

Γ'. ΑΓΓΛΙΚΑ

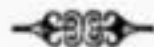
ON MY PHOTOGRAPH

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.

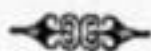


So soars the goldfethered bird to the skies,
whence it fixes its looks on the valleys and hills;
and back from the clouds like an arrow it flies,
and its prey with its clutches it seizes and kills.



He went, scorning the tyrants, where free men breathe.
Soon will he return at the head of the brave,
the noble brow crowned with the laurel-wreath,
the tyrants to crush, and his country to save.

O joy, when the town will resound with his name,
and all loocks but to him and all hearts will fly !
But forgetting all others, unmindful of fame,
he will only to me turn his heart and his eye.



ANOTHER PASSAGE OF THE SAME DRAMA

He is dead, he is gone ! Men of Athens, his freinds !
his eyes have no rays and his lips have no breath.
Death tinges with palor the brow that it bends,
and his heart, once so tender, is clasped by death !

I call'd him, but silent and cold was his face ;
and his fatherly heart against mine I press'd.
But his hand did not move to a loving caress,
and his heart, . . . it had ceased to throb in his breast.

His lips are still smiling, and their smile is so mild !
Why does he not speak ? He loves me no more ?
You depart from my side, you abandon your child,
an orphan, shipwrecked on this desolate shore.

On his bosom how happy I used to lie ;
and now we must part ! O gods that we must !
that nothing to me will remain but his dust,
a desert on earth, and dark night in the sky !

My father I want. O, who vill sustain,
who will guide my steps on my search of thee ?
From whom shall I ask my father ?— I see.
The sharp blade of this sword will unite us again.

