sleep in peace.

ST. Well then, you sleep; only be sure of this,
These debts will fall on your own head at last.
Alas, alas!
For ever cursed be that same match-maker,
Who stirred me up to marry your poor mother.
Mine in the country was the pleasantest life,
Untidy, easy-going, unrestrained,
Brimming with olives, sheepfolds, honey-bees.
Ah! then I married—I a rustic—her

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*b τι χρέως ἔβα με is from an unknown play of Euripides: Schol.
*c δήμαρχος: a surprise instead of κώρις or ψυλλα. He was the headman of the deme, and also issued executions for unpaid debts.
*d Lit. "mouldy, unswept."
ARISTOPHANES

άδελφιδήν ἄγροικος ὅν ἔξ ἄστεως,
σεμνήν, τρυφόδαν, ἐγκεκουσυρωμένην.
ταύτην ὅτ' ἐγάμουν, συγκατεκλωμόμην ἐγὼ
ὄζων τρυγός, τρασίας, ἐρίων περιουσίας,
ἡ δ' αὖ μύρον, κρόκου, καταγλυττισμάτων,
δαπάνης, λαφυγμοῦ, Κωλιάδος, Γενετυλλίδος.
οὗ μὴν ἔρω γ' ὡς ἀργὸς ἢν, ἀλλ' ἐσπάθα.
ἐγὼ δ' ἂν αὐτῆς θοιμάτων δεικνύς τοιούτοι πρόφασι έφασκον, "Ὡ γύναι, λίαν σπαθάς."

ΘΕΡΑΠΟΝ. ἐλαυν ἦμιν οὐκ ἐνεστ' ἐν τῷ λύχνῳ.
ΣΤ. οἴμοι· τί γάρ μου τὸν πότην ἦπτες λύχνον;
δεῦρ' ἔλθ', ἵνα κλάῃς.

ΘΕ. διὰ τί δήτα κλαύσομαι;
ΣΤ. οτὶ τῶν παχειῶν ἐνετίθεσις θρυαλλίδων.
μετὰ τὰδ' ὅπως νῦν ἐγένεθ' νῦσιν οὕτωσι',
ἐμοὶ τε δὴ καὶ τῇ γυναικὶ τάγαθη,
περὶ τούνοματος ὅτι 'υτεύθεν ἐλοιδορούμεθα·
ἡ μὲν γὰρ ἵππων προσετίθει πρὸς τούνοµα,
Ὡλυθιππὸν ἢ Χάριππον ἢ Καλλιππίδην,
ἐγὼ δὲ τοῦ πάππου 'τιθέμην Φειδωνίδην.
τέως μὲν οὖν ἐκρινόμεθ'. εἶτα τῷ χρόνῳ
κοινῇ έξενέβημεν κάθεμεθα Φειδιππίδην.
τοῦτον τὸν νῦν λαμβάνοντος ἐκορίζετο,
ὅταν οὖ μέγας ὅν ἄρμ' ἐλαύνης πρὸς πόλιν,
ὡσπερ Μεγακλέης, ἔκυστὶν ἤχων. ἐγὼ δ' ἐφην, 7ο.
ὃταν μὲν οὖν τὰς αἰγὰς ἐκ τοῦ φελλέως,
ὡσπερ ὁ πατήρ σου, δισθέαν ἐνημέμενος.
ἀλλ' οὖν ἐπίθετο τοῖς ἐμοῖς οὐδὲν λόγοις,

α Lit. "of M. the son of M.," the repetition of the name being intended to enhance its importance. Megacles was a common name for the male, as Coesyra for the female, children of the aristocratic Alcmaeonid family.

270
A fine town-lady, niece of Megacles.  
A regular, proud, luxurious, Coesyra.  
This wife I married, and we came together,  
I rank with wine-lees, fig-boards, greasy woolpacks;  
She all with scents, and saffron, and tongue-kissings,  
Feasting, expense, and lordly modes of loving.  
She was not idle though, she was too fast.  
I used to tell her, holding out my cloak,  
Threadbare and worn; *Wife, you’re too fast by half.*

SERVANT-BOY. Here’s no more oil remaining in the lamp.
ST. O me! what made you light the tippling lamp?  
Come and be whipp’d.

SERV. Why, what would you whip me for?
ST. Why did you put one of those thick wicks in?  
Well, when at last to me and my good woman  
This hopeful son was born, our son and heir,  
Why then we took to wrangle on the name.  
She was for giving him some knightly name,  
“Callippides, “Xanthippus,” or “Charippus”:  
I wished “Pheidonides,” his grandsire’s name.  
Thus for some time we argued: till at last  
We compromised it in Pheidippides.  
This boy she took, and used to spoil him, saying,  
Oh! when you are driving to the Acropolis, clad  
Like Megacles, in your purple; whilst I said  
Oh! when the goats you are driving from the fells,  
Clad like your father, in your sheepskin coat.

Well, he cared nought for my advice, but soon

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*On which they were dried in the sun.*

*Kωλλας and Ι’ενεττελλας are names of love-deities.*

*σπαθώ is literally “to ply the shuttle” (σπάθη), then as a slang term “to squander.”*

*Boys were regularly named after a grandfather; cf. B. 283.  
Pheidonides = “a son of thrift” (φειδώ).*
άλλ' ἵππερόν μου κατέχεεν τῶν χρημάτων.  

νῦν οὖν ὄλην τὴν νύκτα φροντίζων, ὃδον  

μίαν εὖρον, ἀτραπόν δαιμονίως ὑπερφυά,  

ἡν ἡν ἀναπείσω τουτοῦ, σωθήσομαι.  

άλλ' ἐξεγείραι πρῶτον αὐτὸν βουλομαι.  

πῶς δὴ τὰν ὄντων ἐπεγείραμι; πῶς;  

Φειδιππίδη, Φειδιππίδιοι.

ΦΕI.  

τί, ὦ πάτερ;  

ΣΤ.  

κύσον μὲ καὶ τὴν χεῖρα δὸς τὴν δεξιάν.  

ΦΕI.  

ίδοὺ. τι ἐστιν;  

ΣΤ.  

εἰπέ μοι, φιλεῖς ἐμὲ;  

ΦΕI.  

νὴ τὸν Ποσειδῶν τουτοῦ τὸν ἵππιον.  

ΣΤ.  

μὴ μοὶ γε τοῦτον μηδαμῶς τὸν ἵππιον·  

οὗτος γὰρ ὁ θεὸς αἰτίος μοι τῶν κακῶν.  

άλλ' εἰπέρ ἐκ τῆς καρδίας μ' ὀντὼς φιλεῖς,  

ὦ παῖ, πιθοῦ.  

ΦΕI.  

τί οὖν πίθωμαι δήτα σοι;  

ΣΤ.  

ἐκστρεψον ὡς τάξιστα τοὺς σαυτοῦ τρόπους,  

καὶ μᾶνθαν' ἔλθων ἄν ἐγὼ παρανέσω.  

ΦΕI.  

λέγε δὴ, τί κελεύεις;  

καὶ τι πείσει;  

ΦΕI.  

πείσομαι,  

νὴ τὸν Διόνυσον.  

ΣΤ.  

δεῦρο νυν ἀπόβλεπε.  

ὁρᾶσ τὸ θύριον τοῦτο καὶ τῷ κίδιον;  

ΦΕI.  

ὁρῶ. τί οὖν τοῦτ' ἐστὶν ἐτεόν, ὦ πάτερ;  

ΣΤ.  

ψυχῶν σοφῶν τοῦτ' ἐστὶ φροντιστήριον.  

ἐνταῦθ' ἐνοικοῦσ' ἄνδρες οἱ τὸν οὐρανὸν  

λέγοντες ἀναπείθουσιν ὡς ἐστὶν πυγεύσ  

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<sup>a</sup> Lit. “he poured a plague of horse-fever upon.” ἵππερόν is invented in imitation of ἱκτερός “jaundice.”  

<sup>b</sup> τοῦτοι : pointing to some statuette of Poseidon near his bed.
A galloping consumption caught a my fortunes.
Now cogitating all night long, I’ve found
One way, one marvellous transcendent way,
Which if he’ll follow, we may yet be saved.
So,—but, however, I must rouse him first;
But how to rouse him kindliest? that’s the rub.
Pheidippides, my sweet one.

PH. Well, my father.

ST. Shake hands, Pheidippides, shake hands and kiss me.

PH. There; what’s the matter?

ST. Dost thou love me, boy?

PH. Ay! by Poseidion there, b the God of horses.

ST. No, no, not that: miss out the God of horses,
That God’s the origin of all my evils.
But if you love me from your heart and soul,
My son, obey me.

PH. Very well: what in?

ST. Strip with all speed, strip off your present habits,
And go and learn what I’ll advise you to.

PH. Name your commands.

ST. Will you obey?

PH. I will.
By Dionysus!

ST. Well then, look this way.
See you that wicket and the lodge beyond?

PH. I see: and prithee what is that, my father?

ST. That is the thinking-house c of sapient souls.
There dwell the men who teach—aie, who persuade us,
That Heaven is one vast fire-extinguisher d

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a The word φροντιστήριον, “thinking-establishment,” is apparently the invention of Aristophanes.

b So πυρείος is usually rendered. The Ravenna Scholiast gives three explanations, (1) “stove,” (2) “the place where coals are crammed” (συμπυρηνταί), and (3) “furnace” (φούρνος).
κάστων περὶ ἡμᾶς οὗτος, ἡμεῖς δὲ ἀνθρακεῖς. οὗτοι διδάσκουσι, ἀργύριον ἢν τις διδό, λέγοντα νικάν καὶ δίκαια κάδικα.

ΦΕΙ. εἰςιν δὲ τίνες;

ΣΤ. οὐκ οἶδ᾽ ἀκριβῶς τούνομα· μεριμνοφροντισταί καλοὶ τε κἀγαθοὶ.

ΦΕΙ. αἴβοι, πονηροὶ γ', οἶδα. τοὺς ἀλάζονας, τοὺς ὀχριῶντας, τοὺς ἀνυποδήτους λέγεις. ἃν ὁ κακοδαίμων Σωκράτης καὶ Χαρεφῶν.

ΣΤ. ἡ ἡ, σιώπα· μηδὲν εἴπης νήπιον. ἀλλ᾽ εἰ τι κῆδει τῶν πατρῶν ἀλφίτων, τούτων γενοῦ μοι, σχασάμενος τὴν ἱπτικήν.

ΦΕΙ. οὐκ ἂν μᾶ τὸν Διόνυσον, εἰ δοῖς γέ μοι τοὺς Φασιανοὺς οὐς τρέφει Δεωγόρας.

ΣΤ. ἰθ', ἀντιβολῶ σ', ὃ φίλτατ' ἀνθρώπων ἐμοί, ἐλθὼν διδάσκουν.

ΦΕΙ. καὶ τί σοι μαθήσομαι;

ΣΤ. εἶναι παρ᾽ αὐτοῖς φασὶν ἄμφω τῶν λόγων, τὸν κρείττονʼ, ὡστὶς ἐστὶ, καὶ τὸν ἦττονα. τούτων τὸν ἔτερον τοῖν λόγοιν, τὸν ἦττονα, νικᾶν λέγοντα φασὶ τάδικωτερα.

ἡν οὖν μάθησι μοι τὸν ἄδικον τούτον λόγον, ἃ νῦν ὄφειλω διὰ σὲ, τούτων τῶν χρεῶν οὐκ ἂν ἀποδοίην οὔδ᾽ ἂν ὀβολὸν οὔδενι.

ΦΕΙ. οὐκ ἂν πιθοῦμην· οὐ γὰρ ἂν τιλαίην ἴδεῖν τοὺς ἱππέας τὸ χρῶμα διακεκυναιμένος.

ΣΤ. οὐκ ἄρα μᾶ τὴν Δήμητρα τῶν γ' ἐμῶν ἐδει, οὔτ' αὐτὸς οὐθ' ὁ ζύγιος οὐθ' ὁ σαμφόρας· ἀλλ' ἐξελῶ σ' ἐσ κόρακας ἐκ τῆς οἰκίας.

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a "Either horses or birds" (i.e. pheasants) says the Scholiast; but the former seem clearly indicated.
b To teach young men τὸν ἦττο λόγον κρείττω τοιεῖν was the
Placed round about us, and that we’re the cinders.

Aye, and they’ll teach (only they’ll want some money),
How one may speak and conquer, right or wrong.

PH. Come, tell their names.

ST. Well, I can’t quite remember,
But they’re deep thinkers, and true gentlemen.

PH. Out on the rogues! I know them. Those rank pedants,
Those palefaced, barefoot vagabonds you mean:
That Socrates, poor wretch, and Chaerephon.

ST. Oh! Oh! hush! hush! don’t use those foolish words;
But if the sorrows of my barley touch you,
Enter their Schools and cut the Turf for ever.

PH. I wouldn’t go, so help me Dionysus,
For all Leogoras’s breed of Phasians a!
ST. Go, I beseech you, dearest, dearest son,
Go and be taught.

PH. And what would you have me learn?

ST. ’Tis known that in their Schools they keep two Logics, b
The Worse, Zeus save the mark, c the Worse and Better.
This Second Logic then, I mean the Worse one,
They teach to talk unjustly and—prevail.
Think then, you only learn that Unjust Logic,
And all the debts, which I have incurred through you,—
I’ll never pay, no, not one farthing of them.

PH. I will not go. How could I face the knights
With all my colour worn and torn away!

ST. O! then, by Earth, you have eat your last of mine,
You, and your coach-horse, and your sigma-brand:
Out with you! Go to the crows, for all I care.

famous “ promise of Protagoras ” (τὸ Π. ἐπάγγελμα, Arist. Rhet.
ii. 24. 11), the sophist of Abdera.

a δοσις ἐστι is “a sort of contemptuous dismissal”: R.
ΦΕΙ. ἀλλ' οὐ περιώξεται μ' ό θείος Μεγακλέης ἀνιττον. ἀλλ' εἴσεμι, σοῦ δ' οὐ φροντιῶ.

ΣΤ. ἀλλ' οὖδ' ἐγὼ μέντοι πεσὼν γε κείσομαι, ἀλλ' εὑξάμενος τοῖς θεοῖς διδάξομαι αὐτὸς βαδίζων εἰς τὸ φροντιστήριον. πῶς οὖν γέρων ὁν κατιλήσομαι καὶ βραδὺς λόγων ἀκρίβων σκινδαλάμους μαθήσομαι; ἵππεον. τί ταύτ' ἔχων στραγγεύομαι, ἀλλ' οὖχι κόπτω τὴν θúραν; παῖ, παιδίον.

ΜΑΘΗΣ. βάλλ' ἐς κόρακας· τίς ἐσθ' ὁ κόψας τὴν θúραν;

ΣΤ. Φείδωνος οἶός Στρεψάδης Κικυννόθεν.

ΜΑ. ἀμαθῆς γε νῆ Δί', οὕτως οὕτωσιν σφόδρα ἀπερμεμέρων τὴν θúραν λελάκτικας καὶ φροντίδ' ἐξήμβλωκας ἐξευρημενήν.

ΣΤ. σύγγυνθι μοι· τῆλον γὰρ οἰκῶ τῶν ἄγρων. ἀλλ' εἰπέ μοι τὸ πράγμα τούξημβλωμένον.

ΜΑ. ἄλλ' οὐ θέμις πλὴν τοὺς μαθηταῖς λέγειν.

ΣΤ. λέγε νυν ἐμοί θαρρῶν· ἐγὼ γὰρ οὕτωσιν ἥκω μαθητής εἰς τὸ φροντιστήριον.

ΜΑ. λέξω. νομίζαι δὲ ταῦτα χρῆ μυστήρια. ἀνήρετ' ἀρτο Χαἱρεφώντα Σωκράτης ψύλλαν ὁπόσους ἄλλουτο τοὺς αὐτῆς πόδας. δακοῦσα γὰρ τοῦ Χαϊρεφώντος τὴν ὀφρῶν ἐπὶ τὴν κεφαλὴν τὴν Σωκράτους ἀφήλατο.

ΣΤ. πῶς δῆτα τοῦτ' ἐμέτρησε;

ΜΑ. δεξιώτατα.

κηρὸν διατήξας, εἶτα τὴν ψύλλαν λαβὼν ἐνέβαψεν εἰς τὸν κηρὸν αὐτῆς τῶ πόδε, κάτα ψυγείση περιέψατο Περσικαί. ταῦτα ὑπολύσας ἀνεμέτρει τὸ χωρίον.

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*a The name of a deme.*
PH. But uncle Megacles won't leave me long
   Without a horse: I'll go to him: good-bye.

ST. I'm thrown, by Zeus, but I won't long lie prostrate.
   I'll pray the Gods and send myself to school:
   I'll go at once and try their thinking-house.
   Stay: how can I, forgetful, slow, old fool,
   Learn the nice hair-splittings of subtle Logic?
   Well, go I must. 'Twont do to linger here.
   Come on, I'll knock the door. Boy! Ho there, boy!

STUDENT. (Within) O, hang it all! who's knocking at the door?

ST. Me! Pheidon's son: Strepsiades of Cicynna.\(^a\)

STU. Why, what a clown you are! to kick our door,
   In such a thoughtless, inconsiderate way!
   You've made my cogitation to miscarry.\(^b\)

ST. Forgive me: I'm an awkward country fool.
   But tell me, what was that I made miscarry?

STU. 'Tis not allowed: Students alone may hear.

ST. O that's all right: you may tell me: I'm come
   To be a student in your thinking-house.

STU. Come then. But they're high mysteries, remember.
   'Twas Socrates was asking Chaerephon,
   How many feet of its own a flea could jump.
   For one first bit the brow\(^c\) of Chaerephon,
   Then bounded off to Socrates's head.

ST. How did he measure this?

STU. Most cleverly.
   He warmed some wax, and then he caught the flea,
   And dipped its feet into the wax he'd melted:
   Then let it cool, and there were Persian slippers!
   These he took off, and so he found the distance.

\(^a\) Cf. Plato, *Theaet.* 149 seq., where Socrates describes himself as practising the art of intellectual midwifery (\(\mu\alpha\iota\epsilon\upsilon\tau\iota\kappa \iota \tau \epsilon \chi \nu\eta\)) and bringing thoughts to the birth.

\(^b\) "C. had bushy eyebrows and S. was bald": Schol.

\(^c\) Schol.
Δ. ὁ Ζεῦ βασιλεύ, τῆς λεπτότητος τῶν φρενῶν.

ΜΑ. τί δήτ' ἂν, ἐτερον εἶ πῦθοιο Σωκράτους φρόντισμα;

Δ. ποίον; ἀντιβολῶ, κάτειπέ μοι.

ΜΑ. ἀνήρετ' αὐτὸν Χαιρεφῶν ὁ Σφήττιος ὑπὸ τῆν γνώμην ἔχοι, τὰς ἐμπίδας κατὰ τὸ στόμι' ἄδειν, ἢ κατὰ τοῦρροπύγιον.

Δ. τί δήτ' ἐκείνος εἶπε περὶ τῆς ἐμπίδος;

ΜΑ. ἐφασκεν εἶναι τούντερον τῆς ἐμπίδος στενόν· διὰ λεπτοῦ δ' ὄντος αὐτοῦ τὴν πνοήν βία βαδίζειν εὐθὺ τοῦρροπύγιον· ἐπειτα κοίλον πρὸς στενῷ προσκείμενον τὸν πρωκτὸν ἥχειν ὑπὸ βίας τοῦ πνεύματος.

Δ. σάλπνγξ ὁ πρωκτός ἑστιν ἅρα τῶν ἐμπίδων. ὁ τρισμακάριος τοῦ διεντερεύματος.

ΜΑ. ἡ ῥαδίως φεύγων ἃν ἀποφύγοι δίκην ὅστις δίοιδε τούντερον τῆς ἐμπίδος.

Πρώην δέ γε γνώμην μεγάλην ἀφηρέθη ὑπ' ἄσκαλαβώτου.

Δ. τίνα τρόπον; κάτειπέ μοι.

ΜΑ. ζητοῦντος αὐτοῦ τῆς σελήνης τὰς ὀδοὺς καὶ τὰς περιφοράς, εἰτ' ἄνω κεχινῶτος ἀπὸ τῆς ὀροφῆς νῦκτωρ γαλεώτης κατέχεσεν.

Δ. ἥσθεν γαλεώτη καταχέαντι Σωκράτους.

ΜΑ. ἔχθες δέ γ' ἡμῖν δείπνοιν οὐκ ἦν ἔσπέρας.

Δ. εἰεν· τί σοι πρὸς τάλθι' ἐπαλαμήσατο;

ΜΑ. κατὰ τῆς τραπέζης καταπάσας λεπτῆν τέφραν, κάμψαι ὀβελίσκον, εἰτα διαβήτην λαβῶν, ἐκ τῆς παλαιόστρας θοιμάτων ύψείλετο.

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st.  O Zeus and king, what subtle intellects!
stu. What would you say then if you heard another,  
    Our Master's own?
st.  O come, do tell me that.  
stu. Why, Chaerephon was asking him in turn,  
    Which theory did he sanction; that the gnats 
        Hummed through their mouth, or backwards, through 
            the tail?
st.  Aye, and what said your Master of the gnat?  
stu. He answered thus: the entrail of the gnat  
    Is small: and through this narrow pipe the wind 
        Rushes with violence straight towards the tail;  
            There, close against the pipe, the hollow rump 
                Receives the wind, and whistles to the blast.  
st.  So then the rump is trumpet to the gnats!  
    O happy, happy in your entrail-learning!  
        Full surely need he fear nor debts nor duns,  
            Who knows about the entrails of the gnats.  
stu. And yet last night a mighty thought we lost  
    Through a green lizard.  
st.  Tell me, how was that?  
stu. Why, as Himself, with eyes and mouth wide open,  
    Mused on the moon, her paths and revolutions,  
        A lizard from the roof squirted full on him.  
st.  He, he, he, he.  I like the lizard's spattering Socrates.  
stu. Then yesterday, poor we, we'd got no dinner.  
st.  Hah! what did he devise to do for barley?  
stu. He sprinkled on the table—some fine ash—  
    He bent a spit—he grasped it compass-wise—  
        And—filched a mantle from the Wrestling School.  

a As though he were going to solve some geometrical problem.  
Instead he uses the bent spit to hook away a cloak.  The palaestra,  
like the market-place, was one of the usual haunts of Socrates.
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ςτ. τί δήτ' ἐκεῖνον τὸν Θαλήν θαυμάζομεν; ἀνοιγ' ἀνοιγ' ἀνύσας τὸ φροντιστήριον, καὶ δειξον ὡς τάχιστα μοι τὸν Σωκράτην. μαθητιώ γァρ' ἀλλ' ἀνοιγε τὴν θυραν. ὃ Ἡράκλεις, ταυτὶ ποδαπὰ τὰ θηρία;

μα. τί θεαύμασας; τῷ σοι δοκοῦσιν εἰκέναι;

ςτ. τοῖς ἐκ Πύλου λήθείσιν, τοῖς Δακωνικοῖς. ἀτὰρ τί ποτ' ἐσ τὴν γῆν βλέπουσιν οὔτοι;

μα. ἥτούσιν οὔτοι τὰ κατὰ γῆς.

ςτ. βολβοίς ἀρα ἥτονσι. μὴ νυν τοιτοῖς φροντίζετε. ἐγὼ γὰρ οἴδ' ἵν' εἰσὶν μεγάλοι καὶ καλοὶ. τί γὰρ οἴδε δρῶσιν οἱ σφόδρ' ἐγκεκυφώτες;

μα. οὔτοι δ' ἐρεβοδιφώσιν ὑπὸ τὸν Τάρταρον.

ςτ. τί δῆθ' ὁ πρωκτὸς ἐς τὸν οὐρανὸν βλέπει;

μα. αὐτὸς καθ' αὐτὸν ἀστρονομεῖν διδάσκεται. ἀλλ' εἰσιθ', ἢν μὴ 'κεῖνος ἡμῖν ἐπιτύχη.

ςτ. μῆπω γε μῆπω γ', ἀλλ' ἐπιμεινάντων, ἢν αὐτοίσι κοινώσω τὶ πραγμάτων ἐμὸν.

μα. ἀλλ' οὖν οἵν τ' αὐτοῖσι πρὸς τὸν άέρα ἐξω διατρίβειν πολὺν ἁγαν ἐστὶν χρόνον.

ςτ. πρὸς τῶν θεῶν, τί γὰρ τάδ' ἐστὶν; εἰπέ μοι. 280

μα. ἀστρονομία μὲν αὐτὴι.

ςτ. τούτ' ἐν αὐτῇ;

μα. γεωμετρία.

ςτ. τούτ' οὖν τί ἐστι χρῆσιμον;

μα. γῆν ἀναμετρεῖσθαι.
st. Good heavens! Why Thales \( ^a \) was a fool to this!
O open, open, wide the study door,
And show me, show me, show me Socrates.
I die to be a student. Open, open! \(^b\)
O Heracles, what kind of beasts are these!
stu. Why, what's the matter? what do you think they're like?

st. Like? why those Spartans whom we brought from Pylus \(^c\):
What makes them fix their eyes so on the ground?
stu. They seek things underground.

st. O! to be sure,
Truffles! You there, don't trouble about that!
I'll tell you where the best and finest grow.
Look! why do those stoop down so very much?

stu. They're diving deep into the deepest secrets.\(^d\)

st. Then why's their rump turned up towards the sky?

stu. It's taking private lessons on the stars.

(To the other Students)
Come, come: get in: he'll catch us presently.

st. Not yet! not yet! just let them stop one moment,
While I impart a little matter to them.

stu. No, no: they must go in: 'twould never do
To expose themselves too long to the open air.

st. O! by the Gods, now, what are these? do tell me.

stu. This is Astronomy.

st. And what is this?

stu. Geometry.

st. Well, what's the use of that?

stu. To mete out lands.

\(^a\) “The entire front of the house is wheeled round . . . exposing the inner court of the Phrontisterion”: R.
\(^b\) Captured by Cleon in Sphacteria and imprisoned at Athens; cf. K. 392.
\(^c\) Lit. “Are searching into the darkness below Tartarus.”
πότερα τὴν κληρουχικὴν;
οὐκ, ἂλλὰ τὴν σύμπασαν.

ἀστεῖον λέγεις.
τὸ γὰρ σόφισμα δημοτικὸν καὶ χρήσιμον.

αὕτη δὲ καὶ καὶ γῆς περίοδος πάσης. ὀρᾶς;
αἴδε μὲν Ἀθηναῖ.

tί σοι λέγεις; οὐ πείθομαι,
ἐπεὶ δικαστὰς οὐχ ὅρῳ καθημένους.

ὡς τοῦτ’ ἀληθῶς Ἀττικὸν τὸ χαρίον.
καὶ ποῦ Κικυννῆς εἰσὶν οὕμοι δημόται;

ἐνταῦθ’ ἐνείσων. ἢ δὲ γ’ Εὐβοί’, ὡς ὀρᾶς,
ἡδι παρατέταται μακρὰ πόρρω πάνω.

素晴 γὰρ ἡμῶν παρετάθη καὶ Περικλέους.

ἀλλ’ ἡ Λακεδαιμῶν ποῦ ’στων;

ὁποῦ ’στῖν; αὐτή.

ὡς ἐγγὺς ἡμῶν. τοῦτο πάνω φροντίζετε,
ταύτην ἀφ’ ἡμῶν ἀπαγαγεῖν πόρρω πάνω.

ἀλλ’ οὐχ οἰόν τε νὴ Δῖ’.

οἰμὼξέσθ’ ἀρα.

φέρε τὸς γὰρ ὁδος οὐπὶ τῆς κρεμάθρας ἀνήρ;

αὐτός.

τὸς αὐτός;

Σωκράτης.

ὡ Σώκρατες.

ὁδος, ἀναβόησον αὐτόν μοι μέγα.

αὐτός μὲν οὖν σὺ κάλεσον. οὐ γὰρ μοι σχολή.

ὡ Σώκρατες,

ὡ Σωκρατίδιον.

---

a γῆ κληρουχικὴ is land taken from a conquered enemy and divided by lot among Athenian citizens.
b ἀστεῖον here is not merely = “choice,” “elegant,” but also almost = δημοτικὸς; cf. Plato, 227ν ἀστεῖοι καὶ δημωφελεῖς λόγοι. It is both urbanum and urbi utile.
What, for allotment grounds? What, for allotment grounds?
No, but all lands.
A choice idea, truly.
Then every man may take his choice, you mean.
Look; here's a chart of the whole world. Do you see?
This city's Athens.
Athens? I like that. I see no dicasts sitting. That's not Athens.
In very truth, this is the Attic ground.
And where then are my townsmen of Cicynna?
Why, thereabouts; and here, you see, Euboea: Here, reaching out a long way by the shore.
Yes, overreached by us and Pericles.
But now, where's Sparta?
Let me see: O, here.
Heavens! how near us. O do please manage this, To shove her off from us, a long way further.
We can't do that, by Zeus.
The worse for you.
Hallo! who's that? that fellow in the basket?
That's he.
Who's he?
Socrates.
You sir, call out to him as loud as you can.
Call him yourself: I have not leisure now.
Socrates! Socrates!
Sweet Socrates!

Or "stretched on the rack"; there is a play on the secondary meaning of παρατελων—"exhaust," "do for." Euboea was reduced by Pericles 445 B.C.; cf. Thuc. i. 114.
αυτδς—"the Master," as in the Pythagorean αυτδς εφη, Ipse dixit.
ΣΩΚΡΑΤΗΣ. τί με καλεῖσ, ὦφήμερε; 225
ΣΤ. πρῶτον μὲν ὃ τι δρᾶς, ἀντιβολῶ, κάτειπτε μοι.
ΣΩ. ἀεροβατῶ καὶ περιφρονῶ τὸν ἦλιον.
ΣΤ. ἐπειτ’ ἀπὸ ταρροῦ τοὺς θεοὺς ὑπερφρονεῖς,
ἀλλ’ οὐκ ἀπὸ τῆς γῆς, εἶπερ.
ΣΩ. οὐ γὰρ ᾗν ποτε ἐξεύρον ὀρθῶς τὰ μετέωρα πράγματα,
εἰ μὴ κρεμάσας τὸ νόημα καὶ τὴν φροντίδα λεπτὴν καταμίξας εἰς τὸν ὀμοιον ἁέρα.
εἰ δ’ ὥν χαμαί τάνω κάτωθεν ἐσκόπουν,
οὐκ ἂν ποθ’ εὗρον· οὐ γὰρ ἂλλ’ ἡ γῆ βία ἐλκει πρὸς αὐτὴν τὴν ἰκμάδα τῆς φροντίδος.
πάσχει δὲ ταῦτο τοῦτο καὶ τὰ κάρδαμα.
ΣΤ. τί φής;
ἡ φροντὶς ἐλκει τὴν ἰκμᾶν’ εἰς τὰ κάρδαμα;
ἰδι νυν, κατάβηθ’, ὡ Σωκρατίδιον, ὡς ἐμὲ,
ινα με διδάξης ὑνπερ ἑνεκ’ ἐλήλυθα.
ΣΩ. ἦλθες δὲ κατὰ τί;
ΣΤ. βουλομένος μαθεῖν λέγειν.
ὑπὸ γὰρ τόκων χρήστων τε δυσκολωτάτων
ἀγομαί, φέρομαι, τὰ χρήματ’ ἐνεχυράζομαι.
ΣΩ. πόθεν δ’ ὑπόχρεως σαυτὸν ἐλαθεῖς γενόμενος;
ΣΤ. νόσος μ’ ἐπέτρυψεν ἐπική, δεινὴ φαγεῖν.
ἀλλά με διδάξον τὸν ἔτερον τοῖν σοιν λόγον,
τὸν μηδὲν ἀποδιδόντα. μισθὸν δ’ ὄντιν’ ἂν
πράττῃ μ’ ὀμοῦμαι σοι καταθήσει τοὺς θεοὺς.
ΣΩ. ποίους θεοὺς ὅμει σὺ; πρῶτον γὰρ θεοὶ
ἡμῖν νόμισμ’ οὐκ ἔστι.
ΣΤ. τῶ γὰρ ὄμνυτ’; ἡ
σιδαρέοισιν, ὅσπερ ἐν Βυζαντίῳ;

* εἶπερ: lit. “if so be” (that you do despise them).
Mortal! why call’st thou me?

ST. O, first of all, please tell me what you are doing.

SO. I walk on air, and contem-plate the Sun.

ST. O then from a basket you contemn the Gods,
   And not from the earth, at any rate?

SO. Most true.

I could not have searched out celestial matters
   Without suspending judgement, and infusing
   My subtle spirit with the kindred air.
   If from the ground I were to seek these things,
   I could not find: so surely doth the earth
   Draw to herself the essence of our thought.
   The same too is the case with water-cress.

ST. Hillo! what’s that?

Thought draws the essence into water-cress?
   Come down, sweet Socrates, more near my level,
   And teach the lessons which I come to learn.

SO. And wherefore art thou come?

ST. To learn to speak.

For owing to my horrid debts and duns,
   My goods are seized, I’m robbed, and mobbed, and
   plundered.

SO. How did you get involved with your eyes open?

ST. A galloping consumption seized my money.
   Come now: do let me learn the unjust Logic
   That can shirk debts: now do just let me learn it.
   Name your own price, by all the Gods I’ll pay it.

SO. The Gods! why you must know the Gods with us
   Don’t pass for current coin.

ST. Eh? what do you use then?

Have you got iron, as the Byzantines have?

b An allusion to the homely imagery which Socrates con-
   stantly used.

" An allusion to the homely imagery which Socrates con-
   stantly used.

The Scholiast quotes Plato Comicus: χαλεπῶς δὲν οἰκήσαμεν
   ἐν Βυζαντίοις, | ὅπου σιδαρέωσι τοῖς νομίσμασι | χρῶνται.

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σω. βούλει τα θεία πράγματ' εἴδέναι σαφῶς ἀττ' ἐστιν ορθῶς;
στ. νῇ Δ', εἶπερ ἐστι γε.
σω. καὶ ἔγγενέσθαι ταῖς Νεφέλαισιν ἐς λόγους,
ταῖς ἥμετέραισι δαίμοσιν;
στ. μάλιστα γε.
σω. κάθισε τοίνυν ἐπὶ τὸν ἱερὸν σκίμποδα.
στ. ἰδοὺ κάθημαι.
σω. τούτοι τοίνυν λαβὲ τὸν στέφανον.
στ. ἐπὶ τὶ στέφανον; οἷμοι, Σώκρατες,
ὡσπερ μὲ τὸν 'Αθάμανθ' ὅπως μὴ θύσετε.
σω. οὔκ, ἀλλὰ ταῦτα πάντα τοὺς τελουμένους
ἡμεῖς ποιοῦμεν.
στ. εἶτα δὴ τὶ κερδανῦ;
σω. λέγειν γενήσει τρῆμα, κρόταλον, παιπάλη.
ἀλλ' ἔχ' ἀτρέμας.
στ. μὰ τὸν Δ' οὐ ψεύσει γε μὲ
καταπαττόμενος γάρ παιπάλῃ γενήσομαι.
σω. εὐφημεῖν χρῆ τὸν πρεσβύτην καὶ τῆς εὐχῆς
ἐπακούειν.
ὁ δὲσποτ' ἀναξ, ἀμέτρητ' Ἀήρ, ὅσ ἐχεις τὴν γῆν
μετέωρον,
λαμπρός τ' Ἀιθήρ, σεμναὶ τε θεαὶ Νεφέλαι
βροντησικέραυνοι,
ἀρθητε, φάνητ', ὃ δέσποναι, τῷ φροντιστῇ
μετέωροι.
στ. μῆπω μῆπῳ γε, πρὶν ἄν τούτι πτύξωμαι, μὴ
kαταβρεχθῶ.

* He mistakes the chaplet which belongs to the ceremony of
so. Come, would you like to learn celestial matters,
   How their truth stands?

st. Yes, if there's any truth.

so. And to hold intercourse with yon bright Clouds,
   Our virgin Goddesses?

st. Yes, that I should.

so. Then sit you down upon that sacred bed.

st. Well, I am sitting.

so. Here then, take this chaplet.

   Don't sacrifice poor me, like Athamas.\textsuperscript{a}

so. Fear not: our entrance-services require
   All to do this.

st. But what am I to gain?

so. You'll be the flower\textsuperscript{b} of talkers, prattlers, gossips:
   Only keep quiet.

st. Zeus! your words come true!
   I shall be flour indeed with all this peppering.

so. Old man sit you still, and attend to my will,
   and hearken in peace to my prayer,
   O Master and King, holding earth in your swing,
   O measureless infinite Air;
   And thou glowing Ether, and Clouds who enwreathe her
   with thunder, and lightning, and storms,
   Arise ye and shine, bright Ladies Divine,
   to your student in bodily forms.

st. No, but stay, no, but stay, just one moment I pray,
   while my cloak round my temples I wrap.

\textsuperscript{a} Initiation for that used in sacrifice, and recalls how Athamas, who had married a Nephele (cf. the ambiguous ξυγ. τὰ Ἁθάμας, 252), was introduced by Sophocles in a play crowned for sacrifice.

\textsuperscript{b} \textit{παπάλη}, lit. "fine flour," stands for "subtlety" or "slimness." But in 261 Strepsiades refers to the actual flour or grain that is ceremonially sprinkled on him.
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tὸ δὲ μηδὲ κυνῆν οὐκοθεν ἐλθεῖν ἐμὲ τὸν κακο- 
δαίμον' ἔχοντα.

ξν. ἐλθεῖε δὴ', ὡς πολυτίμητοι Νεφέλαι, τῷ δ' εἰς 
ἐπίδειξιν.

εἰτ' ἐπ' Ὁλύμπου κορυφαῖς ἱεραὶς χιονοβλήτωσι 
κάθησθε,

eἰτ' Ὁκεανῷ πατρός ἐν κῆποις ἱερὸν χορὸν 
ἰστατε Νύμφαις,

εἰτ' ἄρα Νείλου προχοῖς υδάτων χρυσέας 
ἐρύσθε προχοῖσιν,

ή Μαιωτίων λίμνῃν ἔχετ' ἡ σκόπελον νιφόεντα 
Μίμαντος·

ὑπακούσατε δεξάμεναι θυσίαν καὶ τοῖς ἱεροῖς 
χαρεῖσαι.

χορος. ἀέναι Νεφέλαι, [στρ.

ἀρθῶμεν φανεραὶ δροσερὰν φύσιν εὐάγγελον, 278

πατρὸς ἀπ' Ὁκεανοῦ βαρυαχέος

ὑφηλῶν ὀρέων κορυφὰς ἐπὶ 

δενδροκόμους, ἵνα 

tηλεφανεῖς σκοπίας ἄφορόμεθα,

καρποὺς ἅρομεν ἕραν χθόνα,

καὶ ποταμῶν ξαθέων κελαδήματα,

καὶ πόντον κελάδοντα βαρύβρομον· 

ὅμμα γὰρ Αἴθέρος ἀκάματον σελαγεῖται 

μαρμαρέασιν ἐν αὐγαῖς.

ἀλλ' ἀποσεισάμεναι νέφος ὀμβρίων 

ἀθανάτας ἰδέας ἐπιδώμεθα 

τηλεσκόπων ὀμματί γαϊαν.
THE CLOUDS, 268–290

To think that I've come, stupid fool, from my home,
with never a waterproof cap!

so. Come forth, come forth, dread Clouds, and to earth your glorious majesty show;

Whether lightly ye rest on the time-honoured crest of Olympus environed in snow,

Or tread the soft dance 'mid the stately expanse of Ocean, the nymphs to beguile,

Or stoop to enfold with your pitchers of gold, the mystical waves of the Nile, a

Or around the white foam of Mæotis ye roam, or Mimas all wintry and bare,

O hear while we pray, and turn not away from the rites which your servants prepare.

CHORUS. b

Clouds of all hue,
Rise we aloft with our garments of dew.
Come from old Ocean's unchangeable bed,
Come, till the mountain's green summits we tread,
Come to the peaks with their landscapes untold,
Gaze on the Earth with her harvests of gold, c
Gaze on the rivers in majesty streaming,
Gaze on the lordly, invincible Sea,
Come, for the Eye of the Ether is beaming,
Come, for all Nature is flashing and free.
Let us shake off this close-clinging dew
From our members eternally new,
And sail upwards the wide world to view.
Come away! Come away!

a Lit. "or at the outflow of the Nile are drawing up its waters with your golden pitchers."

b The Clouds are still far away and out of sight; they do not enter until lines 323-8 and then in silence.

c καρποὺς ἀρδομέναν, lit. "that has her crops watered."
καὶ σέβομαι γ', ὦ πολυτίμητοι, καὶ βουλομαί ἀνταποπαρδεῖν πρὸς τὰς βροντάς: οὕτως αὐτὰς τετρεμαίνω καὶ πεφόβημαι:
κεῖ θέμις ἐστίν, νυνὶ γ' ἡδη, κεῖ μὴ θέμις ἐστί, χεσεῖω.

οὐ μὴ σκώψῃς μηδὲ ποιήσῃς ἀπερ οἱ τρυγο-

δαίμονες οὐτοί,

ἀλλ' εὐφήμει: μέγα γάρ τι θεῶν κωνίας 

οὐ κρίνων ὀμβροφόροι,

ἐλθώμεν λιπαρὰν χθόνα Παλλάδος, εὐανδρὸν γὰρ

Κέκροπος ὑψόμενα πολυήρασιν

οὐ σέβας ἀρρήτων ἱερῶν, ἵνα

μυστοδόκος δόμος

ἐν τελετάσις ἁγίαις ἀναδείκνυται,

οὐρανίοις τε θεῶσι δωρήματα,

ναὸι θ' ὑψερεφεῖσ καὶ ἁγάλματα,

καὶ πρόσοδοι μακάρων ἱερώταται,

εὐστέφανοι τε θεῶν θυσία θαλίαι τε,

παντοδαπαίσοι ἐν ὠραις,

ἡρί τ' ἐπερχομένω Βρομία χάρις,

εὐκελάδων τε χορῶν ἐρεθίσματα,

καὶ Μοῦσα βαρύβρομος αὐλῶν.
so. O Goddesses mine, great Clouds and divine,
ye have heeded and answered my prayer.
Heard ye their sound, and the thunder around,
as it thrilled through the tremulous air?
st. Yes, by Zeus, and I shake, and I'm all of a quake,
and I fear I must sound a reply,
Their thunders have made my soul so afraid,
and those terrible voices so nigh:
So if lawful or not, I must run to a pot,
by Zeus, if I stop I shall die.
so. Don't act in our schools like those Comedy-fools
with their scurrilous scandalous ways.
Deep silence be thine: while this Cluster divine
their soul-stirring melody raise.

CH. Come then with me,
Daughters of Mist, to the land of the free.
Come to the people whom Pallas hath blest,
Come to the soil where the Mysteries rest;
Come, where the glorified Temple invites
The pure to partake of its mystical rites:
Holy the gifts that are brought to the Gods,
Shrines with festoons and with garlands are crowned,
Pilgrims resort to the sacred abodes,
Gorgeous the festivals all the year round.
And the Bromian rejoicings in Spring,
When the flutes with their deep music ring,
And the sweetly-toned Choruses sing
Come away! Come away!

ST. O Socrates pray, by all the Gods, say,
for I earnestly long to be told,
ARISTOPHANES

ai ϕθεγξάμεναι τοῦτο τὸ σεμνόν; μῶν ἡρώναι τινές εἰσιν;

ἡκιστ' ἀλλ' οὐράνιαι Νεφέλαι, μεγάλαι θεαί ἀνδράσιν ἀργοῖς:
αὔτερ γνώμην καὶ διάλεξιν καὶ νοῦν ἡμῖν παρέχουσι
καὶ τερατείαν καὶ περίλεξιν καὶ κροῦσιν καὶ
κατάληψιν.

ταῦτ' ἄρ' ἀκούσας' αὐτῶν τὸ φθέγμ' ἡ ψυχή μου
πεπότηται,
καὶ λεπτολογεῖν ἦδη ζητεῖ καὶ περὶ καπνοῦ
στενολεσχεῖν,
καὶ γνωμιδίως γνώμην νύξας' ἐτέρω λόγῳ ἀντι-
λογήσαι.

ὡσ', εἰ πως ἔστων, ἰδεῖν αὐτάς ἦδη φανερῶς
ἐπιθυμῶ.

βλέπε νυν δευρὶ πρὸς τὴν Πάρνηθ' ἦδη γὰρ ὅρῳ
κατιούσας
ἡσυχὴ αὐτάς.

φέρε, ποῦ; δεῖξον.

χυροῦ' αὕται πάνω πολλαί,
διὰ τῶν κοίλων καὶ τῶν δασεῶν, αὕται πλάγιαι.

τὶ τὸ χρῆμα; 325

ως οὐ καθορῶ.

παρὰ τὴν εἰσοδον.

ἡδη νυνὶ μόλις οὕτως.

νῦν γέ τοι ἦδη καθορᾶς αὐτάς, εἰ μὴ λημάς
κολοκύνταις.

S. here runs through the attributes for which the sophists
are indebted to the Clouds; γνώμην, "judgement"; διάλεξιν,
292
Who are these that recite with such grandeur and might? are they glorified mortals of old?

so. No mortals are there, but Clouds of the air,
great Gods who the indolent fill:
These grant us discourse, and logical force,
and the art of persuasion instil,
And periphrasis strange, and a power to arrange,
and a marvellous judgement and skill.a

st. So then when I heard their omnipotent word,
my spirit felt all of a flutter,
And it yearns to begin subtle cobwebs to spin
and about metaphysics to stutter,
And together to glue an idea or two,
and battle away in replies:

So if it's not wrong, I earnestly long
to behold them myself with my eyes.

so. Look up in the air, towards Parnes out there,
for I see they will pitch before long
These regions about.

st. Where? point me them out.

so. They are drifting, an infinite throng,
And their long shadows quake over valley and brake.

st. Why, whatever's the matter to-day?
I can't see, I declare.

so. By the Entrance b; look there!

st. Ah, I just got a glimpse, by the way.

so. There, now you must see how resplendent they be,
or your eyes must be pumpkins, I vow.

"dialectical powers," skill in debate; νοῦν, "intelligence"; ἑπατελαν, "fanfaronade," the employment of grandiose thoughts and words; περιλεξιν, "periphrasis," circumlocution, the art of talking round a subject; κροῦσιν, "crushing force"; and κατάληψιν, "quickness of apprehension."

b By which the Chorus came into the orchestra.
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\[\text{ST.} \ \nu\ \Delta^\prime \ \'\varepsilon\gamma\omega\gamma^\prime, \ \delta \ \pi\omega\lambda\upsilon\tau\iota\mu\acute{\iota}\mu\eta\tau\iota, \ \pi\acute{\alpha}n\tau\alpha \ \gamma\acute{a}r \ \hbar\eta \ \kappa\acute{a}t\acute{e}x\chi\omicron\omicron\omicron\upsilon.\]

\[\text{ST.} \ \tau\acute{a}t\acute{u}s \ \mu\acute{e}nto\iota \ \sigma\nu \ \theta\acute{e}a\acute{s} \ \sigma\omicron\upsilon\varsigma\varsigma \ \sigma\omicron\upsilon \ \heta\delta\epsilon\iota \ \sigma\omicron\upsilon \ \upsilon \ \epsilon\nu\omicron\mu\acute{e}i\acute{e}s;\]

\[\text{ST.} \ \mu\acute{a} \ \Delta^\prime, \ \acute{a}l\lambda \ \delta\omicron\acute{u}\chi\lambda\nu \ \kappa\acute{a}i \ \delta\rho\acute{o}\sigma\omicron\upsilon \ \acute{a}t\acute{u}t\acute{a}s \ \heta\gamma\omicron\omicron\mu\acute{e}i\nu \ \kappa\acute{a}i \ \kappa\acute{a}t\acute{p}\nu\acute{n}\omicron\upsilon \ \epsilon\nu\iota\acute{n}.\]

\[\text{ST.} \ \omicron \ \gamma\acute{a}r \ \mu\acute{a} \ \Delta^\prime \ \omicron\iota\sigma\theta^\prime \ \sigma\acute{t}i\acute{h} \ \pi\acute{l}\epsilon\acute{i}st\acute{o}us\upsilon \ \acute{a}t\acute{u}t\acute{a}s \ \beta\omicron\acute{o}\acute{s}kou\upsilon\sigmai \ \sigma\phi\omicron\omicron\iota\tau\acute{a}s, \ \Theta\omicron\upsilon\acute{r}i\omicron\omicron\mu\acute{a}ntei\acute{s}, \ \iota\alpha\rho\rho\tau\epsilon\acute{t}\chi\acute{n}as, \ \sigma\phi\rho\gamma\acute{i}d\omicron\nu\omicron\chi\acute{a}r\omicron\gamma\omicron\-\kappa\omicron\mu\acute{t}\acute{a}s, \ \kappa\upnu\kappa\lambda\iota\acute{w}n \ \tau\acute{e} \ \chi\omicron\rho\omega\nu \ \acute{a}\sigma\mu\acute{a}t\acute{a}k\acute{a}m\pi\tau\acute{t}as, \ \acute{a}n\acute{d}r\acute{a}s \ \mu\acute{e}\tau\acute{e}\nu\rho\omicron\-\phi\acute{e}n\acute{a}k\acute{a}s, \ \omicron\upsilon\delta\acute{e}n \ \delta\acute{r}\omega\acute{n}t\acute{a}s \ \beta\omicron\acute{o}\acute{s}kou\upsilon\acute{s} \ \acute{a}\rho\gamma\omicron\upsilon\sigmai, \ \acute{h}t\acute{i} \ \tau\acute{a}t\acute{u}t\acute{a}s \ \mu\omicron\upsilon\sigma\omicron\-\pi\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\upsilon.\]

\[\text{ST.} \ \tau\acute{a}t\acute{u}t' \ \acute{a}p' \ \acute{e}p\omicron\omicron\iota\omicron\upsilon\omicron\upsilon \ \"\ \upsilon\gamma\acute{r}a\acute{n} \ \Ne\acute{f}e\upsilon\lambda\acute{n} \ \omicron\upsilon\omicron\tau\acute{e}\pi\tau\acute{a}i\gamma\lambda\acute{a}n \ \delta\acute{a}i\acute{o}n \ \delta\omicron\mu\acute{a}n,'\" \]

\[\" \ \pi\omicron\lambda\omicron\kappa\acute{a}m\omicron\upsilon\upsilon\omicron\upsilon \ \omicron\theta' \ \acute{e}k\alpha\omicron\gamma\upsilon\kappa\acute{e}f\alpha\lambda\upsilon \ \Up\omicron\phi\omega,' \ \" \ \pi\rho\epsilon\-\mu\alpha\nu\upsilon\upsilon\upsilon\upsilon\upsilon\upsilon \ \tau\acute{e} \ \theta\omicron\upsilon\ell\upsilon\lambda\upsilon\sigmai,' \]

\[\ \acute{e}i\acute{t} \ \" \ \acute{a}e\omicron\omicron\iota\alpha\upsilon\sigmai, \ \delta\iota\epsilon\rho\omicron\sigmai,' \ \" \ \gamma\alpha\omicron\mu\upsilon\upsilon\upsilon\upsilon\upsilon \ \omicron\upsilon\iota\omega\omicron\upsilon\upsilon\upsilon, \ \acute{a}e\rho\-\nu\eta\chi\epsilon\acute{i}\upsilon\sigmai,' \]

\[\" \ \om\acute{u}b\omicron\upsilon\upsilon\upsilon\upsilon\upsilon \ \omicron\theta' \ \omicron\upsilon\delta\acute{a}t\omicron\upsilon\upsilon \ \omicron\delta\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron\omicron \ \Ne\omicron\upsilon\upsilon\lambda\omicron\upsilon\upsilon\omicron\upsilon\omicron\upsilon\upsilon\upsilon,' \ \acute{e}i\acute{t} ' \ \acute{a}n't \ \acute{a}t\omicron\upsilon\upsilon \ \kappa\acute{a}t\acute{e}\pi\omicron\nu\omicron\upsilon\omicron\upsilon\omicron, \ \kappa\omicron\epsilon\omicron\tau\acute{r}\acute{a}n \ \tau\epsilon\macute{a}\chi\omicron \ \mu\epsilon\gamma\alpha\lambda\acute{a}n \ \acute{a}g\alpha\theta\acute{a}n, \ \kappa\acute{r}\acute{e}a \ t' \ \omicron\upsilon\nu\omicron\delta\omicron\epsilon\omicron\iota\epsilon\iota \ \kappa\chi\iota\lambda\lambda\acute{a}n.\]

\[\text{ST.} \ \delta\iota\a\mu\upsilon\upsilon\upsilon \ \tau\acute{a}s\acute{d}' \ \omicron\upsilon\chi\omicron \ \delta\upsilon\acute{k}a\upsilon\sigmai;\]

\[\text{ST.} \ \lambda\acute{e}x\omicron\upsilon \ \delta' \ \mu\omicron\upsilon, \ \tau'i \ \pi\alpha\theta\omicron\upsilon\sigma\sigma\sigma\upsilon, \ \acute{e}i\acute{p}e\rho \ \Ne\omicron\upsilon\upsilon\lambda\upsilon\upsilon \ \upsilon\omicron\\iota\upsilon \ \alpha\lambda\eta\theta\omega\upsilon\upsilon, \ \theta\nu\eta\tau\iota\upsilon\iota\sigmai \ \epsilon\acute{z}\ausi \ \gamma\nu\upsilon\upsilon\upsilon\upsilon\upsilon; \ \omicron\upsilon \ \gamma\acute{a}r \ \epsilon\acute{e}k\iota\nu\iota\upsilon \ \upsilon\omicron\iota \ \tau\omicron\acute{a}t\acute{u}tai.\]

\[\text{\textsuperscript{a}} \ \text{Said by the Scholiast to refer to Lampon, one of the leaders of the colony which founded Thurii in 443; cf. B. 521.}\]

\[\text{\textsuperscript{b}} \ \text{Along with the "tragic" and "comic" choruses at the}\]

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Ah! I see them proceed; I should think so indeed:
great powers! they fill everything now.

So then till this day that celestials were they,
you never imagined or knew?

Why, no, on my word, for I always had heard
they were nothing but vapour and dew.

O, then I declare, you can’t be aware
that ’tis these who the sophists protect,
Prophets sent beyond sea,a quacks of every degree,
fops signet-and-jewel-bedecked,
Astrological knaves, and fools who their staves
of dithyrambs b proudly rehearse—
’Tis the Clouds who all these support at their ease,
because they exalt them in verse.

’Tis for this then they write of “the on-rushin’ might
o’ the light-stappin’ rain-drappin’ Cloud,”
And the “thousand black curls whilk the Tempest-
lord whirls,”
and the “thunder-blast stormy an’ loud,”
And “birds o’ the sky floatin’ upwards on high,”
and “air-water leddies ” which “droon
Wi’ their saft falling dew the gran’ Ether sae blue,”
and then in return they gulp doon
Huge gobbets o’ fishes d an’ bountifu’ dishes
o’ mavises prime in their season.

And is it not right such praise to requite?

Ah, but tell me then what is the reason
That if, as you say, they are Clouds, they to-day
as women appear to our view?

For the ones in the air are not women, I swear.

Dionysia, was one for dithyrambic contests, which is here called kúklion χόρος.

These are probably genuine quotations from the effusions
of dithyrambic poets” : R.

κέστρα is the muraena, esteemed a great delicacy.
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σημ. φέρε, ποιαί γάρ τινές είσιν;
στ. οὐκ οίδα σαφῶς· εἴξασιν γοῦν ἐρίοισιν πεπταμένοισιν,
κούχι γυναιξίν, μᾶ Δί', οὐδ' ὅτιοῦν· αὕται δὲ ρίνας ἔχουσιν.

σημ. ἀπόκριναί νυν ἂττ' ἄν ἔρωμαι.
στ. λέγε νυν ταχέως ὃ τι βούλει. 345
σημ. ἥδη ποτ' ἀναβλέψας εἴδες νεφέλην Κενταύρῳ ὁμοίαν ἢ παράλει ἢ λύκῳ ἢ ταύρῳ;
στ. νὴ Δί' ἐγγῳ'. εἶτα τί τοῦτο;
σημ. γίγνονται πάνθ' ὃ τι βούλονται· κἄτ' ἢν μὲν ἵδωσι κομήτην,
ἀγριόν τινα τῶν λασίων τούτων, ὀδόντερ τὸν Ἐενοφάντον,
σκώπτουσαι τὴν μανίαν αὐτοῦ Κενταύρους ἢκασαν αὐτάς.

στ. τί γάρ, ἢν ἄρπαγα τῶν δημοσίων κατίδωσι Σίμωνα, τί δρόωςι;
σημ. ἀποφαίνουσαι τὴν φύσιν αὐτοῦ λύκοι ἐξαίφνης ἐγένοντο.
στ. ταῦτ' ἄρα, ταύτα Κλεώνυμον αὕται τὸν ρύφαστιν χθές ἵδοῦσαι,
ὅτι δειλότατον τοῦτον ἐώρων, ἔλαφοι διὰ τοῦτ' ἐγένοντο.

σημ. καὶ νῦν γ' ὅτι Κλεισθένη εἶδον, ὄρας, διὰ τοῦτ' ἐγένοντο γυνάκε. 355
στ. χαίρετε τοιώνν, ὃ δέσποινα· καὶ νῦν, εἰπέρ τινὶ κάλλω,
οὐρανομήκη ῥήξατε κάμοι φωνήν, ὃ παμβασίλεια.
so. Why, what do they seem then to you?

st. I can't say very well, but they straggle and swell like fleeces spread out in the air; Not like women they flit, no, by Zeus, not a bit, but these have got noses to wear.

so. Well, now then, attend to this question, my friend.

st. Look sharp, and propound it to me.

so. Didst thou never espy a Cloud in the sky, which a centaur or leopard might be, Or a wolf, or a cow?

st. Very often, I vow: and show me the cause, I entreat.

so. Why, I tell you that these become just what they please, and whenever they happen to meet One shaggy and wild, like the tangle-haired child of old Xenophantes, their rule Is at once to appear like Centaurs, to jeer the ridiculous look of the fool.

st. What then do they do if Simon they view, that fraudulent harpy to shame?

so. Why, his nature to show to us mortals below, a wolfish appearance they frame.

st. O, they then I ween having yesterday seen Cleonymus quaking with fear, (Him who threw off his shield as he fled from the field), metamorphosed themselves into deer.

so. Yes, and now they espy soft Cleisthenes nigh, and therefore as women appear.

st. O then without fail, All hail! and All hail! my welcome receive; and reply With your voices so fine, so grand and divine, majestical Queens of the Sky!

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*a Hieronymus; cf. A. 389.*  
*b Otherwise unknown.*
χο. χαίρ', ὃ πρεσβύτα παλαιογενέσ, θερατὰ λόγων
φιλομουσών·
σὺ τε, λεπτοτάτων λήρων ἱερεύ, φράζε πρὸς ἡμᾶς
ὅ τι χρήζεις·
οὗ γὰρ ἀν ἄλλῳ γ' ὑπακούσαιμεν τῶν νῦν μετεωρο-
σοφιστῶν
πλὴν ἦ Προδίκω, τῷ μὲν σοφίας καὶ γνώμης
οὖνεα, σοὶ δὲ,
ὅτι βρενθύει τ' ἐν ταῖσών ὄδοις καὶ τῶφθαλμῶν
παραβάλλεις,
κανυπόδητος κακὰ πόλλ' ἀνέχει καὶ' ἡμῖν σεμνο-
προσωπεῖς.
στ. ὦ Γῆ τοῦ φθεγματος, ὡς ἱερὸν καὶ σεμνὸν καὶ
tερατώδες.
σω. αὐταί γὰρ τοι μόναι εἰσὶ θεαι· τάλλα δὲ πάντ' ἐστὶ φλῦαρος.
στ. ὁ Ζεὺς δ' ἡμῖν, φέρε, πρὸς τῆς Γῆς, οὐλύμπιοι
οὐ θεὸς ἐστιν;
σω. ποῖος Ζεὺς; οὐ μὴ λαρήσεις· οὐδ' ἐστι Ζεὺς.
στ. τί λέγεις σοῦ;
ἄλλα τίς υἱεί; τοντὶ γὰρ ἐμοὶγ' ἀπόφηναι πρῶτον
ἀπάντων.
σω. αὐταὶ δὴ που· μεγάλοις δὲ σ' ἐγὼ σημείοις αὐτὸ
didάξω.
φέρε, ποῦ γὰρ πῶποτ' ἀνευ Νεφελῶν ὑοντ' ἡδη
tεθέασαι;
καίτοι χρῆν αἰθρίας υειν αὐτῶν, ταύτας δ' ἀπο-
dημείων.
στ. νὴ τὸν Ἀπόλλω, τοῦτο γέ τοι δὴ τῷ νῦν λόγῳ
εὖ προσέφυσας·

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cii. Our welcome to thee, old man, who wouldst see
the marvels that science can show:
And thou, the high-priest of this subtlety feast,
say what would you have us bestow?
Since there is not a sage for whom we'd engage
our wonders more freely to do,
Except, it may be, for Prodicus—a; he
for his knowledge may claim them, but you,
For that sideways you throw your eyes as you go,
and are all affectation and fuss;
No shoes will you wear, but assume the grand air
on the strength of your dealings with us.
st. O Earth! what a sound, how august and profound!
it fills me with wonder and awe.
so. These, these then alone, for true Deities own,
the rest are all Godships of straw.
st. Let Zeus be left out: He's a God beyond doubt:
come, that you can scarcely deny.
so. Zeus, indeed! there's no Zeus: don't you be so obtuse.
st. No Zeus up aloft in the sky!
Then, you first must explain, who it is sends the rain;
or I really must think you are wrong.
so. Well then, be it known, these send it alone:
I can prove it by arguments strong.
Was there ever a shower seen to fall in an hour
when the sky was all cloudless and blue?
Yet on a fine day, when the Clouds are away,
he might send one, according to you.
st. Well, it must be confessed, that chimes in with the rest:
your words I am forced to believe.

a Of Ceos; "the most respectable of all the Sophists" (Müller) and author of The Choice of Hercules.
καίτωι πρῶτερον τὸν Δί’ ἀληθῶς ὡμην διὰ κοσκίνου οὐρέων.

ἀλλ’ ὡστις ὁ βροντῶν ἐστὶ φράσον: τοῦτό με ποιεῖ

τετρεμαίνειν.

σω. αὕται βροντῶσι κυλινδόμεναι.

στ. τῷ τρόπῳ, ὦ πάντα σὺ τολμῶν; 37

σω. ὅταν ἐμπλησθῶσ’ ὕδατος πολλοῦ κάναγκασθῶσι

φέρεσθαι,

κατακρημνάμεναι πλήρεις ὀμβρον δι’ ἀνάγκην, εἶτα

βαρείαι
eἰς ἀλλήλας ἐμπίπτουσαι ῥήγνυνται καὶ πατα-

γοῦσιν.

στ. ὁ δ’ ἀναγκάξων ἔστι τίς αὐτάς, οὐχ ὁ Ζεύς, ὥστε

φέρεσθαι;

σω. ἥκιστ’, ἀλλ’ αἰθέριος δίνος.

στ. Δίνος; τοῦτι μ’ ἐλελήθει, 38

ὁ Ζεύς οὐκ ὡν, ἀλλ’ ἀντ’ αὐτοῦ Δίνος νυνὶ βασι-

λεύσιν.

ἀτὰρ οὐδὲν πω περὶ τοῦ πατάγου καὶ τῆς βροντῆς

μ’ ἐδίδαξας.

σω. οὐκ ἥκουσάς μου τὰς Νεφέλας ὕδατος μεστὰς ὃτι

φημὶ

ἐμπιπτοῦσας εἰς ἀλλήλας παταγεῖν διὰ τὴν πυκνό-

τητα;

στ. φέρε τοὺτ’ τῷ χρή πιστεύειν;

σω. ἀπὸ σαυτοῦ ’γω σε διδάξω. 38

η’δη ξωμοῦ Παναθηναίοις ἐμπλησθεὶς εἶτ’ ἐταράχθης.

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* Cf. Plato, Phaedo 99 β ὁ μὲν τίς δίνῃ περιτιθεὶς τῇ γῇ ὑπὸ

τοῦ οὐρανοῦ μένειν ὃ θεοὶ τὴν γῆν, where the commentators refer

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Yet before, I had dreamed that the rain-water streamed
from Zeus and his chamber-pot sieve.
But whence then, my friend, does the thunder descend?
that does make me quake with affright!

so. Why ’tis they, I declare, as they roll through the air.
st. What the Clouds? did I hear you aright?
so. Ay: for when to the brim filled with water they swim,
by Necessity carried along,
They are hung up on high in the vault of the sky,
and so by Necessity strong
In the midst of their course, they clash with great force,
and thunder away without end.
st. But is it not He who compels this to be?
does not Zeus this Necessity send?
so. No Zeus have we there, but a Vortex of air.
st. What! Vortex? that’s something, I own.
I knew not before, that Zeus was no more,
but Vortex was placed on his throne!
But I have not yet heard to what cause you referred
the thunder’s majestical roar.

so. Yes, ’tis they, when on high full of water they fly,
and then, as I told you before,
By Compression impelled, as they clash, are compelled
a terrible clatter to make.
st. Come, how can that be? I really don’t see.
so. Yourself as my proof I will take.
Have you never then eat the broth-puddings you get
when the Panathenaea comes round,
to Empedocles. But the Scholiast here says, “This is from
Anaxagoras.”

b “At this feast all the colonial cities founded by Athens each
sent an ox to sacrifice. There was thus no fear of meat failing
... and some were tempted to eat more than was good for
them”: Schol.

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tὴν γαστέρα, καὶ κλόνος ἔξαίφνης αὐτὴν διε-
kορκορύγησεν;

στ. νὴ τὸν Ἀπόλλων, καὶ δεινὰ ποιεῖ γ’ εὐθὺς μοι, καὶ
tετάρακται
χῶσπερ βροντῇ τὸ ζωμίδιον παταγεῖ καὶ δεινὰ
kέκραγεν·

ἀτρέμας πρῶτον παππάξ παππάξ, κάπειν’ ἐπάγει
παππαπαππάξ,
χῶταν χέξω, κομιδὴ βροντᾶ παππαπαππάξ, ὦσπερ
ἐκεῖναι.

ζω. σκέψαι τοίνυν ἀπὸ γαστρίδιον τυννοτούι οἶα
πέπορδας·

τὸν δ’ ἀέρα τόνδ’ ὄντ’ ἀπέραντον, πῶς οὐκ εἰκὼς
μέγα βροντᾶν;

ταῦτ’ ἄρα καὶ τῶνόματ’ ἀλλήλων, βροντῇ καὶ
πορδῇ, ὀμοίω.

στ. ἄλλ’ ο’ κεραυνὸς πόθεν αὐθ’ φέρεται λάμπων πυρί,
tοῦτο δίδαξον,

καὶ καταφρύγει βάλλων ἡμᾶς, τοὺς δὲ ζώντας
περιφλύει.

τοῦτον γὰρ δὴ φανερῶς ο’ Ζεὺς ἤσσ’ ἐπὶ τοὺς
ἐπιόρκους.

ζω. καὶ πῶς, ὦ μῶρε σὺ καὶ Κρονίων ὦζων καὶ βεκκε-
σέληνε,

εἴπερ βάλλει τοὺς ἐπιόρκους, πῶς οὐχὶ Σίμων’
ἐνέπρησεν
οὐδὲ Κλεώνυμον οὐδὲ Θέωρον; καίτοι σφόδρα γ’
eἰσ’ ἐπίόρκοι.

ἄλλα τὸν αὐτοῦ γε νεῶν βάλλει καὶ “Σοῦνιον
ἀκρον Ἀθηνέων”

καὶ τὰς δρύς τὰς μεγάλας· τι μαθῶν; οὐ γὰρ δὴ
δρύς γ’ ἐπιόρκει.
And felt with what might your bowels all night
in turbulent tumult resound?

st. By Apollo, 'tis true, there's a mighty to-do,
and my belly keeps rumbling about;
And the puddings begin to clatter within
and kick up a wonderful rout:

Quite gently at first, papapapax, papapapax,
but soon pappapappappax away,
Till at last, I'll be bound, I can thunder as loud,
papapappappappappax, as They.

so. Shalt thou then a sound so loud and profound
from thy belly diminutive send,
And shall not the high and the infinite Sky
go thundering on without end?
For both, you will find, on an impulse of wind
and similar causes depend.

st. Well, but tell me from Whom comes the bolt through
the gloom, with its awful and terrible flashes;
And wherever it turns, some it singes and burns,
and some it reduces to ashes!
For this 'tis quite plain, let who will send the rain,
that Zeus against perjurers dashes.

so. And how, you old fool of a dark-ages school,
and an antediluvian wit,
If the perjured they strike, and not all men alike,
have they never Cleonymus hit?
Then of Simon again, and Theorus explain:
known perjurers, yet they escape.
But he smites his own shrine with his arrows divine,
and "Sunium, Attica's cape,"
And the ancient gnarled oaks: now what prompted
those strokes? They never forswore I should say.

* Hom. Od. iii. 278.
στ. οὐκ οἶδ᾽ ἄταρ εὐ ὑ ὁ λέγειν φαίνει. τί γὰρ ἦστιν δὴθ᾽ ὁ κεραυνός;

ζω. ὅταν εἰς ταύτας ἀνεμος ἔηρος μετεωρισθεὶς κατακλεισθῆ, ἐνδοθεν αὐτάς ὦσπερ κῦστιν φυσᾶ, καπειθ᾽ ὑπ᾽ ἀνάγκης ῥήξας αὐτὰς ἕξω φέρεται σοβαρὸς διὰ τὴν πυκνότητα, ὑπὸ τοῦ ῥοῖβδου καὶ τῆς ρύμης αὐτὸς ἑαυτὸν κατακαίων.

στ. νὴ Δι', ἐγὼ γοῦν ἀτεχνῶς ἐπαθον τοιτὶ ποτε Διασίουσιν.

Ἀπτων γαστέρα ποίσ συγγενέων, κατ᾽ οὖκ ἔσχων ἀμελήσας:

ἡ δ' ἀρ' ἐφυσάτ', εἰτ' ἐξαὶφυς διαλακήσασα πρὸς αὐτὸ τῷ ὕφαλμῷ μου προσετίλησεν καὶ κατέκαυσεν τὸ πρόσωπον.

χο. ὧ τῆς μεγάλης ἐπιθυμήσας σοφίας, ἄνθρωπε, παρ' ἧμῶν,

ὡς εὐδαίμων ἐν ᾠδαναῖοι καὶ τοῖς Ἐλληνις γενήσει, εἰ μνήμων εὶ καὶ φροντιστῆς καὶ τὸ ταλαίπωρον ἔνεστιν ἐν τῇ ψυχῇ, καὶ μὴ κάμνεις μὴθ᾽ ἕστώς μήτε βαδίζων,

μήτε ριγῶν ἥχθει λίαν, μήτ' ἀριστᾶν ἐπιθυμεῖς, οἷνον τ᾽ ἀπέχει καὶ γυμνασίων καὶ τῶν ἄλλων ἀνοήτων,

καὶ βέλτιστον τοῦτο νομίζεις, ὅπερ εἰκὸς δεξιὸν ἀνδρα,
Can't say that they do: your words appear true.

Whence comes then the thunderbolt, pray?

When a wind that is dry, being lifted on high,
is suddenly pent into these,
It swells up their skin, like a bladder, within,
by Necessity's changeless decrees:
Till, compressed very tight, it bursts them outright,
and away with an impulse so strong,
That at last by the force and the swing of its course,
it takes fire as it whizzes along.

That's exactly the thing that I suffered one Spring,
at the great feast of Zeus, a I admit:
I'd a paunch in the pot, but I wholly forgot
about making the safety-valve slit.
So it spluttered and swelled, while the saucepan I held,
till at last with a vengeance it flew:
Took me quite by surprise, dung-bespattered my eyes,
and scalded my face black and blue!

O thou who wouldst fain great wisdom attain,
and comest to us in thy need,
All Hellas around shall thy glory resound,
such a prosperous life thou shalt lead:
So thou art but endued with a memory good,
and accustomed profoundly to think,
And thy soul wilt inure all wants to endure,
and from no undertaking to shrink,
And art hardy and bold, to bear up against cold,
and with patience a supper thou losest:
Nor too much dost incline to gymnastics and wine,
but all lusts of the body refusest:
And estcemest it best, what is always the test
of a truly intelligent brain,

a A great feast in honour of Zeus Μεθιλχίας, cf. Thuc. i. 126. 6.

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νικᾶν πράττων καὶ βουλεύων καὶ τῇ γλώττῃ
πολεμίζων.

στ. ἀλλ' ἐνεκέν γε ψυχῆς στερρᾶς δυσκολοκοίτου τε
μερίμνης,
καὶ φειδωλοῦ καὶ τρυσβίου γαστρός καὶ θυμ-
βρεπιδείπνου,
ἀμέλει θαρρῶν, οὖνεκα τούτων ἐπιχαλκεύειν παρ-
έχομ' ἄν.

σμ. ἀλλο τι δῆτ' οὖν νομείς ἡδη θεον οὔδένα πλῆν ἄπερ
ήμεις,
τὸ Χάος τουτὶ καὶ τὰς Νεφέλας καὶ τὴν γλώτταν,
τρία ταυτὶ;

στ. οὔθ' ἄν διαλεχθείην γ' ἀτεχνῶς τοῖς ἄλλοις, οὔθ'
ἀν ἀπαγτῶν.
οὔθ' ἄν θύσαιμ', οὔθ' ἄν σπείσαιμ', οὔθ' ἐπιθεῖν
λιβανωτόν.

χο. λέγε νυν ἡμῖν ὃ τι σοι δρῶμεν θαρρῶν, ὡς οὐκ
ἀτυχήσεις,
ἡμᾶς τιμῶν καὶ θαυμάζων καὶ ζητῶν δεξιός εἶναι.

στ. ὁ δέσποιναί, δέομαι τοῖνν ὑμῶν τουτὶ πάνυ μικρόν,
tῶν Ἑλλήνων εἶναι με λέγειν ἐκατὸν σταδίοισιν
ἀριστον.

χο. ἀλλ' ἔσται σοι τούτο παρ' ἡμῶν. ὡστε τὸ λοιπὸν
γ' ἀπὸ τούδι
ἐν τῷ δήμῳ γνώμας οὔδεις νικήσει πλείονας ἢ σοῦ.

στ. μὴ μοι γε λέγειν γνώμας μεγάλας. οὐ γὰρ τούτων
ἐπιθυμῶ,
ἀλλ' ὡς ἐμαυτῷ στρεψοδικήσαι καὶ τοὺς χρήστας
dιολισθεῖν.

χο. τεῦξει τοῖνν ὃν ίμείρεις. οὐ γὰρ μεγάλων ἐπι-
θυμεῖς.

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To prevail and succeed whenever you plead,  
and hosts of tongue-conquests to gain.

But as far as a sturdy soul is concerned  
and a horrible restless care,

And a belly that pines and wears away  
on the wretchedest, frugalest fare,

You may hammer and strike as long as you like;  
        I am quite invincible there.

Now then you agree in rejecting with me  
the Gods you believed in when young,

And my creed you'll embrace "I believe in wide space,  
in the Clouds, in the eloquent Tongue."

If I happened to meet other Gods in the street,  
I'd show the cold shoulder, I vow.

No libation I'll pour: not one victim more  
on their altars I'll sacrifice now.

Now be honest and true, and say what we shall do:  
since you never shall fail of our aid,

If you hold us most dear in devotion and fear,  
and will ply the philosopher's trade.

O Ladies Divine, small ambition is mine:  
I only most modestly seek,

Out and out for the rest of my life to be best  
of the children of Hellas to speak

Say no more of your care, we have granted your prayer:  
and know from this moment, that none

More acts shall pass through in the People than you:  
such favour from us you have won.

Not acts, if you please: I want nothing of these:  
this gift you may quickly withdraw;

But I wish to succeed, just enough for my need,  
and to slip through the clutches of law.

This then you shall do, for your wishes are few:  
not many nor great your demands,
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ἀλλὰ σεαυτὸν θαρρῶν παράδος τοῖς ἁμετέροις προπόλοις.

ςτ. δράσω ταῦθ' ὑμῖν πιστεύσας· ἣ γὰρ ἀνάγκη με πιέζει
diὰ τοὺς ἵππους τοὺς κοππατίας καὶ τὸν γάμον, ὃς
μῦ ἐπέτριψεν.

νῦν οὖν χρήσθων ὁ τι βούλονται.
tοῦτο τὸ γ' ἐμὸν σῶμ' αὐτοῖσιν

παρέχω τύπτειν, πεινήν, δυφήν,
αὐχμεῖν, ρίγοῦν, ἀσκὸν δείρειν,
eἴπερ τὰ χρέα διαφευγόμαι,
tοῦς τ' ἀνθρώπους εἶναι δόξῳ

θρασύς, εὐγλωττος; τολμηρός, ἵτης,

βδέλυρός, ψευδῶν συγκολλητής,

εὐρημικής, περίτριμμα δικών,

κύρβις, κρόταλον, κίναδος, τρύμη,

μάσθης, εἵρων, γλούσις, ἀλαζὼν,

κέντρων, μιαρός, στρόφις, ἀργαλέος,

ματτυλοχός.

tαῦτ' εἰ με καλοῦσ' ἀπαντῶντες,

δράντων ἀτεχνῶς δ' τι χρῆζουσιν·

κεῖ βούλονται

νὴ τὴν Δήμητρ' ἐκ μοῦ χορδῆν
tοῖς φροντισταῖς παραθέντων.

xo. λῆμα μὲν πάρεστι τῶδε γ'
oὐκ ἀτολμον, ἀλλ' ἔτοιμον. ἵσθι δ' ὡς
tαῦτα μαθῶν παρ' ἑμοῦ κλέος οὐρανόμηκες
eν βροτοῖσιν ἔξεις.

440-450 ἵτης, "a go-ahead fellow"; περίτριμμα, a superlative

τρύμμα (cf. 260); κύρβις, "a tablet of Law" τρύμη, "a carpenter's drill"; γλούσις, "well-oiled," "slippery"; κέντρων

"quick to use the goad" (cf. 1300); στρόφις, "a weather-cock";
So away with all care from henceforth, and prepare to be placed in our votaries’ hands. This then will I do, confiding in you, for Necessity presses me sore, and so sad is my life, ’twixt my cobs and my wife, that I cannot put up with it more. So now, at your word, I give and afford My body to these, to treat as they please, To have and to hold, in squalor, in cold, In hunger and thirst, yea by Zeus, at the worst, To be flayed out of shape from my heels to my nape So along with my hide from my duns I escape, And to men may appear without conscience or fear, Bold, a hasty, and wise, a concocter of lies, A rattler to speak, a dodger, a sneak, A regular claw of the tables of law, A shuffler complete, well worn in deceit, A supple, unprincipled, troublesome cheat; A hang-dog accurst, a bore with the worst, In the tricks of the jury-courts thoroughly versed. If all that I meet this praise shall repeat, Work away as you choose, I will nothing refuse, Without any reserve, from my head to my shoes. You shan’t see me wince though my gutlets you mince, And these entrails of mine for a sausage combine, Served up for the gentlemen students to dine.

CH. Here’s a spirit bold and high Ready-armed for any strife. (To Strepsiades) If you learn what I can teach Of the mysteries of speech, Your glory soon shall reach To the summit of the sky. ματνυλούχος (Bentley’s emendation for ματιολούχος) “a licker-up of hashed meat.”

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ΑΡΙΣΤΟΦΑΝΗΣ

ΣΤ. τί πείσομαι;
ΧΟ. τὸν πάντα χρόνον μετ’ ἐμοῦ ἥλιωτότατον βίον ἀνθρώπων διάξεις. 465
ΣΤ. ἄρα γε τοῦτ’ ἄρ’ ἐγὼ ποτ’ ὅφομαι;
ΧΟ. ἡστε γε σου πολλοὺς ἐπὶ ταῖς θύραις ἀεὶ καθήσαται, 
βουλομένους ἀνακοινοῦσαι τε καὶ ἐς λόγου ἐλθεῖν, 470 
πράγματα καντιγραφᾶς πολλῶν ταλάντων 
ἀξία σῇ φρενὶ συμβουλευσομένους μετὰ σοῦ. 475 
ἀλλ’ ἐγχείρη ὁ πρεσβύτην ὦ τι περ μέλλεις προ-
διδάσκειν,
καὶ διακόνει τὸν νοῦν αὐτοῦ, καὶ τῆς γνώμης ἀπο-
πειρῶ.

ΣΩ. ἄγε δή, κάτειπέ μοι σοῦ τὸν σαυτοῦ τρόπον,
ἐν’ αὐτὸν εἰδῶς ὅστις ἔστι μηχανᾶς 
ἤδη ἵπ τοῦτοι πρὸς σὲ κανᾶς προσφέρω.
ΣΤ. τί δέ; πειχομαχεῖν μοι διανοεῖ, πρὸς τῶν θεῶν; 480 
ΣΩ. οὐκ, ἀλλὰ βραχέα σοι πυθέσθαι βούλομαι,
εἰ μνημονικὸς εἶ.
ΣΤ. δύο τρόπω νῦ τὸν Δία.
ἡν μὲν γὰρ ὀφείληται τί μοι, μνήμων πάνυ,
ἐὰν δ’ ὀφείλω, σχέτλιος, ἐπιλήσμων πάνυ.
ΣΩ. ἐνεστὶ δὴ τἀ σοι λέγεω ἐν τῇ φύσει; 485 
ΣΤ. λέγεω μὲν οὕκ ἑνεστ’, ἀποστερεῖν δ’ ἐνι.
ΣΩ. πώς οὖν δυνήσει μανθάνειν;
ΣΤ. ἀμέλει, καλῶς.
ΣΩ. ἄγε νυν ὅπως, ὅταν τι προβάλω σοι σοφὸν 
περὶ τῶν μετεώρων, εὐθέως ὑφαρτάσει.
ΣΤ. τί δαί; κυνηδόν τὴν σοφίαν σιτῆσομαι; 490 
ΣΩ. ἀνθρωπὸς ἀμαθῆς οὕτοι καὶ βάρβαρος,
δέδοικα σ’, ὥ πρεσβύτα, μὴ πληγῶν δέῃ.

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THE CLOUDS, 461–493

ST. And what am I to gain?
CH. With the Clouds you will obtain
The most happy, the most enviable life.
ST. Is it possible for me Such felicity to see?
CH. Yes, and men shall come and wait
In their thousands at your gate,
Desiring consultations and advice
On an action or a pleading
From the man of light and leading,
And you’ll pocket many talents in a trice.

(To Socrates)
Here, take the old man, and do all that you can,
your new-fashioned thoughts to instil,
And stir up his mind with your notions refined,
and test him with judgement and skill.

SO. Come now, you tell me something of your habits:
For if I don’t know them, I can’t determine
What engines I must bring to bear upon you.
ST. Eh! what? Not going to storm me, by the Gods?
SO. No, no: I want to ask you a few questions.
First: is your memory good?
ST. Two ways, by Zeus:
If I’m owed anything, I’m mindful, very:
But if I owe, (Oh, dear!) forgetful, very.
SO. Well then: have you the gift of speaking in you?
ST. The gift of speaking, no: of cheating, yes.
SO. No? how then can you learn?
ST. Oh, well enough.
SO. Then when I throw you out some clever notion.
About the laws of nature, you must catch it.
ST. What! must I snap up sapience, in dog-fashion?
SO. Oh! why the man’s an ignorant old savage:
I fear, my friend, that you’ll require the whip.
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φέρ᾽ ἵδω, τί δρᾶς, ἢν τίς σε τύπτη; 495

επειτ᾽ ἐπισχόν ὁλίγον ἐπιμαρτύρομαι,
εἶτε ἀδῆς ἀκαρῆ διαλιπῶν δικάζομαι.

ὦθι νῦν, κατάθου θοίματιον.

ἡδίκηκά τι;

οὐκ, ἀλλὰ γυμνοὺς εἰσιέναι νομίζεται.

ἀλλ᾽ οὖχὶ φωράσων ἔγωγ᾽ εἰσέρχομαι.

κατάθου. τί ληρεῖς;

εἰπὲ δὴ νῦν μοι τοδὲ:

ἂν ἐπιμελῆς ὧ καὶ προθύμως μανθάνω,
τῶ τῶν μαθητῶν ἐμφερῆς γενέσθομαι;

οὐδὲν διοίσεις Χαιρεφώντος τὴν φύσιν.

οἶμοι κακοδαίμων, ἢμιθνῆς γενέσθομαι.

οὐ μὴ λαλήσεις, ἀλλ᾽ ἀκολουθήσεις ἐμοὶ
ἀνύσας τι δευρὶ θάττον;

ἐς τῶ χεῖρὲ νῦν
dόσ μοι μελιτοῦταιν πρότερον. ὡς δέδοικ' ἐγὼ
eἰσω καταβαίνων ὃσπερ εἰς Τροφωνίου.

χώρει: τί κυππάζεις ἔχων περὶ τὴν θύραν;

αὐτ᾽ ἵδι χαίρων τῆς ἀνδρείας 510
εῖνεκα ταύτης.

εὐτυχία γένοιτο τάν-
θρώπω, ὅτι προήκων
ἐς βαθὺ τῆς ἥλικίας

νεωτέρους τὴν φύσιν αὐ-
τοῦ πράγμασιν χρωτίζεται
καὶ σοφίαν ἐπασκεῖ.

a Socrates wishes to appropriate it (cf. 179, 856), but Strep-
siades thinks he is to be flogged.

312
Come, if one strikes you, what do you do?

I'm struck:

Then in a little while I call my witness:
Then in another little while I summon him.

Put off your cloak.\(^a\)

Why, what have I done wrong?

O, nothing, nothing: all go in here naked.

Well, but I have not come with a search-warrant.\(^b\)

Fool! throw it off.

Well, tell me this one thing;
If I'm extremely careful and attentive,
Which of your students shall I most resemble?

Why, Chaerephon. You'll be his very image.

What! I shall be half-dead! O luckless me!

Don't chatter there, but come and follow me;
Make haste now, quicker, here.

Oh, but do first
Give me a honied cake: Zeus! how I tremble,
To go down there, as if to see Trophonius.\(^c\)

Go on! why keep you pottering round the door?

Yes! go, and farewell; as your courage is great,
So bright be your fate.
May all good fortune his steps pursue,
Who now, in his life's dim twilight haze,
Is game such venturesome things to do,
To steep his mind in discoveries new,
To walk, a novice, in wisdom's ways.

\(^a\) The officer had to enter a house γυμνὸς ἄχιτωρίσκον ἔχων (Plato, *Leg.* 954 α) so that he might not secretly carry in the thing asserted to be stolen.

\(^b\) The oracle of Trophonius was in a cave at Lebadea: the cakes were taken to appease "the serpent which haunted it": Schol.
Ἀριστοφάνης

οὐθὲνευμένοι, κατερὼ πρὸς υμᾶς ἐλευθέρως
tάληθη, νὴ τὸν Διόνυσον τὸν ἐκθρέψαντά με.
oὐτῳ νικήσαμί τ' ἐγὼ καὶ νομιζοῦμην σοφός,
ὡς υμᾶς ἤγουμενος εἶναι θεατὰς δεξιοὺς
καὶ ταύτην σοφώτατ' ἔχειν τῶν ἐμῶν κωμῳδιῶν,
πρώτους ἥξιώσε' ἀναγενό' υμᾶς, ἢ παρέσχε μοι
ἐργὸν πλείστον· εἰτ' ἀνεχὼρον ὑπ' ἀνδρῶν φορτικῶν
ἡττηθεῖσ, οὐκ ἄξιοι ὡν· ταῦτ' ὡν ὑμῖν μέμφομαι
τοῖς σοφοῖς, ὡν οὐνεκ' ἐγὼ ταῦτ' ἐπραγματευόμην.
ἀλλ' οὖν ὡς υμῶν ποθ' ἐκὼν προδώσω τοὺς δεξιοὺς.
ἐξ ὧτου γὰρ ἐνθάδ' ὑπ' ἀνδρῶν, οἷς ἤδ' καὶ λέγειν,
ὁ σώφρων τε χῶ καταπύγων ἄριστ' ἱκουσάτην,
κάγω, παρθένως γὰρ ἐτ' ἣν, κούκ ἐξῆν πώ μοι τεκεῖν, 530
ἐξέθηκα, παῖς δ' ἔτερα τις λαβοῦσ' ἀνείλετο,
ὕμεῖς δ' ἐξεθρέψατε γενναιῶς καταπίδεσατε·
ἐκ τούτου μοι πιστὰ παρ' υμῖν γνώμης ἐσθ' ὅρκια.

νῦν οὖν 'Ηλέκτραν κατ' ἐκείνην ἦδ' ἢ κωμῳδία

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a 518-62 constitute the Parabasis of the revised Comedy.
b Two characters in his play the Banqueters.
c The Banqueters was exhibited in the name of Callistratus.
d The Choēphoroe of Aeschylus, where E. recognizes her brother’s “lock of hair” on Agamemnon’s tomb.
O Spectators,\(^a\) I will utter honest truths with accents free, Yea! by mighty Dionysus, Him who bred and nurtured me. So may I be deemed a poet, and this day obtain the prize, As till that unhappy blunder I had always held you wise, And of all my plays esteeming this the wisest and the best, Served it up for your enjoyment, which had, more than all the rest, Cost me thought, and time, and labour: then most scandalously treated, I retired in mighty dudgeon, by unworthy foes defeated. This is why I blame your critics, for whose sake I framed the play: Yet the clever ones amongst you even now I won't betray. No! for ever since from judges unto whom 'tis joy to speak, Brothers Profligate and Modest\(^b\) gained the praise we fondly seek, When, for I was yet a Virgin, and it was not right to bear, I exposed it, and Another did the foundling nurse with care,\(^c\) But 'twas ye who nobly nurtured, ye who brought it up with skill:— From that hour I proudly cherish pledges of your sure good will. Now then comes its sister hither, like Electra in the Play,\(^d\)
Δημοκράτης, ὃς πρὸς τὸν ἱερὸν θεατάρχην οὕτω σοφοῖς: γνώσεται γὰρ, ἢνπερ ἰδίᾳ, τάδελφον τὸν βοστρυχον. ὡς δὲ σώφρον ἐστὶ φύσει σκέφασθ᾽ ὡςτις πρῶτα μὲν οὐδὲν ἤλθε βαφαμένη σκύτινον καθεμένον, ἐρυθρὸν ἕξ ἀκρον, παχὺ, τοῖς παιδίοις ἵν᾽ ἡ γέλως. οὐδ᾽ ἐσκωψε τοὺς φαλακροὺς, οὐδὲ κόρδας εὐλυκυσέν, οὐδὲ πρεσβύτης ὁ λέγων τάπη τῇ βακτηρίᾳ τύπτει τὸν παρόντ᾽, ἀφανίζων πονηρὰ σκώμματα, οὐδ᾽ εἰσῄξε δάδας ἔχουσ᾽, οὐδ᾽ ἰοὺ ἰοῦ βοᾶ, ἀλλ᾽ αὐτῇ καὶ τοῖς ἔπεσιν πιστεύουσ᾽ ἔληλυθεν. κἀγὼ μὲν τοιοῦτος ἄνὴρ ὃν ποιήσῃ οὐ κομῶ, οὐδ᾽ ὑμᾶς ξητῶ 'ξαπατᾶν δις καὶ τρὶς ταῦτ᾽ εἰσάγων, ἀλλ᾽ ἀεὶ καὶ χαῦς ἱδέας εἰσφέρων σοφίζομαι, οὐδὲν ἀλλήλαυσιν ὁμοίας καὶ πάσας δεξιάς· δὲς μέγιστον ὄντα Κλέων᾽ ἐπαίσι᾽ εἰς τὴν γαστέρα, κοῦκ ἐτόλμησ᾽ αὐθίς ἐπεμπηθῆσ᾽ αὐτῷ κειμένῳ. οὐτοὶ δ᾽, ὡς ἀπαξ παρέδωκεν λαβῆν Ἰπέρβολος, τοῦτον δείλαιον κολετρῶσ᾽ ἀεὶ καὶ τὴν μητέρα.

*εἰσηέσαν γαρ οἱ κωμικοὶ διεξωσμένοι δερμάτινα αἴδοια, γελοῖον χάριν: Schol.*
Comes in earnest expectation kindred minds to meet to-day;
She will recognize full surely, if she find, her brother's tress.
And observe how pure her morals:
who, to notice her first dress,
Enters not with filthy symbols
on her modest garments hung,
Jeering bald-heads, dancing ballets,
for the laughter of the young.
In this play no wretched greybeard
with a staff his fellow pokes,
So obscuring from the audience
all the poorness of his jokes.
No one rushes in with torches,
no one groans, "Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"
Trusting in its genuine merits
comes this play before you here.
Yet, though such a hero-poet,
I, the bald-head, do not grow
Curling ringlets: neither do I
twice or thrice my pieces show.
Always fresh ideas sparkle,
always novel jests delight,
Nothing like each other, save that
all are most exceeding bright.
I am he who floored the giant,
Cleon, in his hour of pride,
Yet when down I scorned to strike him,
and I left him when he died!
But the others, when a handle
once Hyperbolus did lend.
Trample down the wretched caitiff,
and his mother, without end.
Clearly the "mother of Hyperbolus."

He seems to have travestied the story of Andromeda, bringing on a tipsy old woman to be devoured by the sea-monster.

See K. 864-7.
In his Maricas the Drunkard, Eupolis the charge began,
Shamefully my "Knights" distorting, as he is a shameful man,
Tacking on the tipsy beldame,\(a\) just the ballet-dance to keep,
Phrynichus's \(b\) prime invention, eat by monsters of the deep.
Then Hermippus on the caitiff opened all his little skill,
And the rest upon the caitiff are their wit exhausting still;
And my simile to pilfer "of the Eels" \(c\) they all combine.
Whoso laughs at their productions, let him not delight in mine.
But for you who praise my genius, you who think my writings clever,
Ye shall gain a name for wisdom, yea! for ever and for ever.

O mighty God, O heavenly King,
First unto Thee my prayer I bring.
O come, Lord Zeus, to my choral song;—
And Thou, dread Power, whose resistless hand
Heaves up the sea and the trembling land,
Lord of the trident, stern and strong;—
And Thou who sustainest the life of us all
Come, Ether, our parent, O come to my call;—
And Thou who floodest the world with light,
Guiding thy steeds through the glittering sky,
To men below and to Gods on high
A Potentate heavenly-bright!

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ω σοφώτατοι θεαταί, δεῦρο τὸν νοῦν πρόσχετε. 575

ηδικημέναι γὰρ ὑμῖν μεμφόμεσθ᾽ ἐναντίον·
πλεῖστα γὰρ θεῶν ἀπάντων ὠφελοῦσας τὴν πόλιν,
δαμόνων ὑμῖν μόναις οὐ θύετ᾽ οὔδε σπένδετε,
αἰτίνες τηροῦμεν ὑμᾶς. ἦν γὰρ ἣ τὸς ἔξοδος
μηδενὶ ξύν νῷ, τότ᾽ ἡ βροντῷμεν ἡ ψακάζωμεν. 580

εἶτα τὸν θεοῖσιν ἔχθρον βυρσοδέφην Παφλαγόνα
ηνίχ᾽ ἠρείσθε στρατηγὸν, τὰς ὁφρὺς συνήγομεν
κάποιοὺμεν δεινά. "βροντῇ δ᾽ ἐρράγη δι᾽ ἀστραπῆς."
ἡ σελήνη δ᾽ ἐξελεύπε τὰς ὀδοὺς. ὁ δ᾽ ἡλιος
tὴν θρυαλλίδ᾽ εἰς έαυτὸν εὐθέως ξυνελκύσας
οὐ φανεῖν ἐφασκεν ὑμῖν, εἰ στρατηγήσει Κλέων.

ἀλλ᾽ ὀμως εἴλεσθε τοῦτον. φασὶ γὰρ δυσβουλίαν
τῇ τῇ πόλει προσεῖναι, ταύτα μέντοι τοὺς θεοὺς
ἀττ᾽ ἄν ὑμεῖς ἐξαμάρτητ᾽ ἐπὶ τὸ βέλτιον τρέπειν.
ὡς δὲ καὶ τοῦτο ξυνοίσει ῥαδίως διδάξομεν.

ἡν Κλέωνα τὸν λάρον δώρων ἐλόντες καὶ κλοπῆς,

---

a From the Teucer of Sophocles: Schol.
b Nothing is known of this election.
O most sapient wise spectators,
    hither turn attention due,
We complain of sad ill-treatment,
    we’ve a bone to pick with you:
We have ever helped your city,
    helped with all our might and main;
Yet you pay us no devotion,
    that is why we now complain.
We who always watch around you.
    For if any project seems
Ill-concocted, then we thunder,
    then the rain comes down in streams.
And, remember, very lately,
    how we knit our brows together,
“Thunders crashing, lightnigs flashing,” 
    never was such awful weather;
And the Moon in haste eclipsed her,
    and the Sun in anger swore
He would curl his wick within him
    and give light to you no more,
Should you choose that mischief-worker,
    Cleon, whom the Gods abhor,
Tanner, Slave, and Paphlagonian,
    to lead out your hosts to war.
Yet you chose him! yet you chose him!
    For they say that Folly grows
Best and finest in this city,
    but the gracious Gods dispose
Always all things for the better,
    causing errors to succeed:
And how this sad job may profit,
    surely he who runs may read.
Let the Cormorant be convicted,
    in command, of bribes and theft,
'Είτ'α φιμώσητε τουτον τῷ ξύλῳ τὸν αὔχενα, αὐθίς ἐς τάρχαιον ύμῶν, εἰ τι καξημάρττε, ἑπὶ τὸ βέλτιον τὸ πράγμα τῇ πόλει συνοίσεται.

"ἀμφί μοι αὖτε," Φοῖβ' ἀνάξ
Δήλε, Κυνθίαν ἔχων
ψυκέρατα πέταν
ἡ τ' Ἐφέσου μακαὶρα πάγ-
χρυσον ἔχεις
οἶκον ἐν ὧν κόραι σε Δυ-
δών μεγάλως σεβοῦσιν·
ἡ τ' ἐπιχύριοι ἠμετέρα θεός,
ἀбережδο ἡνίοχος, πολιούχος Ἀθάνα·
Παρνασσίαν θ' ὅς κατέχων
πέταν σὺν πεῦκαις σελαγεῖ
Βάκχαις Δελφίσων ἐμπρέπων,
κωμαστῆς Διόνυσος.

ἡμίχ' ἡμεῖς δεῦρ' ἀφορμᾶσθαι παρεσκευάσμεθα,
ἡ Σελήνη συντυχοῦσ' ἡμῖν ἐπέστειλεν φράσαι,
πρῶτα μὲν χαίρειν Ἀθηναίοισι καὶ τοῖς ἡμιμάχοισ·
ἐίτα θυμαίνειν ἐφασκε· δεινὰ γὰρ πεπονθέναι,
ὕφελοῦ' ύμᾶς ἀπαντᾶς, οὐ λόγοις, ἀλλ' ἐμφανὸς.
πρῶτα μὲν τοῦ μηνὸς εἰς δαὸδ' ὅπε ἔλαττον ἤ δραχμὴν,
ὡστε καὶ λέγειν ἀπαντᾶς ἐξιόντας ἐσπέρας,

a ἀμφί μοι αὖτε was a common commencement of dithyrambic odes.
THE CLOUDS, 592–613

Let us have him gagged and muzzled, in the pillory chained and left, Then again, in ancient fashion, all that ye have erred of late, Will turn out your own advantage, and a blessing to the State.

"Phoebus, my king, come to me still." a
Thou who holdest the Cynthian hill,
The lofty peak of the Delian isle;—
And Thou, his sister, to whom each day
Lydian maidens devoutly pray
In Thy stately gilded Ephesian pile;—
And Athene, our Lady, the queen of us all,
With the Aegis of God, O come to my call;—
And Thou whose dancing torches of pine
Flicker, Parnassian glades along,
Dionysus, Star of Thy Maenad throng,
Come, Reveller most divine!

We, when we had finished packing, and prepared our journey down,
Met the Lady Moon, who charged us with a message for your town.
First, All hail to noble Athens, and her faithful true Allies;
Then, she said, your shameful conduct made her angry passions rise,
Treating her so ill who always aids you, not in words, but clearly;
Saves you, first of all, in torchlight every month a drachma nearly,
So that each one says, if business calls him out from home by night,
ARISTOPHANES

μὴ πρίγ, παί, δάδ', ἐπειδὴ φῶς Σεληναῖς καλῶν.

ἀλλα τ' εὖ δράν φησιν, ὕμᾶς δ' οὐκ ἄγειν τὰς ἰμέρας

οὐδὲν ὀρθῶς, ἀλλ' ἄνω τε καὶ κάτω κυδοῖδοταν.

ὡς' ἀπελείην φησιν αὐτῇ τοὺς θεοὺς ἐκάστοτε ἦνίκ' ἃν ψευσθὼσι δεῖπνου, κατίωσιν οὐκαδε, τῆς ἐορτῆς μὴ τυχόντες κατὰ λόγον τῶν ἰμερῶν.

καθ' ὅταν θύειν δή, στρεβλούτε καὶ δικαίζετε.  

πολλάκις δ' ἰμῶν ἁγόντων τῶν θεῶν ἀπαστίαν, ἦνίκ' ἃν πενθῶμεν ἦ τὸν Μέμνον' ἦ Σαρπηδόνα, οπένδεθ' ύμεῖς καὶ γελάτ'. ἀνθ' ὄν λαχῶν 'Ὑπέρ-

βολος

τῆς εἰρομυμονεῖν, κάπειθ' ὃψ' ἰμῶν τῶν θεῶν τὸν στέφανον αἰχμόθη. μᾶλλον γὰρ οὕτως εἴσεται κατὰ σελήνην ὡς ἄγειν χρῆ τοῦ βίου τὰς ἰμέρας.  625

ΣΩ. μὰ τὴν 'Αναπνοήν, μὰ τὸ Χάος, μὰ τὸν 'Αέρα, οὐκ εἶδον οὕτως ἄνδρ' ἄγρουκον οὐδένα οὐδ' ἀπορον οὐδὲ σκειὼν οὐδ' ἐπιλήσμονα· ὃστις σκαλαθυμματί' ἀττα μικρὰ μανθάνων, ταῦτ' ἐπιλέξθησαν πρὶν μαθεῖν· ὦμως γε μὴν αὐτὸν καλῶ θύραζε δευρὶ πρὸς τὸ φῶς.

ποῦ Στρεψιάδης; ἔξει τὸν ἀσκάντην λαβῶν.

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* The allusion is to alterations in the calendar introduced by the astronomer Meton about 432 B.C.
* Son of Eos (Aurora), slain by Achilles; for Sarpedon son of Zeus whom Patroclus slew see Il. xvi. 419 seq.
* An official sent with the three Pylagorae to the Amphictyonic Council. Nothing is known of the circumstance.
* Socrates here comes out of the Phrontisterion where he has been endeavouring to teach Strepsiades.

324
"Buy no link, my boy, this evening, for the Moon will lend her light."

Other blessings too she sends you, yet you will not mark your days

As she bids you, but confuse them, jumbling them all sorts of ways,

And, she says, the Gods in chorus shower reproaches on her head,

When in bitter disappointment they go supperless to bed,

Not obtaining festal banquets duly on the festal day;

Ye are badgering in the law-courts when ye should arise and slay!

And full oft when we celestials some strict fast are duly keeping,

For the fate of mighty Memnon, or divine Sarpedon weeping,

Then you feast and pour libations: and Hyperbolus of late

Lost the crown he wore so proudly as Recorder of the Gate,

Through the wrath of us immortals: so perchance he'll rather know

Always all his days in future by the Lady Moon to go.

so. Never by Chaos, Air, and Respiration,

Never, no never have I seen a clown

So helpless, and forgetful, and absurd!

Why if he learns a quirk or two he clean

Forgets them ere he has learnt them: all the same,

I'll call him out of doors here to the light.

Take up your bed, Strepsiades, and come!
στ. ἄλλ' οὔκ ἐὼσί μ' ἐξενεγκείν οἱ κόρεις.

σμ. ἀνύσας τι κατάθου, καὶ πρόσεχε τὸν νοῦν.

στ. ἵδον.

σμ. ἀγε δή, τί βούλει πρῶτα νυνι μανθάνειν ὃν οὔκ ἐωδάξθης πῶποτ' οὔδεν; εἰπέ μοι. πότερον περὶ μέτρων ἡ περὶ ἐπῶν ἡ ῥυμῆιν;

στ. περὶ τῶν μέτρων ἐγωγ'. ἐναγχος γάρ ποτε ὑπ' ἀλφιταμοιδοῦ παρεκόπτην διχομίκησ.

σμ. οὐ τοῦτ' ἔρωτῶ σ', ἄλλ' ὁ τι καλλιστον μέτρον ἐγείρ' πότερον τὸ τρίμετρον ἡ τὸ τετράμετρον;

στ. ἐγώ μὲν οὔδεν πρότερον ἑμιεκτέου.

σμ. οὔδεν λέγεις, ὅνθρωπε.

στ. περίδου νυν ἐμοί,

εἰ μὴ τετράμετρον ἑστιν ἑμιεκτέου.

σμ. ἐσ κόρακας, ὡς ἀγροικὸς εἰ καὶ δυσμαθής. τόχα δ' ἄν δύναι μανθάνειν περὶ ῥυμηῶ.

στ. τί δέ μ' ὁφελήσουμε' οἱ ῥυμοὶ πρὸς τάλφητα;

σμ. πρῶτον μὲν εἶναι κομψὸν ἐν συνουσία,

ἐπαίνονθ' ὅποῖός ἔστι τῶν ῥυμηῶν κατ' ἐνόπλιοι, χῶποιοί αὐτ' κατὰ δάκτυλον.

στ. κατὰ δάκτυλον; νὴ τὸν Δί', ἄλλι ὁἴδ'.

σμ. εἰπέ δή.

στ. τίς ἄλλος ἀντὶ τοὺτοι τοῦ δάκτυλον;

πρὸ τοῦ μὲν, ἐτ' ἐμοῦ παιδὸς ὄντος, οὐτοσί.

σμ. ἀγρεῖος εἰ καὶ σκαῖος.

στ. οὐ γάρ, ἡμιρε',

tοῦτων ἑπιθυμῶ μανθάνειν οὔδεν.

σμ. τί δαί;

στ. ἐκεῖν' ἐκεῖνο, τὸν ἀδικῳτατον λόγον.

σμ. ἄλλ' ἑτερα δεὶ σε πρότερα τοῦτων μανθάνειν,

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*a The μέδιμνος = 48 χολικες, the ἐκτεύς = 8, and so the ἑμιεκτέον = 4, being therefore τετράμετρον. The joke, however, in 326*
st. By Zeus, I can’t: the bugs make such resistance.
so. Make haste. There, throw it down, and listen.
st. Well!
so. Attend to me: what shall I teach you first
That you’ve not learnt before? Which will you have,
Measures or rhythms or the right use of words?
st. Oh! measures to be sure: for very lately
A grocer swindled me of full three pints.
so. I don’t mean that: but which do you like the best
Of all the measures; six feet, or eight feet?
st. Well, I like nothing better than the yard.
so. Fool! don’t talk nonsense.
st. What will you bet me now
That two yards don’t exactly make six feet?" 
so. Consume you! what an ignorant clown you are!
Still, perhaps you can learn tunes more easily.
st. But will tunes help me to repair my fortunes?
so. They’ll help you to behave in company:
If you can tell which kind of tune is best
For the sword-dance, and which for finger music."
st. For fingers! aye, but I know that.
so. Say on, then.
st. What is it but this finger? though before,
Ere this was grown, I used to play with that.
so. Insufferable dolt!
st. Well but, you goose,
I don’t want to learn this.
so. What do you want then?
st. Teach me the Logie! teach me the unjust Logic!
so. But you must learn some other matters first:
the Greek consists largely in all the measures being measures of
capacity (a μεδιμνος being about 12 gallons).
* Strepsiades knows nothing about “dactyl” but takes
dάκτυλος in its literal sense, and makes indecent gestures with the
middle finger (infamis digitus).
τῶν τετραπόδων ἀττ' ἐστὶν ὀρθῶς ἀρρενα.

στ. ἀλλ' οὔδ' ἐγώγε τάρρεν', εἰ μὴ μαίνομαι·
κριός, τράγος, ταῦρος, κύων, ἀλεκτρυών.

ση. ὀρᾶς ὁ πάσχεις; τὴν τε θήλειαν καλεῖς
ἀλεκτρύνα κατὰ ταῦτο καὶ τὸν ἀρρενα.

στ. πῶς δή; φέρε.

ση. πῶς; ἀλεκτρυῶν καλεκτρυῶν.

στ. νῆ τὸν Ποσειδῶν. νῦν δὲ πῶς με χρὴ καλεῖν;

ση. ἀλεκτρύσαναν, τὸν δ' ἔτερον ἀλέκτορα.

στ. ἀλεκτρύσαναν; εὗ γε νῆ τὸν 'Αέρα.

ση. ἵδοι μάλ' αὐθίς τοῦθ' ἔτερον. τὴν κάρδοπον
ἀρρενα καλεῖς, θήλειαν οὖσαν.

στ. τῷ τρόπῳ
ἀρρενα καλῶ γω κάρδοπον;

ση. μάλιστα γε,

στ. πῶς δή; φράσον.

ση. ταῦτον δύναται σοι κάρδοπος Κλεωνύμω.

στ. ἀλλ', ὤγαθ', οὔδ' ἴν κάρδοπος Κλεωνύμω,
ἀλλ' εὖ θυεία στρογγύλῃ γ' ἀνεμάττητο.

ση. ὀπως;

στ. τὴν καρδόπην, ὡσπερ καλεῖς τὴν Σωστράτην.

ση. τὴν καρδόπην θήλειαν;

στ. ὀρθῶς γὰρ λέγεις.

στ. ἐκείνῳ δ' ἴν ἄν, καρδόπη, Κλεωνύμη.

ση. ἔτε δή γε περὶ τῶν ὅνομάτων μαθέων σε δεῖ,
ἀττ' ἀρρεν' ἐστίν, ἀττα δ' αὐτῶν θήλεα.

στ. ἀλλ' οἶδ' ἐγώγ' ἀ θήλε' ἐστίν.

ση. εἰπε δή.
As, what are males among the quadrupeds.

ST. I should be mad indeed not to know that.
The Ram, the Bull, the Goat, the Dog, the Fowl.

SO. Ah! there you are! there's a mistake at once!
You call the male and female fowl the same.

ST. How! tell me how.

SO. Why fowl and fowl of course.

ST. That's true though! what then shall I say in future?

SO. Call one a fowlless and the other a fowl.

ST. A fowless? Good! Bravo! Bravo! by Air.
Now for that one bright piece of information
I'll give you a barley bumper in your trough.

SO. Look there, a fresh mistake; you called it trough,
Masculine, when it's feminine.

ST. How, pray?

SO. How did I make it masculine?

ST. Why "trough,"

SO. Just like "Cleonymus."

ST. I don't quite catch it.


ST. Ah, but Cleonymus has got no trough,
His bread is kneaded in a rounded mortar:

ST. Still, what must I say in future?

SO. What! why call it
A "troughess," female, just as one says "an actress."

ST. A "troughess," female?

SO. That's the way to call it.

ST. O "troughess" then and Miss Cleonymus.

SO. Still you must learn some more about these names;
Which are the names of men and which of women.

ST. Oh, I know which are women.

SO. Well, repeat some.

"As being "a poor man" who had nothing better to use:"

Schol. But there seems a reference "to the charge of effeminacy
which runs through these lines": R.
ARISTOPHANES

ἐτ. Δύσιλλα, Φίλωνα, Κλειταγόρα, Δημητρία.

ἐπ. ἄρρενα δὲ ποια τῶν ὀνομάτων;

ἐτ. μυρία.

Φιλόξενος, Μελησίας, Ἀμυνίας.

ἐπ. ἀλλ’, ὡ πόνηρε, ταῦτά γ’ ἐστ’ οὐκ ἄρρενα.

ἐτ. οὐκ ἄρρεν’ ἦμιν ἔστιν;

ἐπ. οὐδαμῶς γ’, ἔπει πῶς ἂν καλέσειας ἐντυχών Ἀμυνία;

ἐτ. ὁπως ἂν; ὡδί, δεῦρο δεῦρ’, Ἀμυνία.

ἐπ. ὄρψ; γυναῖκα τὴν Ἀμυνίαν καλεῖς.

ἐτ. οὐκοῦν δικαίως ἦτις οὐ στρατεύεται; ἀτὰρ τί ταῦθ’ ἄ πάντες ἵσμεν μανθάνω;

ἐπ. οὐδέν μα Δί’, ἄλλα κατακλυεῖς δευρί,

ἐτ. τί δρῶ;

ἐπ. ἐκφράντισόν τι τῶν σεαυτοῦ πραγμάτων.

ἐτ. μή δήθ’, ἱκετεύω σ’, ἐνθάδ’. ἀλλ’ εἴπερ γε χρή, χαμάι μ’ ἔασον αὐτά ταῦτ’ ἐκφροντίσαι.

ἐπ. οὐκ ἔστι παρὰ ταῦτ’ ἄλλα.

ἐτ. κακοδαίμων ἐγώ, οἷον δίκην τοῖς κόρεσι δῶσω τῆμερον.

ἐπ. φρόντιζε δή καὶ διάθρει, πάντα τρόπον τε σεαυτοῦ στρόβει πυκνώσας.

ταχὺς δ’, ὅταν εἰς ἄπορον πέσης, ἐπ’ ἄλλο πῆδα νόμημα φρενός: ὑπνος δ’ ἀπέστω γλυκύθυμος ὀμμάτων.

ἐτ. ἰατταταῖ ἰατταταῖ.

χο. τί πάσχεις; τί κάμνεις;

ἐτ. ἀπόλλυμαι δείλαιος· ἐκ τοῦ σκίμπωδος

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Demetria, Cleitagora, Philinna.

Now tell me some men’s names.

O yes, ten thousand.

Pilon, Melesias, Amynias.

Hold! I said men’s names: these are women’s names.

No, no, they’re men’s.

They are not men’s, for how

Would you address Amynias if you met him?

How? somehow thus: “Here, here, Amynia!”

Amynia! a woman’s name, you see.

And rightly too; a sneak who shirks all service!

But all know this: let’s pass to something else.

Well, then, you get into the bed.

And then?

Excogitate about your own affairs.

Not there: I do beseech, not there: at least

Let me excogitate on the bare ground.

There is no way but this.

O luckless me!

How I shall suffer from the bugs to-day.

Now then survey in every way,

with airy judgement sharp and quick:

Wrapping thoughts around you thick:

And if so be in one you stick,

Never stop to toil and bother,

Lightly, lightly, lightly leap,

To another, to another;

Far away be balmy sleep.

Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!

What’s the matter? where’s the pain?

Friends! I’m dying. From the bed

"Cf. W. 466, 1267. The Greek vocative of “Amynias” becomes feminine in form."
ARISTOPHANES

dákounoi μ' ἐξέρποντες οἱ Κορίνθιοι,
καὶ τὰς πλευρὰς δαρδάπτουσιν
καὶ τὴν ψυχὴν ἐκπίνουσιν,
καὶ τοὺς ὀρχεῖς ἐξέλκουσιν,
καὶ τὸν πρωκτὸν διορύττουσιν,
καὶ μ' ἀπολούσιν.

χο. μὴ νῦν βαρέως ἀλγεὶ λίαν.

στ. καὶ πῶς; ὅτε μου

φρούδα τὰ χρήματα, φρούδη χροιά,
φρούδη ψυχὴ, φρούδη δ' ἐμβάς.
καὶ πρὸς τούτοις ἔτι τοῖς κακοῖς

φρουρᾶς ἄδων

ὅλιγον φρούδος γεγένημαι.

σο. οὕτως, τί ποιεῖς; οὐχὶ φροντίζεις;

στ. ἐγώ;


νὴ τὸν Ποσειδῶ.

σο. καὶ τί δῆτ' ἐφρὸντισας;

στ. ὑπὸ τῶν κόρεων ε' μοῦ τί περιλειφθήσεται.

σο. ἀπολεῖ κάκιστ'.

στ. ἄλλ', ὥγαθ', ἀπολωλ' ἄρτιώς.

σο. οὐ μαλθακιστε', ἄλλα περικαλυπτέα.

ἐξευρετέος γὰρ νοῦς ἀποστερητικὸς

καπαϊόλημ'.

στ. οἶμοι, τίς ἂν δῆτ' ἐπιβάλοι

ἐξ ἀρνακίδων γνώμην ἀποστερητρίδα;

σο. φέρε νῦν, ἀθρήσω πρῶτον, ὦ τι δρά', τούτοι. οὕτως, καθεύδεις;

στ. μὰ τὸν 'Απόλλω γὰρ μὲν οὐ.

σο. ἔχεις τι;

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THE CLOUDS, 710–732

Out creep bugbears a scantly fed,
And my ribs they bite in twain,
And my life-blood out they suck,
And my manhood off they pluck,
And my loins they dig and drain,
And I’m dying, once again.

CH. O take not the smart so deeply to heart.

ST. Why, what can I do?
Vanished my skin so ruddy of hue,
Vanished my life-blood, vanished my shoe,
Vanished my purse, and what is still worse
As I hummed an old tune till my watch should
be past,
I had very near vanished myself at the last.

so. Hallo there, are you pondering?

ST. Eh! what? I?

Yes to be sure.

so. And what have your ponderings come to?

ST. Whether these bugs will leave a bit of me.

so. Consume you, wretch!

ST. Faith, I’m consumed already.

so. Come, come, don’t flinch: pull up the clothes again:
Search out and catch some very subtle dodge
To fleece your creditors.

ST. O me, how can I
Fleece any one with all these fleeces on me?

(Puts his head under the clothes.)

so. Come, let me peep a moment what he’s doing.
Hey! he’s asleep!

ST. No, no! no fear of that!

so. Caught anything?

---
a ol Koplviou (at this time the bitterest enemies of Athens)=ol kóreis, “the bugs.”
ARISTOPHANES

στ. μὰ Δί’ οὐ δῆτ’ ἐγγύ’.  
σμ. οὐδὲν πάνυ;  
στ. οὐδὲν γε πλὴν ἢ τὸ πέος ἐν τῇ δεξιᾷ.  
σμ. οὐκ ἐγκαλυψάμενος ταχέως τι φροντιεῖς;  
στ. περὶ τοῦ; σὺ γάρ μοι τοῦτο φράσον, ὁ Σώκρατες.  
σμ. αὐτὸς ὁ τι βουλεῖ πρῶτος ἔξευρὼν λέγε.  
στ. ἀκήκοας μυριάκις ἀγὸ βούλομαι,  
περὶ τῶν τόκων, ὅπως ἂν ἀποδῶ μηδενί.  
σμ. ἵθι νυν, καλύττου καὶ σχάσας τὴν φροντίδα  
λεπτὴν κατὰ μικρὸν περιφρόνει τὰ πράγματα,  
ὅρθως διαίρῶν καὶ σκοπῶν.  
στ. οίμοι τάλας.  
σμ. ἕξ’ ἀτρέμα. κἂν ἀπορῆς τι τῶν νοημάτων,  
ἄφεις ἀπελθεῖ. κατὰ τὴν γνώμην πάλιν  
kίνησον αὕτης, αὐτὸ καὶ ξυγώθρισον.  
στ. ὁ Σωκρατίδιον φίλτατον.  
σμ. τί, ὁ γέρον;  
στ. ἔχω τόκου γνώμην ἀποστηρητικήν.  
σμ. ἐπίδειξον αὐτήν.  
στ. εἰπὲ δὴ νῦν μοι,  
σμ. τὸ τί;  
στ. γυναῖκα φαρμακίδ’ εἰ πριάμενος Θεταλῆν,  
καθέλομι νύκτωρ τὴν σελήνην, εἶτα δὲ  
aὐτὴν καθεῖρξαίμ᾽ ἐς λοφεῖον στρογγύλων,  
ὡσπερ κάτοπτρον, κάτα τηροίην ἔχων,  
σμ. τί δήτα τούτ’ ἃν ὦφελησείν σ’;  
στ. ὁ τί;  
εἰ μηκέτ’ ἄνατέλλοι σελήνη μηδαμοῦ,  
οὐκ ἂν ἀποδοίην τοὺς τόκους.  
σμ. ὅτι τί δή;  
στ. ὅτι διὰ κατὰ μῆνα τάργυριον δανείζεται.  
σμ. εὖ γ’ ἄλλ’ ἐτερον αὐτοῖς προβαλὼ τι δεξιόν.  
334
THE CLOUDS, 733–757

No, nothing.

Surely, something.

Well, I had something in my hand, I'll own.

Pull up the clothes again, and go on pondering.

On what? now do please tell me, Socrates.

What is it that you want? first tell me that.

You have heard a million times what 'tis I want: My debts! my debts! I want to shirk my debts.

'Come, come, pull up the clothes: refine your thoughts With subtle wit: look at the case on all sides: Mind you divide a correctly.

Ugh! O me.

Hush: if you meet with any difficulty Leave it a moment: then return again To the same thought: then lift and weigh it well.

Oh, here, dear Socrates!

Well, my old friend.

I've found a notion how to shirk my debts.

Well then, propound it.

What do you think of this? Suppose I hire some grand Thessalian witch To conjure down the Moon, and then I take it And clap it into some round helmet-box, And keep it fast there, like a looking-glass,—

But what's the use of that?

The use, quotha: Why if the Moon should never rise again, I'd never pay one farthing.

No! why not?

Why, don't we pay our interest by the month?

Good! now I'll proffer you another problem.

"division of genus into species" is a technical term in Logic.
ARISTOPHANES

εἰ σοι γράφοιτο πεντετάλαντός τις δίκη, ὃπως ἂν αὐτὴν ἀφανίσεις εἰπέ μοι.

Ε. ὃπως; ὃπως; οὐκ οἶδ᾽ ἀτὰρ ἕχητέον.

Χ. μὴ νυν περὶ σαυτὸν εἶλλε τὴν γνώμην ἂεί, ἀλλ᾽ ἀποχάλα τὴν φροντίδ᾽ εἰς τὸν ἀέρα, λινόδετον ὦσπερ μηλολόνθην τοῦ ποδός.

Ε. εὐρηκε ἀφανίσων τῆς δίκης σοφωτάτην, ἀστ᾽ αὐτὸν ὁμολογεῖν σ᾽ ἐμοί.

Ε. ποίαν τινά; 76

Ε. ἦδη παρὰ τοὺς φαρμακοπώλαις τὴν λίθον ταύτην ἐόρακας, τὴν καλῆν, τὴν διαφανῆ, ἀφ᾽ ἣς τὸ πῦρ ἀπτούσι;

Ε. τὴν υαλὸν λέγεις; 76

Ε. ἔγωγε. φέρε, τί δὴ τἳ ἂν, εἰ ταύτην λαβών, ὃποτε γράφοιτο τὴν δίκην ὁ γραμματεύς, ἀπωτέρων στὰς ὦδε πρὸς τὸν ἥλιον τὰ γράμματ᾽ ἐκτῆξαιμι τῆς ἐμῆς δίκης;

Ε. σοφῶς γε νη ἡ τὰς Χάριτας. 770

Ε. οὔι᾽ ὡς ἴδομαι ὅτι πεντετάλαντος διαγέγραπται μοι δίκη.

Ε. ἄγε δή ταχέως τοὺτο ἐξυνάρπασον.

Ε. τὸ τί; 771

Ε. ὃπως ἀποστρέψαις ἂν ἀντιδίκων δίκην, μέλλων ὀφλήσειν, μὴ παρόντων μαρτύρων.

Ε. φαυλότατα καὶ ρᾴστ᾽.

Ε. εἰπὲ δή. 771

Ε. καὶ δὴ λέγω. εἰ πρόσθεν ἐτι μιᾶς ἐνεστώσῃς δίκης, πρὶν τὴν ἐμῆν καλείσθ᾽, ἀπαγξαίμην τρέχων.

Ε. οὐδὲν λέγεις.

Ε. "νη τοὺς θεοὺς ἐγωγ" ἐπεὶ 78

336
Suppose an action: damages, five talents:
Now tell me how you can evade that same.

ST. How! how! can't say at all: but I'll go seek.

SO. Don't wrap your mind for ever round yourself,
But let your thoughts range freely through the air,
Like chafers with a thread about their feet.a

ST. I've found a bright evasion of the action:
Confess yourself, 'tis glorious.

SO. But what is it?

ST. I say, haven't you seen in druggists' shops
That stone, that splendidly transparent stone,
By which they kindle fire?

SO. The burning-glass?

ST. That's it: well then, I'd get me one of these,
And as the clerk was entering down my case,
I'd stand, like this, some distance towards the sun,
And burn out every line.

SO. By the Three Graces,
A clever dodge!

ST. O me, how pleased I am
To have a debt like that clean blotted out.

SO. Come, then, make haste and snap up this.

ST. How to prevent an adversary's suit
Supposing you were sure to lose it; tell me.

ST. O, nothing easier.

SO. How, pray?

ST. Why thus,
While there was yet one trial intervening,
Ere mine was cited, I'd go hang myself.

SO. Absurd!

ST. No, by the Gods, it isn't though:

---

a To tie a thread round the leg of a cockchafer and then see it try to fly was apparently a common amusement of boys.
οὐδεὶς κατ’ ἐμοῦ πεθενῶτος εἰσάξει δίκην.

σω. ὃθλεῖς· ἀπεπρ’, οὐκ ἀν διδαξαίμην σ’ ἔτι.

στ. ὅτι τί; ναὶ πρὸς τῶν θεῶν, ὥς Σώκρατες.

σω. ἀλλ’ εὔθυς ἐπιλήθει· σὺ γ’ ἀττ’ ἀν καὶ μάθησ’ ἐπεὶ τί νῦν πρῶτον ἐδιδάχθης; λέγε.

στ. φέρ’ ἵδω, τί μέντοι πρῶτον ἦν; τί πρῶτον ἦν; τίς ἦν ἐν ἣ ματτόμεθα μέντοι τάλφτα; οἴμοι, τίς ἦν;

σω. οὐκ ἐς κόρακας ἀποφθερεῖ, ἐπιλησμότατον καὶ σκαίστατον γερόντιον;

στ. οἴμοι, τί οὖν δῆθ’ ὁ κακοδαίμων πείσομαι; ἀπὸ γὰρ ὅλοιμαι μὴ μαθὼν γλωττοστροφεῖν. ἀλλ’, ὥς Νεφέλαι, χρηστόν τι συμβουλεύσατε.

χο. ἡμεῖς μὲν, ὦ πρεσβύτα, συμβουλεύσαμεν, εἰ σοὶ τις υἱὸς ἔστων ἐκτεθραμμένος, πέμπειν ἐκείνον ἀντὶ σαυτοῦ μανθάνειν.

στ. ἀλλ’ ἐστ’ ἐμοὶ υἱὸς καλὸς τε καγαθός· ἀλλ’ οὐκ ἔθελε γὰρ μανθάνειν, τί ἔγω πάθω;

χο. σύ δ’ ἐπιτρέπεις;

στ. εὑσωματεὶ γὰρ καὶ σφριγᾷ, κάστ’ ἐκ γυναικῶν εὐπτέρων τῶν Κουσύρας. ἀτὰρ μέτεμψι γ’ αὐτόν· ἦν δὲ μὴ θέλῃ, οὐκ ἔσθ’ ὅπως οὐκ ἔξελὼ ’κ τῆς οἰκίας. ἀλλ’ ἐπανάμεινον μ’ ὀλίγον εἰσελθὼν χρόνον.

χο. ἀρ’ αἰσθάνει πλείστα δι’ ἥμας ἀγάθ’ αὐτίχ’ ἐξων [ἀντ. μόνας θεῶν; ὡς
toιμος ὅδ’ ἐστὶν ἀπαντα δρᾶν ὅδ’ ἂν κελεύης.

σύ δ’ ἀνδρὸς ἐκπεπληγμένου καὶ φανερῶς ἐπηρμένου 81

338
They could not prosecute me were I dead.

so. Nonsense! Be off: I’ll try no more to teach you.

st. Why not? do, please: now, please do, Socrates.

so. Why you forget all that you learn, directly.

Come, say what you learnt first: there’s a chance for you.

st. Ah! what was first?—Dear me: whatever was it?—Whatever’s that we knead the barley in?—Bless us, what was it?

so. Be off, and feed the crows,

You most forgetful, most absurd old dolt!

st. O me! what will become of me, poor wretch!

I’m clean undone: I haven’t learnt to speak.—O gracious Clouds, now do advise me something.

ch. Our counsel, ancient friend, is simply this,

To send your son, if you have one at home,

And let him learn this wisdom in your stead.

st. Yes! I’ve a son, quite a fine gentleman:

But he won’t learn, so what am I to do?

ch. What! is he a master?

st. Well: he’s strong and vigorous,

And he’s got some of the Coesyra blood within him:

Still I’ll go for him, and if he won’t come

By all the Gods I’ll turn him out of doors.

Go in one moment, I’ll be back directly.

ch. Dost thou not see how bounteous we our favours free

Will shower on you,

Since whatsoe’er your will prepare

This dupe will do.

But now that you have dazzled and

elated so your man,

\[ \text{γυναικῶν εὐπτέρων}, \text{lit. “high-flying women,” “full of soaring notions.”} \]
γνοὺς ἀπολάβεις, ὁ τι πλείστον δύνασαι, 
tαχέως· φιλεῖ γάρ πως τὰ τουαθ’ ἑτέρα τρέπεσθαι.

ΣΤ. οὖτοι μᾶ τὴν Ὀμίχλην ἐτ’ ἐνταυθοὶ μενεῖς· 
ἀλλ’ ἐσθι’ ἐλθὼν τοὺς Μεγακλέους κίονας.

ΦΕΙ. ὃ δαμόνιε, τί χρῆμα πάσχεις, ὃ πάτερ; 
οὐκ εὖ φρονεῖς μᾶ τὸν Δία τὸν Ὀλύμπιον.

ΣΤ. ἴδον γ’ ἴδον Δί’ Ὀλύμπιον· τῆς μωρίας· 
τὸν Δία νομίζειν, ὡντα τηλικουτοῖ·

ΦΕΙ. τί δὲ τοῦτ’ ἐγέλασας ἐτεόν;

ΣΤ. ἐνθυμοῦμενος
ἀπὸ παιδάριον εἰ καὶ φρονεῖς ἀρχαικά.
ὀμοὺ γε μὴν πρόσελθ’, ὥστε εἰδῆς πλείονα, 
καὶ σοι φράσω πράγμα ὅ σὺ μαθὼν ἄνηρ ἔσει.
ὅπως δὲ τούτῳ μὴ διδάξεις μηδένα.

ΦΕΙ. ἴδον’ τί ἑστίν;

ΣΤ. ὡμοσας νυνὶ Δία.

ΦΕΙ. ἔγωγ’.

ΣΤ. ὀρᾷς οὖν ὡς ἀγαθὸν τὸ μανθάνειν; 
οὐκ ἑστίν, ὡς Φειδιππίδη, Ζεὺς.

ΦΕΙ. ἀλλὰ τίς;

ΣΤ. Δίνος βασιλεὺει, τὸν Δ’ ἐξεληλακῶς.

ΦΕΙ. αἰβοὶ, τί ληρεῖς;

ΣΤ. ἵσθι τοῦθ’ οὖτως ἔχον.

ΦΕΙ. τίς φησί ταῦτα;

ΣΤ. Σωκράτης ὁ Μήλιος 
καὶ Χαίρεφών, ὃς οἶδε τὰ ψυλλῶν ἔχνη.

ΦΕΙ. σὺ δ’ εἰς τοσοῦτον τῶν μανιῶν ἐλήλυθας 
ὡστ’ ἀνδράσιν πείθει χολῶσιν;

ΣΤ. εὐστόμει,
καὶ μηδὲν εἴπης φλαύρον ἀνδρας δεξιοῦσσ
THE CLOUDS, 811–834

Make haste and seize whate’er you please
as quickly as you can,
For cases such as these, my friend,
are very prone to change and bend.

ST. Get out! you shan’t stop here: so help me Mist! Be off, and eat up Megacles’s columns.

PH. How now, my father? what’s i’ the wind to-day? You’re wandering; by Olympian Zeus, you are.

ST. Look there! Olympian Zeus! you blockhead you, Come to your age, and yet believe in Zeus!

PH. Why prithee, what’s the joke?

ST. ’Tis so preposterous
When babes like you hold antiquated notions.
But come and I’ll impart a thing or two,
A wrinkle, making you a man indeed.
But, mind: don’t whisper this to any one.

PH. Well, what’s the matter?

ST. Didn’t you swear by Zeus?

PH. I did.

ST. See now, how good a thing is learning.
There is no Zeus, Pheidippides.

PH. Who then?

ST. Why Vortex reigns, and he has turned out Zeus.

PH. Oh me, what stuff.

ST. Be sure that this is so.

PH. Who says so, pray?

ST. The Melian—a—Soerates,
And Chaerephon, who knows about the flea-traecks.

PH. And are you eome to such a pitch of madness
As to put faith in brain-struek men?

ST. O hush!

And don’t blaspheme such very dexterous men

a The reference is to Diagoras the Melian, a notorious sceptic (θεομάχος, Schol.); cf. B. 1073.
καὶ νοῦν ἔχοντας· ὁν ὑπὸ τῆς φειδωλίας ἀπεκείρατ' οὔδεις πώποτ' οὖδ' ἥλεψατο οὖδ' εἰς βαλάνειον ἥλθες λουσόμενος· σὺ δὲ ὃσπερ τεθνεῶτός μου καταλούει τὸν βίον. ἀλλ' ὡς τάξιστ' ἐλθὼν ὑπὲρ ἐμοῦ μάνθανε.

ΦΕΙ. τί δ' ἂν παρ' ἐκείνων καὶ μάθοι χρηστών τις ἂν; 84

ΣΤ. ἄληθες; ὅσπερ ἐστ' ἐν ἀνθρώποις σοφᾶ·

γνώσει δὲ σαυτὸν ὡς ἀμαθῆς εἰ καὶ παχὺς. ἀλλ' ἐπανάμεινον μ' ὀλίγον ἑνταῦθοι χρόνον.

ΦΕΙ. οἴμοι, τί δρᾶσω παραφρονοῦντος τοῦ πατρός;

πότερα παρανόιας αὐτὸν εἰσαγαγών ἐλω, ἃ τοῖς σοροπηγοῖς τὴν μανίαν αὐτοῦ φράσω;

ΣΤ. φέρ' ἱδω, σὺ τουτοὶ τί νομίζεις; εἰπέ μοι.

ΦΕΙ. ἀλεκτρυόνα.

ΣΤ. καλῶς γε. ταυτηνὶ δὲ τί;

ΦΕΙ. ἀλεκτρυόν'.

ΣΤ. ἀμφω ταυτό; καταγέλαστος εἰ.

μὴ νυν τὸ λοιπόν, ἀλλὰ τήνδε μὲν καλεῖν ἀλεκτρύαναν, τουτοὶ δ' ἀλέκτορα.

ΦΕΙ. ἀλεκτρύαναν; ταῦτ' ἐμαθὲς τὰ δεξία
eἰσῳ παρελθὼν ἄρτι παρὰ τοὺς γγενεῖς;

ΣΤ. χατέρα γε πόλλ'. ἀλλ' ὡς τι μάθουμι' ἐκάστοτε, ἐπελαυνάμοιμ' ἄν εὐθὺς ὑπὸ πλήθους ἑτὼν.

ΦΕΙ. διὰ ταῦτα δὴ καὶ θοιμάτιον ἀπώλεσας;

ΣΤ. ἀλλ' οὐκ ἀπολώλεκ', ἀλλὰ καταπεφροντίκα.

ΦΕΙ. τὰς δ' ἐμβάδας ποι τέτροφας, ὄνοχτη.σύ;

ΣΤ. ὥσπερ Περικλῆς εἰς τὸ δέον ἀπώλεσα. ἀλλ' ἵδι, βάδις', ἰωμεν'. εἶτα τῷ πατρὶ πιθώμενοι ἐξάμαρτε. καγώ τοί ποτε

a A son might bring an action to declare his father incapable of managing his affairs; cf. Plato, Laws 928 d, and the case of Iophon, son of Sophocles.

342
And sapient too: men of such frugal habits
They never shave, nor use your precious ointment,
Nor go to baths to clean themselves: but you
Have taken me for a corpse and cleaned me out.
Come, come, make haste, do go and learn for me.

PH. What can one learn from them that is worth knowing?
ST. Learn! why, whatever's clever in the world:
And you shall learn how gross and dense you are.
But stop one moment: I'll be back directly.

PH. O me! what must I do with my mad father?
Shall I indict him for his lunacy,
Or tell the undertakers of his symptoms?
ST. Now then! you see this, don't you? what do you call it?

PH. That? why a fowl.

ST. Good! now then, what is this?

PH. That's a fowl too.

ST. What both! Ridiculous!
Never say that again, but mind you always
Call this a fowlless and the other a fowl.

PH. A fowlless! These then are the mighty secrets
You have picked up amongst those earth-born fellows.
ST. And lots besides: but everything I learn:
I straight forget: I am so old and stupid.

PH. And this is what you have lost your mantle for?
ST. It's very absent sometimes: 'tisn't lost.

PH. And what have you done with your shoes, you dotard you?
ST. Like Pericles, all for the best, I've lost them.
Come, come; go with me: humour me in this,
And then do what you like. Ah! I remember

\[\text{kata} \phi \phi \nu \kappa \omega \nu \kappa \alpha, \text{lit. "I have cogitated it away."} \]
\[\text{elis t} \delta \text{ouv, "on the needful," a phrase used by Pericles when called to account for money spent "on secret service."} \]
οἶδ᾽ εξέτει σοι τραυλίσαντι πιθώμενος,
δι πρώτων ὀβόλων ἐλαβον Ἡλιαστικόν,
τούτω τρήμην σοι Διασίος ἀμαξίδα.

Φ. ἦ μὴν σὺ τούτοις τῷ χρόνῳ ποτ᾽ ἀχθέσει.
Στ. εὖ γ᾽ ὅτι ἐπείσθης. δεύρο δεῦρ᾽, ὥ Σώκρατες,
exelθ᾽ ἄγω γάρ σοι τὸν υἱὸν τούτον,
ἀκοντ᾽ ἀναπείσας.

Σ. 
νηπύτιος γάρ ἔστ᾽ ἔτι,
καὶ τῶν κρεμαθρῶν οὐ τρίβων τῶν ἐνθάδε.

Φ. αὐτὸς τρίβων εἶχς ἄν, εἰ κρέμαιο γε.
Στ. οὐκ ἐσ κόρακας; καταρά σὺ τῷ δίδασκαλῷ;
Σ. ἰδοῦ κρέμαι, ὦς ἥλιθιον ἐφθέγξατο
καὶ τοῖς χείλεσιν διερρυήκόσιν.
πῶς ἂν μάθοι ποθ᾽ οὕτος ἀπόφυξιν δίκης
ἡ κλήσιν ἢ χαῦώσων ἀναπειστηρίαν;
καὶ τοῖς ταλάντοις τούτ᾽ ἐμαθεν Ἄπερβολος.

Στ. ἀμέλει, δίδασκε· θυμόσοφός ἐστιν φύσει·
εὐθὺς γε τοι παιδάριον ὧν τυννοτοῦν
ἐπλαττεν ἔδον οἰκίας, ναῦς τ᾽ ἔγυλϕεν,
ἀμαξίδας τε σκυτίνας εἰργάζετο,
καὶ τῶν σιδῶν βατράχους ἐποίει πῶς δοκεῖς.
ὁπως δ᾽ ἐκεῖνῳ τῷ λόγῳ μαθήσεται,
τὸν κρείττον᾽, ὡστὶς ἐστί, καὶ τὸν ἦττονα,
ὅς ταδικα λέγων ἀνατρέπει τὸν κρείττονα·
ἐὰν δὲ μὴ, τὸν γοῦν ἄδικον πάση τέχνῃ.

Σ. αὐτὸς μαθήσεται παρ᾽ αὐτοῖν τῶν λόγων,
ἐγὼ δ᾽ ἀπέσομαι.

Στ. 
τοῦτο νῦν μέμνηστ᾽, ὅπως
πρὸς πάντα τὰ δίκαι᾽ ἀντιλέγειν δυνήσεται.
How I to humour you, a coaxing baby,
With the first obol which my judgeship fetched me
Bought you a go-cart at the great Diasia.a

PH. The time will come when you’ll repent of this.
ST. Good boy to obey me. Hallo! Socrates.
Come here; come here; I’ve brought this son of mine,
Trouble enough, I’ll warrant you.

Poor infant,
Not yet aware of my suspension-wonders. b

PH. You’d make a wondrous piece of ware, suspended.
ST. Hey! Hang the lad! Do you abuse the Master?
SO. And look, “suthspended!” In what foolish fashion
He mouthed the word with pouting lips agape.
How can he learn evasion of a suit,
Timely citation, damaging replies?
Hyperbolus, though, learnt them for a talent.

ST. O never fear! he’s very sharp, by nature.
For when he was a little chap, so high,
He used to build small baby-houses, boats,
Go-carts of leather, darling little frogs
Carved from pomegranates, you can’t think how
nicely!

So now, I prithee, teach him both your Logies,
The Better, as you call it, and the Worse
Which with the worse cause can defeat the Better;
Or if not both, at all events the Worse.

Aye, with his own ears he shall hear them argue.
I shan’t be there.

But please remember this,
Give him the knack of reasoning down all Justice.

a Cf. 408 n.
b Lit. “not versed in (the mysteries of) our baskets”; but 870 τριβων is “a worn-out cloak” which Socrates would look like if hung upon a peg. For his wearing a τριβων cf. Plato, Symp. 219 b.
Aristophanes

Δικαίος λόγος. χώρει δευρί, δείξον σαυτόν
τοίου θεαταίς, καλπήρ θρασύς ὁ ν.

Αδίκος λ. "θ' ὅποι χρήζεις." πολὺ γὰρ μᾶλλον σ'
eν τοῖς πολλοῖσι λέγων ἀπολώ.

Δι. ἀπολεῖς σὺ; τίς ὡν; ὁ λόγος.

Δι. ήττων γ' ὁ ν.

Αδ. ἀλλά σε νικῶ, τὸν ἐμοῦ κρείττων
φάσκοντ' εἶναι.

Αδ. τί σοφὸν ποιῶν;

Αδ. γνώμας καινὰς ἐξευρίσκων:

Αδ. ταῦτα γὰρ ἄνθεί διὰ τοῦτοσὶ
τοὺς ἀνοήτους.

Αδ. οὐκ, ἀλλὰ σοφοῦς.

Αδ. ἀπολῶ σε κακῶς.

Αδ. εἶπέ, τί ποιῶν;

Αδ. τὰ δίκαια λέγων.

Αδ. ἀλλ' ἀνατρέψω γ' αὐτ' ἀντιλέγων;
οὐδὲ γὰρ εἶναι πάνυ φημὶ δίκην.

Αδ. οὐκ εἶναι φής;

Αδ. φέρε γάρ, ποῦ 'στιν;

Αδ. παρὰ τοῖς θεοῖς.

Αδ. πῶς δήτα δίκης οὗσας ὁ Ζεὺς
οὐκ ἀπόλωλεν τὸν πατέρ' αὐτοῦ
dήσας;

Αδ. αἰβοὶ, τούτι καὶ δή
χωρεῖ τὸ κακὸν· δότε μοι λεκάνην.

Αδ. τυφογέρων εἰ κανάρμοστος.

Αδ. καταπύγων εἰ καναίσχυντος.

Αδ. ῥόδα μ' εἴρηκας.

* From the Telephus of Euripides, θ' ὅποι χρήζεις· οὐκ ἀπολῶσεν.
right logic. Come show yourself now
   with your confident brow.
   —To the stage, if you dare!
wrong logic. "Lead on where you please:" a
   I shall smash you with ease,
   If an audience be there.
R.L. You'll smash me, you say! And who are you, pray?
W.L. A Logic, like you.
R.L. But the Worst of the two.
W.L. Yet you I can drub whom my Better they dub.
R.L. By what artifice taught?
W.L. By original thought.
R.L. Aye, truly your trade so successful is made.
   By means of these noodles of ours, I'm afraid.
W.L. Not noodles, but wise.
R.L. I'll smash you and your lies!
W.L. By what method, forsooth?
R.L. By speaking the Truth.
W.L. Your words I will meet, and entirely defeat:
   There never was Justice or Truth, I repeat.
R.L. No Justice! you say?
W.L. Well, where does it stay?
R.L. With the Gods in the air.
W.L. If Justice be there,
   How comes it that Zeus could his father reduce,
   Yet live with their Godships unpunished and loose?
R.L. Ugh! Ugh! These evils come thick,
   I feel awfully sick,
   A basón, quick, quick!
W.L. You're a useless old drone with one foot in the grave!
R.L. You're a shameless, unprincipled, dissolute knave!
W.L. Hey! a rosy festoon.

ολοίμαι | τῆς σῆς 'Ελένης οὖνεκα, where Agamemnon is quarrelling
with Menelaus.
ΔΑ. κρίνεσι στεφανοῖς.
ΔΙ. καὶ πατραλοίας.
ΔΑ. χρυσῷ πάττων μ’ οὐ γυγνῶσκεις.
ΔΙ. οὐ δῆτα πρὸ τοῦ γ’, ἀλλὰ μολύβδῳ.
ΔΑ. νῦν δὲ γε κόσμος τοῦτ’ ἑστὶν ἐμοὶ.
ΔΙ. θρασὺς εἶ πολλοῦ.
ΔΑ. σοῦ δὲ γ’ ἀρχαῖος.
ΔΙ. διὰ σὲ δὲ φοιτᾶν
οὔδεὶς ἐθέλει τῶν μειρακίων
καὶ γνωσθῆσει ποτ’ Ἀθηναίοις
οῖα διδάσκεις τοὺς ἀνοήτους.
ΔΑ. αὐχμεῖς αἴσχρως.
ΔΙ. σοῦ δὲ γ’ εὗ πράττεις.
καὶ τοῖς πρότερον γ’ ἐπτώχει, 920
Τήλεφος εἶναι Μυσὸς φάσκων,
ἐκ πηριδίου
γνώμας τρώγων Πανδελετείους.
ΔΑ. ὦμοι σοφίας ἢς ἐμνήσθης.
ΔΙ. ὦμοι μανίας τῆς σῆς, πόλεώς θ’, 925
ἤτις σε τρέφει
λυμαινόμενον τοῖς μειρακίοις.
ΔΑ. οὐχὶ διδάξεις τούτον Κρόνος ὦν.
ΔΙ. εἰπερ’ γ’ αὐτὸν σωθήναι χρῆ 930
καὶ μη λαλιάν μόνον ἀσκήσαι.
ΔΑ. δεῦρ’ θι, τοῦτον δ’ ἐὰν μαίνεσθαι.
ΔΙ. κλαύσει, τὴν χεῖρ’ ἦν ἐπιβάλλῃς.
ΧΟ. παύσασθε μάχης καὶ λοιδορίας.
ἀλλ’ ἐπίδειξαι
σοῦ τε τοὺς προτέρους ἀττ’ ἐδίδασκες,
THE CLOUDS, 910–935

R.L. And a vulgar buffoon!
W.L. What! Lilies from you?
R.L. And a parricide too!
W.L. 'Tis with gold (you don't know it) you sprinkle my head.
R.L. O gold is it now? but it used to be lead!
W.L. But now it's a grace and a glory instead.
R.L. You're a little too bold.
W.L. You're a good deal too old.
R.L. 'Tis through you I well know not a stripling will go
To attend to the rules which are taught in the Schools;
But Athens one day shall be up to the fools.
W.L. How squalid your dress!
R.L. Yours is fine, I confess.
Yet of old, I declare, but a pauper you were;
And passed yourself off, our compassion to draw
As a Telephus, (Euripidéan)
Well pleased from a beggarly wallet to gnaw
At inanities Pandeleteán.  
W.L. O me! for the wisdom you've mentioned in jest!
R.L. O me! for the folly of you, and the rest
Who you to destroy their children employ!
W.L. Him you never shall teach: you are quite out of date.
R.L. If not, he'll be lost, as he'll find to his cost:
Taught nothing by you but to chatter and prate.
W.L. He raves, as you see: let him be, let him be.
R.L. Touch him if you dare! I bid you beware.
CH. Forbear, forbear to wrangle and scold!
Each of you show
You what you taught their fathers of old,

Telephus in Euripides was introduced as a beggar and so carries a wallet, but here instead of scraps of food he is supposed to have in it sayings which Euripides stole from the scoundrel Pandeletus (συκοφάντης ἡυ καὶ φιλόδικος Schol.).
σὺ τε τὴν καινὴν
παιδεύσων, ὅπως ἂν ἀκούσας σφῶν
ἀντιλεγόντων κρίνας φοτᾷ.

Δι. δράν ταύτ' ἑθέλω.

Αδ. καγώγ' ἑθέλω.

Χο. φέρε δὴ πότερος λέξει πρότερος;

Αδ. τούτῳ δώσῳ.
κατ' ἐκ τούτων ὡν ἂν λέξῃ
ῥηματίοισιν καινοῖς αὐτὸν
καὶ διανοίας κατατοξέυσω.
τὸ τελευταῖον δ', ἣν ἀναγρύψῃ,
τὸ πρόσωπον ἄπαν καὶ τῷφθαλμῷ
κεντούμενος ὅσπερ ὑπ' ἀνθρημῶν
ὑπὸ τῶν γνωμῶν ἀπολεῖται.

Χο. νῦν δείξετον τῷ πιστῶν τοῖς περιδεξίοισιν [στρ.
λόγοις καὶ φροτίσει καὶ γνωστύποις μερίμναις,
λέγων ἀμείνων πότερος φανήσεται. νῦν γὰρ ἄπας
ἐνθάδε κίνδυνος ἀνεῖται σοφίας,
ἣς πέρι τοῖς ἐμοῖς φίλοις ἐστὶν ἀγὼν μέγιστος.
ἀλλ' ὡ πολλοῖς τοὺς πρεσβυτέρους ἦθεσι χρηστοῖς
στεφανώσας,
ῥήξαν φωνὴν ἕτινι χαίρεις, καὶ τὴν σαντοῦ φύσιν
eιπέ.

Δι. λέξω τοῖνυν τὴν ἀρχαίαν παιδείαν, ὡς διέκειτο,
ὅτ' ἐγὼ τὰ δίκαια λέγων ἤθουν καὶ σωφροσύνη
νενομιστο.
πρῶτον μὲν ἔδει παιδὸς φωνὴν γρῦξαντος μηδὲν'
ἀκούσαι.
εἶτα βαδίζειν ἐν ταῖσιν ὀδοῖς εὐτάκτως εἰς κιθαριστῶν
τοὺς κωμήτας γυμνοὺς ἄθρόους, κεὶ κριμώδη
catatífoi.

940

945

955

960

965
You let us know
Your system untried, that hearing each side
From the lips of the Rivals the youth may decide
To which of your schools he will go.

R.L. This then will I do.

W.L. And so will I too.

CH. And who will put in his claim to begin?

W.L. If he wishes, he may: I kindly give way:
And out of his argument quickly will I
Draw facts and devices to hedge the reply
Wherewith I will shoot him and smite and refute him.
And at last if a word from his mouth shall be heard
My sayings like fierce savage hornets shall pierce
His forehead and eyes,
Till in fear and distraction he yields and he—dies!

CH. With thoughts and words and maxims pondered well
Now then in confidence let both begin:
Try which his rival can in speech excel:
Try which this perilous wordy war can win,
Which all my votaries' hopes are fondly centred in.

O Thou who wert born our sires to adorn
with characters blameless and fair,
Say on what you please, say on and to these
your glorious Nature declare.

R.L. To hear then prepare of the Discipline rare
which flourished in Athens of yore
When Honour and Truth were in fashion with youth
and Sobriety bloomed on our shore;
First of all the old rule was preserved in our school
that "boys should be seen and not heard:"
And then to the home of the Harpist would come
décorous in action and word
All the lads of one town, though the snow peppered down,
in spite of all wind and all weather:
ARISTOPHANES

ἐἰτ' αὖ προμαθεῖν ἄσμ' ἐδίδασκεν, τῶ μηρῶ μὴ ἐσφέχοντας,
ἡ "Παλλάδα περσέπολιν δεινῶν," ἢ "Τηλέπορον τι βόσμα,"
ἐντευκαμένους τὴν ἀμοιναῖν, ἥν ὦ πατέρες παρέδωκαν.
εἶ δὲ τις αὐτῶν βωμολοχεύσατ' ἢ κάμψειν τινα καμπήν,
οίας ὦ νῦν τὰς κατὰ Φρύνων ταύτας τὰς δυσκολο-
κάμπτος,
ἐπετρίβετο τυπτόμενος πολλὰς ὡς τὰς Μοῦσας ἀφανίζων.
ἐν παιδοτρίβου δὲ καθίζοντας τὸν μηρὸν ἔδει προ-
βαλέσθαι
τοὺς παίδας, ὅπως τοῖς ἐξωθεὶ μηδὲν δείξειαν ἀπηνέῃ.
ἐϊτ' αὖ πάλιν ἄδιπλος ἀνιστάμενον συμψῆσαι, καὶ προ-
νοεῖσθαι
ἐδώλων τοῖς ἐρασταῖσιν τῆς ἥβης μὴ καταλείπειν.
nposat δ' ἄν τοῦμφαλοῦ οὐδεὶς παῖς ὑπένερθεν τότ' ἄν, ὡς τ' ἄν
τοὺς αἰδοίουσι δρόσος καὶ χνοῦς ὥσπερ μήλουσιν ἐπήνθει·
οὖδ' ἄν μαλακήν φυρασάμενος τὴν φωνὴν πρὸς τὸν ἐραστήν
αὐτὸς ἑαυτὸν προαγωγεύων τοῖς ὀφθαλμοῖς εβάδιζεν, ηὔ,
οὖδ' ἄν ἑλέσθαι δειπνοῦντ' ἐξῆν κεφάλαιον τῆς ῥαφανίδος,
οὖδ' ἀννηθὸν τῶν πρεσβυτέρων ἄρπάζειν οὐδὲ σέλινον,
οὖδ' ὀφοφαγεῖν, οὐδὲ κιχλίζειν, οὖδ' ἱσχειν τῷ πόδ' ἐναλλάξ.

* ἐντευκαμένους τ. ἀ., "strenuously raising the air or tune." The phrase "involves the idea of stretching out so as to keep the
And they sang an old song as they paced it along,
not shambling with thighs glued together:
"O the dread shout of War how it peals from afar,"
or "Pallas the Stormer adore,"

To some manly old air all simple and bare a
which their fathers had chanted before.

And should anyone dare the tune to impair
and with intricate twistings to fill,
Such as Phrynis is fain, and his long-winded train,
perversely to quaver and trill,
Many stripes would he feel in return for his zeal,
as to genuine Music a foe.

And every one's thigh was forward and high
as they sat to be drilled in a row,
So that nothing the while indecent or vile
the eye of a stranger might meet;
And then with their hand they would smooth down the sand
whenever they rose from their seat,
To leave not a trace of themselves in the place
for a vigilant lover to view.

They never would soil their persons with oil
but were inartificial and true.

Nor tempered their throat to a soft mincing note
and sighs to their lovers addressed:
Nor laid themselves out, as they strutted about,
to the wanton desires of the rest:

Nor would anyone dare such stimulant fare
as the head of the radish to wish:
Nor to make over bold with the food of the old,
the anise, and parsley, and fish:
Nor dainties to quaff, nor giggle and laugh,
nor foot within foot to enfold.

line straight and tight; the very reverse of καμπτειν καμπήν in the next line": R.
ARISTOPHANES

ΔΔ. ἀρχαῖα γε καὶ Διπολιώδη καὶ τεττίγων ἀνάμεστα, καὶ Κηκείδου καὶ Βουφονίων.

ΔΙ. ἀλλ' οὖν ταῦτ' ἐστὶν ἐκεῖνα, τινὶ ἄνδρας Μαραθωνομάχους ἦμ' παϊδευσις ἔθρεψεν.

ἐξ οὐν ἄνδρας Μαραθωνομάχους ἦμ' παϊδευσις ἔθρεψεν.

σὺ δὲ τοὺς νῦν εὐθὺς ἐν ἴματίοις διδάσκεις ἔντετυλίχθαι·

ἀντε μ' ἀπάγχεσθ', ὅταν ὁρχείσθαι Παναθηναίοις
dέον αὐτοῦς
tὴν ἀσπίδα τῆς κωλῆς προέχων ἁμελῆ τῆς

Τριτογενείας.

πρὸς ταῦτ', ὧ μειράκιον, θαρρῶν ἐμὲ τὸν κρείττω

λόγον αἰροῦ·

καπιστῆσαι μισεῖν ἄγορᾶν καὶ βαλανεῖν ἀπέχεσθαι
cαὶ τοῖς αἰσχροῖς αἰσχύνεσθαι, κἀν σκώπτη τῖς σε,

φλέγεσθαι·

καὶ τῶν θάκων τοῖς πρεσβυτέροις ὑπανίστασθαι

προσιοῦσιν,

καὶ μὴ περὶ τοὺς σαυτοῦ γονέας σκαιουργεῖν,

ἀλλο τε μηδὲν

αἰσχρῶν ποιεῖν, ὅτι τῆς Αἴδους μέλλεις τᾶγαλμ' ἀναπλάττειν·

μηδ' εἰς ὥρχηστρίδος εἰσάττειν, ἕνα μὴ πρὸς
tαῦτα κεχήνως,

μήλα βληθεῖς ὑπὸ πορνιδίου, τῆς εὐκλείας ἀπο-

θραυσθῆς·

μηδ' ἀντειπεῖν τῷ πατρί μηδέν, μηδ' Ἰαπετὸν

καλέσαντα

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a The Διπόλεια was a festival of great antiquity, at which the slaughter of a steer (βουφόνα) was a distinguishing ceremony. For the τεττίγεζ see K. 1331. Ceceides, says the Scholiast, was διάφράμβων ποιηθης πάνυ ἄρχαῖος.
Faugh! this smells very strong of some musty old song, and Chirrupers mounted in gold; And Slaughter of beasts, and old-fashioned feasts.

Yet these are the precepts which taught The heroes of old to be hardy and bold, and the Men who at Marathon fought! But now must the lad from his boyhood be clad in a Man’s all-enveloping cloak:

So that, oft as the Panathenaea returns, I feel myself ready to choke
When the dancers go by with their shields to their thigh, not caring for Pallas a jot. You therefore, young man, choose me while you can; cast in with my Method your lot;

And then you shall learn the forum to spurn, and from dissolute baths to abstain,
And fashions impure and shameful abjure, and scorners repel with disdain:

And rise from your chair if an elder be there, and respectfully give him your place,
And with love and with fear your parents revere, and shrink from the brand of Disgrace,

And deep in your breast be the Image impressed of Modesty, simple and true,

Nor resort any more to a dancing-girl’s door, nor glance at the harlotry crew,

Lest at length by the blow of the Apple they throw from the hopes of your Manhood you fall. Nor dare to reply when your Father is nigh, nor “musty old Japhet” to call

\[b\] i.e. he is not hardy enough to go without it; the reverse of \(\gamma \nu \mu \omega \varsigma\) 965. So too in 989 even when dancing in armour the modern youth cover up any exposed part with their shields.

\[c\] A regular form of love-challenge; cf. Virg. Ecl. iii. 64.
μνησικακήσαι τὴν ἡλικίαν, εξ ἂς ἕνεοττοτροφήθης.  

1000

αδ. εἰ ταῦτ', ὦ μειράκιον, πείσει τοῦτῳ, νη τὸν 

Διόνυσον 

τοῖς Ἰπποκράτους νεόσων εἴξεις, καὶ σε καλοῦσι 

βιτωμάμμαν. 

δι. ἀλλ' οὖν λιπαρόσ γε καὶ εὐανθής ἐν γυμνασίοις 

διατρίβεις, 

οὐ στωμύλλων κατὰ τὴν ἄγοραν τριβολεκτράπελ', 

οἴάτερ οἱ νῦν, 

οὐδ' ἐλκόμενος περὶ πραγματίου γλυσχραντιλογεῖς- 

ἐπιτρίπτου. 

ἀλλ' εἰς Ἀκαδῆμειαν κατιών ὑπὸ ταῖς μορίαις 

ἀποθρέξει 

στεφανωσάμενος καλάμῳ λευκῷ μετὰ σῶφρονος 

ἡλικιώτου, 

μίλακος δῗων καὶ ἀπραγμοσύνης καὶ λεύκης 

φυλλοβολούσης, 

ἥρος ἐν ὣρᾳ χαίρων, ὡπόταν πλάτανος πτελέα 

ψιθυρίζῃ. 

1005

ἡν ταῦτα ποιῆσ ἀγώ φράζω, 

καὶ πρὸς τοῦτοις προσέχης τὸν νῦν, 

ﺇξεῖς ἀεὶ στῇδος λιπαρόν, 

χροιὰν λαμπράν, ὥμους μεγάλους, 

γλώτταν βαιάν, πυγῆν μεγάλην, 

πόσθην μικράν. 

1010

ἡν δ' ἀπέρ οἱ νῦν ἐπιτηθεῦσι, 

πρῶτα μὲν ἔξεις χροιὰν ὅχραν, 

ὥμους μικροὺς, στῇδος λεπτὸν, 

γλώτταν μεγάλην, πυγῆν μικράν, 

1015

a Lit. “sons” but νεόσων is to be read as ὑσων, and the Scholiast says they were ὑώδεις τινὲς καὶ ἀπαίδευτοι. Hippocrates 356
THE CLOUDS, 999–1018

In your malice and rage that Sacred Old Age
which lovingly cherished your youth.

w.l. Yes, yes, my young friend, if to him you attend,
by Bacchus I swear of a truth
You will scarce with the sty of Hippocrates vie,
as a mammy-suck known even there!

r.l. But then you'll excel in the games you love well,
all blooming, athletic and fair:
Not learning to prate as your idlers debate
with marvellous prickly dispute,
Nor dragged into Court day by day to make sport
in some small disagreeable suit:
But you will below to the Academe go,
and under the olives contend
With your chaplet of reed, in a contest of speed
with some excellent rival and friend:
All fragrant with woodbine and peaceful content,
and the leaf which the lime blossoms fling,
When the plane whispers love to the elm in the grove
in the beautiful season of Spring.
If then you'll obey and do what I say,
And follow with me the more excellent way,
Your chest shall be white, your skin shall be bright,
Your arms shall be tight, your tongue shall be slight,
And everything else shall be proper and right.
But if you pursue what men nowadays do,
You will have, to begin, a cold pallid skin,
Arms small and chest weak, tongue practised to speak,
is generally identified with an Athenian general who was slain in the battle of Delium.

b Three-quarters of a mile N.W. of Athens; identified later with the school of Plato.
κωλὴν μεγάλην, ψῆφισμα μακρόν,
καὶ σ’ ἀναπείσει
τὸ μὲν αἰσχρόν ἄπαν καλὸν ἤγεισθαι,
τὸ καλὸν δ’ αἰσχρόν.
καὶ πρὸς τούτοις τῆς ’Αντιμάχου
καταπυγοσύνης σ’ ἀναπλῆσει.

χο. ὁ καλλίπυργον σοφίαν κλεινοτάτην ἐπασκῶν, [ἀντ.
ὡς ἢδύ σου τοὺς λόγους σῶφρον ἐπεστὼς ἄνθος.
εὐδαίμονες δ’ ἦσαν ἂρ’ οἱ ζῶτες ὃτ’ ἢς τῶν
προτέρων.
πρὸς οὖν τάδ’, ὁ κομψοπρεπῆ μοῦσαν ἐχὼν,
δεῖ σε λέγειν τι κακόν, ὡς εὐδοκίμηκεν ἄνήρ.
δεινῶν δὲ σοι βουλευμάτων ἕοικε δεῖν πρὸς αὐτόν,
eἶπερ τὸν ἄνδρ’ ὑπερβαλεί καὶ μὴ γέλωτ’ ὀφλήσεις.

ΑΔ. καὶ μὴν ἔγωγ’ ἐπινυγόμην τὰ σπλάγχνα, καπεθύμουν
ἄπαντα ταῦτ’ ἑναντίαις γνώμαισι συνταράξαι.
ἐγὼ γὰρ ἢττων μὲν λόγος δι’ αὐτὸ τοῦτ’ ἐκλήθην
ἐν τοῖς φροντισταῖσιν, ὅτι πρώτιστος ἐπενόησα
tοίσιν νόμοις καὶ ταῖς δίκαις τάναντ’ ἀντιλέξαι.
καὶ τοῦτο πλεῖν ἡ μυρίων ἐστ’ ἄξιον στατήρων,
αἱροῦμενον τοὺς ἢττονας λόγους ἐπείτα νικᾶν.

a Some unknown effeminate.
Special laws very long, and the symptoms all strong
Which show that your life is licentious and wrong.
And your mind he'll prepare so that foul to be fair
And fair to be foul you shall always declare;
And you'll find yourself soon, if you listen to him,
With the filth of Antimachus \(a\) filled to the brim!

CH.

O glorious Sage! with loveliest Wisdom teeming!
Sweet on thy words does ancient Virtue rest!
Thrice happy they who watched thy Youth's bright beaming!
Thou of the vaunted genius, do thy best;
This man has gained applause: His Wisdom stands confessed.
And you with clever words and thoughts must needs your case adorn
Else he will surely win the day, and you retreat with scorn.

w.l. Aye, say you so? why I have been half-burst; I do so long
To overthrow his arguments with arguments more strong.
I am the Lesser Logic? True:
these Schoolmen call me so,
Simply because I was the first of all mankind to show
How old established rules and laws might contradicted be:
And this, as you may guess, is worth a thousand pounds to me,
To take the feebler cause, and yet to win the disputation.
σκέψαι δὲ τὴν παίδευσιν ὧς ἐλέγξω· ὥστε σε θερμῷ φησι λούσθαι πρῶτον οὐκ ἐάσειν. καίτοι τίνα γνώμην ἔχων ψέγεις τὰ θερμὰ λουτρά;  

ΔΙ. ὅτι θάνατον ἔστι καὶ δειλὸν ποιεῖ τὸν ἄνδρα.

ΑΔ. ἐπίσχεσις· εὐθὺς γάρ σε μέσον ἔχω λαβὼν ἀφυκτον. καὶ μοι φράσον, τῶν τοῦ Διὸς παίδων "τίν' ἄνδρ' ἀριστον" ψυχὴν νομίζεις, εἰπέ, καὶ πλείστους πόνους πονησαι;

ΔΙ. ἐγὼ μὲν οὐδέν᾽ 'Ἡρακλέους βελτίον' ἄνδρα κρίνω.  

ΑΔ. ποῦ ψυχρὰ δῆτα πώποτ᾽ εἰδε 'Ἡράκλεα λουτρά; καίτοι τὶς ἄνδρειότερος ἦν;

ΔΙ. ταῦτ' ἔστι ταῦτ' ἐκεῖνα, ἀ τῶν νεανίσκων ἀεὶ δὴ ἡμέρας λαλοῦντων πλῆρες τὸ βαλανεῖον ποιεῖ, κενάς δὲ τὰς παλαιότρας.

ΑΔ. εἰτ' ἐν ἀγορᾷ τὴν διατριβὴν ψέγεις, ἐγὼ δὲ ἐπανώ. εἰ γάρ πονηρὸν ἦν, "Ομηρος οὐδέποτ' ἂν ἐποίει τὸν Νέστορ' ἀγορητὴν ἂν οὐδὲ τοὺς σοφοὺς ἀπαντᾷς.

ἄνειμι δὴτ' ἐντεῦθεν εἰς τὴν γλώτταν, ἦν οὖδὲ μὲν οὐ φησι χρήναι τοὺς νέους ἀσκεῖν, ἐγὼ δὲ φημὶ.

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a "Athena made warm baths spring at Thermopylae for Heracles when very weary": Schol.
b He is λιγὸς Πυλῶν ἀγορητῆς, II. i. 248, iv. 293.

360
And mark me now, how I'll confute
his boasted Education!
You said that always from warm baths
the stripling must abstain:
Why must he? on what grounds do you
of these warm baths complain?
R.L. Why, it's the worst thing possible,
it quite unstrings a man.
W.L. Hold there: I've got you round the waist:
escape me if you can.
And first: of all the sons of Zeus
which think you was the best?
Which was the manliest? which endured
more toils than all the rest?
R.L. Well, I suppose that Heracles
was bravest and most bold.
W.L. And are the baths of Heracles
so wonderfully cold?¹
Aha! you blame warm baths, I think.
R.L. This, this is what they say:
This is the stuff our precious youths
are chattering all the day!
This is what makes them haunt the baths,
and shun the manlier Games!
W.L. Well then, we'll take the Forum next:
I praise it, and he blames.
But if it was so bad, do you think
old Homer would have made
Nestor ² and all his worthies ply
a real forensic trade?
Well: then he says a stripling's tongue
should always idle be:
I say it should be used of course:
so there we disagree.
καὶ σωφρονεῖν αὕτη φησὶν χρήναι· δύο κακῶς μεγίστων. 1060 ἐπεὶ οὐ διὰ τὸ σωφρονεῖν τῷ πώποτε εἰδες ἧδη ἀγαθὸν τι γενόμενον, φράσον, καὶ μὺ ἐξέλεγξεν εἰπών.

Δ. πολλοῖς. ὁ γοῦν Πηλεύς ἔλαβε διὰ τοῦτο τὴν μάχαιραν.

ΑΔ. μάχαιραν; ἀστείον γε κέρδος ἔλαβεν ὁ κακοδαίμων.

Τῆς ἑρμολογοῦ δ’ οὐκ τῶν λύχνων πλεῖν ἡ τάλαντα πολλὰ

ἐίληφε διὰ πονηρίαν, ἀλλ’ οὐ μᾶ Δῖ’ οὐ μάχαιραν.

Δ. καὶ τὴν Θέτων γ’ ἐγγέμε διὰ τὸ σωφρονεῖν ὁ Πηλεύς.

ΑΔ. κατ’ ἀπολυτοῦσα γ’ αὐτὸν ἀμέτ’ οὐ γὰρ ἦν ὑβριστῆς οὐδ’ ἦδος ἐν τοῖς στρώμασιν τὴν νύκτα παννυχίζειν· γυνὴ δὲ σωμαμωρουμένη χαίρει· σοὶ δ’ εἰ κρόνυππος. 1070 σκέψαι γάρ, ὃ μειράκιον, ἐν τῷ σωφρονεῖν ἀπαντα ἄνεστιν, ἥδων θ’ ὀσων μέλλεις ἀποστερεῖσθαι, παίδων, γυναικῶν, κοσταβῶν, ὑψών, πότων, κυ- χλισμῶν.

καίτοι τι σοι ξῆν ἄξιον, τοῦτων ἐὰν στερηθῆς; εἰκ’ πάρομι’ ἐντεῦθεν ἐς τὰς τῆς φύσεως ἀνάγκας. 1075 ἡμαρτείς, ἡράσθης, ἐμοὶ χευσάς τι, κατ’ ἐλήφθης· ἀπόλωλα· ἀδύνατος γὰρ εἰ λέγειν. ἐμοὶ δ’ ὀμιλῶν,

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* Given to him by the gods when made an outcast because of his rejecting the advances of the wife of Acastus; cf. Hor. Od. iii. 7. 17.

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And next he says you must be chaste. A most preposterous plan!
Come, tell me did you ever know one single blessed man
Gain the least good by chastity?
come, prove I'm wrong: make haste.

R.L. Yes, many, many! Peleus gained
a sword by being chaste.

W.L. A sword indeed! a wondrous meed
the unlucky fool obtained.

Hyperbolus the Lamp-maker
hath many a talent gained
By knavish tricks which I have taught:
   but not a sword, no, no!

R.L. Then Peleus did to his chaste life
the bed of Thetis owe.

W.L. And then she cut and ran away!
   for nothing so engages
A woman's heart as forward warmth,
   old shred of those dark Ages!
For take this chastity, young man:
sift it inside and out:

Count all the pleasures, all the joys,
it bids you live without:

No kind of dames, no kind of games,
   no laughing, feasting, drinking,—
Why, life itself is little worth
   without these joys, I'm thinking.

Well, I must notice now the wants
by Nature's self implanted;
You love, seduce, you can't help that,
you're caught, convicted. Granted.
You're done for; you can't say one word:
   while if you follow me
χρῶ τῇ φύσει, σκίρτα, γέλα, νόμιζε μηδὲν αἰσχρόν.
μοιχός γάρ ἦν τύχης ἁλοῦς, τάδ' ἀντερεῖς πρὸς
αὐτόν,
ὡς οὐδὲν ἴδικηκας· εἴτ' εἰς τὸν Δί' ἐπανεγεκεῖν, 10
κάκεινος ὡς ἦττων ἐρωτός ἐστι καὶ γυναικῶν·
καὶ τοιο ὑπὸ θυντὸς ὅν θεοῦ πῶς μείζον ἂν δύναιο;
Δ. τί δ' ἦν ραφανίδωθῃ πιθόμενος σοι τέφρα τε τιλθῇ;
ἀει τινὰ γνώμην λέγειν, τὸ μὴ εὐρύπρωκτος εἶναι;
Α. ἦν δ' εὐρύπρωκτος ἦ, τί πείσεται κακὸν;
Δ. τί μὲν οὖν ἂν ἔτι μείζον πάθοι τούτου ποτὲ;
Α. τί δητ' ἐρεῖς, ἦν τοῦτο νικηθῆς ἐμοῦ;
Δ. συγήσομαι. τί δ' ἄλλος;
Α. φέρε δὴ μοι φράσον·
συνηγοροῦσιν εἰκ τίνων;
Δ. εξ εὐρυπρῶκτων.
Α. πείθομαι.
τί δαί; τραγῳδοῦ ἐκ τίνων;
Δ. εξ εὐρυπρῶκτων.
Α. εὐ λέγεις.
δημηγοροῦσι δ' ἐκ τίνων;
Δ. εξ εὐρυπρῶκτων.
Α. ἀρα δητ'
ἐγνωκας ὡς οὐδὲν λέγεις;
καὶ τῶν θεατῶν ὀπότεροι
πλείους σκόπει.
Δ. καὶ δὴ σκοπῶ.
Α. τί δηθ' ὀρᾶς;

* Punishments of those taken in adultery: ραφανίδας λαμβάνοντες καθεσαν εἰς τοὺς πρωκτοὺς αὐτῶν, καὶ παρατιλλοῦντες αὐτοῦς τέφραν θερμὴν ἐπέπασον: Schol.
THE CLOUDS, 1078–1098

Indulge your genius, laugh and quaff,
hold nothing base to be.
Why if you’re in adultery caught,
your pleas will still be ample:
You’ve done no wrong, you’ll say, and then
bring Zeus as your example.
He fell before the wondrous powers
by Love and Beauty wielded:
And how can you, the Mortal, stand,
where He, the Immortal, yielded?

R.L. Aye, but suppose in spite of all,
he must be wedged and sanded. ¹

W.L. Won’t he be probed, or else can you
prevent it? now be candid.
R.L. And what’s the damage if it should be so?
W.L. What greater damage can the young man know?
R.L. What will you do, if this dispute I win?
W.L. I’ll be for ever silent.

W.L. Good, begin.

The Counsellor: from whence comes he?
R.L. From probed adulterers.
W.L. I agree.

The Tragic Poets: whence are they?
R.L. From probed adulterers.
W.L. So I say.

The Orators: what class of men?
R.L. All probed adulterers.
W.L. Right again.

You feel your error, I’ll engage,
But look once more around the stage,
Survey the audience, which they be,
Probed or not Probed.

R.L. I see, I see.
W.L. Well, give your verdict.
ARISTOPHANES

Δ1. πολὺ πλείονας, νὴ τοὺς θεοὺς,
toὺς εὐρυπρῶκτος· τοῦτον
γοῦν οἶδ' ἐγὼ κάκεινοι
καὶ τὸν κομήτην τοῦτον.

ΑΔ. τί δῆτ' ἐρεῖς;

Δ1. ἠττήμεθ', ὡ κινούμενοι,
πρὸς τῶν θεῶν δέξασθέ μου
θομάτιοιν, ὡς
ἐξαυτομολῶ πρὸς ὑμᾶς.

ΣΩ. τί δῆτα; πότερα τοῦτον ἀπάγεσθαι λαβὼν
βούλει τὸν νεόν, ἢ διδάσκω σοι λέγειν;

ΣΤ. δίδασκε καὶ κόλαζε, καὶ μέμνησθ' ὅπως
εὖ μοι στομώσεις αὐτόν, ἐπὶ μὲν θάτερα
οἰαν δικιδίοις, τὴν δ' ἐτέραν αὐτοῦ γνάθον
στόμωσον οἰαν ἐς τὰ μείζων πράγματα.

ΣΩ. ἀμέλει, κομιέι τοῦτον σοφιστὴν δεξίον.

ΣΤ. ὡχρὸν μὲν οὖν ἐγώγε καὶ κακοδαίμονα.

ΧΟ. χωρείτε νυν. οἶμαι δὲ σοι ταῦτα μεταμελήσεων.
τοὺς κριτὰς ἁ κερδανοῦσιν, ἢν τι τόνδε τὸν χορὸν
ὡφελόσ' ἐκ τῶν δικαίων, βουλόμεσθ' ἥμεις φράσαι
πρῶτα μὲν γάρ, ἢν νεὰν βούλησθ' ἐν ὥρᾳ τοὺς
ἀγροὺς,

ὑσομεν πρῶτοισιν ὑμῖν, τοῖσι δ' ἄλλοις ὑστερον.

εἰτα τόν καρπόν τε καὶ τὰς ἀμπέλους φυλάξομεν,
ὡστε μήτ' αὐχμὸν πεζέων μήτ' ἁγαν ἐπομβριαν.

ἡν δ' ἀτιμάσῃ τις ὑμᾶς θυντὸς ὃν οὔσας θεάς,

* The two Logics go out, and enter Socrates from the Phrontisterium and Strepsiades from his own house to see how his son's education has been progressing. During the interval of the Chorus (1114-1130) that education is supposed to be completing.
R.L. It must go
For probed adulterers: him I know,
And him, and him: the Probed are most.

W.L. How stand we then?
R.L. I own, I've lost.
O Cinaeds, Cinaeds, take my robe!
Your words have won, to you I run
To live and die with glorious Probe!

so. Well, what do you want? to take away your son
At once, or shall I teach him how to speak?

ST. Teach him, and flog him, and be sure you well
Sharpen his mother wit, grind the one edge
Fit for my little law-suits, and the other,
Why, make that serve for more important matters.

so. Oh, never fear! He'll make a splendid sophist.

ST. Well, well, I hope he'll be a poor pale rascal.

CH. Go: but in us the thought is strong,
you will repent of this ere long.
Now we wish to tell the Judges
all the blessings they shall gain
If, as Justice plainly warrants,
we the worthy prize obtain.
First, whenever in the Season
ye would fain your fields renew,
All the world shall wait expectant
till we've poured our rain on you:
Then of all your crops and vineyards
we will take the utmost care
So that neither drought oppress them,
nor the heavy rain impair.
But if anyone amongst you
dare to treat our claims with scorn,


ΑΡΙΣΤΟΦΑΝΗΣ

προσεχέτω τὸν νοῦν, πρὸς ἡμῶν οὐ πείσεται κακά, λαμβάνων οὐτ' οἶνον οὐτ' ἀλλ' οὐδὲν ἐκ τοῦ χωρίου. ἦνικ' ἄν γὰρ αἱ τ' ἑλάαι βλαστάνωσ' αἱ τ' ἀμπελοί, ἀποκεκόψοντα· τοιαύτας σφενδόναις παύσομεν. ἦν δὲ πλιθεύοντ' ἵδωμεν, ὠσμεν καὶ τοῦ τέγους τὸν κέραμον αὐτοῦ χαλάζας στρογγύλαις συντρίψομεν.

καὶ γαμῆς ποτ' αὐτὸς ἡ τῶν ἔγγεγενῶν ἡ τῶν φίλων, ὠσμεν τὴν νύκτα πᾶσαν· ὥστε ἰσως βουλήσεται καὶ ἐν Αἰγύπτῳ τυχεῖν ὃν μᾶλλον ἡ κρᾶναι κακῶς.

στ. πέμπτη, τετράς, τρίτη, μετὰ ταύτην δευτέρα, εἰθ' ἦν ἐγὼ μάλιστα πασῶν ἠμερῶν δέδοικα καὶ πέφρικα καὶ βδελύττομαι, εὐθὺς μετὰ ταύτην ἔσθ' ἐνή τε καὶ νέα. πᾶς γὰρ τις ὁμνυο', οἶς ὁφείλον τυγχάνω, θείς μοι προτανέως ἀπολέων μὲ φησι καξολεῖν, ἐμοὶ μέτρι' ἀττα καὶ δίκαι' αἰτουμένοι· "ὡ δαμώνει, τὸ μέν τι νυνὶ μὴ λάβης, τὸ δ' ἀναβαλόν μοι, τὸ δ' ἄφες," οὐ φασίν ποτὲ οὔτως ἀπολήψεοθ', ἀλλὰ λοιδοροῦσι μὲ ὃς ἀδικός εἰμι, καὶ δικάσεσθαι φασὶ μοι. νῦν οὖν δικαζέσθων· ὀλίγον γὰρ μοι μέλει, εἴπερ μεμάθηκεν εὔ λέγειν Φείδιππίδης.

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a i.e. from the end of the month, when interest became due.
b “When the Greek year was lunar, the months were alternately thirty and twenty-nine days each, so that the new Moon (the moon’s orbit being 29½ days) always fell on the last day of the month. Hence that day was called the Old-and-New, because at the beginning of the day the moon was still on the wane, but before the close had begun to wax again”: R.
Mortal he, the Clouds immortal,
better had he ne'er been born!
He from his estates shall gather·
neither corn, nor oil, nor wine,
For whenever blossoms sparkle
on the olive or the vine
They shall all at once be blighted:
we will ply our slings so true.
And if ever we behold him
building up his mansions new,
With our tight and nipping hailstones
we will all his tiles destroy.
But if he, his friends or kinsfolk,
would a marriage-feast enjoy,
All night long we'll pour in torrents:
so perchance he'll rather pray
To endure the drought of Egypt,
than decide amiss to-day!

ST. The fifth, a the fourth, the third, and then the second,
And then that day which more than all the rest
I loathe and shrink from and abominate,
Then comes at once that hateful Old-and-New day. b
And every single blessed dun has sworn
He'll stake his gage, e and ruin and destroy me.
And when I make a modest small request,
"O my good friend, part don't exact at present,
And part defer, and part remit," they swear
So they shall never touch it, and abuse me
As a rank swindler, threatening me with actions.
Now let them bring their actions! Who's afraid?
Not I: if these have taught my son to speak.

a The sum deposited with the πρωτόνειος before commencing an action.

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τάχα δ' εἴσομαι κόψας τὸ φροντιστήριον.
παί, ἦμι, παί παί.

Στρεψιάδην ἀσπάζομαι.
κάγωγε σ'. ἀλλὰ τούτον πρῶτον λαβὲ:
χρή γὰρ ἐπιθαυμάζεω τι τὸν διδάσκαλον.
καὶ μοι τὸν νῦν, εἰ μεμάθηκε τὸν λόγον
ἐκεῖνων, εἴφ', ὅν ἄρτιως εἰσήγαγες.

μεμάθηκεν.
εὐ γ', ὃ παμβασίλει 'Απαιόλη.
ὡς' ἀποφύγοις ἃν ἤντιν' ἃν βούλῃ δίκην.
κεῖ μάρτυρες παρῆσαν, ὅτ' ἐδανειζόμην;
πολλῷ γε μᾶλλον, κἂν παρῶσι χίλιοι.
"βοάσομαι τάρα τὰν ὑπέρτονον
βοάν." ἢ ὡς, κλάετ' ὀβόλοστάται,
αὐτοῖ τε καὶ τάρχαία καὶ τόκοι τόκων·
oῦθεν γὰρ ἃν με φλαύρον ἐργάσαισθ' ἐτή.
οἷος ἔμοι τρέφεται
tοῖσδ' ἐνὶ δώμασι παῖς,
ἀμφήκει γλώττῃ λάμπων,
πρόβολος ἐμὸς, σωτὴρ δόμοις, ἐχθροῖς βλάβης,
λυσανίας πατρῶν μεγάλων κακῶν·
ὅν κάλεσον τρέχων ἐνδοθεὶν ως ἐμὲ.
"ὁ τέκνον, ὃ παί, ἐξελθ' οἴκων,
ἀίε" σοῦ πατρόσ.

ὁ' ἐκείνος ἄνήρ.
ὁ φίλος, ὃ φίλος.
ἀπιθι λαβῶν τὸν νῦν.
ὁὐ ὡ τέκνον.
ὁὐ ὡν ὡσι.
ὡς ἠδομαί σου πρῶτα τῆν χροίαν ἰδῶν.

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a From the Satyrs of Phrynichus: Schol.
THE CLOUDS, 1144–1171

But here's the door: I'll knock and soon find out. Boy! Ho there, boy!

so. I clasp Strepsiades.
st. And I clasp you: but take this meal-bag first. 'Tis meet and right to glorify one's Tutors. But tell me, tell me, has my son yet learnt That Second Logic which he saw just now?

so. He hath.
st. Hurrah! great Sovereign Knavery!

so. You may escape whatever suit you please.
st. What, if I borrowed before witnesses?
so. Before a thousand, and the more the merrier.
st. "Then shall my song be loud and deep." a

Weep, obol-weighers, weep, weep, weep,
Ye, and your principals, and compound interests,
For ye shall never pester me again.
Such a son have I bred,
(He is within this door),
Born to inspire my foemen with dread,

Born his old father's house to restore:
Keen and polished of tongue is he,
He my Champion and Guard shall be,
He will set his old father free,
Run you, and call him forth to me.
"O my child! O my sweet! come out, I entreat;
'Tis the voice" b of your sire.

so. Here's the man you require.
st. Joy, joy of my heart!
so. Take your son and depart.
st. O come, O come, my son, my son,
O dear! O dear!
O joy, to see your beautiful complexion!

b A parody of Eur. Hec. 172, where Hecuba calls Polyxena from her tent.
νῦν μὲν γ' ἰδεῖν εἰ πρῶτον ἐξαρνητικὸς καντιλογικός, καὶ τοῦτο τοῦτο πιχώριον ἀτεχνῶς ἐπανθεῖ, τὸ τί λέγεις σὺ; καὶ δοκεῖν ἀδικοῦντ' ἀδικεῖσθαι καὶ κακουργοῦντ' οἶδ' ὁτι. ἐπὶ τοῦ προσώπου τ' ἔστιν Ἀττικὸν βλέπος. νῦν οὖν ὅπως σώσεις μ', ἐπεὶ καπώλεσας.

ΦΕΙ. φοβεῖ δὲ δὴ τί;

ΣΤ. τὴν ἐνήν τε καὶ νέαν.

ΦΕΙ. ἐνη γάρ ἐστι καὶ νέα τις ἡμέρα;

ΣΤ. εἰς ἢν γε θήσειν τὰ πρυτανεῖα φασί μοι.

ΦΕΙ. ἀπολούσι' ἄρ' αὖθ' οἱ θέντες· οὐ γὰρ ἔσθ' ὅπως μὲν ἡμέρα γένοιτ' ἄν ἡμέραι δύο.

ΣΤ. οὐκ ἂν γένοιτο;

ΦΕΙ. πῶς γάρ; εἰ μὴ πέρ γ' ἀμα αὐτῇ γένοιτ' ἄν γρας τε καὶ νέα γυνή.

ΣΤ. καὶ μὴν νενομισταῖ γ'.

ΦΕΙ. οὐ γάρ, οἴμαι, τὸν νόμον ἵσασιν ὅρθως ὁ τι νοεῖ.

ΣΤ. νοεῖ δὲ τί;

ΦΕΙ. ὁ Σόλων ὁ παλαιὸς ἢν φιλόδημος τὴν φύσιν.

ΣΤ. τοῦτο μὲν οὐδέν πω πρὸς ἐνὴν τε καὶ νέαν.

ΦΕΙ. ἐκεῖνος οὖν τὴν κλῆσιν εἰς δ' ἡμέρας ἔθηκεν, εἰς γε τὴν ἐνην τε καὶ νέαν, ἵν' αἱ θέσεις γίγνοντο τῇ νομηνίᾳ.

ΣΤ. ἵνα δὴ τί τὴν ἐνην προσέθηκεν;

ΦΕΙ. ἵν', ὦ μέλε, παρόντες οἱ φεύγοντες ἡμέρα μιᾶ πρῶτον ἀπαλλάττωνθ' ἐκῶντες, εἰ δὲ μὴ, ἐσόθιν ὑπανώντο τῇ νομηνίᾳ.

ΣΤ. πῶς οὖν δέχονται δήτα τῇ νομηνίᾳ ἀρχαί τὰ πρυτανεῖ', ἀλλ' ἐνη τε καὶ νέα;

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Aye now you have an aspect Negative
And Disputative, and our native query
Shines forth there “What d’ye say?” You’ve the true face
Which rogues put on, of injured innocence.
You have the regular Attic look about you.
So now, you save me, for ’twas you undid me.

PH. What is it ails you?
ST. Why the Old-and-New day.
PH. And is there such a day as Old-and-New?
ST. Yes: that’s the day they mean to stake their gages.
PH. They’ll lose them if they stake them. What! do you think
That one day can be two days, both together?
ST. Why, can’t it be so?
PH. Surely not; or else
A woman might at once be old and young.
ST. Still, the law says so.
PH. True: but I believe
They don’t quite understand it.
ST. You explain it.
PH. Old Solon had a democratic turn.
ST. Well, but that’s nothing to the Old-and-New.
PH. Hence then he fixed that summonses be issued
For these two days, the old one and the new one,
So that the gage be staked on the New-month.
ST. What made him add “the old” then?
PH. I will tell you.
He wished the litigants to meet on that day
And compromise their quarrels: if they could not,
Then let them fight it out on the New-month.
ST. Why then do Magistrates receive the stakes
On the Old-and-New instead of the New-month?
ΦΕΙ. ὁπερ οἱ προτένθαι γὰρ δοκοῦσί μοι ποιεῖν· ὅξε τάχιστα τὰ προτενεῖ· υφελοίατο, διὰ τοῦτο προτενθευσαν ἡμέρα μιᾷ.

ΣΤ. εὖ γ', ὡς κακοδαίμονες, τί κάθησθ' ἀβέλτεροι, ἡμέτερα κέρδη τῶν σοφῶν, ὄντες λίθιοι, ἀριθμος, πρόβατ', ἀλλως ἀμφορῆς νενησμένοι; ὥστ' εἰς ἐμαυτὸν καὶ τὸν νῦν τουτοί ἐπ' εὐτυχίαις ἀστέον μονγκώμιον.

μάκαρ ὁ Στρεψίαδες,

αὐτός τ' ἔφυ ὡς σοφός,

χοῖν τὸν νῦν τρέφεις,

φήσουσι δὴ μ' οἱ φίλοι

χοί δημόται,

ζηλοῦντες ἦμικ' ἄν σὺ νικᾶς λέγων τὰς δίκας.

ἀλλ' εἰσάγων σε βουλομαί πρὸτον ἑστιάσαι.

ΠΑΣΙΑΣ. εἰτ' ἄνδρα τῶν αὐτοῦ τι χρὴ προϊέναι;

οὐδεποτέ γ', ἀλλὰ κρείττον ἢν εὐθὺς τότε ἀπερυθρίασαι μᾶλλον ἢ σχεῖν πράγματα, ὅτε τῶν ἐμαυτοῦ γ' ἔνεκα νυνὶ χρημάτων ἐλκώ σε κλητεύσοντα, καὶ γενήσομαι ἐχθρός ἐτι πρὸς τούτοις ἄνδρι δημότῃ.

ἀτάρ οὐδεποτέ γε τὴν πατρίδα κατασχινῶν ζῶν, ἀλλὰ καλοῦμαι Στρεψιάδην.

ΣΤ. τίς οὕτωσι;

ΠΑ. ἐς τὴν ἔννυ τε καὶ νέαν.

ΣΤ. μαρτύρομαι,

ὅτι ἐς δυ' εἶπεν ἡμέρας. τοῦ χρήματος;

ΠΑ. τῶν δῶδεκα μνῶν, ὡς ἔλαβες ὑνούμενος τὸν ψαρόν ἐππον.

ΣΤ. ἐππον; οὐκ ἀκούστε, ὃν πάντες ὑμεῖς 'ιστε μισοῦνθ' ἐππικῆν.

* Apparently persons appointed to taste the viands to be
PH. Well, I believe they act like the Foretasters. They wish to bag the gage as soon as possible, And thus they gain a whole day’s foretaste of it.

ST. Aha! poor dupes, why sit ye mooning there, Game for us Artful Dodgers, you dull stones, You ciphers, lambkins, butts piled up together! Oh! my success inspires me, and I’ll sing Glad eulogies on me and thee, my son.

“Man, most blessed, most divine, What a wondrous wit is thine, What a son to grace thy line,”
Friends and neighbours day by day
Thus will say,
When with envious eyes my suits they see you win:
But first I’ll feast you, so come in, my son, come in.

PASIAS. What! must a man lose his own property!
No: never, never. Better have refused
With a bold face, than be so plagued as this.
See! to get paid my own just debts, I’m forced
To drag you to bear witness, and what’s worse
I needs must quarrel with my townsman here.
Well, I won’t shame my country, while I live,
I’ll go to law, I’ll summon him.

ST. Hallo!

PA. To the next Old-and-New.

ST. Bear witness, all!
He named two days. You’ll summon me; what for?

PA. The fifty pounds I lent you when you bought That iron-grey.

ST. Just listen to the fellow!
The whole world knows that I detest all horses.

served at a public banquet, to see that everything was well cooked and wholesome.

b Enter Pasias, the creditor mentioned l. 21.
ARISTOPHANES

πα. καὶ νὴ Δί' ἀποδώσειν γ' ἐπώμνυς τοὺς θεοὺς.

στ. μὰ τὸν Δί'· οὐ γὰρ πω τὸτ' ἔξηπίστατο Φειδιππίδης μοι τὸν ἀκατάβλητον λόγον.

πα. νῦν δὲ διὰ τοῦτ' ἔξαρνος εἶναι διανοεῖ;

στ. τί γὰρ ἄλλ' ἂν ἀπολαύσαμι τοῦ μαθήματος;

πα. καὶ ταῦτ' ἑθελήσεις ἀπομόσαι μοι τοὺς θεοὺς;

στ. ποῖνς θεοὺς;

πα. τὸν Δία, τὸν Ἔρμην, τὸν Ποσειδῶ.

στ. νὴ Δία, κἂν προσκαταθεὶν γ', ὥστ' ὁμόσαι, τριώβολον.

πα. ἀπόλοιο τοῖνυν ἔνεκ' ἀναιδείας ἔτι.

στ. ἀλοῖν διασμηθεῖς ὄναυτ' ἂν οὐτοσι.

πα. οἷμ' ὡς καταγελᾶσ.

στ. ἐξ χῶας χωρῆσεται.

πα. οὐ τοι μὰ τὸν Δία τὸν μέγαν καὶ τοὺς θεοὺς ἐμοῦ καταπροίει.

στ. θαυμασίως ἦσθην θεοῖς,

καὶ Ζεὺς γέλοιος ὁμνύμενος τοῖς εἰδόσιν.

πα. Ἦ μὴν σὺ τοῦτων τῷ χρόνῳ δῶσεις δίκην. ἄλλ' εἰτ' ἀποδώσεις μοι τὰ χρήματ' εἴτε μή,

ἀπόπεμψον ἀποκρινάμενος.

στ. ἔχε νῦν ἦσυχος.

ἐγὼ γὰρ αὐτίκ' ἀποκρινοῦμαι σοι σαφῶς.

πα. τί σοι δοκεῖ δράσεων;

ΜΑΡΤΤΣ. ἀποδώσειν σοι δοκεῖ.

στ. ποῦ 'σθ' οὖτος ἀπαιτῶν με τάργυριον; λέγε, τοιτί τί ἔστι;

πα. τοῦθ' ὁ τί ἔστι; κάρδοπος.

στ. ἐπειτ' ἀπαιτεῖς τάργυριον τοιοῦτος ὄν;

οὐκ ἂν ἀποδοίην οὔδ' ἂν ὀβολόν οὖδενι, ὅστις καλέσειε κάρδοπον τὴν καρδόπην.
PA. I swear you swore by all the Gods to pay me.
ST. Well, now I swear I won’t: Pheidippides
    Has learnt since then the unanswerable Logic.
PA. And will you therefore shirk my just demand?
ST. Of course I will: else why should he have learnt it?
PA. And will you dare forswear it by the Gods?
ST. The Gods indeed! What Gods?
PA. Poseidon, Hermes, Zeus.
ST. By Zeus I would,
    Though I gave twopence halfpenny for the privilege.
PA. O then confound you for a shameless rogue!
ST. Hallo! this butt should be rubbed down with salt.
PA. Zounds! you deride me!
ST. Why ’twill hold four gallons.
PA. You ’scape me not, by Mighty Zeus, and all
    The Gods!
ST. I wonderfully like the Gods;
    An oath by Zeus is sport to knowing ones.
PA. Sooner or later you’ll repent of this.
    Come do you mean to pay your debts or don’t you?
    Tell me, and I’ll be off.
ST. Now do have patience;
    I’ll give you a clear answer in one moment.
PA. What do you think he’ll do?
WITNESS. I think he’ll pay you.
ST. Where is that horrid dun? O here: now tell me
    What you call this.
PA. What I call that? a trough.
ST. Heavens! what a fool: and do you want your money?
    I’d never pay one penny to a fellow
    Who calls my troughess, trough. So there’s your
    answer.

a Pasias is apparently “a tun of a man” and wine-skins
(ἀσκοι) were thus treated.
ARISTOPHANES

PA. οὐκ ἂρ' ἀποδώσεις;

ΣΤ. ὁνήχ, ὃσον γέ μ' εἰδέναι. οὐκουν ἀνύσας τι θᾶττον ἀπολυταργεῖς ἀπὸ τῆς θύρας;

ΠΑ. ἀπειμι, καὶ τοὔτ' ἵσθ', ὅτι θήσω πρυτανεῖ', ἥ μηκέτι ζωήν ἐγώ. 1255

ΣΤ. προσαποβαλεῖς ἂρ' αὐτὰ πρὸς ταῖς δώδεκα. καίτοι σε τούτό γ' οὐχὶ βούλομαι παθεῖν, ὅτι ἡ 'κάλεσας εὐθηκῶς τὴν κάρδοπον.

AMYNIAS. ἰδίω μοί μοι.

ΣΤ. ἐὰ. τὶς οὐτοσὶ ποτ' ἐσθ' ὁ θρηνῶν; οὐ τί πον 1260 τῶν Καρκίνου τις δαμόνων ἐφθέγξατο;

AM. τὶ δ' ὅστις εἰμί, τούτο βούλεσθ' εἰδέναι; ἀνήρ κακοδαίμων.

ΣΤ. κατὰ σεαυτὸν νῦν τρέπουν.

AM. "ὦ σκληρὲ δαίμον, ὃ τύχαι θραυσάντυγες ὶππων ἐμών." "ὦ Παλλάς, ὃς μ' ἀπώλεσας." 1265

ΣΤ. τὶ δαί σε Τηληπόλεμός ποτ' ἐφρασται κακὸν;

AM. μὴ σκόπτε μ', ὃ τάν, ἀλλὰ μοι τὰ χρήματα τὸν ὕδων ἀποδοῦναι κέλευσον ἀλαβῃν, ἀλλως τε μέντοι καὶ κακῶς πεπραγότι.

ΣΤ. τὰ ποία ταῦτα χρήμαθ';

AM. ἀδανέισατο. 1270

ΣΤ. κακῶς ἂρ' ὄντως εἰχὲς, ὃς γ' ἐμοὶ δοκεῖς.

AM. ῥπτωσ ἐλαιώνων ἐξέπεσον νὴ τοὺς θεοὺς.

ΣΤ. τὶ δῆτα ληρεῖς ὅσπερ ἀπ' ὄνου καταπεσών;

AM. ληρῶ, τὰ χρήματ' ἀπολαβεῖν εἰ βούλομαι;

ΣΤ. οὐκ ἐσθ' ὅπως σὺ γ' αὐτὸς ὅγιαίνεις.

[^a]: Enter Amynias, the creditor mentioned l. 31.

378
PA. Then you won't pay me?
ST. No, not if I know it.
Come put your best foot forward, and be off:
March off, I say, this instant!
PA. May I die
If I don't go at once and stake my gage!
ST. No don't: the fifty pounds are loss enough:
And really on my word I would not wish you
To lose this too just for one silly blunder.

AMYNIAS. "Ah me! Oh! Oh! Oh!
ST. Hallo! who's that making that horrible noise?
Not one of Carcinus's snivelling Gods?
AM. Who cares to know what I am? what imports it?
An ill-starred man.
ST. Then keep it to yourself.
AM. "O heavy fate!" "O Fortune, thou hast broken
My chariot wheels!" "Thou hast undone me,
Pallas!"
ST. How! has Tlepolemus been at you, man?
AM. Jeer me not, friend, but tell your worthy son
To pay me back the money which I lent him:
I'm in a bad way and the times are pressing.
ST. What money do you mean?
AM. Why what he borrowed.
ST. You are in a bad way, I really think.
AM. Driving my four-wheel out I fell, by Zeus.
ST. You rave as if you'd fall'n times out-of-mind.
AM. I rave? how so? I only claim my own.
ST. You can't be quite right, surely.

b "These lines are from the Licymnium of Xenocles" (Schol.), a
son of Carcinus (cf. W. 1511). In the play Tlepolemus accident-
ally kills Licymnios.
"¢ απ' δνου "'from a donkey" can also be read απο νου "out of
your mind."
AM.  
κάτειπε νυν,
πότερα νομίζεις καινὸν ἀεὶ τὸν Δία

1275

1280


1285


1290

1295


380
AM. Why, what mean you?
ST. I shrewdly guess your brain's received a shake.
AM. I shrewdly guess that you'll receive a summons
    If you don't pay my money.
ST. Well then, tell me,
Which theory do you side with, that the rain
Falls fresh each time, or that the Sun draws back
The same old rain, and sends it down again?
AM. I'm very sure I neither know nor care.
ST. Not care! good heavens! And do you claim your
    money,
So unenlightened in the Laws of Nature?
AM. If you're hard up then, pay me back the Interest
    At least.
ST. Int-er-est? what kind of a beast is that?
AM. What else than day by day and month by month
    Larger and larger still the silver grows
As time sweeps by?
ST. Finely and nobly said.
What then! think you the Sea is larger now
Than 'twas last year?
AM. No surely, 'tis no larger:
    It is not right it should be.
ST. And do you then,
Insatiable grasper! when the Sea,
Receiving all these Rivers, grows no larger,
Do you desire your silver to grow larger?
Come now, you prosecute your journey off!
Here, fetch the whip.
AM. Bear witness, I appeal.
ST. Be off! what, won't you? Gee up, sigma-brand!
AM. I say! a clear assault!
ST. You won't be off?
κεντῶν ὑπὸ τοῦ πρωκτῶν σε τοῦ σειραφόρον.

φεύγεις; ἔμελλον ἄρα σε κινήσεις ἐγώ

αὐτοῖς τροχois τοῖς σοῖς καί ξυνωρίσω.

xo. οἰον τὸ πραγμάτων ἔραν φλαίΡων· ὁ γὰρ [στρ.

γέρων ὁδ’ ἔρασθεὶς

ἀποστερήσῃ βουλεῖαι

τὰ χρήμαθ’ ἀδανείσατο·

κοῦκ ἐσθ’ ὁπως οὐ τίμερον

λήψεται τι πράγμ’, ὁ τοῦ-

tον ποιήσει τὸν σοφισ-

τὴν [γέροντ’]

ἀνθ’ ὁν πανουργεῖν ἥρξατ’, ἐξαίφνης κακὸν λαβεῖντι. 1310

οἱμαί γάρ αὐτοῦν αὐτίχ’ εὐρήσεων ὅπερ [ἀντ.

πάλαι ποτ’ ἐπήτηει,

εἶναι τὸν υἱὸν δεινὸν οἶ

γνώμας ἐναντίας λέγειν

tοῖς δικαίοις, ὥστε νι-

cὰν ἀπαντασ ὅπερ ἃν

ξυγγένηται, κἂν λέγῃ

παμπόνηρ’.

ιὸς ὅ’ ἴσως βουλήσεται κἂφωνον αὐτὸν εἶναι. 1320

ΣΤ. ἵον ἱοῦ.

ὁ γείτονες καὶ ξυγγενεῖς καὶ δημόται,

ἀμυνάθετε μοι τυπτομένων πάσῃ τέχνῃ.

οἱμοι κακοδαίμων τῆς κεφαλῆς καὶ τῆς γνάθου.

ὁ μιαρέ, τύπτηεις τὸν πατέρα;

ΦΕΙ. ἀ, ὁ πάτερ. 1325

ΣΤ. ὁρᾶθ’ ὁμολογοῦνθ’ ὅτι με τύπτει.

ΦΕΙ. καὶ μάλα.

ΣΤ. ὁ μιαρὲ καὶ πατραλοία καὶ τοιχωρύχε.
THE CLOUDS, 1300–1327

I'll stimulate you; Zeus! I'll goad your haunches.
Aha! you run: I thought I'd stir you up
You and your phaetons, and wheels, and all!

ch. What a thing it is to long for matters which are wrong!
   For you see how this old man
   Is seeking, if he can
   His creditors trepan:
   And I confidently say
   That he will this very day
      Such a blow
   Amid his prosperous cheats receive,
      that he will deeply deeply grieve.

For I think that he has won what he wanted for his son,
   And the lad has learned the way
   All justice to gainsay,
   Be it what or where it may:
   That he'll trump up any tale,
   Right or wrong, and so prevail.
      This I know.
Yea! and perchance the time will come
      when he shall wish his son were dumb.

st. Oh! Oh!
   Help! Murder! Help! O neighbours, kinsfolk, townsmen,
   Help, one and all, against this base assault,
   Ah! Ah! my cheek! my head! O luckless me!
   Wretch! do you strike your father?
   Yes, Papa.

st. See! See! he owns he struck me.

ph. To be sure.

st. Scoundrel! and parricide! and house-breaker!
ARISTOPHANES

ΦΕΙ. αὖθις μὲ ταῦτα ταῦτα καὶ πλείω λέγει. Άρ’ οἶσθ’ ὅτι χαίρω πόλλ’ ἀκούων καὶ κακά; ΣΤ. ὦ λακκόπρωκτε.

ΦΕΙ. πάττε πολλοῖς τοῖς ρόδοις. ΣΤ. τὸν πατέρα τύπτεις;

ΦΕΙ. κἀποφανῶ γε νὴ Δία ὡς ἐν δίκη σ’ ἐτυπτον. ΣΤ. ὁ μιαρώτατε, καὶ πῶς γένοιτ’ ἂν πατέρα τύπτειν ἐν δίκη;

ΦΕΙ. ἐγγῳ’ ἀποδείξω, καὶ σε νικῆσω λέγων. ΣΤ. τοῦτι σ’ νικῆσεις;

ΦΕΙ. πολὺ γε καὶ ῥαδίως. ἔλοο δ’ ὅπότερον τοῖν λόγοιν βοῦλει λέγειν. ΣΤ. ποίου λόγου;

ΦΕΙ. τὸν κρείττον’, ἢ τὸν ἦττονα; ΣΤ. ἔδιδαξάμην μέντοι σε νῆ Δι’, ὦ μέλε, τοῖν δικαίως ἀντιλέγεω, εἰ ταῦτα γε μέλλεις ἀναπείσειν, ὡς δικαίων καὶ καλὸν τὸν πατέρα τύπτεσθ’ ἐστὶν ὑπὸ τῶν νικών.

ΦΕΙ. ἀλλ’ οὐμαι μέντοι σ’ ἀναπείσειν, ὡστε γε οὔό’ αὐτὸς ἀκροασάμενος οὐδὲν ἀντηρεῖς. ΣΤ. καὶ μὴν ὅ τι καὶ λέξεις ἀκοῦσαι βούλομαι.

ΧΟ. σὸν ἔργον, ὦ πρεσβύτα, φροντίζειν ὅπῃ [στρ. τὸν ἄνδρα κρατήσεις, ὡς οὗτος, εἰ μὴ τῷ πεποίθειν, οὐκ ἂν ἦν οὕτως ἀκόλαστος. ἀλλ’ ἐσθ’ ὅτῳ θρασύνεται. διήλον γε ταῦ-θρώπον ὑπ’ τοῦ λήμα.

ἀλλ’ ἐξ’ ὅτου τὸ πρῶτον ἥρξαθ’ ἡ μάχῃ γενέσθαι ἡδη λέγειν χρῆ πρὸς χορὸν. πάντως δε τοῦτο δράσεις.
PH. Thank you: go on, go on: do please go on.
    I am quite delighted to be called such names!
ST. O probed Adulterer.

PH. Roses from your lips.a
ST. Strike you your father?
PH. O dear yes: what’s more,
    I’ll prove I struck you justly.
ST. Struck me justly!
    Villain! how can you strike a father justly?
PH. Yes, and I’ll demonstrate it, if you please.
ST. Demonstrate this?
PH. O yes, quite easily.
    Come, take your choice, which Logic do you choose?
ST. Which what?
PH. Logic: the Better or the Worse?
ST. Ah, then, in very truth I’ve had you taught
    To reason down all Justice, if you think
    You can prove this, that it is just and right
    That fathers should be beaten by their sons!
PH. Well, well, I think I’ll prove it, if you’ll listen,
    So that even you won’t have one word to answer.
ST. Come, I should like to hear what you’ve to say.

CH. 'Tis yours, old man, some method to contrive
    This fight to win:
He would not without arms wherewith to strive
    So bold have been.
    He knows, be sure, whereon to trust.
    His eager bearing proves he must.

So come and tell us from what cause
    this sad dispute began;
Come, tell us how it first arose:
    do tell us if you can.

a Cf. l. 910.
καὶ μὴν οἶδεν γε πρῶτον ἡρξάμεσθα λοιδορεῖσθαι ἐγὼ φράσω· 'πειδὴ γὰρ εἰστιώμεθ', ὥσπερ ἵστε, πρῶτον μὲν αὐτὸν τὴν λύραν λαβόντι' ἐγὼ 'κέλευσα ἵστασιν τῷ Σιμωνίδου μέλος, τὸν Κριόν, ὡς ἐπέχθη. ὣς δ' εὐθέως ἄρχαίον εἰν' ἐφασκε τὸ κιθαρίζειν οὖ γὰρ τὸτ' εὐθὺς χρῆν σε τύπτεσθαί τε καὶ πατεῖσθαί,

αὐτὸς κελεύονθ', ὥσπερ εἰτέτιγας ἐστίωντα;

καὶ τοιαῦτα μέντοι καὶ τὸτ' ἔλεγεν ἐνδον, οἱσπερ νῦν, καὶ τὸν Σιμωνίδην ἐφασκ' εἶναι κακὸν ποιητὴν.

κἀγὼ μόλις μὲν, ἀλλ' ὀμως ἡνεξχόμην τὸ πρῶτον.

ἐπείτα δ' ἐκέλευθ' αὐτὸν ἀλλὰ μυρρίνην λαβόντα τῶν Αἰσχύλου λέξαι τί μοι· καθ' ὦτος εὐθὺς εἶπεν, "ἀγὼ γὰρ Αἰσχύλον νομίζω πρῶτον ἐν ποιήταις ψόφον πλέων, ἀξιοστατον, στόμφακα, κρημνοποιοῦν;"

κάνταῦθα πῶς οἴεσθέ μου τὴν καρδίαν ὅρεχθεῖν;

ομως δέ τὸν θυμὸν δακῶν ἔφην, ' σὺ δ' ἀλλὰ τούτων

---

a Crius was an Aeginetan wrestler on whose defeat at Olympia Simonides wrote an ode beginning "'Επέξαθ' ὁ Κρίος οὐκ ἄεικεώς," with a pun on κρίος "a ram."
b Supposed to need no food but to live on dew.
Well from the very first I will
the whole contention show:
'Twas when I went into the house
to feast him, as you know,
I bade him bring his lyre and sing,
the supper to adorn,
Some lay of old Simonides,
as, how the Ram was shorn:
But he replied, to sing at meals
was coarse and obsolete;
Like some old beldame humming airs
the while she grinds her wheat.
And should you not be thrashed who told
your son, from food abstaining
To sing! as though you were, forsooth
cicalas entertaining.
You hear him! so he said just now
or e'er high words began:
And next he called Simonides
a very sorry man.
And when I heard him, I could scarce
my rising wrath command;
Yet so I did, and him I bid
take myrtle in his hand
And chant some lines from Aeschylus,
but he replied with ire,
"Believe me, I'm not one of those
who Aeschylus admire,
That rough, unpolished, turgid bard,
that mouther of bombast!"
When he said this, my heart began
to heave extremely fast;
Yet still I kept my passion down,
and said, "Then prithee you,
Λέξον τι τῶν νευτέρων, ἄττ' ἐστὶ τὰ σοφὰ ταῦτα." 137

ό δ' εὐθὺς ἥς Ἕρωπιδος ῥήσαν τω', ὡς ἐκίνει ἄδελφός, ὁλεξίκακε, τὴν ὀμομητρίαν ἄδελφήν. κἀγὼ οὐκέτ' ἐξηνεσχόμην, ἀλλ' εὐθὺς ἔξαράττω πολλοὶς κακοῖς καίσχροϊς. κἀτ' ἐντεῦθεν, οἶον εἰκός,

ἐπος πρὸς ἐπος ἤρειδόμεσθ'· εἶθ' οὗτος ἐπαναπηδᾷ, 137

καπεντ' ἐφλα με κάσπόδει κάπνιγε καπέθλιβεν.

ΦΕΙ. οὐκοιν δικαίως, ὅστις οὐκ Εὐριπίδην ἐπανεῖς,

σοφώτατον;

ΣΤ. σοφώτατον γ' ἐκείνον, ὥ τι ο' εἴπω; ἀλλ' ἀθίς αὖ τυπτήσομαι.

ΦΕΙ. νὴ τὸν Δί', ἐν δίκη γ' ἂν.

ΣΤ. καὶ πῶς δικαίως; ὅστις διαίσχυντε σ' ἐξέθρεψα, 138

αἰσθανόμενός σου πάντα τραυλίζοντος, ὦ τι νοοῖς.

εἴ μὲν γε βρῶν εἶποις, ἐγὼ γνοὺς ἂν πιεῖν ἐπέσχον.

μαμμᾶν δ' ἂν αἰτήσαντος ἥκον σοι φέρων ἂν ἀρτον·

κακκὰν δ' ἂν οὐκ ἐφθης φράσαι, κἀγὼ λαβὼν θύραξε

ἐξέφερον ἂν καὶ προὐσχομὴν σε· σὺ δ' ἐμὲ νῦν

ἀπάγχων

---

* The reference is to the marriage of Macareus and Canace, the children of Aeolus.

388
THE CLOUDS, 1370–1385

Sing one of those new-fangled songs which modern striplings do.”
And he began the shameful tale Euripides has told
How a brother and a sister lived incestuous lives of old. a
Then, then I could no more restrain, but first I must confess
With strong abuse I loaded him, and so, as you may guess,
We stormed and bandied threat for threat:
till out at last he flew,
And smashed and thrashed and thumped and bumped
and bruised me black and blue.

PH. And rightly too, who coolly dared
Euripides to blame,

Most sapient bard.

ST. Most sapient bard!
you, what’s your fitting name?
Ah! but he’ll pummel me again.

PH. He will: and justly too.

ST. What! justly, heartless villain! when
’twas I who nurtured you.

I knew your little lisping ways,
how soon, you’d hardly think,
If you cried “ bree!” b I guessed your wants,
and used to give you drink:
If you said “ mamm!” I fetched you bread
with fond discernment true,
And you could hardly say “ Cacca!”
when through the door I flew
And held you out a full arm’s length
your little needs to do:

b βρευ represents a child’s cry for drink.
ARISTOPHANES

βοῶντα καὶ κεκραγόθ’ ὅτι
χειριτώθην, οὐκ ἔτης
ἐξω 'ξενεγκεῖν, ὃ μιαρέ,
θύραξέ μ', ἀλλὰ πνιγόμενος
αὐτοῦ 'ποίησα κακκάν.

xo. οἴμαι γε τῶν νεωτέρων τὰς καρδίας
πηδάν, ὦ τι λέξει.
en γὰρ τοιαύτα γ' οὕτος ἐξειργασμένος
λαλῶν ἀναπείσει,
tὸ δέρμα τῶν γεραυτέρων λάβομεν ἂν
ἀλλ' οὐδ' ἐρεβίνθου.

σὸν ἔργον, ὦ καινῶν ἐπῶν κινητὰ καὶ μοχλευτά,
πειθῶ τινα ξητεῖν, ὅπως δόξεις λέγειν δίκαια.

ΦΕΙ. ὅσ' ἦδυ κανωῖς πράγμασιν καὶ δεξιοῖς ὀμιλεῖν,
kαὶ τῶν καθεστῶτων νόμων ὑπερφρονεῖν δύνασθαι.140
ἐγὼ γὰρ ὅτε μὲν ἒπτικῇ τὸν νοῦν μόνη προσεῖχον,
οὐδ' ἂν τρί' εἰπεῖν ἑρμαθ' οἶδος τ' ἢ πρὶν ἐξαιμαρτεῖν
νυνὶ δ' ἐπειδὴ μ' οὕτοι τούτων ἔπαυσεν αὐτὸς,
γνώμαις δὲ λεπταῖς καὶ λόγοις ἑυνεμι καὶ μερίμ-

ναις,
oἴμαι διδάξειν ὃς δίκαιον τὸν πατέρα κολάζεων.140

ΣΤ. ἔππευς τοῖνυν νὴ Δί', ὦς ἔμουγε κρείττον ἔστιν
ἔπων τρέφειν τέθριππον ἢ τυπτόμενον ἐπι-
tριβήναι.
But now when I was crying
That I with pain was dying,
You brute! you would not tarry
Me out of doors to carry,
But choking with despair
I've been and done it there.

CH. Sure all young hearts are palpitating now
To hear him plead,
Since if those lips with artful words avow
The daring deed,
And once a favouring verdict win,
A fig for every old man's skin.
O thou! who rakest up new thoughts
with daring hands profane.
Try all you can, ingenious man,
that verdict to obtain.

PH. How sweet it is these novel arts,
these clever words to know,
And have the power established rules
and laws to overthrow.
Why in old times when horses were
my sole delight, 'twas wonder
If I could say a dozen words
without some awful blunder!
But now that he has made me quit
that reckless mode of living,
And I have been to subtle thoughts
my whole attention giving,
I hope to prove by logic strict
'tis right to beat my father.

ST. O! buy your horses back, by Zeus,
since I would ten times rather
Have to support a four-in-hand,
so I be struck no more.
ΦΕΙ. ἐκείσε δ' ὃθεν ἀπέσχυσάς με τού λόγου μέτειμι,
καὶ πρῶτ' ἐρήσομαι σε τούτι παῖδα μ' ὄντ' ἔτυπτες;

ΣΤ. ἔγωγε σ', εἴνοον τε καὶ κηδόμενος.

ΦΕΙ. εἴπε δὴ μοι, 13

οὐ κἀμὲ σοι δίκαιον ἔστω εἴνοεῖν ὄμοιως,
tύπτειν τ', ἐπειδήπερ γε τοῦτ' ἔστ' εἴνοεῖν, τὸ
tύπτειν;

πῶς γὰρ τὸ μὲν σὸν σῶμα χρή πληγῶν ἀθῆνον εἶναι,
tοῦμὸν δὲ μή; καὶ μὴν ἐφυν ἐλευθερός γε κἀγὼ.
“κλάουσι παῖδες, πατέρα δ' οὐ κλάεων δοκεῖς;” 14

φήσεις νομίζεσθαι σοὶ παιδὸς τοῦτο τοῦργον εἶναι;
ἐγὼ δὲ γ’ ἀντείπουμ’ ἂν ὡς δίς παίδες οἱ γέροντες,
εἰκὸς τε μᾶλλον τοὺς γέροντας ἢ νέους τὶ κλάειν,
ὀσωπέρ ἐξαμαρτάνειν ἦττον δίκαιον αὐτοὺς.

ΣΤ. ἄλλ’ οἴδαμον νομίζεται τὸν πατέρα τοῦτο τὸν πάσχειν. 15

ΦΕΙ. οὐκοῦν ἀνὴρ δ’ τὸν νόμον θεῖς τοῦτον ἣν τὸ πρῶτον,
ῶσπερ οὐ κἀγὼ, καὶ λέγων ἐπειδὲ τοὺς παλαιοὺς;
ᾔττον τὶ δὴ’ ἐξέστι κἀμοὶ καὶνὸν αὐ τὸ λοιπὸν
θεῖναι νόμον τοῖς υἱέσιν, τοὺς πατέρας ἀντιτύπτειν;

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a A parody of the famous line Eur. Alcestis, 691 χαλρεὶς ὅρων
φῶς πατέρα δ’ οὐ χαλρεὶν δοκεῖς; where Pheres addresses his son
Admetus who had asked him to die in his stead.
PH. Peace. I will now resume the thread where I broke off before.

And first I ask: when I was young, did you not strike me then?

ST. Yea: for I loved and cherished you.

PH. Well, solve me this again, Is it not just that I your son should cherish you alike, And strike you, since, as you observe, to cherish means to strike? What! must my body needs be scourged and pounded black and blue And yours be scathless? was not I as much freeborn as you?

"Children are whipped, and shall not sires be whipped?" a

Perhaps you'll urge that children's minds alone are taught by blows:—

Well: Age is Second Childhood then: that everybody knows.

And as by old experience Age should guide its steps more clearly,

So when they err, they surely should be punished more severely.

ST. But Law goes everywhere for me: deny it, if you can.

PH. Well was not he who made the law, a man, a mortal man,

As you or I, who in old times talked over all the crowd?

And think you that to you or me the same is not allowed,

To change it, so that sons by blows should keep their fathers steady?
Δικαίως δὲ πλήγμα εἶχομεν πρὶν τὸν νόμον τεθήναι, ἀφίεμεν, καὶ δίδομεν αὐτοῖς προϊκα συγκεκόφθαι. 
σκέψαι δὲ τοὺς ἀλεκτρυόνας καὶ τάλλα τὰ βοτὰ ταυτί,
ὡς τοὺς πατέρας ἀμύνεται· καίτοι τι διαφέρουσιν ἡμῶν ἑκεῖνοι, πλὴν ὅτι ψηφίσματ' οὐ γράφουσιν;

στ. τί δήτ', ἐπειδὴ τοὺς ἀλεκτρυόνας ἀπαντὰ μμεί, 1430
οὐκ ἔσθεις καὶ τὴν κόπρον κατ' ξύλον καθεύδεις;

φε. οὐ ταυτὸν, ὃ τὰν, ἔστων, οὐδ' ἄν Σωκράτει δοκοῖ. 

στ. πρὸς ταῦτα μὴ τύπτ'· εἰ δὲ μή, σαυτὸν ποτ' αἰτιάσει.

φε. καὶ πῶς;

στ. ἐπεί σὲ μὲν δίκαιος εἶμ' ἐγὼ κολάζεων, 
οὐ δ', ἢν γένηται σοι, τὸν νῦν.

φε. τῠν δὲ μὴ γένηται, 1435
μάθην ἐμοὶ κεκλαύσεται, οὐ δ' ἐγχανὼν τεθνήξει.

στ. ἐμοὶ μὲν, ὡνδρὲς ἡλικες, δοκεὶ λέγειν δίκαια· 
κάμοιγε συγχωρεῖν δοκεὶ τούτοις τάπιεική.

κλαίειν γὰρ ημᾶς εἰκὸς ἐστ', ἢν μὴ δίκαια δρῶμεν.

φε. σκέψαι δὲ χατέραν ἄτι γνώμην.

στ. ἀπὸ γὰρ ὅλον οὐοιμαί. 1440

φε. καὶ μὴν ἱσως γ' οὐκ ἀχθεῖει παθῶν ἀ νῦν πέ- 
πονθάς.
THE CLOUDS, 1425–1441

Still, we'll be liberal, and blows which we've received already
We will forget, we'll have no ex-
—Look at the game-cocks, look at all the animal creation,
Do not they beat their parents? Aye:
They are as we, except that they no special laws enact.

st. Why don't you then, if always where the game-cock leads you follow,
Ascend your perch to roost at night,
and dirt and ordure swallow?

PH. The case is different there, old man, as Socrates would see.
st. Well then you'll blame yourself at last,
if you keep striking me.

PH. How so?
st. Why, if it's right for me to punish you my son, You can, if you have got one, yours.

PH. Aye, but suppose I've none.
Then having gulled me you will die, while I've been flogged in vain.

ST. Good friends! I really think he has some reason to complain.
I must concede he has put the case in quite a novel light:
I really think we should be flogged unless we act aright!

PH. Look to a fresh idea then.

PH. Yet then perhaps you will not grudge ev'n what you suffer now.

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ARISTOPHANES

στ. πῶς δή; δίδαξον γὰρ τί μ’ ἐκ τούτων ἐπωφελήσεις.

φεί. τὴν μητέρ’ ὥσπερ καὶ σὲ τυπτήσω.

στ. τί φής; τί φής σὺ; τοῦθ’ ἐτερον αὐ μείζον κακὸν.

φεί. τί δ’, ἢν ἔχων τὸν ἦττων

λόγον σὲ νικήσω λέγων τὴν μητέρ’ ὡς τύπτειν

χρεῶν;

στ. τί δ’ ἄλλο γ’; ἢν ταυτὶ ποιῆσ, οὔδεν σὲ κωλύσει σεαυ-

τὸν ἐμβαλεῖν ἐς τὸ βάραθρον

καὶ τὸν λόγον τὸν ἦττων.

ταυτὶ δ’ ὑμᾶς, ὃ Νεφέλαι, πέτονθ’ ἐγὼ, ὑμῖν ἀναθεὶς ἀπαντα τὰμά πράγματα.

χο. αὐτὸς μὲν οὖν σαυτῷ σὺ τούτων αἴτιον,

στρέψας σεαυτὸν ἐς πονηρὰ πράγματα.

στ. τί δήτα ταὐτ’ οὐ μοι τότ’ ἠγορεύετε,

ἀλλ’ ἀνδρ’ ἀγροικον καὶ γέροντ’ ἐτήρετε;

χο. ἤμεις ποιοῦμεν ταῦθ’ ἐκάστοθ’ ὅταν τινὰ

γνώμεν πονηρῶν ὄντ’ ἐραστῆν πραγμάτων,

ἐως ἃν αὐτὸν ἐμβάλωμεν εἰς κακὸν,

ὅπως ἃν εἰδῆ τούς θεοὺς δεδοικέναι.

στ. οὐμοι, πονηρὰ γ’, ὃ Νεφέλαι, δίκαια δέ.

οὐ γάρ μ’ ἔχρην τὰ χρήματ’ ἀδάνεισάμην

ἀποστερεῖν. νῦν οὖν ὅπως, ὃ φίλτατε,

τὸν Χαιρεφώντα τὸν μιαρὸν καὶ Σωκράτην

ἀπολεῖς, μετ’ ἐμοῦ ἱθῶν, οἱ σὲ καὶ’ ἐξηπάτων.

φεί. ἀλλ’ οὐκ ἃν ἀδικήσαμι τοὺς διδασκάλους.

στ. ναὶ ναί, καταδέσθητι πατρῷον Δία.

φεί. ἰδοὺ γε Δία πατρῷον ὡς ἀρχαῖος εἶ.

Ζεὺς γάρ τις ἔστων;
THE CLOUDS, 1442–1470

st. How! will you make me like the blows which I've received to-day?

ph. Yes, for I'll beat my mother too.

st. What! What is that you say! Why, this is worse than all.

ph. But what, if as I proved the other, By the same Logic I can prove 'tis right to beat my mother?

st. Aye! what indeed! if this you plead,
If this you think to win,
Why then, for all I care, you may
To the Accursed Pit convey Yourself with all your learning new,
Your master, and your Logic too,
And tumble headlong in.

O Clouds! O Clouds! I owe all this to you!
Why did I let you manage my affairs!

ch. Nay, nay, old man, you owe it to yourself.
Why didst thou turn to wicked practices?

st. Ah, but ye should have asked me that before, And not have spurred a poor old fool to evil.

ch. Such is our plan. We find a man
On evil thoughts intent,
Guide him along to shame and wrong,
Then leave him to repent.

st. Hard words, alas! yet not more hard than just.
It was not right unfairly to keep back
The money that I borrowed. Come, my darling, Come and destroy that filthy Chaerephon And Socrates; for they've deceived us both!

ph. No. I will lift no hand against my Tutors.

st. Yes do, come, reverence Paternal Zeus.

ph. Look there! Paternal Zeus! what an old fool. Is there a Zeus?
στ. ἐστιν.

φει. οὐκ ἐστʼ οὐκ ἐπεί

Δίνος βασιλεύει, τὸν Δι’ ἐξελήλακὼς.
στ. οὐκ ἐξελήλακ’ ἄλλ’ ἐγὼ τούτ’ φόμην,

dia toutovn ton Δινον. oими deilaios,

οτε καὶ σὲ χυτρεοῦν ὅντα θεὸν ἡγησάμην.

φει. ἐνταῦθα σαυτῷ παραφρόνει καὶ φληνάφα.

στ. οἶμοι παρανοίας· ὡς ἐμαίνομην ἁρα,

οτ’ ἐξέβαλλον τοὺς θεοὺς διὰ Σωκράτην.

ἄλλ’, ὧ φίλ’ Ἐρμῆ, μηδαμῶς θύμιανε μοι,

μηδε μ’ ἐπιτριψης, ἄλλα συγγνώμην ἔχε

ἔμοι παρανόησαντος ἀδολεσχία.

καὶ μοι γενοῦ ξύμβουλος, εἰτ’ αὐτοὺς γραφὴν
diwkάθω γραφάμενος, εἰθ’ οἱ τι σοι δοκεῖ.

ὀρθῶς παρανεῖς οὐκ ἔων δικορραφεῖν,

ἄλλ’ ὡς τάχιστ’ ἐμπιπράναι τὴν οἰκίαν
tῶν ἀδολεσχῶν. δεύρο δεῦρ’, ὦ Εανθία,

κλίμακα λαβῶν ἐξέλθε καὶ σμινύην φέρων,

κάπειτ’ ἐπαναβάς ἐπὶ τὸ φροντιστήριον
tὸ τέγος κατάσκαπτ’, εἰ φιλεῖς τὸν δεσπότην,

ἔως ἂν αὐτοῖς ἐμβάλῃς τὴν οἰκίαν·

ἔμοι δὲ δᾶδ’ ἐνεγκάτω τις ἡμμένη,

κάγῳ τιν’ αὐτῶν τῆμερον δοῦναι δίκην

ἔμοι ποιήσω, κεῖ σφόδρ’ εἰσ’ ἀλαζόνες.

ΜΑΘΗΤΣ Α. ἰοῦ ἰοῦ.

στ. σὸν ἔργον, ὦ δᾶς, ἵναι πολλὴν φλόγα.

Μ.Α. ἀνθρωπε, τι ποιεῖς;

στ. ὁ τι ποιῶ; τι δ’ ἄλλο γ’ ἦ

διαλεπτολογοῦμαι ταῖς δοκοῖς τῆς οἰκίας.

a For δίνωs (spelt δείνωs in Athenaeus) cf. W. 618. It is a “large bowl,” but why it is on the stage or what the reference to it means is uncertain.
There is.

ST. There is no Zeus.
Young Vortex reigns, and he has turned out Zeus.

no zeus 

ST. No Vortex reigns: that was my foolish thought
All through this vortex a here. Fool that I was,
To think a piece of earthenware a God.

ST. No Vortex reigns.

PH. Well, rave away, talk nonsense to yourself.

ST. Oh! fool, fool, fool, how mad I must have been
To cast away the Gods, for Socrates.
Yet Hermes, gracious Hermes, b be not angry
Nor crush me utterly, but look with mercy
On faults to which his idle talk hath led me.
And lend thy counsel; tell me, had I better
Plague them with lawsuits, or how else annoy them.

(Affects to listen.)
Good: your advice is good: I'll have no lawsuits,
I'll go at once and set their house on fire,
The prating rascals. Here, here, Xanthias,
Quick, quick here, bring your ladder and your pitchfork,
Climb to the roof of their vile thinking-house,
Dig at their tiles, dig stoutly, an' thou lov'st me.
Tumble the very house about their ears.
And someone fetch me here a lighted torch,
And I'll soon see if, boasters as they are,
They won't repent of what they've done to me.

STUDENT 1. O dear! O dear!

ST. Now, now, my torch, send out a lusty flame.

s. 1. Man! what are you at there?

ST. What am I at? I'll tell you.
I'm splitting straws with your house-rafters here.

b A statue of Hermes Στροφαίος placed at the door of the house εἰς ἀποτροπὴ τῶν ἄλλων κλεπτῶν (Schol. on Pl. 1153).
ΑΡΙΣΤΟΦΑΝΗΣ

Μ. Β. οίμοι, τις ἡμῶν πυρπολεῖ τὴν οἰκίαν;  
ΣΤ. ἐκείνος οὗτος θοιμάτιον εἰλήφατε.  
Μ. Γ. ἀπολεῖς ἀπολεῖς.  
ΣΤ. τοῦτ' αὐτὸ γὰρ καὶ βούλομαι,  
ὅτι η ἁμαρτία μοι μὴ προδότας ἐλπίδας,  
ἡ γὰρ πρώτερον πως ἐκτραχηλισθῶ πεσῶν.  
ΣΩ. οὗτος, τί ποιεῖς έτεόν, οὗτος τοῦ τέγους;  
ΣΤ. ἀεροβατῶ, καὶ περιφρονῶ τὸν ἥλιον.  
ΣΩ. οίμοι τάλας, δείλας ἀποπνυγήσομαι.  
ΧΑΙΡΕΤΩΝ. ἐγὼ δὲ κακοδαίμων γε κατακαυκάσομαι.  
ΣΤ. τί γὰρ μαθόντες τοὺς θεοὺς ὑβρίζετε,  
καὶ τῆς Σελήνης ἐσκοπεῖσθε τὴν ἑδραν;  
δίωκε, βάλλε, παῖε, πολλὰν οὐνεκα,  
μάλιστα δ' εἰδὼς τοὺς θεοὺς ὡς ἡδίκον.  
ΧΟ. ἡγεῖσθ' ἔξω· κεχόρευται γὰρ μετρίως τὸ γε  
τῆμερον ἡμῖν.
s. 2. Oh me! who’s been and set our house on fire?
st. Who was it, think you, that you stole the cloak from?
s. 3. O Murder! Murder!
st. That’s the very thing,
    Unless this pick prove traitor to my hopes,
    Or I fall down, and break my blessed neck.
so. Hallo! what are you at, up on our roof?
st. I walk on air, and contemplate the Sun.
so. O! I shall suffocate. O dear! O dear!
chaerephon. And I, poor devil, shall be burnt to death.
st. For with what aim did ye insult the Gods,
    And pry around the dwellings of the Moon?
strike, smite them, spare them not, for many reasons,
    But most because they have blasphemed the Gods!
CH. Lead out of the way: for I think we may say
    We have acted our part very fairly to-day.
INTRODUCTION

The Wasps was produced at the Lenaean festival 422 B.C., gaining either the first or the second prize, and it is commonly regarded as "a criticism on the Athenian dicasteries," or, as Grote puts it, "The poet's purpose was to make the dicasts appear monsters of caprice and injustice."

Yet though "Aristophanes does not exempt them from his strokes of wit and satire (for once thoroughly in his comic vein, he spares neither friend nor foe)," these old dicasts are none the less "representatives of his own favourite Μαραθονομάχαι," and in the Epirrhema (1071-90) "he describes, in the noblest and most glowing eulogy that ever flowed from the lips of a Comedian, who and what these dicasts were," his real object being to detach them from the demagogues, of whom they "were the main support and stay in the popular assembly." These poor old men who "have to grope their way through the mud in the dark," whose "talk is of pot-herbs," and who are "struck with consternation (309-12) at the audacity of a child who dares to ask for anything so far beyond the means of a dicast as a homely treat of common figs," are yet under the delusion (592-600), carefully fostered by Cleon and his like, that they are masters of the State, and, while there is "no discussion

a Rogers, Introduction, p. xvii.

b Ibid. p. xvi.

c Ibid. p. xviii.
on the excellences or defects of the dicastic system" in the great Arbitration scene (521 seq.), "the whole of Philocleon's harangue is an elaborate argument... that the dicastic office is an ἄρχη μεγάλη, whilst Bdelycleon, on the contrary, exerts himself to prove that it is nothing more nor less than a μεγάλη δονλεία."a

As regards the Athenian jury-system, it may be noted that as the political affairs were in the hands of the ἕκκλησια, so judicial affairs were committed to an assembly called ἤλια. The numbers of this were limited to 6000, who must be over thirty years of age, and "in the full possession of their rights and privileges as Athenian citizens."b They were elected by lot, an equal number from each of the ten tribes, had to take the Heliastic oath, which included a declaration that "they would give a fair and impartial hearing to both sides" (cf. 725, 920), and from the time of Pericles received three obols a day as their fee.

After their election they were "distributed and marshalled," by ballot, into ten sections or committees,c which "sat each in a separate Hall or Court-house," distinguished by a particular colour, and every dicast received "a metallic or boxwood plate (πινάκιον) inscribed with his name, etc.," together with a staff of office (βακτηρία or σκίτων, 727). The average number of a sectional assembly was 500, and "each member, as he entered the Court-house, was presented with a σύμβολον or ticket of attendance," which on the rising of the Court he handed to the Treasurer (κωλακρέτης), who thereupon paid him three obols."d

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a Ibid. p. xix.
b Ibid. p. xxii.
c Ibid. p. xxvii.
d Ibid. p. xxxiv.
"An action at law was commenced by a summons (πρόσκλησις) served on the defendant by, or in the presence of a somnour (κλήτηρ)." Both plaintiff and defendant made oath as to the truth of their case (these preliminary affidavits were called ἀντωμοσίαι), and evidence was produced by each. When the pleadings and documentary evidence (αἱ γραφαί) were complete, they were sealed up in an official vessel (ἐχῖνος), to be opened on the day of trial, and the cause was set down in the cause-lists (αἱ σάνδες). After considering the evidence, both documentary and oral, and hearing the speeches, the dicasts recorded their verdict by placing their votes in one or other of two urns (καδίσκοι, cf. 987), but when the verdict was "Guilty," and in cases where no particular penalty was annexed by law (δίκαι ἀτίμητοι), "it devolved upon the Court to determine its amount or nature," and "the prisoner was allowed to suggest a milder punishment than that demanded by the prosecution," in which event (as in the case of Socrates) a second vote had to be taken, and for this purpose "the dicasts had πινάκια τιμητικά (damagessing tablets), over the waxen surface of which they drew either a long line to mark the heavier, or a short line to mark the lighter penalty." "

"In addition to actions before a Court of Law the practice of referring a dispute to the decision of arbitrators (διαιτηταῖ) was as well known in Athens as it is in England," and the proceedings in 521 seq. are "a complete specimen" of such an arbitration.

a Ibid. p. xxxv.  b Ibid. p. xxxvi.  c Ibid. p. xliii.
ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΡΑΜΑΤΟΣ ΠΡΟΣΩΠΑ

ΣΩΣΙΑΣ ὑλκέται
ΣΑΝΘΙΑΣ
ΒΔΕΛΤΚΛΕΩΝ
ΦΙΛΟΚΛΕΩΝ
ΧΟΡΟΣ ΓΕΡΟΝΤΩΝ ΣΦΗΚΩΝ
ΠΑΙΣ
ΚΤΩΝ
ΣΤΜΠΟΤΗΣ
ΑΡΤΟΠΩΛΗΣ
ΚΑΤΗΓΟΡΟΣ
The play opens with a dialogue between two drowsy slaves who have been keeping guard all night before an Athenian house. It is still dark, but the day is at hand.
THE WASPS

SOSIAS. You ill-starred Xanthias, what's the matter now?
XANTHIAS. The nightly watch I'm studying to relieve.

SO. Why then, your ribs will have a score against you.
Do you forget what sort of beast we're guarding?
XA. No, but I'd fain just drowse dull care away.
SO. Well, try your luck: for I too feel a sort
Of drowsy sweetness settling o'er my eyes.
XA. Sure you're a maniac or a Corybant.
SO. (Producing a wine flask) Nay 'tis a sleep from great
Sabazius holds me.
XA. (Producing another) Aha! and I'm your fellow-votary
there.

My lids too felt just now the fierce assault
Of a strong Median nod-compelling sleep.
And then I dreamed a dream; such a strange dream!

SO. And so did I: the strangest e'er I heard of.
But tell yours first.
XA. Methought a monstrous eagle
Came flying towards the market-place, and there
Seized in its claws a wriggling brassy shield,
And bore it up in triumph to the sky,

\footnotesize{\textit{i.e.} by going to sleep.}
\footnotesize{\textit{X.} denies that he is "a Corybant" but allows that he is
almost one, being a devotee of Sabazius, the Phrygian Bacchus,
and son of Cybele, of whom the Corybants were priests.}
\footnotesize{\textit{i.e.} as overwhelming as the host of Xerxes.}
καπετα ταυτην ἀποβαλειν Κλεωνυμον.

ΣΩ. οὐδὲν ἄρα γρίφου διαφέρει Κλεωνυμος.

ΕΑ. πῶς δή;

ΣΩ. προσερεῖ τις τοίοι συμπόταις λέγων, τί ταυτόν ἐν γῆ τ' ἀπέβαλεν κἂν οὐρανῷ κἂν τῇ θαλάσσῃ θηρίων τῇ ἀσπίδα;

ΕΑ. οἷμοι, τί δήτα μοι κακὸν γενήσεται ἰδόντι τοιοῦτον ἐνύπνιον;

ΣΩ. μὴ φροντίσης. 25

οὐδὲν γὰρ ἔσται δεινὸν οὐ μᾶ. τοὺς θεοὺς.

ΕΑ. δεινόν γέ ποῦ 'στ' ἄνθρωπος ἀποβαλὼν ὅπλα. ἀτὰρ οὐ τὸ σὸν αὖ λέξον.

ΣΩ. ἀλλ' ἐστίν μέγα. 30

περὶ τῆς πόλεως γὰρ ἐστι τοῦ σκάφους ὅλου.

ΕΑ. λέγε νυν ἀνύσας τι τὴν τρόπιν τοῦ πράγματος.

ΣΩ. ἐδοξέ μοι περὶ πρώτον ὕπνοιν ἐν τῇ πυκνὶ ἐκκλησιαζεῖν πρόβατα συγκαθήμενα, βακτηρίας ἔχοντα καὶ τριβώνια· καπετα τούτοις τοῖς προβάτωσι μούδοκει δημηγορεῖν φάλαινα πανδοκευτρία, ἔχουσα φωνήν ἐμπεπρημένης ύός.

ΕΑ. αἰβοῖ.

ΣΩ. τί ἐστι;

ΕΑ. παῦε παῦε, μὴ λέγε.

ㄛξει κάκιστον τουνύπνιον βύρσης σατρᾶς.

ΣΩ. εἰθ' ὥ μιαρὰ φάλαιν' ἔχουσα τρυτάνην ἰστη βόειον δημόν.

---

*a* The big eagle changes into bulky Cleonymus (cf. *A*. 88) the ἄσπις. There seems to be a play on ἄσπις=(1) a shield, (2) a snake.

*b* The reference is to a well-known riddle (*Athen. x*. 78) τί ταυτόν ἐν οὐρανῷ, καὶ ἐπὶ γῆς, καὶ ἐν τῇ θαλάσσῃ; the answer
And then—Cleonymus fled off and dropped it.\(^a\)

so. Why then, Cleonymus is quite a riddle.

xa. How so?

so. A man will ask his boon companions,

\[\text{What is that brute which throws away its shield}
\text{Alike in air, in ocean, in the field?}\] \(^b\)

xa. O what mishap awaits me, that have seen

So strange a vision?

so. Take it not to heart,

'Twill be no harm, I swear it by the Gods.

xa. No harm to see a man throw off his shield!

But now tell yours.

so. Ah, mine's a big one, mine is;

About the whole great vessel of the state.

xa. Tell us at once the keel of the affair.

so. 'Twas in my earliest sleep methought I saw

A flock of sheep assembled in the Pnyx,

Sitting close-packed, with little cloaks and staves;

Then to these sheep I heard, or seemed to hear

An all-receptive grampus\(^c\) holding forth

In tone and accents like a scalded pig.

xa. Pheugh!

so. Eh?

xa. Stop, stop, don’t tell us any more.

Your dream smells horribly of putrid hides.

so. Then the vile grampus, scales in hand, weighed out

Bits of fat beef, cut up.\(^d\)

being “a serpent” of which there are land and marine specimens,

and which is also a constellation.

\(^a\) Cleon; for his greed cf. C. 591, and for his voice K. 137.

\(^b\) For the play on δημός “fat” and δῆμος “the people” cf. K. 954.
ARISTOPHANES

Ε.Α. οὖμοι δείλαιοις.
τὸν Δήμον ἡμῶν βούλεται διωτάναι.

Σ.Ο. ἐδόκει δὲ μοι Θέωρος αὐτῆς πλησίον
χαμαί καθήσθαι, τὴν κεφαλὴν κόρακος ἔχων.
εἴτ' Ἀλκιβιάδης εἰπὲ πρὸς με τραυλίσας·
ὅλας; Θέωλος τὴν κεφαλὴν κόλακος ἔχει.

Ε.Α. ὁρθῶς γε τοῦτ' Ἀλκιβιάδης ἐτραυλίσεεν.
Σ.Ο. οὐκον ἐκεῖν' ἀλλόκοτον, ὁ Θέωρος κόραξ
gυγνόμενος;

Ε.Α. ἠκιστ', ἀλλ' ἀριστον.

Σ.Ο. πῶς;

Ε.Α. ὅπως;

ἀνθρωπὸς ὁν ἐδ' ἐγένετ' ἐξαίφνης κόραξ·
oὐκον ἔναργες τοῦτο συμβάλλειν, ὅτι
ἀρθεῖς ἄφ' ἡμῶν ἐς κόρακας οἰκήσεται;

Σ.Ο. εἴτ' οὐκ ἔγω δοὺς δυ' ὠβολῷ μισθώσομαι
οὕτως ὑποκρινόμενον σοφὸς ὀνείρατα;

Ε.Α. φέρε νυν κατείπω τοῖς θεταῖς τὸν λόγον,
ὅλιγ' ἀτθ' ὑπειπῶν πρῶτον αὐτοῖσιν ταῦτι,
μηδ' εἰς παρ' ἡμῶν προσδοκῶν λίαν μέγα,
μηδ' αὐ' γέλωτα Μεγαρόθεν κεκλεμμένον.

Ημῶν γὰρ οὐκ ἔστ' οὔδὲ κάρυ' ἐκ φορμίδος
δούλῳ διαρρυπτοῦντε τοῖς θεωμένοις,
oὐθ' Ἡρακλῆς τὸ δείπνον ἐξαπατῶμενος,

οὔθ' αὐθίς ἀνασελγανόμενος Εὐριπίδης·
oὔθ' εἰ Κλέων γ' ἔλαμψε τῆς τύχης χάριν,
αὐθίς τὸν αὐτὸν ἀνδρα μυττωτεύσομεν
ἀλλ' ἐστιν ἡμῖν λογίδιον γνώμην ἐχον,

---

a For the play on κόραξ and κόλαξ cf. Diogenes (cited by Athenaeus vi. 65), πολὺ κρείττων ἐς κόρακας ἀπελθεῖν ή ἐς κόλακας. Theorus, who is here called a "flatterer," is jeered at as a
THE WASPS, 40–64

XA. Woe worth the day!
    He means to cut our city up in bits.
SO. Methought beside him, on the ground, I saw
    Theorus seated, with a raven’s head.
    Then Alcibiades lisped out to me,
    Cwemark! Theocnus has a cwaven’s a head.
XA. Well lisped! and rightly, Alcibiades!
SO. But is this not ill-omened, that a man
    Turn to a crow?
XA. Nay, excellent.
SO. How?
XA. How!

Being a man he straight becomes a crow:
    Is it not obvious to conjecture that
    He’s going to leave us, going to the crows?
SO. Shall I not pay two obols then, and hire
    One who so cleverly interprets dreams?
XA. Come, let me tell the story to the audience
    With just these few remarks, by way of preface.
    Expect not from us something mighty grand,
    Nor yet some mirth purloined from Megara.
    We have no brace of servants here, to scatter
    Nuts from their basket out among the audience,
    No Heracles defrauded of his supper,
    Nor yet Euripides besmirched again;
    No, nor though Cleon shine, by fortune’s favour,
    Will we to mincemeat chop the man again.
    Ours is a little tale, with meaning in it,

“perjurer,” C. 400. “To go to the crows” is the same as our
“go to the dogs.”

b Susarion of Megara is said to have invented comedy, but
“Megaric comedy” is often referred to as rude and vulgar; cf. A. 738.

c He was in this year appointed commander-in-chief to
oppose Brasidas in Thrace.
ΑΡΙΣΤΟΦΑΝΗΣ

 bénéfic μὲν αὐτῶν οὐχὶ δεξιώτερον,
κωμῳδίας δὲ φορτικῆς σοφώτερον.

ἔστιν γὰρ ἡμῖν δεσπότης ἐκείνοσι
ἀνω καθεύδων, ὁ μέγας, οὕτποι τοῦ τέγους.

οὔτος φυλάττειν τὸν πατέρ' ἐπέταξε νῦν,
ἐνδον καθείρξας, ἵνα θύραξε μὴ ἥγη.

νόσσον γὰρ ὁ πατήρ ἀλλόκοτον αὐτοῦ νοσεῖ,
ἡν οὕδ' ἂν εἰς γνῶνη ποτ' οὐδ' ἂν ξυμβάλοι,
εἰ μὴ πύθοιδ' ἡμῶν· ἐπεὶ τοπάξετε.

'Αμυνιάς μὲν ὁ Προνάπος φήσ' οὔτοι
ἐίδαι φιλόκυμβον αὐτόν· ἀλλ' οὖδὲν λέγει.

ΣΩ. μὰ Δῆ, ἀλλ' ἀφ' αὐτοῦ τὴν νόσσον τεκμαίρεται.

ΕΑ. οὐκ, ἀλλὰ φιλο μὲν ἐστὶν ἄρχη τοῦ κακοῦ.

ὅδε δέ φησι Σωσίας πρὸς Δερκύλον
εἴναι φιλοπότην αὐτόν.

ΣΩ. οὔδαμῶς γ', ἐπεὶ
αὐτὴ γε χρηστῶν ἐστὶν ἀνδρῶν ἡ νόσσος.

ΕΑ. Νικόστρατος δ' αὖ φησίν ὁ Σκαμβωνίδης
ἐίδαι φιλοθύτην αὐτόν ἡ φιλόξενον.

ΣΩ. μὰ τὸν κῦν', ὃ Νικόστρατ', οὐ φιλόξενος,
ἐπεὶ καταπύγων ἐστὶν ὃ γε Φιλόξενος.

ΕΑ. ἄλλως φλυαρεῖτ· οὖ γὰρ ἐξευρήσετε.

εἰ δὴ 'πιθυμεῖτ' εἰδέναι, σιγάτε νῦν.

φράσω γὰρ ἥδη τὴν νόσσον τοῦ δεσπότου.

φιληλιαστῆς ἐστὶν ὃς οὐδ' ἄνηρ,
ἐρᾷ τοῦτο τοῦ δικάζεω τιν, καὶ στένει,

ἡμ' μὴ τι τοῦ πρώτου καθίζηται ἔξυλον.

ὑπνοῦ δ' ὃρᾳ τῆς νυκτὸς οὕδε παστάλην.

ἡν δ' οὖν καταμύσῃ κἂν ἄχνην, ὃμως ἐκεῖ

ὁ νοῦς πέτεται τὴν νύκτα περὶ τὴν κλεψύδραν.

ὑπὸ τοῦ δὲ τὴν ψήφον γ' ἐχειν εἰσωθέναι
THE WASPS, 65–94

Not too refined and exquisite for you,
Yet wittier far than vulgar comedy.
You see that great big man, the man asleep
Up on the roof, aloft: well, that's our master.
He keeps his father here, shut up within,
And bids us guard him that he stir not out.
For he, the father, has a strange disease,
Which none of you will know, or yet conjecture,
Unless we tell: else, if you think so, guess.

Amyntias there, the son of Pronapes,
Says he's a dice-lover: but he's quite out.

do. Ah, he conjectures from his own disease.

xa. Nay, but the word does really end with -lover.
Then Sosias here observes to Dercylus,
That 'tis a drink-lover.

so. Confound it, no:
That's the disease of honest gentlemen.

xa. Then next, Nicostratus of Scambon says,
It is a sacrifice- or stranger-lover.

so. What, like Philoxenus? No, by the dog,
Not quite so lewd, Nicostratus, as that.

xa. Come, you waste words: you'll never find it out,
So all keep silence if you want to know.
I'll tell you the disease old master has.
He is a lawcourt-lover, no man like him.
Judging is what he dotes on, and he weeps
Unless he sit on the front bench of all.
At night he gets no sleep, no, not one grain,
Or if he doze the tiniest speck, his soul
Flutter in dreams around the water-clock.

So used he is to holding votes, he wakes

*a* Here and below Aristophanes makes certain spectators credit Philocleon with their own special weakness.

*b* The Scholiast explains φιλοθυτης = δεισιδαλμον, "superstitious."

*c* By which the speeches of the advocates were timed.
ARISTOPHANES

toûs treis ξυνέχων τῶν δακτύλων ἀνίσταται, ὥσπερ λιβανωτὸν ἐπιτυθεὶς νομηνία.
καὶ νὴ Δὴ ἢ ἢ ὡς που γεγραμμένον νῦν Πυριλάμπους ἐν θύρᾳ Δήμου καλόν,
ὡς παρέγραψε πλησίον "κημὸς καλός."
τὸν ἀλεκτρούνα δ', ὃς ὢδ' ἀφ' ἐσπέρας, ἐφη ὡς ἐξεγείρειν αὐτὸν ἀναπεπεισμένον,
pαρὰ τῶν ὑπευθύνων ἔχοντα χρήματα.  
eὐθὺς δ' ἀπὸ δορπητοῦ κέκραγεν ἐμβάδας,
κάπειτ' ἐκείσ' ἐλθὼν προκαθεύδει πρὸ πάνυ,
ὡςπερ λεπάς προσεχόμενος τῷ κιόνι.
ὑπὸ δυσκολίας δ' ἀπασὶ τιμῶν τὴν μακρὰν
ὡςπερ μέλιτ' ἢ βομβυλιός εἰσέρχεται,
ὑπὸ τοῖς ὁνυξὶ κηρὸν ἀναπεπλασμένος.
ψῆφων δὲ δεῖτας μὴ δεηθείη ποτὲ,
ὡν ἔχοι δικάζειν, αἰγιαλὸν ἐυδον τρέφει.
tοιαυτ' ἀλυεὶ· νουθετούμενος δ' ἀεὶ
mᾶλλον δικάζειν. τοῦτον ὁὖν φυλάττομεν
μοχλοῖσιν εὐδήσαντες, ὡς ἂν μὴ ἥξη.
ὁ γὰρ ψῆδος αὐτοῦ τὴν νόσον βαρέως φέρει.
καὶ πρώτα μὲν λόγους παραμυθοῦμεν
ἀνέπειθεν αὐτὸν μὴ φορεῖν τριβῶνιον
μὴ ἐξείναι θύραζ.· ὥδ' οὖκ ἐπείθετο.
εἶτ' αὐτὸν ἄπελον κάκάθαρ', ὥδ' οὖ μάλα.
μετὰ τοὺτ' ἐκορυβάντις· ὥδ' αὐτῷ τυμπάνῳ
ἄξας ἐδίκαζεν εἰς τὸ Καινὸν ἐμπεσῶν.
ὅτε δὴ δὲ ταῦταις ταῖς τελεταῖς οὐκ ὦφελει,
διέπλευσεν εἰς Λήγωνα· εἶτα ξυλλαβῶν

a For this practice of lovers cf. A. 144.
b Demus was a youth of eminent beauty; cf. Plato, Gorg. 481 d, where Socrates says ἐγὼ μὲν ἐρῶ Ἁλκιβιάδον τε τοῦ Κλεινίου καὶ φιλοσοφίας, σοὶ δὲ τοῦ Ἀθηναίων δήμου καὶ τοῦ Πυριλάμπους.
With thumb and first two fingers closed, as one
That offers incense on a new moon's day.
If on a gate is written *Lovely Demus,*
Meaning the son of Pyrilamp, he goes
And writes beside it *Lovely Verdict-box.*
The cock which crew from eventide, he said,
Was tampered with, he knew, to call him late,
Bribed by officials whose accounts were due.
Supper scarce done, he clamours for his shoes,
Hurries ere daybreak to the Court, and sleeps
Stuck like a limpet to the doorpost there.
So sour he is, the long condemning line
He marks for all, then homeward like a bee
Laden with wax beneath his finger-nails.
Lest he lack votes, he keeps, to judge withal,
A private pebble-beach secure within.
Such is his frenzy, and the more you chide him
The more he judges: so with bolts and bars
We guard him straitly that he stir not out.
For ill the young man brooks his sire's disease.
And first he tried by soft emollient words
To win him over, not to don the cloak
Or walk abroad: but never a jot he yielded.
He washed and purged him then: but never a jot.
A Corybant next he made him, but old master,
Timbrel and all, into the New Court bursts
And there sits judging. So when these rites failed,
We cross the Strait, and, in Aegina, place him,

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* All officials at the close of their term of office had to submit
to an account (*εὐθύνη*), and in cases where the public auditor was
not satisfied the matter would come before the dicasteries; *cf.* 571.


* Said by the Scholiast to be a parody of Euripides: τοιαύτ' 
  ἀλάει: νουθετούμενος δ' *Ερως | μᾶλλον πιέζει.*
νύκτωρ κατέκληνεν αὐτὸν εἰς Ἀσκληπιωῦ.
ὁ δ’ ἀνεφάνη κνεφαῖος ἐπὶ τῇ κυκλίδι.
ἐντεύθεν οὐκέτ’ αὐτὸν ἐξεφρεῖομεν.
ὁ δ’ ἐξεδίδρασε διὰ τε τῶν ὑδρορροῶν
καὶ τῶν ὀπῶν ἡμεῖς δ’ ὅσ’ ἦν τετρημένα
ἐνεβύσκαμεν βακίοις καπακτώσαμεν.
ὁ δ’ ὠσπερεὶ κολοίδος αὐτῷ παττάλουσ
ἐνέκρουεν εἰς τὸν τοίχον, εἴτ’ ἐξῆλθετο.
ἡμεῖς δὲ τὴν αὐλῆν ἀπάσαν δικτύοις
καταπετάσαντες ἐν κύκλῳ φυλάττομεν.
ἐστιν δ’ ὄνομα τῶ μὲν γέροντι Φιλοκλέων,
ναὶ μὰ Δία, τῷ δ’ νιεῖ γε τῶδε Βδελυκλέων,
ἐχων τρόπους φρυγαμοσεμνάκους τινάς.

ΒΔΕΛΥΝΣΩΝ. ὡ Εανθία καὶ Σωσία, καθεύθετε;
ΕΑ. οἴμοι.
ΣΩ. τί ἐστι;
ΕΑ. Βδελυκλέων ἄνυσταται.
ΒΔ. οὐ περιδραμεῖται σφῶν ταχέως δεῦρ’ ἄτερος;
ὁ γὰρ πατὴρ εἰς τὸν ἵππον εἰσελήλυθεν
καὶ μυστολεῖται καταδεδυκώς. ἀλλ’ ἀθρεῖ,
kατὰ τῆς πυέλου τὸ τρήμ’ ὀπως μὴ κδύσεται:
οὐ δε τῆ θύρα πρόσκεισο.
ΣΩ. ταῦτ’, ὡ δέσποτα.
ΒΔ. ἀνάξ Πόσειδον, τί ποτ’ ἄρ’ ἡ κάπνη ψοφεὶ;
οὔτος, τίς εἶ σὺ;
ΦΙΛΟΚΛΕΩΝ. καπνὸς ἐγὼν’ ἐξέρχομαι.
ΒΔ. καπνὸς; φέρ’ ἰδω ἐξύλου τίνος σὺ.
ΦΙ. συκίνου.
ΒΔ. νὴ τὸν Δ’ ὀσπερ γ’ ἐστὶ δριμύτατος καπνῶν.

* A common method of seeking a cure.
* i.e. “Cleon-lover.”
* i.e. “Cleon-abhorrer.”
To sleep the night inside Asclepius’ temple: \(^a\)  
Lo! with the dawn he stands at the Court rails!  
Then, after that, we let him out no more.  
But he! he dodged along the pipes and gutters,  
And so made off: we block up every cranny,  
Stopping and stuffing them with clouts of rag:  
Quick he drove pegs into the wall, and clambered  
Up like an old jackdaw, and so hopped out.  
Now then, we compass all the house with nets,  
Spreading them round, and mew him safe within.  
Well, sirs, Philocleon \(^b\) is the old man’s name;  
Ay truly; and the son’s, Bdelycleon \(^c\);  
A wondrous high-and-mighty mannered man.  

**BDELYCLEON.** Xanthias and Sosias! are ye fast asleep?  
**XA.** O dear!  
**SO.** What now?  

**BD.** One of you two run hither instantly,  
For now my father’s got into the kitchen,  
Scurrying, mouselike, somewhere. Mind he don’t  
Slip through the hole for turning off the water.  
And you, keep pressing at the door.  

**SO.** Ay, ay, sir.  

**BD.** O heavens! what’s that? what makes the chimney  
rumble?  

**HALLO, SIR! WHO ARE YOU?**  

**PHILOCLEON.** I’m smoke escaping.  

**BD.** Smoke? of what wood?  

**PH.** I’m of the fig-tree panel.  

**BD.** Ay, and there’s no more stinging smoke \(^d\) than that.  

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\(^a\) So too Theophrastus (*Hist. Plant.* v. 9. 5) δρυμβατος ὁ κατυσ συκῆς. Philocleon selects a smoke that suits his own characters as a dicast; and there is also a reference to “informers” (συκοφάνται).
ARISTOPHANES

ἀτὸρ οὐκ ἐσερρῆσεις γε; ποῦ ὅθ’ ἡ τηλία; 
δύον πάλιν: φέρ’ ἐπαναθῶ σου καὶ ξύλον. 
ἐνταῦθα νῦν ζητεί τιν’ ἄλλην μηχανήν. 
ἀτὰρ ἀθλιός γ’ εἰμ’ ὡς ἐτέρος γ’ οὐδεὶς ἀνήρ, 
ὅστις πατρὸς νῦν Καπνίου κεκλησομαι.

Σ. νῦν τὴν θύραν ὑθεῖ.

ΒΔ. πιέζε νυν σφόδρα 
ἐν κάνδρικως· κἀγὼ γὰρ ἐνταῦθ’ ἔρχομαι. 
καὶ τῆς κατακλείδος ἐπιμελοῦ καὶ τοῦ μοχλοῦ. 
φύλαττε θ’ ὅπως μὴ τὴν βάλανον ἐκτρώξεται.

ΦΙ. τί δράσετ’; οὐκ ἐκφρῆσετ’, ὃ μιαρώτατοι, 
δικάσοντά μ’, ἀλλ’ ἐκφεύξεται Δρακοντίδης;

ΒΔ. σὺ δὲ τούτῳ βαρέως ἂν φέροις;

ΦΙ. ο’ γὰρ θεὸς 
μαντευομένῳ μούχρησεν ἐν Δελφοῖς ποτὲ, 
ὅταν τις ἐκφύγῃ μ’, ἀποσκλήναι τότε.

ΒΔ. Ἀπολλον ἀποτρόπαιε, τοῦ μαντεύματος.

ΦΙ. ἦ’, ἀντιβολῶ σ’, ἐκφρέζε με, μὴ διαρραγῶ.

ΒΔ. μᾶ τὸν Ποσειδῶ, Φιλοκλέων, οὐδέποτε γε.

ΦΙ. διατρώξομαι τοῖνυν ὁδαξ το δίκτυν.

ΒΔ. ἀλλ’ οὐκ ἔχεις ὁδόντας.

ΦΙ. οἴμοι δείλαιοι· 
πῶς ἂν ὦ σ’ ἀποκτείνωμι; πῶς; δότε μοι ἔφος 
ὅπως τάχιστ’, ἡ πινάκιοιν τιμητικόν.

ΒΔ. ἀνθρώπος οὗτος μέγα τι δρασεῖ κακὸν.

ΦΙ. μᾶ τὸν Δ’ οὐ δῆτ’, ἀλλ’ ἀποδόσθαι βοῦλομαι 
tὸν ὄνον ἁγὼν αὐτοῖς τοῖς κανθηλίους· 
νουμηνία γὰρ ἔστιν.

ΒΔ. οὐκον κἂν ἔγω 
αὐτὸν ἀποδοίμην δῆτ’ ἂν;

ΦΙ. οὐχ ὥσπερ γ’ ἔγω.
Come, trundle back: what, won't you? where's the board?
In with you! nay, I'll clap this log on too.
There now, invent some other stratagem.
But I'm the wretchedest man that ever was;
They'll call me now the son of Chimney-smoked.

He's at the door now, pushing.

Press it back then
With all your force: I'm coming there directly.
And O be careful of the bolt and bar,
And mind he does not nibble off the door-pin.

Let me out, villains! let me out to judge.
What, shall Dracontides escape unpunished!

Why once, when I consulted
The Delphian oracle, the God replied,
That I should wither if a man escaped me.

Apollo shield us, what a prophecy!

O let me out, or I shall burst, I shall.

No, by Poseidon! no, Philocleon, never!

O then by Zeus I'll nibble through the net.

You've got no teeth, my beauty.

Fire and fury!

How shall I slay thee, how? Give me a sword,
Quick, quick, or else a damage-cessing tablet.

Hang it, he meditates some dreadful deed.

O no, I don't: I only want to take
And sell the donkey and his panniers too.
'Tis the new moon to-day.

And if it is,

Cannot I sell them?

Not so well as I.

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See 1. 131.
A special market-day.

421
μὰ Δί', ἀλλ' ἀμενών. ἀλλὰ τὸν ὄνον ἔξαγε.

οὐαν πρόφασιν καθήκεν, ως εἰρωνικῶς, ἵνα αὐτόν ἐκπέμψειας.

ἀλλ' οὐκ ἔσπασεν ταῦτη γ'. ἐγὼ γὰρ ἡσθόμην τεχνωμένου.

κάνθων, τί κλαείς; οἵτι πεπράσει τίμερον;

βάδιζε θαττόν. τί στένεις, εἰ μὴ φέρεις Ὀδυσσέα τιν';

ἀλλὰ ναὶ μὰ Δία φέρει κἀτω γε τοντονί τιν' ὑποδεδυκότα.

τοιον; φέρ' ἰδωμαι.

tοιονι.

οὔτις νὴ Δία.

οὔτις σὺ; ποδαπὸς;

Ἰθακὸς Ἀποδρασιπίδου. ἲ

οὔτις μὰ τὸν Δ' οὐ τι χαρῆσων γε σὺ.

ὑφελκε θαττόν αὐτόν. ὦ μμαρώτατος,

ἡγεῖ τὸν μαχεῖ νῶν δῆτα;

ἑγὼ πονηρός; οὐ μὰ Δ', ἀλλ' οὐκ οἶδα σὺ

— Odysseus escaped from the cave of Polyphemus, to whom he had given his name as Οὔτις (l. 184), by clinging to a ram’s belly. The donkey here has his stable just inside the hall-door.
BD. No, but much better: drive the donkey out.
XA. How well and craftily he dropped the bait
To make you let him through.

BD. But he caught nothing
That haul at least, for I perceived the trick.
But I will in, and fetch the donkey out.
No, no; he shan’t come slipping through again.
Donkey, why grieve? at being sold to-day?
Gee up! why grunt and groan, unless you carry
Some new Odysseus there? a

XA. And, in good truth,
Here is a fellow clinging on beneath.

BD. Who? where?
XA. Why, here.

BD. Why, what in the world is this?
Who are you, sirrah?

PH. Noman I, by Zeus.

BD. Where from?

PH. From Ithaca, son of Runaway.

BD. Noman I promise to no good you’ll be.
Drag him out there from under. O the villain,
The place he had crept to! Now he seems to me
The very image of a somnpour’s b foal.

PH. Come now, hands off: or you and I shall fight.

BD. Fight! what about?

PH. About a donkey’s shadow. c

BD. You’re a born bad one, with your tricks and fetches.

PH. Bad! O my gracious! then you don’t know yet.

a R. thinks that ἄντρο may not only = “one who calls or
summons to court,” but also be slang for a donkey = “the caller,”
from its bray.

b A man hired an ass to carry him from Athens to Megara,
but finding the sun hot sat down in its shadow, which the driver
said did not belong to him, so that finally they went to Law about
the “donkey’s shadow.”
ARISTOPHANES

νῦν μ’ ὄντ’ ἀριστον· ἀλλ’ ἱσως, ὅταν φάγης ὑπογάστριον γέροντος ἥλιαστικοῦ.

ΒΔ. ὥθει τὸν ὄνον καὶ σαυτὸν εἰς τὴν οἰκίαν.

ΦΙ. ὦ ξυνδικασταί καὶ Κλέων, ἄμυνατε.

ΒΔ. ἐνδον κέκραχθι τῆς θύρας κεκλεισμένης.

ὡθεὶ σὺ πολλοὺς τῶν λίθων πρὸς τὴν θύραν, καὶ τὴν βάλανον ἐμβάλλε πάλιν εἰς τὸν μοχλόν, καὶ, τῇ δοκῶ προσθείς, τὸν ὀλμὸν τὸν μέγαν ἀνύσας τι προσκυλίε γ’.

ΣΩ. οὗμιοι δείλανοι:

πόθεν ποτ’ ἐμπέπττωκε μοι τὸ βῶλον;

ΞΑ. ἵσως ἀνωθὲν μῦς ἐνέβαλε σοὶ ποθεν.

ΣΩ. μῦς; οὐ μὰ Δί’, ἀλλ’ ὑποδυόμενός τις οὕτος ὑπὸ τῶν κεραμίδων ἥλιαστής ὀροφίας.

ΒΔ. οὗμιοι κακοδαίμων, στροφὸς ἁνήρ γίγνεται· ἐκπτήσεται. ποῦ ποῦ ’στι μοι τὸ δίκτυν; σοῦ σοῦ, πάλιν σοῦ. νὴ Δί’ ἢ μοι κρείττων ἢν τηρεῖν Σκιώνην ἀντὶ τούτου τοῦ πατρός.

ΣΩ. ἄγε νῦν, ἐπειδή τοιτοῖ σεσοβῆκαμεν, κοῦκ ἐσθ’ ὡπώς διαδῆς ἅν ἡμᾶς ἐτι λάθοι, τὶ οὐκ ἀπεκομηθήκειν ὁσον ὁσον στίλην;

ΒΔ. ἀλλ’, ὦ πόνηρ’, ἦξουσιν ὁλίγον ύστερον οί ξυνδικασταὶ παρακαλοῦντες τοιτοὶ τὸν πατέρα.

ΣΩ. τι λέγεις; ἀλλὰ νῦν ὄρθρος βαθύς.

ΒΔ. νὴ τὸν Δί’, ὦψε γοῦν ἀνεστήκασι νῦν.

ὡς ἄπο μέσων νυκτῶν γε παρακαλοῦσ’ ἀεί, λύχνους ἔχοντες καὶ μυνρίζοντες μέλη ἀρχαιομελισιδωνοφρυνιχήρατα,

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"The stuffed paunch of an ass was accounted a delicacy at Athens": R.

424
How good I am: but wait until you taste
The seasoned paunchlet of a prime old judge.\(^3\)

**BD.** Get along in, you and your donkey too.

**PH.** O help me, fellow-dicasts: help me, Cleon!

**BD.** Bellow within there when the door is shut.
Now pile a heap of stones against the door,
And shoot the door-pin home into the bar,
And heave the beam athwart it, and roll up,
Quick, the great mortar-block.

**SO.** *(Starting)* Save us! what’s that?
Whence fell that clod of dirt upon my head?

**XA.** Belike some mouse dislodged it from above.

**SO.** A mouse? O, no, a rafter-haunting dicast,
Wriggling about behind the tiling there.

**BD.** Good lack! the man is changing to a sparrow
Sure he’ll fly off: where, where’s the casting-net?
Shoo! shoo there! shoo! ’Fore Zeus, ’twere easier
work
To guard Scione \(^b\) than a sire like this.

**SO.** Well but at last we have fairly scared him in,
He can’t slip out, he can’t elude us now,
So why not slumber just a—just a—drop?

**BD.** Slumber, you rogue! when in a little while
His fellow-justices will come this way
Calling him up.

**SO.** Why sir, ’tis twilight yet.

**BD.** Why then, by Zeus, they are very late to-day.
Soon after midnight is their usual time
To come here, carrying lights, and warbling tunes
Sweet-charming-old-Sidono-Phrynicéan \(^c\)

\(^b\) Scione, on the peninsula of Pallene, was at the time closely besieged by a large Athenian force.

\(^c\) Lyrics from the *Phoenissae* of Phrynichus, published about fifty-five years earlier.
οίς ἐκκαλοῦνται τοῦτον.

Σ.  οὐκοῦν, ἢν δέη,

δὴ ποτ' αὐτοὺς τοῖς λίθοις βαλλήσομεν.

Βα. ἀλλ', ὧ πόνηρε, τὸ γένος ἢν τις ὁργίσῃ

τὸ τῶν γερόντων, ἐσθ' ὀμοιον σφηκὰ.

ἐξουσι γὰρ καὶ κέντρον ἐκ τῆς ὄσφυος

ἀξίσατον, ὧ κεντοῦσι, καὶ κεκραγότες

πηδῶσι καὶ βάλλουσι ῥόσπερ φέσαλοι.

Σ.  μὴ φροντίσῃς· ἐὰν ἐγὼ λίθους ἔχω,

πολλῶν δικαστῶν σφηκιῶν διασκεδῶ.

ΧΩΡΟΣ. χώρει, πρὸβαιν' ἐρρωμένως. ὡ Κωμία, βραδύνεις; 2

μὰ τὸν Δί', οὐ μέντοι πρὸ τοῦ γ’, ἀλλ’ ἦσθ’ ἵμας
cūneos.

νυνὶ δὲ κρεῖττων ἐστὶ σοῦ Χαρινάδης βαδίζειν.

ὡ Στρυμόδωρε Κονθυλεῦ, βέλτιστε συνδικαστῶν,

Εὐεργίδης ἀρ’ ἐστὶ ποὺ 'νταῦθ’, ἡ Χάβης ὁ Φλεῦς;

πάρεσθ’, ὧ ὅ λοιπόν γ’ ἐτ’ ἐστίν, ἀππαπαί παπαιάξ, 2

ἡβης ἐκεῖνης, ἤνικ’ ἐν Βυζαντίῳ ξυνῆμεν

φρουροῦντ’ ἐγὼ τε καὶ σὺ’, κατα περιπατοῦντε

νῦκτωρ
tῆς ἀρτοπούλιδος λαθόντ’ ἐκλέψαμεν τὸν ὄλμον,

καθ’ ἤψωμεν τοῦ κορκόρου, κατασχίσαντες αὐτόν.

ἀλλ’ ἐγκονώμεν, ἰνδρεῖς, ὡς ἐσται Λάχητι νυν’. 2

σύμβλον δὲ φασὶ χρημάτων ἔχειν ἁπαντες αὐτόν.

α “They are dressed up to resemble Wasps, armed with formidable stings”; R.

β For the capture of Byzantium in 478 see Thuc. i. 94.

ι Sent with 20 ships to Sicily in 427, but recalled two years later, and probably accused by Cleon of peculation.
Wherewith they call him out.

so. And if they come.

Had we not better pelt them with some stones?

BD. Pelt them, you rogue! you might as well provoke

A nest of wasps as anger these old men.

Each wears beside his loins a deadly sting,\(^a\)

Wherewith they smite, and on with yells and cries

They leap, and strike at you, like sparks of fire.

so. Tut, never trouble, give me but some stones,

I'll chase the biggest wasps-nest of them all.

chorus. Step out, step out, my comrades stout:

no loitering, Comias, pound along,

You're shirking now, you used, I vow,

to pull as tough as leathern thong,

Yet now, with ease, Charinades

can walk a brisker pace than you.

Ho! Strymodore of Conthylè,

the best of all our dicast crew,

Has old Euergides appeared,

and Chabes too from Phlya, pray?

Ah! here it strains, the poor remains,

alas! alas! alack the day,

Of that mad set, I mind it yet,

when once we paced our nightly round,

In years gone by, both you and I,

along Byzantium's wall,\(^b\) and found

And stole away the baker's tray,

and sliced it up, and chopped it well,

A merry blaze therewith to raise,

and so we cooked our pimpernel.

On, on again, with might and main:

for Laches'\(^c\) turn is come to-day:

Quick, look alive, a splendid hive

of wealth the fellow's got, they say.
χθές οὖν Κλέων ὁ κηδεμών ἦμῖν ἐφείτ' ἐν ὁρα ήκειν ἐχοντας ἥμερων ὄργην τριῶν πονηράν ἐπ' αὐτόν, ὡς κολωμένους ὄν ἡδίκησεν. ἀλλὰ σπεύδωμεν, ὄνδρες ἡλικες, πρὶν ἥμεραν γενέσθαι, χωρώμεν, ἀμα τε τῷ λύχνῳ πάντη διασκοπώμεν. μή που λίθων τις ἐμποδῶν ἦμᾶς κακὸν τι δράση.

ΠΑΙΣ. τὸν πηλόν, ὦ πάτερ πάτερ, τοῦτοι φύλαξαι.

χο. κάρφος χαμάθεν νυν λαβὼν τὸν λύχνου πρόβυσον.

ΠΑΙΣ. οὐκ, ἀλλὰ τωδί μοι δοκῶ τὸν λύχνου προβύσον. 250

χο. τὶ δὴ μαθὼν τῷ δακτυλῷ τὴν θρυαλλίδ' ώθεῖς,
καὶ ταῦτα τουλαίου σπανιζοντος, ὄννητε;
οὐ γὰρ δάκνει σ', ὅταν δὲν τῖμον πρίασθαι.

ΠΑΙΣ. εἰ νὴ Δι' αὕθις κονδύλους νουθησθῇ ἡμᾶς,
ἀποσβέσαντες τοὺς λύχνους ἀπίμεν οἶκαδ' αὐτοὶ. 255
κάπειτ' ἵως ἐν τῷ σκότῳ τοῦτοι στερηθεῖς
τὸν πηλὸν ὧσπερ ἀτταγᾶς τυρβάσεις βαδίζων.

χο. ἡ μὴν ἐγὼ σοῦ χάτερους μείζονας κολάζω.

a Soldiers commonly carried three days' rations.
And Cleon too, our patron true,
enjoined us each betimes to bring
Of anger sore an ample store,
a good three days' provisioning:
On all the man's unrighteous plans
a vengeance well-deserved to take.
Come, every dear and tried compeer,
come, quickly come, ere morning break,
And as you go, be sure you throw
the light around on every side;
Lest somewhere nigh a stone may lie,
and we therefrom be damnified.

boy. O father, father, here's some mud!

CH. Pick up a stick, and trim the wick,
a better light to show.

boy. Nay, father, with my finger, thus,
I choose to trim the lamp.

CH. How dare you rout the wick about,
you little wasteful scamp,
And that with oil so scarce? but no,
it don't disturb your quiet,
However dear the oil may be,
when I have got to buy it.

boy. If with your knuckles once again
you 'monish us, I swear
We'll douse the light, and take to flight,
and leave you floundering there.
Then wading on without the lamp
in darkness, I'll be bound
You'll stir and splash the mud about,
like snipes in marshy ground.

CH. Ah, greater men than you, my boy,
tis often mine to beat.


**ARISTOPHANES**

 zaman, en çok o üç olur. 

kök özə o,pws o,χ ṝmεr,ωn tεttάrωn tο pλείστον ῥ̱ω ρἀναγκαίως εχει τον θεόν ποιήσαι.

ἐπεισι γοὺν τοῖς νύχνοις οὕτωι μύκητες.

φιλεὶ δ', ὅταν ὁτยอดเยี่ยม τι, ποιεῖν υμῶν αξιωτα.

deitai δὲ καὶ τῶν καρπίμων ἄττα μὴ 'στι πρώτα ῥ̱ω γενέσθαι καπιτανεύσαι βόρειοιν αὐτοῖς.

τί χρῆμι ἄρ' οὖκ τῆς οἰκίας τῆς δυναμικής πέπονθεν, ὡς οὖν φαίνεται δεύρο πρὸς τὸ πλήθος; οὐ μὴν πρὸ τοῦ γ' ἐφολκὸς ἥν, ἀλλὰ πρῶτος ἡμῶν ἴτεῖν ἀν ᾳΔων Φρυνίχου· καὶ γὰρ ἑστὶν ἀνήρ φυλωδός. ἀλλὰ μοι δοκεῖ στάντας ἐνθάδ', ὄνδρες, ἄδοντας αὐτῶν ἐκκάλεῖν, ἥν τί πως ἀκούσας τοῦμοι μέλους ὑφ' ἱδονῆς ἐρπύςῃ θύραζε.

τί ποτ' οὐ πρὸ τυρὸν

[στρ]

φαίνετ' ἄρ' ἡμῖν ὁ γέρων οὐδ' ὑπακούει; μῶν ἀπολύλεκε τὰς

ἐμβάδας, ἡ προσέκοψιθ

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* For this sign of rain cf. Virg. *Georg.* i. 391 “testa quum ardente viderent | scintillare oleum, et putres conorescere fungos,” where *fungos* exactly corresponds to *μύκητες* “mushrooms.”

430
THE WASPS, 259–275

But, bless me, this is filth indeed
I feel beneath my feet:
Ay, and within four days from this,
or sooner, it is plain,
God will send down upon our town
a fresh supply of rain:
So dense and thick around the wick
these thieves collect and gather,
And that's, as everybody knows,
a sign of heavy weather.
Well, well, 'tis useful for the fruits,
and all the backward trees,
To have a timely fall of rain,
and eke a good North breeze.
But how is this? Our friend not here!
how comes it he's so slack?
By Zeus, he never used to be
at all a hanger-back.
He always marched before us all,
on legal cares intent,
And some old tune of Phrynichus
he warbled as he went.
O he's a wonder for the songs!
Come, comrades, one and all,
Come stand around the house, and sing,
its master forth to call.
If once he hears me tuning up,
I know it won't be long
Before he comes creep, creeping out,
from pleasure at the song.

How is it our friend is not here to receive us?
Why comes he not forth from his dwelling?
Can it be that he's had the misfortune to lose
His one pair of shoes;
ἈΡΙΣΤΟΦΑΝΕ Ε

ἐν τῷ σκότῳ τῶν δάκτυλῶν που
[ποδός,] εἶτ' ἐφλέγμην
τὸ σφυρὸν γέροντος ὄντος;
καὶ τάχ' ἂν βουβωνιῶῃ.

η μὴν πολὺ δρμύτατος γ' ἢν τῶν παρ' ἡμῖν,
καὶ μόνος οὐκ ἂν ἐπείθετ',
ἀλλ' ὅπωτ' ἀντιβολοῖη
tis, κάτω κύπτων ἂν οὕτω,
"λίθον ἐφεὶς," ἐλεγεν.

τάχα δ' ἂν διὰ τὸν
χθιζινὸν ἀνθρωπον, ὃς ἡμᾶς διεδύετ' ἐξαπατῶν, ὁ λέγων
ὡς φιλαθήναιοι ἦν
cαὶ τάν Σάμων πρῶτος κατείποι,
dιὰ τοῦτ' ὀδυνηθεῖς
eἰτ' ἱσως κεῖται πυρέττων
ἔστι γὰρ τοιοῦτος ἀνήρ.

ἀλλ', ὅγαθ', ἄνιστασο μηδ' οὕτω σεαυτὸν ἐσθιε, μηδ' ἀγανάκτει.
καὶ γὰρ ἀνήρ παχὺς ἤκει
tῶν προδότων τὰπὶ Θρίκης
δὲν ὅπως ἐγχυτρεῖσ.

ὑπαγ', ὦ παῖ, ὑπαγε.

ΠΑΙΣ. ἐθελήσεις τί μοι οὗν, ὦ
πάτερ, ἦν σού τι δεηθῶ;

ΧΟ. πάνυ γ', ὦ παιδίον. ἀλλ' εἰ-
πὲ τί βούλει με πρίασθαι
καλόν; οἶμαι δὲ σ' ἐρεῖν ἀ-
στραγάλους δῆποπουθεν, [ὦ παῖ.
Or striking his toe in the dark, by the grievous Contusion is lamed, and his ankle inflamed?
Or his groin has, it may be, a swelling.
He of us all, I ween,
Was evermore the austerest, and most keen.
   Alone no prayers he heeded:
   Whene'er for grace they pleaded,
   He bent (like this) his head,
   You cook a stone, he said.

Is it all of that yesterday's man who cajoled us,
   And slipped through our hands, the deceiver,
Pretending a lover of Athens to be,
   Pretending that he
   Was the first, of the Samian rebellion a that told us?
Our friend may be sick with disgust at the trick,
   And be now lying ill of a fever.
   That would be like him quite.
But now up, up, nor gnaw your soul with spite
   There comes a traitor base,
   A wealthy rogue from Thrace. b
   Safe in our toils we've got him,
Up, up, old friend, and pot him!

On with you, boy, on with you.

BOY.  Father, if a boon I pray,
   Will you grant it, father, eh?
CH.  Certainly I will, my son.
   Tell me what you'd have me buy.
   Dibs, c my son?  Hey, my son?
   Dibs it is, undoubtedly.

a "The Revolt of Samos in 440 which for a moment imperilled the whole fabric of Athenian power": R.
b Where the Spartan general Brasidas was at the time causing great trouble.
c Lit. "knuckle-bones."
The boy uses πόρος in the sense of resource, and then "goes on humming some well-known words of Pindar in which πόρος means a ford, ‘the sacred ford of Helle’": R.
THE WASPS, 296–317

boy. Dibs, my father! No, my father! Figs! for they are sweeter far.

ch. You be hanged first: yet you shall not Have them, monkey, when you are.

boy. Then, my father, woe betide you! Not another step I'll guide you.

ch. Is it not enough that I With this paltry pay must buy Fuel, bread, and sauce for three? Must I needs buy figs for thee?

boy. Father, if the Archon say That the Court won't sit to-day. Tell me truly, father mine, Have we wherewithal to dine? O my father, should not we Then in "Straits of Helle" a be?

ch. Out upon it! out upon it! Then, indeed, I should not know For a little bit of supper Whither in this world to go.

boy. Why, my mother, didst thou breed me, Giving nothing else to feed me, But a store of legal woe?

ch. Empty scrip! O empty show, Bootless, fruitless ornament!

boy. O! O! woe! woe! Ours to sorrow and lament.

ph. (Appearing above) Long my reins have been stirred, Long through chinks have I heard,

b A parody of a ὀπῖρος from the Theseus of Euripides spoken by boys sent to be food for the Minotaur.
ARISTOPHANES

ομὼν ἕπακοινων.

ἀλλὰ γὰρ οὐχ οἷός τ' εἰμ' ἄδειν. τί ποιήσω;

τηροῦμαι δ' ὑπὸ τῶν δ', ἐπεὶ

βούλομαι γε πάλαι μεθ' ύ-

μῶν ἐλθὼν ἐπὶ τοὺς καδι-

σκους κακὸν τι ποιήσαι.

ἀλλ', ὁ Ζεῦς μεγαβρόντα,

ἡ με ποιήσων κατινον ἐξαίφνης,

ἡ Προξενίδην, ἢ τὸν Σέλλου

τοῦτον τὸν ψευδαμάμαξων.

τόλμησον, ἀναξ, χαρίσασθαί μοι,

πάθος οὐκείρας·

ἡ με κεραυνῷ διατυθαλέω

σπόδισων ταχέως:

κάπεστ', ἀνελών μ' ἀποφυσήσας

εἰς ὀξάλμην ἐμβαλε θερμήν·

ἡ δήτα λίθων με ποιήσων ἐφ' οὐ

τὰς χοιρίνασ ἀριθμοῦσιν.

xo.

τίς γὰρ ἐσθ' ὁ ταῦτα σ' εἴργων

κάποικλείων τῇ θύρᾳ; λέξ-

ον' πρὸς εὖνους γὰρ φράσεις.

Φ\textsuperscript{i.}

οὐμὸς νιός. ἀλλὰ μὴ βοᾷτε' καὶ γὰρ τυγχάνει

οὕτου πρόσθεν καθεύδων. ἀλλ' ὑφεσθε τοῦ τόνου.

xo. τοῦ δ' ἐφεξίν, δ' μάται, ταῦτα δράν σε βουλεῖται;

τίνα πρόφασιν τ' ἔχων;

Φ\textsuperscript{i.}

οὐκ' ἐὰ μ', ὄνδρες, δυκάζειν οὐδὲ δρᾶν οὐδὲν κακὸν, 34

ἀλλὰ μ' ἐυωχέειν ἐτομόμος ἐστ'. ἐγὼ δ' οὐ βούλομαι.

\textsuperscript{a} An empty blusterer, cf. B. 1126.

\textsuperscript{b} Aeschines, cf. 459, 1243, another empty boaster; “the

tree-vine is adopted as his emblem, because of the prodigious

splutter it makes while burning”: R.

436
Heard your voices below.
Vain my efforts to sing,
_These_ forbid me to go.
Vainly my sad heart yearns,
Yearns to be marching with you,
On to the judgement urns,
There some mischief to do.

O change to smoke by a lightning stroke,
Dread-thundering Zeus! this body of mine,
Till I'm like Proxenides,¹ like the son
Of Sellus,ᵇ that false tree-vine.

O Sovereign, pity my woeful lot,
Vouchsafe to grant me my heart's desire,
Fry me in dust with a glittering, hot,
Red bolt of celestial fire,
Then take me up with thy hand divine,
And puff me, and plunge me in scalding brine.
Or turn me into the stone, whereon
They count the votes when the trial is done.

CH. Who is he that thus detains you?
Who with bolted door restrains you?
Tell us, you will speak to friends.

PH. 'Tis my son, but don't be bawling:
for he's slumbering now at ease
There, upon the roof before you:
drop your tone a little, please.

CH. What's his object, idle trifler,
that he does such things as these?
What's the motive he pretends?

PH. He will let me do no mischief,
and no more a lawsuit try.
True it is he'll feast and pet me,
but with that I won't comply.


ARISTOPHANES

xo. τούτ’ ἐτόλμησ’ ὁ μιαρὸς χα- 
νεῖν ὁ Δημολογοκλέων ὁδ’, 
ότι λέγεις σὺ 
τι περὶ τῶν νεῶν ἄληθες. 
οὐ γὰρ ἂν ποθ’ οὔτος ἀνὴρ 
tούτ’ ἐτόλμησεν λέγειν, εἰ 
μὴ ἔξυνωμότης τις ἂν.

άλλ’ ἐκ τούτων ὥρα τινά σοι ζητεῖν καὶ ἡν ἐπίνοιαν, 
ήτις σελάθρατανδρόστουδι καταβήναι δεύροποιήσει.

φι. τίς ἂν οὖν εἴη; ζητεῖθ’ ύμεῖς, ὡς πᾶν ἂν ἐγώγε 
pouίην:

οὔτω κιντῶ διὰ τῶν σανίδων μετὰ χοιρίνης 
περιελθεῖς.

xo. ἔστων ὅπη δῆθ’ ἦντιν’ ἂν ἐνδοθεν οἶος τ’ εἴης διορύξαι, 35 
eιτ’ ἐκδῦναι βάκεσιν κρυφθέις, ὡσπερ πολύμην 
’Οδυσσεῦς;

φι. πάντα πέφρακται κοῦκ ἐστίν ὅπης οὐδ’ εἰ σέρφω 
diαδῦναι.

άλλ’ ἄλλο τι δεί ζητεῖν ύμᾶς· ὅπιαν δ’ οὖκ ἐστὶ 
γενέσθαι.

xo. μέμνησαί δῆθ’; ὡτ’ ἐπὶ στρατιᾶς κλέψας ποτὲ τοὺς 
δῆβλικους 
τείς σαυτὸν κατὰ τοῦ τεῖχος ταχέως, ὅτε Νάξος 
ἐάλω;

φι. οἶδ’· ἄλλα τί τούτ’; οὖδὲν γὰρ τοῦτ’ ἐστίν ἐκείνῳ 
προσόμοιον.

ηβῶν γὰρ κάδυνάμην κλέπτειν, ἵσχυον τ’ αὐτός 
ἐμαυτοῦ,

κοῦδεῖς μ’ ἐφύλαττ’, ἀλλ’ ἔξην. μοι

a The dicasts so call Bdelycleon in their anger, forgetting that 
the “obnoxious nickname suits their patron Cleon better”: R.

b “Lists or notice-boards of the Court, probably suspended
This the Demagogcleon a blared
Out against you, since you dared
Truth about the fleet to show.
He must be involved, I see,
In some dark conspiracy,
Else he durst not use you so.

It is time some means of escape to find,
some novel, ingenious plan, that so,
Unseen of your son, you may get you down,
alighting in safety here below.

O what shall it be? consider it ye!
I’m ready to do whatever is planned:
So sorely I’m longing a circuit to go,
through the lists b of the Court, with a vote in my hand.

Can you find no cranny or secret run,
through which, from within, your path to urge,
And then like wily Odysseus, here,
disguised in tatters and rags, c emerge?

Each cranny is barred: there’s never a run,
thro’ which though it were but a midge could squeeze.
You must think, if you can, of a likelier plan:
I can’t run out like a runnet cheese.

O don’t you remember the old campaign,
when you stole the spit, and let yourself down,
And away by the side of the wall you hied?
’Twas when we had captured Naxos town. d

Ah, well I remember! but what of that?
it is quite another affair to-day.
For then I was young, and then I could steal,
and over myself I possessed full sway.

And then none guarded my steps, but I
in some part of the building, along which the dicasts passed to
record their votes ”: R.

Such as Odysseus wore when he ventured into beleaguered
Troy; cf. Hom. Od. iv. 245. d In 476; cf. Thuc. i. 98.
ARISTOPHANES

φεύγειν ἀδεῶς. νῦν δὲ ξῦν ὀπλοὺς ἀνδρεῖς ὀπλίται διαταξάμενοι
catὰ τὰς διόδους σκοπιωροῦνται,
τῶ δὲ δὺ αὐτῶν ἐπὶ ταῖς θύραις
ἀσπερ με γαλῆν κρέα κλέψασαν
τηροῦσιν ἔχοντ' ὀβελίσκους.
xo. ἀλλὰ καὶ νῦν ἐκπορίζε
μηχανὴν ὀπως τάχισθ' ἐ-
ws γάρ, ὃ μελίττιον.

Φ. διατραγεῖν τοίνυν κράτιστον ἐστὶ μοι τὸ δίκτυον.
ή δὲ μοι Δίκτυννα συγγνώμην ἔχοι τοῦ δίκτυον.
xo. ταῦτα μὲν πρὸς ἀνήρὸς ἐστ' ἀνοντὸς ἐς σωτηρίαν.
ἀλλ' ἔπαγε τὴν γνάθον.

Φ. διατετρωκταί τοῦτο γ'. ἀλλὰ μὴ βοᾷτε μηδαμῶς,
ἀλλὰ τηρῶμεσθ', ὀπως μὴ Βδελυκλέων αἰσθήσεται.

xo. μηδέν, ὃ τάν, δέδιθι, μηδέν·
ὡς ἐγὼ τούτον γ', ἐὰν γρῦ-
ξη τυ, ποιή-
σω δακεῖν τὴν καρδίαν καὶ
τὸν περὶ ψυχῆς δρόμον δρα-
μεῖν, ἢ' εἰδῆ μὴ πατεῖν τὰ
taῖν θεαῖν ψηφίσματα.
ἀλλ' ἐξάψασθα ἥτις θυρίδος τὸ καλῶδιον ἐίτα καθῆμα
δῆσας σαυτὸν καὶ τὴν ψυχὴν ἐμπλησάμενος Διο-
πείθους.

---

* i.e. Artemis. The name is here clearly connected with δίκτυον; elsewhere with Mt. Dicte in Crete.
* They formerly (l. 345) charged him with being a traitor; now they will accuse him of “violating the mysteries” (of Demeter 440
Was free, wherever I chose, to fly;  
Whilst now, in every alley and street,  
Armed men with arms are stationed about,  
Watching with care that I steal not out.  
And there at the gate you may see those two  
Waiting with spits to spit me through,  
Like a cat that is running away with the meat.

CH.  
Well but now be quickly shaping  
Some contrivance for escaping;  
Morning breaks, my honey-bee.

PH.  
Then the best that I can think of,  
is to gnaw these meshes through.  
May Dictynna, a queen of hunters,  
pardon me the deed I do.

CH.  
Spoken like a man whose efforts  
will salvation’s goal ensue.  
Ply your jaw then lustily.

PH.  
There, I’ve gnawn them through completely  
—Ah! but do not raise a shout,  
We must use the greatest caution,  
lest Bdelycleon find us out.

CH.  
Fear not: fear not: if he speak,  
He shall gnaw his heart, and seek  
For his life to run amain.  
We will quickly make him learn  
Nevermore again to spurn  
Th’ holy statutes of the Twain.b

So now to the window lash the cord,  
and twine it securely your limbs around.  
With all Diopeithes c fill your soul,  
then let yourself cleverly down to the ground.

and Persephone) but, having a legal mind, substitute ψηφίσματα for μυστήρια.

a i.e. with a fine frenzy like that of the soothsayer Diopeithes; for whom cf. K. 1085, B. 988.
ΑΡΙΣΤΟΦΑΝΗΣ

Φ1. ἀγε νῦν, ἦν αἰσθομένω τούτῳ ζητήτον μὲ ἐσκαλαμάσθαι
κάνασπαστὸν ποιεῖν εἴσω, τί ποιήσετε; φράζετε νυνί.

Χο. ἀμυνοῦμέν σοι τὸν πρινώδη θυμὸν ἀπαντες καλεστάς,
ὡς οὖ δυνατὸν σ’ εἴργειν ἐσταί· τοιαῦτα ποιήσομεν ἥμεις.

Φ1. δράσῳ τοῖς γίμιν πίσυνος· καὶ μανθάνετ’· ἦν τι πάθω ’γώ,
ἀνελόντες καὶ κατακλαύσαντες θείναι μ’ ὑπὸ τοῖσι δρυφάκτοις.

Χο. οὐδὲν πείσει· μηδὲν δεῖσις· ἀλλ’, ὃ βέλτιστε, καθεὶς
σαυτὸν ταρρῶν καπενξάμενος τοῖσι πατρῷοις θεοῖσιν.

Φ1. ὃ Δύκε δέσποτα, γείτων ἡρως· σὺ γὰρ οἴσπερ ἐγὼ
κεχάρησαι, τοῖς δακρύοισιν τῶν φευγόντων ἀεὶ καὶ τοῖς
ὀλοφυρμοῖς· οὗτος γοῦν ἐπίτηδες ὅπων ἐνταῦθ’, ἵνα ταύτ’ ἀκρωθοῦ,
καβουλῆθης μόνος ἡρώων παρὰ τὸν κλάοντα καθήσαται.

ἔλεγον καὶ σώσον νυνὶ τὸν σαυτοῦ πλησίον·
κοῦμή ποτὲ σου παρὰ τὰς κάννας οὐρῆσο μηδ’ ἀποπάρθω.

ΒΔ. υἱότος, ἐγείρον.
ΣΩ. τί τὸ πράγμ’;
ΒΔ. ἑωσπερ φωνὴ με τὶς ἐγκεκύκλωται.
ΣΩ. μῶν ὁ γέρων πὴ διαδῦς ἔλαθεν;

442
PH. But suppose they catch me suspended here, and hoist me up by the line again, And angle me into the house once more, say what ye will do to deliver me then.

CH. Our hearts of oak we'll summon to aid, and all give battle at once for you. 'Twere vain to attempt to detain you more: such wonderful feats we are going to do.

PH. This then will I do, confiding in you: and if anything happens to me, I implore That you take me up and bewail my fate, and bury me under the court-house floor.

CH. O nothing, nothing will happen to you: keep up, old comrade, your heart and hope; First breathe a prayer to your father's gods: then let yourself down by the trusty rope.

PH. 'O Lycus, a neighbour and hero and lord! thou lovest the selfsame pleasures as I; Day after day we both enjoy the suppliant's tears and his wailing cry. Thou camest here thine abode to fix, on purpose to listen to sounds so sweet, The only hero of all that deigns by the mourner's side to assume his seat: O pity thine old familiar friend: O save me and succour me, Power Divine! And never again will I do my needs by the osier matting that guards thy shrine.

BD. Get up, get up. b

SO. Why, what's in the wind?

BD. Some voice seems circling me round and round.

SO. Is the old man slipping away thro' a hole?

a "The patron hero of all the Athenian dicasteries; cf. 819": R.

b B. suddenly reappears and wakes up the slumbering slaves.

443
μὰ Δὲ οὐ δῆτ', ἀλλὰ καθιμὰ
αὐτὸν δῆσας.

ὡ μιαρῶτατε, τί ποιεῖς; οὐ μὴ καταβῆσει;

ἀνάβαιν' ἀνύσας κατὰ τὴν ἐτέραν καὶ ταῖς

φυλλάσι παῖε,

ἡν πως πρύμνην ἀνακρούσηται πληγεῖς ταῖς

eἴρεσιόνας.

οὐ ξυλλήψεσθ' ὑπόσοιοι δίκαι τῆτες μέλλουσιν

ἐσεσθαί,

ὡ Σμυκυθίων καὶ Τισιάδη καὶ Χρήμων καὶ

Φερέδειπνε;

πότε δ', εἰ μὴ νῦν, ἑπαρῆξετέ μοι, πρὶν μ' εἰσώ

μᾶλλον ἄγεσθαι;

ἐπί μοι, τὶ μέλλομεν κνωεῖν ἐκεῖνην τὴν χολῆν,

ἡμερ, ἤνικ' ἂν τὶς ἥμων ὀργίσῃ τὴν σφηκίαν;

νῦν ἐκεῖνο νῦν ἐκεῖνο

tουξύθυμον, ὡ κολαζό-

μεσθα, κέντρον ἐντέταται ὑξ.

ἀλλὰ θαλαμάτια λαβόντες ὡς τάξιστα, παιδία,

θείτε καὶ βοᾶτε, καὶ Κλέωνι ταῦτ' ἄγγέλλετε,

καὶ κελεύετ' αὐτὸν ἥκειν

ὡς ἐπ' ἄνδρα μισόπολων

ὁντα καπολούμενον, ὅτι

tόνδε λόγον εἰσφέρει,

[ὡς χρῆ] μὴ δυκάζειν δίκας.

ἀγαθοὶ, τὸ πράγμ' ἀκούσατ', ἀλλὰ μὴ κεκράγετε. 41

νὴ Δὲ εἰς τὸν ὦρανόν γ'.

ωσ τοῦδ' ἐγὼ οὐ μεθήσομαι.

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a Or "harvest-wreath," hanging about the door; cf. K. 729.

444
BD. No, by Zeus, but he lets himself down to the ground
Tied on to the rope.

SO. You infamous wretch!
what, won’t you be quiet and not come down?

BD. Climb up by the other window-sill,
and wallop him well with the harvest crown.
I warrant he’ll speedily back stern first,
when he’s thrashed with the branch of autumnal fruits.

PH. Help! help! all those whoever propose
this year to busy themselves with suits.
Smicythion, help! Tisiades, help!
Pheredeipnus, Chremon, the fray begin:
O now or never assist your friend,
before I’m carried away within

CH. Wherefore slumbers, wherefore slumbers,
that resentment in our breast,
Such as when a rash assailant
dares provoke our hornets-nest?
Now protruding, now protruding,
Comes the fierce and dreadful sting,
Which we wield for punishing.
Children, hold these garments for us:
then away with all your speed,
Shout and run and bawl to Cleon,
tell him of this direful deed;
Bid him quickly hither fly
As against a city-hater,
And a traitor doomed to die,
One who actually proposes
That we should no lawsuits try.

BD. Listen, worthy sirs, to reason:
goodness! don’t keep screaming so.

CH. Scream! we’ll scream as high as heaven.

BD. I don’t intend to let him go.

445
ARISTOPHANES

xo. ταύτα δήτ' οὐ δεινὰ καὶ τυραννὶς ἐστὶν ἐμφανὴς; ὡ πόλις καὶ Ἑθέρων θεουσκηθρία,
κεῖ τις ἄλλος προέστηκεν ὑμῶν κόλαξ.

ξα. 'Ἡράκλεις, καὶ κέντρ' ἔχουσιν. οὐχ ὄρᾶς, ὡ
dέσποτα;

βδ. οἷς γ' ἀπώλεσαν Φίλιππον ἐν δίκη τὸν Γοργίου.

xo. καὶ σὲ γ' αὖθις ἐξολοθμεν· ἀλλ' ἀπας ἐπίστρεφε
dεῦρο καζείρας τὸ κέντρον εἰτ' ἐπ' αὐτὸν ἴεσο,
ξυσταλείς, εὐτάκτος, ὀργῆς καὶ μένους ἐμπλήμενος,
ὡς ἂν εὐ εἰδῆ τὸ λοιπὸν σμῆνος οἶον ὑργισεν.

ξα. τοῦτο μέντοι δεινὸν ἦδη νὴ Δί', εἰ μαχούμεθα·
ὡς ἐγωγ' αὐτῶν ὄρῶν δέδοικα τὰς ἐγκεντρίδας.

xo. ἀλλ' ἀφίει τὸν ἀνδρ'. εἰ δὲ μῆ, φήµ' ἐγὼ
tὰς χελώνας μακαριεῖν σε τοῦ δέρματος.

φι. εἶ ὑν, ὡ ξυνδικασταί, σφῆκες ὄξυκάρδιοι,
oὶ μὲν εἰς τὸν πρωκτὸν αὐτῶν εἰσπέτεσθ' ὑργι-
σμένοι,
oὶ δὲ τῶφθαλμῶν 'ν κύκλῳ κεντεῖτε καὶ τοὺς
dακτύλους.

βδ. ὃ Μίδα καὶ Φρύξ βοήθει δεῦρο καὶ Μακυντία,

a See Index.
b "The hundred κόλακες who fluttered about Cleon, the chief
προστάτης of the populace": R.
c Unknown.

446
These be frightful things to see! These be frightful things to see! This is open tyranny!
Rouse the State! Rouse the great
And whoe'er Else is there,
Rouse the great God-abhorred Sneak Theorus a!
Fawning lord Ruling o'er us.

Heracles! they've stings beside them! Heracles! they've stings beside them!
Master master, don't you see?

You we'll also slay directly! You we'll also slay directly!
Wheel about him, every one,
Draw your stings, and, all together,
in upon the fellow run.
Close your ranks, collect your forces,
brimming full of rage and hate,
He shall know the sort of wasps-nest
he has dared to irritate.

Now with such as these to combat
is, by Zeus, a serious thing:
Verily I quake and tremble,
but to look upon their sting.

Let him go! Loose your hold!
If you don't I declare
You shall bless Tortoise-backs
For the shells Which they wear.

On then, on, my fellow-dicasts,
brother wasps of heart severe,
Some fly in with angry buzzings,
and attack them in the rear,
Some surround them in a ring, and
both their eyes and fingers sting.

Ho there! Midas! Phryx! Masyntias!
hither! hither! haste to me!
καὶ λάβεσθε τοιούτου καὶ μὴ μεθήσθε μηδενὶ.
εἰ δὲ μὴ, ἣν πέδαις παχείας οὐδὲν ἄριστήσετε. 43
ὅς ἐγὼ πολλῶν ἀκούσας οἶδα θρίων τὸν ψόφον.

xo. εἰ δὲ μὴ τούτον μεθήσεις, ἐν τί σοι παγήσεται.

Φι. ὁ Κέκροψ ἤρως ἀναξ, τὰ πρὸς ποδῶν Δρακοντίδη,
περιορᾶς οὕτω μ' ὑπ' ἀνδρῶν βαρβάρων χειρου-
μενον,
οὐς ἐγὼ 'δίδαξα κλάεων τέτταρ' ἐς τὴν χοίνικα; 44

xo. εἶτα δῆτ' οὐ πόλλ' ἐνεστὶ δενὰ τῶ γῆρα κακά;
δηλαδὴ καὶ νῦν γε τούτω τὸν παλαιὸν ἐσπότην
πρὸς βιὰν χειροῦσιν, οὐδὲν τῶν πάλαι μεμνημένου
διφθερῶν κἀξωμίδων, ἃς οὗτος αὐτοῖς ἡμίπόλα,
καὶ κυνάς, καὶ τοὺς πόδας χειμῶνος ὄντος ὠφέλει, 44
.TabStop μὴ ριγῶν γ' ἐκάστοτ'. ἀλλὰ τούτως γ' οὐκ ἐνι
οῦδ' ἐν ὀφθαλμοῖς αἰδῶς τῶν παλαιῶν ἐμβάδων.

Φι. οὐκ ἀφήσεις οὐδὲ νυνὶ μ', ὃ κάκιστον θηρίον;
οὐδ' ἀναμνησθεὶς θ' εὐρῆν τοὺς βότρυν κλέπτοντά σε
προσαγαγόν πρὸς τὴν ἐλλάν ἐξεδειρ' εὖ κάνδρικῶς, 45

---

a The cracking and bouncing of fig-leaves when burning was used, says the Scholiast, proverbially in reference to empty threats and bluster.

b The legendary founder of Athens, shaped in the lower part like a serpent, and sometimes said to have sprung from a dragon's teeth.

c Lit. "quartern loaves, four to the choenix": the Scholiast notes that four big loaves went to the Choenix but eight small ones.

d ἐμβάδων is a surprise for ἐσπότων.
Take my father, guard him safely:
   suffer none to set him free;
Else you both shall lunch off nothing,
   clapped in fetters strong and stout.
There's a sound of many fig-leaves
   (well I know it) buzzed about.
CH. This shall stand infixed within you
   if you will not let him go.
PH. Mighty Cecrops! King and hero!
   Dragon-born and -shaped below,
Wilt thou let these rude barbarians
   vex and maul me at their pleasure,
Me who heretofore have made them
   weep in full imperial measure?
CH. Truly, of abundant evils,
   age is evermore the source:
Only see how these two scoundrels
   hold their ancient lord perforce,
Clean forgetting how, aforetime,
   he their daily wants supplied,
Bought them little sleeveless jackets,
   bought them caps and coats of hide,
Clean forgetting all the kindness
   shown their feet in wintry weather,
How from chill and cold he kept them:
   ah! but these have altogether
Banished from their eyes the reverence
   owing to those dear old brogues.
PH. Won't you even now unhand me,
   shameless villain, worst of rogues?
When the grapes I caught you stealing,
   O remember, if you can,
How I tied you to the olive,
   and I flogged you like a man,
ARISTOPHANES

"οστε σε ζηλωτόν είναι, συ δ' ἄχαριστος ἢσθ' ἀρα.
ἀλλ' ἄνες με καὶ συ καὶ συ, πρὶν τὸν υἱὸν ἐκδραμεῖν.

χο. ἀλλὰ τούτων μὲν τάχ' ἦμιν δώσετον καλὴν δίκην,
οὐκετ' ἐσ μακράν, ὡν' εἰδήθ' οἴον ἐστ' ἀνδρῶν τρόπος
δεξιθύμων καὶ δικαίων καὶ βλεπόντων κάρδαμα.

βδ. παίε παῖ', ὡ Ἑανθία, τοὺς σφήκας ἀπὸ τῆς οἰκίας.

ἐα. ἀλλὰ δρῶ τοῦτ'.

βδ. ἀλλὰ καὶ σὺ τύφε πολλῶ τῷ καπνῷ.
οὐχὶ σοῦ θ', οὐκ ἐσ κόρακας; οὐκ ἀπίτε; παίε
τῷ ξύλῳ.

καὶ σὺ προσθείς Αἰσχύνην ἐντυφε τὸν Σελαρτίουν.

ζω. ἀρ' ἐμέλλομεν πολ' ὑμᾶς ἀποσοβήσειν τῷ χρόνῳ; 40

βδ. ἀλλὰ μὰ Δι' οὐ βαδίως οὔτως ἀν αὐτοὺς διέφυγες,
εἴπερ ἐτυχον τῶν μελῶν τῶν Φιλοκλέους βεβρω-
κότες.

χο. ἄρα δὴτ' οὐκ αὐτὰ δῆλα
τοῖς πένησιν, ἢ τυραννίς
ὡς λάθρα γ' ἐλάνθαν' υπιοῦσα;
εἰ σὺ γ', ὡ πόνῳ πόνηρε καὶ κομηταμνία,
τῶν νόμων ἦμᾶς ἀπείργεις δὲν ἔθηκεν ἡ πόλις,
οὔτε τιν' ἔχων πρόφασιν

\[\text{ἀντ.}\]

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a "Here B. suddenly issues from the house, followed by Xanthias and Sosias, the former armed with a stick, the latter carrying an apparatus for smoking-out wasps": R.

b Cf. 325 n.

c A tragic poet of the day, so bitter that he was nicknamed χολή, "gall."

d Long hair was considered a mark of aristocratic insolence, and also of sympathy with the long-haired and bearded (cf. 476) Spartans. Amynias was notorious for his (cf. 1267).

450
So that all beheld with envy:
but a grateful soul you lack!
Oh, unhand me, you, and you,
at once, before my son come back.

CH. But a famous retribution
ye for this shall undergo,
One that will not lag nor linger;
so that ye betimes shall know,
Know the mood of angry-tempered,
righteous, mustard-glancing men.

BD. Beat them, Xanthias,\(^a\) from the door-way;
beaut the wasps away again.

XA. That I will, sir.

BD. Fume them, Sosias,
drive the smoke in dense and thick.
Shoo there, shoo! be off, confound you.
At them, Xanthias, with the stick!
Smoke them, Sosias, smoke, infusing
Aeschines, Selartius' son.\(^b\)

so. So then we at last were going,
as it seems, to make you run.

BD. But you never would have managed
thus to beat them off with ease,
Had it chanced that they had eaten
of the songs of Philocles.\(^c\)

CH. Creeping o'er us, creeping o'er us,
Here at least the poor can see
Stealthy-creeping tyrannY!
If you from the laws debar us,
which the city has ordained,
You, a curly-haired \(^a\) Amynias,
you, a rascal double-grained,
Not by words of wit persuading,
Not for weighty reasons shown,
οὔτε λόγον εὐτράπελον,
αὐτὸς ἄρχων μόνος.

βΔ. ἔσθ’ ὅπως ἀνευ μάχης καὶ τῆς κατοξείας βοης ἐς λόγους ἐλθομεν ἀλλήλους καὶ διαλλαγάς;

χο. σοὶ λόγους, ὦ μισόδημε καὶ μοναρχίας ἔραστα, καὶ ἔννων Βρασίδα, καὶ φορῶν κράσπεδα στεμμάτων, τὴν θ’ ὑπήνην ἄκουρον τρέφων;

βΔ. νη Δ’ ἢ μοι κρείττον ἐκστήναι τὸ παράπαν τοῦ πατρὸς μᾶλλον ἢ κακοὶς τοσούτοις ναυμαχεῖν ὀσημέραι.

χο. οὐδὲ μὲν γ’ οὐδ’ ἐν σελίνῳ σοῦστίν οὐδ’ ἐν πηγάνῳ. τούτῳ γὰρ παρεμβαλοῦμεν τῶν τριχουκῶν ἑπῶν. ἀλλὰ νῦν μὲν οὐδὲν ἀλγεῖς, ἀλλ’ ὅταν ἔννηγορος ταῦτα ταῦτα σου κατανυλῇ καὶ ἔννωμότας καλῇ.

βΔ. ἄρ’ ἂν, ὦ πρὸς τῶν θεῶν, ὑμεῖς ἀπαλλαχθεῖτε μοι; ἢ δἐδοκταί μοι δέρεσθαι καὶ δέρεων δι’ ἥμερας;

χο. οὐδεποτέ γ’, οὐχ, ἐως ἂν τί μου λοιπὸν ἢ, ὅστις ἡμῶν ἐπὶ τυραννίδι συνεστάλης.

βΔ. ὡς ἀπανθ’ ὑμῖν τυραννίς ἐστι καὶ ἔννωμόται,

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\(a\) Fringes or tassels of wool which edged the border of a Spartan cloak.

\(b\) The common border of Hellenic gardens. The meaning is "You have only entered on your troubles."
THE WASPS, 469–488

But because, forsooth, you will it,
Like an autocrat, alone.

BD. Can’t we now, without this outcry,
    and this fierce denunciation,
Come to peaceful terms together,
    terms of reconciliation?

CH. Terms with thee, thou people-hater,
    and with Brasidas, thou traitor,
Hand and glove! You who dare
    Woolly-fringed Clothes to wear,
Yes, and show Beard and hair
    Left to grow Everywhere.

BD. O, by Zeus, I’d really liefer
    drop my father altogether
Than endure these daily conflicts,
    buffeting with waves and weather.

CH. Why, as yet you’ve hardly entered
    on the parsley and the rue:
(That we’ll just throw in, a sample
    of our three-quart words for you.)
Now you care not, wait a little,
    till the prosecutor trounce you,
Sluicing out these selfsame charges,
    and CONSPIRATOR denounce you.

BD. O by all the gods I ask you,
    will ye never go away?
Are ye quite resolved to linger,
    thwacked and thwacking all the day?

CH. Never more Will I while
    There’s a grain Left of me
Leave your door, Traitor vile
    Bent to gain Tyranny.

BD. Ay “Conspiracy” and “Tyrant,”
    These with you are all in all,
ΑΡΙΣΤΟΦΑΝΗΣ

ην τε μείζον ήν τ’ ἐλαττων πράγμα τις κατηγορη,  ἤς ἐγὼ ούκ ἦκουσα τούνομ’ οὔδε πεντήκοντ’ ἐτῶν’. 49 
νῦν δὲ πολλῷ τοῦ ταρίχους ἐστίν ἀξιωτέρα·  ὥστε καὶ δὴ τούνομ’ αὐτὴς ἐν ἀγορᾷ κυλίνδεται.  ἦν μὲν ὦνηταί τις ὀρφῶς, μεμβράδας δὲ μὴ θέλῃ, 
εὐθέως εὐρηχ’ ὁ πωλῶν πλησίον τὰς μεμβράδας·  “οὔτος ὤψωνείν ἐοιχ’ ἀνθρωπός ἐπὶ τυραννίδι.”  49 
ἡ δὲ γῆτειον προσαίτη ταῖς ἀφύας ἡδυσμά τι,  ἡ λαχανόπωλις παραβλέψασά φησι θατέρῳ· 
“εἰπε μοι, γῆτειον αἰτεῖς, πότερον ἐπὶ τυραννίδι  ἡ νομίζεις τὰς Ἀθήνας σοι φέρειν ἡδύσματα;”  ΞΑ. 
κἀμε γ’ ἡ πόρνη χθές εἰσελθόντα τῆς μεσημβρίας, 50 
ὅτι κελητίσαι ’κέλευον, ἀξιουμηθεῖσά μοι  ἦρετ’ εἰ τὴν Ἰππίου καθίσταμαι τυραννίδα. 
ΒΔ. ταῦτα γὰρ τούτους ἀκούειν ἦδε’, εἰ καὶ νῦν ἐγὼ,  τὸν πατέρ’ ὅτι βούλομαι τούτων ἀπαλλαχθέντα τῶν 
ὄρθροφοιτοσυνκοφαντοδικοταλατώρων τρόπων  50 

*κελητίσαι “to ride a horse” also describes a σχῆμα συνουσίας (cf. P. 900, L. 60), which is then jokingly called Ἰππίου τυραννίδα as in L. 618.  

454
Whatsoe'er is brought before you,
be the matter great or small.
Everywhere the name of Tyrant,
now for fifty years unknown,
Is than cheap salt-fish at Athens
commoner and cheaper grown.
Everywhere about the market
it is bandied to and fro:
If you wish a basse to purchase,
and without a pilchard go,
Straight the man who sells the pilchards
grumbles from his stall hard by,
Here is plainly one that caters
with a view to Tyranny.
If a leek, besides, you order,
relish for your sprats perchance,
Says the potherb-girl directly,
eyeing you with looks askance,
Leeks indeed! and leeks I prithee!
what, with Tyranny in view?
Athens must be taxed, you fancy,
relish to supply for you!

XA. Even so a naughty damsel
yesternoon observed to me,
Just because I said her manners
were a little bit too free,
She supposed that I was wishing
Hippias's Tyranny.

BD. Ay, by charges such as these
our litigious friends they please.
Now because I'd have my father
(quitting all this toil and strife,
This up-early-false-informing-
troublesome-litigious life)
ARISTOPHANES

ζὴν βίον γενναίον ὡσπερ Μόρυχος, αὐτίαν ἔχω ταῦτα δρᾶν ἔξωμοτής ὡν καὶ φρονῶν τυραννικά.

Φ. νη Δι' ἐν δίκη γ': ἐγὼ γὰρ οὖδ' ἂν ὄρνιθων γάλα ἀντὶ τοῦ βίου λάβομι' ἂν οὐ μὲ νῦν ἀποστερεῖς: οὔδὲ χαίρω βατίσων οὖδ' ἐγχέλεσων, ἀλλ' ἦδιον ἂν 51 δικίδιον σμικρὸν φάγομι' ἂν ἐν λοπάδι πεπνυμένον.

ΒΔ. νη Δι' εἰθίσθης γὰρ ἢδεσθαι τοιοῦτοι πράγματοι: ἀλλ' ἐὰν σιγῶν ἀνάσχη καὶ μάθης ἀγὼ λέγω, ἀναδιδάξεων οἴομαι σ' ὃς πάντα ταῦθ' ἀμαρτάνεις.

Φ. ἐξαμαρτάνω δικάζων;

ΒΔ. καταγελώμενος μὲν οὖν οὐκ ἐπάτεις ὑπ' ἄνδρῶν, οὔς σὺ μόνον οὐ προσκυνεῖς. ἀλλὰ δουλεύων λέληθας.

Φ. παῦε δουλείαν λέγων, ὡς ἄρχω τῶν ἀπάντων.

ΒΔ. οὐ σὺ γ', ἀλλ' ὑπηρετεῖς οἷομενος ἄρχειν· ἐπεὶ δίδαξον ἡμᾶς, ὡς πάτερ, ἦτης ἡ τιμή 'οστὶ σοι καρπουμένω τῇ 'Ελλάδα. 52

Φ. πάνυ γε· καὶ τούτοις γ' ἐπιτρέψαι θέλω.

ΒΔ. καὶ μὴν ἐγώ.

άφετε νυν ἀπαντες αὐτὸν.

Φ. καὶ ξίφος γε μοι δότε.

α. A great epicure; cf. A. 887; P. 1008.

456
Live a life of ease and splendour, 

live like Morychus, you see

Straight I'm charged with Tyrant leanings,

charged with foul conspiracy.

PH. Yes, by Zeus, and very justly.

Not for pigeon's milk in store

I the pleasant life would barter

which you let me lead no more.

Nought I care for eels and rayfish:

daintier food to me would seem

Just a little, tiny lawsuit,

dished and stifled in its steam.

BD. Yes, for that's the sort of dainty

you, by Zeus, have loved so long.

Yet I think I'll soon convince you

that your mode of life is wrong,

If you can but once be silent,

and to what I say give heed

PH. I am wrong to be a dicast!

BD. Laughed to utter scorn indeed,

Mocked by men you all but worship,

for you can't their treachery see,

You're a slave, and yet don't know it.

PH. Name not slavery to me:

I am lord of all, I tell you.

BD. You're the veriest drudge, I vow,

Thinking that you're lord of all. For

come, my father, teach us now,

If you reap the fruits of Hellas,

what's the benefit to you?

PH. Willingly. Let these be umpires.

BD. I'll accept their judgement too.

Now then all at once release him.

PH. And besides a sword supply,
ARISTOPHANES

ηὺν γὰρ ἤττηθὼ λέγων σοι, περιπεσούμαι τῷ ξίφει.

ΒΔ. εἰπὲ μοι, τί δ′ ἢν, τὸ δεῖνα, τῇ διαίτῃ μὴ μμένης;

ΦΙ. μηδέποτε πίομι ἄκρατον μισθὸν ἀγαθοῦ δαίμονος. 52

ΧΟ. νῦν δὲ τὸν ἐκ θημετέρου

γυμνασίου λέγεω τι δεῖ

κανόν, ὡπως φανήσει

ΒΔ. ἐνεγκάτω μοι δεῦρο τὴν κίστην τις ὡς τάχυστα. 53

ἀτὰρ φανεῖ ποιῶς τις ὡς, ἢν ταῦτα παρακελεύῃ.

ΧΟ. μὴ κατὰ τὸν νεανίαν
tόνδε λέγεων. ὅρᾶς γὰρ ὡς

σοι μέγας ἔστ᾿ ἀγών νῦν

καὶ περὶ τῶν ἀπάντων,

ἐπερ, δ᾿ μὴ γένοιθ’, οὐδε-

tός σ᾿ ἐθέλει κρατήσαι.

ΒΔ. καὶ μὴν ὅσ᾿ ἄν λέεις γ᾿ ἀπλῶς μνημόσυνα γράψομαι ἡγὼ.

ΦΙ. τί γὰρ φάθ᾿ ὑμεῖς, ἢν ὅδι με τῷ λόγῳ κρατήσῃ;

ΧΟ. οὐκέτι πρεσβυτῶν ὄχλος

χρήσιμος ἔστ᾿ οὐδ᾿ ἀκαρήν

σκωπτόμενοι δ᾿ ἐν ταῖς ὀδοῖς

βαλλοφόροι καλούμεθ᾿, ἀν-

τωμοσίων κελύφη.

ἀλλ᾿ ὦ περὶ τῆς πάσης μέλλων βασιλείας ἀντι-

λογήσεων

tῆς ἡμετέρας, νυνὶ θαρρῶν πᾶσαν γλῶτταν

βασάνιζε.

---

a μισθὸν is substituted for οἶνον; a cup of undiluted wine to the toast of Happy Fortune was the final cup at a feast.
b "Alluding to the decrepit old men who carried olive branches in the Panathenaic processions"; R.
c ἀντωμοσίαι are preliminary affidavits, in which the prosecutor asserted, and the defendant denied, the truth of the charge.

458
If in this dispute I'm worsted,
here upon this sword I'll die.

**BD.** But suppose you won't their final
(what's the phrase) award obey?

**PH.** May I never drink thereafter,
pure and neat, good fortune's—pay.*

**CH.** Now must the champion, going
Out of our school, be showing
Keen wit and genius new,

**BD.** Bring forth my memorandum-book:
bring forth my desk to write in.
I'll quickly show you what you're like,
if that's your style of fighting.

**CH.** In quite another fashion
To aught this youth can do.
Stern is the strife and anxious
For all our earthly good,
If he intends to conquer,
Which Heaven forfend he should.

**BD.** Now I'll observe his arguments,
and take a note of each.

**PH.** What would you say, if he to-day
should make the conquering speech?

**CH.** Ah! should that mischance befall us,
Our old troop were nothing worth:
In the streets with ribald mirth
Idle boys would dotards call us,
Fit for nought but olive-bearing,*
Shrivelled husks of counter swearing.*

O friend upon whom it devolves to plead
the cause of our Sovereign Power to-day,
Now show us your best; now bring to the test
each trick that an eloquent tongue can play.
καὶ μὴν εὐθὺς γ’ ἀπὸ βαλβίδων περὶ τῆς ἀρχῆς ἀποδείξω
τῆς ἠμετέρας ὡς οὐδεμᾶς ἦττων ἐστὶν βασιλείας.
τί γὰρ εὐδαίμον καὶ μακαριστὸν μᾶλλον νῦν ἐστὶ δικαστοῦ,
ἡ τρυφερώτερον, ἡ δεινότερον ζῶον, καὶ ταῦτα γέροντος;
ὅν πρῶτα μὲν ἔρρηστ’ ἐξ εὐνῆς τηροῦσ’ ἐπὶ τοῖς
δρυφάκτοις ἀνδρεῖς μεγάλοι καὶ τετραπηχεῖς· κάπετ’ εὐθὺς
προσήντι ἐμβάλλει μοι τὴν χεῖρ’ ἀπαλῆν, τῶν δημοσίων
κεκλοφυίαν· ἰκετεύουσαν θ’ ὑποκύπτοντες, τὴν φωνὴν οἰκτρο-
χουντες·
"οἰκτειρόν μ’, ὦ πάτερ, αὐτοῦμαι σ’, εἰ καύτος
πῦτος” ᾧφειλον
ἀρχὴν ἀρξας ἡ ’πὶ στρατιᾶς τοῖς ἔωςήτους
ἀγοράζων‘;
ἂν ἐμ’ οὔδ’ ἄν ζῶντ’ θεῖεν, εἰ μὴ διὰ τὴν προτέραν
ἀπόφυξεν.

ΒΔ. τούτι περὶ τῶν ἀντιβολοῦντων ἐστὼ τὸ μνημόσυνὸν
μοι.

ΦΙ. εἰτ’ ἑσελθὼν ἀντιβοληθεὶς καὶ τὴν ὀργὴν ἀπο-
μορχθεὶς,

ἐνδον τούτων ὃν ἂν φάσκω πάντων οὐδὲν πεποίηκα,
ἀλλ’ ἀκροώμαι πᾶσας φωνὰς ἕντων εἰς ἀπόφυξιν.
φέρ’ ἰδῶ, τί γὰρ οὐκ ἔστιν ἀκοῦσαι θώπευμ’
ἐνταῦθα δικαστῆ;·
οἱ μὲν γ’ ἀποκλάονται πενίαν αὐτῶν καὶ προστιθέασιν

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*“In the next 180 lines Aristophanes sets before us the entire process of an Athenian arbitration”: R.*

460
Away, away, like a racer gay,
I start at once from the head of the lists,
To prove that no kinglier power than ours
in any part of the world exists.
Is there any creature on earth more blest,
more feared and petted from day to day,
Or that leads a happier, pleasanter life,
than a Justice of Athens, though old and grey?
For first when rising from bed in the morn,
to the criminal Court betimes I trudge,
Great six-foot fellows are there at the rails,
in anxious haste to salute their Judge.
And the delicate hand, which has dipped so deep
in the public purse, he claps into mine,
And he bows before me, and makes his prayer,
and softens his voice to a pitiful whine:
O pity me, pity me, Sire, he cries,
if you ever indulged your longing for pelf,
When you managed the mess on a far campaign,
or served some office of state yourself.
The man would never have heard my name,
if he had not been tried and acquitted before.

(Writing) I'll take a note of the point you make,
that suppliant fellows your grace implore.

So when they have begged and implored me enough,
and my angry temper is wiped away,
I enter in and I take my seat,
and then I do none of the things I say.
I hear them utter all sorts of cries
design'd expressly to win my grace,
What won't they utter, what don't they urge,
to coax a Justice who tries their case?
Some vow they are needy and friendless men,
and over their poverty wail and whine,
κακὰ πρὸς τοῖς οὕσων, ἔως ἀνιῶν ἀνισώσῃ τοῖσιν ἐμοῖσιν. 56
οἱ δὲ λέγουσιν μύθους ἠμῖν, οἱ δ' Ἀἰσώπου τι γέλουσιν.
οἱ δὲ σκόπτουσ', ἵν' ἐγὼ γελάσω καὶ τὸν θυμὸν κατάθωμαι.
κἂν μὴ τούτοις ἀναπειθώμεσθα, τὰ παιδάρι' εὐθὺς ἀνέλκει,
tὰς θηλείας καὶ τοὺς νιεῖς, τῆς χειρὸς, ἐγὼ δ' ἀκροώμαι.
tὰ δὲ συγκυπτονθ' ἀμα βληχάται· κἀπειθ' ὁ πατήρ ὑπὲρ αὐτῶν
ὠσπερ θεον ἀντιβολεὶ με τρέμων τῆς εὐθύνης ἀπολύσαι.
“ἐι μὲν χαῖρεις ἀρνὸς φωνῆ, παιδὸς φωνήν ἐλεήσαις.”
ἐι δ' αὐτὸς χοιριδίοις χαῖρω, θυγατρὸς φωνῆ με πιθέσαι.
χήμεις αὐτῷ τότε τῆς ὀργῆς ὄλιγον τὸν κόλλοπ᾽ ἀνείμεν.
ἀρ' οὖ μεγάλη τοῦτ' ἐστ' ἀρχὴ καὶ τοῦ πλοῦτου καταχήνη;
ΒΔ. δεύτερον ἂν σου τοὐτὶ γράφομαι, τὴν τοῦ πλοῦτου καταχήνην.
καὶ τάγαθά μοι μέμνησο' ἄχεις φάσκων τῆς Ἑλλάδος ἄρχειν.
Φ1. παίδων τοίνυν δοκιμαζομένων αἴδοια πάρεστι θεᾶσθαι.
κἂν Οἰαγρός εἰσέλθῃ φεύγων, οὐκ ἀποφεύγει πρὶν ἂν ἠμῖν

a He addresses the dicast as if he were a deity delighting in
And reckon up hardships, false and true,
till he makes them out to be equal to mine.
Some tell us a legend of days gone by,
   or a joke from Aesop witty and sage,
Or jest and banter, to make me laugh,
   that so I may doff my terrible rage.
And if all this fails, and I stand unmoved,
   he leads by the hand his little ones near,
He brings his girls and he brings his boys;
   and I, the Judge, am composed to hear.
They huddle together with piteous bleats:
   while trembling above them he prays to me,
Prays as to a God his accounts to pass,
   to give him a quittance, and leave him free.
If thou lovest a bleating male of the flock,\(^a\)
   O lend thine ear to this boy of mine:
Or pity this sweet little delicate girl,
   if thy soul delights in the squeaking of swine.
So then we relax the pitch of our wrath,
   and screw it down to a peg more low.
Is this not a fine dominion of mine,
   a derision of wealth with its pride and show?

BD. (Writing) A second point for my note-book that,
   a derision of wealth with its show and its pride.
Go on to mention the good you get
   by your empire of Hellas so vast and wide.

PH. 'Tis ours to inspect the Athenian youths,
   when we enter their names on the rolls of men.
And if ever Oeagrus\(^b\) gets into a suit,
   be sure that he'll never get out again

the sacrifice of lambs and swine; but \(\alpha \rho \nu \beta \sigma\) is intended to suggest \(\alpha \rho \rho \varepsilon \nu \sigma\) and \(\chi \omega \mu \iota \delta \iota \alpha\) the use of the word in 1353; cf. A. 769 n.
\(^b\) An actor who took a part in the \(\mathrm{Niobe}\) of Aeschylus or that of Sophocles.
ἐκ τῆς Νικήθης εἴπη δήσων τὴν καλλιστὴν ἀπολέξας. καὶ αὐλητῆς γε δίκην νικᾶ, ταύτης ἡμῖν ἐπίχειρα ἐν φορβεῖα τοῖς δικασταῖς ἐξοδον ηὔλησ' ἀποιῶσων. καὶ ἀποθνῄσκων ὁ πατὴρ τὼ δῷ καταλείπων παὶδ' ἐπίκληρον,
κλάειν ἡμεῖς μακρὰ τὴν κεφαλήν εἰπόντες τῇ διαθήκῃ
cαὶ τῇ κόγχῃ τῇ πάνυ σεμνῶς τοῖς σημείοις]
ἐπούσῃ,
ἐδομεν ταύτην ὅστις ἂν ἡμᾶς ἀντιβολήσας ἀναπείσῃ.
καὶ ταῦτ' ἀνυπεύθυνοι δρῶμεν· τῶν δ' ἄλλων ὄνδεμι' ἄρχῃ.

BD. τούτι γὰρ τοὶ σε μόνον τούτων ὅν εἰρηκας μα-
καρίζων.

Τῆς δ' ἐπικλήρου τὴν διαθήκην ἄδικεῖς ἀνα-
κογχυλάζων.

Π. ἔτι δ' ἡ βουλή χω δήμος ὅταν κρίναι μέγα πράγμ' ἀπορήσῃ,
ἐψήφισται τοὺς ἄδικοιντας τοῖς δικασταῖς παρα-
δοῦναι:

Εἴτ' Εὐαθλος χω μέγας οὔτος Κολακώνυμος ἀσπιδαποβλῆς
οὐχὶ προδώσειν ἡμᾶς φᾶσιν, περὶ τοῦ πλῆθους δὲ μαχεῖσθαι.
καὶ τῷ δήμῳ γνώμην οὔδεὶς πῶς ποτ' ἐνίκησεν,
ἐὰν μὴ

Π. ἔπιτ' τὰ δικαστήρ' ἀφεῖναι πρῶτιστα μίαν δικά-
σαντας.

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"κόγχαι were little cases or capsules which Athenian law-
stationers placed over seals to preserve them from damage": R.
i.e. Cleonymus; cf. 16. He and Evathlus, like Theorus
and Euphemius, are minor demagogues, satellites of Cleon.
464
THE WASPS, 580–595

Till he give us a speech from his Niobe part, selecting the best and the liveliest one.
And then if a piper gain his cause, he pays us our price for the kindness done, By piping a tune with his mouth-band on, quick march as out of the Court we go.
And what if a father by will to a friend his daughter and heiress bequeath and bestow,
We care not a rap for the Will, or the cap \(^a\) which is there on the seal so grand and sedate,
We bid them begone, and be hanged, and ourselves take charge of the girl and her worthy estate;
And we give her away to whoever we choose, to whoever may chance to persuade us: yet we,
Whilst other officials must pass an account, alone from control and accounting are free.

BD. Ay that, and that only, of all you have said, I own is a privilege lucky and rare,
But uncapping the seal of the heiress's will seems rather a shabby and doubtful affair.

PH. And if ever the Council or People have got a knotty and difficult case to decide,
They pass a decree for the culprits to go to the able and popular Courts to be tried:
Evathlus, and He! the loser of shields, the fawning, the great Cowardonymus \(^b\) say "They'll always be fighting away for the mob,"
"the people of Athens they'll never betray."
And none in the People a measure can pass, unless he propose that the Courts shall be free,
Dismissed and discharged for the rest of the day when once we have settled a single decree. \(^c\)

\(^a\) Cf. K. 50 n.
αὐτὸς δ' ὁ Κλέων ὁ κεκραξιδάμας μόνον ἡμᾶς οὐ περιτρώγει,
アルバム φυλάττει διὰ χειρὸς ἐχὼν καὶ τὰς μυίας ἀπαμύνει.
σὺ δὲ τὸν πατέρ' οὗδ' ὅτι οὗν τοῦτων τὸν σαντοῦ πώποτ' ἐδρασάς.
アルバム Ὀψωρος, καίτουστιν ἀνήρ Εὐφημίου οὐδὲν ἐλάττων,
τὸν σπόγγον ἐχὼν ἐκ τῆς λεκάνης τάμβαδι' ἡμῶν περικωνεί.
σκέψαι μ' ἀπὸ τῶν ἀγαθῶν οἷων ἀποκλείεις καὶ κατερύκεις,
ἡν δουλείαιν οὐσαν ἐφασκες καὶ ὑπηρεσίαν ἀπο- δείξεως.

ΒΔ. ἐμπλησο λέγων' πάντως γάρ τοι παῦσει ποτὲ κάναφανήσει
πρωκτὸς λουτροῦ περιγυνώμενος τῆς ἀρχῆς τῆς περισσέμουν.

ΦΙ. ὁ δὲ γ' ἡδιστον τοῦτων ἐστὶν πάντων, οὐ γὰρ
'πιλελήσμην,
ὅταν οἶκαν ἱω τῶν μισθῶν ἐχὼν, καὶ εἰσῆκονθ' ἀμα πάντες
ἀσπάζωνται διὰ τάργύριον, καὶ πρῶτα μὲν ἡ
θυγάτηρ με
ἀπονίζῃ καὶ τῶ πόδ' ἀλείφῃ καὶ προσκύψασα
φιλήσῃ,
καὶ παππίζουσ' ἀμα τῇ γλώττῃ τὸ τρυῳβολον
ἐκκαλαμάται,
καὶ τὸ γύναιὸν μ' ὑποθωπεύσαν φυστὴν μᾶζαν
προσθέγει.
THE WASPS, 596-610

Yea, Cleon the Bawler and Brawler himself,
at us, and us only, to nibble forbears,
And sweeps off the flies that annoy us, and still
with a vigilant hand for our dignity cares.
You never have shown such attention as this,
or displayed such a zeal in your father's affairs.
Yet Theorus, a statesman as noble and grand
as lordly Euphemius, runs at our call
And whips out a sponge from his bottle, and stoops,
to black and to polish the shoes of us all.
Such, such is the glory, the joy, the renown,
from which you desire to retain and withhold me,
And this you will show, this Empire of mine,
to be bondage and slavery merely, you told me.

BD. Ay, chatter your fill, you will cease before long:
and then I will show that your boasted success
Is just the success of a tail that is washed, going back to its filth and its slovenliness.

PH. But the nicest and pleasantest part of it all
is this, which I'd wholly forgotten to say,
'Tis when with my fee in my wallet I come,
returning home at the close of the day,
O then what a welcome I get for its sake;
my daughter, the darling, is foremost of all,
And she washes my feet and anoints them with care,
and above them she stoops, and a kiss lets fall,
Till at last by the pretty Papas of her tongue
she angles withal my three-obol away.
Then my dear little wife, she sets on the board
nice manchets of bread in a tempting array,

\*Unknown, but regarded by Aristophanes as "still more despicable than Theorus, who is obviously intended to be insulted by the comparison": R.

\*ό γάρ πρωκτὸς πλυνόμενος περιγυνεῖ τῆς καθάρσεως καὶ ἐτὶ μολύνεται: Schol.
καπετα καθεξομενη παρε' εμοι προσαναγκαζη, "φαγε τοντι, 
εντραγε τοντι." τουτουσιν εγω γανυμαι, και μη 
με δεση 
es se βλεψαι και τον ταμιαν, οποτ' αριστον 
παραθησει 
καταρασαμενος και τουθοχοσας. αλλη' ην μη μοι 
tαχυ μαξη, 
tαδε κεκτημαι προβλημα κακων, σκευην βελεων 
αλεωρην.
καν οηνον μοι μη γχησ συ πιειν, τον οηνον τονδ' 
εσκεκομιμαι 
οηνον μεστον, κατ' εγχεομαι κλινας. ουτος δε 
κεκηνως 
βρωμησαμενος του σου δινου μεγα και στρατιων 
kατεπαρδεν.
αρ' ου μεγαλην αρχην αρχω και του Διος ουδεν 
ελαττων,
οστις ακουω ταυθ' απερ ο ζευς; 
ην γοιν ημεις θορυβησωμεν, 
pas tis φησιν των παριοντων, "ολον βροντα το δικασηριων, 
ο ζευ βασιλευ;" 
καν αστραιω, ποππυζουσιν, 
καγκεχοδαιν μ' οι πλουτουντε 
kαι πανω σεινοι.
και συ δεδοικασ με μαλιστ' αυτος. 
νη την Δημητρα, δεδοικας. εγω δ' 
apoloημην, ει σε δεδοικα.
And cosily taking a seat by my side,
with loving entreaty constrains me to feed;
I beseech you taste this, I implore you try that.

This, this I delight in, and ne'er may I need
To look to yourself and your pantler, a scrub
who, whenever I ask him my breakfast to set,
Keeps grumbling and murmuring under his breath.

No! no! if he haste not a manchet to get,
Lo here my defence from the evils of life,
my armour of proof, my impregnable shield.
And what if you pour me no liquor to drink,
yet here's an old Ass,\(^a\) full of wine, that I wield,
And I 'tilt him, and pour for myself, and imbibe;
whilst sturdy old Jack, as a bumper I drain,

Lets fly at your goblet a bray of contempt,
a mighty and masterful snort of disdain.

Is this not a fine dominion of mine?
Is it less than the empire of Zeus?
Why the very same phrases, so grand and divine,
For me, as for Him, are in use.
For when we are raging loud and high
In stormy, tumultuous din,
O Lord! O Zeus! say the passers-by,
How thunders the Court within!
The wealthy and great, when my lightnings glare,
Turn pale and sick, and mutter a prayer.\(^b\)
You fear me too: I protest you do:
Yes, yes, by Demeter I vow 'tis true.
But hang me if I am afraid of you.

---
\(^a\) A wine-flagon shaped like an ass, or an ass's head. In 617 
\(\kappa\varepsilon\chi\nu\nu\nu\acute{\omega}s = \) "with its jaws wide open like a donkey braying." : R.
\(^b\) "A Greek or Roman when alarmed by a thunderstorm was accustomed to make with his lips a clucking or popping noise, as a sort of charm to avert the danger" : R.
ARISTOPHANES

xo. οὐπώποθ' οὕτω καθαρῶς [ἀντ.
οὐδένος ἥκουσαμεν οὐ-
δὲ ξυνετῶς λέγοντος.

Φι. οὐκ, ἀλλ' ἐρήμας ὦθ' οὕτως ράδιως τρυγήσειν
καλῶς γὰρ ἦδειν ὡς ἑγὼ ταύτῃ κράτιστος εἰμι. 63

xo. ὃς δ' ἐπὶ πάντ' ἐλήλυθεν
κοῦδέν παρῆλθεν, ὡστ' ἐγὼν'
ηὔζανόμην ἄκουὼν,
καὶ μακάρων δικάζειν
αὐτὸς ἔδοξα νῆσοις,
هةόμενος λέγοντι.

Φι. ὃς οὕτως ἦδη σκορδινᾶται κάστιν οὐκ ἐν αὐτῷ.
ἡ μὴν ἑγὼ σε τήμερον σκύτη βλέπειν ποιήσω.

xo. δεῖ δὲ σε παντοίας πλέκειν
εἰς ἀπόφυξιν παλάμας.
τὴν γὰρ ἐμὴν ὄργῃν πεπᾶ-
ναι χαλεπόν [νεανία]
μὴ πρὸς ἐμοῦ λέγοντι.

πρὸς ταῦτα μύλην ἀγαθὴν ὤρα ζητεῖν σοι καὶ
νεόκοπτον
(ἡν μὴ τι λέγης), ἢτις δυνατή τὸν ἐμὸν θυμὸν
κατερείξαι.

βδ. χαλεπὸν μὲν καὶ δεινῆς γνώμης καὶ μείζονος ἂ
πὶ τρυγφῶδοῖς,
ἀσασθαί νόσον ἀρχαίαν ἐν τῇ πόλει ἐντετοκύιων.
ἀτάρ, ὃ πάτερ ἡμέτερε Κρούιδη

Φι. παῦσαι καὶ μὴ πατέριζε.

* Philoecleon (621 seq.) had arrogated to himself the attributes of Zeus, and so B. addresses him in the language Athene uses to Zeus in Homer (Il. viii. 313; Od. i. 45); but P. will have none of his "befathering."
ch. I never, no, I never
Have heard so clear and clever
And eloquent a speech—

PH. Ay, ay, he thought he'd steal my grapes,
   and pluck them undefended,
   For well he knew that I'm in this
   particularly splendid.

CH. No topic he omitted,
   But he duly went through each.
I waxed in size to hear him
   Till with ecstasy possessed
Methought I sat a-judging
   In the Islands of the Blest.

PH. See how uneasily he stands,
   and gapes, and shifts his ground.
   I warrant, sir, before I've done,
   you'll look like a beaten hound.

CH. You must now, young man, be seeking
   Every, turn and every twist
   Which can your defence assist.
   To a youth against me speaking
   Mine's a heart 'tis hard to render
   (So you'll find it) soft and tender.
   And therefore unless you can speak to the point,
   you must look for a millstone handy and good,
Fresh hewn from the rock, to shiver and shock
   the unyielding grit of my resolute mood.

BD. Hard were the task, and shrewd the intent,
   for a Comedy-poet all too great
To attempt to heal an inveterate, old
   disease engrained in the heart of the state.
   Yet, O dread Cronides, Father and Lord,

PH. Stop, stop, don't talk in that father-me way,
ARISTOPHANES

ei μή γὰρ ὡς δουλεύω γάρ, τούτη ταχέως με διδάξεις,
oük ἔστιν ὡς οὖχί τεθνήξει, κἂν χρῆ σπλάγχνων

μ' ἀπέχεσθαι.

ΒΔ. ἀκρόασαι νυν, ὦ παππίδιον, χαλάσας ὀλίγον τὸ

μέτωπον:
καὶ πρῶτον μὲν λόγισαι φαύλως, μὴ ψήφοις, ἀλλ' ἀπὸ χειρός,
τὸν φόρον ἡμῖν ἀπὸ τῶν πόλεων συλλήβδην τὸν

προσόντα:
κάξω τούτου τὰ τέλη χωρίς καὶ τὰς πολλὰς

ἐκατοστάσας,
πρωτανεία, μέταλλ', ἁγοράς, λιμένας, μισθοὺς καὶ

dημιοπρατα.

τούτων πλήρωμα τάλαντ' ἐγγὺς δισχίλια γίγνεται

ἡμῖν.
ἀπὸ τούτου νυν κατάθες μισθὸν τοῖς δικασταῖς

ἐνιαυτοῦ,
ἐξ χιλιάσων, κοῦπω πλείους ἐν τῇ χώρᾳ κατένασθεν,

γίγνεται ἡμῖν ἑκατὸν δήπου καὶ πεντήκοντα
tάλαντα.

ΦΙ. οὐδ' ἡ δεκάτη τῶν προσιόντων ἡμῖν ἅρ' ἐγίγνεθ'

ὁ μισθός.

ΒΔ. μὰ Δ' οὐ μέντοι.

ΦΙ. καὶ ποῖ τρέπεται δὴ 'πειτα τὰ χρήματα τάλλα; 60

ΒΔ. ἐς τούτους τούς, "οὐχὶ προδώσω τὸν Ἀθηναίων

κολοσσυρτόν,

ἀλλὰ μαχοῦμαι περὶ τοῦ πλήθους ἁεί." σὺ γὰρ,

ὦ πάτερ, αὐτοὺς

ἄρχειν αἴρει σαυτοῦ, τούτους τοῖς ρηματίοις

περιπεθεῖς.

a i.e. as polluted by homicide.
Convince me at once that I’m only a slave,  
    or else I protest you shall die this day
Albeit I then must ever abstain
    from the holy flesh of the victims slain.  

BD. Then listen my own little pet Papa,
    and smooth your brow from its frowns again.
And not with pebbles precisely ranged,
    but roughly thus on your fingers count
The tribute paid by the subject States,
    and just consider its whole amount;
And then, in addition to this, compute
    the many taxes and one-per-cents,
The fees and the fines, and the silver mines,
    the markets and harbours and sales and rents.
If you take the total result of the lot,
    ’twill reach two thousand talents or near.
And next put down the Justices’ pay,
    and reckon the sums they receive a year:
Six thousand Justices, count them through,
    there dwell no more in the land as yet,
One hundred and fifty talents a year
    I think you will find is all they get.

PH. Then not one tithe of our income goes
    to furnish forth the Justices’ pay.

BD. No, certainly not.

PH. And what becomes
    of all the rest of the revenue, pray?

BD. Why, bless you, it goes to the pockets of those,

To the rabble of Athens I’ll ever be true,
I’ll always battle away for the mob.  

O father, my father, ’tis owing to you:
By such small phrases as these cajoled,
    you lift them over yourselves to reign.

  b He refers to P.’s words in 593.
καθ' οὗτοι μὲν δωροδοκοῦσιν κατὰ πεντήκοντα
tάλαντα
ἀπὸ τῶν πόλεων, ἐπαπειλοῦντες τοιαύτη κάνα-
φοβοῦντες,
"δώσετε τὸν φόρον, ἡ βροντήσας τὴν πόλιν ὑμῶν ἀνατρέψω.")
οὐ δὲ τῆς ἀρχῆς ἀγαπᾶς τῆς σῆς τοὺς ἀργελόφους
περιτρώγων.
oἱ δὲ ξύμμαχοι ὡς ἠσθηνότα τὸν μὲν σύρφακα τὸν
ἀλλον
ἐκ κηθαρίου λαγαριζόμενον καὶ τραγαλίζοντα τὸ
μηδέν,
οἷς μὲν ἠγοῦνται Κόννου ψῆφον, τούτους δὲ
δωροφοροῦν
ὕρχας, οἶνον, δάπιδας, τυρόν, μέλι, σήσαμα,
προσκεφάλαια,
φιάλας, χλανίδας, στεφάνους, ὄρμους, ἑκπώματα,
πλούθυνειάν·
οὐδὲις οὐδὲ σκορόδομον κεφαλῆν τοῖς ἐψητοῖς
δίδωσιν.

ΦΙ. μᾶ Δί' ἄλλα παρ' Εὐχαρίδου καῦτος τρεῖς ὑ'
ἐγλυθας μετέπεμψα.
ἀλλ' αὐτήν μοι τὴν δουλείαν οὐκ ἀποφαίνων
ἀποκναίεις.

ΒΔ. οὗ γὰρ μεγάλη δουλεία 'στὶν τούτους μὲν ἀπαντᾷς
ἐν ἀρχαῖς
αὐτοὺς τ' εἶναι, καὶ τοὺς κόλακας τοὺς τούτων,
μισθοφοροῦντας;
οὐδὲ ἤν τὸν τοὺς τρεῖς ὀβολοὺς, ἀγαπᾶς· οὐς
αὐτὸς ἑλαύνων
And then, believe me, they soon contrive some fifty talents in bribes to gain, Extorting them out of the subject states, by hostile menace and angry frown:

Hand over, they say, the tribute-pay, or else my thunders shall crush your town.

You joy the while at the remnants vile, the trotters and tips of your power to gnaw. So when our knowing, acute allies

the rest, the scum of the Populace, saw On a vote-box pine, and on nothingness dine, and marked how lanky and lean ye grow, They count you all as a Connas's vote,

and ever and ever on these bestow Wines, cheeses, necklaces, sesame fruit, and jars of pickle and pots of honey, Rugs, cushions, and mantles, and cups, and crowns, and health, and vigour, and lots of money. Whilst you! from out of the broad domain for which on the land and the wave you toiled, None gives you so much as a garlic head, to flavour the dish when your sprats are boiled.

PH. That's true no doubt, for I just sent out, and bought, myself, from Eucharides three: But you wear me away by your long delay in proving my bondage and slavery.

BD. Why is it not slavery pure and neat, when these (themselves and their parasites too) Are all in receipt of their pay, God wots, as high officials of state: whilst you Must thankful be for your obols three, those obols which ye yourselves have won

\[a\] Apparently = something valueless. C. appears in K. 534 as a dissolute musician.
καὶ πεζομαχῶν καὶ πολιορκῶν ἐκτήσω, πολλὰ πονήσας.
καὶ πρὸς τούτοις ἐπιταττόμενος φοιτᾷσ, ὃ μάλιστα μ’ ἀπάγχει,
ὅταν εἰσελθὼν μειράκιόν σοι κατάπυγον, Χαίρεου νῦσ,
ὡδὶ διαβᾶς, διακινηθεὶς τῷ σώματι καὶ τρυφε-
ρανθεὶς,
ηκεν ἐπὶ πρὶν κὰν ὦρα δικάσονθ’, ὡς ὅστις ἂν
ὑμῶν
ὕστερος ἐλθῇ τοῦ σημείου, τὸ τριώβολον οὐ κομιεῖται.
αὐτὸς δὲ φέρει τὸ συνηγορικὸν, δραχμὴν, κἂν
ὑστερος ἐλθῇ.
καὶ κοινώνων τῶν ἀρχόντων ἐτέρῳ τωὶ τῶν μεθ’
εαυτοῦ,
ἡν τὸς τι διδῶ τῶν φευγόντων, ἐξυπέντε τὸ πράγμα
δ’ ὄντε
ἐσπονδάκατον, καθ’ ὃς πρίονθ’ ὃ μὲν ἔλκει, ὃ δ’
ἀντενέδωκε:
σὺ δὲ χασκάζεις τὸν κωλακρέτην· τὸ δὲ πραττό-
μενόν σε λέληθεν.

Φι. ταυτὶ με ποιοῦτ’; οὐμοι, τὶ λέγεις; ὃς μοι τὸν
θίνα ταράττεις,
καὶ τὸν νοῦν μου προσάγεις μᾶλλον, κοῦκ οἶδ’ ὃ
ti χρήμα με πουεῖς.

Βδ. σκέφται τοῖνυν ὡς ἔξον σοι πλουτεῖν καὶ τοῖσιν
ἀπασιν,
ὑπὸ τῶν ἄει δημιουρτῶν οὐκ οἶδ’ ὅποι ἐγκεκύ-
κλησαί.
In the battle's roar, by sea and by shore,
'mid sieges and miseries many a one.
But O what throttles me most of all,
is this, that under constraint you go,
When some young dissolute spark comes in,
some son of a Chaereas, a straddling—so,
With his legs apart, and his body poised,
and a mincing, soft, effeminate air,
And bids you Justices, one and all,
betimes in the morn to the Court repair,
For that any who after the signal \(^b\) come
shall lose and forfeit their obols three.
Yet come as late as he choose himself,
he pockets his drachma, “Counsel's fee.” \(^c\)
And then if a culprit give him a bribe,
he gets his fellow the job to share,
And into each other's hands they play,
and manage together the suit to square.
Just like two men at a saw they work,
and one keeps pulling, and one gives way.
While you at the Treasurer \(^d\) stare and gape,
and never observe the tricks they play.

**PH.** Is that what they do! O can it be true!
Ah me, the depths of my being are stirred,
Your statements shake my soul, and I feel
I know not how, at the things I've heard.

**BD.** And just consider when you and all
might revel in affluence, free as air,
How these same demagogues wheel you round,
and cabin and coop you I know not where.

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\(^a\) Unknown.
\(^b\) A signal hoisted for the opening of the court.
\(^c\) "A retaining fee paid to the 10 \(συρηγόροι\) appointed as public prosecutors": R.
\(^d\) One of the officers who paid the dicasts.
ARISTOPHANES

δόσις πόλεων ἄρχων πλείστων, ἀπὸ τοῦ Πόντου
μέχρι Σαρδοῦς,
οὐκ ἀπολαύεις πλὴν τοῦθ᾽ ὁ φέρεις ἀκαρῆ, καὶ
τοῦτ᾽ ἐρίω σοι
ἐνστάξουσιν κατὰ μικρὸν ἀεί, τοῦ ζῆν ἐνέχ᾽,
ὡσπερ ἠλαιον.
βούλονται γὰρ σε πένητ᾽ εἶναι καὶ τοῦθ᾽ ὡν
εἰνεκ′, ἔρω σοι,
ίνα γυγγύσκης τὸν τιθασευτήν· κἂν ὅταν οὖτος
γ᾽ ἐπισίζῃ,
ἐπὶ τῶν ἐχθρῶν τυν ἐπιρρύξας, ἀγρίως αὐτοῖς
ἐπιπηδᾶς.
εὶ γὰρ ἐβούλοντο βίον πορίσαι τῷ δήμῳ, ῥάδιον
ἥν ἄν.
eἰσίν γε πόλεις χίλιας, αἰ νῦν τὸν φόρον ἡμῖν
ἀπάγουσιν·
tούτων εἴκοσι ἄνδρας βόσκειν εἰ τις προσέταξεν
ἐκάστῃ,
δύο μυριάδες τῶν δημοτικῶν ἐξων ἐν πᾶσι λαγώσις
καὶ στεφάνοις παντοδαιμονίων καὶ πυῳ καὶ
πυρισθῇ,
ἀξία τῆς γῆς ἀπολαύσοντες καὶ τοῦ Μαραθῶνι
τροπαίου.

νῦν δ᾽ ὡσπερ ἠλαιόλογον χωρεῖθ᾽ ἀμα τῷ τὸν
μυθὸν ἔχοντι.

φι. οἴμοι, τί ποθ᾽ ὡσπερ νάρκη μου κατὰ τῆς χειρὸς
καταχεῖται,
καὶ τὸ ἔβελος οὐ δύναμαι κατέχειν, ἀλλ᾽ ἦδη
μαλθακός εἰμι.

βδ. ἀλλ᾽ ὅπωταν μὲν δείσωσ᾽ αὐτοῖ, τὴν Εὐβοίαν
διδόσασιν

*Sardinia.*
And you, the lord of such countless towns,
from Pontus to Sardo, a nought obtain
Save this poor pittance you earn, and this
they dole you in driblets, grain by grain,
As though they were dropping oil from wool,
as much forsooth as will life sustain.
They mean you all to be poor and gaunt,
and I'll tell you, father, the reason why.
They want you to know your keeper's hand;
and then if he hiss you on to fly
At some helpless foe, away you go,
with eager vehemence ready and rough.
Since if they wished to maintain you well,
the way to do it were plain enough.
A thousand cities our rule obey,
a thousand cities their tribute pay,
Allot them twenty Athenians each,
to feed and nourish from day to day,
And twice ten thousand citizens there,
are living immersed in dishes of hare,
With creams and beestings and sumptuous fare,
and garlands and coronals everywhere,
Enjoying a fate that is worthy the state,
and worthy the trophy on Marathon plain.
Whilst now like gleaners b ye all are fain
to follow along in the paymaster's train.

PH. O what can this strange sensation mean,
this numbness that over my hand is stealing?
My arm no longer can hold the sword:
I yield, unmanned, to a womanish feeling.

BD. Let a panic possess them, they're ready to give
Euboea at once for the State to divide,c

b Lit. "olive-gatherers"; needy folk like our hop-pickers.
c i.e. to portion it out among you in "allotments" as κληροδόχοι.
ARISTOPHANES

ὑμῖν καὶ σίτον ύφίστανται κατὰ πεντήκοντα μεδίμνους
ποριεῖν· ἐδοσαν δὲ οὐπώποτέ σοι, πλὴν πρώην
πέντε μεδίμνους,
καὶ ταῦτα μόλις ξενίας φεύγων ἔλαβες κατὰ
χοίνικα, κριθῶν.
ἀν εἶνεκ’ ἐγὼ σ’ ἀπέκλειον ἄει,
βόσκειν ἐθέλων καὶ μὴ τούτους
ἐγχάσκειν σοι στομφάζοντας.
καὶ νῦν ἀτεχνώς ἐθέλω παρέχειν
ὅ τι βούλει σοι,
πλὴν κωλακρέτου γάλα πίνειν.

χο. ἦ που σοφὸς ἦν ὀστίς ἔφασκεν, “πρὶν ἂν ἄμφοὶ
μῶθον ἀκούσης,
οὐκ ἂν δικάσαις.” οὐ γὰρ οὖν νῦν μοι νικᾶν
πολλῶν δεδόκησαι.
ὡστ’ ἦδη τὴν ὀργὴν χαλάσας τοὺς σκίπωνας
καταβάλλω.

ἀλλ’ ὃ τῆς ἡλικίας ἦμῖν τῆς αὐτῆς συνθιασάτα,
πιθοῦ πιθοῦ λόγοισι, μηδ’ ἀφρων γένη, [στρ.
μηδ’ ἀτενής ἄγαν ἀτεράμων τ’ ἀνήρ.
εἴδ’ ὠφελέν μοι κηδεμῶν ἥ ἔγγενής
εἰναί τις ὀστίς τουαῦτ’ ἐνουθέτει.
σοὶ δὲ νῦν τις θεῶν
παρὰ νέμφανῆς
ἐξυλλαμβάνει τοῦ πράγματος,
καὶ δῆλος ἐστιν εὗ ποιῶν
σὺ δὲ παρὰν δέχου.

βδ. καὶ μὴν θρέψω γ’ αὐτὸν παρέχων
ὅσα πρεσβύτη ξύμφορα, χόνδρον

480
And engage to supply for every man
full fifty bushels of wheat beside.
But five poor bushels of barley each
is all that you ever obtained in fact,
And that doled out by the quart, while first
they worry you under the Alien Act.¹
And therefore it was that I locked you away
To keep you in ease; unwilling that these
With empty mouthings your age should bilk.
And now I offer you here to-day
Without any reserve whatever you please,
Save only a draught of—Treasurer's milk.

ch. 'Twas a very acute and intelligent man,
whoever it was, that happened to say,
Don't make up your mind till you've heard both sides,
for now I protest you have gained the fray.
Our staves of justice, our angry mood,
for ever and ever aside we lay,
And we turn to talk to our old compeer,
our choir-companion of many a day.
Don't be a fool: give in, give in,
Nor too perverse and stubborn be;
I would to Heaven my kith and kin
Would show the like regard for me.
Some deity, 'tis plain, befriends
Your happy lot, believe, believe it;
With open arms his aid he sends,
Do you with open arms receive it.

BD. I'll give him whatever his years require,
A basin of gruel, and soft attire,

¹ You have to establish your claim with as much trouble as if
you were being prosecuted for fraudulently exercising the rights
of citizenship.

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λείχεν, χλαίναν μαλακὴν, σισύραν, πόρνην, ἦτις τὸ πέος τρίψει καὶ τὴν ὀσφὺν.

ἀλλ' ὅτι σιγᾷ κοῦδὲν γρῦζει, τοῦτ' οὐ δύναται με προσέσθαι.

χο. νενοθέτηκεν αὐτὸν ἐσ τὰ πράγμαθ', οἷς ἄντ.

τοτ' ἐπεμαίνετ' ἐγγυκε γὰρ ἀρτίως,

λογιζεταὶ τ' ἐκεῖνα πάνθ' ἀμαρτιᾶς ἂ σοῦ κελεύοντος οὐκ ἐπείθετο.

νῦν δ' ἵσως τοῖς σοῖς λόγοις πείθεται,

καὶ σωφρονεὶ μέντοι μεθιστάς ἐσ τὸ λοιπὸν τὸν τρόπον πιθόμενός τε σοι.

φι. ἰῶ μοὶ μοι.

βδ. οὔτος, τί βοᾶς;

φι. μὴ μοι τούτων μηδὲν ὑπισχυνοῦ.

κεῖνων ἔραμαι, κεῖθι γενοίμαν,

ιὼν ὁ κήρυξ φησί, "τὶς ἄψηφι-

στος; ἀνιστάσθων."

κατισταῖν ἐπὶ τοῖς κημοῖς

ψηφιζομένων ὁ τελευταῖος.

στεῦθ', ὥς ψυχῇ. ποῦ μοι ψυχῇ;

πάρες, ὥς σκιερά. μὰ τὸν Ἡρακλέα,

μὴ νῦν ἔτ' ἐγὼ 'ν τοῖς δικασταῖς

κλέπτοντα Κλέωνα λάβομι.

βδ. "Θ' ὥς πάτερ, πρὸς τῶν θεῶν, ἐμοὶ πιθοῦ.

φι. τί σοι πίθωμαι; λέγ' ὅ τι βοῦλει, πλὴν ἔνος.

βδ. ποίον; φέρ' ἵδω.

φι. τοῦ μὴ δικάζειν. τοῦτο δὲ "Αἰδης διακρίνει πρότερον ἢ 'γὼ πείσομαι.

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And a good warm rug, and a handmaid fair,
To chafe and cherish his limbs with care.
—But I can’t like this, that he stands so mute,
And speaks not a word nor regards my suit.

CH. ’Tis that his soberer thoughts review
The frenzy he indulged so long,
And (what he would not yield to you)
He feels his former life was wrong.
Perchance he’ll now amend his plan,
Unbend his age to mirth and laughter,
A better and a wiser man
By your advice he’ll live hereafter.

PH. O misery! O misery!

BD. O father, why that dolorous cry?

PH. Talk not of things like these to me! *

Those are my pleasures, there would I be
Where the Usher cries
Who has not voted? let him arise.
And O that the last of the voting band
By the verdict-box I could take my stand.
On, on, my soul! why, where is she gone?
Hah! by your leave, my shadowy one!
Zounds, if I catch when in Court I’m sitting
Cleon again a theft committing!

BD. O father, father, by the Gods comply.

PH. Comply with what? name any wish, save one.

BD. Save what, I prithee?

PH. Not to judge; but that
Hades shall settle ere my soul comply.

* "P. breaks his tragic silence, and gives utterance to a cento
of scraps from the *Hippolytus Velatus, Alcestis, Bellerophon,*
and probably other plays of Euripides"  R.
ARISTOPHANES

BD. σὺ δ' οὖν, ἔπειδὴ τοῦτο κεχάρηκας ποιῶν, ἐκείσε μὲν μηκέτι βάδιζ', ἀλλ' ἐνθάδε αὐτοῦ μένων δίκαζε τοῖσιν οἰκέταις.

ΦΙ. περὶ τοῦ; τί ληπεῖς;

BD. ταῦθ', ἀπερ ἐκεί πράττεται. ὅτι τὴν θύραν ἀνέωξεν ἡ σηκίς λάθρα, ταὐτής ἐπιβολὴν ψηφιεὶ μίαν μόνην. πάντως δὲ κάκει ταῦτ' ἐδραὰς ἐκάστοτε. καὶ ταῦτα μὲν νυν εὐλόγως, ἣν ἐξέχη εἰλη κατ' ὄρθρον, ἥλιάσει πρὸς ἦλιον. ἔὰν δὲ νύφη, πρὸς τὸ πῦρ καθήμενος, ὕοντος, εἰσεὶ κἂν ἔγρη μεσημβρινός, οὐδεὶς σ' ἀποκλείσει θεσμοθέτης τῇ κυκλίδι. ΦΙ. τούτι μ' ἀρέσκει.

BD. πρὸς δὲ τοῦτος γ', ἣν δίκην λέγη μακράν τις, οὐχὶ πεινῶν ἀναμενεῖς, δάκνων σεαυτόν καὶ τὸν ἀπολογούμενον.

ΦΙ. πῶς οὖν διαγιγνώσκειν καλῶς δυνήσομαι ὥσπερ πρότερον τὰ πράγματ', ἐτὶ μασώμενος;

BD. πολλῷ γ' ἀμεινον· καὶ λέγεται γάρ τουτογι', ὡς οἱ δικασταὶ ψευδομένων τῶν μαρτύρων μόλις τὸ πράγμα' ἐγνωσαν ἀναμασώμενοι.

ΦΙ. ἀνὰ τοῦ με πείθεις. ἀλλ' ἐκείν' οὔτω λέγεις, τὸν μυσθὸν ὁπόθεν λήψομαι.

BD. παρ' ἐμοῦ.

ΦΙ. καλῶς, ἐτικ' ἐμαυτὸν κοῦ μεθ' ἐτέρου λήψομαι. ἀὔσχιστα γάρ τοῖ μ' εἰργάσατο Λυσίστρατος ὅ σκωπτόλης. δραχμήν μετ' ἐμοῦ πρῶην λαβὼν, ἐλθὼν διεκερματίζετ' ἐν τοῖς ἧθοις,

a εὐλόγως, "appropriately." Λ. is paving the way for a double pun. "In fine weather ἥλιασε (play the Heliast) πρὸς ἦλιον, in
Well but if these are really your delights,
Yet why go There? why not remain at home
And sit and judge among your household here?

Folly! judge what?

The same as There you do.
Suppose you catch your housemaid on the sly
Opening the door: fine her for that, one drachma.
That's what you did at every sitting There.
And very aptly, a if the morning's fine,
You'll fine your culprits, sitting in the sun.
In snow, enter your judgements by the fire
While it rains on: and—though you sleep till midday,
No archon here will close the door against you.

Hah! I like that.

And then, however long
An orator proses on, no need to fast,
Worrying yourself (ay, and the prisoner too).

But do you really think that I can judge
As well as now, whilst eating and digesting?

As well? much better. When there's reckless
swearing,
Don't people say, what time and thought and trouble
It took the judges to digest the case?

I'm giving in. But you've not told me yet
How I'm to get my pay.

I'll pay you.

Good,

Then I shall have mine to myself, alone;
For once Lysistratus, the funny fool,
Played me the scurviest trick. We'd got one drachma
Betwixt us two: he changed it at the fish-stall;

wet weather εἰσεί, which is really from εἰσομαι (Pl. 647) and is
explained by the Scholiasts as δικαίος, but upon which A. plays
as if it were from εἰσείμι, 'you shall go indoors': R.
κάπετε’ ἐπέθηκε τρεῖς λοπίδας μου κεστρέων·
καγώ νέκαβ· ὀβολοὺς γὰρ ὄμην λαβεῖν·
kατα βδελυγθεῖς ὀσφρόμενος ἐξεπτυσά·
καθ’ εἶλκον αὐτόν.

βδ. ο’ δὲ τί πρὸς ταῦτ’ εἶφ’;

φι. ο’ τι;

ἀλεκτρύνοντος μ’ ἐφασκε κοιλίαν ἔχειν·
“ταχὺ γοῦν καθέσεις τάργυριον,” ἡ δ’ ὅς λέγων. 75

βδ. ὀρᾶς ὅσον καὶ τοῦτο δήτα κερδανεῖς;

φι. οὐ πάνυ τι μικρόν. ἀλλ’ ὅπερ μέλλεις ποιεῖ.

βδ. ἀνάμενε νυν· ἐγὼ δὲ ταῦθ’ ἥξω φέρων.

φι. ὁρὰ τὸ χρῆμα· τὰ λόγι’ ὦς περαίνεται.

ηκηκόεν γὰρ ὡς Ἀθηναίοι ποτε
dικάσουεν ἐπὶ ταῖς οἰκίαις ὑδίκας,
kαν τοῖς προθύροις ἀνοικοδομήσου πᾶς ἀνὴρ
αὐτῷ δικαστηρίδιον μικρὸν πάνυ,
ὡσπερ ‘Εκάταιον, πανταχοῦ πρὸ τῶν θυρῶν.

βδ. ἵδον, τί ἔτ’ ἔρεις; ὡς ἀπαντ’ ἐγὼ φέρω
ὀσσαρὲ γ’ ἐφασκον, κατὶ πολλῷ πλείονα.
ἀμίς μέν, ἥν οὐρητιάσῃς, αὖτη
παρὰ σοὶ κρεμήσετ’ ἐγγὺς ἐπὶ τοῦ παττάλου.

φι. σοφόν γε τοῦτι καὶ γέροντι πρόσφορον
ἐξεύρεσ ἀτεχνῶς φάρμακον σταραγγούριας.

βδ. καὶ πῦρ γε τοῦτι, καὶ προσέστηκεν φακῇ,
ροφεῖν ἐὰν δέη τι.

φι. τοῦτ’ αὖ δεξιόν·
κἀν γὰρ πυρέττω, τὸν γε μισθὸν λήψομαι.
αὐτοῦ μένων γὰρ τὴν φακῆν ῥοφήσομαι.
ἀτὰρ τί τὸν ὅρνιν ὦς ἐμ’ ἐξηνέγκατε;
Then laid me down three mullet scales: and I, 
I thought them obols, popped them in my mouth;  
O the vile smell! O la! I spat them out.  
And collared him.

And what said he?

BD. The rascal!

PH. He said I'd got the stomach of a cock.  
You'll soon digest hard coin, he says, says he.  
BD. Then there again you'll get a great advantage.

PH. Ay, ay, that's something: let's begin at once.

BD. Then stop a moment whilst I fetch the traps.

PH. See here now, how the oracles come true.  
Oft have I heard it said that the Athenians  
One day would try their lawsuits in their homes,  
That each would have a little Courtlet built  
For his own use, in his own porch, before  
His entrance, like a shrine of Hecate.

BD. (Bustling in with a quantity of judicial properties)  
Now then I hope you're satisfied: I've brought  
All that I promised, and a lot besides.

See here I'll hang this vessel on a peg,  
In case you want it as the suit proceeds.

PH. Now that I call extremely kind and thoughtful,  
And wondrous handy for an old man's needs.

BD. And here's a fire, and gruel set beside it,  
All ready when you want it.

PH. Good again.

Now if I'm feverish I shan't lose my pay,  
For here I'll sit, and sip my gruel too.

But why in the world have ye brought me out the cock?

a For carrying money in the mouth cf. B. 503, E. 818.

b εἰκόνας = in ius trahēbam.

c Small images or shrines of Hecate set up before the doors  
that, as representing the Moon, she might guard them at night.
ARISTOPHANES

BD. ἢνα γ', ἣν καθεύδης ἀπολογουμένου τινός, ἀδὼν ἀνωθεν ἐξεγειρή σ' οὗτοσί.

ΦΙ. ἐν ἐτὶ ποθῷ, τὰ δ' ἀλλ' ἀρέσκει μοι.

BD. τὸ τί;  

ΦΙ. θήριον εἰ πως ἐκκομίσας τὸ τοῦ Λύκου.  

BD. πᾶρεστι τοιτί, καῦτος ἀναξ οὗτοσί.

ΦΙ. ὃ δέσποτ' ἦρως, ὡς χάλεπος ἢρ' ἣσθ' ἰδεῖν.  

BD. οἶόσπερ ἦμιν φαίνεται—Κλεώνυμος.  

ΕΑ. οὔκον έχει γ' οὖθ' αὐτός ἦρως ὡν ὁπλα.  

BD. εἰ θάττον ἐκαθίζου σύ, θάττον ἃν δίκην ἐκάλουν.

ΦΙ. κάλει υνν, ὡς κάθημαι 'γω πάλαι.  

BD. φέρε νυν, τίν' αὐτῷ πρῶτον εἰσαγάγω δίκην; τί τίς κακών δέδρακε τῶν ἐν τῇ οἰκίᾳ;  

Η Ὄραττα προσκαύσασα πρώην τὴν χύτραν  

ΦΙ. ἐπίσχεσις οὗτος· ὃς ὄλγον μ' ἀπώλεσας.  

ἀνευ δρυφάκτου τὴν δίκην μέλλεις καλεῖν,  

ο πρῶτον ἦμιν τῶν ἵρων ἐφαίνετο;  

BD. μὰ τὸν Δί' οὐ πάρεστιν.

ΦΙ. ἀλλ' ἐγὼ δραμῶν  

αὐτὸς κομιοῦμαι τὸ γε παραυτίκ' ἐνδοθεν.  

BD. τί ποτε τὸ χρῆμ'; ὡς δεινὸν ἡ φιλοχωρία.  

ΕΑ. βάλλ' ἐς κόρακας. τοιουτοῦ τρέφεν κύνα.  

BD. τί δ' ἐστιν ἑτεόν;  

ΕΑ. οὐ γὰρ ὁ Λάβης ἀρτίως ὁ κύων παράξεις εἰς τὸν ὑπὸν ἀναρτάσας τροφαλίδα τυροῦ Σικελίκην κατεδήδοκεν;  

BD. τοῦτ' ἄρα πρῶτον τὸδίκημα τῷ πατρί  

eἰσακτέον μοι. οὐ δὲ κατηγόρει παρών.  

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*a Cf. 389. B. here produces a little image of him.
*b A surprise; for C. was a notorious coward; cf. 19.
*c φιλοχωρία describes the attachment to his old haunts which makes him run after “a railing” such as was used in the law

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To wake you, father, crowing over head
   In case you’re dozing whilst a prisoner pleads.
One thing I miss, and only one.

What’s that?

If you could somehow fetch the shrine of Lycus! 

Here then it is, and here’s the king in person.

O hero lord, how stern you are to see!

Almost, methinks, like our—Cleonymus.

Ay, and 'tis true the hero has no shield!

If you got seated sooner, I should sooner
   Call a suit on.

Call on, I’ve sat for ages.

Let’s see: what matter shall I bring on first?
   Who’s been at mischief of the household here?
   That careless Thratta now, she charred the pitcher.

O stop, for goodness’ sake! you’ve all but killed me.
   What! call a suit on with no railing here,
   Always the first of all our sacred things?

No more there is, by Zeus.

I’ll run myself
   And forage out whatever comes to hand.

Heyday! where now? The strange infatuation!

Psha! rot the dog! To keep a cur like this!

What’s happened now?

Why, has not Labes here
   Got to the kitchen safe, and grabbed a cheese,
   A rich Sicilian cheese, and bolted it?

Then that’s the first indictment we’ll bring on
   Before my father: you shall prosecute.

courts to separate the dicasts from the general public. If the meaning is right, the “railing” is =cancelli, from which we derive “chancellor.” While P. is gone a sudden scuffle takes place within and the voice of Xanthias is heard exclaiming at a dog.

* From λαμβάνω, like our “Grip” or “Pincher,” and with a play on Laches (cf. 240).
ARISTOPHANES

ΕΑ. μα Δι’ οὐκ ἔγωγ· ἀλλ’ ἀτερόσ φησιν Κύων κατηγορήσειν, ἥν τισ εἰσάγῃ γραφήν.
ΒΔ. ἵθι νῦν, ἀγ’ αὐτῷ δέιρο.
ΕΑ. ταῦτα χρῆ ποιεῖν.
ΒΔ. τοιτὶ τί ἐστι;
ΦΙ. χοιροκομεῖον ‘Εστίας.
ΒΔ. εἶθ’ ἱεροσυλήσας φέρεις;
ΦΙ. οὐκ, ἀλλ’ ἵνα ἀφ’ ‘Εστίας ἀρχόμενος ἐπιτρίψω τινά.
ΒΔ. φέρε νῦν, ἑνέγκω τὰς σανίδας καὶ τὰς γραφὰς.
ΦΙ. οἴμοι, διατρίβεις κάπολεῖς τρυψημερῶν· ἐγὼ δ’ ἀλοκίζειν ἐδεόμην τὸ χωρίον.
ΒΔ. ἰδού.
ΦΙ. κάλει νῦν.
ΒΔ. ταῦτα δὴ.
ΦΙ. τίς οὗτοςι ὁ πρῶτός ἐστιν;
ΒΔ. ἐς κόρακας, ὡς ἄχθομαι, ὁτὶ ἑπελαθόμην τοὺς καδίσκους ἐκφέρειν.
ΦΙ. οὗτος σὺ ποῖ θεῖς;
ΒΔ. ἐπὶ καδίσκους.
ΦΙ. μηδαμῶς.
ΒΔ. ἐγὼ γὰρ εἶχον τούσδε τοὺς ἀρυστίχους.
Κάλλιστα τοῦνν· πάντα γὰρ πάρεστι νῦν ὄσων δεόμεθα, πλὴν γε ὅτ’ ἡ τῆς κλειφύδρας.
ΦΙ. ἧδι δὲ δὴ τίς ἐστιν; οὐχὶ κλειφύδρα;
ΒΔ. εὖ γ’ ἐκπορίζεις αὐτὰ καπιχωρίως.

a Κύων = Κλέων.
b That pigs might be kept within the precincts of the house is clear from P. 1106. How the fence which encloses them is specially connected with ‘Εστία is not plain, but the name seems 490
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XA. Thank you, not I. This other Cur\(^a\) declares
    If there’s a charge, he’ll prosecute with pleasure.
BD. Bring them both here.

XA. Yes, yes, sir, so I will.
BD. (To Phil.) Hallo, what’s this?

PH. Pig-railings from the hearth.

BD. Sacrilege, eh?

PH. No, but I’d trounce some fellow
    (As the phrase goes) even from the very hearth.\(^b\)
    So call away: I’m keen for passing sentence.

BD. Then now I’ll fetch the cause-lists and the pleadings.

PH. O these delays! You weary and wear me out.
    I’ve long been dying to commence my furrows.\(^c\)

BD. Now then!
    Call on.

PH. Yes, certainly.

BD. And who
    Is first in order?

PH. Dash it, what a bother!
    I quite forgot to bring the voting-urns.

BD. Goodness! where now?
    After the urns.

PH. Don’t trouble,
    I’d thought of that. I’ve got these ladling-bowls.

BD. That’s capital: then now methinks we have
    All that we want. No, there’s no water-piece.

PH. Water-piece, quotha! pray what call you this? \(^d\)

BD. Well thought on, father: and with shrewd home wit.

introduced because at festivals the first libation was poured and
the firstlings of the sacrifice were offered to 'Eστία. Hence the
phrase ἀφ’ Ἐστίας ἀρχεσθαι came to mean "make a happy
beginning," and B. wishes to do this by "trouncing someone."

\(^{a}\) The condemning line on his πινάκιον, cf. 106 and Introd.

\(^{b}\) He points to the ἀμφίς which his son had brought, 807, and
which is to take the place of the κλεψύδρα or water-clock by which
the orators spoke.
ARISTOPHANES

The obelisk in honour of Apollo which stood in the street (ἀγνά) at the entrance.

The difficulty is that στραϊων, a boiled down wine (defrutum),
Ho, there within! some person bring me out
A pan of coals, and frankincense, and myrtle,
That so our business may commence with prayer.

CH. We too, as ye offer the prayer and wine,
     We too will call on the Powers Divine
     To prosper the work begun;
     For the battle is over and done,
     And out of the fray and the strife to-day
     Fair peace ye have nobly won.

BD. Now hush all idle words and sounds profane.

CH. O Pythian Phoebus, bright Apollo, deign
     To speed this youth's design
     Wrought here, these gates before,
     And give us from our wanderings rest
     And peace for evermore.

(The shout of Io Paean is raised.)

BD. Agueius a! my neighbour and hero and lord!
     who dwellest in front of my vestibule gate,
     I pray thee be graciously pleased to accept
     the rite that we new for my father create.
     O bend to a pliant and flexible mood
     the stubborn and resolute oak of his will.
     And into his heart, so crusty and tart,
     a trifle of honey for syrup b instil.
     Endue him with sympathies wide,
     A sweet and humane disposition,
     Which leans to the side of the wretch that is tried,
     And weeps at a culprit's petition.

is regularly described as "sweet." R. suggests that there is a
play on θυμίδιον "temper" and θυμίδιον, the diminutive of θύμος,
a herb much eaten by the Athenian poor (Pl. 253). "Mix,"
prays Bdelycleon, "honey with his temper, θυμίδιον, as he is wont
to mix mulled wine with his salad, θυμίδιον."
καὶ παυσάμενον τῆς δύσκολίας ἀπὸ τῆς ὀργῆς
τὴν ἀκαλήφην ἀφελέσθαι.

ΧΩ. ἐξευθέωμεθα [ταῦτα] σοι κἀπάδομεν νέαισιν ἄρχαις, εἶνεκα τῶν προλεγομένων.
εὖνοι γάρ ἐσμεν ἐξ οὗ τὸν δῆμον ἴσθομενθά σου φιλοῦντος ὃς οὐδεὶς ἀνήρ
tῶν γε νεωτέρων.

ΒΔ. εἰ τις θύρασιν ἠλιαστής, εἰσίτω·
ὡς ἡμίκ ἄν λέγωσιν, οὐκ ἐσφρήσομεν.

ΦΙ. τίς ἀρ' ὑ τεύγων οὔτος; ὅσον ἀλώσεται.

ΒΔ. ἀκούετ' ἦδη τῆς γραφῆς. "ἐγράψατο
Κύων Κυδαθηναίες Λάβης' Αἰξωνέα,
tὸν τυχὸν ἀδικεῖν ὅτι μόνος κατήθευν
tὸν Σικελικόν. τίμημα κλωσ σύκινος."

ΦΙ. θάνατος μὲν οὖν κύνεος, ἢν ἄπαξ ἀλῶ.

ΒΔ. καὶ μὴν ὑ τεύγων οὔτος Λάβης πάρα.

ΦΙ. ὁ μισρὸς οὔτος· ὡς δὲ καὶ κλέπτον βλέπει·
οῖον σεσημώς ἐξαπατήσεις μ' οἴεται.
ποῦ δ' οὖν ὁ διώκων, ὁ Κυδαθηναίες Κύων;

ΚΥΩΝ. αὐ ἄδ.

ΒΔ. πάρεστιν.

ΈΑ. ἐτερος οὔτος αὐ Λάβης,
ἀγαθός γ' ὑλακτεῖν καὶ διαλείχειν τὰς χύτρας.

ΒΔ. σύγα, κάθις, σὺ δ' ἀναβὰς κατηγόρει.

ΦΙ. φέρε νυν, ἀμα τῇν' ἐγχεάμενος κἀγὼ ῥοφῶ.

ΈΑ. τῆς μὲν γραφῆς ἥκουσαθ' ἢν ἐγραφάμην,
ἀνδρες δικασταί, τουτονί. δεινότατα γάρ

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a After the solemn prayers, etc. (863 seq.) the judicial proceedings now commence, B. as the κηρος or usher of the Court first making the customary proclamation.

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From harshness and anger to turn,
   May it now be his constant endeavour,
And out of his temper the stern
   Sharp sting of the nettle to sever.

CH. We in thy prayers combine, and quite give in
   To the new rule, for the aforesaid reasons.
   Our heart has stood our friend
   And loved you, since we knew
   That you affect the people more
   Than other young men do.

BD. Is any Justice out there? let him enter.\(^a\)
   We shan’t admit him when they’ve once begun.

PH. Where is the prisoner fellow? won’t he catch it!

BD. O yes! attention!  \((\text{Reads the indictment})\)
   Cur of Cydathon

   Hereby accuses Labes of Aexone,
   For that, embezzling a Sicilian cheese,
   Alone he ate it.  \(b\) Fine, one fig-tree collar.

PH. Nay, but a dog’s death, an’ he’s once convicted.

BD. Here stands, to meet the charge, the prisoner Labes.

PH. O the vile wretch!  O what a thievish look!
   See how he grins, and thinks to take me in.
   Where’s the Accuser, Cur of Cydathon?

CUR. Bow!

BD. Here he stands.

XA. Another Labes this,
   Good dog to yelp and lick the platters clean.

BD. St! take your seat.  \((\text{To Cur})\)
   Go up and prosecute.

PH. Meanwhile I’ll ladle out and sip my gruel.

XA.\(^c\) Ye have heard the charge, most honourable judges,
   I bring against him.  Scandalous the trick

\(^b\) The penalty proposed by the prosecutor.
\(^c\) Xanthias here speaks for \(K\upsilon\omega\upsilon\) \((=K\lambda\xi\omega\upsilon)\).
ARISTOPHANES

ἐργων δέδρατε κάμη καὶ τὸ ῥυτταπαῖ. ἀποδράς γὰρ ἐσ τὴν γωνίαν τυρών πολὺν κατεσυκείλε κάνεστῃ ἐν τῷ σκότῳ.

Phil. νὴ τὸν Δἰ', ἀλλὰ δὴλος ἐστ'. ἐμοιγέ τοι τυρων κάκιστον ἀρτίως ἐνήργευεν ὁ βδέλυρος οὗτος.

Exa. κοῦ μετέδωκ' αἰτοῦντι μοι. καίτοι τῆς υμᾶς εὐ ποιεῖν δυνήσηται, ἣν μή τι κάμοι τις προβάλλῃ τῷ κυνὶ;

Phil. οὐδὲν μετέδωκεν; οὐδὲ τῷ κοινῷ γ' ἐμοῖ. θερμὸς γὰρ ἁνήρ οὐδὲν ἤττον τῆς φακῆς.

Bd. πρὸς τῶν θεῶν, μὴ προκαταγιγνωσκ', ὁ πάτερ, πρὶν ἂν γ' ἀκούσῃς ἀμφοτέρων.

Phil. ἀλλ', ὄγαθε', τὸ πράγμα φανερὸν ἐστιν· αὐτὸ γὰρ βοᾷ.

Exa. μή νυν ἀφῆτε γ' αὐτόν, ὡς ὦντ' αὐ πολὺ κυνῶν ἀπάντων ἀνδρα μονοφαγίστατον, ὡστὶς περιπλέυσας τὴν θυείαν ἐν κύκλῳ ἐκ τῶν πόλεων τὸ σκύρον ἐξεδήδοκεν.

Phil. ἐμοὶ δὲ γ' οὐκ ἐστ' οὐδὲ τῆν ύδριαν πλάσαι.

Exa. πρὸς ταῦτα τοῦτον κολάσσατ' οὐ γὰρ ἂν ποτὲ τρέφειν δύναι' ἂν μία λόχημα κλέπτα δύο· ἑνα μὴ κεκλάγγω διὰ κεφῆς ἀλλως ἐγώ ἐὰν δὲ μή, τὸ λοιπὸν οὐ κεκλάγξομαι.

Phil. ίού ίοῦ.

ὅσας κατηγόρησε τὰς πανουργίας. κλέπτον τὸ χρῆμα τάνδρός· οὐ καὶ σοι δοκεῖ, ὀλεκτρυόν; νὴ τὸν Δἰ', ἐπιμύηε γ' τοι.

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a τὸ ῥυτταπαῖ, the measured cry to which sailors rowed (cf. F. 1073); here put for the sailors themselves.
b Cf. K. 1017, where Cleon claims to be the "watch-dog" of 496
He played us all, me and the Sailor-laddies.  
Alone, in a corner, in the dark, he gorged,  
And munched, and crunched, and Siciliced the cheese!

PH. Pheugh! the thing's evident: the brute this instant  
Breathed in my face the filthiest whiff of cheese.  
O the foul skunk!

XA. And would not give me any,  
Not though I asked. Yet can he be your friend  
Who won't throw anything to Me, the dog?  

PH. Not give you any! No, nor Me, the state.  
The man's a regular scorcher, (burns his mouth)  
like this gruel.

BD. Come don't decide against us, pray don't, father,  
Before you've heard both sides.

PH. But, my dear boy,  
The thing's self-evident, speaks for itself.

XA. Don't let him off; upon my life he is  
The most lone-eatingest dog that ever was.  
The brute went coasting round and round the mortar,  
And snapped up all the rind off all the cities.

PH. And I've no mortar even to mend my pitcher!

XA. So then be sure you punish him. For why?  
One bush, they say, can never keep two thieves.  
Lest I should bark, and bark, and yet get nothing.  
And if I do I'll never bark again.

PH. Soh! soh!  
Here's a nice string of accusations truly!  
A rare thief of a man! You think so too,  
Old gamecock? Ay, he winks his eye, he thinks so.  

the state. In the next line P. as a representative of the dicastery  
claims to be the State itself.

Apparently here the pan in which the cheese was kept.  
σκίρον is some hard stuff from which cement could be made, and  
also the rind of cheese. "In translating I have been obliged to  
transfer the play on words from σκίρον to θειλα": R.
αὐτὸς καθελὼν· τοὺς μάρτυρας γὰρ ἐσκαλῶ.

λάβητι μάρτυρας παρεῖναι, τρύβλιον,

δοῖδυκα, τυρόκνηστιν, ἐσχάραν, χύτραν,

καὶ τάλλα τὰ σκεύη τὰ προσκεκαυμένα.

ἀλλ' ἔτι σὺ γ' οὔρεις καὶ καθίζεις οὐδέπω;

τοῦτον δὲ γ' οἷς ἐγὼ χεισεῖσθαι τήμερον.

οὐκ αὖ σὺ παύσει χαλεπὸς ὃν καὶ δύσκολος,

καὶ ταύτα τοῖς φεύγουσιν, ἀλλ' ὀδᾷξ ἔχει;

ἀνάβαυ', ἀπολογοῦ. τὶ σεισώπηκας; λέγε.

ἀλλ' οὐκ ἔχειν οὕτος γ' ἐοικεν ὃ τι λέγη.

οὐκ, ἀλλ' ἐκείνῳ μοι δοκεῖ πεπονθέναι,

ὁπερ ποτὲ φεύγων ἐπαθῆ καὶ Θουκυδίδης·

ἄποσπληκτος ἐξαίφνης ἐγένετο τὰς γνάθους.

πάρεξ ἐκποδῶν. ἐγὼ γὰρ ἀπολογήσομαι. Ἐστιν λέγει

καλεῖτον μὲν, ὄνδρες, ἐστὶ διαβεβλημένου

ὑπεραποκρίνεσθαι κυνὸς· λέξῳ δ' ὄμως.

ἀγαθὸς γὰρ ἐστι καὶ διώκει τοὺς λύκους.

κλέπτης μὲν οὐν οὕτος γε καὶ ξυνωμότης.

μὰ Δί', ἀλλ' ἄριστος ἐστι τῶν νυνί κυνὼν,

ὁδός τε πολλῶς προβατίους ἐφεστάναι.

τι οὖν ὀφελος, τὸν τυρόν εἰ κατεσθίει;

ὅτι σοῦ προμάχεται καὶ φυλάττει τὴν θύραν

καὶ τάλλ' ἄριστος ἐστιν· εἰ δ' υφείλετο,

ξύγγυωθι. κυθαρίζειν γὰρ οὐκ ἐπίσταται.

ἔγω δ' ἐβουλόμην ὃν οὔδε γράμματα,

ἀνα κακουργῶν ἐνέγραφ' ἥμιν τὸν λόγον.

ἀκουσον ὥ δαμόνιε μου τῶν μαρτύρων.

a "Laches, a plain blunt man, and no orator as Cleon was, is so taken aback by the charges brought against him, that he has not a word to say": R.

b Cf. A. 703.

c Apparently proverbial, for "he has never had much education" or the like.

498
THE WASPS, 935-962

Archon! Hi, fellow, hand me down the vessel.

BD. Reach it yourself; I’ll call my witnesses. The witnesses for Labes, please stand forward! Pot, pestle, grater, brazier, water-jug, And all the other scarred and charred utensils.

(To Phil.)
Good heavens, sir, finish there, and take your seat!

PH. I guess I’ll finish him before I’ve done.

BD. What! always hard and pitiless, and that To the prisoners, always keen to bite!

(To Labes)

PH. Seems he’s got nothing in the world to say.

BD. Nay, ’tis a sudden seizure, such as once Attacked Thucydides when brought to trial. ’Tis tongue-paralysis that stops his jaws.

(To Labes)
Out of the way! I’ll plead your cause myself. O sirs, ’tis hard to argue for a dog Assailed by slander: nevertheless, I’ll try. ’Tis a good dog, and drives away the wolves.

PH. A thief I call him, and conspirator.

BD. Nay, he’s the best and worthiest dog alive, Fit to take charge of any number o’ sheep.

PH. What use in that, if he eat up the cheese?

BD. Use! why, he fights your battles, guards your door; The best dog altogether. If he filched, Yet O forgive: he never learnt the lyre.

PH. I would to heaven he had never learned his letters, Then he’d not given us all this tiresome speech.

BD. Nay, nay, sir, hear my witnesses, I beg.

a The dog, says the Scholiast, is supposed to have “given his advocate a written speech.”
ARISTOPHANES

ανάβηθι, τυρόκνηστι, καὶ λέξον μέγα·
σὺ γὰρ ταμεύουσ᾿ ἐτυχες. ἀπόκριναι σαφὼς,
eἰ μὴ κατέκνησας τοῖς στρατιώταις ἄλαβες.
φησὶ κατακνῆσαι.

Φι. νῦν Δι', ἀλλὰ ψεύδεται.

ΒΔ. ὦ δαμόνι', ἔλεει ταλαιπωρομένους.
οὐτός γὰρ ὁ Λάβης καὶ τραχήλι' ἔσθει
καὶ τὰς ἀκάνθας, κουδέποτ᾿ ἐν ταύτῳ μένει.
ὁ δὲ ἔτερος οἶδος ἐστὶν οἰκουρὸς μόνον.
αὐτὸς μὲν ὁρᾷ ἀπ᾿ ἀυτοῦ ἐκὼ τῆς φέρη,
τούτων μετατεῖ τὸ μέρος· εἰ δὲ μὴ, δάκνει.

Φι. αἶβοι, τί κακὸν ποτ᾽ ἐσθ᾽ ὅπως μαλάττομαι;
κακὸν τι περιβαίνει με καναπεδθομαί.

ΒΔ. ἦθ', ἀντιβολῷ σ', οὐκείρατ' αὐτὸν, ὦ πάτερ,
καὶ μὴ διαφθείρητε. ποῦ τά παιδία;
ἀναβαίνετ', ὦ πόνηρα, καὶ κνυζούμενα
αὐτείτε καντιβολεῖτε καὶ δακρύετε.

Φι. κατάβα κατάβα κατάβα κατάβα.

ΒΔ. καταβήσομαι.

καίτοι τὸ κατάβα τοῦτο πολλοὺς δὴ πάνιν
ἐξηπάτηκεν. ἀτάρ ὃμως καταβήσομαι.

Φι. εὐς κόρακας. ὡς οὐκ ἄγαθὸν ἐστὶ τὸ ῥοφεῖν.
ἐγὼ γὰρ ἀπεδάκρυσα νῦν, γνώμην ἐμῆν,
οὐδὲν ποτὲ γ' ἀλλ' ἡ τῆς φακῆς ἐμπλήμενος.

ΒΔ. οὐκουν ἀποφεύγει δὴτα;

Φι. χαλεπὸν εἰδέναι.

ΒΔ. ἦθ', ὦ πατρίδιον, ἔπι τὰ βελτίων τρέπουν.
τηρεῖ λαβὼν τὴν ψῆφον ἐπὶ τὸν ύστερον
μύσας παρὰξὼν κατόλυσον, ὦ πάτερ.

Φι. οὐ δήτα· κιθαρίζεω γὰρ οὐκ ἐπίσταμαι.

* "The judges would say, That will do, get down: and the
Grater, get in the box, and speak well out.
You kept the mess; I ask you, answer plainly,
Did you not grate the spoil between the soldiers?
He says he did.

PH. Ay, but I vow he's lying.

BD. O sir, have pity upon poor toiling souls.
Our Labes here, he lives on odds and ends,
Bones, gristle: and is always on the go.
That other Cur is a mere stay-at-home,
Sits by the hearth, and when one brings aught in
Asks for a share: if he gets none, he bites.

PH. O me, what ails me that I grow so soft!
Some ill's afoot: I'm nearly giving in.

BD. O, I beseech you, father, show some pity,
Don't crush him quite. Where are his little cubs?
Up, little wretches, up; and whimpering there
Plead for your father: weep, implore, beseech.

PH. (Deeply affected) Get down, get down, get down, get down.

BD. I will.
Yet that "get down," I know, has taken in a
A many men. However I'll get down.

PH. Dash it! this guzzling ain't the thing at all.
Here was I shedding tears, and seems to me
Only because I have gorged myself with gruel.

BD. Then will he not get off?

PH. 'Tis hard to know.

BD. O take, dear father, take the kindlier turn.
Here, hold this vote: then with shut eyes dash by
To the Far Urn. b O father, do acquit him.

PH. No, no, my boy. I never learnt the lyre. c

prisoner would get down, expecting an acquittal and presently
find himself condemned": R.

b The one in which votes for acquittal were placed.

c i.e. "I know a judge's duty, and I know no more": R. Cf. 959. 501
ARISTOPHANES

BΔ. φέρε νῦν σε τηδί τήν ταχίστην περιάγω.
ΦΙ. οδ’ ἔσοθ’ ὁ πρῶτερος;
BΔ. οὗτος.
ΦΙ. αὕτη 'ντευθενί.
BΔ. ἐξηπάτηται, κἀπολέλυκεν οὐχ ἔκών.
φέρ’ ἔξερασῳ.
ΦΙ. πῶς ἄρ’ ἡγωνίσμεθα;
BΔ. δείξειν ἐουκεν· ἐκπέφυγας, ὦ Δάβης.
πάτερ πάτερ, τί πέπονθας;
ΦΙ. οἶμοι, ποῦ ’σθ’ ὕδωρ; 99
BΔ. ἔπαιρε σαυτόν.
ΦΙ. εἰπὲ νῦν ἔκεινό μου,
οντῳς ἀπέφυγε;
BΔ. νῆ Δί’.  
ΦΙ. οὔδεν εἰμ’ ἄρα.
BΔ. μῆ φροντίσῃς, ὦ δαμόν’, ἀλλ’ ἀνίστασο.
ΦΙ. πῶς οὖν ἐμαυτῷ τοῦτ’ ἐγὼ ξυνείσομαι,
φεύγοντ’ ἀπολύσας ἄνδρα; τί ποτε πείσομαι; 10
ἀλλ’, ὦ πολυτίμητοι θεοί, ξύγγνωτε μοι.
ἀκον γὰρ αὕτ’ ἔδρασα κοῦ τοῦμον τρόπον.
BΔ. καὶ μηδὲν ἀγανάκτει γ’. ἐγὼ γάρ σ’, ὦ πάτερ,
θρέψω καλῶς, ἄγων μετ’ ἐμαυτῷ πανταχόον,
ἐπὶ δείπνων, εἰς ξυμπόσιον, ἐπὶ θεωρίαν,
ὡθ’ ἣδεις διάγενε σε τὸν λοιπὸν χρόνον.
κοῦκ ἐγχανεῖται σ’ ἐξαπατῶν 'Ὑπέρβολος.
ἀλλ’ εἰσίωμεν.
ΦΙ. ταῦτα νῦν; εἰπὲ δοκεῖ.
ΧΟ. ἀλλ’ ιτε χαίροντες ὅποι βούλεσθ’.  

* The Chorus here dismiss the actors and address the audience in the Parabasis. This is here perfect in its seven parts as defined by Pollux (iv. 112)—(1) κομμάτιον a short prelude, 1009-502
BD. Here, let me lead you round the handiest way.

PH. Is this the Nearer?

BD. This is.

PH. In she goes.

BD. (Aside) Duped, as I live! acquits him by mistake!  
(Aloud) I'll do the counting.

PH. Well, how went the battle?

BD. We shall soon see. O Labes, you're acquitted!

PH. Why, how now, father?

BD. Hold up, sir, do.

PH. Just tell me only this,

Is he INDEED acquitted?

BD. Yes.

PH. I'm done for.

BD. Don't take it so to heart: stand up, sir, pray.

PH. How shall I bear this sin upon my soul?

A man acquitted! What awaits me now?

Yet, O great gods! I pray you pardon me,

Unwilled I did it, not from natural bent.

BD. And don't begrudge it; for I'll tend you well,

And take you, father, everywhere with me,

To feasts, to suppers, to the public games.

Henceforth in pleasure you shall spend your days,

And no Hyperbolus delude and mock you.

But go we in.

PH. Yes, if you wish it, now.

CH. Yea, go rejoicing your own good way, a

Wherever your path may be;

1014; (2) the Parabasis proper 1015-50, where the poet speaks in his own character, ending (3) with the Pnigos 1051-9 (so called because it was to be "sung without taking breath"). Then come (4) the ἀτροφή 1060-70; (5) the ἐπιτρέπωμα 1071-90; (6) ἀντιατροφός 1091-1101; and (7) ἀντεπιτρέπωμα 1102-21, in which the Chorus explains its own character.
ARISTOPHANES

υμεῖς δὲ τέως, ὦ μυριάδες ἀναρίθμητοι,
νῦν μὲν τὰ μέλλοντ' εὖ λέγεσθαι μὴ πέσῃ φαύλως χαμαζ εὐλαβεῖσθε.
tοῦτο γὰρ σκαίῶν θεατῶν ἐστὶ πάσχειν, κοῦ πρὸς ύμῶν.

νῦν αὐτὲ λέω πρόσχετε τὸν νοῦν, εἴπερ καθαρόν τι φιλεῖτε. 10
μέμψασθαι γὰρ τοῖς θεαταῖς ὁ ποιητὴς νῦν ἐπιθυμεῖ. 15
ἀδικεῖσθαι γὰρ φησιν πρότερος πόλλ' αὐτοὺς εὖ πεποιηκὼς,
tὰ μὲν οὐ φανερῶς, ἀλλ' ἐπικουρῶν κρύβδην ἐτέρουι ποιηταῖς,
μμησάμενος τὴν Εὐρυκλέους μαντεῖαν καὶ διάνοιαν,
eἰς ἀλλοτρίας γαστέρας ἐνδύουσι κωμῳδικά πολλὰ χέασθαι. 20
μετὰ τούτῳ δὲ καὶ φανερῶς ήδη κωνδυνεύων καθ' ἑαυτόν,
οὐκ ἀλλοτρίων, ἀλλ' οἰκείων Μουσῶν στόμαθ' ἡμιοχήσας.
ἀρθεὶς δὲ μέγας καὶ τιμηθεὶς ως οὔδεις πώποτ' ἐν ύμῖν,
οὔκ ἐκτελέσαι φησιν ἐπαρθεὶς οὔδ' ὁγκῶσαι τὸ φρόνημα,
οὔδ' παλαιότρος περίκυκλωμάζεις πειρῶν οὔδ' εἰ τις ἐραστῆς,
κωμῳδεῖσθαι παιδίχ' ἑαυτοῦ μισῶν ἐσπευδῆ πρὸς αὐτὸν,
οὔδενι πώποτε φησι πιθέοσθαι, γνώμην τιν' ἔχων ἐπιεικῆ.

<sup>a</sup> His early comedies, including the *Acharnians*, were exhibited in the name of Callistratus.

504
THE WASPS, 1010–1027

But you, ye numberless myriads, stay
And listen the while to me.
Beware lest the truths I am going to say
Unheeded to earth should fall;
For that were the part of a fool to play,
And not your part at all.

Now all ye people attend and hear,
if ye love a simple and genuine strain,
For now our poet, with right good will,
of you, spectators, must needs complain.
Ye have wronged him much, he protests, a bard
who had served you often and well before;
Partly, indeed, himself unseen,
assisting others to please you more; a
With the art of a Eurycles, weird and wild,
he loved to dive in a stranger's breast, b
And pour from thence through a stranger’s lips
full many a sparkling comical jest;
And partly at length in his own true form,
as he challenged his fate by himself alone,
And the Muses whose bridled mouths he drave,
were never another’s, were all his own.
And thus he came to a height of fame
which none had ever achieved before,
Yet waxed not high in his own conceit,
nor ever an arrogant mind he bore.
He never was found in the exercise-ground,
corrupting the boys: he never complied
With the suit of some dissolute knave, who loathed
that the vigilant lash of the bard should chide
His vile effeminate boylove. No!
he kept to his purpose pure and high,

a E. was an ἐγγαστριμυθός or "ventriloquist."

b
ARISTOPHANES

"Iva ta's Mou'sas aìwv chríta, µh proagwghous apofhîn, 
où' òte pròtòv y' ërëxè didáskein, anvhrwpois fîs' épithèdôthai,
ALL' 'Hrasklèous òrghîn tv' ëxhvn tôis megístous épichrèiv,
ôrasèwos ëxostàs euvus ap' àríchs àutòv tv' karxar-ôdon,
où deinótoatai mèn ap' ôfthalmwv Kûnîhns aktîves élâmpon,
ékaton de kûklw kefalai kolákwn oîmowxomènwn
ëliximwvnto
perì tîn kefalhîn, fôvnîn d' eìxhen xarádhras ólethrò 
tetokúias,
ôfîkhs d' Ísmîhîn, Lamîas d' órcheis aplwtois, prwktôn de 
kamîlîn.
toîouîn idûn téras oû fêson deîsas kata'dwro'dokhîsai,
ALL' ùper ãmûwn ëti kai ùvni polémêi fêson te met' avtoû
 tôis ëpîxîalos épichrèhîsai péruwv kai tôis t perverseîn,
oû tôis pateras t' ëgkhôn nûktwv kai tôis pâppous
apêpýugon,
kataklìnômenoi t' eîpî tais koîtais eîpî toîswv apràmhosuv
ãmûwn
ántwmosiaùs kai prôsklîseis kai márturîas sunekôllwv,
ôs t' ânaptîdan demaiîntas polloûs òw s tôn polèmarhox.
toîônd' eùrûntes ãleziakov, tîs ïwras tîsde karthârîn,

a Lit. "began to teach" i.e. the Chorus supplied by the State, thus producing the play in his own name as kwmôdôdidáskalos, which he first did in the Knights.

b The epithet also applied to Cleon, K. 1017.

c A shameless prostitute.

d Lit. "heads"; the reference is to Typhoeus with his hundred snake-heads (kefalai dôios, Hes. Theog. 825).

e He refers to the attack on the Sophists made the year before in the Clouds. "As agues and fevers," says the Scholiast, "harm men's bodies, so do these men the city."
That never the Muse, whom he loved to use,
the villainous trade of a bawd should ply.
When first he began to exhibit plays,\(^a\)
no paltry men for his mark he chose,
He came in the mood of a Heracles forth
to grapple at once with the mightiest foes.
In the very front of his bold career
with the jag-toothed \(^b\) Monster he closed in fight,
Though out of its fierce eyes flashed and flamed
the glare of Cynna's \(^c\) detestable light,
And a hundred horrible sycophants' tongues \(^d\)
were twining and flickering over its head,
And a voice it had like the roar of a stream
which has just brought forth destruction and dread,
And a Lamia's groin, and a camel's loin,
and foul as the smell of a seal it smelt.
But He, when the monstrous form he saw,
no bribe he took and no fear he felt,
For you he fought, and for you he fights:
and then last year with adventurous hand
He grappled besides with the Spectral Shapes,
the Agues and Fevers that plagued our land; \(^e\)
That loved in the darksome hours of night
to throttle fathers, and grandsires choke,
That laid them down on their restless beds,
and against your quiet and peaceable folk
Kept welding together proofs and writs
and oath against oath, till many a man
Sprang up, distracted with wild affright,
and off in haste to the Polemarch ran.\(^f\)
Yet although such a champion \(^g\) as this ye had found,
to purge your land from sorrow and shame,
\(^1\) i.e. for help; cf. ὅσα τοῖς πολῖταις ὁ ἄρχων, ταῦτα τοῖς μετοικοῖς ὁ πολέμαρχος, Arist. Pol. Ath. 58.
\(^2\) ἀλεξίκακος is a special epithet of Heracles; cf. C. 1372.
πέρυσιν καταπρούδοτε καινότάταις σπείραντ’ αὐτὸν διανοίας,
δ’ ύπὸ τοῦ μὴ γνώναι καθαρῶς ὑμεῖς ἐποίησατ’ ἀναλδεῖς. 10
καίτοι σπένδων πόλλ’ ἐπὶ πολλοῖς ὦμυσυν τὸν Διόνυσον
μὴ πώποτ’ ἁμεῖνον’ ἐπὶ τούτων κωμῳδικὰ μηδὲν’
ἀκούσαι.
τούτῳ μὲν οὖν ἔσθ’ ὑμῖν αἰσχρὸν τοὺς μὴ γνοῦσιν παρα-
χρήμα,
ὁ δὲ ποιητὴς οὐδὲν χείρων παρὰ τούσι σοφοῖς νενόμισται,
εἰ παρελαύνων τοὺς ἀντιπάλους τὴν ἐπίνοιαν ξυνέτρυψεν.10

ἀλλὰ τὸ λοιπὸν τῶν ποιητῶν,
ὥ δαμόνιοι, τοὺς ἐχτούντας
καίνον τι λέγειν κὰδευρίσκειν
στέργετε μᾶλλον καὶ θεραπεύετε,
καὶ τὰ νοήματα σωζοῦσθ’ αὐτῶν,
ἐσβάλλετε τ’ εἰς τὰς κιβωτοὺς
μετὰ τῶν μήλων.
κἀν ταῦτα ποιήθ’, ὑμῖν δὲ’ ἐτοὺς
tῶν ἰματίων
ὄξησει δεξιώτητος.

Ὡς πάλαι ποτ’ ὄντες ὑμεῖς ἄλκιμοι μὲν ἐν χοροῖς,
ἄλκιμοι δ’ ἐν μάχαις,
καὶ κατ’ αὐτὸ δὴ μόνον τοῦτ’ ἄνδρες ἄλκιμώτατοι,
πρὶν ποτ’ ἤν, πρὶν ταῦτα’ νῦν δ’
oἴχεται, κύκνου τέ γε πολιώτεραι δὴ
αἰδ’ ἐπανθοῦσιν τρῖχες.

a i.e. when the Clouds was rejected.
b μῆλων: “this is, I suppose, citrons, μῆλα Περσικά or Μηδικά
... commonly placed in wardrobes to preserve clothes from
moths and the like”: R.
Ye played him false when to reap, last year,
the fruit of his novel designs he came, a
Which, failing to see in their own true light,
ye caused to fade and wither away.
And yet with many a deep libation,
invoking Bacchus, he swears this day
That never a man, since the world began,
has witnessed a cleverer comedy.
Yours is the shame that ye lacked the wit
its infinite merit at first to see.
But none the less with the wise and skilled
the bard his accustomed praise will get,
Though when he had distanced all his foes,
his noble Play was at last upset.

But O for the future, my Masters, pray
Show more regard for a genuine Bard
Who is ever inventing amusements new
And fresh discoveries, all for you.
Make much of his play, and store it away,
And into your wardrobe throw it
With the citrons b sweet: and if this you do,
Your clothes will be fragrant, the whole year through,
With the volatile wit of the Poet.

O of old renowned and strong,
in the choral dance and song,
In the deadly battle throng,
And in this, our one distinction,
manliest we, mankind among!
Ah, but that was long ago:
those are days for ever past:
Now my hairs are whitening fast,
Whiter than the swan they grow.
"The Chorus in what follows speak of themselves as veterans of the Persian war. But "in making them actually present at the battle of Marathon, 68 years before, ... Aristophanes is treating them as types rather than individuals": R.

b The Greek phrase is borrowed from the Stheneboea of Euripides, where it is Love that makes a man a poet "though he was not one before"; cf. Plato, Symp. 196 e.

c Referring to the Spartan reply at Thermopylae when word was brought that the Persian arrows would "hide the sun"— "That is good news: we shall fight in the shade"; cf. Herod. vii. 226.
Yet in these our embers low
still some youthful fires must glow.
Better far our old-world fashion,
Better far our ancient truth,
Than the curls and dissipation
Of your modern youth.\(^a\)

Do you wonder, O spectators,
thus to see me spliced and braced,
Like a wasp in form and figure,
tapering inwards at the waist?
Why I am so, what's the meaning
of this sharp and pointed sting,
Easily I now will teach you,
though you "knew not anything."\(^b\)
We on whom this stern-appendage,
this portentous tail is found,
Are the genuine old Autochthons,
native children of the ground;
We the only true-born Attics,
of the staunch heroic breed,
Many a time have fought for Athens,
guarding her in hours of need;
When with smoke and fire and rapine
forth the fierce Barbarian came,
Eager to destroy our wasps-nests,
smothering all the town in flame,
Out at once we rushed to meet him:
on with shield and spear we went,
Fought the memorable battle,
primed with fiery hardiment;
Man to man we stood, and, grimly,
gnawed for rage our under lips.
Hah! their arrows hail so densely,
all the sun is in eclipse!\(^c\)

\(^a\)\(^b\)\(^c\)
The bird of Athene and the best of auguries for Athenians.  

The Epirrhema showed that the stinging wasp was no unfit emblem of the Chorus in their youth. "The Antepirrhema is designed to show that old and feeble as they have now become, there is yet much in their dicastic life and habits to remind the observer of that irritable and gregarious insect": R.
THE WASPS, 1085-1104

Yet we drove their ranks before us, ere the fall of eventide:
As we closed, an owl a flew o’er us, and the Gods were on our side!
Stung in jaw, and cheek, and eyebrow, fearfully they took to flight,
We behind them, we harpooning at their slops with all our might:
So that in barbarian countries, even now the people call
Attic wasps the best, and bravest, yea, the manliest tribe of all!

Mine was then a life of glory, never craven fear came o’er me
Every foeman quailed before me
As across the merry waters, fast the eager galleys bore me.
’Twas not then our manhood’s test,
Who can make a fine oration?
Who is shrewd in litigation?
It was, who can row the best?
Therefore did we batter down many a hostile Median town.
And ’twas we who for the nation Gathered in the tribute pay,
Which the younger generation Merely steal away.

You will find us very wasplike, b if you scan us through and through,
In our general mode of living, and in all our habits too.
First, if any rash assailant dare provoke us, can there be

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μᾶλλον ὃξυθημόν ἐστὶν οὕτε δυσκολῶτερον·
eīτα τάλλ' ὀμοια πάντα σφηξὶ μηχανώμεθα.
ξυλλεγόντες γὰρ καθ' ἐσμοὺς, ὃσπερει τάνθρηνια,
οἱ μὲν ἥμων οὔπερ ἄρχων, οἱ δὲ παρὰ τοὺς ἐνδεκα,
οἱ δ' ἐν ὁδεῖῳ δικάζουσ', οἱ δὲ πρὸς τοὺς τειχίους,
ξυμβεβυσμένοι πυκνῶν νεόντες εἰς τὴν γῆν, μόλις
ὡσπερ οἱ σκώληκες ἐν τοῖς κυττάροις κινούμενοι.
ἐς τε τὴν ἄλλην διαμίταν ἐσμεν εὑπορώτατοι.
pάντα γὰρ κεντούμεν ἄλδρα κάκτορίζομεν βίον.
ἀλλὰ γὰρ κηφίσας ἥμων εἰσίν ἐγκαθήμενοι,
οὐκ ἔχοντες κέντρον· οἱ μένοντες ἥμων τοῦ φόρου
τὸν γόνον κατεσθίουσιν, οὐ ταλαιπωρούμενοι.
τὸτο δ' ἐστ' ἀλγιστὸν ἥμων, ἥν τις ἀστράτευτος ὄν
ἐκφορῆ τὸν μισθὸν ἥμων, τῆς δὲ τῆς χώρας ὑπὲρ
μήτε κάπην μήτε λόγχην μήτε φλύκταιναν λαβὼν.
ἀλλ' ἐμοὶ δοκεῖ τὸ λοιπὸν τῶν πολίτῶν ἐμβραχῦ
ὅστιν ἄν μὴ 'χη τὸ κέντρον, μὴ φέρειν τριώβολον.

Φ. οὗ τοι ποτὲ ζῶν τοῦτον ἀποδυθήσομαι,
Any creature more vindictive, more irascible than we?

Then we manage all our business in a waspish sort of way,

Swarming in the Courts of Justice,

gathering in from day to day,

Many where the Eleven<sup>a</sup> invite us,

many where the Archon calls,

Many to the great Odeum, many to the city walls.

There we lay our heads together,

densely packed, and stooping low,

Like the grubs within their cells, with

movement tremulous and slow.

And for ways and means in general we're superlatively good,

Stinging every man about us, culling thence a livelihood

Yet we've stingless drones<sup>b</sup> amongst us, idle knaves who sit them still,

Shrink from work, and toil, and labour, stop at home, and eat their fill,

Eat the golden tribute-honey our industrious care has wrought.

This is what extremely grieves us, that a man who never fought

Should contrive our fees to pilfer, one who for his native land

Never to this day had oar, or lance, or blister in his hand.

Therefore let us for the future pass a little short decree,

*Whoso wears no sting shall never carry off the obols three.*

PH. No! No! I'll never put this off alive.<sup>c</sup>
ARISTOPHANES

ἐπεὶ μόνος μ’ ἐσωσε παρατεταγμένον,

οθ’ ὁ βορέας ὁ μέγας ἐπεστρατεύσατο.

ΒΔ. ἀγαθὸν ἔοικας οὐδὲν ἐπιθυμεῖν παθεῖν.

ΦΙ. μὰ τὸν Δί’, οὐ γὰρ οὐδαμῶς μοι ξύμφορον.
καὶ γὰρ πρῶτερον ἐπανθρακίδων ἐμπλήμενος ἀπέδωκ’ ὀφείλων τῷ γναφεὶ τριώβολον.

ΒΔ. ἀλλ’ οὖν πεπειράσθω γ’, ἐπειδῆπερ γ’ ἀπαξ ἐμοὶ σεαυτόν παραδέδωκας εὗ ποιεῖν.

ΦΙ. τί οὖν κελεύεις δράν με;

ΒΔ. τὸν τρίβων’ ἄφεσ’ τηνδ’ ἐξ οὐδεμιᾶν ἀναβαλοῦ τριβωνικῶς.

ΦΙ. ἐπειτα παῖδας χρὴ φυτεύειν καὶ τρέφειν,

οθ’ οὔτοι με νῦν ἀποπνίξαι βούλεται;

ΒΔ. ἔχ’, ἀναβαλοῦ τηνδ’ λαβὼν, καὶ μὴ λάλει.

ΦΙ. τοῦτο τὸ κακὸν τί ἐστι πρὸς πάντων θεῶν;

ΒΔ. οἱ μὲν καλοῦσι Περσίδ’, οἱ δὲ καυνάκην.

ΦΙ. ἔγω δὲ σισύραν ψόμην Θυματίδα.

ΒΔ. κοῦ θαυμά γ’. ἐς Σάρδεις γὰρ οὐκ ἐλήλυθας.

ἔγνως γὰρ ἄν’ νῦν δ’ οὖχι γιγνώσκεις.

ΦΙ. ἔγω;

μὰ τὸν Δί’ οὐ τοιῶν’ ἀτὰρ δοκεῖ γέ μοι ἐοικέναι μάλιστα Μορύχου σάγματι.

ΒΔ. οὐκ, ἀλλ’ ἐν ’Εκβατάνοισι ταῦθ’ υφαίνεται.

ΦΙ. ἐν ’Εκβατάνοισι γίγνεται κρόκης χόλιξ;

ΒΔ. πόθεν, ὦγάθ’; ἀλλ’ τοῦτο τοῖς βαρβάροις υφαίνεται πολλαῖς δαπάναις. αὐτὴ γέ τοι ἐρίων τάλαντον καταπέποκε ῥαδίως.

ΦΙ. οὐκοῦν ἐριώλην δήτ’ ἐχρῆν αὐτὴν καλεῖν δικαιότερόν γ’ ἥ καυνάκην;


---

a i.e. his mean unfashionable cloak (τριβῶν).

b A soft warm Persian robe of thick wool, with rough shaggy locks on one side, which in 1140 P. rudely compares to intestines.
With this I was arrayed, and found my safety,
In the invasion of the great north wind.

BD. You seem unwilling to accept a good.

PH. 'Tis not expedient: no by Zeus it is not.
'Twas but the other day I gorged on sprats
And had to pay three obols to the fuller.

BD. Try it at all events: since once for all
Into my hands you have placed yourself for good.

PH. What would you have me do?

BD. Put off that cloak.

And wear this mantle in a cloak-like way.

PH. Should we beget and bring up children then,
When here my son is bent on smothering me?

BD. Come, take and put it on, and don't keep chattering.

PH. Good heavens! and what's this misery of a thing?

BD. Some call it Persian, others Caunacès.

PH. There! and I thought it a Thymaetian rug.

BD. No wonder: for you've never been to Sardis,
Else you'd have known it: now you don't.

PH. Who? I?

No more I do by Zeus: it seemed to me
Most like an overwrap of Morychus.

BD. Nay, in Ecbatana they weave this stuff.

PH. What! have they wool-guts in Ecbatana?

BD. Tut, man: they weave it in their foreign looms
At wondrous cost: this very article
Absorbed with ease a talent's weight of wool.

PH. Why, then, wool-gatherer were its proper name
Instead of Caunacès.

Thymaetadae was an Attic deme on the coast; but nothing is known of these rugs.

A voluptuary, cf. 506.

εριώλη is "a hurricane"; but P. invents a derivation from εριόν and δλλυμ = "wool-destroyer.".
ARISTOPHANES

BA. ἔχ', ὀγαθέ, καὶ στῇθ' ἀναμπισχόμενος.

ΦΙ. οὕμοι δείλαιοι· ὡς θερμὸν ἡ μιαρά τί μου κατήρυγεν.

ΒΔ. οὐκ ἀναβαλεί;

ΦΙ. μὰ Δί' οὐκ ἔγωγ'. ἀλλ', ὀγαθέ, εἴπερ γ' ἀνάγκη, κρίβανον μ' ἀμπίσοχετε.

ΒΔ. φέρ', ἀλλ' ἐγώ σε περιβαλῶ· σοῦ δ' οὖν ζητι.

ΦΙ. παράθου γε μέντοι καὶ κρεάγραν.

ΒΔ. τῇ τί δή;

ΦΙ. ἢς ἕξελης με πρὸν διερρυκέναι.

ΒΔ. ἄγε νῦν, ὕπολύου τὰς καταράτους ἐμβάδας, τασδί δ' ἀνύσας ὑπόδυθι τὰς Δακωνικάς.

ΦΙ. ἐγὼ γὰρ ἃν τλαίην ὑποδύσασθαι ποτε ἔχθρών παρ' ἄνδρῶν δυσμενῆ καττύματα;

ΒΔ. ἐνθές πόδ', ὦ τὰν, κατόβαυ' ἐρρωμένως εἰς τὴν Δακωνικὴν ἀνύσας.

ΦΙ. ἀδικεῖς γέ με εἰς γῆν πολεμίαν ἀποβιβάζων τὸν πόδα.

ΒΔ. φέρε καὶ τὸν ἔτερον.

ΦΙ. μηδαμῶς τούτον γ', ἐπεὶ πάνυ μισολάκων αὐτοῦ 'στιν εἰς τῶν δακτύλων.

ΒΔ. οὐκ ἐστι παρὰ ταῦτ' ἄλλα.

ΦΙ. κακοδαιμων ἐγώ, δόστι εἰπ' γῆρα χίμετλον οὐδὲν λήψομαι.

ΒΔ. ἀνυσόν ποθ' ὑποδυσάμενος· εἶτα πλουσίως ὦδὶ προβὰς τρυφερόν τι διασαλακώνιον.

* With which they struck into a cauldron or pot to bring up the meat; cf. 1 Sam. ii. 14.

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BD. Come, take it, take it,
Stand still and put it on.

PH. O dear, O dear,
O what a sultry puff the brute breathed o'er me!

BD. Quick, wrap it round you.

PH. No, I won't, that's flat.
You had better wrap me in a stove at once.

BD. Come then, I'll throw it round you.

(To the cloak) You, begone.

PH. Do keep a flesh-hook near.

BD. A flesh-hook! why?

PH. To pull me out before I melt away.

BD. Now off at once with those confounded shoes,
And on with these Laconians,\(^b\) instantly.

PH. What I, my boy! I bring myself to wear
The hated foe's insufferable—cloutings!

BD. Come, sir, insert your foot, and step out firmly
In this Laconian.

PH. 'Tis too bad, it is,
To make a man set foot on hostile—leather.\(^c\)

BD. Now for the other.

PH. O no, pray not that,
I've a toe there, a regular Lacon-hater.

BD. There is no way but this.

PH. O luckless I,
Why I shan't have, to bless my age, one—chilblain.

BD. Quick, father, get them on: and then move forward
Thus; in an opulent swaggering sort of way.\(^d\)

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\(^b\) Red shoes, fashionable, and of excellent quality.

\(^c\) In 1102 ἐμβάδα is understood with Λακωνικήν, but P. supplies γάφ instead. “He speaks of the soleam Laconicum as if it were solum Laconicum” : R.

\(^d\) The Greek has a pun on Λάκων. “Wear your Λακωνικός so as (not λακωνίζειν but) σαλακωνίζειν, to show yourself off with a fashionable strut” : R.
ARISTOPHANES

ΦΙ. ἰδοὺ. θεῶ τὸ σχῆμα, καὶ σκέψαι μ᾽ ὅτως μάλιστ᾽ ἔοικα τὴν βάδισιν τῶν πλουσίων.

ΒΔ. ὅτως; δοθημὶ σκόροδον ἡμιφιεσμένως.

ΦΙ. καὶ μὴν προθυμοῦμαι γε σαυλοπρωκτίαν.

ΒΔ. ἀγγενν, ἐπιστήσεις λόγους σεμνοὺς λέγειν ἀνδρῶν παρόντων πολυμαθῶν καὶ δεξιῶν;

ΦΙ. ἐγώγε.

ΒΔ. τινα δὴ τ' ἂν λέγοις;

ΦΙ. πολλοὺς πάνυ.

priwton men ὡς ἡ Λάμι ἀλουσ ἐπέρδετο, ἐπειτα δ' ὡς ὦ ὁ Καρδοπίων τὴν μητέρα.

ΒΔ. μὴ μοι γε μύθους, ἄλλα τῶν ἀνδρωπίνων, οἶνους λέγομεν μάλιστα τοὺς κατ' οἰκίαιν.

ΦΙ. ἐγκλιδα τοῖνυν τῶν γε πάνυ κατ' οἰκίαιν ἐκείνων, ὡς "οὕτω ποτ' ἢν μὺς καὶ γαλή."

ΒΔ. ὦ σκαὶ καπαίδευτε, Θεογένης ἐφη τῷ κιόνελόγῳ, καὶ ταῦτα λοιδορούμενος, μὺς καὶ γαλᾶς μέλλεις λέγειν ἐν ἀνδράσιν;

ΦΙ. ποιοὺς τινὰς δὲ χρή λέγειν;

ΒΔ. μεγαλοπρεπεῖς,

ὡς ξυνεθεώρεις Ἀνδροκλεὶ καὶ Κλεισθένει.

ΦΙ. ἐγὼ δὲ τεθεώρηκα πώποτ' οὐδαμοῦ πλὴν ἐς Πάρον, καὶ ταῦτα δὺ ὅβολῶ φέρων.

ΒΔ. ἀλλ' οὖν λέγειν χρή σ' ὡς ἐμάχετο γ' αὐτίκα Ἐφούδιων παγκράτιου Ἀσκώνδα καλῶς,

ηδη γέρων ὦν καὶ πολιός, ἐχὼν δὲ τοι

a "The old man puffing himself out under his Persian robe is compared to a boil with a garlic plaster on it": R.

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THE WASPS, 1170–1192

PH. Look then! observe my attitudes: think which
Of all your opulent friends I walk most like.

BD. Most like a pimple bandaged round with garlic.a

PH. Ay, ay, I warrant I've a mind for wriggling.

BD. Come, if you get with clever well-read men
Could you tell tales, good gentlemanly tales?

PH. Ay, that I could.

BD. What sort of tales?

PH. Why, lots,
As, first, how Lamia spluttered when they caught her,
And, next, Cardopion, how he swunged his mother.

BD. Pooh, pooh, no legends: give us something human,
Some what we call domestic incident.

PH. O, ay, I know a rare domestic tale,
How once upon a time a cat and mouse—

BD. O fool and clown, Theogenes replied
Rating the scavenger, what! would you tell
Tales of a cat and mouse, in company! b

PH. What, then?

BD. Some stylish thing, as how you went
With Androcles and Cleisthenes, surveying.c

PH. Why, bless the boy, I never went surveying,
Save once to Paros, at two obols a day.d

BD. Still you must tell how splendidly, for instance,
Ephudion fought the pancratiastic fight
With young Ascondas: how the game old man

b B. apparently quotes to his father the rebuke addressed by
T. to some dirty fellow who forgot where he was in telling a tale.
c θεωροι were men sent on special missions (e.g. to the
Olympic games, cf. 1382) as representatives of the State. They
went in great splendour and were usually men of distinction, so
that A. and C., two noted rogues, are mentioned παρὰ προσδοκιάν.
d The regular pay of a common soldier. He had gone on a
θεωρία only as one of the soldiers who formed an escort for the
θεωροι.
πλευρὰν βαθυτάτην καὶ χέρας λαγόνας τε καὶ θώρακ’ ἀριστον.

Φι. παῦε παῦ’, οὐδὲν λέγεις.

πῶς ἀν μαχέσαιτο παγκράτιον θώρακ’ ἔχων;

Βδ. οὕτω διηγείσθαι νομίζουσι οἱ σοφοὶ.

ἀλλ’ ἐτερον εἰπέ μοι. παρ’ ἄνδραίς ξένοις πῖνων, σεαυτοὺς ποίον ἂν λέξαι δοκεῖς ἐπὶ νεότητος ἔργον ἀνδρικότατον;

Φι. ἐκεῖν’ ἐκεῖν’ ἄνδρειότατον γε τῶν ἐμῶν,

οτ’ Ἐργασίωνος τάς χάρακας υφειλόμην.

Βδ. ἀπολεῖς με. ποίας χάρακας; ἀλλ’ ὦς ἡ κάπρον ἐδιώκαθες ποτ’, ἡ λαγών, ἡ λαμπάδα ἐδραμες, ἀνευρών ὡ τι νεανικότατον.

Φι. ἐγώδα τοῖνυν τὸ γε νεανικότατον:

οτε τὸν δρομέα Φαύλλον, ὃν βούτας ἐτι, εἰλον, διώκων λοιδορίας, ψῆφων δυοῦν.

Βδ. παῦ’. ἀλλὰ δεύρι κατακλυεὶς προσμάνθανε ἴμμοστικός εἶναι καὶ ἴμμοστικοῖς.

Φι. πῶς οὖν κατακληνῷ; φράξ’ ἀνύσας.

Εὔσχημόνως. 1210

Βδ. ὡδὶ κελεύεις κατακλιθῆναι,

μηδαμῶς.

Φι. πῶς δαί;

Βδ. τὰ γόνατ’ ἕκτεων, καὶ γυμναστικῶς ὕγρον χύτλασον σεαυτὸν ἐν τοῖς στρῶμασιν.

ἐπευτ’, ἑπάνεσον τι τῶν χαλκωμάτων

ἀροφῆν θέασαι, κρεκάδι’ αὐλῆς θαύμασον

ὔδωρ κατὰ χειρός· τὰς τραπέζας εἰσφέρειν.

a i.e. he is to talk like a “sportsman.” In 1194 B. uses θώραξ =“breast,” but P. understands it as “breastplate,” whereas in the παγκράτιον (a form of wrestling and boxing) the combatants were unarmed.

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Though grey, had ample sides, strong hands, firm flanks,
An iron chest.a

PH. What humbug! could a man
Fight the pancratium with an iron chest!
BD. This is the way our clever fellows talk.
But try another tack: suppose you sat
Drinking with strangers, what's the pluckiest feat,
Of all your young adventures, you could tell them?
PH. My pluckiest feat? O much my pluckiest, much,
Was when I stole away Ergasion's vine-poles.
BD. Tcha! poles indeed! Tell how you slew the boar,
Or coursed the hare, or ran the torch-race, tell
Your gayest, youthfullest act.
PH. My youthfullest action?
'Twas that I had, when quite a hobbledehoy,
With fleet Phažip: and I caught him too:
Won by two—votes. b 'Twas for abuse, that action.
BD. No more of that: but lie down there, and learn
To be convivial and companionable.
PH. Yes; how lie down?
BD. In an elegant graceful way.
PH. Like this, do you mean?
BD. No, not in the least like that.
PH. How then?
BD. Extend your knees, and let yourself
With practised ease subside along the cushions;
Then praise some piece of plate: inspect the ceiling;
Admire the woven hangings of the hall.
Ho! water for our hands! bring in the tables!

b B. had used νεανικός as = "high-spirited," and ἔδιώκειν of
literal "pursuit"; but P. uses νεανικός = "in youth" and διώκειν
as = "prosecute." Phažip (cf. A. 215) was a noted runner,
but at law P. had "caught" him.


ARISTOPHANES

δειπνοῦμεν· ἀπονενίμμεθ'. ἡδη σπένδομεν.

Φι. πρὸς τῶν θεῶν, ἐνύπνιον ἑστιώμεθα;

ΒΔ. αὐλητρὶς ἐνεφύσησεν· οἱ δὲ συμπόται

εἰσόν Θέωρος, Αἰσχύνης, Φανός, Κλέων,

ξένοις τις ἔτερος πρὸς κεφαλῆς Ἀκέστορος.

tούτοις ἔσκιν τὰ σκόλι' ὅπως δέξει καλώς.

Φι. ἀληθεῖς; ὡς οὐδεὶς Διακρίνων δέξεται.

ΒΔ. ἐγὼ εἴσομαι· καὶ δὴ γὰρ εἰμ' ἐγὼ Κλέων,

вед δὲ πρῶτος Ἀρμοδίου· δέξει δὲ σύ.

“οὐδεὶς πώποτ' ἀνὴρ ἐγέντ' Ἀθηναίος”

Φι. “οὐχ οὕτω γε πανοῦργος [ὡς σὺ] κλέπτης.”

ΒΔ. τούτι σὺ δράσεις; παραπολεὶ βοώμενος.

φήσει γὰρ ἐξολεῖν σε καὶ διαφθερεῖν

cαι τῆς κῆς ἔξελάν.

Φι. ἐγὼ δὲ γε,

έαν ἀπειλῇ, νη Δλ' ἔτερον ἄσομαί.

“ἀνθρωφ', οὖτος ὁ μαίομενος τὸ μέγα κράτος,

ἀντρέψεις ἐτὶ τὰν πόλιν: ἀ δὲ ἐχεται ῥοπᾶς.”

ΒΔ. τὶ δ', ὅταν Θέωρος πρὸς ποδῶν κατακείμενος

ἔδη Κλέωνος λαβόμενος τῆς δεξίᾶς,

“Ἀδμήτου λόγον, ὅταίρε, μαθῶν τοὺς ἀγαθοὺς

φίλει.”

tούτω τι λέξεις σκόλιον;

Φι. ψιδικῶς ἐγώ,

“οὐκ ἐστιν ἀλωπεκίζειν,

οὐδ' ἀμφοτέρους γίγνεσθαι φίλον.”
Dinner! the after-wash! now the libation.

PH. Good heavens! then is it in a dream we are feasting?

BD. The flute-girl has performed! our fellow-guests
    are Phanus, Aeschines, Theorus, Cleon,
    another stranger at Acestor's head.
    Could you with these cap verses a properly?

PH. Could I? Ay, truly; no Diacrian b better.

BD. I'll put you to the proof. Suppose I'm Cleon.
    I'll start the catch Harmodius. c You're to cap it.
    (Singing) "Truly Athens never knew"

PH. (Singing) "Such a rascally thief as you."

BD. Will you do that? You'll perish in your noise. d
    He'll swear he'll fell you, quell you, and expel you
    Out of this realm.

PH. Ay, truly, will he so?
    And if he threaten, I've another strain.
    "Mon, lustin' for power supreme, ye'll mak'
    The city capseeze; she's noo on the shak'." e

BD. What if Theorus, lying at his feet,
    Should grasp the hand of Cleon, and begin,
    "From the story of Admetus learn, my friend, to love
    the good." f
    How will you take that on?

PH. I, very neatly,
    "It is not good the fox to play,
    Nor to side with both in a false friend's way."

find the reverse. In 1239 the link seems very slight—φιλεί and
φίλον; so too in 1245—κάμοι and κάγω.

b "The Highlanders—the poorest of the three parties into
which Attica was divided in the days of Solon": R. Why they
are named here is obscure.

c Cf. A. 980.

d Many explain "being shouted down," i.e. by Cleon.

e Said by the Scholiast to be from Alcaeus.

f The Scholiast gives the second line as τῶν δειλῶν ὁ ἀπέχων,
γνώς ὅτι δειλῶν ὀλιγή χάρις.
ARISTOPHANES

BD. μετὰ τούτον Αἰσχύνης ὁ Σέλλος δεξεταί, ἀνὴρ σοφὸς καὶ μουσικὸς: κατ᾽ ἄσεται: "χρήματα καὶ βίαν
Κλεισταγόρα τε κα- μοί μετὰ Θετταλῶν"

Φί. "πολλὰ δὴ διεκόμπασας σὺ κἀγὼ."

BD. τοτί μὲν ἐπιεικῶς σὺ γ' ἐξεπίστασαι· ὅπως δ' ἐπὶ δεῖπνον εἰς Φιλοκτήμονος ἤμεν. παί παί, τὸ δεῖπνον, Χρυσῆ, συσκεύαζε νῦν, ἵνα καὶ μεθυσθῶμεν διὰ χρόνου.

Φί. μηδαμῶς.
κακὸν τὸ πίνειν· ἀπὸ γὰρ οἶνον γίγνεται καὶ θυροκοπῆσαι καὶ πατάξαι καὶ βαλέων, κατευθ' ἀποτίνειν ἀργύριον ἑκ κρατικῆς.

BD. οὔκ, ἢν ξυνῆς γ' ἀνδράσι καλοῖς τε κἀγαθοῖς. ἢ γὰρ παρηγήσαντο τὸν πεπονθότα, ἢ λόγον ἑλέξας αὐτός ἀστείον τινα, Αἰσωπικον γέλοιον ἡ Συβαριτικὸν, ὅν ἐμαθες ἐν τῷ συμποσίῳ· κατ' ἐσ γέλων τὸ πρᾶγμ' ἐπρεψας, ὡσ' ἀφείς σ' ἀποίχεται.

Φί. μαθητέον τάρ' ἐστὶ πολλοὺς τῶν λόγων, εἴπερ γ' ἀποτίσω μηδέν, ἢν τι δρῶ κακόν. ἄγε νυν ἱώμεν· μηδέν ἡμᾶς ἰσχέτω.

ΧΟ. πολλάκις δὴ 'δοξ' ἐμαντῶ δεξιῶς πεφυκέναι, καὶ σκαῖρὸς οὐδεπώποτε· ἄλλ' Ἀμυνίας ὁ Σέλλος μᾶλλον οὔκ τῶν Κρωβίλου,
THE WASPS, 1243-1267

BD. Next comes that son of Sellus, Aeschines, Clever, accomplished a fellow, and he'll sing
"O the money, O the might,
How Cleitagora and I,
With the men of Thessaly"— b

PH. "How we boasted, you and I."

BD. Well, that will do: you're fairly up to that: So come along: we'll dine at Philoctemon's. Boy! Chrysus! pack our dinner up; and now For a rare drinking-bout at last.

PH. No, no,
Drinking ain't good: I know what comes of drinking; Breaking of doors, assault, and battery, And then, a headache and a fine to pay.

BD. Not if you drink with gentlemen, you know. They'll go to the injured man, and beg you off, Or you yourself will tell some merry tale, A jest from Sybaris, or one of Aesop's, Learned at the feast. And so the matter turns Into a joke, and off he goes contented.

PH. O I'll learn plenty of those tales, if so I can get off, whatever wrong I do. Come, go we in: let nothing stop us now. c

CH. Often have I deemed myself exceeding bright, acute, and clever, Dull, obtuse, and awkward never. That is what Amynias is, of Curling-borough, d Sellus' son; Parabasis. For Amynias, a fop noted for his long hair, cf. 466; C. 691. He had apparently come to poverty and was starving instead of dining with Leogoras, a well-known epicure and father of the orator Andocides. d For the κρόβυλος, an antique method of dressing the hair into some sort of topknot, cf. Thuc. i. 6.

527
The villein race of Thessaly corresponding to the Helots of Laconia*: R.

b His name was Arignotus, cf. K. 1278 where there is a similar attack on Ariphrades.

c "The general nature of the incident to which these lines refer is plain enough. Some attack had been made by Cleon upon Α., who, finding that he did not receive from the people the support which he had expected, deemed it necessary to wriggle out of the scrape by patching up a hollow truce with his powerful opponent. Beyond this we are quite in the dark": R.

528
Him who now upon an apple
and pomegranate dines, I saw
At Leogoras's table
Eat as hard as he was able,
Goodness, what a hungry maw!
Pinched and keen as Antiphon.
Once he travelled to Pharsalus, our ambassador to be,
There a solitary guest, he
Stayed with only the Penestae,
Coming from the tribe himself,
the kindred tribe, of Penury.

Fortunate Automenes, we envy your felicity;
Every son of yours is of an infinite dexterity:
First the Harper, known to all, and loved of all excessively,
Grace and wit attend his steps, and elegant festivity,
Next the Actor, shrewd of wit beyond all credibility:
Last of all Ariphrades, that soul of ingenuity,
He who of his native wit, with rare originality,
Hit upon an undiscovered trick of bestiality:
All alone, the father tells us, striking out a novel line.

Some there are who said that I
was reconciled in amity,
When upon me Cleon pressed,
and made me smart with injury,
Currying and tanning me:
then as the stripes fell heavily
Th' outsiders laughed to see the sport,
and hear me squalling lustily,
Caring not a whit for me, but only looking merrily,
To know if squeezed and pressed I chanced
to drop some small buffoonery.
ARISTOPHANES

taûta katidôvn ûpó ti mikrôn èpibêkîsâ:
eîta vûn èxipátîsèn ë h xaráx tîn âmpeînon.

éA. iò xelôwvai makáriai toû dérmatos,
kai triûmakaîriai toû ’’pi taîs plêurais têgous.
ws eî katêrhêsâthe kai nouvbustikôs
kerâmow toû nûtoû woste tás plêuras stêgeun. 15
égw d’ apôlômala stiûmènos baktêria.

xo. tî d’ èstwv, ò pâi; pâïda gár, kâv ë gérwv,
kalèiv dîkaiou stîstis ûn pîhgas lábgh.

éA. ou gár ò gérwv átpòtatóv ëp’ ën kakôn
kai tôv xîvónvov polû paroukhîotatos;
kaîtoû parîn ’’Ippullos, ’’Antîfôn, Lûkôn,
Luôîstrotatos, Òouvraostos, oî pêri Frûîxôn.
tôûtvov âpántwv ën ûbriostotatos makrôv.
eûbûs går wûs ènêplîhto polûwv kâgathwv,
eûîlat’, èskîrta, pêtôrdei, kategêla,
ôsper kakhrôvôv õnîdîon eûwchêmènov
kâtupte d’hî me neanikôs, pâi pâi kalôn.
eît’ auûtvon wûs eîd’, ûkasev Luôîstrotatos
êoikas, ò prepôtata, neoplôtwv trugî
kliptûri t’ eîs áxurovvas ápodedrákotî.
o d’ ãnakhrovôv ãntîkasa’ auûtv párnoî
tâ ârîa toû trîbwnos ápobebhîkotî,
Sîvênwv te tôa skeuáraa diakêkârmenw.
oî d’ ánekròtîsavan, plîhîn ge Òouvraostov múñov
ôtôs dè dieûlîllainen, wûs d’hî deçîsîs.

* “A proverb used in reference to persons who find the support whereon they trusted giving way in the hour of need ”: R. Here probably Aristophanes is the Vine, the people the Vine-pole.
THE WASPS, 1290–1315

Seeing this, I played the ape a little bit undoubtedly.
So then, after all, the Vine-pole
proved unfaithful to the Vine.a

XA. O lucky tortoises, to have such skins,
Thrice lucky for the case upon your ribs:
How well and cunningly your backs are roofed
With tiling strong enough to keep out blows:
Whilst I, I’m cudgelled and tattooed to death.

CH. How now, my boy? for though a man be old,
Still, if he’s beaten, we may call him boy.

XA. Was not the old man the most outrageous nuisance,
Much the most drunk and riotous of all?
And yet we’d Lycon, Antiphon, Hippiillus,
Lysistratus, Theophrastus, Phrynichus;
But he was far the noisiest of the lot.
Soon as he’d gorged his fill of the good cheer,
He skipped, he leapt, and laughed, and frisked, and whinnied,
Just like a donkey on a feed of corn:
And slapped me youthfully, calling Boy! Boy!
So then Lysistratus compared him thus:
Old man, says he, you’re like new wine fermenting,
Or like a somnpour, scampering to its bran.b
But he shrieked back, And you, you’re like a locust
That has just shed the lappets of its cloak,
Or Sthenelus, shorn of his goods and chattels.c
At this all clapped, save Theophrast; but he
Made a wry face, being forsooth a wit.

b There was a proverb ὅνοι ἔλει σαλέων ἀπεδρα and the phrase describes excitement. But the connexion with κλητήρ, “a summoner,” is absent, unless “in Athenian slang a donkey was sometimes termed κλητήρ, caller” (R.); cf. 189.
c The similes are aimed at his shabby, threadbare appearance. Sthenelus was a tragic actor who had been reduced to poverty.

531
ARISTOPHANES

δ' γέρων δὲ τον Θούφραστον ἥρετ', εἰπέ μοι, ἐπὶ τῶ κομᾶς καὶ κομψὸς εἶναι προσποιεῖ, κωμῳδολοιχῶν περὶ τὸν εὖ πράττοντ' ἀεὶ; τουαῦτα περιβριζεν αὐτοὺς ἐν μέρει, σκόπτων ἀγροίκως καὶ προσέτι λόγους λέγων ἀμαθέστατ', οὐδὲν εἰκότας τῷ πράγματι.

ἔπειτ' ἐπειδὴ 'μέθυν, οἶκαδ' ἔρχεται τύπτων ἀπαντας, ἦν τις αὐτῶ ξυντύχη.

ὅδι δὲ δὴ καὶ σφαλλόμενος προσέρχεται. ἀλλ' ἐκποδών ἄπειμι πρὶν πληγὰς λαβεῖν.

Φ. ἀνεχε, πάρεχε:
κλαύστει τις τῶν ὄπισθεν ἐπακολούθουντων ἐμοί.
οἶνον, εἰ μὴ 'ρρήσεθ', ὑμᾶς, ὡ πόνηροι, ταυτὴ τῇ δαδὶ φρυκτοὺς σκεῦασον.

ΣΤΜΠΟΘΣ. ἦ μὴν συ δώσεις αὖριον τούτων δίκην ἢμίν ἀπασί, κεῖ σφόδρ' εἰ νεανίας.

ἀθρόοι γὰρ ἥξομέν σε προσκαλοῦμενοι.

Φ. ἢ ἵε, καλούμενοι.
ἀρχαῖα γ' ὑμῶν· ἀρά γ' ἵσθ' ὡς συν' ἀκούον ἀνέχομαι δικῶν; οἰαβοὶ αἰβοὶ.

τάδε μ' ἀρέσκει· βάλλε κημοῦς.

οὐκ ἄπεισι; ποῦ 'στιν ἡλιαστῆς; ἐκποδὼν.

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* P. enters carrying a torch. ἀνεχε, πάρεχε are perhaps eries addressed to runners in the torch-races of the Cerameicus—"hold it up, hand it on."

"The next 35 lines contain much that had been better"
And pray, the old man asked him, what makes you
Give yourself airs, and think yourself so grand,
You grinning flatterer of the well-to-do?
Thus he kept bantering every guest in turn,
Making rude jokes, and telling idle tales,
In clownish fashion, relevant to nothing.
At last, well drunk, homeward he turns once more,
Aiming a blow at every one he meets.
Ah! here he's coming; stumbling, staggering on.
Methinks I'll vanish ere I'm slapped again.

PH. Up ahoy! out ahoy! a
Some of you that follow me
  Shall ere long be crying.
If they don't shog off, I swear
I'll frizzle 'em all with the torch I bear,
  I'll set the rogues a-frying

GUEST. Zounds! we'll all make you pay for this to-morrow,
You vile old rake, however young you are!
We'll come and cite and summon you all together.

PH. Yah! hah! summon and cite! b
The obsolete notion! don't you know
I'm sick of the names of your suits and claims.
  Faugh! Faugh! Pheugh!
Here's my delight!
Away with the verdict-box! Won't he go?
Where's the Heliast? out of my sight!

omitted: and the English is in many places necessarily a substitution for, rather than a translation of, the original text. These drunken scenes, and indeed the entire 200 lines from 1250 to 1449, were, in my opinion, a mere afterthought on the part of the poet, introduced when the defeat of the Clouds had taught him that he could not with impunity discard the broad farce, the coarse buffoonery, of other comedians”: R.
ΑΡΙΣΤΟΦΑΝΗΣ

ἀνάβασε δεύτερο χρυσομηλόνθιον,
τῇ χειρὶ τούτῳ λαβομένη τοῦ σχοινίου.
ἔχου· φυλάττον δ', ὡς σαπρὸν τὸ σχοινίον·
ομως γε μέντοι τριβόμενον οὐκ ἄχθεται.
ὁρᾶς ἐγὼ σ' ὡς δεξιῶς υφειλόμην
μέλλουσαν ἢδη λεσβιεῖν τοὺς ἐμπότας·
ἀν εἰνεκ' ἀπόδοσ τῷ πέει τωδ' χάρων.
ἀλλ' οὐκ ἀποδώσεις οὐδ' ἐφιαλεῖς, οἶδ' ὅτι,
ἀλλ' ἐξαπατήσεις κἀγχανεῖ τούτῳ μέγα·
πολλοῖς γὰρ ἢδη χάτερος αὐτ' εἰργάσω.
ἐὰν γένῃ δὲ μὴ κακὴ νυνὶ γυνή,
ἐγὼ σ', ἐπειδὰν οὐμὸς νεός ἀποθάνῃ,
λυσάμενος ἔξω παλλακῆν, ὡ χοιρίον.
νὸν δ' οὐ κρατῶ γ' γω τῶν ἐμαυτοῦ χρημάτων.
νέος γάρ εἰμι καὶ φυλάττομαι σφόδρα.
τὸ γὰρ υἱὸν τηρεῖ με, κάστι δύσκολον
cάλλως κυμινοπριστοκαρδαμογλύφον.
ταῦτ' οὖν περὶ μου δέδοικε μὴ διαφθαρῶ.
πατὴρ γὰρ οὐδεὶς ἐστὶν αὐτῷ πλὴν ἐμοῦ.
ὁδ' ἐκ καυτός· ἐπὶ σὲ καὶ ἐφιαλεῖς.
ἀλλ' ὑς τάχιστα στῆθι τάσδε τὰς δετὰς
cαβοῦς', ἵν' αὐτῶν τωθάσω νεανικῶς,
οἰς ποθ' οὖντος ἐμὲ πρὸ τῶν μυστηρίων.

ΒΑ. ὡ οὖντος οὖνσ, τυφεδάνε καὶ χοιρόθλυσ,
ποθεῖν ἔραν τ' ἐνικας ὑπαίας σοφοῦ.
οὖ τοι καταπροῖξει μὰ τὸν ᾿Απόλλων τοῦτο δρῶν.

Π. ὡς ἡδέως φάγοις ἀν ἐξ ἐξους δίκην.

ΒΑ. οὖ δεινὰ τωθάζειν σε, τὴν αὐλητρίδα
tῶν ἐμποτῶν κλέψατα.
My little golden chafer, come up here,
Hold by this rope, a rotten one perchance,
But strong enough for you. Mount up, my dear.
See now, how cleverly I filched you off,
A wanton hussy, flirting with the guests.
You owe me, child, some gratitude for that.
But you're not one to pay your debts, I know.
O no! you'll laugh and chaff and slip away,
That's what you always do. But listen now,
Be a good girl, and don't be disobliging,
And when my son is dead, I'll ransom you,
And make you an honest woman. For indeed
I'm not yet master of my own affairs.
I am so young, and kept so very strict.
My son's my guardian, such a cross-grained man,
A cummin-splitting, mustard-scrapping fellow.
He's so afraid that I should turn out badly,
For I'm in truth his only father now.
But here he runs. Belike he's after us.
Quick, little lady, hold these links an instant;
And won't I quiz him boyishly and well,
As he did me before the initiation.

BD. You there! you there! you old lascivious dotard!
Enamoured, eh? ay of a fine ripe coffin.
Oh, by Apollo, you shall smart for this!

PH. Dear, dear, how keen to taste a suit in pickle!

BD. No quizzing, sir, when you have filched away
The flute-girl from our party.

a "Undoubtedly the σκύτων καθεμένων described in Clouds
538, 539:" R.

b "A piece of pleasantry, for sons often say 'I am my father's
only son'": Schol.

c i.e. my initiation into the mysteries of high life.

d σδρον is put unexpectedly for κόρης—maturum funus instead
of matura virgo.
ARISTOPHANES

Πόλεις αὐλητρίδα;  
τί ταῦτα ληρεῖς, ὥσπερ ἀπὸ τῦμβου πεσὼν;

ΒΔ. νῆ τοῦ Δί’, αὕτη ποὺ στὶ σοὶ γ’ ἦ Δαρδανίς.

ΦΙ. οὐκ, ἀλλ’ ἐν ἄγορᾷ τοῖς θεοῖς δᾶς κάεται.

ΒΔ. δᾶς ηδε;

ΦΙ. δᾶς δῆτ’. οὐχ ὦρᾶς ἐστιγμένην;

ΒΔ. τί δὲ τὸ μέλαν τοῦτ’ ἐστὶν αὕτης τοῦν μέσω;

ΦΙ. ἦ πιττα δήπου καομένης ἐξέρχεται.

ΒΔ. ὁ ὄ όπισθεν οὐχί πρωκτός ἐστὶν οὕτωσι;

ΦΙ. ὁξος μὲν οὖν τῆς δαδὸς οὕτος ἐξέχει.

ΒΔ. τί λέγεις σὺ; ποῖος ὦξος; οὐκ εἶ δεύρο σὺ;

ΦΙ. ἀ ἀ, τί μέλλεις δράν;

ἄγειν ταῦτην λαβὼν
ἀφελόμενός σε καὶ νομίζασ εἶναι σαπρόν
κοῦδεν δύνασθαι δράν.

ΦΙ. ἄκουσόν νῦν ἐμοῦ.

‘Ολυμπίασον ἤνίκ’ ἑθεῷρουν ἐγώ,
‘Εφουδίων ἐμαχέσατ’ Ἀσκώνδια καλῶς,
ἡδη γέρων ὄν· εἴτα τῇ πυγμῇ θενῶν
ὁ πρεσβύτερος κατέβαλε τὸν νεώτερον.
πρὸς ταῦτα τηροῦ μὴ λάβης ὑπώπια.

ΒΔ. νῆ τοῦ Δί’ ἐξέμαθες γε τὴν Ὁλυμπίαν.

ΑΡΤΟΠΩΛΙΣ. ἢθι μοι παράστηθ’, ἀντιβολῶ πρὸς τῶν θεῶν.

όδι γὰρ ἀνήρ ἐστὶν ὃς μ’ ἀπώλεσεν
τῇ δαδὶ παίων, καζέβαλεν ἐντευθεῖν
ἀρτους δέκ’ ὀβολῶν καπιθήκην τέτταρας.

ΒΔ. ὀρᾶς ἀ δέδρακας; πράγματ’ αὐ δεί καὶ δίκας
ἐχειν διὰ τὸν σὸν οἶνον.

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* P. now treats his son as a half-dead dotard, and seems to invent this phrase on the analogy of ἄντ’ ὀνον πεσῶν, cf. C. 1273.

* "This" = Dardanis. Torches, says the Scholiast, were
PH. Eh? what? flute-girl?
    You're out of your mind, or out of your grave,\(^a\) or something.
BD. Why, bless the fool, here's Dardanis beside you!
PH. What, this? why, this\(^b\) is a torch in the market-place!
BD. A torch, man?
PH. Clearly; pray observe the punctures.
BD. Then what's this black here, on the top of her head?
PH. Oh, that's the rosin, oozing while it burns.
BD. Then this of course is not a woman's arm?
PH. Of course not; that's a sprouting of the pine.
BD. Sprouting be hanged.
    (To Dard.) You come along with me.
PH. Hi! hi! what are you at?
BD. Marching her off
    Out of your reach; a rotten, as I think,
    And impotent old man.
PH. Now look ye here:
    Once, when surveying at the Olympian games,
    I saw how splendidly Ephudion fought
    With young Ascondas: saw the game old man
    Up with his fist, and knock the youngster down.
    So mind your eye, or you'll be pummelled too.
BD. Troth, you have learned Olympia to some purpose.

BAKING-GIRL. Oh, there he is! Oh, pray stand by me now!
    There's the old rascal who misused me so,
    Banged with his torch, and toppled down from here
    Bread worth ten obols, and four loaves to boot.
BD. There now, you see; troubles and suits once more
    Your wine will bring us.

punctured and tattooed with figures, and Dardanis is compared
with one to introduce some coarse jokes.
ΦΙ. ούδαμῶς γ', ἐπεὶ λόγοι διαλλάξουσιν αὐτὰ δεξιοί·
ωστ' οἴδ' ὅτι ταύτη διαλαχθήσομαι.

ΑΡ. οὐ τοι μὰ τῶ θεῶ καταπροῖει Μυρτίας
τῆς 'Αγκυλίωνος θυγατέρος καὶ Σωστράτης,
οὔτω διαφθείρας ἐμοῦ τὰ φορτία.

ΦΙ. ἀκουσοὺν, ὥσπερ λόγον σοι βούλοιμαι
λέξαι χαρίεντα.

ΑΡ. μὰ Δία μὴ μοι γ', ὥ μέλε. 14

ΦΙ. Ἀὔσωπον ἀπὸ δείπνου βαδίζονθ' ἐσπέρας
θρασεῖα καὶ μεθύσῃ τις ὑλάκτει κύων.
κάπειτ' ἐκείνος εἶπεν, ὦ κύων κύων,
εἰ νὴ Δι' ἀντὶ τῆς κακῆς γλώττης ποθὲν
πυροῦς πρίαο, σωφρονεῖν ἂν μοι δοκεῖς.

ΑΡ. καὶ καταγελάς μου; προσκαλοῦμαι σ' ὡστίς εἰ,
πρὸς τοὺς ἀγορανόμους βλάβης τῶν φορτίων,
κλητήρ' ἔχουσα Χαιρεψώντα τοινοῖ.

ΦΙ. μὰ Δι', ἄλλ' ἀκουσοῦν, ὥσπερ τι σοι δόξῳ λέγειν.
Λᾶσος ποτ' ἀντεδίδασκε καὶ Σιμωνίδης·
ἐπειδ' ὁ Λᾶσος εἶπεν, ὅλγον μοι μέλει.

ΑΡ. ἄλθης, οὕτως;

ΦΙ. καὶ σὺ δὴ μοι, Χαιρεψῶν,
γυναικὶ κλητεύεις, ἐοικὼς θαβίνη
'Ἰνὸι κρεμαμένῃ πρὸς ποδῶν Ἑὐριπίδου;

---
a He has learned the lesson his son taught him, 1258.
b i.e. Demeter and Persephone, a regular female oath.
c ὡστε ἄρτους ποιήσαι, ἐπεὶ ἄρτόνωλε: Schol.
d κλητήρ is the officer whose duty it was to see that the defendant was duly served with the citation to appear.
Troubles? Not at all.
A merry tale or two sets these things right.\(^a\)
I'll soon set matters right with this young woman.

B.-G. No, by the Twain \(^b\)! you shan't escape scot-free,
Doing such damage to the goods of Myrtia,
Sostrata's daughter, and Anchylion's, sir!

PH. Listen, good woman: I am going to tell you
A pleasant tale.

B.-G. Not me, by Zeus, sir, no!

PH. At Aesop, as he walked one eve from supper,
There yapped an impudent and drunken bitch.
Then Aesop answered, \(O\ you bitch! you bitch!\)
If in the stead of that ungodly tongue
You'd buy some wheat,\(^c\) methinks you'd have more sense.

B.-G. Insult me too? I summon you before.
The Market Court for damage done my goods,
And for my somnpour \(^d\) have this Chaerephon.

PH. Nay, nay, but listen if I speak not fair.
Simonides and Lasus \(^e\) once were rivals.
Then Lasus says, \(Pish, I don't care,\) says he.

B.-G. You will, sir, will you?

PH. And you, Chaerephon,
Are you her somnpour, you, like fear-blanced Ino
Pendent before Euripides's feet?\(^f\)

\(^a\) "Lasus of Hermione was a contemporary and rival of the
great Simonides of Ceos, who was famous for the number of
victories obtained by his dithyrambic choruses": R. P. like
Lasus snaps his fingers at his opponent.

\(^b\) "The story of Ino, who to escape her domestic miseries
threw herself, with her youngest child Melicertes, into the sea,
formed one of the most moving tragedies of Euripides": R.
Doubtless she was represented in the tragedy as throwing herself
at the feet of some deity or person, for whom A. here substitutes
the poet himself. For Chaerephon the "cadaverous" (in Eupolis
he is \(\nu\xiwos\)) see Index.
ΑΡΙΣΤΟΦΑΝΗΣ

ΒΔ. ὁδί τις ἐτερος, ὡς ἔοικεν, ἔρχεται
kalούμενος σε' τὸν γέ τοι κλητὴρ' ἔχει.
ΚΑΤΗΓΟΡΟΣ. οἴμοι κακοδαίμων. προσκαλοῦμαι σ', ὡ
γέρον,
ὑβρεως.

ΒΔ. ὑβρεως; μή, μή καλέσης πρὸς τῶν θεῶν.
ἐγὼ γὰρ ὑπὲρ αὐτοῦ δίκην δίδωμί σοι,
ἡν ἂν σὺ τάξης, καὶ χάριν προσέσωμαι.

ΦΙ. ἐγὼ μὲν οὖν αὐτῷ διαλλαχθήσομαι
ἐκών' ὁμολογῶ γὰρ πατάξαι καὶ βαλεῖν.
ἀλλ' ἔλθε δευρί, πότερον ἐπιτρέπεις ἐμοὶ
ὁ τι χρὴ μ' ἀποτίσαντ' ἀργύριον τοῦ πράγματος,
εἶναι φίλον τὸ λοιπόν, ἢ σὺ μοι φράσεις;

ΚΑ. σὺ λέγε. δικών γὰρ οὖ δέομ' οὐδὲ πραγμάτων.

ΦΙ. ἀνήρ Συβαρίτης ἐξέπεσεν ἐξ ἄρματος,
καὶ πως κατέάγη τῆς κεφαλῆς μέγα σφόδρα;
ἐτύγχανεν γὰρ οὗ τρίβων ἦν ἵππικῆς.
κάπετ' ἐπιστὰς εἰπ' ἀνήρ αὐτῷ φίλος:
ἔρδοι τις ἢν ἐκαστὸς εἰδείη τέχνην.
οὔτω δὲ καὶ σὺ παράτρεχ' εἰς τὰ Πιττάλου.

ΒΔ. οἴμοια σου καὶ ταύτα τοῖς ἄλλοις τρόποις.

ΚΑ. ἀλλ' οὖν σὺ μέμνησο' αὐτὸς ἀπεκρίνατο.

ΦΙ. ἀκουε, μὴ φεῦγ'. ἐν Συβάρει γυνὴ ποτε
κατέαξ' ἐχὼν.

ΚΑ. ταύτ' ἐγὼ μαρτύρομαι.

ΦΙ. οὐχίνος οὖν ἐχὼν τιν' ἐπεμαρτύρατο.
ἐἰδ' ἢ Συβαρίτης εἰπεν, εἰ ναὶ τὰν κόραν
τὴν μαρτυρίαν ταύτην ἐάσας ἐν τάχει
ἐπίδεσμον ἐπρίω, νοῦν ἂν εἶχες πλείονα.

*a “The ὑβρεως γραφή was a very different matter from the βλάβης δίκη with which alone the baking-girl had threatened 540
BD. See, here's another coming, as I live,
   To summon you: at least he has got his somnour.
COMPLAINANT. O dear! O dear! Old man, I summon you
   For outrage.

BD. Outrage? no, by the Gods, pray don't.
   I'll make amends for everything he has done
   (Ask what you will), and thank you kindly too.
PH. Nay, I'll make friends myself without compulsion.
   I quite admit the assault and battery.
   So tell me which you'll do; leave it to me
   To name the compensation I must pay
   To make us friends, or will you fix the sum?
CO. Name it yourself: I want no suits nor troubles.
PH. There was a man of Sybaris, do you know,
   Thrown from his carriage, and he cracked his skull,
   Quite badly too. Fact was, he could not drive.
   There was a friend of his stood by, and said,
   Let each man exercise the art he knows.
   So you, run off to Doctor Pittalus.

BD. Ay, this is like the rest of your behaviour.
CO. (To Bd.) You, sir, yourself, remember what he says.
PH. Stop, listen. Once in Sybaris a girl
   Fractured a jug.
CO. I call you, friend, to witness.
PH. Just so the jug: it called a friend to witness.
   Then said the girl of Sybaris, By'r Lady,
   If you would leave off calling friends to witness,
   And buy a rivet, you would show more brains.

him. It was so to say a criminal indictment, and not a mere
   civil action: and entailed a severe and speedy punishment": R.
   "P. reverts to his son's alternative prescription in 1259 and
   tries the effect of a Sybaritic apologue": R.
   i.e. Don't try litigation which you don't understand, but go
   to the famous doctor, Pittalus (cf. A. 1032).
   i.e. Persephone.
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κα. ὑβρις', ἐως ἂν τὴν δίκην ἄρχων καλῆ.
βδ. οὐ τοι μὰ τὴν Δήμητρ' ἐτ' ἐνταυθοὶ μενεῖς 
       ἀλλ' ἀράμενος οὔσω σε
φι. τί ποιεῖς;
βδ. ὁ τι ποιῶ;
εἰσω φέρω σ' ἐντεῦθεν· ἔι δὲ μή, τάχα 
       κλητήρες ἐπιλείψουσι τοὺς καλομένους.
φι. Ἀξισωπον οἱ Δελφοί ποτ'
βδ. ὀλίγων μοι μέλει.
φι. φιάλην ἐπητιώντο κλέψαι τοῦ θεοῦ·
       ὃ δ' ἔλεξεν αὐτοὶς, ὡς ὃ κάνθαρος ποτε
βδ. οὔμ' ὃς ἀπολῶ σ' αὐτοῖς τοῖς κανθάροις.

χο. ζηλῶ γε τῆς εὐτυχίας 
       τὸν πρέσβυν, οἱ μετέστη 
       ξηρῶν τρόπων καὶ βιοτῆς· 
       ἔτερα δὲ νῦν ἀντιμαθῶν 
       ἦθη, μετὰ τι πεσεῖται 
       ἐπὶ τὸ τρυφερὸν καὶ μαλακόν.
       τάχα δ' ἂν ἵσως οὐκ ἔθελοι. 
       τὸ γὰρ ἀποστήναι χαλεπὸν 
       φύσεος, ἦν ἔχει τις ἄει. 
       καίτοι πολλοὶ ταῦτ' ἔπαθον·
       ξυνόντες γνώμαις ἐτέρων 
       μετεβάλλοντο τοὺς τρόπους.
       πολλοῖ δ' ἐπαίνου παρ' ἐμοὶ 
       καὶ τοῖς εὐ φρονοῦσιν

---
a The Delphians brought a false charge against Aesop and,
THE WASPS, 1441–1463

co. Jeer, till the Magistrate call on my case.

BD. No, by Demeter, but you shan’t stop here, I’ll take and carry you—

PH. What now!

BD. What now?

Carry you in: or soon there won’t be somnpours
Enough for all your summoning complainants.

PH. The Delphians once charged Aesop—

BD. I don’t care.

PH. With having filched a vessel of their God.
But Aesop up and told them that a beetle—

BD. Zounds! but I’ll finish you, beetles and all.

CH. I envy much his fortune
As he changes from his dry
Ungenial life and manners,
Another path to try.
Now all to soft indulgence
His eager soul will take,
And yet perchance it will not,
For, ah! ’tis hard to break
From all your lifelong habits;
Yet some the change have made,
With other minds consorting,
By other counsels swayed.

With us and all good people
Great praise Philocleon’s son

as he was being led to execution, he told them this fable, the moral of which is that evil-doers will in the end pay.

b This ode in which the Chorus “felicitates B. on the probable success of his experiment,” after its demonstrable failure, seems “foreign to the original scheme of the Play.” So too 1474 when Xanthias announces B.’s drunken behaviour “no one would gather that this is his second entrance on the self-same errand.” See R. Introd. p. xiv and notes.
τυχών ἀπεισών διὰ τὴν
φιλοπατρίαν καὶ σοφίαν
οὗ παῖς ὁ Φιλοκλέωνος.
οὐδενὶ γὰρ οὕτως ἀγανῷ
ἐξυπερήμην, οὐδὲ τρόπους
ἐπεμάνην, οὔτε ἐξεχύθην.
τί γὰρ ἐκεῖνος ἀντιλέγων
οὐ κρείττων ἦν, βουλόμενος
τὸν φύσαντα σεμνοτέρους
κατακοσμήσαι πράγματι;

Ξ.ν. νὴ τὸν Διόνυσον, ἀπορά γ᾿ ἡμῖν πράγματα
δαίμων τις εἰσκεκύκληκεν εἰς τὴν οἰκίαν.
ὁ γὰρ γέρων ὃς ἔπιε διὰ πολλοῦ χρόνου
ἡκουσε τ´ αὐλοῦ, περιχαρῆς τῷ πράγματι
ὄρχούμενος τῆς νυκτὸς οὖθεν παύεται
τάρχαὶ ἐκεῖνος τοῖς Θέσσις ἡγούμενος·
καὶ τοὺς πραγμάδους φήσων ἀποδείξειν κρόνους
τοὺς νῦν, διορχησάμενος ὅλιγον ὑστερον.

Φ. τίς ἐπ` αὐλείουσι θύραις θᾶσσει;
Ξ. τοὺτὶ καὶ δὴ χωρεῖ τὸ κακὸν.
Φ. κλῆθρα χαλάσθω τάδε. καὶ δὴ γὰρ
σχήματος ἀρχῇ
Ξ. μᾶλλον δὲ γ´ ἵσος μανίας ἀρχῇ.
Φ. πλευρὰν λυγίσαντος ὑπὸ ῥώμης,
οἶνον μυκτὴρ μυκάται καὶ
σφόνυδους ἀχεῖ.
Ξ. πιθεὶς Φρυνίχος ὡς τις ἀλέκτωρ,
Φ. πτήσσει Φρυνίχου ὡς τις ἀλέκτωρ,

The ancient writers for the stage, Thespis, Phrynichus
(1490 seq.) and Carcinus (1501 seq.), introduced much dancing,
THE WASPS, 1464–1490

For filial love and genius
   In this affair has won.
Such sweet and gracious manners
   I never saw before,
Nor ever with such fondness
   My doting heart gushed o'er.
Where proved he not the victor
   In all this wordy strife,
Seeking to raise his father
   To higher paths of life?

XA. O Dionysus! here’s a pretty mess
   Into our house some power has whirligigged.
   Soon as the old man heard the pipe, and drank
   The long untasted wine, he grew so merry
   He won’t stop dancing all the whole night through
   Those strange old dances such as Thespis taught; a
   And your new bards he’ll prove old fools, he says,
   Dancing against them in the lists directly.

PH. Who sits, who waits at the entrance gates?
XA. More and more is this evil advancing!
PH. Be the bolts undone, we have just begun;
   This, this is the first evolution of dancing.
XA. First evolution of madness, I think.
PH. With the strong contortion the ribs twist round,
   And the nostril snorts, and the joints resound,
   And the tendons crack.
XA. O, hellebore drink! b
PH. Cocklike, Phrynichus crouches and cowers,c
   and the old man remembers these dances. Bentley’s full dis-
   cussion of this passage is quoted in R.
   b Hellebore was a cure for madness.
   c Bentley emended πτήσει to πλήσει, but R. notes that “a
     cock crouches and sidles down immediately before it delivers a
     blow”; cf. 1491.

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ΞΑ. τάχα βαλλήσεις.
Θ. σκέλος ουράνιον γ’ ἐκλακτίζων.
πρωκτὸς χάσκει.

ΞΑ. κατὰ σαυτὸν ὥρα.
Θ. νῦν γὰρ ὑπὸ ἄρθροις τοῖς ἡμετέροις
στρέφεται χαλαρὰ κοτυληδόν.

ΒΔ. οὐκ εὖ μὰ Δὶ’ οὐ δῆτ’, ἄλλα μανικὰ πράγματα.
Θ. φέρε νῦν ἀνείπῳ κανταγωνιστάς καλῶ.
εἰ τις τραγῳδός φησιν ὀρχείζωθι καλῶς,
ἐμοὶ διορχησόμενος ἐνθάδ’ εἰσίτω.
φησάν τις, ἢ οὔδεις;

ΒΔ. εἰς γ’ ἐκενωσὶ μόνος.
Θ. τίς ὁ κακοδαίμων ἐστίν;

ΒΔ. ύιὸς Καρκίνου
ὁ μέσατος.

Θ. ἀλλ’ οὗτός γε καταποθήσεται:
ἀπολῶ γὰρ αὐτὸν ἐμμελεία κονδύλου.
ἐν τῷ ῥυθμῷ γὰρ οὐδέν ἐστ’.

ΒΔ. ἀλλ’, ὥζυρέ,
ετερος τραγῳδός Καρκινίτης ἔρχεται,
ἀδελφὸς αὐτοῦ.

Θ. νὴ Δὶ’ οὐψώνηκ’ ἄρα.

ΒΔ. μὰ τὸν Δὶ’ οὐδέν γ’ ἄλλο πλήν γε καρκίνους.
προσέρχεται γὰρ ἔτερος αὐτοῦ τῶν Καρκίνου.
Θ. τοῦτ’ ἢν τὸ προσέρπον; ὃξις, ἡ φάλαγξ;

ΒΔ. ὁ πωνοτήρης οὗτός ἐστι, τοῦ γένους
ὁ σμικρότατος, ὡς τὴν τραγῳδίαν ποιεῖ.

——

α “P. holds the lists as the champion of the older tragic dances. Three representatives of the modern school of tragic dancing now enter, one by one, to accept his challenge. They are the three deformed and stunted sons of Carcinus, the constant butts of Aristophanes for their preposterous dances” ; R.

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You'll strike by and by.

Then he kicks his leg to the wondering sky,

O look to yourself, look out, look out.

For now in these sinewy joints of ours
The cup-like socket is twirled about.

"Twon't do, by Zeus: 'twon't do: 'tis downright madness.

Come on, I challenge all the world to dance.
Now what tragedian thinks he dances well,
Let him come in and dance a match with me.
Well, is there one, or none?

Here's only one.

Who's he, poor devil?

'Tis the midmost son
Of poet Carcinus, the Crabbe.*

I'll eat him.
'Sdeath! I'll destroy him with a knuckle-dance.†
He's a born fool at rhythm.

Nay, but look here!
Here comes a brother crab, another son
Of Carcinus.

'Thought, I've got crab enough.

Nothing but crabs! 'fore Zeus, nothing but crabs!
Here creeps a third of Carcinus's brood.

Heyday! what's this? a vinaigrette, or spider?

This is the Pinnoteer,* of all the tribe
The tiniest crab: a tragic poet too!

* ἐμέλεια is the technical word for a tragic dance; here P. promises to perform it with his fists.
† A tiny crustacean, about the size of a pea, a parasite of the pinna, a wedge-shaped bivalve. It was called "Pinna-watchman," because "the pinna having got its little guest safely lodged within, left its shell open: and so soon as any food came within the valves the pea-crab gave its host a nip, which caused it to close its shell and secure the prey": R.
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Φ1. ὁ Καρκίν', ὁ μακάρις τῆς εὐπαιδίας·
ὅσον τὸ πλήθος κατέπεσεν τῶν ὑρχίλων.
ἀτὰρ καταβατέον γ’ ἐπ’ αὐτούς μοι· σὺ δὲ
ἀλμην κύκα τοῦτοισιν, ἦν ἐγώ κρατῶ.

χο. φέρε νῦν ἡμεῖς αὐτοῖς ὀλίγον ξυγχωρήσωμεν
ἀπαντεσ,
ὡ εφ’ ἡσυχίας ἡμῶν πρόσθεν βεμβικQualifier1ςσωσιν
ἐαυτοὺς.
ἂν’, ὁ μεγαλώνυμα τέκνα τοῦ θαλασσίου,
πηδάτε παρὰ ψάμαθον
καὶ θίν ἀλὸς ἀτρυγέτοιο, καρίδων ἀδελφόι·
tαχύν πόδα κυκλοσοβείτε, καὶ τὸ Φρυνίχειον
ἐκλακτισάτω τις, ὅπως
ἰδὼντες ἄνω σκέλος [ἂν’], ὄξωσιν οἱ θεαταί.
στρόβει, παράβανε κύκλω καὶ γάστρισον σεαυτόν,
ρίπτε σκέλος οὐράνιον. βεμβικὲς ἐγγενέσθων.
καῦτος γὰρ ὁ ποντομέδων ἀνὰξ πατήρ προσέρπει
ἡθεὶς ἐπὶ τοῦς ἑαυτοῦ παισῖ, τοῖς τριόρχοις.
ἀλλ’ ἐξάγετ’, εἰ τι φιλεῖτ’, ὄρχουμενοι θύραξ
ἡμᾶς ταχύ· τοῦτο γὰρ οὐδεὶς πω πάρος δέδρακεν
ὄρχομενος, ὅστις ἀπῆλλαξεν χορὸν τρυγωδῶν.

a Lit. “golden-crested wrens.” He calls them so because of
their size, and perhaps with a suggestion of ὀρχηστῶν. In 1534
he calls them τριόρχοι (lit. “buzzards”)=“three-dancers.”

b Their names are variously given by the Scholiast as
Xenocles, Xenotimus, Diotimus, etc.
O Carcinus! O proud and happy father!
Here's a fine troop of wrynecks settling down.
Well, I must gird me to the fight: and you,
Mix pickles for these crabs, in case I beat them.

Come draw we aside, and leave them a wide,
a roomy and peaceable exercise-ground,
That before us therein like tops they may spin,
revolving and whirling and twirling around.
O lofty-titled sons of the ocean-roving sire,
Ye brethren of the shrimps, come and leap
On the sand and on the strand
of the salt and barren deep.
Whisk nimble feet around you;
kick out, till all admire,
The Phrynichean kick to the sky;
That the audience may applaud,
as they view your leg on high.
On, on, in mazy circles; hit your stomach with your heel
Fling legs aloft to heaven,
as like spinning-tops you wheel.
Your Sire is creeping onward, the Ruler of the Sea,
He gazes with delight at his hobby-dancers three.
Come, dancing as you are, if you like it, lead away,
For never yet, I warrant, has an actor till to-day
Led out a chorus, dancing, at the ending of the Play.

R. quotes Paley for shrimps "bounding in the air from the shallow margin of the water, or from the wet sand."

* "δου βὰλεσ, etc., is from Hom. Il. i. 316, 327."
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