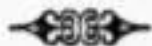


Γ'. ΑΓΓΛΙΚΑ

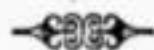
ON MY PHOTOGRAPH

My shadow is this, and this shadow will last
when will vanish the one that this shadow has cast.



ON ANOTHER

It is born to the rays of athenean skies.
It is perfect in likeness, but life is still wanted.
To the source of the life it comes, to your eyes,
to ask for a sparkle. Why should you not grant it?



TRANSLATION OF A PASSAGE OF MY DRAMA «THE THIRTY»

Among strangers a stranger he wanders alone,
of me, of his friends, of his country bereft.
All hope and all joy and all gaiety are gone
from this heart which is pining, is dead since he left.



Exiled and roofless the nights he will tarry
on the banks of the brook, on the lonely grove;
and no good and no treasure with him will he carry,
but the tender remembrance of me and my love.



Far from him I am weeping; the tyranny rages
against me and my father. No saviour appears;
and our glorious town, the boast of all ages,
is plunged in blood and drowned in tears.



Their murderous weapons they aim at his breast;
but his heart is of steel and his mind is unbending.
He fled. Now, tyrants, to flee make haste.
Soon will he return, and his vengeance is pending.



So soars the goldfethered bird to the skies,
whence it fixes its looks on the valleys and hills;
and back from the clouds like an arrow it flies,
and its prey with its clutches it seizes and kills.

