

## Nurse Monologue

Go indoors, children. That will be the best thing.  
And you, keep them to themselves as much as possible.  
Don't bring them near their mother in her angry mood.  
For I've seen her already blazing her eyes at them  
As though she meant some mischief and I am sure that  
She'll not stop raging until she has struck at someone.  
May it be an enemy and not a friend she hurts!

*[Medea (offstage): Ah, wretch! Ah, lost in my sufferings, I wish, I wish I might die.]*

What did I say, dear children? Your mother frets her heart and frets it to anger.  
Run away quickly into the house,  
And keep well out of her sight.  
Don't go anywhere near, but be careful  
Of the wildness and bitter nature  
Of that proud mind.  
Go now! Run quickly indoors.  
It is clear that she soon will put lightning  
In that cloud of her cries that is rising  
With a passion increasing. O, what will she do,  
Proud-hearted and not to be checked on her course,  
A soul bitten into with wrong?

*[Medea (offstage): Ah, I have suffered what should be wept for bitterly. I hate you, children of a hateful mother. I curse you and your father. Let the whole house crash.]*

Ah, I pity you, you poor creature.  
How can your children share in their father's  
Wickedness? Why do you hate them? Oh children,  
How much I fear that something may happen!  
Great people's tempers are terrible, always  
Having their own way, seldom checked,  
Dangerous they shift from mood to mood.  
How much better to have been accustomed  
To live on equal terms with one's neighbors.

I would like to be safe and grown old in a  
Humble way. What is moderate sounds best,  
Also in practice *is* best for everyone.  
Greatness brings no profit to people.  
God indeed, when in anger, brings  
Greater ruin in great men's houses.

