

# Medea by Euripides

M/F UA, Kn, BS, S&S, R&D

## Medea by Euripides

Jason: Unbar the doors! Open, and let me see  
Two horrors: my dead sons and the woman I will kill.  
O children, what a wicket mother Fate gave you!

Medea: O sons, your father's treachery cost you your lives.

J: It was not my hand that killed my sons.

M: No not your hand  
But you insult to me , and your new-wedded wife.

J: You thought that reason enough to murder them,  
That I no longer slept with you?

M: And is that injury  
A slight one, do you imagine to a woman?

J: Yes, to a modest woman; but to you – the whole world lost.

M: I can stab too; your sons are dead!

J: Dead? No! they live --  
To haunt your life with vengeance.

M: Who began this feud?  
The gods know.

J: Yes – they know the vileness of your heart.

M: Loathe on! Your bitter voice – how I abhor the sound!

J: As I loathe yours. Let us make terms and part at once.

M: Most willingly. What terms? What do you bid me do?

J: Give me my sons for burial and mourning rights.

M: Oh, no! I will myself convey them to the temple  
Of Hera Acrea; there in the holy precinct I  
Will bury them with my own hand, to ensure that none  
Of my enemies will violate or insult their graves.

J: The curse of children's blood be on you!

Avenging Justice blast your being!

M: What god will hear your imprecation?  
Oath-breaker, guest deceiver, liar?

J: Unclean, abhorrent, child-destroyer!

M: Go home: your wife waits to be buried.

J: I go – a father once; now childless.

M: You grieve too soon. Old age is coming.

J: Children how dear you were!

M: To their mother, not to you.

J: Dear – and you murdered them?

M: Yes Jason, to break your heart.

J: I long to fold them in my arms  
To kiss their lips would comfort me.

M: Now you have loving words, kisses for them:  
Then you disowned them, sent them into exile.

J: For God's sake, let me touch their gentle flesh.

M: You shall not. It is a waste of breath to ask.

J: Zeus, do you hear how I am mocked,  
Rejected, by this savage beast  
Polluted with her children's blood?  
But now as time and strength permit  
I will lament this grievous day  
And call the gods to witness, how  
You killed my sons, and now refuse  
To let me touch or bury them.  
Would God I had not bred them  
Or ever lived to see  
Them dead, you their destroyer!