

(1) Obbink (2014, 49): How wouldn’t anyone feel anguish repeatedly,  
 Kypris, Queen, and especially wish to call  
 back, whomever one really loves?

(2) Kypris Song (P. Sapph. Obbink, overlaps partially with Voigt Fr. 26); my translation.

<p>§§          πῶς κε δὴ τις οὐ θαμέως ἄσαιτο,          Κύπρι δέσποιν’, ὅττινα [δ]ῆ φιλ[εῖη          καὶ] θέλοι μάλιστα πάλιν κάλ[εσσαι;          ποῖ]ον ἔχησθα</p> <p>νῶν] κάλοισί μ’ ἀλεμάτωσ δαΐςδ[ην 5          ἰμέ]ρωι λύ{ι}σαντι γόν’ ὠμε-[x          . . . ]. α. α. . [ . . ]αἰμ’ οὐ προ[0-3]. ερησ[          – U ]νεερ. [ . ]αἰ</p> <p>c.8 [ . . [ . . ] cέ, θέλω[U – X          – U – X τοῦ]το πάθη[ν U – X 10          – U – X –]. αν, ἔγω δ’ ἐμ’ αὔται          τοῦτο κύνοιδα</p>	<p>§§          How can someone not be hurt and hurt again,          Queen Aphrodite, by the person one loves—          and wishes above all to ask back?          [What] do you have</p> <p>[in mind], to idly rend me [shaking          from desire] loosening [my knees]?          . . . not ...          *          . . . you, I wish...          . . .to suffer this...          . . .I know          this for myself.</p>
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[31]

<p>§§ φαίνεται μοι κῆνος ἴσος θεοῖσιν          ἔμμεν’ ὄνηρ, ὅττις ἐνάντιός τοι          ἰσδάνει καὶ πλάσιον ἄδν φωνεί-          σασ ὑπακούει</p> <p>καὶ γελαίσας ἰμέροεν, τό μ’ ἦ μὰν          καρδίαν ἐν στήθεσιν ἐπτόαισεν,          ὡς γὰρ ἔς σ’ ἴδω βρόχε’ ὡς με φώναι-          σ’ οὐδ’ ἐν ἔτ’ εἴκει,</p> <p>10 ἀλλ’ ἄκαν μὲν γλῶσσα †ἔαγε λέπτον          δ’ αὔτικα χρῶι πῦρ ὑπαδεδρόμηκεν,          ὀππάτεσσι δ’ οὐδ’ ἐν ὄρημ’, ἐπιρρόμ-          βεισι δ’ ἄκουαι,</p> <p>ἐκαδε μ’ ἴδρωσ ψυχρὸσ κακχέεται τρόμος δὲ          παῖσαν ἄγρει, χλωροτέρα δὲ ποίας          ἔμμι, τεθνάκην δ’ ὀλίγω ’πιδεύης          φαίνομ’ ἔμ’ αὔται·</p> <p>ἀλλὰ πὰν τόλματον ἐπεὶ</p>	<p>To me it seems that man has the fortune          of gods, <u>whoever</u> sits beside you          and close, who listens to you          sweetly speaking</p> <p>and laughing <u>temptingly</u>. My heart          flutters in my breast <u>whenever</u>          I even glance at you—          I can say nothing,</p> <p>my tongue is broken. A delicate fire          runs under my skin, my eyes          see nothing, my ears roar,          cold sweat</p> <p>rushes down me, trembling seizes me,          I am greener than grass.          To myself I seem          needing but little to die.</p> <p>Yet all can be endured/dared, since . . .</p>
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[1]§§ On the throne of many hues, Immortal Aphrodite,  
 child of Zeus, weaving wiles: I beg you,  
 do not break my spirit, O Queen,  
 with pain or sorrow ἄσαισι

but come—if ever before from far away  
 you heard my voice and listened,  
 and leaving your father’s  
 golden home you came,

10 your chariot yoked with lovely sparrows  
 drawing you quickly over the dark earth  
 in a whirling cloud of wings down  
 the sky through midair,

suddenly here. Blessed One, with a smile  
 on your ageless face, you ask  
 what have I suffered again δηῦτε  
 and why do I call again

20 and what in my wild heart do I most wish  
 would happen: “Once again who must I  
 persuade to turn back to your love?  
 Sappho, who wrongs you?”

If now she flees, soon she’ll chase.  
 If rejecting gifts, then she’ll give.  
 If not loving, soon she’ll love  
 even against her will.”

Come to me now—release me from these  
 troubles, everything my heart longs ἰμέρρει  
 to have fulfilled, fulfill, and you  
 be my ally. §§

<p>Πῶς κε δὴ τις οὐ θαμέως ἄσαιτο, (West, 12)          Κύπρι δέσπ οιν’, ὅττινα [μ]ῆ φίλ[η]σθα,          κῶς] θέλοι μάλιστα πάθος καλ[ύ]πτην,          οὐκ] ὀνέχησθα</p>	<p>How can a woman help being regularly heartsick, my          Lady, if you do not love her, and when she would          most wish to conceal her passion, you do not hold          back</p>
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