



CINESIAS: Be quick, be quick. All grace is wiped from life
Since she went away. O sad, sad am I
When there I enter on that loneliness,
And wine is unvintaged of the sun's flavour.
And food is tasteless. But I've put on weight.

MYRRHINE (*above*): I love him O so much! but he won't have it.
Don't call me down to him.

CINESIAS: Sweet little Myrrhine!
What do you mean? Come here.

MYRRHINE: O no I won't.
Why are you calling me? You don't want me.

CINESIAS: Not want you! with this week-old strength of love.

MYRRHINE: Farewell.

CINESIAS: Don't go, please don't go, Myrrhine.
At least you'll hear our child. Call your mother, lad.

CHILD: Mummy. . . mummy. . . mummy!

CINESIAS: There now, don't you feel pity for the child?
He's not been fed or washed now for six days.

MYRRHINE: I certainly pity him with so heartless a father.

CINESIAS: Come down, my sweetest, come for the child's sake.

MYRRHINE: A trying life it is to be a mother!
I suppose I'd better go. *She comes down.*
CINESIAS: How much younger she looks,
How fresher and how prettier! Myrrhine,
Lift up your lovely face, your disdainful face;
And your ankle. . . let your scorn step out its worst;
It only rubs me to more ardor here.
MYRRHINE. (*playing with the child*)
You're as innocent as he's iniquitous.
Let me kiss you, honey-petting, mother's darling.
CINESIAS: How wrong to follow other women's counsel
And let loose all these throbbing voids in yourself
As well as in me. Don't you go throb-throb?
MYRRHINE: Take away your hands.
CINESIAS: Everything in the house
Is being ruined.
MYRRHINE: I don't care at all.
CINESIAS: The roosters are picking all your web to rags.
Do you mind that?
MYRRHINE: Not I.
CINESIAS: What time we've wasted
We might have drenched with Paphian laughter, flung
On Aphrodite's Mysteries. O come here.
MYRRHINE: Not till a treaty finishes the war.
CINESIAS: If you must have it, then we'll get it done.
MYRRHINE: Do it and I'll come home. Till then I am bound.
CINESIAS: Well, can't your oath perhaps be got around?
MYRRHINE: No. . . no. . . still I'll not say that I don't love you.
CINESIAS: You love me! Then dear girl, let me also love you.
MYRRHINE: You must be joking. The boy's looking on.
CINESIAS: Here, Manes, take the child home! . . . There, he's gone.
There's nothing in the way now. Come to the point.

