



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.

