



## EVIDENCE: SEN\_0001\_EN

<b>Title</b>	<b>Act 1, scene 1, lines 1-55</b>
<b>Subtitle</b>	<b>Medea's monolog</b>
<b>Author</b>	<b>Seneca</b>
<b>Date / Historical era</b>	<b>Antiquity</b>
<b>Theme(s)</b>	<b>Vengeance, Betrayal, Exile, Motherhood, Justice</b>
<b>Character(s)</b>	<b>Medea</b>
<b>Language</b>	<b>EN</b>
<b>Translation</b>	<b>Translated by Ella Isabel Harris (1899)</b>

## Excerpt

### Medea

Ye gods of marriage; Lucina, guardian of the genial bed; Pallas, who taught the tamer of the seas To steer the Argo; stormy ocean's lord; Titan, dividing bright day to the world;

And thou three-formed Hecate, who dost shed Thy conscious splendor on the hidden rites! Ye by whom Jason plighted me his troth; And ye Medea rather should invoke: Chaos of night eternal; realm opposed

To the celestial powers; abandoned souls; Queen of the dusky realm; Persephone By better faith betrayed; you I invoke, But with no happy voice. Approach, approach, Avenging goddesses with snaky hair,



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# MEDIA SUM

Holding in blood-stained hands your sulphurous torch! Come now as horrible as when  
of yore Ye stood beside my marriage-bed; bring death To the new bride, and to the  
royal seed, And Creon; worse for Jason I would ask

Life! Let him roam in fear through unknown lands, An exile, hated, poor, without a  
home; A guest now too well known, let him, in vain, Seek alien doors, and long for me,  
his wife! And, yet a last revenge, let him beget

Sons like their father, daughters like their mother! 'Tis done; revenge is even now  
brought forth— I have borne sons to Jason. I complain Vainly, and cry aloud with  
useless words, Why do I not attack mine enemies?

(...)

Seek, my soul— If thou still livest, or if aught endures Of ancient vigor—seek to find  
revenge Through thine own bowels; throw off woman's fears, Intrench thyself in  
snowy Caucasus. All impious deeds Phasis or Pontus saw,

Corinth shall see. Evils unknown and wild, Hideous, frightful both to earth and heaven,  
Disturb my soul,—wounds, and the scattered corpse, And murder. I remember gentle  
deeds, A maid did these; let heavier anguish come,

Since sterner crimes befit me now, a wife! Gird thee with wrath, prepare thine utmost  
rage, That fame of thy divorce may spread as far As of thy marriage! Make no long  
delay. How dost thou leave thy husband? As thou cam'st.

Homes crime built up, by crime must be dissolved.



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