



Hannah Marsters (Wadham 2013)

**Reading from James Morwood's translations of Euripides: *Troades* and *Medea*  
Euripides, *Troades* 98-121 (Hecuba)**

Up, unhappy woman! Lift your head  
and your neck from the ground! This is no longer Troy,  
we are no longer Troy's queen.

Fortune has veered round. Endure it.  
Sail on a sensible course. Sail as fits your fortune,  
and do not set the prow of life's ship  
against the swell, as chance steers your voyage.

Alas! alas!

What is there here that I do not mourn in my misery?

Country, children, husband—all are gone.

O the surpassing grandeur of my ancestors  
now cast down—so you were nothing then!

Why should I be silent? Why should I not be silent?

Why should I lament?

How wretched I am in this heavy fate  
which makes me lie here as I do, my limbs spread low,  
stretched out on my back on the ground's hard bed.

Alas for my face, alas for my forehead  
and my ribs, how I long

to twist and turn my back and my spine  
now to one side of my body, now to the other,  
as I endlessly weep and lament.

But even this is music to the wretched—  
to sing of their joyless woes.

**Euripides, *Medea* 824-45 (Choral Ode)**

Descendants of Erechtheus, happy for so long,  
children of the blessed gods,  
sprung from a holy and unconquered land,  
feeding your fill of most glorious knowledge, ever moving  
with easy grace under the brightest of skies,  
where they say that once the nine Muses,  
the sacred maidens of Pieria, gave birth to golden-haired Harmony—  
and dwelling by the waters of the fair-flowing Cephisus,  
which, as the story goes, Aphrodite drew  
and breathed upon the land the gentle and sweet breath  
of her breezes. And always, as she casts  
fragrant garlands of roses on her hair,  
the Loves escort her, the companions of Knowledge  
and inspirers of all the arts.

(both translations by James Morwood, World's Classics edition, Oxford 2000 and 1997 respectively)