

Sappho, 31, φαίνεται μοι...

φαίνεται μοι κῆνος ἴσος θείοισιν  
ἔμμεν ὄνερ ὅστις ἐναντίος τοι  
ἰζάνει καὶ πλασίον ἄδου  
φωνεύσας ὑπακούει

καὶ γαλαίσας ἱμμερόεν τὸ δὴ ἴμάν  
καρδίαν ἐν στήθεσιν ἐπτόασεν,  
ὡς γὰρ εὐίδον βροχέως σε, φώνας  
οὐδὲν ἔτ' ἔκει,

ἀλλὰ κάμ μὲν γλωσσα φέαγε, λέπτον  
δ' αὐτικά χρῶ πῦρ ὑπαδεδρόμακεν,  
ὀπάτεσσι δ' οὐδὲν ορημ',  
ἐπιρρόμβεισι δ' ἄκουαι.

ἀ δέ μ' ἴδρωσ κακχέεται, τρόμος δὲ  
παῖσαν ἄγρει χλωροτέρα δὲ ποίασ  
ἔμμι, τεθνάκην δ' ὀλιγω ἴπιδεύρην  
φαίνομαι [ἄλλα].

πᾶν τόλματον [.....]

Greek Lyric Poetry: A Complete Collection of the  
Surviving Passages from the Greek Song-writers,  
Volume 1. Ed. George Stanley Farnell. (London:  
Longmans, Green, and Co., 1891), 158.

He seems to me like one of the gods  
whoever that man is, opposite you,  
who sits and listens closely  
to your sweet speech

and your lovely laughter — it  
makes my heart fly, winged, from my chest;  
when I look at you, for even a moment, no speech  
remains in me.

No, my tongue breaks and threads of  
fire races beneath my skin  
and my eyes dim, and drumming  
fills ears,

a cold, damp shivering  
sieves me, like fading grass  
I wilt and wither — and I seem  
all too close to death.

But I dare all, because even the poorest...

(Trans. M. Bryson)