*Sappho fragment 31*

(Loeb tr. with strophes paragraphed)

φαίνεταί μοι κῆνος ἴσος θέοισιν

ἔμμεν’ ὤνηρ, ὄττις ἐνάντιός τοι

ἰσδάνει καὶ πλάσιον ἆδυ φωνεί-

 σας ὐπακούει

καὶ γελαίσας ἰμέροεν, τό μ’ ἦ μὰν 5

καρδίαν ἐν στήθεσιν ἐπτόαισεν,

ὠς γὰρ ἔς σ’ ἴδω βρόχε’ ὤς με φώναι-

 σ’ οὐδ’ ἒν ἔτ’ εἴκει,

ἀλλ’ ἄκαν μὲν γλῶσσα †ἔαγε λέπτον

δ’ αὔτικα χρῶι πῦρ ὐπαδεδρόμηκεν, 10

ὀππάτεσσι δ’ οὐδ’ ἒν ὄρημμ’, ἐπιρρόμ-

 βεισι δ’ ἄκουαι,

†έκαδε μ’ ἴδρως ψῦχρος κακχέεται† τρόμος δὲ

παῖσαν ἄγρει, χλωροτέρα δὲ ποίας

ἔμμι, τεθνάκην δ’ ὀλίγω ‘πιδεύης 15

 φαίνομ’ ἔμ’ αὔται·

ἀλλὰ πὰν τόλματον ἐπεὶ †καὶ πένητα†

He seems as fortunate as the gods to me, the man who sits opposite you and listens nearby to your sweet voice

and lovely laughter. Truly that sets my heart trembling in my breast. For when I look at you for a moment, then it is no longer possible for me to speak;

my tongue has snapped, at once a subtle fire has stolen beneath my flesh, I see nothing with my eyes, my ears hum,

sweat pours from me, a trembling seizes me all over, I am greener than grass, and it seems to me that I am little short of dying.

But all can be endured, since . . . even a poor man . . .