

καὶ γελαιίσας ἰμέροεν, τό μ' ἦ μὰν
καρδίαν ἐν στήθεσιν ἐπτόαισεν·
ὡς γὰρ ἔς σ' ἴδω βρόχε', ὡς με φώναι-
σ' οὐδ' ἐν ἔτ' εἴκει,

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ἀλλὰ κάμ μὲν γλώσσα ἔαγε, λέπτον
δ' αὐτικά χρώι πῦρ ὑπαδεδρόμηκεν,
ὀππάτεσσι δ' οὐδ' ἐν ὄρημ', ἐπιρρόμ-
βεισι δ' ἄκουαι,

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καὶ δέ μ' ἴδρως κακχέεται, τρόμος δὲ
παίσαν ἄγρει, χλωροτέρα δὲ ποίας
ἔμμι, τεθνάκην δ' ὀλίγω ἴπιδεύης
φαίνομ' ἔμ' αὐται·

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ἀλλὰ πᾶν τόλματον ἐπεὶ †καὶ πένητα†

[He seems to me to be equal to the gods, that man who is sitting opposite to you and listening close by you, to your sweet voice and charming laughter; this in truth has fluttered my heart in my breast. For when I look at you for a moment, I no longer have the power of speech, but my tongue is broken, straightway a thin flame has run under my skin, I can see nothing with my eyes, my ears roar, sweat pours down me, trembling seizes me all over, I am greener than grass, and I seem to myself only a little short of death. But all can be endured since . . . even a poor man . . .]