

**IPHIGENIA IN
TAURIS: A DRAMA
IN FIVE ACTS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649616084

Iphigenia in Tauris: A Drama in Five Acts by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe & G. J. Adler

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE & G. J. ADLER

**IPHIGENIA IN
TAURIS: A DRAMA
IN FIVE ACTS**

0

IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

A

Drama in Five Acts.

BY

GOETHE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

BY

G. J. ADLER, A. M.

NEW-YORK:

D. APPLETON & CO., 200 BROADWAY.

PHILADELPHIA:

GEO. S. APPLETON, 164 CHESNUT-STREET.

1850.

GOETHE'S
IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

A Drama in Five Acts.

Ἴτ', ὦ πλοῦσι, ναυσβλοῦτε τὸν Ἀγαμέμνονος
παῖδ' εἰς Ἀθήνας συμπορεύσομαι ὃ ἐγὼ,
σώζουσ' ἀδελφῆς τῆς ἐμῆς σεμνὸν βρέτας.
ἴτ' ἐπ' εὐτυχίᾳ τῆς σωζομένης
μοίρας, εὐδαίμονες ὄντες.

EURIPIDES.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

IPHIGENIA.

THOAS, *King of the Tauri.*

ORESTES.

PYLADES.

ARKAS.

SCENE.

The Grove before the Temple of Diana.

FIRST ACT.

FIRST SCENE.

IPHIGENIA.

YOUR shades, ye ever-moving lofty tops,
That fill with foliage dense this sacred grove,
And e'en Diana's quiet sanctuary,
I enter still with timid awe-struck feeling,
As when the first time I approached your pre-
cincts,

And never can my heart here feel at home.
So many a year doth keep me here concealed
A higher will, to which I am resigned ;
And yet I am a stranger, as at first.
For, ah, the sea divides me from my home,
And livelong days I stand here on the shore,

Seeking the fair land Hellas in my soul ;
But all the answer to my sigh responding
Comes from the billows' hollow-roaring din.
Unhappy, who from parents far and kindred,
Spends lonely days in dreary solitude !
For, from his very lips consuming grief
Doth snatch with greedy fang his nearest bliss.
His thoughts are ever wandering aside
To his ancestral halls, where first the sun
Unsealed the heavens to his admiring eye,
Where sporting comrades, linked by dearest ties,
In ever-closer union dwelt together.
I will not reason with the gods ; but still
I deem a woman's lot most lamentable.
Man rules at home both and in war,
Knows how to shift in strange and distant lands ;
Possessions bring him joy, the victory crowns
 him !
He meets an honorable death in battle.
How circumscribed is woman's happiness !

To be submissive even to an uncouth husband
Is duty and her comfort ; but how wretched,
If dire misfortune drives her to a distance !
Thus Thoas holds me here, a noble man,
In stern, though sacred bonds of servitude.
Oh, how I blush to own, that I, O goddess,
With secret murmurings and reluctance serve
thee,

The deity of my deliverance ! Should not
My life be freely to thy service given ?

'Tis true, I always hoped in thee, Diana,
And still I trust in thee, who didst receive me,
The outcast daughter of the greatest king,
Into thy gentle, sacred arms of love.

Yes, Jove-born maid, if thou th' exalted man,
Whom thou tormentedst with thy dread com-
mand,

To immolate with bloody rite his daughter—
If thou the royal godlike Agamemnon,
Who led for thee his dearest to the altar,

From Troy's demolished walls triumphantly
Back to his native country hast conducted,
And safely hast preserved for him his wife,
Electra, his son and all his noble treasures ;
Oh, then at least grant me, too, safe return
To my own kinsmen ; set me also free,
Thou, who erewhile didst rescue me from death,
From this my present life, a second death !

SECOND SCENE.

IPHIGENIA.—ARKAS.

ARKAS.

I come here on a message from the king,
Who sends Diana's priestess joy and greeting.
This is the day, when Tauris to its goddess
For new and signal victories is indebted.
I hie before the king and following army,
To announce his own arrival, its approach.