

The Classical Review

<http://journals.cambridge.org/CAR>

Additional services for *The Classical Review*:

Email alerts: [Click here](#)

Subscriptions: [Click here](#)

Commercial reprints: [Click here](#)

Terms of use : [Click here](#)



Version

J. I. Beare

The Classical Review / Volume 20 / Issue 04 / May 1906, pp 234 - 234
DOI: 10.1017/S0009840X00994563, Published online: 27 October 2009

Link to this article: http://journals.cambridge.org/abstract_S0009840X00994563

How to cite this article:

J. I. Beare (1906). Version. The Classical Review, 20, pp 234-234 doi:10.1017/S0009840X00994563

Request Permissions : [Click here](#)

VERSION.

K.Phi. Bind up your hairs.
Const. Yes, that I will; and wherefore will I do it?
 I tore them from their bonds and cried aloud
 'O that these hands could so redeem my son,
 As they have given these hairs their liberty!
 But now I envy at their liberty,
 And will again commit them to their bonds,
 Because my poor child is a prisoner.
 And, father cardinal, I have heard you say
 That we shall see and know our friends in heaven:
 If that be true, I shall see my boy again;
 For since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
 To him that did but yesterday suspire,
 There was not such a gracious creature born.
 But now will canker-sorrow eat my bud
 And chase the native beauty from his cheek
 And he will look as hollow as a ghost,
 As dim and meagre as an ague's fit,
 And so he'll die; and, rising so again,
 When I shall meet him in the court of heaven
 I shall not know him: therefore never,
 never
 Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.
Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.
Const. He talks to me that never had a son.
K.Phi. You are as fond of grief as of your child.
Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
 Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
 Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
 Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
 Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
 Then, have I reason to be fond of grief?
 Fare you well: had you such a loss as I,
 I could give better comfort than you do.
 I will not keep this form upon my head,
 When there is such disorder in my wit.
 O Lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
 My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
 My widow-comfort, and my sorrows' cure
 SHAKESPEARE (*K. John*, Act III., sc. IV.).

ΦΙΑ. Ἀνδήσαι' ἄν, ὦ γύναι, κόμας.
 ΚΩΝ. καὶ κάρτ' ἔγωγε πρὸς τί δ'; ἤτις ἄρτι μὲν βία σφε δεσμῶν ἔσπασ', ἔκ τ' ἦν ὅσ' ἄμα 'εἶθ' ὡσπερ αἶδε τάσδε λύουσιν τρίχας χεῖρες σθένειεν ὧδε καὶ λύειν τέκνον.' νῦν δ' αὖ λυθειῶν τῶν τριχῶν φθόνος μ' ἔχει,
 δεσμοῖσι δέ σφε τοῖς πρὶν ἐνδήσω πάλιν, φρονοῦσα παῖδ' ὡς ἐστι δεσμώτης τάλας. καὶ μὴν ποτ', ὦ γεραιέ, σοῦ γ' ἤκουσ' ὅτι, ὅσοιπερ ἐνθάδ' εὖσεβεῖς, ὀψοίμεθα καὶ γνωροίμεν οἱ φίλοι τὰ φίλτατα ἐκεῖ παρ' Ἀιδῆ· ταῦτ' ἄρ' εἰ σαφή λέγεις, ἴδοιμ' ἂν αὐθις ὕστερον καὶ γὰρ τέκνον. οὐ γάρ ποτ', ἐξ οὐ βλαστε πρῶτος ἀρσένων, ἐς τοῦθ' ὅ τι χθές ἔσχεν ἀμποῶς βρέφος, ὧδ' ἐσθλὸς ἄλλος τὴν φύσιν βροτῶν ἔφν. τανῦν γε μὴν λύπη νιν, ὦ καλὸν θάλας, δέμας νεμείται, κἄνθος ἐξελεῖ χρόός, ὃ δ' ὡς κενόν τι φάσμι' ἰδεῖν γενήσεται, ἀμαυρός, ἰσχνός, ὡς ἂν ἀθανθεὶς νόσῳ, τέλος δὲ φροῦδος ὧδ' ἔχων οἰχήσεται. καὶ δὴ τέθηγκεν· ὧδε κἂν Ἀίδου δόμοις ἔχοντα δήπου, πῶς νιν ἂν γνοίην ἐγώ, καίπερ ἔγνωσα; τοιγαροῦν οὐκ ἔσθ' ὅπως εὐμορφον αὐθις ὄψομαι τέκνου κἄρα.
 ΠΑΝ. ἀλλ' οὐκέτ' ἄλγος σωφρόνως ἀλγεῖς, γύναι.
 ΚΩΝ. σὺ σωφρονίζεις μ' αὐτὸς οὐ φύσας τέκνον.
 ΦΙΑ. ἀλλ' οὐδὲν ἦσσον τοῦ τέκνου τᾶλγος φιλεῖς.
 ΚΩΝ. τᾶλγος γὰρ ἔστιν ἀντὶ τᾶπόντος τέκνου, ἐν τοῖς ἐκείνου δεμνίοις εὐνάζεται, ἄνω κάτω μοι κοινόπουν βαίνει βάσιν, σαίνει με φαῖδρὰ κείνος ὡς ἀπ' ὀμμάτων, λέγει τὰ κείνου ῥήμαθ', οἶος ἦν φύσιν κείνου φέρει μοι μνήμα, τὰς κείνου κενὰς τύποισιν αὐτοῦ ξυμέτρους ὀγκοῖ στολάς. ἢ σμικρὰ ταῦτα φίλτρ' ἔχειν τᾶλγους δοκῶ;
 χαίρουτ' ἂν ὑμᾶς γ' οἱ ἐγὼ πεπονθότας παρηγοροῦμι' ἂν κρείσσον ἢ χυμῆς ἐμέ. ἀτὰρ τί κόσμον τόνδε περὶ κἄρα τρέφω, τοσηνὴδ' ἔχουσα τῶν φρενῶν γ' ἀκοσμίαν; οἱ γὰρ τάλαινα δυστάλαινα σοῦ, τέκνον, ἀγαλμα μητρός, ἐξ ὅτου παρῆν ἐμοὶ τὸ ζῆν, τὸ χαίρειν, ἢ τροφή, τὰ πάνθ' ὅσ' ἦν,
 χήρα περ οὔση κούφισις, κακῶν ἄκος.
 J. I. BEARE.