

**ANCIENT LEAVES, OR,
TRANSLATIONS AND
PARAPHRASES FROM POETS
OF GREECE AND ROME**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649515295

Ancient Leaves, or, Translations and Paraphrases from Poets of Greece and Rome by D'Arcy W. Thompson

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

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D'ARCY W. THOMPSON

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OR

TRANSLATIONS AND PARAPHRASES FROM
POETS OF GREECE AND ROME

BY

D'ARCY W. THOMPSON, L.

Novas frondes et non nova poma.

EDINBURGH
EDMONSTON AND DOUGLAS

1862

TRANSLATIONS.

AJAX.

IPHIGENIA IN AULIS.

THE SHIELD OF ACHILLES.

THE DEATH OF HECTOR.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF ATLAS.

THE MINOR PIECES.

PARAPHRASES.

CYANE, THE WATER-NYMPH.

CERES AND THE RUDE BOY.

PROSERPINE AND THE STORY-TELLER.

LATONA AND THE RUSTICS.

110
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CHARACTERS OF THE PLAY.

ATHENE (Minerva).	TRUCER, half-brother of Ajax.
AJAX, prince of Salamis.	AGAMEMNON, king of Mycenæ.
ULYSSES, king of Ithacæ.	MENELAUS, king of Sparta.
TECHMENA, wife of Ajax.	A MESSENGER.

Chorus of Salaminian Sailors.

SILENT CHARACTERS.

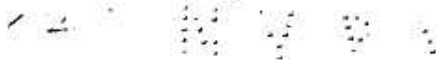
EURYRACES, son of Ajax. The TUTOR of EURYRACES. HERALD.

SCENE I.

Exterior of the tent of AJAX. ULYSSES enters, looking cautiously around; ATHENE speaks from mid-air, supposed to be invisible from the stage.

Ath. Son of Laertes, ever have I known thee
Upon thy foeman's track a hunter keen;
So now upon the sea-beach near the tent

B



Of Ajax, where he holds the outmost post,
This while past have I seen thee trace and mark
His new-imprinted footsteps, to discover
Whether the hero be within or no :
Thy steps are sure as scent of Spartan hound ;
It was but now he went within, his face
Reeking with sweat and his hands red with blood.
So, come, thou need'st not peer within the gate,
But freely speak thine errand out, and one,
Who knoweth all, will speed thee on thy way.

Ulys. Dearest Athene, though unseen the while,
Yet well known is that voice, as loud and clear
As the deep note of a Tyrrhenian bell.
Thou seest me on the traces of a foe,
Ajax, the bearer of the seven-fold shield.
For but this night past he hath done a deed
Most passing strange—if that the deed be his ;
For herein we are all at fault, and I
Have set myself to find this riddle out.
This morning to our wonder we beheld

: : : :
: : : :
: : : :
: : : :

All slain and mangled most inhumanly
Our flocks and herds, shepherds and herdsmen, all :
The deed was of man's doing, and that deed
The general voice doth lay at this man's door.
Ay, and a scout, seeing him all alone
With dripping sword go bounding o'er the plain,
Thereof informs me, and on the moment I
Rush in pursuit, and ever and anon
Methinks I see my way, then comes a check,
And straightway am I all at fault again.
But thou art come most seasonably ; and now,
As heretofore, thy hand shall be my guide.

Ath. I know it all ; and, knowing all, I came
To see thee safely through thy perilous chase.

Ulys. Tell me, dear Mistress, do I toil in vain ?

Ath. Nay, nay ; the deed was all of this man's
doing.

Ulys. What earthly purpose for so strange a deed ?

Ath. 'Twas done in anger, that Achilles' arms
Were given to thee.

Ulys. But, prithee, wherefore, Goddess,
Turn'd he his hand against the innocent herd ?

Ath. 'Twas in your blood he thought to dye his hands.

Ulys. The deed was meant for us ?

Ath. Was meant, and would
Have had successful issue, but for me.

Ulys. How set about a task so terrible ?

Ath. Against you he came stealing in the dark,
Alone.

Ulys. And came he near his journey's end ?

Ath. He had reached the tent-doors of the brother
kings.

Ulys. And how restrained he then his murderous
hand ?

Ath. I held him back, and placed before his eyes
Unreal visions of delirium born,
And turned his steps to where the herdsmen watch'd
The undivided booty of the host :
On these he fell, and pêle-mêle, right and left,
He slew and hack'd the hornèd throng, and now