

Aeschylus

The Suppliants

Aeschylus

The Suppliants



Published by Good Press, 2022

goodpress@okpublishing.info

EAN 4064066462826

TABLE OF CONTENTS

E. D. A. MORSHEAD, M.A.

LONDON

ARGUMENT.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE SUPPLIANT MAIDENS.

APPENDIX.

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE BY

E. D. A. MORSHEAD, M.A.

[Table of Contents](#)

ASSISTANT-MASTER OF WINCHESTER COLLEGE

LATE FELLOW OF NEW COLLEGE, OXFORD

" But lend me the psalterion! nay, for once—
Once let my hand fall where the other's lay!
Aristophanes' Apology.

LONDON

[Table of Contents](#)

KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH & CO., 1, PATERNOSTER SQUARE
1883

DEDICATION.

[Table of Contents](#)

TAKE thou this gift from out the grave of Time.
The urns of Greece lie shattered, and the cup
That for Athenian lips the Muses filled,
And flowery crowns that on Athenian hair
Hid the cicala, freedom's golden sign,
Dust in the dust have fallen. Calmly sad,
The marble dead upon Athenian tombs
Speak from their eyes "Farewell:" and well have fared
They and the saddened friends, whose hands last clasp
Wins from the solemn stone eternity.

Yea, well they fared unto the evening god,
Passing beyond the limit of the world,
Where face to face the son his mother saw,
A living man a shadow, while she spake
Words that Odysseus and that Homer heard,—
*I too, O child, I reached the common doom,
The grave, the goal of fate, and passed away.*
—Such, Anticleia, as thy voice to him,
Across the dim gray gulf of death and time
Is that of Greece, a mother's to a child,—
Mother of each whose dreams are grave and fair—
Who sees the Naiad where the streams are bright
And in the sunny ripple of the sea
Cymodoce with floating golden hair:
And in the whisper of the waving oak
Hears still the Dryad's plaint, and, in the wind
That sighs through moonlit woodlands, knows the horn
Of Artemis, and silver shafts and bow.
Therefore if still around this broken vase,
Borne by rough hands, unworthy of their load,
Far from Cephissus and the wandering rills,
There cling a fragrance as of things once sweet,
Of honey from Hymettus' desert hill,
Take thou the gift and hold it close and dear;
For gifts that die have living memories—
Voices of unreturning days, that breathe
The spirit of a day that never dies.

ARGUMENT.

[Table of Contents](#)

Io, the daughter of Inachus, King of Argos, was beloved of Zeus. But Hera was jealous of that love, and by her ill will was Io given over to frenzy, and her body took the semblance of a heifer: and Argus, a many-eyed herdsman, was set by Hera to watch Io whithersoever she strayed. Yet, in despite of Argus, did Zeus draw nigh unto her in the shape of a bull. And by the will of Zeus and the craft of Hermes was Argus slain. Then Io was driven over far lands and seas by her madness, and came at length to the land of Egypt. There was she restored to herself by a touch of the hand of Zeus, and bare a child called Epaphus. And from Epaphus sprang Libya, and from Libya, Belus; and from Belus, Ægyptus and Danaus. And the sons of Ægyptus willed to take the daughters of Danaus in marriage. But the maidens held such wedlock in horror, and fled with their father over the sea to Argos; and the king and citizens of Argos gave them shelter and protection from their pursuers.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

[Table of Contents](#)

DANAUS.

THE KING OF ARGOS.

HERALD OF ÆGYPTUS.