Aristophanes
The Acharnians. An abridged acting ed.
ACTING EDITION OF
THE ACHARNIANS
OF
ARISTOPHANES

WITH A TRANSLATION
INTO ENGLISH VERSE

BY
G. NORWOOD, M.A.

OXFORD
B. H. BLACKWELL, 50 & 51 BROAD STREET
CAMBRIDGE
W. HEFFER & SONS, LIMITED
1911

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THE ACHARNIAINS
OF
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AN ABRIDGED ACTING EDITION

ARRANGED AND TRANSLATED FOR
THE ‘FROGS’ CLASSICAL SOCIETY OF UNIVERSITY
COLLEGE, CARDIFF

BY

G. NORWOOD, M.A.

PROFESSOR OF GREEK

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PREFACE

This abridged text and verse-translation of the *Acharnians* has been prepared on behalf of the 'Frogs' Classical Society of University College, Cardiff, for the use of those who will witness their performance of the play next December.

In preparing the text I have excised not only gross passages, but also a number of allusions to topics of the moment which would afford no entertainment and much perplexity to a modern audience. In this second category, I fear, are to be found several passages important to the scientific scholar; but their absence does little to mar the play as literature. In a very few places I have altered the Greek arbitrarily.

I have constantly consulted Dr. Merry’s admirable notes and the magnificent edition by which Dr. Starkie has put students of Aristophanes still more deeply in his debt.

G. NORWOOD.

Cardiff, Sept. 24, 1911.
§ 1. The Play.—The Acharnians was first performed at Athens in February, 425 B.C., and gained the first prize in the dramatic contest.

At the moment when the play appeared the Peloponnesian War had already lasted nearly six years, and it is that famous struggle which provides the mainspring of the Acharnians. Aristophanes strains every nerve of his brilliant and now mature comic genius to one dear purpose; lyric sweetness, powerful and pitiless invective, inexhaustible drollery, matchless and delightful parody, a deft and strong mastery of dramatic architecture—all his resources are employed in the task of urging his countrymen to renounce what the poet and many others looked upon as a ruinous and hopeless war.

In the first scene Dicaeopolis¹ is discovered waiting in the Pnyx, the meeting-place of the National Assembly of Athens. But for him, the scene is deserted, and in a soliloquy he complains of the supineness of his fellow-citizens, who take no heed of the ruin which the war is causing. At length the Pnyx fills, and we have before us a lively caricature of an Athenian political meeting. Dicaeopolis is disgusted by the levity and short-sightedness of a nation which wastes its time in listening to the flattering lies of its own servants. He sends a messenger to Sparta

¹ The name means 'patriotic'. Dicaeopolis is a type of the party for which Aristophanes stands—the section which disliked Sparta but could see nothing but ruin in a continuance of the war.
to make peace for him on his private account. This man returns with 'peace-wine' which Dicaeopolis accepts rapturously. He then retires to his farm to celebrate, after six years' intermission, the Vintage-Festival.

But he is soon interrupted. While his messenger was hurrying to Athens with the 'peace-wine' the scent of it reached some aged men of the deme of Acharnae. These Acharnian charcoal-burners are the bitterest section of the war-party in Athens. They pursue the messenger, vowing death to the man who has dared to make peace. At the moment when Dicaeopolis is preparing his celebration they come upon the scene as the Chorus of the play, and interrupt his merrymaking with a shower of stones. His prayers for a fair hearing are vain, and he is on the point of being stoned to death when a stratagem occurs to him. There is only one way of touching the hearts of these martial charcoal-burners. He saves himself by a burlesque of a famous scene in Euripides. Rushing into the house he comes back with a basket of charcoal and a sword, threatening to slay the Acharnians' darling if they will not let him plead for his life.

This deadly peril of one so near and dear to them unmans the Chorus, who give Dicaeopolis permission to state his case. But he realizes the danger of speaking to such men in terms even faintly favourable to Sparta, and determines to sue in forma pauperis. In order to obtain the tattered garments of a suppliant he applies to Euripides, the tragic poet, a favourite butt of Aristophanes; the point of the satire in this case is that the heroes and princes of Euripides so often made their appearance when 'down on their luck', reduced to wretchedness by wounds or poverty. The conversation between the poet and Dicaeopolis, in which the latter wheedles out of his victim a ludicrous assortment of beggar's odds and ends, is one of
the happiest things in the Greek drama. Thus equipped, our hero at last confronts the Chorus to make his speech.

This oration (here abridged) is the kernel of the play. It is really an address by the poet himself to the whole nation assembled in the theatre, and is a masterpiece of his argumentative style. Dicaeopolis gives an account, jocular in tone but deeply serious in intention, of the causes of the Peloponnesian War, showing that the Athenians had taken up arms for the most frivolous reason, and that the Spartans had no choice but to fight. When he has finished, half the Chorus are won over, half are obdurrate. The two sections come to blows, and the war-at-any-price party calls to Lamachus for help.

Lamachus stalks on to the stage, a martial figure in grotesquely terrifying armour. He seems to have been in real life an unassuming man, with little taste for politics, but a clever soldier; Aristophanes chooses to put him forward as a leader of the war party, and gives us a delightful mixture of the Jingo and Shakespeare's Ancient Pistol. In his brush with Dicaeopolis he has no arguments to offer, only threats and abuse. At last he retires beaten, consoling himself with menaces against Sparta and her allies. With the departure of this champion all opposition to Dicaeopolis disappears. The whole Chorus are henceforth on his side, and deliver their Parabasis, or address to the audience on behalf of the author.

The rest of the play depicts the blessings which Dicaeopolis has secured. A Megarian enters, compelled by famine to sell his two little daughters, whom he disguises as pigs; then a Boeotian, who makes all mouths in the auditorium water and the sternest of the war party waver by bringing to market the favourite delicacy of Athenians, which (owing to the war) they have not tasted for six years—an eel from Lake Copais. The informers who seek to
interfere with Dicaeopolis' traffic are harshly dealt with; one of them is packed up like a piece of valuable china and taken back to Thebes by the Boeotian. Lamachus sends his servant to buy some of the dainties which Dicaeopolis has acquired, but his request is rejected with insult. Then follows what is perhaps the gem of the play, the charming and characteristic choric song beginning εἰδες, ὥ εἰδες, ὅ πᾶσα πὸλι.

A Herald enters to proclaim the Feast of Pitchers and the usual prize—a skin of wine—for the drinker who empties his jug first at the carouse. Dicaeopolis determines to compete and begins to cook various dainties for his feast, still plied with requests for a little of his 'treaty-wine'. The end is now in sight—the complete downfall of Lamachus. Two Heralds enter; one to order Lamachus to march off, in spite of the snowstorms and the festivities at home, to guard the Boeotian frontier; the other to summon Dicaeopolis to eat his dinner at the house of the Priest of Dionysus. Both prepare themselves for their expeditions, the contrast between the miseries of war and the jollity of peace being emphasized point by point.

After a song by the Chorus (these songs correspond to the modern act-drop and, like it, are supposed to cover any interval of time needed by the action) both champions return. First comes Lamachus, preceded by a mock-tragic messenger who describes the dreadful and complicated injury which has disabled his master. The warrior is half-carried on to the scene by two soldiers, and seems at the point of death. On the other side Dicaeopolis enters, incapacitated also, but by intoxication, and supported by two flute-girls. He has won the prize for rapid drinking, and when he sees the discomfiture of Lamachus his triumph is complete. The Chorus hail him as the victor, and he leads them out in procession.
§ 2. The historical background.—To understand the Acharnians it is necessary to have some idea of the causes of the Peloponnesian War and its progress during the years 431–425 B.C. The Athenians, at the instance of Pericles, passed a decree excluding Megara from all ports in their empire. The causes of this action are doubtful, though assuredly the ludicrous reason offered by Aristophanes is not the true one; but its effects were unmistakable. At one blow the Megarians were brought to their knees by the prospect of starvation. In their despair they appealed to the Spartans, who endeavoured to persuade Athens to rescind the decree, but to no purpose. For this, and for other reasons not alluded to in the play, the two parties found themselves at war. With Sparta were most of the Peloponnesian states, and others outside the peninsula, notably Boeotia in Central Greece; Athens was followed by her subject-allies, chiefly island-states of the Aegean.

The Peloponnesians had the mastery by land, the Athenians by sea; so that the full power of one side could not come to grips with that of the other. It was, therefore, not surprising that the war dragged on for many years, only coming to an end in 404 B.C., with the fall of Athens, after the Peloponnesians had obtained fleets and some naval experience. But at the moment when the Acharnians appeared this end was far below the horizon. Up to now the Athenians had on the whole adhered to the policy laid down by Pericles, to harass the sea-coasts of the enemy and not attempt to face him by land. Sparta had had no success by sea but had on land done Athens considerable damage. Nearly every year a Peloponnesian force invaded Attica, laid the country waste, and retired. This was the kind of war which Pericles had expected, and without fear. He was aware that so
long as Sparta had no fleet, Athens might ravage the coasts, and damage the trade, of the Peloponnese without hindrance; while Sparta could do nothing but make land-attacks on Athens—attacks certain to fail while the Athenian corn-trade with the Black Sea was untouched, provided only that his fellow-citizens would consent to look on quietly at the devastation of their country-side, sure of ultimately wearing out their foes.

He was no doubt right, in cold theory. The Spartans won no strategic success, but the moral effect of their repeated and unopposed invasions was great, and nowhere greater than within the walls of Athens. Till the beginning of the war a large proportion of the citizens had not been Athenian residents at all, living on their farms which were scattered over the face of Attica, and coming into the city perhaps not once a month. The policy of Pericles made it necessary that these people should desert their farms and live within the fortifications—a change fraught with the gravest consequences, political, social, economic, and sanitary. The overcrowding was throughout the war a most trying evil; and, soon after it began, the frightful plague broke out which slew no less than one quarter of the inhabitants. Moreover, as the countrymen were now on the spot, they wielded a political power which had never been theirs in the days when they could not attend the Assembly. Infuriated by the destruction of their crops and vineyards, these citizens, or a good number of them, were fierce adherents of the war party. The Acharnians of this play are men of this class. Acharnae was one of the most important country demes, furnishing as many as three thousand heavy-armed infantry to the national forces. 'Their vines had been chopped down,' and they were bitter opponents of the 'waiting game' of Pericles. That great statesman died in the second year of the war, and his
mediocre successors soon began to break the rules of warfare which he had laid down.

Such was the state of affairs when this comedy appeared. Six years of war had produced no decided advantage to either side. Dubious success and protracted annoyance, even misery, had sickened many of the belligerents. Heavy expenditure had produced a new political feature of grave moment: both sides began to appeal to foreign powers for help, both in men and in money—even to the old national enemy, Persia. Wise men could see that the Greek states in their mutual jealousy were endangering the liberty of the Hellenic world. So it is that Aristophanes gives his voice for peace. He is in sympathy with the country party, but he wishes them to see their true interests. Both Dicaeopolis and the Chorus are members of that party; but while the Acharnians can think of nothing but their wrongs in the past and clamour for vengeance at all costs, Dicaeopolis thinks of the future and knows that the only hope of the agricultural population lies in peace, which will make the fields and vineyards smile once more.

§ 3. The conditions under which the play was acted.—All extant Greek dramas, even the most farcical comedy, were a part of the religious ritual of the State. They were offered by the Athenian nation as an act of worship to Dionysus, the god of wine and mystic rapture. As such, they were managed by the State, and witnessed (as far as possible) by the whole nation, in the great theatre of Dionysus, at the foot of the Acropolis. The chief festival for comedy was the Lenaea (‘Feast of the Wine-Press’), which occurred early in our month of February. Only three dramatists were allowed to compete; each obtained a prize, but only the first was regarded as signifying a dramatic ‘victory’.

The theatre, which was entirely open to the sky, may be
INTRODUCTION

divided into three parts: (i) the auditorium, a vast structure of horse-shoe shape; (ii) the orchestra, in which the Chorus danced and sang, a more or less semicircular space inside the curve of the auditorium; (iii) the logeion, or ‘speaking-place’, where the actors performed—an oblong space backed by scenery and dressing-rooms and forming the chord to the arc of the orchestra. This last of course corresponds to our stage, but whether there was in Aristophanes' day a platform raised above the level of the orchestra is not certain.

It is clear that these conditions made it impossible for a Greek dramatist to hope for anything like the verisimilitude of modern acting. The theatre was open to the daylight, and the comedies were acted in the afternoon. The huge size of the auditorium made it impossible to employ with effect those subtleties of voice, gesture, and expression which are so admirable a feature of good modern acting; indeed, the actors wore masks. There was probably no curtain, and only the most rudimentary appliances for indicating a change of scene. In this connexion should be mentioned one curious device which is laughably employed in the Acharnians. The tragedians frequently had occasion to change the scene from the outside to the inside of a building, usually to reveal to persons outside a house some fearful deed which had just taken place within. To do this actually was impossible, but to give something of the effect a most odd machine was employed, called the eccyclema (from ἐκκυκλεῖω, 'to wheel out') which was probably managed thus. Behind the scenes a little tableau, e.g. the murderer standing over his victim, was arranged upon a small wheeled platform. The doors were then flung open and the eccyclema wheeled forward into the view of the actors outside. When the scene was over the platform was wheeled back again and the doors shut. Euripides, like other tragic poets, used this machine in his plays, and
in the *Acharnians* Dicaeopolis, finding that the poet is too busy to come out, induces him to show himself in this typically tragic manner; so that Euripides is indeed 'abroad and yet within doors'. In the performance for which the present translation is written, he is made to come to the window of his study; the modernization is surely legitimate.

§ 4. *Merits of the play.*—On this point little need be said to those who have the work before them. The *Acharnians* is one of the most brilliant productions which the history of the drama can boast. The elaborate burlesque of the Athenian Assembly, the exquisite parody of Euripides' *Telephus*, the delightful fooling in the scene of the Megarian and his 'pigs', the ode already mentioned which is perhaps unsurpassed in its kind, the riotous jollity with which the play ends—these are the outstanding charms of the *Acharnians* and make it a possession of permanent and precious worth.

The play has, of course, its more ephemeral side. It is not only a comedy; it possesses some of the qualities of a political pamphlet. A propagandist poet is not usually more scrupulous than most pamphleteers; Aristophanes puts forth all his powers to turn his countrymen against the war, and his last scenes are a witness that there is a jingoism of peace as well as a jingoism of war. That war robs us of Copaic eels and facilities for drunkenness is no better argument for peace than 'glory' is for militarism: and if Lamachus' ankle is put out of joint it does not follow that the same injury is done to his nose. The last scenes are undoubtedly a gross argumentum ad populum. But it must be borne in mind that the poet only allows himself this after a sincere, reasoned, and elaborate argument. Moreover, he never forgets, as some propagandist dramatists have forgotten, that his first business is to entertain; and to turn the laugh against his opponents was for him not merely excusable, but necessary.
ACHARNIANS

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Dicaeopolis, an elderly Athenian farmer.
Amphitheus, an Athenian aristocrat.
Humbuggosinji,1 a Persian envoy.
Theorus, an Athenian envoy.
Euripides, a tragic poet of Athens.
Lamachus, a distinguished Athenian soldier.
A Megarian.
An Informer.
A Boeotian Merchant.
Nicarchus, a professional Informer.
A Farmer.
A Bridesman.
Heralds, Messengers, Envoys, Citizens, Members of the Committee of the Senate, Constables, Thracian Mercenaries, Slaves.

Wife of Dicaeopolis.
Their Daughter.
Two Little Girls, daughters of the Megarian.
Bridesmaid.
Two Female Slaves.

Chorus, consisting of aged charcoal-burners of Acharnae.

1 In the original, Ψευδοράβας, an imaginary name formed from Ψευδής (‘lying’) and ἀράβας, a termination of Oriental names; with a side-glance at ἀράβη, of one ‘weighed in the balances and found wanting’.
ΑΧΑΡΝΗΣ

ΔΙΚ. "Όσα δὴ δέδηγμαι τὴν ἐμαυτοῦ καρδιάν, ἢσθην δὲ βαιά, πάνυ γε βαιά, τέτταρα: ὃ δὲ ὀδυνήθην, ψαμμοκοσιογάργαρα.
φέρ' ἵω: τι δ' ἢσθην ᾧξον χαρηδόνος; ἐγὼ' ἐφ' ὃ γε τὸ κέαρ ἡνυφραίθην ἱδών, τούτων πέντε ταλάντως οἷς Κλέων ἐξήμεσεν.
ἀλλ' ὀδυνήθην ἐτερον αὐ τραγῳδικών, ὥστε δὴ 'κεχήρη προσδοκών τὸν Ἀἰσχύλου,
ὅ δ' ἀνείπε—εἰσαγ', ὁ Θέουμ, τῶν χορών.
ἀλλ' οὐδεπώποτ' εῖ ὁτου 'γὼ ῥυπτομαι
οὖτως ἐδήχθην ὑπὸ κοινὸς τὰς ὀφρές
ὡς νῦν, ὀπὸτ' οὐσὶς κυρίας ἐκκλησίας
ἐκδιθῆς ἐρμην. η πρὶς αὐτῆς.
οὖν οἱ πρεσάνεις ἤκουσαν, ἀλλ' ἀφρίαν
ηκουσες, εἶτα δ' ὠστινηται πῶς δοκεῖς
ἐλθόντες ἀλλήλουσι περὶ πρώτου ἱεύλου,
ἀδρούι καταρρέουμες: εἰρήνη δ' ὅπως
ἐσται προτιμών' οὐδέν' οἱ πόλεις πόλις.
ἐγώ δ' ἀεί πρῶτιστος εἰς ἐκκλησίαν
νοστῶν κάθημαι: κατ' ἐπειδῶν ὦ μόνος,
στέρω, κέχωμα, σκορδανώμαι, χρέπτομαι,
ἀπορῶ, γράφω, παρατίλλομαι, λογίζομαι,
ἀποβλέπων εἰς τὸν ἀγρόν, εἰρήνης ἐρωί,
στυγών μὲν ἄστυ, τὸν δ' ἐρων ὅμηον ποθοῖν,
ὅς οὐδεπώποτ' εἰπεῖν, ἀνθρακας πρίω,
οὐκ ἄδος, οὐκ ἔλαιον, οὐδ' ὑδεῖ πρίω,
ἀλλ' αὐτὸς ἐφέρε πάντα χω πρίων ἀπῆρ.
ACHARNIANS

[The scene represents the Pnyx, the meeting-place of the National Assembly of Athens. Dicaeopolis is discovered, solitary, waiting for the beginning of business. After giving several signs of boredom and annoyance, he turns to the audience.]

DIC. How many pangs have stung me to the heart!
My joys are few—but three or four; my woes
Are multitudinosity itself.
Let’s see: what have I found that gladdened me?
Ah yes; I know what pleased my bosom’s lord—
The thousand pounds that Cleon had to pay.
But I’d a tragic grief to balance that.
’Twas in the theatre. There I sat and yawned,
Waiting to see a play of Aeschylus:
Then came the call: ‘Your chorus, O Theognis!’
But never since I first began to wash
Did soap e’er sting my eyes so painfully
As does this hateful sight. To-day is fixed
For solemn session, and the Pnyx is empty!
Not even the Committee have arrived!
They’ll turn up hours late, and then they’ll push
And jostle one another like the deuce
To seize the foremost seats, a graceless mob
Rushing in spate. A lot such fellows care
About the hopes of peace! O wretched Athens!

But I come always first to the Assembly
And sit down in a wilderness of benches.
I yawn, I stretch myself, I groan and cough,
I die of boredom, scribble on the ground,
I scratch my head, do sums to pass the time,
Yearning for peace, and gazing o’er the fields,
Loathing the town and longing for my village,
That never cried ‘Buy coals!’ ‘Buy vinegar!’
‘Buy oil!’ It didn’t know the word ‘to buy’,
It gave its produce freely, well advised
That buying is a sell.

So now I’ve come

1 This statesman had attacked Aristophanes in the preceding year. Hence the defiance levelled at him in the Parabasis (see below).
νῦν οὖν ἀτεχνῶς ἔκατε παρεσκευασμένος
βοᾶν, ὑποκρούειν, λοιδορεῖν τοὺς ῥήτορας,
ἐάν τις ἄλλο πλὴν περὶ εἰρήμης λέγῃ.
ἀλλὰ οἱ πρυτάνεις γὰρ οὕτωι μεσημβρινοί.

ΚΗΡ. πάριτ' εἰς τὸ πρόσθεν,
pάριθ', ὥς ἂν ἐντὸς ήτε τοῦ καθάρματος.

ΑΜΦ. ἤδη τίς εἶπε; ΚΗΡ. τίς ἀγορεύειν βούλεται;
ΑΜΦ. ἐγώ. ΚΗΡ. τίς ὄν; ΑΜΦ. Ἄμφιθεος. ΚΗΡ. οὐκ
ἀνθρωπὸς; ΑΜΦ. οὐ,
ἀλλ' ἀθάνατος. ὁ γὰρ Ἄμφιθεος Δῆμοτρος ἦν
καὶ Τριπτολέμοιον τοῦτον δὲ Κέλεος γέγονεν·
γαμεῖ δὲ Κέλεος Φαναρέτην τῇθην ἐμήν,
ἐξ ἢς Λυκίνος εγένετ· ἐκ τούτου δ' ἐγὼ
ἀθάνατος εἰμι'. ἐμοὶ δ' ἐπέτρεψαι οἱ θεοὶ
σπούδας ποιεῖται πρὸς Δακεβάμοιον μόνῳ.
ἀλλ' ἀθάνατος ὄν, ἄνδρες, ἐφόδι' οὐκ ἔχω·
οὐ γὰρ διδόσων οἱ πρυτάνεις. ΚΗΡ. οἱ τοξώται.

ΑΜΦ. δ' Τριπτόλεμε καὶ Κελεές, περιῶψεσθε με;

ΔΙΚ. ἄνδρες πρυτάνεις, ἅδικεῖτε τὴν ἐκκλησίαν
τὸν ἄνδρ' ἀπάγοντες, ὡστε ἢμῶν ἡθελε
σπούδασ ποιήσαι καὶ κρεμάσαι τὸς ἀσπίδασ.

ΚΗΡ. κακὸς γεγένα. ΔΙΚ. μιὰ τῶν Ἀπόλλων ἑω μὲν οὖν,
ἥν μὴ περὶ εἰρήμης γε πρυτανεύσῃτη μοι.

ΚΗΡ. οἱ πρεσβεῖς οἱ παρὰ βασιλέως.

ΔΙΚ. ποιῶν βασιλέως; ἅχοθυμαι ἵνα πρέσβεσιν
καὶ τοῖς ταύτι τοὺς τ' ἀλαζονεύμασιν.

ΚΗΡ. σέγα. ΔΙΚ. βασιλαῖς, ὑβρίστατα, τῶν σχήματος.

ΠΡ. ἐπέμψαθ' ἡμᾶς ὡς βασιλέα τὸν μέγαρ,
ματθὸν φέρονται ἥνα ὀραχύσ τῆς ἡμέρας,
ἐν' Ἑθεμένους ἁρχοντος. ΔΙΚ. οὐμοι τῶν
ὅραχιῶν.

ΠΡ. καὶ ὡς ἐπηχιώθην ὡς Καῖστρίως
πεῶν ὁδοιπολανεύσεις ἐσκηπήμενοι,
With mind made up. I'll bawl and interrupt,  
I'll blackguard every orator in Athens,  
Who dares to speak on anything but peace! [Noise without.  
Here the Committee come; it's noon at least!  
[Enter the Committee. The President for the day takes his seat, and his colleagues sit on benches near him. Enter Citizens, marshalled by a Herald.]

HERALD. Move forward!  
Close up, and come within the sacred space.  
[Enter Amphitheus, anxious and hurried.]

AMPH. Has any one spoken yet?  
HERALD [to the public at large]. What man would speak?  
AMPH. I.  
HERALD. Who are you?  
AMPH. Amphitheus.  
HERALD. Are you mortal?  
AMPH. Oh no! Divine. Amphitheus of old  
Was son of Ceres and Triptolemus.  
From him did Celeis spring, who took to wife  
Phaenarete, my grandam, and she bare  
Lycinus, mine own sire. Thus do I boast  
Immortal lineage. But now to business:  
The gods have bidden me make peace with Sparta  
All by myself; but though I have blue blood  
I haven't a red cent, and your Committee  
Won't pay my fare to Sparta!  
HERALD. Constables!  
[Two Constables seize Amphitheus.]

AMPH. Protect me, my immortal ancestors! [He is dragged away.  
DIC. [rising]. The Committee is unfair to this Assembly  
If it expels a man whose only aim  
Is to make peace and lay our bucklers by!  
HERALD. Silence! Sit down!  
DIC. No, by the gods I won't,  
Unless you'll put the question, Peace or War.  
HERALD. The Ambassadors from the King of Persia!  
DIC. The King be hanged! I'm sick of Embassies  
And peacock's feathers and bombastic airs!  
HERALD. Keep silence!  
[Enter Ambassadors, gorgeously dressed.]

DIC. My! What swank! Just look at them!  
FIRST AMBASSADOR. You sent us to his Majesty of Persia  
(Expenses paid—a pound a day each man)  
Eleven years ago...  
DIC. [aside]. What tons of pounds!  
AMB. Yes, and we had to rough it, lounging on  
Through the Caystrian plains, under an awning  

1 There is a joke here which can hardly be rendered neatly in English. The Herald understands the name Amphitheus as an adjective, in which case the word would mean 'descended from gods on both sides of the family'.
ἐφ᾽ ἀρμαμαξῶν μαλθακῶς κατακείμενοι, ἀπολλύμενοι. ΔΙΚ. σφόδρα τιρ' ἐσφαγμήν ἐγὼ παρὰ τὴν ἐπαλέξειν ἐν φορυτῷ κατακείμενος.

ΠΡ. εινιζόμενοι δὲ πρὸς βίαν ἐπίῳμεν ἐξ ἑαυτῶν ἐκποιομένην καὶ χρυσίδων ἀκματον αἴων ἡδύν. ΔΙΚ. ὁ Κραναὰ πόλις, ἄρ' αἰσθάνει τὸν κατάγελων τῶν πρέσβεων;

ΠΡ. οἱ βάρβαροι γὰρ ἄνδρας ἡγοῦνται μόνους τοὺς πλείστα δυναμένους φαγεῖν τε καὶ πιεῖν. ἐτει τετάρτῳ δ' εἰς τὰ βασιλεῖα ηλθομεν· εἰτ' ἔξενυζε, παρετίθη θ' ἡμῖν ὅλους ἐκ κρυφάνου βοὸς. ΔΙΚ. καὶ τίς ἐδε πώποτε βοὸς κρυφανίτας; τῶν ἀλαζονεμάτων.

ΠΡ. καὶ νῦν ἠγούτε ἤκομεν Ψευδαρτᾶς, τὸν βασιλέως ὀφθαλμὸν. ΔΙΚ. ἐκκοψεὶ γε κόρας πατάξας τὸν τε σων τοῦ πρέσβεως.

ΚΗΡ. ὁ βασιλεὺς ὀφθαλμὸς. ΔΙΚ. διαξ Ἀράκλεως· πρὸς τῶν θεῶν, ἀνθρωπος, ναύφρακτος βλέπεις ἢ περὶ ἄκραν κάμπτον πνεύσοικον σκοπεῖς; ἄσκωμ' ἔχεις που περὶ τῶν ὀφθαλμῶν κάτω.

ΠΡ. ἀγε δὴ σύ, βασιλεὺς ἅττα σ' ἀπέπεμψεν φράσον λέξοιν Ἀθηναίους, ὁ Ψευδαρτᾶβα.

ΨΕΥ. ἰασταμὰν ἐξαρξᾶς ἀπισσόνα σάτρα.

ΠΡ. Ἐνυήθαθ' ὁ λέγει; ΔΙΚ. μὰ τὸν Ἀπόλλων γῶ μὲν οὐ.

ΠΡ. πέμψεως βασιλεὰ φησιν ὑμῖν χρυσίον. λέγε οὖ σὺ μεῖζον καὶ σαφῶς τὸ χρυσίον.

ΨΕΥ. οὖ λήψη χρύσῳ, χαυνόπρωκτ' ἵαον, αὐ.

ΔΙΚ. οὕμοι κακοδαίμων, ὦσ σαφῶς. ΠΡ. τί δαλ λέγει; ΔΙΚ. οὐ τι; χαυνόπρωκτος τοὺς ἱαονας λέγει, εἰ προσδοκότας χρυσίον ἑκ τῶν βαρβάρων.

ΠΡ. οὐκ, ἀλλ' ἀχάνας οἴδε γε χρυσίον λέγει. ΔΙΚ. ποίας ἀχάνας; σὺ μὲν ἀλάζων εἰ μέγας.
In downy litters, lying on our backs;  
It nearly killed us!...

**DIC.** [aside]. Meanwhile, on the rampart  
I had a beano, sleeping in my straw!

**AMB.** Then, when they entertained us, we were forced  
To drink from cut-glass goblets and from gold  
Sweet undiluted wine...

**DIC.** [aside]. O ancient burgh,  
Dost see the way these envoys mock at thee?

**AMB.** Barbarians believe you’re no true men  
Unless you eat like pigs and drink like fishes.  
After four weary years we came to Court.  
The King made cheer for us; the tables groaned  
With oxen roasted whole...

**DIC.** [aside]. More swank and lies!  
Who ever saw a bullock in an oven?

**AMB.** And now we’ve come bringing Humbuggosinji,  
Called The King’s Eye.

**DIC.** [aside]. Oh for a kindly crow  
To peck it out, and yours to boot, you fraud!

**HERALD.** Room for The King’s Eye!

[Enter a man wearing a mask which represents a single enormous eye, with a square Persian beard beneath it. He is attended by two Persians.]

**DIC.** Heracles preserve us!

Good sir, you’re like a cruiser cleared for action!  
Or are you merely coming into dock?  
You’ve got your fender slung beneath your eye.

**AMB.** Humbuggosinji, speak and give the message  
The King hath sent to the Athenian state.

**HUMBUG.** Iartaman exarxas apisona satra.

**AMB.** You take his meaning?

**DIC.** No, by Jove I don’t.

**AMB.** He says the King intends to send you gold.  

**HUMBUG.** Shan’t get the gold, Ionian bounder; no!

**DIC.** Confound it all, that’s plain enough!

**AMB.** What is it?

**DIC.** Why, he says that we Ionians are bounders  
If we expect to handle Persian gold!

**AMB.** Oh no! He means we shall get boundless wealth.

**DIC.** Boundless be shot! You are a bouncing liar!
ναλί απιθ'. ἐγὼ δὲ βασανίω τούτων μόνως.
ἀγε δὴ σύ φράσον ἐμοί σαφῶς πρὸς τούτων, ἵνα μή σε βάψω βάμμα Σαρδιανικῶν·
βασιλεὺς ὁ μέγας ἧμαν ἀποπέμψει χρυσίον; —
ἀλλως ἄρ' ἐξαπατώμεθ' ὑπὸ τῶν πρέσβεων; —
Ἐλληνικὸν γ' ἐπένευσαν ἀνδρεῖς οὗτοι,
κοῦκ ἐσθ' ὅπως οὐκ εἰσὶν ἐνθέν τ' αὐτόθεν.

KHR. σίγα, κάθιζε.
τὸν βασιλέως ὁφθαλμὸν ἢ βουλή καλεῖ
eἰς τὸ πρυτανεῖον. ΔΙΚ. ταύτα δήτ' οὐκ ἀγχώνη;
κἀπειτ' ἐγὼ δήτ' ἐνθαδὲ στραγγεύομαι;
τοὺς δὲ ξενίζεων οὐδέποτε γ' ἵσχει θύρα.
ἀλλ' ἐργάσομαι τι δεινῶν έργον καὶ μέγα.
ἀλλ' Ἀμφίδεος μοι ποῦ 'στιν; ΑΜΦ. οὗτοσὶ πάρα.

ΔΙΚ. ἐμοὶ σὺ ταυτασί λαβῶν ὁκτὼ δραχμὰς
σπονδῶς ποίησαι πρὸς Λακεδαιμονίους μόνῳ
καὶ τοῖς παιδίοις καὶ τῇ πλάτιδι
ὑμεῖς δὲ πρεσβεύεσθε καὶ κεχίνατε.

KHR. προσίτω Θέωρος ὁ παρὰ Σιτάλκους. ΘΕΩ. ὅδι.
ΔΙΚ. ἐτέρος ἀλαξῶν οὗτος εἰσκηρύττεται.
ΘΕΩ. χρόνοιν μὲν οὐκ ἄν ἢμεν ἐν Ὄρακη πολὺν,
ΔΙΚ. μὰ Δ' οὐκ ἂν, εἰ μισθὸν γε μὴ 'φερεσ πολὺν.
ΘΕΩ. εἰ μὴ κατένυψε χωρίν τὴν Ὄρακην ὀλὴν,
καὶ τοὺς ποταμοὺς ἐπηξ' ὑπ' αὐτῶν τὸν χρόνον,
ὅτ' ἐνθαδὲ Θεόγοις ἤγων χέτο.
τούτων μετὰ Σιτάλκους ἐπινοῦν τὸν χρόνον·
καὶ δῆτα φιλαθύμαιος ἢν ὑπερφύσω,
ὑμῶν ὑ' ἐραστῆς ἢν ἀληθῆς, ὅστε καὶ
ἐν τοῖς τοίχοις ἐγραφ', Ἀθηναίοι καλοί.
ὁ δ' υίός, ὃν Ἀθηναίον ἐπεπούμεθα,
ἵρα φαγεῖν ἀλλάντας ἐξ Ἀπατουρών,
καὶ τὸν πατέρ' ἤμυτιβόλει βοήθειν τῇ πάτρᾳ·
ὁ δ' ὁμοσε σπέιδων βοηθήσειν, ἔχων
Stand back: I must examine him in private.

[He takes Humbug, and the Persians aside.

My coloured friend, you watch this staff of mine,
For fear you're black and blue instead of brown.
Out with it! Will the Persian send us gold?

[They shake their heads.

Then our Ambassadors are cheating us?

These chaps can nod in Greek, at any rate.
Deuce take me if they aren't Athenians!

Herald. Silence! Sit down!
The Senate invite the Royal Eye to luncheon
In the Town-Hall.

Dic. Isn't it sickening?
The open door for foreigners, I see!
Their food will cost them less, while I loaf here
Neglected! But I'll act a hero's part!
I want Amphitheus. Where's he go: to?

[Amphitheus stealthily re-appears.]

Amph. Here!

Dic. [aside to him]. Hold out your hand. There are eight
shillings for you.
Make peace with Sparta for me—me alone,
My children, and my wife. [Exit Amph.

And you, my friends,
Gape on like idiots at your precious envoys!

Herald. Theorus, Envoy from Sitalces!

[Enter Theorus and other Ambassadors.]

Theorus. Here.

Dic. [aside]. This herald has a repertoire of knaves.
Theo. Our stay in Thrace would not have been protracted—
Dic. [aside]. But for the pay that you from us extracted!
Theo. But for the snowstorms that were raging there.
The rivers froze the very week Theognis
Brought out his play here—a tremendous frost.
I spent the time in drinking with Sitalces,
And found him pro-Athenian to the core.
He is in love with you! Why, on the walls
He used to write 'Darling Athenians'.
His son, just made a citizen of ours,
Was pining for his christening-sausages,
And begged his father to assist his country.
Papa consented, swearing that he'd come
στρατιών τοσαύτην ώστ' Ἀθηναίοις ἔρειν, ὡςον τὸ χρήμα παριστῶν προσέρχεται.

ΔΙΚ. κάκιστ' ἀπολούμην, εἴ τι τούτων πείδομαι ὦν εἶπας ἐνταῦθι σὺ, πλὴν τῶν παριστῶν.

ΘΕΩ. καὶ τῦν ὁπερ μαχμώτατον Ὄρακῶν ἔθνος ἐπεμψέω ὑμῖν. ΔΙΚ. τούτο μὲν γ' ἡδις σαφές.

ΚΗΡ. οἱ Ὄρακες ἵπτε δεῦρ', οὓς Θέωρος ἑγαγεί.

ΔΙΚ. τοῦτί τί ἐστι τὸ κακὸν; ΘΕΩ. Ὅδομάντων στρατός.

ΔΙΚ. ποίων Ὅδομάντων; εἰπέ μοι, τοῦτο τί ἢν;

ΘΕΩ. τούτους ἐάν τις δύο δραχμάς μισθὸν δίδω, καταπελτάσονται τῇ Βουστίαν ὥλην.

ΔΙΚ. τοιοῦ δύο δραχμάς; πολυτελεῖς οἱ πάρνοπες.

ὑποστένοι μείταν ὁ θραύτης λεώς, ὁ σωσίπολις. οἷοι τάλας, ἀπόλλυμαι, ὑπὸ τῶν Ὅδομάντων τὰ σκόραπα πορθοῦμενοι.

οὐ καταβαλείτε τὰ σκόραθ', ΘΕΩ. ὃ μόχθηρε σὺ, οὐ μὴ πρόσει τούτοις ἐσκορδοδισμένοις;

ΔΙΚ. ταυτὶ περιείδεθ' οἱ πρωτάνεις πάσχοντά με ἐν τῇ πατρίδι καὶ ταῦθ' ὑπ' ἀνδρῶν βαρβάρων;

ἀλλ' ἀπαγορευῶν μὴ ποιεῖν ἐκκλησίαν τοὺς Ὄραξι περί μισθοῦ. λέγω δ' ὑμῖν ὅτι ὄμοσμις ἐστὶ καὶ ραίνε βέβληκέ με.

ΚΗΡ. τοὺς Ὄρακας ἀπιέναι, παρεἰναι δ' εἰς ἐνημ.

οἱ γὰρ πρωτάνεις λύουσι τὴν ἐκκλησίαν.

ΔΙΚ. οἷοι τάλας, μυττῶτων ὅσον ἀπώλεσα.

ἀλλ' ἐκ Λακεδαιμόνων γὰρ Ἀμφίθεος ὁδί. ἡχῷ', Ἀμφίθεε. ΑΜΦ. μήπω γε, πρὶν γ' ἀν στῶ τρέχων'

dεῖ γὰρ με φεύγοντ' ἐκφυγεῖν Ἁχαρνέας.

ΔΙΚ. τί δ' ἐστιν; ΑΜΦ. ἐγὼ μὲν δεῦρ' σοι σποράς 

férou

ἐσπευδόν; οἱ δ' ὁφθερνοτο πρεσβύτατι των 

Ἀχαρνικοῖ, στιπτοί γέρωντες, πρόωνοι:
ACHARNIANS

With such a host, Athenians should exclaim:
'What endless streams of locusts in the wind!'

DIC. [aside]. The foul fiend take me if this yarn contains
One word of truth—except the plague of locusts!
Theo. And now the most ferocious tribe in Thrace
He's sent to aid you.

DIC. [aside]. Well, that's something done.
Herald. The Thracians whom Theorus brings, come forward!

[Enter four or five miserable savages.]

DIC. What nightmare's this?
Theo. [proudly]. The Odomantian host.

DIC. You don't say so! And what’s the use of them?
Theo. These gallant fellows, for a pound a day,
Will fill Boeotia with the reek of war!

DIC. A pound a day! Locusts are going up.
The handy man who helps us rule the waves
Would growl at that. [One of the savages steals a string
of onions from D.’s wallet.]

The deuce! They’ve ruined me!
These foreign troops are ravaging my onions.
Are you going to drop the onions?

[Squaring up to them.]

Theo.

Onion is strength. Don’t touch them, or they’ll kick.

DIC. Do you Committee-men sit there unmoved
While foreign brigands on Athenian soil
Handle me thus?... Stop! I forbid this meeting
To vote about their wages! I announce
A sign from Heaven: I felt a drop of rain.

Herald. The Thracians must retire and come again
Two days from now. The meeting is adjourned.

[Exeunt all but Die.]

DIC. Woe’s me! A noble salad have I lost.
But here’s Amphitheus back from Lacedaemon.

[Enter Amphitheus, running. He carries three skins of wine.]

Amphitheus, hail!

Amph. Not yet; I haven’t reached you.

DIC. What’s up?

Amph. While I was speeding on my way
Bearing the treaty-wine for you to taste,
Some old Acharnians scented it afar,
Grey-bearded stalwarts, hearts of oak and maple,

1 Peace was always concluded by a solemn pouring-forth of wine. The liquor which Amphitheus brings back from Sparta after his very speedy negotiations is regarded as 'essence of Peace'. The age of each sample corresponds of course to the number of years of peace which it represents.
ατεράμονες, Μαραθωνομάχαι, σφενδάμινοι.
ἐπειτ' ἀνέκραγον πάντες, ὥ μιαρώτατε,
σπονδᾶς φέρεις, τῶν ἀμπέλων τετμημένων;
καὶ τῶν τρίβων χενελέγοντο τῶν λίθων·
ἐγὼ δ' ἐφευγον· οἱ δ' ἐδώκον καβόων.

ΔΙΚ. οἱ δ' οὕν θεώντων· ἀλλὰ τὰς σπονδᾶς φέρεις;
ἈΜΦ. ἐγωγεῖ φημι, τρία γε ταυτι γεύματα.
αὕται μὲν εἰς πεντέτεις. γεύσαι λαβὼν.

ΔΙΚ. αἱβοῦι. ἈΜΦ. τί ἔστω; ΔΙΚ. οὐκ ἄρεσκουσίν μ', ὅτι
ἀξίουσιν πίτης καὶ παρασκευῆς νεών.

ΑΜΦ. οὖν δ' ἀλλὰ τασδί τὰς δεκέτεις γεύσαι λαβὼν.

ΔΙΚ. ἀξίουσι χαύται πρέσβεων ἐς τᾶς πόλεις
ἀξύτατον, ὡσπερ διατρίβης τῶν ἐμμάχων.

ἈΜΦ. ἀλλ', αὕται σπονδαὶ τριακοντούπιδες
κατὰ γῆν τε καὶ βάλαται. ΔΙΚ. ὁ Διωνύσια,
αὕται μὲν ἀξίουσιν ἀμβροσίας καὶ νέκταρος,
καὶ μὴ 'πιτηρεῖν σιτὶ ἤμερων τριῳ,
καὶ τῷ στόματι λέγοντι, βαῖν' ὁποῇ θέλεις.
ταύτας δέχομαι καὶ σπένδομαι κάκπίωμαι,
χαίρειν κελεύων πολλὰ τοὺς Ἀχαρνέας·
ἐγὼ δὲ πολέμου καὶ κακῶν ἀπαλλαγεῖς
ἀξίω τὰ κατ' ἄγρον ἔστων Διωνύσια.

ἈΜΦ. ἐγὼ δὲ φευξοῦμαι γε τοὺς Ἀχαρνέας.

ΧΟΡ. τῇδε τᾶς ἔτους, δῶκε, καὶ τῶν ἀνδρα πυρόν
τῶν ὀδυσέων ἀπάντων· τῇ πόλει γὰρ ἄξιον
ἐξαλαβέω τῶν ἀνδρα τοῦτον. ἀλλὰ μοι μηνύσατε,
εἰ τις οὐ̃ι ὅποι τέτραπται γῆς ὁ τὰς σπονδᾶς φέρων.
ἐκπέφευγ', οἰχεῖαι φροῦδος. οἴμοι τῶν τῶν ἔτων
τῶν ἐμῶν·
οὐκ ἂν ἐπ' ἐμῆς γε νεότητος, ὅτε ἐγὼ φέρων ἀν-
θράκων φορτίον
ἥκολούθουν Φαῖλλων τρέχουν, ὁδὲ φαύλως ἂν ὁ
σπονδοφόρος οὗτος ὑπ' ἐμοῦ τούτε διωκόμενος.
Stubborn of soul—they fought at Marathon.  
These cried in chorus: 'Villain, dost thou bring  
Peace-wine to men whose vineyards are destroyed?'
  They filled their cloaks with stones to hurl at me;  
Then I made off, but they gave chase with howls.

**Dic.** Well, let them howl. You didn't drop the wine?

**Amph.** Of course not. Here's three different brands to taste.  
This sample's five years old. Come, have a drink.

**Dic.** [drinking]. Ugh!

**Amph.** What is wrong?

**Dic.** I don't like the bouquet.

**Amph.** Well, try this second sample, ten years old.

**Dic.** [drinking]. But this is nasty too. It reeks of envoys
  Going the round, and allies hanging back.

**Amph.** Then here's the final vintage—thirty years
  Of peace by land and sea.

**Dic.** [drinking]. Calloo! Callay!

This smells of nectar and ambrosia.

Farewell, a long farewell, to that old legend:
  'The battalion will parade at five a.m.'

It cries within my mouth: 'Go where you choose.'

This is the brand for me! I'll pour libations
  And drink in this confusion to Acharnae!

Then freed from war and turmoil, on my farm
  I'll celebrate the rustic Vintage-Feast.  

[Exit.]

**Amph.** Meanwhile, the Acharnians chase me. I am off.

[Exit.]

[The scene changes to a spot in the country, with Dicaeopolis'  
house in the background. Close by are two other houses,  
which, by a looseness of mise en scène frequent in early Attic  
Comedy, are supposed to be the houses (really situated in  
Athens) of Euripides and Lamachus respectively. Enter  
the Chorus, which consists of aged charcoal-burners of  
Acharnae. They are full of haste and fury; their cloaks  
are girt up and loaded with stones.]

**Chor.** We are hot on his track, so let no one hang back, but ask
  all whom you meet if they've spied him;
  It's a national sin if we don't run him in! Bad luck to the
  man who would hide him!

[Turning to the audience.]
  Come, gentlemen, say: has he scampered this way? Give
  ear to our just indignation.

  He's a traitorous hound, and he ought to be drowned in
  the wine of his treaty-libation!
  Gone! He nowhere appears!
  Oh, the weight of sixty years!

In the days when I was twenty,
  When I carried coals in plenty
  On my shoulder, in the sun
  With Phajillus I could run.
  Never then this coward wight,
ἈΧΑΡΝΗΣ

εξεφύγεσθαι οὖν ἃν ἠλαφρῶς ἃν ἀπεπλήξατο.

νῦν δὲ ἐπειδὴ στερρῶν ἦδη τοὺς ἄντικινήμιοι,
καὶ παλαιῷ Λακρατείδη τὸ σκέλος βαρύνεται,
οἴχεται. διωκτεῖος δὲ μὴ γὰρ ἐγχάνων ποτὲ
μὴ δὲ περ γέροντας οὗτας ἐκφυγὼν 'Αχαρνέας.

όστις, ὁ Ζεῦ πάτερ καὶ θεός, τοὺς ἐξόρους
ἐσπείραστο,
οἰς παρ' ἐμοὶ πόλεμος ἐχθροδοπὸς αὐξέται τῶν ἐμῶν
χωρίων·

καὶ όπερ πρὸς ἄν σχοινος αὐτοῖσιν αὐτεμπαγῳ
δέξα, δοῦνηρος, ἀναρός, ἐπίκωπος, ἐνα
μήποτε πατῶσιν ἐτί ταῖς ἐμᾶς ἀμπέλους.

ἀλλὰ δὲι θυεῖν τὸν ἄνδρα καὶ βλέπειν Βαλληνάδε
καὶ διόκειν γῆν πρὸ γῆς, ἐως ἂν εὗρῃ ποτὲ
ὡς ἐγὼ βάλλων ἐκείνων οὐκ ἂν ἐμπλήμην λίθως.

ΔΙΚ. εὐφημεῖτε, εὐφημεῖτε.

ΧΩΡ. σίγα πᾶς. ἦκούσατ', ἄνδρε, ἀρα τῆς εὐφημίας;
οὕτως αὐτὸς ἔστω δι' ἐκπέμμεν. ἀλλὰ δεύρο πᾶς
ἐκπεδων· θύσιν γὰρ ἀνήρ, ὡς οὔ, εξέρχεται.

ΔΙΚ. εὐφημεῖτε, εὐφημεῖτε.

πρῶθ' ἐσ τὸ πρόσθεν ὀλέγον ἢ καυσφάρος·
κατάθνι τὸ καροῦ, ὁ θύγατερ, ἢ' ἀπαρξώμεθα.

ΘΤΓ. ὁ μῆτερ, ἀνάδος δεύρῳ τὴν ἐντυνόμος,
ἵν' ἐτρος καταξέω τουλατήρος τουτοῦ.

ΔΙΚ. καὶ μήν καλῶν γ' ἔστ'. ὁ Διόνυς δέσποτα,
κεχαρισμένως σοι τὴν τοῦ πομπῆς ἐμὲ
πέμψατα καὶ θύσιον μετὰ τῶν οἰκετῶν
ἀγαγεῖν τυχηρῶς τὰ κατ᾽ ἀγροὺς Διονύσια,
στρατιῶς ἀπαλλαχθέντα· τὰς σπορᾶς δὲ μοι
καλῶς ἐνυενεγκεῖς τὰς τριακοντωτίδας.

ΜΗΤ. ἄγ', ὁ θύγατερ, ὅπως τὸ καροῦ καλὴ καλῶς
οἴσεις, βλέπονσα θυμβροφάγον. ὡς μακάριος
ὅστις σ' ὁπύσει, κακποιήσεται τέκνα.
Who makes peace and dares not fight,
Would so actively have fled.
He'd be dead!
But now my poor shins are two withered old pins, and my
feet as I run are both heavy and sore;
Now has old Lacratides a stitch in his side, he's dis-
covered his limbs are less fleet than of yore.
So the villain has gone! Never mind, follow on! Let him
grin if he can when we catch him once more!
O ye gods! Father Zeus!
With our foes he's made a truce!
Foes my soul has ever hated
Since my farm they devastated.
Peace farewell! Amid my vines
Shall they camp their hostile lines?
Let their hated blood be spilt;
Let me plunge up to the hilt
In their hearts, and drink their life
Like a knife!
Over land, over sea, come and hunt him with me, one and
all every obstacle scorning!
I could pelt him all night like an agile Hittite, and
continue the game in the morning!

[A pause. The door of Dicaeopolis' house opens, and his voice
is heard within.]

DIC. Silence for the rite! Silence!
CHORUS LEADER. Quiet all! You heard it, comrades? Heard
the voice proclaiming silence?
In that house is he we're seeking! Back and hide
ourselves a moment!
All to ambush! He is coming out of doors to sacrifice!

[They hide. Enter Dic., his wife, daughter, and slaves. They
carry sacred emblems and articles connected with the
Vintage-Festival.]

DIC. [directing operations]. Silence for the rite!
Forward a space, O damsel of the basket.
Now put it down, my dear; I must begin.

DAUGHTER. Mother, please hand me out the soup-ladle.
I want to pour some soup over the cake.

DIC. A noble soup indeed! ... Lord of our Feast,
O Dionysus, may our glad procession
Find favour with thee! Bless the sacrifice
Which I and mine would offer. Happiness
Be ours amid thy vintage-festival,
Our warfare overpast! And may this peace
Bring blessings with it through its thirty years!

MOTHER. Now dear, be sure you bear the basket nicely,
Like a nice girl, with looks demure and prim.
Happy the man who gets you for his wife!
ΔΙΚ. πρόβασις, καί τόχλω φυλάττεσθαι σφόδρα
μή τις λαθών σου περιπτάγη τὰ χρυσάν.
ἐγὼ δ' ἀκολούθων ἄστομα τὸ φαλλίκον.
σὺ δ', ὥ γύναι, θεῶ μ' ἀπὸ τοῦ τέγους. πρόβα.
Φαλής, ἔταιρε Βακχίου,
εὐγκώμη, ἴντοποπεριπλάνηθ',
ἐκτιψ σ' ἐτεῖ προσείπον ἐσ
τὸν δήμον ἐλθὼν ἀσμενος,
σπονδᾶς ποιησάμενος ἐμαν-
τῷ, πραγμάτων τε καὶ μαχῶν
καὶ Λαμάχων ἀπαλλαγεῖς.
Φαλῆς Φαλής,
ἐγὼ μεθ' ἡμῶν ἐξυπής, ἐκ κραϊπάλης
ἐσθεν εἱρήμης ῥοφήσεις τρόβλιων,
ἡ δ' ἀστίς ἐν τῷ φεψάλῳ κρεμῆσεται.
ΧΟΡ. οὕτος αὐτός ἐστιν, οὕτος.
βάλλε βάλλε βάλλε βάλλε,
παίε πᾶς τὸν μιαρόν.
οῦ βαλεῖς, οὐ βαλεῖς;
ΔΙΚ. Ἡράκλεις, τουτὶ τὶ ἐστι; τὴν χύτων συντρίφετε.
ΧΟΡ. σε μὲν ὅν καταλεύσομεν, ὃ μιαρὰ κεφαλή.
ΔΙΚ. ἀντὶ ποιάς αἰτίας, ὅχαρνεών γεραιτατοί;
ΧΟΡ. τοῦτ' ἑρωτᾶς; ἀναίσχυντος εἶ καὶ βθελυρός,
ὡ προδότα τῆς πατρίδος, ὅστις ἡμῶν μόνος
σπεισάμενος εἴτα δύνασαι πρὸς ἐμ' ἀποβλέπειν.
ΔΙΚ. ἀντὶ δ' ὃν ἐπεισέσαμην ἀκούσατ', ἀλλ' ἀκούσατε.
ΧΟΡ. σοῦ γ' ἀκούσομεν; ἀπολείπει κατὰ σε χώσομεν τοὺς
λίθους.
ΔΙΚ. μηδαμῶς, πρὶν ἁν γ' ἀκούσητ', ἀλλ' ἀνάσχεσθ', ὅγαθοι.
ΧΟΡ. οὐκ ἀναϊσχὺςμαι· μηδ' ἔγει μοι σὺ λόγον·
σοῦ δ' ἐγὼ λόγους λέγοιτος οὐκ ἄκουσμαι μακρούς,
ὅστις ἐσπείσω Λάκωσιν, ἀλλὰ τιμαρήσομαι.
ΔΙΚ. ὅγαθοι, τοὺς μὲν Λάκωνας ἐκποδών ἐάσατε,
ACHARNIANS

DIE. Move forward; mind no rascal in the crowd
     Filches your brooch or necklace on the sly.
     I in the rear will sing the phallic ditty.
     And you, my wife, shall watch me from the roof.

[The little procession moves round the stage, Dic. singing.]
     Companion of Bacchus,
     Thou roamer by night,
     Thou soul of his revels,
     Restored to our sight!
     Six years, jolly Phales,
     Have over us passed;
     And, returned to my homestead,
     I greet thee at last.
     I've made me a treaty,
     And hung up my shield:
     Now welcome the meadows,
     Farewell to the field!
     Come, join in our wassail,
     Our mirth to increase;
     If you rise with a headache,
     Quaff bumpers of Peace!

[The Chorus rush upon the scene with cries of rage, pelting Dic.
     and his family with stones. The slaves, &c., run within,
     while Dic. stands his ground.]

CHORUS (confusedly). That's the man! There he is!
     Pelt away! Pelt away!
     Hit him, the rogue!
     Keep it up! Throw your hardest!

DIC. Heracles above defend us! What is wrong? You'll break
     my jug!

CHOR. Blackguard rogue! Break your jug? We'll smash
     your mug!

DIC. What's the cause of your emotion, reverend Acharnians?

CHOR. Darest thou ask? Shameless hound, thou'rt traitor
     found,
     All alone making truce, without excuse!
     Can't thou look me in the face, thou disgrace?

DIC. But my reasons for this treaty stay and hear—You really
     must!

CHOR. Hear thee? No! Thou shalt die! Friends, let fly!

DIC. Nay, not yet, until you've heard me! Hold your hands
     awhile, good sirs!

CHOR. Never, dog! Not a word shall be heard!
     Thou hast poured the peace-libation with our old Laconian
     foes;
     Never will I hear thy pleading. Death is thine and all
     its throes!

DIC. Gentle sirs, let's drop the Spartans! There's no need for
     all this fuss.
τῶν ὁ ἐμῶν σπονδῶν ἀκούστα·, εἰ καλῶς ἐσπειρ-

σάμην.

ΧΩΡ. πῶς δέ γ' ἂν καλῶς λέγοις ἂν, εἰπέρ ἐσπειρώ γ' ἀπαξ
οὕτω ὅπλῃ, ὅπερ πάσης ὅθεν ὁρκος μένει;

ΔΙΚ. οὐδ' ἐγὼ καὶ τοὺς Λάκωνας, οῖς ἄγαν ἐγκείμεθα,
οὐχ ἀπάντων οίτας ἦμιν αἰτίους τῶν πραγμάτων.

ΧΩΡ. οὐχ ἀπαίτων, ὑ πανόργη; ταῦτα δὴ τολμᾶς λέγειν
ἐμφανῶς ήδή πρὸς ἡμᾶς; εἰτ' ἐγώ σου φείσομαι;

ΔΙΚ. οὐχ ἀπαίτων οὐχ ἀπαίτων' ἀλλ' ἐγὼ λέγων οὖν
πόλλ' ἂν ἀποφήμαι' ἐκείνως ἐσθ' ἀ καδικομένους.

ΧΩΡ. τούτο τούτος δεινὸν ήδή καὶ ταραξικόροιν,
εἰ σὺ τολμήσεις ὑπὲρ τῶν πολεμίων ἦμιν λέγειν.

ΔΙΚ. καὶ γε μὴ λέξω δίκαια, μηδὲ τῷ πλήθει δοκῶ,
ὑπὲρ ἐπιζήμων θελήσω τῷ κεφαλήν ἔχων λέγειν.

ΧΩΡ. εἰπέ μοι, τὶ φειδόμεσθα τῶν λίθων, ὡ νήμοτα,
μή οὐ καταξάνεις τῶν ἀνόμα τούτων ἐς φοινικίδα;

ΔΙΚ. οίος αὖ μέλας τις ἦμιν θυμάλωψ ἐπέξεσεν.
οὐκ ἄκουστεσθ' οὐκ ἄκουστεσθ' ἐτεών, ὄ χαρινήδαι;

ΧΩΡ. οὐκ ἄκουστεσθα δήτα. ΔΙΚ. δεινά τάρα πείσομαι.

ΧΩΡ. ἐξολοίμην, ἢν ἄκουσω. ΔΙΚ. μηδαμῶς, ὄ χαρινικοῖ.

ΧΩΡ. ὡς τεθνηέξων ἵσθι νυνί. ΔΙΚ. δήξομ' ἄρ' ὑμᾶς ἐγώ.

ἀνταποκείετο γὰρ ὑμῖν τῶν φίλων τοὺς φιλτάτους;
ὡς ἐξω γ' ὑμῶν ὠμήρους, οὗς ἀποσφάξω λαβῶν.

ΧΩΡ. εἰπέ μοι, τι τούτ' ἀπείλει τούτος, ἀνόμες δημόται,
τοὺς Ἀχαρνικοὺς ἦμιν; μῶν ἔχει τοιν παιδίων
tῶν παρόντων ἕνον εἰρέσσω; ἦ' τι τῷ ὀρασύνεται;

ΔΙΚ. βάλλετ', εἰ βούλεσθ'. ἐγὼ γὰρ τοποῦν διαφθέρω.
εἰσομαι ο' ὑμῶν τάχ' ὡς τοις ἀνθράκων τι κηδεται.

ΧΩΡ. ὡς ἀπωλόμεσθ'. ὁ λάρκος δημότης οὖν ἐστ' ἐμός.

Ἀλλ' μὴ ὄρασίς ὁ μέλλεις' μηδαμός, ὡ μηδαμός.

ΔΙΚ. ὡς ἀποκτείων, κέκραξθ'. ἐγὼ γὰρ οὐκ ἄκουσομαι.

ΧΩΡ. ἀπολείεις ἄρ' ὑμᾶλκα τούθε φιλανθρακέα;

ΔΙΚ. οὖν ἐμοῦ λέγουσα οὕμεις ἀρτίως ἡκούσατε.
I've secured peace with honour; that's the point we should discuss.

CHOR. Who art thou to prate of honour? Thou hast made a foul intrigue with the men who scorn religion, plighted word, and solemn league!

DIC. I can tell you these Laconians, butts of our too bitter hate, Aren't the cause of all the troubles which have been our recent fate.

CHOR. Not the cause of all, thou felon? Darest thou look us in the eye, Openly expounding treason to Acharnians? Thou shalt die!

DIC. Not the cause of all, by Heaven! Sparta too could well declare—Let me prove it!—that our conduct has been often quite unfair.

CHOR. Now the mischief's out! Un-Attic reptile, art thou then so quick To take sides with Athens' foes? Upon my word, thou mak'st me sick.

DIC. If my speech is not convincing, or the audience think it's not, On the block I'll lay my head-piece: execute me on the spot!

CHOR. Fellow-burghers, spare your stones no longer; give the rogue his due Make a good slashed doublet of him—scarlet shot with black and blue!

DIC. Flaring up again! From passion will your hearts be never freed? Won't you listen just a moment, boys of the Acharnian breed?

CHOR. Not a moment will we listen!

DIC. [coolly.] Well, you are a cruel lot!

CHOR. May I perish if I heed thee!

DIC. O Acharnians! Surely not!

CHOR. Know that thou art marked for slaughter!

DIC. Then I'll wound you as I die In revenge I'll slay a victim who's the apple of your eye. I've a hostage, and his gullet shall be slit. I'll fetch him out.

[He goes into the house, while the members of the Chorus converse together uneasily.]

CHOR. Fellow-burghers, read the riddle: wherefore does he threat and flout Thus the bulldogs of Acharnæ? Does he hope to win reprieve, Kidnapping some child of ours? He's got something up his sleeve!

[Dicæopolis reappears, bearing in one hand a sword, in the other a basket of charcoal. He sets down the basket, and brandishes the sword.]

DIC. Pelt away, if pelt you must! My fate your dusky darling shares! Now we'll see which man among you for his charcoal really cares.

[He pretends to stab the basket. The Chorus are completely unmanned.]

CHOR. O good Lord! The basket yonder is my fellow-villager! Nay, forgo thy ghastly purpose! Mercy, mercy, gentle Sir!

DIC. Yell away; his hours are numbered. What care I for prayers and tears?

CHOR. Wilt thou slay half my soul, old King Cole?

DIC. When I spoke a while ago, you put your fingers in your ears!
ἈΧΑΡΝΙΣ

ΧΟΡ. ἀλλὰ τνεῖ λέγε, εἶ τοι δόκει σου, τὸ Δακεδαμόνοιν αὖθ᾽ ὅτι τῷ τρόπῳ σουστὶ φίλον· ὥς τόδε τὸ λαρκίδιον οὐ προδῶσω ποτέ.

ΔΙΚ. τοὺς λίθους νῦν μοι χαμάζε πρῶτον ἐξεράσατε.

ΧΟΡ. οὕτωι σοι χαμαί, καὶ σὺ κατάθου πάλιν τὸ ξίφος.

ΔΙΚ. ἀλλ᾽ ὅπως μὴ 'ν τοῖς τρίβωσιν ἐγκάθηται που λίθοι.

ΧΟΡ. ἐκσέσαιται χαμάζ᾽. οὐχ ὅρας σειόμενοι;

ΔΙΚ. ἐμέλλετ' ἄρ᾽ ἀπαντεῖς ἀνασέεις βοήν,

ὅλιγου τ᾽ ὀπέθανοι ἀνθρακεῖς Παρνήσιοι,

καὶ ταῦτα διὰ τὴν ἀτοπίαι τῶν ὄμητόων.

ὑπὸ τῶν δέων δὲ τῆς μαρίλης μοι συχήν

ὁ λάρκος ἐνετίλησεν ὅσπερ σηπία.

δεινοῦ γὰρ οὕτως ὁμφακίαν πεφυκέναι
tῶν θημῶν ἀνδρῶν ὡστε βάλλειν καὶ βδων

ἐθέλειν τ᾽ ἀκοῦσαι μηδὲν ὅσον ἵσα φέρων,

ἐμοῦ θέλουτος υπὲρ ἐπιξένου λέγεων.

ΧΟΡ. τὶ οὖν οὐ λέγεις ἑπίξηγον ἑξενεγκών θύρας,

οὶ τὶ ποτ᾽, ὧν σχέτλε, τὸ μέγα τοῦτ᾽ ἑχεῖς;

πάν γὰρ ἐμεγενε πόθος ὧ τι φροπεῖσ ἑχεί.

ἀλλ᾽ ἕπερ αὐτὸς τὴν δίκην διωρίσω,

θεῖς ὑπὸ τοῦπιξήηου ἐγχείρει λέγεων.

ΔΙΚ. ὡδό θέασαι, τῷ μέν ἑπίξηγον τοῦτί,

ὁ δ᾽ ἀνήρ ὁ λέξων οὕτως τυννυντοσί.

ἀμέλει μα τὸν Δι' οὐκ ἐναπτικόσσομαι,

λέξων ὦ ὑπὲρ Δακεδαμογώνι᾽ α μοι δόκει.

καίτοι δήσοικα πολλά· τοὺς τε γὰρ τρόπους
tους τῶν ἵγρώικων οἴδα χαίροιτας σφόδρα
eὰν τις αὐτοὶς εὐλογη καὶ τὴν πόλιν

ἀνήρ ἀλαζων καὶ δίκαια κάδικα;

κανταίθα λαγθάνουσ' ἀπεμπολώμενον

τῶν τ᾽ αὐ γερώνων οἴδα τᾶς ψυχᾶς ὅτι
ACHARNIANS

CHOR. Oh, but now talk away! You shall say
What you like in the praise of Spartan ways.
This my darling I must save from the grave!
DIC. First of all, obey my orders: drop your stones upon the
ground.
CHOR. There they lie. Be assured: drop your sword.
DIC. Try the creases of your cloaks; perhaps a few might still
be found.
CHOR. Down they go! See us whirl. Don’t we twirl?
Drop your sword. Come, away with delay!
Every gown open flies before your eyes!
DIC. I thought you’d ask for quarter, every one.
The coals of Parnes have hobnobbed with death,
All through their stiff-necked fellow-villagers:
And like a cuttle-fish hard pressed by peril
This coal-basket has squirted grime on me!
’Tis monstrous that men’s tempers should be acid
Like grapes unripe, should make them pelt and bawl
And shut their ears to reasoned compromise,
Although I said I’d stake my neck while speaking!
CHOR. Well, deliver your speech—when you’ve fetched out
the block—
And remember you’ve promised to give us a shock
With an argument novel, you brazen-faced knave.
So we’re burning to learn how your neck you will save.
Thou hast thyself arranged the trial-scene.
Fetch out the block and so address the Court.

[Dic. fetches from the house a chopping-block and an axe.]

DIC. Behold, the block is here, and here am I,
The little chap that ’s going to make a speech.
I’m hanged if I’ll put any armour on!
I’ll speak for Sparta in plain homely words . . .
And yet I’ve many fears. I know you rustics,
How you applaud when any specious rogue
Truly or falsely flatters you and Athens,
And leads you by the nose to fill his purse.
You too, greybeards, I know, whose simple joy
οὔτεν βλέποντων ἄλλο πλὴν ψήφῳ δακεῖν, νῦν οὖν με πρῶτον πρῶν λέγειν ἑάσατε ἐνσκενάσασθαι μ’ οἴον ἀδιαλύτατον.

ΧΩΡ. τί ταῦτα στρέφει τεχνάζεις τε καὶ πορίζεις τριβάς; λαβῆ ὃ’ ἐμοῦ γ’ ἐνεκα παρ’ ἡρωϊόμουν σκοτοδαστισκιότριχα τιν’ Ἀρδόις κυνή’ εἰτ’ ἐξίσουγε μηχανᾶς τάς Σισύφουν, ὡς σκῆψιν ἡγὼν οὕτως οὖν εἰσόδεται.

ΔΙΚ. ὥρα στίν ἄρα μοι καρτερῶν ψυχὴν λαβεῖν, καὶ μοι βαδιστε’ ἑστὶν ὡς Εὐριπίδην. παῖ παῖ. ΘΕ. τίς οὕτως; ΔΙΚ. ἐνδοῦν ἐστ’ Εὐ- ριπίδης;

ΘΕ. οὖν ἐνδοῦν ἐνδοῦν ἑστὶν, εἰ γινόμην ἔχεις.

ΔΙΚ. πῶς ἐνδοῦ, εἰτ’ οὐκ ἐνδοῦ; ΘΕ. ὅρθως, ὁ γέρων.

ὁ νοῦς μὲν ἔξω ξυλλέγων ἑπύλλια οὖν ἐνδοῦ, αὐτὸς ὃ’ ἐνδοῦ ἀναβάδην ποιεῖ τραγῳδιῶν. ΔΙΚ. ὃ τρυσμακύρ’ Εὐριπίδη, ὥθ’ ὁ δοῦλος οὕτωσι σοφῶς ὑποκρίνεται. ἐκκάλεσον αὐτόν. ΘΕ. ἄλλ’ ἀδύνατον. ΔΙΚ. ἄλλ’ ὅμως.

οὐ γὰρ ἂν ἀπέλυομι, ἄλλα κόψω τὴν θύμαν. Εὐριπίδη, Εὐριπίδων,
υπάκουσον, εἰπέρ πώποτ’ ἀνθρώπων τιν’ Δικαίουσις κωλεῖ σε Χολλείδης ἐγώ.

ΕΤΡ. ἄλλ’ οὐ σχολή.

ΔΙΚ. ἄλλ’ ἐκκυκλήθητ’. ΕΤΡ. ἄλλ’ ἀδύνατον. ΔΙΚ. ἄλλ’ ὅμως.

ΕΤΡ. ἄλλ’ ἐκκυκλήστωμαι καταβαίνειν ὃ’ οὐ σχολή.

ΔΙΚ. Εὐριπίδη, ΕΤΡ. τί λέλακας; ΔΙΚ. ἀναβάδην ποιεῖς,

ἐξὸν καταβάδην; οὖν ἐτὸς χωλοῦσ ποιεῖς. ἀτὰρ τι τι πάκι ἐκ τραγῳδίας ἔχεις,

ἐσθῆτ’ ἐλεευμή; οὖν ἐτὸς πτωχοῦς ποιεῖς.
Is to bite men to death in courts of law.
So suffer me, before I speak, to dress
In tatters like a wretched suppliant.

CHOR. Come, why shilly-shally, and offer excuse?
To Hieronymus go, if you think it's of use;
Like a jungle his hair is, to keep you unseen,
Like a cap from the fairies, though hardly so clean!
Then open fire, Napoleon of debate,
For no excuse this trial can admit.

DIC. 'Tis time I steeled my heart with high resolve,
And paid a call upon Euripides.

[He goes to Euripides' house, and knocks.]

Hello!

SERVANT [appearing at the door]. Who's there?

DIC. Euripides at home!

SERV. [imitating his master's style]. At home, yet not at home, if thou hast wit.

DIC. At home, and yet abroad!

SERV. I spoke correctly.

His mind's abroad, collecting epigrams,
But he himself's at home, in fact in bed,
Writing a tragedy.

DIC. Thrice-blessèd bard,
Whose slave so subtly speaks his master's mind!
Come, call him forth.

SERV. It can't be done.

DIC. [The servant slams the door.]
I'll not depart, but smite upon the door.
Euripides! . . . 'Rippy!
Give answer, if thou ever didst to any!
Dicaeopolis am I, from Lame-peter.1

EUR. [within]. Busy!

DIC. Well, come to the window.2

EUR. [within]. Can't be done.

DIC. Oh, please!

EUR. [within]. Alright; but I've no time to come downstairs.

DIC. Euripides!

EUR. [within]. Why yellest?

DIC. Now I know
Why all the heroes of your plays are cripples,
Born as they are at the top of crazy stairs.

[Eur. appears at the window.]
What! You yourself are wearing sorry rags,
The property of some drama. Now I know
Why all the heroes of your plays are beggars.

1 It was a joke against Euripides that his heroes were often lame or wounded. DIC. pretends that he belongs to the parish Cholleidae, as if the name were derived from χωλός, 'lame,' so as to ingratiate himself with the poet.

2 See Introduction, § 3.
ΑΛΛ' ἀντιβολῷ πρὸς τῶν γονάτων σ', Εὐριπίδη, δόσ μοι ῥάκιόν τι τοῦ παλαιοῦ δράματος. δεῖ γὰρ με λέξαι τῷ χορῷ ῥήσων μακράν" αὕτη δὲ θάνατον, ἢν κακῶς λέξω, φέρει.

ΕΤΡ. τὰ ποιὰ τρύχη; μῶν ἐν οἷς Οἰνεῦς ὅδι ὁ δύσποτος γεραιὸς ἀγωνιζέτο;

ΔΙΚ. οὐκ Οἰνεῦς ἢ, ἀλλ' ἐτ' ἀθλιωτέρον.

ΕΤΡ. ἀλλ' ἢ τὰ δυσπιστὴ θέλεις πεπλώματα ἃ Βελλεροφόντης εἶχ' ὁ χωλὸς οὕτως;

ΔΙΚ. οὐ Βελλεροφόντης' ἀλλὰ κάκεινος μὲν ἢ χωλὸς, προσάστων, στομαύλος, δεινὸς λέγειν.

ΕΤΡ. οὗτ' ἄνδρα, Μυσόν Τήλεφον. ΔΙΚ. ναὶ Τήλεφοις τούτον δόσ ἀντιβολῶ σὲ μοι τὰ σπάργανα.

ΕΤΡ. ὃ παῖ, δόσ αὐτῷ Τήλεφον ρακώματα. κεῖται δ' ἀνωθὲν τῶν Θεουστεών ρακών, μεταξὺ τῶν Ἰνοῦ. ὅν οὐκ ταύτι λαβέ.

ΔΙΚ. ὃ Ζεύ διόπτα καὶ κατόπτα παιπτῇ̣. Εὐριπίδη, 'πειδήπερ ἐχαρίσω ταῦτ', κάκεινα μοι δόσ τακόλουθα τῶν ρακῶν, τὸ πιλίδιον περὶ τὴν κεφαλὴν τὸ Μύσιον. δεῖ γὰρ με δόξαι πτωχῶν εἴναι τῆμερον, εἶναι μὲν ὅσπερ εἰμί, φάινεσθαι δὲ μη.

ΕΤΡ. δοῦσω̣ πυκνή γὰρ λεπτὰ μηχανὰ φρειί̣.

ΔΙΚ. εὔθαμονοῖ̣, Τήλεφῳ δ' ἀγὼ φρειί̣. εὖ γ' ὅτι ήδη ῥήματων ἐμπύρπλαμαι. ἀπὰρ δέωμαι γε πτωχικὸ βακτηρίου̣.

ΕΤΡ. τούτι λαβῶν ἀπελθε λαῖνων σταθμῶν̣.

ΔΙΚ. ὁ θύμι', ὅρᾶς γὰρ ὅσ ἀπωθοῦμαι δόμων, πολλῶν δέομενοι σκευαρῶν ὑπ' ἥ γενοῦ γλάσχρος προσατῶν λιπαρῶν τ'. Εὐριπίδη, δόσ μοι σπυρίδιον διακεκαμένου λύχῳ̣.

ΕΤΡ. τί δ', ὁ τάλας, σε τοῦτ' ἐχει πλέκους χρέος̣;

ΔΙΚ. χρέος μὲν οὐδέν, βούλομαι ὁ ὁμοί λαβέω̣.
But come, I do beseech thee by thy knees, 
Bestow on me some rags from your old play. 
A long speech must I make unto the Chorus; 
And if it's badly done, my fate is death.

EUR. Which tatters dost thou mean? [Holding up a roll of MS.] Those in which Oeneus, 
That aged butt of misery, played his part? 

DIC. Not Oeneus, no; a far worse case than his.

EUR. Dost wish the squalid robes Bellerophon, 
The cripple of this play [holding up another roll], wore long ago?

DIC. No, not Bellerophon. Still, the man I mean 
Was crippled too, a beggar, full of words.

EUR. I've got it—Mysian Telephus.

DIC. That's him! Grant me his swaddling-clothes, I do beseech thee!

EUR. [to Servant within]. Give him the tattered weeds of Telephus. 
You'll find them just above Thyestes' rags, 
Next to the Ino set. Catch! There you are.

DIC. [holding up the cloak and peeping through one of its many holes].

O Zeus, whose eye sees down and through all things! 
Euripides, since thou hast granted these, 
Make the outfit complete. Bestow on me 
His chic felt cap to give some local colour. 
To-day must I appear a beggar-wight, 
Be what I am, but wear an alien semblance.

EUR. [throwing it]. 'Tis thine, as guerdon of thy subtle brain.

DIC. Bless thee, and Telephus may go to — well, 
That is my secret. Good! I'm full already 
Of tragic terms. But where's my beggar's staff?

EUR. [throwing it]. Take it, and hasten from these marble halls!

DIC. My soul, thou seest how they thrust me forth, 
Though needing lots of useful articles! 
Be thou importunate! Euripides, 
Give me a basket black-burnt by a lamp.

EUR. Poor wretch, what need hast thou of woven withs?

DIC. No need have I, yet with withs would I wend.
ΕΤΡ. λαυτηρός ὤσθ' ὁν καποχώρησον δόμων.
ΔΙΚ. φεδ' εὐθαμοινοής, ὦσπερ ἡ μῆτηρ ποτέ.
ΕΤΡ. ἀπελθείνυν μοι. ΔΙΚ. μάλλα μοι δὸς ἐν μόνων κοπολύσκοι τὸ χείλος ἀποκεκρομένοιν.
ΕΤΡ. φθείρουν λαβὼν τόδ' ὦσθ' ὁχληρός ὁν δόμων.
ΔΙΚ. οὐτώ μᾶ Δι' οὖσθ' οἳ αὐτοὶ ἐργάζει κακά.
ἀλλ', ὡ γυνακύτατ' Εὐριπίδη, τοῦτι μόνων, δὸς μοι χυτριδίων σπογγίῳ βεβυσμένοιν.
ΕΤΡ. ἀνθρωπ', ἀφαιρήσει με τὴν τραγῳδίαν.
ἀπελθεῖ ταυτηρί λαβών. ΔΙΚ. ἀπέρχομαι. καίτω τί δράσω; δεῖ γὰρ ἐνός, οὐ μὴ τυχὼν ἀπόλωλ'. ἀκούσοι, ὡ γυνακύτατ' Εὐριπίδη τοῦτι λαβῶν ἀπεμι κων πρόσειμ' ἔτι εἰς τὸ σπερίδιον ἰσχυά μοι φιλλεία δός.
ΕΤΡ. ἀπολείξει μ'. ἱδον σου. φροῦδά μοι τὰ δράματα.
ΔΙΚ. ἄλλ' οὐκέτ', ἄλλ' ἀπεμι. καί γὰρ εἰμ' ἀγαν ὁχληρός, οὐ δοκῶν με κουράζονς στυγείν.
οἷς κακοδαίμον, ὡς ἀπόλωλ'. ἐπελαθόμην ἐν φοίνι ἐστὶ πάντα μοι τὰ πράγματα.
Εὐριπίδων ὡ γυνακύτατον καὶ φίλτατον, κόκυτο' ἀπολοίμην, εἰ τί σ' αὐτῆςαμ' ἔτι, πλὴν ἐν μόνων, τοῦτι μόνων τοῦτι μόνων, σκάνδακι μοι δός, μιτρῶθεν ὑδειγμένος.
ΕΤΡ. ἅμηρ ψηρίζει κλειδεῖ πηκτὰ δωμάτων.
ΔΙΚ. ὡ θύμ', ἀνεν σκάνδακοις ἐμπροεντε. ἄρ' οὖσθ' ὅσον τῶν ἁγών' ἁγωνιεί τάχα, μέλλων ὑπὲρ λακεδαιμονίων ἀγρῶν λέγειν; πρὸβαινει νῦν, ὡ θημε' γραμμὴ ὅ' αὐτη.
ΧΟΡ. τί δράσεις; τί φήμεις; ἄλλ' ἐσθι νυν ἀναίσχυντος ὅν σιδηροῖς ὅ' ἁμήρ', ὠστὶς παρασχων τῇ πόλει τῶν αὐχένα ἀπαιτε μέλλεις εἰς λέγειν τάναυσία.
ACHARNIANS

Eur. [throwing it]. Know that thou troublest me. Remove thyself.

Dic. Ah! . . . .
Mayst thou be happy, as thy mother was!

Eur. Now, please, begone.

Dic. Nay, grant me just one thing:
A wee small cup, all broken round the edge.

Eur. [throwing it]. Take it! The foul fiend rid thee from my house!

Dic. Not yet dost see what ills thyself dost work!
O sweet Euripides, but one boon more!
Give me a tiny jug, with sponge beplugged.

Eur. [throwing it]. Fellow, thou'lt rob me of my tragedy.
Take it and go!

Dic. I go. [Going:] But yet I can't.
One thing I need: without it I am lost.
Sweetest Euripides, one moment, pray.
If I get this I'll go, nor come again.
Give me a musty salad for my basket.

Eur. I'm ruined. [Throws it.] Take it. Tragic art, farewell!

Dic. Not so; I leave thee. [Going:] I have been in truth
A trouble; I knew not that the princes hate me.
[Stops.] Horror and fell calamity! I forgot
One thing on which my every hope depends!
[Going back.] Euripides, thou darling of my soul,
May Hades seize me if I ask aught else
But only one thing—only, only this:
Give us a radish from your mother's shop!

Eur. The varlet mocks. Let the portcullis fall!

Dic. My soul, all radishless must thou set forth.
Dost know how grim a struggle for thee waits
If thou wilt speak for men of Lacedaemon?
Forward, my soul! Here is the starting-line.

[He comes forward to the block, and confronts the Chorus.]

Chor. What plea will you offer,
You impudent scoffer?
For you've wagered your neck that the nation to teach
άνηρ οὐ τρέμει τὸ πράγμα. εἰ ἦν, ἐπειδήπερ αὐτὸς αἱρεῖ, λέγε.

ΔΙΚ. μὴ μοι φθονήσῃ, ἀνδρές οἱ θεόμενοι, εἰ πτωχὸς ὄν ἔπειτ' ἐν Ἀθηναίων λέγειν μέλλω περὶ τῆς πόλεως, τρυγῳδίαν ποιῶν. τὸ γὰρ δίκαιον οἶδε καὶ τρυγῳδία.

ἐγὼ δὲ μισῶ μὲν Λακεδαίμονῶν σφόδρα, καῦτοις ὁ Ποσειδών, ὥσπερ Ταυνάρῳ θεός, σείσας ἀπασίν ἐμβάλοι τὰς οἰκίας· κἀμοὶ γὰρ ἐστιν ἀμπέλια κεκομμένα.

ἀτάρ, φίλοι γὰρ οἱ παρόντες εἰν λόγῳ, τί ταῦτα τοὺς Λάκωνας αἰτιώμεθα; ἢμῶν γὰρ ἀνδρεὺς, οὐχὶ τὴν πόλιν λέγω, ἀλλὰ ἀνδράμα μονοθετα, παρακομμένα, ἐστικοφάντες Μεγαρέων τὰ χλαυείκια, κεί ποιν σκίνον ὅθειεν ἡ λαγῳδίων ἡ χορωδίων ἡ σκόροδον ἡ χοῦδρους ἄλισ, ταῦτ' Ἰμ Μεγαρικὰ κατέπρατ' αὐθημερόν. καὶ ταῦτα μὲν ὅθε σμικρὰ καταχώρια, πόρην δὲ Σιμαιῶν ὑότες Μέγαράδε, ἑνεγιάε κλέπτουσι μεθυσκότπαβον·

καθ' οἱ Μεγαρής ὁδύσαις περιστηγωμένοι ἀντεξέκλεψαν Ἀσπασίασ πόριν ὑδώ. ἐντεύθεν ὅργῃ Περικλής οὐλύμπιος ἡστραπτεῖ, ἔζροτα, ἔυπερκύκα τὴν Ἑλλάδα, ἐτίθει νόμους ὅσπερ σκόλια γεγραμμένος, ὡς χρῆ Μεγαρέως μήτε γῆ μήτ' ἐν ἀγορά μήτ' ἐν θαλάττῃ μήτ' ἐν ὑπεκυρώ μένειν. ἐντεύθεν οἱ Μεγαρής, ὅτε δὴ 'πείνων βῶδην, Λακεδαίμονών ἐδεόντο τὸ ψήφισμα ὅπως μεταστραφεῖν τὸ διὰ τῶν Λακαστρίων· οὐκ ἢθελομεν δ' ἡμεῖς δεομένων πολλάκις, καὶ τεύθεν ἢδ' πάταγος ἢν τῶν ἀσπιδῶν.
You're able and ready!
Your nerves seem quite steady;
For a trial you've asked, so get on with your speech!

DIC. Gentles in session, eye me not askance
If I, a beggar, speak on state-affairs
Before Athenians, in a comedy.
E'en comic poets have their moral side.
I yield to none in hatred of the Spartans,
And may the earthquake-god of Taenarus,
Poseidon, shake their roof-trees down on them!
For I, like you, have seen my vines chopped down.
But come, for we're all friends in this debate,
Why do we blame the Spartans? Men of ours,
Not all our town, but ten or twenty cads
It was who did the mischief, little worms
Who sneaked about 'dumped shirts from Megara'.
Whene'er they spied a pumpkin, or a hare,
A sucking-pig, some rock-salt, or an onion,
'Twas 'made in Megara' and seized at once.
So far 'twas mere parochial quarrelling,
But Love comes on the scene. Some tipsy youths
Kidnapped Simaetha, the Megarian belle.
Then the Megarians, mad with rage, abducted
Two of Aspasia's damsels in revenge.
Next our Olympian Pericles, all fury,
Lightened and thundered, set Greece by the ears,
And drew up laws that ran like drinking-songs:
'From ports and marts Megarians be driven;
Fancy them off the Earth, but not in Heaven.'
Then the Megarians, seeing every day
Starvation creeping nearer, begged the Spartans
To get this Women's Edict set aside;
But say what Sparta would, we stopped our ears.
Then clattered shield on shield. We were at war!
ἐρεῖ τις, οὐ χρήν· ἄλλα τί ἔχρην εἰπάτε.
φέρ', εἰ Δακέδαμονίων τις εἰσπλέεσαν σκάφει ἀπέδοτο φίμας κυνίδιον Σεριφῶν,
καθήσθοι ἄν ἐν δόμοισιν; ἢ πολλοὶ γε δεῖ·
καὶ κάρτα μένταν εὐθέως καθελκετε
τριακοσίας ναύς, ἢν δ' ἄν ἡ πόλις πλέα
θορύβον στρατιωτῶν, περὶ τρυπήραχους θοῖς,
μισθοῦ διδομένου, Παλλαδίων χρυσομμένων,
στεφάνων, τριχῶν, αὐλητριῶν, ὑπωπτῶν,
τὸ νεόριον δ' αὐ κοπέων πλατουμένων,
τύλων ψοφούντων, θαλαμῶν τροπομμένων,
αὐλῶν, κελευστῶν, μυγλάρων, συμμετών.
ταύτ' οὖν ὅτι ἄν εἴδατε· τὸν δὲ Τήλεφον
οὐκ οἴόμεσθα; νοὶς ἄρ' ἡμᾶν οὐκ ἐνι.

HMIX. ἀληθές, ὧπιτριπτε καὶ μιαρώτατε;
ταυτὶ σὺ τολμᾶς πτωχὸς ὅν ἡμᾶς λέγειν,
καὶ συκοφάντης εἰ τις ἤν, ὑνεύσασας;

HMIX. ἢ τὸν Ποσειδῶ, καὶ λέγει γ' ἀπερ λέγει
dίκαια πάντα κοῦδεν αὐτῶν ψεύδεται.

HMIX. εἰτ' εἰ δίκαια, τοῦτον εἰπεῖν αὐτ' ἔχρην;
ἀλλ' οὕτω χαίρων ταύτα τολμήσει λέγειν.

HMIX. οὕτοι σὺ ποι θεῖς, ἀν μενεῖς; ὡς εἰ θεεῖς
τὸν ἄνδρα τοῦτον, αὐτὸς ἁρθήσει τάχα.

HMIX. ἰῶ Λάμαξ', ὁ βλέπων ἀστραπᾶς,
βοήθησον, ὁ γοργολίφα, φανεῖς,
ἰὼ Λάμαξ', ὁ φίλ', ὁ φυλέτα':
eἰτ' ἐστιν ταξιαρχὸς ἢ στρατηγὸς ἢ
teixomáxas ἀνήρ, βοηθησάτω
τις ἀνύσασ. ἐγὼ γὰρ ἔχομαι μέσος.

ΛΑM. πόθειν βοῆς ἡκουσα πολεμιστηρίας;
ποι χρῆ βοηθείων; ποῖ κυδομοῦ ἐμβαλείων;
tis Γοργών' ἐξῆγερεν ἐκ τοῦ σάγματος;
HMIX. ὁ Λάμαξ' ἣμοις, τῶν λόφων καὶ τῶν λόχων.
‘Shameful,’ you’ll say. But what could Sparta do? If a Seriphian pup had been imported To Sparta, and then seized as contraband, Would you have sat down quietly? Absurd! You would have launched—I know you—on the spot Three hundred cruisers, while the city rang With shouting soldiers, worried sea-captains, Receipt of pay, re-gilding figure-heads, Garlands and flute-girls, anchovies, black eyes. And then the dock-yard! Fellows shaping oars, Hammering pegs and fitting straps to port-holes; Flutes, boatswains, whistles, screeching all at once! All this would ye have done; ‘and think we then That Telephus should not?’ ’Twere lunacy! [This speech causes a division in the Chorus, half of whom are still implacable, while half are won over. A quarrel now arises between the leaders of the two sections.]

FIRST LEADER. Blackguard and outcast, do I hear aright? Dost thou, a pauper, dare to beard us so, And scorn us for an odd informer’s sake?
SECOND LEADER. Now, by Poseidon, every word he says Is just; there’s not a lie in all his speech!
FIRST LEADER. Well, even so, is he the man to say it? I’ll make him rue the day he preached to us! [He rushes forward, and is met by the other leader.]
SECOND LEADER. Hullo! Where are you running? Halt, I say! If you strike him, you’ll soon be floored yourself!
[There is a struggle between the two and the First Leader is overpowered.]
FIRST LEADER. Ho! Lamachus, draw nigh With lightning in thine eye! Advance thy frightful crest, Of all my tribe the best! A rescue here, colonel or brigadier, Or any warlike prancer! He Has got my head in chancery!
[Enter Lamachus. He is arrayed in complete armour, with crest, shield, &c., of enormous size.]

LAMACHUS. Whence did arise the roar of clashing hosts? Where must I charge, and hurl hell-hearted war? Who hath aroused the Gorgon from her wraps?
[He smites his shield, which has a Gorgon’s head as a boss.]
SECOND LEADER [mockingly]. O valiant Lamachus! Fallals and phalanxes!

1 Seriphus was the most insignificant island in the Athenian Empire.
ΑΧΑΡΝΗΣ

ΔΙΚ. ὃ Λάμαχ', οὖ γὰρ οὖτος ἀνθρώπος πάλαι ἀπασαν ἡμῶν τὴν πόλιν κακορροθεί;

ΛΑΜ. οὖτος σὺ τολμᾶς πτωχὸς ὄν λέγειν τάδε;

ΔΙΚ. ὃ Λάμαχ' ἡρως, ἀλλὰ συγγνώμην ἔχε, εἰ πτωχὸς ὃν εἴπον τι καστωμυλάμην.

ΛΑΜ. τί δ' εἶπας ἡμᾶς; οὐκ ἔρεις; ΔΙΚ. οὐκ οἶδα. ΛΑΜ. πῶς;

ΔΙΚ. ὑπὸ τοῦ δέονς γὰρ τῶν ὀπλων ἑιγνιῶ. ἀλλ' ἀντιβολῶ σ', ἀπένεγκε μοι τὴν μορμόνα.

ΛΑΜ. οὐμ' ὡς τεθνήξεις. ΔΙΚ. μηδαμῶς, ὃ Λάμαχε' οὐ σῆμ κατ' ἵσχυν ἔστιν· εἰ δ' ἵσχυρός εἰ, τί μ' οὐκ ἀπεφίλωσας; εὐοπλος γὰρ εἰ.

ΛΑΜ. ταυτὶ λέγεις σὺ τὸν στρατηγὸν πτωχὸς ὡν;

ΔΙΚ. ἐγὼ γὰρ εἰμι πτωχὸς; ΛΑΜ. ἀλλὰ τὸς γὰρ εἰ;

ΔΙΚ. ὡστις; πολίτης χρηστός, οὐ σπουδαρχίδης, ἀλλ' εξ ὦτου περ ὁ πόλεμος στρατωνιδής, σὺ δ' εξ ὦτου περ ὁ πόλεμος μισθαρχίδης.

ΛΑΜ. ἐχειροτόνησαν γὰρ με ΔΙΚ. κόκκυγες γε τρεῖς. ταυτ' οὖν ἐγὼ βδελυγτόμενος ἐσπεισάμην, ὄρῳν πολιοὺς μὲν ἀνδρας ἐν ταῖς τάξεσιν, κεφαλὶς δ' οἰός σὺ διαδεδρακότας τοὺς μὲν ἐπὶ Θράκης μισθοθεροῦντας τρεῖς δραχμᾶς,

Tac.αμειβομενδ'ποιου, Πανουργιπ'παρχίδας' ἐτέρους δὲ παρὰ Χάρητι, τοὺς δ' ἐν Χαώτι Γερμυθεσοδόρους, Διομειαλαζόνας,

τοὺς δ' ἐν Καμαρίῃ καὶ Γέλα καὶ Καταγέλα.

ΛΑΜ. ἐχειροτονήθησαν γὰρ. ΔΙΚ. αὐτων δὲ τί ὑμᾶς μὲν ἄει μισθοθερεῖν ἀργηγέπῃ,

τωνὶ δὲ μὴδὲν' ἔτεον, ὃ Μαιραλίδη,

ἡ' πεπρέσβευκας σὺ πολιοὺ ὑν ἐγή; ἀνένευσεν. καίτω γ' ἐττ᾽ σώφρων καργάτης.

τί δ' Ἀρθράκκυλλος κεφορίδης η Πρυίδης; εἰδέν τις ὑμῶν τάκβαται' ὁ τοὺς Χαώτας;
ACHARNIANS

First Leader. O Lamachus, yon man has been reviling
The whole Athenian State for hours on end!
Lamachus [to Dic.]. Sirrah, dost dare to talk so, thou, a beggar?
Dic. [in affected terror]. O valiant Lamachus, pray pardon me,
If I, a beggar, chattered saucily.
Lam. What didst thou say of us?
Dic. I don’t know.
Lam. What!
Dic. My brain is dizzy, and your armour frights me.
For Heaven’s sake remove that hobgoblin [pointing to the shield],
Lam. Zounds! Death gapes for thee!
Dic. [coolly]. Oh no, Lamachus.
You’re far too delicate. Or if you’re not,
Why don’t you crush me? You’ve got tools enough!
[Jostles him.
Lam. Beggar, dost speak thus to an officer?
Dic. Oh, I’m a beggar, am I?
Lam. Why, what else?
Dic. A decent burgher, not a bureaucrat,
But since the war broke out, a fightocrat,
While you have been a full-pay autocrat.
Lam. The will of the people must—
Dic. Mm! Plural voting.
That’s just what sickened me, and brought about
This peace I’ve made—old greybeards in the ranks,
While youths like you are shirking, some in Thrace
Knee-deep in coin, captains of horse-marines,
Or fencers to the Sophy; another bunch
Fighting the Mughs or following Martell’s stars,
Bald-head Boastonians and twopenny wits,
Who fight the Carribees and Carriboos!
Lam. The will of the people must—
Dic. But what’s the cause
That you can always find a paying job,
But these men [pointing to the Chorus] can’t? Grimes,
did you ever go
For an ambassador—you’re old enough?
He shakes his head; yet he’s sober and works hard.
What of Macoalay, Porter, and Woodburn?
Have you seen Eldorado or the Mughs?
D
οὐ φασὶν. ἀλλ' ὁ Κουσύρας καὶ Λάμαχος,
ois ὑπ' ἔρανου τε καὶ χρεῶν πρόην ποτέ,
ὡςπερ ἀπόινπυπτον ἑκχέοιτε ἐσπέρας,
ἄπαντες ἑξίστω παρῆσον οἱ φίλοι.
ΛΑΜ. ὁ δημοκρατία, ταῦτα δήτ' ἀνασχετά;
ΔΙΚ. ὦν δήτ', ἐὰν μὴ μυσθοφορῇ γε Λάμαχος.
ΛΑΜ. ἀλλ' ὦν ἐγὼ μὲν πᾶσι Πελοποινησίοις
ἀεὶ πολεμῆσω, καὶ ταράξω πανταχῇ,
καὶ ναυσὶ καὶ πεζοῖσι, κατὰ τὸ καρτερόν.
ΔΙΚ. ἐγὼ δὲ κηρύττω γε Πελοποινησίοις
ἀπασὶ καὶ Μεγαρεύσι καὶ Βουωτίοις
πολεῖν ἀγοράζειν πρὸς ἐμὲ, Λαμάχῳ δὲ μὴ.
ΧΟΡ. ἀνήρ νυκτὶ τούτῳ λόγοις, καὶ τὸν δήμον μεταπεθεὶ
περὶ τῶν σπονδῶν. ἀλλ' ἀποδύντες τοὺς ἀναπαύστοις
ἐπιώμεν.
ἐξ ὦν γε χοροῦσιν ἐφέστηκεν τρυγικοὶς ὁ διδάσκαλος
ἡμῶν,
οὐπώ παρέβη πρὸς τὸ θέατρον λέξων ὡς δεξιός ἐστιν:
διαβαλλόμενοι δ' ὑπὸ τῶν ἐχθρῶν ἐν Ἀθηναίοις ταχυ-
βούλοις,
ὡς κωμῳδεῖ τὴν πόλιν ἡμῶν καὶ τὸν δήμον καθυβρίζει,
ἀποκρίνεσθαι δεῖται οὐδὲ πρὸς Ἀθηναίοις μεταβού-
λοις.
φησὶν δ' εἰναι πολλῶν ἀγαθῶν ἔξιοι ὑμῖν ὁ ποιητής,
παύσας ὑμᾶς ἑξικοίσου λόγους μὴ λίαν ἐξαπατᾶσθαι.
πρότερον δ' ὑμᾶς ἀπὸ τῶν πόλεων οἱ πρεσβεῖς ἐξαπα-
τώντες
πρῶτον μὲν ἱστεφάνους ἐκάλουν· καπεδὴ τούτῳ τις
ἐπιοῦ,
εὐθὺς διὰ τοὺς στεφάνους ἐπ' ἄκρων τῶν πυριών
ἐκάθησθε.
εἰ δὲ τις ὑμᾶς ὑποθωπεύσας λιπαρᾶς καλέσειεν Ἀθή-
νας,
No. But friend Lamachus and his swell clique
Half live in foreign courts—men who till lately
Were so hard hit by club-debts, all their friends
Kept shouting 'Out o' the way! Make yourself scarce!'

[Plays Lamachus.
Like people in the gloaming emptying slops!

LAM. Democracy, must words like these be swallowed?
DIC. No, unless Lamachus receives his wage! [Strikes him.
LAM. No matter! 'Gainst th' embattled Peloponnese
With this mailed fist I'll war by land and sea,
Till every nook of Hellas howls again! [Exit.
DIC. Well, please take note, embattled Peloponnese,
Megarians, and Boeotians, you can buy
And sell with me, but not with Lamachus.

[He goes out. The Chorus come forward to deliver their
Parabasis, or address to the audience on behalf of the
poet.]

CHOR. The grand old man has won his case, and smashed the
opposition.
Come, doff your cloaks; the audience next must hear our
just petition.
Though long ago as comic bard our poet was indentured,
To come before the house and brag he never yet has
ventured.
But, now he's slandered by his foes in this home of sheer
unreason,
Who say that he blasphemes the State and fills his plays
with treason,
In this, the home of second thoughts, to-day he claims
a hearing.
His dramas are a boon untold, in spite of all the sneering.
Remember: when an envoy came from any Grecian city,
How easily he cheated you with phrases neat and pretty!
'O City of the Violet Crown!'—that was a favourite
notion;
And on the spot each man of you was swooning with
emotion.
If he wanted anything on earth, he'd only got to ask it,
εὐρετο πάν ἀν ὅλα τὰς λυπαρὰς, ἀφών τιμὴν περιάψας. ταῦτα ποιήσας πολλῶν ἀγαθῶν αἰτίως ύμῶν γεγένηται, καὶ τοὺς δήμους ἐν ταῖς πόλεσιν δείξας, ως δημοκρα- 
τοῦνται.
οὔτω δ' αὐτοῦ περὶ τῆς τόλμης ἤδη πόρρω κλέος ἤκει, ὅτε καὶ βασιλεύσ, Λακεδαιμονίων τὴν πρεσβείαν βα-
σανίζων,
ήρωτησεν πρῶτα μὲν αὐτοὺς πότεροι ταῖς ναυσὶ κρα-
τοῦσιν' 
εἴτα δὲ τούτων τῶν ποιητῆν ποτέρους εἴποι κακὰ πολλά· 
tούτων γὰρ ἐφη ταῦς ἀνθρώπους πολὺ βελτίων γε-
egενήσθαι 
kαὶ τῷ πολέμῳ πολὺ νικῆσεω, τούτων ἕμβουλον 
ἔχοντας.
διὰ ταῦθ' ύμᾶς Λακεδαιμόνιοι τὴν εἰρήνην προκαλοῦν-
tαι,
καὶ τὴν Αἴγιναν ἀπαίτοῦσιν καὶ τῆς νήσου μὲν ἐκείνης 
οὐ φροντίζοντες', ἀλλ' ἕνα τούτων τὸν ποιητὴν ἀφέ-
lωνται.
ἀλλ' ύμεῖς τοι μὴ ποτ' ἀφῆθ'. ως κωμοδήσει τὰ δί-
καια.
πρὸς ταῦτα Κλέων καὶ παλαμάσθω 
kαὶ πάν ἐπ' ἐμοὶ τεκταυνέσθω.
τὸ γὰρ εὖ μετ' ἐμοῦ καὶ τὸ δίκαιον 
ἔμμαχον ἔσται, κοῦ μὴ ποθ' ἀλῶ 
περὶ τὴν πόλιν ὡν ὁσπερ ἐκείνοι 
δειλῶς καὶ λακαταπύγων.
δεῖρο Μοῦσ' ἐλθὲ φλεγυρὰ πυρὸς ἔχονσα μένοις, ἐπ-
tοίους Ἀχαρνικῆ.
ὁδον ἐξ ἀνθράκων πρινύων φέψαλος ἀνῆλθ', ἔρεθι-
ζομενος οὐρία ῥιπίδι, 
ἡμίκ' ἄν ἐπανθρακίδες ὡσι παρακείμεναι, 
οἶ δὲ Θασίαν ἀνακυκώσι λυπαράμπυκα,
And call you 'glistening Athens', just like sardines in a basket. Your comic poet stopped all this—come, bless him for his sallies!— And showed you what 'democracy' can mean for subject allies. From West to East his fame has spread, he's such a fearless Tartar; Why, e'en the Great Mogul himself, when envoys came from Sparta To seek his aid, asked first (of course): 'Who rules the local ocean?' Next 'Whom does Aristophanes insult in his devotion?' 'If they've got him' (the king explained) 'to help them in their quarrels, I'm backing the Athenians; they'll capture all the laurels.' That's why the Spartans sue for peace, and ask you for Aegina; For the island they don't care a rap, but mind you don't resign her! They're after Aristophanes! He lives there, and they know it. You keep him safe, and thank your stars for an upright comic poet! Confusion to Cleon! His schemes I deride; If he plots for an aeon, I've right on my side. Foul is his reputation, But mine shall be sound; He's a shame to the nation, A cowardly hound! Come, Muse of Flame, Bring with thee gusts of fire: Acharnian Dame, Come to thy folk! As the sparks from the logs leap higher, The logs of holm-oak; When the blast of the bellows stirs The crackling embers, And the little fishes lie On the hearth to fizz and fry, While the Thasian sauce is creaming up like yeast,
οἱ δὲ μάττωσιν, οὕτω σωβαρῶν ἐλθὲ μέλος, εὔτονον, ἀγροικότονον,

ὦς ἔμε λαβοῦσα τὸν ὅμοτην.

ΔΙΚ. ὁροὶ μὲν ἄγορᾶς εἰσιν οἴδε τῆς ἔμης.

ἐνταῦθ’ ἄγοράζεων πᾶσι Πελοποννησίους ἔξεστι καὶ Μεγαρένσι καὶ Βουοτίους

ἐφ’ ὃτε πωλεῖν πρὸς ἐμὲ, Λαμάχῳ δὲ μῆ.

ἀγορανόμους δὲ τῆς ἄγορᾶς καθίσταναι τρεῖς τοὺς λαχώτας τούσδ’ ἰμάντας ἐκ Λεπρῶν.

ἐνταῦθα μήτε συκοφάντης εἰσὶνω

μῆ’ ἄλλος ὅστις Φασίανός ἐστ’ ἀνήρ.

ἐγὼ δὲ τὴν στήλην καθ’ ἣν ἐσπευσάμην μέτεμ,’ ἣν στῆσω φανερᾶν ἐν τάγορᾷ.

ΜΕΓ. ἄγορὰ ’ν Ἀθάνας χαῖρε, Μεγαρένσι φίλα.

ἐπόθον τι ναὶ τὸν φίλουν ἄπερ ματέρα.

ἀλλε’, ὡ τὸν ἡλικίαν πατρός,

ἀμβατε ποττὰν μάδδαν, αἱ χ’ εὐρητέ τα.

ἀκούετον δὴ, ποτέχευ’ ἐμῖν τὰς γαστέρας,

πότερα πεπράσθαι χρήσσετ’, ἢ πεινὴν κακᾶς;

ΚΟΡΑ. πεπρᾶσθαι πεπράσθαι.

ΜΕΓ. ἐγὼνγα καυτὸς φαμι. τὸς δ’ οὕτως ἄνους

ὅς ύμέ καὶ πρίατο, φανερὰν ζαμίαν;

ἀλλε’ ἔστι γάρ μου Μεγαρικὰ τις μαχανὰ.

χοῖρους γάρ ύμε σκενάσας φασὼ φέρειν.

περίδεσθε τάσδε τὰς ὅπλας τῶν χοιρίων.

ὅπως δὲ δοξεῖτ’ ἤμεν ἐξ αγαθᾶς υός:

ὡς ναὶ τὸν Ἐρμᾶν, εἴπερ ἤξεῖτ’ οὐκαίδος,

τὰ πράτα πειρασεῖσθε τὰς λιμοὺς κακῶς.

ἀλλ’ ὧμφθείσετ’ καὶ ταῖς τὰ ῥυχαῖα,

κηπεῖτεν ἐς τὸν σάκκον ὃδ’ ἐσβαίνετε.

ὅπως δὲ γρυλλίζετε καὶ κοίζετε

χῆσετε φωιναὶ χοιρίων μυστηρικῶν.

ἐγὼν δὲ καρυξῶ Δίκαιόπολιν ὕπα.
And the cakes are nearly ready;
Let thy song be hot and heady,
But as full of jolly melody as any rustic feast!

[Enter Dicaeopolis, who marks out the limits of his private market-place, within which, in virtue of the peace he has made, he has the right to do business with members of the confederacy led by Sparta.]

DIC. These are the limits of my market-place.
Here may all Peloponnesians buy and sell,
Likewise Megarians and Boeotians;
But they must deal with me, not Lamachus.
Hereby do I appoint clerks of the market,
Duly elected, these three straps from Strapford.
Here let no base informer’s face be seen,
Nor any other gaol-bird’s. Now to fetch
The tablet which proclaims the terms of peace.
I’ll place it here to catch the eyes of all.

[Enter a Megarian farmer, who looks wretched and half-starved.]

MEG. Athenian market, hail! You’re dear to Megara.
My word, I’ve wanted you, like any babe
Its mother. Eigh! Poor girls, join your poor father!

[Two little girls enter and run up to him.]

Climb up to t’ cake,—if you can see any.
Now, listen; pay attention with your stomachs.
Would you like to be sold, or would you rather starve?

GIRLS. Let’s be sold! Let’s be sold!
MEG. Why, so I think. But who’d be such a fool
As to buy you, and throw his brass in t’ street?
[Showing his sack.] But see! I’ve got a good Megarian trick.
I’ll dress you up and say I’ve brought some pigs.

[Producing pigs’ feet.]
Quick, put these trotters on, and mind your manners;
Mek people think your mother won a prize!
If you go home unsold, I swear by Hermes
You’ll go to lessons in the school o’ famine.
[Showing masks like pigs’ heads].
Put on these snouts and then crawl into t’ sack;
And don’t forget to grunt and squeal like pigs
At the Mysteries. And now to act town-crier,
And find where Dicaeopolis is. [Shouting.] I say,
Δικαίωπολι, ἡ λής πρίασθαι χοιρία;

ΔΙΚ. τί; ἀνήρ Μεγαρικός; ΜΕΓ. ἀγορασοῦντες ἱκομεῖς.

ΔΙΚ. πώς ἔξετε; ΜΕΓ. διαπευνάμες αὲλ ποττὸ πῦρ.

ΔΙΚ. ἄλλῳ ἦν οἱ τῇ τῶν Δὶ, ἦν αὐλὸς παρῆ.

τί δ' ἄλλο πράττεθ' οἴ Meγαρῆς ὅν; ΜΕΓ. οία δή.

οὐκα μὲν ἡγων τηρῶθεν ἐμπορεύμας,

ἀνδρεὶς πρόβουλοι τούτ' ἐπραττον τὰ πόλει,

ὅπως τάχιστα καὶ κάκιστ' ἀπολοίμεθα.

ΔΙΚ. αὐτίκ' ἄρ' ἀπαλλάξεσθε πραγμάτων. ΜΕΓ. σὰ μὰν;

ΔΙΚ. τί δ' ἄλλο Μεγαροί; πῶς ὁ σῶτος ὁνίος;

ΜΕΓ. παρ' ἀμέ πολυτίματος, ἀπερ τοι τεοί.

ΔΙΚ. ἄλας ὦν φέρεις; ΜΕΓ. οὐχ ὑμὲς αὐτῶν ἄρχετε;

ΔΙΚ. οὐδὲ σκόροδα; ΜΕΓ. ποία σκόροδ'; ὑμὲς τῶν ἄει,

ὀκκ' ἐσβάλητε, τῶς ἁρωμαίου μῦς,

πάσσακι τὰς ἄγλυθας ἔξορύσσετε.

ΔΙΚ. τί δακ φέρεις; ΜΕΓ. χοίρους ἐγώνγα μυστικάς.

ΔΙΚ. καλῶς λέγεις· ἐπίθεισθ' ΜΕΓ. ἀλλὰ μὰν καλαί,

ἀντεινο, αἱ λῆς· ὡς παχεία καὶ καλά.

ΔΙΚ. τοῦτ' τί ἦν τὸ πράγμα; ΜΕΓ. χοίρος ναὶ Δία.

ΔΙΚ. τί λέγεις σὺ; ποδαπὴ χοίρος ἦς; ΜΕΓ. Μεγαρικά.

ἡ οὐ χοίρος ἐσθ' ἁδ'; ΔΙΚ. οὐκ ἐμοιγε φαίνεται.

ΜΕΓ. οὐ δεινά; βάσθε τοῦτο τὰς ἀπιστίας;

οὐ φασὶ τάνδε χοίρον ἔμεν. ἀλλὰ μὰν,

αἱ λῆςς, περίδου μοι περὶ θυμιτιδάν ἄλων,

αἱ μῆ στιν' οὕτοι χοίροι Ἑλλάνων νόμῳ.

ΔΙΚ. ἄλλ' ἐστιν ἀνθρώπων γε. ΜΕΓ. ναὶ τὸν Διοκλέα,

ἐμά γα. σὺ δὲ νῦν εἴμεναι τίνος δοκεῖς;

ἡ λῆς ἀκούσα φθεγγομένας; ΔΙΚ. νῆ τοὺς θεοὺς ἐγνηγε. ΜΕΓ. φῶνει δη τῷ ταχέως, χοιρίων.

οὐ χρῆσθα; σιγῆς, δώ κάκιστ' ἀπολουμένα;

πάλιν τὸν ἄποισό ναὶ τὸν Ἐρμὰν ὀικαδίως.

ΚΟΡΑ. κοι κοί.

ΔΙΚ. ἣνι δ' ἥνευ τῆς μητρὸς ἐσθίοιει ἰν;
Dicaeopolis, do you want to buy some pigs?

[Enter Dicaeopolis.]

**DIC.** A gentleman from Megara!

**MEG.** Come to market.

**DIC.** How goes it?

**MEG.** We do nowt but sit round t' fire

Tuckin' in—us stomachs.

**DIC.** Jolly, if you've got

A flutist. Well, what other news have you?

**MEG.** So-so. When I was setting out to-day

T' Committee were discussing ways and means

To put us all out of our misery.

**DIC.** You'll soon be free of trouble then.

**MEG.** You're right.

**DIC.** Whatever's this?

**MEG.** A pig. Where are thy eyes?

**DIC.** Indeed! Where was it bred?

**MEG.** At Megara.

Isn't this a pig?

**DIC.** Well, I don't think it is.

**MEG.** This beats me! Well, of all the obstinate chaps!

He'll face it out it's not a pig! Look here,

Wilt bet a packet o' salt with thyme in it

That this is not a pig by Grecian law?

**DIC.** But it seems of human breed.

**MEG.** Bred her myself. Whose did you think she was?

Wouldst like to hear their voices?

**DIC.** Yes, by Jove.

**MEG.** [to one of the girls]. Speak, piggie, speak at once; come!

What? You won't?

[aside.] Hast lost thy tongue, th' little imp? All reight:

Ah swear ah'll carry thee back home again.

**FIRST GIRL** [hurriedly and emphatically]. Wee! Wee! Wee!

**DIC.** Can they take food without their mother's help?
ΜΕΓ. ναὶ τῶν Ποτειδάν, καὶ ἄνευ γα τῷ πατρός.
ΔΙΚ. τὶ δ’ ἐσθεὶς μάλιστα; ΜΕΓ. πάνθ’ ἄ κα διδῆς.
αὐτὸς δ’ ἐρώτη. ΔΙΚ. χοῦρε χοῦρε. ΚΟΡΗ. κοί κοί.
ΔΙΚ. τρώγοις ἃν ἐρεβήνθους; ΚΟΡΗ. κοί κοί κοί.
ΔΙΚ. τὶ δαί; φιβάλεως ἵσχαδας; ΚΟΡΗ. κοί κοί κοί.
ΔΙΚ. τὶ δαί; σὺ καὶ τρώγοις ἃν αὐτάς; ΚΟΡΗ. κοί κοί κοί.
ΔΙΚ. ὡς ὅξυ πρὸς τὰς ἱσχάδας κεκράγατε.
ἐνεγκάτω τις ἐνδοθεν τῶν ἱσχάδων
τοῖς χουριδίωσιν. ἀρα τρώξουται; βαβαί,
οἶνω ῥοθιάζουσ’, ὡ πολυτίμηθ’ Ἡράκλεις.
ποδατὰ τὰ χοῦρι’; ὃς Τραγασσαία φαίνεται.
ΜΕΓ. ἀλλ’ ὅτι πάσας κατέτραγον τὰς ἱσχάδας.
ἐγὼ γὰρ αὐτῶν τάνδε μίαν ἀνειλόμαν.
ΔΙΚ. ἅπὶ τὸν Δ’ ἀστείω γε τῷ βουκήματε’
πόσου πρώμαι σοι τὰ χοῦρίδα; λέγε.
ΜΕΓ. τὸ μὲν ἄτερον τούτων σκορόδων τροπαλίδος,
τὸ δ’ ἄτερον, ἀλ λῆς, χοῦνικος μόνας ἅλων.
ΔΙΚ. ὀνιησομαί σου’ περὶμεν’ αὐτοῦ.
ΜΕΓ. ταῦτα δή.
Ἐρμᾶ ’μπολαίε, τὰν γυναίκα τὰν ἔμα
οὕτω μ’ ἀποδόσθαι τὰν τ’ ἐμαυτοῦ ματέρα.
ΣΥΚ. ὁνθρωπε, ποδαπός; ΜΕΓ. χοιροπόλασ Μεγαρικός.
ΣΥΚ. τὰ χιορίδια τοῖνυν ἐγὼ φαινῷ ταδὶ
πολέμια καὶ σέ. ΜΕΓ. τούτ’ ἐκεῖν’, ἵκεὶ πάλιν
ὄθενετε ἀρχὰ τῶν κακῶν ἀμῖν ἐφι.
ΣΥΚ. κλάων μεγαριεῖς. οὐκ ἀφήσεις τῶν σάκων;
ΜΕΓ. Δικαίωπολι Δικαίωπολι, φαντάδδομαι.
ΔΙΚ. ὑπὸ τοῦ; τίς ὁ φαινὼν σ’ ἐστίν; ἀγορανόμοι,
τοὺς συκοφάντας οὐ θύρας’ ἐξείρξετε;
ΣΥΚ. οὐ γὰρ φαινῷ τοὺς πολεμίους; ΔΙΚ. κλάων γε σύ,
εἰ μὴ ’τέρωσε συκοφαντήσεις τρέχων.
ΜΕΓ. οἴων τὸ κακὸν ἐν ταῖς ’Αλάναις τοῦτ’ ἐνι.
ΔΙΚ. θάρρει, Μεγαρίκ’ ἄλλ’ ἂς τὰ χοιρίν ἀπέδουν
τιμῆς, λαβὲ ταυτὶ τὰ σκόροδα καὶ τοὺς ἄλας,
ACHARNIANS

MEG. Aye, and without their father's, no mistake?
DIC. And what do they like best?
MEG. Owt they can get.

Ask 'em yourself.

DIC. Come, piggie, piggie!

FIRST GIRL. Honk!

DIC. Can you eat peas?
FIRST GIRL. Wee-honk! Wee-honk! Wee-honk!

DIC. Alright; and dried figs?
FIRST GIRL. Honk! Wee-honk! Wee-honk!

DIC. Alright. [To second girl.] Could you eat some?
SECOND GIRL. Wee-honk! Wee-honk! Wee-honk!

DIC. How eagerly you raise your cry for figs!

[Turning to the house.]

I say! Let some one in the house bring figs
For these young porkers! [Slave brings figs.] Will they eat? Let's see.

[He throws figs on the ground; the girls rush at them
and devour them greedily.]

Good Lord deliver us! Can't they ply their teeth!
They must have come from Tuskany, these pigs!

MEG. [aside]. They haven't gobbled all the figs, you know,
I've picked up one of 'em to eat myself.

DIC. They're clever little creatures, on my soul!
What price are you asking for your pair of pigs?

MEG. For this one you can pay a string of onions;
For t' other, if you like, a quart o' salt.

DIC. I'll buy them. Wait a moment here.

MEG. O Hermes, god of merchants, may I sell
My wife on these same terms,—aye, and my mother!

[Enter an informer.]

INFORMER. Fellow, whence come you?

MEG. Megara, selling pigs.

INF. Then I denounce these pigs as contraband
Of war, and you as well!

MEG. [hopelessly]. Aye, the old tale!
[tragically.] The well-spring of our sorrows floweth yet!

INF. How dare you be a foreigner? Let go
The sack. [They struggle.]

MEG. Help! Dicaeopolis, I'm denounced!

DIC. [entering hurriedly with the salt and onions]. By whom?
Who's meddling? Market-clerks, wake up,

[He seizes a strap.
And fling the vile informer out of doors! [Thrashes him.

INF. Can't I denounce the foe?

DIC. [striking him.] If you like the strap.
Trot off and do your dirty work elsewhere! [Exit Inf.

MEG. A fearful drawback, yon, to Athens, lad!

DIC. Cheer up, Megarino! Here's your salt and onions,
The price of these two pigs. And now farewell.
καὶ χαῖρε πόλλα'. ΜΕΓ. ἀλλ' ἀμιν οὐκ ἐπιχώριον. ὁ χοιρίδια, πειρήσθε κἀνις τῷ πατρὸς παίειν ἐφ' ἀλὶ τὸν μάδδαν, αἱ κά τις διδῷ.

ΧΩΡ. εὐδαιμονεῖ γ' ἀνθρωπος. οὐκ ἦκουσας οἱ προβαίνει τὸ πράγμα τοῦ βουλεύματος; καρπώσεται γὰρ ἀνὴρ ἐν τάγορᾷ καθήμενον· κἂν εἰσίη τις Κτησίας, ἦ συκοφάντης ἄλλος, οἱ-μῶς καθεδεῖται· οὐδ' ἄλλος ἀνθρώπων ὑποψιωνὸν σε πημανεῖ τι, οὐδ' ἐξομορίζεται Πρέπεις τὴν εὐρυπρωκτίαν σοι, οὐδ' ὡστεί' Κλεωνύμφ· χλαῖναν δ' ἐχων φαιν' δίει· κοῦ ἐνυπνχών σ' ῾Υπέρβολος δικῶν ἄναπαλίσει: οὐδ' ἐνυπνχών ἐν τάγορᾷ πρόσευσί σοι βαδίζων Κρατίνος ἀεὶ κεκαρμένοις μοιχον μὴ μαχαίρα, ὁ περιπόθηρος ᾿Αρτέμων, ὁ ταχὺς ἄγαν τὴν μονοκίμην, οὐων κακῶν τῶν μασχαλῶν πατρὸς Τραγασάουν· οὐδ' αὕθεις ἂν σε σκώψεται Παύσων ὁ παμπόθηρος, Λυσίστρατός τ' ἐν τάγορᾷ, Χολαργέων ὄνειδος, ὁ περιαλουργός τοῖς κακοῖς, μιγῶν τε καὶ πευκῶν ἢεί πλεῖν ἡ τριάκονθ' ἡμέρας τοῦ μηνὸς ἐκάστου.

ΒΟΙ. ἵπτω ᾿Ηρακλῆς, ἐκαμόν γα τὰν τύλαιν κακῶν, κατάθου τῷ τῶν γλάχων' ἀτρέμας, ᾿Ισμηνία· ὑμές δ', ὅσοι Θείβαθευ αὐληταὶ πάρα, τοὺς ὄστινοις φυσῆτε τῶν πρωκτῶν κωνὸς.

ΔΙΚ. παῦ ἐς κόρακας. οὶ σφῆκες οὐκ ἀπὸ τῶν θυρῶν; πάθεν προσέπτανθ' οἱ κακῶς ἀπολούμενοι
Meg. Nay, it's poor fare we get down Megara way!

[Exit Die. and the girls.]

My piggies, you must try without your dad
To gobble salt scones, if you get any!  [Exit.

[The Chorus sing a song which includes a racy account of the shady characters who haunted the Athenian markets, but whom Die. will escape by having a market to which no Athenian but himself is admitted.]

Chor. Our friend is in clover!
The scene that's just over
Has shown that he wove a
Most elegant plot.
In the market reclining,
His pockets he's lining;
For rivals combining
He cares not a jot.

If Ctesias enters,
Or other tormentors,
Our prince of inventors
Will give them his toe.
His cloak, on inspection,
Won't prove to have specks on
Because of infection
From Prepis and Co.

You won't let the lawyer
Hyperbolus bore you,
Or that prick-eared top-sawyer,
Cratinus the cad.
The jiggling musician,
The son of perdition,
A second edition
Of his dirty old dad!
Pauson, vilest of creatures,
Shan't libel your features;
Lysistratus' screeches
No more shall you hear.
He's a snipe of the gutter,
A criminal utter,
Who smells bread and butter
Not once in a year!

[Enter a Boeotian trader, followed by slaves. They all carry loads of merchandise. Two pipers bring up the rear.]

Boeotian. Hoots! But my shoulder's stiff and sore the day!
Ismenias, put the pennyroyal doon.
Be careful! And you piper-lads frae Thebes
Begin to play 'Arsenic for Dandy Dinmont'.

[The pipers play, very discordantly. Die. rushes out.]

Die. Stop! Stop, you hornets! Move off down the street!
What cursed wind has brought this braying crew
ἐπὶ τὴν θύραν μοι Χαριδέης βομβαύλιοι;

BOI. νὴ τῶν 'Ἰόλαιον, ἐπιχαρίττω γ', ὃ ξένε· Θείβαθι γὰρ φυσάντες ἐξόπισθε μου τάνθεια τᾶς γλάχωνος ἀπέκιξαν χαμαι. ἀλλ' εἰ τι βούλει, πρίσασο, τῶν ἔγω φέρω, τῶν ὀρταλίχων, ἢ τῶν πετραππερυλλίδων.

ΔΙΚ. ὁ χαΐρε, κολλυκοφάγε Βουστίδου.

τὶ φέρεις; BOI. ὃς ἔστω ἀγαθὰ Βουστίδος ἀπλῶς, ὁρίγανου, γλάχω, ψιαθοῦ, ὑρακάλλας, νάσσας, κολουσίας, ἀτταγάς, φαλαρίδος, τροχίλους, κολὺμβους. ΔΙΚ. ὡσπέρει χειμῶν ἀγρῶ ὀρνυθίας εἰς τὴν ἀγορὰν ἐλήλυθας.

BOI. καὶ μᾶν φέρω χάνας, λαγῶς, ἀλώπεκας, σκάλοπας, ἐχίνως, αἰελούρως, πικτίδας, ἱκτίδας, ἔνυβριας, ἐγχέλεις Κωπαίδας.

ΔΙΚ. ὁ τερπνόστατον σὺ τέμαχος ἀνθρώπους φέρων, δός μοι προσεπεῖν, εἰ φέρεις τὰς ἐγχέλεις.

BOI. πρέσβειρα πεντήκοντα Κωπάδων κορᾶν, ἐκβαθὶ τῷ δυντὶ κῆπιχάριττε τῷ ξένῳ.

ΔΙΚ. ὁ φιλτάτῃ σὺ καὶ πάλαι ποθομένη,

ηλθεὶς ποθεινῇ μὲν τρυγῳδίκοις χοροῖς,

φίλῃ δὲ Μορύχῳ. ὡμῶς, ἐξενέγκατε

τὴν ἐσχάραν μοι δέθρο καὶ τὴν ῥυπίδα.

σκέψασθε, παϊδες, τὴν ἀρίστην ἐγχελυν,

ηκουσαν ἐκτῷ μόλις ἔτει ποθομένην

προσεῖπαν' αὐτὴν, ὡ τέκν' ἀνθρακας ὃ ἔγω

ὑμῶν παρέξω τῆς τῆς ξένης χάρων.

ἀλλ' εἰσφερ' αὐτὴν· μηδὲ γὰρ θανῶν ποτὲ

σου χωρίς εἴην ἐντευτυλαμμένης.

BOI. ἐμοὶ δὲ τιμὰ τάσσε τὰ γενήσεται;

ΔΙΚ. ἀγορᾶς τέλος ταύτην γε που δώσεις ἐμοί·

ἀλλ' εἰ τι πολείς τών τῶν ἄλλων, λέγε.

BOI. ἰώνγα ταῦτα πάντα. ΔΙΚ. φέρε, πόσου λέγεις;
To haunt my doorstep with their gallows-faces?

BOEOT. Weel said, sir stranger! All the way frae Thebes
Thae lads hae ganged behind me, playin' hard,
An' blawn the blossoms off the pennyroyal.
But if there's aught you lack among my wares,
Buy it—a chicken or a four-winged beast.

DIC. Good-day, my bannock-fed Boeotian!
What have you?

BOEOT. All the dainties that we raise:
Marjoram, pennyroyal, mats, and wicks,
Ducks, jackdaws, francolins, coots, plovers, divers...

DIC. You stormy petrel of the market-place!

BOEOT. Aye, an' I've got fine geese, hares, foxes, moles,
Hedgehogs and cats, weasels and lemon-weasels,
Otters, an' genuine Copaic eels.

DIC. Blest be the hand which brings that heavenly morsel!
If you bring eels, O, let me speak to them!

BOEOT. O eldest of the fifty marish-nymphs,
Come forth, I pray—to please the gentleman!

[He exhibits a fine eel to DIC., who is in ecstasy.]

DIC. Hail, my beloved! Thou art come at last
To ease the yearning of the comic chorus,
Thou glutton's darling! Varlets, hie with speed,
Hale forth the bellows and the cooking-stove!
Look, lads, upon the Queen of Eels, at length
After six weary years restored to us!
Speak to her, O my children; and the coals
I will provide for this fair stranger's sake.
Nay, take her in! Let me not, e'en in death,
Be sundered from thee, in thy robe of beetroot.

[A slave takes the eel indoors.]

BOEOT. Hey mon, but whaur's the siller for the fush?

DIC. The eel, of course, you pay as market-dues.
If you wish to sell your other wares, then say so.

BOEOT. They're all for sale.

DIC. What price do you ask for them;
ἈΧΑΡΝΗΣ

ἡ φορτὶ ἐπερ ἐνθέντο ἐκεῖσ τὰξεὶς; ΒΟΙ. ἴω, ὁ τι γ’ ἐστι’ Ἀθάνας, ἐν Βοωτοῖς δὲ μῆ.

ΔΙΚ. ἀφύσας ἀρ’ ἄξεις πραμένυς Φαληρικάς ἦ κέραμον. ΒΟΙ. ἀφύσα ἦ κέραμον; ἀλλ’ ἐντ’ ἐκεῖ. ἀλλ’ ὁ τι παρ’ ἁμῖν μῆ’ στι, τάδε δ’ αὖ πολὺ.

ΔΙΚ. ἐγυμ δοτῶν· συκοφάντην ἐξαγεὶ ὀστερ κέραμον ἐνδησάμενος. ΒΟΙ. νὴ τῷ σιῷ, λάβομι μένταν κέρδος ἀγαγῶν καὶ πολὺ, ἀπερ πίθακον ἀλυρίας πολλὰς πλέων.

ΔΙΚ. καὶ μὴν ὅδι Νίκαρχος ἔρχεται φανῶν.

BOI. μικκός γα μᾶκος οὖτος. ΔΙΚ. ἀλλ’ ἀπαν κακῶν.

ΝΙΚ. ταυτὶ τίνος τὰ φορτὶ’ ἐστι’; ΒΟΙ. τῶν’ ἐμὰ Θεύβαθεν, ἄττω Δεῦς. ΝΙΚ. ἐγὼ τούν ὦδι φαίνω πολέμια ταὐτα. ΒΟΙ. τὶ δαὶ κακῶν παθῶν ὄρνατοίουσι πολέμου ἥρα καὶ μάχαν;

ΝΙΚ. καὶ σὲ γε φανῶ πρὸς τοῦδε. ΒΟΙ. τὶ ἄτικειμένος;

ΝΙΚ. ἐγὼ φράσω σου τῶν περισσῶς τῶν χάρων. ἐκ τῶν πολεμίων γ’ εἰσάγεις θρυαλλίδας.

ΔΙΚ. ἔπειτα φαίνεις ὅτα δία θρυαλλίδα;

ΝΙΚ. αὐτὴ γὰρ ἐμπρήσειεν ἂν τὸ νεώριον.

ΔΙΚ. νεώριον θρυαλλίς; ΝΙΚ. οὐμαι. ΔΙΚ. τὼν τρόπῳ;

ΝΙΚ. ἐνθεῖς ἂν ἐν τίφην ἀνὴρ Βοωτίος ἄφας ἂν εἰσπέμψειεν ἂς τὸ νεώριον δι’ ὕδρορροας, βορέαν ἐπιτηρήσας μέγαν. κεῖπερ λάβοιτο τῶν νεῶν τὸ πῦρ ἄπαξ, σελαγοῦντ’ ἂν εὐθύς. ΔΙΚ. ὁ κάκιστ’ ἀπολούμενε, σελαγοῦντ’ ἂν ὑπὸ τίφης τε καὶ θρυαλλίδος;

ΝΙΚ. μαρτύρομαι. ΔΙΚ. ἡμιλάμβαν’ αὐτῶν τὸ στόμα, δός μοι φορτύν, ὅ’ αὐτὸν ἐνδήσας φέρω, ὀστερ κέραμον, ὑν’ μὴ καταγη φοροῦμενος.

ΧΟΡ. ἐνδησοῦν, ὦ βέλτιστε, τῷ ἔνφι καλῶς τὴν ἐμπολῆν οὖτος ὑπὸ
Or will you take another cargo back?

BOEOT. Aye, something cheap wi' you, and dear wi' us.

DIC. Sprats from Phalerum, I suppose, or china?

BOEOT. China or sprats? There's muckle o' both wi' us.

Something that's rare wi' us, but common here.

DIC. I've got it—an informer! Pack one up
Like china in a crate, and so export him.

BOEOT. Lord save us! I'd find siller rollin' in,

Importin' a monkey full o' devilment!

DIC. Good luck! Here comes Nicarchus to denounce you.

BOEOT. [looking off]. But yon's a wee sma' chap.

DIC. Little, but bad.

[Enter Nicarchus, a little man full of importance.]

NIC. Whose merchandise is this?

BOEOT. Frae Thebes, Lord help ye!

NIC. Then do I denounce it

As contraband of war.

BOEOT. What! Are ye fey?

Shall chickens bear the slaughterous brunt o' war?

NIC. You I denounce to boot.

BOEOT. What's wrang the noo?

NIC. I'll tell you—to impress the bystanders.

From hostile states you are importing wicks . . .

DIC. A wicked deed of darkness come to light!

NIC. This little wick might burn the dockyard out.

DIC. A wick? The dockyard!

NIC. So I think.

DIC. But how?

NIC. I know Boeotian cunning. He might thrust

This wick into a reed, set it alight,

Wait for a strong North-wind, then send it off

On a voyage down a drain-pipe to the docks;

And if the fire once touched our battle-ships,

They'd be ablaze in no time.

DIC. Liar and slave!

A reed and wick would set them in a blaze?

[Strikes him.]

NIC. [to the bystanders]. Bear witness!

DIC. Put his mouth under arrest.

Bring me some shavings; let me pack him up

Like crockery, for fear he's smashed in transit.

[Nic. is seized and DIC. proceeds to pack him up in

spite of his struggles.]

CHOR. Rope up the parcel, gentle sir,

To suit your foreign customer,

And pack him tight: don't let him stir;
ἀν μὴ φέρων κατάξῃ.

ΔΙΚ. ἐμοὶ μελήσει ταῦτ', ἔπει
tοι καὶ ψοφεῖ λάλον τι καὶ
πυρορραγές
κάλλως θεούσιν ἔχθρόν.

ΧΟΡ. τί χρήστεταί ποτ' αὐτῷ;

ΔΙΚ. πάγχρηστον ἄγγος ἔσται,
kρατήρ κακῶν, τριπτηρ δικόν,
φαίνειν ὑπευθύνουσι λυχνοῦ-
χος, καὶ κύλιξ
tὰ πράγματ' ἐγκυκάσθαι.

ΧΟΡ. πῶς ὅ ἀν πεποιθοῦῃ τις ἄγ-
γείω τοιούτῳ χρώμενος
κατ' οίκιαν
τοσόνδ' ἂεὶ ψοφοῦντι;

ΔΙΚ. ἱσχυρὸν ἔστω, ὅγαθ', ὤστ'
οὐκ ἂν καταγείν ποτ', εἰ-
περ ἐκ ποδῶν
κάτω κάρα κρέμαιτο.

ΧΟΡ. ἡδὴ καλῶς ἔχει σοι.

ΒΟΙ. μέλλω γε τοι θερίδδεων.

ΧΟΡ. ἀλλ', ὅ ξένων βέλτιστε, συν-
θέριζε καὶ πρόβαλλ· ὅποι
βούλει φέρων
πρὸς πάντα συκοφάντην.

ΔΙΚ. μολίς γ' ἐνέδησα τὸν κακῶς ἀπολούμενον.
ἀφρὸν λαβὼν τῶν κέραμον, ὃ Βουότιε.

ΒΟΙ. ὑπόκυπτε τὰν τύλαν ὅνι, Ἐσμήνιχε.

ΔΙΚ. χῶσως κατοίσεις αὐτῶν εὐλαβοῦμενος.
pάντως μὲν οὐσίες οὐδὲν ὑγίες, ἀλλ' ὀμος' κἀν τοῦτο κερδάνης ἄγων τὸ φορτίον,
eὐδαιμονήσεις συκοφαντῶν γ' οὖνεκα.
ACHARNIANS

We really mustn’t break him!

Dic. Leave that to me! I’ve rapped the pot;
       It sounds like one who’s talking rot.
       It’s fire-flawed, and a rank bad lot!

Chor. What made the stranger take him?

Dic. Of household jars this pot is king;
       At pressing suits he’s just the thing;
       And if the high official ring
          Should dare their posts to sin in,
       He’s splendid as a rushlight-stand,
       To show them up, or at command
          A tub for dirty linen.

Chor. But who could use a pot like this
       And feel that there was naught amiss?
          He’d fill the house with clatter!

Dic. He’s strong, my boy! For all his squeals,
       Although you hung him by the heels,
          This jar you’d never shatter.

Chor. [to Boeot.]. Now you’re set up!

Boeot. ’Tis harvest-day!

Chor. Well, stranger, take your load of hay,
       This master-rogue; pitch him away
          Where’er you like—no matter!

Dic. The beggar’s trussed at last—a fearful job!
       Take up your crockery, my Boeotian boy.

Boeot. Ismenias, laddie, come an’ stoop your shoulder.
       [Nic. is hoisted on to the slave’s back.]

Dic. And pray be careful as you take him home,
       He’s cracked already, to be sure—but there!
       If you can sell this cargo at a profit,
       Your fortune’s made: informers won’t run out!

[Exeunt Boeotian and slaves. Enter a Messenger.]
ΘΕΡ. ΛΑΜ. Δικαίωπολι. ΔΙΚ. τί ἐστι; τί μὲ βωστρέις; ΘΕΡ. ὅ τι;

ἐκέλευε Λάμαχος σε ταυτησί δραχμῆς
eis tōn Χόας αὐτῷ μεταδοῦναι tōn kιξθῶν,
tριῶν δραχμῶν ὅ' ἐκέλευε Ἑωπᾶδ' ἐγχελυν.

ΔΙΚ. ὅ ποιος οὗτος Λάμαχος τὴν ἐγχελυν;
ΘΕΡ. ὁ δεινός, ὁ ταλαύρων, ὃς τὴν Γοργώνα
πάλλει, κραδαίων τρεῖς κατασκίων λόφους.

ΔΙΚ. οὐκ ἄν μᾶ Δί', εἰ δοῦῃ γε μοι τὴν ἀσπίδα·
ἀλλ᾽ ἐπὶ ταρίχει τοὺς λόφους κραδαίνετω·
ἡν ὅ' ἀπολιγαιή, τοὺς ἀγορανόμους καλῶ.
ἐγὼ δ' ἐμαυτῷ τόδε λαβὼν τὸ φορτίον
εἴσειμι' ὑπαὶ πτερύγων κιχλάν καὶ κοψίχων.

ΧΟΡ. εἶδες ὃ εἶδες ὃ πᾶσα πόλι τὸν φρόνιμον ἄνδρα, τὸν
ὑπέρσοφον,

οἳ ἔχει σπευσάμενος ἐμπορικὰ χρήματα διεμπολᾶν,
δὲν τὰ μὲν ἐν οἰκίᾳ χρήσιμα, τὰ δ' αὖ πρέπει χλιαρὰ
catenβέλεια;

αὐτόματα πάντι ἄγαθα τώδε γε πορίζεται.
οὐδέποτ' ἐγὼ Πόλεμον οἶκαδ' ὑποδέξομαι,
οὐδὲ παρ' ἐμοί ποτε τὸν Ἀρμόδιον ἄστηται
ἐγκατακλυεῖς, ὅτι πάρονος ἀνὴρ ἐφυ,
ὅστις ἐπὶ πάντι ἄγαθ' ἔχοντας ἑπικομάσας,
εἰργάσατο πάντα κακὰ κάνετραπε κάξεχει,
κάμάχετο, καὶ προσέπτε πολλὰ προκαλουμένου,
πίνε, κατάκεισο, λαβὲ τήνδε φιλοτησίαν,
τὰς χάρακας ἢπτε πολὺ μᾶλλον ἐτι τῷ πυρί,
ἐξέχει θ' ἤμων βίᾳ τῶν οὐνὸν ἐκ τῶν ἀμπέλων.
οὔτοσι δ' ἐπέτερωται τ' ἐπὶ τὸ δείπνον ἅμα καὶ μεγάλα
ὅθ' φρονεῖ,
tων βίων ὅ' ἐξεβάλει δείγματάδε τὰ πτερὰ προτότων θυρῶν.
ὁ Κύπριος τῇ καλῇ καὶ Χάρισι ταῖς φίλαις ἐνύτροφε
Διαλλαγῆ.
ACHARNIANS

MESS. Dicaeopolis!

DIC. What now? Why this halloo?

MESS. Lamachus bids you send him—here's a shilling—
    Some of your thrushes for the Feast of Jugs,
    And a Copaic cel—three shillings more.

DIC. Who is your cel-buying friend, this Lamachus?

MESS. The dreaded Lord of War who wields the Gorgon,
    And on whose helmet nod three shadowy plumes!

DIC. Not if he threw his shield into the scale!
    Over his salt fish let him nod his crest.
    And if he squeals, I'll call the market-clerks.
    I'll take these wares within, all for myself, [Exit Mess.
    Wafted by plumage of the thrush and blackbird.

[He gathers up the Boeotian's merchandise and goes within.]

CHOR. Dost thou see, thronging city? His cunning so quaint is,
    The truce he has made crowns him King of the mart.
    All household utensils, all roastable dainties,
    Yea, blessings in showers have gladdened his heart!
    Ne'er again shall the War-God have welcome from me,
    Nor join in our feast and our national song,
    The quarrelsome drunkard! All happy were we,
    Till his tipsy intrusion wrought havoc and wrong.
    He bullied and brawled, while to quiet his ire
    I said, 'Sit and drink; pass the loving-cup round.'
    But he rammed our vine-props deeper down in the fire,
    And spilled, like a brute, all our wine on the ground.

[Feathers from poultry are thrown out of Dic.'s house.]

This banquet's exciting our friend: see the traces!
    All these feathers are proof that he's festive and gay.
O Peace, foster-sister of Love and the Graces,
ὅς καλὸν ἔχουσα τὸ πρόσωπον ἃρ ἐλάνθανες.
πῶς ἂν ἔμε καὶ σὺ τις Ἐρώς ξυναγάγοι λαβών,
ὁπερ ὁ γεγραμμένος, ἔχων στέφανον ἀνθέμων;
ἡ πάνυ γερόντιον ἱσος νενόμικας με σὺ;
ἀλλὰ σε λαβών τρία δοκῶ γ' ἂν ἔτι προσβαλεῖν
πρώτα μὲν ἂν ἀμπελίδους ὀρχον ἐλάσαι μακρόν,
εἶτα παρὰ τὸνδε νέα μοσχίδα συκίδων,
καὶ τὸ τρίτον ἤμερίδος ὦζων, ὁ γέρων ὅδι,
καὶ περὶ τὸ χωρίον ἐλάδας ἅπαν ἐν κύκλῳ,
ὦστ' ἀλείφεσθαι σ' ἃπ' αὐτῶν καμὲ τᾶς νομη-

ΚΗΡ. ἀκοῦστε λεψ' κατὰ τὰ πάτρια τοὺς χόας
πώνεων ὑπὸ τῆς σάλπιγγος· ὅσ ὃ ἂν ἐκπίη
πρώτιστος, ἀσκὸν Κηρσυφώντος λήψεται.

ΔΙΚ. ὃ παῖδες, ὃ γυναῖκες, ὡς ἱκουστε;
τί δράτε; τοῦ κήρυκος ὡς ἀκοῦστε;
ἀναβράττετ', ἔξοπτάτε, τρέπετ', ἀφέλκετε
τὰ λαγώα ταχέως, τοὺς στεφάνους ἀνείρετε.

Φέρε τοὺς ὀβελίσκους, ἐν' ἀναπείρω τὰς κίχλας.

ΧΟΡ. ξηλῶ σὲ τῆς εὐβουλίας,
μᾶλλον δὲ τῆς εὐωχίας,
ἀνθρωπε, τῆς παρούσης.

ΔΙΚ. τί ὅπτ', ἔπειδὰν τὰς κίχλας
ὀπτωμένας ὑδητε;

ΧΟΡ. οἴμαι σε καὶ τοῦτ' εὐ λέγειν.

ΔΙΚ. τὸ πῦρ ὑποσκάλευε.

ΧΟΡ. ἱκουσας ὡς μαγειρικῶς
κομψῶς τε καὶ δειπνητικῶς
αὐτῷ διακονεῖται;

ΓΕΩ. ὃ φιλτατε, σπονδαὶ γάρ εἰσι σοὶ μόνῳ,
μέτρησον εἱρήμης τί μοι, κἀν πέντ' ἔτη.

ΔΙΚ. τί δ' ἐπαθεῖς; ΓΕΩ. ἐπετρίβην ἀπολέσας τῷ
βοε.
How blind to thy beauty our eyes till to-day!
O, might kindly Cupid, with garlanded tresses
   Like the dream of a painter, bring thee to my arms!
Dost thou deem me too old for thy fertile caresses?
   To a threefold exploit I'd be roused by thy charms.
First the vine-shoots I'd plant, then young figs in a line,
   And thirdly the vines under glass that I'd raise;
And a ring-fence of olives the farm to confine,
   And anoint us with oil on the festival days!

[Enter a Herald to announce the Feast of Pitchers.]

Herald. O yes! Drain off your jugs as custom bids,
   When sounds the trumpet. He who's finished first
Shall get a wineskin made from Ctesiphon.1

Dic. [hurrying out]. Varlets and females, heard ye not the news?
   What do ye? Did the herald cry in vain?
Roast on, yea, braise the meat, and turn the spit;
Unspit the hare's flesh briskly, twine the garlands,
   And bring me skewers for these thrushes. Haste!

[Slaves bring out a portable stove and cooking begins,
   superintended by Dic.]

Chor. I envy you your strategy
   But more for this your revelry!

Dic. When you my roasted thrushes see,
   You'll say I am a winner.

Chor. You're right again.

Dic. Poke up the fire!

Chor. A prince of cooks! Don't you admire
   The way that taste and skill conspire
   To help him cook his dinner?

[Enter a farmer, weeping.]

Farmer [to Dic.] Kind sir, there's none but you has treaty-
   wine:
Spare me a drop—the five years' brand would do.

Dic. What's wrong?

Farmer. I'm ruined—lost my yoke of oxen!

1 A notoriously fat man of the day.
ΔΙΚ. πόθεν; ΓΕΩ. ἀπὸ Φυλῆς ἔλαβον οἱ Βουώτιοι.

ΔΙΚ. ὁ τρισκακοδαίμων, ἔτσι λευκῶν ἄμπεχει;

ΓΕΩ. καὶ ταύτα μέντοι νῦν Δή ὁπερ μὲ ἐτρεφέτην ἐν πᾶσι βολέτωι. ΔΙΚ. εἶτα νυνὶ τοῦ δέει;

ΓΕΩ. ἀπὸλωλα τῶφθαλμῷ δακρύων τὼ βόε. ἄλλ᾽ εἶ τι κήδει Δερκέτου Φυλασίου, ὑπάλευψον εἰρήνη με τῶφθαλμῷ ταχῦ.

ΔΙΚ. ἄλλ᾽, ὦ πόνῃρ, οὐ δημοσιεύων τυγχάνω.

ΓΕΩ. ἦδ᾽ ἀντιβολῶ σ᾽, ἢν πως κομίσωμαι τὼ βόε.

ΔΙΚ. οὐκ ἐστὶν, ἄλλα κλαίε πρὸς τοὺς Πιττάλου.

ΓΕΩ. σὺ δ᾽ ἄλλα μοι σταλαγμῶν εἰρήνης ἔνα εἴς τῶν καλαμίσκων ἐστάλαξαί τουτοί.

ΔΙΚ. οὐδ᾽ ἂν στριμβικήγζ' ἄλλ᾽ ἀπιῶν οἴμοτε πον.

ΓΕΩ. οἷοι κακοδαίμων τοῖς γεωργοῖς βοιδωίων.

ΧΟΡ. ἀνήρ ἑνεύρηκεν τι ταῖς σπουδαῖσιν ἢδύ, κοῦκ ἐοὶ-κεν οὐδενὶ μεταδόθειν.

ΔΙΚ. κατάχει σὺ τῆς χορδῆς τὸ μέλι τὰς σηπίας στάθειε.

ΧΟΡ. ἡκουσας ὅρθιασμάτωι;

ΔΙΚ. ὅππατε τἀγχέλεια.

ΧΟΡ. ἀποκτενεῖς λιμῷ με καὶ τοὺς γείτονας κινήῃ τε καὶ φωιῇ τοιαῦτα λάσκωι.

ΔΙΚ. ὅππατε ταυτὶ καὶ καλῶς ἔανθίζετε.

ΠΑΡ. Δικαϊόπολι. ΔΙΚ. τὸς αὐτοῦ τὶς αὐτοῦ;

ΠΑΡ. ἐπεμψε τὸς σοὶ νυμφίος ταυτὶ κρέα ἐκ τῶν γάμων. ΔΙΚ. καλῶς γε ποιῶν, ὅστις ἤρ.

ΠΑΡ. ἐκέλευε δ᾽ ἐγχέαει σε, τῶν κρεῶν χάρῳ, ἐς τῶν ἀλάβαστον κύαθον εἰρήνης ἔνα.

ΔΙΚ. ἀπόφερ᾽ ἀπόφερε τὰ κρέα καὶ μὴ μοι ὄδου, ὡς οὐκ ἂν ἐγχέαμι χιλιῶν δραχμῶν. ἄλλ᾽ αὐτῆς τὸς ἐστὶν; ΠΑΡ. ἡ νυμφεύτρια
ACHARNIANS

Dic. Why, where?
Farmer. The Boeotians drove them off from Phylae.
Dic. Thou'rt drowned in sorrows, yet thou'rt dressed in white?
Farmer. Yes, and by Zeus they aye kept me in peace
And plenty—of muck.
Dic. Well, tell me what you want.
Farmer. I've lost my sight with weeping for my oxen.
   Oh, if thou car'st to cure Isaac of Phylae,
   Anoint my eyes with peace—Oh, don't delay!
Dic. Unhappy man, I'm not the parish doctor.
Farmer. Have mercy! I might get my oxen back.
Dic. It cannot be: try at the hospital.
Farmer. Oh, but you might just pour me out one drop
   Of peace into this tiny tube of reed!
Dic. No, not a molecule! Go, groan elsewhere.
Chor. This treaty-wine his heart ensnares:
   He won't let any one go shares!
Dic. Come, grill the cuttle-fish, and where's
   The sausage soaked in honey?
Chor. You hear his cries?
Dic. Next roast the eels.
Chor. At all this talk of savoury meals
   Each man of us like starving feels,
   Though you may think it funny!
Dic. Roast all these dishes; mind you brown them well.

[Enter a Bridesman and a Bridesmaid.]
Bridesman. Dicaeopolis!
Dic. Who's there! what ho! who's there?
Bridesman: A certain bridegroom sends you this prime joint
   From his wedding feast...
Dic. Good man, whate'er his name!
Bridesman. And begs of you to pour into this jar
   One ladleful of peace, as due return.
Dic. Away! Remove the joint! Don't offer it!
   I wouldn't sell a drop for fifty pounds.
   But who is this?
Bridesman. The bridesmaid, who has brought
δείται παρά τής νύμφης τι σοι λέξαι μόνω.

ΔΙΚ. φέρε ὅ, τί σὺ λέγεις; ὡς γελοῖον, ὥς θεοί, 
τὸ δήμα τῆς νύμφης, ὦ δείται μου σφόδρα. 
φέρε δεύτερο τὰς σπουάδας, ἵν' αυτῇ ὁ ὁμή, 
ὅτι ἡ γυνὴ 'στὶ τοῦ πολέμου τ' ὅνκ ἄξια. 
ὑπεχ' ὁδε δεύτερο τοῦ ἀλέπιτρον, ὦ γύναι. 
ἀπόφερε τὰς σπουάδας. φέρε τὴν οἰνήρυσι, 
ἵν' οἴσων ἐγχέω λαβὼν ἐς τοὺς χόας.

ΧΩΡ. καὶ μὴν ὁδ' τις τὰς ὀφρὺς ἀνεσπακὼς 
ἀσπερ τι δειν' ἀγγελῶν ἐπεῖγεται.

ΑΓ.Α. ὢν πόνοι τε καὶ μάχαι καὶ Λάμαχοι.

ΛΑΜ. τῆς ἀμφὶ χαλκοφαλάρα δώματα κτυπεῖ;

ΑΓ.Α. ἔνας σ' ἐκέλευον οἱ στρατηγοὶ τήμερον 
ταχέως λαβόντα τοὺς λόχους καὶ τοὺς λόφους, 
κάπειτα τηρεῖν ὑφόμενον τὰς ἐσφαλάς. 
ὑπὸ τοὺς Χόας γὰρ καὶ Χύτρους αὐτοῖσι τις 
ὑγγειε ληστὰς ἐμβαλέων Βουστίως.

ΛΑΜ. ὢ στρατηγοὶ πλείονες ἢ βελτίωνες. 
οὐ δειν' μη' ἤσεινα με μη' ἐορτάσαι;

ΔΙΚ. ὢ στρατευμα πολεμωλαμαχαῖκόν.

ΛΑΜ. οἴμου κακοδαίμων, καταγελᾶς ἢδη σὺ μον.

ΔΙΚ. βούλει μάχεσθαι Γημυόνη τετραπτίλω;

ΛΑΜ. αἰαῖ,

οἴαν ὁ κύριος ἀγγελλάς ἤγγειλε μοι.

ΔΙΚ. αἰαῖ, τίνα δ' αὖ μοι προσπέρχει τις ἀγγελῶν;

ΑΓ.Β. Δικαιόπολι. ΔΙΚ. τί ἔστιν; ΑΓ.Β. ἐπὶ δειπνον 
ταχ' 
βάδιζε, τίμι κάστης λαβὼν καὶ τῶν χόα.

ὁ τοῦ Διονύσου γάρ σ' ἱερεὺς μεταπέμπεται. 
ἀλλ' ἐγκόνει: δειπνεῖν κατακωλύεις πάλαι. 
tὰ δ' ἄλλα πάντ' ἔστιν παρεσκευασμένα, 
κλῖναι, τρύπεζαι, προσκεφάλαια, στρώματα, 
ἀμυλοῖ, πλακοῦντες, σημαμοῦντες, ἔτρια.
A private message for you from the bride.

DIC. Say on; let's hear it. [The bridesmaid whispers to him.] Jove! How comical
This fond entreaty of a lovesick bride!
Hand me the peace-wine: she alone shall have some;
She's a woman, so the war is not her fault.
My girl, hold out the bottle. There you are.

[Exit bridesman and bridesmaid.

Remove the peace-libations. Bring a ladle;
I must prepare my wine for the Pitcher-Feast.

CHOR. Look! Yonder hasteth one with solemn visage,
As if he bare some news of fell import.

[Enter a Messenger who knocks at Lamachus' door.]

MESS. Ho! Toils and turmoils and Lamachian wars!

[Enter Lamachus.]

LAM. Who clamours thus without my martial gates?
MESS. War Office orders: you must march to-day,
O' th' instant, with your phalanxes and fallals,
And guard the passes in the snow; for news
Has come that brigands from Boeotia
Have planned a raid for the Feast of Pots and Pitchers.

LAM. O War Office, less warlike than officious!
'Tis monstrous! Can't I even keep the Feast?

DIC. Trumpets without; then enter Lamachus!

LAM. Curse my hard luck! You're laughing at me now.

DIC. [decorating his hair with feathers from his fowls]. Dost wish to fight a gryphon of four plumes?

LAM. Alas! What tidings hath the herald brought me!

DIC. [looking off]. Alas! Another herald running up!
For me this time! What can his message be?

[Enter another Messenger.]

MESS. Dicaeopolis!

DIC. What is it?

MESS. Haste to dinner!
Shoulder your luncheon-basket and your jug.
The Priest of Dionysus calls for you.
But hurry, or you'll keep the banquet waiting.
All else is ready: couches, tables, cushions,
Bedspreads and bannocks, buns and cakes and biscuits.
ἀλλ' ὡς τάχιστα σπεύδε. ΛΑΜ. κακοδαίμων ἐγὼ.

ΔΙΚ. καὶ γὰρ σὺ μεγάλην ἐπεγράφου τὴν Γοργώνα. σύγκλειε, καὶ δείπνον τις ἐνυσκευαζέτω.

ΛΑΜ. παῖ παῖ, φέρ' ἔξω δεύρο τῶν γύλων ἐμοὶ.

ΔΙΚ. παῖ παῖ, φέρ' ἔξω δεύρο τὴν κίστην ἐμοί.

ΛΑΜ. ἀλας θυμίτας οἶσε, παῖ, καὶ κρόμμα.

ΔΙΚ. ἐμοὶ δὲ τεμάχη κρομμίους γὰρ ἄχθομαι.

ΛΑΜ. θρίον ταρήχους οἶσε δεύρο, παῖ, σαπρόν.

ΔΙΚ. κάμοι σὺ δημοῦ θρίον, ὀπτήσω δ' ἐκεῖ.

ΛΑΜ. ἔνεγκε δεύρῳ τῷ πτερῷ τὸ 'κ τοῦ κράνους.

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

ΛΑΜ. καλῶν γε καὶ λευκῶν τὸ τῆς στρουθοῦ πτερών.

ΔΙΚ. καλῶν γε καὶ ξανθῶν τὸ τῆς φάττης κρέας.

ΛΑΜ. ὄνθρωπε, παῦσαι καταγελῶν μου τῶν ὄπλων.

ΔΙΚ. ὄνθρωπε, βούλει μὴ βλέπειν εἰς τὰς κίχλας;

ΛΑΜ. τὸ λοφεῖον ἐξενεγκε τῶν τριῶν λόφων.

ΔΙΚ. κάμοι λεκάμων τῶν λαγόφων δὸς κρεῶν.

ΛΑΜ. ἀλλ' ἢ τρικάβρωτες τοὺς λόφους μου κατέφαγον;

ΔΙΚ. ἀλλ' ἢ πρὸ δείπνου τὴν μύμαρκν κατέδομαι;

ΛΑΜ. ὄνθρωπε, βούλει μὴ προσαγορεύειν ἐμὲ;

ΔΙΚ. οὐκ, ἀλλ' ἐγὼ χῶ παῖς ἐρίζομεν πάλαι.

βούλει περιδόσθαι, καπιτρέψαε Λαμάχω, πότερον ἀκρίδεις ἢδον ἐστ' ἢ κίχλαι;

ΛΑΜ. οἷρ' ὡς ὑβρίζεις. ΔΙΚ. τὰς ἀκρίδας κρώνει πολύ.

ΛΑΜ. παῖ παῖ, καθέλων μοι τὸ δόρυ δεύρ' ἔξω φέρε.

ΔΙΚ. παῖ παῖ, σὺ δ' ἀφελῶν δεύρῳ τὴν χορδῆν φέρε.

ΛΑΜ. φέρε, τοῦ δόρατος ἀφέλκῦσωμαι τοῦλυτρον.

ἐχ', αὐτέχου, παῖ. ΔΙΚ. καὶ σὺ, παῖ, τοῦτ' αὐτέχου.

ΛΑΜ. τοὺς κυλίβαντας οἶσε, παῖ, τῆς ἀσπίδος.

ΔΙΚ. καὶ τῆς ἐμῆς τοὺς κριβανίτας έκφερε.

ΛΑΜ. φέρε δεύρῳ γοργώνωτον ἀσπίδος κύκλον.

ΔΙΚ. κάμοι πλακοῦντος τυρώνωτον δὸς κύκλον.
ACHARNIANS

Don’t waste a minute; hurry! [Exit Messenger.]

LAM. Curse my luck!

DIC. Well, why did’st take a fiend to grace thy shield?

[To slaves.] Shut up the house and get the dinner ready.

[Lam. and Dic. make elaborate preparations for their respective expeditions.]

LAM. Varlet, bring forth the knapsack for thy lord.

DIC. Varlet, bring forth for me the luncheon-basket.

LAM. Fetch me spiced salt, my lad, and onions.

DIC. I’m sick of onions: fetch me a slice of fish.

LAM. Fetch me the plumes to fasten on my helm.

DIC. Fetch me the thrushes and the pigeon-pie.

LAM. The ostrich plume—a lovely shade of white!

DIC. The pigeon’s breast—a lovely shade of brown!

LAM. Fellow, cease mocking at my warlike gear!

DIC. Fellow, cease ogling other people’s thrushes.

LAM. Fetch me the case that holds my triple plume.

DIC. Give me a charger piled with roasted hare.

LAM. What! Have the moths devoured my helmet’s hair?

DIC. What! Before dinner shall I hare devour?

LAM. Fellow, pray spare me uninvited chat.

DIC. Alright, I’m only wrangling with the slave.

Let’s bet on it, and ask old Lamachus

Are locusts, or are thrushes, best to eat?

LAM. What impudence!

DIC. He gives his voice for locusts.

LAM. Varlet, take down my spear and bring it forth.

DIC. Varlet, take off the sausages and bring them.

LAM. Come, let me draw the sheath from off my spear.

Take hold and pull, my lad.

DIC. [holding out sausage on spit to slave]. And you pull this.

LAM. Bring me the stand to stay my shield upon.

DIC. Bring me some standard bread to stay my stomach.

LAM. My orbèd shield, decked with a Gorgon-boss!

DIC. My orbèd cake, with boss of cheese adorned!
ΛΑΜ. ταῦτ’ οὖν κατάγελώς ἐστιν ἀνθρώπους πλατύς;  
ΔΙΚ. ταῦτ’ οὖν πλακοῦς δήσ’ ἐστὶν ἀνθρώπους γλυκύς;  
ΛΑΜ. κατάχει σὺ, παῖ, τοῦλαιον. ἐν τῷ χαλκῷ ἐνορῶ γέροντα δειλίας φευξόμενον.  
ΔΙΚ. κατάχει σὺ τῷ μέλι. καῦθαδ’ εὐθηλος γέρων κλάειν κελεύων Λάμαχον τὸν Γοργάσον.  
ΛΑΜ. φέρε δέθρο, παῖ, θώρακα πολεμιστήριον.  
ΔΙΚ. ἔξαρε, παῖ, θώρακα κάμοι τὸν χόα.  
ΛΑΜ. ἐν τῷ διε τρόπο τοὺς πολεμίους θωρήξομαί.  
ΔΙΚ. ἐν τῷ διε τρόπο τοὺς συμπότας θωρήξομαι.  
ΛΑΜ. τὰ στρώματ’, ὦ παῖ, δῆσον ἐκ τῆς ἁσπίδος.  
ΔΙΚ. τὸ δεῖπνον, ὦ παῖ, δῆσον ἐκ τῆς κιστίδος.  
ΛΑΜ. ἐγὼ δ’ ἔμαυτῷ τὸν γύλιον οὐσῶ λαβῶν.  
ΔΙΚ. ἐγὼ δὲ θοιμάτων λαβῶν ἐξέρχομαι.  
ΛΑΜ. τὴν ἁσπίδ’ αἴρου, καὶ βάδις’, ὦ παῖ, λαβῶν.  
 ΔΙΚ. Βαβαϊάξ: χειμέρια τὰ πράγματα.  
ΛΑΜ. ἐγὼ δ’ ἔμαυτῶ τὸν γύλιον οὐσῶ λαβῶν.  
ΔΙΚ. ἐγὼ δὲ θοιμάτων λαβῶν ἐξέρχομαι.  
ΛΑΜ. τὴν ἁσπίδ’, ὦ παῖ, δῆσον ἐκ τῆς ἁσπίδος.  
ΔΙΚ. τὸ δεῖπνον, ὦ παῖ, δῆσον ἐκ τῆς κιστίδος.  
ΧΟΡ. ἢτε δῆ χαῖροντες ἐπὶ στρατιάν.  
ΔΙΚ. αἴρου τὸ δεῖπνον’ συμποτικά τὰ πράγματα.
ACHARNIANS

LAM. All will condemn that nasty piece of cheek.
DIC. All will admire this masterpiece of cheese.
LAM. Pour out the oil. [He begins to polish his shield, which he has placed on the stand.] I' the brightness of my shield.

I see an old man tried for cowardice.
DIC. Pour out the honey. Why! I see him too,
Bidding our Quixote-Lamachus be hanged!
LAM. Fetch forth, O slave, my martial cuirass here.
DIC. Fetch forth my jug, to mock this queer ass here!
LAM. The enemy I defy: I'll lick 'em all!
DIC. I will my friends when I'm in liquor maul!
LAM. Tie on my blanket to the shield, my lad.
DIC. Tie on my forage to the luncheon-basket.
LAM. My knapsack will I shoulder, and decamp.
DIC. I'll fetch my mantle and go forth to dinner.
LAM. Take up the shield, my lad, and trudge along.

It 's snowing. Brrr! This is a wintry day.
DIC. Shoulder the dinner. What a festive day!
CHORUS. March along: may you come back in triumph again!
What different scenes are awaiting the twain!
For one is to drink with a garland of roses,
And one to stand guard with the bluest of noses!

[Dic. and Lam. go out severally, followed by slaves.]

On spluttering Antimachus
May Zeus send down disaster:
I needs must launch at him a curse,
That lyric poetaster,
Who starved us all, the cynic,—us!
Last spring, when chorus-master.
Some day may he wish
For a fried cuttle-fish;
And, cooked in a vessel that's reached Table-Bay,
May his dinner stand by;
With relief let him sigh,
Then a dog snap it up and make off with his prey!
May he be made a fool again
By night, the sour curmudgeon.
Back from the riding-school again
May he tramp home in dudgeon;
ηπιαλῶν γὰρ οἴκαδ᾽ ἐξ ἰππασίας βαδίζων,
εἰτα κατάξειέ τις αὐτοῦ μεθύων τήν κεφαλὴν.

'Ορέστης

μαυνόμενος: ὁ δὲ λίθον λαβεῖν
βουλόμενος ἐν σκότῳ λάβοι
τῇ χειρὶ κράμβην βορβόρῳ πεφυμένην,
ἐπάξειν ὃ ἔχων τὸν μάρμαρον,
καὶ πεθανόν βάλοι Κρατίνον.

ΘΕΡ. ὁ δὲ μέλες ὁ κατ᾽ οἴκοιν ἔστε Λαμάχου,
ὕδωρ ὤδωρ ἐν χυτριδῷ θερμαίνετε,
οὐδὲνι, κηρωθήν παρασκευάζετε,
ἐρι' οἰσυπηρά, λαμπάδιον περὶ τὸ σφυρόν.
ἀνὴρ τέτρωσαι χάρακι διαπηδῶν τάφρον,
καὶ τὸ σφυρὸν παλῦσαρν ἐξεκόκκυσεν,
καὶ τῆς κεφαλῆς κατέγαγε περὶ λίθον πεσών,
καὶ Γοργόν' ἔξεγειρεν ἐκ τῆς ἀσπίδος.
πτίλον δὲ θραύσας τὸ μέγα κομπολακύθου
πρὸς ταῖς πέτρασι, δεινὸν ἐξηύδα μέλος:
ὡς κλεινὸν ὄρμα, ὑνὶ πανόστατον σ' ἵδων
λέιποι φῶς γε τοῦμοι, οὐκέτι εἶμι ' ἑγὼ.
τοσάντα λέξας εἰς ὑδρορρόων πινεῖν.
ὡς δὲ καυτὸς: ἀλλ' ἀνοίγε τὴν θύραν.

ΛΑΜ. ἀπεταταί ἀπεταταί,
στυγερὰ τάδε γε κρυθέα πάθεα. τάλας ἑγὼ
διόλλιμαι δορὰς ὑπὸ πολεμίου τυπεῖσ.
ἐκεῖνο ὃ αἰακτῶν ἂν γένοιτό μοι,
Δικαιόπολις ἂν εἰ μ' ἵδοι τετρωμένου,
καὶ' ἐγχάνου ταῖς ἐμαῖς τύχαισιν.

ΔΙΚ. ἀπεταταί ἀπεταταί
φιλήσατόν με μαλθακῶς, ὃ χρυσὸν,
τὸν γὰρ χῦα πρῶτος ἐκπέπωκα.

ΛΑΜ. ὁ συμφόρα τάλαμα τῶν ἑμῶν κακῶν.
ἰὼ ἢ ὧ τραυμάτων ἐπωδύνων.
Then may some tipsy hooligan
Knock him silly with a bludgeon.
In the dark, with a groan,
May he grope for a stone,
Grab a muddy old cabbage and aim all awry.
May his furious throw
Fly wide of his foe,
And hit poor Cratinus a blow in the eye!

[Enter a Messenger, in great hurry and alarm. He delivers a mock-tragic speech.]

MESS. Ye thralls that throng the home of Lamachus,
Boil, boil ye water; bandages prepare
And salves in store, yea, piles of greasy wool
And lint, to bind the ankle of your lord!
He hath been wounded: striding through a trench
He found the point of a stake, and as he fell
From the socket wrenched his ankle, while his head
Smote on a stone, which broke it; then to life
The Gorgon woke that slept upon his buckler.
His plume—the feather of the mocking-bird—
Upon the rocks was shattered; loud he wailed:
'O glorious Sun, I look my last on thee!
My light is out: here endeth Lamachus!'
Thus did he speak, and fell into the gutter.
But lo! He comes himself; fling wide the door!

[Slaves hurry out of Lam.'s house, carrying bandages &c. Lam. enters, wounded, and supported by two attendants.]

LAM. Ah me! What woes!
What piercing pangs of pain!
By death am I o'erta'en:
A spear-thrust is my bane.
But worse! Suppose
That Dicaeopolis saw
Me lying in my gore,
And mocked my throes!

[Enter Dicaeopolis, intoxicated, and as helpless as Lamachus. He is supported by two flute-girls.]

DIC. [to girls]. Ah me! My rose!
My lily! Don't refrain,
But kiss me once again,
The first his jug to drain!
Look at my nose!

LAM. Ah, wounds my limbs that gnaw,
The wasteful work of war!
I'm food for crows!
ΔΙΚ. ἴῃ ἴῃ χαίρε Λαμαχίππιον.
ΛΑΜ. στυγερὸς ἐγώ.
ΔΙΚ. τί με σὺ κυνεῖς;
ΛΑΜ. μογερὸς ἐγώ.
ΔΙΚ. τί με σὺ δάκνεις;
ΛΑΜ. τάλας ἐγώ Ἐυμβολῆς βαρείας.
ΔΙΚ. τοῖς Χοισί γάρ τις Ἐυμβολᾶς ἐπράττετο;
ΛΑΜ. ἰὼ ἰὼ Παιάν Παιάν.
ΔΙΚ. ἀλλʼ οὐχὶ νυνὶ τήμερον Παιώνια.
ΛΑΜ. λάβεσθέ μοι, λάβεσθε τοῦ σκέλους. παπαί, προσλάβεσθ', ὁ φίλου.
ΔΙΚ. ἐμοὶ δὲ γε σφῶ τῆς δέρης ἀμφω καλῶς προσλάβεσθ', ὁ φίλοι.
ΛΑΜ. θύραζε μ᾽ ἐξενέγκατ' ἐς τοῦ Πιττάλου παιωνίαισι χερσίν.
ΔΙΚ. ὡς τοὺς κριτάς μ᾽ ἐκφέρετε. ποῦ ἕστιν ὁ βασιλεὺς; ἀπόδοτέ μοι τὸν ἀσκόν.
ΛΑΜ. λόγχη τίς ἐμπέπηγέ μοι δι᾽ ὀστέων ὀδυρτά.
ΔΙΚ. ὁρᾶτε τουτοὺς κενῶν. τῆνελλα καλλίνικος.
ΧΟΡ. τῆνελλα δὴτ', εἴπερ καλεῖς γ', ὁ πρέσβυ, καλλίνικος.
ΔΙΚ. καὶ πρὸς γ' ἀκρατον ἐγχέας ἀμμοστιν ἐξέλαψα.
ΧΟΡ. τῆνελλά νυν, ὡ γεννάδα χόρει λαβῶν τὸν ἀσκόν.
ΔΙΚ. ἐπεσθε νυν ἄδοιντες ὁ τῆνελλα καλλίνικος.
ΧΟΡ. ἀλλʼ ἐψώμεσθα σὴν χάρων τῆνελλα καλλίνικον ἃ- δοιντε σὲ καὶ τὸν ἀσκόν.
ACHARNIANS

[The two parties meet. Dic. gives Lam. a tipsy greeting.]

DIC. Huzzah! Huzzah! My colonel of hussars!
LAM. What woe is this!
DIC. [to girl]. Come, why that kiss?
LAM. Full is my cup!
DIC. [to girl]. You’ll eat me up!
LAM. Ah me! Oh murderous attacks!
DIC. A tax on guests! And at the Pitcher-Feast!
LAM. O Healer-God, be thou my speed!
DIC. His day is past. Where is your calendar?
LAM. Take hold of me, my friends; Ah! how it hurts!
Grip my leg tight!
DIC. And you embrace my neck, you little flirts,
With all your might!
LAM. Bear me away to Pittalus’ nursing-home
With hands of healing.
DIC. Bear me to the judges: let the Censor come.
[to slaves]. My drink you’re stealing.
LAM. A pain-fraught lance has pierced my bones; it’s stinging
like a nettle. [He is carried out.
DIC. See here: I’ve drained my pitcher dry! Salute the man
of mettle!
CHOR. We’ll back your words, you grand old chap. All hail
the conquering hero!
DIC. What’s more, ’twas neat, but at a gulp I brought it down
to zero!
CHOR. Your wineskin grasp and march along. Hurrah! You’re
no old fogy!
DIC. Fall in and follow me, and cry: ‘Tzing-boom! He’s
beaten Bogey!’
CHOR. We’ll follow, we’ll follow,
And fall into line.
Three cheers for the victor, and three for his wine!

[All go out in triumphal procession, headed by Dicaeopolis
waving his jug and wineskin.]

1 He means the judges who were to award the prize to the best of the
three comedies presented.
Aristophanes
The Acharnians. An abridged acting ed.