

Name: _____

Euripides: *Medea*

(Medea turns toward the house to call the children.)

Oh, children! Come out of the house, come here,
come out and greet your father, speak to him.
Come set aside, together with your mother,
the hatred that we felt toward one we love.

(The children come out from the house, escorted by the Tutor and attendants.)

We've made a treaty. My rage has gone away.
Take his right hand.

Oh, god, my mind is filled
with bad things, hidden things. Oh, children, look—
your lovely arms, the way you stretch them out.
Will you look this way your whole long lives?
I think I'm going to cry. I'm filled with fear.
After all this time, I'm making up
my quarrel with your father. This tender sight
is washed with tears; my eyes are overflowing.

CHORUS:

In my eyes too fresh tears are welling up.
May this evil not go any further.

JASON:

Woman, I approve your new approach—
not that I blame you for the way you felt.
It's only right for a female to get angry
if her husband smuggles in another wife.
But this new change of heart is for the best.
After all this time, you've recognized
the winning plan. You're showing wise restraint.
And as for you, my children, you will see
your father is no fool. I have provided
for your security, if the gods will help me.
Yes, I believe that you will be the leaders
here in Corinth, with your future brothers.
Grow up strong and healthy. All the rest
your father, with the favor of the gods,
will take care of. I pray that I may see you
grown up and thriving, holding sway above
my enemies.

(Jason turns to Medea.)

You! Why have you turned
your face away, so pale? Why are fresh tears
pouring from your eyes? Why aren't you happy

to hear what I have had to say?

MEDEA:

It's nothing.

I was only thinking of the children.

JASON:

Don't worry now. I'll take good care of them.

MEDEA:

I'll do as you ask. I'll trust in what you say.

I'm female, that's all. Tears are in my nature.

JASON:

So—why go on? Why moan over the children?

MEDEA:

They're mine. And when you prayed that they would live,
pity crept over me. I wondered: would they?

As for the things you came here to discuss,
we've covered one. I'll move on to the next.

Since the royal family has seen fit

to exile me (and yes, I realize

it's for the best—I wouldn't want to stay

to inconvenience you, or this land's rulers,

who see me as an enemy of the family),

I will leave this land, go into exile,

but you must raise your children with your own hand:

ask Creon that they be exempt from exile.

JASON:

Though I may not persuade him, I must try.

MEDEA:

And ask your wife to ask her father: please

let the children be exempt from exile.

JASON:

Certainly. I think I will persuade her.