

## **TRANSLATIONS**

## THE PROMETHEUS BOUND OF ÆSCHYLUS

### PERSONS OF THE DRAMA

KRATOS and BIA (Strength and Force).

HEPHAISTUS (Vulcan).

PROMETHEUS.

CHORUS OF OCEAN NYMPHS.

OCEANUS.

Io, *Daughter of Inachus.*

HERMES.

KRATOS and BIA, HEPHAISTUS, PROMETHEUS.

*Kr.* We are come to the far-bounding plain of earth,  
To the Scythian way, to the unapproached solitude.  
Hephaistus, orders must have thy attention,  
Which the Father has enjoined on thee, this bold one  
To the high-hanging rocks to bind  
In indissoluble fetters of adamantine bonds.  
For thy flower, the splendor of fire useful in all arts,  
Stealing, he bestowed on mortals; and for such  
A crime 't is fit he should give satisfaction to the gods;  
That he may learn the tyranny of Zeus  
To love, and cease from his man-loving ways.

*Heph.* Kratos and Bia, your charge from Zeus  
Already has its end, and nothing further in the way;  
But I cannot endure to bind  
A kindred god by force to a bleak precipice, —  
Yet absolutely there's necessity that I have courage for  
these things;  
For it is hard the Father's words to banish.

High-plotting son of the right-counseling Themis,  
Unwilling thee unwilling in brazen fetters hard to be  
loosed

I am about to nail to this inhuman hill,  
Where neither voice [you'll hear], nor form of any  
mortal

See, but, scorched by the sun's clear flame,  
Will change your color's bloom; and to you glad  
The various-robed night will conceal the light,  
And sun disperse the morning frost again;  
And always the burden of the present ill  
Will wear you; for he that will relieve you has not yet  
been born.

Such fruits you've reaped from your man-loving ways,  
For a god, not shrinking from the wrath of gods,  
You have bestowed honors on mortals more than just,  
For which this pleasureless rock you'll sentinel,  
Standing erect, sleepless, not bending a knee;  
And many sighs and lamentations to no purpose  
Will you utter; for the mind of Zeus is hard to be  
changed;

And he is wholly rugged who may newly rule.

*Kr.* Well, why dost thou delay and pity in vain?  
Why not hate the god most hostile to gods,  
Who has betrayed thy prize to mortals?

*Heph.* The affinity indeed is appalling, and the fa-  
miliarity.

*Kr.* I agree, but to disobey the Father's words  
How is it possible? Fear you not this more?

*Heph.* Ay, you are always without pity, and full of  
confidence.

*Kr.* For 't is no remedy to bewail this one;  
Cherish not vainly troubles which avail naught.

*Heph.* O much hated handicraft!

*Kr.* Why hatest it? for in simple truth, for these  
misfortunes

Which are present now Art's not to blame.

*Heph.* Yet I would 't had fallen to another's lot.

*Kr.* All things were done but to rule the gods,  
For none is free but Zeus.

*Heph.* I knew it, and have naught to say against  
these things.

*Kr.* Will you not haste, then, to put the bonds about  
him,

That the Father may not observe you loitering?

*Heph.* Already at hand the shackles you may see.

*Kr.* Taking them, about his hands with firm strength  
Strike with the hammer, and nail him to the rocks.

*Heph.* 'T is done, and not in vain this work.

*Kr.* Strike harder, tighten, nowhere relax,  
For he is skillful to find out ways e'en from the im-  
practicable.

*Heph.* Ay, but this arm is fixed inextricably.

*Kr.* And this now clasp securely, that

He may learn he is a duller schemer than is Zeus.

*Heph.* Except him would none justly blame me.

*Kr.* Now with an adamantine wedge's stubborn fang  
Through the breasts nail strongly.

*Heph.* Alas! alas! Prometheus, I groan for thy  
afflictions.

*Kr.* And do you hesitate? for Zeus' enemies  
Do you groan? Beware lest one day you yourself will pity.

*Heph.* You see a spectacle hard for eyes to behold.

*Kr.* I see him meeting his deserts;  
But round his sides put straps.

*Heph.* To do this is necessity, insist not much.

*Kr.* Surely I will insist and urge beside;  
Go downward, and the thighs surround with force.

*Heph.* Already it is done, the work, with no long labor.

*Kr.* Strongly now drive the fetters, through and through,

For the critic of the works is difficult.

*Heph.* Like your form your tongue speaks.

*Kr.* Be thou softened, but for my stubbornness  
Of temper and harshness reproach me not.

*Heph.* Let us withdraw, for he has a net about his limbs.

*Kr.* There now insult, and the shares of gods  
Plundering on ephemerals bestow; what thee  
Can mortals in these ills relieve?  
Falsely thee the divinities Prometheus  
Call; for you yourself need one *foreseeing*  
In what manner you will escape this fortune.

PROMETHEUS, *alone.*

O divine ether, and ye swift-winged winds,  
Fountains of rivers, and countless smilings  
Of the ocean waves, and earth, mother of all,  
And thou all-seeing orb of the sun I call.  
Behold me what a god I suffer at the hands of gods.  
See by what outrages  
Tormented the myriad-yeared

Time I shall endure; such the new  
Ruler of the blessed has contrived for me,  
Unseemly bonds.

Alas! alas! the present and the coming  
Woe I groan; where ever of these sufferings  
Must an end appear.

But what say I? I know beforehand all,  
Exactly what will be, nor to me strange  
Will any evil come. The destined fate  
As easily as possible it behooves to bear, knowing  
Necessity's is a resistless strength.

But neither to be silent nor unsilent about this  
Lot is possible for me; for a gift to mortals  
Giving, I wretched have been yoked to these necessities;

Within a hollow reed by stealth I carry off fire's  
Stolen source, which seemed the teacher  
Of all art to mortals, and a great resource.  
For such crimes penalty I pay,  
Under the sky, riveted in chains.  
Ah! ah! alas! alas!  
What echo, what odor has flown to me obscure,  
Of god, or mortal, or else mingled,—  
Came it to this terminal hill

A witness of my sufferings, or wishing what?  
Behold bound me an unhappy god,  
The enemy of Zeus, fallen under  
The ill will of all the gods, as many as  
Enter into the hall of Zeus,  
Through too great love of mortals.  
Alas! alas! what fluttering do I hear

Of birds near? for the air rustles  
 With the soft rippling of wings.  
 Everything to me is fearful which creeps this way.

PROMETHEUS and CHORUS.

*Ch.* Fear nothing; for friendly this band  
 Of wings with swift contention  
 Drew to this hill, hardly  
 Persuading the paternal mind.  
 The swift-carrying breezes sent me;  
 For the echo of beaten steel pierced the recesses  
 Of the caves, and struck out from me reserved modesty;  
 And I rushed unsandaled in a winged chariot.

*Pr.* Alas! alas! alas! alas!  
 Offspring of the fruitful Tethys,  
 And of him rolling around all  
 The earth with sleepless stream children,  
 Of Father Ocean; behold, look on me;  
 By what bonds embraced  
 On this cliff's topmost rocks  
 I shall maintain unenvied watch.

*Ch.* I see, Prometheus; but to my eyes a fearful  
 Mist has come surcharged  
 With tears, looking upon thy body  
 Shrunk to the rocks  
 By these mischiefs of adamantine bonds;  
 Indeed, new helmsmen rule Olympus;  
 And with new laws Zeus strengthens himself, annulling  
     the old,  
 And the before great now makes unknown.

*Pr.* Would that under earth, and below Hades,  
 Receptacle of dead, to impassable  
 Tartarus he had sent me, to bonds indissoluble  
 Cruelly conducting, that neither god  
 Nor any other had rejoiced at this.  
 But now the sport of winds, unhappy one,  
 A source of pleasure to my foes, I suffer.

*Ch.* Who so hard-hearted  
 Of the gods, to whom these things are pleasant?  
 Who does not sympathize with thy  
 Misfortunes, excepting Zeus? for he in wrath always  
 Fixing his stubborn mind,  
 Afflicts the heavenly race;  
 Nor will he cease, until his heart is sated;  
 Or with some palm some one may take the power hard  
 to be taken.

*Pr.* Surely yet, though in strong  
 Fetters I am now maltreated,  
 The ruler of the blessed will have need of me,  
 To show the new conspiracy by which  
 He's robbed of sceptre and of honors,  
 And not at all me with persuasion's honey-tongued  
 Charms will he appease, nor ever,  
 Shrinking from his firm threats, will I  
 Declare this, till from cruel  
 Bonds he may release, and to do justice  
 For this outrage be willing.

*Ch.* You are bold; and to bitter  
 Woes do nothing yield,  
 But too freely speak.  
 But my mind piercing fear disturbs;

For I'm concerned about thy fortunes,  
Where at length arriving you may see  
An end to these afflictions. For manners  
Inaccessible, and a heart hard to be dissuaded has the  
son of Kronos.

*Pr.* I know, that — Zeus is stern and having  
Justice to himself. But after all

Gentle-minded

He will one day be, when thus he's crushed,  
And his stubborn wrath allaying,  
Into agreement with me and friendliness  
Earnest to me earnest he at length will come.

*Ch.* The whole account disclose and tell us plainly,  
In what crime taking you Zeus  
Thus disgracefully and bitterly insults;  
Inform us, if you are nowise hurt by the recital.

*Pr.* Painful indeed it is to me to tell these things,  
And a pain to be silent, and every way unfortunate.  
When first the divinities began their strife,  
And discord 'mong themselves arose,  
Some wishing to cast Kronos from his seat,  
That Zeus might reign, forsooth, others the contrary  
Striving, that Zeus might never rule the gods;  
Then I, the best advising, to persuade  
The Titans, sons of Uranus and Chthon,  
Unable was; but crafty stratagems  
Despising with rude minds,  
They thought without trouble to rule by force;  
But to me my mother not once only, Themis,  
And Gaea, of many names one form,  
How the future should be accomplished had foretold,

That not by power nor by strength  
Would it be necessary, but by craft the victors should  
prevail.

Such I in words expounding,  
They deigned not to regard at all.

The best course, therefore, of those occurring then  
Appeared to be, taking my mother to me,  
Of my own accord to side with Zeus glad to receive me;  
And by my counsels Tartarus' black-pitted  
Depths conceals the ancient Kronos,  
With his allies. In such things by me  
The tyrant of the gods having been helped,  
With base rewards like these repays me;  
For there is somehow in kingship  
This disease, not to trust its friends.  
What then you ask, for what cause  
He afflicts me, this will I now explain.

As soon as on his father's throne  
He sat, he straightway to the gods distributes honors,  
Some to one and to another some, and arranged  
The government; but of unhappy mortals account  
Had none; but blotting out the race  
Entire, wished to create another new.  
And these things none opposed but I,  
But I adventured; I rescued mortals  
From going destroyed to Hades.  
Therefore, indeed, with such afflictions am I bent,  
To suffer grievous, and piteous to behold,  
And, holding mortals up to pity, myself am not  
Thought worthy to obtain it; but without pity  
Am I thus corrected, a spectacle inglorious to Zeus.

*Ch.* Of iron heart and made of stone,  
Whoe'er, Prometheus, with thy sufferings  
Does not grieve; for I should not have wished to see  
These things, and having seen them I am grieved at  
heart.

*Pr.* Indeed to friends I'm piteous to behold.

*Ch.* Did you in no respect go beyond this?

*Pr.* True, mortals I made cease foreseeing fate.

*Ch.* Having found what remedy for this all?

*Pr.* Blind hopes in them I made to dwell.

*Ch.* A great advantage this you gave to men.

*Pr.* Beside these, too, I bestowed on them fire.

*Ch.* And have mortals flam' fire?

*Pr.* From which, indeed, they will learn many arts.

*Ch.* Upon such charges, then, does Zeus

Maltreat you, and nowhere relax from ills?

Is there no term of suffering lying before thee?

*Pr.* Nay, none at all, but when to him it may seem  
good.

*Ch.* And how will it seem good? What hope? See  
you not that

You have erred? But how you've erred, for me to tell  
Not pleasant, and to you a pain. But these things  
Let us omit, and seek you some release from sufferings.

*Pr.* Easy, whoever out of trouble holds his  
Foot, to admonish and remind those faring

*Ill.* But all these things I knew;  
Willing, willing I erred, I'll not deny;  
Mortals assisting I myself found trouble.

Not indeed with penalties like these thought I  
That I should pine on lofty rocks,

Gaining this drear unneighbored hill.  
But bewail not my present woes,  
But alighting, the fortunes creeping on  
Hear ye, that ye may learn all to the end.  
Obey me, obey, sympathize  
With him now suffering. Thus indeed affliction,  
Wandering round, sits now by one, then by another.

*Ch.* Not to unwilling ears do you urge  
This, Prometheus.

And now with light foot the swift-rushing  
Seat leaving, and the pure ether,  
Path of birds, to this peaked  
Ground I come; for thy misfortunes  
I wish fully to hear.

PROMETHEUS, CHORUS, and OCEANUS.

*Oc.* I come to the end of a long way  
Traveling to thee, Prometheus,  
By my will without bits directing  
This wing-swift bird;  
For at thy fortunes know I grieve.  
And, I think, affinity thus  
Impels me, but apart from birth,  
There's not to whom a higher rank  
I would assign than thee.  
And you will know these things as true, and not in vain  
To flatter with the tongue is in me. Come, therefore,  
Show how it is necessary to assist you;  
For never will you say, than Ocean  
There's a firmer friend to thee.

*Pr.* Alas! what now? And you, then, of my sufferings

Come spectator? How didst thou dare, leaving  
The stream which bears thy name, and rock-roofed  
Caves self-built, to the iron-mother  
Earth to go? To behold my fate  
Hast come, and to compassionate my ills?  
Behold a spectacle, this, the friend of Zeus,  
Having with him established his tyranny,  
With what afflictions by himself I'm bent.

*Oc.* I see, Prometheus, and would admonish  
Thee the best, although of varied craft.  
Know thyself, and fit thy manners  
New; for new also the king among the gods.  
For if thus rude and whetted words  
Thou wilt hurl out, quickly may Zeus, though sitting  
Far above, hear thee, so that thy present wrath  
Of troubles child's play will seem to be.  
But, O wretched one, dismiss the indignation which  
    thou hast,  
And seek deliverance from these woes.  
Like an old man, perhaps, I seem to thee to say these  
    things;  
Such, however, are the wages  
Of the too lofty speaking tongue, Prometheus;  
But thou art not yet humble, nor dost yield to ills,  
And beside the present wish to receive others still.  
But thou wouldest not, with my counsel,  
Against the pricks extend your limbs, seeing that  
A stern monarch irresponsible reigns.  
And now I go, and will endeavor,  
If I can, to release thee from these sufferings.  
But be thou quiet, nor too rudely speak.

Know'st thou not well, with thy superior wisdom, that  
On a vain tongue punishment is inflicted?

*Pr.* I congratulate thee that thou art without blame,  
Having shared and dared all with me;  
And now leave off, and let it not concern thee.  
For altogether thou wilt not persuade him, for he's not  
    easily persuaded,  
But take heed yourself lest you be injured by the way.

*Oc.* Far better thou art to advise those near  
Than thyself; by deed and not by word I judge.  
But me hastening by no means mayest thou detain,  
For I boast, I boast, this favor will Zeus  
Grant me, from these sufferings to release thee.

*Pr.* So far I praise thee, and will never cease;  
For zeal you nothing lack. But  
Strive not; for in vain, naught helping  
Me, thou 'lt strive, if aught to strive you wish.  
But be thou quiet, holding thyself aloof,  
For I would not, though I'm unfortunate, that on this  
    account  
Evils should come to many.

*Oc.* Surely not, for me too the fortunes of thy brother  
Atlas grieve, who towards the evening-places  
Stands, the pillar of heaven and earth  
Upon his shoulders bearing, a load not easy to be borne.  
And the earth-born inhabitant of the Cilician  
Caves seeing, I pitied, the savage monster  
With a hundred heads, by force o'ercome,  
Typhon impetuous, who stood 'gainst all the gods,  
With frightful jaws hissing out slaughter;  
And from his eyes flashed a Gorgonian light,

Utterly to destroy by force the sovereignty of Zeus;  
 But there came to him Zeus' sleepless bolt,  
 Descending thunder, breathing flame,  
 Which struck him out from lofty  
 Boastings. For, struck to his very heart,  
 His strength was scorched and thundered out.  
 And now a useless and extended carcass  
 Lies he near a narrow passage of the sea,  
 Pressed down under the roots of *Ætna*.  
 And on the topmost summit seated, Hephaistus  
 Hammers the ignited mass, whence will burst out at  
 length

Rivers of fire, devouring with wild jaws  
 Fair-fruited Sicily's smooth fields;  
 Such rage will Typhon make boil over  
 With hot discharges of insatiable fire-breathing tempest,  
 Though by the bolt of Zeus burnt to a coal.

*Pr.* Thou art not inexperienced, nor dost want  
 My counsel; secure thyself as thou know'st how;  
 And I against the present fortune will bear up,  
 Until the thought of Zeus may cease from wrath.

*Oc.* Know'st thou not this, Prometheus, that  
 Words are healers of distempered wrath?

*Pr.* If any seasonably soothe the heart,  
 And swelling passion check not rudely.

*Oc.* In the consulting and the daring  
 What harm seest thou existing? Teach me.

*Pr.* Trouble superfluous, and light-minded folly.

*Oc.* Be this my ail then, since it is  
 Most profitable, being wise, not to seem wise.

*Pr.* This will seem to be my error.

*Oc.* Plainly homeward thy words remand me.  
*Pr.* Aye, let not grief for me into hostility cast thee.  
*Oc.* To the new occupant of the all-powerful seats?  
*Pr.* Beware lest ever his heart be angered.  
*Oc.* Thy fate, Prometheus, is my teacher.  
*Pr.* Go thou, depart; preserve the present mind.  
*Oc.* To me rushing this word you utter.  
 For the smooth path of the air sweeps with his wings  
 The four-legged bird; and gladly would  
 In the stalls at home bend a knee.

PROMETHEUS and CHORUS.

*Ch.* I mourn for thee thy ruinous  
 Fate, Prometheus,  
 And tear-distilling from my tender  
 Eyes a stream has wet  
 My cheeks with flowing springs;  
 For these, unenvied, Zeus  
 By his own laws enforcing,  
 Haughty above the gods  
 That were displays his sceptre.  
 And every region now  
 With groans resounds,  
 Mourning the illustrious  
 And ancient honor  
 Of thee and of thy kindred;  
 As many mortals as the habitable seat  
 Of sacred Asia pasture,  
 With thy lamentable  
 Woes have sympathy;  
 And of the Colchian land, virgin

Inhabitants, in fight undaunted,  
 And Scythia's multitude, who the last  
 Place of earth, about  
 Maeotis lake possess,  
 And Arabia's martial flower,  
 And who the high-hung citadels  
 Of Caucasus inhabit near,  
 A hostile army, raging  
 With sharp-prowed spears.  
 Only one other god before, in sufferings  
 Subdued by injuries  
 Of adamantine bonds, I've seen, Titanian  
 Atlas, who always with superior strength  
 The huge and heavenly globe  
 On his back bears;  
 And with a roar the sea waves  
 Dashing, groans the deep,  
 And the dark depth of Hades murmurs underneath  
 The earth, and fountains of pure-running rivers  
 Heave a pitying sigh.

*Pr.* Think not, indeed, through weakness or through pride  
 That I am silent; for with the consciousness I gnaw my heart,  
 Seeing myself thus basely used.  
 And yet to these new gods their shares  
 Who else than I wholly distributed?  
 But of these things I am silent; for I should tell you  
 What you know; the sufferings of mortals too  
 You've heard, how I made intelligent  
 And possessed of sense them ignorant before.

But I will speak, not bearing any grudge to men,  
 But showing in what I gave the good intention;  
 At first, indeed, seeing they saw in vain,  
 And hearing heard not; but like the forms  
 Of dreams, for that long time, rashly confounded  
 All, nor brick-woven dwellings  
 Knew they, placed in the sun, nor woodwork;  
 But digging down they dwelt, like puny  
 Ants, in sunless nooks of caves.  
 And there was naught to them, neither of winter sign,  
 Nor of flower-giving spring, nor fruitful  
 Summer, that was sure; but without knowledge  
 Did they all, till I taught them the risings  
 Of the stars, and goings down, hard to determine.  
 And numbers, chief of inventions,  
 I found out for them, and the assemblages of letters,  
 And memory, Muse-mother, doer of all things;  
 And first I joined in pairs wild animals  
 Obedient to the yoke; and that they might be  
 Alternate workers with the bodies of men  
 In the severest toils, I harnessed the rein-loving horses  
 To the car, the ornament of over-wealthy luxury.  
 And none else than I invented the sea-wandering  
 Flaxen-winged vehicles of sailors.  
 Such inventions I wretched having found out  
 For men, myself have not the ingenuity by which  
 From the now present ill I may escape.

*Ch.* You suffer unseemly ill; deranged in mind  
 You err; and as some bad physician, falling  
 Sick you are dejected, and cannot find  
 By what remedies you may be healed.

*Pr.* Hearing the rest from me more will you wonder  
What arts and what expedients I planned.  
That which was greatest, if any might fall sick,  
There was alleviation none, neither to eat,  
Nor to anoint, nor drink, but for the want  
Of medicines they were reduced to skeletons, till to  
    them  
I showed the mingling of mild remedies,  
By which all ailments they drive away.  
And many modes of prophecy I settled,  
And distinguished first of dreams what a real  
Vision is required to be, and omens hard to be deter-  
    mined  
I made known to them; and tokens by the way,  
And flight of crooked-taloned birds I accurately  
Defined, which lucky are,  
And unlucky, and what mode of life  
Have each, and to one another what  
Hostilities, attachments, and assemblings;  
The entrails' smoothness, and what color having  
They would be to the divinities acceptable;  
Of the gall and liver the various symmetry,  
And the limbs concealed in fat; and the long  
Flank burning, to an art hard to be guessed  
I showed the way to mortals; and flammeous signs  
Explained, before obscure.  
Such indeed these; and under ground  
Concealed the helps to men;  
Brass, iron, silver, gold, who  
Would affirm that he discovered before me?  
None, I well know, not wishing in vain to boast.

But learn all in one word,  
*All arts to mortals from Prometheus.*  
*Ch.* Assist not mortals now unseasonably,  
And neglect yourself unfortunate; for I  
Am of good hope that, from these bonds  
Released, you will yet have no less power than Zeus.  
*Pr.* Never thus has Fate the Accomplisher  
Decreed to fulfill these things, but by a myriad ills  
And woes subdued, thus bonds I flee;  
For art's far weaker than necessity.  
*Ch.* Who, then, is helmsman of necessity?  
*Pr.* The Fates three-formed, and the remembering  
    Furies.  
*Ch.* Than these, then, is Zeus weaker?  
*Pr.* Ay, he could not escape what has been fated.  
*Ch.* But what to Zeus is fated, except always to rule?  
*Pr.* This thou wilt not learn; seek not to know.  
*Ch.* Surely some awful thing it is which you withhold.  
*Pr.* Remember other words, for this by no means  
Is it time to tell, but to be concealed  
As much as possible; for keeping this do I  
Escape unseemly bonds and woes.  
*Ch.* Never may the all-ruling  
Zeus put into my mind  
Force antagonist to him.  
Nor let me cease drawing near  
The gods with holy sacrifices  
Of slain oxen, by Father Ocean's  
Ceaseless passage,  
Nor offend with words,  
But in me this remain

And ne'er be melted out.  
 'T is something sweet with bold  
 Hopes the long life to  
 Extend, in bright  
 Cheerfulness the cherishing spirit.  
 But I shudder, thee beholding  
 By a myriad sufferings tormented. . . .  
 For, not fearing Zeus,  
 In thy private mind thou dost regard  
 Mortals too much, Prometheus.  
 Come, though a thankless  
 Favor, friend, say where is any strength,  
 From ephemerals any help? Saw you not  
 The powerless inefficiency,  
 Dream-like, in which the blind . . .  
 Race of mortals are entangled?  
 Never counsels of mortals  
 May transgress the harmony of Zeus.  
 I learned these things looking on  
 Thy destructive fate, Prometheus.  
 For different to me did this strain come,  
 And that which round thy baths  
 And couch I hymned,  
 With the design of marriage, when my father's child  
 With bridal gifts persuading, thou didst lead  
 Hesione the partner of thy bed.

PROMETHEUS, CHORUS, and Io.

*Io.* What earth, what race, what being shall I say  
 is this  
 I see in bridles of rock

Exposed? By what crime's  
 Penalty dost thou perish? Show, to what part  
 Of earth I miserable have wandered.  
 Ah! ah! alas! alas!  
 Again some fly doth sting me wretched,  
 Image of earth-born Argus, cover it, earth;  
 I fear the myriad-eyed herdsman beholding;  
 For he goes having a treacherous eye,  
 Whom not e'en dead the earth conceals.  
 But me, wretched from the Infernals passing,  
 He pursues, and drives fasting along the seaside  
 Sand, while low resounds a wax-compacted reed,  
 Uttering sleep-giving law; alas! alas! O gods!  
 Where, gods! where lead me far-wandering courses?  
 In what sin, O son of Kronos,  
 In what sin ever having taken,  
 To these afflictions hast thou yoked me? alas! alas!  
 With fly-driven fear a wretched  
 Frenzied one dost thus afflict?  
 With fire burn, or with earth cover, or  
 To sea monsters give for food, nor  
 Envy me my prayers, king.  
 Enough much-wandered wanderings  
 Have exercised me, nor can I learn where  
 I shall escape from sufferings.  
*Ch.* Hear'st thou the address of the cow-horned  
 virgin?  
*Pr.* And how not hear the fly-whirled virgin,  
 Daughter of Inachus, who Zeus' heart warmed  
 With love, and now the courses over long,  
 By Hera hated, forcedly performs?

*Io.* Whence utterest thou my father's name?  
 Tell me, miserable, who thou art,  
 That to me, O suffering one, me born to suffer,  
 Thus true things dost address?  
 The god-sent ail thou'st named,  
 Which wastes me stinging  
 With maddening goads, alas! alas!  
 With foodless and unseemly leaps  
 Rushing headlong, I came,  
 By wrathful plots subdued.  
 Who of the wretched, who, alas! alas! suffers like me?  
 But to me clearly show  
 What me awaits to suffer,  
 What not necessary; what remedy of ill,  
 Teach, if indeed thou know'st; speak out,  
 Tell the ill-wandering virgin.

*Pr.* I'll clearly tell thee all you wish to learn.  
 Not weaving in enigmas, but in simple speech,  
 As it is just to open the mouth to friends.  
 Thou seest the giver of fire to men, Prometheus.

*Io.* O thou who didst appear a common help to mortals,  
 Wretched Prometheus, to atone for what do you endure this?  
*Pr.* I have scarce ceased my sufferings lamenting.  
*Io.* Would you not grant this favor to me?  
*Pr.* Say what you ask; for you'd learn all from me.  
*Io.* Say who has bound thee to the cliff.  
*Pr.* The will, indeed, of Zeus, Hephaistus' hand.  
*Io.* And penalty for what crimes dost thou pay?  
*Pr.* Thus much only can I show thee.

*Io.* But beside this, declare what time will be  
 To me unfortunate the limit of my wandering.  
*Pr.* Not to learn is better for thee than to learn these things.  
*Io.* Conceal not from me what I am to suffer.  
*Pr.* Indeed, I grudge thee not this favor.  
*Io.* Why, then, dost thou delay to tell the whole?  
*Pr.* There's no unwillingness, but I hesitate to vex thy mind.  
*Io.* Care not for me more than is pleasant to me.  
*Pr.* Since you are earnest, it behooves to speak; hear then.  
*Ch.* Not yet, indeed; but a share of pleasure also give to me.  
 First we'll learn the malady of this one,  
 Herself relating her destructive fortunes,  
 And the remainder of her trials let her learn from thee.  
*Pr.* 'T is thy part, Io, to do these a favor,  
 As well for every other reason, and as they are sisters of thy father.  
 Since to weep and to lament misfortunes,  
 There where one will get a tear  
 From those attending, is worthy the delay.  
*Io.* I know not that I need distrust you,  
 But in plain speech you shall learn  
 All that you ask for; and yet e'en telling I lament  
 The god-sent tempest, and dissolution  
 Of my form — whence to me miserable it came.  
 For always visions in the night, moving about  
 My virgin chambers, enticed me  
 With smooth words: "O greatly happy virgin,

Why be a virgin long? is permitted to obtain  
 The greatest marriage. For Zeus with love's dart  
 Has been warmed by thee, and wishes to unite  
 In love; but do thou, O child, spurn not the couch  
 Of Zeus, but go out to Lerna's deep  
 Morass, and stables of thy father's herds,  
 That the divine eye may cease from desire."

With such dreams every night  
 Was I unfortunate distressed, till I dared tell  
 My father of the night-wandering visions.  
 And he to Pytho and Dodona frequent  
 Prophets sent, that he might learn what it was necessary  
 He should say or do, to do agreeably to the gods.  
 And they came bringing ambiguous  
 Oracles, darkly and indistinctly uttered.  
 But finally a plain report came to Inachus,  
 Clearly enjoining him and telling  
 Out of my home and country to expel me,  
 Discharged to wander to the earth's last bounds;  
 And if he was not willing, from Zeus would come  
 A fiery thunderbolt, which would annihilate all his race.  
 Induced by such predictions of the Loxian,  
 Against his will he drove me out,  
 And shut me from the houses; but Zeus' rein  
 Compelled him by force to do these things.  
 Immediately my form and mind were  
 Changed, and horned, as you behold, stung  
 By a sharp-mouthing fly, with frantic leaping  
 Rushed I to Cenchrea's palatable stream,  
 And Lerna's source; but a herdsman born-of-earth  
 Of violent temper, Argus, accompanied, with numerous

Eyes my steps observing.  
 But unexpectedly a sudden fate  
 Robbed him of life; and I, fly-stung,  
 By lash divine am driven from land to land.  
 You hear what has been done; and if you have to say  
 aught,

What's left of labors, speak; nor pitying me  
 Comfort with false words; for an ill  
 The worst of all, I say, are made-up words.

*Ch.* Ah! ah! enough, alas!

Ne'er, ne'er did I presume such cruel words  
 Would reach my ears, nor thus unsightly  
 And intolerable hurts, sufferings, fears with a two-edged  
 Goad would chill my soul;  
 Alas! alas! fate! fate!

I shudder, seeing the state of Io.

*Pr.* Beforehand sigh'st thou, and art full of fears,  
 Hold till the rest also thou learn'st.

*Ch.* Tell, teach; for to the sick 't is sweet  
 To know the remaining pain beforehand clearly.

*Pr.* Your former wish ye got from me  
 With ease; for first ye asked to learn from her  
 Relating her own trials;  
 The rest now hear, what sufferings 't is necessary  
 This young woman should endure from Here.  
 But do thou, offspring of Inachus, my words  
 Cast in thy mind, that thou may'st learn the boundaries  
 of the way.

First, indeed, hence towards the rising of the sun  
 Turning thyself, travel uncultivated lands,  
 And to the Scythian nomads thou wilt come, who woven  
 roofs

On high inhabit, on well-wheeled carts,  
With far-casting bows equipped;  
Whom go not near, but to the sea-resounding cliffs  
Bending thy feet, pass from the region.  
On the left hand the iron-working  
Chalybes inhabit, whom thou must needs beware,  
For they are rude and inaccessible to strangers.  
And thou wilt come to the Hybristes river, not ill named,  
Which pass not, for not easy is 't to pass,  
Before you get to Caucasus itself, highest  
Of mountains, where the stream spurts out its tide  
From the very temples; and passing over  
The star-neighbored summits, 't is necessary to go  
The southern way, where thou wilt come to the man-  
hating  
Army of the Amazons, who Themiscyra one day  
Will inhabit, by the Thermedon, where's  
Salmydessia, rough jaw of the sea,  
Inhospitable to sailors, stepmother of ships;  
They will conduct thee on thy way, and very cheerfully.  
And to the Cimmerian isthmus thou wilt come,  
Just on the narrow portals of a lake, which leaving  
It behooves thee with stout heart to pass the Mœotic  
straits;  
And there will be to mortals ever a great fame  
Of thy passage, and Bosphorus from thy name  
'T will be called. And leaving Europe's plain  
The continent of Asia thou wilt reach.—Seemeth to  
thee, forsooth,  
The tyrant of the gods in everything to be  
Thus violent? For he a god, with this mortal

Wishing to unite, drove her to these wanderings.  
A bitter wooer didst thou find, O virgin,  
For thy marriage. For the words you now have heard  
Think not yet to be the prelude.  
*Io.* Ah! me! me! alas! alas!  
*Pr.* Again dost shriek and heave a sigh? What  
Wilt thou do when the remaining ills thou learn'st?  
*Ch.* And hast thou any further suffering to tell her?  
*Pr.* Ay, a tempestuous sea of baleful woe.  
*Io.* What profit, then, for me to live, and not in  
haste  
To cast myself from this rough rock,  
That rushing down upon the plain I may be released  
From every trouble? For better once for all to die,  
Than all my days to suffer evilly.  
*Pr.* Unhappily my trials wouldst thou hear,  
To whom to die has not been fated;  
For this would be release from sufferings;  
But now there is no end of ills lying  
Before me, until Zeus falls from sovereignty.  
*Io.* And is Zeus ever to fall from power?  
*Pr.* Thou wouldst be pleased, I think, to see this  
accident.  
*Io.* How should I not, who suffer ill from Zeus?  
*Pr.* That these things then are so, be thou assured.  
*Io.* By what one will the tyrant's power be robbed?  
*Pr.* Himself, by his own senseless counsels.  
*Io.* In what way show, if there's no harm.  
*Pr.* He will make such a marriage as one day he'll  
repent.  
*Io.* Of god or mortal? If to be spoken, tell.

*Pr.* What matters which? For these things are not to be told.  
*Io.* By a wife will he be driven from the throne?  
*Pr.* Ay, she will bring forth a son superior to his father.  
*Io.* Is there no refuge for him from this fate?  
*Pr.* None, surely, till I may be released from bonds.  
*Io.* Who, then, is to release thee, Zeus unwilling?  
*Pr.* He must be some one of thy descendants.  
*Io.* How sayest thou? that my child will deliver thee from ills?  
*Pr.* Third of thy race after ten other births.  
*Io.* This oracle is not yet easy to be guessed.  
*Pr.* But do not seek to understand thy sufferings.  
*Io.* First proffering gain to me, do not then withhold it.  
*Pr.* I'll grant thee one of two relations.  
*Io.* What two propose, and give to me my choice.  
*Pr.* I give; choose whether thy remaining troubles I shall tell thee clearly, or him that will release me.  
*Ch.* Consent to do her the one favor,  
Me the other, nor deem us undeserving of thy words;  
To her indeed tell what remains of wandering,  
And to me, who will release; for I desire this.  
*Pr.* Since ye are earnest, I will not resist  
To tell the whole, as much as ye ask for.  
To thee first, Io, vexations wandering I will tell,  
Which engrave on the remembering tablets of the mind.  
When thou hast passed the flood boundary of continents,  
Towards the flaming orient sun-traveled . . .

Passing through the tumult of the sea, until you reach  
The Gorgonian plains of Cisthene, where  
The Phorcides dwell, old virgins,  
Three, swan-shaped, having a common eye,  
One-toothed, whom neither the sun looks on  
With his beams, nor nightly moon ever.  
And near, their winged sisters three,  
Dragon-sealed Gorgons, odious to men,  
Whom no mortal beholding will have breath;  
Such danger do I tell thee.  
But hear another odious sight;  
Beware the gryphons, sharp-mouthed  
Dogs of Zeus, which bark not, and the one-eyed Ari-  
maspian  
Host, going on horseback, who dwell about  
The golden-flowing flood of Pluto's channel;  
These go not near. But to a distant land  
Thou 'lt come, a dusky race, who near the fountains  
Of the sun inhabit, where is the AEthiopian river.  
Creep down the banks of this, until thou com'st  
To a descent, where from Byblinian mounts  
The Nile sends down its sacred palatable stream.  
This will conduct thee to the triangled land  
Nilean, where, Io, 't is decreed  
Thou and thy progeny shall form the distant colony.  
If aught of this is unintelligible to thee, and hard to be  
found out,  
Repeat thy questions, and learn clearly;  
For more leisure than I want is granted me.  
*Ch.* If to her aught remaining or omitted  
Thou hast to tell of her pernicious wandering,

Speak; but if thou hast said all, give us  
 The favor which we ask, for surely thou remember'st.  
*Pr.* The whole term of her traveling has she heard.  
 But that she may know that not in vain she hears me,  
 I'll tell what before coming hither she endured,  
 Giving this as proof of my relations.  
 The great multitude of words I will omit,  
 And proceed unto the very limit of thy wanderings.  
 When, then, you came to the Molossian ground,  
 And near the high-ridged Dodona, where  
 Oracle and seat is of Thesprotian Zeus,  
 And prodigy incredible, the speaking oaks,  
 By whom you clearly, and naught enigmatically,  
 Were called the illustrious wife of Zeus  
 About to be, if aught of these things soothes thee;  
 Thence, driven by the fly, you came  
 The seaside way to the great gulf of Rhea,  
 From which by courses retrograde you are now tempest-tossed.  
 But for time to come the sea gulf,  
 Clearly know, will be called Ionian,  
 Memorial of thy passage to all mortals.  
 Proofs to thee are these of my intelligence,  
 That it sees somewhat more than the apparent.  
 But the rest to you and her in common I will tell,  
 Having come upon the very track of former words.  
 There is a city Canopus, last of the land,  
 By Nile's very mouth and bank;  
 There at length Zeus makes thee sane,  
 Stroking with gentle hand, and touching only.  
 And, named from Zeus' begetting,

Thou wilt bear dark Epaphus, who will reap  
 As much land as broad-flowing Nile doth water;  
 And fifth from him, a band of fifty children  
 Again to Argos shall unwilling come,  
 Of female sex, avoiding kindred marriage  
 Of their cousins; but they, with minds inflamed,  
 Hawks by doves not far left behind,  
 Will come pursuing marriages  
 Not to be pursued, but heaven will take vengeance on  
 their bodies;  
 For them Pelasgia shall receive by Mars  
 Subdued with woman's hand with night-watching  
 boldness.  
 For each wife shall take her husband's life,  
 Staining a two-edged dagger in his throat.  
 Such 'gainst my foes may Cypris come.—  
 But one of the daughters shall love soften  
 Not to slay her bedfellow, but she will waver  
 In her mind; and one of two things will prefer,  
 To hear herself called timid, rather than stained with  
 blood;  
 She shall in Argos bear a royal race.—  
 Of a long speech is need this clearly to discuss.  
 From this seed, however, shall be born a brave,  
 Famed for his bow, who will release me  
 From these sufferings. Such oracle my ancient  
 Mother told me, Titanian Themis;  
 But how and by what means, this needs long speech  
 To tell, and nothing, learning, wilt thou gain.  
*Io.* Ah me! ah wretched me!  
 Spasms again and brain-struck

Madness burn me within, and a fly's dart  
Stings me, — not wrought by fire.  
My heart with fear knocks at my breast,  
And my eyes whirl round and round,  
And from my course I'm borne by madness'  
Furious breath, unable to control my tongue;  
While confused words dash idly  
'Gainst the waves of horrid woe.

*Ch.* Wise, wise indeed was he,  
Who first in mind

This weighed, and with the tongue expressed,  
To marry according to one's degree is best by far;  
Nor, being a laborer with the hands,  
To woo those who are by wealth corrupted,  
Nor, those by birth made great.

Never, never me

Fates . . .

May you behold the sharer of Zeus' couch.  
Nor may I be brought near to any husband among those  
from heaven,

For I fear, seeing the virginhood of Io,  
Not content with man, through marriage vexed  
With these distressful wanderings by Here.  
But for myself, since an equal marriage is without fear,  
I am not concerned lest the love of the almighty  
Gods cast its inevitable eye on me.

Without war, indeed, this war, producing  
Troubles; nor do I know what would become of me;  
For I see not how I should escape the subtlety of Zeus.

*Pr.* Surely shall Zeus, though haughty now,  
Yet be humble, such marriage

He prepares to make, which from sovereignty  
And the throne will cast him down obscure; and Father  
Kronos'

Curse will then be all fulfilled,  
Which falling from the ancient seats he imprecated.  
And refuge from such ills none of the gods  
But I can show him clearly.

I know these things, and in what manner. Now, therefore,  
Being bold, let him sit trusting to lofty  
Sounds, and brandishing with both hands his fire-breath-  
ing weapon,

For naught will these avail him, not  
To fall disgracefully intolerable falls;  
Such wrestler does he now prepare,  
 Himself against himself, a prodigy most hard to be with-  
 stood;

Who, indeed, will invent a better flame than lightning,  
And a loud sound surpassing thunder;  
And shiver the trident, Neptune's weapon,  
The marine earth-shaking ail.

Stumbling upon this ill he'll learn  
How different to govern and to serve.

*Ch.* Ay, as you hope you vent this against Zeus.

*Pr.* What will be done, and also what I hope, I say.

*Ch.* And are we to expect that any will rule Zeus?

*Pr.* Even than these more grievous ills he'll have.

*Ch.* How fear'st thou not, hurling such words?

*Pr.* What should I fear, to whom to die has not been  
fated?

*Ch.* But suffering more grievous still than this he may  
inflict.

*Pr.* Then let him do it; all is expected by me.

*Ch.* Those reverencing Adrastia are wise.

*Pr.* Revere, pray, flatter each successive ruler.  
Me less than nothing Zeus concerns.  
Let him do, let him prevail this short time  
As he will, for long he will not rule the gods,—  
But I see here, indeed, Zeus' runner,  
The new tryant's drudge;  
Doubtless he brings some new message.

PROMETHEUS, CHORUS, and HERMES.

*Her.* To thee, the sophist, the bitterly bitter,  
The sinner against gods, the giver of honors  
To ephemerals, the thief of fire, I speak;  
The Father commands thee to tell the marriage  
Which you boast, by which he falls from power;  
And that, too, not enigmatically,  
But each particular declare; nor cause me  
Double journeys, Prometheus; for thou see'st that  
Zeus is not appeased by such.

*Pr.* Solemn-mouthed and full of wisdom  
Is thy speech, as of the servant of the gods.  
Ye newly rule, and think forsooth  
To dwell in griefless citadels; have I not seen  
Two tyrants fallen from these?  
And third I shall behold him ruling now,  
Bonest and speediest. Do I seem to thee  
To fear and shrink from the new gods?  
Nay, much and wholly I fall short of this.  
The way thou cam'st go through the dust again;  
For thou wilt learn naught which thou ask'st of me.

*Her.* Ay, by such insolence before  
You brought yourself into these woes.

*Pr.* Plainly know, I would not change  
My ill fortune for thy servitude,  
For better, I think, to serve this rock  
Than be the faithful messenger of Father Zeus.  
Thus to insult the insulting it is fit.

*Her.* Thou seem'st to enjoy thy present state.

*Pr.* I enjoy? Enjoying thus my enemies  
Would I see; and thee 'mong them I count.

*Her.* Dost thou blame me for aught of thy misfor-  
tunes?

*Pr.* In plain words, all gods I hate,  
As many as well treated wrong me unjustly.

*Her.* I hear thee raving, no slight ail.

*Pr.* Ay, I should ail, if ail one's foes to hate.

*Her.* If prosperous, thou couldst not be borne.

*Pr.* Ah me!

*Her.* This word Zeus does not know.

*Pr.* But time growing old teaches all things.

*Her.* And still thou know'st not yet how to be prudent.

*Pr.* For I should not converse with thee a servant.

*Her.* Thou seem'st to say naught which the Father  
wishes.

*Pr.* And yet his debtor I'd requite the favor.

*Her.* Thou mock'st me verily as if I were a child.

*Pr.* And art thou not a child, and simpler still than  
this,

If thou expectest to learn aught from me?  
There is not outrage nor expedient, by which  
Zeus will induce me to declare these things.

Before he loose these grievous bonds.  
 Let there be hurled, then, flaming fire,  
 And the white-winged snows, and thunders  
 Of the earth, let him confound and mingle all.  
 For none of these will bend me till I tell  
 By whom 't is necessary he should fall from sovereignty.

*Her.* Consider now if these things seem helpful.

*Pr.* Long since these were considered and resolved.

*Her.* Venture, O vain one, venture, at length,  
 In view of present sufferings to be wise.

*Pr.* In vain you vex me, as a wave, exhorting.  
 Ne'er let it come into thy mind that I, fearing  
 Zeus' anger, shall become woman-minded,  
 And beg him, greatly hated,  
 With womanish upturnings of the hands,  
 To loose me from these bonds. I am far from it.

*Her.* Though saying much I seem in vain to speak;  
 For thou art nothing softened nor appeased  
 By prayers; but champing at the bit like a new-yoked  
 Colt, thou strugglest and contend'st against the reins.  
 But thou art violent with feeble wisdom.  
 For stubbornness to him who is not wise,  
 Itself alone, is less than nothing strong.  
 But consider, if thou art not persuaded by my words,  
 What storm and triple surge of ills  
 Will come upon thee, not to be avoided; for first this  
 rugged

Cliff with thunder and lightning flame  
 The Father'll rend, and hide  
 Thy body, and a strong arm will bury thee.  
 When thou hast spent a long length of time.

'Thou wilt come back to light; and Zeus'  
 Winged dog, a bloodthirsty eagle, ravenously  
 Shall tear the great rag of thy body,  
 Creeping an uninvited guest all day,  
 And banquet on thy liver black by eating.  
 Of such suffering expect not any end,  
 Before some god appear  
 Succeeding to thy labors, and wish to go to rayless  
 Hades, and the dark depths of Tartarus.  
 Therefore deliberate; since this is not made  
 Boasting, but in earnest spoken;  
 For to speak falsely does not know the mouth  
 Of Zeus, but every word he does. So  
 Look about thee, and consider, nor ever think  
 Obstiny better than prudence.

*Ch.* To us indeed Hermes appears to say not unseas-  
 onable things,

For he directs thee, leaving off  
 Self-will, to seek prudent counsel.  
 Obey; for it is base to err, for a wise man.

*Pr.* To me foreknowing these messages  
 He has uttered, but for a foe to suffer ill  
 From foes is naught unseemly.  
 Therefore 'gainst me let there be hurled  
 Fire's double-pointed curl, and air  
 Be provoked with thunder, and a tumult  
 Of wild winds; and earth from its foundations  
 Let a wind rock, and its very roots,  
 And with a rough surge mingle  
 The sea waves with the passages  
 Of the heavenly stars, and to black

Tartarus let him quite cast down my  
Body, by necessity's strong eddies.  
Yet after all he will not kill me.

*Her.* Such words and counsels you may hear  
From the brain-struck.  
For what lacks he of being mad?  
And if prosperous, what does he cease from madness?  
Do you, therefore, who sympathize  
With this one's suffering,  
From these places quick withdraw somewhere,  
Lest the harsh bellowing thunder  
Stupefy your minds.

*Ch.* Say something else, and exhort me  
To some purpose; for surely  
Thou hast intolerably abused this word.  
How direct me to perform a baseness?  
I wish to suffer with him whate'er is necessary,  
For I have learned to hate betrayers;  
Nor is the pest  
Which I abominate more than this.

*Her.* Remember, then, what I foretell;  
Nor by calamity pursued  
Blame fortune, nor e'er say  
That Zeus into unforeseen  
Ill has cast you; surely not, but yourselves  
You yourselves; for knowing,  
And not suddenly nor clandestinely,  
You'll be entangled through your folly  
In an impassable net of woe.

*Pr.* Surely indeed, and no more in word,  
Earth is shaken;

And a hoarse sound of thunder  
Bellows near; and wreaths of lightning  
Flash out fiercely blazing, and whirlwinds dust  
Whirl up; and leap the blasts  
Of all winds, 'gainst one another  
Blowing in opposite array;  
And air with sea is mingled;  
Such impulse against me from Zeus,  
Producing fear, doth plainly come.  
O revered Mother, O Ether  
Revolving common light to all,  
You see me, how unjust things I endure!

## TRANSLATIONS FROM PINDAR

## ELYSIUM

## OLYMPIA II, 109-150

EQUALLY by night always,  
And by day, having the sun, the good  
Lead a life without labor, not disturbing the earth  
With violent hands, nor the sea water,  
For a scanty living; but honored  
By the gods, who take pleasure in fidelity to oaths,  
They spend a tearless existence;  
While the others suffer unsightly pain.  
But as many as endured threefold  
Probation, keeping the mind from all  
Injustice, going the way of Zeus to Kronos' tower,  
Where the ocean breezes blow around  
The island of the blessed; and flowers of gold shine,

Some on the land from dazzling trees,  
And the water nourishes others;  
With garlands of these they crown their hands and hair,  
According to the just decrees of Rhadamanthus,  
Whom Father Kronos, the husband of Rhea,  
Having the highest throne of all, has ready by himself as  
his assistant judge.

Peleus and Kadmus are regarded among these;  
And his mother brought Achilles, when she had  
Persuaded the heart of Zeus with prayers,  
Who overthrew Hector, Troy's  
Unconquered, unshaken column, and gave Cycnus  
To death, and Morning's Aethiop son.

## OLYMPIA V, 34-39

Always around virtues labor and expense strive toward a  
work  
Covered with danger; but those succeeding seem to be  
wise even to the citizens.

## OLYMPIA VI, 14-17

## Dangerless virtues,

Neither among men, nor in hollow ships,  
Are honorable; but many remember if a fair deed is  
done.

## ORIGIN OF RHODES

## OLYMPIA VII, 100-129

Ancient sayings of men relate,  
That when Zeus and the Immortals divided earth,  
Rhodes was not yet apparent in the deep sea;  
But in salt depths the island was hid.

And, Helios being absent, no one claimed for him his lot;  
So they left him without any region for his share,  
The pure god. And Zeus was about to make a second  
drawing of lots  
For him warned. But he did not permit him;  
For he said that within the white sea he had seen a cer-  
tain land springing up from the bottom,  
Capable of feeding many men, and suitable for flocks.  
And straightway he commanded golden-filleted La-  
chesis  
To stretch forth her hands, and not contradict  
The great oath of the gods, but with the son of Kronos  
Assent that, to the bright air being sent by his nod,  
It should hereafter be his prize. And his words were  
fully performed,

Meeting with truth. The island sprang from the watery  
Sea; and the genial Father of penetrating beams,  
Ruler of fire-breathing horses, has it.

## OLYMPIA VIII, 95, 96

A man doing fit things  
Forgets Hades.

## HERCULES NAMES THE HILL OF KRONOS

## OLYMPIA X, 59-68

He named the Hill of Kronos, for before nameless,  
While Oenomaus ruled, it was moistened with much  
snow;  
And at this first rite the Fates stood by,  
And Time, who alone proves  
Unchanging truth.

## OLYMPIA AT EVENING

OLYMPIA X, 85-92

With the javelin Phrastor struck the mark;  
 And Eniceus cast the stone afar,  
 Whirling his hand, above them all,  
 And with applause it rushed  
 Through a great tumult;  
 And the lovely evening light  
 Of the fair-faced moon shone on the scene.

## FAME

OLYMPIA X, 109-117

When, having done fair things, O Agesidamus,  
 Without the reward of song, a man may come  
 To Hades' rest, vainly aspiring  
 He obtains with toil some short delight.  
 But the sweet-voiced lyre  
 And the sweet flute bestow some favor;  
 For Zeus' Pierian daughters  
 Have wide fame.

TO ASOPICHUS OF ORCHOMENOS, ON HIS VICTORY IN  
THE STADIC COURSE

OLYMPIA XIV

O ye, who inhabit for your lot the seat of the Cephisian  
 Streams, yielding fair steeds, renowned Graces,  
 Ruling bright Orchomenos,  
 Protectors of the ancient race of Minyæ,  
 Hear, when I pray.  
 For with you are all pleasant  
 And sweet things to mortals;

If wise, if fair, if noble,  
 Any man. For neither do the gods,  
 Without the august Graces,  
 Rule the dance,  
 Nor feasts; but stewards  
 Of all works in heaven,  
 Having placed their seats  
 By golden-bowed Pythian Apollo,  
 They reverence the eternal power  
 Of the Olympian Father.  
 August Aglaia and song-loving  
 Euphrosyne, children of the mightiest god,  
 Hear now, and Thalia loving song,  
 Beholding this band, in favorable fortune  
 Lightly dancing; for in Lydian  
 Manner meditating,  
 I come celebrating Asopichus,  
 Since Minya by thy means is victor at the Olympic games.  
 Now to Persephone's  
 Black-walled house go, Echo,  
 Bearing to his father the famous news;  
 That seeing Cleodamus thou mayest say,  
 That in renowned Pisa's vale  
 His son crowned his young hair  
 With plumes of illustrious contests.

## TO THE LYRE

PYTHIA I, 8-11

Thou extinguishest even the spear-like bolt  
 Of everlasting fire. And the eagle sleeps on the sceptre  
 of Zeus,

Drooping his swift wings on either side,  
The king of birds.

PYTHIA I, 25-28

Whatever things Zeus has not loved  
Are terrified, hearing  
The voice of the Pierians,  
On earth and the immeasurable sea.

PYTHIA II, 159-161

A plain-spoken man brings advantage to every government,—  
To a monarchy, and when the  
Impetuous crowd, and when the wise, rule a city.

As a whole, the third Pythian Ode, to Hiero, on his victory in the single-horse race, is one of the most memorable. We extract first the account of

ÆSCULAPIUS

PYTHIA III, 83-110

As many, therefore, as came suffering  
From spontaneous ulcers, or wounded  
In their limbs with glittering steel,  
Or with the far-cast stone,  
Or by the summer's heat o'ercome in body,  
Or by winter, relieving he saved from  
Various ills; some cherishing  
With soothing strains,  
Others having drunk refreshing draughts, or applying  
Remedies to the limbs, others by cutting off he made erect.

But even wisdom is bound by gain,  
And gold appearing in the hand persuaded even him,  
    with its bright reward,  
To bring a man from death  
Already overtaken. But the Kronian, smiting  
With both hands, quickly took away  
The breath from his breasts;  
And the rushing thunderbolt hurled him to death.  
It is necessary for mortal minds  
To seek what is reasonable from the divinities,  
Knowing what is before the feet, of what destiny we are.  
Do not, my soul, aspire to the life  
Of the Immortals, but exhaust the practicable means.

In the conclusion of the ode, the poet reminds the victor, Hiero, that adversity alternates with prosperity in the life of man, as in the instance of

PELEUS AND CADMUS

PYTHIA III, 145-205

The Immortals distribute to men  
With one good two  
Evils. The foolish, therefore,  
Are not able to bear these with grace,  
But the wise, turning the fair outside.

But thee the lot of good fortune follows,  
For surely great Destiny  
Looks down upon a king ruling the people,  
If on any man. But a secure life  
Was not to Peleus, son of Æacus,

Nor to godlike Cadmus,  
 Who yet are said to have had  
 The greatest happiness  
 Of mortals, and who heard  
 The song of the golden-filleted Muses,  
 On the mountain, and in seven-gated Thebes,  
 When the one married fair-eyed Harmonia,  
 And the other Thetis, the illustrious daughter of wise-  
     counseling Nereus.  
 And the gods feasted with both;  
 And they saw the royal children of Kronos  
 On golden seats, and received  
 Marriage gifts; and having exchanged  
 Former toils for the favor of Zeus,  
 They made erect the heart.  
 But in course of time  
 His three daughters robbed the one  
 Of some of his serenity by acute  
 Sufferings; when Father Zeus, forsooth, came  
 To the lovely couch of white-armed Thyone.  
 And the other's child, whom only the immortal  
 Thetis bore in Phthia, losing  
 His life in war by arrows,  
 Being consumed by fire excited  
 The lamentation of the Danaans.  
 But if any mortal has in his  
 Mind the way of truth,  
 It is necessary to make the best  
 Of what befalls from the blessed.  
 For various are the blasts  
 Of high-flying winds.

The happiness of men stays not a long time,  
 Though fast it follows rushing on.

Humble in humble estate, lofty in lofty,  
 I will be; and the attending daemon  
 I will always reverence in my mind,  
 Serving according to my means.  
 But if Heaven extend to me kind wealth,  
 I have hope to find lofty fame hereafter.  
 Nestor and Lycian Sarpedon —  
 They are the fame of men —  
 From resounding words which skillful artists  
 Sung, we know.  
 For virtue through renowned  
 Song is lasting.  
 But for few is it easy to obtain.

## APOLLO

PYTHIA V, 87-90

He bestowed the lyre,  
 And he gives the muse to whom he wishes,  
 Bringing peaceful serenity to the breast.

## MAN

PYTHIA VIII, 136

The phantom of a shadow are men.

## HYPSEUS' DAUGHTER CYRENE

PYTHIA IX, 31-44

He reared the white-armed child Cyrene,  
 Who loved neither the alternating motion of the loom,  
 Nor the superintendence of feasts,

With the pleasures of companions;  
 But, with javelins of steel  
 And the sword contending,  
 To slay wild beasts;  
 Affording surely much  
 And tranquil peace to her father's herds;  
 Spending little sleep  
 Upon her eyelids,  
 As her sweet bedfellow, creeping on at dawn.

## THE HEIGHT OF GLORY

PYTHIA X, 33-48

Fortunate and celebrated  
 By the wise is that man  
 Who, conquering by his hands or virtue  
 Of his feet, takes the highest prizes  
 Through daring and strength,  
 And living still sees his youthful son  
 Deservedly obtaining Pythian crowns.  
 The brazen heaven is not yet accessible to him.  
 But whatever glory we  
 Of mortal race may reach,  
 He goes beyond, even to the boundaries  
 Of navigation. But neither in ships, nor going on foot,  
 Couldst thou find the wonderful way to the contests of  
 the Hyperboreans.

## TO ARISTOCLEIDES, VICTOR AT THE NEMEAN GAMES

NEMEA III, 32-37

If, being beautiful,  
 And doing things like to his form,

The child of Aristophanes  
 Went to the height of manliness, no further  
 Is it easy to go over the untraveled sea,  
 Beyond the Pillars of Hercules.

## THE YOUTH OF ACHILLES

NEMEA III, 69-90

One with native virtues  
 Greatly prevails; but he who  
 Possesses acquired talents, an obscure man,  
 Aspiring to various things, never with fearless  
 Foot advances, but tries  
 A myriad virtues with inefficient mind.  
 Yellow-haired Achilles, meanwhile, remaining in the  
 house of Philyra,  
 Being a boy played  
 Great deeds; often brandishing  
 Iron-pointed javelins in his hands,  
 Swift as the winds, in fight he wrought death to savage  
 lions;  
 And he slew boars, and brought their bodies  
 Palpitating to Kronian Centaurus,  
 As soon as six years old. And all the while  
 Artemis and bold Athene admired him,  
 Slaying stags without dogs or treacherous nets;  
 For he conquered them on foot.

## NEMEA IV, 66-70

Whatever virtues sovereign destiny has given me,  
 I well know that time, creeping on,  
 Will fulfill what was fated.

NEMEA V, 1-8

The kindred of Pytheas, a victor in the Nemean games, had wished to procure an ode from Pindar for less than three drachmæ, asserting that they could purchase a statue for that sum. In the following lines he nobly reproves their meanness, and asserts the value of his labors, which, unlike those of the statuary, will bear the fame of the hero to the ends of the earth.

No image-maker am I, who being still make statues  
 Standing on the same base. But on every  
 Merchant-ship and in every boat, sweet song,  
 Go from Ægina to announce that Lampo's son,  
 Mighty Pytheas,  
 Has conquered the pancratian crown at the Nemean  
 games.

## THE DIVINE IN MAN

NEMEA VI, 1-13

One the race of men and of gods;  
 And from one mother  
 We all breathe.  
 But quite different power  
 Divides us, so that the one is nothing,  
 But the brazen heaven remains always  
 A secure abode. Yet in some respect we are related,  
 Either in mighty mind or form, to the Immortals;  
 Although not knowing  
 To what resting-place,  
 By day or night, Fate has written that we shall run.

## THE TREATMENT OF AJAX

NEMEA VIII, 44-51

In secret votes the Danaans aided Ulysses;  
 And Ajax, deprived of golden arms, struggled with  
 death.  
 Surely, wounds of another kind they wrought  
 In the warm flesh of their foes, waging war  
 With the man-defending spear.

## THE VALUE OF FRIENDS

NEMEA VIII, 68-75

Virtue increases, being sustained by wise men and just,  
 As when a tree shoots up with gentle dews into the  
 liquid air.

There are various uses of friendly men;  
 But chiefest in labors; and even pleasure  
 Requires to place some pledge before the eyes.

## DEATH OF AMPHIARAUS

NEMEA IX, 41-66

Once they led to seven-gated Thebes an army of men,  
 not according  
 To the lucky flight of birds. Nor did the Kronian,  
 Brandishing his lightning, impel to march  
 From home insane, but to abstain from the way.  
 But to apparent destruction  
 The host made haste to go, with brazen arms  
 And horse equipments, and on the banks  
 Of Ismenus, defending sweet return,  
 Their white-flowered bodies fattened fire.  
 For seven pyres devoured young-limbed

Men. But to Amphiaraus  
 Zeus rent the deep-bosomed earth  
 With his mighty thunderbolt,  
 And buried him with his horses,  
 Ere, being struck in the back  
 By the spear of Periclymenus, his warlike  
 Spirit was disgraced.  
 For in daemonic fears  
 Flee even the sons of gods.

## CASTOR AND POLLUX

NEMEA X, 153-171

Pollux, son of Zeus, shared his immortality with his brother Castor, son of Tyndarus, and while one was in heaven, the other remained in the infernal regions, and they alternately lived and died every day, or, as some say, every six months. While Castor lies mortally wounded by Idas, Pollux prays to Zeus, either to restore his brother to life, or permit him to die with him, to which the god answers, —

Nevertheless, I give thee  
 Thy choice of these: if, indeed, fleeing  
 Death and odious age,  
 You wish to dwell on Olympus,  
 With Athene and black-speared Mars,  
 Thou hast this lot;  
 But if thou thinkest to fight  
 For thy brother, and share  
 All things with him,  
 Half the time thou mayest breathe, being beneath the  
 earth.

And half in the golden halls of heaven.  
 The god thus having spoken, he did not  
 Entertain a double wish in his mind.  
 And he released first the eye, and then the voice,  
 Of brazen-mitred Castor.

## TOIL

ISTHMIA I, 65-71

One reward of labors is sweet to one man, one to another, —  
 To the shepherd, and the plower, and the bird-catcher,  
 And whom the sea nourishes.  
 But every one is tasked to ward off  
 Grievous famine from the stomach.

## THE VENALITY OF THE MUSE

ISTHMIA II, 9-18

Then the Muse was not  
 Fond of gain, nor a laboring woman;  
 Nor were the sweet-sounding,  
 Soothing strains  
 Of Terpsichore sold,  
 With silvered front.  
 But now she directs to observe the saying  
 Of the Argive, coming very near the truth,  
 Who cried, "Money, money, man,"  
 Being bereft of property and friends.

HERCULES' PRAYER CONCERNING AJAX, SON OF  
TELAMON  
ISTHMIA VI, 62-73

"If ever, O Father Zeus, thou hast heard  
My supplication with willing mind,  
Now I beseech thee, with prophetic  
Prayer, grant a bold son from Eribœa  
To this man, my fated guest;  
Rugged in body  
As the hide of this wild beast  
Which now surrounds me, which, first of all  
My contests, I slew once in Nemea; and let his mind  
agree."

To him thus having spoken, Heaven sent  
A great eagle, king of birds,  
And sweet joy thrilled him inwardly.

## THE FREEDOM OF GREECE

First at Artemisium  
The children of the Athenians laid the shining  
Foundation of freedom,  
And at Salamis and Mycale,  
And in Platea, making it firm  
As adamant.

FROM STRABO<sup>1</sup>

## APOLLO

Having risen he went  
Over land and sea,

<sup>1</sup> [This and the following are fragments of Pindar found in ancient authors.]

And stood over the vast summits of mountains,  
And threaded the recesses, penetrating to the foundations of the groves.

## FROM PLUTARCH

Heaven being willing, even on an osier thou mayest sail.  
[Thus rhymed by the old translator of Plutarch:  
"Were it the will of heaven, an osier bough  
Were vessel safe enough the seas to plough."]

## FROM SEXTUS EMPIRICUS

Honors and crowns of the tempest-footed  
Horses delight one;  
Others live in golden chambers;  
And some even are pleased traversing securely  
The swelling of the sea in a swift ship.

## FROM STOBÆUS

This I will say to thee:  
The lot of fair and pleasant things  
It behooves to show in public to all the people;  
But if any adverse calamity sent from heaven befall  
Men, this it becomes to bury in darkness.

Pindar said of the physiologists, that they "plucked the unripe fruit of wisdom."

Pindar said that "hopes were the dreams of those awake."

## FROM CLEMENS OF ALEXANDRIA

To Heaven it is possible from black  
Night to make arise unspotted light,

And with cloud-blackening darkness to obscure  
The pure splendor of day.

First, indeed, the Fates brought the wise-counseling  
Uranian Themis, with golden horses,  
By the fountains of Ocean to the awful ascent  
Of Olympus, along the shining way,  
To be the first spouse of Zeus the Deliverer.  
And she bore the golden-filletted, fair-wristed  
Hours, preservers of good things.

Equally tremble before God  
And a man dear to God.

FROM AELIUS ARISTIDES

Pindar used such exaggerations [in praise of poetry] as to say that even the gods themselves, when at his marriage Zeus asked if they wanted anything, “asked him to make certain gods for them who should celebrate these great works and all his creation with speech and song.”