

**THE CYCLOPS OF
EURIPIDES: A SATYRIC
DRAMA, TRANSLATED
INTO ENGLISH VERSE**

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The Cyclops of Euripides: a satyric drama, translated into English verse by P. B. Shelley

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P. B. SHELLEY

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THE CYCLOPS OF EURIPIDES:

A SATYRIC DRAMA,

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE

BY

P. B. SHELLEY.

PERFORMED IN THE ORIGINAL GREEK

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OXFORD,

ON THE

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1882.

293. g. 89.

EURIPIDES, CYCLOPS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

<i>Ulysses.</i>	W. S. HATCH.
<i>The Cyclops.</i>	H. S. ALLNUTT.
<i>Silenus.</i>	R. G. W. SWEATON.

Chorus.

First Semi-chorus.

H. A. P. SAWYER, *Coryphaeus.*
[G. CROSS.]
W. A. G. ETHERIDGE.
H. G. HARPER.
C. HARRIS.
E. LISTER.
H. C. STEWART.

Second Semi-chorus.

R. G. BATES, *Coryphaeus.*
H. D. BAKER.
~~St. Dawn.~~
E. G. MACKIE.
H. W. MENCE.
L. E. PARKHURST.
H. C. PHILPOTT

Attendants, Companions of Ulysses, &c.

Chorodidascalus.

FRANKLIN HARVEY.

Chorusles.

W. PARRATT, *Mus. Bac.*

THE CYCLOPS:

A SATIRIC DRAMA.

*Translated from the Greek of Euripides
by Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

SILENUS. CHORUS OF SATYRS. ULYSSES. THE CYCLOPS.

Silenus.



H, Bacchus, what a world of toil, both now
And ere these limbs were overworn with age,
Have I endured for thee! First when thou fled'st
The mountain-nymphs who nursed thee, driven afar
By the strange madness Juno sent upon thee;
Then in the battle of the sons of Earth,
When I stood foot by foot close to thy side,
No unpropitious fellow-combatant,
And driving through his shield my winged spear,
Slew vast Enceladus. Consider now,
Is it a dream of which I speak to thee?
By Jove it is not, for you have the trophies!
And now I suffer more than all before.
For when I heard that Juno had devised
A tedious voyage for you, I put to sea
With all my children quaint in search of you,
And I myself stood on the beaked prow
And fix'd the naked mast, and all my boys
Leaning upon their oars, with splash and strain
Made white with foam the green and purple sea,—
And so we sought you, king. We were sailing
Near Malea, when an eastern wind arose,
And drove us to this wild Ætnean rock;

The one-eyed children of the Ocean God,
 The man-destroying Cyclopes inhabit,
 On this wild shore, their solitary caves,
 And one of these, named Polypheme, has caught us
 To be his slaves ; and so, for all delight
 Of Bacchic sports, sweet dance and melody,
 We keep this lawless giant's wandering flocks.
 My sons indeed, on far declivities,
 Young things themselves, tend on the youngling sheep,
 But I remain to fill the water-casks,
 Or sweeping the hard floor, or ministering
 Some impious and abominable meal
 To the fell Cyclops. I am wearied of it !
 And now I must scrape up the litter'd floor
 With this great iron rake, so to receive
 My absent master and his evening sheep
 In a cave neat and clean. Even now I see
 My children tending the flocks hitherward.
 Ha ! what is this ? are your Sicinnian measures
 Even now the same, as when with dance and song
 You brought young Bacchus to Athœa's halls ?

* * * * *

CHORUS OF SATYRS.*

STROPHE.

Where has he of race divine
 Wander'd in the winding rocks ?
 Here the air is calm and fine
 For the father of the flocks ;—

- * We subjoin Professor Anstice's version of this Chorus.
- Vain, my sheep, your vaunted breed,
 If you know not where to feed ;
 Not mid those rocks are soft airs blowing,
 Nor there the richest herbage growing ;
 Not there your bleating lambkins call,
 Nor there the gurgling waters fall.

Here the grass is soft and sweet,
 And the river-eddies meet
 In the trough beside the cave,
 Bright as in their fountain wave.—
 Neither here, nor on the dew
 Of the lawny uplands feeding?
 Oh, you come!—a stone at you

In your trench, by yonder cave,
 Slake your thirst, your fleeces lave;
 Or, if ye must wander still,
 Seek at least the dewy hill.
 Must a pebble bring you back,
 Flung across your wilful track?
 Hie thee, horned one, back again
 To the shepherd Cyclops' den;
 See the porter stands before
 His rustic master's rocky door.
 Mothers, hear your sucklings bleating,
 For their evening meal entreating;
 Penned the live-long day they lie,
 Now give them food and lullaby.
 Will ye never, never learn
 From the grassy mead to turn;
 Never rest, when day grows dim,
 In Ætna's grot each weary limb?
 But where for me
 The dance, the glee
 Of Bacchus and his maids divine,
 The timbrel's clash,
 The fountains flash,
 The enlivening cups of wine?
 Nyssus' hill is far away,
 Here no nymphs at twilight play,
 Yet still the Bacchanalian lay
 I chaunt to beauty's queen.
 How oft, her witching smiles to gain,
 I've sought each hallowed scene,
 Where lovely played the Bacchant train,
 Or swept with snowy feet the plain!
 Say, Bacchus, say where thou,
 Sequestered, wanderest now
 Thy golden tresses floating on the gale?
 Left of defence, if thy protection fail,
 Clad in this shaggy coat,
 Snatch'd from the grim he-goat,
 Drudge of the one-eyed Cyclops, see
 Forlorn thy favourite votary.

Will I throw to mend your breeding ;—
 Get along, you horned thing,
 Wild, seditious, rambling !

EPODE.*

An Iacchic melody
 To the golden Aphrodite
 Will I lift, as erst did I
 Seeking her and her delight
 With the Mænads, whose white feet
 To the music glance and fleet.
 Bacchus, O beloved, where,
 Shaking wide thy yellow hair,
 Wanderest thou alone, afar ?
 To the one-eyed Cyclops, we,
 Who by right thy servants are,
 Minister in misery,
 In these wretched goat-skins clad,
 Far from thy delights and thee.

Sil. Be silent, sons ; command the slaves to drive
 The gather'd flocks into the rock-roof'd cave.

Cho. Go ! But what needs this serious haste, O father ?

Sil. I see a Greek ship's boat upon the coast,
 And thence the rowers with some general
 Approaching to this cave. About their necks
 Hang empty vessels, as they wanted food,
 And water-flasks.—O, miserable strangers !
 Whence come they, that they know not what and who
 My master is, approaching in ill hour
 The inhospitable roof of Polypheme,
 And the Cyclopiian jaw-bone, man-destroying ?
 Be silent, Satyrs, while I ask and hear
 Whence coming, they arrive the Ætnean hill.

* The Antistrophe is omitted.