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The TLS

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A new Sappho poem

Sappho**A new translation by Martin West:**

(You for) the fragrant-bosomed (Muses') lovely gifts
(be zealous,) girls, (and the) clear melodious lyre:
(but my once tender) body old age now
(has seized;) my hair's turned (white) instead of dark;
my heart's grown heavy, my knees will not support me,
that once on a time were fleet for the dance as fawns.
This state I oft bemoan; but what's to do?
Not to grow old, being human, there's no way.
Tithonus once, the tale was, rose-armed Dawn,
love-smitten, carried off to the world's end,
handsome and young then, yet in time grey age
o'ertook him, husband of immortal wife.

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