

**IPHIGENIA
IN TAURIS**

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Iphigenia in Tauris by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

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JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE

**IPHIGENIA
IN TAURIS**

With Phyllis' love.

IPHIGENIA
IN
TAURIS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF
WOLFGANG VON GOETHE
INTO ENGLISH BLANK VERSE BY

P. M. E.
Phyllis M. Ellis

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1883.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THOAS, King of Tauris.

IPHIGENIA.

ORESTES.

PYLADES.

ARKAS, Messenger of the King.

SCENE.

The Grove before Diana's Temple.



Figure 1: Scatter plot showing the relationship between two variables. The x-axis represents the independent variable (0 to 50), and the y-axis represents the dependent variable (0 to 100). The data points are scattered, and a horizontal line is drawn at approximately y = 75. The legend indicates the data series.

IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

ARGUMENT.

Iphigenia, daughter of Agamemnon, King of Mycense, having for many years been kept against her will as Priestess in Diana's Temple at Tauris, was at length delivered and brought back to Greece by her brother Orestes and his friend, Pylades, chiefly by means of her own truthfulness.

IPHIGENIA.

HERE in your shadow, waving trees, I tread
The ancient, holy, thickly wooded grove,
Like as I do the sanctuary calm
Of our dread goddess, with such shudd'ring awe
As when for the first time I stepped therein,
And to this place my spirit grows not used.
For an Almighty Will to which I gave
My being in submission, keeps me here
Concealed through weary years, and I am still,

As at the first, a stranger.—Ah, from me
The wide sea separates the souls I love,
And sometimes stand I day-long on the shore,
My full heart yearning to the land of Greece :
But to my sighs the waves but answer back,
Moaning with hollow tones unto my grief.
Woe to that one who, far from ties of home,
Leadeth a lonely life, and from whose lips
Is dashed the sweetest bliss by sorrow's hand.
His thoughts rove ever to his father's halls,
Where first upon him shone the sun from heaven ;
Where, joined by bands of love, he sported free
With children of the same dear parents born.
The wisdom of the gods dispute I not,
Yet piteous methinks is woman's fate.
Man ruleth all, in battle or at home,
In a strange land to help himself is strong ;
Conquest rejoiceth, victory crowneth him,
And lastly waiteth him a glorious death.
What narrow bounds mark out the woman's lot !
She in obeying a stern husband's will
Must find her consolation, e'en her joy.
If in the distance adverse destiny
Loometh upon her,—ah ! what misery !
Thus Thoas keeps me here,—a noble man,
Who fetters me with stern and sacred bands.
O goddess ! with what shame I must confess

That with reluctance calm I serve thee here,—
Thee, my deliverer, to whose service free,
My life should be devoted. Steadfastly,
Diana, have I hoped in thee, and still do trust ;
For thou hast taken me, the cast-off child
Of a great king, within thy gentle arm.
O daughter of Almighty Zeus, if thou
Hast graciously received the beauteous gift
Of Agamemnon, whom thou did'st oppress
With anguish, asking for his daughter's life,
And he his dearest to thine altar brought,—
If thou hast led him from the levell'd walls
Of Troy, back to the land of all his race,
Unto his wife, his daughter, and his son—
Then to my own—ah ! give me back once more,
And save me, who from death thou saved'st once,
From life upon this coast, a second death.

SCENE II.

Iphigenia. Arkas.

ARKAS.

KING THOAS doth by me a greeting send
Unto the priestess of Diana's fane,
This day will Tauris give her goddess thanks
For new and glorious victories achieved.

The king draws near, the army follows him ;
I hasten hither to announce it thee.

IPHIGENIA.

We are in readiness to welcome them,
And on the sacrifice from Thoas' hand
Our goddess bends a favourable eye.

ARKAS.

O that I also found the priestess' face,
Thy face, oh, holy virgin, so beloved,
Brighter and happier,—gladdening us all.
Mysterious sorrow and reserve e'er shrouds
Thine inmost soul, and vainly through long years
Wait we a trusting word from out thy breast.
Ah, long it is that I have seen thee thus ;
Before thy glance, must ever awe inspire
My shuddering heart? And still thy spirit's grief
Rests ever in thy inmost bosom wrapp'd,
As iron bands were forged around thy soul.

IPHIGENIA.

Know'st thou what exile is to the bereaved ?

ARKAS.

Fee'st thou in this land exiled and alone ?

IPHIGENIA.

Can foreign soil be as our native land ?