

Sappho 31

[Text discussed by Emma Woolerton]

φαίνεται μοι κῆνος ἴσος θεοῖσιν
ἔμμεν' ὦνηρ ὅττις ἐνάντιός τοι
ἰσδάνει καὶ πλάσιον ἄδου φωναί-
σας ὑπακούει

He seems to me, that one, equal to the gods
The man whoever opposite you
Sits and close by listens to you
Sweetly speak

καὶ γελαίσας ἰμέροεν· τό μ' ἦ μάν
καρδίαν ἐν στήθεσιν ἐπτόασεν.
ὥς γὰρ <ἔς> σ' ἴδω βρόχε', ὥς με φώνας
οὐδὲν ἔτ' εἴκει,

And laugh delightfully. That for sure
Has stirred my heart in my breast.
For whenever I look at you just briefly, then
It isn't possible for me to speak anymore

ἀλλὰ κάμ μὲν γλῶσσα ἔαγε, λέπτον
δ' αὐτίκα χρωῖ πῦρ ὑπαδεδρόμακεν,
ὀπλάτεσσι δ' οὐδὲν ὄρημ', ἐπιρρόμ-
βεισι δ' ἄκουαι,

But my tongue is broken, and thin
Fire, in a moment, steals under my skin,
I see nothing with my eyes,
My ears roar

†έκαδε μ' ἴδρωσ ψῦχος κακχέεται†, τρόμος δὲ
παῖσαν ἄγρει, χλωροτέρα δὲ ποίας
ἔμμι, τεθνάκην δ' ὀλίγω ἔπιδεύσῃν
φαίνομ' ἔμ' αὐται.

†?????? cold sweat pours down me†, trembling
Takes all of me, I am paler than
Grass, I think I'll need just a little to be dead

ἀλλὰ πᾶν τόλματον ἐπεὶ †καὶ πένητα†

But everything must be endured, †since a poor man, too†

[Greek text: Voigt, E.M. (1971) *Sappho et Alcaeus: fragmenta*. Amsterdam: Polak & van Gennepe; translation by Emma Woolerton]

See: Carson, A (2003) *If not, Winter. Fragments of Sappho*. London: Virago & (1998) *Eros the Bittersweet*. Champaign and London: The Dalkey Archive; Budelmann, F. (2018) *Greek Lyric: A selection*. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press

