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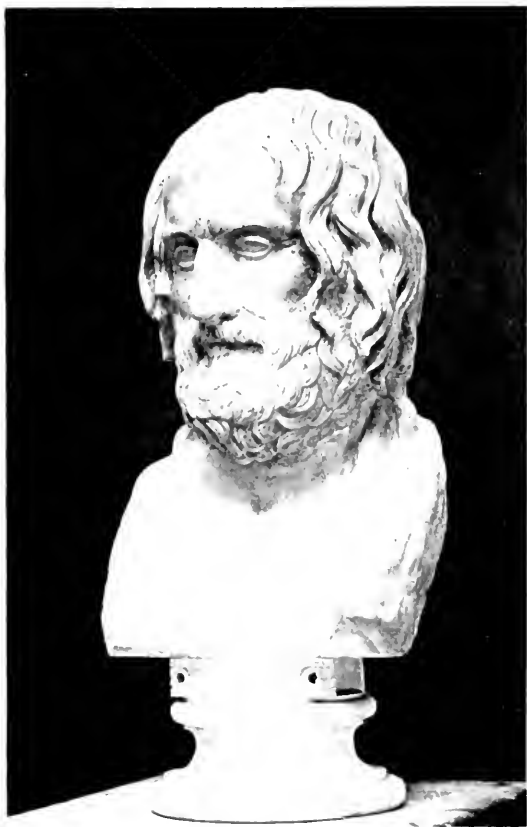
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EURIPIDES

I





EURIPIDES.

BUST IN THE NATIONAL MUSEUM NAPLES.

EURIPIDES

WITH AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY
ARTHUR S. WAY, D.Lit.

IN FOUR VOLUMES

I

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS
RHESUS HECUBA
THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY
HELEN



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INTRODUCTION

THE life of Euripides coincides with the most strenuous and most triumphant period of Athenian history, strenuous and triumphant not only in action, but in thought, a period of daring enterprise, alike in material conquest and development, and in art, poetry, and philosophic speculation. He was born in 480 B.C., the year of Thermopylae and Salamis. Athens was at the height of her glory and power, and was year by year becoming more and more the City Beautiful, when his genius was in its first flush of creation. He had been writing for more than forty years before the tragedy of the Sicilian Expedition was enacted; and, *felix opportunitate mortis*, he was spared the knowledge of the shameful sequel of Arginusae, the miserable disaster of Aegospotami, the last lingering agony of famished Athens. He died more than a year before these calamities befell.

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His father was named Mnesarchides, his mother Kleito. They must have been wealthy, for their son possessed not only considerable property (he had at least once to discharge a "liturgy,"¹ and was "proxenus," or consul, for Magnesia, costly duties both), but also, what was especially rare then, a valuable library. His family must have been well-born, for it is on record that he took part as a boy in certain festivals of Apollo, for which any one of mean birth would have been ineligible.

He appeared in the dramatic arena at a time when it was thronged with competitors, and when it must have been most difficult for a new writer to achieve a position. Aeschylus had just died, after being before the public for 45 years: Sophocles had been for ten years in the front rank, and was to write for fifty years longer, while there were others, forgotten now, but good enough to wrest the victory from these at half the annual dramatic competitions at least. Moreover, the new poet was not content to achieve excellence along the lines laid down by his predecessors and already marked with the stamp of public approval. His genius was original, and he

¹ Perhaps the expense, or part-expense, of equipping a war ship.

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followed it fearlessly, and so became an innovator in his handling of the religious and ethical problems presented by the old legends, in the literary setting he gave to these, and even in the technicalities of stage-presentation. As originality makes conquest of the official judges of literature last, and as his work ran counter to a host of prejudices, honest and otherwise,¹ it is hardly surprising that his plays gained the first prize only five times in fifty years.

But the number of these official recognitions is no index of his real popularity, of his hold on the hearts, not only of his countrymen, but of all who spoke his mother-tongue. It is told how on two occasions the bitterest enemies of Athens so far yielded to his spell, that for his sake they spared to his conquered countrymen, to captured Athens, the last horrors of war, the last humiliation of the vanquished. After death he became, and remained, so long as Greek was a living language, the most popular and the most influential of the three great masters of the drama. His nineteenth-century eclipse has been followed by a reaction in which he is recognised as

¹ "He was baited incessantly by a rabble of comic writers, and of course by the great pack of the orthodox and the vulgar."—MURRAY.

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presenting one of the most interesting studies in all literature.

In his seventy-third year he left Athens and his clamorous enemies, to be an honoured guest at the court of the king of Macedon. There, unharassed by the malicious vexations, the political unrest, and the now imminent perils of Athens, he wrote with a freedom, a rapidity, a depth and fervour of thought, and a splendour of diction, which even he had scarcely attained before.

He died in 406 B.C., and, in a revulsion of repentant admiration and love, all Athens, following Sophocles' example, put on mourning for him. Four plays, which were part of the fruits of his Macedonian leisure, were represented at Athens shortly after his death, and were crowned by acclamation with the first prize, in spite of the attempt of Aristophanes, in his comedy of *The Frogs*, a few months before, to belittle his genius.

His characteristics, as compared with those of his two great brother-dramatists, may be concisely stated thus : —

Aeschylus sets forth the operation of *great principles*, especially of the certainty of divine retribution, and of the persistence of sin as an ineradicable plague-

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taint. He believes and trembles. Sophocles depicts *great characters*: he ignores the malevolence of destiny and the persistent power of evil: to him "man is man, and master of his fate." He believes with unquestioning faith. Euripides propounds *great moral problems*: he analyses human nature, its instincts, its passions, its motives; he voices the cry of the human soul against the tyranny of the supernatural, the selfishness and cruelty of man, the crushing weight of environment. He questions: "he will not make his judgment blind."

Of more than 90 plays which Euripides wrote, the names of 81 have been preserved, of which 19 are extant—18 tragedies, and one satyric drama, the *Cyclops*. His first play, *The Daughters of Pelias* (lost) was represented in 455 B.C. The extant plays may be arranged, according to the latest authorities, in the following chronological order of representation, the dates in brackets being conjectural: (1) *Rhesus* (probably the earliest); (2) *Cyclops*; (3) *Alcestis*, 438; (4) *Medea*, 431; (5) *Children of Hercules*, (429-427); (6) *Hippolytus*, 428; (7) *Andromache*, (430-424); (8) *Hecuba*, (425); (9) *Suppliants*, (421); (10) *Madness of Hercules*, (423-420); (11) *Ion*, (419-416); (12) *Daughters of Troy*, 415; (13) *Electra*, (413);

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(14) *Iphigenia in Taurica*, (414-412); (15) *Helen*, 412; (16) *Phœnician Maidens*, (411-409); (17) *Orestes*, 408; (18) *Bacchante*, 405; (19) *Iphigenia in Aulis*, 405.

In this edition the plays are arranged in three main groups, based on their connexion with (1) the Story of the Trojan War, (2) the Legends of Thebes, (3) the Legends of Athens. The *Alcestis* is a story of old Thessaly. The reader must, however, be prepared to find that the Trojan War series does not present a continuously connected story, nor, in some details, a consistent one. These plays, produced at times widely apart, and not in the order of the story, sometimes present situations (as in *Hecuba*, *Daughters of Troy*, and *Helen*) mutually exclusive, the poet not having followed the same legend throughout the series.

The Greek text of this edition may be called eclectic, being based upon what appeared, after careful consideration, to be the soundest conclusions of previous editors and critics. In only a few instances, and for special reasons, have foot-notes on readings been admitted. Nauck's arrangement of the choruses has been followed, with few exceptions.

The translation (first published 1894-1898) has been revised throughout, with two especial aims,

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closer fidelity to the original, and greater lucidity in expression. It is hoped that the many hundreds of corrections will be found to bring it nearer to the attainment of these objects. The version of the *Cyclops*, which was not included in the author's translation of the Tragedies, has been made for this edition. This play has been generally neglected by English translators, the only existing renderings in verse being those of Shelley (1819), and Wodhull (1782).

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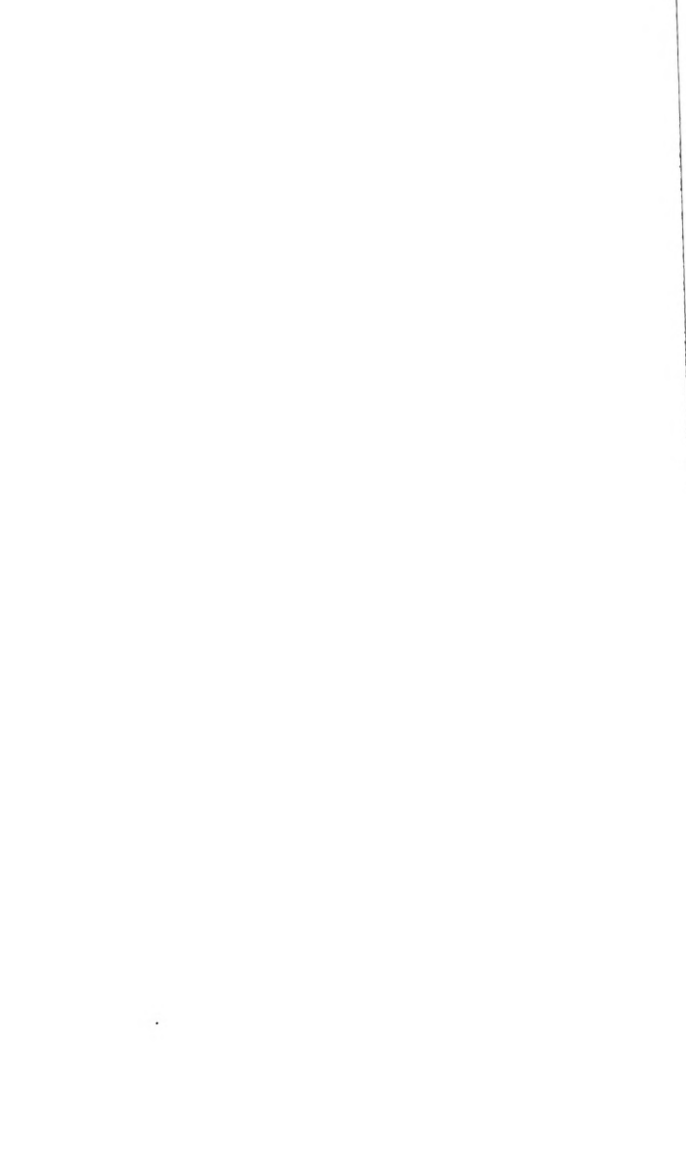
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1
2

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

ARGUMENT

WHEN the hosts of Hellas were mustered at Aulis beside the narrow sea, with purpose to sail against Troy, they were hindered from departing thence by the wrath of Artemis, who suffered no favouring wind to blow. Then, when they enquired concerning this, Calchas the prophet proclaimed that the anger of the Goddess would not be appeased save by the sacrifice of Iphigeneia, eldest daughter of Agamemnon, captain of the host. Now she abode yet with her mother in Mycenae; but the king wrote a lying letter to her mother, bidding her send her daughter to Aulis, there to be wedded to Achilles. All this did Odysseus devise, but Achilles knew nothing thereof. When the time drew near that she should come, Agamemnon repented him sorely. And herein is told how he sought to undo the evil, and of the maiden's coming, and how Achilles essayed to save her, and how she willingly offered herself for Hellas' sake, and of the marvel that befell at the sacrifice.

ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΡΑΜΑΤΟΣ ΠΡΟΣΩΠΑ

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ
ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ
ΧΟΡΟΣ
ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ
ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ
ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ
ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

AGAMEMNON, *captain of the host.*

OLD SERVANT *of Agamemnon.*

MENELAUS, *brother of Agamemnon, husband of Helen.*

CLYTEMNESTRA, *wife of Agamemnon.*

IPHIGENEIA, *daughter of Agamemnon.*

ACHILLES, *son of the sea-goddess Thetis.*

MESSENGER.

CHORUS, *consisting of women of Chalcis in the isle of Euboea, who have crossed over to Aulis to see the fleet.*

Orestes, infant son of Agamemnon, attendants, and guards of the chiefs.

SCENE: *In the Greek camp at Aulis, outside the tent of Agamemnon.*

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ὦ πρέσβυ, δόμων τῶνδε πάροιθεν
στείχε.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

στείχω. τί δὲ καινουργεῖς,
Ἀγάμεμνον ἄναξ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

σπεύσεις;

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

σπεύδω.

μάλα τοι γῆρας τούμῶν ἄνπνον
καὶ ἐπ' ὀφθαλμοῖς ὄξυ πάρεστιν.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

τίς ποτ' ἄρ' ἀστήρ ὄδε πορθμεύει;

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

Σείριος ἐγγύς τῆς ἑπταπόρου
Πλειάδος ἄσσων ἔτι μεσσήρης.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

οὔκουν φθόγγος γ' οὔτ' ὀρνίθων
οὔτε θαλάσσης· σιγαὶ δ' ἀνέμων
τῶνδε κατ' Εὐριπον ἔχουσιν.

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

Night. A lamp burning in Agamemnon's tent. OLD SERVANT waiting without. AGAMEMNON appears at entrance of tent.

AGAMEMNON

ANCIENT, before this tent come stand.

OLD SERVANT (*coming forward*).

I come. What purpose hast thou in hand,
Agamemnon, my king?

AGAMEMNON

And wilt thou not hasten?

OLD SERVANT

I haste.

For the need of mine eld scant sleep provideth—
This eld o'er mine eyelids like vigilant sentry is placed.

AGAMEMNON

What star in the heaven's height yonder rideth?

OLD SERVANT

Sirius: nigh to the Pleiads seven
He is sailing yet through the midst of heaven.

AGAMEMNON

Sooth, voice there is none, nor slumberous cheep
Of bird, nor whisper of sea; and deep
Is the hush of the winds on Euripus that sleep.

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ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

τί δὲ σὺ σκηπῆς ἐκτὸς αἴσσεις,
 Ἄγαμεμνον ἄναξ ;
 ἔτι δ' ἡσυχία τῆδε κατ' Αὐλιν,
 καὶ ἀκίνητοι φύλακαὶ τειχέων.
 στείχωμεν ἴσω.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ζηλῶ σέ, γέρον,
 ζηλῶ δ' ἀνδρῶν ὃς ἀκίνδυνον
 βίον ἐξεπέρασ' ἀγνώως ἀκλεῆς·
 τοὺς δ' ἐν τιμαῖς ἦσσον ζηλῶ.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

20 καὶ μὴν τὸ καλὸν γ' ἐνταῦθα βίου.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

τοῦτο δέ γ' ἐστὶν τὸ καλὸν σφαλερόν·
 καὶ τὸ πρότιμον
 γλυκὺ μὲν, λύπη δὲ προσιστάμενον,
 τοτὲ μὲν τὰ θεῶν οὐκ ὀρθωθέντ'
 ἀνέτρεψε βίον, τοτὲ δ' ἀνθρώπων
 γνῶμαι πολλαὶ
 καὶ δυσάρεστοι διέκναισαν.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

30 οὐκ ἄγαμαι ταῦτ' ἀνδρὸς ἀριστέως·
 οὐκ ἐπὶ πᾶσιν σ' ἐφύτευσ' ἀγαθοῖς,
 Ἄγαμεμνον, Ἄτρεὺς.
 δεῖ δέ σε χαίρειν καὶ λυπεῖσθαι
 θνητὸς γὰρ ἔφυς. κἂν μὴ σὺ θέλῃς,
 τὰ θεῶν οὕτω βουλόμεν' ἔσται.
 σὺ δὲ λαμπτήρος φάος ἀμπετάσας
 δέλτον τε γράφεις
 τήνδ' ἦν πρὸ χερῶν ἔτι βαστάζεις,
 καὶ ταῦτ' ἄλλιν γράμματα συγχέεις
 καὶ σφραγίζεις λύεις τ' ὀπίσω,

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

OLD SERVANT

Yet without thy tent, Agamemnon my lord,
Why dost thou pace thus feverishly?
Over Aulis yonder is night's peace poured:
They are hushed which along the walls keep ward.
Come, pass we within.

AGAMEMNON

I envy thee,
Ancient, and whoso unperilled may pace
Life's pathway unheeded and unrenowned:
But little I envy the high in place.

OLD SERVANT

Yet the life of these is glory-crowned. 20

AGAMEMNON

Ah, still with the glory is peril bound.
Sweetly ambition tempteth, I trow;
Yet is it neighbour to sore disquiet.
For the Gods' will clasheth with man's will now,
Wrecking his life: by men that riot
With divers desires, whom one cannot content,
Now is the web of a life's work rent.

OLD SERVANT

Nay, in a king I love not this repining.
Atreus begat thee, Agamemnon, not
Only to bask in days all cloudless-shining: 30
Needs must be joy and sorrow in thy lot.
Mortal thou art: though marred be thy designing,
Still to fulfilment is the Gods' will brought.

Thou the star-glimmer of thy lamp hast litten,
Writest a letter—in thine hand yet grasped,—
Then thou erasest that which thou hast written,
Sealest, and breakest bands as soon as clasped;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΑΔΙ

40 ῥίπτεις τε πέδῳ πεύκην, θαλερόν
κατὰ δάκρυ χέων,
καὶ τῶν ἀπόρων οὐδενὸς ἐνδεῖς
μὴ οὐ μαίνεσθαι.
τί ποιεῖς ; τί νέον περὶ σοί, βασιλεῦ ;
φέρε κοίνωσον μῦθον ἐς ἡμᾶς.
πρὸς δ' ἄνδρ' ἀγαθὸν πιστόν τε φράσεις·
σῆ γάρ μ' ἀλόχῳ τότε Τυνδάρεως
πέμπει φερνὴν
συννυμφοκόμον τε δίκαιον.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

50 ἐγένοντο Λήδα Θεστιάδι τρεῖς παρθένοι,
Φοῖβη Κλυταίμνηστρα τ' ἐμὴ ξυνάυρος
Ἰλένη τε· ταύτης οἱ τὰ πρῶτ' ὠλβισμένοι
μνηστῆρες ἦλθον Ἑλλάδος νεανίαι.
δειναὶ δ' ἀπειλαὶ καὶ κατ' ἀλλήλων φόνος
ξυνίσταθ', ὅστις μὴ λάβοι τὴν παρθένον.
τὸ πρᾶγμα δ' ἀπόρως εἶχε Τυνδάρεω πατρί,
δοῦναί τε μὴ δοῦναί τε, τῆς τύχης ὅπως
ἄψαιτ' ἄθραυστα.¹ καὶ νιν εἰσῆλθεν τάδε,
ὄρκους συνάψαι δεξιᾶς τε συμβαλεῖν
60 μνηστῆρας ἀλλήλοισι καὶ δι' ἐμπύρων
σποινδᾶς καθεῖναι κἀπαρίσασθαι τάδε,
ὅτου γυνὴ γένοιτο Τυνδαρις κόρη,
τούτῳ συναμνεῖν, εἴ τις ἐκ δόμων λαβῶν
οἴχοιτο τόν τ' ἔχοντ' ἀπωθοίη λέχους,
κἀπιστρατεύσειν καὶ κατασκάψειν πόλιν
Ἑλλην' ὁμοίως βάρβαρόν θ' ὄπλων μέτα.
ἐπεὶ δ' ἐπιστώθησαν, εὐ δέ πως γέρων
ὑπῆλθεν αὐτοὺς Τυνδάρεως πνικῆ φρενί,
δίδωσ' ἐλέσθαι θυγατρὶ μνηστήριον ἓνα,
ὅποι πνοαὶ φέροιεν Ἀφροδίτης φίλαι.

¹ Hemsterhuys : for ἄριστα of MSS.

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

Castest to earth the pine-slip, ever streaming 40
Tears from thine eyes; nor lacketh anything
Of madness in thy mien despairful-seeming.
What is thy grief, thy strange affliction, king?

Come, let me share thy story: to the loyal
Thou wilt reveal it, to the true and tried,
Whom, at thy bridal, with the dower royal
Tyndareus sent to wait upon thy bride.

AGAMEMNON

Three daughters Leda, child of Thestius, bare,
Phoebe, and Clytemnestra mine own wife, 50
And Helen. Wooing this last, princes came
In fortune foremost in all Hellas-land.
With fearful threatenings breathed they murder, each
Against his rivals, if he won her not.

Then sore perplexed was Tyndareus her sire,
How, giving or refusing, he should 'scape
Shipwreck: and this thing came into his mind,
That each to each the suitors should make oath,
And clasp right hands, and with burnt sacrifice
Should pour drink-offerings, and swear to this:— 60
Whose wife soever Tyndareus' child should be,
Him to defend: if any from her home
Stole her and fled, and thrust her lord aside,
To march against him, and to raze his town,
Hellene or alien, with their mailed array.
So when they had pledged them thus, and cunningly
Old Tyndareus had by craft outwitted them,
He let his daughter midst the suitors choose
Him unto whom Love's sweet winds wafted her.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

- 70 ἦ δ' εἶλεθ', ὅς σφε μήποτ' ὄφελεν λαβεῖν,
 Μενέλαον. ἐλθὼν δ' ἐκ Φρυγῶν ὁ τὰς θεὰς
 κρίνων ὄδ', ὡς ὁ μῦθος Ἀργείων ἔχει,
 Λακεδαίμον', ἀνθηρὸς μὲν εἰμάτων στολῆ
 χρυσῷ τε λαμπρὸς βαρβάρῳ χλιδήματι,
 ἐρῶν ἐρώσαν ὥχετ' ἐξαναρπάσας
 Ἑλένην πρὸς Ἰδης βούσταθμ', ἔκδημον λαβῶν
 Μενέλαον· ὁ δὲ καθ' Ἑλλάδ' οἰστρήσας δρόμῳ
 ὄρκους παλαιοὺς Τυρδάρεω μαρτύρεται,
 ὡς χρὴ βοηθεῖν τοῖσιν ἠδίκημένοις.
- 80 τούντεϋθεν οὖν Ἕλληνας ἄξαντες δορί,
 τεύχη λαβόντες στενόπορ' Αὐλίδος βάρθρα
 ἤκουσι τῆσδε, ναυσὶν ἀσπίσιν θ' ὁμοῦ
 ἵπποις τε πολλοῖς ἄρμασίν τ' ἠσκημένοι.
 καὶ με στρατηγεῖν δῆτα Μενέλεω χάριν
 εἶλοντο, σύγγονόν γε. τὰξίωμα δὲ
 ἄλλος τις ὄφελ' ἀντ' ἐμοῦ λαβεῖν τόδε.
 ἠθροισμένου δὲ καὶ ξυνεστῶτος στρατοῦ,
 ἡμεσθ' ἀπλοῖα χρώμενοι κατ' Αὐλίδα.
 Κάλχας δ' ὁ μάντις ἀπορία κεχρημένοις
 90 ἀνεῖλεν Ἰφιγένειαν ἣν ἔσπειρ' ἐγὼ
 Ἀρτέμιδι θύσαι τῇ τόδ' οἰκούσῃ πέδον,
 καὶ πλοῦν τ' ἔσεσθαι καὶ κατασκαφὰς Φρυγῶν
 θύσασι, μὴ θύσασι δ' οὐκ εἶναι τάδε.
 κλύων δ' ἐγὼ ταῦτ', ὀρθίῳ κηρύγματι
 Ταλθύβιον εἶπον πάντα ἀφιέναι στρατόν,
 ὡς οὔποτ' ἂν τλὰς θυγατέρα κτανεῖν ἐμήν.
 οὐδὲ μ' ἀδελφὸς πάντα προσφέρων λόγον
 ἔπεισε τλῆναι δεινά. κῦν δέλτου πτυχαῖς
 γράψας ἔπεμψα πρὸς δάμαρτα τὴν ἐμὴν
 100 στέλλειν Ἀχιλλεῖ θυγατέρ' ὡς γαμουμένην,
 τό τ' ἀξίωμα τάνδρὸς ἐγκαυρούμενος,

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

She chose—O had she never chosen him!— 70
Menelaus. Then from Phrygia he who judged
The Goddesses, as Argive legend tells,
To Sparta came, his vesture flower-bestarred
Gleaming with gold, barbaric bravery,
Loved Helen, and was loved, stole her and fled
To Ida's steadings, when from home afar
Menelaus was. Through Hellas frenzy-stung
He sped, invoking Tyndareus' ancient oath,
Claiming of all their bond to help the wronged.

Thereat up sprang the Hellenes spear in hand, 80
Donned mail of fight, and to this narrow gorge
Of Aulis came, with galleys and with shields,
And many a horse and chariots many arrayed.
And me for Menelaus' sake they chose
For chief, his brother. Would some other man
Might but have won the honour in my stead!

Now when the gathered host together came,
At Aulis did we tarry weather-bound.
Then the seer Calehas bade in our despair
Slay Iphigeneia, her whom I begat, 90
To Artemis who dwelleth in this land ;
So should we voyage, and so Phrygia smite ;
But if we slew her not, it should not be.
I, when I heard this, bade Talthybius
Dismiss the host with proclamation loud,
Since I would never brook to slay my child.
Whereat my brother, pleading manifold pleas,
To the horror thrust me. In a tablet's folds
I wrote, and bade therein my wife to send
Our daughter, as to be Achilles' bride, 100
Extolled therein the hero's high repute,

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

συμπλεῖν τ' Ἀχαιοῖς οὔνεκ' οὐ θέλοι λέγων,
 εἰ μὴ παρ' ἡμῶν εἴσιν εἰς Φθίαν λέχος·
 πειθῶ γὰρ εἶχον τήνδε πρὸς δάμαρτ' ἐμήν,
 ψευδῆ συνάψας ἀμφὶ παρθένῳ γάμον.
 μόνοι δ' Ἀχαιῶν ἴσμεν ὡς ἔχει τάδε
 Κάλχας, Ὀδυσσεύς, Μειέλεώς θ'. ἃ δ' οὐ καλῶς
 ἔγνω τὸτ', αὐθις μεταγράψω καλῶς πάλιν
 εἰς τήνδε δέλτον, ἣν κατ' εὐφρόνης σκιὰν
 110 λύνοντα καὶ συνδοῦντά μ' εἰσείδες, γέρον.
 ἀλλ' εἴα χώρει τίσδ' ἐπιστολὰς λαβῶν
 πρὸς Ἄργος. ἃ δὲ κέκευθε δέλτος ἐν πτυχαῖς,
 λόγῳ φράσω σοι πάντα τὰγγεγραμμένα·
 πιστὸς γὰρ ἀλόχῳ τοῖς τ' ἐμοῖς δόμοισιν εἶ.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

λεγε καὶ σήμαιν', ἵνα καὶ γλώσση
 σύντονα τοῖς σοῖς γράμμασιν αὐδῶ.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

πέμπω σοι πρὸς ταῖς πρόσθεν
 δέλτοις, ᾧ Λήδας ἔρνος,
 μὴ στέλλειν τὰν σὰν Ἴνιν πρὸς
 120 τὰν κολπώδη πτέρυγ' Εὐβοίας
 Αὐλιν ἀκλύσταν.
 εἰς ἄλλας ὥρας γὰρ δὴ
 παιδὸς δαίσομεν ὑμεναίους.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

καὶ πῶς Ἀχιλεὺς λέκτρων ἀπλακῶν
 οὐ μέγα φυσῶν θυμὸν ἐπαρεῖ
 σοὶ σῆ τ' ἀλόχῳ ;
 τόδε καὶ δεῖνόν. σήμαιν' ὅ τι φής.

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

Said with Achaea's host he would not sail,
Except a bride of our house came to Phthia.
Yea, this I counted should persuade my wife,
Such framing of feigned spousals for the maid.

This none Achæan knoweth with me, save
Calchas, Odysseus, Menelaus. Now
That wrong I here revoke, and write the truth
Within this scroll, which in the gloom of night
Thou saw'st me, ancient, open and reseal. 110
Up, go, this letter unto Argos bear ;
And what the tablet hideth in its folds,
All things here written, will I tell to thee,
For loyal to my wife and house art thou.

OLD SERVANT

Speak, and declare, that my tale heard
Ring true beside the written word.

AGAMEMNON

(Reads)—“ *This add I to my letter writ before :—
O child of Leda, do thou send
Thy daughter not unto the waveless shore
Of Aulis, where the bend 120
Of that sea-pinion of Euboea lies
Gulf-shapen. Ere we celebrate
Our daughter's marriage-tide solemnities,
A season must we wait.*”

OLD SERVANT

Yet, if Achilles lose his plighted spouse,
Will not his anger's tempest swell
Against thee and thy wife? Sure, perilous
Is this !—thy meaning tell.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

130

ὄνομ', οὐκ ἔργον παρέχων ἼΑχιλεὺς
οὐκ οἶδε γάμους, οὐδ' ὅ τι πρῶσσομεν,
οὐδ' ὅτι κείνῳ παῖδ' ἐπεφήμισα
νυμφείους εἰς ἀγκῶνων
εὐνάς ἐκδώσειν λέκτροις.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

δεινὰ γ' ἐτόλμας, ἸΑγάμεμνον ἄναξ,
ὃς τῷ τῆς θεᾶς σὴν παῖδ' ἄλοχον
φατίσας ἦγες σφάγιον Δαναοῖς.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

οἴμοι, γνώμας ἐξέστην,
αἰαῖ, πίπτω δ' εἰς ἄταν.
ἀλλ' ἴθ' ἐρέσσω σὸν πόδα, γήρα
μηδὲν ὑπείκων.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

140

σπεύδω, βασιλεῦ.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

μή νυν μήτ' ἀλσώδεις ἴζου
κρήνας, μήθ' ὕπνω θελχθῆς.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

εὐφήμα θρόει.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

150

πάντη δὲ πόρον σχιστὸν ἀμείβων
λεῦσσε, φυλάσσω μὴ τίς σε λάθῃ
τροχαλοῖσιν ὄχοις παραμειψαμένη
παῖδα κομίζουσ' ἐνθάδ' ἀπήνη
Δαναῶν πρὸς ναῦς.

ἦν γάρ νιν πομπαῖς ἀντήσης,
πάλιν ἐξόρμα, σείε χαλινοῦς,
ἐπὶ Κυκλώπων ἰεῖς θυμέλας.

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

AGAMEMNON

His name, no more, Achilles lends,—hath known
Nought of a bride, nor aught we planned,
Nor how to him I have, in word alone, 130
Given my daughter's hand.

OLD SERVANT

Fearfully, Agamemnon, was this done,
That thou shouldst bring thy child, O King,
Hither, named bride unto the Goddess' son,
Yet a burnt-offering!

AGAMEMNON

Woe! I am all distraught:
I am reeling ruin-ward!
Speed thy foot, ancient, slacking nought
For eld.

OLD SERVANT

I speed, my lord. 140

AGAMEMNON

Sit thee not down where the forest-founts leap,
Neither be bound by the spell of sleep.

OLD SERVANT

Breathe not such doubt abhorred!

AGAMEMNON

When thou comest where ways part, keenly then
Watch, lest a chariot escape thy ken,
Whose rolling wheels peradventure may bear
My daughter hitherward, even to where
Be the ships of the Danaan men.
For, if thou light on her escort-train, 150
Then turn them aback, grasp, shake the rein:
To the walls Cyclopean speed them again.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

ἔσται τάδε.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

κλήθρων δ' ἐξόρμα.¹

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

πιστὸς δὲ φράσας τάδε πῶς ἔσομαι,
λέγε, παιδὶ σέθεν τῇ σῆ τ' ἀλόχῳ ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

σφραγίδα φύλασσ' ἦν ἐπὶ δέλτῳ
τήνδε κομίζεις. ἴθι. λευκαίνει
τόδε φῶς ἤδη λάμπουσ' ἠὼς
πῦρ τε τεθρίππων τῶν Ἀελίου·
160 σύλλαβε μόχθων.

θητῶν δ' ὄλβιος εἰς τέλος οὐδεὶς
οὐδ' εὐδαίμων·
οὐπω γὰρ ἔφν τις ἄλυπος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἔμολον ἀμφὶ παρακτίαν
ψάμαθον Αὐλίδος ἐναλίας,
Εὐρίπου διὰ χευμάτων
κέλσασα στενοπόρθμων,
Χαλκίδα πόλιν ἐμὰν προλιποῦσ',

στρ. α'

170

ἀρχιμάλων ὑδάτων τροφὸν
τᾶς κλεινᾶς Ἀρεθούσας,
Ἄχαιῶν στρατιὰν ὡς ἰδοίμαν
ἀγανῶν τε πλάτας ναυσιπόρους
ἡμιθέων, οὓς ἐπὶ Τροί-
αν ἐλίταις χιλιόναυσιν
τὸν ξανθὸν Μενέλαον
ἀμέτεροι πόσεις

¹ Adopting Nauck's arrangement and reading for ll. 149-152.

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

OLD SERVANT

Yea, this will I do.

AGAMEMNON

From the gates forth go.

OLD SERVANT

Yet how shall thy wife and thy daughter know
My faith herein, that the thing is so?

AGAMEMNON

Keep thou this seal, whose impress lies
On the letter thou bearest. Away!—the skies
Already are grey, and they kindle afar
With the dawn's first flush, and the Sun-god's car.
Now help thou my strait!

[Exit OLD SERVANT.

No man to the end is fortunate, 160
Happy is none :

For a lot unvexed never man yet won. [Exit,

Enter CHORUS

CHORUS

I have come to the Aulian sea-gulf's verge, (*Str. 1*)
To her gleaming sands :

I have voyaged Euripus' rushing surge
From the city that stands

Queen of the Sea-gate, Chalcis mine,
On whose bosom-fold

Arethusa gleameth, the fountain divine, - -
Have come to behold 170

The Achaean array, and the heroes' oars
That shall onward speed

A thousand galleys to Troyland's shores.
These two kings lead :

Yea, with prince Menelaus the golden-haired,
As our own lords say,

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

180 ἐνέπουσ' Ἀγαμέμνονά τ' εὐπατρίδαν
 στέλλειν ἐπὶ τὰν Ἑλέναν, ἀπ'
 Εὐρώτα δονακοτρόφου
 Πίρις ὁ βουκόλος ἂν ἔλαβε,
 δῶρον τῆς Ἀφροδίτας,
 ὅτ' ἐπὶ κρηναίαισι δρύσοις
 Ἦρα Παλλάδι τ' ἔριν ἔρι·
 μορφῆς ἂ Κύπρις ἔσχευ.

190 πολύθυτον δὲ δι' ἄλσος Ἀρ-
 τέμιδος ἤλυθον ὀρομένα,
 φοινίσσουσα παρῆδ' ἐμὰν
 αἰσχύνα νεοθαλεῖ,
 ἀσπίδος ἔρυμα καὶ κλισίας
 ὄπλοφόρους Δαναῶν θέλουσ'
 ἵππων τ' ὄχλον ιδέσθαι.

ἀντ. α

200 κατεῖδον δὲ δὺ' Αἴαντε συνέδρω
 τὸν Οἰλέως Ἑλαμῶνός τε γόνου,
 τὸν Σαλαμῖνος στέφανον,
 Πρωτεσίλαόν τ' ἐπὶ θύκοις
 πεσσῶν ἠδομένους μορ-
 φαῖσι πολυπλόκοις,
 Παλαμῆδεά θ', ὃν τέκε παῖς ὁ Ποσει-
 δᾶνος, Διομῆδεά θ' ἠδο-
 ναῖς δίσκου κεχαρημένον,
 παρὰ δὲ Μηριόνην, Ἄρεος
 ὄζον, θαῦμα βροτοῖσι,

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

And with King Agamemnon all these fared
 On the vengeance-way,
 On the quest of her whom the herdman drew
 From beside the river 180
 Of whispering reeds, his sin-wage due,—
 Aphrodite the giver,—
 Promised, when into the fountain down
 Spray-veiled she descended,¹
 When with Hera and Pallas for beauty's crown
 The Cyprian contended.
 And through Artemis' grove of sacrifice (*Ant. 1*)
 Hasting I came,
 While swift in my cheeks did the crimson rise,
 The roses of shame :
 For to look on the shields, on the tents a gleam 190
 With arms, was I fain,
 And on thronging team upon chariot-team.
 There marked I twain,
 The Oïlid Aias and Telamon's child,
 Salamis' pride.
 By the shifting maze of the draughts beguiled
 Sat side by side
 Protesilaus and he that was sprung
 Of Poseidon's seed,
 Palamedes : and there, by the strong arm flung
 Of Diomede, 200
 Did the diseus leap, and he joyed therein ;
 And hard beside him
 Was Meriones of the War-god's kin—
 Men wondering eyed him.

¹ In *Andromache*, 284-5, the rival Goddesses are described as bathing in a forest-fountain before coming before Paris for judgment.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

τὸν ἀπο νησαίων τ' ὀρέων
 Λαέρτα τόκον, ἅμα δὲ Νι-
 ρῆ, κάλλιστον Ἀχαιῶν.

- τὸν ἰσάνεμόν τε ποδοῖν
 λαιψηροδρόμον Ἀχιλῆα,
 τὸν ἁ Θέτις τέκε καὶ
 Χείρων ἐξεπόνασεν,
 210 εἶδον αἰγιαλοῖσι
 παρὰ τε κροκάλαις δρόμον ἔχοντα σὺν ὄπλοις·
 ἅμιλλαν δ' ἐπόνει ποδοῖν
 πρὸς ἄρμα τέτρωρον
 ἐλίσσων περὶ νίκας.
 ὁ δὲ διφρηλάτας ἐβοᾷτ'
 Εὐμηλος Φερητιάδας,
 ᾧ καλλίστους ἰδόμαν
 χρυσοδαιδάλτους στομίους
 220 πώλους κέντρῳ θεινομένους,
 τοὺς μὲν μέσους ζυγίους,
 λευκοστίκτῳ τριχὶ βαλιούς,
 τοὺς δ' ἔξω σειροφόρους,
 ἀντήρεις καμπαῖσι δρόμων,
 πυρσότριχας, μονόχαλα δ' ὑπὸ σφυρὰ
 ποικιλοδέρμονας· οἷς παρεπάλλετο
 Πηλεΐδας σὺν ὄπλοισι παρ' ἄντυγα
 230 καὶ σύριγγας ἄρματείους.

ναῶν δ' εἰς ἀριθμὸν ἤλυθον
 καὶ θέαν ἀθέσφατον,
 τὰν γυναικείον ὄψιν ὀμμάτων
 ὡς πλήσαιμι, μείλινον ἄδονάν.
 καὶ κέρας μὲν ἦν
 δεξιὸν πλάτας ἔχων

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

And Laertes' son from the isle-hills far
 Through the sea-haze gleaming;
And Nireus, of all that host of war
 The goodliest seeming.

(*Mesode*)

There was Achilles, whose feet are as winds for the
 storm-rush unreined :
Him I beheld who of Thetis was born, who of
 Cheiron was trained ; 210
Clad in his armour he raced, over sand, over shingle
 he strained, [chariot of four,
Matching in contest of swiftness his feet with a
Rounding the sweep of the course for the victory :—
 rang evermore [that he bore
Shouts from Pheretid Eumelus, and aye with the goad
Smote he his horses most goodly—I saw them, saw
 gold-glitter deck
Richly their bits ; and the midmost, the car-yoke who
 bore on their neck, 220
Dappled were they, with a hair here and there like a
 snow-smitten fleck. [turning-post swept,
They that in traces without round the perilous
Bays were they, spotted their fetlocks : Peleides
 beside them on-leapt :
Sheathed in his harness, unflagging by car-rail and
 axle he kept. 230

(*Str. 2*)

And I came where the host of the war-ships lies,—
 A marvel past telling,—
To fill with the vision a woman's eyes
 And a heart joy-swelling.
And there, on the rightward wing arrayed,

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

240 Φθιώτας ὁ Μυρμιδῶν Ἄρης
 πενήκοντα ναυσὶ θουρίαις.
 χρυσαίαι δ' εἰκόσιν κατ' ἄκρα Νη-
 ρῆδες ἔστασαν θεαί,
 πρύμναις σῆμ' Ἀχιλλείου στρατοῦ.
 Ἄργείων δὲ ταῖσδ' ἰσήμεροι ἀντ. β'
 νᾶες ἔστασαν πέλας·
 ὦν ὁ Μηκιστέως στρατηλάτας
 παῖς ἦν, Ἰαλαὸς ὃν τρέφει πατήρ·
 Καπανέως τε παῖς
 Σθένελος· Ἀτθίδος δ' ἄγων
 ἐξήκοντα ναῦς ὁ Θησέως
 250 παῖς ἐξῆς ἐναυλόχει θεᾶν
 Παλλάδ' ἐν μονύχοις ἔχων πτερω-
 τοῖσιν ἄρμασιν θετὸν
 εὐσημόν τε φάσμα ναυβάταις.

Βοιωτῶν δ' ὄπλισμα ποντίας ἀντ. γ'
 πενήκοντα νῆας εἰδόμαν
 σημείοισιν ἐστολισμένας·
 τοῖς δὲ Κάδμος ἦν
 χρύσειον δράκοντ' ἔχων
 ἀμφὶ ναῶν κόρυμβα·
 260 Λήϊτος δ' ὁ γηγενὴς
 ἄρχε ναίου στρατοῦ·
 Φωκίδος δ' ἀπὸ χθονός,
 Λοκρὰς δὲ τοῖσδ' ἴσας ἄγων
 ἦν ναῦς Οἰλέως τόκος κλυτὰν
 Θροιάδ' ἐκλιπὼν πόλιν.

Μυκίνας δὲ τὰς Κυκλωπίας ἀντ. γ'
 παῖς Ἀτρέως ἔπεμπε ναυβάτας

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

Was Phthia's Myrmidon battle-aid,
 Fifty galleys swift for the war,
 With the ranks of oars by their bulwarks swayed ;
 And high on their sterns in effigies golden
 The Nereid Goddesses gleamed afar, 240
 The sign by Achilles' host upholden.

Hard by, keels equal by tale unto these *(Ant. 2)*
 Did the Argives gather ;
 With Talaüs' fosterling passed they the seas,—
 Mécisteus his father,—
 And with Sthenelus, Capaneus' son, at his side.
 And there did the galleys of Attica ride
 With the scion of Theseus, the next to the left,—
 Ships threescore,—and the peerless pride 250
 Of their blazonry was a winged car, bearing
 Pallas, with horses of hooves unclift,
 A blessèd sign unto folk sea-faring.

Boeotia's barks sea-plashing *(Str. 3)*
 Fifty there lay :
 I marked their ensigns flashing.
 Cadmus had they,
 Whose Golden Dragon shone
 On each stern's garnison ;
 And Leitus Earth's son
 Led their array. 260

Galleys from Phocis came ;
 In Locrian barks, the same
 By tale, went Thronium's fame
 'Neath Aias' sway.

Atreides' Titan-palacee, *(Ant. 3)*
 Mycenæ, sent

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ναῶν ἑκατὸν ἠθροῖσμένους.
 σὺν δ' ἀδελφὸς ¹ ἦν
 ταγός, ὡς φίλος φίλῳ,
 270 τὰς φυγούσας μέλαθρα
 βαρβάρων χάριν γάμων
 πρᾶξιν Ἑλλάς ὡς λάβου.
 ἐκ Πύλου δὲ Νέστορος
 Γερηνίου κατειδόμεν
 πρύμνας σῆμα τιυρόπουν ὀράν,
 τὸν πάροικον Ἀλφεόν.

Αἰνιάνων δὲ δωδεκάστολοι ἐπ' ὦδ.
 νᾶες ἦσαν, ὧν ἄναξ Γουνεὺς
 250 ἄρχε· τῶνδε δ' αὖ πέλας
 Ἥλιδος δυνάστωρες,
 οὓς Ἐπειοὺς ὠνόμαζε πᾶς λεῶς·
 Εὐρυτος δ' ἄνασσε τῶνδε·
 λευκήρετμον δ' Ἄρη
 Υἱάφιον ἦγεν, ὧν Μέγης ἄνασσε
 Φυλέως λόχευμα,
 τὰς Ἐχίνας λιπὼν * * * *
 νήσους ναυβάταις ἀπροσφόρους.

Αἴας δ' ὁ Σαλαμῖνος ἔντροφος
 290 δεξιὸν κέρας πρὸς τὸ λαιὸν ξύναγε,
 τῶν ἄσσον ὄρμει πλάταισιν
 ἐσχάταισι συμπλέκων
 δώδεκ' εὐστροφωτάταισι ναυσίν· ὡς
 αἴον καὶ ναυβάταν
 εἰδόμεν λεῶν·
 ᾧ τις εἰ προσαρμόσει

¹ Markland: for Ἄδραστος of MSS. There is nowhere else any mention of an Adrastus in this connection.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

βαρβάρους βίριδας
 γόστον οὐκ ἀποίσεται,

300 ἐνθάδ' οἶον εἰδόμεν
 γάϊον πόρευμα,
 τὰ δὲ κατ' οἴκουσ κλύουσα συγκλήτου
 μνήμην σφώζομαι στρατεύματος.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

Μενέλαε, τολμᾶς δεῖν', ἅ σ' οὐ τολμᾶν χρεῶν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἄπελθε· λίαν δεσπότησι πιστὸς εἶ.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

καλὸν γέ μοι τοῦνειδος ἐξωνείδισας.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

κλαίοις ἄν, εἰ πρῶσσοις ἂ μὴ πρῶσσειν σε δεῖ.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

οὐ χρῆν σε λύσαι δέλτον, ἦν ἐγὼ ἔφερον.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὐδέ γε φέρειν σε πᾶσιν Ἑλλησιν κακά.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

ἄλλοις ἀμιλλῶ ταῦτ'· ἄφες δὲ τήνδ' ἐμοί.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

310 οὐκ ἂν μεθείμην.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

οὐδ' ἔγωγ' ἀφήσομαι.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

σκήπτρω τάχ' ἄρα σὸν καθαιμάξω κᾶρα.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

ἄλλ' εὐκλεές τοι δεσποτῶν θνήσκειν ὕπερ.

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

Meets him, from the grapple stern
Never home shall he return.

Lo, the goodly sea-array
That mine eyes have seen to day '
Erst the great war-muster's story
Through mine home rang: now its glory
In mine heart shall live for aye.

300

*Enter OLD SERVANT, grasping at a letter which MENELAUS
has snatched from him.*

OLD SERVANT.

Menelaus, this is outrage!—shame on thee!

MENELAUS.

Stand back! Thou art all too loyal to thy lord.

OLD SERVANT

A proud reproach thou castest upon me.

MENELAUS

If thou o'erstep thy duty, thou shalt rue.

OLD SERVANT

'Tis not for thee to unseal the seroll I bare.

MENELAUS

Nor yet for thee to bring to all Greeks bane.

OLD SERVANT

With others argue that; but this restore.

MENELAUS

I will not yield it up!

310

OLD SERVANT

Nor I let go!

MENELAUS

Soon then my staff shall dash thine head with blood.

OLD SERVANT

Glorious it were in my lord's cause to die.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

μέλλες· μακροὺς δὲ δούλους ὧν λέγεις λόγους.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

ὦ δέσποτ', ἀδικούμεσθα. σὰς δ' ἐπιστολὰς
ἐξαρπάσας ὄδ' ἐκ χερῶν ἐμῶν βία,
'Αγάμεμνον, οὐδὲν τῇ δίκῃ χρῆσθαι θέλει.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἔα·

τίς ποτ' ἐν πύλαισι θόρυβος καὶ λόγων ἰκοσμία ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὐμὸς οὐχ ὁ τοῦδε μῦθος κυριώτερος λέγειν.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

σὺν δὲ τί τῶδ' ἐς ἔριν ἀφίξαι, Μενέλεως, βία τ'
ἄγεις ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

320 βλέψου εἰς ἡμᾶς, ἴν' ἀρχὰς τῶν λόγων ταύτας
λάβω.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

μῶν τρέσας οὐκ ἀνακαλύψω βλέφαρον, Ἄτρέως
γεγώς ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τήνδ' ὀράς δέλτον, κακίστων γραμμῶν ὑπηρέτιν ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

εἰσορῶ, καὶ πρῶτα ταύτην σῶν ἀπάλλαξον χερῶν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὔ, πρὶν ἂν δείξω γε Δαναοῖς πᾶσι τὰ γεγεγραμμένα.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἦ γὰρ οἶσθ' ἂ μή σε καιρὸς εἰδέναι, σήμαντρ'
ἀνεῖς ;

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

MENELAUS

Unhand!—a slave, thou art overfull of words.

OLD SERVANT

Ho, master! outrage!—lo, this man hath snatched
By violence thy letter from mine hand,
Agamemnon, nor will have regard to right!

Enter AGAMEMNON

AGAMEMNON

Ha!

What this tumult at my doors, and this unseemly
brawl upstirred?

MENELAUS

Mine the right to speak is—mine before this fellow
to be heard.

AGAMEMNON

Wherefore dost thou strive with him, Menelaus, and
by violence hale? [*MEN. releases o.s., who exit.*]

MENELAUS

Look me in the face, that I may make beginning of 320
the tale.

AGAMEMNON

Shall I dread to lift mine eyelids, who of dreadless
Atreus came?

MENELAUS

Seest thou this tablet—this, the bearer of a tale of
shame?

AGAMEMNON

I behold it,—and from thine hand first do thou sur-
render it.

MENELAUS

[*writ!*]

Never, ere I show to all the Danaans that therein is

AGAMEMNON

How?—and didst thou break my seal, and know'st
thou what thou shouldst not?

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὥστε σ' ἀλγῦναι γ', ἀνοιξας, ἂ σὺ κάκ' εἰργάσω
λάθρα.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ποῦ δὲ κάλαβές νιν ; ὦ θεοί, σῆς ἀναισχύντου
φρενός.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

προσδοκῶν σὴν παῖδ' ἀπ' Ἄργους, εἰ στράτευμ'
ἀφίξεται.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

τί δέ σε τὰμὰ δεῖ φυλάσσειν ; οὐκ ἀναισχύντου
τόδε ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

330 ὅτι τὸ βούλεσθαί μ' ἔκριξε· σὸς δὲ δοῦλος οὐκ
ἔφυν.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

οὐχὶ δεινά ; τὸν ἐμὸν οἰκεῖν οἶκον οὐκ ἔᾶς ἐμέ ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

πλάγια γὰρ φρονεῖς, τὰ μὲν νῦν, τὰ δὲ πάλαι, τὰ
δ' αὐτίκα.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

εὐ κεκόμψευσαι· πονηρῶν γλῶσσ' ἐπίφθονον σοφῆ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

νοῦς δ' ὁ μὴ βέβαιος ἄδικον κτῆμα κοῦ σαφὲς
φίλοις.

βούλομαι δέ σ' ἐξελέγξαι, καὶ σὺ μήτ' ὀργῆς ὑπο
ἀποτρέπου τάληθές, οὔτε κατατενῶ λίαν ἐγώ.

οἶσθ' ὅτ' ἐσπούδαζες ἄρχειν Δαναΐδαις πρὸς
Ἴλιον,

τῷ δοκεῖν μὲν οὐχὶ χρήζων, τῷ δὲ βούλεσθαι
θέλων,

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

MENELAUS

Yea, unto thy sorrow brake it, that I know thy secret plot.

AGAMEMNON

Ay?—and where didst find it?—Gods, what front of impudence is here!

MENELAUS

Watching if thy child from Argos to the host were drawing near.

AGAMEMNON

What dost thou to spy upon me? Is not this done shamelessly?

MENELAUS

Mine own pleasure was my warrant. I am not thy bondman—I.

AGAMEMNON

Is not this outrageous? Wouldst thou limit in mine house my power?

MENELAUS

Yea, thy thoughts are shifty, changing ever with the changing hour.

AGAMEMNON

Subtly hast thou glozed the evil! Hateful is the artful tongue!

MENELAUS

But the treacherous heart, to friends disloyal, is a hoard of wrong.

I would question thee, and do not thou with spirit anger-jarred

Fence aside from thee the truth, nor I will press thee
Hast forgotten how thou fain wouldst lead the Greeks
to Ilium's shore,

Feignedst not to wish the thing, but in thine heart
didst crave it sore,

330

33

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

310 ὡς ταπεινὸς ἦσθα πᾶσι, δεξιᾶς προσθιγγάνων
 καὶ θύρας ἔχων ἀκλήστους τῷ θέλοντι δημοτῶν,
 καὶ διδοὺς πρόσρησιν ἐξῆς πᾶσι, κεῖ μὴ τις θέλοι,
 τοῖς τρόποις ζητῶν πρίασθαι τὸ φιλότιμον ἐκ μέ-
 σου ;
 καὶτ' ἐπεὶ κατέσχεσ ἀρχάς, μεταβαλὼν ἄλλους
 τρόπους
 τοῖς φίλοισιν οὐκέτ' ἦσθα τοῖς πρὶν ὡς πρόσθεν
 φίλος,
 δυσπρόσιτος ἔσω τε κλήθρων σπάνιος. ἄνδρα δ'
 οὐ χρεῶν
 τὸν ἀγαθὸν πρῶσσοντα μεγάλα τοὺς τρόπους μεθ-
 ιστάναι,
 ἀλλὰ καὶ βέβαιον εἶναι τότε μάλιστα τοῖς
 φίλοις
 ἠνίκ' ὠφελεῖν μάλιστα δυνατὸς ἐστὶν εὐτυχῶν.
 ταῦτα μὲν σε πρῶτ' ἐπῆλθον, ἵνα σε πρῶθ' ἠῦρον
 κακόν.
 350 ὡς δ' ἐς Αὐλιν ἦλθες αὐθις χῶ Πανελλήνων
 στρατός,
 οὐδὲν ἦσθ', ἀλλ' ἐξεπλήσσου τῇ τύχῃ τῇ τῶν
 θεῶν,
 οὐρίας πομπῆς σπανίζων, Δαναΐδαι δ' ἀφιέναι
 ταῦς διήγγελλον, μάτην δὲ μὴ ποιεῖν ἐν Αὐλίδι,
 ὡς ἄρολβον εἶχες ὄμμα σύγχυσίν τε μὴ νεῶν
 χιλίων ἄρχων τὸ Ἠριάμου πεδίον ἐμπλήσας
 δορός.
 καμὲ παρεκάλεις· τί δράσω ; τίνα δὲ πόρον εὔρω
 πόθεν,
 ὅσπερ μὴ στερέντας ἀρχῆς ἀπολέσαι καλὸν κλέος ;
 καὶτ' ἐπεὶ Κάλχας ἐν ἱεροῖς εἶπε σὴν θῦσαι
 κόρην

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

How to all men wast thou lowly, clasping hands of
 amity, [to thee, 340
 Keeping open doors for whoso of the folk would seek
 Bidding all accost thee freely, challenging the modest
 heart, [inart?
 Seeking by thy shifts to buy advancement as in open
 Ah, but when thy power was won, thou changedst all
 thy mien: no more
 Wast thou unto friends of days gone by a friend as
 theretofore,—
 Inaccessible, and seldom found at home. The noble-
 souled
 Ought not, raised to high estate, to turn him from
 the paths of old,
 Nay, but more than ever loyal then unto his friends
 should be,
 When his power to help is more than ever, through
 prosperity.
 First therein, where first I found thee base, I visit
 thee with blame.
 Then, when thou and all the host of Hellas unto Aulis 350
 came, [mayed,
 Nought wast thou, at Heaven's visitation utterly dis-
 When the wafting breezes failed thee, when the sons
 of Danaus bade [in vain.
 Send the ships disbanded thence, nor toil at Aulis all
 O thy rueful face, thy 'wildered eye, lest thou on
 Priam's plain, [pour thy spears!
 Thou, the captain of a thousand galleys, ne'er shouldst
 "What shall I do?" didst thou ask me. "What
 device, and whence, appears, [nown?"
 That of lordship I be not bereft, nor lose my fair re-
 Then, when Calchas on the altar bade thee lay thy
 child's life down

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

Ἄρτεμιδι, καὶ πλοῦν ἔσσεσθαι Δαναΐδαις, ἡσθεὶς
 φρένας
 360 ἄσμενος θύσειν ὑπέστης παῖδα· καὶ πέμπεις
 ἐκῶν,
 οὐ βία, μὴ τοῦτο λέξης, σῆ δάμαρτι, παῖδα σὴν
 δεῦρ' ἀποστέλλειν, Ἀχιλλεῖ πρόφασιν ὡς γαμου-
 μένην.
 οὗτός αὐτός ἐστὶν αἰθὴρ ὃς τὰδ' ἤκουσεν σέθεν.¹
 καὶθ' ὑποστρέψας λέλληψαι μεταβαλὼν ἄλλας
 γραφάς,
 ὡς φονεὺς οὐκέτι θυγατρὸς σῆς ἔσει. μάλιστα γε.
 μυριοὶ δέ τοι πεπόνθασ' αὐτό· πρὸς τὰ πράγματα²
 ἐκπονοῦσ' ἐκόντες, εἶτα δ' ἐξεχώρησαν κακῶς,
 τὰ μὲν ὑπὸ γνώμης πολιτῶν ἀσυνέτου, τὰ δ' ἐν-
 δίκως,
 ἀδύνατοι γεγῶτες αὐτοὶ διαφυλάξασθαι πόλιν.
 370 Ἑλλάδος μάλιστα ἔγωγε τῆς ταλαιπώρου στένω,
 ἢ θέλουσα δρᾶν τι κεδνόν, βαρβύρους τοὺς
 οὐδένας
 καταγελῶντας ἐξανήσει διὰ σέ καὶ τὴν σὴν
 κόρην.
 μηδέν' ἄρα χρέους ἕκατι προστάτην θείμην
 χθονός,
 μηδ' ὄπλων ἄρχοντα· νοῦν χρὴ τὸν στρατηλάτην
 ἔχειν·
 πόλεος ὡς ἄρχων ἀνὴρ πᾶς, ξύνεσιν ἢν ἔχων
 τύχη.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

δεινὸν κασιγνήτοισι γίγνεσθαι λόγους
 μάχας θ', ὅταν ποτ' ἐμπέσωσιν εἰς ἔριν.

¹ Adopting Paley's arrangement of lines.

² Wecklein's punctuation.

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

Unto Artemis,—the Danaïds so should sail,—with
 gladness filled
 Blithely promisedst thou to slay thy daughter; yea,
 didst send free-willed— 360
 Not constrained, thou canst not say it—to thy queen,
 that hitherward
 She should send thy child, as who should take
 Achilles for her lord :—
 Lo, the selfsame sky o'erhead which heard thee then
 record thy vow !— [message now,
 Now thou turn'st about, art found recasting that thy
 Saying thou wilt ne'er be slayer of thy child! So is
 it still— [flagging will
 Many and many a man is like thee, toileth with un-
 Up the heights of power; thereafter from its summit
 falls with shame, [themselves to blame,
 Some through blindness of the people, some be all
 They whose nerveless hands can ward the city not
 that they have won. [bemoan :
 But, for me, 'tis hapless Hellas most of all that I 370
 Fain she is of high achievement, yet shall caitiff aliens
 make
 Her a mock, who 'scape her hands for thine and for
 thy daughter's sake. [the land,
 Ne'er may I for kinship's cause exalt a man to rule
 Nor to lead a host! He needeth wisdom who would
 men command;
 For 'tis his to helm a nation who hath wit to under-
 stand.

CHORUS

Fearful 'twixt brethren words of high disdain
 And conflict are, when into strife they fall.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

βούλομαί σ' εἰπεῖν κακῶς αὖ, βραχέα, μὴ λίαν
ἄνω

βλέφαρα πρὸς τάναιδές ἀγαγών, ἀλλὰ σωφρονε-
στέρως,

380 ὡς ἀδελφὸν ὄντ'. ἀνὴρ γὰρ χρηστὸς αἰδεῖσθαι
φιλεῖ.

εἰπέ μοι, τί δεινὰ φυσᾶς αἵματηρὸν ὄμμ' ἔχων ;
τίς ἀδικεῖ σε ; τοῦ κέχρησαι ; λέκτρα χρῆστ' ἐράς
λαβεῖν ;

οὐκ ἔχοιμ' ἂν σοι παρασχεῖν ὦν γὰρ ἐκθήσω,
κακῶς

ἦρχες. εἴτ' ἐγὼ δίκην δῶ σῶν κακῶν, ὃ μὴ
σφαλεῖς ;

ἢ δάκνει σε τὸ φιλότιμον τοῦμόν ; ἀλλ' ἐν ἀγκά-
λαις

εὐπρεπῇ γυναῖκα χρήξεις, τὸ λελογισμένον παρεῖς
καὶ τὸ καλόν, ἔχειν ; πονηροῦ φωτὸς ἠδοναὶ
κακαί.

εἰ δ' ἐγὼ γνοὺς πρόσθεν οὐκ εὖ μετετέθην
εὐβουλία,

μαίνομαι ; σὺ μᾶλλον, ὅστις ἀπολέσας κακὸν
λέχος

390 ἀναλαβεῖν θέλεις, θεοῦ σοι τὴν τύχην διδόντος εὖ.
ὤμοσαν τὸν Ἵνυδάρειον ὄρκον οἱ κακόφρονες

φιλόγαμοι μνηστήρες. ἦγε δ' ἐλπίς, οἶμαι μὲν,
θεὸς

κάξέπραξεν αὐτὸ μᾶλλον ἢ σὺ καὶ τὸ σὸν σθένος.
οὐς λαβὼν στράτευ' ἔτοιμοι δ' εἰσὶ μωρία φρενῶν

οὐ γὰρ ἀσύνητον τὸ θεῖον, ἀλλ' ἔχει συνιέναι
τοὺς κακῶς παγέυτας ὄρκους καὶ κατηναγκαισμέ-
νους.

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

AGAMEMNON

Now would I in turn upbraid thee, briefly, not exal-
ting high

Shameless brows of haughty scorning, nay, but ever
soberly,

As becomes a brother; for the noble hold by
chivalry.

380

Answer, why this breath tempestuous, why these
bloodshot eyes of strife?

Who doth wrong thee? What dost crave? Dost
yearn to win a virtuous wife?

This I cannot find thee: her thou gainedst, vilely
ruledst thou.

What?—must I, who have not erred, for thy trans-
gression suffer now?

Or doth mine advancement gall thee?—nay, but one
desire thou hast,

In thine arms to clasp a lovely woman!—reason dost
Yea, and honour to the winds!—the pleasures of the
vile are base.

I, who erst took evil counsel, if I now give wisdom
Am I mad? Nay rather thou, who, having lost an
evil spouse,

Wouldst re-win her, though thy loss be gain, God's
kindness to thy house.

390

Those infatuate marriage-craving suitors swore an
oath indeed

Unto Tyndareus; yet these did Hope, I trow, the
On, and brought it more to pass than thou and all
thy strong control.

Lead them thou—O these are ready in the folly of
God is not an undiscerning judge; his eyes are keen
to try

Oaths exacted by constraint, and troth-pledge held

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

τάμ' αὖ δ' οὐκ ἀποκτενῶ ἄγ' ὅ τέκνα· κού τὸ σὸν
 μὲν εὖ

παρὰ δίκην ἔσται κακίστης εὐνίδος τιμωρία,
 ἐμὲ δὲ συντήξουσι νύκτες ἡμέραι τε δακρύοις,
 ἄνομα δρῶντα κού δίκαια παῖδας οὓς ἐγεινίμην.

400 ταῦτά σοι βραχέα λέλεκται καὶ σαφῆ καὶ ῥίδια·
 εἰ δὲ μὴ βούλει φρονεῖν εὖ, τᾶμ' ἐγὼ θήσω
 καλῶς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οἶδ' αὖ διύφοροι τῶν πάρος λελεγμένων
 μύθων, καλῶς δ' ἔχουσι, φείδεσθαι τέκνων.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

αἰαῖ, φίλους ἄρ' οὐχὶ κεκτήμην τάλας.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

εἰ τοὺς φίλους γε μὴ θέλεις ἀπολλύναι.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

δείξεις δὲ ποῦ μοι πατὴρ ἐκ ταύτου γεγώς ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

συνσωφρονεῖν σοι βούλομ', ἄλλ' οὐ συννοσεῖν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἐς κοινὸν ἀλγεῖν τοῖς φίλοισι χρὴ φίλους.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

εὖ δρῶν παρακάλει μ', ἄλλα μὴ λυπῶν ἐμέ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

410 οὐκ ἄρα δοκεῖ σοι τάδε πονεῖν σὺν Ἑλλάδι ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

Ἑλλάς ἐξὸν σοὶ κατὰ θεὸν νοσεῖ τινα.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

σκήπτρῳ νυν αὖχει, σὸν κασίγνητον προδοῦς.
 ἐγὼ δ' ἐπ' ἄλλας εἶμι μηχανάς τινας,
 φίλους τ' ἐπ' ἄλλους.

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

'Tis not I will slay my children! Not in justice's despite
 So shall thine avenging on a wife most wanton speed
 aright, [days of misery,
 While I waste through nights of weeping, pine through
 For my lawless, godless dealing with the children born
 to me! [stood.
 Lo, mine answer, brief and clear, and easy to be under- 400
 If thou turn from wisdom, yet shall mine house follow
 after good.

CHORUS

This controverteth that thou saidst before ;
 Yet good is thy resolve, to spare thy child.

MENE LAUS

Alas for wretched me ! Friends have I none !

AGAMEMNON

Yea—if thou seek not to destroy thy friends.

MENE LAUS

How wilt thou prove thyself our father's son ?

AGAMEMNON

By brotherhood in wisdom, not in folly.

MENE LAUS

Friends ought to feel friends' sorrow as their own.

AGAMEMNON

By kindness, not unkindness, challenge me.

MENE LAUS

Wilt thou not then with Greece this travail share ? 410

AGAMEMNON

Hellas, like thee, hath God's stroke driven mad.

MENE LAUS

Vaunt then thy sceptre, traitor to thy brother !

I will betake me unto other means

And other friends. (*Enter MESSENGER in haste.*)

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ὦ Πανελλήνων ἄναξ,

Ἄγαμέμνον, ἦκω παῖδά σοι τὴν σὴν ἄγων,
ἦν Ἰφιγένειαν ὠνόμαζες ἐν δόμοις.

μήτηρ δ' ὀμαρτεῖ, σῆς Κλυταιμνήστρας δέμας,
καὶ παῖς Ὀρέστης, ὅσπερ τερφθείης ἰδῶν,
χρόνον παλαιὸν δωμάτων ἔκδημος ὢν.

420 ἄλλ' ὡς μακρὰν ἔτεινον, εὐρυτον παρὰ
κρήνην ἀναψύχουσι θηλύπουν βάσιν,
αὐταί τε πῶλοί τ'· εἰς δὲ λειμώνων χλόην
καθεῖμεν αὐτάς, ὡς βορᾶς γευσαίατο.

ἐγὼ δὲ πρόδρομος σῆς παρασκευῆς χάριν
ἦκω· πέπυσται γὰρ στρατός, ταχεῖα γὰρ
διῆξε φήμη, παῖδα σὴν ἀφιγμένην.

πᾶς δ' εἰς θέαν ὄμιλος ἔρχεται δρόμῳ,
σὴν παῖδ' ὅπως ἴδωσιν· οἱ δ' εὐδαίμονες
ἐν πᾶσι κλεινοὶ καὶ περίβλεπτοι βροτοῖς.

430 λέγουσι δ'· ὑμέναιός τις ἢ τί πράσσεται;
ἢ πόθον ἔχων θυγατρὸς Ἄγαμέμνων ἄναξ
ἐκόμισε παῖδα; τῶν δ' ἂν ἤκουσας τάδε·

Ἄρτεμιδι προτελίζουσι τὴν νεάνίδα,
Αὐλίδος ἰνάσση. τίς νιν ἄξεταιί ποτε;
ἄλλ' εἶα, τὰπὶ τοισίδ' ἐξάρχου κανᾶ,
στεφανοῦσθε κρᾶτα· καὶ σύ, Μενέλεως ἄναξ,
ὑμέναιον εὐτρέπιζε καὶ κατὰ στέγας
λωτὸς βοάσθω καὶ ποδῶν ἔστω κτύπος·
φῶς γὰρ τόδ' ἦκει μακίριον τῇ παρθένῳ.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

440 ἐπήνεσ', ἀλλὰ στείχε δωμάτων ἔσω·
τὰ δ' ἄλλ' ἰούσης τῆς τύχης ἔσται καλῶς.

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

MESSENGER

O King of Hellas' host,
 Agamemnon, lo, thy child I bring to thee,
 Named of thee Iphigeneia in thine halls.
 Her mother Clytemnestra comes with her,
 Orestes, too, the babe, to glad thine eyes
 Who from thine home long time hast sojourned far.
 But, after weary journeying, at a spring 420
 Fair-flowing now the women bathe their feet,
 They and their steeds—for midst the meadow-grass
 We turned them loose, that they might browse therein.
 I, to prepare thee, their forerunner come.
 For the host knoweth it, so swiftly spread
 The rumour of the coming of thy child.
 And to the sight runs all the multitude
 To see thy child ; for folk in high estate
 Famed and observed of all observers are.
 " A bridal is it ? "—they ask—" or what is toward ? 430
 Or hath the King, of yearning for his child
 Sent for his daughter ? " Others might'st thou hear—
 " To Artemis, to Aulis' Queen, they pay ¹
 The maiden's spousal-rites ! The bridegroom who ? "
 Up then, prepare the maunds for sacrifice ;
 Garland your heads :—thou too, prince Menelaus,
 Strike up the bridal hymn, and through the tents
 Let the flute ring, with sound of dancing feet ;
 For gladsome dawns this day upon the maid.

AGAMEMNON

'Tis well—I thank thee : pass thou now within. 440
 Well shall the rest speed as Fate marcheth on.

[Exit MESSENGER.]

¹ It was customary before a marriage to make offerings to Artemis on behalf of the bride. The tragic irony is obvious.

οἶμοι, τί φῶ δύστηνος ; ἄρξομαι πόθεν ;
 εἰς οἷ' ἀνάγκης ζεύγματ' ἐμπεπτώκαμεν.
 ὑπήλθε δαίμων, ὥστε τῶν σοφισμάτων
 πολλῶ γενέσθαι τῶν ἐμῶν σοφώτερος.
 ἢ δυσγένεια δ' ὡς ἔχει τι χρήσιμον.
 καὶ γὰρ δακρῦσαι ῥαδίως αὐτοῖς ἔχει,
 ἅπαντά τ' εἰπεῖν. τῷ δὲ γενναίῳ φύσιν
 450 ἄνολβα ταυτά· προστάτην δὲ τοῦ βίου
 τὸν ὄγκον ἔχομεν τῷ τ' ὄχλῳ δουλεύομεν.
 ἐγὼ γὰρ ἐκβαλεῖν μὲν αἰδοῦμαι δάκρυ,
 τὸ μὴ δακρῦσαι δ' αὐθις αἰδοῦμαι τάλας,
 εἰς τὰς μεγίστας συμφορὰς ἀφιγμένος.
 εἶεν, τί φήσω πρὸς δάμαρτα τὴν ἐμήν ;
 πῶς δέξομαί νιν ; ποῖον ὄμμα συμβαλῶ ;
 καὶ γὰρ μ' ἀπόλεσ' ἐπὶ κακοῖς ἅ μοι πάρα
 ἐλθοῦσ' ἄκλητος. εἰκότως δ' ἅμ' ἔσπετο
 θυγατρὶ νυμφεύσουσα καὶ τὰ φίλτατα
 460 δώσουσ', ἵν' ἡμᾶς ὄντας εὐρήσει κακοῦς.
 τὴν δ' αὖ τάλαιναν παρθένον—τί παρθένον ;
 "Αἰδῆς νιν ὡς ἔοικε νυμφεύσει τάχα—
 ὡς ὄκτισ'· οἶμαι γὰρ νιν ἰκετεύσειν τάδε·
 ὦ πάτερ, ἀποκτενεῖς με ; τοιούτους γάμους
 γήμειας αὐτὸς χῶστις ἐστὶ σοι φίλος.
 παρῶν δ' Ὀρέστης ἐγγυὺς ἀναβοήσεται
 οὐ συνετὰ συνετῶς· ἔτι γὰρ ἐστὶ νήπιος.
 αἰαῖ, τὸν Ἑλένης ὡς μ' ἀπόλεσεν γάμον
 γήμας ὁ Πριάμου Πάρις, ὃς εἴργασται τάδε.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ γὰρ κατώκτειρ', ὡς γυναῖκα δεῖ ξένην
 470 ὑπὲρ τυράννων συμφορᾶς καταστένειν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἀδελφέ, δός μοι δεξιᾶς τῆς σῆς θιγεῖν.

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

Woe's me ! What can I say, or where begin
 Into what bonds of doom have I been cast !
 Me Fortune hath outwitted : she hath proved
 Too cunning far for all my stratagems !
 Lo now, what vantage cleaves to lowly birth †
 For such may lightly ease their hearts with tears,
 And tell out all their grief. The same pangs touch
 The high-born ; but our life is tyrannized
 By dignity : we are the people's thralls. 450
 So is it with me, for I shame to weep,
 And yet shame not to weep, wretch that I am,
 Who am fallen into deepest misery !
 Lo now, what shall I say unto my wife,
 Or how receive her?—with what countenance
 meet ?

She hath undone me, coming midst mine ills
 Unbidden ! Yet 'twas reason she should come
 With her own child, to render to the bride
 Love's service—where I shall be villain found !
 And the unhappy maid—why name her maid ? 460
 Hades meseems shall take her soon for bride.
 O me, the pity of it ! I hear her pray—
 “ Ah, father, wilt thou slay me ! Now such bridal
 Mayst thou too find, and all whom thou dost
 love ! ”

Orestes at her side shall wail the grief
 Unmeaning, deep with meaning, of the babe.
 Alas, how Priam's son hath ruined me,
 Paris, whose sin with Helen wrought all this

CHORUS

I also—far as alien woman may
 Mourn for the griefs of princes—pity thee 470

MENE LAUS

Brother, vouchsafe to me to grasp thine hand.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

δίδωμι· σὸν γὰρ τὸ κράτος, ἄθλιος δ' ἐγώ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

Πέλοπα κατόμνυμ', ὃς πατήρ τοῦμοῦ πατρὸς
 τοῦ σοῦ τ' ἐκλήθη, τὸν τεκόντα τ' Ἀτρεία,
 ἢ μὴν ἐρεῖν σοι τὰ πὸ καρδίας σαφῶς
 καὶ μὴ ἴπιτηδες μηδὲν ἄλλ' ὅσον φρονῶ.
 ἐγὼ σ' ἀπ' ὄσσων ἐκβαλόντ' ἰδὼν δάκρυ
 ὦκτειρα καὐτὸς ἀνταφῆκά σοι πάλιν,
 καὶ τῶν παλαιῶν ἐξαφίσταμαι λόγων,
 480 οὐκ εἰς σέ δεινός· εἰμὶ δ' οὔπερ εἰ σὺ νῦν
 καὶ σοι παραινῶ μῆτ' ἀποκτείνειν τέκνον
 μῆτ' ἀνθελέσθαι τοῦμόν. οὐ γὰρ ἔνδικον
 σέ μὲν στενάζειν, τὰ μὰ δ' ἠδέως ἔχειν,
 θνήσκειν τε τοὺς σοὺς, τοὺς δ' ἐμοὺς ὄραν φάος.
 τί βούλομαι γάρ; οὐ γάμους ἐξαιρέτους
 ἄλλους λάβοιμ' ἄν, εἰ γάμων ἰμείρομαι;
 ἀλλ' ἀπολέσας ἀδελφόν, ὃν μ' ἤκιστ' ἐχρῆν,
 Ἑλένην ἔλωμαι, τὸ κακὸν ἀντὶ τὰ γαθοῦ;
 490 ἄφρων νέος τ' ἦ, πρὶν τὰ πρίνγματ' ἐγγύθει
 σκοπῶν ἐσεῖδον οἶον ἦν κτείνειν τέκνα.
 ἄλλως τέ μ' ἔλεος τῆς ταλαιπώρου κόρης
 εἰσῆλθε, συγγένειαν ἐννοουμένῳ,
 ἢ τῶν ἐμῶν ἕκατι θύεσθαι γάμων
 μέλλει. τί δ' Ἑλένης παρθένῳ τῇ σῇ μέτα;
 ἴτω στρατεία διαλυθεῖσ' ἐξ Αὐλίδος.
 σὺ δ' ὄμμα παῦσαι δακρύοις τέγγων τὸ σόν,
 ἀδελφέ, καμὲ παρακαλῶν εἰς δάκρυα.
 εἰ δέ τι κόρης σῆς θεσφάτων μέτεστί σοι,
 μὴ μοι μετέστω· σοὶ νέμω τοῦμόν μέρος.
 500 ἀλλ' εἰς μεταβολὰς ἦλθον ἀπὸ δεινῶν λόγων.
 εἰκὸς πέποιθα· τὸν ὁμόθεν πεφυκότα

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

AGAMEMNON

I give it. Thine the triumph, mine the pang.

MENELAUS

I swear by Pelops, of my sire and thine
Named father, and by Atreus our own sire,
That from mine heart's core I will speak to thee,
To serve no end, but all mine inmost thought.
I, seeing how thine eyes are streaming tears,
Pity thee, and the answering tear I shed ;
And from the words erst uttered I draw back,
Thy foe no more. Lo, in thy place I stand ; 480
And I exhort thee, neither slay thy child,
Nor choose my good for thine. Unjust it were
That thou shouldst groan, and all my cup be
sweet,
That thy seed die, and mine behold the light.
For, what would I? Can I not find a bride
Peerless elsewhere, if I for marriage yearn?
How, should I lose—whom least I ought to lose—
A brother, win a Helen, bad for good?
Mad was I and raw-witted, till I viewed
Things near, and saw what slaying children means. 490
Yea also, pity for the hapless maid
Doomed to be slaughtered for my bridal's sake,
Stole o'er me, on our kinship when I thought.
For what with Helen hath thy child to do?
From Aulis let the host disbanded go!
But thou forbear to drown thine eyes with tears,
O brother mine, nor challenge me to weep.
If thou hast part in oracles touching her,
No part be mine!—my share I yield to thee.
“Swift change is here,” thou'lt say, “from those grim 500
words!”
Nay, but most meet: for love of him who sprang

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

στέργων μετέπεσον. ἀνδρὸς οὐ κακοῦ τρόποι
 τοιοῖδε, χρῆσθαι τοῖσι βελτίστοις αἰεὶ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

γενναῖ' ἔλεξας Ταντάλω τε τῷ Διὸς
 πρέποντα· προγόνους οὐ καταισχύνεις σέθεν.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

αἰνῶ σε, Μενέλεως, ὅτι παρὰ γνώμην ἐμὴν
 ὑπέθηκας ὀρθῶς τοὺς λόγους σοῦ τ' ἀξίως.
 ταραχὴ δ' ἀδελφῶν διὰ τ' ἔρωτα γίνεται
 πλεονεξίαν τε δωμάτων· ἀπέπτυσα
 510 τοιάνδε συγγένειαν ἀλλήλοιν πικράν.
 ἀλλ' ἤκομεν γὰρ εἰς ἀναγκαίας τύχας,
 θυγατρὸς αἱματηρὸν ἐκπρᾶξαι φόνον.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

πῶς ; τίς δ' ἀναγκάσει σε τήν γε σὴν κτανεῖν ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἅπας Ἀχαιῶν σύλλογος στρατευματος.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὔκ, ἦν νιν εἰς Ἄργος γ' ἀποστείλης πάλιν.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

λάθοιμι τοῦτ' ἄν· ἀλλ' ἐκεῖν' οὐ λήσομεν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τὸ ποῖον ; οὔτοι χρὴ λίαν ταρβεῖν ὄχλον.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

Κάλχας ἐρεῖ μαντεύματ' Ἀργείων στρατῷ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὔκ, ἦν θάνῃ γε πρόσθε· τοῦτο δ' εὐμαρές.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

520 τὸ μαντικὸν πᾶν σπέρμα φιλότιμον κακόν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

κούδέν γ' ἀρεστὸν¹ οὐδὲ χρήσιμον παρόν.

¹ Nauck : for γε χρηστόν, "For nothing good."

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

From the same womb, I change. No knave's wont
this,

Ever to cleave unto the better part.

CHORUS

Right noble speech, and worthy Tantalus,
Zeus' son! Thou shamest not thine ancestors.

AGAMEMNON

Thanks, Menelaus, that beyond all hope
Thou hast spoken rightly, worthily of thee.
Strife betwixt brethren for a woman's sake
May rise, or of ambition—Out on it,
This kinship that brings bitterness to both!
Nay, but we are tangled in the net of fate!
We needs must work the murder of my child.

510

MENELAUS

How?—who shall force thee to destroy thine own?

AGAMEMNON

The whole array of the Achaean host.

MENELAUS

Never, if thou to Argos send her back.

AGAMEMNON

This might I secretly. *That* cannot I—

MENELAUS

What? Fear not thou the rabble overmuch.

AGAMEMNON

Calchas will tell the host the oracles.

MENELAUS

Not if he first have died—this were not hard.

AGAMEMNON

The whole seer-tribe is one ambitious curse

520

MENELAUS

Abominable and useless,—*while alive.*

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἐκείνο δ' οὐ δέδοικας οὔμ' ἐσέρχεται ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὃ μὴ σὺ φράξεις, πῶς ἂν ὑπολάβοιμ' ἔπος ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

τὸ Σισύφειον σπέρμα πάντ' οἶδω τάδε.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὐκ ἔστ' Ὀδυσσεὺς ὃ τι σὲ κάμῃ πημανεῖ.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ποικίλος αἰεὶ πέφυκε τοῦ τ' ὄχλου μέτα.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

φιλοτιμία μὲν ἐνέχεται, δεινῶ κακῶ.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

οὔκουν δοκεῖς νιν στάντ' ἐν Ἀργείοις μέσοις
 λέξειν ἂ Κάλχας θέσφατ' ἐξηγήσατο,
 530 κάμ' ὡς ὑπέστην θῦμα, καῖτα ψεύδομαι,
 Ἄρτέμιδι θύσειν ; οἷς ξυναρπάσας στρατὸν,
 σὲ κάμ' ἀποκτείναντας Ἀργείους κόρη
 σφίξαι κελεύσει ; κἂν πρὸς Ἄργος ἐκφύγω,
 ἐλθόντες αὐτοῖς τείχεσιν Κυκλωπίοις
 ξυναρπάσουσι καὶ κατασκάψουσι γῆν.
 τοιαῦτα τὰμὰ πήματ'. ὦ τάλας ἐγώ,
 ὡς ἠπόρημαι πρὸς θεῶν τὰ νῦν τάδε.
 ἔν μοι φύλαξον, Μενέλεως, ἀνὰ στρατὸν
 ἐλθών, ὅπως ἂν μὴ Κλυταιμνήστρα τάδε
 540 μάθῃ, πρὶν Ἄϊδη παῖδ' ἐμὴν προσθῶ λαβών,
 ὡς ἐπ' ἐλαχίστοις δακρύοις πρίσσω κακῶς.
 ὑμεῖς τε σιγῆν, ὦ ξένοι, φυλάσσετε.

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

AGAMEMNON

The fear that steals o'er me—is this not thine ?

MENELAUS

If thou tell not, how should I understand ?

AGAMEMNON

All this the seed of Sisyphus doth know.

MENELAUS

Odysseus cannot injure thee and me.

AGAMEMNON

He is aye shifty—a mob-partisan.

MENELAUS

Thrall to ambition is he—perilous bane

AGAMEMNON

Will he not rise, think'st thou, in the Argive midst,
And tell the oracles that Calchas spake,
And how I promised Artemis her victim, 530
And now play false ? And, rousing so the host,
Shall bid them slay thee, me, and sacrifice
The maiden ? Though to Argos I escape,
Yet will they come, destroy it, to the ground
Raze it with all its Cyclopean walls.
Even this is mine affliction, woe is me !
How by the Gods I am whelmed amidst despair !
Take heed for one thing, brother, through the host
Passing, that Clytemnestra hear this not,
Till I to Hades shall have sealed my child, 540
That mine affliction be with fewest tears.
And, stranger damsels, hold your peace thereof.

[*Exeunt.*

51

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

550 μάκαρες οἱ μετρίας θεοῦ στρ.
 μετά τε σωφροσύνας μετέ-
 σχον λέκτρων Ἀφροδίτας,
 γαλανεῖα χρησάμενοι
 μαινολῶν οἴστρων, ὅθι δὴ
 δίδυμ' Ἔρως ὁ χρυσοκόμας
 τόξ' ἐντείνεται χαρίτων,
 τὸ μὲν ἐπ' εὐαίῳνι πότμῳ,
 τὸ δ' ἐπὶ συγχύσει βιοτᾶς.
 ἀπενέπω νιν ἀμετέρων,
 Κύπρι καλλίστα, θαλάμων.
 εἶη δέ μοι μετρία μὲν
 χάρις, πόθοι δ' ὄσιοι,
 καὶ μετέχοιμι τᾶς Ἀφροδί-
 τας, πολλὰν δ' ἀποθείμαν.

560 διάφοροι δὲ φύσεις βροτῶν, ἀντ.
 διάφοροι δὲ τρόποι· τὸ δ' ὀρ-
 θῶς ἐσθλὸν σαφὲς αἰεὶ·
 τροφαί θ' αἱ παιδευόμεναι
 μέγα φέρουσ' εἰς τὰν ἀρετάν·
 τό τε γὰρ αἰδεῖσθαι σοφία,
 τὰν τ' ἐξαλλάσσουσαν ἔχει
 χάριν ὑπὸ γνώμας ἐσορᾶν
 τὸ δέον, ἐνθα δόξα φέρει
 κλέος ἀγήρατον βιοτᾶ.
 μέγα τι θηρεύειν ἀρετάν,
 570 γυναιξὶν μὲν κατὰ Κύπριν
 κρυπτάν, ἐν ἀνδράσι δ' αὖ
 κόσμος ἔνδον ὁ μυριοπλη-
 θῆς μείζω πόλιν αὖξει.

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

CHORUS

O well for them for whom the Queen (Str.)
 Of Love shall temper passion's fire,
 And bring fruition of desire
 With gentle pace and sober mien,
 Whose souls are seas at rest, are spared
 The frenzy-thrill, the fever-pain,
 The spells that charm the arrows twain,
 The shafts of Love the golden-haired,
 Whereof one flieth tipt with bliss, 550
 And one with ruin of unrest :—
 O Queen of Beauty, from my breast,
 My bridal bower, avert thou this '
 Let love's sweet spells in measure meet
 Rest on me ; pure desires be mine :
 May Aphrodite's dayspring shine
 On me—avaunt her midnight heat !
 The hearts of men be diverse-wrought, (Ant.)
 Diverse their lives : but, ever clear
 Through all, true goodness shall appear ; 560
 And each high lesson throughly taught
 Lends wings to soar to virtue's heaven :
 For in self-reverence wisdom is ;
 And to discern the right—to this
 An all-transforming charm is given.
 Fadeless renown is shed thereby
 On life by Fame. Ah, glorious ·
 The quest of virtue is !—for us
 The cloistered virtue, chastity : 570
 But, for the man—his inborn grace
 Of law and order maketh great,
 By service of her sons, the state :
 His virtue works by thousand ways.

ἔμολες, ὦ Πάρις, ἦτε σύ γε
 βουκόλος ἀργενναῖς ἐτράφης
 Ἰδαίαις παρὰ μύσχοις,
 βάρβαρα συρίζων, Φρυγίων
 αὐλῶν Ὀλύμπου καλίμοις
 μιμήματα πνέων.

580

εὐθηλοὶ δὲ τρέφοντο βόες,
 ὅτε σε κρίσις ἔμηνε θεῶν,
 ἃ σ' Ἑλλάδα πέμπει
 τῶν ἐλεφαντοδέτων πάροι-
 θεν δόμων, ὃς τᾶς Ἑλένας
 ἐν ἀντωποῖς βλεφάροισιν
 ἔρωτα δέδωκας,
 ἔρωτι δ' αὐτὸς ἐπτοάθης.
 ὅθεν ἔρις ἔριν
 Ἑλλάδα σὺν δορὶ ναυσί τ' ἄγει
 ἐς Τροίας πέργαμα.

590

ὠὖ ἰώ· μεγάλαι μεγάλων
 εὐδαιμονίαι· τὴν τοῦ βασιλέως
 ἴδεν Ἰφιγένειαν ἄνασσαν
 τὴν Τυνδαρέου τε Κλυταιμνήστραν,
 ὡς ἐκ μεγάλων ἐβλαστήκασ'
 ἐπὶ τ' εὐμήκεις ἤκουσι τύχας.
 θεοὶ τοι κρείσσους οἵ τ' ὄλβοφόροι
 τοῖς οὐκ εὐδαίμοσι θνατῶν.

600

στῶμεν, Χαλκίδος ἔκγονα θρέμματα,
 τὴν βασίλειαν δεξώμεθ' ὄχων
 ἄπο μὴ σφαλερῶς ἐπὶ γαῖαν.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ἀγανῶς δὲ χεροῖν μαλακῇ γνώμη,
 μὴ ταριβήσῃ νεωστὶ μοι μολὸν
 κλεινὸν τέκνον Ἀγαμέμνονος,
 μηδὲ θόρυβου μηδ' ἔκπληξι
 ταῖς Ἀργείαις
 ξεῖναι ξείναις παρέχωμεν.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ὄρνιθα μὲν τόνδ' αἴσιον ποιούμεθα,
 τὸ σὺν τε χρηστὸν καὶ λόγων εὐφημίαν
 ἐλπίδα δ' ἔχω τιν' ὡς ἐπ' ἐσθλοῖσιν γάμοις
 610 πύρειμι νυμφαγωγός. ἀλλ' ὀχημάτων
 ἔξω πορεύεθ' ἅς φέρω φερνάς κόρη,
 καὶ πέμπετ' εἰς μέλαθρον εὐλαβούμενοι.
 σὺ δ', ὦ τέκνον μοι, λείπε πωλικούς ὄχους,
 ἰβρὸν τιθεῖσα κῶλον ἰσθενές θ' ἅμα.
 ὑμεῖς δέ, νεῦνιδές, νιν ἀγκάλαις ἔπι
 δέξασθε καὶ πορεύσατ' ἐξ ὀχημάτων.
 καὶ μοι χερὸς τις ἐνδότω στηρίγματα,
 θύκουσ ἀπήνης ὡς ἂν ἐκλίπω καλῶς.
 αἰ δ' εἰς τὸ πρόσθεν στήτε πωλικῶν ζυγῶν,
 620 φοβερὸν γὰρ ἀπαράμυθον ὄμμα πωλικόν
 καὶ παῖδα τόνδε τὸν Ἀγαμέμνονος γόνον
 λάξυσθ', Ὀρέστην ἔτι γάρ ἐστι νήπιος.
 τέκνον, καθεύδεις πωλικῶ δαμείς ὄχῳ ;
 ἔγειρ' ἀδελφῆς ἐφ' ὑμέναιον εὐτυχῶς·
 ἄνδρὸς γὰρ ἀγαθοῦ κῆδος αὐτὸς ἐσθλὸς ὦν
 λήψει, τὸ τῆς Νηρηίδος ἰσόθεον γένος.
 ἐξῆς κίθησο δευρὸ μου ποδός, τέκνον,
 πρὸς μητέρ', Ἰφιγένεια, μακαρίαν δέ με
 ξέναισι ταῖσδε πλησία σταθεῖσα δός,
 630 καὶ δεῦρο διη πατέρα πρόσειπε σὺν φίλου.

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

Down the Queen shall step, nor fear
Shall the princess know, upstayed,
Agamemnon's child renowned.
Strangers we, no tumult here
Make we : entrance undismayed
Be of Argos' strangers found.

CLYTEMNESTRA

An omen of good fortune count I this,
Thy kindness and fair greeting of thy speech.
Good hope have I that I am come to lead
The bride to happy bridal. From the car 610
Take ye the dower that for the maid I bring,
And bear to the pavilion with good heed.
And thou, my daughter, from the horse-wain
step,
Daintily setting down thy tender feet ;
And ye receive her, damsels, in your arms,
And from the chariot help her safely forth.
And let one lend to me a propping hand,
That I may leave the wain-seat gracefully.
Some, pray you, stand before the horses' yoke,
For timorous is the horse's restive eye. 620
And this child take ye, Agamemnon's boy,
Orestes, who is yet a wordless babe.
How?—lulled to sleep, child, by the swaying
car?
Wake for thy sister's bridal smilingly ;
For thine heroic strain shall get for kin
A hero, even the Nereid's godlike child.
Hither, my daughter, seat thee at my side :
Hard by thy mother, Iphigeneia, take
Thy place, and to these strangers show my bliss.
Lo, thy beloved father !—welcome him. 630

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ὦ μήτηρ, ὑποδραμοῦσά σ', ὀργισθῆς δὲ μή,
πρὸς στέρνα πατρὸς στέρνα τὰμὲ περιβαλῶ.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ὦ σέβας ἐμοὶ μέγιστον, Ἀγαμέμνων ἄναξ,
ἤκομεν, ἐφეტμαῖς οὐκ ἰπιστοῦσαι σέθεν.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἐγὼ δὲ βούλομαι τὰ σὰ στέρν', ὦ πάτερ,
ὑποδραμοῦσα προσβαλεῖν διὰ χρόνου.
ποθῶ γὰρ ὄμμα δὴ σόν. ὀργισθῆς δὲ μή.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἄλλ', ὦ τέκνον, χρῆ· φιλοπάτωρ δ' αἰεί ποτ' εἰ
μίλιστα παίδων τῷδ' ὅσους ἐγὼ 'τεκον.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

640 ὦ πάτερ, ἐσεῖδόν σ' ἄσμένῃ πολλῶ χρόνῳ.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

καὶ γὰρ πατὴρ σέ· τόδ' ἴσον ὑπὲρ ἀμφοῖν λέγεις.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

χαῖρ'· εὖ δέ μ' ἀγαγὼν πρὸς σ' ἐποίησας, πάτερ.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

οὐκ οἶδ' ὅπως φῶ τούτο καὶ μὴ φῶ, τέκνον.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἔα·
ὡς οὐ βλέπεις ἔκηλον, ἄσμενός μ' ἰδών.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

πόλλ' ἀνδρὶ βασιλεῖ καὶ στρατηλάτῃ μέλει.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

παρ' ἐμοὶ γενοῦ νῦν, μὴ 'πὶ φροντίδας τρέπου.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἄλλ' εἰμὶ παρὰ σοὶ νῦν ἄπας, κούκ ἄλλοθι.

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

Enter AGAMEMNON.

IPHIGENEIA (*running to his arms*)
O mother, I outrun thee—be not wroth—
And heart to heart I clasp my father close.

CLYTEMNESTRA

O most of me revered, Agamemnon King,
We come, obedient unto thy behest.

IPHIGENEIA

Fain am I, father, on thy breast to fall,
After so long! Though others I outrun,—
For O, I yearn for thy face!—be not wroth.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Child, this thou mayst : yea, ever, most of all
The children I have borne, thou lov'st thy sire.

IPHIGENEIA

Father, so long it was—so glad am I!

640

AGAMEMNON

And glad am I : thy words suffice for twain.

IPHIGENEIA

Hail! Well hast thou done, father, bringing me.

AGAMEMNON (*starts*)

Well?—child, I know not how to answer this.

IPHIGENEIA

Ha!

So glad to see me—yet what troubled look!

AGAMEMNON

On kings and captains weigheth many a care.

IPHIGENEIA

This hour be mine—this one! Yield not to care!

AGAMEMNON

Yea, I am all thine now : my thoughts stray not.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

μέθες νυν ὀφρὺν ὄμμα τ' ἔκτεινον φίλον.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἰδὸν γέγηθά σ' ὡς γέγηθ' ὀρώων, τέκνον.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

650 κᾶπειτα λείβεις δάκρυ' ἀπ' ὀμμάτων σέθεν ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

μακρὰ γὰρ ἡμῖν ἢ 'πιούσ' ἀπουσία.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

†οὐκ οἶδ' ὅ τι φῆς, οὐκ οἶδα, φίλτατ' ἐμοὶ πάτερ.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

συνετὰ λέγουσα μᾶλλον εἰς οἰκτόν μ' ἄγεις.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἀσύνετα νῦν ἐροῦμεν, εἰ σέ γ' εὐφρανῶ.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

παπαῖ. τὸ σιγᾶν οὐ σθένω· σὲ δ' ἤνεσα.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

μέν', ὦ πάτερ, κατ' οἶκον ἐπὶ τέκνοις σέθεν.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

θέλω γε· τὸ θέλειν δ' οὐκ ἔχων ἀλγύνομαι.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἔλοιντο λόγχοι καὶ τὰ Μενέλεω κακά.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἄλλους ὀλεῖ πρόσθ' ἡμὲ διολέσαντ' ἔχει.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

660 ὡς πολὺν ἀπῆσθα χρόνον ἐν Αὐλίδος μυχοῖς.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

καὶ νῦν γέ μ' ἴσχει δῆ τι μὴ στέλλειν στρατόν.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ποῦ τοὺς Φρύγας λέγουσιν ᾠκίσθαι, πάτερ ;

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

IPHIGENEIA

Unknit thy brow then : let love melt thine eye.

AGAMEMNON

Lo, child, I joy—as I joy, seeing thee.

IPHIGENEIA

And yet—and yet—thine eyes are welling tears! 650

AGAMEMNON

Yea, for the absence yet to come is long.

IPHIGENEIA

I know not, know not, dear my sire, thy meaning.

AGAMEMNON

Thy wise discernment stirs my grief the more.

IPHIGENEIA

So I may please thee, folly will I talk.

AGAMEMNON

Ah me! (*aside*) This silence breaks my heart! (*aloud*)
I thank thee.

IPHIGENEIA

Stay, father, with thy children stay at home!

AGAMEMNON

I would. My wish is barred : there lies my grief.

IPHIGENEIA

Perish their wars, and Menelaus' wrongs!

AGAMEMNON

My ruin shall be others' ruin first.

IPHIGENEIA

Long absence thine hath been in Aulis' gulf. 660

AGAMEMNON

Still hindered is the army's speeding forth.

IPHIGENEIA

Where dwell the Phrygians, father, as men say?

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

οὐ μή ποτ' οἰκεῖν ὄφελ' ὁ Πριάμου Πάρις.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

μακράν γ' ἀπαίρεις, ὦ πάτερ, λιπὼν ἐμέ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

†εἰς ταυτόν, ὦ θύγατερ, ἦ κεις σὼ πατρί.†

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

φεῦ·

εἴθ' ἦν καλὸν μοι σοί τ' ἄγειν σύμπλουν ἐμέ.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἔπεστι καὶ σοὶ πλοῦς, ἵνα μνήσει πατρός.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

σὺν μητρὶ πλεύσασ' ἢ μόνη πορεύσομαι;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

μόνη, μονωθεῖς' ἀπὸ πατρός καὶ μητέρος.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

670 οὐ πού μ' ἐς ἄλλα δώματ' οἰκίζεις, πάτερ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἔασον. οὐ χρὴ τοιάδ' εἰδέναι κόρας.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

σπεῦδ' ἐκ Φρυγῶν μοι, θέμενος εὖ τὰ κεῖ, πάτερ.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

θῦσαι με θυσίαν πρῶτα δεῖ τιν' ἐνθάδε.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἀλλὰ ξὺν ἱεροῖς χρὴ τό γ' εὐσεβὲς σκοπεῖν.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

εἴσει σύ· χερνίβων γὰρ ἐστήξει πέλας.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

στήσομεν ἄρ' ἀμφὶ βωμόν, ὦ πάτερ, χορούς;

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

AGAMEMNON

Where—O that Priamid Paris ne'er had dwelt!

IPHIGENEIA

Far dost thou voyage, father, leaving me?

AGAMEMNON

Thou art in like case with thy father, child.

IPHIGENEIA

(*Sighs*) Would it were meet that I might voyage with thee!

AGAMEMNON

Thou too must voyage where thou shalt think on me.

IPHIGENEIA

Shall I sail with my mother, or alone?

AGAMEMNON

Alone, from mother severed and from sire.

IPHIGENEIA

How? hast thou found me, father, a new home? 670

AGAMEMNON

Enough! It fits not maidens know such things.

IPHIGENEIA

Speed back from Phrygia, father, victor there.

AGAMEMNON

A sacrifice must I first offer here.

IPHIGENEIA

Yea, thou must reverence heaven with holy rites.

AGAMEMNON

This thou shalt see—shalt by the laver stand.

IPHIGENEIA

Father, shall I lead dances round the altar?

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

650 ζηλῶ σὲ μᾶλλον ἢ ἔμὲ τοῦ μηδὲν φρονεῖν·
 χῶρει δὲ μελάθρων ἐντὸς ὀφθῆναι κόραις,
 πικρὸν φίλημα δοῦσα δεξιάν τ' ἔμοί,
 μέλλουσα δαρὸν πατρὸς ἀποικῆσειν χρόνον.
 ὦ στέρνα καὶ παρῆδες, ὦ ξανθαὶ κόμαι,
 ὡς ἄχθος ὑμῖν ἐγένεθ' ἡ Φρυγῶν πόλις
 Ἐλένη τε· παύω τοὺς λόγους· ταχέϊα γὰρ
 νοτὶς διώκει μ' ὀμμάτων ψαύσαντά σου.
 ἴθ' εἰς μέλαθρα. σὲ δὲ παραιτοῦμαι τάδε,
 Λήδας γένεθλον, εἰ κατωκτίσθην ἄγαν,
 μέλλων Ἀχιλλεῖ θυγατέρ' ἐκδώσειν ἐμήν.
 ἀποστολαὶ γὰρ μακάριαι μὲν, ἀλλ' ὅμως
 690 δάκνουσι τοὺς τεκόντας, ὅταν ἄλλοις δόμοις
 παῖδας παραδιδῶ πολλὰ μοχθήσας πατήρ.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

οὐχ ὧδ' ἀσύνητός εἰμι, πείσεσθαι δέ με
 καυτήν δόκει τάδ', ὥστε μή σε νουθετεῖν,
 ὅταν σὺν ὑμεναιίοισιν ἐξάγω κόρην·
 ἀλλ' ὁ νόμος αὐτὰ τῷ χρόνῳ συνισχναεῖ.
 τοῦνομα μὲν οὖν παῖδ' οἶδ' ὅτῳ κατήνεσας,
 γένους δὲ ποίου χῶπόθεν, μαθεῖν θέλω.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

Αἴγινα θυγάτηρ ἐγένετ' Ἀσωποῦ πατρός.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ταυτην δὲ θνητῶν ἢ θεῶν ἔζηυξε τις ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

Ζεὺς· Αἰακὸν δ' ἔφυσεν, Οἰνῶνης πρόμον.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

700 τοῦ δ' Αἰακοῦ παῖς τίς κατέσχε δώματα ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

Πηλεὺς· ὁ Πηλεὺς δ' ἔσχε Νηρέως κόρην.

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

AGAMEMNON

O happier thou in ignorance than I !
Pass thou within where none but maids shall see.
One sad kiss first, one clasp of thy right hand,
Ere thy long sojourn from thy father far. 680
O bosom, O ye cheeks, O golden hair !
On you what burden Phrygia's town hath laid
And Helen ! But no more—the sudden flood
Bursts o'er me from mine eyes as I touch thee !
Pass into the pavilion. (*Erit ipse.*) Pardon me,
O Leda's child, it well-nigh breaks my heart
To yield to Achilles' hand my daughter, mine.
Such partings make for bliss, but none the less
They wring the heart, when fathers to strange homes
Yield children for whose sake they have laboured long. 690

CLYTEMNESTRA

I am not so dull ; be sure that I no less
Shall feel this pang—wherefore I chide thee not—
When I with marriage-hymns lead forth the maid ;
But custom joined with time shall deaden pain.
His name, to whom thou hast betrothed my child,
I know ; his land, his lineage, would I learn.

AGAMEMNON

The Nymph Aegina was Asopus' child :—

CLYTEMNESTRA

And did a mortal wed her, or a God ?

AGAMEMNON

Zeus. Aeacus he begat, Oenone's lord.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Which son of Aeacus possessed his house ? 700

AGAMEMNON

Peleus ; and Peleus wedded Nereus' child.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

θεοῦ δίδόντος, ἢ βία θεῶν λαβῶν ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

Ζεὺς ἠγγύησε καὶ δίδωσ' ὁ κύριος.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

γαμῆ δὲ ποῦ νιν ; ἦ κατ' οἶδμα πόντιον ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

Χείρων ἴν' οἰκεῖ σεμνὰ Πηλίου βάθρα.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

οὐ φασι Κενταύρειον ᾠκίσθαι γένος ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἐνταῦθ' ἔδαισαν Πηλέως γάμους θεοί.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

Θέτις δ' ἔθρεψεν ἠ πατὴρ Ἀχιλλέα ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

Χείρωνι, ἴν' ἦθη μὴ μάθοι κακῶν βροτῶν.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

710

φεῦ·

σοφός γ' ὁ θρέψας χῶ διδούς σοφώτερος.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

τοιόσδε παιδὸς σῆς ἀνὴρ ἔσται πόσις.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

οὐ μεμπτός. οἰκεῖ δ' ἄστνυ ποῖον Ἑλλάδος ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

Ἀπιδανὸν ἀμφὶ ποταμὸν ἐν Φθίϊας ὄροις.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἐκεῖσ' ἀπύξεις σὴν ἐμήν τε παρθένον ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

κείνω μελήσει ταῦτα τῷ κεκτημένῳ.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἀλλ' εὐτυχοίτην. τίνι δ' ἐν ἡμέρᾳ γαμῆ ;

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

CLYTEMNESTRA

By the God granted, or in heaven's despite ?

AGAMEMNON

'Twas Zeus betrothed her, and her father gave.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Where did he wed her ?—'neath the heaving sea ?

AGAMEMNON

Where Cheiron dwells at Pelion's sacred foot.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Where tribes of Centaurs have their haunt, men say ?

AGAMEMNON

Yea, there the Gods held Peleus' marriage-feast.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Did Thetis, or his father, rear Achilles ?

AGAMEMNON

Cheiron, that he might learn not vile men's ways.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Ay so !

Wise was the teacher, wiser yet the sire.

AGAMEMNON

Such hero is to be thy daughter's lord.

CLYTEMNESTRA

None better. In what Greek town is his home ?

AGAMEMNON

On Phthia's marches, by Apidanus.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Thither wilt thou lead hence thy child and mine ?

AGAMEMNON

Nay, his part this who taketh her to wife.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Blessings on them ! On what day shall they wed ?

710

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ὅταν σελήνης εὐτυχῆς ἔλθῃ κύκλος.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

προτέλεια δ' ἤδη παιδὸς ἔσφαξας θεᾶ ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

μέλλω 'πὶ ταύτῃ καὶ καθέσταμεν τύχῃ.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

720 κᾶπειτα δαίσεις τοὺς γάμους ἐς ὕστερον ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

θύσας γε θύμαθ' ἄμὲ χρῆ θύσαι θεοῖς.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἡμεῖς δὲ θοίνην ποῦ γυναιξὶ θήσομεν ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἐνθάδε παρ' εὐπρύμνοισιν Ἀργείων πλάταις.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

καλῶς ἀναγκαίως τε¹ συνενέγκοι δ' ὄμως.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

οἶσθ' οὖν ὃ δρᾶσον, ὦ γύναι ; πιθοῦ δέ μοι.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

τί χρῆμα ; πείθεσθαι γὰρ εἴθισμι σέθεν.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἡμεῖς μὲν ἐνθαῖδ', οὐπὲρ ἔσθ' ὁ νυμφίος,

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

μητρὸς τί χωρὶς δράσεθ', ἄμὲ δρᾶν χρεῶν ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἐκδώσομεν σὴν παῖδα Δαναϊδῶν μέτα.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

730 ἡμᾶς δὲ ποῦ χρῆ τημικαῦτα τυγχάνειν ;

¹ Palmer and England read *κάλως ἀν' ἀγκύρας τε*; "Mid hawsers and ships' anchors?"

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

AGAMEMNON

When comes full-orbed the moon with blessing
crowned.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Hast slain the Goddess' vietim for our child ?

AGAMEMNON

So purpose I : even this we have in hand.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Thereafter wilt thou hold the marriage-feast ?

720

AGAMEMNON

When to the Gods I have offered offerings due.

CLYTEMNESTRA

And I, where shall I make the women's feast ?

AGAMEMNON

Here, by the Argive galleys' stately sterns.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Here, quotha !—yet it must be. Fair befall !

AGAMEMNON

Know'st thy part, lady, then ? My bidding do.

CLYTEMNESTRA

What thing ? Obedience is my wont to thee.

AGAMEMNON

Here, where the bridegroom is, will I myself—

CLYTEMNESTRA

What mother's office in mine absenee do ?

AGAMEMNON

With help of Danaans give thy child away.

CLYTEMNESTRA

But I—where must I tarry all this while ?

730

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

χώρει προς Ἄργος παρθένοὺς τε τημέλει.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

λιπούσα παῖδα ; τίς δ' ἀνασχίσει φλόγα ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἐγὼ παρέξω φῶς ὃ νυμφίοις πρέπει.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

τοῦχ ὁ νόμος οὗτος, σὺ δέ γε φαῦλ' ἠγεῖ τάδε.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

οὐ καλὸν ἐν ὄχλῳ σ' ἐξομιλεῖσθαι στρατοῦ.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

καλὸν τεκοῦσαν τὰμὶ μ' ἐκδοῦναι τέκνα.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

καὶ τὰς γ' ἐν οἴκῳ μὴ μόνας εἶναι κόρας.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ὄχυροῖσι παρθενῶσι φρουροῦνται καλῶς.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

πιθοῦ.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

μὰ τὴν ἄνασσαν Ἀργεῖαν θεάν.

740 ἐλθὼν σὺ τάξω πρῶσσε, τὰν δόμοις δ' ἐγὼ,

ἂ χρὴ παρῆναι νυμφίοισι παρθένοισι.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

οἴμοι μίτην ἤξ', ἐλπίδος δ' ἀπεσφάλην,

ἐξ ὀμμίτων δάμαρτ' ἀποστεῖλαι θέλων.

σοφίζομαι δὲ καπὶ τοῖσι φιλτάτοις

τέχνας πορίζω, πανταχῇ νικώμενος.

ὅμως δὲ σὺν Κάλχαντι τῷ θνηπόλῳ

κοιῇ τὸ τῆς θεοῦ φίλοι, ἐμοὶ δ' οὐκ εὐτυχές,

ἐξιστορήσων εἶμι, μόχθον Ἑλλάδος.

χρὴ δ' ἐν δόμοισιν ἄνδρα τὸν σοφὸν τρέφειν

750 γυναῖκα χρηστὴν κάγαθήν, ἢ μὴ γαμεῖν.¹

¹ Hermann : for τρέφειν of MSS.

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

AGAMEMNON

To Argos go: for thy young daughters care.

CLYTEMNESTRA

And leave my child?—and who shall raise the torch?

AGAMEMNON

I will provide such bridal torch as fits.

CLYTEMNESTRA

All custom outraged!—nought is that to thee!

AGAMEMNON

To mingle with armed hosts beseems not thee,—

CLYTEMNESTRA

Beseems that mother give away her child!

AGAMEMNON

Nor that those maids at home be left alone.

CLYTEMNESTRA

They in safe maiden-bowers be warded well.

AGAMEMNON

Nay, hear me—

CLYTEMNESTRA

No! by the Argives' Goddess-queen!
Go, order things without: within doors I
Will order what is fitting for a bride.

740

[*Exit.*

AGAMEMNON

Ah me, vain mine essay! My hope is foiled.

Who out of sight was fain to send my wife.

With subtle schemes against my best-beloved

I weave plots, yet am baffled everywhere.

But none the less with Calchas will I go,

The priest, the Goddess' pleasure to enquire—

For me ill doom, for Hellas travail sore.

The wise man in his house should keep a wife

Helpful and good—or never take a bride.

[*Exit.* 750

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἤξει δὴ Σιμόεντα καὶ στρ.
 δίνας ἀργυροειδεῖς
 ἄγυρις Ἑλλάνων στρατιᾶς
 ἀνά τε ναυσὶν καὶ σὺν ὅπλοις
 Ἴλιον εἰς τὸ Τροίας
 Φοιβήιον δάπεδον,
 τὰν Κασάνδραν ἴν' ἀκούω
 ρίπτειν ξανθοὺς πλοκάμους
 χλωροκόμῳ στεφάνῳ δάφνας
 760 κοσμηθεῖσαν, ὅταν θεοῦ
 μαντόσυνοι πνεύσωσ' ἀνάγκαι.

στάσονται δ' ἐπὶ περγάμων ἀντ.
 Τροίας ἀμφὶ τε τείχη
 Τρῶες, ὅταν χάλκασπις Ἄρης
 πόντιος εὐπρόροισι πλάταις
 εἰρεσίᾳ πελάξῃ
 Σιμουντίοις ὀχετοῖς,
 τὰν τῶν ἐν αἰθέρι δισσωῶν
 770 Διοσκούρων Ἑλέναν
 ἐκ Πριάμου κομίσει θέλων
 εἰς γᾶν Ἑλλάδα δοριπόνοις
 ἀσπίσι καὶ λόγχαις Ἀχαιῶν.

Πέργαμον δὲ Φρυγῶν πόλιν ἐπωδ.
 λαίνουσ περὶ πύργους
 κυκλώσας Ἄρει φονίῳ,
 λαιμοτόμους κεφαλὰς
 σπάσας, πόλισμα Ἰφροίας
 πέρσας κατ' ἄκρας πόλιν,
 θήσει κόρας πολυκλαύστους
 780 δάμαρτά τε Πριάμου.

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

CHORUS

(*Str.*)

Unto Simoïs, unto the silver-swirling
 Eddies, shall come the Hellene host,
 With galleys, with battle-gear onward hurling
 To the plain of Phoebus, the Troyland coast,
 Where tosseth Cassandra her tresses golden
 With their garlands of green-leaved bay enfolden,
 As they tell, when by mighty compulsion holden 760
 Her soul is on storm-winds of prophecy tost.

(*Ant.*)

On the heights of their towers shall the Trojans,
 enringing
 The ramparts of Troy, in their harness stand,
 When over the waters the War-god, bringing
 The stately galleys with oars, to the strand
 Draweth near, where the runnels of Simoïs are sliding,
 To hale her, in Priam's halls who is hiding—
 Sister of Zeus' Sons heaven-abiding— 770
 With buekler and spear unto Hellas-land.

(*Epode.*)

And the War-fiend shall girdle with slaughter
 Pergamus' towers of stone,
 And the captive's head back bend
 That the throat-shearing blade may descend,
 When low in the dust he hath brought her,
 Troy, from her height overthrown.
 He shall make for her maids a lamenting,
 And the queen of Priam shall moan, 780

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ἀ δὲ Διὸς Ἑλένα κόρα
 πολύκλαυτος ἐσεῖται
 πόσιν προλιπούσα. μήτ' ἐμοὶ
 μήτ' ἐμοῖσι τέκνων τέκνοις
 ἐλπίς ἄδε ποτ' ἔλθοι,
 οἴαν αἱ πολύχρυσοι
 Λυδαὶ καὶ Φρυγῶν ἄλοχοι
 στήσουσι παρ' ἴστοις
 μυθεῦσαι τάδ' ἐς ἀλλήλας·

790 τίς ἄρα μ' ἐνπλοκίμου κόμας
 ῥῦμα δακρυόεντανύσας
 πατρίδος ὀλλυμένας ἀπολωτιεῖ ;
 διὰ σέ, τὰν κύκνου δολιχαύχερος γόνον,
 εἰ δὴ φάτις ἔτυμος,
 ὡς ἔτεκεν Λήδα σ'
 ὄριθι πταμένῳ
 Διὸς ὄτ' ἀλλάχθη δέμας,
 εἴτ' ἐν δέλτοις Πιερίσιν
 μῦθοι τάδ' ἐς ἀνθρώπους
 800 ἤνεγκαν παρὰ καιρὸν ἄλλως.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

ποῦ τῶν Ἀχαιῶν ἐνθάδ' ὁ στρατηλάτης ;
 τίς ἂν φράσειε προσπόλων τὸν Πηλέως
 ζητοῦντά νιν παιῖδ' ἐν πύλαις Ἀχιλλέα ;
 οὐκ ἐξ ἴσου γὰρ μένομεν Εὐρίπου πέλας.
 οἱ μὲν γὰρ ἡμῶν ὄντες ἄζυγες γάμων
 οἴκους ἐρήμους ἐκλιπόντες ἐνθάδε
 θύσσοις ἐπ' ἀκταῖς, οἱ δ' ἔχοντες εὐνιδας
 καὶ παιῖδας· οὕτω δεινὸς ἐμπέπτωκ' ἔρωσ
 τῆσδε στρατείας Ἑλλάδ' οὐκ ἄνευ θεῶν.
 810 τοῦμὸν μὲν οὖν δίκαιον ἐμὲ λέγειν χρεῶν,

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

And the daughter of Zeus shall know
 In that day, and the flood shall flow
 Of Helen's tears of repenting,

Who hath left her husband lone,

Over me, over mine, may there loom—

No, not in the third generation —

Never such shadow of doom

As shall haunt each gold-decked dame

Of the Lydian, the Phrygian, nation,

As beside the weaving-frame

They shall wail to each other in fear, in despair :

“ Ah, who on the braids of my shining hair 790

Clenching his grip till my tears down shower,

Me from my perishing country shall tear

As one plucketh a flower?—

For thy sake, child of the swan arch-necked,

If credence-worthy the story be

That Leda bare to a winged bird thee,

When Zeus with its plumes had his changed form
 decked,

Or whether in scrolls of minstrelsy

Such tales unto mortals hath Fable brought,

Told out of season, and all for nought.” 800

Enter ACHILLES ACHILLES

Where is Achaea's battle-chief hereby ?

What henchman will bear word that Peleus' son,

Achilles, at his gates is seeking him ?

This tarrying here falls not alike on all ;

For some there are of us who, yet unwed,

Have left their dwellings wardenless, and here

Sit idle on the shore, some that have wives

And children : such strange longing for this war

Hath upon Hellas fallen by heaven's will.

Mine own, my righteous grievance, must I speak,— 810

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ἄλλος δ' ὁ χρήζων αὐτὸς ὑπὲρ αὐτοῦ φράσει.
 γῆν γὰρ λιπὼν Φάρσαλον ἠδὲ Πηλέα
 μένω 'πὶ λεπταῖς ταισίδ' Εὐρίπου πνοαῖς,
 Μυρμιδόνας ἴσχων· οἱ δ' αἰὲ προσκείμενοι
 λέγουσ'· Ἀχιλλεῦ, τί μένομεν ; πόσον χρόνον
 ἔτ' ἐκμετρῆσαι χρὴ πρὸς Ἴλίου στόλον ;
 δρᾶ δ', εἴ τι δράσεις, ἢ ἅπαγ' οἴκαδε στρατόν,
 τὰ τῶν Ἀτρειδῶν μὴ μένων μελλήματα.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

820 ὦ παῖ θεᾶς Νηρηΐδος, ἔνδοθεν λόγων
 τῶν σῶν ἀκούσασ' ἐξέβην πρὸ δωμαίων.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

ὦ πότνι' αἰδώς, τήνδε τίνα λεύσσω ποτὲ
 γυναῖκα, μορφὴν εὐπρεπῆ κεκτημένην ;

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

οὐ θαῦμά σ' ἡμᾶς ἀγνοεῖν, οἷς μὴ πάρος
 προσῆκες· αἰνῶ δ' ὅτι σέβεις τὸ σωφρονεῖν.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

τίς δ' εἶ ; τί δ' ἦλθες Δαναϊδῶν εἰς σύλλογον,
 γυνὴ πρὸς ἄνδρας ἀσπίσιν πεφραγμένους ;

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

Λήδας μὲν εἰμι παῖς, Κλυταιμνήστρα δέ μοι
 ὄνομα, πόσις δέ μουστὴν Ἀγαμέμνων ἀναξ.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

830 καλῶς ἔλεξας ἐν βραχεῖ τὰ καίρια.
 αἰσχρὸν δέ μοι γυναιξὶ συμβύλλειν λόγους.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

μείνον· τί φεύγεις ; δεξιάν τ' ἐμῇ χερὶ
 σύναψον, ἀρχὴν μακαρίων νυμφευμάτων.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

τί φῆς ; ἐγὼ σοι δεξιάν ; αἰδοίμεθ' ἂν
 Ἀγαμέμνον', εἰ ψαύοιμεν ὧν μὴ μοι θέμις.

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

Let whoso will beside, his own cause plead :—
Pharsalia's land and Peleus have I left,
And through these light airs of Euripus wait,
Cheeking my Myrmidons : yet urgent eye
They cry, " Why dally, Achilles ? How long time
Yet must the Troyward-bound array wait on ?
Act, if thou canst ; else lead thy war-host home,
Waiting no more on Atreus' sons' delays."

Enter CLYTEMNESTRA.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Child of the Nereïd Goddess, from within
Thy voice I heard, and come without the tent. 820

ACHILLES

Great Queen of Shamefastness, what lady here
Behold I crowned with peerless loveliness ?

CLYTEMNESTRA

No marvel thou shouldst know me not, unseen
Ere this :—thy shrinking modesty I praise.

ACHILLES

Who art thou ? Why can'st thou to Achaea's host—
A woman unto men with bucklers fenced ?

CLYTEMNESTRA

I am Leda's daughter ; Clytemnestra named
Am I : King Agamemnon is my lord.

ACHILLES

Well hast thou said in brief what most imports :—
Yet shame were this, that I with women talk ! 830

CLYTEMNESTRA

Stay—wherefore flee ? Nay, give me thy right hand
To clasp, the prelude to espousals blest.

ACHILLES

How say'st ?—mine hand in thine ? Ashamed were I
Before thy lord of such unsanctioned touch.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

θέμις μάλιστα, τὴν ἐμὴν ἐπεὶ γαμεῖς
παῖδ', ὧ θεῶς παῖ ποντίας Νηρηίδος.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

ποιους γάμους φῆς ; ἀφασία μ' ἔχει, γύναι.
εἰ μή τι παρανοοῦσα καινουργεῖς λόγον.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

840

πᾶσιν τόδ' ἐμπέφυκεν, αἰδεῖσθαι φίλους
καινοὺς ὀρώσι καὶ γάμου μεμνημένοις.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

οὐπόποτ' ἐμνήστευσα παῖδα σὴν, γύναι,
οὐδ' ἐξ Ἀτρειδῶν ἠλθέ μοι λόγος γάμων.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

τί δῆτ' ἂν εἶη ; σὺ πάλιν αὖ λόγους ἐμοὺς
θαύμαζ' · ἐμοὶ γὰρ θαύματ' ἐστὶ τὰπὸ σοῦ.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

εἵκαξε· κοινόν ἐστὶν εἰκάζειν τάδε·
ἄμφω γὰρ οὐ ψευδόμεθα τοῖς λόγοις ἴσως.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἄλλ' ἢ πέπονθα δεινά ; μνηστεύω γάμους
οὐκ ὄντας, ὡς εἴξασιν· αἰδοῦμαι τάδε.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

850

ἴσως ἐκερτόμησε καὶ μὲ καὶ σέ τις.
ἄλλ' ἀμελία δὸς αὐτὰ καὶ φαύλως φέρε.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

χαῖρ' · οὐ γὰρ ὀρθοῖς ὄμμασίν σ' ἔτ' εἰσορῶ,
ψευδῆς γενομένη καὶ παθοῦσ' ἀνάξια.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

καὶ σοὶ τόδ' ἐστὶν ἐξ ἐμοῦ· πόσιν δὲ σὸν
στείχω ματεύσων τῶνδε δωμάτων ἔσω.

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

CLYTEMNESTRA

'Tis wholly sanctioned, since thou art to wed
My child, O son of the Lady of the Sea.

ACHILLES

What wedding this? I know not what to say—
Except of crazed wits this strange utterance come.

CLYTEMNESTRA

'Tis all men's nature so in shame to shrink
Before new kin and talk of spousal-rites.

840

ACHILLES

Lady, thy daughter have I never wooed,
Nor word of marriage Atreus' sons have said.

CLYTEMNESTRA

What shall this mean? Thou marvel at my words
In turn; for passing strange are thine to me.

ACHILLES

Think:—we have common cause to search out this.
Perchance nor thou nor I speak false herein.

CLYTEMNESTRA

How?—have I been abused? Seek I a bridal
Which is not, as doth seem? I am crushed with
shame!

ACHILLES

Some one perchance hath mocked both thee and
me.

Nay, lightly hold it, lay it not to heart.

850

CLYTEMNESTRA

Farewell. I cannot with unshrinking eyes
Meet thine, who am made a liar, outraged so.

ACHILLES

Farewell I bid thee too. I pass 'within
Yonder pavilion now to seek thy lord.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

ὦ ξέν', Λιακοῦ γένεθλον, μείνον, ὃ σέ τοι λέγω,
τὸν θεῶς γεγῶτα παῖδα, καὶ σέ τὴν Λήδας κόρην.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

τίς ὁ καλῶν πύλας παροίξας; ὡς τεταρβηκῶς καλεῖ.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

δοῦλος, οὐχ ἄβρύνομαι τῷδ'. ἡ τύχη γὰρ οὐκ ἐᾷ.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

τίνος; ἐμὸς μὲν οὐχί· χωρὶς τὰμὰ κἀγαμέμνονος.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

860 τῆσδε τῆς πάροιθεν οἴκων, Τυνδάρεω δόντος πατρός.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

ἔσταμεν· φράζ', εἴ τι χρήξεις, ὧν μ' ἐπέσχες εἵνεκα.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

ἦ μόνω παρόντε δῆτα ταῖσδ' ἐφέστατον πύλαις;

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

ὡς μόνοις λέγοις ἄν, ἔξω δ' ἐλθὲ βασιλικῶν δόμων.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

ὦ τύχη πρόνοιά θ' ἡμῆ, σῶσαθ' οὐς ἐγὼ θέλω.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

ὁ λόγος εἰς μέλλοντ' ἀνοίσει χρόνον· ἔχει δ' ὄγκον
τινά.

ΚΑΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

δεξιᾶς ἑκατι μὴ μέλλ', εἴ τί μοι χρήξεις λέγειν.

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

OLD SERVANT (*from within the tent*)

Stranger, Aeacus' seion, tarry thou: what ho, to
thee I call [unto thee withal.
Whom the Goddess bare!—and Leda's daughter,

ACHILLES

Who through doors half-opened calleth?—calleth
with what tearful breath?

OLD SERVANT

Bond am I; the name I scorn not—neither fortune
suffereth.

ACHILLES

Whose? Not mine art thou, no part in Agamemnon's
goods I have.

OLD SERVANT

Hers, who stands before the tent: me Tyndareus
her father gave.

860

ACHILLES

Lo, I stay: if aught thou wouldst, speak that for
which thou bad'st me wait.

OLD SERVANT

Stand ye twain alone—none other near hereby—
before the gate?

ACHILLES

Speak: alone we are. From out the king's pavilion
come thou nigher.

OLD SERVANT (*entering from tent*)

Fortune, and my foresight, save ye them whose
saving I desire!

ACHILLES

Stately invocation this!—it may for needs to come
avail!

CLYTEMNESTRA (*as o. s. is about to kneel to her*)

Linger not to touch mine hand, if thou to me
wouldst tell thy tale.

81

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

οἶσθα δῆτά μ' ὅστις ὦν σοὶ καὶ τέκνοις εὖνους
ἔφυν;

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

οἶδά σ' ὄντ' ἐγὼ παλαιὸν δωμάτων ἐμῶν λάτριν.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

χῶτι μ' ἐν ταῖς σαῖσι φερναῖς ἔλαβεν Ἀγαμέμνων
ἄναξ;

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

870 ἦλθες εἰς Ἄργος μεθ' ἡμῶν κῆμὸς ἦσθ' αἰεί ποτε.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

ὦδ' ἔχει. καὶ σοὶ μὲν εὖνους εἰμί, σῶ δ' ἦσσον
πόσει.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἐκκάλυπτε νῦν ποθ' ἡμῖν οὔστινας στέγεις λόγους.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

παῖδα σὴν πατὴρ ὁ φύσας αὐτόχειρ μέλλει
κτανεῖν.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

πῶς; ἀπέπτυσ', ὦ γεραιέ, μῦθον· οὐ γὰρ εὖ
φρονεῖς.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

φασγάνῳ λευκὴν φονεύων τῆς τάλαιπώρου δέρην.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ὦ τάλαιν' ἐγώ. μεμηνῶς ἄρα τυγχάνει πόσις;

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

ἀρτίφρων, πλὴν εἰς σὲ καὶ σὴν παῖδα· τοῦτο δ' οὐ
φρονεῖ.

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

OLD SERVANT

Loyal to thee and to thy children well thou knowest
me, I ween,—

CLYTEMNESTRA

Yea, I know that from of old mine house's servant
thou hast been.

OLD SERVANT

And that Agamemnon gat me in possession with thy
dower?

CLYTEMNESTRA

Thou to Argos camest with me, hast been mine unto
this hour.

870

OLD SERVANT

So it is: to thee devoted more than to thy lord
am I.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Prithee now unveil thy secret, whatsoever the
mystery.

OLD SERVANT

Lo, thy child her very father with his own hand
soon shall slay.

CLYTEMNESTRA

How?—avaunt the story, ancient! Sure thy wit is
all astray!

OLD SERVANT

Severing thine unhappy daughter's snowy neck with
murder's sword.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Oh, alas for me! Now haply murder-frenzied is my
lord.

OLD SERVANT

Sane—save touching thee and this thy daughter:
only mad herein.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἐκ τίνος λόγου; τίς αὐτὸν οὐπίγων ἰλαστόρων;

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

θέσφαθ', ὡς γέ φησι Κάλχας, ἵνα πορεύηται
στρατός.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

880 ποῖ; τάλαιν' ἐγώ, τάλαινα δ' ἦν πατήρ μέλλει
κτανεῖν.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

Δαρδάνου πρὸς δώμαθ', Ἑλένην Μενέλεως ὅπως
λάβῃ.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

εἰς ἄρ' Ἰφιγένειαν Ἑλένης νόστος ἦν πεπρωμένος;

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

πάντ' ἔχεις Ἀρτέμιδι θύσειν παῖδα σὴν μέλλει
πατήρ.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ὁ δὲ γάμος παρεῖχε¹ πρόφασιν, ἢ μ' ἐκόμισεν ἐκ
δόμων;

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

ἴν' ἀγάγοις χαίρουσ' Ἀχιλλεῖ παῖδα νυμφεύσουσα
σὴν.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ὦ θύγατερ, ἦκεις ἐπ' ὀλέθρῳ καὶ σὺ καὶ μήτηρ
σέθεν.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

οἰκτρὰ πάσχετον δὺ' οὔσαι· δεινὰ δ' Ἀγαμέμνων
ἔτλη.

¹ Gomperz: for τίν' εἶχε of MSS.

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

CLYTEMNESTRA

What the reason? What avenging Demon drives
him to the sin?

OLD SERVANT

Oracles, as Calchas sayeth, that the host may pass
the sea.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Whither? Woe for me, for thee, whose father waits
to murder thee!

880

OLD SERVANT

Unto Dardanus' halls, that Menelaus may bring
Helen home.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Ha! is Helen's home-returning fraught with Iphi-
geneia's doom?

OLD SERVANT

Thou hast all: the sire will sacrifice thy child to
Artemis.

CLYTEMNESTRA

And the marriage made the pretext!—drew me
from my home to this!

OLD SERVANT

So that thou shouldst gladly bring thy child to be
Achilles' bride.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Daughter, to destruction com'st thou, and thy mother
at thy side!

OLD SERVANT

Piteous lot is thine, is hers, and awful deed thy lord
essay'd.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΑΔΙ

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

οἴχομαι τάλαινα, δακρύων νύματ' οὐκέτι στέγω.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

εἵπερ ἀλγεινὸν τὸ τέκνων στερομένοι, δακρυρροεῖ.¹

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

890 σὺ δὲ τὰδ', ὧ γέρον, πόθεν φῆς εἰδέναι πεπυσμένος ;

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

δέλτον ὠχόμην φέρων σοι πρὸς τὰ πρὶν γεγραμμένα.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

οὐκ ἔων ἡ ξυγκελεύων παῖδ' ἄγειν θανουμένην ;

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

μὴ μὲν οὖν ἄγειν· φρονῶν γὰρ ἔτυχε σὸς πόσις
τότ' εὖ.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

κἄτα πῶς φέρων γε δέλτον οὐκ ἔμοι δίδως
λαβεῖν ;

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

Μειέλεως ἀφείλεθ' ἡμᾶς, ὅς κακῶν τῶνδ' αἴτιος.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ὦ τέκνον Νηρηῆδος, ὦ παῖ Πηλέως, κλύεις τάδε ;

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

ἔκλυον οὖσαν ἀθλίαν σε, τὸ δ' ἔμδον οὐ φαύλως
φέρω.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

παῖδά μου κατακτενοῦσι σοῖς δολώσαντες γάμοις.

Weil ; for στερομένην δακρυρροεῖν of MSS.

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

CLYTEMNESTRA

Woe is me ! Undone ! The fountains of my tears
may not be stayed !

OLD SERVANT

If 'tis pain to be bereft of children, let the tear-flood
flow.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Nay, but ancient, whence hast heard it, sayest thou ?
How dost thou know ?

890

OLD SERVANT

With a letter touching that aforetime written, hasted I.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Countermanding, or re-urging me to bring my child to
die ?

OLD SERVANT

Nay, forbidding thee to bring ; for then thy lord was
sound of wit.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Why then, bearing such a scroll, to me didst not deliver
it ?

OLD SERVANT

Menelaus snatched it from me, cause of all these
miseries.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Child of Thetis, Son of Peleus, hearest thou these
infamies ?

ACHILLES

Yea, I hear thy sorrow, nor my part therein I tamely
bear.

CLYTEMNESTRA

They will slay my daughter, setting thine espousals for
a snare !

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

μέμφομαι κάγὼ πόσει σῶ, κούχ ἀπλῶς οὔτω
φέρω.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

900 οὐκ ἐπαιδεσθησόμεσθα προσπεσεῖν τὸ σὸν γόνυ,
θνητὸς ἐκ θεῆς γεγῶτα· τί γὰρ ἐγὼ σεμνύνομαι;
περὶ τίνος σπουδαστέον μοι μᾶλλον ἢ τέκνου
πέρι;

ἀλλ' ἄμνον, ὦ θεῆς παῖ, τῇ τ' ἐμῇ δυσπραξία
τῇ τε λεχθείσῃ δάμαρτι σῆ, μάτην μὲν, ἀλλ' ὅμως.
σοὶ καταστέψασ' ἐγὼ νιν ἠγον ὡς γαμουμένην,
νῦν δ' ἐπὶ σφαγὰς κομίζω· σοὶ δ' ὄνειδος ἴξεται,
ὅστις οὐκ ἤμυνας· εἰ γὰρ μὴ γάμοισιν ἐζύγης,
ἀλλ' ἐκλήθης γοῦν ταλαίνης παρθένου φίλος
πόσις.

910 πρὸς γενειάδος δέ, πρὸς σῆς δεξιᾶς, πρὸς μητέρος·
ὄνομα γὰρ τὸ σὸν μ' ἀπώλεσ', ὧ σ' ἀμυναθεῖν
χρεῶν.

οὐκ ἔχω βωμὸν καταφυγεῖν ἄλλον ἢ τὸ σὸν γόνυ,
οὐδὲ φίλος οὐδεὶς πελῆ μοι· τὰ δ' Ἀγαμέμνονος
κλύεις

ὠμὰ καὶ πάντολμ'· ἀφίγμαι δ', ὥσπερ εἰσορᾶς,
γυνῆ

ναυτικὸν στράτευμ' ἄναρχον κἀπὶ τοῖς κακοῖς
θρασύ,

χρήσιμον δ', ὅταν θέλωσιν. ἦν δὲ τολμῆσῃς σύ μου
χείρ' ὑπερτεῖναι, σεσώσμεθ'· εἰ δὲ μή, οὐ σεσώ-
σμεθα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

δεινὸν τὸ τίκτειν καὶ φέρει φίλτρον μέγα,
πᾶσίν τε κοινὸν ὥσθ' ὑπερκάμνειν τέκνων.

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

ACHILLES

Wroth am I against thy lord : I count it not a little thing.

CLYTEMNESTRA

I will not think shame to bow me down unto thy knees 900
to cling,— [pride to me ?

Mortal unto child of Goddess:—what is matron-
Lo, for whom above my daughter should I labour in-
stantly ? [pair

Ah, be thou, O goddess-born, protector unto my des-
And unto the maiden named thy bride, all vainly though
it were. [bride I came—

All for thee I wreathed her ; leading her to be thy
Came to slaughter leading her !—on thee shall fall
reproach's shame, [linked in marriage-ties,

Who didst shield her not ; for though ye ne'er were
Yet the hapless maiden's husband wast thou called in
any wise. [deity !—

By thy beard I pray, thy right hand, by thy mother's
Since thy name was mine undoing, see thy name un- 910
tarnished be. [tress.

Altar have I none to flee to, save thy knee, in my dis-
Not a friend is near. Of Agamemnon's cruel reckless-
ness [dost behold,—

Thou hast heard ; and I am come—a woman, as thou
Unto this array of seafolk, lawless, and to evil bold,
Yet, so they be willing, strong to help. If thou but
dare extend

O'er mine head thine hand, our life is saved ; if not,
our life hath end.

CHORUS

Mighty is motherhood, of potent spell :
All mothers for a child's life will fight hard.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

920 ὑψηλόφρων μοι θυμὸς αἶρεται πρόσω
 ἐπίσταται δὲ τοῖς κακοῖσιν τ' ἀσχαλᾶν
 μετρίως τε χαίρειν τοῖσιν ἐξωγκωμένοις.
 λελογισμένοι γὰρ οἱ τοιοῖδ' εἰσὶν βροτῶν
 ὀρθῶς διαζῆν τὸν βίον γνώμης μέτα.
 ἔστιν μὲν οὖν ἴν' ἡδὺ μὴ λίαν φρονεῖν,
 ἔστιν δὲ χῶπου χρήσιμον γνώμην ἔχειν.
 ἐγὼ δ' ἐν ἀνδρὸς εὐσεβεστάτου τραφεῖς
 Χείρωνος, ἔμαθον τοὺς τρόπους ἀπλοῦς ἔχειν.
 καὶ τοῖς Ἀτρεΐδαις, ἣν μὲν ἠγῶνται καλῶς,
 πεισόμεθ' ὅταν δὲ μὴ καλῶς, οὐ πείσομαι.
 930 ἀλλ' ἐνθάδ' ἐν Τροίᾳ τ' ἐλευθέραν φύσιν
 παρέχων, Ἄρη τὸ κατ' ἐμέ κοσμήσω δορί.
 σέ δ', ὧ παθοῦσα σχέτλια πρὸς τῶν φιλτάτων,
 ἃ δὴ κατ' ἄνδρα γίγνεται νεανίαν,
 τοσοῦτον οἴκτον περιβαλὼν καταστελῶ,
 κοῦποτε κόρη σὴ πρὸς πατὸς σφαγήσεται,
 ἐμὴ φατισθεῖς· οὐ γὰρ ἐμπλέκειν πλοκάς
 ἐγὼ παρέξω σῶ πόσει τοῦμὸν δέμας.
 τοῦνομα γάρ, εἰ καὶ μὴ σίδηρον ἦρατο,
 τοῦμὸν φονεύσει παῖδα σὴν. τὸ δ' αἴτιον,
 940 πόσις σός· ἀγνὸν δ' οὐκέτ' ἐστὶ σῶμ' ἐμόν,
 εἰ δὲ ἔμ' ὀλεῖται διὰ τε τοὺς ἐμοὺς γάμους
 ἢ δεινὰ τλᾶσα κοῦκ ἀνεκτὰ παρθένος
 θαυμαστὰ δ' ὡς ἀνάξι' ἠτιμασμένη.
 ἐγὼ κάκιστος ἦν ἄρ' Ἀργείων ἀνὴρ,
 ἐγὼ τὸ μηδέν, Μενέλεως δ' ἐν ἀνδράσιν,
 ὡς οὐχὶ Πηλέως, ἀλλ' ἀλάστορος γεγώς,
 εἶπερ φονεύσει τοῦμὸν ὄνομα σῶ πόσει.
 μὰ τὸν δι' ὑγρῶν κυμάτων τεθραμμένον
 Νηρέα, φυτουργὸν Θέτιδος ἧ μ' ἐγείνατο,

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

ACHILLES

My whole soul's chivalry is to action stirred :—
Yet hath my soul learnt temperance in grief 920
For troubles, and in joy for triumphs won :
For such men are by reason schooled to pass
Through life well, in cool judgment self-reliant ;—
True, pain sometimes rewards the over-wise,
Yet oft of self-reliance profit comes.
Fostered by Cheiron, one that feared God most,
Was I, and learned to tread no tortuous ways.
And Atreus' sons, if righteously they lead,
Will I obey ; else will I not obey.
Here, as in Troy, I'll keep me free man still, 930
And, as I may, will grace a hero's part.
Thee, lady, outraged by thy nearest kin,
Will I, so far as such young champion can,
Right ; so shall my compassion buckler thee.

Ne'er by her father slain shall be thy child,
Once called my bride. I will not lend myself
To be thy lord's tool in his subtle plots ;
Else my mere name, though it have drawn no
sword,

Shall slay thy daughter :—and the cause thereof
Thy lord ! My very blood were murder-tainted, 940
If this maid, suffering wrongs intolerable,
For my sake and my marriage be destroyed,
With outrage past belief unmerited.
So were I basest among Argive men,
A thing of nought,—and Menelaus a man !—
Sprung of no Pelens, but some vengeance-fiend,
If my name shall do butchery for thy lord !
No, by the foster-son of Ocean's waves,
Nereus, the sire of Thetis who bare me,

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

- 950 οὐχ ἄψεται σῆς θυγατρὸς Ἀγαμέμνων ἄναξ,
 οὐδ' εἰς ἄκραν χεῖρ', ὥστε προσβαλεῖν πέπλους·
 ἢ Σίπυλος ἔσται πόλις ὄρισμα βαρβάρων,
 ὅθεν πεφύκασ' οἱ στρατηλάται γένος,
 Φθίας δὲ τοῦνομ' οὐδαμοῦ κεκλήσεται.
 πικροὺς δὲ προχύτας χέρνιβάς τ' ἐνάρξεται
 Κάλχας ὁ μάντις. τίς δὲ μάντις ἔστ' ἀνήρ,
 ὃς ὀλίγ' ἀληθῆ, πολλὰ δὲ ψευδῆ λέγει
 τυχῶν, ὅταν δὲ μὴ τύχη, διοίχεται ;
 οὐ τῶν γάμων ἕκατι—μυρίαί κόραι
 960 θηρῶσι λέκτρον τοῦμόν—εἴρηται τόδε·
 ἀλλ' ὕβριν ἐς ἡμᾶς ὕβρισ' Ἀγαμέμνων ἄναξ·
 χρῆν δ' αὐτὸν αἰτεῖν τοῦμόν ὄνομ' ἐμοῦ πάρα,
 θήραμα παιδός· ἢ Κλυταιμνήστρα δ' ἐμοὶ
 μάλιστ' ἐπέισθη θυγατέρ' ἐκδοῦναι πόσει.
 ἔδωκά τ' ἄν Ἕλλησιν, εἰ πρὸς Ἴλιον
 ἐν τῷδ' ἔκαμνε νόστος· οὐκ ἠρνούμεθ' ἂν
 τὸ κοινὸν αὔξειν ὧν μέτ' ἐστρατευόμεν.
 νῦν δ' οὐδέν εἰμι παρὶ γε τοῖς στρατηλάταις,
 ἐν εὐμαρεῖ τε δρᾶν τε καὶ μὴ δρᾶν καλῶς.
 970 τάχ' εἴσεται σίδηρος, ὃν πρὶν εἰς Φρύγας
 ἐλθεῖν, φόνου κηλίσιν αἵματος χρανῶ,
 εἴ τίς με τὴν σὴν θυγατέρ' ἐξαιρήσεται.
 ἀλλ' ἡσύχαζε· θεὸς ἐγὼ πέφηνά σοι
 μέγιστος, οὐκ ὦν· ἀλλ' ὅμως γενήσομαι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἔλεξας, ὦ παῖ Πηλέως, σοῦ τ' ἄξια
 καὶ τῆς ἐναλίας δαίμονος, σεμνῆς θεοῦ.

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

King Agamemnon shall not touch thy child— 950
 Not on her robe to lay a finger-tip!
 Else half-barbaric Sipylus¹ were a city,
 Whence sprang the line of yonder war-chiefs'
 house,
 And Phthia's name were nowhere named of men.
 His meal, his laver-drops of sacrifice,
 Calchas the seer shall rue! What is a seer?
 A man who speaks few truths, but many lies,
 When his shafts hit, who is ruined if he miss.
 It is not for the bride's sake—brides untold
 Are eager for mine hand—that this I say. 960
 But King Agamemnon hath insulted me.
 He ought to have asked my name's use first
 of me
 To trap his child. Chiefly through trust in me
 Did Clytemnestra yield her lord her daughter.
 I had granted this to Greece, if only so
 The voyage to Troy might be,—had not refused
 To aid their cause with whom I marched to war.
 But now in yon chief's eyes I am as nought:
 To honour me or shame me is all one!
 Soon shall my sword know—ere it go to Troy 970
 I will distain it with death-dews of blood—
 If any man shall wrest from me thy daughter.
 Calm thee: as some God strong to save I come,
 Though I be none; yet will I prove me such.

CHORUS

Thou speakest, son of Peleus, worthily
 Of thee, and of the sea-born Goddess dread.

¹ In Lydia. The Greek, in view of all that the word *πόλις* implied to him, scorned to apply it to what he regarded as mere collections of dwellings of semi-savages.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΚΑΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

φεῦ·

πῶς ἂν σ' ἐπαινέσαιμι μὴ λίαν λόγοις,
 μηδ' ἐνδεῶς τοῦδ' ἀπολέσαιμι τὴν χάριν ;
 980 αἰνούμενοι γὰρ ἀγαθοὶ τρόπον τινα
 μισοῦσι τοὺς αἰνούοντας, ἦν αἰνώσ' ἄγαν.
 αἰσχύνομαι δὲ παραφέρουσ' οἰκτροὺς λόγους,
 ἰδίᾳ νοσοῦσα· σὺ δ' ἄνοσος κακῶν γ' ἐμῶν.
 ἀλλ' οὖν ἔχει τοι σχῆμα, κἂν ἄπωθεν ἦ
 ἀνὴρ ὁ χρηστός, δυστυχοῦντας ὠφελεῖν.
 οἴκτειρε δ' ἡμᾶς· οἴκτρά γὰρ πεπόνθαμεν.
 ἦ πρῶτα μὲν σε γαμβρὸν οἰηθεῖς ἔχειν,
 κενὴν κατέσχον ἐλπίδ'· εἰτά σοι τάχα
 ὄρνις γένοιτ' ἂν τοῖσι μέλλουσιν γάμοις
 990 θανοῦσ' ἐμὴ παῖς, ὃ σε φυλίξασθαι χρεῶν.
 ἀλλ' εὔ μὲν ἀρχὰς εἶπας, εὔ δὲ καὶ τέλη·
 σοῦ γὰρ θέλοντος παῖς ἐμὴ σωθήσεται.
 βούλει νιν ἰκέτιν σὸν περιπτύξαι γόνυ ;
 ἀπαρθένευτα μὲν τὰδ'· εἰ δέ σοι δοκεῖ,
 ἦξει, δι' αἰδοῦς ὄμμ' ἔχουσ' ἐλεύθερον.
 εἰ δ' οὐ παρούσης ταῦτ' αὐτέξομαι σέθεν,
 μενέτω κατ' οἴκους· σεμνὰ γὰρ σεμνύνεται.
 ὅμως δ' ὅσον γε δυνατὸν αἰδεῖσθαι χρεῶν.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

σὺ μήτε σὴν παῖδ' ἔξαγ' ὄψιν εἰς ἐμήν,
 μήτ' εἰς ὄνειδος ἀμαθὲς ἔλθωμεν, γύναι·
 1000 στρατὸς γὰρ ἀθρόος ἀργὸς ὢν τῶν οἴκοθεν
 λέσχας πονηρὰς καὶ κακοστόμους φιλεῖ.
 πάντως δέ μ' ἰκετεύοντες ἦξεν εἰς ἴσον,
 εἴ τ' ἀνικετεύτως· εἰς ἐμοὶ γάρ ἐστ' ἀγῶν

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

CLYTEMNESTRA

How can I praise thee, and not overpraise,
And yet not mar the grace by stint thereof?
For good men praised do in a manner hate
The praiser if he praiseth overmuch.¹ 980

I blush to thrust on thee my piteous tale.
My pain is mine; mine anguish wrings not thee.
Yet is it nobly done, when from his height
The good man stoops to help the stricken ones.
Pity me, for in piteous case am I,
Who, first, had dreamed that thou shouldst wed my
child,—

Vain hope was mine!—next, haply unto thee
Ill omen for thy bridal yet to come
Should be my child's death: take thou heed
thereof.

Well spakest thou, the first things as the last. 990
For, if thou will it, shall my child be saved.
Wouldst thou she clasped thy knees, a suppliant?
No maiden's part this—yet, if thou think well,
She shall come, lifting innocent frank eyes.
But if without her I may win my suit,
In maiden pride let her abide within:
Yet modesty bows to hard necessity.

ACHILLES

Nay, bring not forth thy daughter in my sight,
Nor, lady, risk we the reproach of fools:
For this thronged host, of all home-trammels free, 1000
Loves evil babble of malicious tongues.
In any wise the same end shall ye gain
Praying or prayerless; for one mighty strife

¹ Excessive praise was believed to provoke the Gods' jealousy. Hence no true friend would indulge in it.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

μεγιστος ὑμᾶς ἔξαπαλλάξαι κακῶν.
ὡς ἔν γ' ἀκούσασ' ἴσθι, μὴ ψευδῶς μ' ἐρεῖν·
ψευδῆ λέγων δὲ καὶ μάτην ἐγκερτομῶν
θάνοιμι· μὴ θάνοιμι δ', ἦν σώσω κόρην.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ὄναιο συνεχῶς δυστυχοῦντας ὠφελῶν.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

ἄκουε δὴ νυν, ἵνα τὸ πρῶγμ' ἔχη καλῶς.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

1010 τί τοῦτ' ἔλεξας ; ὡς ἀκουστέον γέ σου.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

πείθωμεν αὐθις πατέρα βέλτιον φρονεῖν.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

κακός τις ἔστι καὶ λίαν ταρβεῖ στρατόν.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

ἄλλ' οἱ λόγοι γε καταπαλαίουσιν φοβους.¹

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ψυχρὰ μὲν ἐλπίς· ὅ τι δὲ χρὴ με δρᾶν φράσον.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

ἰκέτευ' ἐκείνον πρῶτα μὴ κτείνειν τέκνα·
ἦν δ' ἀντιβαίνη, πρὸς ἐμέ σοι πορευτέον.
εἰ γὰρ τὸ χρῆζον ἐπίθετ', οὐ τοῦμὸν χρεῶν
χωρεῖν· ἔχει γὰρ τοῦτο τὴν σωτηρίαν.

1020 κἀγὼ τ' ἀμείνων πρὸς φίλον γενήσομαι,
στρατός τ' ἂν οὐ μέμψαιτό μ', εἰ τὰ πράγματα
λελογισμένως πρᾶσσοιμι μᾶλλον ἢ σθένει.
καλῶς δὲ κρανθέντων πρὸς ἡδονὴν φίλοις
σοί τ' ἂν γένοιτο κἂν ἐμοῦ χωρὶς τάδε.

¹ Musgrave: for λόγους of MSS.

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

Waits me,—from evil to deliver you.
One thing be sure thou hast heard—I will not lie.
If lie I do, or mock you, may I die,
And only die not, if I save the maid.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Heaven bless thee, who still sueconrest the distressed!

ACHILLES

Now hear me, that the matter well may speed.

CLYTEMNESTRA

What meanest thou? I needs must list to thee. 1010

ACHILLES

Let us to a better mood persuade her sire.

CLYTEMNESTRA

He is something craven—fears o'ermuch the host.

ACHILLES.

Yet mightier wrestler reason is than fear.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Cold hope is this: yet say what I must do.

ACHILLES

Beseech him first to murder not his child.
If he withstand thee, come thou unto me.
For, if he heed thy prayer, I need not stir,
Since in this very yielding is her life;
And friendlier so to a friend shall I appear.
Nor shall the army blame me, if I bring 1020
This thing to pass by reason, not by force.
If all go well, upon thy friends and thee
Shall gladness dawn, and that without mine aid.

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

CLYTEMNESTRA

Ah wise words ! I must act as seems thee best.
But, if we shall not gain mine heart's desire,
Where shall I see thee ?—whither shall I go
In misery, to find thy champion hand ?

ACHILLES

Where best befits will I keep watch for thee,
That none behold thee traversing wild-eyed
The Danaan host. Shame not thy father's house ; 1030
For Tyndareus deserves not to be made
A mock, for great is he midst Hellene men.

CLYTEMNESTRA

This shall be. Rule thou—I must be thy thrall.
If there be Gods, thy righteousness shall earn
Their favour ; if not, wherefore should men toil ?

[*Exeunt severally* ACHILLES and CLYTEMNESTRA.]

CHORUS

O what bridal-chant rang with the crying (*Str.*)
 Of the Libyan flute,
With the footfall of dancers replying
 To the voice of the lute,
With the thrill of the reeds' glad greeting,
In the day when o'er Pelion fleeting 1040
Unto Pelus' espousals, with beating
 Of golden-shod foot,
The beautiful-tressed Song-maidens
 To the Gods' feast came,
And their bridal-hymn's ravishing cadence
 Bore Thetis's fame
O'er the hills of the Centaurs far-pealing,
Through the woodlands of Pelion soft-stealing,
The new-born splendour revealing
 Of the Aeaëid's name !

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

1050

ὁ δὲ Δαρδανίδας, Διὸς
λέκτρων τρύφημα φίλον,
χρυσέοισιν ἄφυσσε λοιβὰν
ἐν κρατήρων γυάλοις,
ὁ Φρύγιος Γανυμήδης.
παρὰ δὲ λευκοφαῖη ψάμαθον
εἰλισσόμεναι κύκλια
πεντήκοντα κόραι γάμους
Νηρέως ἐχόρευσαν.

1060

ἀνὰ δ' ἐλάταισι στεφανώδει τε χλόᾳ ἀντ.
θίασος ἔμολεν ἵπποβίατας
Κενταύρων ἐπὶ δαῖτα τὰν
θεῶν κρατήρᾳ τε Βάκχου.

1070

μέγα δ' ἀνέκλαγον ὦ Νηρηὶ κόρα,
παῖδα σὲ Θεσσαλίᾳ μέγα φῶς
μάντις ὁ φοιβάδα μούσαν
εἰδὼς γεννάσειν
Χείρων ἐξονόμαζεν,
ὃς ἤξει χθόνα λογχήρεσι σὺν Μυρμιδόνων
ἄσπισταῖς Πριάμοιο κλεινὰν
γαίαν ἐκπυρώσωι,
περὶ σώματι χρυσέων
ὄπλων Ἐφαιστοπόνων
κεκορυθμένος ἔνδυτ', ἐκ θεᾶς
ματρὸς δωρήματ' ἔχων
Θέτιδος, ἅ νιν ἔτικτε.

μακάριον τότε δαίμονες
τᾶς εὐπάτριδος γάμον
Νηρηίδων ἔθεσαν πρώτας
Πηλέως θ' ὑμεναίους.

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

And Dardanus' child, whom the pinion 1050
 Of the eagle bore
 From Phrygia, Ganymede, minion
 Of Zeus, did pour
 From the gold's depths nectar ; while dancing
 Feet of the Sea-maids were glancing
 Through circles, through mazes entrancing
 The white sands o'er.

Leaf-crowned came the Centaur riders (Ant.)
 With their lances of pine
 To the feast of the Heaven-abiders, 1060
 And the bowls of their wine.
 "Hail, Sea-queen!"—so rang their acclaiming—
 "A light over Thessaly flaming"—
 Sang Cheiron, the unborn naming—
 "Achilles shall shine."
 And, as Phoebus made clearer the vision,
 "He shall pass," sang the seer,
 "Unto Priam's proud land on a mission 1070
 Of fire, with the spear
 And the shield of the Myrmidons, elashing
 In gold ; for the Fire-king's crashing
 Forges shall clothe him with flashing
 Warrior-gear :
 Of his mother the gift shall be given,
 Of Thetis brought down."
 So did the Dwellers in Heaven
 With happiness crown
 The espousals of Nereus's Daughter,
 When a bride unto Peleus they brought her
 Of the seed of the Lords of the Water
 Chief in renown.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

1080 σέ δ' ἐπὶ κέρα στέψουσι καλλικόμαν ἐπῶδ
 πλόκαμον Ἀργεῖοι, βαλιῶν
 ὥστε πετραίων ἀπ' ἄντρων ἐλθοῦσαν ὄρεων
 μόσχον ἀκήρατον, βρότειον
 αἰμάσσοιτες λαιμόν·
 οὐ σύριγγι τραφείσαν, οὐδ'
 ἐν ροιβδήσεσι βουκόλων.
 παρὰ δὲ ματέρι νυμφοκομον
 Ἴναχίδαις γάμον.

1090 ποῦ τὸ τὰς αἰδοῦς
 ἢ τὸ τὰς ἀρετᾶς ἔχει
 σθένειν τι πρόσωπον ;
 ὅποτε τὸ μὲν ἄσεπτον ἔχει
 δύνασιν, ἡ δ' ἀρετὰ κατόπι-
 σθεν θνατοῖς ἀμελείται,
 ἀνομία δὲ νόμων κρατεῖ.
 καὶ μὴ κοινὸς ἀγὼν βροτοῖς,
 μὴ τις θεῶν φθόνος ἔλθῃ.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

1100 ἐξῆλθον οἴκων προσκοπομένη πόσιν,
 χρόνιον ἀπόντα κἀκλελοιπότα στέγας.
 ἐν δακρύοισι δ' ἡ τάλαινα παῖς ἐμή,
 πολλὰς ἰεῖσα μεταβολὰς ὀδνρμάτων,
 θάνατον ἀκούσασ', ὃν πατήρ βουλευεται.
 μνήμην δ' ἄρ' εἶχον πλησίον βεβηκότος
 Ἀγαμέμνονος τοῦδ', ὃς ἐπὶ τοῖς αὐτοῦ τέκνοις
 ἀνόσια πράσων ἀντίχ' εὐρεθήσεται.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

Λήδας γένεθλον, ἐν καλῶ σ' ἔξω δόμων
 ἠύρηχ', ἴν' εἴπω παρθένου χωρὶς λόγους
 οὓς οὐκ ἀκούειν τὰς γαμουμένας πρέπει.

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

But men shall wreath thine head (Epode) 1080
 For death, thy golden hair,—
 As heifer white and red
 Down from the hill-caves led,
 A victim pure,—shall stain
 With blood thy throat snow-fair ;
 Though never thou wert bred
 Where with the herdmen's strain
 The reed-pipes thrill the air :
 But at thy mother's side
 Wast nursed, wast decked a bride
 For a king's heir.
 What might hath now 1090
 Modesty's maiden face
 Or Virtue's brow ?—
 When godlessness bears sway,
 And mortals thrust away
 Virtue, and cry "Give place !"
 When lawlessness hath law down-trod,
 And none will to his brother say
 "Let us beware the jealousy of God !"

Enter CLYT.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Forth of the tent to seek my lord I come,
 Who is from his pavilion absent long ;
 And drowned in tears mine hapless daughter is, 1100
 With wails now ringing high, now moaning low,
 Since she hath heard what death her father plots.
 Lo, of one even now drawn nigh I spake,
 Yon Agamemnon, who shall straightway stand
 Convict of sin against his very child.

Enter AGAM.

AGAMEMNON

O Leda's child, well met without the tent.
 I would speak with thee, ere our daughter come,
 Of that which fits not brides to be should hear.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

τί δ' ἔστιν, οὐ σοι καιρὸς ἀντιλάζυται ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

1110 ἔκπεμπε παῖδα δωμάτων πατρὸς μέτα·
ὡς χέριβες πάρειςιν ἠύτρεπισμένοι,
προχύται τε βάλλειν πῦρ καθάρσιον χεροῖν.
μύσχοι τε, πρὸ γάμων ἕς θεᾶ πεσεῖν χρεῶν
'Αρτέμιδι, μέλανος αἵματος φύσῆματα.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

τοῖς ὀνόμασιν μὲν εὖ λέγεις, τὰ δ' ἔργα σου
οὐκ οἶδ' ὅπως χρή μ' ὀνομάσασαν εὖ λέγειν.
χώραι δὲ θύγατερ ἐκτός, οἶσθα γὰρ πατρὸς
πάντως ἂ μέλλει, χυπὸ τοῖς πέπλοις ἄγε
λαβοῦσ' Ὀρέστην σὸν κασίγνητον, τέκνον.

1120 ἰδοὺ πάρεστιν ἤδε πειθαρχοῦσά σοι.
τὰ δ' ἄλλ' ἐγὼ πρὸ τῆσδε κῆμαντῆς φράσω.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

τέκνον, τί κλαίεις, οὐδ' ἔθ' ἠδέως ὀρᾶς,
εἰς γῆν δ' ἐρείσασ' ὄμμα πρόσθ' ἔχεις πέπλους ;

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

φεῦ·
τίν' ἂν λάβοιμι τῶν ἐμῶν ἀρχὴν κακῶν ;
ἅπασι γὰρ πρῶτοισι χρήσασθαι πάρα
[κὰν ὑστάτοισι κὰν μέσοισι πανταχοῦ].

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

τί δ' ἔστιν ; ὅς μοι πάντες εἰς ἓν ἤκετε,
σύγχυσιν ἔχοντες καὶ παραγμὸν ὀμμάτων.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

εἴφ' ἂν ἐρωτήσω σε γενναίως, πόσι.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

1130 οὐδὲν κελευσμοῦ δεῖ μ'· ἐρωτᾶσθαι θέλω.

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

CLYTEMNESTRA

And what is this that fits the time so well ?

AGAMEMNON

Send forth the tent the maid to join her sire : 1110
For here the lustral waters stand prepared,
And meal for hands to cast on cleansing flame,
And victims that ere bridals must be slain
To Artemis with spiritings of dark blood.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Fair sound the things thou nam'st : but to thy deeds
I know not how to give fair-sounding names.
Daughter, come forth : to the uttermost thou know'st
Thy sire's design. The babe Orestes take,
And bring thy brother folded in thy robes,
Enter IPHIGENEIA.

Lo, she is here, obedient unto thee. 1120
The rest, for her, for me, myself will speak.

AGAMEMNON

Child, wherefore weep, and blithely look no more,
But earthward bend thy vesture-shrouded eyes ?

CLYTEMNESTRA

Ah me !
How shall I make beginning of my woes ?
For well may I account each one the first,
Midmost, or last, in misery's tangled web.

AGAMEMNON

How now ? How find I each and all conspired
To show me looks of trouble and amaze ?

CLYTEMNESTRA

Answer my question, husband, like a man.

AGAMEMNON

No need to bid me : I would fain be asked. 1130

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

τὴν παῖδα τὴν σὴν τὴν τ' ἐμὴν μέλλεις κτανεῖν ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἔα·

τλήμονά γ' ἔλεξας, ὑπονοεῖς θ' ἂ μή σε χρή.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἔχ' ἤσυχος,

κακείνῳ μοι τὸ πρῶτον ἀπόκριναι πάλιν.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

σὺ δ' ἦν γ' ἐρωτᾶς εἰκότ', εἰκότ' ἂν κλύοις.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

οὐκ ἄλλ' ἐρωτῶ, καὶ σὺ μὴ λέγ' ἄλλα μοι.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ὦ πότνια μοῖρα καὶ τύχη δαίμων τ' ἐμός.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

καμός γε καὶ τῆσδ' εἰς τριῶν δυσδαιμόνων.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

τίν' ἠδίκησα ;¹

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

τοῦτ' ἐμοῦ πεύθει πάρα ;

ὁ νοῦς ὄδ' αὐτὸς νοῦν ἔχων οὐ τυγχάνει.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

1140

ἀπωλόμεσθα. προδέδοται τὰ κρυπτά μου.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

πάντ' οἶδα καὶ πεπύσμεθ' ἂ σὺ μέλλεις με δρᾶν·

αὐτὸ δὲ τὸ σιγᾶν ὁμολογοῦντός ἐστί σου

καὶ τὸ στενάζειν πολλά. μὴ κάμης λέγων.

¹ Hermann and Paley ; but reading much disputed. England retains τί μ' ἠδίκησας of MSS. "Wherefore so wrong me?" Nauck reads τίς σ' ἠδίκησε ; "Now who hath wronged thee?"

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

CLYTEMNESTRA

Thy child and mine—mean'st thou to murder her?

AGAMEMNON

Ha!—

A hideous question!—foul suspicion this

CLYTEMNESTRA

Peace!

Render me answer first as touching this.

AGAMEMNON

To question fair fair answer shalt thou hear.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Nought else I ask, thou answer me nought else.

AGAMEMNON

O mighty Doom, O Fate, O fortune mine!

CLYTEMNESTRA

And mine, and hers! One fate for wretched three.

AGAMEMNON

Whom have I wronged?

CLYTEMNESTRA

Thou—and of me—ask this?

This wit of thine is utter witlessness!

AGAMEMNON (*aside*)

Undone am I! My secret is betrayed

1140

CLYTEMNESTRA

I know all—yea, thy purposed crime have learnt.

Thy very silence and thy groan on groan

Are thy confession. Labour not with speech.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἰδὸν σιωπῶ· τὸ γὰρ ἰναίσχυνον τί δεῖ
ψευδῆ λέγοντα προσλαβεῖν τῇ συμφορᾷ ;

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

- ἄκουε δὴ νυν, ἰνακαλύψω γὰρ λόγους,
κούκέτι παρφοδοῖς χρησόμεσθ' αἰνίγμασιν.
πρῶτον μὲν, ἴνα σοι πρῶτα τοῦτ' ὄνειδίσω,
ἔγημας ἄκουσάν με κἄλαβες βία,
1150 τὸν πρόσθεν ἄνδρα Ἰύνταλον κατακτανών,
βρέφος τε τοῦμὸν ζῶν προσοῦδισας πέδῳ,¹
μαστῶν βιαίως τῶν ἐμῶν ὑποσπίαςας.
καὶ τὸ Διὸς τε παῖδ' ἐμῶ τε συγγόνῳ
ἵπποισι μαρμαίροντ' ἐπεστρατευσάτην·
πατὴρ δὲ πρέσβυς Ἰυνδάρεώς σ' ἐρρύσατο
ικέτην γενόμενον, τὰμὰ δ' ἔσχες αὐτὴν λέχη.
οὐ σοι καταλλαχθεῖσα περὶ σὲ καὶ δόμους
συμμαρτυρήσεις ὡς ἄμεμπτος ἦν γυνή,
1160 εἰς τ' Ἀφροδίτην σωφρονοῦσα καὶ τὸ σὸν
μέλαθρον αὖξουσ', ὥστε σ' εἰσιόντα τε
χαίρειν θύραζέ τ' ἐξιόντ' εὐδαιμονεῖν.
σπάνιον δὲ θήρευμ' ἄνδρὶ τοιαύτην λαβεῖν
δάμαρτα· φλαύραν δ' οὐ σπάνις γυναῖκ' ἔχειν.
τίκτω δ' ἐπὶ τρισὶ παρθένοισι παῖδά σοι
τόνδ', ὧν μιᾶς σὺν τλημόνως μ' ὑποστερεῖς.
κἂν τίς σ' ἔρηται τίνος ἕκατὶ νιν κτερεῖς,
λέξον, τί φήσεις ; ἢ μὲ χρὴ λέγειν τὰ σά ;
'Ελένην Μενέλεως ἴνα λάβῃ. καλὸν γέ τοι
κακῆς γυναικὸς μισθὸν ὑποτίσαι τέκνα.
1170 τᾶχθιστα τοῖσι φιλτάτοις ὠνούμεθα.
ἄγ', ἦν στρατεύση καταλιπὼν μ' ἐν δώμασιν,

¹ England; Nauck and Paley retain σῶ προσοῦρισας πάλαφ of MSS.

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

AGAMEMNON

Lo, I am silent. Wherefore utter lies,
And add unto misfortune shamelessness?

CLYTEMNESTRA

Give ear now ; for I will unfold my pleas,
Nor use half-hinting riddles any more.
First,—that with this I may reproach thee first—
By force, not of my will, didst thou wed me :
Thou slewest Tantalus my sometime lord ; 1150
Didst dash my living babe against the stones,
Even from my breast with violence tearing him.
Then did the Sons of Zeus, my brethren twain,
Flashing on white steeds come to war with thee.
But mine old father Tyndareus begged thy life,
Who cam'st his suppliant, and thou keptest me.
So reconciled to thee and to thine house,
A blameless wife was I,—be witness thou,—
Chaste in desires, increasing in thine halls
Thy substance still, so that thine enterings-in 1160
Were joy, and thine outgoings happiness.
Rare spoil is this for man to win such spouse :
Of getting worthless wives there is no lack.
This son, with daughters three, to thee I bare ;
And of one wilt thou rob me ruthlessly !
Now, if one ask thee wherefore thou wilt slay her,
Speak, what wilt say?—or must I speak for
thee?—
That Helen's lord may win her ! Glorious this,
To pay a wanton's price in children's lives '
So shall we buy things loathed with things most
loved. 1170
Come, if thou go to war, and leave me here

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

κακεὶ γενήσῃ διὰ μακρᾶς ἀπουσίας,
 τίν' ἐν δόμοις με καρδίαν ἔξειν δοκεῖς,
 ὅταν θρόνους τῆσδ' εἰσίδω πάντας κενούς,
 κενούς δὲ παρθενώνας, ἐπὶ δὲ δακρῦοις
 μόνη καθῶμαι, τήνδε θρηνηφοῦσ' αἰεὶ ;
 ἀπώλεσέν σ', ὦ τέκνον, ὁ φυτεύσας πατῆρ,
 αὐτὸς κτανών, οὐκ ἄλλος οὐδ' ἄλλη χερί,
 τοιόνδε μισθὸν καταλιπὼν πρὸς τοὺς δόμους.
 1180 ἐπεὶ βραχείας προφύσεως ἔδει μόνον,
 ἐφ' ἣ σ' ἐγὼ καὶ παῖδες αἰ λελειμμένα
 δεξόμεθα δέξιν ἢν σε δέξασθαι χρεῶν.
 μὴ δῆτα πρὸς θεῶν μῆτ' ἀναγκύσης ἐμὲ
 κακὴν γενέσθαι περὶ σέ, μῆτ' αὐτὸς γένη.
 εἶεν·

θύσεις δὲ τὴν παῖδ'· εἶτα τίνας εὐχὰς ἐρεῖς ;
 τί σοι κατεύξει τὰγαθόν, σφάζων τέκνον ;
 νόστον πονηρόν, οἴκοθέν γ' αἰσχροῦς ἰών ;
 ἀλλ' ἐμὲ δίκαιον ἀγαθὸν εὐχεσθαί τι σοί ;
 ἢ τάρ' ἀσυνέτους τοὺς θεοὺς ἠγοίμεθ' ἄν,
 1190 εἰ τοῖσιν αὐθένταισιν εὖ φρονήσομεν.

ἤκων δ' ἐς Ἄργος προσπεσεῖ τέκνοισι σοῖς ;
 ἀλλ' οὐ θέμις σοι. τίς δὲ καὶ προσβλέψεται
 παίδων σ', ἐὰν σφῶν προέμενος κτάνης τινά ;
 ταῦτ' ἦλθες ἤδη διὰ λόγων, ἢ σκῆπτρά σοι
 μόνον διαφέρειν καὶ στρατηλατεῖν σε δεῖ ;
 ὃν χρῆν δίκαιον λόγον ἐν Ἀργείοις λέγειν·
 βούλεσθ', Ἀχαιοί, πλεῖν Φρυγῶν ἐπὶ χθόνα ;
 κλῆρον τίθεσθε παῖδ' ὅτου θανεῖν χρεῶν.
 ἐν ἴσῳ γὰρ ἦν τόδ', ἀλλὰ μὴ σ' ἐξαίρετον
 1200 σφάγιον παρασχεῖν Δαναΐδαισι παῖδα σὴν,
 ἢ Μενέλεω προ μητρὸς Ἑρμιόνην κτανεῖν,
 οὐπερ τὸ πρῶγμ' ἦν· νῦν δ' ἐγὼ μὲν ἢ τὸ σὸν

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

At home, and through long absence tarry there,
 With what heart, think'st thou, shall I keep thine
 halls,

When vacant of her I behold each chair,
 Vacant each maiden-bower, and sit me down
 In loneliness of tears, and mourn her ever ?
 " O child, he which begat thee murdered thee
 Himself, none other, by none other hand,
 Leaving unto this house such vengeance-debt ! "

Seeing there needeth but faint pretext now 1180
 Whereon both I and thy seed left to thee
 Shall greet thee with such greeting—as befits !
 Nay, by the Gods, constrain not me to turn
 Traitor to thee ; nor such be thou to me.

Lo now—

Thy daughter slain, what prayer wilt thou pray then,
 Implore what blessing—murderer of thy child ?

An ill home-coming, since in shame thou goest !

Were't just that I pray any good for thee ?

O surely must we deem the Gods be fools,

If we wish blessings upon murderers ! 1190

Wilt thou return to Argos, clasp thy babes ?

Oh impious thought ! What child shall meet thy
 look,

If thou have given up one of them to death ?

Hast ta'en account of this ? Or is it thine

Only to flaunt a sceptre, lead a host ?

This righteous proffer shouldest thou have made—

" Will ye, Achaeans, sail to Phrygia-land ?

E'en then east lots whose daughter needs must die."

This had been fair—not that thou choose thine own

The Danaans' victim, rather than that he 1200

Whose quarrel this is, Menelaus, slay

Hermione for her mother. Now must I,

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΑΔΙ

σώζουσα λέκτρον παιδὸς ἐστερήσομαι,
 ἢ δ' ἔξαμαρτοῦσ', ὑπόροφον νεάνιδα
 Σπάρτη κομίζουσ', εὐτυχῆς γενήσεται.
 τούτων ἄμειψαί μ' εἴ τι μὴ καλῶς λέγω·
 εἰ δ' εὖ λέλεκται, μετανόει δὴ μὴ κτανεῖν¹
 τὴν σὴν τε κάμην παῖδα, καὶ σῶφρων ἔσει.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

1210 πιθοῦ, τὸ γάρ τοι τέκνα συνσώζειν καλόν,
 Ἀγάμεμνον· οὐδεὶς τοῖσδ' ἂν ἀντίποι βροτῶν.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

1220 εἰ μὲν τὸν Ὀρφέως εἶχον, ὦ πάτερ, λόγον,
 πείθειν ἐπάδουσ', ὥσθ' ὀμαρτεῖν μοι πέτρας,
 κηλεῖν τε τοῖς λόγοισιν οὖς ἐβουλόμην,
 ἐνταῦθ' ἂν ἦλθον. νῦν δὲ τὰπ' ἐμοῦ σοφία,
 δάκρυα παρέξω· ταῦτα γὰρ δυναίμεθ' ἄν.
 ἱκετηρίαν δὲ γόνασιν ἐξάπτω σέθεν
 τὸ σῶμα τοῦμόν, ὅπερ ἔτικτεν ἦδε σοι,
 μή μ' ἀπολέσης ἄωρον· ἠδὲ γὰρ τὸ φῶς
 λεύσσειν τὰ δ' ὑπὸ γῆς μή μ' ἰδεῖν ἀναγκάσης.
 1220 πρώτη σ' ἐκάλεσα πατέρα καὶ σὺ παῖδ' ἐμέ·
 πρώτη δὲ γόνασι σοῖσι σῶμα δοῦσ' ἐμὸν
 φίλας χάριτας ἔδωκα κἀντεδεξάμην.
 λόγος δ' ὁ μὲν σὸς ἦν ὄδ'· ἄρά σ', ὦ τέκνον,
 εὐδαίμον' ἀνδρὸς ἐν δόμοισιν ὄψομαι,
 ζῶσάν τε καὶ θάλλουσαν ἀξίως ἐμοῦ ;
 οὐμὸς δ' ὄδ' ἦν αὐτὴ περὶ σὸν ἐξαρτωμένης
 γένειον, οὗ νῦν ἀντιλάζυμαι χερί·
 τί δ' ἄρ' ἐγὼ σέ, πρέσβυν ἄρ' εἰσδέξομαι
 ἐμῶν φίλαισιν ὑποδοχαῖς δόμων, πάτερ,

¹ Weil, Headlam, and England, for the corrupt νῶι μὴ δὴ γε κτάνης of MSS. Paley reads τὰμά, μηκέτι κτάνης.

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

The loyal wife, be of my child bereft,
While she, the harlot, brings her daughter home
To dwell in Sparta mid prosperity !
Herein if I plead ill, thou answer me :
But if my words ring true, repent, slay not
Thy child and mine, and so shalt thou be wise.

CHORUS

Heed her ; for good it is thou join to save
Thy child, Agamemnon : none shall gainsay this. 1210

IPHIGENEIA

Had I the tongue of Orpheus, O my sire,
To charm with song the rocks to follow me,
And witch with eloquence whomso'er I would,
I had essayed it. Now—mine only cunning—
Tears will I bring, for this is all I can.
And suppliant will I twine about thy knees
My body, which this mother bare to thee.
Ah, slay me not untimely ! Sweet is light :
Constrain me not to see the nether gloom !
'Twas I first called thee father, thou me child. 1220
'Twas I first throned my body on thy knees,
And gave thee sweet caresses and received.
And this thy word was : “ Ah, my little maid,
Blest shall I see thee in a husband's halls
Living and blooming worthily of me ? ”
And, as I twined my fingers in thy beard,
Whereto I now cling, thus I answered thee :
“ And what of thee ? Shall I greet thy grey
 hairs,
Father, with loving welcome in mine halls,

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΑΔΙ

- 1230 *πόνων τιθηνούς ἀποδιδούσά σοι τροφάς ;
τούτων ἐγὼ μὲν τῶν λόγων μνήμην ἔχω,
σὺ δ' ἐπιλέησαι, καί μ' ἀποκτείνειαι θέλεις.
μὴ πρὸς σε Πέλοπος καὶ πρὸς Ἀτρέως πατρὸς
καὶ τῆσδε μητρός, ἣ πρὶν ὠδίνουσ' ἐμὲ
νῦν δευτέραν ὠδίνα τήνδε λαμβάνει.
τί μοι μέτεστι τῶν Ἀλεξάνδρου γάμων
Ἑλένης τε ; πόθεν ἦλθ' ἐπ' ὀλέθρῳ τῶμῳ, πάτερ ;
βλέψον πρὸς ἡμᾶς, ὄμμα δὸς φίλημά τε,
ἴν' ἀλλὰ τοῦτο κατθανοῦσ' ἔχω σέθεν*
- 1240 *μνημεῖον, εἰ μὴ τοῖς ἐμοῖς πεισθῆς λόγοις.
ἀδελφέ, μικρὸς μὲν σύ γ' ἐπίκουρος φίλοις,
ὄμως δὲ συνδάκρυσον, ἰκέτευσον πατρὸς
τὴν σὴν ἀδελφὴν μὴ θανεῖν· αἴσθημά τοι
κάν νηπίοις γε τῶν κακῶν ἐγγίγνεται.
ἰδοὺ σιωπῶν λίσσεταιί σ' ὄδ', ὦ πάτερ.
ἀλλ' αἰδεσαί με καὶ κατοίκτηιρον βίον.
ναί, πρὸς γενείου σ' ἀντόμεσθα δύο φίλω·
ὁ μὲν νεοσσός ἐστιν, ἣ δ' ἠὺξημένη.
ἐν συντεμοῦσα πάντα νικῆσω λόγον·*
- 1250 *τὸ φῶς τόδ' ἀνθρώποισιν ἠδιστον βλέπειν,
τὰ νέρθε δ' οὐδέν· μαίνεται δ' ὅς εὐχεται
θανεῖν. κακῶς ζῆν κρεῖσσον ἢ καλῶς θανεῖν.*

ΧΟΡΟΣ

*ὦ τλήμον Ἑλένη, διὰ σὲ καὶ τοὺς σοὺς γάμους
ἀγῶν Ἀτρεΐδαις καὶ τέκνοις ἦκει μέγας.*

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

*ἐγὼ τά τ' οἰκτρὰ συνετός εἰμι καὶ τὰ μή,
φιλῶν ἐμαυτοῦ τέκνα· μαινοίμην γὰρ ἄν.
δεινῶς δ' ἔχει μοι ταῦτα τολμῆσαι, γύναι,
δεινῶς δὲ καὶ μή τοῦτο γὰρ πρᾶξαί με δεῖ.
ὄραθ' ὅσον στράτευμα ναύφρακτον τόδε,*

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

Repaying all thy fostering toil for me ?" 1230
 I keep remembrance of that converse yet ·
 Thou hast forgotten, thou wouldst murder me.
 Ah no !—by Pelops, by thy father Atreus,
 And by this mother, whose first travail-pangs
 Now in this second anguish are renewed !
 What part have I in Paris' rape of Helen ?
 Why, father, should he for my ruin have come ?
 Look on me—give me one glance—oh, one kiss,
 That I may keep in death from thee but this
 Memorial, if thou heed my pleading not. 1240
 Brother, small help canst thou be to thy friends ;
 Yet weep with me, yet supplicate thy sire
 To slay thy sister not !—some sense of ill
 Even in wordless infants is inborn.
 Lo, by his silence he implores thee, father—
 Have mercy, have compassion on my youth !
 Yea, by thy beard we pray thee, loved ones
 twain,
 A nestling one, and one a daughter grown.
 In one cry summing all, I *must* prevail !
 Sweet, passing sweet, is light for men to see, 1250
 Death is but nothingness ! Who prays to die
 Is mad. Ill life o'erpasseth glorious death.

CHORUS

O thou wretch Helen ! Through thee and thy sin
 Comes agony on the Atreids and their seed.

AGAMEMNON

I know what asketh pity, what doth not,
 Who love mine own babes : I were madman else.
 Awful it is, my wife, to dare this deed,
 Yet awful to forbear. I *must* do this !
 Mark ye yon countless host with galleys fenced,

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΑΔΙ

- 1260 χαλκέων θ' ὄπλων ἄνακτες Ἑλλήνων ὅσοι,
οἷς νόστος οὐκ ἔστ' Ἰλίου πύργους ἔπι,
εἰ μὴ σε θύσω, μάντις ὡς Κάλχας λέγει,
οὐδ' ἔστι Τροίας ἐξελεῖν κλεινὸν βῆθρον.
μέμνηε δ' ἄφροδίτη τις Ἑλλήνων στρατιῶ
πλεῖν ὡς τάχιστα βαρβύρων ἐπὶ χθόνα,
παῦσαί τε λέκτρων ἄρπαγὰς Ἑλληνικῶν
οἱ τὰς ἐν Ἄργει παρθένοὺς κτενοῦσί μου
ὑμᾶς τε κἀμέ, θέσφατ' εἰ λύσω θεῆς.
οὐ Μενελεύς με καταδεδούλωται, τέκνον,
1270 οὐδ' ἐπὶ τὸ κείνου βουλόμενον ἐλήλυθα,
ἀλλ' Ἑλλάς, ἧ δεῖ, κἂν θέλω κἂν μὴ θέλω,
θῦσαί σε· τούτου δ' ἦσσοιες καθέσταμεν.
ἐλευθέραν γὰρ δεῖ νιν ὅσον ἐν σοί, τέκνον,
κἀμοὶ γενέσθαι, μηδὲ βαρβύρων ὑπο
Ἑλληνας ὄντας λέκτρα συλᾶσθαι βία.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ὦ τέκνον, ὦ ξέναι,
οἱ ἄγὼ θανάτου τοῦ σοῦ μελέα.
φεύγει σε πατήρ Ἄλιδη παραδούς.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

- 1280 οἱ ἄγὼ, μᾶτερ· ταῦτὸν γὰρ δὴ
μέλος εἰς ἄμφω πέπτωκε τύχης,
κούκέτι μοι φῶς
οὐδ' ἡελίου τόδε φέγγος.
ἰὼ ἰώ.
νιφόβολον Φρυγῶν νάπος Ἴδας τ'
ὄρεα, Πρίαμος ὅθι ποτὲ βρέφος ἀπαλὸν ἔβαλε
ματρὸς ἀποπρὸ νοσφίσας,

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

And all the brazen-harnessed Hellene kings, 1260
 Who cannot voyage unto Ilium's towers,
 Who cannot raze Troy's citadel renowned,
 But by thy blood, as Calchas saith, the seer.
 A fiery passion maddeneth Hellas' host
 To sail in all haste to the aliens' land,
 And put an end to rapes of Hellene wives.
 My daughters will they slay in Argos—you
 And me,—if I annul the Goddess' hest.
 Not Menelaus hath enslaved me, child,
 Nor yet to serve his pleasure have I come. 1270
 'Tis Hellas for whom—will I, will I not—
 I must slay thee: this cannot we withstand.
 Free must she be, so far as in thee lies,
 And me, child; nor by aliens' violence
 Must sons of Hellas of their wives be spoiled.

[Exit.

CLYTEMNESTRA

O child! O stranger damsels, see!
 Woe for thy death! Alas for me!
 Thy father flees, to Hades yielding thee!

IPHIGENEIA

Alas for me, mother!
 One song for us twain
 Fate finds us—none other
 But this sad strain: 1280
 Upon me shall the light and the beams of the sun shine
 never again.
 O Phrygian glade
 Overgloomed by the crest
 Of Ida, where laid
 In a snow-heaven nest
 Was the suckling by Priam cast forth, which he
 tore from the mother's breast,

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

- ἐπὶ μόρω θανατόεντι
 Πάρι, ὃς Ἰδαῖος
 1290 Ἰδαῖος ἐλέγετ' ἐλέγετ' ἐν Φρυγῶν πόλει.
- μή ποτ' ὄφελεν τὸν ἀμφὶ
 βουσι βουκόλον τραφέντα
 † [Ἀλέξανδρον]
 οἰκίσαι ἀμφὶ τὸ λευκὸν ὕδωρ, ὅθι
 κρῆναι Νυμφᾶν κεῖνται
 λειμών τ' ἄνθεσι θύλλων
 χλωροῖς, οὗ ῥοδύεντα
 ἄνθε' ὑακίνθινά τε θεαῖσι δρέπειν.
- 1300 ἔνθα ποτὲ Παλλὰς ἔμολε
 καὶ δολιόφρων Κύπρις
 Ἦρα θ' Ἑρμῆς θ',
 ὁ Διὸς ἄγγελος,
 ἅ μὲν ἐπὶ πόθῳ τρυφῶσα
 Κύπρις, ἅ δὲ δουρὶ Παλλᾶς,
 Ἦρα τε Διὸς ἄνακτος
 εὐναῖσι βασιλίσιν,
 κρίσιν ἐπὶ στυγνὰν ἔριν τε
 καλλονᾶς, ἐμοὶ δὲ θάνατον,
 1310 ὄνομα μὲν φέροντα Δαναΐδαισιν, ᾧ κόραι.
 προθύματ' ἔλαβεν Ἄρτεμις πρὸς Ἴλιον.
 ὁ δὲ τεκῶν με τὰν τάλαιναν,
 ᾧ μᾶτερ, ᾧ μᾶτερ,
 οἴχεται προδοῦς ἔρημον.

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

Yea, left him to lie

Till the death-doom should claim

Paris, whereby

Throughout Troy was his name

1290

Paris of Ida, where fostered a herdman mid kine he
became.

Would God amid fountains

Of foam-silvered sheen

Of the nymphs of the mountains

His home had not been,

Nor where roses and bluebells for Goddesses bloomed
amid watermeads green !

Came the Queen of Beguiling

1300

With love-litten eye

Passion-kindling, and smiling

As for victory nigh ;

Came Pallas in pride of her prowess, and Hera the
Queen of the Sky :

And Hermes was there,

The Herald of Heaven.

So the Strife of Most Fair,

Loathed contest, was striven,

Whereof to me death, but to Danaans glory, O damsels,
was given.

1310

Me the Huntress receiveth

For her firstfruits of prey,

And mine own sire leaveth

His child—doth betray

A daughter most wretched, O mother, my mother, and
fleeth away.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΑΔΙ

ὦ δυστάλαιν' ἐγώ, πικρὰν
πικρὰν ἰδοῦσα δυσελέναν,
φονεύομαι διόλλυμαι
σφαγαῖσιν ἀνοσίοισιν ἀνοσίου πατρός.

1320 μὴ μοι ναῶν χαλκεμβολίδων
πρύμνας ἄδ' Αὐλῆς δέξασθαι
τούσδ' εἰς ὄρμους εἰς Ἰτροίαν
ᾧφελεν ἐλάταν πομπαίαν,
μηδ' ἀνταίαν Εὐρίπω
πνεῦσαι πομπὰν Ζεὺς, μελίσσων
αὔραν ἄλλοις ἄλλαν θνατῶν
λαίφεσι χαίρειν,
τοῖσι δὲ λύπαν, τοῖσι δ' ἀνάγκαν,
τοῖς δ' ἐξορμᾶν, τοῖς δὲ στέλλειν,
τοῖσι δὲ μέλλειν.

1330 ἦ πολύμοχθον ἄρ' ἦν γένος, ἦ πολύμοχθον
ἀμερίων, τὸ χρεῶν δέ τι δύσποτμον
ἀνδράσιν ἀνευρεῖν.
ὦ ἰώ,
μεγάλα πάθεα, μεγάλα δ' ἄχρα
Δαναΐδαις τιθεῖσα Τυνδαρὶς κόρα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἐγὼ μὲν οἰκτείρω σε συμφορᾶς κακῆς
τυχοῦσαν, οἷας μήποτ' ᾧφελες τυχεῖν.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ὦ τεκοῦσα μῆτερ, ἀνδρῶν ὄχλον εἰσορῶ πέλας.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

τόν γε τῆς θεᾶς παῖδα, τέκνον, ᾧ σὺ δεῦρ'
ἐλήλυθας.

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

Woe's me to have seen her—

Helen, whose name

Is a bitterness keener

Than words may frame !

She is made to me slaughter and doom, and a father's
deed of shame.

Oh had Aulis received not

1320

Bronze prows long embayed !

O had Troy been reprieved not

While their pine-wings delayed !

O had Zeus never breathed on Euripus the breath that
our voyaging stayed !—

He who tempers his gales

Unto men as he will ;

Some shake out glad sails,

Some in sorrow sit still

Fate-fettered : these speed from the haven, the white
wings of those never fill.

1330

O travail-worn seed

Of the sons of a day !

How Fate hath decreed

Disaster alway !

What burden of anguish did Tyndareus' child on the
Danaans lay !

CHORUS

I pity thee for this unhappy lot

Found of thee : would thou ne'er hadst come thereon

IPHIGENEIA

Mother mine, I see a throng of men that hither hasten
on !

CLYTEMNESTRA

Child, 'tis he for whom thou camest hither, even
Thetis' son.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

1340 διαχαλατέ μοι μέλαθρα, δμῶες, ὡς κρύψω δέμας.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

τί δέ, τέκνον, φεύγεις ;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

Ἄχιλλέα τόνδ' ἰδεῖν αἰσχύνομαι.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ὡς τί δή ;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

τὸ δυστυχές μοι τῶν γάμων αἰδῶ φέροι.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

οὐκ ἐν ἀβρότῃ κείσαι πρὸς τὰ νῦν πεπτωκότα·
ἀλλὰ μὲν· οὐ σεμνότητος ἔργον, ἣν δυνώμεθα—

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

ὦ γύναι τάλαινα, Λήδας θύγατερ,

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

οὐ ψευδῇ θροεῖς.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

δεῖν' ἐν Ἀργείοις βοᾶται,

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

τίνα βοήν ; σήμαινέ μοι.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

ἀμφὶ σῆς παιδός,

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

πονηρὸν εἴπας οἰωνὸν λόγων.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

ὡς χρεῶν σφάξαι νιν.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

κούδεις τοῖσδ' ἐναντίον¹ λέγει ;

¹ Paley : for ἐναντία of MSS. England reads ὤμοι· κοῦτις ἀντιάζεται ;

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

IPHIGENEIA

Handmaids, ope to mè the doors, that I within may
hide my face!

1340

CLYTEMNESTRA

Wherefore flee, my child?

IPHIGENEIA

For shame I cannot meet Achilles' gaze.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Wherefore so?

IPHIGENEIA

With shame the misery of my bridal crusheth me.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Not in plight for dainty shrinking art thou when 'tis
thus with thee. [but may—

Tarry then: no time is this for maiden pride, if we

Enter ACHILLES

ACHILLES

Hapless woman, child of Leda!—

CLYTEMNESTRA

Truly "hapless" named this day!

ACHILLES

Fearfully the Argives clamour—

CLYTEMNESTRA

What their clamour?—tell the thing.

ACHILLES

Touching this thy daughter.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Ah, thy words with evil presage ring!

ACHILLES

"Slain she must be!" cry they.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Is there none whose words with theirs contend?

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

εἰς θόρυβον ἔγωγε καὐτὸς ἤλυθον,

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

τίν', ὦ ξένε ;

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

σῶμα λευσθῆναι πέτροισι.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

1350

μῶν κόρην σῶζων ἐμήν ;

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

αὐτὸ τοῦτο.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

τίς δ' ἂν ἔτλη σώματος τοῦ σοῦ θιγεῖν ;

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

πάντες Ἕλληνες.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

στρατὸς δὲ Μυρμιδῶν οὐ σοι παρῆν ;

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

πρῶτος ἦν ἐκεῖνος ἐχθρός,

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

δι' ἄρ' ὀλώλαμεν, τέκνον.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

οἱ με τὸν γάμων ἀπεκάλουν ἤσσον'.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ὑπεκρίνω δὲ τί ;

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

τὴν ἐμήν μέλλουσαν εὐνήν μὴ κτανεῖν,

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

δίκαια γάρ.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

ἦν ἐφήμισεν πατήρ μοι.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

κἀργόθεν γ' ἐπέμψατο.

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

ACHILLES

Yea, myself in tumult's peril was,—

CLYTEMNESTRA

What peril, stranger friend ?

ACHILLES

Even to be stoned with stones.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Since thou hadst fain my daughter spared ? 1350

ACHILLES

Even so.

CLYTEMNESTRA

But lay a hand on *thee* ! And who such deed
had dared ?

ACHILLES

All the Hellenes.

CLYTEMNESTRA

But with thee was not thy people's battle-host ?

ACHILLES

First were these to turn against me,—

CLYTEMNESTRA

Oh my daughter, we are lost .

ACHILLES

Taunted me as thrall to marriage.

CLYTEMNESTRA

And what answer didst thou frame ?

ACHILLES

“Slay my destined bride,” I said, “ye shall not,”—

CLYTEMNESTRA

Yea, a righteous claim.

ACHILLES

“Whom her father promised !”

CLYTEMNESTRA

Yea, to Argos sent withal to bring.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

ἄλλ' ἐνικώμην κεκραγμοῦ.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

τὸ πολὺ γὰρ δεινὸν κακόν.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

ἄλλ' ὅμως ἀρήξομέν σοι.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

καὶ μαχεῖ πολλοῖσιν εἰς ;

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

εἰσορᾶς τεύχη φέροντας τούσδ' ;

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ὄναιο τῶν φρενῶν.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

ἄλλ' ὀνησόμεσθα.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

1360

παῖς ἄρ' οὐκέτι σφαγήσεται ;

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

οὐκ, ἐμοῦ γε ζῶντος.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἦξει δ' ὅστις ἄψεται κόρης ;

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

μυρίοι γ' ἄξει δ' Ὀδυσσεύς.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἄρ' ὁ Σισύφου γονος ;

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

αὐτὸς οὗτος.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἴδια πρᾶσσω, ἢ στρατοῦ ταχθεὶς ὑπο ;

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

αἶρεθεὶς ἐκῶν.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

πονηρὰν γ' αἶρεσιν, μαιφονεῖν.

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

ACHILLES

Yet was I outelamoured.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Ah, the rabble is a baneful thing !

ACHILLES

Yet will I defend thee.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Singly fight against a multitude ?

ACHILLES

Seest thou these who bear mine armour ?

CLYTEMNESTRA

Blessings on thy dauntless mood

ACHILLES

Yea, I shall be blest.

CLYTEMNESTRA

She shall not now be on the altar laid ? 1360

ACHILLES

Not while I am living !

CLYTEMNESTRA

How, will any come to seize the maid ?

ACHILLES

Thousands—and Odysseus leading.

CLYTEMNESTRA

He, the seed of Sisyphus ?

ACHILLES

Even he.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Self-bidden, or did all the host appoint it thus ?

ACHILLES

Chosen, and consenting.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Evil choice, for murderous violence !

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

ἀλλ' ἐγὼ σχήσω νιν.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἄξει δ' οὐχ ἑκούσαν ἀρπάσας ;

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

δηλαδὴ ξανθῆς ἐθείρας.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἐμὲ δὲ τί χρῆ δρᾶν τότε ;

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

ἀντέχου θυγατρύς.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ὡς τοῦδ' εἴνεκ' οὐ σφαγήσεται.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

ἀλλὰ μὴν εἰς τοῦτό γ' ἦξει.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

μήτερ, εἰσακούσατε

1370 τῶν ἐμῶν ἐπῶν· μάτην γάρ σ' εἰσορῶ θυμουμένην
σῶ πόσει· τὰ δ' ἀδύναθ' ἡμῖν καρτερεῖν οὐ
ῥάδιον.

τὸν μὲν οὖν ξένον δικαίον αἰνέσαι προθυμίας·
ἀλλὰ καὶ σὲ τοῦθ' ὀρᾶν χρῆ, μὴ διαβληθῆ
στρατῶ,

καὶ πλέον πράξωμεν οὐδέν, ὅδε δὲ συμφορᾶς
τύχη.

οἶα δ' εἰσῆλθὲν μ', ἄκουσον, μήτερ, ἐννοουμένην·
κατθανεῖν μὲν μοι δέδοκται· τοῦτο δ' αὐτὸ
βούλομαι

εὐκλεῶς πράξαι παρῑσά γ' ἐκποδῶν τὸ δυσγενές.
δεῦρο δὴ σκέψαι μεθ' ἡμῶν, μήτερ, ὡς καλῶς
λέγω.

εἰς ἔμ' Ἑλλάς ἢ μεγίστη πᾶσα νῦν ἀποβλέπει,
κὰν ἐμοὶ πορθμός τε ναῶν καὶ Φρυγῶν κατασκαφαί,

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

ACHILLES

Nay, but I will stay him.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Would he hale her unconsenting hence ?

ACHILLES

Yea, and by her golden tresses.

CLYTEMNESTRA

What must then be done of me ?

ACHILLES

Cling unto thy child.

CLYTEMNESTRA

If this may save her, slain she shall not be.

ACHILLES

Ay, and surely unto this it will come.

IPHIGENEIA

Mother,—to my word

Hearken ye !—against thine husband I behold thee
anger-stirred [brave.

Causelessly : 'twere hard for us inevitable doom to 1370
Meet it is we thank the stranger-hero for his will to
save. [beware ;

Yet, that he be not reproached of Hellas' host must we
So should ruin seize him, and ourselves in no wise
better fare. [thought hereon.

Hear the thing that flashed upon me, mother, as I
Lo, resolved I am to die ; and fain am I that this be
done [away.

Gloriously—that I thrust ignoble craven thoughts
Prithee, mother, this consider with me : mark how well
I say.

Unto me all mighty Hellas looks : I only can bestow
Boons upon her—sailing of her galleys, Phrygia's over-
throw,

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΑΙ

1380 τὰς τε μελλούσας γυναῖκας ἦν τι δρώσι βύρβαροι,
μηκέθ' ἀρπάξουσιν εἰν τάσδ' ὀλβίους ἐξ Ἑλλάδος,
τὸν Ἑλένης τίσαντας ὄλεθρον, ἦντιν' ἤρπασεν
Πάρις.

ταῦτα πάντα κατανοῦσα ῥύσομαι, καί μου κλέος,
Ἑλλάδ' ὡς ἠλευθέρωσα, μακάριον γενήσεται.
καὶ γὰρ οὐδέ τοί τι λῖαν ἐμὲ φιλοψυχεῖν χρεῶν·
πᾶσι γὰρ μ' Ἑλλησι κοινὸν ἔτεκες, οὐχὶ σοὶ
μόνη.

ἀλλὰ μυριοὶ μὲν ἄνδρες ἰσπίσιν πεφραγμένοι,
μυριοὶ δ' ἐρέτμ' ἔχοντες, πατρίδος ἠδικημένης,
δρᾶν τι τολμήσουσιν ἐχθροὺς χυπὲρ Ἑλλάδος
θανεῖν·

1390 ἢ δ' ἐμὴ ψυχὴ μί' οὔσα πάντα κωλύσει τάδε;
τί τὸ δίκαιον τοῦτ'; ἔχομεν ἄρ' ἂν ἰντεπείν
ἔπος;
καπ' ἐκεῖν' ἔλθωμεν. οὐ δεῖ τόνδε διὰ μάχης
μολεῖν

πᾶσιν Ἀργείοις γυναῖκός εἶνεκ' οὐδὲ κατανεῖν.
εἷς γ' ἀνὴρ κρείστων γυναικῶν μυρίων ὄραν
φύος.

εἰ δ' ἐβουλήθη τὸ σῶμα τοῦμὸν Ἀρτεμις λαβεῖν,
ἐμποδῶν γενήσομαι ἄθνητος οὔσα τῇ θεῷ;
ἀλλ' ἀμήχανον· δίδωμι σῶμα τοῦμὸν Ἑλλάδι.
θύετ', ἐκπορθεῖτε Τροίαν. ταῦτα γὰρ μνημεῖά μου
διὰ μακροῦ, καὶ παῖδες οὔτοι καὶ γάμοι καὶ
δόξ' ἐμὴ.

1400 βαρβάρων δ' Ἑλληνίης ἄρχειν εἰκός, ἀλλ' οὐ
βαρβάρους,
μητέρα, Ἑλλήνων· τὸ μὲν γὰρ δούλον, οἱ δ' ἐλεύθεροι.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τὸ μὲν σὸν, ὦ νεᾶνι, γενναίως ἔχει·
τὸ τῆς τύχης δὲ καὶ τὸ τῆς θεοῦ νοσεῖ.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

Ἄγαμέμνονος παῖ, μακάριον μέ τις θεῶν
ἔμελλε θήσειν, εἰ τύχοιμι σῶν γάμων.
ζηλώ δὲ σοῦ μὲν Ἑλλάϊδ', Ἑλλάδος δὲ σέ.
εὖ γὰρ τόδ' εἶπας ἀξίως τε πατρίδος·
τὸ θεομαχεῖν γὰρ ὑπολιποῦς', ὃ σου κρατεῖ,
ἔξελογίσω τὰ χρηστὰ τῖναγκαῖά τε.
1410 μᾶλλον δὲ λέκτρων σῶν πόθος μ' ἐσέρχεται
εἰς τὴν φύσιν βλέψαντα· γενναία γὰρ εἶ.
ὄρα δ' ἐγὼ γὰρ βούλομαί σ' εὐεργετεῖν
λαβεῖν τ' ἐς οἴκους· ἄχθομαί τ', ἴστω Θέτις,
εἰ μὴ σε σώσω Δαναΐδαισι διὰ μίχης
ἔλθῶν ἄθρησον, ὃ θύνατος δεινὸν κακόν.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

λέγω τάδ' [οὐδὲν οὐδέν' εὐλαβουμένη,] †
ἢ Τυνδαρίς παις διὰ τὸ σῶμ' ἀρκεῖ μάχας
ἀνδρῶν τιθείσα καὶ φόρους· σὺ δ', ὦ ξένε,
μὴ θνήσκε δι' ἐμὲ μηδ' ἀποκτείνης τινά.
1420 ἔα δὲ σῶσαί μ' Ἑλλάϊδ', ἣν δυνώμεθα.

ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ

ὦ λῆμ' ἄριστον, οὐκ ἔχω πρὸς τοῦτ' ἔτι
λέγειν, ἐπεὶ σοι τίδε δοκεῖ· γενναία γὰρ
φρονεῖς· τί γὰρ τὰληθὲς οὐκ εἴποι τις ἄν ;
ὅμως δ', ἴσως γὰρ κἂν μεταγνοίης τίδε,
ὡς οὖν ἂν εἰδῆς τὰπ' ἐμοῦ λελεγμένα,
ἔλθῶν τάδ' ὄπλα θήσομαι βωμοῦ πέλας,
ὡς οὐκ εἴσω σ' ἀλλὰ κωλύσων θανεῖν.
χρήσει δὲ καὶ σὺ τοῖς ἐμοῖς λόγοις τάχα,
ὅταν πέλας σῆς φάσγανον δέρης ἴδης.

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

CHORUS

Noble the part thou playest, maiden, is :
But Fate and Artemis—ill part is theirs !

ACHILLES

Agamemnon's child, a God came near to bless
Me, could I but have won thee for my bride.
Happy in thee is Hellas, thou in Hellas !
Well saidst thou this, and worthily of our land :
Thou hast turned away from strife with Gods—a thing
Too hard for thee—hast weighed the good Fate
spares.

Yet love for thee now thrills me through the more 1410
That I have seen thy nature, noble heart.
Wherefore look to it : thee I fain would serve,
And bear thee home. I chafe, be Thetis witness,
That I should save thee not in battle-shock
With Danaans. Think—a fearful thing is death.

IPHIGENEIA

I say this,—as one past all hope and fear :—
Suffice that through her beauty Tyndareus' child
Stirs strife and slaughter. Thou, O stranger-prince,
Die not for me, nor slay thou any man.
Let me be Hellas' saviour, if I may. 1420

ACHILLES

O soul heroic !—nought can I say more
Hereto, since fixed thine heart is. Thy resolve
Is noble—why should one say not the truth ?
But yet,—for haply yet thy mood may change,—
That thou mayst know the proffer that I make,
I go, to place my weapons nigh the altar,
Ready to suffer not, but bar, thy death.
Thou mayst, even thou, unto mine offer turn,
When thou beholdest at thy throat the knife.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

1430 οὔκουν ἔίσω σ' ἀφροσύνη τῇ σῇ θανείν·
ἔλθων δὲ σὺν ὅπλοις τοῖσδε πρὸς ναὸν θεᾶς
καραδοκήσω σὴν ἐκεῖ παρουσίαν.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

μητέρα, τί σιγῇ δακρύοις τέγγεις κόρας ;

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἔχω τάλαινα πρόφασιν ὡστ' ἀλγεῖν φρένα.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

παῦσαί με μὴ κίκιζε· τίδε δ' ἔμοι πιθοῦ.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

λέγ', ὡς παρ' ἡμῶν οὐδὲν ἀδικήσει, τέκνον.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

μήτ' οὖν σὺ τὸν σὺν πλόκαμον ἐκτέμης τριχός,
μήτ' ἀμφὶ σῶμα μέλανας ἀμπίσχη πέπλους.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

τί δὴ τόδ' εἶπας, τέκνον ; ἀπολέσασά σε ;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

1440 οὐ σύ γε σέσωσμαι, κατ' ἔμέ δ' εὐκλεῆς ἔσει.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

πῶς εἶπας ; οὐ πενθεῖν με σὴν ψυχὴν χρεῶν ;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἤκιστ', ἐπεὶ μοι τύμβος οὐ χωσθήσεται.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

τί δὴ ; τὸ θνήσκειν οὐ τάφος νομίζεται ;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

βωμὸς θεᾶς μοι μνήμα τῆς Διὸς κόρης.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἀλλ', ὦ τέκνον, σοὶ πείσομαι· λέγεις γὰρ εὔ.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ὡς εὐτυχοῦσά γ' Ἑλλάδος τ' εὐεργέτις.

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

Thou shalt not through a hasty impulse die. 1430
 No, with these arms will I unto the shrine,
 And for thy coming thither will I wait. [Exit.

IPHIGENEIA

Mother, why art thou weeping silently ?

CLYTEMNESTRA

Good cause have I, woe's me ! to break mine heart

IPHIGENEIA

Forbear, make me not craven ; but this do—

CLYTEMNESTRA

Speak : thou shalt have no wrong of me, my child

IPHIGENEIA

Shear not for me the tresses of thine hair,
 Neither in sable stole array thy form.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Why say'st thou this ? When I have lost thee,
 child !—

IPHIGENEIA

Nay, I am saved. Thy glory shall I be. 1440

CLYTEMNESTRA

How sayest thou ? Must I not mourn thy death ?

IPHIGENEIA

Nay, nay : no grave-mound shall be heaped for me.

CLYTEMNESTRA

How then ?—in death is burial not implied ?

IPHIGENEIA

Zeus' Daughter's altar is my sepulchre.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Child, I will do thy bidding. Thou say'st well.

IPHIGENEIA

As one blest, benefactor of our Greece.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

τί δὴ κασιγνήταισιν ἀγγελῶ σέθεν ;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

μηδ' ἀμφὶ κείναις μέλανας ἐξάψης πέπλους.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

εἶπω δὲ παρὰ σοῦ φίλον ἔπος τι παρθένους ;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

1450 χαίρειν γ'. Ὅρέστην τ' ἔκτρεφ' ἄνδρα τόνδε μοι.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

προσέλκυσαί νιν ὕστατον θεωμένη.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ὦ φίλτατ', ἐπεκούρησας ὅσον εἶχες φίλοις.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἔσθ' ὅ τι κατ' Ἄργος δρῶσά σοι χάριν φέρω ;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

πατέρα τὸν ἄμὸν μὴ στύγει πόσιν τε σόν.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

δεινούς ἀγῶνας διὰ σέ δεῖ κείνον δραμεῖν.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἄκων μ' ὑπὲρ γῆς Ἑλλάδος διώλεσεν.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

δόλω δ', ἀγεννῶς Ἀτρέως τ' οὐκ ἀξίως.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

τίς μ' εἶσιν ἄξων πρὶν σπαράσσεσθαι κόμην ;

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἔγωγε μετὰ σοῦ—

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

μὴ σύ γ' οὐ καλῶς λέγεις.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

πέπλων ἐχομένη σῶν.

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

CLYTEMNESTRA

What message to thy sisters shall I bear ?

IPHIGENEIA

Them too array thou not in sable stole.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Shall I bear them some word of love from thee ?

IPHIGENEIA

Only "Farewell !" To manhood rear this babe. 1450

CLYTEMNESTRA

Embrace him ! for the last time look on him.

IPHIGENEIA (*to Orestes*)

Dearest, thou gav'st us all the help thou couldst !

CLYTEMNESTRA

Can I do aught at home to pleasure thee ?

IPHIGENEIA

My father and thine husband hate not thou.

CLYTEMNESTRA

A fearful course for thy sake must he run !

IPHIGENEIA

Sore loth, for Hellas' sake, hath he destroyed me.

CLYTEMNESTRA

By guile unkingly, unworthy Atreus' son !

IPHIGENEIA

Who will lead me, ere men drag me by mine hair ?

CLYTEMNESTRA

I will go with thee—

IPHIGENEIA

Nay, thou say'st not well.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Grasping thy vesture.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

1460

ἔμοί, μήτερ, πιθοῦ,
 μέν· ὡς ἐμοί τε σοί τε κάλλιον τόδε.
 πατρός δ' ὀπαδῶν τῶνδ' ἴσ' ἄν τις με πεμπέτω
 Ἄρτεμιδος εἰς λειμῶν', ὅπου σφαγήσομαι.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ὦ τέκνον, οἴχει ;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

καὶ πάλιν γ' οὐ μὴ μόλω.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

λιποῦσα μητέρ' ;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ὡς ὀράς γ', οὐκ ἀξίως.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

σχές, μή με προλίπης.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

οὐκ ἔω στάζειν δάκρυ.

ὑμεῖς δ' ἐπευφημήσατ', ὦ νεάνιδες,
 παιᾶνα τῆμῃ συμφορᾷ Διὸς κόρη
 Ἄρτεμιν· ἴτω δὲ Δαναΐδαις εὐφημία.
 1470 κανᾶ δ' ἐναρχέσθω τις, αἰθέσθω δὲ πῦρ
 προχύταις καθαρσίοισι, καὶ πατὴρ ἐμὸς
 ἐνδεξιούσθω βωμόν· ὡς σωτηρίαν
 Ἕλλησι δώσουσ' ἔρχομαι νικηφόρον.

ἄγετέ με τὰν Ἰλίου
 καὶ Φρυγῶν ἐλέπτολιν.
 στέφεια περίβολα δίδοτε, φέρετε·
 πλόκαμος ὅδε καταστέφειν·
 χερνίβων γε παγίς.

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

IPHIGENEIA

Heed me, mother mine— 1460

Tarry : for thee, for me, 'tis better so.

Let one of my sire's henchmen lead me on
To Artemis' meadow, where I shall be slain.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Child, art thou gone?—

IPHIGENEIA

I shall return no more.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Leaving thy mother!

IPHIGENEIA

As thou seest :—'tis hard.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Hold!—O forsake me not!

IPHIGENEIA

Nay, shed no tear.

(CLYTEMNESTRA *enters the tent.*)

Ye damsels, raise all-hails of happy speed—

The pæan for my lot—to Zeus's child

Artemis. Bid the host keep reverent hush.

Bring maunds of sacrifice, let blaze the flame

With purifying meal; and let my sire

Compass the altar rightward. Lo, I come

To give to Hellas safety victory-crowned.

Raises the processional chant.

Lead me for Ilium's, Phrygia's, overthrowing;

Give to me garlands, bring festooning flowers:

Lo, my locks wait the blossoms overstrawing,

The lustral laver-showers.

1470

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

- 1480 ἐλίσσεται ἄμφι ναὸν ἄμφι βωμὸν
τὰν ἄνασσαν Ἄρτεμιν,
θεὰν μάκαιραν ὡς ἐμοῖσιν, εἰ χρεῶν,
αἶμασι θύμασί τε
θέσφατ' ἐξαλείψω.
ὦ πότνια πότνια μήτηρ, ὡς δάκρυά γέ σοι
δώσομεν ἀμέτερα·
- 1490 παρ' ἱεροῖς γὰρ οὐ πρόπει.
ἰὼ ἰὼ νεῖνιδες,
συνεπαείδεται Ἄρτεμιν
Χαλκίδος ἀντίπορον,
ἵνα τε δόρατα μέμονε δαῖα
δι' ἐμὸν ὄνομα τῆσδ' Αὐλίδος
στενοπόροισιν ὄρμοις.
ἰὼ γὰρ μήτηρ ὦ Πελασγία,
Μυκηναῖαί τ' ἐμαὶ θεράπναι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

- 1500 καλεῖς πόλισμα Περσέως,
Κυκλωπίων πόνον χερῶν ;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἔθρεψας Ἑλλάδι με φάος·
θανοῦσα δ' οὐκ ἀναίνομαι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

κλέος γὰρ οὐ σε μὴ λίπη.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἰὼ ἰώ.
λαμπαδοῦχος ἀμέρα Δι-
ός τε φέγγος, ἕτερον
ἕτερον αἰῶνα καὶ μοῖραν οἰκήσομεν.
χαῖρέ μοι, φίλον φάος. ἰὼ ἰώ.

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

To Artemis the Queen, blest Goddess, treading 1480
A measure, fane and altar compass ye.
I wash the curse out with the hallowed shedding
Of blood, if this must be.

Mother, for thee my fount of pity streameth
Now—for I may not at the altar weep. 1490
Sing, maidens, Artemis, whose temple gleameth
Toward Chalcis, o'er the deep,

From where, in Aulis' straitened havens, shaken
In fury, spears are at my name uptossed.
Hail, mother-land Pelasgia! Hail, forsaken
Mycenae—home—home lost!

CHORUS

Dost thou on the city of Perseus cry, 1500
By the toil of the Cyclopes builded high?

IPHIGENEIA

For a light unto Hellas thou fosteredst me,
And I die—O freely I die for thee!

CHORUS

Yea, for thy glory shall never die.

IPHIGENEIA

Hail, Light divine!
Hail, Day in whose hands doth the World's Torch
shine!
In a strange new life must I dwell,
And a strange new lot must be mine.
Farewell, dear light, farewell! [*Exit.*]

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

1510 ἴδεσθε τὰν Ἰλίου
καὶ Φρυγῶν ἐλέπτολιν
στείχουσαν, ἐπὶ κῆρα στέφρα
βαλομένην χερνίβων τε παγῆς,
βωμὸν διαίμονος θεᾶς
ραίνισιν αἱματορρύτοις
ρανοῦσαν εὐφυῆ τε σώματος δέρην
σφαγείσαν.
εὐδροσοὶ πατρῶαι
παγαὶ μένουσι χέρνιβές τέ σε
στρατός τ' Ἀχαιῶν θέλων
1520 Ἰλίου πόλιν μολεῖν.
ἀλλὰ τὰν Διὸς κόραν
κλήσωμεν Ἄρτεμιν, θεῶν ἄνασσαν,
ὡς ἐπ' εὐτυχεῖ πότμῳ.
ὦ πότνια, θύμασιν βροτησίοις
χαρεῖσα, πέμψον εἰς Φρυγῶν
γαῖαν Ἑλλάνων στρατὸν
καὶ δολόεντα Τροίας ἔδη,
Ἄγαμέμνονά τε λόγχαις
Ἑλλάδι κλεινότατον στέφανον
1530 δὸς ἀμφὶ κῆρα θ' ἐὼν
κλέος αἰέμνηστον ἀμφιθεῖναι.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ὦ Τυνδαρεία παι, Κλυταιμνήστρα, δόμων
ἔξω πέρασον, ὡς κλύης ἐμῶν λόγων.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

φθογγῆς κλύουσα δεῦρο σῆς ἀφικόμην,
ταρβούσα τλήμων κάκπεπληγμένη φόβῳ,
μή μοί τιν' ἄλλην ξυμφορὰν ἦκης φέρων
πρὸς τῇ παρούσῃ.

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

CHORUS

See who, for Ilium's, Phrygia's, overthrowing, 1510
With her fair hair for death bestarred with flowers,
Is to the sacrificial altar going
Besprent with laver-showers—

Yea, to the altar of the murder-lover,
To sprinkle it with thine outrushing life,
Whose crimson all thy shapely neck shall cover
Gashed by the fearful knife.

For thee the lustral dew of thy sire's pouring
Wait: the Achaean thousands Troyward strain. 1520
Chant we Zeus' Child, the Huntress-queen adoring;
For O, thy loss is gain!

Joyer in human blood, to Phrygia's far land
Speed thou the best, to Troy the treason-shore;
So crown the King, crown Hellas with a garland 1530
Of glory evermore.

Enter MESSENGER.

MESSENGER

Daughter of Tyndareus, Clytemnestra, come
Forth from the tent, that thou mayst hear my tale.

Enter CLYTEMNESTRA.

CLYTEMNESTRA

I heard thy voice, and hitherward I come,
Wretched with horror, all distraught with fear
Lest thou have brought to crown the present woe
Some fresh one.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΑΔΙ

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

σῆς μὲν οὖν παιδὸς πέρι
θαυμαστί σοι καὶ δεινὰ σημήναι θέλω.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

μὴ μέλλε τοίνυν, ἀλλὰ φράζ' ὅσον τάχος.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

- 1540 ἄλλ' ὦ φίλη δέσποινα, πᾶν πεύσει σαφῶς.
λέξω δ' ἀπ' ἀρχῆς, ἣν τι μὴ σφαλείσά μου
γνώμη ταραξῆ γλώσσαν ἐν λόγοις ἐμήν.
ἐπεὶ γὰρ ἰκόμεσθα τῆς Διὸς κόρης
' Ἀρτέμιδος ἄλσος λείμακάς τ' ἀνθροφόρους,
ἴν' ἦν Ἀχαιῶν σύλλογος στρατεύματος,
σὴν παῖδ' ἄγοντες, εὐθύς Ἀργείων ὄχλος
ἠθροίζεθ'. ὡς δ' ἐσείδεν Ἀγαμέμνων ἀναξ
ἐπὶ σφαγὰς στείχουσαν εἰς ἄλσος κόρην,
ἀνεστέναζε, κᾶμπαλιν στρέψας κᾶρα
1550 δάκρυα προῆκεν, ὀμμάτων πέπλον προθείς.
ἣ δὲ σταθεῖσα τῷ τεκόντι πλησίον
ἔλεξε τοιάδ'· ὦ πάτερ, πάρειμί σοι,
τοῦμὸν δὲ σῶμα τῆς ἐμῆς ὑπὲρ πάτρας
καὶ τῆς ἀπάσης Ἑλλάδος γαίας ὑπερ
θῦσαι δίδωμ' ἐκούσα πρὸς βωμὸν θεᾶς
ἄγοντας, εἶπερ ἐστὶ θέσφατον τόδε.
καὶ τοῦπ' ἐμ' εὐτυχεῖτε, καὶ νικηφόρον
δορὸς τύχοιτε πατρίδα τ' ἐξίκοισθε γῆν.
πρὸς ταῦτα μὴ ψαύσῃ τις Ἀργείων ἐμοῦ·
1560 σιγῇ παρέξω γὰρ δέρην εὐκαρδίως.
τοσαῦτ' ἔλεξε· πᾶς δ' ἐθάμβησεν κλύων
εὐψυχίαν τε κἀρετὴν τῆς παρθένου.
στάς δ' ἐν μέσῳ Ταλθύβιος, ᾧ τὸδ' ἦν μέλον,
εὐφημίαν ἀνεῖπε καὶ σιγὴν στρατῶ·
Κάλχας δ' ὁ μάντις εἰς κανοῦν χρυσήλατον

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

MESSENGER

Nay, but fain am I to tell,
Touching thy child, a strange and awesome thing.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Linger not then, but tell it with all speed.

MESSENGER

Yea, all, dear mistress, clearly shalt thou learn, 1540
From the beginning told, except my tongue
Through my mind's turmoil falter in the tale.
When to the grove we came of Artemis,
Zeus' child, and to her meadows flower-bestarred,
The place of muster for Achaea's host,
Leading thy child, straightway the Argive throng
Gathered. But when King Agamemnon saw
The maid for slaughter entering the grove,
He heaved a groan, he turned his head away
Weeping, and drew his robe before his eyes. 1550

But to her father's side she came, and stood,
And said : " My father, at thine hest I come,
And for my country's sake my body give,
And for all Hellas, to be led of you
Unto the Goddess' altar, willingly,
And sacrificed, if this is Heaven's decree.
Prosper, so far as rests with me, and win
Victory, and return to fatherland.
Then let no Argive lay a hand on me :
Silent, unflinching, will I yield my neck." 1560

So spake she ; and all marvelled when they heard
The maiden's courage and her heroism.
Forth stood Talthybius then, whose part it was,
Proclaiming silence and a reverent hush.
And the seer Calchas in a golden maund

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΛΥΔΙΔΙ

ἔθηκεν ὄξυ χεiri φύσγανον σπάσας
 κολεῶν ἔσωθεν, κρᾶτά τ' ἔστεψεν κόρης.
 ὁ παῖς δ' ὁ Πηλέως ἐν κύκλῳ βωμὸν θεᾶς
 λαβῶν κανοῦν ἔθρεξε χέρνιβίς θ' ὁμοῦ,
 1570 ἔλεξε δ' ὦ παῖ Ζηνός, ὦ θηροκτόνε,
 τὸ λαμπρὸν εἰλίσσουσ' ἐν εὐφρόνῃ φάος,
 δέξαι τὸ θῦμα τόδ' ὃ γέ σοι δωρούμεθα
 στρατός τ' Ἀχαιῶν Ἀγαμέμνων ἄναξ θ' ὁμοῦ,
 ἄχραντον αἶμα καλλιπαρθένου δέρης,
 καὶ δὸς γενέσθαι πλοῦν νεῶν ἀπήμονα
 Τροίας τε πέργαμ' ἐξελεῖν ἡμᾶς δορί.
 εἰς γῆν δ' Ἀτρεΐδαι πᾶς στρατός τ' ἔστη βλέπων.
 ἱρεὺς δὲ φύσγανον λαβῶν ἐπηύξατο,
 λαιμόν τ' ἐπεσκοπεῖθ', ἵνα πλήξειεν ἄν·
 1580 †έμοι δέ τ' ἄλγος οὐ μικρὸν εἰσῆει φρενί,†
 κᾶστην νενευκῶς· θαῦμα δ' ἦν αἴφνης ὄραν·
 πληγῆς σαφῶς γὰρ πᾶς τις ἦσθετο κτύπον,
 τὴν παρθένον δ' οὐκ οἶδεν οὐ γῆς εἰσέδν.
 βοᾷ δ' ἱερεὺς, ἅπας δ' ἐπήχησε στρατός,
 ἄελπτον εἰσιδόντες ἐκ θεῶν τινος
 φύσμ', οὐ γε μῆδ' ὀρωμένον πίστις παρήν.
 ἔλαφος γὰρ ἄσπαίρουσ' ἔκειτ' ἐπὶ χθονὶ
 ἰδεῖν μεγίστη διαπρεπῆς τε τὴν θέαν,
 ἧς αἵματι βωμὸς ἐραίνεται ἄρδην τῆς θεοῦ.
 1590 κὰν τῶδε Κάλχας πῶς δοκεῖς χαίρων ἔφη
 ὦ τοῦδ' Ἀχαιῶν κοίρανοι κοινοῦ στρατοῦ,
 †όρᾱτε τήνδε θυσίαν, ἦν ἡ θεὸς†
 προύθηκε βωμίαν, ἔλαφον ὀρειδρόμον ;
 ταύτην μάλιστα τῆς κόρης ἀσπάζεται,
 ὡς μὴ μιάνη βωμὸν εὐγενεῖ φόνῳ.
 †ἡδέως τε τοῦτ' ἐδέξατο, καὶ πλοῦν οὐριον†
 δίδωσιν ἡμῖν Ἰλίου τ' ἐπιδρομάς.

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

Laid down a keen knife which his hand had drawn
 Out of its sheath, then crowned the maiden's head.
 Then Peleus' son took maund and lustral bowl,
 And round the altar of the Goddess ran,
 And cried: "Zeus' Daughter, slayer of wild beasts, 1570
 Whose wheels of light roll splendours through the
 gloom,

Accept this offering which we render thee,
 Achaea's host, with Agamemnon King,
 The unsullied blood from a fair maiden's neck;
 And grant the galleys voyaging unvexed;
 And grant our spears may spoil the towers of Troy.
 With bowed heads Atreus' sons and all the host
 Stood. The priest took the knife, he spake the
 prayer,

He scanned her throat for fittest place to strike—
 Then through my soul exceeding anguish thrilled: 1580
 Mine head drooped:—lo, a sudden miracle!
 For each man plainly heard the blow strike home;
 But the maid—none knew whither she had vanished.

Loud cried the priest: all echoed back the cry,
 Seeing a portent by some God sent down
 Unlooked-for, past belief, albeit seen.
 For gasping on the ground there lay a hind
 Most huge to see, and passing fair to view,
 With whose blood all the Goddess' altar ran.
 Then Calchas cried—how gladly ye may guess:— 1590
 "O chieftains of this leagued Achaean host,
 See ye this victim by the Goddess laid
 Before her altar, even a mountain hind?
 This holds she more acceptable than the maid,
 That she stain not with noble blood her altar.
 Gladly she hath accepted this, and grants
 To us fair voyage and onset upon Troy.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

πρὸς ταῦτα πῶς τις θάρσος αἶρε ναυβίτης,
 χῶρει τε πρὸς ναῦν· ἡμέρας ὡς τῆσδε δεῖ
 1600 λιπόντας ἡμᾶς Αὐλίδος κοίλους μυχοὺς
 Αἶγαιον οἶδμα διαπερᾶν. ἐπεὶ δ' ἅπαν
 κατηνθρακώθη θῦμ' ἐν Ἑφαιίστου φλογί,
 τὰ πρόσφορ' ἠῦξασθ', ὡς τύχοι νόστου στρατός.
 πέμπει δ' Ἀγαμέμνων μ' ὥστε σοι φράσαι τύδε,
 λέγειν θ' ὁποίας ἐκ θεῶν μοίρας κυρεῖ
 καὶ δόξαν ἔσχεν ἄφθιτον καθ' Ἑλλάδα.
 ἐγὼ παρὼν δὲ καὶ τὸ πρῶγμ' ὀρών λέγω·
 ἢ παῖς σαφῶς σοι πρὸς θεοὺς ἀφίπτατο.
 1610 λύπης δ' ἀφαίρει καὶ πόσει πάρες χόλον·
 ἀπροσδόκητα δὲ βροτοῖς τὰ τῶν θεῶν,
 σώζουσί θ' οὐς φιλοῦσιν. ἡμαρ γὰρ τότε
 θαινοῦσαν εἶδε καὶ βλέπουσαν παῖδα σὴν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὡς ἦδομαί τοι ταῦτ' ἀκούσασ' ἀγγέλου·
 ζῶν δ' ἐν θεοῖσι σὸν μένειν φράζει τέκος.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ὦ παῖ, θεῶν τοῦ κλέμμα γέγονας ;
 πῶς σε προσείπω ; πῶς δ' οὐ φῶ
 παραμυθεῖσθαι τούσδε μάτην μύθους,
 ὡς σου πένθους λυγροῦ παυσάιμαν ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ μὴν Ἀγαμέμνων ἀναξ στείχει,
 1620 τούσδ' αὐτοὺς ἔχων σοι φράζειν μύθους.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

γύναι, θυγατρὸς ἔνεκ' ὄλβιοι γενοίμεθ' ἄν·
 ἔχει γὰρ ὄντως ἐν θεοῖς ὀμιλίαν.
 χρῆ δέ σε λαβοῦσαν τόνδε μόσχον νεαγενῆ

IPHIGENIA AT AULIS

Be of good cheer then every mariner !
Hence to the galleys ; for this day must we
Fleet out of Aulis' hollow bays, and cross
The Aegean surge." So when the victim all
Was burnt to ashes in the Fire-god's flame,
Meet prayer he offered for the host's return.
Me Agamemnon sped to tell thee this,
And say what heaven-sent fortune fair he hath,
What deathless fame through Hellas he hath
won.

1600

Lo, I was there, and speak as one who saw.
Doubtless thy child was wafted to the Gods.
Forbear grief, cease from wrath against thy lord.
Of mortals unforeseen the Gods' ways are,
And whom they love they save : for this same day
Dying and living hath beheld thy child.

1610

CHORUS

How glad I hear the messenger's report !
He saith thy child bides living midst the Gods.

CLYTEMNESTRA

O daughter, of what God stolen art thou ?
How shall I bid farewell to thee ?—how
Know this for aught but a sweet lie, spoken
To heal the heart that for thee is broken ?

CHORUS

Lo there King Agamemnon draweth nigh
Bearing the selfsame tale to tell to thee.

1620

Enter AGAMEMNON.

AGAMEMNON

Wife, for our child's fate happy may we be,
For she in truth hath fellowship with Gods.
Now must thou take this weanling little one,

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΑΥΛΙΔΙ

στείχειν πρὸς οἴκους· ὡς στρατὸς πρὸς πλοῦν ἄρᾳ.
καὶ χαίρει· χρόνιά γε τὰμά σοι προσφθέγματα
Τροίηθεν ἔσται. καὶ γένοιτό σοι καλῶς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

χαίρων, Ἄτρείδη, γῆν ἰκοῦ Φρυγίαν,
χαίρων δ' ἐπάνηκε,
κάλλιστά μοι σκῦλ' ἀπὸ Τροίας ἐλών.

IPHIGENEIA AT AULIS

And journey home ; for seaward looks the host.
Farewell :—it shall be long ere thee I greet,
From Troy returning. Be it well with thee.

CHORUS

Pass, Atreus' scion, to Phrygia's land with joy,
And with joy from the battle-toil come, bearing the
glorious spoil

Of Troy.

[*Exeunt OMNES.*]

RHESUS

ARGUMENT

WHEN *Hector and the Trojans, as Homer telleth in the Eighth Book of his Iliad, had driven the Greeks from before Troy back to their camp beside the sea, the host of Troy lay for that night in the plain overagainst them. And the Trojans sent forth Dolon a spy to know what the Greeks were minded to do. But there went forth also two spies from the camp of the Greeks, even Odysseus and Diomedes, and these met Dolon and slew him, after that he had told them in his fear all that they would know of the array of the Trojans, and of the coming of their great ally, Rhesus the Thracian, the son of a Goddess. And herein is told of the coming of the Thracian king, and of all that befell that night in the camp of the Trojans.*

ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΡΑΜΑΤΟΣ ΠΡΟΣΩΠΑ

ΧΟΡΟΣ ΦΥΛΑΚΩΝ

ΕΚΤΩΡ

ΑΙΝΕΙΑΣ

ΔΟΛΩΝ

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ΔΙΟΜΗΔΗΣ

ΑΘΗΝΑ

ΠΑΡΙΣ

ΡΗΣΟΥ ΗΝΙΟΧΟΣ

ΜΟΥΣΑ

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

HECTOR, *captain of the host of Troy.*

AENEAS, *a Trojan chief.*

DOLON, *a Trojan.*

SHEPHERD.

RHESUS, *king of Thrace, son of the Muse Terpsichore.*

ODYSSEUS, *a crafty Greek.*

DIOMEDES, *a valiant Greek.*

ATHENA, *a Goddess.*

PARIS, *named also Alexander, a Trojan, son of Priam.*

CHARIOTEER of Rhesus.

THE MUSE *Terpsichore, mother of Rhesus.*

CHORUS, *consisting of sentinels of the Trojan army.*

Guards of Hector, Soldiers of the Thracian army.

SCENE: *In the camp of Troy, before Hector's tent.*

ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

Βάθι πρὸς εὐνάς
τὰς Ἑκτορέους τις ὑπασπιστῶν
ἄγρυπνος βασιλέως, εἰ τευχοφόρων
δέξαιτο νέων κληδόνα μύθων,
οἱ τετράμοιρον νυκτὸς φρουρὰν
πάσης στρατιᾶς προκάθηνται.
ὄρθου κεφαλὴν πῆχυν ἐρείσας,
λῦσον βλεφάρων γοργωπὸν ἔδραν,
λείπε χαμεύνας φυλλοστρώτους,
10 Ἑκτορ· καιρὸς γὰρ ἀκοῦσαι.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

τίς ὄδ' ; ἦ φίλιος φθόγγος ; τίς ἀνὴρ ;
τί τὸ σῆμα ; θρόει·
τίνες ἐκ νυκτῶν τὰς ἡμετέρας
κοίτας πλάθουσ' ; ἐρέπειν χρῆ·

ΧΟΡΟΣ

φύλακες στρατιᾶς.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

τί φέρει θορύβῳ ;

RHESUS

Enter CHORUS marching to Hector's tent, before which stand guards.

CHORUS

Ho, pass to the couch of Hector your lord,
Ye watchful henchmen that guard his sleep,
If perchance he will hearken our tidings, the word
Of them through the night's fourth watch that
keep

The wide war-host safe-fenced with the spear.

Ho! raise thine head on thine arm upstaying;

Unscal thine eyes, the battle-dismaying:

Leap from thine earth-strewn leaf-bed sere,

Hector: 'tis time to hear.

10

Enter HECTOR from the tent.

HECTOR

Who cometh?—the voice of a friend?—what wight?

The watchword give. Speak thou!

Who are ye that draw nigh in the hours of the night

To my couch? Ye must answer now.

CHORUS

Sentinels we.

HECTOR

Why then this affright?

ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

θάρσει.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

μῶν τις λόχος ἐκ νυκτῶν ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐκ ἔστι.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

20 τί γὰρ φυλακὰς προλιπὼν
κινεῖς στρατιάν, εἰ μὴ τιν' ἔχων
νυκτηγορίαν ; οὐκ οἶσθα δορος
πέλας Ἀργείου νυχίαν ἡμᾶς
κοίτην πανόπλους κατέχοντας ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὀπλίξου χέρα, συμμαχῶν, στρ.
Ἔκτορ, βᾶθι πρὸς εὐνάς,
ὄτρυνον ἔγχος αἰεῖριν, ἀφύπνισον,
πέμπε φίλους ἰέναι ποτὶ σὸν λόχον,
ἀρμόσατε ψαλίοις ἵππους.
τίς εἶσ' ἐπὶ Πανθοΐδαν,
30 ἢ τὸν Εὐρώπας, Λυκίων ἀγὸν ἀνδρῶν ;
ποῦ σφαγίων ἔφοροι ;
ποῦ δὲ γυμνήτων μόναρχοι ;
τοξοφόροι δὲ Φρυγῶν
ζεῦγνυτε κερόδετα τόξα νευραῖς.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

40 τὰ μὲν ἀγγέλλεις δείματ' ἀκούειν,
τὰ δὲ θαρσύνεις, κούδὲν καθαρῶς·
ἀλλ' ἢ Κρονίου Πανὸς τρομερᾶ
μάστιγι φοβεῖ ; φυλακὰς δὲ λιπὼν
κινεῖς στρατιάν ; τί θροεῖς ; τί σε φῶ
νέον ἀγγέλλειν ; πολλὰ γὰρ εἰπὼν
οὐδὲν τρανῶς ἀπέδειξας.

RHESUS

CHORUS

Fear not.

HECTOR

Is an ambush of darkness on us?

CHORUS

Nay, none.

HECTOR

Why then hast forsaken thus
Thy watch, and uprousest the host, if thou bring
No tidings? Knowest thou not how nigh 20
To the Argive spears lie slumbering
Our ranks in their battle-panoply?

CHORUS

Nay, but with armed hand, Hector, speed (Str.)

Hence to thine allies' resting-place:

Rouse them from slumber, and bid upraise
Spears: let a friend to thy war-band run.
Bit ye and bridle the chariot-steed.

Who will go for us to Panthoüs' son,

Or Europa's, the chief of the Lycian array?

Where be the choosers of victims to bleed? 30

And the captains of dartmen, where be they?

Archers of Phrygia, let sinews be slipped

O'er the notches, to strain the bows horn-tipt!

HECTOR

In part dost thou bring to us tidings of dread,
In part of good cheer; nought plainly is said.
Hath Zeus' son Pan with the Scourge of Quaking
Struck thee, that thus thy watch forsaking
Thou startlest the host? What meaneth thy cla-
mour?

What tidings are thine? In thy panic-stammer
Of thronging words is a riddle unread. 40

ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πύρ' αἶθει στρατὸς Ἀργόλας, ἀντ.
 Ἐκτορ, πᾶσαν ἄν' ὄρφναν,
 διπετηὴ δὲ νεῶν πυρσοῖς σταθμά.
 πᾶς δ' Ἀγαμεμνονίαν προσέβα στρατὸς
 ἐννύχιος θορύβῳ σκηναίαν,
 νέαν τιν' ἐφίεμενοι
 βάξιν. οὐ γάρ πω πάρος ὦδ' ἐφοβήθη
 ναυσιπόρος στρατιά.
 σοὶ δ', ὑποπτεύων τὸ μέλλον,
 50 ἤλυθον ἄγγελος, ὡς
 μήποτε τιν' ἐς ἐμὲ μέμψιν εἶπης.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

εἰς καιρὸν ἦλθες, καίπερ ἀγγέλλων φόβον·
 ἄνδρες γὰρ ἐκ γῆς τῆσδε νυκτέρῳ πλάτῃ
 λαθόντες ὄμμα τοῦμὸν αἶρεσθαι φυγῆν
 μέλλουσι· σαίνει μ' ἐννυχος φρυκτωρία.
 ὦ δαῖμον, ὅστις μ' εὐτυχοῦντ' ἐνόσφισας
 θοίνης λέοντα, πρὶν τὸν Ἀργείων στρατὸν
 σύρδην ἅπαντα τῷδ' ἀναλῶσαι δορί.
 † εἰ γὰρ φαενοὶ μὴ ξυνέσχον ἡλίου
 60 λαμπτήρες, οὐκ ἂν ἔσχον εὐτυχοῦν δόρυ,
 πρὶν ναῦς πυρῶσαι καὶ διὰ σκηνῶν μολεῖν
 κτείνων Ἀχαιοὺς τῆδε πολυφόνῳ χερί.
 κἀγὼ μὲν ἢ πρόθυμος ἰέναι δόρυ
 ἐν νυκτὶ χρῆσθαί τ' εὐτυχεῖ ῥύμη θεοῦ·
 ἀλλ' οἱ σοφοί με καὶ τὸ θεῖον εἰδότες
 μάντις ἔπεισαν ἡμέρας μῆναι φάος,
 κᾄπειτ' Ἀχαιῶν μηδέν' ἐν χέρσῳ λιπεῖν.
 οἱ δ' οὐ μένουσι τῶν ἐμῶν θυοσκῶν
 70 βουλας· ἐν ὄρφνῃ δραπέτης μέγα σθένει.
 ἀλλ' ὡς τάχιστα χρὴ παραγγέλλειν στρατῷ

RHESUS

CHORUS

Argos' array is with bale-fires aglow, (Ant.)
Hector, enkindled the livelong night ;
And the lines of their galleys with torches are
bright.

And with tumult to King Agamemnon's tent
Streaming their warrior-thousands go :
"Thy behest?" they cry : they are vehement.
Never in such wise heretofore
Scared was the sea-borne host of the foe.

So—for I doubted what time hath in store—
Bearing my tidings to thee I came, 50
That with thee I be henceforth clear of blame.

HECTOR

Timely thou com'st, though thou dost herald fear.
Yon men are minded to flee forth the land
With darkling oar, escaping so my ken :
Their beacons of the night flash this to me.
Ah Fortune, that thou shouldst in triumph's hour
Rob of his prey the lion, ere my spear
With one swoop make an end of Argos' host !
For, had the sun's bright torches not been quenched,
I had not stayed the triumph of my spear 60
Ere I had burnt their ships, swept through their
tents,

Slaying Achaeans with this death-fraught hand.
Afire was I to press on with the spear
By night, take heaven-sent fortune at the flood ;
But your wise seers, which know the mind of God,
Persuaded me to wait the dawn of day,
And leave then no Achaean on dry land.
But the foe—*they* for my soothsayers' rede
Wait not : in darkness runaways wax in might !
Swift must we speed our summons through the host 70

ΡΗΣΟΣ

τεύχη πρόχειρα λαμβάνειν λήξαι θ' ὕπνου,
ὡς ἂν τις αὐτῶν καὶ νεῶν θρώσκων ἔπι
νῶτον χαραχθεὶς κλίμακας ῥάνη φόνῳ,
οἱ δ' ἐν βρόχοισι δέσμοι λελημμένοι
Φρυγῶν ἀρούρας ἐκμάθωσι γαποεῖν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

Ἔκτορ, ταχύνεις πρὶν μαθεῖν τὸ δρώμενον·
ἄνδρες γὰρ εἰ φεύγουσιν οὐκ ἴσμεν τορῶς.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

τίς γὰρ πύρ' αἴθειν πρόφασις Ἀργείων στρατόν ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐκ οἶδ'· ὕποπτον δ' ἐστὶ κάρτ' ἐμῇ φρενί.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

80 πάντ' ἂν φοβηθεὶς ἴσθι, δειμαίνων τόδε.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὔπω πρὶν ἦψαν πολέμοι τοσόνδε φῶς.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

οὐδ' ὠδέ γ' αἰσχρῶς ἔπεσον ἐν τροπῇ δορός.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

σὺ ταῦτ' ἔπραξας· καὶ τὰ λοιπὰ νῦν σκόπει.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

ἀπλοῦς ἐπ' ἐχθροῖς μῦθος ὀπλίζειν χέρα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ μὴν ὄδ' Αἰνέας καὶ μάλα σπουδῇ ποδὸς
στείχει, νέον τι πρῶγμ' ἔχων φίλοις φρίσαι.

ΑΙΝΕΙΑΣ

Ἔκτορ, τί χρῆμα νύκτεροι κατὰ στρατόν
τὰς σὰς πρὸς εὐνάς φύλακες ἐλθόντες φόβῳ
νυκτηγοροῦσι καὶ κεκίνηται στρατός ;

ΕΚΤΩΡ

90 Αἰνέα, πυκάζου τεύχεσιν δέμας σέθεν.

RHESUS

To grasp their ready arms, to shake off sleep,
That some—yea, as aboard their ships they spring,—
With backs spear-scored may stain their gangways red,
And others, bondmen snared in coiling cords,
May learn to till the glebe of Phrygian fields.

CHORUS

Hector, thy fiery haste outrunneth knowledge.
Whether they flee we know not certainly.

HECTOR

Why then should Argos' host set fires ablaze?

CHORUS

I know not: yet mine heart misgives me much.

HECTOR

If this thou dread, then know thyself all fears!

80

CHORUS

Such blaze our foes ne'er kindled heretofore.

HECTOR

Nor ever knew such shameful rout as this.

CHORUS

This *thou* achievdst: see thou to the rest.

HECTOR

'Gainst foes one watchword shall suffice—to arm.

CHORUS

Lo, where Aeneas comes in hot-foot haste,
As one that beareth tidings to his friends.

Enter AENEAS, DOLON, and others.

AENEAS

Hector, for what cause through the host have come
Darkling unto thy couch scared sentinels,
Startling the host, for nightly communing?

HECTOR

Aeneas, in war-harness case thy limbs.

90

ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΑΙΝΕΙΑΣ

τί δ' ἔστι ; μῶν τις πολεμίῳν ἀγγέλλεται
λόχος κρυφαῖος ἐστάναι κατ' εὐφρόνην ;

ΕΚΤΩΡ

φεύγουσιν ἄνδρες κἀπιβαίνουσιν νεῶν.

ΑΙΝΕΙΑΣ

τί τῶνδ' ἂν εἴποις ἀσφαλές τεκμήριον ;

ΕΚΤΩΡ

αἶθουσι πᾶσαν νύκτα λαμπάδας πυρός·
καί μοι δοκοῦσιν οὐ μενεῖν ἐς αὔριον,
ἀλλ' ἐκκέαντες πύρσ' ἐπ' εὐσέλμων νεῶν
φυγῇ πρὸς οἴκους τῆσδ' ἀφορμήσειν χθονός.

ΑΙΝΕΙΑΣ

σὺ δ' ὡς τί δράσων πρὸς τὰδ' ὀπλίζει χέρας ;

ΕΚΤΩΡ

100 φεύγοντας αὐτοὺς κἀπιθρώσκοντας νεῶν
λόγῃ καθέξω κἀπικείσομαι βαρὺς·
αἰσχρὸν γὰρ ἡμῖν καὶ πρὸς αἰσχύνη κακὸν
θεοῦ διδόντος πολεμίους ἄνευ μάχης
φεύγειν εὔσαι πολλὰ δράσαντας κακά.

ΑΙΝΕΙΑΣ

110 εἶθ' ἦσθ' ἀνὴρ εὐβουλος, ὡς δρᾶσαι χερί.
ἀλλ' οὐ γὰρ αὐτὸς πάντ' ἐπίστασθαι βροτῶν
πέφυκεν ἄλλω δ' ἄλλο πρόσκειται γέρας,
σὲ μὲν μάχεσθαι, τοὺς δὲ βουλεύειν καλῶς·
ὅστις πυρὸς λαμπτήρας ἐξήρθης κλύων
φεύγειν Ἀχαιοὺς, καὶ στρατὸν μέλλεις ἄγειν
τάφρους ὑπερβὰς νυκτὸς ἐν καταστάσει.
καίτοι περάσας κοῖλον ἀυλώνων βᾶθος,
εἰ μὴ κυρήσεις πολεμίους ἀπὸ χθονός
φεύγοντας, ἀλλὰ σὸν βλέποντας εἰς δόρυ,
νικώμενος μὲν τήνδε μὴ οὐ μόλης πόλιν·

RHESUS

AENEAS

What meaneth this? Is stealthy ambushade
Of foes 'neath darkness' screen announced afoot?

HECTOR

Our enemies flee: even now they board their ships.

AENEAS

What certain proof hereof hast thou to tell?

HECTOR

All through the night they kindle flaming brands:
Yea, and methinks they will not wait the morn,
But, burning torches on the fair-benched ships,
In homeward flight will get them from this land.

AENEAS

And thou, with what intent dost arm thine hand?

HECTOR

Even as they flee, and leap upon their decks,
My spear shall stay them and mine onset crush.
Shameful it were, and dastardly withal,
When God to us gives unresisting foes,
After such mischiefs wrought to let them flee.

100

AENEAS

Would that thy prudence matched thy might of
hand!

So is it: one man cannot be all-wise,
But diverse gifts to diverse men belong—
Prowess to thee, to others prudent counsel.
Thou hear'st of these fire-beacons, leap'st to think
The Achaeans flee, dost pant to lead thine host
Over the trenches in the hush of night.
Yet if, the foss's yawning chasm crossed,
Thou find the foeman not in act to flee
The land, but set to face thy spear, beware
Lest, vanquished, thou return not unto Troy.

110

ΡΗΣΟΣ

- πῶς γὰρ περάσει σκόλοπας ἐν τροπῇ στρατός ;
 πῶς δ' αὖ γεφύρας διαβαλοῦσ' ἵππηλάται,
 ἦν ἄρα μὴ θραύσαντες ἀντύγων χιόας ;
 μικῶν δ' ἔφεδρον παῖδ' ἔχεις τὸν Πηλέως,
 120 ὅς σ' οὐκ εἴσει ναυσὶν ἐμβαλεῖν φλόγα
 οὐδ' ὦδ' Ἀχαιοὺς ὡς δοκεῖς ἀναρπάσαι.
 αἴθων γὰρ ἀνὴρ καὶ πεπύργωται θράσει.
 ἀλλὰ στρατὸν μὲν ἤσυχον παρ' ἀσπίδας
 εὔδειν ἐώμεν ἐκ κόπων ἀρειφάτων,
 κατάσκοπον δὲ πολεμίων, ὅς ἂν θέλη,
 πέμπειν δοκεῖ μοι· κἂν μὲν αἴρωνται φυγῆν,
 στείχοντες ἐμπέσωμεν Ἀργείων στρατῶ·
 εἰ δ' εἰς δόλον τιν' ἦδ' ἄγει φρυκτωρία,
 μαθόντες ἐχθρῶν μηχανὰς κατασκόπου
 130 βουλευσόμεσθα· τήνδ' ἔχω γνώμην, ἄναξ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τάδε δοκεῖ, τάδε μεταθέμενος νόει. στρ.
 σφαλερὰ δ' οὐ φιλῶ στρατηγῶν κράτη.
 τί γὰρ ἄμεινον ἢ
 ταχυβάταν νεῶν κατόπταν μολεῖν
 πέλας ὅ τί ποτ' ἄρα δαίοις
 πυρὰ κατ' ἀντίπρωρα ναυστάθμων δαίεται ;

ΕΚΤΩΡ

- νικᾶτ', ἐπειδὴ πᾶσιν ἀνδάνει τάδε.
 στείχων δὲ κοῖμα συμμάχους· τάχ' ἂν στρατὸς
 κινοῖτ' ἀκούσας νυκτέρους ἐκκλησίας.
 140 ἐγὼ δὲ πέμψω πολεμίων κατάσκοπον.
 κἂν μὲν τιν' ἐχθρῶν μηχανὴν πυθώμεθα,
 σὺ πάντ' ἀκούσει καὶ παρῶν εἴσει λόγους·
 εἰ δ' ἀπαίρωσ' εἰς φυγῆν ὀρμώμενοι,

RHESUS

How shall we pass in rout their palisades?
 How shall thy charioteers the causeways cross
 And shatter not the axles of the cars?
 Though victor, thou must still meet Peleus' son,
 Who will not suffer thee to fire the ships, 120
 Nor take the Achaeans captive, as thou hopest—
 That man of fire, in valour a very tower.
 Nay, leave we sleeping under shield in peace
 Our host, at rest from travail of the strife.
 I counsel, send to spy upon the foe
 Whoso will go, and, if they purpose flight,
 Forth let us charge, and fall on Argos' host.
 But if these beacons lure us to a snare,
 We from the spy our foes' devices learn,
 And so confer: this is my mind, O King. 130

CHORUS

(Str.)

Even such is my mind; be it thine, from thy mood
 be thou swayed; [snare.
 For I love not behests of captains that bring but a
 Now what thing better than this shall our emprise aid
 Than to send forth a scout who anigh to the
 galleys shall fare [arrayed
 Swift-footed, and learn why comes it that, where be
 The prows of the galleys, the fires of the foemen
 glare?

HECTOR

So be it, since ye all be in one mind.
 Go, still our allies: haply shall the host,
 Hearing of our night-council, be aroused.
 I will send one to spy upon the foe. 140
 If aught we learn of any stratagem,
 Thou shalt hear all, shalt know and share our counsel.
 But if now flightward they be hastening,

ΡΗΣΟΣ

σάλπιγγος αὐδὴν προσδοκῶν καραδόκει,
ὡς οὐ μειοῦντά μ' ἄλλὰ προσμίξω νεῶν
ὀλκοῖσι νυκτὸς τῆσδ' ἐπ' Ἀργείων στρατῶ.

ΑΙΝΕΙΑΣ

πέμφ' ὡς τάχιστα· νῦν γὰρ ἀσφαλῶς φρονεῖς.
σὺν σοὶ δ' ἔμ' ὄψει καρτεροῦνθ' ὅσ' ἂν δέη.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

150

τίς δῆτα Τρώων οἱ πάρεσιν ἐν λόγῳ
θέλει κατόπτῃς ναῦς ἐπ' Ἀργείων μολεῖν ;
τίς ἂν γένοιτο τῆσδε γῆς εὐεργέτης ;
τίς φησιν ; οὔτοι πάντ' ἐγὼ δυνήσομαι
πόλει πατρώᾳ συμμαχοῖς θ' ὑπηρετεῖν.

ΔΟΛΩΝ

ἐγὼ πρὸ γαίας τόνδε κίνδυνον θέλω
ρίψας κατόπτῃς ναῦς ἐπ' Ἀργείων μολεῖν,
καὶ πάντ' Ἀχαιῶν ἐκμαθῶν βουλευμάτα
ἤξω· πῖ τούτοις τόνδ' ὑφίσταμαι πόνον.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

160

ἐπώνυμος μὲν κάρτα καὶ φιλόπτολις
Δόλων· πατρὸς δὲ καὶ πρὶν εὐκλεᾶ δόμον
νῦν δις τόσῳ τέθεικας εὐκλέεστερον.

ΔΟΛΩΝ

οὐκοῦν πονεῖν μὲν χρῆ, ποιοῦντα δ' ἄξιον
μισθὸν φέρεσθαι. παντὶ γὰρ προκείμενοι
κέρδος πρὸς ἔργῳ τὴν χάριν τίκτει διπλῆν.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

ναί, καὶ δίκαια ταῦτα κοῦκ ἄλλως λέγω.
τάξαι δὲ μισθὸν πλὴν ἐμῆς τυραννίδος.

ΔΟΛΩΝ

οὐ σῆς ἐρῶμεν πολιόχου τυραννίδος.

RHESUS

Watch thou, expecting aye the trumpet's call.
I will not tarry, but with Argos' host
This night will clash beside their launching-ways

AENEAS

Send with all speed : safe now is thine intent.
Me shalt thou find a strenuous help at need.

HECTOR

Who of you Trojans present at our speech
Consents to go, a spy on Argos' fleet ? 150
Who will be benefactor of this land ?
Who answers ?—not in everything can I
My native city and her allies serve.

DOLON

I for my land consent to dare the risk,
And go a spy unto the Argive ships ;
And, all their counsels learnt, will I return.
On one condition will I face the task.

HECTOR

Well-named art thou, O lover of thy land,
Dolon : thy sire's house, glorious heretofore,
Is now of thee made doubly glorious. 160

DOLON

Then must I toil—but for my toil receive
Fit guerdon ; for all work that hath reward
In prospect, is with double pleasure wrought.

HECTOR

Yea, just thy claim is ; I gainsay it not.
Fix any guerdon, save my royal power.

DOLON

Thy burden of royalty I covet not.

ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΕΚΤΩΡ

σὺ δ' ἀλλὰ γήμας Πριαμιδῶν γαμβρὸς γενοῦ.

ΔΟΛΩΝ

οὐκ ἐξ ἑμαυτοῦ μειζόνων γαμῆν θέλω.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

χρυσὸς πάρεστιν, εἰ τόδ' αἰτήσει γέρας.

ΔΟΛΩΝ

170

ἀλλ' ἔστ' ἐν οἴκοις· οὐ βίου σπαρίζομεν.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

τί δῆτα χρήξεις ὧν κέκευθεν Ἴλιον ;

ΔΟΛΩΝ

ἐλὼν Ἀχαιοὺς δῶρά μοι ξυναίεσον.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

δώσω· σὺ δ' αἶτει πλὴν στρατηλίας νεῶν.

ΔΟΛΩΝ

κτεῖν', οὐ σ' ἀπαιτῶ Μειέλεω σχέσθαι χέρα.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

οὐ μὴν τὸν Οἰλεως παῖδά μ' ἐξαιτεῖς λαβεῖν ;

ΔΟΛΩΝ

κακαὶ γεωργεῖν χεῖρες εὖ τεθραμμέναι.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

τίν' οὖν Ἀχαιῶν ζῶντ' ἀποινᾶσθαι θέλεις ;

ΔΟΛΩΝ

καὶ πρόσθεν εἶπον· ἔστι χρυσὸς ἐν δόμοις.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

καὶ μὴν λαφύρων γ' αὐτὸς αἰρήσει παρών.

ΔΟΛΩΝ

180

θεοῖσιν αὐτὰ πασσάλευε πρὸς δόμους.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

τί δῆτα μείζον τῶνδέ μ' αἰτήσει γέρας ;

RHESUS

HECTOR

A child of Priam wed, become my kinsman.

DOLON

No bride for me of folk too high for me !

HECTOR

Ready lies gold, if thou wilt ask this meed.

DOLON

That have I in mine halls : not wealth I lack. 170

HECTOR

What wouldst thou then of treasures Ilium hoards ?

DOLON

Pledge me my gift, if thou destroy the foe.

HECTOR

I will deny naught—save their captive chiefs.

DOLON

Slay them : not Menelaus' life I ask.

HECTOR

Sure, thou wouldst ask not of me Oïleus' son ?

DOLON

Ill at field-toil be dainty-nurtured hands.

HECTOR

Whom of the Greeks wouldst hold to ransom then ?

DOLON

Erewhile I said it—gold my halls lack not.

HECTOR

Then come, and of the spoils make choice thyself.

DOLON

These to the Gods hang thou on temple-walls. 180

HECTOR

What greater guerdon canst thou ask than these ?

ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΔΟΛΩΝ

ἵππους Ἀχιλλέως· χρῆ δ' ἐπ' ἀξίοις πονεῖν
ψυχὴν προβάλλοντ' ἐν κύβοισι δαίμονος.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

καὶ μὴν ἐρῶντί γ' ἀντερᾶς ἵππων ἐμοί·
ἔξ ἀφθίτων γὰρ ἀφθιτοὶ πεφυκότες
τὸν Πηλέως φέρουσι θούριον γόνον·
δίδωσι δ' αὐτοὺς πωλοδαμνήσας ἄναξ
Πηλεῖ Ποσειδῶν, ὡς λέγουσι, πόντιος.
ἀλλ' οὐ σ' ἐπάρας ψεύσομαι· δώσω δέ σοι
190 κάλλιστον οἴκοις κτῆμ' Ἀχιλλέως ὄχον.

ΔΟΛΩΝ

αἰνῶ· λαβὼν δέ φημι κάλλιστον Φρυγῶν
δῶρον δέχεσθαι τῆς ἐμῆς εὐσπλαγχνίας.
σέ δ' οὐ φθονεῖν χρῆ· μυρὶ ἔστιν ἄλλα σοί,
ἐφ' οἷσι τέρψει τῆσδ' ἀριστεύων χθονός.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

μέγας ἀγών, μέγала δ' ἐπινοεῖς ἐλεῖν· ἀντ.
μακάριός γε μὴν κυρήσας ἔσει.
πόνος ὄδ' εὐκλείης·
μέγα δὲ κοιράνοισι γαμβρὸν πέλειν.
τὰ θεόθεν ἐπιδέτω Δίκα,
200 τὰ δὲ παρ' ἀνδράσιν τέλειά σοι φαίνεται.

ΔΟΛΩΝ

στείχοιμ' ἄν· ἔλθων δ' ἐς δόμους ἐφέστιος
σκευῆ πρεπόντως σῶμ' ἐμὸν καθάψομαι,
κάκειθεν ἦσω ναῦς ἐπ' Ἀργείων πόδα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

εἴπ' εἴ τιν' ἄλλην ἀντὶ τῆσδ' ἔξεις στολήν.

RHESUS

DOLON

Achilles' horses. He for worthy meed
Must toil, who sets his life on fortune's hazard.

HECTOR

Ha ! steeds I covet dost thou covet too,
For, foals immortal of immortal sires,
They bear the battle-eager Peleus' son.
These King Poseidon, even the Sea-god, tamed,
Men say, and unto Peleus gave them first.
Yet will I cheat not hopes I raised, but give
Achilles' team, a glory to thine house

DOLON

I thank thee : so I win them, goodliest prize
Mid Phrygia's thousands is my valour's guerdon.
Be thou not envious : countless things beside
Shall make thee glad, the ruler of the land.

[Exit HECTOR.

CHORUS

(*Ant.*)

Great thine emprise is, and great the reward thou dost
claim ;

[shalt thou know.

So thou may'st but attain thereunto, high bliss
Verily this thine adventure is fraught with fame.

Yet, to wed with a princess !—glory had this been,
I trow.

For the God's part, even let Justice look to the same :

But for men—never guerdon more perfect may man
bestow.

DOLON

Now will I go : to mine own halls I pass,
To clothe me in such garb as best befits.
Thence will I speed my feet to Argos' ships.

CHORUS

Say, wilt thou don aught save the attire thou hast ?

ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΔΟΛΩΝ

πρέπουσαν ἔργω κλωπικοῖς τε βήμασιν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

σοφοῦ παρ' ἀνδρὸς χρὴ σοφόν τι μανθάνειν·
λέξον, τίς ἔσται τοῦδε σώματος σαγή;

ΔΟΛΩΝ

210 λύκειον ἀμφὶ νῶτον ἄψομαι δορὰν
καὶ χάσμα θηρὸς ἀμφ' ἐμῶ θήσω κάρα,
βάσιν τε χερσὶ προσθίαν καθαρμόσας
καὶ κῶλα κώλοισι, τετράπουν μιμήσομαι
λύκου κέλευθον πολεμίοις δυσεύρετον,
τάφροις πελάζων καὶ νεῶν προβλήμασιν.
ὅταν δ' ἔρημον χῶρον ἐμβαίνω ποδί,
δίβαμος εἶμι· τῆδε σύγκειται δόλος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀλλ' εὖ σ' ὁ Μαΐας παῖς ἐκέισε καὶ πάλιν
πέμψειεν Ἑρμῆς, ὅς γε φηλητῶν ἀναξ.
ἔχεις δὲ τοῦργον, εὐτυχεῖν μόνου σε χρή.

ΔΟΛΩΝ

220 σωθήσομαί τε καὶ κτανῶν Ὀδυσσέως
οἴσω κάρα σοι, σύμβολον δ' ἔχων σαφὲς
φήσεις Δόλωνα ναῦς ἐπ' Ἀργείων μολεῖν,
ἢ παῖδα Τυδέως· οὐδ' ἀναιμάκτῳ χερὶ
ἦξω πρὸς οἴκους πρὶν φάος μολεῖν χθόνα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

Θυμβραῖε καὶ Δάλιε καὶ Λυκίας στρ. α'
ναὸν ἐμβατεύων,
Ἄπολλον, ᾧ δία κεφαλά, μόλε τοξήρης, ἰκοῦ
ἐννύχιος

RHESUS

DOLON

Yea, such as fits my work, my stealthy steps.

CHORUS

Behoves that from the crafty craft we learn.
Say, what shall be the vesture of thy limbs?

DOLON

Over my back a wolfskin will I draw,
And the brute's gaping jaws shall frame mine head :
Its forefeet will I fasten to mine hands, 210
Its legs to mine : the wolf's four-footed gait
I'll mimic, baffling so our enemies,
While near the trench and pale of ships I am :
But whenso to a lone spot come my feet,
Two-footed will I walk : my ruse is this.

CHORUS

Now kindly speed thee Hermes, Maia's son,
Prince of the guileful, going and returning.
Thou know'st thy work : thou needest but good speed.

DOLON

Return I shall, with slain Odysseus' head
To show thee,—when thou hast this token sure, 220
“Dolon,” shalt thou say, “reached the Argive
ships,”—
Or Tydeus' son's head. Not with bloodless hand
Will I win home ere dawn rise o'er the earth.

[Exit.

CHORUS

(*Str.* 1)

O King Thymbraean, O Delian Lord, O haunter of
Lycia's fane,
O sunlit brow, with thy bow do thou, Apollo, this
night draw near :

ΡΗΣΟΣ

καὶ γενοῦ σωτήριος ἀνέρι πομπᾶς
 230 ἀγεμὸν καὶ ξύλλαβε Δαρδανίδαίς,
 ὦ παγκρατές, ὦ Τροίας
 τείχη παλαιὰ δείμας.

μόλοι δὲ ναυκλήρια, καὶ στρατιᾶς ἀντ. α
 Ἑλλάδος διόπτας
 ἴκοιτο, καὶ κάμφειε πάλιν θυμέλας οἴκων πατρὸς
 Ἰλιάδας.

Φθιάδων δ' ἵππων ποτ' ἐπ' ἄντυγι βαίη,
 δεσπότου πέρσαντος Ἀχαιὸν Ἄρη,
 240 τὰς πόντιος Λιακίδα
 Πηλεὶ δίδωσι δαίμων.

ἐπεὶ πρό τ' οἴκων πρό τε γᾶς ἔτλα μόνος στρ. β'
 ναύσταθμα βὰς κατιδεῖν ἄγαμαι
 λήματος ἢ σπανία
 τῶν ἀγαθῶν, ὅταν ἦ
 δυσάλιον ἐν πελάγει καὶ σαλεύῃ
 250 πόλις· ἔστι Φρυγῶν τις ἔστιν ἄλκιμος·
 ἐνὶ δὲ θράσος ἐν αἰχμᾷ· ποτὶ Μυσῶν, ὃς ἐμὰν
 συμμαχίαν ἀτίζει.

τίν' ἀνδρ' Ἀχαιῶν ὁ πεδοστιβῆς σφαγεὺς ἀντ. β'
 οὐτάσει ἐν κλισίαις, τετραπουν
 μῖμον ἔχων ἐπὶ γᾶν
 θηρός; ἔλοι Μενέλαν,
 κτανῶν δ' Ἀγαμεμνόνιον κρᾶτ' ἐνέγκοι
 260 Ἑλένα κακόγαμβρον ἐς χέρας γόον,
 ὃς ἐπὶ πόλιν, ὃς ἐς γᾶν Τροίαν χιλιόναυον ἤλυθ
 ἔχων στρατείαν.

RHESUS

To our hero's perilous mission be guide and saviour,
 and O maintain, 230
 Almighty helper, our cause, who of old didst the
 ramparts of Troy uprear.

(*Ant.* 1)

May he win to the galleys and enter the host of Hellas,
 and spy out their deeds,
 And home return to the altars that burn in his father's
 halls unto thee :

And, when Hector hath harried Achaea's array, may
 he drive the Phthian steeds,

The steeds that on Pelens, Aeacus' son, were bestowed
 by the Lord of the Sea. 240

(*Str.* 2)

Forasmuch as for home and for fatherland alone he
 hath dared to go [of the Hellene ships,

Thither, and gaze on the fenced place, on the camp
 His hardihood I extol,—of such heroes but few shall
 be found, I trow, [state's prow heavily dips.

When the sun in the sea sinks stormily, and the
 There is, there is mid the Phrygians found a hero!—
 our prowess shall glow 250

Mid the clash of the spears :—at our help who sneers,
 save the envious Mysian lips ?

(*Ant.* 2)

What chieftain Achaean shall he, as with death in his
 hand he prowls to and fro, [earth he steals,

As in shape of a brute of fourfold foot o'er the darkling
 Stab mid the tents? May he slay Menelaus, and lay
 Agamemnon low, [her shriek outpeals,

Yea, bear the head of the war-king dead, and, loud as
 Lay it in Helen's hands—the head of her kinsman who 260
 worked us woe, [array of a thousand keels.

Who sailed to the strand of Troy's fair land with

ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ἄναξ, τοιούτων δεσπύταισιν ἄγγελος
εἶην τὸ λοιπὸν οἶά σοι φέρω μαθεῖν.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

ἦ πόλλ' ἀγρώσταις σκαιὰ πρόσκειται φρενί·
καὶ γὰρ σὺ ποιμνας δεσπύταις τευχεςφόροις
ἤκειν ἔοικας ἀγγελῶν ἴν' οὐ πρόπει.
οὐκ οἶσθα δῶμα τοῦμὸν ἢ θρόνους πατρός,
270 οἱ χρῆν γεγωνεῖν σ' εὐτυχοῦντα ποιμνία;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

σκαιοὶ βοτῆρές ἐσμεν· οὐκ ἄλλως λέγω.
ἄλλ' οὐδὲν ἤσσόν σοι φέρω κεδνοὺς λόγους.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

παῦσαι λέγων μοι τὰς προσαυλείους τύχας·
μάχας πρὸ χειρῶν καὶ δόρη βαστάζομεν.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

τοιαῦτα κἀγὼ σημανῶν ἐλήλυθα·
ἀνὴρ γὰρ ἀρχῆς μυρίας στρατηλιπυρῶν
στείχει φίλος σοὶ σύμμαχος τε τῆδε γῆ.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

ποίας πατρώας γῆς ἐρημώσας πέδον;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

Θρηκήης· πατὴρ δὲ Στρυμόνος κικλήσκειται.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

280 'Ρῆσον τιθέντ' ἔλεξας ἐν Ἰρῶνι πόδα;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ἔγνωσ· λόγον δὲ δις τόσου μ' ἐκούφισας.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

καὶ πῶς πρὸς Ἰδης ὀργάδας πορεύεται,
πλαγχεῖς πλατείας πεδιάδος θ' ἀμαξιτοῦ;

RHESUS

Re-enter HECTOR. *Enter* SHEPHERD as messenger.

SHEPHERD

King, still through days to come be it mine to bear
Such tidings to my lords as now I bring !

HECTOR

Dull-witted oft the spirits are of clowns.
Thou com'st, meseems, to place that ill befits,
With tidings of thy flocks to warring lords.
Know'st not my mansion, nor my father's throne ?
Thither shouldst thou bear word of flocks' increase. 270

SHEPHERD

Dull-witted are we clowns, I gainsay not :
Yet none the less I bring thee welcome news.

HECTOR

Forbear to tell me how the sheep-pens thrive.
Battles have we in hand, and brandish spears.

SHEPHERD

Even such the tidings are wherewith I come.
A warrior captaining a countless host
Draws nigh,—thy friend, and this land's war-ally.

HECTOR

Leaving what country's plains untenanted ?

SHEPHERD

Thrace : and he bears the name of Strymon's son.

HECTOR

Rhesus ! Doth *he* set foot in Troy, say'st thou ? 280

SHEPHERD

Even so : thou lightenest half my speech's load.

HECTOR

Why journeyeth he to Ida's pasture-lands,
Swerving from yon broad highway o'er the plain ?

ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

οὐκ οἶδ' ἀκριβῶς, εἰκάσαι γε μὴν πάρα.
 νυκτὸς γὰρ οὔτι φαῦλοι ἐμβαλεῖν στρατόν,
 κλύοντα πλήρη πεδία πολεμίας χερός.
 φόβον δ' ἀγρώσταις, οἱ κατ' Ἰδαῖον λέπας
 οἰκοῦμεν αὐτόρριζον ἐστίαν χθονός,
 παρέσχε δρυμὸν νυκτὸς ἔνθηρον μολών.
 290 πολλῇ γὰρ ἤχῃ· Ἐρηκίος ῥέων στρατὸς
 ἔστειχε· θάμβει δ' ἐκπλαγέντες ἴεμεν
 ποίμνας πρὸς ἄκρας, μὴ τις Ἀργείων μόλη
 λειλατήσων καὶ σὰ πορθήσων σταθμά,
 πρὶν δι' δι' ὄτων γῆρυν οὐχ Ἑλληνικὴν
 ἐδεξάμεσθα καὶ μετέστημεν φόβου.
 στείχων δ' ἄνακτος προυξερευνητᾶς ὁδοῦ
 ἀνιστόρησα Ἐρηκίους προσφθέγμασιν,
 τίς ὁ στρατηγὸς καὶ τίνος κεκλημένος
 300 στείχει πρὸς ἄστυ Πριαμίδασι σύμμαχος.
 καὶ πάντα ἀκούσας ὦν ἐφίεμην μαθεῖν,
 ἔστην· ὀρώ δὲ Ῥῆσον ὥστε δαίμοινα
 ἐστῶτ' ἐν ἰππέιοισι Ἐρηκίους ὄχοις.
 χρυσῇ δὲ πλάστιγξ ἀυχένα ζυγηφόρον
 πώλων ἔκλῃε χιόνος ἐξαυγεστέρων.
 πέλτης δ' ἐπ' ὤμων χρυσοκόλλητος τύπος
 ἔλαμπε· Γοργῶν δ' ὡς ἀπ' αἰγίδος θεᾶς
 χαλκῇ μετώποις ἰππικοῖσι πρόσδετος
 πολλοῖσι σὺν κώδωσιν ἐκτύπει φόβον.
 στρατοῦ δὲ πλήθος οὐδ' ἂν ἐν ψήφου λόγῳ
 310 θέσθαι δύναί' ἄν, ὡς ἄπλατον ἦν ἰδεῖν,
 πολλοὶ μὲν ἰππῆς, πολλὰ πελταστῶν τέλη,
 πολλοὶ δ' ἀτράκτων τοξύται, πολὺς δ' ὄχλος
 γυμνῆς ὀμαρτῆ, Ἐρηκίαι ἐχων στολῆν.
 τοιόσδε Ἰροία σύμμαχος πάρεστ' ἀνήρ,

RHESUS

SHEPHERD

I know not certainly : one may divine.
Wise strategy was his to march by night,
Hearing how foeman-bands beset the plains.
Yet us, the hinds who dwell on Ida's slopes,
The immemorial cradle of your race,
His night-faring through woods beast-haunted
scared.

For with loud shouts the on-surgng Thracian host 290
Marched ; and in panic-struck amaze we drove
Our flocks to ridges, lest of the Argives some
Were drawing nigh, to harry and to spoil
Thy folds, till accents fell upon our ears
Of no Greek tongue, and so we ceased from dread.
Then, drawing nigh, their chieftain's vanward
scouts

I questioned in the Thracian speech, and asked
Who and whose son their captain was, that marched
Troyward, as war-ally to Priam's sons.
And, having heard whate'er I craved to know, 300
I stood still, and saw Rhesus, like a God,
Towering upon his Thracian battle-wain.
Golden the yoke-beam was that linked the necks
Of car-steeds gleaming whiter than the snow.
Upon his shoulders his gold-blazoned targe
Flashed : a bronze Gorgon, as on Pallas' shield,
Upon the frontlet of his horses bound,
Clanging with many a bell clashed forth dismay.
The number of his host thou couldst not sum
In strict account—eye could not measure it. 310
Many a knight, long lines of targetcers,
And archers multitudinous, and a swarm
Of dartmen passed, accoutred Thracian-wise.
Such warrior is at hand for Troy's ally

ΡΗΣΟΣ

ὄν οὔτε φεύγων οὔθ' ὑποσταθεὶς δορὶ
ὁ Πηλέως παῖς ἐκφυγεῖν δυνήσεται.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὅταν πολίταις εὐσταθῶσι δαίμονες,
ἔρπει κατάντης συμφορὰ πρὸς τὰγαθὰ.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

320

πολλούς, ἐπειδὴ τοῦμόν εὐτυχεῖ δόρυ
καὶ Ζεὺς πρὸς ἡμῶν ἐστίν, εὐρήσω φίλους.
ἀλλ' οὐδὲν αὐτῶν δεόμεθ', οἵτινες πάλαι
μὴ ξυμπονοῦσιν, ἡνίκ' ἐξώστης Ἄρης
ἔθραυε λαίφη τῆσδε γῆς μέγας πνέων.
Ῥῆσος δ' ἔδειξεν οἶος ἦν Τροία φίλος·
ἦκει γὰρ εἰς δαῖτ', οὐ παρῶν κυνηγέταις
αἰρούσι λείαν οὐδὲ συγκαμῶν δορί.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὀρθῶς ἀτίξεις κἀπίμομφος εἰ φίλοις·
δέχου δὲ τοὺς θέλοντας ὠφελεῖν πόλιν.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

ἄρκοῦμεν οἱ σῶζοντες Ἴλιον πάλαι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

330

πέποιθας ἤδη πολεμίους ἤρηκέναι ;

ΕΚΤΩΡ

πέποιθα· δείξει τοῦπιὸν σέλας θεοῦ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὄρα τὸ μέλλον· πόλλ' ἀναστρέφει θεός.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

μισῶ φίλοισιν ὕστερον βοηδρομεῖν.
ὁ δ' οὖν ἐπέειπερ ἦλθε, σύμμαχος μὲν οὔ,
ξένος δὲ πρὸς τράπεζαν ἠκέτω ξένων·
χάρις γὰρ αὐτῷ Πριαμιδῶν διώλετο.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἄναξ, ἀπωθεῖν συμμάχους ἐπίφθονον.

RHESUS

As Peleus' son shall not prevail to escape,
Fleeing or biding onset of the spear.

CHORUS

When to our burghers heaven lends present aid,
Down-gliding to success fleets Fortune's stream.

HECTOR

Ha, many a friend shall I find, now my spear
Is triumphing, and Zeus is on our side !
But need we have none of such as in days past
Shared not our toil, when Ares buffeting
With mighty blast was rending this land's sails.
Then Rhesus showed what friend he was to Troy.
To the feast he comes, who came not to the hunters
With help of spear, what time they took the prey.

320

CHORUS

Rightly dost thou contemn and blame such friends :
Yet welcome them that fain would help our Troy.

HECTOR

Enough are we, who warded Ilium long.

CHORUS

Art sure thou hast even now destroyed the foe ?

330

HECTOR

Sure: this the splendour of coming dawn shall prove.

CHORUS

Beware the future : oft doth fortune veer.

HECTOR

I hate to come with help to friends o'erlate :—
Yet, since he hath come, not as our ally,
But guest, unto our table let him come.
The sons of Priam owe no thanks to him.

CHORUS

King, hate were bred of allies thrust away.

ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

φόβος γένοιτ' ἂν πολεμίοις ὀφθεῖς μόνον.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

340 σὺ τ' εὖ παραινείς καὶ σὺ καιρίως σκοπεῖς.
ὁ χρυσοτευχῆς δ' οὔνεκ' ἀγγέλου λόγῳ
Ῥῆσος παρέσται τῆδε σύμμαχος χθονί.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

Ἄδράστεια μὲν ἂ Διὸς παῖς στρ. α
εἶργοι στομάτων φθόρον
φράσω γὰρ δὴ ὅσον μοι
ψυχᾷ προσφιλές ἐστιν εἰπεῖν.
ἦκεις, ὦ ποταμοῦ παῖ,
ἦκεις, ἐπλάθης Φρυγίαν πρὸς αὐλὰν
ἄσπαστός, ἐπεὶ σε χρόνῳ
Πιερίσ μάτηρ ὅ τε καλλιγέφυ-
350 ρος ποταμὸς πορεύει

Στρυμών, ὅς ποτε τὰς μελωδοῦ ἀντ. α
Μούσας δι' ἀκηράτων
δινηθεῖς ὑδροειδῆς
κόλπων σὰν ἐφύτευσεν ἦβαν.
σὺ μοι Ζεὺς ὁ φαναῖος
ἦκεις διφρεῶν βαλῆαῖσι πώλοισ.
νῦν, ὦ πατὴρ ὦ Φρυγία,
ξὺν θεῷ νῦν σοι τὸν ἐλευθέριον
Ζῆνα πάρεστιν ἄδειν.

360 ἀρά ποτ' αὖθις ἂ παλαιὰ στρ. β'
Ἵρῶα τοὺς προπότας παναμερεύσει
θιάσους ἐρώτων
ψαλμοῖσι καὶ κυλίκων οἶνοπλανήτοις
ἐπιδεξίαις ἀμίλλαις,

RHESUS

SHEPHERD

His mere appearing should dismay our foes.

HECTOR

Well counsellest thou—thou too dost see aright. 340
This golden-mailed Rhesus then shall come,
According to thy word, our land's ally.

CHORUS

Nemesis, child of the Highest, (Str. 1)
My lips from presumption refrain;
For the thoughts to mine heart that are nighest
Shall ring through my pæan-strain.
Thou hast come, O River-god's son, to our land'
Welcome to Phrygia's palace-gate,
Whom thy mother Pierian hath sent so late
From the river with goodly bridges spanned, 350

Even Strymon, whose waterbreaks eddied (*Ant.* 1)
'Twixt the breasts of the Queen of Song,
That the maid with the River-god wedded
Bare thee, young champion and strong.
Thou art come to me, manifest Zeus, borne high
O'er thy silver-flecked horses! O fatherland
mine,
Lo, Phrygia, a saviour!—acclaim him for thine
By the Gods' grace:—"Zeus my deliverer!" cry.

Shall she ever again, our ancient Troy, (Str. 2) 360
See the sun go down on the revel's joy,
While the songs that extol sweet love are pealing,
While feaster to feaster the wine-challenge crieth,
As circles the cup, and the brain is reeling,

ΡΗΣΟΣ

κατὰ πόντον Ἀτρείδων
 Σπάρταν οἰχομένων Ἰλιάδος παρ' ἀκτᾶς ;
 ὦ φίλος, εἶθε μοι
 σᾶ χερὶ καὶ σῶ δορὶ πρά-
 ξας τὰδ' ἐς οἶκον ἔλθοις.

370 ἐλθέ, φάνηθι, τὴν ζάχρυσον ἀντ. β'
 Πηλείδα προβαλοῦ κατ' ὄμμα πέλταν
 δοχμίαν πεδαίρων
 σχιστὰν παρ' ἄντυγα, πῶλους ἐρεθίζων
 δίβολόν τ' ἄκοντα πάλλων.
 σὲ γὰρ οὔτις ὑποστὰς
 Ἀργείας ποτ' ἐν Ἴηρας δαπέδοις χορεύσει·
 ἀλλὰ νιν ἄδε γᾶ
 καταφθίμενον Ἐρηκὶ μόρω
 φίλτατον ἄχθος οἴσει.

380 ἰὼ ἰώ.
 μέγας ὦ βασιλεῦ, καλόν, ὦ Ἐρήκη,
 σκύμιον ἔθρεψας πολίαρχον ἰδεῖν.
 ἶδε χρυσόδετον σώματος ἄλκην,
 κλύε καὶ κόμπους κωδωνοκρότους,
 παρὰ πορπάκων κελαδοῦντας.
 θεός, ὦ Τροία, θεὸς αὐτὸς Ἄρης,
 ὁ Στρυμόνιος πῶλος αἰοιδῶ
 Μούσης ἦκων καταπνεῖ σε.

ΡΗΣΟΣ

χαῖρ', ἐσθλὸς ἐσθλοῦ παῖ, τύραννε τῆσδε γῆς,
 Ἔκτορ· παλαιᾶ σ' ἡμέρα προσεννέπω.
 390 χαίρω δέ σ' εὐτυχοῦντα καὶ προσήμενον
 πύργοισιν ἐχθρῶν· συγκατασκάψων δ' ἐγὼ
 τείχη πάριμι καὶ νεῶν πρήσων σκάφη.
 188

RHESUS

While the Atræids' sail o'er the dark sea flieth
 From Troy low down in the offing that lieth?
 O friend, mayest thou with thine arm and thy spear
 To help me in this my need appear,
 And return safe home from thy glory here!

Come thou, appear, thy buckler upraise: (*Ant.* 2) 370
 Be its gold-sheen flashed in Achilles' face
 As it gleameth athwart the chariot-railing,
 As thou speedest thy steeds on thunderous-prancing
 At the foe from thy spear's forked lightning
 quailing.

None, who hath braved thee in fury advancing,
 Upon Argive lawn unto Hera dancing
 Shall stand, but here shall the corpse of him slain
 Lie, by the Thracians' doom of bane,
 To cumber the soil of its load full fain.

Enter RHESUS in his chariot, with Thracian guard.

Hail, great King, hail!—O Thrace, of thy seions 380
 The glory is this—true princee to behold!
 Mark ye the strong limbs lapped in gold:
 Heard ye the bells lash proud defiance,
 As their tongues from his buckler-handles tolled?
 'Tis a God, Troy! Ares' self is there,
 This Strymon's son, whom the Song-queen bare!
 Bringing times of refreshing to thee doth he fare.

RHESUS

Brave son of brave sire, prince of this land, hail,
 Hector! I greet thee after many days.
 I joy in thy good speed, who see thee camped 390
 Nigh the foes' towers. I come to help thee raze
 Their ramparts, and to fire their galleys' hulls.

ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΕΚΤΩΡ

- παῖ τῆς μελωδοῦ μητέρος Μουσῶν μιᾶς
 Θρηκός τε ποταμοῦ Στρυμόνος, φιλῶ λέγειν
 τάλιθές αἰεὶ κού διπλοῦς πέφυκ' ἀνὴρ.
 πάλαι πάλαι χρῆν τῆδε συγκάμνειν χθονὶ
 ἐλθόντα, καὶ μὴ τοῦπὶ σ' Ἀργείων ὑπο
 Τροίαν εἶσαι πολεμίων πεσεῖν δορί.
 οὐ γάρ τι λέξεις ὡς ἄκλητος ὦν φίλοις
 400 οὐκ ἦλθες οὐδ' ἤμυνας οὐδ' ἐπεστράφης.
 τίς γάρ σε κῆρυξ ἢ γερουσία Φρυγῶν
 ἐλθοῦσ' ἀμύνειν οὐκ ἐπέσκηψεν πόλει ;
 ποίων δὲ δῶρων κόσμον οὐκ ἐπέμψαμεν ;
 σὺ δ' ἐγγενῆς ὦν βάρβαρός τε βαρβάρους
 Ἕλλησιν ἡμᾶς προύπιες τὸ σὺν μέρος.
 καίτοι σε μικρᾶς ἐκ τυραννίδος μέγαν
 Θρηκῶν ἀνακτα τῆδ' ἔθηκ' ἐγὼ χερί,
 ὅτ' ἀμφὶ Πάγγαιόν τε Παιόνων τε γῆν
 410 Θρηκῶν ἀρίστοις ἐμπροσθὸν κατὰ στόμα
 ἔρρηξα πέλτην, σοὶ δὲ δουλώσας λεῶν
 παρέσχον· ὦν σὺ λακτίσας πολλὴν χάριν,
 φίλων νοσοῦντων ὕστερος βοηδρομεῖς.
 οἱ δ' οὐδὲν ἡμῖν ἐν γένει¹ πεφυκότες,
 πάλαι παρόντες, οἱ μὲν ἐν χωστοῖς τάφοις
 κεῖνται πεσόντες, πίστις οὐ σμικρὰ πόλει,
 οἱ δ' ἐν θ' ὄπλοισι καὶ παρ' ἵππείοις ὄχοις
 ψυχρὰν ἄησιν δίψιόν τε πῦρ θεοῦ
 μένουσι καρτεροῦντες, οὐκ ἐν δεμνίοις
 420 πυκνὴν ἄμυστιν ὡς σὺ δεξιούμενοι.
 ταῦθ', ὡς ἂν εἰδῆς Ἐκτορ' ὄντ' ἐλεύθερον,
 καὶ μέμφομαί σοι καὶ λέγω κατ' ὄμμα σόν.

¹ Valckenaer and Paley : for ἐγγενεῖς of MSS.

RHESUS

HECTOR

Son of the Songful Mother, of the Muse,
And Thracian Strymon's flood, I love to speak
The truth : no man am I of double tongue.
Long, long since shouldest thou have come to aid
This land, nor suffered, for all help of thine,
That Troy should stoop 'neath spears of Argive foes.
Thou canst not say thou can'st not to thy friends,
Nor visitedst for their help, for lack of bidding. 400
What Phrygian herald, or what ambassage,
Came not with instant prayer for help to Troy ?
What splendour of gifts did we not send to thee ?
Alien from Greece as we, our countryman,
To Greeks didst thou betray us, all thou couldst.
Yet thee from petty lordship made I great,
Yea, king of all the Thracians, with this arm,
When round Pangaeus and Paeonia's land
In battle-brunt on Thracian chiefs I fell,
Shattered their shield, and gave their folk to thee 410
In thrall. This grace thou hast trodden under foot,
And laggard com'st to help afflicted friends,
While they that are in no wise kin to us
Have long been here ; and some in grave-mounds lie
Slain,—no mean loyalty to our city this,—
Some yet in arms beside their battle-cars
Abide, enduring hardness—chilly blast
And the sun's glare throat-parching, not on beds,
Like thee, with pledge of many a long deep
draught.
Thus, that thou may'st know Hector's plain blunt
mood, 420
I blame thee and I speak it to thy face.

ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΡΗΣΟΣ

τοιοῦτός εἰμι καὐτός, εὐθείαν λόγων
 τέμνων κέλευθον, κοῦ διπλοῦς πέφυκ' ἀνὴρ.
 ἐγὼ δὲ μείζον ἢ σὺ τῆσδ' ἀπὼν χθονὸς
 λύπη πρὸς ἦπαρ δυσφορῶν ἐτειρόμην·
 ἀλλ' ἀγχιτέρμων γαίῳ μοι, Σκύθης λεώς,
 μέλλοντι νόστον τὸν πρὸς Ἴλιον περᾶν
 ξυνήψε πόλεμον· Εὐξένου δ' ἀφικόμην
 πόντου πρὸς ἰκτάς, Θρήκα πορθμεῦσαι στρατόν.
 430 ἔνθ' αἵματηρὸς πέλανος ἐς γαίαν Σκύθης
 ἦντλείτο λόγχῃ, Θρήξ τε συμμιγῆς φόνος.

τοιάδε τοί μ' ἀπείργε συμφορὰ πέδον
 Τροίας ἰκέσθαι σύμμαχόν τέ σοι μολεῖν.
 ἐπεὶ δ' ἔπερσα, τῶνδ' ὀμηρεύσας τέκνα,
 τάξας ἔτειον δασμὸν εἰς δόμους φέρειν,
 ἦκω περάσας ναυσὶ πόντιον στόμα,
 τὰ δ' ἄλλα πεζὸς γῆς περῶν ὀρίσματα,
 οὐχ ὡς σὺ κομπεῖς τὰς ἐμὰς ἀμύστιδας,
 οὐδ' ἐν ζαχρύσοις δώμασιν κοιμώμενος,
 440 ἀλλ' οἷα πόντον Θρήκιον φυσῆματα
 κρυσταλλόπηκτα Παίονιάς τ' ἐπέζᾶρει,
 ξὺν τοῖσδ' ἄνπνος οἶδα τλὰς πορπάμασιν.

ἀλλ' ὕστερος μὲν ἦλθον, ἐν καιρῷ δ' ὄμως·
 σὺ μὲν γὰρ ἤδη δέκατον αἰχμάζεις ἔτος
 κοῦδὲν περαίνεις, ἡμέραν δ' ἐξ ἡμέρας
 ρίπτεις κυβεύων τὸν πρὸς Ἀργεῖους Ἄρην·
 ἐμοὶ δὲ φῶς ἐν ἡλίου καταρκέσει
 πέρσαντι πύργους ναυστάθμοις ἐπεισπεσεῖν
 κτεῖναί τ' Ἀχαιοῦς· θατέρᾳ δ' ἀπ' Ἰλίου
 450 πρὸς οἶκον εἶμι, συντεμῶν τοὺς σοὺς πόνους.
 ὑμῶν δὲ μή τις ἀσπίδ' ἄρηται χερσί·

RHESUS

RHESUS

Even such am I : no devious track of words
I follow : no man I of double tongue.
I for my absence from this land was vexed,
Chafing with grief of heart, far more than thou.
But Scythia's folk, whose frontiers march with
mine,
Even as I set forward, Troyward bound,
Fell on me, even as I reached the shores
Of Euxine, with my Thracian host to cross.
There upon Scythia's soil great blood-gouts dripped 430
From spears, of Thracian slaughter blent with
Scythian.

Such was the chance that barred my journeying
To Troyland's plains to be thy battle-aid.
I smote them, took their sons for hostages,
Set them a yearly tribute to my house,
Straight sailed across the sea-gorge, and am here.
I passed afoot the borders of thy land,
Not, as thou proudly tauntest, with deep draughts
Of wine, nor lying soft in golden halls :
But what the icy storm-blasts are that sweep 440
Paeonian steppes and Thracian sea, I learnt
By sleepless suffering, wrapped but in this cloak.

Late is my coming, timely none the less ;
For ten full years hast thou been warring now,
Yet hast achieved nought, dost from day to day
Against the Argives cast the dice of war.
But for me one sun's dawning shall suffice
To storm their towers, to fall upon their fleet,
And slay the Achaeans. So, thy toils cut short,
From Ilium on the morrow home I pass, 450
Of you let no man lift in hand a shield :

ΡΗΣΟΣ

ἐγὼ γὰρ ἔξω τοὺς μέγ' αὐχοῦντας δορὶ
πέρσας Ἀχαιοὺς, καίπερ ὕστερος μολῶν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἰὼ ἰὼ.

στρ.

φίλα θροεῖς, φίλος Διόθεν εἶ· μόνον

φθόνον ἄμαχον ὕπατος

Ζεὺς θέλοι ἄμφι

σοῖς λόγοισιν εἴργειν.

τὸ δὲ νάϊον Ἀργόθεν δόρυ

460 οὔτε πρὶν τιν' οὔτε νῦν

ἀνδρῶν ἐπόρευσε σέθεν κρείσσω. πῶς μοι

Ἀχιλεὺς τὸ σὸν ἔγχος ἂν δύναίτο,

πῶς δ' Αἴας ὑπομείναι ;

εἰ γὰρ ἐγὼ τόδ' ἡμᾶρ εἰσίδοιμ', ἄναξ,

ὅτῳ πολυφόνου

χειρὸς ἀποινάσαιο λόγχα.

ΡΗΣΟΣ

τοιαῦτα μὲν σοι τῆς μακρᾶς ἀπουσίας

πράξαι παρέξω· σὺν δ' Ἀδραστεία λέγω·

ἐπειδὴν ἐχθρῶν τήνδ' ἐλευθέραν πόλιν

470 θῶμεν θεοῖσί τ' ἀκροθίνι' ἐξέλης,

ξὺν σοὶ στρατεύειν γῆν ἐπ' Ἀργείων θέλω

καὶ πᾶσαν ἐλθὼν Ἑλλάδ' ἐκπέρσαι δορί,

ὡς ἂν μάθωσιν ἐν μέρει πάσχειν κακῶς.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

εἰ τοῦ παρόντος τοῦδ' ἀπαλλαχθεὶς κακοῦ

πόλιν νεμοίμην ὡς τὸ πρὶν ποτ' ἀσφαλῆ,

ἢ κάρτα πολλὴν θεοῖς ἂν εἰδείην χάριν.

τὰ δ' ἄμφι τ' Ἄργος καὶ νομὸν τὸν Ἑλλάδος

οὐχ ὧδε πορθεῖν ῥάδι', ὡς λέγεις, δορί.

RHESUS

I ruining with my spear will still the vaunts
Of yon Achaeans, howso late I come.

CHORUS

(*Str. to Ant. 820-832*)

Hail to thee! welcome thy shout is, our champion
from Zeus and our friend!

Only may Zeus the most highest forgive thee thy
vaunt, and defend

Thee from the malice of Jealousy, her with whom
none may contend! [land

Never the galleys of Argos, aforetime nor late, to our 460
Brought mid the hosts of their heroes a champion so
mighty of hand. [withstand?

How shall Achilles or Aias thy battle-spear's lightning
O that I also may live to behold it, the on-coming day!
O to behold it, thy vengeance triumphant, when lifted
to slay [through Hellas' array!

Flasheth the lance in thine hand, spreading havoc

RHESUS

Such deeds will I, for my long absence' sake,
Perform for thee. So Nemesis say not nay,
When we have freed this city of foes, and thou
Hast chosen triumph's firstfruits for the Gods, 470
Then will I march with thee to Argive land,
Swoop down, and waste all Hellas with the spear,
That they in turn may learn what suffering means.

HECTOR

If I, delivered from this imminent curse,
Might sway a city as of old secure,
Then were my soul all thankfulness to heaven.
But, for thy talk of Argos and the meads
Of Hellas, these shall no spear lightly waste.

ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΡΗΣΟΣ

οὐ τούσδ' ἀριστεάς φασὶν Ἑλλήνων μολεῖν ;

ΕΚΤΩΡ

480 κοὺ μεμφόμεσθά γ', ἀλλ' ἄδην ἐλαύνομεν.

ΡΗΣΟΣ

οὐκ οὖν κταιρόντες τούσδε πᾶν εἰργάσμεθα ;

ΕΚΤΩΡ

μή νυν τὰ πόρρω τὰ γυῖθεν μεθεῖς σκόπει.

ΡΗΣΟΣ

ἀρκεῖν ἔοικέ σοι παθεῖν, δρᾶσαι δὲ μή.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

πολλῆς γὰρ ἄρχω κίνθιδ' ὧν τυραννίδος.

ἀλλ' εἴτε λαιὸν εἴτε δεξιὸν κέρας,

εἴτ' ἐν μέσοισι συμμίχοις, πάρεστί σοι

πέλτην ἐρεῖσαι καὶ καταστήσαι στρατόν.

ΡΗΣΟΣ

μόνος μάχεσθαι πολεμίοις, Ἐκτορ, θέλω.

εἰ δ' αἰσχρὸν ἡγήει μὴ συνεμπρῆσαι νεῶν

490 πρύμνας, πονήσας τὸν πάρος πολὺν χρόνον,

τάξον μ' Ἀχιλλέως καὶ στρατοῦ κατὰ στόμα

ΕΚΤΩΡ

οὐκ ἔστ' ἐκείνω θούρον ἀντᾶραι δόρυ.

ΡΗΣΟΣ

καὶ μὴν λόγος γ' ἦν ὡς ἔπλευσ' ἐπ' Ἴλιον.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

ἔπλευσε καὶ πάρεστιν· ἀλλὰ μηνίων

στρατηλάταισιν οὐ συναίρεται δόρυ.

ΡΗΣΟΣ

τίς δὴ μετ' αὐτὸν ἄλλος εὐδοξεῖ στρατοῦ ;

ΕΚΤΩΡ

Αἴας ἐμοὶ μὲν οὐδὲν ἡσσᾶσθαι δοκεῖ

χωρὶς Τιδέως παῖς· ἔστι δ' αἰμυλώτατον

RHESUS

RHESUS

These that have come, are they not named her best ?

HECTOR

Nor I misprise them, who can scarce repel. 480

RHESUS

Then is not all achieved when these are slain ?

HECTOR

Gaze not afar, neglecting things at hand.

RHESUS

Thou seem'st content to suffer unavenged !

HECTOR

My realms be wide enow, though here I stay.
But thou—upon the left wing or the right,
Or centre of our allies, mayst thou plant
Thy buckler, and array thy battle-line.

RHESUS

Hector, alone I fain would fight the foe.
Yet, if thou think shame not to help to fire
The ship-sterns, after all thy toils o'erpast, 490
Post me to face Achilles and his host.

HECTOR

'Gainst him one cannot lift the eager spear.

RHESUS

Yet rumour ran that he too sailed to Troy.

HECTOR

He sailed, and he is here ; but, being wroth
With fellow-chieftains, lifteth not the spear.

RHESUS

Who next him in their host hath high renown ?

HECTOR

Aias I count no whit outdone by him,
And Tydeus' son ; and that glib craftiest knave

ΡΗΣΟΣ

500 κρότημ' Ὀδυσσεύς, λήμά τ' ἀρκούντως θρασὺς
καὶ πλείστα χώραν τήνδ' ἀνὴρ καθυβρίσας.
ὃς εἰς Ἀθήνας σηκὸν ἔννευχος μολῶν
κλέψας ἄγαλμα ναῦς ἐπ' Ἀργείων φέρει.
ἤδη δ' ἀγύρτης πτωχικὴν ἔχων στολὴν
εἰσῆλθε πύργους, πολλὰ δ' Ἀργείοις κακὰ
ἠράτο, πεμφθεὶς Ἴλιον κατάσκοπος·
κτανῶν δὲ φρουροὺς καὶ παραστάτας πυλῶν
ἐξῆλθεν· αἶε δ' ἐν λόχοις εὐρίσκεται
θυμβραῖον ἀμφὶ βωμὸν ἄστεος πέλας
θάσσων· κακῶ δὲ μερμέρω παλαίομεν.

ΡΗΣΟΣ

510 οὐδεὶς ἀνὴρ εὐψυχος ἀξιοῖ λάθρα
κτεῖναι τὸν ἐχθρόν, ἀλλ' ἰὼν κατὰ στόμα.
τοῦτον δ' ὄν ἴζειν φῆς σὺ κλωπικὰς ἔδρας
καὶ μηχανᾶσθαι, ζῶντα συλλαβὼν ἐγὼ
πυλῶν ἐπ' ἐξόδοισιν ἀμπίρας ῥάχιν
στήσω πετεινοῖς γυψὶ θοινατήριον.
ληστὴν γὰρ ὄντα καὶ θεῶν ἀνάκτορα
συλῶντα δεῖ νιν τῷδε κατθανεῖν μόρω.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

520 νῦν μὲν καταυλίσθητε· καὶ γὰρ εὐφρόνη.
δείξω δ' ἐγὼ σοι χῶρον, ἔνθα χρὴ στρατὸν
τὸν σὸν νυχεῦσαι τοῦ τεταγμένου δίχα.
ξύνθημα δ' ἡμῖν Φοῖβος, ἦν τι καὶ δέη,
μέμνησ' ἀκούσας Θρηκί τ' ἄγγειλον στρατῶ.
ὑμᾶς δὲ βάντας χρὴ προταινὶ τάξεω
φρουρεῖν ἐγερτί, καὶ νεῶν κατάσκοπον
δέχθαι Δόλωνα· καὶ γὰρ εἵπερ ἐστὶ σῶς,
ἤδη πελάζει στρατοπέδοισι Τρωικοῖς.

RHESUS

Odysseus—yet, for courage, brave enow,
 And chief of mischief-workers to this land; 500
 Who came by night unto Athena's fane,
 Her image stole, and bare to Argos' ships.
 In vile attire but now, in beggar's guise,
 He passed our gate-towers: loudly did he curse
 The Argives—he, their spy to Ilium sent!
 He slew the guards, the warders of the gates,
 And stole forth. Aye in ambush is he found
 By the Thymbraean altars nigh the town
 Lurking—a foul pest he to wrestle with!

RHESUS

No man of knightly soul would deign by stealth 510
 To slay his foe; he meets him face to face.
 This man who skulks, thou sayest, like a thief,
 And weaves his plots, him will I take alive,
 And at your gates' outgoings set him up
 Impaled, a feast for vultures heavy-winged.
 Robber and rifler of the shrines of Gods,
 Meet is it that he die by such a doom!

HECTOR

Encamp ye now and rest, for it is night.
 A spot myself will show thee, where thine host
 Must pass the night, apart from our array. 520
 "Phoebus" the watchword is, if need arise:
 Remember it, and tell thy Thracian host.
 (*To the Chorus*) Ye must go forth in front of all our
 lines:
 Watch keenly, and our spy upon the ships,
 Dolon, receive; for, if he be unharmed,
 By this he draweth nigh the camp of Troy.

[*Exeunt* HECTOR and RHESUS.]

ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

530

τίγος ἄ φυλακί ; τίς ἀμείβει στρ.
 τὰν ἐμάν ; πρῶτα
 δύεται σημεῖα καὶ ἐπτάποροι
 Πλειάδες αἰθέριαι·
 μέσα δ' αἰετὸς οὐρανοῦ ποτᾶται.
 ἔγρεσθε, τί μέλλετε ; κοιτᾶν
 ἔγρεσθε πρὸς φυλακίην.
 οὐ λεύσσετε μηνίδος αἴγλαν ;
 ἄως δὴ πέλας ἄως
 γίγνεται, καὶ τις προδρόμων
 ὄδε γ' ἐστὶν ἀστήρ.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

τίς ἐκηρύχθη πρώτην φυλακίην ;
 * * * * ¹

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

Μυγδόνος ὃν φασι Κόροιβον.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

τίς γὰρ ἐπ' αὐτῷ ;

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

540

Κίλικας Παίων
 στρατὸς ἡγείρειν, Μυσοὶ δ' ἡμᾶς.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

οὐκοῦν Λυκίους πέμπτην φυλακίην
 βάντας ἐγείρειν
 καιρὸς κλήρου κατὰ μοῖραν.

¹ A line is lost here, which should correspond to l. 558.

RHESUS

CHORUS

(*Str.*)

Ho, warders, to whom is the next watch given?
whose warding followeth mine?

For the stars that were high in the evening sky are
setting: uprisen ye see [broad wings shine.

The Pleiads seven: in the midst of heaven the Eagle's 530

Ho, comrades, awake from your slumber! Why do ye
linger? Hither to me! [tramp appear!

Ho ye, ho ye, from your couches leap, for the sentinel-
Do ye see not afar where the silver car of the moon
o'er the sea hangs low?

The dayspring cometh—break off your sleep, for the
dawning is near, is near.

Lo there in the east where gleameth a star—'tis her
harbinger: rouse ye, ho!

SEMICHORUS 1

For whom was the night's first watch proclaimed?

SEMICHORUS 2

For the scion of Mygdon, Coroebus named.

SEMICHORUS 1

Who then?

SEMICHORUS 2

The Paeonians roused the folk 540
Of Cilicia: us the Mysians woke.

SEMICHORUS 1

High time is it then that we hasted to call
The Lycians; to them did the fifth watch fall,
When the lot to our stations assigned us all.

ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ μὴν αἰω, Σιμόειτος ἀντ.
 ἡμένα κοίτας
 φοινίας ὕμνῃ πολυχорδοτάτα
 γήρῳ παιδολέτωρ
 550 μελοποιὸς ἀηδονὶς μέριμναν·
 ἤδη δὲ νέμουσι κατ' Ἴδαν
 ποίμνια· νυκτιβρόμου
 σύριγγος ἴαν κατακούω·
 θέλγει δ' ὄμματος ἔδραν
 ὕπνος· ἄδιστος γὰρ ἔβα
 βλεφάροις πρὸς αἰοῦς.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

τι ποτ' οὐ πλάθει σκοπός, ὃν ναῶν
 Ἐκτωρ ὄτρυνε κατόπταν ;

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

ταρβῶ· χρόνιος γὰρ ἄπεστιν.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

560 ἀλλ' ἢ κρυπτὸν λόχον εἰσπαίσας
 διόλωλε ; τάχ' ἂν εἶη φανερόν.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

αὐδῶ Λυκίους πέμπτην φυλακὴν
 βάντας ἐγείρειν
 ἡμᾶς κλήρου κατὰ μοῖραν.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

Διόμηδες, οὐκ ἤκουσας — ἢ κενὸς ψόφος
 σταῖζει δι' ὄτων ; — τευχέων τινὰ κτύπον ;

RHESUS

CHORUS

(*Ant.*)

I hear, I hear—'tis the nightingale ! The mother that
 slew her child— [murder-stain—
 As broodeth her wing o'er the fearful thing, the eternal
 By Simois chanteth her heart-stricken wail ; the voice
 of her woe rings wild, [hopeless pain !
 As passions a lute of many a string,— winged poet of 550
 Hark ! flocks to the pasture are going : they bleat as
 they stray down Ida's brow ;
 And I hear it float through the dark, the note of the
 pipe's ethereal cry ;
 And drowsihead with her witchery sweet is lulling
 mine eyelids now ; [the dawn is nigh.
 For to weary eyes she cometh, I wot, most dear when

SEMICHORUS 1

Why draweth not near unto us that scout
 Whom Hector to spy on the fleet sent out ?

SEMICHORUS 2

Long stays he : there haunts me a fearful doubt.

SEMICHORUS 1

Is he slain, think ye, in an ambuscade ? 560
 Manifest soon shall his fate be made.

SEMICHORUS 2

I rede ye then that we haste to call
 The Lycians ; to them did the fifth watch fall,
 When the lot to our stations assigned us all.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter ODYSSEUS and DIOMEDES.

ODYSSEUS

Diomedes, heard'st thou not—or through mine ears
 Thrills but an empty sound ?—a clash of arms ?

ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΔΙΟΜΗΔΗΣ

οὔκ, ἀλλὰ δεσμὰ πωλικῶν ἐξ ἀντύγων
κλάζει σιδήρου· καμέ τοι, πρὶν ἠσθόμην
δεσμῶν ἀραγμὸν ἰππικῶν, ἔδν φόβος.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

570 ὄρα κατ' ὄρφνην μὴ φύλαξιν ἐντύχης.

ΔΙΟΜΗΔΗΣ

φυλάξομαί τοι κὰν σκότῳ τιθεὶς πόδα.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ἦν δ' οὖν ἐγείρης, οἶσθα σύνθημα στρατοῦ ;

ΔΙΟΜΗΔΗΣ

Φοῖβον Δόλωνος οἶδα σύμβολον κλύων.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ἔα·

εὐνάς ἐρήμους τάσδε πολεμίων ὀρῶ

ΔΙΟΜΗΔΗΣ

καὶ μὴν Δόλων γε τάσδ' ἔφραζεν· Ἐκτορος
κοίτας, ἐφ' ᾧπερ ἔγχος εἴλκυσται τόδε.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

τί δῆτ' ἂν εἶη ; μῶν λόχος βέβηκέ ποι ;

ΔΙΟΜΗΔΗΣ

ἴσως ἐφ' ἡμῖν μηχανὴν στήσων τινά.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

θρασύς γάρ· Ἐκτωρ νῦν, ἐπεὶ κρατεῖ, θρασύς.

ΔΙΟΜΗΔΗΣ

580 τί δῆτ', Ὀδυσσεῦ, δρῶμεν· ; οὐ γὰρ ἠῦρομεν
τὸν ἀνδρ' ἐν εὐναῖς, ἐλπίδων δ' ἡμάρτομεν.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

στείχωμεν ὡς τάχιστα ναυστάθμων πέλας.
σώζει γὰρ αὐτὸν ὅστις εὐτυχῆ θεῶν
τίθησιν· ἡμῖν δ' οὐ βιαστέον τύχην.

RHESUS

DIOMEDES

Nay, 'tis steel harness hung o'er chariot-rails
That rings. Through me too passed a shiver of fear,
Till I discerned the clank of horses' chains.

ODYSSEUS

Beware thou light not darkling on their guards. 570

DIOMEDES

Even in darkness will I step with heed.

ODYSSEUS

But, shouldst thou rouse them, knowest thou the
watchword?

DIOMEDES

“Phoebus”—from Dolon's mouth I heard the word.

ODYSSEUS

Ha! void of foes this bivouac I see!

DIOMEDES

Yet surely Dolon told us that here lay
Hector, against whom this my spear is trailed.

ODYSSEUS

What means this? Is his troop elsewhither gone?

DIOMEDES

Perehance he frames 'gainst us a stratagem.

ODYSSEUS

Ay, bold is Hector, now triumphant—bold!

DIOMEDES

What then, Odysseus, shall we do? The man 580
We find not on his couch: our hopes are foiled.

ODYSSEUS

Return we to the ships' array in haste.
Some God, whoever giveth him good speed,
Shields him. 'Tis not for us to strive with fate.

ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΔΙΟΜΗΔΗΣ

οὐκοῦν ἐπ' Αἰνέαν ἢ τὸν ἔχθιστον Φρυγῶν
Πάριν μολόντε χρῆ κατατομεῖν ξίφει.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

πῶς οὖν ἐν ὄρφνῃ πολεμίων ἀνὰ στρατὸν
ζητῶν δυνήσει τούσδ' ἀκινδύνως κτανεῖν ;

ΔΙΟΜΗΔΗΣ

590 αἰσχρὸν γε μέντοι ναῦς ἐπ' Ἀργείων μολεῖν,
δράσαντε μηδὲν πολεμίους νεώτερον.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

πῶς δ' οὐ δέδρακας ; οὐ κτανόντε ναυστάθμων
κατάσκοπον Δόλωνα σφύζομεν τάδε
σκυλεύματ' ; ἢ πᾶν στρατόπεδον πέρσειν δοκεῖς ;
πείθου, πάλιν στείχωμεν· εὐ δ' εἴη τυχεῖν.

ΑΘΗΝΑ

600 ποῖ δὴ λιπόντες Ἰρωικῶν ἐκ τάξεων
χωρεῖτε, λύπη καρδίαν δεδηγμένοι,
εἰ μὴ κτανεῖν σφῶν Ἑκτορ' ἢ Πάριν θεὸς
δίδωσιν ; ἄνδρα δ' οὐ πέπυσθε σύμμαχον
Ἰτροία μολόντα Ῥῆσον οὐ φαύλῳ τρόπῳ ;
ὅς εἰ διοίσει νύκτα τήνδ' ἐς αὔριον,
οὔτ' ἂν σφ' Ἀχιλλέως οὔτ' ἂν Αἴαντος δόρυ
μὴ πάντα πέρσαι ναύσταθμ' Ἀργείων σχέθαι
τείχη κατασκήψαντα καὶ πυλῶν ἔσω
λόγχῃ πλατεῖαν εἰσδρομὴν ποιούμενον.
τούτου κατακτὰς πάντ' ἔχεις. τὰς δ' Ἑκτορος
εὐνὰς ἔασον καὶ κατατόμους σφαγὰς.
ἔσται γὰρ αὐτῷ θάνατος ἐξ ἄλλης χειρός.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

δέσποιν' Ἀθήνα, φθέγματος γὰρ ἠσθόμην
τοῦ σοῦ συνήθη γῆρυν· ἐν πόνοισι γὰρ

RHESUS

DIOMEDES

Nay, on Aeneas fall we, or on Paris—
Of foes most hated,—and smite off their heads.

ODYSSEUS

How in the dark, amidst a host of foes,
Unperilled wilt thou search, and slay these twain?

DIOMEDES

Yet base it were to hie to Argos' ships
With nought of mischief to the foe achieved.

590

ODYSSEUS

Nothing achieved? Have we not slain the spy
Upon the galleys, Dolon? Have we not
His spoils? Look'st thou to ravage all their camp?
Hear me—return we; so good speed be ours.

ATHENA appears above the stage.

ATHENA

Ho! whither go ye, from the lines of Troy
Fleeing, with sorrow rankling in your hearts
That Fortune grants you not the life of Hector,
Nor Paris? Know ye not of this ally,
Rhesus, to Troy magnificently come?
If he live through this night until the dawn,
Him neither Aias' nor Achilles' spear
Shall stay from wasting all the Argive fleet,
Razing your ramparts, and within your gates
Making broad havoc of onslaught with his lance.
Slay him, and all is thine. But Hector's couch
Let be: spare thou to smite his head from him.
To him shall death come from another hand.

600

ODYSSEUS

O Queen Athena—for I know the sound
Of thy familiar voice, since evermore

ΡΗΣΟΣ

610 παροῦσ' ἀμύνεις τοῖς ἐμοῖς αἰεί ποτε
τὸν ἄνδρα δ' ἡμῖν ποῦ κατηύνασται φράσον,
πόθεν τέτακται βαρβάρου στρατεύματος ;

ΑΘΗΝΑ

ὄδ' ἐγγὺς ἦσται κού συνήθροισται στρατῶ,
ἀλλ' ἐκτὸς αὐτὸν τάξεων κατηύνασεν

Ἐκτωρ, ἕως ἂν νύξ ἀμείψηται φάος.
πέλας δὲ πῶλοι Θρηκίων ἐξ ἰρμάτων
λευκαὶ δέδενται, διαπρεπεῖς ἐν εὐφρόνῃ·
στίλβουσι δ' ὥστε ποταμίου κύκνου πτερόν.
ταύτας κτανόντες δεσπότην κομίζετε,
620 κάλλιστον οἴκοις σκῦλον· οὐ γὰρ ἔσθ' ὄπουν
τοιόνδ' ὄχημα χθῶν κέκευθε πωλικόν.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

Διόμηδες, ἢ σὺ κτείνε Θρήκιον λεών,
ἢ μοι πάρες γε, σοὶ δὲ χρὴ πώλους μέλειν.

ΔΙΟΜΗΔΗΣ

ἐγὼ φονεύσω, πωλοδαμνήσεις δὲ σύ·
τρίβων γὰρ εἶ τὰ κομψὰ καὶ νοεῖν σοφός.
χρὴ δ' ἄνδρα τύσσειν οὐ μάλιστ' ἂν ὠφελοῖ.

ΑΘΗΝΑ

καὶ μὴν καθ' ἡμᾶς τόνδ' Ἀλέξανδρον βλέπτω
στείχοντα, φυλάκων ἕκ τινος πεπυσμένον
δόξας ἀσήμους πολεμίων μεμβλωκότων.

ΔΙΟΜΗΔΗΣ

630 πότερα σὺν ἄλλοις ἢ μόνος πορεύεται ;

ΑΘΗΝΑ

μόνος· πρὸς εὐνάς δ', ὡς ἔοικεν, Ἐκτορος
χωρεῖ, κατόπτας σημανῶν ἦκειν στρατοῦ.

ΔΙΟΜΗΔΗΣ

οὐκουν ὑπάρχειν τόνδε κατθανόντα χρὴ ;

RHESUS

Beside me in my toils thou wardest me,— 610
Tell to us where this hero sleeping lies,
Where he is stationed in the alien host.

ATHENA

Here is he, nigh, not quartered with the host :
Hector to him assigned a resting-place
Without his lines, till night give place to day.
Hard by, his white steeds to his Thracian car
Are tethered : clear they gleam athwart the dark
As gleams the white wing of a river-swan.
These lead ye hence when ye have slain their lord,
Proud trophy for your halls : there is no land 620
That holdeth such a team of chariot-steeds.

ODYSSEUS

Diomedes, either slay thou Thracia's folk,
Or leave to me, and thou the horses heed.

DIOMEDES

I will be slayer. Manage thou the steeds ;
For versed art thou in craft, and keen of wit.
Best set each man where best his help avails.

ATHENA

Lo, yonder Alexander I discern
Draw nigh us. From some watchman hath he heard
A doubtful rumour of the approach of foes.

DIOMEDES

Or cometh he with others, or alone ? 630

ATHENA

Alone. To Hector's couch, meseems, he fares,
To tell how spies upon the host be here.

DIOMEDES

Ought he not then to be the first to die ?

ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΑΘΗΝΑ

οὐκ ἂν δύναιο τοῦ πεπρωμένου πλέον.
 τοῦτον δὲ πρὸς σῆς οὐ θέμις χειρὸς θανεῖν.
 ἄλλ' ὥπερ ἦκεις μορσίμους φέρων σφαγίης,
 τάχυν'· ἐγὼ δὲ τῶδε ξύμμαχος Κύπρις
 δοκοῦσ' ἀρωγὸς ἐν πύνοις παραστατεῖν,
 640 σαθροῖς λόγοισιν ἐχθρὸν ἄνδρ' ἀμείψομαι.
 καὶ ταῦτ' ἐγὼ μὲν εἶπον· ὃν δὲ χρὴ παθεῖν,
 οὐκ οἶδεν οὐδ' ἤκουσεν ἐγγὺς ὢν λόγου.

ΠΑΡΙΣ

σὲ τὸν στρατηγὸν καὶ κασίγνητον λέγω,
 "Ἐκτορ, καθεύδεις; οὐκ ἐγείρεσθαί σ' ἐχρῆν;
 ἐχθρῶν τις ἡμῖν χρίμπτεται στρατεύματι,
 ἢ κλῶπες ἄνδρες ἢ κατάσκοποί τινες.

ΑΘΗΝΑ

θάρσει· φυλάσσει σ' ἦδε πρηνεμένης Κύπρις.
 μέλει δ' ὁ σός μοι πόλεμος, οὐδ' ἀμνημονῶ
 τιμῆς, ἐπαινώ δ' εὖ παθοῦσα πρὸς σέθεν.
 650 καὶ νῦν ἐπ' εὐτυχοῦντι Τρωικῶ στρατῶ
 ἦκω πορευούσ' ἄνδρα σοι μέγαν φίλον,
 τῆς ὑμνοποιοῦ παιῖδα Θρήκιον θεᾶς
 Μούσης, πατρὸς δὲ Στρυμόνος κικλήσκειται.

ΠΑΡΙΣ

αἰεί ποτ' εὖ φρονούσα τυγχάνεις πόλει
 καί μοι, μέγιστον δ' ἐν βίῳ κειμήλιον
 κρίνας σέ φημι τῆδε προσθέσθαι πόλει.
 ἦκω δ' ἀκούσας οὐ τορῶς, φήμη δέ τις
 φύλαξιν ἐμπέπτωκεν ὡς κατάσκοποι
 ἦκουσ' Ἀχαιῶν. χῶ μὲν οὐκ ἰδὼν λέγει,
 660 ὁ δ' εἰσιδὼν μολόντας οὐκ ἔχει φράσαι,
 ὢν εἵνεκ' εὐνάς ἤλυθον πρὸς Ἐκτορος.

RHESUS

ATHENA

Thou canst not overpass the doom of fate.
It may not be that by thine hand he die.
Haste thou against the man for whom thou bring'st
The slaughter-doom. To Paris will I seem
Cypris his friend, present to aid his toils,
And with false words will answer him I hate.
This have I told you ; nought the doomed man knows, 640
Nor aught hath heard, for all he is so near.

[*Exeunt OD. and DIOM.*

Enter PARIS.

PARIS

War-chief and brother, ho, to thee I call,
Hector ! Dost sleep ? Behoves thee not to watch ?
Some foe to us is nigh unto the host—
Marauders they, or peradventure spies.

ATHENA

Fear not. I, Cypris, ward thee graciously.
I take thought for thy warfare, nor forget
Thine honour done me, and thy service thank.
And now, when triumpheth the host of Troy,
Leading to thee a mighty friend I come, 650
The Thracian scion of the Muse, the Queen
Of Song : he hears the name of Strymon's son.

PARIS

Gracious art thou unto my city still,
And unto me, I trow I won for Troy
Life's goodliest treasure, judging thee most fair.
Vague rumour brought me hither : some report
Amongst the guard had risen of Argive spies
Even now at hand. One saith it that saw nought :
One saw them come, yet nothing more can tell.
Wherefore to Hector's resting-place I came 660

ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΑΘΗΝΑ

μηδὲν φοβηθῆς· οὐδὲν ἐν στρατῷ νέον·
Ἔκτωρ δὲ φροῦδος Θρηῆκα κοιμήσων στρατόν.

ΠΑΡΙΣ

σύ τοί με πείθεις, σοῖς δὲ πιστεύων λόγοις
τάξιν φυλάξων εἴμ' ἐλεύθερος φόβου.

ΑΘΗΝΑ

χώρει· μέλει γὰρ πάντ' ἐμοὶ δόκει τὰ σία,
ὥστ' εὐτυχοῦντας συμμάχους ἐμοὺς ὀράν.
γνώσει δὲ καὶ σὺ τὴν ἐμὴν προθυμίαν.

670 ὑμᾶς δ' αὐτῷ τοὺς ἄγαν ἐρρωμένους,
Λαιερτίου παῖ, θηκτὰ κοιμίσαι ξίφη.
κεῖται γὰρ ἡμῖν Θρηῆκιος στρατηλάτης,
ἵπποι τ' ἔχονται, πολέμιοι δ' ἠσθημένοι
χωροῦσ' ἐφ' ὑμᾶς· ἀλλ' ὅσον τάχιστα χρὴ
φεύγειν πρὸς ὄλκοὺς ναυστάθμων. τί μέλλετε
σκηπτοῦ πτόντος πολεμίων σῶζειν βίον;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἔα ἔα·
βάλε βάλε βάλε βάλε,
θένε θένε· τίς ὄδ' ἀνὴρ;

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

λεύσσετε, τοῦτον αὐδῶ.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

680 κλώπες οὔτινες κατ' ὄρφνην
τόνδε κινοῦσι στρατόν.
δεῦρο δεῦρο πᾶς.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

τούσδ' ἔχω, τούσδ' ἔμαρψα.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

τίς ὁ λόχος; πόθεν ἔβας; ποδαπὸς εἶ;

RHESUS

ATHENA

Fear nothing : in the host no peril is.
Hector to quarter Thracia's host is gone.

PARIS

Thou dost assure me : lo, I trust thy words.
And free of fear I go to guard my post.

ATHENA

Go : be thou sure that all thy care is mine,
That so triumphant I may see my friends.
Yea, and thou too shalt prove my zeal for thee

[Exit PARIS.]

Ho ye ! I bid you, over-eager twain—
Laertes' son !—let sleep the whetted swords ;
For at our feet dead lies the Thracian chief ;
Our prize his steeds are. But the foe have heard,
And close on you. Now must ye with all speed
To yon ship-channels flee. Why linger ye,
When bursts the storm of foes, to save your lives ?

670

Enter ODYSSEUS followed by CHORUS, tumultuously.

CHORUS

Ha, smite !—ha, smite !—ha, smite !—ha, smite !
Stab thou !—stab thou !—who is this wight ?

SEMICHORUS 1

Look ye on him—this fellow, I say !—

SEMICHORUS 2

Marauders who under night's dark pall
Are startling our array !—
Hitherward, hitherward, all

680

SEMICHORUS 1

I have them caught in the grasp of mine hand !

SEMICHORUS 2

(To OD.) What is thy troop ?—whence art thou ?—a
man of what land ?

ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ¹

οὐ σε χρὴ εἰδέναι.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

θανεῖ γὰρ σήμερον δράσας κακῶς.
οὐκ ἐρεῖς ξύνθημα, λόγχην πρὶς διὰ στέρνων μολεῖν;

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ἦ σὺ δὴ Ῥῆσον κατέκτας;

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

ἀλλὰ τὸν κτενοῦντα σὲ
ἱστορῶ.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

θύρσει, πέλας ἴθι.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

παῖε, παῖε, παῖε πᾶς.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ἴσχε πᾶς τις.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

οὐ μὲν οὖν.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ἄ, φίλιον ἄνδρα μὴ θένης.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

καὶ τί δὴ τὸ σῆμα;

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

Φοῖβος.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

ἔμαθον ἴσχε πᾶς δόρυ.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

οἶσθ' ὅποι βεβᾶσιν ἄνδρες;

¹ The dialogue that follows is differently distributed by various editors. Badham's arrangement, adopted by Paley, is here followed, also his reading of *ἱστορῶ* for *ἱστῶ* of MSS.

RHESUS

ODYSSEUS

Nought to thee is this !

SEMICHORUS 1

For thou shalt die for evil wrought this day !
Tell the watchword, ere the spear unto thine heart
have found the way !

ODYSSEUS

Ha ! and hast thou murdered Rhesus ?

SEMICHORUS 2

Nay his would-be murderer, thee,

Question 1.

ODYSSEUS (*beckoning them off the stage*).

Fear not, come hither.

SEMICHORUS 1

Strike him ! strike him ! strike him, ye !

ODYSSEUS

Hold, each man !

SEMICHORUS 2

Nay, hold we will not !

ODYSSEUS

Ho ! let not a friend be slain !

SEMICHORUS 1

What then is the watchword ?

ODYSSEUS

Phoebus.

SEMICHORUS 2

Right : his spear let each refrain.

SEMICHORUS 1

Know'st thou whither went the men ?

ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

τῆδέ πη κατείδομεν.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

690 ἔρπε πᾶς κατ' ἴχνος αὐτῶν, ἧ βοὴν ἐγερτέου ;

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ἀλλὰ συμμάχους ταράσσειν δεινὸν ἐν νυκτῶν
φόβῳ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τίς ἀνδρῶν ὁ βᾶς ; στρ.

τίς δὲ μέγα θράσος ἐπεύξεται,

χέρα φυγῶν ἐμάν ;

πόθεν νῦν κυρήσω ;

τίνι προσεικάσω,

ὅστις δι' ὄρφνης ἦλθ' ἀδειμάντῳ ποδὶ

διὰ τε τάξεων καὶ φυλάκων ἔδρας ;

Θεσσαλὸς ἦ

700 παραλίαν Λοκρῶν νεμόμενος πόλιν ;

ἦ νησιώτης σποράδα κέκτηται βίον ;

τίς ἦν πόθεν ; ποίας πάτρας ;

ποῖον ἐπεύχεται τὸν ὑπατον θεῶν ;

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

ἀρ' ἔστ' Ὀδυσσέως τοῦργον ἧ τίνοσ τόδε ;

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

εἰ τοῖς πάροιθε χρὴ τεκμαίρεσθαι, δοκεῖ.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

δοκεῖς γάρ ;

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

τί μὴν οὔ ;

RHESUS

ODYSSEUS

I marked them somewhere yonder nigh.

SEMICHORUS 2

Press, each man, upon their track!—or shall we
raise the 'larm cry?

690

ODYSSEUS

Nay, 'twere perilous to scare with night-alarms a
war-ally.

[ODYSSEUS slips away into the darkness.

CHORUS

(Str.)

He is gone from us!—who was the man
Who shall vaunt of his aweless might?

Out of mine hands, lo, he ran—

Where on him now shall I light?

Unto whom shall I liken him—him, who with foot
unafraid through the night

Passed ranks, passed many a sentinel-post?

A Thessalian is he?

Doth he dwell in a town that from Loeris' coast

Looketh over the sea?

700

Or, an islander, lives he by piracy? [boast?

Who?—whence?—what fatherland-home doth he

Of the Gods whom doth he confess most high?

SEMICHORUS 1

Whose deed is this?—Odysseus' dark design?

SEMICHORUS 2

Yea, if from his past deeds we may divine.

SEMICHORUS 1

Ha, thinkest thou so?

SEMICHORUS 2

Yea, how should I not?

ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

θρασὺς γοῦν ἐς ἡμᾶς.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

τίν' ἀλκὴν ; τίν' αἰνεῖς ;

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

Ὀδυσσῆ.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

μὴ κλωπὸς αἶνει φωτὸς αἰμύλον δόρου.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

710 ἔβα καὶ πάρος ἀντ.

κατὰ πτόλιν, ὑπαφρον ὄμμ' ἔχων,

ράκοδύτῳ στολᾷ

πυκασθεῖς, ξιφίρης

κρύφιος ἐν πέπλοις.

βίον δ' ἐπαιτῶν εἶρπ' ἀγύρτης τις λάτρης,

ψαφαρόχρουν κύρα πουλυπινές τ' ἔχων·

πολλὰ δὲ τὰν

Βασιλίδ' ἐστίαν Ἀτρειδᾶν κακῶς

ἔβαζε δῆθεν ἐχθρὸς ὦν στρατηλάταις.

720 ὄλοιτ' ὄλοιτο πανδίκως,

πρὶν ἐπὶ γᾶν Φρυγῶν ποδὸς ἵχνος βαλεῖν.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

εἴτ' οὖν Ὀδυσσέως εἴτε μή, φόβος μ' ἔχει·

Ἐκτωρ γὰρ ἡμῖν τοῖς φύλαξι μέμψεται.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

τί λάσκων ;

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

δυσοίζων—

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

τί δρᾶσαι ; τί ταρβεῖς ;

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

καθ' ἡμᾶς περᾶσαι—

RHESUS

SEMICHORUS 1

A daring foe unto us, I wot'

SEMICHORUS 2

Whose courage, what man, dost thou praise?

SEMICHORUS 1

Odysseus the chief.

SEMICHORUS 2

Praise not the prowess thou of a knavish thief!

CHORUS

He came in the days overpast (Ant.) 710

Unto Troy :—from his eyes rheum poured :

Rags round his body were cast :

'Neath his cloak was a hidden sword :

Like a vagabond varlet he prowled, begging crumbs
from the feastful board,

With head overgrimed with foulness, and hair

All filth-defiled.

As though the war-chiefs' foe he were,

The house he reviled—

The house of the Atreïd kings :—O meet,

O just should it be that he perish, ere

He trample Phrygia beneath his feet.

720

SEMICHORUS 1

Whether Odysseus or another came,

I fear me : us the guards shall Hector blame,—

SEMICHORUS 2

How blame us?

SEMICHORUS 1

Shall speak his suspicion out,—

SEMICHORUS 2

Of what deed? What is thy fearful doubt?

SEMICHORUS 1

That even by us passed in—

ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

τίν' ἀνδρῶν :

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

οὐ τῆσδε νυκτὸς ἦλθον εἰς Φρυγῶν στρατόν.

ΗΝΙΟΧΟΣ

ἰώ, δαίμονος τύχη βαρεῖα. φεῦ φεῦ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἔα·

730 σῖγα πᾶς, ὕφιξ'· ἴσως γὰρ εἰς βόλον τις ἔρχεται.

ΗΝΙΟΧΟΣ

ἰὼ ἰώ,

συμφορὰ βαρεῖα Θρηκῶν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

συμμάχων τις ὁ στένων.

ΗΝΙΟΧΟΣ

ἰώ.

δύστηνος ἐγὼ σύ τ', ἄναξ Θρηκῶν,

ὦ στυγιοτάτην Τροίαν ἐσιδών·

οἶόν σε βίου τέλος εἶλεν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τίς εἰ ποτ' ἀνδρῶν συμμάχων ; κατ' εὐφρόνην

ἀμβλῶπες αὐγαί, κοῦ σε γιγνώσκω τορῶς.

ΗΝΙΟΧΟΣ

ποῦ τιν' ἀνάκτων Τρωικῶν εὔρω ;

ποῦ δῆθ' Ἐκτωρ

740 τὸν ὑπασπίδιον κοῖτον ἰαύει ;

τίμι σημήνω διόπων στρατιᾶς ;

οἶα πεπόνθαμεν, οἶά τις ἡμᾶς

δράσας ἀφανῆ φροῦδος, φανερόν

Θρηξὶν πένθος τολυπεύσας.

RHESUS

SEMICHORUS 2

What men?—say who!

SEMICHORUS 1

They that this night to the Phrygian array won
through.

CHARIOTEER (*behind the scenes*)

O heavy chance of fate! Woe's me! Woe's me!

CHORUS

Ha! Now hush ye all! Crouch low! Perchance
one cometh to the snare.

730

CHARIOTEER (*behind scenes*)

O the sore mischance to Thrace!

CHORUS

'Tis some ally that waileth there.

Enter CHARIOTEER, wounded.

CHARIOTEER

Woe's me! O King of Thracians, woe for thee!
O bitter sight of Troy to thee this day!
What end of life hath snatched thee hence away!

CHORUS

Who art thou?—what ally?—mine eyes the night
Makes dim: thee cannot I discern aright.

CHARIOTEER

Where shall I light on a Trojan chief?
O where shall Hector be found of my quest
Slumbering yet in shield-fenced rest?
Unto whom of your chiefs shall I tell our grief?
Ah our calamities!—ah for the deeds in the night
Unto Thracia wrought of the felon who vanished from
sight,
Who hath knit up a skein of misery manifest!

740

ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

κακὸν κυρεῖν τι Θρηκίῳ στρατεύματι
ἔοικει, οἷα τοῦδε γιγνώσκω κλύων.

ΗΝΙΟΧΟΣ

ἔρρει στρατιά, πέπτωκεν ἄναξ
δολίῳ πληγῇ.
ᾶ ᾶ ᾶ ᾶ,

750

οἷα μ' ὀδύνη τείρει φονίου
τραύματος εἶσω. πῶς ἂν ὀλοίμην ;
χρῆν γάρ μ' ἀκλεῶς Ῥῆσόν τε θανεῖν.
Τροία κέλσαντ' ἐπίκουρον ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τάδ' οὐκ ἐν αἰνιγμοῖσι σημαίνει κακά·
σαφῶς γὰρ αὐδᾶ συμμάχους ὀλωλότας.

ΗΝΙΟΧΟΣ

κακῶς πέπρακται κίπτι τοῖς κακοῖσι πρὸς
αἰσχιστα· καίτοι δις τόσον κακὸν τόδε·
θανεῖν γὰρ εὐκλεῶς μὲν, εἰ θανεῖν χρεῶν,
λυπρὸν μὲν οἶμαι τῷ θανόντι· πῶς γὰρ οὐ ;
760 τοῖς ζῶσι δ' ὄγκος καὶ δόμων εὐδοξία.
ἡμεῖς δ' ἀβούλως κἀκλεῶς ὀλώλαμεν.
ἐπεὶ γὰρ ἡμᾶς ἠΰνασ' Ἐκτόρεια χεῖρ,
ξύνθημα λέξας, ἠΰδομεν πεδοστιβεῖς,
κόπῳ δαμέντες, οὐδ' ἐφρουρεῖτο στρατὸς
φυλακαῖσι νυκτέροισιν, οὐδ' ἐν τάξεσιν
ἔκειτο τεύχη, πληκτρά τ' οὐκ ἐπὶ ζυγοῖς
ἵππων καθήρμοσθ', ὡς ἄναξ ἐπεύθετο
κρατοῦντας ὑμᾶς κἀφεδρεύοντας νεῶν
770 πρύμναισι· φαύλως δ' ἠΰδομεν πεπτωκότες.
κἀγὼ μελούσῃ καρδίᾳ λήξας ὕπνου
πῶλοισι χόρτον, προσδοκῶν ἑωθινήν
ζεύξειν ἐς ἀλκὴν, ἀφθόνῳ μετρῶ χερί.

RHESUS

CHORUS

Some ill, meseems, to Thracia's company
Befalls—if this man's words mean aught for me.

CHARIOTEER

Undone is our host, laid low is our king
By a deadly stab, by a stroke of guile!
Alas and alas! woe worth the while!

Ah, how am I inly racked by the sting [die! 750
Of my gory wound! Would God I might straightway
Was it meet that so soon as he came, your Troy's ally,
Rhesus and I should perish by end so vile?

CHORUS

Lo, not in riddles doth he publish this:
Nay, plainly of allies destroyed he tells.

CHARIOTEER

Ill hath been wrought us—shame, to crown that
“ill,”

The foulest shame! Yea, double ill is this!

To die with fame, if one must die, I trow,

Is bitterness to him who dies—how not?

Yet fame and honour crown his living kin.

760

But, as a fool dies, fameless we have died.

For, soon as Hector pointed us our quarters,

And told the watchword, couched on earth we slept,

Outworn with toil: our host no watchmen set

For nightlong guard, nor rank by rank were laid

Our arms, nor from the horses' yokes were hung

The car-whips, since our king had word that ye

Were camped triumphant nigh the galley-sterns:

So, careless all, we flung us down and slept

Now I with heedful heart from slumber rose,

770

And dealt the steeds their corn with stintless hand,

Looking to yoke them with the dawn for fight.

ΡΗΣΟΣ

- λεύσσω δὲ φῶτε περιπολοῦνθ' ἡμῶν στρατὸν
 πυκνῆς δι' ὄρφνης· ὡς δ' ἐκινήθην ἐγὼ,
 ἐπτηξάτην τε κύνεχωρείτην πάλιν·
 ἦπυσα δ' αὐτοῖς μὴ πελάζεσθαι στρατῶ,
 κλῶπας δοκῆσας συμμάχων πλάθειν τινάς.
 οἱ δ' οὐδέν· οὐ μὴν οὐδ' ἐγὼ τὰ πλείονα,
 ἠῦδον δ' ἀπελθὼν αὐθις εἰς κοίτην πάλιν.
 780 καὶ μοι καθ' ὕπνον δόξα τις παρίσταται·
 ἵππους γὰρ ἄς ἔθρεψα κἀδιφρηλάτουν
 Ῥήσῳ παρεστῶς, εἶδον, ὡς ὄναρ δοκῶν,
 λύκους ἐπεμβεβῶτας ἐδραΐαν ῥάχιν·
 θείνοντε δ' οὐρᾷ πωλικῆς ῥινοῦ τρίχα,
 ἦλαννον, αἱ δ' ἔρρεγκον ἐξ ἀρτηριῶν
 θυμὸν πνέουσαι κύνεχαίτιζον φόβην.
 ἐγὼ δ' ἀμύνων θήρας ἐξεγείρομαι
 πῶλοισιν· ἔννυχος γὰρ ἐξώρμα φόβος.
 790 κλύω δ' ἐπάρας κράτα μυχθισμὸν νεκρῶν.
 θερμὸς δὲ κρουνὸς δεσπύτου παρὰ σφαγαῖς
 βάλλει με δυσθνητοῦντος αἵματος νέου.
 ὀρθὸς δ' ἀνάσσω χειρὶ σὺν κενῇ δορός.
 καὶ μ' ἔγχος ἀνγάζοντα καὶ θηρῶμενον
 παίει παραστὰς νεῖραν εἰς πλευρὰν ξίφει
 ἀνὴρ ἀκμάζων· φασγάνου γὰρ ἠσθόμην
 πληγῆς, βαθεῖαν ἄλοκα τραύματος λαβῶν.
 πίπτω δὲ πρηνῆς· οἱ δ' ὄχημα πωλικὸν
 λαβόντες ἵππων ἴεσαν φυγῇ πόδα.
 ᾄ ᾄ.
 800 ὀδύνη με τείρει, κοῦκέτ' ὀρθοῦμαι τάλας.
 καὶ συμφορὰν μὲν οἶδ' ὄρων, τροπῶ δ' ὄτῳ
 τεθιῶσιν οἱ θανόντες οὐκ ἔχω φράσαι,
 οὐδ' ἐξ ὁποίας χειρός. εἰκάσαι δέ μοι
 πάρεστι λυπρὰ πρὸς φίλων πεπονθέναι.

RHESUS

Then spied I twain that prowled around our host
Through the thick gloom; but, soon as I bestirred
me,

They cowered low, and straight drew back again.
I cried to them to come not near our host,—
Deeming some thieves from our allies drew nigh;—
Nought said they; neither added I thereto,
But to my couch went back and slept again.
And in my sleep a vision nightmared me:—

780

The steeds I tended, and at Rhesus' side
Drove in the car, I saw as in a dream
Mounted of wolves that rode upon their backs;
And with their tails these lashed the horses' flanks,
Scourging them on. They snorted, and outbreathed
Rage from their nostrils, tossing high their manes.
I, even in act to save from those fierce things
The steeds, woke: the night-horror smote me
awake.

Then death-moans, as I raised my head, I heard;
And new-shed blood hot-welling plashed on me
As by my murdered lord's death-throes I lay.
Upright I leapt, with never a spear in hand.
But, as I peered and groped to find my lance,
From hard by came a sword-thrust 'neath my ribs
From some strong man—strong, for I felt the blade
Strike home, felt that deep furrow of the gash.
Face-down I fell: the chariot and the steeds
The robbers took, and fled into the night.

790

Ah me! Ah me!
Pain racketh me—O wretch! I cannot stand.
What ill befell I know—I saw it. How
The slain men perished, this I cannot tell,
Nor by what hand; but this do I divine—
Foully have they been dealt with by allies.

800

ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἤμιοχε Θρηκὸς τοῦ κακῶς πεπραγότος,
 μηδὲν δύσοιζ' οὐ πολεμίους δρῦσαι τάδε.
 Ἔκτωρ δὲ καὐτὸς συμφορᾶς πεπυσμένος
 χωρεῖ συναλγεί δ', ὡς ἔοικε, σοῖς κακοῖς.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

810 πῶς οἱ μέγιστα πῆματ' ἐξειργασμένοι
 μολόντες ὑμᾶς πολεμίων κατὰσκοποι
 λήθουσιν αἰσχυρῶς, καὶ κατεσφάγη στρατός,
 καὐτ' εἰσιόντας στρατόπεδ' ἐξαπώσατε
 οὐτ' ἐξιόντας; τῶνδε τίς δώσει δίκην
 πλὴν σοῦ; σὲ γὰρ δὴ φύλακά φημ' εἶναι στρατοῦ.
 φροῦδοι δ' ἄπληκτοι, τῇ Φρυγῶν κακανδρία
 πόλλ' ἐγγελῶντες τῷ στρατηλάτῃ τ' ἐμοί.
 εὖ νυν τόδ' ἴστε, Ζεὺς ὁμόμοσται πατήρ,
 ἦτοι μάραγνά γ' ἢ καραμιστῆς μόρος
 μένει σε δρῶντα τοιάδ', ἢ τὸν Ἔκτορα
 τὸ μηδὲν εἶναι καὶ κακὸν νομίζετε.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

820 ἰὼ ἰὼ.
 μέγ' ἄρ' ἐμοὶ μέγ', ὦ πολίοχον κράτος, ἀντ.
 κακὸν ἔμολεν, ὅτε σοι
 ἄγγελος ἦλθον,
 ἀμφὶ ναῦς πύρ' αἶθειν Ἀργείων στρατόν·
 ἐπεὶ ἄγρυπνον ὄμμ' ἐν εὐφρόνῃ
 οὐτ' ἐκοίμισ' οὐτ' ἔβριξ',
 οὐ τὰς Σιμοεντιάδας πηγᾶς· μή μοι
 κόπον, ὦ ἄνα, θῆς· ἀναίτιος γὰρ
 ἔγωγε πάντων.

RHESUS

CHORUS

O charioteer of Thracia's lord ill-starred,
Never suspect of this deed thine allies.
Lo, Hector's self, who hath heard of your mischance,
Comes: in thine ills he sorroweth, as beseems.

Enter HECTOR.

HECTOR

How passed the men who wrought this direst scathe—
Spies from the foemen—passed unmarked of you,
For your shame, and for slaughter of the host, 810
Nor ye withstood them entering the camp,
Nor going forth? Shall any smart for this
Save thee?—for thou wast warder of the host.
They are gone, unsmitten!—gone, with many a scoff
At Phrygian cowardice and me, your chief!
Now know this well—by father Zeus 'tis sworn—
Surely the scourge, or doom of headsman's axe
Awaits thee for this work: else reckon thou
Hector a thing of nought, a craven wretch.

CHORUS

(Ant. to Str. 454-466)

Woe for me! terrible evil, ah terrible, lighted on me 820
When with my tidings I came, O thou warder of Troy,
unto thee,—
Tidings of beacon-fires lit through the Argive array
by the sea.

Yet have I suffered the night not to drop from her
slumberous wing
Sleep on mine eyelids—I swear it by holiest Simois'
spring!
Let not thine anger against me be hot, who am
guiltless, O King!

ΡΗΣΟΣ

330 ἦν δὲ χρόνῳ παράκαιρον ἔργον ἢ λόγον
 πύθῃ, κατὰ με γᾶς
 ζῶντα πόρευσον· οὐ παραιτοῦμαι.

ΗΝΙΟΧΟΣ

τί τοῖσδ' ἀπειλεῖς, βάρβαρός τε βαρβάρου
 γνώμην ὑφαίρει τὴν ἐμὴν, πλέκων λόγους ;
 σὺ ταῦτ' ἔδρασας· οὐδέν' ἂν δεξαίμεθα
 οὔθ' οἱ παθόντες οὔτ' ἂν οἱ τετρωμένοι
 ἄλλον· μακροῦ γε δεῖ σε καὶ σοφοῦ λόγου,
 ὅτῳ με πείσεις μὴ φίλους κατακτανεῖν,
 ἵππων ἐρασθεῖς, ὧν ἕκατι συμμαχούς
 840 τοὺς σοὺς φονεύεις, πόλλ' ἐπισκίπτων μολεῖν.
 ἦλθον, τεθνᾶσιν· εὐπρεπέστερον Πάρις
 ξενίαν κατήσχυν' ἢ σὺ συμμαχούς κτανών.
 μὴ γάρ τι λέξης ὥς τις Ἀργείων μολῶν
 διώλεσ' ἡμᾶς· τίς ἂν ὑπερβαλὼν λόχους
 Τρώων ἐφ' ἡμᾶς ἦλθεν, ὥστε καὶ λαθεῖν ;
 σὺ πρόσθεν ἡμῶν ἦσο καὶ Φρυγῶν στρατός.
 τίς οὖν τέτρωται, τίς τέθνηκε συμμαχῶν
 τῶν σῶν, μολόντων ὧν σὺ πολεμίων λέγεις ;
 ἡμεῖς δὲ καὶ τετρώμεθ', οἱ δὲ μείζονα
 850 παθόντες οὐχ ὀρώσιν ἡλίου φάος.
 ἀπλῶς δ' Ἀχαιῶν οὐδέν' αἰτιώμεθα.
 τίς δ' ἂν χαμεύνας πολεμίων κατ' εὐφρόνην
 Ῥήσου μολῶν ἐξηῦρεν, εἰ μὴ τις θεῶν
 ἔφραζε τοῖς κταινοῦσιν ; οὐδ' ἀφιγμένον
 τὸ πάμπαν ἦσαν· ἀλλὰ μηχανᾶ τάδε.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

χρόνον μὲν ἤδη συμμαχοῖσι χρώμεθα
 ὅσονπερ ἐν γῆ τῆδ' Ἀχαιῶς λεώς,
 κούδεν πρὸς αὐτῶν οἶδα πλημμελές κλύων·

RHESUS

Then, if hereafter, as time runneth on, or in word or
in deed 830

Ever thou find me transgressing, O then to the grave
do thou speed [I plead.

Me,—yea, alive to go down to the pit ; nor for mercy

CHARIOTEER

Why threaten these, and strive, barbarian thou,
To cozen barbarian wit with glozing speech ?

Thine was this murder ! None save thee the dead,
Or wounded living, shall account thereof

Guilty ! Long speech and subtle shalt thou need
To make me think thou murderedst not thy friends,

As coveting the steeds, for which thou slayest

Allies whose coming was so straitly urged. 840

They came—they are dead ! More seemly Paris
shamed

Guest-faith, than thou, who murderedst thine allies !

Nay, never tell me 'twas some Argive came

And slew us ! Who could through the Trojan lines

Have passed, and won to us, unmarked of them ?

Before us camped were thou and Phrygia's host :—

Of *thy* friends who was wounded then, who slain,

When came the foes whereof thou tellest us ?

We—some are wounded, some have suffered scathe

More deadly, and the sun's light see no more. 850

In plain words, no Achaean we accuse.

Who of the foe had come, and in the night

Found Rhesus' couch—except a very God

Guided the slayers ? They not even knew

That he had come ! O nay, this plot is thine.

HECTOR

Long time have I had dealings with allies,

Long as Achaean folk have trod my land ;

Nor ever bare I ill report of them.

ΡΗΣΟΣ

860

ἐν σοὶ δ' ἄρ' ἀρχώμεσθα ; μὴ μ' ἔρωσ ἔλοι
 τοιοῦτος ἵππων ὅστ' ἀποκτείνειν φίλους.
 καὶ ταῦτ' Ὀδυσσέως· τίς γὰρ ἄλλος ἂν ποτε
 ἔδρασεν ἢ βούλευσεν Ἀργείων ἀνὴρ ;
 δέδοικα δ' αὐτὸν καὶ τί μου θράσσει φρένας,
 μὴ καὶ Δόλωνα συντυχῶν κατέκτανεν·
 χρόνον γὰρ ἤδη φροῦδος ὢν οὐ φαίνεται.

ΗΝΙΟΧΟΣ

οὐκ οἶδα τοὺς σοὺς οὖς λέγεις Ὀδυσσέας·
 ἡμεῖς δ' ὑπ' ἐχθρῶν οὐδενὸς πεπλήγημεθα.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

σὺ δ' οὖν νόμιζε ταῦτ', ἐπέπερ σοι δοκεῖ.

ΗΝΙΟΧΟΣ

ὦ γαῖα πατρίς, πῶς ἂν ἐνθάνοιμί σοι ;

ΕΚΤΩΡ

870

μὴ θνήσχ'· ἄλλις γὰρ τῶν τεθνηκότων ὄχλος.

ΗΝΙΟΧΟΣ

ποιὶ δὴ τρίπωμαι δεσποτῶν μονούμενος ;

ΕΚΤΩΡ

οἰκός σε κεύθων οὐμὸς ἐξιίσεται.

ΗΝΙΟΧΟΣ

καὶ πῶς με κηδεύσουσιν αὐθεντῶν χέρες ;

ΕΚΤΩΡ

ὄδ' αὖ τὸν αὐτὸν μῦθον οὐ λήξει λέγων.

ΗΝΙΟΧΟΣ

ὄλοιθ' ὁ δράσας. οὐ γὰρ εἰς σὲ τείνεται
 γλῶσσ', ὡς σὺ κομπεῖς· ἡ Δίκη δ' ἐπίσταται.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

λάξυσθ'· ἄγοντες δ' αὐτὸν εἰς δόμους ἐμούς,
 οὕτως ὅπως ἂν μὴ ἴγκαλῆ πορσύνετε·

ὑμᾶς δ' ἰόντας τοῖσιν ἐν τείχει χρεῶν

880

Πριάμῳ τε καὶ γέρουσι σημήναι νεκροὺς
 θάπτειν κελεύειν λεωφόρου πρὸς ἔκτροπᾶς.

RHESUS

With thee should I begin? May no such lust
 For steeds take me, that I should slay my friends! 860
 This is Odysseus' work—for who beside
 Of Argives had devised or wrought such deed?
 I fear him, and my mind misgives me sore
 Lest he have met our Dolon too, and slain.
 Long time hath he been gone, nor yet appears.

CHARIOTEER

I know not thine Odysseus, whom thou nam'st.
 I have been smitten by no alien foe.

HECTOR

Then think thou so, if this to thee seem good.

CHARIOTEER

Land of my fathers, O to die in thee!

HECTOR

Die not: suffice this multitude of dead. 870

CHARIOTEER

Ah, whither turn me, of my lord bereft?

HECTOR

Shelter and healing shall mine own house give thee.

CHARIOTEER

How shall the hands of murderers tend mine hurts?

HECTOR

This man will cease not telling the same tale.

CHARIOTEER

Perish the doer! Not at thee my tongue
 Hurls this, as plains thy pride:—but Justice knows.

HECTOR (*to attendants*)

Ye, take him up and bear him to mine house.

So tend him that he shall not slander us.

And ye must go to those upon the wall,

To Priam and our elders, bidding them

Bury the slain beside the public way. 880

[*Exeunt bearers with* CHARIOTEER.]

ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τί ποτ' εὐτυχίας ἐκ τῆς μεγάλης
 Τροίαν ἀνάγει πάλιν εἰς πένθος
 δαίμων ἄλλος, τί φυτεύων ;

ἔα ἔα. ὦ ὦ.

τίς ὑπὲρ κεφαλῆς θεός, ὦ βασιλεῦ,
 τὸν νεόδμητον νεκρὸν ἐν χειροῖν
 φορέειν πέμπει ;
 ταρβῶ λεύσσω τύδε φάσμα.

ΜΟΥΣΑ

890 ὄραν πάρεστι, Τρῶες· ἡ γὰρ ἐν σοφοῖς
 τιμὰς ἔχουσα Μοῦσα, συγγόνων μία,
 πύριμι, παῖδα τόνδ' ὀρώσ' οἰκτρῶς φίλον
 θανόνθ' ὑπ' ἐχθρῶν ὃν ποθ' ὁ κτείνας χρόνῳ
 δόλιος Ὀδυσσεὺς ἀξίαν τίσει δίκην.

ἰαλέμῳ ἀνθιγενεῖ,

στρ.

τέκνον, σ' ὀλοφύρομαι, ὦ

ματρὸς ἄλγος, οἶαν

ἔκελσας ὁδὸν ποτὶ Τροίαν,

ἢ δυσδαίμονα καὶ μελέαν,

900 ἀπομεμφομένας ἐμοῦ πορευθεῖς,

ἀπὸ δ' ἀντομένου πατρός, βιαίως.

ὦμοι ἐγὼ σέθεν, ὦ φιλία

φιλία κεφαλῆ, τέκνον, ὦμοι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὅσον προσήκει μὴ γένους κοινωνίαν
 ἔχοντι, καὶ γὰρ τὸν σὸν οἰκτεῖρω γόνον.

RHESUS

CHORUS

Wherefore from heights of victory
Doth Fortune drag down Troy unto woe—
Fortune estranged? What purposeth she?

(The MUSE appears above the stage with RHESUS in her arms.)

Ho ye!—lo there!—what ho!
What God overhead, O King, doth appear,
In whose hands is the corpse of the newly dead
Borne as it were on a bier?
I quail as I look on the vision of dread.

MUSE

Trojans, fear not to look: the Muse am I, 890
One of the Song-queens, honoured of the wise.
My dear son I behold in piteous sort
Slain by his foes. One day shall he who slew,
Guileful Odysseus, pay fit penalty.

(Raises the death-dirge.)

In moans that of no strange lips I borrow, (Str.)
O son, my sorrow,
I wail for thee.

What woefullest journey was thine, thy faring
Of ill-starred daring 900
To Troy oversea,
Despite my warning, thy father's pleading!
Dear head!—O bleeding
Heart of me!

CHORUS

So far as one may take on him who hath
No tie of kinship, I too wail thy son.

ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΜΟΥΣΑ

ἀντ.

ὄλοιτο μὲν Οἰνεΐδας,
 ὄλοιτο δὲ Λαρτιάδας,
 ὅς μ' ἄπαιδα γέννας
 ἔθηκεν ἀριστοτόκοιο·

910 ἃ θ' Ἑλλανα λιπούσα δόμον
 Φρυγίων λεχέων ἔπλευσε πλαθεῖς
 ὑπ' Ἰλίου ὤλεσε μὲν σ' ἕκατι¹ Τροίας,
 φίλτατε, μυριάδας τε πύλεις
 ἀνδρῶν ἀγαθῶν ἐκένωσεν.

ἦ πολλὰ μὲν ζῶν, πολλὰ δ' εἰς Ἄιδου μολῶν,
 Φιλάμμοнос παιῖ, τῆς ἐμῆς ἠΨω φρενός·
 ὕβρις γάρ, ἦ σ' ἔσφηλε, καὶ Μουσῶν ἔρις
 τεκεῖν μ' ἔθηκε τόνδε δύστηνον γόνον.

920 περῶσα γὰρ δὴ ποταμίους διὰ ῥοὰς
 λέκτροις ἐπλάθην Στρυμόνος φυταλμίους,
 ὅτ' ἦλθομεν γῆς χρυσόβωλον ἐς λέπας
 Πάργαιον ὀργάνοισιν ἐξησκημένοι
 Μοῦσαι μερίστην εἰς ἔριν μελωδίας
 δεῖνῳ σοφιστῇ Θρηκί, κἀτυφλώσαμεν
 Θάμυριν, ὃς ἡμῶν πόλλ' ἐδέενασεν τέχνην.

930 κἀπεὶ σὲ τίκτω, συγγόνους αἰδουμένη
 καὶ παρθεναίαν, ἦκ' ἐς εὐύδρου πατρὸς
 δίνας· τρέφειν δέ σ' οὐ βρότειον ἐς χέρα
 Στρυμῶν δίδωσιν, ἀλλὰ πηγαίαις κόραις.
 ἔνθ' ἐτραφεῖς κάλλιστα παρθένων ὑπο,
 Θρηκήης ἀνάσσων πρῶτος ἦσθ' ἀνδρῶν, τέκνον.
 καὶ σ' ἀμφὶ γῆν μὲν πατρίαν φιλαιμάτους
 ἀλκὰς κορύσσουντ' οὐκ ἐδέειμαινον θανεῖν,
 Τροίας δ' ἀπηύδων ἄστῃ μὴ κέλσαι ποτέ,
 εἰδύια τὸν σὸν πότμον· ἀλλὰ σ' Ἔκτορος

¹ Bruhn : for σὲ κατὰ of MSS.

RHESUS

MUSE

Curse ye, Odysseus and Oineus' scion, (*Ant.*)
 Through whom I cry on
 My noble dead !

Curse her, who voyaged from Hellas over 910
 To a Phrygian lover,
 A wanton's bed,

Who for Troy's sake hath widowed homes without
 number,
 And bowed thee in slumber
 Of death, dear head !

Sore hast thou wrung mine heart, Philammon's
 son,

In life, and since to Hades thou hast passed.
 'Thine overweening, ruinous rivalry
 With Muses, made me bear this hapless child.
 For, as I waded through the river's flow,
 Lo, I was clasped in Strymon's fruitful couch, 920

What time we came unto Pangaeus' ridge,
 Whose dust is gold, with flute and lyre arrayed,
 We Muses, for great strife of minstrelsy
 With Thracia's cunning bard ; and we made blind
 Thamyris, who full oft had mocked our skill.

And, when I bare thee, shamed before my sisters,
 And for my maidenhead, down thy sire's fair swirls
 I cast thee ; and to nurse thee Strymon chose
 Arms of no mortal, but the Fountain-maids.

There reared in glorious fashion by the Nymphs, 930
 Thou ruledst Thrace, a king of men, my child.
 While through thy native land thou didst achieve
 Great deeds of war, I feared not for thy life ;
 But still I warned thee never to fare to Troy,
 Knowing thy doom ; but Hector's embassies,

ΡΗΣΟΣ

940 πρεσβεύμαθ' αἴ τε μυρίαί γε ρουσίαι
 ἔπεισαν ἔλθειν κάπικουρήσαι φίλοις.
 σὺ τοῦδ', Ἀθάνα, παντὸς αἰτία μόρου,
 οὐδὲν δ' Ὀδυσσεὺς οὐδ' ὁ Τυδέως τόκος
 ἔδρασε δράσας· μὴ δόκει λεληθέναι.
 καίτοι πόλιν σὴν σύγγονοι πρεσβεύομεν
 Μοῦσαι μάλιστα κάπιχρώμεθα χθονί,
 μυστηρίων τε τῶν ἀπορρήτων φανὰς
 ἔδειξεν Ὀρφεύς, ἀυτανέψιος νεκροῦ
 τοῦδ' ὃν κατακτείνεις σὺ Μουσαῖόν τε σὸν
 σεμνὸν πολίτην κάπι πλείστον ἄνδρ' ἕνα
 ἔλθόντα, Φοῖβος σύγγονοί τ' ἤσκησαμεν.
 καὶ τῶνδε μισθὸν παῖδ' ἔχουσ' ἐν ἀγκάλαις
 θρηνώ· σοφιστὴν δ' ἄλλον οὐκ ἐπάξομαι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

950 μάτην ἄρ' ἡμᾶς Θρήκιος τροχηλάτης
 ἐδέυνασ', Ἐκτορ, τῶδε βουλευσαί φόνον.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

ἤδη τάδ'· οὐδὲν μάντεων ἔδει φράσαι
 Ὀδυσσέως τέχναισι τόνδ' ὀλωλότα.
 ἐγὼ δὲ γῆς ἔφεδρον Ἑλλήνων στρατὸν
 λεύσσω, τί μὴν ἔμελλον οὐ πέμψειν φίλοις
 κήρυκας, ἔλθειν κάπικουρήσαι χθονί ;
 ἔπεμψ'· ὀφείλων δ' ἦλθε συμπονεῖν ἐμοί.
 οὐ μὴν θανόντι γ' οὐδαμῶς συνήδομαι.
 960 καὶ νῦν ἔτοιμος τῶδε καὶ τεῦξαι τάφον
 καὶ ξυμπυρῶσαι μυρίων πέπλων χλιδίην·
 φίλος γὰρ ἔλθων δυστυχῶς ἀπέρχεται.

ΜΟΥΣΑ

οὐκ εἶσι γαίας εἰς μελάγχιμον πέδον·
 τοσοῦνδε νύμφην τὴν ἔνερθ' αἰτήσομαι
 τῆς καρποποιοῦ παῖδα Δήμητρος θεᾶς,

RHESUS

And messages untold that elders bare,
Wrought on thee to set forth to aid thy friends.
Athena, thou art cause of all this doom !
Naught did Odysseus, neither Tydeus' son,
With all their doings :—think not I am blind ! 940
And yet thine Athens we with honour crown :
My sister Song-queens chiefly haunt thy land ;
And the torch-march of those veiled Mysteries
Did Orpheus teach her, cousin of the dead—
This dead, whom thou hast slain ! Musaeus too,
Thy citizen revered, the chiefest bard
Of men, him Phoebus and the Muses trained :—
And this my meed !—with arms clasped round
my son
I wail ! No new sage will I bring to thee.

CHORUS

Falsely then Thracia's charioteer reviled 950
Us, Hector, as the plotters of his death.

HECTOR

I knew it : need was none of seers to tell
That this man perished by Odysseus' craft.
And how could I, beholding Hellas' host
Camped on this soil, but send mine heralds forth
To friends, to bid them come and help our land ?
I sent them ; and he came, who owed me aid.
Ah, little joy have I to see him dead !
Ready am I to rear him now a tomb,
And to burn with him splendour of countless robes. 960
A friend he came, in sorrow goeth hence.

MUSE

He shall not into earth's dark lap go down :
With such strong crying will I pray Hell's Queen,
Child of Demeter Lady of earth's increase,

ΡΗΣΟΣ

ψυχὴν ἀνεῖναι τοῦδ'· ὀφειλέτις δέ μοι
 τοὺς Ὀρφέως τιμῶσα φαίνεσθαι φίλους.
 κἀμοὶ μὲν ὡς θανῶν τε κοῦ λεύσσω φάος
 ἔσται τὸ λοιπόν· οὐ γὰρ ἐς ταῦτόν ποτε
 970 ἔτ' εἶσιν οὐδὲ μητρὸς ὄψεται δέμας,
 κρυπτός δ' ἐν ἄντροις τῆς ὑπαργύρου χθονὸς
 ἀνθρωποδαίμων κείσεται βλέπων φάος,
 Βάκχου προφήτης ὅσπε Παργαίου πέτραν
 ᾧκησε σεμνὸς τοῖσιν εἰδόσιν θεός.
 ῥῆον δὲ πένθος τῆς θαλασσίας θεοῦ
 οἶσω· θανεῖν γὰρ καὶ τὸν ἐκ κείνης χρεῶν.
 θρήνοις δ' ἀδελφαὶ πρῶτα μὲν σ' ὑμνήσομεν,
 ἔπειτ' Ἀχιλλῆϊ Θέτιδος ἐν πένθει ποτέ.
 οὐ ῥύσεται Ἴνυ Παλλίης, ἢ σ' ἀπέκτανε·
 τοῖον φαρέτρα Λοξίου σῶζει βέλος.
 980 ᾧ παιδοποιοὶ συμφοραί, πόνοι βροτῶν,
 ὡς ὅστις ὑμᾶς μὴ κακῶς λογίζεται,
 ἄπαις διοίσει κοῦ τεκῶν θάψει τέκνα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὔτος μὲν ἤδη μητρὶ κηδεύειν μέλει
 σὺ δ' εἴ τι πράσσειν τῶν προκειμένων θέλεις,
 Ἔκτορ, πάρεστί· φῶς γὰρ ἡμέρας τόδε.

ΕΚΤΩΡ

χωρεῖτε, συμμάχους θ' ὀπλίζεσθαι τάχος
 ἀνωχθε, πληροῦν τ' αὐχένας ξυνωρίδων.
 παιοὺς δ' ἔχοντας χρῆ μένειν Τυρσηνικῆς
 σάλπιγγος αὐδῆν· ὡς ὑπερβαλὼν τάφρον
 990 τείχη τ' Ἀχαιῶν ναυσὶν αἶθρον ἐμβαλεῖν
 πέποιθα Ἴρωσί θ' ἡμέραν ἐλευθέραν
 ἀκτίνα τὴν στείχουσιν ἡλίου φέρειν.

RHESUS

To grant his soul release. My debtor is she
 To show that yet she honours Orpheus' friends.
 Yet to me as one dead, that sees not light,
 Henceforth shall he be : never shall he come
 To meet me more, nor see his mother's form.
 In caverns of the silver-vein'd land 970
 A god-man shall he lie, beholding light,
 As Bacchus' prophet 'neath Pangaeus' rock
 Dwelt, god revered of them that knew the truth.
 More lightly now the grief of that Sea-queen
 Shall fall on me : for her son too must die.
 Thee first we Sisters will with dirges hymn,
 Achilles then, in Thetis' hour of grief.
 Not him shall Pallas save, who murdered thee,
 Such shaft doth Loxias' quiver keep for him.
 Ah, woes of mothers ! Miseries of men ! 980
 Yea, whoso taketh true account of you
 Childless will live, nor bear sons for the grave.
[Exit.

CHORUS

Now are the King's death-rites his mother's care.
 But if thou wilt do work that lies to hand,
 Hector, 'tis time ; for yonder dawns the day.

HECTOR

Depart ye : bid our comrades straightway arm,
 And lay the yokes upon the car-steeds' necks.
 Then torch in hand must ye await the blast
 Of Tuscan clarion ; for I trust to press
 Over their trench, their walls, and fire the ships 990
 Achaean, and to bring in freedom's day
 For Troy with yonder sun's uprising beams.

ΡΗΣΟΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πείθου βασιλεῖ· στείχωμεν ὄπλοις
κοσμησάμενοι καὶ ξυμμαχία
τάδε φράζωμεν· τάχα δ' ἂν νίκην
δοίη δαίμων ὁ μεθ' ἡμῶν.

RHESUS

CHORUS

Give heed to the King: now march we in war's array,
And tell unto them that with Troy be allied
These things. May the God give triumph to us
straightway

Who fights on our side.

[*Exeunt* OMNES.]



HECUBA



ARGUMENT

WHEN *Troy* was taken by the Greeks, *Hecuba*, the wife of *Priam*, and her daughters, *Cassandra* the prophetess, and *Polyxena*, with the other women of *Troy*, were made slaves, being portioned among the victors, so that *Cassandra* became the concubine of *Agamemnon*. But *Polydorus*, the youngest of *Priam*'s sons, had long ere this been sent, with much treasure of gold, for safe keeping to his father's friend, *Polymestor* king of *Thrace*, so that his mother had one consolation of hope amidst her afflictions. Now the host of Greece could not straight-way sail home, because to the spirit of their dead hero *Achilles* was given power to hold the winds from blowing, till meet sacrifice were rendered to him, even a maiden of *Troy*, most beautiful of the seed royal; and for this they chose *Polyxena*. And now king *Polymestor*, lusting for the gold, and fearing no vengeance of man, slew his ward, the lad *Polydorus*, and flung his body into the sea, so that it was in process of time cast up by the waves on the shore whereby was the camp of the Greeks, and was brought to *Hecuba*. And herein are told the sorrow of *Hecuba* and her revenge.

ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΡΑΜΑΤΟΣ ΠΡΟΣΩΠΑ

ΠΟΛΥΔΩΡΟΥ ΕΙΔΩΛΟΝ

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ΠΟΛΥΞΕΝΗ

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ΤΑΛΘΤΒΙΟΣ

ΘΕΡΑΠΙΑΝΑ

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Phantom of POLYDORUS, *son of Priam King of Troy, and Hecuba.*

HECUBA, *wife of Priam, and mother of Polydorus and Polyxena.*

POLYXENA, *youngest daughter of Priam and Hecuba.*

ODYSSEUS, *chieftest in subtlety of the Greeks, King of Ithaca.*

TALTHYBIUS, *herald of King Agamemnon.*

AGAMEMNON, *King of Mycenae, and captain of the host of Greece.*

POLYESTOR, *King of Eastern Thrace, which is called the Chersonese.*

HANDMAID *of Hecuba.*

CHORUS *of captive Trojan women.*

Attendants, Greek and Thracian guards, captive women.

SCENE :—Before Agamemnon's tent in the camp of the Greeks on the coast of the Thracian Chersonese.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΠΟΛΥΔΩΡΟΥ ΕΙΔΩΛΟΝ

Ηκω νεκρῶν κευθμῶνα καὶ σκότου πύλας
 λιπῶν, ἴν' Ἄιδης χωρὶς ᾧκισται θεῶν,
 Πολύδωρος, Ἐκάβης παῖς γεγῶς τῆς Κισσέως
 Πριάμου τε πατρός, ὅς μ', ἐπεὶ Φρυγῶν πόλιν
 κίνδυνος ἔσχε δορὶ πεσεῖν Ἑλληνικῶ,
 δείσας ὑπεξέπεμψε Ἰρωικῆς χθονὸς
 Πολυμήστορος πρὸς δῶμα Θρηκίου ξένου,
 ὃς τὴν ἀρίστην Χερσονησίαν πλάκα
 σπείρει, φίλιππον λαὸν εὐθύνων δορί.
 10 πολὺν δὲ σὺν ἐμοὶ χρυσὸν ἐκπέμπει λάθρα
 πατήρ, ἴν', εἴ ποτ' Ἰλίου τείχη πέσοι,
 τοῖς ζῶσιν εἴη παισὶ μὴ σπάνις βίου.
 νεώτατος δ' ἦν Πριαμιδῶν, ὃ καί με γῆς
 ὑπεξέπεμψεν· οὔτε γὰρ φέρειν ὄπλα
 οὔτ' ἔγχος οἶός τ' ἦν νέω βραχίονι.
 ἕως μὲν οὖν γῆς ὄρθ' ἔκειθ' ὀρίσματα,
 πύργοι τ' ἄθραυστοι Ἰρωικῆς ἦσαν χθονός,
 Ἐκτωρ τ' ἀδελφὸς οὐμὸς ἠντύχει δορί,
 καλῶς παρ' ἀνδρὶ Θρηκὶ πατρῶω ξένω
 20 τροφαῖσιν ὡς τις πτόρθος ἠνξόμην τάλας.

HECUBA

The phantom of POLYDORUS appears hovering over the tent of Agamemnon.

POLYDORUS

I come from vaults of death, from gates of
darkness,

Where from the Gods aloof doth Hades dwell,

Polydorus, born of Hecuba, Cisseus' child,

And Priam, who, when peril girt the town

Of Phrygians, by the spear of Greece to fall,

In fear from Troyland privily sent me forth

To Polymestor's halls, his Thracian friend,

Lord of the fair tilth-lands of Chersonese,

Who with the spear rules that horse-loving folk.

And secretly with me my sire sent forth

10

Much gold, that, should the towers of Ilium fall,

His sons yet living might not beggared be.

Youngest of Priam's house was I: for this

He sent me forth the land, whose youthful arm

Availed not or to sway the shield or spear.

So, while unbowed the land's defences stood,

And yet unshattered were the towers of Troy,

While triumphed yet my brother Hector's spear,

Fair-nurtured by the Thracian, my sire's friend,

Like some young sapling grew I—hapless I!

20

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἐπεὶ δὲ Τροία θ' Ἔκτορός τ' ἀπόλλυται
 ψυχῇ, πατρώα θ' ἑστία κατεσκάφη,
 αὐτὸς δὲ βωμῷ πρὸς θεοδμήτῳ πίτνει
 σφαγεῖς Ἀχιλλέως παιδὸς ἐκ μαιφόνου,
 κτείνει με χρυσοῦ τὸν ταλαίπωρον χάριν
 ξένος πατρώος καὶ κτανὼν ἐς οἶδμ' ἄλως
 μεθῆχ', ἵν' αὐτὸς χρυσὸν ἐν δόμοις ἔχη.
 κείμεαι δ' ἐπ' ἀκταῖς, ἄλλοτ' ἐν πόντου σιάλῳ,
 πολλοῖς διαύλοις κυμάτων φορούμενος,
 30 ἄκλαυστος, ἄταφος· νῦν δ' ὑπὲρ μητρὸς φίλης
 Ἐκάβης αἴσσω, σῶμ' ἐρημώσας ἐμὸν,
 τριταῖον ἤδη φέγγος αἰωρούμενος,
 ὅσον περ ἐν γῆ τῆδε Χερσονησία
 μήτηρ ἐμὴ δύστηνος ἐκ Τροίας πάρα.
 πάντες δ' Ἀχαιοὶ ναῦς ἔχοντες ἤσυχoi
 θύσσουσ' ἐπ' ἀκταῖς τῆσδε Θρηκίας χθονός·
 ὁ Πηλέως γὰρ παῖς ὑπὲρ τύμβου φανείς
 κατέσχ' Ἀχιλλεὺς πᾶν στράτευμ' Ἑλληνικόν,
 πρὸς οἶκον εὐθύνοντας ἐναλίαν πλάτην·
 40 αἰτεῖ δ' ἀδελφὴν τὴν ἐμὴν Πολυξένην
 τύμβῳ φίλον πρόσφαγμα καὶ γέρας λαβεῖν.
 καὶ τεύξεται τοῦδ', οὐδ' ἀδώρητος φίλων
 ἔσται πρὸς ἀνδρῶν· ἢ πεπρωμένη δ' ἄγει
 θανεῖν ἀδελφὴν τῶδ' ἐμὴν ἐν ἡματι.
 δυοῖν δὲ παιδοῖν δύο νεκρῶ κατόψεται
 μήτηρ, ἐμοῦ τε τῆς τε δυστήνου κόρης.
 φανήσομαι γάρ, ὡς τίφου τλήμων τύχῳ,
 δούλης ποδῶν πάροιθεν ἐν κλυδωνίῳ.
 τοὺς γὰρ κάτω σθένοντας ἐξητησίμην
 50 τύμβον κυρῆσαι κεῖς χέρας μητρὸς πεσεῖν.
 τοῦμόν μὲν οἶν ὅσον περ ἤθελον τυχεῖν
 ἔσται γεραῖᾱ δ' ἐκποδῶν χωρήσομαι

HECUBA

But when Troy perished, perished Hector's soul,
And my sire's hearths were made a desolation,
And himself at the god-built altar fell
Slain by Achilles' son, the murder-stained,
Then me for that gold's sake my father's friend
Slew, and the slaughtered wretch mid sea-surge
 east,

That in his halls himself might keep the gold.
Now on the beach I welter, surf-borne now
Drift on the racing waves' recoil and rush,
Tombless, unwept. O'er my dear mother's head 30
Now flit I, leaving tenantless my body.

This is the third day that I hover so,
Even all the time that in this Chersonese
My hapless mother tarrieth, haled from Troy.
And all the Achaeans idle with their ships
Sit on the beaches of this Thracian land.
For Peleus' son above his tomb appeared,
And all the Hellenic host Achilles stayed,
Even as they homeward aimed the brine-dipt oar,
And claimed for his Polyxena my sister, 40
For sacrifice and honour to his tomb ;
Yea, and shall win, nor of his hero-friends
Giftless shall be. And Fate is leading on
Unto her death my sister on this day.

And of two children shall my mother see
Two corpses, mine, and that her hapless daughter's.
For I, to gain a tomb, will—wretch—appear
Before her handmaid's feet amidst the surge.
For with the Lords of Death have I prevailed
'Twixt mother-hands to fall, and win a tomb. 50
Accomplished shall be all for which I longed.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

Ἐκάβη· περᾶ γὰρ ἦδ' ὑπὸ σκηνῆς πόδα
 Ἀγαμέμνονος, φάντασμα δειμαίνουσ' ἐμόν.

φεῦ·

ὦ μήτηρ, ἣτις ἐκ τυραννικῶν δόμων
 δούλειον ἡμαρ εἶδες, ὡς πρίσσεις κακῶς
 ὄσονπερ εὐ ποτ'· ἀντισηκώσας δέ σε
 φθείρει θεῶν τις τῆς πάροιθ' εὐπραξίας.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

60 ἄγετ', ὦ παῖδες, τὴν γραῦν πρὸ δόμων,
 ἄγετ' ὀρθοῦσαι τὴν ὁμόδουλον,
 Τρῳάδες, ὑμῖν, πρόσθε δ' ἄνασσαν.
 λάβετε, φέρετε, πέμπετ', αἰείρετέ· μου
 γιραιῖς χειρὸς προσλαζύμεναι·
 κἀγὼ σκολιῶ σκίπωνι χειρὸς
 διερειδομένα σπεύσω βραδύπουν
 ἤλυσιν ἄρθρων προτιθεῖσα.
 ὦ στεροπὰ Διός, ὦ σκοτία νύξ,
 τί ποτ' αἶρομαι ἔννυχος οὔτω
 70 δείμασι, φύσμασιν ; ὦ πότνια Χθῶν,
 μελανοπτερύγων μᾶτερ ὀνείρων,
 ἀποπέμπομαι ἔννυχον ὄψιν,
 ἣν περὶ παιδὸς ἐμοῦ τοῦ σφζομένου κατὰ
 Θρήκην
 ἀμφὶ Πολυξείνης τε φίλης θυγατρὸς δι'
 ὀνείρων
 φοβερὰν ὄψιν ἔμαθον, ἐδάην.
 ὦ χθόνιοι θεοί, σώσατε παῖδ' ἐμόν,

HECUBA

But agèd Hecuba's sight will I avoid ;
For forth of Agamemnon's tent she sets
Her feet, appalled by this my ghostly phantom.

HECUBA, dressed as a slave, and supported by fellow-captives, appears coming out of Agamemnon's tent.

Mother, who after royal halls hast seen
The day of thralldom, how thy depth of woe
Equals thine height of weal ! A God bears down
The scale with olden bliss heaped, ruining thee.

[*Exit.*

HECUBA

Lead forth, O my children, the stricken in years
from the tent.

60

O lead her, upbearing the steps of your fellow-thrall
Now, O ye daughters of Troy, but of old your queen.
Clasp me, uphold, help onward the eld-forspent,
Laying hold of my wrinkled hand, lest for weak-
ness I fall ;

And, sustained by a curving arm, thereon as I lean,
I will hasten onward with tottering pace,
Speeding my feet in a laggard's race.

O lightning-splendour of Zeus, O mirk of the night,
Why quake I for visions in slumber that haunt me
With terrors, with phantoms ? O Earth's majestic
might,

70

Mother of dreams that hover in dusk-winged flight,
I cry to the vision of darkness "Avaunt thee !" —
The dream of my son who was sent into Thrace to
be saved from the slaughter, [loved daughter,
The dream that I saw of Polyxena's doom, my dear-
Which I saw, which I knew, which abideth to
daunt me.

Gods of the Underworld, save ye my son,

ΕΚΑΒΗ

- 80 ὄς μόνος οἴκων ἄγκυρ' ἐμῶν
 τὴν χιονώδη Θρήκην κατέχει
 ξείνου πατρίου φυλακαῖσιν.
 ἔσται τι νέον, ·
 ἦξει τι μέλος γοερὸν γοεραῖς.
 οὔ ποτ' ἐμὰ φρήν ὦδ' ἀλίαςτος
 φρίσσει, ταρβεῖ.
 ποῦ ποτε θείαν Ἑλένου ψυχὰν
 ἢ Κασάνδραν ἐσίδω, Τρωάδες,
 ὥς μοι κρίνωσιν ὀνείρους ;
- 90 εἶδον γὰρ βαλιὰν ἔλαφον λύκου αἵμοι χαλαῖ
 σφαζομένηαν, ἀπ' ἐμῶν γονάτων σπασθεῖσαν
 ἀνάγκη
 οἰκτρῶς· καὶ τότε δεῖμά μοι
 ἦλθ' ὑπὲρ ἄκρας τύμβου κορυφᾶς
 φάντασμά 'Αχιλέως· ἦται δὲ γέρας
 τῶν πολυμόχθων τινὰ Τρωϊίδων.
 ἀπ' ἐμᾶς οὖν ἀπ' ἐμᾶς τότε παιδὸς
 πέμψατε, δαίμονες, ἰκετεύω.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

- Ἐκάβη, σπουδῇ πρὸς σ' ἐλιίσθην
 τὰς δεσποσύνοις σκηναῖς προλιπούσ',
 100 ἔκκληρώθην καὶ προσετάχθην
 δούλη, πόλεως ἀπελαυνομένη
 τῆς Ἰλιάδος, λόγχης αἰχμῇ
 δοριθήρατος πρὸς Ἀχαιῶν,

HECUBA

Mine house's anchor, its only one, 80
 By the friend of his father warded well
 Where the snows of Thrace veil forest and fell!

But a strange new stroke draweth near,
 And a strain of wailing for them that wail.

Ah, never as now did the heart in me quail

With the thrilling of ceaseless fear.

O that Cassandra I might but desery

To arrede me my dreams, O daughters of Troy,

Or Helenus, god-taught seer!

For a dappled fawn I beheld which a wolf's red
 fangs were tearing, 90

Which he dragged from my knees whereto she had
 clung in her piteous despairing.

This terror withal on my spirit is come,

That the ghost of the mighty Achilles hath risen,
 and stood

High on the crest of his earth-heaped tomb;

And he claimeth a guerdon of honour, the spilling of
 blood,

And a woe-stricken Trojan maiden's doom.

O Gods, I am suppliant before you!—in any wise
 turn, I implore you,

This fate from the child of my womb!

Enter CHORUS of captive Trojan women.

I have hasted hitherward; the pavilions of my lord,
 O my queen, have I forsaken, in the which I
 sojourn here,

Whom the lot hath doomed to fall unto a king, a thrall
 From Ilium chased, the quarry of Achaean hunters' 100
 spear,—

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οὐδὲν παθέων ἀποκουφίζουσ',
 ἀλλ' ἀγγελίας βίρος ἀραμένη
 μέγα, σοί τε, γύναι, κήρυξ ἀχέων.
 ἐν γὰρ Ἀχαιῶν πλήρει ξυνόδῳ
 λέγεται δόξαι σὴν παῖδ' Ἀχιλεῖ
 σφάγιον θέσθαι· τύμβου δ' ἐπιβὰς
 οἷσθ' ὅτε χρυσεοῖς ἐφάνη σὺν ὅπλοις,
 110 τὰς ποντοπόρους δ' ἔσχε σχεδίας
 λαίφῃ προτόνοις ἐπερειδομένας,
 τάδε θωύσσω·
 ποῖ δῆ, Δαναοί, τὸν ἐμὸν τύμβον
 στέλλεσθ' ἀγέραστον ἀφέντες ;

πολλῆς δ' ἔριδος συνέπαισε κλύδων,
 δόξα δ' ἐχώρει δίχ' ἀν' Ἑλλήνων
 στρατὸν αἰχμητήν, τοῖς μὲν διδύναι
 τύμβῳ σφάγιον, τοῖς δ' οὐχὶ δοκοῦν.
 120 ἦν δὲ τὸ μὲν σὸν σπεύδων ἀγαθὸν
 τῆς μαντιπόλου Βάκχης ἀνέχων
 λέκτρ' Ἀγαμέμνων·
 τὼ Θησείδα δ', ὄζω Ἀθηνῶν,
 δισσῶν μύθων ῥήτορες ἦσαν·
 γνώμη δὲ μιᾷ συνεχωρείτην,
 τὸν Ἀχίλλειον τύμβον στεφανοῦν
 αἵματι χλωρῷ, τὰ δὲ Κασάνδρας
 λέκτρ' οὐκ ἐφίτην τῆς Ἀχιλείας
 πρόσθεν θήσειν ποτὲ λόγχης.

HECUBA

Not for lightening of thy pain; nay, a burden have
I ta'en

Of heavy tidings, herald of sore anguish unto
thee,

For that met is the array of Achaea, and they say
That thy child unto Achilles a sacrifice must be.

For thou knowest how in sheen of golden armour seen 110

He stood upon his tomb, and on the ocean-pacing
ships

Laid a spell, that none hath sailed,—yea, though the
balliards brailed [his lips:

The sails up to the yards;—and a cry rang from

“Ho, Danaans! whither now, leaving unredeemed
your vow [away?”

Of honour to my tomb, and my glory spurned

Then a surge of high contention clashed: the spear-
host in dissension

Was cleft, some crying, “Yield his tomb the
victim!”—others, “Nay!”

Now the King was fervent there that thy daughter
they should spare,

120

For that Agamemnon loveth thy prophet-bacchanal.

But the sons of Theseus twain, Athens' seious, for
thy bane

Pleaded both, yet for the victim did their vote at
variance fall.

“Ye cannot choose but crown with the life-blood
streaming down

Achilles' grave!” they clamoured—“and, for this
Cassandra's bed,

Shall any dare prefer to Achilles' prowess her

A concubine, a bonds slave?—It shall never be!”
they said.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

130 σπουδαὶ δὲ λόγων κατατεινομένων
 ἦσαν ἴσαι πως, πρὶν ὁ ποικιλόφρων
 κόπις, ἠδυλόγος, δημοχαριστῆς
 Λαερτιάδης πείθει στρατιὰν
 μὴ τὸν ἄριστον Δαναῶν πάντων
 δούλων σφαγίων εἶνεκ' ἀπωθεῖν,
 μηδέ τιν' εἰπεῖν παρὰ Περσεφόνῃ
 στάντα φθιμένων
 ὡς ἀχάριστοι Δαναοὶ Δαναοῖς
 τοῖς οἰχομένοις ὑπὲρ Ἑλλήνων
 140 Τροίας πεδίων ἀπέβησαν.

ἤξει δ' Ὀδυσσεὺς ὅσον οὐκ ἤδη,
 πῶλον ἀφέλξων σῶν ἀπὸ μαστῶν
 ἔκ τε γεραιᾶς χερὸς ὀρμήσων.

ἀλλ' ἴθι ναοὺς, ἴθι πρὸς βωμούς,
 ἕξ Ἀγαμέμνωνος ἰκέτις γονάτων,
 κήρυσσε θεοὺς τοὺς τ' οὐρανίδας
 τοὺς θ' ὑπὸ γαίαν.

ἦ γάρ σε λιταὶ διακωλύσουσ'
 ὀρφανὸν εἶναι παιδὸς μελέας,

HECUBA

But the vehemence of speech, each contending 130
 against each, [souled,
 Was balanced, as it were, till the prater subtle-
 The man of honied tongue, the truckler to the
 throng, [mould :
 Laertes' spawn, 'gan fashion the host unto his
 "We may not thrust aside like an outcast wretch,"
 he cried, [Danaan hand,
 "The bravest Danaan heart and the stoutest
 All to spare our hands the stain of the blood of
 bondmaid slain, [that stand
 Neither suffer that a voice from the ranks of them
 In the presence of Hell's Queen should with scoffing
 bitter-keen
 Cry, 'Thankless from the plains of Troy the
 Danaans have sped,
 Thankless unto Danaan kin whose graves are thick
 therein,
 Who died to save their brethren—the soon-
 forgotten dead!'"
 And Odysseus draweth near—even now shall he be
 here 140
 From thy breast to rend thy darling, from thine
 age-enfeebled grasp.
 Hie thee to the temples now : haste, before the
 altars bow : [clasp.
 Crouch low to Agamemnon, his knees in suppliance
 Lift up thy voice and cry to the Gods that sit on high :
 Let the Nether-dwellers hear it through their dark-
 ness ringing wild.
 For, except they turn and spare, and thy prevalence
 of prayer [child,
 Redeem thee from bereavement of thy ruin-stricken

ΕΚΑΒΗ

150 ἦ δει σ' ἐπιδεῖν τύμβου προπετῆ
 φοινισσομένην αἵματι παρθένον
 ἐκ χρυσοφόρου
 δειρῆς νασμῶ μελαναυγεί.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οἱ ἄγε μελέα, τί ποτ' ἀπύσω ;
 ποίαν ἀχώ, ποῖοι ὄδυρμόν ;
 δειλαία δειλαίου γήρως,
 δουλείας τῆς οὐ τλατῆς,
 τῆς οὐ φερτῆς ὄμοι μοι.

160 τίς ἀμύνει μοι ; ποία γένηνα,
 ποία δὲ πόλις ;
 φρουῶδος πρέσβυς, φρουδοὶ παῖδες.
 ποίαν, ἢ ταύταν ἢ κείναν
 στείχω ; ποῖ δ' ἦσω ; ποῦ τις θεῶν
 ἢ δαίμων ἴσῃν ἐπαρωγός ;

ὦ κάκ' ἐνεγκοῦσαι Ἐρφάδες, ὦ
 κάκ' ἐνεγκοῦσαι
 πῆματ', ἀπώλεσατ' ὠλέσατ'. οὐκέτι μοι βίος
 ἀγαστὸς ἐν φάει.

170 ὦ τλάμων ἄρησαί μοι
 πούς, ἄρησαι τᾶ γραιῖα
 πρὸς τάνδ' αὐλίαν ὦ τέκνον, ὦ παῖ
 δυστανοσῆτος ματέρος, ἔξελθ'
 ἔξελθ' οἴκων ἄϊε ματέρος
 αὐδίαν, ὦ τέκνον, ὡς εἰδῆς
 οἴαν οἴαν ἀῖω φάμαν
 περὶ σᾶς ψυχᾶς.

HECUBA

Thou must surely live to gaze where a maiden on her
 face [darkly-gleaming tide
 On a grave-mound lieth slaughtered, while the 150
 Welleth, welletth from the neck which the golden
 mockeries deck, [dyed.
 And all her body crimson in the bubbling horror

HECUBA

Woe for mine anguish ! what outcry availeth
 To thrill forth its agony-throes ?
 What wailing its fulness of torment outwaileth —
 Wretched eld—bitter bondage where heart and
 flesh faileth ?

Ah me for my woes !

What champion is left me ?— what sons to defend
 me ?—

What city remains to me ? Gone 160
 Are my lord and my sons ! Whither now shall I
 wend me ? [befriend me ?
 Whither flee ? Is there God— is there fiend shall
 Alone—alone !

Daughters of Troy—O ye heralds of ruin, ye heralds
 of ruin !—

What profits my life any more, whom your words
 have undone, have undone ?

Now unto yonder pavilion, to tell to my child her 170
 undoing, [one'

Lead, O ye wretchedest feet, lead ye the eld-stricken

O daughter, O child of a mother most wretched, forth
 faring, forth faring, [mother's word,

Come from the tent, O hearken the voice of thy
 To the end thou mayst know what a rumour of awful
 despairing, despairing. [have I heard !

Concerning the life of thee, my beloved, but now

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΠΟΛΥΞΕΝΗ

ἰώ,

μᾶτερ μᾶτερ, τί βοᾷς ; τί νέον
καρύξασ' οἴκων μ' ὥστ' ὄρνιν
θάμβει τῶδ' ἐξέπταξας ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

180

οἶμοι, τέκνον.

ΠΟΛΥΞΕΝΗ

τί με δυσφημεῖς ; φροίμιά μοι κακία.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

αἰαῖ, σᾶς ψυχᾶς.

ΠΟΛΥΞΕΝΗ

ἐξαύδα, μὴ κρύψῃς δαρόν.
δειμαίνω δειμαίνω, μᾶτερ,
τί ποτ' ἀναστένεις.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

τέκνον τέκνον μελέας ματρός.

ΠΟΛΥΞΕΝΗ

τί τὸδ' ἀγγέλλεις ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

σφάξαι σ' Ἀργείων κοινὰ
συντείνει πρὸς τύμβον γνώμα
Πηλείδα γένηα.

190

ΠΟΛΥΞΕΝΗ

οἶμοι, μᾶτερ, πῶς φθέγγει
ἀμέγαρτα κακῶν ; μάνυσόν μοι,
μάνυσον, μᾶτερ.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

αὐδῶ, παῖ, δυσφάμους φάμας·
ἀγγέλλουσ' Ἀργείων δόξαι
ψήφῳ τᾶς σᾶς περί μοι ψυχᾶς.

HECUBA

Enter POLYXENA

O mother, my mother, what meaneth thy crying?
What strange dread thing
Is this that thou heraldest
That hath scared me, like to a bird forth-flying
On startled wing
Out of the peace of her nest?

HECUBA

Alas! woe's me, my daughter!

180

POLYXENA

What word of ill-boding is thine? From thy preluding
ills I divine.

HECUBA

Ah me, life doomed unto slaughter!

POLYXENA

Tell it out, tell it out, neither hide o'erlong;
For mine heart, my mother, is heavy with dread
For the tidings that come in thy moan.

HECUBA

O child, O child of the grief-distraught!

POLYXENA

Ah, what is the message to me thou hast brought?

HECUBA

Death: for the Argive warrior-throng
Are in one mind set, that thy blood be shed
On the grave of Peleus' son.

190

POLYXENA

Ah me, my mother, how can thy tongue
Speak out the horror?—Let all be said:
O mother mine, say on.

HECUBA

O child, I have heard it, the shame and the wrong,
Of the Argive vote, of the doom forth sped,
Of the hope of thy life gone—gone!

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΠΟΛΥΞΕΝΗ

200 ὦ δεινὰ παθοῦς', ὦ παντλίμων,
 ὦ δυστίνου μᾶτερ βιοτᾶς,
 οἴαν οἴαν αὖ σοι λώβαν
 ἐχθίσταν ἀρρήταν τ'
 ὥρσέν τις δαίμων ;
 οὐκέτι σοι παῖς ἄδ' οὐκέτι δὴ
 γήρα δειλαίῳ δειλαία
 συνδουλεύσω.

210 σκύμνον γάρ μ' ὥστ' οὐριθρέπταν,
 μόσχον δειλαίῳ δειλαίαν
 εἰσύψει χειρὸς ἀναρπαστᾶν
 σᾶς ἔπο λαιμότομόν τ' Ἰλίδα
 γῆς ὑποπερπομέραν σκότον, ἔνθα νεκρῶν μέτα
 τάλαινα κείσομαι.

καὶ σὲ μέν, μᾶτερ δύστανε βίου,
 κλαίῳ πανδύρτοις θρήνοις·
 τὸν ἐμὸν δὲ βίον, λώβαν λύμαν τ',
 οὐ μετακλαίομαι, ἀλλὰ θανεῖν μοι
 ξυντυχία κρείσσω ἐκύρησεν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ μὴν Ὀδυσσεὺς ἔρχεται σπουδῇ ποδός,
 Ἐκάβη, νέον τι πρὸς σὲ σημανῶν ἔπος.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

220 γύναι, δοκῶ μέν σ' εἰδέναί γνῶμην στρατοῦ
 ψηφόν τε τὴν κρανθεῖσαν· ἀλλ' ὅμως φράσω.
 ἔδοξ' Ἀχαιοῖς παῖδα σὴν Πολυξένην
 σφάξαι πρὸς ὀρθὸν χῶμ' Ἀχιλλεῖου τάφου.
 ἡμᾶς δὲ πομποὺς καὶ κομιστῆρας κόρης
 τάσσουσιν εἶναι· θύματος δ' ἐπιστάτης

HECUBA

POLYXENA

O stricken of anguish beyond all other !
O filled with affliction of desolate days !
 What tempest, what tempest of outrage and shame,
 Too loathly to look on, too awful to name, 200
 Hath a fiend uproused, that on thee it came,
That thy woeful child by her woeful mother
 Nevermore down thralldom's paths shall pace !
For me, like a youngling mountain-pastured,
 Like a child of the herd, shalt thou see torn far,
 In woe from thy woeful embraces torn,
 And, with throat by the steel of the altar shorn,
 Down to the underworld darkness borne,
In the Land Unseen to lie, overmastered
 Of misery, there where the death-stricken are. 210
For thee, for the dark days closing around thee,
 Mother, with uttermost wailings I cry :
 But for this, the life that I now must lack,
 For all the ruin thereof and the wrack,
 I wail not, I, as I gaze aback :—
O nay, but a happier lot hath found me,
 Forasmuch as to me it is given to die.

CHORUS

But lo, Odysseus comes with hurrying foot,
To tell thee, Hecuba, the new decree.

Enter ODYSSEUS.

ODYSSEUS

Lady, thou know'st, I trow, the host's resolve,
And the vote east, yet will I tell it thee :
The Achaeans will to slay Polyxena 220
Thy child, upon Achilles' grave-mound's height.
Me they appoint to usher thitherward
And bring the maid : the president and priest

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἱερεὺς τ' ἐπέσται τοῦδε παῖς Ἀχιλλέως.
οἶσθ' οὖν ὃ δράσον ; μήτ' ἀποσπασθῆς βία
μήτ' εἰς χερῶν ἄμιλλαν ἐξέλθῃς ἐμοί·
γίγνωσκε δ' ἄλκην καὶ παρουσίαν κακῶν
τῶν σῶν. σοφόν τοι κὰν κακοῖς ἂ δεῖ φρονεῖν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

230

αἰαῖ· παρέστηχ', ὡς ἔοικ', ἀγὼν μέγας,
πλήρης στεναγμῶν οὐδὲ δακρύων κενός.
κᾶγωγ' ἄρ' οὐκ ἔθνησκον οὐ μ' ἐχρῆν θανεῖν,
οὐδ' ὄλεσέν με Ζεὺς, τρέφει δ', ὅπως ὀρῶ
κακῶν κίε' ἄλλα μείζον' ἢ τάλαιν' ἐγώ.
εἰ δ' ἔστι τοῖς δούλοισι τοὺς ἐλευθέρους
μὴ λυπρὰ μηδὲ καρδίας δηκτῆρια
ἐξιστορήσαι, σοὶ μὲν εἰρήσθαι χρεῶν,
ἡμᾶς δ' ἀκοῦσαι τοὺς ἐρωτῶντας τάδε.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ἔξεστ', ἐρώτα· τοῦ χρόνου γὰρ οὐ φθονῶ.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

240

οἶσθ' ἠνίκ' ἦλθες Ἰλίου κατάσκοπος,
δυσχλαινία τ' ἄμορφος, ὀμμάτων τ' ἄπο
φόνου σταλαγμοὶ σὴν κατέσταζον γένυν ;

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

οἶδ'· οὐ γὰρ ἄκρας καρδίας ἔψαυσέ μου.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἔγνω δέ σ' Ἑλένη καὶ μόνῃ κατεῖπ' ἐμοί ;

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

μεμνήμεθ' ἐς κίνδυνον ἐλθόντες μέγαν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἦψω δὲ γονάτων τῶν ἐμῶν ταπεινὸς ὢν ;

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ᾧσθ' ἐνθανεῖν γε σοῖς πέπλοισι χεῖρ' ἐμήν.

HECUBA

Of sacrifice Achilles' son shall be.
Know'st thou thy part then?—be not torn away
Perforce, nor brave me to the strife of hands;
But know thy might, thine imminence of ills.
Wise is it even mid ills to hearken reason

HECUBA

Woe! A sore trial is at hand, meseems,
Burdened with groanings, and fulfilled of tears. 230
I died not there where well might I have died;
Nor Zeus destroyed, but holdeth me in life
To see—O wretch!—ills more than ills o'erpast.
Yet, if the bond may question of the free
Things that should vex them not, nor gall the heart,
Then fits it that thou be the questioned now,
And that I ask, and hearken thy reply.

ODYSSEUS

So be it: ask, I grudge not the delay.

HECUBA

Rememberest thou thy coming unto Troy
A spy, in rags vile-vestured; from thine eyes 240
Trickled adown thy cheeks the gout of gore?

ODYSSEUS

I do, for deep it sank into mine heart.

HECUBA

And Helen knew thee, and told none save me?

ODYSSEUS

I call to mind: mid peril grim I fell.

HECUBA

And to my knees didst cling, wast lowly then?

ODYSSEUS

With grasp of death closed on thy robes mine hand.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΕΚΑΒΗ

τί δῆτ' ἔλεξας δούλος ὦν ἐμὸς τότε ;

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

πολλῶν λόγων εὐρήμαθ', ὥστε μὴ θανεῖν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἔσωσα δῆτά σ' ἐξέπεμψά τε χθονός ;

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

250 ὥστ' εἰσορᾶν γε φέγγος ἡλίου τόδε.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οὐκουν κακύνει τοῖσδε τοῖς βουλευμασιν,
ὃς ἐξ ἐμοῦ μὲν ἔπαθες οἶα φῆς παθεῖν,
δραῖς δ' οὐδὲν ἡμᾶς εὖ, κακῶς δ' ὅσον δύνα ;
ἀχάριστον ὑμῶν σπέρμ', ὅσοι δημηγόρους
ζηλοῦτε τιμᾶς· μηδὲ γιγνώσκοισθέ μοι,
οἱ τοὺς φίλους βλάπτοντες οὐ φροντίζετε,
ἦν τοῖσι πολλοῖς πρὸς χίριον λέγητέ τι.

260 ἀτὰρ τί δῆ σόφισμα τοῦθ' ἡγούμενοι
εἰς τήνδε παιῖδα ψῆφον ὤρισαν φόνου ;
πότερα τὸ χρῆν σφ' ἐπήγαγ' ἀνθρωποσφαγεῖν
πρὸς τύμβον, ἔνθα βουθυτεῖν μᾶλλον πρέπει ;
ἢ τοὺς κτανόντας ἀνταποκτεῖναι θέλων
εἰς τήνδ' Ἀχιλλεὺς ἐνδίκως τείνει φόνον ;
ἀλλ' οὐδὲν αὐτὸν ἦδε γ' εἴργασται κακόν.

270 Ἑλένην νιν αἰτεῖν χρῆν τάφῳ προσφάγματα·
κείνη γὰρ ὤλεσέν νιν εἰς Τροίαν τ' ἄγει.
εἰ δ' αἰχμαλώτων χρῆ τιν' ἔκκριτον θανεῖν
κάλλει θ' ὑπερφέρουσαν, οὐχ ἡμῶν τόδε·
ἢ Τυνδαρίς γὰρ εἶδος ἐκπρεπεστάτη,
ἀδικοῦσά θ' ἡμῶν οὐδὲν ἦσσον ἠύρεθη.
τῷ μὲν δικαίῳ τόνδ' ἀμιλλῶμαι λόγον·
ἂ δ' ἀντιδοῦναι δεῖ σ' ἀπαιτούσης ἐμοῦ,
ἄκουσον. ἦψω τῆς ἐμῆς, ὡς φῆς, χερὸς

HECUBA

HECUBA

Ay, and what saidst thou—thou my bondman then ?

ODYSSEUS

Words—words full many I found, to escape from death.

HECUBA

I saved thee—saved thee,—sent thee forth the land ?

ODYSSEUS

Ay, thanks to thee, I see the sun's light now. 250

HECUBA

Art thou not caitiff proved then by these plots,
Who wast by me so dealt with as thou sayest,
Yet dost us nought good, but thine utmost ill ?
A thankless spawn, all ye that grasp at honour
By babbling to the mob !—let me not know you,
Who injure friends, and nothing reek thereof,
So ye may something say to please the rabble !
What crafty wiliness imagined ye
This, on my child to pass your murder-vote ?
Was't duty drew them on to human slaughter 260
Upon a grave more meet for oxen slain ?
Or doth Achilles, fain to requite with death
His slayers, justly aim death's shaft at her ?
Now never aught of harm wrought she to him.
Helen should he demand, his tomb's fit victim :
'Twas she to Troy that drew him, and destroyed.
And if some chosen captive needs must die,
In beauty peerless, not to us points this ;
For Tyndareus' daughter matchless is in form,
And was found wronging him no less than we. 270
This plea against his "justice" I array.
But what return thou ow'st me, on my claim,
Hear—thou didst touch mine hand, as thou dost
own,

ΕΚΑΒΗ

καὶ τῆσδε γραίας προσπίτνων παρηίδος·
 ἀνθάπτομαί σου τῶνδε τῶν αὐτῶν ἐγώ,
 χάριν τ' ἀπαίτῶ τὴν τόθ' ἱκετεύω τέ σε,
 μὴ μου τὸ τέκνον ἐκ χερῶν ἀποσπάσης,
 μηδὲ κτάνητε· τῶν τεθνηκότων ἄλις.
 ταύτη γέγηθα κἀπιλήθομαι κακῶν
 280 ἢδ' ἀντὶ πολλῶν ἐστί μοι παραψυχή,
 πόλις, τιθήνη, βιάκτρον, ἠγεμῶν ὁδοῦ.
 οὐ τοὺς κρατοῦντας χρὴ κρατεῖν ἢ μὴ χρεῶν,
 οὐδ' εὐτυχοῦντας εὐδοκεῖν πράξειν αἰεὶ·
 καὶ γὰρ ἦν ποτ', ἀλλὰ νῦν οὐκ εἴμ' ἔτι,
 τὸν πάντα δ' ὄλβον ἡμαρ ἔν μ' ἀφείλετο.
 ἀλλ' ὦ φίλον γένειον, αἰδέσθητί με,
 οἴκτειρον· ἐλθὼν δ' εἰς Ἀχαιῶν στρατὸν
 παρηγόρησον, ὡς ἀποκτείνειν φθόνος
 γυναικας, ἃς τὸ πρῶτον οὐκ ἐκτείνετε
 290 βωμῶν ἀποσπάσαντες, ἀλλ' ὠκτεῖρατε.
 νόμος δ' ἐν ὑμῖν τοῖς τ' ἐλευθέροις ἴσος
 καὶ τοῖσι δούλοις αἵματος κεῖται πέρι.
 τὸ δ' ἀξίωμα, κὰν κακῶς λέγῃς, τὸ σὸν
 πείσει· λόγος γὰρ ἔκ τ' ἀδοξούντων ἴων
 κακ τῶν δοκούντων αὐτὸς οὐ ταῦτὸν σθένει.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐκ ἔστιν οὕτω στερρὸς ἀνθρώπου φύσις,
 ἥτις γόων σῶν καὶ μακρῶν ὄδυρμάτων
 κλύουσα θρήνους οὐκ ἂν ἐκβάλοι δάκρυ.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

300 Ἐκάβη, διδάσκου μηδὲ τῷ θυμουμένῳ
 τὸν εὐ λέγοντα δυσμενῆ ποιοῦ φρενί.
 ἐγὼ τὸ μὲν σὸν σῶμ', ὑφ' οὐπερ ἠντύχουν,
 σῶξιν ἔτοιμός εἰμι κοῦκ ἄλλως λέγω·
 ἢ δ' εἶπον εἰς ἅπαντας οὐκ ἀρνήσομαι,

HECUBA

And wrinkled cheek, low cowering at my feet.
Lo, in my turn thine hand, thy beard, I touch,
That grace of old reclaiming, now thy suppliant.
Not from mine arms tear thou my child away,
Nor slay ye her : suffice the already dead.
In her I joy, in her forget my woes :
For many a lost bliss she my solace is : 280
My city she, nurse, staff, guide for my feet.
Not tyrannously the strong should use their
strength,
Nor they which prosper think to prosper aye.
I too once was, but now am I no more,
And all my weal one day hath left from me.
O, by thy beard, have thou respect to me !
Pity me : go thou to Achaea's host ;
Persuade them how that shame it is to slay
Women, whom first ye slew not, when ye tore
These from the altars, but for pity spared. 290
Lo, the same law is stablished among you
For free and bond as touching blood-shedding.
Thine high repute, how ill soe'er thou speak,
Shall sway them : for the same speech carrieth not
Like weight from men contemned and men revered.

CHORUS

There is no human nature so relentless
That, hearkening to thy groanings and thy wails
Long lengthened out, would not let fall the tear.

ODYSSEUS

Receive instruction, Hecuba, nor him
For wrath count foe, who wisely counselleth. 300
Thy life, through whom I found deliverance,
Ready am I to save ; I stand thereto.
But what to all I said, I unsay not—

- Τροίας ἀλούσης ἀνδρὶ τῷ πρώτῳ στρατοῦ
 σὴν παῖδα δοῦναι σφάγιον ἔξαιτουμένῳ.
 ἐν τῷδε γὰρ κάμνουσιν αἱ πολλαὶ πόλεις,
 ὅταν τις ἐσθλὸς καὶ πρόθυμος ὢν ἀνὴρ
 μηδὲν φέρηται τῶν κακίωνων πλέον.
 310 ἡμῖν δ' Ἀχιλλεὺς ἄξιος τιμῆς, γύναι,
 θανῶν ὑπὲρ γῆς Ἑλλάδος κάλλιστ' ἀνὴρ.
 οὐκουν τόδ' αἰσχρόν, εἰ βλέποιντι μὲν φίλῳ
 χρώμεσθ', ἐπεὶ δ' ὄλωλε, μὴ χρώμεσθ' ἔτι ;
 εἶεν· τί δῆτ' ἐρεῖ τις, ἣν τις αὐτὸ φανῆ
 στρατοῦ τ' ἄθροισις πολεμίων τ' ἀγωνία ;
 πότερα μαχοῦμεθ' ἢ φιλοψυχήσομεν,
 τὸν καθανόνθ' ὀρώντες οὐ τιμώμενον ;
 καὶ μὴν ἔμοιγε ζῶντι μὲν, καθ' ἡμέραν
 κεῖ σμίκρ' ἔχοιμι, πάντ' ἂν ἀρκούντως ἔχοι·
 320 τύμβον δὲ βουλοίμην ἂν ἀξιούμενον
 τὸν ἐμὸν ὀράσθαι· διὰ μακροῦ γὰρ ἡ χάρις.
 εἰ δ' οἰκτρὰ πάσχειν φῆς, τάδ' ἀντάκουέ μου
 εἰσὶν παρ' ἡμῖν οὐδὲν ἴσσον ἄθλαι
 γραῖαι γυναῖκες ἠδὲ πρεσβῦται σέθεν,
 νύμφαι τ' ἀρίστων νυμφίων τητῶμεναι,
 ὧν ἠδε κεύθει σώματ' Ἰδαία κόνις.
 τόλμα τάδ'· ἡμεῖς δ', εἰ κακῶς νομίζομεν
 τιμᾶν τὸν ἐσθλόν, ἀμαθίαν ὀφλήσομεν·
 οἱ βάρβαροι δὲ μήτε τοὺς φίλους φίλους
 ἠγείσθε μήτε τοὺς καλῶς τεθνηκότας
 330 θαυμάζεθ', ὡς ἂν ἡ μὲν Ἑλλὰς εὐτυχῆ,
 ὑμεῖς δ' ἔχηθ' ὅμοια τοῖς βουλευμασιν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

αἰαῖ· τὸ δούλον ὡς κακὸν πέφυκ' ἀεὶ
 τολμᾷ θ' ἂ μὴ χρῆ, τῇ βίᾳ νικώμενον.

HECUBA

That now, Troy taken, we should yield thy child,
 At our great champion's claim, for sacrifice.
 For of this cometh weakness in most states,
 That, though a man be brave and patriot-souled,
 No guerdon gains he more than baser men.
 But we, we deem Achilles honour-worthy,
 Who died for Hellas nobly as man may. 310
 Were this not shame then, as a friend to treat
 Him living, but no more when he is gone ?
 Yea, what will one say then, if once again
 The host must gather for the strife with foes ?
 "Fight shall we," will they cry, "or cling to
 life,
 Beholding how unhonoured go the dead ?"
 Yea, for myself, how scant soe'er in life
 My fare for daily need, this should suffice :
 Yet fain would I my tomb were reverence-
 crowned
 In men's sight ; evermore this grace abides. 320
 But, if thou plain of hardship, hear mine answer :
 With us there be grey matrons, aged sires,
 Not any whit less wretched than art thou,
 And brides of noblest bridegrooms left forlorn,
 Whose corpses yonder dust of Ida shrouds.
 Endure this : we, if err we do to honour
 The brave, content will stand convict of folly.
 But ye barbarians, still count not as friends
 Your friends, nor render your heroic dead
 Homage, that prosperous so may Hellas rise, 330
 And your reward may match your policy.

CHORUS

Woe ! What a curse is thralldom's nature, aye
 Enduring wrong by strong constraint o'erborne !

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὦ θύγατερ, οὔμοι μὲν λόγοι πρὸς αἰθέρα
 φρουδοὶ μάτην ῥιφέντες ἀμφὶ σοῦ φόνου·
 σὺ δ' εἴ τι μείζω δύναμιν ἢ μήτηρ ἔχεις,
 σπούδαζε, πάσας ὥστ' ἀηδόνος στόμα
 φθογγὰς ἰεῖσα, μὴ στερηθῆναι βίου.
 πρόσπιπτε δ' οἰκτρῶς τοῦδ' Ὀδυσσέως γόνου
 καὶ πείθ'. ἔχεις δὲ πρόφασιν· ἔστι γὰρ τέκνα
 καὶ τῷδε, τὴν σὴν ὥστ' ἐποικτεῖραι τύχην.

ΠΟΛΤΕΕΝΗ

ὀρῶ σ', Ὀδυσσεῦ, δεξιὰν ὑφ' εἵματος
 κρύπτοντα χεῖρα καὶ πρόσωπον ἔμπαλιν
 στρέφοντα, μὴ σου προσθίγω γενειάδος.
 θάρσει· πέφευγας τὸν ἐμὸν ἰκέσιον Δία·
 ὡς ἔψομαί γε τοῦ τ' ἀναγκαίου χάριν
 θανεῖν τε χρήζουσ'· εἰ δὲ μὴ βουλήσομαι,
 κακὴ φανοῦμαι καὶ φιλόψυχος γυνή.
 τί γάρ με δεῖ ζῆν; ἢ πατὴρ μὲν ἦν ἄναξ
 Φρυγῶν ἀπάντων· τοῦτό μοι πρῶτον βίου·
 ἔπειτ' ἐθρέφθην ἐλπίδων καλῶν ὑπο
 βασιλευσὶ νύμφῃ, ζῆλον οὐ σμικρὸν γάμων
 ἔχουσ', ὅτου δῶμ' ἐστίαν τ' ἀφίξομαι·
 δέσποινα δ' ἢ δύστηνος Ἰδαίαισιν ἦν
 γυναιξί, παρθένοις ἀπόβλεπτος μέτα,
 ἴση θεοῖσι πλὴν τὸ κατθανεῖν μόνον·
 νῦν δ' εἰμὶ δούλη. πρῶτα μὲν με τοῦνομα
 θανεῖν ἐρᾶν τίθησιν οὐκ εἰωθὸς ὄν·
 ἔπειτ' ἴσως ἂν δεσποτῶν ὠμῶν φρένας
 τύχοιμ' ἄν, ὅστις ἀργύρου μ' ὠνήσεται
 τὴν Ἐκτορός τε χυτέρων πολλῶν κίσειν,
 προσθεῖς δ' ἀνάγκην σιτοποιὸν ἐν δόμοις,
 σαίρειν τε δῶμα κερκίσιν τ' ἐφεστάναι

HECUBA

HECUBA

My daughter, wasted are my words in air,
Flung vainly forth my pleadings for thy life.
If thou canst aught prevail beyond thy mother,
Be instant ; as with nightingale's sad throat
Moan, moan, that thou be not bereft of life.
Fall piteously at this Odysseus' knee :
Melt him. A plea thou hast—he too hath babes ; 340
Well may he so compassionate thy lot.

POLYXENA

I see, Odysseus, how thou hid'st thine hand
Beneath thy vesture, how thou turn'st away
Thy face, lest I should touch thy beard. Fear not :
From Zeus safe art thou, from the Suppliant's
Champion.
I will go with thee, both for that I must,
And that I long to die. And, were I loth,
A coward girl life-craving were I proved.
For, wherefore should I live, whose sire was king
Of all the Phrygians? Such was my life's dawn : 350
Thereafter was I nurtured mid bright hopes,
A bride for kings, for whose hand rivalry
Ran high, whose hall and hearth should hail me
queen.
And I—ah me!—was Lady of the Dames
Of Ida, cynosure amidst the maidens,
Peer of the Gods—except that man must die :—
And now a slave ! The name alone constrains me
To long for death, so strange it is to me.
More—haply upon brutal-hearted lords
I might light, such as would for silver buy me,— 360
Sister of Hector and of many a chief!—
Force me to grind the quern his halls within,
And make me sweep his dwelling, stand before

ΕΚΑΒΗ

λυπρὰν ἄγουσαν ἡμέραν μ' ἀναγκάσει·
 λέχη δὲ τὰμὰ δοῦλος ὠνητός ποθεν
 χρανεῖ, τυράννων πρόσθεν ἠξιωμένα.
 οὐ δῆτ' ἀφίημι ὀμμάτων ἐλεύθερον
 φέγγος τόδ', Ἄϊδη προστιθεῖσ' ἐμὸν δέμας.
 ἄγ' οὖν μ', Ὀδυσσεῦ, καὶ διέργασαί μ' ἄγων·
 370 οὐτ' ἐλπίδος γὰρ οὔτε του δόξης ὀρώ
 θάρσος παρ' ἡμῖν ὡς ποτ' εὖ πράξαι με χρή.
 μήτερ, σὺ δ' ἡμῖν μηδὲν ἐμποδὼν γένη
 λέγουσα μηδὲ δρώσα· συμβούλου δέ μοι
 θανεῖν πρὶν αἰσχροῦν μὴ κατ' ἀξίαν τυχεῖν.
 ὅστις γὰρ οὐκ εἴωθε γενέσθαι κακῶν,
 φέρει μὲν, ἀλγεί δ' αὐχέν' ἐντιθεὶς ζυγῶ·
 θανὼν δ' ἂν εἴη μᾶλλον εὐτυχέστερος
 ἢ ζῶν· τὸ γὰρ ζῆν μὴ καλῶς μέγας πόνος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

750 δειὸς χαρακτήρ καπίσημος ἐν βροτοῖς
 ἐσθλῶν γενέσθαι, καπὶ μείζον ἔρχεται
 τῆς εὐγενείας ὄνομα τοῖσιν ἀξίοις.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

καλῶς μὲν εἶπας, θύγατερ· ἀλλὰ τῷ καλῷ
 λύπη πρόσεστιν. εἰ δὲ δεῖ τῷ Πηλέως
 χάριν γενέσθαι παιδὶ καὶ ψόγον φυγεῖν
 ἡμᾶς, Ὀδυσσεῦ, τήνδε μὲν μὴ κτείνετε,
 ἡμᾶς δ' ἄγοντες πρὸς πυρὰν Ἀχιλλέως
 κεντεῖτε, μὴ φείδεσθ'· ἐγὼ ἄτεκον Πάριον,
 ὃς παῖδα Θέτιδος ὤλεσεν τόξοις βαλῶν.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

390 οὐ σ', ὦ γεραιά, κατθανεῖν Ἀχιλλέως
 φάντασμά Ἀχαιοῦς, ἀλλὰ τήνδ' ἠτήσατο.

HECUBA

The loom, while days of bitterness drag on,
And, somewhere bought, some bondslave shall
defile

My couch—accounted once a prize for princes,
Never!—free light mine eyes shall last behold :
To Death my body will I dedicate.

Lead on, Odysseus, lead me to my doom ;
For I see no assurance, nor in hope,
No, nor in day-dreams, of good days to be.

370

Mother, do thou in no wise hinder me
By word or deed ; but thou consent with me
Unto my death, ere shame unmeet befall.

For whoso is not wont to taste of ills
Chafes, while he bears upon his neck the yoke,
And death for him were happier far than life ;
For life ignoble is but crushing toil.

CHORUS

Strange is the impress, clear-stamped upon men,
Of gentle birth, and aye nobility
Higher aspires in them that worthily wear it.

380

HECUBA

My daughter, nobly said : yet anguish cleaves
Unto that "nobly." But if Peleus' son
Must gain this grace, and ye must flee reproach,
Odysseus, slay not her in any wise ;
But me, lead me unto Achilles' pyre :
Stab me, spare not : 'twas I gave Paris birth
Who with his shafts smote Peleus' son and slew.

ODYSSEUS

Not thee, grey mother, did Achilles' ghost
Require the Achaean men to slay, but her.

390

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὤμεις δέ μ' ἄλλὰ θυγατρὶ συμφονεύσατε,
καὶ δις τόσον πῶμ' αἵματος γενήσεται
γαίᾳ νεκρῶ τε τῶ τάδ' ἔξαιτουμένῳ.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ἄλλος κόρης εἰς θάνατος, οὐ προσοιστέος
ἄλλος πρὸς ἄλλῳ· μηδὲ τόνδ' ὠφείλομεν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

πολλή γ' ἀνάγκη θυγατρὶ συνθανεῖν ἐμέ.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

πῶς ; οὐ γὰρ οἶδα δεσπότης κεκτημένος.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὅποια κισσὸς δρυὸς ὅπως τῆσδ' ἔξομαι.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

οὐκ, ἦν γε πείθη τοῖσι σοῦ σοφωτέροις.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὡς τῆσδ' ἐκούσα παιδὸς οὐ μεθήσομαι.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ἄλλ' οὐδ' ἐγὼ μὴν τήνδ' ἄπειμ' αὐτοῦ λιπών.

ΠΟΛΥΞΕΝΗ

μήτερ, πιθοῦ μοι· καὶ σύ, παῖ Λαερτίου,
χάλα τοκεῦσιν εἰκότως θυμουμένοις,
σύ τ', ὦ τάλαινα, τοῖς κρατοῦσι μὴ μάχου.
βούλει πεσεῖν πρὸς οὐδας ἐλκῶσαί τε σὸν
γέροντα χρῶτα πρὸς βίαν ὠθουμένη,
ἀσχημονήσαί τ' ἐκ νέου βραχίονος
σπασθεῖς, ἂ πείσει ; μὴ σύ γ' οὐ γὰρ ἄξιον.
ἄλλ', ὦ φίλη μοι μήτερ, ἠδίστην χέρα
δὺς καὶ παρειᾶν προσβαλεῖν παρηίδι·
ὡς οὐποτ' αὖθις, ἀλλὰ νῦν πανύστατον
ἀκτίνα κύκλον θ' ἠλίου προσόψομαι.

400

410

HECUBA

HECUBA

Yet ye—at least me with my daughter slay :
Then twice so deep a draught of blood shall sink
To earth and to the dead who claimeth this.

ODYSSEUS

Thy daughter's death sufficeth : death on death
Must not be heaped. Would God we owed not this!

HECUBA

I must—I must die where my daughter dies

ODYSSEUS

Must?—I knew not that I had found a master!

HECUBA

As ivy clings to oak will I clasp her.

ODYSSEUS

Not if thou heed a wiser than thyself.

HECUBA

Consent I will not to let go my child.

400

ODYSSEUS

Nor I will hence depart and leave her here.

POLYXENA

Mother, heed me : and thou, Laertes' son,
O bear with parents which have cause to rage.
Mother, poor mother, strive not with the strong.
Wouldst thou be earthward hurled, and wound thy
flesh,

'Thine aged flesh, with violence thrust away?
Be hustled shamefully, by young strong arms
Haled?—this shouldst thou. Nay, 'tis not worthy
thee.

But mother, darling mother, give thine hand,
Thy dear, dear hand, and lay thy cheek to mine :
Since never more, but this last time of all
Shall I behold the sun's beam and his orb.

410

ΕΚΑΒΗ

τέλος δέχει δὴ τῶν ἐμῶν προσφθεγμάτων,
ὦ μήτηρ, ὦ τεκοῦσ'· ἄπειμι δὴ κάτω.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὦ θύγατερ, ἡμεῖς δ' ἐν φάει δουλεύσομεν.

ΠΟΛΥΞΕΝΗ

ἄνυμφος ἄνυμέναιος ὧν μ' ἐχρῆν τυχεῖν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οἰκτρὰ σύ, τέκνον, ἀθλία δ' ἐγὼ γυνή.

ΠΟΛΥΞΕΝΗ

ἐκεῖ δ' ἐν Ἰλίου κείσομαι χωρὶς σέθεν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οἴμοι τί δράσω ; ποῖ τελευτήσω βίον ;

ΠΟΛΥΞΕΝΗ

420 δούλη θανούμαι, πατὴρ οὖσ' ἐλευθέρου.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἡμεῖς δὲ πεντήκοντά γ' ἄμμοροι τέκνων.

ΠΟΛΥΞΕΝΗ

τί σοι πρὸς Ἑκτορ' ἢ γέροντ' εἶπω πόσιν ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἄγγελλε πασῶν ἀθλιωτάτην ἐμέ.

ΠΟΛΥΞΕΝΗ

ὦ στέρνα μαστοί θ', οἳ μ' ἐθρέψαθ' ἠδέως.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὦ τῆς ἀώρου θύγατερ ἀθλία τύχης.

ΠΟΛΥΞΕΝΗ

χαῖρ', ὦ τεκοῦσα, χαῖρε Κασάνδρα τ' ἐμοί.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

χαίρουσιν ἄλλοι, μητρὶ δ' οὐκ ἔστιν τόδε.

ΠΟΛΥΞΕΝΗ

ὅ τ' ἐν φιλίπποις Θρηξὶ Πολύδωρος κάσις.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

εἰ ζῆ γ' ἀπιστῶ δ' ὠδε πάντα δυστυχῶ.

HECUBA

Receive of all my greetings this the last :—
O mother—breast that bear me—I pass deathward.

HECUBA

O daughter, I shall yet live on in bondage.

POLYXENA

Bridegroom nor bridal!—nought of all my due!

HECUBA

Piteous thy plight, my child, and wretched I.

POLYXENA

There shall I lie in Hades, far from thee.

HECUBA

Ah me, what shall I do?—where end my life?

POLYXENA

To die a slave, whose father was free-born!

420

HECUBA

In fifty sons nor part nor lot have I!

POLYXENA

What shall I tell to Hector and thy lord?

HECUBA

Report me of all women wretchedest.

POLYXENA

O bosom, breasts that sweetly nurtured me

HECUBA

Woe is thee, daughter, for thy fate untimely!

POLYXENA

Mother, farewell: Cassandra, fare thee well.

HECUBA

Others *fare well*—not for thy mother this!

POLYXENA

Mid Thracians lives my brother Polydorus.

HECUBA

If he doth live. I doubt: so dark is all.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΠΟΛΥΞΕΝΗ

430 ζῆ και θανούσης ὄμμα συγκλήσει τὸ σόν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

τέθνηκ' ἔγωγε πρὶν θανεῖν κακῶν ὕπο.

ΠΟΛΥΞΕΝΗ

κόμιζ', Ὀδυσσεῦ, μ' ἀμφιθεὶς κίρα πέπλους·
ὡς πρὶν σφαγῆναί γ' ἐκτέτηκα καρδίαν
θρήνοισι μητρὸς τήνδε τ' ἐκτίκω γόοις.
ὦ φῶς· προσειπεῖν γὰρ σὸν ὄνομ' ἔξεστί μοι,
μέτεστι δ' οὐδέν πλὴν ὅσον χρόνον ξίφους
βαίνω μεταξὺ καὶ πυρᾶς Ἀχιλλέως.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οἱ γὼ, προλείπω· λύεται δέ μου μέλη.
ὦ θύγατερ, ἄψαι μητρὸς, ἔκτεινον χέρα,
440 δός· μὴ λίπης μ' ἄπαιδ'. ἀπωλόμην, φίλαι.
ὡς τὴν Λάκαιναν σύγγονον Διοσκόροιν
Ἑλένην ἴδοιμι· διὰ καλῶν γὰρ ὀμμάτων
αἴσχιστα Τροίαν εἶλε τὴν εὐδαίμονα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

αὔρα, ποντιᾶς αὔρα, στρ. α'
ἄτε ποντοπόρους κομίζεις
θοᾶς ἀκάτους ἐπ' οἶδμα λιμνας,
ποῖ με τὰν μελέαν πορεύσεις ;
τῷ δουλόσυνος πρὸς οἶκον
κτηθεῖς' ἀφίξομαι ;
450 ἦ Δωρίδος ὄρμον αἴας
ἦ Φθιάδος, ἔνθα καλλι-
στων ὑδάτων πατέρα
φασὶν Ἀπιδανὸν πεδᾶ λιπαίνειν ;

HECUBA

POLYXENA

He lives, and he shall close thy dying eyes. 430

HECUBA

I—I have died ere dying, through my woes.

POLYXENA

Muffle mine head, Odysseus, and lead on.
For, ere ye slay me, hath my mother's moan
Melted mine heart, and mine is melting hers.
O light!—for yet on thy name may I call;
Yet all my share in thee is that scant space
Hence to the sword-edge and Achilles' pyre.

[*Exeunt* ODYSSEUS and POLYXENA.

HECUBA

Ah me! I swoon—beneath me fail my limbs
O daughter, touch thy mother—reach thine hand—
Give it, nor childless leave me! Friends—undone! 440
Oh thus to see that sister of Zeus' Sons,
Helen the Spartan!—for by her bright eyes
In shameful fall she brought down prosperous
Troy.

[*Swoons.*

CHORUS

O breeze, O breeze, over sea-ways racing, (Str. 1)
Who onward waftest the ocean-pacing
Fleet-flying keels o'er the mere dark-swellings,
Whitherward wilt thou bear me, the sorrow-laden?
From what slave-mart shall the captive maiden
Pass into what strange master's dwelling?
To a Dorian haven?—or where, overstreaming 450
Fat Phthia-land's meads, laugh loveliest-gleaming
Babe-waters from founts of Apidanus welling?

- ἡ νύσων, ἀλιήρει ἀντ. α'
 κώπα πεμπομένην τάλαιναν,
 οἰκτρὰν βιοτὰν ἔχουσαν οἴκοις,
 ἔνθα πρωτόγονός τε φοῖνιξ
 460 δίαφνα θ' ἱεροὺς ἀνέσχε
 πτόρθους Λατοῖ φίλα
 ὠδίνος ἄγαλμα Δίας ;
 σὺν Δηλιάσιν τε κούραις
 Ἄρτεμιδός τε θεᾶς
 χρυσεῖαν ἄμπυκα τόξα τ' εὐλογήσω ;
- ἡ Παλλίδος ἐν πόλει στρ. β'
 τᾶς καλλιδίφρου τ' Ἀθα-
 ναίας ἐν κροκέῳ πέπλω
 470 ζεύξομαι ἄρματι πώλους,
 ἐν δαιδαλαίσι ποικίλλουσ'
 ἀνθοκρόκοισι πήναις,
 ἡ Τιτάνων γενεᾶν
 τὰν Ζεὺς ἀμφιπύρῳ
 κοιμίζει φλογμῶ Κρονίδας ;
- ὦμοι τεκέων ἐμῶν, ἀντ. β'
 ὦμοι πατέρων χθονός θ',
 ἂ καπνῶ κατερείπεται
 τυφομένα δορίκτητος
 480 Ἀργείων· ἐγὼ δ' ἐν ξεί-
 να χθονὶ δὴ κέκλημαι
 δούλα, λιποῦσ' Ἀσίαν
 Εὐρώπας θεράπναν,
 ἀλλάξασ' Ἄλιδα θαλάμους.

HECUBA

(*Ant.* 1)

Or, to misery borne by the oars brine-sweeping,
In the island-halls through days of weeping

Shall we dwell, where the first-born palm,
ascending

From the earth, with the bay twined, glorifying
With enshrining frondage the couch where lying

Dear Leto attained to her travail's ending, 460

There chanting of Artemis' bow all-golden,

And the brows with the frontlet of gold enfolden,

With the Delian maidens our voices blending?

Or in Pallas's town to the car all-glorious (*Str.* 2)

Shall I yoke the steeds on the saffron-glowing¹

Veil of Athene, where flush victorious

The garlands that cunningest fingers are throwing

In manifold hues on its folds wide-flowing,— 470

Or the brood of the Titans whom lightnings,
that fell

Flame-wrapt from Cronion, in long sleep quell?

Woe for our babes, for our fathers hoary¹ (*Ant.* 2)

Woe for our country, mid smoke and smoulder

Crashing to ruin, and all her glory

Spear-spoiled!—and an alien land shall behold
her 480

Bond who was free; for that Asia's shoulder

Is bowed under Europe's yoke, and I dwell,

An exile from home, in a dungeon of hell.

¹ *i.e.* Embroider thereon the chariot and horses of Athene bearing the Goddess to battle against the Giants.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΤΑΛΘΥΒΙΟΣ

ποῦ τὴν ἄνασσαν δὴ ποτ' οὖσαν Ἰλίου
Ἐκάβην ἂν ἐξεύροιμι, Ἐρφιάδες κόραι ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

αὕτη πέλας σου νῶτ' ἔχουσ' ἐπὶ χθονί,
Γαλθύβιε, κείται ξυγκεκλημένη πέπλοις.

ΤΑΛΘΥΒΙΟΣ

ὦ Ζεῦ, τί λέξω ; πότερά σ' ἀνθρώπους ὄραν ;
ἢ δόξαν ἄλλως τήνδε κεκτηῖσθαι μάτην
490 ψευδῆ, δοκοῦντας δαιμόνων εἶναι γένος,
τύχην δὲ πάντα τῶν βροτοῖς ἐπισκοπεῖν ;
οὐχ ἦδ' ἄνασσα τῶν πολυχρύσων Φρυγῶν,
οὐχ ἦδε Πριάμον τοῦ μέγ' ὀλβίου δάμαρ ;
καὶ νῦν πόλις μὲν πᾶς ἀνέστηκεν δορί,
αὕτη δὲ δούλη, γραῦς, ἄπαις, ἐπὶ χθονὶ
κείται, κόνει φύρουσα δύστηνον κῆρα.
φεῦ φεῦ· γέρον μὲν εἰμ', ὅμως δέ μοι θανεῖν
εἶη πρὶν αἰσχρᾶ περιπεσεῖν τύχῃ τινί.
ἀνίστασ', ὦ δύστηνε, καὶ μετάρσιον
500 πλευρὰν ἔπαιρε καὶ τὸ πᾶλλευκον κῆρα.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἔα· τίς οὗτος σῶμα τοῦμόν οὐκ ἔᾶς
κείσθαι ; τί κινεῖς μ', ὅστις εἶ, λυπουμενήν ;

ΤΑΛΘΥΒΙΟΣ

Ταλθύβιος ἦκω Δαναϊδῶν ὑπηρέτης,
Ἄγαμέμνονος πέμψαντος, ὦ γύναι, μέτα.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὦ φίλτατ', ἄρα κάμ' ἐπισφάξαι τάφῳ
δοκοῦν Ἀχαιοῖς ἦλθες ; ὡς φίλ' ἂν λέγοις.
σπεύδωμεν, ἐγκονῶμεν ἡγοῦ μοι, γέρον.

HECUBA

Enter TALTHYBIUS.

TALTHYBIUS

Where shall I find her that of late was queen
Of Ilium, Hecuba, ye maids of Troy ?

CHORUS

Lo there, anigh thee, on the ground outstretched,
Talthybius, lies she muffled in her robes.

TALTHYBIUS

What shall I say, Zeus ?—that thou look'st on men ?
Or that this fancy false we vainly hold
For nought, who deem there is a race of Gods, 490
While chance controlleth all things among men ?
This—was she not the wealthy Phrygians' queen ?
This—was she not all-prosperous Priam's wife ?
And now her city is all spear-o'erthrown ;
Herself a slave, old, childless, on the earth
Lieth, her hapless head with dust defiled.
Ah, old am I, yet be it mine to die
Ere into any shameful lot I fall !
Arise, ill-starred, and from the earth uplift
Thy body and thine head all snow-besprent. 500

HECUBA

Ha, who art thou that letttest not my frame
Rest ?—why disturb my grief, whoe'er thou be ?

TALTHYBIUS

Talthybius I, the Danaans' minister,
Of Agamemnon sent, O queen, for thee.

HECUBA

Friend, friend, art come because the Achaeans will
To slay me too ? How sweet thy tidings were !
Haste we—make speed—O ancient, lead me on.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΤΑΛΘΥΒΙΟΣ

510 σὴν παῖδα καθθανοῦσαν ὡς θάψης, γύναι,
ἤκω μεταστείχων σε· πέμπουσιν δέ με
δισσοί τ' Ἀτρεΐδαι καὶ λεὼς Ἀχαιῆκος.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οἶμοι, τί λέξεις ; οὐκ ἄρ' ὡς θανουμένους
μετῆλθες ἡμᾶς, ἀλλὰ σημανῶν κακά ;
ὄλωλας, ὦ παῖ, μητρὸς ἀρπασθεῖς' ἄπο·
ἡμεῖς δ' ἄτεκνοι τούπιδι σ'· ὦ τάλαιν' ἐγώ·
πῶς καὶ νῦν ἐξεπράξατ' ; ἄρ' αἰδούμενοι ;
ἢ πρὸς τὸ δεινὸν ἦλθεθ' ὡς ἐχθράν, γέρον,
κτείνοντες ; εἶπέ, καίπερ οὐ λέξων φίλα.

ΤΑΛΘΥΒΙΟΣ

520 διπλᾶ με χρήξεις δάκρυα κερδᾶναι, γύναι,
σῆς παιδὸς οἰκτῶ· νῦν τε γὰρ λέγων κακὰ
τέγξω τόδ' ὄμμα, πρὸς τάφῳ θ' ὅτ' ὄλλυτο.
παρῆν μὲν ὄχλος πᾶς Ἀχαιῆκου στρατοῦ
πλήρης πρὸ τύμβου σῆς κόρης ἐπὶ σφαγᾶς·
λαβὼν δ' Ἀχιλλέως παῖς Πολυξένην χερὸς
ἔστησ' ἐπ' ἄκρου χώματος, πέλας δ' ἐγώ·
λεκτοί τ' Ἀχαιῶν ἔκκριτοι νεανῖαι,
σκίρτημα μόσχου σῆς καθέξοντες χεροῖν,
ἔσποντο. πλήρες δ' ἐν χεροῖν λαβὼν δέπας
πάγχρυσον αἶρει χειρὶ παῖς Ἀχιλλέως
530 χοῖς θανόντι πατρί· σημαίνει δέ μοι
σιγῆν Ἀχαιῶν παντὶ κηρῦξαι στρατῶ.
καγὼ καταστὰς εἶπον ἐν μέσοις τάδε·
σιγᾶτ', Ἀχαιοί, σίγα πᾶς ἔστω λεὼς,
σίγα, σιώπα· νήνεμον δ' ἔστησ' ὄχλον.
ὁ δ' εἶπεν· ὦ παῖ Πηλέως, πατὴρ δ' ἐμός,
δέξαι χοῖς μου τάσδε κηλητηρίους,
νεκρῶν ἀγωγούς· ἐλθὲ δ' ὡς πίης μέλαν

HECUBA

TALTHYBIUS

Lady, that thou mayst bury thy dead child,
I come in quest of thee ; and sent am I
Of Atreus' two sons and the Achæan folk.

516

HECUBA

Woe !—what wouldst say ? Not as to one death-
doomed

Can'st thou to me, but heralding new woes ?
Child, thou hast perished, from thy mother torn !
Childless, as touching thee, am I—ah wretch !—
How did ye slay her ?—how ?—with reverence meet,
Or with brute outrage, as men slay a foe,
Ancient ? Tell on, though all unsweet thy tale.

TALTHYBIUS

Twofold tear-tribute wouldst thou win from me
In pity for thy child. Mine eyes shall weep
The tale, as by the grave when she was dying.
There met was all Achæa's warrior-host
Thronged at the grave to see thy daughter slain.
Then took Achilles' son Polyxena's hand,
And on the mound's height set her : I stood by.
And followed of the Achæans chosen youths
Whose hands should curb the strugglings of thy
lamb.

520

Then taking 'twixt his hands a chalice brimmed,
Pure gold, Achilles' son to his dead sire
Drink-offerings poured, and signed me to proclaim
Silence unto the whole Achæan host.

530

By him I stood, and in the midst thus cried :
“ Silence, Achæans ! Hushed be all the host !
Peace !—not a word ! ”—so breathless stilled the folk.
Then spake he : “ Son of Peleus, father mine,
Accept from me these drops propitiatory,
Ghost-raising. Draw thou nigh to drink pure blood

289

κόρης ἀκραιφνὲς αἶμ', ὃ σοι δωρούμεθα
 στρατός τε κἀγὼ· πρευμενῆς δ' ἡμῖν γενοῦ,
 λῦσαί τε πρύμνας καὶ χαλινωτήρια
 540 ρεῶν δὸς ἡμῖν πρευμενοῦς τ' ἀπ' Ἰλίου
 νόστου τυχόντας πάντα εἰς πάτραν μολεῖν.
 τοσαῦτ' ἔλεξε, πᾶς δ' ἐπηύξατο στρατός.
 εἴτ' ἀμφίχρυσον φάσγανον κώπης λαβὼν
 ἐξείλκε κολεοῦ, λογάσι δ' Ἀργείων στρατοῦ
 νεανίαις ἔνευσε παρθένον λαβεῖν.
 ἦ δ' ὡς ἐφράσθη, τόνδ' ἐσήμηεν λόγον·
 ὦ τὴν ἐμὴν πέρσαντες Ἀργεῖοι πόλιν,
 ἐκοῦσα θνήσκω· μή τις ἄψηται χρὸς
 550 τοῦμοῦ· παρέξω γὰρ δέρην εὐκαρδίας.
 ἔλευθέραν δέ μ', ὡς ἔλευθέρα θάνω,
 πρὸς θεῶν μεθέντες κτείνατ'· ἐν νεκροῖσι γὰρ
 δούλη κεκλήσθαι βασιλῆς οὐσ' αἰσχύνομαι.
 λαοὶ δ' ἐπερρόθησαν, Ἀγαμέμνων τ' ἄναξ
 εἶπεν μεθεῖναι παρθένον νεανίαις.
 οἱ δ' ὡς τάχιστ' ἤκουσαν ὑστάτην ὄπα,
 μεθῆκαν, οὐπὲρ καὶ μέγιστον ἦν κράτος.
 καπὲι τόδ' εἰσήκουσε δεσποτῶν ἔπος,
 λαβοῦσα πέπλους ἐξ ἄκρας ἐπωμίδος
 560 ἔρρηξε λαγόνος εἰς μέσον παρ' ὀμφαλόν,
 μαστοῦς τ' ἔδειξε στέρνα θ', ὡς ἀγάλματος,
 κάλλιστα, καὶ καθεῖσα πρὸς γαῖαν γόνυ
 ἔλεξε πάντων τλημονέστατον λόγον·
 ἰδοὺ τόδ', εἰ μὲν στέρνον, ὦ νεανία,
 παίειν προθυμεί, παίσον, εἰ δ' ὑπ' αὐχένα
 χρήξεις, πάρεστι λαιμὸς εὐτρεπῆς ὄδε.
 ὃ δ' οὐ θέλων τε καὶ θέλων οἴκτω κόρης,
 τέμνει σιδήρῳ πνεύματος διαρροάς·
 κρουνοὶ δ' ἐχώρουν· ἦ δὲ καὶ θνήσκουσ' ὄμως

HECUBA

Dark-welling from a maid. We give it thee,
 The host and I. Gracious to us be thou :
 Vouchsafe us to cast loose the sterns and curbs
 Of these ships, kindly home-return to win 540
 From Troy, and all to reach our fatherland."

So spake he,—in that prayer joined all the host,—
 Then grasped his golden-plated falchion's hilt,
 Drew from the sheath, and to those chosen youths
 Of Argos' war-host signed to seize the maid.

But she, being ware thereof, spake forth this speech :

"O Argives, ye which laid my city low,
 Free-willed I die : on my flesh let no man
 Lay hand : unflinching will I yield my neck.
 But, by the Gods, let me stand free, the while 550

Ye slay, that I may die free ; for I shame
 Slave to be called in Hades, who am royal."
 "Yea !" like a great sea roared the host : the King
 Spake to the youths to let the maiden go.

And they, soon as they heard that last behest
 Of him of chiefest might, drew back their hands.
 And she, when this she heard, her masters' word,
 Her vesture grasped, and from the shoulder's
 height

Rent it adown her side, down to the waist,
 And bosom showed and breasts, as of a statue, 560
 Most fair ; and, bowing to the earth her knee,
 A word, of all words most heroic, spake :

"Lo here, O youth, if thou art fain to strike
 My breast, strike home : but if beneath my neck
 Thou wouldest, here my throat is bared to thee."
 And he, loth and yet fain, for ruth of her,
 Cleaves with the steel the channels of the breath :
 Forth gushed the life-springs : but she, even in
 death,

ΕΚΑΒΗ

570 πολλὴν πρόνοιαν εἶχεν εὐσχήμως πεσεῖν,
 κρύπτουσ' ἢ κρύπτειν ὄμματ' ἀρσένων χρεῶν.
 ἐπεὶ δ' ἀφῆκε πνεῦμα θανασίμῳ σφαγῇ,
 οὐδεὶς τὸν αὐτὸν εἶχεν Ἀργείων πόνον·
 ἀλλ' οἱ μὲν αὐτῶν τὴν θανοῦσαν ἐκ χερῶν
 φύλλοις ἔβαλλον, οἱ δὲ πληροῦσιν πυρὰν
 κορμούς φέροντες πευκίρους, ὁ δ' οὐ φέρων
 πρὸς τοῦ φέροντος τοιάδ' ἤκουεν κακά·
 ἔστηκας, ὦ κάκιστε, τῇ νεάνιδι
 οὐ πέπλον οὐδὲ κόσμον ἐν χεροῖν ἔχων ;
 οὐκ εἰ τι δώσων τῇ περίσσο' εὐκαρδίῳ
 580 ψυχὴν τ' ἀρίστη ; τοιάδ' ἀμφὶ σῆς λέγω
 παιδὸς θανούσης· εὐτεκνωτάτην δὲ σὲ
 πασῶν γυναικῶν δυστυχεστάτην θ' ὀρώ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

δεινὸν τι πῆμα Πριαμίδαις ἐπέζεσε
 πόλει τε τῆμῃ· θεῶν ἀναγκαῖον τόδε.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὦ θύγατερ, οὐκ οἶδ' εἰς ὅ τι βλέψω κακῶν
 πολλῶν παρόντων· ἦν γὰρ ἄψωμαί τινος,
 τόδ' οὐκ εἶμ' ἐγώ, παρακαλεῖ δ' ἐκεῖθεν αὖ
 λύπη τις ἄλλη διάδοχος κακῶν κακοῖς.
 590 καὶ νῦν τὸ μὲν σὸν ὥστε μὴ στένειν πάθος·
 οὐκ ἂν δυναίμην ἐξαλείψασθαι φρενός·
 τὸ δ' αὖ λίαν παρεῖλες ἀγγελθεῖσά μοι
 γενναῖος. οὐκ οὖν δεινόν, εἰ γῆ μὲν κακῇ
 τυχοῦσι καιροῦ θεόθεν εὖ στάχυν φέρει,
 χρηστὴ δ' ἄμαρτοῦσ' ὧν χρεῶν αὐτὴν τυχεῖν
 κακὸν δίδωσι καρπὸν ; ἀνθρώποις δ' αἰεὶ
 ὁ μὲν ποιηρὸς οὐδὲν ἄλλο πλὴν κακός,
 ὁ δ' ἐσθλὸς ἐσθλός, οὐδὲ συμφορᾶς ὑπο
 φύσιν διέφθειρ', ἀλλὰ χρηστός ἐστ' αἰεὶ ;

HECUBA

Took chiefest thought decorously to fall,
 Hiding what hidden from men's eyes should be. 570
 But when she had spent her breath 'neath that death-
 stroke,

Each Argive 'gan his task—no man the same :
 But some upon the dead were strawing leaves
 Out of their hands, and some heap high the pyre,
 Bringing pine-billets thither : whoso bare not
 Heard such and such rebukes of him that bare :
 " Dost stand still, basest heart, with nought in hand—
 Robe for the maiden, neither ornament ?
 Nought wilt thou give to one in courage matchless,
 Noblest of soul ? "

Such is the tale I tell 580

Of thy dead child. Most blest in motherhood
 I count thee of all women, and most hapless.

CHORUS

Dread bale on Priam's line and city hath poured
 Its lava-flood :—'tis heaven's resistless doom.

HECUBA

Daughter, I know not on what ills to look,
 So many throng me : if to this I turn,
 That hindereth me : thence summoneth me again
 Another grief, on-ushering ills on ills.
 And now I cannot from my soul blot out
 Thine agony, that I should wail it not. 590
 Yet hast thou barred the worst, proclaimed to me
 So noble. Lo, how strange, that evil soil
 Heaven-blest with seasons fair, bears goodly crops,
 While the good, if it faileth of its dues,
 Gives evil fruit : but always among men
 The caitiff nothing else than evil is,
 The noble, noble, nor 'neath fortune's stress
 Marreth his nature, but is good alway.

ἄρ' οἱ τεκόντες διαφέρουσιν ἢ τροφαί ;
 600 ἔχει γὰρ μέντοι καὶ τὸ θρεφθῆναι καλῶς
 εἶδαι ἐσθλοῦ· τοῦτο δ' ἦν τις εὖ μάθη,
 οἷόν τοι γ' αἰσχρὸν, κανόνι τοῦ καλοῦ μαθῶν.
 καὶ ταῦτα μὲν δὴ νοῦς ἐτόξευσεν μάτην·
 σὺ δ' ἐλθὲ καὶ σήμερον Ἀργείοις τάδε,
 μὴ θιγγάνειν μοι μηδέν', ἀλλ' εἴργειν ὄχλον
 τῆς παιδός. ἐν τοι μυρίῳ στρατεύματι
 ἀκόλαστος ὄχλος ναυτικὴ τ' ἀναρχία
 κρίσσων πυρός, κακὸς δ' ὁ μὴ τι δρῶν κακόν.
 σὺ δ' αὖ λαβοῦσα τεύχος, ἀρχαία λάτρι,
 610 βίβασ' ἔνεγκε δεῖρο ποιντίας ἁλός.
 ὡς παῖδα λουτροῖς τοῖς πανυστάτοις ἐμήν,
 γύμφην τ' ἀνυμφον παρθένον τ' ἀπάρθενον,
 λούσω προθῶμαί θ' ὡς μὲν ἀξία, πόθεν ;
 οὐκ ἂν δυναίμην ὡς δ' ἔχω· τί γὰρ πάθω ;
 κόσμον τ' ἀγείρασ' αἰχμαλωτίδων πάρα,
 αἷ μοι πύρεδροι τῶνδ' ἔσω σκηνωμάτων
 θάσσουσιν, εἴ τις τοὺς νεωστὶ δεσπότης
 λαθοῦσ' ἔχει τι κλέμμα τῶν αὐτῆς δόμων.
 ὦ σχήματ' οἴκων, ὦ ποτ' εὐτυχεῖς δόμοι,
 620 ὦ πλείστ' ἔχων κάλλιστά τ', εὐτεκνώτατε
 Πρίαμε, γεραιά θ' ἠδ' ἐγὼ μήτηρ τέκνων,
 ὡς εἰς τὸ μηδὲν ἤκομεν, φρονήματος
 τοῦ πρὶν στερέντες. εἶτα δῆτ' ὀγκοῦμεθα
 ὁ μὲν τις ἡμῶν πλουσίοις ἐν δώμασιν,
 ὁ δ' ἐν πολίταις τίμιος κεκλημένος.
 τὰ δ' οὐδέν' ἄλλως φροντίδων βουλευμάτα
 γλώσσης τε κόμποι. κείνος ὀλβιώτατος,
 ὅτῳ κατ' ἡμαρ τυγχάνει μηδὲν κακόν.

HECUBA

By blood, or nurture, is the difference made ?
 Sooth, gentle nurture bringeth lessoning 600
 In nobleness ; and whoso learns this well
 By honour's touchstone knoweth baseness too :—
 Ah, unavailing arrows of the mind¹ !
 But go thou, to the Argives this proclaim,
 That none my daughter touch, but that they keep
 The crowd thence : in a war-array untold
 Lawless the mob is, and the shipmen's licence
 Outraveneth flame—they rail on who sins not !

[*Exit* TALTUVBIUS.

But, ancient handmaid, take a vessel thou,
 And dip, and of the sea-brine hither bring, 610
 That with the last bath I may wash my child,—
 The bride unwedded, maid a maid no more,²—
 And lay her out—as meet is, how can I ?
 Yet as I may ; for lo, what plight is mine !
 Jewels from fellow-captives will I gather
 Which dwell, my neighbour-thralls, these tents within,
 If haply any, to our lords unknown,
 Hath any stolen treasure of her home.
 O stately halls, O home so happy once !
 O rich in fair abundance, goodliest offspring, 620
 Priam !—and I, a grey head crowned with sons !
 How are we brought to nought, of olden pride
 Stripped bare ! And lo, we men are puffed up,
 One of us for the riches of his house,
 And one for honour in the mouths of men !
 These things be nought. All vain the heart's devisings,
 The vauntings of the tongue ! Most blest is he
 To whom no ill befalls as days wear on.

¹ No philosophic moralizing can avail to assuage my sorrow.

² As being united to Achilles in death.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

630 ἔμοι χρῆν συμφορῶν, στρ.
 ἔμοι χρῆν πημονὰν γενέσθαι,
 Ἰδαίαν ὅτε πρῶτον ὕλαν
 Ἀλέξανδρος εἰλατίαν
 ἐτάμεθ', ἄλιον ἐπ' οἶδμα ναυστολήσων
 Ἐλένας ἐπὶ λέκτρα, τὰν
 καλλίσταν ὁ χρυσοφαῆς
 Ἄλιος ἀνγάζει.

640 πόνοι γὰρ καὶ πόνων ἀντ.
 ἀνάγκαι κρείσσοιες κυκλοῦνται,
 κοινὸν δ' ἐξ ἰδίας ἀνοίας
 κακὸν τᾷ Σιμουντίδι γᾶ
 ὀλέθριον ἔμολε συμφορὰ τ' ἀπ' ἄλλων.
 ἐκρίθη δ' ἔρις, ἂν ἐν Ἰ-
 δα κρίνει τρισσὰς μακάρων
 παῖδας ἀνήρ βούτας,

650 ἐπὶ δορὶ καὶ φόνῳ καὶ ἐμῶν μελάθρων λῶβα· ἐπωδ.
 στένει δὲ καὶ τις ἀμφὶ τὸν εὐροὸν Εὐρώταν
 Λάκαινα πολυδύκρυτος ἐν δόμοις κόρα,
 πολίον τ' ἐπὶ κρᾶτα μίτηρ
 τέκνων θανόντων
 τίθεται χέρα δρύντεται τε παρειάν,
 δίαιμον ὄνυχα τιθεμένα σπαρωγμοῖς.

ΘΕΡΑΠΙΑΝΑ

660 γυναῖκες, Ἐκάβη ποῦ ποθ' ἡ παναθλία,
 ἢ πάντα μικῶσ' ἄνδρα καὶ θῆλυν σποράν
 κακοῖσιν ; οὐδεῖς στέφανον ἀνθαιρήσεται.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τί δ', ὦ τάλαινα σῆς κακογλώσσου βοῆς ;
 ὡς οὐποθ' εὔδει λυπρὰ σου κηρύγματα.

HECUBA

CHORUS

My doom of disaster was written, (Str.)
 The doom of mine anguish was sealed, 630
 When of Paris the pine-shafts were smitten
 Upon Ida, that earthward they reeled,
 To ride over ridges surf-whitened,
 Till the bride-bed of Helen was won,
 Woman fairest of all that be lightened
 By the gold of the sun.

For battle-toils, yea, desolations (Ant.)
 Yet sorer around us close ;
 And the folly of one is the nation's 640
 Destruction ; of alien foes
 Cometh ruin by Simois' waters.
 So judged is the judgment given
 When on Ida the strife of the Daughters
 Of the Blessed was striven,

For battle, for murder, for ruin (Epode)
 Of mine halls :—by Eurotas is moan, 650
 Where with tears for their homes' undoing
 The maidens Laconian groan,
 Where rendeth her tresses hoary
 The mother for sons that are dead,
 And her cheeks with woe-furrows are gory,
 And her fingers are red.

Enter HANDMAID, with bearers carrying a covered corpse.

HANDMAID

Women, O where is Hecuba, sorrow's queen,
 Who passeth every man, all womankind,
 In woes ? No man shall take away her crown. 660

CHORUS

What now, O hapless voice of evil-boding ?
 Shall they ne'er sleep, thy publishings of grief ?

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΘΕΡΑΠΙΑΙΝΑ

Ἐκάρθη φέρω τόδ' ἄλγος· ἐν κακοῖσι δὲ
 αὐτὸν ῥαῖσιον βροτοῖσιν εὐφημεῖν στόμα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ μὴν περῶσα τυγχάνει δόμων ἄπο
 ἠδ', εἰς δὲ καιρὸν σοῖσι φαίνεται λόγους.

ΘΕΡΑΠΙΑΙΝΑ

ὦ παντάλαινα κάτι μᾶλλον ἢ λέγω,
 εἰσποῖν', ὄλωλας, οὐκέτ' εἰ βλέπουσα φῶς,
 ἄπαις, ἀνανδρος, ἄπολις, ἐξεφθαρμένη.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

679

οὐ καὶνὸν εἶπας, εἰδόσιν δ' ὠρείδισας.
 ἀτὰρ τί νεκρὸν τόνδε μοι Πολυξείης
 ἦκεις κομίζουσ', ἧς ἀπηγγέλθη τάφος
 πάντων Ἀχαιῶν διὰ χερὸς σπουδῆν ἔχειν ;

ΘΕΡΑΠΙΑΙΝΑ

ἦδ' οὐδὲν οἶδεν, ἀλλά μοι Πολυξέην
 θρηνηῖ, γέων δὲ πημάτων οὐχ ἄπτεται.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οἱ γὼ τάλαινα· μῶν τὸ βακχεῖον κᾶρα
 τῆς θεσπιφδοῦ δεῦρο Κασάνδρας φέρεις ;

ΘΕΡΑΠΙΑΙΝΑ

684

ζῶσαν λέλακας, τὸν θανόντα δ' οὐ στένεις
 τόνδ'· ἀλλ' ἄθρησον σῶμα γυμνωθὲν νεκροῦ,
 εἴ σοι φανεῖται θαῦμα καὶ παρ' ἐλπίδας.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οἴ μοι, βλέπω δὴ παῖδ' ἐμὸν τεθνηκότα,
 Πυλῶωρον ὃν μοι Ἑρῆξ ἔσωζ' οἴκοις ἀνῆρ.
 ἀπωλόμην δύστηνος, οὐκέτ' εἰμὶ δῆ.
 ὦ τέκνον τέκνον,
 αἰαῖ, κατάρχομαι νόμον

HECUBA

HANDMAID

To Hecuba I bring this pang : mid woes
Not easily may mortal lips speak fair.

CHORUS

Lo where she cometh from beneath the roofs :
In season for thy tale appeareth she.

HANDMAID

O all-afflicted, more than lips can say !
Queen, thou art slain—thou seest the light no more
Unchilded, widowed, cityless—all-destroyed !

HECUBA

No news this : 'tis but taunting me who knew. 670
But wherefore com'st thou bringing me this corpse,
Polyxena's, whose burial-rites, 'twas told,
By all Achaea's host were being sped ?

HANDMAID

She nothing knows : Polyxena—ah me !—
Still wails she, and the new woes graspeth not.

HECUBA

O hapless I !—not—not the bacchant head
Of prophetess Cassandra bring'st thou hither ?

HANDMAID

Thou nam'st the living : but the dead—this dead,
Bewailest not,—look, the dead form is bared !

[*Uncovers the corpse.*]

Seems it not strange—worse than all boding fears ? 680

HECUBA

Ah me, my son !—I see Polydorus dead,
Whom in his halls I deemed the Thracian warded.
O wretch ! it is my death—I am no more !

O my child, O my child !

Mine anguish shall thrill

ΕΚΑΒΗ

βακχεῖον, ἐξ ἀλάστορος
ἀρτιμαθῆς κακῶν.

ΘΕΡΑΠΙΑ

ἔγνωσ γὰρ ἄτην παιδός, ὦ δύστηνε σὺ ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

690

ἄπιστ' ἄπιστα, καινὰ καινὰ δέρκομαι.
ἕτερα δ' ἀφ' ἐτέρων κακὰ κακῶν κυρεῖ·
οὐδέποτε' ἀστένακτος ἰδάκρυτος ἀ-
μέρα ἐπισχῆσει.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

δεῖν', ὦ τίλαινα, δεινὰ πύσχομεν κακὰ.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὦ τέκνον τέκνον ταλαίνας ματρός,
τίμι μόρω θνήσκεις ;
τίμι πότμῳ κεῖσαι ;
πρὸς τίνος ἀνθρώπων ;

ΘΕΡΑΠΙΑ

οὐκ οἶδ'· ἐπ' ἀκταῖς νιν κυρῶ θαλασσιαῖς.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

700

ἔκβλητοι, ἦ πέσημα φοιῖου δορός,
ἐν ψαμάθῳ λευρᾷ ;

ΘΕΡΑΠΙΑ

πόντου νιν ἐξήνεγκε πελάγιος κλύδων.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὦμοι, αἰαῖ, ἔμαθον ἐνύπνιον ὀμμάτων
ἐμῶν ὄψιν, οὐ με παρέβα φά-
σμα μελανόπτερον,
ἀν ἐσεῖδον ἀμφὶ σ',
ὦ τέκνον, οὐκέτ' ὄντα Διὸς ἐν φάει.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τίς γάρ νιν ἔκτειν' ; οἴσθ' ὄνειρόφρων φράσαι ;

HECUBA

Through a wail shrilling wild
In the ears of me still,
Which pealed there but now from the throat of a
demon, a herald of ill.

HANDMAID

Didst thou then know thy son's doom, hapless one ?

HECUBA

Beyond, beyond belief, new woes I see.

Ills upon ills throng one after another: 690
Never day shall pass by without tear, without sigh,
nor mine anguish refrain.

CHORUS

Dread, O dread evils, hapless queen, we suffer.

HECUBA

O child, O child of a grief-stricken mother !
By what fate didst thou die ?—in what doom dost thou
lie ?—of what man wast thou slain ?

HANDMAID

I know not : on the sea-strand found I him.

HECUBA

Cast up by the tide, or struck down by the spear in a
blood-reddened hand
On the smooth-levelled sand ? 700

HANDMAID

The outsea surge in-breaking flung him up

HECUBA

Woe's me, I discern it, the vision that blasted my sight
Neither fitted unheeded that black-winged phantom
of night,
Which I saw, which revealed that my son was no more
of the light.

CHORUS

Who slew him ? Canst thou, dream-arreder, tell ?

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΕΚΑΒΗ

710 ἔμὸς ἔμὸς ξένος, Θρήκιος ἱππότης,
 ἵν' ὁ γέρον πατὴρ ἔθετό νιν κρύψας.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οἴμοι, τί λέξεις ; χρυσὸν ὡς ἔχοι κτανῶν ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἄρρητ' ἀνωμόμαστα, θαυμάτων πέρα,
 οὐχ ὅσι' οὐδ' ἀνεκτά. ποῦ δίκαια ξένων ;
 ὦ κατάρατ' ἀνδρῶν, ὡς διεμοιράσω
 720 χροῖα, σιδαρέω τεμῶν φασγάνω
 μέλεα τοῦδε παιδὸς οὐδ' ὠκτίσω.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὦ τλήμον, ὡς σε πολυπονωτάτην βροτῶν
 δαίμων ἔθηκεν ὅστις ἐστὶ σοι βαρῦς.
 ἀλλ' εἰσορῶ γὰρ τοῦδε δεσπότου δέμας
 Ἄγαμέμνονος, τούθενδε σιγῶμεν, φίλαι.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

Ἐκάβη, τί μέλλεις παῖδα σὴν κρύπτειν τίφω
 ἐλθοῦσ', ἐφ' οἷσπερ Ἰαλθύβιος ἠγγειλέ μοι
 μὴ θιγγάνειν σῆς μηδέν' Ἀργείων κόρης ;
 ἡμεῖς μὲν οὖν ἐῶμεν οὐδὲ ψαύομεν
 730 σὺ δὲ σχολάζεις, ὥστε θαυμάζειν ἐμέ.
 ἦκω δ' ἀποστελῶν σε· τὰ κεῖθεν γὰρ εἶ
 πεπραγμέν' ἐστίν, εἴ τι τῶνδ' ἐστὶν καλῶς.
 εἴ τί τιν' ἀνδρα τόνδ' ἐπὶ σκηναῖς ὄρω
 θανόντα Ἰρῶων ; οὐ γὰρ Ἀργεῖον πέπλοι
 δέμας περιπτύσσοντες ἀγγέλλουσί μοι.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

δύστην', ἱμαντὴν γὰρ λέγω λέγουσα σέ,
 Ἐκάβη, τί ὀράσω ; πότερα προσπέσω γόνυ
 Ἄγαμέμνονος τοῦδ' ἢ φέρω σιγῇ κακά ;

HECUBA

HECUBA

'Twas my friend, 'twas my guest, 'twas the Thracian 710
 chariot-lord [hide and to ward.
 To whose charge his grey father had given him to

CHORUS

Oh, what wouldst say?—slew him to keep the gold?

HECUBA

O horror unspeakable, nameless, beyond all wonder!—
 Impious, unbearable! Where are they, friendship
 and truth?

O accursèd of men, lo, how hast thou carved asunder
 His flesh!—how thy knife, when my child's limbs
 quivered thereunder, [unmelted of ruth!
 Hath slashed him and mangled, and thou wast 720

CHORUS

O hapless, how a God, whose hand on thee
 Is heavy, above all mortals heaps thee pain!
 But lo, I see our master towering nigh,
 Agamemnon: friends, henceforth hold we our peace.

Enter AGAMEMNON. AGAMEMNON

Why stay'st thou, Hecuba, to entomb thy child,
 According to Talthybius' word to me
 That of the Argives none should touch thy daughter?
 Wherefore we let her be, and touch her not;
 Yet loiterest thou, that wonder stirreth me. 730
 I come to speed thee hence; for all things there
 Are well wrought—if herein may aught be well.
 Ha, who is this that by the tents I see?
 What Trojan dead? No Argive this, the robes
 That shroud the body make report to me.

HECUBA (*aside*)

Hapless!—myself I name in naming thee—
 O Hecuba, what shall I do?—or fall
 At the king's feet, or silent bear mine ills?

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

740 τί μοι προσώπω νῶτον ἐγκλίνασα σὸν
 ἔνρει, τὸ πραχθὲν δ' οὐ λέγεις ; τίς ἔσθ' ὅδε ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἀλλ' εἴ με δούλην πολεμίαν θ' ἠγούμενος
 γονάτων ἀπώσαιοιτ', ἄλγος ἂν προσθείμεθ' ἄν.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

οὔτοι πέφυκα μάντις, ὥστε μὴ κλύων
 ἱξιστορήσαι σῶν ὁδὸν βουλευμάτων.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἄρ' ἐκλογίζομαί γε πρὸς τὸ δυσμενὲς
 μᾶλλον φρένας τοῦδ', ὄντος οὐχὶ δυσμενοῦς ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

εἰ τοί με βούλει τῶνδε μηδὲν εἰδέναι,
 εἰς ταῦτόν ἤκεις· καὶ γὰρ οὐδ' ἐγὼ κλύειν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

750 οὐκ ἂν δυναίμην τοῦδε τιμωρεῖν ἄτερ
 τέκνοισι τοῖς ἐμοῖσι. τί στρέφω τάδε ;
 τολμᾶν ἀνάγκη, κἂν τύχῳ κἂν μὴ τύχῳ.
 Ἄγάμεμνον, ἰκετεύω σε τῶνδε γονάτων
 καὶ σοῦ γενεῖου δεξιᾶς τ' εὐδαίμονος.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

τί χρήμα μαστεύουσα ; μῶν ἐλεύθερον
 αἰῶνα θέσθαι ; ῥᾶδιον γάρ ἐστί σοι.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οὐ δῆτα· τοὺς κακοὺς δὲ τιμωρομένη
 αἰῶνα τὸν ξύμπαντα δουλεύειν θέλω.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

καὶ δὴ τίς ἡμᾶς εἰς ἐπάρκεσιν καλεῖς ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

760 οὐδέν τι τούτων ὦν σὺ δοξάζεις, ἄναξ.
 ὄρας νεκρὸν τόνδ', οὐ καταστάζω δάκρυ ;

HECUBA

AGAMEMNON

Wherefore on me dost turn thy back, and mourn,
Nor tellest what is done, and who is this? 740

HECUBA (*aside*)

But if, accounting me a slave and foe,
He thrust me from his knees, 'twere pang on pang.

AGAMEMNON

No prophet born am I, to track the path
Of these thy musings, if I hear them not.

HECUBA (*aside*)

Lo, surely am I counting this man's heart
O'ermuch my foe, who is no foe at all.

AGAMEMNON

Sooth, if thou wilt that nought hereof I know,
At one we are: I care not, I, to hear.

HECUBA (*aside*)

I cannot, save with help of him, avenge
My children—wherefore do I dally thus? 750
I must needs venture, or to win or lose:—
Agamemnon, I beseech thee by thy knees,
And by thy beard, and thy victorious hand—

AGAMEMNON

What matter seekest thou? Wouldst have thy days
Free henceforth? Sooth, thy boon is lightly won.

HECUBA

No—no! Avenge me of mine adversary,
And I will welcome lifelong bondage then.

AGAMEMNON

But to what championship dost summon me?

HECUBA

To nought of all whereof thou dreamest, king.
Seest thou this corpse, o'er which my tears rain down? 760

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ὄρω· τὸ μέντοι μέλλον οὐκ ἔχω μαθεῖν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ταυτὸν ποτ' ἔτεκον κάφερον ζώνης ὑπο.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἔστιν δὲ τίς σῶν οὗτος, ᾧ τλήμον, τέκνων ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οὐ τῶν θανόντων Πριαμιδῶν ὑπ' Ἰλίῳ.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἢ γάρ τιν' ἄλλον ἔτεκες ἢ κείνους, γύναι ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἀνόνητά γ', ὡς ἔοικε, τόνδ' ὄν εισορᾶς.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ποῦ δ' ὦν ἐτύγχαν', ἠνίκ' ὤλλυτο πτόλις ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

πατήρ νιν ἐξέπεμψεν ὀρρωδῶν θανεῖν.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ποῖ τῶν τότ' ὄντων χωρίσας τέκνων μονον ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

770

εἰς τήνδε χώραν, οὐπερ ἠυρέθη θανών.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

πρὸς ἄνδρ' ὃς ἄρχει τῆσδε Πολυμήστωρ
χθονός ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἐνταῦθ' ἐπέμφθη πικροτάτου χρυσοῦ φύλαξ.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

θνήσκει δὲ πρὸς τοῦ καὶ τίνος πότμου τυχών ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

τίνος δ' ὑπ' ἄλλου ; Θρήξ νιν ὤλεσε ξένος.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ᾧ τλήμον· ἢ που χρυσὸν ἠράσθη λαβεῖν ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

τοιαῦτ', ἐπειδὴ συμφορὰν ἔγνω Φρυγῶν.

HECUBA

AGAMEMNON

I see,—yet what shall come I cannot tell.

HECUBA

Him once I bare, and carried 'neath my zone.

AGAMEMNON

Who of thy sons is this, O sorrow-crushed?

HECUBA

Not one of Priam's sons by Ilium slain.

AGAMEMNON

How? didst thou bear another more than these?

HECUBA

Yea—to my grief, meseems: thou seest him here.

AGAMEMNON

Yet where was he what time the city fell?

HECUBA

Dreading his death his father sent him thence.

AGAMEMNON

And whither drew him from the rest apart?

HECUBA

Unto this land, where dead hath he been found. 770

AGAMEMNON

To Polymestor, ruler of the land?

HECUBA

Yea—sent in charge of thrice-accursèd gold.

AGAMEMNON

And of whom slain, and lighting on what doom?

HECUBA

Of whom save one?—that Thracian friend slew him.

AGAMEMNON

O wretch!—for that he lusted for the gold?

HECUBA

Even so, when Phrygia's fall was known of him.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἦῤρες δὲ ποῦ νιν, ἣ τίς ἤνεγκεν νεκρόν ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἦδ', ἐντυχοῦσα ποντίας ἀκτῆς ἔπι.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

τοῦτον ματεύουσ' ἣ πονοῦσ' ἄλλον πόνον ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

780

λούτρ' ὄχετ' οἴσουσ' ἐξ ἀλός Πολυξένη.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

κτανών νιν, ὡς ἔοικεν, ἐκβάλλει ξένος.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

θαλασσόπλαγκτόν γ', ὧδε διατεμῶν χροά.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ὦ σχετλία σὺ τῶν ἄμετρήτων πόνων.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὄλωλα, κούδεν λοιπόν, Ἀγάμεμνον, κακῶν.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

φεῦ φεῦ· τίς οὔτω δυστυχῆς ἔφυ γυνή ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οὐκ ἔστιν, εἰ μὴ τὴν τύχην αὐτὴν λέγοις.
 ἀλλ' ὦνπερ εἶνεκ' ἀμφὶ σὸν πίπτω γόνυ,
 ἄκουσον. εἰ μὲν ὅσιά σοι παθεῖν δοκῶ,
 στέργοιμ' ἄν· εἰ δὲ τοῦμπαλιν, σὺ μοι γενοῦ
 790 τιμωρὸς ἀνδρὸς ἀνοσιωτάτου ξένου,
 ὅς οὔτε τοὺς γῆς νέρθεν οὔτε τοὺς ἄνω
 δέϊσας δέδορακεν ἔργον ἀνοσιώτατον,
 κοινῆς τραπέζης πολλαίκις τυχῶν ἐμοί,
 ξείας τ' ἀριθμῶ πρῶτα τῶν ἐμῶν φίλων
 τυχῶν δ' ὄσων δεῖ· καὶ λαβῶν προμηθίαν,
 ἔκτεινε, τύμβου δ', εἰ κτανεῖν ἐβούλετο,
 οὐκ ἠξίωσεν, ἀλλ' ἀφήκε πόντιον.

HECUBA

AGAMEMNON

Where found'st thou him?—or who hath brought thy
dead?

HECUBA

She there: upon the strand she chanced on him.

AGAMEMNON

Seeking him, or on other task employed?

HECUBA

Sea-brine she sought to lave Polyxena.

780

AGAMEMNON

So then this guest-friend slew and cast him forth.

HECUBA

Yea, on the sea to drift, his flesh thus hacked.

AGAMEMNON

O woe is thee for thine unmeasured pains!

HECUBA

'Tis death—there is no deeper depth of woe.

AGAMEMNON

Alas, was woman e'er so fortune-crostr?

HECUBA

None, except thou wouldst name Misfortune's self
But for what cause I bow thy knees to clasp,
Hear:—if my righteous due my sufferings seem
To thee, I am content: if not, do thou
Avenge me on that impious, impious friend,
Who neither feared the powers beneath the earth,
Nor those on high, but wrought most impious deed.—
Who ofttimes at my table ate and drank,
For welcome foremost in my count of friends,
And had all guest-dues. Yet he watched his time,
Slew him, nor in his thoughts of murder found
Room for a grave, but cast him mid the sea.

790

ἡμεῖς μὲν οὖν δούλοί τε κἀσθενεῖς ἴσως·
 ἀλλ' οἱ θεοὶ σθένουσι χῶ κείνων κρατῶν
 800 νόμος· νόμῳ γὰρ τοὺς θεοὺς ἠγούμεθα
 καὶ ζῶμεν ἄδικα καὶ δίκαι' ὠρισμένοι·
 ὃς εἰς σ' ἀνελθὼν εἰ διαφθαρήσεται,
 καὶ μὴ δίκην δώσουσιν οἵτινες ξένους
 κτείνουσιν ἢ θεῶν ἱερὰ τολμῶσιν φέρειν,
 οὐκ ἔστιν οὐδὲν τῶν ἐν ἀνθρώποις ἴσον.
 ταῦτ' οὖν ἐν αἰσχυρῷ θέμενος αἰδέσθητί με·
 οἴκτειρον ἡμᾶς, ὡς γραφεύς τ' ἀποσταθεῖς
 ἰδοῦ με κἀνάθρησον οἷ' ἔχω κακά.
 810 τύραννος ἦν ποτ', ἀλλὰ νῦν δούλη σέθεν,
 εὐπαις ποτ' οὔσα, νῦν δὲ γραῦς ἄπαις θ' ἅμα,
 ἄπολις, ἔρημος, ἀθλιωτάτη βροτῶν.
 οἴμοι τάλαινα, ποῖ μ' ὑπεξίγεις πόδα ;
 ἔοικα πράξειν οὐδέν' ὧ τάλαιν' ἐγώ.
 τί δῆτα θνητοὶ τᾶλλα μὲν μαθήματα
 μοχθοῦμεν ὡς χρῆ πάντα καὶ μαστεύομεν,
 πειθῶ δὲ τὴν τύραννον ἀνθρώποις μόνην
 οὐδέν τι μᾶλλον ἐς τέλος σπουδάζομεν
 μισθοὺς διδόντες μανθάνειν, ἴν' ἦν ποτε
 820 πείθειν ἅ τις βούλοιτο τυγχάνειν θ' ἅμα ;
 πῶς οὖν ἔτ' ἂν τις ἐλπίσαι πράξειν καλῶς ;
 οἱ μὲν γὰρ ὄντες παῖδες οὐκέτ' εἰσὶ μοι,
 αὐτὴ δ' ἐπ' αἰσχυροῖς αἰχμάλωτος οἴχομαι·
 καπνὸν δὲ πόλεως τόνδ' ὑπερθρώσκουθ' ὀρώ.
 καὶ μὴν ἴσως μὲν τοῦ λόγου κενὸν τόδε,
 Κύπριν προβάλλειν· ἀλλ' ὅμως εἰρήσεται·
 πρὸς σοῖσι πλευροῖς παῖς ἐμὴ κοιμίζεται
 ἢ φοιβάς, ἣν καλοῦσι Κασίνδραν Φρύγες.
 ποῦ τὰς φίλας δῆτ' εὐφρόνας δείξεις, ἄναξ,
 ἢ τῶν ἐν εὐνῇ φιλτάτων ἀσπασμάτων

HECUBA

And I—a slave I may be, haply weak ;
 Yet are the Gods strong, and their ruler strong,
 Even Law ; for by this Law we know Gods are, 800
 We live, we make division of wrong and right ;
 And if this at thy bar be disannulled,
 And they shall render not account which slay
 Guests, or dare rifle the Gods' holy things,
 Then among men is there no righteousness.
 This count then shameful ; have respect to me ;
 Pity me :—like a painter so draw back,
 Scan me, pore on my portraiture of woes.
 A queen was I, time was, but now thy slave ;
 Crowned with fair sons once, childless now and 810
 old,
 Cityless, lone, of mortals wretchedest.
 Woe for me !—whither wouldst withdraw thy
 foot ?

Meseems I shall not speed—O hapless I !
 Wherefore, O wherefore, at all other lore
 Toil men, as needeth, and make eager quest,
 Yet Suasion, the unrivalled queen of men,
 Nor price we pay, nor make ado to learn her
 Unto perfection, so a man might sway
 His fellows as he would, and win his ends ?
 How then shall any hope good days henceforth ? 820
 So many sons—none left me any more !
 Myself mid shame a spear-thrall ruin-spel ;—
 Yon smoke o'er Troy upsoaring in my sight !
 Yet—yet—'twere unavailing plea perchance
 To cast Love's shield before me—yet be it said :
 Lo, at thy side my child Cassandra couched
 Lies, the Inspired One—named of Phrygians so.
 Those nights of love, hath their memorial perished ?
 Or for the lovingkindness of the couch

ΕΚΑΒΗ

- 830 χάριν τίν' ἔξει παῖς ἐμή, κείνης δ' ἐγώ ;
 ἔκ τοῦ σκότου γὰρ τῶν τε νυκτερησίῳ
 φίλτρων μεγίστη γίγνεται βροτοῖς χάρις.
 ἄκουε δὴ νυν τὸν θανόντα τόνδ' ὄρα ;
 τοῦτον καλῶς δρῶν ὄντα κηδεστήν σέθεν
 δράσεις. ἐνός μοι μῦθος ἐνδείης ἔτι.
 εἰ μοι γένοιτο φθόγγος ἐν βραχίοσι
 καὶ χερσὶ καὶ κόμαισι καὶ ποδῶν βύσει
 ἢ Δαιδάλου τέχναισιν ἢ θεῶν τινος,
 ὡς πάνθ' ὀμαρτῆ σῶν ἔχουτο γουνάτων
 840 κλαίοντ', ἐπισκῆπτοντα παντοίους λόγους.
 ὦ δέσποτ', ὦ μέγιστον Ἑλλησιν φάος,
 πιθοῦ, παράσχεσ χεῖρα τῇ πρεσβύτιδι
 τιμορῶν, εἰ καὶ μηδέν ἐστίν, ἀλλ' ὅμως.
 ἐσθλοῦ γὰρ ἀνδρὸς τῇ δίκη θ' ὑπηρετεῖν
 καὶ τοὺς κακοὺς δρᾶν πανταχοῦ κακῶς ἀεί.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

δεινόν γε, θνητοῖς ὡς ἅπαντα συμπίτνει,
 καὶ τὰς ἀνάγκας οἱ νόμοι διώρισαν,
 φίλους τιθέντες τοὺς γε πολεμωτάτους
 ἐχθροὺς τε τοὺς πρὶν εὐμενεῖς ποιούμενοι.

ΛΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

- 850 ἐγὼ σέ καὶ σὸν παῖδα καὶ τύχας σέθεν,
 Ἐκάβη, δι' οἴκτου χεῖρά θ' ἱκεσίαν ἔχω
 καὶ βούλομαι θεῶν θ' εἴνεκ' ἀνόσιον ξένον
 καὶ τοῦ δικαίου τήνδε σοι δοῦναι δίκην,
 εἰ πὼς φανείη γ' ὥστε σοί τ' ἔχειν καλῶς,
 στρατῶ τε μὴ δόξαιμι Κασάνδρας χάριν

HECUBA

What thank shall my child have, or I for her? 830
 For of the darkness and the night's love-spells
 Cometh on men the chiefest claim for thank.
 Hearken now, hearken: seest thou this dead
 boy?

Doing him right, to thine own marriage-kin
 Shalt thou do right. One plea more lack I yet:--
 O that I had a voice in these mine arms
 And hands and hair and pacings of my feet,
 By art of Daedalus lent, or of a God,
 That all together to thy knees might cling
 Weeping, and pressing home pleas manifold ¹ 840
 O my lord, mightiest light to Hellas' sons,
 Hearken, O lend thine hand to avenge the aged;
 What though a thing of nought she be, yet hear!
 For 'tis the good man's part to champion right,
 And everywhere and aye to smite the wrong.

CHORUS

Strange, strange, how all cross-chances hap to men
 These laws shift landmarks even of friendship's ties,¹
 Turning to friends the bitterest of foes,
 Changing to enmity the love of old.

AGAMEMNON

I am stirred to pity, Hecuba, both of thee, 850
 Thy son, thy fortune, and thy suppliant hand;
 And for the Gods' and justice' sake were fain
 Thine impious guest should taste for this thy vengeance,
 So means were found thy cause to speed, while I
 Seem not unto the host to plot this death

¹ The laws of right and wrong and the obligation to avenge the blood of kin compel Hecuba to ally herself with Agamemnon, her late enemy, against Polymestor, her late friend.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

860 Θρήκης ἄνακτι τόνδε βουλευῆσαι φόνου.
 ἔστιν γὰρ ἢ ταραγμὸς ἐμπέπτωκέ μοι·
 τὸν ἄνδρα τοῦτον φίλιον ἡγεῖται στρατός,
 τὸν κατθανόντα δ' ἐχθρόν· εἰ δὲ σοὶ φίλος
 ὄδ' ἐστί, χωρὶς τοῦτο κοῦ κοινὸν στρατῶ.
 πρὸς ταῦτα φρόντιζ'· ὡς θέλοντα μὲν μ' ἔχεις
 σοὶ ξυμπουῆσαι καὶ ταχὺν προσαρκέσαι,
 βραδὺν δ', Ἀχαιοῖς εἰ διαβληθήσομαι.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

870 φεῦ·
 οὐκ ἔστι θνητῶν ὅστις ἔστ' ἐλεύθερος·
 ἢ χρημάτων γὰρ δούλός ἐστιν ἢ τύχης,
 ἢ πλήθος αὐτὸν πόλεος ἢ νόμων γραφαὶ
 εἴργουσι χρῆσθαι μὴ κατὰ γνώμην τρόποις.
 ἐπεὶ δὲ ταρβεῖς τῶ τ' ὄχλῳ πλέον νέμεις,
 ἐγὼ σε θήσω τοῦδ' ἐλεύθερον φόβου.
 870 σύμισθι μὲν γάρ, ἦν τι βουλευῶσω κακὸν
 τῶ τόνδ' ἀποκτεῖναιτι, συνδράσης δὲ μή.
 ἦν δ' ἐξ Ἀχαιῶν θόρυβος ἢ ἴπικουρία
 πύσχοτος ἀνδρὸς Θρακὸς οἷα πείσεται
 φαιῆ τις, εἴργε μὴ δοκῶν ἐμὴν χύριν.
 τὰ δ' ἄλλα θάρσει πάντ' ἐγὼ θήσω καλῶς.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

880 πῶς οὖν ; τί δράσεις ; πότερα φάσγανον χερὶ
 λαβοῦσα γραιῖα φῶτα βάρβαρον κτενεῖς,
 ἢ φαρμάκοισιν ἢ ἴπικουρία τίμιν ;
 τίς σοι ξυνέσται χεῖρ ; πόθεν κτήσει φίλους ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

890 στέγαι κεκέυθασ' αἶδε Τρωάδων ὄχλον.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

τὰς αἰχμαλώτους εἶπας, Ἑλλήνων ἄγραν ;

HECUBA

For Thracia's king for thy Cassandra's sake,
For herein is mine heart disquieted :—
This very man the host account their friend,
The dead their foe : that dear he is to thee
Is nought to them, nor part have these in him. 860
Wherefore take thought : in me thou hast one fain
To share thy toil, and swift to lend thee aid,
But slow to face the Achaeans' murmurings.

HECUBA

Ah, among mortals is there no man free !
To lucre or to fortune is he slave :
The city's rabble or the law's impeachment
Constrains him into paths his soul abhors.
But since thou fear'st, dost overrate the crowd,
Even I will set thee free from this thy dread.
Be privy thou, what ill soe'er I plot 870
For my son's slayer, but share not the deed.
If tumult mid the Achaeans rise, or cry
Of rescue, when the Thracian feels my vengeance,
Thou check them, not in seeming for my sake.
For all else, fear not : I will shape all well.

AGAMEMNON

How ? what wouldst do ? Wouldst in thy wrinkled hand
A dagger clutch, and yon barbarian slay ?—
With poisons do the deed, or with what help ?
What arm shall aid thee ? whence wilt win thee
friends ?

HECUBA

These tents a host of Trojan women hide. 880

AGAMEMNON

The captives meanest thou, Greek hunters' prey ?

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΕΚΑΒΗ

συν ταῖσδε τον ἐμὸν φοιέα τιμωρήσομαι.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

και πῶς γυναιξὶν ἀρσένων ἔσται κράτος ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

δεινὸν τὸ πλῆθος, σὺν δόλῳ τε δύσμαχον.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

δεινόν· τὸ μῆτοί θῆλυ μέμφομαι γένος.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

τί δ' : οὐ γυναῖκες εἶλον Αἰγύπτου τέκνα,
 καὶ Λήμνου ἄρδην ἀρσένων ἐξώκισαν ;
 ἀλλ' ὡς γενέσθω· τόνδε μὲν μέθες λόγον,
 πέμψον δέ μοι τήνδ' ἀσφαλῶς διὰ στρατοῦ
 590 γυναιῖκα. καὶ σὺ Θιρηκὶ πλαθεῖσα ξένῳ
 λέξον· καλεῖ σ' ἄνασσα δῆποτ' Ἰλίου
 Ἑκάβη, σὸν οὐκ ἔλασσον ἢ κείνης χρέος,
 καὶ παῖδας· ὡς δεῖ καὶ τέκν' εἰδέναι λόγους
 τοὺς ἐξ ἐκείνης. τὸν δὲ τῆς νεοσφαγοῦς
 Πολυξένης ἐπίσχεσ, Ἀγάμεμνον, τάφον,
 ὡς τῶδ' ἀδελφῶ πλησίον μιᾷ φλογί,
 δισσή μέριμνα μητρί, κρυφθῆτον χθονί.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἔσται τῶδ' οὕτω· καὶ γὰρ εἰ μὲν ἦν στρατῶ
 πλοῦς, οὐκ ἂν εἶχον τήνδε σοι δοῦναι χάριν·
 900 νῦν δ', οὐ γὰρ ἴησ' οὐρίας πνοᾶς θεός,
 μένειν ἀνάγκη πλοῦν ὀρώντας ἤσυχον.
 γένοιτο δ' εὖ πως· πᾶσι γὰρ κοινὸν τόδε
 ἰδία θ' ἐκάστῳ καὶ πόλει, τὸν μὲν κακὸν
 κακὸν τι πάσχειν, τὸν δὲ χρηστὸν εὐτυχεῖν.

HECUBA

HECUBA

By these will I avenge me on my slayer.

AGAMEMNON

How?—women gain the mastery over men?

HECUBA

Mighty are numbers—joined with craft, resistless.

AGAMEMNON

Ay, mighty, yet misprise I womankind.

HECUBA

What? did not women slay Aegyptus' sons,
And wholly of her males dispeople Lemnos?
Yet be it so: forbear to reason thus.
But to this woman give thou through the host
Safe passage.

(*To a servant*) Thou, draw nigh our Thracian guest, 890
Say, "Hecuba, late Queen of Ilium,
Calls thee on thy behoof no less than hers,
Thy sons withal; for these must also hear
Her words." The burial of Polyxena
Late-slaughtered, Agamemnon, thou delay:
So sister joined with brother in one flame,
A mother's double grief, shall be entombed.

AGAMEMNON

So shall it be: yet, might the host but sail,
No power had I to grant this grace to thee.
But, seeing God sends no fair-following winds, 900
Needs must we tarry watching idle sails.
Now fair befall: for all men's weal is this,—
Each several man's, and for the state,—that ill
Betide the bad, prosperity the good. [*Exit.*

ΕΚΑΒΗ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

σὺ μὲν, ὦ πατὴρ Ἰλιάς, στρ. α'
 τῶν ἀπορθήτων πόλις οὐκέτι λέξει·
 τοῖον Ἑλλάνων νέφος ἀμφί σε κρύπτει
 δορὶ δὴ δορὶ πέρσαν.

910 ἀπὸ δὲ στεφάναν κέκαρσαι
 πύργων, κατὰ δ' αἰθάλου
 κηλίδ' οἰκτροτάταν κέχρωσαι,
 τάλαιν', οὐκέτι σ' ἐμβατεύσω.

μεσονύκτιος ὠλλόμεν, ἀντ. α'
 ἦμος ἐκ δείπνων ὕπνος ἠδὺς ἐπ' ὄσσοις
 σκίδναται, μολπᾶν δ' ἄπο καὶ χοροποιὸν
 θυσίαν καταπαύσας

920 πύσις ἐν θαλάμοις ἔκειτο,
 ξυστὸν δ' ἐπὶ πασσάλῳ,
 ναύταν οὐκέθ' ὀρῶν ὄμιλον
 Τροίαν Ἰλιάδ' ἐμβεβῶτα.

ἐγὼ δὲ πλόκαμον ἀναδέτοις στρ. β'
 μίτραισιν ἐρρυθμιζόμεν
 χρυσέων ἐνόπτρων
 λεύσσουσ' ἀτέρμονας εἰς αὐγίης,
 ἐπιδέμμιος ὡς πέσοιμ' ἐς εὐνάν.
 ἀνὰ δὲ κέλαδος ἔμολε πόλιν·

930 κέλευσμα δ' ἦν κατ' ἄστν Τροίας τόδ'· ὦ
 παῖδες Ἑλλάνων, πότε δὴ πότε τὰν
 Ἰλιάδα σκοπιὰν
 πέρσαντες ἤξετ' οἴκους ;

HECUBA

CHORUS

O my fatherland, Ilium, thou art named no more
Mid burgs unspoiled, (*Str.* 1)
Such a battle-cloud lightening spears enshrouds thee
o'er,

All round thee coiled!

Thou art piteously shorn of thy brows' tower-diadem, 910
And smirched with stain
Of the reek; and thy streetways—my feet shall not
tread them,
Ah me, again!

At the midnight my doom lighted on me, when sleep
shed (*Ant.* 1)
O'er eyes sweet rain, [his bed
When from sacrifice-dance and from hushed songs on
My lord had lain, [ken
And the spear on the wall was upheld, for watchman's 920
Saw near nor far
Overtrampling the Ilian plains those sea-borne men,
That host of war.

I was ranging the braids of mine hair 'neath soft
snood-fold: (*Str.* 2)
On mine eyes thrown
Was the gleam from the fathomless depths of mirror-
gold,
Ere I sank down [blast
To my rest on the couch;—but a tumult's tempest-
Swept up the street,
And a battle-cry thundered—"Ye sons of Greeks, on
fast!" 930
Be the castles of Troy overthrown, that home at last
May hail your feet!"

λέχη δὲ φίλια μονόπεπλος ἀντ. β
 λιποῦσα, Δωρίς ὡς κόρα,
 σεμνὰν προσίζουσ'
 οὐκ ἦνυσ' Ἄρτεμιν ἅ τλάμων·
 ἄγομαι δὲ θανόντ' ἰδοῦσ' ἀκοίταν
 τὸν ἐμὸν ἄλιον ἐπὶ πέλαγος
 πόλιν τ' ἀποσκοποῦσ', ἐπεὶ νόστιμον
 940 γαῦς ἐκίνησεν πόδα καί μ' ἀπὸ γᾶς
 ὄρισεν Ἰλιάδος·
 ταλαιν', ἀπεῖπον ἄλγει,

τὰν τοῖν Διοσκόροιν Ἑλέναν κάσιν ἐπῶδ.
 Ἰδαῖόν τε βούταν
 αἰνόπαριν κατάρᾳ
 διδοῦσ', ἐπεὶ με γᾶς
 ἐκ πατρώας ἀπώλεσεν
 ἐξῶκισέν τ' οἴκων γάμος, οὐ γάμος
 ἀλλ' ἀλάστορός τις οἴζυς·
 950 ἂν μῆτε πέλαγος ἄλιον ἀπαγάγοι πάλιν,
 μῆτε πατρῶον ἴκοιτ' ἐς οἶκον.

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

ὦ φίλτατ' ἀνδρῶν Πρίαμε, φιλτάτη δὲ συ,
 Ἑκάβη, δακρύω σ' εἰσορῶν πόλιν τε σὴν,
 τὴν τ' ἄρτίως θανοῦσαν ἔκγονον σέθεν.
 φεῦ·
 οὐκ ἔστιν οὐδὲν πιστόν, οὔτ' εὐδοξία
 οὔτ' αὖ καλῶς πράσσοντα μὴ πράξειν κακῶς.
 φύρουσι δ' αὐτὰ θεοὶ πάλιν τε καὶ πρόσω
 ταριγμὸν ἰνιθέιντες, ὡς ἀγνωσία
 960 σέβωμεν αὐτούς. ἀλλὰ ταῦτα μὲν τι δεῖ
 θρηνηῖν, προκόπτουτ' οὐδὲν εἰς πρόσθεν κακῶν;
 σὺ δ', εἴ τι μέμφει τῆς ἐμῆς ἀπουσίας,

HECUBA

From my dear bed, my lost bed, I sprang, like Dorian
 maid (Ant. 2)

But mantle-veiled,
 And to Artemis' altar I clung—woe's me! I prayed
 In vain, and wailed.
 And my lord I beheld lying dead; and I was borne
 O'er deep salt sea,
 Looking back upon Troy, by the ship from Ilium torn
 As she sped on the Hellas-ward path: then woe-forlorn 940
 I swooned,—ah me!—

(Epode)

Upon Helen, the sister of Zeus' Sons, hurling back,
 And on Paris, fell shepherd of Ida, curses black,
 Who from mine home
 By their bridal had reft me—'twas bridal none, but
 wrack 950
 Devil-wrought:—to her fatherland home o'er yon sea-
 track
 Ne'er may she come!

*Enter POLYMESTOR with his two little sons attended by a
 guard of Thracian spearmen.*

POLYMESTOR

Priam of men most dear!—and dearest thou,
 O Hecuba, I weep beholding thee,
 Thy city, and thine offspring slain so late.
 Nought is there man may trust, nor high repute,
 Nor present weal—for it may turn to woe;
 All things the Gods confound, hurl this way and
 that,
 Turmoiling all, that we, foreknowing nought,
 May worship them:—what skills it to make moan 960
 For this, outrunning evils none the more?
 But if mine absence thou dost chide, forbear;

321

ΕΚΑΒΗ

σχές· τυγχάνω γὰρ ἐν μέσοις Θρήκης ὄροις
ἀπών, ὅτ' ἦλθες δευρ'· ἐπεὶ δ' ἀφικόμην,
ἦδ' ἰδοὺ πόδ' ἔξω δωμαίων αἴροντί μοι
εἰς ταῦτόν ἦδε συμπίτνει δμῶις σέθεν,
λέγουσα μύθους ὧν κλύων ἀφικόμην.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

970 αἰσχύνομαί σε προσβλέπειν ἐναντίον,
Πολυμήστορ, ἐν τοιοῖσδε κειμένα κακοῖς.
ὄτω γὰρ ὄφθην εὐτυχούσ', αἰδώς μ' ἔχει
ἐν τῷδε πόντῳ τυγχάνουσ' ἴν' εἰμὶ νῦν,
κούκ ἂν δυναίμην προσβλέπειν σ' ὀρθαῖς κόραις.
ἀλλ' αὐτὸ μὴ δύσνοιαν ἠγήση σέθεν,
Πολυμήστορ· ἄλλως δ' αἰτίον τι καὶ νόμος
γυναῖκας ἀνδρῶν μὴ βλέπειν ἐναντίον.

ΠΟΛΤΜΗΣΤΩΡ

καὶ θαυμά γ' οὐδέν. ἀλλὰ τίς χρεῖα σ' ἐμοῦ ;
τί χρεῖμ' ἐπέμψω τὸν ἐμὸν ἐκ δόμων πόδα ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

980 ἴδιον ἐμαυτῆς δὴ τι πρὸς σέ βούλομαι
καὶ παῖδας εἰπεῖν σοῦς· ὁπίοινας δέ μοι
χωρὶς κέλευσον τῶνδ' ἀποστήναι δόμων.

ΠΟΛΤΜΗΣΤΩΡ

χωρεῖτ'· ἐν ἀσφαλεῖ γὰρ ἦδ' ἐρημία·
φίλη μὲν ἡμῖν εἶ σύ, προσφιλες δέ μοι
στράτευμ' Ἀχαιῶν. ἀλλὰ σημαίνειν σε χρεῖ
τί χρεῖ τὸν εὐ πρᾶσσοντα μὴ πρᾶσσουσιν εὖ
φίλοις ἐπαρκεῖν· ὡς ἔτοιμός εἰμ' ἐγώ.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

πρῶτον μὲν εἰπέ παιδ' ὃν ἐξ ἐμῆς χερὸς
Πολύδωρον ἔκ τε πατρὸς ἐν δόμοις ἔχεις,
εἰ ζῆ· τὰ δ' ἄλλα δευτέρόν σ' ἐρήσομαι.

HECUBA

For in the mid-Thraee tracts afar was I
When thou cam'st hither : soon as I returned,
At point was I to hasten forth mine home ;
When lo, for this same end thine handmaid came
Telling a tale whose tidings winged mine haste.

HECUBA

I shame to look thee in the face, who am sunk,
O Polymestor, in such depth of ills.
Thou sawest me in weal : shame's thrall I am, 970
Found in such plight wherein I am this day.
I cannot face thee with unshrinking eyes.
Yet count it not as evil-will to thee,
Polymestor ; therebeside is custom's bar
That women look not in the eyes of men.

POLYMESTOR

No marvel :—but what need hast thou of me ?
For what cause from mine home hast sped my feet ?

HECUBA

A secret of mine own I fain would tell
To thee and thine. I pray thee, bid thy guards
Aloof from these pavilions to withdraw. 980

POLYMESTOR

Depart ye, for this solitude is safe. [*Exeunt guards.*
My friend art thou, well-willed to me this host
Achaean. Now behoves thee to declare
Wherein the prosperous must render help
To friends afflicted : lo, prepared am I.

HECUBA

First, of the son whom in thine halls thou hast,
Polydorus, of mine hands, and of his sire's—
Liveth he ? I will ask thee then the rest.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

μάλιστα· τούκείνου μὲν εὐτυχεῖς μέρος.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὦ φίλταθ', ὡς εὖ καξίως σέθεν λέγεις.

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

τί δῆτα βούλει δεύτερον μαθεῖν ἐμοῦ ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

εἰ τῆς τεκούσης τῆσδε μέμνηταί τί μου.

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

καὶ δεῦρό γ' ὡς σὲ κρύφιος ἐζήτει μολεῖν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

χρυσὸς δὲ σῶς ὃν ἦλθεν ἐκ Τροίας ἔχων ;

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

σῶς, ἐν δόμοις γε τοῖς ἐμοῖς φρουρούμενος.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

σῶσόν νυν αὐτὸν μηδ' ἔρα τῶν πλησίον.

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

ἤκιστ'· ὀναίμην τοῦ παρόντος, ὦ γύναι.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οἶσθ' οὖν ἂ λέξαι σοί τε καὶ παισὶν θέλω ;

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

οὐκ οἶδα· τῷ σῷ τοῦτο σημανεῖς λόγῳ.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἔστ', ὦ φιλιθεῖς ὡς σὺ νῦν ἐμοὶ φιλεῖ,

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

τί χρῆμ' ὃ κίμῃ καὶ τέκν' εἰδέναί χρεῶν ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

χρυσοῦ παλαιαὶ Πριαμιδῶν κατώρυχες.

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

ταῦτ' ἔσθ' ἂ βούλει παιδὶ σημήναι σέθεν ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

μάλιστα, διὰ σοῦ γ'· εἰ γὰρ εὐσεβῆς ἀνὴρ.

990

1000

HECUBA

POLYMESTOR

Surely : as touching him thy lot is fair.

HECUBA

Dear friend, how well thou speak'st and worthy thee ! 990

POLYMESTOR

Prithee, what next art fain to learn of me ?

HECUBA

If me, his mother, he remembereth ?

POLYMESTOR

Yea—fain had come to thee in secret hither.

HECUBA

Is the gold safe, wherewith from Troy he came ?

POLYMESTOR

Safe—warded in mine halls in any wise.

HECUBA

Safe keep it : covet not thy neighbours' goods.

POLYMESTOR

Nay, lady: joy be mine of that I have!

HECUBA

Know'st what I fain would tell thee and thy sons ?

POLYMESTOR

I know not : this thy word shall signify.

HECUBA

There is, O friend dear as thou art to me—

1000

POLYMESTOR

Yea—what imports my sons and me to know ?

HECUBA

Gold—ancient vaults of gold of Priam's line.

POLYMESTOR

This is it thou art fain to tell thy son ?

HECUBA

Yea, by thy mouth : thou art a righteous man.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

τί δῆτα τέκνων τῶνδε δεῖ παρουσίας ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἄμεινον, ἦν σὺ καθάνησ, τούσδ' εἰδέναι.

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

καλῶς ἔλεξας· τῆδε καὶ σοφώτερον.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οἶσθ' οὖν Ἀθήνας Ἰλίας ἵνα στέγαι ;

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

ἐνταῦθ' ὁ χρυσός ἐστι ; σημεῖον δὲ τί ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

1010 μέλαινα πέτρα γῆς ὑπερτέλλουσ' ἄνω.

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

ἔτ' οὖν τι βούλει τῶν ἐκεῖ φράζειν ἐμοί ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

σῶσαι σε χρήμαθ' οἷς συνεξῆλθον θέλω.

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

ποῦ δῆτα ; πέπλων ἐντὸς ἢ κρύψασ' ἔχεις ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

σκύλων ἐν ὄχλῳ ταῖσδε σῶζεται στέγαις.

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

ποῦ δ' ; αἶδ' Ἀχαιῶν ναύλοχοι περιπτυχαί.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ιδίαι γυναικῶν αἰχμαλωτίδων στέγαι.

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

τάνδον δὲ πιστὰ κύρσένων ἐρημία ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οὐδεὶς Ἀχαιῶν ἔνδον, ἀλλ' ἡμεῖς μόναί.

1020 ἀλλ' ἔρπ' ἐς οἴκους· καὶ γὰρ Ἀργεῖοι νεῶν

λῦσαι ποθοῦσιν οἴκαδ' ἐκ Ἰτροίας πόδα·

ὥς πάντα πράξας ὧν σε δεῖ, στείχης πάλιν

ξὺν παισὶν οὐπερ τὸν ἐμὸν ᾤκισας γόνον.

HECUBA

POLYMESTOR

What needeth then the presence of my sons ?

HECUBA

Better they knew, if haply thou shouldst die.

POLYMESTOR

Well hast thou said : yea, 'twere the wiser way.

HECUBA

Dost know where stood Athene's Trojan fane ?

POLYMESTOR

There ?—is the gold there ?—and the token, what ?

HECUBA

A black rock from the earth's face jutting forth. 1010

POLYMESTOR

Hast aught beside to tell me of that hoard ?

HECUBA

Some jewels I brought thence—keep them for me.

POLYMESTOR

Where ?—where ?—beneath thy raiment, or in hiding ?

HECUBA

In yon tents, safe beneath a heap of spoils.

POLYMESTOR

Safe ?—there ?—Achaean ships empale us round.

HECUBA

Inviolatè are the captive women's tents.

POLYMESTOR

Within is all safe ? Be they void of men ?

HECUBA

Within is no Achaean, only we.

Enter the tents,—for fain the Argives are
To unmoor the ships for homeward flight from Troy, — 1020
That, all well done, thou mayst with thy sons fare
To where thou gav'st a home unto my child.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

1030

οὐπω δέδωκας, ἀλλ' ἴσως δώσεις δίκην
 ἀλίμενόν τις ὡς εἰς ἄντλον πεσῶν
 λέχριος ἐκπεσεῖ φίλας καρδίας,
 ἀμέρσας βίον. τὸ γὰρ ὑπέγγυον
 Δίκᾱ καὶ θεοῖσιν οὐ συμπίτνει,
 ὀλέθριοι ὀλέθριον κακόν.
 ψεύσει σ' ὁδοῦ τῆσδ' ἐλπίς ἢ σ' ἐπήγαγεν
 θανάσιμον πρὸς Ἀίδα, ὦ τάλας·
 ἀπολέμῳ δὲ χειρὶ λείψει βίον.

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

ὦμοι, τυφλοῦμαι φέγγος ὀμμάτων τάλας.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἠκούσατ' ἀνδρὸς Θρηκὸς οἰμωγῆν, φίλαι ;

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

ὦμοι μάλ' αὖθις, τέκνα, δυστήνου σφαγῆς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

φίλαι, πέπρακται καὶν' ἔσω δόμων κακά.

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

1040

ἀλλ' οὔτι μὴ φύγητε λαιψηρῶ ποδί·
 βάλλων γὰρ οἴκων τῶνδ' ἀναρρήξω μυχοῦς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἰδού, βαρείας χειρὸς ὀρμᾶται βέλος.
 βούλεσθ' ἐπεισπέσωμεν ; ὡς ἀκμὴ καλεῖ
 Ἐκάβη παρεῖναι Τρωάσιν τε συμμάχους.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἄρασσε, φείδου μηδέν, ἐκβάλλων πύλας·
 οὐ γάρ ποτ' ὄμμα λαμπρὸν ἐνθήσεις κόραις,
 οὐ παῖδας ὄψει ζῶντας οὐς ἔκτειν' ἐγώ.

HECUBA

HECUBA and POLYMESTOR *with Children enter the tent.*

CHORUS

Not yet is the penalty paid, but thy time is at hand,
As who reeleth adown an abyss wherein foothold is
 none [thou hast ta'en.
 Slant-slipping, from sweet life hurled, for the life
For wherever it cometh to pass that the rightful
demand

Of justice's claim and the laws of the Gods be at one, 1030

Then is ruinous bane for the sinner, O ruinous
bane ! [Unseen Land,

It shall mock thee, thy wayfaring's hope ; to the
To the place of the dead hath it drawn thee, O
wretch undone ! [thou be slain.

By the hand not of warriors, thou hero, shalt

POLYMESTOR (*within*)

Ah, I am blinded of mine eyes' light—wretch !

CHORUS

Heard ye the yell of yonder Thracian, friends ?

POLYMESTOR (*within*)

Ah me, my children !—ah the awful murder !

CHORUS

Friends, strange grim work is wrought in yonder tent.

POLYMESTOR (*within*)

Surely by swift feet shall ye not escape !

My blows shall rive this dwelling's inmost parts !

1040

CHORUS

Lo, crasheth there swift bolt of giant hand.

Shall we burst in ?—the peril summoneth us

To help of Hecuba and the Trojan dames.

Enter HECUBA.

HECUBA

Smite on—spare not—ay, batter down the doors !

Ne'er shalt thou set bright vision in thine orbs,

Nor living see thy sons whom I have slain.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἦ γὰρ καθεῖλες Θρηῆκα καὶ κρατεῖς ξένου,
δέσποινα, καὶ δέδρακας οἰάπερ λέγεις ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

1050

ὄψει νιν αὐτίκ' ὄντα δωμάτων πάρος
τυφλὸν τυφλῷ στείχοντα παραφόρῳ ποδί,
παίδων τε δισσῶν σώμαθ', οὓς ἔκτειν' ἐγὼ
σὺν ταῖς ἀρίσταις Τρωάσιν· δίκην δέ μοι
δέδωκε· χωρεῖ δ', ὡς ὄρῃς, ὅδ' ἐκ δόμων.
ἀλλ' ἐκποδῶν ἄπειμι κίποσθήσομαι
θυμῷ ζέοντι Θρηκὶ δυσμαχωτάτῳ.

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

1060

ὦ μοι ἐγὼ, πᾶ βῶ,
πᾶ στῶ, πᾶ κέλσω ;
τετράποδος βάσιν θηρὸς ὄρεστέρου
τιθέμενος ἐπὶ χεῖρα κατ' ἔχνος ; ποιαν,
ἦ ταύταν ἦ τάνδ'
ἐξαλλάξω, τὰς
ἀνδροφόνους μάρψαι
χρήζων Ἰλιάδας, αἶ με διώλεσαν ;
τάλαιναι κόραι τάλαιναι Φρυγῶν,
ὦ κατάρατοι,
ποῖ καί με φυγᾶ πτώσσουσι μυχῶν ;
εἶθε μοι ὀμμάτων αἱματόεν βλέφαρον
ἀκέσσαιο τυφλὸν ἀκέσσαι, " Ἀλιε,
φέγγος ἀπαλλάξας.
ἂ ἂ,

1070

σίγα· κρυπτὰν βάσιν αἰσθάνομαι
τάνδε γυναικῶν. πᾶ πόδ' ἐπάξας
σαρκῶν ὀστέων τ' ἐμπλησθῶ,
θοῖναν ἀγρίων τιθέμενος θηρῶν,
ἀρνύμενος λῶβαν

HECUBA

CHORUS

Hast smitten?—overcome thy Thracian guest,
Lady?—hast done the deed thou threatenedst?

HECUBA

Him shalt thou straightway see before the tents,
Blind, pacing with blind aimless-stumbling feet, 1050
And his two children's corpses, whom I slew
With Trojan heroines' help: now hath he paid me
The vengeance-dues. There comes he forth, thou
seest.

I from his path will step; the seething rage
Of yonder Thracian monster will I shun.

Enter POLYMESTOR.

POLYMESTOR

Ah me, whitherward shall I go?—where stand?
Where find me a mooring-place?
Must I prowl on their track with foot and with hand
As a mountain-beast should pace?
Or to this side or that shall I turn me, for vengeance 1060
pursuing [mine undoing?
The slaughterous hags of Troy which have wrought
Foul daughters of Phrygia, murderesses
Accursèd, in what deep-hidden recesses
Are ye cowering in flight?
O couldst thou but heal these eye-pits gory—
O couldst thou but heal the blind, and restore
me,
O sun, thy light!
Hist—hist—their stealthy footfalls creep—
I hear them—whither shall this foot leap, 1070
That their flesh and their bones I may gorge, and may
slake me
With their blood, and a banquet of wild beasts make me,
Requiting their outrage well

ΕΚΑΒΗ

λίμας ἀντίποιον' ἐμᾶς ; ὦ τάλας,
 ποῖ πᾶ φέρομαι τέκν' ἔρημα λιπῶν
 Βάκχαις "Αἶδου διαμοιρᾶσαι,
 σφακτὰν κυσί τε φονίαν δαίτ' ἀνήμερον
 οὐρείαν τ' ἐκβολάν ;

1080

πᾶ στῶ, πᾶ κάμψω, πᾶ βῶ,
 ναῦς ὅπως ποντίοις πείσμασι, λινόκροκον
 φᾶρος στέλλων, ἐπὶ τάνδε συθεῖς
 τέκνων ἐμῶν φύλαξ
 ὀλέθριον κοίταν ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὦ τλήμων, ὡς σοι δύσφορ' εἴργασται κακά·
 δράσαντι δ' αἰσχρὰ δεινὰ τὰπιτίμια
 daίμων ἔδωκεν ὅστις ἐστί σοι βαρύς.

ΠΟΛΥΤΜΗΣΤΩΡ

αἰαῖ, ἰὼ Θρήκης

λογχοφόρον ἔνοπλον εὐπιππον "Α-
 ρει κάτοχον γένος.

1090

ἰὼ 'Αχαιοί, ἰὼ 'Ατρεΐδαι.

βοᾶν βοᾶν ἄντῳ, βοᾶν·

ἴτε, μόλετε πρὸς θεῶν.

κλύει τις ἢ οὐδεὶς ἀρκέσει ; τί μέλλετε ;

γυναῖκες ὄλεσάν με,

γυναῖκες αἰχμαλωτίδες·

δεινὰ δεινὰ πεπόνηθαμεν.

ὦμοι ἐμᾶς λώβας.

ποῖ τράπωμαι, ποῖ πορευθῶ ;

1100

ἀμπτάμενος οὐράνιον

ἰψιπετὲς εἰς μέλαθρον, 'Ωρίων

ἢ Σείριος ἔνθα πυρὸς φλογέας ἀφίη-

σιν ὅσσων αὐγάς, ἢ τὸν "Αἶδα

μελανόχρωτα πορθμὸν ἄξω τάλας ;

HECUBA

With grimmer revenge?—Woe! where am I
borne

Forsaking my fenceless babes to be torn

Of the bacchanals of hell, [prey

Butchered and east away for the dogs' blood-boultured

On a desolate mountain-fell? [rest?

Ah, where shall I stand?—whither go?— where

As a ship furls sail that hath havenward pressed, 1080

I would dart into that death-haunted lair,

I would shroud my babes in my linen vest,

I would guard them there!

CHORUS

Wretch! wreaked on thee are ills intolerable:

Foul deeds thou didst, and awful penalty

A God hath laid on thee with heavy hand.

POLYMESTOR

What ho! spear-brandishers, nation arrayed in warrior's
weed! [gallant steed!

Thracians possessed of the War-god, lords of the 1090

What ho, ye Achaeans!—Atreus' seed!

Rescue! Rescue! I raise the cry.

O come, in the name of the Gods draw
nigh! [help me nor heed?

Hears any man?—wherefore delay?—will no man

Of women undone, destroyed, am I—

'The women of Troy's captivity. [deed!

Horrors are wrought on me—horrors! Woe for the felon

Whitherward shall I turn me? Whither-

ward fare? [to the mansions of air,

Shall I leap as on wings to the height of the heaven, 1100

To Orion or Sirius, fearful-gleaming

With the burning flames from his eyes out-

streaming, [gorge in despair?

Or plunge to the blackness of darkness, to Hades'

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

συγγνώσθ', ὅταν τις κρείσσον' ἢ φέρειν κακὰ
πάθῃ, ταλαίνης ἐξαπαλλάξαι ζόης.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

1110

κραυγῆς ἀκούσας ἦλθον· οὐ γὰρ ἦσυχος
πέτρας ὀρείας παῖς λέλακ' ἀνὰ στρατὸν
'Ηχὼ διδοῦσα θόρυβον· εἰ δὲ μὴ Φρυγῶν
πύργους πεσόντας ἦσμεν Ἑλλήνων δορί,
φόβον παρέσχευ οὐ μέσως ὄδε κτύπος.

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

ὦ φίλτατ', ἠσθύμην γάρ, Ἀγάμεμνον, σέθεν
φωνῆς ἀκούσας, εἰσορᾶς ἂ πᾶσχομεν ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

ἔα·

Πολυμῆστορ ὦ δύστηνε, τίς σ' ἀπώλεσε ;
τίς ὄμμ' ἔθηκε τυφλὸν αἰμάξας κόρας,
παῖδάς τε τούσδ' ἔκτεινεν ; ἢ μέγαν χόλου
σοὶ καὶ τέκνοισιν εἶχεν ὅστις ἦν ἄρα.

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

1120

Ἐκάβη με σὺν γυναιξὶν αἰχμαλωτίσιν
ἀπώλεσ', οὐκ ἀπώλεσ', ἀλλὰ μειζόνως.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

τί φῆς ; σὺ τοῦργον εἵργασαι τὸδ', ὡς λέγει ;
σὺ τόλμαν, Ἐκάβη, τήνδ' ἔτλης ἀμήχανον ;

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

ὦμοι, τί λέξεις ; ἢ γὰρ ἐγγύς ἐστί που ;
σήμηνον, εἰπέ ποῦ 'σθ', ἴν' ἀρπάσας χεροῖν
διασπᾶσμαι καὶ καθαιμάξω χροά.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

οὔτος, τί πᾶσχεις ;

HECUBA

CHORUS

Small blame, if he which suffereth heavier woes
Than man may bear, should flee his wretched life.

Enter AGAMEMNON.

AGAMEMNON

Hearing a shout I came ; for in no whispers
The mountain-rock's child Echo through the host 1110
Cried, waking tumult. Knew we not the towers
Of Phrygia by the spear of Greeks had fallen,
No little panic had this clangour roused.

POLYMESTOR

Dear friend—for, Agamemnon, 'tis thy voice
I hear and know—seest thou what I endure ?

AGAMEMNON

Ha, wretched Polymestor, who hath marred thee ?
Who dashed with blood thine eyes, and blinded
thee ?—

Slew these thy sons ? Sooth, against thee and thine
Grim was his fury, whosoe'er it was.

POLYMESTOR

Hecuba, with the captive woman-throng, 1120
Destroyed me—nay, destroyed not—O, far worse !

AGAMEMNON

What say'st thou ? Thine the deed, as he hath said ?
Thou, Hecuba, dare this thing impossible !

POLYMESTOR

Ha ! what say'st thou ?—and is she nigh me now ?
Tell where is she, that I may in mine hands
Clutch her and rend, and bathe her flesh in blood.

AGAMEMNON (*holding him back*)

Ho thou, what ails thee ?

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

πρὸς θεῶν σε λίσσομαι,
μέθες μ' ἐφεῖναι τῆδε μαργῶσαν χέρα.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

1130

ἴσχ'· ἐκβαλὼν δὲ καρδίας τὸ βάρβαρον
λέγ', ὡς ἀκούσας σοῦ τε τῆσδέ τ' ἐν μέρει
κρίνω δικαίως ἀνθ' ὅτου πύσχεις τάδε.

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

1140

λέγοιμ' ἄν. ἦν τις Πριαμιδῶν νεώτατος,
Πολύδωρος, Ἐκάβης παῖς, ὃν ἐκ Τροίας ἔμοι
πατὴρ δίδωσι Πρίαμος ἐν δόμοις τρέφειν,
ὑποπτος ὢν δὴ Τρωικῆς ἀλώσεως.
τοῦτον κατέκτειν'· ἀνθ' ὅτου δ' ἔκτεινά νιν
ἄκουσον, ὡς εὖ καὶ σοφῆ προμηθία.

1150

ἔδεια μὴ σοὶ πολέμιος λειφθεὶς ὁ παῖς
Τροίαν ἀθροίσῃ καὶ ξυνοικίσῃ πάλιν,
γρόντες δ' Ἀχαιοὶ ζῶντα Πριαμιδῶν τινα
Φρυγῶν ἐς αἶαν αὐθις ἄρειαν στόλον,
κᾶπειτα Θρήκης πεδία τρίβοιεν τάδε
ληηλατοῦντες, γείτοσιν δ' εἶη κακὸν
Τρώων, ἐν ᾧπερ νῦν, ἄναξ, ἐκίμνομεν.
Ἐκάβη δὲ παιδὸς γνοῦσα θανάσιμον μόρον
λόγῳ με τοιῶδ' ἤγαγ', ὡς κεκρυμμένυς
θήκας φρύσουσα Πριαμιδῶν ἐν Ἰλίῳ
χρυσοῦ· μόνον δὲ σὺν τέκνοισί μ' εἰσάγει
δόμους, ἴν' ἄλλος μὴ τις εἰδείῃ τάδε.
ἴζω δὲ κλίης ἐν μέσῳ κάμψυς γόνυ·
πολλαὶ δὲ χειρὸς αἰ μὲν ἐξ ἀριστερᾶς,
αἰ δ' ἔνθεν, ὡς δὴ παρὰ φίλῳ, Τρώων κόραι
θάκουσ ἔχουσαι, κερκίδ' Ἠδωνῆς χερὸς
ἦνουν, ὑπ' αὐγὰς τούσδε λεύσσομαι πέπλους·
ἄλλαι δὲ κάμυκα Θρηκίαν θεώμεναι

HECUBA

POLYMESTOR

By the Gods I pray thee,
Unhand me—loose my frenzied hand on her!

AGAMEMNON

Forbear: cast out the savage from thine heart.
Speak, let me hear first thee, then her, and judge 1130
Justly for what cause thus thou sufferest.

POLYMESTOR

I speak: of Priam's house was one, the youngest,
Polydorus, Hecuba's child, whom his sire sent
From Troy to me, to nurture in mine halls,
Misdoubting, ye may guess, the fall of Troy.
Him slew I. For what cause I slew him, hear:—
Mark how I dealt well, wisely, prudently:—
I feared their son might, left alive thy foe,
Gather Troy's remnant and repeople her,
And, hearing how a Priamid lived, Achaea 1140
To Phrygia-land again should bring her host;
Then should they trample down these plains of
Thrace

In foray, and the ills that wasted us
But now, O king, should on Troy's neighbours fall.
And Hecuba, being ware of her son's death,
With this tale lured me, that she would reveal
Hid treasures of gold of Priam's line
In Troy. Me only with my sons she leads
Within the tents, that none beside might know.
Bowing the knee there sat I in their midst; 1150
While, on my left hand some, some on the right,
As by a friend, forsooth, Troy's daughters sat
Many: the web of our Edonian loom
Praised they, uplifting to the light my cloak;
And some my Thracian lance admiring took,

ΕΚΑΒΗ

- γυμνόν μ' ἔθηκαν διπτύχου στολίσματος.
 ὄσαι δὲ τοκάδες ἦσαν, ἐκπαγλούμεναι
 τέκν' ἐν χεροῖν ἔπαλλον, ὡς πρόσω πατρὸς
 γένοιτο, διαδοχαῖς ἀμείβουσαι χερῶν.
 1160 κατ' ἐκ γαληνῶν—πῶς δοκεῖς ;—προσφθεγμάτων
 εὐθύς λαβοῦσαι φάσγαν' ἐκ πέπλων ποθὲν
 κεντοῦσι παῖδας, αἱ δὲ πολεμίων δίκην
 ξυναρπάσασαι τὰς ἐμὰς εἶχον χέρας
 καὶ κῶλα· παισὶ δ' ἀρκέσαι χρήζων ἐμοῖς,
 εἰ μὲν πρόσωπον ἐξανισταίην ἐμόν,
 κόμης κατεῖχον, εἰ δὲ κινοίην χέρας,
 πλήθει γυναικῶν οὐδὲν ἦννον τάλας.
 τὸ λοίσθιον δέ, πῆμα πήματος πλέον,
 ἐξειργάσαντο δεῖν'· ἐμῶν γὰρ ὀμμάτων,
 1170 πόρπας λαβοῦσαι, τὰς ταλαιπώρους κόρας
 κεντοῦσιν, αἰμάσσουσιν· εἴτ' ἀνὰ στέγας
 φυγάδες ἔβησαν· ἐκ δὲ πηδήσας ἐγὼ
 θῆρ ὡς διώκω τὰς μαιφύρους κύνας,
 ἅπαντ' ἐρευνῶν τοίχον ὡς κυνηγέτης,
 βάλλων, ἀράσσων. τοιάδε σπεύδων χάριν
 πέπουθα τὴν σὴν πολέμιόν τε σὸν κτανῶν,
 Ἄγήμενον. ὡς δὲ μὴ μακροὺς τείνω λόγους,
 εἴ τις γυναῖκας τῶν πρὶν εἴρηκεν κακῶς
 ἢ νῦν λέγων ἔστιν τις ἢ μέλλει λέγειν,
 1180 ἅπαντα ταῦτα συντεμὼν ἐγὼ φράσω·
 γένος γὰρ οὔτε πόντος οὔτε γῆ τρέφει
 τοιούδ', ὃ δ' αἰὲ ξυντυχῶν ἐπίσταται.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

μηδὲν θρασύνου, μηδὲ τοῖς σαυτοῦ κακοῖς
 τὸ θῆλυ συνθεῖς ὧδε πᾶν μέμψῃ γένος·
 πολλαὶ γὰρ ἡμῶν, αἱ μὲν οὐκ¹ ἐπίφθονοι,
 αἱ δ' εἰς ἀριθμὸν τῶν κακῶν πεφύκαμεν.

HECUBA

And stripped me so alike of spear and shield.
 As many as were mothers, loud in praise
 Dandled my babes, that from their sire afar
 They might be borne, from hand to hand passed on.
 Then, after such smooth speech,—couldst thou
 believe?—

1160

Suddenly snatching daggers from their robes,
 They stab my sons ; and others all as one
 In foemen's fashion gripped mine hands and feet,
 And held : and, when I fain would aid my sons,
 If I essayed to raise my face, by the hair
 They held me down : if I would move mine hands,
 For the host of women—wretch !—I nought prevailed.
 And last—O outrage than all outrage worse !—
 A hideous deed they wrought ; their brooch-pins
 They grasp, these wretched eyeballs of mine eyes
 They stab, they flood with gore. Then through the
 tents

1170

Fleeing they went. Up from the earth I leapt,
 And like a wild-beast chased the blood-stained hounds,
 Groping o'er all the wall, like tracking huntsman,
 Smiting and battering. All for my zeal's sake
 For thee, I suffered this, who slew thy foe,
 Agamemnon. Wherefore needeth many words ?
 Whoso ere now hath spoken ill of women,
 Or speaketh now, or shall hereafter speak,
 All this in one word will I close and say :—
 Nor sea nor land doth nurture such a breed :
 He knoweth, who hath converse with them most.

1180

CHORUS

Be nowise reckless, nor, for thine own ills,
 Include in this thy curse all womankind.
 For some, yea many of us, deserve no blame,
 Though some by vice of blood count midst the bad.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΕΚΑΒΗ

- 1190 Ἀγάμεμνον, ἀνθρώποισιν οὐκ ἐχρῆν ποτε
 τῶν πραγμάτων τὴν γλῶσσαν ἰσχύειν πλέον·
 ἀλλ' εἶτε χρήστ' ἔδρασε, χρήστ' ἔδει λέγειν,
 εἴτ' αὖ πονηρά, τοὺς λόγους εἶναι σαθροῦς,
 καὶ μὴ δύνασθαι τάδικ' εὖ λέγειν ποτέ.
 σοφοὶ μὲν οὖν εἰς' οἱ τὰδ' ἠκριβωκότες,
 ἀλλ' οὐ δύναιντ' ἂν διὰ τέλους εἶναι σοφοί,
 κακῶς δ' ἀπώλонт'· οὔτις ἐξήλυξέ πω.
 καί μοι τὸ μὲν σὸν ὦδε φροιμίους ἔχει
 πρὸς τόνδε δ' εἶμι, καὶ λόγοις ἀμείψομαι,
 ὃς φῆς Ἀχαιῶν πόνον ἀπαλλάσσων διπλοῦν
 Ἀγαμέμνονός θ' ἕκατι παῖδ' ἐμὸν κτανεῖν.
 1200 ἀλλ', ὦ κάκιστε, πρῶτα ποῦ ποτ' ἂν φίλον
 τὸ βαρβαρον γένοιτ' ἂν Ἑλλησιν γένος ;
 οὐδ' ἂν δύναιτο· τίνα δὲ καὶ σπεύδων χάριν
 κρόθυμος ἦσθα ; πότερα κηδεύσων τινά,
 ἢ ξυγγενῆς ὦν, ἢ τίν' αἰτίαν ἔχων ;
 ἢ σῆς ἔμελλον γῆς τεμεῖν βλαστήματα
 πλεύσαντες αὖθις ; τίνα δοκεῖς πείσειν τάδε ;
 ὁ χρυσός, εἰ βούλοιο τάληθῆ λέγειν,
 ἔκτεινε τὸν ἐμὸν παῖδα καὶ κέρδη τὰ σά.
 ἐπεὶ δίδαξον τοῦτο· πῶς, ὅτ' ἠτύχει
 1210 Τροία, πέριξ δὲ πύργος εἶχ' ἔτι πτόλιν,
 ἔζη τε Πρίαμος Ἑκτορός τ' ἠνθει δόρυ,
 τί δ' οὐ τότε, εἶπερ τῶδ' ἐβουλήθης χάριν
 θέσθαι, τρέφων τὸν παῖδα κὰν δόμοις ἔχων
 ἔκτεινας, ἢ ζῶντ' ἦλθες Ἀργείοις ἄγων ;
 ἀλλ' ἠνίχ' ἡμεῖς οὐκέτ' ἐσμὲν ἐν φάει,
 καπνώ δ' ἐσήμην' ἄστν πολεμίων ὑπο,
 ξένον κατέκτας σὴν μολόντ' ἐφ' ἐστίαν.
 πρὸς τοῖσδε νῦν ἄκουσον ὡς φανῆς κακος.

HECUBA

HECUBA

Agamemnon, never should this thing have been,
That words with men should more avail than deeds ;
But good deeds should with reasonings good be
paired,

And baseless plea be ranged by caitiff deed, 1190
And ne'er avail to gloze injustice o'er.

There be whose craft such art hath perfected ;
Yet cannot they be cunning to the end :

Fouly they perish : never one hath 'scaped.

Such prelude hath my speech as touching thee.

Now with plea answering plea to him I turn :—

To spare the Greeks, say'st thou, a twice-toiled task,
For Agamemnon's sake thou slew'st my son.

Villain of villains, when, when could thy race,

Thy brute race, be a friend unto the Greeks ? 1200

Never. And, prithee, whence this fervent zeal

To serve his cause ?—didst look to wed his daughter ?

Art of his kin ?—or what thy private end ?

Or were they like to sail again and waste

Thy crops ? Whom think'st thou to convince
hereby ?

That gold—hadst thou the will to tell the truth—

Murdered my son : that, and thy greed of gain.

For, answer : why, when all went well with Troy,

When yet her ramparts girt the city round,

And Priam lived, and triumphed Hector's spear, 1210

Why not then, if thou fain wouldst earn kings' thanks,

When in mine halls ye had my son and fostered,

Slay him, or living bring him to the Greeks ?

But, soon as in the light we walked no more,

And the smoke's token proved our town the foe's,

Thou slew'st the guest that came unto thine hearth.

Nay more, hear now how thou art villain proved :

ΕΚΑΒΗ

1220 χρῆν' σ', εἶπερ ἦσθα τοῖς Ἀχαιοῖσιν φίλος,
 τὸν χρυσοῦν ὃν φῆς οὐ σὸν ἀλλὰ τοῦδ' ἔχειν,
 δοῦναι φέροντα πενομένους τε καὶ χρόνον
 πολὺν πατρώας γῆς ἀπεξενωμένοις·
 σὺ δ' οὐδὲ νῦν πω σῆς ἀπαλλάξαι χερὸς
 πολμᾶς, ἔχων δὲ καρτερεῖς ἔτ' ἐν δόμοις.
 καὶ μὴν τρέφων μὲν ὅς σε παῖδ' ἐχρῆν τρέφειν
 σώσας τε τὸν ἐμόν, εἶχες ἂν καλὸν κλέος·
 ἐν τοῖς κακοῖς γὰρ ἀγαθοὶ σαφέστατοι
 φίλοι· τὰ χρηστὰ δ' αὐθ' ἕκαστ' ἔχει φίλους.
 εἰ δ' ἐσπᾶνίζεις χρημάτων, ὁ δ' ἠτύχει,
 1230 θησαυρὸς ἂν σοι παῖς ὑπῆρχ' οὐμὸς μέγας·
 νῦν δ' οὔτ' ἐκεῖνοι ἄνδρ' ἔχεις σαυτῷ φίλον,
 χρυσοῦ τ' ὄνησις οἴχεται παῖδές τε σοί,
 αὐτὸς τε πρᾶσσεις ὧδε. σοὶ δ' ἐγὼ λέγω,
 Ἀγάμεμνον, εἰ τῷδ' ἀρκέσεις, κακὸς φανεῖ·
 οὔτ' εὐσεβῆ γὰρ οὔτε πιστὸν οἷς ἐχρῆν,
 οὐχ ὅσιοι, οὐ δίκαιον εὖ δράσεις ξένον·
 αὐτὸν δὲ χαίρειν τοῖς κακοῖς σὲ φήσομεν
 τοιοῦτον ὄντα· δεσπότης δ' οὐ λοιδορῶ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

φεῦ φεῦ· βροτοῖσιν ὡς τὰ χρηστὰ πράγματα
 χρηστῶν ἀφορμὰς ἐνδίδωσ' αἰεὶ λόγων.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

1240 ἀχθεινὰ μὲν μοι τὰλλότρια κρίνειν κακά,
 ὅμως δ' ἀνάγκη· καὶ γὰρ αἰσχύνην φέρει,
 πρᾶγμ' ἐς χέρας λαβόντ' ἀπώσασθαι τόδε.
 ἐμοὶ δ', ἴν' εἰδῆς, οὔτ' ἐμὴν δοκεῖς χάριν
 οὔτ' οὖν Ἀχαιῶν ἄνδρ' ἀποκτεῖναι ξένον,
 ἀλλ' ὡς ἔχης τὸν χρυσοῦν ἐν δόμοισι σοῖς.
 λέγεις δὲ σαυτῷ πρόσφορ' ἐν κακοῖσιν ὦν.

HECUBA

Thou oughtest, if thou wert the Achaeans' friend,
Have brought the gold thou dar'st not call thine
own,

But for him held in trust, to these impoverished 1220
And long time exiled from their fatherland.

But thou not yet canst ope thine heart to unclose
Thy grip; thy miser-clutch keeps it at home.

Yet hadst thou, as behoved thee, reared my son
And saved alive, thine had been fair renown.

For in adversity the good are friends

Most true: prosperity hath friends unsought.

Hadst thou lacked money, and his lot been fair,
A treasury deep my son had been to thee:

But now thou hast not him unto thy friend; 1230

Gone is the gold's avail, thy sons are gone,—

And this thy plight! Now unto thee I say.

Agamemnon, if thou help him, base thou showest.

The godless, false to whom he owed fair faith,

The impious host unrighteous shalt thou comfort.

Thou joyest in the wicked, shall we say,

So doing—but I rail not on my lords.

CHORUS

Lo, how the good cause giveth evermore
To men occasion for good argument.

AGAMEMNON

It likes me not to judge on others' wrongs; 1240

Yet needs I must, for shame it were to take

This cause into mine hands, and then thrust by.

But,—wouldst thou know my thought,—not for my
sake,

Nor the Achaeans', didst thou slay thy guest,

But even to keep that gold within thine halls.

In this ill plight thou speak'st to serve thine ends.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

1250

τάχ' οὖν παρ' ὑμῖν ῥάδιον ξενοκτονεῖν
 ἡμῖν δέ γ' αἰσχρὸν τοῖσιν Ἕλλησιν τόδε.
 πῶς οὖν σε κρίνας μὴ ἀδικεῖν φύγω ψόγον ;
 οὐκ ἂν δυναίμην. ἀλλ' ἐπεὶ τὰ μὴ καλὰ
 πράσσειν ἐτόλμας, τλήθι καὶ τὰ μὴ φίλα.

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

οἴμοι, γυναικός, ὡς ἔοιχ', ἠσσώμενος
 δούλης ὑφέξω τοῖς κακίοσιν δίκην.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οὐκουν δικαίως, εἶπερ εἰργάσω κακά ;

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

οἴμοι τέκνων τῶνδ' ὀμμάτων τ' ἐμῶν, τάλας.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἀλγεῖς ; τί δ' ἡμᾶς ; παιδὸς οὐκ ἀλγεῖν δοκεῖς ;

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

χαίρεις ὑβρίζουσ' εἰς ἔμ', ὦ πανοῦργε σύ ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οὐ γάρ με χαίρειν χρή σε τιμωρουμένην ;

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

ἀλλ' οὐ τάχ', ἠνίκ' ἂν σε ποιντία νοτίς—

ΕΚΑΒΗ

1260

μῶν ναυστολήσῃ γῆς ὄρους Ἑλληνίδος ;

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

κρύψῃ μὲν οὖν πεσοῦσαν ἐκ καρχησίων.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

πρὸς τοῦ βιαίων τυγχάνουσαν ἀλμάτων ;

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

αὐτὴ πρὸς ἰστὸν ναὸς ἀμβήσει ποδί.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὑποπτέροις νώτοισιν ἢ ποίῳ τρόπῳ ;

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

κύων γενήσῃ πύρσ' ἔχουσα δέργματα.

HECUBA

Haply with you guest-murder is as nought,
But to us which be Greeks foul shame is this.
How can I uncondemned adjudge thee guiltless?
I cannot. Forasmuch as thou hast dared
To do foul deeds, even drain thy bitter cup.

1250

POLYMESTOR

Woe's me!—by a woman-slave o'ercome, meseems,
'Neath vengeance of the viler must I bow!

HECUBA

Is it not just, if thou hast vileness wrought?

POLYMESTOR

Woe for my babes and for mine eyes!—ah wretch!

HECUBA

Griev'st thou?—and I?—dost deem my son's loss sweet?

POLYMESTOR

Thou joyest triumphing over me, thou fiend!

HECUBA

Should I not joy for vengeance upon thee?

POLYMESTOR

Ah, soon thou shalt not, when the outsea surge—

HECUBA

Shall bear me to the coasts of Hellas-land?

1260

POLYMESTOR

Nay, but shall whelm thee fallen from the mast.

HECUBA

Yea?—forced of whom to take the leap of death?

POLYMESTOR

Thyself shalt climb the ship's mast with thy feet.

HECUBA

So?—and with shoulders winged, or in what guise?

POLYMESTOR

A dog with fire-red eyes shalt thou become.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΕΚΑΒΗ

πῶς δ' οἶσθα μορφῆς τῆς ἐμῆς μετάστασιν ;

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

ὁ Θρηξί μάντις εἶπε Διόνυσος τάδε.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

σοὶ δ' οὐκ ἔχρησεν οὐδέν ὦν ἔχεις κακῶν ;

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

οὐ γάρ ποτ' ἂν σύ μ' εἶλες ὦδε σὺν δόλῳ.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

1270 θανοῦσα δ' ἢ ζῶσ' ἐνθάδ' ἐκπλήσω βίον ;

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

θανοῦσα τίμβῳ δ' ὄνομα σῶ κεκλήσεται—

ΕΚΑΒΗ

μορφῆς ἐπφδόν, ἢ τί, τῆς ἐμῆς ἐρεῖς ;

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

κυνὸς ταλαίτης σῆμα, ναυτίλοις τέκμαρ.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οὐδέν μέλει μοι σοῦ γέ μοι δόντος δίκην.

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

καὶ σὴν γ' ἀνάγκη παῖδα Κασάνδραν θανεῖν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἀπέπτυσ' αὐτῷ ταῦτα σοὶ δίδωμ' ἔχειν.

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

κτερεῖ νιν ἢ τοῦδ' ἄλοχος, οἰκουρὸς πικρά.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

μήπω μανείη Τυνδαρίς τοσόνδε παῖς.

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

καὐτὸν σὲ τοῦτον, πέλεκυν ἐξάρασ' ἄνω.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

1280 οὔτος σύ, μαίνει, καὶ κακῶν ἐρῆς τυχεῖν ;

HECUBA

HECUBA

How know'st thou of the changing of my shape ?

POLYMESTOR

This Dionysus told, the Thracian seer.

HECUBA

But nought foretold to thee of these thine ills ?

POLYMESTOR

Nay : else with guile thou ne'er hadst trapped me thus.

HECUBA

There shall I die, or live my full life out ?

1270

POLYMESTOR

Die shalt thou : and thy grave shall bear a name—

HECUBA

Accordant to my shape ?— or what wilt say ?

POLYMESTOR

The wretched Dog's Grave, sign to seafarers.

HECUBA

Nought reek I, seeing thou hast felt my vengeance.

POLYMESTOR

Yea, and thy child Cassandra too must die.

HECUBA

A scorn and spitting !—back on thee I hurl it.

POLYMESTOR

Slay her shall this king's wife, a houseward grim.

HECUBA

Never so mad may Tyndareus' daughter be !

POLYMESTOR

Yea—slay him too, upswinging high the axe.

AGAMEMNON

Ho, fellow, ravest thou ? Dost court thy bane ?

1280

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

κτεῖν', ὡς ἐν Ἀργεὶ φόνια λουτρά σ' ἀμμένει.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

οὐχ ἔλξετ' αὐτόν, δμῶες, ἐκποδὼν βία ;

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

ἀλγείς ἀκούων ;

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

οὐκ ἐφέξετε στόμα ;

ΠΟΛΥΜΗΣΤΩΡ

ἐγκλήητ'· εἴρηται γάρ.

ΑΓΑΜΕΜΝΩΝ

οὐχ ὅσον τάχος
νήσων ἐρήμων αὐτόν ἐκβαλεῖτέ που,
ἐπέειπερ οὕτω καὶ λίαν θραυστομεῖ ;
Ἐκάβη, σὺ δ', ὦ τάλαινα, διπτύχους νεκροὺς
στείχουσα θύπτε· δεσποτῶν δ' ὑμᾶς χρεῶν
σκηναῖς πελάζειν, Τρωάδες· καὶ γὰρ πνοὰς
πρὸς οἶκον ἤδη τάσδε πομπίμους ὀρώ.
εὐ δ' ἐς πάτραν πλεύσαιμεν, εὐ δὲ τὰν δόμοις
ἔχοντ' ἴδοιμεν τῶνδ' ἀφειμένοι πόνων.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἴτε πρὸς λιμένας σκηναῖς τε, φίλαι,
τῶν δεσποσύνων πειρασόμεναι
μόχθων· στερρὰ γὰρ ἀνάγκη.

HECUBA

POLYMESTOR

Slay on : a bath of blood in Argos waits thee.

AGAMEMNON

Haste, henchmen, hale him from my sight perforce.

POLYMESTOR

Art galled to hear?

AGAMEMNON

Set curb upon his mouth !

POLYMESTOR

Ay, gag : my say is said.

AGAMEMNON

Make speed, make speed,

And on some desert island cast him forth,
Seeing his bold mouth's insolence passeth thus.

Hecuba, hapless, fare thou on, entomb

Thy corpses twain. Draw near, ye dames of Troy,

To your lords' tents, for I discern a breeze

Upspringing, home to waft us, even now.

1290

Fair voyage be ours to Hellas, fair the plight

Wherein, from these toils freed, we find our homes.

CHORUS

To the tents, O friends, to the haven fare ;

The yoke of thralldom our necks must bear.

Fate knows not pity, fate will not spare.

[*Exeunt OMNES.*]



THE
DAUGHTERS OF TROY



ARGUMENT

WHEN Troy was taken by the Greeks, the princesses of the House of Priam were apportioned by lot to the several chiefs of the host. But Polyxena they doomed to be sacrificed on Achilles' tomb, and Astyanax, the son of Hector and Andromache, they hurled from a high tower. And herein is told how all this befell; and beside there is naught else save the lamentations of these Daughters of Troy, till the city is set a flame, and the captives are driven down to the sea.

ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΡΑΜΑΤΟΣ ΠΡΟΣΩΠΑ

ΗΟΣΕΙΔΩΝ

ΑΘΗΝΑ

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ΧΟΡΟΣ ΑΙΧΜΑΛΩΤΙΑΩΝ ΤΡΩΙΑΔΩΝ

ΤΑΛΘΤΒΙΟΣ

ΚΑΣΑΝΔΡΑ

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ΕΛΕΝΗ

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

POSEIDON, *the God of the Sea.*

ATHENA, *a Goddess.*

HECUBA, *wife of Priam, King of Troy.*

TALTHYBIUS, *herald of the host of Hellas.*

CASSANDRA, *daughter of Hecuba, the prophetess whose doom
was to be believed by none.*

ANDROMACHE, *wife of Hector, mother of Astyanax.*

MENELAUS, *king of Sparta, brother of Agamemnon.*

HELEN, *wife of Menelaus.*

CHORUS, *consisting of captive Trojan women.*

Astyanax, infant son of Hector ; guards, soldiers, attendants.

SCENE : *The Greek camp before Troy.*

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ΠΟΣΕΙΔΩΝ

"Πῶ λιλύων Λίγαιον ἄλμυρον βάθος
 πόντου, Ποσειδῶν, ἔνθα Νηρήδων χοροὶ
 κάλλιστον ἵχνος ἐξελίσσουσιν ποδός.
 ἐξ οὗ γὰρ ἀμφὶ τήνδε Τρωικὴν χθόνα
 Φοῖβός τε κἀγὼ λαίηνους πύργους πέριξ
 ὀρθοῖσιν ἔθεμεν κανόσιν, οὐπότ' ἐκ φρενῶν
 εὖνοι' ἀπέστη τῶν ἐμῶν Φρυγῶν πόλει,
 ἢ νῦν καπνοῦται καὶ πρὸς Ἀργείου δορὸς
 ὄλωλε πορθηθεῖς'. ὁ γὰρ Παρνάσιος
 10 Φωκεὺς Ἐπειὸς μηχαναῖσι Παλλάδος
 ἐγκύμον' ἵππον τευχέων συναρμόσας
 πύργων ἔπεμψεν ἐντός, ὀλέθριον βίρος·
 ὄθεν πρὸς ἀνδρῶν ὑστέρων κεκλήσεται
 δούρειος ἵππος, κρυπτὸν ἀμπισχῶν δόρυ.
 ἔρημα δ' ἄλση καὶ θεῶν ἀνάκτορα
 φόνῳ καταρρεῖ· πρὸς δὲ κρηπίδων βάθροις
 πέπτωκε Πρίαμος Ζηνὸς ἐρκείου θανών.
 πολὺς δὲ χρυσὸς Φρύγιά τε σκυλεύματα
 20 πρὸς ναῦς Ἀχαιῶν πέμπεται· μένουσι δὲ
 πρῦμνηθεν οὖρον, ὡς δεκασπόρῳ χρόνῳ
 ἀλόχους τε καὶ τέκν' εἰσίδωσιν ἄσμενοι,
 οἱ τήνδ' ἐπεστράτευσαν Ἕλληνες πόλιν.

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

HECUBA *discovered sleeping on the earth in front of a tent. Enter POSEIDON.*

POSEIDON

I come, Poseidon I, from briny depths
Of the Aegean Sea, where Nereids dance
In lovely-woven pacings of their feet.
For, since the day when round this Trojan land
Phoebus and I by line and plummet reared
Her towers of stone, from mine heart ne'er hath fled
Old lovingkindness for the Phrygians' city,
Smoke-shrouded now and wasted and brought low
By Argos' spear. For that Parnassian wright,
Phocian Epeius, by device of Pallas
Fashioned the horse whose womb was fraught with
arms,

10

And sent within yon towers its ruin-load,
Whence of men yet unborn shall it be named
The Wooden Horse, enfolder of ambushed spears.
Forsaken are the groves: the shrines of Gods
With blood are dripping: on the altar-steps
Of City-warder Zeus lies Priam dead.
Measureless gold and Phrygian spoils pass down
Unto the ships Achaean. They but wait
A breeze fair-following, that in this tenth year
Children and wives with joy they may behold,
These Hellene men which marched against you town.

20

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ἐγὼ δέ, νικῶμαι γὰρ Ἀργείας θεᾶς
 Πρας Ἀθίνας θ', αἶ συνεξεῖλον Φρύγας,
 λείπω τὸ κλεινὸν Ἴλιον βωμούς τ' ἐμούς·
 ἐρημία γὰρ πόλιν ὅταν λάβῃ κακή,
 νοσεῖ τὰ τῶν θεῶν οὐδὲ τιμᾶσθαι θέλει.
 πολλοῖς δὲ κωκυτοῖσιν αἰχμαλωτίδων
 βοᾷ Σκάμανδρος δεσπότης κληρουμένων.
 30 καὶ τὰς μὲν Ἀρκάς, τὰς δὲ Θεσσαλὸς λεῶς
 εἶληχ' Ἀθηναίων τε Θησεῖδαι πρόμοι.
 ὄσαι δ' ἄκληροι Ἰρῶάδων, ὑπὸ στέγαις
 ταῖσδ' εἰσὶ τοῖς πρώτοισιν ἐξηρημέναι
 στρατοῦ, σὺν αὐταῖς δ' ἡ Λάκαινα Τυνδαρὶς
 Ἰλένη, νομισθεῖσ' αἰχμάλωτος ἐνδίκως.
 τὴν δ' ἀθλίαν τήνδ' εἴ τις εἰσορᾶν θέλει,
 πάρεστιν Ἐκάβῃ κειμένη πυλῶν πάρος
 δάκρυα χέουσα πολλὰ καὶ πολλῶν ὑπερ·
 40 ἦ παῖς μὲν ἀμφὶ μνήμ' Ἀχιλλείου τάφου
 λάθρα τέθνηκε τλημόνως Πολυξένη·
 φροῦδος δὲ Πρίαμος καὶ τέκν'· ἦν δὲ παρθένου
 μεθῆκ' Ἀπόλλων δρομάδα Κασάνδραν ἀναξ,
 τὸ τοῦ θεοῦ τε παραλιπὼν τό τ' εὐσεβὲς
 γαμεί βιαίως σκότιον Ἀγαμέμνων λέχος.
 ἀλλ', ὦ ποτ' εὐτυχοῦσα, χαῖρέ μοι, πόλις
 ξεστόν τε πύργωμ'· εἴ σε μὴ διώλεσε
 Παλλὰς Διὸς παῖς, ἦσθ' ἂν ἐν βύθροισ ἔτι.

ΑΘΗΝΑ

50 ἔξεστι τὸν γένει μὲν ἄγχιστον πατρὸς
 μέγαν δὲ δαίμον' ἐν θεοῖς τε τίμιον
 λύσασαν ἔχθραν τὴν πάρος προσενέπειν ;

ΠΟΣΕΙΔΩΝ

ἔξεστιν· αἱ γὰρ συγγενεῖς ὁμιλίας,
 ἄνισσ' Ἀθάνα, φίλτρον οὐ σμικρὸν φρενῶν.

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

I, overborne by Hera, Argos' Queen,
 And by Athena, leagued for Phrygia's fall,
 Ilium the glorious and mine altars leave.
 For when grim desolation hath seized a town,
 Blighted are worship and honour of the Gods.
 With wails of captives multitudinous,
 Marked for their lords by lot, Scamander moans :
 Some have Arcadians won. Thessalians some, 30
 Some fall to Athens' chieftains, Theseus' sons.
 And all Troy's daughters not by lot assigned
 Are 'neath these tents, for captains of the host
 Set by : with these the Spartan, 'Tyndareus'
 child,

Helen, accounted captive righteously.
 But, the utter-wretched if one craves to see,
 There lieth Hecuba before the gates,
 Down-raining many a tear for many woes.—
 Yet knows not that her child Polyxena 40
 Hath on Achilles' grave died piteously.
 Priam, her sons, are gone : Cassandra—whom
 Apollo left free virgin frenzy-driven,—
 Shall Agamemnon force, his leman-slave,
 Flouting the God's decree and righteousness.
 O city prosperous once, O stone-hewn towers,
 Farewell to you ! Had Pallas, Zeus's child,
 Not ruined thee, firm stablished wert thou yet !

Enter ATHENA.

ATHENA

Is it vouchsafed to bid the old feud truce,
 And speak unto my father's nearest kin,
 The mighty lord, honoured amongst the Gods ?

POSEIDON

50

It is : for ties of kindred, Queen Athena,
 Draw hearts with strong-constraining cords of love.

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ΑΘΗΝΑ

ἐπήνεσ' ὀργὰς ἠπίους· φέρω δὲ σοὶ
κοινοὺς ἑμαυτῇ τ' εἰς μέσον λόγους, ἄναξ.

ΠΟΣΕΙΔΩΝ

μῶν ἐκ θεῶν του καινὸν ἀγγελεῖς ἔπος,
ἢ Ζητὸς ἢ καὶ δαιμόνων τινὸς πάρα ;

ΑΘΗΝΑ

οὐκ, ἀλλὰ Τροίας εἶνεκ', ἔνθα βαίνομεν,
πρὸς σὴν ἀφίγμαι δύναμιν, ὡς κοινὴν λάβω.

ΠΟΣΕΙΔΩΝ

60 ἢ πού τιν, ἔχθραν τῆν πρὶν ἐκβαλοῦσα, νῦν
εἰς οἶκτον ἦλθες πυρὶ κατηθαλωμένης ;

ΑΘΗΝΑ

ἰκεῖτε πρῶτ' ἄνελθε· κοινώσει λόγους
καὶ συνθελήσεις ἂν ἐγὼ πράξαι θέλω ;

ΠΟΣΕΙΔΩΝ

μάλιστ' ἀτὰρ δὴ καὶ τὸ σὸν θέλω μαθεῖν·
πότερον Ἀχαιῶν ἦλθες εἶνεκ' ἢ Φρυγῶν ;

ΑΘΗΝΑ

τοὺς μὲν πρὶν ἐχθροὺς Ἰρῶας εὐφρᾶναι θέλω,
στρατῶ δ' Ἀχαιῶν νόστον ἐμβαλεῖν πικρόν.

ΠΟΣΕΙΔΩΝ

τί δ' ὦδε πηδᾶς ἄλλοτ' εἰς ἄλλους τρόπους
μισεῖς τε λῖαν καὶ φιλεῖς ὃν ἂν τύχης ;

ΑΘΗΝΑ

οὐκ οἶσθ' ὑβρισθεῖσάν με καὶ ναοὺς ἐμούς ;

ΠΟΣΕΙΔΩΝ

70 οἶδ', ἠνίκ' Ἄϊας εἶλκε Κασάνδραν βία.

ΑΘΗΝΑ

κουδέν γ' Ἀχαιῶν ἔπαθεν οὐδ' ἤκουσ' ὕπο.

ΠΟΣΕΙΔΩΝ

καὶ μὴν ἔπερσάν γ' Ἴλιον τῶ σῶ σθένει.

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

ATHENA

'Tis well, King—thy relenting. Lo, the words
I cast between us touch both thee and me.

POSEIDON

Ha! bringest thou some message from the Gods,
A word from Zeus, or from some Heavenly One?

ATHENA

Nay, for Troy's sake, upon whose soil we tread,
I seek thy might, to win thee mine ally.

POSEIDON

So?—hast thou cast out thine old enmity,
To pity her, now that she is burnt with fire?

60

ATHENA

Nay—my petition first—wilt join with me?
Wilt thou consent in that I fain would do?

POSEIDON

Yea verily: yet I fain would know thy will.
Com'st thou to help Achæan men or Phrygian?

ATHENA

Mine erstwhile foes the Trojans would I cheer,
And deal Achæa's host grim home-return.

POSEIDON

Yet why from mood to mood thus leapest thou,
In random sort bestowing hate and love?

ATHENA

Know'st not how I was outraged, and my shrine?

POSEIDON

I know—when Aias dragged Cassandra thence.

70

ATHENA

Unpunished of the Achæans—unrebuked!

POSEIDON

Yea, though by thy might these laid Ilium low.

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ΑΘΗΝΑ

τοιγάρ σφε σὺν σοὶ βούλομαι δράσαι κακῶς.

ΠΟΣΕΙΔΩΝ

ἔτοιμ' ἂ βούλει τὰπ' ἐμοῦ. δράσεις δὲ τί ;

ΑΘΗΝΑ

δύστηνον αὐτοῖς νόστον ἐμβαλεῖν θέλω.

ΠΟΣΕΙΔΩΝ

ἐν γῆ μειόντων ἢ καθ' ἄλμυρὰν ἄλα ;

ΑΘΗΝΑ

ὅταν πρὸς οἴκους ναυστολῶσ' ἀπ' Ἰλίου.
καὶ Ζεὺς μὲν ὄμβρον καὶ χάλαζαν ἄσπετον
πέμψει γνοφώδη τ' αἰθέρος φυσήματα,
80 ἱμοὶ δὲ δώσειν φησὶ πῦρ κεραυνίον,
βάλλειν Ἀχαιοὺς ναῦς τε πιμπρῖναι πυρί.
σὺ δ' αὖ τὸ σὺν παράσχεσ Αἴγαιον πόρον
τρικυμίας βρέμοντα καὶ δίταις ἄλός,
πλήσον δὲ νεκρῶν κοῖλον Εὐβοίας μυχόν,
ὡς ἂν τὸ λοιπὸν τὰμ' ἀνάκτορ' εὖσεβεῖν
εἰδῶσ' Ἀχαιοὶ θεοὺς τε τοὺς ἄλλους σέβειν.

ΠΟΣΕΙΔΩΝ

ἔσται τάδ'· ἢ χάρις γὰρ οὐ μακρῶν λόγων
δεῖται· ταραξὼ πέλαγος Αἰγαίας ἄλός.
ἀκταὶ δὲ Μυκόνου Δήλιοί τε χοιράδες
90 Σκῦρός τε Λήμνός θ' αἰ Καφήρειοί τ' ἄκραι
πολλῶν θανόντων σώμαθ' ἔξουσιν νεκρῶν.
ἀλλ' ἔρπ' Ὀλυμπον καὶ κεραυνίουσ βολὰς
λαβοῦσα πατρὸς ἐκ χερῶν παραδόκει,
ὕταν στρίτευμ' Ἀργεῖον ἐξιῆ κάλως.
μῶρος δὲ θνητῶν ὅστις ἐκπορθῶν¹ πόλεις,
ναοὺς τε τύμβους θ', ἱερὰ τῶν κεκμηκότων,
ἐρημία δούσ αὐτὸς ὤλεθ' ἥσπερον.

¹ Hartung and Tyrrell : for ἐκπορθεῖ of MSS.

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

ATHENA

Therefore with thine help would I work their seathie.

POSEIDON

Mine help awaits thy will. What wouldst thou do?

ATHENA

Deal them a home-return of evil speed.

POSEIDON

Ere they leave Troy, or on the briny sea?

ATHENA

When homeward-bound they sail from Ilium,
Then Zeus shall send forth rain unutterable,
And hail, and blackness of heaven's tempest-breath ;
And to me promiseth his levin-flame 80
To smite the Achaeans and burn their ships with fire.
But thou—the Aegean sea-pass make thou roar
With mountain-surge and whirlpits of wild brine,
And thou with corpses choke Euboea's gulf ;
That Greeks may learn henceforth to reverence
My temples, and to fear all Gods beside.

POSEIDON

This shall be : thy boon needs not many words.
The wide Aegean sea will I turmoil ;
The shores of Myconos, the Delian reefs,
Seyros, and Lemnos, the Capherean cliffs 90
With many dead men's corpses shall be strewn.
Pass thou to Olympus ; from thy father's hands
Receive the levin-bolts, and watch the hour
When Argos' host shall cast the lawsers loose.
Fool, that in sack of towns lays temples waste,
And tombs, the sanctuaries of the dead !
He, sowing desolation, reaps destruction. [*Exeunt.*
RECUBA awaking, raises herself on her arm.

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ΕΚΑΒΗ

- 100 ἄνα δύσδαιμον πεδόθεν κεφαλῆν, στρ. α'
 ἐπάειρε δέριην· οὐκέτι Τροία
 τάδε καὶ βασιλῆς ἐσμεν Τροίας.
 μεταβαλλομένου δαίμονος ἀνέχου·
 πλεῖ κατὰ πορθμόν, πλεῖ κατὰ δαίμονα,
 μηδὲ προσίστω πρῶραν βιότου
 πρὸς κῦμα πλέουσα τύχαισιν.
 αἰαῖ αἰαῖ.
 τί γὰρ οὐ πάρα μοι μελέα στενάχειν,
 ἢ πατρὶς ἔρρει καὶ τέκνα καὶ πόσις ;
 ὦ πολὺς ὄγκος συστελλόμενος
 προγόνων, ὡς οὐδὲν ἄρ' ἦσθα.
- 110 τί με χρὴ σιγᾶν ; τί δὲ μὴ σιγᾶν ; ἀντ. α'
 τί δὲ θρηνηῆσαι ;
 δύστηνος ἐγὼ τῆς βαρυδαίμονος
 ἄρθρων κλίσεως, ὡς διάκειμαι,
 νῶτ' ἐν στερροῖς λέκτροισι ταθεῖσ'·
 οἴμοι κεφαλῆς, οἴμοι κροτάφων
 πλευρῶν θ', ὡς μοι πόθος εἰλίξαι
 καὶ διαδοῦναι νῶτον ἄκανθάν τ'
 εἰς ἀμφοτέρους τοίχους, μελέων
 ἐπὶ τοὺς αἰεὶ δακρῦων ἐλέγους.
- 120 μούσα δὲ χαῦτη τοῖς δυστήνοισι
 ἄτας κελαδεῖν ἀχορεύτους.
 πρῶραι ναῶν ὠκείαις
 Ἴλιον ἱερὸν αἰὲ κωπαις
 δι' ἄλλα πορφυροειδέα καὶ λιμένας
 Ἑλλάδος εὐόρμους
 αὐλῶν παιᾶνι στυγνῶ
 συρίγγων τ' εὐφθόγγων φωναῖς

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

HECUBA

(*Str.* 1)

Uplift thou thine head, O fortune-accurst ; from the
earth upraise thy neck bowed low.

This ruin is not thy Troy, nor the lords are we now of 100
Troy, and the fate-winds blow

Not as of old ; thou must bear it, must drift with the
stream, as the tides of Fortune flow.

Breast not with thy prow the surges of life, who on
waves of disaster, alas ! art tost.

What remaineth to me but the misery-moan, whose
country, whose children, whose husband, are lost ?

O proud-swelling sail of a kingly line reefed now !—
how a thing but of nought thou wast !

(*Ant.* 1)

What shall I speak ?—what leave unsaid ?—woe's me
for the couch of the evil-starred !

110

Lo, how I lie unrestfully stretched on the bed of
calamity pitiless-hard !

Alas for mine head, for my throbbing brows, for mine
heart in its aching prison barred !

I yearn to rock me and sway—as a bark whose bul-
warks roll in the trough of the sea—

To my keening, the while I wail my chant of sorrow
and weeping unceasingly,

The ruin-song never linked with the dance, the
jangled music of misery.

120

Rises to her feet, and advances to front of stage.

O ship-prows rushing (*Str.* 2)

To liim, brushing

The purple-flushing sea with swift oars,

Till flutes loud-ringing,

Till pipes dread-singing

Proclaimed you swinging off Phrygian shores

On hawsers plaited

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

130 βαίρουσαι πλεκτίαν, Αἰγύπτου
 παίδευμ',¹ ἐξηρτήσασθ',
 αἰαῖ, Ἰφροίας ἐν κόλποις
 τὰν Μεγέλαου μεταπισσόμεναι
 στυγνὰν ἄλοχον, Κάστορι λώβαν
 τῷ τ' Εὐρώτῃ δύσκειαν,
 ἃ σφάζει μὲν
 τὸν πεντήκοντ' ἀροτῆρα τέκνων
 Πριάμον, ἐμέ τε μελέαν Ἐκάβαν
 εἰς τάνδ' ἐξώκειλ' ἄταν.

140 ὄμοι θιάκους οἴους θίσσω
 σκηναῖς ἔφεδρος Ἀγαμεμνονίαις.
 δούλα δ' ἄγομαι γραυῖς ἐξ οἴκων,
 κουρᾷ ξυρήκει πενθήρη
 κρᾶτ' ἐκπορθηθεῖς οἰκτρῶς.
 ἀλλ' ὦ τῶν χαλκευγέων Ἰρώων
 ἄλοχοι μέλαι,² μέλαι κούραι
 καὶ δύσνυμφοι,
 τύφεται Ἴλιον, αἰάζωμεν
 μήτηρ δ' ὡσεὶ πταιοῖς κλαγγὰν
 ὄρμισιν ὅπως ἐξάρξω ἄγῳ
 μολπὰν οὐ τὰν αὐτὰν
 οἴαν ποτὲ δὴ

150 σκήπτρῳ Πριάμου διεριδομενα
 ποδὸς ἀρχεχόρου πλαγαῖς Φρυγίαις
 εὐκόμπους ἐξήρχον θεούς.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

Ἐκάβη, τί θροεῖς ; τί δὲ θωύσσεις ; στρ. γ
 ποῖ λόγος ἦκει ; διὰ γὰρ μελάθρων

¹ Tyrrell : for παιδείαν of MSS.

² Hermann : for καὶ κόραι of MSS.

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

By Nile—ships fated
 To hunt the hated, the Spartan wife, 130
 Castor's defaming,
 Eurotas' shaming,
 A Fury claiming King Priam's life!
 Though sons he cherished
 Fifty, he perished,
 His murderess she: and the misery-rife,
 Even me, hath she wrecked on the rocks of
 strife.

Woe for my session (Ant. 2)
 Mid foes' oppression!
 Woe, slave-procession! Woe, grey shorn head! 140
 Come, wife grief-laden,
 Come bride, come maiden.
 O hearts once stayed on the brave hearts dead!
 Wail we our yearning
 O'er Ilium burning!—
 As o'er nestlings turning to her sheltering wing
 The mother screameth,
 My song-flood streameth—
 Not such, meseemeth, as wout to ring
 When I beat time, raising 150
 The Gods' sweet praising,
 And watched Troy's dances around me swing
 As I leaned on the sceptre of Priam my king.

Enter from the tents HALF-CHORUS of' captive Trojan women.

HALF-CHORUS I (Str. 3)

Why call'st thou, Heeuba?—why dost thou cry?
 What mean thy words? The tents were filled

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ἄιον οἴκτους οὖς οἰκτίζει.
 διὰ δὲ στέρνων φόβος αἴσσειν
 Τρωάσιν, αἰ τῶνδ' οἴκων εἴσω
 δουλείαν αἰάζουσιν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

160 ὦ τέκνον, Ἀργείων πρὸς ναῦς ἤδη
 κινεῖται κωπήρης χεῖρ.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

οἱ ἄγε τλάμων, τί θέλουσ' ; ἦ πού μ' ἤδη
 ναυσθλώσουσιν πατρίας ἐκ γᾶς ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οὐκ οἶδ', εἰκάζω δ' ἄταν.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

ἰὼ ἰώ.
 μέλει μόχθων ἐπακουσόμεναι
 Τρωάδες, ἔξω κομίσασθ' οἴκων
 στέλλουσ' Ἀργεῖοι νόστον.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

170 ἔ ἔ.
 μή νῦν μοι τὰν
 ἐκβακχεύουσιν Κασάνδραν
 πέμψητ' ἔξω,
 αἰσχύναν Ἀργεῖοισιν,
 μαινάδ', ἐπ' ἄλγει δ' ἀλγυρθῶ.
 ἰώ

Τροία Τροία δυσταν, ἔρρεις,
 δύστανοι δ' οἱ σ' ἐκλείποντες
 καὶ ζῶντες καὶ δμαθέντες.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

οἴμοι. τρομερὰ σκηνὰς ἔλιπον
 τάσδ' Ἀγαμέμνονος ἐπακουσομένα,

ἀντ. γ'

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

With this lament thou wailest woefully,
And fear through all hearts thrilled
Of Troy's sad daughters, who for thralldom wail,
In yon pavilions while we bide.

HECUBA

Child, child, the Argive hands with oar and sail 160
Are busy by the tide.

HALF-CHORUS I

Ah me! what mean they? Will they straightway
bear us
From fatherland far over sea?

HECUBA

I know not: I but bode the curse drawn near us,
The doom of misery.

HALF-CHORUS I

Woe!—we shall hear the summons, “O ye daughters
Of Troy, from these pavilions come:
The Argives launch their keels upon the waters,
The sails are spread for home.”

HECUBA

Alas! let none call forth the frenzy-driven
Cassandra, bacchant-prophetess, 170
For Argive lust to shame, lest there be given
Distress to my distress!
Troy, Troy, unhappy! down through depths of
ruin
Thou sinkest!—ah, unhappy they,
Thy lost!—thy living pass to their undoing,
Thy dead have passed away.

Enter SECOND HALF-CHORUS.

HALF-CHORUS 2

Ah me! from Agamemnon's tents in dread (*Ant.* 3)
I come, to hearken, queen, to thee,

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

180

Βασίλεια, σέθεν, μή με κτείειν
 δόξ' Ἀργείων κέεται μελέαν,
 ἢ κατὰ πρύμνας ἤδη ναῦται
 στέλλονται κινεῖν κώπας.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὦ τέκνον, ὀρθρεύουσιν ψυχὰν
 ἐκπληχθεῖς ἦλθον φρίκα.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

ἤδη τις ἔβα Δαναῶν κῆρυξ ;
 τῷ πρόσκειμαι δούλα τλάμων ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἐγγύς που κεῖσαι κλήρου.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ

ἰὼ ἰώ.
 τίς μ' Ἀργείων ἢ Φθιωτῶν
 ἢ ἰησαίαν μ' ἄξει χώραν
 δύστανον πόρσω Τροίας ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

190

φεῦ φεῦ.
 τῷ δ' ἄ τλάμων
 ποῦ πᾶ γαίης δουλεύσω γραῦς,
 ὡς κηφήν, ἄ
 δειλαία νεκροῦ μορφά,
 νεκύων ἀμεινῆρον ἄγαλμ', ἢ
 τὰν παρὰ προθύροις φυλακὰν κατέχουσ',
 ἢ παίδων θρέπτειρ', ἃ Τροίας
 ἀρχαγοὺς εἶχον τιμάς ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

αἰαῖ αἰαῖ. ποίοις δ' οἴκτοις
 τὰν σὰν λύμαν ἐξαιάξεις·

στρ. δ'

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

Lest haply now the Argive doom be said,—
A doom of death for me ;

Or haply at the galley-sterns the sweeps, 180
Run out, are swinging through the brine.

HECUBA

Child, I have come, since ne'er for terror sleeps
This haunted heart of mine.

HALF-CHORUS 2

How?—hath a Danaan herald hither wending
Spoken our doom? Whose thrall am wretched I
Ordained?

HECUBA

Thine anguish of suspense is ending :
The lot, thy fate, is nigh.

HALF-CHORUS 2

Ah me ! what lord of Argos' folk shall lead me
Hence, or what chief of Phthia-land?
What island-prince to misery shall speed me
Far from the Trojan strand?

HECUBA

Woe ! On what spot of earth shall I, eld-stricken, 190
Be thrall, a drone within the hive,
Weak as the corpse that breath no more shall quicken,
Ghost of the once-alive,

To keep with palsied hand a master's portal,
To nurse the babes of some proud foe?—
I, who was crowned with honours half-immortal
In Troy—ah, long ago !

CHORUS

(Str. 4)

Woe is thee !—with what wailings wilt thou lament
thy doom

Of outrage-shame?

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

200 οὐκ Ἰδαίοις ἰστοῖς κερκίδα
 διτρεῖουσ' ἐξαλλάξω.
 γέατον τεκέων σώματα λεύσσω,
 γέατον· μόχθους ἔξω κρείσσους,
 ἢ λέκτροις πλαθείσ' Ἑλλάνων·
 ἔρροι νύξ αὐτα καὶ δαίμων·
 ἢ Πειρήνας ὑδρευσομένα
 πρόπολος σεμνῶν ὑδάτων ἔσομαι.
 τὰν κλεινὰν εἴθ' ἔλθοιμεν
 Θησέως εὐδαίμονα χώραν.
 210 μὴ γὰρ δὴ δῖαν γ' Εὐρώτα,
 τὰν ἐχθίσταν θεράπνυν Ἑλένας,
 ἔνθ' ἀντάσω Μενέλα δούλα,
 τῷ τὰς Τροίας πορθητᾶ.

τὰν Πηνειοῦ σεμνὰν χώραν,
 κρηπίδ' Οὐλύμπου καλλίσταν,
 ὄλβῳ βρίθειν φάμαν ἤκουσ'
 εὐθαλεῖ τ' εὐκαρπεία·
 τὰδε δευτέρᾳ μοι μετὰ τὰν ἱερὰν
 Θησέως ζαθέαν ἐλθεῖν χώραν.
 220 καὶ τὰν Λιτναίαν Ἰφαιίστου
 Φοινίκας ἀντήρη χώραν,
 Σικελῶν ὀρέων ματέρ', ἀκούω
 καρύσσεσθαι στεφάνοις ἀρετᾶς.
 τὰν τ' ἀγχιστεύουσαν γᾶν
 Ἰοιῶ ναίειν¹ πόντῳ,
 ἂν ὑγραίνει καλλιστεύων
 ὁ ξανθὰν χαίταν πυρσαίνων
 Κρᾶθις ζαθείαις παγαῖσι τρέφων
 εὐανδρόν τ' ὀλβίζων γᾶν.

ἀντ. δ'

¹ ναίειν (i.e. ναίοιμι) Dindorf: for ναῦται of MSS.

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

As I pace to and fro shall my shuttle thread no loom
 In Troy again ! 200

On the corpses of sons must I look my last—my last,
 Whom worse ills wait,
 To be thrall to the couch of a Greek—ah, ruin blast
 That night, that fate !—

Or the water to draw from Peirene's hallowed spring
 With bondmaid's hand :—
 Yet oh might I come unto where was Theseus king,
 That heaven-blest land !—

But not to the swirls of Eurotas, not the bower 210
 Of my worst foe,
 Even Helen—oh not into Menelaus' power
 Who brought Troy low !

(*Ant.* 4)

But the land of Peneius, Olympus' footstool fair,
 The hallowed vale— [there
 I have heard of the store of its wealth ; earth's increase
 Doth never fail.

It is there I would be, if on Theseus' sacred shore
 No home waits me.

And the land of the Fire-god, that looks from Etua o'er 220
 Phoenicia's sea,

Even Sicily, mother of hills,—her fame I hear,
 Her prowess-pride :—

Orecontent could I dwell in the land that coucheth near
 Ionia's tide, [stains

Which is watered of Crathis, the lovely stream that
 Dark hair bright gold,

Of whose fountains most holy her hero-nursing plains
 Win wealth untold.

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

230

καὶ μὴν Δαναῶν ὄδ' ἀπὸ στρατιᾶς
κῆρυξ νεοχμῶν μύθων ταμίας
στείχει ταχύπουν ἴχνος ἕξανύων.
τί φέρει ; τί λέγει ; δούλαι γὰρ δὴ
Δωρίδος ἐσμὲν χθονὸς ἤδη.

ΤΑΛΘΤΒΙΟΣ

Ἐκάβη, πυκνὰς γὰρ οἶσθά μ' εἰς Τροίαν ὁδοὺς
ἐλθόντα κήρυκ' ἐξ Ἀχαιικοῦ στρατοῦ,
ἐγνωσμένος δὲ καὶ πάροιθέ σοι, γύναι,
Ταλθύβιος ἤκω καινὸν ἀγγελῶν λόγον.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

τόδε, φίλαι Τρωάδες, ὃ φόβος ἦν πάλαι.

ΤΑΛΘΤΒΙΟΣ

240

ἤδη κεκλήρωσθ', εἰ τόδ' ἦν ὑμῖν φόβος.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

αἰαῖ, τίν' ἦ Θεσσαλίας πόλιν
Φθιάδος εἶπας ἢ Καδμείας χθονός ;

ΤΑΛΘΤΒΙΟΣ

κατ' ἄνδρ' ἐκάστη κοῦχ ὁμοῦ λελόγγατε.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

τίν' ἄρα τίς ἔλαχε ; τίνα πότμος εὐτυχῆς
Ἰλιάδων μένει ;

ΤΑΛΘΤΒΙΟΣ

οἶδ'· ἀλλ' ἕκαστα πυνθάνου, μὴ πάνθ' ὁμοῦ.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

τοῦμόν τις τίς ἔλαχε τέκος, ἔννεπε,
τλάμονα Κασάνδραν ;

ΤΑΛΘΤΒΙΟΣ

ἑξαίρετόν νιν ἔλαβεν Ἀγαμέμνων ἄναξ.

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

Lo, from the Danaan war-host, laden 230
With tidings, unto us draws nigh
A herald speeding hastily.
What hest brings he?—henceforth bondmaiden
Of Dorian land am I!

Enter TALTHYBIUS.

TALTHYBIUS

On many journeyings, Hecuba, to and fro
I have passed, thou knowest, 'twixt the host and
Troy;
Wherefore I come aforetime known to thee,
Talthybius, with new tidings for thine ear.

HECUBA

It is come, friends—that which hath laid upon me
Long fear as a haunting spell!

TALTHYBIUS

Your lots are cast—if this thing was your fear. 240

HECUBA

Woe!—of what city in Thessaly,
Or in Cadmus' land, dost thou tell?

TALTHYBIUS.

Ye have fallen each to her lord, not all together.

HECUBA

Unto whom hath each been allotted?—for whom
Of Troy's dames waiteth a happy doom?

TALTHYBIUS

I know:—but ask of each, not all as one.

HECUBA

My daughter—who winneth her for a prey,
Cassandra the misery-bowed? O say!

TALTHYBIUS

King Agamemnon's chosen prize is she.

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ΕΚΑΒΗ

250

ἦ τῆ Λακεδαιμονία νύμφα δούλαν ;
 ἰὼ μοί μοι.

ΤΑΛΘΥΒΙΟΣ

οὐκ, ἀλλὰ λέκτρων σκότια νυμφευτήρια.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἦ τὰν τοῦ Φοίβου παρθένον, ἧ γέρας ὁ
 χρυσοκόμας ἔδωκ' ἄλεκτρον ζῴαν ;

ΤΑΛΘΥΒΙΟΣ

ἔρωσ ἐτόξευσ' αὐτὸν ἐνθέου κόρης.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ῥίπτε, τέκνον, ζαθέους
 κληῆδας, ἀπὸ χροὸς ἐν-
 δυτῶν στεφῆων ἱεροῦς στολμούς.

ΤΑΛΘΥΒΙΟΣ

οὐ γὰρ μέγ' αὐτῇ βασιλικῶν λέκτρων τυχεῖν ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

260

τί δ' ὁ νεοχμὸν ἀπ' ἐμέθεν ἐλάβετε τέκος ;

ΤΑΛΘΥΒΙΟΣ

Πολυξένην ἔλεξας, ἢ τίν' ἱστορεῖς ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ταύταν τῷ πάλος ἔξευξεν ;

ΤΑΛΘΥΒΙΟΣ

τύμβῳ τέτακται προσπολεῖν Ἀχιλλέως.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οἴμοι ἐγὼ τάφῳ πρόσπολον ἐτεκόμαν.
 ἀτὰρ τίς ὄδ' ἢ νόμος ἢ
 τί θέσμιον, ὦ φίλος, Ἑλλάνων ;

ΤΑΛΘΥΒΙΟΣ

εὐδαιμόνιζε παῖδα σὴν· ἔχει καλῶς.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

τί τόδ' ἔλακες ; ἄρά μοι ἀέλιον λεύσσει ;

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

HECUBA

Ha ! to his Spartan wife shall she be
A handmaid, a bondwoman ?—woe is me !

250

TALTHYBIUS

Nay, but his concubine in secret love.

HECUBA

How ?—Phoebus' maiden, whose guerdon-grace
Of the Golden-haired was virgin days !

TALTHYBIUS

That maiden inspiration winged love's shaft.

HECUBA

Fling, daughter, the temple-keys from thee, fling,
And the garlands around thy neck that cling,
Whose saered arrayings thy form enring !

TALTHYBIUS

How ? is a king's couch not high honour for her ?

260

HECUBA

And the child that ye tore from mine arms so late—

TALTHYBIUS

Polyxena ?—or whose lot wouldst thou ask ?

HECUBA

Unto whom hath the lot's doom yoked her fate ?

TALTHYBIUS

She is made ministrant to Achilles' tomb.

HECUBA

Woe's me !—then a sepulchre's servant I bare !
But what custom shall this be that Hellenes share,
Or what this statute ?—O friend, declare.

TALTHYBIUS

Count thy child happy. It is well with her.

HECUBA

Doth she yet see light ?—did thy word so sound ?

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ΤΑΛΘΥΒΙΟΣ

270 ἔχει πότμος νιν, ὥστ' ἀπηλλάχθαι πόνων.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

τί δ' ἄ τοῦ χαλκεομήστορος Ἔκτορος δάμαρ,
'Ανδρομάχα τάλαινα, τί ν' ἔχει τύχαν ;

ΤΑΛΘΥΒΙΟΣ

καὶ τήνδ' Ἀχιλλέως ἔλαβε παῖς ἐξαίρετον.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἐγὼ δὲ τῷ πρόσπολος, ἄ τριτοβάμονος χερὶ
δενομένα βάκτρον γεραιῶ κᾶρα ;

ΤΑΛΘΥΒΙΟΣ

'Ιθάκης Ὀδυσσεὺς ἔλαχ' ἄναξ δούλην σ' ἔχειν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἔ ἔ.

ἄρασσε κρᾶτα κούριμον,
280 ἔλκ' ὀνύχεσσι δίπτυχον παρειάν.
ἰὼ μοί μοι.

μυσαρῶ δολίῳ λέλογχα φωτὶ δουλεύειν,
πολεμίῳ δίκας, παρανόμῳ δάκει,
ὃς πάντα τὰ κείθεν ἐνθάδ' <ε> στρέφει, τὰ δ' >
ἀντίπαλ' αὐθις ἐκεῖσε διπτύχῳ γλώσση
φίλα τὰ πρότερ' ἄφιλα τιθέμενος πάντων.
γοᾶσθ', ὦ Τρωάδες, με.

290 βέβακα δύσποτμος, οἴχομαι
ἄ τάλαιν', ἄ δυστυχεστάτῳ
προσέπεσον κλήρῳ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τὸ μὲν σὸν οἶσθα, πότνια, τὰς δ' ἐμὰς τύχας
τίς ἄρ' Ἀχαιῶν ἢ τίς Ἑλλήνων ἔχει ;

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

TALTHYBIUS

She hath found her fate—deliverance from troubles. 270

HECUBA

But the wife of mine Hector the champion
renowned—
What doom hath the hapless Andromache found ?

TALTHYBIUS

Achilles' son hath won her, chosen for him.

HECUBA

And to whom am I handmaid, whose snow-wreathed
brow
Over the prop of a staff must bow ?

TALTHYBIUS

Thee Ithaca's king Odysseus won, his thrall.

HECUBA

Alas and alas ! now smite on thy close-shorn head ;
Now with thy rending nails be thy cheeks furrowed
red !

280

Woe's me, whom the doom of the lots hath led
To be thrall to a foul wretch treacherous-hearted,
To the lawless monster, the foe of the right,
Whose double-tongued juggling, whose cursed
sleight

Putteth light for darkness, and darkness for light,
By whose whisperings veriest friends are parted !—
Wail for me, daughters of Troy ! I am ended

In utter calamity.

O wretch, who by doom of the lot have descended 290
To abysses of misery !

CHORUS

Thy fate thou knowest, queen : but of my lot
What Hellene, what Achaean, hath control ?

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ΤΑΛΘΤΒΙΟΣ

300 ἴτ', ἐκκομίζειν δεῦρο Κασάνδραν χρεῶν
 ὅσον τάχιστα, δμῶες, ὡς στρατηγιάτη
 εἰς χεῖρα δώμεν· εἶτα τὰς εἰληγμένας
 καὶ τοῖσιν ἄλλοις αἰχμαλωτίδων ἄγω.
 ἔα, τί πεύκης ἔνδον ἴσταται σέλας ;
 πιμπρᾶσιν ἢ τί δρῶσι Τρωάδες μυχούς,
 ὡς ἐξάγεσθαι τῆσδε μέλλουσαι χθονὸς
 πρὸς Ἄργος, αὐτῶν τ' ἐκπυροῦσι σώματα
 θανεῖν θέλουσαι ; κάρτα τοι τοῦλεύθερον
 ἐν τοῖς τοιούτοις δυσλόφως φέρει κακί.
 ἄνοιγ' ἄνοιγε, μὴ τὸ ταῖσδε πρόσφορον,
 ἐχθρὸν δ' Ἀχαιοῖς, εἰς ἔμ' αἰτίαν βάλῃ.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οὐκ ἔστιν, οὐ πιμπρᾶσιν, ἀλλὰ παῖς ἐμὴ
 μαινὰς θοάζει δεῦρο Κασάνδρα δρόμῳ.

ΚΑΣΑΝΔΡΑ

310 ἄνεχε, πάρεχε, φῶς φέρε· σέβω, φλέγω, στρ.
 ἰδοῦ ἰδοῦ,
 λαμπάσι τόδ' ἱερόν.
 Ἵμῆν, ὦ Ἵμέναι' ἄναξ,
 μακάριος ὁ γαμέτας,
 μακαρία δ' ἐγὼ βασιλικοῖς λέκτροις
 κατ' Ἄργος ἠ γαμουμένα.
 Ἵμῆν, ὦ Ἵμέναι' ἄναξ.

320 ἐπεὶ σύ, μάτερ, ἐπὶ δάκρυσι καὶ
 γόοισι τὸν θανόντα πατέρα πατρίδα τε
 φίλαν καταστένουσ' ἔχεις,
 ἐγὼ τόδ' ἐπὶ γάμοις ἐμοῖς
 ἀναφλέγω πυρὸς φῶς
 ἐς αὐγίαν, ἐς αἴγλαν,

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

TALTHYBIUS

Away!—Cassandra hither must ye bring
With all speed, thralls, that to the war-king's hand
Delivering her, I may thereafter lead
Unto the rest the captive dames assigned.
Ha!—therewithin what torch-glare leapeth high?
Fire they their lair?—or what, yon dames of Troy?
As looking to be haled from this land forth
To Argos, do they burn themselves with fire,
Being fain to die? In sooth the free-born soul
In such strait chafeth fiercely against ills.
Ho! open, lest a deed beseeming these,
But to Achaeans hateful, bring me blame.

300

HECUBA

Now nay, they fire no tent. My Maenad child
Cassandra cometh rushing hitherward.

Enter CASSANDRA carrying burning torches.

CASSANDRA

(*Str.*)

Up with the torch!—give it me—let me render
Worship to Phoebus!—lo, lo how I fling
Wide through his temple the flash of its splendour:—
Hymen! O Marriage-god, Hymen my king!
Happy the bridegroom who waiteth to meet me;
Happy am I for the couch that shall greet me;
Royal espousals to Argos I bring:—
Bridal-king, Hymen, thy glory I sing.

310

Mother, thou lingerest long at thy weeping,
Aye makest mean for my sire who hath died,
Mourn'st our dear country with sorrow unsleeping:
Therefore myself for mine own marriage-tide
Kindle the firebrands, a glory outstreaming,
Toss up the torches, a radiance far-gleaming:—

320

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

διδούσ', ὦ Ἰμέλαιε, σοί,
 δίδου δ', ὦ Ἰκάτα, φάος,
 παρθένων ἐπὶ λέκτροις ἂ νόμος ἔχει.

πάλλε πόδ' αἰθέριον, ἄναγε χορόν, ἀντ.
 εὐὰν εὐοῖ,

ὡς ἐπὶ πατρὸς ἐμοῦ
 μακαριωτάταις τύχαις.

330

ὁ χορὸς ὅσιος,
 ἄγε σὺ Φοῖβέ νιν· κατὰ σὸν ἐν δάφναις
 ἀνάκτορον θυηπολῶ,
 Ἰμήν, ὦ Ἰμέλαι', Ἰμήν.

χόρευε, μᾶτερ, ἄναγε, πόδα σὸν
 ἔλισσε τᾶδ' ἐκείσε μετ' ἐμέθεν ποδῶν
 φέρουσα φιλτίταν βύσιν.

βοᾶτε τὸν Ἰμέλαιον, ὦ,
 μακαρίαις ἀοιδαῖς
 ἰαχαῖς τε ρύμφαν.

310

ἴτ', ὦ καλλίπεπλοι Φρυγῶν
 κόραι, μέλπετ' ἐμῶν γάμων
 τὸν πεπρωμένον εὐνᾷ πόσιν ἐμέθεν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

Βασίλεια, βακχεύουσαν οὐ λήψει κόρην,
 μὴ κοῦφον αἶρη βῆμ' ἐς Ἀργείων στρατόν;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

Ἦφαιστε, δαδουχεῖς μὲν ἐν γάμοις βροτῶν,
 ἅταρ λυγρὰν γε τήνδ' ἀναιθύσσεις φλόγα
 ἔξω τε μεγάλων ἐλπίδων. οἴμοι, τέκνον,
 ὡς οὐχ ὑπ' αἰχμῆς σ' οὐδ' ὑπ' Ἀργείου δορὸς
 γάμους γαμείσθαι τούσδ' ἐδόξαζόν ποτε.
 παράδος ἐμοὶ φῶς· οὐ γὰρ ὀρθὰ πυρφορεῖς

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

Hymen, to thee is their brightness upleaping :
 Hekate, flash thou thy star-glitter wide,
 After thy wont when a maid is a bride.

(Ant.)

Float, flying feet of the dancers, forth-leading
 Revel of bridals : ring, bacchanal strain,
 Ring in thanksgiving for fortune exceeding
 Happy, that fell to my father to gain.
 Holy the dance is, my duty, my glory :
 Lead thou it, Phoebus ; mid bay-trees before
 thee

Aye have I ministered, there in thy fane :— 330
 Marriage-king, Hymen !—sing loud the refrain.

Up, mother, join thou the revel :—with paces
 Woven with mine through the sweet measure
 flee ;

Hitherward, thitherward, thrid the dance-mazes :
 Sing ever “ Marriage-king !—Hymen ! ” sing ye.
 Bliss ever chime through the notes of your singing ;
 Hail ye the bride with glad voices outringing.
 Daughters of Phrygia, arrayed like the Graces,
 Hymn ye my bridal, the bridegroom for me
 Destined by fate’s everlasting decree.

340

CHORUS

Queen, wilt thou not restrain this Maenad maid,
 Ere speed her flying feet to Argos’ host ?

HECUBA

Fire-god, in spousal-rites thou light’st the torch ;
 But O, a piteous flame thou kindlest now,
 Far from mine high hopes, far !—ah me, my child,
 How little of such marriage dreamed I ever
 For thee,—a captive, thrall of Argos’ spear !
 Give me the torch, it fits not that thou bear it

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

350 μαινὰς θοάζουσ', οὐδέ σ' αἰ τύχαι, τέκνον,
σεσωφρονήκασ', ἀλλ' ἔτ' ἐν ταυτῷ μένεις.
εἰσφέρετε πεύκας, δάκρυά τ' ἀνταλλάσσετε
τοῖς τῆσδε μέλεσι, Τρωάδες, γαμηλίοις.

ΚΑΣΑΝΔΡΑ

μητηρ, πύκαζε κράτ' ἐμὸν νικηφόρον
καὶ χαῖρε τοῖς ἐμοῖσι βασιλικοῖς γάμοις,
καὶ πέμπε, κὰν μὴ τὰμά σοι πρόθυμί γ' ἦ,
ᾧθει βιαίως· εἰ γὰρ ἔστι Λοξίας,
Ἑλένης γαμεῖ με δυσχερέστερον γάμον
ὁ τῶν Ἀχαιῶν κλεινὸς Ἀγαμέμνων ἄναξ.
360 κτενῶ γὰρ αὐτὸν κἀντιπορθήσω δόμους
ποιναὺς ἀδελφῶν καὶ πατρὸς λαβοῦσ' ἐμοῦ.
ἀλλ' αὐτ' εἰάσω· πέλεκυν οὐχ ὑμνήσομεν,
ὃς εἰς τράχηλον τὸν ἐμὸν εἴσι χυτέρων,
μητροκτόνους τ' ἀγῶνας, οὓς οὔμοι γάμοι
θήσουσιν, οἴκων τ' Ἀτρέως ἀνύστασιν.
πόλιν δὲ δείξω τήνδε μακαριωτέραν
ἢ τοὺς Ἀχαιοὺς,—ἔνθεος μὲν, ἀλλ' ὄμως
τοσόνδε γ' ἔξω στήσομαι βακχευμάτων,—
οἷ διὰ μίαν γυναῖκα καὶ μίαν Κύπριν
θηρῶντες Ἑλένην μυρίους ἀπώλεσαν.
370 ὁ δὲ στρατηγὸς ὁ σοφὸς ἐχθίστων ὑπερ
τὰ φίλτατ' ᾤλεσ', ἡδονὰς τὰς οἴκοθεν
τέκνων ἀδελφῶ δούς γυναικὸς εἵνεκα,
καὶ ταυτ' ἐκούσης κοῦ βια λελησμένης.
ἐπεὶ δ' ἐπ' ἀκτὰς ἤλυθον Σκαμανδρίου,
ἔθνησκον, οὐ γῆς ὄρι' ἀποστερούμενοι,
οὐδ' ὑψιπύργου πατρίδος· οὓς δ' Ἄρης ἔλοι,
οὐ παῖδας εἶδον, οὐ δάμαρτος ἐν χεροῖν
πέπλοις συνεστάλησαν, ἐν ξένη δὲ γῆ
κεῖνται. τὰ δ' οἴκοι τοῖσδ' ὅμοι' ἐγίγμετο·

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

In Maenad frenzy. Thy misfortunes, child,
Healed not thy mind, but still art thou distraught 350
Daughters of Troy, bear in the torches : give
Tears in exchange for these her marriage-hymns.

CASSANDRA

Mother, with wreaths of triumph crown mine
head.

Rejoice thou o'er my marriage with a king.
Eseort me to him : if thou find me loth,
With violence thrust me : for, if Loxias lives,
Deadlier than Helen's shall my spousals be
To Agamemnon, Achaea's glorious king.
Death shall I deal him, havoe of his home,
Avenging so my brethren and my sire :— 360

No more of that ; I will not sing the axe.
That on my neck, and others' necks, shall fall,
The mother-murdering strife, my spousals' fruit,
Nor of the overthrow of Atreus' house.
But I will prove this city happier
Than yon Achaeans,—yea, possessed am I,
Yet stand herein of bacchant ravings clear,—
Who for one woman, for one wanton's sake,
In quest of Helen wasted lives untold.
And this wise chief—for what he hated most 370
He hath lost what most he loved, home-joys of
children

To his brother for a woman's sake resigned,—
And she a willing prey, no kidnapped victim !
And, when these came unto Scamander's banks,
Fast died they, not for marches foeman-harried,
Nor home-land stately-towered. Who fell in fight
Saw not their children, nor by hands of wives
In robes were shrouded : but in a strange land
They lie. And in their homes the like befell :

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

380 χῆραί τ' ἔθνησκον, οἳ δ' ἄπαιδες ἐν δόμοις
 ἄλλως τέκν' ἐκθρέψαντες· οὐδὲ πρὸς τάφους
 ἔσθ' ὅστις αὐτοῖς αἷμα γῆ δωρήσεται.
 ἢ τοῦδ' ἐπαίνου τὸ στράτευμ' ἐπάξιον.
 σιγᾶν ἄμεινον τίς σχρά, μηδὲ μοῦσά μοι
 γένοιτ' αἰοιδὸς ἣτις ὑμνήσει κακά.
 Ἵρῶες δὲ πρῶτον μὲν, τὸ κάλλιστον κλέος,
 ὑπὲρ πάτρας ἔθνησκον· οὓς δ' ἔλοι δόρυ,
 νεκροὶ γ' ἐς οἴκους φερόμενοι φίλων ὑπο
 ἐν γῆ πατρώα περιβολὰς εἶχον χθονός,
 390 χερσὶν περισταλέντες ὧν ἐχρήν ὑπο
 ὅσοι δὲ μὴ θάνοιεν ἐν μάχῃ Φρυγῶν,
 αἰὲ κατ' ἡμαρ σὺν δάμαρτι καὶ τέκνοις
 ᾤκουν, Ἀχαιοῖς ὧν ἀπῆσαν ἡδοναί.
 τὰ δ' Ἐκτορός σοι λύπρ' ἄκουσον ὡς ἔχει·
 δόξας ἀνὴρ ἄριστος οἴχεται θανῶν,
 καὶ ταῦτ' Ἀχαιῶν ἴξις ἐξεργάζεται·
 εἰ δ' ἦσαν οἴκοι, χρηστὸς ἔλαθεν ἂν γεγώς.
 Πάρις τ' ἔρημε τὴν Διός· γήμας δὲ μή,
 σιγώμενον τὸ κῆδος¹ εἶχεν ἐν δόμοις.
 400 φεύγειν μὲν οὖν χρή πόλεμον ὅστις εὖ φρονεῖ·
 εἰ δ' εἰς τόδ' ἔλθοι, στέφανος οὐκ αἰσχροὺς πόλει
 καλῶς ὀλέσθαι, μὴ καλῶς δὲ δυσκλέες.
 ὧν εἴνεκ' οὐ χρή, μήτηρ, οἰκτείρειν σε γῆν,
 οὐ τὰμὰ λέκτρα· τοὺς γὰρ ἐχθίστους ἐμοὶ
 καὶ σοὶ γάμοισι τοῖς ἐμοῖς διαφθερῶ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὡς ἠδέως κακοῖσιν οἰκείοις γελᾶς,
 μέλπεις θ' ἂ μέλπουσ' οὐ σαφῆ δείξεις ἴσως.

¹ Paley and Tyrrell: for κῆδος Nauck.

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

Wives widowed died, sires linger in lone halls 380
Without sons, whom for nought they nurtured; none
Remain to spill earth's blood-gift at their tombs.
Sooth, well the host hath earned such praise as
this !

Best left untold the deeds of shame—not mine
Be voice of song to chant that evil tale !
But, for the Trojans, first for fatherland
'They died—a glorious death ! Whom foemen slew,
By friends their corpses to their homes were borne,
And in the home-land earth's arms cradled them
Compassed with duteous hands' observances. 390

And whatso Phrygians not in battle died
Ever with wife and children day by day
Dwelt, joys whereof the Achaeans tasted none.
For Hector's woeful fate—hear thou the truth :
He proved himself a hero ere he died ;
And this the Achaeans' coming brought to pass :
Had they in Greece stayed, none had seen his
prowess.

And Paris wedded Zeus' child : had he not,
His halls had hailed affianee unrenowned.
Sooth, he were best shun war, whoso is wise : 400
If war must be, his country's crown of pride
Is death heroic, craven death her shame.
Then make not moan, O mother, for thy land,
Nor for my couch ; for my most bitter foes
And thine shall I destroy by mine espousals.

CHORUS

How blithely laughest thou at thine own ills,
And bodest things thou scarce shalt show fulfilled !

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ΤΑΛΘΤΒΙΟΣ

εἰ μὴ σ' Ἀπόλλων ἐξεβάκχευσε φρένας,
 οὐ τὰν ἀμισθὶ τοὺς ἐμούς στρατηλάτας
 410 τοιαῖσδε φήμαις ἐξέπεμπες ἂν χθονός.
 ἀτὰρ τὰ σεμνὰ καὶ δοκίμασιν σοφὰ
 οὐδέν τι κρείσσω τῶν τὸ μηδὲν ἦν ἄρα.
 ὁ γὰρ μέγιστος τῶν Πανελλήνων ἀναξ,
 Ἀτρέως φίλος παῖς, τῆσδ' ἔρωτ' ἐξαίρετον
 μαινίδος ὑπέστη καὶ πένης μὲν εἰμ' ἐγώ,
 ἀτὰρ λέχος γε τῆσδ' ἂν οὐκ ἐκτησίμην.
 καὶ σοὶ μὲν, οὐ γὰρ ἀρτίας ἔχεις φρένας,
 Ἀργεῖ' ὀνειδή καὶ Φρυγῶν ἐπαινέσεις
 420 ἀνέμοις φέρεσθαι παραδίδωμ'. ἔπου δέ μοι
 πρὸς ναῦς, καλὸν νύμφευμα τῷ στρατηλάτῃ.
 σὺ δ', ἠϊκ' ἂν σε Λαρτίου χρήξῃ τόκος
 ἄγειν, ἔπεσθαι σῶφρονος δ' ἔσει λάτρις
 γυναικός, ὡς φασ' οἱ μολόντες Ἴλιον.

ΚΑΣΑΝΔΡΑ

ἦ δεινὸς ὁ λάτρις. τί ποτ' ἔχουσι τοῦνομα
 κήρυκες, ἐν ἀπέχθημα πάγκοινων βροτοῖς,
 οἱ περὶ τυράννους καὶ πόλεις ὑπηρεταί;
 σὺ τὴν ἐμὴν φῆς μητέρ' εἰς Ὀδυσσέως
 ἤξειν μέλαθρα; ποῦ δ' Ἀπόλλωνος λόγοι,
 430 οἳ φασιν αὐτὴν εἰς ἔμ' ἠρμηνευμένοι
 αὐτοῦ θανεῖσθαι; τᾶλλα δ' οὐκ ὀνειδιῶ.
 οὐστήνομος, οὐκ οἶδ' οἷά νιν μένει πάθη·
 ὡς χρυσὸς αὐτῷ τὰμὰ καὶ Φρυγῶν κακὰ
 δόξει ποτ' εἶναι. δέκα γὰρ ἐκπλήσας ἔτη
 πρὸς τοῖσιν ἐνθάδ', ἕξεται μόνος πάτραν¹ ...
 οὐ δι' στενον δίαυλον ᾧκισται πέτρας

¹ Heath and others mark a lacuna here.

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

TALTHYBIUS

Had Phoebus not with frenzy thrilled thy soul,
 Thou with such bodings shouldst not unchastised
 Speed from thy land my lords, the battle-chiefs. 410
 Lo, how these lofty ones, wise in repute,
 Are no whit better than the nothing-worth!
 For this most mighty king of allied Hellas,
 This Atreus' son, hath stooped him 'neath love's
 yoke

For you mad girl, of all maids! Poor am I,
 Yet would I ne'er have gotten me her couch.
 Now, seeing thou hast not unshattered wit,
 Thy mocks at Argos and thy praise of Phrygia
 I fling to the winds to scatter. Follow me
 Unto the ships, our captain's goodly bride! 420
 But thou (*to Hecuba*) whenso Laertes' seed desires
 To take thee, follow. A virtuous woman's thrall¹
 Shalt thou be, as say all that came to Troy.

CASSANDRA

Keen-witted varlet this! Why such fair name
 Have heralds, common loathing of mankind,
 Who are but menials of kings and cities?
 Say'st thou my mother to Odysseus' halls
 Shall come? Where be Apollo's bodings then,
 Which say—to me no mystery—that she
 Shall here die?—other shame I will not speak.² 430
 Wretch!—he knows not what sufferings wait for
 him,
 Such, that my woes and Phrygia's yet shall seem
 As gold to him. Ten years to these past ten
 Accomplished, shall he reach his land—alone;
 Shall see where in the rock-gorge fell Charybdis

¹ *i.e.* slave to Penelope.

² *i.e.* the manner of her death. See *Hecuba*, ll. 1259–73.

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

δεινὴ Χάρυβδις, ὠμοβρώς τ' ὄρειβάτης
 Κύκλωψ, Λιγυστίς θ' ἡ συῶν μορφώτρια
 Κίρκη, θαλάσσης θ' ἄλμυρᾶς ναύγια,
 λωτοῦ τ' ἔρωτες, Ἥλιου θ' ἀγναὶ βόες,
 440 αἰὲν σάρκα φωνήεσσαν ἤσουσιν πτε,
 πικρὰν Ὀδυσσεὶ γῆρυν. ὡς δὲ συντέμω,
 ζῶν εἶς ἔς Ἄιδου κἀκφυγῶν λίμνης ὕδωρ
 κἀκ' ἐν δόμοισι μυρὶ εὐρήσει μολῶν.
 ἀλλὰ γὰρ τί τοὺς Ὀδυσσέως ἔξακοντίζω πόρους ;
 στεῖχ', ὅπως τάχιστ' ἐς Ἄιδου νυμφίῳ γαμώ-
 μεθα.
 ἢ κακὸς κακῶς ταφήσει νυκτός, οὐκ ἐν ἡμέρᾳ,
 ὦ δοκῶν σεμνόν τι πρᾶσσειν, Δαναϊδῶν ἀρχι-
 γέτα.
 κἀμέ τοι νεκρὸν φάραγγες γυμνιάδ' ἐκβεβλη-
 μέην
 ὕδατι χειμάρρῳ ῥέουσαι, νυμφίου πέλας τάφου,
 450 θηρσὶ δώσουσιν δύσασθαι, τὴν Ἀπόλλωνος λάτριν.
 ὦ στέφη τοῦ φιλτάτου μοι θεῶν, ἀγάλματ'
 εὔια,
 χαίрет· ἐκλέλοιφ' ἐορτάς, αἷς πάροιθ' ἠγαλ-
 λόμην.
 ἴτ' ἀπ' ἐμοῦ χρωτὸς σπαραγμοῖς, ὡς ἔτ' οὐσ'
 ἀγνὴ χρῶα
 δῶ θοαῖς αὔραις φέρεσθαί σοι τάδ', ὦ μαντεῖ'
 ἄναξ.
 ποῦ σκάφος τὸ τοῦ στρατηγοῦ ; ποῖ ποτ'
 ἐμβαίνειν με χρή ;
 οὐκέτ' ἂν φθίνοις ἂν αὔραν ἰστίοις καρδοκῶν,
 ὡς μίαν τριῶν Ἐρινὺν τῆσδέ μ' ἐξάξων χθονός.
 χαῖρέ μοι, μήτηρ, δακρύσης μηδέν· ὦ φίλη
 πατρίς·

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

Hath made her lair,—where mountain-haunting
Cyclops

Ravins,—see her that turneth men to swine,

Ligurian Circe,—shipwreck in salt seas,—

The lotus-cravings, the Sun's sacred kine,

Whose dead flesh with a human voice shall moan, 440

A dire voice for Odysseus! To make end,

He shall see Hades' living, 'scape the sea,

Yet, when he winneth home, find ills untold.

Yet—Odysseus' troubles, wherefore should I loose
their javelin-flight?

On, that I may haste to wed my bridegroom, Hades'
spousal-plaint. [of day,

Vile one, vile shall be thy burial, darkling, not in light

Thou that dream'st of high achievement, chief of

Danaus' sons' array!

Yea, and me, flung out a naked corse, the mountain's
chasm-rift, [a ravin-gift,

Foaming with the wintry floods, shall give to beasts,

Hard beside my bridegroom's grave—Apollo's
priestess-handmaid me! 450

Garlands of the God most dear unto me, mystic bravery,

Farewell: I have left the temple-feasts, my joy in days
o'erpast:

Hence, in rendings from my body, that, while yet my
blood is chaste, [lord!

I may give them to the blasts to waft to thee, O Prophet—

Where is Agamemnon's galley?—whither go to pass
aboard? [the sail!

Loiter not from eager watching for the breeze to fill

One of the Avengers Three am I whom thou from

Troy shalt hale.

Fare-thee-well, my mother, weep not;—fatherland,
belovèd name;—

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

οἷ τε γῆς ἔνερθ' ἀδελφοὶ χῶ τεκῶν ἡμᾶς πατήρ,
 οὐ μακρὰν δέξεσθέ μ' ἦκω δ' εἰς νεκροὺς νικη-
 460 φόρους
 καὶ δόμους πέρσασ' Ἀτρείδων, ὧν ἀπωλόμεσθ'
 ὕπο.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

Ἐκάβης γηραιᾶς φύλακες, οὐ δεδόρκατε
 δέσποιναι ὡς ἄναυδος εἰς πέδον πίτνει ;
 οὐκ ἀντιλήψεσθ' ; ἢ μεθήσεται, ὦ κακαί,
 γραῖαν πεσοῦσαν ; αἶρετ' εἰς ὀρθὸν δέμας.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

εἶάτέ μ', οὔτοι φίλα τὰ μὴ φίλ', ὦ κόραι,
 κείσθαι πεσοῦσαν· πτωμάτων γὰρ ἄξια
 πάσχω τε καὶ πέπονθα κᾶτι πείσομαι.
 ὦ θεοί· κακοὺς μὲν ἀνακαλῶ τοὺς συμμαχοὺς,
 470 ὅμως δ' ἔχει τι σχῆμα κικλήσκειν θεοὺς,
 ὅταν τις ἡμῶν δυστυχή λάβῃ τύχην.
 πρῶτον μὲν οὖν μοι τὰ γάθ' ἐξῆσαι φίλοι·
 τοῖς γὰρ κακοῖσι πλείον' οἶκτον ἐμβαλῶ.
 ἦμην τύραννος κείς τύρανν' ἐγημάμην,
 κἄνταυθ' ἀριστεύοντ' ἐγεινάμην τέκνα,
 οὐκ ἀριθμὸν ἄλλως, ἀλλ' ὑπερτάτους Φρυγῶν
 οὐ Τρωᾶς οὐδ' Ἑλληνῆς οὐδὲ βάρβαρος
 γυνὴ τεκοῦσα κομπάσειεν ἄν ποτε.
 480 κικεῖνά τ' εἶδον δορὶ πεσόνθ' Ἑλληνικῶ,
 τρίχας δ' ἐτμήθην τᾶσδε πρὸς τύμβοις νεκρῶν,
 καὶ τὸν φυτουργὸν Πρίαμον οὐκ ἄλλων πάρα
 κλύουσ' ἔκλαυσα, τοῖσδε δ' εἶδον ὄμμασιν
 αὐτὴ κατασφαγέντ' ἐφ' ἑρκείῳ πυρᾷ,
 πόλιν θ' ἀλοῦσαν. ἄς δ' ἔθρεψα παρθένους
 εἰς ἀξίωμα νυμφίων ἐξαίρετον,
 ἄλλοισι θρέψασ' ἐκ χερῶν ἀφηρέθην.

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

Ye beneath the sod, my brethren ;—father, of whose
 loins I came ;— [shall come
 'Tis not long ere ye shall greet me : I unto my dead 460
 Triumph-crowned from havoc of the Atreid house that
 wrought our doom.

[*Exit* TALTHYBIUS *with* CASSANDRA.

CHORUS

Grey Hecuba's attendants, mark ye not
 Your mistress sinking speechless to the earth ?
 Will ye not help her, heartless ones, but leave
 Her grey hairs prostrate ? Bear ye up her frame.

HECUBA

Leave me—false kindness were unkindness, girls,—
 So fallen to lie. Well may I sink 'neath all
 I suffer, and have suffered, and shall suffer.
 O Gods !—to sorry helpers I appeal ;
 Yet to invoke the Gods hath some fair show 470
 When child of man on evil fortune lights.
 Fain am I first to chant mine olden bliss ;
 So shall I wake more ruth for these my woes.
 I was a princess wedded to a king,
 And mother I became of princely sons,
 Nor ciphers these, but Phrygia's mightiest chiefs :
 Trojan nor Greek dame, nor barbarian,
 Might ever boast her mother of such as these.
 Yet these I saw by Hellene spears laid low,
 And shore these tresses at my dead sons' graves. 480
 Their father Priam—not from other lips
 I heard and wept his doom, but these mine eyes
 Beheld him butchered on the altar-stone,
 Troy sacked, the maiden daughters I had nursed
 For pride of princely spousals without peer,
 Torn from mine arms—for aliens reared I them '

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

κοῦτ' ἔξ ἐκείνων ἐλπίς ὡς ὀφθήσομαι,
 αὐτὴ τ' ἐκείνας οὐκέτ' ὄψομαί ποτε.
 τὸ λούσθιον δέ, θριγκὸς ἀθλίων κλακῶν,
 490 δούλη γυνὴ γραῦς Ἑλλάδ' εἰσαφίξομαι.
 ἂ δ' ἐστὶ γήρα τῶδ' ἀσυμφωρότατα,
 τούτοις με προσθήσουσιν, ἢ θυρῶν λάτρην
 κληῖδας φυλάσσειν, τὴν τεκοῦσαν Ἔκτορα,
 ἢ σιτοποιεῖν, κὴν πέδω κοίτας ἔχειν
 ῥυσοῖσι νώτοις βασιλικῶν ἐκ δεμνίων,
 τρυχηρὰ περὶ τρυχηρὸν εἰμέτην χροῶ
 πέπλων λακίσματ', ἀδόκιμ' ὀλβίοις ἔχειν.
 οἷ γὼ τάλαινα, διὰ γάμον μῆς ἕνα
 γυναικὸς οἴων ἔτυχον, ὧν τε τεύξομαι.
 500 ὦ τέκνον, ὦ σύμβακχε Κασάνδρα θεοῖς,
 οἴαις ἔλυσας συμφοραῖς ἄγνευμα σόν.
 σύ τ', ὦ τάλαινα, ποῦ ποτ' εἶ, Πολυξένη;
 ὡς οὔτε μ' ἄρσην οὔτε θήλεια σπορὰ
 πολλῶν γενομένων τὴν τάλαιναν ὠφελεῖ.
 τί δῆτά μ' ὀρθοῦτ'; ἐλπίδων ποίων ὑπο;
 ἄγετε τὸν ἀβρὸν δῆποτ' ἐν Τροίᾳ πόδα,
 νῦν δ' ὄντα δούλον, στιβάδα πρὸς χαμαιπετῆ
 πέτρινά τε κρήδεμι', ὡς πεσοῦσ' ἀποφθαρῶ
 510 δακρύοις καταξαιθεῖσα. τῶν δ' εὐδαιμόνων
 μηδένα νομίζετ' εὐτυχεῖν πρὶν ἂν θάνῃ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀμφί μοι Ἴλιον, ὦ στρ. α
 Μοῦσα, καινῶν ὕμνων
 ἄεισον ἐν δακρύοις
 ὧδ' ἀν' ἐπικηδέιον·
 νῦν γὰρ μέλος εἰς Τροίαν
 ἰαχίσω,

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

No hope have I of being seen of them,
 No, nor of seeing them for evermore.
 And last, the topstone of my misery,
 Old, and a slave, to Hellas shall I come ; 490
 And what tasks for mine eld are most unmeet,
 To these will they appoint me, to keep keys,
 A portress,—me, who gave to Hector birth!—
 Or knead their bread, and couch upon the
 ground
 The wasted form that knew a royal bed,
 With tattered rags to clothe my shrunken frame,
 Vesture unmeet for those once throned in bliss.
 Woe!—for one lover of one adulteress
 What have I borne?—what am I yet to bear?
 O child Cassandra, baechant-fellow of Gods, 500
 Mid what disaster ends thy virgin state!
 And thou, ill-starred Polyxena, where art thou?
 Nor son nor daughter, none remains to help
 The wretched mother, of all born to her.
 Wherefore then raise up me?—what hope is left?
 Guide me,—who once in Troy trod delicately,
 Who am a slave now,—to some earth-strown bed,
 To fling me down where stones shall veil my
 face
 And waste in tears to death. Of all that prosper
 Account ye no one happy ere he die. 510

CHORUS

O Song-goddess, chant in mine ear (Str. 1)
 The doom of mine Ilium : sing
 Thy strange notes broken with sob and tear
 That o'er sepulchres sigh where our dear dead lie :
 For now through my lips outwailing clear
 Troy's ruin-dirge shall ring,—

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

520 τετραβάμονος ὡς ὑπ' ἀπήνας
 Ἀργείων ὀλόμαν τάλαινα δοριύλωτος,
 ὅτ' ἔλιπον ἵππον οὐράνια
 βρέμοντα χρυσεοφάλαρον ἔνοπλον
 ἐν πύλαις Ἀχαιοί·
 ἀνὰ δ' ἐβόασεν λεῶς
 Γρωάδος ἀπὸ πέτρας σταθείς·
 ἴτ', ὦ πεπαυμένοι πόνωνι,
 τόδ' ἱερὸν ἀνάγετε ξόανον
 Ἰλιάδι Διογενεῖ κόρα.
 τίς οὐκ ἔβα νεανίδων,
 τίς οὐ γεραιὸς ἐκ δόμων ;
 530 κεχαρμένοι δ' αἰοιδαῖς
 δόλιον ἔσχον ἄταν.

540 πᾶσα δὲ γένηα Φρυγῶν
 πρὸς πύλας ὠρμάθη,
 πεύκα ἐν οὐρείᾳ
 ξεστόν λόχον Ἀργείων
 καὶ Δαρδανίας ἄταν
 θεᾷ δώσωι,
 χάριν ἄζυγος ἀμβροτοπώλου·
 κλωστοῦ δ' ἀμφιβόλοις λίνιοι, ναὸς ὡσεὶ
 σκάφος κελαινὸν εἰς ἔδρανα
 λάϊνα δάπεδά τε φόνια πατρίδι
 Παλλάδος θέσαι θεᾶς.
 ἐν δὲ πόνῳ καὶ χαρῇ
 νύχιον ἐπὶ κνέφας παρήν,

ἀντ. α'

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

How the Argives' four-foot wain
Brought me ruin with spear and with chain,
When clashed to the sky death's armoury¹
That they left at our gates for our bane — 520
 That gold-decked thing!
And afar from the rock's sheer crest
A shout did the Troy-folk fling—
"Come, ye that from troubles have now found rest,
And the sacred image bring
To the Ilian Maid² Zeus bare!"
Who then of the youths but was there?
What hoary head but from home forth sped,
With songs that ruin-snare
 Encompassing? 530

Swift streamed they all to the gate, (*Ant.* 1)
 The children of Dardanus' line,
With the Argives' gift to propitiate
The Maid supreme of the deathless team³:
And to Phrygia's curse, to the ambushed fate
 That was pent in the mountain-pine,
 The coils of the flax have they tied.
Like a dark ship on did it glide
To the marble-gleam of the fame, with the stream
Of our fatherland's blood to be dyed,
 Even Pallas' shrine. 540

Now over their toil and their glee
 Spread black night's wings divine;

¹ Alluding to the clang of arms from within, of which the Trojans in their infatuation took no heed, as they dragged the Wooden Horse into the city. Cf. Virgil, *Aen.* ii. 243.

² Pallas Athena, who sprang from the head of Zeus.

³ Athena, named "Pallas of the chariot-steeds."

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

550 Λίβυς τε λωτὸς ἐκτύπει
 Φρύγιά τε μέλαια, παρθένοι δ'
 ἀέριον ἀνὰ κρότον ποδῶν
 βοάν τ' ἔμελπον εὐφρον'· ἐν
 δόμοις δὲ παμφαῆς σέλας
 πυρὸς μέλαιναν αἴγλαν
 [ἄκος]¹ ἔδωκεν ὕπνω.

560 ἐγὼ δὲ τὰν ὄρεστέραν
 τότ' ἀμφὶ μέλαθρα παρθένου,
 Διὸς κόραν ἐμελπόμεν
 χοροῖσι· φοινία δ' ἀνὰ
 πτόλιν βοὰ κατείχε Περ-
 γάμων ἔδρας· βρέφη δὲ φίλι-
 α περιπέπλους ἔβαλλε μα-
 τρὶ χεῖρας ἐπτοημένας·
 λόχου δ' ἐξέβαιν' Ἄρης,
 κόρας ἔργα Παλλίδος.
 σφαγαὶ δ' ἀμφιβώμοι
 Φρυγῶν, ἐν τε δεμνίοις
 καράτομος ἔρημα
 νεανιῶν² στέφανον ἔφερεν
 Ἑλλάδι κουροτρόφω,
 Φρυγῶν δὲ πατρίδι πένθος.

570 Ἐκάβη, λεύσσεις τήνδ' Ἀνδρομάχην
 ξενικοῖς ἐπ' ὄχοις πορθμευομένην
 παρὰ δ' εἰρεσία μαστῶν ἔπεται
 φίλος Ἀστυάναξ, Ἐκτορος ἱνις.

¹ Supplied by Murray.

² Bothe : for νεανιδων of MSS.

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

But the flute still peaaleth merrily,
Still wreathe the dancers and twine
The fairy-footed maze ;
And the jubilant chant they raise ;
And the homes glow red with the splendours shed
From the torches, with lurid blaze
O'er the revel that shine.

550

In that hour to the mountain Maiden, (*Epode*)
Unto Artemis, Zeus's Daughter,
Around mine halls was I singing
In the dance ; but a fierce shout murder-laden
Thrilled with foreboding of slaughter
Pergamus' homes, and scared babes flying
Round the skirts of their mothers their hands were
flinging
At that awful outcry.

Then burst forth War from the place of his hiding, 560
From the lair that Pallas had framed forth-
springing ; [streaming.
Troy's altar-pavements with slaughter were
To her couches a ghastly guest came gliding—
A spectre of headless men, Desolation—
To the foster-mother of warriors bringing,
Unto Hellas, a coronal triumph-gleaming,
And a crown of grief to the Phrygian nation.

Lo! Andromache, Queen, draweth nigh on
A wain of the foe borne high ;
On her breast rocked, Hector's scion, 570
Dear Astyanax, doth lie.

*Enter ANDROMACHE on a mule-car heaped with armour :
her child in her arms.*

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ποῖ ποτ' ἀπήνης νώτοισι φέρει,
 δύστηνε γύναι, πάρεδρος χαλκείois
 Ἐκτορος ὄπλοis σκύλοis τε Φρυγῶν
 δοριθηράτοis,
 οἷσιν Ἀχιλλέωσ παιῖs Φθιώτῃs
 στέψει ναοὺs ἀπὸ Τροίας ;

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

Αχαιοὶ δεσπύται μ' ἄγουσιν.

στρ. β'

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ᾧμοι.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

τί παιᾶν' ἐμὸν στενάξεις

ΕΚΑΒΗ

αἰαῖ.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

τῶνδ' ἀλγέων

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὦ Ζεῦ.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

580

καὶ συμφορᾶs ;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

τέκεα,

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

πρίν ποτ' ἦμεν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

βέβακ' ὄλβος, βέβακε Τροία

ἀντ. β

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

τλάμων.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἐμῶν τ' εὐγένεια παίδων.

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

HECUBA

Whither on yon car's height dost thou ride,
O hapless wife, with the arms at thy side
Of Hector, and Phrygian battle-gear,
The spoil of the spear,
Wherewith that son of Achilles shall deck
The shrines of Phthia from Phrygia's wreck ?

ANDROMACHE

(*Str.* 2)

Achaean's our masters to bondage are haling me.

HECUBA

Woe !

ANDROMACHE

Why dost thou chant my paeon of misery—

HECUBA

Alas !—

ANDROMACHE

For my burden of woe,—

HECUBA

O Zeus !—

ANDROMACHE

For the anguish I know ?

550

HECUBA

Ah children !

ANDROMACHE

No more are we !

HECUBA

(*Ant.* 2)

Gone is the olden prosperity, Troy is no more !

ANDROMACHE

Ah hapless

HECUBA

Gone are the hero-sons that I bore !

401

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

φεῦ φεῦ.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

φεῦ δῆτ' ἐμῶν

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

κακῶν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οἰκτρὰ τύχα

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

πόλεος,

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἅ καπνοῦται.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

μόλοις, ὦ πόσις, μοι,

στρ. γ'

ΕΚΑΒΗ

βοᾶς τὸν παρ' Ἄϊδα
παῖδ' ἐμὸν, ὦ μελέα.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

590 σᾶς δάμαρτος ἄλκαρ.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

σύ τ', ὦ λῦμ' Ἀχαιῶν,
τέκνων δῆποτ' ἀμῶν
πρεσβυγενὲς Πρίαμω,
κοίμισαί μ' ἐς Ἄϊδου.¹

ἀντ. γ'

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

οἶδε πόθοι μεγάλοι σχετλία, τάδε πάσχομεν
ἄλγη,
οἰχομένας πόλεως, ἐπὶ δ' ἄλγεσιν ἄλγεα κείται
δυσφροσύναισι θεῶν, ὅτε σὸς γόνος ἔκφυγεν
Ἄϊδαν,

¹ Paley and Tyrrell's reading adopted: for δέσποθ' . . . Πρίαμω of MSS.

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

ANDROMACHE

Woe!—

HECUBA

For griefs—

ANDROMACHE

On mine head that fall!

HECUBA

Ah the pity—

ANDROMACHE

Of Ilium's wall—

HECUBA

With the smoke-pall shrouded o'er!

ANDROMACHE

Come to me, husband, now— (Str. 3)

HECUBA

Thou criest on him that is gone,
O hapless, to Hades, my son—

ANDROMACHE

Thy wife's defender thou! 590

HECUBA

Thou on whom did Achaeans heap (Ant. 3)
Outrage, whom eldest I bare
Unto Priam in days that were,
To thine Hades receive me to sleep.

ANDROMACHE

Sore are our yearnings, sharp anguish is come on us,
O sorrow-stricken!
Ruined our city is; cloud upon cloud do our miseries
thicken,
Sent by the hate of the Gods, since thy son was from
Hades delivered,¹

¹ Paris, spared at his birth, in spite of the prophecy that he should ruin Troy.

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ὃς λεχέων στυγερῶν χάριν ὤλεσε πέργαμα
Τροίας.

αἵματόεντα δὲ θεᾷ παρὰ Παλλάδι σώματα νεκρῶν
γυψὶ φέρειν τέταται· ζυγὰ δ' ἤηυσε δούλια

600

Τροία.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὦ πατρίς ὦ μελέα, καταλειπομέναν σε δακρῦω,
νῦν τέλος οἰκτρὸν ὀράς, καὶ ἔμὸν δόμον ἔνθ'
ἐλοχεύθην.

† ὦ τέκν', ἐρημόπολις μῆτηρ ἀπολείπεται ὑμῶν,
οἶος ἰάλεμος οἶά τε πένθη

δάκρυά τ' ἐκ δακρῦων καταλείβεται

ἀμετέροισι δόμοις· ὁ θανὼν δ' ἐπι-

λάθεται ἀλγέων ἀδάκρυτος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὡς ἠδὺ δάκρυα τοῖς κακῶς πεπραγόσι
θρήνων τ' ὕδυρμοὶ μούσα θ' ἠ λύπαις ἔχει.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

610 ὦ μῆτερ ἀνδρός, ὅς ποτ' Ἀργείων δορὶ
πλείστους διώλεσ', Ἔκτορος, τὰδ' εἰσοράς;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὀρῶ τὰ τῶν θεῶν, ὡς τὰ μὲν πυργούσ' ἄνω
τὰ μηδὲν ὄντα, τὰ δὲ δοκοῦντ' ἀπώλεσαν.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ἀγόμεθα λεία σὺν τέκνῳ, τὸ δ' εὐγενὲς
εἰς δούλον ἵκει, μεταβολὰς τοιάσδ' ἔχον.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

τὸ τῆς ἀνάγκης δεινόν· ἄρτι κἀπ' ἐμοῦ
βέβηκ' ἀπυσπασθεῖσα Κισάνδρα βία.

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

He for whose bridal accurst were the bulwarks of
Ilium shivered. [that crowd her,
Pallas the Goddess is left amid corpses blood-boultered
Spoil for the vultures, and Troy 'neath the yoke-band
of thraldom hath bowed her.

500

HECUBA

Fatherland, hapless, I weep thee, who now, of our
faces forlorn,
Seest the pitiful end, and mine home where my
children were born. [going—
Children, bereft of my city am I, and from me are ye
How wild is our wailing, our woe how deep !
Tears upon tears are flowing, flowing, [knowing
Mid our desolate homes :—the dead only, un-
Of sorrow, forget to weep.

CHORUS

How sweet unto afflicted souls are tears,
Lamentings, and the chant with sorrow fraught !

ANDROMACHE

Mother of hero Hector, whose spear slew
In days past many an Argive, seest thou this ?

610

HECUBA

I see the Gods' work, who exalt on high
That which was naught, and bring the proud names
low.

ANDROMACHE

I with my child a spoil am haled ; high birth
Hath come to bondage—ah the change, the change !

HECUBA

Mighty is fate :—from mine arms too but now
By violence torn Cassandra passed away.

405

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

φεῦ φεῦ·

ἄλλος τις Αἴας, ὡς ἔοικε, δεύτερος
παιδὸς πέφηνε σῆς· νοσεῖς δὲ χᾶτερα.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

520

ὦν γ' οὔτε μέτρον οὔτ' ἀριθμὸς ἐστί μοι
κακῶ κακὸν γὰρ εἰς ἄμιλλαν ἔρχεται.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

τέθνηκέ σοι παῖς πρὸς τάφῳ Πολυξένη
σφαγεῖς' Ἀχιλλέως, δῶρον ἀψύχῳ νεκρῶ.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οἱ γὼ τάλαινα. τοῦτ' ἐκκῖνό μοι πάλαι
Ταλθύβιος αἶνιγμ' οὐ σαφῶς εἶπεν σαφές.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

εἰδόν ἱνὴν αὐτὴ κάποβᾶσα τῶνδ' ὄχων
ἔκρυψα πέπλοις κάπεκοψάμην νεκρόν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

αἰαῖ, τέκνον, σῶν ἀνοσίων προσφαγμάτων·
αἰαῖ μάλ' αὖθις, ὡς κακῶς διόλλυσαι.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

530

ὄλωλεν ὡς ὄλωλεν, ἀλλ' ὅμως ἐμοῦ
ζώσης γ' ὄλωλεν εὐτυχεστέρω πότμῳ.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οὐ ταυτόν, ὦ παῖ, τῷ βλέπειν τὸ κατθανεῖν·
τὸ μὲν γὰρ οὐδέν, τῷ δ' ἔνεισιν ἐλπίδες.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ὦ μῆτερ, ὦ τεκοῦσα, κάλλιστον λόγον
ἄκουσον, ὡς σοι τέρψιν ἐμβάλω φρενί.
τὸ μὴ γενέσθαι τῷ θανεῖν ἴσον λέγω,
τοῦ ζῆν δὲ λυπρῶς κρεῖσσόν ἐστι κατθανεῖν.
ἀλγεῖ γὰρ οὐδὲν τῶν κακῶν ἡσθημένος·
ὁ δ' εὐτυχήσας εἰς τὸ δυστυχῆς πεσῶν

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

ANDROMACHE

Alas and alas!
Meseems a second Aias for thy child
Hath risen. Yet hast thou more afflictions still,—

HECUBA

Measure nor numbering whereof I know ;
For ill to rival ill comes evermore. 620

ANDROMACHE

Slain at Achilles' tomb, Polyxena
Thy child is dead, a gift to a lifeless corpse.

HECUBA

O wretched I!—The riddle this that erst
Talthybius spake, not clearly—oh, too clear!

ANDROMACHE

Myself beheld : I lighted from this car,
Veiled with my robes the corse, and smote my breast.

HECUBA

Woe's me, my child, for thine unhallowed slaughter !
Woe yet again ! How foully hast thou died !

ANDROMACHE

She hath died—as she hath died : yet by a fate
More blest than mine, who yet live, hath she died. 630

HECUBA

Not one, my child, with sight of day is death ;
For that is naught, in this is space for hope.

ANDROMACHE

Mother, O mother, a fairer, truer word
Hear, that I may with solace touch thine heart :—
To have been unborn I count as one with death ;
But better death than life in bitterness.
No pain feels death, which hath no sense of ills :
But who hath prospered, and hath fallen on woe,

- 640 ψυχὴν ἀλάται τῆς πάροιθ' εὐπραξίας.
 κείνη δ' ὁμοίως ὥσπερ οὐκ ἰδοῦσα φῶς
 τέθηκε, κούδεν οἶδε τῶν αὐτῆς κακῶν.
 ἐγὼ δὲ τοξεύσασα τῆς εὐδοξίας
 λαχοῦσα πλείστον τῆς τύχης ἡμάρτανον.
 ἂ γὰρ γυναιξὶ σῶφρον' ἔσθ' ἠύρημένα,
 ταῦτ' ἐξεμόχθουν Ἔκτορος κατὰ στέγας.
 πρῶτον μὲν, ἔνθα—κὰν προσῆ κὰν μὴ προσῆ
 ψόγος γυναιξίν—αὐτὸ τοῦτ' ἐφέλκεται
 κακῶς ἀκούειν, ἥτις οὐκ ἔνδον μένει,
- 650 τούτου πυρεῖσα πόθον ἔμμινον ἐν δόμοις·
 εἶσω τε μελάθρων κομφὰ θηλειῶν ἔπη
 οὐκ εἰσεφρούμην, τὸν δὲ νοῦν διδάσκαλον
 οἴκοθεν ἔχουσα χρηστὸν ἐξήρκουν ἐμοί.
 γλώσσης τε σιγῆν ὄμμα θ' ἥσυχον πόσει
 παρέιχον· ἦδη δ' ἄμε χρῆν νικᾶν πόσιν,
 κείνῳ τε νίκην ὧν ἐχρῆν παριέναι.
 καὶ τῶνδε κληδῶν εἰς στράτευμ' Ἀχαικὸν
 ἔλθοῦσ' ἀπώλυσέν μ'· ἐπεὶ γὰρ ἠρέθην,
 Ἀχιλλέως με παῖς ἐβουλήθη λαβεῖν
- 660 δάμαρτα· δουλεύσω δ' ἐν αὐθεντῶν δόμοις.
 κεῖ μὲν παρώσασ' Ἔκτορος φίλον κᾶρα
 πρὸς τὸν παρόντα πόσιν ἀναπτύξω φρένα,
 κακῆ φανούμαι τῷ θανόντι· τόνδε δ' αὖ
 στυγοῦσ' ἐμαυτῆς δεσπόταις μισήσομαι.
 καίτοι λέγουσιν ὡς μί' εὐφρόνη χαλᾶ
 τὸ δυσμενὲς γυναικὸς εἰς ἀνδρὸς λέχος·
 ἀπέπτυσ' αὐτήν, ἥτις ἄνδρα τὸν πάρος
 καινοῖσι λέκτροις ἀποβαλοῦσ' ἄλλον φιλεῖ.
 ἀλλ' οὐδὲ πῶλος ἥτις ἂν διαζυγῆ
- 670 τῆς συντραφείσης, ῥαδίως ἔλξει ζυγόν.
 καίτοι τὸ θηριῶδες ἀφθογγόν τ' ἔφν

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

Forlorn of soul strays far from olden bliss. 640
 Thy child, as though she ne'er had looked on
 light,
 Is dead, and nothing knoweth of her ills.
 But I, who drew my bow at fair repute,
 Won overmeasure, yet fair fortune missed.
 All virtuous fame that women e'er have found,
 This was my quest, my gain, 'neath Hector's roof.
 First—be the woman smirched with other stain,
 Or be she not—this very thing shall bring
 Ill fame, if one abide not in the home :
 So banished I such craving, kept the house : 650
 Within my bowers I suffered not to come
 The tinsel-talk of women, lived content
 To be in virtue schooled by mine own heart ;
 With silent tongue, with quiet eye, still met
 My lord : knew in what matters I should rule,
 And where 'twas meet to yield him victory :
 Whereof the fame to the Achaean host
 Reached, for my ruin ; for, when I was ta'en,
 Achilles' son would have me for his wife —
 His slave in mine own husband's murderers'
 halls! 660

If from mine heart I thrust my love, mine Hector,
 And to this new lord ope the doors thereof,
 I shall be traitress to the dead : but if
 I loathe this prince, shall win my masters' hate.
 And yet one night, say they, unknits the knot
 Of woman's hate of any husband's couch !
 I scorn the wife who flings her sometime lord
 Away, and on a new couch loves another !
 Not even the steed, from her stall-mate disyoked,
 Will with a willing spirit draw the yoke ; 670
 Yet speech nor understanding in the brute

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ξυνέσει τ' ἄχρηστον τῇ φύσει τε λείπεται.
 σέ δ', ὦ φίλ' Ἴκτορ, εἶχον ἄνδρ' ἀρκούντά μοι
 ξυνέσει, γένει, πλούτῳ τε κύνδρεια μέγαν
 ἀκήρατον δέ μ' ἐκ πατρὸς λαβῶν δόμων
 πρῶτος τὸ παρθεριον ἐξεύξω λεχος.
 καὶ νῦν ὄλωλας μὲν σύ, ναυσθλοῦμαι δ' ἐγὼ
 πρὸς Ἑλλάδ' αἰχμάλωτος εἰς δοῦλον ζυγόν.
 ἄρ' οὐκ ἐλάσσω τῶν ἐμῶν ἡγεί κακῶν
 690 Πολυξείνης ὄλεθρον, ἦν καταστένεις ;
 ἐμοὶ γὰρ οὐδ' ὃ πᾶσι λείπεται βροτοῖς
 ξυρεστιν ἐλπις, οὐδὲ κλέπτομαι φρένας
 πράξειν τι κεδνόν· ἡδὺ δ' ἐστὶ καὶ δοκεῖν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

εἰς ταῦτόν ἦκεις συμφορᾶς· θρηνοῦσα δὲ
 τὸ σὸν διδάσκεις μ' ἔνθα πημάτων κυρῶ.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

αὐτὴ μὲν οὐπω ναὸς εἰσέβην σκάφος,
 γραφῇ δ' ἰδοῦσα καὶ κλύουσ' ἐπίσταμαι.
 ναύταις γὰρ ἦν μὲν μέτριος ἢ χειμῶν φέρειν,
 προθυμίαν ἔχουσι σωθῆναι πόνων,
 690 ὁ μὲν παρ' οἴαχ', ὁ δ' ἐπὶ λαίφεσιν βεβῶς,
 ὁ δ' ἄντλον εἴργων ναός· ἦν δ' ὑπερβάλη
 πολὺς ταραχθεὶς πόντος, ἐνδόντες τύχη
 παρεῖσαν αὐτοὺς κυμάτων δρομήμασιν.
 οὕτω δὲ καγὼ πόλλ' ἔχουσα πήματα
 ἀφθογγός εἰμι καὶ παρεῖς' ἐὼ στόμα·
 νικᾷ γὰρ οὐκ θεῶν με δύστηνος κλύδων.
 ἀλλ', ὦ φίλη παῖ, τὰς μὲν Ἴκτορος τύχας
 ἔασον· οὐ γὰρ δάκρυα νιν σώσει τὰ σία·
 700 τίμα δὲ τὸν παρόντα δεσπότην σέθεν,
 φίλον διδοῦσα δέλεαρ ἀνδρὶ σῶν τρόπων.
 κἂν δρᾶς τὰδ', εἰς τὸ κοινὸν εὐφρανεῖς φίλους

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

Is found, whose nature lags behind the man.
Thou, O mine Hector, wast my fitting mate
In birth and wisdom, mighty in wealth and valour.
Stainless from my sire's halls thou tookest me,
And first didst yoke with thine my maiden couch.
Now hast thou perished : sea-borne I shall be,
Spear-won, to Hellas, unto thraldom's yoke.
Hath not the doom then of Polyxena,
Whom thou lamentest, lesser ills than mine ? 680
With me not even is hope, which lingers last
With all ; nor with far vision of good I cheat
Mine heart, though sweet thereof the day-dream
were.

CHORUS

Even as mine is thy calamity :
Thy wail doth teach me all my depth of woes.

HECUBA

Though never yet I stepped aboard a ship,
From pictures seen and hearsay know I this,
That, if there lie a storm not passing great
On mariners, for deliverance all bestir them :
This standeth by the helm, that by the sail ; 690
That baleth ship : but if the sea's full flood
In turmoil overwhelm them, cowed by fate
To the waves' driving they commit themselves.
So I withal, though many a woe is mine,
Am dumb, and I refrain my lips from speech,
For the Gods' misery-surge o'er-mastereth me.
But, dear my daughter, let be Hector's fate,
Seeing no tears of thine shall ransom him ;
But honour him that is to-day thy lord,
Tendering the sweet lure of thy winsomeness. 700
If this thou do, thy friends shall share thy joy,

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

και παῖδα τόνδε παιδὸς ἐκθρέψειας ἂν
 Τροία μέγιστον ὠφέλημ', ἴν' οἱ¹ ποτε
 ἐκ σοῦ γενόμενοι παῖδες ὕστερον πάλιν
 κατοικήσειαν, καὶ πόλις γένοιτ' ἔτι.
 ἀλλ' ἐκ λόγου γὰρ ἄλλος ἐκβαίνει λόγος,
 τίν' αὖ δέδορκα τόνδ' Ἀχαιῶν λάτριν
 στείχοντα καινῶν ἄγγελον βουλευμάτων ;

ΤΑΛΘΤΒΙΟΣ

710

Φρυγῶν ἀρίστου πρὶν ποθ' Ἐκτορος δάμαρ,
 μὴ 'μὲ στυγήσης· οὐχ ἔκων γὰρ ἄγγελῶ
 Δαναῶν τε κοινὰ Πελοπιδῶν τ' ἀγγέλματα.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

τί δ' ἔστιν ; ὧς μοι φροϊμίων ἄρχει κακῶν.

ΤΑΛΘΤΒΙΟΣ

ἔδοξε τόνδε παῖδα—πῶς εἶπω λόγον ;

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

μῶν οὐ τὸν αὐτὸν δεσπότην ἡμῖν ἔχειν ;

ΤΑΛΘΤΒΙΟΣ

οὐδέϊς Ἀχαιῶν τοῦδε δεσπόσει ποτέ.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ἀλλ' ἐνθάδ' αὐτὸν λείψανον Φρυγῶν λιπεῖν ;

ΤΑΛΘΤΒΙΟΣ

οὐκ οἶδ' ὅπως σοι ῥαδίως εἶπω κακά.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ἐπήνεσ' αἰδῶ, πλὴν ἐὰν λέγῃς καλά.

ΤΑΛΘΤΒΙΟΣ

κτενοῦσι σὸν παῖδ', ὡς πύθη κακὸν μέγα.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

720

οἴμοι, γάμων τόδ' ὡς κλύω μεῖζον κακόν.

¹ οἱ Paley ; MSS. εἰ ; Murray ἴν'—εἰ ποτε—.

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

And this my son's son shalt thou rear to man,
To Troy a mighty aid, that children born
Of thee hereafter may in days to come
Build her, and yet again our city rise.
But—for a new tale followeth on the old—
What servant of the Achaeans see I stride
Hitherward, herald of their new resolve?

Enter TALTHYBIUS.

TALTHYBIUS

O wife of Hector, Phrygia's mightiest once,
Abhor not me : sore loth shall I announce
'The Danaans' hest, the word of Pelops' sons.

710

ANDROMACHE

What now ?—with what ill preface dost begin !

TALTHYBIUS

This child, have they decreed—how can I say it ?

ANDROMACHE

Not—that he shall not have one lord with me ?

TALTHYBIUS

None of Achaeans e'er shall be his lord.

ANDROMACHE

How ?—here, a Phrygian remnant, shall he bide ?

TALTHYBIUS

I know not gently how to break sad tidings !

ANDROMACHE

Thanks for thyshrinking, save thou bring glad tidings.

TALTHYBIUS

Thy son must die—since thou must hear the horror.

ANDROMACHE

Ah me !—a worse ill this than thraldom's couch !

720

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ΤΑΛΘΥΒΙΟΣ

μικᾷ δ' Ὀδυσσεὺς ἐν Πανέλλησιν λέγων—

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

αἰαῖ μάλ', οὐ γὰρ μέτρια πάσχομεν κακά.

ΤΑΛΘΥΒΙΟΣ

λέξας ἀρίστου παῖδα μὴ τρέφειν πατρός,

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

τοιαῦτα νικήσειε τῶν αὐτοῦ πέρι.

ΤΑΛΘΥΒΙΟΣ

*ρίψαι δὲ πύργων δεῖν σφε Ἴτρωικῶν ἄπο.
ἀλλ' ὡς γενέσθω, καὶ σοφωτέρη φανεῖ·
μήτ' ἀντέχου τοῦδ', εὐγενῶς δ' ἄλγει κακοῖς,
μήτε σθένουσα μηδὲν ἰσχύειν δόκει.*

730

*ἔχεις γὰρ ἀλκὴν οὐδαμῆ· σκοπεῖν δὲ χρή·
πόλις τ' ὄλωλε καὶ πόσις, κρατεῖ δὲ σύ,
ἡμῖν δὲ πῶς γυναῖκα μίρνασθαι μίαν¹
οἶόν τε ; τούτων εἴνεκ' οὐ μάχης ἐρᾶν
οὐδ' αἰσχρὸν οὐδὲν οὐδ' ἐπίφθονόν σε δρᾶν,
οὐδ' αὖ σ' Ἀχαιοῖς βούλομαι ῥίπτειν ἀράς.
εἰ γάρ τι λέξεις ᾧ χολώσεται στρατός,
οὔτ' ἂν ταφείη παῖς ὄδ' οὔτ' οἴκτου τύχοι.
σιγῶσα δ' εὖ τε ταῖς τύχαις κεχρημένη
τὸν τοῦδε νεκρὸν οὐκ ἄθιαπτον ἂν λίποις,
αὐτὴ τ' Ἀχαιῶν πρευμενεστέρων τύχοις.*

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

740

*ὦ φίλτατ', ὦ περισσὰ τιμηθεῖς τέκνον,
θανεῖ πρὸς ἐχθρῶν μητέρ' ἀθλίαν λιπῶν.
ἢ τοῦ πατρός δέ σ' εὐγένει' ἀπώλεσεν,
ἢ τοῖσιν ἄλλοις γίγνεται σωτηρία,
τὸ δ' ἐσθλὸν οὐκ εἰς καιρὸν ἦλθε σοι πατρός.*

¹ Nauck's emendation for ἡμεῖς τε πρὸς . . . οἶοί τε.

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

TALTHYBIUS

Odysseus' speech to assembled Greeks prevailed—

ANDROMACHE

O God ! O God ! what measureless ill is mine !

TALTHYBIUS

Warning them not to rear a hero's son.

ANDROMACHE

May like rede dooming sons of his prevail !

TALTHYBIUS

He must be hurled from battlements of Troy.
Nay, let this be, so wiser shalt thou show,
Nor cling to him, but queenlike bear thy pain,
Nor, being strengthless, dream that thou art strong.
For nowhere hast thou help: needs must thou
mark—

City and lord are gone ; thou art held in thrall ; 730
How can one woman fight against our host ?
Wherefore I would not see thee set on strife,
Nor doing aught should breed thee shame or spite,
Nor on the Achaeans hurling malisons.
For, if to wrath thy words shall rouse the host,
This child shall find no burial, no, nor ruth.
Nay, hold thy peace, and meekly bow to fate ;
So not unburied shalt thou leave his corse,
And kindlier the Achaeans shalt thou find.

ANDROMACHE

O darling child, O prized above all price, 740
Thou must leave thy poor mother, die by foes !
Thy father's heroism ruineth thee,
Which unto others was deliverance.
Ill-timed thy father's prowess was for thee !

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ὦ λέκτρα τὰμὰ δυστυχῆ τε καὶ γάμοι,
 οἷς ἦλθον εἰς μέλαθρον Ἔκτορός ποτε,
 οὐ σφάγιον υἱὸν Δαναΐδαις τέξουσ' ἐμόν,
 ἀλλ' ὡς τύραννον Ἀσιΐδος πολυσπόρου.
 750 ὦ παῖ, δακρύνεις; αἰσθάνει κακῶν σέθεν;
 τί μου δέδραξαι χερσὶ κιντέχει πέπλων,
 νεοσσὺς ὡσεὶ πτέρυγας εἰσπίτνων ἐμάς;
 οὐκ εἰσιν Ἔκτωρ κλεινὸν ἄρπύσας δόρυ,
 γῆς ἐξανελθῶν, σοὶ φέρων σωτηρίαν,
 οὐ συγγένεια πατρός, οὐκ ἰσχύς Φρυγῶν.
 λυγρὸν δὲ πήδημ' εἰς τράχηλον ὑψόθεν
 πεσῶν ἀνοίκτως, πνεῦμ' ἀπορρήξεις σέθεν
 ὦ νέον ὑπαγκάλισμα μητρὶ φίλτατον,
 ὦ χρωτὸς ἠδὺ πνεῦμα· διὰ κενῆς ἄρα
 760 ἐν σπυργάνοις σε μαστὸς ἐξέθρεψ' ὅδε,
 μάτην δ' ἐμόχθουν καὶ κατεξάνθην πόνοις.
 νῦν, οὔ ποτ' αὖθις, μητέρ' ἀσπάζου σέθεν,
 πρόσπιπτε τὴν τεκοῦσαν, ἀμφὶ δ' ὠλένας
 ἔλισσ' ἐμοῖς νώτοισι καὶ στόμ' ἄρμοσον.
 ὦ βάρβαρ' ἐξευρόντες Ἕλληνες κακά,
 τί τόνδε παῖδα κτείνειτ' οὐδὲν αἴτιον;
 ὦ Τυνδάρειον ἔρνος, οὔ ποτ' εἰ Διός,
 πολλῶν δὲ πατέρων φημί σ' ἐκπεφυκέναι,
 Ἄλᾶστορος μὲν πρῶτον, εἶτα δὲ Φθόνου,
 Φόνου τε Θανάτου θ', ὅσα τε γῆ τρέφει κακά.
 770 οὐ γάρ ποτ' αὐχῶ Ζῆνᾶ γ' ἐκφῦσαι σ' ἐγώ,
 πολλοῖσι κῆρα βαρβάροις Ἕλλησί τε.
 ὅλοιο· καλλίστων γὰρ ὀμμάτων ἄπο
 αἰσχροῦς τὰ κλεινὰ πεδί' ἀπόλεσας Φρυγῶν.
 ἀλλ' ἄγετε, φέρετε, ρίπτειτ', εἰ ρίπτειν δοκεῖ·
 δαίνυσθε τοῦδε σάρκας. ἔκ τε γὰρ θεῶν
 διολλύμεσθα, παιδί τ' οὐ δυναίμεθ' ἄν

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

O bridal mine and union evil-starred,
 Whereby I came, time was, to Hector's hall,
 Not as to bear a babe for Greeks to slay,
 Nay, but a king for Asia's fruitful land!
 Child, dost thou weep?—dost comprehend thy
 doom?

Why with thine hands clutch, clinging to my robe, 750
 Like fledgling fleeing to nestle 'neath my wings?
 No Hector, glorious spear in grip, shall rise
 From earth, and bringing thee deliverance come,
 No kinsman of thy sire, no might of Phrygians;
 But, falling from on high with horrible plunge,
 Unpitied shalt thou dash away thy breath.

O tender nursling, sweet to mother, sweet!
 O balmy breath!—in vain and all in vain
 This breast in swaddling-bands hath nurtured thee.
 Vainly I travailed and was spent with toils! 760
 Now, and no more for ever, kiss thy mother,
 Fling thee on her that bare thee, twine thine arms
 About my waist, and lay thy lips to mine.

O Greeks who have found out cruelties un-Greek,
 Why slay this child who is guiltless wholly of
 wrong?

O Tyndareus' child, no child of Zeus art thou!
 Nay, but of many sires I name thee born:
 Child of the Haunting Curse, of Envy child,
 Of Murder, Death, of all earth-nurtured plagues!
 Thee never Zeus begat, I dare avouch, 770
 A curse to many a Greek, barbarians many!
 Now ruin seize thee, who by thy bright eyes
 Foully hast wasted Phrygia's glorious plains!
 Take him—bear hence, and hurl, if hurl ye will;—
 Then on his flesh feast! For we perish now
 By the Gods' doom, and cannot shield one child

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

θάνατον ἀρήξαι. κρύπτειτ' ἄθλιον δέμας
καὶ ῥίπτειτ' εἰς ναῦν· ἐπὶ καλὸν γὰρ ἔρχομαι
ἰμέναιον, ἀπολέσασα τοῦμαυτῆς τέκνον.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

780 τάλαινα Τροία, μυρίους ἀπόλεσας
μιᾶς γυναικὸς καὶ λέχους στυγνοῦ χάριν.

ΤΑΛΘΤΒΙΟΣ

ἄγε παῖ, φίλιον πρόσπτυγμα μεθεῖς
μητρὸς μογεράς, βαῖνε πατρώων
πύργων ἐπ' ἄκρας στεφάνας, ὅθι σοι
πνεῦμα μεθεῖναι ψῆφος ἐκράνθη.
λαμβάνειτ' αὐτόν. τὰ δὲ τοιάδε χρῆ
κηρυκεύειν, ὅστις ἄνοικτος
καὶ ἀναιδεία τῆς ἡμετέρας
γνώμης μᾶλλον φίλος ἐστίν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

790 ὦ τέκνον, ὦ παῖ παιδὸς μογεροῦ,
συλώμεθα σὴν ψυχὴν ἀδίκως
μήτηρ καὶ γῶ. τί πάθω ; τί σ' ἐγώ,
δύσμορε, δράσω ; τίδε σοι δίδομεν
πλήγματα κρατὸς στέρινων τε κόπους·
τῶνδε γὰρ ἄρχομεν· οἱ ἄγε πόλεως,
οἴμοι δὲ σέθεν· τί γὰρ οὐκ ἔχομεν ;
τίνος ἐνδέομεν μὴ οὐ πανσυδία
χωρεῖν ὀλέθρου διὰ παντός ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

800 μελισσοτρόφου Σαλαμίνοσ, ὃ βασιλεῦ Τελαμών,
νάσου περικύμονοσ οἰκήσασ ἔδραν

στρ. α'

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

From death. O hide this wretched body of mine,
 Yea, cast into a ship. To a bridal fair
 Have I attained—I, who have lost my son !

CHORUS

O hapless Troy, who hast lost unnumbered sons 780
 All for one woman's sake, one couch abhorred !

TALTHYBIUS

Come, child, from thy woeful mother's clasp
 Break away : to the height of the coronal fare
 Of thy towers ancestral ; for thy last gasp,
 As the doom hath decreed, must be rendered
 there.

Lay hold on him :—his should such heralding be
 Who is made without pity, whose breast doth bear
 A spirit more ruthless, that hateth to spare,
 More than the spirit that dwelleth in me !

[*Exeunt* ANDROMACHE, and TALTHYBIUS
 with ASTYANAX.

HECUBA

O child, O son of mine ill-starred son, 790
 Unrighteously reft thy life is gone
 From thy mother and me ! What life shall I live ?
 What do for thee, hapless one ? All we can give
 Are smittings of heads, and on breasts blows rained :
 These only be ours ! Woe's me for our town
 And for thee ! What scathe is of us unattained ?
 What lack we to hold us from fell destruction's
 nethermost hell—

From the swift plunge down ?

CHORUS

O Telamon, king of the land where the wing of the
 bee flits aye round Salamis' shore,— (Str. 1)
 Who didst make thee a home in the isle with the foam
 of the sea ringed round and the surges' roar, 800

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

τᾶς ἐπικεκλιμένας ὄχθοις ἱεροῖς, ἕν' ἐλαιας
 πρῶτον ἔδειξε κλάδον γλαυκᾶς Ἀθήνας,
 οὐράνιον στέφανον λιπαραῖσι τε κοσμον Ἀθήναις,
 ἔβας τῷ τοξοφόρῳ συναρι-
 στεύων ἄμ' Ἀλκμήνας γόνῳ
 Ἴλιον Ἴλιον ἐκπέρσων πόλιν ἀμετέραι
 τὸ πάροιθεν ἴσ' ἔβας ἀφ' Ἑλλάδος,

ἀντ. α

810 ὄθ' Ἑλλάδος ἄγαγε πρῶτον ἄνθος ἀτυζόμενος
 πῶλων, Σιμόεντι δ' ἐπ' εὐρείτα πλάταν
 ἔσχασε ποντοπόρον καὶ ναύδετ' ἀνήψατο πρυμνᾶν
 καὶ χερὸς εὐστοχίαν ἐξείλε ναῶν,
 Λαιομέδοντι φόνον · κανόνων δὲ τυκίσματα Φοίβου
 πυρὸς φοίνικι πνοᾷ καθελὼν
 Τροίας ἐπόρθησε χθόνα,
 δις δὲ δυοῖν πιτύλοιν τείχη περὶ Δαρδανίας
 φοιρία κατέλυσεν αἰχμᾶ.

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

Which over the tide looketh up to the pride of the
 hallowèd heights whose ridge first bore,
 At Athena's hest, in the lordship-test, the
 olive grey,
 A crown heaven-high, whose radiancey bright Athens
 to bind her brows hath ta'en,—
 Brother-chief didst thou go with the lord of the bow,
 with the son of Alcmena, over the main¹
 Unto Ilium bound, to raze to the ground our city,
 devising our Ilium's bane,
 When from Hellas afar thou didst wend to the
 war in the olden day,

(*Int. I*)

When the flower of the land from Hellas' strand he
 led, whose wrath was enkindled sore
 For the steeds denied; and he staid beside fair-
 rippling Simois' flood the oar 810
 Through the paths that had plashed of the sea, and
 lashed the great stern-hawsers to earth's firm
 floor, [unerring eye,
 And bare from the ship the bow in his grip
 A deadly thing to the traitor king; and the walls
 plummet-levelled of Phoebus in vain
 With the fierce red blast of the fire he cast to earth,
 and he harried the Trojan plain:
 Yea, twice did it fall that the coronal of Dardanus'
 towers, by spear-strokes twain [lay.
 Shattered and rent, all blood-besprent in ruin

¹ Zeus gave to Laomedon, father of Ganymede, a team of immortal chariot-steeds. When the land was wasted by a dragon, the king promised these horses to Hercules, if he would slay it, but afterwards withheld the reward. So Hercules sailed against Troy with a Hellenic host and destroyed it.

820

μάταν ἄρ', ὦ χρυσεαῖς
 ἐν οἰνοχόαις ἄβρὰ βαίνων,
 Λαομεδόντιε παῖ,
 Ζητὸς ἔχεις κυλίκων
 πλήρωμα, καλλίστην λατρείαν·
 ἀ δέ σε γειναμένα πυρὶ δαίεται·
 ἠῖόνες δ' ἄλιαι
 ἰαχοῦσ'· οἶον δ' ὑπὲρ¹

στρ. β

830

οἰωνὸς τεκέων βοᾶ,
 αἱ μὲν εὐνίαι, αἱ δὲ παῖδας,
 αἱ δὲ ματέρας γεραιάς.
 τὰ δὲ σὰ δροσόεντα λουτρὰ
 γυμνασίων τε δρόμοι
 βεβῦσι· σὺ δὲ πρόσωπα νεα-
 ρὰ χάρισι παρὰ Διὸς θρόνοις
 καλλιγάλανα τρέφεις·
 Πριάμοιο δὲ γαῖαν
 Ἑλλάς ὄλεσ' αἰχμά.

840

Ἔρωσ Ἔρωσ, ὃς τὰ Δαρ-
 δάνεια μέλαθρά ποτ' ἦλθες
 οὐρανίδαισι μέλων·
 ὡς τότε μὲν μεγάλως
 Τροίαν ἐπύργωσας, θεοῖσιν
 κῆδος ἀναψύμενος. τὸ μὲν οὖν Διὸς
 οὐκέτ' ὄνειδος ἐρῶ·
 τὸ τᾶς δὲ λευκοπτέρου
 Ἑμέρας φίλιον βροτοῖς
 φέγγος ὄλοον εἶδε γαῖαν,
 εἶδε περγάμων ὄλεθρον,

ἀντ. β

850

¹ Dindorf : for ἰαχον οἶον οἰωνὸς ὑπὲρ of MSS.

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

In vain, O thou who art pacing now with delicate
feet where the chalices shine (*S/r.* 2) 820

All-golden, O Laomedon's heir,
Is the office thine to brim with the wine
The goblets of Zeus, a service fair,—
And the land of thy birth in devouring flame is
rolled'

From her brine-dashed beaches a crying is heard,
Where wail her daughters,—as shrieketh the bird
O'er the nest of her brood left cold,— 830
For their lost lords some, for their children's
doom

These, those for their mothers old.
Gone are the cool baths dewy-plashing,
And the courses where raced thy feet white-flashing:—
But thou, with thy young face glory-litten
With the beauty of peace, by the throne dost
stand

Of Zeus,—and the Hellene spear hath smitten
Priam's land!

(*Ant.* 2)

O Love, O Love, who didst brood above Dardanian
hails in the olden days, 840

Thrilling the hearts of abiders in heaven,
Unto what high place didst thou then upraise
Troy, when to her was affinity given
With the Gods by thee!—But the dealings of Zeus
shall my tongue

Attaint no more with the breath of blame:
But the light of Aurora, the white-winged flame
Held dear all mortals among,
With baleful beam did on Troyland gleam, 850
And her towers saw ruinward flung,

γεκνοποιὸν ἔχουσα τᾶσδε
 γᾶς πόσιν ἐν θαλάμοις,
 ὃν ἰστέρων τέθριππος ἔλα-
 βε χρύσεος ὄχος ἀναρπάσις,
 ἐλπίδα γὰ πατρία
 μεγάληαν· τὰ θεῶν δὲ
 φίλτρα φροῦδα Τροία.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

860

ὦ καλλιφεγγὲς ἡλίου σέλας τόδε,
 ἐν ᾧ δάμαρτα τὴν ἐμὴν χειρώσομαι
 Ἑλένην· ὁ γὰρ δὴ πολλὰ μοχθήσας ἐγὼ
 Μενελάος εἰμι καὶ στράτευμ' Ἀχαιῶν.
 ἦλθον δὲ Τροίαν οὐχ ὅσον δοκοῦσί με
 γυναικὸς εἶνεκ', ἀλλ' ἐπ' ἄνδρ' ὃς ἐξ ἐμῶν
 δόμων δάμαρτα ξεναπάτης ἐλήσατο.
 κείνος μὲν οὖν ἔδωκε σὺν θεοῖς δίκην
 αὐτός τε καὶ γῆ δορὶ πεσοῦσ' Ἑλληνικῶ.
 ἦκω δὲ τὴν τάλαιναν, οὐ γὰρ ἠδέως
 ὄνομα δάμαρτος ἢ ποτ' ἦν ἐμὴ λέγω,
 870 ἄξων· δόμοις γὰρ τοῖσδ' ἐν αἰχμαλωτικοῖς
 κατηρίθμηται Τρωάδων ἄλλων μέτα.
 οἵπερ γὰρ αὐτὴν ἐξεμόχθησαν δορί,
 κτανεῖν ἐμοί νιν ἔδοσαν, εἴτε μὴ κτανῶν
 θέλομ' ἄγεσθαι πάλιν ἐς Ἀργείων χθόνα.
 ἐμοὶ δ' ἔδοξε τὸν μὲν ἐν Τροίᾳ μόνον
 Ἑλένης εἶσαι, ναυπόρῳ δ' ἄγειν πλάτη
 Ἑλληνίδ' εἰς γῆν κῆτ' ἐκεῖ δοῦναι κτανεῖν,
 880 ποινὰς ὅσων τεθνᾶσ' ἐν Ἰλίῳ φίλοι.
 ἀλλ' εἶα χωρεῖτ' εἰς δόμους, ὁπάονες,
 κομίζετ' αὐτήν, τῆς μαιφονωτάτης
 κόμης ἐπισπάσαντες· οὐριοὶ δ' ὅταν
 πνοαὶ μὀλωσι, πέμψομέν νιν Ἑλλάδα.

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

Albeit in bridal bower she cherished
 A son of the land in her sight that hath perished,
 A spouse whom a chariot of gold star-splendid
 Ravished from earth, that this land might joy
 In hope—nay, all lovingkindness is ended
 Of Gods for Troy !

Enter MENELAUS with attendants.

MENELAUS

Hail, thou fair-shining splendour of yon sun,	860
Whereby I shall make capture of my wife	
Helen,—for I am he that travailed sore,	
I Menelaus, with the Achaean host.	
Nor so much came I, as men deem, to Troy	
For her, but to avenge me on the man,	
The traitor guest who stole my wife from me.	
He by Heaven's help hath paid the penalty,	
He and his land, by Hellene spears laid low.	
I come to hale the accursèd,—loth am I	
To name her wife, who in days past was mine ;—	870
For in these mansions of captivity	
Numbered she is with others, Trojan dames.	
For they, by travail of the spear who won,	
Gave her to me, to slay, or, an I would,	
To slay not, but to take to Argos back.	
And I was minded to reprove from doom	
Helen in Troy, but with keel-speeding oar	
To bear to Greece, to yield her there to death,	
Avenging all my friends in Ilium slain.	
On, march to the pavilions, henchmen mine ;	880
Bring her, and by her murder-reeking hair	
Hale forth to me : then, soon as favouring winds	
Shall blow, to Hellas will we speed her on.	

[Exeunt attendants.]

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὦ γῆς ὄχημα καὶ πῖ γῆς ἔχων ἔδραν,
ὅστις ποτ' εἶ σύ, δυστόπαστος εἰδέναι,
Ζεὺς, εἴτ' ἀνάγκη φύσεος εἶτε νοῦς βροτῶν,
προσηνξάμην σε· πάντα γὰρ δι' ἀψόφου
βαίνων κελεύθου κατὰ δίκην τὰ θνήτ' ἄγεις.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τί δ' ἔστιν; εὐχὰς ὡς ἐκαίνισας θεῶν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

890

αἰνῶ σε, Μενέλα', εἰ κτενεῖς δάμαρτα σὴν
ὀρώων δὲ τήνδε, φεῦγε, μὴ σ' ἔλη πόθω.
αἰρεῖ γὰρ ἀνδρῶν ὄμματ', ἐξαιρεῖ πόλεις,
πίμπρησι δ' οἴκους· ὧδ' ἔχει κηλήματα.
ἐγὼ νιν οἶδα καὶ σὺ χοῖ πεπονθότες.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

Μενέλαε, φροῖμιον μὲν ἄξιον φόβου
τόδ' ἔστιν· ἐν γὰρ χερσὶ προσπόλων σέθεν
βία πρὸ τῶνδε δωμάτων ἐκπέμπομαι.
ἰτάρ σχεδὸν μὲν οἶδά σοι στυγουμένη,
ὅμως δ' ἐρέσθαι βούλομαι γινῶμαι τίνες
900 Ἕλλησι καὶ σοὶ τῆς ἐμῆς ψυχῆς πέρι.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὐκ εἰς ἀκριβὲς ἦλθες, ἀλλ' ἅπας στρατὸς
κτανεῖν ἐμοί σ' ἔδωκεν, ὄνπερ ἠδίκηις.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἔξεστιν οὖν πρὸς ταῦτ' ἀμείψασθαι λόγῳ,
ὡς οὐ δικαίως, ἦν θάνω, θανούμεθα;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὐκ εἰς λόγους ἐλήλυθ', ἀλλὰ σε κτενῶν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἄκουσον αὐτῆς, μὴ θάνῃ τοῦδ' ἐνδείης,
Μενέλαε, καὶ δὸς τοὺς ἐναντίους λόγους

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

HECUBA

O Earth's Upbearer, thou whose throne is Earth,
Whoe'er thou be, O past our finding out,
Zeus, be thou Nature's Law, or Mind of Man,
Thee I invoke ; for, treading soundless paths,
To Justice' goal thou bring'st all mortal things

MENELAUS

How now ?—what strange prayer this unto the Gods ?

HECUBA

Thanks, Menelaus, if thou slay thy wife !
Yet, seeing, beware her soul-enthraling spells.
She snareth men's eyes, she destroyeth towns,
She burneth homes, such her enchantments are.
I and thou know her—all who have suffered know.

890

Enter HELEN, haled forth by attendants.

HELEN

O Menelaus, terror-fraught to me
This prelude is ; for by thy servants' hands
Forth of these tents with violence am I haled.
But, though well-nigh I know me abhorred of thee,
Fain would I ask what the decision is,
Touching my life, of thee and of the Greeks

900

MENELAUS

No nicely-balanced vote—with one accord
Thee the host gave to me, the wronged, to slay.

HELEN

May I then plead in answer hereunto,
That, if I die, unjustly I shall die ?

MENELAUS

Not for debate, for slaying am I come.

HECUBA

Hear her, that lacking not this boon she die,
Menelaus ; and to me vouchsafe to plead

910 ἡμῖν κατ' αὐτῆς· τῶν γὰρ ἐν Τροίᾳ κακῶν
οὐδὲν κάποισθα. συντεθεῖς δ' ὁ πᾶς λόγος
κτερεῖ νιν οὕτως ὥστε μηδαμῶς φυγεῖν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

σχολῆς τὸ δῶρον· εἰ δὲ βούλεται λέγειν,
ἕξεστι. τῶν σῶν δ' εἶνεχ', ὡς μάθη, λόγων
δώσω τόδ' αὐτῇ, τῆσδε δ' οὐ δώσω χάριν.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

920 ἴσως με, κἂν εὖ κἂν κακῶς δόξω λέγειν,
οὐκ ἀνταμείψει πολεμίαν ἠγούμενος.
ἐγὼ δ', ἅ σ' οἶμαι διὰ λόγων ἰόντ' ἐμοῦ
κατηγορήσειν, ἀντιθεῖσ' ἀμείψομαι
τοῖς σοῖσι τὰ μὰ καὶ τὰ σ' αἰτιάματα.
πρῶτον μὲν ἀρχὰς ἔτεκεν ἦδε τῶν κακῶν
Ἥαριν τεκοῦσα· δεύτερον δ' ἀπώλεσε
Τροίαν τε κἄμ' ὁ πρέσβυς οὐ κτανῶν βρέφος,
δαλοῦ πικρὸν μίμημ', Ἀλέξανδρον ποτε.
ἐνθένδε τὰπίλοιπ' ἄκουσον ὡς ἔχει.
ἔκρινε τρισσὸν ζεῦγος ὅδε τριῶν θεῶν
καὶ Παλλίδος μὲν ἦν Ἀλεξάνδρω δόσις
Φρυξὶ στρατηγοῦνθ' Ἑλλάδ' ἕξανιστάναι,
Ἥρα δ' ὑπέσχετ' Ἀσιᾶδ' Εὐρώπης θ' ὄρουσ
τυραννίδ' ἔξειν, εἴ σφε κρίνειεν Πάρις·
930 Κύπρις δὲ τοῦμὸν εἶδος ἐκπαγλουμένη
δώσειν ὑπέσχετ', εἰ θεὰς ὑπερδράμοι
κάλλει. τὸν ἐνθένδ' ὡς ἔχει σκέψαι λόγον·
μικᾶ Κύπρις θεά, καὶ τοσόνδ' οὐμοὶ γάμοι
ᾤκησαν Ἑλλάδ', οὐ κρατεῖσθ' ἐκ βαρβάρων,
οὔτ' εἰς δόρυ σταθέντες, οὐ τυραννίδι.
ἅ δ' ἠτύχησεν Ἑλλάς, ὠλόμην ἐγὼ
εὐμορφίᾳ πραθεῖσα, κῶνειδίζομαι
ἕξ ὧν ἐχρῆν με στέφανον ἐπὶ κῆρα λαβεῖν.

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

Against her. Of her evil work in 'Troy
Nought know'st thou : the whole tale, set forth by me,
Shall to death doom her, past all hope to escape. 910

MENELAUS

This asks delay : yet, if she fain would speak,
Let her. For thy words' sake I grant her this,
But not for her sake, let her be assured.

HELEN

Perchance, or speak I well, or speak I ill,
Thou wilt not answer, counting me a foe.
Yet will I meet such charges as I deem,
If thou wouldst reason with me, thou wouldst
bring,
And will confront with thine indictment mine.
First, she brought forth the source of all these ills,
Who brought forth Paris : then, both 'Troy and me 920
The old king ruined, slaying not the babe
Alexander, baleful semblance of a torch.
Thereafter, how befell the sequel, hear :—
Judge he became of those three Goddesses.
This guerdon Pallas offered unto him—
“Troy's hosts to vanquish Hellas shalt thou lead.”
Lordship o'er Asia, and o'er Europe's bounds,
If Paris judged her fairest, Hera proffered.
Cypris, with rapturous praising of my beauty,
Cried, “Thine she shall be if I stand preferred 930
As fairest.” Mark what followeth therefrom :—
Cypris prevails : this boon my bridal brought
To Greece—ye are not to foreign foes enthralled,
Nor battle-crushed, nor 'neath a despot bowed.
But I by Hellas' good-hap was undone,
Sold for my beauty ; and I am reproached
For that for which I should have earned a crown !

οὔτω με φήσεις αὐτὰ τὰν ποσὶν λέγειν,
 ὅπως ἀφώρμησ' ἐκ δόμων τῶν σῶν λάθρα.
 910 ἦλθ' οὐχὶ μικρὰν θεὸν ἔχων αὐτοῦ μέτα
 ὁ τῆσδ' ἀλίστωρ, εἴτ' Ἀλέξανδρον θέλεις
 ὀνόματι προσφωνεῖν νιν εἴτε καὶ Πάριν
 ὄν, ὦ κάκιστε, σοῖσιν ἐν δόμοις λιπῶν
 Σπύρτης ἀπῆρας νηὶ Κρησίαν χθόνα.
 εἶεν.

οὐ σ', ἀλλ' ἑμαυτὴν τοῦπὶ τῷδ' ἐρήσομαι
 τί δὴ φρονήσασ' ἐκ δόμων ἄμ' ἐσπόμην
 ξένῳ, προδοῦσα πατρίδα καὶ δόμους ἐμούς ;
 τὴν θεὸν κόλαζε καὶ Διὸς κρείσσων γενοῦ,
 950 ὃς τῶν μὲν ἄλλων δαιμόνων ἔχει κράτος,
 κείνης δὲ δούλός ἐστι συγγνώμη δ' ἐμοί.
 ἔνθεν δ' ἔχouis ἂν εἰς ἔμ' εὐπρεπῆ λόγον·
 ἐπεὶ θανὼν γῆς ἦλθ' Ἀλέξανδρος μυχοῦς,
 χρῆμ' μ', ἠνίκ' οὐκ ἦν θεοπόνητά μου λέχη,
 λιπούσαν οἴκους ναῦς ἐπ' Ἀργείων μολεῖν.
 ἔσπυεδον αὐτὸ τοῦτο· μάρτυρες δέ μοι
 πύργων πυλωροὶ καὶ πὸ τειχέων σκοποί,
 οἱ πολλίικis μ' ἐφηῦρον ἐξ ἐπίλξεων
 πλεκταῖσιν εἰς γῆν σῶμα κλέπτουσαν τόδε.
 960 βία δ' ὁ καινός μ' οὔτος ἀρπιάσας πόσις
 Δηίφοβος ἄλοχον εἶχεν ἀκόντων Φρυγῶν.
 πῶς οὖν ἔτ' ἂν θνήσκοιμ' ἂν ἐνδίκως, πόσι,
 πρὸς σοῦτ' δικαίως, ἦν ὁ μὲν βία γαμεῖ,
 τὰ δ' οἴκοθεν κείν' ἀντὶ νικητηρίων
 πικρῶς ἐδούλευσ' ; εἰ δὲ τῶν θεῶν κρατεῖν
 βούλει, τὸ χρῆζειν ἀμαθές ἐστί σοι τόδε.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

Βασίλει', ἄμνον σοῖς τέκνοισι καὶ πάτρα,
 πειθῶ διαφθείρουσα τῆσδ', ἐπεὶ λέγει

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

But, thou wilt say, I shun the issue still—
 For what cause I by stealth forsook thine home.
 He came, with no mean Goddess at his side, 940
 This Hecuba's Evil Genius,—be his name
 Paris or Alexander, which thou wilt,—
 Whom, wittol thou, thou leftest in thine halls,
 Sailing from Sparta to the Cretan land!
 Not thee, but mine own heart, I question next—
 What impulse stirred me from thine halls to
 follow
 That guest, forsaking fatherland and home?
 That Goddess. Punish her!—be mightier
 Than Zeus, who ruleth all the Gods beside,
 Yet is her slave!—so, pardon is my due. 950
 But,—since thou mightest here find specious
 plea,—
 When Alexander dead to Hades passed,
 I, of whose couch the Gods were careless now,
 Ought from his halls to have fled to the Argive
 ships.
 Even this did I essay: my witnesses
 Gate-warders are, and watchmen of the walls,
 Who found me oft-times from the battlements
 By cords to earth down-climbing privily.
 Yea, my new lord—yon corpse Deïphobus,—
 Kept in the Phrygians' despite his bride. 960
 How then, O husband, should I justly die
 By thine hand, since by force he wedded me,
 And my life there no victor's triumph was,
 But bitter thrall? If thou wouldst overbear
 Gods, this thy wish is folly unto thee.

CHORUS

Stand up for children and for country, Queen
 Shatter her specious pleading; for her words

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

καλῶς κακοῦργος οὔσα· δεινὸν οὖν τόδε.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

- 970 ταῖς θεαῖσι πρῶτα σύμμαχος γενήσομαι
καὶ τήνδε δείξω μὴ λέγουσαν ἔνδικα.
ἐγὼ γὰρ Ἦραν παρθένον τε Παλλάδα
οὐκ εἰς τοσοῦτον ἀμαθίας ἐλθεῖν δοκῶ,
ὥσθ' ἢ μὲν Ἄργος βαρβύροις ἀπημπόλα,
Παλλὰς δ' Ἀθήνας Φρυξὶ δουλεύειν ποτέ,
αἰ παιδίαῖσι καὶ χλιδῇ μορφῆς πέρι
ἤλυθον ἐπ' Ἴδιην. τοῦ γὰρ εἶνεκ' ἂν θεὰ
Ἦρα τοσοῦτον ἔσχ' ἔρωτα καλλονῆς ;
πότερον ἀμείνον' ὡς λάβοι Διὸς πόσιν,
ἢ γάμον Ἀθάνα θεῶν τινος θηρωμένη,
980 ἢ παρθεναίαν πατρὸς ἐξητήσατο
φεύγουσα λέκτρα ; μὴ ἀμαθεῖς ποίει θεὰς
τὸ σὸν κακὸν κοσμοῦσα· μὴ οὐ πείσης σοφούς.
Κύπριν δ' ἔλεξας, ταῦτα γὰρ γέλωσ πολὺς,
ἐλθεῖν ἐμῷ ξὺν παιδὶ Μενέλεω δόμους.
οὐκ ἂν μένουσ' ἂν ἤσυχός σ' ἐν οὐρανῷ
αὐταῖς Ἀμύκλαις ἤγαγεν πρὸς Ἴλιον ;
ἦν οὐμὸς υἱὸς κάλλος ἐκπρεπέστατος,
ὁ σὸς δ' ἰδὼν νιν νοῦς ἐποιήθη Κύπρις·
τὰ μῶρα γὰρ πάντ' ἐστὶν Ἀφροδίτη βροτοῖς,
990 καὶ τοῦνομ' ὀρθῶς ἀφροσύνης ἄρχει θεᾶς.
ὄν εισιδοῦσα βαρβύροις ἐσθήμασι
χρυσῷ τε λαμπρὸν ἐξεμαργώθησ φρενας.
ἐν μὲν γὰρ Ἄργει μίκρ' ἔχουσ' ἀνεστρέφου,
Σπάρτης δ' ἀπαλλαχθεῖσα τὴν Φρυγῶν πόλιν
χρυσῷ ῥέουσιν ἤλπισας κατακλύσειν
δαπάναισιν· οὐδ' ἦν ἰκανά σοι τὰ Μενέλεω
μέλαθρα ταῖς σαῖς ἐγκαθυβρίζειν τρυφαῖς.
εἶεν, βία γὰρ παῖδα φῆς σ' ἄγειν ἐμόν·

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

Ring fair—a wanton's words ; foul shame is this.

HECUBA

First, champion will I be of Goddesses,
 And will convict her of a slanderous tongue. 970
 Never, I ween, would Hera, or the Maid,
 Pallas, have stooped unto such folly's depth,
 That Hera would to aliens Argos sell,
 Or Pallas bow 'neath Phrygians Athens' neck.
 For sport they came and mirth in beauty's strife
 To Ida. Why should Goddess Hera yearn
 So hotly for the prize of loveliness ?
 That she might win a mightier lord than Zeus ?
 Or sought Athena mid the Gods a spouse,
 Who of her sire, for hate of marriage, craved 980
 Maidenhood ? Charge not Goddesses with folly,
 To gloze thy sin : thou cozenest not the wise.
 And Cypris, say'st thou—who but laughs to hear ?—
 Came with my son to Menelaus' halls !
 How ? could she not in peace have stayed in
 heaven,
 And thee—Amyclae too—to Ilium brought ?
 Nay, my son's peerless beauty didst thou see,
 And thine own lust was made thy Cyprian Queen !
 Ever men's folly is their Aphrodite :
Sensual—senseless—consonant they ring ! 990
 Him in barbaric bravery sawest thou
 Gold-glittering, and thy senses were distraught.
 For with scant state in Argos didst thou dwell ;
 But, Sparta left afar, the Phrygians' town,
 That seemed a river of gold, thou thought'st to
 flood
 With torrent waste : Menelaus' halls sufficed
 Not thee for all thine insolence of pomp.
 And my son, say'st thou, haled thee thence by force !

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

- 1000 τίς Σπαρτιατῶν ἦσθετ', ἥ ποίαν βοῆν
 ἀνωλόλυξας, Κίστορος νεανίου
 τοῦ συζύγου τ' ἔτ' ὄντος οὐ κατ' ἄστρα πω ;
 ἐπεὶ δὲ Τροίαν ἦλθες Ἀργεῖοί τέ σου
 κατ' ἴχνος, ἦν δὲ δοριπετῆς ἀγωνία,
 εἰ μὲν τὰ τοῦδε κρείσσον' ἀγγέλλοιτό σοι,
 Μενέλαον ἦνεις, παῖς ὅπως λυποῖτ' ἐμὸς
 ἔχων ἔρωτος ἀνταγωνιστὴν μέγαν
 εἰ δ' εὐτυχοῖεν Τρῶες, οὐδὲν ἦν ὄδε.
 εἰς τὴν τύχην δ' ὀρώσα τοῦτ' ἤσκεις ὅπως
 ἔποι' ἄμ' αὐτῇ, τάρετῃ δ' οὐκ ἠθελες.
- 1010 κᾶπειτα πλεκταῖς σῶμα σὸν κλέπτειν λέγεις
 πύργων καθιῆσ' ὡς μένουσ' ἀκουσίως ;
 ποῦ δῆτ' ἐλήφθης ἢ βρόχους ἀρτωμένη
 ἢ φάσγανον θήγους', ἃ γειναία γυνὴ
 δράσειεν ἂν ποθοῦσα τὸν πάρος πύσιν ;
 καίτοι γ' ἐνουθέτουν σε πολλὰ πολλάκις·
 ὦ θύγατερ, ἔξελθ', οἱ δ' ἐμοὶ παῖδες γάμους
 ἄλλους γαμοῦσι, σὲ δ' ἐπὶ ναῦς Ἀχαιῆκας
 πέμψω συνεκκλέψασα, καὶ παῦσον μάχης
 Ἑλληνας ἡμᾶς τ'. ἀλλὰ σοὶ τόδ' ἦν πικρόν.
- 1020 ἐν τοῖς Ἀλεξάνδρου γὰρ ἔβριζες δόμοις
 καὶ προσκυνεῖσθαι βαρβάρων ὑπ' ἠθελες.
 μεγάλα γὰρ ἦν σοι. κἀπὶ τοῖσδε σὸν δέμας
 ἐξῆλθες ἀσκήσασα κᾶβλεψας πόσει
 τὸν αὐτὸν αἰθέρ', ὦ κατάπτυστον κᾶρα·
 ἦν χρῆν ταπεινὴν ἐν πέπλων ἐρειπίοις
 φρίκη τρέμουσαν κρᾶτ' ἀπεσκυθισμένην
 ἐλθεῖν, τὸ σῶφρον τῆς ἀναιδείας πλέου
 ἔχουσαν ἐπὶ τοῖς πρόσθεν ἡμαρτημένοις.
 Μενέλα', ἴν' εἰδῆς οἷ τελευτήσω λόγον,
 στεφάνωσον Ἑλλάδ', ἀξίως τήνδε κτανῶν

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

What son of Sparta heard? What rescue-cry
 Didst thou upraise, though Castor, yet a youth, 1000
 Lived, and his brother, starward rapt not yet?
 And when to Troy thou can'st, and on thy track
 The Argives, and the strife of raining spears,
 If tidings of his prowess came to thee,
 Menelaus wouldst thou praise, to vex my son
 Who in his love such mighty rival had:
 But, if the Trojans prospered, naught was he.
 Still watching fortune's flight, 'twas aye thy wont
 To follow her—not virtue's path for thee!
 And thou forseeth wouldst steal thy liberty, 1010
 By cords let down from towers, as loth to stay!
 Where wast thou found with noose about thy
 neck,
 Or whetting steel, as a true-hearted wife
 Had done for yearning for her spouse of old?
 Yet many a time and oft I counselled thee:—
 “Daughter, go forth from Troy: my sons shall wed
 New brides; and thee to the Achaean ships
 Will I send secretly: so stay the war
 'Twixt Greece and us.” But this was gall to thee.
 For thou didst flaunt in Alexander's halls, 1020
 Didst covet Asia's reverent courtesies—
 Proud state for thee! And yet hast thou come
 forth
 Costly arrayed, looked on the selfsame sky
 As thy wronged spouse. O wanton all-abhorred,
 Who oughtest, abject, and with garments rent,
 Quaking with fear, with shaven head to have come,
 Having regard to modesty, above
 Bold shamelessness, for thy transgressions past!
 Menelaus,—so to sum my mine argument,—
 Crown Greece, by slaying, as bescemeth thee, 1030

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

σαυτοῦ, νόμον δὲ τόνδε ταῖς ἄλλαισι θεῖς
 γυναιξί, θνήσκειν ἥτις ἂν προδοῦ πόσιν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

Μενέλαε, προγόνων ἀξίως δόμων τε σῶν
 τίσαι δάμαρτα, κάφελου πρὸς Ἑλλάδος
 ψόγον τὸ θήλυ τ', εὐγενὴς ἐχθροῖς φανείς.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

1040

ἐμοὶ σὺ συμπέπτωκας εἰς ταῦτὸν λόγου,
 ἐκουσίως τήνδ' ἐκ δόμων ἐλθεῖν ἐμῶν
 ξένας ἐς εὐνίας, χῆ Κύπρις κόμπου χάριν
 λόγοις ἐνείται. βαῖνε λευστήρων πέλας
 πόνους τ' Ἀχαιῶν ἀπόδος ἐν μικρῷ μακροῦς
 θανούσ', ἵν' εἰδῆς μὴ καταισχύνειν ἐμέ.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

μή, πρὸς σε γονάτων, τὴν νόσον τὴν τῶν θεῶν
 προσθεῖς ἐμοὶ κτάνης με, συγγίγνωσκε δέ.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

μηδ' οὐς ἀπέκτειν' ἦδε συμμάχους προδοῦς·
 ἐγὼ πρὸ κείνων καὶ τέκνων σε λίσσομαι.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

παῦσαι, γεραῖά· τῆσδε δ' οὐκ ἐφρόντισα.
 λέγω δὲ προσπόλοισι πρὸς πρύμνας νεῶν
 τήνδ' ἐκκομίζειν, ἔνθα ναυστολήσεται.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

μή νυν νεὸς σοὶ ταῦτὸν εἰσβήτω σκάφος.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

1050

τί δ' ἔστι; μείζον βρῖθος ἢ πάροισ' ἔχει;

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οὐκ ἔστ' ἐραστὴς ὅστις οὐκ αἰεὶ φιλεῖ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὅπως ἂν ἐκβῆ τῶν ἐρωμένων ὁ νοῦς.
 ἔσται δ' ἂ βούλει· ναῦν γὰρ οὐκ εἰσβήσεται

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

You woman : so ordain to all her sisters
This law—the *traitress to her lord shall die.*

CHORUS

Prince, worthily of thy fathers and thine house
Punish her : show thee unto foes unflinching.
So spurn the gibe of Greece that calls thee *woman.*

MENELAUS

Herein is thy conclusion one with mine,
That willingly she went forth from mine halls
For a strange couch ; and Cypris for vain show
Fills out her plea. Thou, to the stoners hence !
The Achaeans' long toils in an hour requite 1040
Dying : so learn to put me not to shame.

HELEN

Oh, by thy knees, impute not unto me
Heaven's visitation ! Slay me not, but pardon !

HECUBA

Thine allies whom she slew betray not thou :
For them I pray thee, and their children's sake.

MENELAUS

Enough, grey queen : I give no heed to her ;
But bid mine henchmen to the galley sterns
Lead her, wherein her voyaging shall be.

HECUBA

Oh not the same deck let her tread with thee .

MENELAUS

How, should she sink it—heavier than of old ? 1050

HECUBA

Lover is none but loveth evermore.

MENELAUS

Nay, love but lives while those we love are true.
Yet as thou wilt it shall be : on one ship

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

εἰς ἥνπερ ἡμεῖς· καὶ γὰρ οὐ κακῶς λέγεις·
 ἐλθοῦσα δ' Ἄργος ὥσπερ ἄξια κακῶς
 κακῆ θανεῖται καὶ γυναιξὶ σωφρονεῖν
 πάσαισι θήσει. ῥάδιον μὲν οὐ τόδε·
 ὅμως δ' ὁ τῆσδ' ὄλεθρος εἰς φόβον βαλεῖ
 τὸ μῶρον αὐτῶν, κὰν ἔτ' ὦσ' αἰσχύιους.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

1060

οὕτω δὴ τὸν ἐν Ἰλίῳ
 ναὸν καὶ θυόεντα βω-
 μὸν προὔδωκας Ἀχαιοῖς,
 ὦ Ζεῦ, καὶ πελάνων φλόγα
 σμύρνης αἰθερίας τε κα-
 πνὸν καὶ Πέργαμον ἱρὰν
 Ἰδαίά τ' Ἰδαία κισσοφόρα νύπη
 χιόνι κατάρυτα ποταμῖα
 τέρμονά τε πρωτόβολον ἄλιφ

στρ. α'

1070

τὰν καταλαμπομένην ζαθέαν θεράπναν.

φροῦδαί σοι θυσίαι χορῶν τ'
 εὐφήμοι κέλαδοι κατ' ὄρ-
 φναν τε παννυχίδες θεῶν,
 χρυσέων τε ξοάνων τύποι
 Φρυγῶν τε ζάθεοι σελα-
 ναι συνδώδεκα πλήθει.

ἀντ. α'

μέλει μέλει μοι τὰδ' εἰ φρονεῖς, ἀναξ,
 οὐράμιον ἔδρανον ἐπιβεβῶς
 αἰθέρα τ' ἐμᾶς πόλεος ὀλομενας,
 ἦν πυρὸς αἰθομένα κατέλυσεν ὄρμα.

1080

ὦ φίλος ὦ πόσι μοι,
 σὺ μὲν φθίμενος ἄλαινεῖς

στρ. β'

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

With me she shall not step: thou counsellest well,
 And, when she wins to Argos, in foul sort
 The foul shall die, as meet is, and shall teach
 All women chastity:—not easy this;
 Yet her destruction shall with terror smite
 Their folly, viler though they be than she.

[*Exit* MENELAUS *with* HELEN.

CHORUS

So then thy temple in Troy fair-gleaming, (*Str.* 1) 1060
 And thine altar of incense heavenward steaming

Hast thou rendered up to our foes Achaean,
 O Zeus, and the flame of our sacrificing,
 And the holy burg with its myrrh-smoke rising,

And the ivy-mantled glens Idaean
 Overstreamed with the wan snow riverward-rushing,
 And the haunted bowers of the World's Wall,¹ flushing
 With the first shafts flashed through the empyrean! 1070
(*Ant.* 1)

Thine altars are cold; and the blithesome calling
 Of the dancers is hushed; nor at twilight's falling
 To the nightlong vigils of Gods cometh waking.
 They are vanished, thy earven images golden,
 And the twelve moon-feasts of the Phrygians holden.

Dost thou care, O King, I muse, heart-aching,—
 Thou who sittest on high in the far blue heaven
 Enthroned,—that my city to ruin is given,
 That the bands of her strength is the fire-blast break-
 ing? 1080

(*Str.* 2)

O my belovèd, O husband mine,
 Thou art dead, and unburied thou wanderest
 yonder,

¹ The range of Mount Ida, the supposed boundary of the world on the east (Paley).

ἄθαπτος ἄνδρος, ἐμὲ δὲ πόντιον σκάφος
 αἴσσον πτεροῖσι πορεύσει
 ἰππόβοτον Ἄργος, ἵνα τείχεα
 λάϊνα Κυκλώπι' οὐράνια νέμονται.
 τέκνων δὲ πλήθος ἐν πύλαις
 1090 δάκρυσι κατάορα στένει, βοᾷ βοᾷ,
 μᾶτερ, ὦμοι, μόναν δὴ μ' Ἀχαιοὶ κομί-
 ζουσι σέθεν ἀπ' ὀμμάτων
 κυανέαν ἐπὶ ναῦν
 εἰναλίσαισι πλάταις
 ἢ Σαλαμῖν' ἱερὰν
 ἢ δίπορον κορυφὰν
 Ἴσθμιον, ἔνθα πύλας
 Πέλοπος ἔχουσιν ἔδραι.

1100 εἴθ' ἀκάτου Μενέλα ἀντ. β'
 μέσον πέλαγος ἰούσας,
 δίπαλτον ἱερὸν ἀνὰ μέσον πλατᾶν πέσοι
 Αἰγαίου κεραυνοφαῆς πῦρ,
 Ἴλιόθεν ὅς με πολὺδακρυν
 Ἑλλάδι λάτρευμα γᾶθεν ἐξορίζει.
 χρύσεια δ' ἔνοπτρα, παρθένων
 1110 χάριτας, ἔχουσα τυγχάνει Διὸς κόρα·
 μηδὲ γαῖάν ποτ' ἔλθοι Λάκαιναν πατρῶ-
 ὄν τε θάλαμον ἐστίας,
 μηδὲ πόλιν Πιτάνας
 χαλκόφυλόν τε θεῖνι,
 δύσγαμον αἰσχος ἔλων
 Ἑλλάδι τᾶ μεγάλα
 καὶ Σιμοεντιάσιν
 μέλεα πάθη ῥοαῖσιν.

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

Unwashen¹—but me shall the keel thro' the brine
 Waft, onward sped by its pinions of pine,
 To the horse-land Argos, where that stone wonder
 Of Cyclop walls cleaves clouds asunder.

And our babes at the gates, in a long, long line,
 Cling to their mothers with wail and with weeping 1090
 that cannot avail— [the Achaeans hale

“O mother,” they moan, “alone, alone, woe's me!
 Me from thy sight—from thine—

To the dark ship, soon o'er the surge to be riding,
 To Salamis gliding,
 To the hallowed strand,

Or the Isthmian hill 'twixt the two seas swelling,
 Where the gates of the dwelling
 Of Pelops stand!”

(*Ant.* 2)

Oh that, when, far o'er the mid-sea sped, 1100

Menelaus' galley is onward sailing, [dread
 On the midst of her oars might the thunderbolt
 Crash down, the Aegean's wildfire red,

Since from Ilium me with weeping and wailing
 Unto thralldom in Hellas hence is he haling;

While Helen, like some pure maid unwed,
 Hath joy of her mirrors of gold, and her state as of
 right doth she hold!

Nevermore may he come to Laconia, home of his sires: 1110
 be his hearth aye cold!

Never Pitane's streets may he tread,
 Nor the Goddess's temple brazen-gated,
 With the evil-fated

For his prize, who for shame
 Unto all wide Hellas' sons and daughters,
 And for woe to the waters
 Of Simoïs, came¹

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ἰὼ ἰώ,

1120 καιναὶ καινῶν μεταβάλλουσαι
 χθονὶ συντυχίαι. λεύσσετε Τρώων
 τόνδ' Ἀστυάνακτ' ἄλοχοι μέλαι
 νεκρον, ὃν πυργῶν δίσκιμα πικρὸν
 Δαναοὶ κτείναντες ἔχουσιν

ΤΑΛΘΥΒΙΟΣ

Ἐκάβη, νεὼς μὲν πιτυλὸς εἰς λελειμμενος
 λάφυρα τὰπίλοιπ' Ἀχιλλείου τόκου
 μέλλει πρὸς ἀκτὰς ναυστολεῖν Φθιώτιδας·
 αὐτὸς δ' ἀνήκται Νεοπτόλεμος, καινὰς τινας
 Πηλέως ἀκούσας συμφοράς, ὡς νιν χθονὸς
 Ἄκαστος ἐκβέβληκεν ὁ Πελίου γόνος.
 οὐ θῆσσον εἶνεκ' ἢ χίριον μονῆς ἔχων,
 φροῦδος, μετ' αὐτοῦ δ' Ἀνδρομάχη, πολλῶν

1130 ἐμοὶ
 δακρῶν ἀγωγός, ἦνικ' ἐξώρμα χθονὸς
 πύτραν τ' ἀναστένουσα καὶ τὸν Ἐκτορος
 τύμβον προσενέπουσα. καὶ σφ' ἠτήσατο
 θάψαι νεκρὸν τόνδ', ὃς πεσὼν ἐκ τειχέων
 ψυχὴν ἀφήκεν Ἐκτορος τοῦ σοῦ γόνος,
 φόβον τ' Ἀχαιῶν, χαλκόνωτον ἀσπίδα
 τήνδ', ἣν πατήρ τοῦδ' ἀμφὶ πλευρ' ἐβάλλετο,
 μὴ νιν πορεῦσαι Πηλέως ἐφ' ἐστίαν,
 1140 μῆδ' εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν θάλαμον, οὐ νυμφεύσεται
 μήτηρ νεκροῦ τοῦδ' Ἀνδρομάχη, λύπας ὄραν,
 ἀλλ' ἀντὶ κέδρου περιβόλων τε λαΐνων
 ἐν τῆδε θάψαι παῖδα· σὰς δ' ἐς ὠλένας
 δοῦναι, πέπλοισιν ὡς περιστείλης νεκρὸν
 στεφάνοις θ', ὄση σοι δύναμις, ὡς ἔχει τὰ σά,
 ἐπεὶ βέβηκε καὶ τὸ δεσπότης τάχος
 ἀφείλετ' αὐτὴν παῖδα μὴ δοῦναι τάφῳ.

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

Woe's me, woe's me!

Afflictions new, ere the old be past,
On our land are falling! Behold and see,
Ye wives of the Trojans, horror-aghast, 1120
Dead Astyanax, by the Danaans cast
From the towers, slain pitilessly.

Enter TALTHYBIUS *with attendants bearing corpse of*
ASTYANAX *on* HECTOR'S *shield.*

TALTHYBIUS

One galley's oars yet linger, Hecuba,
Ready to waft unto the Phthian shores
The remnant of the spoil of Achilles' son.
But Neoptolemus' self hath sailed, who heard
Tidings of wrong to Peleus, how the seed
Of Pelias, even Acastus, exiles him.
Wherefore, too hasty to vouchsafe delay,
He went, Andromache with him, who hath drawn 1130
At her departing many a tear from me,
Wailing her country, crying her farewell
To Hector's tomb. And she besought the prince
To grant his corpse a grave who from the walls
Hurled down, thine Hector's child, gave up the
ghost.

And the Achaeans' dread, this brass-lapped shield,
Wherewith his father fenced his body round,
She prayed him not to Peleus' hearth to bear,
Nor to Andromache's new bridal bower,
A grief to see for her that bare the dead; 1140
But that, instead of cedar chest or stone,
This might entomb her child, unto thine arms
Given, that thou mightst shroud the corpse, and crown
With wreaths, as best thou canst of these thy means,
Since she hath gone, and since her master's haste
Withheld herself from burying her child.

ἡμεῖς μὲν οὖν, ὅταν σὺ κοσμήσης ἱέκυν,
 γῆν τῶδ' ἐπαμπισχόντες ἀροῦμεν δόρυ·
 1150 σὺ δ' ὡς τάχιστα πρᾶσσε τὰπεσταλμένα.
 ἑνὸς μὲν οὖν μόχθου σ' ἀπαλλάξας ἔχω·
 Σκαμανδρίους γὰρ τάσδε διαπερῶν ῥοὰς
 ἔλουσα νεκρὸν κἀπέριψα τραύματα.
 ἀλλ' εἴμ' ὀρυκτὸν τῶδ' ἀναρρήξων τάφον,
 ὡς σύντομ' ἡμῖν τὰπ' ἐμοῦ τε κἀπὸ σοῦ
 εἰς ἓν ξυνηλθόντ' οἴκαδ' ὀρμήσῃ πλίτην.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

θέσθ' ἀμφίτονον ἀσπίδ' Ἔκτορος πέδω,
 λυπρὸν θέαμα κοῦ φίλον λεύσσειν ἐμοί.
 ὦ μείζον' ὄγκον δορὸς ἔχοντες ἢ φρενῶν,
 1160 τί τόνδ', Ἀχαιοί, παῖδα δείσαντες φόνον
 καινὸν διειργάσασθε; μὴ Τροίαν ποτὲ
 πεσοῦσαν ὀρθώσειεν; οὐδὲν ἦτ' ἄρα,
 ὅθ' Ἔκτορος μὲν εὐτυχοῦντος εἰς δόρυ
 διολλύμεσθα μυρίας τ' ἄλλης χερὸς·
 πόλεως δ' ἀλούσης καὶ Φρυγῶν ἐφθαρμένων
 βρέφος τοσόνδ' ἐδείσατ'. οὐκ αἰνῶ φόβον,
 ὅστις φοβεῖται μὴ διεξελθὼν λόγῳ.
 ὦ φίλταθ', ὡς σοι θάνατος ἦλθε δυστυχῆς.
 εἰ μὲν γὰρ ἔθανες πρὸ πόλεως, ἤβῃς τυχῶν
 1170 γάμων τε καὶ τῆς ἰσοθέου τυραννίδος,
 μακάριος ἦσθ' ἄν, εἴ τι τῶνδε μακάριον.
 νῦν δ' αὐτ' ἰδὼν μὲν γνούς τε σῆ ψυχῆ, τέκνοι,
 οὐκ οἶσθ', ἐχρήσω δ' οὐδὲν ἐν δόμοις ἔχωι.
 δύστηνε, κρατὸς ὡς σ' ἔκειρεν ἀθλίως
 τείχη πατρῶα, Λοξίου πυργώματα,
 ὃν πόλλ' ἐκίπευσ' ἢ τεκοῦσα βόστρυχον
 φιλήμασιν τ' ἔδωκεν, ἔνθεν ἐκγελαῖ
 ὅστέων ῥαγέντων φόνος, ἵν' αἰσχρὰ μὴ λέγω.

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

I therefore, when thou hast arrayed the corpse,
 Will heap his mound, and set thereon a spear.
 Thou then with speed perform the task assigned.
 Sooth, I have lightened of one toil thine hands ; 1150
 For, as I passed o'er yon Scamander's streams,
 I bathed the corpse, and cleansed the wounds thereof.
 Now will I go, and dig for him a grave,
 That, shortened so, thy work and mine withal,
 To one end wrought, may homeward speed the oar.

[*Exit* TALTHYBIUS.

HECUBA

Set Hector's shield fair-rounded on the earth,
 A woeful sight unsweet for me to see.
 O ye who more in spears than wisdom boast,
 Fearing this child, Achaeans, why have ye wrought
 Murder unheard-of?—lest he raise again [naught 1160
 Our fallen Troy? How? was your strength but
 When we died daily, even while Hector's spear
 Triumphed, and while beside him thousands fought ;
 But now, Troy taken, all the Phrygians slain,
 Ye dread this little child? Out on the fear
 Which feareth, having never reasoned why !
 Ah darling, what ill death is come on thee ! [known
 Hadst thou for Troy been slain, when thou hadst
 Youth, wedlock's bliss, and godlike sovereignty,
 Blest wert thou—if herein may aught be blest. 1170
 But now, once seen and sipped by thy child-soul,
 Thine home-bliss fleets forgotten, unenjoyed !
 Poor child, how sadly thine ancestral walls,
 Upreared by Loxias, from thine head have shorn
 The curls that oft thy mother softly smoothed
 And kissed, wherefrom through shattered bones forth
 grins
 Murder—a ghastliness I cannot speak !

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

- ὦ χεῖρες, ὡς εἰκὸς μὲν ἠδέϊας πατρὸς
 κέκτησθ', ἐν ἄρθροισ δ' ἔκλυτοι πρόκεισθε νῦν.
 1180 ὦ πολλὰ κόμπους ἐκβαλὸν φίλον στόμα,
 ὄλωλας, ἐψεύσω μ', ὅτ' εἰσπίπτων λέχος,
 ὦ μήτηρ, ἠΐδας, ἦ πολὺν σοι βοστρύχων
 πλόκαμον κεροῦμαι πρὸς τάφον θ' ὀμηλίκων
 κώμους ἐπάξω, φίλα διδούς προσφθέγματα.
 σὺ δ' οὐκ ἔμ', ἀλλ' ἐγὼ σέ τὸν νεώτερον
 γραῦς, ἄπολις, ἄτεκνος, ἄθλιον θάπτω νεκρόν.
 οἴμοι, τὰ πόλλ' ἀσπίσμαθ' αἴ τ' ἐμαὶ τροφαὶ
 ὕπνοι τ' ἐκεῖνοι ¹ φροῦδά μοι. τί καὶ ποτε
 1190 γράψειεν ἂν σὼ μουσοποιὸς ἐν τάφῳ ;
 τὸν παῖδα τόνδ' ἔκτειναν Ἀργεῖοί ποτε
 δείσαντες ; αἰσχρὸν τοῦπίγραμμά γ' Ἑλλάδι.
 ἀλλ' οὖν πατρώων οὐ λαχῶν, ἔξεις ὅμως
 ἐν ἧ ταφήσει χαλκόνωτον ἰτέαν.
 ὦ καλλίπηχυν Ἔκτορος βραχίονα
 σῶζουσ', ἄριστον φύλακ' ἀπώλεσας σέθεν.
 ὡς ἠδὺς ἐν πόρπακι σὼ κείται τύπος
 ἵτνός τ' ἐν εὐτόρνοισι περιδρόμοις ἰδρώς,
 ὃν ἐκ μετώπου πολλάκις πύνοους ἔχων
 ἔσταζεν Ἔκτωρ προστιθεὶς γενειάδι.
 1200 φέρετε, κομίζετ' ἀθλίῳ κόσμον νεκρῷ
 ἐκ τῶν παρόντων· οὐ γὰρ εἰς κάλλος τύχας
 δαίμων δίδωσιν· ὃν δ' ἔχω, λήψει τάδε.
 θνητῶν δὲ μῶρος ὅστις εὖ πράσσειν δοκῶν
 βέβαια χαίρει· τοῖς τρόποις γὰρ αἱ τύχαι,
 ἔμπληκτος ὡς ἄνθρωπος, ἄλλοτ' ἄλλοσε
 πηδῶσι, κούδεις αὐτὸς εὐτυχεῖ ποτε.

¹ So the MSS. Nauck reads *πόνοι* : Tyrrell *ἄπνοι τε κλίται*. Paley suggests *ὑπνοι τ' ἄπνοι*.

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

O hands, how sweet the likeness to your sire
 Ye keep!—limp in your sockets now ye lie.
 Dear lips, that babbled many a child-boast once, 1180
 Ye are dead! 'Twas false, when, bounding to my
 bed,
 “Mother,” thou saidst, “full many a curl I'll shear
 For thee, and troops of friends unto thy tomb
 Will lead, to cry the loving last farewell.”
 Not I of thee, but thou, the young, of me,—
 Old, homeless, childless,—wretched corpse, art buried.
 Ah me, the kisses, and my nursing-cares,
 Thy love-watched slumbers,—gone! What word, ah
 what,
 Shall bard inscribe of thee upon thy tomb?
 “This child the Argives murdered in time past, 1190
 Dreading him”—an inscription shaming Greece!
 Yet thou, of thy sire's wealth though nought thou hast,
 Shalt in thy burial have his brazen targe.
 Ah shield that keptest Hector's goodly arm
 Safe, thine heroic warder hast thou lost!
 How dear his imprint on thine handle lies!
 Dear stains of sweat upon thy shapely rim,
 Which oft mid battle's toil would Hector drip
 Down from his brow, as to his beard he pressed thee!
 Come, bring ye adorning for the hapless eorse 1200
 Of that ye have: our fortune gives no place
 For rich array: mine all shalt thou receive.
 A fool is he, who, in prosperity
 Secure, rejoices: fortune, in her moods,
 Like some wild maniae, hither now, now thither,
 Leaps, and none prospers ever without change.

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ μὴν πρὸ χειρῶν αἶδε σοι σκυλευμάτων
Φρυγίων φέρουσι κόσμον ἐξάπτειν νεκρῶ.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

1210

ὦ τέκνον, οὐχ ἵπποισι νικήσαντά σε
οὐδ' ἥλικας τόξοισιν, οὐς Φρύγες νόμους
τιμῶσιν, οὐκ εἰς πλησμονὰς θηρώμενοι,
μήτηρ πατρός σοι προστίθης ἀγάλματα
τῶν σῶν ποτ' ὄντων, νῦν δέ σ' ἡ θεοστυγῆς
ἀφείλεθ' Ἑλένη, πρὸς δὲ καὶ ψυχὴν σέθεν
ἔκτεινε καὶ πάντ' οἶκον ἐξαπώλεσεν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἔἔ, φρενῶν
ἔθιγες ἔθιγες· ὦ μέγας ἐμοί ποτ' ὦν
ἀνάκτωρ πόλεως.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

1220

ἂ δ' ἐν γάμοις ἐχρῆν σε προσθέσθαι χροὶ
Ἀσιατίδων γήμαντα τὴν ὑπερτάτην,
Φρύγῃα πέπλων ἀγάλματ' ἐξάπτω χροός.
σύ τ' ὦ ποτ' οὔσα καλλίνικε μυρίων
μήτηρ τροπαίων, Ἔκτορος φίλου σάκος,
στεφανοῦ· θανεί γὰρ οὐ θανούσα σὺν νεκρῶ·
ἐπεὶ σὲ πολλῶ μάλλον ἢ τὰ τοῦ σοφοῦ
κακοῦ τ' Ὀδυσσέως ἄξιον τιμῶν ὄπλα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

αἰαῖ αἰαῖ,
πικρὸν ὕδρμα γαῖά σ', ὦ
τέκνον, δέξεται.
στέναξον, μάτερ,

ΕΚΑΒΗ

αἰαῖ.

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

CHORUS

Lo, ready to thine hand, from spoils of Troy,
They bring adornings on the dead to lay.

HECUBA

Child, not for victory with steeds or bow
Over thy fellows,—customs which thy folk 1210
Honour, yet not unto excess pursue,—
The mother of thy sire adorneth thee
With gauds from wealth once thine, now reft from
thee
By Helen god-accurst : she hath slain withal
Thy life, and brought to ruin all thine house.

CHORUS

Alas and alas ! Mine heart dost thou wring, dost thou
wring,
Hector, in days overpast Troy's mighty king !

HECUBA

In that wherein thou shouldst have clad thy form
For marriage, wedding Asia's loveliest, 1220
Splendour of Phrygian robes, I swathe thee now.
And thou, who wast the glorious mother once
Of countless triumphs, Hector's shield beloved,
Receive thy wreath : thou with the dead shalt
die
Undying, worthy of honour, far beyond
The arms Odysseus, crafty villain, won.

CHORUS

Alas for thee !
O child, our sorrow, the earth shall now
Receive thee to rest !—wail, mother, thou !

HECUBA

O misery !

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

νεκρῶν ἱακχον.

1230

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οἴμοι μοι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οἴμοι δῆτα σῶν ἀλάστων κακῶν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

τελαμῶσιν ἔλκη τὰ μὲν ἐγὼ σ' ἴασομαι,
τλήμων ἰατρός, ὄνομ' ἔχουσα, τάργα δ' οὐ·
τὰ δ' ἐν νεκροῖσι φροντιεῖ πατὴρ σέθεν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἄρασσ' ἄρασσε κρῆτα
πιτύλους διδοῦσα χειρός, ἰώ μοί μοι.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὦ φίλταται γυναῖκες.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

† * * * ἔννεπε, τίνα θροεῖς αὐδάν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

1240

οὐκ ἦν ἄρ' ἐν θεοῖσι πλὴν ἐμοὶ πόνοι
Τροία τε πόλεων ἔκκριτον μισουμένη,
μάτην δ' ἐβουθυτοῦμεν. † εἰ δὲ μὴ θεὸς¹
ἔστρεψε τᾶνω περιβαλὼν κίτῳ χθονός,
ἀφανεῖς ἂν ὄντες οὐκ ἂν ὑμνήθημεν ἂν
μούσαις ἀοιδὰς δόντες ὑστέροις βροτῶν.
χωρεῖτε, θύπτει' ἀθλίῳ τύμβῳ νεκρόν·
ἔχει γὰρ οἶα δεῖ γε νερτέρων στέφη.
δοκῶ δὲ τοῖς θανούσι διαφέρειν βραχύ,
εἰ πλουσίῳν τις τεύξεται κτερισμάτων·
1250 κενὸν δὲ γαύρωμ' ἐστὶ τῶν ζώντων τόδε.

¹ Stephanus' (unsatisfactory) conjectural reading for εἰ δ' ἡμᾶς of MSS. Original hopelessly lost.

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

CHORUS

Wail the keen for the dead !

HECUBA

Ah me, ah me !

1230

CHORUS

Ah griefs whose remembrance shall ne'er be fled !

HECUBA

Some of thy wounds with linen bands I bind,—
Leech but in name, I bind, but cannot heal,—
Some shall thy father tend amongst the dead.

CHORUS

Smite thou, O smite ! Let thine hand
Rain, rain the blows on thine head—alas !

HECUBA

O daughters beloved of my land—

CHORUS

Speak the word through thy lips that is panting to pass.

HECUBA

Nought was in Heaven's designs, save woes to me 1240
And Troy, above all cities loathed of them.
In vain we sacrificed ! Yet, had not God
O'erthrown us so, and whelmed beneath the earth,
We had faded fameless, never had been hymned
In lays, nor given song-themes to the after-time.
Pass on, lay ye in a wretched tomb the corpse ;
For now it hath the garlands, dues of death.
Yet little profit have the dead, I trow,
That gain magnificence of obsequies.
'Tis but the living friends' vaingloriousness. 1250

[*The corpse is carried to burial.*]

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἰὼ ἰώ·
 μελέα μήτηρ, ἧ τὰς μεγάλας
 ἐλπίδας ἐν σοὶ κατέκαμψε¹ βίου.
 μέγα δ' ὀλβισθεὶς ὡς ἐκ πατέρων
 ἀγαθῶν ἐγένου,
 δεινῶ θανάτῳ διόλωλας.
 ἔα ἔα·

τίνας Ἰλιάσιν ταῖσδ' ἐν κορυφαῖς
 λεύσσω φλογέας δαλοῖσι χέρας
 διερέσσοντας ; μέλλει Τροία
 καινόν τι κακὸν προσέσεσθαι.

ΤΑΛΩΤΒΙΟΣ

1260

αὐδῶ λοχαγοῖς, οὐ τέταχθ' ἐπιμπρίναι
 Πριάμον τόδ' ἄστνυ, μηκέτ' ἀργούσαν φλόγα
 ἐν χερσὶ σῶζειν, ἀλλὰ πῦρ ἐνιέναι,
 ὡς ἂν κατασκάψαντες Ἰλίου πόλιν
 στελλώμεθ' οἴκαδ' ἄσμενοι Τροίας ἄπο.
 ὑμεῖς δ', ἴν' αὐτὸς λόγος ἔχη μορφὰς δύο,
 χωρεῖτε, Τρώων παῖδες, ὀρθίαν ὅταν
 σάλπιγγος ἠχῶ δῶσιν ἀρχηγοὶ στρατοῦ,
 πρὸς ναῦς Ἀχαιῶν, ὡς ἀποστέλλησθε γῆς.

1270

ἔπου. μεθήκουσίν σ' Ὀδυσσέως πύρα
 οἶδ', ᾧ σε δούλην κλῆρος ἐκπέμπει χθονός.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

οἱ γὼ τάλαινα· τοῦτο δὴ τὸ λοῖσθιον
 καὶ τέρμα πίντων τῶν ἐμῶν ἤδη κακῶν·
 ἔξιμι πατρίδος, πόλις ὑφάπτεται πυρί.
 ἀλλ', ᾧ γεραιὲ πούς, ἐπίσπευσον μόλις,

¹ Burges: for κατέκαμψε of MSS.—“in wrack undone
 Are shattered her proud” etc.

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

CHORUS

Ah me ! ah me !

Ah hapless mother, what goal she hath won
Of all the proud hopes builded on thee !
O thou who wert born to exceeding bliss,
Thou hero's son,
What awful death for thy dying was this !

What ho ! what ho !

Whom see I on Ilium's tower-crowned wall,
And the tossing torches fierily glow
In the hands of them ?—some new evil, I trow,
Shall on Troy-town fall.

Enter TALTHYBIUS above, with soldiers bearing torches.

TALTHYBIUS

Captains, to whom the charge is given to fire 1260
This city of Priam, idle in your hands
Keep ye the flame no more : thrust in the torch,
That, having low in dust laid Ilium's towers,
We may with gladness homeward speed from Troy.
Ye—twofold aspect this one hest shall bear—
Children of Troy, forth, soon as loud and clear
The chieftains of the host the trumpet sound,
To yon Greek ships, for voyage from the land.
And thou, O grey-haired dame most evil-starred,
Follow. These from Odysseus come for thee ; 1270
For the lot sends thee forth the land, his slave.

HECUBA

Ah wretched I !—the uttermost is this,
The deepest depth of all my miseries ;
I leave my land ; my city is aflame !
O agèd foot, sore-striving press thou on,

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ὡς ἀσπᾶσσωμαι τὴν ταλαίπωρον πόλιν.
 ὦ μεγάλα δήποτ' ἐμπνέουσ' ἐν βαρβάρους
 Τροία, τὸ κλεινὸν ὄνομ' ἀφαιρήσει τάχα.
 1280 πιμπρᾶσί σ', ἡμᾶς δ' ἐξίγους' ἤδη χθονὸς
 δούλας· ἰὼ θεοί. καὶ τί τοὺς θεοὺς καλῶ ;
 καὶ πρὶν γὰρ οὐκ ἤκουσαν ἀνακαλούμενοι.
 φέρ' εἰς πυρὰν δράμωμεν, ὡς κάλλιστά μοι
 σὺν τῆδε πατρίδι κατθανεῖν πυρουμένη.

ΤΑΛΩΤΒΙΟΣ

ἐνθουσιᾶς, δύστηνε, τοῖς σαυτῆς κακοῖς·
 ἀλλ' ἄγετε, μὴ φείδεσθ'. Ὀδυσσέως δὲ χρῆ
 εἰς χεῖρα δοῦναι τήνδε καὶ πέμπειν γέρας.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὀτοτοτοτοτοῖ. στρ. α'
 Κρόνιε, πρύτανι Φρύγιε, γενέτα
 1290 πᾶτερ, ἀνάξια τᾶς Δαρδάνου
 γονᾶς τᾶδ' οἶα πίσχομεν δέδορκας ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

δέδορκεν, ἅ δὲ μεγαλόπολις
 ἄπολις ὄλωλεν οὐδ' ἔτ' ἔστι Τροία.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὀτοτοτοτοτοῖ. ἀντ. α
 λέλαμπεν Ἴλιος, Περ-
 γίμων τε πυρὶ καταίθεται τέραμνα
 καὶ πόλις ἄκρα τε τειχέων.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πτέρυγι δὲ καπνὸς ὡς τις οὐ-
 1300 ρανία πεσοῦσα δορὶ καταφθίνει γᾶ.
 μαλερὰ μέλαθρα πυρὶ κατάδρομα μεσφδ.
 δαίψ τε λόγχα.

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

That I may bid mine hapless town farewell.
 O Troy, midst burgs barbarie erst so proud,
 Soon of thy glorious name shalt thou be spoiled.
 They fire thee, and they hale us forth the land,
 Thralls! O ye Gods!—why call I on the Gods? 1280
 For called on heretofore they hearkened not.
 Come, rush we on her pyre, for gloriously
 So with my blazing country should I die.

TALTHYBIUS

Hapless, distraught art thou of thine afflictions!
 Hence hale her—spare not. To Odysseus' hand
 Her must ye give, and lead to him his prize.

HECUBA

Woe is me! ah for the woes that be mine! (*Str. 1*)
 Cronion, O Phrygian Lord, our begetter, our father,
 Dost thou see how calamity's tempests around us
 gather,
 Unmerited doom of Dardanus' line? 1290

CHORUS

He hath seen: yet is Troy, the stately city,
 A city no more, destroyed without pity.

HECUBA

Woe is me, woe, and a threefold woe! (*Ant. 1*)
 Ilios is blazing, the ramparts of Pergamus crashing
 Down, with the homes of our city, mid flames far-
 flashing
 Over their ruins, a furnace-glow!

CHORUS

With its wide-winged blackness the heaven's face
 covering, [hovering.
 O'er our spear-stricken land is the smoke-cloud 1300
 (*Mesode.*)

In madness of ruin-rush earthward they reel,
 Our halls, 'neath the fire and the foemen's steel.

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ὦ τέκνα, κλύετε, μάθετε ματρὸς αὐδάν. στρ. β

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ιαλέμῳ τοὺς θανόντας ἀπύεις.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

γεραιά τ' εἰς πέδον τιθεῖσα μέλεα,
καὶ χερσὶ γαίαν κτυποῦσα δισσαῖς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

διάδοχά σοι γόνυ τίθημι γαίᾳ
τοὺς ἐμούς καλοῦσα νέρθεν
ἀθλίους ἀκοίτας.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἀγόμεθα φερόμεθ'—

ΧΟΡΟΣ

1310

ἄλγος ἄλγος βοᾶς.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

δούλειον ὑπὸ μέλαθρον ἐκ πάτρας γ' ἐμᾶς.
ἰὼ ἰώ·

Πρίαμε Πρίαμε, σὺ μὲν ὀλόμενος
ἄταφος, ἄφιλος,
ἄτας ἐμᾶς ἄιστος εἶ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

μέλας γὰρ ὅσσε κατεκάλυψε
θάνατος ὅσιον ἰννοσίαις σφαιγαῖσιν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἰὼ θεῶν μέλαθρα καὶ πόλις φίλα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἔ ἔ.

456

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

HECUBA

(*Str.* 2)

Hear, children, O hearken your mother's crying !

CHORUS

To the dead dost thou wail—can they hear thine
entreating ?

HECUBA

Low on the ground are mine old limbs lying,
And mine hands, and mine hands on the
earth are beating !

CHORUS

Earthward my knee, as I follow thee, bows,
As I cry to the dweller in Hades' House,
To mine hapless spouse.

HECUBA

I am haled—I am borne—

CHORUS

Sorrow rings in thy cry ! 1310

HECUBA

From my land unto mansions of slavery.
O hapless I !

O Priam, O Priam, slain without tomb,
Without friend, nought, nought dost thou know of
my doom !

CHORUS

For the blackness of death hath shrouded the eyne
Of the righteous, by hand of the impious slain.

HECUBA

O fanes of the Gods, dear city mine !

CHORUS

Woe !—wail the refrain !

ΤΡΩΙΑΔΕΣ

ΕΚΑΒΗ

τὰν φόβιον ἔχετε φλόγα δορός τε λόγχαν. αἰτ. β'

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τάχ' εἰς φίλαν γᾶν πεσεῖσθ' ἰνώνυμοι.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

1320 κόνις δ' ἴσα καπνῷ πτέρυγι πρὸς αἰθέρ'
αἴστον οἴκων ἐμῶν με θήσει.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὄνομα δὲ γᾶς ἀφανὲς εἶσιν· ἄλλα δ'
ἄλλο φροῦδον, οὐδ' ἔτ' ἔστιν
ἡ τάλαινα Τροία.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἐμάθετ', ἐκλύετε ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

Περγάμων κτύπον.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἔνοσις ἅπασαν ἔνοσις ἐπικλύσει πόλιν.
ἰὼ ἰώ,

τρομερὰ τρομερὰ μέλεα, φέρετ' ἐ-
μὸν ἵχνος. ἴτ' ἐπὶ

1330 δούλειον ἀμέραν βίου.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἰὼ τάλαινα πόλις· ὅμως δὲ
πρόφερε πόδα σὸν ἐπὶ πλατας Ἀχαιῶν.

ΕΚΑΒΗ

ἰὼ γᾶ τρόφιμε τῶν ἐμῶν τέκνων.¹

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἔ ἔ.

¹ Paley's arrangement adopted.

THE DAUGHTERS OF TROY

HECUBA

The death-flame, the spear, in your midst have
dominion,— (Ant. 2)

CHORUS

Swift-falling to earth your memorial shall vanish,—

HECUBA

And the dust, o'er the welkin wide-stretching its 1320
pinion, [banish.

Mine eyes from the home of my yearning shall

CHORUS

And the name of my land shall be heard not,
and wide [abide

Shall her children be scattered; no more doth
Troy's woeful pride.

HECUBA

Did ye mark—did ye hear?

CHORUS

Crashed Pergamus down!

HECUBA

The earthquake thereof shall engulf the town!—
O sorrow's crown!

O tottering, tottering limbs, upbear

My steps; to the life of bondage fare.

1330

CHORUS

O hapless Troy!—Yet down to the strand

And the galleys Achaean thy feet must strain.

HECUBA

O land—of my children the nursing-land!

CHORUS

Woe!—wail the refrain!

[*Exeunt* OMNES.]



HELEN



ARGUMENT

IT is told that one of the old bards, named Stesichorus, who lived six generations before Euripides, did in a certain poem revile Helen, for that her sin was the cause of misery to Hellus and to Troy. Thereupon was he struck blind for railing on her who had after death become a goddess. But the man repented of his presumption, and made a new song wherein he unsaid all the evil he had sung of Queen Helen, and wore into his lay an ancient legend, telling how that not she, but her wraith only, had passed to Troy, while she was borne by the Gods to the land of Egypt, and there remained until the day when her lord, turning aside on the homeward voyage, should find her there.

When he had done this, his sight was straightway restored to him.

In this play is Helen's story told according to the "Recantation of Stesichorus."

ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΡΑΜΑΤΟΣ ΠΡΟΣΩΠΑ

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ΓΡΑΤΣ

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ΘΕΟΝΟΗ

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΥΣ

ΔΙΟΣΚΟΤΡΟΙ

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

HELEN, *wife of Menelaus.*

TEUCER, *a Greek hero, who fought at Troy.*

MENELAUS, *king of Sparta.*

PORTRESS, *of the palace of Theoclymenus.*

MESSENGER (first), *a sailor of Menelaus' crew.*

THEONOE, *a priestess, sister of Theoclymenus.*

THEOCLYMENUS, *king of Egypt.*

MESSENGER (second), *a servant of Theoclymenus.*

THE TWIN BROTHERS, *Castor and Pollux.*

CHORUS, *consisting of captive Greek maidens attendant on Helen.*

Guards, attendants, huntsmen, and temple-maidens.

SCENE: Before the palace of the King of Egypt by the mouth of the Nile. In the foreground stands the tomb of Proteus, father of Theoclymenus.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΕΛΕΝΗ

Νείλου μὲν αἶδε καλλιπάρθενοι ῥοαί,
ὃς ἀντὶ δίας ψακίδος Αἰγύπτου πέδον
λευκῆς τακείσης χιόνος ὑγραίνει γύας.
Πρωτεὺς δ' ὅτ' ἔζη τῆσδε γῆς τύρανος ἦν,
Φάρον μὲν οἰκῶν νῆσον, Αἰγύπτου δ' ἄναξ,
ὃς τῶν κατ' οἶδμα παρθένων μίαν γαμεῖ,
Ψαμάθην, ἐπειδὴ λέκτρ' ἀφήκεν Αἰακοῦ.
τίκτει δὲ τέκνα δισσὰ τοῖσδε δώμασι,
Θεοκλύμενον ἄρσεν', † ὅτι δὴ θεοὺς σέβων
10 βίον διήνεγκ', εὐγενῆ τε παρθένον
Εἰδῶ, τὸ μητρὸς ἀγλαΐσμ', ὅτ' ἦν βρέφος·
ἐπεὶ δ' ἐς ἠβην ἦλθεν ὠραίων γάμων,
καλοῦσιν αὐτὴν Θεονόην· τὰ θεῖα γὰρ
τά τ' ὄντα καὶ μέλλοντα πάντ' ἠπίστατο,
προγόνου λαβοῦσα Νηρέως τιμὰς πάρα.
ἡμῖν δὲ γῆ μὲν πατρίς οὐκ ἀνώνυμος
Σπάρτη, πατὴρ δὲ Τυνδάρεως· ἔστιν δὲ δὴ
λόγος τις ὡς Ζεὺς μητέρ' ἔπτατ' εἰς ἐμὴν
20 Λήδαν κύκνου μορφώματ' ὄρνιθος λαβῶν,
ὃς δόλιον εὐνήν ἐξέπραξ' ὑπ' αἰετοῦ

HELEN

*HELEN discovered bowed in prayer at the tomb of Proteus
She rises and advances to the front of the stage.*

HELEN

THESE be the Nile's fair-flowing virgin-streams,
Who, fed with white snow melting, not with rain
From heaven, waters Egypt's lowland fields.
Lord of this land was Proteus, while he lived,
Dweller in Pharos' isle, and Egypt's king,
Who of the Maids sea-haunting wedded one,
Psmathe, widowed wife of Aeacus:
And to this house she brought forth children
twain,
A son, Theoclymenus.—for that honouring
The Gods his father lived,—a noble daughter, 10
Named Eido, "mother's pride," while yet a babe;
But, since she grew to bloom of sponsal-tide,
Theonoë¹ they called her, for she knew
Heaven's will for things that are and things to be,
Inheriting from her grandsire Nereus this.
For me, not fameless is my fatherland
Sparta: my sire was Tyndarus. The tale
Telleth that to my mother Leda flew
Zeus, who had stohn the likeness of a swan,
And, fleeing from a chasing eagle, wrought 20

¹ i.e. The purpose of God.

δίωγμα φεύγων, εἰ σαφῆς οὗτος λόγος.
 Ἐλένη δ' ἐκλήθην ἃ δὲ πεπόνθαμεν κακὰ
 λέγοιμ' ἄν. ἦλθον τρεῖς θεαὶ κάλλους πέρι
 Ἰδαῖον εἰς κευθμῶν' Ἀλέξανδρον πάρα,
 Ἦρα Κύπρις τε διογενῆς τε παρθένος,
 μορφῆς θέλουσαι διαπερίνασθαι κρίσιν.
 τοῦμόν δὲ κάλλος, εἰ καλὸν τὸ δυστυχές,
 Κύπρις προτείνας' ὡς Ἀλέξανδρος γαμεί,
 νικᾷ· λιπὼν δὲ βούσταθμ' Ἰδαῖος Πάρις
 30 Σπάρτην ἀφίκεθ' ὡς ἐμὸν σχήσων λέχος.
 Ἦρα δὲ μεμφθεῖσ' οὔνεκ' οὐ νικᾷ θεάς,
 ἐξηνέμωσε τᾶμ' Ἀλεξάνδρω λέχη,
 εἰδῶσι δ' οὐκ ἔμ', ἀλλ' ὁμοίωσας' ἐμοὶ
 εἰδῶλον ἔμπνουν οὐρανοῦ ξυθεῖσ' ἄπο,
 Πριάμου τυράννου παιδί· καὶ δοκεῖ μ' ἔχειν
 κενὴν δόκησιν, οὐκ ἔχων. τὰ δ' αὖ Διὸς
 βουλευμάτων' ἄλλα τοῖσδε συμβαίνει κακοῖς·
 πόλεμον γὰρ εἰσήνεγκεν Ἑλλήνων χθονὶ
 καὶ Φρυξὶ δυστήνοισιν, ὡς ὄχλου βροτῶν
 40 πλήθους τε κουφίσειε μητέρα χθόνα,
 γνωτὸν τε θεῖη τὸν κράτιστον Ἑλλάδος.
 Φρυγῶν δ' ἐς ἀλκὴν προὔτεθην ἐγὼ μὲν οὔ,
 τὸ δ' ὄνομα τοῦμόν, ἄθλον Ἑλλησιν δορός.
 λαβῶν δέ μ' Ἑρμῆς ἐν πτυχαῖσιν αἰθέρος
 νεφέλη καλύψας, οὐ γὰρ ἠμέλησέ μου
 Ζεὺς, τόνδ' ἐς οἶκον Πρωτέως ἰδρύσατο,
 πάντων προκρίνας σωφρονέστατον βροτῶν,
 ἀκέραιον ὡς σώσαιμι Μενέλεω λέχος.
 καγὼ μὲν ἐνθάδ' εἶμ', ὁ δ' ἄθλιος πόσις
 50 στράτευμ' ἀθροίσας τὰς ἐμὰς ἀναρπαγὰς
 θηρᾶ πορευθεὶς Ἰλίου πυργώματα.
 ψυχαὶ δὲ πολλαὶ δι' ἔμ' ἐπὶ Σκαμανδρίοις

HELEN

By guile his pleasure,—if the tale be true.
Helen my name, and these my sufferings :
In strife for beauty came three Goddesses
To Paris in a deep Idaean dell—
Hera, and Cypris, and Zeus' child, the Maid,
Fain to bring beauty's judgment unto issue.
And Cypris tempting Paris—he should wed
My fairness, if misfortune can be fair,—
Prevailed : Idaean Paris left the herds,
And for his bride, for me, to Sparta came. 30

But Hera, wroth that she should not prevail,
Turned into air Alexander's joy of me ;
Gave him not me, but fashioned like to me
A breathing phantom, out of cloudland wrought,
For Priam's princely son : he deemed me his,
Who was not, a vain phantasy. Withal
Zeus' counsels to these evils added more ;
For war he brought upon the Hellenes' land
And hapless Phrygians, to disburden so
Earth-mother of her straitened throngs of men, 40
And to make Hellas' mightiest son renowned.
I lay 'twixt Phrygians' prowess—yet not I,
My name alone—and Hellene spears, the prize.

Me Hermes caught away in folds of air,
And veiled in cloud,—for Zeus forgot me not,—
And in these halls of Proteus set me down,
Of all men holding him most continent,
That I might keep me pure for Menelaus.
So am I here : mine hapless lord the while
Gathered a host, set forth for Ilium's towers, 50
Questing the track of me his ravished bride.
And many a life beside Scamander's streams

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ῥοαῖσιν ἔθανον· ἢ δὲ πάντα τλαῖσ' ἐγὼ
 κατάρατος εἶμι καὶ δοκῶ προδοῦσ' ἐμὸν
 πόσιν σιναΐψαι πόλεμον· Ἕλλησιν μέγαν.
 τί δῆτ' ἔτι ζῶ ; θεοῦ τόδ' εἰσήκουσ' ἔπος
 Ἑρμοῦ, τὸ κλεινόν μ' ἔτι κατοικήσειν πέδον
 Σπάρτης σὺν ἀνδρὶ, γνόντος ὡς ἐς Ἴλιον
 οὐκ ἦλθον, ἵνα μὴ λέκτρ' ὑποστρώσω τινί.
 60 ἕως μὲν οὖν φῶς ἡλίου τόδ' ἐβλεπε
 Πρωτεύς, ἄσυλος ἦν γάμων· ἐπεὶ δὲ γῆς
 σκότῳ κέκρυπται, παῖς ὁ τοῦ τεθνηκότος
 θηρᾶ γαμεῖν με. τὸν πάλαι δ' ἐμὸν πόσιν
 τιμῶσα Πρωτέως μνηῆμα προσπίτνω τόδε
 ἰκέτις, ἵν' ἀνδρὶ τὰμὰ διασώσῃ λέχη,
 ὡς, εἰ καθ' Ἑλλάδ' ὄνομα δυσκλεῆς φέρω,
 μή μοι τὸ σῶμά γ' ἐνθάδ' αἰσχύνῃν ὄφλη.

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

τίς τῶνδ' ἐρμυνῶν δομάτων ἔχει κράτος ;
 Πλούτου γὰρ οἶκος ἄξιος προσεικάζαι
 70 βασιλείᾳ τ' ἀμφιβλήματ' εὐθρυγκοί θ' ἔδραι.
 ἔα·

ὦ θεοί, τίν' εἶδον ὄψιν ; ἐχθίστην ὀρῶ
 γυναικὸς εἰκὼ φόνιον, ἢ μ' ἀπώλεσε
 πάντα τ' Ἀχαιοῦς. θεοί σ', ὅσον μίμημ' ἔχεις
 Ἑλένης, ἀποπτύσειαν. εἰ δὲ μὴ ἔν ξένη
 γαῖα πόδ' εἶχον, τῶδ' ἂν εὐστόχῳ πτερῶ
 ἀπόλαυσιν εἰκοῦς ἔθανες ἂν Διὸς κόρης.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

τί δ' ; ὦ ταλαίπωρ', ὅστις ὄν μ' ἀπεστράφης,
 καὶ ταῖς ἐκείνης συμφοραῖς ἐμὲ στυγεῖς ;

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

80 ἤμαρτον ὀργῇ δ' εἶξα μᾶλλον ἢ μ' ἐχρήν·

HELEN

Perished for me. I, that endured all this,
Yet am cursed too, held traitress to my lord,
Enkindler of a mighty war for Greeks.
Why then live on? This prophecy of Hermes—
Who knew that ne'er to Troy I passed—I heard,
That with my lord in Sparta's plain renowned
I yet should dwell, nor serve an alien couch.
While Proteus yet beheld yon light of day, 60
Inviolatè I abode: but he is veiled
Now in earth's darkness; and the dead king's son
Pursues me. Honouring more mine ancient spouse,
At Proteus' tomb I cast me, suppliant
That he may keep me unsullied for my lord,
That, though through Hellas evil fame I bear,
Mine honour here may take no stain of shame.

Enter TEUCER.

TEUCER

Who hath the lordship of these castle-halls?
To Plutus' palace might one liken them—
Fair battlements and royal flanking-towers! 70
Ha!
Ye Gods, what sight!—the loathed similitude
Of her, the murderess, who ruined me
And all the Greeks! Now the Gods spue thee out—
So like thou art to Helen! Stood I not
On alien soil, by this unerring shaft
Thou hadst died—thy need for likeness to Zeus'
daughter.

HELEN

Unhappy, whoc'er thou be, why turn from me,
And loathe me for afflictions born of her?

TEUCER

I erred, to wrath more yielded than was meet. 80

ΕΛΕΝΗ

μισεῖ γὰρ Ἑλλὰς πᾶσα τὴν Διὸς κόρην.
σύγγνωθι δ' ἡμῖν τοῖς λελεγμένοις, γύναι.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

τίς δ' εἶ; πόθεν γῆς τῆσδ' ἐπεστράφης πέδον;

ΤΕΥΚΡΟΣ

εἰς τῶν Ἀχαιῶν, ὧ γύναι, τῶν ἀθλίων.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

οὐ τᾶρα σ' Ἑλένην εἰ στυγεῖς θαυμαστέον.
ἀτὰρ τίς εἶ πόθεν; τίνος δ' αὐδᾶν σε χρή;

ΤΕΥΚΡΟΣ

ὄνομα μὲν ἡμῖν Τεῦκρος, ὁ δὲ φύσας πατήρ
Τελαμών, Σαλαμῖς δὲ πατρὶς ἢ θρέψασά με.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

τί δῆτα Νείλου τούσδ' ἐπιστρέφει γύας:

ΤΕΥΚΡΟΣ

90

φυγὰς πατρώας ἐξελήλαμαι χθονός.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

τλήμων ἂν εἴης· τίς δέ σ' ἐκβάλλει πάτρας;

ΤΕΥΚΡΟΣ

Τελαμών ὁ φύσας. τίν' ἂν ἔχῃς μᾶλλον φίλον;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἐκ τοῦ; τὸ γάρ τοι πρᾶγμα συμφορὰν ἔχει.

ΤΕΥΚΡΟΣ

Αἴας μ' ἀδελφὸς ὄλεσ' ἐν Τροίᾳ θανών.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

πῶς; οὐ τί που σὺ φασγάνῳ βίον στερεῖς;

ΤΕΥΚΡΟΣ

οἰκείον αὐτὸν ὄλεσ' ἄλμ' ἐπὶ ξίφος.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

μανέντ'; ἐπεὶ τίς σωφρονῶν τλαίη τάδ' ἂν;

HELEN

All Hellas hateth her, the child of Zeus.
But for words spoken, lady, pardon me.

HELEN

Who art thou, and whence com'st thou to this land?

TEUCER

One, lady, of the Achaeans evil-starred.

HELEN

No marvel then if Helen thou abhor.
But thou, who art thou?—whence, and who thy sire?

TEUCER

Teucer my name is, Telamon my sire,
And Salamis the land that fostered me.

HELEN

Why dost thou visit then these fields of Nile?

TEUCER

An exile am I driven from fatherland.

90

HELEN

Unhappy thou! Who banished thee thine home?

TEUCER

My father Telamon. Who should love me more?

HELEN

Wherefore? Such deed imports disastrous cause.

TEUCER

My brother's death at Troy my ruin was.

HELEN

How? Not—O not by thy blade reft of life?

TEUCER

Hurling him on his own sword Aias died.

HELEN

Distraught?—for who uncrazed would dare the deed?

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

τὸν Πηλέως τιν' οἶσθ' Ἀχιλλέα γόνου ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

μνηστήρ ποθ' Ἑλένης ἦλθεν, ὡς ἀκούομεν.

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

100

θανῶν ὄδ' ὄπλων ἔριν ἔθηκε συμμίχοις.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

καὶ δὴ τί τοῦτ' Αἴαντι γίγνεται κακόν ;

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

ἄλλου λαβόντος ὄπλ' ἀπηλλάχθη βίου.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

σὺ τοῖς ἐκείνου δῆτα πήμασιν νοσεῖς ;

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

ὀθούνεκ' αὐτῷ γ' οὐ ξυνωλόμην ὀμοῦ.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἦλθες γάρ, ὦ ξέν', Ἰλίου κλεινὴν πόλιν ;

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

καὶ ξύν γε πέρσας αὐτὸς ἀνταπωλόμην.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἦδη γὰρ ἦπται καὶ κατείργασται πυρί ;

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

ὥστ' οὐδ' ἴχνος γε τειχέων εἶναι σαφές.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ὦ τλήμον Ἑλένη, διὰ σ' ἀπόλλυνται Φρύγες.

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

110

καὶ πρὸς γ' Ἀχαιοὶ μεγάλα δ' εἵργασται κακά.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

πόσον χρόνον γὰρ διαπεπόρθηται πόλις ;

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

ἑπτὰ σχεδόν τι καρπίμους ἔτῶν κύκλους.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

χρόνον δ' ἐμείνατ' ἄλλον ἐν Τροίᾳ πόσον ;

HELEN

TEUCER

Of Peleus' son Achilles know'st thou aught?

HELEN

He came a wooer of Helen, as I heard.

TEUCER

He died: his comrades for his armour strove.

HELEN

And how did this thing turn to Aias' bane?

TEUCER

Another won the arms: he passed from life.

HELEN

Art thou in his affliction then afflicted?

TEUCER

Even so, because I perished not with him.

HELEN

Thou wentest then to Troy-town far-renowned?

TEUCER

Yea, helped to smite her—and myself was stricken.

HELEN

Is she ere this aflame?—consumed with fire?

TEUCER

Yea, of her walls no trace may be discerned.

HELEN

Helen ill-starred, for thee the Phrygians died!

TEUCER

Yea, and Achaeans: bitter bale she hath wrought.

HELEN

How long time since was Ilium destroyed?

TEUCER

Well-nigh seven summers' circles harvest-crowned.

HELEN

How long ere then did ye beleagueer Troy?

100

110

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

πολλὰς σελήνας, δέκα διελθούσας ἔτη.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἦ καὶ γυναῖκα Σπαρτιᾶτιν εἴλετε ;

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

Μενέλαος αὐτὴν ἦγ' ἐπισπάσας κόμης.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

εἶδες σὺ τὴν δύστηνον ; ἦ κλύων λέγεις ;

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

ὥσπερ σέ γ', οὐδὲν ἦσσον, ὀφθαλμοῖς ὀρώ.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

σκοπεῖτε μὴ δόκησιν εἶχετ' ἐκ θεῶν.

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

120

ἄλλου λόγου μέμνησο, μὴ κείνης ἔτι.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

οὕτω δοκεῖτε τὴν δόκησιν ἀσφαλῆ ;

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

αὐτὸς γὰρ ὄσσοις εἶδον, εἰ καὶ νῦν σ' ὀρώ.¹

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἤδη δ' ἐν οἴκοις σὺν δάμαρτι Μενέλεως ;

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

οὐκ οὖν ἐν Ἀργεῖ γ' οὐδ' ἐπ' Εὐρώτα ῥοαῖς.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

αἰαῖ· κακὸν τόδ' εἶπας οἷς κακὸν λέγεις.

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

ὥς κείνος ἀφαιῆς σὺν δάμαρτι κλήζεται.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

οὐ πᾶσι πορθμὸς αὐτὸς Ἀργείοισιν ἦν ;

¹ Dobree and Clark : for the MSS. reading *εἰδόμην καὶ νοῦς ὀρώ.*

HELEN

TEUCER

While many moons through ten years ran their course.

HELEN

And captive did ye take the Spartan dame ?

TEUCER

Yea ; Menelaus haled her by the hair.

HELEN

Saw'st thou that wretch ?—or speakest from report ?

TEUCER

Even as I see thee with mine eyes ; no less.

HELEN

What if ye nursed a heaven-sent phantasy ?

TEUCER

Of other theme bethink thee ; of her no more.

120

HELEN

So sure are ye of this your fancy's truth ?

TEUCER

I saw her with mine eyes—if I see thee.

HELEN

Hath Menelaus with his wife won home ?

TEUCER

Nay, nor to Argos, nor Eurotas' streams.

HELEN

Woe ! Ill news this to whom thy tale is ill.

TEUCER

Lost, with his wife, from sight : so rumour runs.

HELEN

Sailed not together all the Argives home ?

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

ἦν, ἀλλὰ χειμῶν ἄλλοσ' ἄλλον ὄρισεν.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ποίοισιν ἐν νώτοισι ποντίας ἀλός ;

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

130

μέσον περῶσι πέλαγος Αἰγαίου πύρου.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

κακ τοῦδε Μενέλαν οὔτις εἶδ' ἀφιγμένον ;

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

οὔδεις· θανῶν δὲ κλήζεται καθ' Ἑλλάδα.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἀπωλόμεσθα· Θεστιᾶς δ' ἔστιν κόρη ;

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

Λήδαν ἔλεξας ; οἴχεται θανούσα δῆ.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

οὔ πού νιν Ἑλένης αἰσχρὸν ὤλεσεν κλέος ;

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

φασίν, βρόχῳ γ' ἄψασαν εὐγενῆ δέριον.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

οἱ Τυνδάρειοι δ' εἰσὶν ἢ οὐκ εἰσὶν κόροι ;

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

τεθνῶσι κού τεθνῶσι· δύο δ' ἐστὸν λόγῳ.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

πότερος ὁ κρείσσων ; ὦ γάλαιν' ἐγὼ κακῶν.

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

140

ἄστροις σφ' ὁμοιωθέντε φύσ' εἶναι θεῶ.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

καλῶς ἔλεξας τοῦτο· θάτερον δὲ τί ;

HELEN

TEUCER

Yea ; but a storm dispersed them far and wide.

HELEN

On what surf-ridges of the outsea brine ?

TEUCER

In the mid-passage of the Aegean sea. 130

HELEN

Hath none since then seen Menelaus come ?

TEUCER

None : but through Hellas rumour speaks him dead.

HELEN

(*Aside*) Undone—undone ! Lives Thestias' daughter
yet ?

TEUCER

Leda mean'st thou ? Dead is she, passed from earth.

HELEN

O say not Helen's shame was death to her

TEUCER

They say it. She coiled the noose about her neck.

HELEN

And Tyndarus' sons, live they, or live they not ?

TEUCER

They are dead—and are not dead : twofold the tale.

HELEN

Which tale prevaieth ? (*aside*) Woe for mine afflic-
tions !

TEUCER

In fashion made as stars men name them Gods. 140

HELEN

Fair tidings these ! But what the other tale ?

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

σφαγαίς ἀδελφῆς εἶνεκ' ἐκπνεῦσαι βίον.
 ἄλις δὲ μύθων οὐ διπλᾶ χρήζω στένειν.
 ὦν δ' εἶνεκ' ἦλθον τούσδε βασιλείους δόμους,
 τὴν θεσπιῶδον Θεονόην χρήζων ἰδεῖν,
 σὺ προξένησον, ὡς τύχῳ μαντευμάτων
 ὄπῃ νεὼς στείλαιμ' ἄν οὐριον πτερόν
 εἰς γῆν ἐναλίαν Κύπρον, οὐ μ' ἐθέσπισεν
 οἰκεῖν Ἀπόλλων, ὄνομα νησιωτικόν
 150 Σαλαμίνα θέμενον τῆς ἐκεῖ χάριν πάτρας.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

πλοῦς, ὦ ξέν', αὐτὸς σημανεῖ· σὺ δ' ἐκλιπὼν
 γῆν τήνδε φεύγε πρὶν σε παῖδα Πρωτέως
 ἰδεῖν, ὃς ἄρχει τῆσδε γῆς· ἄπεστι δὲ
 κυσὶν πεποιθὼς ἐν φοναῖς θηροκτόνοις·
 κτείνει γὰρ Ἑλλην' ὄντιν' ἄν λάβῃ ξένον·
 ὅτου δ' ἕκατι, μήτε σὺ ζήτει μαθεῖν
 ἐγὼ τε σιγῶ· τί γὰρ ἄν ὠφελοῖμί σε ;

ΤΕΤΚΡΟΣ

καλῶς ἔλεξας, ὦ γύναι· θεοὶ δέ σοι
 ἐσθλῶν ἀμοιβὰς ἀντιδωρησαίατο.
 160 Ἑλένη δ' ὅμοιον σῶμ' ἔχουσ' οὐ τὰς φρένας
 ἔχεις ὁμοίας, ἀλλὰ διαφόρους πολὺ.
 κακῶς δ' ὄλοιτο μηδ' ἐπ' Εὐρώτα ροὰς
 ἔλθοι· σὺ δ' εἴης εὐτυχῆς αἰεί, γύναι.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ὦ μεγάλων ἀχέων καταβαλλομένα μέγαν οἶκτον,
 ποῖον ἀμιλλαθῶ γόον ; ἢ τίνα μοῦσαν ἐπέλθω,
 δάκρυσιν ἢ θρήνοις ἢ πένθεσιν ; ἔ ἔ.

HELEN

TEUCER

Self-slain they perished for a sister's shame.
Suffice these stories : twice I would not groan.
But for this cause I sought these royal halls,
Being fain to see Theonoë the seer.
Thou help me to her, that I may be told
Whereby to steer my galley's prosperous wing
To sea-girt Cyprus, where Apollo bade
That I should dwell, and, for the homeland's sake,
Give it the island-name of Salamis. 150

HELEN

Thou canst not miss the course, friend : but this land
Leave thou, and flee, ere Proteus' son, who rules
This land, behold thee ;—now is he afar,
Following the hounds to slay the wildwood beasts ;—
For whatso Greek he findeth doth he kill :
But for what cause—nor seek thou this to learn,
Nor may I tell : how should I profit thee ?

TEUCER

Gracious thy speech is, lady : Heaven vouchsafe
To thee for thy fair deeds requital fair.
A form hast thou like Helen's, but thou hast 160
No heart like hers, nay, diverse utterly.
Ruin be hers ! Ne'er to Eurotas' streams
Come she ! But be thou, lady, ever blest. [*Exit.*

HELEN

For mine anguish I raise an exceeding great and
bitter cry !
How shall I agonize forth my lament ?—to what Muse
draw nigh
With tears, with death-dirges, or moanings of
misery ?
Woe's me, woe's me !

ΕΛΕΝΗ

στρ. α'

170

πτεροφόροι νεάνιδες,
 παρθένοι Χθονὸς κόραι
 Σειρήνες, εἴθ' ἔμοις γούις
 μόλοιτ' ἔχουσαι τὸν Λίβυν
 λωτὸν ἢ σύριγγας, αἰλίνοις κακοῖς
 τοῖς ἔμοισι σύνοχα δάκρυα,
 πάθεσι πάθεα, μέλεσι μέλεα·
 μουσεῖα θρηνήμασι ξυνῶδὰ
 πέμψειε Φερσέφασσα
 φόνια, χάριτας ἴν' ἐπὶ δάκρυσι
 παρ' ἔμέθεν ὑπὸ μέλαθρα νύχια παιᾶνας
 νέκυσιν ὀλομένοις λάβη.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀντ. α'

180

κυανοειδὲς ἀμφ' ὕδωρ
 ἔτυχον ἑλικά τ' ἰνὰ χλόαν
 φοίνικας ἀλίου πέπλους
 ἀυγαῖσιν ἐν ταῖς χρυσεαῖς
 ἀμφιθάλλουσ' ἐν τε δόνακος ἔρνεσιν·
 ἔνθεν οἰκτρὸν ὄμαδον ἔκλυον,
 ἄλυρον ἔλεγον, ὅ τι ποτ' ἔλακεν
 - - - αἰάγμασι στένουσα,

190

Νύμφα τις οἶα Ναῖς
 ὄρεσι φυγάδα νόμον ἰεῖσα
 γοερὸν, ὑπὸ δὲ πέτρινα γύαλα κλαγγαῖσιν
 Πανὸς ἀναβοᾷ γάμου.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

στρ. β'

ἰὼ ἰώ·
 θήραμα βυρβάρου πλάτας,
 Ἑλληνίδες κόραι,
 ναύτας Ἀχαιῶν
 τις ἔμολεν ἔμολε δάκρυα δάκρυσί μοι φέρων,
 Ἴλίου κατασκαφᾶν

ΕΛΕΝΗ

200 πυρὶ μέλουσαν δαίῳ
 δι' ἐμὲ τὰν πολυκτόνον,
 δι' ἐμὸν ὄνομα πολύπονον.
 Λήδα δ' ἐν ἀγχόναϊς
 θάνατον ἔλαβεν
 αἰσχύνας ἐμᾶς ὑπ' ἀλγέων.
 ὁ δ' ἐμὸς ἐν ἀλὶ πολυπλανῆς
 πόσις ὀλόμενος οἴχεται,
 Κάστορός τε συγγόνου τε
 διδυμογενὲς ἄγαλμα πατρίδος
 ἀφανὲς ἀφανὲς ἱππόκροτα λέλοιπε δάπεδα
 γυμνάσιά τε δονακόεντος
 Εὐρώτα, νεανιᾶν πόνον.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

210 αἰαῖ αἰαῖ· ἀντ. β
 ὦ δαίμονος πολυστόνου
 μοίρας τε σᾶς, γύναι.
 αἰῶν δυσαίῳν
 τις ἔλαχεν ἔλαχεν, ὅτε σ' ἐτέκετο ματρόθεν
 Ζεὺς πρέπων δι' αἰθέρος
 χιονόχρως κύκνου πτερῶ·
 τί γὰρ ἄπεστί σοι κακῶν ;
 τίνα δὲ βίοτον οὐκ ἔτλας ;
 μίτηρ μὲν οἴχεται,
 220 οἶδνμά τε Διὸς
 οὐκ εὐδαιμονεῖ τέκεα φίλα,
 χθόνα δὲ πάτριον οὐχ ὀράς,
 διὰ δὲ πόλεας ἔρχεται
 βάξις, ἧ σε βαρβαροισι
 λέχεσι, πότνια, παραδίδωσιν,
 ὁ δὲ σὸς ἐν ἀλὶ κύμασί τε λέλοιπε βίοτον,
 οὐδέ ποτ' ἔτι πάτρια μέλαθρα
 καὶ τὰν Χαλκίοικον ὀλβιεῖς.

HELEN

Wrapt in the red flame's glow,
Through murderess me laid low—
This baleful name of me!
Of Leda hath he told, self-slain 200
By the death-noose's strangling strain,
Her heart for my shame anguish-riven :—
Tells of my lord, — o'er far seas driven
Now hath he vanished tempest-tost ;—
Of Castor and his brother lost
From earth, their country's twin-horn boast :
Where hoofs have thundered, athletes striven,
Eurotas' reeds and racecourse-plain
Wait these in vain.

CHORUS

(*Ant.* 2) 210
Woe for thy misery,
The weird ordained for thee,
Foredoomed to days of weeping
Since Zeus through clouds down-sweeping,
A swan with wings of snow,
Beguiled thy mother so !
What know'st thou not of woe ?
From what ills art thou free ?
In death thy mother hides her pain :
Zeus' sons, his well-belovèd twain, 220
To days of bliss no more may waken :
Thine homeland have thine eyes forsaken :
And slander, through her cities rife,
Assigns thee an accursèd life,
Proclaims thee yon barbarian's wife :
Death amid storm thy lord hath taken :
Thou gladdenest no sire's halls again,
Nor Brazen Fane.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΕΛΕΝΗ

230 φεῦ, τίς ἦν Φρυγῶν, τίς ἦν¹ στρ. γ
 τὰν δακρυνόεσσαν Ἰλίῳ τε πεύκαν
 † ὅς ἔτεμε τοῖς θ' Ἑλλανίας ἀπὸ χθονός ;
 ἔινθεν ὀλόμενον σκάφος
 ὁ Πριαμίδας συναρμόσας
 ἔπλευσε βαρβάρῳ πλάτα
 τὰν ἐμὰν ἐφ' ἑστίαν,
 ἐπὶ τὸ δυστυχὲς
 κάλλος, ὡς ἔλοι γάμον ἐμόν,
 ἃ τε δόλιος ἂ πολυκτόνος Κύπρις
 240 Δαναΐδαις ἄγουσα θάνατον Πριαμίδαις τε.
 ὦ τάλαινα συμφορᾶς.

ἂ δὲ χρυσέοις θρόνοις ἀντ. γ'
 Διὸς ὑπαγκάλισμα σεμνὸν Ἥρα
 τὸν ὠκύπουν ἔπεμψε Μαιάδος γόνου,
 ὅς με χλοερὰ δρεπομέναν ἔσω πέπλων
 ῥόδεα πέταλα, χαλκίοικον ὡς Ἀθάναν
 μόλοιμ', ἀναρπύσας δι' αἰθέρος
 τάνδε γαῖαν εἰς ἄνολβον
 ἔριν ἔριν τάλαιναν ἔθετο
 Πριαμίδαισιν Ἑλλάδος.
 250 τὸ δ' ἐμόν ὄνομα παρὰ Σιμωνντιοῖς ῥοαῖσι
 μαψίδιον ἔχει φάτιν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἔχεις μὲν ἀλγείν', οἶδα· σύμφορον δέ τοι
 ὡς ῥᾶστα τὰναγκαῖα τοῦ βίου φέρειν.

¹ Paley, the old MS. reading being "destitute alike of sense and metre."

HELEN

HELEN

Ah, who of the Phrygians dared that felling (*Str.* 3)
Of the pines, for the mourning of Ilium fated, 230
And for tears unto them that in Hellas were dwelling,
Of whose beams was the galley, with evil freighted,
Builted of Priam's offspring, the hated,
Whom oars barbaric sped over the tide,
Till he came to the hearth of my Spartan palace
In quest of my beauty, foredoomed the occasion
Of mischief: beside him in treacherous malice
Came Cypris, the bringer of death's desolation
Unto Danaus' sons, unto Priam's nation.
Woe's me for my lot, who am misery's bride 240

(*Ant.* 3)

From the gold of the throne of her glory bending,
Dread Hera, Zeus' bride jealousy-glowing,
Sped the fleetfoot scion of Maia descending,
Who came on me plucking the roses, and throwing
Into my gown-lap their buds fresh-blowing,
To bear to the Brazen Fane their pride.
And he soared with his prey through the clouds of
heaven,
And to this land all unblest he brought her,
And he made her a strife, for calamity striven,
For Hellas, of Priam's people who sought her.
But Helen, by Simois' crimsoned water, 250
Was a breath, was a battle-cry—nought beside.

CHORUS

Sorrows are thine, I know: yet is it best
Lightly as may be to endure life's ills.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΕΛΕΝΗ

- φίλαι γυναῖκες, τίνι πότμῳ συνεζύγην ;
 ἄρ' ἢ τεκουσά μ' ἔτεκεν ἀνθρώποις τέρας ;
 γυνὴ γὰρ οὐθ' Ἑλληνὶς οὔτε βάρβαρος
 τεύχος νεοσσῶν λευκὸν ἐκλοχεύεται,
 ἐν ᾧ με Λήδαν φασὶν ἐκ Διὸς τεκεῖν.
 260 τέρας γὰρ ὁ βίος καὶ τὰ πράγματ' ἐστὶ μοι,
 τὰ μὲν δι' Ἥραν, τὰ δὲ τὸ κάλλος αἴτιον.
 εἴθ' ἐξαλειφθεῖς ὡς ἄγαλμ' αὖθις πάλιν
 αἴσχιον εἶδος ἔλαβον ἀντὶ τοῦ καλοῦ,
 καὶ τὰς τύχας μὲν τὰς κακὰς ἄς νῦν ἔχω
 Ἑλληνες ἐπελάθοντο, τὰς δὲ μὴ κακὰς
 ἔσωζον ὥσπερ τὰς κακὰς σώζουσί μου.
 ὅστις μὲν οὖν εἰς μίαν ἀποβλέπων τύχην
 πρὸς θεῶν κακοῦται, βαρὺ μὲν, οἰστέον δ' ὅμως·
 ἡμεῖς δὲ πολλαῖς συμφοραῖς ἐγκείμεθα.
 270 πρῶτον μὲν οὐκ οὐσ' ἄδικος, εἰμὶ δυσκλεῆς·
 καὶ τοῦτο μείζον τῆς ἀληθείας κακόν,
 ὅστις τὰ μὴ προσόντα κέκτηται κακά.
 ἔπειτα πατρίδος θεοὶ μ' ἀφιδρύσαντο γῆς
 εἰς βάρβαρ' ἦθη, καὶ φίλων τητωμένη
 δούλη καθέστηκ' οὐσ' ἐλευθέρων ἄπο·
 τὰ βαρβάρων γὰρ δοῦλα πάντα πλὴν ἑνός.
 ἄγκυρα δ' ἦ μου τὰς τύχας ὄχει μόνη,
 πόσιν ποθ' ἦξειν καὶ μ' ἀπαλλάξειν κακῶν,
 οὗτος τέθνηκεν, οὗτος οὐκέτ' ἐστὶ δῆ.
 280 μήτηρ δ' ὄλωλε, καὶ φονεὺς αὐτῆς ἐγώ,
 ἀδίκως μὲν, ἀλλὰ τᾶδίκον τοῦτ' ἐστ' ἐμόν.
 ὃ δ' ἀγλαῖσμα δωμάτων ἐμοῦ τ' ἔφυ,
 θυγάτηρ ἀνανδρος πολιά παρθενεύεται·

HELEN

HELEN

Friends, 'neath the yoke of what doom am I
bowed ?

Bore not my mother a portent unto men ?
For never Hellene nor barbarian dame
Brought forth white vial of a fledgling brood,¹
Wherein to Zeus men say that Leda bare me.
A portent are my life and all my fortunes, 260
In part through Hera, through my beauty in part.
Oh could I, like a picture blotted out,
Have changed that beauty for uncomeliness !
Oh might the Greeks forget the lot accurst
That now is mine, and treasure memories
Of honour touching me, as now of shame !
Whoso, on one chance centring all his hopes,
Is stricken of God, hard though it be, may
bear it ;

But I—I am whelmed in many miseries :
First, an ill name, though I am clean of sin ; 270
And worse is this than suffering for just cause,
To bear the burden of sins that are not ours.
Then, from my homeland the Gods banished me
To alien customs, and, bereft of friends,
A slave am I, the daughter of free sires ;
For midst barbarians slaves are all save one.
And—the one anchor that stayed up my fortunes,
That yet my lord would come, and end my woes—
He hath died : who was mine anchor is no more.
Dead is my mother, and her murderer I,— 280
Immoently, yet cleaves the wrong to me.
And she, crewhile mine house's pride and mine,
My child, is growing grey, a spouseless maid ;

¹ Alluding to the two eggs of Leda, from one of which issued Castor and Pollux, from the other Helen.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

τὸ τοῦ Διὸς δὲ λεγομένῳ Διοσκόρῳ
 οὐκ ἔστόν. ἀλλὰ πάντ' ἔχουσα δυστυχῆ
 τοῖς πράγμασιν τέθνηκα, τοῖς δ' ἔργοισιν οὔ.
 τὸ δ' ἔσχατον τοῦτ', εἰ μόλοιμεν εἰς πάτραν,
 κλήθροισ ἀν εἴργοιέν με, τὴν ὑπ' Ἰλίῳ
 δοκοῦντες Ἑλένην Μενελέω μ' ἐλθεῖν μέτα.
 290 εἰ μὲν γὰρ ἔζη πόσις, ἀνεγνώσθημεν ἀν
 εἰς ξύμβολ' ἐλθόνθ' ἂ φανέρ' ἀν μόνοις ἀν ἦν.
 νῦν δ' οὔτε τοῦτ' ἔστ' οὔτε μὴ σωθῆ ποτε.
 τί δῆτ' ἔτι ζῶ ; τίν' ὑπολείπομαι τύχην ;
 γάμους ἐλομένη τῶν κακῶν ὑπαλλαγὰς,
 μετ' ἀνδρὸς οἰκεῖν βαρβάρου πρὸς πλουσίαν
 τράπεζαν ἴζουσ' ; ἀλλ' ὅταν πόσις πικρὸς
 ξυνηῖ γυναικί, καὶ τὸ σῶμ' ἔστιν πικρόν.
 θανεῖν κράτιστον· πῶς θάνοιμ' ἀν οὖν καλῶς ;
 300 ἀσχήμονες μὲν ἀγχόνοι μετάρσιοι,
 κὰν τοῖσι δούλοις δυσπρεπὲς νομίζεται·
 σφαγαὶ δ' ἔχουσιν εὐγενὲς τι καὶ καλόν,
 † σμικρὸς δ' ὁ καιρὸς σάρκ' ἀπαλλάξαι βίου.
 εἰς γὰρ τοσοῦτον ἤλθομεν βύθος κακῶν·
 αἱ μὲν γὰρ ἄλλαι διὰ τὸ κάλλος εὐτυχεῖς
 γυναῖκες, ἡμᾶς δ' αὐτὸ τοῦτ' ἀπώλεσεν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

Ἑλένη, τὸν ἐλθόνθ', ὅστις ἔστιν ὁ ξενος,
 μὴ πάντ' ἀληθῆ δοξάσης εἰρηκέναι.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

καὶ μὴν σαφῶς ἔλεξ' ὀλωλέναι πόσιν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πόλλ' ἀν γένοιτο καὶ διὰ ψευδῶν ἔπη.

HELEN

And the Twin Brethren, named the Sons of
Zeus,

Are not. But, though I have nought but misery,
Me hath ill-faring, not ill-doing, slain.

And, worst of all, if I should reach mine home,
Men would in dungeon chain me, as the Helen
For whom to Ilium Menelaus went.

For, if mine husband lived, by tokens known 290
To none beside, might recognition be.

This cannot now be : no, he cannot 'scape.

Why then do I live on ?—what fortune waits me ?

Shall I choose marriage for escape from ills,

Dwell with a lord barbarian, at his board

Seated mid pomp ? Nay, if a husband loathed

Dwell with a woman, her own self she loathes.

To die were best. How then with honour die ?

Unseemly is the noose 'twixt earth and heaven :

Even of thralls 'tis held a death of shame. 300

Noble the dagger is and honourable,

And one short instant rids the flesh of life.

Yea, to such depth of evil am I come !

For other women are by beauty made

Blest—me the selfsame gift to ruin brought.

CHORUS

Helen, believe not yonder stranger spake

Truth only, be he who he may that came.

HELEN

Nay, but he plainly said my lord had died.

CHORUS

In multitude of words there want not lies.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

310

ΕΛΕΝΗ

καὶ τὰμπαλὶν γε τῶνδ' ἀληθεία σαφῆ.¹

ΧΟΡΟΣ

εἰς ξυμφορὰν γὰρ ἀντὶ τὰγαθοῦ φέρει.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

φόβος γὰρ εἰς τὸ δεῖμα περιβαλὼν μ' ἄγει.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πῶς δ' εὐμενείας τοισίδ' ἐν δόμοις ἔχεις ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

πάντες φίλοι μοι πλὴν ὁ θηρεύων γάμους.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οἴσθ' οὖν ὃ δρᾶσον ; μνήματος λιποῦσ' ἔδραν—

ΕΛΕΝΗ

εἰς ποῖον ἔρπεις μῦθον ἢ παραίνεσιν ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἐλθοῦσ' ἐς οἴκους, ἢ τὰ πάντ' ἐπίσταται,
τῆς ποντίας Νηρηίδος ἐκγόνου κόρης,
πυθοῦ πόσιν σὸν Θεοιόης, εἴτ' ἔστ' ἔτι
εἴτ' ἐκλέλοιπε φέγγος· ἐκμαθοῦσα δ' εὖ
πρὸς τὰς τύχας τὸ χάσμα τοὺς γόους τ' ἔχε.
πρὶν δ' οὐδὲν ὀρθῶς εἰδέναι, τί σοι πλέον
λυπουμένη γένοιτ' ἂν ; ἀλλ' ἐμοὶ πιθοῦ·
τάφον λιποῦσα τόνδε σύμμικτον κόρη,
ὄθενπερ εἴσει πάντα· τὰληθῆ φράσαι
ἔχουσ' ἐν οἴκοις τήνδε, τι βλέπεις πρόσω ;
θέλω δὲ καγὼ σοὶ συνεισελθεῖν δόμους
καὶ συμπυθέσθαι παρθένου θεσπίσματα·
γυναῖκα γὰρ δὴ συμπονεῖν γυναικὶ χρῆ.

320

¹ Paley reads ἀληθείας, transposes ἔπη and σαφῆ, and takes ἐμπαλιν τῶνδε to mean "contrary to these (lies)":—

Ch. By lies may many a tale seem all too clear.

Hel. Nay, falsehood rings not with the note of truth.

HELEN

HELEN

Nay rather, plain truth may a plain tale be. 310

CHORUS

Nay, 'tis thou leanest more to grief than joy.

HELEN

Fear folds me round, and drags me to my dread.

CHORUS

How stands to thee affected yonder household ?

HELEN

Friends all, save him who hunts me for his bride.

CHORUS

Know'st then thy part ? From session at the tomb—

HELEN

To what speech or what counsel drawest thou ?

CHORUS

Pass to the house : of her who knoweth all,

The daughter of the sea-born Nereid maid,

Theonoë, ask if yet thine husband live,

Or hath left light ; and, being certified,

According to thy fortunes joy or mourn.

But, ere thou know aught truly, what avails

That thou shouldst grieve ? Nay, hearken unto
me:—

Leave thou this tomb, and with the maid commune,

Of whom shalt thou learn all. When thou hast here

One to resolve the doubt, what wouldst thou more ?

I too with thee will pass into the house,

With thee inquire the maiden's oracles.

That woman woman's burden share, is meet.

320

ΕΛΕΝΗ

330

ΕΛΕΝΗ
 φίλαι, λόγους ἔδεξιμαν·
 βᾶτε βᾶτε δ' εἰς δόμους,
 ἀγῶνας ἐντὸς οἴκων ὡς
 πύθησθε τοὺς ἐμούς.

στρ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
 θέλουσαν οὐ μόλις καλεῖς.

ΕΛΕΝΗ
 ἰὼ μέλεος ἀμέρα.
 τίν' ἄρα τάλαινα τίνα δακρυό-
 εντα λόγον ἀκούσομαι ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ
 μὴ πρόμαντις ἀλγέων
 προλάμβαν', ὦ φίλα, γόους.

340

ΕΛΕΝΗ
 τί μοι πόσις μέλεος ἔτλα ;
 πότερα δέρκεται φάος
 τέθριππά θ' ἀλίου
 κέλευθά τ' ἀστέρων,

ἀντ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ
 * * * * *

ΕΛΕΝΗ
 * * * * *

ἦ ἔν νεκυσι κατὰ χθονὸς
 τὰν χθόνιον ἔχει τύχαν ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ
 εἰς τὸ φέρτερον τίθει
 τὸ μέλλον, ὅ τι γενήσεται.

ΕΛΕΝΗ
 σὲ γὰρ ἐκάλεσα, σὲ δὲ κατόμοσα,
 τὰν ὑδρόεντα δόνακι χλωρὸν

¹ Two lines missing, corresponding to those in the *Strophe*.

HELEN

HELEN

I hail, friends, the word ye have spoken. (*Str.*) 330
Pass in, pass ye into the hall,
To give ear unto prophecy's token
How the end of my toils shall befall.

CHORUS

Thou callest on her that hears full fain.

HELEN

Woe for this day with its burden of pain!
What word waiteth, what desolation
Of tears past relief?

CHORUS

Nay, forestall not, O friend, lamentation
Prophetic of grief.

HELEN

To what doom hath mine husband been given? (*Ant.*) 340
Doth he yet see the light of the day,
See the Sun's wheels flash through the heaven,
See the gleams of the star-trodden way?

Or to him have the dead done obeisance?
Doth the nether gloom hide?

CHORUS

Nay, look for a fate of fair presence,
Whatsoever shall betide.

HELEN

Thee I invoke, I swear by thy name,
O river with ripple-washed reed-beds green,

ΕΛΕΝΗ

350 Εὐρώταν, θανόντος εἰ βίξις
ἔτυμος ἀνδρὸς ἄδε μοι —

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τί τάδ' ἰσύνετα ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

φόνιον αἰώρημα
διὰ δέρης ὀρέξομαι,
ἢ ξιφοκτόνον δίωγμα
λαιμορύτου σφαγᾶς
αὐτοσίδαρον ἔσω πελάσω διὰ σαρκὸς ἤμιλλαν,
θῦμα τριζύγοις θεαῖσι
† τῷ τε συρίγγων ἰοιδὰν σεβί-
ζοντι Πριαμίδα ποτ' ἄμφι βουστάθμους.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

360 ἄλλοσ' ἀποτροπὰ κακῶν
γένοιτο, τὸ δὲ σὸν εὐτυχές.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἰὼ Τροία τάλαινα,
δι' ἔργ' ἄνεργ' ὄλλυσαι μέλεά τ' ἔτλας·
τὰ δ' ἐμὰ δῶρα Κύπριδος ἔτεκε
πολὺ μὲν αἷμα, πολὺ δὲ δάκρυον, ἄχεά τ' ἄχσι,
† δάκρυα δάκρυσιν ἔλαβε πάθεα,
ματέρες τε παῖδας ὄλεσαν,
ἀπὸ δὲ παρθένοι κόμας
ἔθεντο σύγγοι νεκρῶν Σκαμάνδριον
ἄμφι Φρύγιον οἶδμα.
370 βοᾶν βοᾶν δ' Ἑλλὰς
κελάδησε κἀνωτότυξεν,
ἐπὶ δὲ κριτὶ χέρας ἔθηκεν,
ὄνουχι δ' ἀπαλόχροα γένυν
ἔδευσε φοινίαισι πλαγαῖς.

HELEN

Eurotas!—if true was the word that came 350
That my lord on the earth is no more seen,—

CHORUS

Wild words and whirling—ah, what should they
mean?

HELEN

The death-dealing cord
Round my neck will I twine,
Or the thirst of the sword
In this heart's blood of mine
Shall be quenched, through the flesh of my neck as I
Plunge it to life's deep shrine,
For a sacrifice to the Goddesses three,
And to Paris, whose pipe's wild melody
Floated afar over Ida, and round still steadings of kine.

CHORUS

Far hence averted may mischief flee, 360
And fortune fair abide upon thee!

HELEN

Woe, hapless Troy, for thee, woe!
Thou hast perished for sins not thine own, under
misery's load brought low!
And the gifts of Cypris to me for their fruit have borne
Rivers of blood and of tears, and to them that mourn
Anguish is added, and grief to the grief-forlorn.
There are mothers for dead sons weeping;
There are maids that have cast shorn hair
Where seaward Seamander on-sweeping
The limbs of their brothers bare,
And from Hellas a cry, a cry, 370
Ringeth heavenward wild and high,
And with frenzied hands on her head
She smiteth: her fingers are red
From the cheeks that the blood-furrows dye.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ὦ μάκαρ Ἀρκαδίᾳ ποτὲ παρθένε Καλλιστοῖ,
 Διὸς
 ἅ λεχέων ἐπέβας τετραβάμοσι γυίοις,¹
 ὡς πολὺ ματρὸς ἐμᾶς ἔλαχες πλέον,
 ἅ μορφᾷ θηρῶν λαχνογυίων
 ὄμματι λάβρω σχῆμα διαίνεις¹
 380 ἐξαλλάξασ' ἄχθεα λύπης·
 ἄν τέ ποτ' Ἄρτεμις ἐξεχορεύσατο
 χρυσοκέρατ' ἔλαφον Μέροπος Τιτανίδα κούραν
 καλλοσύνας ἔνεκεν· τὸ δ' ἐμὸν δέμας
 ὤλεσεν ὤλεσε πέργαμα Δαρδανίας
 ὀλομένους τ' Ἀχαιοῦς.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὦ τὰς τεθρίππους Οἰνομάω Πῖσαν κῆρα
 Πέλοψ ἀμίλλας ἐξαμιλληθεῖς ποτε,
 εἴθ' ὄφελος τόθ', ἠνίκ' ἔρανον εἰς θεοὺς
 † πεισθεῖς² ἐποίεις, ἐν θεοῖς λιπεῖν βίον,
 390 πρὶν τὸν ἐμὸν Ἀτρέα πατέρα γεννῆσαι ποτε,
 ὃς ἐξέφυσεν Ἀερόπης λέκτρων ἄπο
 Ἀγαμέμνον' ἐμέ τε Μενέλεων, κλεινὸν ζυγόν·
 πλεῖστον γὰρ οἶμαι, καὶ τόδ' οὐ κόμπῳ λέγω,
 στράτευμα κώπη διορίσαι Ἰτροίαν ἔπι,
 τύραννος οὐδὲν πρὸς βίαν στρατηλατῶν,
 ἐκοῦσι δ' ἄρξας Ἑλλάδος νεανίαις.
 καὶ τοὺς μὲν οὐκέτ' ὄντας ἀριθμῆσαι πάρα,
 τοὺς δ' ἐκ θαλάσσης ἀσμένως πεφευγότας,
 νεκρῶν φέροντας ὀνόματ' εἰς οἴκους πάλιν.
 400 ἐγὼ δ' ἐπ' οἶδμα πόντιον γλαυκῆς ἁλὸς

¹ Hermann and Dindorf: for MSS. *λεαίνης*.

² The reference to the legend of Pelops being served up to the Gods at a feast by Tantalus requires some such word as *σφαγαίς*.

HELEN

Ah, maiden of Aready, happy, Callisto,¹ art thou,
O fourfoot-pacing thing who wast Zeus' bride,
Better by far than my mother's is thy lot now,
Who hast cast the burden of human sorrow aside,
And only now for the shaggy limb
Of the brute with tears are thy fierce eyes dim. 380
Yea, happier she whom Artemis drave from her choir,
A stag gold-antlered, Merops' Titanian daughter,
Because of her beauty ; but mine with the brands of
desire
Hath enkindled Dardanian Pergamus' ruin-pyre,
And hath given the Achaeans to slaughter.
[*They pass into the palace.*]

Enter MENELAUS.

MENELAUS

Ah, Pelops, thou at Pisa victor once
Over Oenomaus in chariot-strife,
Oh that, what time thou mad'st the Gods a feast,
Thou hadst left in presenee of the Gods thy life,
Ere thou begattest Atreus, sire to me, 390
Him to whom Aerope bare Agamemnon,
And me, Menelaus, chariot-team renowned.
The mightiest host on earth—no mere vaunt this --
Did I speed overseas to Troy, their chief ;
Nor by compulsion captained them to war,
But led with Hellas' heroes' glad consent.
Some must we count mid them that are no more ;
Gladly have other some escaped the sea,
And bring back home the names of men deemed dead.
But I far o'er the grey sea's shoreless surge 400

¹ One of Zeus's victims, changed into a bear.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

τλήμων ἄλωμαι χρόνον ὅσονπερ Ἰλίου
 πύργους ἔπερσα, κείς πάτραν χρήζων μολεῖν,
 οὐκ ἀξιούμαι τοῦδε πρὸς θεῶν τυχεῖν.

Λιβύης τ' ἐρήμους ἀξένους τ' ἐπιδρομὰς
 πέπλευκα πάσας· χῶταν ἐγγὺς ὦ πάτρας,
 πάλιν μ' ἀπωθεῖ πνεῦμα, κοῦποτ' οὔριον
 εἰσῆλθε λαῖφος ὥστε μ' εἰς πάτραν μολεῖν.
 καὶ νῦν τάλας ναυαγὸς ἀπολέσας φίλους
 ἐξέπεσον εἰς γῆν τήνδε· ναῦς δὲ πρὸς πέτρας

410

πολλοὺς ἀριθμοὺς ἄγνυται ναυαγίων,
 τρόπις δ' ἐλείφθη ποικίλων ἄρμωσμάτων,
 ἐφ' ἧς ἐσώθην μόλις ἀνελπίστω τύχη
 Ἑλένη τε, Τροίας ἦν ἀποσπάσας ἔχω.
 ὄνομα δὲ χώρας ἦτις ἦδε καὶ λεῶς
 οὐκ οἶδ'· ὄχλον γὰρ εἰσπεσεῖν ἠσχυρόμην
 ὥσθ' ἱστορήσαι, τῆς ἐμῆς δυσχλαινίας
 κρύπτων ὑπ' αἰδοῦς τὰς τύχας. ὅταν δ' ἀνῆρ
 πράξει κακῶς ὑψηλός, εἰς ἀηθίαν
 πίπτει κακίῳ τοῦ πάλαι δυσδαίμονος.

420

χρεία δὲ τείρει μ'· οὔτε γὰρ σῖτος πάρα
 οὔτ' ἀμφὶ χρωτ' ἐσθῆτες· ἀντὰ δ' εἰκάσαι
 πάρεστι ναὸς ἔκβολ' οἷς ἀμπίσχομαι.
 πέπλους δὲ τοὺς πρὶν λαμπρὰ τ' ἀμφιβλήματα
 χλιδίας τε πάντος ἤρπασ'· ἐν δ' ἄντρου μυχοῖς
 κρύψας γυναῖκα τὴν κακῶν πάντων ἐμοὶ
 ἄρξασαν ἦκω, τοὺς τε περιλελειμμένους
 φίλων φυλάσσειν τᾶμ' ἀναγκάσας λέχη.
 μόνος δὲ νοσῶ, τοῖς ἐκεῖ ζητῶν φίλοις
 τὰ πρόσφορ' ἦν πως ἐξερευνήσας λάβω.

430

ἰδὼν δὲ δῶμα περιφερὲς θριγκοῖς τόδε
 πύλας τε σεμνὰς ἀνδρὸς ὀλβίου τινός,
 προσῆλθον· ἐλπίς δ' ἔκ γε πλουσίων δόμων

HELEN

Wander in pain, long as the leaguer-years
Of Troy; and though I yearn to reach my land,
Of this I am not held worthy by the Gods,
But to all Libya's beaches lone and wild
Have sailed: yea, whenso I am nigh my land,
Back the blast drives me; never following breeze
Hath swelled my sail to waft me to mine home.
And now, a shipwrecked wretch, my comrades lost,
On this land am I cast: against the rocks
My ship is shattered all in countless shards. 410
Wrenched from its cunning fastenings was the keel,
Whereon past hope and hardly was I saved
With Helen, whom I had snatched from Ilium's
wreck.

But this land's name, and who her people be,
I know not, being abashed to yonder throngs
To join me, there to ask: in mine ill plight
I hide for shame my misery; for a man
Low-fallen from high estate more sharply feels
The strangeness of it than the long unblest.
Want wasteth me; for neither food have I 420
Nor raiment for my body,—judge by these
That gird me, rags washed shoreward from the
ship.

The robes once mine, bright vest and bravery,
The sea hath swallowed. In a cave's deep cleft
My wife I hid, first cause of all my woes,
And hither come, for I have straitly charged
My friends yet living to watch over her.
Alone I come, seeking for loved ones there
What shall avail their need, if search may find.
And, marking yonder mansion battlement-girt, 430
And stately portals of a prosperous man,
I drew nigh: from a wealthy house is hope

ΕΛΕΝΗ

λαβεῖν τι ναύταις· ἐκ δὲ μὴ ᾗ χόντων βίον,
οὐδ' εἰ θέλοιεν, ὠφελεῖν ἔχοιεν ἄν.
ὡή· τίς ἂν πυλωρός ἐκ δόμων μόλοι,
ὅστις διαγγείλειε τὰ μ' εἴσω κακά ;

ΓΡΑΥΣ

440

τίς πρὸς πύλαισιν ; οὐκ ἀπαλλάξει δόμων
καὶ μὴ πρὸς αὐλείοισιν ἐστηκὼς πύλαις
ὄχλον παρέξεις δεσπότηις ; ἢ καθθανεῖ
Ἕλλην πεφυκὼς, οἷσιν οὐκ ἐπιστροφαί.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὦ γραῖα, ταῦτα πάντ' ἔπη καλῶς λέγεις.
ἔξεστι· πείσομαι γάρ· ἄλλ' ἄνες χόλον.

ΓΡΑΥΣ

ἄπελθ'· ἐμοὶ γὰρ τοῦτο πρόσκειται, ξένε,
μηδένα πελάζειν τοισίδ' Ἑλλήνων δόμοις.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἂ· μὴ προσεῖλει χεῖρα μηδ' ὄθει βία.

ΓΡΑΥΣ

πείθει γὰρ οὐδὲν ὦν λέγω· σὺ δ' αἴτιος.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἄγγελον εἴσω δεσπότηισι τοῖσι σοῖς.

ΓΡΑΥΣ

πικρῶς ἂν οἶμαί γ' ἀγγελεῖν τοὺς σοὺς λόγους.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ναυαγὸς ἦκω ξένος, ἀσύλητον γένος.

ΓΡΑΥΣ

450

οἶκον πρὸς ἄλλον νῦν τιν' ἀντὶ τοῦδ' ἴθι.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὐκ, ἀλλ' ἔσω πάρειμι· καὶ σύ μοι πιθοῦ.

ΓΡΑΥΣ

ὄχληρὸς ἴσθ' ὦν· καὶ τάχ' ὠσθήσει βία.

HELEN

Of somewhat for my crew ; but from bare walls
Nought could men aid us, howsoe'er they would.

[*Knocks at gate.*

Ho ! what gate-warder forth the halls will come
To tell within of my calamities ?

Door of palace opens. PORTRESS *appears on threshold.*

PORTRESS

Who loitereth at the doors ?—wilt thou not hence ?
Away, stand not before the courtyard gate
Troubling my lords ; else shalt thou die, who art
A Greek : we have no dealings with the Greeks.

440

MENELAUS

Grey mother, all these words thou sayest well :—
Even so—I will obey—refrain thy wrath—

PORTRESS

Begone ! This charge is laid upon me, stranger,
That none of Hellenes to these halls draw nigh.

MENELAUS

Ah, thrust not forth, nor drive me hence by force !

PORTRESS

Thou wilt not heed my words ?—on thine head be it.

MENELAUS

Bear mine appeal unto thy lords within.

PORTRESS

Thine !—bitter should my bearing be, I wot !

MENELAUS

A shipwrecked stranger I : none violate such.

PORTRESS

To another house pass on instead of this.

450

MENELAUS

Nay, but I will within !—yield thou to me !

PORTRESS

Thou mak'st a coil ; but force shall thrust thee hence.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

αἰαῖ· τὰ κλεινὰ ποῦ ἴστί μοι στρατεύματα ;

ΓΡΑΥΣ

οὐκοῦν ἐκεῖ που σερμῶς ἦσθ', οὐκ ἐνθάδε.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὦ δαῖμον, ὡς ἀνάξι' ἠτιμώμεθα.

ΓΡΑΥΣ

τί βλέφαρα τέγγεις δάκρυσι ; πρὸς τί δ'
οἰκτρὸς εἶ ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

πρὸς τὰς πάροιθεν συμφορὰς εὐδαίμονας.

ΓΡΑΥΣ

οὐκουν ἀπελθὼν δάκρυα σοῖς δώσεις φίλοις ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τίς δ' ἦδε χώρα ; τοῦ δὲ βασίλειοι δόμοι ;

ΓΡΑΥΣ

460

Πρωτεὺς τάδ' οἰκεῖ δώματ', Αἴγυπτος δὲ γῆ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

Αἴγυπτος ; ὦ δύστηνος, οἳ πέπλευκ' ἄρα.

ΓΡΑΥΣ

τί δὴ τὸ Νείλου μεμπτόν ἐστί σοι γάνος ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὐ τοῦτ' ἐμέμφθην· τὰς ἐμὰς στένω τύχας.

ΓΡΑΥΣ

πολλοὶ κακῶς πρᾶσσοουσιν, οὐ σὺ δὴ μόνος.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἔστ' οὖν ἐν οἴκοις ὄντιν' ὀνομάζεις ἄναξ ;

ΓΡΑΥΣ

τόδ' ἐστὶν αὐτοῦ μιῆμα, παῖς δ' ἄρχει χθονός.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ποῦ δῆτ' ἂν εἴη ; πότερον ἐκτὸς ἢ ἔν δόμοις ;

HELEN

MENELAUS

Ah me!—where now my glorious war-array?

PORTRESS

Some great one haply there wast thou, not here.

MENELAUS

Ah fortune, how unmerited this slight!

PORTRESS

Why stream thine eyes with tears? Why make such
moan?

MENELAUS

For those my happy fortunes overpast.

PORTRESS

Away then: on thy friends bestow thy tears.

MENELAUS

What land is this, and whose these royal halls?

PORTRESS

'Tis Protens' palace. Egypt is the land.

400

MENELAUS

Egypt!—Woe's me, to have sailed to such a land!

PORTRESS

Wherefore misprise the glory of the Nile?

MENELAUS

I blame it not: mine own hard lot I moan.

PORTRESS

Many be fortune-crost, not thou alone.

MENELAUS

Is he within then, whom thou namest king?

PORTRESS

This is his tomb: his son rules o'er the land.

MENELAUS

Where then is he? Within, without the halls?

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΓΡΑΥΣ

οὐκ ἔνδον· Ἕλλησιν δὲ πολεμιώτατος.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τίν' αἰτίαν σχῶν ἧς ἐπηυρόμην ἐγώ ;

ΓΡΑΥΣ

470

Ἐλένη κατ' οἴκους ἐστὶ τούσδ' ἢ τοῦ Διός.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

πῶς φῆς ; τίν' εἶπας μῦθον ; αὐθὶς μοι φράσου.

ΓΡΑΥΣ

ἢ Τυνδαρις παῖς, ἢ κατὰ Σπάρτην ποτ' ἦν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

πόθεν μολούσα ; τίνα τὸ πρῶγμ' ἔχει λόγον ;

ΓΡΑΥΣ

Λακεδαιμόνος γῆς δεῦρο νοστήσασ' ἄπο.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

πότ' ; οὐ τί που λελήσμεθ' ἐξ ἄντρων λέχος ;

ΓΡΑΥΣ

πρὶν τοὺς Ἀχαιοὺς, ὦ ξέν', εἰς Τροίαν μολεῖν.

ἀλλ' ἔρπ' ἀπ' οἴκων ἐστὶ γάρ τις ἐν δόμοις

τύχη, τύραννος ἢ ταράσσεται δόμος.

καιρὸν γὰρ οὐδέν' ἦλθες· ἦν δὲ δεσπότης

480

λάβη σε, θάνατος ξενία σοι γενήσεται.

εὔηους γάρ εἰμ' Ἕλλησιν, οὐχ ὅσον πικροὺς
λόγους ἔδωκα δεσπότην φοβουμένη.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τί φῶ ; τί λέξω ; συμφορὰς γὰρ ἀθλίας

ἐκ τῶν πάροιθεν τὰς παρεστώσας κλύω,

εἰ τὴν μὲν αἶρεθείσαν ἐκ Τροίας ἄγων

ἦκω δάμαρτα καὶ κατ' ἄντρα σώζεται,

ὄνομα δὲ ταῦτὸν τῆς ἐμῆς ἔχουσά τις

δάμαρτος ἄλλη τοισίδ' ἐνναίει δόμοις.

Διὸς δ' ἔλεξε παῖδά νιν πεφυκέναι.

HELEN

PORTRESS

Nay, not within. Grim foe to Greeks is he.

MENELAUS

And what the cause, whereof I feel the effects?

PORTRESS

Zeus' daughter Helen is within these halls. 470

MENELAUS

How say'st thou?—what thy tale?—speak yet again.

PORTRESS

Tyndarus' child, who erst in Sparta dwelt.

MENELAUS

Whence did she come? What may this matter mean?

PORTRESS

From Laedaemon hither journeyed she.

MENELAUS

When? (*aside*) Never stolen from the cave—my wife!

PORTRESS

Ere the Achaeans, stranger, fared to Troy.

But thou, begone: somewhat hath chanced within

Whereby the palace is disquieted.

Thou art come in evil hour, and if my lord

Find thee, thy stranger's welcome shall be death. 480

Well-wisher unto Greeks am I, although

Harsh words I gave for terror of my lord. [*Exit.*]

MENELAUS

What shall I think?—what say?—for lo, I hear

Of imminent ills hard-following on the old,

If I have brought the wife I won from Troy

Hither, and safe within the cave she lies,

Yet in these halls another woman dwells

Who bears the selfsame name as mine own wife.

Yon woman named her born of Zeus, his daughter.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

490 ἀλλ' ἢ τις ἔστι Ζηνὸς ὄνομ' ἔχων ἀνὴρ
 Νείλου παρ' ὄχθας; εἷς γὰρ ὅ γε κατ' οὐρανόν.
 Σπάρτη δὲ ποῦ γῆς ἔστι πλὴν ἵνα ῥοαὶ
 τοῦ καλλιδόνακος εἰσιν Εὐρώτα μόνον;
 διπλοῦν¹ δὲ Ἵνδάρειον ὄνομα κλήζεται;
 Λακεδαίμονος δὲ γαῖά τις ξυνώνυμος
 Τροίας τ'; ἐγὼ μὲν οὐκ ἔχω τί χρὴ λέγειν.
 πολλοὶ γάρ, ὡς εἶξασιν, ἐν πολλῇ χθονὶ
 ὀνόματα ταῦτ' ἔχουσι καὶ πόλις πόλει
 γυνὴ γυναικί τ'. οὐδὲν οὖν θαυμαστόν.
 500 οὐδ' αὖ τὸ δεινὸν προσπόλου φευξόμεθα·
 ἀνὴρ γὰρ οὐδεὶς ὧδε βάρβαρος φρένας,
 ὃς ὄνομ' ἀκούσας τοῦμὸν οὐ δώσει βοράν.
 κλεινὸν τὸ Τροίας πῦρ ἐγὼ θ' ὃς ἠψά νιν,
 Μειέλαος, οὐκ ἄγνωστος ἐν πάσῃ χθονί.
 δόμων ἄνακτα προσμενῶ· δισσὰς δέ μοι
 ἔχει φυλάξεις· ἦν μὲν ὁμόφρων τις ἦ,
 κρύψας ἑμαυτὸν εἶμι πρὸς νανάγια·
 ἦν δ' ἐνδιδῶ τι μαλθακόν, τὰ πρόσφορα
 τῆς νῦν παρούσης συμφορᾶς αἰτήσομαι.
 510 κακῶν μὲν ἡμῖν ἔσχατον τοῖς ἀθλίοις,
 ἄλλους τυράννους αὐτὸν ὄντα βασιλέα
 βίον προσατεῖν· ἀλλ' ἀναγκαίως ἔχει.
 λόγος γάρ ἐστιν οὐκ ἐμός, σοφῶν δ' ἔπος,
 δεινῆς ἀνάγκης οὐδὲν ἰσχύειν πλέον.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἦκουσα τᾶς θεσπιωδοῦ κόρας,
 ἃ χρίξουσ' ἐφαιη ἔντυράννοις
 δόμοις, ὡς Μειέλαος οὐπω
 μελαμφαῆς οἶχεται

¹ Nauck : for ἀπλοῦν of MSS.

HELEN

Can any *man* that bears this name of Zeus 490
 By Nile's banks dwell? One is there, he in heaven.
 And where hath earth a Sparta, save alone
 There where Eurotas' streams are fair with reeds?
 Do two men bear the name of Tyndarus?
 Is there a land twin-named with Lacedaemon
 Or Troy? I know not what to say hereof:
 For on the wide earth many, as men grant,
 Bear like names, city bearing city's name,
 And woman woman's: marvel none is here,
 Nor from a handmaid's terrors will I flee; 500
 For there is none so barbarous of soul
 As to deny me food, my name once heard.
 Famed is Troy's burning: I who kindled it,
 Menelaus, am renowned in every land.
 I will await the king; and for two things
 Must I take heed:—if he be ruthless-souled,
 Then will I flee, and hide me by the wreck;
 But if he show relenting, I will ask
 Help for my need in this mine evil plight.
 This in my misery is the deepest depth, 510
 That I, who am a king, should beg my bread
 Of other princes: yet it needs must be.
 Not mine the saying is, but wisdom's saw—
 "Stronger is nought than dread Necessity."

[Retires to back of stage.]

Enter CHORUS.

CHORUS

The word which the prophetess said,
 In the king's halls heard I its sound—
 "Not yet Menelaus is dead,
 Nor to darkness visible fled

ΕΛΕΝΗ

520 δι' ἔρεβος χθονὶ κρυφθεῖς,
 ἀλλ' ἔτι κατ' οἶδμ' ἄλιον
 τρυχόμενος οὐπὼ λιμένων
 ψαύσειεν πατρίας γᾶς,
 ἀλατεία βιότου
 ταλαίφρων, ἄφιλος φίλων,
 παντοδαπᾶς ἐπὶ γᾶς
 πύδα χριμπτόμενος εἰναλίῳ
 κώπῃ Ἰρωάδος ἐκ γᾶς.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

530 ἦδ' αὖ τάφου τοῦδ' εἰς ἔδρας ἐγὼ πάλιν
 στείχω, μαθοῦσα Θεοῦης φίλους λόγους,
 ἦ πάντ' ἀληθῶς οἶδε· φησὶ δ' ἐν φάει
 πόσιν τὸν ἄμὸν ζῶντα φέγγος εἰσορᾶν,
 πορθμοὺς δ' ἀλάσθαι μυρίους πεπλευκότα
 ἐκείσε κἀκεῖσ' οὐδ' ἀγύμναστον πλάνοις
 ἦξιεν, ὅταν διη πημάτων λάβη τέλος.
 ἐν δ' οὐκ ἔλεξεν, εἰ μολὼν σωθήσεται.
 ἐγὼ δ' ἀπέστην τοῦτ' ἐρωτήσαι σαφῶς,
 ἦσθεις' ἐπεὶ νιν εἶπέ μοι σεσωσμένον.
 ἐγγὺς δε νῖν που τῆσδ' ἔφασκ' εἶναι χθονος,
 ναυαγὸν ἐκπεσόντα σὺν παύροις φίλοις.
 540 ὦμοι, πόθ' ἦξεις ; ὡς ποθεινὸς ἂν μύλοις.
 ἔα, τίς οὗτος ; οὐ τί που κρυπτεύομαι
 Πρωτέως ἀσέπτου παιδὸς ἐκ βουλευμάτων ;
 οὐχ ὡς δρομαία πῶλος ἢ Βάκχη θεοῦ
 τάφῳ ξυνάψω κῶλον ; ἄγριος δέ τις
 μορφήν ὕδ' ἐστίν, ὅς με θηράται λαβεῖν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

σὲ τὴν ὄρεγμα δεινὸν ἡμιλλημένην
 τύμβου πῖ κρηπιδ' ἐμπύρους τ' ὀρθοστάτας,

HELEN

Of Erebus, hid in the ground ;
But is still over wide seas driven
Toil-worn, neither yet is it given
To attain to the fatherland's haven,
But in homelessness roams evermore
Wretched, of friends bereft,
Lighting down upon every shore
Of earth, since the brine-dipt oar
Troyland long ago left." 520

Enter HELEN.

HELEN

Lo, to my session at the tomb again
I come, who have heard Theonoe's glad words,
Who knoweth all things truly. Yet alive, 530
Saith she, my lord beholds the light of day,
But roameth sailing sea-tracks numberless
Hither and thither, and with wanderings spent
Shall come, when he hath reached his sufferings'
goal ;—
Yet said not if at last he shall escape ;
For I refrained from closely questioning this
For gladness, when she spake him yet alive.
And somewhere nigh this land is he, she said,
From shipwreck cast ashore with friends but few.
When wilt thou come to me ?—how long-desired ! 540

MENELAUS advances from back of stage.

Ha ! who is this ?—and am I haply snared
By plots of Proteus' god-contemning son ?
Swift as a racing steed or bacchanal
Shall I not seek yon tomb ? Of ruffian mien
Is yonder man who holdeth me in chase.

MENELAUS

Thou that with fearful effort strainest on
To the tomb's basement and the altar-pillars,

ΕΛΕΝΗ

μείνον· τι φεύγεις ; ὡς δέμας δείξασα σὸν
ἔκπληξιν ἡμῖν ἀφασίαν τε προστίθης.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

550

ἀδικούμεθ', ὦ γυναῖκες· εἰργόμεσθα γὰρ
τάφου πρὸς ἀνδρὸς τοῦδε, καὶ μ' ἐλὼν θέλει
δοῦναι τυράννοις ὧν ἐφεύγομεν γάμους.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὐ κλῶπές ἐσμεν, οὐχ ὑπηρέται κακῶν.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

καὶ μὴν στολήν γ' ἄμορφον ἀμφὶ σῶμ' ἔχεις.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

στήσον, φόβου μεθεῖσα, λαιψηρὸν πόδα.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἴστημ', ἐπεὶ γε τοῦδ' ἐφάπτομαι τάφου.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τίς εἶ ; τίν' ὄψιν σὴν, γύναι, προσδέρκομαι ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

σὺ δ' εἶ τίς ; αἰτὸς γὰρ σὲ κ' ἄμ' ἔχει λόγος.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὐπώποτ' εἶδον προσφερέστερον δέμας.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

560

ὦ θεοί· θεὸς γὰρ καὶ τὸ γινώσκειν φίλους.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

Ἑλληνίς εἶ τις ἢ πιχωρία γυνή ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

Ἑλληνίς· ἀλλὰ καὶ τὸ σὸν θέλω μαθεῖν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

Ἑλένη σ' ὁμοίαν δὴ μάλιστ' εἶδον, γύναι.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἐγὼ δὲ Μενελάω γέ σ'· οὐδ' ἔχω τί φῶ.

HELEN

Stay!—wherefore flee?—with one glimpse of thy form
Thou with tongue-tied amazement fillest me.

[*Seizes her hand.*]

HELEN

I am outraged, women! for I am held back 550
Of this man from the tomb! He hath caught me, fain
To give to his lord, whose marriage-yoke I fled.

MENELAUS

No robber I, nor minister of wrong!

HELEN

Yet wild attire about thy form thou hast.

MENELAUS

Put fears away, and stay thy hurrying foot!

HELEN (*grasping the altar*)

I stay it, now that to this tomb I cling.

MENELAUS

Who art thou, lady? Whose the face I see?

HELEN

Who thou? The selfsame cause have I to ask.

MENELAUS

Never yet saw I form more like to hers!

HELEN

Gods!—for God moves in recognition of friends. 560

MENELAUS

A Greek art thou, or daughter of the land?

HELEN

A Greek; thy nation too I fain would learn.

MENELAUS

Thou art very Helen, lady, to mine eyes.

HELEN

And thou Menelaus!—I know not what to say.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἔγνωσ ἄρ' ὀρθῶς ἄνδρα δυστυχέστατον.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ὦ χρόνιος ἐλθὼν σῆς δάμαρτος ἐς χέρας.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ποιας δάμαρτος ; μὴ θίγῃς ἐμῶν πέπλων.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἦν σοι δίδωσι Τυνδάρεως ἐμὸς πατήρ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὦ φωσφόρ' Ἐκάτη, πέμπε φάσματ' εὐμεινῆ.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

570 οὐ νυκτίφαντον πρόπολον Ἐνοδίας μ' ὀράς.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὐ μὴν γυναικῶν γ' εἰς δυοῖν ἔφυν πόσις.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ποίων δὲ λέκτρων δεσπότης ἄλλων ἔφυσ ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἦν ἄντρα κεύθει κακὸν Φρυγῶν κομίζομαι.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

οὐκ ἔστιν ἄλλη σὴ τις ἄντ' ἐμοῦ γυνή.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὐ που φρονῶ μὲν εὖ, τὸ δ' ὄμμα μου νοσεῖ ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

οὐ γάρ με λεύσσω σὴν δάμαρθ' ὀρᾶν δοκεῖς ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τὸ σῶμ' ὅμοιον, τὸ δὲ σαφές μ' ἀποστερεῖ.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

σκέψαι· τί σοι δεῖ πίστεως σαφεστέρας ;¹

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἔοικας· οὔτοι τοῦτό γ' ἐξαρνήσομαι.

¹ Badham : for MSS. τί σου δεῖ ; τίς ἐστὶ σου σοφώτερος ;

HELEN

MENELAUS

Thou nam'st me truly, a man most evil-starred.

HELEN (*clasping him*)

O thou to thy wife's arms returned at last!

MENELAUS

Wife?—thou my wife! Touch not my vesture thou!

HELEN

Wife—whom my father Tyndarus gave to thee.

MENELAUS

Light-bearer Hecate, send gracious visions!¹

HELEN

No phantom handmaid I of the Highway Queen. 570

MENELAUS

I am but *one*—no lord of two wives, I!

HELEN

And of what wife beside me art thou lord?

MENELAUS

Whom the cave hides, whom I from Phrygia brought.

HELEN

None other wife is thine save only me.

MENELAUS

What, is my wit sound, but mine eye diseased?

HELEN

Behold me—feel'st thou not thou seest thy wife?

MENELAUS

The form is hers, but plain truth bars the claim.

HELEN

Look!—what more clear assurance needest thou?

MENELAUS

Like her thou art: this will I not deny.

¹ Spectres and phantoms were the attendants of Hecate.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

580 ΕΛΕΝΗ
 τίς οὖν διδάξει σ' ἄλλος ἢ τὰ σ' ὄμματα ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
 ἐκεῖ νοσοῦμεν, ὅτι δάμαρτ' ἄλλην ἔχω.

ΕΛΕΝΗ
 οὐκ ἦλθον εἰς γῆν Τρωάδ', ἀλλ' εἶδωλον ἦν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
 καὶ τίς βλέποντα σώματ' ἐξεργάζεται ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ
 αἰθὴρ, ὅθεν σὺ θεοπόνητ' ἔχεις λέχη.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
 τίνος πλάσαντος θεῶν ; ἄελπτα γὰρ λέγεις.

ΕΛΕΝΗ
 "Ἦρας, διάλλαγμ', ὡς Πάρις με μὴ λάβοι.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
 πῶς οὖν ἄμ' ἐνθάδ' ἦσθά τ' ἐν Τροίᾳ θ' ἅμα ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ
 τοῦνομα γένοιτ' ἂν πολλαχοῦ, τὸ σῶμα δ' οὔ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
 μέθες με, λύπης ἄλις ἔχων ἐλήλυθα.

590 ΕΛΕΝΗ
 λείψεις γὰρ ἡμᾶς, τὰ δὲ κέν' ἐξάξεις λέχη ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
 καὶ χαῖρέ γ', Ἑλένη προσφερῆς ὀθούνεκ' εἶ.

ΕΛΕΝΗ
 ἀπωλόμην· λαβοῦσά σ' οὐχ ἔξω πόσιν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ
 τοῦκεῖ με μέγεθος τῶν πόρων πείθει, σὺ δ' οὔ.

ΕΛΕΝΗ
 οἱ ἴγώ· τίς ἡμῶν ἐγένετ' ἀθλιωτέρα ;
 οἱ φίλτατοι λείπουσί μ', οὐδ' ἀφίξομαι
 Ἑλληνας οὐδὲ πατρίδα τὴν ἐμήν ποτε.

HELEN

HELEN

Who then shall better teach thee than thine eyes? 580

MENELAUS

At this I stumble, another wife I have.

HELEN

To Troy I went not: *that* a phantom was.

MENELAUS

But who can fashion living phantom-forms?

HELEN

Aether, whereof thou hast a wife god-shapen.

MENELAUS

Shapen of what God? Passing strange thy tale!

HELEN

Hera, to baffle Paris with my wraith.

MENELAUS

How wast thou here then, and in Troy withal?

HELEN

My name might be in many lands, not I.

MENELAUS

Unhand me!—hither I came with griefs enough!

HELEN

How?—leave me, and lead hence thy phantom-bride 590

MENELAUS

Yea—since thou art like to Helen, fare thee well.

HELEN

Undone!—I have found my spouse, and may not keep!

MENELAUS

My toils at Troy convince me more than thou.

HELEN

Woe's me! Who is more sorrow-crushed than I?

My best-beloved forsakes me! I shall see

Never my countrymen nor fatherland.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

Μειέλαε, μαστεύων σε κιγχάνω μόλις
πᾶσαν πλανηθεὶς τῆνδε βίριβαρον χθόνα,
πεμφθεὶς ἑταίρων τῶν λελειμμένων ὑπο—

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

600 τί δ' ἔστιν ; οὐ πού βαρβάρων συλᾶσθ' ὑπο ;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

θαυμάστ', ἔλασσον τοῦνομ' ἢ τὸ πρᾶγμ', ἔχων.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

λέγ', ὡς φέρεις τι τῆδε τῆ σπουδῇ νέον.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

λέγω πόνους σέ μυρίους τλήναι μάτην.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

παλαιὰ θρηνεῖς πῆματ'· ἀγγέλλεις δὲ τί ;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

βέβηκεν ἄλοχος σὴ πρὸς αἰθέρος πτυχὰς
ἀρθεῖσ' ἄφαντος· οὐρανῶ δὲ κρύπτεται
λιπούσα σεμνὸν ἄντρον οὐ σφ' ἐσώζομεν,
τοσούνδε λέξασ'· ὦ ταλαίπωροι Φρύγες
πάντες τ' Ἀχαιοί, δι' ἔμ' ἐπὶ Σκαμανδριοῖς
ἀκταῖσιν Ἥρας μηχαναῖς ἐθνήσκετε,
δοκοῦντες Ἑλένην οὐκ ἔχοντ' ἔχειν Πάριν.
ἐγὼ δ' ἐπειδὴ χρόνον ἔμειν' ὅσον μ' ἐχρήν,
τὸ μόρσιμον σώσασα, πατέρ' ἐς οὐρανὸν
ἄπειμι· φήμας δ' ἢ τίλαινα Τυνδαρίσ
ἄλλως κακὰς ἤκουσεν οὐδὲν αἰτία.

610

ὦ χαῖρε, Δήδας θύγατερ, ἐνθάδ' ἦσθ' ἄρα ;
ἐγὼ δέ σ' ἄστρον ὡς βεβηκυῖαν μυχοὺς
ἠγγελλον εἰδὼς οὐδὲν ὡς ὑπόπτερον
δέμας φοροίης· οὐκ ἐὼ σε κερτομεῖν
620 ἡμᾶς τὸδ' αὖθις, ὡς μάτην ἐν Ἰλίῳ
πόνους παρείχες σῶ πόσει καὶ συμμάχοις.

620

HELEN

Enter MESSENGER.

MESSENGER

Menelaus, at last I find thee, searching long,
Through all this land barbaric wandering,
Being sent of those thy comrades left behind—

MENELAUS

Hew?—by barbarian robbers are ye spoiled? 600

MESSENGER

Bearing a tale less marvellous than the truth!

MENELAUS

Speak!—by this eagerness, thou bring'st strange news.

MESSENGER

I say thou barest toils untold for nought.

MENELAUS

Herein thou mourn'st old woes: what news dost bring?

MESSENGER

Gone is thy wife—into the folds of air
Wafted and vanished! Hid in heaven's depths,
The hallowed cave wherein we warded her
She hath left, with this cry, "Hapless Phrygian folk,
And all Achaeans, who by Hera's wiles
Upon Scamander's banks still died for me, 610
Deeming that Paris had, who had not, Helen!
I, having tarried all the time foredoomed,
My destiny fulfilled, to heaven return,
My parent. Tyndarus' sad daughter bears
An ill name all for nought, who is innocent."

He suddenly perceives HELEN.

Hail, child of Leda! So then thou wast here!
Even now I announced thee passed to viewless heights
Of star-land, knowing not thou bar'st a form
Wing-clad. Thou shalt not mock us with a tale
Again of troubles heaped upon thy lord 620
And his allies, for nought, in Ilium.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τοῦτ' ἔστ' ἐκείνο· ξυμβεβᾶσιν οἱ λόγοι
οἱ τῆσδ' ἀληθεῖς. ὦ ποθεινὸς ἡμέρα,
ἢ σ' εἰς ἐμὰς ἔδωκεν ὠλένας λαβεῖν.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ὦ φίλτατ' ἀνδρῶν Μενέλεως, ὁ μὲν χρόνος
παλαιός, ἡ δὲ τέρψις ἀρτίως πύρα.
ἔλαβον ἀσμένα ποσιν ἐμόν, φίλαι,
περὶ τ' ἐπέτασα χέρα
φίλιον ἐν μακρᾷ φλογὶ φαεσφόρῳ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

630 κὺγὼ σέ· πολλοὺς δ' ἐν μέσῳ λόγους ἔχων
οὐκ οἶδ' ὁποίου πρῶτον ἄρξωμαι τὰ νῦν.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

γέγηθα, κρατὶ δ' ὀρθίους ἐθείρας
ἀνεπτέρωκα καὶ δάκρυ σταλίσσω,
περὶ δὲ γυῖα χέρας ἔβαλον, ἡδονὰν
ὡς λάβω, ὦ πόσις.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὦ φιλτάτη πρόσοψις, οὐκ ἐμέμφθην
ἔχω τὰ τῆς Διὸς τε λέκτρα Λήδας θ',
ἂν ὑπὸ λαμπάδων κόροι λεύκιπποι
640 ξυνομαίμονες ὄλβισαν ὄλβισαν
τὸ πρόσθιν, ἐκ δόμων δὲ νοσφίσας σ' ἐμοῦ
πρὸς ἄλλαν ἐλαύνει θεὸς συμφορὰν τᾶσδε
κρείσσω.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

τὸ κακὸν δ' ἀγαθὸν σέ τε κἀμὲ συνίγαγε, πόσι,
χρόνιον, ἀλλ' ὅμως ὀναίμαν τύχας.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὄναιο δῆτα. ταῦτά δὴ ξυνεύχομαι
δυοῖν γὰρ ὄντοιν οὐχ ὁ μὲν τλήμων, ὁ δ' οὔ.

HELEN

MENELAUS

This is it that she said :—this woman's words
Agree—they are true ! O day, long, long desired,
Which giveth thee into mine arms to clasp !

HELEN

O Menelaus, best beloved, the time
Was long, but even now the joy is here !

Friends, friends, with rapture my lord have I found,
And with arms of love have I clasped him round ;
And the goal of the sun's long race is with brightness
crowned !

MENELAUS

And I thee : the long tale of all these years, 630
Where to begin it first I know not now.

HELEN

I exult—yea, my tingling tresses uprise
On mine head, and the tears well forth from mine eyes ;
And about thy body mine arms I fling,
O husband mine, to my joy to cling !

MENELAUS

O sweetest presence thou !—no more I chide.
I clasp Zeus' child and Leda's, clasp my bride,
Her to whose happy bridal, tossing flame
Of torch, thy brethren of the white steeds came 640
Erstwhile ; and Gods removed her from mine home :
But now God speeds us on to newer, happier doom.

HELEN

And the evil made good hath united us, though it be
late ; [new fate !
Yet may blessing be on me, mine husband, in this

MENELAUS

Blessing on thee ! I pray the selfsame prayer ;
For grief and joy the twain made one must share.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΕΛΕΝΗ

φίλαι φίλαι, τὰ πάρος οὐκέτι
στένομεν οὐδ' ἄλγῳ.

650

πόσιν ἐμὸν ἐμὸν ἔχομεν ἔχομεν,
ὄν ἔμενον ἔμενον ἐκ Τροίας πολυετῆ μολεῖν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἔχεις μ' ἐγὼ τέ σ'· ἠλίους δὲ μυρίουσ
μόγισ διελθὼν ἠσθόμην τὰ τῆς θεοῦ.
ἐμὰ δὲ δάκρυα χαρμονᾷ πλέον ἔχει
χάριτος ἢ λύπας.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

τί φῶ ; τίς ἂν τίδ' ἠλπισεν βροτῶν ποτε ;
ἀδόκητον ἔχω σε πρὸς στέρνοισ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

κἀγὼ σὲ τὴν δοκοῦσαν Ἰδαίαν πόλιν
μολεῖν Ἰλίου τε μελέους πύργους.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

660

ἐ ἔ· πικρὰν ἐς ἀρχὰν βαίνεις,

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

πρὸς θεῶν, δόμων πῶς τῶν ἐμῶν ἀπεστάλης ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἐ ἔ· πικρὰν δ' ἐρευνᾶς φάτιν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

λέγ', ὡς ἀκουστί· πάντα δῶρα δαιμόνων.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἀπέπτυσσα μὲν λόγον, οἶον οἶον ἐσοίσομαι.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὅμως δὲ λέξον· ἠδύ τοι μόχθων κλύειν.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

οὐκ ἐπὶ λέκτρα βαρβάρου νεανία,
πετομένας κώπας,
πετομένου δ' ἔρωτος ἀδίκων γάμων.

HELEN

HELEN

Friends, friends, for the ills gone by
I sorrow no more nor sigh.

My belovèd is mine, is mine ! 'Through year on year 650
I have waited, have waited my lord, till from Troy he
appear.

MENELAUS

Thine am I and thou mine. O weary while
Of sore strife, ere I knew the Goddess' guile !
Yet have my tears, through rapture of relief,
More thankfulness than grief.

HELEN

What can I say ?—what mortal had looked for this ?
I am clasping thee unto my breast, an undreamed-of
bliss !

MENELAUS

And I thee, who to Ida's town, men thought,
Wentest, and Ilium's towers misery-fraught.

HELEN

Woe's me ! to the bitter beginning of all dost thou go ! 660

MENELAUS

'Fore heaven, how wast thou ravished from mine home ?

HELEN

Woe's me for the bitter tale that thou seekest to know !

MENELAUS

Tell ; I must hear. From God's hand all things come.

HELEN

Yet oh, I abhor to unfold it, the story of woe.

MENELAUS

Yet tell : woes overpast are sweet to hear.

HELEN

Never to alien prince's bed
Wafted by wings of the oars I fled,
Nor by wings of a lawless love on-spèd.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τίς γάρ σε δαίμων ἢ πότμος συλῆ πάτρας ;

670

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ὁ Διὸς ὁ Διός, ὦ πόσι, με παῖς Ἑρμᾶς
ἐπέλασεν Νείλω.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

θαυμαστά· τοῦ πέμφαντος ; ὦ δεινοὶ λόγοι.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

κατεδάκρυσα καὶ βλέφαρον ὑγραίνω
δάκρυσιν· ἅ Διός μ' ἄλοχος ὤλεσεν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

Ἦρα ; τί νῶν χριζούσα προσθεῖναι κακόν ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ὦμοι ἐμῶν δεινῶν, λουτρῶν καὶ κρηνῶν,
ἵνα θεαὶ μορφὰν
ἐφαίδρυναν ἔνθεν ἔμολεν κρίσις.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τάδ' εἰς κρίσιν σοι τῶνδ' ἔθηχ' Ἦρα κακῶν ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

Κύπριν ὡς ἀφέλοιτο—

680

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

πῶς ; αὔδα.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

Πάριν ᾧ μ' ἐπένευσεν—

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὦ τλάμον

ΕΛΕΝΗ

τλάμονα τλάμον' ὦδ' ἐπέλασ' Αἰγύπτω.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

εἴτ' ἀντέδωκ' εἶδωλον, ὡς σέθεν κλύω .

HELEN

MENELAUS

What God, what fate, thee from thy country tore ?

HELEN

Zeus' Son, O mine husband, 'twas Zeus' Son caught 670
Me away, it was Hermes to Nile that brought.

MENELAUS

Ah strange ! Who sent him ? Ah, the awesome tale !

HELEN

I wept, and the tears from mine eyes yet run :
By the bride of Zeus was I then undone.

MENELAUS

Hera ?—What would she, heaping on us bale ?

HELEN

Woe for my curse—for the baths from the hill-springs
flowing [ing,
Where flushed the Goddesses' loveliness lovelier-glow-
Whereof that Judgment came for a land's over-
throwing !

MENELAUS

Did Hera turn this judgment to thy bane ?

HELEN

From Cypris to take the prey,—

MENELAUS

Say on, tell how

680

HELEN

From Paris, to whom she had promised me,—

MENELAUS

Hapless thou !

HELEN

The hapless to Egypt she brought, as my plight is now.

MENELAUS

And gave to him thy wrath, as thou hast said ?

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΕΛΕΝΗ

τά τε σὰ κατὰ μέλαθρα πάθεα πάθεα, μᾶ-
τερ, οἱ ἴγώ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τί φής ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

οὐκ ἔστιν μάτηρ· ἀγχόνιον βροχον
δι' ἐμὲ κατεδήσατο δύσγαμον αἰσχύνα.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὦμοι· θυγατρὸς δ' Ἐρμιόνης ἔστιν βίος ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἄγαμος ἄτεκνος, ὧ πόσι, καταστένει
γάμον ἄγαμον ἐμόν.

69C

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὧ πᾶν κατ' ἄκρας δῶμ' ἐμόν πέρσας Πάρις,
τάδε καὶ σὲ διώλεσε μυριάδας τε
χαλκεόπλων Δαναῶν.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἐμὲ δὲ πατρίδος ἄπο κακόποτμον ἀραίαν
ἔβαλε θεὸς ἀπὸ τε πόλεος ἀπὸ τε σέθεν,
ὅτι μέλαθρα λέχεά τ' ἔλιπον οὐ λιπούσ'
ἐπ' αἰσχροῖς γάμοις.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

εἰ καὶ τὰ λοιπὰ τῆς τύχης εὐδαίμονος
τύχοιτε, πρὸς τὰ πρόσθεν ἀρκέσειεν ἄν.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

700

Μενέλαε, κίμοι πρόσδοτέ τι τῆς ἡδονῆς,
ἦν μανθάνω μὲν καυτός, οὐ σαφῶς δ' ἔχω.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἀλλ', ὧ γεραιε, καὶ σὺ κοινώνει λόγων.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

οὐχ ἦδε μόχθων τῶν ἐν Ἰλίῳ βραβεύς ;

HELEN

HELEN

But the woes in thine halls, O my mother, the woes
that befell thee—

Alas and alas!

MENELAUS

What is this thou wouldst tell me?

HELEN

No mother have I! She knit up her neck for shame
In the strangling noose, for my bridal of evil fame!

MENELAUS

Woe's me! Our child Hermione, liveth she?

HELEN

Spouseless and childless, she maketh moan,
My lord, for my marriage that marriage was none. 690

MENELAUS

O thou who ruinedst mine house utterly,
Ruin for thee too, Paris, this was made,
Ruin for hosts of Danaans brass-arrayed.

HELEN

And me from my country, my city, from thee, God took,
Casting me forth accurst to an evil lot, [I forsook—
For that husband and home for a marriage of shame
Who forsook them not!

CHORUS

If ye shall light in days to be on bliss
Unbroken, for the past shall this atone.

MESSENGER

Menelaus, grant me too to share your joy. 700
I hear it, yet but dimly comprehend.

MENELAUS

Yea, ancient, in our story share thou too.

MESSENGER

Sat she not arbitress of strife at Troy?

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὐχ ἦδε, πρὸς θεῶν δ' ἦμεν ἠπατημένοι,
νεφέλης ἄγαλμ' ἔχοντες ἐν χεροῖν λυγρόν.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

τί φῆς ;
νεφέλης ἄρ' ἄλλως εἴχομεν πόνους πέρι ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

"Ἦρας τάδ' ἔργα καὶ θεῶν τρισσῶν ἔρις.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ἢ δ' οὐσ' ἀληθῶς ἐστὶν ἦδε σὴ δάμαρ ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

710 αὕτη· λόγοις δ' ἐμοῖσι πίστευσον τάδε.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ὦ θύγατερ, ὁ θεὸς ὡς ἔφυ τι ποικίλον
καὶ δυστέκμαρτον. εὖ δέ πως ἀναστρέφει
ἐκεῖσε κάκεισ' ἀναφέρων· ὁ μὲν πονεῖ,
ὁ δ' οὐ πονήσας αὐθις ὄλλυται κακῶς,
βέβαιον οὐδὲν τῆς αἰεὶ τύχης ἔχων.

σὺ γὰρ πόσις τε σὸς πόνων μετέσχετε,
σὺ μὲν λόγοισιν, ὁ δὲ δορὸς προθυμία.
σπεύδων δ' ὄτ' ἔσπευδ' οὐδὲν εἶχε· νῦν δ' ἔχει
αὐτόματα πράξας τὰγάθ' εὐτυχεστάτα.

720 οὐκ ἄρα γέροντα πατέρα καὶ Διοσκόρω
ἦσχυνας οὐδ' ἔδρασας οἶα κλήζεται.

νῦν ἀνανεοῦμαι τὸν σὸν ὑμέναιον πάλιν,
καὶ λαμπάδων μεμνήμεθ' ἄς τετραόροις
ἵπποις τροχάζων παρέφερον· σὺ δ' ἐν δίφροις
σὺν τῷδε νύμφῃ δῶμ' ἔλειπες ὄλβιον.
κακὸς γὰρ ὅστις μὴ σέβει τὰ δεσποτῶν
καὶ ξυγγέγηθε καὶ συνωδίνει κακοῖς.
ἐγὼ μὲν εἶην, κεῖ πέφυχ' ὅμως λάτρις,
ἐν τοῖσι γενναίοισιν ἠριθμημένος

HELEN

MENELAUS

Not she ; but by the Gods was I beguiled,
Who grasped a sorry cloud-wraith in mine arms.

MESSENGER

How say'st thou ?
For a cloud then all vainly did we strive ?

MENELAUS

This Hera wrought, and those three Goddesses' strife.

MESSENGER

Is this, who is very woman, this thy wife ?

MENELAUS

Even she : trust thou my word as touching this. 710

MESSENGER

Daughter, how manifold God's counsels are,
His ways past finding out ! Lightly he turns
And sways us to and fro : sore travaileth one ;
One long unvexed is wretchedly destroyed,
Having no surety still of each day's lot.
Thou and thy lord in sorrow have had your part,
In ill-fame thou, in fury of battle he.
Then, all his striving nought availed ; but now
Effortless he hath won the crown of bliss.
Thy grey sire, then, and those 'Twin-brethren
ne'er 720

Thou shamedst, nor the deeds far-told hast done !
Now I recall afresh thy spousal-tide,
And how I waved the torch, in four-horsed car
Racing beside thee ; and thou, chariot-borne
With him, a bride, didst leave thine happy home.
He is base, who recks not of his master's weal,
Rejoicing with him, sorrowing in his pain.
Still may I be, though I be bondman born,
Numbered among bondservants noble-souled ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

730

δούλοισι, τοῦνομ' οὐκ ἔχων ἐλεύθερον,
 τὸν νοῦν δέ· κρείσσον γάρ τὸδ' ἢ δυοῖν κακοῖν
 εἶν' ὄντα χρῆσθαι, τὰς φρένας τ' ἔχειν κακὰς
 ἄλλων τ' ἀκούειν δούλον ὄντα τῶν πέλας.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

740

ἄγ', ὦ γεραιέ, πολλὰ μὲν παρ' ἀσπίδα
 μοχθήματ' ἐξέπλησας ἐκπονῶν ἐμοί,
 καὶ νῦν μετασχὼν τῆς ἐμῆς εὐπραξίας
 ἄγγειλον ἐλθὼν τοῖς λελειμμένοις φίλοις
 τὰδ' ὡς ἔχουθ' ἠῦρηκας οὐ τ' ἐσμέν τύχης,
 μένειν τ' ἐπ' ἀκταῖς τοὺς τ' ἐμοὺς καταδοκεῖν
 ἀγῶνας οἱ μένουσί μ', ὡς ἐλπίζομεν,
 κεῖ τῆνδε πῶς δυναίμεθ' ἐκκλέψαι χθονός,
 φρουρεῖν ὅπως ἂν εἰς ἐν ἐλθόντες τύχης
 ἐκ βαρβάρων σωθῶμεν, ἣν δυνώμεθα.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

750

ἔσται τὰδ', ὦναξ. ἀλλά τοι τὰ μάντεων
 ἐσεῖδον ὡς φαῦλ' ἐστὶ καὶ ψευδῶν πλέα.
 οὐκ ἦν ἄρ' ὑγιὲς οὐδὲν ἐμπύρου φλογός
 οὐδὲ πτερωτῶν φθέγματ'· εὐῆθες δέ τοι
 τὸ καὶ δοκεῖν ὄρνιθας ὠφελεῖν βροτούς.
 Κάλχας γὰρ οὐκ εἶπ' οὐδ' ἐσήμηνε στρατῶ
 νεφέλης ὑπερ θνήσκοντας εἰσορῶν φίλους
 οὐδ' Ἐλενος, ἀλλὰ πόλις ἀνηρπιάσθη μάτην.
 εἴποισ ἂν, οὐνεχ' ὁ θεὸς οὐκ ἠβούλετο·
 τί δῆτα μαντενόμεθα; τοῖς θεοῖσι χρῆ
 θύοντας αἰτεῖν ἀγαθὰ, μαντείας δ' εἶν·
 βίου γὰρ ἄλλως δέλεαρ ἠύρέθη τόδε,
 κούδεις ἐπλούτησ' ἐμπύροισιν ἀργὺς ὦν·
 γνώμη δ' ἀρίστη μάντις ἢ τ' εὐβουλία.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

εἰς ταῦτ' οὐκ ἔστι δόξα μάντεων πέρι

HELEN

So may I have, if not the name of free, 730
 The heart: for better this is than to bear
 On my one head two ills—to nurse base thoughts
 Within, and do in bondage others' hests.

MENE LAUS

Come, ancient, oft-times toiling at my side
 Hast thou achieved the travail of the shield;
 And now, partaker in my happy lot,
 Go, tidings to our friends left yonder bear
 In what plight thou hast found us, and our bliss.
 Bid them await, abiding by the strand,
 The issue of strife that waits me, as I deem; 740
 Bid them, if we by stealth may take her hence,
 To watch, that we, in one good fortune joined,
 May 'scape from these barbarians, if we may.

MESSENGER

This will I do, king. But the lore of seers,
 How vain it is I see, how full of lies.
 Utterly naught then were the altar-flames,
 The voices of winged things! Sheer folly this
 Even to dream that birds may help mankind.
 Calchas told not, nor gave sign to the host,
 Yet saw, when for a cloud's sake died his friends: 750
 Nor Helenus told; but Troy for nought was stormed!
 "Yea, for the God forbade," thou mightest say.
 Why seek we then to seers? With sacrifice
 To Gods, ask blessings: let soothsayings be
 They were but as a bait for greed devised:
 No sluggard getteth wealth through divination.
 Sound wit, with prudence, is the seer of seers.

[*Exit* MESSENGER.]

CHORUS

My mind as touching seers is even at one

ΕΛΕΝΗ

760 χωρεῖ γέροντι· τοὺς θεοὺς ἔχων τις ἂν
φίλους ἀρίστην μαντικὴν ἔχοι δόμοις.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

εἶεν· τὰ μὲν δὴ δεῦρ' αἰεὶ καλῶς ἔχει.
ὅπως δ' ἐσώθῃς, ὦ τάλας, Τροίας ἄπο,
κέρδος μὲν οὐδὲν εἰδέναι, πόθος δέ τις
τὰ τῶν φίλων φίλοισιν αἰσθέσθαι κακά.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

770 ἢ πόλλ' ἀνήρου μ' ἐνὶ λόγῳ μιᾷ θ' ὀδῶ.
τί σοι λέγοιμ' ἂν τὰς ἐν Αἰγαίῳ φθορὰς
τὰ Ναυπλίου τ' Εὐβοϊκὰ πυρπολήματα
Κρήτην τε Λιβύης θ' ἅς ἐπεστράφην πόλεις,
σκοπιᾶς τε Περσέως; οὐτ' ἂν ἐμπλήσαιμι σε
μύθῳ, λέγων τ' ἂν σοι κάκ' ἀλγοίην ἔτι,
πάσχων τ' ἔκαμνον· δις δὲ λυπηθεῖμεν ἄν.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

κάλλιον εἶπας ἢ σ' ἀνηρόμην ἐγώ.
ἐν δ' εἶπέ πάντα παραλιπών, πόσον χρόνον
πόντου πῖ νώτοις ἄλιον ἐφθείρου πλάνον.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἐνιαυσίων πρὸς τοῖσιν ἐν Τροίᾳ δέκα
ἔτεσι διήλθον ἑπτὰ περιδρομὰς ἐτών.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

φεῦ φεῦ· μακρόν γ' ἔλεξας, ὦ τάλας, χρόνον.
σωθεὶς δ' ἐκεῖθεν ἐνθάδ' ἦλθες εἰς σφαγὰς.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

πῶς φῆς; τί λέξεις; ὥς μ' ἀπόλεσας, γύναι.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

780¹ θανεῖ πρὸς ἀνδρὸς οὐ τὰδ' ἐστὶ δώματα.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τί χρῆμα δράσας ἄξιον τῆς συμφορᾶς;

¹ The ordinary l. 780 (φεῦγ' ὡς τάχιστα τῆσδ' ἀπαλλαχθεὶς
χθονός) is omitted.

HELEN

With yonder ancient. Who hath Gods for friends
Hath the best divination in his home.

760

HELEN

Enough : unto this present all is well.
But, toil-tried, how thou camest safe from Troy,
To know were profitless ; yet friends must needs
Yearn to be told the afflictions of their friends.

MENELAUS

One question—of one voyage—thou askest much !
Why tell of those in the Aegean lost,
Of Nauplius' false lights on Euboea's cliffs,
Of Crete, of Libyan cities visited,
Of Perseus' heights ? I should not with the tale
Sate thee, and telling should renew my pain,—
Toil-worn with suffering, should but grieve twice o'er.

770

HELEN

Wiser thine answer than my questioning is.
Yet—let the rest pass—tell but this, how long
O'er the sea-ridges vainly wanderedst thou.

MENELAUS

Through courses seven of circling years I passed,
Besides those ten years in the land of Troy.

HELEN

Alas, toil-tried, thou nam'st a weary space !
Yet, thence escaped, thou meetest murder here.

MENELAUS

How mean'st thou ?—what say'st thou ?—thy words
are death !

HELEN

Thou shalt be slain by him whose are these halls.

780

MENELAUS

What have I done that meriteth such doom ?

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἤκεις ἄελπτος ἐμποδὼν τ' ἐμοῖς γάμοις.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἦ γὰρ γαμεῖν τις τὰ μ' ἐβουλήθη λέχη ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ὑβριν θ' ὑβρίζειν εἰς ἐμ' ἦν ἔτλην ἐγώ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ιδία σθένων τις ἦ τυραννέων χθονός ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ὄς γῆς ἀνάσσει τῆσδε Πρωτέως γόνος.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τόδ' ἔστ' ἐκεῖν' αἶνιγμ' ὃ προσπόλου κλύω.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ποίοις ἐπιστὰς βαρβύροις πυλώμασιν ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

790

τοῖσδ', ἐνθεν ὥσπερ πτωχὸς ἐξηλαυνόμην.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

οὐ που προσήτεις βίοτον ; ᾧ τάλαιν' ἐγώ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τοῦργον μὲν ἦν τοῦτ', ὄνομα δ' οὐκ εἶχον τόδε.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

πάντ' οἶσθ' ἄρ', ὡς ἔοικας, ἀμφ' ἐμῶν γάμων.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οἶδ'· εἰ δὲ λέκτρα διέφυγες τὰδ' οὐκ ἔχω.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἄθικτον εὐνήν ἴσθι σοι σεσωσμένην.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τίς τοῦδε πειθῶ ; φίλα γάρ, εἰ σαφῆ, λέγεις.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ὄρα's τάφου τοῦδ' ἀθλίους ἔδρας ἐμάς ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὀρώ, τάλαινα, στιβύδας, ὧν τί σοὶ μέτα ;

HELEN

HELEN

Coming unlooked-for thou dost thwart my marriage.

MENELAUS

How?—purposeth some man to wed my wife?

HELEN

Yea, to repeat all tyrannous wrong I have borne.

MENELAUS

In his own might, or as this country's king?

HELEN

He is ruler of the land, king Proteus' son.

MENELAUS

This was the riddle that the portress spake!

HELEN

At which of the alien portals didst thou stand?

MENELAUS

At these, whence like a beggar I was driven.

790

HELEN

Not surely begging bread?—ah, woe is me!

MENELAUS

Such was my plight: beggar I named me not.

HELEN

Touching my bridal, then, shouldst thou know all.

MENELAUS

Yea, but know not if thou hast 'scaped his arms.

HELEN

Rest sure, unsullied hath my couch been kept.

MENELAUS

Of this what proof?—Glad tidings this, if true.

HELEN

Seest thou my wretched session at this tomb?

MENELAUS

A straw couch—hapless, what is this to thee?

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἐνταῦθα λέκτρων ἵκετεύομεν φυγᾶς.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

800

βωμοῦ σπανίζουσ' ἢ νόμοισι βαρβάροις ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἐρρῦέθ' ἡμᾶς τοῦτ' ἴσον ναοῖς θεῶν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὐδ' ἄρα πρὸς οἴκους ναυστολεῖν σ' ἔξεστί μοι ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ξίφος μένει σε μᾶλλον ἢ τοῦμὸν λέχος.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὕτως ἂν εἶην ἀθλιώτατος βρωτῶν.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

μή νυν καταιδοῦ· φεῦγε δ' ἐκ τῆσδε χθονός.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

λιπὼν σε ; Τροίαν ἐξέπερσα σὴν χάριν.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

κρεῖσσον γὰρ ἢ σε τᾶμ' ἀποκτεῖναι λέχη.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἄνανδρά γ' εἶπας Ἰλίου τ' οὐκ ἄξια.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

οὐκ ἂν κτάνοις τύραννον, ὃ σπεύδεις ἴσως.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

810

οὕτω σιδήρῳ τρωτὸν οὐκ ἔχει δέμας ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

εἴσει. τὸ τολμᾶν δ' ἀδύνατ' ἀνδρὸς οὐ σοφοῦ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

σιγῇ παράσχω δῆτ' ἐμᾶς δῆσαι χέρας ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

εἰς ἄπορον ἦκεις· δεῖ δὲ μηχανῆς τινος.

HELEN

HELEN

Fleeing this marriage I am suppliant here.

MENELAUS

No altar nigh?—or this the alien's wont?

800

HELEN

As well this warded me as fanes of Gods.

MENELAUS

May I not bear thee home, then, overseas?

HELEN

The sword awaits thee rather than mine arms.

MENELAUS

Then were I of all men unhappiest.

HELEN

Now think not shame to flee from this land forth.

MENELAUS

And leave thee?—I, who sacked Troy for thy sake!

HELEN

Better than that my couch should be thy death.

MENELAUS

Tush—craven promptings these, unworthy Troy!

HELEN

Thou canst not slay the king—perchance thy purpose.

MENELAUS

How?—hath he flesh invulnerable of steel?

810

HELEN

That shalt thou prove. None wise dares hopeless
venture.

MENELAUS

How? shall I tamely let them bind mine hands?

HELEN

Thou art in a strait: there needs some shrewd device.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

δρῶντας γὰρ ἢ μὴ δρῶντας ἦδιον θανεῖν.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

μὴ ἔστιν ἐλπίς, ἢ μόνῃ σωθεῖμεν ἄν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὠνητὸς ἢ τολμητὸς ἢ λόγων ὕπο ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

εἰ μὴ τύραννός σ' ἐκπύθοιτ' ἀφιγμένον.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἔρεῖ δὲ τίς μ' ; οὐ γνώσεταιί γ' ὅς εἰμ' ἐγώ.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἔστ' ἔνδον αὐτῷ ξύμμαχος θεοῖς ἴση.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

820

φήμη τις οἴκων ἐν μυχοῖς ἰδρυμένη ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

οὐκ, ἀλλ' ἀδελφή· Θεονόην καλοῦσί νιν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

χρηστήριον μὲν τοῦνομ'· ὅ τι δὲ δρᾷ φράσον.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

πάντ' οἶδ', ἔρεῖ τε συγγόνῳ παρόντα σε.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

θνήσκειμεν ἄν· λαθεῖν γὰρ οὐχ οἶόν τέ μοι.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

εἴ πως ἄν ἀναπείσαιμεν ἱκετεύοντέ νιν—

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τί χρῆμα δρᾶσαι ; τί ν' ὑπάγεις μ' ἐς ἐλπίδα ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

παρόντα γαῖα μὴ φράσαι σε συγγόνῳ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

πέισαντε δ' ἐκ γῆς διορίσαιμεν ἄν πόδα ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

κοινῇ γ' ἐκείνη ῥαδίως, λάθρα δ' ἄν οὔ.

HELEN

MENELAUS

Best die in action, not with folded hands.

HELEN

One hope there is whereby we might be saved—

MENELAUS

By bribes, by daring, or by cunning speech ?

HELEN

If but the king may know not of thy coming.

MENELAUS

Who will betray me ? He shall know me not.

HELEN

An ally wise as Gods he hath within.

MENELAUS

A *Voice* that haunts dark crypts within his halls ? 820

HELEN

Nay, but his sister : Theonoë her name.

MENELAUS

Oracular the name :—what doth she ?—say.

HELEN

All things she knows ;—shall tell him thou art here.

MENELAUS

Then must I die, for hid I cannot be.

HELEN

What if by prayers we might prevail with her—

MENELAUS

To do what ?—to what hope wouldst lead me on ?

HELEN

To tell her brother of thy presence nought ?

MENELAUS

Prevailing so, our feet might flee the land ?

HELEN

Lightly, if she connive : in secret, no.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

830

σὸν ἔργον, ὡς γυναικὶ πρόσφορον γυνή.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ὡς οὐκ ἄχρωστα γόνατ' ἐμῶν ἔξει χερῶν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

φέρ', ἦν δὲ δὴ νῶν μὴ ἀποδέξηται λόγους ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

θανεῖ· γαμοῦμαι δ' ἢ τάλαιν' ἐγὼ βία.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

προδότις ἂν εἴης· τὴν βίαν σκήψασ' ἔχεις.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἄλλ' ἀγνὸν ὄρκον σὸν κέρα κατώμοσα—

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τί φῆς ; θανεῖσθαι κοῦποτ' ἀλλάξειν λέχη ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ταύτῳ ξίφει γε· κείσομαι δὲ σοῦ πέλας.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἐπὶ τοῖσδε τοίνυν δεξιᾶς ἐμῆς θίγε.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ψαύω, θανόντος σοῦ τόδ' ἐκλείψειν φάος.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

840

κίγῳ στερηθεῖς σοῦ τελευτήσω βίον.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

πῶς οὖν θανούμεθ' ὥστε καὶ δόξαν λαβεῖν ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τύμβου ἔπι νώτῳ σὲ κτανὼν ἐμὲ κτενῶ.
 πρῶτον δ' ἀγῶνα μέγαν ἀγωνιούμεθα
 λέκτρων ὑπὲρ σῶν· ὁ δὲ θέλων ἴτω πέλας·
 τὸ Τρωικὸν γὰρ οὐ καταισχυνῶ κλέος
 οὐδ' Ἑλλάδ' ἐλθὼν λήψομαι πολὺν ψόγον,
 ὅστις Θέτιν μὲν ἐστέρησ' Ἀχιλλέως,
 Τελαμωνίου δ' Αἴαντος εἰσεῖδον σφαγιάς.

HELEN

MENELAUS

Essay thou : woman toucheth woman's heart.

830

HELEN

Surely mine hands about her knees shall cling.

MENELAUS

Hold—what if she will none of our appeal ?

HELEN

Thou diest : and I, woe's me, shall wed perforce.

MENELAUS

Then wert thou traitress—false the plea of force !

HELEN

Nay, by thine head I swear a solemn oath—

MENELAUS

How ?—wilt thou die ere thou desert thy lord ?

HELEN

Yea, by thy sword : beside thee will I lie.

MENELAUS

Then, for this pledge, lay thou thine hand in mine.

HELEN

I clasp—I swear to perish if thou fall.

MENELAUS

And I, of thee bereft, to end my life.

840

HELEN

How, dying, shall we then with honour die ?

MENELAUS

On the tomb's crest thy life I'll spill, then mine.

But first in strife heroic will I strive

For thee, belovèd : let who dare draw nigh.

I will not shame the glory achieved at Troy,

Nor flee to Greece, to meet a nation's scoff.

I !—who robbed Thetis of her hero-son,

Who saw Telamonian Aias slaughtered lie,

ΕΛΕΝΗ

850

τὸν Νηλέως τ' ἄπαιδα· διὰ δὲ τὴν ἐμὴν
οὐκ ἀξιόσω καταναεῖν δάμαρτ' ἐγώ·
μίλιστά γ'· εἰ γάρ εἰσιν οἱ θεοὶ σοφοί,
εὐψυχον ἄνδρα πολεμίων θανόνθ' ὑπο
κούφη καταμπίσχουσιν ἐν τύμβῳ χθονί,
κακοὺς δ' ἐφ' ἔρμα στερεὸν ἐκβάλλουσι γῆς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὦ θεοί, γενέσθω δῆποτ' εὐτυχῆς γένος
τὸ Ἰαντάλειον καὶ μεταστήτω κακῶν.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

860

οἱ γὰρ τάλαινα· τῆς τύχης γὰρ ὧδ' ἔχω.
Μειέλαε, διαπεπράγμεθ'· ἐκβαίνει δόμων
ἢ θεσπιωδὸς Θεονόη· κτυπεῖ δόμος
κλήθρων λυθέντων. φεῦγ'· ἅτάρ τί φευκτέον·
ἀποῦσα γάρ σε καὶ παροῦσ' ἀφιγμένον
δεῦρ' οἶδεν· ὦ δύστηνος, ὡς ἀπωλόμην.
Τροίας δὲ σωθεῖς κἄπὸ βαρβάρου χθονὸς
εἰς βάρβαρ' ἐλθὼν φάσγαν' αὐθις ἐμπεσεῖ.

ΘΕΟΝΟΗ

870

ἡγοῦ σύ μοι φέρουσα λαμπτήρων σέλας,
θείου δὲ σεμνὸν θεσμὸν αἰθέρος μυχόν,
ὡς πνεῦμα καθαρὸν οὐρανοῦ δεξώμεθα·
σύ δ' αὖ κέλευθον εἴ τις ἔβλαψεν ποδὶ
στείβων ἀνοσίῳ, δὸς καθαρσίῳ φλογί,
κρούσον δὲ πεύκην, ἵνα διεξέλθω, πάρος.
νόμον δὲ τὸν ἐμὸν θεοῖσιν ἀποδοῦσαι πάλιν
ἐφέστιον φλόγ' εἰς δόμους κομίζετε.
Ἐλένη, τί τὰμὰ πῶς ἔχει θεσπίσματα·
ἦκει πόσις σοι Μειέλεως ὄδ' ἐμφανής,
νεῶν στερηθεῖς τοῦ τε σοῦ μιμήματος.

HELEN

Saw Neleus' son made childless—for my wife
 Shall I not count me man enough to die? 850
 Yea, verily:—for, if the Gods are wise,
 The valiant man who dies by foemen's hands
 With dust light-sprinkled on his tomb they shroud,
 But dastards forth on barren rock they cast.

CHORUS

Gods, grant at last fair fortune to the line
 Of Tantalus, and rescuing from ills!

HELEN

Woe, hapless I!—my lot is cast in woe!
 Undone, Menelaus!—from the hail comes forth
 Theonoë the seer: the palace clangs
 With bolts shot back:—flee!—yet to what end flee? 860
 Present or absent still she knows of thee,
 How thou art come. O wretched I, undone!
 Thou, saved from Troy and from the alien land,
 Hast come to fall again by alien swords!

*Enter THEONOE attired as a priestess, with train of
 handmaids in solemn procession.*

THEONOE (to a torch-bearer)

Thou, bearing splendour of torches, pass before;
 In solemn ritual incense all the air,
 That pure heaven's breath may be, ere we receive it.
 And thou, if any have marred our path with tread
 Of foot unclean, sweep o'er it cleansing flame,
 And shake the torch before, that I may pass. 870
 And, when ye have paid the Gods my wonted service,
 Bear back again the hearth-flame to the halls.

[Attendants pass on.]

Helen, how fall my words prophetic now?
 Thy lord is come, Menelaus, here in sight,
 Spoiled of his ships, and of thy counterfeit.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ὦ τλήμων, οἴους διαφυγὼν ἤλθες πόνους,
οὐδ' οἶσθα νόστον οἴκαδ' εἴτ' αὐτοῦ μενεῖς·
ἔρις γὰρ ἐν θεοῖς σύλλογός τε σοῦ πέρι
ἔσται πάρεδρος Ζηνὶ τῶδ' ἐν ἡματι.

880

Ἦρα μὲν, ἢ σοι δυσμενῆς πάροιθεν ἦν,
νῦν ἐστὶν εὖνους κεῖς πάτραν σῶσαι θέλει
ξὺν τῆδ', ἵν' Ἑλλάς τοὺς Ἀλεξάνδρου γάμους
δώρημα Κύπριδος ψευδονύμφευτον μάθη·
Κύπρις δὲ νόστον σὸν διαφθεῖραι θέλει,
ὡς μὴ ἔξελεγχθῆ μηδὲ πριαμένη φανῆ
τὸ κάλλος Ἑλένης εἶνεκ' ἀνονήτοις¹ γάμοις.
τέλος δ' ἐφ' ἡμῖν, εἴθ', ἂ βούλεται Κύπρις,
λέξασ' ἀδελφῶ σ' ἐνθάδ' ὄντα διολέσω,
εἴτ' αὖ μεθ' Ἦρας σταῖσα σὸν σῶσω βίον,
900 κρύψασ' ὀμαίμον', ὅς με προστάσσει τάδε
εἰπεῖν, ὅταν γῆν τήνδε νοστήσας τύχης.
τίς εἶσ' ἀδελφῶ τόνδε σημανῶν ἐμῶ
παρόνθ', ὅπως ἂν τοῦμόν ἀσφαλῶς ἔχη;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ὦ παρθέν', ἰκέτις ἀμφὶ σὸν πίτνω γόνυ,
καὶ προσκαθίζω θᾶκον οὐκ εὐδαίμονα
ὑπέρ τ' ἐμαντῆς τοῦδέ θ', ὃν μόλις ποτὲ
λαβοῦσ' ἐπ' ἀκμῆς εἶμι κατθανόντ' ἰδεῖν·
μή μοι κατείπης σῶ κασιγνήτῳ πόσιν
τόνδ' εἰς ἐμὰς ἤκοντα φίλτατον χέρας·
900 σῶσον δέ, λίσσομαί σε· συγγόνῳ δὲ σῶ
τὴν εὐσέβειαν μὴ προδῶς τὴν σὴν ποτε,
χάριτας πονηρὰς κιδίλους ὠνουμένη.
[μισεῖ γὰρ ὁ θεὸς τὴν βίαν, τὰ κτητὰ δὲ
κτᾶσθαι κελεύει πάντας οὐκ ἐς ἄρπαγας.

¹ Pierson ἀνονήτοις (non fruentis): for MSS. ὠνητοῖς.

HELEN

Hapless, escaped what perils art thou come,
 Unsure of home-return or tarrying here!
 For strife in heaven and high debate shall be
 On this day in Zeus' presence touching thee.
 Hera, who was thy foe in days gone by, 880
 Is gracious now, would bring thee with thy wife
 Safe home, that Hellas so may learn the cheat
 Of Alexander's bridal, Cypris' gift.
 But Cypris fain would wreck thine home-return,
 That her shame be not blazoned, hers who bought
 The prize of Fair with Helen's phantom hand.
 The issue rests with me—to tell my brother,
 As Cypris wills, thy presence, ruining thee,
 Or, standing Hera's ally, save thy life,
 Hiding it from my brother, who bids that I 890
 Declare it, when thou comest to our shore.

[A pause.

Go, some one, tell my brother that this man
 Is here, that I of peril clear may stand.

HELEN

O maiden, suppliant at thy knee I fall,
 And, in the posture of the unhappy, bow
 Both for myself and this man, whom at last,
 Scarce found, I am in peril to see slain!
 Ah, tell not to thy brother that my lord,
 My best beloved, hath come unto mine arms;
 But save us, I implore thee! To thy brother 900
 Never betray thy reverence for the right,
 Buying his gratitude by sin and wrong.
 [For God abhorreth violence, bidding all
 Not by the spoiler's rapine get them gain.

- εατέος δ' ὁ πλοῦτος ἄδικός τις ὢν.¹
 κοινὸς γάρ ἐστιν οὐρανὸς πᾶσιν βροτοῖς
 καὶ γαῖ', ἐν ἧ' χρῆ δώματ' ἀναπληρουμένους
 τ' ἄλλότρια μὴ χεῖν μηδ' ἀφαιρεῖσθαι βία.]
 ἡμᾶς δὲ μακαρίως μὲν, ἀθλίως δ' ἐμοί,
 910 Ἐρμῆς ἔδωκε πατρὶ σῶ, σῶζειν πόσει
 τῶδ', ὃς πάρεστι κ' ἀπολάζυσθαι θέλει.
 πῶς οὖν θανῶν ἂν ἀπολάβοι; κείνος δὲ πῶς
 τὰ ζῶντα τοῖς θανούσιν ἀποδοίη ποτ' ἄν;
 σὺ δὴ τὰ τοῦ θεοῦ καὶ τὰ τοῦ πατρὸς σκόπει,
 πότερον ὁ δαίμων χὼ θανῶν τὰ τῶν πέλας
 βούλοιντ' ἂν ἢ οὐ βούλοιντ' ἂν ἀποδοῦναι πάλιν.
 δὺκῶ μὲν. οὐκ οὖν χρῆ σε συγγόνῳ πλέον
 νέμειν ματαίῳ μᾶλλον ἢ χρηστῶ πατρὶ.
 εἰ δ' οὔσα μάντις καὶ τὰ θεῖ' ἠγουμένη
 920 τὸ μὲν δίκαιον τοῦ πατρὸς διαφθερεῖς,
 τῶ δ' οὐ δικαίῳ συγγόνῳ δώσεις χάριν,
 αἰσχρὸν τὰ μὲν σε θεῖα πάντ' ἐξειδέναί,
 τά τ' ὄντα καὶ μὴ, τὰ δὲ δίκαια μὴ εἰδέναί.
 * * * * * * * * * * * 2
 τήν τ' ἀθλίαν ἔμ', οἷσιν ἔγκειμαι κακοῖς,
 ῥύσαι, πάρεργον δοῦσα τοῦτο τῆς τύχης·
 Ἐλένην γὰρ οὐδεὶς ὅστις οὐ στυγεῖ βροτῶν
 ἢ κλήζομαι καθ' Ἑλλάδ' ὡς προδοῦσ' ἐμὸν
 πόσιν Φρυγῶν ἴκησα πολυχρύσους δόμους.
 ἦν δ' Ἑλλάδ' ἔλθω κ' ἀπιβῶ Σπάρτης πάλιν,
 930 κλύοντες εἰσιδόντες ὡς τέχναις θεῶν
 ὦλοντ', ἐγὼ δὲ προδότις οὐκ ἤμην φίλων,
 πάλιν μ' ἀνάξουσ' εἰς τὸ σῶφρον αὐθις αὐ,

¹ An unmetrical line generally regarded as an interpolation.

² A line, containing a special appeal for Menelaus, is believed to have been lost here.

HELEN

Away with wealth—the wealth amassed by wrong !
 For common to all mortals is heaven's air,
 And earth, whereby men ought to enrich their
 homes,

Nor keep nor wrest by violence others' goods.]¹

Me for mine happiness— yet for my sorrow—

To thy sire Hermes gave, to ward for him, 916

My lord, who now is here, who claims his own.

Slain, how should he regain me, or thy sire

How render back the living to the dead ?

O have regard to God's will and thy sire's !

Would Heaven, would the dead king, render back

Their neighbour's goods, or would they not consent ?

Yea, would they, I trow ! Thou shouldst not have
 respect

To wanton brother more than righteous sire.

If thou, a seer, who dost believe in God,

Thy father's righteous purpose shalt pervert, 920

And to thine unjust brother do a grace,

'Twere shame that thou shouldst know all things
 divine,

Present and future,—yet not know the right.

Now me, the wretched, whelmed in misery,

Save, and vouchsafe us this our fortune's crown.

For there is none but hateth Helen now,

Through Hellas called forsaker of my lord

To dwell in gold-abounding Phrygian halls.

But if to Greece I come, in Sparta stand,

Then, hearing, seeing, that by heaven's device 930

They died, nor was I traitress to my friends,

They shall restore me unto virtue's ranks ;

¹ Ll. 903-908 are marked as interpolations by Dindorf, Badham, and Nauck.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἐδνώσομαί τε θυγατέρ' ἦν οὐδεὶς γαμεῖ,
 τὴν δ' ἐνθάδ' ἐκλιπούσ' ἀλητείαν πικρὰν
 ὄντων ἐν οἴκοις χρημάτων ὀνήσομαι.
 κεῖ μὲν θανῶν ὄδ' ἐν πυρᾷ κατεσφίγη,
 πρόσω σφ' ὑπόντα δακρῦοις ἂν ἡγίπων·
 νῦν δ' ὄντα καὶ σωθέντ' ἀφαιρεθήσομαι;
 μὴ δῆτα, παρθέν', ἀλλά σ' ἴκετεύω τόδε·
 940 δὺς τὴν χάριν μοι τήνδε καὶ μιμοῦ τρόπους
 πατρός δικαίου· παισὶ γὰρ κλέος τόδε
 κίλλιστον, ὅστις ἐκ πατρός χρηστοῦ γεγώς
 εἰς ταῦτόν ἦλθε τοῖς τεκοῦσι τοὺς τρόπους.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οἰκτρὸν μὲν οἱ παρόντες ἐν μέσῳ λόγοι,
 οἰκτρὰ δὲ καὶ σύ. τοὺς δὲ Μενέλεω ποθῶ
 λόγους ἀκοῦσαι τίνας ἐρεῖ ψυχῆς πέρι.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἐγὼ σὸν οὔτ' ἂν προσπείσειν τλαίην γόνυ
 οὔτ' ἂν δακρῦσαι βλέφαρα· τὴν Τροίην γὰρ ἂν
 950 δειλοὶ γενόμενοι πλείστον αἰσχύνοιμεν ἂν.
 καίτοι λέγουσιν ὡς πρὸς ἀνδρὸς εὐγενοῦς
 ἐν ξυμφοραῖσι δάκρυ' ἀπ' ὀφθαλμῶν βαλεῖν.
 ἀλλ' οὐχὶ τοῦτο τὸ καλόν, εἰ καλὸν τόδε,
 αἰρήσομαι ἄγ' ἄγε πρόσθε τῆς εὐψυχίας.
 ἀλλ' εἰ μὲν ἄνδρα σοι δοκεῖ σῶσαι ξένον
 ζητοῦντά μ' ὀρθῶς ἀπολαβεῖν δίαμαρτ' ἐμήν,
 ἀπόδος τε καὶ πρὸς σῶσον· εἰ δὲ μὴ δοκεῖ,
 ἐγὼ μὲν οὐ νῦν πρῶτον, ἀλλὰ πολλάκις
 ἄθλιος ἂν εἶην, σὺ δὲ γυνὴ κακὴ φανεῖ.
 960 ἂ δ' ἄξι' ἡμῶν καὶ δίκαι' ἡγούμεθα,
 καὶ σῆς μάλιστα καρδίης ἀνθάψεται,
 λέξω τάδ' ἀμφὶ μνήμα σου πατρός πεσῶν¹

¹ Badham : for MSS. πόθῳ : "regretting the absence of."

HELEN

I shall betroth the child none now will wed ;
And, leaving this my bitter homelessness,
Shall I enjoy the treasures in mine home.
Lo, if my lord had died, slain on some pyre,
My love should weep his memory though afar :
Now, living, saved, shall he be torn from me ?
Ah, maiden, not--I implore thee, O not that !
Grant me this grace ; so follow in the steps 940
Of thy just sire. 'Tis children's fairest praise,
When one begotten of a noble sire
Is noble, treading in the father's steps.

CHORUS

Piteous thy pleading comes to stay her hand :
Piteous thy plight is. But I fain would hear
What words Menelaus for his life will speak.

MENELAUS

I cannot brook to cast me at thy knee,
Nor drown mine eyes with tears ; else should I shame
Troy utterly, in turning craven thus.
And yet, men say, it is a hero's part 950
In trouble, from his eyes to shed the tear.
Yet not this seemly part—if seemly it be —
Will I choose rather than stoutheartedness.
But, if thou wilt befriend a stranger, me
Who seek, yea justly, to regain my wife,
Restore her, save withal : if thou wilt not,
Not now first shall I taste of misery,
But thou shalt stand convict of wickedness.
Yet, that which worthy of myself I count,
And just,—yea, that which most shall touch thine
heart,— 960
That will I speak, bowed at thy father's grave :—

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ὦ γέρον, ὃς οἰκείῳ τόνδε λάϊνον τάφον,
 ἀπόδος, ἀπαιτῶ τὴν ἐμὴν δάμαρτά σε,
 ἦν Ζεὺς ἔπεμψε δεῦρό σοι σῶζειν ἐμοί.
 οἶδ' οὔνεχ' ἡμῖν οὔποτ' ἀποδώσεις¹ θανών·
 ἀλλ' ἦδε πατέρα νέρθεν ἀνακαλούμενον
 οὐκ ἀξιῶσει τὸν πρὶν εὐκλεέστατον
 κακῶς ἀκοῦσαι· κυρία γάρ ἐστι νῦν.
 ὦ νέρτερ' "Λιδη, καὶ σέ σύμμαχον καλῶ,
 970 ὃς πόλλ' ἐδέξω τῆσδ' ἕκατι σώματα
 πεσόντα τῷμῳ φασγάνῳ, μισθὸν δ' ἔχεις·
 ἢ νῦν ἐκείνους ἀπόδος ἐμψύχους πάλιν,
 ἢ τήνδ' ἀνάγκασόν γε μὴ εὐσεβοῦς πατρός
 ἦσσω φανείσαν τάμ' ἄποδοῦναι λέχη.
 εἰ δ' ἐμέ γυναιῖκα τὴν ἐμὴν συλήσετε,
 ἄ σοι παρέλιπεν ἦδε τῶν λόγων, φράσω.
 ὄρκοις κεκλήμεθ', ὡς μάθης, ὦ παρθένε,
 πρῶτον μὲν ἐλθεῖν διὰ μάχης σῶ συγγόνῳ·
 980 κἀκείνῳ ἢ μὲ δεῖ θανεῖν· ἀπλοῦς λόγος.
 ἦν δ' ἐς μὲν ἀλκὴν μὴ πόδ' ἀντιθῆ ποδί,
 λιμῶ δὲ θηρᾷ τύμβον ἰκετεύοντε νῶ,
 κτανεῖν δέδοκται τήνδ' ἐμοί, κἀπειτ' ἐμὸν
 πρὸς ἦπαρ ὦσαι δίστομον ξίφος τόδε
 τύμβου πῖ νώτοις τοῦδ', ἵν' αἵματος ῥοαὶ
 τάφου καταστάζωσι· κεισόμεσθα δὲ
 νεκρῶ δὴ ἐξῆς τῷδ' ἐπὶ ξεστῷ τάφῳ,
 ἀθάνατον ἄλγος σοί, ψόγος δὲ σῶ πατρί.
 οὐ γὰρ γαμεῖ τήνδ' οὔτε σύγγονος σέθεν
 οὔτ' ἄλλος οὐδεὶς· ἀλλ' ἐγὼ σφ' ἀπάξομαι,
 990 εἰ μὴ πρὸς οἴκους δυνάμεθ', ἀλλὰ πρὸς νεκρούς.
 τί ταῦτα; δακρύοις εἰς τὸ θῆλυ τρεπόμενος

¹ Brodaeus: for ἀπ λέσεις of MSS., and ὀφλήσεις of Nauck.

HELEN

O ancient, dweller in this tomb of stone,
 Restore thy trust : I claim of thee my wife,
 Sent hither of Zeus to thee, to ward for me.
 Thou, who art dead, canst ne'er restore, I know ;
 But this thy child will think scorn that her sire,
 Glorious of old, from the underworld invoked,
 Have infamy,—for now it rests with her.
 Oh Hades, on thy championship I call,
 Who hast welcomed many dead, for Helen's sake 970
 Slain by my sword : thou hast them for thine
 hire.

Or give them back with life's breath filled again,
 Or thou constrain this maid to show her worthy
 Of a good sire, and render back my wife.
 But if ye will despoil me of my bride,
 That which to thee she said not will I say :—
 Know, maiden, I have bound me by an oath
 To dare thy brother, first, unto the fight :
 Then he or I must die, my word is passed.
 But if he flinch from grappling foot to foot, 980
 And seek to starve the suppliants at the tomb,
 I am resolved to slay her, then to thrust
 Into mine own heart this two-edged sword
 On this tomb's crest, that streams of our life-blood
 May drench the grave : so shall we side by side,
 Two corpses, lie upon this carven tomb,
 To be thy deathless grief, thy sire's reproach.
 Her shall thy brother never wed—nor he,
 Nor any other :—I will bear her hence,
 If home I may not, then unto the dead, 990
 Why speak thus? If with tears I played the
 woman,

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἔλεινός ἦν ἂν μᾶλλον ἢ δραστήριος.
 κτεῖν', εἰ δοκεῖ σοι· δυσκλεῶς γὰρ οὐ κτενεῖς·
 μᾶλλον γε μέντοι τοῖς ἐμοῖς πείθου λόγους,
 ἴν' ἦς δικαία καὶ δάμαρτ' ἐγὼ λάβω.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἐν σοὶ βραβεύειν, ὦ νεᾶνι, τοὺς λόγους·
 οὕτω δὲ κρίνον ὡς ἅπασιν ἀνδάνης.

ΘΕΟΝΟΗ

1000 ἐγὼ πέφυκά τ' εὖσεβεῖν καὶ βούλομαι,
 φιλῶ τ' ἐμαυτήν, καὶ κλέος τοῦμοῦ πατρὸς
 οὐκ ἂν μάναιμ', οὐδὲ συγγόνω χάριν
 δοίην ἂν ἐξ ἧς δυσκλεῆς φανήσεται.
 ἔνεστι δ' ἱερὸν τῆς Δίκης ἐμοὶ μέγα
 ἐν τῇ φύσει· καὶ τοῦτο Νηρέως πάρα
 ἔχουσα σφύζειν Μενέλεων πειράσομαι.
 "Ἦρα δ', ἐπεὶπερ βούλεται σ' εὐεργετεῖν,
 εἰς ταῦτόν οἴσω ψῆφον· ἢ Κύπρις δ' ἐμοὶ
 ἴλεως μὲν εἶη, συμβέβηκε δ' οὐδαμοῦ·
 πειράσομαι δὲ παρθένος μένειν αἰεὶ.
 1010 ἂ δ' ἀμφὶ τύμβῳ τῷδ' ὄνειδίζεις πατρί,
 ἡμῖν ὅδ' αὐτὸς μῦθος· ἀδικοίημεν ἂν,
 εἰ μὴ ἀποδώσω· καὶ γὰρ ἂν κείνος βλέπων
 ἀπέδωκεν ἂν σοὶ τήνδ' ἔχει, ταύτη δὲ σέ.
 καὶ γὰρ τίσις τῶνδ' ἐστὶ τοῖς τε νερτέροις
 καὶ τοῖς ἄνωθεν πᾶσιν ἀνθρώποις. ὁ νοῦς
 τῶν κατθανόντων ζῆ μὲν οὐ, γνώμην δ' ἔχει
 ἀθάνατον εἰς ἀθάνατον αἰθέρ' ἐμπροσθῶν.
 ὡς οὖν περαίνω μὴ μακράν, σιγήσομαι
 ἅ μιν καθικετεύσατ', οὐδὲ μωρία
 1020 ξύμβουλος ἔσομαι τῇ κασιγνήτου ποτέ.
 εὐεργετῶ γὰρ κείνον οὐ δοκοῦσ' ὅμως,
 ἐκ δυσσεβείας ὅσιον εἰ τίθημί νιν.

HELEN

A pitiful thing were I, no man of deeds.
 Slay, if thou wilt: thou shalt not slay and shame!
 Yet do thou rather hearken to my word,
 That thou be just, that I may win my wife.

CHORUS

Maiden, of these pleas art thou arbitress.
 So judge, that thou mayst pleasure all at last.

THEONOE

By nature and by choice I fear the Gods,
 I love mine own soul, and my sire's renown
 I will not stain, nor show my brother grace 1000
 Wherefrom shall open infamy be his;
 And the great temple of Justice in mine heart
 Stands. Since from Nereus I inherit this,
 I will essay to save Menelaus' life.
 With Hera, seeing she fain would favour thee,
 I cast my vote. Gracious to me withal
 Be Cypris, though she hath had no part in me,
 And I will strive to abide a maiden aye.
 For thy reproaches o'er my father's grave,
 I make them mine; for I should work foul wrong,
 If I restored not. He, if yet he lived, 1010
 Had given back her to thee, and thee to her.
 Yea, for such acts have men due recompense
 In Hades as on earth. No separate life
 Have dead men's souls, yet deathless conscious-
 ness
 Still have they when in deathless aether merged.
 But, to make brief end, I will hold my peace
 Of all ye have prayed of me, nor ever be
 Co-plotter with my brother's wantonness.
 I do him service, though it seem not so, 1020
 Who turn him unto righteousness from sin.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

αὐτοὶ μὲν οὖν τιν' ἔξοδόν γ' εὕρισκετε,
 ἐγὼ δ' ἀποστᾶσ' ἐκποδὸν σιγήσομαι.
 ἐκ τῶν θεῶν δ' ἄρχεσθε χικετεύετε
 τὴν μὲν σ' εἶσαι πατρίδα νοστήσαι Κύπριν,
 "Ἡρας δὲ τὴν ἔννοϊαν ἐν ταυτῷ μένειν
 ἦν εἰς σὲ καὶ σὸν πόσιν ἔχει σωτηρίας.
 σὺ δ', ὦ θανῶν μοι πάτερ, ὅσον γ' ἐγὼ σθένω,
 οὔποτε κεκλήσει δυσσεβῆς ἀντ' εὐσεβοῦς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

1030

οὐδεὶς ποτ' ἠτύχησεν ἔκδικος γεγῶς,
 ἐν τῷ δικαίῳ δ' ἐλπίδες σωτηρίας.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

Μενέλαε, πρὸς μὲν παρθένου σεσώσμεθα·
 τοῦνθένδε δὴ σὲ τοὺς λόγους φέροντα χρῆ
 κοινὴν συνάπτειν μηχανὴν σωτηρίας.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἄκουε δὴ νυν χρόνιος εἶ κατὰ στέγας
 καὶ ξυντέθραψαι προσπόλοισι βασιλέως.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

τί τοῦτ' ἔλεξας ; εἰσφέρεις γὰρ ἐλπίδας
 ὡς δὴ τι δράσων χρηστὸν εἰς κοινόν γε νῶν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

1040

πέσειας ἂν τιν' οὔτινες τετραζύγων
 ὄχων ἀνάσσουσ', ὥστε νῶν δοῦναι δίφρους ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

πέισαιμ' ἂν ἀλλὰ τίνα φυγὴν φευξόμεθα
 πεδίων ἄπειροι βαρβάρου τ' ὄντες χθονός ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἀδύνατον εἶπας. φέρε, τί δ' εἰ κρυφθεὶς δόμοις
 κτάνοιμ' ἄνακτα τῷδε διστόμῳ ξίφει ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

οὐκ ἂν σ' ἀνάσχοιτ' οὐδὲ σιγήσειεν ἂν
 μέλλοντ' ἀδελφῆ σύγγονον κατακτανεῖν.

HELEN

Yet how to escape must ye yourselves devise :
 I from your path will stand, will hold my peace,
 With prayer to Gods begin ye : supplicate
 Cypris to grant return to fatherland,
 Thou, pray that Hera's mind abide unchanged,
 Her will for thy deliverance and thy lord's,
 And thou, dead sire, so far as in me lies,
 Impious for righteous ne'er shalt be misnamed.

[*Lit.*

CHORUS

None prospered ever by unrighteousness :
 In righteousness all hope of safety dwells.

1030

HELEN

From peril from you maid are we secured.
 Thou, for the rest, give counsel to devise
 A path of safety alike for thee and me.

MENE LAUS

Hearken. Long hast thou dwelt beneath you roof
 Co-inmate with the servants of the king :

HELEN

Why say'st thou this ? Thou givest hint of hopes,
 As thou wouldst work deliverance for us twain.

MENE LAUS

Couldst thou persuade some warder of four-horse cars
 To give to us a chariot and steeds ?

1040

HELEN

I might persuade—yet what avails our flight
 Who know these plains not, nor the adien's land ?

MENE LAUS

A hopeless bar ! What if I hide within
 And slay the king with this two-edged sword ?

HELEN

His sister would not suffer thee, nor spare
 To tell thy purposed murder of her kin.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἄλλ' οὐδὲ μὴν ναῦς ἔστιν ἢ σωθεῖμεν ἂν
φεύγοντες· ἦν γὰρ εἶχομεν θάλασσαν ἔχει.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

1050

ἄκουσον, ἦν τι καὶ γυνὴ λέξῃ σοφόν.
βούλει λέγεσθαι μὴ θανὼν λόγῳ θανεῖν ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

κακὸς μὲν ὄρισ· εἰ δὲ κερδανῶ λέγων,
ἔτοιμός εἰμι μὴ θανὼν λόγῳ θανεῖν.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

καὶ μὴν γυναικείους σ' ἂν οἰκτισαίμεθα
κουραῖσι καὶ θρήνοισι πρὸς τὸν ἀνώσιον.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

σωτηρίας δὲ τοῦτ' ἔχει τί νῶν ἄκος ;
παλαιότης γὰρ τῷ λόγῳ γ' ἔνεστί τις.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ὡς δὴ θανόντα σ' ἐνάλιον κενῶ τάφῳ
θάψαι τύραννον τῆσδε γῆς αἰτήσομαι.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

1060

καὶ δὴ παρῆικεν· εἶτα πῶς ἄνευ νεῶς
σωθησόμεσθα κενοταφούντ' ἐμὸν δέμας ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

δοῦναι κελεύσω πορθμίδ', ἢ καθήσομεν
κόσμον τάφῳ σῶ πελαγίας ἐς ἀγκάλας.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὡς εὖ τόδ' εἶπας, πλὴν ἔν· εἰ χέρσῳ ταφὰς
θεῖναι κελεύσει σ', οὐδὲν ἢ σκῆψις φέρει.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἄλλ' οὐ νομίζεις φήσομεν καθ' Ἑλλάδα
χέρσῳ καλύπτειν τοὺς θανόντας ἐναλίους.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τοῦτ' αὖ κατορθοῖς· εἶτ' ἐγὼ συμπλεύσομαι
καὶ συγκαθήσω κόσμον ἐν ταύτῳ σκάφει.

HELEN

MENELAUS

No ship have we wherein we might escape
Fleeing; for that I had the sea hath whelmed.

HELEN

Hearken—if woman's lips may wisdom speak:—
Wouldst thou consent, ere death, in name to die? 1050

MENELAUS

Evil the omen: yet, if words may help,
Ready I am, ere death, in name to die.

HELEN

Yea, with shorn hair and dirges will I mourn thee
Before the tyrant, after woman's wont.

MENELAUS

What salve of safety for us twain hath this?
Sooth, the device is something overworn!

HELEN

As thou hadst died at sea, I'll pray the king
For leave to entomb thee in a cenotaph.

MENELAUS

This granted, how shall we without a ship
Escape by raising this void tomb for me? 1060

HELEN

A vessel will I beg, to cast therefrom
Into the sea's arms burial-gifts for thee.

MENELAUS

Well said, save but for this—if he bid rear
On land my tomb, fruitless is thy pretence.

HELEN

Nay, will we say, this is not Hellas' wont,
On land to bury such as die at sea.

MENELAUS

This too thou rightest. I with thee embark,
And in the same ship help to stow the gifts.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΕΛΕΝΗ

1070 σὲ καὶ παρεῖναι δεῖ μάλιστα τοὺς τε σοὺς
πλωτῆρας οἵπερ ἔφυγον ἐκ ναυαγίας.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

καὶ μὴν εἴνπερ ναῦν ἐπ' ἄγκυρας λάβω,
ἀνὴρ παρ' ἄνδρα στήσεται ξιφηφόρος.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

σὲ χρὴ βραβεύειν πάντα· πόμπιμοι μόνον
λαΐφει πνοαὶ γένοιντο καὶ νεὼς δρόμος.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἔσται· πόνους γὰρ δαίμονες παύσουσί μου.
ἀτὰρ θανόντα τοῦ μ' ἔρεῖς πεπυσμένη ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

σοῦ· καὶ μόνος γε φίσκε διαφυγεῖν μόρον
'Ατρώως πλέων σὺν παιδὶ καὶ θανόνθ' ὀράν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

1080 καὶ μὴν τάδ' ἀμφίβληστρα σώματος ῥάκη
ξυμμαρτυρήσει ναυτικῶν ἐρειπίων.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

εἰς καιρὸν ἦλθε, τότε δ' ἄκαιρ' ἀπώλλυτο·
τὸ δ' ἄθλιον κεῖν' εὐτυχὲς τάχ' ἂν πέσοι.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

πότερα δ' ἐς οἶκους σοὶ συνεισελθεῖν με χρὴ
ἢ πρὸς τάφῳ τῷδ' ἥσυχοι καθώμεθα ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

1090 αὐτοῦ μὲν· ἦν γὰρ καὶ τι πλημμελὲς σε δρᾶ,
τάφος σ' ὄδ' ἂν ρύσαιτο φάσγανόν τε σόν.
ἐγὼ δ' ἐς οἶκους βᾶσα βοστρύχους τεμῶ
πέπλων τε λευκῶν μέλανας ἀνταλλάξομαι
παρῆδί τ' ὄνυχα φόνιον ἐμβαλῶ χροός.
μέγας γὰρ ἰγών, καὶ βλέπω δύο ῥοπάς·
ἦ γὰρ θανεῖν δεῖ μ', ἦν ἀλῶ τεχνωμένη,

HELEN

HELEN

Of all things chiefly, needs must thou be there,
And all thy crew which from the wreck escaped. 1070

MENE LAUS

Let me but at her moorings find a ship,
And man by man shall they stand girt with swords.

HELEN

'Tis thou must order all: let wafting winds
But fill the sail, and good speed to the keel!

MENE LAUS

This shall be, for the Gods will end my toils.
But of whom wilt thou say thou heard'st my death?

HELEN

Of thee. Say, thou alone escapedst doom:
Sailing with Atreus' son, thou saw'st him die.

MENE LAUS

Yea, and these rags about my body cast
Shall witness as to salvage from the wreck. 1080

HELEN

In good time saved, in an ill time nigh lost!
That sore mischance may turn to fortune fair.

MENE LAUS

Into the palace with these shall I pass,
Or by the tomb here tarry sitting still?

HELEN

Here stay: if he would do thee any hurt,
This tomb and thine own sword shall keep thee safe.
But I will pass within, will shear mine hair,
And sable vesture for white robes will don,
And with the blood-stained nail will scar my cheek.
'Tis a grim strife, and issues twain I see: 1090
Or I must die, if plotting I am found,

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἡ πατρίδα τ' ἐλθεῖν καὶ σὸν ἐκσῶσαι δεμας.

ὦ πότνι, ἡ Δίοισιν ἐν λέκτροις πίτνεις,
 Ἦρα, δὺ οἰκτρὸν φῶτ' ἀνάψυξον πόνων,
 αἰτούμεθ' ὕρθας ὠλένας πρὸς οὐρανὸν
 ῥίπτονθ', ἵν' οἰκεῖς ἀστέρων ποικίλματα.
 σύ θ', ἡ πὶ τὼμῳ κῦδος ἐκθήσω γάμῳ,
 κόρη Διώνης Κύπρι, μή μ' ἐξεργάσῃ.

- 1100 αἴλις δὲ λύμης ἦν μ' ἐλυμῆνω πάρος
 τοῦνομα παρασχούσ', οὐ τὸ σῶμ', ἐν βαρβάρους.
 θανεῖν δ' ἔασόν μ', εἰ κατακτεῖναι θέλεις,
 ἐν γῆ πατρώα. τί ποτ' ἄπληστος εἶ κακῶν,
 ἔρωτας ἀπάτας δόλιά τ' ἐξευρήματα
 ἀσκούσα φίλτρα θ' αἵματηρὰ δωμάτων ;
 εἰ δ' ἦσθα μετρία, τᾶλλα γ' ἠδίστη θεῶν
 πέφυκας ἀνθρώποισιν· οὐκ ἄλλως λέγω.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

σὲ τὰν ἐναυλείοις ὑπὸ δενδροκόμοις στρ. α'
 μουσεῖα καὶ θιάκους ἐνίζουσαν ἀναβοάσω,
 σὲ τὰν ἀοιδοτάταν

- 1110 ὄρνιθα μελωδὸν ἀηδόνα δακρυνόεσσαν,
 ἐλθὲ διὰ ξουθᾶν γενύων ἐλελιζομένα
 θρήνοις ἐμοῖς ξυνῳδός,
 Ἐλένας μελέας πόνους
 τὸν Ἰλιάδων τ' αἰ-
 δούσα δακρυνόεντα πότμον
 Ἀχαιῶν ὑπὸ λόγχαις,
 ὅτ' ἔμολεν ἔμολε πεδία βαρβάρῳ πλάτα,
 ὃς ἔδραμε ῥύθια, μέλεα Πριαμίδαις ἄγων
 Λακεδαίμονος ἄπο λέχεια
- 1120 σέθεν, ὦ Ἐλένα, Πάρις αἰνόγαμος
 πομπαῖσιν Ἀφροδίτας.

HELEN

Or see the homeland and redeem thy life.
 O Queen, who restest on the couch of Zeus,
 Hera, to hapless twain grant pause from ills,
 We pray, with arms flung upward to the sky,
 Thy mansion wrought with arabesques of stars.
 And thou, by mine hand winner of beauty's prize,
 Cypris, Dione's child, destroy me not!
 Enough the scathe thou hast done me heretofore,
 Lending my name, not me, to alien men: 1100
 But let me die, if 'tis thy will to slay,
 In homeland. Why, insatiate of wrong,
 Dost thou use loves, deceits, and guile's inven-
 tions,
 And love-spells dark with blood of families?
 Wouldst thou in measure come, thou wert to men
 Else kindest of the Gods: I hold this truth.

[Exit.

CHORUS

O thou in thine halls of song abiding, (Str. 1)
 Under the greenwood leaves deep-hiding,
 I hail thee, I hail,
 Nightingale, queen by thy notes woe-thrilling 1110
 Of song-birds, come, through thy brown throat trilling
 Notes tuned to my wail,
 As of Helen's grief and pain
 And of Ilion's daughters' tears
 I sing, how they stooped them to thralldom's chain
 Beneath the Achaean spears.
 They were doomed, when from Sparta fleeing hied
 Paris, the bridegroom accursèd, to ride
 O'er the foam-blossomed plain, for the Priamids'
 bane—
 O Helen, it seemeth as thou wert the bride, 1120
 And the Love-queen steers!

561

πολλοὶ δ' Ἀχαιῶν ἐν δορὶ καὶ πετρίναις ἄντ. α'
 ῥιπαῖσιν ἐκπνεύσαντες "Αἶδαν μέλεον ἔχουσιν,
 τάλαιναν ὧν ἰλόχων
 κείραντες ἔθειραν ἄνυμφα μέλαθρα δὲ κείται·
 πολλοὺς δὲ πυρσεύσας φλογερὸν σέλας ἀμφι-
 ρύταν

- Εὐβοίαν εἶλ' Ἀχαιῶν
 μονόκωπος ἀνήρ, πέτραις
 Καφηρίσιν ἐμβαλὼν
 1130 Αἰγαίαις τ' ἐνάλοισιν ἀκταῖς,
 δόλιον ἀστέρα λάμψας.
 ἀλίμενα δ' ὄρεα ¹ †μέλεα βαρβάρου στολᾶς,
 ὅτ' ἔσυτο πατρίδος ἀποπρὸ χειμάτων πνοᾶ
 γέρας οὐ γέρας, ἀλλ' ἔριν
 Δαναῶν νεφέλαν ἐπὶ ναυσὶν ἄγων,
 εἶδωλον ἱρὸν Ἡρας.

- ὅ τι θεὸς ἢ μὴ θεὸς ἢ τὸ μέσον, στρ. β'
 τίς φησ' ἐρευνήσας βροτῶν
 μακρότατον πέρασ εὐρεῖν,
 1140 ὃς τὰ θεῶν ἐσορᾶ
 δεῦρο καὶ αὐθις ἐκέισε
 καὶ πάλιν ἀντιλόγοις
 πηδῶντ' ἀνελπίστοις τύχαις ;
 σὺ Διὸς ἔφυς, ὦ Ἑλένα, θυγάτηρ·
 πτανὸς γὰρ ἐν κόλποις σε Λή-
 δας ἐτέκνωσε πατήρ.
 κᾶτ' ἰαχίθης καθ' Ἑλλανίαν
 ἄδικος, προδότις, ἄπιστος, ἄθεος· οὐδ' ἔχω

¹ MS. reading, but text uncertain : the strained interpreta-
 tion "wretchedly strewn with the spoils of Troy" (from the
 wrecked fleet) gives perhaps the only relevant sense.

HELEN

And Achaeans many, by stones down leaping (*Ant. 1*)
 And by spear-thrusts sped, are in Hades sleeping ;

And in sorrow for these

Was their wives' hair shorn in their widowed bowers ;
 And the beacon-lights glared on the headland that
 lowers

O'er Euboean seas ;

So that lone voyager¹ hurled

Many Greeks on Caphereus' sear

And Aegean skerries where wild surf swirled, 1130

When he lit that treachery-star.

And by havenless cliffs Menelaus hath passed

Driven afar from his land by the blast

With his prize —no prize, but by Hera's device

A cloud-wraith into the mid-lists cast

Of the Danaans' war.

(*Str. 2*)

Who among men dare say that he, exploring

Even to Creation's farthest limit-line,

Ever hath found the God of our adoring,

That which is not God, or the half-divine — 1140

Who, that beholdeth the decrees of Heaven

This way and that in hopeless turmoil swayed ?

Daughter of Zeus art thou, to Leda given,

Helen, by him whom those swan-plumes arrayed :

Yet wert thou cursed —“ *Unrighteous, god-despising,*

Traitress, and faithless,” Hellas deemed thy due !

¹ Nauplius hastily left Troy in a fishing boat, before the Greek fleet sailed, to make his preparations for wrecking it.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

1150 τί τὸ σαφές, ὅ τι ποτ' ἐν βροτοῖς.
τὸ θεῶν ἔπος ἀλαθὲς εὖρον.

ἄφρονες ὅσοι τὰς ἀρετὰς πολέμῳ ἀντ. β'
κτᾶσθε δορὸς ἀλκαίου λόγχαι-
σιν καταπανόμενοι πό-
νους θνατῶν ἀμαθῶς.

εἰ γὰρ ἄμιλλα κρινεῖ νιν
αἵματος, οὐποτ' ἔρις
λείψει κατ' ἀνθρώπων πόλεις.

1160 † ἂ Πριαμίδος γὰς ἔλαχεν¹ θαλίμους,
ἔξὸν διορθῶσαι λόγοις
σὰν ἔριν, ὧ Ἑλένα.

νῦν δ' οἱ μὲν Ἄϊδα μέλονται κίτῳ,
τείχεα δέ, φλογμὸς ὥστε Διός, ἐπέσυτο φλόξ,
ἐπὶ δὲ πάθεα πάθεσι φέρεις
† ἀθλίους ἐν συμφοραῖς αἰλίνοις.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

ὦ χαῖρε, πατὴρ μνήμ'. ἐπ' ἐξόδοισι γὰρ
ἔθαψα, Πρωτεῦ, σ' ἔνεκ' ἐμῆς προσρήσεως·
αἰεὶ δέ σ' ἐξιῶν τε κείσιων δόμους

1170 Θεοκλύμενος παῖς ὄδε προσενέπει, πάτερ.
ὕμεις μὲν οὖν κύνας τε καὶ θηρῶν βρόχους,
δμῶες, κομίζετ' εἰς δόμους τυραννικούς·

ἐγὼ δ' ἔμαντὸν πόλλ' ἐλοιδύρησα δῆ·
οὐ γάρ τι θανάτῳ τοὺς κακοὺς κολάζομεν.
καὶ νῦν πέπυσμαι φανερόν Ἑλλήνων τινα
εἰς γῆν ἀφίχθαι καὶ λεληθέναι σκοπούς,
ἦτοι κατόπτην ἢ κλοπαῖς θηρώμενον
Ἑλένην θανεῖται δ', ἦν γε δὴ ληφθῆ μόνον.

¹ Kirchhoff: for MSS. αἶ . . . ἔλιπον.

HELEN

Nought I find certain, for all man's surmising :
 Only Gods' words have I found utter-true. 1150

(*Int.* 2)

Madmen, all ye who strive for manhood's guerdon,
 Battling with shock of lances, seeking ease
 Senselessly so from galling of life's burdens !

Never, if blood be arbitress of peace,
 Strife between towns of men shall find an ending :

Lo, how its storm o'er homes of Ilium brake,¹
 Yea, though fair words might once have wrought
 amending,

Helen, of wrong, of quarrel for thy sake ! 1160
 Now are her sons in depths of Hades lying ;

Flame o'er her walls leapt, like Zeus' levin-glare :
 Woes upon woes, and unto captives sighing
 Sorer afflictions still—thy gifts they were.

*Enter THEOCLYMENUS, with hounds, and attendants carry-
 ing weapons, nets, spoils of the chase, etc.*

THEOCLYMENUS

Hail, my sire's tomb !— for at my palace-gate,
 Proteus, I buried thee, to greet thee so :

Still as I enter and pass forth mine halls,
 Thee, father, I thy son Theoclymenus hail.

Ho ye, my men, the hounds and hunting-nets
 Unto the palace-kennels take away. 1170

[*Exeunt attendants.*]

Many a time have I reproached myself
 That I have punished not you knaves with death !

Lo, now I hear of some Greek openly
 Come to my land, eluding all my guards,—
 Some spy, or one that prowls to kidnap hence
 Helen. Die shall he, so he but be caught.

¹ The text seems hopelessly corrupt. I have followed Jerram's conjecture as to general sense.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἔα·

1180 ἄλλ', ὡς ἔοικε, πάντα διαπεπραγμένα
 εὔρηκα· τύμβου γὰρ κενὰς λιποῦσ' ἔδρας
 ἢ Τυνδαρίς παιῖς ἐκπεπόρθμευται χθονός.
 ὦή, χαλᾶτε κλῆθρα· λύεθ' ἵππικὰς
 φάτνας, ὀπαδοί, κύκκομίζεθ' ἄρματα,
 ὡς ἂν πόνου γ' ἔκατι μὴ λάθῃ με γῆς
 τῆσδ' ἐκκομισθεῖσ' ἄλοχος, ἧς ἐφίεμαι.
 ἐπίσχετ'· εἰσορῶ γὰρ οὖς διώκομεν
 παρόντας ἐν δόμοισι κού πεφευγίας.
 αὕτη, τί πέπλους μέλανας ἐξήψω χροὸς
 λευκῶν ἀμείψασ' ἔκ τε κρατὸς εὐγενοῦς
 κόμας σίδηρον ἐμβαλοῦσ' ἀπέθρισας
 1190 χλωροῖς τε τέγγεις δάκρυσι σὴν παρηίδα
 κλαίουσα ; πότερον ἐννύχοις σεσεισμένη¹
 στένεις ὀνείροις, ἢ φάτιν τιν' οἴκοθεν
 κλύουσα λύπη σὰς διέφθαρσαι φρένας ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ὦ δέσποτ', ἤδη γὰρ τόδ' ὀνομάζω σ' ἔπος,
 ὄλωλα· φροῦδα τὰμὰ κούδέν εἰμ' ἔτι.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

ἐν τῷ δὲ κείσαι συμφορᾶς ; τίς ἢ τύχη ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

Μενέλαος—οἴμοι, πῶς φράσω ;—τέθνηκέ μοι.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

οὐδέν τι χαίρω σοῖς λόγοις, τὰ δ' εὐτυχῶ.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

* * * * *

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

πῶς οἴσθα ; μῶν σοι Θεονόη λέγει τάδε ;

¹ Nauck : for πεπεισμένη of MSS.

² A line has been lost here (Hermann).

HELEN

Ha!

Lo, all my plans, meseemeth, have I found
 Frustrate!—for Tyndarus' child hath left her seat
 By the tomb void, and from the land hath sailed!¹
 What ho! unbar the gates!—loose from the stall. 1180
 The steeds, mine henchmen!—bring the chariot
 forth,

That not for pains untried by me the wife
 I long for may escape the land unmarked.
 Nay, hold your hands! I see whom we would chase
 There in the palace standing, nowise fled.

Re-enter HELEN.

Thou, why hast thou attired thee in dark robes,
 Thy white cast off, and from thy queenly head
 Hast thou with sweep of steel thy tresses shorn,
 And wettest with fast-streaming tears thy cheeks
 Weeping? Mourn'st thou by visions of the night 1190
 Soul-shaken, or for some dread inward voice
 Heard, is thy spirit thus distraught with grief?

HELEN

My lord,—for now I name thee by this name, —
 Undone!—mine hopes are fled; I am but nought!

THEOCLYMENEUS

In what affliction liest thou? What hath chanced?

HELEN

Menelaus—woe's me! how to speak it?—dead!¹

THEOCLYMENEUS

I triumph not at thy words, yet am blest.

HELEN

[Let my lord pardon that I joy not—yet.]¹

THEOCLYMENEUS

How know'st thou? Hath Theonoe told thee this?

¹ Inserted conjecturally to supply the lacuna.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΕΛΕΝΗ

κείνη τέ φησιν ὅ τε παρὼν ὅτ' ὄλλυτο.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

1200 ἦκει γὰρ ὅστις καὶ τῆδ' ἀγγέλλει σαφῆ ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἦκει μῶλοι γὰρ ὡς ἐγὼ χριζῶ μολεῖν.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

τίς ἐστί ; ποῦ ἔστιν ; ἵνα σαφέστερον μάθω.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ὄδ' ὅς κίθηται τῷδ' ὑποπτήξας τάφω.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

Ἄπολλον, ὡς ἐσθῆτι δυσμόρφω πρέπει.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

οἴμοι, δοκῶ μὲν κάμὸν ὧδ' ἔχειν πόσιν.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

ποδαπὸς δ' ὄδ' ἀνήρ καὶ πόθεν κατέσχε γῆν ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

Ἕλλην, Ἀχαιῶν εἷς, ἐμῷ σύμπλους πόσει.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

θανάτῳ δὲ ποίῳ φησὶ Μενέλεων θανεῖν ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

οἰκτρόταθ' ὑγροῖσιν ἐν κλυδωνίοις ἰλός.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

1210 ποῦ βαρβάροισι πελάγεσιν ναυσθλούμενον ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

Λιβύης ἀλιμένοις ἐκπεσόντα πρὸς πέτραις.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

καὶ πῶς ὄδ' οὐκ ὄλωλε κοινωνῶν πλάτης ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἐσθλῶν κακίους ἐνίῳτ' εὐτυχεστέροι.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

λιπῶν δὲ ναὸς ποῦ πάρεστιν ἔκβολα ;

HELEN

HELEN

Even she, and he who when he died was there.

THEOCLYMENEUS

How, is one here to tell this certainly?

1200

HELEN

Is here :—would he might come as *I* desire!

THEOCLYMENEUS

Who is he?—where?—that I be certified.

HELEN

You man who sitteth cowering at the tomb.

THEOCLYMENEUS

Apollo!—lo, how marred his vesture shows!

HELEN

Ah me, so showeth now my lord, I ween!

THEOCLYMENEUS

Of what land?—and whence sailed he to our shore?

HELEN

Greek, an Achaean, shipmate of my lord.

THEOCLYMENEUS

By what death says he Menelaus died?

HELEN

Most piteously, in whelming surge of brine.

THEOCLYMENEUS

And where on alien waters voyaging?

1210

HELEN

On havenless rocks of Libya east away.

THEOCLYMENEUS

How perished this man not, who shared his voyage?

HELEN

Whiles are the base-born more than heroes blest.

THEOCLYMENEUS

And, hither faring, where left he the wreck?

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ὅπου κακῶς ὄλοιτο, Μενέλεως δὲ μή.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

ὄλωλ' ἐκεῖνος· ἦλθε δ' ἐν ποίῳ σκάφει ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ναῦται σφ' ἀνείλουτ' ἐντυχόντες, ὡς λέγει.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

ποῦ δὴ τὸ πεμφθὲν ἀντὶ σοῦ Τροία κακόν ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

νεφέλης λέγεις ἄγαλμ' ; ἐς αἰθέρ' οἴχεται.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

1220

ὦ Πρίαμε καὶ γῆ Τρωάς, ὡς ἔρρεις μάτην.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

καὶ γὰρ μετέσχον Πριαμίδαις δυσπραξίας.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

πόσιν δ' ἄθαπτον ἔλιπεν ἢ κρύπτει χθονί ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἄθαπτον· οἱ ἄρα τῶν ἐμῶν τλήμων κακῶν.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

τῶνδ' εἵνεκ' ἔταμες βοστρύχους ξανθῆς κόμης ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

φίλος γὰρ ἐστίν, ὅς ποτ' ἐστίν, ἐνθάδ' ὢν.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

ὀρθῶς μὲν ἦδε συμφορὰ δακρύεται ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἐν εὐμαρεῖ γοῦν σὴν κασιγνήτην λαθεῖν.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

οὐ δῆτα. πῶς οὖν ; τόνδ' ἔτ' οἰκήσεις τάφον ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

τί κερτομεῖς με, τὸν θανόντα δ' οὐκ ἔα ;

HELEN

HELEN

Where ruin seize it!—but not Menelaus

THEOCLYMENUS

Ruin hath seized him. What ship brought this man?

HELEN

Some, voyaging, found and took him up, he saith.

THEOCLYMENUS

Where is that bane, in thy stead sent to Troy?

HELEN

The cloud-wraith mean'st thou? Into air it passed.

THEOCLYMENUS

O Priam, Troyland, ruined all for nought

1220

HELEN

I too have shared the Priamids' dark doom.

THEOCLYMENUS

Left he thy lord unburied, or entombed him?

HELEN

Unburied—woe is me! Alas mine ills!

THEOCLYMENUS

For this cause hast thou shorn thy golden hair?

HELEN

Yea, dear he is, whate'er he be—he is *here*.¹

THEOCLYMENUS

Is this misfortune real, thy tears unfeigned?

HELEN

O yea, thy sister's ken were lightly 'scaped!

THEOCLYMENUS

Nay, sooth. How then? Wilt dwell by this tomb still?

HELEN

Why mock me? Leave the dead awhile in peace.

¹ Laying her hand upon her heart (Heath).

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

1230

πιστὴ γὰρ εἶ σὺ σῶ πρόσει φεύγουσά με.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἀλλ' οὐκέτ' ἤδη δ' ἄρχε τῶν ἐμῶν γάμων.

ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

χρόνια μὲν ἦλθεν, ἀλλ' ὅμως αἰνῶ τάδε.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

οἶσθ' οὖν ὃ δρᾶσον ; τῶν πάρος λαθώμεθα.

ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

ἐπὶ τῷ ; χάρις γὰρ ἀντὶ χάριτος ἐλθέτω.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

σπονδὰς τέμωμεν καὶ διαλλίχθητί μοι.

ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

μεθίημι νεῖκος τὸ σόν, ἴτω δ' ὑπόπτερον.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

πρὸς νῦν σε γοιάτων τῶνδ', ἐπείπερ εἶ φίλος—

ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

τί χρῆμα θηρῶσ' ἰκέτις ὠρέχθης ἐμοῦ ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

τὸν κατθανόντα πόσιν ἐμὸν θάψαι θέλω.

ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

1240

τί δ' ; ἔστ' ἀπόντων τύμβος ; ἢ θάψεις σκιάν ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

Ἔλλησίν ἐστι νόμος, ὃς ἂν πόντῳ θάνῃ—

ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

τί δρᾶν ; σοφοί τοι Πελοπίδαι τὰ τοιάδε.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

κενοῖσι θάπτειν ἐν πέπλων ὑφάσμασιν.

ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

κτέριζ' ἄνιστη τύμβον οὐ χρήξεις χθονός.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

οὐχ ὧδε ναύτας ὀλομένους τυμβεύομεν.

HELEN

THEOCLYMENUS

So loyal to thy lord, thou shinnest me,

1230

HELEN

No more will I : prepare my bridal now.

THEOCLYMENUS

Late comes it, yet with praise and thanks of me !

HELEN

Know'st then thy part ? Let us forget the past.

THEOCLYMENUS

Thy terms ?—since favour is for favour due.

HELEN

Let us make truce : be reconciled to me.

THEOCLYMENUS

I put away our feud : let it take wings.

HELEN

Now then by these thy knees, since friend thou art —

THEOCLYMENUS

What seekest thou with suppliant arms outstretched ?

HELEN

The dead, mine husband, fain would I entomb.

THEOCLYMENUS

How ?—for the lost a grave ?— wouldst bury a shade ? 1240

HELEN

'Tis Hellene wont, whoso is lost at sea—

THEOCLYMENUS

To do what ? Wise are Pelops' sons herein.

HELEN

With garments shrouding nought to bury them.

THEOCLYMENUS

Rear him a tomb where in my land thou wilt.

HELEN

Not thus we bury mariners cast away.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

πῶς δαί ; λέλειμμαί τῶν ἐν Ἑλλησιν νόμων.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

εἰς πόντον ὅσα χρῆ νέκυσιν ἐξορμίζομεν.

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

τί σοι παράσχω δῆτα τῷ τεθνηκότι ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ὔδ' οἶδ'·¹ ἐγὼ δ' ἄπειρος, εὐτυχοῦσα πρῖν.

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

1250

ὦ ξένε, λόγων μὲν κληδόν' ἤνεγκας φίλην.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὔκουν ἐμαυτῷ γ' οὐδὲ τῷ τεθνηκότι.

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

πῶς τοὺς θανόντας θίπτει' ἐν πόντῳ νεκρούς ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὡς ἂν παρούσης οὐσίας ἕκαστος ἦ.

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

πλούτου λέγ' εἶνεχ', ὅ τι θέλεις ταύτης χάριν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

προσφάζεται μὲν αἷμα πρῶτα νερτέροις.

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

τίνος ; σύ μοι σήμαινε, πείσομαι δ' ἐγώ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

αὐτὸς σὺ γίγνωσκ'· ἀρκέσει γὰρ ἂν διδῶς.

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

ἐν βαρβάρους μὲν ἵππον ἢ ταῦρον νόμος.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

διδούς γε μὲν δὴ δυσγενὲς μηδὲν δίδου.

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

1260

οὐ τῶνδ' ἐν ἀγέλαις ὀλβίαις σπανίζομεν.

¹ Hartung : for οὐκ οἶδ' of MSS.

HELEN

THEOCLYMENEUS

How then? Of Hellene wont I nothing know.

HELEN

We put out seaward with the corpse's dues.

THEOCLYMENEUS

What shall I give thee for the dead man then?

HELEN (*pointing to MENELAUS*)

He knows. Unskilled am I—happy ere this!

THEOCLYMENEUS

Stranger, glad tidings dost thou bring to me.

1250

MENELAUS

For me not glad, nor yet for that dead man.

THEOCLYMENEUS

How do ye bury dead men lost at sea?

MENELAUS

According to the substance of each friend.

THEOCLYMENEUS

If wealth be all, for her sake speak thy wish.

MENELAUS

First is blood shed, an offering to the shades.

THEOCLYMENEUS

The victim?—tell thou, and I will perform.

MENELAUS

Decide thou: that thou givest shall suffice.

THEOCLYMENEUS

My people use to slay a horse or bull.

MENELAUS

If thou wilt give, give worthily of a king.¹

THEOCLYMENEUS

Of such in my fair herds I have no lack.

1260

¹ Hinting that he should give both, as he actually does.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

καὶ στρωτὰ φέρεται λέκτρα σώματος κενά.

ΘΕΟΚΛΤΜΕΝΟΣ

ἔσται· τί δ' ἄλλο προσφέρειν νομίζεται ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

χαλκήλαθ' ὄπλα· καὶ γὰρ ἦν φίλος δορί.

ΘΕΟΚΛΤΜΕΝΟΣ

ἄξια τὰδ' ἔσται Πελοπιδῶν ἂ δώσομεν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

καὶ τᾶλλ' ὅσα χθῶν καλὰ φέρει βλαστήματα.

ΘΕΟΚΛΤΜΕΝΟΣ

πῶς οὖν ; ἐς οἶδμα τίμῃ τρόπῳ καθίετε ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ·

ναῦν δεῖ παρεῖναι κάρετμῶν ἐπιστάτας.

ΘΕΟΚΛΤΜΕΝΟΣ

πόσον δ' ἀπείργει μῆκος ἐκ γαίας δόρυ ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὥστ' ἐξορᾶσθαι ῥόθια χερσῶθεν μόλις.

ΘΕΟΚΛΤΜΕΝΟΣ

1270 τί δὴ ; τόδ' Ἑλλάς νόμιμον ἐκ τίνος σέβει ,

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὡς μὴ πάλιν γῆ λύματ' ἐκβάλη κλύδων.

ΘΕΟΚΛΤΜΕΝΟΣ

Φοίνισσα κώπη ταχύπορος γενήσεται.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

καλῶς ἂν εἴη Μενέλεώ τε πρὸς χάριν.

ΘΕΟΚΛΤΜΕΝΟΣ

οὐκουν σὺ χωρὶς τῆσδε δρῶν ἀρκεῖς τάδε ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

μητρὸς τόδ' ἔργον ἢ γυναικὸς ἢ τέκνων.

ΘΕΟΚΛΤΜΕΝΟΣ

ταύτης ὁ μόχθος, ὡς λέγεις, θάπτειν πόσιν ;

HELEN

MENELAUS

Next, a decked bier is borne, no corpse thereon.

THEOCLYMENEUS

This shall be. What beside doth custom add?

MENELAUS

Arms forged of bronze, for well he loved the spear.

THEOCLYMENEUS

These, our gifts, shall be worthy Pelops' line.

MENELAUS

Therewith, all increase fair that earth brings forth.

THEOCLYMENEUS

How then?—how cast ye these into the surge?

MENELAUS

There needeth here a ship with rowers manned.

THEOCLYMENEUS

And how far speedeth from the strand the keel?

MENELAUS

So that from land the foam-wake scarce is seen.

THEOCLYMENEUS

Now wherefore? Why doth Greece observe this use? 1270

MENELAUS

Lest the surge sweep pollution back to shore.

THEOCLYMENEUS

Phœnician oars shall traverse soon the space.

MENELAUS

'Twere well done, and a grace to Menelaus.

THEOCLYMENEUS

Dost thou not, without her, suffice for this?

MENELAUS

This must be done by mother, wife, or child.

THEOCLYMENEUS

Hers then the task, thou say'st, to entomb her lord?

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἐν εὐσεβεῖ γοῦν νόμιμα μὴ κλέπτειν νεκρῶν.

ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

1280

ἴτω· πρὸς ἡμῶν ἄλοχον εὐσεβῆ τρέφειν.
 ἔλθων δ' ἐς οἴκους ἔξελοῦ κόσμον νεκρῶ·
 καὶ σ' οὐ κεναῖσι χερσὶ γῆς ἀποστελῶ,
 δράσαιτα τῆδε πρὸς χάριν· φήμας δέ μοι
 ἐσθλὰς ἐνεγκῶν γ' ἀντὶ τῆς ἀχλαινίας
 ἐσθῆτα λήψει σῖτά θ', ὥστε σ' εἰς πάτραν
 ἐλθεῖν, ἐπεὶ νῦν γ' ἀθλίως ἔχοιθ' ὄρω.
 σὺ δ', ὦ τάλαινα, μὴ πὶ τοῖς ἀνηνύτοις
 τρύχου σὺ σαυτήν· Μενέλεως δ' ἔχει πότμον,
 κούκ ἂν δύναίτο ζῆν ὁ κατθανὼν πωσις.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

1290

σὺν ἔργον, ὦ νεῆνι· τὸν παρόντα μὲν
 στέργειν πόσιν χρῆ, τὸν δὲ μηκέτ' ὄντ' ἔαν·
 ἄριστα γάρ σοι ταῦτα πρὸς τὸ τυγχάνον.
 ἦν δ' Ἑλλάδ' ἔλθω καὶ τύχῳ σωτηρίας,
 παύσω ψόγου σε τοῦ πρίν, ἦν γυνὴ γένη
 οἷαν γενέσθαι χρῆ σε σῶ ξυνευνέτη.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

1300

ἔσται τάδ'· οὐδὲ μέμψεται πόσις ποτὲ
 ἡμῖν· σὺ δ' αὐτὸς ἐγγὺς ὢν εἴσει τάδε.
 ἀλλ', ὦ τάλας, εἴσελθε καὶ λουτρῶν τύχῃ
 ἐσθῆτά τ' ἐξάλλαξον. οὐκ ἐς ἀμβολὰς
 εὐεργετήσω σ'· εὐμενέστερον γὰρ ἂν
 τῷ φιλτάτῳ μοι Μενέλεω τὰ πρόσφορα
 δράῃς ἂν, ἡμῶν τυγχάνων οἶων σε χρῆ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὄρεία ποτὲ δρομάδι κώλω στρ. α'
 μάτηρ θεῶν ἐσύθη

HELEN

MENELAUS

Yea, piety bids rob not the dead of dues.

THEOCLYMENS

Let her go ;—best to foster in my wife
Piety. From mine halls the death-dues take,
Nor thee will I send empty-handed hence, 1280
For this thy kindness shown her. For good news,
Thou hast brought me, raiment in thy bare rags' stead
And food shalt thou have, so that thou mayst come
To Greece, whom now I see in sorriest plight.
Thou, hapless queen, fret not thine heart away
Without avail. Menelaus hath his doom,
And thy dead husband cannot live again.

MENELAUS

Princess, thy part is this : with him who is now
Thy lord, content thee ; him who is not, let be,
As best it is for thee in this thy plight. 1290
And if to Greece I come, and safety win,
Then will I take thine old reproach away,
If now thou prove true wife to thine own spouse.

HELEN

This shall be : never shall my lord blame me.
Thou shalt thyself be near, and witness this.
Now, toil-tried one, pass in, enjoy the bath,
And change thy raiment. I will tarry not
In kindness to thee : thou with more good will
Shalt pay all dues to my beloved lord,
Menelaus, if thou have thy due of us. 1300

[*Exeunt* MENELAUS, HELEN, and THEOCLYMENS.

CHORUS

The Mountain-goddess,¹ with feet swift-racing, (*Str.* 1)
Mother of Gods, rushed onward of yore

¹ Demeter, who is here invested with some of the attributes of Cybele.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἀν' ὑλᾶντα νάπη
 ποτάμιόν τε χεῦμ' ὑδάτων
 βαρύβρομόν τε κῦμ' ἴλιον
 πόθῳ τᾶς ἀποιχομένας
 ἀρρήτου κούρας·
 κρόταλα δὲ Βρόμια διαπρύσιον
 1310 ἰέντα κέλαδον ἀνεβόα,
 θηρῶν ὅτε ζυγίους
 ζευξάσα θεᾷ σατίνας,
 τὰν ἀρπασθεῖσαν κυκλίων
 χορῶν ἔξω παρθενίων
 μέτα κοῦραι ἰελλόποδες,
 ἃ μὲν τόξοις Ἄρτεμις, ἃ δ'
 ἔγχει Γοργῶπις πάνοπλος,
 <συνεῖποντο. Ζεὺς δ' ἑδράνων¹>
 ἀνγάζων δ' ἔξ οὐρανίων
 ἄλλαν μοῖραν ἔκραινε.

1320 δρομαῶν δ' ὅτε πολυπλάνητον ἀντ. α'
 μύτηρ ἔπαυσε πόνον,
 μαστεύουσ' ἀπόρους
 θυγατρὸς ἀρπαγὰς δολίους,
 χιονοθρέμμονας δ' ἐπέρας'
 Ἰδαιῶν Νυμφᾶν σκοπιάς·
 ῥίπτει δ' ἐν πένθει
 πέτρινα κατὰ δρία πολυνηφέα·
 βροτοῖσι δ' ἄχλοα πεδία γᾶς
 οὐ καρπίζουσ' ἀρότοις
 1330 λαῶν φθείρει γενεάν·
 ποιμναις δ' οὐχ ἴει θαλερὰς

¹ Murray's conjecture to supply a lost line.

HELEN

By glens of the forest in frenzied chasing,
 By the new-born rivers' cataract-roar,
 By the thunderous surge of the sea wind-tost,
 In anguished quest for a daughter lost
 Whose name is unuttered in prayer or praising;¹
 And a peal far-piercing the echoes bore
 As clashed the Bacchanal's castanet;
 And beasts of the wold by her spells controlled
 'Neath the yoke of the Goddess's chariot met: 1310
 And with her for her child, by the ravisher parted
 From the virgins' dances, on that wild quest
 The storm-footed Maiden-goddesses darted,
 Even Artemis Queen of the Bow, and pressed
 At her side with her spear and her panoply
 Stern-eyed Pallas:—but Zeus, throned high
 In the heavens, looked down, and their purpose
 thwarted,
 And ordered the issue as seemed him best.

When ceased the Mother from weary faring (*Int. 1*)
 Of feet wide-wandering to and fro, 1320
 Seeking the daughter whom hands ensnaring
 Had ravished whitherward none might know,
 Then over the watch-tower peaks did she tread
 Of the Nymphs of Ida, the snow's birth-bed,
 And earthward flung her in grief's despairing
 Mid the rocky thickets deep in snow:
 And she caused that from herbless plains of
 earth
 No blade should shoot for the tilth-land's fruit,
 And she wasted the tribes of men with dearth:
 And the cattle for tendril-sprays lush-trailing 1330

¹ Persephone's name was not uttered in ritual, for fear of re-awakening Demeter's grief.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

βοσκὰς εὐφύλλων ἐλίκων·
 πολέων δ' ἀπέλειπε βίος,
 οὐδ' ἦσαν θεῶν θυσίαι,
 βωμοῖς τ' ἄφλεκτοι πέλανοι·
 πηγῆς τ' ἀμπαύει δροσερὰς
 λευκῶν ἐκβάλλειν ὑδάτων
 πένθει παιδὸς ἀλάστω.

1340

ἐπεὶ δ' ἔπαυσ' εἰλαπίνας
 θεοῖς βροτείῳ τε γένει,
 Ζεὺς μειλίσσων στυγίους
 ματρὸς ὀργὰς ἐνέπει·
 βῆτε, σεμναὶ Χάριτες,
 ἔτε, τὰν περὶ παρθένῳ
 Διοῖ θυμωσαμένα
 λύπαν ἐξαλλάξατ' ἀλᾶν,¹
 Μοῦσαί θ' ὕμνοισι χορῶν.
 χαλκοῦ δ' αὐδὰν χθονίαν
 τύπανά τ' ἔλαβε βυρσοτενῆ
 καλλίστα τότε πρῶτα μακίρων
 Κύπρις· γέλασέν τε θεὰ
 δέξατό τ' εἰς χέρας
 βαρύβρομον αὐλὸν
 τερφθεῖσ' ἀλαλαγμῶ.

στρ. β

1350

† ὦν οὐ θέμις σ' οὐδ' ὀσία²
 ἐπύρωσας ἐν θαλίμοις,
 μῆνιν δ' εἶχες μεγάλας
 ματρὸς, ὦ παῖ, θυσίας
 οὐ σεβίζουσα θεᾶς.

ἀντ. β'

¹ Bothe: for MSS. ἀλαλᾶ.

² This antistrophe is corrupt, and its interpretation is largely conjectural (Paley).

HELEN

Looked yearning with famishing eyes in vain;
 And from many and many the life was failing,
 Nor the sacrifice-smoke made misty the fare;
 Nor on altars were found meal-cakes to burn:
 And she sealed the spray-dashed mountain-mun
 From pouring the wan stream forth, aye wailing
 For her child with inconsolable pain.

(Str. 2)

And the Gods' feasts failed from the altars fuming,
 And for men the staff of bread she brake.
 Then Zeus, to assuage the wrath overgloomung
 The soul of the Mighty Mother, spake: 1340
 "Pass down, O Worshipful Ones, ye Graces,
 And from Deo banish her wrath's dark traces,
 And the grief that hath driven through desolate
 places
 A mother distraught for a daughter's sake.
 Go ye, too, Muses, with dance and with singing."
 Then first of the Blessèd Ones Cypris the fair
 Caught up the brass of the voice deep-ringing,
 And the skin-strained tambourine she bare.
 Then Demeter smiled, and forgot her grieving,
 In her hands for a token of peace receiving 1350
 The flute of the deep wild notes far-cleaving
 The gorges; and gladness lulled her care.

Princess, did flame unconsecrated (Aut. 2)
 Of rites unhallowed in thy bowers shine,
 And so of the Mighty Mother hated
 Wast thou?—O child, and was this sin thine,
 To have lived of the Goddess's altar unrecking?

ΕΛΕΝΗ

1360 μέγα τοι δύναται νεβρῶν
 παμποίκιλοι στολίδες
 κισσοῦ τε στεφθεῖσα χλόα
 νάρθηκας εἰς ἱερούς,
 ῥόμβων θ' εἰλισσομένα
 κύκλιος ἔροσις αἰθερία,
 βακχεύουσά τ' ἔθειρα Βρομίῳ
 καὶ παννυχίδες θεᾶς
 εὐτέ νιν ὄμμασιν
 ἔβαλε σελάνα.
 μορφᾷ μόνον ἠϋχεις.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

1370 τὰ μὲν κατ' οἴκους εὐτυχοῦμεν, ὧ φίλαι·
 ἢ γὰρ συνεκκλέπτουσα Πρωτέως κόρη
 πόσιν παρόντα τὸν ἐμὸν ἱστορουμένη
 οὐκ εἶπ' ἀδελφῶ· κατθανόντα δ' ἐν χθονὶ
 οὐ φησιν αὐγὰς εἰσορᾶν ἐμὴν χάριν.
 κάλλιστα δὴ τάδ' ἤρπασεν τεύχη πόσις·
 ἂ γὰρ καθήσειν ὅπλ' ἔμελλεν εἰς ἄλα,
 ταῦτ' ἐμβαλὼν πόρπακι γενναίαν χέρα
 αὐτὸς κομίζει, δόρυ τε δεξιᾷ λαβῶν,
 ὡς τῷ θανόντι χάριτα δὴ συνεκπονῶν.
 προὔργου δ' ἐς ἀλκὴν σῶμ' ὅπλοις ἠσκήσατο,
 1380 ὡς βαρβάρων τρόπαια μυρίων χερῶν
 στήσων, ὅταν κωπήρες εἰσβῶμεν σκάφος,
 πέπλους ἀμείψας ἀντὶ ναυφθόρου στολῆς,
 ἀγῶ νιν ἐξήσκησα, καὶ λουτροῖς χρῶα
 ἔδωκα, χρόνια νίπτρα ποταμίας δρόσου.
 ἀλλ' ἐκπερᾷ γὰρ δωμάτων ὁ τοὺς ἐμοὺς
 γάμους ἐτοίμους ἐν χεροῖν ἔχειν δοκῶν,
 σιγητέον μοι· καὶ σέ προσποιούμεθα
 εὖνουν κρατεῖν τε στόματος, ἣν δυνώμεθα
 σωθέντες αὐτοὶ καὶ σέ συσῶσαί ποτε.

HELEN

Yet atonement may come of the fawn-skin decking
 Thy limbs, bedappled with dark spots flecking
 Its brown, and if greenness of ivy twine 1360
 Round the sacred fennel-wand lightly shivering,
 And if whirled through the air the tambour moan
 As it swings, as it rings, to the light touch quivering,
 And if Bacchanal hair to the winds shall be thrown,
 When the Goddess's vigils are revelling nightly,
 And the shafts of the moon's bow touch them
 lightly, [brightly.
 Shot from the heights where her eyes gleam
 Repent—thou didst trust in thy fairness alone.

Enter HELEN.

HELEN

Within the palace all is well, my friends ;
 For Proteus' child, confederate with us, 1370
 Being questioned, hath not told her brother aught
 Of my lord's presence, but for my sake saith
 That dead he seeth not on earth the light.
 Right happily my lord hath won these arms.
 Himself hath donned the mail that he should cast
 Into the sea, hath thrust his stalwart arm
 Into the shield-strap, grasped in hand the spear,
 As who should join in homage to the dead,—
 In season for the fray hath harnessed him,
 As who shall vanquish aliens untold 1380
 Singly, when once we tread the galley's deck.
 He hath doffed his wreckage rags for the attire
 Wherein I have arrayed him, and have given
 His limbs the bath, long lacked, of river-dew.
 —No more, for forth comes one who deems he holds
 My marriage in the hollow of his hand :
 I must be silent, and thy loyalty
 I claim, and sealed lips, that we haply may,
 Ourselves delivered, one day save thee too.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΤΜΕΝΟΣ

1390

χωρεῖτ' ἐφεξῆς, ὡς ἔταξεν ὁ ξένος,
 δμῶες, φέροντες ἐνάλια κτερίσματα.
 Ἑλένη, σὺ δ', ἦν σοι μὴ κακῶς δόξω λέγειν,
 πείθου, μὲν' αὐτοῦ· ταῦτὰ γὰρ παρούσά τε
 πράξεις τὸν ἄνδρα τὸν σὸν ἦν τε μὴ παρήης.
 δέδοικα γάρ σε μὴ τις ἐμπεσὼν πόθος
 πείση μεθεῖναι σῶμ' ἐς οἶδμα πόντιον
 τοῦ πρόσθεν ἀνδρὸς χάρισιν ἐκπεπληγμένην·
 ἄγαν γὰρ αὐτὸν οὐ παρόνθ' ὅμως στένεις.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

1400

ὦ καινὸς ἡμῖν πόσις, ἀναγκαίως ἔχει
 τὰ πρῶτα λέκτρα νυμφικὰς θ' ὀμιλίας
 τιμᾶν· ἐγὼ δὲ διὰ τὸ μὲν στέργειν πόσιν
 καὶ ξυιθάνοιμ' ἄν· ἀλλὰ τίς κείνῳ χάρις
 ξὺν κατθανόντι κατθανεῖν ; ἔα δ' ἐμὲ
 αὐτὴν μολοῦσαν ἐντάφια δοῦναι νεκρῷ.
 θεοὶ δὲ σοί τε δοῖεν οἷ' ἐγὼ θέλω,
 καὶ τῷ ξένῳ τῷδ', ὅτι συνεκποιεῖ τάδε.
 ἔξεις δέ μ' οἷαν χρῆσ' ἔχειν ἐν δώμασι
 γυναῖκ', ἐπειδὴ Μενέλεων εὐεργετῆς
 καμ' ἔρχεται γὰρ δὴ τιν' εἰς τύχην τάδε·
 ὅστις δὲ δώσει ναῦν ἐν ἣ τὰδ' ἄξομεν,
 πρόσταξον, ὡς ἂν τὴν χάριν πλήρη λάβω.

1410

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΤΜΕΝΟΣ

χώρει σὺ καὶ ναῦν τοῖσδε πεντηκόντορον
 Σιδωνίαν δὸς κἀρετμῶν ἐπιστάτας.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

οὐκουν ὄδ' ἄρξει ναὸς ὃς κοσμεῖ τάφον ;

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΤΜΕΝΟΣ

μάλιστ'· ἀκούειν τοῦδε χρῆ ναύτας ἐμούς.

HELEN

Enter THEOCLYMENUS and MENELAUS, with train of attendants bearing funeral offerings.

THEOCLYMENUS

Pass on in order, as the stranger bade, 1390
 Thralls, bearing offerings destined to the sea.
 Helen, thou—if thou take not ill my words
 Be ruled by me, here stay : for thou shalt serve
 Thy lord alike, or be thou there or not.
 I fear thee, lest some thrill of yearning pain
 Move thee to fling thy body mid the surge,
 Distracted with love for him who was thy lord ;
 For overmuch thou mournest him, who is not.

HELEN

O my new spouse, needs must I honour him,
 My first love, who embraced me as a bride : 1400
 Yea, I for very love of my dead lord
 Could die,—yet wherein should I pleasure him
 If with the dead I died ? Nay, suffer me
 Myself to go and pay him burial-dues :
 So the Gods grant thee all the boons I wish,
 And to this stranger, for his help herein.
 And such wife shalt thou find me in thine halls
 As meet is, for thy kindness to my lord
 And me ; for these things to fair issue tend.
 Now bid one give a ship wherein to bear 1410
 The gifts, that so thy kindness may be full.

THEOCLYMENUS (*to attendant*)

Go thou, and give these a Sidonian ship
 Of fifty oars, and rowers therewithal.

HELEN

The rites who ordereth, shall not he command ?

THEOCLYMENUS

Yea surely ; him my sailors must obey.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΕΛΕΝΗ

αὐθις κέλευσον, ἵνα σαφῶς μάθωσί σου.

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

αὐθις κελεύω καὶ τρίτον γ', εἴ σοι φίλον.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ὄναιο, κἀγὼ τῶν ἐμῶν βουλευμάτων.

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

μή νυν ἄγαν σὸν δάκρυσιν ἐκτήξῃς χροά.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

1420 ἥδ' ἡμέρα σοι τὴν ἐμὴν δείξει χάριν.

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

τὰ τῶν θανόντων οὐδέν, ἀλλ' ἄλλως πόνος.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἔστιν τι κακὴ κἀνθάδ' ὧν ἐγὼ λέγω.

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

οὐδὲν κακίῳ Μενέλεώ μ' ἔξεις πόσιν.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

οὐδὲν σὺ μεμπτός· τῆς τύχης με δεῖ μόνον.

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

ἐν σοὶ τόδ', ἦν σὴν εἰς ἔμ' εὖνοϊαν διδῶς.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

οὐ νὺν διδαξόμεσθα τοὺς φίλους φιλεῖν.

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

βούλει ξυνεργῶν αὐτὸς ἐκπέμψω στόλον ;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἦκιστα· μή δούλευε σοῖς δούλοις, ἄναξ.

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

1430 ἀλλ' εἶα· τοὺς μὲν Πελοπιδῶν ἐὼ νόμους·
καθαρὰ γὰρ ἡμῖν δώματ'· οὐ γὰρ ἐνθάδε
ψυχὴν ἀφήκε Μενέλεως· ἴτω δέ τις
φράσιον ὑπάρχους τοῖς ἐμοῖς φέρειν γάμων
ἀγάλματ' οἴκους εἰς ἐμούς· πᾶσαν δὲ χρῆ

HELEN

HELEN

Speak it again, that all may understand.

THEOCLYMENEUS

Twice I command, yea, thrice, if this thou wilt.

HELEN

Blessings on thee—and me, in mine intent!

THEOCLYMENEUS

Waste not with tears thy beauty overmuch.

HELEN

This day shall prove to thee my gratitude.

1420

THEOCLYMENEUS

The dead are naught: to toil for them is vain.

HELEN

Both dead and living as yet have claim on me.

THEOCLYMENEUS

Me shalt thou prove no worse than Menelaus.

HELEN

No fault in thee: I need but fortune fair.

THEOCLYMENEUS

This rests with thee, so thou yield me true love.

HELEN

I shall not need to learn to love my love.

THEOCLYMENEUS

Wouldst have myself for escort and for aid?

HELEN

Nay, be not servant to thy servants, king.

THEOCLYMENEUS

Away then: Pelopid wout is nought to me.

Mine house is unpolluted, since not here

1430

Did Menelaus die. Let some one go

And bid my vassal-kings bring marriage-gifts

Unto mine halls. Let all the land break forth

ΕΛΕΝΗ

1440 γαῖαν βοᾷσθαι μακαρίαις ὑμνωδίαις
 ὑμέναιον Ἑλένης κἀμόν, ὡς ζηλωτὸς ἦ.
 σὺ δ', ὦ ξέν', ἐλθών, πελαγίους ἐς ἀγκάλας
 τῷ τῆσδε πρὶν ποτ' ὄντι δοὺς πόσει τάδε,
 πάλιν πρὸς οἴκους σπεῦδ' ἐμὴν δάμαρτ' ἔχων,
 ὡς τοὺς γάμους τοὺς τῆσδε συνδαίσας ἐμοὶ
 στέλλη πρὸς οἴκους ἢ μένων εὐδαιμονῆς.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

1450 ὦ Ζεῦ, πατήρ τε καὶ σοφὸς κλήζει θεός,
 βλέψον πρὸς ἡμᾶς καὶ μετάστησον κακῶν.
 ἔλκουσι δ' ἡμῖν πρὸς λέπας τὰς συμφορὰς
 σπουδῇ σύναψαι· κὰν ἄκρα θίγῃς χερί,
 ἦξομεν ἴν' ἐλθεῖν βουλόμεσθα τῆς τύχης.
 ἄλις δὲ μόχθων οὐς ἐμοχθοῦμεν πάρος.
 κέκλησθέ μοι, θεοί, πολλὰ χρίστ' ἐμοῦ κλύειν
 καὶ λύπρ'· ὀφείλω δ' οὐκ ἀεὶ πράσσειν κακῶς,
 ὀρθῶ δὲ βῆναι ποδί· μίαν δ' ἐμοὶ χάριν
 δόντες τὸ λοιπὸν εὐτυχῆ με θίσετε.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

1460 Φοίνισσα Σιδωνιάς ὦ στρ. α'
 ταχεῖα κώπα, ῥοθίοισι μάτηρ
 εἰρεσία φίλα,
 χοραγέ τῶν καλλιχόρων
 δελφίνων, ὅταν αὔραις
 πέλαγος νήνεμον ἦ,
 γλαυκὰ δὲ Πόντου θυγάτηρ
 Γαλάνεια τὰδ' εἶπη·
 κατὰ μὲν ἰστία πετάσατ' αὔ-
 ραις λείποντες ἐναλίαις,
 λάβετε δ' εἰλατίνας πλάτας,

HELEN

In shouts of happy spousal hymns for Helen
 And me, that all may triumph in my joy.
 Thou, stranger, go, and into the sea's arms
 These offerings cast to Helen's sometime lord,
 Then homeward speed again with this my wife,
 That, having shared with me her spousal-feast,
 Thou mayst fare home, or here abide in bliss. [*Exit.* 1440
Attendants pass on with the offerings.

MENE LAUS

Zeus, Father art thou called, and the Wise God :
 Look upon us, and from our woes redeem ;
 And, as we drag our fortunes up the steep,
 Lay to thine hand : a finger-touch from thee,
 And good-speed's haven long-desired we win.
 Suffice our travail heretofore endured.
 Oft have ye been invoked, ye Gods, to hear
 My joys and griefs : not endless ills I merit,
 But in plain paths to tread. Grant this one boon,
 And happy shall ye make me all my days. 1450

[*Exeunt* MENE LAUS and HELEN.]

CHORUS

Swift galley Phœnician of Sidon, (*Str.* 1)
 Foam sprang from the travail of thee,
 O dear to the sons of the oar :
 The dolphin-dance sweepeth before
 And behind thee, when breezes no more
 Ruffle the sea thou dost ride on,
 And thus through the hush crieth she,
 Calm,¹ child azure-eyed of the sea : —
 " Shake out the canvas, committing
 Your sails to what breezes may blow, 1460
 And arow at the pine-blades sitting

¹ Galene, named by Hesiod a sea nymph.

ναῦται, ἰὼ ναῦται,
πέμποντες εὐλιμένους
Περσείων οἴκων Ἑλέναν ἐπ' ἄκτας.

ἦ που κόρας ἂν ποταμοῦ ἀντ. α'
παρ' οἶδμα Λευκιππίδας ἦ πρὸ ναοῦ
Παλλάδος ἂν λάβοις
χρόνῳ ξυνελθούσα χοροῖς
ἦ κώμοις Ἑρακλίνθου,
1470 νυχίαν εὐφροσύναν,
ὄν ἐξαμιλλησάμενος
τροχῶ ἀτέρμονι δίσκου
ἔκανε Φοῖβος, ὅθεν Λακαί-
να γὰ βούθυτον ἀμέραν
ὁ Διὸς εἶπε σέβειν γόνος,
μόσχον θ', ἂν οἴκοις
<ἔλειπες, Ἑρμιόναν,¹>
ἄς οὔπω πεῦκαι πρὸ γάμων ἔλαμψαν.

δι' ἀέρος εἶθε ποτανοὶ στρ. β'
1480 γενοίμεσθ' ἧ Λίβυας
οἰωνοὶ στολάδες
ὄμβρον λιποῦσαι χειμέριον
νίσσονται πρεσβυτάτα
σύριγγι πειθόμεναι
ποιμένος, ὃς ἄβροχα
πεδία καρποφόρα τε γᾶς
ἐπιπετόμενος ἰαχεῖ.
ὦ πταναὶ δολιχαύχενες,
σύννομοι νεφέων δρόμου,

¹ Murray's conjecture to supply a lost line.

HELEN

Give way, O sailors, yoho¹
Till the keel bearing Helen shall slide on
The strand where the old homes be."

Perchance by the full-brimming river (Ant. 1)
On the priestess-maids shalt thou light,
Or haply by Pallas's fane,
And shalt join in the dances again,
Or the revels for Hyacinth slain,

When with rapture night's pulses shall quiver 1470
For him whom the overcast quoit
Of Phoebus in contest did smite,¹
Whence the God to Laconia's nation
Gave charge that they hallow the day
With slaughter of kine for oblation:
And thy daughter whom, speeding away,
Ye left, shall ye find, for whom never
Hath the spousal-torch yet flashed bright.

Oh through the welkin on pinions to fleet (Str. 2)
Where from Libya far-soaring 1480
The cranes by their armies flee fast from the sleet
And the storm-waters pouring,
By their shepherd, their chief many-wintered, on-led,
At his whistle swift-wheeling,
As o'er plains whereon never the rain-drops were
shed,
Yet where vineyards are purple, where harvests are red,
His clarion is pealing:—
O winged ones, who, blent with the cloud-spirits' race,
With necks far-stretching fly on,

¹ The festival of the *Hyacinthia* was held yearly at Amyclae, in memory of Hyacinthus, who was accidentally killed by the quoit of Apollo, who loved him.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

1490 βᾶτε Πλειάδας ὑπὸ μέσας
 Ὠρίωνά τ' ἐννύχιον·
 καρύξατ' ἀγγελίαν,
 Εὐρώταν ἐφεζόμεναι,
 Μενέλαος ὅτι Δαρδίνου
 πόλιν ἐλὼν δόμον ἤξει.

μόλοιτέ ποθ' ἵππιον ἄρμα
 δι' αἰθέρος ἰέμενοι
 παῖδες Τυνδαρίδαι,
 λαμπρῶν ἄστρον ὑπ' ἀέλλαισιν
 οἷ ναίετ' οὐράνιοι,
 1500 σωτήρηε τᾶσδ' Ἑλένας
 γλαυκὸν ἐπ' οἴδμ' ἄλιον
 κυανόχροά τε κυμάτων
 ῥόθια πολιὰ θαλάσσας,
 ναύταις εὐαεῖς ἀνέμων
 πέμποντες Διόθεν πνοάς·
 δύσκλειαν δ' ἀπὸ συγγόνου
 βάλετε βαρβύρων λεχέων,
 ἂν Ἰδαίων ἐρίδων
 1510 ποιναθεῖς ἐκτήσατο, γᾶν
 οὐκ ἐλθοῦσά ποτ' Ἰλίου
 Φοιβείους ἐπὶ πύργους.

ἀντ. β'

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

† ἀναξ, κάκιστά σ' ἐν δόμοις εὐρήκαμεν·
 ὡς καὶν' ἀκούσει πήματ' ἐξ ἐμοῦ τάχα.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

τί δ' ἔστιν ;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ἄλλης ἐκπώνει μνηστεύματα
 γυναικός· Ἑλένη γὰρ βέβηκ' ἔξω χθονός.

HELEN

'Neath the Pleiades plunge through abysses of space,
'Neath the night-king Orion : 1496
Crying the tidings, down heaven's steep glide,
To Eurotas descending,—
Cry "Atreides hath brought low Ilium's pride,
And homeward is wending!"

(*Ant.* 2)

And ye, in your chariot o'er highways of sky
O haste from the far land
Where, Tyndarus' scions, your homes are on high
Mid the flashings of starland :
Ye who dwell in the halls of the Heavenly Home,
Be nigh her, safe guiding 1500
Helen where seas heave, surges comb,
As o'er waves green-glimmering, crested with foam,
Her galley is riding.
To her crew send breezes from Zeus' hand sped
In the sails low-singing,
Your sister's reproach of an alien bed
Afar from her flinging,—
The reproach of the strife upon Ida, whose guilt
Unto her was requited,
Though on Ilium's towers, of Apollo upbuilt, 1510
Her feet never lighted.

Enter, meeting, KING from palace and MESSENGER from harbour.

MESSENGER

King, all unwelcome in thine halls I meet thee,
Since thou must straightway hear of me ill-news.

THEOCLYMENEUS

What now ?

MESSENGER

The wooing of another bride
Speed thou, for Helen from the land is gone.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

πτεροῖσιν ἄρθεισ' ἢ πεδοστιβεῖ ποδί ;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

Μενέλαος αὐτὴν ἐκπεπόρθμευται χθονός,
ὃς αὐτὸς αὐτὸν ἦλθεν ἀγγέλλων θανεῖν.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

1520 ὦ δεινὰ λέξας· τίς δέ νιν ναυκληρία
ἐκ τῆσδ' ἀπῆρε χθονός ; ἄπιστα γὰρ λέγεις.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ἦν γε ξένω δίδως σὺ τοὺς τε σοὺς ἔχων
ναύτας βέβηκεν, ὡς ἂν ἐν βραχεῖ μάθης.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

πῶς ; εἰδέναί πρόθυμος· οὐ γὰρ ἐλπίδων
εἴσω βέβηκα μίαν ὑπερδραμεῖν χέρα
τοσοῦσδε ναύτας, ὧν ἀπεστάλης μέτα.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

1530 ἐπεὶ λιπούσα τούσδε βασιλικούς δόμους
ἢ τοῦ Διὸς παῖς πρὸς θάλασσαν ἐστάλη,
σοφώταθ' ἄβρον πόδα τιθεῖσ' ἀνέστενε
πόσιν πέλας παρόντα κού τεθηκότα.
ὡς δ' ἦλθομεν σῶν περίβολον νεωρίων,
Σιδωνίαν ναῦν πρωτόπλουν καθείλκομεν,
ζυγῶν τε πεντήκοντα κἄρετμῶν μέτρα
ἔχουσαν. ἔργου δ' ἔργον ἐξημείβετο·
ὁ μὲν γὰρ ἰστόν, ὁ δὲ πλῆτην καθίστατο
ταρσόν τε χειρί, λευκά θ' ἰστί' εἰς ἐν ἦν,
πηδάλιά τε ζεύγλαισι παρακαθίετο.
κὰν τῶδε μόχθῳ, τοῦτ' ἄρα σκοπούμενοι,
"Ἕλληνες ἄνδρες Μενέλεω ξυνέμποροι
1540 προσῆλθον ἀκταῖς, ναυφθόροις ἡσθημένοι
πέπλοισιν, εὐειδεῖς μὲν, ἀυχμηροὶ δ' ὄραν.
ἰδὼν δέ νιν παρόντας Ἀτρέως γόνος

HELEN

THEOCLYMENUS

On wings upborne, or feet that trod the ground

MESSENGER

Menelaus from the land hath sailed with her,—
He who with tidings of his own death came.

THEOCLYMENUS

O monstrous tale!—what galley from this land
Bare her?—for these thy words are past belief. 1520

MESSENGER

Even that thou gavest: yea, with thine own men
The stranger went— that briefly thou mayst learn.

THEOCLYMENUS

How?—I am fain to know. Never it came
Into my thought that one arm could o'ermatch
So great a crew, with whom thyself wast sent.

MESSENGER

Soon as, departing from these royal halls,
The child of Zeus passed down unto the sea,
Pacing with delicate feet, she subtly raised
Wails for the spouse beside her, and not dead.
When to thy docks' wide compass we were come, 1530
The swiftest ship Sidonian lanch'd we then
With full array of fifty thwarts and rowers.
And swiftly task succeeding task was done:
One set the mast up, one ran out the oars
Ready to hand; the white sails folded lay;
Dropped was the rudder, lashed unto its bands.
Amidst our toil, men watching all, I trow,
Shipmates of Menelaus, Hellenes they,
Came down the strand, in garb of shipwreck
clad,
Stalwart, yet weather-beaten to behold. 1540
And seeing these at hand, spake Atreus' seed

- προσεῖπε, δόλιον οἶκτον εἰς μέσον φέρων
 ὦ τλήμονες, πῶς ἐκ τίνος νεὼς ποτε
 Ἀχαιῖδος θραύσαντες ἦκετε σκάφος ;
 ἄρ' Ἀτρέως παῖδ' ὀλόμενον συνθύπτετε,
 ὃν Τυνδαρίς παῖς ἦδ' ἀπόντα κενοταφεῖ ;
 οἱ δ' ἐκβαλόντες δάκρυα ποιητῶ τρόπῳ
 εἰς ναῦν ἐχώρουν Μενέλεω ποντίσματα
 φέροντες. ἡμῖν δ' ἦν μὲν ἦδ' ὑποψία
 1550 λόγος τ' ἐν ἀλλήλοισι, τῶν ἐπεισβατῶν
 ὡς πλήθος εἶη· διεσιωπῶμεν δ' ὅμως
 τοὺς σοὺς λόγους σῶζοντες· ἄρχειν γὰρ νεὼς
 ξένον κελεύσας πάντα συνέχεας τάδε.
 καὶ τᾶλλα μὲν δὴ ῥαδίως εἴσω νεὼς
 ἐθέμεθα κουφίζοντα· ταύρειος δὲ πούς
 οὐκ ἦθελ' ὀρθὸς σανίδα προσβῆναι κάτα,
 ἀλλ' ἐξεβρυχᾶτ' ὅμμ' ἀναστρέφων κύκλῳ,
 κυρτῶν τε νῶτα κεῖς κέρας παρεμβλέπων
 μὴ θιγγάνειν ἀπεῖργεν. ὁ δ' Ἑλένης πόσις
 1560 ἐκάλεσεν· ὦ πέρσαντες Ἰλίου πόλιν,
 οὐκ εἶ' ἀναρπάσαντες Ἑλλήνων νόμῳ
 νεανίαις ὅμοισι ταύρειον δέμας
 εἰς πρῶραν ἐμβαλεῖτε (φάσγανόν θ' ἅμα
 πρόχειρον ὄθει) σφάγια τῷ τεθνηκότι ;
 οἱ δ' εἰς κέλευσμά ἐλθόντες ἐξανήρπασαν
 ταῦρον, φέροντες δ' εἰσέθεντο σέλματα.
 μονάμπυκος δὲ Μενέλεως ψήχων δέρην
 μέτωπά τ' ἐξέπεισεν εἰσβῆναι δόρυ.
 τέλος δ' ἐπειδὴ ναὺς τὰ πάντ' ἐδέξατο,
 1570 πλήσασα κλιμακτῆρας εὐσφύρου ποδὸς
 Ἑλένη καθέζετ' ἐν μέσοις ἐδωλίοις
 ὃ τ' οὐκέτ' ὢν λόγοισι Μενέλεως πέλας·
 ἄλλοι δὲ τοίχους δεξιούς λαιούς τ' ἴσοι

HELEN

Making a wily show of pity feigned :

“ Hapless, from what Achæan bark, and how,
Come ye from making shipwreck of her hull?
Would ye help bury Atreus' perished son,
To whom yon Tyndarid queen gives empty tomb? ”
They, shedding tears of counterfeited grief,
Drew nigh the ship, and bare the offerings
For Menelaus. Now mistrust awoke
In us, and murmurings for the added throng 1550
Of passengers : yet still we held our peace,
Heeding thy words,—for thou didst ruin all
In bidding that the stranger captain us.

Now all the victims lightly in the ship
We set, unrestive ; only the bull strained
Backward, nor on the gangway would set foot,
But bellowed still, and, rolling fierce eyes round,
Arching his back, and levelling his horns,
Would let none touch him. Thereat Helen's lord
Cried, “ Ye who laid the city of Ilium waste, 1560
Come, hoist aloft in fashion of our Greeks
Yon bull's frame on your shoulders strong with
youth,
And cast down in the prow ”—and with the word
Drew ready his sword—“ a victim to the dead.”
They came, and at a signal hoisted high
The bull, and bare, and 'neath the half-deck
thrust.

But Menelaus stroked the war-steed's neck
And forehead, and so gently drew it aboard.
When now the ship had gotten all her freight,
Helen with slim foot trod the ladder's rounds, 1570
And midmost of the quarter-deck sat down,
And nigh her Menelaus, dead in name.
The rest along the ship's side left and right

- ἀνὴρ παρ' ἀνδρ' ἔζονθ' ὑφ' εἵμασι ξίφη
 λαθραῖ' ἔχοντες, ῥόθιά τ' ἐξεπίμπλατο
 βοῆς, κελευστοῦ φθέγμαθ' ὡς ἠκούσαμεν.
 ἐπεὶ δὲ γαίας ἦμεν οὔτ' ἄγαν πρόσω
 οὔτ' ἐγγύς, οὔτως ἦρετ' οἰάκων φύλαξ·
 1580 ἔτ', ὦ ξέν', εἰς τὸ πρόσθεν, ἢ καλῶς ἔχει,
 πλεύσωμεν ; ἀρχαὶ γὰρ νεὼς μέλουσί σοι.
 ὁ δ' εἶφ' ἄλλισ μοι. δεξιᾷ δ' ἐλὼν ξίφος
 εἰς πρῶραν εἶρπε κἀπὶ ταυρείῳ σφαγῇ
 σταθεῖς νεκρῶν μὲν οὐδενὸς μνήμην ἔχων,
 τέμνων δὲ λαιμὸν ἠὔχετ'· ὦ ναίων ἄλα
 πόντιε Πόσειδον Νηρέως θ' ἄγναϊ κόραι,
 σώσατέ μ' ἐπ' ἀκτὰς Ναυπλίας δάμαρτά τε
 ἄσυλον ἐκ γῆς. αἵματος δ' ἀπορροαὶ
 ἐς οἶδμ' ἐσηκόντιζον οὔριαι ξένῳ.
 1590 καὶ τις τόδ' εἶπε· δόλιος ἢ ναυκληρία·
 τί νῦν πλέωμεν Ναυπλίαν ;¹ κέλευε σύ,
 σὺ δὲ στρέφ' οἶακ'. ἐκ δὲ ταυρείου φόνου
 Ἄτρεως σταθεῖς παῖς ἀνεβόησε συμμάχους·
 τί μέλλετ', ὦ γῆς Ἑλλάδος λωτίσματα,
 σφάζειν, φονεύειν βαρβάρους, νεὼς τ' ἀπο
 ρίπτειν ἐς οἶδμα ; ναυβάταις δὲ τοῖσι σοῖς
 βοᾷ κελευστής τὴν ἐναντίαν ὄπα·
 οὐκ εἶ' ὁ μὲν τις λοῖσθον ἀρεῖται δόρυ,
 ὁ δὲ ζύγ' ἄξας, ὁ δ' ἀφελὼν σκαλμοῦ πλάτην,
 1600 καθαιματώσει κρᾶτα πολεμίων ξένων ;
 ὀρθοὶ δ' ἀνῆξαν πάντες, οἳ μὲν ἐν χεροῖν
 κορμούς ἔχοντες ναυτικούς, οἳ δὲ ξίφη·
 φόνῳ δὲ ναῦς ἐρρεῖτο. παρακέλευσμα δ' ἦν
 πρύμνηθεν Ἑλένης· ποῦ τὸ Τρωικὸν κλέος ;

¹ Paley: for MSS. πάλιν πλέωμεν ἀξίαν ; Badham πάλ. πλ. δεξιάν.

HELEN

Sat man by man, with swords beneath their cloaks
 Hidden ; and o'er the surges rolled the chant
 Of oarsmen, when we heard the boatswain's note.
 But when from land we were not passing-far,
 Nor nigh, thus spake the warder of the helm :
 " Still onward sail we, or doth this suffice,
 Stranger ?—for to command the ship is thine." 1580
 Then he, " Enough for me." Now, sword in hand,
 Prow-ward he went, and stood to slay the bull.
 But of no dead man spake he any word ;
 But gashed the throat, and prayed—" O Sea-abider,
 Poseidon, and ye, Nereus' daughters pure,
 Me bring ye and my wife to Nauplia's shores,
 Safe from this land." The blood-gush spurted
 forth—
 Fair omen for the stranger— to the surge.
 Then cried one, "'Tis a voyage of treachery this !
 Wherefore to Nauplia sail ? Take thou command, 1590
 Helmsman !—'bout ship !" But, over the dead bull
 Towering, to his allies cried Atreus' son :
 " Wherefore delay, O flower of Hellas-land,
 To smite, to slay the aliens, and to hurl
 Into the sea ?" Then to thy sailors cried
 The boatswain overagainst him his command—
 " Ho, catch up, some, what spar shall be to hand,
 Some break up thwarts, some snatch from thole
 the oar,
 And dash with blood the alien toemen's heads !" 1600
 Up started all, these grasping in their hands
 The punt-poles of the ship, and those their swords ;
 And all the ship ran blood. Then Helen's cry
 Rang from the stern—" Where is your Trojan fame ?

ΕΛΕΝΗ

δείξατε πρὸς ἄνδρας βαρβάρους. σπουδῆς δ' ὑπο
 ἔπιπτον, οἱ δ' ὠρθοῦντο, τοὺς δὲ κειμένους
 νεκροὺς ἂν εἶδες. Μενέλεως δ' ἔχων ὄπλα,
 ὄπη νοσοῖεν ξύμμαχοι κατασκοπῶν,
 ταύτη προσῆγε χειρὶ δεξιᾷ ξίφος,
 ὥστ' ἐκκολυμβᾶν ναός· ἠρήμωσε δὲ
 1610 σῶν ναυβατῶν ἐρέτμ'. ἐπ' οἰάκων δὲ βὰς
 ἄνακτ' ἐς Ἑλλάδ' εἶπεν εὐθύνειν δόρυ.
 οἱ δ' ἰστίῃ ἦρον, οὔριαι δ' ἦκον πνοαί,
 βεβᾶσι δ' ἐκ γῆς· διαφυγῶν δ' ἐγὼ φόνον
 καθῆκ' ἐμαυτὸν εἰς ἄλ' ἄγκυραν πάρα.
 ἦδη δὲ κάμνουθ' ὄρμιᾶν τείνων μέ τις
 ἀνείλετ', εἰς δὲ γαῖαν ἐξέβησέ σοι
 τὰδ' ἀγγελοῦντα. σῶφρονος δ' ἀπιστίας
 οὐκ ἔστιν οὐδὲν χρησιμώτερον βροτοῖς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐκ ἂν ποτ' ἠὔχουν οὔτε σ' οὔθ' ἡμᾶς λαθεῖν
 1620 Μενέλαον, ὦναξ, ὡς ἐλάνθανεν παρών.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

ὦ γυναικείαις τέχναισιν αἰρεθεῖς ἐγὼ τάλας·
 ἐκπεφεύγασιν γάμοι με. κεῖ μὲν ἦν ἀλώσιμος
 ναῦς διώγμασιν, πονήσας εἶλον ἂν τάχα ξένους·
 νῦν δὲ τὴν προδοῦσαν ἡμᾶς τισόμεσθα σύγγονον,
 ἦτις ἐν δόμοις ὀρώσα Μενέλεων, οὐκ εἶπέ μοι.
 τοιγὰρ οὔποτ' ἄλλον ἄνδρα ψεύσεται μαντεύ-
 μασιν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὔτος ὦ, ποῖ σὸν πόδ' αἶρεις, δέσποτ', εἰς ποῖον
 φόνον;

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΜΕΝΟΣ

οἴπερ ἢ δίκη κελεύει μ'· ἄλλ' ἀφίστασ' ἐκποδῶν.

HELEN

Show it against the aliens !” Furious-grappling,
 Men fell,—men struggled up,—some hadst thou seen
 Laid dead. But Menelaus all in mail,
 Marking where'er his helpers were hard pressed,
 Thither in right hand ever bore his sword,
 That from the ship we dived, and of thy men
 He swept the thwarts : and, striding to the helm, 1610
 He bade the helmsman steer the ship for Greece.
 They hoisted sail, the breezes favouring blew ;
 And they are gone. I, fleeing from the death,
 Slid by the anchor down into the sea.
 Even as my strength failed, one cast forth a rope,
 And drew me aboard, so set me on the land,
 To tell thee this. Nought is of more avail
 For mortals' need than wise mistrustfulness.

CHORUS

King, I had dreamed not Menelaus had 'scaped
 Thy ken or mine, here tarrying unknown. 1620

THEOCLYMENUS

Woe is me, by wiles of woman cozened, caught as in
 the net ! [taken yet
 Lo, my bride hath fled me ! If their galley might be
 By pursuers, I had done mine utmost, had the aliens
 caught :— [geance wrought,—
 Nay, but now upon my traitress sister be my ven-
 She who in the palace saw Menelaus, spake no word
 to me : [prophecy !
 Therefore never man hereafter shall she trick with

CHORUS

Master, whither art thou rushing ?—to what deed of
 murderous wrath !

THEOCLYMENUS

Even whither justice biddeth follow :—cross not thou
 my path !

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐκ ἀφήσομαι πέπλων σῶν· μεγάλα γὰρ σπεύδεις
κακά.

ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

ἀλλὰ δεσποτῶν κρατήσεις δούλος ὢν;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

1630

φρονῶ γὰρ εὖ.

ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

οὐκ ἔμοιγ', εἰ μὴ μ' εὔσεις—

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐ μὲν οὖν σ' εὔσομεν.

ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

σύγγονον κτανεῖν κακίστην—

ΧΟΡΟΣ

εὐσεβεστάτην μὲν οὖν.

ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

ἦ με προὔδωκεν—

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καλήν γε προδοσίαν, δίκαια δρᾶν.

ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

τάμὰ λέκτρ' ἄλλῳ διδοῦσα—

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τοῖς γε κυριωτέροις,

ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

κύριος δὲ τῶν ἐμῶν τίς;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὃς ἔλαβεν πατὸς πάρα.

ΘΕΟΚΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

ἀλλ' ἔδωκεν ἡ τύχη μοι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τὸ δὲ χρεῶν ἀφείλετο.

HELEN

CHORUS

Nay, I will not loose thy vesture : thou art set on
grievous sin !

THEOCLYMENUS

Thou, a slave, control thy master !

CHORUS

Yea, my heart is right herein. 1630

THEOCLYMENUS

Not to me-ward, if thou let me—

CHORUS

Nay, I needs must hinder thee !

THEOCLYMENUS

That I should not slay my wicked sister—

CHORUS

Nay, most righteous she '

THEOCLYMENUS

Who betrayed me,—

CHORUS

With betrayal honourable, in justice' cause.

THEOCLYMENUS

Gave my bride unto another !

CHORUS

Yea, to him whose right it was,—

THEOCLYMENUS

Who hath right o'er *my* possessions ?

CHORUS

Who received her from her sire.

THEOCLYMENUS

Fortune gave her me.

CHORUS

But fate did from thine hand the gift require.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

οὐ σὲ τὰ μὰ χρῆ δικάζειν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἦν γε βελτίω λέγω.

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

ἀρχόμεσθ' ἄρ', οὐ κρατοῦμεν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὄσια δρᾶν, τὰ δ' ἔδικ' οὔ.

ΘΕΟΚΛΑΤΜΕΝΟΣ

κατθανεῖν ἐρᾶν ἔοικας.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

κτεῖνε· σύγγονον δὲ σὴν

1640 οὐ κτενεῖς ἡμῶν ἐκόντων, ἀλλ' ἔμ' ὡς πρὸ
δεσποτῶν

τοῖσι γενναίοισι δούλοις εὐκλέεστατον θανεῖν.

ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΟΙ

ἐπίσχεσ ὀργὰς αἴσιν οὐκ ὀρθῶς φέρει,
Θεοκλύμενε, γαίας τῆσδ' ἀναξ· δισσοὶ δέ σε
Διόσκοροι καλοῦμεν, οὓς Λήδα ποτὲ
ἔτικτεν Ἑλένην θ', ἣ πέφευγε σοὺς δόμους·
οὐ γὰρ πεπρωμένοισιν ὀργίζει γάμοις,
οὐδ' ἠθεᾶς Νηρηῆδος ἔκγονος κόρη
ἀδικεῖ σ' ἀδελφῆ Θεονόη τὰ τῶν θεῶν
τιμῶσα πατρός τ' ἐνδίκους ἐπιστολάς.

1650 εἰς μὲν γὰρ αἰὲ τὸν παρόντα νῦν χρόνον
κείνην κατοικεῖν σοῖσιν ἐν δόμοις ἐχρῆν·
ἐπεὶ δὲ Τροίας ἐξανεστύθη βάρβαρα,
καὶ τοῖς θεοῖς παρέσχε τοῦνομ', οὐκέτι
ἐν τοῖσιν αὐτῆς δεῖ νιν ἐξεῦχθαι γάμοις,

HELEN

THEOCLYMENUS

"Tis not thine to judge my cause !

CHORUS

O yea, if prudence prompt my tongue.

THEOCLYMENUS

Subject then am I, not king !

CHORUS.

For righteousness, and not for wrong.

THEOCLYMENUS

Fain thou art to die, methinks !

CHORUS

Ah slay me : but thy sister ne'er
Shalt thou kill, with my consent ! Slay *me* ! For 1640
noble slaves that dare [glorious past compare.
Death, to shield their lords, the doom of death is
The TWIN-BRETHREN appear in air above the stage.

THE TWIN-BRETHREN

Refrain thy wrath whereby thou art folly-driven,
King of this land, Theoclymenus. Thee we name,
We the Twin-brethren, with whom Leda bare
Helen of yore, who now hath fled thine halls.
Thou art wroth for spousals destined not for thee :
Nor doth the Nereïd's daughter do thee wrong,
Theonoë thy sister, reverencing
The Gods' will and her father's just behests.
For this was fate, that to this present still 1650
Within thy mansions Helen should abide :
But, now that Troy's foundations are destroyed,
And to the Gods she hath lent her name, no more.
She tarries here. The old bond claimeth her ;

- ἐλθεῖν τ' ἐς οἴκους καὶ συνοικῆσαι πόσει.
 ἀλλ' ἴσχε μὲν σῆς συγγόνου μέλαν ξίφος,
 νόμιζε δ' αὐτὴν σωφρόνως πράσσειν τάδε.
 πάλαι δ' ἀδελφὴν κὰν πρὶν ἐξεσώσαμεν,
 1660 ἐπέιπερ ἡμῖς Ζεὺς ἐποίησεν θεούς·
 ἀλλ' ἦσσαν ἡμεν τοῦ πεπρωμένου θ' ἅμα
 καὶ τῶν θεῶν, οἷς ταῦτ' ἔδοξεν ὧδ' ἔχειν.
 σοὶ μὲν τὰδ' αὐδῶ, συγγόνω δ' ἐμῇ λέγω·
 πλεῖ ξὺν πόσει σῶ· πνεῦμα δ' ἔξετ' οὐρίον·
 σωτῆρε δ' ἡμεῖς σὼ κασιγνήτω διπλῶ
 πόντον παριππεύοντε πέμψομεν πάτραν.
 ὅταν δὲ κάμψῃς καὶ τελευτήσῃς βίον,
 θεὸς κεκλήσει καὶ Διοσκόρων μετὰ
 σπονδῶν μεθέξεις ξενία τ' ἀνθρώπων πάρα
 1670 ἔξεις μεθ' ἡμῶν· Ζεὺς γὰρ ὧδε βούλεται.
 οὐδ' ὄρισέν σε πρῶτα Μαιάδος τόκος
 Σπάρτης, ἀπάρας τῶν κατ' οὐρανὸν δόμων
 κλέφας δέμας σόν, μὴ Πάρις γῆμιέ σε,
 φρουρὸν παρ' Ἀκτῆ τεταμένην νῆσον λέγω,
 Ἑλένη τὸ λοιπὸν ἐν βροτοῖς κεκλήσεται,
 ἐπεὶ κλοπὰς σὰς ἐκ δόμων ἐδέξατο.
 καὶ τῷ πλανήτῃ Μενέλεω θεῶν πάρα
 μακάρων κατοικεῖν νῆσόν ἐστι μόρσιμον·
 τοὺς εὐγενεῖς γὰρ οὐ στυγοῦσι δαίμονες,
 τῶν δ' ἀναριθμῶν μᾶλλον εἰσιν οἱ πόνοι.

ΘΕΟΚΛΥΤΜΕΝΟΣ

- 1680 ὦ παιῖδε Λήδας καὶ Διός, τὰ μὲν πάρος
 νείκη μεθήσω σφῶν κασιγνήτης πέρι·
 ἐγὼ δ' ἀδελφὴν οὐκέτ' ἂν κτάνοιμ' ἐμὴν.
 κείνη δ' ἴτω πρὸς οἶκον, εἰ θεοῖς δοκεῖ.
 ἴστον δ' ἀρίστης σωφρονεστάτης θ' ἅμα
 γεγῶτ' ἀδελφῆς ὁμογενοῦς ἀφ' αἵματος.

HELEN

She must win home, and with her true lord dwell,
 Hold from thy sister back thy murderous sword :
 Be sure, herein she dealeth prudently.

Our sister had we rescued long ere this,
 Seeing that Zeus hath made us to be Gods,
 But all too weak were we to cope with fate, 1660
 And with the Gods, who willed it so to be.

This to thee :—to my sister now I speak :
 Sail with thy lord on : ye shall have fair winds ;
 And, for thy guardians, we thy brethren twain
 Riding the sea will bring thee to thy land.
 And when thou hast reached the goal, the end
 of life,

Thou shalt be hailed a Goddess, with Zeus' sons
 Shalt share oblations, and from men receive
 Guest-gifts with us : this is the will of Zeus. 1670

Where first, from Sparta wafted, thou wast lodged
 Of Maia's son,—what time from heaven he stooped,
 And stole thy form, that Paris might not wed thee,—
 The sentinel isle that flanks the Attic coast
 Shall be henceforth of men named *Helena*,
 Since it received thee stolen from thine home.

To wanderer Menelaus Heaven's doom
 Appoints for home the Island of the Blest :
 For the Gods hate not princely-hearted men,
 Though more they afflict them than the common
 throng.

THEOCLYMENUS

O Sons of Zeus and Leda, I forgo 1680

My erstwhile quarrel for your sister's sake,
 Nor think to slay my sister any more.

Let Helen, if it please the Gods, speed home.
 Know ye yourselves the brethren by one blood
 Of noblest sister and most virtuous.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

καὶ χαίρεθ' Ἑλένης εἵνεκ' εὐγενεστάτης
γνώμης, ὃ πολλαῖς ἐν γυναιξίν οὐκ ἔνι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πολλὰ μορφαὶ τῶν δαιμονίων,
πολλὰ δ' ἀέλπτως κραινοῦσι θεοί·
καὶ τὰ δοκηθέντ' οὐκ ἔτελέσθη,
τῶν δ' ἀδοκῆτων πόρον εὔρε θεός.
τοιόνδ' ἀπέβη τόδε πρᾶγμα.

1690

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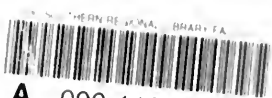
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