

# ION



*Translated by Robert Potter*

Composed between 414 and 412 BC, this romantic drama follows the orphan Ion in the discovery of his divine origins. The story concerns Creusa, daughter of Erechtheus, who was a noble native of Athens. Years ago, the god Apollo seduced her in a cave and she gave birth to his son, whom she believed she had then killed by exposure. Keeping this a secret, many years later she was unable to have a child with her husband Xuthus, a Thessalian and son of Aeolus, and so they travelled to Delphi to seek advice from the oracle. However, as the play opens and Creusa arrives, she meets Ion, who introduces himself as an orphan slave, brought up by the priestess of Apollo and in time the true discovery of Ion's identity is revealed.



*The Oracle at Delphi, the main setting of the play*

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## **CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY**

MERCURY

ION

CREUSA, daughter of Erechtheus

XUTHUS, husband of CREUSA

TUTOR

ATTENDANT

PRIESTESS OF APOLLO

MINERVA

CHORUS OF HANDMAIDENS OF CREUSA

Attendants of the Temple of Apollo

## ION

*(SCENE:-Before the Temple of Apollo at Delphi. The sun is about to rise.  
MERCURY enters.)*

MERCURY Atlas, that on his brazen shoulders rolls  
Yon heaven, the ancient mansion of the gods,  
Was by a goddess sire to Maia; she  
To supreme Jove bore me, and call'd me Hermes;  
Attendant on the king, his high behests  
I execute. To Delphi am I come,  
This land where Phoebus from his central throne  
Utters to mortals his high strain, declaring  
The present and the future; this is the cause;  
Greece hath a city of distinguish'd glory,  
Which from the goddess of the golden lance  
Received its name; Erechtheus was its king;  
His daughter, call'd Creusa, to the embrace  
Of nuptial love Apollo strain'd perforce,  
Where northward points the rock beneath the heights  
Crown'd with the Athenian citadel of Pallas,  
Call'd Macrai by the lords of Attica.  
Her growing burden, to her sire unknown  
*(Such was the pleasure of the god)*, she bore,  
Till in her secret chamber to a son  
The rolling months gave birth: to the same cave,  
Where by the enamour'd god she was compress'd,  
Creusa bore the infant: there for death  
Exposed him in a well-compacted ark  
Of circular form, observant of the customs  
Drawn from her great progenitors, and chief  
From Erichthonius, who from the Attic earth  
Deriv'd his origin: to him as guards  
Minerva gave two dragons, and in charge  
Consign'd him to the daughters of Aglauros:  
This rite to the Erechthidae hence remains,

Mid serpents wreathed in ductile gold to nurse  
Their children. What of ornament she had  
She hung around her son, and left him thus  
To perish. But to me his earnest prayer  
Phoebus applied, "To the high-lineaged sons  
Of glorious Athens go, my brother; well  
Thou know'st the city of Pallas; from the cave  
Deep in the hollow rock a new-born babe,  
Laid as he is, and all his vestments with him;  
Bring to thy brother to my shrine, and place  
At the entrance of my temple; of the rest  
(*For, know, the child is mine*) I will take care."  
To gratify my brother thence I bore  
The osier-woven ark, and placed the boy  
Here at the temple's base, the wreathed lid  
Uncovering, that the infant might be seen.  
It chanced, as the orient sun the steep of heav'n  
Ascended, to the god's oracular seat  
The priestess entering, on the infant cast  
Her eye, and marvelled, deeming that some nymph  
Of Delphi at the fane had dared to lay  
The secret burden of her womb: this thought  
Prompts her to move it from the shrine: but soon  
To pity she resign'd the harsh intent;  
The impulse of the god secretly acting  
In favour of the child, that in his temple  
It might abide; her gentle hand then took it,  
And gave it nurture; yet conceived she not  
That Phoebus was the sire, nor who the mother  
Knew aught, nor of his parents could the child  
Give information. All his youthful years  
Sportive he wandered round the shrine, and there  
Was fed: but when his firmer age advanced  
To manhood, o'er the treasures of the god  
The Delphians placed him, to his faithful care  
Consigning all; and in this royal dome  
His hallow'd life he to this hour hath pass'd.

Meantime Creusa, mother of the child,  
To Xuthus was espoused, the occasion this:-  
On Athens from Euboean Chalcis roll'd  
The waves of war; be join'd their martial toil,  
And with his spear repell'd the foe; for this  
To the proud honour of Creusa's bed  
Advanc'd; no native, in Achaea sprung  
From Aeolus, the son of Jove. Long time  
Unbless'd with children, to the oracular shrine  
Of Phoebus are they come, through fond desire  
Of progeny: to this the god hath brought  
The fortune of his son, nor, as was deem'd,  
Forgets him; but to Xuthus, when he stands  
This sacred seat consulting, will he give  
That son, declared his offspring; that the child,  
When to Creusa's house brought back, by her  
May be agnized; the bridal rites of Phoebus  
Kept secret, that the youth may claim the state  
Due to his birth, through all the states of Greece  
Named Ion, founder of the colonies  
On the Asiatic coast. The laurell'd cave  
Now will I visit, there to learn what fortune  
Is to the boy appointed, for I see  
This son of Phoebus issuing forth to adorn  
The gates before the shrine with laurel boughs.  
First of the gods I hail him by the name  
Of Ion, which his fortune soon will give him.  
*(MERCURY vanishes. ION and the attendants of the temple enter.)*

ION (*chanting*) Now flames this radiant chariot of the sun  
High o'er the earth, at whose ethereal fire  
The stars into the sacred night retreat:  
O'er the Parnassian cliffs the ascending wheels  
To mortals roll the beams of day; the wreaths  
Of incense-breathing myrrh mount to the roof  
Of Phoebus' fane; the Delphic priestess now  
Assumes her seat, and from the hallow'd tripod

Pronounces to the Greeks the oracular strains  
Which the god dictates. Haste, ye Delphic train,  
Haste to Castalia's silver-streaming fount;  
Bathed in its chaste dew to the temple go;  
There from your guarded mouths no sound be heard  
But of good omen, that to those who crave  
Admission to the oracle, your voice  
May with auspicious words expound the answers.  
My task, which from my early infancy  
Hath been my charge, shall be with laurel boughs  
And sacred wreaths to cleanse the vestibule  
Of Phoebus, on the pavement moistening dew  
To rain, and with my bow to chase the birds  
Which would defile the hallow'd ornaments.  
A mother's fondness, and a father's care  
I never knew: the temple of the god  
Claims then my service, for it nurtured me.  
*(The attendants leave. ION busies himself before the temple as he continues to sing.)*  
Haste, thou verdant new-sprung bough,  
Haste, thy early office know;  
Branch of beauteous laurel come,  
Sweep Apollo's sacred dome,  
Cropp'd this temple's base beneath,  
Where the immortal gardens breathe,  
And eternal dew that round  
Water the delicious ground,  
Bathe the myrtle's tresses fair.  
Lightly thus, with constant care,  
The pavement of the god I sweep,  
When over the Parnassian steep  
Flames the bright sun's mounting ray;  
This my task each rising day.  
Son of Latona, Paean, Paean, hail!  
Never, O never may thy honours fail!  
Grateful is my task, who wait  
Serving, Phoebus, at thy gate;



Honouring thus thy hallow'd shrine,  
Honour for the task is mine.  
Labouring with unwilling hands,  
Me no mortal man commands:  
But, immortal gods, to you  
All my pleasing toil is due.  
Phoebus is to me a sire;  
Grateful thoughts my soul inspire;  
Nurtured by thy bounty here,  
Thee, Apollo, I revere;  
As a father's I repeat.  
Son of Latona, Paeon, Paeon, hail!  
Never, O never may thy honours fail!  
Now from this labour with the laurel bough  
I cease; and sprinkling from the golden vase  
The chaste drops which Castalia's fountain rolls,  
Bedew the pavement. Never may I quit  
This office to the god; or, if I quit it,  
Be it, good Fortune, at thy favouring call!  
But see, the early birds have left their nests,  
And this way from Parnassus wing their flight.  
Come not, I charge you, near the battlements,  
Nor near the golden dome. Herald of Jove,  
Strong though thy beak beyond the feather'd kind,  
My bow shall reach thee. Towards the altar, see,  
A swan comes sailing: elsewhere wilt thou move  
Thy scarlet-tinctured foot? or from my bow  
The lyre of Phoebus to thy notes attuned  
Will not protect thee; farther stretch thy wings;  
Go, wanton, skim along the Delian lake,  
Or wilt thou steep thy melody in blood.  
Look, what strange bird comes onwards; wouldst thou fix  
Beneath the battlements thy straw-built nest?  
My singing bow shall drive thee hence; begone,  
Or to the banks of Alpheus, gulfy stream,  
Or to the Isthmian grove; there hatch thy young;  
Mar not these pendent ornaments, nor soil

The temple of the god: I would not kill you:  
'Twere pity, for to mortal man you bear  
The message of the gods; yet my due task  
Must be perform'd, and never will I cease  
My service to the god who nurtured me.

*(The CHORUS enters. The following lines between ION and the CHORUS are chanted responsively as they gaze admiringly at the decorations on the temple.)*

CHORUS The stately column, and the gorgeous dome  
Raised to the gods, are not the boast alone  
Of our magnificent Athens; nor the statues  
That grace her streets; this temple of the god,  
Son of Latona, beauteous to behold,  
Beams the resplendent light of both her children.

ION Turn thine eyes this way; look, the son of Jove  
Lops with his golden scimitar the heads  
Of the Lernean Hydra: view it well.

CHORUS I see him.

ION And this other standing nigh, Who snatches from the fire the blazing  
brand.

CHORUS What is his name? the subject, on the web  
Design'd, these hands have wrought in ductile gold.

ION The shield-supporting Iolaus, who bears  
The toils in common with the son of Jove.  
View now this hero; on his winged steed  
The triple-bodied monster's dreadful force  
He conquers through the flames his jaws emit.

CHORUS I view it all attentively.

ION Observe

The battle of the giants, on the walls  
Sculptured in stone.

CHORUS Let us note this, my friends.

ION See where against Enceladus she shakes  
Her gorgon shield.

CHORUS I see my goddess, Pallas.

ION Mark the tempestuous thunder's flaming bolt  
Launch'd by the hand of Jove.

CHORUS The furious Mimas  
Here blazes in the volley'd fires: and there  
Another earth-born monster falls beneath  
The wand of Bacchus wreathed with ivy round,  
No martial spear. But, as 'tis thine to tend  
This temple, let me ask thee, is it lawful,  
Leaving our sandals, its interior parts  
To visit?

ION Strangers, this is not permitted.

CHORUS Yet may we make inquiries of thee?

ION Speak;  
What wouldst thou know?

CHORUS Whether this temple's site  
Be the earth's centre?

ION Ay, with garlands hung,  
And gorgons all around.

CHORUS So fame reports.

ION If at the gate the honey'd cake be offer'd,  
Would you consult the oracle, advance  
To the altar: till the hallow'd lamb has bled  
In sacrifice, approach not the recess.

CHORUS I am instructed: what the god appoints  
As laws, we wish not to transgress: without  
Enough of ornament delights our eyes.

ION Take a full view of all; that is allow'd.

CHORUS To view the inmost shrine was our lord's order.

ION Who are you call'd? Attendants on what house?

CHORUS Our lords inhabit the magnific domes  
Of Pallas.-But she comes, of whom thou askest.  
(*CREUSA and attendants enter.*)

ION Lady, whoe'er thou art, that liberal air  
Speaks an exalted mind: there is a grace,  
A dignity in those of noble birth,  
That marks their high rank. Yet I marvel much  
That from thy closed lids the trickling tear  
Water'd thy beauteous cheeks, soon as thine eye  
Beheld this chaste oracular seat of Phoebus.  
What brings this sorrow, lady? All besides,  
Viewing the temple of the god, are struck  
With joy; thy melting eye o'erflows with tears.

CREUSA Not without reason, stranger, art thou seized  
With wonder at my tears: this sacred dome  
Awakes the sad remembrance of things past.  
I had my mind at home, though present here.  
How wretched is our sex! And, O ye gods,  
What deeds are yours! Where may we hope for right,  
If by the injustice of your power undone?

ION Why, lady, this inexplicable grief?

CREUSA It matters not; my mind resumes its firmless:  
I say no more; cease thy concern for me.

ION But say, who art thou? whence? what country boasts  
Thy birth? and by what name may we address thee?

CREUSA Creusa is my name, drawn from Erechtheus  
My high-born lineage; Athens gave me birth.  
Illustrious is thy state; thy ancestry  
So noble that I look with reverence on thee.

CREUSA Happy indeed is this, in nothing farther.

ION But tell me, is it true what fame has blazon'd?

CREUSA What wouldst thou ask? Stranger, I wish to know.

ION Sprung the first author of thy line from the earth?

CREUSA Ay, Erichthonius; but my race avails not.

ION And did Minerva raise him from the earth?

CREUSA Held in her virgin hands: she bore him not.

ION And gave him as the picture represents?

CREUSA Daughters of Cecrops these, charged not to see him.

ION The virgins ope'd the interdicted chest?

CREUSA And died, distaining with their blood the rock.

ION But tell me, is this truth, or a vain rumour?

CREUSA What wouldst thou ask? I am not scant of time.

ION Thy sisters did Erechtheus sacrifice?

CREUSA He slew the virgins, victims for their country.

ION And thou of all thy sisters saved alone?

CREUSA I was an infant in my mother's arms.

ION And did the yawning earth swallow thy father?

CREUSA By Neptune's trident smote; and so he perish'd.

ION And Macraï call you not the fatal place?

CREUSA Why dost thou ask? What thoughts hast thou recall'd?

ION Does Phoebus, do his lightnings honour it?

CREUSA Honour! Why this? Would I had never seen it!

ION Why? Dost thou hate the place dear to the god?

CREUSA No: but for some base deed done in the cave.

ION But what Athenian, lady, wedded thee?

CREUSA Of Athens none, but one of foreign birth.

ION What is his name? Noble he needs must be.

CREUSA Xuthus, by Aeolus derived from Jove.

ION How weds a stranger an Athenian born?

CREUSA Euboea is a state neighbouring on Athens.

ION A narrow sea flows, I have heard, between.

CREUSA Joining the Athenian arms, that state he wasted.

ION Confederate in the war, thence wedded thee?

CREUSA The dowral meed of war, earn'd by his spear.

ION Comest thou with him to Delphi, or alone?

CREUSA With him, gone now to the Trophonian shrine.

ION To view it, or consult the oracle?

CREUSA Both that and this, anxious for one response.

ION For the earth's fruits consult you, or for children?

CREUSA Though wedded long, yet childless is our bed.

ION Hast thou ne'er borne a child, that thou hast none?

CREUSA My state devoid of children Phoebus knows.

ION Bless'd in all else, luckless in this alone.

CREUSA But who art thou? Bless'd I pronounce thy mother.

ION Call'd as I am the servant of the god.

CREUSA Presented by some state, or sold to this?

ION I know not aught save this, I am the god's.

CREUSA And in my turn, stranger, I pity thee.

ION As knowing not my mother, or my lineage.

CREUSA Hast thou thy dwelling here, or in some house?

ION The temple is my house, ev'n when I sleep.

CREUSA A child brought hither, or in riper years?

ION An infant, as they say, who seem to know.

CREUSA What Delphian dame sustain'd thee at her breast?

ION I never knew a breast. She nourish'd me.

CREUSA Who, hapless youth? Diseased, I find disease.

ION The priestess: as a mother I esteem her.

CREUSA Who to these manly years gave thee support?

ION The altars, and the still-succeeding strangers.

CREUSA Wretched, whoe'er she be, is she that bore thee.

ION I to some woman am perchance a shame.

CREUSA Are riches thine? Thou art well habited.

ION Graced with these vestments by the god I serve.

CREUSA Hast thou made no attempt to trace thy birth?

ION I have no token, lady, for a proof.

CREUSA Ah, like thy mother doth another suffer.

ION Who? tell me: shouldst thou help me, what a joy

CREUSA One for whose sake I come before my husband.

ION Say for what end, that I may serve thee, lady.

CREUSA To ask a secret answer of the god.

ION Speak it: my service shall procure the rest.

CREUSA Hear then the tale: but Modesty restrains me.



ION Ah, let her not; her power avails not here.

CREUSA My friend then says that to the embrace of Phoebus-

ION A woman and a god! Say not so, stranger.

CREUSA She bore a son: her father knew it not.

ION Not so: a mortal's baseness he disdains.

CREUSA This she affirms; and this, poor wretch, she suffer'd.

ION What follow'd, if she knew the god's embrace?

CREUSA The child, which hence had birth, she straight exposed.

ION This exposed child, where is he? doth he live?

CREUSA This no one knows; this wish I to inquire.

ION If not alive, how probably destroyed?

CREUSA Torn, she conjectures, by some beast of prey.

ION What ground hath she on which to build that thought?

CREUSA Returning to the place she found him not.

ION Observed she drops of blood distain the path?

CREUSA None, though with anxious heed she search'd around.

ION What time hath pass'd since thus the child was lost?

CREUSA Were he alive, his youth were such as thine.

ION The god hath done him wrong: the unhappy mother-

CREUSA Hath not to any child been mother since.

ION What if in secret Phoebus nurtures him!

CREUSA Unjust to enjoy alone a common right.

ION Ah me! this cruel fate accords with mine.

CREUSA For thee too thy unhappy mother mourns.

ION Ah, melt me not to griefs I would forget!

CREUSA I will be silent: but impart thy aid.

ION Seest thou what most the inquiry will suppress?

CREUSA And to my wretched friend what is not ill?

ION How shall the god what he would hide reveal?

CREUSA As placed on the oracular seat of Greece.

ION The deed must cause him shame: convict him not.

CREUSA To the poor sufferer 'tis the cause of grief.

ION It cannot be; for who shall dare to give  
The oracle? With justice would the god,  
In his own dome affronted, pour on him  
Severest vengeance, who should answer thee.  
Desist then, lady: it becomes us ill,  
In opposition to the god, to make  
Inquiries at his shrine; by sacrifice  
Before their altars, or the flight of birds,  
Should we attempt to force the unwilling gods  
To utter what they wish not, 'twere the excess  
Of rudeness; what with violence we urge  
'Gainst their consent would to no good avail us:  
What their spontaneous grace confers on us,  
That, lady, as a blessing we esteem.

LEADER OF THE CHORUS How numberless the ills to mortal man,  
And various in their form! One single blessing  
By any one through life is scarcely found.

CREUSA Nor here, nor there, O Phoebus, art thou just  
To her; though absent, yet her words are present.  
Nor didst thou save thy son, whom it became thee  
To save; nor, though a prophet, wilt thou speak  
To the sad mother who inquires of thee;  
That, if he is no more, to him a tomb  
May rise; but, if he lives, that he may bless  
His mother's eyes. But even thus behooves us  
To omit these things, if by the god denied  
To know what most I wish.-But, for I see  
The noble Xuthus this way bend, return'd  
From the Trophonian cave; before my husband  
Resume not, generous stranger, this discourse,  
Lest it might cause me shame that thus I act  
In secret, and perchance lead on to questions  
I would not have explain'd. Our hapless sex  
Oft feel our husbands' rigour: with the bad  
The virtuous they confound, and treat us harshly.  
(*XUTHUS and his retinue enter.*)

XUTHUS With reverence to the god my first address  
I pay: Hail, Phoebus! Lady, next to thee:  
Absent so long, have I not caused thee fear?

CREUSA Not much: as anxious thoughts 'gan rise, thou'rt come.  
But, tell me, from Trophonius what reply  
Bearest thou; what means whence offspring may arise?

XUTHUS Unmeet he held it to anticipate  
The answer of the god: one thing he told me.  
That childless I should not return, nor thou,  
Home from the oracle.

CREUSA Goddess revered,  
Mother of Phoebus, be our coming hither  
In lucky hour; and our connubial bed  
Be by thy son made happier than before!

XUTHUS It shall be so. But who is president here?

ION Without, that charge is mine; within, devolved  
On others, stranger, seated near the tripod;  
The chiefs of Delphi these, chosen by lot.

XUTHUS 'Tis well: all that I want is then complete.  
Let me now enter: for the oracle  
Is given, I hear, in common to all strangers  
Before the shrine; on such a day, that falls  
Propitious thus, the answer of the god  
Would I receive: meanwhile, these laurel boughs  
Bear round the altars; lady, breathe thy prayers  
To every god, that from Apollo's shrine  
I may bring back the promise of a son.  
*(XUTHUS, after giving the laurel boughs to CREUSA, enters the temple.)*

CREUSA It shall, it shall be so. Should Phoebus now  
At least be willing to redress the fault  
Of former times, he would not through the whole  
Be friendly to us: yet will I accept  
What he vouchsafes us, for he is a god.  
*(CREUSA departs to the shrines in the outer precinct of the temple.)*

ION Why does this stranger always thus revile  
With obscure speech the god? Is it through love  
Of her, for whom she asks? or to conceal  
Some secret of importance? But to me  
What is the daughter of Erechtheus? Naught  
Concerns it me. Then let me to my task,  
And sprinkle from the golden vase the dew.  
Yet must I blame the god, if thus perforce  
He mounts the bed of virgins, and by stealth

Becomes a father, leaving then his children  
To die, regardless of them. Do not thou  
Act thus; but, as thy power is great, respect  
The virtues; for whoe'er, of mortal men,  
Dares impious deeds, him the gods punish: how  
Is it then just that you, who gave the laws  
To mortals, should yourselves transgress those laws?,  
If (*though it is not thus, yet will I urge*  
*The subject*),-if to mortals you shall pay  
The penalty of forced embraces, thou,  
Neptune, and Jove, that reigns supreme in heaven,  
Will leave your temples treasureless by paying  
The mulcts of your injustice: for unjust  
You are, your pleasures to grave temperance  
Preferring: and to men these deeds no more  
Can it be just to charge as crimes, these deeds  
If from the gods they imitate: on those  
Who gave the ill examples falls the charge.  
(*ION goes out.*)

CHORUS (*singing*) Thee prompt to yield thy lenient aid,  
And sooth a mother's pain:  
And thee, my Pallas, martial maid,  
I call: O, hear the strain!  
Thou, whom the Titan from the head of Jove,  
Prometheus, drew, bright Victory, come,  
Descending from thy golden throne above;  
Haste, goddess, to the Pythian dome,  
Where Phoebus, from his central shrine,  
Gives the oracle divine,  
By the raving maid repeated,  
On the hallow'd tripod seated:  
O haste thee, goddess, and with thee  
The daughter of Latona bring;  
A virgin thou, a virgin she,  
Sisters to the Delphian king;  
Him, virgins, let your vows implore,

That now his pure oracular power  
Will to Erechtheus' ancient line declare  
The blessing of a long-expected heir!  
To mortal man this promised grace  
Sublimest pleasure brings,  
When round the father's hearth a race  
In blooming lustre springs.  
The wealth, the honours, from their high-drawn line  
From sire to son transmitted down,  
Shall with fresh glory through their offspring shine,  
And brighten with increased renown:  
A guard, when ills begin to lower,  
Dear in fortune's happier hour;  
For their country's safety waking,  
Firm in fight the strong spear shaking;  
More than proud wealth's exhaustless store,  
More than a monarch's bride to reign,  
The dear delight, to virtue's lore  
Careful the infant mind to train.  
Doth any praise the childless state?  
The joyless, loveless life I hate;  
No; my desires to moderate wealth I bound,  
But let me see my children smile around.  
Ye rustic seats, Pan's dear delight;  
Ye caves of Macraï's rocky height,  
Where oft the social virgins meet,  
And weave the dance with nimble feet;  
Descendants from Aglauros they  
In the third line, with festive play,  
Minerva's hallow'd fane before  
The verdant plain light-tripping o'er,  
When thy pipe's quick-varying sound  
Rings, O Pan, these caves around;  
Where, by Apollo's love betray'd,  
Her child some hapless mother laid,  
Exposed to each night-prowling beast,  
Or to the ravenous birds a feast;

For never have I heard it told,  
Nor wrought it in historic gold,  
That happiness attends the race,  
When gods with mortals mix the embrace.  
*(ION re-enters.)*

ION Ye female train, that place yourselves around  
This incense-breathing temple's base, your lord  
Awaiting, hath he left the sacred tripod  
And oracle, or stays he in the shrine,  
Making inquiries of his childless state?

LEADER OF THE CHORUS Yet in the temple, stranger, he remains.

ION But he comes forth; the sounding doors announce  
His near approach; behold, our lord is here.  
*(XUTHUS enters from the temple. He rushes to greet ION.)*

XUTHUS Health to my son! This first address is proper.

ION I have my health: be in thy senses thou,  
And both are well.

XUTHUS O let me kiss thy hand,  
And throw mine arms around thee.

ION Art thou, stranger,  
Well in thy wits? or hath the god's displeasure  
Bereft thee of thy reason?

XUTHUS Reason bids,  
That which is dearest being found, to wish  
A fond embrace.

ION Off, touch me not; thy hands  
Will mar the garlands of the god.

XUTHUS My touch  
Asserts no pledge: my own, and that most dear,  
I find.

ION Wilt thou not keep thee distant, ere  
Thou hast my arrow in thy heart?

XUTHUS Why fly me,  
When thou shouldst own what is most fond of thee?

ION I am not fond of curing wayward strangers,  
And madmen.

XUTHUS Kill me, raise my funeral pyre;  
But, if thou kill me, thou wilt kill thy father.

ION My father thou! how so? it makes me laugh  
To hear thee.

XUTHUS This my words may soon explain.

ION What wilt thou say to me?

XUTHUS I am thy father,  
And thou my son.

ION Who declares this?

XUTHUS The god,  
That nurtured thee, though mine.

ION Thou to thyself  
Art witness.

XUTHUS By the oracle inform'd.

ION Misled by some dark answer.

XUTHUS Well I heard it.



ION What were the words of Phoebus?

XUTHUS That who first  
Should meet me-

ION How?-what meeting?

XUTHUS As I pass'd.  
Forth from the temple.

ION What the event to him?

XUTHUS He is my son.

ION Born so, or by some other  
Presented?

XUTHUS Though a present, born my son.

ION And didst thou first meet me?

XUTHUS None else, my son.

ION This fortune whence?

XUTHUS At that we marvel both.

ION Who is my mother?

XUTHUS That I cannot say.

ION Did not the god inform thee?

XUTHUS Through my joy,  
For this I ask'd not.

ION Haply from the earth  
I sprung, my mother.

XUTHUS No, the earth no sons  
Produces.

ION How then am I thine?

XUTHUS I know not.  
To Phoebus I appeal.

ION Be this discourse  
Chang'd to some other.

XUTHUS This delights me most.

ION Hast thou e'er mounted an unlawful bed?

XUTHUS In foolishness of youth.

ION Was that before  
Thy marriage with the daughter of Erechtheus?

XUTHUS Since never.

ION Owe I then my birth to that?

XUTHUS The time agrees.

ION How came I hither then?

XUTHUS I can form no conjecture.

ION Was I brought  
From some far distant part?

XUTHUS That fills my mind  
With doubtful musing.

ION Didst thou e'er before  
Visit the Pythian rock?

XUTHUS Once, at the feast  
Of Bacchus.

ION By some public host received?

XUTHUS Who with the Delphian damsels-

ION To the orgies  
Led thee, or how?

XUTHUS And with the Maenades  
Of Bacchus-

ION In the temperate hour, or warm  
With wine?

XUTHUS Amid the revels of the god.

ION From thence I date my birth.

XUTHUS And fate, my son,  
Hath found thee.

ION How then came I to the temple?

XUTHUS Perchance exposed.

ION The state of servitude  
Have I escaped.

XUTHUS Thy father now, my son,  
Receive.

ION Indecent were it in the god  
Not to confide.

XUTHUS Thy thoughts are just.

ION What else  
Would we?

XUTHUS Thou seest what thou oughtst to see.

ION Am I the son then of the son of Jove?

XUTHUS Such is thy fortune.

ION Those that gave me birth  
Do I embrace?

XUTHUS Obedient to the god.

ION My father, hail!

XUTHUS That dear name I accept  
With joy.

ION This present day-

XUTHUS Hath made me happy.

ION O my dear mother, when shall I behold  
Thy face? Whoe'er thou art, more wish I now  
To see thee than before; but thou perchance  
Art dead, and nothing our desires avail.

LEADER We in the blessing of our house rejoice.  
Yet wish we that our mistress too were happy  
In children, and the lineage of Erechtheus.

XUTHUS Well hath the god accomplish'd this, my son,  
Discovering thee, well hath he joined thee to me;  
And thou hast found the most endearing ties,  
To which, before this hour, thou wast a stranger.  
And the warm wish, which thou hast well conceived,  
Is likewise mine, that thou mayst find thy mother;  
I from what woman thou derivest thy birth.

This, left to time, may haply be discover'd.  
Now quit this hallow'd earth, the god no more  
Attending, and to mine accord thy mind,  
To visit Athens, where thy father's sceptre,  
No mean one, waits thee, and abundant wealth:  
Nor, though thou grieve one parent yet unknown,  
Shalt thou be censured as ignobly born,  
Or poor: no, thou art noble, and thy state  
Adorn'd with rich possessions. Thou art silent.  
Why is thine eye thus fixed upon the ground?  
Why on thy brow that cloud? The smile of joy  
Vanish'd, thou strikest thy father's heart with fear.

ION Far other things appear when nigh, than seen  
At distance. I indeed embrace my fortune,  
In thee my father found. But hear what now  
Wakes sad reflections. Proud of their high race  
Are your Athenians, natives of the land,  
Not drawn from foreign lineage: I to them  
Shall come unwelcome, in two points defective,  
My father not a native, and myself  
Of spurious birth: loaded with this reproach,  
If destitute of power, I shall be held  
Abject and worthless: should I rush among  
The highest order of the state, and wish  
To appear important, inferior ranks  
Will hate me; aught above them gives disgust.  
The good, the wise, men form'd to serve the state,  
Are silent, nor at public honours aim  
Too hastily: by such, were I not quiet  
In such a bustling state, I should be deem'd  
Ridiculous, and proverb'd for a fool.  
Should I attain the dignity of those,  
Whose approved worth hath raised them to the height  
Of public honours, by such suffrage more  
Should I be watch'd; for they that hold in states  
Rule and pre-eminence, bear hostile minds

To all that vie with them. And should I come  
To a strange house a stranger, to a woman  
Childless herself, who that misfortune shared  
Before with thee, now sees it her sole lot,  
And feels it bitterly, would she not hate me,  
And that with justice? When I stand before them.  
With what an eye would she, who hath no child,  
Look on thy child? In tenderness to her,  
Thy wife, thou must forsake me, or embroil  
Thy house in discord, if thou favour me.  
What murderous means, what poisonous drugs for men  
Have women with inventive rage prepared!  
Besides, I have much pity for thy wife,  
Now growing old without a child, that grief  
Unmerited, the last of her high race,  
The exterior face indeed of royalty,  
So causelessly commended, bath its brightness;  
Within, all gloom: for what sweet peace of mind,  
What happiness is his, whose years are pass'd  
In comfortless suspicion, and the dread  
Of violence? Be mine the humble blessings  
Of private life, rather than be a king,  
From the flagitious forced to choose my friends,  
And hate the virtuous through the fear of death.  
Gold, thou mayst tell me, hath o'er things like these  
A sovereign power, and riches give delight:  
I have no pleasure in this noisy pomp,  
Nor, while I guard my riches, in the toil:  
Be mine a modest mean that knows not care.  
And now, my father, hear the happy state  
I here enjoy'd; and first, to mortal man  
That dearest blessing, leisure, and no bustle  
To cause disturbance: me no ruffian force  
Shoved from the way: it is not to be borne,  
When every insolent and worthless wretch  
Makes you give place. The worship of the god  
Employ'd my life, or (*no unpleasing task*)

Service to men well pleased: the parting guest  
I bade farewell-welcomed the new-arrived.  
Thus something always new made every hour  
Glide sweetly on; and to the human mind  
That dearest wish, though some regard it not,  
To be, what duty and my nature made me,  
Just to the god: revolving this, my father,  
I wish not for thy Athens to exchange  
This state; permit me to myself to live;  
Dear to the mind pleasures that arise  
From humble life, as those which greatness brings.

LEADER Well hast thou said, if those whom my soul holds  
Most dear shall in thy words find happiness.

XUTHUS No more of this discourse; learn to be happy.  
It is my will that thou begin it here,  
Where first I found thee, son: a general feast  
Will I provide, and make a sacrifice,  
Which at thy birth I made not: at my table  
Will I receive thee as a welcome guest,  
And cheer thee with the banquet, then conduct thee  
To Athens with me as a visitant,  
Not as my son: for, mid my happiness,  
I would not grieve my wife, who hath no child.

ION But I will watch the occasions time may bring,  
And so present thee, and obtain her leave  
That thou mayst hold the sceptre which I bear.  
Ion I name thee, as befits thy fortune,  
As first thou met'st me from the hallow'd shrine  
As I came forth; assemble then thy friends,  
Invite them all to share the joyful feast,  
Since thou art soon to leave the Delphic state.  
And you, ye females, keep, I charge you, keep  
This secret; she that tells my wife shall die.

ION Let us then go; yet one thing to my fortune  
Is wanting: if I find not her that bore me,  
Life hath no joy. Might I indulge a wish,  
It were to find her an Athenian dame,  
That from my mother I might dare to assume  
Some confidence; for he whose fortune leads him  
To a free state proud of their unmix'd race,  
Though call'd a citizen, must close his lips  
With servile awe, for freedom is not his.  
(*XUTHUS and ION go out.*)

CHORUS (*singing*) Yes, sisters, yes, the streaming eye,  
The swelling heart I see, the bursting sigh,  
When thus rejoicing in his son  
Our queen her royal lord shall find,  
And give to grief her anguish'd mind,  
Afflicted, childless, and alone.  
What means this voice divine,  
Son of Latona, fate-declaring power?  
Whence is this youth, so fondly graced,  
That to ripe manhood, from his infant hour,  
Hath in thy hallow'd courts been plac'd  
And nurtured at thy shrine?  
Thy dark reply delights not me;  
Lurking beneath close fraud I see:  
Where will this end? I fear, I fear-  
'Tis strange, and strange events must hence ensue:  
But grateful sounds it to his ear,  
The youth, that in another's state  
(*Who sees not that my words are true?*)  
Enjoys the fraud, and triumphs in his fate.  
Say, sisters, say, with duteous zeal  
Shall we this secret to our queen reveal?  
She, to her royal lord resign'd,  
With equal hope, with equal care,  
Form'd her his joys, his griefs to share,  
And gave him an her willing mind.



But joys are his alone;  
While she, poor mourner, with a weight of woes,  
To hoary age advancing, bends;  
He the bright smile of prosperous fortune knows.  
Ev'n thus, unhonour'd by his friends,  
Plac'd on another's throne,  
Mischance and ruin on him wait,  
Who fails to guard its happy state.  
Him may mischance and ruin seize,  
Who round my lov'd queen spreads his wily trains.  
No god may his oblation please,  
No favouring flame to him ascend!  
To her my faith, my zeal remains,  
Known to her ancient royal house a friend.  
Now the father and the new-found son  
The festive table haste to spread,  
Where to the skies Parnassus lifts his head,  
And deep beneath the hanging stone  
Forms in its rudely-rifted side  
A cavern wild and wide;  
Where Bacchus, shaking high his midnight flames,  
In many a light fantastic round  
Dances o'er the craggy ground,  
And revels with his frantic dames.  
Ne'er to my city let him come,  
This youth: no, rather let him die,  
And sink into an early tomb!  
With an indignant eye  
Athens would view the stranger's pride  
Within her gates triumphant ride:  
Enough for her the honour'd race that springs  
From old Erechtheus and her line of kings.  
*(CREUSA and her aged TUTOR enter.)*

CREUSA Thou venerable man, whose guiding voice  
My father, while he lived, revered, advance  
Up to the oracular seat thy aged steps;

That, if the royal Phoebus should pronounce  
Promise of offspring, thou with me mayst share  
The joy; for pleasing is it when with friends  
Good fortune we receive; if aught of ill  
(*Avert it, Heaven!*) befalls, a friend's kind eye  
Beams comfort; thee, as once thou didst revere  
My father, though thy queen, I now revere.

TUTOR In thee, my child, the nobleness of manners  
Which graced thy royal ancestors yet lives;  
Thou never wilt disgrace thy high-born lineage.  
Lead me, then, lead me to the shrine, support me:  
High is the oracular seat, and steep the ascent;  
Be thou assistant to the foot of age.

CREUSA Follow; be heedful where thou set thy steps.

TUTOR I am: my foot is slow, my heart hath wings.

CREUSA Fix thy staff firm on this loose-rolling ground.

TUTOR That hath no eyes; and dim indeed my sight.

CREUSA Well hast thou said; on cheerful then, and faint not.

TUTOR I have the will, but o'er constraint no power.

CREUSA Ye females, on my richly-broider'd works  
Faithful attendants, say, respecting children,  
For which we came, what fortune hath my lord  
Borne hence? if good, declare it: you shall find  
That to no thankless masters you give joy.

LEADER OF THE CHORUS O fortune!

CREUSA To thy speech this is a proem  
Not tuned to happiness.

LEADER Unhappy fortune!  
But why distress me for the oracle  
Given to our lords? Be that as fate requires  
In things which threaten death, what shall we do?

CREUSA What means this strain of woe? Whence are these fears?

LEADER What! shall we speak, or bury this in silence?

CREUSA Speak, though thy words bring wretchedness to me.

LEADER It shall be spoken, were I twice to die.  
To thee, my queen, it is not given to clasp  
In thy fond arms a child, or at thy breast  
To hold it.

TUTOR O my child, would I were dead!

CREUSA Yes, this is wretchedness indeed, a grief  
That makes life joyless.

TUTOR This is ruin to us.

CREUSA Unhappy me! this is a piercing grief,  
That rends my heart with anguish.

TUTOR Groan not yet.

CREUSA Yet is the affliction present.

TUTOR Till we learn-

CREUSA To me what tidings?

TUTOR If a common fate  
Await our lord, partaker of thy griefs,  
Or thou alone art thus unfortunate.

LEADER To him, old man, the god hath given a son,  
And happiness is his unknown to her.

CREUSA To ill this adds the deepest ill, a grief  
For me to mourn.

TUTOR Born of some other woman  
Is this child yet to come, or did the god  
Declare one now in being?

LEADER One advanced  
To manhood's prime he gave him: I was present.

CREUSA What hast thou said? Thy words denounce to me  
Sorrows past speech, past utterance.

TUTOR And to me.

CREUSA How was this oracle accomplish'd? Tell me  
With clearest circumstance: who is this youth?

LEADER Him as a son Apollo gave, whom first,  
Departing from the god, thy lord should meet.

CREUSA O my unhappy fate! I then am left  
Childless to pass my life, childless, alone,  
Amid my lonely house! Who was declared?  
Whom did the husband of this wretch first meet?  
How meet him? Where behold him? Tell me all.

LEADER Dost thou, my honoured mistress, call to mind  
The youth that swept the temple? This is he.

CREUSA O, through the liquid air that I could fly,  
Far from the land of Greece, ev'n to the stars  
Fix'd in the western sky! Ah me, what grief,  
What piercing grief is mine I

TUTOR Say, by what name  
Did he address his son, if thou hast heard it?  
Or does it rest in silence, yet unknown?

LEADER Ion, for that he first advanced to meet him.

TUTOR And of what mother?

LEADER That I could not learn:  
Abrupt was his departure (*to inform the*  
*Of all I know, old man*) to sacrifice,  
With hospitable rites, a birthday feast;  
And in the hallow'd cave, from her apart,  
With his new son to share the common banquet.

TUTOR Lady, we by thy husband are betrayed,  
For I with thee am grieved, with contrived fraud  
Insulted, from thy father's house cast forth.  
I speak not this in hatred to thy lord,  
But that I love thee more: a stranger he  
Came to the city and thy royal house,  
And wedded thee, all thy inheritance  
Receiving, by some other woman now  
Discover'd to have children privately:  
How privately I'll tell thee: when he saw  
Thou hadst no child, it pleased him not to bear  
A fate like thine; but by some favourite slave,  
His paramour by stealth, he hath a son.  
Him to some Delphian gave he, distant far,  
To educate; who to this sacred house  
Consign'd, as secret here, received his nurture.  
He knowing this, and that his son advanced  
To manhood, urged thee to attend him hither,  
Pleading thy childless state. Nor hath the god  
Deceived thee: he deceived thee, and long since  
Contrived this wily plan to rear his son,  
That, if convicted, he might charge the god,  
Himself excusing: should the fraud succeed,

He would observe the times when he might safely  
Consign to him the empire of thy land.  
And this new name was at his leisure form'd,  
Ion, for that he came by chance to meet him.  
I hate those ill-designing men, that form  
Plans of injustice, and then gild them over  
With artificial ornament: to me  
Far dearer is the honest simple friend,  
Than one whose quicker wit is train'd to ill.  
And to complete this fraud, thou shalt be urged  
To take into thy house, to lord it there,  
This low-born youth, this offspring of a slave.  
Though ill, it had been open, had he pleaded  
Thy want of children, and, thy leave obtain'd,  
Brought to thy house a son that could have boasted  
His mother noble; or, if that displeased thee,  
He might have sought a wife from Aeolus.  
Behooves thee then to act a woman's part,  
Or grasp the sword, or drug the poison'd bowl,  
Or plan some deep design to kill thy husband,  
And this his son, before thou find thy death  
From them: if thou delay, thy life is lost:  
For when beneath one roof two foes are met,  
The one must perish. I with ready zeal  
Will aid thee in this work, and kill the youth,  
Entering the grot where he prepares the feast;  
Indifferent in my choice, so that I pay  
What to my lords I owe, to live or die.  
If there is aught that causes slaves to blush,  
It is the name; in all else than the free  
The slave is nothing worse, if he be virtuous.  
I too, my honour'd queen, with cheerful mind  
Will share thy fate, or die, or live with honour.

CREUSA (*chanting*) How, o my soul, shall I be silent, how  
Disclose this secret? Can I bid farewell  
To modesty? What else restrains my tongue?

To how severe a trial am I brought!  
Hath not my husband wrong'd me? Of my house  
I am deprived, deprived of children; hope  
Is vanish'd, which my heart could not resign,  
With many an honest wish this furtive bed  
Concealing, this lamented bed concealing.  
But by the star-bespangled throne of Jove,  
And by the goddess high above my rocks  
Enshrined, by the moist banks that bend around  
The hallow'd lake by Triton form'd, no longer  
Will I conceal this bed, but ease my breast,  
The oppressive load discharged. Mine eyes drop tears,  
My soul is rent, to wretchedness ensnared  
By men, by gods, whom I will now disclose,  
Unkind betrayers of the beds they forced.  
O thou, that wakest on thy seven-string'd lyre  
Sweet notes, that from the rustic lifeless horn  
Enchant the ear with heavenly melody,  
Son of Latona, thee before this light  
Will I reprove. Thou camest to me, with gold  
Thy locks all glittering, as the vermeil flowers  
I gather'd in my vest to deck my bosom  
With the spring's glowing hues; in my white hand  
Thy hand enlocking, to the cavern'd rock  
Thou led'st me; naught avail'd my cries, that call'd  
My mother; on thou led'st me, wanton god,  
Immodestly, to Venus paying homage.  
A son I bare thee, O my wretched fate!  
Him (*for I fear'd my mother*) in thy cave  
I placed, where I unhappy was undone  
By thy unhappy love. Woe, woe is me!  
And now my son and thine, ill-fated babe,  
Is rent by ravenous vultures; thou, meanwhile,  
Art to thy lyre attuning strains of joy.  
Set of Latona, thee I call aloud  
Who from thy golden seat, thy central throne,  
Utterest thine oracle: my voice shall reach

Thine ear: ungrateful lover, to my husband,  
No grace requiting, thou hast given a son  
To bless his house; my son and thine, unown'd,  
Perish'd a prey to birds; the robes that wrapp'd  
The infant's limbs, his mother's work, lost with him.  
Delos abhors thee, and the laurel boughs  
With the soft foliage of the palm o'erhung,  
Grasping whose round trunk with her hands divine,  
Latona thee, her hallow'd offspring, bore.

LEADER Ah, what a mighty treasury of ills  
Is open'd here, a copious source of tears!

TUTOR Never, my daughter, can I sate my eyes  
With looking on thy face: astonishment  
Bears me beyond my senses. I had stemm'd  
One tide of evils, when another flood  
High-surfing overwhelm'd me from the words  
Which thou hast utter'd, from the present ills  
To an ill train of other woes transferr'd.  
What say'st thou? Of what charge dost thou implead  
The god? What son hast thou brought forth? Where placed him  
A feast for vultures? Tell me all again.

CREUSA Though I must blush, old man, yet I will speak.

TUTOR I mourn with generous grief at a friend's woes.

CREUSA Hear then: the northward-pointing cave thou knowest,  
And the Cecropian rocks, which we call Macrai.

TUTOR Where stands a shrine to Pan, and altars nigh.

CREUSA There in a dreadful conflict I engaged.

TUTOR What! my tears rise ready to meet thy words.

CREUSA By Phoebus drawn reluctant to his bed.



TUTOR Was this, my daughter, such as I suppose?

CREUSA I know not: but if truth, I will confess it.

TUTOR Didst thou in silence mourn this secret ill?

CREUSA This was the grief I now disclose to thee.

TUTOR This love of Phoebus how didst thou conceal?

CREUSA I bore a son. Hear me, old man, with patience.

TUTOR Where? who assisted? or wast thou alone?

CREUSA Alone, in the same cave where compress'd.

TUTOR Where is thy son, that childless now no more

CREUSA Dead, good old man, to beasts of prey exposed.

TUTOR Dead! and the ungrateful Phoebus gives no aid?

CREUSA None: in the house of Pluto a young guest.

TUTOR Whose hands exposed him? Surely not thine own.

CREUSA Mine, in the shades of night, wrapp'd in his vests.

TUTOR Hadst thou none with thee conscious to this deed?

CREUSA My misery, and the secret place alone.

TUTOR How durst thou in a cavern leave thy son?

CREUSA How? uttering many sad and plaintive words.

TUTOR Ah, cruel was thy deed, the god more cruel.

CREUSA Hadst thou but seen him stretch his little hands!

TUTOR Seeking the breast, or reaching to thine arms?

CREUSA To this, deprived of which he suffer'd wrong.

TUTOR And what induced thee to expose thy child?

CREUSA Hope that the god's kind care would save his son.

TUTOR How are the glories of thy house destroy'd!

CREUSA Why, thine head cover'd, dost thou pour these tears?

TUTOR To see thee and thy father thus unhappy.

CREUSA This is the state of man: nothing stands firm.

TUTOR No longer then, my child, let grief oppress us.

CREUSA What should I do? In misery all is doubt.

TUTOR First on the god that wrong'd thee be avenged.

CREUSA How shall a mortal 'gainst a god prevail?

TUTOR Set this revered oracular shrine on fire.

CREUSA I fear: ev'n now I have enough of ills.

TUTOR Attempt what may be done then; kill thy husband.

CREUSA The nuptial bed I reverence, and his goodness.

TUTOR This son then, which is now brought forth against thee.

CREUSA How? Could that be, how warmly should I wish it.

TUTOR Thy train hath swords: instruct them to the deed.

CREUSA I go with speed: but where shall it be done?

TUTOR In the hallow'd tent, where now he feasts his friends.

CREUSA An open murder, and with coward slaves!

TUTOR If mine displease, propose thou some design.

CREUSA I have it, close and easy to achieve.

TUTOR In both my faithful services are thine.

CREUSA Hear then: not strange to thee the giants' war.

TUTOR When they in Phlegra fought against the gods.

CREUSA There the earth brought forth the Gorgon, horrid monster.

TUTOR In succour of her sons to annoy the gods?

CREUSA Ev'n so: her Pallas slew, daughter of Jove.

TUTOR What fierce and dreadful form did she then wear?

CREUSA Her breastplate arm'd with vipers wreathed around.

TUTOR A well-known story; often have I heard it.

CREUSA Her spoils before her breast Minerva wore.

TUTOR The aegis; so they call the vest of Pallas.

CREUSA So named, when in the war she join'd the gods.

TUTOR But how can this, my child, annoy thy foes?

CREUSA Thou canst not but remember Erichthonius.

TUTOR Whom first of thy high race the earth brought forth.

CREUSA To him while yet an infant Pallas gave-

TUTOR What? Thy slow preface raises expectation.

CREUSA Two drops of blood that from the Gorgon fell.

TUTOR And on the human frame what power have these?

CREUSA The one works death, the other heals disease.

TUTOR In what around the infant's body hung?

CREUSA Enclosed in gold: he gave them to my father.

TUTOR At his decease then they devolved to thee?

CREUSA Ay, and I wear it as a bracelet; look.

TUTOR Their double qualities how temper'd, say.

CREUSA This drop, which from her hollow vein distill'd,-

TUTOR To what effect applied? What is its power?

CREUSA Medicinal, of sovereign use to life.

TUTOR The other drop, what faculties hath that?

CREUSA It kills, the poison of the Gorgon dragons.

TUTOR And dost thou bear this gore blended in one?

CREUSA No, separate; for with ill good mixes not.

TUTOR O my dear child, thou hast whate'er we want.

CREUSA With this the boy shall die, and thou shalt kill him.

TUTOR Where? How? 'Tis thine to speak, to dare be mine.

CREUSA At Athens, when he comes beneath my roof.

TUTOR I like not this; what I proposed displeased.

CREUSA Dost thou surmise what enters now my thoughts?

TUTOR Suspicion waits thee, though thou kill him not.

CREUSA Thou hast judged well: a stepdame's hate is proverb'd.

TUTOR Then kill him here; thou mayst disown the deed.

CREUSA My mind ev'n now anticipates the pleasure.

TUTOR Thus shalt thou meet thy husband's wiles with wiles

CREUSA This shalt thou do: this little golden casket  
Take from my hand, Minerva's gift of old;  
To where my husband secretly prepares  
The sacrifice, bear this beneath thy vest.  
That supper ended, when they are to pour  
Libations to the gods, thou mayst infuse  
In the youth's goblet this: but take good heed,  
Let none observe thee; drug his cup alone  
Who thinks to lord it in my house: if once  
It pass his lips, his foot shall never reach  
Illustrious Athens: death awaits him here.  
*(She gives him the casket.)*

TUTOR Go thou then to the hospitable house  
Prepared for thy reception: be it mine,  
Obedient to thy word to do this deed.  
Come then, my aged foot, be once more young  
In act, though not in years, for past recall  
That time is fled: kill him, and bear him forth.  
Well may the prosperous harbour virtuous thought;  
But when thou wouldst avenge thee on thy foes,  
There is no law of weight to hinder thee.  
*(They both go out.)*

CHORUS (*singing*) Daughter of Ceres, Trivia hear, Propitious regent of  
each public way  
Amid the brightness of the day, Nor less when night's dark hour engenders  
fear;  
The fulness of this goblet guide  
To check with death this stripling's pride, For whom my queen this fatal  
draught prepares,  
Tinged with the Gorgon's venom'd gore: That seat, which mid Erechtheus'  
royal heirs  
His pride claims, it shall claim no more: Never may one of alien blood  
disgrace The imperial honours of that high-born race!  
Should not this work of fate succeed, Nor the just vengeance of my queen  
prevail;  
Should this apt time of daring fail, And hope, that flatters now, desert the  
deed;  
Slaughter shall other means afford,  
The strangling cord, the piercing sword; For rage from disappointed rage  
shall flow,  
And try each. various form of death; For never shall my queen this  
torment know;  
Ne'er while she draws this vital breath, Brook in her house that foreign  
lords should shine, Clothed with the splendours of her ancient line.  
Thou whom the various hymn delights, Then thy bright choir of beauteous  
dames among,  
Dancing the stream's soft brink along, Thou seest the guardian of thy  
mystic rites,  
Thy torch its midnight vigils keep,  
Thine eye meantime disdaining sleep; While with thee dances Jove's star-  
spangled plain.  
And the moon dances up the sky: Ye nymphs, that lead to grots your frolic  
train,  
Beneath the gulfy founts that lie: Thou gold-crown'd queen, through  
night's dark regions fear'd,  
And thou, her mother, power revered, How should I blush to see this youth  
unknown! This Delphic vagrant, hope to seize the throne.  
You, who the melting soul to move, In loose, dishonest airs the Muse  
employ

To celebrate love's wanton joy, The joy of unallow'd, unholy love,  
See how our pure and modest law  
Can lavish man's lewd deeds o'erawe! Ye shameless bards, revoke each  
wanton air;  
No more these melting measures frame; Bid the chaste muse in Virtue's  
cause declare,  
And mark man's lawless bed with shame! Ungrateful is this Jove-  
descended lord;  
For, his wife's childless bed abhorr'd, Lewdly he courts the embrace of  
other dames, And with a spurious son his pride inflames.  
(An ATTENDANT of CREUSA enters.)

ATTENDANT Athenian dames, where shall I find our queen,  
The daughter of Erechtheus? Seeking her,  
This city have I walked around in vain.

LEADER OF THE CHORUS And for what cause, my fellow-slave? What  
means  
Thy hasty foot? What tidings dost thou bring?

ATTENDANT We are discover'd; and the rulers here  
Seek her, that she may die o'erwhelm'd with stones.

LEADER Ah me! what wouldst thou say? Are our designs  
Of secret ruin to this youth disclosed?

ATTENDANT They are; and know, the worst of ills await you.

LEADER How were our dark devices brought to light?

ATTENDANT The god, that justice might receive no stain  
Caused it to triumph o'er defeated wrong.

LEADER How? as a suppliant, I conjure thee, tell me  
Of this inform'd, if we must die, more freely  
Wish we to die than see the light of heaven.

ATTENDANT Soon as the husband of Creusa left  
The god's oracular shrine, this new-found son  
He to the feast, and sacrifice prepared  
To the high gods, led with him. Xuthus then  
Went where the hallow'd flame of Bacchus mounts,  
That on each rock's high point the victim's blood  
Might flow, a grateful offering for his son  
Thus recognised, to whom he gave in charge,  
"Stay thou, and with the artist's expert aid  
Erect the sheltering tent: my rites perform'd  
To the kind gods that o'er the genial bed  
Preside, should I be there detain'd too long,  
Spread the rich table to my present friends."  
This said, he led the victims to the rocks.  
Meanwhile with reverent heed the son 'gan rear  
On firm supporters the wide tent, whose sides  
No masonry require, yet framed to exclude  
The mid-day sun's hot beams, or his last rays  
When sinking in the west: the lengthen'd lines  
Equally distant comprehend a square  
Of twice five thousand feet (*the skilful thus  
Compute it*), space to feast (*for so he will'd*)  
All Delphi: from the treasures of the god  
He took the sacred tapestry, and around  
Hung the rich shade, on which the admiring eye  
Gazes with fix'd delight: first over head,  
Like a broad pennon spread the extended woof,  
Which from the Amazonian spoils the son  
Of Jove, Alcides, hallow'd to the god;  
In its bright texture interwov'n a sky  
Gathering the stars in its ethereal round,  
While downwards to the western wave the sun  
His steeds declines, and to his station high  
Draws up the radiant flame of Hesperus.  
Meanwhile the Night robed in her sable stole,  
Her unreign'd car advances; on her state  
The stars attend; the Pleiads mounting high,



And with his glittering sword Orion arm'd;  
Above, Arcturus to the golden pole  
Inclines; full-orb'd the month-dividing moon  
Takes her bright station, and the Hyades  
Marked by the sailor: distant in the rear,  
Aurora ready to relume the day,  
And put the stars to flight. The sides were graced  
With various textures of the historic woof,  
Barbaric arguments; in gallant trim  
Against the fleet of Greece the hostile fleet  
Rides proudly on. Here monstrous forms portray'd  
Human and brutal mix'd: the Thracian steeds  
Are seized, the hinds, and the adventurous chase  
Of savage lions: figured nigh the doors,  
Cecrops, attended by his daughter's, roll'd  
His serpent train: in the ample space within  
He spread the festal table, richly deck'd  
With golden goblets. Now the herald walk'd  
His round, each native that inclined to grace  
The feast inviting: to the crowded tent  
They hasten, crown'd with garlands, and partake  
The exquisite repast. The pleased sense  
Now satiate, in the midst an old man stood,  
Officious in his ministry, which raised  
Much mirth among the guests; for from the urns  
He fill'd the lavers, and with fragrant myrrh  
Incensed the place; the golden bowls he claim'd  
His charge. When now the jocund pipes 'gan breathe  
Harmonious airs, and the fresh goblet stood  
Ready to walk its round, the old man said,  
"Away with these penurious cups, and bring  
Capacious bowls; so shall you quickly bathe  
Your spirits in delight." With speed were brought  
Goblets of gold and silver: one he took  
Of choicer frame; and, seemingly intent  
To do his young lord honour, the full vase  
Gave to his hands, but in the wine infused

A drug of poisonous power, which, it is said,  
His queen supplied, that the new son no more  
Might view the light of heav'n; but unobserved  
He mix'd it. As the youth among the rest  
Pour'd the libation, 'mid the attendant slaves  
Words of reproach one utter'd: he, as train'd  
Within the temple and with expert seers,  
Deem'd them of evil omen, and required  
Another goblet to be filled afresh-  
The former a libation to the god,  
He cast upon the ground, instructing all  
To pour, like him, the untasted liquor down.  
Silence ensued: the sacred bowls we fill  
With wines of Byblos; when a troop of doves  
Came fluttering in, for undisturb'd they haunt  
The dome of Phoebus: in the floating wine  
They dipp'd their bills to drink, then raised their heads,  
Gurgling it down their beauteous-plumed throats.  
Harmless to all the spilt wine, save to her  
That lighted where the youth had pour'd his bowl:  
She drank, and straight convulsive shiverings seized  
Her beauteous plumes; around in giddy rings  
She whirl'd, and in a strange and mournful note  
Seem'd to lament: amazement seized the guests,  
Seeing the poor bird's pangs: her heart heaved thick,  
And stretching out her scarlet legs, she died.  
Rending his robes, the son of Phoebus given  
Sprung from the table, and aloud exclaim'd,-  
"What wretch design'd to kill me? Speak, old man:  
Officious was thy ministry; the bowl  
I from thy hand received." Then straight he seized  
His aged arm, and to the question held him,  
As in the fact discover'd: he thus caught,  
Reluctant and constrain'd, own'd the bold deed,  
The deadly goblet by Creusa drugg'd.  
Forth from the tent, the guests attending, rush'd  
The youth announced by Phoebus, and amid

The Pythian regents says,—"O hallow'd land!  
This stranger dame, this daughter of Erechtheus  
Attempts my life by poison." Then decreed  
The Delphian lords (*nor did one voice dissent*)  
That she should die, my mistress, from the rock  
Cast headlong, as the deed was aim'd against  
A sacred life, and impiously presumed  
This hallow'd place with murder to profane.  
Demanded by the state, she this way bends  
Her wretched steps. Unhappy to this shrine  
She came through fond desire of children; here,  
Together with her hopes, her life is lost.

CHORUS (*singing*) None, there is none, from death no flight,  
To me no refuge; our dark deed  
Betray'd, betray'd to open light;  
The festive bowl, with sprightly wine that flow'd  
Mix'd with the Gorgon's viperous blood,  
An offering to the dead decreed,  
All is betray'd to light: and I,  
Cast headlong from the rock, must die.  
What flight shall save me from this death,  
Borne on swift pinions through the air,  
Sunk to the darksome cave beneath,  
Or mounted on the rapid car?  
Or shall the flying bark unfurl its sails?  
Alas, my queen, no flight avails,  
Save when some god's auspicious power  
Shall snatch us from the dangerous hour.  
Unhappy queen, what pangs shall rend thy heart!  
Shall we, who plann'd the deathful deed,  
Be caught within the toils we spread,  
While justice claims severe her chast'ning part?  
(*CREUSA rushes in.*)

CREUSA I am pursued, ye faithful females, doom'd  
To death: the Pythian council hath decreed it:

My life is forfeited.

LEADER OF THE CHORUS Unhappy lady,  
We know the dreadful ills that close thee round.

CREUSA Ah, whither shall I fly? From instant death  
Scarce hath my foot sped hither, from my foes  
By stealth escaping.

LEADER Whither wouldst thou fly,  
But to this altar?

CREUSA What will that avail me?

LEADER To kill a suppliant there the law forbids.

CREUSA But by the law I perish.

LEADER If their hands  
Had seized thee.

CREUSA Dreadful contest, with drawn swords  
They hastily advance.

LEADER Now take thy seat  
At the altar: shouldst thou die ev'n there, thy blood  
Will call the vengeance of the god on those  
That spilt it: but our fortune we must bear.  
*(She takes refuge at the altar as ION, guards, and Delphians enter.)*

ION Bull-visaged sire Cephisus, what a viper  
Hast thou produced? a dragon from her eyes  
Glaring pernicious flame. Each daring deed  
Is hers: less venomous the Gorgon's blood,  
With which she purposed to have poison'd me.  
Seize her, that the Parnassian rocks may tease  
Those nice-adjusted ringlets of her hair,  
As down the craggy precipice she bounds.

Here my good genius saved me, e'er I came  
To Athens, there beneath my stepdame's wiles  
To fall; amid my friends thy fell intents  
Have I unravell'd, what a pest to me,  
Thy hate how deadly: had thy toils inclosed me  
In thine own house, thou wouldst at once have sent me  
With complete ruin to the shades below.  
But nor the altar nor Apollo's shrine  
Shall save thee. Pity, might her voice be heard,  
Would rather plead for me and for my mother,  
She absent, yet the name remains with me.  
Behold that sorceress; with what art she wove  
Wile after wile; the altar of the god  
Impress'd her not with awe, as if secure.  
No vengeance waited her unhallow'd deeds.

CREUSA I charge thee, kill me not, in my own right,  
And in the god's, whose suppliant here I stand.

ION What right hast thou to plead Apollo's name?

CREUSA My person hallow'd to the god I offer.

ION Yet wouldst thou poison one that is the god's.

CREUSA Thou wast no more Apollo's, but thy father's.

ION I have been, of a father's wealth I speak.

CREUSA And now I am: thou hast that claim no more.

ION But thou art impious: pious were my deeds.

CREUSA As hostile to my house, I would have kill'd thee.

ION Did I against thy country march in arms?

CREUSA And more; thou wouldst have fired Erechtheus' house.

ION What torch, what brands, what flames had I prepared?

CREUSA There wouldst thou fix, seizing my right by force.

ION The land which he possess'd, my father gave me.

CREUSA What claim hath there the race of Aeolus?

ION He was its guardian, not with words but arms.

CREUSA Its soldier then; an inmate, not its lord.

ION Wouldst thou, through fear of what might happen, kill me?

CREUSA Lest death should be my portion, if not thine.

ION Childless thou enviest that my father found me.

CREUSA And wilt thou make a childless house thy spoil?

ION Devolves my father then no share to me?

CREUSA His shield, his spear; be those thine heritage.

ION Come from the altar, quit that hallow'd seat.

CREUSA Instruct thy mother, whosoe'er she be.

ION Shalt thou unpunish'd meditate my death?

CREUSA Within this shrine if thou wilt murder me.

ION What pleasure mid these sacred wreaths to die?

CREUSA We shall grieve one, by whom we have been grieved.

ION Strange, that the god should give these laws to men,  
Bearing no stamp of honour, nor design'd  
With provident thought: it is not meet to place

The unrighteous at his altars; worthier far  
To be chased thence; nor decent that the vile  
Should with their touch pollute the gods: the good,  
Oppress'd with wrongs, should at those hallow'd seats  
Seek refuge: ill beseems it that the unjust  
And just alike should seek protection there.  
*(As ION and his followers are about to tear CREUSA from the altar, the  
PRIESTESS of Apollo enters from the temple.)*

PRIESTESS Forbear, my son, leaving the oracular seat,  
I pass this pale, the priestess of the god,  
The guardian of the tripod's ancient law,  
Call'd to this charge from all the Delphian dames.

ION Hail, my loved mother, dear, though not my parent.

PRIESTESS Yet let me have the name, 'tis grateful to me.

ION Hast thou yet heard their wily trains to kill me?

PRIESTESS I have; but void of mercy thou dost wrong.

ION Should I not ruin those that sought my life?

PRIESTESS Stepdames to former sons are always hostile.

ION And I to stepdames ill intreated thus.

PRIESTESS Be not, this shrine now leaving for thy country.

ION How, then, by thy monition should I act?

PRIESTESS Go with good omens, pure to Athens go.

ION All must be pure that kill their enemies.

PRIESTESS So do not thou: attentive mark my words.

ION Speak: from good will whate'er thou say'st must flow.

PRIESTESS Seest thou the vase I hold beneath mine arm?

ION I see an ancient ark entwined with wreaths.

PRIESTESS In this long since an infant I received thee.

ION What say'st thou? New is thy discourse and strange.

PRIESTESS In silence have I kept them: now I show them.

ION And why conceal'd, as long since thou received'st me?

PRIESTESS The god would have thee in his shrine a servant.

ION Is that no more his will? How shall I know it?

PRIESTESS Thy father shown, he sends thee from this land.

ION Hast thou preserved these things by charge, or how?

PRIESTESS It was the god that so disposed my thought.

ION With what design? Speak, finish thy discourse.

PRIESTESS Ev'n to this hour to keep what then I found.

ION What gain imports this to me, or what loss?

PRIESTESS There didst thou lie wrapp'd in thy infant vests.

ION Thou hast produced whence I may find my mother.

PRIESTESS Since now the god so wills, but not before.

ION This is a day of bless'd discoveries.

PRIESTESS Now take them: o'er all Asia, and the bounds  
Of Europe hold thy progress: thou shalt know  
These tokens. To do pleasure to the god,



I nurtured thee, my son; now to thy hand  
Restore what was his will I should receive  
Unbidden, and preserve: for what intent  
It was his will, I have not power to say.  
That I had these, or where they were conceal'd,  
No mortal knew. And now farewell: the love  
I bear thee equals what a parent feels.  
Let thy inquiries where they ought begin;  
First, if some Delphian virgin gave thee birth,  
And in this shrine exposed thee; next, if one  
Of Greece. From me, and from the god, who feels  
An interest in thy fortune, thou hast all.  
*(She goes into the temple after giving ION the ark.)*

ION Ah me! the moist tear trickles from mine eye,  
When I reflect that she who gave me birth,  
By stealth espoused, may with like secrecy  
Have sold me, to my infant lips her breast  
Denied: but in the temple of the god  
Without a name, a servile life I led.  
All from the god was gracious, but from fortune  
Harsh; for the time when in a mother's arms  
I in her fondness should have known some joy  
Of life, from that sweet care was I estranged,  
A mother's nurture: nor less wretched she,  
Thus forced to lose the pleasure in her son.  
But I will take this vase, and to the god  
Bear it, a hallow'd offering; that from thence  
I may find nothing which I would not find.  
Should she, that gave me being, chance to be  
A slave, to find her were a greater ill,  
Than to rest silent in this ignorance.  
O Phoebus, in thy temple hang I this.  
What am I doing? War I not against  
The pleasure of the god, who saved for me  
These pledges of my mother? I must dare,  
And open these: my fate cannot be shunn'd.

*(He opens the ark.)*

Ye sacred garlands, what have you so long  
Conceal'd: ye bands, that keep these precious relics?  
Behold the cover of this circular vase;  
Its freshness knows no change, as if a god  
So will'd; this osier-woven ark yet keeps  
Its soundness undecay'd; yet many a year,  
Since it contain'd this treasured charge, has pass'd.

CREUSA What an unhoped-for sight do I behold!

ION I thought thou long hadst known to keep thee silent.

CREUSA Silence is mine no more; instruct not me;  
For I behold the ark, wherein of old  
I laid thee, O my son, an infant babe;  
And in the caves of Cecrops, with the rocks  
Of Macrai roof'd, exposed thee: I will quit  
This altar, though I run on certain death.

ION Seize her; for by the impulse of the god  
She leaves the sculptured altar: bind her bands.

CREUSA Instantly kill me, so that I embrace  
This vase, and thee, and these thy conceal'd pledges.

ION Is not this strange? I take thee at thy word.

CREUSA Not strange: a friend thou by thy friends art found.

ION Thy friend! Yet wouldst thou kill me secretly.

CREUSA My son: if that to parents is most dear.

ION Forbear thy wiles; I shall refute them well.

CREUSA Might I but to come to what I wish, my son!

ION Is this vase empty, or contains it aught?

CREUSA Thy infant vests, in which I once exposed thee.

ION And wilt thou name them to me, ere thou see them?

CREUSA If I recount them not, be death my meed.

ION Speak then: thy confidence hath something strange.

CREUSA A tissue, look, which when a child I wrought.

ION What is it? Various are the works of virgins.

CREUSA A slight, unfinish'd essay of the loom.

ION What figure wrought? Thou shalt not take me thus.

CREUSA A Gorgon central in the warp enwoven-

ION What fortune haunts me, O supreme of gods!

CREUSA And like an aegis edged with serpents round.

ION Such is the woof, and such the vest I find.

CREUSA Thou old embroidery of my virgin bands!

ION Is there aught else besides this happy proof?

CREUSA Two dragons, an old work, their jaws of gold.

ION The gift of Pallas, who thus nurtures children?

CREUSA Emblems of Erichthonius of old times.

ION Why? for what use? Explain these works of gold.

CREUSA For ornaments to grace the infant's neck.

ION See, here they are; the third I wish to know.

CREUSA A branch of olive then I wreathed around thee,  
Pluck'd from that tree which from Minerva's rock  
First sprung; if it be there, it still retains  
Its verdure: for the foliage of that olive,  
Fresh in immortal beauty, never fades.

ION O my dear mother! I with joy behold thee.  
With transport 'gainst thy cheek my cheek recline.  
(*They embrace.*)

CREUSA My son, my son, far dearer to thy mother  
Than yon bright orb (*the god will pardon me*),  
Do I then hold thee in my arms, thus found  
Beyond my hopes, when in the realms below,  
I thought thy habitation 'mong the dead?

ION O my dear mother, in thy arms I seem  
As one that had been dead to life return'd.

CREUSA Ye wide-expanded rays of heavenly light,  
What notes, what high-raised strains shall tell my joy?  
This pleasure whence, this unexpected transport?

ION There was no blessing farther from my thoughts  
Than this, my mother, to be found thy son.

CREUSA I tremble yet.

ION And hast thou yet a fear,  
Holding me, not to hold me?

CREUSA Such fond hopes  
Long time have I renounced. Thou hallow'd matron,  
From whom didst thou receive my infant child?  
What bless'd hand brought him to Apollo's shrine?

ION It was the god's appointment: may our life  
To come be happy, as the past was wretched.

CREUSA Not without tears, my son, wast thou brought forth;  
Nor without anguish did my hands resign thee.  
Now breathing on thy cheek I feel a joy  
Transporting me with heartfelt ecstasies.

ION The words expressive of thy joys speak mine.

CREUSA Childless no more, no more alone, my house  
Now shines with festive joy; my realms now own  
A lord; Erechtheus blooms again; no more  
His high-traced lineage sees night darkening round,  
But glories in the sun's refulgent beams.

ION Now let my father, since he's present here,  
Be partner of the joy which I have given you.

CREUSA What says my son?

ION Such, such as I am proved.

CREUSA What mean thy words? Far other is thy birth.

ION Ah me! thy virgin bed produced me base.

CREUSA Nor bridal torch, my son, nor bridal dance  
Had graced my nuptial rites, when thou wast born.

ION Then I'm a wretch, a base-born wretch: say whence.

CREUSA Be witness, thou by whom the Gorgon died,-

ION What means this adjuration?

CREUSA Who hast fix'd  
High o'er my cave thy seat amid the rocks  
With olive clothed.

ION Abstruse thy words, and dark.

CREUSA Where on the cliffs the nightingale attunes  
Her songs, Apollo-

ION Why Apollo named?

CREUSA Led me in secret to his bed.

ION Speak on;  
Thy words import some glorious fortune to me.

CREUSA Thee in the tenth revolving month, my son,  
A secret pang to Phoebus did I bear.

ION Thy words, if true, are grateful to my soul.

CREUSA These swathing bands, thy mother's virgin work,  
Wove by my flying shuttle, round thy body  
I roll'd; but from thy lips my breast withheld,  
A mother's nouriture, nor bathed thy bands  
In cleansing lavers; but to death exposed thee,  
Laid in the dreary cave, to birds of prey  
A feast, rent piecemeal by their ravenous beaks.

ION Cruel, my mother, was thy deed.

CREUSA By fear  
Constrain'd, my son, I cast thy life away;  
Unwillingly I left thee there to die.

ION And from my hands unholy were thy death.

CREUSA Dreadful was then my fortune, dreadful here,  
Whirl'd by the eddy blast from misery there  
To misery here, and back again to joy:  
Her boisterous winds are changed; may she remain  
In this repose: enough of ills are past:  
After the storm soft breathes a favouring gale.

LEADER From this example, mid the greatest ills  
Never let mortal man abandon hope.

ION O thou, that hast to thousands wrought a change  
Of state ere this, involving them in ills,  
And raising them to happiness again;  
Fortune, to what a point have I been carried,  
Ready to kill my mother, horrid thought!  
But in the sun's bright course each day affords  
Instruction. Thee, my mother, have I found,  
In that discovery bless'd; nor hath my birth  
Aught I can blame: yet one thing would I say  
To thee alone:-walk this way: to thine ear  
In secret would I whisper this, and throw  
The veil of darkness o'er each circumstance.  
Take heed, my mother, lest thy maiden fault  
Seeks in these secret nuptials to conceal  
Its fault, then charges on the god the deed;  
And, fearing my reproach, to Phoebus gives  
A son, to Phoebus whom thou didst not bear.

CREUSA By her, who 'gainst the giants in her car  
Fought by the side of Jove, victorious Pallas,  
No one of mortal race is father to thee,  
But he who brought thee up, the royal Phoebus.

ION Why give his son then to another father?  
Why say that I was born the son of Xuthus?

CREUSA Not born the son of Xuthus; but he gives thee,  
Born from himself (*as friend to friend may give*)  
His son, and heir adopted to his house.

ION True is the god, his tripod else were vain.  
Not without cause then is my mind perplex'd.

CREUSA Hear what my thoughts suggest: to work thee good  
Apollo placed thee in a noble house.

Acknowledged his, the rich inheritance  
Could not be thine, nor could a father's name;  
For I conceal'd my nuptials, and had plann'd  
To kill thee secretly: for this the god  
In kindness gives thee to another father.

ION My mind is prompt to entertain such thoughts;  
But, entering at his shrine will I inquire  
If from a mortal father I am sprung,  
Or from Apollo.-Ha! what may this be?  
What god above the hallow'd dome unveils  
His radiant face that shines another sun?  
Haste, let us fly: the presence of the gods  
'Tis not for mortals to behold, and live.  
(*MINERVA appears from above.*)

MINERVA Fly not; in me no enemy you fly;  
At Athens friendly to you, and no less  
Here. From that land I come, so named from me,  
By Phoebus sent with speed: unmeet he deems it  
To show himself before you, lest with blame  
The past be mention'd; this he gave in charge,  
To tell thee that she bore thee, and to him,  
Phoebus thy father; he to whom he gave thee,  
Not as to the author of thy being gives thee,  
But to the inheritance of a noble house.  
This declaration made, lest thou shouldst die,  
Kill'd by thy mother's wily trains, or she  
By thee, these means to save you he devised.  
These things in silence long conceal'd, at Athens  
The royal Phoebus would have made it known  
That thou art sprung from her, thy father he:  
But to discharge my office, and unfold  
The oracle of the god, for which you yoked  
Your chariots, hear: Creusa, take thy son,  
Go to the land of Cecrops: let him mount  
The royal throne; for, from Erechtheus sprung,



That honour is his due, the sovereignty  
Over my country: through the states of Greece  
Wide his renown shall spread; for from his root  
Four sons shall spring, that to the land, the tribes,  
The dwellers on my rock, shall give their names.  
Geleon the first, Hopletes, Argades,  
And from my aegis named Aegicores:  
Their sons in fate's appointed time shall fix  
Their seats along the coast, or in the isles  
Girt by the Aegean sea, and to my land  
Give strength; extending thence the opposite plains  
Of either continent shall make their own,  
Europe and Asia, and shall boast their name  
Ionians, from the honour'd Ion call'd.  
To thee by Xuthus shall a son be born,  
Dorus, from whom the Dorian state shall rise  
To high renown; in the Pelopian land,  
Another near the Rhian cliffs, along  
The sea-wash'd coast, his potent monarchy  
Shall stretch, Achaeus; and his subject realms  
Shall glory in their chief's illustrious name.  
Well hath Apollo quitted him in all:  
First, without pain he caused thee bear a son.  
That from thy friends thou mightst conceal his birth;  
After the birth, soon as his infant limbs  
Thy hands had clothed, to Mercury he gave  
The charge to take the babe, and in his arms  
Convey him hither; here with tenderness  
He nurtured him, nor suffer'd him to perish.  
Guard now the secret that he is thy son,  
That his opinion Xuthus may enjoy  
Delighted: thou too hast thy blessings, lady.  
And now, farewell: from this relief from ills  
A prosperous fortune I to both announce.

ION O Pallas, daughter of all-powerful Jove!  
Not with distrust shall we receive thy words:

I am convinced that Phoebus is my father,  
My mother she, not unassured before.

CREUSA Hear me too, now: Phoebus I praise, before  
Unpraised; my son he now restores, of whom  
Till now I deem'd him heedless. Now these gates  
Are beauteous to mine eyes; his oracles  
Now grateful to my soul, unpleasant late.  
With rapture on these sounding rings my hands  
Now hang; with rapture I address the gates.

MINERVA This I approve, thy former wayward thoughts  
Resign'd, with honour that thou name the god.  
Slow are the gifts of Heaven, but found at length  
Not void of power.

CREUSA My son, let us now go  
To Athens.

MINERVA Go; myself will follow you.

CREUSA A noble guard, and friendly to the state.

MINERVA But seat him high on thy paternal throne.

CREUSA A rich possession, and I glory in him.  
(*MINERVA disappears.*)

CHORUS (*singing*) Son of Latona and all-powerful Jove,  
Apollo, hail! Though fortune's blackest storms  
Rage on his house, the man whose pious soul  
Reveres the gods, assumes a confidence,  
And justly: for the good at length obtain  
The meed of virtue; but the unholy wretch  
(*Such is his nature*) never can be happy.