

Classic Poetry Series

Euripides
- poems -

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Euripides(480 – 406)

Euripides (Ancient Greek: Εὐριπίδης) (ca. 480 BCE – 406 BCE) was the last of the three great tragedians of classical Athens (the other two being Aeschylus and Sophocles). Ancient scholars thought that Euripides had written ninety-five plays, although four of those were probably written by Critias. Eighteen or nineteen of Euripides' plays have survived complete. There has been debate about his authorship of *Rhesus*, largely on stylistic grounds and ignoring classical evidence that the play was spurious, some substantial, of most of the other plays also survive. More of his plays have survived than those of Aeschylus and Sophocles together, because of the unique nature of the Euripidean manuscript tradition.

Euripides is known primarily for having reshaped the formal structure of Athenian tragedy by portraying strong female characters and intelligent slaves and by satirizing many heroes of Greek mythology. His plays seem modern by comparison with those of his contemporaries, focusing on the inner lives and motives of his characters in a way previously unknown to Greek audiences.

Cassandra's Wild Marriage Song

Alight! a light! rise up, be swift;
I seize, I worship, and I lift
The bridal torches' festal rays,
Till all the burning fane's ablaze!
Hymen! Hymenæan king!
Look there! look there! what blessings wait
Upon the bridegroom's nuptial state!
And I, how blest, who proudly ride
Through Argos' streets, a queenly bride!
Go thou, my mother! go!
With many a gushing tear
And frantic shriek of woe.
Wail for thy sire, thy country dear!
I the while, in bridal glee,
Lif the glowing, glittering fire.
Hymen! Hymen! all to thee
Flames the torch and rings the lyre!
Bless, O Hecate, the rite;
Send thy soft and holy light
To the virgin's nuptial bed.
Lightly lift the airy tread!
Evan! Evan! dance along!
Holy are the dance and song.
Meetest they to celebrate
My father Priam's blissful fate.
Dance, O Phoebus, dance and sing!
Round thy laurel-shaded fane
Still I lead the priestess' train.
Hymen! Hymenæan king!
Dance, my mother, lift thy feet!
Here and there the cadence keep
With thy light and frolic step!
Sing the Hymenæan sweet,
With many a gladsome melody
And jocund nymph's exultant cry.
Beauteous-vested maids of Troy,
Sing my song of nuptial joy!
Sing the fated husband led
To my virgin bridal-bed.

Euripides

Children In The House

Ady, the sun's light to our eyes is dear,
And fair the tranquil reaches of the sea,
And flowery earth in May, and bounding waters;
And so right many fair things I might praise;
Yet nothing is so radiant and so fair
As for souls childless, with desire sore-smitten,
To see the light of babes about the house.

Euripides

Chorus Of Phoenician Women

Borne from Phoenician shores I cross'd the deep,
My tender years to Phoebus they consign
To sprinkle incense on his shrine,
And dwell beneath Parnassus' steep
O'erspread with everlasting snow:
Our dashing oars were plied in haste
Thro' the Ionian wave, whose eddies flow
Round Sicily's inhospitable waste;
Then vernal Zephyrs breath'd, our sails around,
And Heaven's high-vaulted roof convey'd the murmuring sound.

A chosen offering to the Delphic God,
I from my native city, to this land
Where aged Cadmus bore command,
Am come, obedient to the nod
Of those who from Agenor spring,
To the proud towers of Laius' race,
Our kindred govern'd by a kindred king.
Here stand I, like an image on its base,
Tho' destin'd to partake refin'd delights,
Bathe in Castalia's stream, and tend Apollo's rites.

O mountain, from whose cloven height,
There darts a double stream of light,
Oft on thy topmost ridge the Menades are seen,
And thou, each day distilling generous wine,
O plant of Bacchus, whose ripe clusters shine,
Blushing thro' the leaf's faint green;
Ye caves, in which the Python lay,
And hills, from whence Apollo twang'd his bow,
Around your heights o'erspread with snow,
'Midst my lov'd virgin comrades may I stray,
Each anxious fear expelling from my breast,
In the world's center, that auspicious fane
The residence of Phoebus blessed,
And bid adieu to Dirce's plain.

But now before these walls doth Mars advance,
And brandish slaughter's flaming torch around;

May Thebes ne'er feel the threaten'd wound,
For to a friend his friend's mischance
Is greivous as his own: each ill
That lights upon these sevenfold towers
With equal woe Phoenicia's realm must fall:
For Thebes I mourn; since of one blood with ours
From Io's loves this nation dates its birth,
Those sorrows I partake which vex my kindred earth.

Thick as a wintry cloud that phalanx stands,
Whose gleaming shields portend the bloody fight,
The God of War with stern delight,
Shall to the siege those hostile bands
Lead on, and rouse the Fiends to smite
The race of an incestuous bed:
Much, O Pelasgian Argos, much thy might,
And more the vengeance of the Gods I dread;
For arm'd with justice on his native land
Rushes that banish'd youth, the sceptre to demand.

Euripides

Conquest

Better is conquest, when we gain our right
By no reproachful means, no deeds of shame,
Than if to envy we expose our fame,
And trample on the laws with impious might.
Such laurels which at first too sweetly bloom,
Ere long are wither'd by the frost of time,
And scorn pursues their wearers to the tomb.
I in my household or the state presume
To seek that power alone which rules without a crime.

Euripides

Farewell To Alcestis

Daughters of Pelias, with farewell from me,
I' the house of Hades have thy unsunned home!
Let Hades know, the dark-haired deity,
And he who sits to row and steer alike,
Old corpse-conductor, let him know he bears
Over the Acherontian lake this time,
I' the two-oared boat, the best, -oh, best by far
Of womankind! For thee, Alkestis Queen,
Many a time those haunters of the Muse
Shall sing to thee the seven stringèd mountain-shell,
And glorify in hymns that need no harp,
At Sparta when the cycle comes about,
And that Karneian month wherein the moon
Rises and never sets the whole night through:
So too at splendid and magnificent
Athenai. Such the spread of thy renown,
And such the lay that, dying, thou hast left
Singer and sayer. Oh that I availed
Of my own might to send thee once again
From Hades' hall, Kokutos' stream, by help
O' the oar that dips the river, back to-day!
Light from above thee, lady, fall the earth,
Thou only one of womankind to die,
Wife for her husband! If Admetos take
Any thing to him like a second spouse,
Hate from his offspring and from us shall be
His portion, let the king assure himself!
No mind his mother had to hide in earth
Her body for her son's sake, nor his sire
Had heart to save whom he begot, - not they,
The white-haired wretches! Only thou it was,
I' the bloom of youth, didst save him and so die!
Might it be mine to chance on such a mate
And partner! For there's penury in life
Of such allowance: were she mine at least,
So wonderful a wife, assuredly
She would companion me throughout my days
And never once bring sorrow!

Euripides

Helen's Return To Greece

Air by thy speed, Sidonian ship!
Thine oars, familiar to the oarsman's grip,
Fall fast, and make the surges bound,
And lead along the dolphin train,
While all around
The winds forego to vex the main,
And the mariners hear
The sea-king's daughter calling clear,
'Now, sails to the breeze, fling out, fling out,
Now pull, strong arms, to the cheering shout;
Speed royal Helen, away and away,
To Argos home, to the royal bay.'

What sacred hour, what festal tide
Shall bring fair Helen to Eurotas' side?
Say, shall the Spartan maidens dance
Before Leucippis then? Or meet
That day perchance
At Pallas' gate? Or shall they greet
Thee, lost so long,
With lost Hyacinthus' nightly song,
How Phoebus slew him with quoit far-flown,
And yearly the maidens with mourning atone?
There is one of them, Helen, one fair of the fair,
Who will not be wife till her mother be there!

O for wings to fly
Where the flocks of fowl together
Quit the Afric sky,
Lest their refuge from the wintry weather!
All the way with solemn sound
Rings the leader's clarion cry
O'er dewless deserts and glad harvest ground.
We would bid them, as they go,
Neck by neck against the cloud
Racing nightly 'neath the stars,
When Eurotas rolls below,
Light and leave a message loud,
How princely Menelaus, proud

With conquest, cometh from the Dardan wars.

Come, eternal Pair [1],
Come, Twin Brethren, from your heaven ascended;
Down the steep of air
Drive, by many a starry glance attended!
'Mid the waters white and blue,
'Mid the rolling waves be there,
And brotherly bring safe your sister through.
Airs from heaven, serene and pure,
Breathe upon her; bless and speed;
Breathe away her cruel shame!
Never he did Paris lure,
Never won her (as they rede)
Of Aphrodite for his meed,
Nor thither led, where never yet she came!

Euripides

Hermesianax

Euripides

Ion And The Birds

Behold! behold!
Now they come, they quit the nest
On Parnassus' topmost crest.
Hence! away! I warn ye all!
Light not on our hallowed wall!
From eave and cornice keep aloof,
And from the golden gleaming roof!
Herald of Jove! of birds the king!
Fierce of talon, strong of wing,
Hence! begone! or thou shalt know
The terrors of this deadly bow.
Lo! where rich the altar fumes,
Soars yon swan on oary plumes.
Hence, and quiver in thy flight
Thy foot that gleams with purple light,
Even though Phoebus' harp rejoice
To mingle with thy tuneful voice;
Far away thy white wings shake
O'er the silver Delian lake.
Hence! obey! or end in blood
The music of thy sweet-voiced ode.

Away! away! another stoops!
Down his flagging pinion droops;
Shall our marble eaves be hung
With straw nests for your callow young?
Hence, or dread this twanging bow,
Hence, where Alpheus' waters flow.
Or the Isthmian groves among
Go and rear your nestling young.
Hence, nor dare pollute or stain
Phoebus' offerings, Phoebus' fane.
Yet I feel a sacred dread,
Lest your scattered plumes I shed;
Holy birds! 't is yours to show
Heaven's auguries to men below.

Euripides

Life's Perplexing Maze

A thousand shapes our varying Fates assume,
The Gods perform what we could least expect,
And oft' the things for which we fondly hop'd
Come not to pass: but Heaven still finds a clue
To guide our steps through life's perplexing maze.

Euripides

Lost Is The Bliss

Lost is the bliss, the rank supreme,
The valour, Atreus' son display'd
Thro' Greece, and on the banks of Simois' stream,
The victor's glittering trophies are decay'd;
Of that ill-fated house the woes revive,
As, for the golden ram, when fate,
Steeling their breasts with ruthless hate,
Ordain'd the seed of Tantalus to strive;
Dire was the feast where royal infants bled;
A series hence ensued of impious deeds,
To slaughter past fresh slaughter still succeeds,
And their forefathers' guilt rests on the childrens' head.

The stroke tho' justice might demand,
In thee was it unjust to slay
A parent, and with unrelenting hand
Thy sword high waving in the solar ray,
To glory in the blood which thou hadst spilt.
In thy deliberate crime we find
Impiety with murder join'd,
And the distraction which attends on guilt.
For Tyndarus' wretched daughter did exclaim
Thro' fear of death; 'Unholy is the deed
Thou would'st commit: if thus thy mother bleed,
Zeal for thy Sire will brand thee with perpetual shame.'

Is there a being more forlorn on earth,
To whom are tears and pity due,
Rather than to the youth who drew
His ruthless blade 'gainst her who gave him birth
Since this exploit hath frenzy, direful pest,
Haunted the conscious breast
Of Agamemnon's son; for from the shades
Th' Eumenides, hell's awful maids,
To sting the murderer rise;
Glaring roll his haggard eyes.
Inhuman wretch! who could his mother view
In vain for pity sue,
When she her tissued robe did tear,

And lay her throbbing bosom bare,
Yet aim the wound with unabated ire,
Determin'd to revenge his Sire.

Euripides

Love Song

One with eyes the fairest
Cometh from his dwelling,
Some one loves thee, rarest,
Bright beyond my telling.
In thy grace thou shinest
Like some nymph divinest,
In her caverns dewy:
All delights pursue thee,
Soon pied flowers, sweet-breathing,
Shall thy head be wreathing.

Euripides

Love Song (From

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Cometh from his dwelling,
Some one loves thee, rarest,
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All delights pursue thee,
Soon pied flowers, sweet-breathing,
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Euripides

Monogamy

Two rival Consorts ne'er can I approve,
Or Sons, the source of strife, their births who owe
To different Mothers; hence connubial love
Is banish'd, and the mansion teems with woe.
One blooming nymph let cautious Husbands wed,
And share with her alone an unpolluted bed.

No prudent city, no well-govern'd state,
More than a single Potentate will own;
Their subjects droop beneath the grievous weight
When two bear rule, and discord shakes the throne;
And if two Bards awake their sounding lyres
E'en the harmonious Muse a cruel strife inspires.

To aid the bark, when prosperous gales arise,
Two jarring Pilots shall misguide the helm:
Weak is a multitude when all are wise,
One simpler Monarch could have sav'd the realm.
Let a sole Chief the house or empire sway,
And all who hope for bliss their Lord's behests obey.

Euripides

O For The Wings Of A Dove

Could I take me to some cavern for mine hiding,
In the hilltops where the Sun scarce hath trod;
Or a cloud make the home of mine abiding,
As a bird among the bird-droves of God.
Could I wing me to my rest amid the roar
Of the deep Adriatic on the shore
Where the water of Eridanus is clear,
And Phaeton's sad sisters by his grave
Weep into the river, and each tear
Gleams a dropp of amber, in the wave.

To the strand of the Daughters of the Sunset,
The Apple-tree, the singing and the gold;
Where the mariner must stay him from his onset,
And the red wave is tranquil as of old;
Yea, beyond that pillar of the End
That Atlas guardeth, would I wend;
Where a voice of living waters never ceaseth
In God's quiet garden by the sea,
And Earth, the ancient life-giver, increaseth
Joy among the meadows, like a tree.

Euripides

Queen Of Love

To yours, O Venus, and your Son's control,
Whose glittering pinions speed his flight,
The Gods incline their stubborn soul,
And mortals yielding to resistless might.
For o'er land, and stormy main,
Love, is borne, who can restrain
By more than magic art
Each furious impulse of the heart:
Savage whelps on mountains bred,
Monsters in the ocean fed,
All who on earth behold the solar ray,
And man, his mild behests obey.
For you, O Venus, you alone
Sit on an unrivall'd throne,
By each duteous votary fear'd,
As a mighty Queen rever'd.

Euripides

Song Of The Captive Trojan Maiden

Breeze, breeze of the sea,
Who the wave-passers bearest home
Swift and unwearied o'er the billows' foam,
Ah! whither lead'st thou me
Grief-worn? whose house must have
This thing - a captured slave?

Or shall I reach a harbor strand
Dorian of Phthian, where they tell
Apidanos o'erstreams the land,
Father of fairest founts that well?

Or else some island shore,
Urged, wretched, on my way with brine-splashed oar,
To lead a life of weary sorrow there,
Where the first palm bare fruit,
Where the bay raised each sacred shoot
To form a bower,
Leto's protection in her trial of hour?

Or shall I, like Delian maiden,
Sing of Artemis divine,
Golden-filleted, bow-laden?
Or at Pallas' sacred shrine
The steeds to her fair chariot yoke
To bear her, clad in saffron cloak,
And braid the silken garments thin
With saffron flowerets woven in?

Or shall I sing the Titan brood,
Whom Zeus, great Kronos' son,
Poured twice-forged fire upon,
And did to lasting sleep by that fell bolt and rude?

Ah, sorrow for the young,
For those whose life was long,
For all the land,
A heap of smoking ruin,
Spear-pierced to her undoing

By Argive hand!

And I shall be a slave
Within a country not my own,
Leaving the land that Europe has o'erthrown,
'Scaping the chambers of the grave.

Euripides

The Exile's Song

Th' immoderate Loves in their career,
Nor glory nor esteem attends,
But when the Cyprian Queen descends
Benignant from her starry sphere,
No Goddess can more justly claim
From man the grateful prayer.
Thy wrath, O Venus, still forbear,
Nor at my tender bosom aim
That venom'd arrow, ever won t' inspire,
Wing'd from thy golden bow, the pangs of keen desire.

II

May I in modesty delight,
Best present which the Gods can give,
Nor torn by jarring passions live
A prey to wrath and canker'd spite,
Still envious of a rival's charms,
Nor rouse the endless strife
While on my soul another Wife,
Impresses vehement alarms:
On us, dread Queen, thy mildest influence shed,
Thou who discern'st each crime that stains the nuptial bed.

II

My native land, and dearest home!
May I ne'er know an exil'd state,
Nor be it ever my sad fate,
While from thy well-known bourn I roam,
My hopeless anguish to bemoan.
Rather let death, let death
Take at that hour my forfeit breath,
For surely never was there known
On earth a curse so great, as to exceed
From his lov'd country torn, the wretched exile's need.

III

These eyes attest thy piteous tale,
Which not from fame alone we know;
But, O thou royal Dame, thy woe
No generous city doth bewail,
Nor one among thy former friends.
Abhorr'd by Heaven and Earth,

Perish the wretch devoid of worth,
Engross'd by mean and selfish ends,
Whose heart expands not, those he lov'd, to aid;
Never may I lament attachments thus repaid.

Euripides

The Precarious Life Of Man

When I reflect on Heaven's just sway,
Each anxious thought is driven away;
But, ah! too soon, hope's flattering prospect ends,
And in this harass'd soul despair succeeds;
When I compare with human deeds,
What fate those deeds attends.
At each various period changing,
Form'd upon no settled plan,
In a maze of errors ranging,
Veers the precarious life of man.

Euripides

The Sphynx

O winged Fiend, who from the Earth
And an infernal Viper drew'st thy birth,
Thou cam'st, thou cam'st, to bear away,
Amidst incessant groans, thy prey,
And harass Cadmus' race,
Thy frantic pinions did resound,
Thy fangs impress'd the ghastly wound,
Thou ruthless monster with a virgin's face:
What youths from Dirce's fount were borne aloof,
While thou didst utter thy discordant song,
The furies haunted every roof,
And o'er these walls sat Slaughter brooding long.
Sure from some God whose breast no mercy knew,
Their source impure these horrors drew.
From house to house, the cries
Of matrons did resound,
And wailing maidens rent the skies
With frequent shrieks loud as the thunder's burst,
Oft as the Sphynx accurst,
Some youth, whom in the Theban streets she found,
Bore high in air; all glaz'd in wild affright,
Till she vanished from their sight.

Euripides

The Strength Of Fate

In heaven-high musings and many,
Far-seeking and deep debate,
Of strong things find I not any
That is as the strength of Fate.
Help nor healing is told
In soothsayings uttered of old,
In the Thracian rines, the verses
Engraven of Orpheus' pen;
No balm of virtue to save
Apollo aforetime gave,
Who stayeth with tender mercies
The plagues of the children of men.

She hath not her habitation
In temples that hands have wrought;
Him that bringeth oblation,
Behold, she heedeth him naught.
Be thou not wroth with us more,
O mistress, than heretofore;
For what God willeth soever,
That thou bringest to be;
Thou breakest in sunder the brand
Far forged in the Iron Land;
Thine heart is cruel, and never
Canst pity anigh unto thee.

Thee, too, O King, hath she taken
And bound in her tenfold chain;
Yet faint not, neither complain:
The dead thou wilt not awaken
For all thy weeping again.
They perish, whom gods begot;
The night releaseth them not.
Beloved was she that died
And dear shall ever abide,
For this was the queen among women, Admetus,
That lay by thy side.

Not as the multitude lowly

Asleep in their sepulchres,
Not as their grave be hers,
But like as the gods held holy,
The worship of wayfarers.
Yea, all that travel the way
Far off shall see it and say,
Lo, erst for her lord she died,
Today she sitteth enskied;
Hail, lady, be gracious to usward;
That alway her honor abide.

Euripides

The Wedding Of Peleus And Thetis

Merrily rose the bridal strain,
With the pipe of reed and the wild harp ringing,
With the Libyan flute, and the dancers' train,
And the bright-haired Muses singing.

On the turf elastic treading,
Up Pelion's steep with an airy bound
Their golden sandals they struck on the ground,
While the mighty gods were feasting round,
As they sped to Peleus' wedding.
They left Pieria's fountain,
On the leaf-crowned hill they stood,
They breathed their softest, sweetest lays
In the bride's and bridegroom's praise.
Reëchoed the Centaur's mountain,
Reëchoed Pelion's wood.

The golden goblets crowned the Page,
The Thunderer's darling boy,
In childhood's rosy age
Snatched from the plains of Troy.
Where on the silvery sand
The noontide sun was glancing,
The fifty Nereids, hand in hand,
Were in giddy circles dancing.

The Centaur's tramp rang up the hill,
To feast with the gods they trooped in haste,
And at the board by Bacchus graced,
The purpling bowl to fill.
Grassy wreath and larch's bough
Twined around each shaggy brow.
Daughter of Nereus, loud to thee
Chaunted the maids of Thessaly.
Their song was of a child unborn,
Whose light should beam like summer morn,
Whose praise by the Delian seer was sung,
And hymned by Chiron's tuneful tongue.

'Thetis, mark thy warrior son,
Gift with many a Myrmidon,
Armed with spear and flaming brand,
Wasting Priam's ancient land.
He shall ne'er to foeman quail;
He shall case his limbs in mail,
Casque, and greaves, and breastplate's fold,
All by Vulcan wrought of gold,
Moulded in the forge of heaven,
By his goddess-mother given.
He shall be a hero's name,
Godlike might, and deathless fame.'

Thus the gods propitious smiled
On Peleus and the ocean child;
Lady! not such nuptial wreath
Shall Argives bid thee wear,
But with the flowers of death
Entwine thy clustering hair.

Euripides

Troy

No more, O Troy, thy dreaded name
Conspicuous in the lists of fame,
Midst fortresses impregnable shall stand,
In such thick clouds an armed host
Pours terrors from the Grecian coast,
And wastes thy vanquish'd land:
Shorn from thy rampir'd brow the crown
Of turrets fell; thy palaces o'erspread
With smoke lie waste, no more I tread
Thy wonted streets, my native town.

II

I perish'd at the midnight hour,
When, aided by the banquet's power,
Sleep o'er my eyes his earliest influence shed;
Retiring from the choral song
The sacrifice and festive throng,
Stretched on the downy bed
The bridegroom indolently lay,
His massive spear suspended on the beam,
No more he saw the helmets gleam,
Or nautic troops in dread array.

III

While me the golden mirror's aid,
My flowing tresses taught to braid
In graceful ringlets with a fillet bound,
Just as I cast my robe aside,
And sought the couch; extending wide
Thro' every street this sound
Was heard; 'O when, ye sons of Greece,
This nest of robbers levell'd with the plain,
Will ye behold your homes again?
When shall these tedious labours cease?'

IV

Then from my couch up starting, dressed
Like Spartan nymph in zoneless vest,
At Dian's shrine an ineffectual prayer
Did I address; for hither led,
First having view'd my Husband dead,
Full oft I in despair,

As the proud vessel sail'd from land,
Look'd back, and saw my native walls laid low,
Then fainting with excess of woe
At length lost sight of Ilion's strand.

V

Helen, that Sister to the sons of Jove,
And Paris, Ida's swain,
With my curses still pursuing,
For to them I owe my ruin,
Me they from my country drove,
Never to return again,
By that detested spousal rite
On which Hymen never smil'd,
No, 'twas some Demon who with lewd delight
Their frantic souls beguil'd:
Her may ocean's waves no more
Waft to her paternal shore.

Euripides

Warning From The Evil Fortune Of Medea

When fierce conflicting passions urge
The breast where love is wont to glow,
What mind can stem the stormy surge
Which rolls the tide of human woe?
The hope of praise, the dread of shame,
Can rouse the tortured breast no more;
The wild desire, the guilty flame,
Absorbs each wish it felt before.

But if affection gently thrills
The soul by purer dreams possessed,
The pleasing balm of mortal ills
In love can soothe the aching breast:
If thus thou comest in disguise,
Fair Venus! from thy native heaven,
What heart unfeeling would despise
The sweetest boon the gods have given?

But never from thy golden bow
May I beneath the shaft expire!
Whose creeping venom, sure and slow,
Awakes an all-consuming fire:
Ye racking doubts! ye jealous fears!
With others wage internal war;
Repentance, source of future tears,
From me be ever distant far!

May no distracting thoughts destroy
The holy calm of sacred love!
May all the hours be winged with joy,
Which hover faithful hearts above!
Fair Venus! on thy myrtle shrine
May I with some fond lover sigh,
Whose heart may mingle pure with mine-
With me to live, with me to die!

My native soil! beloved before,
Now dearer as my peaceful home,
Ne'er may I quit thy rocky shore,

A hapless banished wretch to roam!
This very day, this very hour,
May I resign this fleeting breath!
Nor quit my silent humble bower;
A doom to me far worse than death.

Have I not heard the exile's sigh,
And seen the exile's silent tear,
Through distant climes condemned to fly,
A pensive weary wanderer here?
Ah! hapless dame! no sire bewails,
No friend thy wretched fate deplores,
No kindred voice with rapture hails
Thy steps within a stranger's doors.

Perish the fiend whose iron heart,
To fair affection's truth unknown,
Bids her he fondly loved depart,
Unpitied, helpless, and alone:
Who ne'er unlocks with silver key
The milder treasures of his soul,
May such a friend be far from me,
And ocean's storms between us roll!

Euripides