

ANDRIA

Terence

Translated by Christopher Kelk

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PROLOGUE

The poet, when he first began this work,
Thought that the only task that he could shirk
Was pleasing folk with plays that he would write.
But he's discovered things have turned out quite
Otherwise for prologues all are worthless, not
For purposes of writing out the plot,
But rather answering the calumnies
Of that foul, ancient playwright. Listen, please,
And heed the thing that this playwright has rated
Faulty. It was Menander who created 10
Both *Andria* and *Perinthia*. He who knows
One well knows both of them. Now, both of those
Are similar in plot, but nonetheless
In style they differ: he came to confess
That from the former play he had transferred
Into the latter those parts he preferred
To think fit there. But critics now condemn
These means, and thus he is at odds with them.
These critics think they should not coalesce.
By being knowing, do they not confess 20
That they know nothing? In rebuking thus
Our poet, they're rebuking Naevius,
Plautus and Ennius, those bards whom he
Has as his models and whose laxity,
And not their mystifying carefulness,
He'd rather emulate. I must impress
On you that you should stay mum and refrain
From maledictions lest you should attain

The knowledge of your faults. And therefore be

Friendly and neutral so that you may see

30

What hope is left for him and if the plays

That he'll compose anew in future days

Will have an audience to show approval

Or suffer a dishonourable removal.

ACT I

SCENE I

Simo [to the servants]:

Take these provisions to the house. Away!

Sosia, hither! I've a few words to say

To you.

Sosia:

Consider it done. These things, I guess,
Have to be handled with some heedfulness.

Simo:

Oh no, it's something else.

Sosia:

What further thing

Could it be that I should be handling?

40

Simo:

What I've in hand needs no ability
From you but loyalty and secrecy,
Which I have always seen that you evince.

Sosia:

Then I await your wishes.

Simo:

Ever since

I bought you as a youngster, I have been
Compassionate to you, and time has seen
You made a freedman for your excellence
In serving me. The greatest recompense
I've owned I've spent on you.

Sosia:

Indeed I know.

Simo:

I am not changed.

Sosia:

I'm glad to have it so.

50

I'm pleased to serve you well, and grateful, too,

That I have been of so much use to you.

But I'm uneasy,, since you censure me,

It seems, for casting from my memory

My gratitude. But what is it that you

Would have? In one word tell me.

Simo:

That I'll do.

But, first of all, the marriage you believe

Is real is actually not.

Sosia:

Why, then, deceive?

Simo:

I'll tell you everything: thereby you can

Know how my son is living and the plan

60

I have. When he had reached maturity,

He then could live more unrestrictedly:

For earlier how could you know his mood

When youth, fear and a master all tabooed

His movements?

Sosia:

Ah, yes!

Simo:

Most youths entertain

Some hobby – for they'll hunt with hounds or train

Their horses or turn to philosophy,
But he was not concerned particularly
With any one of these activities
Despite the fact that he did all of these
Quite well, and I was glad.

70

Sosia:

Quite rightly, too,
For I believe that nobody should do
Only one single thing excessively.

Simo:

Such was his mode of life – to readily
Listen to those he met and heed them all,
Resign himself to them that he might call
Himself their acolyte, while studying
Their interests, and never arguing
With anyone. Thus very easily
One may gain praise, while lacking jealousy
And gaining friends.

80

Sosia:

Wise! Now obsequiousness
Spawns friends but hatred comes from openness.

Simo:

Three years ago a woman crossed the sea
From Andros to live here, for poverty
And careless kin had made her emigrate:
Most fair and young was she.

Sosia:

I'm in a state
Of fear that there will come some injury
From this Andrian woman.

Simo:

Well, first she

90

Lived frugally in hardship while she sought

A modest living that her labour brought

By carding wool. Then lovers came to woo,

Promising wealth (as all men tend to do,

Plunging from toil to sensuality).

Consenting to them she began to see

The profit in her beauty. Some would take

My son with them and I would quickly make

The observation: "He is certainly

Besotted." Then at dawn, when I would see

100

The to and fro of servants, I would say

To one of them, "Who was it yesterday

Who had Chrysis?" (The Andrian woman thus

Was named).

Sosia:

I get it.

Simo:

He would say Phaedrus,

Clinias or Niceratus, for these men

All loved the woman. I inquired then,

"What did Pamphilus do?" He answered me,

"He paid his shot and dined." This caused me glee.

I asked the same thing on another day

And there was nothing further he could say

110

To implicate my son. It proved to me

The flawless evidence of his chastity.

For after one's seen such proclivities

Up close and isn't roused by them, then he's

Able to live correctly, you may be
Assured. I felt joy that unanimously
Folk praised the lad, glad for my happiness
In having a son with such high-mindedness.
Well, what's the use of words? Chremes was spurred
By what of my son Pamphilus he'd heard 120
And of his own accord he came to me
To give his only girl in matrimony
With a large dowry, and I was delighted
And acquiesced, and so their troth was plighted,
The wedding day announced.

Sosia:

What explanation

Is there that would forestall their celebration?

Simo:

You'll hear it. A few days subsequently

Chrysis was dead.

Sosia:

Happy fortuity!

Chrysis unnerved me.

Simo:

Frequently my son

Was to be seen accompanying each one 130
Of those who were her lovers. It was he
Who organized the funeral, mournfully
Weeping with them, and this brought me some joy
Since I concluded that, although my boy
Had insubstantial feelings for her, he
Yet took her passing with such gravity.
But had he loved her, what would he have done

For me, his father? For what in my son
I saw were duties of great sentiment
And goodwill. In a word, therefore, I went
To attend her funeral with nothing to fear,
I thought.

140

Sosia:

Aha, what happened?

Simo:

You will hear.

We follow her bier, and accidentally
Among the women present there I see
A beauteous maid.

Sosia:

Most likely.

Simo:

Oh, a lass

Whose modest mien no other could surpass,
And charming, too. Because she seemed to me
To grieve more than the other girls while she
Was more genteel in form than all the rest,
I sought the serving-maids with a request –
“Who is she?” “Chrysis’ sister,” they all said.
And then it struck me – her own sister’s dead;
No wonder all those tears, that sympathy.

150

Sosia:

I fear what you’re about to tell to me.

Simo:

Meanwhile the funeral carries on, and so
We follow it and to the tomb we go.
They placed her on the pyre, and there were tears.

Meanwhile the sister whom I mentioned nears

The flame too carelessly. Then, terrified

For her, my son Pamphilus signified

160

His well-disguised and veiled love: at a run

He went to her and said, “My darling one,

Glycerium,” as he clasped her to him, “why

Do you do this? Why do you wish to die?”

And then, so that you easily might see

The love they shared, she so affectionately

Fell weeping in his arms.

Sosia:

What’s that you say?

Simo:

I came back then in anger and dismay

With yet no cause for chiding him. He might

Have said, “What have I done? Is it not right?

170

For I have saved a girl who wished to fling

Herself into the flames. Sound reasoning!”

Sosia:

You’re right. If you find culpability

In one who saves a life, how would you be

With one who’s carried out atrocities?

Simo:

Next day I had a visitor – Chremes:

He yelled and spoke of a disgraceful thing:

He’d heard that my son was cohabiting

With that outsider. I vehemently

Demurred; he urged the tale’s veracity.

180

And then I left him there as he denied

To give his daughter up.

Sosia:

Did you not chide

Your son?

Simo:

I had no great justification.

Sosia:

How so?

Simo:

“You specified a termination,
Father, to this,” he said. “The time is nigh
When by another’s disposition I
Shall have to live, and therefore please allow
Me to be my own master just for now.”

Sosia:

How can you chide him now?

Simo:

If he should say,

Because of his sweetheart, the wedding day 190

Will not arrive, that surely first of all

Is a transgression, on which I should call

My son, and now I’m trying hard to see

If he denies he’s married, which would be

A further cause to chide. But if that man,

That scoundrel Davus, has a further plan

It may well come to nothing, since his tricks

Are useless, and he’ll do his best to fix

The problem, for he’d rather agitate

And stress yours truly than accommodate 200

My son.

Sosia:

How so?

Simo:

 You jest! A wicked mind,
An evil nature! But if I should find –
No matter! If my son does not delay,
As I would wish, on Chremes I must play
And hope all will be well. Your duty now
Is feigning well these nuptials and to cow
Davus and check upon my son to see
What he is up to and what strategy
He's planning with him.

Sosia: That's enough: I'll do
The tasks. Let's in.

Simo:

 Go on – I'll follow you.

210

SCENE II

Simo [to himself]:

There is no doubt my son won't want to wed.
I was aware just now of Davus' dread
When he heard that the nuptials would not be
Performed. But here he comes.

Davus [to himself]:

 It bothered me
That this would be the case: and yesterday
I was in constant terror in what way
My master's leniency would end, for he,
Once he had ascertained his son would be
Without a wife, just did not take it ill

Nor breathed a word to us.

Simo [to himself]:

But now he will

220

With no small cost to him, I think he'll find.

Davus [to himself]:

He meant that we, with unsuspecting mind,

Should feel false joy with not a whit of dread,

Now full of hope so that we might be led

To think that there's no time to hatch a plan

To stop the marriage. Clever!

Simo [to himself]:

Wicked man!

What's that he said?

Davus [to himself]:

Oh no, I didn't see

My master there.

Simo:

Davus!

Davus:

Yes.

Simo:

Come to me!

Davus [to himself]:

What does he want?

Simo:

What did you say?

Davus:

About

Precisely what?

Simo:

You rogue! It's been put out

230

My son's in love.

Davus:

Well, other folk concern

Themselves with that, I guess.

Simo:

Will you not turn

Your mind to this?

Davus:

Alright.

Simo:

For me to ask

A question in these matters is the task

Of a strict father. What he's done before

Is not my business: while he could explore

His youthful interests, I gave some leeway

To him, yet he is different today

With different habits. Hence I supplicate

You, Davus, if it's fair, to send him straight

240

Back to his proper path.

Davus [to himself]:

What can this mean?

Simo:

All those who love a wench are far from keen

To have a wife given them.

Davus:

That's what they say.

Simo:

A bad guide in such things could steer away

A feeble mind to worse activities

Davus:

I just don't get it – my apologies.

Simo:

You don't?

Davus:

I'm Davus, sir, not Oedipus.

Simo:

You wish me, then, to be more obvious?

Davus:

I do.

Simo:

If in this marriage I should see

That you are using some duplicity

250

To bring it to an end, or if your will

Is to show off your skill, then to the mill

I'll send you to be beaten till you die,

And if I let you go, I promise I

Will take your place. Alright, now do you see?

Or do you need yet more?

Davus:

It's perfectly

Explicit - you were never rambling.

Simo:

I'd rather that in any other thing

Than this you may deceive me.

Davus:

Hear my plea –

Speak fair words.

Simo:

Ah, now you're deriding me.

260

You don't delude me: don't be rash. Take care
To heed the warning you've just heard. Beware!

SCENE III

Davus [to himself]:

No time for sloth or inactivity

Now I've found out the old man's theory

About the marriage. Unless with some skill

It is prevented, everything goes ill

With me or Master. It's not obvious

What I should do – shall I aid Pamphilus

Or yield to Simo? If I quit the son,

His life's in danger, but the other one

270

Will threaten me if I should aid him – he

Is hard to deal with. Now, primarily,

He knows of the affair. With hostile glare

He keeps his eyes on me in case I dare

To meddle in the marriage with deceit;

And if he senses it, I'm in defeat.

If he should choose some pretext, rightfully

Or wrongly, he will headlong consign me

To the mill. And furthermore, besides the strife,

This Andria, whether she is a wife

280

Or mistress, having lain with Pamphilus,

Is pregnant; and it's meritorious

To hear such impudence that one might note

In people in their dotage, not who dote

On their beloved. They've resolved to take

The child up and have made a plan to fake

That she's from Attica: "Previously
An old Attican merchant, wrecked at sea
Off Andros, died there." They say, furthermore,
That at that time this girl, cast on the shore 290
When just a baby, had been nurtured by
Chrysis's father. Hah, pie in the sky!
I can't believe it's true. This fantasy,
However, they take for reality.
Here's Mysis. I'm off to the market-place
To have a word with Pamphilus in case
His father should encounter him and shatter
His world in his involvement in this matter.

SCENE IV

Mysis [to Archylis within]:
I have already heard you, Archylis:
You want Lesbia here. I'll tell you this - 300
She's a rash drunkard, not sufficiently
Worthy to tend a first delivery.
I'll bring her to you, though. Ah, look at *her*,
Her inconsiderate fellow-tippler!
May she birth easily. And that one there –
Make sure she does her bungling elsewhere,
You gods! Why's Pamphilus sad? I fear I know.
I'll wait to see which way this gloom will go.

SCENE V

Pamphilus [to himself]:

Is this humane? Is this a father's role?

Mysis [to himself]:

What does this mean?

Pamphilus [to himself]:

What's this, upon my soul, 310

If not an outrage? Today he'd told me

He'd give a wife to me. But oughtn't he

Have told me so before?

Mysis[to himself];

Oh God, what's this?

Pamphilus [to himself]:

What's Chremes up to? He said he'd dismiss

His plans to have his daughter as my wife

Because I have not altered in my life

Although he has, and thus obstinately

He may withdraw Glycerium from me.

If this should happen, I'll be wholly lost.

Is anyone as wretched and star-crossed 320

In love as I? Oh, by the loyalty

Of gods and men, is there no strategy

To dodge this pact with Chremes? Ah, the ways

That I have been rejected in this haze

Of degradation! All's been done, and I,

Rejected once, am sought again. And why?

Perhaps they're rearing some monstrosity,

As I suspect, and thus they turn to me

Since they can't load her off to anyone

Elsewhere.

Mysis [to himself]:

This terrifies me. I am done! 330

Pamphilus [to himself]:

But what about my father can I say?

To thoughtlessly determine in this way

Such an important case! He passed by me

Just now down at the forum when, said he,

“Now, Pamphilus, you must be wed today.

Prepare! Go home!” To me he seemed to say,

“Quick! Hang yourself!” Imagine my surprise!

Do you believe that I could verbalize

At all or have even a paltry plea?

I was struck dumb. If someone now asked me 340

What I’d have done if I had fathomed out

The situation, there is not one doubt

I would have done just anything at all

But this. What should I do? Such worries fall

Upon my head that tear my mind apart –

The marriage, my concern for my sweetheart,

Our love, and then the subserviency

To Father, who has been till recently

Indulgent with my moods. Should I contest

My father? I’m unsure of what is best 350

To do.

Mysis [to himself]:

I’m dreading how this all will end.

But one thing’s clear – Glycerium must lend

An ear to him or he to me about

Glycerium. For when one is in doubt,

The mind is oscillating to and fro

With every little thing.

Pamphilus [seeing Mysis]:

Mysis, hello.

Was that you speaking?

Mysis:

It was, Pamphilus.

Hello.

Pamphilus:

How is she?

Mysis:

Ah, so dolorous!

She's worried that the wedding is today;

She also fears that you will walk away

360

And leave her.

Pamphilus:

How could I do such a thing?

I could not bear to see her suffering

Deceit on my account – she gave to me

Her heart and soul, while I especially

Hold her so dear. To have her overthrown

With poverty when she has clearly shown

Her genteel breeding! That I will not do.

Mysis:

I'd have no fear if it were only you

On whom it rested. But could you hold out

Against compulsion?

Pamphilus:

Am I so without

370

Humanity that neither modesty

Nor love nor warmth can yet inspire me

To keep my faith?

Mysis:

Well, there's one thing I know –
That you should not forget her ever.

Pamphilus:

Oh,

Forget her? Printed on my memory
Are Chrysis' words about her. For when she
Was on the point of death, she said, "Come here":
You maidservants had left, and I drew near.
We were alone, and then she said to me,
"Her beauty and her youthfulness you see. 380
And you're aware that they will succour you
To guard her property and her virtue.
By this right hand and by your Genius,
Your faith and her forlorn state, Pamphilus,,
Do not desert her, for I've cherished you
Like my own brother, and she's loved you, too,
Above all others, yielding passively
To you in everything. Accordingly,
I give her to you as a husband, friend
And educator. To you I commend 390
My property." She joined our hands and died
At once. I'll keep my darling by my side
Always.

Mysis:

Such is my expectation [starts to leave]

Pamphilus:

Why

Are you now leaving her?

Mysis:

I'm off to try

To rouse the midwife.

Pamphilus:

Quickly, then, and heed

The words I have to say – dismiss the need

To speak about the marriage lest that too

Exacerbates her sickness.

Mysis:

I hear you.

ACT II

SCENE I

Charinus:

Byrrhia, shall she be married, then, today
To Pamphilus?

Byrrhia:

Indeed that's what they say. 400

Charinus:

How do you know?

Byrrhia:

I heard the news of late
From Davus at the forum.

Charinus:

Wretched fate
For me! My mind was mixed with hope and dread,
But now the hope is gone It sinks like lead,
Wearied with care.

Byrrhia:

Your hopes are dashed indeed,
So wish for that in which you can succeed.

Charinus:

I want but Philumena.

Byrrhia:

Try to find
A way to drive the lady from your mind
Rather than saying what will fruitlessly
Inflame your lust.

Charinus:

When we are healthy, we

410

Give good advice to those who are unwell;

If you were I, however, you would tell

A different tale.

Byrrhia:

Well, as you wish.

Charinus:

I spy

Pamphilus: I'd know all before I die

Of grief.

Byrrhia [to himself]:

What does he mean?

Charinus:

I'll supplicate

The man himself; to him I will relate

My love and beg him that he might delay

The wedding for at least another day

Or so. Meanwhile something may happen.

Byrrhia:

No,

It won't.

Charinus:

What do you think, then? Should I go

420

And see him?

Byrrhia:

Why not? If you don't succeed,

He will at least have you to serve his need

For a reserve-'boyfriend'.

Charinus:

You swine, away

With you for saying such a thing.

Pamphilus:

Good day,

Charinus.

Charinus:

Greetings to you, Pamphilus.

I've come to speak with you, solicitous

For safety, hope, help and some good advice.

Pamphilus:

Alas, I don't have time that will suffice

For those last two. What's up this time?

Charinus:

Today

You're going to get married?

Pamphilus:

So they say.

430

Charinus:

Well, if you do you never will see me

Again.

Pamphilus:

Why?

Charinus:

I don't have the bravery

To tell you. Byrrhia, tell him instead.

Byrrhia:

I will.

Pamphilus:

What is it?

Byrrhia:

She whom you will wed

Is his beloved.

Pamphilus:

Ah, we differ thus.

And therefore let me know now, Charinus,

If you've had more to do with her.

Charinus:

Nohow,

Pamphilus.

Pamphilus:

Well I wish you had.

Charinus:

But now

I beg you not to marry her.

Pamphilus:

I'll do

My best.

Charinus:

But if you cannot and if you

440

Oppose the rites –

Pamphilus:

Oppose?

Charinus:

At least delay

The marriage for a while so that I may

Not be a witness to it.

Pamphilus:

Listen to me!

I do not think a man of honesty

Who doesn't have the right will yet insist

I be obliged to him. I more resist
The marriage than you want to gain it.

Charinus:

You

Have brought me back to life!

Pamphilus:

If you can do

Anything – or, Byrrhia, you – concoct, design

Or fabricate that she shall not be mine 450

But marry you.

Charinus:

I'm satisfied.

Pamphilus:

I spy

Davus, on whose sound counsel I rely.

Charinus [to Byrrhia]:

Say nothing to me but those things which need

No knowing. Leave me now.

Byrrhia:

I will indeed.

SCENE II

Davus [to himself]:

Great gods, such news! But where am I to find

Pamphilus so that I can rid his mind

Of fear and please him?

Charinus [to Pamphilus]:

He is full of glee

About something.

Pamphilus:

It doesn't matter: he

Hasn't yet heard the bad news.

Davus [to himself]:

Well, it's true,

I think, if he has heard the wedding's due –

460

Charinus [apart]:

Don't you hear him?

Davus [to himself]:

He seeks me frantically

Throughout the city. But where can he be?

Where should I find him?

Charinus:

Do you hesitate

To speak to him?

Davus:

I'm off.

Pamphilus:

No, Davus. Wait!

Davus:

Who's that? Ah, Pamphilus, you're just the one

I'm looking for. Charinus, too, well done!

I want you both.

Pamphilus:

I've had it!

Davus:

No, but hear –

Pamphilus:

I'm done, I tell you.

Davus:

I know what you fear.

Pamphius:

My life is in great danger.

Davus:

That, I say,

I know.

Pamphilus:

My marriage –

Davus:

Yes, I know.

Pamphius:

Today.

470

Davus:

You keep on drumming it into my ears,

But I'm aware of everything. [indicating Charinus] He fears

That he won't wed her: on the other hand

You fear you might.

Charinus:

Yes, yes, you understand.

Pamphilus:

The very thing.

Davus:

That very thing you'll see

Is in no danger: put your faith in me.

Pamphilus:

As soon as possible, I'm begging you,

Release me from this fear.

Davus:

That will I do.

For Chremes has agreed that he will stay

His hand and never give his child away

480

To you.

Pamphilus:

How do you know?

Davus:

You will know, too:

Your father grabbed me lately, saying you

Would have a wife this very day as well

As many other things that I can't tell

To you through lack of time. Accordingly

I came straight from the forum hurriedly

To tell you this. Not finding you, then I

Went up a hill to see if I could spy

You from above – I couldn't. But I caught

Sight of his [indicating Charinus] servant, Byrrhia: I sought 490

From him where you might be, but he told me

He hadn't seen you. What a mystery!

I wondered what to do. A thought occurred

As I returned, however - hardly a word

Of cheer, a gloomy man, then, suddenly,

A wedding. Here was no coherency.

Pamphilus:

What are you getting at?

Davus:

To Chremes' house

I went, where all was quiet as a mouse

Outside, which made me glad.

Charinus:

That's good.

Pamphilus:

Go on.

Davus:

I stopped there. In the meantime I saw none 500

Go in or out, saw no activity,

Helpers or trimmings. I went up to see

Inside.

Pamphilus:

Of course – a goodly sign.

Davus:

Do these

Things tally with nuptial festivities?

Pamphilus:

I think not.

Davus:

“Think”? Oh no, you’ve got it wrong –

It’s certain. Then a slave-boy came along

As I was leaving, bearing some small fish

And veggies, worth one obol, as a dish

For Chremes’ dinner.

Charinus:

Davus, I am free

Thanks to your work.

Davus:

Not so.

Charinus:

What? Surely he 510

Won’t give his child to him [indicating Pamphilus] now?

Davus:

Silly man!

As if since he won't have the girl, you can!

Court Chremes' friends.

Pamphilus:

Well said. I'll go, though I

Have many times felt desperate. Goodbye.

SCENE III

Pamphilus:

What's with my father? Why this masquerade?

Davus:

I'll tell you. If your father had been made

Angry with you because Chremes denied

His daughter to be given as your bride,

He'd think himself unjust, and rightly too,

Because he hadn't first found out from you

520

Your views about the marriage. Blame instead

He'd put on you if you refuse to wed:

Thus troubles would arise.

Pamphilus:

I will submit

To anything.

Davus:

He is your dad, so it

Is difficult: she's helpless. He'll track down

Some pretext that will drive her out of town

In short shrift.

Pamphilus:

Drive her out - ?

Davus;

And quickly, too.

Pamphilus:

So, Davus, tell me - what am I to do?

Davus:

Say you'll wed her.

Pamphilus:

Hah!

Davus:

What?

Pamphilus:

Must I say so?

Davus:

Why not?

Pamphilus:

No, I won't do it.

Davus:

Don't say no.

530

Pamphilus:

Don't try to sway me.

Davus:

Think what would ensue.

Pamphilus:

I'd lose her, lumbered with the other, too.

Davus:

Not so. I think your dad will try to say

That you will have to marry her today.

Say what you will, and thus your quarrelling

Is over. In this manner everything

That's been arranged shall be in disarray.

For it is clear Chremes won't give away

His child to you, and therefore you'll be free
From danger. Keep on with this plan lest he 540
Should change his mind. Your father can't be mad
At you if you consent; the hopes you had
I'll easily refute. For no-one can
Be asked to give his child to any man
Of such proclivities; he'd rather give
A beggar to you as a wife than live
In shame of your corruption. But if he
Should take the news with equanimity,
He'll treat the matter with more nonchalance
And leisurely seek another. Then by chance 550
Something of good may happen.

Pamphilus:

Is that true,

You think?

Davus:

No doubt.

Pamphilus:

Think what you'd have me do.

Davus:

Be quiet!

Pamphilus:

No. We must take care that he
Won't find out that she's had a child by me.
I said I'd bring it up.

Davus:

A big mistake!

Pamphilus:

She made me vow that I would not forsake

Them both.

Davus:

I'll see to it. Your father's here.

See that he doesn't spot your lack of cheer.

SCENE IV

Simo [to himself]:

I'm back to see what they are both about

And what they're hatching.

Davus:

He has not one doubt 560

That you'll refuse to wed her. He has thought

The matter through and hither has he brought

Himself from some dark spot: and he relies

On some speech that he's made up to surprise

And fluster you. Take care! Act naturally!

Pamphilus:

I hope I can.

Davus:

Just put your faith in me.

Between you two not one word will be said

As long as you agree you will be wed.

SCENE V

Byrrhia [to himself]:

My master bade me leave my work today

And monitor Pamphilus that I may 570

Know what he's doing about the rites, and so

I've followed him [indicating Simo] and there he is – Simo –

With Davus: I'll note that.

Simo:

Both here, I see.

Davus [to Pamphilus]:

Watch out!

Simo:

Son!

Davus [to Pamphilus]:

As if unexpectedly

Taken aback, face him.

Pamphilus:

Father!

Davus [to Pamphilus]:

Well done!

Simo:

I want you to be wed today, my son.

As I have said.

Byrrhia:

I dread what he will say.

Pamphilus:

In nothing will you see that I delay.

Byrrhia [to himself]:

Hah!

Davus [to Pamphilus]:

He's struck dumb.

Byrrhia:

Oh, how extraordinary!

Simo:

My son, you've acted so appropriately

In giving me my wish with graciousness.

Davus [to Pamphilus]:

Was I not right?

Byrrhia:

Oh dear, as I may guess,

My master's lost a wife.

Simo:

Go in, and be

Prepared when there is a necessity.

Pamphilus:

I go.

Byrrhia [to himself]:

Don't put your trust in any man.

All folk would rather serve their own needs than

Another's – that's well said. I've seen the lass

And I recall her beauty, so I'll pass

On blaming Pamphilus should he prefer

That in his dreams *he*'ll be embracing her, 590

And not Charinus. Therefore back I'll go

And for these evils suffer blow for blow.

SCENE VI

Davus [to himself]:

He thinks I've brought some trickery and thus

Have I remained here.

Simo:

What says he, Davus?

Davus:

Nothing.

Simo:

What? Nothing?

Davus:

Not a single thing.

Simo:

Well, I was certainly imagining

That there'd be *something*.

Davus:

Everything's turned out

Against your expectations. [to himself] There's no doubt

That he's disquieted.

Simo:

Can you tell me

The truth?

Davus:

I can do so quite easily.

600

Simo:

These nuptials don't vex him in any way

Due to this foreign girl?

Davus:

I have to say

No, not at all. Or, even if they do,

He will recover in a day or two.

Besides, he's thought it over properly.

Simo:

Good lad!

Davus:

When he had licence for it, he

Would sow his oats as youths are apt to do.

But it was secretly. And he took due

Precaution in case any infamy

Stuck to him, as a man of honesty

610

Will do. Now he must marry, he has set

His mind upon the girl he'll wed.

Simo:

And yet

He seemed unhappy in some slight degree.

Davus:

Ah, not because of her, but rather he

Is angry with you.

Simo:

Why?

Davus:

It's trifling.

Simo:

But what?

Davus:

Ah, nothing.

Simo:

What?

Davus:

Well, here's the thing –

He says the preparations you have made

Are sparse.

Simo:

They're sparse?

Davus:

Yes. He says you have laid

Ten drachmas out, no more than that, to feed

The guests. He says, "Is this a father's deed

620

In marrying his son? And now, of all
My young companions, whom shall I call
To such a feast?" For your frugality,
It must be stated, is too much for me.

Simo:

Shut up!

Davus [to himself]:

Take that!

Simo:

Now I'll be very keen
That all's in order. What's the old rogue mean?
For if there's anything unpromising
In this, one can be sure that he's its spring.

ACT III

SCENE I

Mysis [not seeing Simo and Davus]:

Lesbia, it's right what I've just heard from you

That you can hardly find a man who's true. 630

Simo [apart, to Davus]:

This maid comes from the Andrian.

Davus [apart, to Simo]:

Is it thus?

Simo [apart, to Davus]:

Indeed it is.

Mysis:

And yet this Pamphilus –

Simo:

What does she say?

Mysis:

Has proved his constancy.

Simo [to himself]:

Oh no!

Davus [to himself]:

I wish that he were deaf or she

Struck dumb.

Mysis:

The child that she's about to bear

He has announced that with paternal care

He'll rear.

Simo:

Oh God! What is this that I've heard?

Well, all is lost if we can trust her word.

Lesbia:

You tell us of the youth's morality.

Mysis:

I do indeed. Let's go in. Follow me

640

Lest she's kept waiting.

Lesbia:

Right.

Davus:

I have to know

How I can find a remedy for this blow.

Simo:

What's this I hear? The lad is quite beguiled.

Beguiled about a foreign person's child!

I see it now! In my stupidity

I have discovered all eventually.

Davus [to himself]:

What could that be?

Simo [to himself]:

This piece of knavery

Is for the first time foisted off on me.

They feign that she's in labour so that they

May frighten Chremes.

Glycerium [from within]:

Lucina, I pray,

650

Help me!

Simo:

So sudden? That is so absurd.

She's bustling about because she heard

Me at the door. Davus, unhappily

For you, your points of time are off.

Davus:

What, me?

Simo:

You teach your student badly in this bout
Of subterfuge.

Davus:

What *are* you on about?

Simo:

If at the actual wedding of my son
He'd taken me off-guard, what lovely fun
He'd have at my expense. Now he must face
The danger; I am in a safer place.

660

SCENE II

Lesbia [at the door]:

Archylis, I perceive the customary
Symptoms that would aid her recovery,
So let her bathe, and then administer
Just the amount that I prescribed for her
Of fluid. I'll be back soon. Oh, such joy!
For Pamphilus has sired a splendid boy.
I pray he will survive, for Pamphilus
Himself is honourable and virtuous.
He hesitated to cause injury
To this fine, youthful lady.

Simo [to Davus]:

Who can't see

670

That all this came from you?

Davus:

What?

Simo:

When within

She gave no orders for a lying-in.

To those inside, though, when she came out here

Into the street she bawled out loud and clear.

Oh, Davus, how could I be so imposed

Upon by you? Do I seem so disposed

To trust such knavery? But anyway

I should have seemed to be full of dismay

If I had known it.

Davus [to himself]:

It's not I but he

Who's been deceived.

Simo:

Were you, then, scared of me 680

When I warned you with threats? What then took place?

Yes, go on, tell me, look into my face

And say the Andrian has borne a child

To Pamphilus.

Davus [to himself]:

I know how he's beguiled,

So I must see to it.

Simo:

Why are you mum?

Davus:

As though you didn't know that day would come!

What would you credit?

Simo:

Did someone tell me?

Davus:

Come on now, tell me, did you willingly

Think it a hoax?

Simo:

You laugh at me!

Davus:

The news

Was brought you: else how could you sniff a ruse? 690

Simo:

Because I knew you!

Davus:

You're implying, though,

That I contrived it.

Simo:

That I clearly know.

Davus:

You do not know me well.

Simo:

I don't?

Davus:

If I

Begin to speak to you, you say I lie.

I dare not whisper now.

Simo:

One thing is clear

To me – no baby was delivered here.

Davus:

You found that out? But soon enough they'll lay

A child before this door. Once more I say

That this will happen: thus you'll be aware

Of it. But don't go saying this affair

700

Has been contrived by any strategy

Of mine, removing your dubiety

Of me.

Simo:

How do you know this?

Simo:

I confess

I heard it and believe it, too: my guess

Is formed by many things. She said that she

Was pregnant, but it was a fantasy.

When she heard wedding preparations were

Being made *chez nous*, a maid was sent by her

Immediately to fetch the midwife, who

Should bring a child. And if you may not view

The child, the wedding's off.

Simo:

What? When you'd heard

About the plan, why say no single word

About it to my son immediately?

Davus:

Who else got him to leave the girl but me?

How desperately he loved her we all knew,

And now he seeks to wed the lady, too.

Let me take up this duty, but progress

With wedding preparations nonetheless:

Godspeed to them! Go in and wait for me,

And do what must be done. [exit Davus]

Simo:

Not totally

720

Do I believe all this. Could it be so?
I am not sure. It matters little, though,
Because the most important thing to me
Is that my son gave me his guarantee.
I'll go to Chremes, hoping to persuade
Him to allow my son to wed the maid:
If I obtain his word, what other day
Is there to have this wedding but today?
I'm sure that, since my son gave me his vow,
If he should balk I'll pressure him somehow 730
To marry her. But who is this I see?
It's Chremes coming here propitiously.

SCENE III

Simo:

Chremes, hello.

Chremes:

The very man I came

To have a word with.

Simo:

I could say the same.

Chremes:

How opportune! Some folk came here to say
That they had heard my daughter would today
Marry your son, and I would like to see
If *you* or *they* are mad.

Simo:

Listen to me:

Briefly you'll know what I require of you

And what you seek.

Chremes:

I'm all ears: go on, do.

740

Simo:

Well, by the gods and by our amity

Which grew from boyhood to maturity,

And by your only daughter and my son

(Whose guardian you are – the only one),

I beg that you aid me in this affair

And see the wedding through.

Chremes:

Oh, don't you dare

Beg me! As if it were obligatory!

You think I'm different from formerly

When I gave her away? Go, send ahead

That she should come here if they are to wed.

750

But if there is more harm in this affair

Than good for each, I beg you to take care

To think about their common good, as though

She were your daughter, he my son.

Simo:

And so

Do I intend. I'd not ask it of you

If it weren't necessary.

Chremes:

What's to do?

Simo:

Glycerium and he have had a fight.

Chremes:

Oh yes?

Simo:

So great that I have hopes it might

Part them.

Chremes:

Nonsense!

Simo:

It's true.

Chremes:

Let me tell you

That lovers' fights occasion love anew.

760

Simo:

Well, while time gives us opportunity

And while his lust's blocked by controversy,

Before a woman's wicked craftiness

Converts his sickly mind to tenderness,

Let's give her to him. Thus I hope that he,

By honest marriage and intimacy,

Will dodge these evils easily.

Chremes:

So you

Believe! But I don't think he will be true

To her or I'll be able to endure

The outcome.

Simo:

But how can you be so sure

770

If you don't set a test?

Chremes:

Tests would oppress

A maiden.

Simo:

Look, all of the awkwardness
Amounts to this – they would (the gods forbend!)
Go separate ways. But if he should amend
His ways, think of the gains that there would be –
For you would have restored my son to me,
You'd have a son-in-law and thus present
A husband to your child.

Chremes:

Are you content?

If you are satisfied, I won't deny
You anything.

Simo:

With reason, too, for I

780

Look on you as a true friend.

Chremes:

How do you - ?

Simo:

What?

Chremes:

Know that there's discord between those two?

Simo:

Davus, who knows the plans they've made, told me.

He urges me as soon as it may be

To have the wedding. Do you think he'd do

A thing like that unless he really knew

My son yearned for it? You'll know without doubt.

Call Davus! Ah, he's there. He's coming out.

SCENE IV

I was just coming here.

Simo:

Why? What's to do?

Davus:

It's late. Why wasn't the bride called?

Simo:

Hey, do you 790

Hear me? For some time now I've felt that you,
Like those of the common servant class, Might do
Some great disservice by oppressing me
Because my son's in love.

Davus:

What? Honestly?

Simo:

I thought so, yes. So I concealed, through fear,
What I shall tell you now.

Davus:

What?

Simo:

You shall hear.

I almost trust you now.

Davus:

So finally

You've found out my authentic quality?

Simo:

The wedding was nt ever to take place.

Davus:

No?

Simo:

So I put on a deceitful face 800

To test you.

Davus:

What?

Simo:

It's true.

Davus:

But can't you see

I never noticed. What a strategy!

Simo:

But as I gave you orders to go hither

Inside, then Chremes happily came hither.

Davus [to himself]:

We're done for, then.

Simo:

I told him what you said

To me.

Davus [to himself]:

What next?!

Simo:

And then I went ahead,

Entreating him to give to Pamphilus

His daughter. It was very arduous

But I prevailed.

Davus [to himself]:

I'm done!

Simo:

What did you say?

Davus:

I said, "Well done."

Simo:

He must not now delay.

810

Charinues;

I'll go in to the house and tell them they

Must make all ready and come back.

Simo:

I pray,

Davus, since it was you who saw that we

Would have a wedding –

Davus:

Truly!

Simo:

See that he

Reforms his ways.

Davus:

Well, I will do my best.

Simo:

Right now, though, while his mind's still in unrest.

Davus:

Don't fret.

Simo:

Where is he?

Davus:

He must be inside.

Simo:

I'll go to him and say to him what I'd

Told you.

Davu [to himself]:

I'm lost. Why shouldn't I, right now,

Go to the mill? There is no room nohow

820

For supplicating since I've made a mess

Of everything: my master, I confess,
I have inveigled, casting forth his son
Into a marriage. What else have I done?
The wedding is today, and Pamphilus
Is an unwilling groom. Ingenious
Indeed! If I'd kept mum, no tragedy
Would have occurred. But who comes here? It's he!
I'm doomed. I would there were some precipice
Whence I might fall, eluding all of this. 830

SCENE V

Pamphilus:
Where is he who caused me such tragedy?
Davus [to himself]:
I'm done for.
Pamphilus:

I confess that honestly
He did me in since I'm devoid of wit.
Why should I trust my fate to such a twit,
A stupid slave? And so I have to pay
The price. But he will never get away
With this.

Davus [to himself]:

If I avoid this ill, I'll stay
Secure, I know.

Pamphilus:
But what am I to say
To Dad? Shall I deny I wish to be
Married to her despite my guarantee? 840

Such brazenness to treat my father so
By saying such a thing! I hardly know
What I should do.

Davus [to himself]:

Nor I, but I'll essay
To find a remedy. Ah, I shall say
I'll find some respite.

Pamphilus:

Ah!

Davus [to himself]:

I'm busted now.

Pamphilus:

Hah what are you about? Do you see how
Your tricks have hampered me?

Davus:

I'll free you.

Pamphilus:

Oh,

You'll free me?

Davus: Yes.

Pamphilus:

As you've just done?

Davus:

Oh no,

I hope much better.

Pamphilus:

How can I depend
On you, you rogue? You're planning to emend
What's wholly finished me? Rely on you,
Who from a very blithe existence threw

Me into marriage? Did I not foretell

This outcome?

Davus:

Yes indeed, you did, sir.

Pamphilus:

Well,

How should I punish you?

Davus:

The cross. But let

Me have a little time – I'll save you yet.

Pamphilus:

Alas, I have no time to punish you

In the same way that I now yearn to do.

For I am forced by this predicament

To save myself, postponing punishment.

ACT IV

SCENE I

Charinus [to himself]:

Could one believe a man could be so mean

As to find happiness when he has seen

Another in misfortune? Can this be

The truth? The most malicious man is he

Who barely takes the time to make delay

When he refuses, but when comes the day

To live up to his vow, he feels the need

Through fear to find himself, and then indeed

It's 'thumbs-down'. He's full of effrontery

And says, "Who are you? What are you to me?" 870

Look here, *my* needs come first." And should you claim

He should be principled, he feels no shame;

When there is need, he's cool; when there is not,

He's filled full of anxiety. But what

Am I to do about all this? Defy

The man for what he's done to me? Should I

Heap insults on him? One might say to me,

"He won't be moved." But I will certainly

Have vexed him and showed how I feel.

Pamphilus:

A mess

I've made, Charinus, of us both, unless 880

The gods are kind. It wasn't my intent.

Charinus:

It wasn't, eh? At last, though, you invent

An explanation. But you broke your vow.

Pamphilus:

How so?

Charinus:

Will you yet dupe me even now?

Pamphilus:

What's this?

Charinus:

I told you of my ardency

And now you show your partiality

With her I love.

Pamphilus:

You're wrong.

Charinus:

Was your elation

Not great enough unless with provocation

You mocked me in my love and led me on

With spurious hope? Well, take her and begone! 890

Pamphilus

Take her? You do not know how wretchedly

I am assailed with dreadful misery;

You do not know all the anxieties

My murderer [indicating Davus] has with his trickeries

Brought me.

Charinus:

It's no surprise – he's your ideal!

Pamphilus:

You'd not say that if you knew how I feel

About her.

Charinus:

Well, I *do* know, for of late
You argued with your father. He's irate
Because he is unable to convince
You to wed her.

Pamphilus:

You are in error, since 900
You're not aware of my great misery;
The wedding has not been prepared for me,
And no-one wants to offer me a bride.

Charinus:

Yes, your own inclination's been your guide.

Pamphilus:

Hold on – you don't know everything.

Charinus:

I know

You plan to marry her.

Pamphilus:

Why wound me so?

Listen: he kept insisting that I tell
My father that I'd marry her. So well
Did he entreat me that eventually
I caved.

Charinus:

Who did?

Pamphilus:

Davus.

Charinus:

Davus?

Pamphilus:

Yes, he. 910

Pamphilus:

He caused confusion.

Charinus:

Why, though?

Pamphilus:

Well, unless

The gods deplore my ingenuousness

In listening to him, I don't have a clue.

Charinus:

Is this true, Davus?

Davus:

Yes.

Charinus:

You, villain, you!

Ah, may the gods destroy you in a way

That fits your actions! Tell me, then, I pray,

If all his enemies wished him to wed,

What better plan than this, eh?

Davus:

I was led

Into deception but I'm hopeful still.

Charinus:

I'm sure of that!

Davus: This plan ended in ill

920

But I'll try something else. Unless, maybe,

Since my first plan came off unhappily,

You think that victory cannot ensue.

Pamphilus:

Oh no: I am persuaded that, if you

Are careful, you'll effect not one but two

Marriages.

Davus:

Pamphilus, it is my due

To serve you, hands and feet each day and night,

Risking my very life. I think it right

That if something should turn out differently

From what you hoped for, you should pardon me. 930

I failed but I'll keep struggling even so.

Find something better or tell me to go.

Pamphilus:

Then take me back to where I was before.

Davus:

I will.

Pamphilus:

Directly, though.

Davus:

But wait! Her door

Is creaking.

Pamphilus:

You'll deal with it easily.

Davus:

I think –

Pamphilus:

What now?

Davus:

I'll tell you presently.

SCENE II

Mysis [to Glycerium within]:

Wherever he is, I will track down your beau
And bring him here. But do not worry so.

Pamphilus:

Mysis.

Mysis:

What - ? Pamphilus! How luckily

We meet!

Pamphilus:

What is it?

Mysis:

Mistress ordered me 940

That, if you love her, you should straightway go

To her – she wants to see you now.

Pamphilus [to himself]:

Oh no,

I'm done for! It gets worse. [to Davus] Because of you

Both she and I are now in such a stew.

She's calling for me since she seems to know

That wedding plans are clearly on the go.

Charinus:

We could have had a break quite easily

If he had shut his mouth.

Davus [sarcastically]:

If he should be

Not piqued enough, then make him madder still!

Mysis:

Well, that's the case: she makes herself quite ill. 950

Pamphilus:

Mysis, I'll never leave her: this I swear

Even if I found out all men everywhere

Would be my enemies. I chose her – she
Is mine, for we're in perfect harmony.
Curse those who'd have us part! For only death
Will take her from me at our final breath.

Mysis:

I'm feeling better now.

Pamphilus:

I say that all
I've said is truer than the words that fall
From Phoebus' lips. If someone can contrive
To prove my father does not think that I've
Ended the marriage, I would like to see
That done. But if none can, I'll easily
Prove that It was *through* me. What is the view
You have of me, then?

Charinus:

I believe that you
Are just as glum as I.

Davus:

I have a plan.

Charinus:

Aha, you are indeed a clever man.

Pamphilus:

What is it?

Davus:

I will sort it out for you.

Pamphilus:

There's need.

Davus:

I have it now.

Charinus:

What will you do?

Davus [pointing out Pamphilus]:

For him, not you.

Charinus:

Alright.

Pamphilus:

Well?

Davus:

I'm afraid

One day's too short to render you my aid.

970

I have no time to tell it you. So go

Away directly, for you'd only slow

Me down.

Pamphilus:

I'll visit her [exit]

Davus:

What will you do?

Where are you going now?

Charinus:

Shall I tell you

The truth?

Davus: No, not at all. [aside] Too long!

Charinus:

But what

Will be my fate?

Davus:

Madman, have you not got

Some breathing-space through me and can defer

The marriage?

Charinus:

But –

Davus:

What?

Charinus:

That I marry her –

Davus:

Ridiculous!

Charinus:

If you can promise me

Some help, come to my house.

Davus:

How can that be? 980

I've nothing.

Charinus:

Anything!

Davus:

Alright, alright,

I'll come.

Charinus:

I'll be at home.

Davus:

Mysis, sit tight

A little till I come out.

Mysis:

Why?

Davus:

There's need.

Mysis:

Quickly!

Davus:

I will return with all due speed. [exit]

SCENE III

Mysis [to herself]:

No-one is safe. I thought until this day

That Pamphilus had been a nonpareil

For Mistress – lover, friend, a man who's right

In every way. Now she's a wretched sight

Because of him, more full of misery

Than she was full of happiness formerly.

[Enter Davus] Here's Davus. My good sir, what's up? And why

Is there a small boy in your arms?

Davus:

Well, I

990

Require your cleverness immediately.

Mysis:

What will you do?

Davus:

Quick! Take the lad from me.

Lay him before our door.

Mysis:

What's that you say?

Upon the ground?

Davus:

Indeed. Then make your way
Hence to the altar there and hither bring
Some sacred herbs, finally scattering
Them underneath the child.

Mysis:

Well, why don't you?

Davus:

Well, if I had to swear I didn't do
The deed to Master, I'd be conscience-free.

Mysis:

I understand. Did you just recently
Acquire these scruples?

1000

Davus:

Quick, that you may hear
What I'll do next. Oh God!

Mysis:

What's up?

Davus:

Oh dear,
Her father, interrupting everything!
The plan I had I'm now abandoning.

Mysis:

What are you on about?

Davus:

I will pretend
That I've come from the right.
You, then, must lend
Your aid when it is wanted.

Mysis:

I'm aware

Of nothing that you've said but if you care
To have my help whenever it is needed
I'll stay in case the outcome is impeded.

1010

SCENE IV

Chremes [to himself]:

I've made arrangements for the wedding-day
And now I'm coming back so that I may
Request her presence here. What's this I see?
Why, it's a child. [to Mysis] Woman, enlighten me –
Tell me why you have laid a baby there?

Mysis:

Where is he?

Chremes:

Why don't you reply?

Mysis:

Nowhere

That I can see. He's left me here and gone.

Davus [pretending not to see Chremes and Mysis]. The forum's full. Oh, what a carry-on! 1020

The bargaining! [aloud] The victuals are so dear.

[Aside] I do not know what more to say.

Mysis:

Come here,

Why did you leave me all alone?

Davus [seeing the child]:

Hello,

What happened here? Now, Mysis, do you know

Who brought this baby here?

Mysis:

You're asking me?

You must be mad.

Davus:

There no-one else I see,

So who else should I ask?

Chremes [to himself]:

I wonder, too,

Who brought it.

Davus:

Tell me what I'm asking you.

[Whispering] Step to the right [she does]

Mysis:

This is insanity!

You brought the child.

Davus:

Say not a word to me

1030

Other than what I ask you.

Mysis:

Is it fair

That you are saying this?

Davus:

Just tell me where

It came from – loudly!

Mysis:

From our house.

Davus:

I see!

The action of a whore!

Chremes [to himself]:

Then she must be
The Andrian's maid.

Davus:

Do you believe we'd play
Such tricks?

Chremes [to himself]:

I'm just in time.

Davus:

Take it away!

[Whispering] Just stay right there and do not leave this spot.

Mysis:

You scare me so!

Davus:

Well, is it you or not

I'm asking?

Mysis:

What is it you want?

Davus:

Are you

Asking me that? I want to find out who 1040

Is parent to this child you brought. Tell me

The truth.

Mysis:

What? You don't know?

Davus:

To purgatory

With what I know! Tell me! Be serious!

Mysis:

It's one of yours.

Davus:

Which of them?

Mysis:

Pamphilus.

Davus:

Oh no!

Chremes [to himself]:

It's with good reason, palpably,

That I opposed the match.

Davus:

Such devilry!

Mysis:

Why are you bawling?

Davus:

It's the very same

Brought by someone I noticed when they came

Just yesterday to the house, quite late at night.

Mysis:

Oh, such a bold-faced fellow!

Davus:

Yes, that's right.

1050

I saw Canthara stuffed sufficiently

With pillows.

Mysis:

I thank God that we could see,

Free women at the birth.

Davus [aloud]:

She does not know

On whose account these schemes were made, and so,

If Chremes had not seen the baby laid

Out here, she thinks he will not give the maid

To Pamphilus. But on the contrary

He'll give yet more.

Chremes [to himself]:

No! It's a certainty

He won't.

Davus:

Take up the baby from the door

Or I'll roll it into the road; what's more,

1060

I'll roll you, too, and cover you with grime.

Mysis:

You're drunk.

Davus:

One scheme upon another! I'm

Told she's a citizen.

Chremes:

Oh, gracious me!

Davus:

So legally they must be wed.

Mysis:

Is she

A citizen?

Chremes [to himself]:

It seems that unawares

I near fell in the weirdest of affairs.

Davus:

Who's that? Ah, Chremes, how timely we meet!

Listen.

Chremes:

I know all.

Davus:

All?

Chremes:

All, I repeat,

Right from the start.

Davus:

Listen, I pray, to me:

This wench for her egregious villainy

1070

Should be put to the rack. [to Mysis] Here is Chremes:

It's not just me on whom your trickeries

Are played.

Mysis:

Good sir, I have not said one thing

To you that's false.

Chremes:

I now know everything.

Is Sino in?

Davus:

He is.

Mysis [to Davus]:

Don't dare touch me,

You reprobate! I tell you honestly,

If I don't tell Glycerium –

Davus:

Come now,

Don't you know what's been going on?

Mysis:

Well, how

Should I?

Davus:

Here comes her dad. There was no way

But telling him what he wished us to say.

1080

Mysis:

You should have said so.

Davus:

Is it, then, your view

That it counts little whether you should do

A thing as Nature prompts you to or be

Committed to a thought-out strategy?

SCENE V

Crito:

In this street once lived Chrysis, so they say,

Piling up wealth in a dishonest way

Rather than living poor but honestly.

She died and all her property came to me

By law. But now I spy some people here

Whom I would question. [accosting them] I wish you good cheer. 1090

Mysis:

Who's that? Is Chrysis' cousin here – Crito?

He is.

Crito:

Good morning, Mysis.

Mysis:

Ah, hello,

Crito.

Crito:

Is Chrysis, then - ?

Mysis:

Indeed it's true.

She left us broken-hearted.

Crito:

How are you?

Doing well?

Mysis:

‘Well as we can’, as people say,

Since we can’t really flourish as we may.

Crito:

And what about Glycerium? Has she

Now found her parents?

Mysis:

No, unfortunately.

I wish she had.

Crito:

Not yet? Then I set out

With no auspicious omen. There’s no doubt 1100

I’d not have come here had I been aware

Of that. For every day and everywhere

Folk knew her as her sister, and now she

Has all her things. It has been told to me

That, as a stranger, I could now with ease

Take her to court, as others’ instances

Have shown. I think, though, there’s a man who’s known

To be her friend and patron, for she’d grown

Somewhat when she left there. Folk would call me

A trickster, ferreting out a legacy. 1110

But it’s not right to fleece the girl, I fear.

Mysis:

Oh, what a worthy stranger! You adhere

To your old-fashioned ways.

Crito:

I wish to see

The girl, so lead me to her.

Mysis:

Certainly.

Davus [to himself]:

I'll follow, since I have no appetite

Right now to be within the old man's sight.

ACT V

SCENE I

Chremes:

Our friendship has been proved sufficiently

Already, Simo, but just recently

I've met sufficient hazards: therefore end

Your pleas. I've always tried to be your friend, 1120

But my child's life I've almost fooled away.

Simo:

But now especially I beg and pray

That you make true your offer.

Chremes:

Can't you see

That with your zeal you show your villainy?

As long as you get what you would possess,

You don't think of the bounds of graciousness

Or what you ask of me. If you did so,

You would forbear to burden me with woe.

Simo:

What woe?

Chremes:

You ask me that? You badgered me

To give my promise that my child would be 1130

Wed to a youth who's having an affair

With someone else and never had a care

To marry: it would lead to feuds and end

Quite prematurely but I just might mend

Your son's bad ways. You gained your victory,

So, since conditions seemed alright to me,
I started preparations. But you'll find
You must accept that I have changed my mind.

She is a citizen, as people say,

A child was born, so now just go away. 1140

Simo:

I beg you, don't trust those whose interest
Is that he should be vilified as best
As possible. Due to the marriage, all
Of this has been contrived; their case will fall
When all's removed.

Chremes:

You're misinterpreting

The matter, for I caught a wrangling
Between Davus and Mysis.

Simo:

I'm aware

Of that!

Chremes:

And neither knew that I was there,
And so to me they both seemed serious.

Simo:

I think that's true, and recently Davus 1150
Told me it would be so. I meant today
To tell you but that purpose slipped away.

SCENE II

Davus [to himself]:

Stay calm!

Chremes:

There's Chremes.

Simo:

Whence?

Davus [to himself]:

It's due to me

And the stranger –

Simo [to himself]:

What prank's this?

Davus:

I never did dee

More fitting circumstances – meeting, man

And time, all three together.

Simo:

Ah who can

He now be praising?

Davus [to himself]:

All's well.

Simo [to himself]:

Why do you

Not speak to him?

Davus [to himself, seeing Simo]:

Master!! What should I do?

Simo:

Good sir, good day to you.

Davus:

Simo, good day.

Ah, Chremes! Everything is underway

1160

Indoors.

Simo [sarcastically]:

You're well prepared!

Davus:

Then at your need

Send for the bride.

Simo:

That's one thing left indeed.

But tell me this – what is it you must do

Within?

Davus:

What? I?

Simo:

Yes.

Davus:

I?

Simoe:

Yes, dammit, you!

Davus:

I went in now.

Simo:

I didn't ask you when!

Davus:

Your son is there with her.

Simo:

Is Pamphilus, then,

Within? [aside] I'm on the rack! [to Davus] Did you not say

That they're at loggerheads?

Davus:

Yes, that are they.

Simo:

Then why's he there?

Chremes:

To quarrel, obviously.

Davus:

However, Chremes, you shall hear from me

1170

About a vile and shameful incident.

I met an old man, shrewd and confident.

To look at him, you'd think him well-to-do.

His looks were grave, and when he spoke to you

His words had depth.

Simo:

What are getting at?

Davus:

Nothing but what he mentioned in our chat.

Simo:

What was it, then?

Davus:

He told me that he knew

Glycerium is a citizen.

Simo [going to the door]:

Hey, you!

Dromo!

Davus:

What is it?

Simo:

Dromo!

Davus:

Let me say –

Simo:

Not one word! Dromo!

Davus:

Listen to me, I pray.

1180

Dromo:

Yes?

Simo:

Take this man inside, quick as you can.

Dromo:

Who?

Simo:

Davus.

Dromo:

Why?

Simo:

Because I choose to, man.

Davus:

What did I do?

Simo:

Take him!

Davus:

If you should be

Informed that I have lied at all, kill me.

Simo:

I'll close my ears. The mill will welcome you

Right now.

Davus:

What? Even if it all is true?

Simo:

Yes. Take care he is well secured and tie

Him hand and foot. Be off with you! Now I

Will show you, if I live, this very day

How dangerous it is for you to play

1190

Your master for a fool and for him, too,
To fool his father.

Chremes:

Ah, I beg of you,
Calm down a bit.

Simo:

Chremes, the piety
That sons should have! Do you not pity me
For having such a son? Oh, Pamphilus,
Come out! How could you be so scandalous?

SCENE III

Pamphilus:

Who wants me? [aside] Father! Now I'm in for it!

Simo:

Of all - !

Chremes:

Address the subject and omit
Harsh words!

Simo:

Could anything be more severe
To say to him? And what is this I hear? 1200
The girl's a citizen?

Chremes:

They say that's true.
Simo:

And you believe them? Does he really rue
His deeds? Does he consider what he's said?
And have his cheeks displayed a shameful red

Ever? With sickly mind he would repel
The city's laws and customs and rebel
Against his father, so excessively
Keen to have her. Such notoriety!

Pamphilus:

I've had it!

Simo:

Is it only now you find
Those words? Long past, when you'd made up your mind 1210
To have that girl at any price, that day
They fit you like a glove. But what's to say?
Why crucify myself and thus distress
My old age with this rascal's craziness?
Am I to suffer for his villainy?
No way! Good luck to him and let him be
Her spouse.

Pamphilus:

Dad –

Simo:

Dad? As if you needed one!
House, wife and children – everything's been done
Without your dad's permission. You've forked out
Money to folk to say that there's no doubt 1220
That she's a citizen. You've won your case.

Pamphilus:

A few words, father, please!

Simo:

What, to my face?

Chremes:

Listen, Simo.

Simo:

What? Listen to him? But why?

Chremes:

Just let him speak.

Simo:

Alright.

Pamphilus:

I own that I

Love her. If that's a fault, I own that, too.

But, father, I subject myself to you.

Give orders for what punishment you choose.

Do you want me to marry and to lose

Glycerium? With what ability

I have I'll bear it. But take this from me –

1230

I did not bribe the old man. Let me clear

Myself, and to that end have him brought here.

Simo:

Here?

Pamphilus:

Father, please!

Chremes:

A reasonable request.

Allow him.

Pamphilus:

Tell a servant your behest.

Simo:

Alright – if I know he's not hoodwinked me.

Chremes:

A son's great crime earns a slight penalty.

SCENE IV

Crito [to Pamphilus]:

No begging! Of these reasons any one
Prompts me to do it, for it must be done
Either for you yourself or since it's true
Or since I'm very passionate to do
Well by Glycerium.

Chremes:

Why, do I see

Crito of Andros? That's him certainly.

Crito:

Greetings, Chremes.

Chremes:

It's very rare that you

Come to our city.

Crito:

Well, sometimes I do.

Is that Simo?

Chremes:

Yes.

Simo:

Were you seeking me?

Glycerium's a citizen? Seriously?

Crito:

Do you deny it?

Simo:

Well prepared, aren't you?

Crito:

To do what?

Simo:

Really, do you plan to do

This with impunity? Is it your way

To seek green, well-bred youths and then to play 1250

Upon their fancies, giving guarantees

And promises that lead to trickeries?

Crito:

Are you insane?

Simo:

Inveigling men to wed

Street-walkers?

Pamphilus [to himself]:

Now I've had it. I'm in dread

The stranger won't put up with this.

Chremes:

Simo,

If you knew this man well, you'd not think so.

He is a worthy man.

Simo:

Worthy? What, *he*?

Today he came here so conveniently

To see the wedding he's arranged, although

He's not been here before, and even so 1260

You still believe him.

Pamphilus [to himself]:

If I didn't fear

My father, I'd have something fitting here

To tell him.

Simo:

Swindler!

Crito:

What did he just say?

Chremes:

Please, Crito, let it go: it's just his way.

Crito:

Well, let him mind his words. If he churns out

What he desires to hear, beyond a doubt

He'll hear a different tune. Do you believe

That knowingly I'm trying to deceive

Or acting for myself? Can you not take

This nonsense calmly? Whether it is fake

1270

Or true, what you have told me will be known

Presently. Once an Attican was thrown

Into the sea, shipwrecked, and, by his side,

A little girl. In poverty he applied

To Chrysis' father –

Simo:

Hear the man begin

His tale!

Chremes:

Be quiet!

Crito:

Why do you butt in?

Chremes:

Proceed.

Crito:

He was part of my family:

The man was Attican, he said to me.

He died on Andros.

Chremes:

And his name?

Crito:

Why so

Impatient for his name?

Pamphilus:

Phania.

Chremes:

Oh no!

1280

I'm done for!

Crito:

Yes, I'm pretty sure her name

Was Phania. I *do* know he said he came

From Rhamnus.

Chremes:

Ahh!

Crito:

This was disseminated

Throughout the isle.

Chremes:

What I've anticipated

I trust will come about. What did he say

About her? Was she his?

Crito:

I must say nay.

Whose, then?

Crito:

His brother's.

Chremes:

Then there is no doubt

She's mine.

Crito:

What's that?

Simo:

What are you on about?

Pamphilus [to himself]:

Prick up your ears, lad!

Simo:

Why d'you think that's so?

Chremes:

Well, Phania was my brother.

Simo:

Yes, I know.

1290

Crito:

From here he fled the war and followed me

To Asia, while he felt anxiety

To leave her. And since then I had not heard

Till now what happened to him – not a word.

Pamphilus [to himself]:

I hardly know myself, so agitated

About this wholly unanticipated

News with fear, hope, joy, wonder.

Simo:

Honestly,

I'm filled with joy in many ways that she

Is proved a citizen.

Pamphilus:

I think you are,

Father.

Chremes:

One other thing, though, tends to jar

1300

My mind.

Pamphilus [to himself]:

Well, you deserve to be upset.

You and your scruples, rogue! Not happy yet?

Crito:

What is it?

Chremes:

That the names don't fit.

Crito:

When small,

She had another name.

Chremes:

Can you recall

The name?

Crito:

I'm trying.

Pamphilus [to himself]:

Is my happiness

Doomed to be barred by his forgetfulness

When I myself possess the remedy?

I'll not endure it. [aloud] Chremes, hear from me

That it was Pasibula.

Crito:

That's the name.

Chremes:

That's it.

Pamphilus:

Oh, I have heard the very same

1310

A thousand times.

Simo:

Well, Chremes, I can guess

That you believe we're full of happiness

That you have now regained your memory.

Chremes:

I do indeed believe it, certainly.

Pamphilus:

Father, what's yet to do?

Simo:

At last I find

My reconciliation.

Pamphilus:

Oh, how kind

A father! With regard to my being wed

To her, since she and I have shared a bed,

Chremes won't change his mind.

Chremes:

A splendid plea,

Unless somehow your father won't agree.

1320

Pamphilus:

Of course.

Simo:

Let it be so.

Chremes:

Then, Pamphilus,

Ten talents is the price.

Pamphilus:

Let it be thus.

Chremes:

I'll hasten to my daughter. But, Crito,

Come with me since I do not think she'll know

Her father.

Simo:

Have her brought here.

Pamphilus:

Splendid thought!

Give Davus orders that she may be brought

Hither.

Simo:

That's quite impossible.

Pamphilus:

Indeed?

Why is that so?

Simo:

Much greater things impede

His progress.

Pamphilus:

What?

Simo:

He's bound.

Pamphilus:

Not fairly, though.

Simo:

I ordered it.

Pamphilus:

I beg you, let him go.

1330

Simo:

Alright.

Pamphilus:

But quickly.

Simo:

Right, I'm on my way

Into the house.

Pamphilus:

Oh, what a happy day!

SCENE V

Davus [to himself]:

Where's Pamphilus, I wonder?

Pamphilus:

Hey, Davus.

Davus:

What man is that?

Pamphilus:

It's I. It's Pamphilus.

Davus:

Oh, Pamphilus!

Pamphilus:

Davus, you'll never guess

What's happened to me.

Davus:

That's true. Nevertheless 1150

I know what's happened to me.

Pamphilus:

And I do, too.

Davus:

The way it is, it's better far that you

Should be acquainted with my tragedy

Before I learn of your felicity.

Pamphilus:

Glycerium's found her parents.

Davus:

Well done!

Charinus [apart]:

Oh!

Pamphilus:

Her dad's a friend of somebody we know.

Davus:

Who?

Pamphilus:

Chremes.

Davus:

Great!

Pamphilus:

I can be wed today.

Charinus [apart]:

He's dreaming.

Pamphilus:

Now, about the child –

Davus:

Oh, say

1160

No more about the child. You're favoured by

The gods, and no-one else but you.

Charinus [apart]:

Then I

Am safe if this is true. I'll have a chat

With them. [coming forward]

Pamphilus:

Who's this? Charinus, you've come at

A happy time.

Charinus:

Fine!

Pamphilus:

Did you hear the news?

Charinus:

I heard it all; I beg you, don't refuse

To let me take part in your own elation.

Chremes is yours now – with no hesitation

I know that he will give you everything

You want.

Pamphilus:

Indeed. Come on, no lingering:

1170

Let's go inside before Chremes comes out.

Davus, go home and swiftly give a shout

To have her brought here. Quickly, don't delay!

Davus:

I'm going. [to the audience] No use waiting until they

Come out. She'll be betrothed there. What will hap

Will hap inside. Now clap us, people! Clap!