PISTOΦANΟΥΣ ΝΕΦΕΛΑΙ

THE
CLOUDS OF ARISTOPHANES

OXFORD FOR PERFORMANCES BY THE

Oxford University Dramatic Society

1905

WITH

AN ENGLISH VERSION

BY

A. D. GODLEY

AND

C. BAILY

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ΧΟΡΟΣ ΝΕΦΕΛΩΝ
ΜΑΘΗΤΑΙ, ΔΟΥΛΟΙ

DRA\MATIS PERSONAE

Strepsiades, an old man. Pasias
Phidippides, his son. Amynias
Socrates. Moneylenders.

A Pupil of Socrates.
A Slave of Strepsiades.
A Friend of Pasias.

Chorus of Clouds.
Pupils, Slaves.
ΝΕΦΕΛΑΙ

ΣΤΡΕΨΙΑΔΗΣ. ΦΕΙΔΙΠΠΙΔΗΣ. ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ.

Στρ. 'Ιον ἱο公报

ὁ Ζεὺς βασιλεύει, τὸ χρῆμα τῶν νυκτῶν δοσον ἀπέραντον, ὁνόματος ἡμέρα γενήσεται; καὶ μὴν πάλαι γ' ἀλεκτρυόνοι ἦκονος ἠγά不开 oi δ' οἰκέται βέγκουσιν, ἀλλ' οὐκ ἂν πρὸ τοῦ ἀπόλοιο δήτ', ὁ πόλεμε, πολλῶν οὐνεκα, 4t' οὐδὲ κολάσο' ἔξεστί μοι τοὺς οἰκέτας. ἀλλ' οὖν' ὁ χρηστὸς οὔτοσι νεανίας ἔγειρεται τῆς νυκτός, ἀλλὰ πέρεται ἐν πέντε συστάσει ἐγκεκορδυλημένος.

ἀλλ' εἰ δοκεῖ, βέγκωμεν ἐγκεκαλυμμένοι.— ἀλλ' οὐ δύναμαι δελαίοι εὐθεῖν δακνόμενον ὑπὸ τῆς δαπάνης καὶ τῆς φάτνης καὶ τῶν χρεῶν διὰ τούτου τὸν υἱόν. ὁ δὲ κόμην ἑχὼν ἰππάζεται τε καὶ ξυνωρικεῦεται ὀνειροπολεῖ θ' ἱπποὺς: ἠγὼ δ' ἀπόλλυμαι, ὅρῳν ἄγουσαν τὴν σελήνην εἰκάδας: οἱ γαρ τόκοι χωροῦσιν. ἀπε, παῖ, λύχνου, κάκφερε τὸ γραμματείον, ἢν' ἀναγνῶ λαβῶν ὁπόσοις ὁφελώ καὶ λογίσομαι τοὺς τόκους. φέρ' ἰδω, τῇ ὁφελῷ; δώδεκα μνᾶς Πασία. τοῦ δώδεκα μνᾶς Πασία; τῇ ἐχρησάμην; ὃτ' ἐπιράμην τὸν κοππατίαν. οἱμοὶ τάλας, εἴθ' ἐξεκόπην πρῶτερον τοῦ ὀφθαλμοῦ λίθῳ.
THE CLOUDS

ACT I

SCENE I

Interior of Strepsiades' house.  Dawn.

[Strepsiades, Phidippides, and slaves discovered in bed.]

Sir.  Oh Zeus in heaven!  these awful endless nights!
Is there no hope?  will daylight never come?
It's ages since I heard the first cock crow,
And still the slaves are snoring in their beds.
Time was when things were different, but now,
Thanks to this cursed war, I daren't so much
As try to punish one of my own slaves.
Just look!  why, ev'n this model son of mine
Never lies awake at nights, but sleeps and snores
Nestling beneath four blankets and a rug.
Well, I must try—I'll settle down again.
No good!  they're worse than fleas, these blessed debts
And stable-bills and usurers' accounts—
And all for him.  He curls his scented hair,
And rides, and drives his tandems, and at night
He dreams of horses—while I groan and watch
The moon bring near the day of reckoning.
For interest does not grow less with time.
(To a slave) Light the lamp, boy, and bring the ledger here;
And let me count my creditors and reckon
What the sum comes to now—Let's add it up.
First, fifty pounds to Pasias: what for?
Why did I borrow that?  Oh ah!  to buy
That racer for my son—fool that I was—
A razor for my throat was what I wanted.
Φεί. Φίλων, ἄδικείς· ἔλαυνε τὸν σαυτοῦ δρόμον. 25
Στρ. τοῦτ' ἔστι τούτι τὸ κακὸν ὃ μ' ἀπολάλεκεν· ὁνειροπολεῖ γὰρ καὶ καθεύδων ἱππίην.
Φεί. πόσους δρόμους ἔλαυνες τὰ πολεμιστήρια;
Στρ. ἔμε μὲν σὺ πολλοὺς τὸν πατέρ' ἔλαυνες δρόμους.
ἀτὰρ τί χρεός ἔβα με μετὰ τὸν Πασίαν;
τρεῖς μναὶ διφράσκοι καὶ τροχῶν Ἀμνὰς.
Φεί. ἀπαγε τὸν ἱππον ἐξαλλίσας οἴκαδε.
Στρ. ἀλλ', ὃ μελ', ἐξήλικας ἐμὲ γ' ἐκ τῶν ἐμῶν,
ὅτε καὶ δίκας ὥφληκα χάτεροι τόκου ἐνεχυράσασθαι φασίν.
Φεί. ἔτεον, ὃ πάτερ, τί δυσκολαίνεις καὶ στρέφει τὴν νύξθ' ὀλην;
Στρ. δάκνει με δήμαρχός τις ἐκ τῶν στρωμάτων.
Φεί. ἔσσοι, ὃ δαμόνε, καταδαρθεῖν τί με.
Στρ. σὺ δ' οὖν κάθευδε· τὰ δὲ χρέα ταῦτ' ἵσθ' ὅτι εἰς τὴν κεφαλὴν ἅπαντα τὴν σῆν τρέψεταί. 40
φεύ.
ἐύθ' ὥφελ ή προμήθηστρι· ἀπολέσθαι κακῶς,
ἡτις με γῆμ' ἐπώρε τὴν σῆν μητέρα· ἐμοὶ γὰρ ἦν ἀγροίκος ἑοστός βίος,
εὐρωτίων, ἀκόρητος, εἰκῇ κείμενος,
βρόων μελίτταις καὶ προβάτοις καὶ στεμφύλοις. 45
ἐπείτ' ἔγημα Μεγακλέους τοῦ Μεγακλέους ἀθελφιδήν ἀγροίκος ὅν ἐξ ἄστεως,
σεμμήν', τρυφώσαν, ἐγκεκουσυρμένην.
οὐ μήν ἐρῶ γ' ὃς ἄργος ἦν, ἀλλ' ἐσπάθ. 53
ἐγὼ δ' ἄν αὐτή θοιμάτιον δεικνύς τοδ' πρόφασιν ἐφασκον, ὃ γώναι, λίαιν σπαθᾶς.
Θερ. ἑλαιν ἡμῖν οὐκ ἔνεστ' ἐν τῷ λύχνῳ.
Στρ. οἷμοι τι γὰρ μοι τὸν πότην ἤπεις λύχνου;
δέυρ' ἐλθ', ἵνα κλάση. Θερ. διὰ τι δήτα κλαύσομαι;
Στρ. ὅτι τῶν παχείων ἐνετίθεις θρυαλλίδων.
μετὰ ταῦθ', ὅπως νῦν ἐγένεθ' νῦὸς οὕτος, 60
Phid. (in his sleep) Philon, you're cheating: keep to your own course.

Str. Ah! there's the curse that brought me to this pass: Even in his sleep he dreams he's at the races.

Phid. How many laps do the chariots run to-day?

Str. A pretty score of laps you've made me run, Your poor old father—After Pasias, 'Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear,' Twelve pounds for car and wheels to Amynias.

Phid. Give him a roll and take him home to stable.

Str. You've rolled me out of house and home, my son: There's judgement out against me for my debts, And now the lenders swear they will distraint To get their interest.

Phid. (waking up) What is it, father? What makes you toss and grumble all night long?

Str. It's common pleas—all biting me in bed.

Phid. Oh, my good father, let me sleep a bit.

Str. Well, sleep on then, but let me tell you this: These debts will one day fall on your own head. A curse on that match-making friend of mine Who drove me into marrying your mother. I dearly loved my pleasant country life: Unwashed, unbrushed, I lay about the fields— All among sheep and bees and olive-cakes— Till Megacles, the son of Megacles, Gave me his niece, a lady of the town, An heiress, full of airs and dainty ways, Matched with a country bumpkin from the fields— I won't say she was wasteful, but it's true She made the money spin, and many a time I used to hold my rags before her eyes And say, 'Look here, good wife, you spin too fast.'

Slave. The oil's burnt out, sir, and we've no more left.

Str. Then why on earth light such a thirsty lamp? Come here, you'll suffer for it.

Slave. What for, sir?

Str. For putting in a great thick wick like that— Well, later on, when this son here was born
ἐμοὶ τε δὴ καὶ τῇ γυναικὶ τάγαθι,  
περὶ τοινόματος δὴ 'υπεύθεν ἐλοιδορούμεθα: 
ἡ μὲν γὰρ ἦππον προσετίθει πρὸς τοῦνομα, 
Σάνθιππον ἢ Χαλριππὸν ἢ Καλλιππίδην, 
ἐγὼ δὲ τοῦ πάππου 'τιθέμην Φειδιππίδην. 
τέως μὲν οὖν ἐκρινόμεθα: εἴτε τῷ χρόνῳ 
kουν ἐξυπέβημεν καθέμεθα Φειδιππίδην. 
τοῦτον τὸν υἱὸν λαμβάνονο᾽ ἐκορίζετο,
' ὅταν σὺ μέγας δὲν ἀρμ' ἔλαινης πρὸς πόλιν, 
ὡςπερ Μεγακλέης, ἔυοτίδ' ἔχον.' ἐγὼ δ' ἐφην, 
' ὅταν μὲν οὖν τὰς αἰγας ἐκ τοῦ φελλέως, 
ὡςπερ ὁ πατήρ σου, διφθέραν ἐνημέμενος.' 
ἀλλ' οὐκ ἐπιθέτο τοῖς ἐμοὶ οὐδὲν λόγοις,
ἀλλ' ἠπερόν μου κατέχει τῶν χρημάτων. 
νῦν οὖν ὅλην τὴν νύκτα φρουτίζων ὰδοῦ 
μλαν ἑφρον ἀτραπὸν δαιμονίως υπερφυά, 
ἡν ἢν ἀναπέλευσεν τούτοι, σωθήσομαι. 
ἀλλ' ἔξεγείρα πρῶτον αὐτὸν βούλομαι. 
πῶς δὴ τ' ἀν ἦδωστ' αὐτὸν ἐπεγείραμι; πῶς;
Φειδιππίδη, Φειδιππίδιοι. 
Φει. τὶ, ὃ πάτερ; 80
Στρ. κύσον με καὶ τὴν χείρα δὸς τὴν δεξιάν. 
Φει. ἵδον. τὶ ἐστιν; 
Στρ. εἰπέ μοι, φιλεῖς ἐμε; 
Φει. νῆ τὸν Ποσειδῶ τουτοῦ τὸν ἦππον. 
Στρ. μὴ 'μοὶ γε τοῦτον μηδαμῶς τὸν ἦππον' 
οὕτος γὰρ ὁ θεὸς αἰτίος μοι τῶν κακῶν. 
ἀλλ' ἐίπερ ἐκ τῆς καρδίας μ' ὀντως φιλεῖς, 
ἄ παί, πιθοῦ μοι. 
Φει. τὶ δὲ πιθώμαι δῆτα 
σοι; 
Στρ. ἔκστρεψον ὃς τάχιστα τοὺς σαυτοῦ τρόπους, 
καὶ μάνθαν' ἐλθὼν δὲν ἐγὼ παρανέσω. 
Φει. λέγε δὴ, τὶ κελεύεις; 
Στρ. καὶ τὶ πείσει; Φει. 
πείσομαι, 90

νῆ τὸν Διόνυσον. 
Στρ. δειρὸ νυν ἀπόβλεπε.
To me and my good wife, we set to work
And wrangled long and loud about his name.
She, being horsey, wanted 'hippos' in it,
Xanthippos or Chaerippos or Callippides:
I backed my father's name, Phidonides.
'So for a while' we quarrelled, but at last
We compromised upon Phidippides.
Then she would take him in her arms and babble,
'Think when you're a big man and drive to town
In a big coat like uncle Megacles.'
And I would add, 'Think when you drive the goats
Off the hillside, like father, in a smock.'
And yet he never listened to my words,
But spread this horse-plague over all my fortunes.
So now I've pondered on it all the night,
And only one small loophole can I find—
A great plan though, and if he likes, I'm saved.
Well, first he must be woken up—I wonder
How he likes being woken best? Let's try:
Phidippides—dearest Phidippides.

Phid. What d'you want, father?
Str. Give me your hand and kiss me.
Phid. There; what's the matter?
Str. Tell me, do you love me?
Phid. Of course, yes, by Poseidon, lord of horses.
Str. No, no, for heaven's sake, not the lord of horses.
   He is the god who's caused me all this trouble.
   But now, if you love me with all your heart,
   Listen to me, my son.
Phid. Well, father, speak.
Str. I want you to turn over a new leaf
   And go and learn what I am going to tell you.
Phid. Learn what?
Str. Well, will you listen?
Phid. Yes, I'll listen;
    Of course I will.
Str. Then, look out of the window.
ὅρας τὸ θύριον τούτο καὶ τὰκίδιον;

Φει. ὁρᾷ. τι οὖν τούτ’ ἐστὶν ἐτεόν, οὐ πάτερ;

Στρ. ψυχῶν σοφῶν τούτ’ ἐστὶ φρονιστήριον. ἐνταυθ’ ἐνοικοῦν’ ἄνδρες οἱ τὸν οὐρανὸν λέγοντες ἀναπείδουσιν ὡς ἐστὶν πνεύμα, καστίων περὶ ἡμᾶς οὕτος, ἡμεῖς δ’ ἄνθρακες. οὕτω διδάσκουσ’, ἀργύριον ἦν τις διδό, λέγοντα νικᾶν καὶ δίκαια κάδικα.

Φει. εἰσίν δὲ τίνες; Στρ. οὐκ οἶδ’, ἄκριβῶς τούνομα- μεριμνοφροντισταὶ καλοί τε κἀγαθοὶ.

Φει. ἀλβῷ, πονηρῷ γ’, οἶδα. τοὺς ἀλαζόνας, τοὺς ἀνθρώπους τοὺς ἀνυποδήτους λέγεις, ὅπερ τὸ κακοδαίμων Σωκράτης καὶ Χαιρέφων.

Στρ. ἢ ἢ, σιώπα· μηδὲν εἰπής νῦπιον.

ἀλλ’ εἶ τι κήδει τῶν πατρῴων ἄλφιτων, τούτων γενόμοι, σχασάμενος τὴν ἰππικήν.

Φει. οὐκ ἂν μὰ τὸν Διόνυσον, εἶ δοῆς γε μοι τοὺς φασιανοὺς οὗς τρέφει Δεωγόρας.

Στρ. ἢθ’, ἀντιβολῶ σ’, ὧ φίλτατ’ ἀνθρώπων ἐμοὶ. ἔλθὼν διδάσκουν. Φει. καὶ τί σοι μαθήσομαι;

Στρ. εἶναι παρ’ αὐτοῖς φασιν ἁμφῶ τὸ λόγω, τὸν κρείττου’, ὡστὶς ἐστὶ, καὶ τὸν ἦττονα. τούτων τὸν ἐτερον τοὺς λόγους, τὸν ἦττονα, νικῶν λέγουντα φασι τάδικατερα.

ἡν οὖν μάθης μοι τὸν ἄδικον τούτον λόγον, ὃ νῦν ὑφελώ διὰ σέ, τούτων τῶν χρεὼν οὐκ ἂν ἀποδοθῇ οὐδ’ ἂν ὀβολοῦ ὀδενί.

Φει. οὐκ ἂν πιθολήνυ· οὐ γὰρ ἂν τλαίνῃ ὅρδειν τοὺς ἱππεὰς τὸ χρῶμα διακεκυαιμένος.

Στρ. οὐκ ἂρα μὰ τὺν Δήμητρα τῶν γ’ ἐμῶν ἔδει, οὔτ’ αὐτός οὖθ’ ὃ ζύγιος οὐθ’ ὃ σάμφορας. ἀλλ’ ἐξελὼ σ’ ἐσ κόρακας ἐκ τῆς οἰκλας.

Φει. ἀλλ’ οὐ περιοψεταὶ μ’ ὁ θεὸς Μεγακλῆς.
THE CLOUDS

D'you see that gate and the little house beyond?

Phid. Yes, I see: but what is the little house?

Str. The Thinking-School of philosophic minds.
Within it live the men who by their words
Show us that heaven is—a cooking-stove
Set all around us, and we are—the coals.
And they can teach us, if we pay a fee,
To win our suits, just and unjust alike.

Phid. Who are they?

Str. Well, I don't quite know their names,
But they're philosophers and gentlemen.

Phid. Humph! scoundrels, I bet. I know whom you
mean,
Those pale-faced, barefoot wind-bags, taught and led
By poor old Socrates and Chaerephon.

Str. Hush, hush, my son, don't talk so hastily!
If you care for your father's bread and butter,
You'll join the school and let the turf go hang.

Phid. By heaven, I won't, no, not for all the pheasants
Bred in the coverts of Leogoras.

Str. My dear good boy, I beg you, I beseech you,
Do go and learn.

Phid. And pray, what can they teach?

Str. It's said they keep in there two Arguments,
The Better, as they call it, and the Worse:
And of these two the Worse, as rumour goes,
Can always win, however bad its plea.
If you will learn this Unjust Argument,
Of all the debts which you have brought on me,
I needn't ever pay a single penny.

Phid. No good! I couldn't face the Knights again,
Once 'sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.'

Str. Then not another mouthful will I give you,
You and your wheeler and your thoroughbred.
Out of my house at once: go to the dogs.

Phid. Oh! uncle Megacles won't leave me horseless.
άνιππον. ἀλλ' εἴσειμι, σοῦ δ' οὐ φροντιῶ.
Στρ. ἀλλ' οὖν ἐγὼ μέντοι πεσάν γε κείσομαι: ἀλλ' εὐξάμενος τοῖς θεοῖς διδάξομαι αὐτὸς βαδίζων εἰς τὸ φροντιστήριον.
πῶς οὖν γέρων ὅν κάπιλήσσων καὶ βραδὺς λόγων ἀκριβῶς σκυφδαλάμους μαθήσομαι;
I don't care that for you: I'll go at once.  

[Exit Phidippides.]

Str. I've had a blow, but I won't take it lying;  
I'll pray to all the gods and go myself  
And learn what they can teach me in the School.  
(He pauses) I'm old and slow and short in memory:  
How can I learn hair-splitting arguments?  

[Exit Strepsiades.]
ΣΤΡΕΨΙΑΔΗΣ. ΜΑΘΗΤΗΣ.

Στρ. Ιησέου. τι ταύτ’ ἔχον στραγγεύομαι,

ἀλλ’ οὐχὶ κόπτω τὴν θύραν; παί, παιδίνον.

Μαθ. βάλλα’ ἐκ κόπακας· τίς ἐσθ’ ὁ κόψας τὴν θύραν;

Στρ. Φείδωνος υἱὸς Στρεψιάδης Κικυνόθεν.

Μαθ. ἀμαθῆς γε νὴ Δί’, δοτις οὗτοι σφόδρα

ἀπεριμερίμνοις τὴν θύραν λελάκτικαι

καὶ φροντίδ’ ἐξῆμιβλωκας ἐξευρημένην.

Στρ. σύγγνωθι μοι· τηλοῦ γὰρ ολκὸ τῶν ἀγρῶν.

ἀλλ’ εἰπέ μοι τὸ πράγμα τοῦξημιβλωμένον.

Μαθ. ἀλλ’ οὖθεμ πλὴν τοῖς μαθηταῖσιν λέγειν.

Στρ. λέγε ννν ἐμοὶ θαρρῶν’ ἐγὼ γὰρ οὕτωι

ἡκω μαθητῆς εἰς τὸ φροντιστήριον.

Μαθ. λέξω. νομίσαι δὲ ταύτα χρῆ μυστήρια.

ἀνήρετ’ ἁρτὶ Χαιρεφῶντα Σωκράτης

ψύλλαν ὅποιος ἄλλοιτο τοὺς αὐτῆς πόδας,’

δακοῦσα γὰρ τοῦ Χαιρεφῶντος τὴν ὀφρὸν

ἐπὶ τὴν κεφαλὴν τὴν Σωκράτους ἀφήλατο.

Στρ. πῶς τούτο διεμέτρησε; Μαθ. δεξιώτατα.

κηρὸν διατήξας, εἰτα τὴν ψύλλαν λαβῶν

ἐνέβαψεν εἰς τὸν κηρὸν αὐτῆς τὸ πόδε,

κάτα ψυγείαν περιέφυσαν Περσικαί,

ταύτας ὑπολύσας ἀνεμέτρει τὸ χωρίον.

Στρ. ὁ Ζεύς βασιλεύ τῆς λεπτότητος τῶν φρενῶν.

Μαθ. ἔχθες δὲ γ’ ἡμῶν δεῖπνον οὐκ ἢν ἐσπέρας.

Στρ. εἰεν’ τὶ οὖν πρὸς τάλφιν ἐπαλαμήσατο;

Μαθ. κατὰ τῆς τραπέζης καταπάσας λεπτὴν τέφραν,

κάµψας δὲβελίσκον, εἰτα διαβῆτην λαβῶν,
THE CLOUDS

SCENE II

The Court of the Thinking-School.

[Pupils engaged in various scientific pursuits. Strepsiades seen at the gate.]

Str. Well, I must go: it's no use dawdling here. I'll knock at once. Hullo there!

Pupil. Get along!

Who in the world's this knocking at the door?

Str. Strepsiades, Phidon's son, born at Cicynna.

Pup. At least you're no philosopher, my friend; You kicked our door so loud and thoughtlessly, That our experiments have all gone wrong.

Str. Pardon—'I dwell among the untrodden ways.' But tell me what it was that all went wrong.

Pup. That none may hear but Socrates' disciples.

Str. Then tell me quickly, for I too, my friend, Have come as a disciple to the School.

Pup. Then listen, but remember these are mysteries. This morning Socrates asked Chaerephon How many flea's feet a sound flea could jump: For one that bit the brow of Chaerephon Alighted on the head of Socrates.

Str. How did he measure it?

Pup. Most cleverly; He warmed some wax and firmly grasped the flea And dipt its feet into the melted wax; So when it cooled, the flea had waxen slippers; These he removed and measured out the jump.

Str. Ye gods in heaven, what ingenuity!

Pup. Then, too, last night we found we had no dinner.

Str. How did he conjure for your bread and butter?

Pup. By the Gymnasium there stands an altar: On it he spread a thin layer of ashes, Then bent a spit and so made compasses,
ἐκ τῆς παλαιστρας θολμάτιον ύψελετο.

Στρ. τί δήτ᾽ εκείνου τῶν Ὁλῆν θαυμάζομεν; ἀνοιγ᾽ ἀνοιγ᾽ ἀνύσασ τὸ φροντιστήριον, καὶ δεῖξον ὅσ τάχυστά μοι τὸν Σωκράτην. μαθητιδό γάρ ἀλλ᾽ ἀνοιγε τὴν θύραν. ὠ Ἡράκλεις, ταυτί ποδατὰ τὰ θηραί;

Μαθ. τί ἑθαύμασασ; τῷ σοι δοκούσιν εἰκέναι;

Στρ. τοῖς ἐκ Πύλου ληφθεὶσιν, τοῖς Λακωνικοῖς. ἀτὰρ τί ποτ᾽ ἐς τὴν γῆν βλέπουσιν οὕτωι;

Μαθ. ζητοῦσιν οὕτω τὰ κατὰ γῆς. Στρ. βολβοῦς ἀρα ζητοῦσιν. μὴ νυν τοῦτο γ᾽ ἐτι φροντίζετε· ἐγὼ γὰρ οἴδ᾽ ἵνα εἰσο διὰ μεγάλου καὶ καλολ. τί γὰρ οἴδε δρῶσιν οἱ σφόδρ᾽ ἐγκεκυφότες;

Μαθ. οὕτω ὅ ἐρεβοδιφάσσιν ύπὸ τὸν Τάρταρον.

Στρ. τί δήθ᾽ ὁ πρωκτὸς ἔς τὸν οὐρανὸν βλέπει;

Μαθ. αὐτὸς καθ᾽ αὐτὸν ἀστρονομεῖν διδάσκεται. ἀλλ᾽ εἰσοθ᾽, ἵνα μὴ 'κείνος όμίων ἐπιτύχῃ. τί γὰρ οἴδε νικόδσι οἱ σφόδρ᾽ ἐγκεκυφότες; μήπω γε, μήπω γ᾽· ἀλλ᾽ ἐπιμεινάντων, ἵνα αὐτοίσι κοινόσω τι πραγμάτιον ἔμοι.

Μαθ. ἀλλ᾽ οὐχ οἴον τ᾽ αὐτοῖσι πρὸς τὸν ἀέρα ἔξω διατρίβειν πολὺν ἀγαν ἐστὶν χρόνου. τρός τῶν θεῶν, τί γὰρ ταῦτ᾽ ἐστὶν; εἰςκε μοι.

Μαθ. ἀστρονομία μὲν αὐτῆλ. Στρ. τοῦτι δὲ τί;

Μαθ. γεωμετρία. Στρ. τοῦτ᾽ οὖν τί ἐστὶ χρήσιμον; τό γὰρ σόφισμα δημοτικὸν καὶ χρήσιμον.

Μαθ. γῆν ἀναμετρεῖσθαι. Στρ. πότερα τὴν κληρουχικὴν; ὡς ὀυκ, ἀλλὰ τὴν σύμπασαν. Στρ. ἀστεῖον λέγεις.

Στρ. πρὸς τῶν θεῶν, τί γὰρ ταῦτ᾽ ἐστὶν; εἰςκε μοι.

Μαθ. ἀστρονομία μὲν αὐτηλ. Στρ. τοῦτι δὲ τί;

Μαθ. γεωμετρία. Στρ. τοῦτ᾽ οὖν τί ἐστὶ χρήσιμον;

Μαθ. ἐνταῦθ᾽ ἐνείσω. ἥ δὲ γ᾽ Ἐὐβοῖς, ὡς ὀρᾶς,
And compassed the abduction of the cloak.

_Str._ Thales of old was but a fool to this!
Make haste, make haste, open the door for me
And show me Socrates at once. I yearn
To be his pupil. Let me in, I pray.

[The pupil opens the gate and Strepsiades comes in.]

_Ye gods in heaven, what strange beasts are these?_  

_Pup._ What is the matter? What d'you take them for?

_Str._ They're like the captives from Sphacteria.
Why are these fellows gazing at the ground?

_Pup._ They want to find what lies beneath the earth.

_Str._ Truffles you mean: don't trouble about that.
I know where you can find them fine and large.
But what are those at, bending down so low?

_Pup._ They're probing the thick darkness below Hell.

_Str._ But what's his back at, gazing up at Heaven?

_Pup._ Learning astronomy on its own account.

_(To the pupils)_ Come in, my friends, don't let him
find you there.

_Str._ No, no, not yet: please let them stay a minute.
I must consult them on my little troubles.

_Pup._ They really mustn't stay outside too long:
Exposure to the air's so bad for them.

_[Exeunt pupils._

_Str._ Good gracious! what's all this? do please explain.

_Pup._ This is astronomy.

_Str._ And what's that there?

_Pup._ Geometry.

_Str._ What is the good of it?

_Pup._ To measure land.

_Str._ Do you mean our allotments?

_Pup._ No, the whole earth.

_Str._ A splendid notion, that.
So useful and so public-spirited.

_Pup._ Here is a map of the whole world. D'you see?
Here we have Athens.

_Str._ No, I don't believe you;
I don't see any judges on the bench.

_Pup._ But I'm not joking: this is Attica.

_Str._ And please, where is Cicynna, where I live?

_Pup._ It's just here; and Euboea, as you see,
ΝΕΦΕΛΑΙ

ἡδί παρατέταται μακρὰ πόρρω πάνυ.

Στρ. ὀδ' ὑπὸ γὰρ ἡμῶν παρετάθη καὶ Περικλέους.

ἀλλ' ἦ Λακεδαίμων ποῦ 'στιν; Μαθ. ὅπου 'στιν; αὐτηλ.

Στρ. ὡς ἐγγύς ἡμῶν. τούτο πάνυ φροντίζετε, ταύτην ἀφ' ἡμῶν ἀπαγαγεῖν πόρρω πάνυ;

Μαθ. ἀλλ' οὐχ οἶον τε. Στρ. νὴ Δι', οἰμώξεσθ' ἄρα.

φέρε τίς γὰρ οὗτος οὕπλ τῆς κρεμάθρας ἀνήρ;

Μαθ. αὐτὸς. Στρ. τίς αὐτὸς; Μαθ. Σωκράτης. Στρ.

ὡ Σώκρατες.

ἳδ' οὗτος, ἀναβόησαν αὐτὸν μοι μέγα.

Μαθ. αὐτὸς μὲν οὖν σὺ κάλεσον' οὐ γὰρ μοι σχολή.

Στρ. ὡ Σώκρατες,

ὡ Σωκρατίδιον.

ΣΩΚΡΑΤΗΣ.

τί με καλεῖς, ὦ 'φήμερε;

Στρ. πρῶτον μὲν ὦ τι θρας, ἀντιβολῶ, κάτειπέ μοι.

Σω. ἀεροβατῶ καὶ περιφρονῶ τὸν ἥλιον.

Στρ. ἐπειτ' ἄπο ταρροῦ τοὺς θεοὺς σὺ περιφρονεῖς,

ἀλλ' οὐκ ἀπὸ τῆς γῆς, εἰπέρ; Σω. οὐ γὰρ ἂν ποτὲ ἔξευρον ὅρθως τὰ μετέωρα πράγματα,

εἰ μὴ κρεμάσας τὸ νόημα καὶ τὴν φροντίδα λεπτὴν καταμῆκας εἰς τὸν ὅμοιον ἅέρα.

εἰ δ' ὅν χαμαῖ τάνω κάτωθεν ἐσκόπουν,

οὐκ ἂν ποθ' εὕρου' οὐ γὰρ ἀλλ' ἢ γῆ βλα ἐλκεί πρὸς αὐτὴν τὴν ἱκμάδα τῆς φροντίδος.

πάσχει δὲ ταυτὸ τούτο καὶ τὰ κάρδαμα.

Στρ. τί φῆς;

ἡ φροντίς ἐλκεί τὴν ἱκμάδ' εἰς τὰ κάρδαμα;

ἵδι νυν, κατὰβηθ' ὡς Σωκρατίδιον, ὡς ἐμὲ, ἵνα μὲ διδάξῃ ὅπερ οὖνεκ' ἐλήλυθα.

Σω. ἢλθες δὲ κατὰ τί; Στρ. βουλόμενος μαθεῖν λέγειν.
THE CLOUDS

Stretches out here ever so far along.

Str. Yes, we and Pericles gave it a stretch,
But where is Sparta?

Pup. Don't you see, just here.

Str. That's much too near us; please think out some plan
To move it a good long way further off.

Pup. It can't be done.

Str. Then we shall suffer for it.

[SOCRATES is seen suspended in a basket.]

Hullo! who ever's that up in the basket?

Pup. The Master.

Str. Who's the Master?

Pup. Socrates.

Str. Oh! Socrates! please call him for me, sir.

Pup. No, call yourself. I really haven't time:
I'm busy.

Str. Socrates, dear Socrates.

Soc. What wilt thou, mortal, and why call'st thou me?

Str. First tell me, please, what you are doing there.

Soc. I tread the air and look upon the sun.

Str. But why d'you choose to look upon the gods
From up there in your basket in the sky,
And not down here on earth, if that's your trade?

Soc. I never could have found the final truth
Of things celestial, unless I'd fix'd
My mind on high, and mingled all my thoughts
With the wide sky, their kinsman. Nay, on earth,
Had I gazed up at wonders in the heaven,
I had found nothing. For the earth by force
Draws to itself the moisture of the soul,
As the soil's moisture passes into cress.

Str. What? does the soul draw moisture into cress?
Oh! please come down to me, dear Socrates,
And teach me what I've come to you to learn.

[SOCRATES descends from the basket.]

Soc. Why have you come?

Str. I want to learn to speak:
ΝΕΦΕΛΑΙ

υπὸ γὰρ τῶν χρῆστων τε δυσκολωτάτων ἀγομαί, φέρομαι, τὰ χρῆματ' ἐνεχυράζομαι.

Σω. πόθεν δ’ ὑπόχρεως σαυτὸν ἐλαθεῖς γενόμενος;
Στρ. νόσος μ’ ἐπέτρυψεν ἵππικη, δευτ' φαγεῖν. ἀλλὰ με δίδαξον τὸν ἐτερον τοῦ σοῦ λόγου, τὸν μηδὲν ἀποδιδόντα. μισθὸν δ’ ὄντων ἂν πράττῃ μ’ ὄμοιμαι σοι καταθήσεως τοὺς θεοὺς.

Σω. πολίους θεοὺς ὁμεὶς σὺ; πρῶτον γὰρ θεοὶ ἥμιν νόμιμα' οὐκ ἔστι. Στρ. τῷ γὰρ ὀμνυτ'; ἡ σιδαρέωσιν, ὦσπερ ἐν Βυζαντίῳ;

Σω. βούλει τὰ θεία πράγματ' εἰδέναι σαφῶς ἀπ' ἐστὶν ὁρθῶς; Στρ. νῆ Δ', εἰπερ ἔστι γε.

Σω. καὶ ἡγγυενεσθαί ταῖς Νεφέλαισιν ἐς λόγους, ταῖς ἡμετέραισι δαίμοσιν; Στρ. μάλιστά γε.

Σω. κάθιζε τοῖς ἐπὶ τὸν ἱερὸν σκῆμποδα.
Στρ. ἵσοι κάθημαι. Σω. τούτοι τοῖς λαβῇ τὸν στέφανον. Στρ. ἔπι τί στέφανον; οἶμοι, Ὕκρατες, ὦσπερ με τὸν 'Αθάμανθ' ὡπως μὴ θύσετε.

Σω. οὐκ, ἀλλὰ πάντας ταῦτα τοὺς τελουμένους ἢμεῖς ποιοῦμεν. Στρ. εἴτα δὴ τί κερδανῶ;

Σω. λέγεω γενήσει τρίμμα, κρόταλον, παιπάλη. ἂλλ’ ἔχ’ ἀτρεμεῖ. Στρ. μὰ τὸν Δ`, οὖ ψεύσει γέ με’ καταπαττόμενος γὰρ παιπάλη γενήσομαι.

Σω. εὐφημεῖν χρῆ τὸν πρεσβύτην καὶ τῆς εὐχής ὑπακούειν. ὥ δέσποτ' ἀναξ, ἀμέτρητ' 'Αήρ, ὃς ἔχεις τὴν γῆν μετέωρον, λαμπρὸς τ’ Ἀίθηρ, σεμναὶ τε θεαὶ Νεφέλαι βρον- τησικέραυνοι, ἀρθητε, φάνη’, ὥ δέσποιναί, τῷ φροντιστῇ μετέωροι. Στρ. μῆπω μήπω γε, πρὶν ἂν τοῦτο πτύξωμαι, μὴ κατα- βρεχθῶ.
For usurers and angry creditors
Have plundered me and threaten to evict me.

Socr. How did you fall into this state of debt?
Str. The horse-plague seized me, and it spreads apace.
     But teach me one of your two Arguments,
     The one that never pays its debts. And then
     Whatever fee you ask for, I will swear
     By all the gods in heaven to pay it you.
Socr. Gods, did you say? well, learn this first of all,
     Gods are not current with philosophers.
Str. What do you swear by then? Are iron coins
     Your currency, as in Byzantium?
Socr. Would you learn clearly of all things divine
     And know the truth?
Str. By Zeus, yes, if I may.
Socr. And come to converse with the holy Clouds
     Who are our goddesses?
Str. Indeed, I would.
Socr. Then take your seat upon the sacred mattress.
Str. Well, I've sat down.
Socr. Stretch out your hand to me
     And take this wreath.
Str. What for? oh! Socrates,
     Don't sacrifice me like poor Athamas.
Socr. Of course not: this is what we do to all
     Who seek initiation.
Str. What's the gain?
Socr. You'll be as sounding brass, the flower of speakers.
     [Pours flour over him.]
     But do keep quiet.
Str. Yes, you're quite right there.
     I'll soon be flour and nothing else, I guess.
Socr. Now, old man, keep holy silence: listen to our
     solemn prayer.
     Thou who hold'st the earth in balance, lord and
     master, boundless Air,
     Azure sky, and queens of thunder, Clouds, to whom
     we bow the knee,
     Rise and shine on high before us, for our novice
     here to see.
Str. Wait a minute, let me wrap up tight before the rain
     begins.
τὸ δὲ μὴ ἐκείνην οἰκοθεν ἐλθεῖν ἐμὲ τῶν κακοδαίμων ἔχοντα.

Σω. ἔλθετε δήτ', ὦ πολυτίμητοι Νεφέλαι, τῷ' εἰς ἐπίδειξιν.

ἐΐτ' ἐπ' Ὀλύμπου κορυφαῖς ἠεραῖς χιονοβλήτησι κάθησε, 270

ἐΐτ' Ὁκεανοῦ πατρὸς ἐν κύποις ἱεροῦ χορὸν ἴστατε Νύμφαις,

ἐΐτ' ἄρα Νελλον προχοαῖς υδάτων χρυσέαις ἀρύεσθε προχοισιν,

ἡ Μαίώτων λήμνην ἔχετ' ἡ σκότελον νυφόεντα Μί-μαντος:

ἐπακούσατε δεξάμεναι θυσίαν καὶ τούς ἱεροῖς χα-ρείσαι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ.

ἀέναοι Νεφέλαιν, 275
ἀρθῶμεν φανεραί δροσερὰν φύσιν εὐάγγελον,

πατρὸς ἀπ' Ὁκεανοῦ βαρυαχέος

ὑψηλῶν ὄρεων κορυφᾶς ἐπὶ

δενδροκόμους, ἵνα 280

τηλεφανοῖς σκοπιάς ἀφορόμεθα

καρποῖς τ' ἀρδομέναν θ' ἱερὰν χόρνα, καὶ ποταμῶν ζαθέων κελαθήματα, καὶ πόντου κελάδοντα βαρύβρομον

όμμα γὰρ αἰθέρος ἀκάματον σελαγεῖται

μαρμαρέας ἐν αὐγαῖς. 285

ἀλλ' ἀποσεισάμεναι νέφος ὀμβρίου

ἀθανάτας ἱδέας ἐπιδώμεθα
tηλεσκόπῳ ὀμματι γαῖαν.

Σω. ὦ μέγα σεμνοὶ Νεφέλαι, φανερῶς ἠκούσατέ μου καλέσαντος.

ὁσθον φωνῆς ὁμα καὶ βροντῆς μυκησαμένης θεοσέπτου;
THE CLOUDS

Only think, I left my cap at home behind me, for my sins.

Socr. Come then, Clouds, whom we delight to honour, show your holy forms,
Whether on Olympus' peaks ye sit among the snows and storms,
Or in Ocean's bowers ye lead the dance, while laughing Nymphs behold,
Or at Nile's outpouring draw his waters in your jars of gold,
Whether now ye haunt Maeotis' lake or Mimas' snowy height,
Heed the sacrifice we offer, hearken to our holy rite.

Chor. (invisible). Clouds, arise!
Loud-resounding Ocean's daughters,
Blown of winds and born of waters,
Floating ever through the skies,—
Rise we higher, till we rest
On the mountain leafy-tressed,
From that beacon-height espying
Holy Earth before us lying,
Watered mead and fruitful hill,
Stream divine and murmuring rill,
Seas whose boisterous billows roar
Ever on the sounding shore:—
Now that Ether's tireless eye
Flashes forth in brilliancy,
Let our bright eternal form
Doff its veil of rain and storm:
Earth is fair before our eyes,—

Clouds, arise!

Socr. High and holy Ladies, now I know ye hearkened to my cry.
Dost not hear the voice immortal in the thunderclap on high?
οὐ μὴ σκόψεις, μηδὲ ποιῆσεις ἀπερ οἱ τρυγοδαίμονες οὕτωι,
ἀλλ᾽ εὐφήμει: μέγα γὰρ τι θεῶν κινεῖται σμῆνος ἀοιδαίς.
Χορ. παρθένοι ὀμροφόροι,
ἐλθομεν λιπαρὰν χθόνα Παλλάδος, ἐναντίον γὰν 300
Κέκροπος ὑψόμεναι πολυήρατον,
οὐ σέβας ἅρρητων ἱερῶν, ἦν
μυστοδόκος δόμος
ἐν τελεταῖς ἁγίαις ἀναδείκνυται,
οὐρανίοις τε θεοῖς ὁμώματα,
ναοὶ θ᾽ υψερεφεῖς καὶ ἀγάλματα,
καὶ πρόσοδοι μακάρων ἱερώτατα,
εὐστέφανοι τε θεῶν θυσίαι θαλάτται τε,
παντοδαπαῖς ἐν ὄραις,
ἡρὶ τ᾽ ἐπερχομένῳ Βρομία χάρις,
eὐκελάδων τε χορῶν ἐρεθίσματα,
καὶ Μοῦσα βαρύβρομος αὐλῶν.
Στρ. πρὸς τοῦ Δίος ἀντιβολὸ σε, φράσου, τίνες εἴσʼ, ὡ.
Σώκρατες, αὕται
αἰ φθεγξάμενα τούτῳ τὸ σεμνὸν; μᾶν ἡρῴα
tινὲς εἰσὼν;
Σω. ἥκιστε, ἀλλ᾽ οὐράνιαι Νεφέλαι, μεγάλαι θεαὶ ἀνδρά-
σων ἄργοις:
αἴτης γυώμην καὶ διάλεξιν καὶ νοῦν ἡμῖν παρέχουσι,
καὶ τερατείαν καὶ περίλεξιν καὶ κρούσων καὶ κατά-
ληψιν.
Στρ. ταῦτ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ἀκούσας αὐτῶν τὸ φθέγμ᾽ ἡ ψυχή μου
πεπότηται,
καὶ λεπτολογεῖν ἦδη ζητεῖ καὶ περὶ καπνοῦ στενο-
λεσχεῖν,
καὶ γυνωμίδω γυώμην νῦξας ἐτέρῳ λόγῳ ἀντιλο-
γῆσαι.
Jeer no more, and don't behave like country clowns on holidays;
Hold thy peace, a mighty host is roused to listen to our lays.

Chor.  
Haste amain,
Maids of rain!
Sister maidens, haste to see
All the fair Palladian lea,
View the lovely pleasant land,
Home of Cecrops' warrior band!
There are wrought in holy fear
Rites that none may speak or hear:
There the novice perfect made
Enters through the mystic portals,
There are sacrifices paid
Duly unto heaven's immortals;
Temples rise with lofty column,
Stands the statue's sculptured grace,
Crowds devout in order solemn
Wend unto the holy place:
All the year are banquets spread,
Victims duly garlanded,—
Still each new returning spring
Doth the joy of Bromius bring,
Brings the tuneful choirs that vie
In their festal minstrelsy,
Brings the flute's resounding strain,—
Thither, thither haste amain,
Maids of rain!

Str.  Tell me who these ladies are, please don't say no;
I must be told
Why they have such solemn voices: are they heroines of old?

Socr.  No, they are the Clouds of heaven, patrons of our idle sect:
These are they who give us judgement, logic, wit and intellect,
(aside) With periphrasis and humbug, power to overawe and cheat.

Str.  That's the reason, when I heard them, why my heart began to beat,
Why it longs to quibble subtly and to split a thousand hairs
Piercing wit with witticisms, coupling arguments in pairs.
νότ', εἰ πως ἔστιν, ίδειν αὐτὰς ἠδή φανερῶς ἐπιθυμῶ. ῾Σω. βλέπε νῦν δευρί πρὸς τὴν Πάρνηθ'· ἠδή γὰρ ὅρῳ κατιουσάς ἠνυχῇ αὐτάς. ῾Στρ. φέρε, ποι; δεῖξον. ῾Σω. χωροῦν' αὐταί πάνυ τολλαί, διὰ τῶν κολλῶν καὶ τῶν δασέων, αὐταί πλάγιαι. ῾Στρ. τί τὸ χρήμα; ἦδη οὐ καθορῶ. ῾Σω. παρὰ τὴν εἰσόδον. ῾Στρ. ἦδη υψί μόλις οὕτως.

῾Σω. νῦν γέ τοι ἠδή καθορῆς αὐτάς, εἰ μὴ λημῆς κολοκύντας. ῾Στρ. νὴ Δλ' ἔγωγ', ὧ πολυτίμητοι, πάντα γὰρ ἠδή κατέχουσι. ῾Σω. ταῦτα μέντοι σὺ θεὰς οὕτας οὐκ ἠδείς οὐδ' ἐνόμιζες; ῾Στρ. μὰ Δλ', ἀλλ' ὁμίχλην καὶ ὁρόσων αὐτὰς ἡγούμην καὶ καπνὸν εἶναι. ἦδη

῾Σω. οὐ γὰρ μὰ Δλ' οἰσθ' ὅτι πλεῖστοι αὐταί βόσκουσι σοφίστας, θουριομάντεις, ιατροτέχνας, σφραγισμοῦχοργοκομῆτας, κυκλών τε χορῶν ἄσματοκάμπτας, ἄνδρας μετεωρο-φένακας, οὐδὲν ὀρῶντας βόσκουσ' ἄργος, ὅτι ταῦτα μουσοποιοῦσιν. ῾Στρ. ταῦτ' ἀρ' ἐποίουν ύγρὰν Νεφελῶν στρεπταυγλῶν δάιον ὄρμαν, 335 πλοκάμους θ' ἐκατογκεφάλα Τυφῶ, πρημαυνούσας τε θυέλλας, εἰτ' ἀερίας, διερᾶς, γαμφοῦς οἰωνοῦς ἀεροτηχείς, ὁμβροὺς θ' ὑδάτων ὄροσεραν Νεφελῶν· εἰτ' ἀντ' αὐτῶν κατέπινων κεστράν τεμάχη μεγαλῶν ἀγαθῶν, κρέα τ' ὄρυθεια κυχηλῶν.

῾Σω. διὰ μέντοι τάσον οὐχὶ δικαίως; 340 ῾Στρ. λέξον ὅθ' μοι, τί παθοῦσαι,
If I may, I should so like to see the ladies face to face.

_Socr._ Turn your eyes then to Mount Parnes, for with slow and silent pace I can see them now descending.

( _The Clouds begin to appear._ )

_Str._ Show me where—

_Socr._ There, crowding down Through the glens and through the thickets all across the mountain's crown.

_Str._ Where d'you mean? I can't yet see them.

_Socr._ By the entrance-door behind.

_Str._ Now I see.

_Socr._ Well, if you can't, you must be quite 'high-gravel blind.'

_Str._ Now I feel their holy presence: they are filling all the sky.

_Socr._ Didn't you believe before the Clouds were goddesses on high?

_Str._ No indeed, I used to think them mist and vapour, smoke and dew.

_Socr._ Then you never knew they nurtured all our worthy sophist-crew;
Seers like Lampon, quacks and doctors, swells with rings and well-trimmed nails,
Up-to-date musicians, men of science with their wondrous tales,
All of these, because they hymn their praise, they keep in idle crowds.

_Str._ That is why they sing 'the onset of the gleaming watery Clouds'
And 'the blasting storms' and 'hundred-headed Typho's streaming hair,'
And 'pellucid atmospheric taloned birds that swim the air'
And 'the showers of dewy cloud-banks'; and the Clouds, by way of pay,
Feed them all on pickled salmon, grouse and partridge every day.

_Socr._ Well, they've served the Clouds to get it.

_Str._ That may be, but let me hear
εἶπερ νεφέλαι γ', εἰςών ἀληθῶς, θυντάς εἶξασι γυναιξιν;
οὐ γὰρ ἐκείναι γ', εἰσὶ τοιαύται. Ἡμ. φέρε, ποίαι
γὰρ τινές εἶσων;
Στρ. οὐκ οἶδα σαφῶς εἰξασιν δ', οὖν ἐφοίσων πεπτα-
μένοις,
κοῦχλ γυναιξιν, μὰ Δλ', οὔδ' ὅτιον' αὕτα δὲ ῥίνας
ἐξούσων.
Σω. ἀπόκρυφα νῦν ἀπ' ἄν ἔρωμαι. Στρ. λέγε νυν
ταχέως ο' τι βούλειν.
Σω. ἡδη ποτ' ἀναβλέψας εἴης νεφέλην Κενταύρῳ ὄμοιαν
ἡ παρθάλει ἡ λύκῳ ἡ ταύρῳ; Στρ. νη Δλ' ἐγγώγ'.
ἐίτα τι τούτο;
Σω. γένονται πάνθ' ο' τι βούλονται. κατ' ἣν μὲν ἴδωσι
κομῆτην,
σκόπτονσαί τὴν μανλαν αὐτοῦ Κενταύρους ἕκασαν
αὐτάς.
καὶ νῦν γ', ὅτι Κλεισθένη εἴδου, ὅρθε, διὰ τοῦτ' ἐγένεντο γυναίκες.
Στρ. καλετε τοῦν, δ' ἐδόστουν καὶ νῦν, εἶπερ τιλ κάλλω,
οὐρανομῆτη ρῆξητε κάμοι φωνήν, δ' παμβασίλειαν.
Χρ. καίρ', δ' πρεσβύτα παλαιωγενές, θητᾶτα λόγων φιλο-
μούσων'
σύ τε, λεπτοτάτων λήρων ἱερεῖ, φράζε πρὸς ἡμᾶς
δ' τι χρήζεις:
οὐ γὰρ ἄν ἄλλῳ γ', ὑπακούσαιες τῶν νῦν μετεω-
ροσφιστῶν
πλῆν ἡ Προδίκῳ, τῶ μὲν σοφίας καὶ γνώμης οὖνεκα,
σοὶ δέ,
ὅτι βρενθύει τ' ἐν ταῖσών ὅδοις καὶ τῶφθαλμῶ παρα-
βάλλεις,
κανοπόδητος κακὰ πόλλ' ἀνέχει κατ' ἡμῖν σεμνο-
προσωπείς.
THE CLOUDS

Why they look like girls, if they are clouds. Those others don't, up there.

Socr. What do clouds up there look like then?

Str. Well, I don't exactly know:

More like fleeces pulled about than women. These have noses too.


Str. Ask me anything you wish.

Socr. Haven't you sometimes looked up and seen a cloud like beast or fish,

Say, a leopard or a Centaur?

Str. Oftener than I can tell.

Socr. They become then what they want to. If they see a long-haired swell,

Just to parody his folly, they'll become a shaggy bull.

Now they've made themselves like girls, because they've seen some girlish fool.

Str. Hail then, Ladies, and if ever ye have raised your voice on high,

Rend the heavens now with your thunders, queens of earth and sea and sky.

Chor. Hail, old man of hoary visage, seeker for the Muses' lore,

Hail, high-priest of subtlest nonsense, tell us what you want us for.

To no other would we listen of the sophists now-a-days,

Save to Prodicus, whose wit and wisdom we shall ever praise,

And to you, because you strut along the streets and roll your eyes,

Going barefoot, suffering insults, honouring us as mysteries.
Στρ. ὁ Γῆ τοῦ φθέγματος, ὡς ἱερὸν καὶ σεμνὸν καὶ τε-ρατώδες.

Σω. αὐταί γὰρ τοι μόναι εἰσὶ θεαι: τὰλλα δὲ πάντ᾽ ἐστὶ φλύαρος.

Στρ. ὁ Ζεὺς ὁ ἡμῖν, φέρε, πρὸς τῆς Γῆς, οὐλύμπιος οὐθεός ἐστιν;

Σω. ποῖος Ζεὺς; οὐ μὴ ληφθεὶς; οὐδ᾽ ἐστι Ζεὺς. Στρ. τί λέγεις σὺ;

ἀλλὰ τίς θεί; τούτῳ γὰρ ἐμοὶ ἀπόφημαι πρῶτον ἀπάνττων.

Σω. αὐταί δὴ ποιοῦν μεγάλους δὲ ὁ εὖ σημεῖον αὐτὸ ἀδάξω.

φέρε, ποῦ γὰρ πάσον ἀνευ Νεφελῶν ἐννεῆ ἤδη τεθέασαι;

καὶ τοῖς χρήν αἰθρίας ἦν αὐτῶν, ταῦτας ὑ᾿ ἀποδημεῖν.

Στρ. νὴ τὸν Ἀπόλλων, τοῦτῳ γέ τοι τῷ νυνί λόγῳ ἐν προσέφυσιν;

ἀλλ᾽ ὅσσι ὁ βροντῶν ἐστὶ φράσον, τοῦθ᾽ ὁ με ποιεῖ τετρεμαίνειν.

Σω. αὐταὶ βροντῶσι κυλινδόμενα. Στρ. τῷ τρόπῳ, ὁ πάντα σὺ τολμῶν;

Σω. ὅταν ἐμπλησθῶσι ὑδάτος πολλοῦ καναγκασθῶσι φέρεσθαι,

κατακρημαμέναι πλήρεις ὁμβρον δὲ ἀνάγκην, εἶτα βαρείαι
eis ἀλλήλαις ἐμπιπτοῦνσι ῥήγυνυται καὶ παταγοῦσιν.

Στρ. ὁ ὁ ἀναγκάζων ἐστὶ τύς αὐτὰς, οὐχ ὁ Ζεὺς, ὡστε
cακερακεῖθαι;

Σω. ἥκιστ᾽, ἀλλ᾽ αἰθέριος δῖνος. Στρ. Δῖνος; τοὐτὸ μ᾽ ἐλελήθηει,

ὁ Ζεὺς οὐκ ὁμ. ἀλλ᾽ ἀντ᾽ αὐτοῦ Δῖνος νυνὶ βασιλεύων.

ἀλλ᾽ ὁ κεραυνὸς ποθὲν αὐθέρεται λάμπων πυρὶ, τούτο
"διδαξαίον,"
Sir. What a voice, how sweet and solemn and mysterious it seems.

Socr. Yes, for they alone are holy: other gods are empty dreams.

Str. What! d'you mean that Zeus is not god, Zeus in heaven, on whom we call?

Socr. Zeus, d'you say? now don't talk drivel; Zeus does not exist at all.

Str. What! Who makes the rain then? tell me that, and I shall be content.

Socr. Why the Clouds: I'll prove it to you by convincing argument.

Have you ever seen rain falling, when the clouds weren't passing by?

If it's Zeus who rains, he ought to do it from a cloudless sky.

Str. That's a clever point, I grant you, neatly used to back your case.

But who is it then that thunders, when I cower and hide my face?

Socr. Why, the rolling clouds make thunder.

Str. What d'you mean? that's blasphemy.

Socr. When they're teeming full of water and are forced across the sky, Big with rain and bulging downwards, moving at a fearful rate, Charging each against the next, they burst and crash with all their weight.

Str. But who is it drives them onwards? do you think it's Zeus, or not?

Socr. No, the atmospheric vortex.

Str. Vortex! yes, I quite forgot: Zeus does not exist, but Vortex rules instead of him to-day.

Tell me then, whence comes the lightning, flashing on its murderous way,
καὶ καταφρύγει βάλλων ἡμᾶς, τοὺς δὲ καὶ ἥντας περι-
φλύει;
tούτον γὰρ ὅθη φανερῶς ὁ Ζεὺς ἤη' ἐπὶ τοὺς ἐπι-
όρκους.
Σω. καὶ πώς, ὦ μῷρε σὺ καὶ Κρονίων ὦζων καὶ Βεκ-
κεσέληνε,
εἴπερ βάλλει τοὺς ἐπιόρκους, πῶς οὐχὶ Σύμων' ἐνέπρησεν
οὐδὲ Κλεώνυμον οὐδὲ Θέωρου; καὶ τοις σφόδρα γ' εἴο' ἐπιορκο
ἀλλὰ τὸν αὐτοῦ γε νεῶν βάλλει καὶ Σούνιον ἄκρον
Ἀθηνέων,
καὶ τὰς ὅρᾶς τὰς μεγάλας τί μαθῶν; οὐ γὰρ ὅθη ὅρᾶς
γ' ἐπιορκεῖ.
Στρ. οὐκ οὖδ' ἀταρ εὗ σὺ λέγειν φαίνει. τί γὰρ ἔστιν ὅθθ'
ὁ κεραυνός;
Σω. ὅταν εἰς ταύτας ἀνεμος ἔχρος μετεωρισθεὶς κατα-
κλεισθῇ,
ἐνδοθεν αὐτὰς ὅσπερ κύστιν φυσι' κἀπειθ' ὑπ'
ἀνάγκης
μῆχας αὐτὰς ἔξω φέρεται σοβαρὸς διὰ τὴν πυκνότητα,
ὑπὸ τοῦ ῥοξῆδον καὶ τῆς ῥύμης αὐτὸς ἐαυτῶν κατα-
καλὼν.
Στρ. ἡ Δ', ἕγω γοῦν ἀτεχνῶς ἔπαθον τοὺτ' ποτε Δια-
σίοισιν,
ὁπτῶν γαστέρα τοῖς συγγενέσιν, κἀτ' οὐκ ἔσχων
ἀμελήσας:
ἡ δ' ἄρ' ἐφυσάτ', εἰτ' ἐξαίφνης διαλακήσασα πρὸς
αὐτῷ
tῷ φθαλμῷ μον προσετίλησεν καὶ κατέκαυσεν τὸ
πρόσωπον.
Χορ. ἦ τῆς μεγάλης ἐπιθυμήσας σοφίας ἄνθρωπε παρ' ἡμῶν,
Burning some of us to cinders, scorching those it does not kill?
Surely Zeus must send the flash to punish those who thwart his will.

_Socr._ Good old-fashioned fool, your theories date from some pre-lunar age.
If Zeus really smites the sinners, how has Simon shunned his rage,
And some others I might mention? they are sinners, every one.
But instead it's his own temple that he smites and Sunion,
Or some great tall oak, and why, pray? Surely oaks do nothing rash.

_Str._ I don't know: you may be right, but please, what is the lightning-flash?

_Socr._ When the dry wind once gets caught inside the clouds far up on high,
It inflates them like a bladder: then by its own density
Rushes forth in angry whirlwind, breaking through its cloudy frame,
And through stress of rush and whirlwind bursts in fury into flame.

_Str._ Well, I swear, it's just what happened at the festival to me:
I was roasting a fine haggis for my friends and family;
Like a fool I had not slit it, and it swelled, and in a trice
Burst in two and burnt my face black, and disfigured both my eyes.

_Chor._ Mortal, who art come to us to learn the new philosophy,
ως ευδαίμων ἐν Ὀλυμπω, καὶ τῶν Ἑλλήσι γενήσει, εἰ μνήμων εἰ καὶ φροντιστήσ καὶ τὸ ταλαίπωρον ἑνεστὶν 
ἐν τῇ ψυχῇ, καὶ μὴ κάμνεις μήθε ἔστως μήτε βαδίζων, 
μήτε πριγών ἀχθει λιαν, μήτε ἀριστάν ἐπιθυμεῖς, 416 
οἷον τῇ ἀπέχει καὶ γυμνασίων καὶ τῶν ἄλλων 
ἀνοίτων, 
καὶ βηλτιστον τούτο νομίζεις, ὅπερ εἰκὸς δεξίων ἄνδρα, 
νικᾶν πράττων καὶ βουλεύων καὶ τῇ γλώττῃ πο- 
λεμήζων.
Στρ. ἀλλ' ἐνεκέν γε ψυχής στερρᾶς δυσκολοκοίτου τε 
μερίμνης, 420 
καὶ φειδωλοῦ καὶ τρυσιβίου γαστρὸς καὶ θυμβρεπι- 
δείπνου 
ἀμέλει, θαρρῶν εἶνεκα τούτων ἐπὶχαλκεύειν παρέχομ' 
αὖ.
Σω. ἀλλο τι δήτ' οὐ νομίζεις ἡδὴ θεὸν οὐδένα πλὴν ἀπερ 
ήμεῖς, 
τὸ Χάος τουτὶ καὶ τὰς Νεφέλας καὶ τὴν γλώτταν, 
τρία ταυτὶ;
Στρ. οὖδ' ἂν διαλεξθεῖν γ' ἀτεχνῶς τοῖς ἄλλοις, οὖδ' ἂν 
ἀπαντῶν 425 
οὐδ' ἂν θύσαιμ', οὖδ' ἂν σπείσαιμ', οὖδ' ἐπιθεῖν 
λιβανωτόν.
Χωρ. λέγε νυν ἡμῖν ὃ τι σοι ὀρῶμεν θαρρῶν, ὃς οὐκ 
ἀτυχήσεις, 
ἡμᾶς τιμῶν καὶ θαυμάζων καὶ ἡττῶν δεξίως εἶναι.
Στρ. δι δέσποται, δέομαι τοι̇ς ὑμῶν τούτῃ πάνῳ μικρόν, 
τῶν Ἑλλήνων εἰναὶ μὲ λέγειν ἐκατῶν σταδίουσιν 
ἀριστον. 430 
Χωρ. ἀλλ' ἔσται σοι τούτο παρ' ἡμῶν· ὡστε τὸ λοιπὸν γ' 
ἀπὸ τοῦτο 
ἐν τῷ δήμῳ γνώμας οὐδέσι νικήσει πλείονας ἢ σὺ.
Happier than all in Athens, yea, in Hellas shalt thou be,
If thou hast but thought and memory and endurance in thy heart,
Never weariest, walking, standing, nor, however cold thou art,
Utterest complaint, nor ever long'st for lunch when at thy job,
But abjurest wine, athletics, and the follies of the mob,
And for thine ideal takest, what befits a man of parts,
In debate to be victorious and in all the statesman's arts.

Str. If a heart of oak can help me, and an ever wakeful care,
And a strong and thrifty stomach, that can feed on humble fare,
So far I shall prove an anvil you may smite on without fear.

Socr. Well then, you must have none other god but those we worship here,
Chaos yonder, and the Cloud-banks, and the glib Tongue, just these three—

Str. Why, I won't so much as speak to other gods I chance to see.
They shall have no more burnt-offerings: not a drop of wine I'll pour:
Not a pinch of incense will I waste on any altar more.

Chor. Tell us boldly what you want then, for you'll never fail again,
If you honour us aright and always try to use your brain.

Str. Holy Ladies, I will tell you: mine is but a small demand,
Only just to be ten miles the smartest speaker in the land.

Chor. That we certainly can grant you: from this day we here decree
No one else shall carry resolutions more successfully.
Στρ. μή μοι γε λέγεις γνώμας μεγάλας, οὐ γὰρ τούτων ἐπιθυμῶ,
ἀλλ' ὄσ' ἐμαυτῷ στρεψοδικήσαι καὶ τοὺς χρήστας
dιολισθεῖν.
Χορ. τεῦξει τοίνυν ὥν ἰμεῖρεις· οὐ γὰρ μεγάλων ἐπιθυμεῖσ.
ἀλλὰ σεαυτὸν θαρρῶν παράδος τοῖς ἱμετέροις προ-
πόλουσιν.

Στρ. δράςω ταῦθ' ὑμῖν πιστεύσας· ἢ γὰρ ἀνάγκη με πιέζει
διὰ τοὺς Ἱπποὺς τοὺς κοππατίας καὶ τὸν γάμον, ὅς
μ' ἐπέτρυψεν.

νὸν οὖν τούτῳ χρήσθων ἄτεχνῶς
ὁ τι βούλονται.

τουτὶ τὸ γ' ἐμὸν σῶμ' αὐτοῖσιν

παρέχω τύπτειν, πειθὴν, διψήν,

αὐχμεῖν, ῥίγων, ἀσκὸν δείρεων,

ἐἴπηρ τὰ χρέα διαφευγόμαι,

τοῖς τ' ἀνθρώποις εἶναι δόξῳ

θρασύς, εὐγλωττος, τολμηρός, ἵτης,

βδελυρός, ψευδῶν συγκολλητής,

εὐρησιετής, περίτριμμα δικῶν,

κύρβις, κρόταλον, κλώδος, τρύμη,

μάσθης, εἴρων, γλούσο, ἀλαζών,

κέντρων, μιαρός, στρόφις, ἀργαλέος,

ματιολοχός.

ταῦτ' εἴ με καλοῦσ' ἀπαντῶντες,

δράστων ἄτεχνῶς ὁ τι χρήζουσιν·

κεῖ βούλονται,

νὴ τὴν Δήμητρ' ἐκ μου χορδὴν
tois фрοντισταίσι παραθεύτων.

Χορ. λῆμα μὲν πάρεστι τῶδε γ'

οὐκ ἄτολμον, ἀλλ' ἔτοιμον. ἵσθι δ' ὃς
taῦtα μαθῶν παρ' ἐμοῦ κλέος οὐρανόμηκε

ἐν βροτοῖσιν ἔξεις.
Sir. Goodness me, not resolutions: that's not what I have in mind:
Only to deceive the court and leave my creditors behind.

Chor. You shall have your heart's desire then: for we own it is not large:
Only pluck up heart and trust yourself to our attendants' charge.

Str. Well, I'll trust you and I'll do it: for I'm very badly hit
Thanks to my good son's new racers and my marriage, curse on it.
So now let them take me and do what they will:
I give them my body for good or for ill;
To be hungry and thirsty and flogged black and blue,
To be frozen or flayed to make tops for a shoe,
If I can but escape from this horrible debt,
And appear to the world as a glib parroquet,
A go-ahead villain, whom nothing confutes,
A concocter of libels, a shirker of suits,
A code-book on wheels, or a cymbal of brass,
A double-dyed knave, who parades as an ass,
An impostor, a braggart, a bird from the gaol,
A turn-coat, a hard nut, a lick of the pail.
If they'll call me these names, when they meet me in town,
They may do what they like, now they've made me their own;
Yes, at last, if they want, they may cut out my inners,
And serve me as tripe at philosophers' dinners.

Chor. Well, he's certainly got pluck,
He'll be smart and use his luck.
If you'll learn what we can teach,
Your renown shall straightway reach
Up from earth beyond the skies.
Στρ. τι πέλσομαι; Χορ. τον πάντα χρόνον μετ' ἐμοῦ ζηλωτότατον βλον ἀνθράπων διάξεις.

Στρ. ἀρά γε τούτ' ἄρ' ἐγώ ποτ' ὅψομαι; Χορ. ὡστε γε σοῦ πολλοὺς ἐπὶ ταῖς θύραις αἰεὶ καθήσθαι, βουλομένους ἀνακοινοῦσθαι τε καὶ ἐς λόγου ἔλθεῖν, πράγματα κάντιγραφᾶς πολλῶν ταλάντων, ἄξια σῇ φρειί, συμβουλευσόμενους μετὰ σοῦ.

475 ἀλλ' ἐγχείρει τὸν πρεσβύτην ὃ τι περ μέλλεις προ-διδάσκειν, καὶ διικάνω τὸν νοῦν αὐτοῦ, καὶ τῆς γνώμης ἀποπειρᾶ. Σω. ἀγε ὅ, κάτειτέ μοι σὺ τὸν σαυτόν τρόπον, ἵν' αὐτὸν εἰδὼς ὅστις ἐστὶ μηχαίας ἥδη τὸ τούτοις πρὸς σὲ καώνας προσφέρω. 480

Στρ. τι δὲ; τειχομαχεῖν μοι διανοεῖ, πρὸς τῶν θεῶν; Σω. οὐκ, ἀλλὰ βραχέα σου πυθέσθαι βουλομαι.

ἡ μυημονικὸς εἰ; Στρ. δόν τρόπω νη τὸν Διά. ἢν μὲν γὰρ ὀφεληταὶ τί μοι, μνήμων πάνεν ἐαυτ' ὀφελῶ σχέτλιος, ἐπιλήσμων πάνεν. 485

Σω. ἐνεστὶ δητά σοι λέγειν ἐν τῇ φύσει;

Στρ. λέγεις μὲν οὐκ ἐνεστ', ἀποστερεῖν δ' ἐνι. Σω. πῶς οὖν δυνῆσει μανθάνειν; Στρ. ἀμέλει, καλῶς.
Σω. ἀγε νυν ὅπως, ὅταν τι προβάλωμαι σοφὸν περὶ τῶν μετεώρων, εὐθέως ὑφαρπάσει. 490

Στρ. τὶ δαί; κυνηγὸν τὴν σοφίαν συνῆσομαι;

Σω. ἀνθρωπὸς ἁμαθὴς οὕτος καὶ βάρβαρος. ὅδεδοικά σ', ὁ πρεσβύτα, μὴ πληγῶν δέει. οὐρ' ἐνω, τὶ δρᾶς, ἢν τὶς σε τύπτη; Στρ. τύπτομαι, ἐπειτ' ἐπισχῶν ὅλγον ἐπιμαρτύρομαι, 495 εἶτ' αὐθεὶς ἀκαρῆ διαλειπῶν δικάζομαι.

Σω. ἤθι νυν, κατάθου δολμάτων. Στρ. ἡδίκηκα τι;

Σω. οὐκ, ἀλλὰ γυμνῶς εἰσιέναι νομίζεται. κατάθου. τὶ λῃσεῖς; Στρ. εἰπὲ δή νῦν μοι τοῦ. 490
Str. What is my fate?

Chor. For the rest of your days
You shall live with me here, and have every one's praise.

Str. Shall I see this with my eyes?

Chor. Yes, countless crowds shall come to visit you at home,
To tell you all their troubles and consult you on their writs:
You'll advise them on their pleas, their demurrers and their fees,
You will win them many thousands, and you'll exercise your wits.
Take the old man, Socrates, and see what you can teach him best;
Stir his mind a bit with questions, put his judgement to the test.

Socr. Come tell me now how matters stand with you,
That I may know your case and bring to bear
Some maxims from the new philosophy.

Str. Maxims, d'you say? You're not going to besiege me.

Socr. No, but I want to ask you a few questions.
Have you a memory?

Str. Well, it acts in two ways;
When something's owed me, I remember well,
When I'm in debt, I cannot help forgetting.

Socr. Have you by nature got the gift of speech?

Str. I've not much gab, but I'm not bad at grab.

Socr. How can you learn then?

Str. That'll be all right.

Socr. Well, let's begin; when I throw out some theory
On astromonies, mind you swallow it.

Str. Am I to gulp down learning like a dog?

Socr. The man's an ignoramus and a boor.
I fear, old man, you really need a beating.
Suppose that some one hits you, what d'you do?

Str. First I get hit: then after a little while
I go to the police-court: then again
After a little wait take out a summons.

Socr. Come now, take off your cloak.

Str. D'you want to beat me?

Socr. Our rule is novices must enter stripped.
Don't talk, but take it off.

Str. Well, tell me this.
ὅν ἐπιμελής ὦ καὶ προθύμως μανθάνω, τῷ τῶν μαθητῶν ἐμφερῆς γενήσομαι;

Σω. οὖν διολογεῖς Χαιρεφῶντος τὴν φύσιν.
Στρ. οἴμοι κακοδαίμων, ἡμιθνῆς γενήσομαι.

Σω. οὐ μὴ λαλήσεις, ἀλλὰ ἀκολουθήσεις ἐμοὶ ἀνύσας τι δεύρι θάττου; Στρ. ἐσ τῷ χειρέ νυν δός μοι μελιτοῦταν πρότερον· ὡς δέ διδοῖκ' ἐγὼ εἶσω καταβαίνων ὡσπερ εἰς Τροφονίον.

Σω. χώρει: τί κυπτάζεις ἔχων περὶ τὴν θύραν;
Χορ. ἀλλ' ἰθι χαίρων τῆς ἀνδρείας εἶνεκα ταύτης.

εὐτυχία γένοιτο τῶν θρόπω, ὅτι προήκουν ἐς βαθὺ τῆς ἡλικίας νεωτέρους τὴν φύσιν αὐτοῦ πράγμασιν χροτίζεται καὶ σοφίαν ἐπασκεὶ. ὑψιμέδουτα μὲν θεῶν Ζήμα τόραννον ἐς χορὸν πρῶτα μέγαν κικλήσκως τόν τε μεγαθεσθή τριαίνης ταμίαν, γῆς τε καὶ ἀλμυράς θαλάσσης ἄγριον μοχλευτήν· καὶ μεγαλώνυμον ἡμέτερον πατέρ', Ἀιθέρα σεμνότατον, βιοθρέμμονα πάντων τόν θ' ἰππονόμα, ὅς ὑπερλάμπροις ἀκτίσων κατέχει γῆς πέδου, μέγας ἐν θεῶς ἐν θυτοῖς τε δαίμων.

ὁ σοφότατοι θειαλα, δεύρο τὸν νοῦν προσέχετε, ἢδικημέναι γὰρ ὑμῖν μεμφόμεσθ' ἐναντίον, πλείστα γὰρ θεῶν ἀπάντων ὀφελούσαις τὴν πόλιν, δαίμων ἡμῖν μόναις οὐ θύετ' οὐδὲ σπένδετε, αἰτινες τηροῦμεν ὑμᾶς. ἃν γὰρ ἢ τες ἐξοδος
THE CLOUDS

If I am careful and learn readily,
Which of your pupils shall I get most like?
Socr. I'm sure you'll prove a second Chaerephon.
Str. Good heavens, I'll be more than half a ghost.
Socr. Now please don't talk, but follow me at once;
Come this way quickly.
Str. Place the sacred cake
   In my hands first: oh dear! I don't much like
   Descending like this into the mouth of Hell.
Socr. Go on, don't stand there gibbering round the door.

[Exeunt Socrates and Strepsiades.

Chor. Luck be with thee, valiant heart—
   Fare thee well, and so depart!
   O happy and blest be the elderly man
   'Who, 'spite of his years, of the Modern a lover is,
   Who resolves to be clever as well as he can
   And completely au fait with the latest discoveries!
   To thee, the chiefest and the first of all,
   High God of Gods, we reverently call—
   Great Zeus, be near!
   And thou, the trident's wielder, shaking ever
   Earth and salt ocean with tremendous lever,
   Poseidon, hear!
   Thou too, our father, mighty Name of awe,
   Whence all things living life and nurture draw,
   'Hail, holy Sky,—
   Guiding thy chariot thro' the heavenly height,
   Pouring o'er earth the splendour of thy light,
   'Mongst men and gods a deity of might,
   Sun, hear—our cry!

You, my audience sage and clever, grant me your
   attention, pray.
We complain that you have used us in a most im-
   proper way:
We who more than all immortals benefit your state
   and you,
We alone have no libation, ne'er receive an offering
due:
Yet we save you: when to senseless expeditions
you're inclined,
μηδενὶ ἔνν υφ., τὸτ’ ἡ βροντῆμεν ἡ ψακάζομεν. 580
εἰτα τὸν θεοῖσιν ἐχθρὸν βυρσοδέψην Παφλαγόνα
ηλικ’ ἥρεισθε στρατηγῶν, τὰς ὄφρος συνήγομεν
καποιοῦμεν δειγά βροντῆ δ’ ἐρράγη δι’ ἀστραπῆς.
ἡ σελήνη δ’ ἑξέλεις τὰς ὁδοὺς. δ’ ἡ ἡλιος
tὴν θεραλλίν’ εἰς ἐαυτὸν εὐθέως ἐξελκύσας
οὐ φανεῖν ἔφασκεν ὑμῖν, εἰ στρατηγῆσει Κλέων.
ἀλλ’ ὅμως ἔλλεσθε τοῦτον. φασί γὰρ δυσβουλίαν
tῇτε τῇ πόλει προσεῖναι, ταῦτα μέντοι τοὺς θεοὺς
ἀττ’ ἄν ὑμεῖς ἐξαμάρτητ’, ἐπὶ τὸ βέλτιον τρέπειν.
ὡς δὲ καὶ τοῦτο ξυνοίσει ῥᾳδίως διδάξομεν. 590
ἡν Κλέωνα τὸν λάρον δόρων ἔλοιτες καὶ κλοπῆς,
eἰτα φυμώσητε τοῦτον τῷ ξύλῳ τὸν αἰχένα,
αὕθις ἐς τάρχαιον υμῖν, εἰ τι καξιμάρτετε,
ἐπὶ τὸ βέλτιον τὸ πράγμα τῇ πόλει συνοίσεται.
ἀμφὶ μοι αὐτῇ, Φοῖβ’ ἄναξ. 595
Δήλε, Κυνθίαν ἔχων
ὑψικέρατα πέτραν.
ἡ τ’ Ἐφέσου μάκαιρα πάγχρυσου ἔχεις
οἶκον, ἐν δ’ κόραι σε Λυδῶν μεγάλως σέβουσιν.
ἡ τ’ ἐπιχώριος ἠμετέρα θεος,
αὐγύδος ἡνίοχος, πολυώνοντος Ἀθάνα.
Παρνασίαν δ’ ὃς κατέχων
πέτραν σὺν πεύκαις σελαγεῖ
Βάκχαις Δελφῶν ἐμπρέπων,
κωμαστὶς Διόνυσος.
Then we send you rain and thunder, so that you may change your mind:
When you chose the cursed tanner, Paphlagonian base and vile,
Making him your chief commander, mind you how werowned the while,
How we stormed, and how the thunder roared amid the lightning's blaze,
How the moon in indignation nearly left her wonted ways?
Then the sun put out his candle, saying with an angry air,
'If you must be led by Cleon, go and get your light elsewhere!'
Yet you did elect the fellow. Foolish is your city still;
But the gods ('tis said) correct it, bringing blessing out of ill:
Though you make a bad beginning, somehow still you muddle through:
And from e'en your latest error hear how good may come to you—
Prove the bribes that Cleon's taking, prove the public cash he steals,
Clap the cormorant in prison, lay him safely by the heels,
Then the maxim's truth confirming, though at times you slip and fall,
That will be a genuine blessing which will quite atone for all!

From the high rocky crag of thy Cynthian hold
Come, Phoebus our king, from the Delian shore:
Come, Ephesus' queen, from thy palace of gold,
Where the maidens of Lydia thy favour implore:
And come, O thou goddess we claim as our own,
Athene the shield-girt, who guardest our town!
And thou who dost roam with the bands that adore thee
O'er peaks of Parnassus, thy nightly resort,
While torches in darkness flash wildly before thee,
O come, Dionysus, for revel and sport!
ΣΩΚΡΑΤΗΣ. ΣΤΡΕΨΙΑΔΗΣ. ΧΟΡΟΣ.

Σω. Μᾶ τὴν Ἀναπνοὴν, μὰ τὸ Χάος, μὰ τὸν Ἀέρα, 627
οὐκ εἶδον οὔτως ἀνδρ’ ἄγροικον οὔδένα
οὐδ’ ἀπορον οὐδὲ σκαλῦν οὐδ’ ἐπιλήσμονα:
δότις σκαλαθυματί’ ἂττα μικρὰ μανθάνων 630
ταῦτ’ ἐπιλέλησται πρὶν μαθεῖν ὁμώς γε μὴν
αὐτὸν καλῶ θυραζέ δευρὶ πρὸς τὸ φῶς.
ποῦ Στρεψιάδης; ἔξει τὸν ἄσκάντην λαβῶν;
Στρ. ἀλλ’ οὐκ ἔσω μ’ ἐξενεγκεῖν οἳ κόρεις.
Σω. ἀνύσας τι κατάθον, καὶ πρόσεχε τὸν νοῦν.  Στρ. ἱδοῦ.
Σω. ἀγε ὅ, τὸ βούλει πρῶτα νυνι μανθάνειν 636
ὁν οὐκ ἐδιδάχθης πῶποτ' οὔδέν; εἰπέ μοι.
πότερον περὶ μέτρων ἡ ῥυθμῶν ἡ περὶ ἔπων;
Στρ. περὶ τῶν μέτρων ἐγαγ’ ἐναγχος γὰρ ποτε
ὑπ’ ἀλφιταμοιβοί παρεκόπην διχωνίκω.
Σω. οὐ τούτ’ ἐρωτῶ σ’, ἀλλ’ ὦ τι κάλλιστον μέτρου
ήγει’ πότερον τὸ τρίμετρον ἢ τὸ τετράμετρον;
Στρ. ἔγω μὲν οὐδὲν πρότερον ἡμιεκτέον.
Σω. οὐδὲν λέγεις, ἀθηρωπε.  Στρ. περίδου υνὶ ἐμοὶ,
εὶ μὴ τετράμετρόν ἐστιν ἡμιεκτέον.  640
Σω. ἐς κόρακας, ὡς ἄγροικος εἰ καὶ δυσμαθής.
tαχῦ γ’ ἄν δύναι μανθάνειν περὶ ῥυθμῶν.
Στρ. τί δέ μ’ ἄφθοσου’ οἱ ῥυθμοὶ πρὸς τὰλφιτα;
Σω. πρῶτον μὲν εἰναι κομψόν ἐν συνουσία,
ἐπαλοῦθ’ ὑποῖον ἐστι τῶν ῥυθμῶν
κατ’ ἑνόπλιον, χωποῖος αὖ κατὰ δάκτυλον.  650
ACT II

SCENE I

The same.

[Enter Socrates.]

Socr. By Respiration, Void, and Atmosphere,
I never saw a fellow half so stupid,
So witless, dull, and hopelessly forgetful.
I've taught him one or two recherché quibbles,
But he forgets almost before he learns:
But still, I'll call him out into the court.
Strepsiades, come out and bring your bed.

[Enter Strepsiades.]

Str. But I can hardly move it for the fleas.
Socr. Put it down quickly, and attend to me.
Str. There.
Socr. Well now, what would you prefer to learn
Of all the things you've not been taught as yet?
Shall we take measures first, or rhythms, or words?
Str. Measures, I think: for just the other day
The miller cheated me of half a quart.
Socr. I don't mean that, but which measure you think
Most beautiful—the three time or the four.
Str. I think there's nothing like a real good bushel.
Socr. Oh! nonsense.
Str. Well, I'll bet you what you like
A bushel measure is four times a peck.
Socr. Confound you! you're a stupid, clumsy fool.
Perhaps you might learn something about rhythms.
Str. How will they help me make my bread and butter?
Socr. It makes one smarter in society
To recognize what's in the martial rhythm,
And what's in dactyls.
Στρ. κατὰ δάκτυλον; Σω. νη τὸν Δί'. Στρ. ἄλλ' οὖκ, ἄφιρε, τούτων ἐπιθυμῶ μαρθάνειν οὐδὲν. Σω. τι δαί;
Στρ. ἐκείν' ἐκεῖνο, τὸν ἀδικώτατον λόγον. Σω. ἄλλ' ἔτερα δεὶ σε πρότερα τούτων μαρθάνειν, τῶν τετραπόδων ἄττ' ἐστὶν ὁρθῶς ἄρρενα.
Στρ. ἄλλ' οὖδ' ἐγώγι εἰρρέν', εἰ μὴ μαίνομαι 660 κρίος, τράγος, ταῦρος, κῦων, ἀλεκτρυόνι.
Σω. ὁρὰς δ' πᾶσχεις; τὴν τε θήλειαν καλείς ἀλεκτρυόνα κατὰ ταῦτο καὶ τὸν ἄρρενα.
Στρ. πῶς δῆ; φέρε. Σω. πῶς; ἀλεκτρυῶν καλεκτρυών.
Στρ. νη τὸν Ποσειδῶ. νῦν δὲ πῶς με χρή καλείν; 665 Σω. ἀλεκτρύαιναι, τὸν δ' ἔτερον ἀλέκτορα.
Στρ. ἀλεκτρύαιναι; εὖ γε νη τὸν Ἀέρα: ὧστ' ἀντὶ τούτον τὸν διδάγματος μόνον διαλφιτώσω σου κύκλῳ τὴν κάρδοπον.
Σω. ἵδον μάλ' αὖθις τοῦθ' ἔτερον. τὴν κάρδοπον 670 ἄρρενα καλείς, θήλειαν οὖσαν. Στρ. τῷ τρόπῳ ἄρρενα καλῶ 'γω κάρδοπον; Σω. μάλιστα γε, ὦσπερ γε καὶ Κλεώνυμον. Στρ. πῶς δῆ; φράσον.
Σω. ταῦτον δώναται σοι κάρδοπος Κλεσώμφι.
Στρ. ἄλλ', ὁγάθ', οὖδ' ἂν κάρδοπος Κλεσώμφω, 675 ἄλλ' ἐν θυελα στρογγύλῃ γ' ἀνεμάττετο.
ἀτὰρ τὸ λοιπὸν πῶς με χρή καλείν; Σω. ὅπως; τὴν καρδόπην, ὦσπερ καλεῖς τὴν Σωστράτην.
Στρ. τὴν καρδόπην θήλειαν; Σω. ὁρθῶς γὰρ λέγεις.
Στρ. ἐκεῖνο δ' ἂν, καρδόπη, Κλεσώμφη. 680 
Σω. ἐτι δῆ γε περὶ τῶν ὄνομάτων μαθεῖν σε δεί, ἄττ' ἄρρεν' ἐστὶν, ἀττά δ' αὐτῶν θῆλα.
Στρ. ἄλλ' οὖδ' ἐγωγ' ἃ θήλε' ἐστίν. Σω. εἰπὲ δῆ.
Στρ. Λύσιλλα, Φιλίννα, Κλεισταγόρα, Δημητρία.
Σω. ἄρρενα δὲ ποία τῶν ὄνομάτων; Στρ. μυρλα. 685 Φιλόζενος, Μελησίας, Ἄρμινας.
Str. Dactyls, did you say?
Socr. Yes, dactyls.
Str. Oh, my dear good Socrates, it isn’t this I want to learn.
Socr. What then?
Str. Why, what I said—the Unjust Argument.
Socr. But there’s another thing you must learn first, which animals are really masculine.
Str. Well, surely I know that, unless I’m mad. Rams, I suppose, he-goats, bulls, dogs, and turkeys 1.
Socr. Now stop. You call the female just the same.
Str. Why, what d’you mean?
Socr. Male turkey, female turkey.
Str. Oh! so I do. Well, what ought I to say?
Socr. Turker, perhaps, and Turkess would be best.
Str. Turkess, that’s clever now, by Atmosphere. And in return for such a useful lesson I’ll fill the meal-trough for you to the brim.
Socr. Wait; there’s another case: you said male-trough when it’s a woman’s thing.
Str. I called the trough male! Why, what d’you mean!
Socr. Yes, just as you’d call Cleonymus a male.
Str. Oh! please explain.
Socr. You said male-trough: Cleonymus is male.
Str. But, my good friend, he hadn’t got a trough—he did his kneading in a rounded mortar. What must I call it for the future then?
Socr. Femeal-trough, female, just like Sostrata.
Str. A female trough, d’you say?
Socr. Yes, that’s quite right.
Str. I’ve got it, femeal-trough, Cleonyma.
Socr. Now I must teach you about proper names, which have male endings and which feminine.
Str. Well, I know which are feminine.
Socr. Which then?
Str. Lysilla, Philinna, Clitagora, Demetria.
Socr. What names are masculine?
Str. Why, thousands of them.
Philoxenus, Melesias, Amynias.

1 ‘Cocks’ in the original, but the joke obviously won’t work in English.
Σω. ἀλλ', ὡς πόνηρε, ταῦτα γ' ἐστ' οὐκ ἄρρενα.
Στρ. οὐκ ἄρρενύ' ύμιν ἐστιν; Σω. οὐδαμῶς γ', ἐπεὶ πῶς ἂν καλέσειας ἐντυχών Ἀμνία;
Στρ. ὅπως ἂν; ὦδι, δεύρο δεῦρ', Ἀμνία. 690
Σω. ὅρας; γνωάικα τὴν Ἀμνίαν καλεῖς.
Στρ. οὐδέν θυμάμεν ἤτεις οὐ στρατεύεται;
ἀτὰρ τὸ ταῦτ' ἃ πάντες ἴσοις μανθάνω;
Σω. οὖν δέν μὰ Δῖ', ἀλλὰ κατακλωκεὶς θευρὶ— Στρ. τὶ ὄρο;
Σω. ἐκφράστησόν τι τῶν σεαυτοῦ πραγμάτων. 695
Στρ. μὴ ὅθ', ἵκετεύω, ὑπαύθα γ' ἀλλ' εἴπερ γε χρῆ,
χαμαί μ' ἔσον αὐτὰ ταῦτ' ἐκφράστησαί.
Σω. οὐκ ἔστι παρὰ ταῦτ' ἄλλα. Στρ. κακοδαμών ἑγώ,
οἶαν δίκαιιν τοῖς κόρεσι δόσω τίμερον.
Χορ. φρόνιμα δ' καὶ διάδρει, πάντα τρόπου τε σαυτὸν 700
στράβει πυκνώσας:
ταχὺς δ', ὅταν εἰς ἀπορόν πέσῃς,
ἐπ' ἀλλο πῆδα
νόμῳ φρενῶς. ὑπνος δ' ἀπέστω γλυκύθυμοι ὁμμάτων.
Στρ. ἀπάντατι ἀπανταί. 706
Χορ. τὶ πάσχεις; τὶ κάμνεις;
Στρ. ἀπόλλυμαι δεσθαῖος· ἐκ τοῦ σκίμποδος
δάκνουν μ' ἐξερπότεστοι οἱ Κορώνθιοι,
καὶ τὰς πλευρὰς διαδάπτουσιν
καὶ τὴν ψυχὴν ἐκπίνουσιν,
καὶ μ' ἀπολοῦσιν. 715
Χορ. μὴ νῦν βαρέως ἄλγει λίαν.
Στρ. καὶ πῶς; ὅτε μοῦ
φρούδα τὰ χρήματα, φρούδῃ χροία,
φρούδῃ ψυχή, φρούδῃ δ' ἐμβάσι·
καὶ πρὸς τοῦτος ἔτι τοῖς κακοῖς
φρουρᾶς ἄδων
ἄλγου φρούδος γεγένηται.
Σω. οὗτος, τὶ ποιεῖς; οὐχὶ φρόνιμας; Στρ. ἑγώ;
Socr. Hullo, you're swindling: those aren't masculine.
Str. Not masculine?
Socr. Of course they aren't at all.
How would you call Amynias, if you met him?
Socr. D'you see? you've called Amynias a woman.
Str. Quite rightly too, when he won't join the army.
But why teach me what every fool must know?
Socr. All right: lie down here, if you like—
Str. What for?
Socr. And think out some new theory of your own.
Str. No please, not there: or if I really must,
I'll do it better lying on the ground.
Socr. No, there's no other way.
Str. Oh dear! oh dear!
I shall be scored off by the fleas to-day.
Chor. Ponder and think with a resolute brain,
Twisting and turning and twisting again!
If in a puzzle you happen to stick,
Hop like a flea to a different trick:
Sleep the consoler be far from thy brow—
Str. Ah! ow! ah! ow!
Chor. What's the matter? what's up now?
Str. I'm being killed by inches. Can't you see?
I've got flebitis and they're eating me.
Look! they're biting every part,
Now they're gnawing at my heart,
And they'll soon have finished me.
Chor. Steel thy heart and bear the pain.
Str. What, and let them bite again?
All my skin's gone, all my things,
Even my heart and sandal-strings,
And to add to all that's lost,
While I'm singing at my post,
I'm almost giving up the ghost.
Socr. Now then, there, are you thinking?
Str. Am I thinking?
νη τον Ποσειδώ. Σω. καλ τι δητ' ἐφρόντισας;
Στρ. ὑπὸ τῶν κόρεων εἰ μου τι περιεισθήσεται. 725
Σω. ἀπολει κάκιοτ'. Στρ. ἀλλ', ὦγάλ', ἀπόλωλ' ἀρτίως.
Σω. οὐ μαλθακιστε', ἀλλὰ περικαλυπτέα.
ἐξευρετεός γὰρ νοῦς ἀποστερητικὸς
καπαϊόλημα'. Στρ. οὐμοί, τὸς ἀν δητ' ἐπιβάλοι
ἐξ ἀρνακιδῶν γνώμην ἀποστερητρίδα;
Σω. φέρε νυν, ἀθρήσω πρῶτον, ὃ τι δρᾶ, τουτοί.
οὕτος, καθεύδεις; Στρ. μᾶ τὸν Ἀπόλλων' γὰρ μὲν οὐ.
Σω. ἐχεις τι; Στρ. μᾶ Δλ' οὖ δητ' ἐγωγ'. Σω. οὐ-
δὲν πά ναπ;
οὐκ ἐγκαλυψάμενος ταχέως τι φροντιεῖς;
Στρ. περὶ τοῦ; οὐ γὰρ μοι τοῦτο φράσον, ὥ Σῶκρατες.
Σω. αὐτὸς ὃ τι βούλει πρῶτοσ ἐξευρών λέγε.
Στρ. ἀκήκοας μυριάκις ἀγὼ βουλομαι,
περὶ τῶν τόκων, ὡς ἄν ἀποδώ μηδενί.
Σω. ἴδι νυν, καλύπτων καὶ σχάσας τὴν φροντίδα
λεπτὴν κατὰ μικρὸν περιφρόνει τὰ πράγματα,
ὁρθῶς διαιρῶν καὶ σκοπῶν. Στρ. οὐμοί τάλας.
Σω. ἕχ' ἀτρέμα: κἀν ἀπορής τι τῶν νομιμῶν,
ἀφεὶς ἀπελθέ: κάτα τὴν γνώμην πάλιν
κύψουν αὕθις αὐτό καὶ ζυγώθρισον.
745
Στρ. ὦ Σῶκρατίδιον φιλτατοῦ. Σω. τί, ὦ γέρον;
Στρ. ἔχω τόκου γνώμην ἀποστερητικήν.
Σω. ἐπιδείξων αὐτήν. Στρ. εἰπὲ δή νῦν μοι— Σω. τὸ τί;
Στρ. γυναῖκα φαρμακίδ' εἰ πριάμενος Ἡθηταλήν
καθέλωμι νῦκτωρ τίν πελήνην, εἰτα δη
αὐτὴν καθείρξαι ἐς λοφεῖον στρογγύλον,
ὡςπερ κάτοπτρον, κάτα τηρόλυ ἐχω-
Σω. τί δῆτα τοῦτ' ἄν ὠφελήσειέν σ' ; Στρ. ὥ τι;
εἰ μηκέτ' ἀνατέλλοι σελήνη μηδαμοῦ,
οὐκ ἄν ἀποδολὴν τοὺς τόκους. Σω. ὅτη τί δή;
755
Στρ. ὅτη κατὰ μήνα τάργυριον δανειζεται.
Of course I am.  

_Socr._ What have you thought about?  
_Str._ How much these fleas are going to leave of me.  
_Socr._ Plague take you!  
_Str._ Thanks, it nearly has already.  
_Socr._ Don't be fastidious: just wrap up again.
You must devise some way out of your fix,
Some clever fraud.  

_[Exit Socrates._

_Str._ Good heavens, won't some one help?
I'd like to find a way out of these blankets.

_[Enter Socrates._

_Socr._ Come now. I'll just see how he's getting on.
Are you asleep?  
_Str._ Good gracious! no, not I.  
_Socr._ Have you a plan?  
_Str._ Good Lord, no.
_Socr._ None at all?
Well, turn over again and think at once.

_Str._ Think! what about? Do tell me, Socrates.  
_Socr._ Think what you like yourself and tell it me.  
_Str._ Thousands of times I've told you what I like—
Not to pay interest to any one.  
_Socr._ Well, just wrap up and slice your mind up small,
And think things over bit by bit, and search
Carefully and distinguish.  

_Str._ Oh! how awful.
_Socr._ Be quiet: and if you can't work out one plan,
Leave it and try another tack: and then
Set your mind working and preserve your balance.  

_[After a pause._ Socrates, Socrates.

_Socr._ Well, my friend, what is it?
_Str._ I've found a way out of this interest.  
_Socr._ Explain it to me.  

_Tell me quickly—

_Socr._ What?
_Str._ Suppose I could engage a first-class witch,  
And pull the moon down from the sky at night,
And shut it up at once in a round box,
Like a travelling looking-glass, and keep it there—

_Socr._ Well, what would be the good of that?

_Str._ Why, if the moon should never rise again,
I needn't pay the interest.  
_Socr._ Why not?
_Str._ Because the interest's paid by the month.
Σω. ὑθλεῖς ἀπέρρ', οὐκ ἂν διδαξαλμην σ' ἔτι.
Στρ. ὁτι τί; ναί πρὸς τῶν θεῶν, ὡς Σωκρατες.
Σω. ἀλλ' εὐθὺς ἐπιλήθησε σῦ γ' ἄττ' ἂν καὶ μάθης. ἔπει τί νῦν ὅθ' πρῶτον ἐξιδάχθης; λέγε.
Στρ. φέρ' ίδω, τί μεντοι πρῶτον ἦν; τί πρῶτον ἦν; τίς ἦν ἐν ἢ ματτόμεθα μέντοι τάλφτα; ὁμοί, τίς ἦν; Σω. οὐκ ἐσ κόρακας ἀποφθερεί, ἐπιλησμότατον καὶ σκαλιστατον γερόντιον; 79ο
Στρ. ὁμοί, τί σὺν δῆθ' ὁ κακοδαίμων πείσομαι; ἀπὸ γὰρ ὀλοίμαι μὴ μαθῶν γλωττοστροφεῖν. ἀλλ', ὡς Νεφέλαι, χρηστόν τι συμβουλεύσατε.
Χορ. ἤμειες μὲν, ὡ πρεσβύτα, συμβουλεύομεν, εἰ σοι τις νῦσ ἐστιν ἐκτεθραμμένος, πέμπεω έκείνον αὐτί σαυτό μανθάνειν. 795
Στρ. ἀλλ' ἐστ' ἐμοιγ' νῦσ καλὸς τε κάγαθος. ἀλλ' οὐκ ἐθέλει γὰρ μανθάνειν, τί εγὼ πάθων;
Χορ. σὺ δ' ἐπιτρέπεις; Στρ. εὐσωματεῖ γὰρ καὶ σφριγ. ἀτὰρ μέτεμφι γ' αὐτόν' ἦν δὲ μὴ θέλη, 801
οὐκ ἔσθ' ὅπως οὐκ ἔξελω 'κ τῆς οικίας.
Χορ. ἄρ' αἰσθάνει πλεῖστα δι' ἡμᾶς ἀγάθ' αὐτίχ' ἐξων 805 μόνας θεῶν; ὡς έτοιμος δὴ' ἐστιν ἀπαντα δρᾶν ὅσ' ἂν κελεύῃς.
οὐ δ' ἀνδρὸς ἐκπεπληγμένου καὶ φανερῶς ἐπηρμένου γνοὺς ἀπολάψεις, ὡς τι πλεῖστον δύνασαι, 811
tαχέως· φιλεὶ γὰρ πως τὰ τοιαῦτ' ἐτέρα τρέπεσθαι.
Str. Why not? Oh Socrates, for mercy’s sake.
Socr. Whatever I tell you, you forget at once.
   For instance, tell me what I taught you first.
Str. What was the first thing? Oh! what did come first?
   What is the thing in which we knead our flour?
   Oh dear! what is it?
Socr. Off to blazes with you,
   You dull, forgetful, blithering old fellow!
[Exit Socr.
Str. Oh dear! oh dear! what will become of me?
   It’s all up, if I can’t learn how to cheat.
   Oh! Lady Clouds, give me some good advice.
Chor. Old man, we would advise you, if you have
   A grown-up son, brought up as he should be,
   To send him here to learn instead of you.
Str. It’s true I have a son—a fine young fellow—
   But he won’t learn, so what am I to do?
Chor. D’you let him idle?
Str. Yes, he’s strong and lusty.
   But still I’ll go and look for him, and if
   He won’t, I’ll drive him out of house and home.
[Exit Streps.
Chor. In a very little while
   You, my friend, will make your pile:
   Then we trust that you will own
   ’Twas by us, and us alone:
   For we’ve brought a pupil who
   All you bid will gladly do!
   While the poor misguided elf
   Clearly is beside himself,
   Make your hay while shines the sun,
   Only, be it quickly done:
   Oftentimes ’twixt cup and lip
   Comes an unexpected slip!
ΣΤΡΕΨΙΑΔΗΣ. ΦΕΙΔΙΠΠΙΔΗΣ. ΣΩΚΡΑΤΗΣ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ.

Στρ. Οὗτοι μὰ τὴν Ὀμίχλην ἔτ' εὐταυθοὶ μενεῖς: ἄλλ' ἔσθι' ἔλθων τοὺς Μεγακλέως κίονας. 815

Φει. ἡ δαμόωνε, τί χρήμα πάσχεις, ἡ πάτερ; οὖκ εὖ φρονεῖς μὰ τὸν Δία τὸν Ὀλύμπιον.

Στρ. ἴδοι γ' ἴδοι Δί' Ὀλύμπιον τῆς μωρλας: τὸ Δία νομίζειν, ὅταν τηλικουτούν.

Φει. τὶ δὲ τοῦτ' ἑγέλασας ἑτέον; Στρ. ἐνθυμούμενος ὅτι παιδάριον εἶ καὶ φρονεῖς ἀρχαίκα. 821

ὁμως γε μὴν πρόσελθ', ἵν' εἶδης πλείονα, καὶ σοι φράσω τι πράγμα' ὃ μαθὼν ἀνήρ ἔσει.

ὅπως δὲ τούτῳ μὴ διδάξεις μηδένα.

Φει. ἴδοι τί ἑστιν; Στρ. ἁμοσας νῦν ὅτι Δί. 825

Φει. ἐγὼγ'. Στρ. ὅρᾶς οὖν ὡς ἀγαθὸν τὸ μανθάνειν; οὖκ ἑστιν, ἡ Φείδιππίδη, Ζεύς. Φει. ἄλλα τίς;

Στρ. Δίνος βασιλεύει, τὸν Δί' ἐξεληλακών.

Φει. αἰβοὶ, τί ληπείς; Στρ. ἵσθι τοῦθ' οὔτως ἔχον.

Φει. τίς φησι ταῦτα; Στρ. Σωκράτης ὁ Μήλιος 830

καὶ Χαίρεφών, ὃς οὐδὲ τὰ ψυλλών ἔχειν. Φει. σὺ δ' εἰς τοσοῦτον τῶν μανιῶν ἑλήλυθας ὅστ' ἀνδράσιν πέλθει χολώσιν; Στρ. εὐστόμει, καὶ μηδέν εἰπης φλαίρον ἄνδρας δεξίους καὶ νοῦν ἑχούτας: ὧν ὑπὸ τῆς φειδωλίας ἀπεκείρατ' οὖδεῖς πῶτον' οὗτ' ἥλειφατο 835

οὐδ' εἰς βαλανεῖον ἥλθε λουσόμενος: σὺ δὲ
SCENE II

A Street showing Strepsiades' house and the Thinking-School.

[Enter Strepsiades and Phidippides.]

Str. By holy Mist, you shan't stay here a minute.
So go and eat your uncle's marble columns.

Phid. My dear good father, what's the matter with you?
By Zeus in heaven, you aren't in your right mind.

Str. By Zeus in heaven, d'you say? What ignorance!
A man of your age to believe in Zeus!

Phid. Why, what is there to laugh at?

Str. Why, dear me,
You're still a baby with your old-world notions.
Now just come here and let me teach you better.
I'll tell you something that will make you a man.
But mind you never breathe a word of it.

Phid. What is it then?

Str. Just now you swore by Zeus.

Phid. I did.

Str. See then how great a thing is knowledge.
For Zeus does not exist.

Phid. Well, who does then?

Str. Vortex is king, for he has banished Zeus.

Phid. Goodness, what nonsense!

Str. No, it's solemn truth.

Phid. Who says so?

Str. Socrates, the Atheist,
And Chaerephon, who knows the pace of fleas.

Phid. My poor old father, are you so far gone
As to believe these lunatics?

Str. Hush, hush!

Do not speak lightly of philosophers
And men of parts, whose strict economy
Prevents them getting their hair cut or shaving,
Or going to the Baths to wash. But you
ΝΕΦΕΛΑΙ

ἀσπερ τεθνεὼτος καταλύει μου τὸν βίον.

ἀλλ’ ὃς τάχιστ’ ἐλθὼν ὑπὲρ ἐμοῦ μάνθανε.

Φει. τ’ ὑ’ ἀν παρ’ ἐκείνων καὶ μάθοι χρηστῶν τις ἂν; 840

Στρ. ἀληθείς; ὅσαπερ ἐστ’ ἐν ἀνθρώπως σοφά·

γνώσει δὲ σαυτὸν ὃς ἀμαθῆς εἰ καὶ παχύς.

ἀλλ’ ἐπανάμεινὸν μ’ ὀλίγον ἑνταῦθι χρόνων.

Φει. οἴμοι, τί δράσω παραφρονοῦντος τοῦ πάτρός;

πότερον παρανοίας αὐτὸν εἰσαγαγὼν ἔλω,

ἡ τοῖς σοροπηγοῖς τὴν μανίαν αὐτοῦ φράσω;

Στρ. φέρ’ ἵδω, σὺ τοιοῦτ’ τι νομίζεις; εἰπὲ μοι.

Φει. ἀλεκτρυώνα. Στρ. καλῶς γε. ταυτηνὶ δὲ τί;

Φει. ἀλεκτρυών’. Στρ. ἀμφῶ ταῦτο; καταγέλαστος εἰ.

μὴ ὑπὲρ τὸ λοιπὸν, ἀλλὰ τήνδε μὲν καλείν

ἀλεκτρύαινων, τοιοῦτ’ ὀ’ ἀλέκτορα.

Φει. ἀλεκτρύαινων; ταύτ’ ἐμαθεῖς τὰ δεξιὰ

εἴσω παρελθὼν ἄρτι παρὰ τοὺς γηγενεῖς;

Στρ. χατερὰ γε πόλλ’· ἀλλ’ ὃ τι μάθοιμ’ ἑκάστοτε,

ἐπελαυθανόμην ἂν εὖδὸς ὑπὸ πλήθους ἐτῶν. 855

Φει. διὰ ταῦτα δὴ καὶ θολμάτιον ἀπώλεσας;

Στρ. ἀλλ’ οὐκ ἀπολώλεκ’, ἀλλὰ καταπεφρόντικα.

Φει. τὰς δ’ ἐμβάδας ποί τέτροφας, ὄνοπτὲ σὺ;

Στρ. ὁσπερ Περικλῆς εἰς τὸ δέον ἀπώλεσα.

ἀλλ’ ὅθι, βαδίζ’, ὣμεν’ εἴτα τῷ πατρὶ

πειθόμενος ἐξάμαρτε· κάγῳ τοῖς ποτε

ὅδ’ ἔξετε σοι τραυλίσαντι πιθόμενος·

ὅν πρῶτον ὀβολὸν ἔλαβον ἥλιαστικόν,

τοῦτον ’πριάμην σοι Διασίοις ἀμαξίδα.

Φει. ἡ μὲν σὺ τούτου τῷ χρόνῳ ποτ’ ἅχθεσει. 865

Στρ. εὖ γ’, ὡτι ἐπελάσθησ. άεῦρο δεῦρ’, ὁ Σώκρατες,

ἐξελθ’ ἄγω γὰρ σοι τὸν νῦν τοιοῦτι,

ἄκουν ἀναπείλεσα. Ἐω. νηπύτιος γὰρ ἔστ’ ἔτι,

καὶ τῶν κρεμαθρῶν οὐ τρίβων τῶν ἐνθάδε.

Φει. αὐτὸς τρίβους εἰής ἂν, εἰ κρέμασα γε. 870
Wash me and lay me out for—bankruptcy.
Now just go quick and learn instead of me.

*Phid.* Is any useful knowledge to be learnt there?

*Str.* Good gracious, all the wisdom of the world.
You'll learn to know yourself, and all your folly.
But please, just wait a minute for me here.

[Exit Strepsiades.]

*Phid.* What can I do? My father's off his head.

Had I best get a writ for lunacy,
Or warn the undertakers that he's dying?

[Enter Strepsiades.]

*Str.* Look here, what d'you call that? now answer me.

*Phid.* A Turkey.

*Str.* Well, and what d'you call this bird!

*Phid.* A Turkey.

*Str.* Both the same: that's quite absurd.

You must learn not to do so, but call this
A Turkess, and the other one a Turker.

*Phid.* A Turkess? why, is this the sort of wisdom
You learnt in visiting those clodhoppers?

*Str.* Yes, and lots more. But everything I learnt,
I clean forgot, because I was so old.

*Phid.* Is that the reason why you lost your cloak?

*Str.* I didn't lose it: I thought it away.

*Phid.* And what about your sandals, poor old fool?

*Str.* I lost them 'for the cause' like Pericles.

Come, let's be going. If you obey me now,
Do what you like hereafter. I'm quite sure
I used to obey your prattle at six years old.
The first fee that I got as juryman,
I spent on a cart for you at the fair.

*Phid.* The time will come when you'll repent of this.

*Str.* Hurrah! you will obey! here, Socrates,

Come out. I've brought my son to visit you,
Although he didn't want to come at first.

[Enter Socrates.]

*Socr.* He's young and not acquainted with the ropes.

*Phid.* You'd be a quaint sight, if you got the rope.
Στρ. οὐκ ἐσ κόρακας; καταρὰ σὺ τῷ διδασκάλῳ;
Σω. ἵδον κρέματ', ὡς ἠλίθιον ἐφθέγξατο
καὶ τοῖσι χείλεσιν διερρηκόσων.
pῶς ἀν μάθοι ποθ' οὗτος ἀπόφευξιν δίκης
ἡ κλῆσιν ἡ χαύνωσιν ἀναπεισθηρίαν;
καίτοι γε ταλάντου τούτ' ἐμάθεν 'Ὑπέρβολος.

Στρ. ἀμέλει, δίδασκε: θυμόσφοσ ἐστιν φύσειν
eὐθὺς γε τοι, παιδάριον ὃν τυννοῦτοι
ἐπλατεὶν ἐνδον οἰκίας ναῦς τ' ἐγλυφεῖν,
ἀμαξίδας τε σκυνδᾶς εἰργάζετο,
κᾶκ τῶν σιδῶν βατράχους ἐπολεί πῶς δοκεῖσ.
ὅπως δ' ἐκεῖνῳ τῷ λόγῳ μαθῆσεται,
tὸν κρείττον', ὅστις ἄστι, καὶ τὸν ἤττονα,
ὅτι τάδικα λέγων ἀνατέρετε τοὺς κρείττονα:
ἐάν δὲ μῆ, τὸν γοῦν ἄδικον πάση τέχνη.

Σω. αὐτὸς μαθῆσεται παρ' αὐτῶν τοῖς λόγοις.
ἐγὼ δ' ἀπειμ. Στρ. τοῦτο νῦν μέμνησ', ὅπως
πρὸς πάντα τὰ δίκαι' ἀντιλέγειν συνήσεται.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΣ ΛΟΓΟΣ. ΑΔΙΚΟΣ ΛΟΓΟΣ. ΧΟΡΟΣ.

Δικ. χάρει δειρὶ, δείξου σαυτὸν
tοῖσι θεαταῖς, καὶπερ θρασὺς ὅν.
Αδ. ἦ' ὅποι θρήςεις. πολὺ γὰρ μᾶλλον σ'
ἐν τοῖσ πολλοῖς λέγων ἀπολώ.
Δικ. ἀπολεῖς σὺ; τῖς ὅν; Αδ. λόγος. Δικ. ἤττον
γ' ὅν.
Αδ. ἄλλα σε νικῶ, τὸν ἰμὸν κρείττο
φάσκοντ' εἶναι. Δικ. τῷ σοφὸν ποιῶν;
Αδ. γνώμας κανὼς ἔξευρίσκων.
Δικ. ταῦτα γὰρ ἀνθεὶ διὰ τοντουσί
tοὺς ἀνοίητουσ.
Αδ. οὐκ, ἄλλα σοφοὺς. Δικ. ἀπολῶ σε κακῶς.
Αδ. εἶπε, τῷ ποιῶν; Δικ. τὰ δίκαια λέγων.
Str. Be quiet, confound you: don't insult the Master.

Socr. D'you hear how he said 'wope': just like a baby.
He lisps and cannot even say his r's.
How can he learn acquittal from a suit
Or prosecution or convincing brag?
Yet others have—after expensive lessons.

Str. Well, try him. He's a born philosopher.
Why, when he was a child so high, he used
To make houses and ships and leather carts,
And really lovely frogs of orange-peel.
Now, let him learn that pair of Arguments,
The Better, as you call it, and the Worse,
Which pleads unjustly and confutes the Better.
At least at all costs he must learn the Worse.

Socr. The Arguments themselves shall teach him here,
And I will leave him.

Str. Well, remember this:
He must be fit to answer all just pleas.

[Exeunt Socrates and Strepsiades.

[Enter the Just and Unjust Arguments.]

Just Argument. Now come along quickly, don't sulk and hang back;
Let the audience see you, you brazen-faced quack.

Unjust Argument. You can go where you like, but the more you retreat,
When we talk, the more public you'll find your defeat.

J. You'll defeat me! who are you?

U. An Argument.

J. You're only the Worse one.

U. But quite good enough
To defeat you, who think yourself so much the best.

J. What tricks will you use?

U. Oh! some clever new test.

J. I suppose so, for as they're so very unwise,
The audience always think novelties nice.

U. Yes, because they are clever.

J. I'll beat you to-night.

U. I should like to know how.

J. By defending the right.
Αδ. ἀλλ' ἀνατρέψω γ' αὐτ' ἀντιλέγων·
οὐδὲ γὰρ εἶναι πάνυ φημὶ δίκην.
Δικ. οὐκ εἶναι φής;  Αδ. φέρε γὰρ, ποῦ 'στιν;
Δικ. παρὰ τοὺς θεοὺς.
Αδ. πώς δήτα δίκης οὐσης ὁ Ζεὺς
οὐκ ἀπόλωλεν τὸν πατέρ' αὐτοῦ
dήσας;  Δικ. αἵβοι, τούτι καὶ δὴ
χωρεῖ τὸ κακόν· δότε μοι λεκάνην.
Αδ. τυφογέρων εἰ κανάρμοστος.
Δικ. καταπόγων εἰ καναίσχυντος.
Αδ. ρόδα μ' ἐίρηκας.  Δικ. καὶ βωμολόχος.
Αδ. κρίνεστι στεφανοῖς.  Δικ. καὶ πατραλοίας,
Αδ. χρυσῷ πάττων μ' οὐ γιγνώσκεις.
Δικ. οὐ δήτα πρὸ τοῦ γ', ἀλλὰ μολύβδῳ.
Αδ. νῦν δέ γε κόσμος τούτ' ἐστιν ἐμοὶ.
Δικ. θρασὺς εἰ πολλοῦ.  Αδ. σὺ δέ γ' ἄρχαιος.
Δικ. σεῦ Ἰθί, τούτου δ' ἐὰν μαίνεσθαι.
Δικ. κλαύσει, τὴν χείρ' ἢν ἐπιβάλλῃς.
Χορ. παύσασθε μάχης καὶ λοιδορίας.
 ἀλλ' ἐπίδειξαί
σὺ τε τοὺς προτέρους ἀττ' ἐδίδασκες,
σὺ τε τὴν κακῆν
παίδευσω, ὅπως ἀν ἀκούσας σφῶν
ἀντιλεγόμενον κρίνας φοιτᾷ.
Δικ. ὅραν ταῦτ' ἑθέλω.  Αδ. κάγῳ' ἑθέλω.
Χορ. φέρε δὴ πότερος λέξει πρότερος;
Αδ. τοῦτο δόσω·
kατ' ἐκ τούτων ἄν ἀν λέξῃ
ῥηματίσωι καυσῶι αὐτῶν
καὶ διανοιαὶ κατατοξέως.
τὸ τελευταῖον δ', ἢν ἀναγρύξῃ,
τὸ πρόσωπον ἀπαν καὶ τοφθάλμῳ
κεντούμενος ὀσπερ ὑπ' ἀνθρηήνων
THE CLOUDS

U. Oh! but there I can easily give you a twist; For I will not admit that the right can exist.
J. Not exist, do you say?
U. If it does, tell me where.
J. With the gods in the sky.
U. Well, if right is up there, What of Zeus, when he played his old pa such a trick?
J. Oh! this blasphemy's spreading: I'm feeling quite sick.
U. You're a poor blind old bat, out of tune with the times.
J. You're a shameless young scoundrel, debauched with your crimes.
U. Those are names sweet as roses.
J. A sycophant too.
U. You crown me with lilies.
J. You parricide, you—
U. I assure you you're pouring pure gold on my head.
J. In my days it was thought far more like molten lead.
U. Then I've all the more credit, for keeping so cool.
J. Your cheek is unbounded.
U. You old-fashioned fool. Come to me, my young friend, and don't mind him: he's mad.
J. You'll repent if you touch him, you impudent cad.
Chor. Now stop all this wrangling, and don't try to scold, But tell us in turn, First you, what you taught in the good days of old, Then you, what they learn From your up-to-date lessons: and then he will know Both sides of the question and choose where to go.
J. I'm willing.
U. And I too.
Chor. Then which shall begin?
U. I'll let him start off: when he thinks he will win, I'll bring out my best quips and my new sophistry. And at last, if he opens his mouth to reply, Like a bee-hive let loose in his face and his eyes,
υπὸ τῶν γυμνῶν ἀπολεῖται.

Χορ. νῦν δεξίευτον τῷ πιστῶν τοῖς περιδεξίουσι 949
λόγουι καὶ φροντίσαι καὶ γυμνοτύπως μερίμναν,
ὁπότερον αὐτῶν λέγων ἀμείλων φανήσεται.

νῦν γὰρ ἄπας ἐνθάδε κύδυνος ἀνεῖται σοφίας,
ής πέρι τοῖς ἐμοῖς φίλοις ἐστιν ἀγῶν μέγιστος.

ἀλλ’ ὦ πολλοῖς τοὺς πρεσβυτέρους ἤθεσι χρήστοις
στεφανώσας,

ρήξον φωνὴν ἤττιν χαῖρεις, καὶ τὴν σαντοῦ φύσιν εἰπέ.

Δικ. λέξω τοῖς γὰρ ἀρχαίαν παίδειαν, ὡς διέκειτο, 961
ἀπὸ ἑγὼ τὰ δίκαια λέγων ἥμθουν καὶ σωφροσύνη

νενόμιστο.

πρῶτον μὲν ἔδει παιδὸς φωνὴν γρῆξαντος μηδὲν’

ἀκούσαι:

ἐντα βαδίζεων ἐν ταῖσιν ὁδοῖς εὐτάκτως εἰς κυθαριστοῦ

τοὺς κωμῆτας γυμνῶν ἄθροοι, κεῖ κριμνώδη κατα-

νίφοι. 965

ἐκτ’ αὐτοὶ προμαθεῖν ἄσμι’ ἐδίδασκεν, τὸ μηρὸ μὴ ἔξυπ-

νέχοτας,

ἡ Παλλάδα περσέπολιν δεινόν, ἡ Τηλέπορον τι βόαμα,

ἐντειναμένους τὴν ἀρμονίαν, ἡν οἱ πατέρες παρέδωκαν.

εἰ δὲ τοὺς αὐτῶν βωμολοχεύσας’ ἡ κάμψειέν τωνa

καμπῆν, 970

οἷς οἱ νῦν τὰς κατὰ Φρύνων ταῦτας τὰς ὑσκολο-

κάμπτους,

ἐπετρίβετο τυπτόμενος πολλὰς ὡς τὰς Μούσας ἄφα-

νίζων.

Ἀδ. ἀρχαΐα γε καὶ Διπολιώθη καὶ τεττλγων ἀνάμεστα 984

καὶ Κηκεδόου καὶ Βουφύνων.  Δικ. ἀλλ’ οὕν ταῦτ’

ἐστὶν ἐκεῖνα, 985

ἐξ δὲ ἄνδρας Μαραθωνομάχους ἡμὴ παιδευοῦσι ἔθρεψεν.

σὺ δὲ τοὺς νῦν εὐθὺς ἐν ἰματλαίς διδάσκεις ἐντευ-

λήθαι.
My answers shall sting and torment till he dies.

Chor. Now, my pair of wits, Use the arms you carry— Now for verbal hits, Wordy thrust and parry: Forward to the charge! Let each rival artist Show the world at large Which of you's the smartest: For my friends will find That it's past denial All their March of Mind Is upon its trial. So you, who used our sires to teach in the school of an old morality, Just make us your usual kind of speech and give us a taste of your quality.

J. Listen, and I'll tell you clearly what the ancient system meant, When I prospered teaching right, and virtue was an ornament, Little boys might just be seen, but never heard, was then the rule: Two and two along the streets they plodded to the district school Soberly, and with no coats on, even through the snow and rain. There they mightn't cross their legs, but learnt to sing some ancient strain, 'Holy Pallas, city-sacker,' or 'Now raise the shout of praise,' Keeping the old tunes and measures chanted in their fathers' days. And whoever played the fool or tried to modernize the song, Putting in some nasty trill, or stopping on a note too long, Like your up-to-date performers, trying by their sickly strains To corrupt the good old music—got a dusting for his pains.

U. Dear old-fashioned, pre-historic, Unicorn and Lion stuff, Taught before the Ark and Deluge.

J. Yet, my friend, 'twas good enough To produce our old-world heroes and the men of Marathon: But to-day you teach the babies to put coats and ulsters on.
πρὸς ταῦτ', ὥ μειράκιον, θαρρῶν ἐμὲ τῶν κρεῖττων λόγων αἴρου·
κατεστήσει μυσεῖν ἁγορὰν καὶ βαλανεῖων ἀπέχεσθαι,
καὶ τὸὺς αἰσχροὺς αἰσχύνεσθαι, κἂν σκόπτῃ τίς σε,
processable output
φλέγεσθαι·
καὶ τῶν θάκων τοῖς πρεσβυτέροις ὑπανίστασθαι προσ-
ιοῦσιν,
καὶ μὴ περὶ τοὺς σαυτοὺς γονέας σκαινυργεῖν, ἀλλὸ τε
μηδὲν
αἰσχρὸν ποιεῖν, ὅτι τῆς Αἴδοὺς μέλλεις τάγαλμα
ἀναπλάττειν.
995
Ἀδ. έἰ ταῦτ', ὥ μειράκιον, πείσει τούτῳ, νὴ τῶν Διώ-
νυσον
toῖς Ἱπποκράτους νιέσων εἴξεις, καὶ σε καλοῦσι
βλιτομάμμαν.
Δικ. ἀλλ' οὖν λεπαρὸς γε καὶ ἐνανθῆς ἐν γυμνασίοις
diaphāsies,
οὐ στωμῆλλων κατὰ τὴν ἁγορὰν τριβολεκτράπελ',
οὐἀπερ οὐ νῦν,
οὐδ' ἐλκόμενος περὶ πραγμάτων γλυκχραντιλογεῖσεπι-
τρίπτων
ἀλλ' εἰς 'Ακαδῆμειαν κατιδών ὕπο ταῖς μορίαις
ἀποδρέξει
στεφανωσάμενος καλάμῳ λευκῷ μετὰ σώφρονος
ἡλικιώτου,
μύλακος ὁξων καὶ ἀπραγμοσύνης καὶ λεύκης φυλλο-
βολούσης,
ἐρος ἐν ὁρᾷ χαίρων, ὃποταν πλάτανος πτελέα
ψιθυρίζῃ.
ὁν ταῦτα ποὺσ ἁγῷ φράζω, καὶ πρὸς τούτους προσέχῃς τῶν νοῦν,
εἴξεις ἀεὶ στῆθος λεπαρόν,
χροιὰν λευκήν, ὥμοιος μεγάλους,
So, good youth, take heart and vote for my success
and his defeat;
Then you'll learn to hate this lounging at the Baths
and in the Street,
Learn to blush at all that's shameful, flush when
insults meet your ear,
Rise and leave your seat politely, when you see
your elders near,
Never try to cheat your parents, or do anything that's
vile,
For 'tis yours to set the type of Honour in the
modern style.

U. If you follow his advice, my boy, it's ten to one,
    I'll bet,
    You'll become a dull young blockhead, and they'll
call you 'Mamma's pet.'

J. No, you'll be a ruddy-cheeked and smooth-skinned
athlete all your days,
Not a lounging, chatt'ring gossip, following the
modern craze,
Always wrangling in the law-courts, quibbling when
you cannot prove:
No, you'll go and run your laps beneath the olives
in the Grove,
With some quiet, sober comrade, wreathed with
silver bulrushes,
Redolent of shiv'ring poplars, laurels, and a mind
at ease,
Happy in the joy of spring-time, when the flowers
are born again,
And the elm-tree gently whispers secrets to the
list'ning plane.
If you'll just carry out the few precepts I preach,
And give your attention to all that I teach,
Your chest shall be broad, your skin shall be white,
γλάτταν βαιάν.
ην δ' ἀπερ οἱ νῦν ἐπίπηδεύης,
πρώτα μὲν ἔξεις χροιάν ὅχραν,
ὡμος μικροῦς, στήθος λεπτόν,
γλάτταν μεγάλην, ψήψωμα μακρόν,
καὶ σ' ἀναπείσει
τὸ μὲν αἰσχρὸν ἄπαν καλὸν ἡγεῖσαι,
τὸ καλὸν δ' ἀισχρόν.
Χορ. ὃ καλλίπυργον σοφίαν κλεινοτάτην ἐπασκῶν,
ὡς ἦδύ σου τοῖς λόγοις σώφρον ἐπεστὶν ἄνθος. 1025
εὐδαίμονες δ' ἦσαν ἅρ' οἱ ζώιτες τότ' ἔπὶ τῶν
προτέρων.
πρὸς οὖν τάδ', ὃ κομψοπρεπῇ μούσαν ἔχων,
δεῖ σε λέγειν τὶ κακών, ὡς εὐδοκίμηκεν ἀνήρ.
δεινῶν δὲ σοι βουλευμάτων ἔοικε δείν πρὸς αὐτῶν,
εἴπερ τὸν ἄνδρ' ὑπερβαλεῖ καὶ μὴ γέλωτ' ὀφλή-
σεις. 1035
Αδ. καὶ μὴν πάλαι γ' ἐπιγύμην τὰ σπλάγχνα, κἀπε-
θύμων
ἀπαντα ταῦτ' ἐναντίαις γνώμαισι συνταράξαι.
ἔγῳ γὰρ ἠττῶν μὲν λόγος δι' αὐτὸ τοῦτ' ἐκλήθην
ἐν τοῖς φρουτισταίσιν, ὅτι πρώτιστος ἐπενόησα
τούσ νόμοις καὶ ταῖς δίκαις τάναντι ἄντιλέξαι. 1040
καὶ τούτῳ πλεῖων ἡ μυρίων ἐστ' ἄξιον στατήρων,
αἰρούμενον τοὺς ἠττονας λόγους ἐπειτα νικῶν.
σκέψαι δὲ τὴν παθενσιν ἵ πέποιθεν ὡς ἐλέγξω
ὅστις σε θερμαὶ φησι λοῦσθαι πρῶτον οὐκ ἐάσειν.
καίτοι τῶν γνώμην ἔχων πέγεις τὰ θερμὰ λου-
τρά; 1045
Δικ. ὃτι κάκιστόν ἐστι καὶ δειλὸν ποιεῖ τὸν ἄνδρα.
Αδ. ἐπίσχεσ' εὔθεις γάρ σ' ἔχω μέσον λαβών ἄφυκτον.
καὶ μοι φράσον, τῶν τοῦ Διὸς παίδων τίν' ἄνδρ'
ἀριστον.
THE CLOUDS

Your shoulders robust, your tongue short and polite.
But if you behave like the youths of to-day,
Your chest will be narrow, your skin will be grey,
Your shoulders will shrink, and your tongue will extend,
And your public harangues never come to an end:
At last you'll believe that black is white,
That right is wrong, and wrong is right.

Chor. High and great his creed's profession:
How from all the teacher says
Virtue shines and sage Discretion
And the bliss of olden days!
You, sir, now, whose smart young clients
Idolize your modern Science,
Something very shrewd and clever
You must now to say endeavour,
If like him you'd win our praise.
But keen must be your arguments to save you from disaster,
Unless you'd be a laughing-stock and own you've met your master.

U. Since first he started talking, I've been choking with desire
To deny and contradict and get the fat thrown on the fire:
It's precisely for this reason that the Thinkers call me Worst,
That for winning votes and lawsuits I used contradiction first.
And this is just the game it's worth a thousand pounds to play,
To choose the worser argument and then to win the day.
Let's consider this old system, about which he seems so proud.
First he tells his little pupil that warm baths are not allowed:
Now tell me on what principle you think warm baths so bad.

J. Because they are immoral and play havoc with a lad.

U. Stop! I've got you by the middle, and you can't slip through my hands;
Tell me which of all the sons, whom Zeus begat in many lands,
ψυχῆν νομίζεις, εἰπὲ, καὶ πλείστους πόνους πονήσαι; Ἐικ. ἐγὼ μὲν οὐδέν 'Ἡρακλέους βελτίων' ἀνδρα κρίνω.
Ἀδ. ποὺ ψυχρὰ δῆτα πῶτον ἐδεῖς 'Ἡράκλεια λουτρά; 1051 καὶ τοῦ τίς ἀνδρειότερος ἦν; Ἐικ. ταῦτ' ἐστί, ταῦτ' ἐκεῖνα,
ἀ τῶν νεανίσκων ἅεi ὑi ἡμέρας λαλοῦντων πλήρες τὸ βαλανείον ποιεῖ, κενᾶς δὲ τὰς παλαιότρας.
Ἀδ. εἰτ' ἐν ἀγορᾷ τὴν διαστριβὴν ψέγεις· ἐγὼ δ' ἐπανῶ.
εἰ γὰρ πονηρὸν ἦν, "Ομήρος οὐδέποτ' ἂν ἐποίει 1056 τὸν Νέστορ' ἀγορητὴν ἂν οὐδὲ τοὺς σοφοὺς ἅπαντας. ἀνειμι δὴτ' ἐντεῦθεν εἰς τὴν γλῶτταν, ἢν ὅτι μὲν
οὐ φησὶ χρῆναι τοὺς νέους ἀσκεῖν, ἐγὼ δὲ φημὶ.
καὶ σωφρονεῖν αὐτὸν φησὶ χρῆναν· δύο κακῶ μεγάλοις.
1060 ἐπεὶ σὺ διὰ τὸ σωφρονεῖν τῷ πῶτον' εἴδες ἢδη ἀγαθὸν τι γενόμενον, φράσον, καὶ μ' ἐξέλεγκζουν
eιπών.
Ἐικ. πολλοῖς. ὁ γοῦν Πηλεὺς ἔλαβε διὰ τούτο τὴν μάχαιραν.
Ἀδ. μάχαιραν; ἀστείον τὸ κέρδος ἔλαβεν ὁ κακοδαίμων.
'Ὑπέρβολος δ' οὐκ τῶν λύχνων πλεῖων ἢ τάλαντα πολλὰ 1065 εἶληφε διὰ πονηραν, ἀλλ' οὐ μᾶ Δι' οὐ μάχαιραν.
Ἐικ. καὶ τὴν Ὀξείν γ' ἔγημε διὰ τὸ σωφρονεῖν ὁ Πηλεὺς.
1067 Ἀδ. κατ' ἀπολυποῦσά γ' αὐτὸν ἀχετ'. ἦσθι δ' ὃν Κρόν.
1070 ὅπος. σκέψαι γάρ, ὁ μειράκιον, εὖ τῷ σωφρονεῖν ἅπαντα ἀνεστίν, ἥδονών θ' ὅσων μέλλεις ἀποστερεῖσθαι.
καὶ τοῦ τί σοι ζῇν άξιον, τούτων ἐὰν στερηθῆς;
ἐἰεν. πάρεις' ἐντεῦθεν ἐς τὰς τῆς φύσεως ἀνάγκας.
THE CLOUDS

You think bravest and most capable of bearing toil with ease?

J. Well, I don't suppose you'll find a braver one than Heracles.

U. Then tell me where you've ever seen Cold Baths that bear his name:
   Yet no man was ever braver.

J. This is just the sort of game
   That fills the baths from day to day with crowds of wrangling boys,
   And empties the gymnasium, where they mayn't make such a noise.

U. Then you're always down on talking in the streets:
   I think it's fine.
   If it weren't, would good old Homer have thought fit to write that line
   Where Nestor's called a 'talker'? And the others just the same:
   He always calls them 'talkers,' when he wants to show their fame.
   Next to turn to what he thinks our greatest snare,
   I mean, the tongue;
   I believe to practise speaking's the best training for the young.
   Then he praises self-control—another fatal prejudice:
   Have you known a single person to whom self-control brought bliss?
   If you have, I'd like to hear it: just convince me with a word.

J. That's not hard. By self-control, for instance, Peleus won his sword.

U. And a pretty gift for Peleus that good sword turned out to be.
   Why Hyperbolus, the lampman, by consistent villainy
   Very soon amassed his thousands, but a sword—upon my life!

J. Well, but self-control at least gave Peleus Thetis for his wife.

U. Yes, and then she went and left him. It won't do, my poor old fool.
   Just consider, dear young friend, the blessings of this ancient rule,
   And all the jaunts and pleasures that you lose by being good.
   Now, I ask, is life worth living, if you've got to be a prude?
   Let that pass. I'll take a case that may occur to any man.
εβλεψας, ἦράσθης, ἀφήμαρτές τι, κἂν ἐλήφθης. εἰς τὸν ἀναστόμασιν τὸν αἵματον, ἐμοὶ δ' ὡμιλῶν χρώ τῇ φύσει, σκίρτα, γέλα, νόμιζε μηθὲν αἰσχρόν. ἐρῶν γὰρ ἂν τὰς ἀλούσ, τάδ' ἀντερέσι πρὸς αὐτὸν, ὡς οὐδὲν ἡδίκηκας· εἴτ' εἰς τὸν Δί' ἐπανενεγκείων, κάκεινοι ὡς ἠττων ἐρωτός ἐστι καὶ γυναικῶν· καὶ τοιοῦ σὺ θυητὸς δὴν θεοῦ πῶς μείζον ἄν δύναιο; τὸ δὲτ' ἐρεῖς;

Δικ. ἦττήμεθα, πρὸς τῶν θεῶν δέξασθε μον θοιμάτιον, ὡς ἐξαυτομολῶ πρὸς ὑμᾶς.

ΣΩΚΡΑΤΗΣ. ΣΤΡΕΨΙΑΔΗΣ. ΦΕΙΔΙΠΠΙΔΗΣ.

Σω. τι δήτα; πότερα τοῦτον ἀπάγεσθαι λαβῶν βούλει τὸν νῦν, ἢ διδάσκω σοι λέγειν;
Στρ. διδάσκε καὶ κόλαζε, καὶ μέμησο' ὅπως εὖ μοι στομώσεις αὐτόν, ἐπὶ μὲν θάτερα οἶναι δικοδίως, τὴν δ' ἐτέραν αὐτοῦ γνώθον στόμωσον οἶναν ἐς τὰ μεὶζων πράγματα.
Σω. ἀμέλεις, κομμεῖ τοῦτον σοφιστῆν δεξιῶν. Φει. ἀρχ(ad) μὲν ὦν οἴμαι γε καὶ κακοδαίμονα. Χορ. χωρείτε νυν. οἴμαι δὲ σοι ταῦτα μεταμελήσειν.
Suppose you fall in love and shock the chaperones:
what plan
Have you got to stop the gossips? Why, you've not
a word to say,
But if I'm your friend, dance, prattle, and let nature
have her way;
And if they ask you questions, 'tis an easy repartee
To say you've done no harm at all; as any one can
see,
That as Zeus himself was always such a gallant lady's
man,
There's no reason why a mortal shouldn't ape him,
when he can.
Now, what's your reply?
J. I'm defeated and done.
No, don't ask me why:
Take my cloak and begone:
I'll desert the old crew
And come over to you.

[Enter Socrates and Strepsiades.]

Socr. Have you decided? will you take your son
Or shall I teach him the great art of speaking?
Str. Teach him and punish him and don't forget
To grind him hard and give him a fine edge;
One side for petty suits, and on the other
Strop his jaw nice and sharp for politics.
Socr. All right: I'll send him back a first-class sophist.
Phid. A pale-faced good-for-nothing, I expect.
Chor. Well, start at once: but I believe, old man,
You'll wish you'd tried a rather different plan.

[Exeunt.]
Σωκράτης. Στρέψιδης. Φειδιππίδης.

Στρ. Πέμπτη, τετράς, τρίτη, μετὰ ταύτην δεύτερα, εἰδ' ἢν ἐγὼ μάλιστα πασῶν ἡμερῶν δέονται καὶ πέφρικα καὶ βδελύττομαι, εὔθὺς μετὰ ταύτην ἔσθ' ἐνε τε καὶ νέα. 

πᾶς γὰρ τὸν ὅμοιον οἶς ὄφελον τυγχάνω θεῖς μοι πρωτανεῖ ἀπολείφει μὲ φησὶν κἀξολείψει κάμον μέτρι ἀτα καὶ ὀλκαὶ αἰτομένου, 'ὡ δαιμόνιον, τὸ μὲν τι νυνι μὴ λάβῃς, τὸ δ' ἀναβαλοῦ μοι, τὸ δ' ἄφεις,' οὐ φαείν ποτε οὕτως ἀπολήψεσθ', ἀλλὰ λοιποῦσι με ὡς ἀδικός εἴμι, καὶ δικάσασθαι φασὶ μοι. 

νῦν οὖν δικαζόμεθαν ἄλογον γὰρ μοι μέλει, εἴπερ μεμάθηκεν εὖ λέγειν Φειδιππίδης. 

τάχα δ' εἴσομαι κόψας τὸ φροντισθήριον. 

παι, ἥμι, παί παί. 

Σω. Στρεψιάδην ἀσπάζομαι. 

Στρ. κάγωγε σ'. ἀλλὰ τοῦτοι πρῶτον λαβέ: 

χρῆ γὰρ ἐπιθαυμάζειν τι τοῦ διδάσκαλον. 

καὶ μοι τὸν νῦν, εἰ μεμάθηκε τὸν λόγον ἐκεῖνον, εἴφ', δυν ἀρτίως εἰσήγαγες. 

Σω. μεμάθηκεν. 

Σω. εὖ γ', οὶ παμβασίλει Ἀπαίωλη. 

Σω. οὔστ' ἀποφύγων ἂν ἦντι χ' ἂν βούλη δίκην. 

Στρ. κεί μάρτυρες παρῆσαν, οἳ ἐδανειζόμεν; 

Σω. πολλῷ γε μᾶλλον, κἀν παρὼσι χίλιοι. 

Στρ. βοάσομαι τάρα τῶν ὑπέρτονον 

βοῶν. ἤω, κλατ' ὡβολοστάται,
ACT III

The same.

[Enter Strepsiades, with a sack over his back.]

Str. The twenty-eighth, the twenty-ninth, the thirtieth, And then the day of all days in the year Which I most fear and dread and hate and curse, The thirty-first, when I must pay my debts. For all my creditors have sworn an oath To take a summons out and ruin me. I've been to them and made the fairest offers: 'You won't mind, if I don't pay part just now, Part you'll have soon, the rest you'll let me off.' And yet they say they won't accept these terms: They call me cheat and swear they'll have the law. Well, let them go to law, for I don't care, When once Phidippides has learnt to speak. I'll knock and ask how he is getting on. [Goes to Thinking-School.

Hullo there!

Socr. How d'you do, Strepsiades?
Str. Quite well, thanks. Here! I've brought your bag of meal.
One must do something to repay one's teacher.
About my son, I brought to you just now—Has he contrived to learn that argument?

Socr. Oh yes! he's learnt it all.

Str. Deceit be praised!

Socr. Now you can get off any charge you like.

Str. Ev'n if I borrowed before witnesses?

Socr. Oh dear, yes! the more witnesses the better.

Str. Now will I raise
The song of praise.
Farewell, a long farewell
To usurers distrest;
ναυτοὶ τε καὶ τὰρχαία καὶ τόκοι τόκων:

οὐδὲν γὰρ ἀν με φλαύρουν ἐργάσαισθ᾽ ἐτι·
οἶος ἐμὸι τρέφεται
tοῖσῳ ἐνὶ δῶμασι πάις,
ἀμφήκει γλῶττη λάμπων,
πρόβολος ἐμὸς, σωτὴρ δόμοις, ἐχθροῖς βλάβην,
λυσαίας πατρῴων μεγάλων κακῶν·

δυ κάλεσον τρέχων ἐνδοθεν ὡς ἐμέ.

Σω. ὃ τέκνου, ὃ παι,

ἐξελθ᾽ οἶκων, ἀλε σοῦ πατρός.

οἶο ἐκεῖνος ἀνήρ.

Στρ. ὃ φίλος, ὃ φίλος.

Σω. ἀπίθι λαβῶν τὸν νίόν.

Στρ. ἱώ ἱώ τέκνου,

ἱοῦ ἱου.

ὡς ἠδομαί σου πρῶτα τὴν χροῖν ἱδῶν.

νῦν μὲν γ᾽ ἰδεῖν εἰ πρῶτον ἐξαρνητικός
cαντιλογικός, καὶ τοῦτο τοῦπιχώριον
ἀτεχνῶς ἐπαυθεὶ, τὸ 'τι λέγεις σοῦ;' καὶ δοκεῖν
ἀδικοῦντ' ἀδικεῖσθαι καὶ κακουργοῦντ', οὐδ᾽ ὅτι

ἐπὶ τοῦ προσώπου τ᾽ ἐστίν Ἀττικὸν βλέποσ.

νῦν οὖν ὅπως σώσεις μ', ἐπεὶ καπώλεσας.

Φει. φοβεῖ δὲ ὅ τι; 

Στρ. τὴν ἑην τε καὶ νέαν.

Φει. ἑην γάρ ἑστι καὶ νέα τις; 

Στρ. ἡμέρα,

eἰς ἥν γε θῆσειν τὰ πρυτανεία φασί μοι.

Φει. ἀπολοῦσ᾽ ἄρ᾽ αὐθ᾽ οἱ θεότες· οὐ γὰρ ἐσθ᾽ ὅπως
μι᾽ ἡμέρα γένοιτ' ἀν ἡμέραι δύο.

Στρ. οὐκ ἄν γένοιτο; 

Φει. πῶς γάρ; εἰ μή πέρ γ᾽ ἀμα

αὐτή γένοιτ' ἀν γραῖ τε καὶ νέα γυνή.

Στρ. εὖ γ’, ὃ κακοδαιμόνες, τὶ κάθησθ᾽ ἀβέλτεροι,

ἡμέτερα κέρδη τῶν σοφῶν οὐντες, λίθοι,
ἄριθμος, πράβατ' ἄλλως, ἀμφορῆς νευημένοι;

ἀοτ' εἰς ἐμαυτὸν καὶ τὸν νίόν τουτοῦν
Go, Capital, to Hell,
And Compound Interest.
No longer can you harm me: I am free.
My son is at my side,
My champion and my pride,
His sharp tongue flashing to defend my plea.
He'll save the house from ill
And squash each heavy bill:
Oh! run and fetch him quickly here to me.

Socr. Come forth, come forth, my son,
List to thy father's voice.
Behold! the work is done. [Enter Phidippides.

Str. Now let my heart rejoice.
Socr. Take thy son and go thy way.
Str. My child, my child, Calloo! Callay! [Exit Socrates.
First, I am glad to see you look so pale,
At last Denial's written on your face
And Contradiction, and the fine fresh bloom
Of Philosophic Doubt; 'What's that you say?'
You've got the mask of injured innocence,
Which hides the villain—Yes, I know it well.
In your eyes shines the real old Attic look.
Now save me, as you ruined me before.

Phid. Why, what alarms you so?
Str. The thirty-first.
Phid. The thirty-first? what's that?
Str. Of course the day
On which they swear they'll take a summons out.
Phid. Confound them and their summons: one day can't
Be both the thirtieth and first as well.
Str. Why, what d'you mean?
Phid. Mean! why how could a girl
Be one year old and thirty—both at once?
Str. [To the audience.] My poor dear friends, why d'you sit
gaping there?
We've got the wits, and you are just our victims,
You're mere stones, ciphers, jam-pots in a row—
So don't mind if I sing a bar or two.
ΝΕΦΕΛΑΙ

ἐπ’ εὔτυχίαις ἀστέον μονυγκώμου. 1205
‘μάκαρ ὁ Στρεψίαδες,
ἀυτὸς τ’ ἐφυς ὡς σοφός,
χοίῳ τὸν ἦδυν τρέφεις,’
φήσουν ὁ μ’ οἱ φίλοι
χοί δημόται,
ζηλοῦτες ἡμῖν’ ἀν σὺ νικᾶς λέγων τὰς δίκας.
ἀλλ’ εἰσάγων σε βούλομαι πρῶτον ἐστιάσαι.

ΠΑΣΙΑΣ.

Πα. εἰτ’ ἄνδρα τῶν αὐτοῦ τι χρὴ προϊέναι;
οὐδεποτὲ γ’, ἀλλὰ κρείττον εὐθὺς ἢν τότε
ἀπερυθρᾶσαι μᾶλλον ἦ σχεῖν πράγματα,
ὅτε τῶν ἐμαυτοῦ γ’ ἔνεκα νυνὶ χρημάτων
ἔλκω σε κλητεύσοντα, καὶ γενήσομαι
ἐχθρὸς ἐτί πρὸς τούτοις ἀνδρὶ δημότῃ.
ἀτὰρ οὐδεποτὲ γε τὴν πατρίδα κατασχυνὼ
ζών, ἀλλὰ καλοῦμαι Στρεψιάδην— Στρ. τὸς ὀϋτοσι;
Πα. ἐς τὴν ἐνην τε καὶ νέαν. Στρ. μαρτύρομαι,
ὅτι ἐς δ’ εἶπεν ἡμέρας. τοῦ χρήματος;
Πα. τῶν δῶδεκα μιῶν, ὡς ἐλαβῆς ὀνούμενος
tὸν ψαρὸν ἵππου. Στρ. ἵππου; οὐκ ἄκουετε;
ὁν πάντες ὑμεῖς ἵστε μισουθ’ ἱππικήν.
Πα. καὶ νὴ Δῆ ἀποδώσειν γ’ ἐπώμυνυ τοὺς θεοὺς.
ΣΤΡ. μὰ τὸν Δῆ’ οὐ γάρ πω τότ’ ἐξηπίστατο
Φείδιππίδης μοι τὸν ἀκατάβλητον λόγον.
Πα. νῦν δὲ διὰ τοῦτ’ ἐξαρνὸς εἶναι διανοεῖ;
ΣΤΡ. τὶ γὰρ ἀλλ’ ἄν ἀπολαύσαμι τοῦ μαθήματος;
Πα. καὶ ταῦτ’ ἐβελήσεις ἀπομόσαι μοι τοὺς θεοὺς;
ΣΤΡ. ποίους θεοὺς;
Πα. τὸν Δία, τὸν Ἐρμήν, τὸν Ποσείδῶ. ΣΤΡ. νὴ Δία,
κἂν προσκαταθείην γ’, ἀστ’ ὁμόσαι, τριώβολον.
Πα. ἀπόλοιο τοῦν ἐνεκ’ ἀναιδείας ἐτι. 1236
About our good luck, mine and my son's here.
'Bravo, old Strepsiades,
You're a match for two,
And your boy Phidippides,
He takes after you.'
That's what you're sure to hear
All the neighbours cry,
When they greet you with a cheer,
As you're passing by,
Back from your victory over the law:
So come home to dinner and sharpen your jaw.

[Exeunt Strepsiades and Phidippides.

[Enter Pasias, accompanied by a friend.]

Pas. Must a man then just throw his money broadcast?
Of course not, but I should have done far better
To have said 'no' at once without a blush,
Instead of having all this bother now.
Just think! to get my money back again.
I have to drag you here to act as witness,
And make myself obnoxious to a friend.
But while I live, I won't disgrace my country:
I'll summons old Strepsiades—

Str. (from inside) Who's there?
Pas. To answer on the thirty-first— [Enter Strepsiades.

Str. Now, sir,
Please witness that he named two days. What for?

Pas. The fifty pounds you borrowed for that chestnut.

Str. Chestnut! I beg you all to listen to him:
You all know that I'm not a horsey man.

Pas. By heaven! you swore by all the gods to pay.

Str. By heaven! Phidippides had not then learnt
The argument incontrovertible.

Pas. And do you now mean to deny the debt?

Str. If not, I get no profit from my schooling.

Pas. Are you prepared to swear by all the gods?

Str. Gods! what d'you mean?


Str. By Zeus, I'd pay an extra bob to swear.

Pas. Confound you then, sir, for your impudence.
Στρ. ἀλσὶν διασμηχθὲς ὄνατ' ἀν ὑποσι.
Πα. οἷ' ὡς καταγελᾶς. Στρ. ἐξ χόας χωρὴστεια.
Πα. οὐ τοι μὴ τὸν Δία τὸν μέγαν καὶ τοὺς θεοὺς ἐμοῦ καταπροῖξει. Στρ. θανμασίως ἦσθην θεῖς, καὶ Ζεὺς γέλουσ ὄμυμενος τοῖς εἰδόσιν. 1241
Πα. ἢ μὴν οὐ τοῦτων τῷ χρόνῳ δώσεις δίκην. ἀλλ' εἴτ' ἀποδώσεις μοι τὰ χρήματ' εἴτε μη, ἀπόπεμψον ἀποκρινάμενοι. Στρ. ἔχε νῦν ἦσυχος. ἐγὼ γὰρ αὐτίκ' ἀποκρινοῦμαι σοι σαφῶς. 1245
Πα. τί σοι δοκεῖ δράσεως; ἀποδώσειν σοι δοκεῖ;
Στρ. ποῦ 'σοθ' οὕτω ἀπατήω με τάργυριον; λέγε, τοῦτι τί ἐστί; Πα. τοῦθ' ὃ τί ἐστι; κάρδοπος.
Στρ. ἐπειτ' ἀπαστεῖς τάργυριον τοιούτω ὅν;
οὐκ ἂν ἀποδοθῇ οὖθ' ἂν ὀβολοῦν οὐδειν, ὥστε καλέσει κάρδοπον τὴν καρδότην. 1250
Πα. οὐκ ἄρ' ἀποδώσεις; Στρ. οὔχ, ὅσοι γἐ μ' εἰδέναι. οὐκοῦν ἀνύσας τι θάττων ἀπολυταργεῖς ἀπὸ τῆς θύρας; Πα. ἀπεμι, καὶ τούτ' ἐσθ', ὅτι θήσω προτανεί', ἢ μηκετί ζῆν ἐγὼ. 1255
Στρ. προσαποβαλεῖς ἄρ' αὐτά πρὸς ταῖς δόδεκα. καὶ τοιοῦτα γ' ὧν ἄθροι βούλομαι παθεῖν,
ὅτι ἡ κάλεσας ἐνθικῶς τὴν κάρδοπον.

ΑΜΥΝΙΑΣ.

Αμ. ἤ τὸ μοι μοι.
Στρ. ἐα. τίς οὕτως ποτ' ἐσθ' ὁ θρηνὼν; οὐ τί ποι 1260
tῶν Καρκὺν τις δαιμόνων ἔφθεγγετο;
Αμ. τὶ δ' ὅστις εἰμί, τοῦτο βούλεσθ' εἰδέναι;
ἀνὴρ κακοδαίμων. Στρ. κατὰ σεαιτὸν νῦν τρέπουν.
Αμ. ὅ σκληρῇ δαῖμον, ὃ τούχαι θραυσάντυγες ἐπὶ παν ἐμῶν· ὁ Παλλᾶς, ὃς μ' ἀπώλεσας. 1265
Στρ. τί δαι σε Τῆλπόλεμός ποτ' εἰργασται κακῶν;
Αμ. μὴ σκῶπτε μ', ὃ τὰν, ἀλλὰ μοι τὰ χρήματα
THE CLOUDS

Str. He'd make a lovely tub with a coat of varnish.
Pas. D'you dare to laugh at me?
Str. He'd hold six gallons.
Pas. By Zeus and all the gods in heaven, you shan't
Make fun of me for nothing.
Str. I do like his gods:
Zeus is a real joke, when you're in the know.
Pas. One day I'll take it out of you for this.
Just tell me if you mean to pay or not,
And let me go.
Str. Now, just you wait a bit.
I'll answer plain enough in half a minute.
[Exit Strepsiades.
Pas. (To his friend.) What will he do? d'you think he'll
pay the money?
Str. Now where's the chap who's asking me to pay?
Just tell me, please, what this is.
Pas. That, a meal-trough.
Str. And yet you expect to get your money back!
I really couldn't pay a man a penny
Who dares to call a femeal-trough a meal-trough.
Pas. You're sure you won't pay then?
Str. Not if I know it.
And as for you, make haste and take your hook.
Pas. All right, I'll go, but, as I live, I warn you
I'll take a summons out immediately.
Str. You'll lose your costs besides your fifty pounds.
[Exit Pasias.
And yet I hardly want you to do that:
You fell into the 'meal-trough' trap so nicely.
[Enter Amynias.]
Am. Oh dear! oh dear!
Str. Hullo! who's this lamenting? can it be
Some god out of a play of Carcinus?
Am. D'you want to know who I am? I'm a most
Unlucky fellow.
Str. Don't come near us then.
Am. 'O cruel chance, that broke my chariot-rail:
O fate! O Pallas, thou hast me undone.'
Str. Why what harm has Tlepolemus done you now?
Am. Now don't laugh at me, sir, but tell your son
τὸν ὑιὸν ἀποδοῖναι κέλευσον ἀλαβεῖν,
ἀλλὰς τε μέντοι καὶ κακῶς πεπραγότοι.

Στρ. τὰ ποία ταῦτα χρῆμαθ'; Ἀμ. ἀδανείσατο. 1270
Στρ. κακῶς ἀρ' ὄντως εἶχες, ὡς γ' ἔμοι δοκεῖς.
Ἀμ. ἵππους ἐλαύνων ἐξέπεσον ἡ τοὺς θεοὺς.
Στρ. τί δήτα ληρεῖς ὡσπερ ἀπ' ὄνου καταπεσῶν;
Ἀμ. ληρὼ, τὰ χρήματ' ἀπολαβεῖν εἰ βούλομαι;
Στρ. οὐκ ἔσθ' ὅπως σὺ γ' αὐτὸς ὑγιαίνεις. Ἀμ. τί δαί;
Στρ. τὸν ἐγκέφαλον ὡσπερ σεσεϊςθαί μοι δοκεῖς. 1276
Ἀμ. σὺ δὲ νῦ τῶν Ἐρμῆν προσκεκλῆσθαί μοι δοκεῖς,
εἰ μᾶποδώσεις τάργυριον. Ἀμ. κάτειπε νῦν,
πότερα νομίζεις καῦνῳ ἄν τὸν Δία
ἀρχ' ὕδωρ ἐκάστοτ', ἢ τὸν ἥλιον
ἐκκεὶν κἀτωθεὶν ταῦτ' ὑδωρ πάλιν;
Ἀμ. οὐκ οὔτ' ἐγωγ' ὅποτερον, οὖδέ μοι μέλει.
Στρ. πῶς σὺν ἀπολαβεῖν τάργυριον δίκαιοι εἰ,
εἰ μὴδὲν οἰσθα τῶν μετεώρων πραγμάτων;
Ἀμ. ἀλλ' εἰ σπανίζεις, τάργυριον μοι τὸν τόκον
ἀπόδοτε. Ἀμ. τὸῦτο δ' ἔσθ' ἵ τόκος τί θηριόν;
Ἀμ. τί δ' ἄλλο γ' ἤ κατὰ μήνα καὶ καθ' ἠμέραν
πλέον πλέον τάργυριον ἄει γλύγεται,
ὑπορρέοντος τοῦ χρόνου; Ἀμ. κακῶς λέγεις.
τί δήτα; τὴν ἑλατταν ἔσθ' ὅτι πλείονα 1290
μνι νομίζεις ἤ πρὸ τοῦ;
Ἀμ. μὰ Δι', ἀλλ' ἵσην.
οὐ γὰρ δίκαιον πλείον' εἶναι. Ἀμ. κάτα πῶς
ἀὐτή μὲν, ὡς κακόδαμον, οὖδὲν γλύγεται
ἐπιρρεόντων τῶν ποταμῶν πλεῖων, σὺ δὲ
ζητεῖς ποιῆσαι τάργυριον πλεῖον τὸ σῶν;
Ἀμ. ἀποδιώξεις σαυτῶν ἀπὸ τῆς οἰκίας;
φέρε μοι τὸ κέντρον. Ἀμ. ταῦτ' ἐγὼ μαρτύρομαι.
Στρ. ὑπαγε, τί μέλλεις; οὐκ ἔλας, ὡ σαμφόρα;
Ἀμ. ταῦτ' οὐχ ὑβρις δήτ' ἔστιν; Ἀμ. ἐξέεις;
ἐπιαλὼ κεντῶν ὑπὸ τὸν πρωκτὸν σε τὸν σειραφόρον. 1300
To give me back the money that he borrowed:
I want it badly since this accident.

Str. What money?
Am. Why the money that I lent him.
Str. Good Lord! you really are in a bad way.
Am. I am: I've just been thrown by my new pair.
Str. You talk as if you'd been thrown on your nut.
Am. I talk? I only want my money back.
Str. You're not quite well, my good sir.
Am. What d'you mean?
Str. I'm sure you've got concussion of the brain.
Am. I'm sure you'll find yourself in court quite soon,
If you don't pay my money.
Str. Tell me then,
Do you believe, each time it rains, that Zeus
Sends down fresh water, or d'you think the sun
Draws up the same rain from the earth again?
Am. I don't know really and don't care a scrap.
Str. What right have you to get your money back,
If you know nothing of the atmosphere?
Am. Well, if you're hard up, pay the interest.
Str. What sort of animal 's this interest?
Am. Why, month by month, and day by day it grows
Larger and larger, as the time goes by.
Str. Well, what d'you think about the sea? Does it
Grow larger that it used to be?
Am. Of course not:
Str. Then, my good sir,
If all these rivers flow into the sea
And cannot make it larger, how can you
Expect your wretched interest to grow?
Now just make yourself scarce and leave the house.
Bring me the whip.
Am. I'll summons you for that.
Str. Get along with you.—Drive on, old grey mare.
Am. I'll charge you for assault.
Str. Now trot along,
Old wheeler, or I'll prick you up a bit.
Φεύγεις; ἐμελλόν σ’ ἄρα κινήσεις ἐγώ αὐτοῖς τροχοῖς τοῖς σοῦσι καὶ ἔννορίσων.

Χορ. οὗν τὸ πραγμάτων ἔραν φλαύρων ὁ γὰρ γέρων ὁδ’ ἐρασθεὶς ἀποστερήσαι βούλεται τὰ χρήμαθ’ ἀδανείσατο·
κοῦκ ἔσθ’ ὅπως οὖ τῇμερόν τι λήψεται πράγμ’, ὁ τούτων πούσει τὸν σοφιστήν,
ἀνθ’ ὃν πανουργεῖν ἠρξατ’, ἔξαίφνης κακῶν λαβεῖν τι. ὦμαι γὰρ αὐτὸν αὐτίχ’ εὐρήσειν ὄπερ πάλαι ποτ’ ἐπῆτει, εἶναι τὸν ὕδων ἑμών οἱ γνώμασ ἑναπτίας λέγειν τοῖς δικαίοις, ὡστε νικὰν ὀίσπερ ἄν ἔννογένηται, καὶ λέγῃ παμπόνηρα.

Ἰσως δ’, ἱσως βουλήσεται κάφωνον αὐτὸν εἶναι.

ΣΤΡΕΨΙΑΔΗΣ. ΦΕΙΔΙΠΠΙΔΗΣ. ΧΟΡΟΣ.

Στρ. ιοῦ ιοῦ.

ὡ γείτονες καὶ ἔννογενεῖς καὶ ὅμοιαι, ἀμυνάθετε μοι τιπτομένῳ πάσῃ τέχνῃ.
ὁμοί κακοδαίμον τῆς κεφαλῆς καὶ τῆς γυάθου. ὦ μιαρέ, τύπτεις τὸν πατέρα; Φει. φήμ’, ὦ πάτερ.

Στρ. ὅραθ’ ὁμολογούνθ’ ὄτι με τύπτει. Φει. καὶ μάλα.

Στρ. ὦ μιαρέ καὶ πατραλοία καὶ τοιχώρυχε.

Φει. αὐθίς με ταῦτα ταῦτα καὶ πλεῖω λέγε. ἂρ’ οἴσθ’ ὄτι χαίρω πόλλ’ ἀκούὼν καὶ κακά; 1329

Στρ. ὃ παμπόνυρε. Φει. πάττε πολλοῖς τοῖς ῥόδοις.

Στρ. τὸν πατέρα τύπτεις; Φει. καποσμανο γε ἡ Δία ὡς ἐν δίκη σ’ ἐτυπτον. Στρ. ὦ μιαρῶτατε, καὶ πῶς γένοιτ’ ἄν πατέρα τύπτειν ἐν δίκη;

Φει. ἐγωγ’ ἀποδεῖξο, καὶ σε νικήσω λέγων.

Στρ. τουτ’ σὺ νικήσεις; Φει. πολύ γε καὶ ῥάδιως.
You’re going? Yes, I thought I’d make you move, 
You and your trap and wheels and everything.

[Exeunt Amyntas and Strepsiades.

Chor. How sad the end of vicious aims! This old man’s 
aims were vicious, 
And now to cheat of what they lent His creditors 
he wishes: 
O horrid plan! O bad old man! 
You’ll see before to-morrow 
Unless I very greatly err He’ll make this new philo-
sopher 
To suffer pain and sorrow. 
He’ll find his son (which long has been His object 
and endeavour) 
Is trained to be at pleas unjust Particularly clever: 
In every fight By wrong or right 
He’ll make his foes knock under,— 
But if perchance in time to come 
Papa should wish the youth were dumb 
I should not greatly wonder!

[Enter Strepsiades, pursued by Phidippides.

Str. Friends, neighbours, countrymen, lend me your aid. 
Save me from getting flogged to death—make haste! 
Oh! my poor head! oh! how my jaw does ache! 
You brute! beat your old father?

Phid. Just so, father.

Str. D’you hear how he admits it?

Phid. Certainly.

Str. You brute! you parricide! you house-breaker!

Phid. Oh! please go on: call me a few more names. 
I’m pleased as Punch, when I get slanged like that.

Str. Ill-mannered beast!

Phid. Shower your roses on me.

Str. Beat your own father?

Phid. Yes, and I can prove

That I’m quite right.

Str. You cad! how can it be 
Right for a son to beat his poor old father?

Phid. I’ll demonstrate it and convince you too.

Str. What? you’ll convince me!

Phid. Yes, quite easily.
ελοῦ δ’ ὑπότερον τῶν λόγων βούλει λέγειν. 1336
Στρ. τοῖον λόγων;  Φει. τὸν κρείττον’ ἢ τὸν ἤττονα; 1340
Στρ. ἐδιδαξάμην μέντοι σε νὴ Δλ’, ὦ μέλε, τῶς ὁμοίως ἀναπείσεις, εἰ ταῦτα γε μέλλεις ἀναπείσεις, ὡς ὁμοίως καὶ καλῶν τὸν πατέρα τύπτεσθ’ ἐστίν ὑπὸ τῶν νιέων. 1345
Φει. ἀλλ’ οἷομαι μέντοι σ’ ἀναπείσεις, ὡστε γε οὖδ’ αὐτὸς ἀκροασάμενος οὐδὲν ἀντερεῖς.
Στρ. καὶ μὴν ὦ τι καὶ λέξεις ἀκούσαι βούλομαι. 1350
Χορ. σὺν ἔργου, ὦ πρεσβύτα, φροντίζειν ὅτι τὸν ἄνδρα κρατήσεις, ὡς οὕτος, εἰ μὴ τῷ ’πεποίθεως, οὐκ ἂν ἦν οὕτως ἀκόλαστος. 1356
ἀλλ’ ἔσοδ’ ὑπὲρ θρασύνεται· δηλοῦ γε τὰν-θρώπου᾽ στὶ τὸ λήμα. 1361
ἀλλ’ ἔξ ὄτου τὸ πρῶτον ἡρξαθ’ ἢ μάχη γενέσθαι, ἦδη λέγεω χρή πρὸς χορόν’. πάντως δὲ τούτο δράσεις.
Στρ. καὶ μὴν οἶδεν γε πρῶτον ἡρξάμεσθα λοιδορεῖσθα 1365
ἐγὼ φράσω· 'πειδὴ γὰρ εἰστιώμεθ’, ὡσπερ ἵστε, πρῶτον μὲν αὐτὸν τὴν λύραν λαβόντ' ἐγὼ 'κέλευσα ἃσαι Σιμωνίδου μέλος, τὸν Κρίνων, ὡς ἐπέχθη. ἐγὼ ὑπὲρ τοὺς κάρχρος γνωὰκ’ ἀλοῦσαν.
Φει. οὐ γὰρ τὸτ’ εὐθὺς χρῆν σ’ ἀρα τύπτεσθαι τε καὶ πατεῖσθαι, ἀδειν κελεύονθ’, ὡσπερ τῆτιγας ἔστινωτα; 1371
Στρ. τοιαῦτα μέντοι καὶ τότ’ ἔλεγεν εὐδοῦ, σιάπερ νῦν, καὶ τὸν Σιμωνίδην ἔφασκ’ εἶναι κακῶν ποιητήν. 1376
καγὼ μόλις μὲν ἀλλ’ ὅμως ἤμεσχόμην τὸ πρῶτον-ἐπέειτα δ’ εὔκελευ’ αὐτὸν ἀλλὰ μυρρίνην λαβόντα τῶν Ἀλσύλου λέξαι τὶ μοι. καθ’ οὕτος εὐθὺς εἶπεν, ἑγὼ γὰρ Ἀλσύλου νομίζω πρῶτον εὖ ποιητᾶς, 1381
ψόφου πλέων, ἀξύστατον, στόμφακα, κρημνοποιόν;’
THE CLOUDS

Now choose which Argument you'd like to hear.

*Str.* Argument?

*Phid.* Yes, the Better or the Worse?

*Str.* Good heavens! I must indeed have got you taught To refute justice, if you're really able To prove to me that it's quite right and just That fathers should be beaten by their sons.

*Phid.* Yet I believe I'll show it you so clearly, You won't want to deny a single word.

*Str.* Well, I'll consent to hear what you can say.

*Chor.* Now bethink you, aged man, How to worst him if you can, Though in argument he's dangerously pat— And I cannot but believe He has something up his sleeve, Or he'd ne'er be so unprincipled as that! So tell us how the fight began and lay the case before us: I'm certain that you can't object to state it to the Chorus.

*Str.* Well, I'll tell you, if you wish it, how this fatal quarrel grew:

I was giving him a dinner—as you know I meant to do— And I asked him if he wouldn't take his lyre and play a piece Like that song of old Simonides, 'The Ram who lost his Fleece'; But he said none but old fossils cared to play the lyre still, And to sing while they were drinking, like a woman at the mill.

*Phid.* Surely that deserved a beating, and a good sound hiding too, To ask for songs at dinner, as old fogeys used to do.

*Str.* Only hear the stuff he's talking—that is what he said just now, And as for poor Simonides, he wasn't worth a blow. So I handed him a myrtle-branch and asked him to recite A little bit of Aeschylus: at that he cursed outright: 'D'you suppose that I call Aeschylus a poet worth the name? He's a noisy, incoherent, break-jaw ranter past all shame.'
κάντανθα πῶς ὀισθεῖ μου τὴν καρδίαν ὀρεχθεῖν; ὤμως δὲ τὸν θυμὸν δακῶν ἐφην, 'οὕτω δ' ἄλλα τούτων
λέξον τι τῶν νεωτέρων, ἀττ' ἐστὶ τὰ σοφὰ ταῦτα.' ὁ δ' εὐθὺς ἤγ' Εὐριπίδου ῥῆσιν τιν', ὁς ἔτυπτεν 1371 ἀδελφὸς, ἡλεξίκακε, τὴν ὅμομητραν ἄδελφην.
κἀγὼ οὐκέτ' ἔξηγενχόμην, ἄλλο εὐθὺς ἐξαράττω
πολλοὶς κακοῖς καλοχροίς· κατ' ἐντεῦθεν, οἶνον ἐλκός, ἐποὶ πρὸς ἑπὸς ἢρειδόμεσθ'. εἵθ' οὕτος ἐπαναπηδά, κάπετ' ἐφίλα με κάσποδει κάπυνιγε καπέτριβεν. 1376
Φει. οὐκοιν δικαλῶς, ὡστις οὐκ Εὐριπίδην ἐπαυεῖσ, σοφάτατον; Ὁστρ. σοφάτατον γ' ἐκεῖνον, ὥ—τι σ' εἶπω;
ἀλλ' αὕτης αὕτη τυπτήσομαι. Φει. νὴ τὸν Δ', ἐν ὅπῃ γ' ἀν.
毛泽. καὶ πῶς δικαλῶς; ὡστις ὄναλωσχυτε γ' ἐξέθρεψα, 1380 ἀλθανόμενος σου πάντα τραυλίζοντος, ὁ τῷ νοοῦς.
εἰ μέν γε βρῶν εἶπος, ἐγὼ γυνός ἂν πιεῖν ἑκέσχον· μαμμάν δ' ἂν αἰτήσαντος ἥκὼν σοι φέρων ἂν ἄρτον.
Χορ. οἴμαλ γε τῶν νεωτέρων τὰς καρδίας 1391 πηδάν, ὃ τι λέξει.
εἰ γὰρ τοιαύτα γ' οὕτος ἑξειργασμένος λαλῶν ἀναπείσει,
τὸ δέρμα τῶν γεραυτέρων λάβομεν ἂν 1395 ἄλλο οὖθ' ἐρεβίωθον.
σὸν ἔργον, ὃ κανών ἔποι' κινητὰ καὶ μοχλεντά,
πειθώ των ζητέω, ὡς δόξεις λέγεις δίκιαι.
Φει. ὡς ἥδυ κανῶς πράγμασιν καὶ δεξιῶς ὁμιλεῖν, 1399 καὶ τῶν καθεστῶτων νόμων ὑπερφρονεῖν δύνασθαι,
ἐγὼ γὰρ ὅτε μὲν ἰπτικὴ τὸν νοῦν μόνον προσεῖχον,
οὐδ' ἂν τρὶ' εἰπὼν ὅμαθ' όἷός τ' ἥν πρὶν ἐξα-
μαρτεῖν.
Then, as you can well imagine, I was furious, but still
I bit my lip and answered: 'Well, just sing me, if
you will,
Something out of the new poets, something really
good and smart.'
So he sang me some Euripides, a tale about the wrong
That some brute did to his sister: God forgive him
for the song.
Then I really couldn't stand it, but I let him have it
hot:
I swore and cursed him roundly, and so after that
we fought
Tooth and nail, as we were bound to, and the end
was—out he flew,
And pummelled me and stifled me and beat me
black and blue.
Phid. And richly you deserve it: you don't like Euripides
    The cleverest of poets—
Str. Oh! you—no, don't hit me, please,
    My goodness! just you try.
Phid. You ungrateful brute, I brought you up and when
    you used to cry
I knew what you were wanting, and you hadn't to
ask twice:
You only had to whine and whimper 'brun' and in
    a trice
I was off to get you milk, and if you shook your
little head
And called again for 'mamma,' then I knew you
wanted bread.
Chor. All the youngsters, it is clear,
    Long impatiently to hear
How their interests this champion will protect:
    For I wouldn't give a pin
    For an aged parent's skin
    Should he prove that his behaviour was correct.
So now, my engineer of words and curious novel
pleadings,
Make out a case to justify your somewhat strange
proceedings.
Phid. It's a jolly life I'm leading in the New Philosophy,
With an absolute contempt for all the law's authority.
For while I lived for horses and was always in the
Ring,
I couldn't speak two sentences without some blun-
dering:
νυνὶ δ' ἐπειδὴ μ' οὗτοι τούτων ἐπανειν αὐτὸς,
γνώμαι δὲ λεπταῖς καὶ λόγοις ἔνυξυμι καὶ μερι-
μαίς,
οἴμαι διδάσειν ὣς δίκαιον τὸν πατέρα κολάζεων. 1405
Στρ. Ἰππευν τοῦν νη Δ', ὡς ἐμοιγε κρεῖττον ἐστὶν
ἔπῳς τρέφειν τέθρυππον ἢ τυπτόμενον ἐπιρ-
βήναι.
Φει. ἐκεῖσε δ' θεῦν ἀπέσχισάς με τοῦ λόγου μέτειμι,
καὶ πρῶτ' ἐρήσομαι σε τοῦτ' παιδὰ μ' οὗτ'
ἐπιπτείς;
Στρ. ἐγωγεί σ', εὔνοϊν γε καὶ κηδόμενος.  Φει. εἰπὲ δὴ
μοι, 1410
οὐ καμὲ σοι δίκαιον ἐστὶν εὔνοεῖν δυνοῖς,
τύπτειν τ', ἐπειδὴπερ γε τοῦτ' ἐστ' εὔνοεῖν, τὸ τύ-
πτεῖν;
πῶς γὰρ τὸ μὲν σοὺ σώμα χρὴ πληγῶν ἄθων
eῖναι,
tοῦμὸν δὲ μῆ; καὶ μὴν ἐφύν ἐλεύθερός γε
cάγω.
'κλάουσι παιδὲς, πατέρα δ' οὖ κλάεων δοκεῖς;' 1415
φήσεις νομίζεσθαι σοῦ παιδὸς τοῦτο τοῦργον εῖναι.
ἐγὼ δὲ γ' ἀντείποιμ' ἄν ὡς δῖς παῖδες οἱ γέροντες.
εἰκὸς δὲ μᾶλλον τοὺς γέροντας ἥ νέους τι κλάεων,
δοφπερ ἐξαμαρτάνειν ὁπτὸν δίκαιον αὐτοὺς.
Στρ. ἐμοὶ μὲν, ὅπρες ἡλίκες, δοκεὶ λέγειν δίκαια: 1437
κάμοιγε συγχωρεῖν δοκεί τούτοις τάπιεική.
κλάεων γὰρ ἡμᾶς εἰκὸς ἐστ', ἢν μὴ δίκαια δρόμεν.
Φει. σκέψαι δὲ χάτεραν ἐτὶ γνώμην.  Στρ. ἀπὸ γὰρ
ὁλοῦμαι. 1440
Φει. καὶ μὴν ἐσως γ' οὐκ ἀχθέσει παθῶν ἢ νῦν
πέπονθας.
Στρ. πῶς ὅς; διδάξον γὰρ τι μ' ἐκ τούτων ἐπωφε-
λήσεις.
But now my father's cured me of those childish interests,
And I'm all for subtle theories and arguments and tests,
I believe that I can demonstrate that parent-beating's just.

*Str.* Oh! the old days were far better, please be horsey, if you must;
I'd much rather keep your racers than be pummelled by your fist.

*Phid.* Let us come back to our argument, from which you just digressed:
First, please answer me a question: did you beat me as a boy?

*Str.* Yes, but always for your good, and never merely to annoy.

*Phid.* Well then, doesn't it seem just that I should think of your good too?
If one's good is just a beating, then I can't help beating you.
For it surely can't be proper that you shouldn't get a touch,
When I've felt the rod so often—I was born free just as much.
As the poet says, 'The children cry and shan't the father weep?'
You will say that's not the custom that we usually keep:
For we think it is the business of the child to weep and cry:
Well, old age is second childhood, I am ready to reply:
And there's all the better reason why the old should weep and wail,
For it's very much more wicked, when the old in duty fail.

*Str.* Well, my friends, I can't help thinking there is justice in his plea:
We old men should give the young ones a fair share of liberty,
And if we sin and smart for it, we really can't complain.

*Phid.* Now consider one more aspect.

*Str.* Or you'll beat me once again.

*Phid.* But perhaps it will console you for the pain you've just gone through.

*Str.* Can you teach me to enjoy it, when I'm beaten black and blue?
Φει. τὴν μητέρ' ἄσπερ καὶ σὲ τυπήσωσ. Στρ. τὸ δῆτα
φίς ơῦ;
tοῦθ' ἐτερον αὐ μεῖζον κακῶν. Φει. τὸ δ' ἡν ἔχων
τὸν ἥττω
λόγον σε νικήσω λέγων
tὴν μητέρ' ὡς τύπτεις χρεῶν;
Στρ. τὸ δ' ἄλλο γ' ἢ ταῦτ' ἢν ποιῆς
οὐδὲν σε κωλύσει σεαυ-
tὸν ἐμβαλεῖν ἐς τὸ βάραθρον
μετὰ Σωκράτους
καὶ τὸν λόγον τὸν ἥττω.
tαυτὶ δ' ἄμας, ὦ Νεφέλαι, πέποινθ' ἐγώ,
ὑμῖν ἀναθεῖς ἀπαντά τὰμα πράγματα.
Χορ. αὐτὸς μὲν ὦν σαυτῷ σὺ τούτων αἰτίος,
στρέψας σεαυτὸν ἐς πονηρὰ πράγματα.
Στρ. τὸ δῆτα ταῦτ' ὧν μοι τὸτ' ἠγορεῦετε,
ἀλλ' ἀνδρ' ἄγροικον καὶ γέροντ' ἐπήρετε;
Χορ. ἡμεῖς ποιοῦμεν ταῦτ' ἐκάστοθ', οὕτω' ἂν
γνῶμεν ποιηρῶν ὄντ' ἐραστὴν πραγμάτων,
ἐὼς ἂν αὐτὸν ἐμβάλωμεν εἰς κακῶν,
ὅπως ἂν εἰδῆ τοὺς βεοὺς δεδοικέναι.
Στρ. ὁμοι, ποιηρά γ', ὦ Νεφέλαι, δίκαια δέ.
οὐ γάρ μ' ἐχρῆν τὰ χρήμαθ' ἀδανεισάμην
ἀποστερεῖν. νῦν οὖν ὅπως, ὃ φιλτατε,
tὸν Χαιρεφώντα τὸν μιαρὸν καὶ Σωκράτην
ἀπολεῖσ μετελθών, ὃ σὲ κάμ' ἔξητάτων.
Φει. ἀλλ' οὐκ ἂν ἀδικήσαμι τοὺς διδασκάλους.
Στρ. ναὶ ναὶ, καταδέσθητι πατρῷον Δία.
Φει. ἰδοὺ γε Δία πατρῷον· ὡς ἄρχαίος εἰ.
Ζεὺς γὰρ τις ἐστὶν; Στρ. ἐστὶν. Φει. οὐκ ἐστ',
οὐκ, ἐπεὶ
Δίνος βασιλεύει, τὸν Δί' ἐξέληλακός.
Στρ. οὐκ ἐξέληλακ', ἀλλ' ἐγώ τοῦτ' φόμην,
Phid. I intend to beat my mother too.

Str. How dare you, sir? Good Lord!

You get worse and worse each minute.

Phid. Well, just let me have a word,

And unless the Worse Argument's lost all its beauty,

I'll prove that to beat one's own mother's a duty.

Str. If you prove that, all the faster
Are you bound to go to Hell

With Socrates, your master,

And your Arguments as well,

And it's you I've got to blame,

You Clouds, to whom I prayed,

You have played me a low game,

When you promised me your aid.

Chor. No, no, you've only got yourself to blame:

You chose base means, and you have suffered for it.

Str. Then why didn't you tell me this at once

Instead of luring on a poor old rustic?

Chor. Because we always do this every time

We meet a man attracted to low ways:

It's best, we think, to bring him into trouble,

And then he learns to reverence the gods.

Str. It's a hard lesson, Clouds, but it's deserved.

I ought not to have tried to steal the money

That I had borrowed. Come, Phidippides,

Let's make an end of that beast Chaerephon

And Socrates, who cheated both of us.

Phid. I'll take no part in injuring my masters.

Str. 'Yea, thou shalt worship Zeus, thy fathers' god.'

Phid. 'My fathers' god!' you're dreadfully old-fashioned.

Does Zeus exist?

Str.: He does.

Phid. Indeed he doesn't:

'Vortex is king, and he has banished Zeus.'

Str. He has not banished him, though I once thought so,
Φει. ἐνταῦθα σαυτῷ παραφρόνει καὶ φληνάφα. Στρ. οίμοι παρανόιας· ὅσ ἐμαυώμην ἁρά, ὦτ' ἐξεβάλλων τοὺς θεοὺς διὰ Σωκράτην. ἀλλ', ὥς φίλ Ἐρμῆ, μηδαμῶς θύμαινε μοι, μηδὲ μ' ἐπιτρύψῃ, ἀλλὰ συγγνώμην ἔχε ἔμοι παρανόησαντος ἀδολεσχία.

καὶ μοι γενοῦ ἐξύμβουλος, εἰτ' αὐτοῦ γραφὴν διωκάθω γραφάμενος, εἰδ' ὦ τι σοι δοκεί.— ὅρθως παρανείς οὐκ ἔων δικορραφεῖν, ἀλλ' ὥς τάχιστ' ἐμπιμπράναι τὴν οἰκίαν τῶν ἀδολεσχῶν. δεύρο δεύρ', ὥς Ἑανθία, κλημακα λαβών ἐξελθε καὶ σμινύῃν φέρων, κάπετι ἐπαναβᾶς ἐπὶ τὸ φροντιστήριον τὸ τέγος κατάσκαπτ', εἴ φιλεῖς τὸν δεσπότην, ἔως ἂν αὐτοῖς ἐμβάλῃς τὴν οἰκίαν ἐμοὶ δὲ δᾶδ' ἐνεγκάτω τις ἡμμείνην, κἀγὼ τιν' αὐτῶν τῆμερον δοῦναι δίκην ἐμοὶ ποιῆσω, κεὶ σφόδρ' εἰσ' ἀλαζόνες.

ΜΑΘΗΤΗΣ.

Μαθ. ιοῦ ιοῦ. Στρ. σοῦ ἔργου, ὥ δας, ἰέναι πολλὴν φλόγα.
Μαθ. ἀνθρωπε, τί ποιεῖς; Στρ. ὦ τί ποιῶ; τί δ' ἄλλο γ' ἦν
diαλεπτολογοῦμαι ταῖς δοκοῖς τῆς οἰκίας.
Μαθ. οἴμοι, τίς ἡμῶν πυρπολεί τὴν οἰκίαν;
Στρ. ἐκεῖνος οὕτε θομάτιον εἰλήφατε.
Μαθ. ἄπολεῖς ἄπολεῖς. Στρ. τοῦτ' αὐτὸ γὰρ καὶ

βούλομαι,

ἥν ἡ σμινύῃ μοι μὴ προδῷ τὰς ἐλπίδας,

ἡ γὰρ πρῶτερον πως ἐκτραχηλισθῶ πεσών.

1475 1480 1485 1490 1500
Thanks to this vortex of philosophy.

*Phid.* Stop here, and gibber to yourself—I'm going.

*[Exit Phidippides.]*

*Str.* I have been mad. It was an evil day
When I drove out the gods for Socrates.
But, O Lord Hermes, be not wrath with me;
Humble me not, be merciful, forgive
The folly that I learnt from idle talk.
And give me counsel: shall I bring a summons
And have them up or—what d'you think is best?
Yes, yes, that's right: I mustn't prosecute,
But set their house on fire immediately,
The silly chatterers. Here, Xanthias,
Come out and bring a ladder and an axe:
Then just climb up on to the Thinking-School
And hack the roof in, if you love your master,
Until you bring the house about their ears.
Here, let me have a lighted torch at once;
I'll take it out of some of them to-day
For what I've suffered, spite of all their brag.

*[Enter Pupil.]*

*Pup.* Fire, Fire!

*Str.* 'Torch, 'tis thy task to scatter the broad flame.'

*Pup.* Here, what are you doing?

*Str.* Doing? why of course
I'm chopping logic up among the beams.

*Pup.* Help! some one's setting the whole house on fire.

*Str.* Yes, it's the man whose cloak you've got inside.

*Pup.* You'll kill us all.

*Str.* That's what I want to do,
If my good axe doesn't betray my hopes,
And I don't fall off first and break my neck.
ΣΩΚΡΑΤΗΣ.

Σω. οὗτος, τί ποιεῖς ἔτεον, οὐπλ τοῦ τέγους;
Στρ. ἀεροβατῶ καὶ περιφρονῶ τὸν ὕλιον.
Σω. οἴμοι τάλας, δείλαιος ἀποπνιγήσομαι.
Μαθ. ἐγὼ δὲ κακοδαίμων γε κατακαυθήσομαι.

Στρ. τί γὰρ μαθόντες τοὺς θεοὺς ὑβρίζετε,
καὶ τῆς σελήνης ἐσκοπεῖσθε τὴν ἔδραν;
διώκε, βάλλε, παῖε, πολλῶν οὐνεκα,
μάλιστα δ' εἴδως τοὺς θεοὺς ὡς ἠδίκον.
[Enter Socrates.]

Socr. What are you at there, you, up on the roof?
Str. 'I tread the air and look upon the sun.'
Socr. Help! help! I shall be suffocated soon.
Pup. I shall be burnt to death: will no one help?
Str. Too late now! why did you blaspheme the gods
And spy upon the secrets of the moon?
Hack! hew! smash! burn them! they deserve it all.
No quarter! these men have denied the gods.

The Pupils rush out: the fire burns higher: the Clouds appear in the background laughing.

Curtain.
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