

Sophocles *Antigone* (440s): the myth of Persephone

Soph. *Antigone* (loeb tr) 806-16 (Antigone) “Behold me, citizens of my native land, as I make my last journey, and look on the light of the sun for the last time, and never more; Hades who lulls all to sleep is taking me, still living, to the shore of Acheron, without the bridal that was my due, nor has any song been sung for me at my marriage, but I shall be the bride of Acheron.”

Soph. *Antigone* (loeb tr) 893-912 (Antigone) “O tomb, O bridal chamber, O deep-dug home, to be guarded for ever, where I go to join those who are my own, of whom Phersephassa [Persephone] has already received a great number, dead, among the shades! Of these I am the last and my descent will be the saddest of all, before the term of my life has come. But when I come there, I am confident that I shall come dear to my father, dear to you, my mother, and dear to you, my own brother; since when you died it was I that with my own hands washed you and adorned you and poured libations on your graves; and now, Polynices, for burying your body I get this reward! Yet in the eyes of the wise I did well to honour you; for never, had children of whom I was the mother or had my husband perished and been mouldering there, would I have taken on myself this task, in defiance of the citizens. In virtue of what law do I say this? If my husband had died, I could have had another, and a child by another man, if I had lost the first, but with my mother and my father in Hades below, I could never have another brother.”